

7011

# TWIG

## ILLUSTRATED





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### COVER

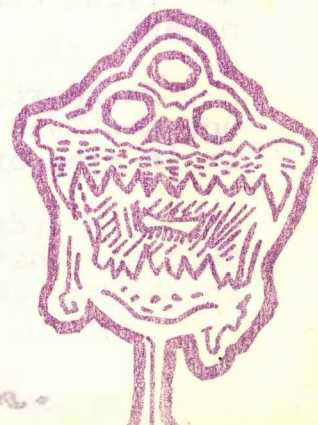
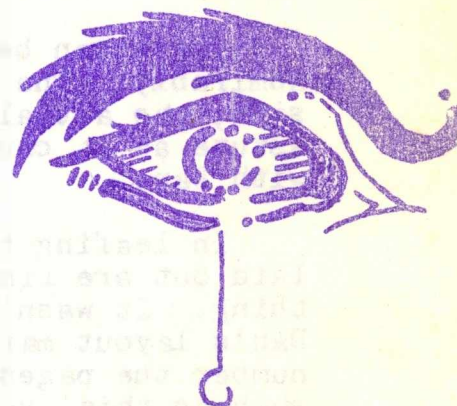
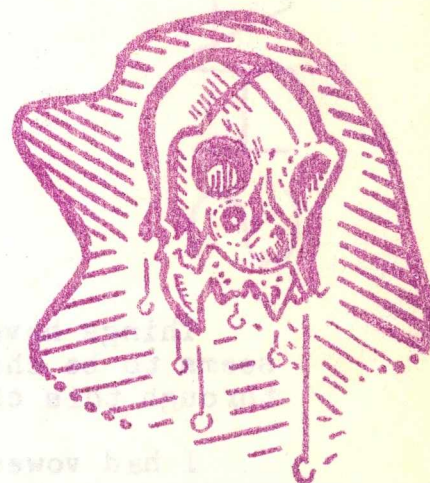
Dan L. Adkins

### INTERIORS

Dan L. Adkins  
 Bill Pearson  
 Arthur Thompson  
 George Barr  
 Robert E. Gilbert  
 Colin Cameron  
 Tom Heamy  
 Art Lee  
 Paul E. Irey  
 George Scithers  
 Juanita Coulson

### BACOVER

Arthur Thompson



CAMERON.

# SHAVINGS



Things have a way of never standing still -- there always seems to be change. One of the things around here that goes through this changing process is my own mind.

I had vowed not to talk about TWIG in my editorials. Here I am doing just that. Perhaps I can be excused, though. This isn't TWIG you are reading -- it is the "new" TWIG illustrated.

There can be no doubt that Dan has more than upheld his end admirably. The art thish is a vast improvement over last. My side, the actual selecting of the written material, is not as astute as it could be. I'll improve! I've got to to keep up with Dan.

In leafing through these pages, you'll note that the pages Dan laid out are fine. The pages devoid of art, however, are another thing. It wasn't until late in the issue that I caught on to Dan's layout margins. This I am now aware of. Too, I started to number the pages -- I soon learned that in a cross-country job such as this, you can't number them. A ditto master has a way of drying out if not used. I had to run what was on hand at the moment.

In short, this issue is not perfect in many respects. It is not the TWIG Illustrated that Dan and I want to bring you. But it is a major step forward.

As a sidelight -- I haven't enjoyed working on a fanzine as much as I have this issue. No rush, a lot of surprises for me in the way of art, a real pleasure to put out.



Another improvement in TPs is that Dan has also associated himself with THE BEST OF FANDOM as art editor. He is doing a masterful job of putting the full page illos on master, and they are all coming out beautifully. An added advantage here is that all the art in BoF is being run on one side of the paper only to avoid any possible show-through.

Further comment on the forth-coming BoF. Publication date has had to be shoved back to March. With my lengthy illness, plus the issue of TI that you hold in your hands, there just hasn't been time to get everything done. I can promise you, though, that BoF-'58 will be as good, if not better, than BoF-'57.

Ron Ellick has done a comprehensive job of reviewing the year of 1957 from the pages of FANAC. Concise, yet informative as a quick survey of what was going on in the field.

To my notion, John Berry's best, and I do mean best, item he has turned out to date appears in this years volume. "All The Way" is Berry at his best, and a new type of Berry at that. If you didn't read it in its original appearance in CRY, don't miss it now.

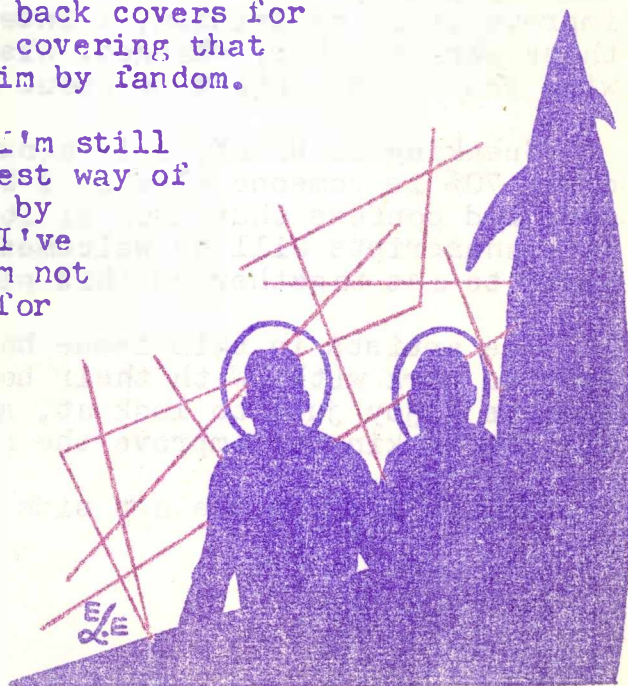
To name only a few of the other titles, there are "I Sleep With Dolly" by Bob Leman. Bob is undoubtedly the outstanding new humorist in the fan field, rivaling both Bloch and Willis for top place. For a fannish, yet human account of how fan feuds get started, there is Terry Carr's "The Fan Who Hated Quote Cards." This is more than just about a feud in this, though, so don't get the wrong idea. "Beloved Is Our Destiny" is present. This is one of the outstanding items from a British fanzine this past year. Too bad that the entire series isn't being reprinted, but remember, each part is complete in itself.

Atom has done both the front and back covers for this years volume. He has provided covering that amply fulfills what is expected of him by fandom.

If you haven't ordered BoF-'58, I'm still taking pre-pub orders. It's the surest way of getting a copy, and don't be deluded by the fan who say it won't come out. I've already printed enough of it that I'm not about to quit. I'm too damn scotch for that.

And that brings me to the close of my 15th editorial but my first for this -- TWIG Illustrated. Hope you enjoy the art and the written material.

*Shut*





# SPLINTERS



Some time ago, Guy asked me if I cared to be part editor of TWIG. Well, as you can see, I took him up on it. We were not going to let it be known, but it managed to slip out that I was going to be art-editor. But, though my part comes as no surprise, I don't think too many fen expected to find a comic section in this issue. There were a few things I ran into that I didn't exactly expect. One is the free hand lettering. I found it took up a great deal of space, looked rather un-neat; and took a hell of a long time to do. The second and final part of BOOBY will still be done by free hand but after that the comic section will be typed.

I want to thank George Barr and Lars Bourne for putting their art on master. The rest was put on by myself and I'd like to mention my policy on this. If I see fit to change a drawing, so as to improve it in my opinion, I intend on doing so. Only a couple of these were slightly changed. Also, before doing a cover for TWIG, I wish you would contact me about it. Thanks.

Speaking of BOOBY, only about 30% is my own writing and the other 70% is someone else's. I based it on a story some 15 years old, and confess that much of it remains the same. Suggestions and fan-manuscripts will be welcomed for future sections, so anyone who wants to get together on this please contact me.

The artists in this issue have all been very helpful and pleasant to work with. With their help I hope to give you a fanzine that is a joy just to look at, as well as to read. Guy and I both will be working to improve the reading material.

That's it from the art side of TWIG ILLUSTRATED.

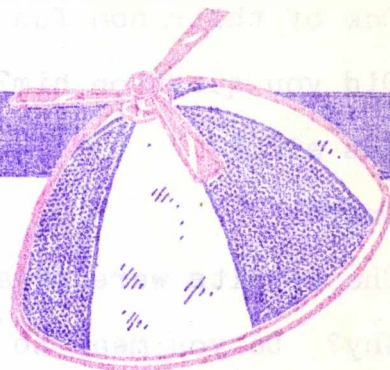
Best,

Dan-



# TERWILLIGER

## THE FAN MACHINE



INTRODUCTION: Shortly after the D.C. convention, in 1960, the "Northern" faction of American Fandom attacked certain factions from the South. The main idea being that the North put out fanzines of greater quality, higher page-count, and more continued regularity. This, eventually, developed into The Great Snivle War, often known as The Great Fanzine War. This is the story of one man, and how, after twenty years, he managed to stop the War...

Meyers, the Southern BtF 1, clucked his tongue, nodded his head and placed an arm on the desk top.

Pelz allowed a resigned look to cross his face. "These Northerners are difficult."

"Difficult, yes. That is understandable. Insane, true. Even that is fathomable. But this last offer, this is preposterous!"

"It must be a trick," Pelz said.

"I've considered that. If so, it's a fairly expensive one, and I can't believe that even the Northerners would..."

"The Northerners have done many strange things."

"Yes," Meyers paused, stroked his chin, and screwed up his eyebrows. "What's this fellow's name? The one they want?"

"Terwilleger. Guy Terwilleger."

"A curious name, almost familiar," Meyers said.

Pelz shrugged his shoulders. "Northerners, you know."

"And they're willing to give up a \$100,000 psuedo-writer for this man?"

"That is what the message read."

"Who delivered the message?"

by RICH BROWN



"One of their non-fan friends."

"Did you question him?"

"Yes sir."

"And?"

"The results were negative, sir."

"Why? Do you mean to tell me..."

"The messenger was deaf, sir."

Meyers shook his head. "Clever, those damned Northerners. Sometimes I wish I'd never bothered..."

"Shall I read you the message again?"

"Please."

Pelz cleared his throat. He struck a classic pose, held the message before him, and began; "'You Bastard,' said Al Ashley." It has come to the attention of the Clique that Fansman First Class Guy Terwilleger, IM4SF2, was captured by your forces in the last engagement at the AUKa-Con. Our offer follows: for the safe return of this man, we will exchange our \$100,000 psuedo-writer machine. You will remember that this machine turned out (printed) material for 43 monthly fanzines for a period of 9 yrs, 4 mos., 3 weeks, and 5 days. We shall await your reply."

"Who sighed it?"

"The President."

"Of Northern Fandom?"

"No sir. Of NFAPA (Northern FAPA)."

"This Terwilleger is a NFAPAN?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mmmmmmm. Were 43 monthly fanzines actually put out?"

"It was more like 42, sir. One was bi-monthly."

"Damned exaggerators. Well, even so."

"If I may suggest something, sir."

"Yes?"

"I say give him to them. It sounds like a good deal."

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Terwilleger sat hunched in the corner of his cell. He stared in the corner, through the bars, and out across the Florida swamplands. He sighed heavily, ran long, skinny fingers through his lank hair, and then







sighed again. This was not why he had joined fandom.

He just wanted to publish a moderate, medium-sized, good little fanzine of his own. Fandom had been good to him, oh yes. When they'd discovered what he could do, they'd been very kind. They'd trained him for six months, and then given him the entire responsibility. And then he'd been rushed to the AUkaCon, and now here he was.

Terwilleger stood and stretched his full six foot four inches. Foo, he was tired. He walked from the window to the cell door, and back to the window again. When he turned toward the door once more, a SoutherFan was standing there with a large ring of keys in his hand.

"Did I startle you?" the SoutherFan asked.

"Not at all. I'm used to it by now."

"The BNF 1 wants to see you."

"Who?"

"Bill Meyers."

"What about?"

The SoutherFan shrugged his shoulders. "Search me. I'm just in charge of the keys." He unlocked the door, clanged it open, and said, "Follow me."

The SoutherFan followed Terwilleger down the corridor. At the end of the corridor, he opened the door, bowed at the waist (SoutherFan courtesy), and said, "In here."

"Thank you."

The SoutherFan held out an arm, the palm flat and up, in a gesture Terwilleger recognized immediately. He fished into the pocket of his slant slacks, dug out a quarter, and gave it to him. Then he walked into the big room and the door closed behind him.

There were two SoutherFans, one probably BNF 1, in the room. Terwilleger looked from one head to the other, waiting for some sign.

"Sirs?" he asked.

"Fansman Terwilleger?"

"Fansman First Class Guy Terwilleger, IM4SF2, sir."

"Your clique?"

"Name, class, and serial number, sir. As required under Covenant 31A-769IZ, Clause SS-0192-Z, Paragraph 67, lines 17 to 23 inclusive, of the Articles of Fansmen Wars, agreed to and executed on the 30th day of May, in the year of our Foo, 15. Signed for SoutherFandom by BNF 18 Esmond Adams, witnessed by Acti-Fan First Class Robert Gilbert."

Meyers coughed discretely. "I see," he said.



Pelz picked up a yellow form from the desk. "Fansman Terwilleger, was it true that you were captured at the AUKaCon?"

"Yes sir."

"At exactly 0801 on August 12th?"

"No sir. It was 0759."

"Impossible," Meyers said. "The attack did not start until 0800."

Terwilleger smiled. "Perhaps your chron was wrong, sir. The attack started at 0757. Four hundred correction-fluid rockets, trained in on typed stencils, started the attack. They were followed with volleys of mimeograph ink, and 400 Neofans on foot with ZAPs. That was 0757."

Meyers coughed again, not as discreetly this time. "I see."

"Nonetheless," Pelz continued, "are you aware of the preposterous offer the NFAPA has made for your safe return?"

"No, sir."

"They are willing to exchange their psuedo-writer machine for you."

"Are they? Isn't that nice of them?"

"Why?" Meyers asked,

Terwilleger smiled again. "I guess they like me, sir."

"No one likes anyone \$100,000 worth."

Terwilleger shrugged.

"Are you someone important?" Pelz asked.

"Fansman First Class Guy Terwilleger, IM4SF2."

"We know," Meyers said.

"Are you a BNF in disguise?" Pelz put in.

"No sir."

"A visiting Neutral?"

"No sir."

"A SerCon?"

"Heavens no, sir."

"What, then?"

"Fansman First Class Guy Ter..."

"If you say that once more," Meyers warned.

"Sorry."



"You can't tell me," Meyers went on, "that NortherFandom would give a hundred thousand dollars for a Fansman. No one is that crazy. A Fansman is one of the lowest forms of animal life."

"A Fansman third class sub-neo, perhaps," Terwillegger corrected. "You're forgetting I'm a Fansman First Class."

"I'll never forget that as long as I live," Meyers said.

"He's important," Pelz said, "you can count on that."

Terwillegger almost blushed. "Why, thank you, sir."

"Oh good grief!" Meyers said. "I haven't run across anything like this since that fugehead Brown was in the scrimmage of the '65 convention site."

"June 9, 1965; NortherFandom was lead by Actifan First Class Richard W. Brown. A brilliant defeat. For NortherFandom, unfortunately."

"What?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Oh, have him taken back to his cell."

"Yes, sir. At once, sir."

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Actifan Fourth Class Richard W. Brown looked up from his desk at the supply depot. Papers, papers, always papers.

"Barnes!" he screamed.

Fanpubber sub-neo Barnes rushed into the office, snapping a smart Captain Jet salute at him. "Yes, sir!"

"How many damn stencil-pads were sent to the h.q. at the border?"

"Well, sir..."

"Don't 'well sir' me, Barnes. The BNF-45 wants to know, and we've got to tell them."

"That's just it, sir. I don't know."

"You don't know? YOU DON'T KNOW??"

"Terwillegger..."

"Damn Terwillegger, and damn the dirty Southies who caught him. What was he doing at that convention, so near the front, anyway?"

"Counting, I believe sir, the one-shots in session."

Actifan Fourth Class Brown shook his head. "Well, what will I tell the BNF-45, Barnes?"

"Well, sir, I think..."

"Fanpubbers sub-neo aren't ego boosted to think, Barnes. Give me an



an answer; never mind the damned thinking."

"Tell them we've already put in an application for 400 sercons, bibliophiles, and mathematicians, sir. That'll hold 'em."

"And Terwilleger?"

"It might be best not to mention him, sir. I imagine they're rather touchy right now."

"A lousy Fansman First Class," Brown mumbled.

"Sir?"

"Nothing, Barnes, nothing at all."

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"Nothing at all?" Actifan 88 Struthers bellowed. "Whatthell are you talking about, Fansman?"

"Just that, sir. There ain't no more."

"No more stencils? But that's absurd. I've never heard of a group of our fans running out of stencils...or paper. Isn't someone supposed to count these damned things? Isn't someone supposed to make sure we don't run out?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, who?"

"Terwilleger, sir."

"Who the hell is Terwilleger?"

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"Who the hell is Terwilleger?" LNF Wood shouted.

"He....He...."

"He, he, he, what? Get it out, man."

"The underwear, sir. I mean, with everyone running off fanzines, it was more-or-less his department to get us clothes and food on time."

"What do you mean, 'more-or-less'?"

"He sort of kept check, sir."

"Kept check on what?"

"The underwear, sir. The long-johns."

"You're trying to say, I imagine, that this Terwilleger fellow is responsible for the fact that half of Northerfandom is going around with bare behinds, is that it?"

"Yes, sir."



"Well, bring him to me. We'll get to the bottom of this at once."

"I can't, sir."

"Why not?"

"He's been captured, sir."

"Captured? Good Ghu!"

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"Captured? Good Ghu!" BNF Bloch roared.

"Yes, sir, and there ain't a drop left."

BNF Bloch wet his lips and narrowed his eyes. "I'll tell you something, Fansman Plus, and I'll tell you once and only once. Are you listening?"

"Yes, sir."

"There are only two important things in Fandom. For the lesser fan, it's his duplicator. BNFs take to likker. Do you follow?"

"I follow sir."

"All right, Fansman Plus. Tonight, there's a dance. There'll be a bunch of liberated Femmefans there. Now understand me, Fansman Plus, if you don't want to wake up tomorrow as a Fansman Thrd Class, you'll get me that damned scotch I want, and get it damned fast."

"But there ain't none, sir. Terwilleger..."

"If you persist in this damn foolishness about one man being in charge of the liquor rationing for the entire NotherFandom, I'll have you broken to a Neo!"

"He was, sir."

"Fansman Plus!"

"Honest, sir. I swear. And he's been captured."

"Then get his figures; without them, NotherFandom is at a loss -- we'll lose the war. Just find out where he kept his records."

"That's just it, sir."

"What's just it?"

"There ain't no records, sir."

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"Two and two," Meyers said.

"Four," Terwilleger answered.

"Eight and eight."



"Sixteen."

"3,747,301 and 8,931,205."

