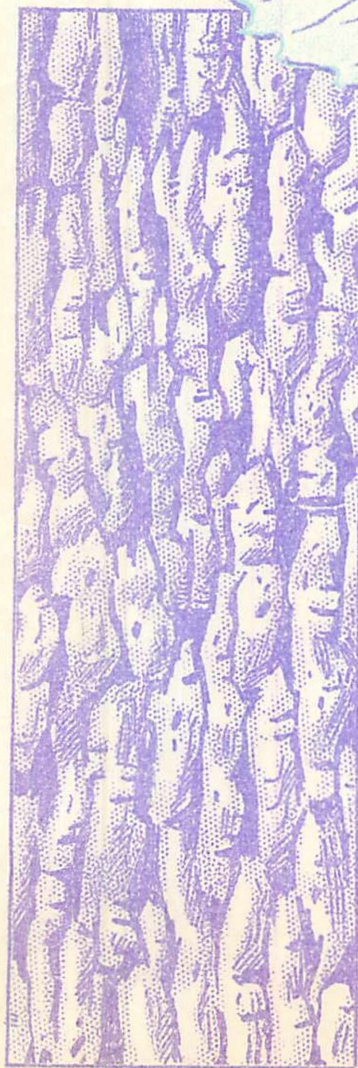
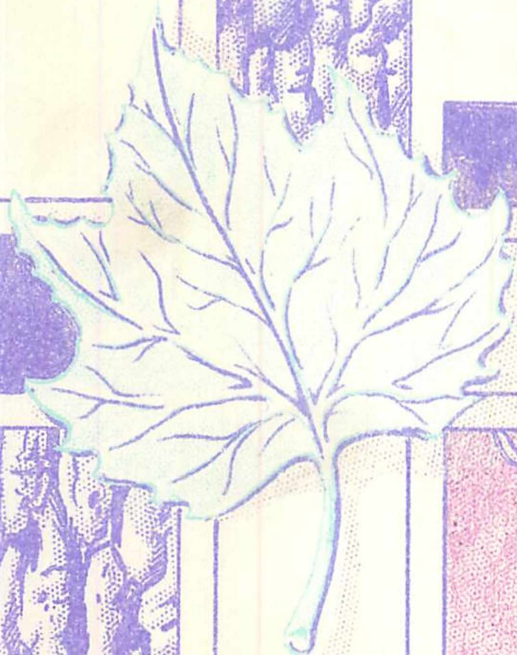


# TWIG





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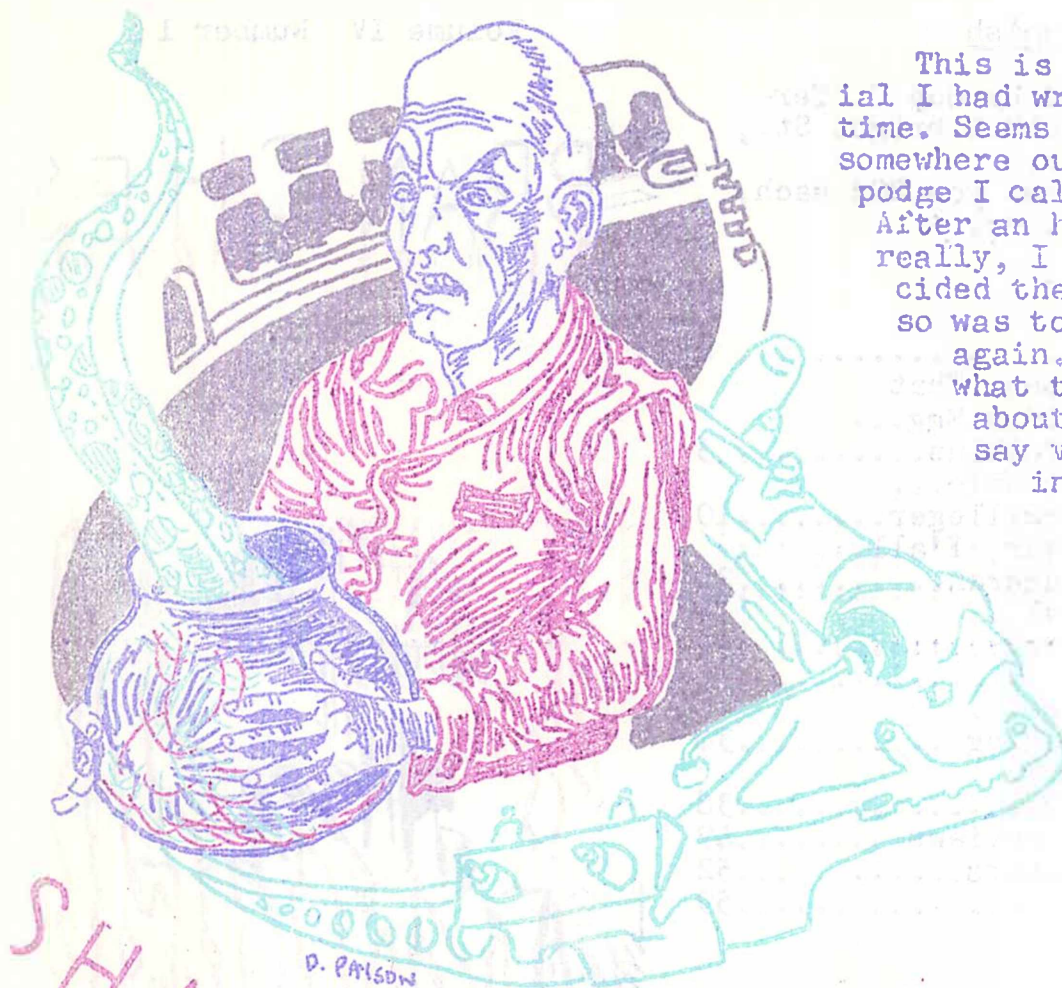
## Cover

GEORGE BARR

Steve Stiles--1  
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With this issue, TWIG enters on its fourth year of publication. A note of thanks is not out of place for all of you who have continued to buy the rag, trade for it, contribute to it, or in anyway have supported it. Let's just hope the hell you keep on doing so so that I can continue to have the pleasure of issuing it.





# SHAVINGS

This is not the editorial I had written ahead of time. Seems that it is lost somewhere out in that hodgepodge I call a fan room. After an hour of looking, really, I gave up and decided the best thing to so was to start all over again. I do remember what the thing was about, so it will say virtually the intended comments.

On first reading, in a recent issue of FANAC, that Ron Ellik and Terry Carr were going all out in an "ostricize GMCarr" campaign, I had a definite feeling toward the subject. I was sure that the two publishing giants had finally flipped their lids. Having so recently come out of a near feud, I found this attitude rather neo-fannish.

Typically, without checking myself, I let fly with a letter to the two of them expressing this opinion. There I intended to forget it for the time being, until I came to this editorial, then I would say my piece and let the chips fall where they may.

Fortunately for me, Ron wrote back and asked me what in the hell I was doing to take such an attitude. In the process he asked if I had even read what GM had written about the Busby clan.

In a round-a-bout way, the wheels of if began whirring and I seemed to recall that GM had said she would send me the GEMZINE containing her report. (We don't trade zines.) Using a bit more oil, the fact that said issue had arrived here at 1412 blasted back. In typical twigish fashion, I had quickly glanced over the issue, saw there was little mention of Diane and I, and passed on to more interesting items.

Now, I sat down and read. Read carefully. The more I read, the more disgusted I became at the whole thing. If Ron and Terry flipped, then I flipped right along with them.

This report was a thing written with the sole intent of insulting the Busbys. There could be no other reason for it. It was highly uncalled for.

Buz and Elinor were major factors in Diane and me enjoying the Westercon. (Which is bourne out in my con-report this issue.) We completely enjoyed them, not finding them uppish at all. If it hadn't have been for Buz, I would never have bid for the con. If we had listened to G.M., I wouldn't have made the bid.

G.M., I must say this. There was only one thing that really bugged Diane and I at the con. That was Flora Jones and you continually talking, in our presence, on what a rotten con the Busbys had arranged. Sure, there was a lack of program, but what the hell, if every con was alike, they would become a ridiculous bore. Why is it that con reports tell so much of what went on outside the scheduled program? Wouldn't this very aspect tend to show that fen want time to converse? And, sure, Diane and I plan more program for the BOYCON, but not because we didn't like the Seattle-con. We want it to be different, that's all.

No, I'm afraid I must go along with Ron and Terry. You did step out of line -- way out this time. How many fen did you ask who said it was so bad. Other, of course, and I stress the other, since you made it obvious that the more mundane Nameless Ones didn't like the Busbys and Fabulous Seattle Fandom, than Nameless Ones who didn't like the con? I didn't hear a soul other than that segment complaining.

I'd really like to see some proof of these statements--real proof, not just passed on comment.

Who and where are these unhappy con-goers? If we are to believe you, then we must also believe they exist, even if you didn't say so in so many words. If some of these fen, other than Seattle, would care to write me a card, I'd be more than happy to know that I'm barking up the wrong tree.

Until such time as there is proof, I'm afraid I must hold this opinion. Terry and Ron, I'm with you all the way.

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Confidentially, after the last issue of TWIG, I had fully expected a tirade of dissenting comment on the zine. It was a drastic change from the previous two issues. From art on practically every page I cut down to very little; from a thick zine, I cut to less than half. Thankfully, the comments against the change were very few, showing I still can't judge fandom accurately.

*Shuy*

*terry  
can  
taff*



# What Killed the Great Serials

Fans who care are becoming more and more concerned with the continuing disappearance of the so-called "sense of wonder," the vital spark of science fiction itself, and with good cause. It is being lost and, at least for some time yet, will continue to be lost. And I think I know why.

It began slipping much longer ago than most of us realize, some fourteen years or more. When the first atomic bomb was exploded over the island of Japan in the final days of World War II, the atomic age was truly born. Gestation began some time before, of course, in the minds of physicists, mathematicians and other scientific personnel, but birth came with a violent explosion as births always do, forcibly ejecting their issue onto the face of the world.

The professional science fiction field was quick to observe that this new event was almost unlimited free publicity and that here, at last, was its first real chance to acquire a healthy slice of the reading public. Magazines with circulations numbered only in thousands began to dream of bigger things. Long subservient to the power of the western novel and the mystery magazine, professional science fiction had of necessity been content to remain a feudal kingdom of a handful of major publications surrounded and continuously attacked by a circle of lesser brethren. Survival of the fittest was the key note. Competition was keen and warfare was bitter, all the more because the major strongholds had in most instances been in power since their early publication and the would-be new-comers were not only envious of those positions but desperately aware of the futility of their attack.

In the 1945-1950 period, ASTOUNDING had been in business a long time -almost 20 years- and AMAZING was even older. The more avowed fantasy magazines with less stress on science fiction, such as FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, had not been publishing nearly as long but in most cases they were holdovers from magazines which had been published since the turn of the century. Newcomers to this sort of competition either were chain magazines allied with some already developed publishing house or else they withered and died after a few sporadic issues. After all, the readership was only so large and no larger, and even with what seem to us today to have been prices fantastically low (appropriately enough) the saturation point of the reader's pocket-book was soon reached.

# the golden age

Let's look rather closely at the transformation which has taken place between those days and the present.

In a desperate fight for survival, one can appreciate the necessity for being bitter. In those days, the names of rival magazines were never seen mentioned in the pages of their competitors, seldom even in their own sister publications, and the existence of magazines other than the one you were reading at the moment was quietly ignored. Indeed, the letterhacks of that earlier fandom who so prolifically filled the letter columns of their day were careful to observe this condition once they found that not to do so would result in merciless blue-penciling by the editor or even complete omission from the letter column—a fate which was not even to be considered. No letter hack worth his typewriter missed having a letter printed every issue if he could avoid it and it was considered the rare pinnacle of success to have two or more letters published in the same issue.

Not only were competitors unmentionable but so were editors, your own included. It was a rare magazine indeed that printed the name of its editor on the contents page and much speculation in this ultimate of guessing games was indulged in by the active readership. Editors remained blankfacedly anonymous or resorted to comic caricatures for camouflage while conducting the various reader's columns.

The day of the reader's column was at its peak...the science fiction, the quizzes, the letter column and the fanzine review, plus occasional others depending upon your brand of magazine. Fewer fanzines were published in those days, perhaps, than at present, and as there were infinitely more fanzine review columns in the professional magazines almost every one got a review every issue or two. Fandom was smaller but much more open to access by the casual reader and many fans were swept straight in with their first sf magazine via the fanzine review column...not so today, when fringe fans abound in astonishing numbers.

And--though this, of course, is open to debate--fandom was both

"Sense of  
Wonder" illos  
by GILBERT

— GREGG CALKINS

both friendlier and happier in those days than it has ever been since or is likely to be again.

The gradual changes started becoming noticeable. As 'science' ceased to be a dirty word to the public (while not held in the mindless adulation it enjoys today it at least became semi-respectable) the science fiction field also aspired to become presentable in the eyes of dignified society and took steps to further those ends. At this point the sense of wonder, already under attack, took what may prove to have been its death blow, although at the time it appeared to be a beneficial elixir. Respectability.

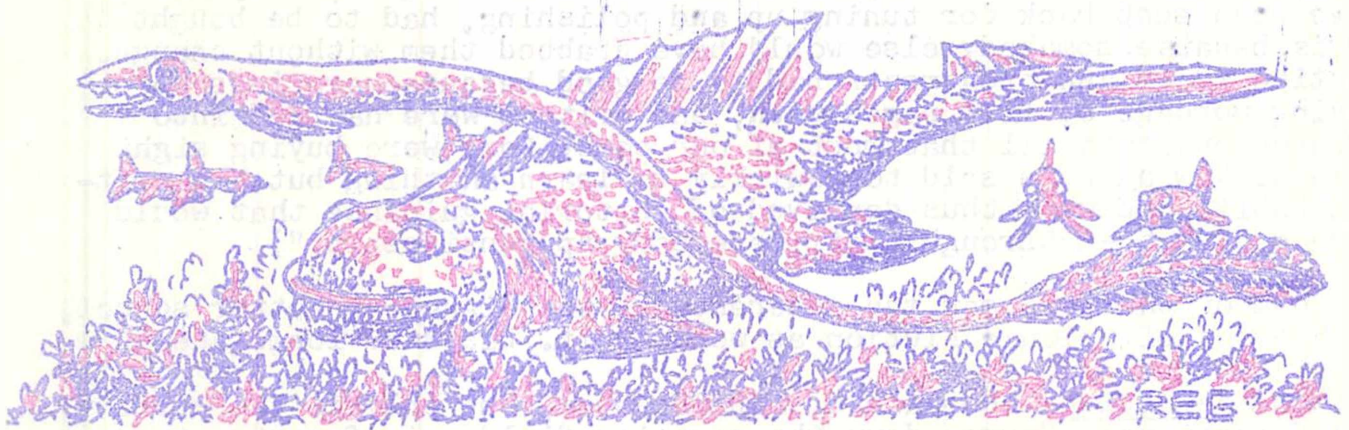
With the prospect of giant readerships dangling like a bright lure before their eyes, magazine publishers made feverish alterations. The day of the pulp was over (although, like the dinosaur, they did not realize this at once and took many more years to die) and in its place the day of the digest-size. With this change came higher publishing costs and higher prices. The decline and fall of the quarter was at hand. The need to conserve space and cut down on frivolities was spelled out in dollars and cents.

What went? You know as well as I. First the science columns--who needs a special space for science when the newspaper is now filled with similar blatherings? Next the fanzine review columns, followed closely by a majority of the letter section. Editorial columns resisted the new movement more successfully, most editors having tasted the fruits of self-expression and finding them sweet and stimulating to the ego. And with the disappearance of these columns began also the disappearance of the fan, beginning first with the abrupt demise of the letter hacks, through the ranks of the 'magazine fans'; and today extending eventually to the readers themselves.

In between times science fiction, like Rome, enjoyed its empire...an empire built on the very things it now took pains to exclude: freedom, youth, exuberance, originality, and the desire to be different.

Today little is left. The few letter columns still extant are dull and uninteresting, pared to the bone, their incomprehensibility to the uninitiated a thing of the past. This is a world in which everybody belongs, there are no strangers..."watch out there! you can't bring





that esotericism in here! Want to scare away the customers?" Even worse for fandom, but less noticeable, it is no longer the fashion to print addresses with letters. Communication becomes one way and then via an official and limited channel fraught with frustrating delays and insurmountable obstacles. The breeding grounds of fandom have been fenced off and large signs erected around them saying: "KEEP OUT! NO FORM OF MENTAL INTERCOURSE ALLOWED HERE!" Why even the rocketship, that long-time phallic symbol of imaginative conception, is kept decently in the background and no longer protrudes upon the cover for all to see.

Where is the sense of wonder? Where else can it be in a field dominated by sterility of thought and body, in the antiseptic purity of the present-day science fiction magazine? Today's motto is: Find a formula that works and push it for all it's worth. New inventions are too risky; better the certain profit than the chance of loss.

Where are the new writers in the field, the idea-pregnant youngsters who used to come out of fandom seasoned far beyond their years to burst like star-shells upon the publishing scene? It is perhaps a good measure of their nonexistence to note the smashing success of Bob Silverberg, one of the only prominent fans of recent times to even aspire to be a sf writer, once the ultimate goal of every fan.

Where are the new writers? Where are the new readers? Where is the fresh water in a stagnant pond? Fandom fans never had it so good, having been driven in upon themselves into a tight little group of hyperactive personalities, but science fiction fans are almost a thing of the past. And what else could they be with good science fiction being the rare breed of cat it is today?

