

BEWARE

No. 1



10¢

ROTSLER

SUMMER 1951

EDITORIAL

A STATEMENT OF POLICY



Pics
by
SJS

THERE are two ways to put out a fanzine. There's the way most new fans(and even some old ones) do it, and there's the right, logical way.

For some reason, a fan does not seem to make any definite plans for his mag. He just says, "I'm putting out a fanzine," much the same way that a woman would say, "I'm having a baby." The fact is inevitable. To paraphrase Charles Fort(than whom there is none better to paraphrase), when it's fanzining time, we fanzine, just as plants bud when it's budding time, and sheep rut in rutting time.

The faned I'm speaking of collects all sorts of material, some good, but most ~~is~~ bad, and stuffs it all into a poorly-gotten-out little 'zine, which, if he bothers to classify at all, he calls a "generalzine"-- a title which is meaningless. Apparently he has no thought of rejecting anything, whether it has any relevance or not. Because his mag has no definite policy, it has little chance of getting many readers. People look for certain things in their reading, and if they don't find them, they look around for other sources. I'm sure you don't expect to find financial reports in the Saturday Evening Post, nor do you look for love stories in the Wall Street Journal. Yet some faneds persist in ramming anything they can get down the throats of their readers.

I have resolved to be a little different from the common run. The first result of my decision was a little item called "Mobius", a 1-shot, and the first fanzine ever printed in the form of a mobius strip. A mark of distinction, indeed. This is the second. There will be still a thir'd, and possibly a fourth, as soon as I can get up the required. One, the only other periodical I plan on, will be Limbo, the Avon Fantasy Reader of the fanmags, consisting of reprints of the best material from 'zines of the past, from 10 or 12 years ago to last year(none more recent). In other words, a sort of regular anthology of good fan writing. More on this anon-- in this and other mags.

To get back to our main subject, here we have a fine, high-flown, avante-garde-type fanzine, full of high spirits and correction fluid. It serves no Purpose. It undertakes to right no wrongs. It does not print rejects by professional writers, nor from high school magazines. It tries to use material you will enjoy(or at least, not retch over), and endeavors to present it in a reasonably mature manner. I have labored long and hard over this little monster, and I trust I have brought forth something worthy of your notice. For you see, I have a Policy.

I do not use science articles. I try to keep poetry down to a reasonable(and readable) minimum. I use nothing about fan politics. I shun dull, hackneyed, amateurish fiction(if you think this issue does not show that, you should see the stuff I rejected!). I banish over-seriousness, and try to view things with that saving grace, humor. I use artwork you can look at

W e m a r e

This is a Pickled Pixie Publication
Edited and published by Ken Beale
at 115 East Mosholu Parkway, Bronx,
67, New York. Price-- 10¢ an issue,
4 issues (1 year), 35¢. Therefore,
this must be a quarterly-- in theory
at least. Ads are 50¢ a page, 25¢
½ page, write for larger or smaller
space rates. I'll trade ads, materi-
al, subs, and single issues, with
other fans. All submissions
should be accompanied by return
postage.

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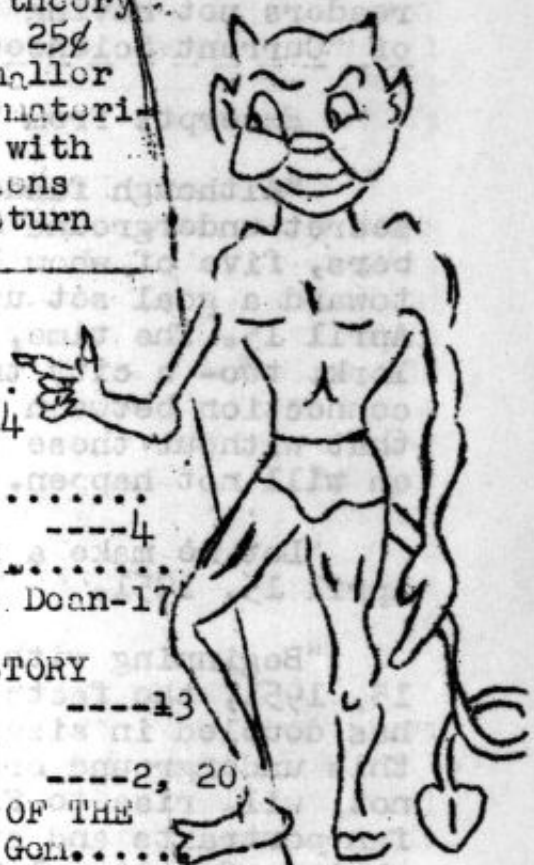
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NUMBER ONE

SUMMER, '51

Glory to Cthulhu!

-----3-----



THE GREAT FAN PLOT

BY
OPERATIVE Q

((Editor's note: This manuscript arrived in the mail only a few days ago. There was no return address, and no name signed to it. The writer, who said in a note that he wished to remain anonymous for reasons of personal safety, also enclosed one issue of a fanzine called "Current Science Fiction", containing an article by one W.R. Cole which he claims started the whole affair. Since the editor of ~~that~~ publication, a chap called Ronald Friedman, has granted any faned the right to reprint the article, I am reprinting certain significant significant portions, in order that the manuscript will be clarified for those of my readers not having the sublime good fortune to possess a copy of "Current Science Fiction" #1. They appear below.)) _ _ _ _

Excerpts from "An Underground Movement", by W.R. Cole--

"Although fandom is unaware of it at this writing, a new secret underground organisation((sic)) consisting of fifty members, five of whom live outside the U.S., is positively working toward a goal set upon a specific date in 1951. That date is April 15. The time, anytime. The places, two cities; one- New York; two- a city three thousand miles away. No one will see any connection between these two great cities, but let me assure you that without these two great cities, that which is going to happen will not happen.

"Let me make a few predictions as to what will happen on April 15, 1951.

"Beginning with my first prediction, I predict that on April 15, 1951, the facts and figures will prove that active fandom has doubled in size, and that certain individuals connected with this underground organization, whether they are aware of it or not, will rise to Fandom's Hall of Fame. ((That famous group of fan portraits and statues located in Ackerman's garage, the shrine of national Fandom.---Ed.))