"12,678,506," Terwilleger answered.

"How many reams of paper would be necessary to send 501 copies of a 74 page zine?"

"Twenty weight paper, sir?"

"Yes."

"Fourty-one and a half, sir. I suggest you use a piece of typer paper for the extra sheet, sir."

"Preposterous," said Pelz.

"Unimaginable," Meyers said.

"Are we agreed?"

"We are agreed. Let's formulate a reply at once." He turned to Terwilleger. "What's your clique?"

"Name, class, and serial number, sir."

"Of course, sorry."

"Should we send this to NFAPA, or direct to the President of Northern Fandom?"

"The President," said Pelz.

"Fine."

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The President looked at the message. "Humm," he said.

The BNF Elect nodded her head gravely.

"This, ah, does not look too good," the Presidnet said.

"Not at all."

"Shall I read it aloud?"

"If you like."

The President read: "Gentle Fen: 'Al Ashley Say's You Bastard!' We are in receipt of your last message. It is clear that some points need clarification. One: under the existing Articles of Fansmen Wars, we are allowed to put a prisoner to whatever uses we see fit. On the other hand, we cannot claim a prisoner as our own, that is, we cannot Southernize him. Two: We are now putting Terwilleger to his best uses. On the other hand, we would like him for our own. Therefore, a counter-offer: 17 photo-offsets, together with men to run them, men to write material for the fan-zines published via them, plus plates and paper for 5000 pages and 700 copies. We want Guy Terwilleger."



The President sneezed.

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"Do you realize how many men we've released for action in the past six months?" Meyers asked.

"No, sir. How many?"

"Several hundred; top quality hacks. Why, 'ole' Twig's done away with the sercons and filers and all. More and more becoming true faaans every day."

"It'd sure be hell if we ever had to give him back," Pelz stated.

"No chance of that. What's the NortherFan's latest offer?"

"Their border convention sites."

"And our counter-offer?"

"Several hundred writers. All Fansmen Plus and over."

"In the meantime, we still have him."

"And NortherFandom is beginning to collapse," Pelz began to laugh.

"Don't laugh, my friend. The same thing would happen to us if we ever lost Terwillegger."

"Don't worry about that. He's a very happy man; good southern fried chicken, corn likker, and a few Southern Belles if he's interested."

Meyers nodded sagely. "He's happy."

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The turnkey peered through the bars on the cell door.

"Hey," he said. "Time for dinner."

There was no answer.

"Terwillegger?" he asked the darkness.

There was still no answer.

"Are you mad or something? Anything I can do?"

He peered down the corridor, then looked into the cell. Quickly he opened the cell door.

There was a big hole in the outside wall. A very big hole. A hole large enough for a regiment to crawl through. The swamplands gleamed greenly outside, stretching away to a barren horizon.

"OhmyGod," the turnkey said. "Ne's gone. Terwillegger is gone."



He ran down the corridor, his arms flapping wildly, "Guard!"

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"Gone? No! Oh, no, no, no, no, no."

"Yes."

"No..."

"He's gone."

"Where? Back to his own clique? That'll mean the end of us, Bruce."

"I know, Bill."

"What'll we do? It'll take us six years to reorganize. At least. We've got to find him, Bruce."

Pelz sighed heavily. "I'm afraid we're dead, Bill."

\*\*\*\*\*

It was a year before both sides decided it was a hopeless case. There was no way of knowing what was what, or even, who was who. The formal declaration didn't come until three years later, and by that time Guy Terwilleger was forgotten by nearly everybody.

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Terwilleger watched the Idaho moon. Everyone was happy. Twig was happy, too. He shrugged, and started reciting the publication dates on the past 87 issues of TWIG; "#24, August 9th. #25 June 18th. #26 July 5th. #27 July 29th. #28 August 8th...."

He could have gone on for half the night, but supper was ready. And there were the stencils waiting for #88.

--Rich Brown

CARR

FOR TAFF '60

PUCON

IN '61

# A PRIMER TO THE IN'S



# AND OUT'S



by DICK LUPOFF

OF FANDOM

In case you don't read Esquire, everything is either in or out. Things that are in are accepted by people who are in.

Things that are out and people who are out automatically gravitate toward each other. They can sort of be identified, either one, by its affinity to the other.

Fans who are in know it and don't care.

Fans who are out care but don't know it.

Here's a list of things that are in and out.

Fanac is in. Yandro is out. Sam Moscovitz is so out that he's in. Harlan Ellison is the same.

Bob Silverberg is so in that he's out. Galaxy is out. Mills'

F&SF is out, but Venture is in. Lee Ann Tremper is in.

Astounding is in. Bradbury and Heinlein are out. Symbiosis is



Lousy old horror movies are out. Lousy new horror movies  
are out. IF was out, is in. GALAXY was in, but no more.

Stanley Weinbaum is out. He'll be back.

Robert Howard is in. Not forever.

Old crumbly-edged pulps are in. Old WEIRD TALES are out. Old  
SerCon fanzines are barely in;

Bheer, blog, rye are in. Vodka had better watch its step. Bhourbon  
is out. So is Greg Benford.

Kelly Freas is in. Walt Willis is in. Hannas Bok is out, but not  
as far out as Virgil Finlay. Van Dongen is so far out that he's in.  
Hal Clement is in. Murray Leinster is out.

The Interplanetary Exploration Society seems very far out, is act-  
ually pretty far in.

Snarley Seibel is in. Dick Geis is out.

People trying to get in will never make it. People who read SF  
surprise!--are back in.

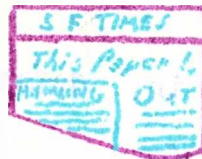
Flying saucers are out. Freud is out. Marx is out. God is out but  
may make a comeback. G M Carr is out. GM Cars are out. Foreign cars

are in but had better watch it. General Gavin is in.

Adlai Stevenson is in. Sherman Adams is out. Jim Hag-  
party is out. Fan polls are out. Hoaxes are out.

Startling is in. Planet is more in. TWS is out.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES is way out.



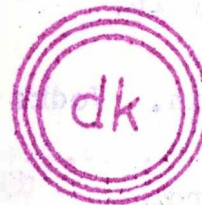
Ray Palmer is out, out, out. Palmer's AMAZINGs

are in, except the Shaver issues. They're out. CAPTAIN FUTURE is so far out that he's all the way back in and almost out again.

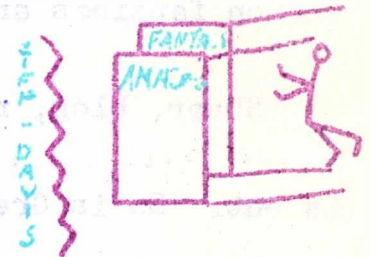


Paul Fairman is trying to get in but Ziff-Davis won't let him.

damon knight is as in as can be.

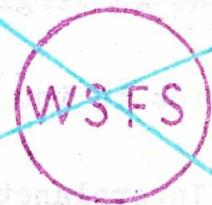


SerCon is out.



Happy Holliganism is in but the name isn't.

WSFS is out. Belle Dietz is out. George Nims Raybin is out! Nick and Horeen Falasca are in.

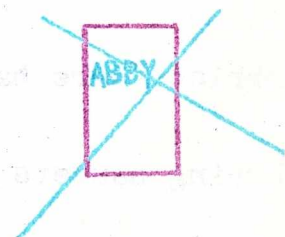


Dan Adkins was in, got out, is struggling.

Marcel Proust is in. Howard Browne is out.

Fifth Fandom is in. Sixth Fandom is in. Seventh Fandom is outermost.

P. Vorzimer is out. Kent Moomaw is out.



Water pistols are out. Propeller beanies are in.





Bob Tucker is in. Bloch is in but he'd better be careful. PLAYBOY is in, even where it costs 7/6. ESCAPADE is out. ESQUIRE is out, may be back in.

Hammer Films are in. Universal-International used to be in.

The Midwestcon is in. In fact, all cons are in. Convention business sessions used to be out, but the one at South Gate was the inmost, and who can foretell? Fowler's End is in.

European fen are in. de Gaulle is out. Doc Smith's books are out but Doc is in. Edmond Hamilton is out but his works are in, only the ones more than ten years old.

Isaac Asimov is in. People who misspell his name are out.

 Marty Greenburg is in.

Hectograph is in. Bad mimeo is out. Ghu is out.

Challis ties are out but I wear them. Paisley ties are in.

Two button suits are in. Peanuts is in. Pogo is out.

Joe Sanders is in. 4SJ is out.

Tetsu Yanu was put out because of bad associations. The Civil War is out. GRUE is in. Segregation is out. Earl Warren is in. Orval Faubus is in because he's such a perfect fugghead.

If Jean Linnard were any out-er he'd be in. Poetry is out. Fan fiction is o-u-t! Ted White is O-U-T!

Esperanto is out.

Laika is in.

Venture just went out.

Bob Madle is eternally barely in.

Sergeant Saturn is in.

The HOKUSAI SKETCHBOOKS are filled with sensitive, fannish faces, about as in as you can get. But the term "sensitive fannish faces," originally very in, is getting out through overuse.

GAFIA is out.

I am out. If you believe this article, you are OUT!

If you say "Nonsense," you are farther out.

If you say "I don't agree with a word you say but I'll defend to the death your right to say it," you have gone so far out that you have gone around space, and welcome back in.

--Dick Lupoff

## THE BEST OF FANDOM — '58

"The Best of Fandom-'57:...'The best publication during the period 1954-1958.'" Quoted from THE COMPLEAT FAAN by John Berry.

And, I guarantee equal satisfaction from BoF-'58. Along with the outstanding material, you will find a superb art section by Fandom's leading artists.

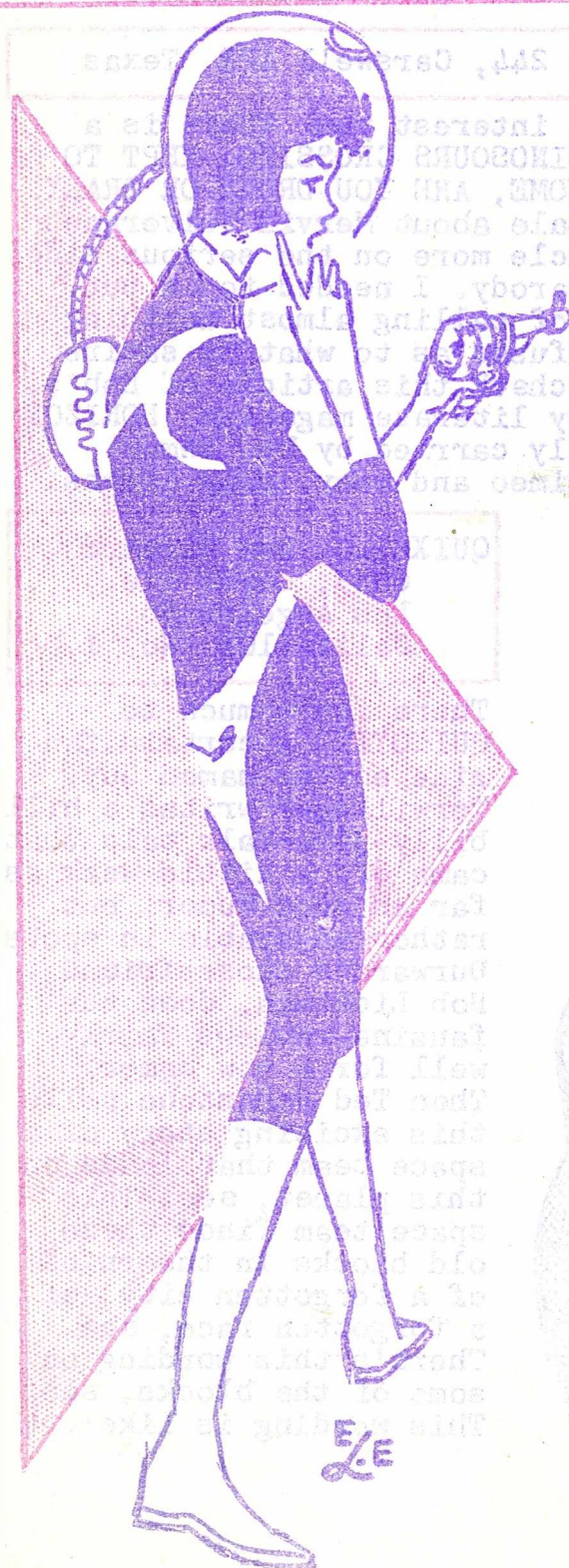
Don't be left out this year! Order now..A TWIG PUB.

75¢



# LEAVES

By DAN L. ADKINS



Once more we are here for a look at the late zines. This is my fourth column for Guy's fanzine and since I have an editorial elsewhere in the issue, I'll get right into this stack of fanzines on my desk, without further comment.

MAMMON, James Moran, 208 Sladen St., Dracut, Mass. No. 1, Autumn. 10¢

Most first issues are seldom anything but below average compared to already existing zines. This is mainly due to their not being able to get enough solid material to hold the issue together. Jim has the same problem.

He does an unusually easy, relaxed job of writing his editorial. It would appear that he had done it many a time before. But, there is little else to follow him up. Stony Brook Barnes' story isn't really bad fiction. It is corny, rather pointless, and ends with a punch line that lacks a punch. And Rich Brown tries his hand at writing fan fiction with the SOLACON for a background. This tale just never gets off the ground. About all you could say for it would be: cute. Some might find Bruce Pelz's satire of Shakespeare reviewing fanzines and viewing the WSFS entertaining.

The rest just isn't worth reading. I know. I made the mistake of reading it. To sum up: Good reproduction, good editorial, fair piece of fanfiction by Rich Brown, and the second issue should be better with more effort at getting material.

VAMPIRE TRADER, Stony Barnes, Rt. 1 Box 1102, Grants Pass, Oregon, No. 10, Oct.-Nov. 6 for 50¢

VAMPIRE consists of ads for sf magazines, paperbacks, hardbounds, and various other type magazines. It's not a very thick fanzine with only eight pages.



Beginning with this issue, John Mussells is going to review fanzines in their complete history. SATA was picked to be his first for this series and, although he did a fine, spirited job of writing, what he said was anything but a fair review of SATA or Bill Pearson's part in editing it. Could you have something personal against Bill, John?

To sum up: A good service for collectors and very interesting reviews by John Mussells, though he'll find a lot of people probably disagreeing with his taste.

UR #5, T/Sgt. Ellis T. Mills, P.O. Box 244, Carswell AFB, Texas

If you like good humor, this zine will interest you. There is a full page of road signs such as SLOW DINOSAURS CROSSING, KEPT TO THE LEFT... COURTESY FRISBIC FUNERAL HOME, ARE YOU DRUNK OR CRAZY. ..THIS ISN'T A ROAD. Bob Leman has a tale about Mervil Culvergast and flying saucers, as well as an article more on the serious side. It's about the meaning of satire and parody. I needed to be put straight on this for I have the habit of calling almost anything satire. Probably a lot of fans get confused as to what is satire, parody and also burlesque. They might check this article of Bob's.

Ellis Mills discusses the new, very literate magazine, HORIZON and interestingly, but this UR is mostly carried by Mr. Leman.

SUMMING UP: Good reproduction in mimeo and many, many laughs.

QUIXOTIC, Don Durward,  
6033, Garth Ave.,  
Los Angeles 56,  
Calif. 10¢ No. 1



There isn't much to QUIXOTIC. A certain fanzine editor named Guy Terwillegger writes a hill-billy-jive-talk tale that came off a little weak as far as good humor, but rather enjoyable in spots. Durward's close friend, Bob Lichtman, does the fanzine reviews fairly well for a new comer. Then Ted Johnstone tells this exciting story of a space team that lands on this planet, see. This space team finds these old blocks in the ruins of a forgotten city, of a forgotten race, see. There's this wording on some of the blocks, see. This wording is like:



ITY B\_NK \_F N\_W YOR\_....er  
you see?

SUMMING UP: Fair ditto reproduction. Might have a good thing with a little effort and some contributions. Don seems the type who will keep trying.

YANDRO #71, Buck and Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Ind. 15¢ Monthly, Dec.

The reproduction, layout, and the artwork are very well done. In fact, Robert Gilbert's cover is the best he's done in some time. YANDRO is using the only artwork of Barbi Johnson's I've seen, and this girl can draw.

Of the two editorial's, I find Juanita's of more interest to me, for it's about suicide. Something I tried when I was younger. I never quite succeeded, though a few persons got their hopes up. Ron Bennett tells of his trip to New York, impression of fans there, and the things they did. I like ramblings of this nature at times. Enjoyable.

I didn't care much for the fantasy story of the love gods. Too mushy. The fannish bit on working a mimeo is more swing'n.

SUMMING UP: Nice balance of material, neat looking, good letter section and Buck handles the fanzine reviews expertly.

EQUATION, Paul Stanbury, 1317 N. Raymond Ave., Pasadena 3, Calif. 25¢ No. 1, Bi-monthly

Three bad faults stick





out like sore thumbs. They're the horrible reproduction and typing and the artwork. I mean that the artwork is the worst crud I've seen, except for three illos by Gilbert, which suffered from the stenciling by the editor, as well as the reproduction end.

There is a very neo sounding editorial, wherein the editor gives excuses and makes with the jokes on this mess he and Richard Brown have nerve enough to ask two bits for. Following is a long, long, LONG story by five pro-authors, who probably

weren't pro-authors when the story was written back in 1935. Due to the lack of conversation, this is a real drag. For 13 pages they tell what happens to the hero, and what happens, and....who cares?

A little better, and more interesting is a short story by S.E. Moray. It's about fighting wars with planes that aren't there. Yes. The book reviews by Glenn King are a bit weak for Mr. King seems to lack interest, or the energy to do the job he started. This isn't as bad as Stanbury reviewing fanzines that are all over a year old, I suspect. Maybe, older. It might have been worth it if he had done it well.

SUMMING UP: A real struggle to read, looks like a beast, and there is an awful lot of childish patter between the editor and Rich Brown, between the average or below average contributions.

PSI-PHI, Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif.  
#1

Mr. Lichtman sounds very newish to random and slightly self-centered. Like: "As for me, everything else in this is my creation. I am somewhat more fanish than Arv and my work shows it, I think. I have created a short horror fairy-tale as this issue's fiction offering. In addition, the fanzines are re-viewed by me on page nine. I don't think I'm an especially good reviewer, but maybe you think differently. With the exception of the cover, all the artwork in the magazine is by me." My, my, sir Mr. Lichtman. Of course honorable one, I already learned this by glancing at the contents page.

He is right about the reviews, I do think differently. They aren't as bad as that may imply, though. For a new comer, they are fairly well done. But the horror fairy-tale is just plain bad, as Lichtman's





artwork.

SUMMING UP: Dittoed clearly on one side, and should improve with help. He's young, and learning. Stick with it Bob and don't let my comments bug you.

SATA, Bill Pearson, P.O. Box 171, Murray Hill station, New York 16, N.Y. 25¢, sort of quarterly on an irregular schedule. Photo-off-set.

THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE!!

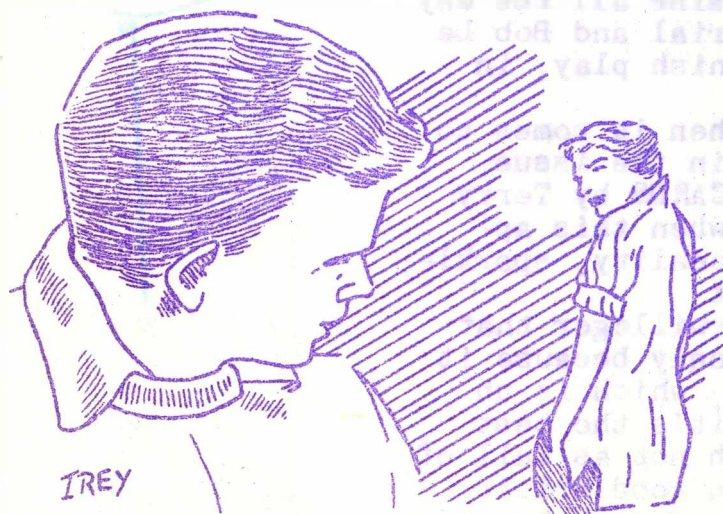
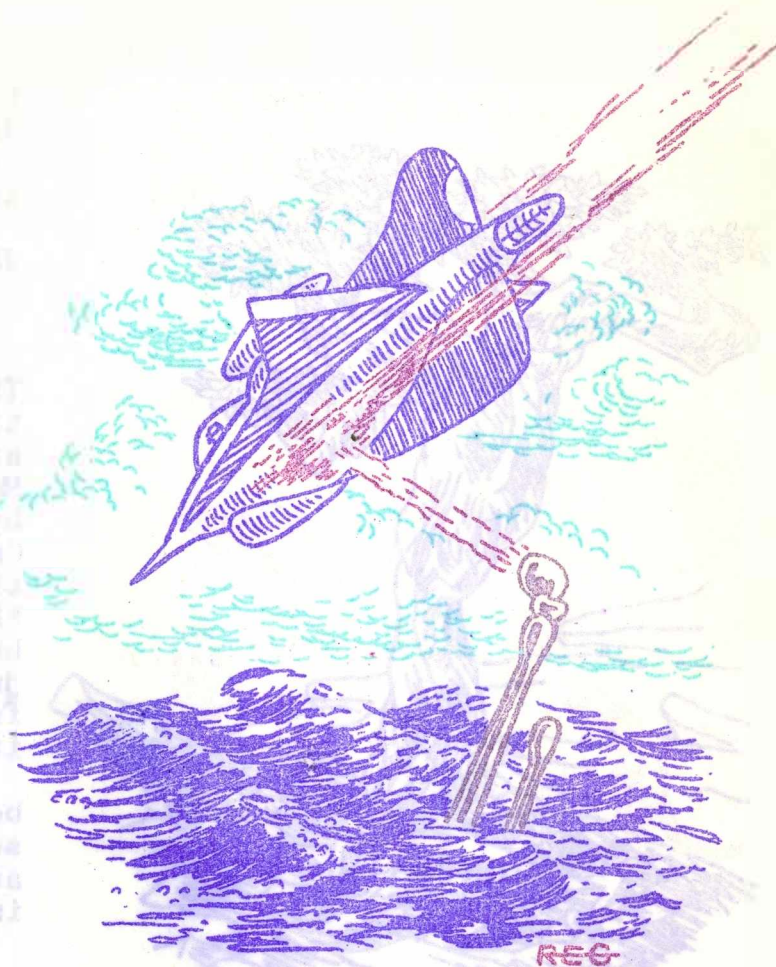
But now, seven out of ten fans who examined the latest SATA find no trace or mention of Henry Fonda and his bull-fiddle. Here we have SATA in a new format of photo-off-set with quite a few changes. Like no Adkins-art, which is sort of refreshing, and none of his reviews. We don't even have the usual long fiction piece by Mr. Pearson. This is more than refreshing, it's a relief. Instead we have fiction by Bob Leman and Bob Warner. The story by Leman is one of the best things that I have enjoyed reading. A slight classic for a fanzine. Like Willis, Bloch, and Berry, he just has it! The fantasy by Mr. Warner is a mood offering and is done well enough that you feel the suspense and excitement, yet like most things of this sort, I can't but feel that perhaps it was over-written.

Larry Shaw tells of the odd mail he receives and I know for a fact that most of what he says is the truth, though hard to believe. Once I was in his editorial office, he let me go through some of it. There

was a girl-type who wrote a story completely by hand, and asked that the artist who illustrated the tale make the hero look like Elvis Presley. His article is a gas man.

Bill takes up a few pages on a number of subjects. He's moody, funny and his odd little personality sneaks across; all pleasant to read. Then Es Adams makes like Es Adams and that's always good for laughs. Because of the shortness of the letter column, it hardly gets off the ground.

SUMMING UP: The best written SATA to date and with art







by George Barr, Larry Ivie, Gilbert and Bill, it remains one of fandom's best looking zines.

JD-Argassy, Lynn Hickman, 304 North 11th, Mount Vernon, Ill. Monthly 20¢

This is a fine looking multilithed zine, with average art and above average cartoons. Most of the issue is taken up by the fannish travels of Jim Caughran and Bob Madles' continuing con-report. Both have their high points of interest but the Caughran piece is just too long to keep me fully cheerful with reading it.

There are quite a number of letters, which is the sort of thing I like best, and I find Lynn's own writing most pleasing.

SUMMING UP: Neat, easy to read, yet it could be better if Lynn would shorten some of the longer features, all except the letter column. More of his wriging would help, also.

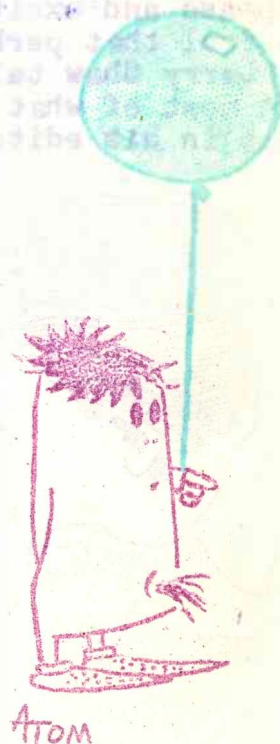
UNEVEN, Goojie Pub. No. 3, Miriam Dyches, 882 Florida St., San Francisco 10, Calif.

Well, a girl-type editor that sure isn't shy. UNEVEN is in fact a pretty sexy zine with some strong words. It's also a hell of a good zine all the way around. Miriam does a lively editorial and Bob Leman follows with a great little fannish play, in three parts, yet.

Berry has nothing on this guy when it comes to humor. The most interesting thing in the issue, though, is THE FAN WHO HATED QUOTE CARDS by Terry Carr, who will be Miriam's husband when this appears. This is alive. It has personality, sparkle, power, and is true fannish in spirit.

There follows a story by Guy Terwilleger that surprised the hell out of me. Not only because it is about a nude, and rings with sex, which is unusual enough for Guy to write, but it's the best thing I've ever read by him. Though not as full of sparks as Leman or Carr, it is plain good writing.

The rest of the zine is made up of reports and letters.





SUMMING UP: Way above average. If you want something different, its UNEVEN.

That's all the long reviews. Now for a few quickies on the latest zines to arrive.

COPSLA #25, Gregg Calkins, 1714 South 15th East, Salt Lake City 5, Utah.

....has top fan writing by Bloch, Walt Willis, terrific Barry piece, as well as a very fine letter section. It sells 2 for a quarter, and the Atom illos are almost worth that alone. Comin

AMRA, George Scithers, Box 682, Stanford, California.

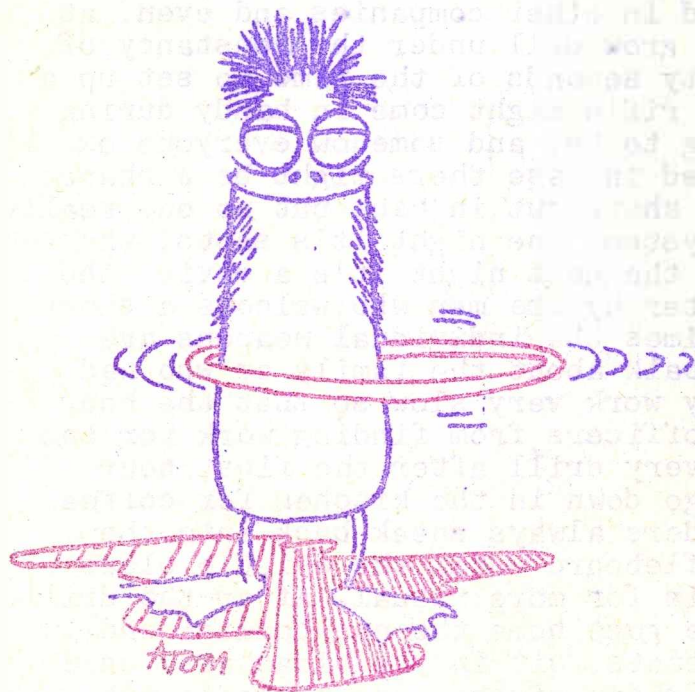
This is a new fanzine on Conan the Cimmerian. AMRA is done in beautiful lithograph and I found its contents interesting even though I've read little of Conan.

And that does it for this time around. Fanzines for review should be sent to my present address, which is located in this issue somewhere. Do not send me any fanzines for trading. If you want to trade for TWIG, send Guy your fanzine. I want to thank all the editors for sending along the zines and I'll see you here next issue of TWIG ILLUSTRATED.

\*\*Dan L. Adkins

((What better place to put Dan's new address than right under his column -- then you won't have to look through the issue to find it. Send zines for review to:

Dan L. Adkins  
P.O. Box 203  
Madison Square Station  
New York 10, New York



**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!!!**

As I'm typing this master, it looks very much like BoF will make a Mid-March appearance. Have you ordered your copy? 75¢ from me.





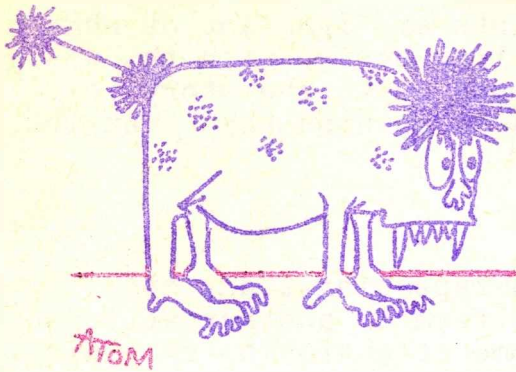


## A POCKET FULL OF STONES

Lars Bourne

"Draw your weapons !!" The voice of the First Sergeant from the hall upstairs. How many times have the words been yelled throughout the building over the past years? Somehow it all seems to rush together, the drills, one drill after another, and it's only been three years. I saw the face of an eight year man and it looked vacant as he stood there in the center of the floor, the men dressing around him in their uniforms of green mud, his eyes not seeing anything. Now the whole business is down to a formula, good enough, and a change from the constant blunders that were experienced in other companies and even, at times, this company. It's better to grow dull under the constancy of methodology, but then knocking twenty seconds of the time to set up a machine gun or mortar or recoilless rifle might come in handy during the next war, whenever that is going to be, and somehow everyone expects one so it's best to be prepared in case there might be a chance of an eventuality. There were rifle shots out in back but no one really noticed them. It all falls into a system. One night it's shots, the next night it's marching, and maybe the next night it's a movie, the movies of course a rarity sought after by the men who welcome a short nap while the lights are out. Sometimes the individual weapons are cleaned and the men sit around and talk about the family or who had the latest piece last week, and they work very slow so that the hour will be used up and so to keep the officers from finding work for the idle hands which are idle anyway. Every drill after the first hour there is a break where the men can go down in the kitchen for coffee and stale do-nuts while the freeloaders always sneak back into the line for thirds, and some play shuffleboard until the whistle blows summoning everyone on the floor again for more ritual. After the drill is all over and most of the men have gone home the non-commissioned officers, the specialists, the sergeants, sit in the bleachers, used by the public during the fights on Friday nights, and the officers





stand up and say nothing for an hour, accomplishing nothing during the sometimes too long meetings. Everyone has finally gone home, the whole night shot for five dollars, but then, it's better than nothing at all.

A SHORT EXCURSION INTO THE REALM OF....  
what is this thing called art?

Inevitably, and at a fairly constant rate, some wise fancritic will say something in a fanzine about fanart, or art in general, and what's wrong with it, and immediately a number of other wise critics will say something in reply about how wrong he is, and usually all of them are wrong...that is if they manage at all to present a coherent argument. As it is with too large a number of subjects in fandom, no one knows what he is talking about.

You may perhaps hate me for this, but please let me clarify myself. It is an accepted fact in 90% of the art schools that there are a number of fundamentals connected with art, similar to any field of learning, and at the same time there are quite a few fundamentals to contend with. The main elements of any graphic art medium are, Color, Line, Area, and in the case of three dimensional art, Dimension. It would be useless to try and discuss anything other than two dimensional non-color representation in this column so the subject I'm going to dissect is naturally non-color two dimensional representation which falls under the scope of black and white and wash drawings which are standard for fanart.

In two dimensional no-color art, there are three fundamentals. Line, which is used for enclosing an area, to present a modulated tone in turn made possible by the tendency for the human eye to group a number of items, area, which in turn is broken down into such items as shape, proportion (one area in relation to another or one linear shape to another) size which accounts in part for distance illusion, and tonality, which is more native to color but which consists of the gradation between black and white, in other words, the various greys that can be used in a drawing, which in turn can be constructed by almost any graphic process.

This is a fair system of definition of what a drawing consists of, and is a necessity for anyone who considers being a good operating artist, unless of course this person happens to be a natural genius, which so few of us are. And I'm sorry to say most of the people who contribute fan-nish art are certainly not geniuses. The fact that some of the art is effective is of course due to a preference occasioned by the elements of design which the artist unconsciously incorporates in his drawing.

In conclusion, the point I'm trying



is the fact that most (and I say most because there are, and were, fan-artists who knew what they were doing) fanartists are ignorant of what they are doing and operate only on a story-telling basis, with the design fundamentals being ignored to a large extent, and as to the story telling, that's another matter entirely, and it is my opinion that even the story telling at times is rather sick.

#### ASSININE ATTITUDES REVISITED:

This particular sermon is almost not worth repeating...any more. I'm sure that most of you have heard it in one form or another at least once, if not oftener, and I hope, have paid some attention to it. This, then, is an illustration, a commentary if you will.

The subject is attitudes, to be more precise, the manner in which people regard others who, in some way or other, are different, without necessarily being "wrong", that is detrimental to other persons in any way. The idea works this way: A reads a certain kind of literature that connotes ideas which are different from the majority of ideas in vogue at the time. Ideas which purport that certain happenings, at the present time impossible or highly difficult, can be accomplished, or are, or will be accomplished. B and even C, D, and E, who have no comprehension of such ideas condemn A as being odd, crazy, or dangerous. A is a victim of the ignorance of C, D, and E, who, because they don't understand what A is doing, or perhaps are resentful of what A is doing, condemn him and perhaps influence people against him. The reason for this attitude is of course ignorance, ignorance and built in prejudices also the result of ignorance, primarily on the part of parents in some cases. A certain case comes to mind.



EVERYDAY, IN EVERYWAY, I'M GETTING  
HIGHER AND HIGHER ON THE FAPA  
WAITING LIST.

There is a person named George who lives with his parents, who attends a college. George is a fairly normal person who is slightly different from the majority of people he associates with because of his tastes and his mental capacities which are rather high. His appearance and vocational preference is different and unusual, therefore he is an object of scorn and perhaps even fear. His classmates at the school he attends are hostile toward his ideas and dress. They think he is "weird." His parents, disturbed because their son is not (a) like every other son in the town, (b) does things they don't understand which they think will reflect upon themselves because people might think their son odd, whereupon, they would lose their respectability. Thus they try to force him to follow their own particular ideas on how a person is supposed to behave and dress, without any particular knowledge of whether or not it is beneficial



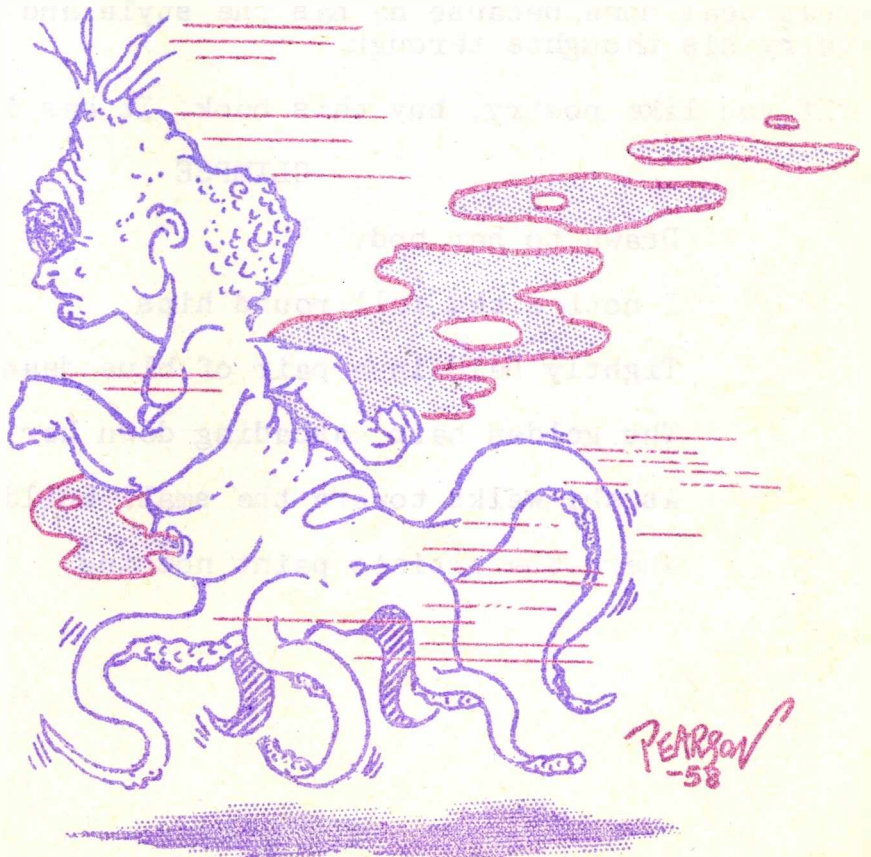
and/or practical, or whether or not it fits their sons character. George is an unfortunate and fortunately reluctant victim of his environment. More accurately, he is the victim of circumstances because George doesn't like the pressures exerted upon him and finds ways of circumventing them, or ignoring them, which is just as well.

