

TWIG

goes

May #4

MAD

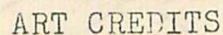


MAY 1957
VOLUME

MAD
ISSUE
OF
TWC

#4

Material and art are graciously accepted if they meet my approval.



page 11 To clear the record--
12 these are freehand copies
13 from FLASH GORDON by Tig
14 Bourne
15 Bourne
16-19 ART SECTION by Adkins
20 Bourne
21 Bourne
Bacover Tig

My regrets to those of you who submitted material and were informed it would be in this issue. You'll find it in the #5 issue since this one seemed to get out of hand and much was crowded out. Okay?

RAVINGS



Once in awhile you hear of a fan going gafia. My own opinion on the subject? Hell, who wouldn't go that way if they had nothing but a steady diet of sf day in and day out. Some fen tend to be entirely too fanatical about the field. Myself--I like sf, but not to the point that I don't need to get away from it once in awhile. I believe other fen would be wise to do the same.

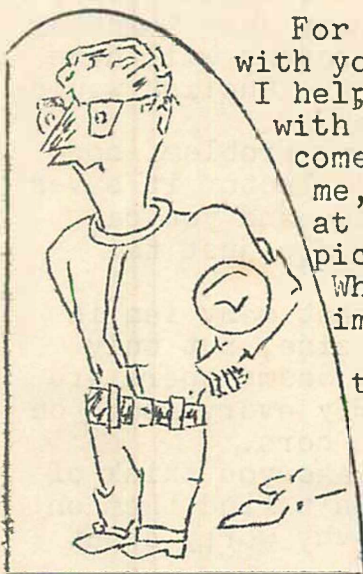
Publishing a fanzine can be a chore, also. It's a lot of fun, you do get to know a variety of people, but...it is work. Interest can begin to lag in a few issues. As a result, to maintain my own interest in pubing--go on and groan you guys who would like to see me get lost--I'm not tired of it yet--I hit upon this idea that you find in thish. Maybe I should give appologies to Mr. Gaines, but instead I will give him my thanks. I've never had so much fun as I've had putting thish together. And, I should also add, that Vic had a lot of fun trying to keep up with my changing idea of what I wanted him to write for me. Regardless of how many of you think he and I are one and the same..he put in a lot of hard work for me and should receive thanks for doing it.

Some of you may take offense at what I have said about you in thish. If so, then you have my regrets that the shoe fit so tight that it gave you an extra pinch. The spirit of fun was the only intent and the ideas on you I used were picked up from things you have said to me in your letters or I have gathered frdm other sources.

My one regret with thish is that I did not have a bit by Don Stuefloten to go into it. Don could have turned out a fine bit of satire to go in here that would bite far deeper than anything I or Vic could dream up.

You find a number of fen who seem to be avid readers of MAD as it often creeps into conversation or letter columns. My own opinion of it? It's a long way from being a favorite with me. I liked it much better when it was a comic book. Seemed to me the satire contained in those old issues, which are appearing now as Ballantine books, was much better than what Gaines is doing today. The last ish, #33, in my estimation is the poorest to come out to date, and each ish seems to get worse.

As for TRUMP! I've yet to lay out the 50¢ asked for it to get a copy so I could see what I thought of it. It looks like MAD to me and I wouldn't pay that much for it. Any advantages it may have aren't that important.



For the interest of some of you--don't confuse Vic Fletcher with yours truly. After all, his style is similar to mine since I help him do a lot of his writing. Get two people together with one doing most of the correcting, and they are bound to come out with similar styles. Especially when one of them, me, rewrites a lot of what the other, Vic, turns in. Look at some of your pro authors. When they collaborate--can you pick out which one of them writes which parts of the story? When it is solo it is easy--when it is duo it is darn near impossible.

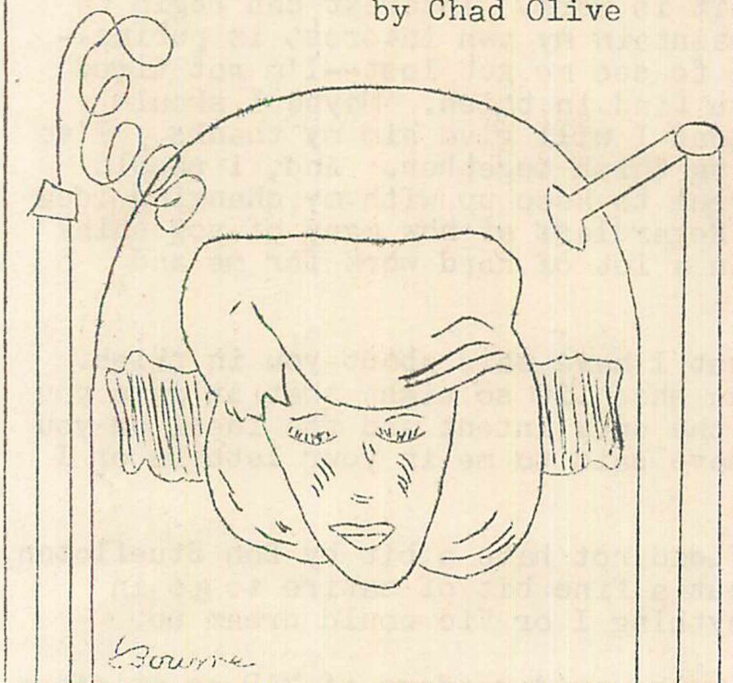
Further--Vic and I wrote all of the uncredited material thish. It is unsigned by either of us. Can you tell me which one wrote which articles?

And here we are at the end of the page--which I had originally planned to take up three pages of ramblings. Enjoy yourself--if you can!

YOU CAN TELL A

FANATIC science — fiction

GIRL WITHOUT A BODY
by Chad Olive



THEY SAY YOU CAN'T TELL A BOOK BY IT'S COVER--WE DISAGREE AND HERE IS PROOF IN JUST THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION!

FANATIC SCIENCE FICTION and its sister publication AMUSING STORIES are two of the oldest zines in sf.

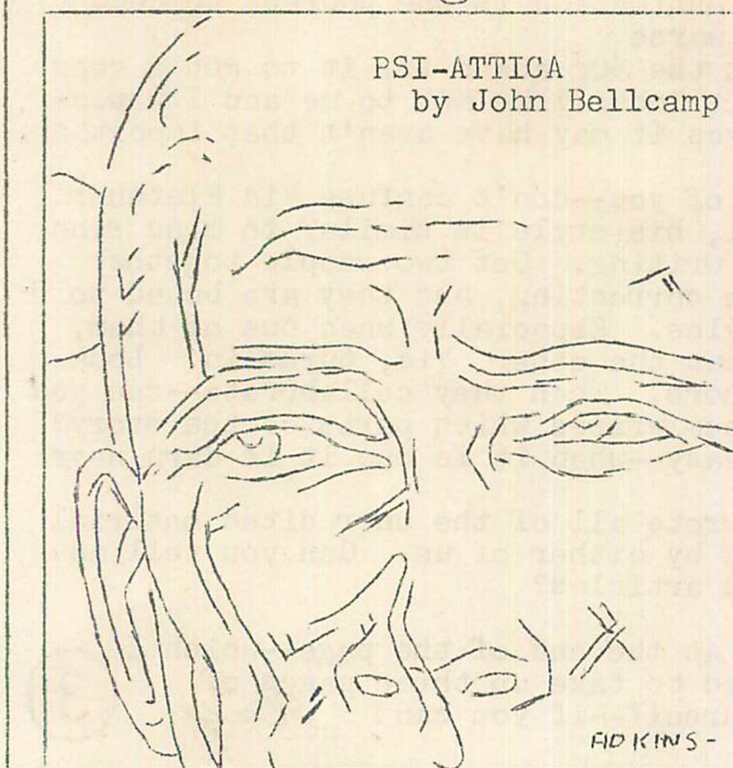
They are avowed patrons in the return to the "sense of wonder" in the sf field. They are succeeding. More old plots have been dredged up from their old files to be rewritten than were used in the old days. The new and old readers are beginning to wonder just what the hell is up their sleeves.

You can always tell what you will find in these two by the cover. They use very depictive stories on their front pages. The reader is led to reading the zine to see what the cover is all about. If you are lucky you will find, in some minor story in the ish, a short sentence which is the "cover story".

This is all new material if you choose to ignore the worn out themes of the past thirty years in sf.

Falasy

PSI-ATTICA
by John Bellcamp



FALASY SCIENCE FICTION hit the stands with a new idea in sf. It was "the zine" for all types of readers. The trouble was, all the readers were lumped into one type by the editor.

As this cover depicts, the stories are concerned mainly with various concepts of the mind. If you are a worry-wart--don't read FALASY, it will drive you crazy just thinking of the trials your progeny will have to put up with. As the English would put it--I psi old boy!

It has solved one problem, however. For the non collector it saves money. Read one issue and you can forget it. The rest are just the same.

It is rumored that many fen in the field read this zine, but only for the editorials. Seems there are wonderful ideas nearly every month on how to blow your own horn.

Covers seldom make you think of a story--you won't find them on the inside--so why worry about thinking of it?

BOOK BY ITS COVER

CENSURE SCIENCE FICTION is one of the newer titles on the market, yet it has definitely established itself as a type zine. By its title one would suspect that it feels it is opening a new field in sf.

It is aptly called by some-- Spicy Stories.

Here you will find all of the old harpies hiding from the pages of the confession magazines. Seems their own beds got too hot for them and they had to find some new place to cover up.

