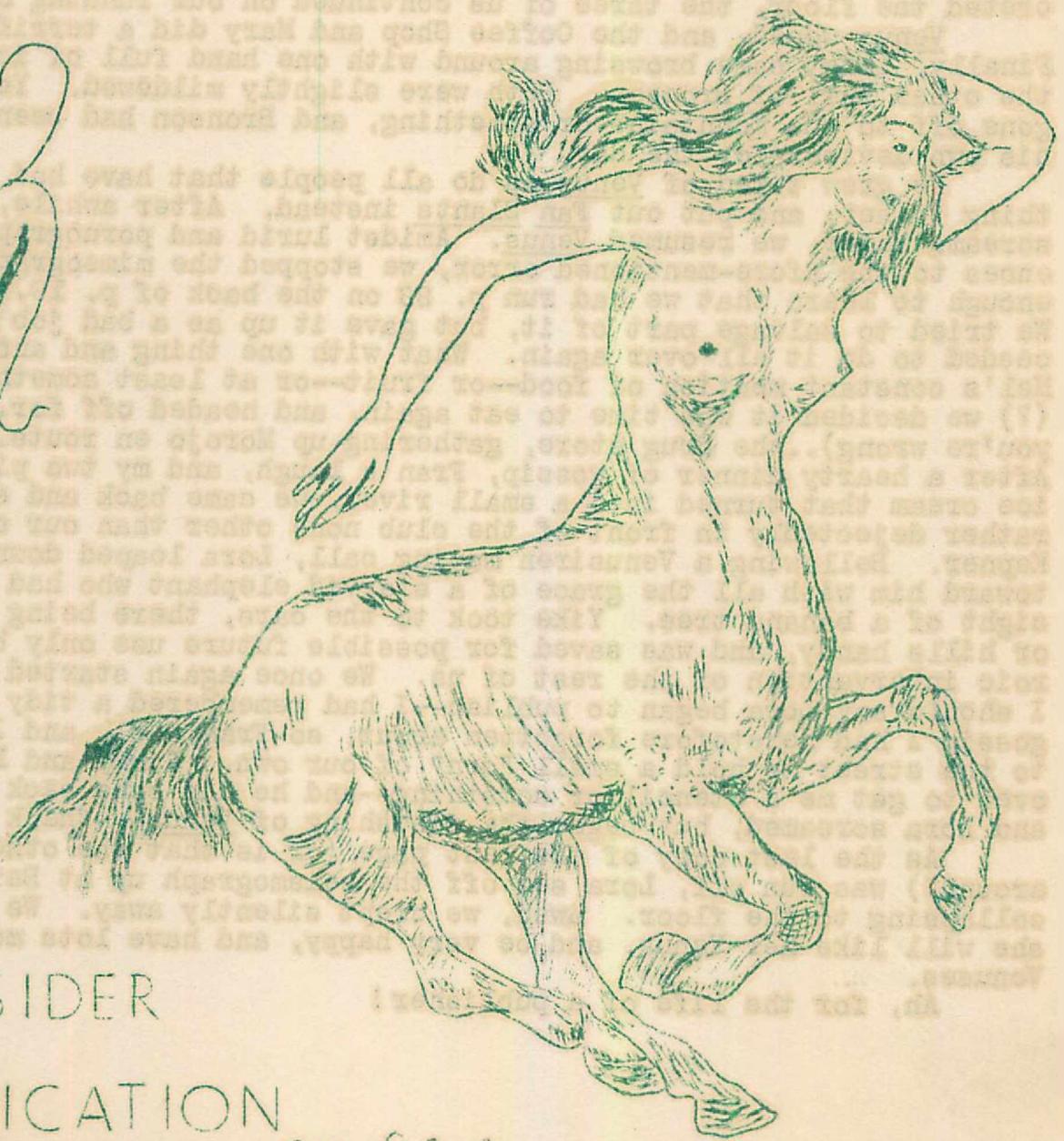
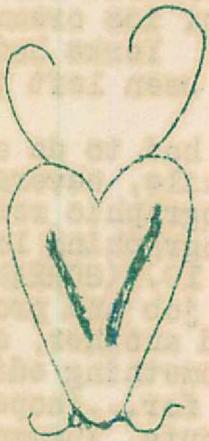


# VENUS - CON GLEN DANIELS

A FAPAZINE FROM LANEY & BROWN



AN

OUTSIDER

PUBLICATION

(published at the LA 838 Club room)

It all started when Lora got talked into putting the thing out--- why, no one has been able to figure out as yet. Well, after one thing and another, she got me instead, and then to make up for it plunged into the violent publishing of Venus.

It all began--at least the majority of the running of it, the articles, satires, and announcements (although she did leave out some of the best ones)--on a Sunday afternoon. Bixel Street had been enjoying its A.O. (After Outsiders) piece and quiet when suddenly there was a wild scream and people instinctively began tucking their children, goldfish, and bric-a-brac (or bras?) to bed, or other convenient out-of-the-way places. Upon further investigation, it was learned that Mel and Glen had merely shown Lora a portion of Fan Slants containing an extremely amusing but quit--When you read p. 31 of Fan Slants you will know!--mistake that had been made in reference to her. After we had re-concreted the floor, the three of us continued on our running of Venus.

Venus waned, and the Coffee Shop and Mary did a terrific business. Finally, Laney came browsing around with one hand full of ice cream and the other full of Bronson. Both were slightly mildewed. Yerke had gone off to the mountains or something, and Bronson had been left to his own devices for the day.

We grew tired of Venus as do all people that have had to do anything to her, and put out Fan Slants instead. After awhile, several screams later, we resumed Venus. Amidst lurid and pornographic references to the afore-mentioned error, we stopped the mimeographing long enough to learn that we had run p. 32 on the back of p. 19. (SCREAM!) We tried to salvage part of it, but gave it up as a bad job and proceeded to do it all over again. What with one thing and another, and Mel's constant mention of food--or fruit--or at least something edible (?) we decided it was time to eat again, and headed off for...(nope, you're wrong)..the drug store, gathering up Morojo en route. Yummmmm. After a hearty dinner of gossip, Fran's laugh, and my two pieces of ice cream that turned into a small river, we came back and saw standing rather dejectedly in front of the club none other than our own...Jimmy Kepner. Bellowing a Venusiren mating call, Lora leaped down the street toward him with all the grace of a starved elephant who had caught sight of a banana tree. Yike took to the cars, there being no trees or hills handy, and was saved for possible future use only by the heroic intervention of the rest of us. We once again started to publish; I should say Lora began to publish--I had remembered a tidy bit of gossip I had heretofore forgotten about, so Fran, Mel, and I retired to the street to hold a small "oon" of our own. Jimmy and Morojo went over to get me a stencil or something--and he did come back with one--and Lora screamed, but began the finishing of Venus---thank God.

As the last copy of the last page (or is that the other way around?) was run off, Lora set off the seismograph up at Berkeley by collapsing to the floor. Awed, we crept silently away. We hope that she will like her Venus, and be very happy, and have lots more little Venuses.

Ah, for the life of a publisher!