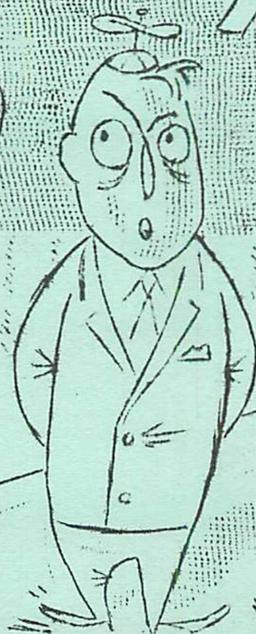
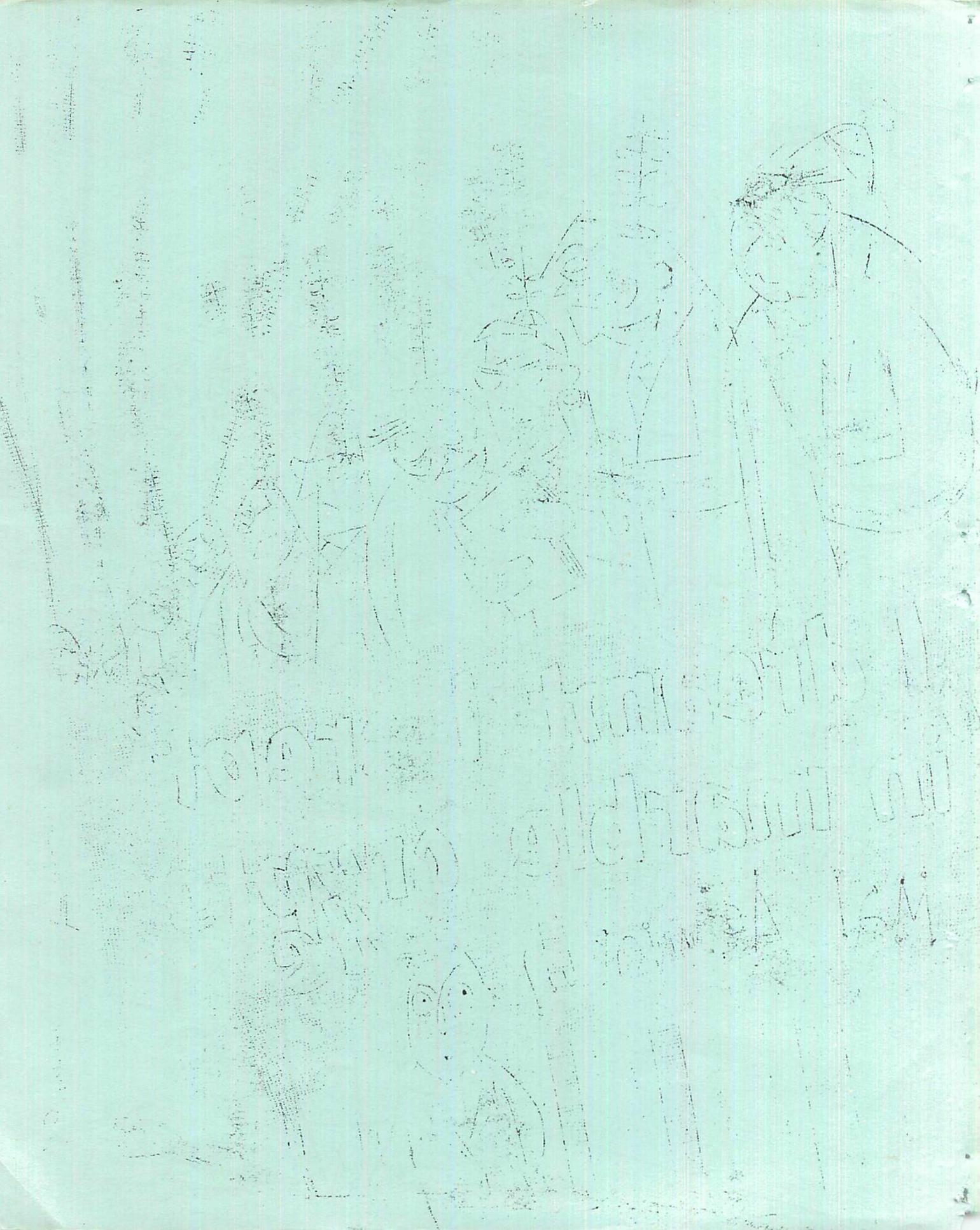


