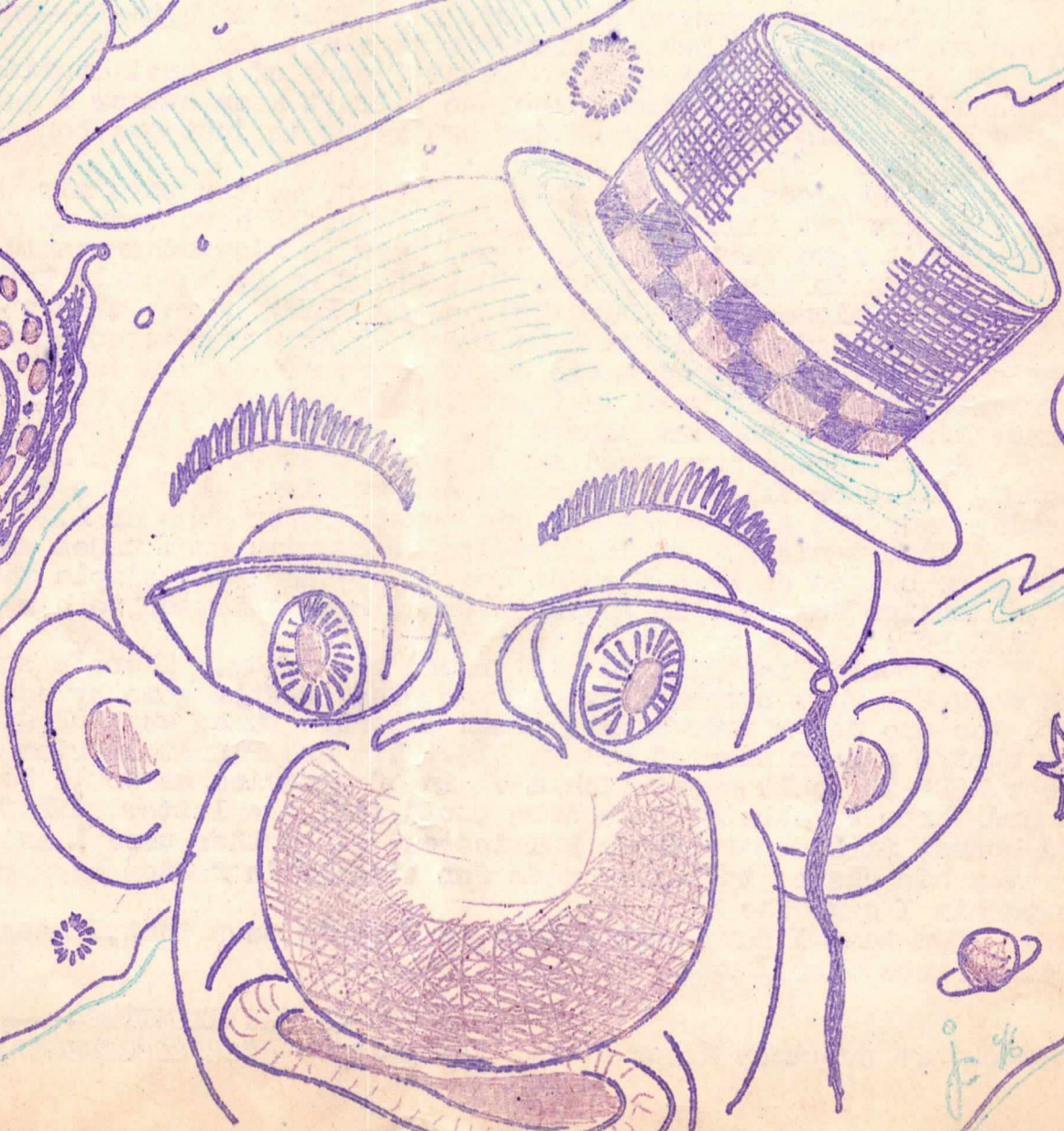
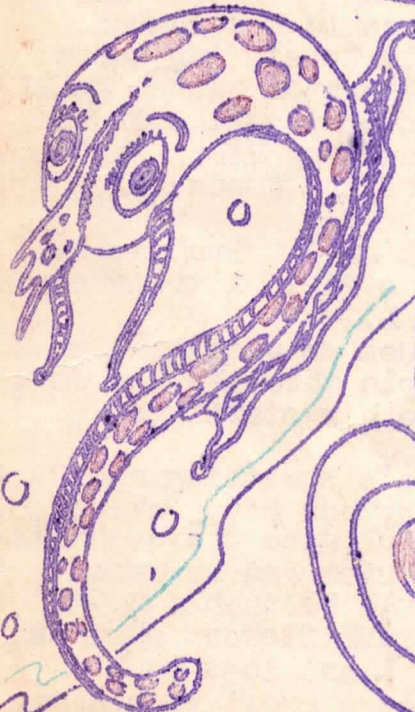


WUBA

1 006.2



J.C.

