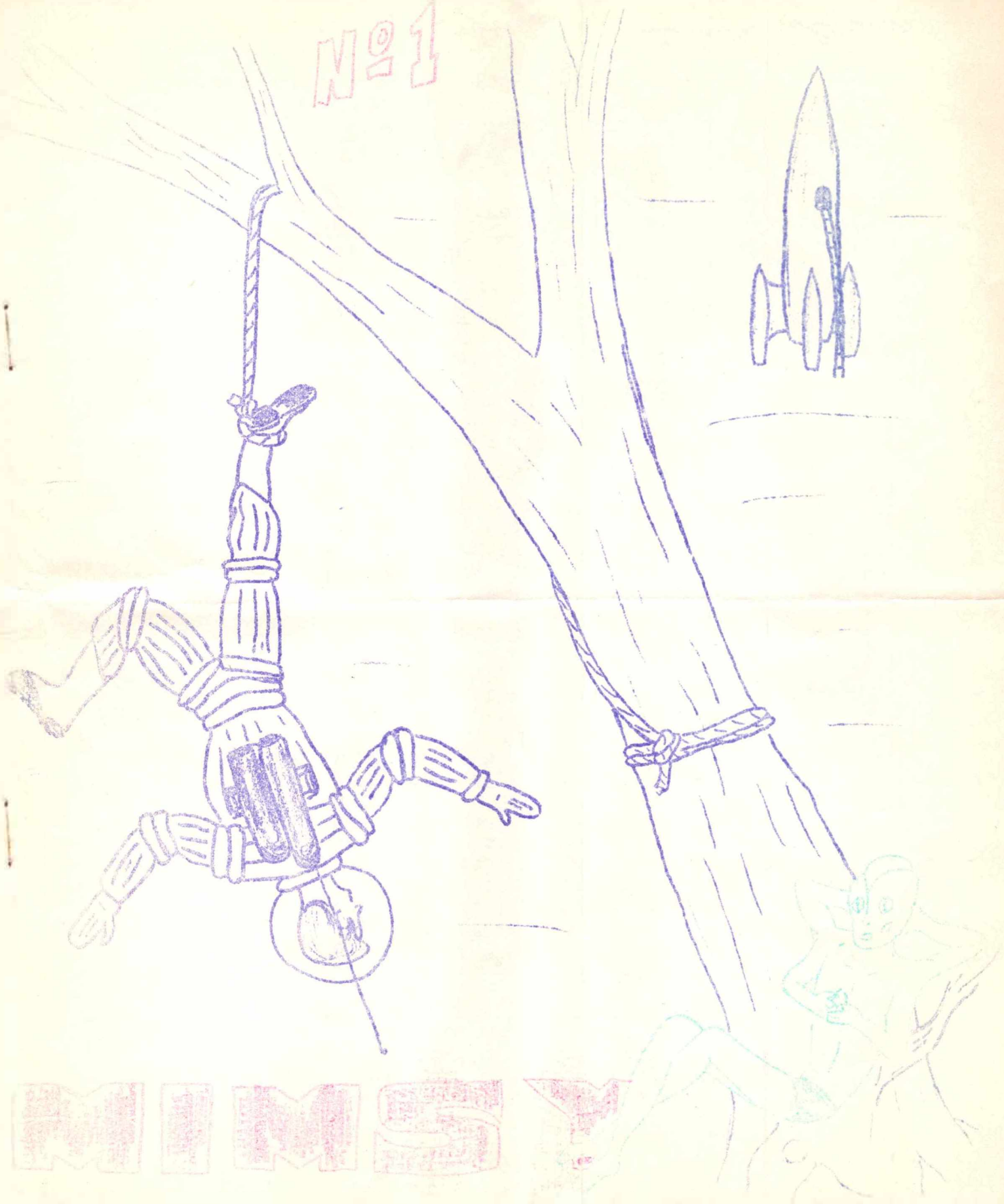


№1



WIMMSY

HELLO! " OUT THERE

MIMSY is the co-ordinated work of a great group of people...and the unco-ordinated dream-idea of myself.

Long time back when I first read "..." I said in a loud voice (through uncontrolled laughter and hot coffee, black) that we of Los Angeles need a similar organ. (This isn't it... but if we get lucky...) I was informed that we already had a similar organ, tho no one was quite sure just what. So (sometimes I wish I had talent) MIMSY was formed.

Now if you please, meet your editors.

First, myself. I am the only editor I've ever met who doesn't use the editorial 'we'..instead he shifts from first to third person and back. Don't I? I am Steve Tolliver. And I am a tri-schizoid. One of my personalities is paranoid, one manic-depressive and one normal. The normal would get rid of the other two except the manic-depressive has all the talent for the crew, the paranoid isn't bothered too much with such things as inhibitions and being introverted and the normal is. Bothered, that is. Besides, we are good company. That was not an editorial we, so I will carry on to explain. When I say we I mean that all of us are speaking to you. When I say he, it means the normal is talking about the paranoid, whom he more or less idolizes. But when I say I, the paranoid is talking. I'm the most powerful of the three, and so rate. By the way, my name is Steve Tolliver only when I'm not Kelly, the manic-depressive. Kelly never speaks so don't worry about him.

-----Polite cats shouldn't oughta climb up on tables for scraps-----

Now the real boss of this outfit, my co-editor (co- is short for co-ordinating) is an ordinary garden variety manic-depressive fake fan who is by choice a practising enthusiast named (also by choice) Bjo. I won't try to explain or describe Bjo, as those of you who know, and to those of you who don't, my sympathy; but take my word for it--it can't be done--not one page by one person.

Now for the folks without whom this zine might have been put out with headings on some articles, and with numbered pages, and with other such desirable things such as zines usually have when not assisted by such folks as these.