I dreamt I crept  
in marble crypts

Ma! Ashworth





# Chapter One

## the crypts

This is it. Mounted on a fanzine - or rather, since some are always killed off in the contests, on several fanzines - the Young Fan has fought his way through the Waiting List (which was just a preliminary really) and now stands, open-eyed, open-mouthed, and open-headed, before the mighty, imposing portals of FAPA itself. As he gazes upon the massive, carven doors, there is reverence in his eyes, humility in his bearing and a stone in his shoe. At long last all his hopes and longings have come to fruition, and his years of work over a hot mimeo have not been in vain. By dint of his own unaided toil (and of having shelled out a couple of bucks in dues) he is now about to enter the grandest fannish edifice of all time; he is appropriately cowed.

As he looks upon the rearing facade of the magnificent and ancient building, it comes to him once again how illustrious are its occupants, figures from every era of the fannish past, caught and carved forever as statues in timeless marble, and how unworthy he is to join that noble array. He knows that within these hallowed halls stand proudly, statues of the greatest of those who have departed from the Fannish Way of Life alongside the greatest of those who are still revered as living beings in that happy land. All are here - the active, the gaffiated, the almost-dead - side by side they stand on their solid pedestals in these peaceful vaults. (He has heard it rumoured in the land of Fandom that occasionally a statue has been found within these halls the base of which proved only to be made of clay. But there are many such rumours among the envious nofen of the Outer World.) He has heard it rumoured too that when the doors are locked and barred and nocturnal silence reigns, some of the statues may creep down from their lofty stands and actually, in memory of their long-gone days of happy fan-publishing, put out a fanzine, the copies of which are circulated only to the other statues. Rumour had it that some of these Elysian magazines came nearer to being that mythical object, The Perfect Fanzine, than those which were produced in Fandom itself. But with such Fabulous editors one might almost expect that.

These were only rumours, however, and the Young Fan does not know what he might believe from all the tales that he has heard of FAPA. He only knows that now a place is prepared for him within these sacred walls, and that within moments, he must enter through the very portals of Fannish Tradition and take up his stand on the vacant pedestal which will be awaiting him among the Elders. He looks, for the last time with the eyes of an outsider, upon that superb building nestling in the shade of the greatest peaks of the land of Fandom - not hiding and yet not disporting itself. Then he starts slowly towards the door.

# Chapter Two

## the creeper in the crypts

This Young Fan, then, who has just inherited a seat in the Valhalla of Fandom, who and what is he? What is he like? Let's start with that last question. But since language was never meant to be stretched that far and doesn't have the words to say such things, let's, on second thoughts, ignore that and pass on - or, if you would rather, back - to the first two. Well his name is Mal Ashworth and his home is in the North (East) of England in the wool country of the Pennine hills. At the present time he is, apparently, only the second English fan in FAPA - if you ignore Walt Willis, of course. (Bloch would doubtless add "which is the wisest thing to do"). He is round about twenty-two, give or take ten years (some generosity, huh?), and has a girl-friend called Sheila, who provides him with most of his quotes, a young brother called Vernon, who furnishes most of his witticisms and choice bits of humour, and a burning desire to make a lot of money very fast - preferably without working for it.