The whole mess is the result of, what would one call it? herd instinct, law of survival, or what have you. Mainly it is ignorance coupled with prejudice and fear which, in turn, are caused by ignorance. A bad situation with no easy solution because knowledge is the only way to erase such situations, and since knowledge is still one of the "unknowns" the "wrongs" in American culture.....well...you take it from there.

Sometimes my curiosity gets me into odd situations. One day I received an advertisement urging me to buy a book of poems for a dollar. Not having a dollar and not wanting to spend one even if I did have it, I took advantage of an offer they made for a review copy and consequently requested a copy of the book. Somehow, having some sort of a name as an editor of a magazine, the reason why I got the advert. in the first place, a copy showed up in the mails a few days later. Now I was stuck with a book of poems...which I was supposed to review. Being an ethical person, to some extent, I've decided to let you in on the merits of this particular volume and what is good about it, not to mention what is bad about it, because there are some bad aspects to it. On the other hand, the poems are rather interesting, and not the Sat. Eve. Post type by any means.

QUARREL WITH THE ROSE, James T. Weil, American Weave Press, \$1

Quarrel With The Rose presents some intriguing poetry which at the same time has no real saving qualities because nothing is really said. Weil writes about buildings razed, (Third Ave. & 79th St. Razed), ships belonging to Pharos (Put Out), Joseph Stalin, (Stalin Reburied), and really says nothing significant about them. One wonders, then, what actually makes this poetry stand out, become something more than the stuff old ladies write on a Sunday after a hectic day of attending church filled up to here with religion. To my way of looking at things, it is the metre which is carefully thought out



and ordered in such a way as to create a kind of jerking which is rather intriguing. An example:

DEADLINE  
overdue book review

Aweigh  
I did deliberate  
Things: Pay  
No line  
out, scratch the draft not great,  
In wine

Avast:

Then raced  
so close to plows I'd swig  
and taste  
My wake,  
And fixed a jury rig  
To make  
It fast.

This reminds me somewhat, at least some of his other poems in this book remind me, of some of the Dadaist workings with words. This poetry is not Dadaist at all, don't get me wrong, but the patterning is in a way, Dadaist and not at all invalid because of the slight similarity. Now of Weil, if he really had something to say instead of superficially skimming the surface of his subject, and if he chose more timely subjects having more social significance, then his poetry would be worth a great deal more because he has the style and the technical skills to carry his thoughts through.

If you like poetry, buy this book. It has interest.

#### GLIMPSE

Drawn to her body  
I notice the full round hips  
Tightly held in a pair of blue jeans  
The golden hair cascading down her broad back  
As she walks toward the small building  
Where the artists paint nothing.

--Lars Bourne



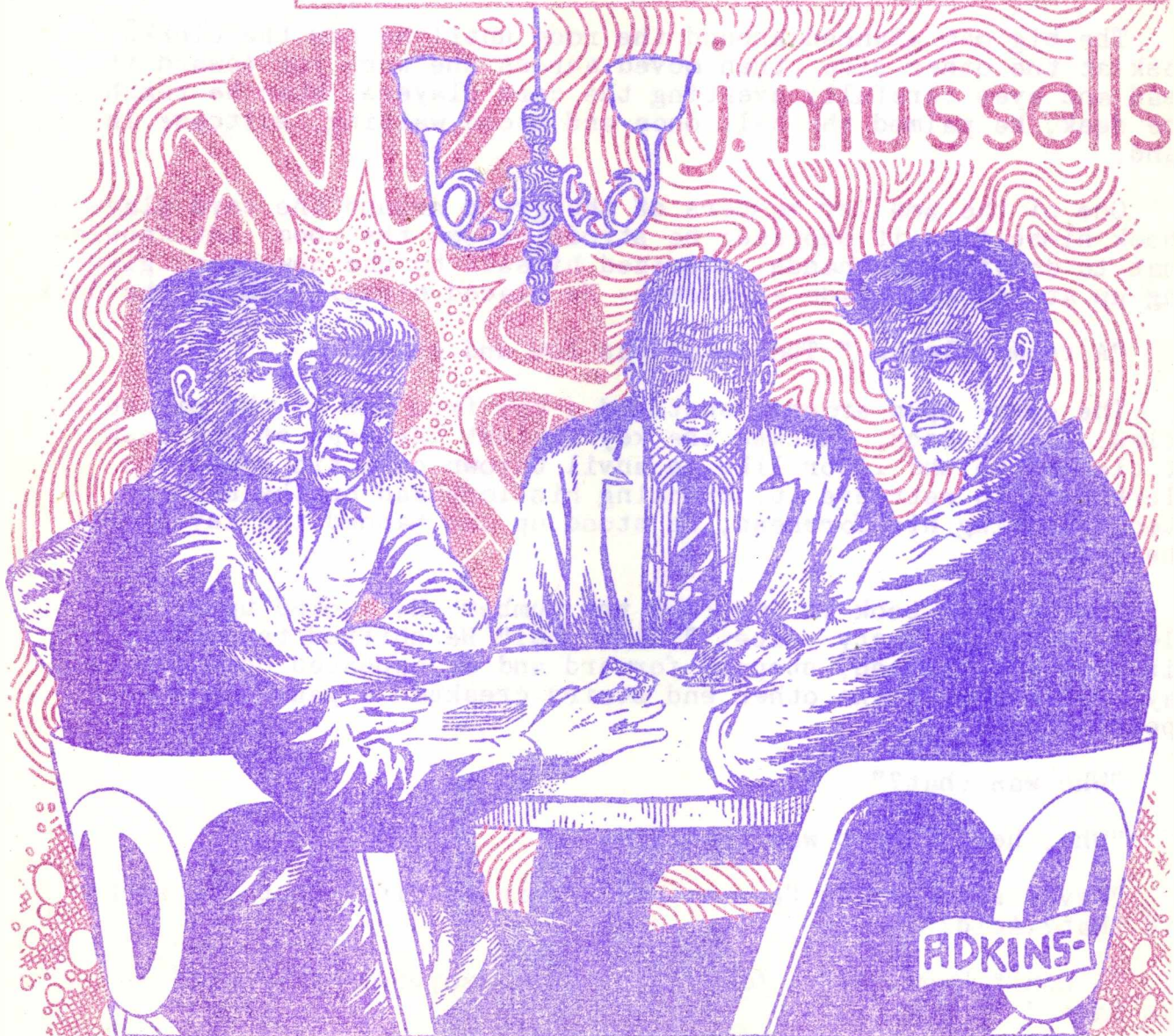
## HERE ARE THE SKIES,

You could have piled ten pounds of raw hamburger between his shoulders and you would have gotten the same effect.

The half-light of dusk was falling over the countryside when he stepped off the bus and stood by as it ground into gear and swirled away at the head of a widening column of dust. It was the brown days of spring and the prairies

## THE PLANETS SEVEN

j. mussells





rolled away from the little town in all directions and they were still rich and dark from the late melted snows of winter. Clumps of prairie grass stood russet but flecked with green for the coming days of warmth and life and they tumbled around the town and the highway and away toward the mass of gray buildings set two miles out on a rise. The man stood for a long moment, staring through the high wired fence at the military base, then turned and crossed the street toward the line of squatting buildings that made up the main street of the town.

Dust swirled up and around him as he walked, lapping at the hem of his greatcoat. His hat was pulled low over his forehead, and he walked head down toward the town hotel. He swung the suitcase by his side easily, striding with careful measure of size. When he reached the hotel, he paused a moment, then shifted the suitcase's weight, moved up the steps, opened the screen door and was inside.

A couple of the card players looked up from their game of rummy at the newcomer, and gasped. The others glanced over and stared.

The big man glanced around the room until he saw the clerks desk at the other side, then moved across the worn rug toward it, head and eyes carefully averting the card players. When he reached the desk, he palmed the bell once and stood waiting, suitcase in hand.

One of the smaller members of the group around the card players shook himself as if shocked; he strode across the room, not knowing what to do with his hands, squeezed himself by the newcomer, glancing up at him with wide eyes once. He placed himself behind the desk.

"A room, please," The voice was low and gravel.

The clerk spun around, snatched a key from one of the pigeon holes, turned back, whacked the key against the edge of the desk. It clanged to the floor like an anvil thrown on a tin roof. The clerk bent to retrieve it, cracking his forehead on the nearby stool. Rubbing his forehead, he stood up and handed the key across the desk.

The big man took it and read the number. He looked up at the clerk. The same rusty voice: "Thank you." He shifted the weight of his suitcase, turned, stepped forward and disappeared down the hallway. Somewhere at the other end stairs creaked. A pause. A door opened. Shut.

"Who was that?"

"Who, hell! What was that?"

"Never saw a man's face so bad off in my life. What you reckon did that? Acid?"

"I don't know. Awful big fella to let anybody throw acid in his face."



"Well now that ain't something you let happen to you."

"Looks like that man got burned bad by fire," said one of the card players. "Remember the Jenkins boy that got sprayed with fire and kerosene some years back? Looks just like he did?"

"Yeah," said another, "I remember that. But the Jenkins boy didn't live. Too much of his skin gone."

"Who is he, Charlie?"

"Who?" repeated the desk clerk. "Who is he? Oh my, I didn't get his name."

"What did he put on the register, Charlie?"

"Register? Well, I guess he didn't sign the register..."

"Didn't sign the register?" said one of the card players. "Charlie, you got to have a name on that register. You better go have him sign it."

The desk clerk looked pained and puzzled. He glanced nervously around the ring of faces regarding him in various attitudes of blankness. "Well, yeah..." he said. "I guess so..."

"State law," reminded one of the players.

The clerk turned quickly to the desk and grabbed for the book. He looked once at his audience pleadingly, then took a deep breath and disappeared out of sight down the hallway. The carpet muffled his footsteps, but a stair creaked and faintly they could hear him rapping on a door. A pause, then a handle turned. They could hear a distant, high voice speak for a moment, then the door shut and several stairs creaked in rapid succession. The clerk shot out of the hallway holding the register far down by his side like a tome of the damned.

He placed it on the desk. "Worse up close," he gasped, jerking a handkerchief out of his hip pocket. "Oh, a lot worse." He buried his high forehead in it, and brushed it over his damp scalp. "He just took the register and wrote his name out and handed it back."

"Well...?" insisted one of the players.

The clerk looked up. "Well what?" he asked.

"Well, what's his name?"

"Name?" asked the clerk. "Oh. Oh. Let me see." He leafed the register open. "Spagnuolo," he read. "Moses Spagnuolo."

"Funny name," said one of the players. He reached for the deck of cards. "You know, Moses is a Jew name and Spagnuolo sounds Italian. Funny to stick 'em together like that." He split the deck and shuffled.

"A name can't add much injury to a face like that," said an on-looker.

"With a face like that he shouldn't be out with people," said another.

"Isn't much I can do about it," said the clerk quickly. "He paid me for two days," he added, holding up a bill.

The reporter swung a leg over the stool and put his hat on the counter in front of him. "Coffee and apple pie, Joe." He looked around the painfully familiar drugstore and grunted.

Editors, he thought to himself, hang into the abyss of insanity by one arm, my boy; and that clings to a greasy glass surface. But press managers. Ah, press managers: there's a different breed altogether. They crook that greasy glass surface with their little fingers.

It had been a week since he arrived in the town. He had signed himself in at the hotel, deposited his luggage in his room and gone out on an exploration trip. Five minutes later he was back, the job completed. One circuit of the ramshackle buildings along the main and sole street did not take very long.

After that, the days were spent in trying to keep awake while watching the military base across the desert. When he drove up to the gate on the highway that first day with a list of names for interviews he was refused entrance in sternly absolute terms. The M.P.'s wouldn't even put a call through to the names as a check. No non-military personnel was allowed in. And his reserve card did him no good.

A call to the home office did him no good either. Stay, said the voice among the clattering tapes, and watch. The rumor source had always been reliable. Stay with it; something was going to break.

So he went back up to his room, unpacked and sat down with a pair of binoculars at the window. To all appearances the base was deserted that first day. That night, a few scattered lights broke the darkness. That was the only sign of life.

So things went until the afternoon of the third day, when several bulldozers appeared out of one of the hangers and began excavating an area to one side of a runway. It was a welcome diversion, and for several days he watched with mild interest as they dug, blasted, cleared and lined the pit with boulders. These they covered with gravel, then a layer of reinforced iron netting. Then they filled it in with concrete. Truckload after truckload poured into the pit, and netting was carefully arranged in all directions as the concrete approached the rim. Carefully, they smoothed the cemented square over.

The next day, they reappeared and set up a prefabricate fence



around the square and a length of netting down its length. From time to time, men came out and played tennis.

Other than that, the week dragged uneventfully by with very little activity at all. The runways, though in good repair, were never used and very few trucks came or left. None of the personnel came out of the base to spend so much as an hour in the stores along the dusty road. Occasionally someone would leave one of the iron-grey buildings and enter another, but that was the extent of activity.

The waiter plodded over with a cup of lukewarm coffee and a wedge of pie that looked like a carved sponge. The reporter cut a forkful off. It tasted like a carved sponge, too.

The screen door squeaked open and swung shut with a bang. The thin, frail form of the hotel clerk perched itself on a stool beside the reporter. In a cracked voice, he asked for coffee--strong.

The reporter swirled his half cup of deep brown liquid. "You're looking a little under the weather, Charlie," he said.

The clerk looked up from his clenched hands. "You would be too," he blurted. "So would you if you'd seen what I just seen. A man that shouldn't be alive, that's what."

The reporter smiled. "And where did you see this remarkable individual?"

"He just got a room over at the hotel. Worst burns I ever saw in my life. All over his head. No hair, no eyebrows. Nothing but red, burned skin all over his head. And the eyes. My God, the eyes are big and round and they never blink...they just look at you..." He shuddered and snatched up the coffee the waiter placed before him.

"Does he have a name?" the reporter asked.

The clerk took a long drink. "Italian fellow. Or Jew. I don't know. He signed the register Spagnewo or something like that. His first name was Moses. I remember that."

The reporter started: "Spagnuolo? Was it Moses Spagnuolo?"

"You know him?"

The reporter shook his head. "I saw him once or twice. Or what was left of him."

"Why? What happened to him?"

"He was a pilot, a rocket pilot. One of the very few there are. About a year ago they got set to send him up for free-fall tests and the rocket jammed. They couldn't turn it off, and he tried to get away before it blew." The reporter put his cup on the counter.

"I can remember seeing him jump off the rungs and turn to run," he said. "Just him and the ship on that big, wide field, then that whole pile of metal went up and when we found him there wasn't much left we could call human. But he was alive. I don't know how, but he was alive. They took him off to the base hospital, and I was sure he was dead by now. Dead and long buried."

"Well he should be, he should be. Instead of walking around with people."

"Which room is he in, Charlie?"

"At the head of the stairs. Why? You going over there?"

The reporter tossed a handful of change on the counter. "I think I'll see if I can get a word with him."

"Well, when you see him, will you tell him something? Will you tell him I'll get his meals and leave 'em outside his door? Tell him I've got a hotel to run here. Tell him I've got to keep my guests. Will you do that for me?"

The reporter paused and looked down at the little man with the bald, pink-flushed head and great staring eyes. "All right, Charlie," he said after a moment. "I'll try and remember."

At the knock the door opened part way. "What do you want?" It was dark outside now, but the room was still unlighted. Inside, few features were distinguishable, but across the room the window was open and the grey afterlight of sunset stood like a block against the pitch black of the room. Through the window, a few buildings of the base could be seen in sparkling silhouette.

"I'm from one of the services, Mr. Spagnuolo, and I wondered if I might talk with you a minute or two."

"Sorry," the door began to creak shut.

"I was there when the ship went," said the reporter swiftly. "They asked me to do the letter for your mother."

There was a pause. "It'll only take a minute."

"Come in."

"Thank you." The reporter stepped inside. The other gave way before him, turning toward the open window. He moved over to a large chair facing the window and sat down. The reporter followed. Outside, gusts of wind played with paper in the chilled air and across the street the chain link fence of the base rose a tarnished silver in the dusk. Over the prairie block forms of buildings blended with the sand into one dark mass.

The reporter pulled a second chair up beside the first and sat down. He glanced out at the spring evening, misty and powdered, then:



"They're sending it up tonight, aren't they?" he said slowly.

There was a nod.

"Do you know who it is? Who's in it, I mean."

"Probably."

"A close friend?"

"I don't know who's in it exactly." The voice came hoarse.  
"There were only fourteen of us. None of us came out of what we went through anything less than close friends."

"No, I guess not. Fourteen men aren't much."

"Fourteen men were enough."

"I suppose so. I suppose they planned this thing for a long while."

Spagnuolo grunted and sat forward. "I planned this thing for a long while," he said quietly. "I planned this thing since I was old enough to know stars weren't hung from the sky like chandeliers."

"And you were luckily one of the chosen ones."





"Yeah...luck. And a lot more." Spagnuolo reached in his shirt pocket and something crinkled and the sound welled up in the room and carried through the dark to the faded paper along the walls and died among the bronze pipes in the ancient bedstead. He searched the pack until he found the last cigarette, then took it out and shoved it between his lips. He turned the empty pack over in his fingers for a long moment; then quickly crumpled it and tossed it on the floor.

The flower of flame leaped up in the night and died. Spagnuolo exhaled deeply and watched the embers in the cigarette fade to a pinhead of orange. "You volunteer for it," he said slowly. "They don't order you to go. You go up to them and you say: 'I'm here. Let me go. Try me.' So they test you. They test your mind and your body and if you've got what they're looking for, they point a finger at you and motion you aside and they teach you all they can. Then they take you out and they tell you, 'Here they are. They're the best we've got. We'll have better next week, next month, next year but for today this is it. You volunteered,' they remind you. 'You don't have to go. You can drop out if you want.' 'Not on your life,' you tell them, 'not on your life.'"

He took a long, hard pull and trapped the smoke in his lungs. "Then the day comes when the man in the monkey suit takes his hands out of the wires and the gears and says that it's ready to go. So someone points the ladder out to you and you go out and climb it. Then somebody pushes a button and if you're lucky that's all there is to it. But most of the time something goes wrong and sometimes a fuse won't break when it's supposed to and a circuit goes off on its own and that's when everybody gets down and ducks."

The reporter was silent. Then: "But you can't blame them for..."

Cutting in: "Blame?" He said the word in surprise, discovering it, turning it around in his mouth, puzzled. "Who can I blame? Blame for what? This?" The red of the cigarette end swung toward the window. "All that out there's got to happen. You can't blame anyone for it. You can't blame anyone for inventing the wheel. And all they're going to do out there tonight is test a big, complex wheel."

"Well now, it's not all as simple as that," said the reporter. "Tonight they're trying to change the history of man. They're trying to shove him out where he's never been before. They're taking him away from his home."

Spagnuolo shook his head slowly. "Oh my God," he said. "Do you think man has never been shoved out of his home before? After a while the place gets too comfortable. Then it stinks. Up to now a man has been able to fight with other men or else go off and discover China. Now he doesn't dare fight and everybody knows about China."

