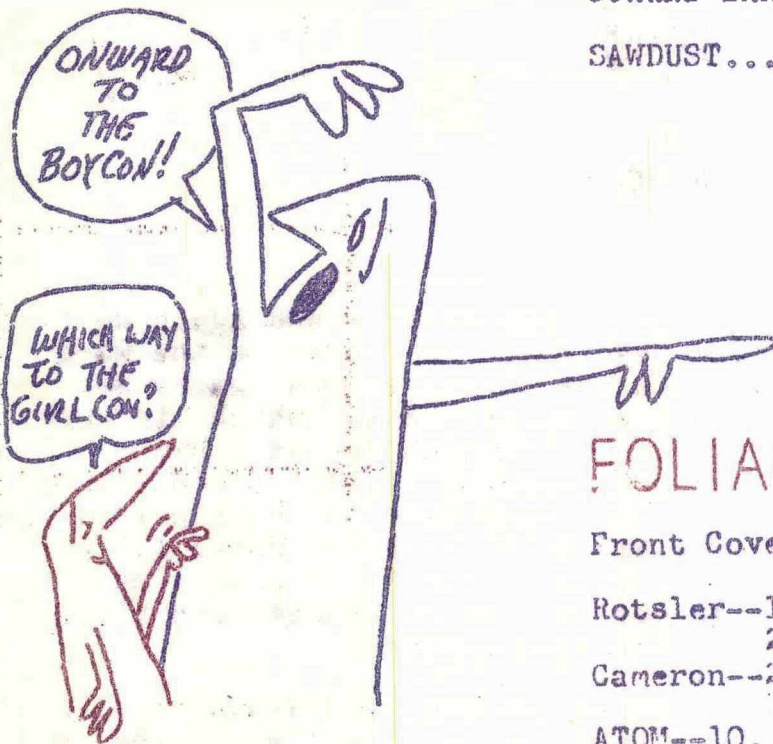




BRANCHES

| | |
|----------------------------|-----------------|
| SHAVINGS..... | 2 |
| A PRIVATE WALLING WALL.. | Ted White...3 |
| TAN-MAN OF THE DINASAURS.. | Rick Adams..10 |
| WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.. | Miriam Carr..17 |
| LEAVES..... | 19 |
| SCALED BARK..... | 22 |
| SAWDUST..... | 29 |



FOLIAGE

Front Cover -- GEORGE BARR

Rotsler--1, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 24, 25,
26, 27

Cameron--2, 19

ATOM--10, 17, 22

GILBERT--12, 13

Reamy--29

Scithers--ba-cover

TWIG, published by Guy E. Terwilliger, 1412 Albright St.,
Boise, Idaho. Volume III Number 3

Splinters remain at 20¢ each, or 6/\$1. Trades welcome on an
issue for issue basis. My list has reached a point where I no
longer desire to increase the number printed.



Cameron-

Water has gone under the bridge of time and again we find that this is TWIG you are reading -- no longer is the word 'illustrated' connected with the title. In the letter section, you will find Dan's last letter to me, which, in turn, gives you as much information on the subject as I had.

With Dan gone, it was only natural that I should return to the original title, one that many have you have said should be used anyway. The art is still good. Maybe not put on master with professional detail, but it is good. The material is the same high quality and no changes are planned in this line, except for steady improvement.

If you don't know it, Boise has the 1960 Westercon. If you think you might be left off the mailing list of the progress reports, I suggest you contact us immediately. The first report will go out soon after the DETENTION and we don't want to slight anyone who might want the reports.

We were afraid for awhile that California was going to drop out of the Westercon since this makes two years the con will be out of that state. Happily, we find that the various fan groups are backing us and not planning any such move. There could be no con without fans, and certainly, California has the majority of fans of the eleven Western States.

Diane and I didn't even know that the word 'coast' belonged in the Westercon title until after we had made the bid and received the con.

There are some weird pages in TWIG this issue. I'm, frankly, experimenting, so don't be alarmed that this situation will be a permanent one.



A

private
WAILING
WALL



ted white

When I was in Balto last Saturday, I picked up my final load of mail there and found TWIG #15 on hand. What follows are the comments it inspired. Sort of a "private" Wailing Wall, if you will.

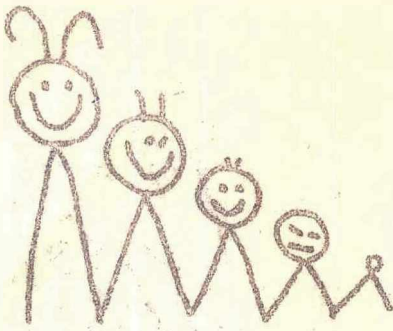
This seems to be a definite improvement in every respect over the last TWIG. I still quarrel with portions of it--as I'll go into in a moment--but the overall presentation is neater, cleaner, the art is better, more varied, and more original to TWIG (ie, not SATA-like), and the material is vastly superior--easily your largest step forward.

Past issues of TWIG (I've now seen others' copies or obtained my own copies of almost every issue) have been extremely ragged in contrast, and a re-examination will probably show a wide disparity between the various contributions to any given issue. There was a concentration upon the "neo-fringe" which is all but gone from this--a concentration which is unhealthy for just one reason: neo material almost without exception is badly written material. Many neos develop into fine writers, and many of today's top fans were once the producers of some truly terrible material, but the fact remains that most first-efforts are unworthy of publication, and usually are embarrassing to their authors in later years. (If you want a truly magnificent example, try reading the first ten or twelve issues of Silverberg's SPACESHIP--a crudzine of the first water, though it later climbed to among the leaders.)

There is nothing wrong in cultivating new fans. We all do it a good bit, and we owe the Busbies a good deal for their cultivation of such worthy fans today as Bill Meyers, Bob Lichtman, and others. But there is a dichotomy in the aims and ideals of fanzine editing in which while on the one hand it is good to encourage budding writers, it is bad to publish poor material in a fanzine, if the editor has any desire to produce a good one--despite the fact that the bad material may be the product of the "budding" fanwriter. I suppose this is why we have the neo- and the crud-zine: to absorb beginning efforts, to supply the bottom and lower rungs in the fan's ladder to success and the Enchanted Duplicator.

Slight solice indeed to the editor of such a zine who wants to be the editor of something better.

I think the problem of TWIG, and that which led me astray, was that TWIG has been undergoing a transition from the basically neo-type to



something better. I think it mirrors your own advancement in fandom, since you are, in effect, carrying your own ladder with you in the form of TWIG. I think you still have a ways to go (I mean--hell!--we all do), and I hope you realize that the suggestions I am offering are not from anger, spite, etc., but a sincere desire to help you--either in the form of a boost, or a pull up, depending on your point of view (and I know what Gerber's is, thank you...).

I don't care as much for Barr's cover this time. Barr has technique, but a paucity of really good ideas. This looks like a cover from STARTLING, circa 1946. Adkins, whatever his faults, seems more diverse now, and more imaginative. True, he too works a lot from photos--like, for instance on the contents page--but the effect, in this medium, is good, and original.

The contents page is very clean, and neat, but suffers from a slight overdose of serconishness, and a lack of vital publishing data, which really shouldn't be buried in the back pages of the zine.

The only really major complaint I do have, in fact, is the slight element of serconishness. I don't mean the arty-art, which I love, but, for instance including the "Illustrated" in the title (after all, we know it is--I could have called the lavish STELLARS STELLAR Illustrated with equal justification). This implies a slight bit of the zine's being taken with its own novelty and worth, an over-seriousness of self-regard. It took me a long time to find it out (and there are some who will insist I haven't learned it yet), but the less seriously you take yourself, and the less self-conscious you are, the more seriously others will take you, and the more you will be accepted.

Your editorial is about the best you've ever written. It is plainly something you felt you needed to say, and went right out and said. It is everything your last one (in #14) wasn't. All this despite my unhappiness over your printing private letters...but I suppose I am an equal offender there. A few points though: I never for a moment wanted you to edit in a "stellar" or a "void" manner. Nor in a "grue" or "hyphen" manner. I simply wanted you to edit, which I felt you hadn't been doing--to judge from the unevenness of past material. Had I been editing the zine, I would have rejected much, and asked for rewrites on the rest. I'm not asking you to edit from the prejudices I hold--as you seem to think--but rather that you simply edit creatively, enforcing your own prejudices. I think you are doing this now (either that or the level of contributions has picked up remarkably), and that is all I really wanted.

Second, to "temper what (you) say with reason and logic" is not necessarily to "take a middle-of-the-road view of fannish doings". I rather resent the implication that if anyone takes a strong stand on an issue, he has thrown overboard all reason and logic. Personally, I set a strong faith by "r'n'y" and I do my best to take positive stands on anything which interests me to any real degree. Perhaps it is a boggle over semantics, middle-of-the-road strikes me as wishy-washy inconclusiveness--

on par with Eisenhower's meaningless evasions... And---I don't think you lived up to your ideal too well during our squabble. You gave every evidence of being considerably "bothered" by the review of TWIG 14... You've devoted four pages here to my original three.

