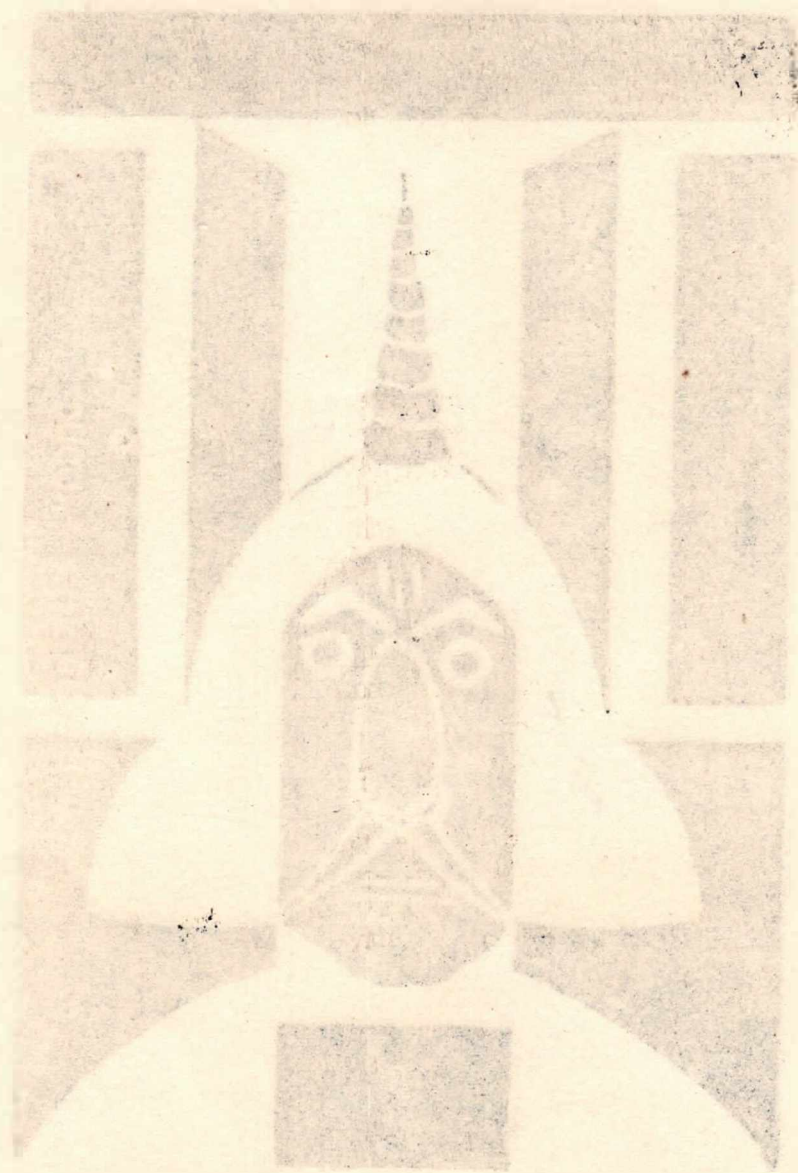
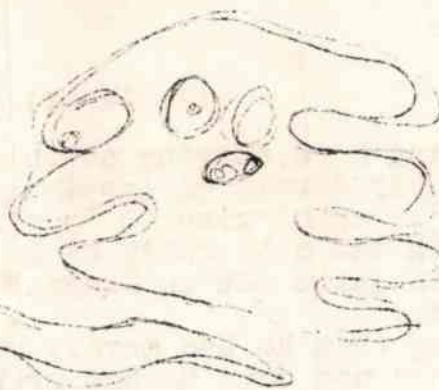


FANTASIA
Dick Ryan #5





A Thing or Three



I guess you might call this something of an Occasion. 'Twas but one year ago that the first issue of this zine was revealed to a singularly unimpressed public. This, then, is an Annish. Don't worry though — it isn't one of those Annishes. You'll be able to lift it allright.

Usually it's customary (um?) to give a history of the last year's publishing on such occasions. I am as yet undecided whether or not to do this. We will pause while I make up my mind.

:: :: :: :: ::

Have patience.

:: :: :: :: ::

After much meditation I have decided to give you a history of F, other than to say that I'm somewhat disappointed. To my mind F has heretofore been merely a terrific fanzine, full of sage article, hyper-professional fiction, sparkling editorial wit and art, and other great stuff. In other words, an average fanzine.

This is not enough.

Hence I herewith disown all past issues. They are not mine. That damned nineograph lies; I had nothing to do with those things. How do I know who's responsible? Ask the nineograph!

:: :: :: :: ::

Hereafter then, F will cease to strive for perfection. Our goal shall be hyper-ultra-perfection. Nothing but the finest works of the finest writers from now on. I shall not stoop at less if I have to write everything myself.

By Almighty Ghu, I swear it!

:: :: :: :: ::

By the way, hereafter F will cost 15¢ per. It's not that this great new mag will cost me so much to produce, but that lying nineograph has filed suit against me!

:: :: :: :: ::

:: :: ;; :: ::

Sitting here, staring at this new blank stencil, I am singularly devoid of inspiration.

I might appologize to Charlie Norrol for creditting him with the authorship of La Cuchoracha last issue.

He was quite hot in denying that he claimed such in a letter.

Saying that he had merely quoted the poem.

And had not said he had written it.

But as you can see, that will not fill this gaping page. Though I might fill it by explaining why I made that mistake.

But you already know that I am incompetent.

That is readily apparent. Were I competent, I would have made plans to fill this page without resorting to one-line paragraphs.

And fragments.

Such as the above and this below it.

:: :: :: :: :: ::

And to skipping lines.

:: :: :: :: ::

Or I might mention that Lee Hoffman has refuted Beelzy.

-I mean Charles Wells.

She reports that she did not fall for his hoaxes. It seems he reported it to soon. He did not wait untill after it had not come off.

He should have.

I should have checked.

Am I not the fool, yes?

:: :: :: :: ::

Some people think they're pretty smart with their answers these days!

:: :: :: :: ::

To complete this page, I might review fanzines. Or prozines. Or books.

But to tell you the truth, I've given up reading.

I find it bad for the eyes and mind.

I have not read anything in months. Not even manuscripts submitted to this publication.

Has this been apparent?

Yes.

Some improvement has been noted.

