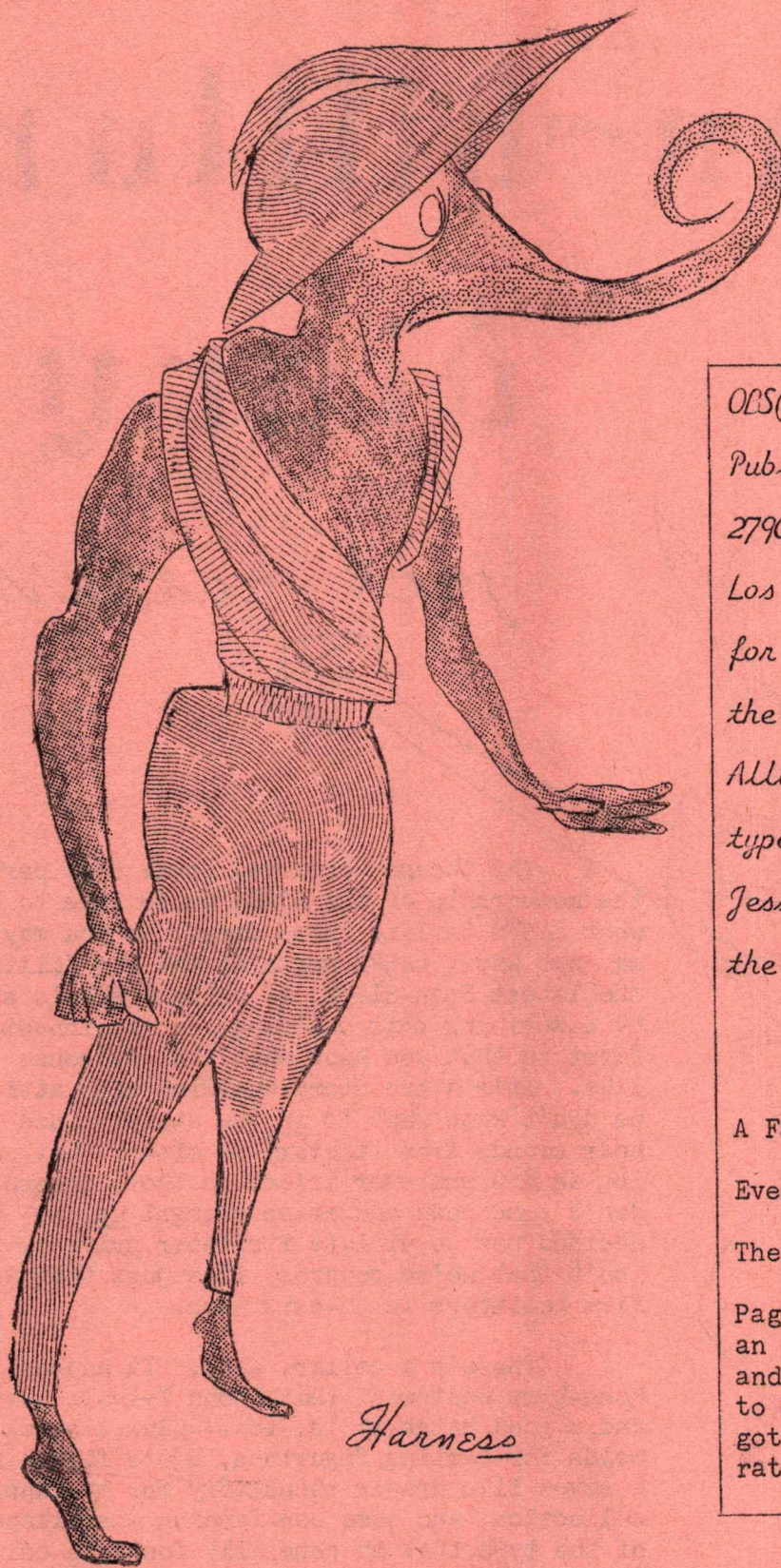


OBSCENE MATTER # 1



# Obscene Matter

OBSCENE MATTER # ONE

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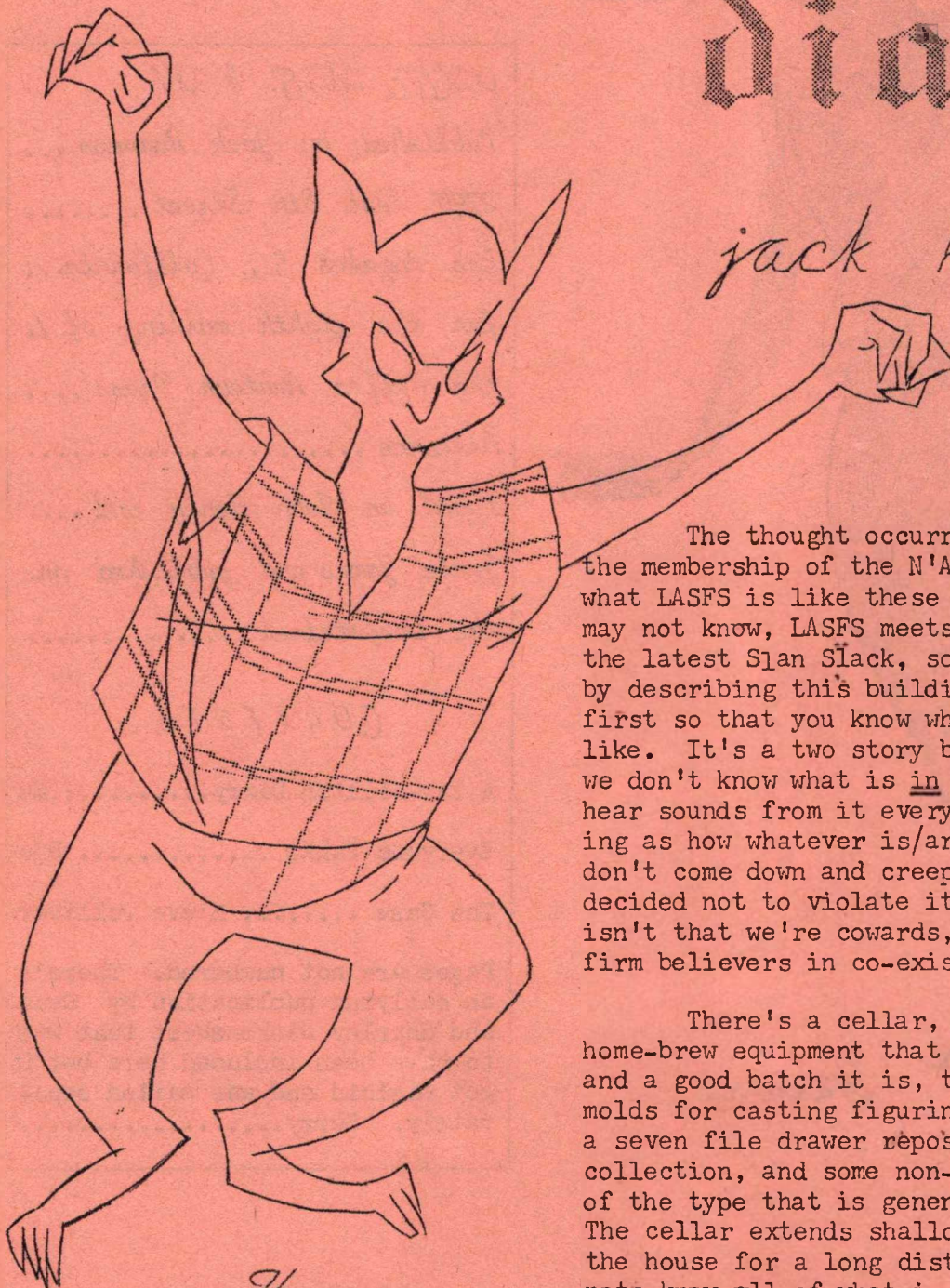
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A Fan-Hillton Diary.....me  
Everyone Talks ..... Bjo  
The Case ..... Steve Tolliver

Pages are not numbered. There's  
an outlying publication by Dean  
and Shirley Dickensheet that was  
to have been included here but it  
got mislaid and was mailed sepag  
rately. Sorry.....

