

FANTASÆ

\$1.50



REVERIE

What you have here is a culmination of a dream. Well, two dreams, really. It has been a dream of ours to print the artwork of the best artists in fandom, and in so doing, publish one of the best fanzines around. But alas this was impossible at that time although we did amass the addresses of some 25 top-rated fan artists.

Next came the poetry of Robert E. Howard. While Deb had always been a poet, I could only remember the boring stuff in English and Lit. classes in high school and college. But with the discovery of Howard's lyrical verse we both discovered an unknown love. Deb proceeded to write the poem "Antimeridien" and urged on by my enthusiastic reaction, continued to write fantasy verse.

We then set out to find a 'zine who would print some of these poems and here we met our biggest disappointments. No market. . . well, very little, if any. Most editors wrote back saying that they liked the material but had either no use for it or they were overstocked already.

The next question was "How many others have had this same problem?" Surely there are as

many or more emulators of Howard's verse as his prose. . . where are they? There are numerous fiction 'zines but as far as we know, not one poetry 'zine and there should be. So we decided that if it was gonna be done, we'd have to do it.

Next came the realization that it might be hard to convince fandom to buy a magazine of poetry by relatively unknowns. Now we put the two dreams together -- a poetry 'zine and a 'zine of the best artists in fandom. Some of these artists have since turned pro, but, so much the better.

All that was left was to gather material and lo and behold there were other poets and they were seeking a market. And we engaged some of the best young artists around to bring these poems to graphic life.

Granted, you'll not find within these pages any of the verse of REH, who is probably the best of the fantasy poets, but that's not the point of this publication. We're here to bring to your attention the graphic verse of Howard's present day followers. Whether you are a poetry fan or not, you should have no trouble escaping with the verses herein.

CONTRIBUTOR INFORMATION

Contributors: If you are interested in contributing to FANTASÆ:
Poets: Write for our contributor information sheet. We pay 10¢ per line for accepted poetry that meets our specifications.
Artists: All art is on assignment basis, so send a few xerox samples. We pay \$5 per page for first print rights and all artwork is returned.

STAR AND R PRODUCTIONS

presents FANTASÆ number one. All rights reserved without expressed consent of the copyright holder. Comments and criticisms are invited. Send to: D. K. Raney Box 448 Fort Montgomery, New York 10922.

FANTASÆ

EDITOR: GRAPHIC VERSE AND ART

EDITOR:

Deborah
K. Raney

Art
Director:

