

FALLING PETALS

a vehicle for treasures in miniature

FALLING PETALS

"Each moment is the fruit of forty thousand years... every moment is a window on all time." - Thomas Wolfe
"Look Homeward, Angel!"

"... stars in waste of delight
Streamed early down our shoulders white
Like petals in a shower."

- Edward J. O'Brien
"The Trained Lamp," 18

a vehicle for treasures in miniature

"A spray of some drops fell
In laughter from a cloud.
Wild air weds earth and heaven
And my heart is loud."

Previously unpublished compositions

"This Robert Gray" Jean Howard
"Death" Les Olson
"The Three Brothers" Miss E. Brown
"Fate" and other verses
Prof. Raymond J. Hayes

FALLING PETALS, A GOLDEN AGE PUBLICATION
is issued for the Fantasy League Press Association
by Col. Larry B. Farwell, 1903 8th St.,
San Francisco 2, California.
This is the first issue, December, 1947.

FALLING PETALS

a vehicle for treasures in miniature.

"The wind cannot put out a star."
- Overland Monthly

"Each moment is the fruit of forty thousand
years... every moment is a window on all time."
- Thomas Wolfe,
"Look Homeward, Angel!"

"... stars in music of delight
Streamed gaily down our shoulders white,
Like petals in a shower. "
- Edward J O'Brien,
"The Trimmed Lamp", '16

"A spray of song drops idly
In laughter from a cloud.
Wild air weds earth and heaven,
And my heart is loud."

Previously unpublished compositions:

"This Modern Age" Jean Howard
"Death" Lee Olson
"The Three Brothers" Nils H Frome
"Past" and other verse
Pfc Raymond L Hayes

FALLING PETALS, A GOLDEN ATOM Publication,
is issued for the Fantasy Amateur Press Associa-
tion by Cpl Larry B Farsaci, Hq Det, 1903 SCU,
625 Sutter Street, San Francisco 2, California.
This is the first issue, December, 1945.

FALLING PETALS

POETIC TITLES

"Twilight"

"The Far Way"

"The Moon Era"

"Forgetfulness"

"Dark Odyssey"

"Farewell to Earth"

"The City of Singing Flame"

"The Woman of the Wood"

"The Star of Dead Love"

"When the Green Star Waned"

"Prowler of the Wastelands"

"The Girl in the Golden Atom"

"The Wind that Tramps the World"

"Palos of the Dog Star Pack"

"Dark of the Moon"

"The Strange High House in the Mist"

"Through the Dragon Glass"

"The Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath"

FALLING PETALS

CONTRASTING

"Flame and Shadow"

"Ebony and Crystal"

INGENIOUS

"Triplanetary"

* * *

DEATH

By Lee Olson

I was afraid at first,
because I didn't know
that death was just another place
Where all nice people go.

And all great masters the earth has known
shall cross my path -
Like shadows blown.

Life's great musicians will be there,
weaving tunes for me to wear.

Then I shall look down at those who fear -
Hold out my hand -
And guide them here.

"You fit me into the finest fibre of my
being." - Charlotte Bronte, "Jane Eyre."

FALLING PETALS

THE THREE BROTHERS

By Nils H. Frome

There is a land, so the legends tell, where
joy and pain are unknown and happiness is unal-
tered and beauty without flaw. But old age is
the lot of all who seek it.

Once three young brothers grown discontent
with their existence, learned of the legend and,
disregarding the warning, determined that they
would seek the fabulous land of bliss. They
sold their goods and equipped and provisioned
themselves, and set off into the unknown. Through
many lands and climes they journeyed, and had many
and varied experiences and adventures. Smiling
eyes invited them to rest in cool groves beside
rippling waters. Powerful princes and potentates
showered them with dazzling honors and promised
them high positions and kingdoms if they would
abandon their quest and remain there. High
mountains rose to thwart them, vast and formidable
seas cut across their path, trackless deserts
barred their way. Thieves robbed them and every
misfortune and peril befell them, and they suffered
acutely from hunger, thirst, cold and nostalgia
for loved faces and familiar fields. But they
would allow nothing to divert them from their
objective or turn them back.

Then one day, beneath a strange sun, in a
land more remote than any they had heretofore
visited, they lifted their eyes to behold that
for which they had braved a thousand unknown
perils and hardships and left behind all that
was familiar and dear to their heart.

FALLING PETALS

THE THREE BROTHERS

(Continued)

But even as they looked at one another,
their joyous cries turned upon their lips to
croaks of despair--for lo--they were old.

THIS MODERN AGE

By Jean Howard

The parson stands in his pulpit grim,
Assailing sin with virtuous vim,

Ranting and raving with blubbering bleat,
Of the sad end that the wicked meet.

Satan smiles in his forbidden wood
And, jovial, remarks that business is good.

Saint Peter sits in his heaven high,
And idly watches the fords go by.

* * *

We live in a world of transgressions and
selfishness, and no pictures that represent us
otherwise can be true; though happily for
human nature, gleams of that pure spirit in
whose likeness man has been fashioned are to
be seen, relieving its deformities, and miti-
gating, if not excusing, its crimes.

-James F Cooper, "The Deerslayer"

Science is only in its infancy. It cannot
be great until it recognizes and admits of the
spiritual in nature. Come, I will show you
flowers that are truly divine.

-Frank Owen, "The Inverted House"

FALLING PETALS

It is a very unimaginative nature that only cares for people on their pedestals.

- Oscar Wilde, "De Profundis."

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting.

- William Shakespeare, "Life of Henry V"

Everything in material ambition as he saw saw was a temptation to be something other than yourself. But the unhindered and growing human self was the only wealth Thoreau would acknowledge, as its only gain was a serene integrity.

- FORTUNE

The arts exist only to break down the artificial barriers between people. - Hauck.

The rank of virtue is not measured by its disagreeableness, but by its sweetness to the heart that loves it. The real test of character is joy. For what you rejoice in, that you love. And what you love, that you are like.

- Henry Van Dyke.

Insensitivity is vice, "Why not" is vice. The tepid lovers forsaken in each other's beds, the habit of little treacheries, the friends unliked, the joyless orgy, these and these are vice. - Malcolm Cowley, "The Lost People," December, 1941 POETRY: A Magazine of Verse.

I never was attached to that great sect,
Whose doctrine is, that each one should select
Out of the crowd, a mistress or a friend,
And all the rest, though fair and wise,

commend

To cold oblivion. - Shelley, "An Exhortation."

FALLING PETALS

Tickle the public and make it grin.
The more you tickle, the more you'll win!
But teach the public--you'll never grow rich,
But live like a beggar and die in a ditch.
- Belgravia

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool;
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.
- A Night in Malneant

A PROSPEROUS COUPLE

Wail, wife, it's fifty years ago since you an'
me wuz tied,
An' we hev clum the hills er life together, side
by side.
How we hev prospered, h'ain't we, wife? An' how
well off we be!
When we wuz spliced we owned one cow, an' now,
gosh, we own three.
- Sam Walter Foss

From the Camp Livingston Communique we lift the tale about three professors sitting in a railway station waiting for a train. They became so deeply engrossed in conversation they failed to notice when the train arrived. In fact, not until it was pulling out were they galvanized into action. Then all three sprinted with great diligence, and two of them caught the train.

The third was standing dejectedly on the platform when a waggish bystander said, "Why look so sad? Two out of three made it. That's a pretty good average, isn't it?"

"I know," sighed the professor, "but they came to see me off." - Camp Haan "Tracer"

