

Non Maiden #41 (Apr '45)  
asks:



"Do U remember Femurra?"







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LOVE'S

LABOUR

LUST

by-

*Tigrina*

In regard to the cleverly written article, "Birth of a Notion", I disagree with the idea entirely. Of course, I am well aware that it was meant to be humorous, but even so, I suspect an underlying current of seriousness there. Just why should Ackerman burden himself with a wife and children? Of all the ~~#\$%&\*~~ nonsense! With these added responsibilities, he would have to curtail his active interest in Fandom to a great degree, and spend most of his time with his nose to the grindstone, eking out a living for his dependents. Acky may have a nose for news, but it wasn't built for a grindstone!

And many people seem to have faith in that old adage, "like father, like son", but in many cases, this is not true. How many children of famous scientists, authors, artists, musicians, or other well known personalities have inherited the genius of their parents? I venture to predict that the same would be true in Ackerman's case. I doubt whether any of his children (if he should bring any into this world), would ever become a pillar of strength in Fandom, or even have a more than ordinary interest in science fiction.

A great many of you like to consider Fandom as a sort of glorious society, which will live on forever. "Long live Fandom!" you cry, and suppose that the children will carry on in the tradition (?!?) of their parents. This enthusiasm is very admirable, but will the children realise the fond hopes of their doting fathers and mothers? The reading and collecting of science fiction and eerie, unusual literature, etc., is a hobby, like anything else, be it horse racing, collecting stamps, painting, sculpture, or music. There will always be enough people in the world to become interested in all of these hobbies, and in many cases, the most avid enthusiasts develop a taste for their particular subject on their own initiative, and not under the influence and guidance of their elders. Take me, for instance. No one in my family cared for anything in the fantastic line, in fact, a preference for such things was considered something to be rather ashamed of. Yet, fanciful tales and eerie motion pictures and radio broadcasts always appealed to me, ever since I was knee high to a witches' broomstick. I certainly wouldn't advocate bringing a child into the world on the slim chance that he might develop tastes similar to his father's.

I strongly suspect that fan activity is Ackerman's main raison d'être in life. As long as he is happy the way he is, why change him? What is the use of having children anyway, and thereby increasing one's struggles for a decent existence and happiness in this world? One's only ultimate goal is death. This thought is not so difficult to bear, when one allows one's self to be deluded into believing one of the hundreds of delightful, soothing fairy tales invented by the mind of man concerning life after death, but if one happens to be an atheist, as Forrest claims that he is--it is no wonder that he refrains from bringing children into this world!

Fantasy, to me, is an escape and refuge from the troublesome, work-a-day world, and I am sure that it is the same for many other fan. Since Forrest Ackerman is a steadfast leader in Fandom, and a prolific contributor to Fantasy, the problem then, is not to "find Ackerman an Ackerman", but (although this is not a "problem", since the great Forrest J shows no inclination of forsaking Fandom) "how to retain such a valuable personality in the realms of Fantasy".

###

**THIS IS NO JOKING MATTER!** VOM MAY NOT MEET A MONTHLY SCHEDULE AFTER ALL, AND FOR THE VERY BEST REASON IN THE WORLD: LACK OF LETTERS! IT MAY BE THAT THERE IS NOT THE DEMAND FOR "THE FORUM OF FANDOM" EVERY 4 WKS. IF SO--SO BE IT. WE DON'T WANT TO ENCOURAGE SPACE-FILLING HACKCORRESPONDENCE, EITHER. SO, IN FUTURE THE NUMBER OF NORMALETTERS WILL SET THE PACE. NEXT NO.: MILTY, BLOCH, NITKA--



*JE Walker* of Bx 23, S Porcupine, Ontario, Canada, takes her quill in hand to scratch out a dispatch: "Greetings, Oh, Great Ones,"-- Said she, with an irreverent tongue in her cheek. For Ghuness snakes it gives me Ghu's pimples when I ponder on the ideas that emanate from the shores of the blue Pacific!! Must we blame it on the Chamber of Commerce, the California climate, or the fact that that section of U.S.A. is said to have once been part of long lost Lemuria which gave birth to many queer things? (Queerest of which was a little Shaver?)

Isn't sunny California the state from which that septuagenarian doctor was bragging that his young wife was due to present him with an offspring which owed its start in life to an injection concocted from the leaves or bark of the cherry tree? (Say, didn't a cherry tree figure prominently in the life of Geo Washington? Do U spose that's why he grew up to be Father of his Country?) That was some years back and I never did hear the end of the story.