He has been an inhabitant of Fandom since late 1953 but was in a fanclub even before that. When he first entered Fandom he did not let it go to his head (there was so little room there) and he remembered his old friends. He promptly returned to the Gutters Of Mankind and dragged Tom White back with him and between them and a flatbed duplicator, which they borrowed, they started to publish a fanzine called BEM. The Young Fan likes to think that he currently holds down a place in the British Fan Museum, which goes by the name of OMPA, but the naked truth of the matter is that the place holds him down. He is now slightly past his period of most intense fanactivity and expects to be Forced Away From It Nearly All in the near future whenever Life feels like giving him a full-scale lesson in how serious it really is; it is already starting to teach him that he <sup>who</sup> would eat his bread must first pinch the loaf. This is chiefly why the Young Fan fought so fiercely on the Waiting List, so that he would be preserved in the Museum and thus not Lose Touch.

The Young Fan has studied assiduously under his fannish Masters and would never dream of mentioning science-fiction in any of his writings; he still collects it, hoping some day to find time to read it but he knows it is taboo in Fandom. In some respects the Young Fan's degree of fannishness is not all that might be desired; for instance, he isn't interested in radio except as a thing which (very) occasionally dispenses jazz and he doesn't know but what Hi-fi is the sister of Fi-fi. Nor has he collected stamps for a long time (he hasn't done any philately) and he isn't interested in sports, cars or other complicated mechanical devices, such as mousetraps, wheels etc. Altogether he's a bit of a barbarian. But he is redeemed by an undying passion for jazz ("nothing later than early Bolden") and sex. On these - and General Semantics, psychology, philosophy and suchlike obvious things - he has scraped through a narrow crack in the fannish Pearly Gates. And he is duly grateful to whichever of the Fannish Ghods gave him a push.

And, moreover, he is still humble - and kinda proud - at finding himself in the presence of such fannish greatness.

# Chapter Three

## creeping in the crypts

The Young Fan stops timidly just inside the door, which has closed silently behind him, and looks around him slowly and in an awed voice. The mighty marble statues tower in every part of the hall, but there is no 'dead' atmosphere here; true, some corners of the building don't have a 'feeling' of great activity about them, but generally, the air is filled with a feeling of life and of things happening; there is a sort of atmosphere of 'expansion', which helps to bolster up the Young Fan's confidence, a feeling almost as though, he thinks, with irreverent humour, here one speaks not only Fan but every dialect under the sun in addition. And, he realises, from what he can see of them from where he stands, not one of the statues looks in the least condescending or disapproving.

He notices a small table in front of him on which are piled several tastefully printed guide-books, for just such newcomers as he. He picks one up - "The Fantasy Amateur" is the title - and moves over to look at the nearest statue.

Martin E. Alger it says on the base. The Young Fan racks his brain furiously and after a few minutes a slow blush begins to creep into his cheeks. The very first one, he thinks, and I can't honestly say I know anything about him - except that his name vaguely reminds me of seaweed. He realises that this thought is not fitting, and after trying to cudgel some information out of his brain for a few moments more he moves along to the next statue. Larry Anderson the pedestal proclaims. Oh, thinks the Young Fan, well I have at least heard of him; he lives on a smoky lane in Billings, Montana and publishes a fanzine called SCINTILLA and a news-sheet called GREY Kobold. Thank Ghodnes for that. He moves on quickly, half afraid that he might just possibly have been thinking of someone else. The next plinth is empty - devoid of all statue. Hal Ashworth the carved letters say to him. Fine, he breathes, mine all mine and nobody else's. How nice, how exquisite, how superb. I shall stand on here quarter after quarter among all these other statues and commune with them and watch them being Fabulous and be a stone in the Eternal Structure of Fandom and of FAPA. How wonderful! He fondles the smooth base lovingly and passes slowly on, his eyes glistening.

