



GOLEM
2

G O L E M

S F P A CONTENTS A P A 45 POETRY

<u>TITLE</u>	<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
The Journey To Ptarth.....	William O. Chitwood, Jr.	3
The Passing Chariots.....	Larry Montgomery.....	4
My Mermaid.....	Betty Morris.....	5
The Corpse.....	Mary Holman.....	6
The Waiting.....	Robert Sharmon.....	6
The Purple King.....	John Childs.....	7
Ulalume.....	Edgar Alan Poe.....	9
The Silver House.....	Betty Morris.....	12
The Sepulchre.....	Mary Holman.....	13
Death.....	Marcia Edmonds.....	13

These poems were originally intended to be a poetry section in WARLOCK:#8 but after I saw how many I had; there didn't seem to be any other course of action other than to put them in a fanzine of their own. GOLEM#1 was run in the 1st APA45 mailing and was the poetry section that was included in WARLOCK:#5. Bill Chitwood, Betty Morris, Mary Holman, Bob Sharmon, John Childs and Marcia Edmonds are all members of the Writer's Club at Jacksonville State College. They responded to a call for poems that bordered on the world of fantasy when I asked them before Christmas at a meeting for material for WARLOCK. I appreciate their contributions and I think you'll agree with me that for fannish poems they're pretty darn good. And except for me and ole Edgar Alan Poe there's not a science fiction or fantasy fan among them they just all wanted to try something along a different line. Maybe now that they've got a taste they'll try some more!

ARTWORK:

Cover by Larry Montgomery.
Robert E. Gilbert; pages 6, 10, 11, & 13.

GOLEM#2 is a fanzine of poetic fantasy destined for the 16th Mailing of the S.F.P.A.--June and the 4th Mailing of A.P.A.45--July. Published by Larry J. Montgomery; 2629 Norwood Avenue; Anniston, Alabama, 36204, on the Valhalla Press and is Valhalla Publication#21.

THE JOURNEY TO PTARTH

BY
WILLIAM O.
CHITWOOD, JR.

Up I rose early in the day;
Up I rose and made ready.
A journey awaited me,
A journey to Ptarth.
Ptarth's a stinking city, a verminy hole,
But it has marts, marts of beloved
Zinga,
And I am a trader.
"Up!" I shouted and the lazy one awoke.
"Saddle the thoats," said I.
"To Ptarth we go!"
He moved too slowly, the lazy one.
He felt my foot.
The thoats bellowed when saddled;
And one kicked him.
"Ha! Ha! I laughed. See, you are too slow."
But soon we were off to Ptarth, to buy
Zinga.
Hot was the day, the stinging sand,
And the thoats refused to run.
They heard my curses, felt my lash.
At last we arrived
At Ptarth, the mart city.
I roamed the market place,
Smelled the stink, kicked at the vermin.
I haggled, cursed and whined
Over the piled heaps of
Zinga,
Until they met my price.
And I and the lazy one returned
Away, away from Ptarth,
The thoats burdened with
Zinga.
The sand storm burdened our journey.
We cursed the thoats, the storm, the world---
By Issus.
As we returned from Ptarth bearing our cargo of
Zinga.
My cellar we packed, jamming for space;
Then we slumped into bed
For fitful, sweaty, aching sleep
Amid the narcotic scent of
Zinga.

THE PASSING CHARIOTS

BY

LARRY MONTGOMERY

Through the black valley run the coursers,
Through the black valley,
Enharnessed with sharp, glinty steel
Rattling with hollow thunder,
Thunder furnaced by Thor.
There are many who hear,
And many who fail to hear
The rattle of chariots meeting out in the black valley,
Where old comrades meet---
Comrades not merely old, but primeval---
Their hands meet there,
Meet as their chariots pass;
The hairy grips, the smooth---
And for a frozen infinity there is oneness.
Then, they go their separate ways,
Separate and together immemorially.
The valley stills to quietness
As the thunders echo away.
And the blackness remains.

