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ADKINS-

BEAST OF PLANET V





PEARSON

Twig

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Foliage

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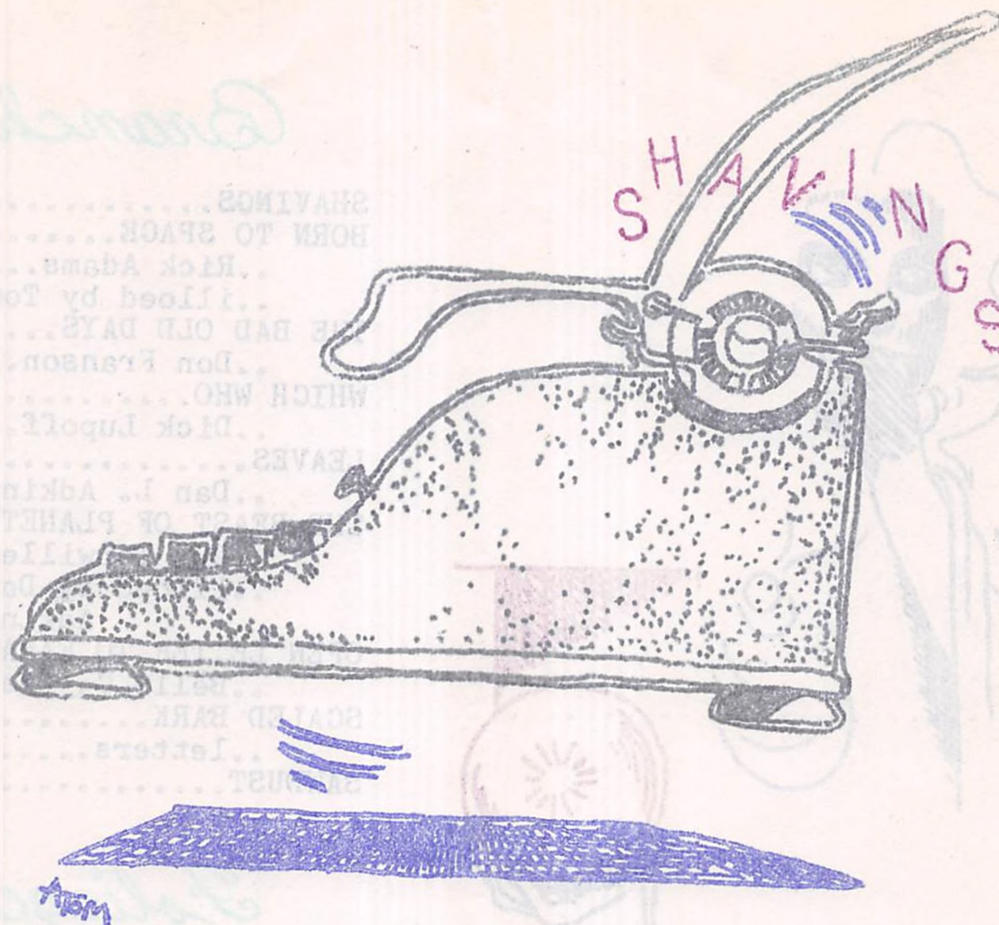
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Seeds

Should Lars Bourne get the illos for TERWILLEGGER AND THE FAN MACHINE back to me in time, next issue will feature that story. Done by Rich Brown, it is a fine parody of the old UNIVERSE story. Come on Lars.

Also in #14 will be Dick Lupoff's fine "Primer to the In's and Out's of Fandom".

"TWIG, THE ALL WOOD FANZINE" according to the 'chopping BLOCH!



A person can have a question bother them just so long before steps are taken to get an answer. This particular question first entered my mind after the Dondon Con, then blasted its insidious way to the fore, again, after the Solacon. It has taken a lot of deliberation on my part to finally pose it. The consequences can be drastic as far as my standing in Fandom is concerned.

Let it be known, then, that I don't give a damn about my standing! The answer to the question is of more import to me.

To further clear the record, I deem it wise to say that I know I am a 'Johnny Come Lately' to fandom. Comparitively speaking, that is. I'm not the latest to enter.

I am fully aware, also, that I am speaking about one of Fandom's legendary ghods, and that it is especially bad for an LNF to even think what I'm thinking, let alone put it in print.

The question: What has Walter A. Willis done in Fandom in the past two years to garner him the title of 'outstanding fan'?

Little enough of what he has done has appeared on this side of the Atlantic. Logically, I told myself that I didn't see all that he did. This was not enough of an answer. It would have been mentioned in fanzine reviews. Somewhere I would have seen mention of his work.

The next step was to send out a few feelers in English Fandom. They weren't actually feelers, I asked several British fen point blank. The answer? Very little. His own fanzine is not appearing. He has written very little for other fanzines. What he does write is mostly for " ", which doesn't appear.

Where then are the materials on which his 'outstanding fan' title rests?

Is the criteria for 'outstanding fan' based on past performance? If so, why?

What do performance, or contributions, from the past have to do with, say, 1958-1959? As I see it, nothing!

There are other fan whose efforts last year far surpass what Willis did. Shouldn't one of them, then, have received the honor?

Take Berry and Thompson, their creation of a fannish lore, John's prolific writing capacity -- and it seems pretty well agreed his writing is good -- Atom's continuous flow of art, surely either of them is qualified.

From this side, what about Grennell? Not as productive as John -- but then, who is? -- but consistent and in comparison puts out a mountain of material.

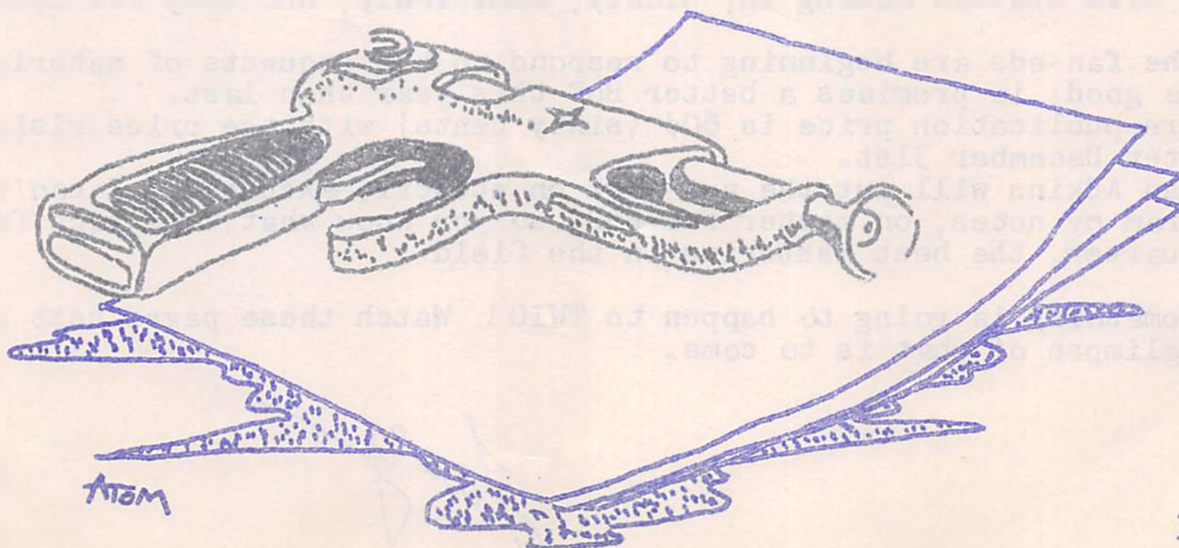
And what of Carr-Ellik? Haven't they made a contribution with their FANAC? Couple this with the successful hoaxing of fandom through Carl Brandon -- Norman Sandfield Harris, and your publishing giants have a good background for being elected. (I'm not saying that these would be my own choice, they are merely examples.)

For the record, let me say again that I have nothing against Willis. Also, I am not crusading.

No one has told me whether or not the 'outstanding fan' is a traditional position. I would like to know because it does appear so to me, and I imagine to any fan who came in when I did.

Anyone care to set me straight?

Herein you will find an 'open letter' from Belle Dietz. I want it emphatically understood that the opinions in that letter to FANAC bear no relation to my own opinions and that I publish the letter solely to give Belle the right to express herself and be fairly heard. I have not, as yet, expressed an opinion on the subject, I have no intention of doing so now. My small voice on the subject would be out of place.



On to some lighter things.

You know, I'm really untalented! I mean it. Look at other fen. Lars Bourne pats the strings of a banjo, Ron Ellik has a marvelous thumb and can travel around, Colin Cameron is a guitarist. And what am I? Just a limb on a tree.

Maybe there is something that sets me apart, though. I live in a very unusual place. At any rate, if what our local paper says is true, I live in an unusual spot. According to this daily rag, my house is floating on a "sea of sewage." That's what they say, all right.

That brings up (the sewage) another thought. Everyone, at least I imagine everyone, has a problem that seems unsurmountable at the time. Why is it that when the toilet plugs up and starts to run over, the only thing you can think of to do is to put your head down and start drining? Pleasant thought, isn't it.

For petes sake, keep that kid out of the mimeograph ink!

One gets a mighty strange feeling when they have written something like I wrote on the previous two pages of this editorial, and then gets something from the person who is mentioned. I received Walt's two page spread just the other day in which he says he is going to be less active in fandom, that things have been said about him, which I must say, are very regretable. Why some fen can be so vicious without actual proof is beyond me.

That sounds a bit two faced, considering what I said about Walt. Let it be said again, I'm not out for his hide. I had a question to ask that I would like to have answered. The fan was incidental to the question. It happened to be Walt. It could have been Grennell, Carr, anyone under the same circumstances. (Walt, I certainly hope you don't take this as a personal slam at you from me. It isn't intended that way.)

Enough said on the subject!

At this writing, I have just had confirmation on Kent Moomaw's tragic ending. When you stop to consider, at least in things Kent wrote to me, the signs were there, had someone only had the sense to see them. A little help at the right time could have made a world of difference.

Another call for pre-publications offers of THE BEST OF FANDOM-'58. Orders have started coming in, slowly, admittedly, but they are coming in.

The fan-eds are beginning to respond to the requests of material. This is good, it promises a better BoF this year than last.

Pre-publication price is \$0¢ (sixty cents) with the price rising to 75¢ after December 31st.

Dan Adkins will put the art work on stencil, excuse me, I can't even type from my notes, on master for BoF, so you know what to expect from that quarter, the best mastering in the field.

Something is going to happen to TWIG! Watch these pages next issue for a glimpse of what is to come.

Twig



BORN TO *Space*

by Rick Adams

General Greer stepped loudly into the room. It was empty, save for his own presence. Soon, the others would come. Big men, all of them. But only in the sense of position. Physically, they were small, or average. Not musclemen, but brain men, all of them.

And the others. They, too, would be here. He hated this job with them. Their staring eyes, superb physical build, but most of all, he disliked the intense stare behind their eyes. That look of knowing more than they would admit. They were alien to his world and as such, cared little for what was going on. Their eternal knack for being submissive angered him. He needed a solution, was desperate for one.

He smiled. At least, the sides of his mouth pulled out, tilted ever so slightly up. Formal, tense. The silence was broken by chaotic chatter and uneven footsteps. Uniforms, alike, save for rank, filed into the room on a menagerie of human forms.

"Are they ready?" the General asked. "Time is short." The tone of his voice crested the wave of their prattle, sent it scattering as it rolled over, bubbled, foamed and subsided. Mirrored tension crept from one wall to the other.

"Time is short," he repeated, and thought, 'short for one of them!' It was inhuman, this type of decision, but it had to be made. There was no way out. Besides, could you call them human? They... The thoughts were fleeting, staccato, fast. No time to dwell on any of them.

Decide...decide...decide... Get it over with! Out of the way!

"They are ready," the second man, a Major, replied. "Shall I signal for them to come in?"

A nod, halfhearted inside but determined outwardly.

The sound of bodies sitting filled the room. Each creaking of metal and wood punctuating the stillness. All eyes were directed to the slight projection of a platform, following the black markings on a stark white wall. Four feet to eight feet. The General mused, again, over the eight foot line as he did whenever he was in this room. Did they really think....

Individually, the officers made guesses at how tall the largest of them would be. Would they be right? Some started to whisper, stopped and clenched jaws, worked over lips with white, or yellowed teeth. The nervous tension that laved over General Greer reached out to them, wrapped sucking tentacles around every nerve, and applied tweezer-like pressure.

A shuffling sound came from the right, the scuffing of bare feet on wood. Sluggish feet, dragging caloused flesh over the highly polished floor.