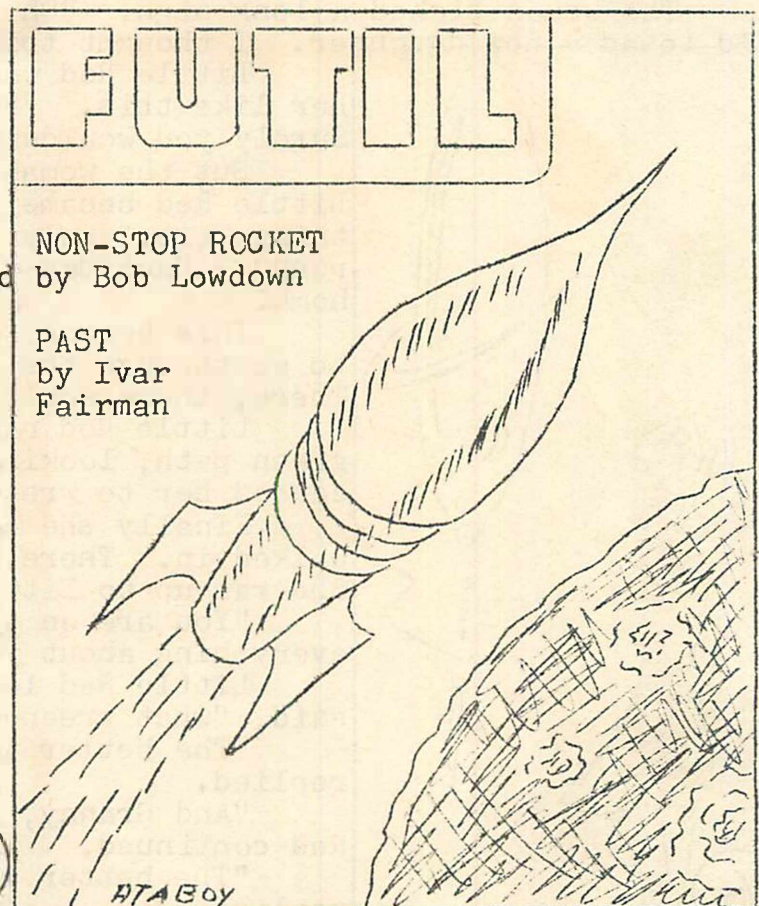
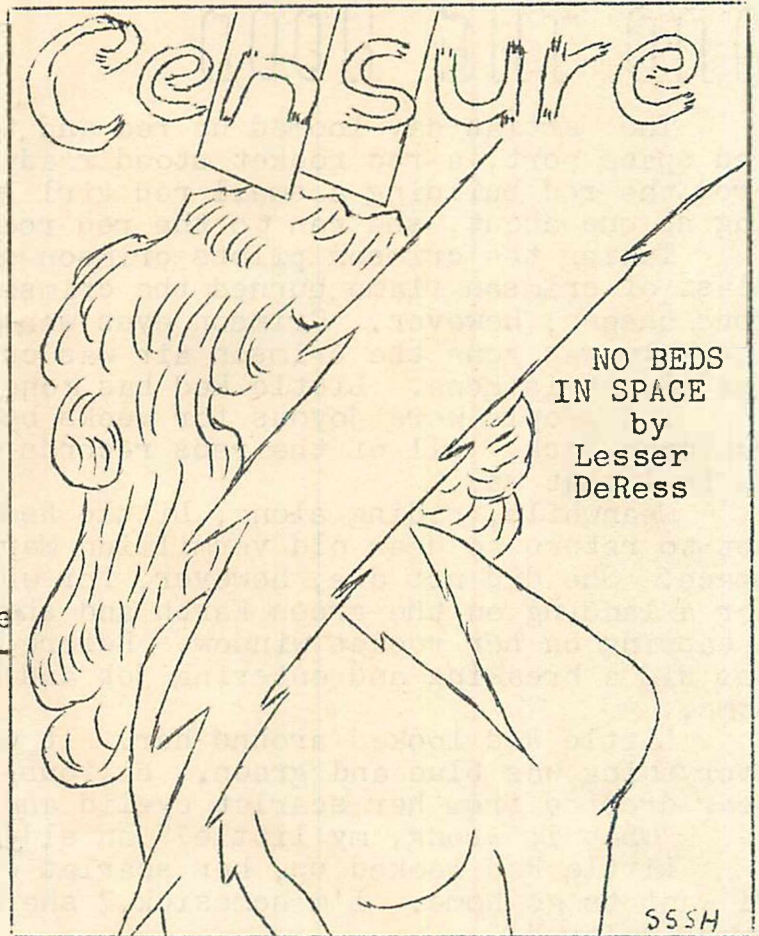
That nude on the cover, or the scantily dressed girl will definitely have a sexy story about her on the inside, but don't worry about letting your children read this title as the ideas on sex that are presented are the common ones that will be found in any gutter.

So far no venture into the area of love on another planet has been undertaken. Perhaps the size of it has been mentioned, but no visual scenes have been depicted for out edification. Perhaps the authors are afraid to attempt this phase lest the readers begin to think of them as being rather devious in their own attitudes.

FUTIL SCIENCE FICTION is an old new title that just can't seem to get enough of this old world. Here you will find a variety of stories that try to keep abreast of the field by changing type whenever there is a change in the general field. One month you may be overburdened with adventure, the next with psi, etc.

Covers are of all kinds but you can tell the issue by the cover. If it is action--it is an action issue, and conversely.

One thing you won't get tired of is the numerous old cuts that are pared down from larger illustrations and used as filler material. The only confusing thing here is that you often turn to a page and, seeing the same picture that was there last month, think you have already read the issue and cast it aside and spend the next few hours wondering how damn forgetful you are.



LITTLE RED RIDING AND THE HOOD

MANY STORIES HAVE BEEN TOLD ABOUT LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, BUT NONE OF THEM HAVE BEEN NEAR THE ACTUAL TRUTH. HERE, THEN, IS THE REAL FACTUAL STORY FOR THE FIRST TIME.

The Martian day loomed up red and tinted the red sand reder. On the red space port, a red rocket stood ready to take off into the red sunlight. From the red building a small red girl looked over the red landscape. Seeing no one about, she ran to the red rocket and slammed the door.

Taking the crimson pilots crimson seat, she pulled the controls and a blast of crimson flame burned the crimson land of Marsport. She had not gone unseen, however. Crimson eyes were watching as she left. As soon as the ship was gone the crimson air was cut by a joyous scream. "She's gone. The midget is gone. Little Red has gone riding."

The people were joyous for weeks because they knew Little Red would not come back. All of the reds records were banned. People were too happy to feel that way.

Meanwhile, riding along, Little Red came to know that she was doomed not to return to dear old vermillion Mars, and resigned herself to die in space. She did not die, however, for while she slept, her rocket came in for a landing on the green Earth and she continued to snooze until she heard a tapping on her rocket window. Before she could do anything, whoever it was did a breaking and entering job and kidnapped Little Red and took her home.

Little Red looked around her. It was nauseous to say the least. Everything was blue and green. Bilious blue and ghastly green. A scarlet tear dropped from her scarlet eyelid and dropped on the green rug.

"What is wrong, my little?" an elderly lady asked.

Little Red looked up, her scarlet eyes burning with scarlet salt water. "I want to go home. I'm homesick," she moaned. "Everything here is the wrong color."

The woman sighed a long sigh. "Oh, dear," she cried, "and I thought I'd found a new daughter. I thought this was my red letter day."

Little Red was abashed. No one had ever treated her like this. "But, I'm only a red skin from Mars. Surely you wouldn't want me!"

But the woman did, and in the days that followed, Little Red became readily aware that she had a good thing here. Only, she did long for something red around. Each day she shed a red tear for her lost red home.

This became red-undant and finally mama told her to go through the forest to grandmothers cottage. There, there would be a gib surprise waiting for her.

Little Red ran through the green forest along the green path, looking at the blue sky above. It almost caused her to wretch it was such a violent contrast.

Finally she arrived at her new granny's house and walked in. There was granny, coming from the closet. She ran up to Little Red, then backed away.

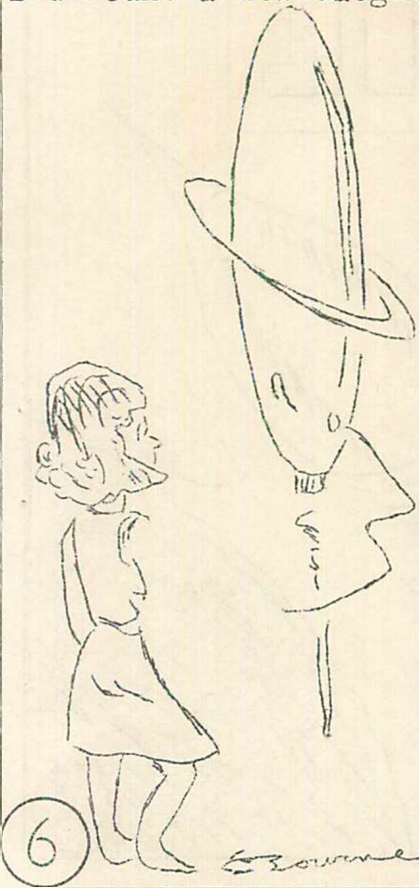
"You are an ugly one!" she gasped, "what with everything about you being red."

Little Red looked up at her. "Why Granny," she said, "what green eyes you have!"

"The better to sicken you my dear," the old one replied.

"And Granny, what green hair hou have," Little Red continued.

"The better to sicken you my dear," the old one replied.



"And Granny, what blue-green clothes you have," Little Red went on undaunted.

"The better to sicken you my dear," the old one replied.

Little Red saw red, but not because she was mad. Granny had opened the door of the closet and drawn forth a new red coat. She placed it around Little Red.

"There now, you won't be so lonesome. And here, wear these."

Little Red grabbed the proffered gift. "Oh, Grandma," she cried, "now I can look at the world through rose colored glasses," and she went tripping out into the now dark red forest and dark red sky.

As she tripped down the path she was suddenly startled by the sound of music floating on the now red air.

"Red is the dolor of my ture loves hair!

Red is the color of my true loves skin!

Red is the color I love to touch!

Fresh out of a red coal bin!"

From the red tinged trees stepped Red Hood, the only Martian Little Red had ever loved, had ever dreamed of sharing a red castle with.

"Hood," she cried. "Hood, my red love. Have you come to carry me back to Mars?"

Hood hung his head. "We cannot return. My little red rocket is crashed. We must stay in this horrible place. Will you marry me my red love?"

"To put it mildly," Little Red coyly replied, "you are a wolf. But I will wed thee in my new red coat and you can carry me piggy-back to our new home."

With mama's blessing, Little Red married Hood, and, with an exceptionally red sunset, Little Red, riding Hood piggy-back, set out for the red hued walls of the Grand Canyon and there began the race of American red skins known as Indians, or Red Men!