Please to meet our able

assistants: Milo Mason...card shark
Ted Johnstone...genius
George W. Fields...BNF?
Bill Ellern...physicist
Miriam Dyches...girl
William Hoe...neo-fan
NAB...psuedonym
Forrest J. Ackerman...agent

Now that you have read the first page and if you haven't you wont be readin this either so you will never know what I said, unless someone tells, and that doesn't count past three anyway. Confusing isn't it? Please don't give up in disgust. If you have unusual enuff taste, you are bound to find something that you like in the rest of the zine. (Nice job of stapling?)

Steve Tolliver

EDITORIAL — rather more than less —

(Fair-to-middlin'-type fanfare) This is our editorial policy, the English has been changed to protest the.....got a little carried away there. It is not very often anyone lets me do any of the real writing (The I was allowed to type most of the masters--except the ones with mistakes, GNF did those). Everyone keeps saying that after all I'm the artist in the group, and why don't I go back to work drawing mermaids or something, and after all, I get to talk all the time, don't I, and what have I got to say that can't be better done by someone else; so there you are.
 Editorial policy: To not pay a bit of attention to anyone (especially our colleagues) who want to give us advice on editorial policies for fanzines.

It seemed so easy, last week, to say, "Let's put out a fanzine!" in Goy, litting tones. It seemed like a very clever idea...then. It was relatively easy to borrow a ditto machine (I will not capitalize, it's my way of getting even) from a relative. This duper knows it is not a Gestetner, and does its best to prove it. Between the joint talents of the duper--which folds the paper neatly...before printing on it--and the duper operator--who reads the material (all Of it, each page) as it comes out of the machine, we almost didn't get this out. When the masters were done with a fair amount of inefficiency--we had many typers, one with no margins, one with no touch control, one with sticky keys, one which jumped, one which got carried away with spacing, and so forth--we bought the fluid and paper, which only cost money (ha, ha, ha, choke!). When we discovered that our helpful assistants had started running off stuff before we had numbered the pages, we were strongly tempted to call this a do-it-yourself project, dump the whole mess into an envelope with two unused staples and send it off to unsuspecting people (?) like YOU. Except for the fact that memory is short and pain can't be carried over, this just might be a last attempt. But fools that we are, sometime in the not too distant future, as we sit by a desert campfire contemplating a good day of rock-bounding, we will look back and remember the fun we had--and do it again. That we do put out another zine may be accredited to raw courage, perserverence, a strong sense of obligation to fandom, and general stupidity.

We would give you a table of contents, but if you are going to read this mess, why bother, and if you aren't, why bother? We're a defeatist.

---Polite cats shouldn't oughta beg for food---

So, with all sorts of help, from all sorts of things and people, we give (not really, you pay for it by reading it) you an up-side-down-paged, hap-hazard sort of effort that we had fun putting (loosely) together; and which you are perfectly free to take apart--either physically, or by letter.

Next time (with small despair, we will abve a next time, I'm sure) we will try to do much better. Perhaps we will, like fine wine, improve with age. Then again, we could go the way of cider, and sour. Or become applejack, which is also a good idea, at least for fruitcakes, which leads us full circle. And if nothing makes much sense here, it is somewhat because I am composing right on the stencil, with the typer on the stencil putting touch, and so I cannot read what I am saying. O'est la vie.

Besides, who cares if Steve is schizoid--he's a matted cat, anyway. But I am not a garden variety Anything. I'm a stenciled pony-type Bjo.

Bill Noe, the lad who entered Fandom the hard way (with a group such as this) and isn't quite sure why.

They have me trapped. When I woke up this morning, little did I know that a most incredible thing would happen to me. I was to be sucked into the depths of the MIMSY pit, never to return the same.

I called Ted Johnstone later in the afternoon and talked to my first fan (actually my second fan, since Forry Ackerman had called me a long time ago). He said he would "let" me come to a fanish gathering that night. Happy in my ignorance, I agreed.

It was disgorging liquid sunshine (it never rains in Southern California) and the whole weather outlook was dismal, but I road through it with Great Expectations, of my first visit with real (?) fans. I trouble finding the place (Ted gave me very explicit directions)

my head(s) about the fans which I was soon to meet. I found a dimly lighted door and rang the bell. The door opened and in I walked. Ted was out at the moment (the rest were way out) ((all the time)) but they greeted me with warmth (No, not a branding iron). Bjo was pounding away at a typer (with an axe) but stopped long enough to greet me and make some detrimental (?) remark to George Fields (which was returned with venomousness) Then the door flew open (and away), emitting Ted. He had just returned from raiding a grocery store for some alcohol (denatured of course) for the ensuing party.

Fantastic thots swum thru



Meanwhile Steve shoved some paper into my shaking hands and ordered me to do something destructive (this for instance) I hysted a typer and started. Words flew between the various members of the group. Bjo said that she was a rockhound and I agreed with her. Allatime she kept saying that she would like to brain George if she could find it (his brain), which I agreed was a hard task (finding his brain that is). This conformed my suspicion that she is a paranoid. I asked her when the group reached critical mass. Need I say more (don't answer that) than that it was reached, just as I was uttering my question, by two more entering the Pit. With Rock-'n-Roll music blaring from the TV, work was resumed on MIMSY.

Now I am running out of paper and Miriam has informed me that I shouldn't have layed down that other sheet because everybody is limited to no more than two sheets (low budget project) and people around here are accomplished paper thieves.

Later that night I walked out (whisle they weren't looking) in a fuzzy daze (the best kind, much better than a blurry or dizzy one) and into the dank night.

And that is that!

William M. Noe

STEFAN SANKA AND THE LONDON O

by George W. Fields

First of Two Parts

1...

We arrive at the airport around 6:00 A.M. and were greeted at once by Virginia and her pet poodle. My name, if you really want to know, is Johnson Gibley, recently re-entering fandom and long time accomplice to Sanka.

"Hey!" shouted Virginia, attracting unwanted attention to us by waving her pet poodle zealously in the air. "Why do you have to catch planes that come in at six in the morning? It's a disgrace to young sleepless femininity." She stroked poodle's tightly curled hair and held back a yawn.