Reticence! Childishly shy. A closed accordian of bodies as the leader stopped and the others came one against the other, pushing out breath and half audible notes on a low scale.

They stood before the white wall lined with black in great disorder. One of them suddenly put his back to the flat surface, stood straight, and pushed broad shoulders back. It was an automatic action, completed as if the memory of what was expected had just returned. The other four followed his lead in a mechanical manner. They stood, immobile, not sure of themselves. Waiting!

The feel of eyes watching, searching, wondering. Cold stares. There was nothing for them to concentrate about, nothing concrete to go on. It brought calm defiance to their physical stature. Fists clenched, elbows slightly bent, but with eyes calm, they stood. And waited.

All eyes of the military turned on the five foot, eleven inch one. The tall one. The good looking one. The one for the job. He seemed to realize something strange was going on, that he had been chosen. He was the one. He knew that look, had known it for many years now. Ever since he first arrived at that place and they came for him.

Sweat began beading out, bringing its smell of gymnasium with it. The odor of a rapid basketball game in a gym too small and with too little ventilation. Strong and athletic. Feet, groin, armpits, all combined into one pungent odor, and mingled with it was the basic animal odor of fear. The bronze skin glistened, adding highlights to the muscular frame, bringing out the bulging muscles of great power, capable of anything. Loose and supple, not muscle-bound like many a strong man.

Perspiration, born of the intense heat from too bright lights and from the unknown began running down the aquiline nose to drop to the chest below where it ran in rivulets down to the drab olive trunks where it was absorbed. His eyes were cast down, watching the irregular streams of salty moisture. The thought of water brought thirst, and the thirst brought thoughts of a swim in a cold river. A river of pure water that you could drink from as you swam. Refreshing water to flow over the body, to be absorbed by the skin. Anything to get away from the heat.

Interruption!

Harsh, discordant interruption. The water vision gone and only the harsh, twangy voice of the man to replace it.

"You there! In the center! Stand aside. The rest may go!"

There was a hesitation on their part, uncertain. There was strength in numbers, even they knew that.

"Get out; we don't need you others, only the middle one. "Out!"

Suddenly, he was alone on the platform. Fists again clenched, then relaxed. They wouldn't hurt him. He was too big, too powerful for them. What did they want?

"Come down here." He couldn't see them too well through the light, but he obeyed, wondering what they would say. Slowly, he went down the stairs, pondering, trying to understand, to comprehend. There had been talk of what was going on, why they were here. Illusive and unremembered now, but it had been there. It couldn't be bad, he'd remember that. He never forgot bad things, and there were many of them, like the way these people laughed at him and his kind because they were different.

He was left alone during the following days. Isolated. None of his friends were around. And, he was alone during the long black nights. The nights that he couldn't understand without light. Something was coming up. But what? Endlessly, he prowled his small chamber trying to locate the door, or a window, any opening that would give him a glimpse of some one, or some thing. Time he didn't understand, other than a period of light and then dark. It was black-white, and then black-white again many times.

But they were there! Somewhere, constantly watching him. He couldn't see them, but he sensed their presence and knew they were there behind the walls. And they looked at him. He sensed them most over by the bench and table where he ate, and by the couch where he slept.

He hated them, but his nature did not allow for violence, so he hated quietly, without malevolence.

He endured, though he didn't know it, for three weeks under the personal scrutiny of General Greer. When it was decided he had survived the solitude without ill effect, they brought him out.

Greer and the others watched as he came by. For a moment, the guards paused and he looked the General in the eye. No word was spoken.

The military leader turned and waved the guards on, then slowly turned to watch the 'one'.

"My God!" he burst out, dismayed. "Did you see that look? Three weeks in that space chamber and he comes out looking as if he'd stepped in for just a moment."

"That eternal calm look on their faces. Is there nothing on this planet to shake it?" He shuddered involuntarily. "Start the mechanical tests tomorrow."

Greer wondered why he always felt a little uneasy in the presence of these people. They were so alike, yet, a million miles of space couldn't have made them any more different. It was their non-belligerent attitude, at least in the ones he had met, that irritated him most. They lacked even a slight interest in war, and that was his life. He lived for it and longed for the day when man could conquer space and begin their conquests of the stars.

Daily, new machines passed before him, in an endless variety. Big or small, they all had a purpose and that purpose seemed to be directly connected with him.

In his passive way, he allowed them to put wires to his head, neck, chest, abdomen, and other parts of his huge bulk. Nor did he complain when the current charged through him. It didn't hurt, therefore he had no reason to rebel.

'Testing' was what they called it. Sometimes it made him dizzy so that the room floated around, nothing standing still, all of it going in a rapid blur to the right. Things that should have been behind him suddenly appeared dancing before him. They streaked by and he tried to turn his head to follow. Finally, a slowing down, gradually, steadying and normal.

He wondered for what purpose they did all of this to him. Why was he supposed to look at a picture and see nothing else when they whirled him in the chair? But he didn't wonder for long. This world was too full of things to see to worry.

General Greer slapped the doctor on the back. "Good! Good!" he beamed. "He'll do."

"Not quite, General. There is still another series to put him through. Then we'll know for sure."

"I don't think I'll lose any sleep over that series. A muscular monstrosity like that can't fail to pass. No, I'm ready to get him going any day now. Tomorrow if you say the word." Greer was effervescent, his limitless enthusiasm reaching the anticipatory state.

"Not tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow." The doctor, lower in rank, appreciated times like this. A time when, though a mere Major, his own orders superceded those of a five star General.

"When?"

"Maybe week after next." The General raised his arm to protest but was stopped short. "We must be sure, General Greer. We must be sure that he is capable of doing what you expect. Until then...."

He ran. Lap after lap he ran, until the ache was there. The life vessel in the massive, ape-like chest beat rapidly and he hurt all over like a needle stuck quickly into a finger.

Pounding, incessant pain that slowly eased as easy normal breathing returned. Before it was quite normal, they had him up again, to run.

Run straight for that high wall. He had to get over it. A sprint, a leap into the air, and grab hold of the top. Pull, pull yourself up, and over, and throw yourself down on the other side.

Step out, now, for the maze of logs dead ahead. Throw yourself into the first opening without slowing down. They like it better if you hurry, and you can't hurry if you don't throw yourself. Crawl ahead, turning here and there. Every place a dead ending, even the hole behind is gone from sight. Push on until a vague opening shows, then twist the body to reach it.

Twist beyond bodily ability and scrape away moist skin. It doesn't matter, just get out and run, on and on.....

Run, jump, grab a rope and swing over the water. Swing far out so you can land on dry ground, and run again. Run today, and tomorrow, from white to black. And for what purpose? He still didn't know.

He did know he had done everything the way they wanted. The General had told him that much. But now, he just waited. And he waited several more days.

"Get into it!" A command from -- who was he? He should remember. And what was he? A man in a uniform -- stars -- that was it. A...General. He cringed when they snapped orders like this. It sounded violent, as if they were angry at him and he didn't know why. It twisted his mind.

He looked at the...thing...they handed him. "How?" he wanted to ask, but was helped before he could.

A mass of shapeless grey bulk was shoved at him as he was pushed into a chair. Two of the men, cruelly careless, grabbed his legs and began forcing 'it' on him. It was constricting, so tight that it was a struggle to get it on him. When they reached halfway up to the olive trunks, they roughly pulled him up and kept tugging on the 'grey thing'.

With a snap, it popped over the curve where his legs rounded into his body. He wanted to cry out, the pain was so unbearable. There shouldn't be pain down there."

"Get it off!" his mind screamed. Claw it away! Get rid of it! Tapered fingers clutched the groin area but couldn't get a grip on the skin tight covering.

General Greer, standing near by, saw the apparent pain he must have felt. Their eyes met in one fleeting glance.

"Damn those eyes," cursed the General. "He must be suffering horribly. Look at his face. But not the eyes. Calm as ever, is in them."

He ignored their protests and continued to grasp for relief. Suddenly, an unusual serenity gripped him. What had that...woman, he knew no other word for her...said to him the other day...or was it long ago...long ago and far, far away.

"Never reach for, or grab at your...middle...area in public. It isn't nice. Only nasty little ones do that." She had used a word for that part of him one time and he had repeated it later. She had beaten him, horribly, until he had blacked out. And, when he came to again, head aching, blood streaming over his features, she had done it again, and again. He'd never seen her since, and he didn't care.

A swishing, whistling of air, pressure gone, and relief, physical and... No, he couldn't relieve himself, not now. They didn't like that. The need slipped away, slowly.

In the distance, a flash of light, brilliant. What was it? A shape, long and needle-like, and shining, and blinding, reached out. It grew larger as the vehicle sped toward it over the sands. It towered over the landscape, a monstrous demon of silver. What was it for? Did it hurt, like the 'grey thing'? Probably just another of those...tests.

Back there a stone lay in the sand. It looked round and smooth, and red colored. It would feel warm and nice in the hand. Warm from lying in the hot sun. Maybe it would be hot. He'd have to spit on it to cool it...if they would only let him get it. But they wouldn't! Lately he never got to do what he wanted. Never! There was no need to ask.

Sand swirled up as dust when they stopped by the...needle. He had no other name for it. Somewhere, in the back of his mind, a glimmer of having recognition for this...thing, but it wouldn't come forth. It was too far back.

They took him out of the car and up a long ladder that burned his hands from standing in the intense glare of desert sun. Then, into a small room and onto a bed. It was a funny time to be going to bed, he thought, since it was still light outside. Anyway, he had on this... this...thing that had hurt him...the 'no-color' clothes that pinched at first...but didn't now.

More straps, another, what did they call them, test? Unable to move, except for toes and fingers and turning the head. He couldn't sit up.

Panic filled him as they left, closing the door. Darkness...alone in the dark where there were strange things, lurking...waiting. Waiting in a stillness that pressed...endlessly.

The thought of the woman rushed over him again. But she was gone...how long?...thousands of days, weeks...months...maybe as much as a thousand of these things called years that he didn't understand.

From somewhere, the beginning of a noise. Loud. Loud! Deafening! He wanted to cover his ears, desperately, but bound hands wouldn't move.

There was something else. A sudden wrenching of his body, a jerk, a pressure, falling apart like a broken.....

Nothing! For long hours, there was nothing. Not until the pain began. Pain caused by tiredness, not from exertion. It ebbed slowly away, slowly, and he lay contemplating the black and the still. Wondering where he was, why he wasn't in...

***** ***** ***** ***** ***** *****

The spaceship settled slowly to Earth, slowly, surely, led by the remote controls of the technicians miles away. In the distance, General Greer paced impatiently, wanting to enter the silvered hull to check for results. Results he wanted desperately to tell him the path to the stars was paved with new glory and hope. His glory! His hope!

Anxious hours passed while the area cooled from the hell of fire unleashed by the landing. And more troubled, worried hours waiting for the radiation count to lower enough to be safe.

Then, quickly, almost spasmodically, they opened the hatch.

General Greer entered first, undoing the straps and leading him out into the brilliant sunshine. It sunshine that was unusual for Maine, he thought.

The feel of clothing being stripped off impinged itself on his brain, but he could do nothing until his eyes gradually adjusted themselves to the sun. It was burning and there was no shade. The heat was intense and pulsed against his face and body.

Suddenly, he realized that he was somewhere he had never been. He turned around and looked for home, for the farm. It was nowhere in sight, just this endless, drab, coral sand, some strange people, and a... what was it? A spaceship? That was Buck Rogersish, such things didn't really exist, but here was one. Big, silver.....

Was that a car sitting near him? It didn't look the same as he remembered.

The faces kept staring at him, searching, amazement in their eyes. Who were they? Not from school, no teacher in his school had ever looked like these men. Teachers were ...women.

General Greer and the others looked, looked again, and turned to the doctor, eyes exploring, questioning, afraid.

