

V. 2.1

EUSIFANSO...

the EUGENE SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY

This is the seventh issue of EUSIFANSO - the journal of the Eugene Science Fantasy Society. It is a quarterly publication and is published by the Eugene Science Fantasy Society. The first issue was published in the fall of 1947.

In our event after that in the past few years we have had a number of excellent authors who have contributed to the magazine. We are proud to have had the following authors contribute to this issue: ...



As for the magazine, we are proud to have had the following authors contribute to this issue: ...

Why do we publish this magazine? The answer is simple: we want to provide a forum for the science fiction fan who has a story to tell. We want to provide a place where the fan can find other fans who share his interests. We want to provide a place where the fan can find other fans who share his interests.

Reverse side

Vol. 2 No. 1 Issue 7

10 CENTS

JUNE 1950

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The

Production Editor

Says...

This is the seventh issue of EUSIFANSO - for the benefit of those who have blithly ignored the fine-print elsewhere. This is also the first issue under new management, and is, in fact the first issue that isn't primarily a one man editorial job... a trend which will probably be accelerated in the future.

In any event after having put in long, hard hours on all previous issues, including the lithoed issue No. 5 which was lost forever (librarians note), D. R. Fraser, has resigned from the editorial post. Whether he wants a vacation or wants to see some others sweating at the desk is a matter for the deliberation of the local Hop-Chowder & Philosophical Society. For our part we wish to thank D. R. Frazer for all he has done and is doing for the club and EUSIFANSO.

As for the rest of us, and most likely Fraser too, we shall have been up until the wee sma' hours for many a consecutive night 'ere you receive this tiny issue of EUSIFANSO. Yes it's hard labor to set type by hand - and slow - but you can forget about that. BUT we do want you to remember our contributors.

Why? Because all the writing in this issue, except for this editorial represent long hard hours of grinding on the part of various people who hope to please you. Ye ed is personally acquainted with this issue's contributors and knows that your few moments spent on writing a letter, a card, or a note of criticism or praise will be deeply appreciated. How about it folks? And that goes for you people in Canada, Ireland, England, India, and Australia too! ...and now-she's all yours.....

Rosco Wright

EUSIFANSO...

Staff:

EDITORIAL SELECTION:

Clarence & Alice Rutherford
Rosco Wright

PRINTING:

Ed Zimmerman
D. R. Fraser
Bryce Decker
Faith Kelly
Dotty Bergerson

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The MARTIAN ZWIPPLETWIG

A learned and authoritative article on the life and habits of this remarkable Martian creature.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ by Douglas Furgh ◆ ◆

The Martian Zwippetwig was first discovered by Dr. Von Short Bher of the first Earth-Mars expedition, in the terra-year 2008. This interesting creature was first believed to be a phantasm of the mind caused by the alien conditions and fatigue of the long space flight, and it was not until much later that the Zwippetwig was found to be in actual existance and not just a product of the "Martian Willys", a disease of the brain peculiar to the planet.

It is generally agreed, among authorities on the subject, that of all the extra-terrestrial solar life forms the Martian Zwippetwig is the most highly advanced of those so far observed, not only in its intelligence ratings but also in the complexity of its biological processes and living habits.

The layman is familiar with the most striking characteristic of the "zwip" as it is colloquially known, this being the rapidly changing shape and color patterns of the little beasts' bodies. The average is 7 to 9 color changes per minute and 10 to 15 demensional changes. The whole effect is one that confuses the eye and mind and often produces a stupor in the observer somewhat akin to a hypnotic trance.

The "zwip" does not produce a single color at a time but seldom takes less than two shades at a time and does not change, for example, from red to green to cerise, but changes from purple, pink and yellowish brown to mauve, dirty violet, and blue to green with pink stripes and pink polka-dots. The only time a "zwip" takes a single color is in the case of extreme contentment, which produces a bronze tint for all of three secouds while the body changes to a flat pancake shape for the same amount of time.

THE MARTIAN ZWIPPLETWIG

This ability of the Zwippetwig to change shape and color was generally regarded by early observers to be a means of communication, but the present theory is that the changes are necessary to carry out the normal life processes. This argument is supported by the apparent difference in the general pattern of changes after eating, for instance, having consumed its regular meal of iron salts of carboxylic acids, the acid solution of sodium athonate in the digestive receptical in conjunction with silicon based protein enzymes, produce an obscure rearrangement of the atoms involved, producing various distinctive shades in azo dyes which upon splitting, due to hydrogen concentration caused by the previous reaction, produce two large amino benzenoid acids, which are characteristic of their metabolism.

