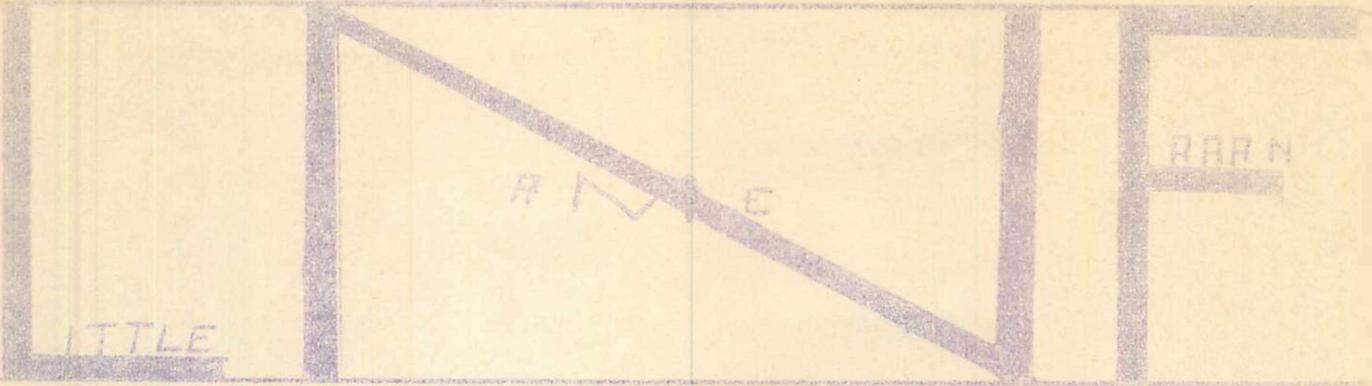


* t h e *



THE MAG FOR BEAT BNFs

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO WITH THIS SPACE SO I THINK I'LL SAY HELLO.

HELLO!

Don Durwar &

P.S. See you on Page 2

LNF HEADQUARTERS

HAVEN FOR HARASSEN BNFs



VOL. I, NO. I

Price

FREE, but DONATIONS HELP

The

TITLE

NAME

AAAN

A-ONE SHOT AFFAIR
(despite what the cover says)

This is the first & last, thank God.

The following had a say in the production:

Don Durward (who furnished paper, mimeo, half the stencils, and half the stamp money)

Bob Lichtenman (who illoed much of the interior, furnished the remainder of the stencils, and another quarter of the stamps)

The LNF (who wrote everything after page 2, furnished the balance of the stamp money, and generally supervised the operation)

Illoes: Durward--frontcover, backcover, page 2.
Blob--pages 3, 4, 5, & 6.

Send all comments, money, ego0000, etc. to:

Don Durward
6033 Garth Avenue
Los Angeles 56, Calif.

Extra copies of this mag may be procured at 10¢ a piece from the above address.

And remember—

PLONK IN THIS

A Report From The



LNF's Head Agent...

BY: DON DURWARD

Well, this is about the third time I've written this column, due to minor changes, but this looks pretty good. It has been decided that LNF will be a one-shot, and will serve to introduce a later mag of LNF adventures, as yet untitled. Originally I was putting out this mine by myself and I asked Bob Lichtenman, or Blob as he insists on being called, to write an article for me, but before I knew it he had had one of his great ideas and LNF became an organization which you lucky, lucky fen out there may be fortunate enough to join. Joy, oh joy.

Later in this mag, The LNF opens his famous casebook. The uncensored results comprise "The Case of the Bedraggled BNF". In future LNF-zines he will open it again, and again. Unfortunately.

Be sure not to skip page 6 for on that page is all the details (almost) you need to become an LNF agent. Send all applications and letters to and for the LNF to LNF Publications. The address is the same as mine. See it on the left. Official LNF certificates will be mailed to the few that make it into the organization. Remember, all you potential agents, to send your qualifications to us.

I am also planning to put out a solo zine, so watch closely; don't strain your eyeballs too. The name of the solo will be "EXOTIC" and it will be full of spiky little stories illoed by me, please don't fail to write to me with any of your contributions. I will be glad to hear from you by letter or by mail. I will be glad to hear from you by letter or by mail.

ideas of doing such, you may send them to me. Address already pubbed on page 1. I will welcome any form of contrib, so send anything. I plan to have a fnz-review column in that ish so anyone wishing a review, send zines.