Now, they say, the science fiction field is in a bad way. Magazines are dropping by the score as readership steadily decreases. Writers who once found the field so lucrative and easy to enter (when you are the publisher of a monthly magazine requiring many thousands of words a year you can't stop to quibble over little things like whether or not the stories are any good) are beginning to desert for easier pickings.

(H. L. Gold, editor of GALAXY, himself admitted in a recent letter to S-F TIMES: "The (science fiction) rush produced so huge a strain on

writers, who of course produce the very thing we sell, that quality just had to drop. Too many markets were competing for the output of too few skilled authors. Borderline stories which ordinarily would have been sent back for tuning up and polishing, had to be bought as is because somebody else would have grabbed them without change. Routine ideas and treatments had to be good because magazines were buying wordage to fill pages with, and writers were harried into turning out material that most of our competitors were buying sight unseen. New authors sold too quickly to learn anything but bad writing habits and were thus deprived of editorial guidance that would have gotten them through their necessary apprenticeship.")

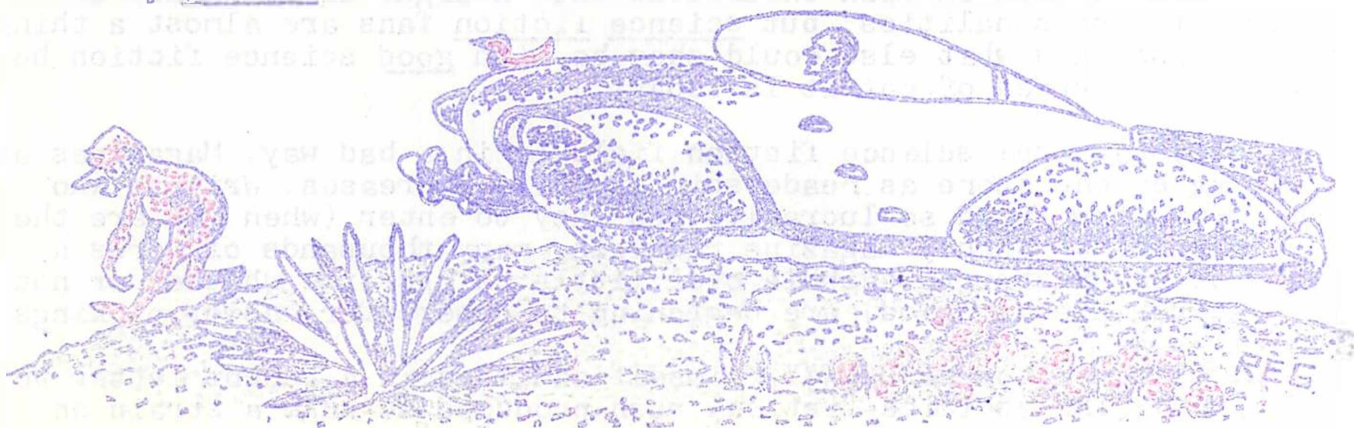
The end of the boom say the adherents of the Bigger-and-Better school, is the end of science fiction as we know it. Disaster looms ahead.

Not so! Salvation looms ahead, not disaster, but only if the current trend continues. Narrow down the magazine field...in forests, too much undergrowth ultimately chokes out even the giants of nature leaving behind pliant grass but little strong wood. Eliminate the writers looking for an easy market...nothing good was ever gained without effort, but effort takes time and today time is invaluable.

Why is the field dying? Could it be that the large readership attracted by the atomic bomb and the S putnik was interested only in the new sensation and keeping up with the Joneses and not science fiction at all? Could it be that the real fans have been weeded out and squeezed from the field by the very magazines that needed them most? Could it be that in a system which restricts the free flow of communication, unlimited inbreeding eventually weakens the stock? And could it just barely be possible that a sense of wonder is such a fragile possession that it is easily broken by an overriding sense of becoming-big-business or bringing-a-message-to-the-entire-world?

I think so.

For my part, I'm glad to see these sterile towers of circulation fall; these unproductive diluters of talent lose their grasp and fall by the wayside. Cut the field to the bone and I will be happy...I'd rather have three good magazines than twenty-three mediocre ones any day. And with only three magazines to fill, perhaps the editors could once again be able to pick and choose from only the best manuscripts submitted instead of frantically filling a quota from whatever was at hand. Certainly writers would have to create to sell, not merely produce.



A stylized illustration of a woman in a leopard-print outfit standing in a field, reaching up towards a sun-like symbol. The sun is depicted with rays and is positioned above a small structure or altar. The background features clouds and a small, ornate object in the upper right corner.

--Gregg Calkins

BECA

9



She put a soft arm around my forehead for a good press. "They'll be like their letters. Just you don't worry and be so sensitive. It will spoil your fun."

"What if they don't like us?" The thought made me wretched all over.

"They'll like you. They're stupid if they don't!"

I leaped from my chair. "You be careful what you say about fans. They're a fans best friend I'll have you know."

"Go to work!"

I did. It was loathsome when I thought of how nice it would be to start for Seattle right then. I had a sanitary thought as I drove up to the house and went in to call Diane on the telephone. Had this been four days later, I would have felt silly that there was no crank.

It took three rings to get an answer. Finally, a sleepy voice answered. "You been back to bed," I fairly yelled into the phone.

"No I haven't. I napped on the davenport."

"Did you mail the sheets to the hotel in Seattle?"

"Yes." She sounded bored.

"Did you write and tell them to have our bed so I sleep with my feet to the West?"

"Yes. I did all you told me. Now go to work." She hung up.

The time dragged by at a snails pace and I was happy that Diane's dad decided I should quit early so as to rest before starting. I hastened home with fannishly inspired gas pedal.

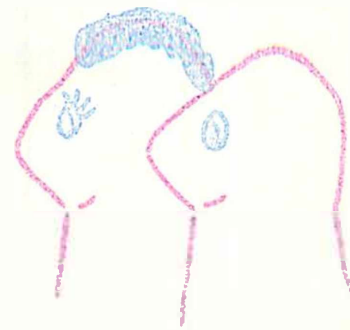
There was much to do, get the SAPSzine packed, load up several BOF's for a bit of huckstering, finish up with the less important items like clothes, etc. Of course, Diane had to pack our meager lunch to carry with us. (For description of one of our typical lunches, read the account in COOJIE PUB. #4.)

Car packed, the two of us dressed, the girls delivered to Grandma and Grandpa, we were ready to start.

"I'm hungry," said Diane as we drove out of the school yard gate.

"Isn't it nice to be on our way," I ignored her.

"There's a hamburger place a mile down the



road. We could stop there."

"Why don't we eat part of the lunch?" I countered, hoping she would insist.

"We'd better save it for later. We got a long drive ahead."

Ten minutes after departure found us parked at a drive-in eating hamburgers, chocolate shakes and double orders of French fries with great gusto.

At nine thirty, we left the city limits of Boise and were on our way. "Where are the ginger snaps?" I asked.

"You shouldn't have spice. Remember your kidneys. I brought lemon snaps this trip."

"But I always eat ginger snaps. They burn my mouth and keep me awake."

"You'll eat lemon snaps and like it."

They didn't work so well. We weren't far into Oregon before I grew sleepy. Diane was too drowsy to drive. "There's a likely spot," I indicated, slowing down. "Lots of cars--we won't be apt to be held up."

We pulled in, parked, let the seats of the Rambler back, and closed our eyes. They opened again. The moon was bright. We closed them again. They wouldn't stay shut.

I began to snicker. A car honked. Diane caught the bug and soon we were both on the verge of hysterical laughter. Another honk. We laughed. One by one the cars drove away, and though we couldn't see the people, I'm sure we garnered more than one dirty look.

After a cup of coffee, we decided to drive on. The sway of the car put Diane to sleep and I drove for a couple of hours--keeping awake by singing songs.

By switching back and forth, we managed to drive through the night with an occasional stop here and there to refresh ourselves.

Dawn broke over us as I awoke at one point to find Diane driving seventy miles an hour. She slowed down to our normal fifty-five when she noted I was awake. I didn't go back to sleep again but munched on a box of fig newtons until Diane drove into a camp to eat breakfast.

Coffee, cantelope, rolls and potato chips downed, I took the wheel and in about an hour's time we sensed we were approaching the outskirts of Seattle.

For some weird reason, a sinking feeling lodged in my stomach. I became depressed. Diane noted my apathy and gently patted my back.

"Don't worry, honey, they'll like you!" she consoled.

"Who's worried about that," I retorted quickly. "It's this damn traffic that has me worried."

## Chapter 2 "Cette elevateur vomir!"--Diane

It had been a hard night of driving. Both of us sighed in relief as Lake Washington hove into sight. The water looked so refreshing we wanted to drive right in. Instead, with much worry, we decided to try the floating bridge. To our surprise, it didn't sink.

Again, with apprehension, we entered the tunnel a short distance from the bridge. It seemed stygian so I pulled the light button. I noticed none of the other cars did and felt rather sheepish at my blunder.

"Where did you put the map they sent showing how to reach the hotel?" Diane asked.

I looked blank. Finally, "I left that up to you. Didn't you put it in?"

We drove for an hour trying to locate the Moore Hotel. No telling how many times we passed it. We did go by the Moore Theatre several times, not realizing that the hotel was next door.

One of the minions of the law eventually came to our assistance. "Hey stupid!" he yelled. "Where do you think you're from, Idaho?"

"We are!" I bellowed back. "Where in hell is the Moore Hotel?"

He gave us directions and we found it eight blocks away, right in the general traffic pattern we had been following.

"Well," I sighed, "here we are at the hotel."

"Don't just sit there, let's get out and get our room. We both need some rest."

It was late, yet early on Friday to expect the host fen to be present. The thought of a couple hours of undisturbed sleep fogged me. I put money in the 15 minute meter, mumbled that we'd have to get back down and move the car, and plowed to the hotel desk.

"We had a reservation for a room at the Science Fiction Convention," I muttered.

"Oh, yes," the manager smiled, "there are a few of them here in the lobby."

I turned to see a group of men descending on us. In my groggy state I couldn't recognize any of them--which isn't strange since I hadn't met any of them before.

It turned out to be Otto Pfeifer, Burnett Toskey, Elmer Purdue, 4e Ackerman, and a couple of others. I mumbled an introduction to us and in general acted nicely.

After some slow talk, I excused us and we completed arrangements for the room. The bell boy came with us to the car for our luggage, then led us to the elevator. It was rather ancient, but serviceable until it arrived at the sixth floor. There, it hesitated, then, as Diane later described it, gave a healthy belch and proceeded to seventh where it seemed to drop halfway back to sixth before the doors opened to the accompaniment of a second, milder burp. We were disgorged into the hall.

That hall! It was the gloomiest, dreariest, weirdest passageway you can imagine. I felt like striking a match as we stumbled to our room.

That room! Everything was brown--walls, rug, curtains, bedspread--everything. I paid the bellboy--on the verge of breaking into hysterical laughter--so that he would leave.

The door shut behind him. Diane stood in the center of the room in a state of shock, staring blankly. "My ghod," she wailed, "this is a hotel?"

I couldn't do anything but drop to the bed. Loud, raucous peals of laughter escaped my lips and continued until my abdominal muscles ached.

"It isn't funny," Diane said in disgust. "This is a fine way to start a convention. This terrible room and the way you acted in the lobby."

That last sobered me. "How did I act?"

"Bored! Just plain bored. I bet you made a good start at making friends."

There was no more laughter. I was really upset.

Chapter 3 "Mais ceux pourrait non soit admirateur  
enthousiaste d'un scientifique  
ouvrages d'imagination."--Guy

"We'd better get down and move the car and eat lunch," Diane finally decided, coming out of shock.

I agreed. Twenty minutes had gone by. When we rounded the corner, a parking ticket greeted us. It was upsetting to us. Back in Boise out-of-state cars were merely given a warning. We found it would cost us one dollar if we paid right away, or five dollars if we waited seven days. We're still waiting.

"It must be because our license plate look like Washington's,"

I said, wanting to be gracious to the state. We moved the car to a parking lot for the rest of the day and went to eat, then back for some rest.

"Bet you don't know who that is," I heard a voice say as we walked into the lobby. It was Toskey speaking.

"It would have to be Terwilleger," a reddish-blond male answered. This turned out to be Ron Ellik.

Greetings passed back and forth and I wanted desperately to ask Ron why he said it "would have to be Terwilleger" when he looked at me. I never did ask, though.

Diane nudged me. "Honey, let's go to the room and rest." Since I hesitated she added, "or do you want to stay and talk?"

"Diane," I whispered, "you know I need sleep." But I did want to linger longer.

Later, after about three hours sleep, we arose, changed clothes, and descended the elevator to the ground floor. It didn't burp on the way down, but we were accompanied down, for the second time, by a tallish man with a beard.

"Beaver," I whispered to Diane.

"Hush, he'll hear you. "I wonder if he is a fan?" she hissed.

When we entered the bar of the Moore Hotel, a number of people were sitting about licking their lips and handling glasses and bottles. They didn't look up and didn't speak. I led Diane directly to a booth.

Knowing me, she asked, "Are those fans?"

"I don't know. I don't recognize them in this light." The bar maid arrived and I ordered two vodka collins. (That being the only liquor I like--you can't taste it.)

"You might go over and ask," Diane hinted.

"But they might not be fans. I'd feel foolish!" I countered.

"Don't be silly, silly. Do you want me to go ask?"

"No, here are our drinks."

We sipped the refreshing liquid for a brief space. I kept gazing in the direction of the other tables. "I wonder if they might be fans?" I asked the air. "They look so gay and carefree--like people not bothered by the mundane."

"You want to go ask...go ahead." She was getting insistent.

"I'm screwing up my courage!" I boldly informed her. "Just a minute and I'll be ready."

"You won't have a good time if you don't put yourself out. Go ahead."

"Oh, that was Elmer Purdue, and there's 4e, and Ron has just joined them. They are fans." I rose. "Come, let us go over."

There were introductions. Buz Busby, G.M. Carr, Jean Bogert, and Tony Boucher. We were in a whirl of conversation immediately. From Ron and 4e we learned more of the details on the wreck of the California car carrying Bjo and Djinn Faine. It was a tragic accident. I had particularly wanted to meet Bjo--don't ask me why. It seemed the democratic thing to do. You know, look her over and then still support Terry Carr for Taff rather than change horses in the middle of the stream.

As it was nearing dinner time, Diane and I excused ourselves, retired to our room and changed clothes. The 'beaver' was in the elevator with us again, and again the lift burped at six and belched at seventh. Or was it belched at sixth and burped at seventh?

The dinner at Ivar's was excellent, though we found the establishment highly over-decorated and gaudy appearing. The hostess, or whatever you would call the tiddy bitch at the door, was extremely rude--not only to us, but to other patrons who didn't realize the process of getting a number and waiting. It didn't spoil the meal, though, after which we went back to the hotel, planning on visiting the con room for the first time.

## Chapter 4

"Le partie ille est dans salle quatre vingt-six"--Don Day

"We'd best take the cantelope up to the room this trip," Diane said as we parked the car. "We can eat it in the morning."

"How will we get it up without being seen?" I queried. "It would be awful to get caught and thrown out."

We looked around for a sack. "I guess you could carry it in your bra," I offered.

"Don't be stupid, stupid. I'd look lopsided." She reached in the jockeybox and found a sack. "This will do nicely."

'Beaver' got off at third that trip and we made the belch-burp stop successfully, deposited the succulent melon, and gastronomic-ed back to third.

As on seven, the hall for third was long, musty and velvet black. Had the light from miles down the hall been red, we'd have known we were in hell. From the source of light we could hear the tinkling of laughter and the undertone murmur of many voices.

"I thought 'beaver' was a fan," Diane whispered as we stepped through the door of the con room.

Among other introductions, we found that 'beaver' was none other

than Don Day. For the first time we closely scrutinized the lush foliage blooming from chin and lip. It was, as Terry Carr would say, 'lovely.'

Here, too, we met Elinor Busby for the first time. It was pleasant to find her such a nice person. After all, I had entrusted starts of some of my prize iris to her and it was gratifying to know they had a good home.

A quiet mood prevailed with much of the discussion concerning the accident and the 'con' going on in Kelso. The city gained a con from groups going to visit Bjo and the others.

G.M. introduced us to Larry Stone as the publishers of the BEST OF FANDOM and Larry, bless him, wanted to know if I had extra copies. I assured him I had some--in fact, went to the room to get him a copy. Others, on seeing it, asked if I had more and I again journeyed to the room, bringing enough back to put on display. Otto Pfeifer did a marvelous job of selling them for me and I didn't have to huckster on my own.

He was busily showing his copies of FAMOUS MONSTERS around and I was surprised to find how many issues had come out. Boise being in the wilderness, we just don't get the mag here. He also had a number of pictures of Trina which made the rounds. I saw them but didn't find them particularly attractive. I'm one man who finds the human body the most unattractive of any animal.

We were interested in the pictures of the various conventions that made the rounds. Especially those of last years SOLACON--the con we missed after a year of planning and saving.

I was disappointed to find that Lars Bourne wouldn't be at the con --no one seemed to know anything about him at that time. After last years visit, I had anticipated our meeting again.

Groups were scattered here and there, and the talk, strangely enough frequently turned to subjects related to sci-fi. As a visiting time it was a great success--friendly, relaxed, and interesting. Ron Ellick chatted away, or listened, and interposed a number of quotable items, of which I remember not one.

Some droll person--whose name I don't know, cornered me and griped away on any, and every, subject. To my great surprise, I learned she was at one time California fandom. I can truthfully say, she was the only fan there given to a tremendous amount of self-egoboo. Unfortunately, being from Idaho, I'd never heard of her.

