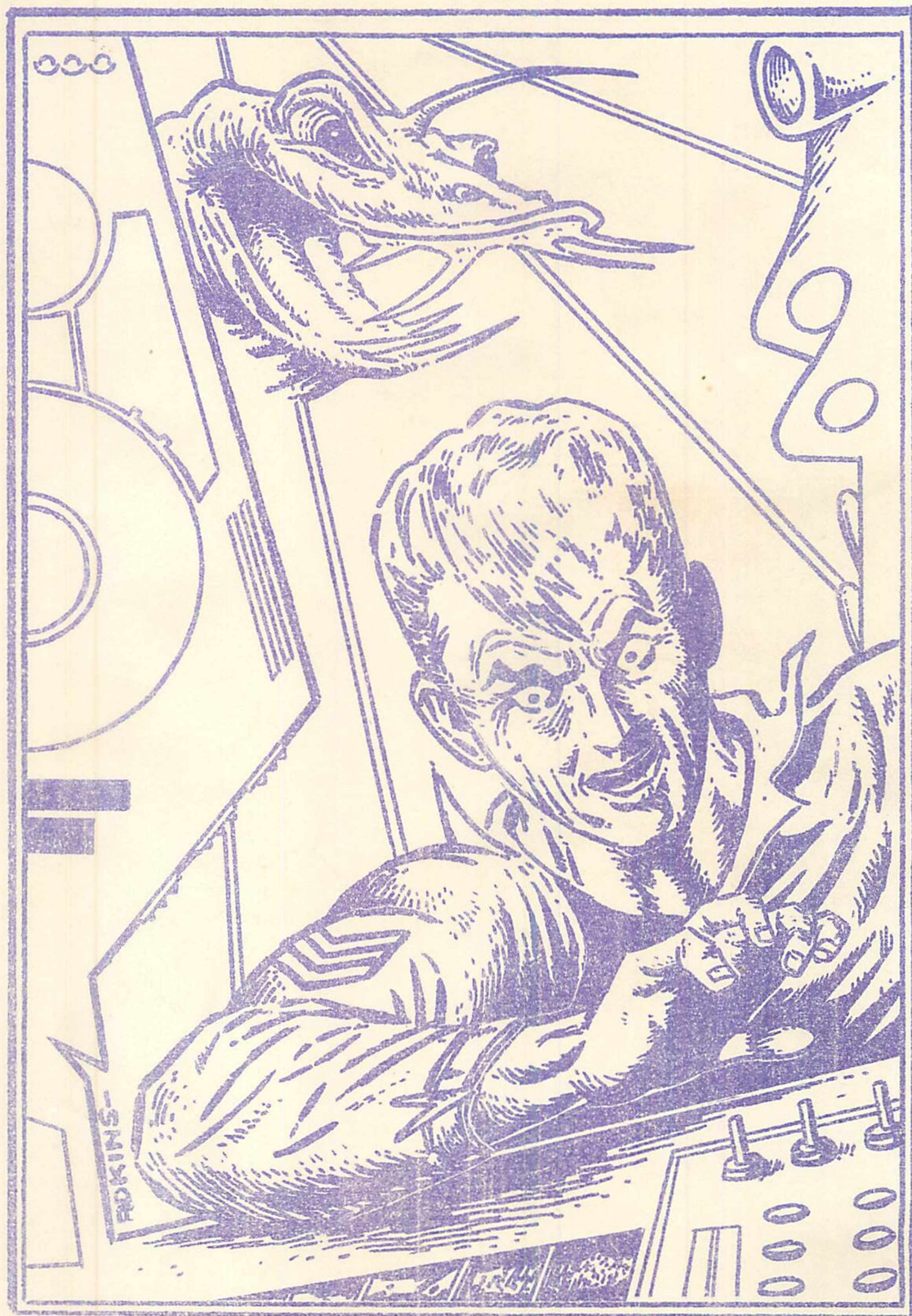


T W I G

GALA FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

#6

SEPTEMBER



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TWIG Volume II #1 (issue #6)

Published, for the time being, on an irregular quarterly schedule due to added chores I must maintain.

Price as of this issue: 15¢ No subs for more than that accepted until later notice appears. Reason being: if I should have to give it up completely, I don't want to have a lot of sub money to return. And, it's easier that way.

Material and art graciously accepted--but it must meet with my approval to be accepted. Most interested in "histories" of the various prozines.

A word on the present issue--it was scheduled for September, had to be moved to October to meet the ANNISH requirements, and was detained further by the addition of more work. So, though you didn't get this ish until October, sometime I hope, it is still the issue the cover says it is. And that is about as clear as mud!

SHAVINGS

by

THE EDITOR

illos by ADKINS

After much delay, planned and otherwise, here is the first annish of TWIG. I wouldn't say that I had gone 'gafia', but I did take a long vacation from fan-pubbing. This was the summer I was going to get several issues nearly completed. This is the sole effort.

Before I get to rambling on too far and find there is no space left, I should take the time to thank Bill Pearson of SATA for doing the 'Art Pages' for me this time. Not only did he draw them, he also, as you can see, ran them off on the ditto for me. Dan Adkins cover also falls in this category. Bill also ran it off on his ditto.

Then, too, there are extra thanks to Lars Bourne of BRILLIG for cutting the stencil of Marv Bryer's pic for me. I knew I couldn't do it justice and Bourne came through for me.

From the looks of this page, I wouldn't go so far as to say that I will succeed in opening up my layout. Maybe the following pages will show it better.

You will find that TWIG is still listed as a bi-monthly pub. Don't count on it! From this point on I won't guarantee that it will be anything but irregular. Don't worry if your copy doesn't reach you. Should I decide to kill it outright you'll hear from me--and get your money back.

Last issue, John Berry wrote in his article "Of Mice and Fen" that fen couldn't be normal in the way they did things that needed to be done around the house. I wish, at this point, that John would be so good as to let me in on his secret.

This whole thing occurred because we decided we needed a new washing machine. If we had a new washer, the gaskets in the plumbing for it had to be changed. The job fell to me.

With wrenches knotted in my hand, I attacked said plumbing with catastrophic results. I completely discombuberrated both faucets.

Naturally, this happened on Saturday-- the day plumbers aren't



working. No matter how many shops I could find, driving rather than phoning--that didn't occur to--I couldn't find one open.

We had to have water, so I put the things back together the best I could, and, using a funnel to get the drips down the drain, turned it back on.

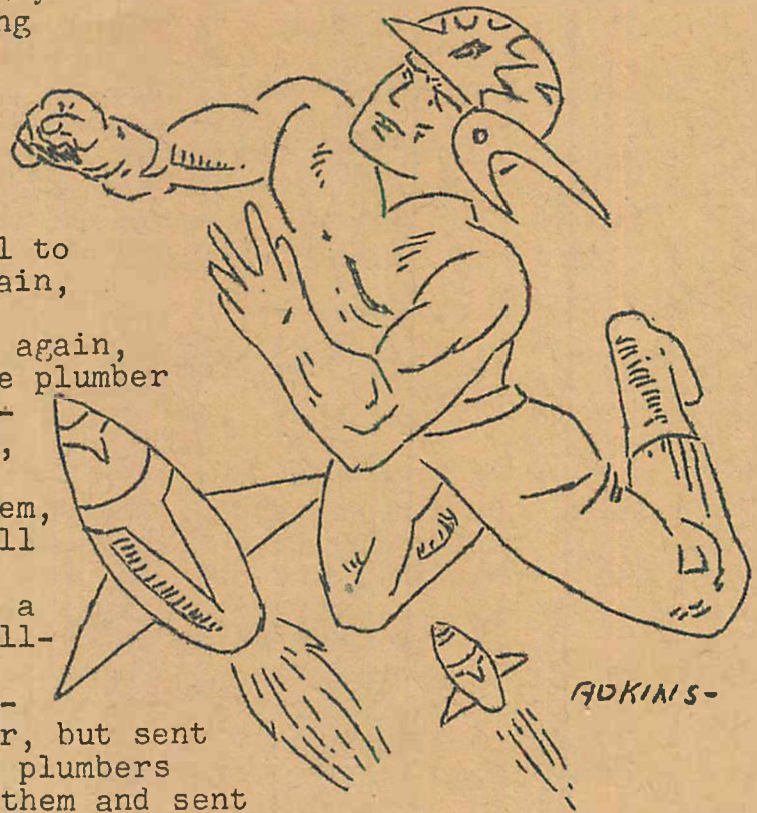
Monday I started out again, driving seven miles to the plumber who had done the job originally. He had the parts, I had to go in the back room, though, and find them, and then he refused to sell them to me. Instead, he sent me back six miles to a wholesaler whom he had called and who had also said he had the parts. He didn't have the parts, either, but sent me three miles to another plumber. This plumber didn't have them and sent me to another wholesaler. This one had them, but I had to take them and go back the three miles to the plumber to pay for them.

Within ten minutes after arriving home, the repair job was done. My final comment to Diane: Well, how much did my doing it myself cost us this time? Seems I can't repair anything without it costing us more than it would to have had it done. The last time I changed the antifreeze in the car I had to buy new clamps, new hoses, new petcocks, and half a radiator full of antifreeze that I lost in the process. And, the service station had to finish the job for me. Also broke the plug in the pan the last time I tried to change the oil in the car.

It isn't easy to be this way, but damn it all, why did someone have to tell me I couldn't do it so that I would try it.

Funny that this running around should bother me. I often drive twenty miles to a neighboring town just to pick up an sf prozine that doesn't make the stands in Boise. Somehow, that's different. It doesn't bother me at all.

Want to know something? I'm not so sure, now, that I should have asked Diane to write that article for me. I found out a lot of stuff about myself I wasn't sure of before. I suspected, but suspecting isn't as bad as knowing the truth.



Everyone is busy these days talking about a new boom, or bust, in sf prozines. I think it is time we took a look at the boom in fanzines. Or haven't you been deluged with copies of new ones? I know I have. The amount of good writers, and I don't classify myself in that category, is limited. It can't possibly extend to all of these new babies we have in our midst.

One good thing about it, some new writers might be developed to take the place of those who are slowly gafiating from our midst.

Next issue will be FLYING SAUCERS from Other Worlds. After that FLYING WORLDS from Other Saucers. Then SAUCER WORLDS from Flying Others. After that, your guess is as good as mine.

--Marv Bryer

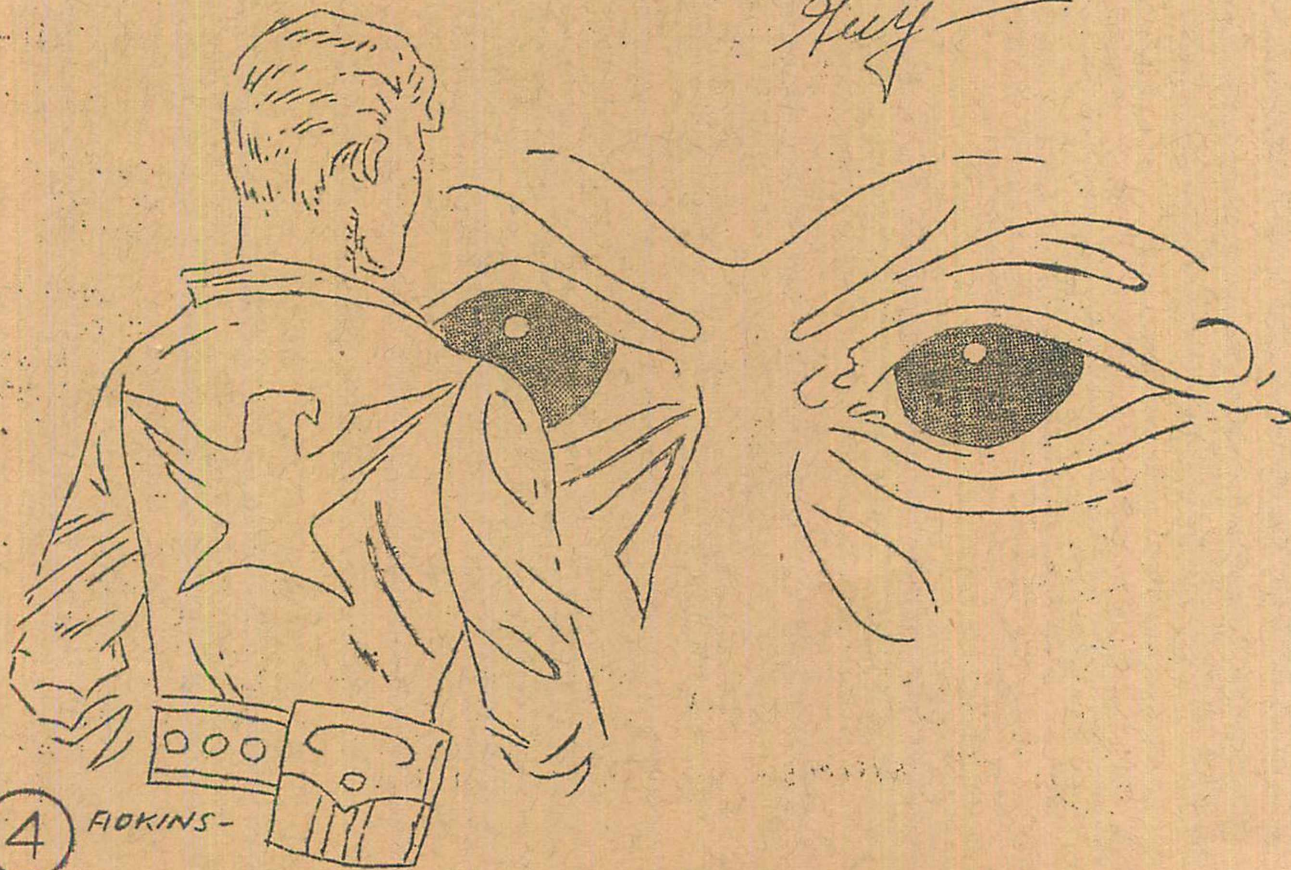
Some of you are going to yell loud and long because I saw fit to print the letter Bloch sent me--especially because of what is so apparent in the opening part of it. Sure, I wrote Bloch and thanked him for his reviews of TWIG in MADGE. Why shouldn't I? His reviews have brought me a lot of business, actually helped to make the zine a success.

Some of you who take free national advertising might do well to show your appreciation, too. After all, the guy does like to know that you appreciate his work.

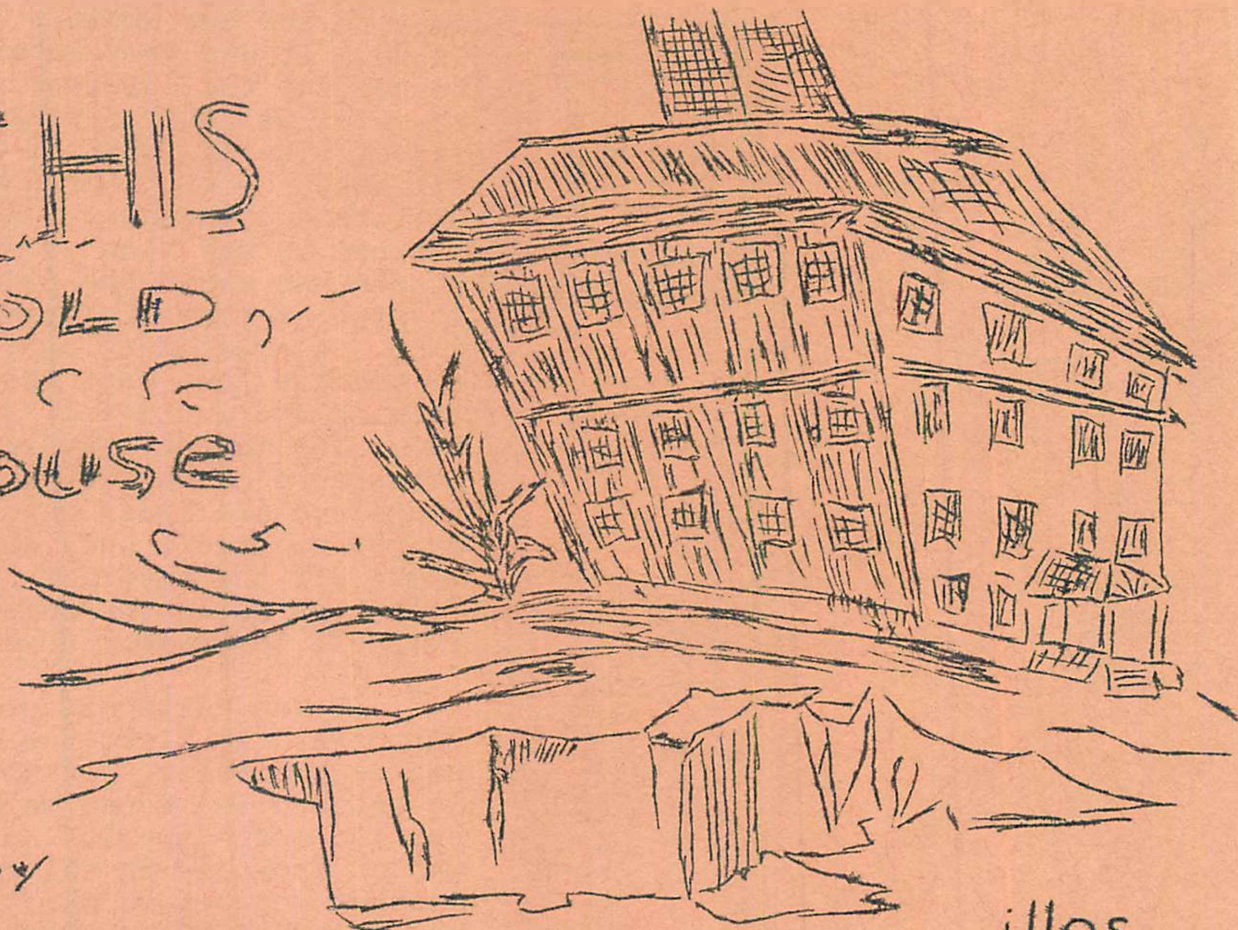
Was going to use this next idea as a lino, then decided it needed more than that to put it across.

How many of you fan-eds realize that there are a number of pro-eds who haven't any idea what a fanzine is? Or at least are of the opinion that there aren't any good ones. W. W. Scott, of SUPER-SCIENCE FICTION, has this to say: "I'd love to see a few fan magazines, to see if there are any good ones." Enough to get some action out of you?

W. W. Scott



THIS OLD House



by
HONEY WOOD

illos
by
BOB KYLE

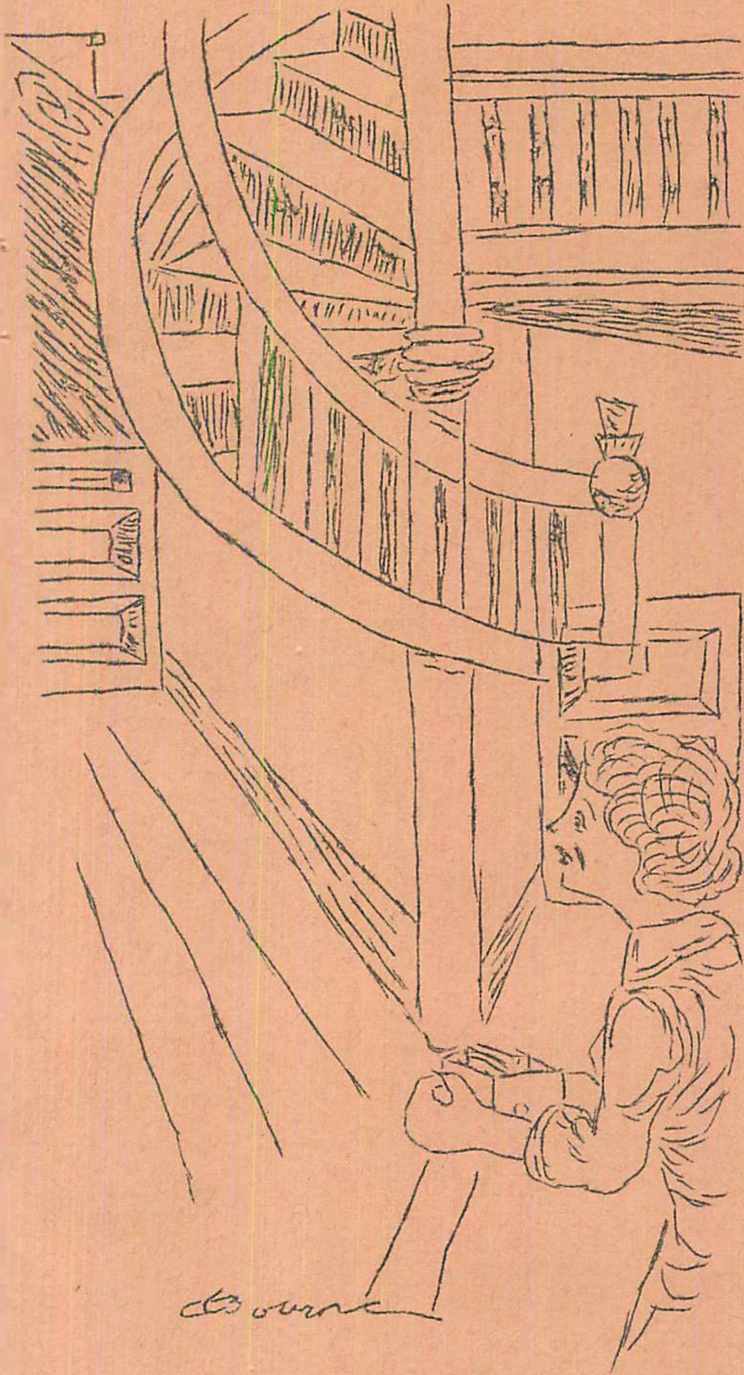
RIE KYLE

There is a unique house, which still remains a mystery even in this day and age. The house is really awe-inspiring, mysterious, and weird, actually a thing from another time and place.

Winchester House comes closest in appearance, inside and out, to a Disneyland complexity, with its stairways that go nowhere, doors that open to blank walls, inside skylights looking down into lower rooms from upper ones, and railings and steps "not built for humans". Walking around it on the grounds reveals its most Disneyish facets, for, from any direction, it appears smaller than it is, and each view is quite unlike the view from any other direction. In fact, looking at Winchester House from different points on the grounds, you seriously wonder if it's confined to our three conventional dimensions. And inside, down in one of the dark stretches of the basement, there are rooms that seem as cold as outer space...

Many theories have been advanced concerning this monstrosity of 160 odd rooms, but it has always remained just theories. No conclusive proof has been brought to light to prove or disprove any of the ideas connected with the Winchester Mystery House.

It was my good fortune to visit this house in the company of two very imaginative people. Both men are writers, one a well



known fantasy and science fiction writer, Rog Phillips, and Robert Barbour Johnson, a great contributor to the now extinct WEIRD TALES. It was very interesting to collect the opinions of the three of us after seeing this place. The odd part of it, we all ended up with three entirely different opinions. I would venture to say that as many people who visit the place, leave it with as many different opinions. A great many people fail to realize just what they are viewing and it is all 'just novelty'. The moment they leave the atmosphere of this strange, old house and are again out in the bright sunlight, they shrug, shake off the emotions they have collected while touring, and rush off to another novelty.

It was quite different in our case. At first the idea began as a novelty, but as soon as we entered the house we were under its eerie spell. As you wander from one unreal room to another you become more and more entangled in the atmosphere. There is a feeling of unreality about the place. Some of the facts of interest will have to be made known to bring the spirit of the house to you.

Mrs. Winchester was left heiress to the fortunes her husband made from the sale of the famous Winchester rifles. On his death he provided in his will that his wife should receive \$1,000.00 a day for as long as she lived. She proceeded to live 34 years.

The common belief is that Mrs. Winchester became interested in spiritualism, and believed that as long as she had carpenters working on her homes she would not die. The sound of the hammers was to ward off evil spirits, so the belief goes.

