

No. ONE
Vol. 4

WAWAY



From a drawing by
Martin X. Carlson

June 17, 1946

EDITORIALETTE

At first I was gonna dispense with this, but then I guess every rag should have something like it. It's usually in the editorial that one gets an idea as to the insight of the editor.

"Editorial" dosen't seem the right name for a thing like this, however. You couldn't really call me an editor. All (or probably most) of the tripe in this efussion will be dashed off by my fingers with my typewriter, and will be used no matter how good or how bad it is. Mebbe it should be called an Authetorial. But for the sake of convention, we will let the matter ride.

This is the only 4 volume One Shot zine in existance, that I know of. It originally started out as a conventional One Shot (with gol. 1) and then for some reason or other it was continued. It still should be considered as a oneshot, however. It would be kind of funny to have 4 regular ishes of a zine come out in two days, now wouldn't it? In fact it's a little queer no matter which way one looks upon it.

Inasmuch as this zine is going to most of my regular correspondents, I would like to apologize to them for not answering their last letters. The fact is I haven't been able to due to lack of time. I hope that the situation is remedied very soon. In the meantime, don't give up hope. If you have been worried about not recieving, how do you think I feel about not being able to write to you?

I recently noticed that a couple of Bergey's pictures (one on an old Cap. Future, and the other on an even older Startling) are almost direct copies of a couple of old Wonder's and Wonder Quarterlies. Of course they were camafaged to a great extent, but there can be no doubt that they were copies. This is mebbe one reason why Bergey sticks to the BUM, BUM, BUM triangle and treads lightly where scientific gadgets are concerned.

We didn't present that "super" Snoopypic in the 3rd ish as I promised, as Raj and Jawge didn't have enuf confidence in themselves to attempt reproduction. I guess that the task is up to me. I will probably try it this trip (if time permits) tho with my luck it will no doubt come out a mess. If so, I'm sorry Rick.

There's no sense in bothering with a contents page in this small zine, so you won't find that either.

Before closing this little mess, I would like to bring to your attention the Golden Gate Futuria Society. You will be hearing a lot from the newly revived GGFS. Remember that name.

Jawn

MOON FORMATIONS

Culled from the San Anselmo Herald

(a local rag in case yer interested)

While hundreds of formations of the moon, such as craters, mount-

ains and seas, have been named and renamed in the past 300 years, only 520 of these have been retained, 200 of the most commonly used having been chosen by one man, the Italian astronomer Riccioli, in 1651

WHEN THE WORST COMES TO WORST

Lifted ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ from the first(and probably only)ish of WHACKY

The world was being stretched as if it were a piece of taffy. All the time it was getting longer and thinner; and I found that the thinnest part was under me. Finally it broke, and I fell thru onto an infinite expanse of concrete floor, which I judged stood for Space. At the same time I happened to look up and saw the two ends of the world dangling over my head--but only for a moment, for the two large hands which held them immediately clumped them together again and began to mold the mass into a sphere as naturally as if they were making a snow ball.

When the hands had made the world once more perfectly round, they set it down on the concrete floor and disappeared. I then climbed back on the world and sat down. I was bored, but I did not want to be disturbed again--but I was. An attendant came along and motioned me to get off. I did, and he then proceeded to roll the world away. "What's the big idea?" I said. He pretended not to hear, so I said, "Where are you taking it?"

"Has to be put away for the night," he finally replied gruffly.

I watched him roll the world into a sort of barn, close the big doors, lock them and then shuffle off into the night. Everything around me was bleak and cold. There was nothing but the grey cement floor stretching in every direction as far as the eye could see. There was nothing to sit down on. Finally I lay down on the cement and tried to go to sleep. It had begun to rain.

T H E E N D

DON'T ASK ME HOW TO GET IT DON'T KNOW DON'T ASK ME HOW TO GET IT DON'T KNOW DON'T ASK

RAIN

The subject farthest from our mind

Rain..Tiny droplets of rain thrdding against the windowpane, bursting in sparkling splendour with the shimmering of a rainbow. Little clusters of pearls huddled together, whisked off into the somber depths of abysmal blackness by clutching fingers of wind. Ever changing myriads of kaliedascopic patterns forming and reforming constantly, unceasingly..droplets flying off into space, ever replaced by new brilliant little orbs of prismatic radiance. Tiny patterings against the solid wall of crystal, ethereal patterings, as of tiny dancing fairy feet, tapping out in scstatic cadence. Muffled tappings..the outre' rythm of tiny drums beating out drug laden fantasies that set the mind to wandering through strange and exotic temples, set deep in the world of dreams.

THASSANUFFOFTA TSTUFFTHASSANUFFOFTTHATSTUFFTHASSANUFFOFTA TSTUFFTHASS

HURRY!!

