

#1 Sep 1938



VILLION



THE DISINHERITED

No more tomorrows:
The piled dunes of cloud,
Islanded in shifting seas of blue,
Look carelessly upon the sunsprayed hill
Where supple grasses salaam to the wind,
And see today their elfin forms,
In pagan joy, passing and repassing as the
 endless trek of shadows,
But only today.

The daisy and the dandelion,
And that shy yet unbelievably strong maiden
Whom they call black-eyed Susan,
Whose loveliness is unknown save to them,
Shall for yet a few more fleeing days
Be plucked and trampled tenderly by their
 unmalignant feet;
And the winged grasshopper
Be tormented by their inquisitive fingers
 only today.

(continued next page)

Vision is an occasional magazine, devoted to poetry of a Marxist nature, written exclusively by members of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. Editor and publisher Robert W. Lowndes. This issue hand set and printed at 45 Lebaron Avenue, Colchester, Connecticut, under the technical supervision of Robert W. Stevens. Unaccredited material is editorially written.

SHAFT

BY FREDERIK POHL

Through a die one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter drawn,
cold when drawn, emerging smoke-hot, a metal strand,
This, and a thousand others, woven tight together,
attached to an electric winch and to a car;

A hole is bored through sheets of blue-print cap,
created then, a steel and stonework frame to fit,
Straight up and down three hundred feet, the pit,
the womb of emptiness, becomes a fact;

Then, blindly, humans enter, wary men,
yet blind. Ascending viciously, they viciously
go down again, to rise, to fall, on vicious errands.

Iron cord in iron-bound vacuum;
iron consciousness, inflexible and dull;
iron all (vicious), iron (vicious) all.

THE DISINHERITED -- CONT.

The quiet forest pools shall contain their happy images,
And slender, darting fish shall be beguiled by safety-pins
bent swiftly into hooks, whereon is impaled a tempting
worm, only today.

What matters how it was?

We only know that yesterday, some yesterday but briefly past
Ours was the earth and all that lay therein;
And what our fingers could not grasp nor fashion,
And what our minds could not conceive nor conquer,
And such harmonies as we could not attain,
We left as heritage to those fashioned after our own
likenesses.

VISION

It's a G.H.U. Publication

The Disinherited --- Cont.

What matter how it was ...
What unforeseen phenomenon transpired out of what
 unguessable realms of time and space
To fall upon us as irrevocable words of doom? ...
This we know:
That Destiny, conscious or inanimate as you will,
Unmindfull chance or the indignation of some god irritated
 beyond endurance,
Fell upon us; and an icy hand
Touched lightly yet how firmly our seed-pods, poisoning us
 at the root,
So that from this time
All the heat within our loins that rose and blossomed forth
Can but glow wanly, can burst out into flame --
Wherein in the moment of fulfilled desire our bodies are
 ecstatically enfused --
Can flame no more, and we are sterile.

Today, but not tomorrow ...
Stars above the hills and wooded paths that lovers frequent
Shall hear the whispered psalms passing from one to the
 other,
And behold the long embraces and eternities of soft
 surrender.
How much longer? The scented breasts of dreamy-eyed girls
Shall beckon now as ever to the hands and lips of their desire,
Yet the warmth and firm grasp of tinier hands,
And the touch of hungrier lips, they shall know not;
Nor shall the stars burn less brightly when they return to the
 hills and wooded paths nevermore in the years not
 distant.

(concluded on page four)

Ye who have damned them and hated,
Yet sought none the less eagerly after their mothers
Who could not bring them out into the light of the sun
Lest their presence deter you,
Ye who, in your solemn halls of conclave, have denied them,
Resolved and resolved again by majority vote that you owed
them no allegiance,
Ye who have sweated and warped and broken them,
Herded them into your factories and your mines,
Lied to them, stolen their pennies to fill your coffers,
Ye who have seen them playing in the gutters
Filthy and ragged, or standing on the corners with papers,
Ye who have seen and smiled as your cars passed by.
Ye who have pampered a few because their faces somewhat
resembled your own,
Ye who have hounded and cursed a few who desired them,
Cared for them more than the dirty words of your laws,
Know there can be no more: no more need ye hear their
cries; no more the convenience of their unsuspecting
trust to further your schemes.

Now is the last act written; the curtains are parted;
Speak forth your lines or improvise as you will;
Sinner or saint, none save your fellow actors, now on the set,
Pause to applaud or hiss when you make your exit.
Here is today; here is ending; there are no tomorrows:
This is the book whose last word is "nevermore".

May we call your attention, fellow FAPA members, to the fact that personal stationery is not expensive? Why not own letterheads and envelopes bearing not merely the crest of one society, but the names of all science-fictional or fantasy circles in which you may be active, as well as any magazines you may publish, etc.? Drop us a card today: we shall be glad to arrange our equipment to fit your needs.

... Doc Lowndes...

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