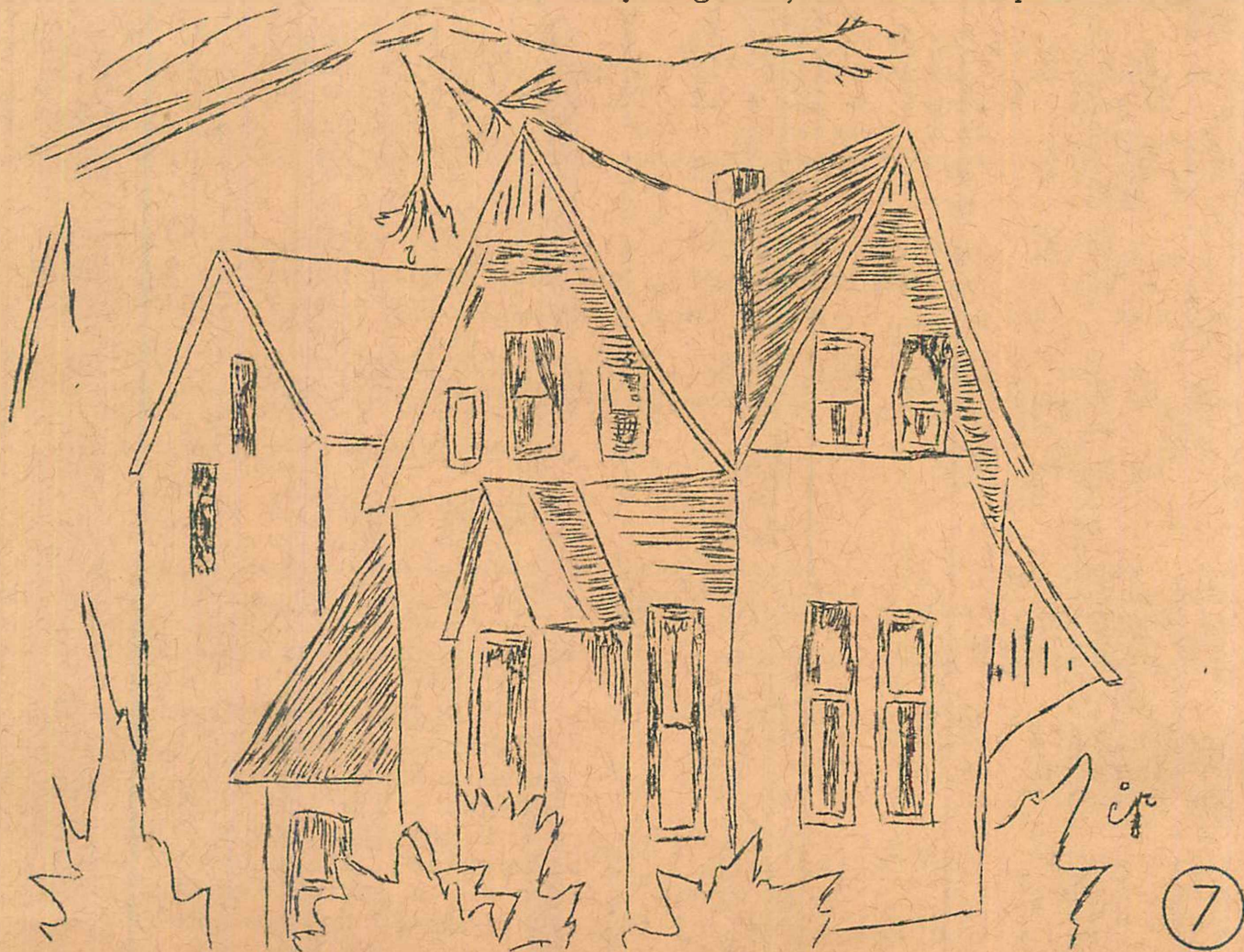
For 34 years the hammers kept busy, always under the supervision of Mrs. Winchester's watchful eyes. She personally designed each step to be taken in the building, consequently there seems to be no master plan. One day she laid off all the carpenters and, strangeley enough, died before the day ended. You could almost say she committed suicide. Besides the 160 rooms, there are 2,000 doors, most of them opening into blank walls, staircases that are twisted and grotesque. Unfinished rooms, rooms of every description, few of them fit to live in, due to their very nature.

She carried out the following symbols whenever possible, thirteen of everything, including servants, also the same number of bathrooms, all with glass doors. Upside down rails and posts, and a spider web pattern were also common signs in her home.

These above mentioned items are the main cause for all the speculation. Bob Johnson and I were in complete agreement on one point, it wasn't spiritualism that lies behind the whole thing. Bob did bring up one interesting point, that is the fact that H. P. Lovecraft wrote a story based on a house of this type. At the time of his writing the story, he had no idea that there was such a place being built. Many of Lovecrafts friends tried to induce him to come out and see the place, quite awhile after his story had been printed. Lovecraft turned this offer down repeatedly, no reason given.

Bob and I were in agreement that the place seems to smack of witchcraft due to the symbolic items. From this point on, we took a wide path of opinions.

Rog had a completely fantastic angle, very worthy of note. He left the Mystery House with a very logical explanation. Mrs. Winchester used to enter her 'seance room', fall asleep, and have nightmares connected symbolically with her childhood. She then interpreted them in her constructions. Examples such as the tiny little staircases, doors opening into walls. Rog felt all these things were carried over from childhood impressions later interpreted from her dreams into actual structures. I must admit you do get somewhat the impression of an Alice in Wonderland, where everything is out of proportion, seen through the eyes of a child. This could be a very logical, rational explanation.



Except, I feel there are other conflicting items that make this theory fall short. It doesn't bring in the symbols. My personal feeling, which are quite impossible and fantastic, I will now lay bare.

Many of the things designed seem to have been taken from the future. It seems that Mrs. Winchester had a little glimpse into the future, then tried to recreate them in her own way. Actually, you could get a very clear picture of a person seeing things just once and later trying to figure out how to make them work, with just the equipment available during her times.

One good instance is the stairways, some of them are built exactly like escalators (made of wood, of course) and unable to move. Then there are the tiled kitchens, some 6 of them. Tiled kitchens were unknown in that day and age. One very clever arrangement she had made was an indoor hothouse located on the 2nd floor. To get rid of the water after sprinkling her plants, she had devised a series of trap doors which could be lifted, the water would then drain off into a pipe and then outside. Very clever, no!!

There were many, many personal touches of this nature. Either Mrs. Winchester took a peek into the future, or was a very brilliant woman, years ahead of her time mentally.

Bob Johnson, of course, had a wonderfully weird idea, and he left me with the feeling that I wouldn't want to spend a night in the place. Bob's theory was just as odd as Rog's and mine. He thought that Mrs. Winchester had some very odd, unusual guests living with her, who were advising her what to do and build.

Of course, there are reasons to back up this idea, too. Example, the heavy type construction all through the house, would lead you to think that it wasn't being built for a frail little old lady. The funny stairs, built for an alien type legs. The odd door arrangement, also, and the window arrangement, so that she could spy on her servants, so they say.

Now you have the opinions of three people, all seeing the same place, under the same conditions, and each ending up with a different thought. One thing we agreed on. The place put a scare into us.

The most interesting point, I think, is the fact that here was one person in the world who had enough money to do what ever she wanted.

She has left the world a \$5,000,000.00 oddity of no sane value.

--Honey Wood

.....I was going to write a thumbnail sketch but it was too near the
knuckle.....
--Alan Dodd

Important !!!

Did you know that the publishers of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE have purchased the title and files of the old WEIRD TALES?

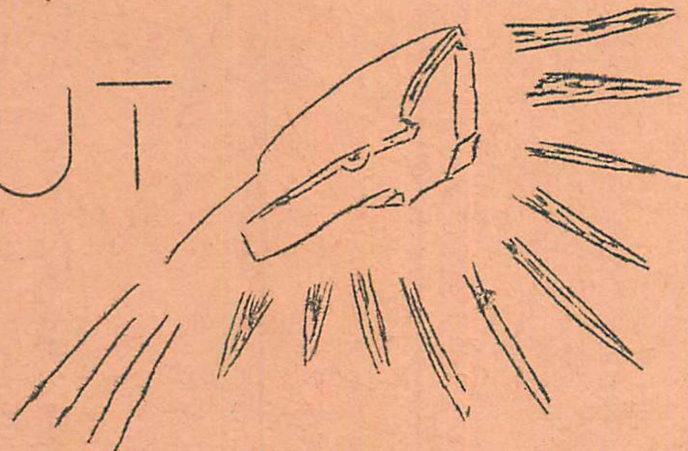
Well...they have, and we are informed that if the demand is great enough, WEIRD TALES will be revived! If you haven't written in yet, why not do it today? There are a lot of fen who would like to see this oldest of fantasy zines on the stands again.

WHAT DO YOU SAY ?

YEAH BUT

by

GARY ELDER



- Let's face it, fan artists aren't any good.

I've heard that statement, by science-fiction fans, both count and no-count, so many times that I'm beginning to have minor convulsions every time it happens.

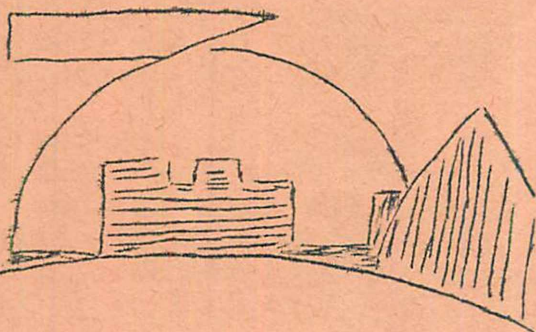
Of course, they're right, for the most part. With the exception of a very few, fan artists are lousy. They lack imagination, style, talent, and whatever else it takes to make a good artist of any kind. I suspect that most of them are fans who enjoy doodling and for some reason, overestimate their ability.

It's not the statement that bothers me. It's the fact that very few of the dunderheads who make it will elaborate on it.

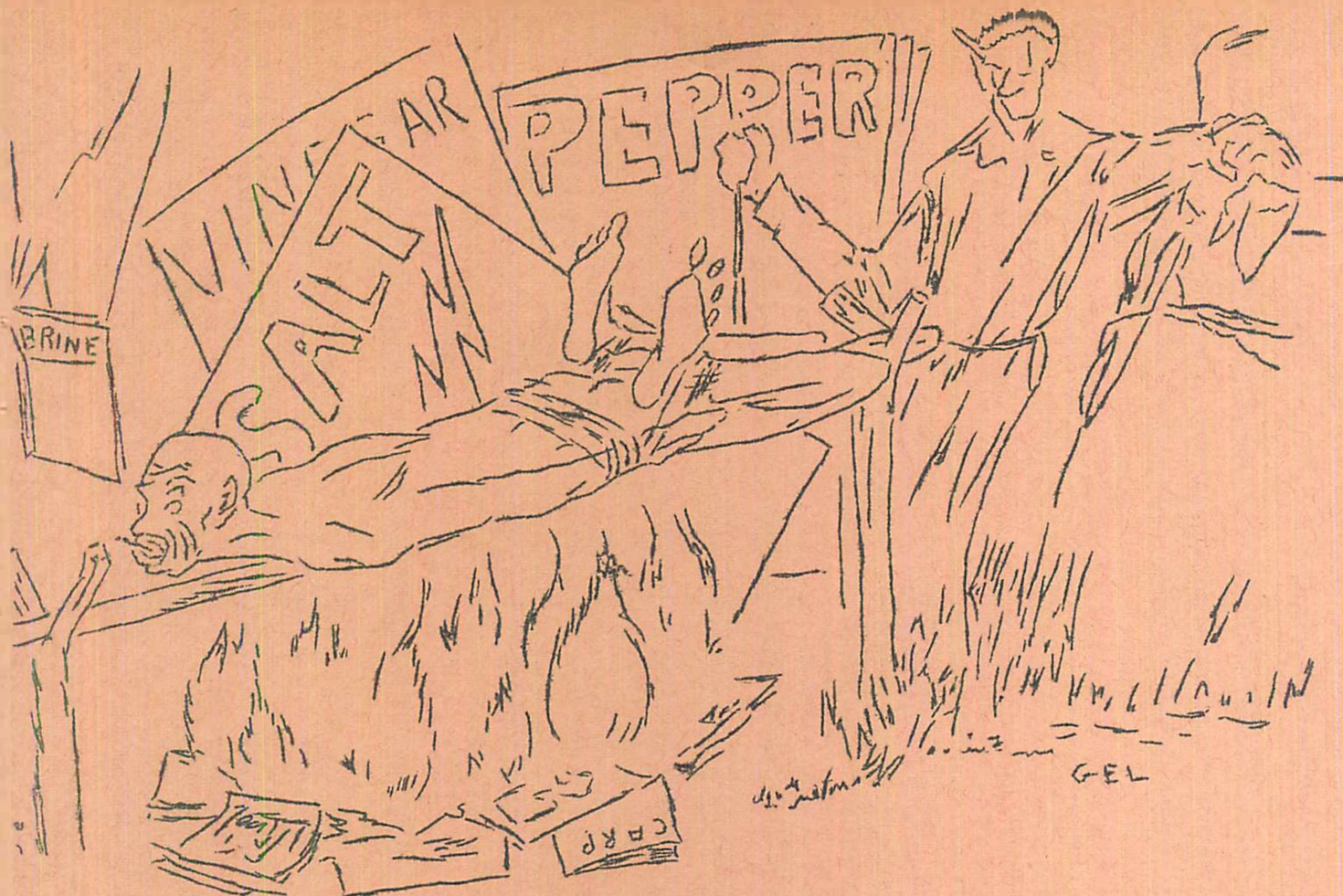
These gentlemen with the fiery pens write paragraphs and pages about how bad some artists work is. But not once do they bother to mention why it's bad. They'll tell you why they think it's no good,



GEL



illos
by
ELDER



which usually amounts to the fact that they, personally, don't like it. May they drown in their ego.

One cussed good reason why fan art so often appears to be 'nada bueno' is poor reproduction. The very use of mimeograph makes it nearly impossible for an artist to do any outstanding work, but fan editors could help a great deal by realizing that art, properly used, can be the strongest point in a magazine.

Averaging four times every two months, I get letters from fan editors who ask for art and promise to do a good job of reproducing it. Maybe one out of the four keeps his promise. The rest, I wish, could roast over a fire of their own mags.

First, they pick the worst art I send them. Then, they decide that they know more about drawing than I do and proceed to change my work to fit their tastes. (One reason why I never do pin-ups.) Finally, they take what's left of the original and reproduce it haphazardly on a stencil. I have no idea what equipment they use, but I'm dead sure half of it is missing.

Personally, I've reached the point where I seldom pay these editors even the courtesy of an answering letter, unless I have seen their mag.

But, like I done stated in an above paragraph of this here gripe, the main reason that most fan art is so bad is that most fan artists simply aren't any good. They try to draw monsters that look like disfigured human beings, when, to begin with, they can't

draw a properly proportioned human. They attempt to draw abstract trees when they can't even make a reasonable facsimile of a real tree. They try to draw animals that don't exist when they can't draw those that do. They lack the ability to determine what is good material for an illustration and what isn't.

A good writer, as ideas enter his mind, automatically discards those which are unsound or unsuitable for his needs. An artist must, with perhaps even more care, do the same. Fan artists, however, seem to think that the more disconnected and unstable an idea is, the better. Since their hand has not yet been trained well enough to follow their mind, what they conceive as weird usually turns out crap. A good thing for these people to do is get a few charts on animal, plant, and human anatomy and do a hell of a lot of practicing.

Of course, not being a fan, I could hardly be called a fan artist. So, I guess there's no reason to get hot under the collar.

GEL

THE EDITOR SAYS: Rap and I

Excuse me for butting in again--but as long as Gary was making a legitimate gripe up above--I think I have a right to interrupt the smooth flow of material and complain myself.

For the past few months, in fact ever since I wrote to Ray Palmer and asked him if I could do a fan column for him, there have been various and sundry reports about me and Rap. So many would be BNF's who must be in the know on everything in order to retain their standing, have clamored widely that they are in the know as concerns this situation.

For the record: What they purport to know I haven't any idea and couldn't care less. This much I do know! I wrote Rap, got his go-ahead, wrote three columns, or was it two, sent them to him, he said he would use them, told me when the first would appear, and it didn't, and still hasn't. As far as I am concerned, it never will appear, I've given up on it. I'm not in the least broken up over it--no reason why I should be.

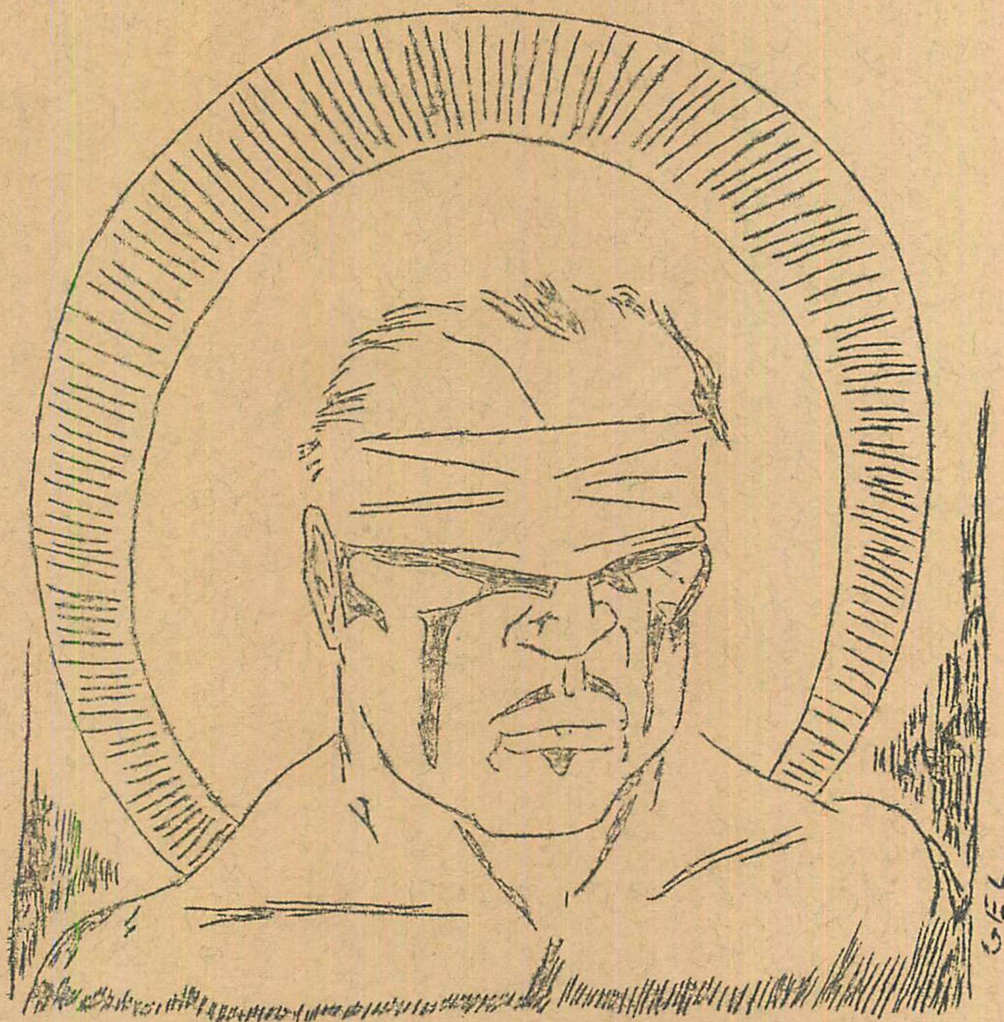
As for the frequently mentioned relationship between the two of us: how can there be a relationship when I have written him less than half a dozen letters about the column and we live many hundreds of miles apart? This is something I would like to know, myself.

And finally, as for the money involved, whose business is it but my own. Some have said I would be paid nothing. It wasn't their loss so why should they care? The ones who have made the statement have openly shown their disinterest--actually dislike--for, or in me. Kind of a puzzle isn't it? Some thought I would get paid, but not till much later. Again, so what? It would be my concern to see that I got the money. And just to confuse you further, there might not have been money involved. I'm not saying there wasn't, but I'm also not saying their was.

And, sure, I like Rap! Why shouldn't I? He hasn't stabbed me in the back. I even like some of you stinkers who meddle!

THE CASE AGAINST

illos
by
ELDER



FLETCHER

by
GUY
TERWILLEGER

"Twirp's the name," the man said as I opened the door. "You sent for me?"

I looked at him vacantly. Twirp, I thought, the name is familiar. Then, on closer scrutiny of his classic features, and a bit of cogitating, I remembered.

It was almost a year ago that I had heard of the PRIVATE LID AGENCY, and, wanting to put an end to the Fletcher Case, had written asking them to send a representative out to Idaho in order to clear up the entire matter.

"What took you so long?" I asked, a little piqued at the time it had taken them to answer my request.

"Busy," was his sole reply.

I saw I could get nowhere with this line of reasoning. "Won't you come in?" I asked.

He did.

We sat down in the coral confines of my living room. Twirp merely stared at me and the house. I noticed his head kept jerking everytime he glanced at the hallway.

"My neice told me it would do that," I said.

"What?" he asked blankly.

"That painting the hall tourquoise would mean peoples heads would jump when they looked at it through the coral doorway."

"Who is this neice? What does she have to do with this case?"

"She's an interior decorator. She doesn't have anything to do with it. She already knows that Vic Fletcher exists," I replied.

"Who's this Fletcher you speak of?" I felt his intent gaze trying to see inside of me and was glad I hadn't eaten onions for lunch.

"People think he is me. But as you can see, I'm myself, no one else. Don't see how they can make that mistake."

His gaze continued. "Can you produce him?"

I shook my head. "No. He's out of town at the present time. If you can wait until September when he returns to school, then you can see him."

"That's no good." He fumbled through a sheaf of papers in his pocket, pulled one out and looked at it. "My report, here, says that he's always been out of town when anyone has tried to see him. Any truth in it?"

"No one has seen him," I admitted.

"Can you explain why not?"

"Would the fact that he is a football, basketball and baseball fiend help? He's on all of the teams at the college and he

travels a lot." I tried to show him the logic of it.

"If what you say is true, yes. You're too old to play any kind of school sports, unless they had a tiddly winks team."

I tried to straighten out the creases in my face so as to appear more youthful. At the same time, I bent down, knees creaking, and picked up a shoelace. "This is from one of Vic's tennis shoes," I offered. "Tina plays with them all the time."

It didn't take.

"What are you smirking at?" I asked the question point blank and at close range, leaving no chance to parry it away. But he didn't answer. By the time he was through, the house looked neat from the fine combing he gave it.

"Just who are you?" he asked finally. "We've never heard of you in the East."

I tried to look abashed. "Why, I'm the guy who was supposed to make a big splash in fandom. The twig that Palmer was going to use in his zine in order to have a fan column."

"Oh! That guy. We don't mention him. Think he has pulled one of the biggest hoaxes ever perpetrated against fandom." He started to pack up his portfolio and looked as if he were heading for the door.

I blocked him with a tackle from the rear.

"Hmmm!" he said as he wiped away the sweat from my bare shoulder, "you might be an athlete after all. No novice could pull a block like that. How long did you say you played ball?" Twirp was out to trap me.

"I never played ball at all. I was too interested in speech for that." He didn't appear to swallow that.

"Here is an address this Fletcher uses. Can you explain it?"

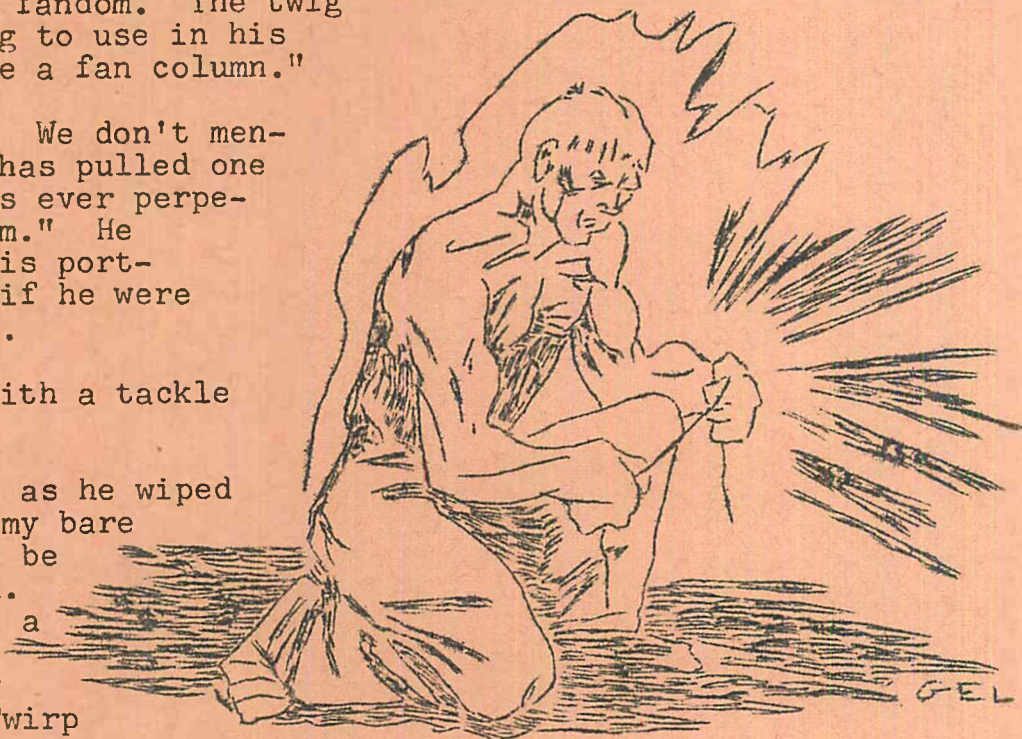
"Sure," I retorted, "that's where he lives when he is in town."

Twirp shook his head. "That won't work. We know that is the address of your in-laws. Not only that, I've been by there and there isn't room for anyone to live there as a boarder, or roomer."

"That's how it all started," I muttered.

"What started?"

"The rumor that I was Fletcher."



"Got a picture of him? Can you actually prove he exists?" He was again determined to come up with something concrete and I almost felt like that was where I would end if I couldn't give proof.