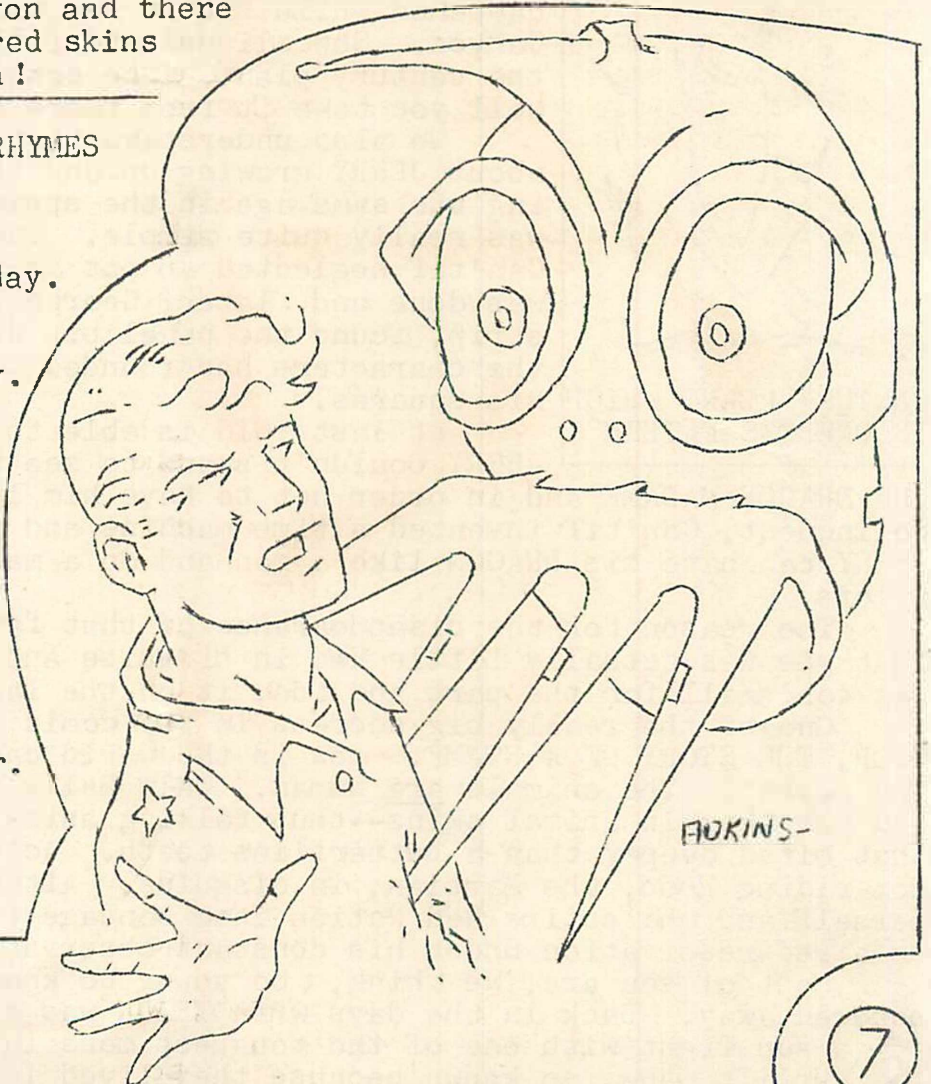
MOTHER ROCKETS GOOSEPIMPLE RHYMES

Little Miss Muffet
Rode in a rocket
Through the dark sky yesterday.
When out from the moon
Flying saucers did zoom
And blasted Miss Muffet away.

Mary had a tiny atom
You know there's nothing
smaller.
She triggered it with
hydrogen
Poor Mary, she'll never
grow taller.

Jack and Jill shot over the
hill
In their new space freighter.
They never had learned
The right way to turn,
And crashed in a jagged
moon crater.

THIS IS THE BOGEY MAN THAT
WILL GET YOU IF YOU
DON'T!

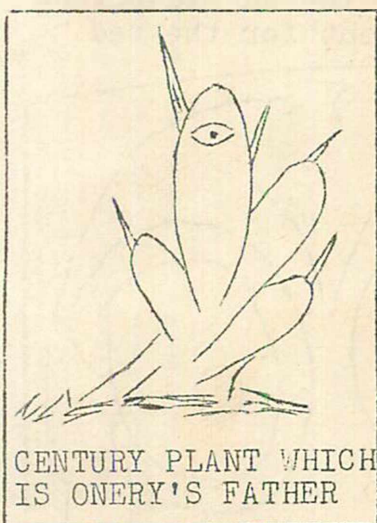


A MAD EXPOSE' OF THE COMICS

THERE ARE TRENDS IN THE COMIC FIELD THAT ARE RECURRENT DAY TO DAY, WEEK TO WEEK AND MONTH TO YEAR. UNFORTUNATELY, THE AVERAGE READER IS NOT ABLE TO PICK THESE THINGS OUT AND NEEDS TO HAVE THEM POINTED DELIBERATELY AT THEM. IT IS THE AIM OF TWIG IN THIS ARTICLE TO GET AT THE FACTS AND PRESENT THEM TO YOU SO YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT VARIOUS ASPECTS OF COMICDOM.

Have you complained about LITTLE ORPHAN ONERY'S never changing her dress from century to century? If so, you haven't kept up with the strip very well. If you don't believe this you should. Harold Red very pointedly drew a panel with any number of those red and white dresses with ONERY pointing out--"There! That will show those gossiping neighbors that I have more than one dress."

And, if ONERY'S age puzzles you as to how she can remain so young, don't fret. ONERY'S father was a Century Plant and she has inherited his longevity. It wasn't time for her to bloom into womanhood, but you can look for the buds to start growing in about twenty-five more years.



CENTURY PLANT WHICH IS ONERY'S FATHER

Further, Little Red the Martian was ONERY'S mother. Therefore the red dresses and small stature. It happened while Little Red was riding Hood to the Grand Canyon. She slipped and fell from his back landing on the century plant. The century plant being a cactus--well you take it from there and draw your own conclusion.

We also understand that many of you still worry about JERRY growing up and the other characters remaining the same age in the strip JERRY AND THE PILOTS. It was really quite simple. The only trouble was, Milton Can'tif neglected to put in the panel showing how it was done and, later, George Tudor, who took over the strip, found the panel but didn't use it because all of the characters had rounded noses that didn't fit in with his squares.

At last TWIG is able to tell you what happened.

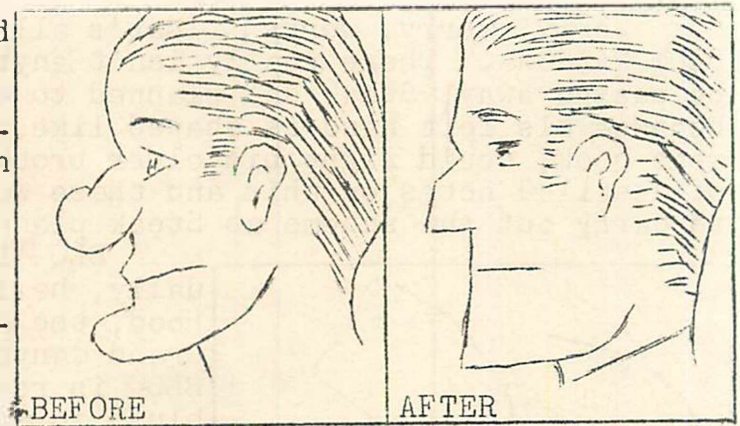
JERRY couldn't stand to see the pilots making time with the DRAGON MADAME and in order not to have him looked upon as a juvenile delinquent, Can'tif invented a time machine and aged him rapidly. Now JERRY can have his DRAGON like a man and do a man's job along with the other pilots.

The reason for the disappearance of that favorite character INDIA is that she was actually Little Red in disguise and once JERRY grew up, she was too small for the part and too, it on the lam.

One of the really big secrets in the comic field is the animals in GOOP, THE STORY OF A SWAMP. How in the world can animals talk like humans? The secret? The animals are human. Walt Belly adopted a group of midgets and put them in animal skins--thus talking animals and a wonderful satire that bites deeper than a butterfly's teeth. Actually, GOOP is Little Red, not riding Hood, the Martian, in disguise. After her husband died she sold herself and the entire Red Nation into bondage to Belly and they now live on a red reservation under his constant observation and protection.

Most of you are, we think, too young to know how TRICK TRACY'S nose got squared away. Back in the days when TRICK was a plainclothesman, he got in a gun fight with one of the toughest mobs in comicdom. The mob, The Uplift Gang, so known because they lived in an abandoned elevator that would only go up, and also because they dealt mainly in the plundering

of women's upper under things designed to give them a lift, captured TRICK and imprisoned him on the 98th floor of the condemned building. TRICK managed to escape, and in the ensuing gun battle, the end of his well rounded nose was shot away and squared off. In a blind daze, TRICK fell from the window, and, in a perfect swan dive, landed on his well rounded chin against the curb across the street, thus completing the squaring off of his personality.



Another little known fact about TRICK is that he and Fess Farkheart were actually married years ago. Fess' mother didn't approve of her hitching her wagon to a star and for revenge TRICK liquidated her gang with a time bomb. In a fit of pique, Fess had the marriage annuled three years later, but, Junior resulted before this happened. Gesture Cold introduced a tramp and another woman to take care of the brats parentage and has only recently returned him to his rightful parents.

Also, that tiny creep LITTLE WINGY is in disguise. She is a Martian midget named Little Red and what appears to be hair actually is her wings died black. She took this role when she had to give up the part of INDIA in JERRY AND THE PILOTS.

Few people know the actual truth behind the nakedness of TANMAN OF THE MONKEYS in Edgar Rice Buggers strip of the same name. Being of English decent, TANMAN was perfectly happy in the jungle--so long as he had on a full set of tails and a top hat.

Buggers found this mode of dress was not fashionable in the jungle and stripped TANMAN completely. Results were not good. TANMAN was a very moral man and refused to come out from behind the trees and shrubs, thus killing the strip. It was during this period that TANMAN got his name. Being ;ppse om tje tropics without a stitch of clothing, he was bound to take on that bronze hue. Thus his name was changed from Lord Redstroke to TANMAN.

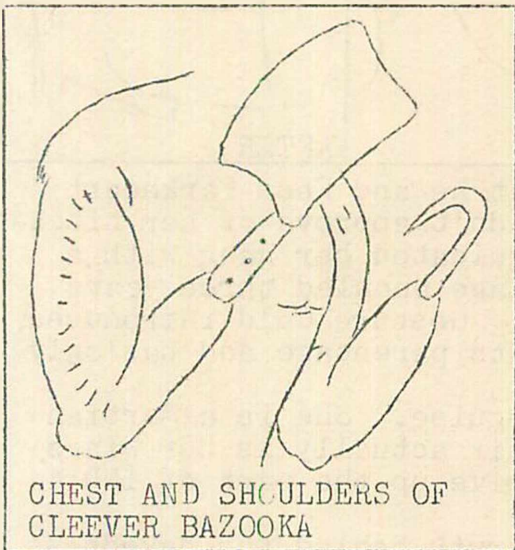
Bugger quickly called in DR. HEX MORGAN, the psychiatrist, and submitted his charge to his care. In a week TANMAN thought he was a monkey through post hypnotic suggestion and reappeared. Bugger was happy and sent him flying through the trees. DR. HEX, being moral also, saw this and by post hypnotic suggestion on Buggers caused him to dreate a leopard skin loin cloth for TANMAN. And that's how the Monkey Man got his spots. With this covering up of vital areas, TANMAN no longer blushed and eventually bottled up all of his blushes and mailed them to Little Red, the Martian, for her own personal use.

The voiceless boy HARRY was not always so. The artist, Pearl Anderson, was determined his brain child would speak and had plans for him. Unfortunately for HARRY, the day he was to speak his first words, the artist of JERRY AND THE PILOTS, Milton Can'tif, was having the DRAGON MADAME cut out BIG BENDS tongue for some offense or other. As the man who was to cut out the tongue bent over, he slipped and his arms and sword went down into HARRY'S panel. His face

TANMAN HIDING
BEHIND TREE

fell into a bowl of oatmeal at the DRAGON MADAME'S feet and he couldn't see. Feeling around, he felt HARRY'S head and thinking it was BIG BENDS bald head, he yanked out the tongue and cut it off before he realized his mistake. Thus, HARRY can't talk. And as for BIG BEND, he bit his own tongue so sever ely it had to be amputated at a later date.

