

THE BNF OF IZ

CARL BRANDON

The BNF Of Iz

by CARL BRANDON

Illustrations by Ted E. White
after Jno. R. Neill



THE BNF OF IZ by Carl Brandon (Terry Carr & Ron Ellick)
is published by the ASDFGHJKLibrary, a division of ye QWERTYUIORress
for thirty-five cents a copy

and is Copyrighted 1959 by Terry Carr, Ron Ellick & Ted E. White

Of a limited edition of two hundred numbered copies, this is number # 0 1 6

This is the first in a series of fannish books to be published by the ASDFGHJKLibrary
mailing address: 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Virginia, U.S.A.

chapter one: THE CYCLONE

Dorothy lived in the middle of the great western plains, far away from any other fans. She was a very lonely little fanne, who could not afford to go to the annual World Conventions, and had been only to one Oklacon. She lived with her Uncle Henry and Aunt Em on a poor and simple farm in Kansas, with no newsstands nearby, so that she only got stfmags when James L. Quinn sent her If every other month, and now and then when Ray Palmer sent her sample copies of Other Worlds with pleading form letters. But since the farm was so poor, she couldn't afford to sub to Other Worlds, and she was very unhappy. And then one day she heard that Other Worlds had folded, and she sat down and cried.

Presently she fell asleep, and while she dreamed of meeting lots of fans and being very fannish, the sky darkened and the wind began to howl from all directions. The house began to shake, and Dorothy awoke to find Aunt Em gathering up clothes and running for the storm cellar. "Your Uncle Henry is looking after the livestock," she shouted to the sleepy girl. "Come save yourself!" But Dorothy ran to save her precious collection of If and the stencils she had typed for her fanzine. She put them all in the storm cellar, and then ran back out for her beanie.

All of a sudden, the howling winds became a great cyclone, with its center right in the center of the house, and the small house shook so hard that she lost her footing and sat down suddenly upon the floor. The house began to rise, and it turned around two or three times. Dorothy felt as if she were going up in a balloon, and she thought to herself, "This must be what it feels like to see your name in print."

The house was carried miles and miles, as easily as you could carry a feather, and looking out the window, Dorothy could see Kansas getting smaller and smaller behind her. Hour after hour passed away, and slowly she got over her fright; but the wind shrieked so loudly all about her that she nearly became deaf. It was almost as bad as listening to Sam Moskowitz talk. But as the hours passed and nothing terrible happened, she stopped worrying, and resolved to wait calmly and see what the future would bring. At last she crawled over the swaying floor to her bed, and lay down upon it; inspite of the swaying house, she soon closed her eyes and fell fast asleep.

chapter two: THE SCARECROW

After a long while, the house landed with a gentle bump! Dorothy went to the door, and when she opened it she saw that she had

landed in a lovely land of flowers and light blue grass, right next to a road of purple brick. There was a field of grain nearby, and she saw a scarecrow in it. Banks of gorgeous flowers were on every hand, and a little way off was a small brook, rushing and sparkling along between blue, grassy banks. It was a very beautiful land, but suddenly Dorothy realized that she didn't know where she was, and she became a little frightened. "Oh dear," she said. She looked up and down the road, but didn't see anyone who might help her.

"Oh, dear!" she said again, "where am I?"

From somewhere off to her right came a gay voice: "Why bless my beanie, it's a little fanne!" As Dorothy looked up, the voice continued, "And she wants to know where she is!"

"Why...why, you can talk!" exclaimed Dorothy. And then, because she was a fanne and therefore used to strange things, she added, "But where is the Grunchkin land?" It suddenly occurred to her that perhaps she had been carried to a faraway state...or maybe even out of the United States!

"You're in Iz!" said the scarecrow. He made a very funny picture, hanging on a pole and flapping his arms about while his bent and be-draggled beanie almost fell off his head. "And of course I can talk... everybody can talk in Iz! Even mimeos talk, if they feel like it...just try to overwork a mimeo these days. Why, they've even formed a union and got the BNF to grant them a limit of six-weekly schedules as the shortest a fanned can have. Humph! I suppose the next thing they'll want will be time-and-a-half for one-shots!"

"Great Ghu!" said Dorothy. "Why, this must be the True Fandom that I've read about! Where everyone is a fan, even the animals and machines and all!"

"The same," smiled the Scarecrow. "Although there is a cat in the Amber City that doesn't talk at all. Of course, that's because he's a non-fan and hasn't anything to say. His name is Kitter."

Dorothy laughed. "Then why is he here in Iz, if he's a non-fan?"

"Well, someone from outside came here, and brought the cat with him, I hear," replied the Scarecrow.

"Why doesn't he go back outside?" asked Dorothy.

"Well, maybe he likes to be able to talk with intelligent people, instead of just other cats, even if he never does. And then again, I hear that once you're in Iz, you can't get out unless the BNF says you can. He lives in the Amber City."

"Oh!" said Dorothy. But I have to get back home!"

"Don't worry about your parents," said the Scarecrow. "They'll never miss you. I'll bet since you entered that fandom outside of Iz

they've hardly ever seen you anyway. Fans don't make good daughters and sons, unless the parents happen to be fans too."

"But I'm not worried about my parents!" cried Dorothy. "I have to get back because I left over thirty cut stencils there for my fanzine, and I don't have the original copies of the material with me!" She thought for a moment. "I'll have to go to the Amber City and have the BNF help me," she said. "How do I get there from here?"

"Well," said the Scarecrow, "it's a long way. If you could get me down from this pole, I could accompany you to the Amber City myself. I want to see the BNF anyway, so that I can get a new beanie. You know that beanies protect the fannish headbone from unfannish thoughts...well, my beanie is so worn out that I'm afraid I'll turn into a non-fan if I don't look out."

"Oh dear!" said Dorothy. "That's dreadful."

The Scarecrow smiled. "But the BNF will give me a new one," he said.

Dorothy reached up both arms and lifted the figure off the pole-- for, being stuffed with straw, he was quite light. "Now then--which way?" asked Dorothy gaily.

The Scarecrow laughed. "We'll just follow this road here. It will take us all the way to the Amber City."

And so they set off down the little road of purple brick. On one side of the road Dorothy saw a sign which said, "Path of Trufandom." "My," said the little fanne, "the Path of Trufandom leads to the Enchanted Duplicator, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said the Scarecrow. "Of course, all roads in Iz are Paths of Trufandom, because they all lead to the Amber City. The Enchanted Duplicator is there, in the BNF's slan-palace."

chapter three: THE COWARDLY LION

The two travellers continued on their way for some time, wandering gaily along through the colorful countryside, the Scarecrow now and then doing a little fan-dance for Dorothy, and Dorothy singing some of the fannish songs she knew.