Wrai Ballard. Yes I've heard of him - he lives somewhere in an aeroplane, a Dakota or something. I think it's up in the North somewhere. He publishes a magazine called OUTSIDERS and is a revered figure in the Museum of SAPS. The Young Fan is pleased with himself. Richard Bergeron. Enthusiasm overcomes the Young Fan; I know you too, he says, pointing his finger at the statue, you're an artist. Fan --- he stops and looks a little sheepish when he realises that that is all he knows about the figure. He moves on quickly to -- Redd Boggs. Redd Boggs, he says to himself, rolling the words on his tongue for their sound, and stepping back to look up at the head of the gigantic statue, you're Fabulous. In fact, you're One of the Most Fabulous. And that is Fabulous. You publish an incredible magazine called SKYHOOK, which is Impeccable and which hardly anyone receives but nearly everyone mentions. You used to write a very, very famous column called "File 13" - which was a beautiful title - and you were an Insurgent (I think). I don't know what that

more Fabulous-making than almost anything, except being Tucker or Bloch, which very few people are really. You were first in Fandom way back in the early '40s and then you weren't for a few years and when you came back Forry Ackerman remembered you, and since then you've been becoming Fabulous and round about 1948 to '50 maybe, you were an Insurgent and all mixed up with a lot of other Insurgents like Burbee and Laney and Nelson and Rotsler and Rapp and maybe Eney and Cox and several more people, all of whom immediately became pretty Fabulous - and ever since then you've been Famous in Fandom as a sort of Sage Behind The Scenes - a sort of Omniscient Hermit. At least that's the way I think it is. He gazes at the august figure for several minutes before passing on.

Marion Z. Bradley. Hmm, he puckers his forehead. Well - your middle name is Zimmer (which, he adds, proud of his Cosmopolitan knowledge, is German for a 'room'; although I suppose that's not totally relevant here). I think you're married to Jim Bradley and you used to publish a magazine called MEZRAB. I don't know whether you still do or not. Oh - and you probably like poetry in fanzines, he adds as what he considers rather a brilliant wild guess. Norman G. Browne says the next plinth. Oh, I'm quite good really, the Young Fan assures himself, I know this one too. He's Canadian and he writes articles on How To Publish Fanzines. The Young Fan wrinkles his brow in deep thought - for all I know, he goes on, he may even have published one himself. Oh yes, he has - DAMN. Gee. He passes on.

Charles Burbee. Before the Young Fan can stop himself a reflex action, born of long initiation, drops him on one knee before the statue. How Fabulous, he breathes, How Utterly Fabulous. Burbee. So Fabulous he almost doesn't exist. Goshwowboyoh... Well Gosh anyway. There are many in the land of Fandom, he thinks, who worship Willis as Ghod, and yet Willis (and Harris too) says that Burbee is really Ghod because he is the greatest humourist in Fandom - or who has been in Fandom rather. Shivering a little at his own daring in addressing the statue directly, he goes on; you used to edit SLEAZEBAG L'AFFAIRES round about 1944/5 and somewhere along the line you picked up Laney (who is also Fabulous (and Ferocious) even if departed) and you became Insurgents and used to have one-shot sessions and publish WILD HAIR, with quotes on the cover, and...er...realising that his knowledge is beginning to run out, he gets up and blurts out, while backing away from the statue, and...you're the sort of Caretaker in here. Gregg Calkins - still with us in the Vale of Fandom, for which Oogo be praised, he says aloud. You publish OOPSLA which carries on some Quandrinal traditions and you are in the Marines. You are also a real nice guy and smuggled me a copy of THE RAMBLING FAP out while I was still tilting at the Waiting List - thank you. Gertrude M. Carr it says beneath the next statue. The Young Fan beams with pleasure. I know you too - you're a grandma. Oh - that's a faux pas, isn't it? He starts to blush. You...er...publish GEMZINE and GEMTONES and suchlike and you too are in the SAPS museum; you also like Fan Poetry - or publish it anyway - and Joe McCarthy (he stops himself from spitting on the floor just in time, as he remembers his august surroundings). And - oh Yes, he adds enthusiastically, you were seduced by somebody called Gerald Fitzgerald. Then he turns very red, says "Oh" in a small voice, and hurries away with his eyes inverted. They look better that way. Terry Carr - still with us too. Lives in San Francisco near the Pearly Gates, publishes VULCAN and draws Face Critturs. Oh what a Good Young Fan am I. William Clyde - oh what a Good Young Fan was I. Walter A. Coslet - Well...you're in SAPS too; and you are called Coswal and collect Bibles...and you collect Bibles and are nicknamed Coswal...and collecting Bibles is one of your hobbies; and, of course, people call you Coswal. Yes. Ed Cox comes next. Oh yes indeed - you live in Venice, which, as one of our office typists said, is where they float up and down the streets in Gorgonzolas. Only I don't think it's that Venice you live in; and I told her it