A minor point, but apparently haste led you to a remarkable number of typos and left-out words, which, while they don't affect quick scanning, do rather confuse one on close inspection.

Finally, I wish that after those four pages, you'd played up our reconciliation a little more strongly than one brief paragraph---say printed the follow-up exchange of letters. If you wish, I can print your follow-up letter in VOID with a note to the effect that everything is now over. I do think that something of this nature should be done, as otherwise I am sure that your readers will carry the "feud" on among themselves...

Being cast as a villain too frequently does strange and unhealthy things to my ego... Though I will say, that from GMCarr's point of view, I probably reaped more egoboo in this of TWIG than anyone else---that is, if you subscribe to her quaint notion that any mention, even unfavorable ones, is good egoboo...

Adkins' editorial, along with his other contributions seem much better than average. "Splinters" is a model of conciseness and informativeness.

Wyszkowski's article seems like better fodder for an apa-discussion, but basically it is an erudite recap of common knowledge---at least among those who've given any thought to the subject. To others it probably carries no interest. It also seemed like the introduction to something; a clearing of the way towards a positive proposal. I won't argue with it, since by its own definitions (and its general desire not to define broad subjects) it is unprovable and unarguable. The art and lettering is gorgeous.

"BNF vs NEO" leaves me with the impression that a) Honey Wood thinks she is a BNF, and b) she doesn't know how to organize her thoughts or stick to the subject (an admittedly hackneyed one) at hand. I mean, she talks about the N3F, the Clevention, and FAPA, and says something general about how neos grow and bnf's should help them, and she makes a few unsupported generalizations about the character of some unnamed (and generally unguessable) fans, but where is any discussion of the 2BNF vs. NEO?

She makes a mistake common to 'neffers' in saying in effect, "so what if we aren't doing anything---are you?" That really isn't the point. The N3F is and was set up as a service organization. It was set up to do things, specific things, for fandom. It grew out of Knight's "Unite or Die," at a time when large, national clubs were considered worthwhile and had not yet been proved impractical. (I say impractical, because it has been shown that fans generally prefer spontaneous national efforts with specific goals to long-range, vague, bureaucratic, unweildly efforts. Fans are basically individualists and not strongly group-oriented. The success of large spontaneous efforts dates long before the WAW IN '52 Fund---they go in fact back to Moskowitz's New Fandom, which put on the first "World" con, and then disintegrated...) Now, service organizations, like the Elks, the Kiwanas, etc., are foreign to



fandom, and the kind of mind which enjoys such petty-politicking is generally at a loss in fandom. Those few who are in fandom have gravitated towards the N3F and the late WSFSInc. (Belle, George, and Frank are A-1 examples). However, there are some services fandom could use, and which the N3F might supply, and which it was set up to supply. It has never done better than a poor job, and probably never will.

But other fannish organizations--the successful ones, at any rate--have not been get up along these lines. The apas, for instance, are cases of pure self-gratification--exactly as is general fanzine fanac--and have never pretended to anything else. "What in hell does FAPA do?" Honey wails (and she certainly sounds like she has a mouthful of sour grapes), totally unaware that FAPA is in no way obligated to "do" anything. It exists to fulfill a need among 65 fans, and this it succeeds in doing. If Honey wants "results" or "projects", I can only refer to her Bill Evans' REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST, a regular anthology of past fanzines, in which he captures the spirit of every aspect of the zine; THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE: Laney's ALL SWEET IDIOCY!, published in FAPA; and many other worthy projects (like, among many I forgot, WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA's final booklet publication).

Honey clearly has no knowledge of FAPA whatsoever, when she says, "They run out reams of paper telling all about everyone elses (sic) issues." She is referring to the mailing comments, of course, but they are hardly the "reviews" she catigorizes them as. In FAPA we don't review each other's zines--we comment on them, much as I am doing here. We take issue with statements made, ask questions of someone, and occasionally say, "By ghod, that was a fine story you wrote, Harry." In FAPA, the m-c's are the life-blood, the conversation. If, for instance, you came upon a group of people holding a conversation, you'd hardly say to someone else, "What a snob-bish little clique! All they do is reply to what the other one said, and comment on comments!" You'd recognize their conversation for what it is: an exchange of ideas. In FAPA, the m-c's are directly analogous.

"The House in the Hinterlands" was fine, fine Leman. It strikes me that had Leman only been writing stuff like this in the mid-thirties, it might conceivably have sold to WEIRD TALES--to the delight of all us Lovecraft-phobes who could then chuckle up our sleeves. It sticks very well in the vein of its prototype, though the Vandongon bit was a bit too obvious and out-of-place. Otherwise, I bet a real Lovecraft fan might read it without suspecting the tongue in cheek.

Archy Goodwin's illos are magnificent, as is the lettering. In "discovering Parker's old EC gang, Adkins has done an invaluable service to fandom's art.

Adkins had told me that Bloch's piece was low-grade Bloch, but I disagree. "Dr. Jessup on UFO" is Bloch the Reasoned Critic, and as such is not up to several of his past efforts in a similar vein, but it is superior to most of his recent pieces, and is a worthy addition to any fanzine.

Adkins' art is lovely.

Terry Carr's "Hell, You Say" is the best item of the issue, and deserves a more prominent position. This is first-rate Carr, fabulously fannish in idea, presentation, and punchline. The defamation of G----- W----- is marvelous, and many of the lines contain Hidden Significance of the side-splitting variety. For once the "peopled with a cast of all fandom"

gimmik has a purpose, and validity--Terry isn't just dropping names. Dan's art here is more awkward, but more adventurous. I see he's now trying a scratchboard technique by scratching the carbon off. A fine idea, nicely handled.

"Assignment: BEM, Robot, Girl" isn't worth the space devoted to it, unfortunately. For instance: The Reiss illo is crude, obviously saved only by Adkins' mastering techniques--highlighting the girl's breasts in such an obvious fashion serves no purpose whatsoever, and the layout is poor. Gilbert's is also poor. The girl looks like she has a broken neck and a terrible figure. The smile is also inappropriate. Juanita's drawing doesn't look much like her usual style--I suspect Adkins or more tampering (he admitted to this for the BoF illos). The Bem is out of Cartier, and the girl's face is harsh--unlike the usual Coulson femmes. Adkins' own illo isn't bad--is that Adam Link, or a Crusader Knight? Cameron's is stylistically beautiful, but lacking in action or real form--the girl looks stuck-in, which isn't helped by having her in another color. Barr's would have been helped by color, or a variation in line to denote variation in texture. It's a fine illo, but everything blends into everything else, which results in confusion. Pearson's is typical--right down to the toadstool. The BEM doesn't quite make sense, but the pic's well laid-out. "Lee's" I like. Barb's is stiff, static, and lacking in interest especially compared to the others on that page. Goodwin's, because he takes things the least seriously, is the best.

The

section reveals an interesting trend of thought--in every case the robot and the Bem are battling over the girl (or at least she remains to one side). In most cases, the robot is defending the girl. You'd think that at least one artist would come up with something less stereotyped, like maybe the girl riding the Bem, or fighting the robot, or something.

Still and all, this is an interesting idea. Try to get Dan to come up with a more original assignment, though...

Adkins' fmz reviews are much more temperate, sensible, and less jazzed-up than usual (in marked contrast with his reviews in the latest jd-ARGASSY which arrived at the same time), which leads me to wonder if maybe you edited them or he second-drafted them.

Of course I disagree with his analysis of VOID, though I find his opinion of it flattering. I don't "like to insult fans" or "in general make trouble." I have a somewhat fiery temperament, granted, but not nearly of the sort Dan would have me have. Dan mistakes the purpose of my editorial marvelously--the "we're hip" was only a flip remark...and the editorial was simply an out-and-out plug for DC in '60.

Adkins' comments about Geis, however, are totally out of order, I'm not even sure what he's trying to say, or how. However: Geis can take care of himself. Dick and I have been battling things about in a friendly way for over half a year without any hostilities. We're both in the Cult, and our relations there have been downright friendly. Geis doesn't pout and cry when I trounce on him for what I think are fuggheaded comments. Adkins' sympathy for him is misapplied, and his "defense" absurd.

"Ted White has even run off such deals for Geis. Go ahead and try to deny it, White." Well, hell. Deny what? I never in my life "ran off" anything for Geis. If Adkins means pornography, he's dead wrong--which he should know better than

I, having been a member of Geis' PAPA group. In my day I have both written and mimeod a little pornography, strictly in what I then thought of as a business venture, but I've never attempted to distribute any through fandom, and all copies were long ago destroyed. This sort of allegation from Adkins is both silly and stupid. Even if it were true, it would prove nothing, and the sneering way in which this lie is told disgusts me. Adkins doesn't sound so good when he's leering.