MY MERMAID

Betty

MORRIS

Brown hair, slimy as seaweed,
Slips from her chalk face;
White cloth, rotted and watter-logged,
Falls tunic-like from her grace.
"Here! Hold the grapple-hooks
Higher! Now over here!"
Spider-like forms dart, busy
As carrions, from here to there.
With a thud the form hits
Olive drab canvas and drops
Of water roll in little pill-bugs
As the noise stops.
Only whispers from hovering sea
Are heard
As some common chord in burly
Chests is stirred.
A cottoned cry jags across the
Stilled air, and I
Start when I discover that my
Lips voiced the cry.
Hairy arms clumsily bend about

My shoulders and hands
Draw me near to violate
Remembrance starting at the sand.
From sand I tear my eyes and
See hands clenched
And lips compressed as if by
Death's vise wrenched.
Decently soon I crunch my
Way to freer air
And hear my name pityingly
Soothed back there.
Out of sight, I, silent, run
Until my feet
Wade liquid pot-holes put
There by me feet.
Sounds die. But not the
Sight of my mermaid,
My goddess of the ocean, who
Was always unafraid,
Even on the night when we
Went out to wade.

THE CORPSE
BY
MARY HOLMAN

DARK, DEAD, DECAYED THING,
YOU STRETCH YOUR ROTTING ARMS
AND HORRIBLE FACE UNTO THE SUN,
NOT KNOWING THAT YOU'RE DEAD: OBLIVIOUS
THAT YOU'LL NOT KNOW AGAIN
THE SWEET BREATH THAT ONCE BROUGHT
YOU LIFE.



=====

=====

THE WAITING***BY***ROBERT SHARMON

A cold wind scraped across the naked night,
Stripping it of the days warmth.
I lay alone and fearful, hoping to hide
Myself from YOUR fearful wrath, and.....
Finally witnessed by YOUR eye, I shivered
In the labored breath of the wind.
And then, then.....YOU came to me and
All was forever quiet.....

שֶׁאֵין אֵין

שֶׁלֹא בְּאֵין

אֵין אֵין

אֵין אֵין אֵין

We saw [amidst the dust of imperialism]
A dream arise as smoke
From parched ashes and charred flesh
Like raised purple script on yellowed scrolls
WE knew the dream was wafted
Over the children chained of Israel
They wept when they beheld
A dove, no taloned eagle warrior.

WE sensed the purple power
Of a burst from birds of lyric
Of the blue balm shed by
Seven bursting suns
They thought it was Hiroshima
Shook through two millenia
WE knew it was the Poetry
Of union---Love and Earth, purple dust and flesh.

The Purple King stood standing
In the whirling wind
Glowing through the protoplasm wrapper
And breathing purple vapors
Into lungs of dying men
They exhaled the vapors
On the barren land
Breathing deeply smoke and incense.

WE remember [in half-time images]
The Purple King in the glory of the living
He stood as high as love---
The tiny spark of beast above Auschwitz
The eye unblurred by aged cataracts---
As low as hunger
Clothed in palms
And splitting timeless herbs.

WE were told [we weren't there]
He died on the grassless summit of a skull
No, he died within the grass and straw
With the skull of vain distortions
He couldn't cry out to us
They had dissected his voice
WE couldn't hear him anyway above
The rattle of beads and clang of bells.

The Purple King stands drooping
Bleeding wine, not blood
Reeking of slaughtered wild onions
Long since grown over fragile other-lilies
Now he stands in the British Museum
Surveyed by hysterical Coke drinkers
Mummified in the bowels of the Batican
And wrapped in strips of dead theology.

The Purple King is gone
The Purple King is gone
To the nowhere of wasted breath
Where we will go [wailing, shouting, or singing]
They wait for him in fear
Burning half-anxious beetles as sacrifice
It's good that they feel fear
But we know the Purple King is gone.

The Purple King is gone
WE duckly danced laments
Laid wreaths of pallid doubt upon his bones
And wallowed in the green weeds
Finding only listless serpents
Not leaves of grass
They told us we were fools
To look for flames beneath the grass.

The Purple King is gone
The raised purple script remains
We chanced upon the flecks
Of purple dust
In wandering through the barren land
And see within the thousand-faced Shiva
Of our grass-hewn everywhere
A purple figure whirling on the wind.