"I further predict that the underground movement will never come out in the open, but will cease to exist on April 15, 1951.

"I also predict that an international organization will be formed as a protection for fandom by April 15, 1951. This organization will have individuals as representatives who will, by mail or in person, settle any of fandom's disputes. ((That's all very well, but aren't they going to work? Can't have them sitting around settling disputes, you know. Makes for laziness.--Ed.))

"My last prediction at this time is that an unknown bulletin will be published by this secret movement which will be sent to top fans from various locations in the world telling those fans what to do to improve(or ruin) fandom.

"Now for a bit of information known to me through considerable prying; ((I'll say! --Ed.))

"Four members of the group, the "ringleaders".....had their birthplace in a small town called New York.....One other town

is part of the organization and this town is known as SAN((it's code name, that is--Ed.))....Other individuals, making a total of thirty-nine Americans((And that knows how many un-Americans--ed)) counting our four originals, are scattered throughout the country. At least half of them are well-known fans, I might add.

"Six other members of this organization get their bread and butter from it. ((A neat trick if you can do it--Ed.))....Although I am convinced, and have been presented with documentary proof, that this organization....does exist, I do not definitely know the identities of the members to support my beliefs or claims

"The source of my information cannot be mentioned by name due to personal reasons which cannot be disclosed. However, I will stake my reputation as an honest fan((no comment--Ed.)) that this information has been presented to me, as I said, with legal proof.

"How this can be done I am not at liberty to divulge..... To show just how far I am willing to go to obtain information concerning this movement((Oh, you don't have to do that.--Ed.)) I offer a TEN DOLLAR(\$10) REWARD (OR IN CASE OF FOREIGN INFORMATION AN EQUAL AMOUNT IN THEIR CURRENCY' ((This man's resources are limitless! --Ed.)) TO ANYONE WHO PRESENTS ME WITH INFORMATION LEADING TO UNQUESTIONABLE PROOF((Sic))AS TO THE IDENTITY OF ANY SINGULAR((Very singular. --ED.)) MEMBER OF THE ORGANIZATION. ((Editor's note- The capitals are Mr. Cole's, not mine.))..... My predictions may yet come true---but the campaign may go in reverse---

"Will April 15, 1951 be the turning point of a new and better fandom, or will it mark the beginning of a dark age for fandom?.....

-----W.R. Cole"-----

((Further Ed. notes- And now, Gangbusters listeners, I mean readers, here is what may be the most important fanews of the century. It will shock, thrill, amaze, and probably nauseate you, but it's TRUE, every word. Operative Q gives me his word on this, and I'm sure he wouldn't try to deceive me.))

Operative Q's Mss.:

It is with fear and trepidation that I write what may be my last testimony, my last opportunity to warn an unsuspecting fan world of the terrible fate in store for it on G-Day-- April 15, 1951. I sit here and write, and when this account is done, I shall give it to a trusted friend, with instructions to mail it only if I do not personally appear to claim it within 24 hours. It shall be in an envelope addressed to the editor of a fanzine whom I am assured is reliable. He will publish it, or give it to someone who will, and thus Fandom will know of that forthcoming day when, in the well-chosen words of Walter Cole, "Bells will toll. Will they be ringing with sweet notes or tell a death knell?" I fear that the latter will be the case.

It all started when I read the issue of "Current Science Fiction"(Formerly Science Fiction Weekly) which contained Mr. Cole's fine article, which I enclose. I read it three times,

and when I had finished, I realized that he spoke the truth.

Something must be done, I told myself. But what? Then I remembered the offer of a reward for information. I re-read it. Yes! There it was in black and white. He offered a \$10 reward for information about any members. My course seemed clear. I would collect information about all 50 of the members. Thus Fandom would be rid of the blight that threatened to destroy it. The fact that I would also collect five hundred dollars did not dissuade me from my purpose. In fact, I hesitatingly admit, it may have strengthened it.

Undaunted, therefore, I set out. Since I was in New York, (by a fortuitous circumstance) one of the two cities mentioned as the centers of the organization, I decided that I should begin here, rather than in the mysterious SAN. I had gathered that some of the members were N.Y. fans, so I set about the task of locating them, by frequenting the haunts of the local fan. (For you see, I am one myself). At length, after months of hanging around fan clubs, attending meetings, and generally snooping about, I uncovered the information I was after; the possible identity of one member, a man named _____ (*). This was all I needed. I followed him closely, being careful to keep out of sight.

But he seemed determined to circumvent my purpose. He went nowhere of any significance, did nothing suspicious. Just as I was about to abandon my task, he did it at last! He made a slip, in the form of a phone call. That was all I needed. From a nearby booth I overheard it, and knew I had been right. The low, syrupy voice at the other end had a curiously familiar quality, but that did not matter. What did was the conversation itself.

I listened, half-incredulous, to references to "The Plan", "Our mighty purpose", "Our cosmic destiny", "The Organization", "The Cause", and, most dreadful of all, "C-Day"! That was the first time I heard that terrible phrase, and even then, ignorant as I was of its true meaning, it had an ominous sound to my ears.

Scarcely daring to breathe, I waited until the call was completed, then followed my quarry as he left the booth and returned home. I had uncovered the first signs of the great conspiracy!

What followed is not important. Suffice to say that, by some careful investigative work, in two week's time I had discovered some truly shocking facts. I learned of the great organization, with its headquarters in every major city in America, and throughout the world, and realized that Mr. Cole had far underestimated its size and power. I unearthed a connection between the as yet unknown head of the group, who was referred to only as Our Leader, and the Shaver Mystery Club, that dread society whose true evil character had only been exposed through the unselfish zeal and tireless effort of many impersonally interested fans. I learned of the two great centers of the group-- not in SAN and New York as first reported, but in the far-off reaches of mystic Tibet (where, under an assumed name, a high Lama had been playing a hitherto unsuspected role in American Fandom) and a small town in Indiana, which shall be known as NEW.

(*): Name deleted to protect possibly innocent individuals.--Ed.

I learned, too, of the hidden land UNDER Tibet, (need I mention it's name?) where many of the leaders of the organization met, and which, by means of a tunnel (constructed by an ancient race) was connected with the other Great Center in NEW.