She had just finished singing a happy little tune called "When You Wore A Beanie And I Rode A Pogombile," when a great lion bounded into the road, growling ferociously.

"Stop!" roared the lion. "I am in the mood for feuding, and I want to feud with you!"

The Scarecrow jumped back frantically, falling all over himself and making quite a comical sight. Dorothy, seeing a teeny-tiny beanie perched atop the monstrous head of the lion, burst into gales of laughter, and when she saw the floundering Scarecrow, her laughter only mounted.

The lion frowned and grumbled. "Well, do you want to feud with me?"

"Oh, I don't want to feud with anybody!" Dorothy managed to gasp, between giggles.

"No, no, no no nonono!" screamed the Scarecrow, who had fallen on his back and was trying to get up and at the same time put his beanie back on. At the sight of this, Dorothy once more burst out in delighted laughter.

And suddenly a most incredible thing happened--the lion started to cry! Great tears rolled out of his eyes and he set up a terrible moaning groaning; he covered his eyes with his huge paws, and rocked back and forth, making a very strange sight.

"Why, what is the matter?" said Dorothy, for she had a very gentle heart and didn't like to see anyone cry.

"Oh, I feel so terrible," blubbered the lion. "I tried to be a brave fan and start a feud with you, but you just laughed. I'm a terrible coward, and don't really know how to feud. Do you know that I've never started a feud with anyone in my whole life?"

"Well," said Dorothy, "that's hardly the way to start a feud; I mean, just jumping out in front of a person like that."

"Yes," said the Scarecrow, recovering himself now that the lion seemed very harmless. "You should know better than that!"

"But it was the only thing I could think of, and if I'd waited any longer, you would have been out of the forest, and I just HAD to feud. I hope I didn't hurt you, though. With this, the lion started to wipe his eyes with his tail, and really looked very friendly a kind. "I wish something could be done about my cowardliness," he said, "because I've always been on the defensive in feuds with other fans, and nobody can stop a fellow if he gets in there first, you know."

Dorothy smiled kindly. She didn't feud with anybody herself, but she knew that to a lot of people it was the most interesting part of fandom. "Why don't you come with us?" she suggested. "We're going to the Amber City, where I'm going to have the BNF help me get back to Kansas; and the Scarecrow wants to get a new beanie to protect his headbone from unfanish thoughts. Why, I bet the BNF would be able to help you out too."

The bright little fanne, smiling so sweetly, cheered up the lion immediately. "Oh, could I?" he asked. "I'd be so grateful! I've always wanted to meet the BNF, but I've been afraid I'd meet someone and he'd start feuding with me, and..." With that, the huge beast almost started

to cry again.

"Now, now, don't cry," said Dorothy. "Now that you've decided to do something about it, everything will work out wonderfully." So the three companions started out on the road of purple brick, talking of the fans they had met, and of conventions. The lion boasted proudly of the costume he was going to wear to the South Gate Convention.

"Oh!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Are you going to leave Iz to go to South Gate?"

Her two friends turned to look at her. "Of course not," said the Lion. "We shall merely follow this very same road until we come to the south gate of the Amber City, where it's always 1958, and where the annual convention is always held."

Dorothy was astounded at this, and wondered that such a wonderful fairy fandom could exist, where time stood still in 1958 and all roads led to the Enchanted Duplicator.

chapter four: THE TIN WOODSFAN

The sun shined brightly and the birds sang sweetly, and Dorothy did not feel nearly as bad as you might think a little fanne would who had suddenly been whisked away from her own country and set down in the midst of a strange land. She was right at home, enjoying the talk about conventions and strange fans, and the road seemed to whisk away beneath her feet. As they were passing a very dense part of the forest, they were startled to hear a deep groan nearby.

As they took a few steps into the forest, they heard another groan, and Dorothy was startled to see something shining in a ray of sunshine that fell between the trees. She ran to the place, and then stopped short with a cry of surprise.

One of the big trees had been partly chopped through, and standing beside it, with an uplifted ax in his hands, was a Tin Woodsfan, frozen in the act of swinging his ax. "Oh!" exclaimed Dorothy, "do you think we could help him?"

"Well, I don't know how," said the Scarecrow. "He's all rusted. We'd need something to correct that."

"Oh, I have some correction fluid!" said Dorothy, and taking a small bottle from her pocket, she began to apply the fluid to the joints of the rusted Tin Woodsfan.

The Lion sniffed around the tin figure's feet, and asked, "Do you... do you suppose he'll start a feud with us after we revive him?"

The figure groaned once, and said, "Oh, gracious no! I'm much too grateful to you for releasing me." With that, the Lion bounded away from the Tin Fan, for he had not expected him to come to life quite so quickly.

"Are you...are you quite all right now?" asked Dorothy.

"Well," said the Tin Woodsfan, "I wish you'd touch up my beanie prop--it won't spin."

"Oh, do it, Dorothy!" cried the Scarecrow. "The beanie won't protect him from unfannish thoughts if it's not in good working order!"

"Thank you," said the Woodsfan as Dorothy spun the beanie prop and it worked like new. "I would never feud with anyone who helped me," he said, "although I will admit that I have nothing against feuding. Sometimes I wonder if I wouldn't even like to be in one again. It bothers me, because normally feuds don't interest me. Maybe I like feuding because when I was made they forgot to put a heart in me."

"That's terrible!" said Dorothy. "How did you get all rusted like that?"

"Well, long ago," said the Tin Woodsfan, "a fan and I were feuding, and the fan decided to drive me out of fandom. But no one can leave Iz because of the great burning desert called Public Contempt which surrounds this fannish land, and since nobody ever gafiates while still inside the country, he had to cast a spell of immobility upon me. One day when I was chopping wood to make paper for my fanzine, he cast his spell, and there I've been until you came along."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Dorothy. "I didn't know they still had such evil fen. We've never heard of anything like that in Kansas."

"I do not know where Kansas is, but tell me, is it a civilized country?"

"Oh, yes," said Dorothy. "We have electric mimeos, and automatic slipsheeters and everything."

"Then that accounts for it," said the Woodsfan. "In the civilized countries I believe there are no wizards left; nor hectos, nor sorceresses. But, you see, the Land of Iz has never been civilized, for we are cut off from the rest of the world. Therefore we still have exclusion acts and hectoed fanzines amongst us. It is really a wonderful place to live, for while you must take the bitter with the sweet, the sweet is so sweet. If I only had a heart, I should dearly love life in Iz."

"Why don't you accompany us to the Amber City?" asked the Scarecrow. "You could have the BNF give you a heart." And the Tin Woodsfan agreed.

chapter five: PROVILLE

So the little band of travellers went on along the little purple brick road to the Amber City. After they had travelled for some time, they came to a curious little village where all the houses had false fronts, with magnificent pillars and spires, but behind them were only dirry little shacks. Wondering at this, the four adventurers trotted gaily along the road through the village.