:: :: :: :: ::

My god, it is the end. fannishly,



OAHSPE

DID OTHER WORLDS DISCOVER US FIRST?

by W, Wier

OAHSPE IS A BIG BOOK of 844 pages. You will find many strange things in OAHSPE; things that you will like; things that you will not like, but which will make you think. Perhaps the most outstanding fact about Oahspe is not that it claims to be written by highly organized beings from other worlds, some of them older than this Earth. Nor that everyday, new external evidence does often tend to corroborate Oahspe. Nor that Oahspe shows an array of minds as superior in many ways to the best minds of today as a flying saucer is superior to the best engineering creations of our time. Nor that these Ethereans, as the authors of Oahspe call themselves, claim to have discovered and colonized Earth 72,600 years ago, and to have had in their remote control and management ever since. But that from the first page of Oahspe thru to the last, its authors, whoever they may be, proceed, as one would expect of true world-managers, with great seriousness, with great confidence, and at times with words carrying great conviction and power, systematically to "lay down the law" for every last man and woman on Earth. Especially do they "lay down the law" to the governments and pseudo-governments of Earth. Not to any one in particular, but to all in general. Which perhaps shows their wisdom.

If, as the authors of Oahspe, claim, they are indeed the "Custodians of the Earth for a season", then all may be well; and one may expect, even demand, that they do that very good and useful thing from time to time. And if the many and frequent visitors to our skies in recent years, defying all pursuit, are indeed their ships, then one may feel inclined to believe them. But if the visitors to our skies are not their ships, or not all of them are their ships, then the struggle for the management of our lives and property become even more complicated than described in any dialectic so far, including Oahspe, and it becomes more imperative than ever for free and thinking men, or men who want to be free and thinking, to know just who on Earth is kidding who and why. Above all we must cease kidding and flattering ourselves, if possible.

For although the Oahspean powers are almost unknown and entire-

ly unrecognized in the world today, it is made clear ~~that~~ Oahspe that "with colonies spreading in every direction, becoming the chief foundation of the state and the world," they do expect to "swallow up all things in victory, having domination over all, with all people dwelling in peace and plenty."

Naturally. And if the Ethercan authors of Oahspe are as good at building colonies on Earth as they seem to be at writing an unusual book, or at building elusive spaceships, for example, then one may reasonably expect them to succeed in founding colonies on Earth, altho at the present stage of the game, both adherents and colonies are hard to find.

In their book, which is written in the style of a bible, and which may become a New Bible, these Ethercans give the history of their increasingly frequent visits to Earth, from the first one 72,000 years ago up to present times; the visits of their former expeditionary chiefs, like Sethantes, Sue, Thor, Apollo, Osire, Ah'Shong, and many others whose names are remembered only in legend, as, according to Oahspe, the names Buddha, Brahma, Mohammed, and Christ will be remembered in time to come.

In Oahspe, first published by John Newbrough in 1882, and recently republished by Wing Anderson of Kosmos Press, the authors not only announce that their ships and work will be seen by Earthmen in modern times, but they also describe their ships of many sizes and varieties:— Arrowships, shooting meteor-like, for light, swift emergency work, propelled as a rocket is propelled, by constant emissions from the hulk; fire-ships of sizes of ten miles across to the breadth of the world; some by music alone propelled; others, monarch vessels, traversing the firmament between the stars and under and over and beyond the sun, carrying millions of passengers on journeys of millions of miles. Because it does plainly say in Oahspe, even in the first edition of 1882:—"My ships and thy labor will be seen in that day," many students of Oahspe are inclined to believe that most of the frequently seen strange objects in the sky all over the world, especially in recent times, are indeed the ships in Oahspe, engaged in routine work.

Mention is also made in Oahspe of the long term of apprenticeship which spacemen aboard their ships must serve, "with rank and grade according to efficiency, many becoming so skilled that thousands of millions of miles of spaceways are as a well-learned book to them. This conversant with the wide domain of Etherca, they are eagerly sought after, especially in emergency cases or on journeys of thousands of years. For so well some of them know the requirements, the places of delight and the places of danger, that when a Chief says, Take me here, or take me there, they know the nearest way and the power required. For, as there are on Earth icebergs in the ocean, dangerous to ships, and heavy currents of winds and currents in the ocean, so are there in the ethercan firmament currents and densities which the well-skilled commander can take advantage of, be it a slow trip of pleasure, or swift one of urgent business to a suffering world. And whether an Ambassador or an Embassadress be despatched by a Higher Council to a distant place suddenly, he or she must be already acquainted with navigators sufficiently to know whom to choose, and likewise understand the matter well enough to lend a helping hand, if

required. For often navigators have no one to meet them and pilot them into port safely, and yet, a short journey of fifty thousand miles may require as much skill as a million miles, especially in descending to a corporeal world," an undertaking said to be dangerous at times and always requiring great skill. Consequently, if you have ever wanted to be a spaceman and travel in the space ways, then you had better read and study Oahspe carefully until you are sure a better one has come along.

The title, O-AH-SPE, means Earth, Sky, Spirit. The book therefore deals with the age-old question of the existence and destiny of the secondary structure, or soul in man, which survives the disintegration of the physical or primary part. And just as the exploitation of the physical part of man by self-seeking members of his own race is a long and sad page of history, an exploitation still practiced in many parts of the world today, so the exploitation of the natural ignorance of man regarding the natural destiny of his ~~primary~~ secondary self (really his most lasting self, most important self) by priestly organizations of one sort or another, is, according to Oahspe, an even more sad and horrible tale of downright deception, in some cases mixed with vampirism, parasitism, cruelties, even sadism and masochism, often brightened and relieved now and then by periodically arriving deliverers from other worlds, who have long since outgrown such wasteful and debilitating practices, and who take pity of poor, suffering Earth.

And in this connection inappreciable, regarding the powers real and fictional of the heads of such secondary organizations, such as the powers of preachers, priests, rabbis, cardinals, bishops, popes, Saviors, Lords and Gods, as well as the spiritual and temporal powers of kings, queens, presidents and other heads of governments, Oahspe, perhaps more than any book in the world today speaks enlighteningly and convincingly. In Oahspe you will find the history of the rise and fall, the trial, judgment and sentences of the former heads and founders of many still-existing spiritual organizations. To such an extent does Oahspe lay down the law to these pernicious and perennial not-so-blind-leaders-of-the-blind, who, like Hitler and Mussolini, would otherwise give the slip to their impoverished but devoted followers and worshippers, as well as to their vengeance-seeking enemies, that one well may wonder how the existing heads of such organizations allow Oahspe to be circulated and published. According to the authors of Oahspe, their organization had to prepare the way, principally in the USA, long in advance of the first publishing of Oahspe. Be that as it may, the fact is that until recently Oahspe was a forbidden book in Germany, Italy and Spain. Which is also one of the reasons why the complete Oahspe can be found only in the English language, although portions of it were first translated into Spanish in Guatemala some years ago, with additional portions later translated into Spanish in Mexico and there published.