Worry, worry, worry! That's all people do over Steak Fishers strip BLOW BAZOOKA. There really isn't anything to worry about, either. Before he passed away, Steak had planned to explain how CLEEVER BAZOOKA, so called because his left hand is shaped like a meat clever and his right like a meat hook, could fight his older brother BLOW. Fortunately, he left a set of detailed notes on this and these were turned over to U Rite, who plans to carry out the scheme as Steak planned it.



BLOW is really not CLEEVER'S brother. Actually, he is the first son of Little Red and Hood, the Martians, born on their trip to the Grand Canyon and abandoned on the BAZOOKA farm. BLOW is really not Not an American and doesn't blush so much, it's the natural color of his skin. He was abandoned because Little Red and Hood knew he wouldn't be a midget and they didn't want to keep him around so he could cause the other children they would raise embarrassment.

He grew up fighting because of his red skin and a resentment against his unknown parents. CLEEVER is the natural son of the BAZOOKAS and will eventually learn that BLOW isn't his brother. Then they will fight it out once and for all, since CLEEVER has a deep set resentment against all foreigners and aliens and has always been suspicious of BLOW'S constant

blushing in the men's shower room at the gym.

DANGER

The sequence on the following three pages needs no explanation-- if you are a discerning reader. ARE YOU? The writer who can write the best explanation will receive!

THIS RECIPE IS FOR REAL FOR BOURNE!
 Cover bottom of pan with cooking oil.
 Cut into it one medium onion, five stalks celery, leaves included, one clove garlic. Brown. To this add one pound hamburger and brown well.
 Add one teaspoon each of: salt, pepper celery salt, celery salt, savor salt, paprika. (Forgot the pepper to be cut up and simmered with celery etc.)
 Add chili powder to season.
 Add: one can tomatoe soup, one can mushroom soup, one can tomatoe sauce, one can mushrooms, two cans tomatoe paste and simmer several hours. If too thick add tomatoe juice to thin.
 When ready to serve, juice one lemon and put juice into sauce to cut the grease.
 70 Serve over freshly cooked spaghetti.

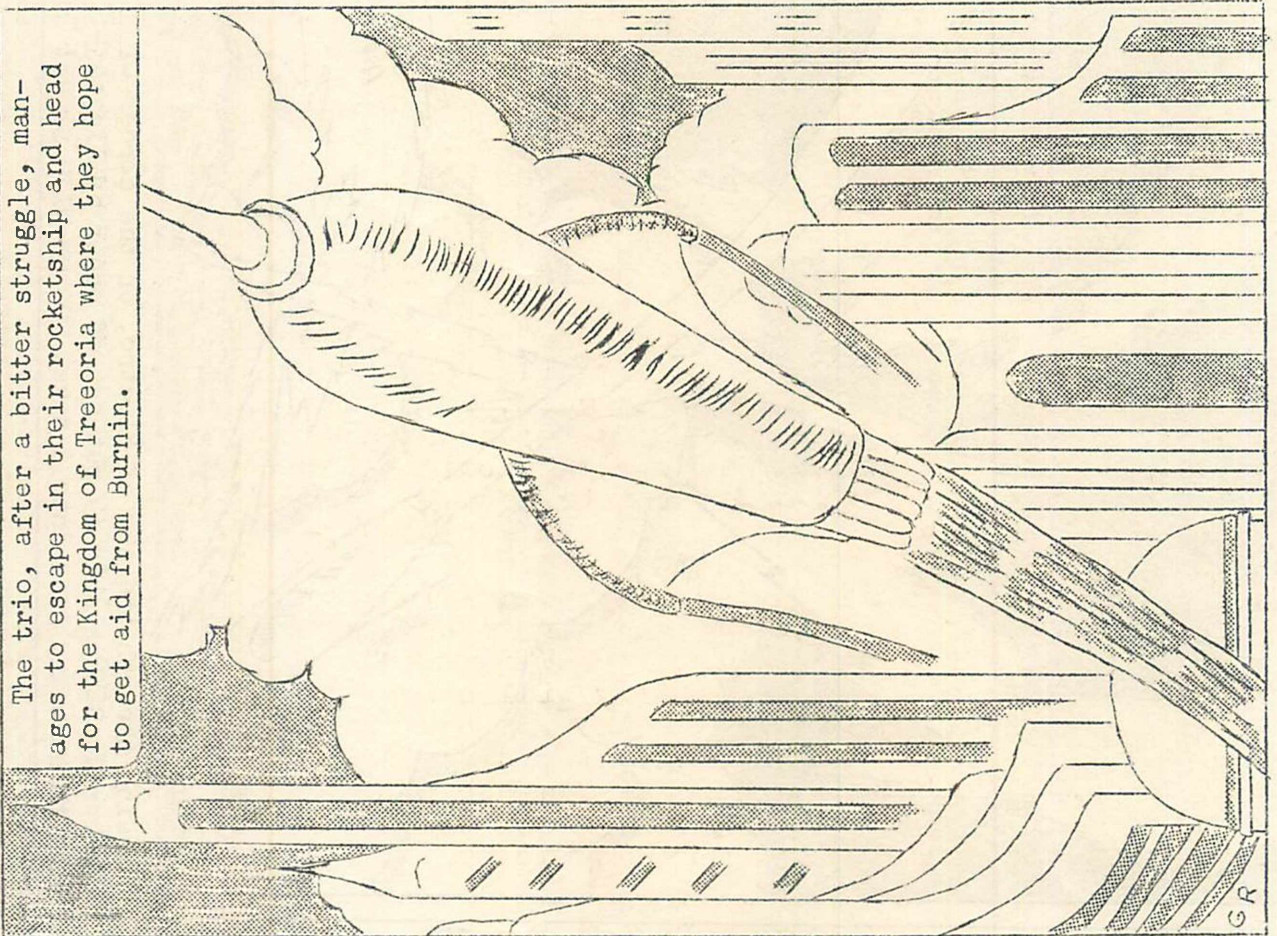
Or--if you don't like to cook, fill out the coupon below and mail to originator.

Send me <input type="checkbox"/> 1 quart, <input type="checkbox"/> 2 quarts	
<input type="checkbox"/> All you've got of your famous spaghetti sauce recipe.	
Name.....	
Address.....	
City.....	Town.....
Age.....	Sex.....Salary.....

I suggest everyone buy your sauce. It is the best on the market and I wouldn't be without it now that I have found it. Please send 500 quarts more right away.

Lotta Bellie

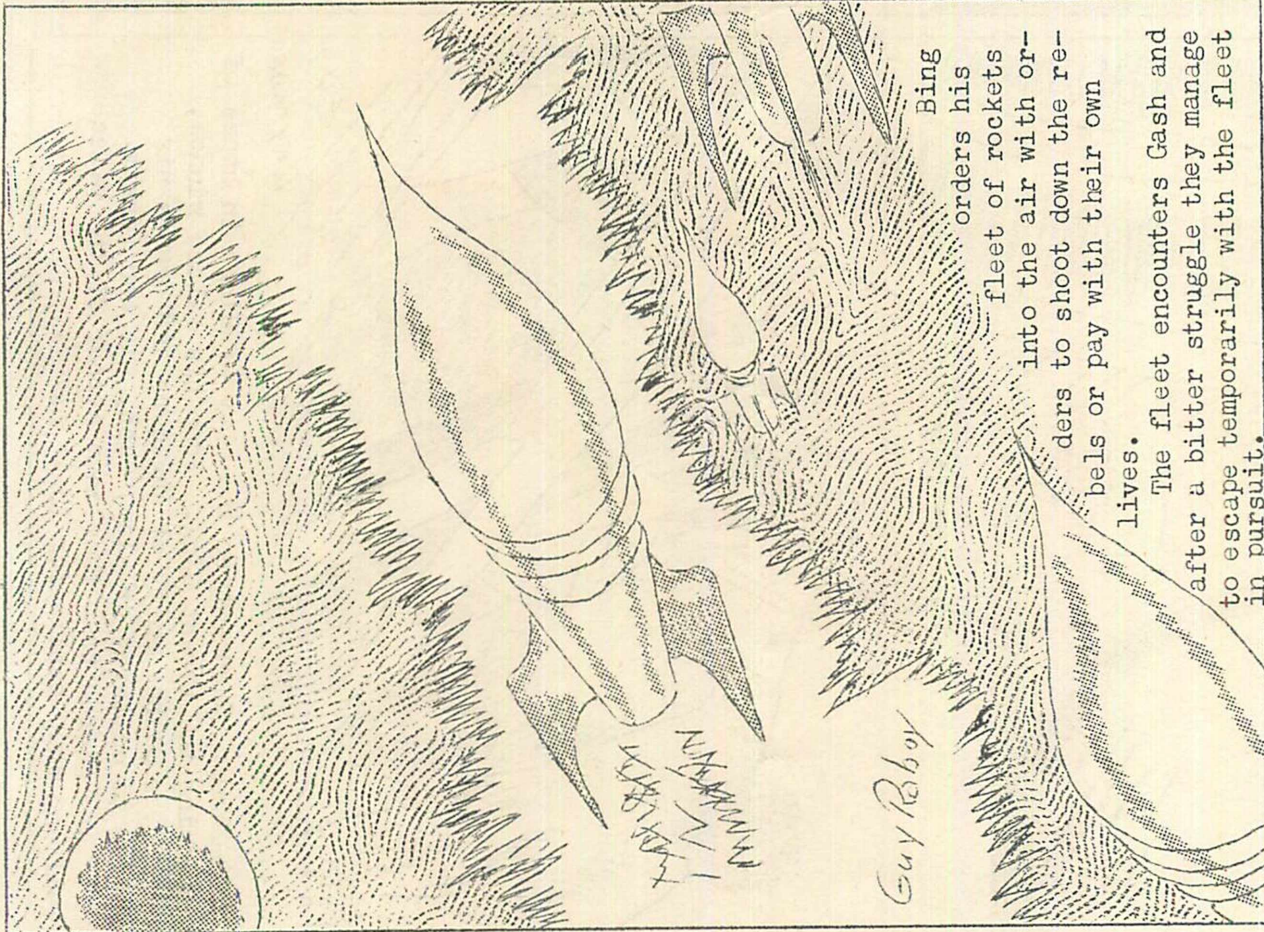
GASH-FLORDON ON THE BINGO PLANET



The trio, after a bitter struggle, manages to escape in their rocketship and head for the Kingdom of Treoria where they hope to get aid from Burnin.



SYNO-PANEL: Gash enters the city of Bingo in hopes of capturing the tyrant Bing. From his Palace window, Bing sees Gashes party of invaders and orders his guards to capture, or slay, Gash, Ale and Varkov. The guards trap them in a corner of the palace wall and they battle for their lives.



Bing
orders his
fleet of rockets
into the air with or-
ders to shoot down the re-
bels or pay with their own
lives.

The fleet encounters Gash and
after a bitter struggle they manage
to escape temporarily with the fleet
in pursuit.



Fleeing through the sky of Electro, on the border of
Treoria, Gashes ship is put out of order by lightening
flashes and goes into a dive. GO ON WITH STORY!