Now that I've bored you with all the important facts, I will now attempt to bore you with a short life history of none other than me. (Fascinating subject!) I was born in L.A. and was quite unable to read until about three years ago when I happened to find a book with a pretty cover. It turned out to be A.C. Clarke's "Earthlight" and from there I went on to bigger and better things. I joined the S.F. Book Club, and every week I made a pilgrimage to the local newsstand to see if any new sf books had arrived; if they hadn't I was heart-broken. When Ballantine apparently collapsed I was choked up; you can see that I was fast becoming an stf addict. But then I started writing to take my mind off reading (you see; I never read what I write, some people that have say I'm lucky) and it did as you can somewhat tell. I was even a report on my school paper until the adviser gently told me I could not write, and shifted me over to advertising manager. Oh well, no one is perfect.



SEND LETTERS,
CONTRIBUTIONS BOMBS!
DO IT NOW!

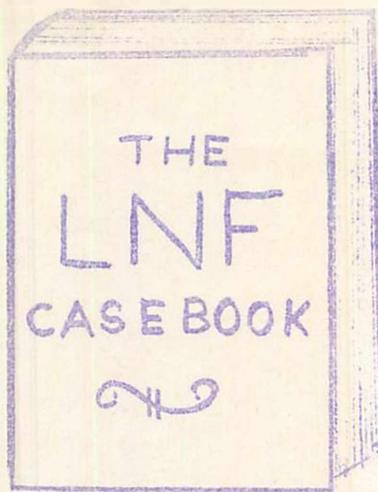
I went on at this pace until Blob introduced me into active fandom. After he indoctrinated me, we planned to put out a mag together, but the unforeseeable happened. Blob met a "person" who had about 25 reams of paper and a spiriduper, and I was left in the cold. That is when I decided to put out LNF, originally as a solo but I asked Blob to write for it and he came up with such a great piece that he asked to go halves on stamps and I said yess. Actually, the term LNF is an escape for me and Blob from being called neos, and we think that fans like we should not be compared to the newcomer to fandom (which is the strict meaning of neofan) and thus, LNF. So we, by all the powers, are now LNFs (the only two in all of fandom) until we become BNFs.

Now I am planning QUIXOTIC and would like to receive lots of artwork, even drawings by ATOM might be accepted, so you see most every one has a change. All drawings must be don on light paper with black (india) ink.

A word of warning: Since Blob is in with me on this and also is half-owner of another pub called PSI-PHI, your contribs will be considered for about 5 different pubs. Let me enumerate: 1) QUIXOTIC, 2) PSI-PHI, 3) unnamed LNF pub coming soon, 4) Unnamed Blob pub coming soon, and 5) any future one-shots we put out. If you prefer to have your contribs in one particular pub of the ones above, please indicate.

The next LNF pub should be out about April if the responce on this one is good and also QUIXOTIC will be out about then. Blob informs that the next issue of PSI-PHI will be out by March 1, and that his solo job will be out by June. It seems that Blob is turning into another Terry Cerr, publishing giant.

I wish to apologize for printing on only one side of the paper, but had I printed on both sides, you wouldn't have been able to read either side. Some of you will think that I should have printed -- 2 -- on both sides. Sowwy... *Don*



NO. 1:

The Case of the Bedraggled BNF

* * * * *

Etched onto a red-hot stencil by

THE LNF
himself

((also illustrated by the LNF's best friend))

* * * * *

It was 2:30 a.m. on the morning of June 15, 1957 and I was fast asleep in bed, dreaming happily of one hundred identical twins, all looking just like a certain fan who's name begins with a D followed by an "eg" and an "ler", all drowning in a lake of hekto jel. Ohjoy, I was thinking as I watched them file into the lake one by one.

Then something happened to break this heavenly bliss; the phone rang. I rose wearily and started making my way downstairs to answer it. Naturally I misjudged the amount of stairs and on the last step I tripped and fell. I picked myself up slowly and staggered over and picked up the receiver.

"Hello, is that you, LNF?" the voice on the other end said. I'd recognize that voice anywhere; it was Bernard N. Faaan, the most noted fan in all of fandom.

"Yes, this is the LNF," I replied coolly, "is there anything that I can do for you, old boy?"

"Yes! Yes! You've got to help me, LNF. I've gotten such terrible reviews on the last issue of my fanzine that I'm beginning to seriously consider gafiating permanently. What can I do, LNF?"

