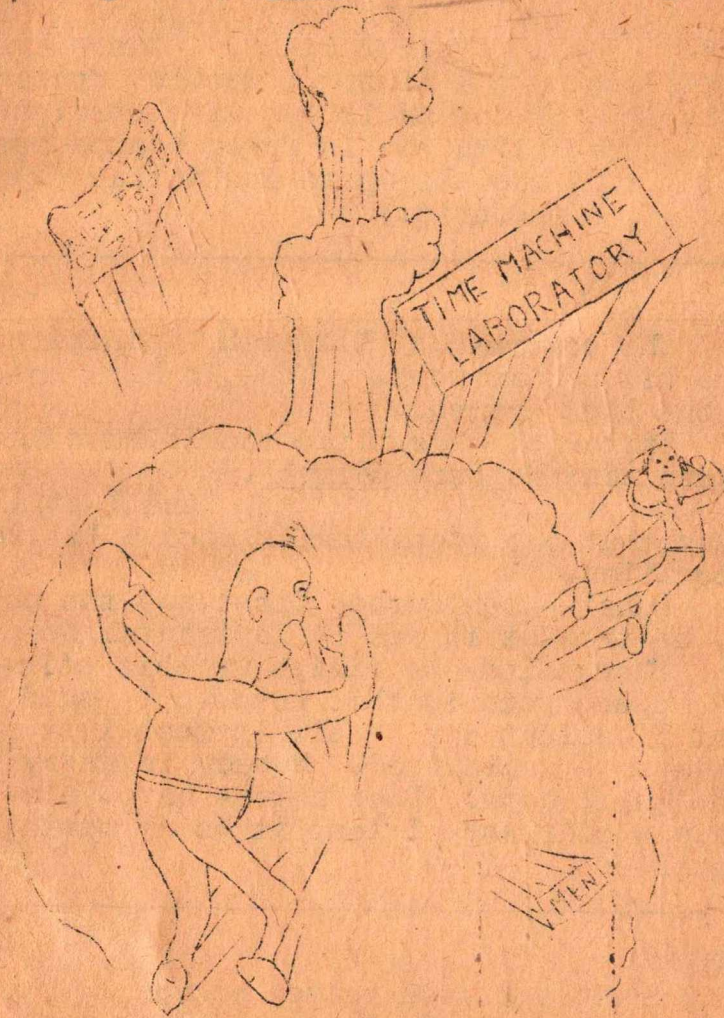


JANUARY 1947

NUMBER 5

FORLO KON



Hey, Smgsru, what's an 'Atom Bomb?'

ForLo Kon--Published and edited by Kenneth H. Bennell, 4749 Baltimore St., Los Angeles 42 California. Priceless and irregular.

Advertising rates: 5¢ for 4 lines; 10¢ for 8 lines; 20¢ for $\frac{1}{2}$ page, 21 lines. 35¢ a page, 42 lines. There are forty spaces to a line. Double Spread costs 60%. If the ad is run five straight issues, the fifth run is free. Stamps are accepted in amounts up to one dollar (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ stamps are preferred.)

LASSUE

The cover--Gus Willmorth inspired this bit of art work. That is his nose in the back ground.

Editorial--The title should have been 'There Aint No Sech Animal'.

And I still think that our vocabularies need a little alteration.

Dakat--When Burbee first saw the poem, he thought it was in Espiranto. He-he.

Shanghaied--We finish up this stirring space yarn in this issue. I found that I couldnt get it all in that last issue so I serialized. Nobody is angry with me, I hope. Does anyone have Weinstein's address? I lost it in my moving around.

THIS ISSUE

I think that I have gotten on how to use correction fluid so there are less mistakes (showing, anyhow).

This is my anniversary issue, the

first issue came out just a year ago. There was a long stretch between the third and fourth issues, uh?

There are twelve pages instead of the usual eight. Also pictures and even right margins. Using stencils is not hard. So I find.

I finish off the Weinstein story, and I do hope it is finished.

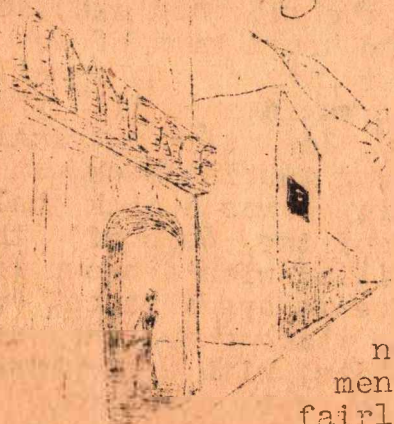
NEWSUE Again I say, 'Who knows?'

Concerning submitted matter, including advertizing: The editor reserves the right to alter any or all parts of said matter to fit the format of the fanzine and to alter the text of stories and articles when they are not up to the standard of the fanzine. (You should compare the manuscript of 'Shanghaied' with the final version.)