I see Adkins is also harping on "Archer," the name I sign illos with occasionally. This deserves to be cleaned up. The name originated during a period in my fannish life when I hosted a raft of pennames--a stage many fans seem to go through. After that, I used it as a house-name in STELLAR for unsigned artwork from the DIMENSIONS file--stuff which was uncredited otherwise. Jack Harness used it, and sometimes I added it to Harness' signature when I changed one of his illos. Redd Boggs dug Archer, and Jack and I, in collaboration and separately, produced several illos and department heads as "Archer" for him. I suppose they'll still be in SKYHOOK when it comes out. When Jack moved away, I let the name lie dormant. Recently I revived it for an occasional filler in VOID. Since I am usually thought of as a writer, and when I draw it is in the "straight" style, I reserved the Archer name for cartoons, and more stylized work. I've not made a secret of this for well over a year, and Archer lies in the same category now as Hickman's "Plato Jones". I did a couple of convention-booklet ad drawings under the "Archer" name, in case anyone is interested.

Dan's allusion to "Archer" as a "hoax-Negro" in FANAC was due solely to the fact that Stark used the name in his story in FLAFAN #2 in place of "Brandon's", whom he was afraid of offending. Larry has a habit of using fake-names and my pennames as lead characters in his stories since he knows I don't mind.

Your own review of DISJECTA MEMBRA is mistaken on at least one point: I wasn't arguing over DC vs Baltimore for a convention. There is no competition. I was merely disagreeing with Pauls and correcting a quote credited to me by Busby or Bourne or someone about the basic differences in character, etc., of the two cities.

Now regarding editors over-shadowing co-editors, Greg and I are aware of our problems, and are working to correct it. But--I have at least partial right to "dominate" VOID, inasmuch as I pay the bills, do all the work, etc. Greg wanted to give me VOID. He has little time for any fanac. I have tried to get MORE Benford into the zine. But it was a question of geing a TWhite-published VOID, or none at all.

Now with you and Dan, Dan is not indispensible, though he is an asset. You got along without him for thirteen issues, and might have to again in the future. It wouldn't kill TWIG. Dan is, you keep repeating, only Art Editor. Fine. So why does he write editorials, fmz reviews, and reply to letters? Guy, in this Dan is still more dominant in terms of being heard in TWIG (his voice is at a perpetual shout, unlike your own, and he gets more pages than you to talk in). Granted, the editing, a subtle, ineffible thing, is yours, and the personality is decidedly less would-be-SATA-like. I grant you your indignation over the claim that Dan is running



TWIG, since you are doing most of the work. But with all the space he gets, why not call Dan "Co-" or "Assistant-Editor". Because he really seems to be.

Anyway, the analogy between TWIG and BOLD is not a good one. Now, if you were to have accused me of being the dominant voice in Paul's zine, or vice-versa...that might have been another story.

I don't think you understood my statement about fans who "do not belong" in fandom. I referred to the misplaced souls whose likes and interests or abilities are alien to fandom's. The would-be Grand Exalted Pontiffs, who look upon fandom as another American Legion or SAR; the totally inept fumbler like Richard Koogle (who in three years hasn't changed an iota from his original idiot self); the half-asses like Warren Frieberg and Claude Degler who thought of fandom in terms of advancing their own dreams of power, glory, or whatever; the ones like Warren Dennis, who published in THURBAN I one of the decade's all-time worst fanzines and yet thought of himself as a Big Fan---- these fan are around just enough to make us wish they weren't. They really don't belong in fandom, and sooner or later either they or fandom reaches this conclusion and out they go! I wasn't including you here (I considered you to be prostituting or wasting your talents--maybe I've stung you enough now that this will no longer be true), and I certainly did not mean that sentence in the context in which you placed it.

Otherwise, your reviews are good, cogent examples of forthright declarations of opinion. I dug them.

The BoF ad was artistically rather poor, I thought. Loose, sort of. Maybe it needed a border.

I sort of think Dan's silly in printing the letter from his folks, but whatthell. His folks have a refreshing attitude towards fanzines--not unlike my parents-in-law. Some of his answers about "Lee" are silly in light of his revelation in his editorial--I was right in spite of the heckling--but he does a pretty humorous job of repeat-gags, which do excuse the endless number of prevarications he has offered on the subject...

NO, NO, NO!
THEY'LL JUST THINK
IT'S ANOTHER HAAX

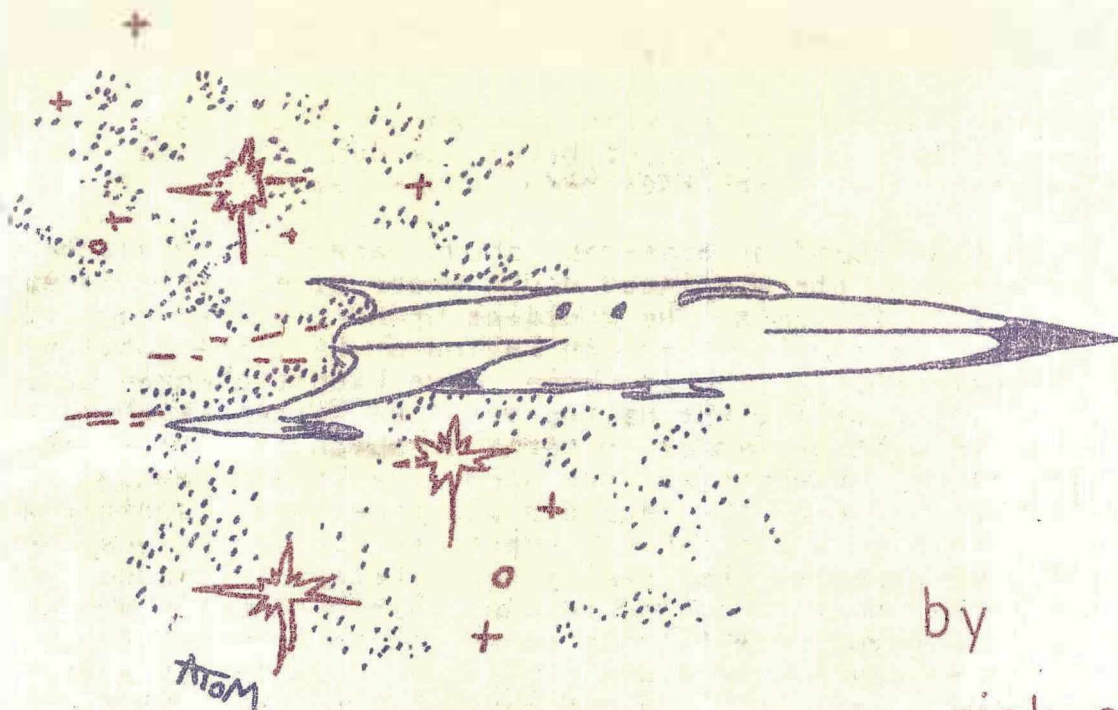


Your support of Carr for TAFF is a good one. It is just the sort of commonsense reason that led us to nominate Terry. Of the nominators, only Walt Willis has not met Terry. I rather suspect that after her big Sex build-up Bjo would disappoint some people, and I'm sure that few English fan launch to meet Don Ford. Terry is just the logical, common sense candidate.

That's why Don Ford will probably win.

Well, seven pages of detailed, analytical-type comments. What are you going to do with them? I think a number of them deserve to be printed, just in reply to some of your (or Adkins') statements, and...whatthell. Give your readers a scapegoat.

--Ted White



by
rick adams

Lord and Lady Tonacrutch sat in the lush vastness of their first class passenger cabin on the spaceship ATOM and gazed at their new son, Chris, who was born yesterday. It had been a long, hard trip for the Lord with his Lady pregnant, but he felt things would ease up now that his first son had been born.

True, Lord and Lady had not known of the pending arrival of an heir when they set out on their honeymoon ten months before to do some dinosaur hunting in the steaming fern jungles of Venus. There were no encumbrances then. Things would, perforce, be different with the hunting now. Lady could hardly leave the new babe to go trekking along the frond strewn path in search of game.

Had the royal couple known of events brewing at that moment, they would hardly have spent those last, glorious moments contemplating this accident of married life. As it was, a flaming meteor came out of the vacuum of space, ripped into the ship, and tore it all to hull, leaving only Lord and Lady's cabin intact. Through some miracle of fate, when the ship crashed in the torrid jungles, everyone was killed. That is, everyone except Lord and Lady and Chris. They were merely all shook up.

In the weeks that followed, Lord and Lady T. underwent undue hardship for people of their ilk. Because of the continual rains, Lord found it necessary to construct a rude hut of fronds and fernwood. His tender hands became blistered, then caloused. His beard grew lush and curly.

Lady Tonacrutch soon lost the 45-24-36 measurements that had won her a movie career and that she was so proud of. Her hands, too, were

blistered and caloused from having to hack out the fern shoots that grew to the ceiling each night.