He really was desperate, I could see as I listened to him talking. It was evident that he needed the services of the LNF, me. But even though I'm pledged to aid BNF 's-in-distress, sleep comes first.

"Cheer up, Bernie ol' fan; I'll help you," I consoled. "In the morning," I added and quickly hung up.

I hurried back upstairs and jumped into bed. Strangely enough, I fell right back asleep. This time I had a dream of meeting a beautiful femmefanne. By the time I was getting swinging it was morning. Gad, I thought, I can't even dream right anymore.

I got up and stretched. Then I faintly remembered the phone call from Bernie N. Faaan. I threw off my pajamas and threw on my gray flannel beanie (incidentally, that same beanie inticed me to write a novel called "The Fan in the Gray Flannel Beanie", which was later slightly revised and made into a movie) and went out for my morning walk around the block.

D.C. IN 60

-- 3 --

FOON IN 61

When an old lady carrying an umbrella started swinging at me with it, I realized that I had forgotten something and went back and finished dressing.

After a quick breakfast of "the cereal that's just a little bit better", I started on my trip to Bernard N. Faan's house. It was a windy morning and my beanie prop spun gaily in the breeze.

After a completely uneventful journey, I arrived at Bernie's house. I had but to knock once on the door and Bernie was there. He greeted me with open arms and I said, "Now then, Bernie ol' boy; what's the matter with you?"

He broke down completely and started crying on my satin covered sponge shoulder pad. After several minutes he stopped and said, "Oh LNF, I'm so down that I'm ready to turn in my beanie!" Then he started crying again.

"Tell me what got you down," I insisted. Anything to stop him from soaking me in tears.

"My -- my reviews are like those a neo-zine gets and some of them are even worse. I don't know what to do. LNF, you've got to help me!"

"Weeell, you know that my rates are rather high and--"

"Say no more," he shouted. He swung open a huge door, revealing three Gestenners and a large mountain of high-priced mimeo paper. "This should cover it."

My eyes bugged out. It was the most equipment I had ever seen at one time, but then this guy was a publishing giant, putting out three monthly zines at the same time.

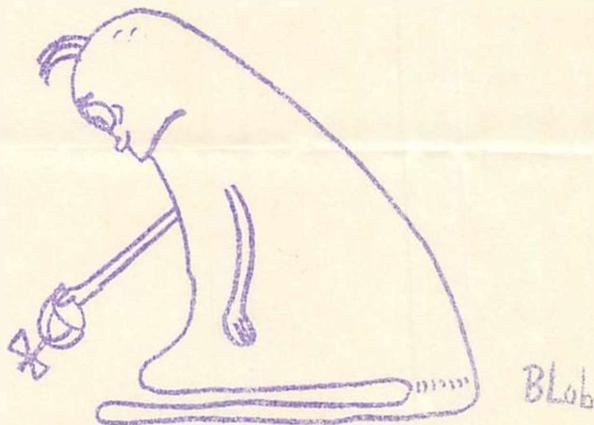
"That seems about right," I said, rubbing my eyes, still unable to believe that all that stuff was really there.

"Oh thank you, thank you, LNF," he drawled. "I've got a ten-ton truck in the back of the house for you to take the stuff home with you. That is, if you solve my problem."

"I'll solve it," I vowed. "Now, tell me everything about the case so I can have something to work on."

"Well," Bernie began, "it's all because of the last issue of ____*. I thought that it was a great issue, it was my fourth anniversary, but I got terrible reviews on it, even from the neos, and now I'm just so dejected because I'm afraid to put out the next issue and it's already three weeks overdue and so are all my other publications. If I don't get my egoboo up pretty soon, I'm afraid that I'll

*name withheld by request



"I'M READY TO TURN IN MY BEANIE." HE SAID SLOWLY.

@afiate permanently. What a horrible fate for any fan."

"Is that all?" I asked. It didn't seem like such a tough case all of a sudden.

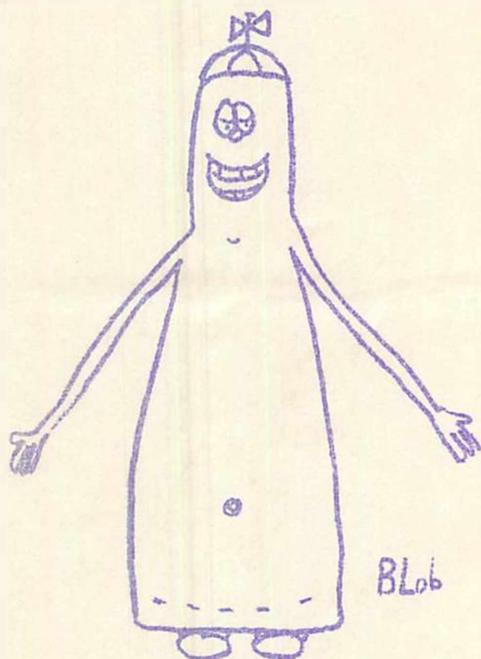
"Yes," he replied. "That's all. Isn't that enough, by Ghu?"