was Lagondas she was thinking of anyway. It probably was. You've been around quite a while I think, and you were mixed up with Art Rapp and Eney and suchlike people in the old days when SPACEWARP was Top Fanzine. You are one of the mythical Old Guard of bygone or almost bygone fans, who sit and muse on top of the hills around the edges of Fandom.

It's a pity, thinks the Young Fan, as he moves on, that they can't talk to me right now and tell me where I go wrong and whatnot; but when I'm really established here doubtless they will. Leslie A. Crutch, he comes to. Hmm - well - you publish LIGHT (in which, for some reason, I half expect a repast of pornography) and you have done for quite a long time. And you live in Canada - in fact I think you're the only Olds Tyme Canadian fan left on earth. Let's see who's this next to you - William H. Damer. Oh yeah - I bet you're the same guy as Bill Danner huh? And he's a real nice guy - he too smuggled me copies of his FAPAMags outside the Sacred Portals. Thank him very much for me please William. You publish STEFFAN-TASY and LARK and are interested in printing and some new-fangled thing called Radio, whereby if you turn a knob someone yells in your ear what you otherwise have to read on a hoarding or in a magazine advertisement. A wonderful thing indeed. Walter Dunkelberger - Oh dear! Sally Dunn - Oh dear, Oh dear! Now lemme see - what has Sally Dunn? Gee what a patch of ignominious ignorance I have encountered with in the tangled skeins of my crinkled cortex! I think. Anyway I've heard of them before, he adds, by way of rationalisation. He peers apprehensively at the base of the next statue - Phyllis H. Economou. Bless you Phyllis, he breathes, I've heard of you. You either live or used to live in Florida; you're married and publish a printing magazine or a boys' journal or something along those lines (whatever they are). You can write real fine humour too. And Ron Ellick. Oh well I'm not sure about you, says the Young Fan dubiously. I've heard of you of course but either I didn't learn about you properly or you're a bit controversial because I really can't remember whether you're big enough to lick Pete Vorzimer or Pete Vorzimer is big enough to lick you. I know someone's big enough to lick someone; which must be very nice for someone. And probably not quite as nice for someone else. Anyway I know (from Canadian fanzines) that your life is either dedicated to licking Pete Vorzimer or being licked by Pete Vorzimer. Apart, of course, from when you take time off to publish FANTASTIC Story Mag. The Young Fan grabs his mouth to stop his stomach coming out along with such a title and passes along to Richard H. Eney. Another sort of background type who's been around for quite some time, he muses. One has a half-hidden idea that you are at least semi-Fabulous. And you are in the Uninety States army and can get some fascinating handkerchiefs with 48 different ...well..48.(a different style for every State he wonders)...different ways of... well...er...they make some nude handkerchiefs where you are don't they? (Here they clothe handkerchiefs, he adds respectably). Quickly he hurries on hurriedly to Bill Evans pretty fast, and gets a move on about it. He then hurries on to Richard Geis. Oh well hello and bless you too, Dick, he says, feeling awfully proud about being familiar with one of these mighty figures. You are a Big Guy out in Fandom still and are only just finishing publishing PSYCHOMIC which quite a lot of people have hailed as Top Fanzine. You publish SCHIZO in here I believe. And you drink beer too I think. You should be real Fabulous before so very long.