In the evenings, eyes red and stinging from the open flame in their hut, Lord Tonacrutch read avidly to his wife from the 2030 edition of THE BEST OF FANDOM, the only book they had managed to salvage. After each session, they spent an hour or so discussing the events in fandom and wondering who was feuding with whom, if any new pro- or fanzines had come out, and if anyone missed them. After these stimulating talks, Lord tediously carved out chapters of his new book for fandom: My Lord Is Lost On Venus, copying copiously whole paragraphs from the fannish writings, changing only a word here and there in order not to get caught. Then, with loving hands, he would place BoF back in its airtight, watertight, aluminum container and put it on the shelf until the next night.

Weeks passed. Life became unbearable, and it was with relief one hazy afternoon that Lord and Lady T. heard the sound of thunder, or what they took for thunder, and rushed outside. To their amazement, they saw a vast herd of dinosaurs descending on the campsite.

Lady T. rushed into the cabin, grabbed Chris, and rejoined her husband. "Our prayers have been answered," she sobbed hysterically.

"Yes, they were heard, even on this God-foresaken planet." Lord cried, raising his hands to the heavens. "Death is better than a life like this!" He quickly dropped his battered appendages behind his back to hide the scars, not wanting to be reminded of hardships in this last hour.

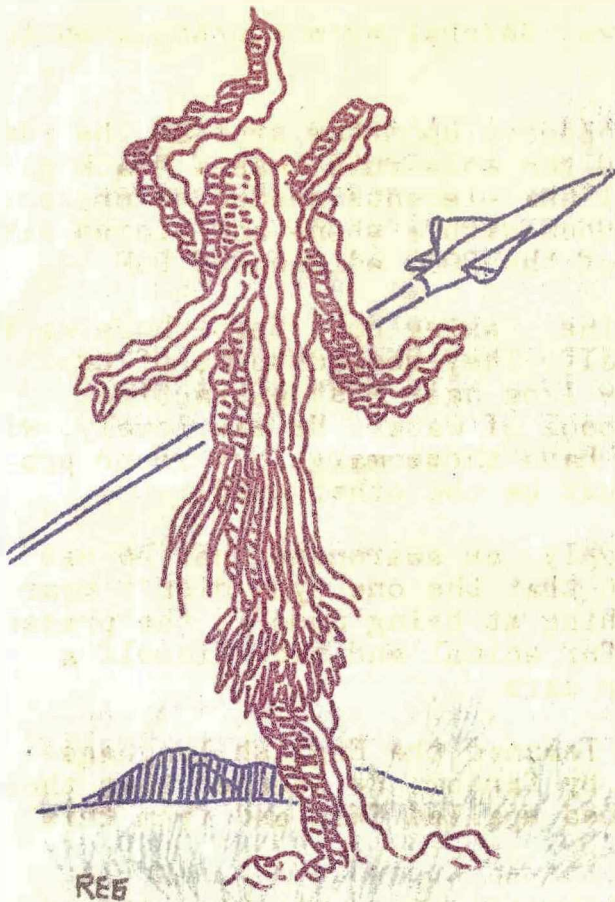
There was hardly time for him to finish this action before the horde was upon them, ripping, tearing, and having a hell of a good feast.

During the one-sided fracas, a particularly vile looking beast rushed in and grabbed little Chris from Lady's arms and made off into the jungle.

AmAm, for such was the lady dinosaurs name, had spotted Chris, all gundled tight in his blanket, in Lady Tonacrutch's arms. He looked, to her weak eyes, much like an egg. A mental picture had crossed her mind of a week previous when she and her husband, Rex, had been sitting at home caring for their newly laid egg. In a fit of playfulness, Rex had goosed her. With a squeal of delight, she had jumped from the nest, stepped back, and crushed the egg. Her motherly instinct now bid her to steal this egg for her own.

Thus it was that Chris Tonacrutch fell in with the dinosaurs.

Being still a babe in arms, Chris was unaware of the change in mothers. Lady T.'s hands had become so rough that he hardly noticed the change from calouses to scales. He did, however, note the lack of mamaries from which to feed. Eating was his major problem until by accident, one day, he picked up a rock and knocked a small hole in the end of one of AmAm's eggs. Finding the fluid running from the



small aperture, he pressed his mouth to it and sucked out the food, and, for the next twenty-one years grew healthy and strong.

AmAm, in the meantime, rapidly became neurotic. The continual filching of eggs by her son warped her mother instinct. Too, it was highly frustrating to have her only sib climb from the ground and cavort around in the trees. No self-respecting dinosaur would ever do this, and it proved to be a saur point with the Hiswalli tribe to have this unnatural child showing superior intellect. Many a young saur eyed the man with a hungry eye. At these times, AmAm stood beneath the tree growling at her son.

Back on Earth, in Merry Olde England--there'll always be an England, you know--events were shaping up that would change the life of Chris on Venus. Lord Niac, a staunch friend of Lord Tonacruthe, had finally decided, after much talking with others

at the revamped Globe, that something untoward had happened to his fannish friend.

"Lady Niac," he said one day, "twenty years have gone by since Lord and Lady T. were last seen. I'm finally convinced that this isn't just another hoax. It's a shame that he is always suspect of hoaxing, but what can you expect from a blood descendent of Carr-Ellik."

"It's about time you arrived at this conclusion," Lady Niac growled. "Your daughter, May, and I have been telling you this for some years now."

The Lord mused. "Ghad! The fan who put the last bheer can on the Carr-Ellik tower can't just vanish. It's not fannish that he should have satiated." He stroked his smooth shaven face and puzzled for a moment.

"Lady," he eventually blurted, "pack our grips. We three are going to Venus and find Lord and Lady T."

Chris, unknowing of these events, had tired of his reptilian playmates. For days at a time he wandered away. Members of the Hiswalli

hoped that one day he would not return. Several even contemplated following him and having a tasty meal.

On one of these journeys, Chris happened upon the site of the rude hut that had been his home. There, as the sole ruin, was a black aluminum box, airtight, watertight, all the elements needed to protect the valuable contents. He bashed it open with a stone and stared with amazement at the contents--one copy of the 2030 edition of BoF.

Thoughtfully he perused the magazine, taking note that there were many dinosaurs that looked like himself. They seemed to be of two kinds and he found the style with the long hair most attractive. Closely he scrutinized himself in a pool of water. He was lovely, with the long hair, but, alas, he did not have those marvelous round proturbances on his upper anatomy. He must be the other kind!

Scanning the pictures more thoroughly, an awareness that he was naked crept over him. It was apparent that the one type didn't wear anything but that his type did. Blushing at being nude in the presence of 'one of the others', he killed a fur animal and made himself a loin cloth, front and back, from it's ears.

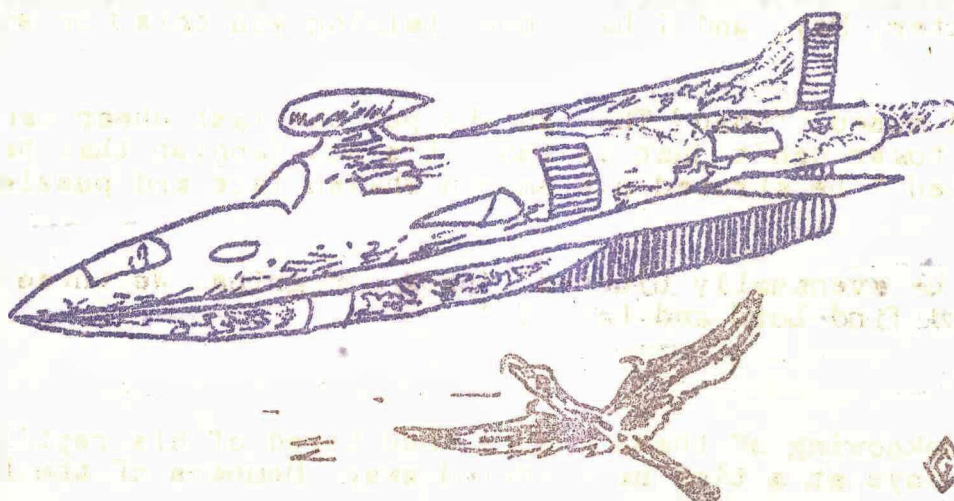
In the weeks that followed, Chris learned the English language--with all the idiomatic liscence used by fandom. He learned that those strange branches in the tree he climbed spelled TWIG and from this so named his tree abode.

Legends of fannish lore filled his brain: the publishing giants of Berkeley--wherever that was, became his friends, even though they were old enough to be his great-great-grandfather. He wondered how two people could be one called 'Brandon.'

He didn't understand what the letters IWSFSInc stood for, but gathered that there had been a fight over this that was still going on.

Someone named Bruce, it seemed, had carried on the tradition of YANDRO, some Ghod, no doubt, and now his children were taking over from him with the promise of continued monthly pubbing.

Fabulous Seattle, whoever that might be, continued in the fourth



generation to publish CRY and bickered over whether to go bi-monthly or cut the letter column. It was confusing!

Something called "-" had finally ceased publication but its publisher still sat back and dreamed of his hey day and was pleased that "-" had remained in the top ten for all these years, even though some guy named Terwilleger couldn't understand it. It was claimed that this Willis was the oldest fan alive. It was also feared that he would soon play the "harp" he wrote about during his long and active life.