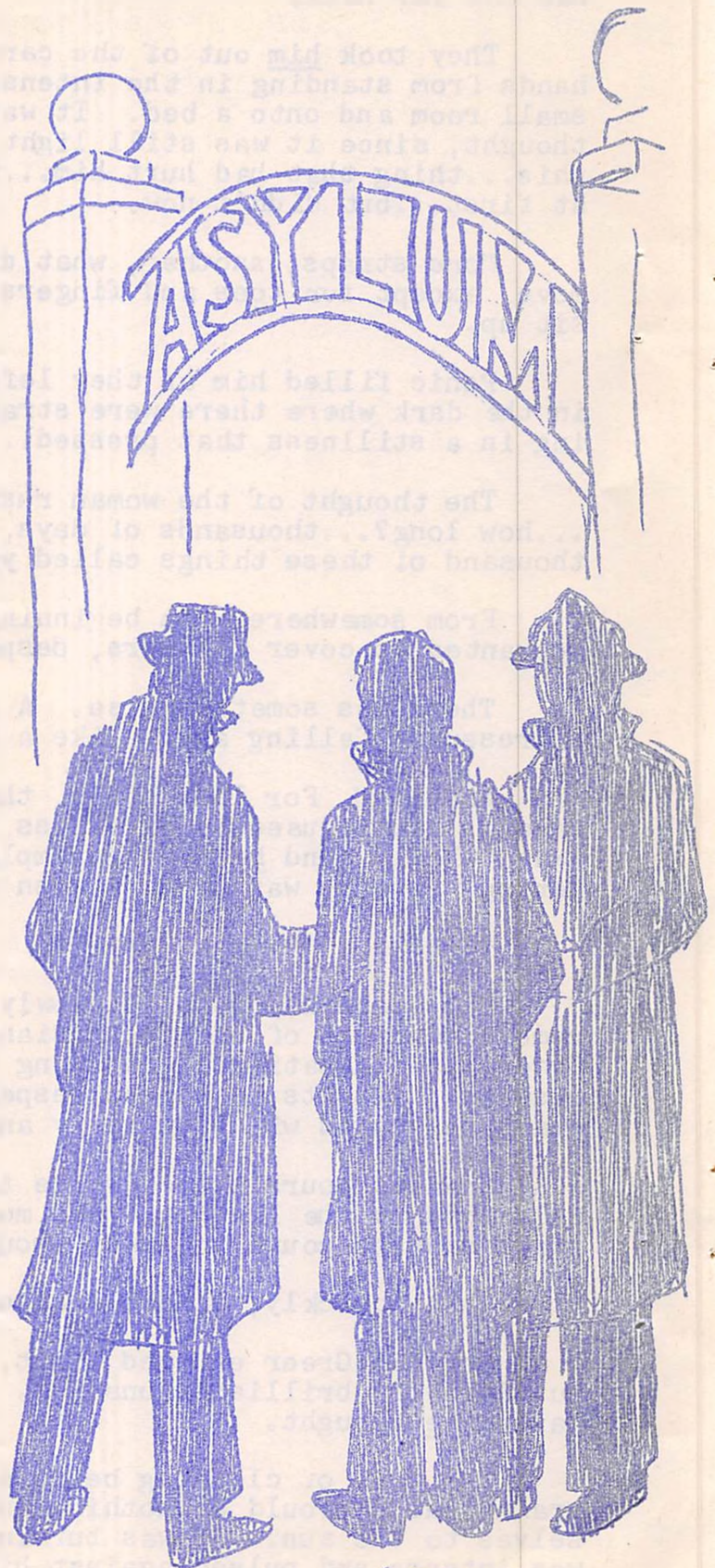
He answered them bluntly, not sure of himself, in his own amazement.

"He is different. Some thing happened up there. Look at his eyes, the mist is gone. Gone after all these years. He is, I would say, definitely..." he paused. "He won't know until we get him back to the hospital and start testing.

Silence prevailed as they drove back to the gates of the asylum. Wonder, uncertainty, the unknown enigma sitting on their shoulders.

An involuntary shudder passed through the doctor and the General as they led him back through the gate.

--Rick Adams



—Reamy

THE BAD OLD DAYS

by
DON FRANSON

(REVIEWS OF UNMODERN SCIENCE FICTION)

MACBETH

by Will F. Shakespeare (Folio, 3 farthings)

This is pure fantasy and should not be given the SF label. Although an attempt is made to explain scientifically how Birnam Wood could come to Dunsinane (soldiers carry boughs), and the psychological effect of predictions of things to come on a weak-minded protagonist rings true, much of it is mere blood and thunder.

The story opens with three aliens on the site of a spaceship landing and takeoff (referred to as a blasted heath). Here there is a description of the aliens as weird, fantastical bearded women "that look not like the inhabitants of the earth." Prediction is their game, and it is a con game. They tell MacBeth, the hero (?) that all kinds fortune is waiting for him. They say he will be Thane of Glamis (he already is), Thane of Cawdor (he already is that, too, but doesn't know it) and king. These aliens seem to have the inside info on things already accomplished -- instead of the power of predicting, they have a spy-ray gimmick of some sort, to listen in on distant conversations. (Mr. S. doesn't explain this -- he is no Heinlein, so it is a good thing.)

These predictions are double-talk, of course, but Mr. MacB is impressed. Two thanes make him inthane. His gullibility and megalomania get the best of him. His wife helps, too. (Will doesn't like wives.) There is fast-moving action -- prediction of his second thanedom, immediately followed by friends entering and telling him the good news; Lady MacBeth reads letter from her husband, then MacBeth enters. Shake is a follower of the pulp school.

There are a lot of unnecessary characters, such as messengers, servants and hautboys. This writer has to have attendants to act as straight men. Unfortunately they are menials and dare not laugh -- or they would at the lines propelled at them. Who would ever say to a messenger: "Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly"? Sounds like S. has been reading too much H. Rider Haggard.

There is mention of strange natural phenomena, as in "Julius Caesar." Night-dark days, runaway horses, etc. Author thinks this pseudo-Fortean stuff "proves" something -- that his characters are so important that even nature acts up. This is something out of WEIRD TALES.

One of the sordid spiels, beginning, "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, etc." is cribbed from all the quotation books Shake could lay his hands on.

MacBeth sees a dagger in the air (only explanation is the heat) and talks to it. Perhaps the dagger is sharpened by this dull monologue -- the reader is not.

The best part of the story is the Witches' Rock and Roll, "Double, couble, toil and trouble", accompanied by a description of a chemical laboratory that would be worthy of the old Clayton Astoundings. Such unlikely chemical ingredients as fillet of a fenny snake and toe of frog make up the Kickapoo Joy Juice that boils in a caldron -- this is alchemy, not modern science. MacBeth gets more double-talk Criswellisms, and is so excited he forgets to ask for sleeping pills and spot-remover.

Other gadgetry abounds, but it is only gadgetry, never explained. Vanishing acts, ghosts, ESP, apparitions hobbing up and down like saxophonists in a TV band, sleepwriting, etc.

There is action, more Van Vogt-type complication, and all the predictions turn out to be gyps. In the end, MacDuff has MacBeth's head, and the reader wishes he could have the author's.

A wadunit is on the obverse, titled "Hamlet" (not the story of a small town). It's meant to be a psychological thriller, but is much given to long dissertations by the hero which slow up the action. Muddy prose such as "take arms against a sea of troubles" (should be host of troubles) gives evidence of the slipshod writing. These two volumes are in play form, but are obviously not suitable for summer stock.

This author has improved not at all since his early comedies. At least they, being comedies, were funny. His only memorable character was Falstaff, named, humorously, after a beer.

--Don Franson

CARR for
'60 TAFF

PUCON
in
'61

WHICH

by DICK LUPOFF

H
O

?

A lot of reviewers have written about Algis Budrys' semi-science-fiction novel, *WHO*. Some of them have praised it rather extravagantly, others have given it less unqualified plaudits. None that I know of have unmitigatedly panned the book, but then I don't see all the reviews.

One view of the book which I haven't seen expressed is the one which I myself hold, and while this is of course no particular surprise, it leads me to wonder whether all the reviewers whom I've checked are missing a basic point in the novel, or whether it is I who have managed to see something that isn't even there.

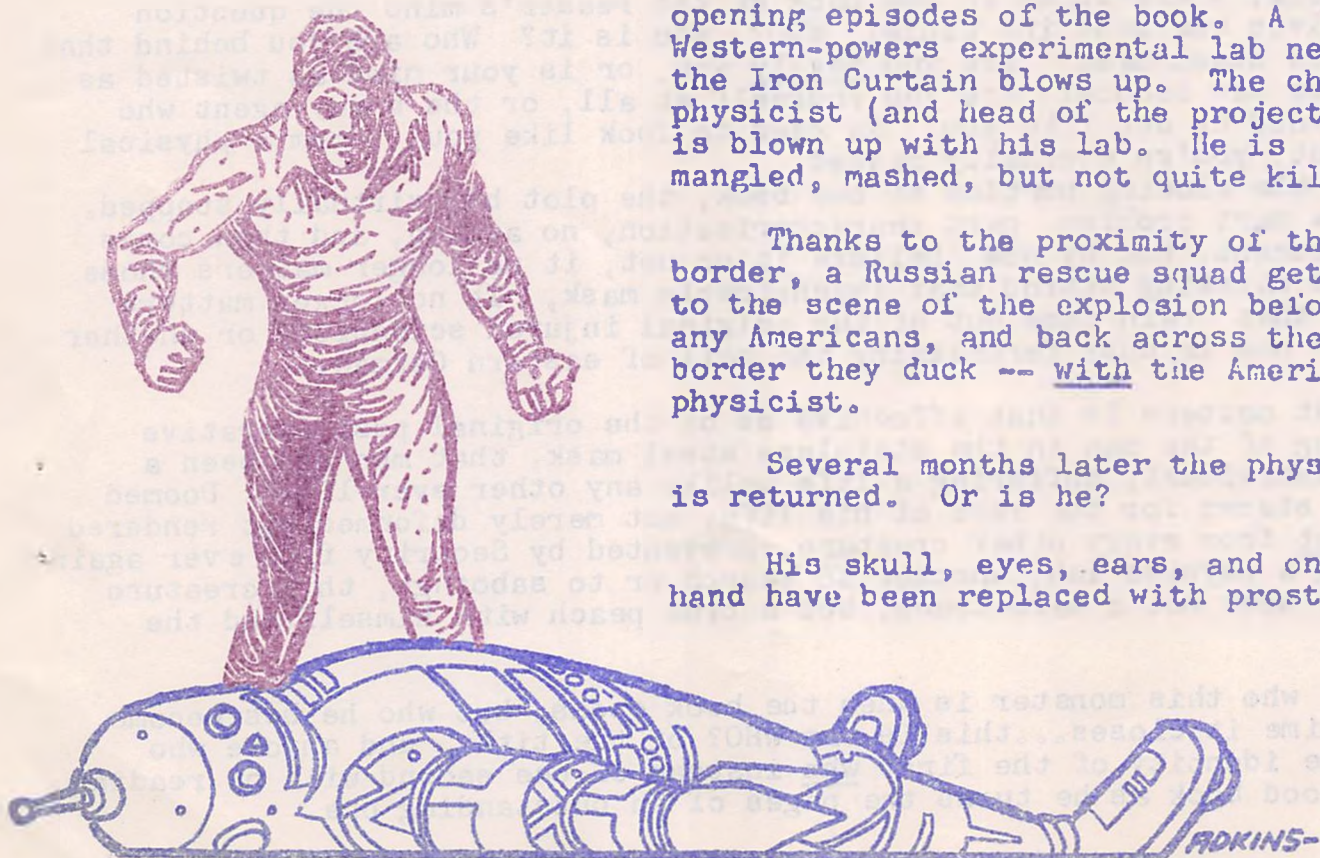
Anyway, as anyone who's read *WHO*, the reviews thereof, or even the jacket blurbs, already knows, the book opens as a pretty conventional problem story, except that the problem is a new one. At least it is to me.

This problem grows from a series of events which took place before the opening episodes of the book. A Western-powers experimental lab near the Iron Curtain blows up. The chief physicist (and head of the project) is blown up with his lab. He is mangled, mashed, but not quite killed.

Thanks to the proximity of the border, a Russian rescue squad gets to the scene of the explosion before any Americans, and back across the border they duck -- with the American physicist.

Several months later the physicist is returned. Or is he?

His skull, eyes, ears, and one hand have been replaced with prosthetic



devices. The other hand is so scarred that the fingerprints are hopelessly lost.

The heart has been replaced by a miniature atomic pile which leaks. Not much. But enough to fog X-ray plates, and enough to kill the man who carries it in approximately fifteen years.

Back to the book: US Intelligence, anticipating a fairly routine session of "What-did-they-ask-you-and-what-did-you-tell-them?" followed by the scientist's return to duty, realizes after the first shock that no such procedure will suffice.

Instead, a question must be answered:

Is the man-machine truly the injured scientist at all -- or is he a Russian spy sent to replace him?

And even if the "scientist" is in truth the injured man, has he been brainwashed into playing cat's paw for the enemy?

Thus begins the book, and it does so in competent, fastmoving manner to the effect that when I started the book, I took it at this point for a bit of light entertainment, an espionage-whodunnit with a slight sf element in it, designed to kill a few hours pleasantly and then be forgotten, promptly and without regret.