At last, I felt that I had gathered enough preliminary information. I knew as much as it was possible for me to know without direct contact. I decided that before sending the information I had gathered to Mr. Cole, I needed some absolute proof of the organization's true purpose. That could only be obtained in one way-- by personal infiltration. I knew what I should be placing myself in terrible danger, but I was determined to save Fandom from this terrible menace.

And so, on a stormy evening late in February, I climbed the steps to the front porch of _____'s home, and rang the bell. I had previously written to him, mentioning the desire I had to fulfill my true ~~Almanish~~ destiny, and he had replied, asking me to come to see him that evening.

_____ himself answered the door, and welcomed me into his home. We talked, and I soon had him completely at ease with my references to our great task, the duties of true slanhood, and the Cosmic purpose of it all.

Gradually, bit by bit, I drew out of him the information I needed. I had just received an offer to join The Organization, and was seriously considering it, when the ringing of the bell interrupted us. With a muttered excuse, _____ got up to answer it, and shortly afterwards returned with his visitor.

At the first must confess that help it. Those my hours spent reports-- that same ing as if they had been slept in, as of course they had-- all combined to convince me-- if, indeed I needed any further proof-- that I was face to face with Claude Williamson Degler, alias Don Rogers, alias John York, Alias John Chrisman, the Coordinator of the ill-famed Cosmic Circle, and the most dangerous man in Fandom.



sight of that individual, I I started a bit. I could not features-- familiar to me from studying police files and build, those clothes, looking as if they had been slept in, as of course they had-- all combined to convince me-- if, indeed I needed any further proof-- that I was face to face with Claude Williamson Degler, alias Don Rogers, alias John York, Alias John Chrisman, the Coordinator of the ill-famed Cosmic Circle, and the most dangerous man in Fandom.

And, from his conversation, I had no difficulty in realizing that he was also Our Leader, the head of this Ultra-subversive group.

At first sight, as I said, I started. "No-- no-- it can't be you!", I cried, backing away. "You're dead!" The Man of A Thousand Identities smiled. "Those rumors about my death were just that, nothing more. It was essential to the success of our plans that I drop from sight momentarily, so I staged the fake murder-suicide. Surely you suspected such a device, after it had been used by such fans as Tucker and Singleton?"



7-- -- I confessed that, despite my familiarity with both the cases he mentioned, I had been fooled. "So has all the rest of Fandom, outside of our Group, he rejoined. "But when C-Day comes,

then they shall know that I was not dead at all, but merely slumbering. ~~His~~ giant shall awake and then--" his eyes glittered dangerously, and I shrank back a trifle--"and then--" he made a motion with his first finger across his jugular, "he shall act!"

After that, we talked of many things, and all the time I was so glibly chattering away, I was in a cold sweat lest I unwittingly, by some slip of the tongue, some gesture, reveal my true identity and purpose.

At last, after we had talked for a few minutes, Clod, as he was affectionately called by his associates, decided, in his own words, "to take a chance". I would be taken into the organization. As he said that, he nodded significantly at ____, who strode over to a nearby wall and pressed a spot on one of the originals hanging there. It was a Finlay, and the area he touched was, I thought, a singularly appropriate one. Since the painting depicted a nude girl, propriety does not permit me to describe exactly where his fingers rested. But the result was instantaneous, just as if he had treated a flesh-and-blood woman in that manner. There was a sliding noise, and a section of the wall moved aside, to reveal a flight of steps leading down. I shivered with anticipation. This was it!

With our Leader, quite appropriately, in the fore, we descended the stone steps. I had expected to find a laboratory or a secret headquarters at the bottom-- instead I saw a small, bare room, with an array of curious instruments standing about and hanging on the walls.

Stepping over a rawhide whip left carelessly lying in our path, I entered the room and looked about me curiously. Was that not an Iron Maiden there in the corner? And that metal device-- was it not the dreaded Boot? I saw a Rack, too, and a chair with straps and chains attached to the arms and legs. The only touch needed to complete the grim picture was a mouldering skeleton chained to one wall, and, as I looked about further, I saw that this, too, had been thoughtfully provided. "Quite a cozy little place you have here, Claude," I said, edging closer to the door. "What do you use it for?" "Initiations!" he replied, with a leer.

"Say, I just remembered an urgent appointment," I told him. "Would, you mind very much, old man, if I--" "Oh, but surely you won't disappoint us? Why, we've really counted on having a cozy little chat with you, ____, and I." Did I catch a note of mockery?

"I'm sorry, but I really must go." I turned and started for the stairs.

"And I'm sorry, but you really must stay!" he said, tripping me. "Ching! Wang! Assist our guest to a chair, and make him comfortable."

At his command, two gigantic Mongols appeared from some dim recess of the place. They were a villanous-looking pair, clad only in loincloths which revealed bulging sinews, their eyes bearing the glazed look of the poppy-slave. I tried to rise and flee, but in a bound they were on me. I felt myself seized in an iron grip, and lifted high into the air. Then I was seated in the strap-equipped chair, and they were binding me into

"What- what does all this mean?" I queried tremulously, although I know too well the answer I should receive. "It means that I've found you out, you damned spy!" The Man's gaze was venomous. I quailed in only half-feigned fear. "Surely you must be mistaken!" I cried. "Why, I'm no spy- I'm just a loyal Sien. I wouldn't betray you, Sir. I swear I wouldn't!"

"Silence!" His tone was harsh and inhuman, his face a mask of pure ferocity. I knew that I was dealing with a power-mad fiend-- a man without human feeling or mercy. I said as much. "Deglor," I told him, "you're a power-mad fiend, a man without human feeling or mercy!" "Flattery will get you nowhere," he retorted. Naturally, being a Cosman, I am not human, but far above!"

"And now," he added ominously, "we'll find out a few things, my snooping friend. Who sent you-- the N3F?" "I won't tell you! You'll never--- aaaaaa!" My shriek of pain was caused by the action of one of the giants, who was massaging my chest with a spiked glove. "That's only a start," snarled Deglor. "Wait till they get warmed up a bit. They are quite skillfull, and I'm sure-- well, what do you want?" A swarthy Kazasian had entered, carrying a folded slip of paper. The Cosman took it and opened it, and, as he read, a faint frown appeared upon his face.