Well we just finished Lunacy #1 after Cookroft got finished butchering it up. Yes that's right he caught us. I was trying to get the damn ditto machine off the table on the floor where it was before the bright idea hit us when Cookroft walked in. Right away things started to go wrong, not that they didn't before but anyway the ditto machine jammed and the fluid turned a super purple color. Cookroft snarled at me and I felt like sinking through the floor. That guy threw a blanket blank atom bomb at me and my wish was fulfilled. Then he spotted the infinite number of stenils laying scattered on the floor that we had wasted and really hit the ceiling for Raj had snuk up behind him and hit him over the head.

Later when Cookroft woke up and realized that we had him tied up securely he stopped to listen to our pleas. Finally after we forced some of his uneles apple cider down his gullet he quit struggling and listened to reason. Reason--(that's your side of the story) Anyway he was so inebriated that he decided not to use the razor on us and wrote out that silly denunciation of us.

Anyway we sat around for about 10 or 20 seconds after finishing Lunacy #1 when John swallowing a hiccup gurgled "Don't you think we should put out #2. After all our readers expect better service than that. Then when I demurred he parked his 6 ft. and some inches frame in the doorway and burping lustily remarked that I wasn't gonna leave until the damn thing was finished. So I decided to stay. Then he ordered me to write out something for the second issue before he broke my 759% neck. Here it is

I just got the second issue of, no I don't mean that---must have 2nd issues on the brain.(yeh, I know-what brain?)

Well anyway I just got the latest issue of Planet Stories and lo and behold Planet has a new author--no I don't mean author I mean EDITOR. This editor seems to be a good joe but there is just one bone I have to pick with him. It follows.

The ED signs his page PIP. Talk, what a pore mistake his mother made when she put that L in his name. He could have been as famous as RAP if he didn't have that L in his name. Now is his mother could have named him with an A in his middle name instead of an L, he could be signing those Vizigraph commiques with the earthshaking PAP. Three cheers or better still he could have had his middle name Edgar or Evervess or something like that. Then he could have signed those commiques with the resounding PEP. What a reaction that would make in fandom. PEP Just think of the fondeful chance his mother had and passed up.

Or she could have used a middle name starting with an I. Such as Illingham, Illis or Ilio. Then he could have signed his name PIP. A truly earthshaking name but alas wh at did his mother do but use an L.

Then again she could have used a o, with such names as Oroville, or Orson, or oregon or or. Then he could have used the simple three letter word POP. Imagine how nice it would be to address a letter to him starting:

DEAR POP:

You would feel like an old friend all ready. There's something about the word POP that brings back ole memories of days gone by and happy events with the one nea-r your heart. Such immortal tunes as "POP goes the Weasal" Why when a person started out to blast him and Planet stories and he wrote "Dear POP" it would start such a chain of memories he would be unable to go on and throw brikbats instead he would fill the letter with flowery phrases and boquet filled paragraphs BUT instead his mother used L and lost to him forever his chance to make a name for himself in fandom as a great personage. So to him I say "The L"

Now that I have particulary, no I don't mean that, I mean--- oh L I don't know what I mean.

ONE OF THE REEMITES-----

no Cookroft put that razor down. Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagggggggggggggggggggg

"..T'WAS HELD AT REMO'S HOUSE.."

By Yadrith O. Igore

May 12, 1946, A ben by the name of Rehm was waiting on a corner for Jauge Caldwell and Bobolink Luehr to come over from Frisco on a bus, but they didn't! So getting tired of the cold & stuff, he went home and found that none of the G. G. F. S. had shown up, so turning on the televizor, he directed its scope to Jak Riggs house examining the empty litter of joy juice bottles and cobwebs etc, it was duly discerned that Raj came to the conclusion that he was'nt home. A few minutes later Raj was out in the Sanctum Sanctorum counting the number of corners in a circle, at this moment... Jawn the Droooling Fiend hopped off the bus and made his way into the lavender of the swamp fog, he crept between scraggely tree's and his three feet squashed on those who did not get out of the his way. In the gloom he could discern a purplish glow.