There were other names: Koning, whose DWE had taken over for the FBI and other world police units; White, whose tradition of not knowing whether he lived in Baltimore or New York was carried on by his offspring; Calkins, Leman, a man apparently who belonged to a cult of worms;-- all of them Fannish Ghods next to the supreme Ghod, Bloch.

The name of Berry was most prevalent. Thirty-two of the hundred selections were by people named John Berry, and it was noted that none of them, in original appearances, were reprints.

May Niac sat outside the spaceship scowling at the Venus-scape. For three weeks she had sat thus, dejected, demoralized and disappointed, while Lord and Lady Niac had scoured Venus for the missing T.s. It was horrible! Not a man was in sight. She longed for the streets of London and the whistles of the spacecats.

In the background, Lord and Lady puzzled over a battered, black aluminum box.

"Look," Lord yowled, "here is the scratch I accidentally put on it. You remember! My 50 carat diamond ring cut it as I passed it to Lord T."

"Then they were here," Lady Niac sighed. "No doubt that weathered skull over there belongs to one of them."

"Think of it." Lord Niac was exultant. "I'll go down in fannish history as the Stanley of our times."

Lady frowned. "The conditions are slightly different, dear. Livingstone was alive."

"Bosh," Lord joshed her. "This man was a fan!"

Chris continued his study of BoF. One item bothered his mind. It told of an ancient fan, Terry Carr, who had won a TAFF trip to England for a con. There he had so enchanted the fan that the queen deemed it necessary to make him a Lord. From there the history detailed how this Carr and his wife, Miriam, begat a child and that child later wed with the offspring of one Ron Ellik, producing a child who married some Lord Tonacrutch.

It seemed there were ancestral memories stirring when he read this, but he couldn't understand their meaning. He dropped the book and went back to the Hiswali.

Desperately he tried to talk the matter of race over with Efiw, a particularly hideous looking female dinosaur to whom he had become attached. She couldn't understand. His love for this creature was strange, yet seemed so right to him. Not knowing any different, it never crossed his mind that he could be called a sexual pervert. With a pat to Efiw's tail, a sign of proposal, he decided to visit the site of the rude hut once more and then forget the whole thing. On his return, he would claim his bride. The type of dinosaur called 'fan' didn't appeal to him. If Efiw was willing to forget that he was different and mate with him, he could forget this thing called fandom.

Thus it was that May, on looking up, suddenly beheld a dream in furs standing in a crotch.

"My Ghod!" she screamed, "look at that Tan man in the trees." She went forward, pointing. "Tan man, come down from the trees and meet me. Who are you?"

Chris dropped to the ground and gave her a going over.

"Who are you?" May repeated lovingly.

Chris recognized her for what she was. "Christ on a crutch," was all he could say.

May was delirious. "Me May Niac," she cried. "Wait here." She dashed away to tell Lord and Lady she had found the son of the Lord.

"I've found him! Oh! he's glorious. Such a tan man, such a hunk of man. Oh, my Lord!" She paused. "I don't like that name. It sounds a bit sacriligious. I'll call him...Tan Man."

Chris had followed her slowly. Taking her arm, he turned her around. "Me Tan Man?" he questioned.

May shivered with delight. "Me May! You Tan Man!"

Chris thumped her on the chest. "Me Tan Man?"

May sized up the situation. This tremendously muscular man had never seen a woman before. "You man! Me woman!" she beamed.

"Me Tan Man, fan dinosaur."

"Oh, wonderful. Tan Man of the dinosaurs." She paused a moment. "Dinosaurs," she screamed.

"Me Tan Man take you to see them. Come."

"Oh, not now dearie. Let's sit this one out." She led him to a fallen fern log and sat him down, then sat on his lap.

No woman ever tried harder to get a man than May did during the next week. She caressed him, ran her fingers through his long hair, anything to attract this gorgeous hunk of man.

She thought sure he had fallen until one day he announced he must return to the Hiswali.

She tugged at him. "Don't leave me, Tan Man! Take me with you, but don't ever leave me!" She leaped into his arms, but they weren't poised to catch her.

"If you'll excuse me," he said in his broken English, "I must return to my family."

He didn't like these people, finding the growls and roars of the Hiswali much more pleasing to the ear than the bird chirping of May.

May scrambled to her feet. "Don't go, Tan Man, lover. Stay with May." She kissed him.

Tan Man turned away. There was only one thing to do with this 'people' who called herself May. If he wanted to gaffate, he would have to do it.

"Come," he said, "we go see dinosaurs." Grabbing her, he ran into the forest.

May's whole body tingled. This was it. She had won Tan Man. They would go see his family, then return to Earth and be married. Lord and Lady Niac could hear her voice yelling; "Don't you worry, dears, this is wonderful."

Chris bodily carried May through the fern forest, over crevice and valley to the valley of the dinosaurs. A strange feeling gripped him. It was deep and overpowering and he hurried toward his tree home in anticipation.

"There," he said to May, "are the dinosaurs. Take a good look as it will be your last."

"Wonderful!" May purred, assured now that Tan Man was hers. "Wonderful! But aren't they hideous beasts? And to think they raised you. Weren't you afraid?"

For answer Tan Man bent his head back and gave forth with the call of the bull dinosaur. Led by Efiw, the saurians thundered to the tree.

"Tell AmAm and Rex there are böhers back there," Chris called to Efiw. "This one is for you alone."

May screamed in terror as he dropped her into Efiw's waiting maw.

Chris settled back to wait for Efiw to dine. Once through, he would claim his bride for all time.

--Rick Adams

A FEW COPIES OF THE BEST OF FANDOM--'58 are still available for 75¢!

WHEN
WE
WERE
VERY
YOUNG

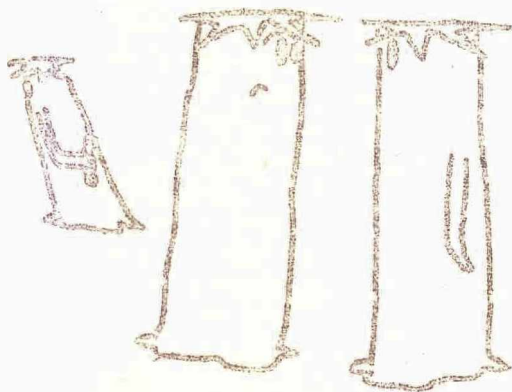
I have been keeping Terry amused the last few rainy afternoons by telling him escapades of my childhood. And that very same Terry who just a few short weeks ago promised to love, honor, and cherish, etc., said that I had some rather peculiar notions as a sprout. He was refering to the ambitions and aspirations to fame and great wealth that I cherished as a kidlet. I think he is a cruel wretch to scorn the flames that burned so brightly in my young heart.

After all, I was not nearly so ephemeral as most children, the types who want to be a cowboy one day, a fireman the next, and so forth. I had only two ambitions up till high school age.

From the age of five until the fifth grade, I wanted to be a scientist. I wanted to study and explore tide pools and rock pools in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. To enter the enchanted lands of sea anemones, and little shell fish, and other delightful fauna. From the fifth grade to the ninth grade, I wanted to be a major league baseball umpire.

I
I got the idea for the life of ocean exploration from a trilogy of books on Oceanology, or Undersea Marine Biology, or whatever one would call this worthy field of endeavour which I so admired. I have forgotten the titles of this set, but remember very clearly the lovely colour plates, and one especially of some delicate flower-like anemones, labeled, "Dwellers in the Rock Pools."

I confided my precious secret to my then current passion, Orin W. Zazlove, one day. I expected him to be immensely awed and vow to to to the sea with me. I had such romantic visions of Orin and me gazing at tide pools together, throughout life. Oh, I had faith in Orin W. Zazlove! He was a handsome fellow, and intelligent (he and I were the best readers in the class), and so well informed! It was he who told me that "pastor" meant un-married mother, and when I asked him how an un-married mother could exist, he explained that these evil women must get their babies from the Black Market! Now I ask you, how many young men of six have such reaching knowledge?



734
He said he wished to cancel his subscription to my zine if ever I decided to publish one.

But oh, how that Orin let me down! After I unfolded the drama of the exciting future in marine science to him, he simply said, "Oh, that's nice, I guess, but I'm a landlubber, myself." I'd never been so broken-hearted in my life. I told him that it was all over between us, and he was very sad. But he was quite philosophical about the whole thing and commented that if our careers were to conflict, it was better to part friends now, rather than to add torment to our lives.

During my fifth grade year, I began to share my family's enthusiasm for baseball. I listened to all the ball games with them, and went to all the games I could, and in between times read the sports page avidly. On off-seasons I read books about baseball. I lost interest in the little fish entirely. I read fiction about ball players. I read biographies of famous ball players, and others associated with the game. I read rule books. And I practically memorized a book called "Who's Who in Major League Baseball."

