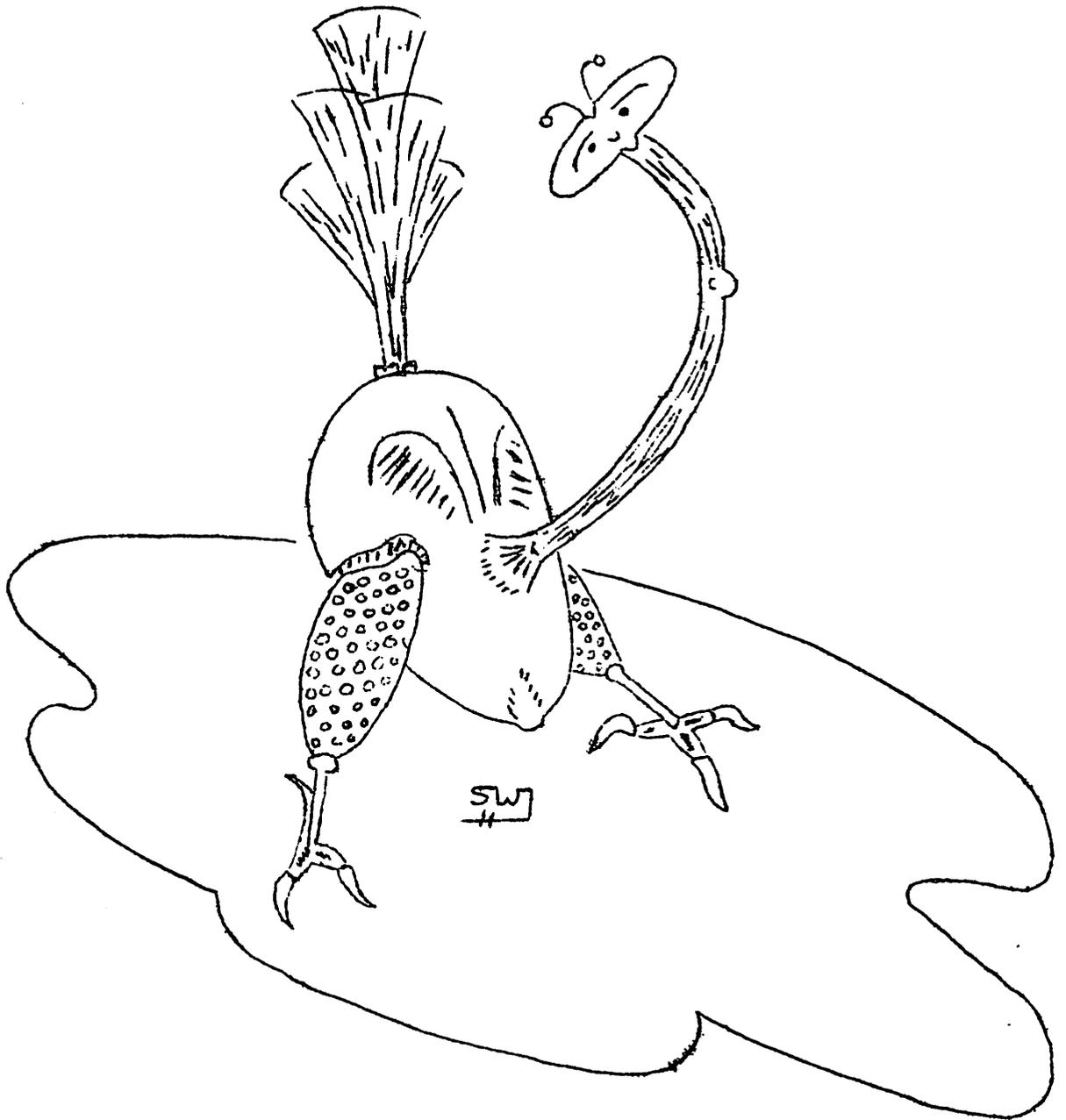


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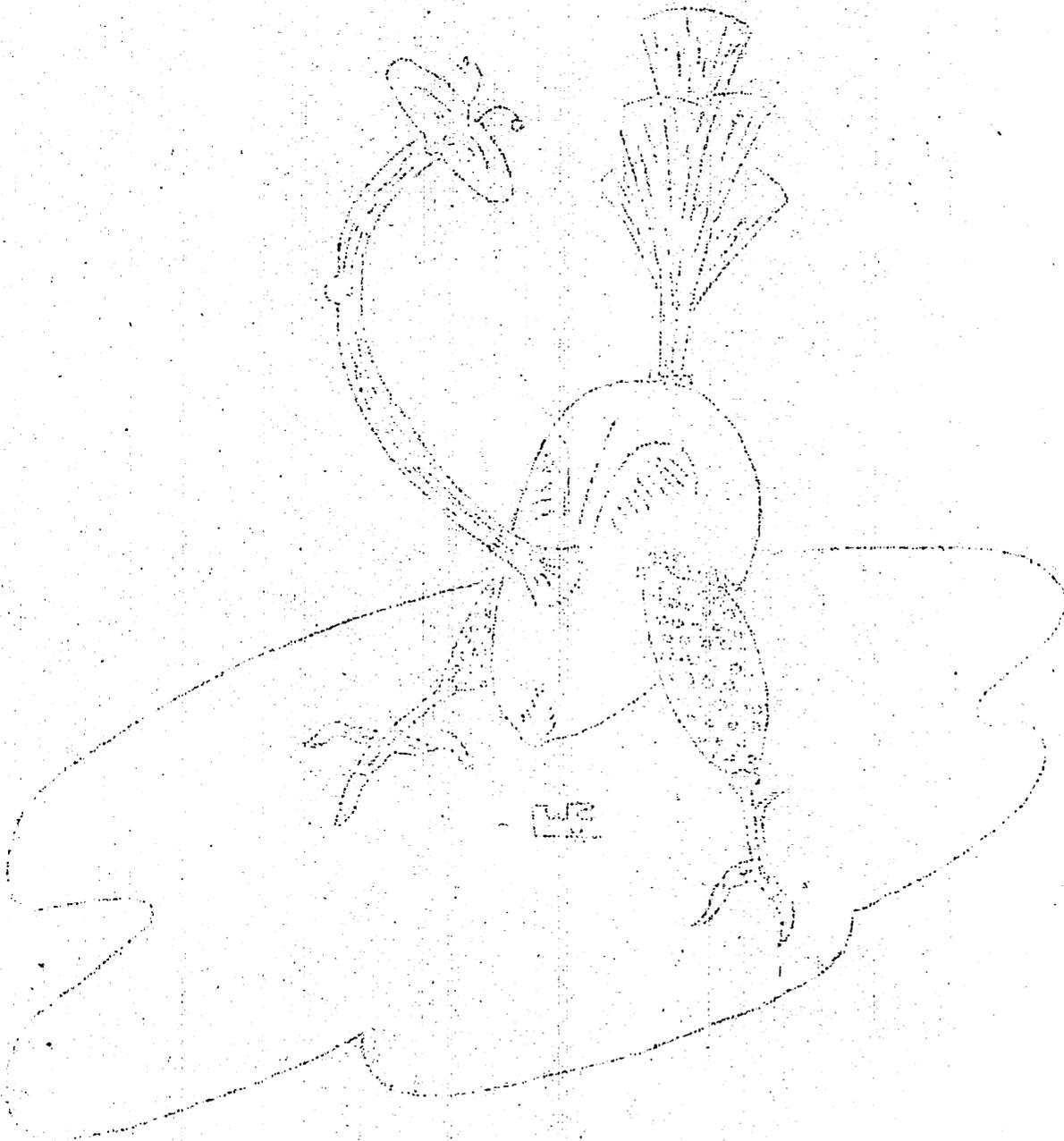


Fig. 1

Twig

11

September

1958

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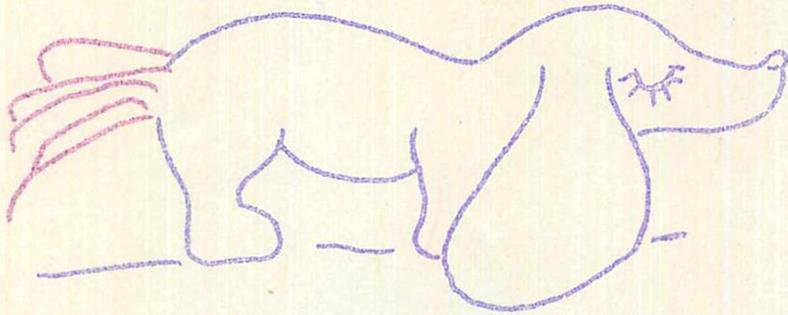
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Next month will be the "all-editor" written issue. "The Secret of the Oaks" by Johnny Holeman will be featured.

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SHAVINGS



BUT, GOOD SIR! I'VE BEEN SPAYED!

devices. But let's take them in somewhat of an order.

Acting: Vincent Price presents one of his worst efforts, and Herbert Marshall isn't much better. The girl, and I didn't bother to note her name since she was so hammy, was very unconvincing. The whole tone of the portrayals was one of: "I'm in this and I don't like it, but it is for money and I'll do it." The characters aren't alive.

"The first atomic mutation" the ads claimed. This is a mutation? Hell, any fool knows a mutation is caused by some effect on the genes during birth. They might have called it an "atomic re-arrangement" and got away with it. (Though for the life of me, even a novice biologist like myself can't figure out how they would explain the stretching of 'fly' atoms to cover the head and arm of a man--or the shrinking of 'man' atoms to fit a fly. Preposterous!)

Technically, from the standpoint of electrical devices, the movie was near perfect. Excellent construction and effects.

For dubbing the 'live' fly for the 'man-fly--what a corker of a mess that was. Since when does one left leg of a fly come out of its head? That's the way it would have to be the way they painted the fly.

The timing of scenes was poor. Very slow beginning and it continued that way. Time didn't fly!

Maybe I'm too harsh on this effort. Maybe it will go down as one of the outstanding movies of the year. Being a dramatist, I can't believe it. I'm trained to look for flaws in acting, scripting, etc. I can't call 'good' something that is so poorly done as this movie.

There's an old rumor that runs wild among the population--especially where school age population is concerned--that you can't tell a teacher anything, that they already know it all. The hell you say. Ghod, wish that that were the case. If it had been, #10 TWIG would have been a lot easier to read.