Ken
Raney



CONTRIBUTORS

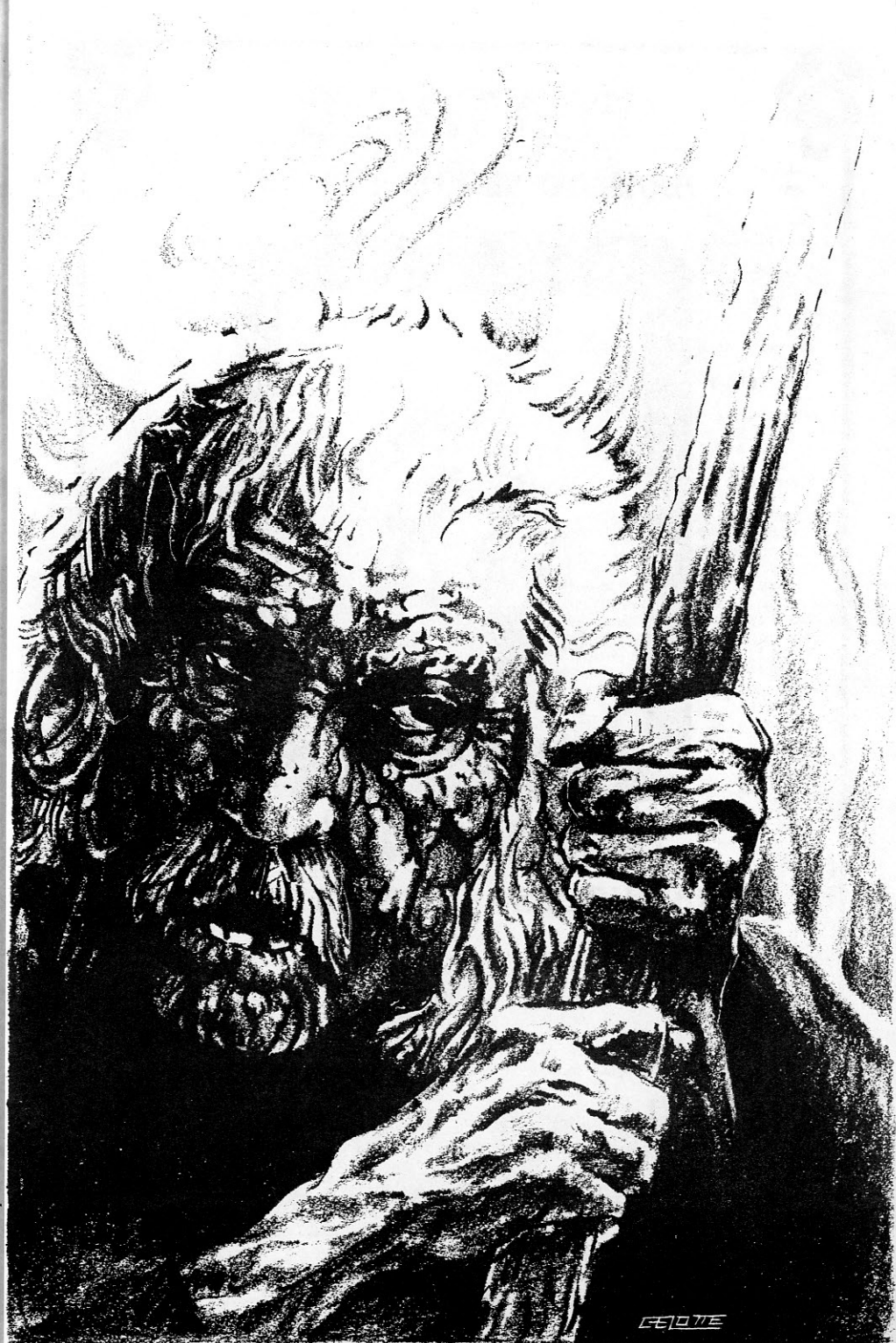
GRAPHIQUES

RHYMES

Brent Anderson
Clyde Caldwell
Frank Cirocco
Gene Day
Steve Fabian
Dennis Fujitake
Mark Gelotte
Hanther
Gary Kató
Ken Raney
Steve Riley
Stanley Sakai
Broc Sears
Bill G. Wilson
Gary Winnick

John Bredon
Jim Coplin
Don Fioto
Bruce D. Griffiths
Deborah K. Raney
Jessica Amanda Salmonson
Charles Schneider
Stephanie Stearns

275/300
Ken Raney



WITHERED

Ancient is he with pits in his eyes
and silent is he, the old man who cries,
Hunched and sickly, in a dark room
spawned they say from a serpents womb.
Shaking, trembling in distant thought
another life wasted, is it naught?
A clouded mind, a life soon gone,
scraggly voice, choking this song,
"It was a joke, a scoff for the Gods,
we is like peas, out of the pods,
soon to be seen and eaten, quite true,
and soon the pea, like us, is through."
No one heard him, or would if they cared.
Collapse did he, hollow and scared.
Later, years later, the warriors arrived
into the shack some warlords had spied
the rotten remnants of the lonely old man,
crumbled with time and withered with sand.
"I yam 'ungry" says a soldier, "Lut 'ave some gruel,
lets leave the corpse of a wretched old fool."
Left, they did, and nations still rotten,
still lies the body of a man forgotten.

- Charles Schneider

Illustration by Mark Gelotte



THE PLAIN OF THE BOAR

The dust had just settled from the day before
And the armor strewn battle field soaked up the gore
That coated the shields and bodies of men
Who rode into Valhalla and darkened fén.

Then out of the mist and ethereal haze
Rode one lonely warrior, eyes ablaze.
Upon a steed swathed in mud,
His shield and sword dripping with blood,
He lifted his voice to the burning sky
And from his throat came a mournful cry.
A sound that haunted heart and mind
Of all of those that hoped to find
Peace in death and end of pain
But now lay still midst the trampled grain.

The warrior searched the field in vain
For the form of his comrade, now surely slain
In the heated battle on The Plain of the Boar,
Where many brave souls went to evermore.

The wings of death now spread out low
To touch the wounded, tossed to and fro,
By lance and club, axe and mace -
The fighting had set a horrid pace
Until all had fallen but one lonely knight
Who, standing alone, would live to fight
Another day in another place
Where he'd search for his comrade's face
Among the living, among the dead
Calling his name, now filled with dread.

His mind turned back to yesterday
To mongol hordes that he did slay
In vengeful fashion while wielding sword
To cut a swathe thru that mongol horde.
Their golden faces smiled and leered,
Pigtail heads that so many feared
Had finally come to pillage and rape
For many bondsmen there was no escape,
Only the spectre of the vulture of death
Which took them quick and snuffed out their breath.

The children cried while their heads were bashed
And women screamed while bodies were lashed
To pillar and post, and the mongols raped
Their minds and bodies and then escaped
To meet in battle on The Plain of the Boar
The knights and warriors of the village LeMore.



There they were led by two mighty men
On powerful chargers they rode out of the glen -
Helmets agleaming, and swords at their sides
Into battle and hell they did ride
Swinging and cutting from left to right
Gold bodies fell and screamed out in fright
Only to feel the touch of death's grip
As from the battle their souls did slip.

Men screaming and cursing as steel cut flesh
Swords rending bone and slicing through mesh
The spattering of blood and crushing of brain
Oh God, how these men did kill and maim.
Then slowly as the day wore on and sun set high at noon
The warrior clad in silver chain was about to meet his doom.
Surrounded by a golden horde, out of sight of friend,
His arms grew heavy and weary, his might began to bend.
Then slowly battered from all sides, he toppled from his steed,
And as he lay upon the ground, he knew his soul was freed
From all this madness, horror and death
A mighty warrior drew one quick final breath.

So, the other went searching midst blood and gore
Looking for his friend on The Plain of the Boar.
And then at last at the edge of the field
He spotted a massive, velvet black shield,
Held aloof by a stiff, battered arm
As if to place it beyond all harm.

A soft warm breeze whipped up the dust
And the saddened warrior knew that he must
Clear away the crumpled dead
And hold one more time, this poor bloody head
That rode with him from Dunstan to Boar
And shared his women and went to war
To free mankind from the golden horde
With an axe, a spear, and a double-edged sword.

When the sun kissed goodnight to The Plain of the Boar
The knight rode away to kill no more
Sword in his scabbard, helmet in hand
He'd spend his life tilling the land.

A rusty shield now hangs on a wall
Of an old sod cabin deep within Gaul
Where an aged, tired knight remembers the war,
The death of his friend on The Plain of the Boar.