Toskey finally moved in and rescued me from her. There followed a pleasant discussion of teaching and the various merits of college and high school positions. One thing I was pleased to note was that Tosk felt the same ego-lift in the field that I do. Larry Stone joined us and I'm sure any one listening would have thought we were trying to enlish him into our chosen field. I found Larry one of the quietest, most unassuming fans at the con. Pleasant personality and interesting if you could get him to talk.

Don Day approached Diane and I, once we got together--it seemed we

were seldom in the same groups--and invited us to his room for a party. We accepted with high anticipation.



## Chapter 5

"Moi pouvoir sommeil quelque part."--Wally  
Gonser

The time drew near to turn up to Don's room. After a quick freshup in the room, Diane and I proceeded down to the 6th floor. The chatter was more intent at this point and fairly blasted us as the door opened.

"I'm not bartending," Don greeted us, "but the stuff is over there on the table."

Since Diane seldom drinks and I had to watch how much I did, the two of us settled for 7-Up. While sipping this, I noted a number of fen I hadn't seen before and asked Buz who they were. Turned out they were members of the Nameless Society with various degrees of activity to their credit.

Elinor joined the group and she and Buz invited us to dinner on Sunday before we had to leave for Boise. We later heard from G.M. that this was a curtesy extended only to BNFs and wondered why they should have asked us, not being in that category. (Needless to say, the Busby's didn't give the appearance of being that way at all.)

The effect of a big city on a person showed up. No matter what you said, or who you were, the most popular saying of the night was "What?" I never could figure this out, unless it is due to the fast pace.

"Who's that?" I suddenly asked Buz.

"Jerry Frahm," he replied. "One of the Nameless."

Later, Diane and I were to have a few hours with Jerry, from which this epic takes its name.

The talk proved witty at times, interesting all the time, and never ended. The bar table always had numerous visitors, yet I can't recall a single person having too much to handle.

"Diane, I think you should look over there." I said.

"Look at him," she replied, "who is he?"

It was a strange sight to behold. There stood a fan, sound asleep on his feet. He looked completely miserable as his back was arched over a corrugated radiator, head resting on the wall, mouth wide open. I indicated the person and asked Buz who he was.

"Oh! That's Wally Gonser. He can sleep anywhere."

Indeed he could, in that painful position, plus all the noise, didn't bother him. We watched him until 2:30 A.M. and he never moved.

"You two better have another drink," Don Day said, kneeling before us.

I shook my head, fearing to go beyond my capacity, it being a long time until the anniversary of my last attack. Diane politely said no, also. "I don't drink," she said, "and Guy can't because of his kidney."

Don didn't give up. "Let me mix one, Diane. What do you drink?"

She gave up. "Vodka with 7-Up--weak, please."

They went to the table and soon returned. "There," Don said, patting Diane's knee. "You're all fixed up." For a final touch, he took out a cigarette, lit it, and handed it to her.

Diane doesn't smoke, but she took it, and I smoked it as she took a sip of the drink. "Good lord," she gasped. "This is straight vodka. Can you drink it?"

I shook my head. Whatever happened to it I have no idea. It just was suddenly gone and she didn't drink it.

Don re-entered the room and asked for quiet. "Tony will give us a few of his limricks," he said.

Tony did, some others did, and, while I am not a prude, nor is my wife, we were a bit surprised at the stories in mixed company. We had thought to retire just before this. Now we didn't dare. Besides, I could listen to Tony talk endlessly. He has one of the most interesting voices I've ever heard.

At 2:30 A.M. the Busbys and the Terwillegers mutually agreed to leave the party. It had been fun, but tomorrow was upon us and it was already getting light.

Elinor shook Wally Gonser on the way out. "You better go home to bed," she said, and the door closed behind us.

## Chapter 6 "Le musique tailler tout mon corde."

--Otto Pfiefer



Morning came too soon for us, but there was nothing to do but get out of bed. While I shaved, Diane prepared the cantelope and we ate. The melon was warm--but good to get the taste out of the mouth.

"What do we do with the rinds?" Diane asked. "We can't put them in the waste basket. They would know."

"I don't know," was all I could say. We ended up putting them in bags in the closet, planning to take them with us when we left.

The con room was quiet so we went out for breakfast and returned later on when more activity was evident. Toskey, Ellik, and others, we found, had left for Kelso and wouldn't be back until the banquet. It was nice that so many fans could make the journey. Diane and I felt sorry

that we couldn't go, but it just couldn't be worked into the schedule.

Wally Weber suggested that those of us there should make a tape to send down. For some reason, as far as I know, this project never got off the ground. Instead, Wally played the Nameless version of Karen Anderson's "Magnet" for us. There were many clever lines, well delivered, and the background music was out of this world. I noticed Otto looking rather perturbed whenever a certain passage of music came from the tape.

He explained, later, that they only used a single something-or-other at that point and that that was his background music. Sadly enough, the music cut out all of his lines.

After this first version, we were entertained by the first recording containing all the mistakes. Somehow, this version proved to be the most funnished.

The tape over, Otto and I settled down to a long talk on the comics. We got strated because Otto was looking for an ash tray and I had it. "I'll always remember you because whenever I wanted an ash try, you had taken it," he told me. This, I guess, was true.

We agreed that the hey day of the comic book was during our youth when such giants of the law as Batman, Superman, Green Lantern, The Flash, Blackhawk, Plastic Man, etc. reigned supreme. (Oh, you young guys don't try and tell us that some of these greats are still with us. They're so watered down now that a good breath would blow them over.) It was nice to find someone who could remember back to the days when there were only three or four comic books: Famous Funnies with Buck Rogers, Tip Top with Tarzan, and More Fun with its fantasies. Gread days relived for a brief moment.

The time never stood still and before we knew it, it was time to eat. 4e, G.M., Larry Stone, Otto, Elmer, and a few others of us journeyed to a cafe. We weren't really on the hungry side, so settled for rools and coffee. 4e was quite perturbed that there was no blackberry pie available, but had to settle for something else anyway.

Back at the con room, we viewed for the first time, the auction material. I picked out a couple of items I wanted by Emsh.

The rest of the afternoon is a blank, if you can call half an hour an afternoon, filled with chatter until time for the banquet.



## Chapter 7 "Boise ille est replet de la gentil filles." --Anthony Boucher

The con room was bustling with activity. Groups broke away and began drifting toward the Stewart Hotel for the feed. Diane and I joined a group and went there, also.

Chatter again, while we consumed our steaks--Diane and I changing plates since mine was rare and hers well, the reverse of our preferences.

Tony Boucher arrived a bit late and sat across from us. I can truthfully say the talk with him was one of the most refreshing of the con. Like so many good things, I can't quote a single line of what was said, but it covered a wide range of topics, including sci-fi as I recall it.

The first speaker was 4e. He talked of Djinn Faine and an experiment with a talented man. The story was extremely interesting until he reached the end. There was no end, making the whole thing pointless and a terrific let down. We had expected some vital thing to come from what 4e was talking about--his whole talk led us to believe something was in the offing.

Alan Nourse, MC, next introduced Tony Boucher. Tony, in that marvelous voice of his, rambled around on the topic of sci-fi. He could not, no matter how Alan had tried, be made to discuss the position of science fiction today, or what was wrong with it. Tony's talk was all too brief.

During the banquet, we could hear some of the Nameless Ones griping away at the Busbys for a rotten con. I chose, again, to ignore the remarks. Actually, I think this griping of the Nameless Ones was the sole disturbing factor at the con. It jarred an otherwise pleasant atmosphere, and certainly was not called for before out-of-town fien.

Don Day auctioned off the artwork. The bad part of this was that everyone wanted the same pictures that I did and could bid more for them. I came away with nothing.

Jack Speer rose at the head table. The only business, he announced, was the selecting of the sight of the 1960 Westercon.

Earlier that morning, or was it late the night before, Diane had suggested that we put in a bid.

"Well," I had said, "we won't get it for next year. Fannish circles seem to accept the precedent of making a bid two years before you get it."

"Then we better get started," Diane admonished, "or we'll never get it."

When Buz had arrived at the con room that morning, I approached him on the subject. He seemed pleased with the idea. "Make the bid," he said. "You may not get it, but what the hell. They'll know you want it anyway."

I still wasn't sure in my mind. Diane, at the same time, had told G.M. of our plan to bid.

"You should wait," G.M. had answered, "until you're better known."

This sort of deluded Diane for the moment. She wasn't quite as perky when we compared notes.

"Hell," I told her, "if I'm not known in fandom now, especially on the West Coast, I never will be."

This, then, had been the prelude to the Boise bid. We'd arrived with no intention of making a bid. We hadn't even been sure we'd like the con. I think it is a sign of our enjoyment of the con that it caused us to bid in order to return the good time.

There was a brief silence around the hall when bids were called for. Finally, Ron Ellik rose.

"I have been instructed," he said, "to put in a bid for LASFAS as the site of the 1960 Westercon." There was a slight pause. "Or, to back the bid of any city in the Los Angeles area," Again a brief pause. "Or, finally, to back the bid of any city wanting the con." He went on to extoll the virtues of the L.A. area, then sat down.

The general tone I got from his bid was that LA didn't really want the con. We did want it in Boise, but, secretly, I had made up my mind not to bid. I hate talking in front of large groups and the thought glued me to my seat. (Now the truth is out, Buz.)

Diane nudged me. "Get up!"

"I'm not going to bid," I whispered back.

Across the room, I was suddenly aware of eyes on me and saw Buz staring at me. His hands did sort of a fan dance and said 'get up.' I think I shook my head no. I'm not certain.

From the head table, I could hear Jack asking if there were other bids. Suddenly, at the last possible moment, I was on my feet. (I have since been accused of doing this stalling for the dramatic impact--I was frankly petrified at the thought of talking.)

The words poured forth and I do recall saying that with only two fans in Boise, and they being man and wife, there could be no dissension among the committee since Diane and I don't fight; that Boise wanted the con; that geographically, Boise was ideally suited for the Westercon, and a few other items. With relief I sat down to wait for the voting of LA as the con site.

Ron rose to his feet, I thought to give more reasons for LA to have the con, but actually I heard him backing Boise as the site. Or did my ears play tricks on me.

Tony Boucher rose and gave, perhaps, the clinching idea. He had been in Boise, he said, and as he remembered it, it was full of beautiful girls.

A few others rose and gave comments, all of which, to my surprise, were in favor of Boise. Voting was called for and I'm happy to state that, of the people who voted, only two voted against the site of Boise. I didn't vote one way or the other.

The banquet was over and it seemed, the con must necessarily end here also. There couldn't be any more. Everyone would certainly be talked out by now.

Buz and Elinor walked up to congratulate Diane and I. I could have done a handspring or two, but restrained my boyish enthusiasm. I would

need all the energy for the

*Boycor.*

"Don't forget the committee is having the party in the con room right away," Elinor reminded us. "See you there!"

Chapter 8 "Cette cite ille est vaste."--Jerry Frahm

A number of other fen gave congratulations and condolences. One suggested the thing to do was file for a divorce now and have it over with--then, after the con, we'd see it wasn't worth it.

We arrived at the con room just in time for the showing of the LASFAS allied groups movie, "The Genie." This was a definite treat since it provided the only view of Bjo that we got. (Bjo does herself an injustice to draw pictures of herself the way she does. She is not the least un-attractive.)

The group found the movie highly entertaining, and, since it was short, enjoyed seeing parts of it twice.

Lights on again, the fen seemed to gather in groups and the talk buzzed. The nice part of this was that no group was exclusive--fen moved in and out of groups easily and I don't remember seeing a single fan left alone. This was a surprise as I'd heard that some fen just didn't get accepted, and, truthfully, was one of the things I thought might happen to me.

The hours waxed on. Fen were in and out of the room. There was more undertone, but thankfully, very little as they didn't stick around, of the con being poorly run. Everyone I actually talked to was of the opinion it was fine.

Jerry Frahm suddenly asked if anyone was hungry. Diane and I both said yes, as did Larry Stone. On the way to Ivar's, we didn't tell him we'd been there before, we found out what a fabulous place it was. Don't get me wrong--it was one of those situations where the opening sentence didn't allow, out of politeness, that we could tell him. We weren't being nasty. It was the same situation when he wanted to show us Seattle. Circumstances made it impossible to tell him we had been there before.

Jerry had, or seemed to have, a grand time showing us the city at night--and from some of the viewpoints it was beautiful.

At one place we drove in and parked. There were cars all around and from the shadowy forms on the interiors, I judged a certain amount of activity was in progress. We put a stop to that with our loud chatter, laughter, and general presence in the open. One by one the cars drove away. Had there been potential sf fen in those cars, and had they known we were from the sf con in town, we would have lost them for sure. Some things do take precedence you know. I won't state what, but will call to your attention that I can see a bug crawling across the road while going sixty down the highway. I have good eyesight.

As we drove around, we tried to "ah" and "oh" at the right times, acted amazed at statistics, and in general acted the part of a couple of hicks.

This sounds pretty harsh on Jerry. Seriously, I enjoyed the ride for two reasons. Larry Stone was with us and we got to know him much better, along with a Canadian outlook on the US. And, I got to know Jerry, which wouldn't have been without the ride.

We arrived at the con hotel at two in the morning, tired and ready for bed.

"Let's look in on the con room," I said in the elevator.

Diane yawned. "Okay."

Things were fairly quiet now. The Busbys were there, Ron Elik, and a few others. Diane and I went over to where Elinor and Ron were talking. I'm glad we did. Up to this point, I wasn't sure about Ron. Nice, yes, but what was behind him. I hadn't been able to tell.

For the first time we really sat and talked, the four of us. Ron, now, unfolded as a very real person, one I might add, who is friendly and likeable. Definite opinions, yes, but not, as I had heard, bull headed or stubborn on them.

Again many quotable lines were dropped by both Elinor and Ron. Had I had a pencil and paper I could have taken them down and given them. But, it would be a hell of a con if all one did was take notes. I guess some fan do this, but I can't see why. I'd hate to come from a fan gathering remembering nothing but a few quotations.

By three thirty I was dead on my feet, so, asking for a repeat of directions to the Busbys, we let the elevator belch us back to our own floor and retired.



## Chapter 9 "Moi suis faire perdre."--Guy

Sunday morning came too damn early. Especially since it was getting light by the time we retired. We managed to get out of the sack, dressed, shaved--no Diane doesn't shave--and went down to breakfast. The con room was dead, we found, on the way.

"We might as well just go on out to Esther Richardson's house. Then we can get to G.M.'s to pick up the fish Mr. Carr wants us to have," said Diane.

I agreed, not knowing what I was agreeing to and we took off.

"Well," Diane said later, "when are we going to get there?" At the time we were driving around in the Negro section of the city. I shrugged and we went back to a point we knew and started over.

"This is an interesting spot," Diane mumbled. "What is it?"

"Can't you read," I growled, "it's the University Arboretum."

"A far cry from Esther's, or G.M.'s I'd say." She looked at a map.

An hour later I was still lost. No matter which way I turned, I ended up in Negro Town or the Arboretum. "Hell," I moaned, "we might as well go back to the hotel and call them up. Our visiting time is over. It'll be time to check out soon."

She agreed. Considering we had to leave to drive home that afternoon, the prospect of spending the entire day sitting in the car wasn't pleasant.

Ron was just leaving the elevator as we walked up. "Had breakfast?" he asked.

"We have, but I can always drink more coffee!" I replied. The three of us went to the cafe and I learned a great deal more about LA fandom and Berkeley. Ron said he'd like to talk to Esther when we called her, so returned to the room with us.

Calls to both parties were made, explaining we couldn't find them, and that no, we couldn't try again since other commitments had to be met. Ron then helped us to take our suitcases down to the car and we checked out of the hotel.

Then, in repayment for Ron's help, I helped him carry boxes of pages of SHAGGY down to the Hillman. These, he informed me, were going out to the Busbys where he would complete the run, assemble it, and mail.

This was a boon. "Are you going out now?" I asked, and, assured that he was, followed with, "Do you know how to get there?"

He did, and we arranged that I would follow to avoid our getting lost again. Ron had to drive around the block to get ahead of us. We waited. And he waited. Finally he gave up a block too soon and whizzed by.

Eight blocks later, at a stop light, I caught up.

"You better honk to let him know you're behind him," Diane suggested.

"He can see us in the rear view mirror," I countered, hating to use the horn. Two blocks later, at another stop light, he got through, we didn't, and he was gone. We didn't see him again until we finally reached Buz and Elinor's.

First, though, there was that endless driving around trying to find the way. A minion of the law came to our rescue and gave out with exact directions. We got there to find Ron was already busy mimeoing--it took that long.

Meeting the Busby animals is an experience--a pleasant one. We'd never seen a weiner hound that could sit up as long as Knobby. I mean, with all that stomach, how does he do it? Knobby turned out to be the boisterous type--plus a generous amount of jealousy. Lisa, the older of the two, was charming in her quiet, reserved approach to us, and I think no doubt made the better impression. Both, however, were wonderful hosts.

Perhaps I am a bit backwoodish. I have always enjoyed people who were at ease when you called on them for the first time. The informality tends to ease any tension that exists. Buz and Elinor were grand hosts.

Soon I was pouring over back-issue fanzines and marveling at the extent of their collection. From this collection they put a copy of "The Harp Stateside" into my hands and said to take it and read it. I think this act, more than any single thing, has made me wish I'd never asked "Why did Willis win the best fan of the year at the SOLACON." He certainly deserved it.

Time wouldn't stand still and as we ate dinner, we realized the time had come to push on, back into the world of reality



## Chapter 10 "Nous avoir le bon temps."--Guy & Diane

It had been a long weekend. Extremely long. The fannish thing to do would be to put at least six "o's" in the word, but I tire.

Everything that we had planned had been done, plus a generous amount of unplanned activities. The only sane thing to do was depart. Leave the Busby residence and head back to Boise and the mundane.