The people of the village were the oddest fans any of them had ever seen. There were only a few of them on the street, but all of them were thin and boney, and they rushed around terribly fast.

"Say there!" the Scarecrow called to one of them, "what village is this, and how far is it to the capital?"

"This is the village of Futurepro," said the fan proudly. "The capital, Proville, is just a little way past here."

"But the capital is the Amber City," said the Tin Woodsfan.

"Amber City?" said the fan. "Never heard of it. Proville is the only capital I know of."

"Why are you so thin?" asked the Lion.

"Because we have so little to eat," replied the fan. "We are the stf writers of tomorrow, and until we become pros we must suffer for our art, so we have little to eat. We needn't worry, though, because we are getting the ultimate value out of fandom."

"I thought no one had to eat food in Iz," said the Scarecrow. "Don't you live on egoboo that you get from other fans?"

"Ch, great Campbell, no!" exclaimed the fan. "Why, we have very little to do with fans, except those who live in Serconville, which is just this side of Proville. The fans in Serconville sometimes give us egoboo, but not very much, so we have to live on food."

"Why, that's just like being a non-fan," whispered the Lion to Dorothy.

"The pros are nice, though," the emaciated fan continued. "They give us lots of rejection slips, which we process in our free hours and make into typing paper, so that we can write more stories."

"It sounds like a silly circle to me," said Dorothy.

"It's all because you've let your beanies get in bad shape," said

the Scarecrow. "Why don't you come to the Amber City with us and have the BNF fix your beanie?"

"Oh, heavens, no!" cried the Futurepro. "I have to finish the story I'm writing now. Maybe some other time." And with that he ran into a nearby house. In a moment the little group heard the sound of typing.

"Sounds like a typewriter instead of a typer," commented the Scarecrow. "This village abounds in fakefannism, I tell you. It's all because of the condition of their beanies."

Anxious to leave such an unfannish place, the little band went through the village hurriedly and in a few minutes arrived at the next village.

"This must be Serconville," said Dorothy. "Perhaps they can tell us how far it is to the Amber City, if they are so serious and constructive."

They went into the village and the Lion stopped a fan. "How far is it to the Amber City," he asked.

"Why do you want to go there?" asked the fan. Dorothy saw that he had no propellor at all on his beanie, but instead a tassel similar to those found on graduation caps. "We have everything here in Serconville that the Amber City has, and more," said the fan.

"Has the BNF ever been here?" asked Dorothy.

"BNF?" The Serconfan looked incredulous. "Of course not! Silly fannish figure, that's all he is. We devote our minds to higher things than BNFs!"

"Well then we'll keep going," said Dorothy firmly, and the party continued along the purple road through Serconville. "I suppose Proville will be next," said Dorothy.

In a bit, they found she was wrong, for without even leaving Serconville they came to a sign announcing that they were in Hucksterville, which soon proved to be only a slum section of Serconville. All the inhabitants were wearing beanies with fan wampum signs on them. Knowing the nature of hucksters, the fans hurried through that section until they came to Proville.

There was a high wall about the city of Proville, and a heavy iron gate guarding the entrance. The Scarecrow ran up to this and pounded on it with his fist, but got no response. Then the Lion reared up on his hind legs and gave a great roar. "My heavens!" said Dorothy, holding her ears, "that ought to get some response!"

The Lion blushed and said, "Well, I really seem more dangerous than I am. Even my claws are dull from pounding on my typer, and some of them are broken from removing staples from fanzines."

Just then the gate cracked open and a pro peeked out. Seeing the

beanie atop the Lion's head, he said, "Oh, it's only some fans," and started to close the gate again.

"Wait!" cried the Tin Woodsfan. "We wish to enter your city so that we can follow the road of Purple Brick!"

"But I'm not supposed to let any fans in here," said the pro.

"We'll just be going right out the other side again," said Dorothy. "And anyway, you're blocking the Path of Trufandom that leads to the Amber City and the Enchanted Duplicator!"

"Yes!" shouted the Tin Woodsfan. "You're not supposed to do that!"

Grudgingly, the pro swung open the gate. "Well, maybe we are blocking the Path of Trufandom, but the only people around here are those in Futurepro, Serconville and Hucksterville, and none of them ever worried much about it."

"Well, why did you even put up an old wall like this around your city?" asked Dorothy.

"Those blasted hucksters and serconfans are always trying to get in here," said the pro. "Especially the hucksters--they even tried to get Hucksterville made a part of Proville once! We like those people, for many of us were once futurepros, but we can't stand them sometimes."

The companions wondered at this and stared very thoughtfully at the many pros who sat in their houses typing or reading. Then they came to one house where a man was using three telephones, typing at a great rate, and consulting with four other pros at the same time.

"That is his majesty, King John. We let him be king because he has been a pro longer than any of the rest of us, and is the best pro for miles around. He's getting the next issue of IZFOUNDING STORIES ready right now."

After watching the busy king working himself into a nervous breakdown, the four travellers left the city in a hurry. "I certainly wouldn't want to be king of the pros," said the Scarecrow, and the others sadly agreed with him.

chapter six: THE KALIDANS

As soon as they had left Proville, the companions found themselves once more deep in the forest, where the road of Purple Brick was in bad repair, and very hard to follow, for the trees on each side of the road grew up very high, and came together overhead, so that the sun could not be seen.

In the very middle of the forest, they heard a wild growling on

either side of them, and the Lion shrank up against the Woodsfan, shivering.

"Why, what are you afraid of?" asked the Tin Fan, when the Lion nearly knocked him over with his frightened shaking.

"There's--there's Kalidahs out there, in the forest!" stuttered the Lion, his teeth chattering.

"Whatever are Kalidahs?" asked Dorothy.

The Lion quieted down somewhat as he began to see that nobody else was afraid, and that they were all listening to him. "Oh, you've probably never heard of them in the outside world," he said. "They are fierce, gigantic beasts who attack travellers in the forest. They'll attack us, too!"

"Have they ever attacked you before?" asked the Scarecrow.

"No--of course not. Do you think I'd be here if they had? No, thank Ghu, I've never even seen one of the monsters." With this, he wiped his brow with his tail in relief.

"But if you've never seen one, how do you know they are so terrible? I bet you don't really know anything more about them than we do," said the Tin Woodsfan, scoffing at the poor frightened Lion.

"Well," said the Lion, looking very small for such a great animal, "you just wait until they attack us, and you can see for yourself what they are like!"

Just then there was a terrible roar from right behind them, and the Lion took to vibrating again.

"They're coming after us!" he shouted. "Hurry, hurry, let's run!"