- Bruce D. Griffiths

Illustrations by Dennis Fujitake



UNHOLY DESTINY

A shadow flits across the moon,
Winged beastie heading out
To maid who waits in semi-swoon
Sealed by a sign devout.
Lured by blood lust to maiden's side,
Red eyes a gleam and bright,
He hastens to reluctant bride,
A slave to appetite.
Anemic palor marks her cheek,
Herb blossoms scent the air
With thick, unpleasant shrouding reek,
Tradition's hopeful care.
She rouses to a silent call
Casting aside defense,
Obeying his hypnotic thrall
To sate concupisence.
Her throat is young and innocent,
His need is ill-contained.
Alas, greed is incontinent ---
He drinks till she is drained.
She lies at peace in death's cocoon,
Staked to her catacomb.
A shadow flits across the moon,
Winged beastie heading home.

- Stephanie Stearns

Illustration by Gary Winnick



WINGS OF THE DESERT

The sun upon the desert consecrated
scorching sand,
A solitary warrior trudged across
the sacred land.
He wore a scarlet vestment and a broadsword
did he wield.
He bore the noble emblem of a conqueror
on his shield.

It seemed no destination etched a goal
upon his mind,
Save that which prospered always in the
struggles of his kind.
The instinct echoed always, battling bow
or lance or knife,
Reminding him he harbored an unequalled
love for life.

His trek had gripped the harrowing flight
of many suns and stars --
Tormentor of a stalwart man, a man
outliving wars.
The Sun-god scarred his face in lines of
pain and anguish, deep
And in a desperate clarion, moved a
virile man to weep.

The salty tears were furrowed in the lines
upon his face,
Uplifting vision skyward in an anguished
plea for grace.
Had delirium engulfed him, while he
to life did cling
Or did deity near him, catching sun
on golden wing?

His vision clear as crystal then; washed
pure by fervent tears,
Yet, terrified by what he saw; still,
hope outweighing fears.
Foul, wild scents invaded the air,
the warrior abhorred,
Then gazed on empty sky where once
a mammoth eagle soared.

But talons touched the sand in peace
and made the warrior bold,
And vigilant, he climbed astride the wings
that shone like gold.
The winged savior carried him
majestically from strife,
Reminding him he harbored an unequalled
love for life.

- Deborah K. Raney

Illustration by Gene Day



NINEVAN

No more silver songs at the golden throne,
No more shackled captives moan,
No more prayers from the eunuch priests,
No more orgies following the feasts.

No more jesters juggling for jaded kings,
No more courtiers in the wings,
No more flatterers, no more spies to fear,
No gossip, no intrigue to hear.

No more troubadours, no more ringing rhyme,
No more slaves to dance in time,
Only toppled turrets and ruined walls,
And one sad royal ghost that calls.

- John Bredon

Illustration by Ken Raney



HUMEROUS ATTEMPT...

BY AN UNKNOWN BARBARIAN AT WRITING POETRY WHO SHOULD
HAVE CONTINUED TO BATTLE INSTEAD OF ATTEMPTING TO
PRODUCE POETRY WHICH SHOULD BE LEFT TO MINSTRELS.

Oh men is pigs and women is wretches,
they only is good when yer wine they fetches.
I yeet fine meat an' hot chestnuts,
My blade drinks deep in mine enemy's gutses!
My sword is steel with a handle o' brass,
I ride on a horse and my slave on an ass.
I'll live a full life until I die in the field,
and I'm carried home on my finest shield.
When I think of this land, at times I fear,
my savage heart shall let loose one tear.
Well, my poem is done, me inks in a lull,
say it's bad and I'll split yer skull!

- Charles Schneider

Illustration by Bill G. Wilson



OF KINGS AND CUPS

King Clovis of the Salian Franks
And Christian Europe's hope,
Sought out the bejeweled chalice
Stolen from the Roman Pope.

He called his Hosts before him
And each warrior's eyes he searched,
As he asked that he who stole it
To return it to the church.

One warrior stepped from out the ranks
And said to King so grand,
"I claim this plundered chalice
As you claim your conquered lands!"

King Clovis sought to tell him
The difference 'twinst the two,
But 'twould seem eloquence failed him
So he clove the carle's head through.

Fourteen centuries divide us
Yet his argument's not strange,
If man but copies King it's crime.
A'int it odd how things don't change?

- j. e. coplin



TO THE SWORD!

Swords of thunder and swords of war
stained with crimson forevermore
For our nations and for our wives
we have given our very lives
With the sky shrouded grey
all our passions must sway
to the sword!

Men are soldiers and nothing more
Battle is all we exist for
To our children this legacy
Knights are what we are meant to be
Where the sun doesn't shine
there we toast with our wine
to the sword!

Swords of vengeance and swords of doom
carve a passage through darken gloom
Swords of iron and swords of clay
Broken legions at break of day
Many fall by the road
still we sing every ode
to the sword!

Sudden rain storm and lightning flash
Sparks of steel where we soldiers clash
Cursing loud, through their ranks we bore
as they die by the hundred score
and to we who survive
we will know we're alive
by the sword!

-Jessica Amanda Salmonson

Illustration by Stanley Sakai



THE SEA HAG AND TAW

Salt spray and deep, dark night-
Seafaring warriors waiting to fight,
Their muscular bodies girded in mail
Into the abyss of hell they did sail.

Weeks upon end their ship was tossed
While they searched for Gardon, Sea Hag of the lost.
Gardon, Gardon, Sea Hag of the deep,
Slayer of seamen whose widows now weep.