I wonder how many fan realize, after a con, that they have left this world for a time and really lived "fandom as a way of life." At least, that is the way I felt.

Asking Ron to express our regrets at not seeing Bjo and the others, we rose to leave.

"Now, Buz," I said, "will you give me directions on how to get out of Seattle?"

He did, and I listened with both ears. Diane did likewise. We knew if we could get to the floating bridge we had it made.

Buz can be relied on to give competent directions. There was no hitch. It was just a case of going where he said and not turning off before. The temptation was strong to make a wrong turn, but I resisted.

"Oh, lord," Diane suddenly gasped, "the cantelope rinds!"

I laughed. "We put them in the wastebasket just before we checked out. Remember?"

This was evidence that she, too, had been in such a whirl of activity that the last few days became confused. Also good evidence for me that she had been pleased with the con and that it wasn't a failure in her eyes. I knew I could depend on her for a huge amount of the work on the coming BOYCON in Boise.

The road stretched before us and the miles whizzed under the tires. It seemed an endless chore wheeling down the pavement.

When one of us wasn't sleeping we talked over events.

This talking over was necessary. Diane and I seldom, as mentioned, ended up in the same groups and I found she knew a lot that I didn't.

Perhaps, we decided, had this not been our first con, we would have made more effort to drive down to Kelso's minicon. We hope Bjo and Djinn realize that it wasn't that we didn't want to see them, but just that we were so busy up above.

There is much to remember: the fen, the banquet, the bull sessions, the dissention in the ranks of the Nameless ones, the..... oh, hell, there's no reason to relist everything. Suffice it to say, regardless of what others thought:

WE HAD A GOOD TIME!

In the early hours of Monday morning, the irrigated desert land around Boise slipped under the wheels of the Rambler and we were at home.

Home to house building, taking care of the girls, and, thankfully, a day of taking turns sleeping and refreshing the barefoot boy with wife.

--Guy Terwilleger

AND NOW THAT THE SEATTLE WESTERCON IS OVER, REMEMBER, IT'S:

the BOYCON

The first BOYCON report has been put in the mails. If you haven't received it by now and want a copy of it, send your name and address to GUY or DIANE TERWILLEGER, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho.

In the event all copies have been mailed, the following is pertinent information concerning the con.

Due to the lack of a local club to help defray the cost of putting on a convention in Boise, a fee of \$1 has been set as the registration for the con. Pre-registrations will be greatly appreciated at any time.

Rog Phillips has agreed to be the guest of honor at the BOYCON and it is hoped that other notables can be obtained for the three day convention. (We were trapped since this will be the year of the long 4th of July weekend.)

# FOCAL POINT FOREVER, Y'ALL

Focal Pointdom has received a lot of discussion in fandom recently. Many people have written articles telling why they think Joe Fan's fanzine will, or will not, become a Focal Point, what attributes a Focal Point fanzine should have, and the like. None of them, however, seem to have considered the nature of fandom, as related to its having a Focal Point.

What I mean to say is this: in order for a Focal Point to exist, fandom must be of the right nature to develop it from the void (nonono, not that VOID), keep it thriving, and be centralized enough to adhere to it. The first two I leave to others to argue; it is the last that concerns me at the moment.

Consider CRY OF THE NAMELESS, a monthly fanmag with a largish circulation and size, a number of good writers and illustrators, a large lettercol with many people represented, and other Focal Point attributes. Yet, with all this, CRY remains the focal point of a small group only.

Why is it that this fanzine is not the Focal Point of the whole of fandom?

Or consider APPORHETA. APE provides some of the best material currently appearing, all the controversy one could want, a long lettercol in a format which makes it nearly a conversation, large size, and frequent appearance. It also has an interesting and argumentative editor, and, most importantly, a mainstream circulation. Why is this mag not the Focal Point of modern-day fandom?

Or take FANAC, or DISJECTA MEMBRA, or VOID, or JD-Argassy, or ... Why are not any of these the Focal Point?

Something could probably be found wrong with any, or all, of these to disqualify it as the Focal Point: CRY began as a mag from a small-name group and still has a little of the reputation it began with; it also doesn't have just one person editing. APE is British, and most fans are Americans. FANAC is a special-purpose thing. DISJECTA MEMBRA'S editor is not well enough known, nor as yet interesting enough. VOID is too formal in editorial policy and layout. JD-A is a convention-fans fanzine. And so on.

by *Jim Caughran*

But, on the other hand, something could be found to disqualify any fanzine; if something is to be a Focal Point it will conquer the faults.



No, the answer lies somewhere else. Let's look at the situation as a whole, by finding something most of these have in common.

CRY is the focal point of a small group of newer fans. APE is the focal point of British opinion. JD-A is the focal point of non-fanzine fandom. Etc. Many fanzines have a distinctive following in fandom, a good many of them overlapping.

None have the unified support of the whole of fandom.

Consider once again CRY. The CRY lettercol is the largest thing in every issue, but still Elinor Busby can't get all the letters she would like into the fanzine. A good many fans present their opinions, but there simply isn't room for even the relatively small number of fans attracted by this one magazine.

Fandom has grown too large for a Focal Point. The space no longer exists to present the opinions of a representative sample of fandom.

Consider again APE. APE presents the opinions of an extremely large number of fans through the Inchmerry Fan Diary, but the magazine as a whole concentrates somewhat, tho not extremely, on the London Circle doings. And so it is with almost any fanzine; there is a group it follows with a special interest, if not an organized group like the London O or Las's, then merely a group of the editor's friends.

Fandom has grown too sub-grouped to have a Focal Point. There are too many diverse branches with their own ideas, concepts of fandom, and the like.

FANAC, the newszine of fandom, is another symptom of the largeness and sub-grouped-ness of fandom; no longer can we merely read another's fanzine to know what he's doing--no one could possibly follow every fanzine published. So, we have a newsmagazine. (no--if FANAC were to be the Focal Point, it would be so by now.)

A new Focal Point is not apt to appear. This doesn't mean that fandom need be any less enjoyable, or friendly. The lack of a Focal Point means little to most (which may be another reason for the lack of one).

Let's forget the Focal Point craze, and concentrate on the usual fannish fun.

--Jim Caughran

# STILL FOR STANLEY.

The other day I was reading a detective story, and it transpired that the 'orrible crime was committed by the postman. (Incidentally, the author hinted that the victim was an amateur publisher who taxed the patience of the postman once too often.) The theory was that no one noticed the postman in the locale, because he was so used to walking past that people accepted him as part of the scenery, and thus ignored his presence, as though he was invisible.

This reminded me of my school days, except that my problem then was exactly in reverse. I had the difficult task of trying to make the teachers believe that I was there when I wasn't.

My first experiment, I recall vividly, was during the French lessons. French was like a foreign language to me, I couldn't understand it, I couldn't remember anything I was taught. By all sorts of skillful ploys I managed to keep in the French class for over three years, and during all that time I never had the foggiest idea what the rest of the class were mumbling about.

Sometimes, for example, the teacher would say... "Berry, fermez la porte.", and I would stand up, giving with my specially formulated intelligent look, and open my mouth as if to speak. I would then suddenly succumb to a racking cough, and bend over double to within whispering range of the boy in front, and I would rasp... "What the hell do I say?"

He'd reply from the corner of his mouth... "Je t'adore.", and I'd give the same answer. The class would then be in hysterics, and the teacher, a young thing, would blush, and keep me in for school afterwards. It's a funny thing to say, but I learned more practical biology from the French mistress that I actually did in the biology lab.

However, after three years, I began to see I was getting nowhere learning French, so I evolved a technique whereby I didn't attend the French lessons, but gave the impression I was still there. (You see, there was an official system whereby I could volunteer to leave the French class, but then I'd have to do algebra or trigonometry, or something equally incredible instead. I considered myself too clever to fall for that old dodge.)

My scheme was simplicity itself. For maybe three lessons I wouldn't go near the classroom, and would pass the time in numerous pleasureable ways, such as watching the girls doing physical training. Then, at the close of the fourth lesson, I would secrete myself near the doorway, and as the teacher left the classroom after the end of the lesson, I would rush after her, waving my clean-looking French verb book, and say, "Excuse me, Miss Twitchett, I was copying down a few words in my notebook, and didn't hear what you gave us for homework."

She'd turn pale,

and maybe take two or three deep breaths, and then give two or three strange phrases, and I'd nod sagely, and thank her, apologizing once again for my momentary inattention, grinning as she staggered away.

My end of term report for French said... 'Has made only retrograde progress, but makes persistent requests for homework which he never does.'

However, my brilliance really shone on the terrible afternoons put aside for rugby.

I loved soccer but it was totally ignored at my school as being too uncultured and gentle, which seemed an anomaly to me, because rugby was played by everyone else with enthusiasm, and yet seemed to me to be brutal, savage and sadistic.

After all my wrist had been re-jointed for the fourth time, and I hadn't even touched the ball, I decided I had played my last game. I thought about the matter for a long time, and finally invented an unanswerable technique.

I changed into my rugger kit, and waited by the side of the waiting room for Mr. Pantworthy to emerge, complete with whistle and ball. I merely ran in a wide circle and approached him en route to the centre of the playing fields, muttering angrily, "My blasted boot laces have broke." I then carried on into the changing room, changed and went home. Occasionally, so as not to make the thing appear too obvious, I went for a game of billiards immediately after lunch, and at about 4:20 pm, when the game had almost finished, I whipped once more to the changing room, put on my rugger clothes, rubbed soil over my hands and face, carried a splint in my left hand, and cunningly mingled with the boys staggering back. I'd make sure I limped past Mr. Pantworthy, and I'd shout a telling phrase to no one in particular, in rather an injured voice, 'Personally, I thought Jones Minor was offside twice.'

My Games report said simply, "An unobtrusive player, but seems to be in the thick of it."

Eventually, just as I began to find my powers of invention strained to the limit, I noticed a change in my teachers. They seemed to get thinner, and nervous looking, and Miss Twitchett in particular developed unbecoming mannerisms, such as talking to herself, or suddenly jerking her head round suddenly in a most apprehensive manner.

My luck held, however. One evening, when the rest of the fools were away on a nature ramble, I happened to trip over Miss Twitchett and Mr. Pantworthy in the Chem. Lab., where I was intending to make some stink bombs for the school dance.

They said they were looking for a lesser spotted cockroach under a bench, but I pointed out that I was top of the Biology class, wasn't I?, and the book I found locked ~~my~~ my fathers suitcase said it was only human nature, wasn't it?, and they could trust my powers of discretion, couldn't they?

Mr. Pantworthy gritted his teeth, and dug his hand in his pocket and produced half a crown, but I pointed out that for one thing, the Art master gave me more than that when I tripped over him and the Head Girl, and for another thing, I wasn't interested in money (My Berrry Odds-On Tote was paying dividends then), "but" I said, "if I could possibly be excused French and Games in future, and maybe still get a reasonably good report at the end of term...?"

They both nodded vigorously,

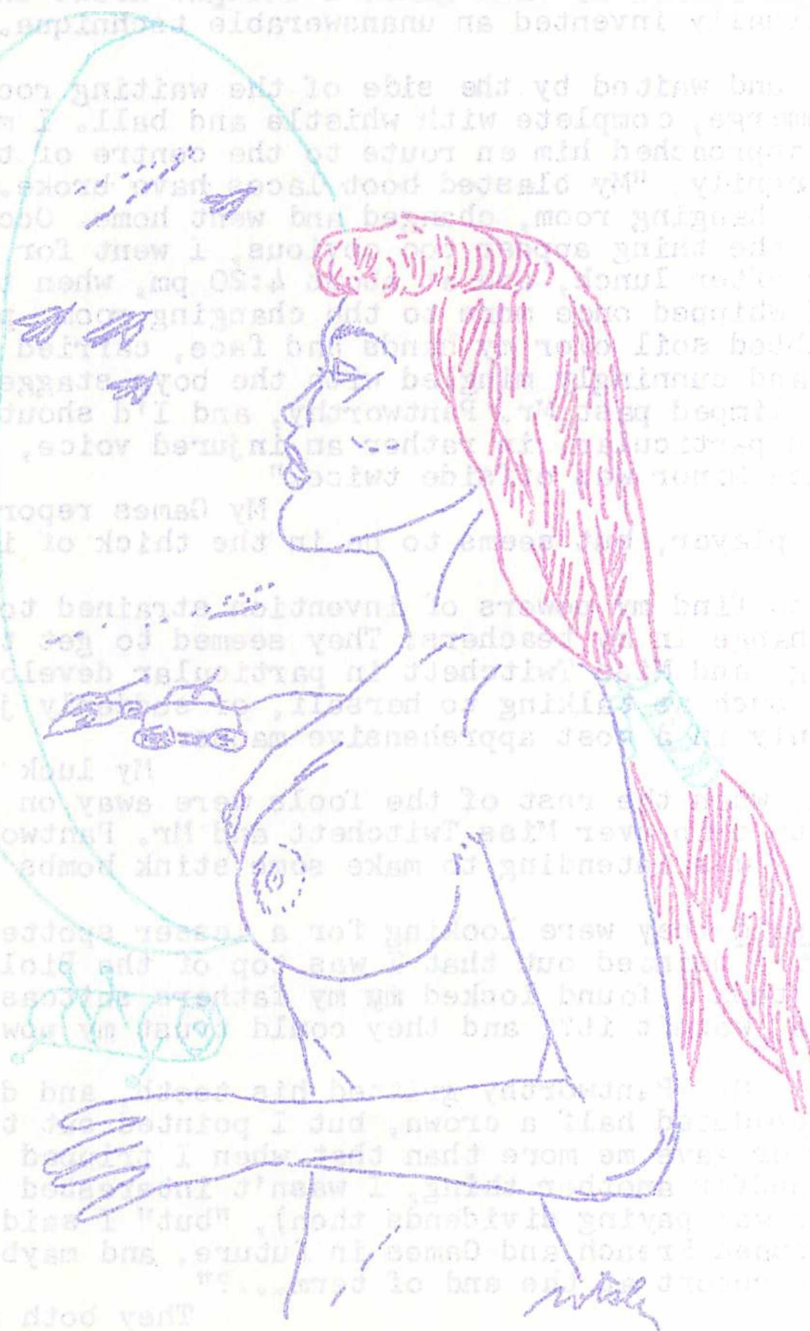
and I left them to their pleasures, making a mental note to either slip Pantworthy my father's book, or sell him a pair of elbow pads.

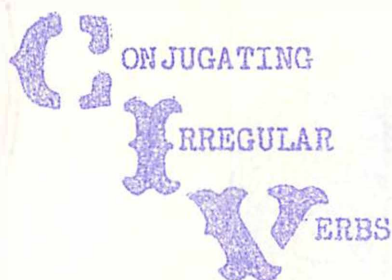
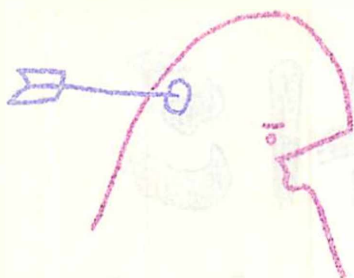
The only trouble was that being able to avoid both French and Games without subterfuge tended to inhibit my initiative, so I began to plan how I could manage to refrain from going to school at all, and yet still persuade the schoolmaster and my parents that I was still there.

It will come as no surprise to the various people who have criticized my literacy to know that I succeeded.

I'll tell you all about it, one day.

--John Berry





Some years back, Bertrand Russell began conjugating irregular verbs. It surprises me that no fan has adapted this highly amusing genre of writing to the fannish scene. Herewith, then, are my own offerings:

I have a flain for serconism.  
You are a fannish writer.  
John Berry is a prosperous BNF.

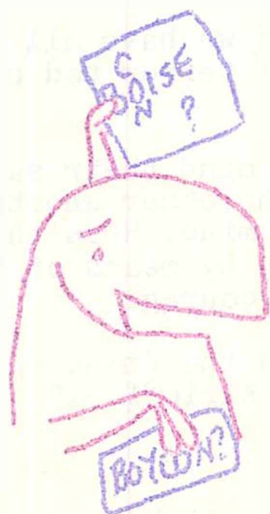
I am alone.  
You belong to a club.  
Miri married Terry.

I am active.  
You are a BNF.  
Ted Pauls is a rank neo.

I am a growing tree.  
You need to expand.  
White is in a void.

I am a publishing giant.  
You are seen frequently.  
Ellick is a braggart.

I am fastidious in dapping.  
You are hard to read.  
Brown is insufferable.



...and let no one  
take offense at  
the printed  
word!

'Twas all  
in fun with no  
malice aforethought.



THE

BOOK

"...and now students, we enter into that part of our study of the twentieth century concerned with the phenomena that was one of the central interests of all the younger and many of the older dwellers of that period; the enigma which shaped many of their attitudes in those bygone days, and which today is one of our highest forms of entertainment. In short, the horror film. Ah, yes, I can tell by the looks of avid interest on your faces that you are anxious to know more about the magnificent thrillers that even today, two years later, send chills of fear and delight down our backs. I am positive I will have your undivided attention; even Jenkins over there appears to have come out of this comatose state for once--at least his eyes are open.

When we delve into these older horror films, and we have all seen several of them, we see that every talented master of terror had one run-in with two of the shining knights of right.

The names of these paragons of justice bring to mind their sartorial, in its way, appearance. One wise and sapient, the other shorter and more heavily built, but with equal powers of the mind. Here then are the two who saved the world from so many menaces, by means of their keen and agile minds, athletic bodies and unbendable courage.

Take, for instance, the Frankenstein Monster. In the first episode of his reign of terror, titled 'Frankenstein', Boris Karloff..."

"You mean William Pratt, do you not, Willy?"