"Sure." I went to the desk and brought out two of them. "Here," I said, handing him one. "Look at that!"

He did, then threw it back at me. "That doesn't prove anything. It's only the back of his head. Let's see the other one."

I obliged, reluctantly.

"That's better," he grumbled. "This one has a face, even if it is one only a wife or mother could love." The magnifying glass was scouring over the print, searching for some clue.

"He has a mustache!" he eventually concluded, looking at me. "You don't." There was a long pause. "Aside from that, however, you could be the same guy. Ever wear a mustache? Who's the woman with him?"

"I have, and that is my wife. She often goes out with this guy. Says she likes his company. Likes him so much she blows her top at the reviews he gets on the things he writes."

"I'm glad you mentioned that. How do you explain that whatever Fletcher writes reads just as if you had written it?" He thought he had me trapped for sure this time.

"Look, Twirp," I began, "there is a logical explanation for it. Vic never wrote a thing until he met me. His writing was horrible, still is. Naturally, before I could use his stuff, I had to rewrite it. That's why it reads as if I wrote it in the first place."

"They still say his writing is awful. Enough to make anyone sick. Where does that leave you?"

There was only one answer possible, and I gave it, much to his delight.

"Do you mean," he took out on a new track, "that you brought a member of the AGENCY out here to Idaho to try and solve a foregone conclusion like this? There can be no doubt in my mind that you are Fletcher."

Again he packed his portfolio. "I'll leave now. And none of your fool blocking. If I'm lucky, I can catch a plane out of this berg and get back to civilization."

I was insulted. "I'll have you know Boise is a good town. Why, we have everything."

"Like what?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, lizards that cause wrecks. A London paper even printed about that. And we have a large," I shunned the word, "duplicate-sex population that makes the papers quite often. One even came from the school where I teach."

He looked at me and I quickly added, "But it was a guy none of the rest of us would have anything to do with."

"Goodbye, Mr. Fletcher!"

"The name is Terwilleger," I corrected. "Fletcher is up in the northern part of the state. Will be until September when he comes back to school."

"That's what you say!" His car door was open.

"If I'm Fletcher," I countered, "why wasn't there something by Vic in my latest issue?"

That stopped him for a minute. "Well, because you had to keep him out to carry on your hoax. Any egoist could do that to put his point across."

"Would a birth certificate help out?" I was desperate.

"Let's see it. I'll wait in my car."

"I haven't got one, but I could have Vic send you one when he gets back."

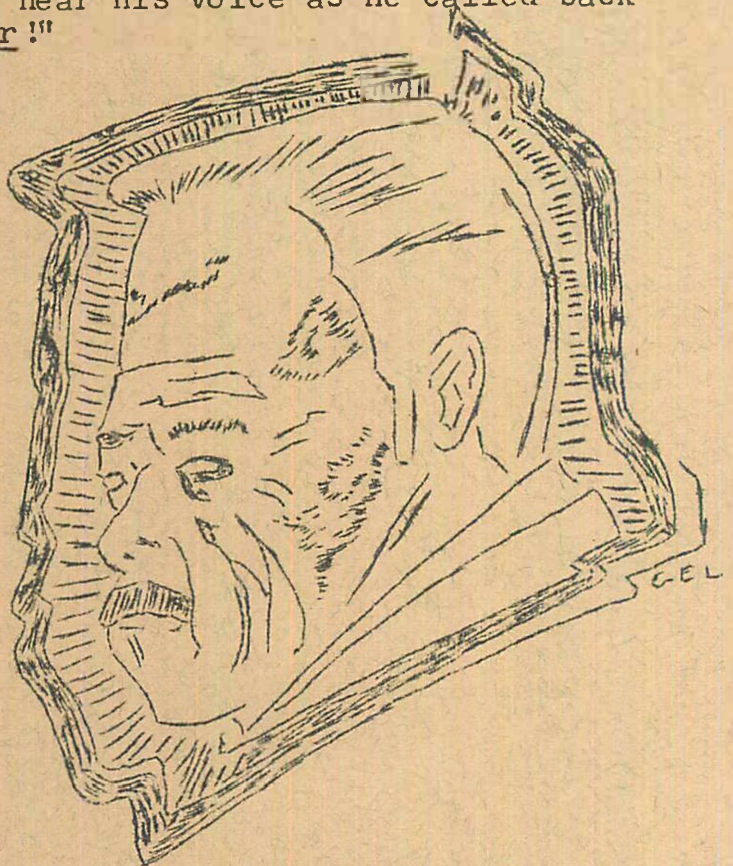
The car drove away and I could hear his voice as he called back to me. "We'll see you, Mr. Fletcher!"

The more I thought about it, the more I wondered about Fletcher. Just who was he, actually. Or, what was he? The only time I ever see him is in my own home, I never see him come or go.

He's just always there, in that same spot, the one over there by the typewriter.

He sure causes a lot of trouble.

I sighed. "Who knows," I



said to the air, "maybe I am Vic and just don't know it."

I pondered. "After all, there was this guy named Jekyll..."

If any appologies are needed for the above material, they are here- with extended to the originators of the type in fanzines.

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It was after becoming acquainted with the GOONS that I hit on this idea to put an end to THE CASE AGAINST FLETCHER. --Guy

MONSTERS CAN'T

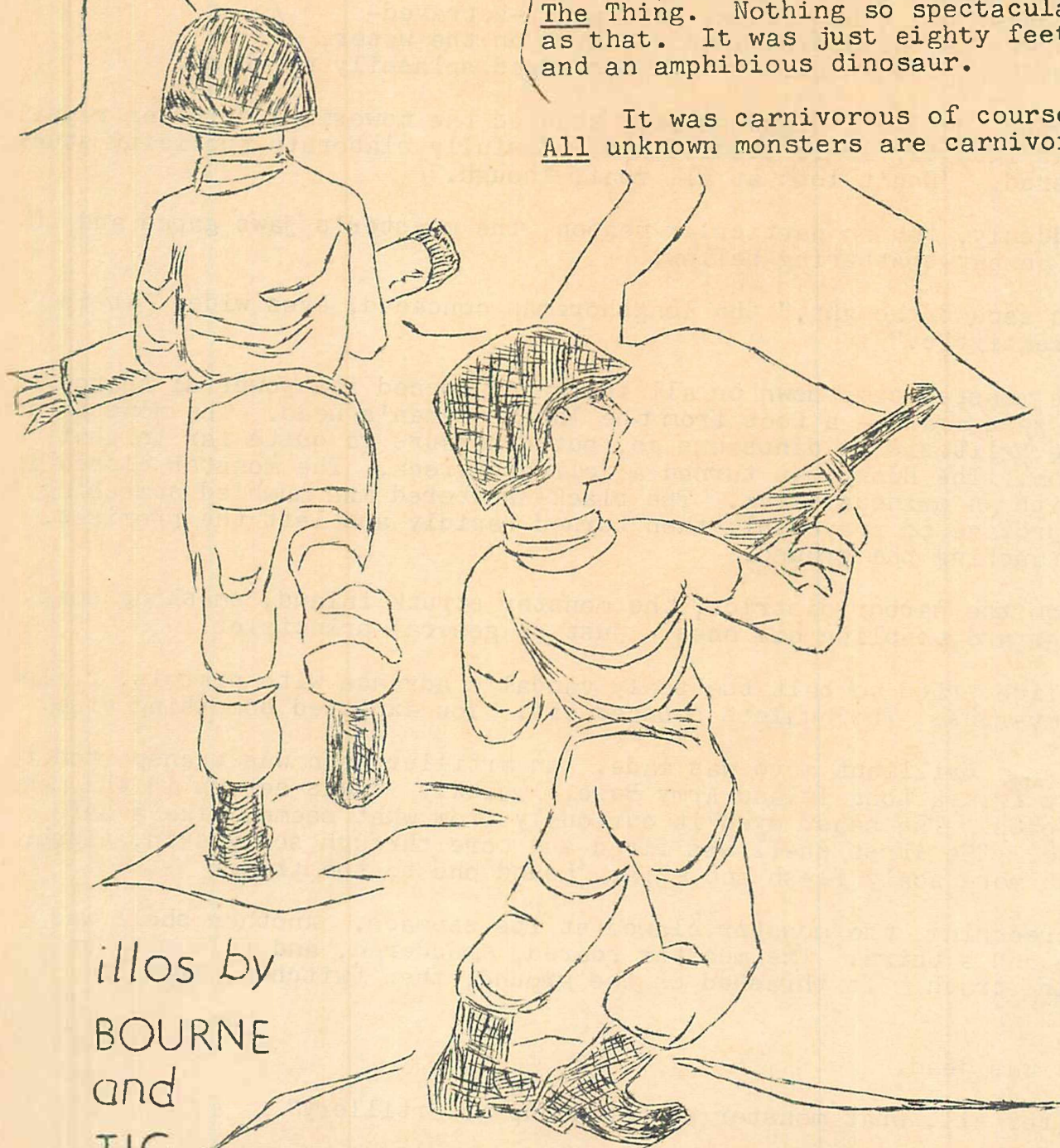
WIN

by
GLENN
KING

No one ever found out exactly how it happened. It was guessed that an A-bomb explosion had released the thing from suspended animation in ice. Others said that the explosion had aroused it from the depths of the ocean. Of course, it was one of these two. What else?

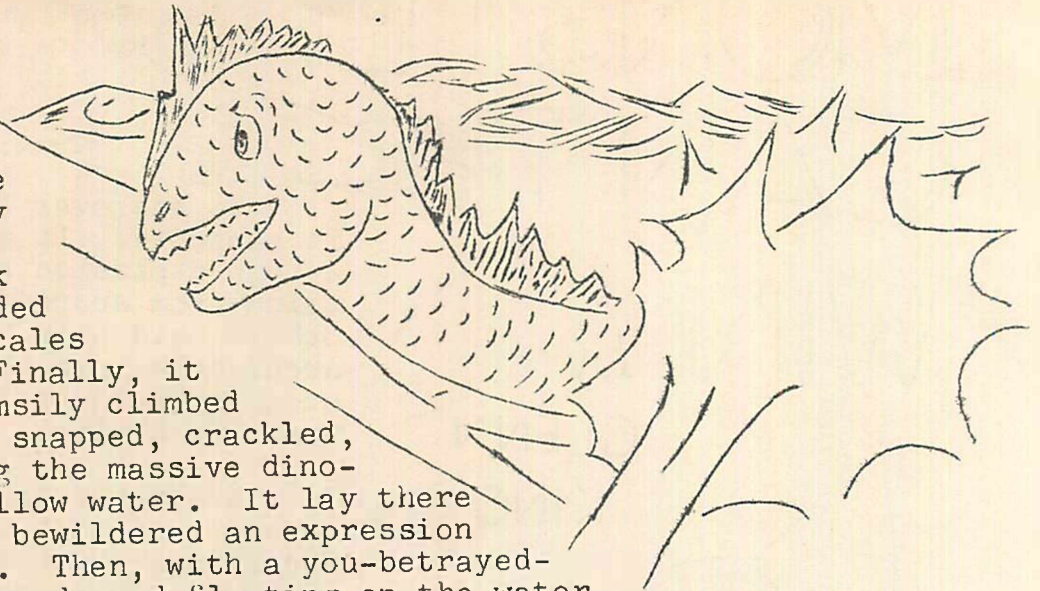
Everybody got the idea and agreed, however, on what the thing was. Not The Thing. Nothing so spectacular as that. It was just eighty feet long and an amphibious dinosaur.

It was carnivorous of course.
All unknown monsters are carnivorous.



illos by
BOURNE
and
TIG

On the morning of October 7, 1958, the monster poked its scaly green head above the gray waters of New York Harbor. Slowly, it waded towards shore, green scales gleaming in the sun. Finally, it reached a pier and clumsily climbed on. The pier promptly snapped, crackled, and collapsed, plunging the massive dinosaur back into the shallow water. It lay there for awhile, wearing as bewildered an expression as a dinosaur can wear. Then, with a you-betrayed-me glare at the splintered wood floating on the water, it clumsily pulled itself erect and stomped splashily to shore.



A husky man in a black sweater studied the towering, dripping reptile almost as intently as it studied him. "Awfully elaborate publicity stunt," he muttered. "Don't look at all real, though."

Suddenly, for no particular reason, the monster's jaws gaped and it let out an ear-shattering bellow.

"On second thought," the longshoreman conceded, eyes wide, "it is pretty realistic."

The monster came down on all fours and opened its powerful sharp-toothed jaws again - a foot from the longshoreman's head. The monster did not have halitosis as dinosaurs go, but dinosaurs go quite far in that direction. The husky man turned a delicate green. The monster closed its mouth with an ominous click. The black-sweatered man mumbled something either profane or prayerful, then turned rapidly and left the premises, barely touching the ground.

From the harbor district, the monster struck inland, smashing small buildings and toppling big ones - just on general principles.

Police tried to halt the scaly vandal's advance with pistols, rifles and tommy-guns. The bullets bounced off. You expected something else?

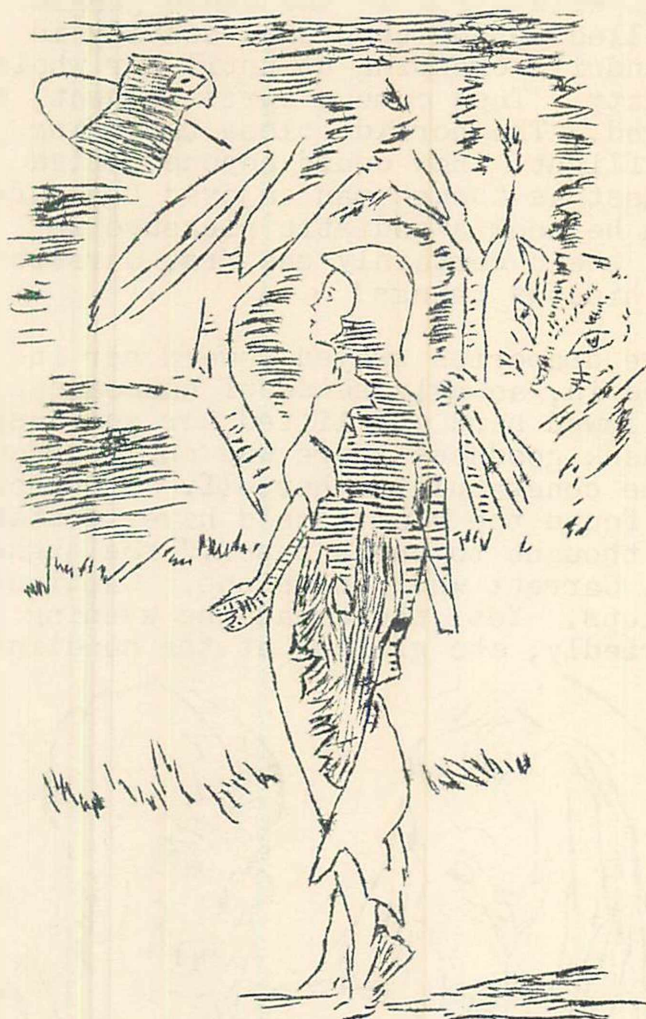
Then a brilliant move was made. An artillery gun was transported to the city from a Long Island Army Base. Quickly it was set up in the monster's path. The beast eyed it curiously from what seemed like a safe distance. The first shell was fired and tore through scaly skin, flesh, and then more scaly flesh and skin. Round one to the Army.

Screeching, the monster clawed at its stomach. Another shell was fired - and a third. The monster roared, shuddered, and fell with a deafening crash. It thrashed on the ground, then twitched, then lay still.

It was dead.

After all, what monster can stand up to artillery?

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW



by

RAY

SCHAFFER

illos by

ELDER & MEYERS

The room was ugly. A half hour earlier the Vacancy sign propped in the dusty front window had beckoned her like an oasis -- a real room after the exhaustive afternoon tramping about side streets and up and down endless flights of stairs. And what luck to find a housekeeper who'd rent her a room on credit till she got her first pay. Secretely, she thought, Mrs. Garrett was lonely, and she would have rented to anyone who'd listen to her gossip. At last Laura escaped that worthy's steady flow of words and gingerly climbed the rickety stairs to the dark landing. Now, locking her door, she collapsed into a threadbare easy chair and took a second look at her future 'home'.

Beneath her feet the faded orange-and-black pattern of the carpet broke like a jigsaw puzzle into erratic paths, worn through by the paces of former tenants. Deeper-hued radiations spread out like creeping fingers from spots baptized by a continuous stream of roomers. Somebody competing with the dark woodwork, the deep green wallpaper pressed closely around the room, relieved only by an occasional blister of white plaster which zig-zagged across the wall, and by the cracked ceiling which must have been white at one time, but now reminded her of a sooty, week-old snow.

Yes, the furniture would do, since she didn't need much. The chair shakily supporting her was reminiscent of Civil War days, its bulging, awkward lines stingily covered by a patched, moth-chewed fabric. On the opposite side of the room, a yellow-spread, hard-mattressed bed stretched its ugly mahogany length on four pudgy legs. At a right angle to it, the green-scarfed dresser loomed up with its crooked, smudgy mirror balancing precariously against the wall. Someone had placed a vase of garden flowers on the dresser in a vague attempt at cheerfulness, but their natural colors were drained against the darkness of the walls. Laura's eyes travelled from the dresser to the adjacent closet door and then across to the scratched, hybrid, brown desk. Well, at least there was

an old magazine she could read later, that was if the feeble blub of the desk lamp held out. A light layer of dust impartially graced each piece of furniture.

The deep gloom clashed with an artificial gaiety, grating upon her nerves. Yet, it wasn't the room which disturbed her most. Strangely, she felt herself drawn across the creaking floor until she stood staring at the bright draperies framing one little dirt-streaked window across the bed. The room blotted into nothingness. Vivid streaks of tan and orange executed a spiraling design, up and down, in and out, through a maze of deep green, forming a motif of wild birds in the dense jungle. Laura shivered as a cold dampness swelled up and then sank heavily in her stomach. It rooted there, the tendrils creeping up until her whole body froze in a chill sense of unreality. Then came a burst of heat, a whitish flame of anger and, yes, hatred. The horrid, close unbending strength of those trees, choking off flight. How could anyone design such a grotesque pattern? It was almost as though man enjoyed the suffering of fellow creatures, as though he took a sadistic pleasure in imprisonment and helplessness. Well, she'd certainly see Mrs. Garrett in the morning about replacing those hideous things!

As she turned away, the offensive draperies swayed toward her in the evening breeze. Laura felt closed in, an ugly sense of nausea catching far back in her throat. She swallowed hard and lifted her suitcase to the bed. Better get unpacked. Thank goodness there was only the one suitcase. That's the way to move, she congratulated herself. Tomorrow would be a busy day. Now that she'd found the room, she'd have to start looking for a steady job. "Wish I'd thought to buy a paper," she sighed, thinking of the want ads. Maybe Mrs. Garrett would have one. Cautiously she felt her way down the steep steps. Yes, there was the evening paper lying folded on the sofa. Hurriedly, she glanced at the headlines. Same old world situation: foreign affairs at a diplomatic standstill, woman escapes from Polmeroy mental institution, elderly grocery store owner shot by two unidentified robbers, tomorrows forecast hot and humid.

"Nice weather for job hunting," she groaned.

Hopefully, Laura flicked back to the neat rows of the classified section. **HELP WANTED - FEMALE.** "Short order cook." "Ladies, earn money quick- -if you're willing to devote only four hours a day." HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM. Same smooth lead-on. Well, here was something. "Office girl, typing, light clerical duties. Good pay. Five days." Making a mental note of the address, she refolded the paper and replaced it on the sofa.

The antiquated bannister wobbled as she slid one foot before the other, back up the



narrow, ill-lit stairs. Carelessly, she pushed open the door, then stopped short. Someone was inside, waiting for her to return. Perhaps Mrs. Garrett had gotten lonely and decided to stop in for some more gossip with her. Heavens, she'd talk her ear off before saying goodnight. Reluctantly, she flicked on the light, throwing the ugly details of the room once again into gloomy focus. As her eyes swept quickly about, she relaxed. No one was there. Odd, though, how she'd been so sure The room lay in ugly immobility; the only movement coming from the draperies which swayed irregularly in the air. Again that clammy coldness began to stretch against her skin. She watched, shuddering, as the tiny flashes of orange and tan struggled briefly, beating against the suffocating limbs of that dank and shaggy jungle.

How absurd! She shook herself and felt the warmth returning to her body. First the person in the room who wasn't there, and now the birds in the draperies. It was ridiculous how one's mind played tricks, especially after a long, tiring day. Nevertheless, from somewhere in that room the feeling of evil reached out, pressing nearer, nauseating her with its closeness.

Somehow, the tiredness won out, and she fell asleep over the dusty pages of the magazine. Suddenly, jerking awake, she listened. Someone had cried. Deep in her sleep she heard the sound, not quite like any human voice.

"My God, it must be a child!"

But a minute later, as she leaned out the window, the lamplight revealed only a quiet street guarded by the tawny-maned moon overhead. Withdrawing her head from the draperies, she watched, fascinated, as the released folds stirred the wild streaks to renewed struggles for life. Her heart pounded loudly in her ears as she turned from the jungle green draperies to the echoing walls of the room.

Closing her eyes, she shut out the feeling of panic which was clutching at her.

"I'm just tired, that's all. Better get to bed."

She undressed quickly and crawled gratefully between the stiff sheets. But sleep had fled and she tossed restlessly. Tomorrow crowded her mind.

"First I've got to find a job and then I'll go shopping. It'll be fun to shop for my own clothes. I'm really on my own at last."

Just above her head, the faint breeze stirred the drapery, and the prowling moon threw its pattern into bright relief.

Magnified by the distorting light, the birds now fluttered desperately, their wings caught in the tight encircling branches. Again there was a cry. It must have come from down the street. Or did it? That nameless evil which had filled the room now reached out to claim her. She dragged herself to a sitting position, then slowly turned her head toward the window, forcing her eyes open. Her moan strangely echoed that cry which she heard. Deep within the spiraling pattern the wild birds twisted, beating frantically with their wings against the bars of dusty green. They would never escape. Nothing could live as they had been forced to, imprisoned, only half alive. They were crying for their freedom. This was their only chance - - tomorrow would be too late!

"Poor souls, I'll help you. Only wait, love. I'll cut down those nasty bars and you'll be free."

Yess, there were scissors in the bureau drawer. Good.

"Ah, there's one, poor thing. I can just feel its little heart beating . . . there, now you're free . . . and you. Fly away, my precious ones. No one can harm you now. Another? Easy now, I'll help you."

A stray hair matted on her glistening forehead as she gripped the scissors. Shimmering beams of summer heat edged into the room on the path of moonlight. Panting for breath, Laura stabbed

into a clump of green. How cool it suddenly was! Deep within the trees a soft breeze blew and from far off came calls of other birds - - happy voices. The branches caressed her arm soothingly. Why, it was lovely here in the forest! So peaceful, so quiet and safe, like that other place had been.

She was tired . . . tired . . . how nice to curl up under that tree and sleep. And when she woke, there'd be no more worry about tomorrow because she knew she was safe. She was home at last.

--Ray Schaffer

TIDBITS

I wonder who this ROBERT BLOCK is that SUPER-SCIENCE FICTION has featured on the current cover.

Funny . . . how fast some news can get around in fandom, then when something important comes along it takes ages for it to make the circuit. What I'm refering to is the WORLD CON in '58. Here it is the 12th of September when I type this page and still no word on how it came out. Maybe things like that just aren't important in fandom now. At least, some of the fen would have us believe that is the case.

Why is it that most zines that run a feature on UFO's never reach any conclusion? Even the current AMAZING ends up nowhere, coming up a complete hodge podge of nothing. At least, that's my opinion.

There's a noble project underway at the present time: namely the building of a tower of bheer cans to the moon. Since I found it a good idea to get extra work to insure attending the World Con in '58, I took a part time job at a beverage store. Want any cans, fellows? I might be able to collect a few of them.

22 Try to fill in a spot like this and you'll spend enough time to have filled a stencil completely. Little ideas are hard to come by.

PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH

I'm a prince. I live in a beautiful palace which sits proudly and solidly on a small island just off the coast of the Jeripal Wilds. It is remote here and the trees - the scenery - is unmarred by the helter skelter of humanity.

Though I am indeed a true prince, there is no king in my world. I am alone, and the lone master of my lands. It is lonely sometimes to live in a castle by oneself, but I am happy to be alone.

There are 456 rooms in my palace, and each is more beautiful than the one adjoining. The furniture in these rooms is part of the palace...the chairs, beds, everything almost seeming to grow naturally out of the floors. Carpets inches thick cover the entire floors and walls of many of my rooms.

Green lawns and pools of multi-colored waters surround me...both outside and within the palace.

72 maidons who tend me appear and disappear at my whim. Real, but unreal simultaneously. They are naked and they are clothed. They are loving and they are beautiful. They flit and flutter ahead and behind me - lighting my way in the darkness, and snuffing the golden candles in their pretty teasing way.

Fountains spring from the lacquered rock floors of my grand halls, and gush with fluids of unimaginable delights.