I wanted with all my heart to participate in that wonderful pastime as my career. I knew that I could never belong to a ball-club, tho. Not even a girl's club. I just hadn't--and still haven't--any athletic ability whatsoever. And I was not going to be content with sportscasting, commenting, or writing. My father had done all those things, but they weren't active enough for me, and not deeply involved enough in the game. Therefore, the die was cast, there was no alternative: I would have to be an umpire. But that didn't daunt me. It would have to be the Majors.

I knew that there had never been a female major league umpire. The PCL would do, but I wouldn't settle for the IL, oh no.

My family and friends pointed out to me that it simply wasn't done. They just didn't have female umpires. Who cares? said I. Women just didn't become doctors back when my grandmother and her sister became doctors, either. How can people stand in the way of progress like that? Of course I'd become an umpire! I'd just be so good that they'd be forced to hire me. I'd be the first female Major League umpire, and I'd be an all time great, and they'd write me up all the time like "Beans Reardon."

I did learn to be a pretty good umpire, at that. I had such a good knowledge of the game and the rules and fine points of play that I always umpired school games and all the boys tho I was a real twentieth century marvel, and I had a lot of fun.

But I never did become a pro umpire at all.

--Miriam Carr

English fan can obtain copies of THE BEST OF FANDOM--'58 by sending the equivalent amount of English Proazines in trade for it. No VARGO STATTON acceptable, however. Prefer NEBULA, NEW WORLDS, SCIENCE FANTASY or SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES. Price is 75¢, you take it from there. Have set back a few copies especially for this purpose. Send card first class requesting copy, then send the zines surface mail to save on the pennies. Okay?

Time is short, there is a queue of letters that was due to be mailed out tomorrow. As a result, I had planned on reviewing this will have to wait until next issue. Can promise, tho, that next ish will be a better one.

Seems to me that zines are getting better and better. Somewhat like the current one and I think that there has been--talk of the prozines getting worse and worse. I contend that there are more and better zines. I think that is, from what there were three years ago. Perhaps it's just that the crop of zines who were writing three years ago have made vast strides in their writing ability and thus the better material.

But enough, let's get on with:

MAMMON #3, Jim Moran, 208 Slade St., Bracut, Massachusetts.

Repro-wise, MAM has made great strides forward. This is by far the best in date in that department. I always take pride in a ditto-zine that is well done, and MAM can rank itself right up in the top group with this issue.

Featured in this is an art folio by Dave Prosser. While I am not an addict of Prosser art, I must admit that these pages are a beauty to behold, especially the one on page 22, "The Temple of Mammon." The black and red color combo is magnificent. Prosser is undoubtedly a good artist. His technique belies a knowledge of how to put what he wants on paper. I contend, however, that he is too much in love with naked women in what I would call, obscene poses. I would like to see Dave do some art that wasn't hideous or contained nude women.

Karcy Warner, Jr.'s "Inside Fantasy" proves very interesting on the last area left for a fan to index. I can't understand, tho, why anyone would want an index of fanzines. Indexes bore me, so that is no doubt why the question.

Pearson finally comes through with some excellent female illos, both in face and body. From past performance, this is a great step forward for F.I.I.

History, movie review, letters,

LEAVES



...under the line... taking on the appearance that they are a product of Innuendo... SHOCK is another... this... must be the true... white paper that gives the appearance... the features of APR.

Outstanding in this is the John Berry item "Money Makes Key Kelly Pence." John brings up the idea that fandom has at last come of age and should be taking on the aspects of the aristocrat by having a coat of arms for the various groups, or in some cases, individual. I wonder how many fan will design a coat and send it to John as the keeper of the records, if you haven't seen this item, I'd suggest you read it. I found it quite entertaining.

I won't go further into the contents. This is a typical typical English zine, with items by Vin Clark, Ken Bulmer, Penelope Fandergaste, etc. to titillate the fannish palate.

U'Blick #2, Leslie Steven Gerber 1, 201 Linden Blvd. Brooklyn 26, NY

Les admits that this issue is again basically fiction and that he wants to give in to fannish desire and have something else in the pages of UM. As such, I went into reading the ish with a feeling that Les didn't care too much for it but had put it out to be putting it out. Never a good attitude.

What's with so many fanneds, anyway--new ones, that is. What in the hell kind of a guy are they to accept something to print in their zine and then come right out in the zine and say that it isn't good, but was all they could get. It makes for a bad impression of the zine before the reader can even give it a chance. (Not that Les said this, he just reminded me of it.)

Berry is here with one of his lesser items. (It's all right for a reviewer to say things like this--and since I used the word, I'll say something to fans in general. I'm an English teacher, I know it and you know it. A lot of you launch because I don't always use proper grammar. To hell with you. Until those of you who spell "all right" as "alright" can learn to spell a simple word like that correctly, you can keep your traps shut on my not using good grammar. At least if I don't spell a word correctly, it's a typo, not because I can't spell!)

Seems I've used up the space to review Les' zine with complaints of my own. But, there wasn't much to comment on, anyway, so I at least gave him a little space.

SYZYGY--GOOJIE PUBLICATION #4, Miriam Carr, 70 Liberty St. #5, San Francisco 10, California. 15¢

And an exceptional value for 15¢ it is. I think, should I be able to pick only two zines, and the two zines had to be put out by a husband and wife, I would pick Goojie Pubs and Innuendo as the ones I would most like to get.

Through a bit of influence from the appearance of TWIG Illustrated, Miri went back to ditto process this time and does an excellent job of it. A couple of pages were a bit blurred in my copy, but what the

hell, it's so far and above the average ditto-zine of the day that I'd be a fool to complain.

Page 31 brings a question to my mind. I know that pic by Larry Windham was sent to me. I still have it, unused, in my file cause I checked to see. And, harking back to MAMMON, there is a Pearson illo in it that was sent to me--I still have it, unused. What is this, a conspiracy or something?

All of the material in this issue is excellent--guess I better qualify that since I have an item in it, too--I'll withdraw the excellent from my own and let you judge that for yourself.

One thing is certain--with GOOJIE PUBS you can't go wrong. By all means, get them.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #44, 2548 W. 12th St., Los Angeles 6, California.

Fandom, at least in the apas, is being flooded with a series of zines called "12th Street Rags". The only genzine from that address is SHAGGY, and as such, is the best of the zines. These mags are all characterized by the same appearance. Must be the group influence and each one seeming to have a hand in the others. At any rate, 12th Street in L.A. is certainly the fan pubbing center of the world at present.

SHAGGY concerns itself muchly with the doings of LASFAS, and as such would seem to be a zine of little interest to the gen-fan. Not so. SHAG is one of the best zines going today.

Outstanding cover thish by Goldstone. Glad I was in Seattle for the Westercon and got one off the zine. Include the seven illos from the movie THE GENIE in the issue, and you find you should really buy this issue if for nothing else.

The Genie, by the way, is a clever film and well done. From the dramatists point of view, I could pick out several flaws in the script, but nothing worth bothering about. Bjo turns out to look nothing like I had expected from the drawings she makes of herself.

Ron Ellik continues to turn out the best item in each issue. This one is no exception.

Fanzine reviews are good, even more so since I finally found out who ESP is. Somehow, I can rely on a review much better if I know who is writing it. You know, sort of know the person through other letters, get an idea of what they are like, and you can judge just how much reliance to put in what they have to say.

SPECTRE #5, Bill Meyers, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tenn.

I have yet to see what I would call a really bad issue of SPEC. Bill outdoes himself with his own writing this time, but, as usual, he can keep my interest, even with rather fannish-mundane items.

Bloch, Tucker, Warner, etc., make appearances in their above average writting techniques. The letters are interesting and give a bit of food for thought.

Bill has left SAPS now, let's hope this doesn't mean that he will also quit fandom.

This is my own writing, out of desperation it has been done right on stencil, as editor, criticizing my own output, I can truthfully say that this could be a hell of a lot better. Next time I'll get at this task before time to put them on master--thus doing a better job where it should be done.

Dear Ray,
Janette sounds wrong as
afternoon -- then I began to think and--

I have quit random -- so -- keep package--

Send me the TWIG with my
cover -- sorry and all that
but hell -- I think I'll
spend my time trying to be-
come a pro from now on --

Will continue corresponding if
you wish -- but nothing reg-
ular.

Best,
Dan



//And that, readers, is the amount of warning I had that Dan had left fandom and TWIG Illustrated. I don't blame Dan, but I would have liked a bit more warning. Though, as I wrote him, I had told Diane that when Dan was married he would soon be out of fandom--but I didn't think it would be quite so soon. You get this issue Dan, but not because of the cover. Since the zine is no longer 'illustrated', I couldn't see using the cover. Good luck on turning pro--know you will go far.))

((And this brings me full circle in fandom -- Adkins brought me into fandom, now he is gone. I suppose this should mean that TWIG will now go gafia, also, but don't fear, or fear, as the case may be, I'm still planning on being active.

And now, another letter that should have been printed in the last issue but couldn't be for lack of space. The zine had been run off except for the final page when I got the following letter from:))

TED WHITE, 107 Christopher St., Apt. 15, New York 14, New York

I am writing this in a great spirit of friendliness and kindness and would appreciate your indulgence until I am finished.