What, then, is the purpose of Oahspe? The purpose is best stated in the words of the Chief of the Euborean hosts, probably one of the editor-authors of Oahspe. His words are:

"Behold, O man, I am thy elder brother, even as a captive of the Earth and her heavens for a season. As I am, even so were my predecessors in the times of the ancients:--Embassadors of the Most

High! Whose power and wisdom are given unto me, even after the same manner as are thy earthly kingdoms governed and disciplined, whereby may contributed to the resurrection of all created beings.

"Think not, O man, that I am insufficient to the times and seasons. Or say thou that God spake in the dark days of the Earth but latterly holdeth his tongue.

"First, I charge thee that who saith: GOD! GOD! calleth in vain. I am not come to establish but to abolish all Gods and Lords and Saviors amongst mortals. I am not come to call sinners to repentance, nor to convert the harlot, nor the drunkard, nor the profligate man, nor thieves, nor murderers, nor to gather up the lost sheep of Israel. Sufficient have been other revelations unto these.

"I am not come to the ignorant and unlearned. I come to the wise and the learned. I am come to the leaders of men: to kings, queens, emperors, presidents; and to philosophers and men of learning, priests, rabbis, cardinals, popes; and to merchants, bankers, manufacturers, farmers, shippers, hucksters; to such as are reckoned passably wise and good before the world. And not even to such as are bad men in disguise, but to the best of them all, be they true Brahmins, true Mohammedans, true Budhists, or true Christians.

"And I am not come to one man only, but to thousands. Nor to one nation or one people only, but to the combination of all peoples commingled together as one people. All are my people.

"I do not command, saying: Thou shalt believe because I, thy Chief, hath said it or revealed it in this book. For I will make man understand that he shall accept nothing from Ethereans or men because of the name professed. On the merit only of wisdom and truth, and such good doctrines as raise men up out of darkness and poverty and crime, shalt thou accept either spoken or written words.

"I am come as thy elder brother. I come not as a destroyer; I come as a builder. I show thee how thou canst live without the governments of man. And how thou shalt live in order to join my etherean resurrections (etherean organizations).

"Behold, I am come to found (a new government) on earth. I declare unto thee, O man, that (a new government) is now being founded on earth, and that the mortal manifestations are near at hand.

"That which I am uttering in these words in this place, I am also uttering in the souls of thousands, and I will bring them together."

Such, then, is a small part of the 844 pages of challenge and invitation of Oahspe, with the sentences selected by the writer and with a few words changed in order to avoid cumbersome definitions in the middle of a good sentence. Space requirements also had to be borne in mind.

To the same extent that Earth with its armaments and long history of wars has become a challenge, a latent menace to the peace of other worlds, to the same extent, perhaps intentionally, is Oahspe a challenge and an invitation to Earth to do something about Oahspe while it may. The gauntlet has been thrown down. It has been picked up by approximately 50,000 readers. To many of them it no longer matters whose gauntlet it was originally.

Or are we seriously to suppose, reader, that earthmen will be preferred to discover first life on other worlds? Not the reverse? (A midway meeting would be even less probable.)

Really now, in consideration of the great brotherliness prac-

ticed (not just preached) by the races and peoples of Earth on the other races and people of Earth, as each discovered each — in consideration of this long list of cruelties and butcheries practiced in the name of brotherliness, and still practiced on each, are we to believe that the champions in the present mixed butchery of races, classes, creeds, and nations, whoever the champions may be, will be permitted, chosen and favored by the universe itself to be the first in this corner of the universe to descend on other worlds, there to continue the holy slaughter? Shall it be our champions who soon will descend like Gods and Saviors on other worlds? Or shall our champions send missionaries, with their respective bibles and holy books, as ambassadors of Earth's loving Gods and Saviors (with or without an accompanying occupational army-air-force?) to the home-loving tribes of other worlds?

Do not Earthmen say, whenever it is convenient:—"There will always be war; war is necessary to prevent a too populous world!" —Turning their backs, as always, on the great, unsettled, fertile regions of the Earth still waiting. And are the Earthman's Gods any more peace-loving? Is it not written of one of their Princes of Peace that he said:—"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I am come not to send peace but a sword. I come to set man at variance against his father, and a daughter against her mother, and a man's enemies shall be those of his own household!" And in truth, has it not always been so on Earth? Thus do Earthmen and their idols speak and prove their own blood-and-war-thirstiness, even the best of them.

Right or wrong, fair or unfair, guilty or not guilty, it does increasingly appear that Earthmen, despite their divine descent, or perhaps because of it, have already lost the race to other worlds; lost first place in the interstellar race to beings who bow not down to the war-lords and the idols of Earth, nor to their representatives, nor to their organizations, however numerous and popular. With more and more other-worldly objects being seen in the skies every day, more people find it easier to believe that Earth has lost the race to other worlds than that Earth will one day win it. And lost it to beings superior in many ways to Earthmen.

If the pen is mightier than the sword, and from their early schooldays, many men learn to fear more what the pen may write than what loud noise may say, then a book like Oahspe may in truth be mightier than The Bomb — Mightier than any combination of armaments. Probably Oahspe is more of a bluff than the Bomb, and it may be less.

Obviously, more and more, warfare becomes psychological warfare. Both before and after the noises and the blows, there is the relatively quiet and cold war of hypnotists: a war of propaganda, ideas, information, education; a war of pedagogues, preachers, psychologists, propagandists; a war in which quantity and quality of information may in time help bring the most lasting victories over the tyranny of ignorance, darkness, crime and poverty; a war in which ignorance may mean suffering, even death.

Like married men, victorious generals and their peoples are beginning to learn that they may have to live the rest of their lives with their conquests; that divorce may be a worse way out — more costly. Then, like married men, they discover that the only

victory, peace or triumph worthy of the names is a psychic victory, a union with a minimum of physical and mental reservations and a maximum of physical or mental surrender, or active coöperation toward a common goal.

Oahspe, from first page to last, strives exclusively for just such a psychic victory over Earth. And the Oahspe itself says that it isn't infallible, many of its students find it largely true; at least far more true and universal in its sympathies and teachings than any and all competing books or bibles that profess to have the key to man's salvation and betterment— better than any and all on the market today, and therefore the book most likely to "win"— until a better one is written and published.

For those readers who are seriously interested in the origin, management and destiny of the human race, without which knowledge their own personal LIBERTY may be but a meaningless word, Oahspe is a rare and interesting book. For those readers who dislike being a plaything of the Gods, whether of Earth or heaven, readers who will no longer be driven like cattle in yoke and harness, or like trained animals in a circus, to go around in circles to the crack of the whip of the showmaster, to such readers Oahspe may be come as an Emancipator of both body and spirit. After reading Oahspe, they will find their mental and physical chains weaker. Few people are the same after reading Oahspe.

