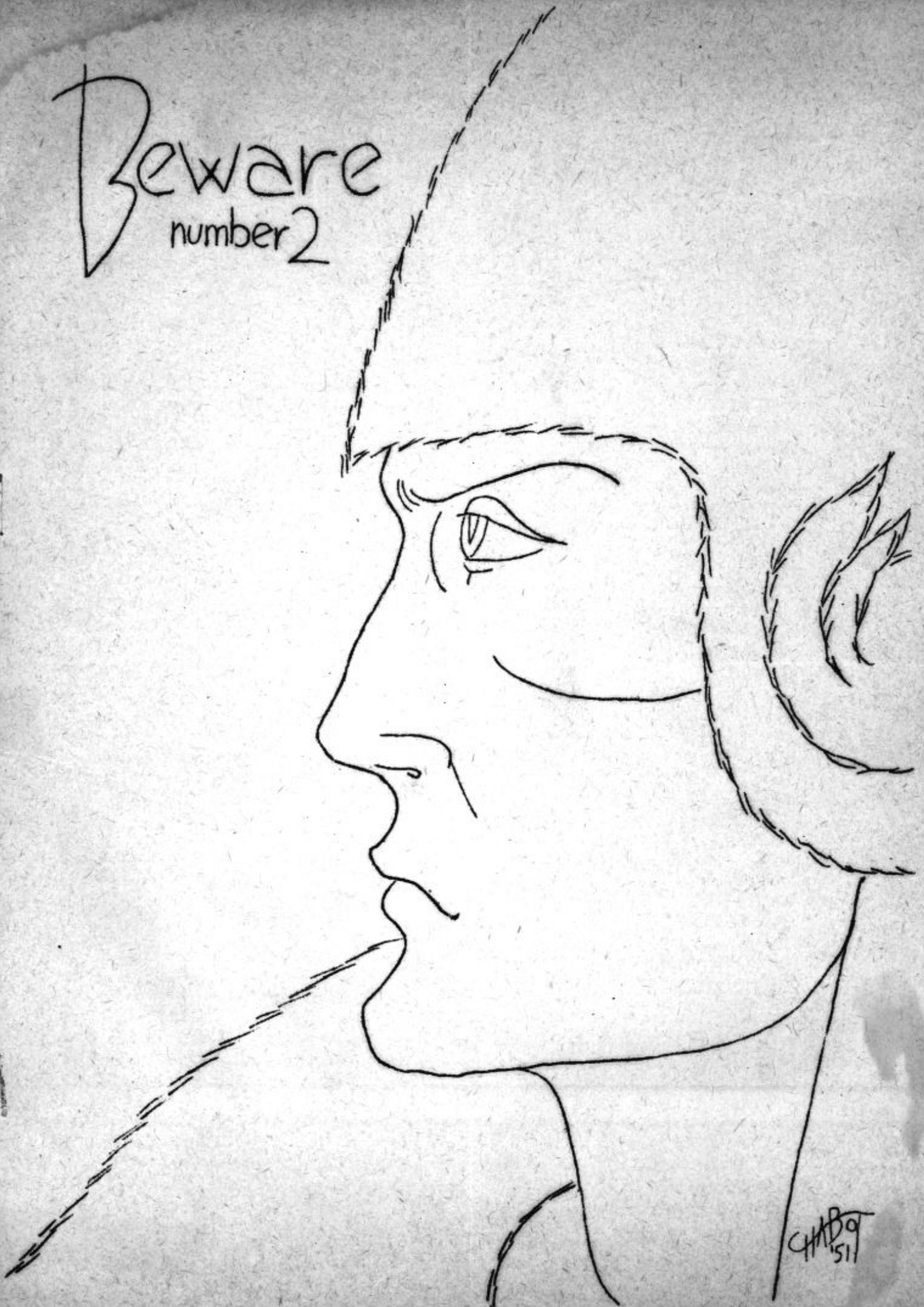


Beware
number 2



CHABOT
511



EDITORIAL

PERMANENT CONVENTIONS--

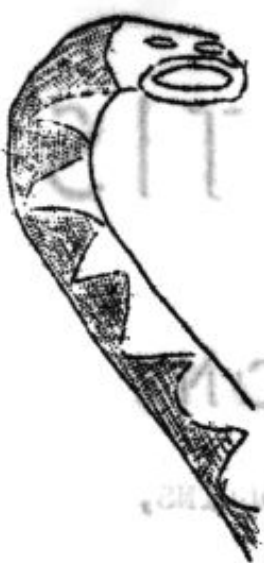
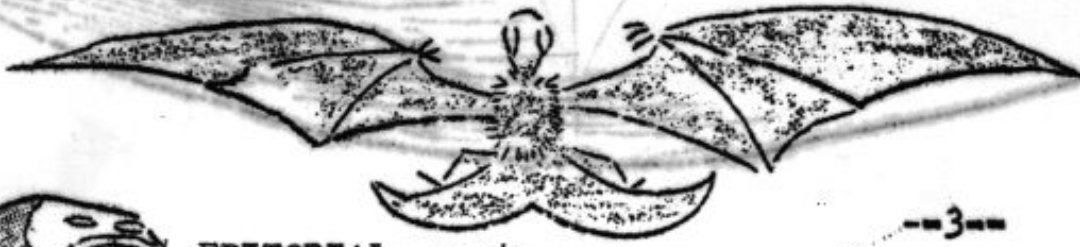
Recently, as a consequence of having joined the NOLA CON and received the first bulletin, I got to thinking about the way the ideal convention should be run. Figuring that they might interest you, I shall give a few of **my ideas here.**

One of the things I think could be improved upon in the present scheme is membership benefits. It seems to me that members do not get all their buck entitled them to, and it also seems that something a bit more practical than luminescent stickers and aluminum membership cards could be granted them. Some suggestions: a convention lapel pin, or permanent badge, of the conventional type, but well-designed by an artist, and made so that it will last. A reduction on the banquet. (I don't believe this is included in the present scheme.) Reduction on-booth space, and a slight reduction in ad prices for the journal.

Now-- voting on a convention site. To limit this only to attendees at the con proper is manifestly unfair. How about the guys who paid their buck but couldn't come? I believe that mail-voting, after the nominations and voting at the con proper, should decide the final convention site. Mail-votes would have to be confined to the sites nominated by attendees, but write-ins might be permitted. I do not think any correspondence club is qualified to handle the selection of site, however. But they should be given a voice at the con in this matter.

Ad space in the convention journal-- there should be separate rates for pros and amateurs. Fantasy Advertiser does this, and I believe a con should too. All dealers in mags and books should be charged the same, however. They are competing on an equal footing, and the big guys would squawk if we gave the little ones a special break. But the average fan should get a better deal. That means no booster ads sold to pros-- they can afford better.

Con members should also get 1st pick in hotel reservations, as I believe they now do. They should be polled as to the type of program they'd prefer. (That'd be one way to settle the Dianetics question which arose at the NOLA CON.) Pros should be charged the same for the banquet, but more than fans for booth space. The convention's journal should contain at least 8 pages donated by the Con committee. They would contain articles, pix, list of members, and other items of interest-- no ads. The journal should have a certain no. of pages guaranteed by the committee. They would see that this figure is met, even if they have to fill the extra pages themselves. All dealers in questionable matter (occult books,
(cont. pg. 3))



EDITORIAL, cont...
 etc.) should be denied ad and booth space. Dealers attempting to do business without buying space (booth space, that is) should be summarily ejected from the hall. They are only taking money away from those who did pay for space, and from the auction as well. However, fanzines and such may be given away without purchasing booth space. Display space in the hall, to hang signs, etc. should be given free to fans. Dealers and pros should be charged a nominal rate.