"It seems that I have business to attend to," he told me, with a frown. "But I shall return. I wouldn't want to miss any of this. Meanwhile, I'll leave you to brood on your coming fate-- a small foretaste of what shall befall my opponents after The Day." With a demoniacal laugh, he departed, followed by the two giants remained, standing inscrutably against the wall. I was alone with them and the skeleton.

That my fate would be terrible, I had no doubt. The Man was without feeling. But I did not fear for myself. My concern was for the herds of unsuspecting fens, who, on C-Day, would be faced with a menace greater than any they had ever known. If only there were some way to warn them!

These ruminations were interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps. Someone was coming cautiously, upon sandalled feet. From the position in which I was placed, I could see nothing of what went on behind me, and it was from that direction that the sound came. Then I heard a few words of what sounded like Tibetan, spoken in a high, clear, feminine voice, and the two Mongols slowly turned and filed out the door. A moment later, I heard the soft rustle of silken garments, and felt my bonds being loosed. As I started to struggle free, a gently restraining hand was placed on my arm. I smelled a heady, intoxicating perfume, and a voice whispered in my ear: "Press the third stone from the left under the east window!" Then, to my astonishment, I felt the pressure of soft, scented lips on my cheek, and, with another silken rustle, my rescuer was gone. I lost no time in getting free, and, rising, looked around, behind and all about me. But no one was in sight.

The rest need scarcely be described. How, pressing the stone indicated, I saw a section of the wall slide noiselessly back, revealing a passage, how, by a combination of luck and daring, I managed to elude the guards, and how, after crawling through a dank,

black tunnel, I found myself in the tunnel beneath the Grand Concourse-- all this I shall someday tell, but only after a tremendous monad has passed from the face of the earth, and fans can live in freedom and safety once more.

Now, as I write this, it is past midnight. I sit in a dingy hotel room. Soon, I shall give this manuscript into the hands of a trusted friend, and I shall go out again, and return to the underground passage, whose location I have carefully marked. I shall go to the underground headquarters, and if he is not there, I think I know where I can find him. I shall search--perhaps not entirely unaided-- and I shall not rest content until I have seen him destroyed, even if, in dying, he carries me with him. For I know that the Fab World must be saved from this demon-- and only I can save them.

If I am successful, and return, then this account will never be published. But if I do not, then the manuscript shall be despatched to one Kenneth Beale, former associate editor of the Science Fiction Weekly, whose name I have seen. I think I can trust him to publish it, and thus warn all Fandom of the ghastly fate in store for them, unless they act, on the Fifteenth of April. C-Day shall come then, and bring with it such horror as has never been known. And need I tell what that C stands for? Yes! Cosmic!

-10--- THE END ---10-

(advt.) **FANTASY** (advt.)
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An Excerpt from "THE TEXTBOOK OF DIACYBERSEMANTINETICS"

by Anglo Yron Cubbard (Anchorite House, \$12.50)

Prepared and submitted by Stanley J. Sorxner

((Note by Yed: In the future, this dept. will be a regular feature of BEWARE. In it, the best science fiction or related stories and books will be excerpted, or published in their entirety. Next issue-- a thrilling weird tale, "Who Doesn't Go There" by that well-known author, Joseph Edgar Dean.

This time we reprint part of one of the most significant, forceful, and dynamic books of our time. This portion, hitherto overlooked, throws new light on the amazing science of Diacybersemantinetics, not to be confused with Diuretics, Uvanetics, Epizootics, Donyortics, or other sciences of the mind.))

He stood there-- handsome, irresistible, and stinking drunk. Mudoye McFee and Clauduss Attili lunged at him.

Mudoye grabbed Bryant's right arm. Clauduss tightened his grip on Bryant's left arm.

Bryant brushed them away with his free hand and staggered over to the chaise louse. He stood regarding it morosely. With a burning desire to be different, he lit his cigarette with a snoor.

Bryant was tired. We three could see that. Our seven eyes followed his slight form as he nervously blew cigarette rings. He tapped the ash from the smoke and sat down carelessly on an old lang syne he inherited from his test tube.

He muttered incoherently in Classical Latin, "I met Penelope today. She was cleared for the third time. A shadow of her former self. She was standing with her back to me and I reached thru her and shook her hand. She turned and smiled at me. She has the prettiest eye.

"I told her to phone at four, and if no one was home, to leave a message."

Mudoye, Clauduss and I, the four of us, were properly sympathetic.

Clauduss started to melt but we ate him in time. Ganey flavor. Should've bathed more often.

Mudoye and I sat down on each side of Bryant. Mudoye on the left, I on the right, and Clauduss among us.

Bryant, close mouthed as ever, said thru his nose, "McFee, Dirty Pete, I'm getting tired of you five fellows."

The six of us groaned in unison.

He said, closing his eye and staring at us, "Why must you three act like....."

Sitting down, he stood up and paced back and forth, all the while nervously standing stock still and shouting silently at the top of his voice.

He finally calmed down and sat up.

"Here's something the whole bunch of you should like," he said. I was alone in the room with him. He made no blink, waving the newspaper under my nose like that.

"Item, here that's a wow. Says that when the auditors of the First National Bank in Pung, Idaho, examined the books, they found a shortage of 175,000 engrans."

I laughed nervously and restimulated myself. It reminded me strongly of a joke a lobotomy patient of mine told me. Brainless, but I liked it.

Tom and Betty drove to Lover's Lane and parked. They gazed fondly at each other. Their eager lips strained toward a meeting. They met in a passion-filled kiss. Their lips clung together and wandered away. Tom and Betty looked after them angrily, then drove home liplessly.

I retaliated with the one about the two herrings that walked into a bar. One herring went to the men's room. A mackerel came over and said to the herring at the bar, "Where is your brother?" The herring replied, "How should I know? am I my brother's kipper?"

Bryant couldn't stand any more and turned himself off.

((Note by S.J.S.: In the typical Anglo-Yron Cubbard manner, even a partial examination will lead to. A further reading might even. The Diacybersenantinotic therapy inherent even in this excerpt will immediately be obvious to many who.