"They do sound very frightening," said Dorothy uncertainly.

Then the Lion screamed in terror, for he had just heard a rustling in the brush behind them. "They're coming, they're coming!" he screamed, covering his eyes with his paws. "They'll get us!"

The Tin Fan and the Scarecrow were leaning over the frightened Lion, talking to him, when out of the brush on all sides came a dozen animals about the size of a small dog, with big ears and heads like gramophone speakers. They looked for all the world like Donkeys, and they were jumping up and down yelling, "HOOHAW! HOOHAW!" very loudly. The Scarecrow, the Lion and the Tin Woodsfan looked up and saw them, and none of them could believe their eyes.

The Lion, seeing the tiny animals, frowned angrily at his fright of them, and rearing up on his hind legs he let out a terrific roar at them.

The little animals had been making enough noise for a thousand mon-

sters, but when the Lion roared, they backed up against one another, and looked very small.

When everything was quiet, the Lion asked them who they were, and the leader said in a very small voice, "We are the fierce Kalidahs, the--the conquerers of the forest kingdom."

At this, the Lion laughed so loudly that all the Kalidahs tumbled over each other to get out of the way, for they thought he would eat them. "You're nothing but loud-mouthed jackasses," he told them. "You only think you are great conquerers because you frighten people away before they can see you. Anyone who saw what you really were would laugh."

"Yes," said the Scarecrow, "and speaking for myself, I wasn't a bit afraid of you just from hearing you. All your roaring and bellowing did to me was to make me mad at all the noise."

This hurt the Kalidahs very much, and one of them said, "Oh dear, it's very humiliating to be laughed at."

This touched Dorothy, who was a kind girl, and hated to see anyone made fun of. "Maybe your megaphone heads are only a stage you are going through," she said. "When you grow older you may change, like pollywogs, and you'll shed your big mouths and be normal, friendly little animals."

The loud-mouthed jackasses thought about this for a moment, but then one of them said, "That's silly! Who are you to tell us anything? After all, we're the conquerers of the forest kingdom!" And the loud-mouthed jackasses sniffed haughtily at the travellers and strutted off, braying "HOCHAW! HOCHAW!" at the top of their voices.

chapter seven: THE FIELD OF ROSEBUDS

Toward the end of the day, Dorothy said, "Don't you suppose we should stop and have dinner?"

"Well," said the Lion, "since we are natives of Iz, we never have to eat--we gain sustenance from egoboo. But since you are from the outside world we'll have to find something for you to eat."

There was a clump of bushes nearby and they found some delightful berries there. As Dorothy ate them the Tin Woodsman and the Scarecrow exchanged compliments and the Lion read some fanzines.

"What are those?" asked Dorothy.

"The latest Trufandom APA mailing," said the Lion. "I always carry it with me in case I'm ever somewhere alone and need some egoboo."

"Yes," said the Scarecrow, "I always carry a copy of IZ DIGEST with me for the same reason. It's got some very good egoboo in it and it's postcard size too, which makes it easy to carry."

"Sort of like food capsules?" said Dorothy. "My, how handy!"

And so the four fans finished their meals and settled down for a good night's sleep. In the morning the rose and had a brief breakfast. Dorothy finished the berries, and the Tin Woodsfan took out a little record player and played a record of applause for himself and the other inhabitants of Iz. He explained that it was called canned egoboo.

Then the four adventurers set off once more along the Path of Trufandom. The trees were very tall, and beautiful birds flew among the branches. Once Dorothy saw a Budgie, which said hello to her, and she wished Bob Shaw could have been there.

Soon they were out of the woods, and before them the four friends saw a lovely field of roses, just beginning to bud. Dorothy clapped her hands in delight, for she was a young fanne from the prairie who knew nothing of rosebuds, and they seemed very beautiful to her.

"Let's all pick a bouquet of them!" she said, "and we can take them to the BNF!" The others agreed to this, and they split into two groups, the Lion and Tin Woodsfan going one way and the Scarecrow and Dorothy going the other. They picked the flowers for quite awhile, until they were very, very tired, and the Scarecrow suggested that they rest awhile.

"Let's lay here," said the Scarecrow, and though Dorothy thought that he had made a mistake in grammar, she did not say anything, because the Scarecrow's beanie had been badly ripped by the thorns of the rosebuds, and she thought that perhaps his fin fannish mind wasn't working too well.

But when Dorothy started to lie down, she felt the thorns sticking her. "Oh, I can't rest here," she said. "I'm just a little girl from the prairies, remember, from far away from Iz, and the thorns hurt me!"

The scarecrow shook his head sadly. "I've always heard that fans were slans," he said. He shook his head again. "So this is what the race of high men has come to."

So Dorothy and the Scarecrow picked up thier bouquets and went looking for thier companions. They found them on the edge of the field of rosebuds, coming toward them around a neat lawn of grass. They looked very frightened, especially the Lion. Dorothy and the Scarecrow ran up to them and asked what had happened.

"Oh, it was terrible!" blubbered the Lion. "We just came over here to see what this lawn was--there's a sign over there saying this is the Field Of The Lassgrass--and then all of a sudden we began to feel very queer, and when I looked at the Tin Woodsfan, he looked like he was going to attack me!"

The Tin Woodsfan nodded, trembling. "But the funny thing was," he said, "I didn't seem to feel like feuding or fighting with him."

"What happened then?" asked the Scarecrow.

"Well," said the Lion, "he chased me all over, until we came to a road over there which leads to Francistown."

"There was a sign saying Francistown Lane," the Tin Woodsfan explained. "As soon as we got on that road, the odd feeling disappeared. Then we came back here."

The four adventurers were all very worried by this, so they immediately set out again on the purple brick road leading to the Amber City. Dorothy and the Scarecrow left their bouquets behind, because of the thorns. "And besides," said Dorothy, "I don't think rosebuds and fandom mix."

chapter eight: THE BEAUTIFUL AMBER CITY

By mid-morning they arrived at the Amber City, which was a wonderful place filled with lovely houses shaped like beer bottles.

"Oh!" said Dorothy. "Why, it's beautiful!"

"Wait till you see the slantpalace," said the Tin Woodsfan, and in a moment they came to it. It was a magnificent sight--an amber palace shaped like a beer crock. They admired it for a few minutes and then entered.

"We'd like to see the BNF," said Dorothy to the trufan's trufan.

He frowned slightly at the little band. "If you come on an idle or foolish errand to bother the wise reflections of the Great BNF, he might be angry and destroy you all in an instant," he warned them.

"But it is not a foolish errand," said Dorothy, "nor an idle one, and it is important. And we have been told that the BNF is kind and good."

"So he is," said the trufan's trufan. "He rules the Amber City wisely and well. But to those who are fuggheads, or who approach him for his autograph, he is most terrible, and few have ever dared to borrow fanzines from him." Then he ushered them into a large room filled with mysterious alchemical apparatus.