"And you. What's there for you. What are you doing?" asked the reporter.



"Well, they gave me a nice clean desk and a ream of bond and a box of paper clips. My job is to see that the paper and clips move into the out bin regularly. In the first place, I know too much. And it keeps me busy." Outside the wind whipped through the tufts of prairie grass in several short bursts and it slapped a sheet of paper against the fence and held it there. Then it leapt away to the south and the paper slipped down the wires, fell into the grass and crumpled over it.

At nine-forty the landing lights along one of the runways winked on, and the long strip of them paced away from the hangar, pointing into the night. A tower light near the hangar flooded it with yellow. Four sweptwinged needles rolled slowly out, single file, and their shadows washed over buildings further out, then sank into the blackness. Radar heads swept in and out of the shafts of light, sweeping around and around like dogs in a slaughterhouse, trying to see in all directions at once.

Above, the sky washed up a dark blue from the ink of the landscape and pin-pricks of white mottled it like slivers of ice. The planes turned down the runway pointing into the blackness, and one by one they whined, coughed and leapt across the cement between the guide lamps and disappeared to the south.

Four other planes left another runway and flashed north, their flaming orange exhausts like drops of blood against the black. The first four grumbled away in the south, then roared in closer and finally with a mighty bellow flashed overhead, roared east and grumbled away again. The second four swung a wide arc and tilted their noses up and climbed.

The reporter turned away from the window. "What's..."

"Quiet!" Still looking out the window, Spagnuolo had grasped his arm and shaken him once, violently. The reporter pulled his arm away after a moment and resumed watching.

A set of floods washed over another, larger hangar, and slowly the pair of roof-high doors rolled away. A pause, then a pair of Caterpillars appeared out of the yellow inside. Behind them, the gigantic nose of the ship thrust out under the sky.

It was resting on its side on a sort of sled, as far as the reporter could see and the bulldozers pulled it by four cables. Another tower flooded the nearby tennis court and a crew of men ran into the brightness, stripping away the netting and the backstops. Even the poles slipped easily out of their positions and were carted away.

"No wonder they laid that like a wall," the reporter whispered.

Slowly, painfully, the caterpillars turned off the hangar runway and toward the court. They rolled up on it, pulling their burden behind them, and rolled off the other side. When the exhaust of the ship was over the midpoint of the court, they stopped and disengaged.



Like ants to fresh found meat, men swarmed over the sled, securing it to the blasting pad. Then winches took over and the sled split in half as the ship rose nose first into the air.

At ten-fifty, the fuel lines disengaged and sank earthward. The maintenance tower jerked once, then slowly moved away from the ship. A squadron of planes made one more pass over the field and roared off into the night. Two more spots flooded the blasting pad, then all movement ceased.

Suddenly a gush of flame belched under the ship and flowered outward around its fins. It shook. Then faintly it inched up the column of fire. Tortured, it picked up speed and the spots followed it up. It shook again, then quickly doubled, trebled its speed. The flames strained downward, pushing away the earth behind with a pinpoint of fire.

The ship was higher now, the spots trained on it, reflecting from it, making it like a silver needle against the black of the sky. Then it seemed to turn and the orange exhaust could be seen licking downward. Spots still played on it; it became a pinprick against the satin of night. Then it was another star, flickering. Finally, it winked out and was gone.

The reporter finally looked down and turned. He reached in his coat pocket and pulled out a crushed pack of cigarettes. He shook it, selected one, tamped it on the pack, then rolled it between





his fingers. Spagnuolo rested his elbows on the windowsill and stared at the aftermath of men slowly clearing the area around the blasting pad. Radar screens peered upward.

The reporter put the cigarette to his lips, lit it and took a deep drag. He handed it to the other. Silently, Spagnuolo accepted it and inhaled deeply. "Well, that's it. Except for clearing up the debris," he said.

The reporter nodded and looked down at his hands. "...All except for the debris." After a few moments, he stood up. Pulling his coat tighter across his throat, he said, "It looks lonely up there. It looks awfully lonely up there."

Smoke drifted over the sill and caught faintly the light from the base across the bare ground. "Yeah, it must be...."

The reporter crammed his hands deep in his pockets. "Well," he said, "I've got a story to write for the wires. Better get that done before every hack in the country descends on this place like lemmings."

Spagnuolo nodded. "Write your story," he said.

--John Mussells

## THE LAKE

Water .... blue-green, unrippled, quiet under noonday Sun.  
Clouds .... gathering, building, darkening, moving, hiding Sun.  
Sun .... shining yellow on the pool of blue-green water resting  
quiet on the earth, clouds race onward o'er the sky until  
the Sun has hid his face from what will happen on the earth.  
Lake .... steel-grey, churning, boiling under the clouds of doom.  
Lake, depths of .... dark, dark, I wait, I wait, the time will  
come, will come, I feel the water move the time approaches,  
now I move and taste and see, I flow upwards.  
Lake, shore of .... "Mommy, what's that?" "Come, Janie, we  
must get to the house before it rains." "Mommy, what's that?"  
"What's what?" "That."  
Lake, depths of, thing from .... movement on the land I flow  
toward the movement tastes good...

--Robert N. Lambeck

# J' A DOUBE

I would head this "Dear Belle," except that the Open Letter form of article-writing in this sort of discussion seems unwarrantedly pretentious to me--and besides, I get to forgetting that it's an OPEN letter, and write all sorts of things I later wish weren't in print. Too, I am not writing this to Terwilliger because I don't think the Dietzes will give me fair editorial treatment. This is, in effect, a clarification to the readers of TWIG of some things said by Belle Dietz in the last issue.

FANAC will give fair editorial treatment to anybody, on request. If someone submits to us two or three pages of tirade, we calmly ask his permission to cut it to a half a page, which is all we think tirade is worth. If he or she refuses, we don't print it. Ask the Moffatts, or Elaine Phillips. On the contrary, if you send mimeographed copies of something, we'll circulate it with FANAC, be it tirade or no; we reserve the right to refuse it entirely, of course, but we can't exactly edit it.

We consider ourselves as news-disseminators in much the same light as Jansen thought of himself when he referred to CONTACT'S enigmatic smile; our newszine was begun for fun and egoism, not for profit or to render us weak before the righteous whim of any person or type of person. If we caper a bit much or refuse to take something seriously, chalk it up to our youth and sense of humor, please, not our ill will.

It's true that FANAC 27 contained an account of the WSFS-inc hassle to date, minus the information that Raybin had sent a Stipulation of Substitution to the Kyles. This info did not reach me until after F27 was stencilled and mimeographed. There is, however, a delay between the mimeographing and the mailing--for which delay you fast, I'm afraid, take my word. FANAC is slipping ever SFTimes-wards, unfortunately, and this because of school, jobs and other such inconsequentials which take time from a college man's fanac. The information was included in F28, however; it was not delayed by me or anyone else.

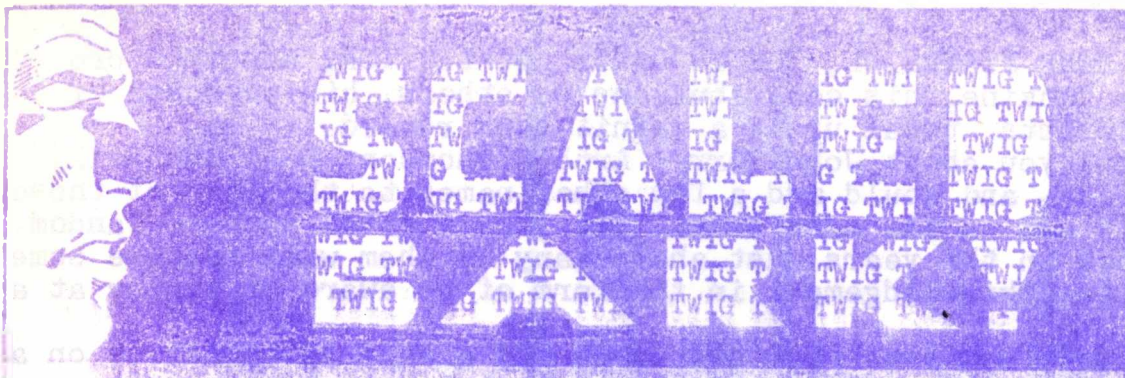
The Dept heading "And Though My Law Is Fudge Dept" was not an attempt to cover up. It meant nothing--it's just a clever line from Gilbert & Sullivan that happened to fit in a bit. All of our Dept headings are spontaneous type things that just happen to fit in.

It's true FANAC made it look like all of Dave Kyle's savings were held by the WSFS-vs-Kyle Lawsuit...mainly because this was the understanding we had. Can't cite you chapter and verse, but that's probably because we only got an impression of a lot of money. The actual amount of money held makes little or no difference, however--fact is, a suit was filed against Kyle in the name of the WSFSinc when, to the best of my knowledge at this writing, the designer and perpetrator of that suit had no authority to file it at all, save in his own name. I am still of the opinion--altho my law is fudge--that the Suit in question should read George N Raybin v D A Kyle.

I'm sorry Belle doesn't seem to be getting fair play at the hands of FANAC and evil anti-WSFS fen in general. The last person I recall crying foul play was George Wetzel, and he was preceded by Raym Washington and Degler. Such a tactic is unworthy of fans, and leaves me only to think that the abused one must be singularly unable to defend himself.

*Ron Elik*





This section of TWIG illustrated takes on a new aspect with this issue. The letters will be both those written to Dan and myself. The emphasis, of course, this issue is on letters to me. As was expected at this end, the question of the 'outstanding fan' was the most discussed item. Unexpected was the reaction of the readers. But, let's get into these comments.

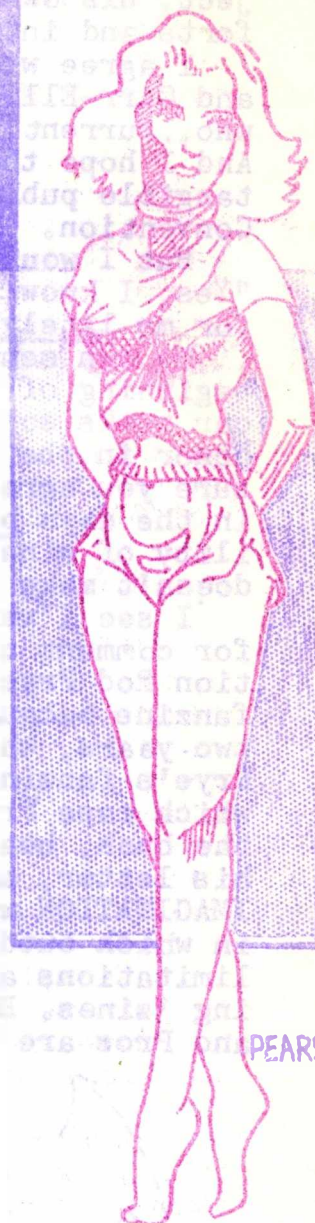
ROBERT BLOCH, P.O. Box 362, Weyauwega, Wisconsin

Regarding your question about Walt Willis winning the "outstanding fan" award. I do believe the criteria was based on "past performance" as you put it, and as to your query of why --

It's because, I believe, that this category of award is a comparatively recent one...and certainly didn't exist in the days when Walt was demonstrably by far the most active fan in the field. The criterion of mere timeliness seemstto me to be a fallible one, based on the Hollywood and TV premise that a performer is only as good as his last picture or show and that what he did through the years before doesn't count, artistically or commercially.

If you tend to believe that this is an inept comparison, let's take up the whole idea of bestowing some kind of token or accolade at a Convention. Accepting your premise that any honor conferred should be based on present performance, it would automatically mean that Conventions should choose their Guests of Honor, for example, only from among the ranks of those who had scored a recent success. But when Fritz Leiber was Guest of Honor in '51, he was being honored -- in part -- for CONJURE WIFE and GATHER, DARKNESS, written in the early '40s. When Hugo Gernsback was selected in '52, he was honored for his pioneer work in AMAZING, and a career which dated back a generation in the field. Need I go on? There is, I think, a justifiable distinction between an award for the "best" creative effort in the current year and a personal award bestowed for outstanding contributions through the years.

On the latter basis, I'm sure that neither you nor anyone else in fandom would question Walt Willis's preeminent suitability, based on what he's done in and for fandom during the past eight years. WILLIS IN





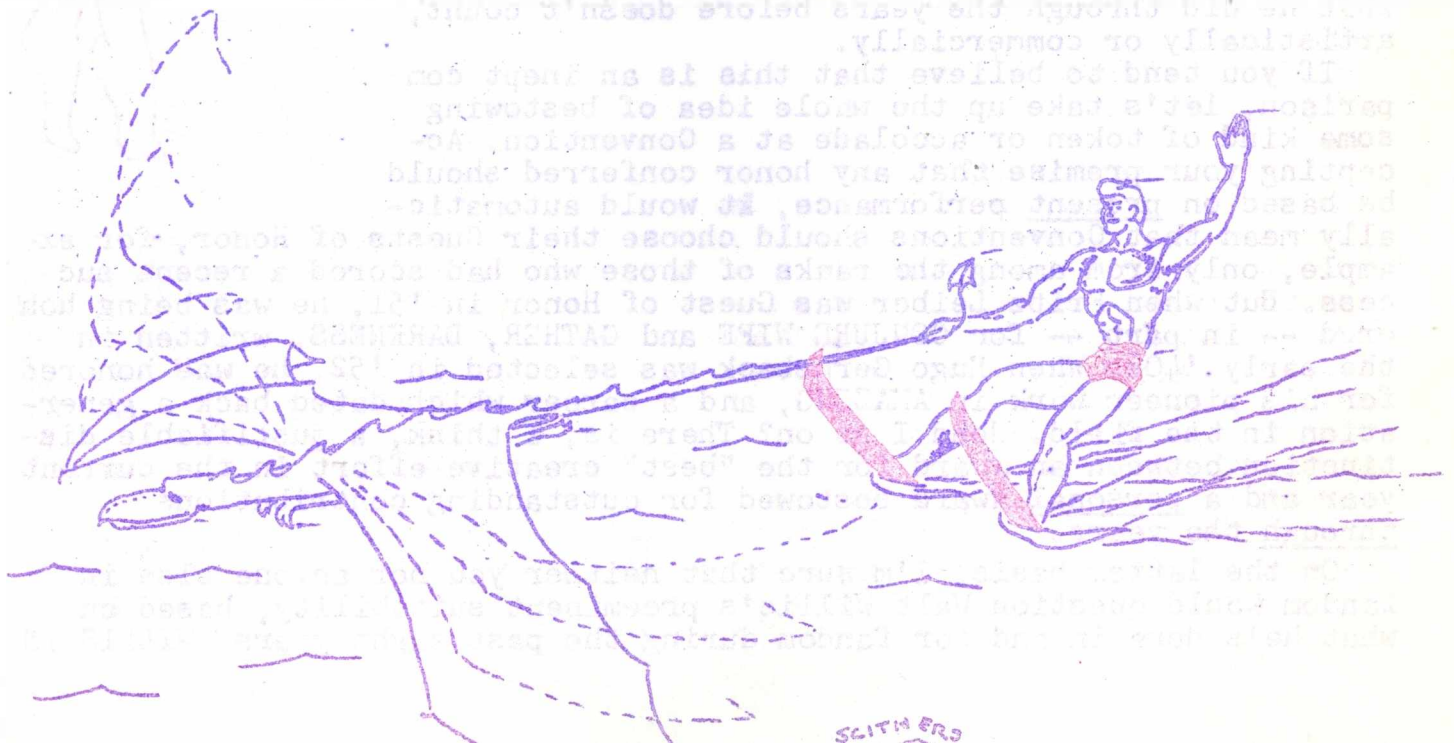
AMERICA, THE HARP STATESIDE, THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, the TAFF project, his own fanzine, his contributions to others, his personal efforts and interests, total up to a magnificent record.

I agree with you about John Berry, Arthur Thomson, Dean Grennell, and Carr-Ellick -- and would add a few other names to the list of those who, currently and in the more recent past, have given much to fandom. And I hope that in the years just ahead many of them will receive some tangible public acknowledgement in the form of an award or trophy at a Convention.

But I wouldn't say that such awards should always be conferred on a "Yes, I know you saved my life and all that, but what have you done for me lately?" basis. And I don't think you feel that way, either.

My own sentiments, as I contemplate the necrology I listed at the beginning of this letter, are that I only wish those who departed from our ranks so abruptly this year could themselves have received more honor in the field while they were around to appreciate it. And I'm sure you agree that it speaks well for Willis that he did what he did in the days before he or anyone else could be motivated by the possibility of winning an award. That he has received a belated recognition doesn't make it a less deserved one. Right?

I see I've rambled on at some length here, and not left much time for comment on the rest of the issue. I do want to take time to mention Rod Frye's letter and correct his impression that I "hate" his fanzine because I "refused to review any issue...sent...in the last two years, which amounts to about three." Believe me, I don't "hate" Frye's fanzine; if I did, I most certainly would have reviewed it, in which case Frye would most certainly hate me. If I "wrote back behind the bush, beating" as he puts it, at least I wrote rather than ignored his letter, and attempted to explain that my fanzine reviews for IMAGINATION were inserted on the basis of an arbitrary time-schedule in which outdated mags on irregular schedules tended -- through space-limitations as well -- to be crowded out in favor of regularly-appearing 'zines. But Mr. Frye is correct, in the last analysis; most BNFS and Pros are by no means as snobbish or bush-beating as I am, and I





hope he entertains a better opinion of them than he must of me. All I want to say is that, mean and ornery as I am, I don't "hate" his fanzine. I've never really hated any fanzines; not even crudzines like LE ZOMBIE, QUANDRY, or PEON. In fact, seems as if I've always been rather partial to the things.

((I certainly do agree with you on Willis. He does deserve all that he gets. His influence in fandom will probably be remembered for a good number of years as it is far more widespread than any other fan I can think of at the moment. And thank Dodd! Not a fan who wrote in on this question took what I said as a personal attack on Walt.))

TERRY CARR, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California

Dear Twig:

--Love Adkins' artwork. One thing always bothers me about TWIG, tho--why does it contain so much miserable grammar when you, the editor, are an English teacher? Honey's conreport abounded in run-on sentences which a conscientious editor would have corrected, and your editorial this issue was terrible grammar. This really puzzles me.

Agree with you in re Willis. I suspect that people voted for him because what he does write is so memorable that it seems like just a couple months ago that Enchanted Duplicator, for instance, appeared.