Well, that shows how wrong I can be. Pretty damned wrong, because the whodunnit aspect is promptly subordinated to a character study, and a good one, as the enigmatic scientist is turned into realer and realer flesh and blood through the use of alternate flashbacks and "current" narrative.

Still, there lurks in the back of the reader's mind the question which gives the book its title. WHO? Who is it? Who are you behind that stainless steel mask? Are you really you, or is your mind as twisted as your body has become? Are you yourself at all, or the enemy agent who has learned to act like you? No need to look like you. From a physical viewpoint, you're eternally masked.

By the closing portion of the book, the plot has virtually stopped. It's now part problem, part characterization, no action, and then comes the denouement, but by now, believe it or not, it no longer matters whose brain is thinking behind that impenetrable mask. It no longer matters whether that brain came out of the original injured scientist, or whether that man now is busy fertilizing the soil of eastern Germany.

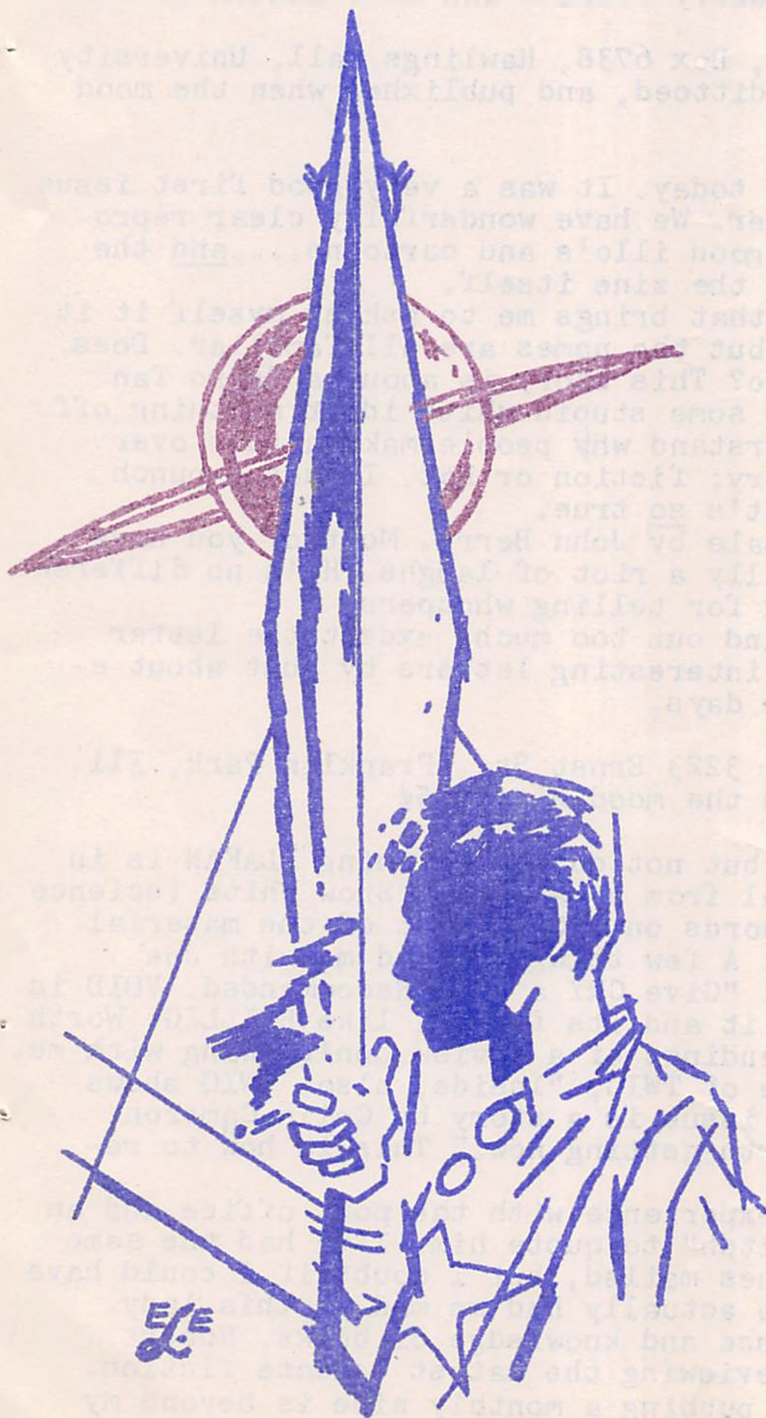
What matters is that effective as of the original post-operative awakening of the man in the stainless steel mask, that man has been a unique individual, suffering a life unlike any other ever lived. Doomed to draw stares for the rest of his life, not merely deformed but rendered different from every other creature, prevented by Security from ever again entering a physics lab, whether to search or to sabotage, this creature must now seek not a mere truce, but a true peace with himself and the world.

Not who this monster is when the book opens, but who he has become by the time it closes...this is the WHO? of the title, and anyone who seeks the identity of the first who instead of the second will be reading only a good book as he turns the pages of an outstanding one.

--Dick Lupoff

LEAVES

b
y DAN L. ADKINS



This is my third fanzine column for Guy after missing a couple issues. This was due to my leaving New York and getting my mail fouled up; thereby causing me to not receive all the fanzines sent to my address in the big city. Now that I have been here since Sept., things are getting back to normal. There's five fanzines here and I'll start with the one I like best.

((Dan has again moved and is now in Ohio. Also, I forgot to change the five to a six up there.))

FIRST CHOICE: INSIDE SCIENCE FICTION, Ron Smith, Box 356, Times Square Station, New York 36, N.Y. 4 issues for a dollar, 30¢ a copy. Printed by photo-pff-set.

Ron Smith is now in Calif. but he will receive any mail sent to the above address. In my opinion, this zine is more than just a zine; it's a small magazine, which is put together with a lot of care and certainly, patience. The cover is not done in my usual way of drawing according to Juanita Coulson of YANDRO. I don't know if that's good or bad but what it is is a satire of The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction; as the first twenty pages of this issue are. Credit for the most work on this feature can go to Dave Foley, with due credit left over for editor Smith and Bob Leman, a new writer with plenty of promise. The satire is flavored with a sophisticated brand of wit that is found through-out INSIDE. It's found in BLURB HAPPY by Bob Tucker

and in an article on the sort of letters Bob Bloch receives written by Mr. Bloch, of course. The latter of these two speaks for itself and the other is on science fiction novels, the reviews and movie press notices of same. Now, this satire is not the cheap trite one one finds in Mad magazine today; this stuff is good. It's done with care and that patience I spoke of.

But its not all laughs; there's a serious side. That side being the book reviews by James Gunn, Dick Ellington, Lin Carter, Robert Silverberg, and Dan Adkins. Don't get the wrong impression by that last name. I just happen to be in New York at the time Smith made up this issue and he turned out to be smaller than me... A portfolio of cartoons by Miller, and other short features complete what I consider a very fine effort by those involved.

Exceptionally good artwork by Jerry Prueitt and Neil Austin in this.

SECOND CHOICE: FLAFAN, Sylvia Dees, Box 6738, Rawlings Hall, University of Florida, Gainesville, Fla. 15¢, dittoed, and published when the mood calls. #2

One of the neatest zines about today. It was a very good first issue and this one proves to be even better. We have wonderfully clear reproduction, original layout with some good illo's and cartoons...and the written material is as well done as the zine itself.

Larry Stark does a Con report that brings me to asking myself if it was fiction. The logo says fiction but the names are all familiar. Does anyone know if Ron Archer is a Negro? This story is about a Negro fan that shows up at a Con only to find some stupid white idiot mouthing off about his being there. I can't understand why people make a fuss over skin color. Anyway, a well done story; fiction or not. It has a punch line that I'll never forget cause it's so true.

Following Stark's piece is a tale by John Berry. Most of you have read Berry and know that he is usually a riot of laughs. He's no different here. I guess John just has a knack for telling whoppers.

The rest of FLAFAN doesn't stand out too much, except the letter column. There are fifteen pages of interesting letters by just about every letterhack around fandom these days.

THIRD CHOICE: SIGBO, Jerry DeMuth, 3223 Ernst St., Franklin Park, Ill. #6. Also dittoed and published when the mood hits. 15¢

Jerry has a good looking zine but not quite the thing FLAFAN is in class. He also has loads of material from a satire on Snow White (science fiction) done up with much wit to words on UFO's. Most of the material is good and nothing is really crud. A few things bugged me with Joe Sander's fanzine reviews. To quote: "Give CRY a try. Recommended. VOID is quite readable. I like it. I like it and its free. I like BRILLIG. Worth getting. Mildly enjoyable." These endings of a review don't swing with me. And to point out the review he gave of TWIG; "Indide, also, TWIG shows great promise. Outstanding in this issue is a story by Colin Cameron. TWIG shows great promise and is worth getting now." This is how to repeat yourself; not review zines.

Jerry's editorial is from an experience with the post office and an old woman who turns out to be a "bitch" to quote him. I've had the same trouble myself trying to get fanzines mailed, but I doubt if I could have told about it as well as DeMuth. He actually had me mad at this lady.

With a good deal of intelligence and knowledge of books, Robert Coulson does a creditable job of reviewing the latest science fiction. How he finds the time to read with pubbing a monthly zine is beyond my understanding.

SIGBO has other odds and ends in this issue and the usual letters.

FOURTH CHOICE: YANDRO, Buck and Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana. Mimeo 15¢ and wonderfully regular on a monthly publishing deal. #68

Yandro is one of my favorite zines and I probably would have listed it third if not for the fact that this issue is not up to standard. There is all the good art-work, neat layout, reproduction which is all one could desire, and the pleasant personalities of the Coulson's through-out the zine.

Yet, Alan Dodd doodles dully on this over used movie kick of his, while Lee Jenrette tries for a shock value ending of a story. Full credit can be given for trying but the result is zero. Outside of the letter column, the rest seems like filler-mistakes.

My own column from New York about artists, mags, fans etc. is here but I refuse to commit myself.

FIFTH CHOICE: CRY OF THE NAMELESS, Box 92, 920 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Wash. Mimeoed. #120 Another monthly. The only other too I guess. \$1 for 5 issues.

CRY is a beast when it comes to looks, except for the very good reproduction. They don't often use letterplates but do crummy hand lettering for logos of the material. If not that, they type the heading. And the artwork is poorly put on stencil. Some isn't worth putting on either, though they do use Rotsler, Cameron, Harness and other good artists now and then, as well as Atom. It's this trash by Adams, Reiss and Barnes that messes up the zine. Now, Reiss can do decent stuff. So can Barnes but they don't cause CRY uses just about anything.

Why not clean the zine up a bit?

Written items are something else again. At first I didn't care much for Pemberton's prozine reviews but they seem to be growing on me. He is most clever with the use of words and titles of the various plots used stf writers. Though he tends to over do this a bit now and then. Yet, you can tell he knows a great deal about the field. His reviews go along smoothly with an ease of speaking on the subject and with an sureness of what he is talking about.

Toskey states his opinions on fanzines and I wonder how he forms such opinions. John Berry Writes a fair Berry and...well, Cry is a large zine with quite a number of fillers and letters. The letters get awful silly and corny at times but this is all good fun I suppose. CRY does grow on you and you find yourself looking forward to another issue. Be careful of this Evil curse....

SIXTH CHOICE: JD, Lynn Hickman, 304 N. 11th, Mount Vernon, Ill. 20¢ Mulilith

Seems a shame to list this sixth for its a very well done issue and there certainly isn't anything in it that is bad. My reason for making it sixth is its lack of life or meaty articles. It contains three Con articles. One by Jim Harmon that is written with quick-minded, short line puns done in what I will call 'beat' talk, for lack of a better name. A most swinging way to do a report. Robert Madle tells of the London Con and of a few not liking his getting TAFF. This bugged me a bit for I voted for him and think Madle is a hell of a regular guy and fan. The last report on the SouthWestCon is a drag; but nowhere.

Only other points of interest worth mentioning are a letter from the British editor of NEW WORLDS, a few letter, and the good art-word done by all. Even Atom did a terrific cover.

And that is that. I'm in Ohio now, as you all know.....I hope. A lot of fen have written asking why in the hell did I leave New York. Well, since its mostly personal and about my desire to be with my girl till she turns of age to marry, I'll not go into the whole business. I'll just say that I decided to put off free lancing for magazines till I got married. After all, I'm sure you can understand that a big city is lonely without female company. Maybe youu can't understand my being the faithful type but.... Anyway, next year I'll once more be off to the big city for a second time.