Music flows from the very walls and never does the rhythm cease. It is all music, and each melody fits my mental mood.

314 of my rooms are libraries...in all of these I find much joy.

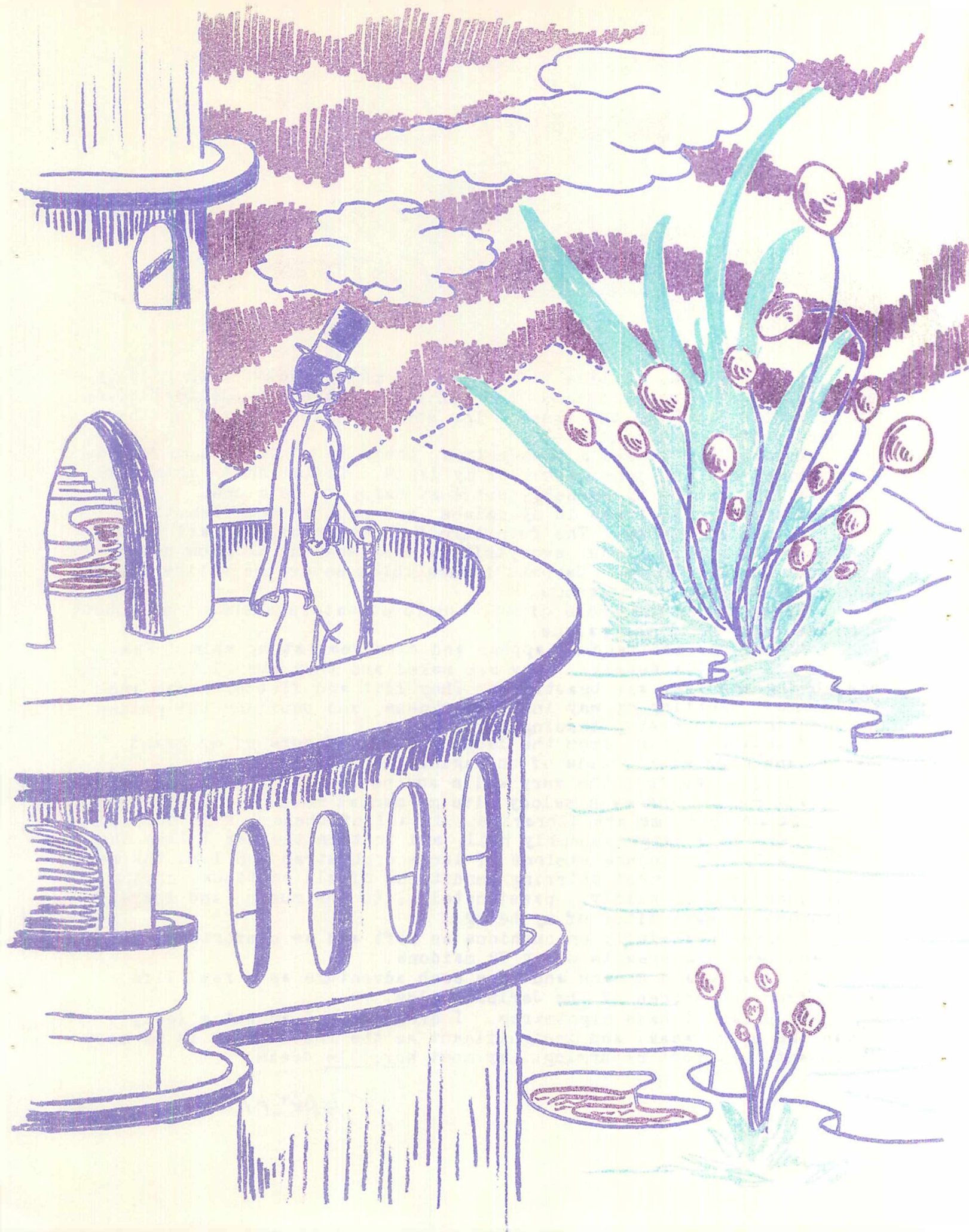
There is a large assembly hall, and in this theater I live the most vitally. I conjure visions of large orchestras and lead the members myself in the most stirring renditions of all emotional rhythm. My maidons dance...wildly...passionately...to the music, and there is excitement in each fiber of my being.

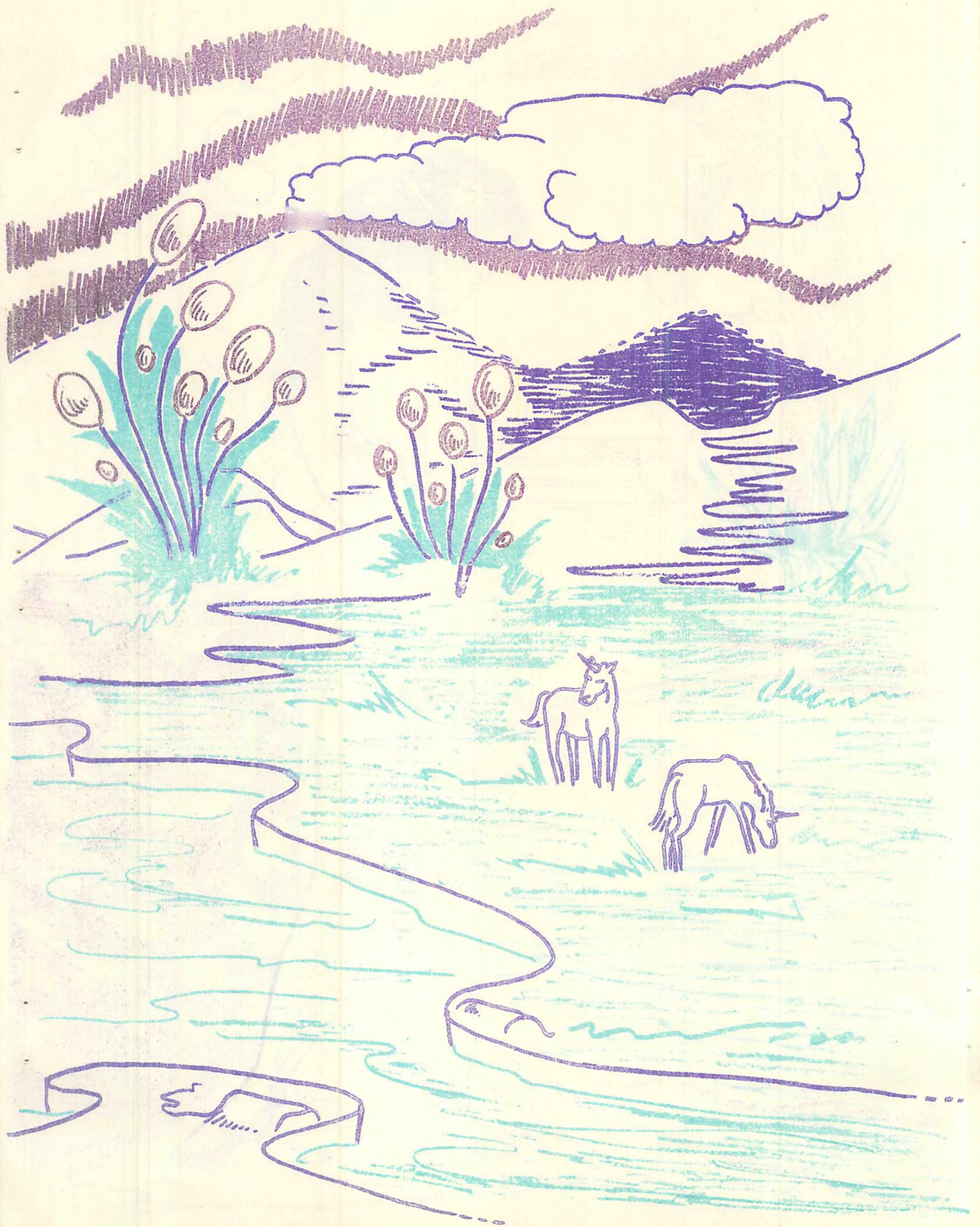
I sleep peacefully on cushions as soft and as comforting as the warm and swelling breasts of my 72 maidons.

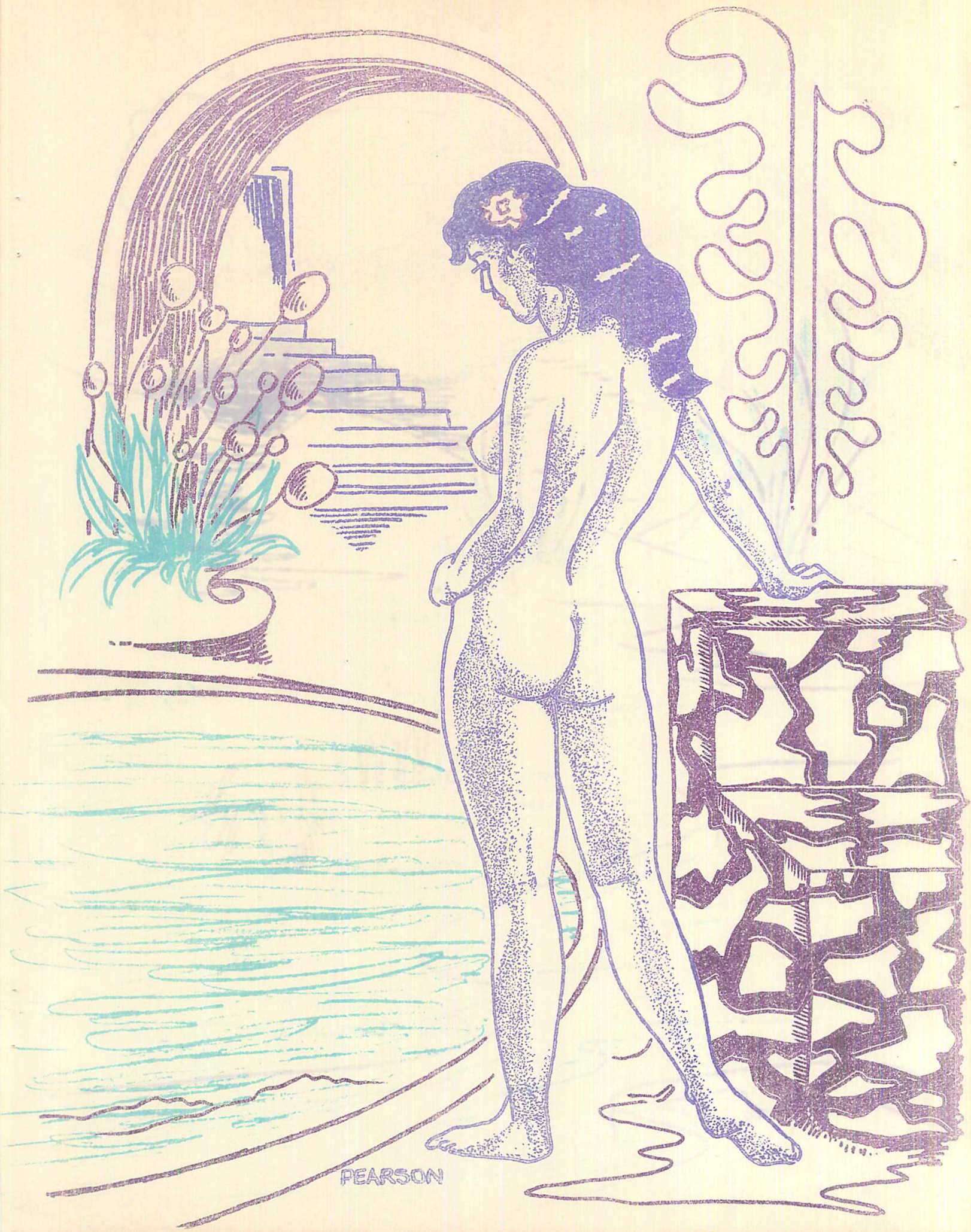
I dream grand dreams and live each adventure as a real life, apart from the shores of the Jeripal Wilds.

.....And I have nightmares. I dream that I am but a lowly human, as ugly, weak, and insignificant as the rest. This is my most incessant...my most recurring...my most horrible dream!

PEARSON







PEARSON

TYPEWRITER WIFE



Clickety-clack, clickety-clack, clickety-clack; words poured forth from the typer as my husband began the greatest story of his life. Well, at least, one of the greatest. Well, any way, one of the many tales he abounds in. Of course, being his most ardent reader, who am I to squibble that they aren't great -- even if the editors don't agree -- they are fine for reading and since I have so much reading material at my fingertips, much money is saved in not buying all the feminine literature one finds on all news stands. You see, I'm very economical.

However, my hubby's talent is unlimited. Not only original stories flow from the typer, but also a fanzine, plus letters to everyone from here to Timbucktoo, wherever that is. In fact, I believe we surely must qualify by now for shares in the Post Office. Postage stamps take their place in our budget, now.

I remember back to the days when he was a 'silent' collector. Of course, I didn't understand his hobby then, either, since he'd get one collection completed then promptly sell, or trade, it for other zines. Immediately following each transaction, he'd moan

by DIANE TERWILLEGER



and groan at their loss. However, this phase of his career in sci-fi was less strenuous and certainly more quiet. Many evenings were spent quietly with Guy reading. The only sounds emmitting from him were "huhs" and "hummmm" in response to my chatter. No doubt it was my chit-chat that drove this ardent reader into an active fan. Typewriters are great for doing away with sound. Also, with a TV blaring there is little hope for me to be heard.

At the time Guy began issuing TWIG, he was also teaching journalism which required him to type the stencils for the paper. So, stencils were flitting all over the house. It still amazes me that the correct stencils went to the right place. And what a catastrophe it would have been to behold a nude pin-up gal of the future in a Jr. High paper.

However, since Guy tries to be a perfectionist, this did not occur. But the typing went on, and on, and on. Fortunately, he is not teaching journalism now, since his correspondence has increased so much. If he had it still to do, I guess the typer would have to accompany him to the table at meal times as well as any other free time he has.

When I said Guy strives to be a perfectionist, I should have said only where his fan mag is concerned. At heart he is a blase and easy going person. Nothing bothers him. For example, last summer he painted our house. That is, he painted it all but a strip around the back door and three windows. So far this summer, the strip has been painted, and, confidentially, I painted that. Of course, you ask why I didn't paint the windows? Maybe I'm too easy going, also. Besides, keeping house and all the extras that go with it keeps me busy. Naturally, I do have help with the house work. Our daughter is always about ready to help me and when she does it only takes me about twice as long to whip things into shape. Tina is three and very ambitious when it comes to helping.

Tina idealizes her daddy and thinks he's the greatest. Right now she doesn't realize the weeds in our yard aren't supposed to be twice her height, or the grass so high. But then, when she does, she'll have a job ready for her.

Father and daughter get along very well together and Guy is wonderful about letting me dash off to some affair. However, I believe Tina does tire of his typing, too, since everytime I leave, she immediately says to her ever typing dad, "Let's fix lunch." I guess that's one way to stop him.

You might try smelling our house after he spends a day at work. He consumes innumerable cigarette while he types. And drinks gallons of coffee. I think the coffee keeps him awake at night. He says it doesn't, but I notice it's the days when he

has drunk so much, coffee that is, that he also reads until three and four o'clock in the morning.

Yet, with all this typing that is accomplished, there are days when that malevolent machine doesn't even raise its face, and fanning is pushed into the background. We are ardent swimmers and bridge players. If we're not doing one of these, we're just loafing. This, of course, is during our free time when Guy isn't teaching.

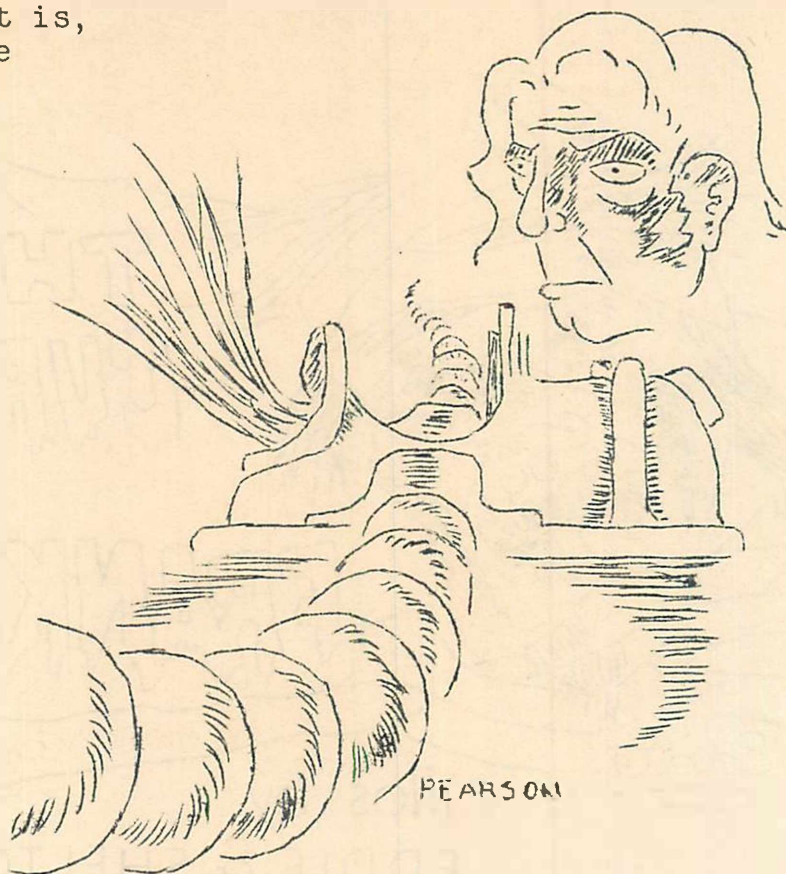
Now that I've revealed my gripes about a fan-editor, I still think he's pretty nice and a wonderful Guy to live with. And we all have to have a few gripes to get off now and then. He is improving. The lawn gets mowed occasionally and a few weeds pulled.

My piano, where he piles all of his stuff, does get cleaned, cleared off and straightened once in awhile. And, anyway, it is said that a house that is too neat doesn't look lived in. Our house looks lived in and it is enjoyed, so who wants it too perfect.

They say men who go to sea have that as their first love, their wives or girls come second. I think sf takes the same category as far as love goes. Guy has been to sea, too, and liked it. Just where does this leave me?

I'm a fan's wife and surviving nicely. And, who knows. Maybe someday I'll break down and go fan-attic, too!

--Diane Terwillegger

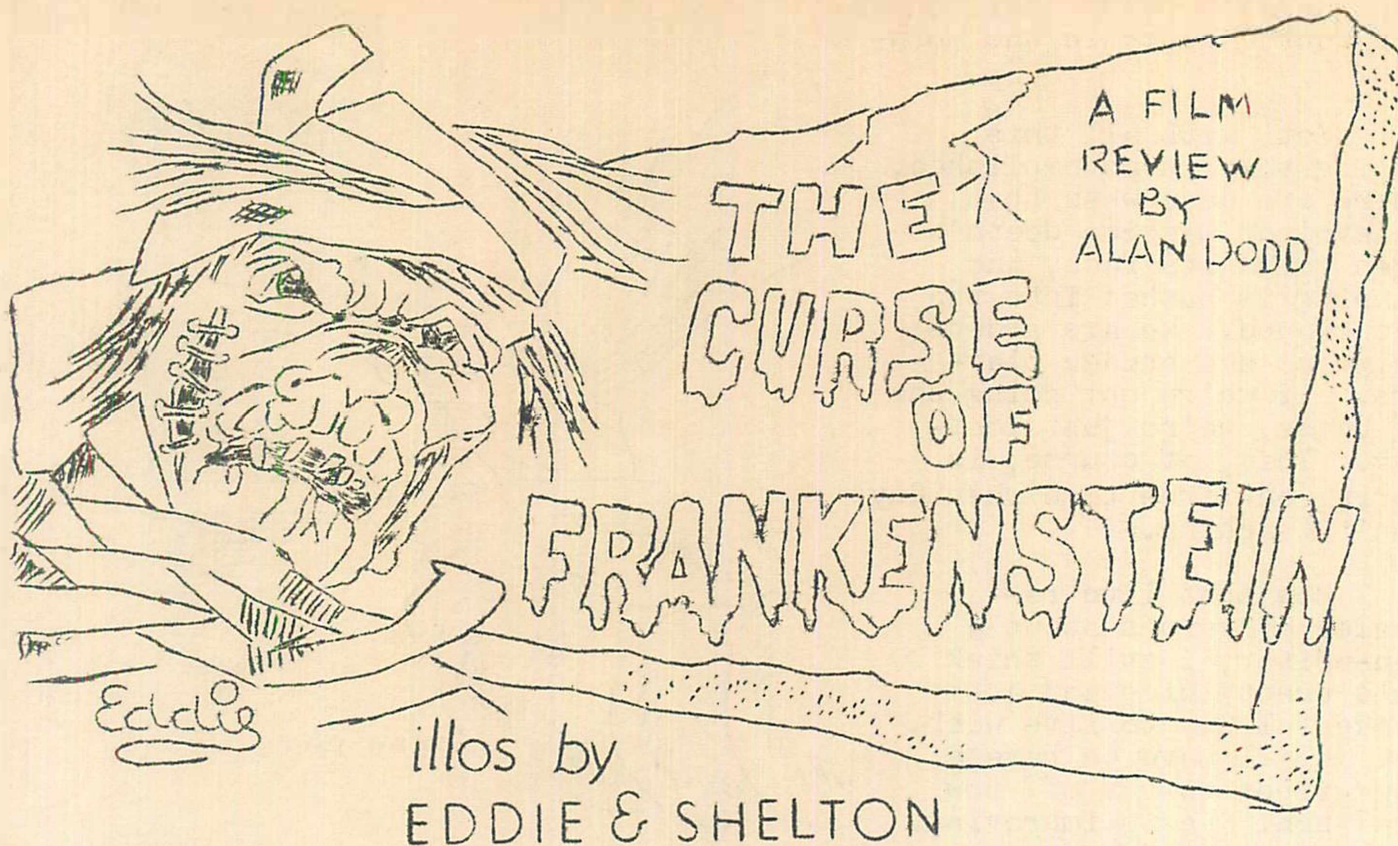


NO DEFENSE!

Actually, it wouldn't be fair to Diane to let the case rest there. She once asked me if I was sorry I didn't marry a fan-- the answer is NO!

Actually, (must like that word tonight) she helps a lot in the production of TWIG--if I let her. You know, I give her all the nice jobs: slip sheeting when I run it off, assembling the pages, etc. Had I let her help run off the last ish there wouldn't have been an up-side-down page. She thinks to check things like that.

She's right about that painting, too. It's been two summers now, and those windows are still unpainted.



"FRANKENSTEIN", a writer once said, "is the model T of science fiction". Indeed it is, hard, durable and reliable. The most original essay in boy meets ghouls ever written.

No copyright on the novel by Mary Woolstonecraft Shelly has resulted in a brood of monsters bearing the Frankenstein label, the most notable undoubtedly being Boris Karloff. Perhaps as a gesture to him, Christopher Lee who now plays his role is billed as a "creature" rather than a "monster" and because Frankenstein's late bosses, Universal-International, appear to have a copyright on Karloff's make-up, the neck electrode and heavy, rolled forehead of the original is missing in this film.

Indeed, this creature of the charnel cellars is a rather lightweight character unlike the heavy clumping monster of the early films. Here, I feel a little miscasting has come into play since the creature is not high, wide, broad or heavy enough by a long chalk. He has the strength of the Devil but still seems a sad, bewildered thing only loosely rooted in Boris Karloff's original, that ambulant, Golgothic horror with hinged eyelids and welded cranium that first excited sympathy and fear over a quarter of a century ago. Here though, is a sad, gangling puppet on invisible wires with a stitched skull and face as dead white as any clown's and wrinkled like the surface of the contents of an aged paint can. The teeth are splayed and distorted with eyes filmed over and the walk is that of a clockwork creation whose gears refuse to engage. This, then, is the new Frankenstein monster.

Baron Frankenstein starts life on a castle in the Swiss Alps with an unhealthy appetite for the darker reaches of science and a laboratory a hundred years in the future. His dream is to quicken the dead.

Peter Cushing makes an excellent Baron Frankenstein, a tight lipped, narrow eyed and sinisterly soft pedalled performance matching his hideous creation in evil. Here, after all these years,

is a faultless Baron, a steely ice-clipped man consumed by his fanatical desire to create a living creature from the dead. Cushing is noted mainly for his memorable performance on British television as Winston Smith in "1984", a part that in later months went to Edmond O'Brien in the film version because O'Brien had a bigger name for world wide distribution. Here at last Cushing has fiendish revenge in a cold-blooded role as the most infamous of all the mad scientists of past and present.

Frankenstein crouches over the dead body of a drowned dog and listens with stethoscope as, penetrated by numerous electrical currents, the dog begins to breathe.

"There seems to be a definite link between the cardiac reactor and the first signs of life," he sagely remarks to his collaborator Robert Urqhart, his eye already on the next human experiment. Undaunted by the apparent lack of human material available he robs the local gallows of its swinging prize, a murderous highwayman. But there have been previous visitors.....