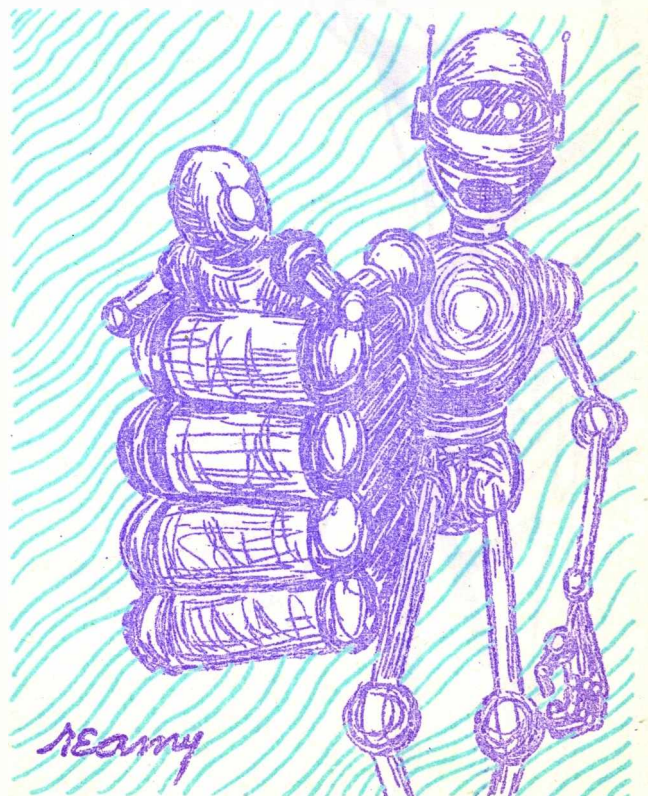
I think WAW is the World's #1 Fan, myself. But I'm inclined to look askance at an award to him as the Outstanding Fan in a year in which only two issues of his zine appeared and he wrote only a few items for other zines. But I won't gripe. Willis deserves every award he gets, purely because he is #1 Fan and when he does appear he dwarfs almost every other fan's efforts.

((Well, it's this way. I didn't want to appear to be an English teacher. You're right, tho, I should be more particular about the grammar. Will see what I can do about it. This issue any better?))

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

Dear Guy:

Now let me make my position quite plain. I am probably Willis' greatest fan. I think he is a genius, has a brilliant mind, is shrewd, highly talented, and extremely kind and considerate. But I agree completely with what you say. I wondered, too, what Walt had done to win it. I can think of many fans who could potentially be termed the Outstanding Fan of the Year...Carr and/or Ellik for their controversial, entertaining and most frequent FANAC...yourself,





for The B of Fandom, and your frequent pubbing...Sneary--surely he is worthy of it...Bennett...Arthur Thomson...heck...many others, but Walt isn't even on the list. There is no doubt at all that during 51-52-53-54 he was FANDOM, and undoubtedly, Fandom, as it is today, owes him a great deal. But the odd HARP in OOPSLA--no matter how brilliant, and the odd HYPHEN--still the best fanzine being pubbed, doesn't automatically render Walt as the Most Outstanding Fan of the year, and knowing him as I do, I can assure you that he would be the first to agree. Walt, himself, told me at least a year ago, probably more, that he is past the egoboo stage.

((I guess I could call this section an effort to get Walt to be more active in fandom again. I've never seen one fan get so much praise. Come to think of it--I can't think of a fan more deserving.

'Course, I just had to put in that bit John said about me. Gives me a boost to keep working on BoF-'58.))

PAUL G. NEIMARK, MEN'S DIGEST, 2755  
W. Armitage Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.

Dear Mr. Dan Adkins:

I received the copy of Sata which you sent to our offices, and I was impressed in places. Most of those places were those where your own artwork appeared. I want to explore the possibility of your illustrating our science fiction stories for MEN'S DIGEST. You would be at a disadvantage, of course, since from the first draft to the finished art work, three to four steps would be required, all through the mails. Our rate of payment for new artists, in addition, is but \$5-15 per illustration, as we have staff members for that purpose here. I do think that your work has merit, however, and would like to see you have the opportunity to be published in a national magazine such as MEN'S DIGEST. Enclosed is a copy of same for your skimming and ascertaining of our needs. As of our next issue there will be color all the way through. Take this into consideration, also, as you will have to do overlay work in addition to the art itself.

Please let me know your disposition on this matter at your earliest convenience. You might appraise your co-workers that we are very much in the





market for science fiction stories, but of a better plotted nature than the more fantastic type pieces in Sata.

((Thanks anyway, but it sounds like I'd be losing more money than I'd be making. You might remind the editor of CAMERA AND ARTS, around there in one of those offices, that I have money due me for seven drawings she accepted sometime back. As for fiction, any of you readers care to send Mr. Neimark something? Just make it sexy. ADKINS-))

John Coning, 318 S. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio DWE

Dear Guy,

Most fen are not so perceptive that

they could tell Kent Moomaw desperately need something. ((I had written John saying you could detect, from Kent's letters, that he needed help from a psychological viewpoint.)) Most fans seem to need something, some of them find it in fandom--those that don't at times become the leading lights of fandom--witness the aforementioned Laney. ((I goofed)) Moomaw showed he was lacking in his writings, but so do many of us. When I turned to fandom I was an introvert, and to me the future looked pretty bleak. Since then I've found I was just late in maturing, and now lead a terribly normal life. Fandom is the Sturgeonish "touch of strange" in my life, but since normalizing I feel I may have lost a few of the chances I would have had in fandom. I'm just not the same, and I don't think growing along the lines of a potential writer, though the desire is still there, but coupled with a huge lethargy that keeps me from fanning as much as I could.

Right after we meet him in "Born To Space," we know he is being prepared for Space Flight. The ending is a shocker to me. I suppose most pilots must be a little mad, but all the way!

Franson fine as a satire, very humorous--he is all too true as one of today's critics, panning a masterpiece...or being superior by tearing down an old classic. Superb.

I think Lupoff is full of Bull. This sounds like some of the stuff I hand out at ex-temporaneous tournaments. Pith.

((How dare you call me mad! I was once a pilot, you know. Admit it or not, Kent had more than his share of problems. He just didn't find the right way to solve them. He had a right to be 'afraid of himself'.))





Hiya Tiger,

I think it's wise of you to stay in Pittsburgh if you're working. About the SF zines, looks not so hot.

Course if you just can't face life without me simpering in the background, constantly belly-achin' and wallowing in the wide-eyed wonder of this wicked world, then come on back to NY. Yah, just come ahead. See if I care. Murph.

Much as I would like to accept your invitation to celebrate the holidays at your palatial mansion, I fear I shall have to regret- tably forego that pleasure due to two major difficulties. The first is namely, money. I mean cash, Ralph, cash! The second being that come Dec. two five, I figure I'll be close to 7/8ths frozen solid, and I expects I'll be most content to spend my idle hours curled ri- diculously on the top of the radiator.

2 peeples you like. Janette and mee? The former selection shows some sign of normalacy, but as for the latter...I'm afraid you'll never have any taste, Ralph.

Foresome nauseating reason, I feel jovial tonight. Sic em, Tar- gatarga! "

"THE WOMEN FIRST, AND CHILDREN, YOU LUNKHEADS, we can USE those cannons and things you're throwing over the side!!! ((The job in Pittsburgh was free lance of a sort. It lasted eleven days. I'll be back in NY shortly after this TWIG is out old man. That is, I think I will be. Add another peeples to the list Fearson. I just joined up with some chap named, err...let's see now, what ...OH YEAH...Terwillegger! Good man that Terwillegger! ADKINS-))

Hi Twigger,

...some kid says Pearson has no style. Partly I attribute this to the fact that Twigger publishes drawings by Ken Kellard in the Kellard style and signed Pearson. (Issue #12, page 6) But mostly I attribute this to the fact that Pearson doesn't have a style-nor does he want one. If I wanted to continue doing spots for fan- zines all my life, I would prob- ably be wise to adopt a dis- tinguishable style. But that is not my intent. When a man learns how to tootle on a trum- pet, he tries to tootle like everybody else tootles. Soon as he can tootle like everybody else does, he finds he can pay less attention to what he's tootling and concentrate on the babe in the thrid row. Right soon soon kat from Walla Walla gives





him a long-distance ring and says: "How'd 'ja like ta work for me, kid...I like yer style."

I've been in Fandom for three years now. Or four. I don't remember exactly when I started wasting my time on fandom, and once more, I don't care. Nor do I care what "age" or era was going on at the time. (Some idiot is always worrying about whether we're in 22nd or 23rd fandom. Real serious problem.) I never thot of myself as a neo or remember going thru that stage. Tho I certainly must have. At this time, I haven't the slightest idea whether or not I'm a LNF, a BNF, or a WITA. (Who Is This Ass?) I didn't know what LNF meant, in fact, till I asked Andy Reiss last week. I'm quite sure neither Bloch or Willis has ever heard of me. This would make me a FWADE, I suppose. (Fan Who Doesn't Actually Exist.) On the other hand, Percival Mushroom from Buffalo writes me a letter...salutation: "Dear Mr. Pearson, Sir, Your Lordship, May it Please Your Highness," and sends me a stamped self-addressed envelope so I'LL write him back. Does this make me MOTICOG?! (Member Of The Inner Circle Of Ghods?)

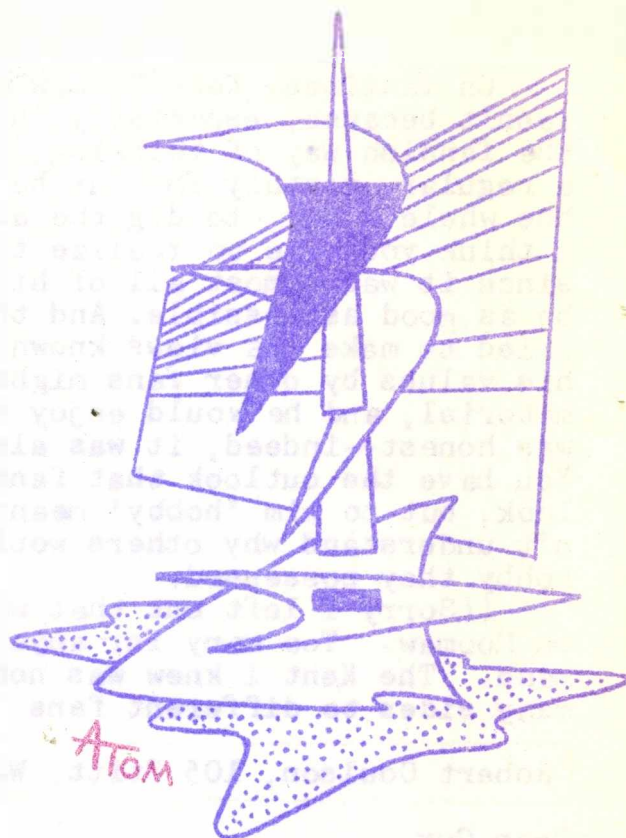
((Don't be so harsh on yourself. Sure Bloch and Willis know who you are. Agree with you though on what in the hell difference does it make what era we're in. Makes it so historical to worry about that and I'm hardly one worrying that I'm making history. get))

Greg Benford, 10421 Allegheny Drive, Dallas 29, Texas

Dear Guy:

I hope you don't think I'm getting too personal, Guy, but I'd like to ask you why you became a teacher. I was sitting here mulling over the possible reasons that could be used to join that occupational group, but so help me I can't thing of any other than that you like it. (Which is incredible.) That is, you must work in jr. high, I presume, among people with mentalities of 14 year olds, and teach material which is far below your level of understanding. You don't work with your peers, but with a gang of usually undisciplined children, and must put in many hours of extra work for relatively little pay. Why are you a teacher? Being a student and seeing all the humdrum routine teachers must suffer thru, I can't understand it.

((I'll break in here! Well, Greg, you hit it on the head with your a ssumption--I like teaching. When you like doing something, it is never humdrum. I like it, there is something new every day, I'm not doing the same things over day after day. Why do some fen drop out of fandom?...because it becomes humdrum to them. I do work with my peers. The student is the product--I work with other teachers. As to being in with undisciplined children. It's all a matter of the teacher. I never have that type in my class. My students know better--and they still like me.))



On fanzines. Kent Moomaw wanted to produce a good fanzine, but it wasn't because, especially, he wanted to become a BNF. I think he liked the fannish way of thinking, and wanted to become a BNF from publishing a regular, monthly fmz (as he was planning) to become fully immersed in the whole thing, to dig the atmosphere. He liked fandom an awful lot. I think you have to realize that Kent felt fandom to be his home, and since it was almost all of his 'social' life, he naturally wanted it to be as good as possible. And that's why he continually criticized and tried to make his views known--because he felt such an understanding of his values by other fans might influence them to change their format or material, and he would enjoy fandom more. Moomaw was a nice guy. He was honest--indeed, it was already a great part of his life. (Fandom) You have the outlook that fandom is a hobby, while Kent had the same outlook, but to him 'hobby' meant a great deal of time spent, and he couldn't understand why others wouldn't want to immerse themselves in the hobby they possessed.

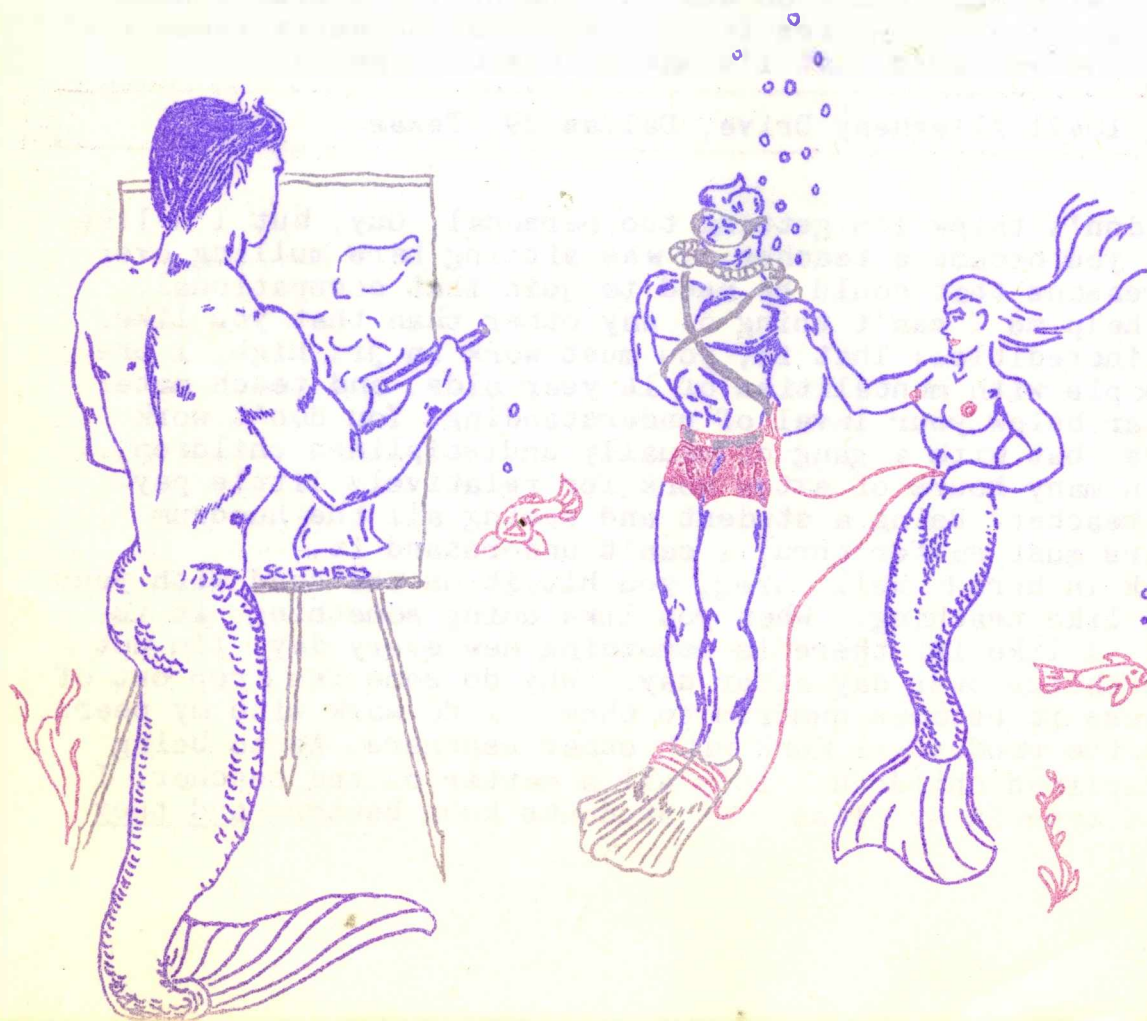
((Sorry I left out that word up there, Greg. There are many aspects on Moomaw. Too many for anyone to ever have had all of them at his command. The Kent I knew was not the same Kent you knew. He presented too many sides to different fans. get))

Robert Coulson, 105 Stitt, Wabash, Indiana

Dear Guy,

Sometimes I wonder about the Dietz-Sanderson group. Here Belle proves out of her own typewriter that FANAC printed the facts, but she's mad because she doesn't like the way it was done. Sure, it was slanted; so is every bit of political news in every newspaper in the world. Certainly

Kyle is being unnecessarily nasty about the entire affair. I dunno the Dietzes are probably in the right, but I'd have a lot more sympathy for them if they hadn't been so smug in their assertions that the WSFS would absolutely protect fandom from all kinds of skull-duggery. It was undoubtedly a rude awakening to discover that it couldn't even protect its founders, but it gives the onlooker a tendency to





snicker. It's unfair, but when was human nature ever fair?

I wonder if Rod Frye's letters are always that incherent? If they are, I'm glad he saved his 3¢ on me. Do you consider all LNF's snobbish, Rod? You didn't mention any other kind -- of course, you called yourself one, but perhaps you consider yourself snobbish. Or did you merely classify the 25% who didn't "answer nicely" as snobbish LNF's? In case you don't know, whether a person considers himself a BNF or not makes no difference at all, which invalidates your classifications. You become a BNF when the majority of random considers you as one; there is no other method, and no BNF whose rank is "all in his mind." The same goes for any other fanish classification -- it goes by majority rule. Gee, dad, you sent Bob Bloch 3 whole issues of OMEGA and he didn't review one! How terrible! He must really hate you, all right -- providing he remembers your name at all. I wonder, offhand, just how many issues of our fanzines that Juanita and I have sent to professional reviewers without getting a review in return....20 or 30, anyway. I know fans are more than usually conceited, but aren't you overdoing it?

I agree with Donahue perfectly; I'm not intrigued by con reports anymore, either; not even mine. (They're easy to write, though....handiest things in the world to turn out when an editor asks for material. And a lot of fans do like them; even mine.)

I don't feel one damned bit subdued about anything I wrote to or about Kent Moomaw.

((Since I've been told that I am to wishy-washy in what I say about what I think, Buck, I'll come right out with it too. I really don't think anyone should feel subdued by what they said or wrote about Kent. He certainly got--in his writings--just what he asked for. He knew what he was doing right up to the end and, I for one, certainly don't admire him for it. He's getting a lot of hoorah now that he didn't deserve.))

ARTHUR THOMSON, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London S.W.2, Eng.

