

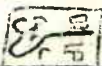
twelfth year of publications

THE PHANTAGRAPH

fantasy fandom's oldest

Combined with Science Fiction Weekly,
Le Vombiteur, Mind of Man, X, Strange,
Futurian News, LEPRECHAUN, and others.

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INVITATION

They split the Portugee down to the guts
And extracted his liver and heart;
They spliced his skull to his severed neck
And stuffed him with apples in tart.

His blood was poured in a tall carafe
Spiked well with old Sherry wine;
His fingers and toes were chopped with his
nose
And minced with his ears very fine.

They curried his lungs, his feet, and his
brain
And garnished his eyes well to see;
They'll roast him quite brown for a day and
a half
And they'll serve him to you and to me.

-Roy St. John LeClaire

2-----the phantagraph-----

GERMS

Forms, qualities, lives, humanity, language,
thoughts,
The ones known, and the ones unknown, the
ones on the stars,
The stars themselves, some shaped others
unshaped,
Wonders as of those countries, the soil,
trees, cities, inhabitants, whatever they
may be,
Splendid suns, the moons and rings, the
countless combinations and effects,
Such-like, and as good as such-like, visible
here or anywhere, stand provided for in a
handful of space, which I extend my arm
and half enclose with my hand,
That containing the start of each and all,
the virtue, the germs of all.

AFTER READING HEGEL

Roaming in thought over the Universe, I saw
the little that is Good steadily hastening
towards immortality,
And the vast all that is call'd Evil I saw
hastening to merge itself and become lost
and dead.

I DREAM'D IN A DREAM

I dream'd in a dream I saw a city invincible
to the attacks of the whole of the rest of
the earth,
I dreamed that was the new city of Friends,
Nothing was greater there than the quality
of robust love, it led the rest,
It was seen every hour in the actions of the
men of that city,
And in all their looks and words.

--Walt Whitman

-----the phantagraph-----3

PROVERBS FROM THE DAWNISH

IT IS BETTER TO BE A DIRTY PIG THAN A
CLEAN PORK CHOP.

The inanimate can go to hell; the
animate can't afford to.

COSMIC THOUGHTS ARE NOT TO BE SOUGHT
BY LIFTING SKIRTS.

He who would set the world on fire
shouldn't play with fire-extinguishers.

WHEN CASTING PEARLS BEFORE SWINE, BE
SURE TO ATTACH THE PRICE TAGS.

Show me a man who has no enemies and
I will show you a nobody.

THOSE WHO WOULD TREASURE FINE THOUGHTS
SHOULD COPYRIGHT THEM.

He who would be all things to all men
will be nothing to anybody.

4-----the phantagraph-----

WARNING

Our hungers are simple things;
not clouds and stars, but food and pants.
A well-built house and patch of sky;
the bold voices of children
striding up the wing. Their eyes
a promise of the peace we've won.

Our patience waits.
But let the guns stop speaking
and the shadows creep the streets.
Let breadlines lengthen and the children
starve;
the threadbare moss grow fast upon the
ragged coat;
parched, thin eyes hunt the sterile city.
Let hand-grenades and gas bombs bloom---
and the mind will remember, thrust up
and stirs the wells of memory.

We have forgotten nothing; remembered all.
Across the mounting days and months
the dark green files erupt the books,
blackening across the sky like tanks.
Here are our eyes and this is our power
whose pages are bullets, whose truth is
artillery.

This time we all go home together;
a solid front whose slogan spells "October!"

--John Michel