Oahspe is a book for the serious student, reader, thinker. It is also a book for the man of action. For more than mere good beliefs and good words, Oahspe's authors demand good works done with all one's might and wisdom for the good of all. The object of all this is something better than Oahspe; something way beyond Oahspe; something way beyond a mere Earth-system — or a solar system!

THE SUITORS OF LORRAINE
BY Genevieve K. Stephens

Only trouble comes
Of loving a witch;
A knight can grace a gallow tree
Or moulder in a ditch.
Wander as a swineherd;
Disguised as fish or fowl;
Or die of wasting sickness
And cramping of the bowel.
But he who loves
The witch Lorraine
Is the sorriest
Of any swain.
She turns her suitors
Into fat white geese
And tenderly she bastes them
In their own yellow grease.

OPEN LETTER TO ALL READERS OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

The rapidly increasing popularity of tape and wire recorders has given rise to a new and most fascinating hobby -- Tape-response or Wireresponse.

I'm an old-time science fiction reader myself, and it occurred to me that this hobby would be of especial interest to my fellow readers, be they active fans or not.

This type of communication is definitely on the scientific side. It is the very latest and there is nothing else like it. It is a great boon to the many of us who carry on a heavy personal correspondence. By using "Talking Letters" instead of the old-fashioned kind you can triple and quadruple your present output of correspondence, and do it pleasantly, effortlessly.

Compared to most other hobbies, Tape-response or Wireresponse is an inexpensive hobby. A good recorder costs no more than a good radio and, with ordinary care, lasts as long. Only a few tapes or wires are needed because each may be used hundreds of times and can be mailed anywhere for only a few cents.

Let this be clearly understood: I AM NOT TRYING TO SELL YOU ANYTHING. I AM NOT CONNECTED WITH THE RECORDING INDUSTRY, NOR DO I SEEK PERSONAL PUBLICITY OR FINANCIAL GAIN. IN SHORT, I HAVE NO AXE TO GRIND. I'm enthusiastic about tape-response or wireresponse because I think it's a wonderful hobby, a hobby that I'd like to share with you.

Talking and listening to people from everywhere is a tremendous thrill. I know, because I've exchanged well over 1,200 "Talking Letters" with many people in this and 18 foreign countries. Although many of my friends live thousands of miles away I know more about them, their families, their work, their every-day affairs than I do about the people living in the next apartment. In fact, my "Talking Letters" friends mean just as much to me as do my personal friends of many years' standing.

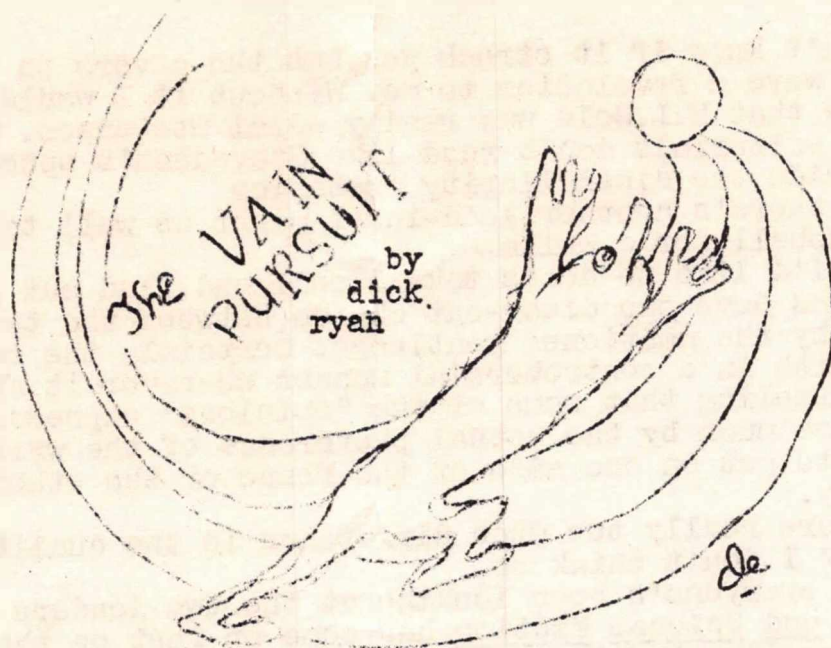
In response to numerous requests I am now forming an organization, TAPE-RESPONDENTS, INTERNATIONAL. This is an association of congenial men and women who like to make friends by exchanging "Talking Letters" with people all over the world.

Membership is open to all. There is no obligation. Anyone who has a friendly disposition and a recorder (tape or wire) may join. Here is something new, fascinating, intriguing -- something fine. A hobby? Yes, but we think it's much more than that, because the forming of friendships on an international scale can hardly be called a mere hobby.

Join T-R-I today! Get in touch with me by tape, by wire, or by letter. I'll be glad to have your ideas and suggestions. Fred Goetz, 3488 - 22nd Street, San Francisco 10, California.

Sincerely yours,

Fred Goetz, Secretary



A LONG ABOUT JUNE or July, some time before the maple sap starts to flow, the blood of that large group of individuals known as "fans" starts to course wildly through their veins. Or if it doesn't, I'm going to feel awfully silly since I thought that was a pretty good opening for a discussion of conventions. Anyway, the approach of the annual American sf Convention is the cause of such quickening of pulses as may occur,, and the excitement is interesting to follow as it builds up to a crescendo.

Fanzines start filling their blank spaces at the bottoms of pages with "I'll be there—will YOU???" and other appeals to fans' unreasoning fear of being left out of something. Announcements start arriving in the mail, booming the con, telling of the coming world-shaking events and world-shaking personalities to be unveiled. (Fan-world, of course.) Correspondents are sure to close their letters with "See you in Chicago" (or New Orleans or South Gate or Perth Amboy) and bank deposits swell as fans the nation over hand their spare cash.

Mail call reflects the change in fannish occupation, too. Up to the middle of August fanzines arrive periodically, and the period's darn short. But as the month drags on, a slump in the post-allbusiness ensues. Very few letters will one get for a week before Labor Day and two weeks after, and practically no fanzines. The autumnal madness is upon us.

This particular fannish cycle is most noticeable to those of us who, for some reason or another, are not attending the convention. I'm one of those, and if you that you detected an air of sour grapes in the above, it wasn't your imagination. The last fanzine I got was TIMA#5, on the Tuesday after Labor Day, and Lynn must have sweated blood to get it out in time. Since then, nothing. I anticipate some very interesting reports from this con and I'm not waiting patiently.

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I don't know if it struck you, but the covers on the October Galaxy were a revelation to me. Without it I would never have guessed that H.L. Gold was really Adlai Stevenson. Certainly Gold's editorials don't read like Stevenson's speeches, even putting aside the dissimilarity of topics

Hell, there's another lead-in. I might as well talk about Gold and Campbell for a while.