Peter Graham - hmm - well you live in San Francisco too I think but I don't know much else about you; except of course what you maybe wouldn't want me to mention in here, he adds in a wanna-buy-any-Parisian-pockets-? voice, leaning closer to the statue. Dean A. Grennell stands next along the aisle; hello Dean, he says, relishing every little chance for informality. You're still outside as well as being in here, and I should imagine there isn't anyone who isn't very glad about that. You publish GRUE, of course, which is one of the very best magazines out there, and you strike me as being one of the nicest guys. A genuine all-round

fan, and I do mean all-round, he says and dodges out of the way in case the statue should lower its dignity by dropping something on his head. He straightens up again as he comes to Jack Harness. Well you're an artist - and you want to have one of the statues taken out of here because it didn't do something it should have done until 2 hours, 14 minutes and  $35\frac{3}{4}$  seconds later than it should have done it. Oh! Chuck Harris - you! You here, Chuck, you old....why Chucky me Boy, remember the time we...Ham...well perhaps you wouldn't want to right now. Well you're certainly still with us in Fandom (publishing Walt Willis' fanzine for him. Want another job?) unless, of course, it was your Ethereal Spirit tried to pinch my girl-friend at the convention? Well, well, well, he chuckles, moving on, wonders never cease, fancy Old Chuque sneaking in here when nobody was looking! Ray C. Higgs - well you published something called UTOPIAN, I believe, and you were in some sort of an amateur politics club called NSF or something, but I'm afraid that otherwise....

Lee Hoffman - Mrs. Ghod, he gasps, reverently. Or Miss Ghod anyway. I don't need to tell you that <sup>you</sup> published QUANDRY, which is utterly, utterly Fabulous do I? No, probably not. All in all you're probably one of the Fabulousiest in here; and now you ride horses! I suppose if you came back and wrote your memoirs you'd call them "Olivetti to Calgary"? He ducks instinctively, and tries to go on looking reverent at the same time. Lee Jacobs - gee this is a Fabulous type corner, he thinks. I don't know what this one did, he admits, but it got him awful Fabulous and I have a feeling that he's the sort of Boss Statue in here; he keeps all the little ones under control, or in other words he deals with the Statutes. Long training makes the Young Fan drop to the floor again and peer round cautiously to make sure that nothing has been thrown. He worms his way along to Ron Kiddie. A Canadian so you may not even exist, as it seems to be a habit up there not to every now and then; do your parents know that you're probably only a hoax? He realises that such frivolity is not in keeping with his surroundings and finding a gross lack of data within his cranium moves on to P. Howard Lyons. He has dared to stand upright again by this time but still looks furtively over his shoulder every once in a while. Yes Sir - you're another Canadian and you published PRE-APA and I'm sure you publish something else but I can't remember as like remember what it is. You are probably interested in Modern Jazz and Sports Cars and you are a Derelict - which isn't really surprising in the circumstances. John L. Magnus - well - er - you publish VARIOSO; he realises the futility of removing his brains to the torture chamber and racking them any further (they would probably drop through his fingers on the way anyway) and passes along to Edgar A. Martin. He realises the futility of living and passes on to Sam Martin. He realises the futility of keeping his hands deep down in his pockets and passes on to Vernon L. McCain. He realises the futility of just passing on and stops to think. Well you work for the Western Union maybe: ('If the South rises we shall all go West Young Man') or somebody that moves you around and publish REVIEW and write (or wrote) a whole passel of (good) columns up and down the place. And all in all you're a pretty B BNF out there. The Young Fan peers at the base of the next statue; seeing the name Howard Miller on it, he walks round the back, trying to pretend that he hadn't noticed there was a statue there; he knows this is grossly Unfannish and Unworthy and Unconvincing (even to him) but all he knows about the figure is that he is someone who joins in Burbee's Glorious One-shot sessions. He strains his neck and peers round at the base of the next statue - Denis Moreen. He goes on walking round the back of them, thinking defiantly: I'm not doing this because I don't know anything about them anyway; I know that he publishes SPIRAL. He peeps round at another statue, then dashes out to the front of it.

