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TWIG #7 January 1958

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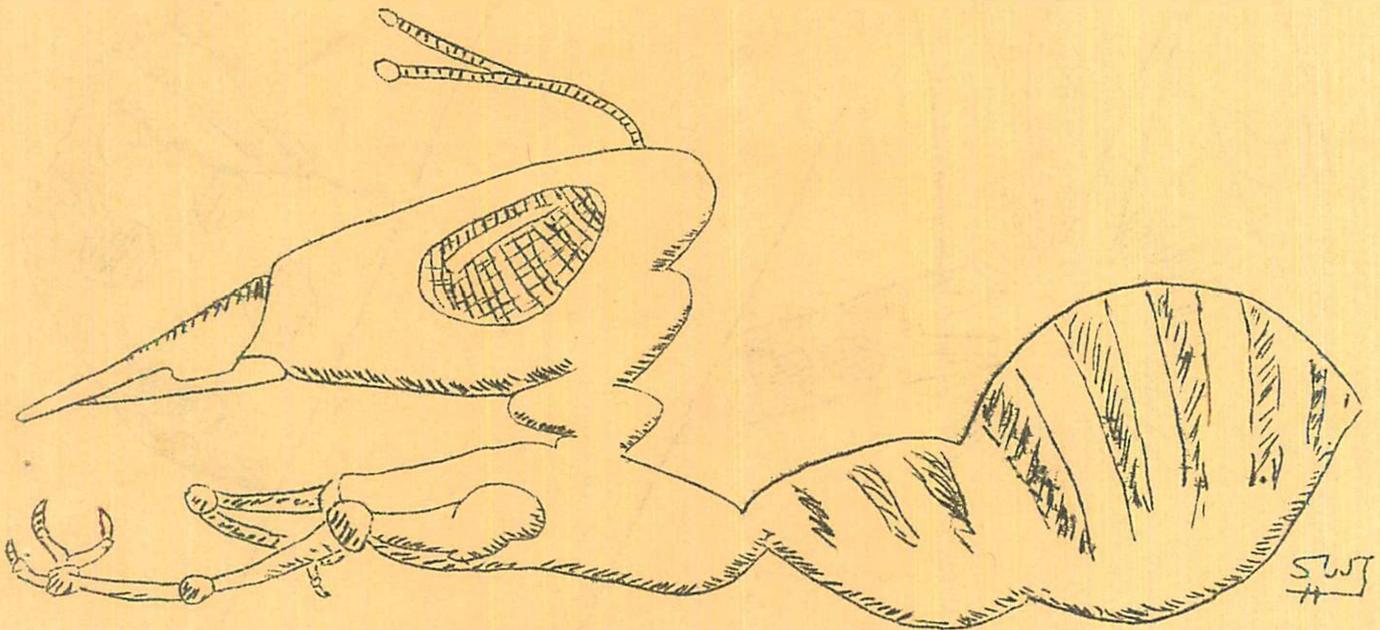
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** Look at me -- I **
** waste a stencil **
** on a contents **
** page. **

TWIG Volume II #2

Published irregularly by TWIG PUBLICATIONS at 1412 Albright St.,
Boise, Idaho. Guy Terwillegger editor. 15¢ a copy or 2/25¢. No sub-
scriptions larger than that accepted at present.



SHAVINGS



One of you nice people out there once wrote and asked me what prozines I read and I replied with a few titles that happened to please me at the time. For this I was labled everything under the sun and told what I should read to be in the supposed know and among the accepted group. (It just happened to be that this group was composed mostly of teenage fen and this attitude is almost a moral code with them--conform or get out.)

Again, I will repeat what I said before: I am an individualist and I don't conform to codes that don't serve any useful purpose. I read all of the prozines--but not constantly. Any consistant type of plotting becomes a bore and I find that most prozines have a pretty consistant style. Variety from month to month keeps my appetite palatable.

Read what you tell me I must? No! Tone it down to a suggestion and I'm more apt to give it a try--for as long as it suits me.

How many of you are aware that Russia does not have a sputnik up in the sky? Not very many, I'll wager. Well, it's true, believe me. I have it on good authority that they aren't up there. Reason? Simple! This man states that if the damn thing will burn up on the way down, then by Ghod it'd burn up on the way up. So you see, we have nothing to worry about. Logical thinking, isn't it.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? You tell me 'cause I'd like to know. Anyway, at last I'm willing to give in to demand and give TWIG a new title. Trouble is, I can't think of one. Only item that comes to my mind is FUSION, and I haven't had enough time to let it roll around in my brain to see if I really like it. So....if any of you have suggestions you'd like to give, fire away. I'll be the sole judge--that is, along with Diane, but there will be a reward of some kind for the winner. A life sub for one thing. Will be waiting to hear from you on this.

The big news, however, is a for real contest. To get a good idea of what I want, read Honey Wood's article "On Conversations--Fannish and Otherwise" in this issue. People are one of the most interesting things existing in this world. You only have to stand on a street corner and watch them, or sit in a room and listen to them, to discover this fact for yourself. To go along with this is the fact that we all form various opinions of people, placing different values on different aspects of their being. Here then is the contest: I want articles that present new viewpoints of the various facets of human beings. The best five of these will be published in TWIG--or whatever the name turns out. Prizes for the best five articles will consist of bound volumes selected from the Science Fiction Book Club--all in mint condition, on down to life subscriptions to TWIG. (Should note that more than one bound volume will be given, so don't feel that you don't stand a chance if you don't feel competent. Titles will be listed next issue. The rules are simple: They must be articles you've written. Type them single spaced. They must take up at least two TWIG pages--said pages to include illos that you don't have to draw. Deadline for sending in the article, while short, is plenty of time for you to turn out a good article. Two months from the date you receive this issue of TWIG.

Which brings me to a point I've been going to make for some time now. I'm always happy to look at your manuscripts, but please, from

now on slant your material to the more adult mind. Faanish type writing has been cut to a bare minimum as of now. I find most of it is rather trite and useless. And, if you wish to do so, type your manuscript single spaced. I know it is harder to read, but with all of my extra work at present, it is much simpler to compile an issue of a fanzine if I can do it without having to make a dummy to see the number of pages it's going to take to use the material I want.

As I write this I have no idea what the art pages are going to be, or what the cover is, for that matter. Lars Bourne offered to cut art on stencil for me and I decided it was a good idea. When I mailed out the #6 issue of TWIG I sent him the stencils, art pages and cover to cut for me. To date, they haven't been returned. If, by the time I have the rest of the stencils ready he has returned them, Gary Elder will be the featured artist with John Champion writing his biog. If not, I'll cut the art pages Gene Adkins sent me and use them along with a Dan Adkins cover.

If present plans work out, there will be various one shot ventures sprouting from TWIG PUBLICATIONS. These will include all art issues--and wouldn't it be nice to call it FAN ART and shorten the title to F-ART, all fiction issues especially illustrated, and long novella length fiction taking up an entire issue and especially illustrated for presentation. If any of you have long stories you can't get rid of because of their length send them on, I might like them and feature them in a "special".

One thing I forgot to mention on the title change--if you want the title to remain TWIG, tell me that also!

As you will see as you progress through the issue, Bourne did get the art pages back in time, in fact the day after I wrote the above they arrived. Thanks, muchly, Lars.

A news item (local of course) that I thought rather amusing: In Idaho, the prisoners of the State Pen make all of the license plates for automobiles. One batch of them was opened up in Twin Falls and neatly tucked away between two plates was a note written on tissue paper. "Help, I'm being held prisoner!" That's one way of being known when you're locked up.

Dodd writes of a tv program concerning a headmaster of a boys school. One of them is a particular little monster and as another master remarks as he leaves the room:

"But he's only a schoolboy, headmaster."

Headmaster: "Only a schoolboy!!! That's like saying DRACULA was only a food crank!!"

Everytime someone remarks that this or that guy has done something wrong I seem to take personal offense. I wonder why that is?

I pulled a good one last issue when I said that FU had bought out the files of the old WEIRD TALES. The fact is, it wasn't FU at all, but SATELLITE's publishers that did the trick. Most of you probably knew this, but was surprised that no one mentioned it to me.

* * * * *
If a dwarf marries two midgets - it it pygamie? --Dodd
* * * * *

That's all for this time!

4

Twig

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FANNISH — AND OTHERWISE
by Rog Phillips

To me the common denominator of GOOD science fiction is a new and solid viewpoint-object relationship--an old viewpoint applied to something elsewhere or elsethen than our own familiar wheres and whens, or a new viewpoint applied to familiar wheres and whens, or even the third possibility -- new viewpoint, new wheres and whens. But it is the relationship, not the viewpoint or the object, that makes it, in the story.

From the writer's viewpoint of a story it is the relationship that is most important, because it has to be built into the story so thoroughly and so naturally that the reader is never really aware of it.

From the reader's viewpoint of a story it is the viewpoint in the story that is most important, because that viewpoint must grip his emotions. And afterward, the reader has the new viewpoint or the enriched old one to enrich his perspective of reality,

because his perspective of reality is, simply, nothing more than the many viewpoints he can switch to for the purpose of viewing any aspect of reality.

A science fiction fan is characterized by a large number of viewpoints other people don't have, or don't have in such numbers. He can view things with a greater degree of freedom, and therefore see much more in anything than can his more restricted neighbor.

Narrowminded means viewing things always from one viewpoint. I means more, though. It means denying the validity of other viewpoints, denying even their existence. But the person who views narrowmindedness with contempt is being quite narrowminded about narrowmindedness and is missing the subtle, basic-basic fact that we must all have an area of narrowmindedness in which we can convince ourselves that this and only this is true, as a measure of basic security.