What I'd like to do is take a poll and find out just how many fans have one clear-cut choice between the two magazines edited by the mentioned gentlemen. Certainly the subject is dealt with in a controversial manner wherever it appears, yet I have a feeling that some of the "opinions" expressed are molded not so much by the actual preference of the writers as by a desire to get on one side of the fence or the other and wallop somebody.

Is there really too much difference in the quality of the stories? I don't think so.

While everyone's been looking at the two leaders running, Fantasy and Science Fiction has come up fast on the outside. In fact I would rate its last two issues above both GSF and aSF. All this talk of ratings and positions being almost quibbles, with the three so tightly banded, and only one's opinion anyway.

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Back there a ways I mentioned a poll. You can talk down the opinion polls, but they're still the best way to get a sampling of the voice of the people, provided a representative group is contacted. That's the trouble with most fan polls; they contact all the members of an organization, all the subscribers to a magazine, but not all the fans. I wish someone with the time and interest would start a polling organization. There are lots of questions which might be answered very interestingly...

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Just about the best humor around is the "Gavagan's Bar" series in F&SF... When is Asimov going to do another "Foundation" story?... Two groups are currently compiling material on the whys and wherefores of fanclubs, no doubt with an eye to improving the breed. Doesn't the typical fanclub consist of one or two strong men and twenty or thirty inert ones?... Nomination for fan of the year: Shelby Vick... Someone should devise a form letter for sending to the editors of new zines which would encourage them without lying about the quality of their zine. Something about two paragraphs which would boost the ego yet subtly discourage requests for material... Most up-and-coming young (if he doesn't object to the use of the word) fan seems to be David Ish. Like those New Yorkerish fillers in Sol.

the bitter end

PLAYGROUND

By Geo. Wetzel

TO BEGIN WITH I had heard unpleasant gossip about that abandoned, old cemetery. Besides I wondered about a ward-heeler's experience there. He had been copying by flashlight, late one night, names off the tombstones to make up a fraudulent voting register, when an unnamable something frightened him out. And the row houses residents themselves, who lived on its three bordering back alleys, complained of "noises" there after dark. I thought all this so much bilge-water; but when I viewed the gloomy place for the first time, the gossip lost its ambiguous, imaginative aspect. Cemeteries are natural spawning places of spectral rumors. Yet this tract of land seemed not the average; but instead a spiritual cesspool wherein an evil darkness could be truly sensed under its stagnated "surface."

And this morose place Baltimore city officials wanted to make into a municipal playground! My editor had sent me to write up some kind of a story about it; but as I said, I felt no liking for the job once I had seen it and sensed the alienage the place had.

This would seem strange to some, as it was overgrown with trees and weeds, having no resemblance to a burial place from the outside. But, as I said, there was a spiritual discord there that no mere photograph of it could ever catch.

I crossed its fringe where its fourth boundary was billboards hiding it from the highway; and I entered a tangle of creeping vines. An occasional sinister hillock among this arboreal-weedy luxuriance reminded me where I was; otherwise the impression of a wildwood — shadowed with a just perceptible eeriness — remained. Where one alley, on a ten foot slope of higher ground, bordered the place, I was rudely shocked to see rusty tin cans, garbage-debris, and trash had been emptied over the embankment onto the graves below.

A garbage truck rumbled up the alley, without stopping, and as it passed me, its transmitted impact caused a shuddering of the ground underfoot; nearly as if, I considered uneasily, the very earth were some pseudo-flesh jarred and sent quivering.

A faint revulsion seized me. Then, forgetting it, I plunged into the woody jungle, leaving the quasi city-dump behind. Here, in the drowsy heat insects buzzed about; poison ivy hung from the trees — all still maintaining the illusion it were a forest. Once I found a headstone pecking through a tangle of ground vines. By it, I kicked up a humus of dead leaves from last year, which formed the fertilizer of new, Spring growths. And a hideous parallel suggested itself to me. What, came the idea — what blasphemous life now might be stirring below, growing out of the dust of the interred dead?

A well-worn foot path clove the woods at this point and I followed it, coming across in time many others. The trees thinned out somewhat and I discovered more tombstones, many of which had been shoved over flat upon the ground by person or persons unknown. Curiosity over who made the paths was stopped by my hearing of shrill, small boys' voices near me. And I followed a number of paths until I chanced upon a woody grotto wherein I saw them playing leap-frog, by turns over one another's backs, then headstones.

This was a surprise as I was of the opinion that all small boys dread to pass such places, much less play in them. At my approach, they looked around and I explained what the mayor was going to do to this cemetery.

"What ch' mean they're goin' t' make this a playground!" he with the shirt-tail out leered. "It's our playground now. We always come here."

The red head, who had immediately begun picking and eating mulberries from what were no longer mulberry bushes but trees, looked up and spoke. "Lotsa kids play hear, mister. Sometimes," he added ominously, looking at his two friends, "ten or twenty kids come and cut down things with axes."

"Aren't you boys scared to come here at all?" I asked.

"What of?" was the belligerent reply of the dungaree-wearing member.

I passed by the question.

"Mulberries — I pick them every day," the red head grunted as he feasted. "Last week I got so many my mom made eight pies."

Their utter callousness amazed me, the gourmet of the trio the most. And his remark about "cutting down things with axes" was an odd phrase, though I could not fathom its meaning — if it had one.

I had, nevertheless, a fair idea of my copy now, so leaving the small fry again at their game, I found a vine-covered gravestone — one of the many vandalistically pushed over — and sat down to write. Through the trees I could see a flaming bonfire other small boys had built next to the alley. I must have watched them quite a while as I smoked my cigar — having struck a match blasphemously atop my granite bench — for I perceived that it had grown quite late; a bit after sundown, to be exact. My three acquaintances of the cemetery no longer seemed about. And as I pondered their whereabouts I received my answer indirectly when I noted the firemakers were dispersing home for their suppers.

I got up. By now the wooded cemetery was exuding darkness though the sky was a blaze of color. All that I had heard and seen of the place came back to memory and I found I was quick-

ening my steps. That little red-head boy's remark, that small-fry committed droll outrages here, shook me — but not with laughter. Just what nightmarish scene did they "cut down with axes", I wondered?

A sense of being followed now possessed me and I almost began to run. The thwack of a branch restored logic once more, or so I thought. All news reporters invariably drink; hence I feared my alky binges had finally caught me. How else explain such delirious fears?