Do my eyes deceive me or is there not a plot in the offing (no, the plot is located in the cemetery) to star Acky in the role of herdsire to a new breed of cattle (genus homo-sap)? Better get someone to coach Tigrina in her nefarious (no-forryous?) arts so she can cook him up a hol(1)pmate. (To take me on a cook's tour of Hades, no dout.) I'm sure no ordinary mortal could fill the bill and I can't see the angels hob-nobbing with our superman (no, that really woud play hob with things, woudnt it), since he refuses to believe in anything so orthodox. (Do angels believe in Ackerman? No! Then why shoud Ackerman believe in angels?) Can't you catch a female (who - me? Say if females were double pneumonia, I couldnt even catch a common cold!) from those elusive tribes of supermen who are supposed to live in the secret fastnesses of the Rockies? (Sorta catch her Comin' 'Round the Mountain, as it were?) To believe Indian tales they are ten feet tall with muscles to match. (Muscles to match? Gad, sounds like theyve got muscles to burn!) Think of it - new language (yeah, we'll publish a mag in it called Amazon Storvs) - new blood lines (boy, they could afford a quart of claret for the Blood Bank) etc etc.

Haven't heard any details of their mental prowess (if theyre 10' tall they must have big heads), so it might be wise to consider Bernard Shaw's reply when he was propositioned by that American interpretive dancer. (I believe her name was Duncan, the same one was was strangled in France several years later when the scarf she was wearing became entangled in the wheels of her auto) (the moral being: Avoid foreign entanglements!) She asked Shaw if he would father her child, implying that an offspring with his brain and her body couldn't help but be something super. Shaw declined on the grounds that the result of such a union would be just as apt to have her brain and his body.

Congrats on the covers of Vom #37, especially the one on the front (Beaumont). The bacover gives me the feeling of Fu-Manchu on the prowl, but the front one is something else again. It is really SOMETHING. You'd have to be a lame brain if you didn't find a few science fiction ideas (present, past, and future) trickling through your think tank after meditating on that cover.

By the way, I wish Tigrina would be a little more explicit. All these vague hints on black magic and devil worship in her letters add up to little more than zero. Has she even a remote idea of what either would imply? Why harp on the black side, why not strive for the goal of a WHITE magician? So far as I can find out the chief difference lies in the MOTIVE behind the desire. A black magician thinks only of SELF and the power he can wield over other beings. A WHITE magician works with Nature and uses his powers for the good of mankind. This is a cohesive and not the disruptive power of the black magician. Surely we have enough disruption with us now without striving to add to it!!

If Tigrina is seeking people who have had so-called occult experiences, your own neck-of-the-woods should be a fruitful hunting ground (U mean haunting ground, don't U? ~~Selfish~~ Selfish being that we are, we'll have to apply a lil o' that Old Black Magic to this cute lil trick to see if we can't Swoongali her into that necking-of-the-woods of which U speak, speld for-rest). If we can believe our news reporters the California woods must be full of such creatures. (Yes, but remember--this'll bole U over--"Two's company, tree's a crowd!") I'd suggest she read a copy of the "Wheel of Rebirth" a novel by H.K. Chal-loner (Rider & Co. Paternoster Row, England) This book is a good addition to any fan's library. It deals with a series of reincarnations (big greincarnations are my favorite flower --just call me Pistil Packin' Poppy) from the days of Atlantis right up to the present time. There is plenty of food for thought no matter what your approach.

For those who like the mystic touch the "Winged Pharaoh" is another good novel (really good or just Pharaohly good?). It is a more recent issue than the "Wheel". Practically the whole book deals with the super senses. I haven't seen either book mentioned by fen but you are missing something if you dont read them. Incidentally - this Pharaoh was a female!!! (Any relation to Little Egypt? Isnt she the gal whose mummy was at the World's Pharaoh?) #

puts in his 2 scents' worth from 1303 Mystery St, *Emile C. Greenleaf Jr.* New Orleans 19, LA: There is too much jazz and political discussion in #39 to suit me. A scientific or occult discussion would be more fitting. I thought fans had to much sense to be fascists or other-ists.

In Fantasy News Palmer (editor, Amazing Storvs) raised the devil (a demonstration, eh?) because the fans didn't read the Shaver stories. I don't know whether or not you've read them, but if you haven't, you're missing something. It should be interesting to the scientifically minded among the fans.