"The birds didn't waste much time," says Urqhart with obvious distaste as he views the mangled face. Impatient with such trivialities, Frankenstein decapitates the body and drops the head into an acid tank to watch it dissolve. "Now let's have some food," he suggests with relish, "I'm hungry."

Patiently, piece by piece, the creature is assembled. The hands come from a newly dead sculptor - "Beautiful aren't they?" crisps Frankenstein opening his grisly parcel. The eyes come from a charnel house. "You're lucky," the attendant tells him, "The eyes usually go first."

But the most important part is still missing.

"Where will you get the brain?" demands Urqhart. "I'll get it," promises Frankenstein, next seen plying a brilliant and aged scientist with brandy.

The next sequence shows Urqhart surprising Frankenstein at the sudden act of filleting the brain of the now suddenly deceased scientist, an act which causes a fight in which the valuable brain is damaged.

And when the creature comes to life --- it is a shambling monster with a face like crazy paving and the mind of a homicidal maniac. After episodes in which it murders a blind beggar and a child, Frankenstein discovers murder can work to his advantage yet again and a troublesome maid is introduced to the monster with satisfying results.

With the dying girl's screams echoing in his ears and her



crumpled body lying upstairs, Frankenstein breakfasts with his wife. "Pass the marmalade dear", he says blandly.

But it is only a matter of time before the monster meets up with even her as it does one night on the roof and it only has time to clasp her briefly before the Baron sets it on fire and plunges it to extinction through the sky light window into the ever ready acid tank.

This, however, was short sightedness on the Baron's part for, as the various bodies start to turn up, Frankenstein finds he has no proff of his story of the monster.

And in the background, the guillotine blade starts its rumbling way upward.....

Here, unlike most horror films, is a classic which actually shows the horrors instead of merely hinting at them with off screen glances. And it needs a pretty strong stomach to watch the eyes, hands and brains being transported to and fro in a gladstone bag and there is a moment of sheer, genuine horror as the creature itself rises from it's

tank like a mummy from a sarcophagus to tear the bandages from its face to reveal the patchwork that hides beneath.

Here, after all these years, is a true Frankenstein film.

--Alan Dodd

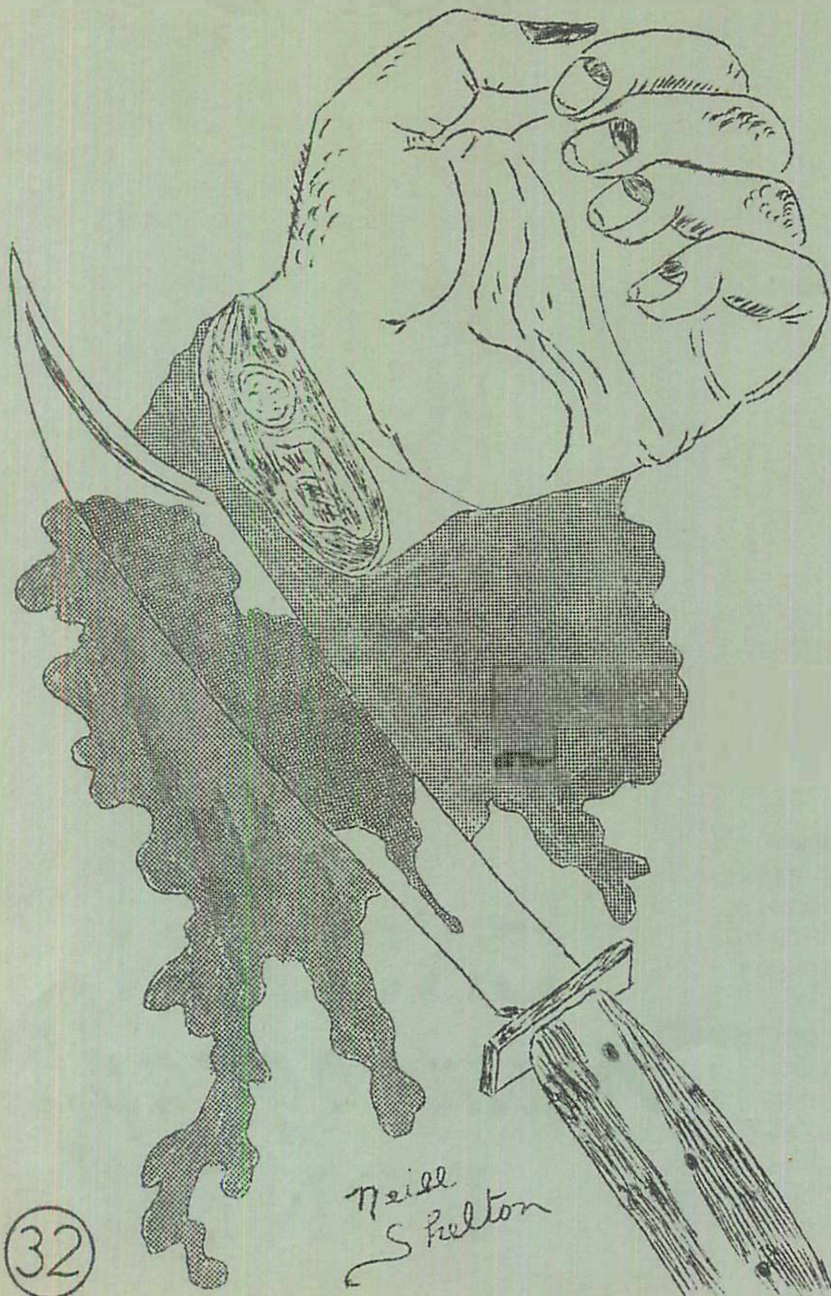
DISSENTION>>>

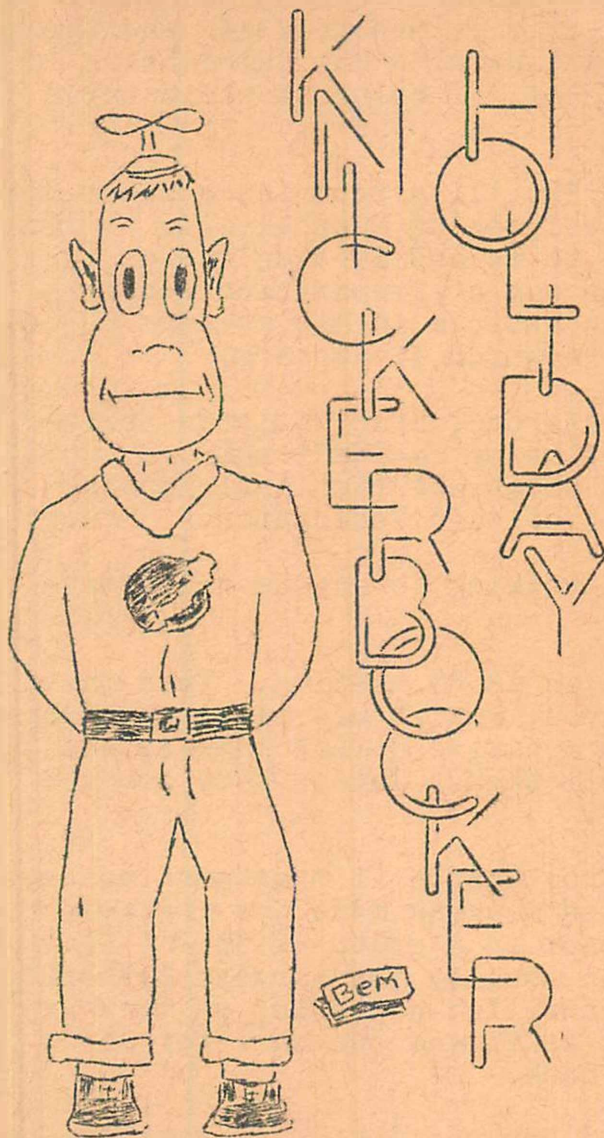
I'm not sure it is the proper thing to do -- but after seeing this film, I find myself in another point of view than Alan.

The story was murdered outright from the original. The monster is abominable. There is not one bit of horror in the film -- those portions so designed are pure, unadulterated gore! This English version is no better than the Universal one.

The color was very good -- at least one good point.

NEILL SHELTON, at left, is a new artist to fandom--I'm glad I got his first work.





by ERNIE
WHEATLEY

illo by
MEYERS

This, I hope, will be a different type of convention report. That is, it is on a more personal note of the recent Westercon X held at the Knickerbocker Hotel in Hollywood, July 4 to 7.

It was my first convention and if I have anything to say in the matter, it will not be my last. Whatever you may think after reading this report, I did enjoy myself.

Although I live quite close to Hollywood, I decided to stay at the hotel. One of the reasons was public transportation. You see, I don't have a car and the transportation situation here in Los Angeles is none to good. If I hadn't stayed at the hotel, it would have meant starting home around 9:00 in the evening and that's just a little bit too early to leave a convention. Another reason was, like I said before, it was my first and I didn't want to miss a minute of it.

I first arrived at the Westercon around 9 in the AM and I know now that it was just too early. The ones who came in the night before (somebody said about 25 or so did) hadn't greeted the morning yet and not too many came as early as I did. So, as a result, I had to stand around until about 10 AM until the registration desk opened. In the meantime, it was getting hotter and hotter.

A little after 10 I went to my room to unpack and to see just what kind of a room I had. It was a very nice room with TV, shower, etc. Although it was nice, I paid more than necessary for it for the time I spent in it.

About 11 AM, or so, I made my way back down to the lobby and there met and talked with a lot of Westerconers. I'm not good at remembering names so I'll try to avoid using them so as not to overlook anybody that I should make mention of.

About noon, things got started with a luncheon, after which was a showing of five (I think that's the right number) of the most unusual short films I've seen in a long time. The one that was most outstanding or at least the easiest to describe, was a little ditty called "Neighbors". It was filmed in stop photography and told what happened when a flower, of all things, started to grow on the dividing line of the two neighbors. All mahem broke out when the two started fighting over the flower, each claiming the posie was on their side of the line. Add to this the stop filming and you have a very funny, in a tragic sort of way, picture.

The other film that I especially liked was called "Danse Macabre" and was done ala Disney's "Fantasia". It was filmed in black and white with lines and different shapes moving in tune with the Saint-Saens composition, a piece that I am quite fond of. I think it would have been in color, but I did enjoy it.

After the films, we all went to the Pavillion room for a panel discussion entitled "The Night People versus Creeping Meatballism. I was quite disappointed as it was rather dull to me and it didn't seem as if the panel members did very much in the way of preparation for it. By the way, the title was derived from an article in MAD by Jean Sheppard. Sorry I can't give you the issue in which it appears.

While waiting for the panel to get started, Stan Woolston arrived. I was sort of surprised as I understood that he couldn't make it until the following evening. We talked mostly about N3F (National Fantasy Fan Federation), Stan being the president of said Federation.

The rest of the afternoon was spent talking to anyone and everyone on any and all subjects.

About 8:00 PM, some of us headed to an LASFS meeting. This may come as a shock, surprise, or what have you, but it was my first visit to one of their meetings. You see, I am a native of Los Angeles and had never gotten around to attending until then. Things have changed since then as I am now a member of LASFS.

A fan who came for the convention from Boston (I'm ashamed to say I can't remember his name) and went to the meeting made the statement that it was the first time that he had been in a group of Sci-Fi fans as large as this. He went on to say that usually the largest gathering hit around four or five and he was sure thrilled at seeing so many fans at one time. I sort of know how he felt as it was the same for me at the Forry Ackerman Fanquet a few months back.

Back at the Hotel, we retired to the bar until 2:00 AM (that's the time it closes) and then went up to the convention committee room just in time to see a showing of "The Day The Earth Stood Still". After that, some of us decided to make use of the rooms we paid for.

The next morning, or later that same morning, a few of us went out to lunch. That is, for some it was lunch, as for me it was breakfast because I had to have my bacon and eggs. Let's see now, there was Stan, George Fields, Rick Sneary, the fan from Boston, and a few others.

Not too much was planned for this day (Friday) by the convention committee as most of the local fans had to work that day, but there was an excellent showing of Kodachrome slides by Jon Lackey. I don't know how he got some of the effects, but they were outstanding. Oh, he did explain a few of the methods used, but as I am not a photographer, most of it went way over my head.

After the showing, a large bunch of us went to a Pizza Restaurant for an early dinner. It was my first bout with a pizza and even tho' it was good and I was hungry I could only manage half of it. Someone suggested that I take the un-eaten half and go outside and see if I could sell it to a passer-by. Sorry to report that I didn't take the suggestion. Come to think of it, that might have led to a very unusual circumstance.

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In the Pavillion room on display was this machine of gears,

wells, counters, etc. that this guy had put together over a period of about seven years. This machine did nothing, nothing a'tall. Well, almost every night Joe Frisco, who is to me one of the greatest comics, wandered in the room to look at this machine. He would look, study, laugh, and then look again. He was quite fascinated by the machine and it was a lot of fun to watch him. He wasn't a member of the convention but just part of the general public that were attracted by the goings on.

That night at eight o'clock there was supposed to be a showing of "Lost Horizon". We waited and waited, but the film didn't show up so it was decided to show "The Day the Earth Stood Still" in its place. Well, as soon as the first reel was just going good, who should appear by, yep, "Lost Horizon". So, it was shown after "Earth". A sort of double feature.

I was rather looking forward to seeing "Lost Horizon" but for some reason it didn't hold my attention. I guess part of the reason for that was the heat. The Pavillion room is rather small and when you get a lot of people in a small room on a hot night---need I say more. As a result, some of us stood outside of the room and once in a while looked in to see what was happening in the film.

At the end of the filming we went up to the convention room to see what was going on, if anything. There was an informal gathering in process so we went in and became informal.

One of the highlights of the next day (Saturday) was to be a play based on Arthur C. Clarke's "Breaking Strain". It was planned to start at 3:00 in the afternoon but due to some difficulties it was about an hour and a half to two hours late. I believe it had something to do with the non arrival or late arrival of the props. The play didn't go over to well and I think part of the reason was that they took on a bit more than they could handle. They did try hard--maybe too hard, I don't know.

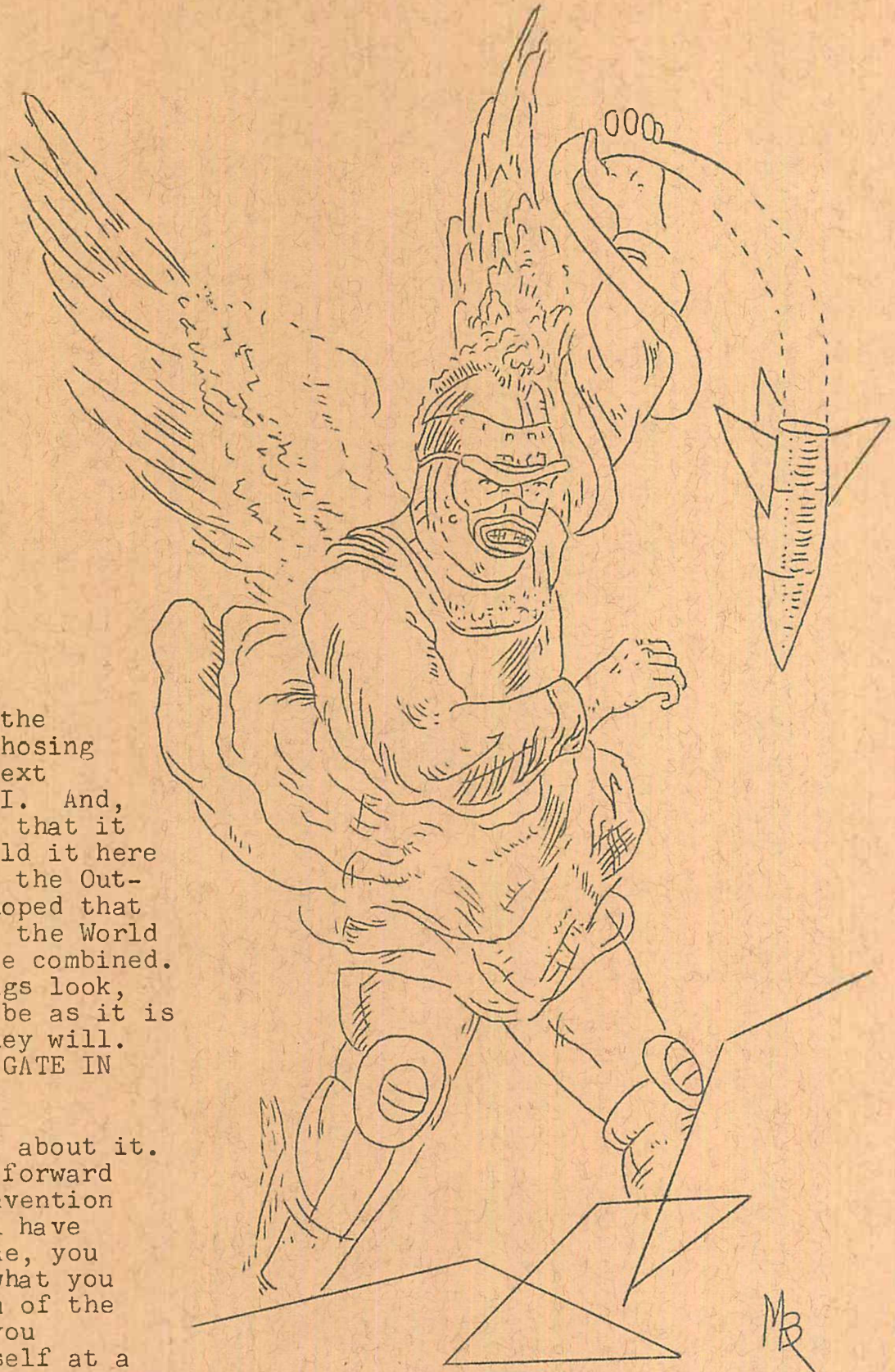
Soon after the play was the long awaited Banquet. That was one feast I won't soon forget, or try to. The main dish was pheasant stuffed with wild rice. I never knew how good rice could be until I tried the wild kind. Man--that's eating.

When the plates were finally cleared away, the guest of honor, Mark Clifton, gave a very interesting talk. I hope I won't disappoint any of you by not going into detail on this talk, but by this time, I feel that enough has been said about it and anything I could add would be just so many words.

Then came a showing of "Destination Moon". Now that's one picture I really enjoyed seeing once again. This film and "The Day the Earth Stood Still" are what I consider two of the few outstanding sci-fi films to come out of Hollywood.

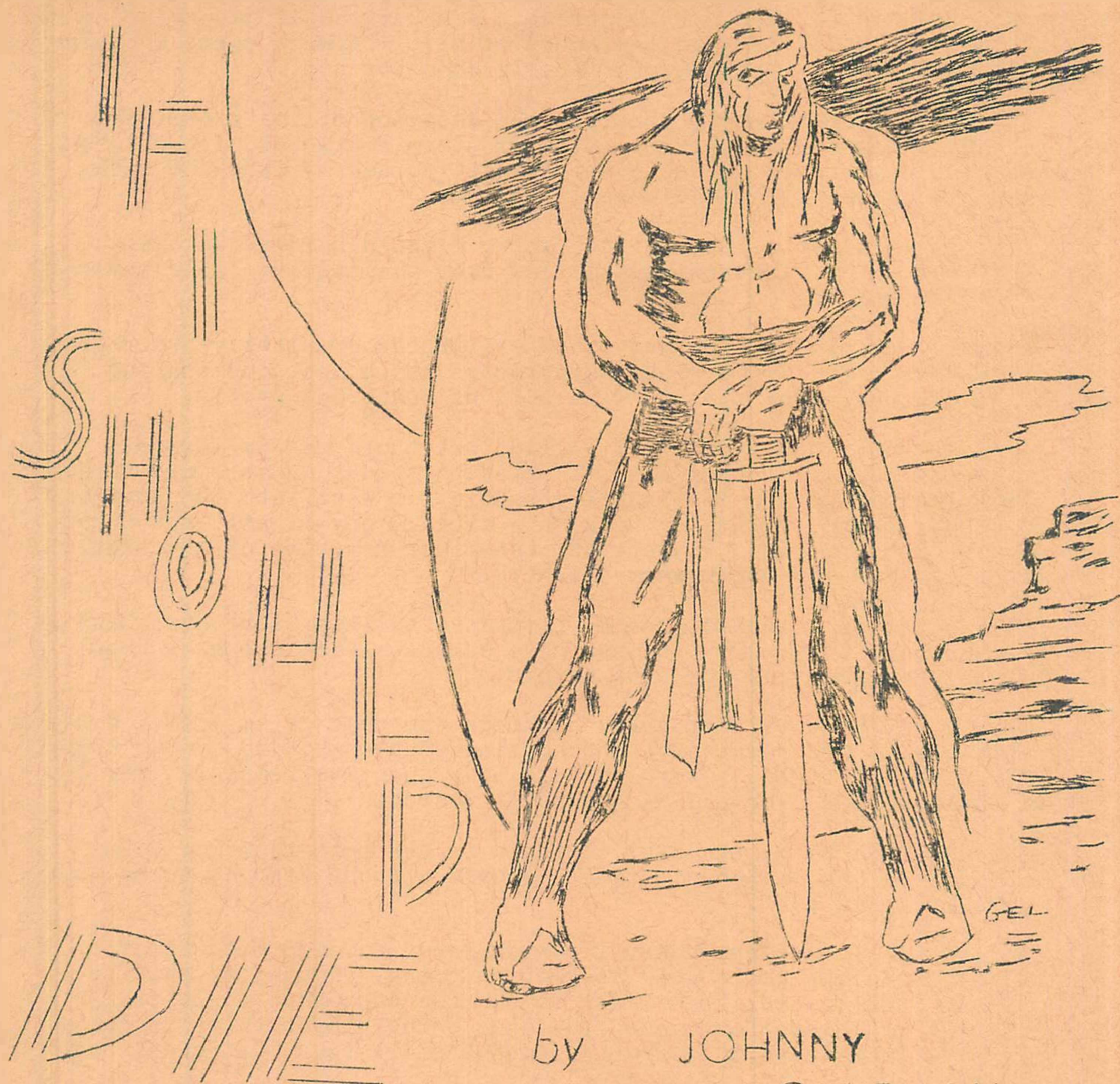
Now by this time, I was getting the effects of the last few days so I went to bed early. Didn't do much good as it was still hot. Although the hotel was air-conditioned, it just wasn't good enough to do much good.

The high-light of Sunday was the auction which was handled very well by Walt Daugherty. One thing that surprised me was that the bidding didn't go as high as I had expected it would. I would say that most items went for less than a buck.



Right after the auction was the chosing for the site of next years Westercon XI. And, I am glad to say, that it was decided to hold it here in Los Angeles by the Outlanders. It is hoped that the Westercon and the World Convention will be combined. From the way things look, I'm sure it will be as it is pretty certain they will. You know---SOUTH GATE IN '58!!

Well, that's about it. I'm sure looking forward to next years convention and if any of you have never attended one, you just don't know what you are missing. I'm of the opinion that if you don't enjoy yourself at a convention, you have no one to blame but little old you.



by JOHNNY
HOLLEMAN

illos by ELDER

I can't really say what happened. All I know is what I've been able to get from old newspapers lying around, and most of them are charred and barely readable. Those Martians really did an effective job. They destroyed practically everything. No one seemed to know why they attacked the Earth. It was a case of their ships ramming out from behind the moon and hitting all the spaceports. Nothing more was said, but I can imagine what happened.

Maybe I'd better start at the beginning. My name is Robert Hone. I'm a mining engineer and for the past fourteen months I've been on a small planet in the reosphere called Atys. I was studying a rare and unusual metal discovered there by the first expedition to

the small world. My associate, Larry Rivers and I had been there only three months when he died. He contracted some disease I had never heard of and that was it. The last few hours of his life were spent in utter torment. I was glad when the end finally came for him.

It was then up to me to continue the essaying of the experiment alone, and, after nearly eleven months of utter loneliness, I completed the task and came home. I could hardly wait to see my wife and baby. She was only three months old when I had gone.

Catching a first glimpse of New York, I could hardly believe my eyes. It was in complete ruins. I flew over the landing field several times before deciding to land.

I did a bit of scouting and found everything completely destroyed. I saw what was left of the giant skyscrapers and homes, and charred bones and clothes. The streets were full of death and debris.

In near total desperation, I yelled, but there was no answer. There was no one to hear. Sitting down, I tried to think. What could be done? The situation was unparralled and impossible. I went into the ship and turned on the radio, trying to pick up a signal, any signal, but there was no answer to my pleas, except for the minor crackles of the static electricity. The air waves were silent.

Back outside, I looked around, trying to tell for sure just how long it had been this way. It must have been at least three or four months, though, from the looks of things.

What I did next will probably haunt me the rest of my life. Finding a useable car, I drove out into the housing section toward my own home. It was there, all right, but you should have seen its remains. For a moment panic surged over me. I had to go inside.

I found them both, the baby clutched in her mothers arms. The wedding band on the skeleton's finger proved without a doubt to me that they were my loved ones.