A rumbling of the ground underfoot materialized. At the same time I looked back to see a convulsion of the ground, undulating in a wave-like fashion toward me. Only for a moment did I consider it seismic in a region unknown for earthquakes; only, that is, until other features of this phenomenon were seen. Then I fled; for how fight earth that flowed with a reptilean aliveness — and intelligence. In some manner I guessed that it could not follow where cement and asphalt existed, and stumbled in bear time out of its domain.

What that chthonic horror was, I do not know. A travesty of nature without question; a thing of dried earth, spidery with cracks and fissures that held suggestions of a snarling visage. And where it lurked, walled in from other earthian surfaces by cement and asphalt, the city would make a playground.

CHICON CHITTLINGS
BY P.H. Economou

A fan, young and dewey, named Huey
Attended the Chicon with Louie
At the banquet they ate
Fortfive dollars a plate
Oh, phooey! said Huey — chop sucy!

* * *

An adorable fan named Ann
Said wistfully to her gran
To the Chicon I'll go
Hi-de-hee, hi-de-ho!
And with luck I will get me a man!

FRED CHAPPELL'S



...where fat men drop their cigar ashes...

PAUL D. COX, who is one fine fellow, and whom I met at the Nolacon and whose acquaintance it will be a pleasure to renew at the Chicon II, had this to say in his Saps-mag, Just Plain Dill Pickle #1:

"...Burbee, Tucker and Laney can do no wrong... These three gentlemen might not like having their names linked together in this manner, but that's the way I feel about it and there you are."

Paul also goes on to say, (in context) that these gentlemen are always feuding with each other and that they are very humorous — especially when feuding. Paul didn't intend to, I know, but he gave me the impression that they would do anything to get each other's goat.

Therefore when I found Bob Tucker's letter in the latest Oopsla, which says:

"...I just got a long letter from Bob Farnham, congratulating me /on his "marriage" to Marilyn Beth⁷ with a straight face, urging me to bring Marilyn to the convention and further suggesting that I convert her to fandom (ugh!) by signing her up with NFFF.

"I'd just as soon toss her into a snakepit..." I was amused.

Now, having misled myself with Paul Cox's words, I think I know the ideal introduction to fandom for Tucker's "new wife". Tucker could get her a membership in the LASFS.

In more ways than one, this should make Laney very happy.

:: :: :: :: :: :: ::

A few issues back, Jerry Bixby in his column reprinted the little also-reprinted boner from Slant, "...he pressed his hand against the wall with a determined eye...", and followed it up with one even older, "...I'm glad to see your back from the front ...". Now, I've never been an advocate of the Down With the Old; Up With the New policy, but I say what's the use of reprinting stuff like that when in the letter column on page 128 of the August TWS, I find this completely new and just as luscious lulu by the inveterate Sam Manes himself, "...And if you advertised it

long enough and hard enough, you might show males reclining on Beautyrest mattresses instead of Hollywood starlets..."

Slan to the contrary, this is the classic that Standard published.

: : : : : : : :

Charles Wells' letter in F#4 was interesting. Lee Hoffman turned out to be a girl! So will A.E. Wilson! Julian May turned out to be a girl! Marilyn Beth might be a girl! And in Australia, the N.K. Hemming who writes for Thrills, Inc. turned out to be a girl!

Now is the moment of revolution...hold on tight America, you're in for a surprise...the "Fred" in my name is not short for Fred-erice -- that should be a hint --

Here it is:

I am a boy!!!

Trust me to be a fuggheaded radical.

: : : : : : : :

Turning from letter columns (but not F#4) as a source of material, I find amigo English running into various shades of rapture -- or horror -- about my being some kind of a monster he calls a 'Redd Boggs'. I know that this Thing From the Boggs is some sort of horrible monster because Dave warns everybody, "...one's coming, sure as hell."

Run for your life!

And here again I have given installment #2 of Egoboo and Dreamdust to Sheldon Denetchin for his Variant World, and what do I get back?

"Installment #2 of your column sounds almost like Hoffman...", says he.

I'm sorry, peoples, if I sound like these horrible monsters (Compton's encyclopedia lists them as Stifius Bnfius), for I don't mean to at all. I don't mean to imitate anyone; if I do so, I'll try to alter my style.

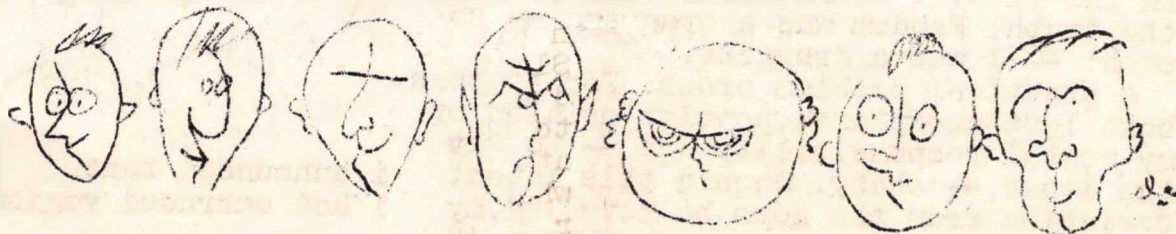
This looks bad. This defence of my column, its content and style, is supposed to end this installment of Goldfish Bowl; and instead of ending it properly, it's merely pottering it off slowly and dryly.

For a good ending here I'd need a slight (very slight) amount of sensationalism, something that would make my point quite neatly -- and still be the truth.

Well--

I'm not imitating either Boggs or Hoffman. I can't.

I've never read a column by either of them.





out of
fandora's
box

A NEOFAN'S FAREWELL TO FANDOM by P.H.Economou

" NEOFAN — WHATSIS? Economou — who dat? Farewell — who cares!- English must have been really hard up this issue. I should waste my time? What's next?"

Thus will speak the bulk of fandom as they read the title of this piece and turn the page; Thus the threatened obituary of a thwarted neofan. But it will no longer matter. I shall have departed fandom, and this cruel life, unread, unknown and — at last — uncaring.

The disintegration of my personal, social and professional life began the day I casually glanced at "Fandora's Box" for the first time. My interest was stirred, slightly — just enough for me to dig up some loose change and write off for several "fanzines."

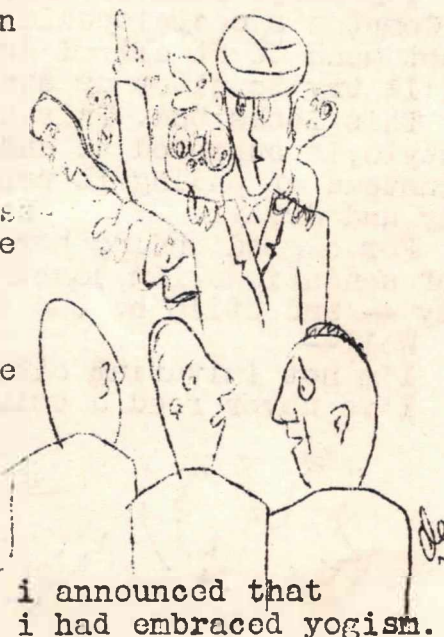
That no precognition of disaster shadowed my foolhardiness now seems inconcievable!