I stood there for a while, staring into space, and thinking of a possible solution. Then my eyes fell upon his beanie.

"Might I see your beanie for a moment," I said. "I'll be careful not to harm it, precious thing that it is."

"Certainly," he said, handing it over gently, "but I don't see how--"

"Aha," I said, "just as I thought!"



"YOU'VE RESTORED MY
FAITH IN FANDOM, LNF,
HE CHORTLED. "YOU'VE
SAVED THE DAY."

"What is it? What is it?" he gasped anxiously. "Tell me!"

"I should have recognized the symptoms last night on the phone," I said.

"What symptoms?" he asked. "Symptoms to what?"

"Look," I said, twirling the prop on his beanie. "See how hard it turns."

"Yes, but--"

"It's plain to see that you've been suffering from an acute case of uncoiled-beannie-prop-itis.

"Wha--"

"Just what I said. Have you any light oil around the house?"

"I've got some in the kitchen," he said.

"Then hurry and get it. Bring it to me."

With a scuffle of sneakers, Bernie hurried off to the kitchen and returned almost instantly victoriously holding a can of light oil in his hands.

"Give it to me," I ordered. I took the oil and squirted a moderate amount on the prop joint. After several more squirts the prop was spinning as good as new.

"Try it on," I said.

He did. "You've restored my faith in fandom, LNF," he chortled. "You've saved the day."

LNF." "Aw shucks," I said. "Twefn't nothing. All in the line of duty of the

"But you've saved my fannish honor," he said. "How can I ever thank you?"

"Weeell," I said, "you can help me carry this mountain of paper out to your truck."

---end of case 1

* * * * *

you can be an Inf agent !!

A straight talk from THE LNF, himself.

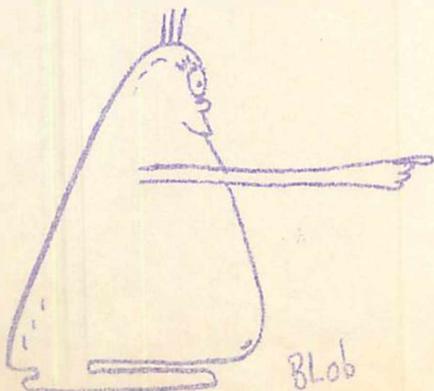
That's right, now for a limited time only (the next year) you, the readers of this zine, can become an LNF Agent. Think of the glory that will come with this position in years to come. Think of the explanations you will have to make to your fannish friends when you are with them at cons.

Naturally, there is a limit to the number of agents there can be. At the present time we must limit it to twelve agents from the United States, six from Great Britain, and one from Ireland. Other countries, for instance Canada, Sweden, New Zealand, are limited to one agent apiece.

If you would like to get in on this opportunity, send the application at the bottom of this page or a reasonable facsimile thereof, to:

Donald Durward
6033 Garth Avenue
Los Angeles 56, California.

Don is my agent and he is the one responsible for the excellent cover on the zine. Also he is the one who wrote the article proceeding the excerpt from my casebook which you have just finished (I trust) reading.



Blob

I, THE UNDERSIGNED, AM REGISTERING AS AN LNF AGENT. I, IN ACCORDANCE, WILL SEND REPORTS OF MY CASES THAT I AM CALLED UPON TO HANDLE. I REALIZE THAT I REPRESENT THE LNF AND WILL ACT ACCORDINGLY.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

SOUTH GATE FOR ME IN 73

ROOM IN 61



HELD THERE



LNF PUBLICATIONS.
6033 Garth Avenue
Los Angeles 56, Calif.

UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE ONLY

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED
Form 3547
REQUESTED

MAY BE OPENED FOR
POSTAL INSPECTION,
BUT PITY THE PERSON
WHO DOES.

To:  LOS ANGELES CALIF.
Dick Ellington.
PO Box 104
Cooper Station
New York 3, NY