Stefan Sanka was tired after an all night plane voyage and wasn't particularly witty this particular morning. He passed her remark with, "I really believe the disgrace lies in the 6:00 A. M., not in the sleeplessness, nor the femininity..." Somehow Sanka got the most disgraceful sound in his voice.

"Well, it wasn't for nothing. This note came to your apartment yesterday," she said, handing Stefan a cleverly reclosed envelope, obviously steamed open by sleepless feminine hands. "The fellow said it was important and to deliver it the moment you arrive."

"What fellow is this?" Stefan asked, tearing open the envelope and unfolding the note.

"Oh, rather medium in height, dark, mimeo ink spread nonchalantly on his left cheek and the tip of his nose. Definitely the sporty type, even with that gleam in his eyes."

"Humm... Now why would Eric Bentcliffe be sending me notes?" Sanka mused under his breath.

"I couldn't imagine," spoke up Virginia as we started for the airport building. "But that gleam in his eyes was quite sinister, you know. I almost believed the man was going to ask me out to dinner."

"You would have accepted," I chuckled, reading over Stefan's shoulder, "if Stefan weren't due in so soon."

"Naturally, and the correct word is 'wasn't'," she said as the eagle-eyed detective removed his dark glasses and shifted his black, shrouding hat to read the note. Virginia bored quickly and wandered in to summon the Porsche.

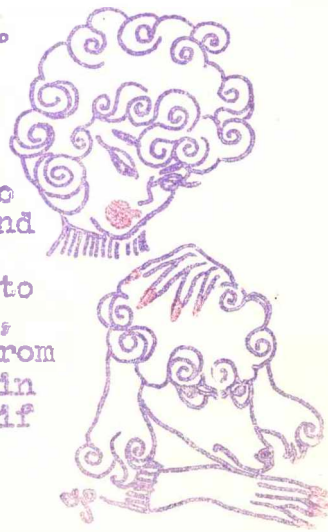
"What do you make of it, John?" asked Stefan. We sat down on a bench to wait for Virginia and the car.

The note, in effect, wanted Stefan to break up the London O. It even gave Stefan a few contacts to get him started and promise of the usual thousand and expenses. However, it said nothing about reasons.

"Methinks, John, that there is something more to be asked of Mr. Bentcliffe. According to this note, he wants to break up the London O by ousting them from the Globe. This seems stressed a bit too much and in the wrong way. The London O would hardly break up if the Globe were closed to them. I wonder..."

The Porsche came to stop a few feet away with Virginia and her poodle at the helm. Virginia was driving.

We got in and Sanka took over the wheel to



drive us to his London hotel where he had reserved the suite as owner. At the hotel we managed to hustle Virginia into another room. Some talk was going around the London hotel to the effect that Stefan was sneaking in the back way at night. Especially with the confusion at the King's Court and an upcoming Worldcon.

"It's a very good thing there weren't any fans on that plane besides us, or we wouldn't have gotten what little sleep we did. By the way, do you think we'll have time to drop in on the Luncon?" Johnson Gibley panted up the stairway--the elevators were incapacitated.

"Oh, I think so--if I remain as inconspicuous as possible."

"Hee, hee. That won't be hard for you, Stefan, you come disguised as the owner. This really wouldn't tax your acting ability since you bought the King's Court." They entered the suite.

Stefan sat in a large easy chair and took up a pad. "I'm going to write down our future plans after this case. Will you see to the reservation?"

"Of course." Johnson sat down at the desk and took up his own pad and pencil. "Shouldn't I close the door?"

"I'll do it." While Stefan strode toward the door, he began, "Let's see, have my private plane brought from the airport for repair. Or is it still in Morocco from the crash last August? No, I remember it being moved to London last week." Stefan was now in the frequent verbal reveries he enjoyed so much.

"Yes," said John, "I told you that."

"Of course." Well, good--then we can fly to Paris next week and reserve three for the hotel there. No, wait. Buy the hotel we planned on and tell them that the new owner is moving into the main suite for three weeks. My red Porsche is there, so forget about transporting this one."

"In the meantime, don't we work on this case?" John interjected.

"I don't know how I can figure a better angle than just the thousand and expenses if I don't know what is going on, and why. There must be a very good fannish or even non-fannish reason why Bentcliffe wants the London O broken, or rather moved out of the Globe. Right now, I can't think why."

This complete mystery was a real rarity for Stefan Sanka. Or at least, it seemed a complete mystery.

"Nethinks," sighed Stefan, "we'll have to cancel our dates tonight or move them to around 9:00 so we can visit Bentcliffe. Got any TRIODE issues around? Find his address."

I began rummaging around the apartment's fanzine collection, but after no results suddenly remembered that the TRIODE collection was in Morocco with the plane, from a slip of my calculations. Or rather at the London airport, now. "Nothing with his address on it here," I reported, "and it's not on his note."

"Well, now what? We can't visit the London O at the Globe now, can we? That would not only involve waiting until tomorrow night, but make things too difficult."

I looked around the room once more for perhaps the latest copy when the bellhop came to the door and slid the mail in. Among it was, of course, the latest copy of TRIODE. Special delivery in red was stamped on the new windowshade paper. "Here's the latest issue. We're lucky! hurray... Nice piece of mineography, especially the stenciling..."

"Well, what's the address?"

"Oh, it's 47, Alldis St., Intake, Stockport, Cheshire."

"Cheshire as in Cheshire Cat?"

"Yes."

"Good, I know where that is. Let's warm up the Porsche"

It took us a few minutes to get to the grey (or gray?) Porsche out of the garage where we had left Virginia to wedge it in like a piece in a jigsaw puzzle. Interlocking. But we soon arrived at the Bentcliffe house. I was under the impression that London was a huge city and the suburbs around it spreaded over half of England. Actually, it's almost a part of London.