"The name is Professor Willard, Jenkins, as you well know. And

# MON KILLS

although his name was Bill Pratt, he is universally known today, as he was then, as Boris Karloff. If I have your permission to continue, I will do so.

As Frankenstein, Boris Karloff created a grotesque and bizarre monster; tormented, deranged, pitiful, gentle at some few moments, but usually a demon-possessed creature, awe inspiring in his rages, seeking revenge on the one who had brought him to life."

"That seems to be the fate of all bad, or old scientists, Doesn't it, Prof? But the goody, heroic-type scientist, no matter what his crime or creation, always makes out with the frail in the end."

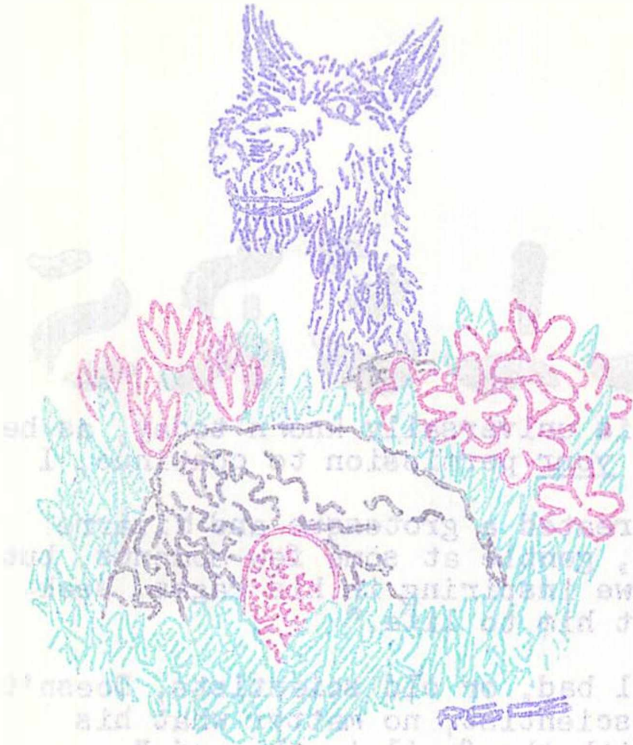
"Why, of course, Jenkins, how wise could it be. That is the way it is set forth in the most ancient book of Hollywood, 'The Stereotyper's Journal'. Besides, the Movie Code rates happy endings highly. Would you have the evil side win, boy? Why, you might as well ask for an election. Outrageous!

"In this Frankenstein Monster, you see, was a being that appealed to the more intelligent adults of that era. But, and you know this, certainly, movie audiences are not made up of intelligent adults, they are composed of normal, average, everyday, low-minded children like yourselves, and this monster the kids just did not dig. So Hollywood got wise, and yielded to overwhelming public opinion, gradually stifling the monster's abilities until he was a mindless fool in the hands of others, and could be understood by his audience. No more mad desire for revenge on Dr. Frankenstein, he now wanted to kill everybody. This being a common attitude, he went well with the children of that, and this, era.

"But the monster needed a light touch so he wouldn't scare the little old ladies in the audience, or give the younger JDs too many ideas.

"Thus, he got the needed light, quiet, humorous touch that he needed while reaching the pinnacle of success by being matched with the daring champions of good. With the help of Count Dracula and the Wolfman, two of horror's hierarchy, he put up a good battle, but he was outclassed. Though for a bit of excitement the twin demons of

JOHN KONNING



morality allowed themselves to be put in a few tight spots, they easily countered all their opponents brilliant moves, turned Dracula against the Wolfman, and disposed of Frankenstein.

"We feared we would see no more of these intriguing characters, but our luck held. They returned to do battle with The Invisible Man, who soon disappeared for good (or for bad?); the Killer, who got all shook; and Captain Kidd, undoubtedly the subtlest horror of them all. So subtle in fact, that many never understood that it was meant to be a horror picture. Those with keen perception knew what it was, and were sick.

"Finally they came up against someone of their own caliber, the Mummy. You will remember the rather listless Mummy who Boris Karloff...."

"William Pr..."

"...BORIS KARLOFF portrayed. Here was no menace, no horror. This was an entity separated from his love, depending on his own effort to ascent to power. Why, he didn't even wear his wrappings. Sort of dull and dreary, don't you think? He never was a hit. Rather weak and feeble..."

"After all, he was three millenia old."

"Yes, Jenkins, we know that. But I wish you would quit interrupting, your contributions run contrary to the general spirit of the class. In fact, you show a most distressing anti-conformist attitude. You had better see your psychiatrist before you become a (shudder) individual!"

"But, soon, the Mummy returned as Kharis. Now he was much stronger and had the genius of the priests of Ahmen-Ra to guide and direct him. True, he no longer compared in intelligence to the original Mummy, but this made him seem closer to his audience. He depended, not on his wits, but upon blind luck and coincidence to prevent his being discovered near the beginning of the picture, reeling over the countryside with an atrocious limp. Here, at last, was a creature the audience could identify themselves with. There was an epidemic of stranglings until Zorro destroyed his following.

"But, then, Kharis, too, was honored to appear against the titians of monster destruction."

"Honored? Man, I would say more dis..."

"Shut your mouth, Jenkins, and listen to me. You may know more than the rest of us, but your intelligence means nothing, I am the

teacher, and you'd better believe it."

"I never accept facts without proof, but procede."

"Hrrmph. Well, when they met Kharis, the devine duo became involved in a wonderful array of comples subplots, involving a sevet cult, a beattiful girl, a confused high priest, a clan of scientists, and generally all the usual ingredients of an Egyptian horror movie.

"Against seemingly unsurmountable odds, our fearless and fearful duo fought on, to emerge victorious. They suckered Kharis into holding a lighted stick of dynamite. The resulting explosion served two purposes. It destroyed Kharis, and revealed a miraculous cache of treasure which untied the warring factions into one happy group and was used to turn the ancient sacred pyramid into a modern, jazzy nightclub. Now I ask you, what could be more fitting?"

"The Egyptian Government could have stepped in and taken the money putting Abut and Cusstello in jail where they belonged..."

"Jenkins, that was a rhetorical question, you were not required to answer. And your words were nearly sacrilege. You had best hold your tongue after this."

"But, dad, can't you see that Abut and Cusstello were nothing but a slapstick comedy team..."

"That is quite enough. You will remain silent during the rest of the lecture and then report to the school psychologist for treatment.

"To get back to the subject, you can see that Abbott and Costello were the mainstays of Horror in the Twentieth Century. We owe them a great debt for the entertainment they have given us, and for the fine examples they have set. Today, every young citizen dreams of growing up to be a fat man.

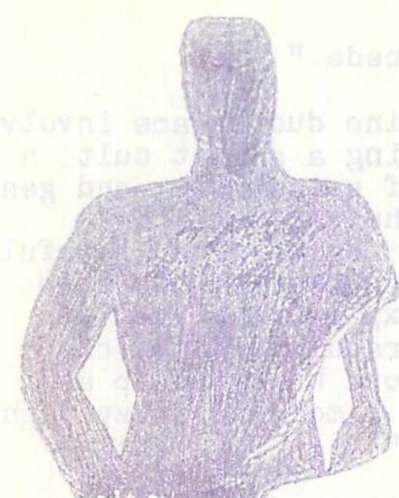
"I have a surprise for you. It has not been announced yet, but due to the continuing clamor for Abbott and Costello, a new team of actors, trained in the mannersisms and techniques of those immortals, will soon finish their first movie, "Florin and Morin Visit the Forbidden Planet."

"No! No, no, No, NO, Nonono o..."

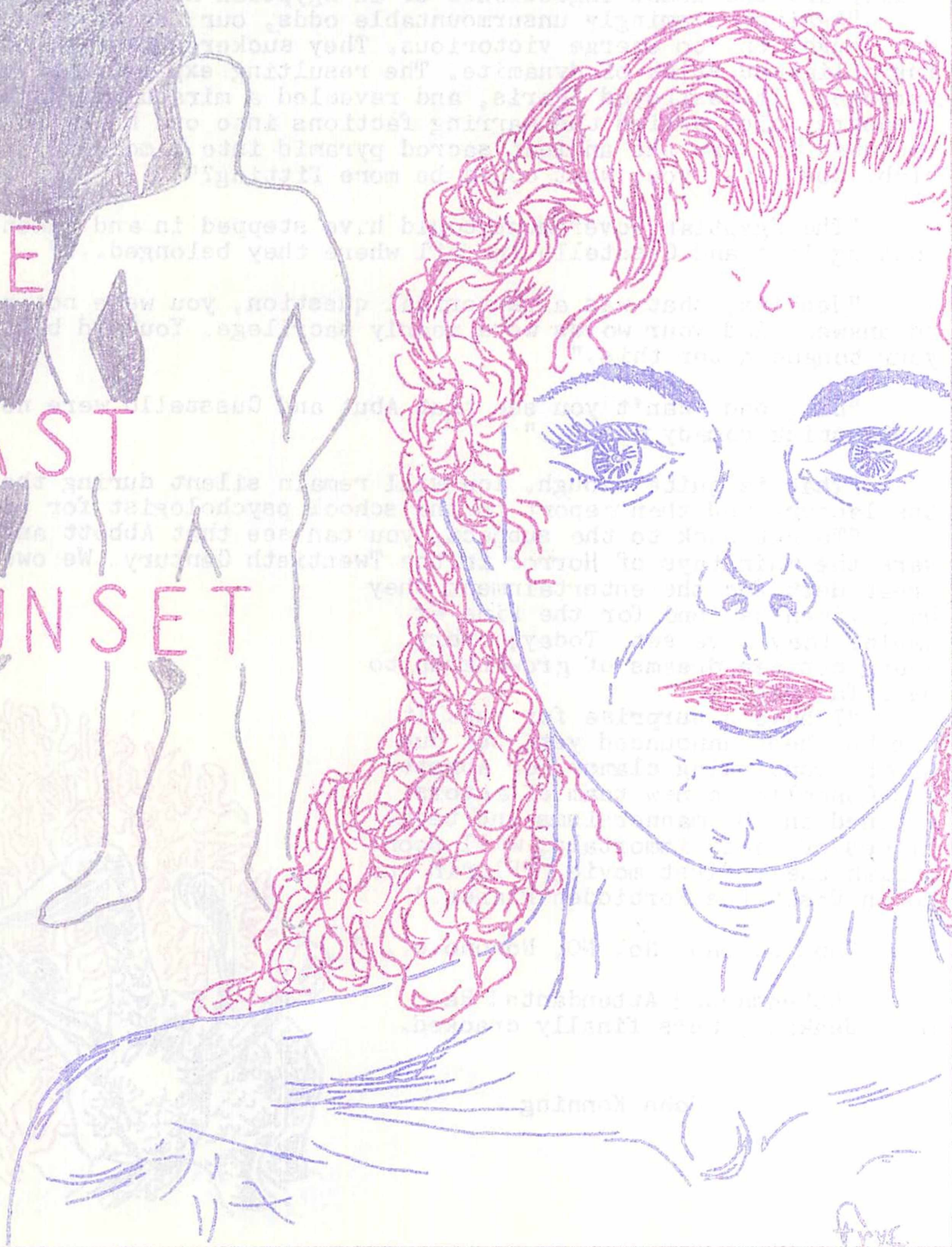
"Attendants! Attendants! Remove Jenkins, he's finally cracked.

--John Konning





# THE LAST SUNSET



# ROD FRYE

Jeb was already awake when the sun first peered over the distant mountain range. He watched silently as the great fire ball rose higher and higher above the earth until its light illuminated the plain below him. Then he scanned the ground completely, starting at his far left and working to his right, then turning and scanning the area behind him. There was only raw, barren earth, stretching miles in each direction, no grass, no trees, no...

People, Jeb thought sadly. There was no one left but him...and the dogs, wild hungry beasts that had tracked him ever since he left the city. They were gone now, as always, with the coming of the sun. But they would be back that night, and the tree he was perched in was beginning to decay. He would have to find another one.

He eased himself to the ground, arranged his tattered clothing, and started walking to the west. Daylight was precious and he wanted to conserve as much of it as possible. Finding another tree, or a cave, or some shelter before nightfall was his only hope for survival, even for a few more days. He was growing weak, and the pack of dogs increased in number each night.

The dry ground crumbled under his bare feet and sweat began to form in his arm-pits as the sun's heat increased. Far away a breeze stirred, and swept across the plain, becoming wind to pick up scattered dust and blow it all toward Jeb. He saw it coming, dark in the morning sun, and lay flat on the ground while it stormed over him. Quiet again, not even the sound of insects. The world was dying, taking him with it. Because of the war--brother against brother, white against Negro, North against South, and then the communist...

What sense did it make? Fighting, hating, killing, and, he thought dismally, raping. The world was corrupt in those dark months of the War. It had been pure hell, every bit of it.

No one was safe then. Not even families in their own homes. The children were killed and left to rot while the mother was kept to satisfy the lust of the conquering heroes. The father, if he was lucky, was shot on the scene. Otherwise he was slowly tortured to a painful, humiliating death.

Those were rough, dreadful months for both sides. Humanity had lost its sense of decency and sunk lower than the snake, but the War did not last long. The Russians joined in too soon, to try to win the world for their cause...it was the same, though. Russia died the same agonizing death as the rest of the world. Only bombs brought an end to the terror. After the bombs, there was peace.

Peace just as there was now. No people. At least none, as far as he knew, except himself. He was alone in a dead society, and there was nothing to do but join the others.

No! He couldn't do that. Death alone would bring him the peace he

sought, but he couldn't go to it voluntarily. There was something deep within him that would not let him face death. He must continue to run. Run until it caught him, as he knew it eventually would.

So he searched on for shelter, and, if possible, people. Shelter, perhaps, he might just possibly find, but he hadn't seen even a trace of human life since the day the radio-active clouds fell as rain upon the parched earth. It hadn't rained since that day weeks, or was it months, ago. He stared up at the sun. After a world dies, what happens to its sun? It shines on. Ever. Night, then morning. Then night again. Still the sunshines on the dead world. Or does the world really die when all the people are...? Do people make up the world, or is it the world that lives and the people who come, live out their lives, and go, leaving only the world, living...existing forever in the warm sun. Jeb wondered about this, and he was afraid.

After it was all over, the world would still be there, wouldn't it? The sun would still rise. But how could it, with no one to see, and know that it was rising? The sun shines always, and it's the world that turns so that it seems to rise every morning. Everyone knows that. But with no one there, could it rise? Jeb would be the last one to see the sunset. Would it rise the next morning, or would morning never come again to his world?

It was funny that the last man should be thinking about this; he should have thought of ways to stay alive, find food, or avoid the dogs. But Jeb really didn't care about all that.

His eyes were heavy and shrouded in immense sadness; still they searched the horizon as he walked along, hoping. The sun was nearing zenith now, time was passing too quickly.

There was...yes, he thought he saw it. He blinked his eyes and looked again. A tree...trees, several of them, lusty green against the milky blue sky. He hurried toward them.

They were small and skimpy, growing out of slimy grey mud. But they were trees, life. And mud meant water. There was one strong young tree with high, thick branches...just what he needed.

A sound...water splashing. Jeb got down on his hands and knees and crawled through the marsh grass. His heart skipped a beat. Someone was there...a...a woman. She was naked...and washing herself in the cooling stream. The shadows were deep, his eyes pierced the gloom, searching.

She finished and rose to walk out of the water. Jeb's pulse quickened. The woman seemed young, tall with blowing hair, her body as perfect as any man could ask for. And her face, and movements, revealed her calm sadness. The sun moved and shot a shaft of white into the saffron covering, bathing her in light.

Jeb watched as droplets of water trickled down her breast and fell to the ground. His stomach knotted. She was a white woman...

White!

Damnation!

Why, in the name of God Almighty, couldn't she have been a Negro? He felt empty, deadly empty. A tear started in his saddened eyes and he turned to leave.

"Wait!" came a voice. "Please don't go."

Jeb turned slowly, his eyes meeting hers. They stared at each other momentarily, then Jeb said, "What can you want of me, mam?"

The woman smiled. "There's nobody else. We should at least talk a while."

"But," Jeb stuttered, "I- I am a Negro."

"You are a humble and kind man. I can see that. Please stay and talk with me awhile. I don't mind, really."

Jeb stared. The woman looked down at herself, realized she was still naked, and wrapped a cloth around herself. The Negro sat himself on a rock; the woman rested beside him, yet a little apart. They sat a moment in silence.

"Whydon't you tell me about yourself, what happened since the rain?" she finally said.

"There ain't much to tell," Jeb replied. "It was most the same with everyone, I guess." He went on to tell about his boyhood, his difficulty with the whites, and his family, and finally...the War. Then the woman started.

"First, my name is Barbara, or at least it was back when names were important. I was born and raised in Virginia, but I never was as radical as some Southerners. My h-husband, when he was alive, wasn't bothered one way or the other. He worked with Nigg--ros, and respected them. Funny, though; it was his most trusted Negro friend who killed him..."

"I'm sorry," Jeb said. "I never was like that...I liked white men. I tried to accept them, even when my daughter was killed in a school explosion..."

Barbara hung her head in silence. Jeb ran his tongue across his lip. "I understand, Jeb," Barbara said.

"I know...I know." He knew she meant it and lay back looking at the cloudless sky, his thoughts running to better memories. Later he and Barbara talked some more and begun to accept the fact that to survive they had to stick together, regardless of former prejudices. Still, though, Jeb worried about her. Could a white woman accept him or would she resent him even though he was the last man? Time would tell, and Jeb was willing to wait.

The sky was turning very dull when Jeb realized the lateness of the day. They would have to find shelter before the dogs came. Luckily Barbara hadn't been bothered by the wild pack, but she had seen them from a distance and had avoided them. She knew what to expect, though.