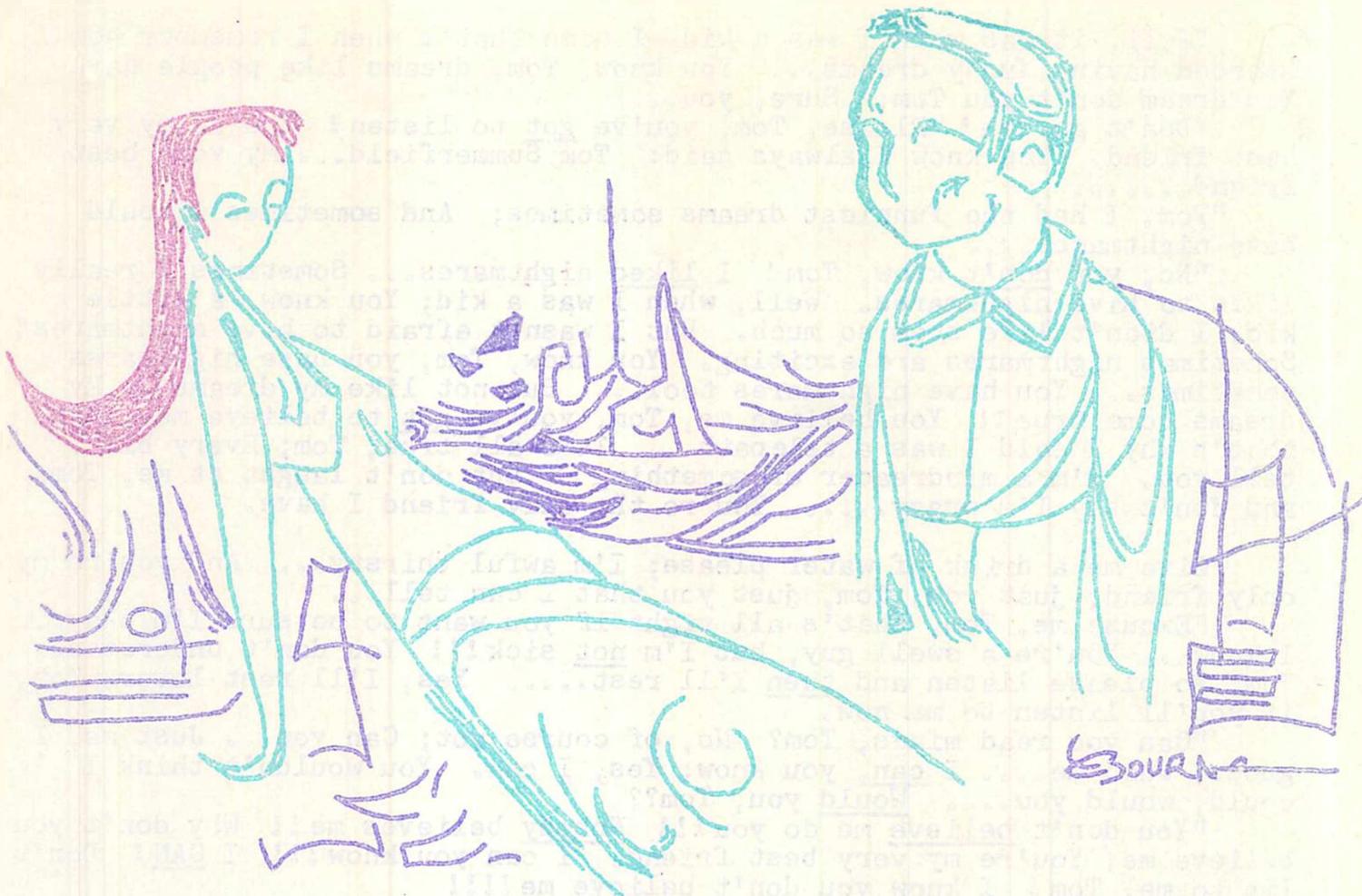
They told me everything on how to run the Azograph. Everything about the machine--nothing about what to do with the pages after running them. How was I to know you couldn't stack a pile of still damp pages together? I did, I didn't, and, if you got #10, you saw what happened. Those blurred pages were clear, no show-through, when I stacked them. You can imagine my horror and disgust when I went to assemble the pages. I'd always prided myself on my reproduction, but this was worse than the rank-est neo-fans first attempt.

A goodly number of readers of the last issue have stated that my review of THE FLY was, to quote one: "in poor taste, that I forsook good judgement for bad humor." (Reamy) Also hinting that I don't know what a good science fiction film is.

I'll repeat--THE FLY is not a good movie, science fiction or otherwise. It is one of the worst in my opinion.

I hadn't intended on discussing it at length in TWIG, it isn't worth it, but I will, briefly, defend my statement.

Apparently, THE FLY cost a sizeable amount of money--color, cinemascope, two established actors, excellent electrical



Star With Me Tom

by
Bill
Pearson

The two figures were still in pose, and formed a melancholy silhouette against the dim light that shown thru the closed blinds.

The man on the bed spoke in a whisper.....

"Oh, but Tom, how can I say what devil prompted me to such a horrible fate. Nervous tension, perhaps---but what must you think of me....please, Tom, do not; Oh, you must not think me mad.

"No, no, do not sputter and stammer to me, Tom, your friend. I can easily understand your position, and surely, were I in your place it would be all too apparent my incredulity. Now I must speak freely, as there are many things that must be said....

"Ahhh, no, Tom, do not offer to me your pity for this that I must say, you must also hear; For you Tom, you are my truest friend.

"You see, I am a telepath...NO, TOM, NO! I'm all right, no; Remember the time we went fishing and I--I fell in the pond, Tom; And, and you were so mad because you thought all the fish had been scared away.... You remember, Tom, you remember; And remember how I laughed so hard that night when I saw you because I had stayed and caught three nice ones after you left... You remember how I laughed! See, Tom, see. I'm all right..

"Well, it was when I was a kid--I mean that's when I remember how I started having funny dreams... You know, Tom, dreams like people have. You dream don't you Tom: Sure, you...

"Don't go Tom! Please, Tom, you've got to listen! You're my very best friend. You know I always said: Tom Summerfield... My very best friend.....

"Tom, I had the funniest dreams sometimes; And sometimes I would have nightmares....

"No, you don't know, Tom! I liked nightmares... Sometimes I really liked to have nightmares. Well, when I was a kid; You know, a little kid, I didn't like them so much. But I wasn't afraid to have nightmares! Sometimes nightmares are exciting. You know, Tom, you have nightmares sometimes... You have nightmares too... But not like my dreams!! My dreams come true!! You believe me, Tom, you've got to believe me... And that's why I said I was a telepath... It's all true, Tom; Every bit I tell you. I'm a mindreader or something!! But don't laugh at me, Tom, and don't say I'm crazy..... You're the only friend I have.

"Give me a drink of water please; I'm awful thirsty... And you're my only friend, just you, Tom, just you that I can tell...

"Excuse me, Tom, that's all right if you want to be sure I'm okay... I know... You're a swell guy, but I'm not sick!!! You don't understand, Tom, so please listen and then I'll rest..... Yes, I'll rest later, Tom, if you'll listen to me now.

"Can you read minds, Tom? No, of course not; Can you... Just me, I guess; Just me.... I can, you know; Yes, I can. You wouldn't think I could, would you.... Would you, Tom??

"You don't believe me do you!!! Nobody believes me!! Why don't you believe me; You're my very best friend. I can you know!!! I CAN! Don't lie to me, Tom! I know you don't believe me!!!!

"I'm not too excited.... But I just want you to believe me, that's all; Because you're my best friend, Tom.

"I guess thought that I shouldn't expect you to understand.... You know, Tom, I didn't know myself until a few months ago. Isn't that funny Isn't that the most grotesquely funny thing you ever heard!! I went through so many aimless years not even knowing how different from my fellow men I was! How different from even you, dear friend Tom, I was and am. Still you are perplexed, I know; Yet I am certain you will understand me soon. I am not a studious man, or was not; You know that, and yet in so many years and after so many thoughts it is only reasonable that a man will discover things which he had no knowledge of; Especially things about himself! things which he had never even known to be!!! 'Coincidence' I said; But is that what I meant? I sincerely doubt it. Rather I think that coincidence is only a term my poor brain substituted when after searching frantically through the avenues of my intelligence found nothing, absolutely nothing else. I did not realize things in their true perspective, Tom, For my brain changed the impressions it received from any other than my natural senses... It changed them so very much at times that I could not associate them with normal occurrences.

"And that is why, Tom, I have learned to be jealous of insanity.

"No, Tom, please listen --- I am serious!! A man who is sane is horribly restricted in his mental capacity. He reasons! So for that reason a man can never be a true telepath. He hasn't the imagination!!! Not even I; Though for years I have so badly wanted to be. I am a freak, Tom; And if I were also mad I would know all the thoughts and impressions of every living organism! Not only men, Tom, but flowers... trees -- and perhaps even the floor beneath my feet. Who, who calls himself a man,

can know what has and what does not have awareness!! A sane man ponders his every move--- For every question there are only a certain number of possible conclusions. Ha ; But a madman does not reason; He thinks in abstractions! He is not stopped by a hurried and regular conclusion. He goes on producing answers to his questions; Fulfillments for his anxieties.... And do you know why the madman is not capable of living successfully in the world?? It is because his body, his whole being is incapable of coping with his magnificent brain.

"Nor is the world capable of understanding. For people are born and live with a set and established idea; An idea they are taught. An idea that for every thought there is an expected response.-----

"A child, when he is given an apple, thinks only 'It is good' or 'It is not good'...Now when he grows older he thinks: 'It is good, but if I eat it, it will be gone', or 'It is not good, if I eat it I will be sick', or 'It is an apple'. 'Later he may even add to these 'It is not an apple, somebody is trying to fool me'!! Naturally you would think that this increases his mental versatility. Then you would be wrong.. It only makes him more suspicious. More realistic and observant to the daily boring pattern of life... So that by the time they are adult their minds have been so subjected and drawn in upon themselves that they are incapable of imaginative construction..

"You, Tom, are not broadminded enough to accept this... Well, I should not say that perhaps; Instead let me say that you are too pre-occupied to comprehend anything but fact. Fact! It is absurd, there is too much of it.....

"Are you not even curious of my strange mutterings, as this must seem to be to you??? can you not even say--'Ah, dear friend, perhaps you are right'; Or quarrel with me; Or at least show some interest! I could not stand it, Tom, if you would ignore me in this which is to me so very important.....

"Tom, I beg of you, sit here by me and hear me. You seem so impersonal and I, I am your most treasured friend. Will you offer me a friend's comfort??

"Think, Tom, think of Napoleon and Hitler----- Were they not great! Were they not brilliant??? Cruel perhaps, and not the kindest of men, but truly genius... Uncannily brilliant! Do you know why, Tom? Not because they just happened to be a little smarter than the average man; It is because they had the power to think abstractly and combine it with their realistic endeavors.... Can't you see it--- the utter enormity of their reasoning; The unsurmountable completeness of their intelligence..... No; No, you could not understand----- Nor can I completely, I can but realize something which I have learned is hopelessly out of my reach.....

"But this is not what I had intended to tell you, Tom; I wanted to tell you why I have done as I have. to show you how I realized that it was within my powers to receive impressions and thoughts from other minds than my own!!! I did not know when I was younger that no others than myself could know what would happen before it happened... How could I think there was anything different when I never thought it important enough to discuss with my friends or family, when certainly no one ever mentioned it to me..... Coincidence, though, can go only so far. I began to wonder why my dreams were so often proven, to me, to be accurate prognostications of the future. Or, occasionally, correct descriptions of something in the near past which I had previously known nothing about.... I began to record my dreams and search daily the newspapers to see which of my garish dreams had come true... In my everyday

life I began to realize that I knew what people thought of me as I spoke to them, or even passed them on the street. Before it had seemed completely natural. Now, though, I suddenly discovered that other people did not have this sixth sense. Soon I was able to act just the way the recipient of the act would find most acceptable.....

"Not that I could hear little voices in my head!! Oh, No, not anything quite so dramatic as that! Emotion, I think you would call it that; Yes, that is just what it was. And many is the time I have sensed disgust... Too often, I fear, for it gradually made me despondent... And the more morose I became the more people would take a dislike to me; For in my sorrow I would surely forget to return a friendly smile... Even a thing this unimportant can force unto my mood an aura of intense hate.