I did not leave cause the magazines pay badly. If you sell to enough you can make a darn good living. Meanwhile, I hope to learn more and improve, till I try it again.

You can bet that I will make it, for I've never once thought I wouldn't. It's not hard you know....is it?

**Dan L. Adkins

BUDS *by Twig*

(IN NO WAY CONNECTED WITH DAN'S COLUMN! Just a few additions of my own on which I wished to comment.)

There seem to be a number of letter-chatter-zines making the rounds these days. Not the least of these is Lynn Hickman's ARGASSY #7. (Address elsewhere in Dan's column.) By far the funniest cartoon to appear in any fanzine since I've been around appears on the front page of this issue. I didn't smile, I howled in glee. Full of tid-bits of news and general information.

Lynn has a knack for making you feel good in what he says. He can say more on a post card than many fen I know can in four or five pages of a letter. ARGASSY is a generous helping of several post cards.

I can't say the same for the new #1 AGAMENON from Larry Ivie & Bill Pearson, 345 West 23rd Street, New York 11, New York. Could be this first issue is just to let the fen know something is coming. But what? This is supposed to be a weekly, but the second ish is long past due in these parts.

Of the two, Bill is far more lucid in at least saying something of interest to fen whom he owes letters. Hummmm! Bill, getting \$20 out of me would be like getting blood from a turnip.

AMBROSIA #1 isn't a letterzine--in fact, I have no idea what David McCarroll plans for it to be. One thing, it can be read much easier than can his MEADE, which isn't saying much. From the looks of a lot of the current mimeo crop of zines, I'm beginning to wonder if these new fan-eds realize a typer has a spot on it to place the lever when typing a stencil. Surely there can't be that many bad mimeo's around fandom. Or does fandom have a priority on getting the ones that don't print well?

In the latest STUPEFYING STORIES, Richard Eney announces the death of that stalward of the letterzines. This has always been my favorite of the type and I hate to see it go.

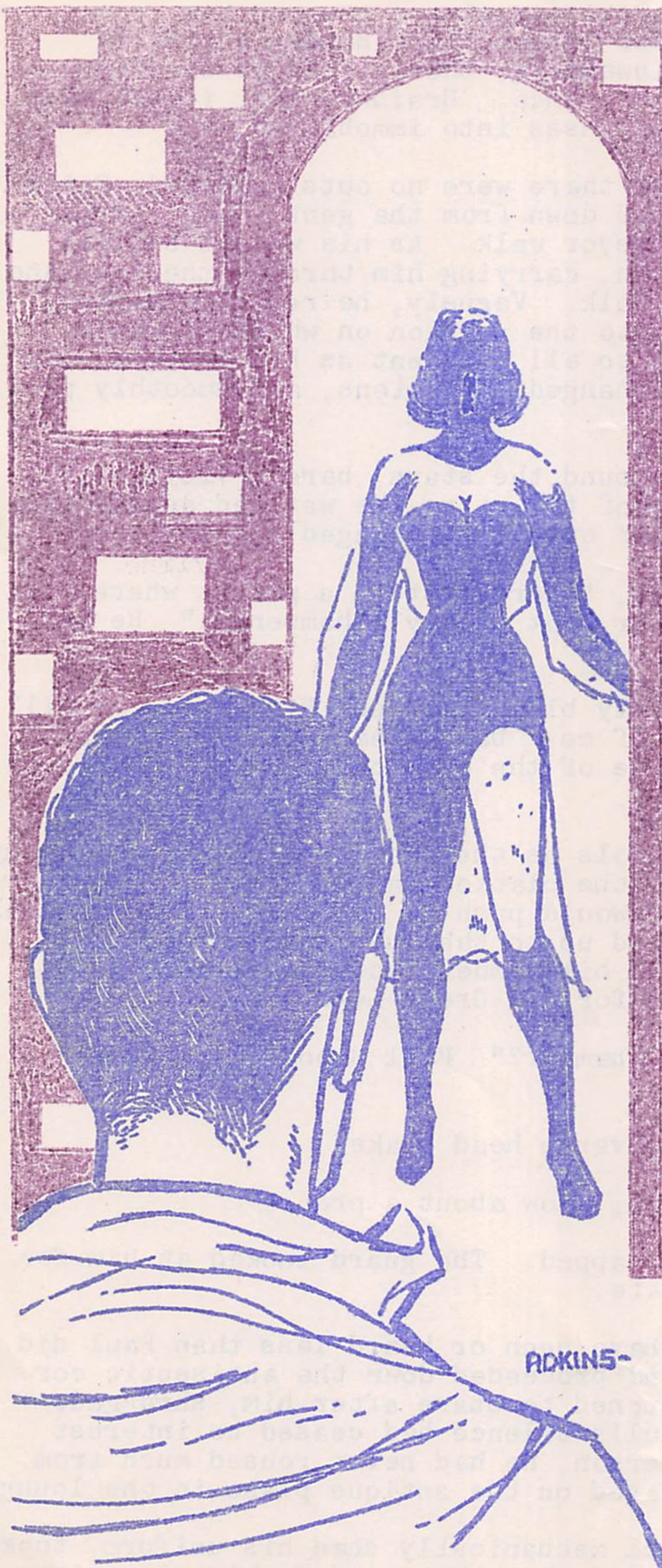
For any one who is brave enough to want to try it, a few copies of my own letterzine SAPLING are available. Takes a stout hear to muddle through four pages of unadulterated Twigerings, though. Tis free, if that helps.

the beast of **PLANET V!**

The alcoholic imposed stupor had done little to dull the sensitive feelings of Paul Janer. The pain in his lacerated hand suddenly leaped forward and served as a mocking reminder to him that violence was barbaric, that it served no good purpose. He didn't want to hurt anyone, he never had, before, but his tortured mind would not let him forget, now, that he had recently killed an intelligent being. Killed him, without reason, and, without malice.

"Why?" he repeatedly asked himself as he took the healing ray machine from the bartender and applied it to his hand. "Why? How could a society so intent on peace so completely dominate its own people, forcing them into situations that were the complete antithesis of their teachings?"

The pounding persistence of the question brought little surcease to the problem. He didn't know the answer. In vain he had searched his mind,



BY GUY E.
TERWILLEGER

almost to the point of asking for a psycho-probe examination by the Academy doctors. Yet, some inner compulsion always stopped him from taking this last step. He could never forget this inhuman action of his. Never! Short of complete brainwashing, the details of the incident were etched indelibly on his conscience. Brainwashing, itself, was a ghastly prospect that tethered his senses into immobility.

He glanced at his hand and noted there were no cuts unhealed. Quickly he flipped off the rays and stepped down from the gently swaying bar stool, and swung onto the idling conveyor walk. As his weight settled into place, it sprang into slow action, carrying him through the door and onto the brilliantly lighted roller walk. Vaguely, he recalled pushing the power checks, giving destination to the section on which he stood. From that point on, he was oblivious to all movement as his section moved into traffic, slowed for crossings, changed directions, and smoothly progressed across the city.

As he rode, his searching eyes found the stars, barely visible in the light, above the vaulted canyons of the city. He watched as the panorama widened, then closed, as various buildings changed the skyline.

"Somewhere up there," he thought, "there must be a planet where people are free. Not just free of war, but really unhampered." He was silent for a few moments.

"Damn the Federation," he suddenly blurted aloud, "they made me kill him, taught me how, and expected it of me. Damn them and all men who can't live in peace." He took no note of the eyes of passersby turned upon him.

Paul deactivated the power controls as the section neared the Academy gates. As it stopped, he walked off the platform and left it to fend for itself when another approaching unit would push it back into the continual stream of moving sidewalk. He stepped up to the guard and exposed his forehead to the invisible light rays, his number showing clearly. The guard glanced, then pressed the stud for 812-Green Level.

"Do you need the sterilization chamber?" Paul shook his head negatively at the guard's question.

"Decontamination?" Again the adverse head shake.

The guard opened his mouth again, "How about a pro..."

"I don't need anything," Paul snapped. The guard looked at him for a brief moment, then unlocked the gate.

A blind and deaf man couldn't have seen or heard less than Paul did as he elevated to the Green Level and proceeded down the antiseptic corridor. The other academy members turned to stare after him, shrugged, and continued with their tasks. Paul's silence had ceased to interest them days before. Always a quiet person, he had never roused much from them except appreciation when he played on the antique piano in the lounge.

In the silence of his room, Paul mechanically shed his uniform, took a quick ultra-violet shower, and donned the shorts and T-shirt lounging gear required of all Academymen during off hours in the barracks. His esthetic taste was appalled by the combination of red shorts and purple T-shirt, but it showed his rank as a group captain and personal opinion did not alter requirements.

Sounds of music drifted up to him from the recreation quarters on the floor below. They were harsh sounds, full of brass and drums. The rhythm reminded him of cannibalistic rites he had witnessed on distant Vega. The cacophony of noise shattered against his strained and tense nervous system and, without thinking, he was out the door and on his way to the recreation quarters. They always stopped their recorded music when he entered, and it pleased him to note that, in these barbaric times, people still had a love for the finer things.

He had often wondered if man thought of himself in relation to past history, or if the average man even bothered to learn about his ancestry. In this age of mechanical devices doing all the work, man had turned, as the ancient Romans had when their world was overrun with slaves and they had nothing to do, to barbaric customs as sources of relaxation.

The room fell into utter silence as Paul's fingers came down on the yellowed ivory keys and began a long series of old melodies. From his mind he dredged forth all the compassion and sorrow his nimble fingers could play. He was a marvel of precision and never once faltered. The talented fingers slipped gracefully over the keys. As it torn from his very soul, the melodic, yet tragically sad, strains of the "Love Theme from Tristan and Isolde" filled the room, reaching a crescendo of despair, then drifting away, almost casually. As he finished he heard a murmur of approving voices. "Perfection" was the word that landed loudly on his ears.

The idea of perfection impinged itself like a leech on his brain. Perfectionist? Not really, not when he had killed a man for no reason. There, he was thinking of it again. With a resounding crash of the keys, he leaped up and ran blindly to his quarters.

Maybe a good sleep would help. Extracting a tranquilizer pill from the chest in the lavatory, he swallowed it, stripped off his clothing and stretched out on the bed, automatically turning on the health rays that would bathe his body during the night. In a matter of minutes, he was asleep.

For a few minutes he lay in sleep as still as death. The restful slumber did not stay with his tortured body for long. The 'dream', the 'damned dream' came again. Frantically he tossed and turned, hands pressed hard against his ears to shut out the sound.

"P-A-U-L J-A-N-E-R", the voice began. It was a fragment of vibration, gradually increasing in volume and rapidity until it was a crashing, undulating serpent, beating against the room, threatening to bring down the walls.

"Atonement!" The appalling command of it grew until Paul felt his head must break under its vibrating rhythm. With an anguished cry, he stood up on the bed, hands beating the air.

"Stop it! STOP IT!" he cried. "What is it you want of me? Is this to be your punishment? Am I never to forget, to go on, always, tortured out of sleep?"

The sound lessened rapidly and finally drifted away as a soft breeze carresses the trees in springtime. In its place was a serene, feminine voice whose words reached out and soothed.

"We want no retribution against you, only atonement. You have killed Lfana Haarb. Lfana was the greatest joy of our small world. He travelled the far reaches of space to bring to use the music of other worlds. He was visiting your Earth when you shot him down. Now we have no one to play for us. We are an awkward people, none of us can take up where Lfana..... We want you to come to our world and take his place." The voice paused for a moment, waiting for reply.

Paul struggled for control. The voice was a drug on his senses. From the moment the first word was spoken, his one desire had been to find that voice. The thought of atonement was appealing. It could salve his labored brain, bring it back to a more rational viewpoint, ease the chaotic attitude that was slowly conquering his sensitive existence.

Still, he could not be sure. What if.... "Where is your world? Can you describe it?"

The voice became aloof. "Sufice it to say that you will find no place more beautiful as long as you play for us. Your mind will be at rest."

"What planetary name does your world have?" He wanted to know where he must go.

"It is just Planet V of a distant star. It has no name."

"And your people? Are they like us?" Paul was persistant.

For answer, a gossamer veil appeared before him. Behind its shadowy folds stood the most lovely creation Paul had ever seen. In the brief instant that he held the figure within his vision, his whole body ached to hold her, to have her for his own. A passion that he had never known before enveloped him, driving out reason, possessing him so completely that desire became the one governing factor in his life.

The veil parted and the woman glided toward him, arms outstretched, her own anticipation hardly less visible than his. Taking her hand, he led her back to the bed, pushing her gently into its folds.