So these warriors knew they'd need special help
From the eye of a shark and an old piece of kelp
Tied to their flag high on the mast
While noontime skies were gray, overcast.

Anxiously now, they awaited the dawn
Waited for fog to lift and soon begone
Some sharpened axes, others drew sword,
All watched the horizon with nary a word.

Then out of the crow's nest there came a yell,
"The Sea Hag, Gardon, she's blown out of hell!"
Bodies tensed with anxiety, fear,
For the horrible spectre their souls did sear.

Gardon reared her ugly head,
A perfect visage of sailors long dead,
Blood red eye, and eels for hair,
Talons of steel, she burst from her lair.

She shook the boat from stem to stern
This was the time for these fools to learn
That all brave sailors who fight this beast
May soon end up as her noontime feast.

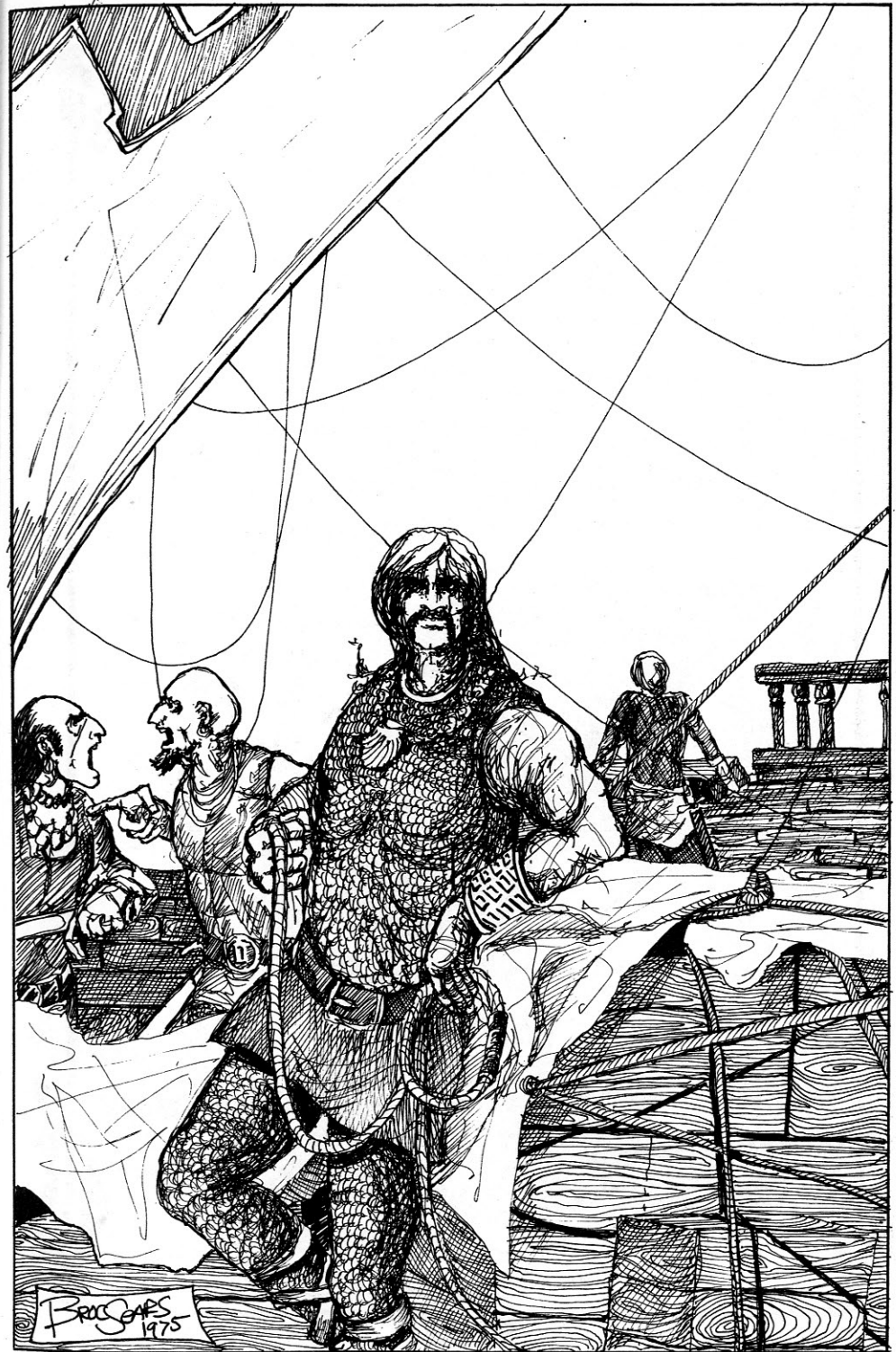
Her scaly body was covered with slime,
Her evil soul had awaited this time-
When she could sink the ship of Taw
And take his flesh within her maw.

But Taw and his sailors, all brave and bold,
Brought forth their charms from deep in the hold,
Hoisted them high, lashed 'em to the mast-
Shark eye and kelp from out of the past.

The sailors now knew when the sky was gray
This was the time for them to slay
Gardon, the Sea Hag, killer of men-
They'd send her down to her bone cluttered den.

Her horrible sounds rang thru overcast sky
While she watched the men with her evil red eye,
But then, 'twas told, that to her dismay
Ten good sailors slew her that day.

She was mesmerized by the eye of the shark,
Staring down from the sky so dark,
And the ancient kelp strung out on the mast
Entangled her viscous talons at last.