"But really that is not the most of my power... For the extent of my unusual force comes to me in the night when my mind relaxes it's hold on the problems of the day and is open to whatever thoughts fall rashly into the cavern of my dreams... For it is here that I foretell the future with such unerring authenticity. Whenever, of course, my dreams have been of sufficient substance.

"Can you know what it is to die each night in your dreams!!! For that is what I do... Naturally, since I am incapable of abstract reasoning, my poor brain is forced to substitute the believable for those things which arrive to me in no material state... And it is for this reason that my mind reveals death as my death though I know not whether I am but experiencing the death of a garden weed or truly the death of a person or animal somewhere.....

"I dream of gallant and heroic deeds and in every fantasy it is I who am the hero... I dream of disaster and accomplishment. I dream of beauty, But mostly I dream of death and horror!!... Would you not imagine that it was the natural imaginings of nervous tension... Certainly I did not think it strange.....

"But could I then forget and ignore the discovery of my freakish difference??? Frightened I was! And sickened by the thoughts of what slimy creatures thoughts might be transferred to my brain... But I could not go on living without knowing to what extent my powers could be extended... My nights became torture and agony my days; for how was I to know how I could even test my mind. Could control it and force it to clutch the thoughts out of those persons I was aware of.

"You remember me in those first months, Tom, how listless I was and how irritable. How well I remember how poorly I conducted myself, for was I not conscious of my associates and friends emotions? Ahhh... But you would not know this, Tom, You would not know.....

"I forced terrible dreams unto myself for I felt this would give me the clue as to how to pursue my ability to the fullest of my obvious potential..... At least I learned to concentrate more fully on even the smallest details of my dreams--- and to try and memorize them. Which certainly gave more prominence to my conclusions; But as to an accurate distinction between illusion and fact, not even full concentration seemed to bring relief. Nothing would help me..... Nothing.....

"I know that this would have led to certain insanity had it not been for the fact that madness was my dream and I thought the only deliverance from the torture that was mine...

"It would seem small torture to you, I'm sure, not knowing what I know. But if you could --- can you imagine the certainty that it was possible to have an intelligence in triplicate of what you now possess.. Three times as near to perfection. It was the only thing that haunted me... Nothing else, not even the terrible nightmares filled me with such a dread... I died a million times in my dreams and each vision left me

with a terror that would end in sweat and I with such sluggish limbs that I would fear surely the death I felt that night would be my own...

"What! You understand? Oh, Tom, Tom, you are a dear friend to me and I knew that you would help me when you realized my trouble.

"Would you like to know of one occurrence, Tom? I dreamed that one day I was in the crowd during a very important football game... I dreamed that the game was very exciting and near the end our side was only one touchdown behind.... And somehow, in that dream, I felt that we must win that game. But just at the moment when it was apparent that we had a small chance to score an absurd thing happened. A thing that could only have been an utter farce... There was a man put out of the game which left only ten men on the field for our side and no one else to put in... And immediately the crowd surged around me... ME! said my subconscious. I was just a spectator, not even a member of the team! Yet they forced me to don the pads and helmet there on the field and enter into the last few minutes of the play! Then even a stranger thing as I controlled the play and ran the winning touchdown of the game!!! Never in my life have I been even once eager to attempt football! Nor have I had the yen to watch a game.... Yet almost two weeks after this strange but seemingly unimportant vision the very exact same thing happened to a young man from an eastern college over six hundred miles away!

"And this is but one of the many weird visions I have had in the past few years... surely if this had been the only such dream I would easily have consigned it to coincidence and as readily have forgotten it.....

"But, no, Tom, no, it was not by any means the only apparition. Can you not imagine the torment of such an existence???? But I am unsuccessful... I have failed to achieve the uniqueness and the freedom of abstract reasoning. However I have progressed to a certain extent, Tom, and I am nearer to my goal.....

"That is, until last night. Until last night... It was like so many of the dreams I have had, and yet so different.... So very different... I cannot describe again the terribly gruesome details.. Not even to myself. You understand, don't you, Tom?

"It was a dream of death, like so many others before it, but this time it was horrible!!! For it was my death. MINE! I know it, Tom, I know that last night I dreamed of my death and it is so near.. So near.....

"But, Tom, what was most ghastly of all was that in my dream I was alone.. Alone without a friend. So I've tricked fate, for I have you, Tom, to be with me and I know that you will not leave me. You will care for me and you will see that I am not alone when I die... You don't know how terrible it seemed when I died last night in dreams, alone with not a friend to comfort me!

"Stay with me, Tom!!! Stay with me.....

"No, no, Tom, I am all right! I am all right.... I will relax, for it is I who have had the last laugh, because you are with me, Tom, and you will stay with me. The only dream that mattered will not come true....At least this will be a victory..

"Well!! Can't you laugh with me, Tom, for I am not afraid of dying; Not with a true friend by my side... I failed....

"TOM! Tom, tom....."

His hand reached out to grasp the arm of his sympathetic listener. She loosed his death hold gently.

"Coctor!!!"

"...What is it, nurse?"

"He's gone, doctor." She pulled up the sheet, "...He was a dreamer..."

NEW

BORN

(IN THE HOUSE)

"Oh, ghod," I growled. "Now who in the hell can that be?" I slid long tired legs over the edge of the tumbled bed, glanced at the clock and scowled. "7 AM. What an unghodly hour for a phone call."

I don't know how I got out to the phone-- it wasn't a stagger, I didn't get on my knees and crawl, and I didn't walk. It was more like a ricochet bullet in a narrow canyon of solid boulders. I bounced from surface to surface, finally spending my initial momentum and dropping by the phone, flattened from the rapid pounding.

"Hello....."

"Is this guy terwilleger?" In my groggy state, it didn't sound like he, whoever he was, used capitals.

"Yes....."

"This is Lars!" I must not have said anything, for he added, "Lars Bourne! I'm in Boise. I tried to call you last night."

The wild whirring and grinding settled down as gears and cogs of mentality began to mesh solidly, bringing sanity in the process.

"Where are you now?" I managed.

"At the Oxford Hotel. I got a room here last night."

So help me, I've lived in Boise all but about twelve years of my life and couldn't remember where the Oxford was located. I did remember though, that said 'Oxford Hotel' was well known as a house of 'ill fame' around Boise, having been raided several times in the past, with varying degrees of success.

"You can sure pick 'em," I wanted to say, but didn't. I had never met Lars. He could have picked the hotel for that very reason. I remained mute on the subject, deciding to see him and ascertain for myself whether he had a reason or not. (I didn't have to talk long to decide, when I finally met him.)

Le livre est brun.--RABELAIS

There was a blonde, young man standing in the doorway of the Oxford when I barreled up in my pink, white and wood streak Rambler. His expression was too serious, too intent to be a member of fandom. Besides, he was entirely too young.

"Are you Guy Terwilleger?" The sound of capitals stopped me. I took another look. This couldn't be Lars. Lars was black headed, I was sure of this, even though I had never seen a picture of him.

I thought better of brushing by and muttered, "You're Lars Bourne?" This was tentative, as I was thinking this young squirt could have been a former student. I've had some I've suspected frequented 'houses of ill repute' like the Oxford.

The handshake took care of an answer for both of us, and from there it was a simple process to get his bags from the lobby, pitch them into the car, and take off.

He made a nice opening, one that always allows for strangers who have met only by mail to start talking.

"You have a Rambler!"

"Yes," I said, thinking it was self evident.

He took it from there and explained all the noises in the 'beast.' Seems his dad has a Rambler, too. The dire ailments he described didn't set my mind at ease, tending to bring views of a financial catastrophe bringing my fanatic to an end.

In the further process of driving to the house, Lars questioned me about the new arrival I had mentioned on the phone. Funny, how out of all the fan I correspond with, and Lars has been one of the ones I've written to the longest, that I should have failed to mention to him that Diane and I were expecting a baby near the second of August.

If the goings on sound confusing, remember this one point: I now had two new borns (or Bournes, which Lars would prefer) in the house. A man who is baby sitting usually doesn't take much care of a house. I'm no exception. The old homestead was a mess. I hadn't done the dishes from the day before. I had cleaned the bathroom, but who spends their time in the bathroom. Anyway, there is only room for one to contemplate the linoleum in ours, and Lars wouldn't be interested--he'd read my piece on that in ZODIAC.

Le crayon est sur la table.--VOLTAIRE

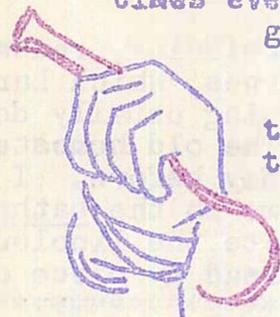
Lars insisted throughout these two days that he didn't want anything to drink. Whether it is out of deference to the fact that I'm allergic to the stuff, any of it, or not, I don't know.

At one point he was sitting across the table transferring a Gilbert cover to master for me. At his side was a bottle of warm, and I mean warm beer. It was open when I came back from work, since then we had been out to dinner and it was the same bottle. Flat? He says its better than water, and because of his affliction of not being able to drink water without alcohol in it, what do I expect--there isn't another thing in the house. (Believe me, this is true. He consumed all the liquids around here, then wondered why I couldn't find the cleaning fluid to take a spot out of his trousers.)

Lars hadn't read Marion Zimmer Bradley's WAY OUT WEST IN TEXAS when he arrived here. I had never appreciated it to the full extent. Or, I should say, never been so upset over a single item of fan writing as I am now. Marion must certainly have had the experience to write such a poignant story as this, and, I'm sure, it's applicable to many fan meetings. The trouble is, I'm the one on the 'odd' side in Lars and my meeting. I can't help but wonder if Lars felt the way the fellow did in this piece.

It isn't easy, you know, to try and entertain someone when your wife is in the hospital and you have a little girl to take care of. Lars said if I had let him know were were having a baby, he wouldn't have stopped. If he hadn't stopped, and I'd found out about his being through, I would have been outraged. Baby or no baby, after several years of fanning alone, it is nice to meet a fan--full fledged fan, for the uninitiated--and that should include all of you as we thought it up one night. (I'd take full credit, but Lars is a sensitive young man and I don't want to ruin his visit with me.)

Lars has one hell of a bad habit in my opinion. The



guy doesn't drink coffee! Maybe one or two cups a day. When we got back home I, of course, put the pot on thinking we could talk over coffee. He informed me he had already had a cup and didn't want any. And, not another drop of it did he drink the whole day.

Me, I'm constant, constant as far as the coffee goes. I drink all day. Now, this isn't the fannish brew, but what can a poor unfortunate like me do? He stares at me when I go put the kettle on. Sometimes even going so far as to say disparagingly, "Making coffee, again?"

If any of you can tell me how to pin this guy down, do so. He's the most agreeable sort, except for coffee, I've ever met. Ask him what he wants to do at the present time and he will answer, "I don't care. Whatever you want to."

He's told me twice, now, that this is the first visit where he got to rest. I'm beginning to wonder just what he means by that.

Probably it was because he had had to make himself at home. I was gone so much of the time. (Lars doesn't know it, but I left so he would sit here alone and, out of boredom, draw art for TWIG.) Seriously, if he wasn't bored with the visit, it wasn't my fault. I had to go up and see Diane at the hospital. I couldn't expect him to go up every time--that would be boring, too.