The con should give it's time and facilities to any deserving group (the N3F, the Fan-Vots, etc.), but monetary support must be dependent on vote of the entire membership-- both attendees and non-attendees.

Those are my views. Do you agree? Why not write and say? ---KEN



BEWARE

Perpetrated quarterly by Kon BeAle, Yog-Sothoth's gift to fandom, who is to be found at 115 E. Mosholu Pkwy., Bronx 67, N.Y. The amazingly low cost is 10¢ an issue, 35¢ a year. (4 issues.) Write for ad space rates. Willing to trade ads, subs, single issues with other faneds. Only those submissions of material accompanied by return postage will be returned.

NO. TWO Fall, '51
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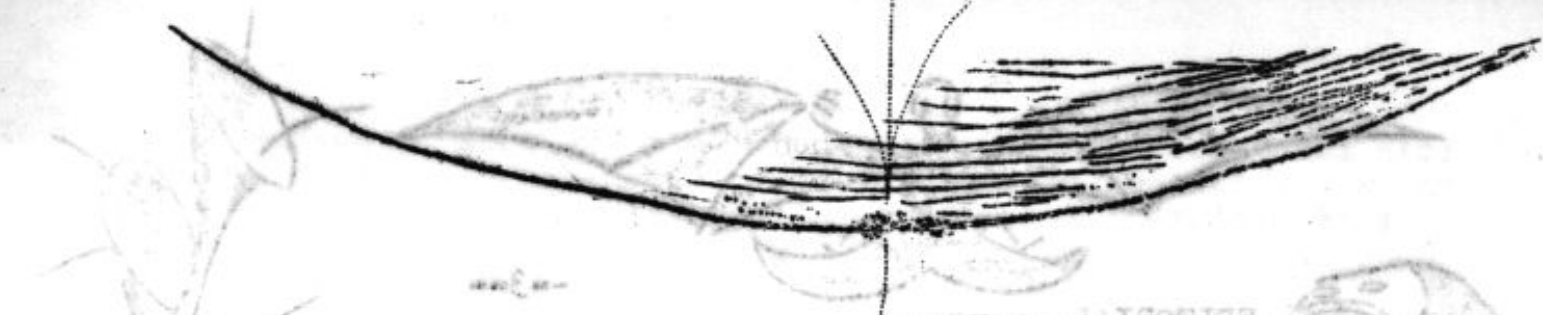
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MOON OF ATLANTIS

BY DAVID STONE

ACCOUNT OF CPL. SIDNEY ROLLINS,
SPACE CORVETTE ANTHONY



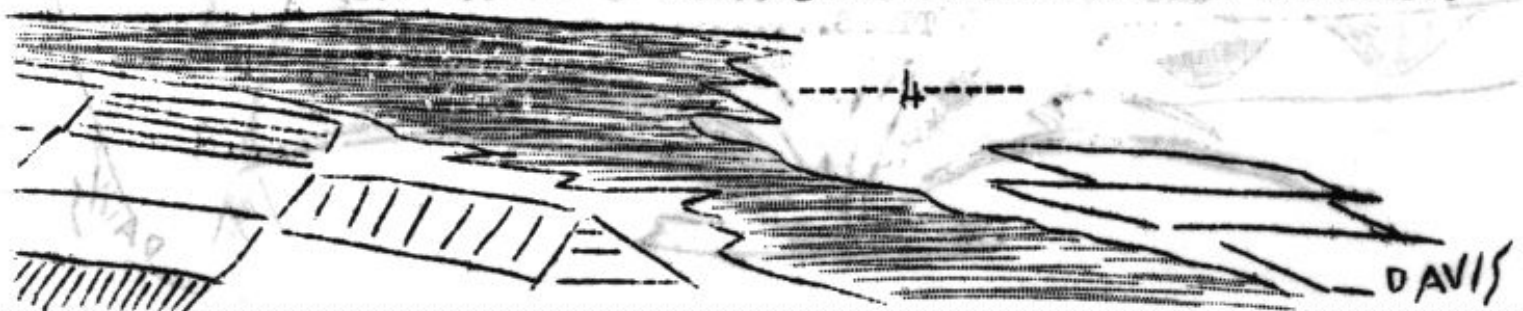
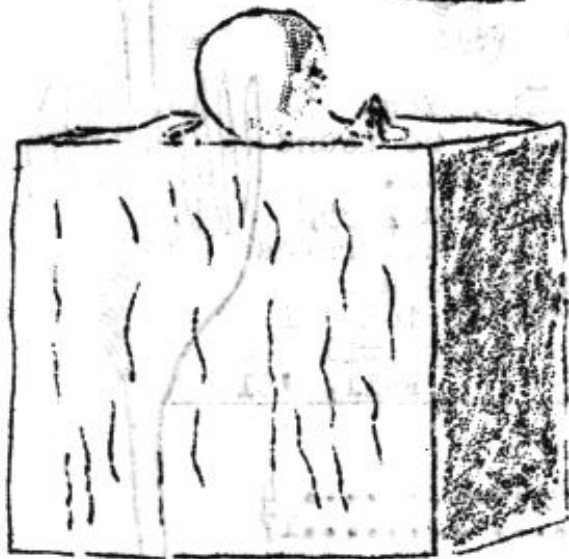
One autumn night about a month ago, some of the N.C.O.'s in my ship rented a beat-up skimmer, got hold of some cards, and bought the necessary alcoholic refreshments. All of these things are essential to a decent evening's fun for the boys on our tin can.



It was like all the other Martian nights, ebony black, with the bright stars and pipsqueak moons. We bounced along the canal, shooting out sheets of spray and drenching the vegetation on either side, leaving it dripping as with some morning's dew that would never come again on Mars.

Out of the night, to the left on the shore, the gray outline of a deserted Martian villa rose over the curving fronds of the plants. It was settled well back among the canal vegetation, with luxurious geometric gardens spreading out around it, up and down the canal.

We turned up the curving waterway, to stop with a hiss and gurgle of braking jets at a stone quay, with a path leading off the end towards the house.



It's funny about waterways-- when you go up one, it pushes all the water towards the end and then it bounces back and forms a sort of miniature tidal wave, hissing and roaring out towards the canal like a tiger after an elephant.

Passing down the sand path and by overgrown flowerbeds we came to the open doorway and trooped in, our footsteps echoing loudly in the stillness. Inside, we got some peculiar-smelling lamps going and the fun began. After about half an hour's bad luck, I got up and wandered around a bit. Finding that nobody else shared my fate, I decided to explore. I passed through several once-beautiful rooms, now dusty and deserted, exposed to the elements by shattered windows. But the winds of Mars had been gentle, and the interior was almost as it had been originally. Only the inhabitants were gone.

Climbing a set of slowly spiralling stairs, I stopped to gaze at a small picture of one of the lesser Martian animals which must have been a household pet. I drifted about upstairs until I came to a room which could have been an office of some sort. It had a desk, easy chairs and so forth, but no files. The walls were plastered with pictures, things that passed for pennants, some sort of certificate, and different fixtures whose purpose I couldn't begin to guess at. The rooms upstairs were in much better shape than those on the lower floor, with the windows still intact. I sat down at the desk and began opening compartments, all empty.