# a fan-hillton diary

jack harness



*Harness*

The thought occurred to me that perhaps the membership of the N'APA would like to know what LASFS is like these days. As you may or may not know, LASFS meets at the Fan Hillton--the latest Stan Slack, so maybe I should start by describing this building and its inhabitants first so that you know what the environment is like. It's a two story building with attic---we don't know what is in the attic, since we hear sounds from it every so often. But seeing as how whatever is/are up there doesn't / don't come down and creep amongst us, we have decided not to violate its/their privacy. It isn't that we're cowards, it's just that we're firm believers in co-existence.

There's a cellar, also. It houses the home-brew equipment that Bjohn Trimble have---and a good batch it is, too---plus a stack of molds for casting figurines, Bjo's firing kiln, a seven file drawer repository for my fanzine-collection, and some non-fannish miscellany, of the type that is generally found in cellars. The cellar extends shallowly under the front of the house for a long distance and again, we do not know all of what is there, but the cats survive there during the night so we're not too worried.

In between these two extremes of Terra Incognita in the attic, and Terra Obscura in the cellar, is what is variously referred to as living quarters and/or Slan Shack, (There are those who find these are mutually exclusive.) The first floor's divided into large rooms such as the Lasfs room, or Freehafer Hall (by some eldritch tradition, the meeting place of LASFS is Freehafer Hall), containing a large number of folding chairs, a table, two decks of cards (used in Forry Ackerman's weekly raffles), a gavel, the Lasfs library arrayed in large bookshelves, and an unfinished bookcase which I will presently sand down and stain and put in my room. Back of Freehafer Hall is the dining room, which houses Karu's hi-fi set, two couches, and a grey-and-white streaked piano we got from Ted Johnstone's mother. Back of the dining room is the small room where we keep the Gestetner and the ditto and four or five cartons of mimeo paper. We run off our zines in there and any non-fan would suppose we peddled paper and supplies on the side.

Opposite Freehafer Hall is the studio, which is stocked with art supplies---the current project being done there is cups; Bjo sells hand-decorated cups to college students and other interested types---and Lord knows what else. On the front porch is a small room (we keep the outside door to it locked and enter and exit thru a connecting window) that will eventually be a shop and display room. Opposite the dining room is a fine kitchen and behind that is a pantry and then Karu's room. I have so far mentioned Karu twice; Karu Beltran is a former stage magician who looks the part---trim, of East Indian origin, with moustache and goatee. He is not actually a fan-type, and injects a needed counterbalancing element of sanity and mundanity to the establishment. Karu has two pets, both orangy-yellow: Sashya, a cat, and Chintze (the nearest you can get to pronouncing it in English is "JIN-tsu"), a Pekinese. Sashya is, unfortunately, not tolerated by the other cats and so is kept in Karu's room or put outside, to prevent bloodshed.

We have three other cats: Bjo owns two and Ernie Wheatley one. Bjo's are Spindrift (variously called Spindizzy by some of the menagerie because it's more sf-tional), who is male and is part sealpoint Siamese; and the Gray Mouser, named after a series character by Fritz Leiber, who is female and extremely affectionate, and a silky even gray with a trace of tabby markings in the tail. Ernie owns Typo, a ~~white/white~~ pardon, "domestic shorthair" who is Gray's sibling and mate. Typo is notably affectionate but somehow never got trained to think like a cat. For no good reason, he likes to watch fanac, and feels quite at home around the Gestetner.