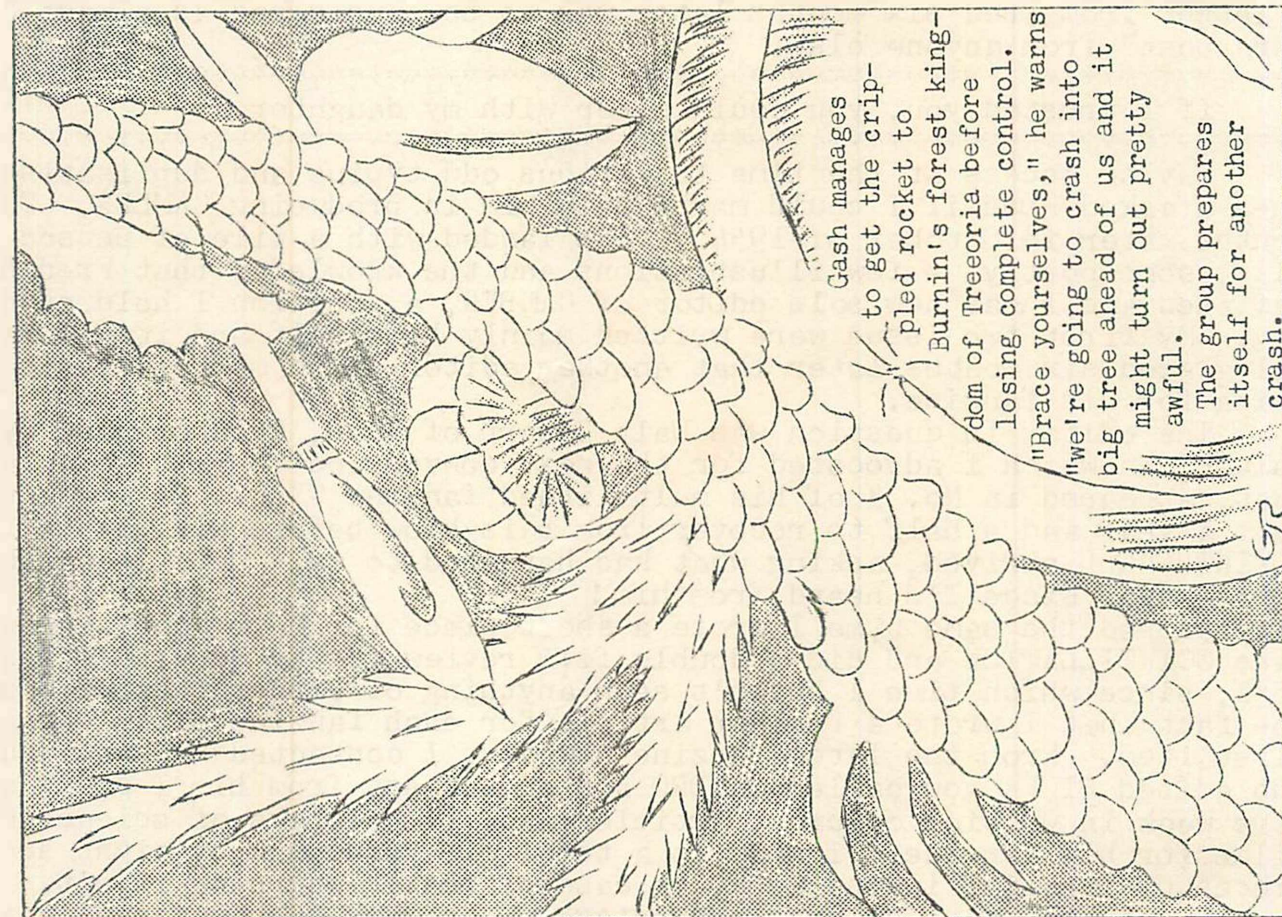
Out of fandom into the gatiated.

In this field, nothing is certain but gripes and complaints.

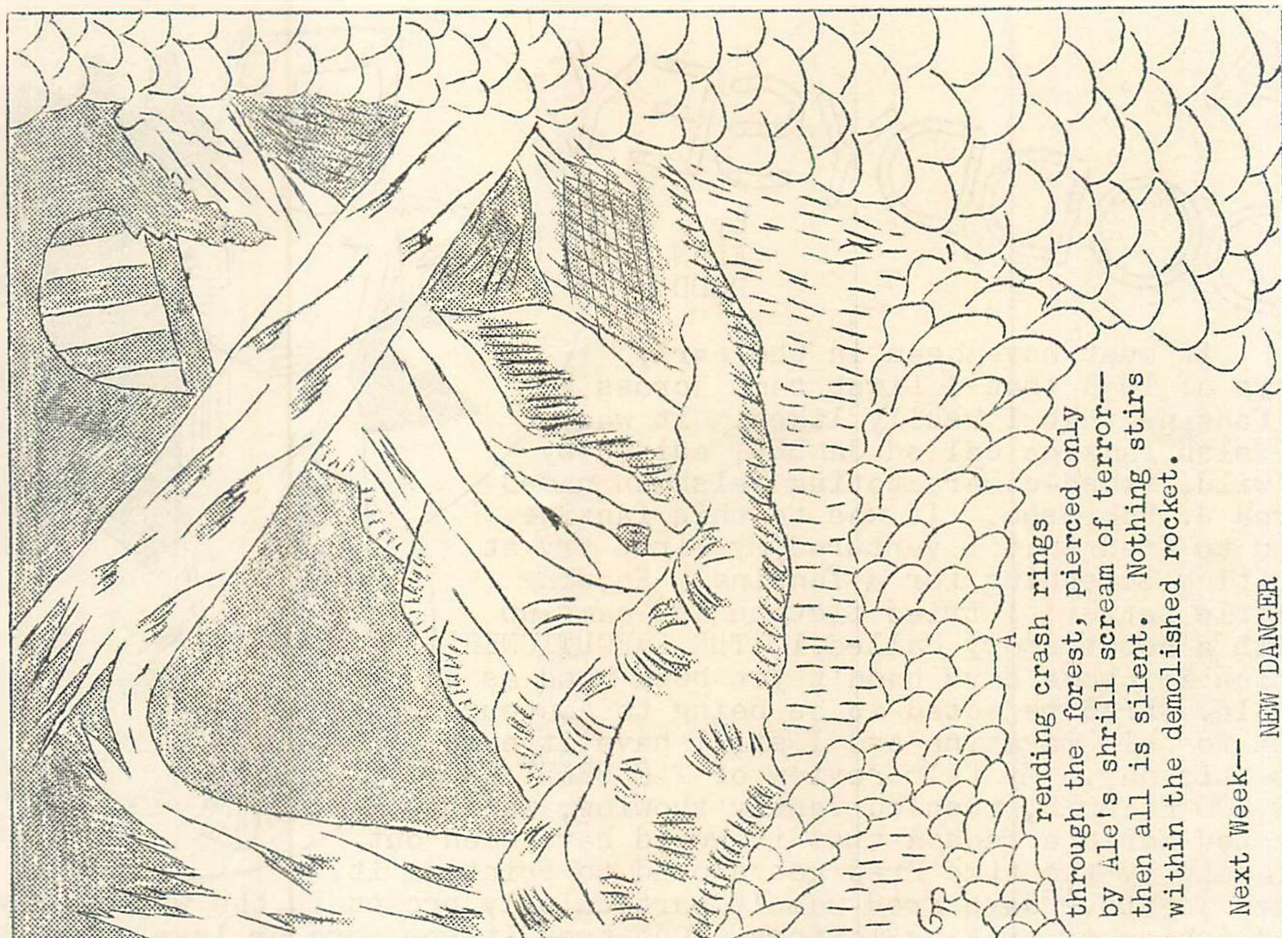
Every fanzine is as its editor makes it, but sometimes that ain't so good.

A closed pen catches no efoboo.

Even I get tired of my own ramblings at times.



Gash manages to get the crippled rocket to Burnin's forest kingdom of Treeoria before losing complete control. "Brace yourselves," he warns "we're going to crash into big tree ahead of us and it might turn out pretty awful. The group prepares itself for another crash."

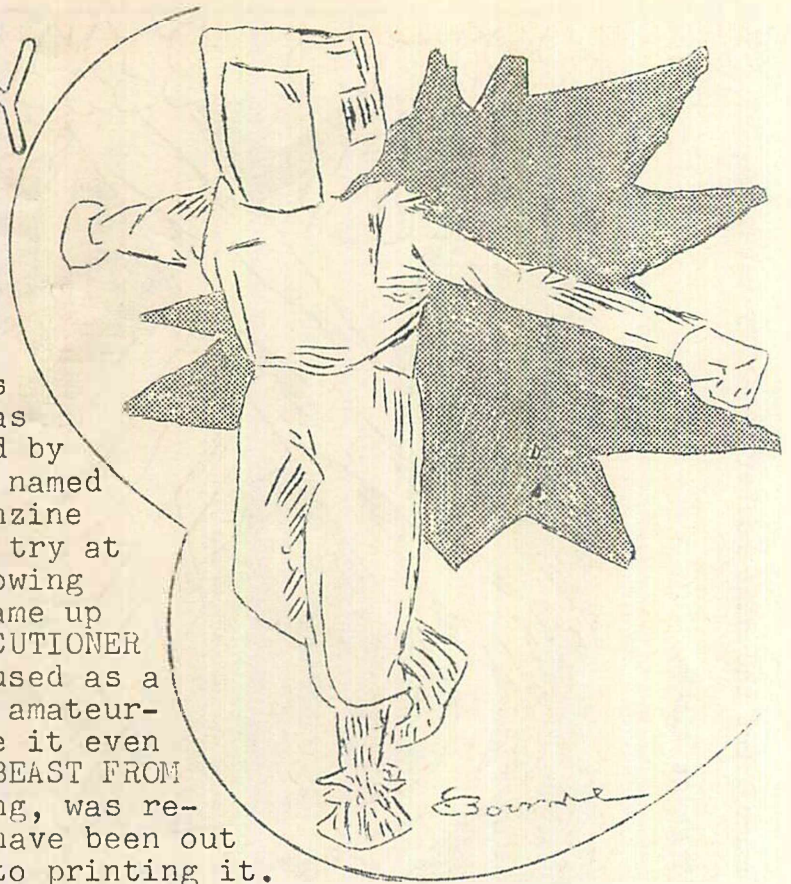


Gr A rending crash rings through the forest, pierced only by Ale's shrill scream of terror--- then all is silent. Nothing stirs within the demolished rocket.

Next Week---
NEW DANGER

A DODDYSEY

by
ALAN
DODD



It must have been in the early part of 1953 that I first came across a fanzine that I really liked. It was a Welsh fanzine called CAMBER, edited by a wild, flash-camera toting Welshman named Fred J. Robinson. It was to this fanzine and to Fred that I ventured my first try at writing something for a fanzine. Knowing little better, I tried fiction and came up with a robot story called I, THE EXECUTIONER which in those days hadn't yet been used as a title. Fred rejected it as being too amateurish for his magazine and I still have it even to this day. My film review of THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS, then currently showing, was rejected for the reason that it would have been out of date by the time Fred got around to printing it.