Belief-wise, we are each constructed with a central hard core of narrowmindedness where we say, "This and only this is true." Surrounding this central hard core is a protective shell where we say, "This and only this is acceptable, or practical, or functional." Outside, beyond this, lies our individual areas of free ranging perspective, held together

by the skin that is the thin tough borderline between the plausible and implausible. So, belief-wise, we are each constructed like a peach or plum or similar fruit; and if you study people from this viewpoint you soon realize (in some cases with surprised delight, in others with gales of laughter, in others with feelings of disgust) that this viewpoint gives a remarkably clear insight into people.

Let's take a couple of examples of what I mean. First, the chokecherry type. A chokecherry type is small, mostly seed, and with a bitter-sour very thin flesh of broadminded viewpoints surrounding the seed. Often the meat of this type of fruit is extremely poisonous. Whatever civilization or culture it exists in, it generally has a very powerful acid of sin ions and righteousness ions permeating it. In the extreme of this type, "Thou shall not kill" applies only to fellow chokecherries, but it is often quite proper to be broadminded about killing non-chokecherries. Witch burning, plain murder, character assassination and ostracism are the poisons in the meat of this type of fruit. Often this type is not fatally poisonous but merely indigestible. The village gossip is this type.

Social contact with any person is, in a very real sense, eating and digesting them, because your mind takes in what they say, and what they say bears the stamp or construction of them, belief-wise. Getting acquainted in a new group is much like making a meal, and you eat with satisfaction, enjoying the pleasant taste of each person's personality. Then along comes the local chokecherry and you eat it,



and it turns the whole meal sour. That wonderful woman is suddenly seen as one who is sleeping with the plumber when her husband's at work. That fine man is suddenly seen as a no-good who was caught stealing once and you'd better hide the silver if he calls on you.

As this local chokecherry sits there calmly feeding her acid self into the stomach of your mind, the wonderful, satisfying richness of the other personalities you have been digesting turn to rotten crap that you want to disgorge.

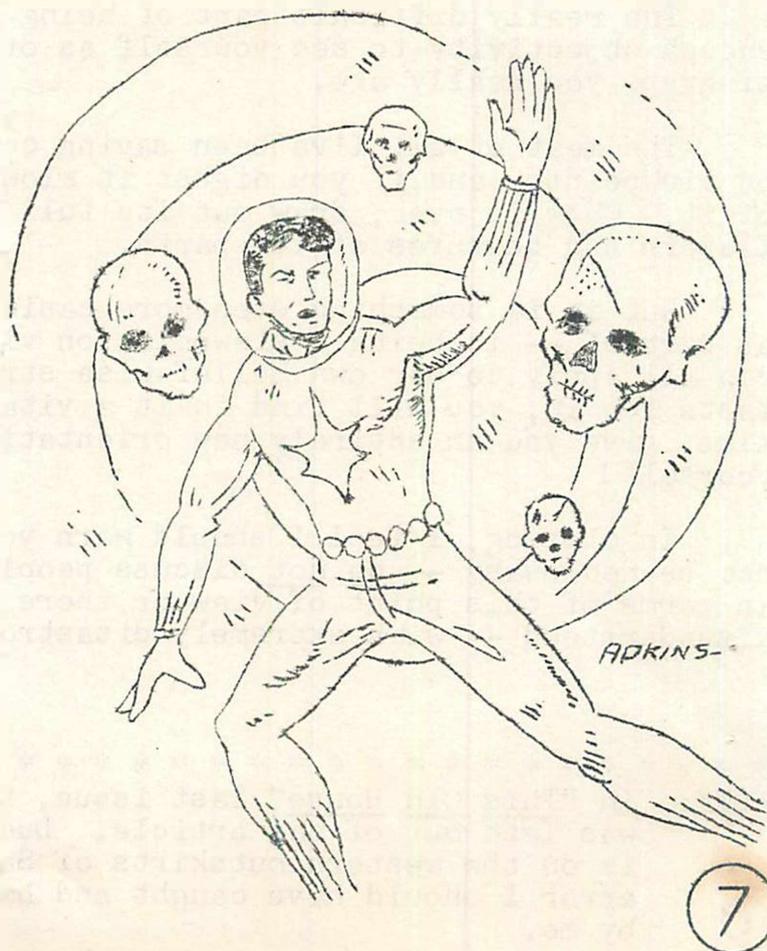
Then there's the peach type. Large, meaty, satisfying. You can make a meal on just one. With some, the skin is bitter, but you can discard the skin and have an enjoyable meal on the rest. Or several meals, laying the peach aside when you have had your fill at one sitting.

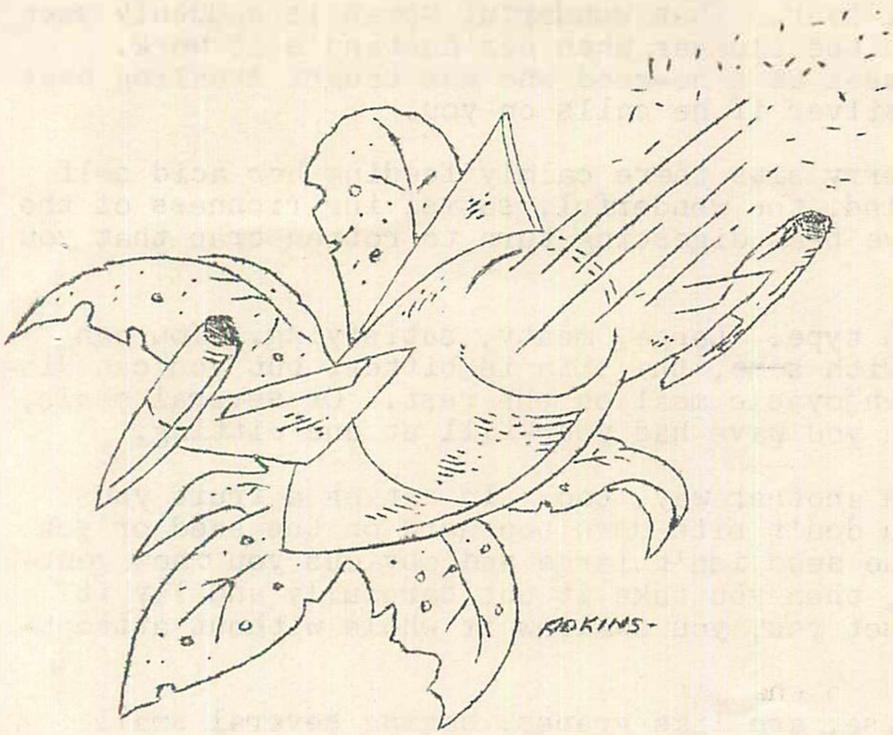
The viewpoint holds in another way, too. In eating a fruit you have to be careful that you don't bite down too hard on the seed or you might break a tooth. If the seed isn't large and obvious you chew gently, searching for the seed, then you take it out carefully and lay it aside. Or, if it won't upset you, you swallow it whole without attempting to break it.

Some people, belief-wise, are like grapes, having several small seeds or hard cores of narrowmindedness sheathed in rigidly tough shells of approved behavior toward the inner core. One is their religion, another their work, still another their home. And like grapes the meat of their areas of multi-viewpoints are rich and sweet, and you can swallow the seeds without harm -- or you can be picayunish and spend a lot of time picking them out and laying them aside. Or, if you are the type that has strong teeth, you can crunch down on the little seeds and break them open -- but if you do you find their taste is bitter.

Most social groups are much like a cluster of grapes and most social contact with groups is much like eating grapes from a cluster, but just as often social contact is like making a meal from a bowl of fruit. You survey the bowl and recognize types of fruit you are familiar with from past experience, and select those you prefer. But you yourself are also a fruit in the bowl, and all of them are selecting and eating in a form of group cannibalism. And while you are trying to avoid eating some individual chokecherry or other type you don't care for, you may find yourself seized and devoured by the one you would like to avoid.

Deep understanding of a person can come only from eating and digesting the whole fruit, including the





seed, crunching open the shell and chewing up the inner seed. Deep liking can come only (usually) from liking the taste of the seed as much as the taste of the fruit. For others to understand you to any depth, they must crunch open your own seed, and when they do they may find your inner core so bitter to their taste that they spit out the whole fruit.

Too often courtship is like eating a peach and marriage is like eating the peach seed.

But this essay is mostly on fans, and we can now form a pretty

accurate perspective of fans as a group. Picture a cluster of grapes fresh off the vine. Covered with dust and cobwebs. You wash off the cluster in cold water, then munch on the grapes, being careful not to bite down too hard on a seed, and also being careful to avoid the shriveled ones, the rotten ones, and the sour ones; all the time remaining aware that you too are a grape -- but which kind?

The really difficult part of being a grape yourself is to retain enough objectivity to see yourself as others see you and know what kind of grape you really are.

The meat of all I've been saying contains the seeds of a viewpoint on viewpoints, and if you digest it slowly you will get a great deal out of it. Chew it over, draw out its full flavor and all the contrasting flavors and textures of its parts.

But it is something even more basic than that. In addition to -- or as part of -- it being a viewpoint on viewpoints, it is a perspective we can all apply to our own belief-wise structure, and if you cultivate a taste for it, you will find in it a vitamin-like quality that can, in time, give you an entirely new orientation toward all things, including yourself!