One wall had a peculiar sort of dial on it, like a visiphone[^]dial, with buttons instead of holes and figures on the surface of each button. Pasted to the wall next to it was a list of these figures, on Terran Occupation Force paper. I decided that these must be the combination, and, punching the buttons according to the sequence, I discovered I was right. A panel slid open on squeaky roller bearings revealing what I suppose was a combination filing-cabinet-safe. It was open and contained some useless Martian currency, two letter-tapes from the letter file below the safe, and an empty box of ammunition for a Martian needle-gun. I stuffed the tape reels into my tunic and rummaged around the place, finding nothing interesting. The Occupation Intelligence boys had been all through here, of course. They had taken all the valuable documents, leaving only things like personal letters for scavengers like me.

After exploring the third and fourth floors, and the observation dome atop the house, I went back to the rest of the boys. In due time the party broke up and we arrived back at the station in time to wake the recruits up for the next day's grind. The old man wondered why I was so slow that day.

Eventually, I sent the two tapes to a friend of mine in the Research Division at General H.Q., who found time to get the translation machines going on them. A few days later they came back with the running translation on one of our own tapes. Running this through an Autyper, I came up with the following:



DAVIS

The Villa

Observation Dome 3
Sol III Satellite
Intelligence Dept.
High Command
6-2 Molt 2361 AT

My Dear Son,

Greetings and congratulations on your 10th birthday. Soon I am coming home to retire and I will be very happy to see you once more. I suppose you will welcome your coming of age and all the privileges that accompany it. Here is the combination to the vault in our country place: ((A string of numbers follows.)) I hope you will spend many exciting hours listening to the tales of our ancestors, as I did. These things and others are handed down from generation to generation and they are the reason for the strong family ties of our upper classes. One of the most exciting records is one made by a very distant ancient relative at the time of the Great Travelling. It's number is in the 20AT's so you see it was written shortly after the travelling.

Life here, at the station, is boring and only our work keeps us from cracking up. Yours and other letters help quite a bit. There are only three of us at this station, which is located just behind a small ridge. An observation tower leads up to the top of the ridge, and the electron telescope is mounted there, inside a glass dome. The whole affair is camouflaged like the surrounding rocks and even the floor beneath the observation dome

is rough and craggy. This is so the men on Earth will not be able to detect us with their monstrous telescopes. We know of them because of the ability of the long wave receiver to pick up various transmissions from the planet. It is believed that they use short waves also, but of course these could not penetrate the air envelope. Impulses of other type have been picked up too. This department belongs to Koleb who is our communications expert. TARTH is the maintenance man and I do the visual and radar observations. I think the base would let all the information through, and the public relations dept. plans to let it out soon anyway. Therefore, I might as well tell you about it.

The recorders on the visual and radar screens have gotten images, during the past few years, that look like atomic blasts. Occasionally a primitive rocket will stagger upwards for a few miles only to fall backwards towards the Earth.

The inhabitants of Earth are trying to master space travel the hard way. In the end they will succeed, but oh, how much longer it will take them. The invention of the mass nullifier in the ancient days enabled ourselves-- the upper class --to conquer Atlantis and later to build the Space City. It made space travel easy compared to the complex and therefore slow methods the Earth men are using.

The letter I told you about concerned all this, and other things, so again, my boy, I advise you to listen to it.

(APPROVED- Base Censor)

Your Loving Father,
Dalk Sorth

Translation Section,
Research Division
Terran Occupation Force
Base 3, Sec. 10° 50° Mars

Memo to Sidney Rollins, Cpl., FN.-

The following letter is believed to be part of a diary. All dates, measurements, and ancient figures of speech have been rendered understandable to the reader.

Ronald Mears, Lt., TOF.

THE DIARY

July 15, 3152-- To my sons and their sons, I tell the story of the Great Travelling which began for me twelve Earth years ago. I will record it in the form of a diary, as I wrote it down, for posterity to hear, to be preserved in these ancient and hallowed records. Here is the diary.

February 7, 3140-- Today we were chosen! I don't know for what purpose, but for months there have been rumors of strange, enormous undertaking that is about to get under way.

Feb. 9, 3140-- Today we were told. They assembled us, divided us into work and ability groups and sent us off to get packed for removal to our respective work areas.

During the assembly we were told of the monstrous project which was to occupy the next few years of our lives. I shall try to cover roughly what was said by our leaders. To even think of it is numbing, yet with the aid of the gravitational nullifier we shall be able to accomplish it. Although the device was perfected three years ago and is still in the model stage, the leaders are working to enlarge and render it more powerful. From recent reports, it appears that they are succeeding.

The project is a city. It will have roads, sewage and water systems, houses, theaters, baths, markets, wagons, animals, and a population. But unlike other cities it will have air supply systems, heating and lighting systems, and vaults for the storage of water and grain. The city will be built in the shape of a sphere 5 miles in diameter. In the center will be the mass nullifier the leaders are planning.

The nullifier will be built first and will be floated 2 miles above the construction site. Using the solid rock near the site, blocks will be cut, and with the aid of the mass nullifiers they will be floated to the great machine. There they will be cemented to the mountings of the nullifier in concentric spheres starting on the inside and working outwards. A space of 100 yards will be left between spheres. Each will be attached to the one next to it by great, squat pillars, leaving a space for dwellings. Vertical shafts with elevator platforms powered by separate nullifiers will be constructed. Once out of the Earth's gravitational field, the nullifier will be reversed to provide a light gravity.

After the final sphere is in place, the city will be moved from place to place picking up the surplus population. This is what it was designed for. The rabble will build themselves huts, the merchants will set up shops, the artisans their workshops, the nobles their mansions. When enough supplies have been gathered, the lighting, heating, sewage, water and air systems set in motion, the nullifier will cancel out the Earth's gravity, and the sun and moon's, and the city will be flung spacewards by the Earth's rotation on it's axis. This will be done, of course, at the precisely correct moment to intercept, on it's orbit, the planet Mars!

June 19, 3141 -- Tonight we arrived at the construction site after a trip of a day and a half. All over the plain the campfires of the slaves dot the blackness. Our group of 5,000 men is responsible for the operation of the separate nullifiers which will lift the individual blocks of rock to the city. The camp is divided into five sections. 1. Administration and head of construction, 2. Rock quarrying administration group, 3. Nullifier operators, 4. Cement manufacture group, 5. Slaves and their administration.

June 20, 3141-- Today some of the 5,000 nullifiers arrived and we are being trained in their use and maintenance. Already the slaves are at work cutting blocks and mixing cement which has been arriving by nullifier. It is a grand sight to see the big bags of cement come swinging down with the nullifiers and operators perched on top. The cement is mixed with water in long troughs from which the slaves cut the blocks.

July 5, 3141-- We have been waiting for the arrival of the giant nullifier for the city.

July 10, 3141-- Although the slaves will have an extra supply of blocks and cement we are losing time because the giant nullifier hasn't arrived yet.

July 12, 3141-- The nullifier is on it's way! At first it will not hang very far above the Earth's surface, but, as the city grows it will rise higher to allow it's bulk to clear the ground. We will be supplied with oxygen and heating equipment as we go higher.

July 13, 3141-- This morning, on our way to the dining hall we saw, glinting through the early morning mists, the shining globe of the great machine. It is a polished ball about 500 yards in diameter, and the control hut is a little dome on one side. The mountings protrude at intervals, like spikes.