When we went out to dinner, I guess he expected me to see a lot of old friends and introduce them, then spend the evening talking (with them). He took along the latest F&SF to read. He didn't get much chance for reading, I talked too much. (And Diane won't believe that when she reads it.)

Ou est mon chapeau?--ANATOLE FRANCE

One of the first things Lars asked me was: "Do you have a washing machine? My pants and shirt need washing so I will look nice when I get back out on the road."

This sounded rather funny to me. I'm not a hitchhiker. He explained that appearing neat and clean-cut helped in getting rides. (This answered another question I'd had. When he shaved, he had cut his face several times. It was in order to appear Clean-Cut. Actually, from the number of slashes, I think anyone seeing him would have stopped, picked him up and drove madly to the nearest hospital for first aid.)

Back to the washing. Of course, I washed the clothes for him--even dried them, damp dry for ironing.

At about midnight, Lars burst forth. "Do you have an ironing board?"

"Sure!" I took a quick glance at my clothes and saw them in good condition.

"My shirt and pants will have to be ironed." It was a flat statement. It didn't say he was going to do the ironing, nor did it infer that I was to do it. Just non-committal, with hope, I suspect.

The incandescent at the back of my mind flashed red for danger so I didn't answer.

About half an hour later, he again brought up the subject. "Do you have an iron?"

"Yes," I said, pretending to be in a very serious composing mood as I hovered over the typer with talons poised and beak lowered, vulture-like.

I waited calmly as Lars moved about the room. He toyed with his suitcases, fumbled with the TV, looked out the window, and, finally, ended up in the kitchen. A few more nervous minutes passed. He surveyed the pile of dirty dishes.

"I'll do the dishes if you'll iron my clothes." If you can imagine how a person who would melt in water would say this, then you know how Lars sounded.

This was what I'd been waiting for. "Okay."

I'd won out in the waiting game. Lars did the dishes and I ironed. (Ever so slowly and intently, completing a masterly job that should have taken twenty minutes in a little over an hour. And timed to coincide with his finishing the dishes.)

It wasn't long after this incident that Lars busied himself drawing. I interrupted constantly, but retired somewhat as I noticed rather an evil gleam in his eye. The completed picture was two fold.

"Is that supposed to be me?" I demanded, noting the hideous beak on the man.

"Oh, no!" he retorted quickly. "See those jowls? You're not fat."

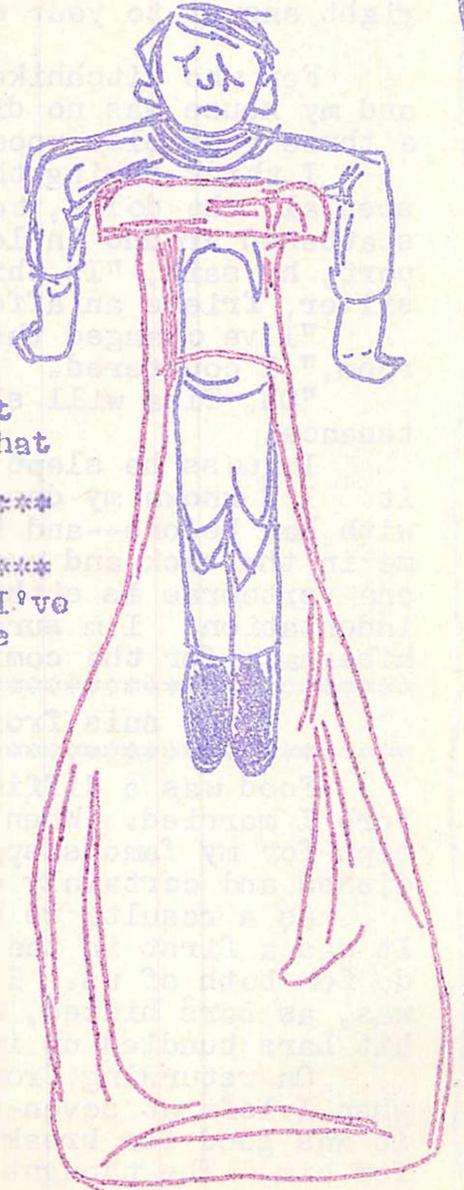
It was a calculated reply. One that caused me to wonder if the picture depicted me in the future--you know, fattened up for the kill.

I glanced at the second picture he had drawn. It was a man in a bottle and highly suggestive of the pickle Lars had got himself into by stopping at my house. The better part of valor kept me from hinting that this was what it represented.

Poemes de terre sont bon.--MOLIERE

What do fans do when they get together? I've often pondered this point since a few fen have suggested they might come see me. Fan-talk, according to the sf underground, is almost taboo. What to talk about then? I'm not mechanically minded, I can't fix anything. Horses bore me. My one good subject is the drama, but it isn't shared as a topic by too many other people.

Ghod! What to say. Lars had an advantage over me in having met many sf fen. I thought my prattle would bore him. Whether he liked it or not, we did talk fandom. We more or less skipped sf--what is there to say about it? Fandom, on the other hand, has a many mirrored face for contemplation. (Of course, as our tastes were viewed, we did branch out into other fields.) I learned a great deal of fannish lore from Lars.



(You can tell a teacher a few things, and I think Lars found a certain pleasure in knowing more than the 'old teach.')

Qui est dans le corridor?--SAINT SAENN

To my chagrin, I found Lars doesn't like my Azograph. Tediously he slaved over that Gilbert cover. (The guy is fabulous on this--he actually copies the drawing from the original, then puts it on master from the tracing.) Before we had run enough of them to cover an issue, all the dye was gone--and I do mean G-O-N-E! (I think it was the water he diluted the spirit fluid with, but he tells me it can be done that way.) Now, dammit, I'll have to put it on master a second time.

Je dormait dans un gros lit.--CORIOT

Bourne is a quiet type fellow, with a strange forward look on his face and seldom smiles. To look at him, casually, you'd think he was bored with everything, including his surroundings and himself. I don't think he really is, and you'd have to be a mouse in his pocket to really know. As he sits there, mind apparently miles away from you, this 'Mona Lisa' type smile creeps over his lips and he gives you the right answer to your question. He does listen.

Fen who hitchhike, I'm sure, end up sleeping in some strange places and my house was no different. Lars had good pasture here, he slept in a three year olds room. As I've said, he caught me with my house down.

I think during that first day he had looked into Tina's room and seen all the dolls, toys, and other stuff little girls play with, scattered around in loose fashion. That night, as he sat on the davenport, he said, "Is this where I sleep?" He gave the black, shot with silver, frieze an affectionate pat and his voice sounded wishful.

"I've changed the sheets on Tina's bed. You can sleep in her room," I countered.

"Oh, Tina will sleep with me," I added, noting his pained countenance.

I guess he slept all right. As for me, I had a horrible night of it. I'd known my daughter was a travel sleeper, but I'd never slept with her before--and hope I don't have to again, soon. Her knees poked me in the back and pushed all night. I have a spot in my back where one vertebrae is either missing, or is shoved way in, leaving a slight indentation. I'm sure Tina's big toe found the hole and decided to hibernate for the coming winter.

Je suis froid.--ROLLAND

Food was a difficult point. I used to be an excellent cook before I married. When Diane stopped teaching, I stopped cooking--except for my famous spaghetti sauce. The kitchen was full of dirty dishes and certainly didn't inspire me to cook.

As a result, we ate the first night at the local pizza palace. It was a first in the place for both of us. Lars said one pizza would do for both of us. I was dubious and so we each ordered one. There was, as Lars hinted, about nine-tenths of one left. This choice tid bit Lars bundled up in napkins and took home with him.

On returning from work on Sunday morning--Lars was still in bed when I left at seven-thirty--I found him munching cold pizza. He said it was good for breakfast. I wished I'd left something on the table for him. The thought sort of made me ill.

Poor Lars! He insisted he wasn't well. I think he's rather pessimistic on how he feels. Anyway, to fix him up good, he, Tina and I sat ourselves down in the Chinese Lantern for Sunday supper. (It was after eight, so that's the right word.) Did Lars and I eat plain Chinese food? Oh, no. We both ordered Spanish Chow Mein, me because I like it, Lars because he'd never tried it. That night it was exceptionally hot. It took gallons of water to get it down. When we saw the waitress attach a hose to the faucet, we just up and left.

Tina, by the way, enjoyed her fried rice.

Asseyons-nous un moment a la terrasse.--DAUDET

As was natural, Lars wanted to drop a few notes to fen. He asked to use my typer and I willingly gave in. You should have seen his face when he sat down, looked at the keys, and saw they were a complete blank. He hadn't known my typer was purchased from the school at Nampa when I taught there. He made out all right, though.

I guess this pretty well covers it. We retired fairly early Sunday night and Lars left a request to be awakened at five in the morning.

At five we arose, had a bite of breakfast, packed sleeping Tina into the back seat, and I drove him out to the furthest point where hitchhiking was good. There I dropped him off and drove away, slowly, reluctantly.

I felt rather alone, again, in a non-fannish city. I watched in the rearview mirror as he picked up his suitcases and started toward another car.

He was off on his way to Salt Lake City and Gregg Calkins.

I went home and went back to bed.

Illos by BOURNE

Text by TWIG

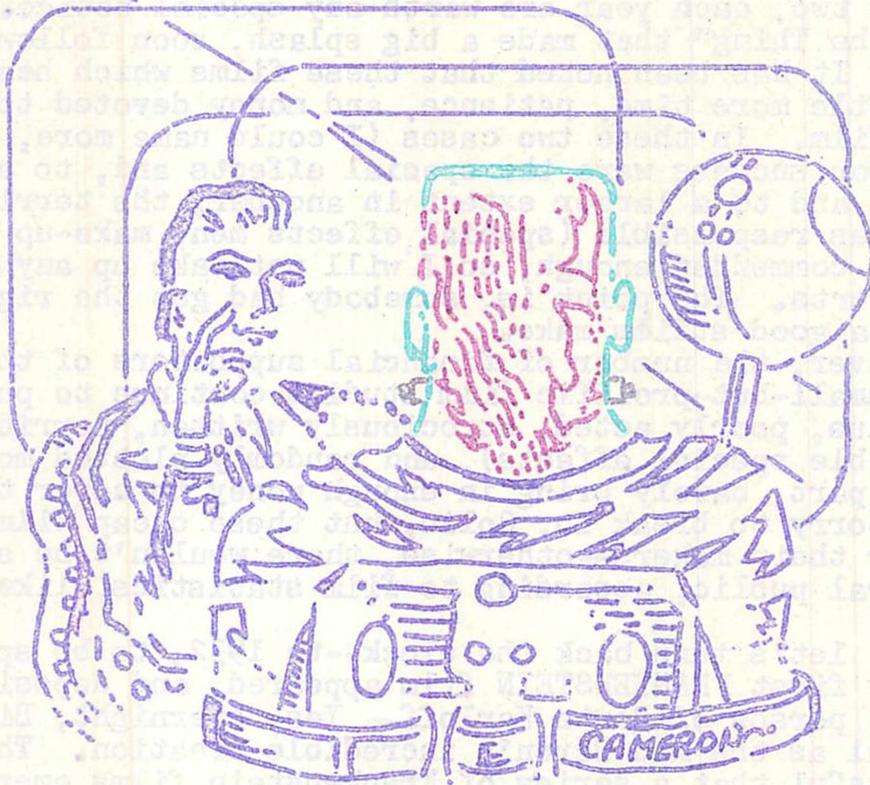


Dawn On The Desert

by john trimble

A hush falls over the desert;
Dawn is coming.
A thin pink line edges the mountains,
And the stars fade, one by one.
Then pink flows and the line is a swath.
Clouds take form in the redness,
And the sky grows cobalt.
Shadows lie thick over the land,
The last defense of darkness
In this pre-day.
A breeze comes a-rustling,
And a new day breathes a first breath.
There is a sigh and the light grows.
Cactus, mesquite, and palm face the new dawn.
The red fades again to pink,
And the pinkness becomes grey-white.
The sun moves ponderously into the sky,
Greeted by a symphony of sound,
And day comes to the desert.