Together they prepared a platform from the smaller trees and

hoisted it into position in the larger tree. Jeb was securing the platform to the branches of the tree when the dogs rushed them.

They were all kinds of dogs, all ragged and lean with a hungry gleam in their eyes. Saliva dripping from their snarling mouths and their fangs shown deadly white in the setting sun. They crowded in close, one big brute ripping at Jeb's arm, but he shook it off. Kicking with all his power, Jeb pushed Barbara up to the platform.

When she was safe, he fought the dogs, but they were too much. With one hard kick, he sent the pack's leader sprawling and quickly scrambled into the tree. The angry dogs milled around for a while, then retired to marsh grass to wait.

"You're hurt...bleeding." Barbara cried.

Jeb nodded. "I'll be all right."

"I'll try to fix it..." Barbara ripped a strand from her clothing and bound the Negro's arm, body and legs where the dog's fangs had torn the deepest.

"Thank you, mam." Jeb said.

"It's okay. But won't you call me Barbara; I would like it very much."

"Barbara," Jeb said.

She smiled.

The sun was high in the sky when Jeb opened his eyes the next morning. The dogs were gone. Barbara lay sleeping beside him, her arm across his chest. Jeb wanted to lay there with the fair-skinned woman forever and love her. She looked so sweet and pure, lying there... Her face was turned slightly toward him. She wasn't beautiful, he noted. Perhaps average for a white woman, no more. A little make-up would make a world of difference...but, she was a woman.

Jeb tugged his thoughts back. There was food to get. If there was any food! Gently he lifted her arm from his chest and slid down the tree. First he went to the cool stream and splashed water into his face, then started to hunt. The soft voice stopped him.

"Where are you going?"

"To find food. We must eat."

"There are berries growing on the other side of the pond. And there is some food I had hidden in the rocks. If I can find that, we will have enough for a few days."

"Good," he said. "Let's get it before the dogs find it, or it spoils."

Barbara perched on the edge of the platform. "I can't jump; it's too high."

Jeb laughed. "I'll catch you. Jump!"

She jumped and Jeb caught her in his strong arms, squeezed her tenderly, hoping she wouldn't notice, and eased her to the ground. He went with Barbara to the place where the food was hidden.

It was nice on the other side. Bushes grew near the water and soft green moss covered the ground. The food was hidden in a pile of rocks under the largest bush. Barbara had managed to carry a sack of canned goods away from the city before the bombs fell. It would have been enough to last her for a week or two, but she wasn't alone now. She opened a can of beans with an opener and they ate.

When they had finished, Barbara freshed up at the stream, and Jeb began to plan improvements for their shelter. It would have to be stronger, with a top and sides to knock off rain, if any should come, and dust. Later, perhaps Jeb would go to the ruins of a city and pick up some useful material. That would be a long time; radioactivity dies very slowly.

He searched near the stream bed for scraps of wood, or small trees. Some he would leave for future use. By evening, the shelter was entirely remodeled. It would serve against anything.

Jeb had worked hard all day and night was a relief. He could relax with Barbara in their small 'home', safe from the dogs, alone with her. He was happy, but still wondered about Barbara.

"It's so nice to have peace," Barbara said thoughtfully.

"Yes," Jeb agreed, looking into her beautiful eyes. "It was a bad war, but there was a reason for it. God always has a reason for what He does. And maybe it's better the way things turned out."

"Maybe. But it seems God could have found a better way...I mean not to kill everybody..."

"Man had his chance, and threw it away. Not just this time, all the time. His stubborn pride never let him admit he was wrong, even when faced with war." Jeb shook his head. "It wasn't only between races...whites couldn't get along even with other whites, nor negros with other negros, nor governments with other governments..."

"We had such a beautiful world, so many possibilities, so much to work together for, and we blew it all with atomic bombs. Now there's nothing."

Barbara touched his hand, softly. "The world is still here; the sun will come up tomorrow and the whole world will be spread before us, and we are here. Alone, perhaps, and different...but we're people, Jeb. We'll have to get along, and I know we will. Then, someday, the world will grow again."

Jeb looked out at the stars; there was no moon and the ground seemed black below the sky. Here was the world that had once been so great, now shrouded in blackness. Jeb remembered it as it was; he couldn't help it, but it seemed better this way. Still, he knew, Barbara was right. The world must grow again, have another chance. This time, though, it would be his alone...and Barbara's.

When he thought of that, the sky and the dark below it took on a

new meaning. Here was a wilderness to conquer, a civilization to build and two mere people to do it. Jeb found himself praying that it could be done.

A stiff wind whipped up and blew through their shelter\* Barbara snuggled close to him\* He put his arms around her and held her tightly, warmly She laid her head upon his chest to sleep, almost like a cat, held in its master's loving arms, purring\* Jeb knew now that he would love Barbara, and he was glad\*

Barbara went to sleep and later, after much restless thinking and worrying, Jeb, too, slept\* Perhaps he dreamed about Barbara and his new world, perhaps about the past\* He slept with a smile\*

Morning again came, day followed, and many mornings after, that\* Barbara came to love Jeb as any other man, and Jeb loved and cared for her\* He built a larger shelter, and planted vegetables by the trickling stream\* He did other things, and Barbara helped him\* Their world was slowly taking shape\* They had a lot, these 1st two\* The world would live again, in time, when their children grew to inherit it and spread wide across the land\*

It was late afternoon, almost a month later, when Jeb found the dead dog\* Bog meat wasn't steak, naturally, but when you are starving, it is better than steak\* Jeb turned the dog's body over to inspect it, to see if it was fresh\*

He froze\* There was a small round hole in the dog's skull\* It could mean only one thing\* Bullet\* Someone had a gun\* Someone\*\*\*

There were no tracks and no sign of life, so Jeb carried the dog back toward the tree and Barbara\* He stopped, halfway back, pulled out a sharp piece of roe tai he used for a weapon, and carefully cut the head from the animal\* There was no reason to worry Barbara about this\*

"How is the meat?" he asked\* later, when the meal was over\*

"It's fine.\*just fine/" she replied\*

"How about some for a stranger/" came a husky voice from behind\*

Jeb whirled around, face to face with a giant six-foot white man with a revolver strapped to his waist\* "You?" was all Jeb could say\*

The man looked at Barbara lustfully\* "Won't you invite me to dinner?"

"Aho.\*sure, sit down, mister,.\*ah?"

"Norris, if it really matters\*"

"Mine's Barbara\*"

"Who's the n-----?"

Hate flowed through Jeb's veins\* he said: "Call me Jeb\*"

"Okay, Jeb. Get me some meat. I'm hungry."

Jeb looked at Norris firmly. "I don't have to get you a damn thing!"

The big man started to get up, but Barbara pulled him back. "Please," she pleaded.

"No goddamn n----- gonna make a fool outta me® Black sonofa09o"

Jeb restrained himself. "The war's over, mister."

"Hell."

"We're the only ones left," Jeb said.

"Yeah? Where's your woman?"

Jeb stood stone. Had his dream been shattered? Would Barbara turn from him now that a white man had come? He swallowed hard and prayed.

Barbara glanced at the big, powerful white man. He was raw as the flesh of the dead earth, with a dark course beard, and hate in his eyes...and the big, bold gun strapped to his side.

Then she looked at the Negro. He was small, sad and tired, remorseful, almost pathetic. But he was truly a man, a man who fought for what was right and good. It didn't matter that he was a Negro. After all, what was a Negro?

"I'm his woman," Barbara said sternly.

Jeb's mouth fell open.

The white man cursed.

"You®®®you and this damn n-----?" The big man burst out laughing® "What sort of hell is this anyway?"

"I®®®I love Jeb/" Barbara said® "I carry his child® ®/"

"Damn/" Norris swore®

"®®®and I'll stick by her®" Jeb pledged, staunchly®

"Hell you will® I ain't gonna let no black n----- take the only white woman on earth® There ain't no more people®.J searched® This 'n's mine'" Norris whipped out his revolver and shot Jeb in the lore-head® He fell to the ground®

Barbara screamed and flung herself across the body, crying® Norris bent over her and touched her shoulder®

"Come on. Babe, don't cry over no n-----® He ain't for you® NoY/ let's eat® We got to re-people the world® You'll need strength®"

"Y-yes®, -yes/" Barbara replied, hate in her eyes®

They ate, Barbara sitting glasse-eyed, watching the white man®

Afterwards Norris took off his clothes and started for the stream. "I wanna warsh up before we start," he said. "You be ready when I get back."

Barbara said nothing, only waited. When he was in the water, Barbara fumbled through his clothes and got the gun. She started for the stream.

Norris looked up. "Why don't you come on in with me; it'll be dark soon. We won't have much time together..."

"No," Barbara said, raising the gun. "We won't."

"What's th' gun for?" Norris boomed.

"You killed Jeb. I loved him. He was more of a man than you, you filthy beast."

Norris started out of the water. "Ah, come on. You won't kill me. I'm the only man left. You'd be alone. Don't be a fool..."

"I won't," Barbara said.

"...and," Norris continued, "there's only three more bullets in the gun. That's all there is. You wouldn't stand a chance."

"No, I wouldn't. Neither would you."

"Whattya mean?"

"I hate your damn filthy guts. You killed the man I loved. The only real man on earth...you think I want to live without him?" She raised the gun.

"No! Wait! Don't do it!" He started toward her.

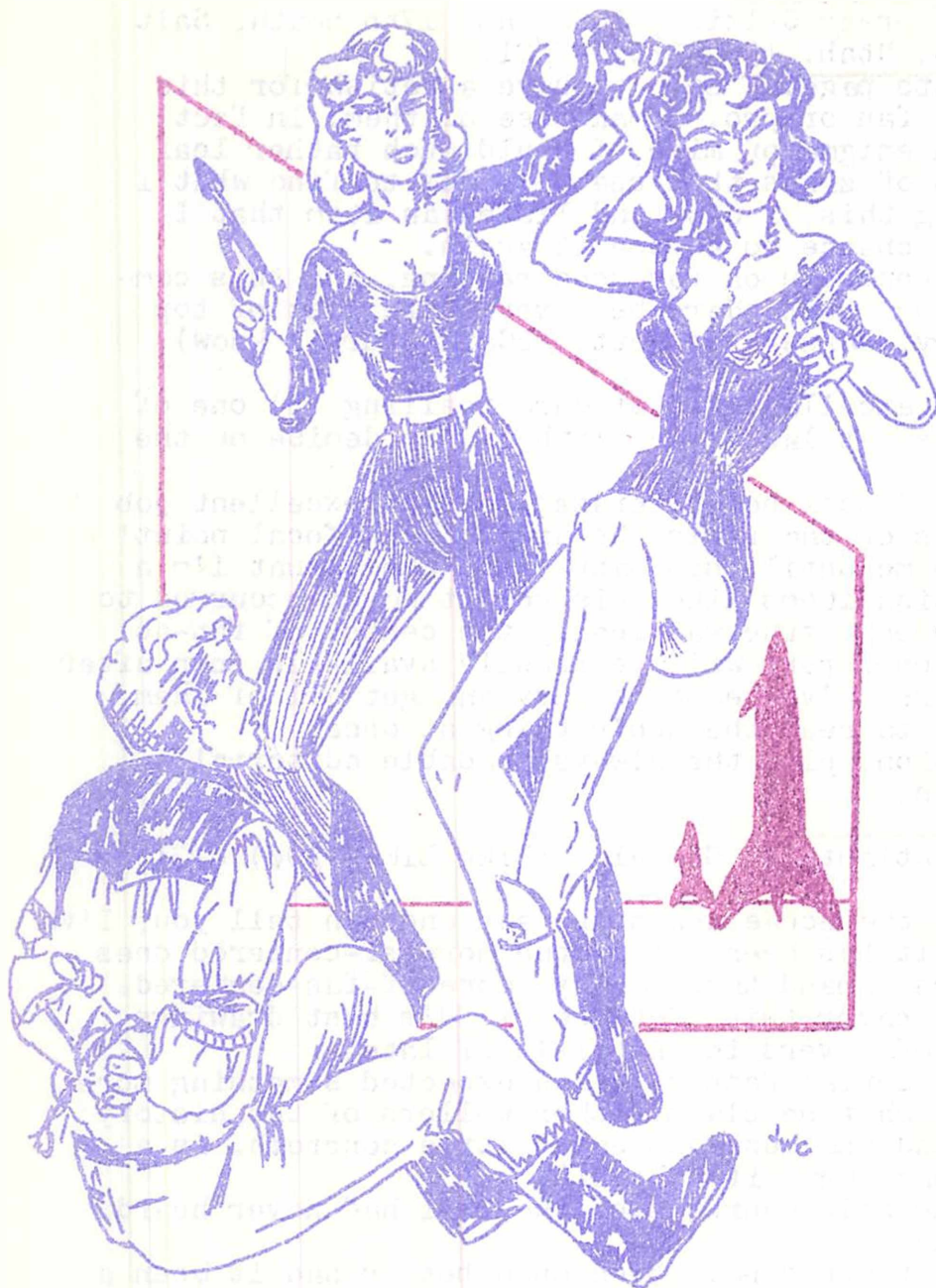
"Stay back, or you get it!" Barbara warned.

Norris froze.

Barbara aimed the gun skyward and fired two shots into the darkening heavens. Then, deliberately, she placed the gun to her head and fired the last bullet.

Off in the distance, the dogs began to howl.

--Rod Frye



# LEAVES

This column, this time around, will of necessity be rather short. The zine has already run over the number of pages I had planned for it--including both this and the letters. Sort of carried away with material, I guess.

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NEW FRONTIERS, #1, Stellar Enterprises,  
P.O. Box 336. Norm Metcalf. 30¢, 4/\$1.

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NF arrived only today, and, though I have not read all of it, did want to give it mention.

The zine is definitely sf centered, and I, for one, am damn glad to see such a zine. I think there will be a trend back this way, and welcome the thought. Not that I don't like the fannish type, I do. But I think there is a place for both types.

I don't know what Robert B. Johnson means with his line "...recall Daphne DuMaurier and 'The Uninvited.'", since said book was a product of Dorothy Macardle. This article, "Can We Live Without Fantasy Fiction?", was one of the best I have read in some time.

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FIJAGH #3, Dick Ellington, P.O. Box 104, Cooper Station, New York 3, N.Y.

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Always an enjoyable zine, ish #3 is somewhat of a let down. Didn't seem quite up to the par of 1 and 2, though I must admit the filler material was better. Perhaps I should say, Dick fills his editorial space with more interesting tid bits than usual.

I have an aversion to finding the ending of an article on a page which comes before the article itself. Archie Mercer, Rick Sneary, and Harry Warner come through with more than readable material. Top priority goes to the letter section, however. Well worth getting.

OOPSLA! #28-29 (combined), Gregg Calkins, 1484 East 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah. 15¢, 2/25, 7/81.

Ah, at last, a contents page. I seem to have a fetish for this type of thing in any zine, fan or pro. I make use of them. In fact, to explain something of an enigma of mine, I would much rather leaf through the contents pages of zines than use an index to find what I want. Good reason--in doing this, I oft find listed an item that I especially liked and get a chance to peruse it again.

OOPS can always be depended upon for good reading, and this combined number is no exception. Here there be a veritable list of top names of fan writers. Berry, Warner, Bennett, McCain (sure I know), Walt Willis, etc.

Berry, again, does an excellent job of chronicalling (7) one of his numerous mis-adventures. At last, the truth of the demise of the Shaw/Berry typer.

Warner on the current 'focal point' craze, does an excellent job of covering various aspects of the field. Strange, this 'focal point' bit, had never occurred to me until this past year. Shows that I'm a come-lately as far as fanish items like this go. It never occurred to me that there was a time when a zine was really the center of fan-ac.

Do hope the Bennett con-report will be readily available soon after the last installment appears. I've ceased to try and get all of them one by one, but would like to read the whole thing at once.

Excellent letter section, plus the always readable editorial.

A must for any tru-fan.

SPHERE #12, P.O. Box 212, Atlanta 1, Georgia. (Like LIFE, 19¢) 6/81.

Glad to see SPHERE on the scene again. As any one can tell you, I've always liked this zine as it has been one of the more sf-centered ones of the last couple of years. Amend that to say, more sf-fan-centered.

SPHERE sports an Eash cover this. Not one of Ed's best drawings, but certainly above a lot of covers in the field of late.

Was disappointed in "Utopian Fantasy". Had expected something more than this. Stone does just what he claims other tellers of the history of utopia does--beats around the bush and says little concrete. As a book review, though, it more than hits the bill.

Interesting bit on the Scienceers, even though I had never heard of them before this writing.

Scithers SOLACON report would have been much better had it been a lot longer. This just whetted my appetite for more. This must be due to the fact that, though I didn't get to the con, I hold it in a dear spot in my heart as the one I almost made.

proFANity #6, Bruce Belz, 4010 Leona Street, Tampa 9, Florida.

I have a piano sitting here in the living room. Wish I knew how to play the damn thing so I could try out this music Bruce puts in his zines. I can't even read music, so can't hum the tune to see how I like it. Fine thing.

Berry, again, and good Berry, this time a fictitious type thing that John is doing more and more of. I happen to like this new John, so hope he keeps on with it. (See, Bruce, I do like some things.)

Ichabodings, good. Nice name dropper, and rather close to the original, but good, anyway.

R. Coulson does a good job of reviewing fanzines. Would still

like to see Buck take a zine to task, really. Not under a scalpel, so to speak, but really give out with opinion. And I do like his method of rating by the numbers. Gives you a chance to see how your zine stacks up with the others around you. May be just one fans opinion, but.....

Best thing in the issue is the long, loong, looong letter section.

Good reading.