Shanghaied

by A.
WEINSTEIN

CONCLUSION



(SYNOPSIS OF FIRST
INSTALLMENT: Jon
Blake, a space bum,
was shanghaied by
Captain Sark, a pi-
rate, who is in need
of a person to do a
job for him. He can
not use one of his own
men because they are
fairly well known by the
authorities. He explains to

Jon did not want from him and the consequence of what will happen to him, Jon, if he did not obey Sark. Sark gives him some medicine to put him to sleep while Sark placed somewhere in Jon's body a tiny time bomb and bomb set. Jon falls unconscious to the floor.)

Outside the Commerce Building, Jon paused and listened. His eyes searched the area. No one was close. A rocket-ship took off in the distance, its jets flaring. Jon slipped quietly into a corridor and walked silently through it. At the end of the corridor was a guard.

Swiftly, Jon reached into a pocket and brought out a small, hard stone. He hurled it at the guard's head.

Thump! The guard dropped. Jon crept cautiously to the door and opened it. No one was in the room. He dragged the unconscious guard inside and shut the door.

The safe was hidden in the wall behind a picture of the Commerce Building. He moved the picture to the side and examined the safe. It was the usual kind of sonocombination, and there was one in a billion combinations that would open it.

From his pocket, Jon took a small bottle. It had a long tubular neck which was melted sealed. There was a nick half way between the end and the bulb of the bottle, which was filled with a brown liquid resembling coffee in appearance. Jon broke the neck at the place where the mark was. Inside was a needle, with a cork over the end. He removed the cork and formed a new, open neck to the container. He inserted this needle into the crack between the door and its jam. The fluid flowed out and

filled the space.

He took two matches, the ordinary variety, and inserted the head of one into the crack at the bottom of the door; then he lit the stem of it with the other. The fire quickly spread along the wood to the head. There was a burst of flame as the head caught. Then the door in a puff of white smoke jumped from the wall and fell to the floor with a clatter. Jon suddenly remembered that he should have spread a carpet beneath the safe, but now it was too late. He sped to the door and opened it a crack. No one in the corridor.

He went back to the safe, pausing to glance at the still unconscious guard. At the safe, he reached in his hand and removed a sheaf of papers. Scanning through them quickly, he found the ones he sought and slipped silently into the corridor.

Back at the ship, Jon was admitted to the captain's room by the burly Hannigan. Sark was sitting behind the desk. His hands were before him, fingers interlocked. There was a slight smile on his narrow, cruel looking face. "Ah, back so soon. And you did as you were told. Good! Let's have them."

Jon reached into his blouse and pulled out the papers he had taken from the safe. "Now, may I go?" he asked.

"Do you think that I am that much of a fool? You would tell the authorities as soon as you were away from here. So I will just press this detonator." Sark's finger paused over a button on the top of a small box that had been concealed by his folded hands.

"No, you wont," said a deep voice from the corridor, if you value your own life. Your pirating days are over, Sark. You are

under arrest by the authority of the Space Patrol." A man in a blue and red uniform stepped into the room.

Sark gasped. He looked at the blaster in the Patrol man's hand. "How did you get in? How did you find out?"

The space man spoke, "You'll find out all about that when we get you to headquarters. Now, come along."

In the office of the Space Patrol, Blake, who was now dressed in the blue and red uniform of the patrol, was talking to the manacled Sark.

"You see, Sark, the Space Patrol always has men posing as bums, hanging around space ports, picking up information that might be of some help. You were just unlucky enough to pick up one of us spies for your little job."

"But how did the Patrol find the ship?" Sark asked dejectedly.

"There is a television scanner in that room in the Commerce Building. We always keep double check on things as valuable as the records to where those Garl Gems are being sent. They followed me here. As simple as all that."

"Uh," was all Sark had to comment.

That was enough.

The Space Patrol had done its job. And the last of the space pirates was locked away for examination and experimentation, to find out what made such characters tick; then to stop such ticking.

The End

THE COMING OF
K'HALGUA

by
John Holbrook Caley

And when the races of the universe learned to live together without fear or hate, or greed or jealousy, the science of the universe formed the infinite worlds into one endless plane, covered with cities and deserts, and towns and mountains, and valleys and seas.

And the myriad forms of life lived side by side, undisturbed, on the flat, horizonless plane of infinity. The estranged dimensions from beyond space and time were melted into eternity and were seen only as the present.

But the ultimate perfection had not been reached.

K'halgua, He Who Dwells Beyond The Unknown Darkness, found no walls to imprison him; no barriers of space, no chains of time. And he did shape himself into the form of a titanic bird-like wraith, whose eyes were pools of fathomless flame, and whose flesh was of the deathless green fungi that grows before the gates of Frngthn, Where Light Cannot Reach.

And then did K'halgua stalk across the great plane, across the mountains, the cities, and the valleys, a colossal juggernaut, leaving in his wake the purple, smouldering,

glow-like tracks which spread over
the races of the universe, and
swallowed all in smothering oblivion.