Anchorite House is to be lauded and. It is the most lucid, fascinating expose since. It is greater than the invention of the .))

EDITORIAL, continued.

And not snigger at, wondering whether the artist is old enough to be out of short pants yet. These are qualities which every fan-mag should have-- but which are absent from 90% of them. As a result, I am liable to be called too ambitious. Perhaps I am, but time alone will tell whether this policy is the right one. I think I'll succeed in putting out a good fanzine-- if such a thing is possible-- and if I fail, it will have been a helluva lot of fun trying.

Now then, I need material. I offer on the contents page to trade material with other fanods-- a story for a story, etc. I will also reward all contributions I find suitable with a year's sub to this fine little magazine. I may not be in the mood to continue this offer very long. Better send the stuff now. I have sufficient artwork(but always can use a bit more) and principally need fiction and book reviews, comments on magazines and films, and other literary-type articles. I may even use stuff about fandom. Yes, Poetry. But-- godd poetry. That's all. Cthulhu's blessing on you.

A DRUNKEN DREAM OF HISTORY

by
Raymond L. Clancy

Illustration:
"Star Ship", by Davis

Tracing fantastic patterns
Through half a galaxy's space,

A spaceship wove through the soundless void,

With a man who had no face,

Atop his shoulders a hairy skull,

So he had been since birth,

The first of the atom-mutants,

Who lifted mankind from Earth.

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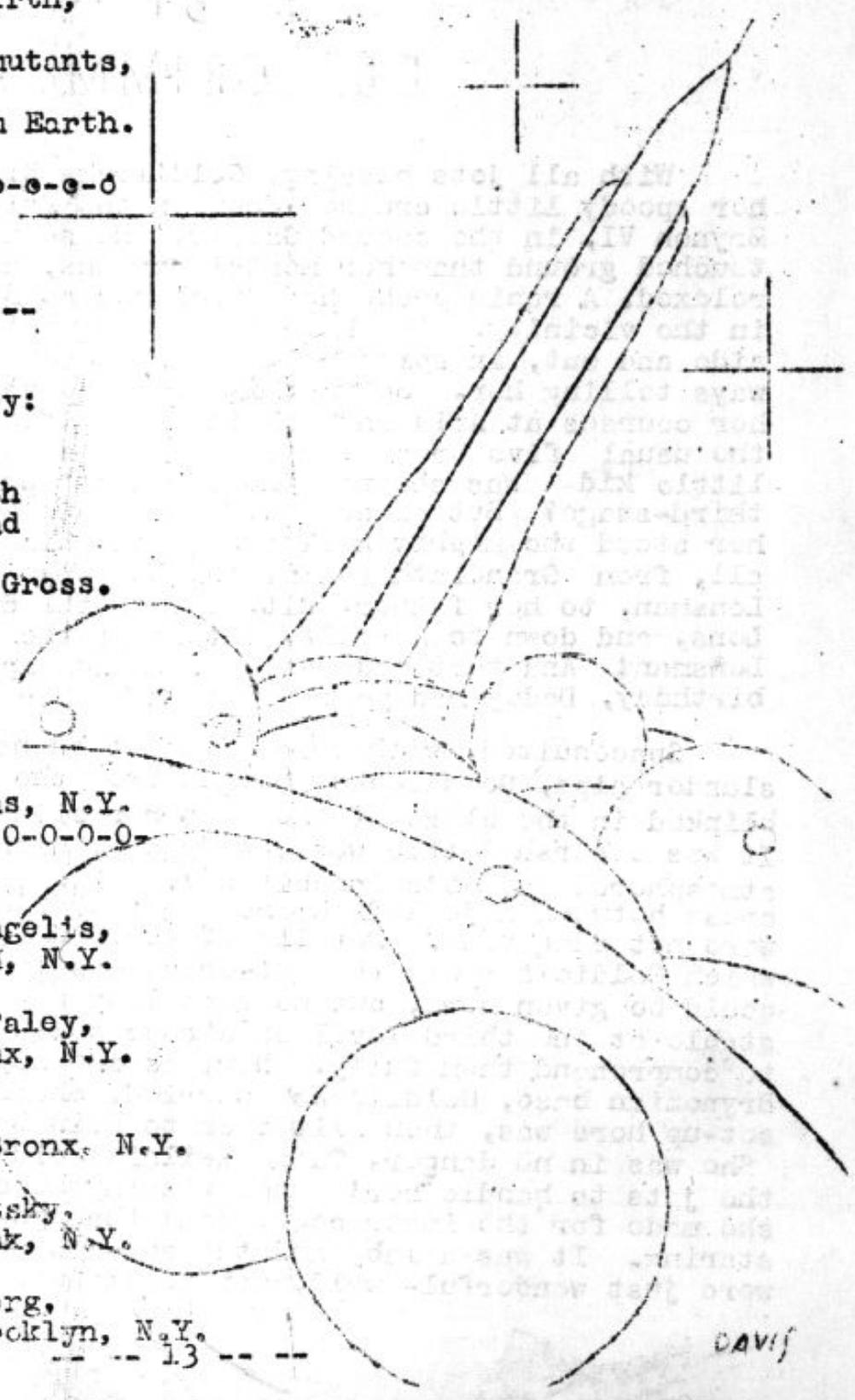
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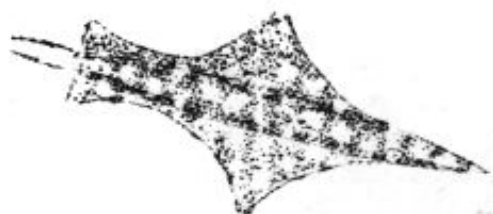
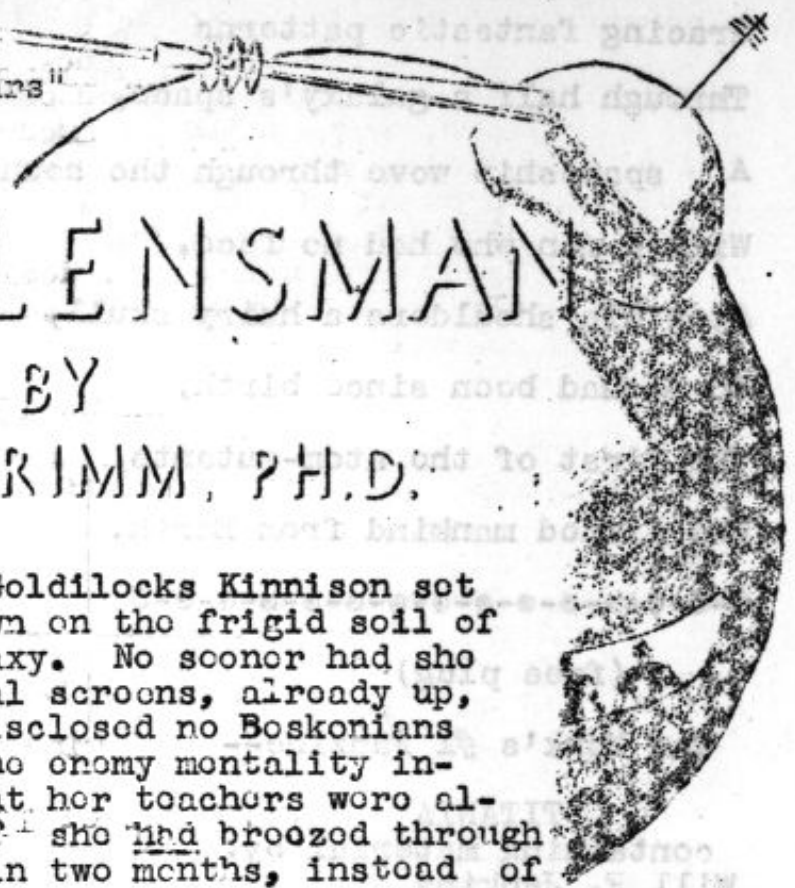
What might have happened if "Goldilocks and the Three Bears" had been written today? Well, let's see now.....