Even in those days Fred wasn't particularly prompt in the way of either publishing or writing letters. One took it for more or less granted that a letter from Fred six months later was to be considered as almost "by return post" from anyone else.

If I trusted you, you could sleep with my daughter.

Having access at the time to various odd typing and duplicating machines I asked Fred if I could maybe help him in producing CAMBER. Some months later in October of 1954, I was landed with a pile of unused stencils, some poetry, a few illustrations and the knowledge that Fred had gaffiated and I was now sole editor of CAMBER, a position I hold even today. My first two issues were written mainly by myself and it was not until a good six months later that another editor asked me to write something for his fanzine.

The editor in question was Walt Bowart of Enid, Oklahoma and my first column, in which I advocated for the next convention to be held on a river boat, appeared in No. 3 of his multilithed fanzine TYPO. It evidently took Walt a year and a half to recover from this blow before his latest fanzine WOTINTHEHELL arrived, asking what had happened to me. Me? It had been over a year since I'd heard from him!

Around the same time I wrote a short piece for Mark Schulzinger's fanzine SCINTILLATION and did a double film review for Ed McNulty's fast rising ISFA, since which time I haven't seen anything of either fanzine despite the fact that I wrote a further article for each fanzine after the published first item. From the later fanzine however, I contacted Robert Coulson who edited ISFA now called YANDRO and on request from him I spent one entire week in writing columns, articles and film reviews of science fiction films for his fanzine. I made it a total of around six or eight separate pieces of material in one week. A case of really churning it out.

Since that time a large percentage of my work has appeared in this particular fanzine and one of my proudest moments was the issue in which I rewardingly found my name mentioned no fewer than eleven times. In fact, the editor once asked if I would be prepared to use a pen

name to which I agreed. "Archainbaud Smith" was the name I chose, but--it didn't have to be used after all and all the pieces went out under my own name after all.

The first French fanzine, MEUH saw a column of mine in English in its first issue while the Norwegian fanzine FANTASI accepted an article of mine on "Are Fanzines Getting Dull?"--but the editor got called up into the forces. The Swedish fanzine SFAR accepted three of my pieces ranging from serious and constructive to fannish and a film review--then the editor changed his mind about the kind of fanzine he wanted and put out half a dozen pages of his own rambling thereby not using the material various English and Swedish fans had already contributed.

John Murdoch's Kansas City fanzine FANTASY SAMPLER accepted an article of mine on British science fiction and witchcraft--but the editor disappeared. Vanished also was the editor of SCINTILLATION with a humorous article of mine that I fondly thought was one of the funniest I'd ever done. I still do think that way--but I'm prejudiced.

Ron Bennett's British fanzine PLOY took another double film review of mine and a biography while Larry S. Bourne returned my review of BRIDE OF THE MONSTER because he found himself overloaded with film reviews and too many cooks were liable to spoil the broth of his BRILLIG. Mike Moorcock, editor of the English Edgar Rice Burroughs fanzine accepted my review of the decorative WORLD WITHOUT END while with the help of Eddie Jones illustrating I got Robert Coulson to accept my reviews of both "1984" and of the Japanese film CHILDREN OF MIROSHIMA. All perhaps products of a frustrated would-be professional film critic.

The first multilithed issue of Dan Adkins' SATA ILLUSTRATED featured my review of SATELLITE IN THE SKY while the solitary issue of the British fanzine ARCTURUS accepted a short review of mine but rejected a bigger couple feature item of mine because I gave too much of the plot away. Since the editor John Ashcroft had had stories published in AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION I guess he knew best.

Who says BNF stands for Big Neo-Fan?

--Sokol

Much of the material I do write for columns or articles comes, as it must always do, from the information I collect or the things I see and on occasion from the people I meet for, after all, author Marcel Achard once said:--

"The career of a writer is comparable to that of a lady of easy virtue. You write first for pleasure, later for the pleasure of others, and finally for money."

I don't think, somehow, that I've reached the third stage yet.

--Alan Dodd

TWIG must have been bitten by Ray Palmer--it sure likes to blow its own horn. --R. North

If the interlineations (some of them) are misquoted as to author, blame Fleischman. I couldn't tell who was saying what on the list he sent me.--Guy

One man's mede is another mans Persian. --?

Much of the material scheduled for this of TWIG will appear in the #5 issue. Couldn't see putting it in this one and letting it associate with poor company.



Art, You and Me

by
DAN
ADKINS

OD OD

- ADKINS -

I'm nineteen and I've been in Fandom for close to two years. In that time my art has appeared in exactly nineteen different fanzines that I can think of at the moment. The first of these was SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW.

My only pro published art has appeared in Ray Palmer's OTHER WORLDS. I did a cover for him which I believe will be published this summer but I'm not sure of this. Who can be sure when it comes to Ray Palmer? Since then I've done a second cover for another editor whom I don't wish to mention at this time. It's a sure bet that I will be doing more this year. With any luck at all, you'll be seeing an Adkins cover on some prozine before too long.

I'd like to mention some rather unknown facts about myself such as my never completing High School. I had only one year to finish and a girl type problem came along and I joined the Air Force.

The problem wasn't a serious one but just a love affair in which I got jilted. I had a B average and enjoyed school, too. It's easy to see why when you consider that Art, Mechanical Drawing, school newspaper, and yearbook were my studies. I went to High School in Ohio and that's where I've spent most of my life. It was in West Virginia

that I was born and I now have two brothers and a sister. All are younger than I am.

At thirteen I became ill with rhuematic fever and I spent nine months in bed with a half paralyzed body from the waist down. That was a living hell of shots, tonics, pills, dope and dieting. It happened at Christmas time and was a gift unwanted.

Most of Fandom knows I like Elvis Presley, Rock 'N' Roll and that I wear sideburns as long as the service allows me. I can't draw my best unless the radio or record player is on full blast. I hate a quiet room.

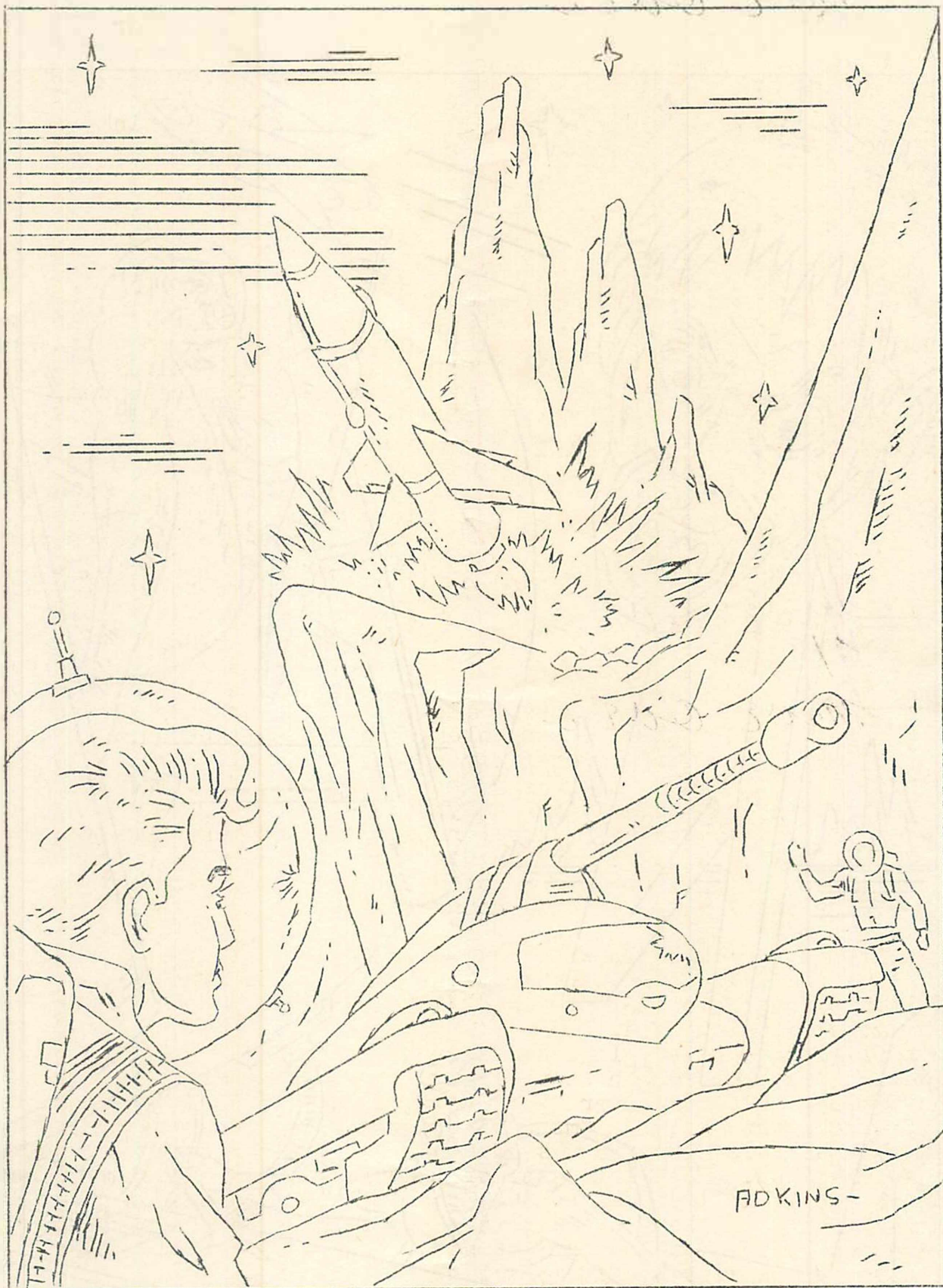
My favorite artist is Ed Emsh and the magazine I most enjoy is INFINITY, not AMAZING as some persons seem to think. It was long ago that I liked that magazine. What I do most of the time with a magazine is not read it but cut it up. I have some 400 covers and hundreds of drawings from unread zines. I use them in this way; I look over past covers of say GALAXY and get an idea of the type of stuff they would be most likely to buy. I also just love art; mainly science fiction.

If you don't know, my best friend, Bill Pearson and I publish our own zine called SATA. We have published six issues so far and have hopes of putting out many more.

It's time to go now. I enjoy doing art work for you.