I was the first to walk up to the door and knock quietly. I heard a faint rustling of footsteps and voices coming down the hall. To hear it, I wondered if they never had visitors here. Terry Jeeves opened the door. He had a stapler in one hand and Eric Bentcliffe's car in the other. Bentcliffe held a rubber stamp, carmine red and dripping from its rinless setting.

"What," said Jeeves, "a cohort of Stefan Sanka, no doubt. Where is he?"

I motioned Stefan to the door. He shrugged, pulled down his black slouch hat and plodded somewhat wearily up the front steps into the gathering crowd (a fence had peered out of one of the doors to see what was going on and then joined the throng). Someone had brought their family.

"I heard that from the cory--must you shout?" Stefan was going to hold on to this case. "I know what your reasons are now and I know that both of your interests are involved."

I didn't announce my surprise, realizing Stefan had solved a good part of the case on the way down. Jeeves let go of Bentcliffe and stepped back as Stefan invited himself in. We were ushered to the living room along with the crowd of people.

"Would you like to stay for dinner, too?" Jeeves asked drily.

"I can't afford your rates," said Sanka. "First, I know you can't afford my rates, but I usually give fans a good deal. There has to be something in it for me, however."

"Oh, there is," said Bentcliffe, Jeeves nodding (apparently seeing something like light). "once the London O is broken up, you have no idea the money we could make. We could easily pay your thousand and expenses."

"You don't have to explain that. I just want to let you know I want some of that rake-in besides my thousand and expenses." Stefan waved his cigarette at them. "I know you two own the Globe. I remembered that from a file on Bentcliffe I compiled during the Gerdandon-Anglofandon disputes. Somehow you think, and for all I know, rightly so, that the fans are ruining business at the Globe. True?"

Jeeves and Bentcliffe looked at each other aghast. "Why, that's right. As a matter of fact, we barely have enough to manage as it is." It was hard to tell which one had spoken.

"I agree," I said as we were shown to the door.

"The problem will be taken care of as soon as possible," Stefan said, a bit perturbed at the rushed departure inflicted on us.

"Good, good," beamed Bentcliffe, "then we'll be back in business real soon?"

"I guarantee it," assured Stefan. Jeeves came through the front door to the porch where we were finishing the discussion. A strange group of noises and movement began in the house. Jeeves put his "and what did you



say you wanted as a 'out'?"

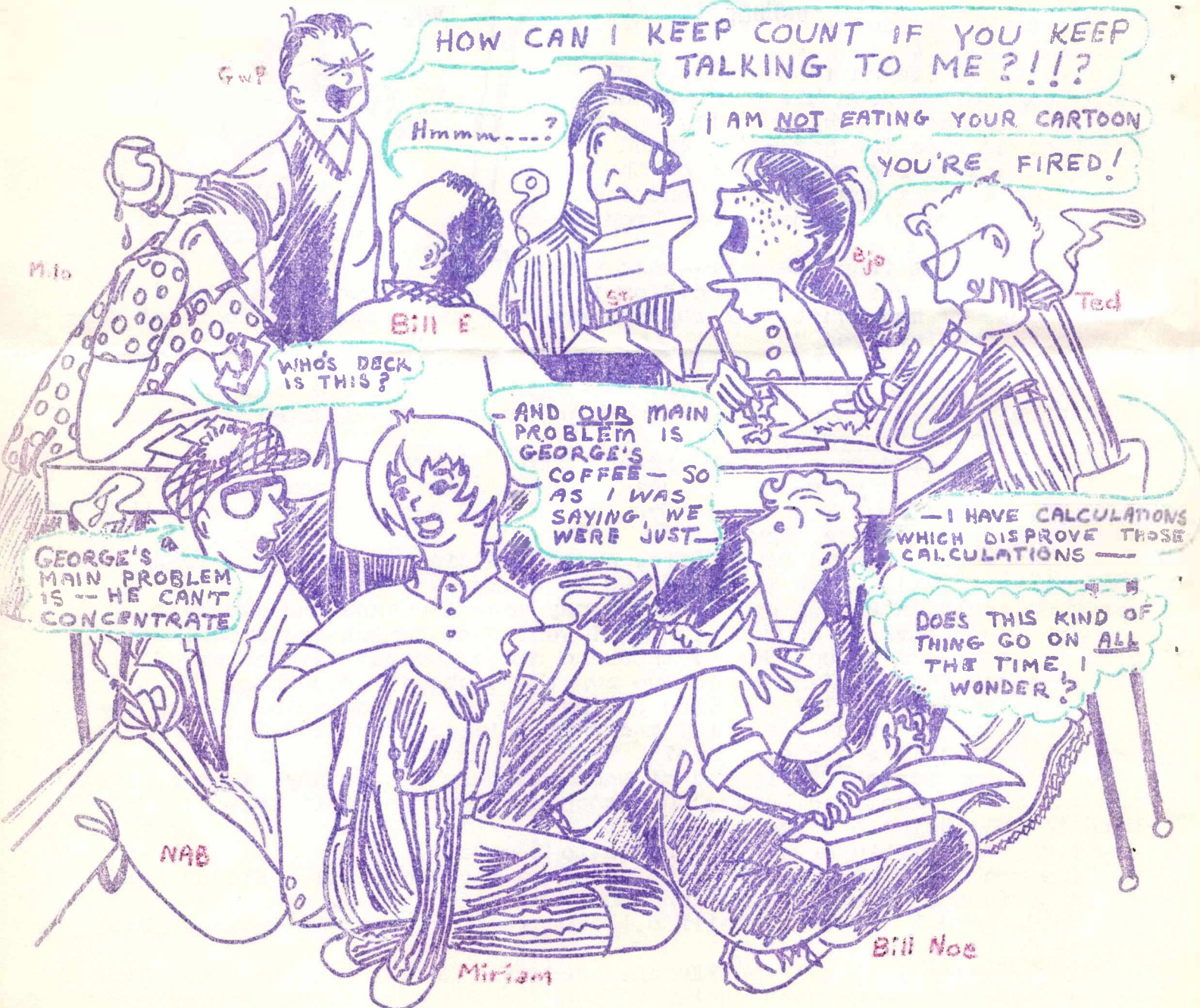
"Twenty per-cent of the first two week's profit after I rid you of the London O. That's on the contract I will have made up for you to sign tom morrov."