Just one point I did want to bring up with regard to issue 11. That's a pretty harsh summing up that Lars Bourne gave on Sandy Sanderson's zine APORREHETA. Seems to me that Lars has allowed his prejudice for the fan to cloud his judgment on the zine. Lars has obviously taken an extreme dislike to Sandy Sanderson and whilst APE is no HY-PHEN in the fanz field, I don't think it warrants the attack he makes on it--as a zine.

Lars has got bugged at Sandy for Sandy's attack on Hentcliffe, and maybe a couple of more things such as Sandy's stand on the W.F.S. affair. Well, I'm taking no sides, Sandy's or otherwise, but speaking of him as a person (and I've seen and spoke to him quite a lot) he isn't quite as bad as Lars paints him. Certainly he has quite a stubborn streak in him on any stand he wants to take and which he thinks is right according to his lights. Otherwise he is quite good company, and is no ravaging monster, against what he thinks is wrong nor does he try to force his opinions on you, but will discuss his points calmly and sanely. (That's if you want to discuss them, he won't bring them up if you don't want to talk about them.)

((I hope that neither you, Arthur, nor especially Sandy, takes what Lars had to say as meaning I agreed with him on the subject. It so happens, I think APE is one of the best zines in the field today. Wonder why Sandy hasn't sent a copy recently??? --get))

((And here is the letter which best summarized reaction to the last issue.))

Richard Lupoff, 29 Fieldstone Drive, Apt. E2, Hartsdale, New York

Layout and reproduction: good layout and clear repro. I somehow prefer mimeo to hecto, but this is just a prejudice, and as hecto goes, TWIG looks good. There were a few typo's, and being sensitive about my own work, I was somewhat jarred to re-read "Which Who" and see, at the end of it, "peach" for "peace." This is relatively minor, however, and overall, I was favorably impressed.

Artwork: very good. Adkins has the promise of becoming a topflight pro, and I hope that the disappointments of his recent foray won't prevent him from trying again when the time is ripe. Your other artists are also good, and if TWIG catches the mantle of SATA, I will not be altogether taken off guard. ((But, Dick--we don't want the mantle of SATA.))

Fiction: here is a topic on which I have a bug. As far as I can see, pseudo-pro fiction appearing in fanzines is almost by definition bad. Fan-fiction is another question altogether, but pseudo-pro fiction, if it were really good, would be in a prozine. Anyway, the two stories in the current TWIG were both readable, although I found the constant use of the ominous they, them, one, in BORN TO SPACE a considerable distraction, and a detraction from my enjoyment of the story. ((It was one hell of a distraction in typing it up, too.))

Reviews: okay of the brief evaluation type. What I prefer are much longer analytical reviews, going into the personality of the editor and contributors, the style of the artists and writers, the reproduction, etc. But let me be fair and judge not what I would like to see, but what I do see. The reviews, I repeat, are perfectly competent, of their type.

Editorial: I wish to hell you would assert yourself more. Your self-effacing attitude concerning the WSFS business is so typical of Melvin Maybe-ism that I cannot resist sending you the enclosed excerpt from a little magazine called MONOCLE. Do not--please do not--become a Melvin Maybe. ((Well, I see the light, went back over past editorials, and you're completely right. To ignore a question by saying you don't know enough about it to make a statement is a fools way of getting out of it. I do have an opinion on most matters. Mine is as good as the next, you'll see it from now on. Personally, I think it is a good thing that WSFS has been ditched. --get))

And speaking of WSFS, I read the open letter with interest, and I have no particular side to take in this whole lawsuit-and-countersuit business. What I must say, however, is that the whole WSFS business is absolutely sickening to me--that is, when I cannot adopt an attitude of sufficient detachment to realize that the whole thing is nothing but a tempest in a teapot, with absolute comic-opera overtones. Anyway, this very mess is to me the most convincing argument against WSFS. Not that there is a lack of others.

((You'll find the last page of SCALED BARN at the end of the comic section. A first that will not be continued--this continued on page such and such.))



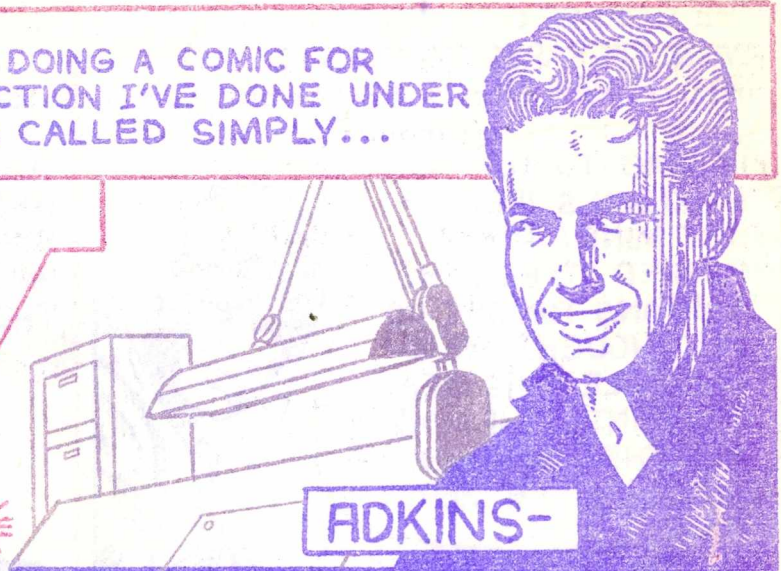
CAMERON



THIS IS MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT DOING A COMIC FOR A FANZINE AND THE FIRST FICTION I'VE DONE UNDER MY OWN NAME! THE STORY IS CALLED SIMPLY...

# BOOBY

WITH THANKS FOR HELP FROM *E/E*



ON THE PLANET VERRA A SON WAS BORN TO RAVAN HENDER! IT WAS THE FIRST NIGHT OF PASSOVER, THE FEAST WHICH COMMEMORATES THE SARTANS' EMANCIPATION FROM THE ZONTAS! IN THE MIDDLE AGES, ONE WAY OF PROVIDING A PRETEXT FOR BLOODY RIOTS AGAINST THE SARTANS, WAS TO SMUGGLE THE CORPSE OF A VATA CHILD INTO THE CELLAR OF SOME LEADER IN THE COMMUNITY!

BUT JUST BEFORE THE WRETCHES COULD PERFORM THEIR DASTARDLY TRICK...



RAVAN! A SON IS BORN TO YOU! COME AND SEE!

SUMMON ALL OUR COMMUNITY! THEY MUST CELEBRATE WITH ME THE BIRTH OF A NEW, GREAT SARTAN, MY SON!

TOSS IT INTO HENDER'S CELLAR! THEN WE SHALL DISCOVER IT IN AN HOUR, AND GIVE THE SARTANS A PASSOVER THEY'LL NEVER FORGET!



THE EXCITEMENT IN THE SARTAN SECTION BROUGHT THE NIGHT WATCHMEN TO THE AREA TO KEEP ORDER! ONE OF THEM SPOTTED A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE!



WHAT HAVE YOU IN THAT BUNDLE? SPEAK UP OR I'LL CRACK YOUR SKULL!

N-NOTHING! NOTHING AT ALL!



THE CORPSE OF A CHILD! YOU WERE PREPARED TO TOSS IT INTO RAVAN HENDER'S HOUSE? ANSWER!

IT WAS TORNA PEARSON'S IDEA, NOT MINE! TORNA WISHED TO KILL THE SARTANS TONIGHT, SO WE THOUGHT WE'D SMUGGLE THIS DEAD CHILD INTO THE HOUSE, AND THEN SAY HENDER DID IT! HAVE MERCY!

HAULING THE CRIMINAL AWAY, THE CHIEF OF WATCHMEN REPORTS TO THE SARTAN!

YOUR SON HAS BROUGHT YOU LUCK, HENDER! FOR IF HE WEREN'T BORN TONIGHT, WE WOULDN'T HAVE CAUGHT THAT SNAKE WITH THE DEAD CHILD!

YOU'RE RIGHT! MY SON SHALL BRING LUCK TO ALL HIS PEOPLE AS LONG AS HE LIVES! HE SHALL BE A FAMED SARTAN, AND HIS NAME WILL BE POWERS HENDER!

THIS CHILD WILL BE OUR PEOPLE'S COMFORTER! HE HAS COME INTO THE WORLD IN ORDER TO FREE US FROM THE TERRIBLE LIES AND PERSECUTIONS WE SARTANS SUFFER!

WHEN HE GREW UP, POWERS WAS SENT TO VARSIO TO STUDY AND SATISFY HIS YEARNING FOR WISDOM! THE FAME OF GENIUS DID NOT TAKE LONG TO SPREAD!



WHILE POWERS HENDER STUDIED, HIS WIFE, JAN SOLD FRUIT TO HELP PAY FOR HIS BOOKS AND SCHOOLING!

JAN, COME INSIDE, THE EMPEROR'S TROOPS WILL MOLEST YOU!

NO THEY WON'T! BESIDES, I'M NOT GOING TO LET THEM STEAL MY FRUIT THE WAY THEY DID THE LAST TIME!



MY, MY, WHAT DELICIOUS SAMPLES!

YOU'VE GOT SOME NERVE STEALING FROM POOR PEOPLE! IS THAT THE EXAMPLE AN OFFICER OF HIS MAJESTY SHOWS HIS SOLDIERS?



YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT LOVELY ONE! WE'VE BEHAVED DISGUSTINGLY! HERE, THIS SHOULD COVER THE COST FOR YOUR FRUIT!



BUT AS THE YEARS WENT BY, THE DECENCY OF EVERY MAN IN VARSIO COULD NOT BE APPEALED TO... FOR INSTANCE, THERE WAS CLODUS, A HUMAN WITH THE SOUL OF A DEVIL!

THERE HAS BEEN ENOUGH PEACE IN VARSIO! THE SARTANS HAVE BEEN HAVING IT TOO GOOD! NOT A RIOT IN A MONTH! THIS ABSURDITY OF PEACE MUST STOP! CREATE A REASON, DO YOU HEAR? LET THE GUTTERS RUN WITH THE BLOOD OF SARTANS!



YES MASTER!

THAT NIGHT, WHILE AN UN-SUSPECTING SARTAN TRACK DRIVER'S BACK IS TURNED!

HEY, YOU THERE... STOP! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

WHAT IS IT?





AS CLODUS' GANGSTERS  
GET TOGETHER A  
THREATENING CROWD—

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT  
IN THE TRACK SARTAN?

THERE'S NOTHING  
BUT BOXES OF  
FRUIT IN IT —



NOTHING BUT FRUIT  
YOU SAY! THE CORPSE  
OF A VATAN, YOU MEAN!  
WHAT SHALL WE DO  
TO THIS VILE SARTAN,  
EH BOYS?

GOOD  
LORD!  
HOW DID—



THEY HELD HIM WITH  
HIS ARMS BEHIND HIS  
BACK, AND SOMEONE  
HIT HIM SAVAGELY!

NO—DON'T KILL ME!  
I DID NOTHING!  
I'M INNOCENT!



WHAT'S THAT? SPEAK  
LOUDER SARTAN! I—UHHH—  
CAN'T SEEM TO HEAR YOU!



I DIDN'T—SOB—DO  
IT! I—UNNNHH—DIDN'T



HE'S DEAD! NOW  
LET'S TEACH THE  
REST OF THE DAMN  
SARTANS A LESSON!



LATER THAT  
NIGHT, AT THE  
HOME OF POWERS—  
HENDER—

MANY OF OUR PEOPLE  
ARE DEAD, POWERS! WE  
STILL DON'T KNOW WHY  
THEY HAVE DONE  
THIS TO US!

IT IS THE WORK OF CLODUS! HE, AND  
NO OTHER! THE MAN IS A DEMON—  
A BREATH OF EVIL!





BOOBY, IT IS YOUR TASK TO PROTECT THE SARTANS FROM PERSECUTION! YOU MUST OBEY MY COMMANDS WHEN AND WHERE I SEND YOU — IN FIRE AND WATER, OR IF I COMMAND YOU TO JUMP FROM THE HOUSETOP, OR IF I SEND YOU TO THE BED OF THE SEA!

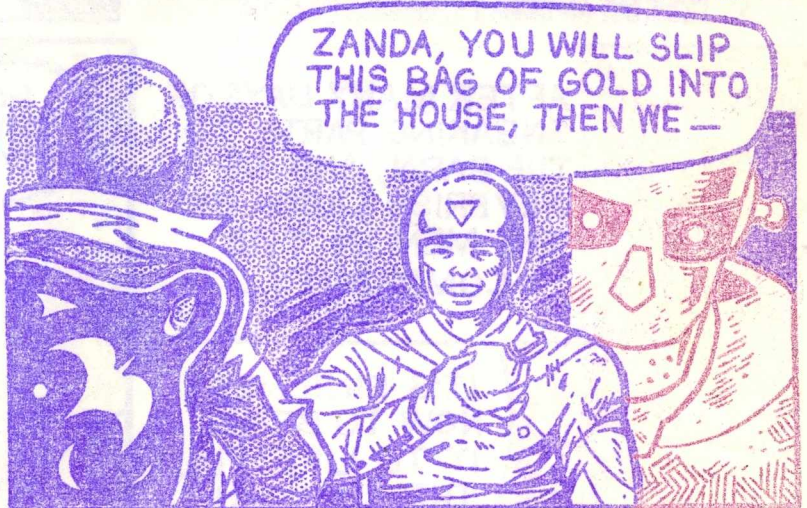


YOU CAN'T SPEAK, OF COURSE, BUT YOU CAN THINK! YOU WILL BE USED ON DANGEROUS MISSIONS TO DESTROY ACCUSATIONS AGAINST THE SARTANS, AND BREAK UP ANY MURDEROUS PLOTS! NOW, FOLLOW ME TO THE CITY!



SO THE BOOBY WENT AMONG THE SARTAN BAITERS, LISTENING TO THEIR CONVERSATIONS, AND REPORTING ANY THREATENED PERJURY TO POWERS HENDER SO THAT THE TRICK COULD BE PREVENTED IN TIME —

THE BOOBY WAS THE TERROR OF THOSE WHO PLANTED DEAD VATAS IN THE CELLAR OF SARTANS, IN ORDER TO INCITE THE FOOLISH POPULACE —

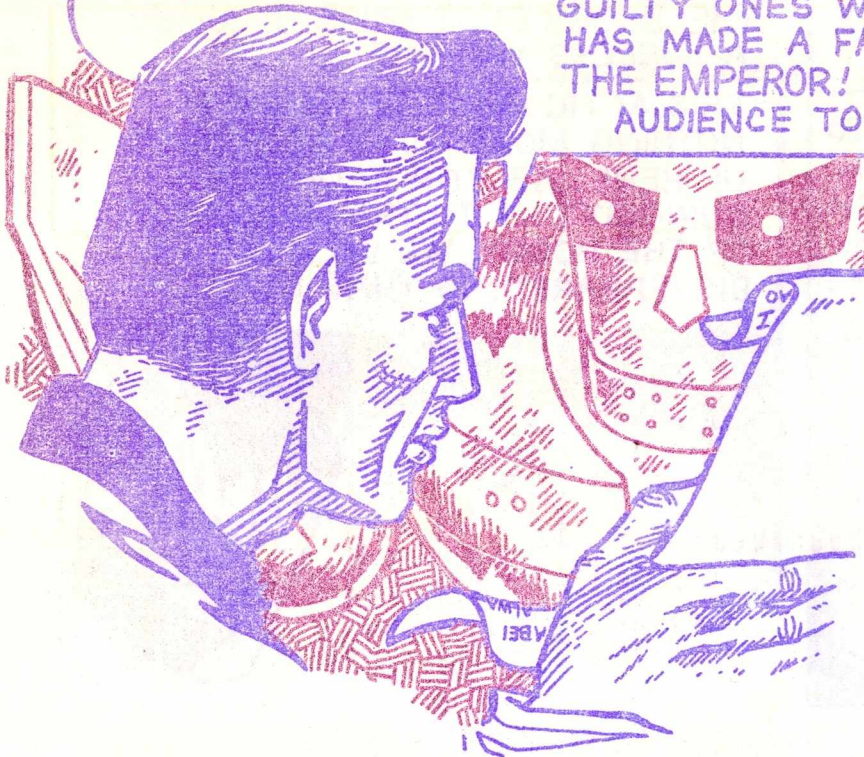


A CORPSE! IT'S THE FIFTH DAMN TIME THIS WEEK THE BOOBY HAS DISCOVERED THESE PLOTS!





BOOBY, YOUR WORK IN PREVENTING RIOTS, AND CAPTURING THE GUILTY ONES WHO SEEK OUR DESTRUCTION HAS MADE A FAVORABLE IMPRESSION ON THE EMPEROR! HE HAS GRANTED ME AN AUDIENCE TO REVIEW THE ENTIRE MATTER!



I HAVE CONSIDERED ALL THE FACTS, POWERS HENDER, AND I MUST TELL YOU I AM ASHAMED OF MY PEOPLE'S ACTIONS!



NATURALLY, I CAN'T SHARE YOUR RELIGIOUS BELIEFS, BUT I AM A MAN OF JUSTICE, AND I AGREE THAT THESE ABSURD AND TRAGIC PERSECUTIONS MUST END! I CAN'T BE A VATA KING, OTHERWISE — ONLY A BLOODTHIRSTY PAGAN! HERE IS MY DECREE GIVING YOUR PEOPLE FULL PROTECTION FROM PERSECUTION, FROM NOW ON!

BUILDING THE BOOBY HAS BROUGHT US LUCK POWERS!

NOW THAT PEACE HAS COME TO VARSIO, WE HAVE NO MORE NEED OF OUR PROTECTOR! BRING YANDRO AND DEETA TO MY HOUSE TONIGHT, FOR WE SHALL DESTROY IT!

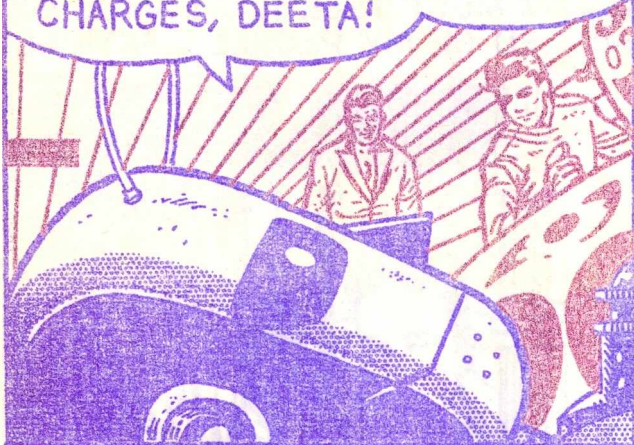
I THANK YOUR WORSHIP FOR REMOVING THESE WRONGS, AND I THANK GOD FOR GIVING US SO NOBLE AND JUST AN EMPEROR!