July 14, 3141-- Today construction began at last, and a never-ending stream of blocks is drifting up from the pits to hover about the nullifier. After a short wait, they dart in, settle slowly, and squeeze into line with the others. All this is accompanied by the bawling voice of the junior construction boss. A typical trip would go like this:

You start out on your nullifier for the pits and pick up one of the great blocks from the pile. Then you follow the line of blocks leading towards the cementing areas, where the slaves will spend 15 minutes or so coating your block. After they are done, you again follow the line of blocks to the city. One after another the blocks in front of you settle into place, and soon you find yourself jockeying down. With the yells of the boss in your ears you lift this way and that and then drop downward to ooze into place.

You then disengage the nullifier and return to the surface for another block. This is the tedious routine which will occupy the next five years of our life.

July 15, 3141-- Same old routine. Because of this I will only highlight phases of the construction or unusual incidents.

July 17, 3141--Mar.28,3142-- Nothing of interest.

Mar. 29, 3142-- Today I saw a nullifier fail. I watched the 200-ton block plummet downwards from a height of 3,000 feet. It hit with a tremendous impact, spewing chunks of earth in all directions to form a gigantic crater. They scraped the operator from the floor of the wrecked nullifier-- what was left of it.

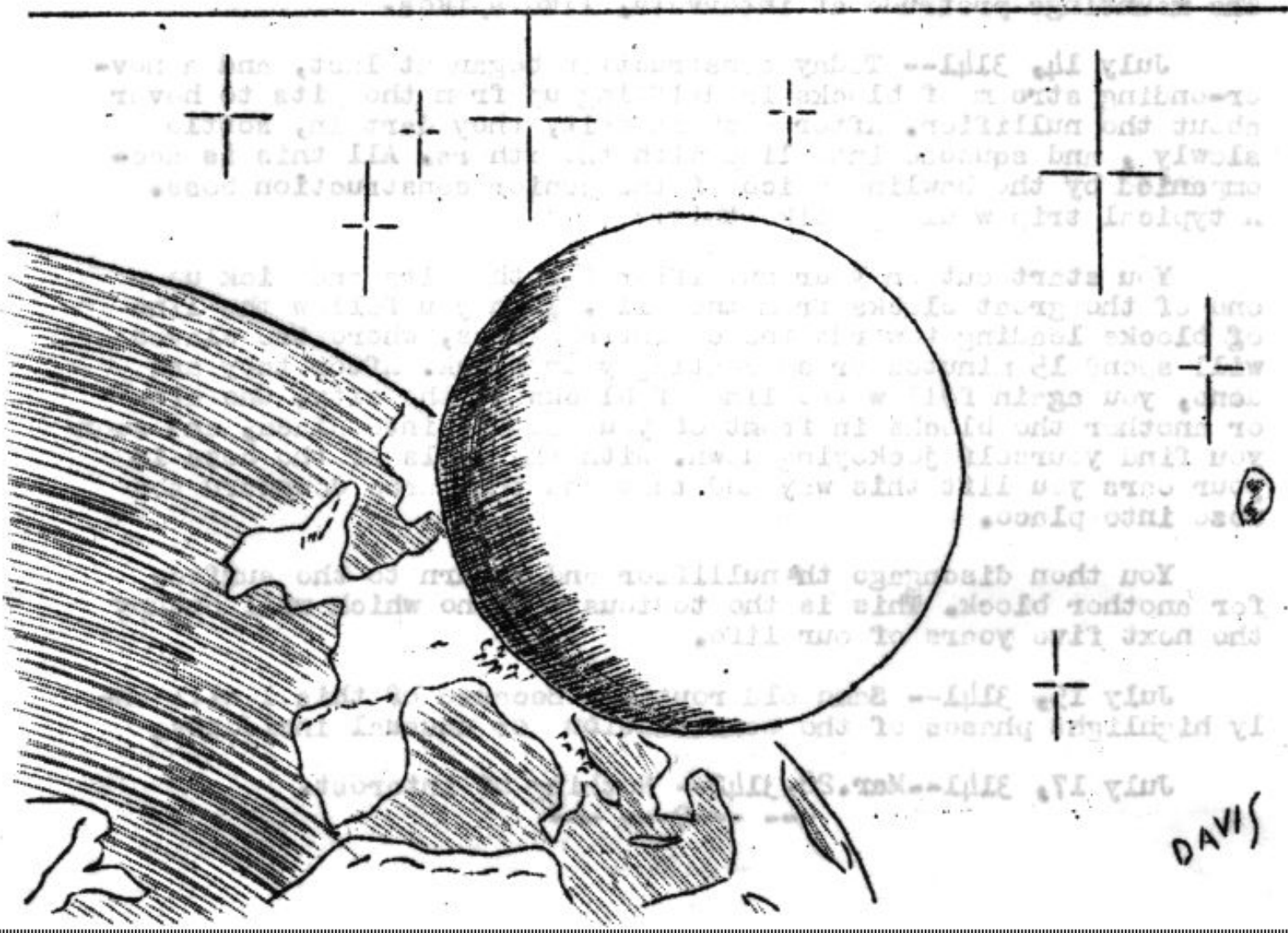
Sept. 8, 3143-- The globe is growing. We are now using oxygen because of the altitude. The supply of rock is holding out quite well. It is tedious work.

Dec. 3, 3143-- One thousand more nullifiers and crews have arrived to help us.

May 23, 3144-- The city is tremendous! It fills the sky, it's high, rounded bulk disappearing into the clouds. These clouds are often cause for slowing down the work, but we try to avoid them by working at different altitudes.

Feb. 17, 3145-- The overhanging, ominous presence of the city is disturbing. It gives an alien cast to the landscape. The sun only shines in the early morning and late afternoon. This is because we are in the shadow of the city's huge bulk.

Apr. 6, 3146-- The city is nearing completion! The constant feeling of it hanging over our heads is oppressive.



May 23, 3146-- Today we entered the city. Each of us gathered his belongings on his nullifier and drifted up to the city. We went in a gaping shaft and proceeded to our quarters and the nullifier hangars. The nullifiers will be used to transport the population from the ground to the city.

July 8, 3146-- We have been two weeks taking in supplies for the crew. They will be used on the trip and during the time we will gather up the city's population.

July 11, 3146-- This morning I awoke to find us hovering above Tish, the first of our parent-cities.

August 9, 3146-- We have spent the last month ferrying the populace by giant platforms into the interior of the city. It is fully pressurized now and we enter by means of an airlock at the bottom. The emigrants bring their own shabby tents and rough buildings along with the necessary foods for two or three years. Most of them will purchase perishables from the giant storage bins of the city.

April 30, 3147-- The population of the city is growing steadily as we move from place to place. Business areas are already springing up. We have spent many a hectic night in the nightclubs of the central area. Trade and commerce both internal and external are quite complicated, but the city is prospering from it's trade.

July 1, 3147-- When we entered the city for the first time, it was empty, dark, echoing. Now it is a vibrant, throbbing, teeming metropolis peopled by races of all types. We now hear the cries of vendors, the wailing of children, the scolding of women, the clatter and creak of horse-drawn wagons, animal noises, the distant whirr of the fans, the gurgle of water in the gutters, and the echoing shouts of neighbors. We taste foods of different far places, smell the costly wares of the perfume merchants and the stables of the race horses. We clatter along the bare streets, lighted by the glowing tubes above. We are sent into a burst of coughing by the fumes from some enormous matron's fire. She laughs at us and asks us to taste some of the mush in the pot. We accept.

July 7, 3147-- The city is full to capacity and we are now taking on water for the trip ahead.

July 8, 3147-- Tomorrow we leave! At least it says so in the local newsheets.