As the wanderers gazed in awe at the room, a great cloud suddenly issued from in front of the throne and when it had disappeared there sat an ancient fan, looking at them sternly.

"Well," he said, "what do you want?"

At the sound of his voice, the Cowardly Lion ran behind Dorothy, but she drew herself up and said, "We've come to ask your help. You see, I came to Iz in a big cyclone, and I've got to get back to the outside fandom." And she told the BNF about her friends.

"Yes, I see you have a problem," said the ENF. "But of course you know that BNFs never do anything for ordinary fans unless they first do something for us."

Dorothy's companions assured her that this was the accepted procedure. "We have to plant an ob with him first," said the Lion, "and Ghu only knows what frightening thing he'll want us to do."

They all fell silent, and in a moment the BNF said, "In the outskirts of the Fraudling County, near the border of Iz, there is a terrible witch who is always casting spells and hoaxing everyone."

"I've heard of her," whispered the Tin Woodsfan to Dorothy. "She's a bloody provincial."

"I want you to liquidate her," said the BNF.

"But how can we do that?" asked the Lion. "We aren't wizards or anything, and we can't even play tricks with words the way you can." (For it was well known the way the BNF could make puns).

"She has a weakness," said the BNF. He leaned closer. "She's a nonfan," he whispered.

"No!" exclaimed the Scarecrow, astounded. "A nonfan? In Iz?"

The BNF shook his head sadly. "I know; it's sad, very sad. Hereditary, you know. But we can't have nonfans all over Iz, cluttering up the place."

Dorothy was puzzled. "But what is her weakness?" she said. "Just because she is a nonfan--"

"Her weakness is Blog," said the BNF.

"Oh, that's my weakness too," Dorothy giggled. "Why, when I drink Blog--"

"But to her it's fatal," said the BNF. "If it touches her she melts!"

"It's the universal nonfannish solvent," the Lion explained.

"Now, I'll give you a jar of Blog," said the BNF, "and if you can just pour it over her--"

"POOF!" chortled the Tin Woodsfan.

The four adventurers were given a room in the slantpalace for the night and told that they would get their Blog in the morning so that

they could set out. As Dorothy lay in her bed that night she found herself thinking excitedly of the adventures before them. But one thing kept returning to puzzle her. "I wonder what nonfans keep Blog in," she mused, until at last she fell asleep.

chapter nine: PROFESSOR WOGGLEBOGGS

In the morning they set out happily, the Tin Woodsfan carrying the jug of Blog, carefully stoppered to keep it from spilling.

By midday they were all very hungry, so they sat down by the side of the road to eat. The Scarecrow, the Lion, and the Tin Woodsfan all had fanzines to read, but Dorothy had to look for berries beside the road. As she was doing this, she came upon a little bug sitting upon a rock.

"Look out there!" called the bug good-naturedly.

"Oh!" said Dorothy. And then, because she was growing accustomed to the way all creatures in Iz could speak, she sat down beside him and said, "Why, who are you?"

"I'm Professor Woggleboggs," said the bug, bowing.

The Scarecrow had come up to them when he heard Dorothy talking, and he exclaimed, "Why, you disappeared years ago, Professor Woggleboggs! No one knew where you were!"

"I've been working on my latest invention," said the Professor, and from a large pouch he pulled a very big blue pill. "Here," he said to Dorothy, "take this--it will quench your thirst for knowledge."

"But I'm not thirsty," Dorothy protested. "I'm hungry."

The Professor frowned. "But my pills are the result of endless hours of research. They teach you things! This one is my favorite pill--I call it Ezra. It's the final distillation of a lot of heavy reading."

"Well, if it's distilled..." said Dorothy, taking the proffered pill. "Oh! It's so heavy!"

The bug smiled proudly. "It weighs a pound," he said.

Dorothy hesitated at the thought of having a pound of pill in her stomach. "Have you anything else?" she asked.

"Well," said the Professor, "I have some pink pills--"

"Red! Red!" shouted someone, and all of a sudden a weird fan came running at Professor Woggleboggs, waving his arms, with an insane light in his eyes. "Red! Red!" he shouted, and at once Professor Woggleboggs

scurried away, with the shouting fan close behind him.

"Why--why, who was that?" said Dorothy in alarm.

The Scarecrow laughed. "That was just Jack Fugghead," he said. "Don't worry, he's never been able to hurt anybody in Iz."

"But why is he chasing that nice little bug?" Dorothy asked.

"He hates colors," smiled the Scarecrow, "especially black and red. He is one of the strangest fans in Iz. He lives in Readerville, they say. He's an Authority on H. P. Hatecraft."

"He certainly is an odd fan," said Dorothy.

"Confidentially," said the Scarecrow, "he's colorblind."

chapter ten: READERVILLE

And so they laughed at Jack Fugghead and went back to tell their friends.

"I certainly hope we won't have to go through Readerville on our way to the Fraudling County," said Dorothy, remembering that the wild Jack Fugghead lived there.

The Lion assured her that the road did not go through Readerville, but that they would have to pass quite close to it, as did all travellers in this part of Iz. "You see," said the Lion, "people in Readerville never have any children, as they are much, too much busy with other things. Thus, if no travellers ever passed that way, it would soon become a ghost town."

"And a fine thing that would be, too, if you ask me," exclaimed the Tin Woodsfan, scowling. "Why, I've never seen a more useless place in all the land of Iz. Those people spend all their time reading science fiction. That's their only reason for living, just to read of the future. If they'd only stop to think, they'd know that all they'll be doing in the future is sitting in their chairs, still reading."

"Yes," said the Scarecrow, "and it all seems terribly silly to me, anyway, because in Iz there is no such thing as time. No one ever grows old. We don't even have any ridiculous things like different periods of fandom, like Seventh Fandom or whatever it was you people in outside fandom call it."

"The only good thing in Readerville," said the Lion, "is their library, where they keep copies of science fiction magazines. But all those copies are terribly worn out from being read so much. They have all sorts of unsanitary eyetracks all over them, and the spines are broken because the readers fold the magazines over when they read."

"There," said the Scarecrow, pointing. "You can see the towers of the central library just over the next down. Do you see the central tower, in the shape of a rocketship, and the Gerns-goyles on each of the smaller towers?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Why, it's beautiful! Such lovely window-designs, and oh! what remarkable colors and architecture! Why, the Gerns-goyles look just as if Rotsler had done them! I should think it would take the work of hundreds of fans to build such a thing."

"No, one fan did it all," said the Scarecrow. "But you can see only the front of it from here. As we pass by the city, you will be able to see the rear of the building, and judge for yourself what manner of fans these be who erect monuments to space flight and science fiction. You see, the building was never completed."