Upstairs, the rooms have numbers on the doors, left over from the time when the place was a boarding house. Nowadays it is a boarding house... a boarding house disguised as a fanclub. Number One is Ernie's and contains his tape and record player. Ernie is the quiet type whose humor, when he does speak is unexpected and devastating. Number Two is Pelz's, and houses his bound collections of fanzines and the equipment for carrying on an extensive fan career. Number Three is a smallish broom closet where I hang out. Number Four is Don Simpson's, and houses a collection of arcane maps of another world. Bjohn have Number Five.

Now, so far I have been avoiding launching into a description of the inmates and you've been wondering whether I've been saving the best for the last. Actually, I've been saving the worst. Let's take someone sane for a moment--Don Simpson--and no telling how long he will remain sane, for he is currently embarked on a mission scarce seen since the days of needlepoint samplers.--He is taking two cartons of seven inch square steel ring potscrubbers and ~~knitting~~ fashioning them into a

chain mail tunic for Ron Ellik to wear in the next Unicorn Productions movie. ( Back of his room is a large closet with running water where the film processing equipment will be set up, incidentally.) So far, Don has refrained from joining any apas, but we have high hopes for him someday. He has one endearing character trait--he does not collect fanzines and eventually gives everything away to us completists.

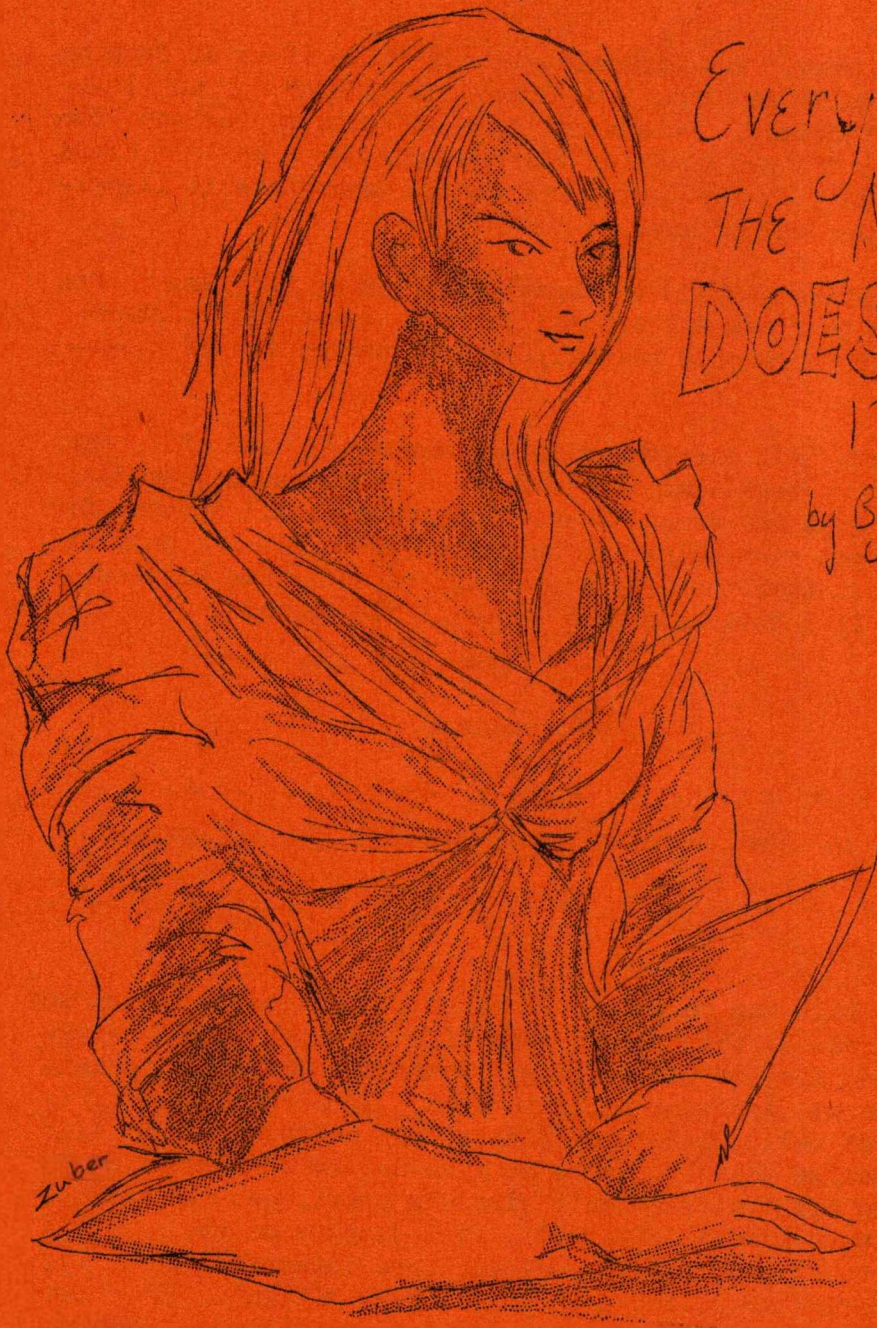
Then there's Ernie Wheatley, also relatively sane, who does most of the cranking for SHAGGY and has been in N'APA and is very high on the FAPA Waiting List. He is one of these slender always-hungry types that's easy to get along with. Bjohn is already pretty well known to everyone in the audience, and Bruce Pelz you know about but wish you didn't, so no need to do anything more than mention them. There's always me, but the less said about myself the better. I decided not to say anything about anyone in this article if it wasn't complimentary, and so find myself with long blank spaces after my name in the rough draft.