Sam Moskowitz - Jeepers, you must be ancierter than almost anyone here, he breathes. You wrote THE IMMORAL SHOWER didn't you and it was a history of Fandom itself right back to the time when it wasn't even there. I've read some of it, he

adds proudly. I'll bet you can even remember the time before Mickey Spillane was a science-fiction author, he says, admiration shining in his eyes. Gee. Wilfried Myers is the next statue; the Young Fan walks quietly round the back and admires the beautiful wall-carvings, the stained glass windows, his shoelaces etc. He peeps round again a few paces further on - Bob Pavlat; well I don't know anything about you really, he says, except that you sent me a copy of your Fanzine Index while I was still eating my Fannish Soul out outside the door and I'd like to thank you a lot for that. Elmer Perdue - the Young Fan comes slowly out to the front again. Well I've heard of you he says hesitantly. You're Fabulous and you live around Burbee's part of the world and you're a City Surveyor or something like that and I have a suspicion that you used to "Ephless Elmer" - unless of course that was somebody else. Anyway you're Old and Fabulous, he says in a conciliatory way.

Boyd Raeburn - Hi, Boyd. Well I know you of course - you publish A BAS, crash MGs, 'dig' 'Cool Jazz' (Ugh!) and according to Gerald Steward are a hoax. Considering which I think you get around quite a bit. He approaches the next statue with a little more confidence. David Rike - you still live in Fandom, he says, thinking quickly, and I believe you're an artist and you write in the British fanzine ANDROMEDA quite often. William Rotsler - A Fabulous Insurgent Artist, I think. Why with the exception of somebody called Ralph Rayburn Phillips you must be the best known artist in Fandom; and you're an Old Fan too which makes it all a lot better. Dick Ryan - well you used to publish a magazine called M&D but then I guess EC must have bought you out and you retired in here. The Young Fan drums on his forehead to try and drum up some more knowledge but the only result is an empty sighing sound that sounds suspiciously like "Duhh-h-h". He quickly abandons the attempt. Ray Schaffer proclaims the next plinth; the Young Fan suddenly finds a speck of dust on his trousers and bends to flick it off. By the time he straightens up again he has come to Hal Shapiro. He finds a streak of dust on his other trouser leg. Funny, he muses. (Anyway, he looks up at Hal Shapiro almost defiantly, I have heard of you. You were quite a BNF back in the QUARRY days and even had your photo in that Elysian Magazine. And you married somebody called Nancy.) But not this one, I don't think, he says as he comes to Nancy Share. Last I knew about this Nancy she was still a free maiden but it's been a long time since I heard from her and I haven't seen any HODGE-PODGES lately so maybe she's gone the same way as her sister, Marie-Louise. In which case there ought to be a law brought in against non-fans marrying fans. Shouldn't there? he asks Maril Shrewsbury, dashing past so fast he almost trips over his own slip-stream.

The Young Fan looks down the massive hall and fancies that in the distance he can see the end of the line of statues. He peers at his watch. June 30th it says. I didn't ask you for a date, he replies loftily. Do you happen to know what number Fandom this is, he asks the stately statue of Bob Silverberg. He realises that cracks like that are out of place in this peaceful (he knew all the time really that cracks like that are out of place anywhere) and says consolingly (the way one talks to a television set after having kicked it to make it work): well anyway you're famous for more than just having given Harlan Ellison an unlimited supply of article material. I don't know just what else but you are; publishing SPACESHIP perhaps. The next statue holds a strangely shaped object in its hand; at first he takes it to be a peculiar fanzine but then it dawns on him what it really is and he blushes. Ghod, he gasps, Briefs - in here! But of course - Jack Speer is a lawyer now. Besides being a most venerable Fabulous Fan. Why he was around Waaaay Back and used to write letters in VOM and things like that. Even Tucker says he's an Elder Ghod. Don't you, he asks the next statue, and then, realising who it really is, gasps involuntarily: By Roscoe's Purple Doofs -