A FANTASY CLASSIC

ULALUMIE BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sere---
The leaves they were withering and sere:
It was night, in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year:
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir---
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul---
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll---
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole---
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere---
Our memories were treacherous and sere;
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year
(Ah, night of all nights of the year!)---
We noted not the dim lake of Auber
(Though once we had journeyed down here)---
We remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Not the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And Now, as the night was senescent
And star-dials pointed to morn---
As the star-dials hinted of morn---
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn---
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said: "She is warmer than Dian;
 She rolls through an ether of sighs---
 She revels in a region of sighs.
 She has seen that the tears are not dry on
 These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
 And has come past the stars of the Lion,
 To point us the path to the skies---
 To the Lethean peace of the skies---
 Come up, in despite of the Lion,
 To shine on us with her bright eyes---
 Come up through the lair of the Lion,
 With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
 Said: "Sadly this star I mistrust---
 Her pallor I strangely mistrust:
 Ah, hasten!---let us fly!---for we must."
 In terror she spoke, letting sink her
 Wings till they trailed in the dust---
 In agony sobbed; letting sink her
 Plumes till they trailed in the dust---
 Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied: "This is nothing but dreaming:
 Let us on by this tremulous light!
 Let us bath in this crystalline light!
 Its Sibyllic splendor is beaming
 With Hope in Beauty to-night:---
 See!---it flickers up the sky through the
 night!
 Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
 And be sure it will lead us aright---
 We surely may trust to a gleaming,
 That cannot but guide us aright,
 Since it flickers up to Heaven through the
 night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
 And tempted her out of her gloom---
 And conquered her scruples and gloom;
 And we passed to the end of the vista,
 But were stopped by the door of a tomb---
 By the door of a legended tomb;
 And I said: "What is written, sweet sister,
 On the door of this legended tomb?"
 She replied: "Ulalume---Ulalume---
 Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
 As the leaves that were crisped and sere---
 As the leaves that were withering and sere;
 And I cried: "It was surely October



On this night of last year
 That I journeyed---I journeyed down here!---
 That I brought a dread burden down here---
 On this night of all nights in the year,
 Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
 Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber---
 This misty mid region of Weir---
 Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber;
 This ghoulish-woodland of Weir."

Said we, then--the two, then: "Ah, can it
 Have been that the woodlandish ghouls---
 The pitiful, the merciful ghouls---
 To bar up our way and to ban it
 From the secret that lies in these wolds---
 From the thing that lies hidden in these wolds---
 Have drawn up the spectre of a planet
 From the limbo of lunar souls---
 This sinfully scintillant planet
 From the Hell of the planetary souls?"



REG

721

Man has conquered space before.
 You may be sure of that. Somewhere
 beyond the Egyptains, in that dimness
 out of which come echoes of half-
 mythical names---Atlantis, Mu---some-
 where back of history's first begin-
 ings there must have been an age when
 mankind, like us today, built cities
 of steel to house its star-roving ships
 and knew the names of the planets in
 their own native tongues---heard Ven-
 us' people call their wet world "Sha-
 ardol" in that soft, sweet, slurring
 speech and mimicked Mars' guttural
 "Lakkdiz" from the harsh tongues of
 Mars' dry-land dwellers. You may be
 sure of that. Man has conquered space
 before, and out of that conquest
 faint, faint echoes run still through
 a world that has forgotten the
 fact of a civilization which must
 have mighty them our own. There have
 been too many legends to doubt it.

---C. L. Moore---"Shambleau"-----

II

THE SILVER HOUSE BY BETTY MORRIS

Beyond the golden mountains
Against the black forest
Is a house of silver
Whose tall columns are cobweb light
And strong as steel.
And in the house lives
A witch older than the mountains
And more evil than a demon;
And a fair maiden that she
Turned into a spider.

Along the pine-cone-covered
Trail walk bare feet
Toward the gleaming house
Without windows.
From the shining door pour the lovely
Sounds of melodious lullabys.
Tender strains reach
Out and urge the lonely
Wanderer onward
And turn to shrill screams
When the silver door shuts.

THE SEPULCHRE
By Mary Holman

AFTER THE SCREAMING AND
AGONY AND DEATH
THE LIGHT WAS DARKENED
AND SILENCE REIGNED
IN THE QUIET PLACE.



THE TOMB.....COOL, SHUT AWAY,
DARK, SILENT: AND THE MARCH
OF THE CENTURIES WAITING
FOR THE WARLOCK TO COME.
WAITING FOR HIS TOUCH OF SORCERY
TO COME AGAIN TO LIFE AND
CLAIM VENGEANCE.

DEATH By Marcia Edmonds

Bending	The childhood games...
Bending	The many loves...gone but where?
She stands clinging to life	Only love for life
The weight pulls her under	No use...
But struggle! Struggle!	Aspiration
She straightens...half life...	A smile...
Half death	Hand softens...bending
Bending...bending	Bending...bending
Finger grip to nothing	Leached of life and dead