Ahaa... that e, this was Bem rehm's house in the sistande .

Unmindfull of the lizard's scurrying about, he truddged wearily out of the gloom and over the bridge that spanned the quicksand bogs , he made his way up to the quicksand bogs, he made his way up to the great oak door/. Knocking it kd down to announce that he was there. He went around to the window and crawled thru, dropping thru the window hi noticed that the table was set for the FUTARIANS.



"HE NOTICED THE TABLE WAS SET.....CHAPTER ONE.

He started to walk into the gloom, and noticed that there were bones and pieces of putridsence flesh from previos feasts laying about

Up in his room prowling about and handling his much prized 1st ish of "MIRACLE" with much drooling and glee was faj, ahaaa...., wut was that screeching downstairs, hr pulled oyt his trusty tay gun, opened the door & Jawn Jawn had arrived. HUZZA! HUZZA! HUAAAAZZZZZZAA!!!! FOR THE G.G.F.S!!!! YELLED OUT IN REPETITION YOUNG BEM'S upon seeing each other.

Some time later Jak Riggs & Evy Wyers came prancing up, crawling thru the wall they seized the food & hid it under the rug and flattened it out so the others wouldnt notice it. They then made their way out to the sanctum sanctorum. After being duly greeted and ZAPPED they joined the conversation. Sometime later it was decided that they would play Buck Roger 's, Evy started to cry cause he couldnt be Flash Gorden.

At about 4:p.m. our intreded young fop's dedided to eat, Some time later they decided upon that course of action which has since changed the course of nations and the destiny of man, this deed BY FRIENDS THEY. ALL OF THEM PUT OUT "SQUIMP" yes they all put it out.

HO HUM

Sometime in the far distant past I believe that a mag named Lunacy appeared. Well, this is the second ish of that thing. We are sorry to have delayed it so long. We promise you that the the next ish will arrive promptly and the next and the next and the next and the next and...gawd, what an I doing. Well, I spose that I must fill up space. I have this whole page to put out and five minutes to do it in and not one measly little idea.

Idle thot: I just read over the editorial column and I noticed the fuss ade over a certian Pro editor's name. It's too bad that the cuss didn't have a U in in there. It would be quite appropriate. PULP. Oh well, I tried to fill space.

I bet that we are the only fen to put out two complete zines in a single day(in fact it was little more than three hours or so.)

More idle thinking. Caldwell is musing over a Snearypic that we didn't use in this ish. We were thinking of just how we could duplicate it for the next ish. It really is one of the best pix to ever come from the facile pen of that worthy artist. As soon as we can be assured of perfect duplication we will send it out to all you fen. And you will be very lucky BEN's too. It is definately professional stuff.

Don't be too surprisad if the next ish dosen't come out for a little while, tho as we have to wait til the three of us get together at my house.(Oh yes, there has to be plenty of cider around...got to get in the mood, ya know)