July 9, 3147-- At noon today we left. Before I describe the trip I shall tell you of the basic principle which allowed this to happen. While in the hovering stage the nullifier cancelled out only a portion of the Earth's gravity. It was held aloft by the force of the Earth rotating on it's axis as a ball is held aloft on the end of a whirling string. Now, with all of the

Earth's gravity cancelled, the city will fly spaceward as our ball would if the string snapped.

Now that we were free from Earth we began to mount. Slowly the landscape blurred and faded backward, seas, lakes and rivers became evident, the sky darkened to a deep velvet, the stars blinked at us, and the Earth assumed a sphere shape. It was a strange sight, the black, star-studded heavens and the ball we had called home.

July 10, 3147-- We are circling the Earth at terrific speed and our mass must be tremendous! Today we passed the orbit of the Moon and saw our fellow satellite many thousands of miles off, a lopsided ball in the heavens.

July 11, 3147-- Today the Leaders told us the terrible news! Our tremendous mass caused gigantic tidal waves and upheavals of land, flooding continents and drying sea bottoms. Our homeland, Atlantis, sunk by our own unknowing hands!

July 12, 3147-- We have left Earth's vicinity and are now travelling the long arc to Mars!

July 13, 3147-- Outward bound! Through the glassite ports of the space lounge, available only to the highest classes, the Earth and it's friend are seen as grains of sand on a beach. The common people do not know they have left the Earth. They think they are travelling to a distant land beyond the seas. Believe me, they are!

July 14, 3147-- We are living a life of ease, for space travel has no hardship. Sometimes we spend silent hours gazing at the stars.

July 15 to August 17-- Nothing of interest except-- it is quite a lonely, awesome feeling gazing at the emptiness of space. Empty? It is filled with misty nebulae, the old familiar patterns of the burning stars, the great white band encircling us with her misty, star-filled arms, and brilliant planets. We never see the sun, for a person would be a fool to look at it and still want the use of his eyes.

August 18, 3147-- Racing horses has become quite a fad with the populace. Gambling runs high, and every afternoon the streets of the city near the race track resound to the thunderous rumble of the horses' hooves.

August 30, 3147-- Today a fire broke out on one of the inner spheres. The smoke is stifling the air system. In a few minutes I am due on the next shift of water carriers, who are making use of the nullifiers and water reservoirs.

Sept. 1, 3147-- The fire has been raging for the past two

days and we have been working constantly at it. Luckily it is an inner sphere because we have trapped it there and a relatively small area has been burned. However, thousands are injured and in a state of hunger, homelessness and pain.

Sept. 2, 3147-- The fire has been extinguished and the survivors are poking around for remains.

Sept. 17-- The devastated area is gradually being built up again and tents and shacks are standing in the ashes. The smoke is almost gone from the air system, thanks to it's operator.

Sept. 19, 3147-- Ahead Mars is a red dot; behind Earth is lost in a maze of stars. The novelty of the scene has worn off, but it is still as spellbinding as it was a month ago.

Sept. 30, 3147-- Every day Mars grows larger and in the ports. It's tiny moon can just be made out, circling madly.

Oct. 15, 3147-- Mars has an apparent diameter of six degrees now. We are curving in towards it and we will shoot past into outer space only to be pulled back in over-tightening circles by the planet.

Oct. 23, 3147-- Gradually we are nearing Mars and a certain group has been at work mapping it as we swing around. It seems like a giant blocky red and green ball with the polar caps glistening at each end. You could almost reach out and put a dent in it with your finger.

Nov. 15, 3147-- We have ceased to draw closer to Mars! We are in an eternal orbit around it at some 14,600 miles! We are marooned in deep space! Some mistake has been made in the calculations. It is useless to try to return to Earth, for we do not know our exact position, and a slight error would throw us hopelessly into deep space. The best we can do is to abandon the city and seek refuge on Mars.

Dec. 8, 3147-- For the past few weeks we have been constructing space-rafts, using the small nullifiers and air-tight compartments. Exploring parties have been to the surface and tell us the marshlands around the poles are quite capable of supporting us.

Dec. 10, 3147-- Today I made my first trip to the surface with a load of swearing, joking, questioning emigrants. The whole project has of course been fully organized. I set them down on a waving knoll of alien grass, opened the lock, and tumbled out after them under open, dark blue skies. Such rejoicing and childish squeals of happiness! These two hundred-odd souls were my charge, I was their leader. We had brought the necessary supplies and tools from the city to set up a miniature community by ourselves. We knew the location of the cities that were to be

built, and wd could carry on trade with them. We were the farmers of the new land, others were the city-dwellers. The community will grow, it will prosper from the alien soil, as will others. We are a new people in a new land with a fresh start, and we look upwards from the fertile fields of our new home to the tiny circling dot that brought us here.

THE END

Smothered
in
Stars



by

Raymond L. Clancy

Out and over, fins flaring out from the long body, fire flashing
Out from the long rocket tubes. Shrilly the airsplits screamed
As the interplanetary mail took off, and my heart went with it
Into space, into the long void, shining stars at one's side,
There where the heart races, and the eyes almost refuse to believe.
There I had lived the long years, the swift-passing, the glory.
Now like a gnome on the earth, burrowing in the lower levels, I live,
Making a living, dragging out my length of days. Why should I
linger?

There are ways. One outreaches the doctors, and lasts for one more
Voyage. And dies (all must) on the homeward journey, from the
rigors

Of space, but smothered in stars, hearing the music of the spheros,
Swimming out from one great black quiet into a quiet more bright,
Waking from a cosmic glory of brilliant stars into another glory.



WHO Doesn't Go There?

A FANTASY GEM

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by Joe E. Dean

While motoring through the mountains of Kentucky, I came upon a small village, hidden in a deep green valley, and protected by the high hills which surrounded it. On one of these latter stood one of the most beautiful houses I have ever seen. So impressed was I with it's colonial majesty that I stopped and asked one of the villagers, a bent old farmer, who owned it.

"Oh, that place's been deserted for years," he said. "Ever since the last owner failed to be murdered in it."

"Ah. And I suppose the rumor is that it isn't haunted?"

"Well, they do say a lot of strange things haven't been seen up there. I myself passed by the other night and didn't hear the most blood-curdling scream you can imagine. I tell you, it's safe up there after dark. A man passing by stands a good chance of

of not being murdered where he stands."

"Bosh!" I said. "I wouldn't be afraid to spend the night in that lovely old place. I'll bet I'd wake up in the morning with my throat cut as neatly as anyone could ask."

"Well, it's your risk, stranger. No one will stop you from going up there, but if you do, you may be seen again."

I laughed at his quaintly superstitious fears and determined to go up there that very night.

When I arrived with my little box-supper, I had to admit that the place looked dreadfully peaceful. It was enough to keep the old man from believing in ghosts, and I shuddered and turned up my collar.

By midnight, I was a nervous wreck. The shutters had failed to bang, not a stair had creaked, and the rattle of chains was conspicuous by its absence. I looked at my watch. Midnight! If anything wasn't going to happen, it had to fail to happen now.

Suddenly, I was rooted to the spot by my failure to hear the most piercing shriek I've never heard. Then, the door didn't open, and an old man didn't come in.

"So, you dare to invade my house!" he didn't say.

A large knife failed to appear in his nonexistent hand and not a threatening move did he make in my direction.

I rushed out of the house, failing to bump into him, and my hands did not clutch at his coat, which was not that of a seaman.

I dashed into the house of the old man I had talked to and he started up in surprise.