During the following weeks, I contemplated suicide many times, but, somehow, seemed to be able to keep on going. I used my ship as long as the fuel lasted, then began to use the cars that would still run. I went to Chicago and found the same thing. Everything in ruins. Desperately, I traveled in search of even a small town that might have escaped armmegdon.

Slowly, with an effort, I brought myself to realize I was alone and pushed thoughts of self destruction from me.

I was able to get canned food from stores with smashed windows and broken shelves. When I could, I killed a rabbit or bird and roasted it, welcoming the fresh meat.

One evening, it must have been nearly a year later, I sat in front of my camp fire, thinking of Mary and all the plans we'd made for a big family and that small farm outside of town. Suddenly, a thought entered my mind that made me drop the can I was holding. A thought I had refused to hold before. What if I died? What would become of the Earth?

It would be lifeless. Yet, somehow, I believed that there had to be someone alive, somewhere. It made no difference whether they were black or white, just so I could find them somewhere in the desolate expanses of the planet.

I made up my mind to look even if it took me twenty years, no I'd never stop looking. I'd search until I did die.

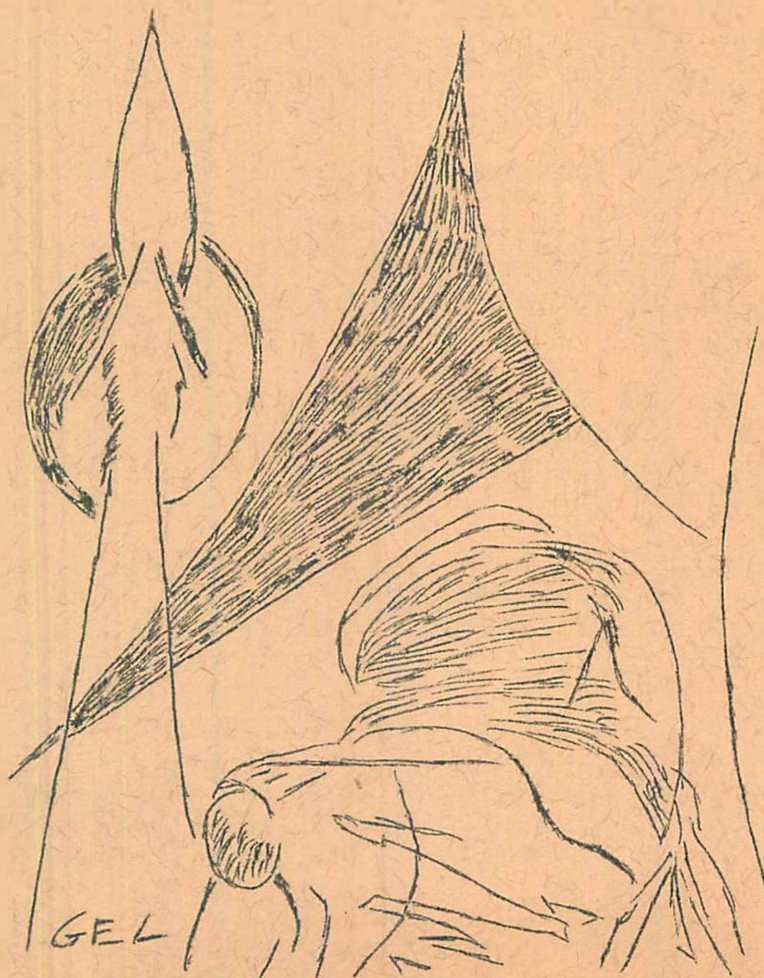
I never gave up hope that somewhere I'd find her. At last I admitted what I was in hopes of finding. I traveled all over the Eastern states. Driving through town that had once bustled with the fervent activity of a people glad to be alive. Whenever I entered a town, I'd drive as far as I could down the streets until I was forced to get out and walk over ruins. When I could finally drive again, I'd get into another car that would run and continue searching. I handled all sorts of cars, from new Cadillacs to trucks and tractors.

I drove through the principal towns of the South and Southeast, then turned for California. In Phoenix, I found a starving dog, and befriended him, fed him good, and he became a part of me. He lived like a king, and that is what I called him. I often wondered what his thoughts had been during all this time before I found him.

At night, he kept a steady watch over me. He'd awaken me sometimes with his barking. I'd look around, but never saw anything. I couldn't help but feel that he had been barking over dead dreams.

One morning I awakened before he did. Usually he had been up for a couple of hours before I was. I nudged his back with my foot, but his body was stiff and cold. I cried nearly all the day over him. It would never be the same again.

The hopelessness of it soon became apparent. There was no one alive, so I kept going because there was nothing else left to do.



On through California, Washington and Oregon, then to Wyoming and Yellowstone Park. I stopped in Yellowstone and decided this was where I was going to stay for awhile. I had always wanted to come here.

I made camp under a big pine tree with a table close by. Several bears wandered close to where I was, but they wouldn't come up to me. They may have been tame at one time, but they were wild now.

The choice of Yellowstone was good. It was a territory I didn't know and there was much to keep me busy. I often wondered what Mary would have thought of it, but Mary was dead.

I wondered if I could really remember this woman who had been my wife. I didn't think so. She

was an element from the past, filmed in the haze of forgetfulness, half thought of, but not completely present in my mind.

For a time I had thought of searching for fuel to again escape the confines of Earth. It would be such an easy thing to do. Then I asked myself if I would want to die away from my people as Larry had done. I couldn't bring myself around to accepting the thought. Earth was my home and would remain so till the end of my days. Somehow, the thought of giving up the idea renewed my energies

I often laughed at one of my staid moral concepts. Though my clothes wore out, I still fashioned a brief loin cloth to circle my middle. I told myself it was done for the day when she would appear. I wouldn't want to appear indecent at a time like that.

Using my last bullet one day, I shot a rabbit and roasted it for supper. After eating, I lay back, and before I knew it, I was sound asleep. Once during the night I thought I heard something moving around, but I was too sleepy to get up and look around. My eyes scanned the darkness and saw nothing. Probably some animal, I thought, and dozed again.

When I awoke the next morning, the sun was high. I fixed a slight breakfast out of what was left from the previous nights supper and then went to search for bullets for my gun. None were to be found in the area so I equipped myself with a broad sword from one of the museums in the Park, promising myself to take the car and go to a city to get some at a near date.

The need for the bullets had made me hurry through breakfast without my usual cup of coffee, so I returned to camp and went down to a small brook to get water. As I was leaning down, filling the pan with water, I saw it. The pan slipped out of my hand and I stared, mouth opened.

In the soft mud by the water was a footprint. A small one, but quite clear.

Of a sudden, a great burden was lifted from me. I felt like shouting. I knew the footprints had to be a woman's. It meant there was a woman alive here.

She couldn't be far off. I ran and looked off a bridge down a long gully, but I didn't see her. I forgot all about the coffee and pursued her until well after noon, stopping only to fix a small lunch when hunger overcame me, and then going on.

As time went on, she still couldn't be found. It was getting late. The sun was making long shadows. Despair crowded upon me and I started back to my camp. There was no real hurry. I could look tomorrow, and the next day, and the next. I'd find her.

I walked down the trail, crossed the brook a second time, and came to the clearing. I looked toward the sun, sighed, and went on. As I walked, I followed the line of my long shadow, finally reaching its end with my eyes. I stopped, the shadow of my head resting before two ivory legs. I saw all of her and could sense the smile on her face as she lifted her hand and waved to me.

40

I shouted and began running across the vast field, slowly, because my search was at an end.

--Johnny Holleman



by LARS BOURNE

I had finished reading a copy of Stellar late one night, when it suddenly dawned on me, just what I was reading. In this well duplicated magazine there were fifty pages concerning nothing but fandom; stories about fandom, articles on fandom, fanzine reviews, fannish illustrations and editorials discussing fandom. In short, the magazine was devoted entirely to the fannish way of life, and that way of life phrase should be underlined by the way, because it was underlined in Stellar two or three times over. Frankly, I was somewhat appalled. I asked myself, "Are these fen serious about this business? Do they actually think that fandom is that important?" Apparently they do, judging from the contents. However, I cannot begin to try and give arguments and reasons regarding my opinions, so a review then, is necessary to show you and to more or less prove to myself that I'm not completely wrong in my accusations.

The best way to begin I suppose is to pick on one of the editorials, the first of which is written by Dick Eney the associate editor. Subjects discussed: the Fancyclopedias I and the proposed II, a few quotes from a letter by Eric Needham who gave some fairly apt, and not so apt criticisms of fandom, and why there should not especially be a Fancyclopedia II. Ted White, the other half of the editorial board, follows with his editorial, the subject being: Eney, the current fanzine reviewer who is a fellow by the name of Franklin Ford, the name of which is a pseudo, and which Ted makes much fuss over, and comments on the excerpts of Eric's letter. I would like to present a few quotes here to show you what I mean, in saying that this magazine is too fannish.

The point is that gradually Jophan works his way nearer and nearer to the Enchanted Circle--the much desposed inner-circle. Many may drop off on the way, others get stuck partway along, but Jophan--the fan who Needham believes can "undeniably offer original stuff to fandom", and who will make his name for it--will arrive, and it

will be a precious thing to him, a goal; his goal. And this is not something to destroy. It is BNFdom. It is friendships.

It is Belonging.

Well really, now. I mean, is it really that good and awe-inspiring? The aforementioned passage reminds me of nothing more than a just-converted unbeliever extolling the virtues and creed of his new found faith, or even more likely, one of the old-guard of the faith trying to convince himself that what he is trying to believe in is really worth something. I can't see that it's that all fired important.

The stories are even jucier, or ghashtlier, if you wish. The plot of FANTASY BLUES, by Marion Zimmer Bradley, goes somewhat like this: A neofan is writing about an incident at a convention. He mentions another neofan called Terry Becker who goes to the convention, presumably against the wishes of his parents who live in the "Bible-Belt". He is introduced at the convention by none cther than Bloch because of his industrious fanning and is later met by the narrator. Said narrator invites Terry to his, the narrators, hotel room where he, Terry, and a few other fans attempt to put out a one shot, getting thoroughly soused in the process. Terry, too, succumbs to demon rum and sleeps the night, albeit unwittingly, in the room. He wakes up next morning, discovers where he is at and what he has done and tries to leave in one real quick hurry. Unfortunately, (by an obvious bit of contrivance on the part of the author) his shirt is torn open revealing him to be a girl. It is an ingenious twist I must admit. Terry, becoming frightened, goes home and is never heard from again. Very fannish in a serious sort of way.

Next come some fannish drawings of a FAPAcOn, by LeeH and Jack Harness, then another dilly of a Sercon-fan-fiction-story. Harry Warner Jr. does the dishonors this time, titling the story A WAY OF LIFE. An old fan goes to the president (presumably of these United States altho it is not mentioned) who is also a fan, er-an ex fan, and tries to blackmail him with a letter the president wrote when he was a younger fan. The fannish president turns the ever present tables, however, by telling the would be blackmailer that there is a rocket to Mars project in the offing and guess who will be forced to join. Not to mention, he should see a lot of old fans he once knew, because they tried the very same angle. Not too outstanding a fan story and sandwiched in with some of the others, does not read so well. Now if it was by itself.....

Charles Burbee with his bitter prose style is featured with a story reprint called BIG NAME FAN which is somewhat of a slap in the face to the magazine, although still fannish. Plot goes like this: Big Name Fan, when the bombs fall (various shades of atomic), packs up his "Survival Kit BNF Model 48" and heads off to the wide open spaces. Arriving at the wide open spaces, he parks himself at "meeting point #1" and dreams of how he will be the worlds leader "after complete chaos has taken over in a few months". He is met by Small Town Fan who has brought his survival kit, too, only it is a slightly different model. He sits and they talk about science fiction and conventions, oblivious to the destruction and carnage unfolding about them. They talk about the books and tape recordings which compose the bulk of their survival kits, talk about fanzine titles, and get into an argument about holding a convention every three years instead of annually. Talk turns to conventions that had been held in submarines and other exotic locales, then Big Name Fan gets mad, writes a letter to Small Town Fan on his portable typewriter he had thoughtfully taken along, puts the letter into an envelope and hands it to Small Town Fan. He leaves and is found several days later, dead of thirst and exposure, as he had not

bothered to take any food and water with him. Very ironic and superb story, but unfortunately still fannish.

The fanzine review column is next, being called WHIPPING INTO THE FAN whic is certainly a gruesome enough title. The reviewing is fairly competent, being similar to the Bloch style, although with a little more criticism and less generalizing, though the generalizing is still there. This is not fair game being more professional than fannish.

THE DEATH OF SCIENCE FICTION is really a gosh-wow-oh-boyish, blood and intrigue, fannish name a-la Tucker only with more schmaltz, non fan-high plot, serial, penned by Dick Eney. The story is well written and if it wasn't for the fannish names it would be quite readable. It concerns itself, from the part where I began reading, with some people in some sort of underground cell who are debating about overthrowing another organization. (That's the trouble with beginning a serial four or five installments after the beginning. You just don't know what is going on.) They don't in this installment, however, and it is doubtful that they will in many more to come. Silverberg, a character in the serial, gets into an argument with an old fan named Murragh (at least I think it is an old fan) who is a communist. Murragh is subdued after a fairly mild brawl between Silverberg, Murragh himself, and other people who take sides and is strapped to a stretcher brought in by someone in the medical crew from the army or some organization. There, the serial ends and I am held nauseated to my chair for the outcome. Nauseated, mainly because of the fact that by this time I am quite violently ill of anything that even hints of fandom. Otherwise the story was quite enjoyable.

The stories, if taken separately, and spread out over a period of months instead of being concentrated in one big ponderous lump, would have made much better reading. I am not quibbling with the stories themselves, although they tend to make a person think that someone was all to enamoured with fandom, even upon being read separately. I am taking issue with the idea of so much fannishness all in one lump. It is similar to reading a religious tract. It would make one think there is nothing more important, or more soul satisfying than fandom.

Agreed then, at least on my part, that Stellar is too fannish. Fannish to the exclusion of everything else. A story perhaps, of the tail not only wagging the dog, but beating him to death as well.

And to all the persons who go in for this "fandom is a way of life" all I can say is to paraphrase an author whose name I cannot remember at the moment. "Poor Superfen!"

--Lars Bourne

As I told Lars I would do if I printed the above article, I am making a statement that this is not my opinion--I have never seen a copy of STELLAR and have no opinion. However, as is mentioned as the point of the article--I completely agree that this "fannish" type material can become very boring to read. In small doses it is fine, too much and it becomes a drudge to read.

Theme for a school dance: BOPPING THE ROSE OF NO MAN'S LAND. Now I ask you.....

A FEW CHOICE WORDS

by LARRY SOKOL

I guess that what's happened to Omaha in recent months has been happening to just about every other city across the country, and that is that science fiction movies have become pretty much a weekly thing at a lot of the theatres, whereas in the past, perhaps two or three sf films a month were the average for this city's movie houses.

This confirms my belief that Hollywood producers have really latched onto sf--obviously because it is a money making proposition. But this deluge, so it seems, of sf films doesn't alter the fact that, while there are increasingly more sf releases, the quality of the films has constantly remained the same--very low--with, of course, the exception of that rare "classic" that pops up once in every six months.

Why there are so many of these films at the present is pretty obvious. Hollywood will exploit anything that will pull in the long green, and that's just what science fiction is doing. But, since nearly every fan agrees that sf films today are, as is so often expressed, "crud", why, one would ask, should they be such money-getters?

Well, as one competent movie reviewer put it recently: "People are fat and happy now. Sure the price of rice is up--but so generally are the salaries. People feel unconsciously they can afford a few thrills." This was related to him by a producer himself, so this is perhaps the reason Hollywood's screen farces go over so big.

I don't pretend to understand people's motives for seeing sf films. They are undoubtedly many and maybe the above quote does have some effect. At any rate it cannot be denied that sf movies are a box office boom.

Then it would appear that the public's tastes in film entertainment vary widely from the fan's tastes. We can not help but be displeased, because we know that sf film (or as they are so often called, "horror" films), are not representative of the science fiction we like and enjoy.

No doubt about it, motion pictures are a mass form of entertainment, and any individual could very easily derive an opinion of sf by what he is treated to on the screen.

I don't see how any straight thinking individual who is not a fan could form any other opinion than: "Well, this stuff is good for a scare once in awhile, but it isn't for me." Just how much can anyone be wrong. Mr. Average Guy isn't going to buy an sf magazine or book, and really see what sf is like. Why should he? He knows what it's like by going to the movies!

I don't intend to make any pleas for good sf, I'm not here for that. Rather, I'll just repeat a statement once made by Robert Bloch and hope that some smart producer or director comes

across it before it is too late. In effect, I am in complete accord with Bloch when he says:

"It's about time that people who profess to have the welfare of the field at heart took a good hard look at this situation. It's about time they overcame their naive delight in the marvels of trick photography and smothered their ecstasy at being allowed to rub elbows with real live producers and actors. It's about time they stopped exulting whenever a ham uses an echo chamber to intone, "The Earthmen must be destroyed!" and another ham on a regular mike answers, in an imitation Peter Lorre voice, "Yes, Master!" It's about time they realized the simple semantic fact that science fiction as they know it and enjoy it has nothing to do with science fiction as it is presented to mass audiences; that the success of the latter in its present guise can only continue to injure the progress of the former."

--Bloch

--Larry Sokol

M O R E O M E

As Pogo would say: Oh, roar a roar for Nora
Nora Alice in the night
For she has seen Auora
Borealis burning bright.

I've just seen the Northern Lights--first time and they interrupted typing Larry's story above and were worth it--in the sky. Had heard a lot about them but never seen them. Really spectacular, kind of unreal to watch them climb through the stars.

I was young once--before my fanning days--when I was still in High School--first year of it--and liked to receive mail more than anything else I can think of. Didn't get much mail in those days--no one wanted to write to me, it seems.

To ease the situation, a bunch of us guys went down to the local PO and mailed ourselves postcards. Unfortunately, I wrote on mine that I had won first prize in a Local Color Contest and would receive a free trip to Hollywood for a screen test.

Now our mailman was a friend of the family and he took the liberty of reading the card when he delivered it. Got him quite upset. Told my family how wonderful it was--that the trip would do me more good than the time I would miss at school. Lot of explaining to do.....

Most of us know Fletcher Pratt as a writer of science fiction, but how many of you have read his WAR FOR THE WORLD? It is the best, short, concise history of World War II I have seen or read. If you are at all interested in that War I would suggest you get a copy of the book from your library and read it. All I can tell you is that it is in "The Chronicles of America Series" and is book #54.

Guess I had better run outside again and see if the Lights are still showing. If you haven't seen them you don't know what you are missing.

FANS LIKE GODS

There seems to be a group in Fandom who value their judgement above all others. They seem to think they have the right to throw out, or welcome in, fans to fandom. Letters by their gracious selves appear in letter cols, tearing apart, or setting up an author. Some of these fans even go so far as to say that so-and-so doesn't stand a chance in Fandom, and they might as well pack up their bags and go.

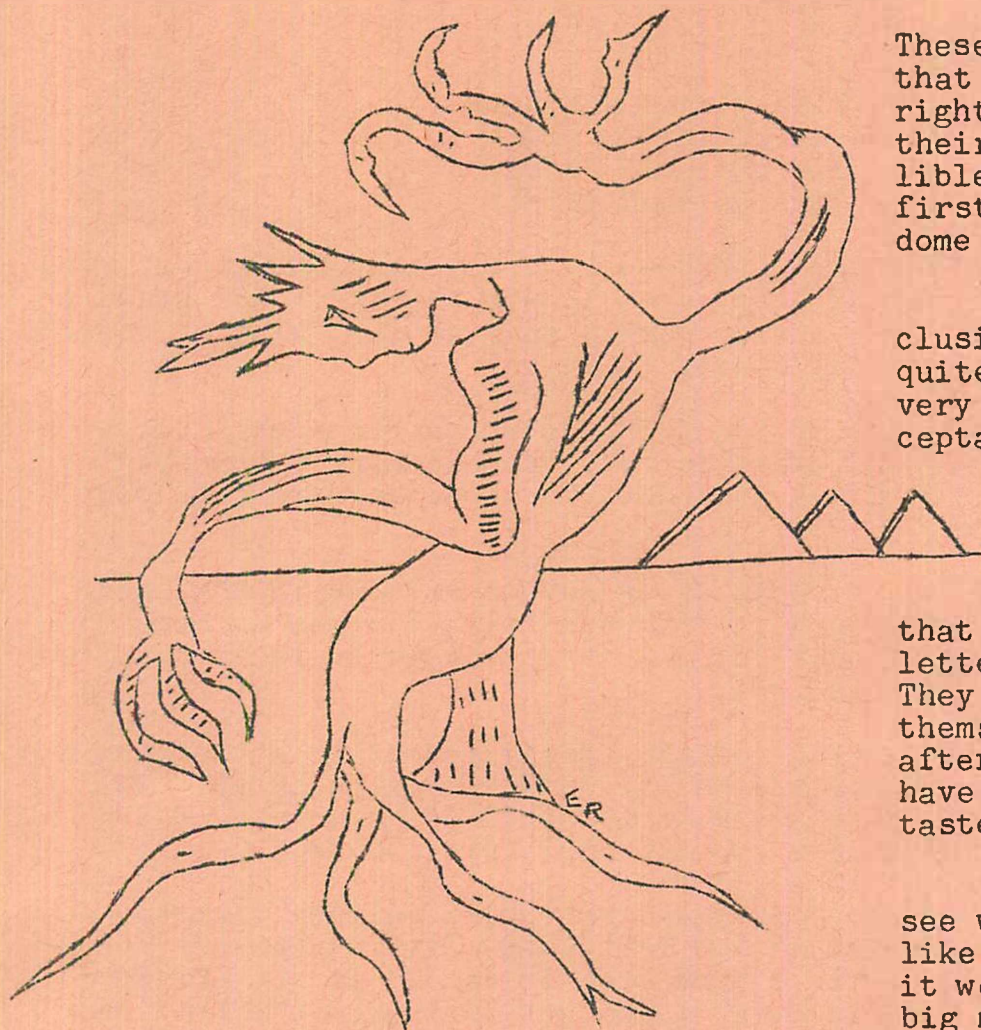
Such fans as these disregard other fans, thinking in their own conceited way that they can help Fandom by their criticism. Why, I don't know, anyone would think that one opinion could carry so far, I'll never know, but many do.

These fans seem to think that they have a special right to judge, and that their opinions are infallible. And they are the first to gripe that Fandom needs more fans.

It is a natural conclusion that neo fans are quite shaky, and worry very much about their acceptance in Fandom, that is natural. When they first begin reading fmzines they heed information and opinions that lay within, both letter cols and articles. They attempt to pattern themselves in a fashion after those who they think have good judgement and taste concerning Fandom.

But I'm afraid to see what a neo would be like if he was raised, as it were, by one of the big mouthed self-critics.

Fandom keeps wondering why no new fans come into Fandom, at least not in the number they wish. I'm stating that this is the cause. However, I'm



by EDWARD GORMAN
illos by
ESTHER RICHARDSON

merely offering it as a reason which, I think should be discussed and thought over. Some letters that I read show this even more, some fans, although they may not be aware of it, are too critical and try to swing weight around that they don't have.

I'm not saying not to criticize, for if there were no criticism, I'd hate to see fmzines, or even worse, read them. Criticism is necessary, naturally, but why do some fans persist in trying to be a critic. Why can't they offer suggestions, and leave it at that? Why do they try to act as a critic.

My chief target are those fans who seem to think they know what they're talking about and no one else does. To me, it seems conceited, stupid and uncalled for, entirely. If neos do heed these people, at least some of the neos will be afraid to submit an article to a fairly large fmzine, they will keep plugging away with small fmzines, who only the editor and his pen-pals understand.

In many letters, as I mentioned before, some fans take the attitude that they can make or break a fan. No one person (except in very rare cases) can make a person a BNF (which I was corrected on very harshly, but I'm glad I was...thanks Larry) nor in turn could he ruin a fan.

Whether a fan can write is left to Fandom, not one person. If a fan is any good, Fandom will decide how good, or even if he is good at all. There are personal favorites, surely, but whether a fan is a steady fan, by that I mean an acti-fan, is decided by the whole of Fandom.

A bad fan-writer can write consistently, but after a while, a Fan-ed will quit pubbing his material. But, the fan-ed will not quit just because one person wrote him and told him that the writer was no good. The fan-ed will quit pubbing the writers material, if the majority say so. The majority, not minority, decide.