As he lay down beside her, the veil settled over them, hiding them from view. Slowly, strangely, the bit of gauze flattened on the coverlet, then was gone. The room was empty.

The bed was empty save for Paul. He turned his head slowly from left to right. Had it all been a dream? If it had been, it had left him at peace with the world. It didn't matter now that he had killed. Everything seemed so settled again. So normal. He opened his eyes fully and focused on the room.

"What the..." He jumped up. "This isn't my bed and it isn't my room. Where am I?" The sound of his voice echoed through the chamber.

From some distant place he heard the sound of music, music composed of the tiny tinglings of a thousand miniature bells. Bells of glass and metal, combined in a hundred different ways to gain the most melodious tones imaginable.

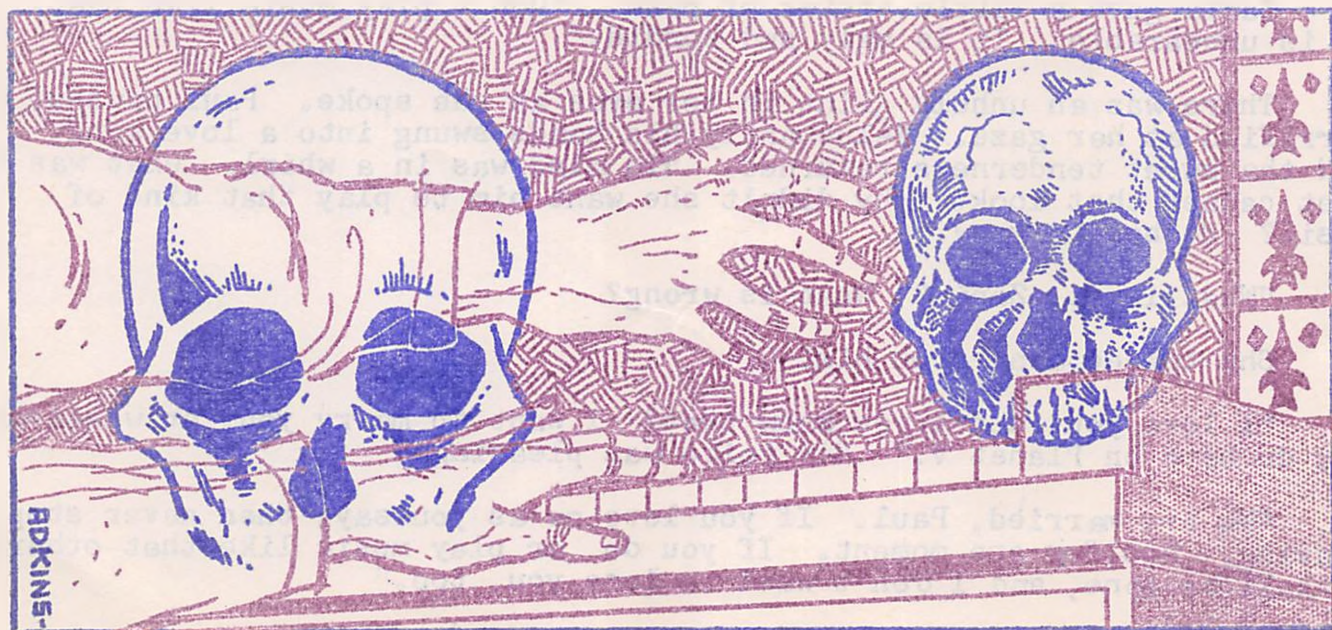
Paul stretched his muscular frame to its full six foot four and felt his body tingle with the bells. It was a body his friends admired, especially since his own personality did not head one to think of muscles and brawn. The two were hardly synonymous with a sensitive person, but they made a pleasing combination in Paul.

Through a dramatic picture window the Earthman looked out over the tiny world of Planet V. Everywhere the land was carpeted green, dotted with the spires of various plant forms. Not a single item, Paul noted, did not blend harmoniously with its surroundings. Even the snow capped peaks of the distant mountains fused into this almost tropic setting.

From another quarter, birds sang their lilting songs with the bells. It was a gay and happy place. As he turned to go, Paul caught sight of his own reflection in the window. After a short search, he finally discovered a length of magenta colored material and used it to fashion a loincloth to cover his nakedness.

Stepping from the room, he wondered at the lack of human life. There was none outside that he had seen, nor did there seem to be anyone in this house. Or was it a house? It seemed rather large for that. Never, he had to admit, as he descended the stairs, had he run into a case so obstinate to fathom. His puzzlement ceased when he saw the piano. It was a gigantic thing, and beautiful. His fingers ached to play.

From his almost limitless musical memory, he searched for the right song to play, and, almost without hesitation, the "New World Symphony" came to fill the void. All other sounds ceased the instant he began. The bells gave a final peal and cracked, their tinklings silenced forever by his majestic concert. From nowhere the people came to listen. They were beyond compare, every physical detail perfect. Even the men were beautiful to see and he felt a little ashamed of his own rustic frame.



As he looked, he realized it was not easy to tell the men from the women. There was so slight a variation in their eyes, their build, their size. All of them were five feet, or slightly under.

The girl stepped out of the crowd. He stopped, entranced again by her beauty.

"Don't stop playing, not yet," she implored.

"But..." he began.

Soft fingers caressed his lips, hushing his protest. "You must play for us now. You must play as Lfana played, to bring beauty to us and our ugly world. You must make us beautiful.

"But you are beautiful, all of you."

"We want you to make us feel it," she murmured, brushing her fingers over his hair.

He played in silence for a time. Then, "Who are you?"

"Zania," came the reply.

"You were in love with Lfana, weren't you?" He knew the answer without waiting for it.

"Yes," she said. "Lfana was my betrothed. Don't sorrow. He didn't love me. He was fleeing our marriage when you killed him."

The crowd increased in size, pressing closer to the new maestro. Still Paul played. Everytime he tried to stop, or his fingers faltered, Zania was there to urge him on. It seemed hours before the hoards of people dispersed, leaving only Zania and Paul in the hall.

With a flourish, Paul threw all of his talent into a crashing introduction to "A Night On Bald Mountain."

Zania gave a little shriek of pain. "Don't play music like that. It is unbearable. It is ugly and sordid."

There was an unholy glint in her eyes as she spoke. Paul paused, terrified at her gaze. Reluctantly his hands swung into a love song and the sweet tenderness returned. His mind was in a whirl. What was it that caused that look. Why didn't she want him to play that kind of music? He had to know.

"What is it, Zania? What is wrong?"

She turned away from him.

"I love you, don't you know that? I want to marry you, or whatever you do here on Planet V." His voice was pleading.

"We are married, Paul. If you love me as you say, then never stop playing. Not for one moment. If you do, or play music like that other, I shall be gone, and I don't want to lose you, too."

"What do you mean....."

"We're not like you, Paul. We are what music makes us. Our world is barren and desolate, we are an ugly people."

"I don't understand...." His fingers ceased playing.

"Do you think we brought you here just for your music? We can stand our world as we really are. But there is so much more than that in life.

"You are a sensitive, Paul. What you will see if you stop playing will drive you insane. That is our retribution against you. Now, play, quickly."

"I don't believe you, Zania." He didn't want to believe what she had said. He stood up and embraced her. "Come with me."

She drew back. "No, Paul. No!"

He couldn't control himself any longer. Grabbing her hand, he drug her up the stairs and threw her into the room and onto the bed.

Zania cried out, almost silently, "Don't Paul. Please don't. Play for me. I don't want to be a 'beast' again. I love you. Do this for me."

Paul stood over her, shaking his head. "I couldn't love a beast, Zania." He bent and kissed her to stifle further arguments. Under his touch he felt the skin moving and he opened his eyes.

"Oh, God!" he screamed, then screamed again.

From the bed a faint growling voice called out to him. "Go, Paul! Play!" The words were filled with longing, imploring.

He stood there, hands covering his eyes. "What good would it do? What good? I know what you are. A damned filthy beast. I'll never..... Oh, God!" His voice was revulsion personified.

Realization struck him in the face. "Liana wasn't one of you, was he?"

"No," the voice was almost gone. "He was one of you. An Earth-man."

"And I killed him when he escaped from you!" He waited for an answer that didn't come. "Well, didn't I?" he shouted.

She nodded, her two furry arms extending toward him, begging. Taloned claw-hands clasped and relaxed, then clenched again.

"Play, Paul. Please play for me. I want to be beautiful again. Help me!"

The torture of his brain on Earth returned full fold to Paul, multiplied a thousand times by what he had done. "You'll have your retribution," he said coldly, "but it won't be a lifetime of it." He was out the door and down the steps.

As he ran, he flung a glance over his shoulder. She was following. He hadn't realized how her form had grown. The animal shape towered over him, yellow fangs glistening. In an added burst of energy, he

reached the piano and flung himself down.

The instrument burst into a frenzy of wild music, ripping through the air. A pall fell over the landscape and the building ceased to exist. Still the music went on. The sensuous notes of the dance of the seven veils from "Salome" shattered the landscape. Then, with terrific fingering, Paul began the wild, chaotic strains of Salome's dance and the serving of John the Baptist's head on the silver platter.

For a moment, he was alone with the piano, perched on a high rock. Never had he played so mightily, so savagely. From the shadows came a horde of the beastmen, slowly at first, then ever more rapidly. Their eyes glowed evilly, their mouths slavered in anticipation.

His gaze swept over the throng, from side to side, then back again. "Which one is you, Zania?" he yelled over his playing. "Do you want the first bite?"

The frenzy and tempo increased as the beastmen swarmed up and over the rock.

The piano stood silently on the barren granite. In the distance, the snurring of the beasts could be heard as they raced to catch the animal ahead, the one with the bit of flesh in its mouth.

--Guy E. Terwilleger

Rootings

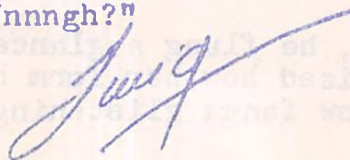
The shock items have finally arrived on TV here in the Boise Valley. We are in a valley, you know. Where I live now was at one stage of history a part of the beach of a lovely lake. At one time it was part of the lake. And, at one time, I lived on the lake bottom. That's beside the point.

The shockers arrived. Son of Dracula being one of the first. I had forgotten how bad this one was. Anyway, here is old Count Alucard killing a toothless old crone. The thought for the evening was: If a vampire kills someone without any teeth, what happens. Do they turn into a vampire that goes up to his victim, takes some sharp implement and punches a hole in the jugular vein and then put in a straw to get that delicious blood cocktail? Good question. Turned out he scared her to death, anyway, so the question didn't really fit the situation.

Son of Frankenstein was the other on the double feature. Yes, we have shock double features once a week. Going to load us down and then leave us for dead, I guess.

At the first utterance of Karloff's classic line: "Unnngh" with a flourish of the arm, I again wondered why, after giving the monster a voice in Bride of Frankenstein, they took it away from him in the following pics.

Anyone care to hazard a guess? Unnngh?"



OPEN LETTER TO FANAC

Dear Ron Ellik and Terry Carr:

I have recently read the lead article in Fanac #27. The one entitled "Can You Top This?", in which you say:

"George Nims Raybin, in the name of the World Science Fiction Society, Inc., sued David A. Kyle for something like a couple of hundred dollars. Arthur C. Kyle Sr., father to the defendant, sued George Nims Raybin and Franklin M. Dietz, Jr. for conspiracy, to the tune of \$25,000. On 31 August, 1958, Raybin resigned his position as legal Advisor to the WSFS Inc., leaving the suit unvacated (although Anna Moffat had ordered him to vacate it), and leaving David Kyle's funds attached. He refused and refuses to do anything about this, on the grounds that it was the Socy's Legal Advisor who initiated the action, and he, Raybin, a private citizen, can do nothing about it. It's up to the Socy to hire a new lawyer.

Kyle's position is that inasmuch as George never secured proper or legal authorization for suing Kyle, it was not the WSFS Inc. who sued but George, acting illegally in the name of the WSFS Inc., and the Socy has nothing to do with the matter.

"George says he won't budge.

"Arthur C. Kyle has filed an amended complaint, increasing the amount to \$35,000. Kyle says that the way things are going, his suit is becoming more and more a real suit for damages, that he cannot possibly withdraw his suit against George and Frank until the one against him is taken care of.

To say that you are mistaken would be a rather mild way of commenting Frankly, I think you're all wet and that you're taking someone's interpretation of facts when you should be able to do some of your own thinking and come up with a more accurate idea of what's going on.