Handerthal Fan. Tucker Himself. Why you were in on the very beginning of the work weren't you? He tries hard to stop himself thinking "From your photo in GRUE you look like it too". You've been somewhere around most all the time I think (apart from a couple of odd spells of death) and you're one of the Best People who's been around. You get most of the blame for LE ZOMBIE, S-F NEWSLETTER, BLOOMINGTON NEWSLETTER, Bloch losing at poker etc. You probably deserve it too. Peter J. Vorzime (You should come before Marion Bradley, he thinks obscurely, and doesn't even bother diving for cover) - I'm still not sure whether your life is devoted to lighting Ron Ellik or vice versa but I know that the spare bits of it are used for publishing ABSTRACT and being at the University of California. Harry Warner Jr. - The Young Fan starts to say 'Hiya Junior' but realises just in time what an Old and Venerable Fan he is addressing and stops short. Well about six feet anyway which is as long as he ever was. Mmm, very Revered and Fabulous, used to publish SPACEWAYS which was top fanzine about 1939/40. I've heard Mike Rosenblum mention him too, he recalls; now publishes HORIZONS which is (nicely titled and) one of the oldest fanmags in existence I think.

The Young Fan notices that the light is beginning to fade; it must be getting dark he thinks, and quickens his step. Don Wegers - still outside too, publishing FOG. Charles Wells - lives in Pogo and Lee Hoffmann country and is slightly diffuse and publishes FIENDETTA all over the place. One of the only two American fans in the British OMPA museum. Helen V. Wesson - A Mysterious Woman. Used to be mixed up with publishing an UNSPEAKABLE THING waaaay back and with someone called somebody Burton or Burton somebody and somebody called Crane Somebody or Somebody Crane. Very Mysterious. Ted E. White - ZIP, and he is past. Walter A. Willis - The Young Fan isn't quite sure whether he can say "Hi Walt" or whether he should say "Howdo Ghod" so instead he just says "Thanks for helping set my feet firmly upon the path that led me here Walt, for the enjoyment of all your terrific fannish writings and for refraining from gashing my neck open with your bat when I played Ghodminton over at your house". Don Wilson - "Nice Weather we're having in here" says the Young Fan. "Isn't it?" he asks Everett Winne. "Don't you think?" he says to Stan Woolston, and then realises... Oh yes, you're a longstanding NSF Fan and an Outlander and were/are familiar with Rick Sneary. (Say, he says looking round why isn't he here?). He comes to the last statue in the line - Andy Young. 'As one begins so one trips on one's face at the end too' he muses, I've heard of Andy Devine anyway. And of Andy N. Mountains. He dives for a sheltered place and bumps into another statute tucked away in one corner in the attitude of one looking for a ten of clubs. Bloch, he gasps. what are you doing here? As though I need enquire; let me help you. He gets down on his knees and starts searching. One...five...seven...ten. Here, he cries exultantly. Then he looks up and sees that he has been counting the toes of yet another statue. You must have Club Feet, he says, why don't you join the NSF? He peers at the name. Dan McPhail - the nearest I can get to that is Dan McGrew; and he's probably a long way off. The Young Fan climbs to his feet, realising that the time for dignity of bearing has arrived, and proceeds in a stately manner towards his own pedestal narrowly missing tripping over a passing mouse on the way. He scrambles inelegantly up onto the plinth, has a last look round the Hall, strikes what he thinks is a Fitting Pose and stands there - looking slightly self-conscious.

-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O- THE END -O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-

I DREAM I CREPT IN MARBLE CRYPTS is the brainchild of Mal Ashworth, 40, Makin St. Tong St., Bradford.4., Yorkshire, England, who will doubtless soon be made fully aware of the laws against abortion. It is intended for the 73rd FAPA Mailing if it gets there in time or the OE's discretion (or toilet) otherwise. The author/publisher type crittur is deeply grateful to Harry Turner for doing the cover, Derek Pickles for the use of his duplicator and his mother and **father** for obvious reasons. (Mal's that is, not Derek Pickles'ssssss.)