But what did the claws of K'halgua
fail to remain, but these spread.
They grew in size, doubling, and
doubling again, until they had
spread across the entire plane, and
consumed all.

And there was utter and complete
emptiness.

The End

S O N G O F T H E S P A C E M E N

b y

Nicholas Carr

1

From Saturn, Uranus, Mercury, and Mars
we come in our ships atrailing the stars.
O-ho! O-ho!
Like a comet we come, then go
faster than light, and so
we're known as the Comrades of Space.

2

We've fought the green-eyed Tars,
and travelled from Mercury to Mars.
We've froze on icy pluto
and sweat over pirates' loot, oh
On Martian deserts we are found:
then, again, homeward bound,
for we're the Comrades of Space.

THE OMNIPRESENT ONE

by
Kenneth H. Bonnell

You cannot stop my embraces,
Nor my kisses.
I follow you everywhere;
On your still fresh footsteps I come.
I may abduct you at my wildest whim,
Or ignore you altogether.
But you will always be mine;
For you are the living,
And I.....
I am Death.

L A S F A N E T S

At the next to last meeting of the LASFS on January 2, nothing out of the ordinary happened, which is quite unusual for that kind of a group. The crowd was small, enough to count on the fingers of my hands before I messed around with my toy atom bomb set. Willmorth was presiding president in E Everett Evans' stead.

Tigrina was there with her usual pomp and circumstance. Pomp was reaching for any money he could find. Tiggy read the lengthy minutes of the last meeting, to which I did not go because of my being in the mountains sliding on the snow, which was not the only thing I slid on. Pomp read the treasurer's report. (Twentyone dollars was the count.) Old business was brought up. He was drunk as usual and had to be sent out until he sobered up.

Those circulars about the LASFS had been prepared by Acterman so he passed out a number of them to members to distribute

around the various book and magazine stores. We were informed of a book store at Eighth and Spring Streets which was going out of business. Their prices were reduced from 20 to 50 per cent.

There was a little verbalization on the subject of drawing more fans in, but I don't recall if this took place before or after dismissal. (My memory must be failing me in my old age.) It may have been before we were called to order.

I was late in arriving at the January 9th meeting. Newly elected president Evans was there swinging the gavel at and yelling 'You're out of order there' at all and sundry noisemakers. A lot of personages came in after Yours truly, including van Vogt and spouse and Ray Bradbury and spouse. (we were well spiced.)

It seemed that Ackerman had condensed and translated into Esperanto a story called 'Memoriax.' I am missing the issue of Astounding that it is in, so I can't tell you the author. He, Acky, had the story published in an Esperanto magazine in Belgium. Along with it he put a notice telling interested persons to write to him. He got two answers, one from a Hollander and one from a Czeck. The Czeck requested information concerning Halley's comet and astronomers who will probably determine its perihelion. Ackerman expects to hear from other Europhans.

Burbee sent in a request for more material for Shangri L'Affairs. Shaggy is supposed to be a club fanzine, and Lasfans should send in more stuff to the editor if they expect it to remain a club fanzine.

I bought from Acky a copy of the new British magazine, Outlands. It cost 35¢. Is that a non-profit concession, Acky?

BOOK REVIEW

'Bar the Doors!' Terror Stories--Selected by Alfred Hitchcock. This is a Dell Book, pocket sized. Included in this anthology are 'Pollock and the Porroh Man' by H. G. Wells, 'Moonlight Sonata' by A. Woolcott, Bierce's 'The Damned Thing,' 'Coutbthing at the Door' By D. K. Broster, 'Midnight Express' by Alfred Noyes, and other well known and not so well known stories. The wierd fan will delight at the contents. There is a short, two page, introduction by the anthologist, Hitchcock, which gives a little of what to expect from each tale.

LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE

Crystal ball gazers claim 100% accuracy. But those who do it by scientific methods say maybe. It has been noted in history that certain events take place at fairly regular intervals. Every 100 years there is a cold wave. Expect it just before 2000 AD. There are social revolutions every 510 years. The next is around 2000AD too.

But those are so far away. In 2000 AD I will be 74 years old. Lets take something not so far away. Halley's comet? 1986. A 39 year wait.

The end of the real estate boom is near. In the next year or so prices will begin to drop. Stock prices are also due for a tumble this year. During June and July or this year there will be a lot more rapes nad murders than during the winter months and a lot less robberies.

And how do I know? Why I looked at the October 14, 1946, issue of Life.

You too may be a fortune teller. just go to your nearest second-hand magazine dealers and buy yourself a copy.

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For sale: Three volumes of A. Merritt's 'BurneWitch Burn' in the Avon edition. Only twenty cents each. Very good condition. Postage prepaid. Also 'Rocket to the Morgue' by H. H. Holmes just seventeen cents each (Phantom Mystery). Hurry. Kenneth H Bonnell, 4749 Baltimore Street, Los Angeles 42 California.

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