Then days or so later the fanzines began to trickle in, blotchy, splotchy, blurry, microscopic, but bearing their own sinister fascination.

As I read, my left hand stealthily corralled more change, while my right hand furtively typed out, over and over, the message, "For the enclosed cash, please send me a copy of your fanzine." Immersed in an article by Silverberg, I pretended to be oblivious to what either hand was doing.

But that night, alone with my conscience in the fateful hours before dawn, I faced the truth. Fandom was a druggand — so soon! — I was a druggist.

A practical problem arose. For reasons best left unexplored, popular opinion of my mental responsibility was — to say the least, — shaky. Should this latest deviation from the norm be revealed, my future freedom was highly unlikely. Ah,



i announced that
i had embraced yogism.



but I was crafty! Announcing to my family that I had embraced Yogism, I impressed them with the necessity for uninterrupted daily hours of meditation. Thereupon I would retire to my unsuspected nook in perfect security.

As with all drug addictions, mine became progressively more demanding. For the space of a month or two, I was content with the fevered perusal of incoming fanzines in my hideaway inside the massive wardrobe stored in the attic. My enthusiasm was undiminished by the facts that the inside temperature was 124 degrees; that I was forced to read these minicographed monstrosities by flashlight; and that I shared my wardrobe with a colony of feathery bats!

But the time came when I felt a strange compelling restlessness. Reading fanzines was no longer enough. Struggle as I would, the thought kept insinuating itself that I must be a part of this gay, mad, unconventional, uninhibited world of Fandom. But how?

With consummate ingenuity I removed the drawers from my attic wardrobe, making just enough room to contain a small bedside cabinet for my supplies and fanzines. On top of this cabinet I placed my typewriter. Then I climbed in, jaw set, alight with the fire of my dream of lannish fame.

It soon became apparent that my path would run anything but smoothly. I could not reach the typewriter standing up, and while I could squat, there was simply no room for anything to squat on! This was a test of my fiber, I decided. But I was not daunted -- not I! Ignoring the absence of such an accoutrement to soft living as a squattee, I assumed the posture and went to work.

At the end of the third effervescent letter to a fanzine editor, I realized that I required limbering up exercises. Painfully sliv-icating from my nook, I discovered that far from being limber, I couldn't even straighten up! That evening saw me in a bit of difficulty with my rather stolid family, who insisted on knowing why I was walking about sitting down. Coldly, I explained that I was practicing my latest Yogi exercise. They retorted that I looked like a two-year-old in an uncomfortable state and grumbled at me nastily all evening.

The following afternoon I put my marvellous brain to work and came up with the only possible solution. It involved sitting on the open end of a small nail keg, with my left leg in the keg, and my right foot braced against the roof of the wardrobe. But I



i don't know;
i guess he was
in korea.

could reach the typewriter.

When my distorted muscles had numbed sufficiently to be ignored, I set to work. The first afternoon I turned out six articles, four short stories (gems — but yes!), eighteen poems and forty-2 letters to fanzine editors. Cashing a check that overdrew my bank account by several simoleons, thus inviting prosecution, I bought postage and stuffed the mailbox. Then I sat back, ego modestly lowered, and waited. And waited. And waited.

Eight months later I decided that active fans were too active to acknowledge my first efforts. Obviously I must attract their attention in some striking ~~constructive~~ way.

The brilliant, original plan I devised was to send notices to all known fans announcing the deaths of Hoffman, Calkins, H.L. Gold, and Forrest J. Ackerman in a plane crash. The plane was enroute to attend the funeral of Captain Blater. I requested that no flowers be sent so that no fan would spend money and get mad at me.

With one exception, the only mention in the fan press of my undertaking was in Pendulum where a blurb read, "The latest hoax — pfui!"

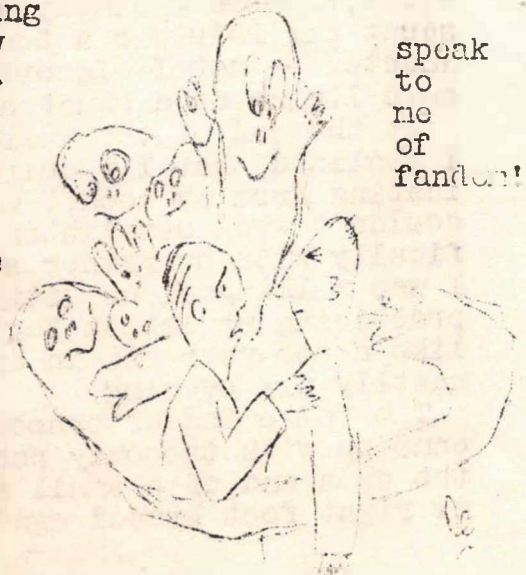
The exception was a hot-headed editorial by Calkins who for some reason seemed annoyed. He expressed himself in such terms that Oopsla! was banned and Gregg dragged off to the federal pen. He hasn't been heard from since. No loss — his lack of a sense of humor was not representative, I'm sure.

Undaunted, I punished my typewriter incessantly. People were beginning to refer to me as that "unfortunate person with the oddly jointed legs," but I would not permit self-consciousness to deter me. A steady stream of prose, poetry and letters poured from my wardrobe to the fan press in all parts of the nation. Brilliant, witty, clever, facetious, learned, fiery — literature at its most illiterate! Still no reaction. They didn't even come back.

At the end of four years and five months of ceaseless onslaught, I was forced to the reluctant conclusion that I hadn't the stature to obtain recognition in fandom. I abandoned my typewriter to the bats.

My despair was abyssmal. Permanently crippled, my right leg locked in a position parallel with my body with my foot over my head, I managed to get about by turning a series of cartwheels. My gait now resembles a square hoop rolling down a cobbled streets

All in vain were my years of carefully maintained secrecy and the resultant suffering. I was exposed. In fact the exposure was my own doing and I was helpless to prevent it. My obsession was bigger than I. Cut off from even the one-sided contact with fandom I had clung to for so long, I found it impossible to contain within me the obsession that was my master. I felt driven to force someone — anyone at all — to share my addiction.



Speak
to
me
of
fandom!

At parties, someone would remark, "One of these days Congress is going to carry this price-control business too far." And I would respond, "Speaking of price controls— you should see the new format on Cosmag. Macauley — "

At this point some member of my family — one of which constantly hovered near me these days — would break in with a loud comment of the price of beef. It was frustrating!