Taw ordered his warriors to leap from the sails
And sink their axes deep in her scales-
Then while Gardon lashed out at the sky
Nine sharp swords would cut out her eye.

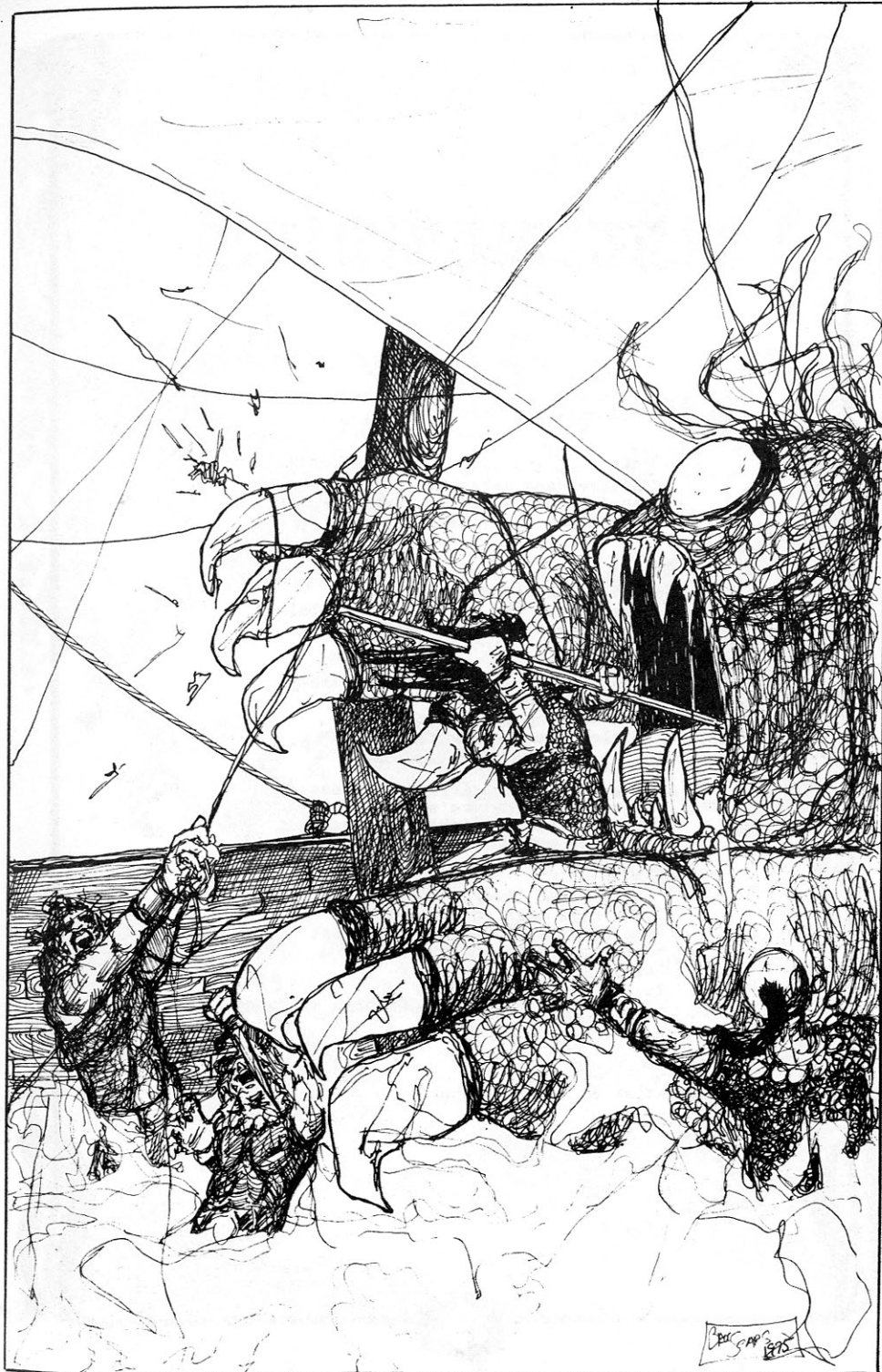
While she was blinded, Taw took the part
Of sinking his silver edged sword in her heart,
Slicing and cutting her, whilst skies agloom
He'd send the sea hag deep to her doom.

So all was readied, all was complete
The warriors clambered to their feet.
The job was done quickly 'neath overcast sky
The sailors cheered when they cut out her eye.

Sightless and heartless, she slid into the sea-
The warriors cried out, "The sea lanes are free!"
So Taw took his ship out of this hell
And sailed for home on an endless swell.

- Bruce D. Griffiths

Illustrated by Broc Sears



ANTIMERIDIEM

A nomad of the sea awakes,
Proverbial ruby dawn.
Of meager repast he partakes;
Now pale and thin and wan.

He tends the ship as his own child,
Secures and makes her fast.
She'll not, while he lives, be defiled;
He swears it by her mast.

He gazes now on watery calm
And thinks of days long past
When youth was his, a healing balm,
The dice of fate not cast.

And now the storm enfolding them;
They need not ponder why.
The warning masqueraded in
A glorious morning sky.

The billows, raging, never-ceased,
The vessel, nature's pawn.
Phoebus still watching in the east
Through murky curtain, drawn.

Now, nomad lies in apathy
The dark main echoes gloom.
He sleeps below his sacred sea,
His ship a splintery tomb.