Every three Martian years all Zwippetwigs congregate, on the south shore of zencid canal-14, to begin the mating season. This particular location is chosen by the Zwippetwig because of the amazingly high content, in the sands of that area, of concentrated iron-salts of carboxylic acids. Tho these are necessary to a 'zwip' normal metabolism these are needed in high concentration to support the stepped up metabolism, due to the mating season, of the vast hords.

The mating process is best described as follows:

When the few million Zwippetwigs who managed to survive the rigors of the severe Martian elements gather, they space themselves in an orderly fashion (exactly fifteen feet apart). From the air the area takes on the appearance of an early twentieth-century print-cloth pattern. When all are set metabolism slowly begins to mount (the rate of color and dimensional changes rise accordingly). The 'zwip' now are leaving the stage of apparent dis-interest toward others of their species. Suddenly the 'zwip' in front of 'him' becomes, as the interest mounts higher and higher, a greatly desired thing.

Eventually we detect a slow movement of the, until now stationary life forms, (except, of course, for normal metabolic movement). This movement is all directed toward the center of the horde, and gradually gains momentum until there is a general rush toward the center. Those on the outside are moving at a vastly greater rate of speed than those near the center, so that they all seem to collide with each other at the same time.

THE MARTIAN ZWIPPLETWIG

Then occurs a stage, in the mating process, that is most singular. The vast numbers of 'zwip' melt together and seem to metabolate as one. The rate of this metabolism is raised to a point where our present instruments are completely unable to measure the unbelievable rapidity of color and dimensional changes, which are estimated to occur at the rate of 3 to 4 million per second in the case of the color and from 5 to 7 million per second in the case of the dimensional changes. The appearance of the Zwips in this area is impossible for a human to describe, since the stepped up metabolism renders them almost invisible, which, with the rapid and alien chemical reactions taking place at the same time give the whole scene a mysterious and sinister quality.

All observation of the mating process must be made from afar, due to the fatal consequences that befall any man venturing south of the tropic of capricorn on Mars, and rendering impossible close observation of this all-important season in the life of the zwip.

It is interesting to note, at this point, that the very existence of the Zwip depends entirely upon the concentration of the iron salts in that area just south of the 14th zenoid canal. One wonders what would become of the creatures if this food supply were taken from them. This, of course, is unlikely since the deposits are extremely widespread and are being constantly replaced by natural means.

This stage in the mating process does not cease for five Martian days, whereupon the vast concentration of Zwips is suddenly rent apart. When this happens there are exactly twice as many zwips as there were before the mating. The Zwippetwigs then return to their respective areas of habitation.

As you may have deduced, measurement of the Zwippetwig is virtually impossible, due to its uncanny ability to expand and contract. The greatest ever observed was about three and a half feet, but the Zwips can extend their length sometimes as much as 200 feet for rapid locomotion.

Locomotion is accomplished by a process similar to that used by an amoeba. The Zwip assumes a long cylindrical form and the next instant it reforms into a lump at one end, whereupon it promptly re-assumes the cylindrical shape and repeats this at the rate of 15 to 20

(cont. page nine)

Science » Fantasy

Verse

Broken Spires

He walked thru old, abandoned streets alone.
The morning sky was roan with rising sun.
Up cobwebbed ways where olden spiders spun,
Retreats long uninhabited, it shone

The architecture was of days of yore.
Ere Egypt was its fashion long was done
And waiting to be read by anyone
Were cryptic hieroglyphs above each door.

How shall he rob them of their ancient lore
Of broken spires that once rose to the sky,
Or dig up any bones of you or I
From time when we were on this world before?

by Howard Bergerson

« « « « » » » »

With My Bare Teeth Hanging Out

“Oh, carry my torch high,” she said.
I lifted it over my head.
I carried the torch high and proud
And singed the behind of a cloud;
The cloud put its rummy aside,
Then thundered and showered my hide.

by Rew

Notes in Lyric

Our life is strange. It fills our dreams with vast
Terrains heaving images as varied
As restless wind encompassing our last
And first of loves. It's forms are many, hurried
Before a host of memories in fast
Disturbing tempo. Born to die in flurried
Eternal moments, we sail atop the highest mast
Each eager in seeking life's varied land.

Yet life is evasive; like a mirage on land,
It flees like phantom-born tufts of mist
Before the rising sun, then fades and dies,
The spell of every early frost. It lists,
An idle ship at sea when hands deny
It entrance to port before an eager breeze.

It blossoms quickly under loving care;
A quickened burst of color, yet must wilt
And pale in sad decline, its roots to bear
The life it lost by forming new in-built
Attraction; gay blossoms, blown in Spring-wrought air.