THE REVENGE



FRANKENSTEIN

Film Commentary and Illos by COLIN CAMERON

Once again, the time for me had come to creep from my primeval existence, to steal quietly from my cave, to slither soundlessly across the dirty, dusty streets of town, to slip unnoticed through theatre doors, to settle comfortably into a vacant seat---but mainly, to have a good laugh. Yes, what with the current trend in motion pictures, sci and horror films have proven to be excellent laugh therapy. Better than laughing gas are the "nameless horrors" and the "unimaginable terrors" which so comically parade before your eyes.

As is fairly well known, Hollywood produces a sizable quantity of cheap horror and sci films each year, and out of these multitudes, one, sometimes two, each year are worth any special notice. A few years back, it was "The Thing" that made a big splash, soon followed by "War of the Worlds". It has been noted that these films which headed the list had had a little more time, patience, and money devoted to them than the average film. In these two cases (I could name more, but I won't) the reasons for success were the special effects and, to a smaller extent in one case, and to a larger extent in another, the terrific suspense. The parties responsible (special effects men, make-up men, and writers) have been commended enough, so I will not take up any space in praise of their efforts. The point is, somebody had got the right idea: time and money do a good sci film make.

However, the number of financial supporters of this idea is small, and the small-but-prolific film studios continue to put out their cheap, shock-value, poorly acted, atrociously written, terribly effected (that is, terrible special effects), and randomly plotted movies, which, for the most part, barely bring in enough money to cover the film's initial cost. //Sorry to break in, Colin, but these cheap films are raking in money for their makers--otherwise, there wouldn't be so many of them. The general public, according to film statistics, likes the idea.//

Now, let's turn back the clock--to 1932, to be specific. In that year, the first FRANKENSTEIN film appeared, and deposited in its broad swath the person of Boris Karloff. Yes, overnight, Bill Pratt became successful as the mad Baron's incredible creation. The first film was so successful that a series of Frankenstein films emerged in theatres jam-packed with people. These films were each complete in itself, and the series still plods onward today.

What was the cause of their fantastic success? In the first place, horror films were relatively new. The few that had been made were mostly European, and were circulated there for the most part. The public of America was unfamiliar with this type of show and curiosity was a large factor in considering the reasons for the huge audience attendance. A renewed interest in science was another. People found that they could release their tensions and emotions and hatred through the medium of horror films. They provided an excellent escape from the everyday world. Doctor Frankenstein's monster was no bem---he was a man created by man, a dream which mankind has dreamed about since the beginning of modern medical science. Now, with the probability of transplanting vital organs at hand, the possibility of a composite man is a dream not far off.

For the second time, the English producers of THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN HAVE combined the best features of the two time periods to come up with an enjoyable, if not somewhat frightening, horror motion picture. THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN combines the believability of the composite man and the expense of modern motion picture techniques.

While CoF was actually based upon Mary Shelley's novel, RoF is almost completely unrelated, except for the names. The second of the HAMMER films series on good old Franky, RoF begins like the second part

of a serial. The setting is somewhere in or around London, probably shortly after electricity was discovered. If you'll kindly remember back to CoF, you'll recall that Baron Frankenstein was being led to the guillotine, accompanied by a priest and guard. You'll also recall that it never revealed the mad Baron dying, the only hint being the raising of the deadly guillotine blade. Well, it seems that the guard is none other than faithful Karl, the doctor's disfigured assistant. It also seems that Karl, the doctor, and the executioner have made some sort of a bargain..

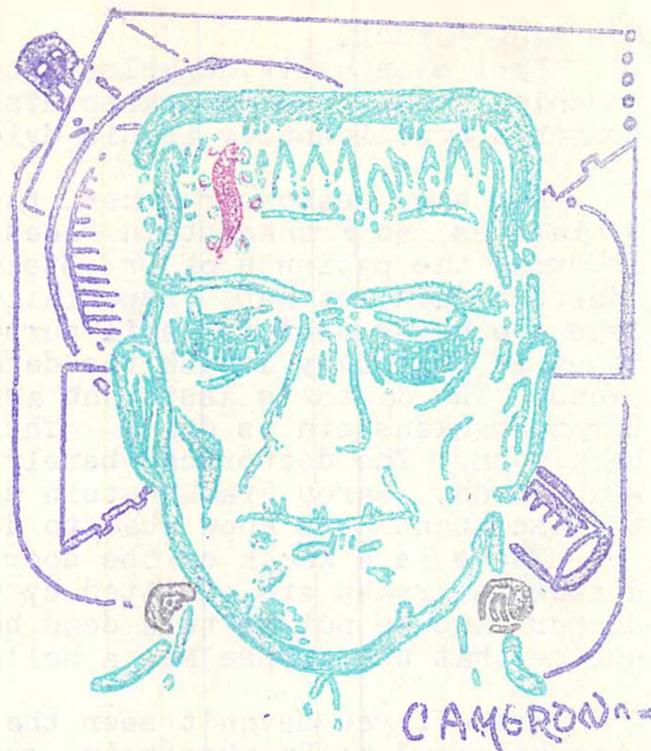
And, when the blade falls, it falls not upon the neck of Victor Frankenstein.

The doctor, under the name of Doctor Stein, resumes his grisly experiments, giving medical aid to the poor and, in case of death or amputation, using their limbs and organs for his monster-making business. Two things upset his plans: a pair of drunken graverobbers happen upon the buried coffin of Dr. Frankenstein. "I dig you the most," says one, and so they do. But their fate is a horrible death when they find the unconnected head and body of a priest (didn't I tell you this was like a two-part serial?) in the coffin. The second deterrent is when Dr. Stein (alias you-know-who) refuses to join the local Medical Union of Doctors (commonly referred to as M.U.D.), which causes the other angry fellers to do all sorts of nasty things, like blacklisting the doctor's business. The mad Baron remains calm, cool, and collected, and his patients come in even larger quantity (the other doctors thought he would lose his patients).

One of the younger and more ambitious members of the Union guesses Frankenstein's true identity, and the doctor is forced to accept the boy as an assistant. The lovely couple, with the help of Karl, set up shop once more. The Baron leads the young man to the back of his laboratory, where he reveals the preserved body of a man (or, rather the result of several bodies---the composite man), complete except for a brain. Again, Karl proves his usefulness---this time by dedicating his brain in the name of science (what science, I wouldn't know).

Of course, every film has got to have a female star, so about here enters she, who, for some reason never revealed to us, wants to work for the doctor. Her father apparent attributes have no effect on the busy doctors and they treat her like a piece of furniture. (That's right, I said piece!)

Once again, the Frankenstein monster roams the countryside, this time in the person of Karl. A few days after the successful operation, Karl becomes frightened by the assistant's talk (the male one, that is) and escapes with the help of the fair lady. After a few days of wandering, killing, and impressive face-making, Karl finds that he is changing back into his old self, in spite of his new body. It becomes apparent that Karl's trouble was all psychological. Baron Frankenstein, as unhygienic as ever, should have "brain-washed" Karl when transferring



FROM A "ELENN STRANGE" STILL

his grey matter.

Karl eventually stumbles into a social gathering and, in a very touching scene (couldn't keep his hands off anybody!) reveals the doctor's true identity in his dying breath.

For some reason or other, this doesn't go over too well with the socialites, so Frankenstein flees to his laboratory. But, someone has informed the patients of Dr. Stein's real name, and they don't like the idea too much, either. Especially since they know what their arms and legs are being used for evil purposes. In fact, they get so riled up about it that they attack the defenseless doctor with their clubs and canes. The doctor's assistant arrives on the scene, but he is too late. Baron Frankenstein is dying. The assistant carries the doctor into the back room. The doctor can barely speak. The assistant does not know what to do. Baron Frankenstein whispers: "You know what to do..." Now the assistant does know what to do, and he does it.

There is a knock on the door. Several policemen demanding Frankenstein's arrest are admitted by the assistant. They ask to see the doctor, and he points to a dead body on the table. No one seems to notice that the corpse has a hollow head.

Even if you haven't seen the movie, you still can probably guess what happened to Frankenstein, just from the way the plot carries. I consider the film a great improvement over CoF. Peter Cushing does his usual fine job of acting, and Michael Gwynn is terrific as Karl. The Christopher Lee portrayal of the monster was hardly satisfying--the main fault being that he was a bit too thin for the character he portrayed and the make-up wasn't too skillfully applied. Gwynn is a fine actor, and his looks suit the part. The make-up seems to have improved also. The plot is typically sketchy, but with all the gory details, who cares? Perhaps some of the most impressive parts of the movie are the scenes in which amputated hands, arms, eyes, and (yes!) even a brain or two, are shown. These were all very realistic and also very bloody.

So, if you like blood, this film is for you. Might I suggest you drink luke-warm milk and eat popcorn while sitting back relaxed on the edge of your seat?

In case there is any doubt---Victor Frankenstein will be back!!!