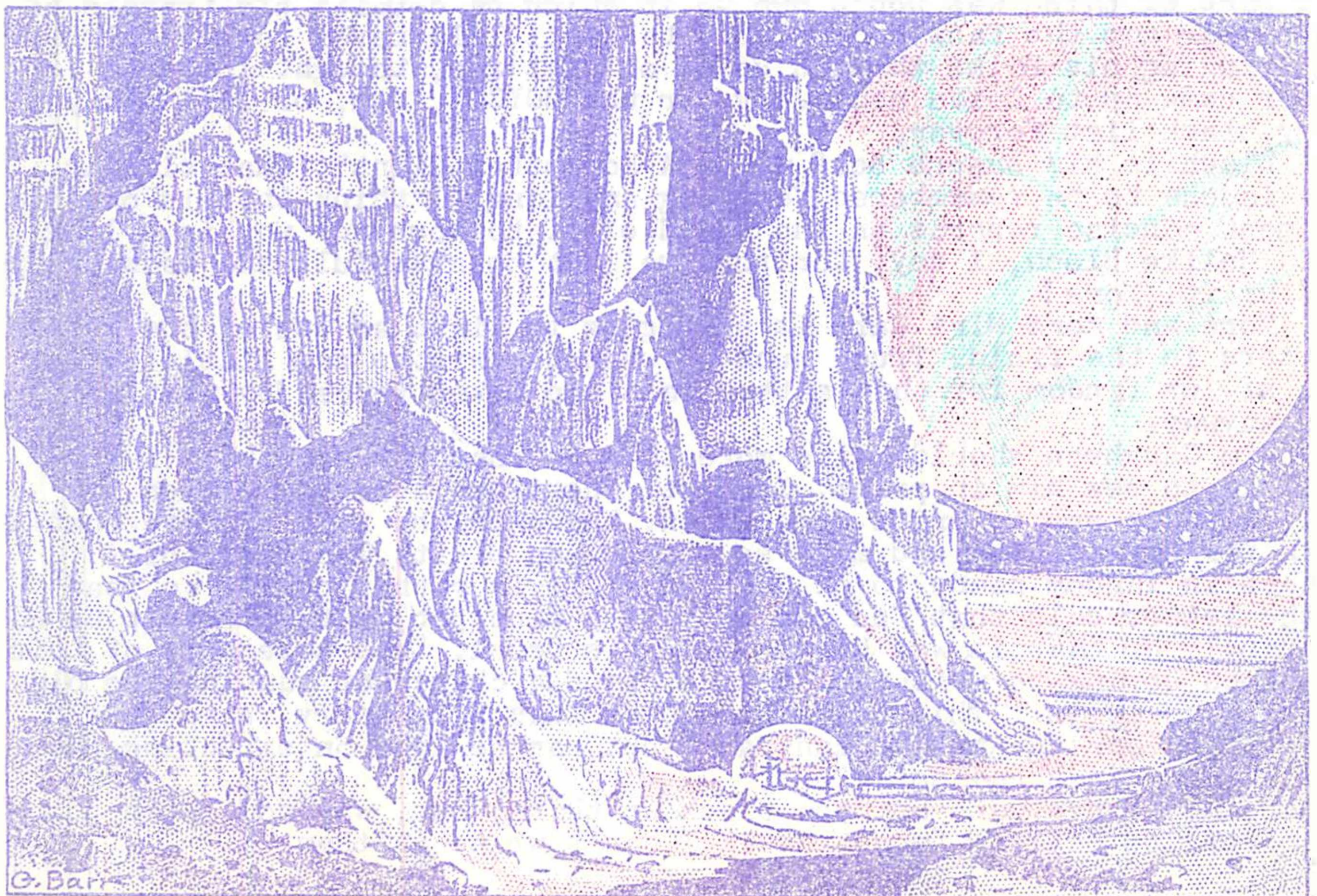
YANDRO #81, Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana. 15¢, 12/\$1.50 .

81 is a mighty impressive number for a fanzine. Even if the CRY is up in the hundreds. When I think of trying to get TWIG out for even 50 issues, I sort of get cold feet and think it is time to close up shop and silently steal away.

But which Clod Hall wrote the item in this issue. Sounds like it could have been either one of them. I mean, the real one, of the one who likes to think he is Clod.

MZB is not up to her usual this time around. Either that, or I just wasn't in a receptive mood at the time I read the piece. I actually prefer her in the role of a fannish story writer, her two items that have appeared in the two issues of BOF being favorites from her pen.

Herb Beach does the cover this time, along with a vignette on the inside. Both are good, the cover being the better of the two, however. That could be because I liked the wording of YANDRO on said cover.



PSI PHI #4, Arv Underman, 5304 Sherbourne Drive, Los Angeles 56, Calif.  
(Ordinarily, from Bob Lichtman)

Arv goes on a rampage and takes of his 50% editorship of the zine this time by doing all of it. And, he does a good job of it.

Was glad to see the Weber-Pfeifer Westercon report. Had begun to think that, other than GM's vicious tirade against the Busby's, no one had guts enough to turn out a long report. This I enjoyed muchly since I was on the scene. (As you well know from my own report in thish.)

"The Greatest Movie Ever Made" is interesting and might come off pretty well. Gandalf, by all means, should be Massey, not Guinness. Though Ray has never won an academy award, I still think he is the better all around actor of the two. In fact, where a choice is given, I pick the one after 'or' every time. Would definitely cut Tab Hunter from the list. He is a 'pretty boy', not an actor. Have yet to see him in a picture that I thought he was convincing in the part. I would eliminate Ekberg for the same reason, only female, of course. Scrap all of the music you outlined. Reason for this: you'd end up with nothing but a hodge-podge of music. Instead, get someone like Dimitri Tiomkin to do an original score--one which fits the theme, yet is tied together for easy blending. He could take your suggestions, some of them, and tie them in.

"Element of Humor" is one of the best things Pauls has written. It lacks the neo-attitude that comes through in so many of his writings.

Letter col good, but could use a bit more life.

One of the newer zines to watch. Could go along ways if the eds don't give up. Far above the average new zine.

QUIXOTIC #3, Don Durward, 6033 Garth Avenue, Los Angeles 56, Calif.

Another of the newer zines that is making great strides forward. Best part of thish was Don's own QS in which he details his travels of the summer and the fans he was able to meet. I'll never forgive him for not bringing his folks through Boise on that trip, though. You just better come up to Boise next July for the BOYCON, Don, or I'll put you on my black list forever.

Bloch is his superb self with "A Forgotten Giant". That closing line is one to be remembered for long and long. I think this is one of the most concise reports on the field of sf to come our way in a long time. Unlike Bloch, I say, for this we must be grateful, and mean every word of it. More!

More and more Miri Carr is springing to light as one of the better writers in the field. True, much of what she writes has little to do with sf, or fandom for that matter, but she makes you enjoy what she does anyway.

Jim Caughran should write more than he does for fanzines. I for one like to see him in print. In fact, there are a number of fen I would like to see in print more often. The ones who seem to have that spark for originality and make so little use of it. The field of writers in fandom needs to be increased. It is rather palling to read in the letter cols that "so and so" did a fine job, but it wasn't up to his usual, or that it was better than his usual. Lets have some of this new blood spring to writing life. We stand a chance of running the old well dry as it is. This not a hint that fans like Berry, Warner, etc. are getting boring--to the contrary--but can we keep on expecting them to fill our zines endlessly?

Seem to have gone off the track up there, but, why not. When something strikes me I'll forget it if I don't write it then.

AMRA V2 #4, George Scithers, Box 682, Stanford, California. 20¢

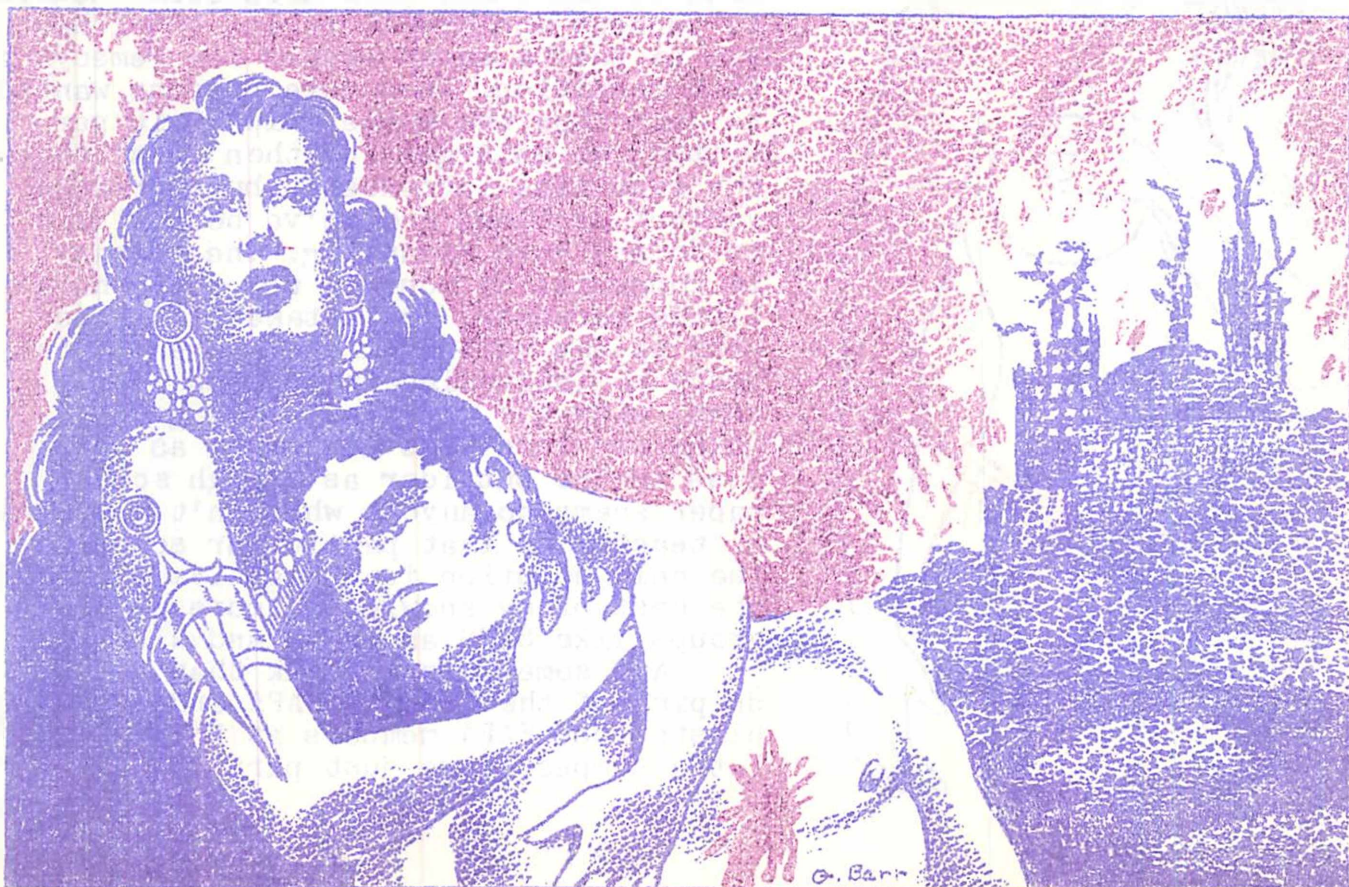
This still amazes me that a zine concerning itself with a character in sf that never really appealed to me can be so well liked by me. At any rate, AMRA, as the zine of Conan, is the outstanding zine in the specialized field. I find the "Informal Biography of Conan" in this issue most interesting, more so than any of the stories of him that I have read.

Conan fan or not, I think most of you would like this zine.

And, though there are numerous other zines on hand, we come to the end of leaves for this issue. If you find the reviews at fault this time, consider that they are done on stencil and that took out much of the opportunity to correct poor grammar, etc. A case of haste in order to get on with things. A lack of time seems to be my main complaint these days, sad as it seems to me.

Have plans for another reviewer come the next issue. Wrote and asked, got an affirmative reply, and haven't, literally, had the time to write back a letter and say that he/she was accepted.

And, here, let me also add that the plans for BEST OF FANDOM --1959 are getting underway. Would like, if any of you care to do so, to have you jot down on a post card your favorite fan writer of the year, what you think was the best fan written item of the year, best fan artist, and best fanzine. I'm not running a poll--FANAC does this admirably and are planning on doing it again this year--but would like to know in order to base a TP best this year.



Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown,  
Maryland.

# SCALED BARK



I don't know what I have to thank for receipt of this copy of Just Plain Twig. However, I can repay your kindness at least in part with some comments. The first of these comments is the mystified remark that if this is simply TWIG, I can't imagine what TWIG Illustrated must have looked like, because it doesn't exactly require a lot of time to find illustrations in this issue. I also get a firm impression that someone is backing Terry Carr for TAFF and showing much more laudable amounts of imagination in expressing that preference than most persons do in TAFF commercials.

So much of this issue is taken up with this Terwilleger-White hassle that it reduces my field for comments. All that I can say about the late squabble is that it's good to see that both of you have agreed not to disagree in such violent fashion. It's perfectly possible for people in fandom to disagree with one another without losing tempers and becoming enemies in the process. I have about a half-dozen really long-time correspondents, individuals with whom I've been in constant touch back into the distant past of fandom, and with each of these there's a major area of complete divergency of opinion on some topic or other. We just don't let it bother us.

Another thing that I didn't see was the Honey Wood article about FAPA. But I can imagine what it was like. FAPA does seem snobbish to persons who aren't in it, but I have yet to hear a sound system for remedying that condition. When more persons wanted to join than the membership limit permitted, we enlarged it, then found that the resulting increase in bulk created various problems and we've been afraid to do any more expanding. The company is congenial to most of us, so we have little turnover, so it takes years to work up the waiting list. There's a tendency to inbreeding in a group like that, with the creation of in-group jokes and lore that must seem as pointless to the outsider as a high school paper seems to anyone who isn't a student or teacher at that particular school. The only solution is a negative one, to the best of my knowledge: more ayjay groups like SAPS and OMPA and N<sup>o</sup>APA.

And sometimes I think that the sniping of the NFFF at FAPA and the blasts from FAPA members at NFFF and related tempests are just part of fan

psychology, the fannish temper expressing itself simply because no fan can take part in all types of fan activity these days. There was a time when a fan could do at least a little of everything in fandom, but no longer, and the fan may try to get rid of his frustration by trying to run down the organizations that he can't find time to be part of.

Rick Adams' item was increasingly entertaining as it went along. It sounds as if he started to write a Tarzan-slanted thing without too much certainty of what he would make of it, but the lack of organization isn't too bothersome. I thought and thought about the deep significance of the spelling of dinosaur, then decided that you must didn't look it up in the dictionary.

I found Miriam's two pages fascinating. It would be nice to know what it is about baseball that makes the sport so irresistably attractive to those who can't hope to become a good player. I never wanted to be a female umpire, and it's a good thing that I didn't, but I would have renounced almost anything I possessed for the physique to be even a second-rate minor leaguer.

//Why, the only purpose in sending TWIG your way was in hopes that you would like to contribute something to the zine. Seriously, I've been trying to spread the zine out and hit some of you fan I've known about and just never sent the zine to, before. As for the 'illustrated' item: will see if I can dig out a copy of one of the illoed numbers and send one your way. Give you an idea of why I didn't call #16 an art issue.--Rick wanted to do the Tan-Man thing over again, but I wouldn't give him the time. In typing I often make mistakes, like I don't read what I type but type the letters. Came along Dinosaur and I just didn't catch it.//

Pfc John Quagliano, Education Center, 2d Recon Sq, 15th Cav, APO  
696, N.Y., N.Y.

You're so very right about the lures of GAFIA. The unfortunate thing in my case is that I don't enjoy science fiction anymore. The only magazine that I've cared for at all in the last three years has been F&SF.

I'm still interested in fandom--mainly because I've met some nice people there. But over here I get very few fanzines because I don't publish much or subscribe, and this keeps me out of touch. I do get the FAPA bundles and I hope I'll continue to get them. You see, just this week I scrounged time after my night classes and knocked out a fanzine of sorts which, if Lars Bourne can publish in a hurry, will keep me in FAPA.

I'm leaving Monday for two weeks in Paris. I really need the rest. I've been working a long day and teaching until 8 o'clock four to five nights a week. Add this to a PIO job and an insane new troop commander who keeps us busy preparing for an IG that's five months away, and you'll get some inclination as to why I feel a strain. Of course, I'm over the one year hill and I could be getting impatient for a normal life and some freedom.

//Perhaps you didn't intend for me to publish this, John, but I did none-the-less. Maybe it will help to get a few more zines over your way so you can keep in touch. This I don't understand. I would think it all the more reason to keep you on the mailing list, publishing or not. Sometimes I just don't understand fandom. They don't do what you'd think they would.//

Les Gerber, 201 Linden Boulevard, Brooklyn 26, New York.

While I'm writing, I'd might as well comment on TWIG #16. Actually I don't like to, after the good comments TWIG #15 got, this must be quite a let down. I didn't like it too much, mainly because I didn't like any of the three pieces of material.

The cover was excellent. Apparently, Barr has a few techniques of his own that even Adkins doesn't know about (the leaves of the trees for instance.) And I've never seen silver or gray ditto before; it didn't come out very well, but it's impressive anyway. I just wish that he'd used a few more colors. In fact, the art this issue was generally very good; not the impressive Adkins type, but still good and colorful, and the cartoons were especially good.

I don't much care for overlong letters of comment as a piece of material, mostly because I don't care for overlong letters of comment. I also don't care for cracks at my expense, or comments which may seem as such. (I believe, at least, that Ted was referring to my expressed opinion that he was picking on you unfairly).