In closing, I feel I should warn you, even though that warning may not be necessary -- do not discuss people to their faces or to others in terms of this point of view or there is grave danger of your being misunderstood -- with extremely disastrous consequences!

--Rog Phillips

 NOTE: In "This Old House" last issue, the location of Winchester House was left out of the article. Due to numerous requests, the location is on the western outskirts of San Jose, California. This was an error I should have caught and had Honey Wood fill in, but it got by me.

C
A
DISMISSED
E by VIC FLETCHER



When Guy first started TWIG he decided he needed a silent co-editor, one that would go unnamed, to help him out. (Actually, to take part of the blame.) He's a busy guy and felt some unknown fan might do the job just to get better known. I got better known, all right, but not in the nicest ways.

I've known Twig -- that's what all of his friends call him, since he was in high school. I didn't understand his insatiable craving for science fiction at that time, but it grew on me and in one of Twig's own classes -- he was now a teacher, I became a fan right along with him.

It was at Boise Junior College that he approached me on the silent partner of TWIG, and, like a fool, I agreed.

From that time on, my troubles began. There really didn't seem to be a place for me in fandom. No matter what I wrote, it wasn't liked. Funny part of that was, Twig wrote a lot of my stuff and signed my name to it. He has had some pretty good comments on his own work, yet never got them on Fletcher's.

Some of my stuff even went under different names than Vic Fletcher because of adverse criticism. It, for some reason, wasn't damned the way mine was.

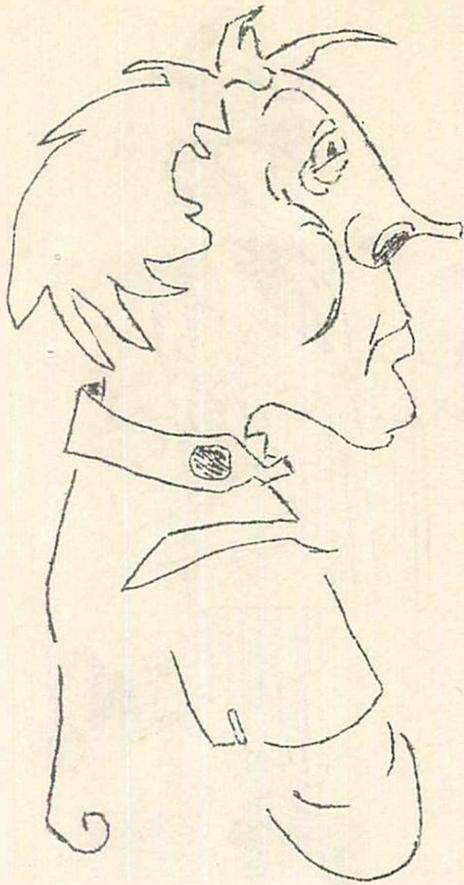
There was only one conclusion to make, drop out of fandom for good. Twig tried to do this for me in the last issue when he wrote "The Case Against Fletcher". As obvious as it was, it didn't jell. No one got the point -- or maybe -- didn't want to get it.

Anyway, Twig is watching me type this, in fact, his fingers are hitting the keys for me. His mind thinks for me. Twig is me and harbors me in his own little brain, but I've been given an eviction notice.

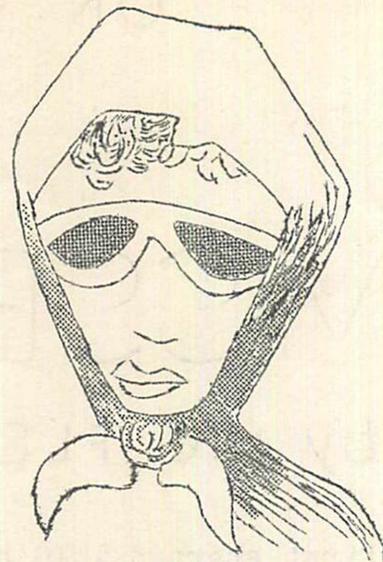
I'm not completely gone, though. Remember -- if Twig wrote under the name of Vic Fletcher, Vic also had an alias, and he isn't being kicked out.

I'll see you around -- will you know me when you see me?

--Twig



Praying Mantis



Queen Bee

ON CONVE

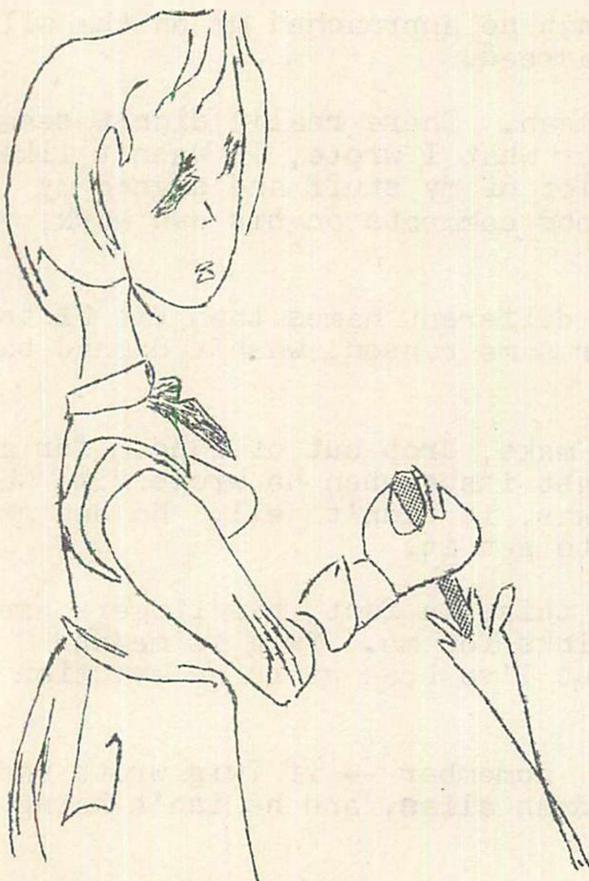
FANNISH AND

by Honey Wood

I am sure that each and every one of you have taken note of the different people that tend to make up a conversation. After many years of being guilty of taking part in conversations and noticing others engaged in this pastime, I feel qualified to express my opinion on this topic. This article will also be of service to you at your next convention or fan gathering in assisting you to pick out the different types, some you may wish to steer clear of, others you may want to study to further your own knowledge in this subject.

My analogies (and apologies) shall take the forms of insects.

As you enter a crowded room generally you will notice that one person is dominating the scene in a loud voice. How did this situation come to pass? This type is known as the Praying Mantis type. They have been sitting there waiting



10 Butterfly



Fly



Caterpillar

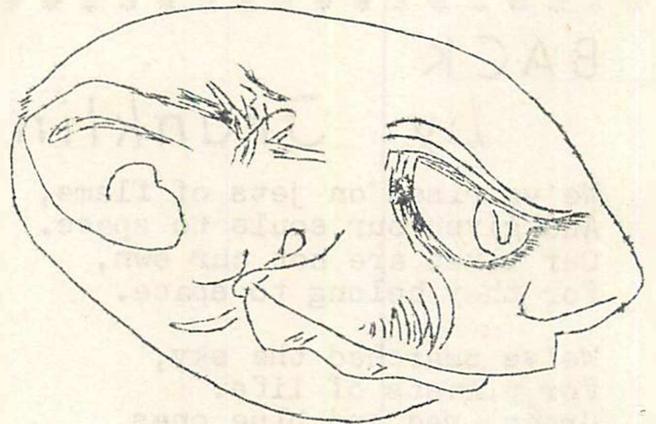
RSATIONS

OTHERWISE

illos by Bourne

patiently with arms outstretched. Some times they may have quite a spell of waiting, but the arms do not tire. At long last the conversational ball is tossed into these powerful arms and jaws. The victim is now secure. The Mantis then proceeds to devour the victim with words and words until she has exhausted same.

The flitting conversation-
alist can be very tiring also,
he/she can be likened to a butter-
fly. This type of speaker will
fly from one subject to another,
most times not even finishing the
sentence in their hurry to dash
to the next topic. They may
cover miles of conversation, their
actions exactly like a butter-
flies, a moment on this flower of
conversation and dashing off to
the next flower. The trouble with
this is that the listener can not
hope to keep up all the threads
of conversation and gets lost on



Spider

just what the subject was, is and going to be.

One of the most detestable type of conversationalist is the fly type. For weeks and years they have been busy visiting one manure pile after another, stopping a few minutes here and a few minutes there, just long enough to pick up the dirt. They can find themselves in a conversation and commence to track around with their conversation, leaving a little dirt with every few words. The Latin name for this type is "gossip monger".

The Queen Bee type next falls under fire. This species will begin a conversation, usually an interesting one, then decide to leave the room. That begins the swarming as a little group breaks off from the main body of listeners and proceeds to follow the Queen Bee into the next room so that they may hear the rest of the conversation.

Of course, in every group of talkers and listeners we are sure to run across Mr. Caterpillar. Mr. Caterpillar will begin a conversation, and if you return to this group hours later, you will still hear him intoning on the same subject as he slowly and laboriously weaves his slow path through the topic.

There is yet the type that can not speak well in a group, but by themselves there is no mercy. The Spider type will find a corner, sit in it quietly and wait. Eventually, due to lack of chairs, or some one wishing to have a little peace and quiet from the rest of the talkers, will stumble into the web. Quiet they will not get, now that Spider has them trapped in the corner he/she will proceed to wear your ear off with some ONE subject that they find of main interest. In the interests of politeness, one must sit there quietly, twisting and turning in a web would only involve them further, and make it a hopeless job to escape.