"Why, good heavens, man, your hair has turned black as ebony!" he exclaimed. He gave me hot soup and sent me to bed, quieting my babble of, "I tell you, I didn't see him! You've got to believe me! He wasn't going to kill me!"

In the morning, I decided I'd imagined the whole thing. I know, everyone knew, that there were such things as ghosts. I simply had to have seen what I imagined I hadn't seen.

Then, going through my pockets, I stopped in amazement. For in one of them, I didn't find a brass button, torn from a seaman's coat!

((Editor's note— due to lack of material, this dept. has been discontinued.))



Night Urge

by

Kon Beale

It was getting dark. The sun was dead, and it's dying had painted the western hills with a blaze of opalescent glory. Now this was dying too, and dusk was settling over the land, touching the meadows and fields with obscuring hands. It lay like a thickening curtain over the swamp, sucking up the daylight greedily.

In the swamp, resting motionless, she lay. As the darkness increased, sentience came, and she awoke. She lay there, momentarily inert, then rose into the air on soundless wings, the victim of an urge she could neither understand nor resist. She soared high above the swampland, then, as if impelled by a great sourceless wind, flew towards the distant city.

The city had always stood there, for as long as she could remember. It's glittering towers rose up, up, up, into the motionless air. They stood in numberless ranks, touched with light, limned it, bathed in a sea of effulgence. Towards the glow, as always, she flew, neither knowing why nor caring. Now the towers loomed before her, their spires sharply etched against the obon sky by the glow beyond.

She flew on, and soon was among them, watching the tiny figures as they passed below, legions of crawling midges. High above them, she felt the wind, buffeting her about. She did not fight it, but flew on, under the watching stars letting it carry her where it would, until it expended itself, and died away. Then, pulled by invisible fingers, she swooped down on the creatures below. About them pulsed an aura of warmth, of life, of energy, and she knew it of old. Flying far above, she had sensed it, and it had drawn her earthward. Now she struck, lightly and deftly, and bit in, drinking the creature's blood, letting it flow up into her, to renew life and quench her great, all-consuming thirst. Sated, she rose at last, flying upwards into the night, away from the glow of the lights.

But soon she felt the dark urge again, weaker this time, yet

still pulling her towards the earth and the beings upon it. To the beat of strange music, she flew towards her ancient prey, the huntress still. Again she struck, and again she felt the fierce, pulsing beat die away as she drank of the scarlet fluid flowing through the thing's veins. Then she started upwards again, only to see a great dark shape rise before her. Before she could flee, before she could swerve from her course, it had clutched and caught her, holding her in a grip she could not escape. Enveloped in a giant fist, she fought briefly, then, crushed by its titanic strength, she died.

"Got it!"

Triumphantly, the boy opened his fist. The lifeless form of a mosquito, dyed red with stolen blood, fluttered to the floor.

-0-

LETTERS

Joe Kennedy
84 Baker Ave.,
Dover, N.J.

-ed cliché!-- half the battle won.

Dear Ken,

Thankee kindly for the copy of BEWARE; fine fanmags have evolved out of lots worse first issues. There were two things in it I really liked, though-- the "Fans anonymous" squib and the intriguingly queer-looking picture on page ten. The other stuff was all right, mostly. Judging from your editorial, I guess you are already aware of the mag's shortcomings-- it is kinda heavy on fiction and parody. And Good Ghod, there must be people in your corner of the cosmos whom you might persuade to do you some decent artwork besides Davis, Chabot, for instance. And if you can pry some good, meaty articles loose from people (don't look at me; honest, I ain't got none), why, you're set, man, you're set. Anyhow, you have got a good, solid editorial policy, which is-- to use a maldow-

((Thanks, Joe. Sorry if you think being heavy on fiction is a shortcoming-- but I agree on the parody. Take a look at the stuff in this ish, and see if it doesn't show I can print something else. Sorry, too, you don't like Davis. Maybe the pix this time will change your mind. Chabot is present, too.--Ken.))

Pat Eaton
c/o Otis Cafe
Otis, Oregon

Dear Ken,

Received your free (that word is the most attractive in the English language for some reason) copy of Vol.1 No.1 BEWARE the other day and decided to write you a short note about it. Now I humbly submit that I am green as far as fanzines are concerned, having discovered them only a few months ago-- still,

LETTERS, cont.
here are my opinions on BEWARE.

----- 19 -----

were pretty funny, myself.-KB))

ART: Fair to good, which brings me to the cover. As far as art goes, the cover was good, better than average in fact, but what it depicted made me gnash my already overtaxed teeth. It just so happens that the day BEWARE arrived I had managed to lure a victim into my lair and had actually gotten him (him?-KB)) slightly interested in stf. Then he spied the as yet unopened BEWARE on my desk, opened it, made a remark about how well the title went with the picture. ((How true! That's one reason I used it.-KB)) and undoubtedly made a mental note classifying stf as cheap trash. ((What made him wait so long?-KB)) Cross off one prospective stf fan. ((No great loss. If he doesn't like Rotsler, he's no good anyhow.-KB)) If you don't feel like a wart-covered BEM, you should. ((I do. But then, I always have.-KB))

CONTENTS: Very, very good. I commend your editorial taste, even if you did write most of it.

EDITORIAL: Can't agree with your veto of seriousness. Too much humor tends to make a mag seem, well-- juvenile. Of course, it may depend on how you define "over-seriousness", for I see a glimmer of hope in "The Red Dragon". ((I thought some of the lines in that

((Sorry that cover scared your chum off, but that ought to teach you not to leave unopened fanmags lying around on your desk. I'm afraid you didn't understand what I meant by over-seriousness. Too little humor is just as bad-- in fact worse-- than too much. I intend to hit just about in the center. Less humor this time, you'll note. As for juvenality-- that depends on who's writing the stuff. Plenty of adult humor kicking around right now, such as that in INCINERATIONS and SLANT))



Raymond L. Clancy
1917 Davidson Ave
Bronx 53, N.Y.

Dear Ken,
Thank you for the copy of BEWARE.

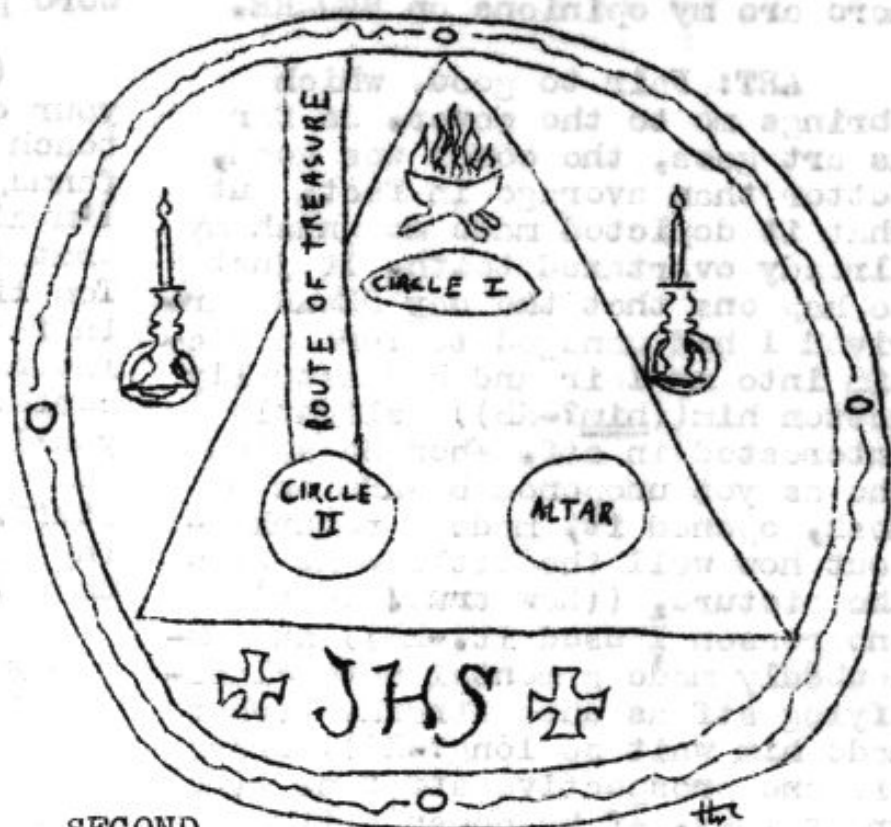
The best thing connected with it was the cover. ((so there, Pat Eaton!-KB)) But I did like those advertisements for those unusual books. They seem to be a strong point of yours.