So much for the crew; what happens on a Thursday night? Well, last time after the meeting, the latter two thirds of which consisted of listening to a tape we had made of the first POGO book, we went up to Ernie's room to yak. One of the members, Tom Seidman, a college student who plays GO, produced some sheets of poetry. It was the result of programming a computer to write Beatnik poetry, the only restrictions being a six-line length and correct grammar. You couldn't tell it from the real-for-Ghu's-sake article. It impressed another member, Mitch Evans, a Hollywood actor who used to be on the Captain Video show but has since taken serious roles, and nothing would do but Ernie had to produce a cool jass record so Mitch could read this Instant Kerouac to a jass background. We borrowed a tape from Karu and recorded. On playback the recital was frighteningly authentic, and after the last poem a woman's low voice was heard giving a mystic incantation. Karu, you see, used to work for Astara Foundation, a typical Los Angeles Cult bordered by Theosophy on one side and Flying Saucers on the other; the tape was Yoga exercises. You couldn't tell it from the electronic Kerouac.

About twelve thirty we dispersed and I missed what happened next. Bjo, Seidman, Evans, Simpson, Milo Mason (a Cult Wler) and Steve Tolliver (a former N'APAN) went out for a snack and upon returning Mitch started practicing makeup. (He's going to give classes on stage, tv, and movie makeup, with attention to aging and monster creation.) Milo fell asleep and after making Tolliver into a monster, Mitch, in the interests of science, put a bullethole on Milo's forehead, then woke him up and told him to look at the writing in the mirror. Milo's sleep-shrouded mind slowly absorbed the fact that he had a bullethole in his forehead and he felt sick. Then he turned around and saw Tolliver clearly for the first time.

Some days it doesn't pay to go to sleep around here; you miss out on lots of fun and games. In fact, just to continue this diary, I'll give you a look at the weekend. Friday Tolliver came over and helped with the housecleaning and then came back with Larry McCombs on a double date to impress some girls with Karu's Oriental-delicacies and the otherworldly air of the Fan Hilton. Dean and Sirly Dickensheet (of the Baker Street Irregulars) and Mitch and Bill Ellern also attended. After dinner we played the Dickensheet's Goon Show record and had a wild time as Dean and Mitch swapped anecdotes about College Pranks and Broadcasting Boners and Practical Jokes. We decided to hold a One-Shot Session Saturday to pad the N'APA Mailing, so Saturday the Dickensheets, Steve, and Larry came by in the afternoon and stayed till





EVERYONE TALKS ABOUT  
THE N3F - BUT NO ONE  
DOES ANYTHING ABOUT  
IT!

by Bjo

Everyone has had things to say about the N3F, even members of the club. It is a "large, uninformed... organization..." which is supposed to render "service" to fankind...and like that.