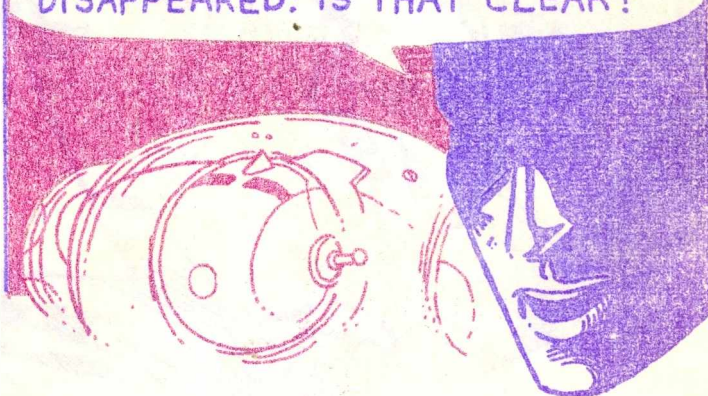
MIDNIGHT IN THE ATTIC OF POWERS  
HENDER'S HUGE BARN—

SINCE WE NO LONGER NEED TO  
LIVE IN FEAR WE CAN ABOLISH  
THE BOOBY! THROW THE SWITCH  
TO REVERSE THE ELECTRICAL  
CHARGES, DEETA!

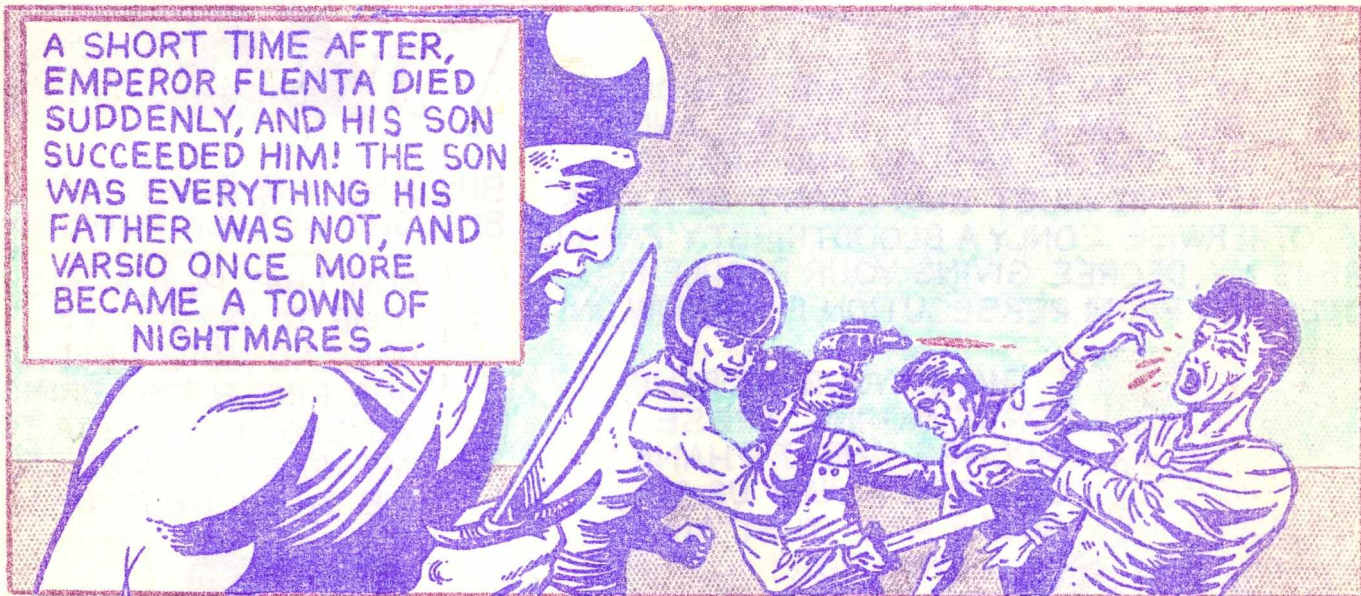


THE BOOBY ONCE MORE BECOMES  
A USELESS MACHINE—

THIS ATTIC MUST BE SEALED!  
NOTHING MORE MUST BE STORED  
UP HERE! AS FOR PEOPLE'S  
CURIOSITY AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS  
OF THE BOOBY, WE WILL SAY HE  
DISAPPEARED! IS THAT CLEAR?



A SHORT TIME AFTER,  
EMPEROR FLENTA DIED  
SUDDENLY, AND HIS SON  
SUCCEEDED HIM! THE SON  
WAS EVERYTHING HIS  
FATHER WAS NOT, AND  
VARISIO ONCE MORE  
BECAME A TOWN OF  
NIGHTMARES—



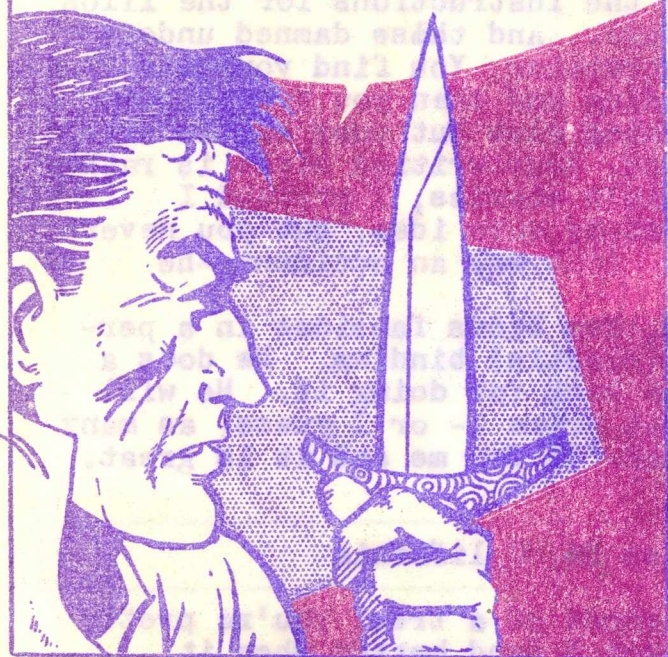
FLENTA HAD ONE OBSESSION— HE  
HAD HEARD THE RUMOR THAT POWERS  
HENDER HAD CREATED A BEING—  
A BOOBY, AND WHEN HE FAILED IN  
TORTURING THE SECRET OUT OF  
POWERS, HE MADE HIS SCIENTISTS  
SEARCH FOR THE SECRET!

FOOLS! IDIOTS! YOU DARE MOCK ME!  
FOR WEEKS YOU'VE BEEN MAKING  
BLUEPRINTS— AND NOTHING! A DAMN  
PLAGUE ON ALL YOU NUMBSKULLS!



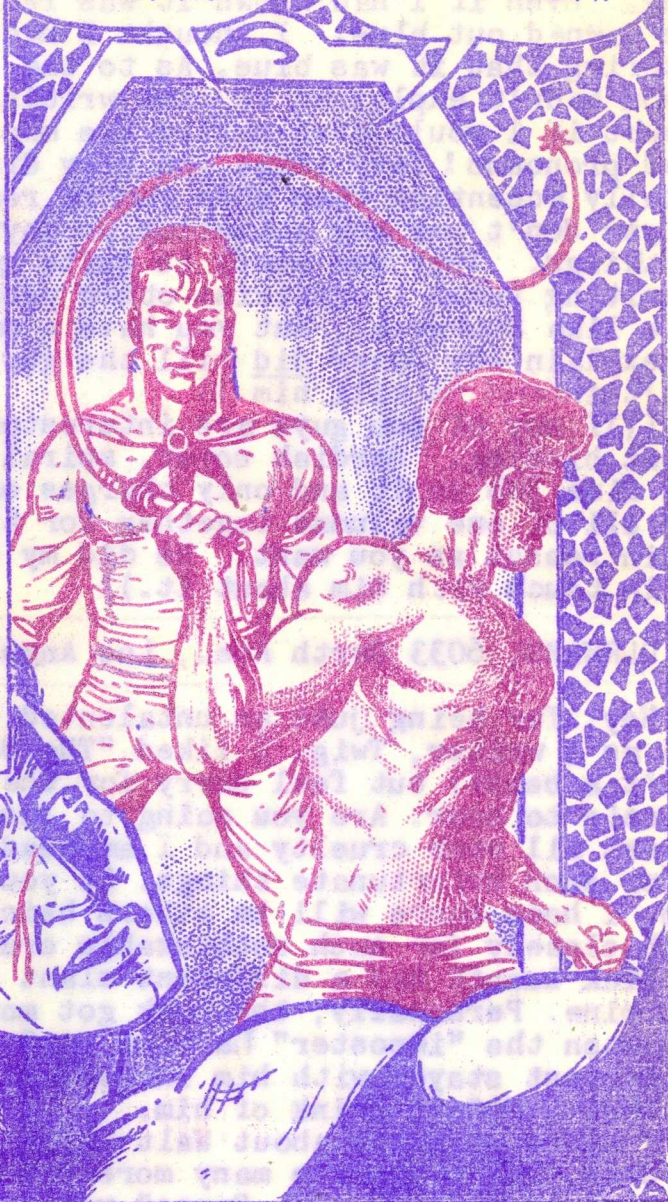


I'M FINISHED PLAYING WITH THOSE IDIOTS! I'M GETTING THE SECRET OF THE BOOBY OUT OF HENDER IF I HAVE TO CARVE EVERY SQUARE INCH OF FLESH OFF HIS CARCUSS!



SPEAK, SON OF A SOW! SPEAK!

ENOUGH! I THINK I CAN PERSUADE MR. HENDER!



YOU FEEL THE BITE OF THIS, POWERS? IT DOES NOT TICKLE EXACTLY— WELL, THINK OF YOUR WIFE AND CHILDREN, POWERS! THINK OF ONE HUNDRED SARTANS WHO WILL DIE THIS NIGHT BY THE TEETH OF THE TARTONS— IF YOU DO NOT TELL ME WHERE THE BOOBY IS!



CONTINUED...



TOM REAMY, 4047 Herschel, Dallas 19, Texas

I see my illos don't jibe too closely with the story, especially the clothes in the small one. The expression on the guy's face in the large one fits pretty well, though, but the color of the stone is wrong. Even if I had known it was red instead of green, it would have turned out blue. I thought I had a red carbon but I see by the lettering that it was blue. As to the story: it was well written, but if you hadn't explained it when writing the instructions for the illos, I doubt if I would have gotten the message. And those damned underlined pronouns! Very trite and very distracting. You find yourself mentally accenting them when you're reading and then you try to stop and you don't pay any attention to anything else but your battle with the things. Your own story is quite good. Your writing style is rather unexciting (when I criticize other people's stories, I pretend I write like Sturgeon), but you have a pretty cute idea, but you never did explain why Janer did kill the guy. ((it was an accident--he didn't intend to kill him.))

((If any of you guys are interested, Tom binds fanzines in a permanent binding. Hardish cover, spiral (plastic) binding. He does a damn fine job on it and only charges one buck for doing it. He will bind all of one volume together for that price -- or I guess, as many within reason as you want. He did my BoF-'57 for me and it is great. Get in touch with him about it.))

DON DURWARD, 6033 Garth Ave., Los Angeles 56, California

Hey, for being just an untalented branch of a tree, you're pretty good as a writer, Twig. I liked "The Beast," (and better when it wasn't a beast) but feel sorry for the poor things on Planet V with no music to hear. Are you going to just leave them that way? I am against all such cruelty and I am head agent of the LNF and he sticks up for such unfortunate things. So you had better watch out, because soon, I hope there will be others being LNF agents, and they will watch closely for such unthinkable cruelty.

Dick Lupoff had a different slant on "Who" and it almost agrees with mine. Personally, the book got more interesting as it went along. Even when the "imposter" Martino confessed that he wasn't Martino, my interest stayed with him instead of switching to the real Martino, not that I didn't think of him.

I agree with you about Walt Willis. I also am not trying to chop him down, but there are many more deserving fen.

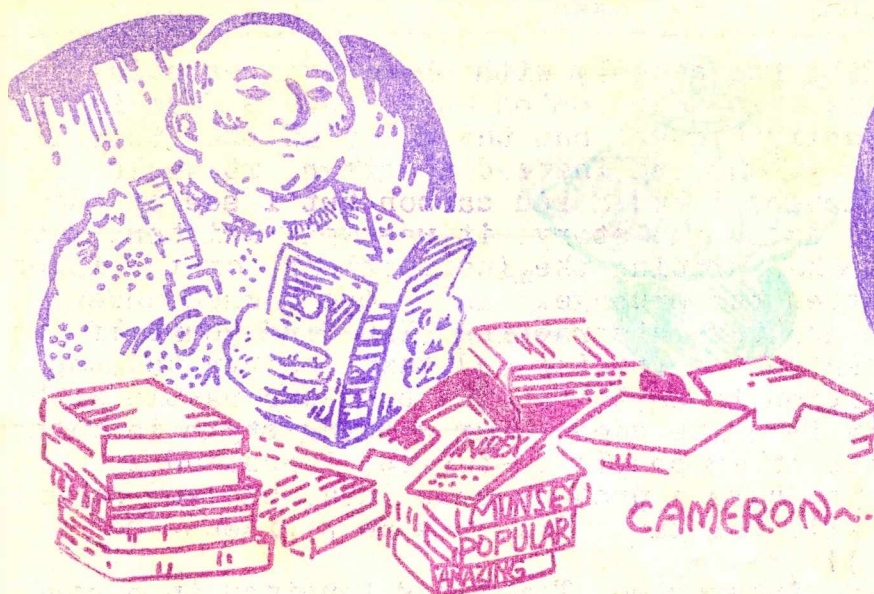
Rick Adams' "Born To Space" was an exceptionally good story in my opinion. It was interesting and had a good ending, even if it was upside down in my copy. Franson's article was catchy, but it seemed to me to be a little repetitious of other things I have read.

((Well, it's like this -- I'm breaking in Tina to help me with TI. She does fine, but I forgot to check to see that her pages were right side up. Half of them weren't. So.....))

That about winds up the letter col for this time. See you all next issue.

THE BEST OF FANDOM-'58 -- available in mid-March. Order now! 75¢





# Sawdust

The little fellow up above has it...like...this issue has been a pleasure to put together and I hope you find it that way when you peruse the pages. You might say that it is a rather complacent smile...I would have to disagree with you on the point. Neither Dan nor I are complacent where TWIG Illustrated is concerned. We worked at making this a good issue. We'll work to make the next one even better. We hope we won't be standing still. (Get that "we" will you! I can use it now and not feel like Ray Palmer.

SEEDS: due to lack of space up front this time, I'm incorporating this with Sawdust. If you haven't recently read an Howard Phillips Lovecraft story, I'd advise you to do so before the next issue. If you haven't read HPL at all, try to do so. Having read HPL will greatly enhance the story by Bob Leman we are using next month. I don't usually laugh aloud when reading, but even Diane had to come see what was so funny when Bob sent this to me.

Too, there will be an article by Bob Bloch. That means we have the two funniest Bobs lined up for next issue.

At this point I want to make an apology. No...not to you readers...but to Dan for the botch I've made of some of his work. Any flaws in layout this issue are not Dan's fault. I take the full claim on that point.

Till next time.....

*Guy*

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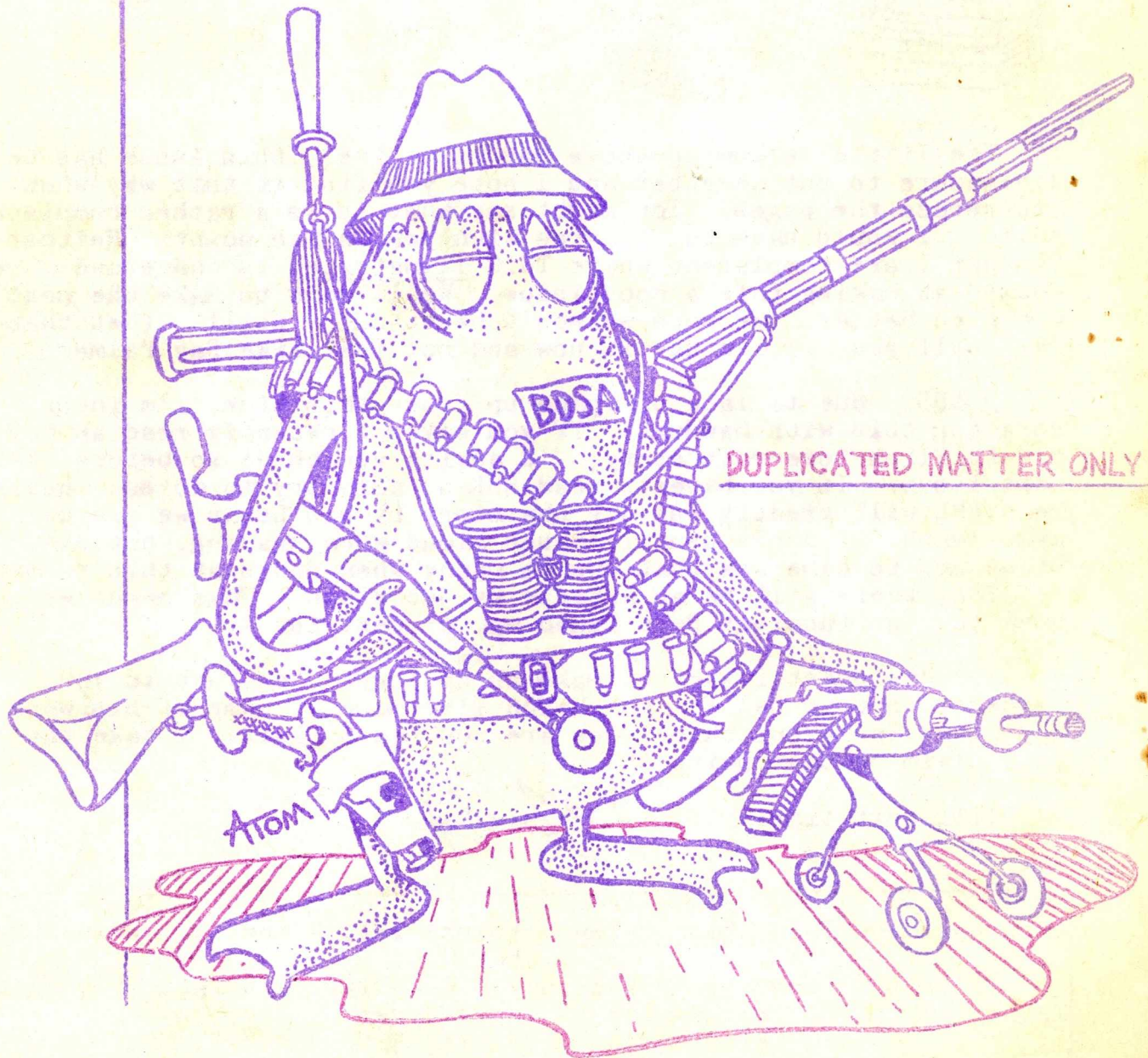
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