There's still time to

Join the

PACIFICON SOCIETY

RETTALIATION

By JAWN

The world has suddenly fallen down upon me leaving me in constant torment and worry. Raj Rehm and Jawge Caldwell are the prime causes for this upset condition which is causing me to lose sleep, energy and appetite. God, just how long can I stand up under the gaff of their combined efforts. Human endurance, it would seem, must have some breaking point; some point beyond which it must crumble and let these titanic forces of oppression sweep over all.

At nite I lay awake, half-dreams burbling thru my dazed mind in a turmoil of delirium. The very air I breath is pungent with fear and apprehension.

It all began last Sunday, when Raj, unheralded, intruded upon the privacy of my humble abode at 4Winship. As luck would have it I was out. Upon my ~~ARRIVAL~~ return I found my room a veritable madhouse; papers, ditto master sets and various other items, all valued in the extreme by myself, were strewn with carefree abandon about the place, lodged in the most conspicuous corners, under the bed, in the furnace flue, under the rug etc. Some of them were even caught within the grasping folds of the curtains. Passers-by (looking up) surly must have thot that I was trying to flirt with them thru the medium of signal flags. I can just hear their remarks of "Fresh young punk" or "Who does that _____ so and so think he is. insulting my intelligence in that crackpot manner" and dozens of others in a similar vein.

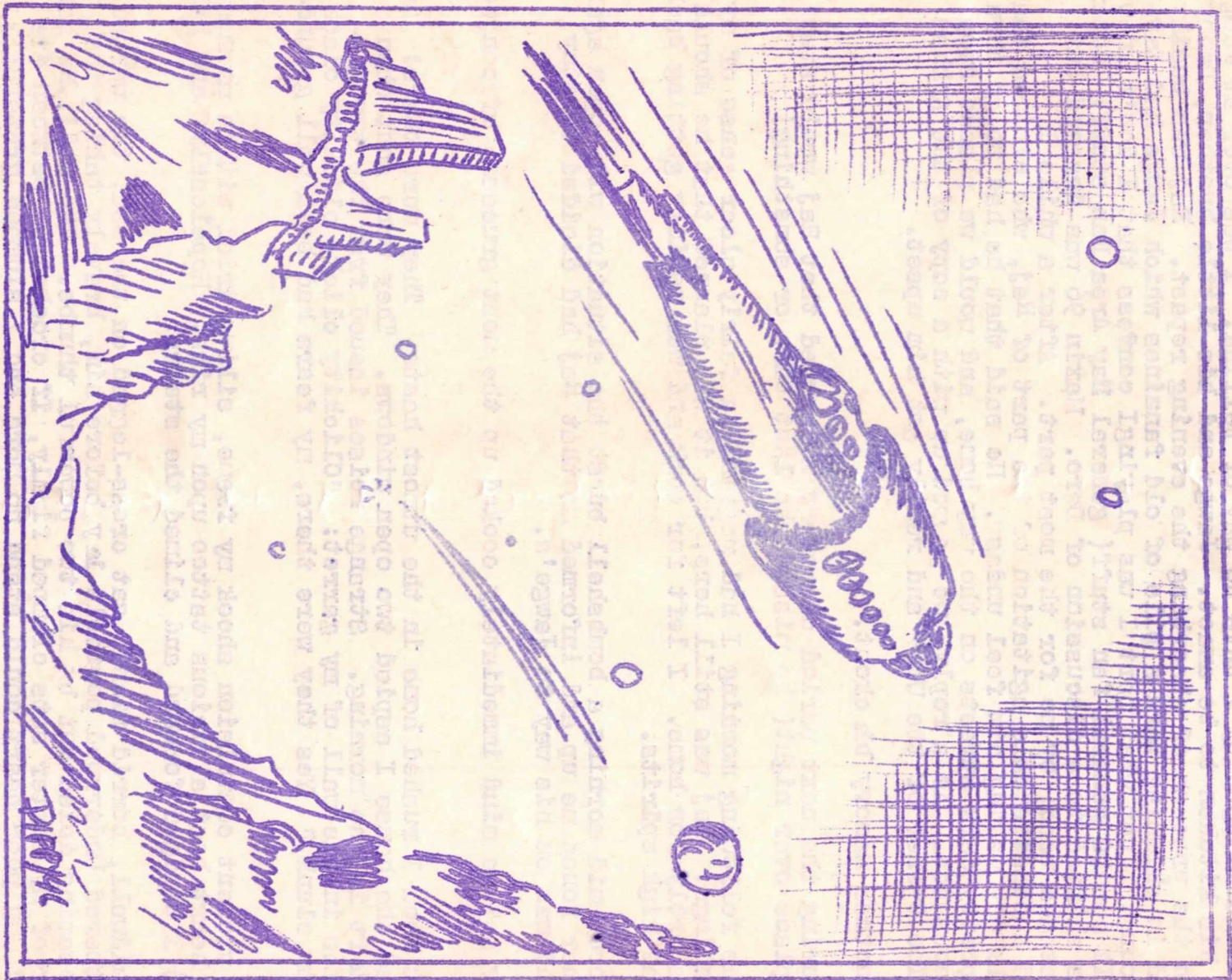
If that were all, it would be enuf, but I haven't even begun to get started.

