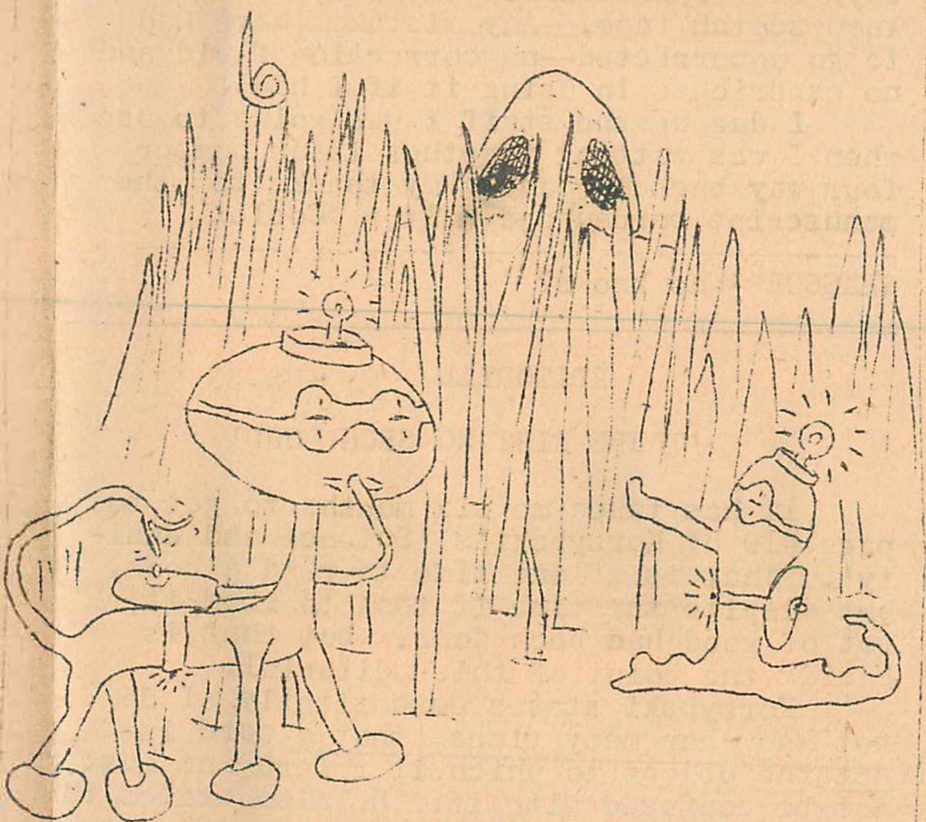


FORLO KON

DECEMBER

1946



ADVANCE PARTY

WELL! HERE I AM AGAIN....THAT JERK WITH THE SMIRK...THAT QUACK WITH THE JACK AND THE 'CRAP, CFUD, AND CRIFANAC'.

LASSUE**That was so far back in space-time that I don't remember it.

THISSUE**As you see, this issue is mimeoed sideways. It is a bit hard to get it sideways in a short carriage typer, but you know scotch tape. Any mistakes have had to go uncorrected--no correction fluid and no experience in using it if I had.

I dug up the stuff I was going to use when I was putting together issue number four way back in June. My thanks to the manuscript bureau and Walter Coslet.

NEKSSUE**Who knows?

EDITORIAL

'THERE AINT NO SECH WORD'

It has taken me six months to get to page 419 of Korzybski's 'Science and Sanity'. That is a long time to read a book; but despite the time it took to read it, a lot of good had been done. but that is beside the point of this editorial.

Korzybski states emphatically, I do not know how many times, that a word is not the object to which it refers and must not be confused with it. He also states ~~that~~ that there are words to which no referents could be found; these being what we know as 'abstract nouns'. Upon careful consideration

"Well, bun, you'll learn," the man ~~x~~ replied. "The cap'n'll tell yuh all yuh gotta know." Jon didn't like the tone of his voice. They came to a door marked PHIV 12, and the man, who was obviously the first mate by the respect he got from other members of the crew, knocked. "It's me, hannigan, The guy we, er, borrowed, is up."

"Come in," said a smooth purring voice. Jon followed the first mate in. "You may go now, Harrigan," said the same purring voice. Hannigan turned and stooped out. "Now," said the captain, "we can talk business. My name is Sark. Yours?"

"Jon Blake," the captive said weakly.

"All right, Blake, I have a proposition. I an, let us say, a, er--, pirate.

(It is a poor sounding word.)" Jon gasped for he was not expecting his host to be a pirate.* "Surprised, eh?" said Sark. "It is not so surprizing at all. You remember the mystery of the Astra, don't you? Well, that was my job." Jon remembered all right. The Astra had been found drifting in space with all hands dead. The only clue to the act was that the cargo of high test pitchblend was missing.