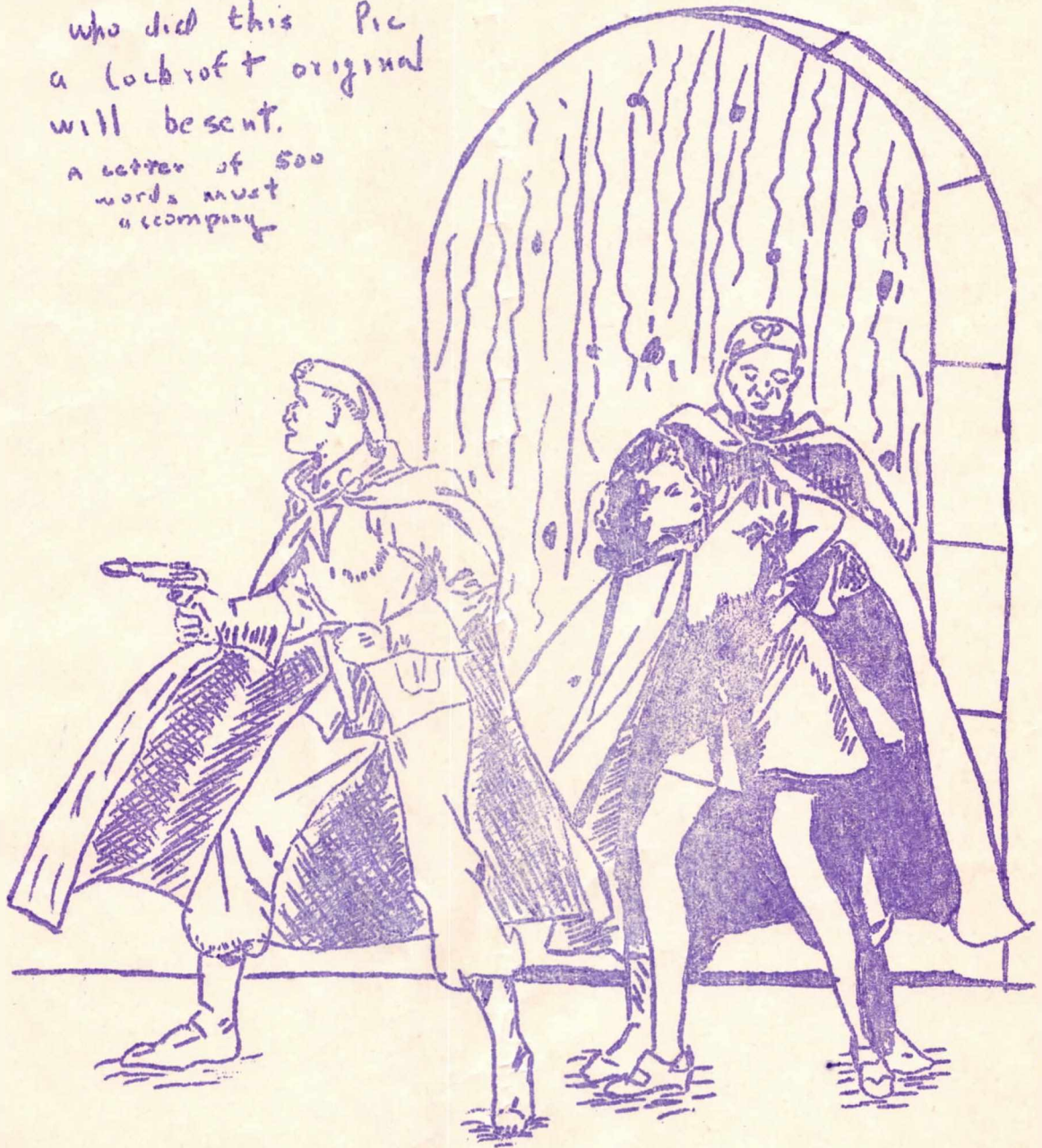
Caldwell also informs me that we will feature a poem by new Fan Jim Love. I think that you will be hearing a lot from this guy. From what I've seen of his work, and I like it. And he claims that it isn't his best.

Who knows, this zine mite develope into something more than it seems to be. We would welcome material of any kind. And we aren't kidding about that. Articles would be preferred. We are at the stage where we aren't above swiping stuff from other mines.(witness the first ish)

We are not kidding about the original offer as is stated on the page with the Sneary pic. Just a letter of 500 words and we will send you one Cockroft original water color painting 11 10/16" by 12 7/16" in size. Of course you must be the winner. (gee we sure are egotistical..offering one of my own pix) We would prefer frankness of opinion(not too candid tho) and we don't want stuff like in Without Glee) The pic by the way, shows a space ship flying over some alien vegetation in a valley surrrounded by cliffes etc/andsee(ya have to see fer y'self) Take it from me folks, it sure is swell(ahem)((see above remarks refering to egotisin)

Well after much spacing and wide margins, I managed to fill up this space. It took just a little over the allotted time, just a wee bit thb. No need to mention who rote this.

To The Person
That Guesses Correctly
who did this Pic
a Lock of + original
will be sent.
A letter of 500
words must
accompany





To the person
that desires correctly
who are this
a correct original
will correct
see to it that
the
program



Boff Perry
26 Madbury
Durham, N.H.

4 Winship Ave
San Anselmo, Calif.
Ret. Pst. D.T.D.