Neither of the two fans seemed happy, but they nodded in approval and quickly shut the door.

*****CONTINUED*****due to circumstances beyond...

Note by the author: The characters and places are named but whether or not anything intimated applies is up to the reader and/or the subjects. The incidents are completely imagined. ~~Unreliable~~.....

-----Hungry cats shouldn't oughta be polite-----



A CARTOON TRIBUTE TO RUSTY, FOR HER PATIENCE, CHOW & COFFEE, AND HOUSE TILL ALL HOURS.



Last week a magazine entitled FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND was released on the newsstands. It was edited by Forry Ackerman; who feels that his friends of fannish nature deserve an explanation, after having bought the magazine because of his name therein.

MIMSY is proud to present, as its first article of import, a literary contribution by that Ackerman of Distinction, Forrest J.

INFAMOUS MONSTERS OF FOLLYWOOD

by

Forrest J Ackerman

I am neither particularly proud nor excessively ashamed of having authored the 25,000 words printed on the same presses as Life, Time, and Playboy and distributed throught the United States at newsstands, drugstores and supermarkets in a "limited" collector's edition of 300,000 copies in a magazine format and titled FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND. For the sake of my take-home pay (I have a participation percentage if there are profits) I hope there are 300,000 monster lovers in the country--and twice as many in the cities. I need the money.

The mag's title was not mine. I didn't even intend to write much about monsters originally.

The idea of making it a mad, whimsical gagazine was not mine.

And, the saddest fact of all, the \$30,000 necessary to produce a scientifilm magazine was not mine.

So: when a fan named Dick Lupoff writes in Fanac #3 of 10 March '68 that the magazine is being "discussed in Indiana as 'Ackerman's Folly'", he is blaming the wrong bem.

Fortunately for my sensitive feelings, while in Indiana they were ridiculing my "half-asses thing", in nearby Wisconsin a fellow filmite of some stature in the community was pronouncing the product "a terrific job, and no mistake...a real Valentine from start to finish." This unsolicited and highly prized orchid was received from the recognized fantafilm expert Robert Bloch, who continued "Never have I seen such an apt vehicle for your talent" and concluded: "Hope this goes and that there'll be many more!" Thanks, Bob.

Twenty-four hours after its release in New York, MONSTERS' publisher had received 75 fan letters. Despite the unfavorable circumstances of its East coast distribution--MONSTERS went on sale during the week of a record snowstorm and it was feared no one would venture out in the blizzards to buy any kind of magazine--by the end of the fourth day James Warren felt he had a hit on his hands because 300 letters of praise had been received from the New York area alone.

There may be conjecture that if the magazine had been done my way the response would have been doubled, but having no access to a parallel World of If there's no way of knowing.

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The Genesis of MONSTERS

Come with me (it's free), if you will, to France in the Fall of '57, shortly after the Worldcon in London. There in Paris I first saw the July-August issue of Cinema 57, a special number devoted to "le fantastique." A digest size magazine of 144 pages, it featured a close-up of Henry Hull as the Werewolf of London on the cover, and inside were 21 articles and 85 fotos. A monsieur Ferouyden Hoveda, picturegoer of Persian descent who lives in Paris and, as I do, on fantastic films, made me a present of the magazine in his luxurious apartment-cum-filmuseum. If my faulty French is not too faulty, some of the chapters in the 20th issue in question translate as: "The Interplanetary Film," "Science Fiction something-or-others (Shows? Points? Loses?) the Way," "Gallery of Monsters," "Monster Makers," "Catalog of American Fantastics," "The Mad Scientist," etc. The articles, by a variety of contributors, appear to be scholarly, and there is coverage on the classics: Metropolis and Aelita, The Lost World, The Invisible Man, King Kong, War of the Worlds, etc.

In the fourth and final issue of his Playboy-type magazine, AFTER HOURS, James Warren had published my deliberately facetious "Confessions of a Science Fiction Addict." In the same sci-fi slanted issue I also wrote the anonymous "Screamoscope Is Here!" and the pseudonymous (Weaver Wright) vignette of 1980, "The Great Male Robbery." When I first met this particular publisher in NYC after the Fantaplane flight, I was carrying with me the French magazine devoted to fantasy films, and Warren got very excited about it. Almost on the spot he developed the idea of an American edition. He asked me if I thot I could arrange for translation rights. I thot I could. He said he undoubtedly couldn't pay me what the job was worth, but would I consider editing the one-shot? Since, aside from my Scienti-film Marquee and the column in the British NEBULA, I had mainly been giving away such material for over a quarter century, I figured anything involving money would be an improvement.

An inquiry to the French publisher drew the response that he was willing to co-operate but there was a flaw in the ointment: he could not supply the original stills but only the "cuts," the metal engravings, and this was not satisfactory to Warren who wished to put out not a digest size magazine but the 8" by 10½" size to emphasize larger fotos. After a couple of transcontinental telephone discussions, Warren decided to throw the whole thing on my shoulders--fotos and copy--and I began envisioning a mag called WONDERAMA, chockful of stills from Things to Come, Just Imagine, F.P.I. Does Not Reply, TransAtlantic Tunnel, High Tension, Deluge, and all the real scientific Goodies, with not too much concern for monsters per se. I recalled Bob Bloch had ~~written~~ some memorable fanta-movie yarns and asked Bob to see copies of them with a mind to possibly reprint; I also scouted out Bloch's INSIDE fan article, "Dandruff in the Fright Wig," and had other material by Nolan, Bradbury and other on file, including a yarn from WEIRD TALES called "Demons of the Film Colony" wherein Karloff and Lugosi fictionally met, and an unpublished Changyarn of my own titled "Letter to An Angle."