For life is but eternity. Its depths
Of emotion are endless; yet it lasts
No longer than a burst of jagged light, wealth
Of bright intensness, flashed then charred in ghastly
Remains and dust of what was used to be.

No prearranged path is set in way defined;
Its timber is spiraled and lined in wooded ways
To set life's mood for every wandering mind.
It allows a fleeting hazy glimpse, always
Into our own impulse. It really matters
Not; for our final steps all join in one
Misty place, there to give ourselves to others.

by Joanne Lewis

THE MARTIAN ZWIPPLETWIG

Zippletwigs are extremely elusive creatures and a human being has yet to touch one of them, whether it be through an instrument or with bare hands. They simply begin the locomotion process and get out of the way, all the time changing color, which makes a study of them maddeningly difficult.

They can be captured only by excavation of a large section of the Martian landscape with gravity reassociators.

Their nervous system is apparently very sensitive, and the Zwips could be called, in colloquial terms, "high strung." This is borne out by the fact that when danger threatens or when conditions are not just right, the Zippletwig simply disintegrates. This happens often because of the tremendous chemical storms which constantly occur on Mars. In the experimental laboratory, the Zwips will disintegrate if the space they occupy is even slowly contracted in an effort to trap the Zwiip.

The elusiveness of the Martian Zippletwig may keep us from ever learning much more about the creature, and if it maintains its peculiar indifference to other life forms, communication with them is unlikely, even though basic intelligence tests show an intellect comparable to that of man.

THE END

CYRUS PROUTY *the old-book man*

If it has been in
print I will try
to get it for you.

1254 WILLAMETTE EUGENE, OREGON

Wha' H'ppen?

by fa. ke.

Current (110 v) E. S. F. S. activty news...

Last meeting was hilarious. All the members were drunk from an under-dose of caffine. That condition was righted after the meeting --our usual caffine orgy took place. During the meeting, however, some business was conducted.

For example, Cy Prouty has offered his services as custodian of and answerer to all correspondences concerned with the mail auction of science-fiction-fantasy literature and drawings. This auction is open to fans to offer any second-hand science-fantasy books or magazines or drawings for auction to other fans. Write to Cy Prouty at 146 East 12th, Eugene, for further info.

Have heard much discussion of Dianetics-----

If you haven't seen Bradbury's "Way in the Middle of the Air" in the July OTHER WORLDS, by all or any means obtain a copy and read it. A bit cynical, but thought provoking.

THE SECRETARY

N O R W E S C O N

Talk with famous Authors, Editors, Fans and this years' honor guest

Anthony Boucher

This, the eighth fan-vention, will be held in Portland on Sept. 1 -- 4.
NORWESCON Committee membership costs one dollar. Send yours to

Ruth Newbury, treasurer

Post Office box 8517

Portland 7, Oregon

The last heard from...

the MUGWUMP TREE

...as transcribed from wire....

Well, young whipper-snapper, studying chemistry I see! By the rings in my trunk, that brings to mind the good old days. In fact it reminds me of Mistaphil Gunther. Quite a lad was he - especially for a ten year old, even in that unremembered geological epoch.

The incident occurred one day when I was ambling down a country road, looking for some iron-enriched soil to sink my roots into: suddenly, out of an overhanging tree, leaped Mistaphil Gunther, landing with a crash in my branches. Then as now, I was not such a big tree, yet my stronger branches were capable of supporting a ten year old boy tho it did take me two seasons to get my twigs back in order.

Mistaphil Gunther settled in the crook of a lower branch; "Well, young man," I said, "what are you doing for the race today?"

Mistaphil Gunther giggled, "I just finished a course in Psychomorphology. That's why I'm up here off the ground."

"Well," I told him, "I, as your godfather, and a friend of your race, trust that you will be exceedingly magical in all walks of life."

"That would be swell, Mugwump, but I don't want to be just a magician. I want to be The Magician's Magician. I will too-someday. See what I can do already!"

I listened and I saw, because Mistaphil Gunther had crossed all five fingers and because the laws of nature were not then what they are now. Mistaphil Gunther proceeded further:

Oh I don't want to be
A mug on a mugwump tree;
All I want to be is a big
Stinger hanging on a bumble-bee.

There was a roar and a tremendous black insect took off, knocking me from my roots. It was Mistaphil Gunther - no less.

Discovering that the soil I'd fallen into was rich in iron I planted my roots and proceeded to take nourishment while the 'bee' buzzed

the countryside.