Got to go now. (This seems to be a common reaction with many fans after reading Shaver)#



Bob Gibson - Canadifan now overseas comments on ish #36: I'd like to congratulate you on the demonic faces on the cover. Rogers' specimen must be beautiful when he smiles. Have seen a lip like that in a comic page. T'other (Harryhausen's) is Gargantua, isn't it? (If we committed ourselves, we might wind up behind the ape ball.)

This issue leads off with a cartoon by Tigrina. Last one I saw had Witch Hazel seeking a packet of long pins (sure it wasn't long puns?). Very refined devil--wonder why the knife (why, to cut the devil's food, of course!). Next time he'll wear the spike on his tail and hurt the cat's feelings.

Speer refers to Spanish stf. Wish the title had been mentioned. German and French I know of, some, and I've garnered a certain amount of Italian. One volume of it was a translation from the Slavic. "Abissi Ardenti" ("Shining Abyss-es") by N. Muhanof.

Speaking of Universalanguages--have you checked up on Interglossa, by Lancelot Hogben. A Pelican book. (British) A check on descriptions suggests that it lacks some of the flaws possessed even by the well-beloved Esperanto. Less graceful to look at than that--can't speak for the sound--it is concise as English and capable of pictographic reproduction. Only copy I have seen was in a canteen, and as I was in transit I couldn't draw it. (Esp'istoj! Mi ĵus ricevis komunikadon en Esp'o de Francio!--la unuan de post la komenco de la milito. Sro Eug. Dieudogard, 5 rue de Bapaume, Maromme, S. Inf., France, instruas la lingvon al Normandanoj k deziras por siaj studentoj korespondant-ojn.)

Re letter from Wilson--tell him a slit-trench has it all over a fox-hole for comfort. Takes a bit more work, maybe--but well worth the slight extra cost.

Missed the vomaidens, I see. A slight improvement...less paper wasted....Tigrina sounds more mature. Two years in the nether regions should have some such effect.

Thoroughly agree that Bill Temple's letter is one of the better things Vom has had. If you've printed anything better it wasn't in the all-too-few copies I've seen. It is possible that I can read a shade deeper into it than some who haven't been quite as close to the utterly fantastic realities this war business grafts onto existence. Would be willing to forgive you almost any number of vomaidens for more such letters, but not everybody can write them.

Wish I could. #

CPL GUS WILLMORTH holds forth from an APO: Fankind:- After reading the Laney supplement of VoM 38, I wondered for a while what the hell all of the shouting was about. Out of a half dozen or so publications that have arrived here emanating from LA (and elsewhere) there seems to be an intolerable large amount of people (mostly Laney) vaporizing about the make-up of our society as a whole. No discredit to Laney, but it strikes me that this lad is doing a lot of shrieking, wailing, and moaning while following along after the rest of the boys. Who, in turn, curse Laney, each other for cursing Laney, and everyone for not cursing one another.

For many months (grown into years now) there has been a lot of discussion concerning organization in fandom. That is to say, more relatively than there was before; and thiss all ranging from Slan Shack Schemes, and Cosmic Circle Crud, to general attempts to define the sociology of fandom as see this article of Laney's. Since everyone is saying something about this, I beg that I be allowed to shove my own oar in.

I find it difficult to argue with Laney. There is something so very logical about our Frankie's writing even while he tears the stuffings out of the so called 'stefnists', that I find it difficult to refute any of his statements directly. So, I shall try to agree with the guy but will try to apply a more detailed description of fandom than he. It seems to me to be rather harsh when one classifies a fan as being just a 'fan' or a 'stefnist' as Laney does. Instead there is a logical system of degrees of being 'slan'. One becomes a reader; then a fan (i.e., accepts the subject of fantasy for an avocation); he becomes active in one or more ways; and may eventually graduate from the primary interest in fantasy literature to sole interest in the people and society of fandom. There is ever possibility that a person may halt his progress at any phase or degree of advancement. Hence, all different types of fans. You cannot call a politician an alien just because he is no longer interested primarily in tilling the soil and rip his citizenship away from him. - There may be some question as to where advancement ends and degeneration begins, but I feel that my definition of a fan is true even though the fan in question may have advanced his interests so far the he completely divorced himself from interest in the motivations of the fan world and into the larger society of the nation or world.