Jim Warren vetoed the idea of any fiction in the first issue.

No artist I, I nevertheless made up my own crude suggestions for a cover for WONDERAMA. It had a rocket, a spaceman and the aesthetically exciting tricolor Martian television eye from War of the Worlds. Its contents promised fotos, fiction, interviews, articles and a quiz about planets, rockets, satellites, robots, saucers, beats, beauties laboratories, mutants, creatures, things and, yes, among many other things, monsters--but not exclusively monsters.

Now anybody with a quarter of a hundred thousand dollars nowadays can get a couple hundred thousand copies of a fine looking magazine published devoted to the feeding and breeding of albino tree-toe flies or called PURE SCIENCE FICTION FOR AFICIONDOOS OF THE GENIUS or (surer yet) PURE SCIENTIFIC FICTION, but if no distributor would touch it with a ten-foot Pohl as editor, you're like Kern without bluish, a stray wolf in a doghouse: the only bookworms that devour your rag are in a warehouse.

Commercially minded Jim Warren was not about to finance Folly Ackerman's dream magazine, not by the green of his 30,000 frogskins he wasn't, not unless I'd fill it up with nightmares. He goof off for Lupoff and Lee and Bloch and Shea and Estes and an infinitesimal fanful of inveterate enthusiasts? Not one Confederate dollar would any of the magazine distributors invest in moving such a publication around the country: Jim Warren, ex-advertising and publicity man, went into that angle of it plenty thoroly with the Powers That Be. A week's worth of intensive research convinced Warren that the time was ripe for a Monster magazine, and Kable distributors bought his cold facts as much as his hot enthusiasm as wrapped up in a knockout of a professionally prepared, artistically exploited, dramatically presented folio that pulled every trick out of the bag including the Buck Rogers "pop-up" book principle with a monster leaping out of the page at the potential sponsor on the last page, a trick 25 years old.

Even LIFE magazine co-operated that week by featuring a two-page spread on the rage for monster movies, 7 of the 11 monsters shown having been created by my client Paul Blaisdell.

I was on cloud nine at the prospect of putting out a historical scientific magazine and almost plunged to cloud nine in disappointment when told it would have to be all about monsters.

My first impulse was to let the monsters go destruct themselves. In that case fandom would now probably be swearing at Bob Bloch instead of me.

My second impulse was to do the job anonymously, to immortalize monsters but leave my name off. The publisher wanted my name on.

A major consideration was that I had to dig up \$400 for the soon due annual property tax on my home. Also, what had cost me \$2 to get into many miserable years before was costing me \$13,000 to get out of: the price tag placed by me ex-spouse on my returning to the permanent state of bachelorhood was half the cash value of the house housing my collection of 15,000 magazines, books, stills, paintings, etc, which I was not about to abandon. (End of sermon and forgive digression.)

Suffice it to say that FAMOUS MONSTERS OF WILILAND was written in 7 days (and nites: till midnite, till 2am, and on one near-down occasion till 4:30 in the mornigg) in the vortex of divorce with tension, dissenion, and other Bescerisms almost demolishing this Ackerman. It's funny how it turned out to be a funny rag. (Correction: the farcial ais approach and general air left Lupoff sick--unquote)

WONDERAMA was never planned by me to be one big pun-fest. MONSTERAMA policy was dictated to me by the publisher.

I could have refused to follow instructions and been out on the half-ass which Lupoff ascribes to me, but for my marital monetary headache I decided half an aspirin was better than none.

Stuffed "chance to produce a solidly researched story, a document of real (if narrow) historical significance"? criticized by critic? Ah, yes, what a chance I had for a solidly researched story--with a 7 day deadline sticking me in the face. Those 25,000 words were written 14 to 18 hours at a stretch--or--without a stretch. And plots

take into consideration that during this time I had also to master the phone, the dox, read by daily mail and carry on my clients' business satisfactorily.

The while Jim Warren sat opposite me, grabbing sheets from the typewriter and editing words like "antediluvian" ("if I don't know what it means, the readers won't know what it means") and "vamp" ("today's teenagers never heard of Theda Bara") and eliminating references to Arthur Clarke, Roy Bradbury, Lloyd Eshbach ("noted Kong-copile") and other names I wanted to credit or mention en passant, the theory being that they were a waste of space, would mean nothing to a kid audience. Allatime Warren waved an imaginary placard in front of my proboscis (correction: schnozz) reading: I AM 14 YEARS OLD AND I AM YOUR READER, UNCLE PERRY.

How old are you, Dick Lupo'f?

Fair warning: Warren feels commercial success of first MONSTERS warrants a second. Sorry it will make you sick, Dick. But like I said: that's the way the monster rumbles.

And what of Jones Warren, boy editor, who calls me "pops" and thinks I'm tops? No villain, he, by me; au contraire, my hero. I am immensely grateful to this young man for having had the faith to invest so much time and money in this one-man one-shot which, come Sept., will be a two-shot. I hadn't had it so good since the Army, during World War 2, published a printed fanzine for me for three and a half years even if it did bear the unfamish masthead of the Ft MacArthur Bulletin-Alert.

There is one final element that has entered into this nonsteroidomy that had no occurred to me: the pleasure the publication is apparently affording kids. Real kids--preteens--8, 9, 10, 11, 12-year-olds... and that tickles me, because I was only 9 when I was avidly devouring GHOST STORIES magazine and goosepinpling over Lon Chaney characterizations. There is enough Danny Kaye in me to be pleased that I am bringing unexpected laughter to a lot of little boys and girls--617 of whom have written me at last count from the publisher (and before the magazine was completely circulated). I never took them seriously before as a potential audience--I would prefer the acceptance of adults--but it is a definite plus factor to me that I am creating some measure of amusement for youngsters.