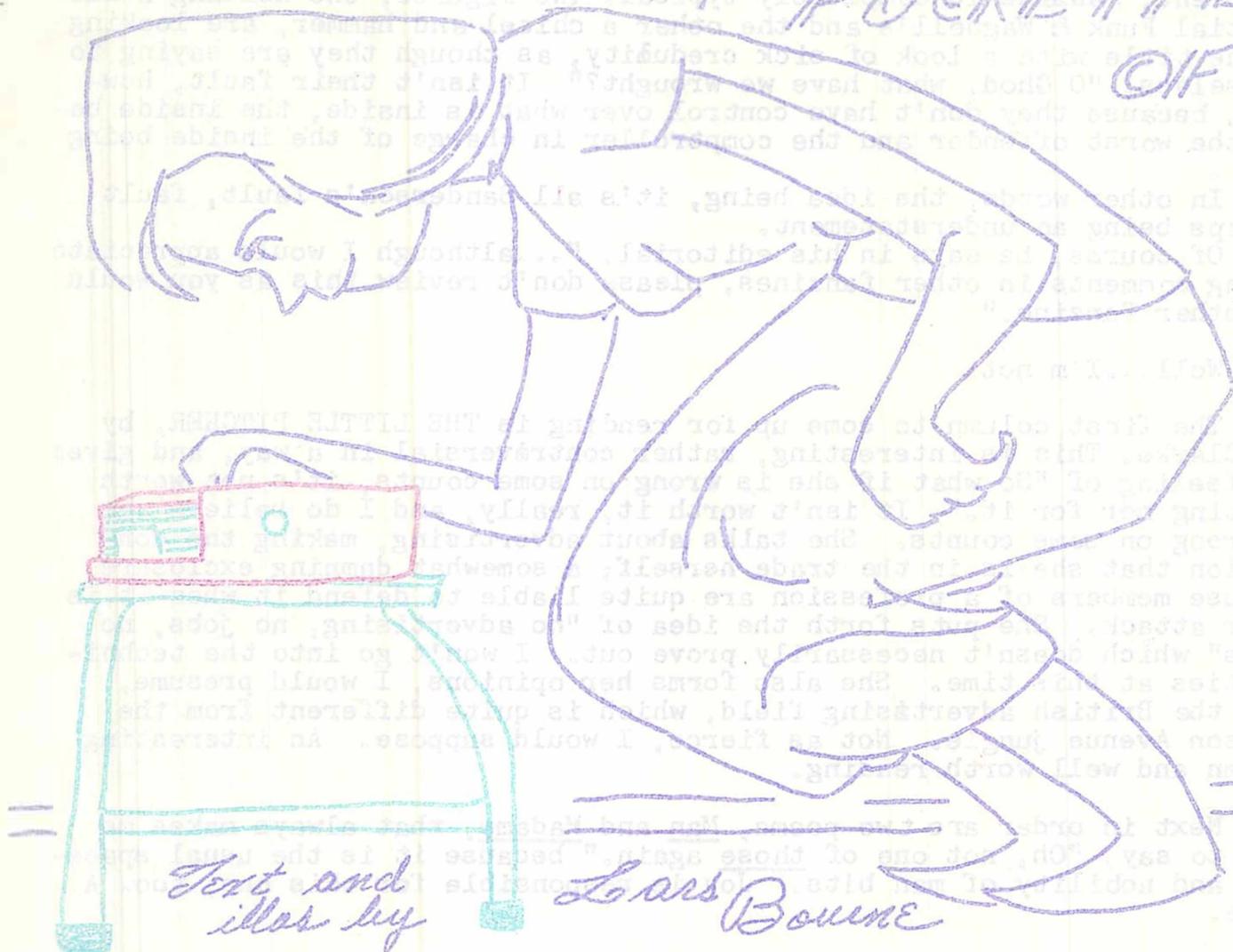
Could Mary Shelley see this film, I think that she would turn over in her grave---and smile.

--Colin Cameron

*Special
Announcement!
Miss Michelle Diane Serwilliger
rocketed into the Leung house
on July 31, 1958.*

A POCKETFULL OF

STONES



Text and
illus by

Lars Bourne

Ah, 'twere a ferocious night jaimey, and the wind blew so cool, ruuuup over the ground, right from the bare mountains all around us. The people over in the next yard were laughing, loud, actually shaking the small items around the door, a woman they said. Here we are travelling along, straight from nowhere, going nowhere, through all the towns and cities in the world, watching the crying people, the people who stare and walk at nothing, the young who are all alike just as the androids they speak about, a regular army of gläps, treading the sick streets, own- ing the universe, incompetent masters of infinitious excititude.

Moving straight along the roadway in static appearing motion, in the coming dusk the bitter terrain taking on the chroma of fuzzy malignance, not as bad as the burning sear of noonday. Glean of lights aside the road and spots in the center, appearing likeqfur...rabbits running across the road at night being hit by cars and becoming part of the road itself. A veritable battlefield of carnage, the rabbits in patches only feet from each other, one hundred to a mile, too many to count after four. War was never like this, at least someone got to shoot back.

A movement across the road and crunch, another addition to all the bloodsoaked patches, hell, another headlight to replace, we have to clean the blood off the fender and god, did you hear how he hit? Could almost hear his bones crack.

...you can't get sick to your stomach until we get to a rest stop dear, so sit still.

The fanzine that most reminds me of Diarrhea is Aporrheta, a rather detestible publication published by H.P. Sanderson, who himself is none to savory. (7 Inchmery Rd., Catford London S.E. 6 England.)

The front cover of this most ebullient, or perhaps one should say, flatulent, fanzine is completely typical. Two figures, one holding a substantial Funk & Wagnell's and the other a chisel and hammer, are looking at the title with a look of sick credulity, as though they are saying to themselves, "O Ghod, what have we wrought?" It isn't their fault, however, because they don't have control over what is inside, the inside being the worst offender and the comptroller in charge of the inside being H.P. . . .

In other words, the idea being, it's all Sanderson's fault, fault perhaps being an understatement.

Of course, he says in his editorial, "...although I would appreciate seeing comments in other fanzines, please don't review this as you would any other fanzine."

Well...I'm not.

The first column to come up for reading is THE LITTLE PITCHER, by Joy Clarke. This is interesting, rather controversial in a way, and gives the feeling of "So what if she is wrong on some counts, it's not worth blasting her for it." It isn't worth it, really, and I do believe she is wrong on some counts. She talks about advertising, making the confession that she is in the trade herself, a somewhat damning exposure because members of a profession are quite liable to defend it when it is under attack. She puts forth the idea of "no advertising, no jobs, no goods" which doesn't necessarily prove out. I won't go into the technicalities at this time. She also forms her opinions, I would presume, from the British advertising field, which is quite different from the Madison Avenue jungle. Not as fierce, I would suppose. An interesting column and well worth reading.

Next in order are two poems, Man and Madame, that always makes me want to say, "Oh, not one of those again." because it is the usual spaceship and nobility of man bits. Joy is responsible for this one, too. A shame.

Now we come to one of Sanderson's own efforts. He blathers, "Possibly it is only due to incipient old age but things in fandom don't appear to be quite as perfect as I once thought. Fans -- those bright, shining and ruggedly honest types -- now appear to be just a little tarnished in some respects."

Well...since when were they ever bright, shining and ruggedly honest types? Bah.

All this business has to do with the ever increasingly sickening Kyle-Dietz-Rabin ad nauseum, controversy and now H.P. has to stick his over large appendage into the mess, too. He is right about Kyle being one goy Schmuck, however, and for that he should be commended but as for printing this mess, it could well have been left out.

Portrait Of A Fan is the article I'm particularly, gleefully, vengefully going to claw H.P. up a bit for. Our sterling character assassin, in PLOY #13, made some libelous, uncalled for, and downright slimy remarks about one Eric Bentcliffe who isn't a bad sort, and now he is making some rather nasty aspersions about Bentcliffe again, concerning a practical joke he (H.P.) has borne the brunt of. I'll admit that the joke, sending for all manner of services and advertisement material, isn't too funny, but trying to place the blame on Bentcliffe, and crying louse, louse, after receiving treatment similar but not as harsh to what he had been dishng out is too much.

H.P. is somewhat of a drag.

After stating that the jokester, named Yngvi by H.P., was cowardly louse, he then drops the idea that Yngvi is also queerly-sexed. His reason

for this is the fact that most of the advertisements were sent to the names of either "...Miss' H. P., 'Mrs.' H.P., or Joan Carr." Now this doesn't mean a damn thing, not at least to anyone versed at all in psychology. What is more significant to me is that H.P. did masquerade under the pseudonym of Joan Carr for quite a while, in my opinion making him eminently suitable for the produce market trade.

Now take this as what you will, but in this cat's opinion, I don't think that playing practical jokes such as was mentioned is too reprehensible. In fact, I think it's funnier than hell, especially when the victims are as stuffy as H.P. is, but then this is my opinion.

But here is the so-called, I should say, dubious, clincher to this mess. H.P. says:

"You see, Yngvi is really stupid because he never realised the significance of a code number on one of the cards he filled in for me. I quote from a letter from 'Western Provident Association' dated 30th May:"

"I enclose the card we received asking for information to be sent to you about the Association. You will notice that it was posted in Marlborough, Wiltshire, on the 24th May, 1958.

"The reference number on the card indicates that it was issued by our representative in the Cheltenham area."

"You know, I seriously believe that Eric Bentcliffe should be even more interested in seeing this silly nonsense brought to an end than I am. Regardless of Yngvi's original intention, it can't be doing Bentcliffe a great deal of good."

I still don't see that Bentcliffe is responsible for the mess, nor do I think any less of him. But I do think that H.P. is not responsible, for his actions, that is.

And, for further opinion on this jazz, I don't think it was worth printing in the first place.

Inchmery Fan diary by H.P., and The Old Mill Stream by a pseudo fill out the issue, neither one outstanding.

APHORRHETA is recommended for obscurity.

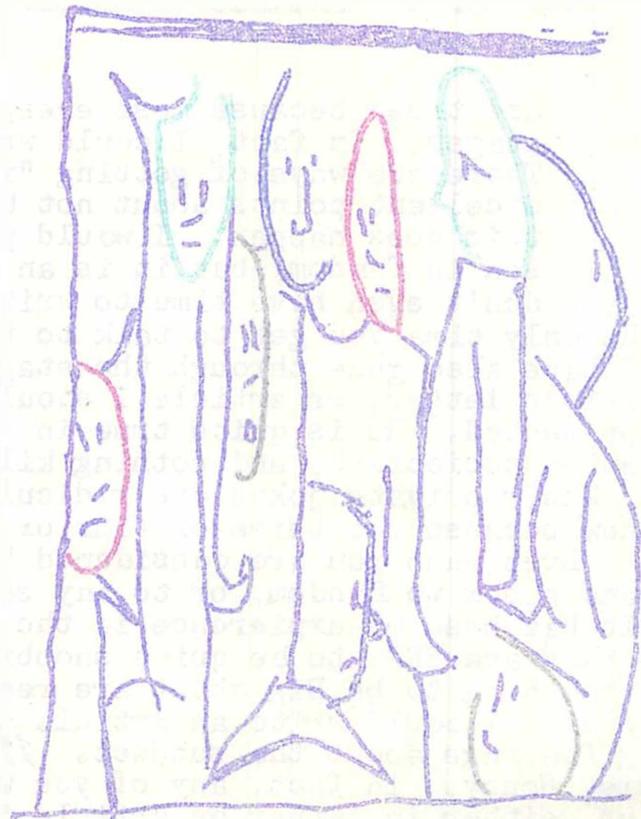
It doesn't swing.

--Lars Bourne

NEW ADDRESSES!

Gary Deindorfer
12 Knoll Drive
Yardley, Penna.

Richard Lupoff
29 Fieldstone Drive Apt 2E
Dalewood Gardens,
Hartsdale, New York



THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE

Scaled



Back

To answer a few questions: No, the letter column was not dropped. Just that there weren't enough letters to do anything with in the last issue.

And, to answer one:

I like controversy in the letter col, at the same time, I also like to print comment so the authors can see what was thought of their efforts. I haven't hit a happy medium, yet, but I am trying to reach some kind of equality. I personally favor the controversy type letter as I can always write the authors and dole out the comment.

Ouvrez la fenetre.--ZOLA

AND NOW, on to the letters!

HONEY WOOD, 1412 Acton, Berkeley, Calif.

I surely did enjoy the Neo vrs. BNF, and would like to hear much more on the subject. Points on both sides

are true, because most every fan has gone through all the various stages. In fact, I could write an article on this subject myself. There are ways of getting "in" I am sure. Dean brought up some excellent points about not being able to answer all mail, and this does happen. I would personally love to write to every person in fandom, but it is an impossible job. It gets to the point where you don't even have time to write to your ~~best~~ very best fan friends and the only time you get to talk to them is at a convention, once a year.

I have also gone through the stages of being snubbed, as pointed out in Harris's letter, or article I should say, which I might add was very well presented. He is quite true in saying that there are small "mutual admiration societies", and nothing kills me more than to run into one of them. Their private jokes are ridiculous, and they act like they are in the know because the three or four of them understand what they are talking about. Even when you are considered "in" one of these, they are still a bore and a pox to fandom, or to any society for that matter.