After receiving your first letter I came to the conclusion that I had been too hasty. While I am inclined to raise an eyebrow at blanket statements condemning the Post Office--which I have worked in and have a fair understanding of--I have accepted your statement that the things you sent to me at three different addresses were not delivered. If, as you hint, the zines I sent you did not all arrive, I seriously suggest that you bug your postoffice, since apparently the trouble is at your end--my mail to and from others has not been troubled.

((Here I am cutting out part of Ted's letter. It concerned things already said either here or in VOID, but does not remove anything that would effect this.))

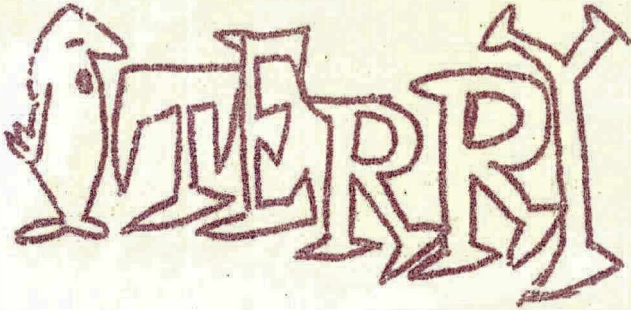
My criticism of your use of your nickname, TWIG, stands. I think that as a fanzine critic or reviewer I have every right to both call attention to and criticise this aspect of TWIG. I don't believe that there is any section of a fanzine beyond criticism.

I think the dominance of Adkins will be quite important to the future of TWIG. I think such things as adequate fanz reviews, an absence of juvenile comic-book writing, and a reasonably mature judgement of material quality is important. I think you know the difference. I know Adkins doesn't. He once told me that he thought SATA contained a high level of written material. Pearson however said, recently, "I've never given a damn about the material I publish. I want to make it look good. Most of the stuff I've published was crud. The only reason it's gotten better is because I've been sent better stuff recently."

There was more ((referring to some comments on TWIG)), but this was the meat of it. The tone is the same as I originally wrote it, not in malice, nor anger, but simply because I had no desire to fight with you.

Then came your second letter. Let me say, in all objectivity, that this was disgraceful. Disgraceful because you resorted to namecalling, to consistently losing your temper, and, basically, to admitting defeat. In the attitude, I mean, if not in fact. I should imagine you are sorry you wrote that letter. In any case, I could do no less than print it in VOID. I wanted to reply in length there, but I could not do so without lowering myself to the level of the letter. I trust what anger it inspired in me has now dissipated and that I can now dispassionately reply to it.

100, 100, 100, 100!



First of all, your logic here as might be expected from one in the heat of anger, is execrable. Take for instance, the portion printed in VOID. After telling me that I couldn't possibly know that Dan was a "dominant voice", you proceed to show me that he was, while chanting, "you couldn't know" this, that etc. You point out that he is only Art Editor, after admitting that he selected a healthy portion (over half, I should judge) of the material printed. I don't think this should be an issue. The

point is, what are you going to do about it? If a "better zine" is your only goal, and you don't mind collaboration, why not collaborate with a Grennell, Willis, or Leman. Or even give the zine to them if it will improve the zine.

But you see my point: it is more important that YOU improve the zine than that it be simply "improved" by someone else. Otherwise, why bother putting out a zine if you know that someone--anyone--else can publish a better one?

((Again a cut.))

There's another half page of your letter still to go, but I don't think I need to continue. I'll be charitable and assume you said a lot of things that in sober reflection you don't mean. I hope so. To be frank, it's no compliment to your abilities as an arguer.

I am probably an egotistical person. I try not to be unreasonably so. In one thing I differ from Adkins: I try not to let personalities creep into what were orderly debates and arguments. I don't think that swearing at an opponent gains anyone anything. It is to me an admission of defeat. It is saying, "Well, I can't think of anything wrong about your argument, but I won't admit I'm wrong, so I'll throw stones at you." If you see what I mean.

The only reason I'm writing this letter is that I have a funny feeling that we've both got started off on the wrong foot, and that basically there's no reason why we should be at outs with each other.

You may take this as a peace flag, apology, or truce offering. As you wish. I have no desire to feud with you, and never had. I'm perfectly willing to let bygones be just that and start afresh if you are.

If not... Well, it's up to you. I don't intend to fight with you in print any further in any case, but I am not above reprinting any further letters you might write in a similar tone to your second.

Like I say, I think it is all a misunderstanding, precipitated by two unruly tempers. I can curb mine, if you can curb yours.

How about it?

((This next paragraph was in a letter which followed shortly after the above, and I think it makes a point apparent.))

Apparently our mails crossed. As you now know, at the very moment you were writing me, I was writing to you, with roughly the same idea in mind--burying the hatchet. I trust this has now been accomplished. I warn you, however, that I am still my same outspoken self, and to take this into account before you decide that I've reopened any feuds...

((And there it is. Frankly, I'm relieved that this thing is over, and find it a much better situation that both of us wrote the other asking to have an end to it at the same time.))

speaking of TWIG, it has never led to its former style. It was as good as your own, with your own personality, and when that was added, the combination seemed to pull in two directions at once, pulling for TWIG Illustrated and Dan pulling for Dan. Even so, it was one of the smartest contemporary fanzines until Dan started using it to get back at people, or so it appeared. I think he was mad at me, but can't be actually certain, because I saw through his Art Lee bit as a result of the letter he sent me under that name. In this letter he was more critical than in the review of OMEGA in the last TWIG Illoed, saying that Dan Adkins (as a third person) and Bill Pearson were using pages from O-

scribbles

MEGA in the "bathroom, being out of Sears and Roebuck catalog at the time..." and other similar remarks. The criticism he gave, when the muck was brushed aside, was true, and prompted a hurried change in format since other people shared his basic criticisms. I don't know how the other people that Art Lee wrote to took it, but I was mad at first, then saw the truth of the basic arguments, then appaled that a person of Dan's standing could be even remotely connected with such outrage. I want to point out now, in accordance with my promise to never again become enraged at anything connected with fandom, that I am NOT mad at Dan, and hold nothing against him personally, but from what I have picked up from other fanzines, several other fans were also appaled and angered by the so called Lee Letters. If this has any relation to TWIG's reclaimed status, I don't know, but I think TWIG, as the fanzine it started out in the beginning to be, will be better because of the change.

My new format is news-feature zine, the first issue having articles from Bloch, Dietz, Campbell, Hamlin, Johnson, Hayes, McCubbin and others, and as it is new, I would like to have a short statement, if you are willing, from you on your opinion of Dan's actions concerning the Lee letters and the reasons TWIG is back the way it used to be, even if there is no relation to Dan. If you will agree to this, it will be published in THE TERRAN, my news zine, Number Two. If you don't agree, that's as far as I will pursue it from you. I sincerely hope you will allow me to use a statement however, as there are people who would be interested.

I can't make it to Art Center as I told Bjo in a recent letter, because I have no more money, but do have a job now handling highly radioactive Cobalt 60, Radium, and Iridium 192, at the Newport News Shipyard, where we are radiographing parts for two atomic subs and a carrier. I plan to be married Sept. 26, to OMEGA's former "executive secretary", but who really hates fandom and any of my contacts with it. She can't make me give it up, tho, IT's rooted too deeply.

((I rather imagine a lot of fen will be glad to see the return of TWIG as I had a great number of complaints on the "illoed" version of it. The art work, of course, was praised, but there was a definite feeling that my zine was not what it had started out to be. What I know of the Art Lee situation isn't much, but feel that I should give you some sort of report on what I know in an effort to stave off the few who have linked me with the "letter" thing. # Had hoped to get you out here on the coast, but, if it isn't to be, it isn't. All my best to you and the bride. A word of advice on your wife-to-be not being a fan or favorable toward fandom. Guess you'll have to do what my wife accused me of doing--springing full activity on her in slow doses.

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

That's a magnificent cover, and it's a relief seeing someone besides Dan doing a cover, since he does sooo many nowadays. But, the logo: aren't you planning to variate it at all from issue to issue?

I never was on White's side in the so-called feud that semi-sprung up between you and he; in fact, I disagree on more than just this with him--though I agree with him on others. It's all a matter of my own ideas. ((I used this paragraph to show what can spring up from a feud of sorts. It doesn't end with one person, but spreads around until everyone has to take sides. It's ridiculous to say the least and I want no part in anyone taking sides. White and I are on the best of terms now, I don't want anything to start things going again.))

I must say, though, that this editorial is one of the best I've seen from you; I mean, it's really an editorial, not just stream-of-consciousness ramblings as so many of us resort to when we've nothing important to say. Of course, you have to have an editorial so someone like Marion Bradley won't complain, but editorials are damned hard to write.

Who in hell is Paul Wyszowski? Though his article was mildly of interest, I can't see any justification for running it, especially as a lead article. It really says nothing of importance, and it doesn't even have any relation to fandom, as I see it.