Enemies of the N3F--of which, I might add, there are less than some Neffers like to imagine--find joy in pointing out that the N3F usually gets involved with "Daugherty" projects; ones which are never completed satisfactorily. This is true, unfortunately, for as a large group, the club must often take the word of one ambitious individual that he will finish the job he volunteered for. If this fan made such promises to fandom on his own, he would simply be marked down as a nec-fan when he didn't come thru; or at least everyone would simply tolerantly remark that his enthusiasm

had obviously overshot his ability to produce. But as a member of a club, this fan brings little blame on himself and lots of approbation on his group. There is little use in pointing out to others that they are being unfair; they will point back that the organization should be organized.

Lately, the N3F has been a bit shy about going out on a limb for a project. They seem to be waiting for someone to find a really worthy idea, and organize the project into something which will pay off; in that "service" for fandom, and in good-will for the N3F. Fair 'nuff!

Of course, fans do often ignore some simple facts while deploring the lack of completed N3F projects; the Hospitality Room at the PITTCON, which drew anti-Neffers in to chat and drink coffee and leave to report the fine time they had--and the consistently fine TNEFF that Ralph Holland produces which keeps every Neffer informed of the activities of his club. And the many fine ideas that have come out of the group to be brought

into reality by someone, either in the N3F or out. Two of those ideas I can cite, for they are projects which were taken on by me, and brought to fandom. Ann Chamberlain first suggested the idea of a futuristic fashion show, and with the help of many local fans, LASFS, Belle Deitz and Barbara Silverberg and Joe Christoff, not to forget Bob Bloch and a few willing models; there was a fashion show at the SOLACON that got much notice in the news. Also, Project Art Show probably would not have been started soon enuf for the PITTCOM if Seth Johnson had not been very active in writing letters to interested fans and artists.

There are other examples; how many can you think of? I'd be interested in compiling a list of non-Daugherty projects of the N3F.

For those of you who burn to do something for your club and for fandom in general, here are a few suggestions which might start you on the road of a good project. Just remember, "...just can't seem to find the time..." is a poor excuse, after taking on a job which must be done. I am very aware that the proverb of "if you want a job done now, ask a busy man" is true; it is only the lazy, the self-seeking, and the thotless of us who can't find the time to do a job right. Don't take on a job you don't intend to finish; don't give your club a bad name. If you'd like to help on a project, offer to do just that; don't try to lead.

There is a need in fandom for a really good primer of duplicating machines, and methods of reproduction. If a short paragraph could be devoted to types of machines (and the differences in just mimeo machines-- drum and silk screen; liqqid and paste ink...) and all the types of stencils and stylil and use of shading plates and all that. \*

One thing, perhaps a list of fan-publishers and their machines could be sent out. I have to turn down requests for artwork because the fan wants me to put it on stencil and while he sends the money to buy a stencil, he usually neglects to tell me which kind of stencil his machine uses! Perhaps Ron Bennet's famous Fan Directory could add this to its pages, if the information was compiled ahead of time. (He does list owners of tape recorders, and the speeds of each machine for those who wish to send tapes to fans.)

This information would be very handy to artists, and facilitate the fanzine's art backlog. If Ron is not interested in this; PAS-tell certainly would be! Of course, we would want a list of every fan-editor, not just Neffers.

Then there's the idea of listing fan-clubs. Many fans in the Los Angeles area did not know of LASFS until the hobby show, where we had a display.





If you could compile a list of fan clubs, the addresses and phone numbers, meeting nights and times, and someone to address when writing or phoning (no one likes to address a nameless--oop! sorry, Seattle--sort of group, so a name is a good idea). This list could, and perhaps really should also include all the overseas clubs you could locate. Not only for the "completists", but because there is always the chance that these clubs could contribute something of interest to fandom.