However, it's not my intention to tell you what to do. For once I am going to have the opportunity to say what I think without interlineated comments or subtle editing. This is the reason that I don't write directly to you, but instead have my letter printed where I know the editor will not take unfair advantage.

I am merely going to point out the truth. You may disagree all you like but that doesn't change the facts.

a) When a man resigns, it is improper, illegal and unethical for him to take any further action in the office from which he resigned. In other words, George cannot file any papers in court getting rid of that judgment against Dave Kyle because he is no longer Legal Officer and cannot do anything as attorney for the WSFS Inc. George has resigned and I know that he's sent you a copy of his resignation, which I would suggest you re-read.

b) In the lawsuit entitled "WSFS Inc. vs. David A. Kyle" the plaintiff is the WSFS Inc. This is a palpable, manifestly obvious simple truth, like Dwight D. Eisenhower is the current president of the United States. Dave Kyle can disagree if he likes, but this still doesn't change that self-evident fact. The only one who can get rid of that judgment is the plaintiff or the plaintiff's attorney. And right now the WSFS Inc. does not have an attorney. George has resigned.

c) As for "hiring a new lawyer", what's the matter with using Dave Kyle's father? He's a lawyer. He could be substituted for George in this one action only and could then do what Dave wants him to do in order to get rid of the judgment.

d) George has provided Dave Kyle with the means to get another lawyer in there and get rid of the judgment. He has sent Dave a paper, signed and notarized, allowing Dave to substitute any other attorney under the sun in George's place in the action "WSFS Inc. vs. David A. Kyle". George sent you a copy of this so you must be aware that he has not "refused to budge". He's done as much as he can to facilitate Dave's getting rid of the judgment against him. Any damage now being caused to Dave is due to his own neglect and inability to recognize the truth when it tromps on him. And he can't collect damages from George or Frank for this. As a matter of fact, if you quoted him correctly, he's even indicated that up to now he hasn't had any real damages. So what has he been suing George and Frank for?

It may be that Dave feels that if he or his father were to take any steps in the WSFS action against him, it might prejudice his case against George and Frank. If you continue along those lines, the more he permits the judgment to harm him, the more he feels he may be able to collect. Well, you will pardon me if I do not have any sympathy for him.

In case you don't know it, there was a settlement discussion between Dave and his father and George and Frank, held during the Solacon. George agreed to get rid of the judgment (and meant to keep that promise too, while he was Legal Officer) but Dave's father refused to let Dave drop his action against George and Frank. He also said that he still had every intention of making a complaint against George to the Bar Association and trying to get George disbarred. Dave's attitude and actions throughout this entire matter have left a great deal to be desired.

I am rather tired, therefore, of Fanac's attitude that Dave Kyle is always right and George is always wrong. However, when you get to the point where your prejudices blind you completely to the truth and leave you unable to think, well then it's time to stop and do a little backtracking.

Ringingly,

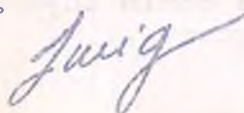
Belle C. Dietz

P.S. I have just received Fanac #28 and remain unimpressed. I personally know (because I mailed the letter) that you received the resignation, stipulation of substitution, etc. from George prior to the issuance of Fanac #27. Apparently you have seen Dick Eney's comments in his final issue of Stupifying Stories and must be aware that he received the same papers you did. Hence the attempt to cover up, as evidenced by your statement "my law is fudge". However, as I said, I remain unimpressed. As you say, Dave can now get his funds unattached---but you don't tell just how much money is attached---which happens to be the entire, munificent sum of approximately \$20. The way you say it sounds like Dave's entire life savings had been tied up by George. This is another prime example of what I mean when I say you take unfair advantage."

BCD

Belle's views are not those of myself or of my fanzine TWIG. This should be understood. Belle, herself, insisted that I should make this known when I agreed to print the letter. As stated before, I have no opinion on the matter. Belle did not want me to get embroiled in it, for which I thank her.

On the other hand, Ron and Terry know that this letter is to appear in this issue of TWIG. They have not read it before its printing. As should be the case, I have told them they will be given equal space if they have anything to say on the matter.



Chaled Bark

HONEY WOOD, 1412 Acton, Berkeley, Calif.

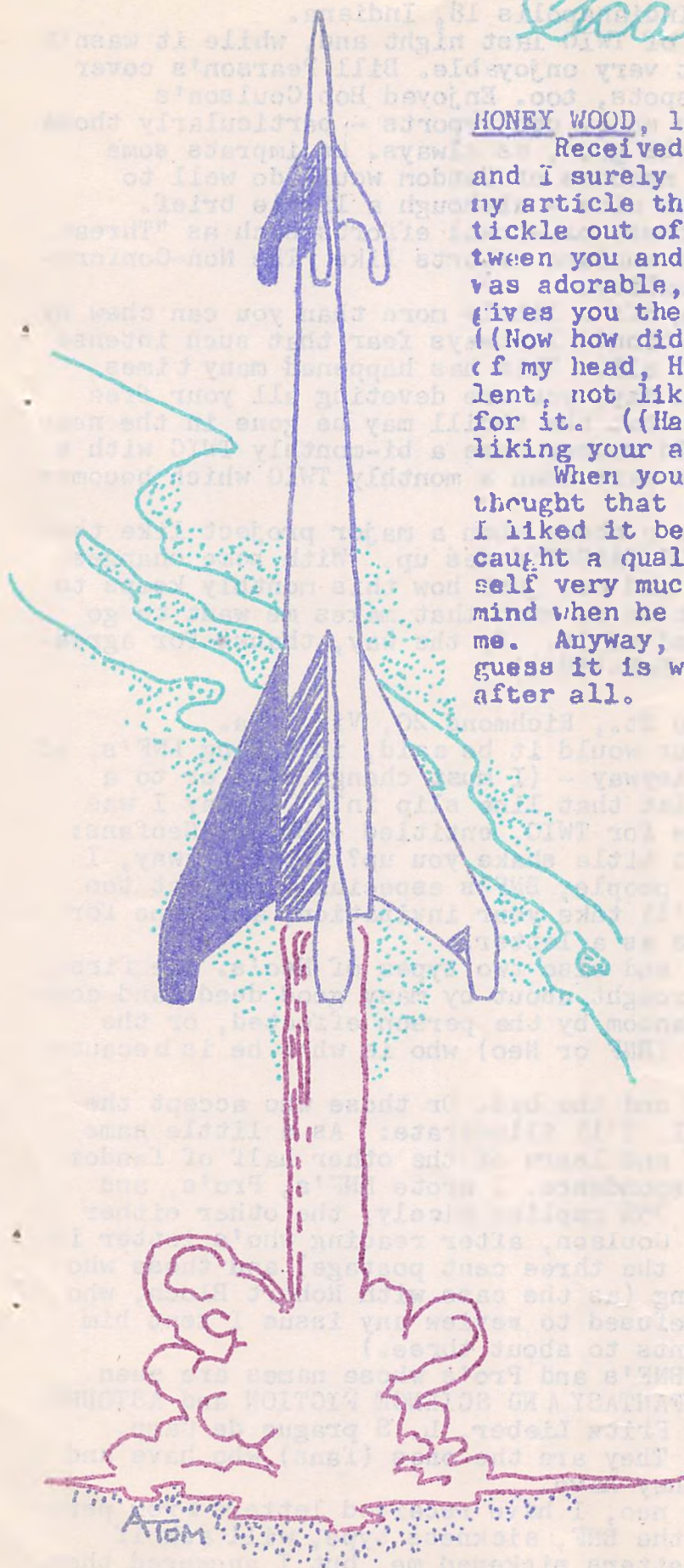
Received the latest copy of TWIG and Rog and I surely did enjoy it, of course I enjoyed my article the most, but the one I got a real tickle out of was the little conversation between you and your ever-lovin. I thought that was adorable, especially the part where D gives you the kerchief for your little head. ((Now how did you get inside info on the size of my head, Honey?)) Reproduction was excellent, not like my spelling though, watch out for it. ((Had to put in that bit about you liking your article because of my 'head'.))

When you write to Lars, tell him that I thought that drawing was the best. Rog and I liked it better than the article. He surely caught a quality in it. It reminds me of myself very much, I don't know if he had me in mind when he drew it, but it sure looks like me. Anyway, the whole issue was very nice. I guess it is worth getting in that basket for after all.

A/2c John Trimble, HqSSec,
CCTWing, Williams AFB, Arizona
SAPLING and TWIG 12 came within a day of one another, and here will be answered and commented upon in the typically typed Trimble manner. "Look on my works ye Mighty, and despair."

The Annish would seem to be a rather outstanding example of the best of TWIG, to me at least. Juanita Coulson's article will be very interesting to aspiring reofaneds (like me, for instance) and was therefore interesting. Mussells' story wasn't bad, either, if a bit superficial - he could have probed deeper into his conforming non-conformist.

LARS seems to be angry again, but then, from the title of his column, I'd say that he'll continue to be so, no? Having stayed in the same room with Bourne during the SOLACON, I can say that he gets angered easily, but that it seems to be a mild, short-lived anger, which doesn't even interfere with his relations with the object of the anger.



BOB MADLE, 3608 Caroline Avenue, Indianapolis 18, Indiana.

Read the current (#12) issue of TWIG last night and, while it wasn't quite up to last issue, I found it very enjoyable. Bill Pearson's cover is quite colorful - in the right spots, too. Enjoyed Bob Coulson's report of the Midwestcon. I always enjoy con reports - particularly those which I have attended. Dean Grennell good, as always. He imprats some sage-like advice that quite a few members of fandom would do well to absorb. Honey Wood's con report was nice - although a little brief. Short stories quite good - enjoy these off-trail efforts such as "Thread of Existence." Also down-to-earth mundane efforts like "The Non-Conformist." This was a little bit of reality.

Don't you think you're biting off a little more than you can chew by trying to maintain monthly publication? I always fear that such intense activity results in no activity at all. This has happened many times before in fandom. But when, as you say, you are devoting all your free time to publishing it is possible that the thrill may be gone in the near future. Just a thought - as I would rather have a bi-monthly TWIG with a little less effort on the editor's part than a monthly TWIG which becomes an ordeal.

((Monthly pubbing does become a chore when a major project like the second annual volume of THE BEST OF FANDOM comes up. With some changes in the offing, we'll have to wait and see just how this monthly keeps to schedule. Actually, it isn't the time so much that makes me want to go back to bi-m as it is the money end of it. By the way, thanks for agreeing to write the introduction for BoF-'58!))

ROD FRYE, Room 25, 712 W. Franklin St., Richmond 20, Virginia.

The issue of BNF's vs. Neo (or would it be said, including LNF's, of which I am one of the smallest.) Anyway - (I must change pens or to a pencil) ((Now how the hell did I let that line slip in?)) Anyway I was almost sparked to write an article for TWIG, entitled - BNF's--Neofans: A Condition, A Sickness. Does that title shake you up? No... Anyway, I don't plan to write the article - people, BNF's especially, expect too much out of articles. INSTEAD, I'll take your invitation, and hope for publication, and write all my views as a letter.

There are two types of BNF's and also two types of Neo's. The first is the condition type, which is brought about by many good deeds and contributions to the well being of fandom by the person effected, or the lack of such deeds. These are the (BNF or Neo) who is what he is because of what he (has or hasn't) done.

Of these, there are the good and the bad. Or those who accept the other as equals and get along well. I'll illustrate: As a little name fan I have tried to better myself and learn of the other half of fandom by taking the initiative at correspondence. I wrote BNF's, Pro's, and snobbish LNF's. Of those I wrote, 75% replied nicely; the other either didn't reply. (In the case of Bob Coulson, after reading who's letter in TWIG, I decided it was a waste of the three cent postage) and those who wrote back behind the bush, beating (as the case with Robert Bloch, who hates my fanzine because he has refused to review any issue I sent him in the last two years, which amounts to about three.)

And then there are the true BNF's and Pro's whose names are seen plastered all over the covers of FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION and ASTOUNDING. I received nice replies from Fritz Lieber, L. S. prague de Camp, Harry Warner, Jr., to name a few. They are the ones (fans) who have and deserve the high standing which they have.

As an LNF, not necessarily a neo, I have received letters from persons far below my own level (now the BNF, sickness type, will ask if there is any level lower) whose letters sickened me, but I answered them, and usually didn't hear from them again. The only type letters I never answer are those containing advertising copy, pro or fannish. A fanish

advertiser (?) actually sent me a post card with postage due (damn him) and after paying the postage, found nothing but a mimeoed ad for the back. This raises fires from that far place.....