Several hours later, about time for ten year olds to join the family, the gigantic bumble bee landed at my base with an awkward crash. It sheathed its wings; looked at me with a myriad blank eyes and began circling my base. I just stood there like a tree without a mind of its own and my features in my bark. Then Mistaphil Gunther began to get paniky. He hopped around like no sane insect, natural or conjured, should and finally climbed on his hind four feet and clawed at my bark with everything he had.

Well I have a thick bark but even a tree has nerves. "O.K," I said "Mistaphil Gunther, I heard you the first time. You want to turn back into a boy but you haven't any vocal cords with which to say the lyric."

Thanks to my indelible memory I uttered a counter lyric and the bumble-bee became Mistaphil Gunther who ran joyfully home. Now like I say young man, you remind me a lot of the lad I spoke of, albeit you are older, but, just the same, I advise you to not think that just be.... er....excuse me. I must step outside and attend to something...(sound of door closing).

And that is the last we have heard from the guardian spirit of the E.S.F.S We will appreciate any suggestions you may be able to offer that will aid us in finding the Mugwump Tree. Rush all letters to 146 E. 12th Ave. Eugene, Oregon.

YOU.....will always be WELCOME

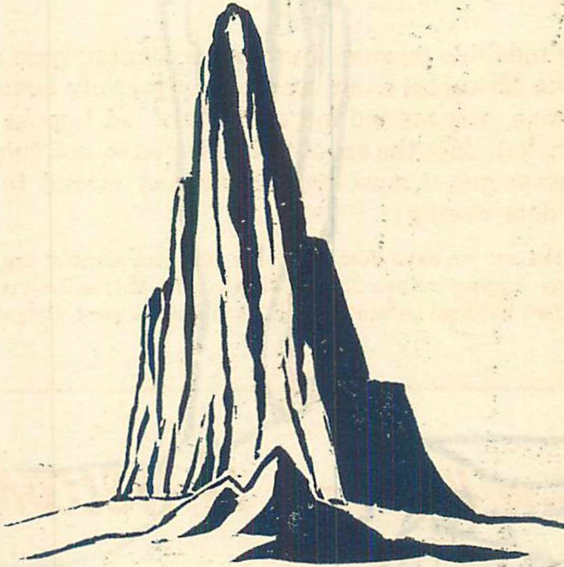
**at the meetings of the
E. S. F. S. 146 E. 12
Eugene, Oregon.....**

**WHY NOT DROP IN ON US the 2nd Wed. OF THE MONTH?
the meetings start at 7:30 P.M.**

A QUOTE OF NOTE
via Cyrus Prouty

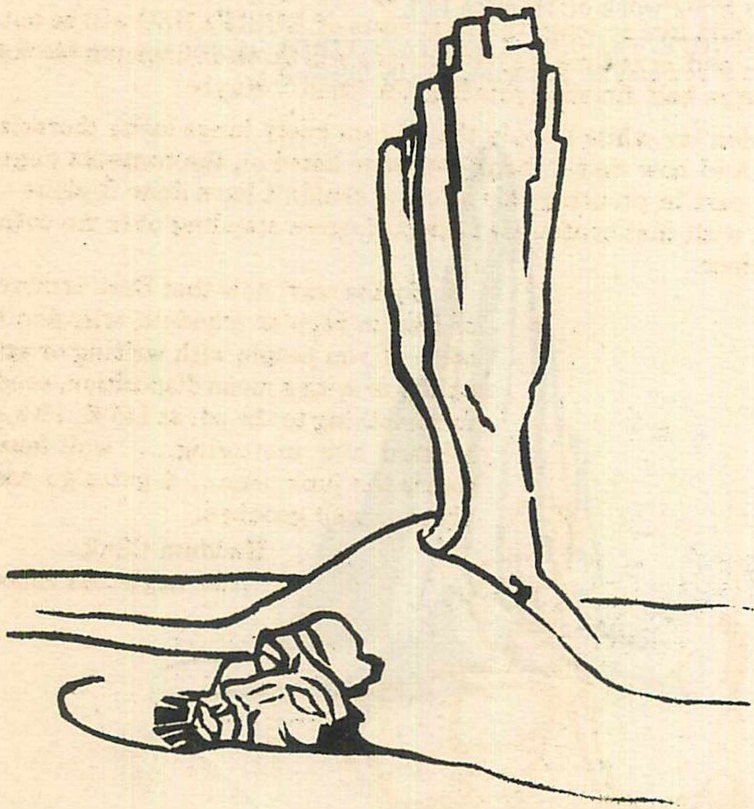
ANTIQUARIAN BOOKMAN, May 6, 1950: " 'Hugo's' (named after science fiction dean Hugo Gernsback) will be awarded to 'scientific' works of merit by New York's Hydra Club at an east-coast s-f conference to be held on or about July 4. Design of the 'Hugo' figures is to be work of Hannes Bok."