I personally find trick names (stefnist, imdom, etc) as repulsive generally as Laney himself does---but I love my own. I class myself as being a fantast--one who is interested in fantasy, imaginative literature, escapist fiction of a certain type---(I have some realization that fantast is a discredited term, but it appeals to me as having some semantic sense)--and the appropriate of the persons in the society as being Fandomania. Instead of thinking of the persons in Fandomania as being of the 'fan' type or of the 'stefnist' type, I classify them according to the particular phase of activity they are interested in, such as bibliophile, writer, artist, poet, publisher, collector, etc, much as a person in ordinary life would be classed as a lawyer, doctor, engineer, or laborer. Even where a person is interested in many aspects of the game this method has a clarifying effect upon personalities and their position in Fandomania, if you can see what I mean. To call a person a Weirdist is comparable to calling him a Frenchman, or a science-fictionist a German--just a matter of a broader classification. Even stating that a person is a bibliophile may be using a classification too broad. He might be primarily interested in collating and collecting ghost stories or interplanetaries. To say that a man is an engineer is apparently an exact



connotation, be even there he can be classified as a radio, electrical, electronic, civil, or architectural engineer. I hope that I make myself clear---you cannot stuff anyone into a pigeonhole labeled fan or stefnist and have him there. The stefnate may be a sociological aspect of Fandomania, but it is not going to be Fandomania in itself. Get me? And as far as I can see there is no place where you can draw a line and say "This half is fandom; this half is stefnate."

What has Jack Speer done to impress friend Laney so profoundly? For the last five or six years, I've entertained a very poor opinion of Speer's blitherings and see no reason to change at this stage in the game. The ego-boo expressed in the Fancyclopedia doesn't help said impression greatly, but in that book the fine hands of Ackerman and several others are quite apparent as well so there is not much to be said on Speer's faultiness of reporting there.

I dislike Laney's reference to the 'stereotyped' Science-fictionist. Perhaps it is a case of the truth hurting, but I like the think of the group as being extremely liberal in expression. Sure, if a guy says something that someone else does not like he is going to be kicked, struck, and spat upon, but the fellow has a chance to hit back until he is completely submerged, or until he either wins his point, or the argument wears off. ---- Anyway, what's wrong with anarchy?

I do agree with Laney in saying that the Fancyclopedia is merely the crude fore-runner of much better things to come. There is a vast difficulty in a volume of this sort being compiled by one person. Not only is there a large possibility that much will be missed by the experience of the fan doing the compiling, but the view-point is liable to be rather badly warped. Such a history, dictionary, encyclopedia, or whatever you wish to call it, should be undertaken by a group rather than by an individual. Several things of this sort have fallen through--witness "Who's Who of Fandom" or whatever it was---either through the unco-operativeness of fans, or through final disinterest or inability of the operator. A group is able to be impressive enough to get material from contributors, supply suitable advertising, and do the necessary work much more easily than would a single person. However, with Speer's work for inspiration there is certain to be something better appear sooner or later.

Still, Mr. Laney, there is some merit in the length of service of some of the fans. And I don't think that the efforts of the youngsters are entirely unappreciated.

I don't get Laney's continuous harping upon the subject of the sexual futility of fans. There is some evidence that might indicate that all fans aren't similarly afflicted. Is the FTLaniac a frustrated man? 'Twouldn't seem so, what with wives and kids and things. Perhaps FTL is looking for some scandal---how about this Chicago affair(s)? Some of the wandering wolves visiting LA seemed to be getting around to--- Of course, it is obvious to formulate the theory that fanmen should be shy regarding wenches. It is usually understood that persons leading studious existences amongst books and bookish subjects and people are not exactly the best of social dogs. Does the honorable one want the simple fan to stand on top of the hill beating his chest and screaming triumphantly at the stars if he happens to lay a hand to a becoming bit of pulchritude? Most men don't go around boasting of sexual relationships. In an intellectual society such ego boosting isn't necessary for other accomplishments are more highly prized. And aside from that how does one explain away the Laney's, the Widner's, the Elder's, the White's, and who knows how many more? Ole married characters like the Ashley's and Dunkleberger's should be able to refute your assertions of fan's inability to get dates.

I am not certain that a poll would do so very much good in making any decisions in this problem though discussion is very interesting, but if it is felt that there is a necessity for the poll answers, I'd cast mine as saying that the terms used in Laney's article were inadequate, superfluous, and hardly applicable. I consider myself a fantast. I consider Laney a good guy full of fout; and I think that this discussion will make VoM an interesting fan publication again after all of these mediocre issues just past.

If I seem to have spoken harshly concerning 'fan' Laney, it is because his is the only article worth noting in the contents of this VoM, and I only hope that this will slip some slag into the flux of his mind.