- Deborah K. Raney

Illustration by Clyde Caldwell



SORCERER'S REVENGE, SORCERER'S REWARD

The mystic sorcerer weaves his spells on everything he sees
He hurls his bolts of power now at plants and ground and trees
He is practicing his art this day, the stronger he must grow
In hopes of someday challenging the evil one below.

He is not long a sorcerer, this strangely garbed young man
Born in Sukan-Wei he was, the son of merchant Saan
A farmer of God's earth was he, in days before the Fall
Till his father lost his soul one day in a darkened drinking hall.

They say it was a deal old Saan did make the Lord of Hell
It seems he sought to gain Hell's aid and make his fortune swell
All well and good this deal did go for a decade and a year
But before he thought his side was due, doom's voice did old Saan hear.

"The time has come to pay your debt to me, our bargain's due
I want your soul, as you agreed, for all I've done for you."
"But wait!" cried Saan, "I'm still quite young! I'm only fifty three!"
But a moment later his soul was gone, Hell cared not for his plea.

His father dead, the son felt grief, and rage toward Satan, too
He made a solemn oath. Said he, "Hell, I shall vanquish you!"
The mystic arts he undertook to use against his foe
Ever stronger and proficient in their uses did he grow.

Alas, the time is now because the Devil, he stands here
He's come to doom the sorcerer, whose oaths offend his ear
"You minute mortal, raging thus, you seek to threaten me?
You jest, ha ha !" the Devil laughs. "Mere dust I'll make of ye!"

The sorcerer does not speak at all, a spell he calls instead
Three bolts of flaming fire he hurls -- at legs, at heart, at head
"Tis not a jest, I see that now, you wretched little fool!
Know you that fire hurts me not. In fact it's mine to rule!"

With that the Devil hurls his flame, his eyes aglow with hate
The wizard barely jumps aside to dodge his deadly fate
Another spell the wizard calls, its power is quite strong
"You think you're power harms me?" asks the Devil. "You are wrong!"



The Devil stomps his fetid foot, the earth does roll and shake
The sorcerer is thrown quite far, no more of this he'll take
"Ne mallah shay kal rogarth!!" screams the sorcerer aloud
Upon the Devil falls great rains and lightning from the clouds.

The Devil laughs out loud and long. "I think you'll never learn!
Your paltry power could not crush a tiny Pontish urn!"
But wait, the Devil's smile retreats, a look of pain appears
The rain, it seems, does burn his flesh, and suddenly he fears.

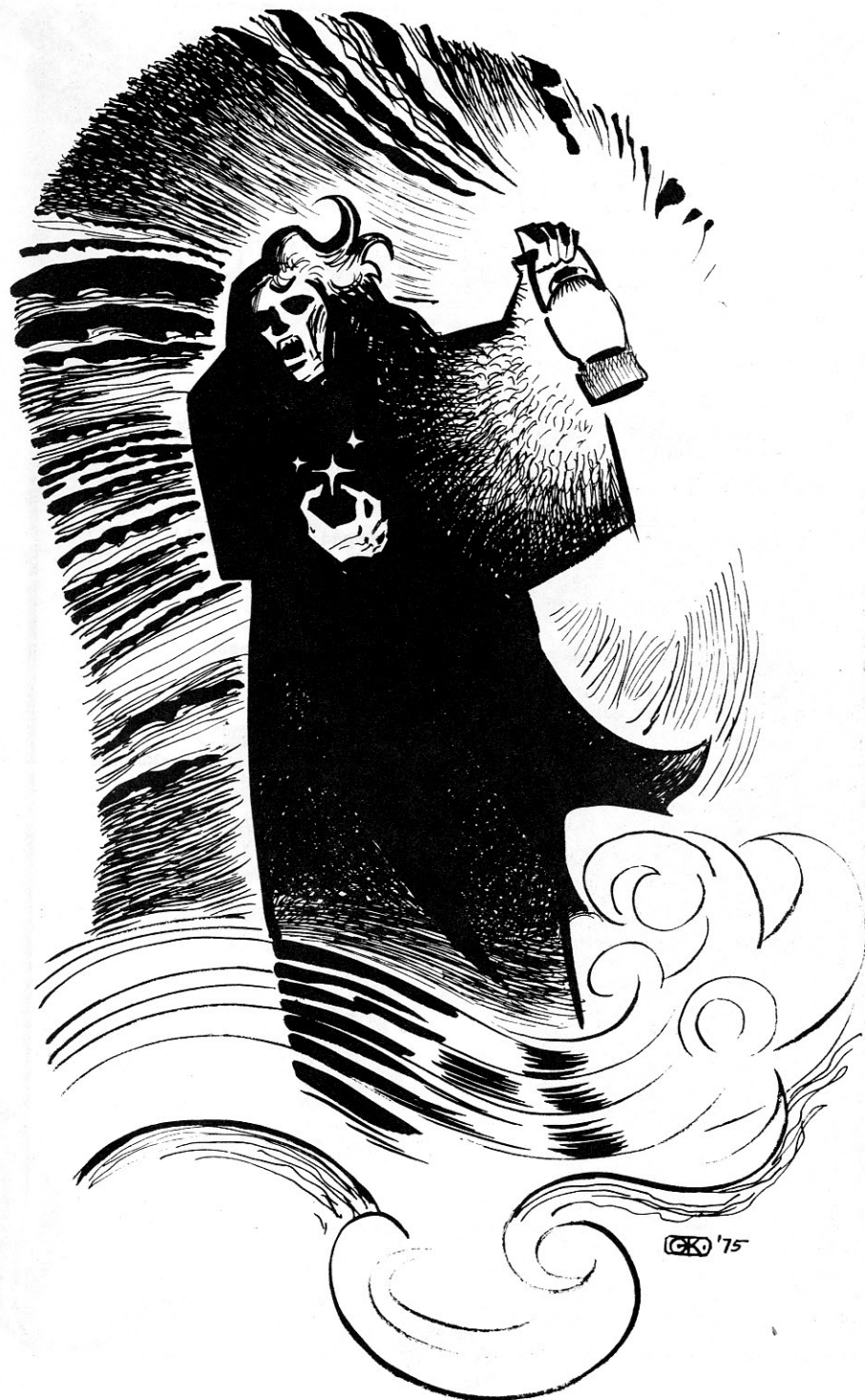
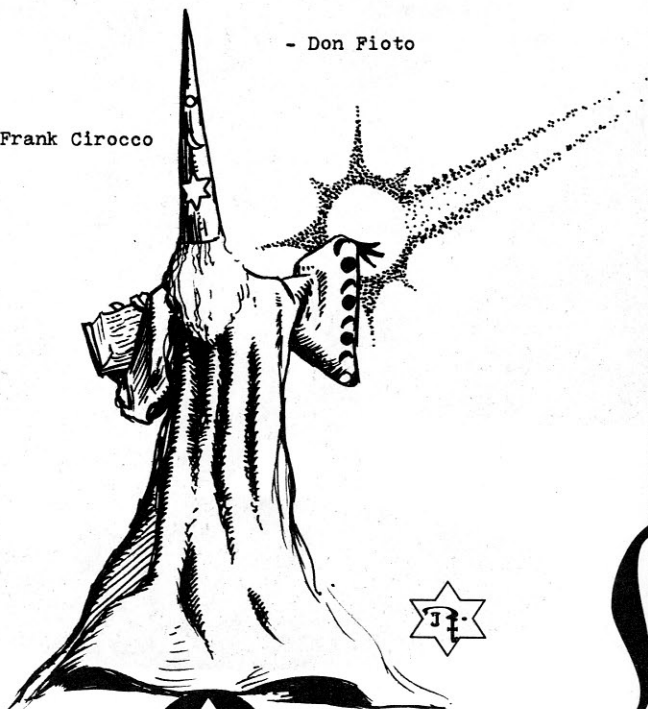
The clouds dissolve, the sky unfurls, an awesome face does show
Tis the face of God that looks upon the battlefield below
"Enough, I say!" the Lord does roar. "They'll be no more today!
This rain will hurt you, Satan, you have lost! Be on your way."