After a while I was not permitted to join company unless they were near and dear friends who understood the situation and could be depended upon to ignore my comments. Their indifference chewed away little bits of my soul.

At length my obsession penetrated and ruined my business career. In a final, last-ditch effort to establish contact with a fellow fan — possibly another outcast like myself — I made a desperate, and fatal, move. On the final page proofs of the Florida magazine I edit(ed), right between the "Job Opportunities in Tampa" and "Report on the Cattle Raising Industry in Broward County", I inserted my pathetic plea. In a tiny ad, I abjectly begged that just one of my subscribers write me a fannish letter about cons and zines and Kuttner. Surely, out of that mass of humanity, one would understand!

An overzealous typesetter was my downfall. Countless times typesetters have set up sentences spelled, "Aug ittwx ducaqltifiwaq ob pttyl" without question — but this egger beaver questioned my little ad! He called the office to confirm it. Out it came! The hole was hurriedly plugged with a squib about recent advances in the development of backward areas of the state such as Lynn Haven, and out I went.

It is the end! No further avenues of fan communication are open to me. Life has lost its savor — existence is meaningless. Mental, physical and financial health are lost — lost —

Therefore I write these lines of farewell to fandom, ere I bring an end to my thwarted being.

Should this miraculously see print, it would be the crowning irony — but I shall be beyond and hurt.

Perhaps, here and there a sensitive fan will shed a sympathetic tear for what might-have-been.

Please omit flowers.





when i find out who sent this one,
the postal authorities shall
hear of it!

LETTERS

GILBERT COCHRAN: Gold Fish Bowl, by: Fred Chappell, if real sure will become known as a column of Happy Magic. # The front cover is swell and depicts that which one would expect to find in a magazine called Fantasias. But then—Dea* is a fine artist. # Upheaval by: Isabelle Dinwiddie, is something one knows one night which to find under the cover of Fantasias. # Purpose by Tom Covington casts the light of knowlege on space in stf. # L.L. Shepherd's article shows one how one can have magical entree into stf, and learn mastery and hyper wisdom. # And who-! would want to be deprived of the writings of George Wetzel, perhaps no one would. # ...Burke Bayless the postmaster is a pal, he knows my pals are like himself,—of a certain threeness, so if you get in a quandary he will ransom your aplomb.

G.M. CARR: George Wetzel does have an unusually bad case of hero worship for Lovecraft, but only God knows where he could've cieved the idea that his hero considered "gargoyles" as descriptive of "ghouls" because they sounded alike! The one thing that can be said for Lovecraft's poetry is the delicacy of sound, and I am quite sure his sensitive ear would find very little "homophonic" connotations between "gar gool" and "gar goil".... (a "gar" incidentally, is a type of fish.—Probably another instance of Lovecraft's well-known fondness for seafood?) # Comments on "Under the Chinese Moon" resp. the illo: (Motion of lifted eyebrow madly quivering) "Woo woo!" or just plain, "Wow!"

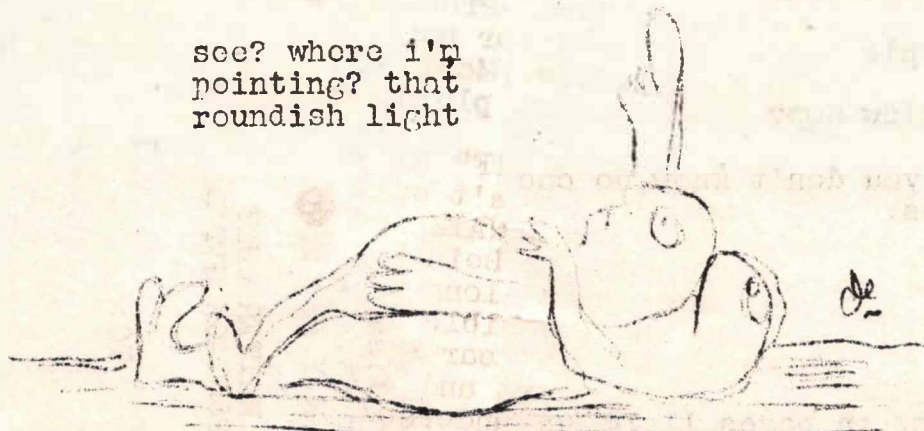
RUSSELL WATKINS: "Why I Like STF" by Shepherd sort of turned my stomach. I can't quite understand Shepherd's beliefs. In an article for RENAISSANCE Shepherd stated he believed in an eternal, all-knowing Being. I presumed this being to be God. But now Shepherd comes along in FANTASIAS and says that religion is for fools and the Bible isn't true. I don't think Shepherd knows what he believes. His fear still grips him and he is searching for the truth and comfort and peace that only true religion can supply. Perhaps I've misunderstood his article. He wasn't too definite at the end. Maybe he has found true religion. I don't know for I can't tell by his fear to state clearly his stand. It would seem tho, from his remarks, that stf lead him away from God. I think that most fans are atheists just for this reason.

They started reading stf when they were too young to understand that it was only fiction and some of the theories put forth by the authors left a marked impression on them. And they were led astray. They read stf before they read the Bible, and when they read the Bible it sounded too much like stf and they were lost for they couldn't believe. If Shepherd has conquered his trouble in this respect, he is lucky and is to be commended. I hope he'll tell me just what he does believe now.

DICK RYAN: Fred Chappell writes a good column, tho too short. Give him himself Wetzell's space next time. You should have done that this issue. Just what is the "Dream-Catch" all about, anyway? Is he trying to document supernatural happenings or is he offering literary criticism? Your heading was wonderful. It inspired me to create a mis-quote: "A bunch of the ghouls were whooping it up in the Malenute Saloon..." Dangerous Dan Cthulhu? # Shepherd was also interesting. I wonder just how many fans were driven to it by a strict up-bringing, thinking this was the way to shrow off the chains completely? # I am still trying to analyze Coch-run's style. "Under the Chinese Moon is just a trifle stream-of-consciousness, isn't it?"

BILL VENABLE: GOLDFISH BOWL is good, especially in that Chappell does not ponder to the clique of entrenched BNFs that have boord their egos far above the tolerance level. While it is true that fans like Boggs, Milsterry, laney, Burbee et al. possess a large measure of talent, and are among the most capable and erdite of fandom, their petty intolerances and concern with a supposed preponderance of what they call fuggheadedness dins their talents, for me at least. It's about time we quit lionizing these characters and instead treated them sensibly, recieving their newer contributions with the same cool-headedness that we would treat any neo-fan... and show them that they're not so far above criticism as they may think.

see? where i'm
pointing? that
roundish light



FANTASIAS

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