P.S. So sex is practically juvenile, Captain Brazier? He-uck, he-uck, heheh, BOY, do I enjoy just being a kid!!!!

And I think that for a Fantast that STF and fantasy are the normal state of affairs; everything else is subnormal..... #

OK, JOE KENNEDY of 84 Baker Ave, Dover, NJ, rites advising all Vompies to watch out for wooden stakes, commenting: Vom #39 an exceptional issue, all told, and I find myself forced to agree that the sheet is definitely on the upswing again. Now let's see you maintain this standard, wot? The absense of vommaids (or at least the reduction of space devoted to 'em) is a vast improvement. Insert pun in space provided: (1-pun-1)

Dick Wilson: The use of phonograph records as alarm clocks must certainly must be a step forward in the annals of progress. Think of the commercial possibilities in this field. Recordings might be made in various lengths, depending upon length of snooze desired, with the ringing of an alarm bell at the end of the selection, to awaken the sleeper. Ah, mustn't get mercenary here. . .

Warner: Try loose-leaf notebooks for storing fanzines, if you're not adverse to punching a few holes in the precious copies. Numbered or lettered alphabetically and stored in a closed book-case or music cabinet, the mags stay clean, and on hand for ready reference.

Kepner's article was, of course, excellent. The system of



classification for fan interests is intriguing. Why not take him up on the poll idea? Results might prove of unusual interest.

I'm more than a little surprised that the name of Raymond Scott has yet to appear in these musical discussions. For those whose melodic tastes run to the extraordinary, I highly recommend these Columbia platters by the Raymond Scott Quintet (actually six men!): WAR DANCE FOR WOODEN INDIANS (36316), POWERHOUSE (36311), SIBERIAN SLEIGHRIDE (36121), and DINNER MUSIC FOR A PACK OF HUNGRY CANNIBALS (36258). You may find these difficult to obtain, altho one of Scott's last sides with his large band, KODACHROME (Decca 18276) is also typical of his stuff. These waxings are marked by a nervous, static beat, amazing technical perfection, and weirdly fantastic intricacies of phrasing. They've long been among my favorites.

I hereby go on record (!) as being in favor of the legal size. . . it's a welcome change from the inevitable run of 8-1/2x11. Saves page turning, too, not to mention the advantages to the chap who does the handle-turning. #

A good SPOT for a letter from FRAN (Chicken Pox) LANEY of 1005 W 35 Pl, LA 7: After having mulled over the various comments brought out by my "Sociological Aspects", I am most struck by one thing common to nearly all the comments---a failure to realise that I did not at any time intend that fandom and the stefnate should be considered as two completely separate groups. Since everyone seemed to miss my meaning on this point, I can only conclude that I did not express that meaning intelligibly. So by way of clarification: all or nearly all of the characters in our field have something of the fan in them and something of the stefnist. If the fan seems predominate I would classify them as fans; if the stefnist, then I would classify them as stefnists.

The chief purpose of the article was twofold: (1) an attempt at satire (which evidently did not jell for Mr. Kepner at least, judging from the way he seemed to take my satiric remarks about stefnists as dead serious!) and (2) an attempt at preliminary analysis of a phenomenon many have brought to my attention: Why is it that so many fans seem to have little or no interest in stf-weird-fantasy?

After carefully reading it, I could find little to disagree with in Kepner's STEFNIST MANIFESTO. While I can't logically hold it against him for refusing to use "stefnist" in the sense I did---especially in view of the fact that Mr. Speer, who doubtless has the word copyrighted, does not wish it used either---I still can't help regretting Jimmy's failure to use some term that would make less confusion than fan and "Fan". He weakened his article by not doing so. His classification is of course the same as mine except more subdivided (#1, 2, 9--fandom; 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, stefnistic) His application of it seems pretty sad, but naturally this is something only the person being classified can be accurate with. His classification leads me to believe that there might legitimately be three groups: fans: 1, 2, 9; stefnists: 4, 5, 7, 8; and fnas of fandom: 3, 6) (Omighod! First Knaves, then Mrytle Douglas, now--fnas! Are U a fnas? Are there any fentymologists in the house--is fn, as we suspect, a modernization of an ancient name? Remember--"Phna the Phoenician"?) ((No charge for plug, Nadine.))

And Kepner need never make any smart remarks about me and my snide remarks--which generally are snide simply because there is an uncomfortable modicum of truth beneath them--after he does identically the same thing with his repeated mention of "bobbysox"! #

Rew-ster Booster ROSCO WRIGHT writes: At long last this creature pens a letter to VOM, with the fond hope that it may do more good than damage, though it be many damn-ages err its words take affect!