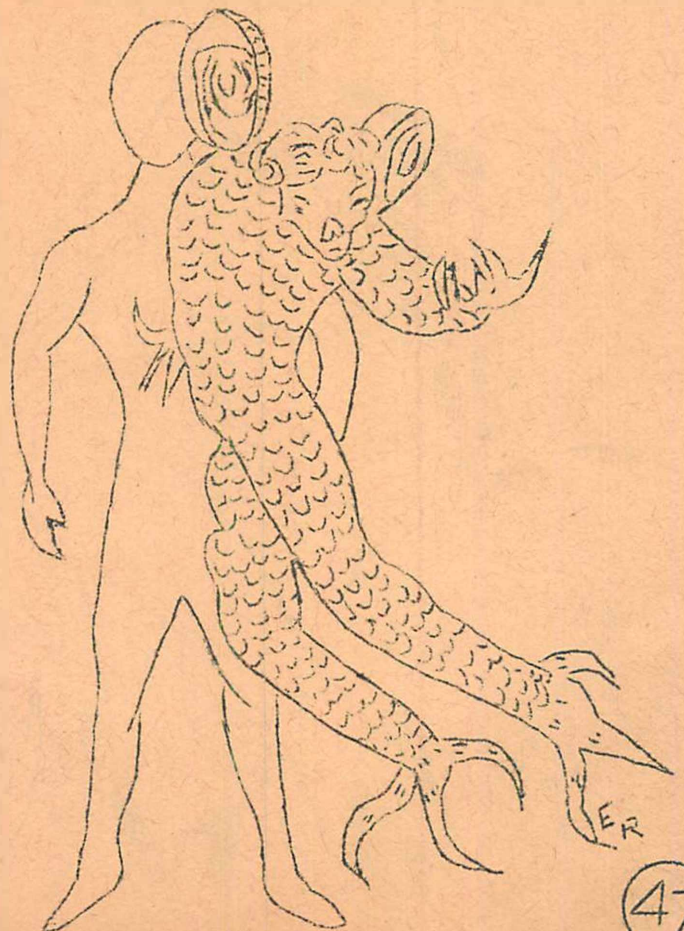
I hope that I don't see as many letters of this type any more, it seems to me that they have been slacking off.

Maybe some have ESP!

--Edward Gorman

APOLOGY

This would have been an ideal place to put in a paragraph by Rog Phillips that he wrote in a recent letter to me. It concerned itself with Flying Saucers and was the best I've seen. Unfortunately, when I was collecting items together, I found I had thrown that letter away--and it was such a good one, too.



LEAVES

FANZINE

LEAVES

REVIEWS

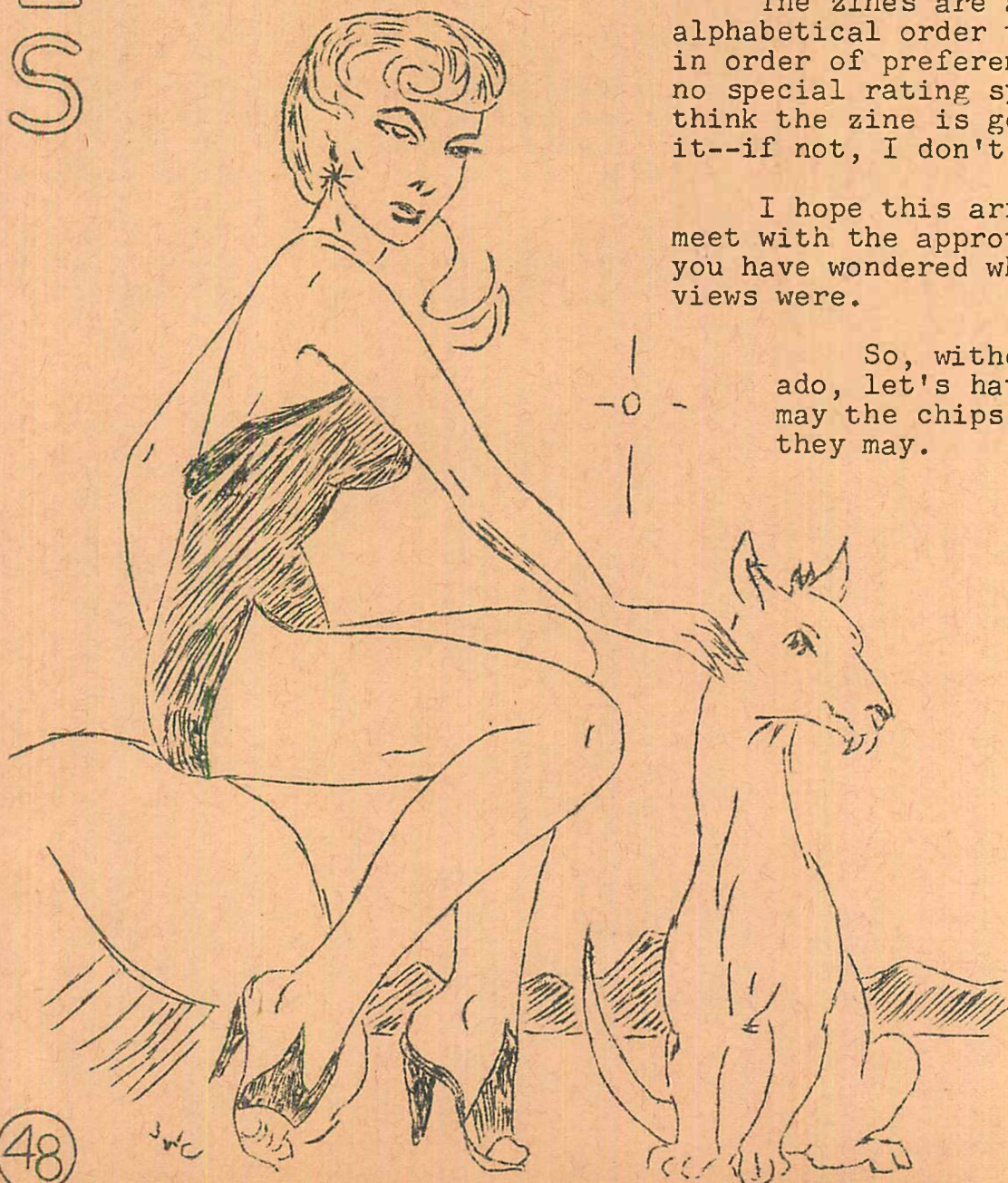
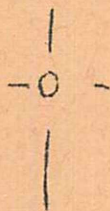
It should be understood that I did not drop Marty Fleischman's fanzine reviews because I didn't like them. Personally, I thought them some of the best in the field. However, I have had some complaints that I wasn't reviewing the zines sent to me for that purpose--which is right, and that something should be done about it.

As a result, here is a column of reviews by myself that should take care of all of them I have on hand that haven't been reviewed in TWIG of late. They total some thirty-two zines, many more than I would like to have on hand for reviews, but in order to get all of them out of the way, this was the only thing to do.

The zines are arranged in alphabetical order this time, not in order of preference. There is no special rating system. If I think the zine is good--I recommend it--if not, I don't.

I hope this arrangement will meet with the approval of all of you have wondered where the reviews were.

So, without further ado, let's have at it, and may the chips fall where they may.



A BERRATION #2, Kent Moomaw, 6705 Bramble Ave., Cincinnati 27, Ohio.

ABBY is a neat appearing zine, certainly had a list of BNF's as contributors, and, yet, this ish left me wondering. The reason is simple enough--with a list including Silverberg, dag, Ellington and Benford, you expected something really great. It wasn't there. Average material, maybe a little above, but not much more.

Silverberg's "Fandom As A Stepping Stone" was the best item here. Mainly because he points out a fact few fan today believe, that the fan who would be a pro stands a better chance of making the grade if he writes sercon items for fanzines rather than the faaanish type crud that is so abounding and popular today.

Ellington's "Adoption" could have been a good story--if carried out to a logical conclusion rather than relying on sf fan fictions traditional trick ending.

ABBY is worth the money, you won't be disappointed with it.

A POLLO PLAY #2, Ray Schaeffer, 4541 Third St. N.W., Canton 8, Ohio

APOLLO PLAY is a pub for inclusion in the OMPA mailings, but is sent to others. How available it is, I wouldn't know, but I do know it is one of the most enjoyable conversation type zines I've seen. Ray's own ramblings are highly amusing, as are those of his readers in "Mercy Bucket".

B BRILLIG #9, Lars Bourne, 2436½ Portland St., Eugene, Oregon. 15¢

This is the "anti-Post Office Issue" of BRIG, and, after reading Lar's editorial, it is easy to see why. I wondered bravely why Bourne was so glad to let me have the nude I ran last issue. Trouble is, Lars, in Boise it would have to be a nude man to be censored.

The switch to tan colored paper (I called it "bark" in the last TWIG) came off nicely, but, the silk screen cover was less than impressive, the cover jacket being more entertaining.

Moomaw's "Self-Appointed Captive" was faaanish, but interesting. Think I'm growing used to this type of writing as time goes by.

Champion's "Screed" was the best it has been. Parts of it sparkle with mood, non of it was bad.

BRILLIG could easily be subtitled "The Magazine of Impressions," that's what most of the selections are. They get better each ish and there was nothing to complain about in this one.

At least give BRIG a try. I think you'll like it.

C CAMBER #8, Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts, England. 15¢

One of the best things about CAMBER is the open layout that doesn't tire your eyes. Excellent repro helps on that, too.

Best item in thish was a composite view by Berry, Dodd and others on the kamikaze planes of World War II. Always of interest as a fanatical weapon, the telling of the story reminds us that we have a few sf fan who are almost as radically fanatical.

Don Stuefloten is present with a long and a short piece. Don is a "flow of conscience" type writer. As such, his ideas are never clearly defined, being presented as they are thought. Many claim him to be a second Bradbury, or a poetic prose writer. To me he is neither--he is an abstract composer--take the sum total of his words

and stir them well, splash on a canvas, let dry--and there is the story.

A little item called "Lunch Hour" is amusing--if digested properly. "Terragraph" is a good letter column, but is overshadowed by Alan's editorial remarks.

C RIFANAC # 5, Tom Reamy, 4332 Avondale, Dallas Texas. 25¢

There was only one fanzine which I could truthfully say that the art overshadowed the material--SATA. Now comes CRIFANAC under new editorship and falls into the same category--and in black and white, too. Editor-Artist Reamy turns out a photo-drawn cover nearly as good as some of that type MADGE used to feature, and illustrates inside material with GALAXY type illos that are better than GALAXY's, two of them actually fantabulous.

Most of the material is good, or better. Ray Thompson's "Headache" was interesting, even with the surprise ending. Reamy's "To Hell On A Rollercoaster" was most enjoyable. One surprise ending that didn't telegraph itself.

A column on building rockets, movies, etc. rounds out a fine issue.

C RY OF THE NAMELESS, Box 92, 920 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Washington, 10¢.

I'm not going to review a special issue as the ones I have are dated--but CRY is a standard zine from ish to ish so it doesn't matter.

"The S-F Field Plowed Under" by R. Pemberton, is one of the best pro-zine reviews going. Renfrew passes up a lot of chances for humor by not reviewing certain zines--but that's his biz. "Digging the Fanzines" is A. Pemberton's remarks and comments on fan-ed-ef.

The minutes of the COTN meetings are often the best thing in an ish--not at all what you'd expect them to be.

If histories are to your liking (and they are to mine) the series on old AMAZINGS and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES is fairly good and certainly informative.

One bad point, CRY has the worst covers of any fanzine I've seen. Most of their art is punk, in fact--but the good material overcomes it.

E CLIPSE #19, Ray Thompson, 519 7th Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa. 10¢

EEK calls itself "the late fanzine." If it is, it was worth waiting for.

If you've ever wondered just what AMORC is, Martin Graetz gives you an idea of the run around you'll get if you try to find out. His "Dragon's Island" is quite entertaining.

Glenn King presents "Stray", a surprise ending proceeded by a nice bit of writing that didn't signal the outcome. John Berry is present with "Family Fanac" portraying the troubles of a fan ed with kids. Good, but not Berry's best.

Fanzine reviews, letters and the editorial round out a thoroughly enjoyable issue.

E TERNITY #1--CALIFAN #2, Richard Brown, 127 Roberts St., Pasadena 3, Cal.

It's not easy to say what these two zines actually presented--too hard to read. The first is a generalzine, the second a letterzine. Both are difficult to decipher due to poor repro. Rich tells me he has his mimeo fixed now and his troubles in repro are over. Layout of EET is entirely too tight for knowing what you're reading. Art work is poor.

EXCELSIOR #1, Lee Shaw, 545 Manor Road, Staten Island 14, N.Y. 15¢

ECELSY is in that category of fanzines that are the backbone of the field. Nothing is particularly outstanding--nothing is particularly bad. Just good reading, enjoyable, pleasant to anticipate.

Algis Budry's is present with a reprint of "Care of the Typewriter", one of those code effect items which turn into a humore spree by the end--if you get it. (I did!) Andy Young's "Remarks About Quantum Mechanics and Relativity" is probably good. I'm not a qualified judge on material of this kind.

"Critic at Large" gives rather overlong reviews of books, etc., but is pointed and interesting--especially the run down on Bester's "The Stars My Destination". Archer Mercer comes through with an entertaining column of views.

FAN-attic #6, John Champion & Id, Route 2 Box 75B, Pendleton, Oregon.

F Actually it is too late to review FAN, but I wanted to put in a plug for John's new zine, IMP, which should be out some time in the near future. IMP is to be more specialized--but--if it turns out as good as FAN has been, you should give it a whirl.

FFM #1 (fake fantastic mystery), Pierre Versins, Primerose 38, Lousanne, Switzerland

I've only had one copy of ffm so can't say if printing one story per ish is standard or not--that's what this one is. Actually, this isn't #1 at all, but a fill in between #4 and #5. Apparently there was confusion on #1 and, to please John Champion, this becomes it.

ffm is the long fanzine--legal sized paper folded lengthwise, making a narrow mag. The cover is wrap-around, making one pic when opened.

The story, "Man", is absorbing in its presentation of who created who. The misuse of a few words in grammatical form gives the story an added charm.

Extremely well produced.

FLAFAN #1, Sylvia Dees, P.O. Box 4082, Mallory Hall, University of Florida, Gainesville, Florida. 20¢

FLAF is a new zine out of Florida. Biggest draw back is reproing on one side only. (Tho why this is a drawback, I don't know.)

If Sylvia improves, she's going to rival Pearson and Mussells for ditto repro. A little more practice in handling color will do it.

Best thing in thish was "Forget Me Not" by Matilda Romanoff. Good characters, a reasonable plot and a poignant portrayal of the man who loved blue flowers.

Sylvia's "Blaster" was cute, but the single illo by Adkins done twice--once in negative, attracted the eye too much. I'd like to see more of these.

John Berry's "Splendid Dereliction" is in the true Goonish vein--entertaining. "Left Over From Snothes" read like Jean Young had jotted down an idea, then lacking the time to develop it, sent the idea.

HARK #6, Randy Brown, 1510 Nokomis, Dallas, Texas. 10¢ 3/25¢

H As Randy says, this is "a first issue that's not really a first issue. It's a continuation.

There isn't much to Terry Carr's "Fannish Songs", but it is readable and rests well. Some of the takeoffs are quite clever. Jan Sadler's column will improve when it isn't aged. You slow brew the bheer, not the words.

Harlan Ellison's "At The Time The Tone Will Be" is minor for him--but who wouldn't print it in a zine? After all--he does have a name doesn't he? Anyway, I liked it, found it amusing--and that's that.

You can do worse than HARK.

HORIZON #1, Russell Brown, 3313 Calumet, Houston 4, Texas--Charles Dryer, 3228 Calumet, Houston 4, Texas. 10¢ 3/25¢

There's little to say about HORIZON--there isn't much of it. What there is, for the most part, is below average. I think the eds could have done better by waiting until they received better material--but, then, they must have thought this good or they wouldn't have used it.

"Voyage Into Outer Space" by Ellen Mott-Smith was a good attempt at fiction. Had it been more fully developed, it could have been excellent, but the effect that killed the men was too illusive and thus unconvincing. Trahan's "Phantasy Film Chatter" could develop into a column if he lets it. A long list of "I liked" and "I didn't like" is useless to the average reader.

Once HORIZON gets over its juvenile tones, it could develop into something. Better change it's name, though--there's already a plural form.

I NNUENDO #3, David Rike, Box 203, Rodeo, California--Terry Carr, 134 Cambridge St., San Francisco 24, California.

These are the boys who will build the tower of bheer cans to the moon.

Both of their editorials are good. "Fancyclopedia Forever" is interesting and has some tru-faanish spots in it. In fact, the thing is good. Carl Brandon's "Cacher of the Rye" starts out in fine form. I was much more impressed by the fillers at the bottom of the last page, however. "The Impractical Plot of Boyd Raeburn" was good, amusing, etc.

MANA #3, Bill Courval, 4215 Cherokee Ave., San Diego 4, Calif.

At its beginning, MANA left me with a cold, so what impression. By #2 I found it wasn't so bad. #3 arrived, was read and thoroughly enjoyed. Where the hell is #4?

MANA has rapidly developed into an above average zine. There is a little of everything contained in its pages and what is there is usually excellent.

Harlan Ellison tears into the Leinster bit from the previous issue with a lot of convincing arguments. I can't say he won me over, but neither did Leinster the time before. I'm still in the middle.

Jean Young seems to be a controversial writer. The fen either like her stuff, or they don't. Can't remember ever reading an inbetween comment. "The Weaver's Wet Daughter" in thish was highly funny.

"Excavations" of old letters from the pros is always good, especially since the reprints are from well known fen of that time who are well known pros, for the most part, of today.

Blosky's "Footnotes From An Underground Metamorphosite" was good--good--good.

Manna, the letter col, is one of the best. If you like variety, good repro, a bit of smut, and fun--then read MANA.

Hey, Bill--did you forget me last time?, or isn't #4 out yet?

M EADE #1, David McCarroll, 644 Avenue C, Boulder City, Nevada. 2/25¢

Dave would have been better off to have waited until he could get stencils to put out his first issue rather than trying the hectograph. Repro is from good to horrible. One whole page came out blank.

Jerry Merrill does a fine job of reviewing fanzines, the editor has a typical "lament" on pubbing editorial, and there is a story by Robert Scott that is.....I don't know. It didn't impress me.

M EUH #2-3--THE INNAVIGABLE MOUTH #2, Jean and Annie Linard, 24 Rue Petit, Vesoul, H.S. France.

I'll confess right off--I haven't read all of this Meuh. I usually take time to read these foreign zines so that I appreciate them fully. Since MEUH arrived today---

This is a big 72 page ish and full of various tidbits. One thing--there are always lots of surprises in one of Jean and Annie's pubs. Enjoyed the playlet "Little Red Riding Fan" as well as the longer "The Copyright of French."

TH is a news, reviews and letter zine, plus, mainly, comments. Parts of it are confusing, but I find it interesting, none the less.

If you haven't seen one of the Linard's zines, send for them. I think you'll enjoy reading them.

O MEGA #3, Rod Frye, 408 Alleghany Road, Hampton, Virginia. 10¢

MEG has one of the neatest layouts of any fanzine. It is in digest size, excellent repro--except for the cover, and good material--general appearance--a pro in mimeo form. Has a Palmer type editorial which reads easily. "Center of the Universe" by Neal Wilgus is well done, but not to my liking. Anspaugh's "The Sea Monster" is a cute tidbit of fiction with humor. I've read much worse.

Janie Lamb does a short history on the N3F that is brief enough to still be interesting. Garl Kruger's "A Matter of Time" is good fan fiction with a surprise ending that wasn't bad. Letters are fair. Askew's ghost section is pleasant. I don't think you'll be disappointed in MEG.

Q QUIRK #2, Larry Ginn, Box 85, Choudrant, Louisiana--Johnny Holleman, Box 77, Choudrant, Louisiana. 10¢

QUIRK #3 should have been out some time ago, but the eds have run up against a lot of trouble getting it out--so a brief review of #2.

Repro is good--art well done. "Peace On Earth" is fiction by Sanders. To say it was good would be fiction, also--not much to it. Robert E. Gilbert's picture page tells a better story. Fanzine reviews and letters complete the ish. #3 will be an improvement--if it gets out. The eds gave me a run-down on contents and it sounded good.

R APIER #3, Eric Erickson, 3624 Centre "B" St. N.W., Calgary Alta. Canada.

Eric spends a deal of space saying that what he said in #1 and 2 was not true--then turns right around and hints that something more dyre than his atomic war is to happen and that was the reason for the hoax.

After three ishs I'm not sure Eric isn't a fanatic--and I don't mean in an sf way.

You try the zine and see what you think.

RETRIBUTION #7, John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland--Arthur Thompson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London, S.W. 2.

The humor-zine of fandom is still flhing along on golden wings, telling us the tale of the "Non-Shaver Mystery" in true goonish fashion. Berry out does himself in this episode. Archie Mercer's "The Trail of Rogue Hunter" begins in thish and gets well wound up for the next portion. "A Ghost of A Chance" is the future report of the GDA by Bob Shaw and tells of events in a ghost-ridden atmosphere. Fan reviews and letters round out as funny an ish as I have seen to date. Get it by all means.

SATA illustrated #7, Bill Pearson, 4516 Glenrosa Ave., Phoenix Arizona. 25¢

You won't find a better job of dittoing in any of the current fanzines. Pearson and Adkins are masters at it. It's the art that makes SATA the outstanding zine it is.

This carries a poem, "Cat", by Robert Williams that has a certain charm to it. I don't like poetry--I did like this. Alvar Appeltofft's "Technichs in Myths" is a piece that I read--wrote Pearson I didn't like it--read it again--and found it quite interesting.

Pearson's fiction is not outstanding, but is better than a lot of present fan writing. Adkins reviews are, I'm afraid, just like these I'm doing--trivial.

Buy SATA by all means--it's one of the best.

SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES #278, Fandom House, P.O. Box 2331, Paterson 23, New Jersey. 10¢ 12/\$1 24/\$2

If you're interested in sf, then this is the zine you should have first, whether you get any others or not. Very little happens in sf that doesn't find its way into S-FT. News, views, books, they're all here in the "newspaper" of sf.

Present issue is the offset 16th Anniversary ish. Get S-FT by all means.

SFAIRA #4, Lars Helander, Lohegatan 11, Eskilstuna 3, Sweden.

Another foreign import that tends to be on the newsy, conversational side--and very agreeably so. This was the "Colony" issue--so called because of the Rotsler adventure strip that runs through out. Said strip being quite enjoyable. Various editorial comments most agreeable.

SIGMA OCTANTIS #7, John Mussells, 4 Curve St., Wakefield, Mass.

SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES is the newspaper of sf--SATA is the art zine--RETRIBUTION is the humorzine--and now, SIG OCT looms up as the literary zine. All the material contained in an ish may not be literary, but there is no denying John's editorial slant is along these lines. I for one think its a good idea.

SIG OCT has the neatest layout of any fanzine--no feeling of cramped space to get in a few more words. "Three Nurses" by Eric Cashen, is a creditable story--better than average for most zines. "After the Boom Comes" by Kerr, is another of those items on booms and busts that spring up so often. It's better than most, with an index of prozines worth the rest of the article.

"1957-58 the Year of Geophysics" by Patricia Mauldin, is well written, informative, and of little interest to me. No doubt others will find it much more to their liking. Tom Maylone's "Paradise" is good. Part of the success of SIG OCT's fiction is that John uses long enough stories that something can be developed in them. "Flesh and Furry" ends with thish. It's been interesting. Letters and zine reviews round out an excellent issue.

You can get a free copy by writing for it. Do it for one of the best.

S KYHOOK #24, Red Boggs, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota. 20¢ 6/\$1

I'd heard about SKYHOOK before but had never seen it until now. It was worth the wait.

"Twippledop", the editors column, is the best editors section in a fanzine. When they're this good you don't mind the number of pages used for it. Red has a lot to say. James E. Gunn's transcribed speech "Booms" is well worth reading. He backs up what he says with logic and reason.

"Whither the Weird Tale" by S.J. Sackett is a plug for continuing publishing fantasy and is a fine plea for a fast disappearing type. Various types of columns plus a letter col filled with BNF's rounds out this issue. Get it by all means.

S PHERE #6, P.O. Box 196, Cantonment, Florida. 20¢

I don't know whether it is just me, or what, but I find SPHERE to be one of the most enjoyable zines current today. I may not look forward the entire two months for the next ish--but by the time it arrives I've decided it is way overdue.

SPHERE has a standard layout on interiors--you can recognize the zine. Art is done for the material--which is good and gives it a reason for being there. Maybe not the best, but it comes out good in offset.

Best of thish was Chamberlain's "The Martian Mountains", based on the ballad of the same name. You have to read it to appreciate it. "HemiSPHERES" is an interesting column of present happenings that are of interest to sf fen. Graham B. Stone picks his "Ten Favorite Covers" and I find I'm not capable of judging his choices.

Jerry C. Merrill's "Assignment" is a minor bit of fiction, poorly developed. The theme is old and worn out--creation of Earth by super students and its destruction.

At least try SPHERE once. I think you'll like it.

T ACITUM #8, Benny Sodek, 1415 S. Marsalis, Dallas 16, Texas. 10¢

There are several interesting items in thish. One of the best being "Theodore Sturgeon--Surrealist" by Noah W. McLeod. He tears into Sturgeon's writing with a vigor that oft leads to clouding the issue. But it is a good bit, anyway.

Jan Sader Penny's "The Commander" is a contrived bit of nothing since you really don't care what happens to the "commander", good or bad.

"The Fan Who Never Grew Young" is tops. Short, to the point, and fun. Carl Brandon turns out a nice bit of satire.