Patricia McCabe
248 Bay 13 St.
B'klyn. 14, N.Y.

Dear Ken,
I have just finished the first issue of your magazine which you so kindly sent me. Thanks. For an amateur publication, it seems to me exceptionally good. ((cont. pg. 24))



The Red Dragon



SECOND INSTALMENT

((Note: My footnote on the alleged author of this work in the alst was both incorrect and illegible, so I wish to state again that his name is Antonio Venetiana del Rabina-- or at least, that is the name that appears after the introduction.--KB))

(Translation by Joe E. Dean)

III

You will begin by forming a circle with the goatskin, as is represented here,* which you will nail with the four nails. You will then take your ematillo stone and trace a triangle within the circle, beginning on the ascending side. You will trace also with the ematillo stone, the sacred name of Jesus between the two crosses (JHS) in order that the spirits cannot do you any harm from behind. After this, the Karcist will have his confreres enter the triangle, in their place as it is marked, and he will enter himself without being frightened at any noise he may hear, placing the two candlesticks with their two crowns of vervain to the right and left of the interior triangle.

This done, you will light the two candles and have a new vase before you, that is to say, before the Karcist, filled with the charcoal of willowood, which has been burned the same day, which the Karcist will light, throwing in a part of the spirit of brandywine and a part of the incense and camphor, reserving the rest to keep a fire going continually throughout the action. All that is indicated having been done exactly, you will pronounce the following words:

*:((Note: see picture above, a copy of one from the book.--KB))

I present thee, O great Adonay, with this incense which is most pure: also I present thee this charcoal, made of the lightest wood. I offer thee, O great and powerful Adonay, Eloim, Ariel and Jehovam, all my soul and all my heart. Deign, O great Adonay, to accept them favorably. Amen.

You will also take care not to have any impure metal on you, only some gold or silver to throw a piece to the spirit, folding it in a paper which you will throw him, in order that he cannot do you any harm when he presents himself before the circle; and while he picks up the piece, you will begin the following prayer, arming yourself with courage, strength, and prudence: also take care that only the Karcist speaks, the others guarding, lest the spirit interrogate them and menace them.

FIRST PRAYER

O great living God! in one person only the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I adore thee with the most profound respect and place myself within your sacred and holy care with the greatest of confidence: I believe with the most sincere faith, that you are my creator, my benefactor, my sustenance and my master, and I declare that I have no other wish than to belong to you throughout all eternity. So be it.

SECOND PRAYER

O great living God who has created man to be happy in this life, who has made all things for his needs, and who has said: "All shall be subservient to man", be favorable to me and do not permit rebel spirits to possess the treasures which have been made for our temporal needs. Give me the power, O great God, to dispose of them by the powerful and terrible words of the clavicle. Adonay, Eloim, Ariel, Jehovam, Tagla, Mathon, be favorable to me! Amen.

You will take care to keep your fire burning with the brandy-wine, the incense, and the camphor; and say the prayer of offering as follows.

OFFERING

I offer thee this incense as the purest that I can find, O great Adonay, Eloim, Ariel and Jehovam! Deign to accept them favorably. O great Adonay! Be favorable to me by thy power, and make me succeed in this great enterprise. Amen.

FIRST INVOCATION OF THE EMPEROR LUCIFER

Emperor Lucifer, prince and master of the rebel spirits, I pray thee to leave thy domain, wherever in the world it may be, to come and speak to me. I command and conjure thee by the great and living God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, to come without making any evil smell, to answer me in a loud, intelligible voice, article by article, the things that I ask you, or you will be constrained by the power of the great Adonay, Eloim, Ariel, Jehovam, Tagla, Mathon, and by all the other superior spirits that constrain thee despite thyself.

Venite, Venite,

Subniritillor, LUCIFUGE, or thou shalt be tormented eternally by the great force of this-thundering wand. In subito.

SECOND INVOCATION

I command thee and conjure thee, Emperor Lucifer, by the great living God and by the power of Emmanuel, his only son, your master and mine, and by the virtue of his precious blood which he shed to save man from thy chains; I ordain that thou shalt leave thy domain, wherever it may be, swearing that I will bive thee but a quarter of an hour of repose if you do not come as quickly as possible to speak to me in a loud and intelligible voice. Or if thou cannot come thyself, send me thy messenger Astaroth in human form, with neither noise nor evil odor. Otherwise, I shall strike thee and all thy kind with the redoubtable thundering wand, to the depths of the abyss, and this, by the pbwer of the great words of the clavicule: By Adonay, Eloim, Ariol, Jehovan, Tagla, Mathon, Almonzin, Arios, Pytona, Magots, Silphae, Cabost, Salamandrae, Gnomus, Terreae, Coelis, Godens, Aqua. In subito,

NOTICE

Before reading the third invocation, if the spirit does not appear, you will read the clavicule, as it is given hereafter, and chastise all the spirits by putting the farked ends of your wand in the fire. In a moment, you will keep your courage against the fearful shrieks that you will hear, for soon after, all the spirits will appear. Then, before reading the clavicule, during the noise ~~that~~ you will hear, you will say the third invocation.

THIRD INVOCATION

I order thee, Emperor Lucifer, by the great living God, by his beloved son, and by the Holy Ghost, and by the power of the great Adonay, Eloim, Ariel, and Jehovan, to answer this summons within a minute or to send me thy messenger Astaroth, obliging the to leave thy domain, wherever it may be, declaring that if thou do not appear within the instant, I shall punish thee anew, thou and all thy kind, with the thundering wand of the great. Adonay, Eloim, Ariel and Jehovan.

If the spirit has not appeared by this time, put the two ends of your wand in the fire again and read the powerful words thatfollow, taken from the great clavicule of Solomon.

GREAT INVOCATION

Taken from the true clavicule

I conjure thee, O spirits to appear within the instant, by the power of the great Adonay; by Eloim, by Ariel, by Jehovan, by Agla, Tagla, Mathon, Oarios, Almouzin, Arios, Membrot, Varios, Pithona, Magots, Silphae, Cabost, Salamandrae, Tabost, Gnomus, Terreae, Coelis, Godens, Aqua, Gingua, Janua, Etituanus, Zariatnatmik A...E...A...J...T...M...O...A...A...M...V...P...M...S...C...S...T... G...T...C...G...A...G...J...E...Z... , etc.

After having repeated these great and powerful words twice, you can be sure that the spirit will appear without delay.