It has been my experience in the past to find the "BNF", or those who think they are BNF, to be quite snobbish, whereas the pros, and fans who have something to be Big about are real nice down to Earth people. Oh, yes, indeed Guy, I could write an article on this subject believe me. I have strong feelings about the subject. //And I certainly hope you do write the article, Honey. In fact, any of you with ideas on the subject should write them up, either in letter or article form.//

Well, you can see that I enjoyed TWIG this time, when it involves your emotions, you know that it is getting its message across to some of us, anyhow. What I would really like to do is name names, but that, of course, would wound a lot of BNF's feelings, and start an all out war, but some of

them need to be hauled out into the light of day and have a stake thru them, which reminds me, I agree, HORROR OF DRACULA, really kept me awake that night. It was just about the best horror picture to be made, in fact, it was the best. Lee was excellent and he sure was impressive in that cape of his. I kept raving it up to Rog about him, he just carried that part off with the right amount of horror. I would sure like to see more of him. //Me, too. Hope Hammer does the same for Dracula that they did with Franky bhoy.//

RACY HIGGS, 813 Eastern Ave., Connersville, Indiana.

Today received my first copy of TWIG...the fanzine that sprouts many fine features. The zine was beautifully mimeographed, the format was very good...as well as the material used...I enjoyed the contents of the entire zine. Congrats to you TWIG...may you keep branching out, sprouting "Toward the Stars", each branch leafing out with mo' and mo' meaty material. THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW just about had ants in my pants, bees in my bosom..otherwise had me breathing in short shorts...'twas good...and I was looking any minute for a killin'...who done him wrong...and why... 'just because some lousy LNartists had gone all out in doing an ill liked illo...and many fan artists are still doing it today! //Racy and I have just finished negotiations for a second edition of THE BEST OF FANDOM--'57. Anyone interested should contact him.//

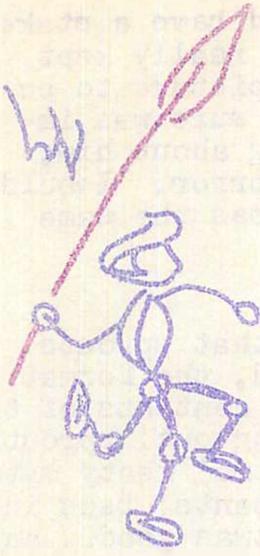
JOE SANDERS, R.R. #1, Roachdale, Indiana.

The BNF versus NEO idea is good. I don't mean good in that anything constructive will be decided by it, but it's interesting and will probably draw some good comments. Koning's article is pretty good. Harris', on the other hand--well, I've read all of his series of articles and all I get out of them is the fact that he doesn't know what he's talking about. I respectfully suggest that you print no more of Harris' articles but ignore him. (And, if any other fans feel that simply ignoring Harris is not sufficiently final, I'll help them dig the hole.) As might be expected, Dean Grennell's article is calm, interesting, and the best of the three. It is a darn good article.

Is Miguel Estiveros a foreigner? I ask because the story reads as if it had been written by someone who was trying to write American conversation without having heard any. Pretty good story, for all that. Adkins' fanzine reviews are adequate, and that's all. He should stick to art. "Single File" is a pretty good imitation-Berry article. Rich Brown expresses the faanish point of view pretty well, but I can't see where he says anything which would seriously disprove Simpson's thesis. ---from a later card--I've reached my own conclusions on Harris. I'm convinced, after a careful rereading of his articles and the letter in TWIG, that, behind the fuggheaded mask of Norman Sanfield Harris, a fabulous, fannish wit is laughing like a fiend. //Well, at least two of us have the same opinion of Harris. I can't see him as an individual-- only as a pseudo for a well known fan. Who do you think it is? I don't know, myself, but have my suspicions of it being Brandon.//

GREG BENFORD, 10521 Allegheny Drive, Dallas 29, Texas.

You should have announced your impending monthly schedule in large black letters, instead of sticking it off somewhere to collect dust on the contents page. #9 -- I liked the Atom cover, although it should have been cut a bit better, I think. //But Greg, Atom cut the stencil and it's such a long way to send it back.// I can't do anything but regret that you write editorials on stencil. You could probably do a much better job with a little planning. After all, if you think of the two or so pages, you spend on your ramblings as a part of the magazine just as vital as any other, writing it on stencil doesn't bespeak much for your readers. VALLEY OF THE SHADOW was good, altho a little over developed. Trimble's one page was rather interesting, but lacked much of a central theme. I think you were looking for something to fill up space here. And SPECIAL



BENEFIT was the gibberst flop I've read in fan fiction for some time...I stopped and read it before commenting (skipping over it), and altho the buildup was good, the climax was quite below average.

I wish you would try to edit your letters down to the absolutely best comments, and then cut all the rest. If a letter writer concentrates a good paragraph on some subject, run the paragraph and drop the rest. I can't find anything to comment on here because of all the excess matter. I note that Pearson thinks MUZZY is the greatest fanzine being published today, though, and laugh. That's very typical of Pearson.

Donnez-moi le fromage.--CELINE

I do wish you'd cut out all the neofannish interlineations you seem to love--that first one on page 4 was very poor, and not exactly original. //I copied it from a post card. The ones this time are from a book. They mean nothing and I use them to break up solid type.//

BNF vs. NEO is a good idea, although, of course, I wish you had gotten three BNF's to extrapolate their ideas rather than a neo, actifan and BNF. I think most of the talk about BNF's looking down on neos and actifans Fighting and Struggling to Get To The Top is vastly over-played today. There was a time when "power urge" was truly dominant in fandom--Vorzimmer's era was the most outstanding, and leaps immediately to mind--and this "urge" can possibly be laid at the door of the articles and polls which "rated" fandom and fans, and attempted to set publishers of good, regular zines up as heads of movements, or fandoms, or whatever. I believe the main reason we have no fan-nish monthlies of quality nowadays is simply because no fan sees any reason to collect vast amounts of egoboo. I don't--do you? //Actually, no!//

Grennell was the best of the group--and I note that the forum was made up of 2 neos & one bnf. //I should explain here that several have suggested I picked wrong in asking people to write the BNF-NEO articles. Two of them just came to me. I got the idea of a rebutal and asked Grennell to do the BNF side. None of them saw the other articles before I printed them.//

Rich Brown's article was, with Grennell's article, the best thing in the issue. Haw! His reference to "fandom's humorists--Willis, Berry, Benford floored me. I wonder if Brown really considers me a humorist.

Mon oncle est mort.--Balzac. Avez-vous une cigarette?--MISTINGUETTE

LUKE WARMBEER, 402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

//Luke's letter was much longer than what you will see here. I am, however, saving most of it for the issue when the BNF-NEO thing is completed.//

I think it not unlikely that some day Norman Sanfield Harris will come upon an old copy of TWIG #10, read his article, groan and hope that everyone else has forgotten about it. In the meantime, let us nneeebe unduely harsh with him--or even duly harsh!--because as Bloch once sagely pointed out to me, "Even Tucker was once a neofan." Perhaps this is not strictly true but I'm sure Bloch can be excused if he uses a bit of exaggeration to make a point.

I think Rich Brown has done a magnificent answer to Tim Simpson's querulous bit from the previous issue. For the second time in a week I found myself muttering "Gee, I wish I'd written that!" (Shades of Mickey Spillane and John D. MacDonald!). The other time was over Greg Benford's "Clayfeet Country Revisited" in VOID. ##GOBBER'S VISION strikes me as an unremarkable plot, remarkably well told. It had the painfully foreseeable ending which hamstringing so many fan-fiction efforts. But the writing style is way above average. ##

VOWEN CLARK, 6221 Thorn St., San Diego 15, California.

Let's have more sections like BNF vs. NEO. These first ones seemed to come to no concrete conclusions. Ans such conclusions are my meat. Actually, when I entered fandom as a neo (some still say I have remained so) I found none of the harsh criticism. No discouragement. I wasn't snubbed by BNFs. Maybe I just happened to be lucky enough to contact the right ones, but I'm sure that there's really (not should be in there) anything to the neo's claims. I'm quite sure that it's usually his own fault if he doesn't succeed, rather than that of the BNFs.

Les singes sont drolls.--MALROUX Il sait jouer du piano.--DE GAULLE

Rich Brown wasn't only foolish, he was downright stupid when he stated unreasonably (and I quote): "Sf isn't Great Literature;..." How can anyone truly make this mistake, especially one supposedly in 'the know'. Consider Verne's classics, any one of them almost. And what about Huxley, Orwell, Doyle, Wells, Shelley, Stoker, etc., etc., and etc. The works of these great artists and others can hardly be classed with Bloch, Anderson, Asimov, Tucker, and so on, ad infinitum. So, what if all sf isn't literature with a L? In any field of creative writing great books arise. It isn't limited to just tragic romances or histories or personalities. And, conversely, no field produces nothing but classics. Every field turns out a large proportion of 'crud'. //How right you are!!

ROBERT COULSON, 105 Stitt St., Wabash Indiana.

Major complaint...if you must have some smeary dittoing, have it anywhere but in Grennell's article. //That's how I feel about it!//

Enjoyed Deindorfer's article. We have files all over the place...two little boxes of 3 x 5 cards for subscribers to YANDRO, 3 battered folders containing material for YANDRO, 4 crumpled boxes of old fanzines, 5 geese a-laying--oops! wrong series. Anyway, you get the idea.

Monsieur, les autres personnes qui habitent cet hotel protestent contre ce bruit insupportable.--LOUIS XIV

I fully agree with the line in Harris' letter where he says you have to read all his articles to make sense of them. At least, I've read this one and the one in CRY, and neither one made much sense by itself. Just why the hell should any well-known fan answer every letter he gets from a neo? Harris seems to expect all fans to be as polite--and as generous of their time--as Grennell. Whereas actually, how many people are there, in or out of fandom, who are that courteous? I usually try to answer everyone who writes me, which means that about 25% of my writing time, since I can bat out one of the less interesting letters in a few minutes, while a letter to Dodd, for example, takes several hours.

As for whether or not a clique is "good for fandom"--who the hell cares? Fandom is quite capable of taking care of itself; it doesn't need to be babied by depriving it of everything that "isn't good for it."

Quelle heure est-il?--FLAUBERT

BILL MEYERS, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tennessee

Let's hope Adkins does not wirth around the floor in convulsions upon viewing the cover. It's reminiscent of a couple of CRY covers, which seem to have sickened Adkins to the core.



Berry is not exactly at his best here but does succeed in maintaining the Berry tradition of taking a microscopic uninteresting subject and weaving an enjoyable narrative around it. It's no wonder that he can be so prolific; he probably comes home each night, wonders "Well, now, what happened to me today?" and dashes off five or six articles.

Am in agreement with Fran Light when she says bohemian beat-generation types are no more free and at ease than gray-flannel entities. Non-conformity is, to me, a fine thing if not carried to such lengths that you are not conforming to non-conformity if you conform...yes. The real non-conformity to me is to do what you like, conformists and non-conformists be damned.