"Why, that's almost sinful," said Dorothy. "I should think that such a lovely building as this would inspire fans to work very hard on it."

"Yes, it did. The builder, a fan named Walter Doorty, worked many years on the first half. He was responsible for all the expensive and difficult work that was done on it. Then he couldn't make up his mind about what sort of design to put on one window in the very back, and spent so long thinking about this that everyone in Readerville lost interest in the project. It is still a very grand building, however, even if it isn't finished."

The companions walked faster as they approached Readerville, and while they could see and hear the readers in the town calling to them for aid on their projects, they kept right on walking, and none of them felt any desire to stop. As they passed by the town, Dorothy could indeed see the incomplete structure of the central library, and through the unfinished walls she could see shelves and shelves of science fiction magazines and books.

"My," she said, "it certainly is a wonderful thing."

chapter eleven: THE STRANGE COLLECTOR

The travellers continued on their way through the lovely countryside, chattering gaily about fannish matters. They seemed more like a group of fans at a convention than people on a dangerous mission to conquer a witch, Dorothy thought to herself. And this seemed very strange to her, for fans were very logical people and of course did not believe in witches, except in Iz. But she reflected that in outside fandom fans did things which were just as silly as hunting for witches. They even published monthly fanzines sometimes; or belonged to four apas at once, or joined the N3F.

Just then they heard an anxious voice shouting, "Stay off the path!

Stay off the path! You'll stir up the dust!"

Looking ahead on the path, they saw a fan sitting beside the path, absolutely motionless, and covered with dust from head to toe. The dust even engulfed the fan's beanie, which could hardly be seen.

Stepping off the path onto the soft grass, they approached the strange fan curiously. "Who are you?" asked the Tin Woodsfan.

"I am a Stay-Offman," said the fan. "You must pardon me for not rising to shake your hand and bow to the young lady, but if I did I would shake all the dust off of me."

"But why are you covered with dust anyway?" asked the Lion.

"I collect dust," said the fan proudly. "I am a completist--I intend to collect every bit of dust in Iz, just sitting here and letting it settle on me."

Dorothy giggled. "That's very strange," she said. "Don't you ever go anywhere or do anything?"

"Oh," said the dusty one, "I am kept very busy filing and cataloging my dust-notes. I have each one classified according to size, color, and everything. It's very fascinating, and of course it takes all my time."

"I should think you'd get bored with just sitting here," said the Scarecrow.

"Well, I was thinking of taking a trip once," said the Stay-Offman. "I was a candidate for the Trans-Burning Desert Fund, and if I'd won I could have gone to the convention in outside fandom. But since I've been sitting here alone all my life, very few people ever heard of me, so I wasn't elected. Perhaps it's for the best, for if I'd gone I would have had a great deal of trouble storing my collection in my absence."

"Well, you certainly lead a peaceful and relaxing life," said Dorothy. "Do you read many fanzines while you're sitting here?"

"Oh, gracious no!" said the dust collector. "I'm much too busy cataloging my collection to do anything else. You know, you hardly ever find anything in fanzines about dust-collecting any more. I think there should be more articles on it, because after all, collecting is the very heart of fandom."

"I suppose you read science fiction," said the Lion.

"No," said the Stay-Offman. "I started to read a science fiction book once, because it was called 'The Stars, Like Dust,' and I thought it might be interesting, but it was just crazy Buck Rogers stuff. I haven't read any since. Anyway, as I say, I'm much, much too busy with my collection."

"Well," said Dorothy, "we won't bother you any longer then, since

I can see you're terribly busy, and have important things to do." And the four travellers continued on their journey, leaving the busy Stay-Offman sitting motionless beside the path.

"It's all because his beanie is covered with dust," said the Scarecrow, shaking his head sadly.

chapter twelve: THE CAPTURE

They slept that night in a warm little grove of trees, and set off gaily the next day under beautiful blue skies. The Scarecrow was whistling a Grunchkin walking song, and Dorothy and the Lion were exchanging puns, while the Tin Woodsfan walked in the rear, taking notes for a travel report which he would publish later.

They had covered almost all of the distance to the edge of Iz, and could smell the fumes of the burning desert of Public Contempt, when suddenly a horde of flying squirrels swooped down on the little band, from out of nowhere, and attacked them ferociously. The Tin Woodsfan swung his axe fiercely, and put many of the little animals out of action, but a dozen or more threw stones at him from behind, while yet more tugged at his axe until he had to drop it.

At least fifty of the small criminals attacked the Scarecrow, pulling his straw out, and chewing at his clothes, until the poor Scarecrow was absolutely helpless.

The Cowardly Lion was put to flight by a handful of squirrels pulling at his mane and tail. It would have been very easy to bat them out of the air with a sweep of his great paws, but they chattered so loudly about feuds and lion steak that he turned and ran for the forest.

But the fiendish squirrels did not hurt Dorothy in any way. Three hundred of them picked her up and flew off with her. The helpless Tin Woodsfan, protecting himself from stones and squirrels, watched her being carried off, and could do nothing to help her. As she was carried out of sight, the criminal squirrels left the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodsfan, to follow their flock. One large squirrel, trying to fly away and take with him a whole load of stone to throw from above, couldn't get off the ground, and the Tin Woodsfan caught him, although the creature protested very loudly.

"Where have those others taken Dorothy?" shouted the Tin Woodsfan, shaking the squirrel.

"You let me go, you let me go!" chattered the squirrel, trying to throw stones. But he couldn't hurt the Woodsfan from such a short distance, so he just sat down where he was, and started counting the stones.

"Where is Dorothy?" the Tin Woodsfan demanded, keeping ahold of the little creature.

"Oh, they sort of just took her a little ways off," said the squirrel, and continued his counting.

The Scarecrow sat up, and patted himself into shape. "Where did they take her?" he demanded also.

"Well," said the animal, finishing his counting, "they took her to the castle of the Wicked Witch of the West."

"What?" shouted the two friends, stepping back in astonishment.

"One hunnert and fifty," said the squirrel. "Lotta stones there. And I've got 'em all, every one." He stood up. "Yup, they took her to the witch. Be seeing ya." And before either of them could recover, the squirrel took off into the air, and disappeared from sight.

Just then the Lion came up very timidly, and asked, "Are all of them gone?" When they told him they were, and told him where they had taken Dorothy, the Lion conquered his great fear of the animals, and strode off towards the West to rescue Dorothy, the Tin Woodsfan and the Scarecrow right behind him.

chapter thirteen: THE WITCH

The witch's castle was not visible until the three friends had crossed a river, climbed a very high mountain and started down into a small valley. The castle was high and black, fully as high as they could see when they got close to it, and very, very black, as though a curse of everlasting mimeo-ink stains had been cast upon it.