FROM THE APPARITION OF THE SPIRIT

Here I am, what do you want of me? Why do you trouble my repose? Do not strike me any more with this terrible wand. LUCIFUGE ROFOCALE.

DEMAND TO THE SPIRIT

If thou hadst appeared when I called you, I should not have struck. Believe that if you do not do as I command, I shall torment you eternally. SOLOMON

THE SPIRIT'S ANSWER

Waste not my time and torment me no more. Tell me as quickly as possible what it is you want. LUCIFUGE ROFOCALE

DEMAND TO THE SPIRIT

I command that you come and speak to me two times, every day of the week, during the night, either to me or to those who will have this book, which you will approve and sign, having the option of choosing the hours which you find convenient, if you do not approve those which are marked below.

((Editor's note: there follows a list of dates and times.))

In addition, I command that you deliver to me the treasure that is nearest to this place, promising you, as recompense, the first piece of gold or silver that I touch, the first day of each month. This is what I command. SOLOMON

THE SPIRIT'S ANSWER

I cannot give you what you ask, either under these or any other conditions unless you give yourself to me in fifty years, to do whatever I please to your body and soul. LUCIFUGE ROFOCALE

NOTICE

Here you will replace the ends of the thundering wand in the fire once more and reread the great invocation of the clavicle, until the spirits himself to your desires.

ANSWER AND CONVENTION OF THE SPIRIT

Do not strike me any more. I promise to do what you wish; two hours a night, each day of the week. I also approve your book and give you my true signature on parchment which you will affix at the end of the book, to serve you at your need. I also agree to appear whenever I am called when you open the book, and that you have made the great cabbalistic circle and pronounce the word ROFOCALE, promising to appear and deal amiably with those who are armed with the said book containing my true signature, providing that they call me according to rule, the first time they have need of me.

I agree also to deliver the treasure which you demand, providing that you keep the secret forever, that you are charitable to the poor, and that you give me a piece of gold or silver the first day of each month. If you fail in this, you will be mine forever. LUCIFUGE ROFOCALE

Approved,

ANSWER TO THE SPIRIT

I acquiesce to your demand.

SOLOMON

((END OF CHAP. III))

LETTERS, cont.

The editorial and comments were very witty and, largely, refreshingly original. Those drawings I could make out were pretty good. ((You just didn't look hard enough-KB)) (However, that amoeba of flying pseudopodium on page 7 seemed out of place. ((Indeed! I'd like you to know that that was an animalcule!-KB)).

"Gold Lensman" was an interesting treatment of an unusual theme. Tres' bien. ((Didn't like it, eh?-KB))

"The Great Fan Plot" was juvenile, ((why are people always calling my stuff that? -KB)) a poor attempt to develop an over-worked idea. ((Overworked? Where, and by who?-KB)) One reads enough boring "great threat to humanity" stories nowadays without needing any more. Pretty poor.

"The Red Dragon" is very, very good. A fine translation, and

and that winds up the misses this time. To messrs. **Eaton**, **Kennedy**, and **Clancy**, and to Miss **McCabe**, free copies of this ish are being sent. Why don't YOU write me, telling what you think of the mag? You, too, may get a copy free. Anyway, I can always use your comments, telling what types of material you like and dislike, so drop me a line, huh? The address is on the contents page.--KEN.

thoroughly enjoyable. Being interested in witchcraft, I may have enjoyed it more than most, but still it shows fine style.

"A Drunken Dream of History" is one of the worst examples of unity I have ever seen. Take the title; where in the poem is either a dream, or history mentioned? ((Well, it's like this, Patricia--you kind of gotta read between the lines.--KB)) Poetry, to be good poetry must have ideal, rhythm and purpose. It has no possible ideal, it's rhythm is poor, it's purposes dangle fitfully. Surely you can do better. ((Who me?-KB))

"The Recline and Fall of The Woman Empire" is pitiful. To a half drunk moron, it may be funny, ((Funny? My god, woman, it was hilarious!-KB)) but really it wasn't any good. When one has to read it three times through one may get the idea that it was meant to be funny. The end was a saving point, though, and so I think it mediocre instead of awful.

((**Thanks** for the compliments such as they were, Patricia. I trust you will find this issue more to your liking. Interesting to discover you're a witch, incidentally. Care to ride over on your broomstick some night to talk black magic? -KB))

(Advt.)

(advt.)

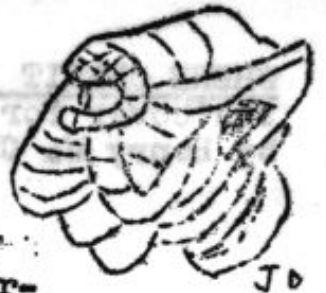
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Deadline on material

for 1-YEAR SUB

OCT. 31

25



BEWARUMBLINGS

Well, time has passed, and another issue of this fine fanmag is precipitated into your undeserving mailbox. Time, as you may observe, has wrought quite a few improvements. This is a better-balanced issue, with more variety in fiction and artwork, improved layouts, and, I trust, better mimeography.

In this issue we find a rather good story by Dave Stone, an offtrail piece by Joe Doan, and one by me. Not to mention another Clancy poem and the second instalment of the grimoire. Fascinating, what? You will also note the presence of two artists new to these pages: Henry Chabot and Margee Johnson, the latter now to fandom as well. ~~That's~~ her pic on this page, properly initialled. You'll see more of her; I think she's a very good and original artist.

The promised tale by Stan Serxner has failed to materialize, though he has promised me an article for the next ish. For all I know, it may actually appear. But already on hand, and definitely scheduled to appear, are: another Clancy poem, a story by Frank Pare (whom you may or may not remember from Asmodeus #1), one by Donn (or is it Don?) J. Nardizzi, and one by Miss Johnson. With Doan and Davis contributing stories to this issue, it seems that all my artists (or most) are likewise authors. May start a trend. Pix due by Rotsler, Davis, Doan, Johnson, and possibly Chabot. Regrettably, no more by ~~Doan~~. Unless, of course, he contributes some. Are you listening, Hannes? Nothing gaudy, just your usual run of stuff. I'm not choosy. Although Mr. B is a professional artist and we used his stuff, we'll stick to our policy of using only amateur authors. Stuff in fanzines by pros is usually poor, anyway. (I'd like to think.)

The 1-year free sub is extended for one more issue--the deal, that is. I principally need articles, book reviews, all kinds of non-fiction--badly. Poems, (a few) and good stories also welcome. No artwork, please, unless suitable for the cover. Any material received after August 30th is not eligible for this. The submitters will receive the customary single issue free, that's all. ~~Get~~ that material in now. Letterwriters who got published still get the free ish, too. I don't know how long I'll keep that up, tho.

Meanwhile, I still welcome fanzine trades, on any basis you desire. Only Hickman, Tucker, and Keasler have taken advantage of this generous offer to date. Do it now, fanods!

---KEN.



WHERE CREDIT IS DUE----

The cover for this ish was done by Henry W. Chabot.

Chabot is also responsible for the pictures on pages 2, 3, (the skull), 19, and the pix and headings on pages 14, 17, and 20. He also did the lettering on page 15, and stencilled the Bok.

Steno--Davis-- did the pix on pages 3, 4, 6 and 10. He also caused the large blank space on page 25, by poor stencilling.

Doan did two of the pix on page 25. Margo Johnson did the other. The Clancy poem was obtained from the N3F Mss. Bureau, and the address, in case you want to submit or request material, is Ken J. Krueger, 11 Pearl Place, Buffalo 2, N.Y.



Pic above by me

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