The Lord thus banished Satan back to his vile, dark domain
A fitting place for such a fiend to live in constant pain
"And you, mere mortal!" says the Lord. "What was it that you sought?"
Simple vengeance. Nothing more. With mystic powers bought!"

"You toyed in things against my creeds, so I must punish you!
You'll join the Devil down in Hell, your actions there to rue."
With that the sorcerer's life does end. The Devil's laugh does boom
"So pleased that we're together now in everlasting doom!!"

- Don Fioto

Illustration by Frank Cirocco



THE HAUNTS OF THE AMBER WITCH

When the chill fog banks shroud Ireland's coast in thick cloud
When the midnight moon hides in the skies,
And the white breakers roll from seas dark as the coal
Tis then that the Amber Witch cries.

Sea mists grey as her gown curl her stooped form around
And the lantern's light bobs in her hand.
Haunted shores must she roam till the morning cocks crown
Leaving only her prints in the sand.

Year to month, day to week, Amber stone does she seek
Neath the outgoing ebb tides slick foam.
For the love of these jewels was she terrible and cruel,
Now forever she searches alone.

Till the night's stay is done are her shores feared and shunned
And the doors of the fishing folk barred,
Those she meets by the sea lose their lives as her fee
For her amber she jealously guards.

As the moon fades away and the East pinks with day
Then the fishing boats on the waves pitch.
For it's safe once again till the night fog rolls in
To the haunts of the Amber Witch.