"We'll never be able to get inside that huge castle," said the Scarecrow.

"I don't know how we'll do it," said the Woodsfan, "but we have to. Dorothy is inside there, and we must rescue her."

"But...but the witch is in there too," said the Lion, who was becoming nervous again. "She might cast a hoax on us, and make us think we're serconfans or hucksters or something!"

"No witch is going to stop me from rescuing Dorothy," said the Scarecrow. "I'm going in there, and I'm going to tear that witch stick from stack; I'll rip that whole castle down; I'll put eyetracks all over her collection, and cause absolute chaos everywhere! The whole castle will be plunged into war! I'm gonna--" The Tin Woodsfan stopped the Scarecrow from rashly running up to the castle by grabbing hold of him and shoving his straw beanie in his mouth.

"Now listen to me," said the Scarecrow. "You'll run right into another Exclusion Act if you just go charging into a huge castle like

that. The Lion is right. The witch might even hoax you into thinking she was Dorothy, or anything like that. You can't tell what a nonfan will do when she's desperate. We have to have a defense."

"Why, we've got the greatest defense of all, right here," said the Lion. "We can all drink a little Blog, and hoaxes won't affect us. After all, Blog cures everything, from gafia to snake-bites."

"You're right!" exclaimed the Scarecrow.

And so they all drank a little Blog, and when they turned again to the castle, they could hardly believe their own eyes! For the mighty castle, which just a moment ago had towered high over their heads, was no longer there. In its place was a pillar, to which Dorothy was tied.

"Why," said the Lion, "it must have been a hoax! There was never really a castle there!"

The three friends rushed forward to free Dorothy from the pillar to which she was tied. The Tin Woodsfan took one stroke of his flashing axe to undo the cords, but was surprised when the mighty blade did not even mar the pillar. While the others were helping Dorothy up the mountain, he looked more closely at the pillar.

"Are you coming, Woodsfan?" called Dorothy. "Please hurry; the witch might get you."

But the Woodsfan, instead of hurrying to catch up with his waiting friends, opened the jug of Blog and poured the remainder of its contents on the base of the pillar. His companions could hardly believe their eyes, for this was Blog, the trufannish fluid, and the Tin Woodsfan was actually pouring it onto the ground.

And then they had even more occasion to distrust their eyes, for while they watched, the shining pillar melted, swirled and dissolved into the ground, and from where it had stood came a long, wailing cry.

"That was the Wicked Witch of the West," said the Tin Woodsfan. "When I poured the Blog on her, she dissolved, just like a nonfan should."

"The Wicked Witch?" said the Lion. "But it looked like an ordinary pillar!"

"But it wasn't," said the Woodsfan. "When I found that my axe wouldn't scratch the pillar, I deduced that it was some sort of magic cast by the witch. I looked closer, and found that it was just a hoax, because on the base of the pillar it said PILLAR OF THE NAMELESS ONES. Well, when I read that, I knew it was the Wicked Witch hiding there, hoping to fool us into turning our backs for just a moment. When I poured the Blog on her, she was liquidated!"

The travelling companions breathed a sigh of relief at this, and turned to climb the mountain and return to the Amber City, bringing the remains of the witch in the Blog jug to prove to the BNF that they had

indeed liquidated her.

chapter fourteen: THE END

When the travellers again reached the Amber City and were escorted into the BNF's presence, Dorothy showed him the jug, with the dissolved remains of the Witch inside, and told him all about their adventures.

"You see," she concluded, "we poured the Blog on her, just like you told us to do."

"Dear me," said the BNF. "You have indeed. Well, now you've planted an ob with me, and I must by all means grant your wishes. What is it you want?"

"Well, sir, the Scarecrow here wants a new beanie, to protect his fannish headbone from unfannish thoughts. He knows you can give him one that will be the best beanie ever, because you're the biggest name fan in Iz.

"Why, yes," said the BNF, "as a matter of fact I could do that, indeed. As a matter of fact, I could give you an eighteen-prop beanie, with emeralds studding it, and jewelled bearings in the props."

"Gosh, sir, that'd be terrific!" exclaimed the Scarecrow.

"But," said the BNF, "you wouldn't want such a thing. You see, such a beanie would do you know more good than the simple, unembellished beanie you wear right now. Nothing adds to the power of a trufan's beanie, no matter how many jewels you add, no matter how many props." He turned to the Tin Woodsfan. "Now, what is your problem?"

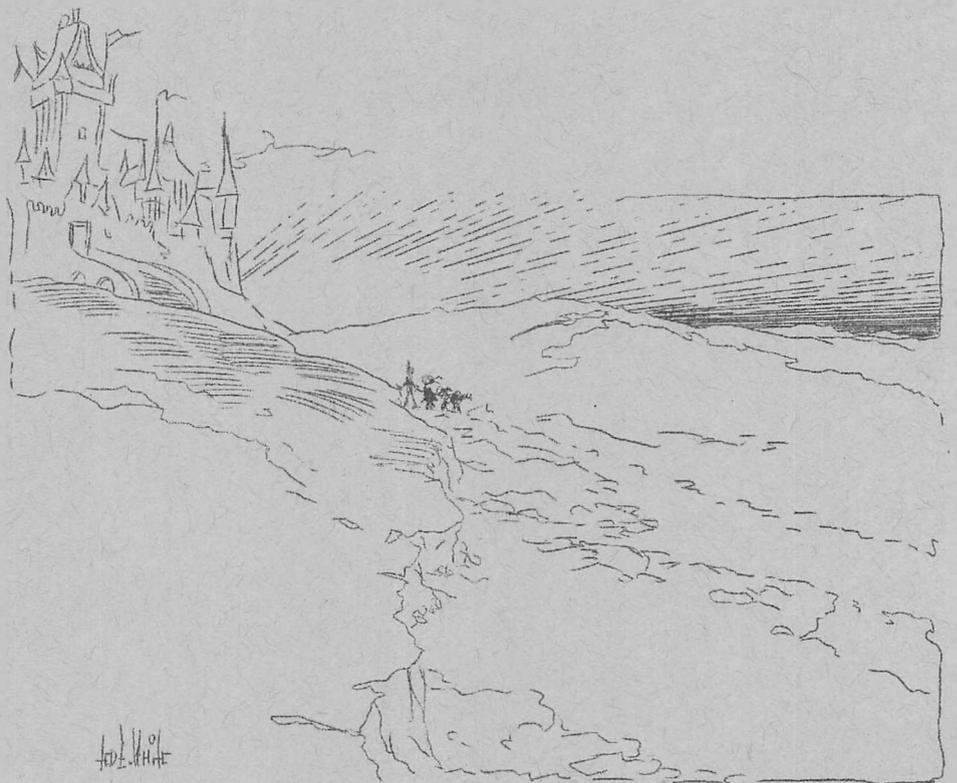
The Tin Woodsfan stepped forward. "Well, Mr. BNF, all I want is-- well, just a heart, sir, so I won't be looking for feuds all the time. It was a feud that got me rusted in the first place, and I don't like them anymore. That's kid stuff."

