

OLD AND  
RARE

FAPA  
#I





## THE HORRIBLE SHADOW OVER SOUTH BIXEL STREET

BY P. H. HATECRAFT

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DURING THE summer of 1948, officials of the Los Angeles Vice Squad made a strange and secret investigation of certain conditions in the ancient Los Angeles street of Bixel. Fandom first learned of it in Sept., when a vast series of raids and arrests occurred, followed by a deliberate burning and dynamiting -- undersuitable precautions, of an enormous number of crumbling, wormeaten, and supposedly empty shacks along the abandoned sidewalks. Uninquiring souls let this occurrence pass as one of the major clashes in a spasmodic war on liquor.

A few keener delvers into the unusual turned up a few interesting facts, like the police officer that dropped bombs into a certain post office box in the Met Stn, but, inasmuch as the report of this occurrence was published in a certain wild and unreliable Fargo news sheet, it was discounted. Nobody every learned anything conclusive.

At last, however, I am going to lift the veil of secrecy. It was I -- I, Al Burblenoy -- who fled madly out of Bixel on the awful night of 14 Aug 48. It was I who visited the vice squad and called them onto their raiding session. I feel that nothing save a shock of repulsion throught fandom could be caused by a revvalation of the truth.

I had never heard of Bixel St till a day before I saw it. I was touring around Los Angeles celebrating my 18th birthday, and I had inquired of a certain shopkeeper on Figureoad as to how I could get quickets to ancient, witch haunted Pico Blvd. without having to walk. He hesitated a moment, and said, "Well, you could take the old bus that goes by Bixel" -- a shudder -- "But it ain't healthy. I wouldn't advise ~~ix~~ it, mister."

I pooohopooed him, but my curiosity got thebest of me. I returned from stalking out the door, and asked: "What's the matter with Bixel?"

"It's shunned. Has been for years. Nobody around here will have anything to do with the inhabitants. There was a queer epidemic there, I think, probably some disease Trader Ack brought back with him from one of the conventions he visited -- he was one of the leaders of the Bixel clan. I dunno just what was the matter with them. Maybe there's no reason for hating them. But I know I won't have nothing to do with them. Wouldn't go there iffen I was paid to." Later: "Yeah, there's a hotel there, but you're a damfool for wanting to stay the night there. There's been more than one guy spent the night in Slan Shack and never been heard of again."

By this time my curiosity was really aroused, and I determined that I would visit and explore Bixel street.

### II

The bus arrrrrived as I stood atthe corner. It was not one of the trackless trolleys, or even one of the motor coaches. Instead of those it was an ancient decrepit vehicle of obvious antiquity. As the bus drew up, the people around the corner drew away, casting glances over their shoulders.

When I saw the driver, I imeeditaly knew the cause of their aversion. I wouldn't have wanted to have associated with him either. He was a tall slender man, and wore a tee shirt and open sweater. His downward slanted eyes, crew haircut, and small grey moustache filled me with a mysterious lo~~sh~~ing, a kind of mausea.

The bus lurched off, down in the general direction of shunned Bixeel St. Past rows of rundown houses, ancient shacks, and row upon row of garbage cans set out in the street. Finally the clattering heap turned into a narrow, weed grown alley, and I had arrived at Bixel Street.



I alighted from the bus and began exploring the nauseating rundown slum. Each side of the street was lined with incredibly ancient houses that somehow gave the impression that at one time they had been fine homes. There was a curious air of desolation about the place, as if the inhabitants had long ago departed and left their houses unlocked behind them, open to the ravages of time and worms. Occasionally a wild-haired man, or other queer looking creature, shambled by and stared at me curiously. I decided to get out of the place as soon as possible.

Suddenly I sighted a man. A large, fat man, adorned with a beard. He carried an empty beer bottle in his hand reverently.

Inspired, I fished a bottle full of beer out of my case and handed it to him, inquiring. He fell to guzzling its contents, and soon became voluble. He began to babble of the strange and awful event that had caused the inhabitation of this once prosperous street to become shunned denizens of the darkness.

It is useless to try to reproduce his incoherent tale of nonsense here; I caught references to a horrible ancient place called Battle Creek, where dwelleth the Esoteric Galactic Galactic something or other, but the tale was interspersed with drunken ramblings, so I skip it. I was impressed, however, more greatly than before, with the horror ~~xx~~ of South Bixel St.