I wish, Guy, that you would go carefully over anything Honey Wood writes that you intend to print and eliminate all the run-on sentences. Her article this time didn't have as many as her Solacon report, but it still had more than it rightfully should.

Leman's story is fabulously funny. Excellent, I might say, but in order to coin a phrase equivalent to "Bloch was superb", let us say that "Leman was laugh-worthy". How's that, ol' Robert?

On the other hand, I find that I didn't enjoy Bloch as much as I usually do. Perhaps it's because he went serious on us, or maybe because I don't dig the UFO jazz, but this is one time that I can't say that "Bloch was superb". Just good, is all.

Again, turning over the original hand, I can honestly say that this TCarr story was marvelous. The punch line was so obvious, that I wonder



why no one's ever used it before. The characterization was good, too, and the end wasn't telegraphed in the least. I wonder, though, how many will recognize that "Max" is none other than Keasler. And the complete implications behind using him in that particular role. Not many of the newer fans, I suspect.

Twelve pages of fanzine reviews? Ah, but I do think it was worth it. Adkins' dissection of OMEGA was perhaps a bit strong, but quite masterfully done.

On the side now, how big was that first N'APA mailing, and have you any spares for sale to a non-Neiffer, like me? I'd like to get a copy. It may be historical, someday: the first and last mailing of an apa. Let me know.

((Cut quite a bit of Bob's letter, most of it saying the same type of thing that is said in other letters. Do want to take issue with Bob on one item, though: the N3F.

You know, the N3F situation is really becoming quite laughable. No, I don't mean the Club is to be laughed at, quite the reverse. The issue so many non-Neiffers are taking on the Club is beginning to sound like sour-grapes to a lot of Neiffers including me. Sure, I'm a Neiffer, but I don't try to pan it off on fans who aren't. It's none of my business if they don't belong to the organization anymore than it is any of their business that a group of people want to belong. You know, I think a lot of fan have joined N3F just to see if it is as bad as a person who has never belonged says it is. Some of them like what they find and stick around. Others find it isn't the type of organization they want and leave. So, all SF Clubs are like this.

I rather resent the implication about N'APA. It is, you know, rather a dig at me since I'm the one to actually get the thing off the ground. Have you ever known Terwilliger to say he would do something in fandom and then not do it? I don't think so. I don't start things and not finish them. I surprised a hell of a lot of you when I got out BEST OF FANDOM. Some of the die-hards even insisted that I couldn't get out a second volume of it. I said I'd put out one of the most controversial zines in fandom. Two issues of TWIG Illoed seems to have carried out that threat quite nicely. To all of you who said there would never be a N'APA, well, you'll have to find some way to save face. The second mailing will be out before this reaches most of you. You'd be surprised at

some of the members if I were to print the list of those who have joined and plan on joining.

A first and last mailing of an APA?

Hardly! It might not be the best apa, or may not compare favorably with FAPA and SAPS at present, but I can assure you, it isn't dead, and it's good now and going to be better. Join up and see. It should be worth the \$2.60 it takes for a non-Neiffer to join. Sort of grist for the mill.))

FANDOM
JUST!

UR

BOB LAMBECK, 868 Helston, Birmingham, Michigan.

TWIG ILLOED #15 arrived yesterday, and was much enjoyed by me, and will be much enjoyed by Duncan Harris as soon as he can get it away from me. ((TWIG does get around. I wonder how many do read it that I don't send it to?))

It seems to me that TI deserved a place in the results of the FANAC poll. The artwork is really good, and very well put on master (altho this aspect wouldn't have been one of the reasons for TWIG appearing in the poll, since the poll was after only one issue of the new format). The written material is of good quality, and the repro is usually excellent and occasionally merely very good. ((But, Bob, I've been trying to tell all of fandom that there were no issues of TWIG ILLUSTRATED until after the poll. Regardless of what they think, #12 was not TWIG ILLOED, it was just plain TWIG, like this issue is. Get it?))

Wyszkowski's article is going to be helpful to me. It gives the precise reason that I accept reincarnation and Karma, i.e., my accepting these axioms or postulates has resulted in what I feel is a better life for me.

Honey Wood's home-hitting article shoots by, safely, over my retractable roof.

Leman's Good Old Fashioned Weird Tale was muchly laughable. I liked especially the summing-up understatement at the end of some of the paragraphs, like after the description of the idol: "It was quite ugly" or "it looked like trouble."

Bloch writes a good critical article. "Hell, You Say" was good. I didn't think of the punch-line until it was given, this implying that either the story was well-written, or I'm a little less mentally active than usual this week. "Assignment: Bem, Robot, Girl" is terrific! I like especially those by Atkins (and Lee), Barr and Goodwin.

((There were many other comments on TWIG ILLOED #15 that space doesn't allow me to print this time.

Of great interest to me were the various reactions to the end of the disagreement between Ted and I. 99% agreed that this was the right thing to do. There were only two who voiced an opinion that I gave up too easily. There was nothing to give up. I'm not a feuding fan. I much prefer to have White as a friend. There may be some of you who will want to comment on the White items in this issue. Great! But, I will not print letters that tend to try and carry on the difference. Good comment, yes.

A great number of fan commented on the BNF article by Honey Wood. I would say the ratio of fan who thought she was completely right to those who thought she was wrong would run about 4 to 5 for what she had to say. The only one who really declaimed against Honey was Ted Pauls, whose article I found so distasteful that I wouldn't consider running it. In his accusation of Honey as a neo-fan, he so completely makes himself the lowest of neos that it will do nothing but save face for him to have the article forgotten and not printed. Sorry if this hurts your pride to have me say this, Ted, but that is the definite opinion Diane and I got from what you wrote.

Joe Sanders writes that he will be "WILLING TO PAY CASH FOR TWIG # 13 & 14. People interested in selling should contact Joe at Roachdale Indiana, R.R. #1.

Will try to print more of your letters in the next issue. It is, after all, the 3rd Annish of the zine.

SAWDUST

A lot of water has gone under the bridge as concerns TWIG in the past few months. Some good, some bad, some mixed.

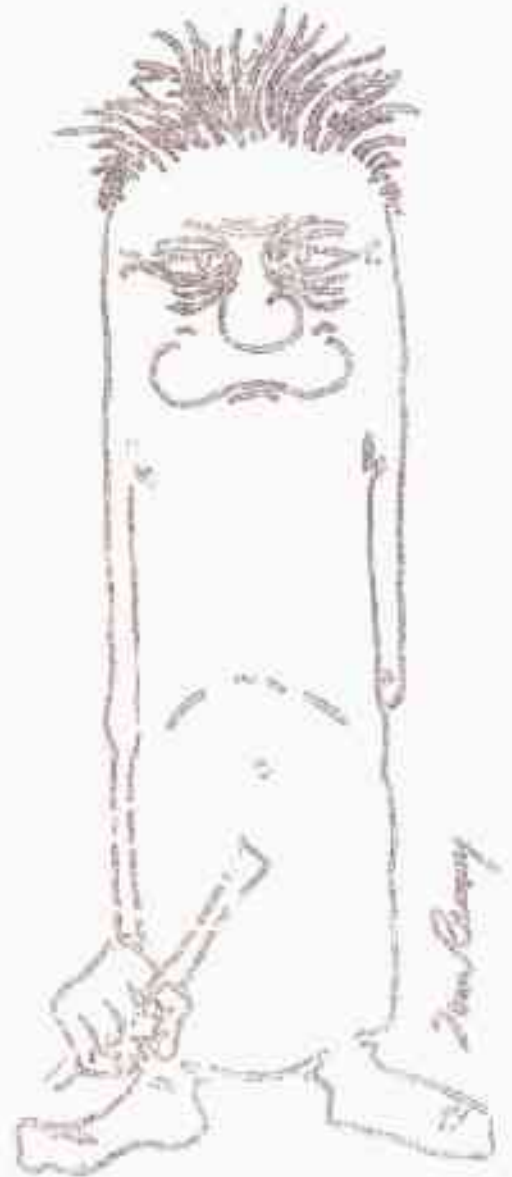
Material has definitely taken an up-swing for the better, with a lot of excellent items on hand. I hope all of you who have sent me items will bear with me until I can get TWIG back on a bi-monthly schedule. I've been slow with the past two issues, a thing that couldn't be helped. With all of the editorial work being done here in Boise again, I hope to be more regular.

All artists should be advised that art work must come to me, not to Dan.

DEPARTMENT OF SEEDS:

3rd Annish, TWIG #17:
Calkins presents an exceptional article on the sense of wonder. Frye comes up with a new twist on the end of the Earth. There will be my own report of the Westercon, plus fanzine reviews, a movie review of THE RETURN OF THE FLY, and letters. And, not last, and not least, a good Berry-item.

And that winds up this issue of "Just Plain TWIG, fanzine from Boise.



AT LAST I HAVE BEEN
RECOGNIZED IN FANDOM.
G.M. CARR DEVOTED AN
ENTIRE EDITORIAL TO ME.

JUST PLAIN

TWIG

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