After my eyes gradually became accustomed to the scene, I faced the two Rehmites. They both sat upon the bed looking very sheepish indeed. When I requested to know just what they had been up to, they replied that they hadn't done a thing. My practiced eye caught a sinister look upon their faces that belied a diabolical plot.

Quickly I swept forward, jerking both of them from their places of roost. A strange square shaped bump was revealed to me, protruding from the touseded surface of the blankets. I reached over, pulled them away and stood frozen to the spot. I shall never forget that sight: "LUNACY" violently emblazoned in purple letters upon a pile of white sheets pierced the distance to my eyes and roughly jangled the nerve ends of their retinas till I thot I would pass out from the pain. Outre' Rehmatic figures floated biliciously before my tortured orbs, causing all else to be enshrouded in miasmatic fog.

For some time I stood there, as a child held in some fixation, never moving, never breathing, never hearing. Then, my mind still within the clutch of nightmare, my hands reached out, trembling, grasped the page and flipped it over.

From then on, I haven't been able to clearly recall a single thing. Every event seems tumbled about, twisted around, torn apart, or missing altogether. It may be that I went mad at this point, or perhaps I was enfurled in a wave of partial amnesia. I shall probably never know. I remember, very hazily, sitting down and typing out



a page of derogatory remarks which was included in the zine, and I remember that we started to put out another zine. After this I know that my mind snapped.

My memory lapsed into being some time later. How much time or how little slipped by I have no way of telling. I was over at Jawge's place: his kitchen to be exact. Jawge and his little brother, Danny were in the process of absorbing the evening repast. Raj was busily engaged in skimming thru a pile of old fanzines which Jawge had laying around. Just what part I was playing I confess that I don't know. The talk seemed general fan stuff (general Bay Area Fan stuff) Later on this shifted to a discussion of Dero. Maxin 96 was dragged out and passages read; by me for the most part. After a while I noticed a considerable agitation of the part of Raj, who claimed that the talk was making him feel uneasy. He said that he had to go thru some pretty dark streets on the way home, and would we please stop the discussion. As a reply, we popped up with a copy of the Arkham book "The Opener of the Way" and really got him upset.

Another memory bh ckout.

During the next period of memory I learned that Raj would stay at my place over night (he missed the last bus, or something)

The following morning I had regained a fairly clear sense of my surroundings. Raj was still here, but it was planned that he should leave shortly for home. I left for work and was rapidly getting back my usual high spirits.

About mid morning a bombshell burst the situation wide open again. My father foned me up and informed me that Raj had decided to stay over and was on his way to Jawge's.

My active mind immediately cooked up the most gruesome of conjectures.

At noon I rushed home in the utmost haste. They were there! As I neared the house I espied two open windows. They were shut when I had left in the morning. Strange noises issued from the two gaping holes in the wall of my garret: "Clickity click, clickity clack, clickity clunk." Yes they were there, my fears had been well grounded.

A violent convulsion shook my frame, saliva dried within my mouth, and my heart beat a vicious tattoo upon my ribs. Hopelessly (and helplessly) I trudged forward and climbed the stairs.

Caldwell, horrid fiend, sat cross-legged on the bed, the warped and pattered Underwood portable lay before him, bravely taking the awful beating doled out by his two powerful thumbs. And God!. He had another of my master sets clamped firmly, if crookedly, between its jaws!! My poor heart could stand no more and I slumped gratefully to the floor.

Slowly I regained consciousness. My mind seemed different some ow, as if it weren't entirely my own. Suddenly it was impressed upon me that I was in the hypnotic embrace of that evil Rehmite, Jawge.



Rick
SNEARY 40

Slowly I crossed over to the desk and picked up a pencil and began to draw.

* * * * *

Some minutes ago I found myself back at the bike shop.

God, what am I to do? I can't go on living under this curse much longer. It's sucking the very life out of my veins. God, God, I can't bear it!!!

What would you do?

I think I shan't go home tonight.....No..No!! Caldwell, get out of my mind!! I won't come home, I won't! I wo.....

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