Now back to the subject at hand, I told what the (BNF or Neo) by condition was and why, now we come to the sickness type. That is the kind who have achieved either a low or high standing by some means and now their rank is all in their mind. The dejected Neo, for instance. Or the fan who imagines he is a BNF and tries to behave (snobbishly) like he thinks one should act. These two (BNF and Neo, alike) are in the wrong. I'll give no examples, here because...anyway I won't.

Then there are the cliques. Sure there should be cliques in fandom. How else would you have it? Everyone associates with those who have similar interests and ideas. (Not necessarily snubbing all others.) This is natural. BNF's will hang around with BNF's, Pro's with other Pro's, Neo's with Neo's, and people like me, with others of my kind.

My fanzine, OMEGA, is published for a type of clique, in that it doesn't interest all fans, and those who don't find enjoyment in it just don't buy it, and those who have been enlightened to the future and current quality of OMEGA, stay with it. I correspond regularly with a clique, the people who with me get along, and who with I get along. Simple? Of course, no need to investigate fandom, too. But, then, going back to what I said before, you can't ignore the others.

I had a good ending for this letter, a set of words of wisdom. But in the process of writing, I forget it, so I won't end it. There is no solution to the problem (not having read the article; I don't know the problem, but the fact that it is a problem justifies my saying it can't be solved, otherwise it wouldn't be a problem. See?

We (fen) must continue on our merry ways, but being a little a little more sociable and tolerant, people should, really, try to get along.

DICK LUPOFF, 29 Fieldstone Drive, Apt. 2E, Dalewood Gardens, Hartsdale, New York.

My personal view is that the BNF has no obligation to the neo -- it is the latter, seeking uncredentialed admission to a worthwhile and admirably functioning microcosm, who must prove himself worthy of admittance.

--two to one I'll be immortalized in a fanish hell of flame. --Cameron

A/B LARRY WINDHAM, AF 19617171, 3723rd BMTG FLT 628, Box 1523, Lackland AFB, Texas.

I haven't been in Fandom long enough to know much about, but I do have an idea of what a BNF is. First of all, he's been around long enough to be wellknown. Secondly, he gets to be wellknown thru the quantity or the quality of his work, or both. He has to have a talent for one or more things (re: Dodd letters, Adkins artwork, Foley parodies, Berry articles, etc.) Or he can be a "dirty pro", like Bloch and Tucker. Or maybe he's just well-liked by everybody. He's better than a neo, mainly because he's been at it long. Blood, sweat, and empty beer cans. That's what it takes to be a BNF. Plus talent, of course. Ya gotta have that magic touch.....

BOYD RAEURN, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada.

I guess at this date you aren't eager to get into a discussion on what Simpson had to say, and I certainly have no interest in doing so, but I am rather astounded that he expected fandom to "take to heart" what he had to say, or that fans should agree with him. ((That part rather startled me. I didn't think any fan would take his side of it.)) He, for a large part of the article stated his tastes in various things.



Gad, are we expected to adopt Simpson's tastes because they are SIMPSON'S tastes? What colossal ego. In some of his statements he is off the beam. Because he misunderstands or imperfectly understands certain things, does he expect us to adopt his misunderstandings? What ELSE could he possibly expect but a "so what?" attitude from those who read the article? Simpson in effect says "I don't like your back yard" and the reply was "So who's begging you to come over?" and he feels badly about it. Ho hum.

EMIL TOADCROAKER, New York 16, New York

-Dear 'Mr. Terwilliger,

I am an artist. I have enclosed some of my drawings. #I have heard of your fanzine from some of my friends and I like it very much although I have never seen it myself.

Do you think you might be able to use some of my drawings in your fanzine TWIG? #Will you send me the next issue of your fanzine if you use some of my drawings?

My friends say TWIG is one of the top ten fanzines.

((Just had to put this one in to let all you good people know that I do get some good letters, even if the ones who write them sound like they are a bit out of their minds.))

DAVE MCCARROLL, 644 Ave. C, Boulder City, Nevada.

Your 2nd Annish of TWIG arrived a while back and I was very gratified to see the excellent cover drawing and the formidable lineup of writers for this issue.

A sober seeming though carouses through my brain....ALL FANZINE PUBLISHERS ARE JUST A LITTLE CRAZY. Every fanzine that I've ever come across has always had an odd or oddly even number of pages. No one ever makes their fanzine an even 20, 30, or 50 pages either.

Through Time & Space by Colin Cameron should have been longer, because for fan-written fiction this was fairly good, so why fight it? Or was it stronger than both of you?

PARK YOUR BROOM OVER THERE. Your "Up In A Basket" was pretty good, but then I usually read anything you write....you and Bourne seem to have something in your writing, Bourne with his hitch hiking and you with your Diane. ((Well, after all you guys, I've got to have some ego-goo, too. Trouble is, this something Dave mentions seems to be something most of you don't like. At least, I get little reaction to the new stuff I've been doing.))

Instead of The Inner Twig, "Under the Bark" would seem more appropriate, or so me thinks.

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

The cover was sensational, almost comparable to some of the work on the early (vintage 1940-1945 or so) VOM8s and ACOLYTES and others during that fabulous period. Tho it was almost impossible to see the word TWIG on the middle gals headband--but I found it.--Yes indeed. But rather too crowded though. ((On that cover: Stupid me, I didn't even realize that thing in the foreground was a girl's behind until I ran the cover. Thought it was a charming vase.))

Colin's cartoon was pretty sneaky, I say, and funnnny, too, tho I like the one by Lars Bourne better--a riot! Adkins was sensational. I'll never tire of seeing his work--'cept when does he draw girls?--spacemen, spacemen, alla time spacemen--how come no spacegirls?

Pros and Cons by R. Coulson was O.K. -- I guess -- con reports never intrigued me too much unless I was their. Now the LondonCon Report in

HYPHEN #19 was fabulooose--maybe because it wasn't too much like a report.

Oboy! BNF vs Neo--Mr. Grennell obviously has a lot on the ball and is a wonderful man. I'll keep his two articles in mind whilst I climb the rocky path to fandom heights.

Thread of Existence--was fabulous ((he seems to like that word)), best part of the whole issue.

I shall also keep in mind those facts presented by Juanita Coulson in her Stylish Styli--tho it'll be a long day before I try to editor a fanzine.

Secret of the Oaks--was real good--top rate in fact--but it seemed out of place--I dunno!

COLIN CAMERON, 2561 Ridgeview Drive, San Diego 5, California.

I'm writing up the Solacon, but it will probably be much too long for regular fanzines, but I can't be sure. Should be done in two weeksI'm taking my time to do the best possible job. It is mainly humour in style. It should last 5 chapters (one chapter for each day I was there) and each chapter is about 2-3 pages in length. I just decided to print it myself on the JOE BTF SPLK PRESS and sell it for advance copies 25¢--after printing copies, 35¢.

This next isn't a letter, it came as GAMBIT 24½ from Ted White, 2712 N. Charles St., Baltimore 18, Md. 24½ is a tribute to Kent Moomaw and is deserving of reading by all who ever wrote to Kent.

Kent made many of us, including myself, just a bit disgusted with some of the things he said. I'm afraid a lot of us wrote back some mighty nasty things. I was just wondering how many of us feel just a little subdued by the things we wrote, now that Kent is no longer with us. I know I do.

If you haven't read this on Kent, by all means try to get a copy of it.

TAFF: Things are beginning to get into swing for the TAFF 1960 trip to England. Write to Robert Madle, 3608 Caroline St., Indianapolis, Indiana, or to Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England, and contribute at least fifty cents or 2/5d, so that you'll be eligible to vote in the TAFF race which will culminate in sending an American fan to the Easter, 1960 convention in England.

More than this minimum amount is both requested and needed.

And remember, along with others, TWIG is behind TERRY CARR for TAFF in 1960.

The first DETENTION report is out and from the looks of things, it will stack up as one of the better cons in recent years. Sounds funny for me to say this as I've never been to a Con, and I won't be at this one. However, things have a way of getting around. If you haven't joined yet, send your \$2 to James Broderick, 2218 Drexel St., Detroit 15, Mich. Hummmm! I haven't done this, yet, either.

Kind of sly running SAWDUST into the end of the lettercol, but I've already gone 13 pages over what this issue was supposed to be.



Nasty trick: After closing the letter column for this issue, I found I had left this page blank. On top of that, I also went ahead and added a SAWDUST page.

VOWEN CLARK, 6221 Thorn Street, San Diego, California.

Pearson seems to be loosing his touch. It would seem that he has no definite style, and he was greatly influenced by Adkins. Now that they've split up, as it were, Pearson's work seems to be rather indefinite. Bill's repro also seems to be going downhill, but c'est la vie... (Yes, you ran it off, but his other work.

I would say something about Coulson's article, but I'm afraid that I'm sort of prejudiced about everything he's done. ((But which way?))

I personally feel that Dean Grennell was basically correct. I still think you should run more in this line, altho I guess nothing will ever be really decided. ((I'll no doubt keep using arguments as long as good ones keep coming in. However, they must have something to say, not just ramble.))

I appreciate the whole Cameron bit, but again I'm prejudiced...in the opposite way, this time. ((But which way is that?))

Say, why didn't you run that page 28 illo as your cover? No kidding. I admit it's sort of stock, but it's well done, anyway.

Altho I didn't agree with everything you said in 'Leaves', you did a fine job, and you should do more reviewing of all types. ((Leaves is Dan's column. My own reviews, from now on, will appear in SAPLING, my letter zine.))

Concerning Buck's (dear, dear Buck) letter: I would like to know what the measure of 'Great Literature' is. Is it that, if a story withstands the tests of time, it is classed as Great Lit? All right, Tolstoy's War and Peace came out in about 1864 to 68. Frankenstein in about 1818. Hawthorne wrote Scarlet Letter in 1850 and Poe (whom I do not consider an sf author, but rather a fantasy writer--and I don't see how anyone could disagree with that?!) turned out Raven in 1845. In comparison, Verne began writing with some success in the early 1850's (he continued for some years) and, if I remember correctly, Dracula was written some years previously. I, however, am not completely sure as to the actual date, so correct me if I'm wrong. All of these, then, are over a century old, and still being read. If lasting power makes Great Lit, then Frankenstein is as great as War and Peace.

If the greatness of creative writing is gauged by writing quality, then how can you call Men of Iron by Pyle (about as dull and pointless as they come) greater than perhaps The Small Assassin by Bradbury. How could the ramblings of Wyss, Swiss Family Robinson, be compared to the conciseness of Benet's By Still Waters (a poem), especially when Wyss says nothing. Or consider Huxley's social dramas in contrast to the triteness of Stevenson's Black Arrow. Naturally, I admit that the converse is true. It would be pointless to compare Door Into Summer by Heinlein to Crime and Punishment.

But, what of popularity? How many of the best sellers continue for three or four years? How many are even extremely well written? Quite often they simply fit the mood of the public. This doesn't make them Great Lit. How many people have read, within a period of two or three years, some of the Perry Mason mysteries? Probably in the millions. But, how many, down through the ages, have read Plato's science fiction extrapolation of Atlantis? The Graustark novels (by McCutcheon)? Or even More's Utopia? Not many, I'm reasonably sure. Does this make Perry Mason Great Literature and rule out these others?

And, that is really all for this time!!!!

I'd often heard that a person who used big words had to pay a lot to get them. 'Tain't true! I just bought a thousand words for \$1.25. Cheap at half the price. Watch for a lot of new ones from this direction. If you use any of them, though, you'll have to pay for the right.

I don't know if Lars Bourne has made mention of the fact that FLYING SAUCERS arrives at this address or not. It does, and I must say that I get some mighty humorous reading from it. How some of these people can write in to a zine of that type and make, what I would call, fools of themselves is beyond me. Someday my sub will run out-- my sub to OTHER WORLDS that is, and then think what I'll miss. I won't re-subscribe, I know that.

For those of you who have made mention of the fact that BEST OF FANDOM-'58 shouldn't be run on ditto as I wouldn't get enough copies, I made a trial run of a page and got plenty of clear copies. A lot better than some of the regular zines that come out by ditto process.

This is issue #13, and it is the end of an era for TWIG. Don't read me wrong, just the end of an era, not the end of TWIG.

I'll put out a request again for material. Had hung off the past couple of issues, but am in need of good items to run. Both articles and stories.

This runs me down far enough that I had better sign off and skip the rest of my notes. (See, I didn't do this from my little brain on master.) Don't forget those orders for BoF-'58.

Twig

Clawdust



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Boise, Idaho

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To:

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