"Anyway," Sark continued, "I've wound about about a shipment of Garl gems that are to be shipped to Mars for cutting. I need someone to enter the Commerce Building and take some information from the safe there. Anybody in my command would be instantly spotted, so I naturally got some one who would not arouse suspicion. So you. Understand?" Jon understood.

"And what if I refuse?" said Jon.

*Piratering had been eliminated from the system several years earlier and the space police had made it impossible for pirates to exist.

I chose the word 'justice'.

It seems tho, that our 'democracy' is based on a concept of 'justice', and if the word were eliminated from our vocabularies, our country would fold like 'so many apartment houses lately. Or would it? (Who just yelled 'Fascist'?)

Suppose that all of man's institutions based on the term 'justice' were to disappear. That means no courts, no jails or prisons, for a starter. Would there be a sudden crime wave? There might be a very small raise in the rate of crimes, but men's minds would be cleared of blocks which now prevent their getting to the real cause of persons' doing acts which are not condoned under the philosophy of this civilization. It would let them clear out the causes of crime, and thus prevent crimes before they occur, way before. And all because of the elimination of one word from our vocabulary.

'JUSTICE'! THERE AINT NO SECH WORD!

BUD DAKAT KAMBAK

A POEM ON KAY*MIAR PAPER

1

Dervas onol dekon jonson
hoohad trubels uvizohn
EEadenol jelokat
hoowadn levizhom
Eogavim toohman
hoo'az goinfarara
Hetol daman tookep da kat
entol dakat tuhsta
-----Budakat kambak

2

Dakat waza terer
soda altot itboss
Tougiv ontuh aniger
hoo'az gon aotress

(3)

Bud katyano woupaon akary
1337412 brok-nrale
A nro amn araondaplas
vazyl bootoi datail
-----Bud dakat kambak

3

Azma boized eedrom dakat
he godadala note
Pudakat intuhesak
angota nopunbote
tidarep sondasak
Aston dat va de a poun

Enoy dadrag dariva
forda litlboidats draon
-----Bud dakat kambak

4

Dadekon swerdged kildakat
He veri noshite
He loded upiz blund rbus
widnalez ordinaute
Tookizstand sotinda garden
fordakat tuhkon aran
Ahafaduzon peses uhvduman
wazal dafound
-----Bud dakat kambak.

LASFANWZ

On the night of Thursday the nine-
teenth I dropped into the weekly meeting
of that super fan club the LASFS

(Sorry, the stencil got crooked, so I fixt
it) The room was crouded with an energ-
tic group of some fifteen odd people, and
I do mean odd. Our beloved director called
the noisy group to order (?) and the night
got under way; he caught the rose thrown
by his Lady and rode off. Old and new bu-
siness was gotten out of the way with hard-
ly a wimper from the throng. A discussion
started on the highth of prices charged for

Fantasy by the many book dealers, who seem to think that Fantasy is worth more than what we think it is worth. Several scenes were projected to help inform sundry buyers of what's what. Ackerman and I are to prepare some 'throwaways' to inform buyers of such an atrocity, also to get more LASFS members.

I met, after the meeting was dismissed the author A E van Vogt. He is a tall, Finnish looking chap. I had a few words with him concerning his stories, 'World of A' in particular.

Ackerman sold some tickets to a play starring Theodore Gottlieb, which was presented the next night at Pasadena.

I missed the next meeting because I was up in the mountains with a cousin of mine and another fellow.

SHANGHAIED
by A. WEINSTEIN

Slowly, consciousness returned to Jon's body. He became quite aware of his surroundings, such what they were, a small cramped closet filled with damp smelly rags that made the place a virtual hell-hole. Memory came too: he had been walking down the Nyok Spaceport Road when something hit him. Darkness, then this. He pondered, "Who? Why? Where?", but no answer came for quite a while.

Suddenly, the door opened, and a burly man in dirty blue dungarees looked in and spoke to him gruffly. "Oh, yer wake awready, eh? Well, c'mon wi' me."

Jon stood up and stumbled into the corridor. Prompted by the structure of the corridor he asked, "What ship is this? And where are we going?"

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ATTENTION FANS IN LOS ANGELES!!!
COME TO YOUR LASFS MEETINGS.
YOU ARE NEEDED AND WANTED.

WATCH FOR THE NEW 'NULL-A' CHEMISTRY
SETS. BASED ON THE NON*ARISTOTELIAN
SYSTEM.

BOYCOTT THE INFLATIONISTS

DONT BUY FANTASY AT HIGH PRICES.
DONT BUY ANYTHING AT HIGH PRICES.
SAVE YOUR MANEY FOR THE DEPRESSION.
YOU'LL NEED IT THEN.