I don't like the Adams story either. It has its good points, but on the whole it sounds like a conglomeration of a dozen ideas for stories that Adams was too lazy to make into separate stories. It's not a terribly original piece either.

Miriam Carr's article I just don't care much for. It doesn't affect me much, although it is a bit cute.

I have a few comments on your fanzine reviews. First of all, the third issue of MAMMON was the poorest in reproduction. It was just good ditto work. MAM#1 was magnificently mimeographed, and #2 was magnificently dittoed. Also, indexes of fanzines would bore anyone who tried to read them. They aren't meant for reading, just for ease in locating items. Your review of UMGLICK has me a bit bewildered. I don't mind your occasional slips in grammar myself, Guy, and I don't know anyone who does. I myself am rather proud of my ability to use the English language correctly, since I've been trained by my father, who is a chairman of English, but if anyone ever points out a mistake I've made, I'm usually grateful for it unless he points it out with a sneer. Funny that Frye doesn't even consider the possibility that OMEGA is a crudzine, which I've heard it is. He just takes it for granted that Adkins is picking on him. Even when I was the rankest of neos, I never resorted to that (at least I hope I didn't).

Ted Pauls does tend to act like an idiot neo when he gets mad. I've noticed a number of nasty letters he's written to faneds he disagrees with, and when I wrote a strong letter (perhaps a bit too strong, but that's no excuse) protesting against the treatment he'd given me and a few others in DISJECTA MEMBRA #5 and suggesting he grow up, I received a large envelope of crudsheets from his recent fanzines with insufficient postage and no return address, marked "FIRST CLASS, AIR MAIL, SPECIAL DELIVERY, and ADDRESSEE GUARANTEES ANY AND ALL ADDITIONAL POSTAGE." If the post office delivered mail collect, which they don't, I'd have been out close to \$2, and when you consider that I get only \$3 a week for all fanning, transportation and entertainment purposes, it's not very funny.

Reamy's cartoon is very funny.

//This seems to have the 'don't issue' tagged on it from your direction. Oh, well, since most fen seemed to like most all of what was in the issue, I guess we can't hit them all. Seriously, most of those who did write expressed a liking for the issue and a pleasure in seeing it a TWIGzine again, especially with new fire in the editorials.//

Rod Frye, 408 Alleghany Road, Hampton, Virginia.

...speaking of TWIG, I am glad to see that it has reverted to its former style. It started out as your personal fanzine with your own personality, and when another was interjected, the combination seemed to pull in two directions at once, you pulling for TWIG Illoed and Dan pulling for Dan. Even so, this made 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 OMEGA 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 appalled 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 for 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.

//Most fans seem glad of the return of "just plain". -- as to the relationship of Dan, the Art Lee-artist to Dan, the Art Lee-writer, I can tell you nothing. Dan wrote me and told me that he was not the one who wrote the letters. I believed him then, and I have seen, or heard, nothing to change my opinion on the subject. As associates on TWIG ILLOED, we saw eye to eye and everything was fine between us. There are two reasons I see for the breakup, if you would call it that. One, when Dan wrote and said that he would be married, I told Diane the same day that our partnership would end with the issue on which we were working. I couldn't see Janette, and it certainly is no reflection on her, putting up with the hours Dan spent on fanning. To be newly-wed and have your husband fanning at all hours is no dream as I see it. There would have been much the same reaction on Diane's part had I been doing the same thing. (I broke fandom on her gently.) Two, I know for a fact that Dan was not happy with the fannish reaction that TWIG ILLOED was just a copy of his old SATA. Which I deny to this day and always will. I still consider Dan'll as one of my best friends in fandom and hope he looks on me with the same feeling. --and to answer another query that has come my way, no Dan and I did not have a fight over TWIG!//

Steve Stiles, 1809 Second Avenue, New York 28, New York.

A good cover; Barr used colors that other fanartists tend to stay away from.

Well, Adkins is gone...too bad...and that's all that can be said, I expect that 99% of 99% of your readers letters will dwell on this, so to break the monotony, I won't.

Sort of a skimpy issue, if you don't mind me saying so; in other issues of the now defunct TWIG ILLOED the 7 page letter of Ted Whites would have been an appetizer, rather than the main course. However, now that schools started spare time is lessened, I realize.

"Tan-Man" was good, but the atmosphere (one of mockery, sire) wasn't entirely put across, to me that is. I have a warped taste.

I agree with you on Prosser. Two days ago a friend and I were discussing EC's competitors with their sexy, sadistic Lee Elian covers. We both admitted they were..amusing, I then showed said friend MAMMON with Prosser illoes...he blanced.

//Does this make up for the 'skimpy' last issue? --Don't take me wrong. I like Prosser's art work. I just don't go in for nude women--and then take a look at the ones by Rotsler in this issue.//

Norm Metcalf, P.O. Box 35, Lowry AFB, Colorado.

The cover by Barr is attention-getting for two main reasons. The picture itself, and the attractive use of color to variegate the layout. Rotsler has some of his better work in this ish, partisan though it may

be it still has more significance than some of Rotsler.

Ted White goes on and on in an entertaining manner. He manages to bring up his version of the issues rather nicely. Since most arguments stem from a lack of common understanding, the clarification of each person's position will often stop the mutual disagreement. All in all, everything should end here and be properly buried.

Since "Tan-Man of the Dinosaurs" contains the same basic error as Tarzan of the Apes (how does anyone learn to read text without context) it is to be suspected that we have a parody here. Some of the allusions were rather amusing but the whole falls rather short. Perhaps my sense of humor is being warped (or has been warped) by The Friendly United States Air Force which discourages laughing in its lighter moments, at any rate, only the middle and the end hold any great appeal.

Miriam Carr has a well-written bit of fannish-human interest. There are No Great Significant Passages With A Message For All Fandom but something to be enjoyed.

Reamy's pic brought a large smile.

Bruce Pelz, 4010 Leona Street, Tampa  
9, Florida.

Just Plain TWIG 16 is here, and I might as well do some commenting on it while I'm in the process of writing. Actually, there isn't very much in this issue, with only three outside contributions, and one of them being a thoroughly terrible attempt at a fannish rendition of Tarzan. The use of the future setting to comment on fannish affairs is a very poor gimmick to use, when the comments are entirely incidental to the plot of the story. This, plus the overly-cute names (and did you really mean 'dinosaurs' instead of 'dinosaurs'? makes this the low point of the issue.

Ted White clarifies his position in regard to both TWIG and Terwilleger quite well, and I find nothing to argue about in his "Private Wailing Wall." Not even his pessimistic "...that's why Don Ford will win." (Of course, I agree with him in an optimistic view.)

Miriam's reminiscences are still interesting reading, even if I had already read them in SAPS. Get her to do some more of them for TWIG.

The fmz reviews: You say indexes are boring to you, and you can't understand why anyone would



want an index to fanzines. The main reason is that there are so many fanzines in most collections that it takes an hour sometimes to locate a particular article you want. Just for an example: Bob Leman did a takeoff on GMCarr's letter-editing style in the past two years. Do you know where it was, and if not how long would it take you to find it? Also, it would help out on questions like: I want the issue of FAN-DANGO with the article "I'm Afraid They Might Come to My House." Fan X has issues 19, 23, 24, and 26 for sale reasonably priced; if I write and ask for that article he'll up the price if it's in the issue. Which issue was the thing actually in? Etc.

//The 'dinosaur' bit has been explained. ---As for the index of fanzines: I still hold my opinion that it would be useless. Yet I would no doubt buy one if available. What in hell has fandom written that is so all fired important that it needs must be at fingertip call. Sure, there has been a lot of interesting material, but I don't see fandom as a place for reference work. I do concede, however, that there are fans who might have need of one. I don't, therefore the opinion.//

George Barr, 2480 S. 5th E. St., Salt Lake City 6, Utah.

Many people talk about the "personality" of a fanzine; I've not seen enough of TWIG, I guess, to really be aware of its personality. But to me, numbers 15 and 16 are two entirely different zines. I do grant though, that someone very familiar with either you or your style could follow the transition. I haven't decided yet which way I like TWIG best: "illustrated" or just plain.

Adkins adds a lot (of mostly Adkins) to a zine. His bacover and table of contents page of #15 are among the very best of his work, in my opinion. Being Art Editor and, I suppose, in charge of the general layout, Dan had enough influence, that the allover visual impression of the issue was deffinatly Dan. In reading it through, naturally your voice carried the weight of authority.

I'm sorry to see Dan go, but since TWIG is your zine and also since fandom is supposedly only a @!#!\*\*@! hobby anyway, it should first, last, and always be your personality that is put across in the pub.

About #16: The cover is hideous! I accept the blame. It would look much better if the two colors were reversed.

Incidently, I think I'd better make the comment here, that I agree with the several who have hinted that George Barr ought to use more color. (hinted?) Perhaps my blunders might be better understood if it were known that to date, TWIG has printed every ditto master I have made use of. Therefore, it should be obvious that I'm still very much in the experimenting stage.

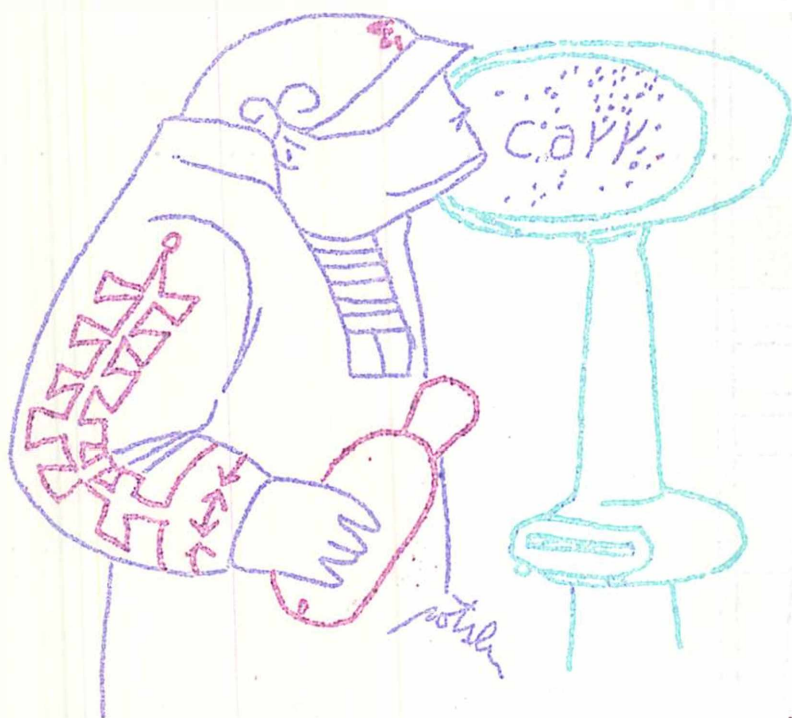
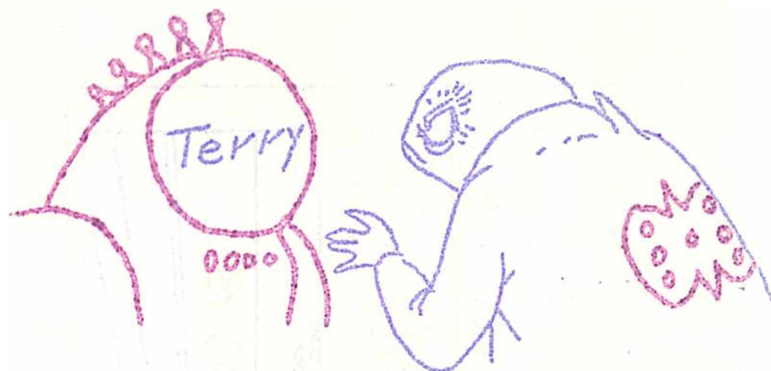
With me, fandom is much more than just a hobby. Almost all my interests are centered around it directly or indirectly. I was honestly shocked that, reading as much S.F. as I do, I was so long in learning of fandom's existance. It seems to offer limitless opportunity for personal development and experience before trying to crash the pro doord. If nothing else, fandom serves as advertising. And for that reason I strive to make each picture I draw the best I have ever done.

//Regardless of your comment, the majority of fen liked that cover. --In answering a letter, or questionnaire I should say, from Miri Carr tonight, I found that I had been in the field of sf reading for 15 years before I discovered fandom.//

Sorry there wasn't more room for the rest of the letters this time around. Time, plus a shortage of paper, plus a few other things, has made it mandatory that I count this the last page of letters.

# SAWDUST

Lest I forget, I wish to express thanks to Gilbert and Barr for putting art on master for me. The first three of REG's were done by him. All of Barr's were done by him.



Time is drawing near when the TAFF ballots must be in. If you haven't voted yet, be sure to do so. And, of course, think first, then vote for the fan who can best represent us overseas--

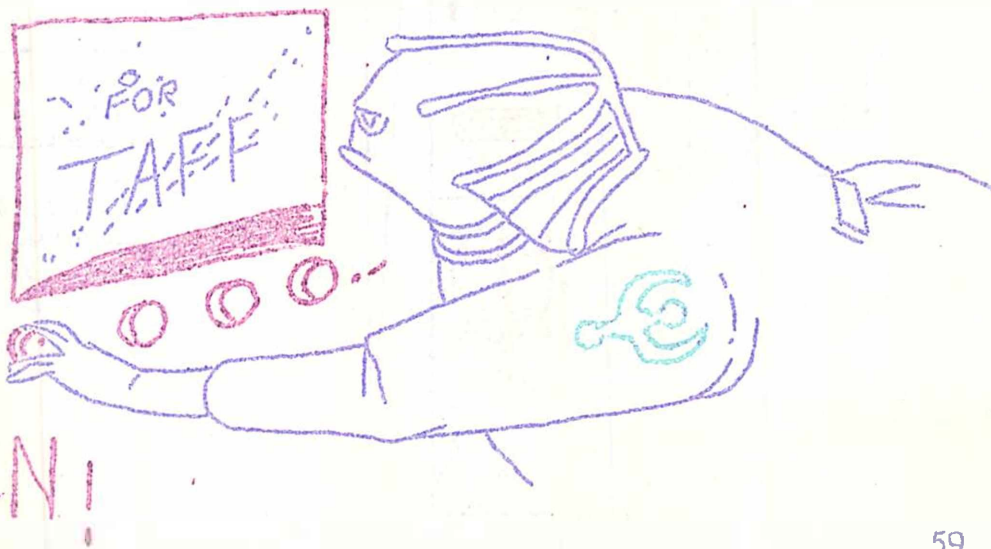
TERRY CARR

We definitely need a fan with his finger on the pulse of fandom--can you think of a more likely choice? I can't. No matter how I look at it, I always come back to CARR.

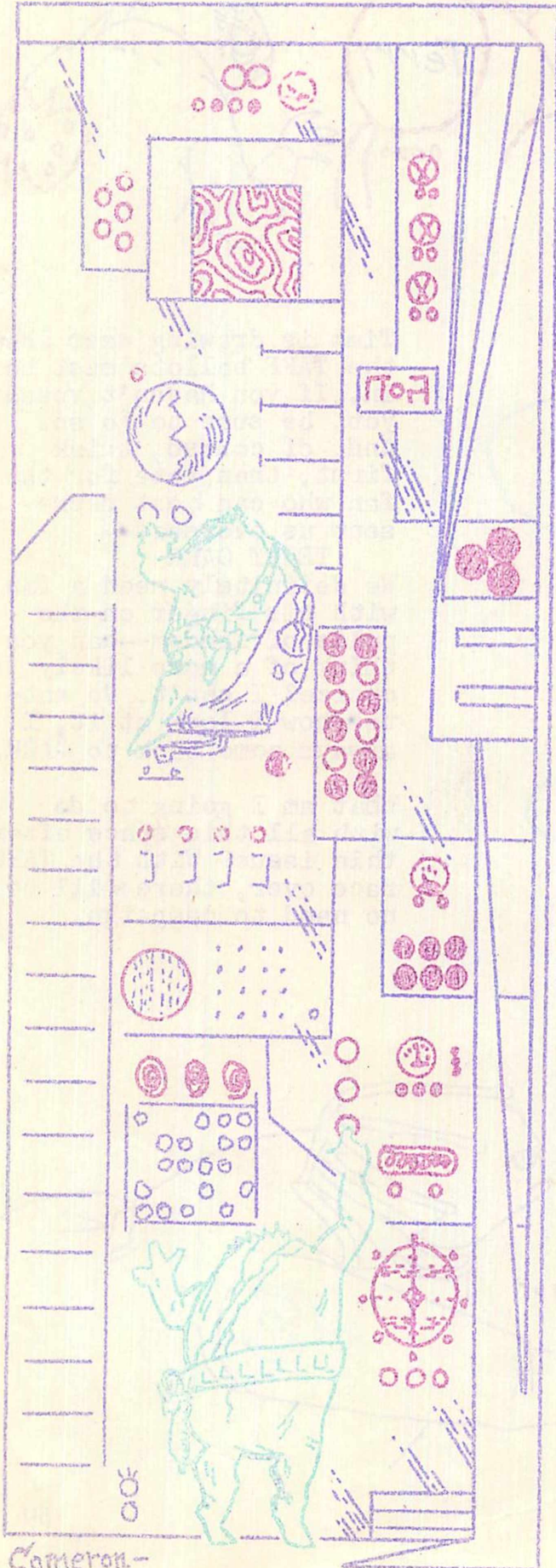
What am I going to do with all this space after this issue? With the TAFF race over, there will be no need to campaign.

As if I really needed to ask that question--naturally, what else other than to be sure and attend the

BOY CON!



TWIG  
Guy Terwillegger  
1412 Albright St.  
Boise, Idaho



To:

Jim Caughran  
1909 Francisco St.  
Berkeley 9,  
California