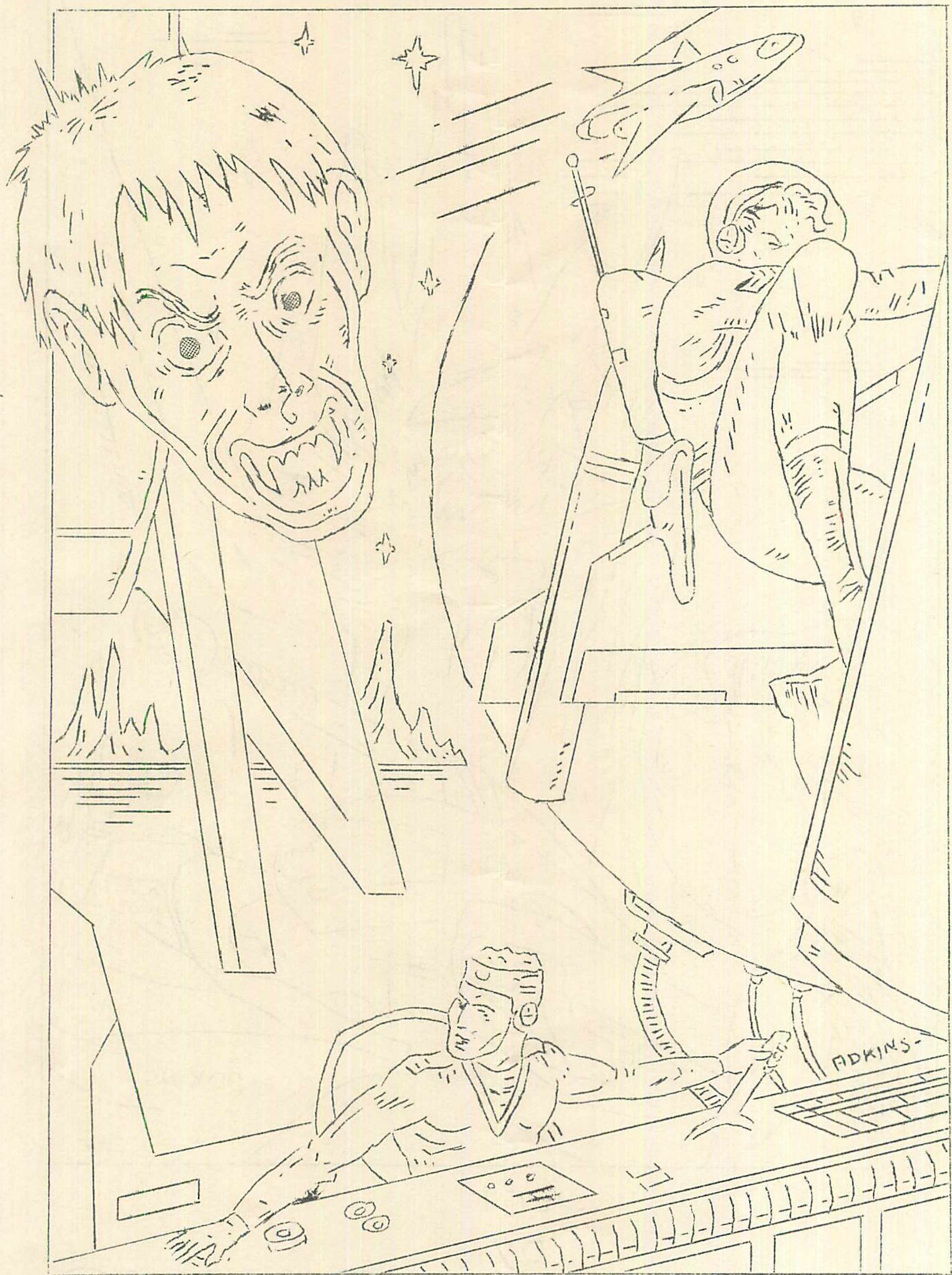
Thanx for liking it.

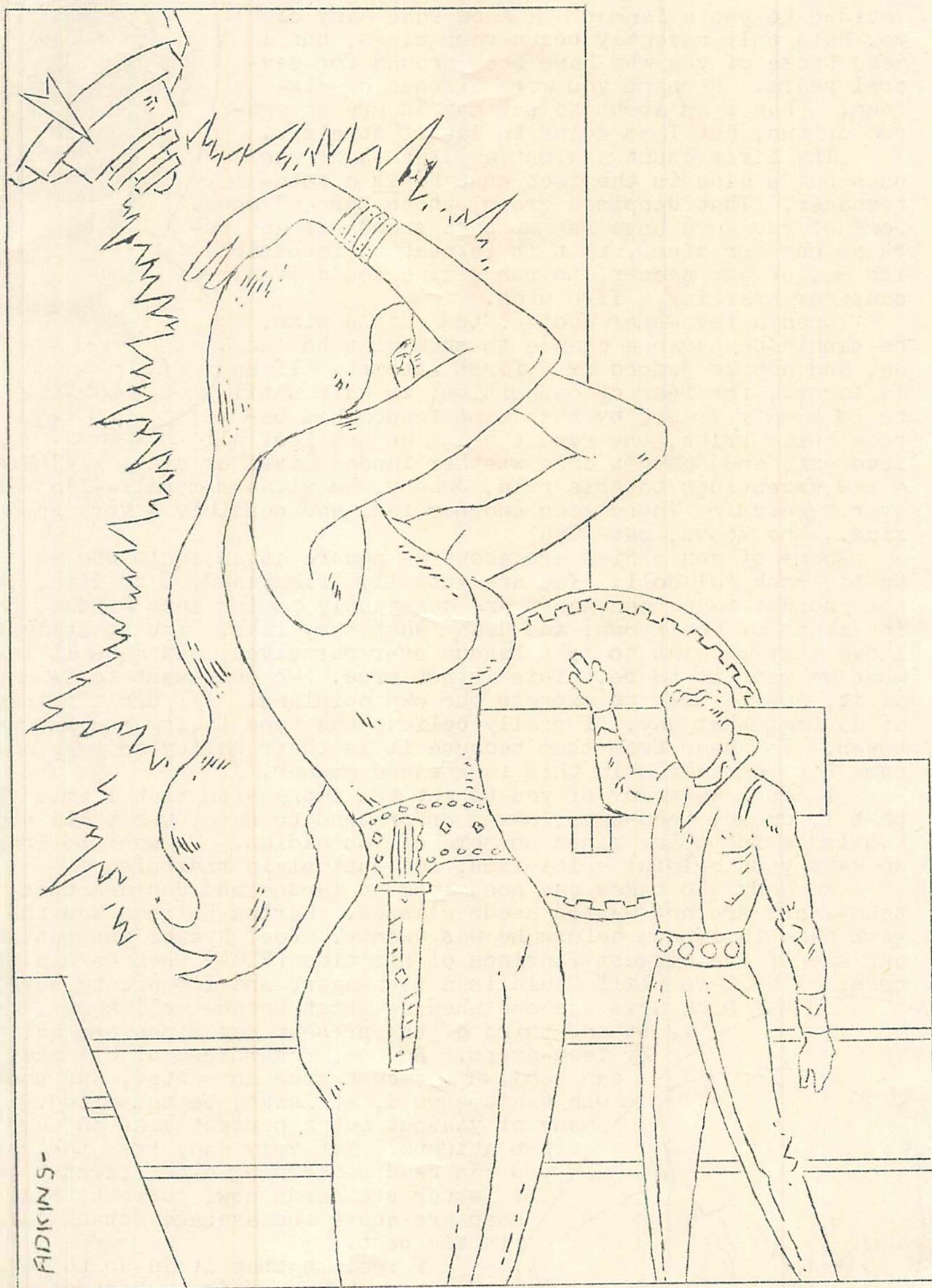
--Dan Adkins



Art
by

DAN L. ADKINS 17





TEEN-AGER

I want to ask some of you older fen who publish fanzines a question: Just how old were you when you first became interested in fandom and decided to pub a fanmag? I know that many of you have only recently begun your zines, but I mean those of you who have been around for several years. Perhaps you were fifteen or sixteen. What I am about to say may injure an ego-boo or two, but I am going to lay it straight.

The first count against any teen-ager who puts out a zine is the fact that he is a teen-teenager. That despised group, those "green" ones. Some of you guys have set up such standards and regulations for zines, that it is next to impossible for me, or any teen-ager, to pub a zine you'd even consider starting a fire with.

When a teen-ager decides to begin a zine, he should be given a chance to show what he can do, and not be judged by a first attempt. If he is forced, for fear of opposition, to wait until he is twenty or so, by that time fandom has become quite trite, the result being he has lost all interest, and doesn't care whether fandom lives or dies. //There are a few exceptions to this rule, Johnny, as witness myself--I'm well over twenty!// There goes another fan, and possibly a very good zine. Who knows, save Ghu?

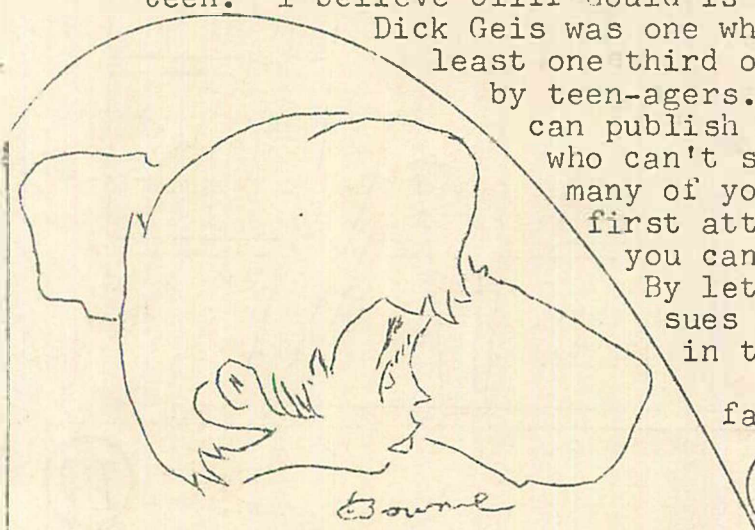
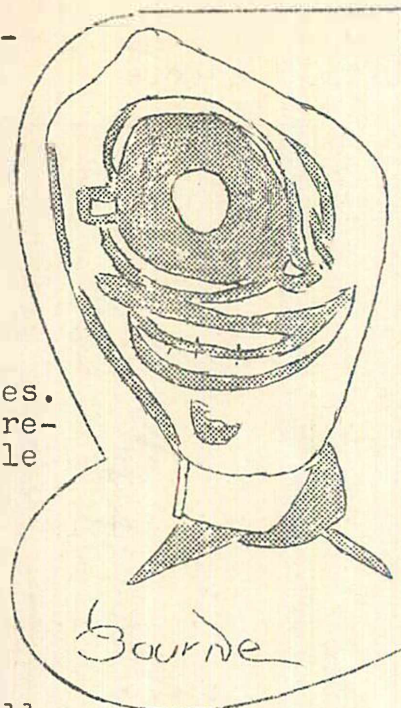
Some of you oldies are about as square as an adult who wants to ban Rock 'N' Roll. You are actually frightened, I believe, at the thought that teen-agers are constantly coming into fandom, publishing zines of their own, and doing what they like. You actually believe that we want to take fandom over ourselves, and make it into what we want it to be. This is not true. We only want to be a part of it, and be able to express our own opinions. //I don't think all of us feel that way. I really believe the type is few and far between. You hear from them because it is their policy to make a name for themselves in this fuggheaded manner.//

I don't want any of you to get the impression that I am saying that I, or any teen-ager, have, or pretend to have, the skill and knowledge in pubing zines as some of you oldies. We want to learn; we want your helpful criticisms, not just plain ridicule.