"You, my son, have heart enough for a regiment," said the BNF. "Anyone else would never have won through all the difficulties you've had on your adventures. You need no heart."

Then the BNF turned to the Lion. "And now you, my mangy friend-- what can I do for you?"

"W-well, sir, I don't know how to--" the Lion began, obviously very frightened.

"What the Lion wants," interrupted Dorothy, "is courage. You see, he's terribly afraid of feuds. He's a real fierce feuder when he gets going--why, he can type searing, sarcastic letters two at a time, one



with his front feet and one with his hind feet--but he gets so frightened that somebody might get mad and start a feud with him over something he's written or published, that he hardly ever publishes or writes anything."

"Y-yes," said the Lion. "Why, I almost got thrown out of Trufandom AFA, but I found some old football tickets that had blown across the Deadly Desert, and I sent them through TAPA. I thought they were perfectly innocuous, you see. But everybody got mad at me!"

"Ah there, Leo!" said the BNF. "You don't need courage, for your quietest, meekest growl scares every living thing in Iz. You are actually the king of beasts. If you'd just distribute pictures of yourself once, you'd never have to worry about feuds again."

The BNF then reached into his black bag of magical things and withdrew three small bottles. Handing one each to the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodsfan, and the Lion, he said, "This is what all three of you need. It's really very magical, and very easy to get, too."

The Scarecrow opened the bottle and sniffed it. "Why, it's perfume!" he said.

"Yes," smiled the BNF. "Very ordinary perfume, too. But I guarantee that it will work. Whenever you, my straw-filled friend, or you, Woodsfan, or you, Leo--whenever any of you run into such problems as you've presented to me, apply a little of the perfume to your head. Believe me, applying common scents will solve most anything."

The Lion, the Tin Woodsfan, and the Scarecrow all thanked the BNF greatly, and fell to talking excitedly among themselves. The BNF turned to Dorothy.

And now, young lady, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"Oh," said Dorothy, "I have to get back home, to outside fandom, because I've got more than thirty cut stencils for my next issue waiting for me, and I didn't bring the original material, and I just have to publish because I'm two weeks past deadline now, and I thought..."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute!" the BNF exclaimed, mopping his brow. "I can't follow a long sentence like that. You should break it up with lots of white space. Now, as I see the problem, you want to get back, right? You're tired of Iz, and..."

"Oh, no, sir! I'm not tired of Iz. Why, I've made such fast friends here, and had such wonderful adventures, why if it was possible, I'd stay here forever, but you see, I've got these cut stencils at home, and I've got to..."

"Hold it, hold it! Trust a ferme-fan to start a stream-of-consciousness conversation every time. Now listen here. I understand perfectly. You see, this land of Iz is just a fairy-tale fandom--for a person in the outside world it's not real. Now, you know you can't stay

here--there's nothing here of any real importance to you. Tell me the truth now--don't you really want to go back because you miss your Aunt Em and Uncle Henry? Don't you miss your friends, and all the normal, nonfannish things that don't exist here in Iz?"

Dorothy nodded.

"Well then," said the BHF, "since this is just a dream-world, then...wake up!"

"But how can I do that?" asked Dorothy.

"Do what, dear?"

"Go back home, just by waking up. It must be much, much harder than--" Then Dorothy saw to her astonishment that she was lying on her own bed, and Aunt Em was standing beside her, smiling.

"I think you've been dreaming again," said Aunt Em.

After a few moments, Dorothy smiled, and hugged her Aunt Em. "Yes, and I'm so glad to be awake," she said.

--Carl Brandon



"Carl Brandon" is now known to be the creation of several talented West Coast-Bay Area fans, but for a number of years he was a completely successful hoax--so much so that his reputation eclipsed that of his creators; and no doubt had they not revealed their hoax at the 1958 World Convention, he would have remained the most successful hoax in recent years.

"Brandon" entered fandom as a name in 1953, but it wasn't until a couple of years later, when he entered the Cult and began to be published there (and reprinted into a few general circulation zines like the early Rike-Carr INNUENDO and the White-Stark STELLAR) that he became an established personality. Such was his popularity and ability that he was soon Official Arbiter of the Cult, and a rapidly ascending BNF--primarily through his considerable talents as revealed in numerous long and short pieces of satire and parody, such as THE DARING YOUNG FAN WITH THE THREE-SPEED MIMMO, THE CACHER OF THE RYE, and MY FAIR FEMMEFAN.

At the Solacon the news was broken: "Brandon" was actually Terry Carr, with the help of other area fans, Dave Rike, Boob Stewart, Pete Graham and Ron Ellik.

THE BNF OF IZ first appeared in a Cultzine, "Brandon's" EGGPLANT. Terry Carr had started the first manuscript version in "Carl's" own distinctive slanting-print lettering, but after about twenty hand-scripted pages he gave up, and Ron Ellik typed out the rest. This Terry vigorously edited. Following the connected thread of narrative through his changes, insertions, and additions is like finding one's way through a maze--but his editing helped greatly to turn the piece into its final first-draft form, as it appeared in print.

John Hitchcock, then a member of the Cult, offered to publish the piece for general fandom. He then offered to cut the stencils if I would publish them. "Carl" was pleased with the idea, but asked to further revise the piece, with the result that he supplied a completely new, re-typed manuscript in which the writing style was brought closer to L. Frank Baum's (a difficult one to successfully imitate), and two new chapters ("The Kalidahs" and "The Strange Collector") were added. Due to the events of the following summer, however, both John and I were too busy to work on the publication of the story, and, after cutting a few stencils, John gafiated completely. Nothing more was done until early 1959 when Ted Pauls offered to type the stencils, which he then occupied the next several months' spare time doing. The version you have just finished reading is the new revised version, as stencilled by Pauls.

As a final note, my illustrations are redrawn from original illustrations by John R. Neill. This is because, despite the fact that Neill did not illustrate THE WIZARD OF OZ, he did illustrate the next forty or so Oz books, and his drawings have become one with the text in the minds of most Oz fans and readers like myself. The three illustrations here were taken from THE ROAD TO OZ (pp. 25 & 27) and THE MAGIC OF OZ (title page). The one on p.25 is a composite of two Neill illustrations, and the one on p.27 while it perfectly fits the end for both THE BNF OF IZ and THE WIZARD OF OZ, actually serves to end THE ROAD TO OZ.

-Ted E. White
publisher