If you made a composite picture of these different types, and there is a little of each of them in all of us, you would have, without a doubt, a true picture of a BUG EYED MONSTER.

--Honey Wood

BACK

FLAME OUT

by Franklin Bergquist

We've risen on jets of flame,
And given our souls to space.
Our lives are not our own,
For they belong to space.

We've searched the sky,
For planets of life.
Green, red and blue ones,
Sizes and shapes galore.

We've found none to suit us,
None to fit our life.
So back we come,
Back from space.

We had ridden on a plume of flame,
Spaced to unknown worlds.
Seen the beauties of life,
And the horrors of death.

Now we are returning,
Braking down to earth.
Returning to our port,
To our world below.

The gravity takes hold,
And drags us down.
Out goes the flame,
We're back home.

ON FAN ARTISTS

GARY ELDER IN PARTICULAR

by John Champion

All right, you there, stop asking "Who the heck is Gary Elder?" What the same do you think I'm writing this for? Now, I have to admit that Elder (or GEL, if you wish) is not a well-known fan artist like Rotsler or Adkins. The reason for this is most simple: he is not a fan. Elder might be classified as a fringe-fan, and probably should be; but outside of illustrating for various fmz and occasionally reading same, his fanac is nonexistent. ...I sometimes envy him....

A bit of history here; it seems that back in early 1955 I and Bob Carter, another local fringe-fan (which is not the right word but the only one I can think of) decided to publish FAN-attic, our boon to the world of fandom. In order that our child would not go artless, we roped Elder into doing illos for it. This continued with all subsequent issues of FAN, up to the sixth issue in May 1957. Gary also stencilled/mastered most of the artwork, and in general lightened the task of publishing FAN considerably. I hate stencilling.

A few outside fen, attracted by his work, wrote in asking for illos and Elder obliged (or at least I think he did). And that concludes the fannish history of GEL as nearly as I recall. Except that he has met Lars Bourne.

There is more, however, that might prove of interest. Elder is primarily a reader of Westerns, having a bookcase full of Western pocket-books plus innumerable magazines and illos hanging around his room, and the Western motif shows up occasionally in his artwork. As far as authors go, I could name only one or two and most of you probably haven't heard of them anyway except maybe LeeH Shaw; but I do know he prefers the more authentic type books rather than the idealized horse opera. Elder reads stf occasionally; and likes Asimov. He also likes the art of Kelly Freas, but as I said, stf is not his major diversion. In fact, one of the few prozines I've seen him buy was a recent Astounding with a Freas cover and an Asimov lea d story.

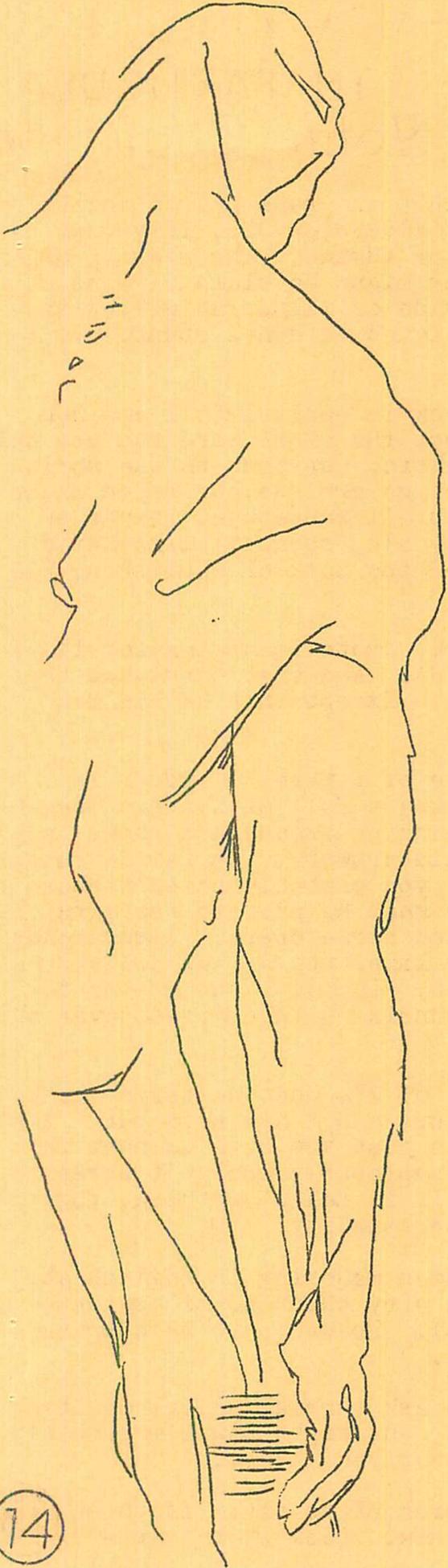
Physically, GEL is 18 years gone, about 6' 2", what he terms "lanky", with light brown hair. I was going to say more about him here but I can't ...Gary just happens to be the type of person that you have to meet in order to know anything about him. Anyway, he probably wouldn't agree if I described him...gee whiz. C'est la vie. If it means anything, you might say his artwork is expressive of his personality.

At any rate, Elder is presently a freshman majoring in English at Whitman College in Walla Walla, a Washington city about 50 miles north of Pendleton (and you all know where that is). He wants to be a writer but will settle for being a bum if necessary.

If you want art, I guess you'll have to ask through me...I don't know if you'd call me Elder's literary agent, but right now I'm probably the only person in fandom who can reach him for you. So...

And that, faaans, is about all I can think of to say. If this doesn't satisfy your thirst, well, I don't know. Look at the artwork, willya?

Arte del GELITO







GEL

DOUBLE FEATURE

by Brett Davis

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S

"From Allied Artists IT Came" -- excuse me -- "FROM HELL IT CAME" to fill the heart with trepidation, the soul with terror, and the science fictionist with disgust.

Actually, I shouldn't sound so disgruntled. Had I not gone to this spectacular attraction, I would have missed a great deal in not seeing the live seat show performed in supposed seclusion.

At any rate, this native guy gets himself in a peck of trouble and is being executed for it. Nice morbid affair -- you know -- hula hula girls, et al. Anyway, this guy gets kind of amorous and decides it's time for some action and.....

Said corpse of native prince is buried standing up and begins to grow into a monster tree. While this is going on the usual lady scientist arrives on the scene and rebuffs the kisses of the man scientist who is acting in true "Me Tarzan -- you Jane" fashion. The young fellow in the seat across the aisle is doing better. He not only kisses the....

Lady scientist has the tronster cut off and revives said spirit of Kemo (savey?) who goes around killing natives all the time and the young man is now making time and by this time I think the kid behind them is having some kind of erotic pleasure time.

Improbable as it may sound, this tronster looks pretty good. Reason being, of course, that he is a tree and any fool can produce a reasonable facsimile of that -- not the real thing, mind you, you know that old poem. Without the ridiculous eyes and the rubber arms, it really wouldn't have been so bad. (I fooled you that time. Stuck to the movie.)

In looking for the tronster, our small safarie of Tarzan, Jane, another scientist and a cockney "would be" femme fatal trek through the island jungle. Pretty girl gets gravel in her shoe and I'll be damned if she doesn't conveniently lean up against the old tronster to remove it and gets herself captured. This piece of wood from a casket factory takes her in his arms. The guy across the aisle is way ahead of him here and I'm beginning to blush quietly. The kid behind should be livid, but he does his saint vitus dance oblivious to all the eyes watching. (I've noticed now that others are more interested in watching the trio and decide that my mind isn't as dirty as I thought, or that a hell of a lot of others have dirty minds.)

Finally, things are reaching a climax. When the safari members see the tronster they fire on him and he drops the girl. After many expended bullets, one pellet hits the sacrificial dagger in the tronster's chest and drives it further in (the thing actually didn't move) and he keels over backward into some handy quicksand and vanishes forever. Tarzan-Jane are together and happy and the lights go on for intermission, catching three embarassed people in various poses of indecent exposure.

RATING: See it by all means -- if there is a peep show provided to keep you entertained.

From the amount of stabbing that goes into the overall plot of "THE DISEMBODIED" I finally decided the thing should have been called "THE DISEMBOWLED". But it wasn't, so on to "The Disembodied."

As was so evident in the first reviewed picture, this one was characterized by its incompetant acting and poor timing. One of those minor epics where the wife is doing in the husband at the opening and is stopped, then, regardless of countless other opportunities, waits until the near end of the picture to make another attempt.

The title of this one is so misleading. The fact is quite evident that no one is really roaming around without a body as the title suggests.

Girl who looks much like Debra Padget is a voo doo queen and does her best to get young man to fall for her. He does, she doesn't, she does, he doesn't.