First a brief expression of how I feel about the whoal thing:

I look upon fandom and its phazes as a fascinating, somewhat educational hobby through which I may develop and express my, creations, ideas and feelings while associating with souls kindred, semi-kindred and anti-kindred!

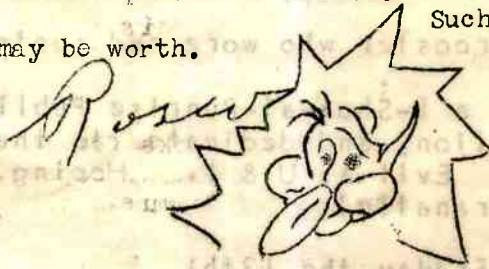
When I was bettween 14 and 16 it was a titanic factor in my life, and it has done me good and perhaps will due more good in the future now that I'm accepting it on more moderate and plausible grounds, holding it as viewed in the preceeding paragraph.

I'm not building up to an announcement of withdrawal from fanactivity, on the contrary I'm indicating a prolonged moderate activity. There are too many bonfires of activity that burn their fuel and die in disgust at an early moment. As for myself I have my future to consider and such choice items as my carier and sooner or later a family--so I recon I'll have the most fun if I putter aound with fandom the the rest of my natural life, not a beehive of activity and not a drone.

I never wrote this letter to give hope to those who either like or dislike either my art or my stories. My idea is simply this:

Most fans consider fandom a hobby, but too many of them put not only their heart and soul but their conciet and predjudice into it. I think that if some of those looked upon it a little more as an excellent hobby rather than as a self glorifier or life blood, they could better tolerate the various irritations of their fellow fans, and there would result a more peacefull fandom.

Such I have written in all sincerity - take it for what it may be worth.





# VOX CHICKEN POX

A Pundango Publication  
(Subsidiary of Ague-olyte)

Dedicated to  
FranciSLANey

by Js4

We returned from a consultation with the Voice of the Tigri-nation to find an alarming letter in our mail vox. Signed, succinctly, burb, it read:

Dear #2 Face:

I never thought that you, 4sj, would ever be the one to obstruct the creation of fannish history.

But you did, and I will explain. You knew I would.

Now that Laney is down with chickenpox, it looked like a hyper opportunity to put out a one-shot fanzine for him on the order of Ack on His Back. Of course, you and I were the logical ones to do it.

Then, Laney and I having put out Ack etc, and you and I having put out A Pox on Laney, you and Laney could sit around and wait for me to catch scarlet fever or mumps...in the case of the first you could have called it Rhett in the Face, or in the latter case....uh...well, some clever Ackermannish title. (Mumps the Word!)

Burbee goes on to explain how he attempted to contact me in conjunction with the creation of a pun-shot one-shot fanzine, or punzine, for our pixilated, or, in this case, poxilated, phan phriend. We regret that Burbee could not get in touch with us, and that we can't get a touch from, rather, get in touch with, Burbee. Isobel (he lives by the sweat of his frau) informs us her hubby has a bad cold, and will not be able to risk straining his throat for Vox Pop, for fear of getting hoarse. As U all know, there is nothing worse than a Charlie hoarse. (No relation to the motion picture of the same name, "Three Fen on a Foxorse".)

But enuf about Burbee, let us turn to our stricken chicken, Laney.

A coll-ection of miscelANeyous puns....

IT'S A LONG LANEY THAT HAS NO TURNING--

That's what we always say.

What do U always say?

THERE IS NO TRUTH TO THE RUMOR THAT F. TOWNER LANEY IS A SEUDONYM FOR "SCREW" LEWIS GADGETT, AUTHOR OF "QUIGGY BANK".

News Item of 1960: "Sandra Laney to Star in Technicholera, a gaga saga biased on 'Fever Amber'. Sandra plays the rôle of Sandy Hardy."

THERE IS NO TRUTH TO THE RUMOR THAT LANEY WILL PUBLISH A FRANCYCLOPEDIA

On the other hand, it has been confirmed that the Fancyclopedia will not publish Laney.

Remember the rooster who wore red spots.

This has been a 1-Shot-at-Punrise Publication, come from Pox #6475 Metropollutin' Station, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created evil. Evil as U & I. Hoping this will cure U of the Hot Spots, enigmatic Franatic!

(Composed on Friday the 13th)