### III AND IV (lost chapter Nos. here)

I was horrified to learn that I would be unable to get out of this foul place at all that night, and, filled with nameless dread, mounted the crumbling, mouldy steps of the hotel, Slan Shack. I opened the wormy door, stepped inside the dimly lighted lobby, and approached the clerk -- another of the horrible type of the driver, a tall slender man with crew haircut, downward slanting eyes, and grey moustache. I paid him a dollar and followed him up the rickety stairway to my room. I returned to the lobby briefly, picked up a ~~fanews~~ and a fly specked copy of Dream Quest at the news stand, and returned to my room to try to rest.

I could not force myself to read the sickening magazine, so I turned off the light and lay down on the hard bed, shivers and all---premonition of coming horror. I had dozed off when a furtive footstep sounded on the stair, and soon I heard a fumbling at the door of my room.

I was suddenly awake. A faint sound of mumbling came from below, and after a moment I became sure that some of them were not human. I remembered what I had heard of night sounds in this mouldering and pestilential building.

I determined to leave this place as quickly as possible. I rushed to the window to see the possibilities of escape. Immediately below me was an open sewer, but from the room to the right could be leaped to the roof of one of the neighboring shacks. I rushed into that room as the key began to turn in the lock of my room--the ~~unhallowed~~ unhallowed things were coming up there after me! .!'

I dived out the window, almost missing my footing and falling into the sewer below. I rushed across indeterminate numbers of rotting roofs, finally breaking through one and falling into the deserted room below.

I rushed out the door of the building, edged along the street to avoid being seen, and began to rush madly toward the swamps which lay along the Ingraham route out of this noisome street. I paused and looked back.

Suddenly I heard a new sound. Drums! Yes, unmistakably the low, throbbing beat of drums! They were drawing nearer! I looked back to the last intersection. Suddenly a horrible line of nauseous beings



haircut, and each armed with a snare drum on which it was beating!

The horror of this view caused me to faint with nausea, but I soon recovered and began to flee. I fled like a madman toward the ~~ingrah-~~am swamps, and soon reached them.

Suddenly I halted in my mad flight. Some of them were coming along the road nearby. I hid in the bushes and shut my eyes till they were directly ahead, and then looked. Gahh! The nausea of that moment... I think their predominant color was grovish green, though they had white bellies. Some of them hooped on fourlers, other six. All carried drumms, and chanted IA! IA! BROTHERLY LOVE TECHNATUS ATHEIIE! HOMO HOMOAGGGH, WGAHNAGGGGLE FFFH! I fained in a ~~xxxxxxx~~interfioul stupor. (Merciful)

V

old and rare, THE GLORIOUS POOL OF BROTHERLY LOVE AND BROAD MENTAL HOR\* IZONS, is a one shot pushed into FAPA by Don Wilson, aided and abetted by one Howard Miller, and a person from Porlock named Peabody, using no mailing address or mentality. Address your stern h bombs to Ackerman ~~q~~ high officers in the ~~offical~~ ranks of this organization ~~xxxx~~

As I was saying, we have tried to capture something of the noble spiri that ~~xxxx~~ drives members of the staff of Wild Hair, to zeal and in-anity. I hope that we have succedededed in some small way. We have labored long seconds over the preparation of this pleasant little mag-azine, and we have caused Noble Fen to be Entertained, and in that lies the cause of Love. We are Grateful to all of those, who did not help us with this little magazine one iota. Happy reading, and may All Your Days be Lighted By the fire of Brotherly Love.

vi (I stenciled it wrong)

I awoke in the morning, staggered out to Figureoa, and tried to re-tur to merciful sanity. I contacted the vice squads immediately and told them my tale of nauseous horror, and in a few days all streets ~~xxxxxxx~~ surrounding Bixel were evacutaeted. Then the invaders swarmed in, and in several days no trace was left of Bixel.

One part of my tale remains. The other day I looked in the mirror, At first I was nauseated, but now the glory and wonderful of it all grows on me. I had an ancestor named Foo, but the significance of this did not dawn on me till I looked in my mirror and saw A GREY MOUS\* TACHE, DOWNWARD SLANTING EYES, AND CREW HAIRCUT!