And so, as the son of Dracula sinks his fangs slowly into the vest (of Jayne Mansfield, disguised as a boy--obviously a fantasy--in "The Return of the Amazing Colossal Breast"), I hope all questions have been answered to everybody's satisfaction. Any further complaints should be addressed to Mack Abre & Horrie Bund c/o the Dead Letter Office.



What do you think a scientist is like? We've all read many science-fiction stories with the scientist-hero, who is either the thin, handsome college type, or the tall, husky outdoor type; who is happy to wade into great masses of villains to rescue a beautiful girl in distress. (I note with some interest that it is only the beautiful ones that get rescued.) Then he retires into his laboratory which he happens to have built during his spare time, in the garage, with an insight approaching supergenius, he solves the mysteries of the universe, stating the solutions in words a ten-year old boy would understand; then, in a few short paragraphs, and from the spare hardware cluttering his workbench, he fashions a Byd* with which he destroys the heretofore invincible aliens, thus saving the world.

In SF stories there is usually something mysterious about the scientist-hero's past, such as being able to solve second order partial differential equations in his head, or being an MIT graduate, or being independently wealthy from his many, many inventions--such as television.

Well, any relation between the books, and real life.....

First, the real scientist is a very sane, average type of person, and assuming he would recognize a villain if one bit him in the leg, he would not even consider wading into more than one at a time. As for the beautiful girl--chances are about 4 to 1 that either the scientist or the girl or both is married; therefore it would be a waste of time--these aren't even sporting odds. Of course, it all depends on the girl.....

As to the scientist's laboratory being privately owned....have you priced scientific gear, lately? A commercial or government lab can have more than \$3000 on one workbench, while a research scientist can have \$5000 worth of gear in operation at one time. A standard relay rack, 58" high, 19" wide costs around \$12,000. As to the spare hardware, I recently held a piece of prototype equipment, a box about 6" on a side. It stored info, took four weeks to make by a well-equipped machine shop, and cost \$100,000.

In real life, scientists have only one distinguishing characteristic. They are the laziest people imaginable. They will be the first to tell you so. Now anyone can be lazy, so you wouldn't qualify as a scientist on those grounds alone; for a scientist is lazy in a special way. He is dynamically lazy. He will do anything to be lazy--even, and I hate to admit this--work! They work harder trying to find an easier way to do something than they would if they just did the job. You can often hear a scientist muttering under his breath. Usually he is saying, "There must be an easier way to do this." And so there is.

*****continued next issue*****

*Byd -- Blam, you're dead



Small, but important announcement...the Creation of 2 Things, on the other side of this article, was written by Ted Johnstone, boy genius. I will now slash my wrists for forgetting to say so sooner.....

Wjjo (MY FAULT - STIFLED SOB)

THE CREATION of 2 THINGS

(MOVIE RIGHTS JUST BOUGHT BY CECIL G. DE MILLE)

Surprising as it may seem, this mag was planned. It all started as an idea of Tolliver's to the effect that Los Angeles fandom needed a representative humor zine. The problems were in the process of being ironed out over at George Fields' house one fine spring morning. I was sprawled out in a chair, bringing forth an occasional rude remark; Steve was sitting on the sofa, leaning forward, as he told me of his glorious plans for the zine. George was in the kitchen, watching the remains of the dishes (we had just eaten)

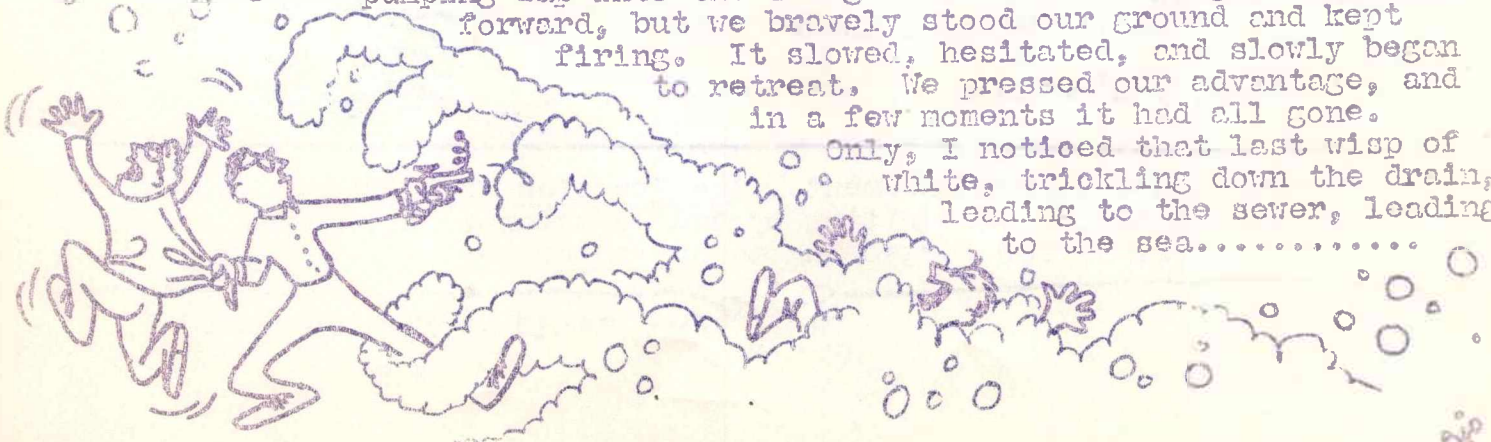
Steve was in the midst of a violent dramatization of his editorial, destroying the coffee table, when an eager exclamation came from the kitchen. Steve paused, and as the ceiling stopped sagging, I crawled to my feet and we stepped into the next room, from whence George was calling, "Come and look! This is great!" In his experiments with a grater, he had discovered some arcane secret which made it turn out its own volume of soap bubbles every two seconds. "Good grief," I muttered to Steve, "Mass produced soap suds. What will our modern science think of next?" He sneered his appreciation, and we returned to the living room. Taking a deep breath he prepared to continue.