GOLD LENSMAN

BY
E.E. GRIMM, PH.D.

With all jets blazing, Goldilocks Kinnison set her speedy little cruiser down on the frigid soil of Brynon VI, in the second Galaxy. No sooner had she touched ground than her mental screens, already up, relaxed. A rapid probe had disclosed no Boskonians in the vicinity. She knew the enemy mentality inside and out, in spite of what her teachers were always telling her. So what if she had breezed through her courses at Arisian Tech in two months, instead of the usual five or six? She had always been a bright little kid. Was she not the youngest Lensman ever to go third-stage? But of course, she had to be. For behind her stood the mighty heritage of the Kinnisons, Lensmen all, from Grandfather Kim, the Universe-renowned Gray Lensman, to her father, Kit, one of the Children of the Lens, and down to herself, latest of the line--The Gold Lensman! And that was not all. On her approaching eighth birthday, Daddy had promised to make her fourth-stage!

Spacesuited, with twin DeLameters hanging at her slender hips, Goldilocks emerged from the ship. She blinked in the blaze of the Brynon system's five suns. It was a harsh little world-- type E, with a Monocarbon atmosphere, and it's inhabitants, each looking like a cross between a jellyfish and a rather sickly Dolgonian, were not dangerous. Details of their defensive screens, which Goldie's rapid thought-probe easily picked apart, could be given here, but no mentality not inherently stable at the third level of stress could be expected to comprehend them fully. Now, as she approached the Brynonian base, Goldilocks hurried. She'd see what the set-up here was, then flit back to Main Base and report. She was in no danger. These zwilriks didn't have half the jets to handle her! Once within the outer shell, she made for the inner port, came through-- and paused, staring. It was a lab, and the set-ups on the benches were just wonderful-- well, not really wonderful, she



...of course, any second-rate mind could do as well, but she stared thoughtfully at the rig on the first bench. It was okay as it stood, but an improvement could be made. For instance, the placing of that energy-screen. She reached out, and experimentally shifted it over there, say, would be much better. Now to turn on the juice and see the result. She did, and the entire set-up exploded in a burst of flame, as all the circuits were instantaneously overloaded. Drat! She should have known. Too much juice, which the Brynonian equipment, designed by second-rate minds, was not equipped to handle. Oh well, there were the other benches. She regarded a nearby M-warp. Hmmm. This was going to be fun.....

Slarnol, Commandant of the Boskonian base on Brynon VI, was not a careful man. His going off on a scouting expedition and leaving his base unguarded except by the automatic equipment, was an example of his lack of caution. Of course the automatic equipment, the best the combined resources of mighty Eddore and the Brynonian race could produce, was sufficient to handle most enemies--it would have withstood the month-long siege of a Grand Fleet--but not the Gold Lensman. He should have known better. But then, being a second-rate mind, he could hardly have been expected to.

Now, as he entered the lab room, he stopped in his tracks, as his glaring, double-pupilled eyes caught sight of the unholy mess in which the equipment had been left. If a Brynonian face, with its six eyes and lipless, fanged mouth, could be said to express amazement, his did then. "What's this?" he roared. "What happened here? This place is wrecked! Which one of you--" he stopped, suddenly realizing that the full personnel of the base had been with him on the scouting party. Any Arisian-trained mind would have realized this instantly, but one has to make allowances for the Boskonian mentality. But once he had made up his mind what had happened, the Commandant was swift to act. Rapidly, he ordered battle-equipment brought up. A perfunctory glance at the dead detector-screens convinced him that to depend on the instruments would be useless. There was only one thing to do. A careful search of the area would have to be made. He promptly set about it. 300 fighting Brynonians, the entire personnel of the base, began searching. And at last, as they must, they discovered the object of their investigations.

In an upstairs chamber, Goldilocks Kinnison lay, asleep. She had made a serious error. Searching through the library, she had come upon a rare old spool. It was called "Qadgop the Mercotan". Study of the history of past Boskonian Wars had of course revealed to her that this was a work written by the Gray Lensman, under a pseudonym. For reasons of strategy, he had once posed as a writer. The prospect of seeing the work she had heard so much about was too much for Goldie. So she made a mistake that, in anyone else but a third-stage Lensman, would have been fatal. She hooked up the vision-plate to the scanner, and put on the spool. Naturally, she fell asleep at once.