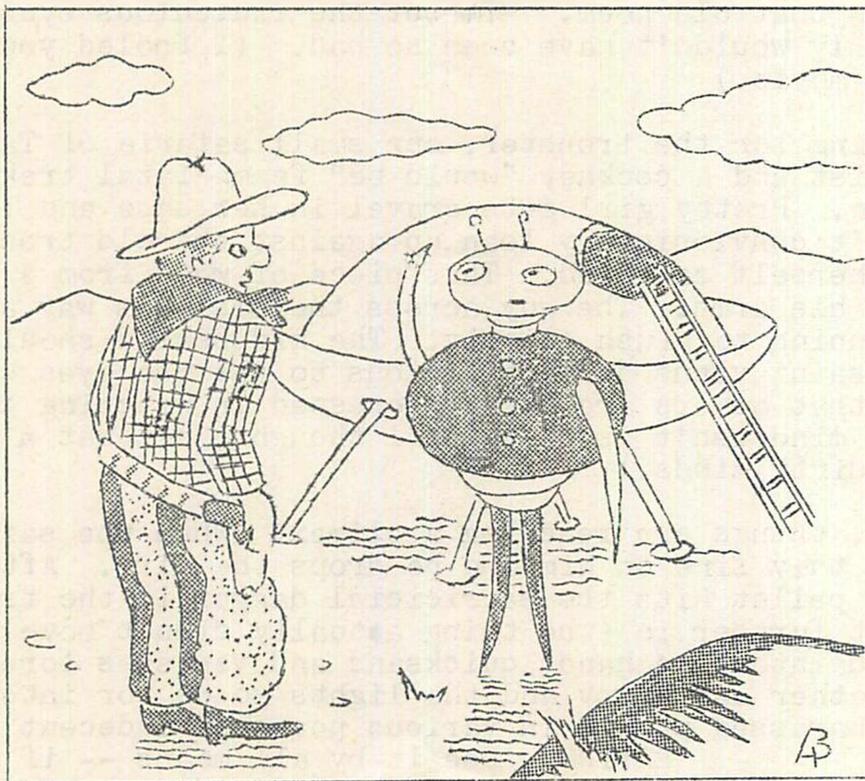
Debra goes around killing natives to try to voo doo herself some love, then finally gets around to trying to disembowl her husband. Again she fails, but his belly really gets it.

In the end, a native girl stabs the voo doo queen for killing her husband (the native girls, not Debra's. He's a hang over from the Jungle Jim tv show -- can't think what name he used there.).

Couldn't help but think the peep show across the aisle would have been better during this movie. Scenes much darker -- actions not so obvious.

RATING: If you see it -- you should be disembowled.

--Brett Davis



"You A Stranger in these here parts?"

ON BRITISH PROZINES

THE SURVIVORS

by Alan Dodd

Looking at the number of British science fiction magazines around today is rather like looking at the survivors of an aircraft disaster. There were so many -- now there are so few.

The total of magazines still being published with any semblance of regularity is six. Seven if you care to count the borderline British edition of FATE, which is sometimes added to the pile by the true collector. Of these six only four are really British magazines, the other two being British Reprint Editions of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION and GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION, henceforth known as BREs.

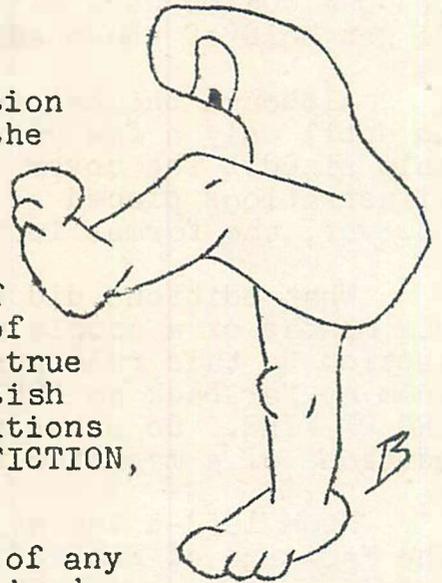
At one time the BRE formed a very large part of any collector's file here and, although it never contained all the full amount of material that the original did, it was better to have half a loaf than none at all.

Since the currency laws prevented money being spent on the original U.S. editions of the magazines the plates were shipped here and a skeletal version of the original printed by several of the big pulp magazine distributors such as Thorpe and Porter. The latter firm, in addition to covering detective and western pulp reprints, were at one time reprinting as many as eight or ten different science fiction magazines but since they were on a very irregular schedule it was almost impossible for either subscriptions or even regular copies to be obtained. Today this firm only puts out GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION and that is regular and has subscriptions taken.

From about 1950 until 1954 there were nearly twelve or fifteen British Reprint Editions of U.S. SF magazines, including, apart from the surviving two, GALAXY and ASF, AMAZING STORIES, FANTASTIC, FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, SUPER SCIENCE STORIES, STARTLING STORIES, THRILLING WONDER STORIES, FANTASTIC NOVELS, SPACE SCIENCE FICTION, TOPS IN SCIENCE FICTION and PLANET STORIES. The bigger names in this group usually saw an average total number of 14 or twenty issues with the lesser lights reaching scarcely half a dozen issues.

Usually most reprint editions contained an average of 64 pages as against the original of 90 or 120 pages. Various short stories, columns, letters and illustrations were all trimmed out to make this great reduction in pages. Sometimes if the lead novel was too long, as in the case of Sam Merwin's "The House of Many Worlds", this was deleted instead. So we frequently found ourselves with a magazine cover portraying a scene from a story that didn't even appear inside. The cover story titling was usually deleted with a white block overprinted with details of the new contents.

The two current BREs, though, with the exception of a few odd



letters, columns and adverts are almost identical to the U.S. edition and sometimes even the quality of the paper is slightly better. Of these two though, ASTOUNDING has been with British fandom longer than any magazine I care to recall and my own collection has editions going back to 1939 and all through the war years amongst which Theodore Sturgeon's metal clashing KILLDOZER!! stands out like a milestone in the issues for 1944.

During this period it should also be noted a number of BREs of UNKNOWN WORLDS were also reprinted though nowadays it is just as difficult to get hold of these editions as it is to obtain the original editions.

Although the original of ASTOUNDING was in later years digest sized up until only a few years ago, the BRE of the same magazine was always pulp sized. The cover format was composed of the original digest cover illustrations placed as a central plate in the middle of a border. Now, however, the format is the same as the original edition.

What editions did these BREs reprint? Well, usually anything from six months or a couple of years ago of the U.S. editions. The only exception to this rule was SUPER SCIENCE STORIES which reprinted editions from as far back as 1943 with lead novels such as TUMITHAK OF THE TOWERS OF FIRE. So it is possible for the collector to pick up British editions of a magazine that first saw light ten years before it's reprint.

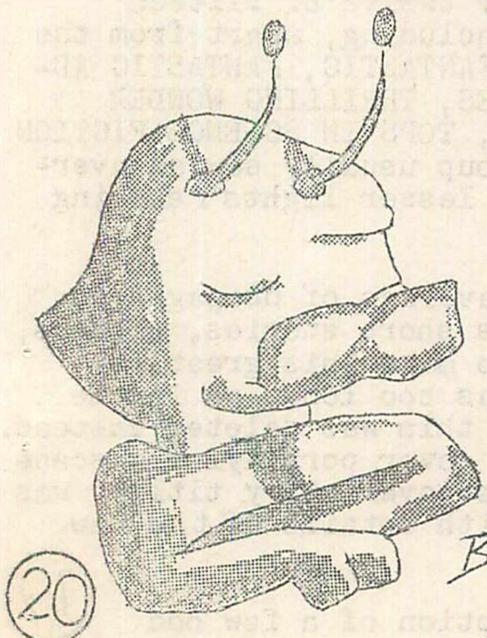
From 1953-4 the majority of these reprints had disappeared, with The Magazine of FANTASY AND SF cutting out in the middle of a serial and refunding subscriptions to all its readers. It may be coincidentally this was around the time "Crypt" and horror type comics were taking a beating from high pressure newspapers intent on building up their circulation and destroying competitors. Whatever the reason, within a few short months, all BREs, except ASTOUNDING and GALAXY disappeared and to this day they have never returned.

But there was another magazine starting about this time that we haven't mentioned before, namely because it too folded, but many months later. It had a variety of sizes and shapes ranging from large size to over-digested size and it had at least three different names. The best name it was known under was THE VARGO STATTEN SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE. Which brings in another story.

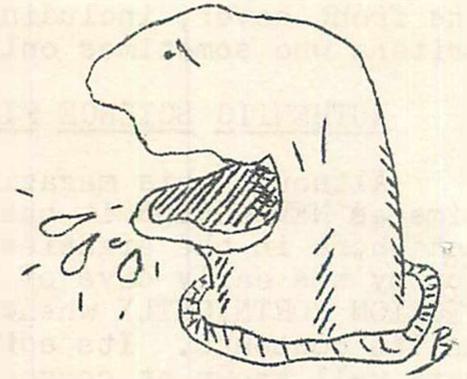
At this time the largest quantity of British SF pocketbooks were all being turned out by John Russell Fearn under a battery of names ranging from his notorious Vargo Statten to Volsted Gridban and Astron Del Martia. Oh, there was nothing conservative about some of the names he churned out. In fact, at that time, no matter what British pocket book you picked up and no matter what name it bore, you could bet your bottom dollar it would be ten to one Fearn had written it.

This, then, was his magazine. He wrote for it, edited it and quite likely did most of the stories in it under different names, but whatever its faults, THE VARGO STATTEN SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE, or THE BRITISH SPACE FICTION MAGAZINE, whatever its title, always catered almost religiously to the fan.

Indeed, this magazine went out of its



way to print biographies and photos of British fans in each issue, though the photos were dropped at a later date to avoid confusion with the horror comics then predominant. There were also hosts of fanzine reviews, cartoons, letters and artwork by various fans of the period, notably Don Allen who published his own fanzine SATELLITE until he was called up.



Then, one February, the magazine just folded. It ceased publication without a word and another survivor had succumbed.

This brings us automatically to look at those four remaining magazines still being published today.

NEBULA SCIENCE FICTION "For Reading That's Different"
Edited and published by Peter Hamilton,
Glasgow, Scotland.