Anybody who takes one good look at fandom and decides that teen-agers are not wanted needs glasses. Harlon Ellison was the biggest name in fandom before he was twenty. Joel Nydahl was putting out one of the biggest fanzines of his time (VEGA) when he was fifteen. I believe Cliff Gould is a teen-ager, and I'm pretty sure that

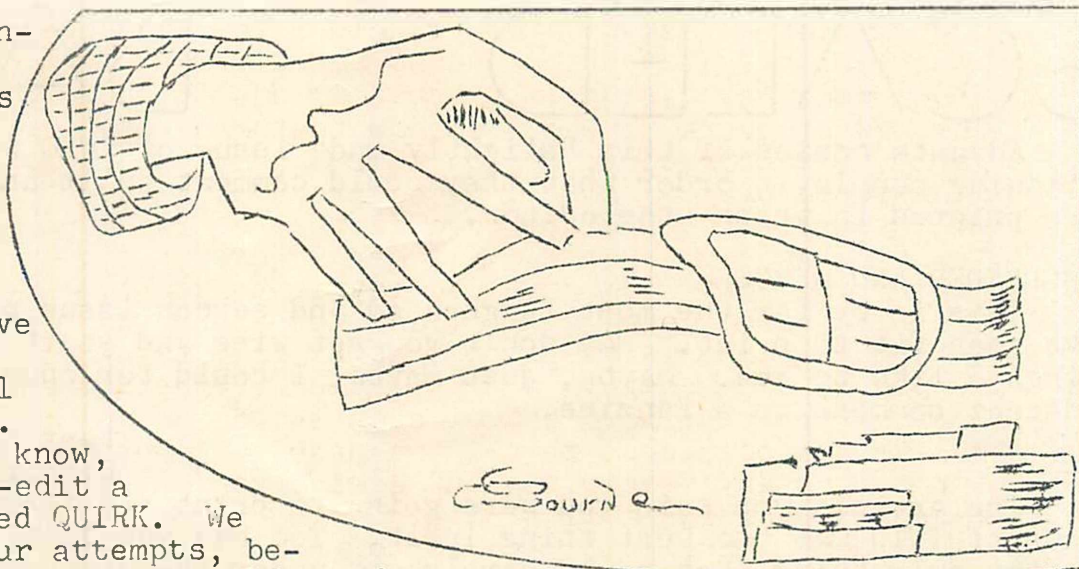
Dick Geis was one when he first became well known. At least one third of the present day zines are edited by teen-agers. Anyone, regardless of his age, who can publish a decent zine is wanted, and those who can't should, at least, be tolerated. How many of you put out a perfect zine on your first attempt? Not very many from the comments you can read concerning older first issues. By letter standards now, current first issues are above the average established in the past.

I realize that it is up to the nep-fan to ask for advice. Most of us who pub zines first of all subscribed to some of the "big" zines and found out what was going on.



Most of the fans will be more than glad to give us advice. But, most of the ones who aren't asked are the ones who raise the most gripes. They have to feel that they had to have their finger in the pie before they will admit they liked it.

As many of you know, Larry Ginn and I co-edit a little thing entitled QUIRK. We are very proud of our attempts, because we feel that fanzines should not be taken any more seriously than just any other hobby. When we see that we have accomplished something that was not forced out of us, naturally we feel a bit proud.



My typewriter crossed the brand-line. --Don Stuefloten

The reaction to QUIRK #1 was both pro and con. But, one letter was simply preposterous. It came from a fan who made it so pellucid that QUIRK would never amount to a used master, as to almost ask us if we hadn't just as soon get off the Earth! I was never any madder in all my life. The only consolation I feel is the fact that Larry received the letter and not me! I am very anxious to see a copy of his new zine. He has such rules for them, I'll bet his is printed on onion skin paper in Avacoda ink. //A bit rash--a bit of sour grapes--but I know who you are talking about and the feeling was very much mutual with my own first ish. However, after once cooling down, I found the humor of the situation and can laugh it off.//

As long as I am able, both physically and financially, I am going to continue QUIRK. It will remain a reality until Larry and I sound "Taps". What some of you continue to say is going to be completely ignored. What others of you have to say will be read and employed because your words were meant to help, not tear down.

I think it was Amlin's Royal that did it. My poor Underwood. What will the papers make of it? They're not even married.

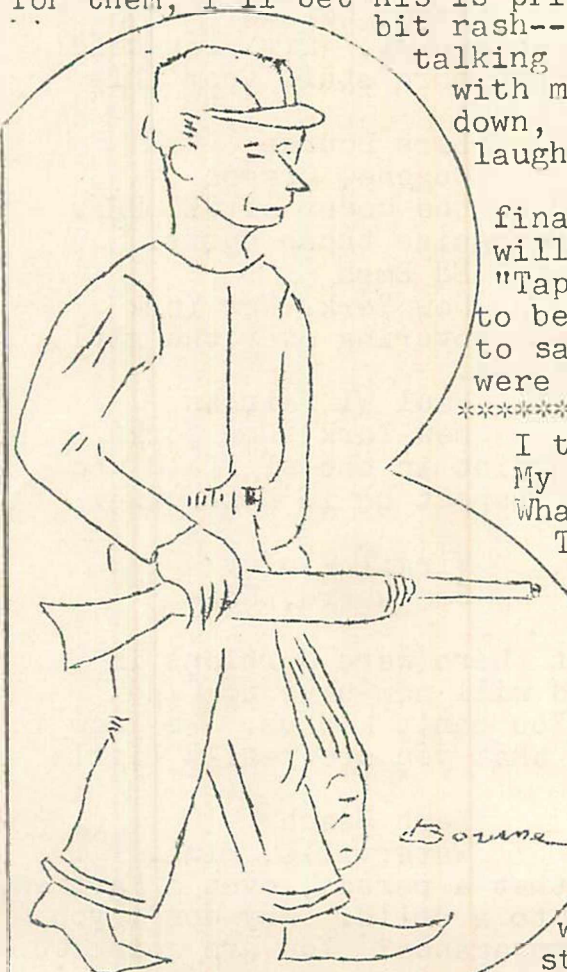
--Stuefloten

And, someday, in your poverty, you'll hear that QUIRK was named the most outstanding zine of the year. And, won't I laugh... at you.....

If you haven't liked what I've said, you can just take it with a grain of salt, and in the meantime, "Stop houndin' us teen-agers!"

--Johnny Holleman

TWIG will be its old natural self again with the # issue. Also, you'll find the story on FFM the cover shows this time.



SCALED

BARK

Advance copies of this "slightly mad" issue of TWIG were sent to the following people in order that they could comment on it and have their letters printed in this--the editor.

FUGGHEADED AND SERCON

This is by far the most fuggheaded and sercon issue of TWIG that you have seen fit to print. Why don't you get wise and start printing only the things I like to see. Maybe, just maybe, I could for once in my life give a decent comment on a fanzine.

Kent Moomaw
Cincinnati, Ohio

The article you said you were going to print and then didn't in this issue of TWIG was the best thing in it. Too bad you left it out since it was the only thing that could barely get under the wire as not being in a sercon vein.

Boyd Raeburn
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

This last issue of TWIG makes me wish I had never given in and reviewed it in MADGE. What will the fen think of me now? I will be a Ghod without a thrown.

Robert Bloch
Weyauwega, Wisconsin

ART

I still think your art can improve a great deal. Everything was fine with the art of Adkins, but the rest of it. Eccccccch! Try to do better next time around, okay?

Dan L. Adkins
Reno, Nevada

You have simply got to get rid of Adkins as an artist. His pics tend to spoil the entire layout of the zine. Try and get more stuff from this Bourne guy. He's good.

Lars Bourne
Eugene, Oregon

I suspect you plagiarized that cover you used on the cover of CENSURE. It was a poor job of plagiarizing, but I seem to recognize those busts.

Ed Emsh
New York, New York

You'll get a note from our lawyer. That glass covering over the girl on FANATIC was a definite steal from our April issue.

Paul W. Fairman
New York, New York

At last I must give in that there is a new artist in the sf field who can outdraw me. His illos weren't signed, but I suspect he is none other than Tig. Am I right?

Virgil Finlay
Somewhere, USA

EXPOSE OF THE COMICS

Congratulations. I have long suspected that there were Martians in the background of most of our comics. Little Red will now have to find other quarters to try and hide in. Won't you? You can't kid us. We know that your 6' 4" of height is only a cover up and that you are really Little Red in disguise.

Herb Beach
Waterville, Minn.

22 Biologically speaking, it is not true that a person, even a Martian, could be pricked by a cactus and give birth to a child. Why don't you get wise to yourself and give up this mad propaganda? You are going to

give a lot of people the wrong idea about science fiction as a whole.

John W. Campbell

Your insight into the fantastic is absolutely uncanny. I could take a few lessons from you.

Ghy

Vega II

I've always thought you were too moral a man to print the truth about TANMAN. That picture is absolutely lewd!

Bill Courval

San Diego, Calif.

Why didn't you print that picture of JERRY? You know the one of him dragging along? That would have put you in good with Uncle Sam.

David Jenrette

New York, New York

We think your expose of the comics was very good. We, ourselves, are always in search of the truth. Why not go into this more deeply and come up with another issue like this last one. Reminds us of the old magazine they called Confidential.

Rap

Amherst, Wisconsin

I, TEENAGER

It seems to me this Holleman fellow really must have been mad when he wrote this article. Really mad at someone.

John Champion

Pendleton, Oregon

After re-reading this article, I made up my mind that no matter what you do to TWIG, I will never give a good review of any fanzine.

Kent Moomaw

I agree with Johnny. I am a teenager and don't like to be picked on by any of these BNF's around the country.

Larry Sokol

Omaha, Nebraska

GENERAL DEPARTMENT

There was only one thing wrong with TWIG. There wasn't a bit of ego-boo for myself in it this time. What gives, please?

Marty Fleischman

Bronx, New York

The only complaint I have against TWIG is that you failed to mention Elvis' name even once. For this you should be rocked and rolled.

Bill Pearson

Phoenix, Arizona

What gives? No one thought I was you this trip around. Rather unusual to have this happen. It rather makes me mad to have them think this. I'm sure my mother wouldn't approve. She never has liked you.

Vic Fletcher

Boise, Idaho

I suppose now that you have ruined me you will do the same to that dirty so-and-so who stole all my artists. I can just see a trumped up issue of his zine coming from your hands.

William M. Gaines

New York, New York

The literary quality of TWIG has far surpassed any other zine in the field as of this issue. Can you keep it up?

John Mussells

Wakefield, Mass.

This issue is worth two of our own zine. You can expect to get them during the next two months.

Bob and Juanita Coulson

North Manchester, Indiana

Ecccccch! In fact, double Eccccccccch!

The Nameless one

Seattle, Wash.

(23)

TWIG

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