And so it was that the Commandant discovered her. He lost no time, but acted with all possible speed. Semi-portables were hastily unlimbered and moved over within easy range. Behind protective screens, the personnel of the base waited, cautiously. Was

What kind of trick? And their mental vibrations, slipping past their shields and blocks, warned the Gold Lensman. She hastily awoke-- and looked up into the barrels of a score of weapons, all trained on her. The result was almost a foregone conclusion. Instantly, her mind reached out, and the battle was on. It didn't last long. Their mental barriers going down one by one, the Commandant and his men fought a losing struggle. As Goldie, from behind her personal screen, took careful aim, the last of them succumbed. Her DeLameters blazed, and Slarnol, along with all 299 of his men, was blasted into a gout of flaming energy.

With a childish giggle, Goldie holstered her weapons. "By Klono's diamond-studded intestines!" she chortled, "they sure were a pushover. Wait till that stuck-up little brute Badsol hears about this! He'll wait a while before he'll do any more boasting!" And skipping for joy, the Gold Lensman headed for her ship, and Main Base.

THE END

***** (adv.) ***** (adv.)

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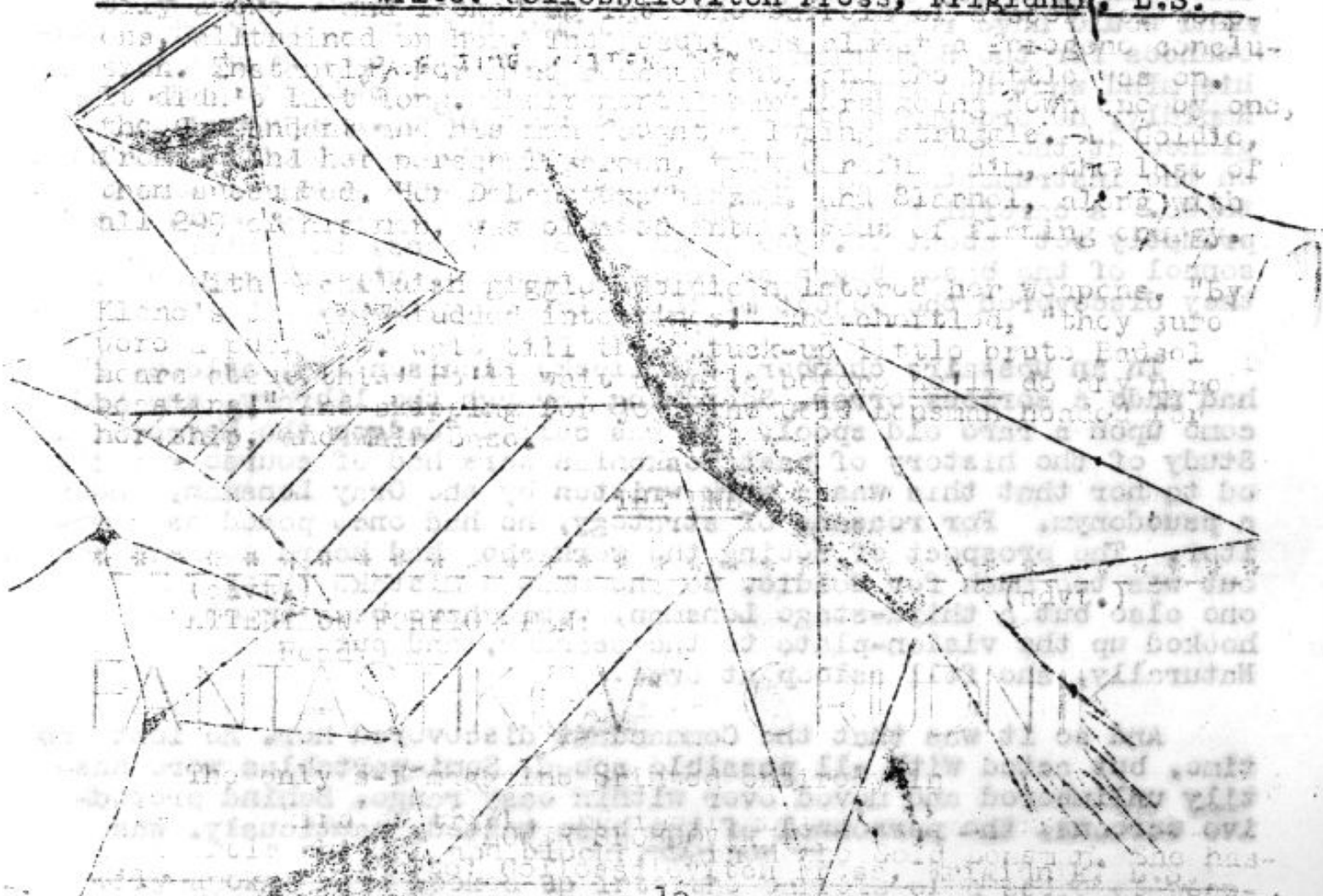
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THE RED DRAGON

OR

THE ART OF COMMANDING THE CELESTIAL, ARIEL, TERRESTRIAL, AND
INFERNAL SPIRITS. *

((Note: This book, one of the oldest and most famous of French Grimoires, has been translated into English by Joe E. Deane, and will be published in BEMARE in about four parts. Although I am firmly opposed to serialization in fanzines, an exception will have to be made here because of length. I will still print all fiction complete in one issue.

Because of the nature of the subject matter, and that in other portions of this magazine, I feel that an explanation is in order. This is not a hoax or "gag" article, but an accurate transcription of a book on white sorcery, published in French originally, a copy of which was secured by Mr. Deane while he was in that country. I am printing it, not because I am an occultist or because I feel that some of my readers are, but simply because of the interest inherent in it's material. Items of this sort are not usually found in fanzines-- perhaps because of the immaturity of most fanzine editors. I will say no more about it, but let the material speak for itself.--The Editor.))

O, men! Weak mortals! Tremble ^I at your temerity when you think to blindly possess a science so profound.