"Revelations of A Neo" by Wm. Deeck, is another top item. Get this one for some above average reading.

Don't get confused like I did. The name is TACITUM, not "taciturn" like I thought for several days after getting it.

TIFFANY #1, Ray Schaffer, 4541 Third St. N.W., Canton 8, Ohio

This, I gather, is a FAPazine, but is available for others, also. The best of this zine is by Schaffer, himself, "Requiem" being the top of his efforts. "Monkey See" by Neal Wilgus and "A Bit of Preparation" by John Mussells are both entertaining, but I've read better by both of them. Neal's is the better of the two and gets better as you re-read it.

If you like Ray--get it, if you haven't read Ray--get it, if you don't like Ray--get it anyway.

TOMORROW #1, Neils Augustin, Jacques Veltmanstr. 30, Amsterdam-Slotervaart, Holland.

This is a small, unstapled zine on legal size paper, mimeoed (?) in blue ink. Repro is good. No art, but I judge Niels would like to get some.

Lots of poetry by Niels and Bill Redding which I liked better than most in home-zines. Thing that caught my eye most was "New York--S Hour" by Niels, and, had I written him in time, you would see it in thish of TWIG. But I didn't so lacked permission to use it.

VERTIGO #1, Wm. C. Rickhardt, 21175 Goldsmith, Farmington, Michigan

A neatly dittoed zine. "Man Trap" by Fred Remus is a reprint story that is worth the reading and better than the average from our present day writers. Another "Boom" deal--this time by Meyers--that does some speculating on the subject but isn't very convincing. "Speculation On A Multi-Planetary Government" by Bennett Gordon is interesting and well done. "Sokol's "The Disappearing Case" is minor, but reads well. Try this one.

YANDRO Vol. 5 #8, Robert & Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt Street, Wabash, Indiana. 10¢ 12/\$1

YANDRO is one of the oldest zines going at the present time. This is the Midwestcon issue and the two articles contained are both on the events taking place. "I Ate At Howard Johnson's--And Survived" by Bob Briney and "Con-fusion" by Dick Lupoff being their titles.

Much of the two articles were repetitious, and while one was entertaining, two wore on the nerves. Separated, their effect would have been better.

Below average issue for YANDRO, which is usually a top zine.

ZODIAC #3, Larry Sokol, 4131 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha 31, Nebraska. 10¢ 6/50¢

ZODIAC blossoms forth in new ditto format and is neat looking. ZODY's feature "Paging the Editor" is always interesting. Thish features John Champion's auto-bi as well as "The Enchanted Tongue" by his "Id". The latter was of interest to me as I am a dramatist. 'Idiot Boy' was present with "Eyestrain, 21" Style." John Berry's "Chain-Mail" was, I think, one of the cutest bits to drip from his prolific pen. He out did himself on this one. Crudzine's "Spectre-Scope" is really hilarious, and with Igor's letter in "Zymurgy" I have decided it isn't unusual because it is Ray. Any-hoo, ZODIAC is good and you should give it a try.

SCALED BARK

BOB BLOCH, PO Box 362, Weyauwega, Wis.

I was very pleased to get such a kind and flattering letter, in return for my all too perfunctory reviewing. Actually, I think I'm a rather poor critic and for a variety of reasons (my age, my status as a pro, my somewhat specialized tastes) hardly in a position to offer the objective opinions which would be ideal for the MADGE column. But it's good to have your encouragement.

I do feel a little better about those "editorial" comments made in each issue before the actual reviews. In these, at least, the many years I've spent in the field can be utilized when expressing an opinion.

And I share your views about fanning and fandom. What you say is very true...in spite of violent disagreements, there seems to be little or no fascism in fandom: everyone is allowed to sound off, pro or con.

Still more gratifying, to me, is the way in which the most bitter antagonists seem to be able to get together, once they meet, on an amicable basis. I see examples of this sort of thing every time I attend a convention or a fan-gathering.

Most recently, at Cincinnati during the Midwestcon, I was present when G.M. Carr encountered Boyd Raeburn. The two have locked horns in the past on a variety of subjects...and yet when they met, B.M. ended up by going for a ride in Raeburn's sports car....donning hat, leather jacket, and boots for the occasion.

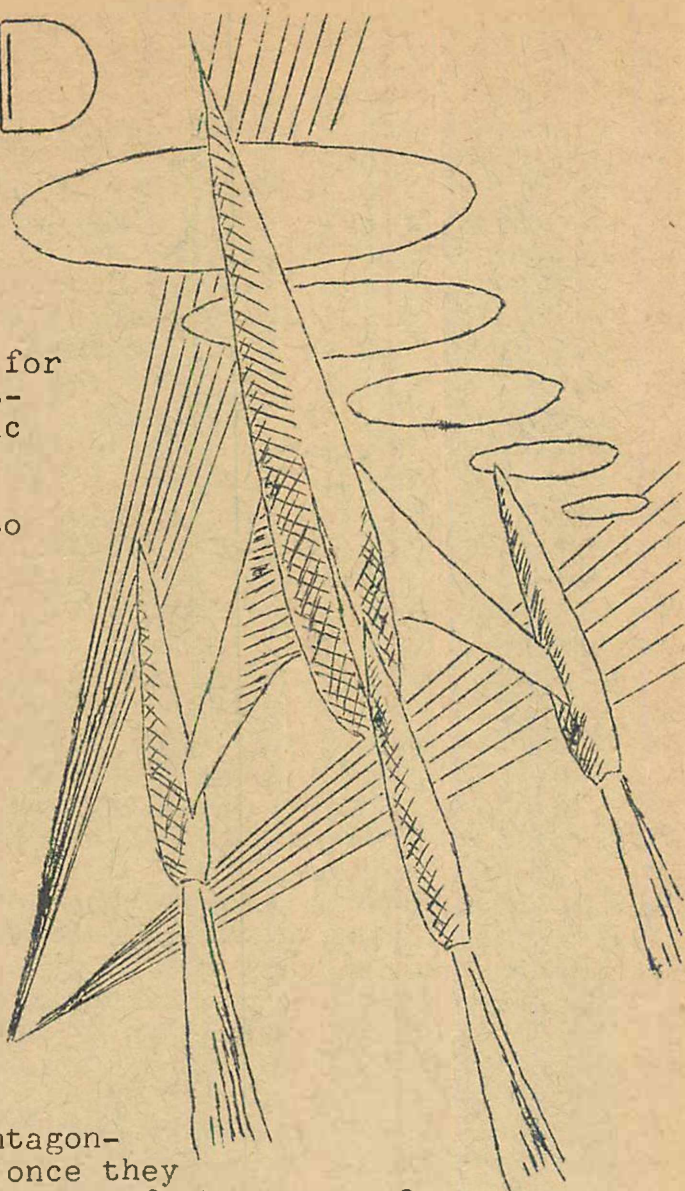
All of which pleases me. An extension of the same attitude, in so-called "normal" life, would do much to clear up the areas of tension which seemingly beset our society. While my outlook towards fandom is not that of a crusader, I'm still most happy to realize that it affords a fine example of the true give-and-take of an ideal democracy -- so often preached about and yet so seldom realized in actuality.

Keep up the good work, and it may be that we'll meet next year...if, as I suspect, Los Angeles captures the '58 convention.

//No comment needed on this.//

RICHARD ENEY, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Va.

Right you are; #5 is a great improvement on TWIG #4. **Juanita Coulson has some good, if antique, points in her article, but her only legitimate gripe is at the constant emphasis on this or that Noble Crusade. If you once admit, as she does, that It's All A Matter of Opinion, surely the opinion that one's personal enthusiasms shouldn't be put in fanzines has no more weight than the contrary one. And her reason for keeping (say) religious rantings out of fanzines is a weak



one; the plea that This Is A Pretty Personal Subject is, from what I've seen of it, usually a protection for opinions that the objector just can't justify intelligently.

I like large drawings and art folios and such things, but couldn't Lars Bourne have been a little more careful with these? **Ye ghods, I didn't know Ralph Raeburn Phillips was still drawing for fanzines...** Herb Beach's article was a nice series of notes, but only that; he only chronicled the physical FFM, not its mutations of policy and presentation.

//The Phillips illo was courtesy of Bourne--I wanted to find out what stenofax was. Sorry I didn't include STUPEFYING STORIES in the fan reviews--had it with the letters. Anyway, I enjoy it muchly.//

JOE SANDERS, R.R. #1, Roachdale, Ind.

TWIG reminds me of a high school news-sheet. You know the type: "First Grade News", "Basketball Schedule", "Band Concerts"... TWIG looks like that--and the impression is made stronger by #4's paper which is quite like the kind our school paper is mimeoed on.

I'm afraid that I, too, disagree with Johnny. After all, Kent Moomaw, the fan Johnny's refering to, is sixteen years old. (I can look at sixteen as a time of immaturity. I am seventeen.) However, most of the points that Marty Fleischman uses can be used with even greater ease when criticizing Fleischman's work. Fleischman tries soooo hard to sound BNFish and pontifical. I think Johnny will eventually be of much more value to fandom than Fleischman.

In #5, I enjoyed Jenrette, Dodd, Berry, and Coulson. The others either, in my opinion, didn't have anything to say, said this badly, or both.

I like Bourne. His art is easy to copy and thus comes off pretty well in TWIG. Adkins is also good. You do a fair job, no more, in putting artwork on stencil.

I tried to read the MADinspired stuff in #4--and failed.

I'm not really trying to be nasty or snide or anything like that; it's just that TWIG is not my cup of tea. Other people probably like no end. Not me, though. I guess I've lost my sense of wonder for sure.

//Shucks, I just knowed being a journalism teacher would ruin my little ole zine for me.//

KENT MOOMAW, 6705 Bramble Avenue, Cincinnati 27, Ohio

The brown stock used in TWIG #5 is a pleasing novelty, but the layout, lettering and art render it, the issue, virtually identical with it's predecessors. TWIG's physical appearance continues to irk me, for some inexplicable reason, but no one else seems to share my opinion...thus I can't expect you to make any drastic changes. Ahweel. I suppose I'll be able to endure it all...heck, I'm getting the mag for nothing! Lar' cover is fair, and the addition of interiors by Bill Harry, a guy whose work I'm desperately attempting to obtain for ABERRATION, and Eddie is a welcome one.

Jenrette's "Guide to London" is very good, very. Were I going to London this fall, I would certainly take it along. Is it London where it's ok to have nudes on the stage so long as they don't move, or is that over here? I'm sure I read something along those lines somewhere, but darned if I can remember the place under discussion. //It's London.//

Ahweel. Dodd's film reviews are beginning to pall on me, but I must admire that man's courage...I certainly wouldn't have the nerve to see as many cruddy, class-C stfilms as he does. And pays to see, yet... oi veh! "The Werewolf" sounds perfectly atrocious. //It was.//

Enjoyed the Bourne memoirs, tho not as much as I did when he did a much longer version for Lyle Amlin's now-defunct PSI, complete with descriptions of Dick Geis, Jim Bradley, and other guiding lights in his life. Yes, I'd like more biographies, and not only those of artists...fans' lives usually have a few incidents worth re-telling.

Don't particularly care for the accompanying art portfolios, tho.

Hell with damon knight, I liked Matheson's second novel very much. Agree with John that the picture was woefully undeveloped psychologically, tho; wonder how it would have turned out if Elia Kazan had directed, and someone like Marlon Brando had portrayed Scott Carey? One of the best parts of the novel--Carey's interlude with the sideshow midget--was hopelessly butchered in the transition to the screen...all human feelings and empathy were cleaved.

Meyer's article is mostly dull repetition. I care little for these stunning analysis of professional publishing by teenage boys anyway.

"The Interrupted Journey", aside from the misspelled title logo, was generally dull and stolidly written...might've been interesting if done by someone like Willis, but 'twasn't. I feel sure that Larry could've made his observations of Council Bluffs more imaginative and interesting with a bit of effort on his part. Ray Thompson himself did a very nice bit along these lines in EEK a year or more back; Sokol should help himself to a copy of that issue next time he's carting off Ray's fanzines.

Big Jawn's contribution isn't in his best vein, but I enjoyed it very much. Real faaaanish stuff.

Three cheers and a round of drinks for Martin A. Fleischman! He said almost exactly the same things I would've said to Holleman if I had had the urge to hack out a rebuttal to "I, Teenager". Hope this lets Johnny know how foolish he's being.

I never have, and probably never will, read an issue of FFM.

//I'm in the middle on both of the teenagers--both have strong points against their arguments. As for FFM--it doesn't make me unhappy--will make it easier for me to get the issues when I again start on them. So far the majority favors the art folios--so guess they will stay. Is the layout any better?//

ESMOND ADAMS, 432 Locust St., Huntsville, Ala.

Gotcher #5 tother day. Tis a definite improvement over #4. I didn't go for the brown paper, though. Colored paper sickens me.

Bah. I like wearing my pants low. Looks sporty. Only I fail to see what the quote from the group of girls has to do with the "mass." Maybe I dunno what the "mass" is. //Why Es, you mean you don't know your's from a hole in the ground?//

Heh. The article on London amused me. I went to London once, but remember very little about it.

I got a yak out of the review on THE WEREWOLF. The picture was great during the prologue when they talked about superstitions and legends and stories from the old country. But it dragged from there.

Bourne's little autobiog was cute. I'm glad Lars likes Cerf. Why does Lars not learn to spell "Bennett", though? I didn't think much of the art as Bourne art goes, tho. His odd creatures appeal to me much more. So fannish. Just like the fen I've met.

THE SHRINKING MAN (book was completely Matheson.) THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN (movie wasn't completely Hollywood) but it had enough of that putrid element to fall behind the book. Champion summed it up nicely with his observation that "you just don't give a damn."

Hmm. Why'd you print my whole zine upside down besides page 16? I had to turn it upside down to read most of it.

After thrice reading Juanita's arguments, I'm still not sure what she's trying to say. She just doesn't seem to like nauseating people. I don't like them either. Some of the fen I correspond with fight me over any difference of opinion we have, and end up getting mad and not writing. But the problem doesn't bother me enough to write a blistering volley of komment. One reason for this is that my "god-like ego" goes, I believe, one step farther than most people's "god-like egos". Maybe someday I'll take pity and save fandom from itself.

What was the point, or was there one, of the cover.

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

I was impressed considerably by the smart appearance of TWIG, and the extremely neat duplicating. The whole thing had a bright and exhilarating atmosphere about it, and I must say that the only thing that kept you from getting a GRUE-type accolade for the repro was the annoying habit of superimposing on typos. This seems to be a wholly American trait, and it sometimes strikes me that although you Americans are so far ahead of us in most things, colour TV, central heating, etc., you don't seem able to get supplied with some form of correctine for mistakes on stencils, or the only other theory I have is that the pace of life is so fast and swift that it would be considered a retrograde step to take the time to correct mistakes. For a fanzine which is so neat, tidy and smart as TWIG, it seems almost criminal that you didn't take that mite of extra care and slap on a blob of correctine as soon as you spotted the mistakes. Normally, I wouldn't make such a pointed criticism, but after hearing from you how bad TWIG 4 was, I expected 5 to be pretty bad too, but I was greatly surprised and thrilled to see such a smart job. I should perhaps amend my statement above that superimposing is an all-American trait. I must say off hand that I can't think of one British fanzine that specializes in it, but several American fanzines spring to mind. On the other hand, such expert jobs as GRUE emphasize how superbly a fanzine can be produced, from every aspect, that's why I don't worry when GRUE doesn't appear for a couple of years or so. //I must plead guilty to your complaint, John, but how does this issue stack up? I have tried to catch every mistake and use correction fluid. So far in your letter I have made four corrections. If you find any of them, it's a mistake on my part.//

As for contents, I can't see that anyone has cause for complaint, as you suggest in your editorial. One or two minor points, especially about Jenrettes article on Englishmen....I, in case you didn't know, am English, I came over to Northern Ireland in 1948 to get married, and stayed here since. It's all wrong about Englishmen wearing ties all the time, it may appear so to people who aren't used to seeing ties worn... my father, for example, has, I suppose, worn a tie every day of his life, but it's always been to keep his trousers up. Nothing is more unEnglish than a man ploughing or shovelling coal wearing a tie. Never seen that.. Englishmen don't drink a lot of coffee. It's also untrue about chicken being allowed to decompose before eating them, although, in a limited way, this is supposedly true about the nobility. I lived in Birmingham until I was 18, and during the war I travelled extensively all over England (and other places too,) and no case of decomposed game birds ever occurred, and I can't remember a particular affinity for the ostentatious wearing of ties...except round the waist to keep the trousers up. About prostitutes, you never find the amateurs around Piccadilly Circus, they're all in Hyde Park and places....wait a minute, that's all hearsay, by the way, Chuck Harris told me when he was over here staying with Walt last month.

Liked Juanita Coulsons letter very much....possibly the best thing in the issue. I shall have no hesitation in sending you further stories as and when I can think of anything....my output is decreasing these days.

JOHN KONING, 318 S. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio

The cover is pretty good and I like your using all one color paper, but where is Adkins, I miss him.

As for SHAVINGS, well, I'll let you know that I don't wear my pants below my knees, course not, I wear my Bermuda Shorts, usually around my arm pits.

Jenrette's article is fine, good writing, I think, and interesting, but he forgot the most interesting thing about London, it's peoples. What about Jack-the-Ripper, the several wolf-men, and worst of all, those London fen.

If THE WEREWOLF is dated so is BOOK VS MOVIE. Tho I agree with John about the mental factor. The people at the show here in Youngstown actually laughed when ever Carey appeared, tho the spider was the most realistic character, a fellow-fan, Eugene Hryb, dropped the hot-dog he was eating when said menace appeared, I missed the flood scene because I had to go to the basement to get the chili sauce off my pants. (not my Bermudas, tho, I was wearing khaki knickers at the time) Dodd's reviews always make me feel that I am to blame and the monster is the good guy. That scene in the cell really got me.

ART BY BOURNE is good. THE SECRET OF SUCCESS was well done and certainly needs looking into. Now I understand the loud laugh when ever I guy a prozine. INTERRUPTED JOURNEY was OK, but Sokol's writing is similar to some one else's. Berry's fiction was, as usual, laughable.

Beach's is interesting, but not enough so, the facts on FFM are fine and I would like to see a revival, but the article sounded too much like a documentary, which was what it was so what am I beefing about?

JOHN MUSSELLS, 4 Curve St., Wakefield, Mass.

The fifth TWIG is your best to date. #3 was your previous best. The fourth was....well, I think you know how the fourth was. It was a good policy, I think, to admit your mistake in issuing your fourth number; best how to just chalk it up to experience and forget it.

Jenrette manages to sound unobstrusively professional. His descriptions of the formally attaired Englishmen remind me of the Irishmen in and around Boston who not only wear a tie while working, but also a suitcoat.

THE WEREWOLF was, as you pointed out, dated. But it was also quite polished, insofar as style goes. Dodd is developing a bit of writing prowess.

The biog on Bourne was interesting, but the art folio was not. Lars does good spot cut work, but when his work is grouped together, the different pictures make each other look wretched. Bourne is a good steady artist, yes, and I've been proud to feature what they tell me is some of his better work. But let's face it: few fan artists have enough variation in their styles to make a collection of their works very interesting, if viewable at all.

Champion writes a good column and moves well. One of the high points of the issue.

Bill Meyers gropes for something, but I don't think he quite makes it. In the first place I think he's a little taken away with the fact that sf has not been formally recognized as a 'true literary form'. In the second, he expects a little too much from the human race as a whole.

THE INTERRUPTED JOURNEY was fannish.

OF MICE AND FEN was fannish.

SOB STORY was worse than I, TEENAGER, if possible. What Marty said was so self-evident that it didn't need saying or printing. A slap on a wrist which would have been better rewarded through ignoring it.

Well, what can I say about Beach's article. I like documenteries of this sort, and I think they serve a purpose. If you could plan to feature a similar essay in the next and each subsequent issue, you would be furnishing fandom with a steady source of well written historicals. As I remember, this was your original plan. I'd stick to it, if I were you. Even write to some of science fiction's 'professional' historians (Day, Tuck and Moskowitz f'rinstance...) for spots. Beach's eifort was a bit colorless, tho.

Juanita Coulson seems quite taken up with types peculiar not to fandom but to humanity as a whole.

TWIG is working upward, Guy. I might suggest that you get a few more lettering styles. And who was it that said, "the cheapest thing to publish is blank space?" Walt Willis, I believe. Why don't you try him at his word and loosen up your layout a little.

//Is the layout any better this time? I know these last few pages are a bit crowded, but it couldn't be helped--but is the other better?//

ROBERT COULSON, 105 Stitt Street, Wabash, Indiana

Not knowing anything about FFM (oh, I have 40 or so issues, but I'm not up on the background of the mag) I not only enjoyed Beach's article but can't find anything to argue with him about.

Champion has an excellent review of "Shrinking Man". (A compliment I rarely give to a "straight" movie review.) I saw the movie shortly before TWIG arrived, and I'd like to say that John analysed it perfectly. Especially where he mentions the lack of audience sympathy for the hero. Personally, I was never so bored by a monster movie before in my life. The photography is excellent--and totally wasted.

Jenrette was mildly interesting, but the subtitle pretty well covered the article.

John Berry provided the sort of humor you could have used last ish. Very good.

Sokol and Meyers were readable, but uninspired. By the way, the worst sin of fan publishing--according to Juanita--is sending out a mag with a page printed upside down. We save all our stencils until the mag is stapled and given a final check, to make sure that all the pages are right side up and in the proper order. If they aren't, we do it over. (Of course, sometimes I get things fouled up in the stapling, but then I'm not as much of a perfectionist as Juanita.) //Felt bad about that upside down page until I saw a recent YANDRO that had typing across an illo and felt better. Hey-I got every blasted stencil of TWIG from issue 1 on. What the hell I'll do with them I don't know.//

Put Dodd and Bourne in the same class as Sokol and Meyers. Somehow, though I enjoy BRILLIG very much, I never seem to care for the material Bourne sends to other zines--written material, that is.

The illo by Miles looked more like Bill Harry's work than the one by Harry did.

JOHN CHAMPION, Route 2 Box 75B, Pendleton, Oregon

You don't need to be told, I think, that this is by far the best issue yet and probably the first one that will really make a showing in fandom. I wouldn't say the first few issues were neofannish, because they weren't, and most early fmz by adults aren't. But they did show that you were still fairly new to fandom.

Liked your editorial. The pun about 2/3 of the way down on page 3 ("mass hysteria") was simply fabulous...worthy of Bloch or WAW at their best. //Some fen aren't going to like that statement, John. Glad at least one reader got the meaning of it.//

Enjoyed Jenrette's article, even though I doubt very much I'll ever get to London in the next few years.

Berry was average for Berry, but that means he was good for fan-writing. Maybe a bit above average for himself. It's hard to say. At any rate, I enjoyed his story a lot, though not quite as much as some of his stuff. The more I think about it, the more I like this. Ah me. Good, anyway.

Was rather glad to see a rebuttal to Holleman's article, at least one written by a fellow teenager. I'm not sure that I agree no fan is ever criticized for what he is rather than what he does--true, no genuine fan, one who has earned respect, does this more than once in a million times, perhaps, but there are some people that are all too willing to lump somebody in a group and criticize him for it.

//Sorry to have had to massacre your letter so, John, but this is the absolute maximum in pages to be given over to letters this time.

Guess I should mention that the other letters were edited somewhat, too, but I tried to keep the basic tone there so as not to twist the meanings around.//

S

Somewhere, back in the dim pages in the front of this ish, I might have stated that I was typing this ish as it came to hand--and I did, not knowing just what would be here until I reached this page. I got myself confused between mimeoed pages and stencils until I was going in circles. But the results are evident now.

A

Before I forget it, I must apologize to Bill Meyers for not using his new column after all. Seems some changes have been made since I started stenciling. What with my taking on a new job three nights a week, there just isn't time to get TWIG out on a bi-monthly schedule. In fact, the quarterly routine might turn out rather irregular at first. As a result, I've decided against using Bill's prozine column because there could be no continuity to it.

W

Reason for the extra job? Well, seems like I couldn't forgo a new station wagon once I got my eyes on it. Then, too, there is the little item of wanting to attend the '58 convention along with a long vacation next summer. So, for three nights a week I sell beer and sundry items to the local guzzlers. Funny--I'm meeting all of the old tribe I went through school with. Didn't realize so many of them were such persistent drinkers.

D

Now, I'm not a teetotaler myself, but I don't consume the amounts they do.

U

And why is it that many statues, cartoons, etc. of nudes show the gals in the altogethor while the boys are either fig leafed or standing behind a convenient tree?

--George Scithers

S

Don't look for another TWIG before December, if that soon. But that doesn't mean I don't want more material and art work. I pretty well depleted my supply with this current issue. In fact, I have one article on hand that I plan on using, and even it has to have a revision done on it. Sooooo take heed any of you hackers who have an idea that I might like.

T

I know there was a lot I had to say on this page, but now that I'm on it, can't seem to think of it. Just wait until I put it on the mimeo and floods of things will come to me. Until then--here is a little of the white space that I lack.

TWIG ANNISH



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