This magazine is one of the newest of the four magazines in the field and it is about half an inch longer in size than most digest magazines. Currently it seems to be having a little difficulty in meeting its publishing schedules due to troubles with printers, etc. Format is usually of a novel and half a dozen short stories whose authors range from AUTHENTIC'S E.C. Tubb or William F. Temple to younger authors like John Ashcroft. In addition, however, this is the only British magazine currently featuring a fan column by Walt Willis which is the only pro-column reviewing fanzines now and fan news, Ackerman's film previews which, like Old Father Thames, go on forever, Ken Slater's book reviews and a letter column. Art by England's top fanartists includes, frequently, Eddie Jones, Harry Turner and Arthur Thomson and there is even a black and white bacover illustrated by Eddie or Atom to contrast against the vivid colour illustrations on the cover.

NEW WORLDS SCIENCE FICTION Nova Publications edited by John Carnell.

In production format, this rather resembles ASTOUNDING in that it measures the same size, has the main illustration of the cover running for a full three quarters of the page at least with the title clearly labelled at the top. The only deviation here being the panel used by NEW WORLDS. The fact that this magazine has seen over sixty issues marks it the oldest of these four British science fiction magazines.

In its early days many of the stories used were reprinted from U.S. magazines again, notably I recall such items as Ray Bradbury's THE ENCHANTED VILLAGE. Nowadays though, the number of reprints is very small indeed having given way to the more prolific younger writers of both England and America and side by side with John Brunner and Alan Barclay you will often find authors such as Bob Silverberg and the inevitable Harlan Ellison.

Composition of this magazine ranges from a thirty page novel and half a dozen short stories, with two science articles, an editorial and literary line up, to a complete discarding of the novel and replacement by several more shorter novelettes. Art is never very prolific and frequently there are no more than two illustrations per issue or none at all, but Carnell does again use a number of British fanartists for what little work there is, including Eddie Jones and Bill Harry, both of whose work has appeared in this fanzine. Another interesting item is the photo and biography of one of the featured writers inside

the front cover, including not only the big names but the lesser name writers who sometimes only appear for the first and last time.

AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION "Action - Science - Adventure" Published by Hamilton and Co. Ltd. Edited by E.C. Tubb

Although this magazine has not been on the stands for such a long time as NEW WORLDS it has seen an even greater number of issues, being somewhere in the eighties by now. The increased number is partly accounted for by the early days of the magazine under its title AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION FORTNIGHTLY whence it appeared every two weeks with a single story as its contents. Its editors included mostly H.J. Campbell, formerly very well known at conventions for his motor bike, beard and forthright views on people who lived in the more uncivilised areas of England (these bloody provincials...) and E.C. Tubb, a fine author in his own right who is now the current editor. Under Campbell there were fanzine reviews, letter columns and reprints of American stories. Under Tubb there are none of these. British authors make the mainline stream of AUTHENTIC'S fiction with the usual format of novella and half a dozen short stories by such greats as A. Bertram Chandler. Size and exterior format is almost identical to AMAZING STORIES with the exception that there is no story title on the cover. Cover artists like Kirby could be mistaken for any of AMAZING'S artists, especially Valigursky. Interior illustrations are, if anything, in the GALAXY style of streaked black and white as beloved by H.L. Gold's artists. The contemptuous style as it is sometimes known.

FOOTNOTE TO AUTHENTIC: To all intents and purposes this magazine ceased publication with the October 1957 issue and this was indeed the last issue, I as a subscriber received. The death of the magazine was recorded in SF TIMES and in the Fantast (Medway) bulletin but there was no mention whatsoever of it in the actual last issue. Nor were subscribers with a number of issues to run still informed of the decision to cease. Undoubtedly a few annoyed letters of inquiry will be already on their way to the publishers of this magazine for not having the courtesy to inform their long term subscribers of the decision.

SCIENCE FANTASY Nova Publications, edited by John Carnell

This is John Carnell's second string magazine which has reached only a few more issues than the comparatively new NEBULA. As its name suggests, the concentration here is on fantasy rather than science fiction and the covers are often unique and beautiful to look on. Again the authors include the ubiquitous Tubb, William F. Temple and A. Bertram Chandler and Co. Artwork is virtually extinct and there is no editorial, letter column or articles. Just a straight line up of good fantasy with nothing to distract the connoisseur. This is for the reader - not the fan.

So....there are the survivors, all five of them. Many of those that went were sadly missed, but some, like the John Spencer magazines WORLDS OF FANTASY, TALES OF TOMORROW, etc. were justly due to be weeded out. There are still a few pocketbooks being published but the quantity is just a faint trickle compared to the spate a few years back. Maybe the authors are still around - maybe they aren't. Perhaps when the magazines folded they went back to westerns or detective novels. Who knows.

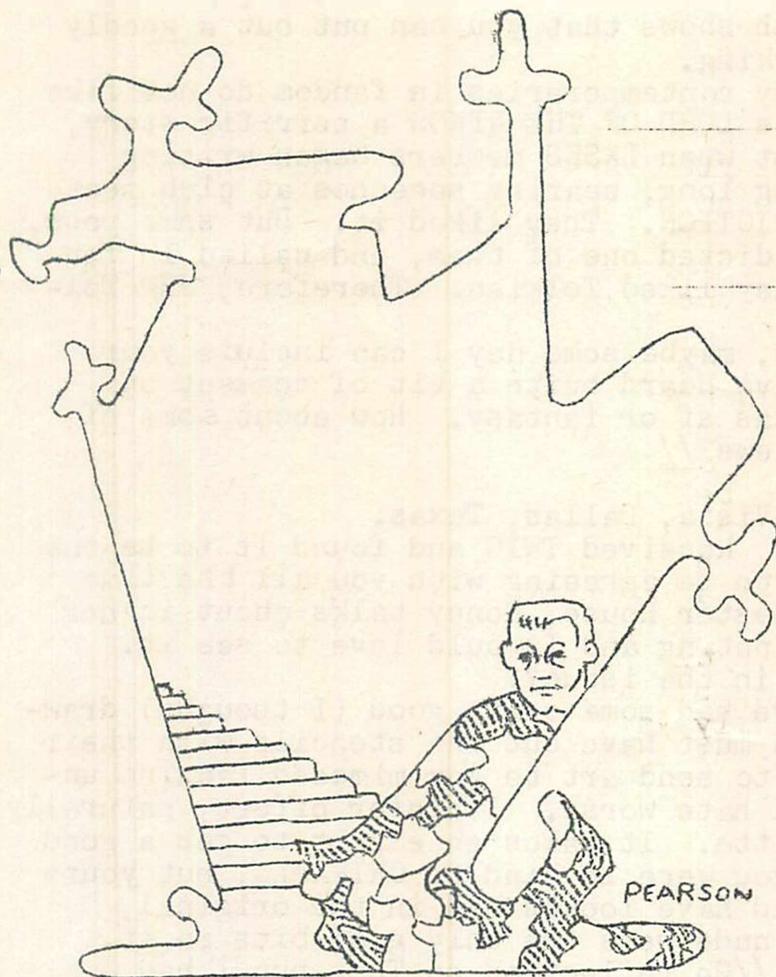
Things seem quiet now indeed. I've heard nothing of any new magazines starting and it's very doubtful if there will be any. But at least collectors will save money. They might need it -- after all you never know when it might start all over again do you?

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Will you be ready for 'em?

--Alan Dodd

SCALED BARK



JOHN BERRY, 31 Campbell Park Ave.,
Belmont, Belfast, Northern
Ireland.

Rec'd latest TWIG a short time ago, and a wonderful issue it was, too....and how proud I was to see the super-impositions cut down to an absolute minimum. (and how glad I am to find that they are--I really tried)

Yes, these really thick issues start out with a superiority complex, and one thinks the very best of them before even easing out the staples. I was most impressed with the neat duplicating, the spacious layout and the abundance of illo's.

The front cover was excellent, this Pearson fellow delighted me with the illo on page 26. The fanzine revooos were competant and well

set-out. Thanks for kind word about RET.

TYPEWRITER WIFE might have been written by my wife, and her name is Diane, too. She wrote something of the same in RET 6, entitled, "Don't Tell My Husband, But..." How these pore women must suffer.

I sincerely hope you are continueing with TWIG, you don't really sound too confident on that first page preamble. In any case, I have forwarded you one of my factual articles by surface mail, which you should get towards the end of Jan., allowing for the Xmas rush.

RAP and I. I don't think you need have bothered to reveal everything Damnit, its great to keep fen guessing, and if the situation did in fact become so important an issue, it was extra egoboo for you to be discussed and evaluated. You also sound apologetic about having written to Bloch to thank him for a kind revoo re TWIG. I think you did the right thing. Bloch has been a high inspiration to me, because of his many favourable comments about my writing.....I think he's the greatest. My number One Fan. //Did not intend to sound that way about Bloch. Regardless of the way a lot of the fen seem to feel, I, too, think I did the right thing. As for RAP and I--well, the situation was getting unbearable from my standpoint...and I didn't like to see some fen getting a lot of egoboo they didn't deserve by pretending to know my deepest secrets.//

RON ELLIK, Room 305, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif.

I have here a letter from you dtd 10 Oct 57, and a fanzine dated Ann TWIG 57, and it seems I am deliquent on commenting on either and/or both.

I presume the next TWIG must be on its way--that annish came quite a while ago, as I recall--so I won't say anything except to congratulate you on such a terrific project. Your reproduction was fantastically good for such a large effort, and the thing was, in general, highly readable, especially as compared to other issues. I've never been much of a TWIG fan--still can't work up a sweat about it--but it is

certainly getting better. The Annish shows that you can put out a goodly fanzine if you work at it. Keep working.