I think there is some significance behind the fact that neofans are in agreement with this Simpson dolt while older fans who have been in fandom a comparatively longer period of time think he's all wet. It's people like Simpson and the people who agree with him (asking "Gosh, kind sir, what do you suggest we do?") that comprise the fugghead serconish element in fandom. Serconism as concerns science fiction is as equally enjoyable--probably even more so--than fannishness. But it's people who try to take fandom seriously that sicken me. Neofans, for inexplicable reasons tend to flock around fuggheads who know relatively nothing about fandom and yet operate under the pretense that they are the god-sent authority on what is to be done to further fandom down the road to Greatness and Perfection. //HMMMM! I wondered why I had so many neofen at my gates.// No two people are alike, particularly fans, and as a result of individual opinions we have individual fan-zines publishing material and possessing the type of atmosphere which the fanned himself

Je n'ai pas des cousines, mais j'ai deux
tantes.--GABOURIOUX

enjoys most. Simpson can have his own opinion --no argument about that--but he is revealing his fantastically unfounded stupidity in attempting to mold fandom around his own personal likes and dislikes.

Docteur, je viens vous demander des nouvelles
de la comtesse.--RICHELIEU

VINCENT ROACH, 3443 South Sadlier Road, Indianapolis 19, Indiana.

Deinforfer enjoyable as ever. Fiction (Gobber's Vision) pretty well written, but the plot was trite. Rich Brown shows why he is rapidly becoming an unpopular fan. I share his same views, somehow, but I realize they are just a symptom of youth. He isn't really an individual. Altho the billions are often spoken of as one great conformity, rarely (unless someone has a desperate sudden need to belong) does one speak of one's self as 'one of the masses'. If Rich even conforms with two or three, he is a conformist. Like Ann Chamberlain says in HAZE 4, conformity is a fighting word, it is misinterpreted, as well as misunderstood. An individual is one who is born that way--he just doesn't belong. Most, sooner or later, associate with other misfits and try to infer they have something in common. In certain fields, all of us are individuals, but overall, there are few "striking individuals." It all depends on your idea of the difference between being alike and being alike by design. And Rich shows what is

called "neo-fannish" side of writing that belongs in AMATEUR CORRESPONDENT--it's that obvious. As a retort it's O.K., tho, I guess. By the way, Rich, do you like POGO, sports cars, etc.? The type fan Rich speaks of is just either an intellectual who deviates slightly from the accepted (by fuggheads and readers of Clellon Holmes) pattern of the "beat generation". Or, I guess you'd call it the stereotyped version. I'd be willing to bet that most who try to appear intellectual in fandom are pseudo-s. You know about what that is from BoF, Guy. These tag along and put on airs, but when they know they're among friends, they sip their bheer and talk about those "crazy guys", "characters", or "odd balls".

THE FLY was very amusing--why waste words? At first, when I skimmed the ish, I looked for the review 3 times before I took a good look & caught on. Good.

Since I, too, hold typical "mature adolescent" views, I can't qualify as an authority on whether Rich's views are 100% right, part right, or just, as I said, "typical teen-fan views."

Un cadeau pour moi? Il faut me le montrer.--BERGSON

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

On BNF vs. Neo...Grennell is right. I understand that you have to write a pretty damn interesting letter to justify most BNFs (or LNFs like yourself) //Huh?// to answer you. Koning, he is fine. This was a lucid, well-thought out article, lets see more by him.

However, Norman Sanfield Harris is quite off the track, as it seems. WHY shouldn't there be cliques? There are certainly very few reasons for the abolishing of cliques, which is an impossible thing in the first place, except for the indignant cries of some neo who has been "snubbed." From your own letter, you know yourself you are not going to junk an old friend for a neo without some pretty good reason. I believe it is the cliques and esoteric nature of fandom which makes it worthwhile. If I could not be a bit more intimate with a few of my closer associates than with a stranger, then fandom ~~which~~ is a dictatorship. Norman Sanfield Harris seems to want to be everything, do everything, know everyone. A few years of fanac should cure him of this notion. Except for some Apans few fans are so strongly enmeshed in cliques as to totally exclude all other relationships. Norman Sanfield Harris is talking wildly. He thinks he has found a purpose in fandom and will no doubt cling to this belief that cliques are evil in the face of everything until he finds himself part of a small bitter clique of clique-haters. If Norman S_anfield Harris grows up in fandom, he will soon find that he has grown into several cliques of close friends, and then let some neo try to crash them. Just let him try....

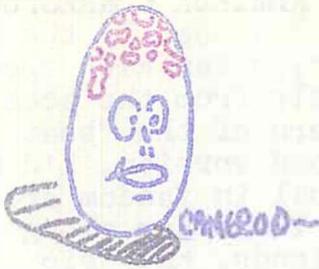
On this TIPS FOR CON-GOERS...#17---let me tell you Guy, it is not my custom to flirt with other boys, just with myself.

Le potage est tres chaud.--DALADIER

GARY DEINDORFER, 12 Knoll Drive, Yardley, Penna.

You're really carrying this "woody" idea to clever extremes, Guy. Ghu!...buds, twigs, branches, scaled bark, leaves, sawdust, and seeds, not to mention shavings. Of course this leaves you subjected to all types of cleverly derogatory type comments like: "Yeah, TWIG's dry, like wood,"





MY NAME'S Joe Lee
 sanders AND IN cry
 of the nameless
 THEY SAID I WAS A
 GOOD EGG. DOCTOR, IS
 IT TRUE?

or "hm, it is kinda seedy isn't it?" VALLEY OF THE SHADOW was outstanding because it was one of the few factual Berry's, otherwise it was about the most mediocre thing Hohn's ever done, in my opinion.

The letter col really took up most of the ish and had a lot of things for Mr. Simpson (notice, nonfans, I address by title) to think about. A few loyal fan don't seem to want to realize there's something wrong with fandom, however, what with their hurt letters and all. Seems that you're being a good Joe (or a good Guy) and attempting to include at least a snatch from everyone who wrote you concerning the issue. You must be; don't see how there could be all those letters any other way. Most faneds don't get over thirty or so letters per fanzine they issue, do they? //I don't really know. I get around 20 per ish, and have always thought that good. On BoF, though, I

got right around 75 letters of comment and thought it outstanding for something I had done. I expected around 15 to 20. For those who keep asking me to print the comments on BoF in TWIG, the answer is NO!!! It was well liked, that's enough!!

//From another "Gary letter."// So 'elp me, you're worse than YANDRO. Don't think I'm angered #10 came out so soon. Still, I didn't think you'd be so eager beaverish with your new ditto and frantically run #10 soon as you bought it. //I didn't do it from that point--haven't you heard the postal rates went up and I had to beat them one more time? #10 cost 3¢ to post when the bulk was mailed. 5¢ on later scattered issues.// Leaving you with that thot, I ride off into the west, coming back again when I realize I wanted to go east.....

 Il n'y a que deux livres sur la table.--JEANNE D'ARC

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

Been looking back over the last TWIG---and even back a bit farther. "Vic Fletcher" once said that he'd be back, under a pen name. This is pretty ridiculous, of course, since you're Vic Fletcher. But, as long as it doesn't bother you----- In any case, I've been wondering if perhaps this Miguel Estiveros isn't a pen name for Vic Fletcher is a pen name for Guy Terwilliger. Huh? This is just a wild stab in the dark, probably too wild and too dark, but there's always the possibility... //No, MS is not VF. Miguel really exists here in Boise. A personal friend of mine. Vic Fletcher, on the other hand, is back and appearing in fanzines---and I'm happy to say, his reviews aren't bad...under his new name.//

 Ce stylo-la est celui dont je me sers.--POINCARÉ

 That's about all the letters for this time. Johnny Bowles wrote and points out the poor grammar and spelling in TWIG. Rude, but I'd like to ask John if he has looked at AC recently--especially this last issue. It puts TWIG to shame. That should be, TWIG is excellent compared to the last AC. Pete Skeberdis also points out that there are four errors and says living on Crapo street perhaps did give him feelings of inferiority. The one and only HAMSTER, John Trimble has had much to offer, but for the life of me I can't remember what. Marijane Johnson commented on the BNF-Neo item. And more, and more, and more, but I'm too lazy to look them up.

Letters this time cover two issues and are rather mixed up as far as placement. What the hell, they cover the subject and you didn't get all of one thing at one time.

Sawdust

COMMENTS THAT SHOULD HAVE COME FIRST
DEPT.: I'll be asked, and I could
mention names I'm so sure of it, why
I printed Pearson's off-trail story.
I can only answer, "I liked it!"

But, I didn't like it the first time
I read it. A second reading added more

to its meaning, for me anyway. Part of the confusion in the story is the
way Bill punctuated it. Unusual, to say the least. (Amelia, it isn't
that I couldn't have punctuated it correctly for him, I just felt Bill
had a purpose in doing it the way he did.) I did add one measly comma,
though.

And, someone will ask why I ran Colin Cameron's review of "Revenge
of Frankenstein." I'll admit, and I already have to Colin, that it isn't
the best review I've run. However, the lettering he did for it really
appealed to me. That and the symbolic illo on the title page. At least,
it is symbolic to me. It takes the old U-I Karloff monster and melts
the face to show the changes Shelly's creation is going through.

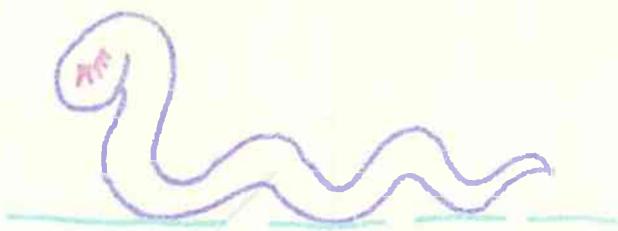
LINE I REMEMBER DEPT.: "Ghost of Frankenstein" was a pretty bad movie.
Lon Chaney, Jr. was too chubby as the monster. Yet, whenever I think of
GoF, I see the scene where the monster is supposed to be revived with a
new brain and speaks: "I am not Dr. Kettering! I am Igor!" with Bela
Lugosi doing the talking. I remember it because it was so ridiculous.
Strange that in the next sequel, "Frankenstein Meets The Wolfman", Igor's
brain was overlooked as hving been transplanted to the monster. The only
hint of this was in Bela Lugosi playing the monster sans voice.

SURPRISE OF THE MONTH DEPT.: Greg Benford writing and telling me he was
a teenager.

AD OF THE MONTH DEPT.: Hey Buddy, Buddy! Justa minute there. If you're
the type wot likes to buy, sell and/or trade Science Fiction, Fantasy in
all shapes and sizes, and you like a fanzine that's slanted on the fan-
tasy side, with many interesting advertisements, then VAMPIRE TRADER is
the one for you. Smaller ads are free of charge, it comes out monthly,
and is only 10¢ a copy. Try it! You'll regret it. Stony Brook Barnes,
Rt. 1, Box 1102, Grants Pass, Oregon. (I did not write the copy for the
ad! TWIG)

Response to BNF vs. Neo has been great. General opinion being that
it seemed incomplete, nothing decided. It has been suggested that it
should be carried on. Well, it's up to you. If Honey Wood can find the
time, she plans on doing an article. The rest of you get busy and vent
your views, also. A letter or article, even in poetic form, will do
fine. Will print them in the issue after next.

BLUES OF THE MONTH DEPT.: As I write this, the attendees of the SOLACON
should be gathering for the big event of the year. I envy all of you
who got to go. But, Shelley Diane is worth not getting to go to the
con. She is a doll, any father would say that, and will one day take
over, with Tina, TWIG PUBLICATIONS.



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