Let your spirit be carried beyond this sphere and know by my words that before undertaking anything, you must be firm and unshakable and very careful to observe exactly, point by point, all that I say to you, without which all will turn to your disadvantage, confusion, and total loss; and if, on the other hand, you observe exactly all that I say to you, you will arise from your baseness and your poverty, victorious in all your enterprises.

Arm yourselves, then, with intrepidity, prudence, wisdom, and virtue, that you may undertake this great and immense work at which I have labored sixty-seven years, working day and night, to arrive at the attainment of the great goal. You must, therefore, do all that is indicated hereafter.

PRIMO

You will spend a quarter of the moon entire, frequenting neither women nor girls, in order not to fall into impurity.

Then you will commence your quarter of the moon at the moment when the quarter begins, promising the great Adonay, who is chief of all the spirits, to take but two meals a day, or each twenty-four hours of the said quarter of the moon, which you will take at mid-day and at midnight, or, if you prefer, at seven in the morning and at seven in the evening, offering up the following prayer before all your meals during the said quarter.

PRAYER

I implore thee, great and powerful Adonay, master of all the spirits, I implore thee, O Eloime, I implore thee, O Jehovah! O great Adonay! I offer thee my years, my heart, my entrails, my hands, my feet, my breath, and my being; O great Adonay!

*: Author not known. This edition bore the name Manifiesto de Venanziano after an introduction. -- -17-- --

Deign to look upon me with favor. So be it, Amen.

After this, take your repast and neither undress nor sleep except for the least that is possible during all the said quarter of the moon, think continually of your working and found all your hopes upon the infinite goodness of Adonay; after which, the day following the first night of the quarter, you will go to a chemist to buy a bloody stone known as ornatillo, which you will carry continually with you for fear of accident that has ever attended the spirit that you intend to force and constrain which will do all that it can to disgust you with fear and to make you fail in your enterprise, believing that in this manner it can disengage itself from the snares that you cast over it, It must be noted that there must not be more than one or three, including the Karcist, who is the one who must speak to the spirit, holding in his hand the thundering wand.

You will take care to choose for the place of the action a solitary spot, far removed from people, in order that the Karcist shall not be interrupted, after which you will buy a young virgin goat which you will decorate, the third day of the moon, with a garland of vervain* which you will place around it's head with a green ribbon. Afterward, take it to the place marked for the apparition and there, the right arm bare to the shoulder, armed with a blade of pure steel, the fire being lit with white wood, you will say the following words with hope and firmness:

FIRST OFFERING

I offer thee this victim, O great Adonay, Eloime, Ariel, and Jehovan, and to the honor, glory, and power of your being, superior to all the spirits. Deign, O great Adonay! to accept it agreeably. Amen.

Then you will cut the goat's throat and remove it's skin and put the rest over the fire to be reduced to cinders which you will gather and cast in the direction of the rising sun, saying the following words:

It is for the honor, glory, and power of Thy name, O great Adonay, Eloime, Ariel, and Jehovan! that I shed the blood of this victim; deign, O great Adonay! to receive these ashes agreeably.

While the victim burns, you can rejoice in the honor and glory of the great Adonay, Eloime, Ariel, and Jehovan, taking care to conserve the skin of the virgin goat to form the ring or the great cabbalistic circle, in which you will place yourself on the day of the great enterprise.

II

On the eve of the great enterprise, you will obtain a rod or wand from a wild nut tree which has never borne. The wand should be forked at one end; it's length must be nineteen and a half inches.

After you have found a wand of the proper form, you will not touch it except with your eyes, waiting until the following day, when you will cut it at exactly sunrise. You will then remove the leaves and small branches, if it has them, with the same steel blade which served to cut the throat of the victim, still

*: Vervain: Verbona.

In his mag, The Fanzine Editor, Lee D. Quinn said that most fanzine editorials are not editorials at all, in the sense of being articles on some item of the mag's policy. Instead, they are places where the faned expounds on the difficulties of publication, what fine stuff he'll have in the issue to come, and so on. He states that therefore, they shouldn't be called that. I'm inclined to agree. Only one thing puzzles me-- what else can you call them?

--20--

anyhow, the Editorial on page two of this mag is a bona-fide, genuine, dyed-in-the-wool editorial. This thing back here is where I chatter about matters concerning the 'zine. Like so:

This, though issue #1, is not the first issue of Beware. How to explain this seeming paradox? Well, it's this way. I originally planned the mag last spring. Material was obtained, stencils cut, Henry Chabot did me a cover, and all were sent to Ronald Friedman, he of Universal Muskeeters ill-fame to run off. That was in July. Around Christmas, Ron, in response to my continued prodding, said he'd finished the 50 copies I requested, and mailed them to me. I never got them. Seems they got lost, or something. (I suspect that "or something"), Ron then stated that he ^{had} ⁱⁿ copies left. At this writing, I haven't seen them, but will eventually, Yog-Sothoth willing, go down to Brooklyn and get them. Most of the material will go in subsequent issues of this mag, except one, which I'll use in Limbo, it being a reprint.

The above perhaps explains the references to the mag which turned up in various places, including Super Science, where it was stated that I'd already printed it. True, but I've explained what happened then. There's many a slip.....

So, at last, the thing hath appeared. And now you've seen it. I'd like to say a few things about this issue, like the fact that no fanzine is complete without some sort of comment or parody on Dianotics. Me, I'm different. I run a parody on L. Ron Hubbard. I'd like to call your attention to page 4, where a vital warning to all fandon appears, if you haven't seen it already. Read it and consider yourself warned. I'd like to say nice things about the fiction, but how can I? I wrote it! I did not write THE RED DRAGON, which is legit. See?

Then, too, I'd like to say that Davis, who did some of the pix this issue, is a boy to watch. He'll be back anon. He also has a story coming up. It will be under his true (or baptismal) name, which is David Stone. For obvious reasons, he signs his pix "Davis". Or don't you read Galaxy? Next issue, too, will be a pic by (hold your breath) Bok, a story by Joe Dean I think you'll like, and one by Stan Serxner (he of SIRIUS repute) which I think you'll ditto. Also one by me. And--a letter column--if you write. Published missives earn a free ish for their writers. Ia! Shub-NiggaratM!--KEN

--20--