I am given to understand that my contemporaries in fandom do not like pure fantasy. I considered Tolkien's LORD OF THE RINGS a terrific story, and very much fantasy, and was aghast when LASFS members began writing long sneering articles and delivering long, searing speeches at club meetings, defending Tolkien as SCIENCE FICTION. They liked it. But some poor, deluded member had hesitantly contradicted one of them, and called in fantasy. They do not like fantasy. They liked Tolkien. Therefore, JRR Tolkien was not fantasy.

Ho hum. //I'll keep at it, Ron, maybe some day I can include your name in those who like the zine. Have heard quite a bit of comment on Tolkien, but none as to whether it was sf or fantasy. How about some of you others giving forth with your views?//

TOM REAMY, (new address) 4243 Buena Vista, Dallas, Texas.

Sorry to be so long in writing. Received TWIG and found it to be one of most enjoyable of all. I seemed to be agreeing with you all the time.

Just exactly where is the Winchester House, Honey talks about in her article? It sounds absolutely fascinating and I would love to see it. ??you'll find it answered elsewhere in the issue??

Gary Elder is quite right. I've had some quite good (I thought) drawings muddled to death by editors who must have cut the stencils with their big toe nail. I'm fairly reluctant to send art to any mimeoed fanzine unless I cut the and there's nothing I hate worse. I prefer offset, naturally, but a great deal can be done with ditto. It takes an expert to get a good mimeo and I hate to see this after you were so kind to CRIFANAC, but yours were pretty bad. A lot of them would have looked bad in the original, however. The cover and the Pearson nude were the only good bits in it. The Pearson double page was awful. //No reflection on Tom--but I had a lot of agreement with Elder's point. Frankly, I'm surprised that no editor stood up for himself. I think it is time the mimeo editors had a little to say on the subject--sort of retaliation against the artists. Such items as the artist knowing he is drawing for a mimeoed zine and should draw accordingly--there is a difference involved here. It isn't all the stencil cutters fault. How about an article on the subject from one of you eds? I'd do it, but would have to run it in TWIG and I don't want to carry my troubles into another zine.//

THE CASE AGAINST FLETCHER didn't mean anything to me. //Does it now?//

MONSTERS CAN'T WIN was a cute bit of satire, that was too true.

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW was a very good idea, well-handled.

I vehemently disagree with Alan on his review of "Curse of Frankenstein" The original Karloff monster was in no way like the thing created by Mrs. Shelley and the new one was even less so and the plot had only one thing in common with the novel: A man named Frankenstein makes a creature out of dead bodies, an idea so ridiculous to begin with. The older version left most of the actual construction to the imagination and the viewer wasn't so conscious of the silliness of it all. The new one, however, shows every grisley detail and there were more laughs than shudders where I saw it.

The Con Report was interesting as being from the point of a (I suppose) fairly nep-fan. Most con reports by the BNF's are filled with personal jokes, cliqueish goings-on, and seldom say what actually happened.

IF I SHOULD DIE surprised me. I thought it was a tongue in cheek spoof of the stalest plot in history which would only lead up to a stinger of an ending, a sort of satire on fan crud. But it turned out to really be fan crud. I don't mean to discourage Johnny, because from what little contact I've had with him, he's a real nice kid, and could develop into a competent fan writer. But, this was really bad.

The sixth edition of the Southwestercon will be in Dallas next year over the fourth. I would appreciate any mention you might give it.

VINCE ROACH, 3443 South Sadlier Road, Indianapolis 19, Indiana

Got TWIG today. The cover really stands out. Most of the articles got through my thick skull. I don't think any of them need my im- (or shall I say unexperienced) criticism.

What's this teen-age deal I hear about in the letter column? After all, what's a middle ager but a teenager with 20000 letter hours in, a Beverly Hills address, a pot belly and a big nose. This I'm sure will gain me new friends everywhere among middle agers -- tis said in jest. Besides, you can't get a bomb in our small mailbox.

I have no gripe with older fen, we just comb our hair like Elvis, they go for Yul Brynner. I would say, too, that I go in for no drink stronger than coke, but I don't drink cokes anymore. Here comes a hairy bit of advice from know-it-all Vince. I used to guzzle from two to ten cokes a day! Yes, some days I'd drink eight or nine in a trip to town. I about killed myself with cokes--you know, all the sugar and acid and like that. No kidding. I'm now a devout water man. I might think a hangover would do this to bheer and an older fhan, but I guess they're stronger-willed (?). //Consider yourself lucky, Vince--from all I can tell, I have some sort of an allergy to all alcoholic beverages.//

JOHN CONING, 318 S. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio

Lo! My but TWIG has put on weight. Your onetime monster is and has turned into a wery fine zine. You can't give it up, now that it has improved a good bit (not to say #5 was poor) think of all that egoboo you will miss if you quit.

This Adkin's cover is good, looks like something off of SATA minus a few colors, not surprising as it is by the SATA duo. Honey has an interesting artical. //These are not my misspellings// I had heard and read of the Winchester House, but had not had it described in so good and interesting way (now that was good Inklisch.). RAP AND I & THE CASE AGAINST FLETCHER dispose of two of the skeletons in the Terwilleger, but the only place I had ever heard of them was in TWIG, maybe I missed (oh yes, a reviewer did say that perhaps you liked Palmer) it in other zines or earlier TWIGs.

Bourne's art leaves me frigid (ther I go, I always think of a sexual angle in my innocent statements, must have a normal American filthy mind.) Pearson is a good artist, I think this folio of art is a good feature, resembles SATA again, and many zines I know (dittoed and hektoed) wish they could look a bit more like SATA. My but I am plugging that zine tonight, I never comment on TWIG when writing Pearson, I think I am cheating you man. Aha! Diane gets revenge for your consuming interest in fandom, and well written, too. I thot THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN was the best Franky movie I have seen yet. I laughed thru the old ones they have on TV, must be I have a morbid sense of humor.

Wheatley seems to lack enough life to make you feel he had a good time at the Westercon. He says he had a great time, but I get the impression he doesn't give a dam whether he was there or not. Willis makes you wish you had been ther. But then, we aren't all Willis, and it did give some info at that. ??If we were all alike--we'd all be in love with Hannah!?? Holleman, ugh, worn plot, fair style, still ugh.

Bourne evidently doesn't advocate sterilization of fen to keep babies from distracting them from the important things like SF and fandom.

Fans Like Gods should have been Fen Like Gods, nearer to the original title, a mature version of I, Teenager, from a different viewpoint it even narrows the scope of those accused to maybe 1/4 of fandom. Your reviews are all as good as Adkin's.

GLENN KING, JR., 9 E. Main St., Wappingers Falls, N.Y.

Being broad-minded and a grade-A candidate for the coveted Southern title of "nigger-lover", I have nothing against teachers as a whole (very tolerant of me, don't you think?), but there have been

some individuals--AAAARGH! Especially that bio teacher. But then, none of them have been sf fen. That makes a difference. Especially when the fan publishes your material. Therefore I will not let it bother me. I will just keep it quiet. Ha!

First, the cover. (unusual thing to take first, isn't it?) Very nicely dittoed and, of course, excellent artwork. Adkins does no other kind. SHAVINGS is mildly interesting, with more excellent Adkins.

Honey Wood's "This Old House" was completely fascinating, mostly because of the subject. I had no idea such a weird place existed. The three theories were very interesting and Johnson's was a bit disturbing. It's so logical...

I disagree with Elder. Most fan artists aren't pro material, but they aren't nearly as lousy as he would have us believe. And judging from his TWIG samples, he comes under this heading. I found the CASE AGAINST FLETCHER entertaining but not knowing what it was about didn't help any.

I rather like MONSTERS CAN'T WIN. But those illos--urk. I never have liked Bourne. I think he should stick to writing. //Mr. King! What you just silently said is very unfannish.//

As for TOMORROW AND TOMORROW: Huh? Pearson's delusions of grandeur are interesting, but--"maidons?" I like the art and the ditto repro.

Mrs. Terwilleger's article was very amusing and so was the first Pearson illo. It is accurate? //Sadly, yes. I do have a long tail and it has as many vertebrae as a monkey's.//

Alan Dodd's review of Frankenstein has my complete agreement. I suppose it depends on how you define horrible. That gore certainly horrified me. I got a kick out of those lines Dodd quoted. I must have missed them because I was still gagging over the special effects which preceded them. Eddie's illos for the article are excellent. As Dodd says, the thing that marked Curse of Frankenstein as unusual (besides Elizabeth's fantastically low cleavage) was the excellent acting. Especially by the man who played the monster, a hideous, frightened, yet terrifying caricature of life.

Marv Bryer's illo, at the end of Wheatley's mildly interesting con report is a real beauty. Does Marv do any pro work? //All I know of was the one in the last issue of OTHER WORLDS.// Johnny Holleman's "If I Should Die was trite as all h--- but very well written and even touching once or twice. Being a dog people, //?// that one paragraph really got to me.

I've never seen the Aurora but one of the most beautiful things I have seen is the dusty white river of the Milky Way winding across the blackness of a clear, cold country night. (Doesn't that sound Bradburian? Or mebbe more like Simak?)

Oh Lhord, I can't get away from Adams! The Shrinking Man movie was one heck of a lot better than the book. Matheson's novel was nothing but depression and dirt. True the hero wasn't sympathetic, but at least Hollywood added a little action and cut a lot of the filth.