Just then a muffled cry sounded. We rushed back into the kitchen. George was shrinking against a far wall, crying, "I can't stop it! I can't stop it!" With great courage and presence of mind I ran. Not so our hero, Tolliver! With a deep breath (and a mouthful of pumpernickel) he blew the dangerous suds to bits and pieces all over the room. "There!" he sneered. "All it takes is a little intelligence!" He pulled me from behind the sofa where I lay covering (Ann Covering, a neighbor). I sent her home, we returned to our discussion, and George returned to the dishes.

All was peaceful for about ten minutes until a ghastly shriek rent the air. ((That's a good line)) Steve awakened me with a gentle kick and sneered, "Go see what GWF (he pronounced it 'goof') wants now". I scuttled into the kitchen. Good Heavens! Lovecraft, thou shouldst be with us in this hour! Hanging from the walls and covering the floor was a mass of quivering.....soap suds???? An arm waved frantically. I siezed it, and found it was attached to George, half-buried under the thing. We leaped for our lives, slammed the door, and retired to the far side of the living room for a council of war. We laid our plans. (Ann had gone home) We deployed around the room. George was elected to open the door. ("After all, son; you loosed this horror upon the world.") I stood to the left of the door. We readied our zap-guns. "NOW!" shouted Steve,

and George jerked the door open with one hand while we began pumping zap into the Thing. At first it surged sluggishly forward, but we bravely stood our ground and kept firing. It slowed, hesitated, and slowly began to retreat. We pressed our advantage, and in a few moments it had all gone.

Only, I noticed that last wisp of white, trickling down the drain, leading to the sewer, leading to the sea.....





OF INTEREST ESPECIALLY TO LASFS MEMBERS

As you undoubtedly know by now (and where have you been if you haven't!) the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society is contributing to the Solacon program with a futuristic fashion show. No title yet, but we hope some clever LASFS member will think of something before the next issue.

In the show, we hope to present some very original suggestions, both art and amateur, of what folks will be wearing in the future. Space-girls from pulp magazine covers are for the traditional masquerade ball, and we shall not include them in the show. However, any ideas, and suggestions of wearable, comfortable, fashionable clothing for either male or female, will be considered. We will feature everything from a bathing suit to a ball gown (designed especially for the Solacon, with its theme in mind), and will really welcome all designs—please send return postage, if you want them back, and live in some other country besides Los Angeles. We are running this show on a very low budget.

Models will be anyone we can press into service, and talk late coming to the rehearsals, fittings, etc. We are planning on some very striking girls for models, and we already have a nice variety of redheads, blondes, and brunettes. The Solacon chairlady has been invited to model, and we hope she will have the time from her many duties to participate.

There are many ways to help, if you wish. One of them is to fill out the form on the next page and send it to us right away. If you do not send the form in, we will consider you disinterested, and not bother you further. This is your chance to help your club (or for anyone to simply do something to do). Even if you cannot actively help us, perhaps you have something in the way of materials (make-up, textiles— even clothing that may have possibilities— like coats, etc.) that you would donate to the cause. In which case, please let us know.

As you can see by the form, we will need loads of help in several fields, and not necessarily experienced help, as much as willing workers. If we left out a subject in which you are particularly adept, and you feel it should be included, let us know. We will consider anything (with, of course, no pretense of reason).

If any LASFS members want to quibble about going outside the club for assistance, let their fears be soothed. First, if we waited for LASFS members or LASFS to help, only a very small group of people would get us with all the work. Next, we are going outside the club for designs, and so why deny the small number of non-members who may wish to help with any of the other work? Never turn down good man-power. Besides, if we get enough helpers (small sigh) from LASFS, we won't have to go outside.

All complaints may be addressed to Steve Tolliver, the show co-ordinator, who has a wonderful knack of looking as if he is listening, when he really isn't doing anything of the kind.

And so, as an already weary, fashion show chairwoman sinks slowly into a sea of sketches, we wave goodbye to the friendly Solacon committeemen.



Send this form to; Bjo Wells
2548 W. 12th St.
Los Angeles 6immediately, please.

YOUR NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

PHONE _____ INTERESTED IN PROJECT? YES _____ NO _____

CAR AVAILABLE? _____ FREE DAYS & HOURS _____

SPECIFIC INTERESTS: Please check () if interested, () if experienced.
List equipment, and special qualifications, if any.

_____ COSTUME DESIGN

_____ COSTUME CONSTRUCTION

_____ SET DESIGN

_____ SET CONSTRUCTION

_____ STAGING

_____ SCRIPT & WRITING

_____ MAKE UP

_____ LIGHTING

_____ PUBLICITY

_____ PHOTOGRAPHY

If you will consider modeling, please answer the questions below.
You don't have to be beautiful, we want models of character & interest.

SEX (alright, just answer the question) _____

HEIGHT _____ WEIGHT _____ HAIR COLOR _____ EYES _____

WOMEN ONLY...MEASUREMENTS (this info will be classified, if you wish.)

DO YOU WEAR GLASSES? _____ CAN YOU SEE WITHOUT THEM? _____
Personally, we like glasses, but lighting presents a small problem if
glasses that reflect, and distract must be considered. However, we can
manage, so don't let this detail stop you.)

ANY QUESTIONS, SUGGESTIONS, IDEAS? _____

and so forth _____

The sooner we have all the information, the better the show we can plan.
And we intend to put on a really good futuristic fashion show, that will
be carried to LASFS, and the SOLACON.

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letter of		next issue
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You		
subscribed	<input type="checkbox"/>	
Because: YOU are SOMEONE		
you are no one and we wish		
to comfort you	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	