ED. NOTE: You who read **FANTASY TIMES**, pardon the repeat; the rest of you consider yourselves happily informed.



Rew 50

"Ozymandias"



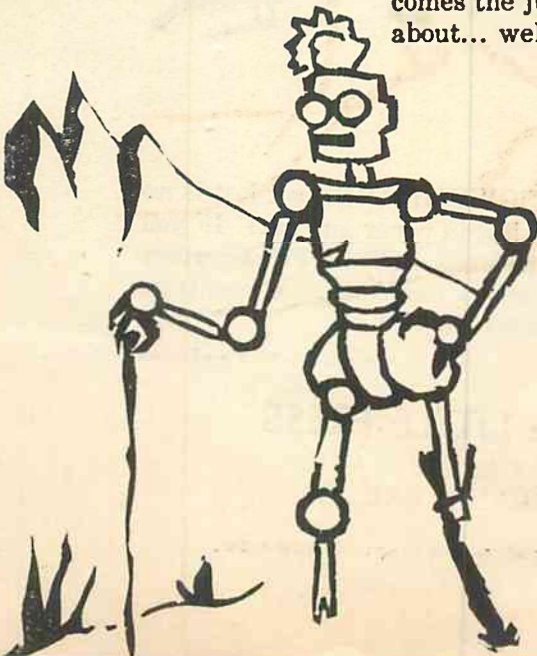
LAST ROBOT RATTLES HOME DEPT.

Well, this is it. I feel battered but not defeated... and if I or others should live so long, the next issue of EUSIFANSO will be out on time -- and next time maybe someone will think of linoleum blocks before we're half finished printing the issue. Maybe.

(Pardon me while I apply the oil can- rusty hinge in my thoracic cavity.) And now may I thank everyone listed on the contents page for their part in proucing this issue? I couldn't have done it alone -- not even with that confounded Simon Legree standing over me with a can-opener.

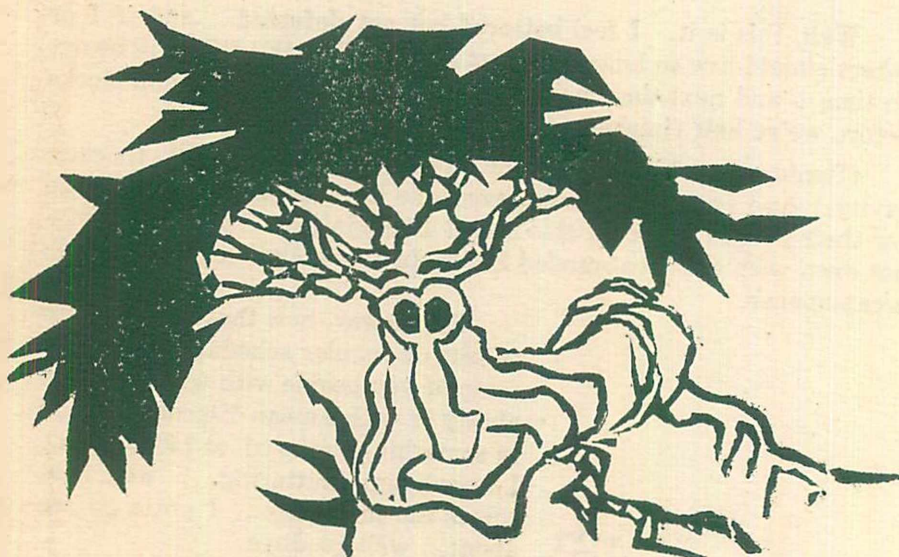
By the way, now that Eusi. is more or less on regular schedule, why don't some of you people with writing or art ability or with a mean disposition, send in something to the ed. at 146 E. 12th.. I heard him muttering.... well here comes the junk man... I gotta go see about... well goodbye,

Haddum Clink
...the neglected robot



Just

BECAUSE ...



...just because the MUGWUMP TREE got lost is no reason for you to get lost in paper and ink! IF you want to edit a magazine let the LITTLE PRESS worry about production problems - then you can concentrate on editing a REAL MAGAZINE!

ROSCO WRIGHT & ED ZIMMERMAN

the LITTLE PRESS

146 EAST 12th AVE.
EUGENE, ORE.

PHONE 5-5774 FOR PRINTING SERVICE.