AT first I vowed to kill myself. But I shall not kill myself! No! I shall not remove my divine heritage of brotherly love before it is fulfilled! Huzza huzza! Ia ia queertd v d! Poetcc! GGGGGGHHHHH! NEFF NEFF NEFF FAPAAAPA GGGGOHO HESODEIC EEEIEEEEE! PODDIENC, FIEOW! SSK OOO! I SHALL RETURN TO ANCIENT BIXEL, DEVASTED! I SHALL DIVE INTO THE INTERDIMENSIONAL WARP AND RETURN TO ANCIENT ANAD MNYCOLUMED BATTLECREEK, AND IN THE LAIR OF THE GALACTIV ROAMERS I SHALL DWELL AMID WONDER AND AMAZING FOREVER!

THE END THE END THE END. ....

LETTER COLUMN:

DEAR DON.:;this is to inform You, that E.E.E.E.Evans, has just been expeeled from the Voxmic Circle, that noble Organizational Mov em ent and Adventure into Sinking, glroiorous for that that this man has comitedacts which are out of keepin wlt h the spirit of the organi-zation, and unbefitingof the Dignity of its membership. Ical uponyou to make straig the way of returnU

*Handwritten signature*



## ODDS AND ENDS

The following is a collection of "paid adds, items of interest and the latest fan news.

by Howard Miller.

**PLEASE FOR MEMBERSHIP!** Send in your dollar and join the Ackerman Mutual Adoration Foundation! Box 6151 Met Stn,

**THE COFFIN TO BUY!** ACKERMAN UNDERTAKERS AGENCY! Every 10th coffin sold by us to a fan will be loaded to the gills with rare prozines, original Ackerman mss, Ackerman's receipt for the chicon fund, VOM maiden originals, and other valuable loot. Remember, with every coffin from the Ackerman Undertakers Agency you get a chance on the GIANT RAFFLE, which includes the corpse of Raymond A. Noname served up on a lead platter, with formaldehyde sauce, millions off fanzines, originals, books, ktp., usw. Address Weaver Wright, 6151 Met Stn.

**LA EXAMINER: STRANGE BRAND OF WHITE SLAVERY IN VICINITY OF FIGUREUA AND OLYMPIC!! BE ON LOOKOUT FOR VILLAINS! ALL MOTHERS OF YOUNG BOYS BEWARE OF MEN WITH CREW HAIRCUT, DOWNWARD LA SLANTED EYES, AND HAIRBRUSH MOUSTACHE!**

**YOUR LAST CHANCE TO DONATE TO THE FUNDS FOR:**

**THE BIG HOD FUND**, to import a Hottentot to the 1948 convention. The disgraceful failure failure of fandom to furnish money to import Ted Carnel to the 1947 convention is an outstanding scandal in fondom's pages, which will be long remembered with considerable disgust by those loyal. Efface this disgrace! Contribute to the fund! I am now collecting money for:  
Retirement fund for organ grinder's monkeys.  
Taostic Brotherly Lovers, Inc.

**Reward!** DON DAY wishes to offer a \$200 reward for information leading to the recovery of his complete collection of prozines

**FOR SALE: COMPLETE SET OF PROZINES.** Address all inquires to F. J. Ackerman

Al Ashley wishes to offer for sale a special suit for those attending the Lasfs clubroom, especially all who have expressed a liking for Wild Hair, the Brotherly Love Fanzine. Complete set of Milan armor, molded and poured by that authority in the field, HEMiller (although it has a crossbow hole in the upper part of the helmet, and part of the original wearer's brains adhere to the outside (that was where Al Ashley got the 100 to add to his original IQ to make it 194)). Special is a Roman spiked boxing glove (the mate to it is lost), And we will give you a roll to encase your silver \$ in and a box of wheaties to increase your strength and manly ~~virility~~ virility. Address Al Ashley, c/o wild hair, the hirsute moustache.

**ZORKS FOR SALE.** Cy Condra, c/o Wild Hair. **SPECIAL SEAZONAL OFFER, FRYARS.** Very good for a large Brotherly family that has a lot of kids who like to munch drumsticks. Reduction to 4-legged fans with feathers, except ~~EE~~Evans.

**GHOD IS GOOD.** FJAckefman

**PIN THE TAIL ON THE ACK ASS.** New Game. Complete with target, bull etc, and pins. We Guarantee Complete Satisfaction or your Energy Certificates Back. GFCaldwell, ASan Anselmo, Calif.