Please don't loosen your lay-out any more. I hate reading 30 page zines with 15 pages of material. Or 20 with 10. That's what I don't like about Yandro. Just when I'm really getting absorbed in it, there isn't any more. //I'd never noticed that about YANDRO. However, some fan said that it was much cheaper to print blank space than anything. Mussells is always reminding me of that so I loosened up. I got to thinking though, whoever it was didn't have a mimeo in mind. Blank space is one of the most expensive things to print in a mimeoed zine. Don't worry, Glenn, I'm too scotch to loosen up much more.//

ROBERT COULSON, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana.

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Congratulations on your first Annish.....Not only the biggest issue of TWIG to date, but nearly all your material was superior. Oddly enough (I can hear Juanita snort at that phrase) your two best items were both by your feminine contributors. Give Honey Wood first

place and Diane second. Bourne, Shaffer, //anyone know Ray's new address? I can't locate him.// and Elder are your other best contributors this time.

Holleman was apparently trying to write a mood story, but it didn't jell. His writing isn't smooth enough for the kind of thing he was trying to do, and really! The idea of one (or maybe two) long survivor(s) of world catastrophe is pretty thin to begin with....aside from Alfred Bester's "Adam and No Eve" I can't think of a single writer who has made much of it, and Holleman is no Bester. This isn't the worst fan fiction I've read, or anything, but it's a long way from the best.

I'm not too sure what Glenn King was trying to do. If it had been the least bit funny I would have assumed it was supposed to be either satire or irony, but it wasn't, so I'm stumped. Shaffer, on the other hand, did write a very good mood story....it didn't make quite enough sense for it to have a chance in a prozine, but it was very good fan fiction.

Pearson's two-page illo was good, but his one-pager was better. In fact, you had quite a bit of good artwork in this issue...my own favorite is the single illo by Neill Shelton. On artwork, I agree partway with Wlde r (though) I wish he'd make up his mind whether he's attacking fan artists or fan editors). Some editors (mostly the newer ones) do butcher artwork, and a lot of fan artists aren't very good. On the other hand, it is possible to get good artwork reproduction on the mimeo, and a lot of fan artists are just as good as the "professionals" who smear up the pages of GALAXY, INFINITY and other prozines, and some are a good deal better. If Elder wants names, I can list Robert E. Gilbert, Marv Bryer, Eddie Jones, Morris Scott Dollens, and possibly (I can't judge from the single samples of their work that I've seen) Neill Shelton and G. H. Scithers. I'm not sure about Adkins -- the bulk of his work is in a good comic-book style, but I have seen samples that were much better than his standard. (Not that I don't consider a good comic-book artist, such as Jack Davis, Wallace Wood, or Reed Crandall, far superior to Gaughan, Kluga, Dick Francis, Ernie Barth and the other professional members of the "half-Ashman" or Rohrshach inkblot school, if it comes to that.) Elder does make a good point that a good many fan artists try to draw abstracts when (or more probably, because) they can't draw realistically. On the other hand, I've never seen anything by Elder that looked very realistic -- or very good. If he's using symbolism, it doesn't come across. His attitude, as implied in the article, that he needn't really try to do good work because it couldn't be reproduced anyway and why try to present cloddish editors with real works of art, may have something to do with this. //I think this is true of a lot of fan artists--the ones who are really interested in art--they scratch off something, paying little attention to correct form because they don't expect to have it reproduced well. In doing this, they hinder their own progress by not taking time to do well what they attempt, tending to become sloppy, even in their other work. The same goes for a lot of writers--only they don't gripe so much about it--upon receiving requests they hurriedly jot off something and send it away. Had they taken time to polish it, the results would have been better all the way around. I know, for myself, I have several requests for material but it isn't forthcoming simply because I've decided that I can't do a good job on it and, therefore, it shouldn't even be written. I've had an article returned from Mussells for well on to three months now that I haven't finished because I want it to be good when it is done. A lot of other fan writers--not to compare them with myself--should adopt this same attitude. And I could name quite a few who fall into this category.//

Gorman has a point, but manages to pretty well obscure it, by his paragraph about criticism being needed but that fans shouldn't be critics. Some sharp tongues are needed in fandom -- all too many neos put out their first issue with a sort of "this is the greatest

thing that ever happened to fandom" attitude." If they get slapped down a few times, some of them learn to behave, and the rest leave. Personally, I try to differentiate between the editor who presents poor material because he's simply dying to publish a fanzine and this is the best stuff he can get, and the guy who presents poor material because he thinks it's hot stuff.

Interesting idea you have about praising fanzine reviewers...the general idea seems to be that "after all, the bum's gettin' a free copy of the zine, ain't he? That's enough payment for him." After reading a half dozen or so fanzines some evening in order to review them in the next YANDRO, I can feel deeply for people like Bloch, who have to wade through this stuff by the bale. //How true, how true! I never spent such miserable evenings as those during which I wrote the columns for OW. I don't see how Bloch does such a good job when, actually, there is so little to work with--with a few exceptions, of course.//

I agree with Bourne, somewhat...some fanzines (and STELLAR is not the worst offender), in denying serious consideration to any item considered interesting to the "masses" or the "sercon fans" go so far in the other direction as to consider Fandom worthy of serious consideration. Fandom, they say, is a Good Thing; it allows them to protest against the idiocies of the Outside World. (Of course, they can yell all they want to and not be overheard by anyone interested in retaliation.) Frankly, I think fandom is a good thing, too, but not for the same reasons. //This is the type of letter I think is worth something -- it doesn't praise everything, but it does give some kind of reason for not liking, or disagreeing with what has been presented. Personally, I would like to get a lot more letters like it that don't say "it wasn't good because I didn't like it!" How about it? If you want to be a critic, let's criticise.//

EXTRACTS

GARY DEINDORFER, Apartment E-1, Letchworth Ave., Yardley, Pennsylvania.

Funny, I had the idea you were a teenager but I suppose the fact that you have a typewriter wife refutes it. I suppose that fourth TWIG gave me the idea. //Most thought me an idiot after #4.// Hey Guy, whuffo do you have a tail? According to Pearson's illo you do. Good Ghod doesn't it get in the way when you type or do you do your typing on all fours. //Have tail--won't travel. To much bother.//

BILL PEARSON, 4516 East Glenrosa, Phoenix, Arizona.

GOD WHAT A PILE OF MATERIAL! //God, what a lot of typing!//

RICH BROWN, 127 Roberts St., Pasadena 3, California.

I think it's about time somebody invented a new kind of zine. You can't beat SKYHOOD for sercon stuff; YANDRO for a generalzine; HYPHEN for a faaanish zine; GLOM for a letter-zine; INSIDE & SFA for an avant-guard zine; SCIENCE FICTION TIMES for a professional newszine; CONTACT for a faaanish newszine. What's left? It's hardly worthy pubbing any of those, since you can't top the best. Ah well. //There is one type left -- the CRUD-ZINE appropriately labled. There are plenty of them around, but no one has so labled his zine with that moniker. Who says you can't top the best? If you have that idea, you'll never do anything that would classify your own zines for consideration!//

JOHNNY HOLLEMAN, Choudrant, Louisiana.

Poor Edward Gorman. I can tell him from experience that such a protest as his can't reap much, except a lot of nasty publicity. Maybe that's what he was fingering for. //It did.//

BARBARA W. LEX, North Shimerville Road, Clarence, New York.

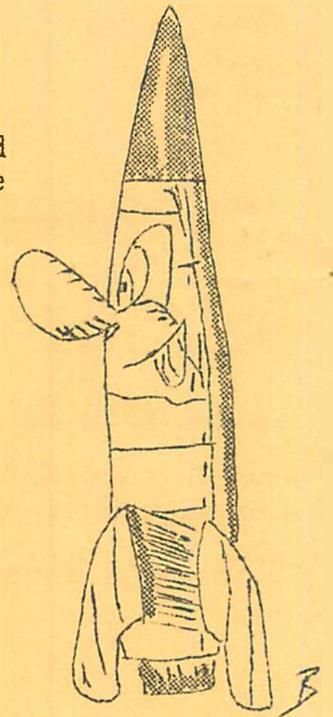
"..bein' a gal myself, I don't particularly go in for undressed members of my own sex. //I often wondered how the girls felt about this.//

SAWDUST

In the back of my mind are a lot of things I wanted to say here, now that I have arrived at this page, there seems to be a complete lack of memory. Serves me right for not jotting down things as I think of them.

At any rate, this is the end of another issue. For some reason, it has gone together much easier than any previous issue.

A word on the #8 issue: for the first time I will use a reprint article -- that should be story. Don't know how many of you read Niels Augustines TOMORROW, but I am reprinting his "New York -- 5 Hour" in the next issue. Just when the issue will be out is a mystery. I have on hand several articles that I want to use, but not enough to fill out an issue. When enough other material comes in that I like, the issue will be forth coming. For those of you who knew I planned on using at least one article in this issue about fandom -- it got crowded out and will be used as soon as is feasible.



The sooner you get your items in for the contest, the sooner you can see them in print. I hope there will be a big response to this. Also, even if your article isn't one of the winners, IF I like it, I will use it anyway.

See you next time.

Twig

NEW WORLD PROVERBS

The smaller the fan,
the louder the wail.

Don't pub a fanzine before you
get the material.

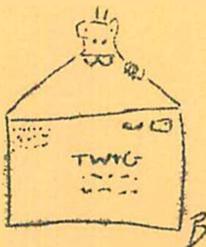
It is better to be an active neo
than a has been BNF.

Fans are stranger than fiction.

He's burning his friends behind him.

Fan see; fan do.

All BNF's don't mean
a good issue.





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