- j. e. coplin

Illustration by Gary Kato

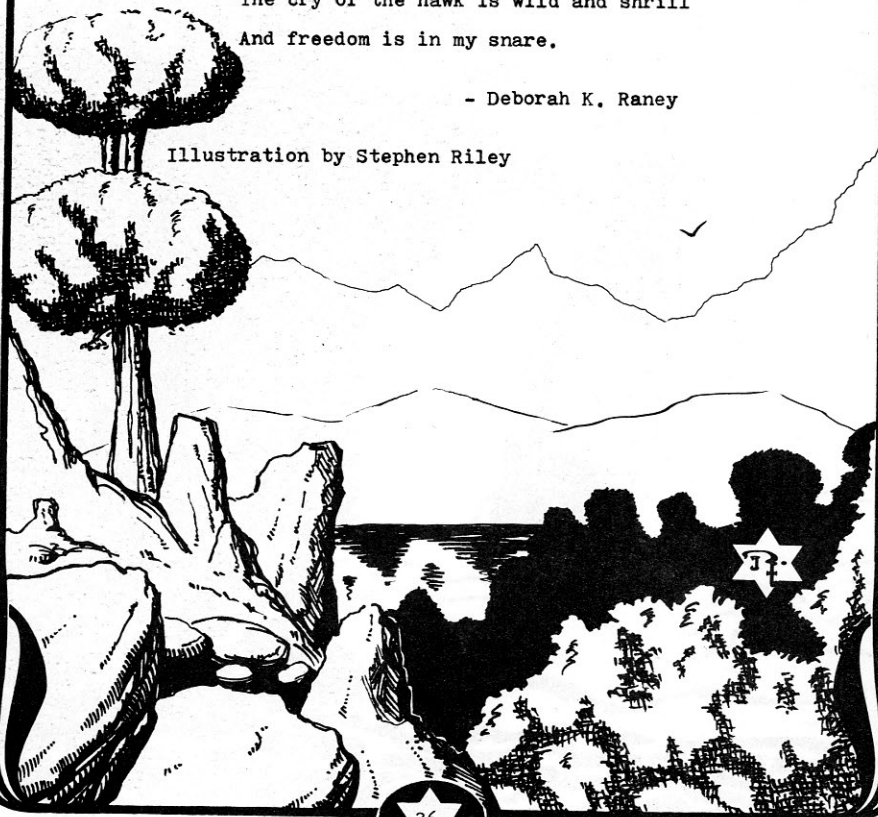


FREEDOM SONG

Alone I stand on a steeple hill
A moment of solitude, rare,
The sun at my back, the song of the rill,
The howling wind in my hair.
The cry of the hawk is wild and shrill
And freedom is in my snare.

- Deborah K. Raney

Illustration by Stephen Riley



PLUGS

STEVE RILEY has just completed a Lovecraft Portfolio for FANTASY CROSSROADS, a fine fanzine covering Howard and other aspects of fantasy. Contact:

Jonathan Bacon
Box 147
Lamoni, Iowa 50140

HANTHER, as far as we know, only appears in his own fine, fine 'zine, CRITTER. He does an outstanding strip called Tandra. Write:

Hanthercraft Pubs.
P.O. Box 709
Corinth, Miss. 38834

MARK GELOTTE, GARY KATO, BRENT ANDERSON, KEN RANEY, GENE DAY are often found within the pages of the excellent fiction 'zine SPACE AND TIME available from:

Gordon Linzner
364 W. 19th St.
Apt. 1 B
N. Y., New York 10011

FRANK CIROCCO, GARY WINNICK, and BRENT ANDERSON put out VENTURE, one of the best fanzines around. Order VENTURE from:

Horizon Zero Graphiques
5567 Dwight Ave.
San Jose, California 95118

You can also find GENE DAY, GARY WINNICK, GARY KATO, KEN RANEY, DEB RANEY, MARK GELOTTE, JESSICA A. SALMONSON in another excellent fiction 'zine, THE DIVERSIFIER. Contact:

A.B. Clingan
P.O. Box 2078
Oroville, California 95965

GENE DAY is a regular with ORB, a professional black and white from Canada and he also heads SHADOW PRESS. Contact:

ORB Productions Ltd.
621 Richmond St. W.#3
Toronto, Ontario
Canada M6J 1C2

or

Shadow Press
Box 207
Gananoque, Ontario
Canada K2G 2T7

JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON publishes FANTASY AND TERROR, another fiction 'zine with quite a bit of verse. STEPHANIE STEARNS is a regular contributor

Fantasy and Terror
P.O. Box 89517
Zenith, Washington 98188

FOR SALE:

The following illustrations are for sale:

Pg. 10	GARY WINNICK	8½x13 inches	\$10
Pg. 12	GENE DAY	9x14 inches	BID (\$10 min.)
Pg. 14	KEN RANEY	8½x13 inches	\$10
Pg. 23	STANLEY SAKAI	9x14 inches	\$5
Pg. 37	STEVE RILEY	8½x11 inches	BID (\$20 min.)

Send all checks and bids to: Ken Raney
Box 448
Fort Montgomery, N. Y.
10922

finis

Well... there you have it. Be sure and write us and let us know what you think. Also, for added interest, send us your votes for:

best poem
best illustration
best poem/illo tie-in

We'll use these votes to decide various questions as to contents and format.

A special note to all you poets out there -- give us a try. Our goal is to be the showcase for fine fantasy verse. We know there are more than the number of poets represented herein and we want to hear from all of you.

As for the future -- who knows? We're gathering material already for issue #2 and are planning a July release. That leaves plenty of time for you to contact us to give us your opinions and send contributions. We must also stress the fact that FANTASAE won't last long unless we have a lot of support, so tell everyone about us and buy two issues yourself.

For general information, FANTASAE was printed in a limited first edition of 300 copies, signed and numbered. The second edition (if any) will be unsigned, therefore insuring the status of "collector's item" for the first edition.

All artwork and poetry has been sold for first print rights only, therefore, all rights are reserved by the artists and authors. No material may be reprinted without permission of the artist or author.

In case you were wondering about the illustration mix-up between SORCERER'S REVENGE, SORCERER'S REWARD and THE HAUNTS OF THE AMBER WITCH, wonder no more. We had thought that SORCERER'S REVENGE, SORCERER'S REWARD would squeeze onto one page, so we requested only one illustration. When we started typing up the poem, however, we quickly learned that one page was a bit unrealistic. It must have two pages, which left us with a blank page. Luckily, when Gary Kato sent his interpretation of the "Amber Witch" he sent two illos and asked us to choose between the two. We paid him for both and sandwiched our second choice between the two poems. I hope it is not too distracting.

We want to call your attention to the original art that is for sale. These are quality pieces by today's up and coming artists. The prices are cheap and you can see what you're buying. These are not just any ol' fan artists; these people are going somewhere. Just imagine if you had an early Frazetta! Anyway, we're running this as a service to our contributors, so we hope you will support them by buying their work.