This directory of fan clubs should be sold or given away at conventions, sent to the clubs, and offered--with the N3F name on it, of course--to said clubs in quantity for such things as giving away to guests or at fairs or hobby shows. It would serve to let people know that fandom is of interest to people in South America, England, Germany, Sweden and everywhere else. It would also help fan clubs contact one another for information and exchange ideas and perhaps even programs.

Still in the line of publishing something of service, how about you ambitious editors putting out a convention style book, or whatever you'd call it: This would involved interviewing--by mail, or have your local Neffer agent contact them--anyone who has had any connection with a con, and finding out things involving putting on a real convention. This type of advice is handed by letter to the next-in-line-of-convention chairmen, anyway, and might do some good in convincing a group of the advisability of trying to bid for a convention. It would also help if they are insane enuf to go ahead and bid, anyway!

There are things every chairman, or prospective chairman, ought to know; how to find and outwit the hotel, what to do about your local fan club what insists on voting on everything and allows some nut full veto power, how to get rid of or shut up the inevitable kook who somehow will always end up on the convention committee...and interesting things like that there. Plus how to find a guest of honor, managing the books and buying the Hugos, planning a program, and setting up the costume ball and judges and prizes; and how to get auction material. It's an idea....

For more personal services, how about arranging to tape certain sections of a convention? Many fans who can't make it, would love to hear them, I'm sure. It is no good depending on fans who make a hobby of taping conventions, for they seldom make good on their promises to send tapes until the convention is far, far in the past. This is a job for someone who either has a small taper and who can get a good seat close to the speakers (by the simple expedient of asking someone to move, and explaining the situation, if necessary; and of politely getting the co-operation of the con committee), or who has one of those ring-a-ding little portable jobs. They aren't much good for fidelity, but they get the words down, and that is all that counts.

One special service would be to tape the meetings. No one can ever make it to all of the meetings at one convention; they have to choose, and miss out on something. A few tapers could solve that problem; and a published transcript of the meeting would also be a wonderful and valuable thing for the officers of that particular meeting, too.

I'm sure you can think of many more things to do than this. Just remember one thing; in writing to fans for information, do not be smart, cute, coy, or overbearing. This is the quickest way to make sure you will not get any co-operation from anyone. A concise explanation of your project, with a polite request for assistance will result in prompt and complete information in almost every case. Funny threats are for kids, not a serious researcher. Your attitude sets the pace for the reaction.

# ADVENTURES OF FLAT EVIL, HIRED GUN

## THE CASE OF THE OCCASIONAL APA

For the last two years I've been working the Pasadena beat. Farac had fallen off in that area. Fen moved in and became silent. My job was to find out why.

I was still working on the case when Farac started picking up again. The Boss called me in to handle this new case. "Flat," she said, "what do you know about the Nothing Amateur Press Association?" "Who?" I asked brilliantly.

"What were you doing in Pasadena - sitting on your typer?" My thoughts went back to my first night in Pasadena and to the fan I had visited. He was throwing a one-shot party - it was great. We drank blog and wrenched

for a solid week. Seems there is a girls school in the area. By the end of the party we had ruined his full quire of stencils, but the party was great.

"Well?" the Boss demanded, her freckles dancing with subdued anger.

"I, er...ah..." I said, snapping back to the present. "I never heard of the APA. What's the caper?" I fondled my .45 plonker, aiming at a passing cat.

"Just this. There's a new APA out that hasn't been meeting any recognizable deadline, its members haven't seemingly sent in anything, its OE hasn't yet collated a mailing correctly, and the local completists are being driven insane. I suspect a plot."

I sat staring at the plonk which had just missed Typo. I've got to be more careful in fondling my plonker.

"Hmmm..." I mentally ran down the list of completists in the local group. Pelz, the man with the golden armory. He had more plonks and plonkers than any three gunfer would ever need. Litchman, tall bony type with sneaky eyes. Only two, but they added up to a long list.

"Know the names of any of the members?" I asked hopefully.



"Scribe Harness, but he's very secretive about the whole thing."

I decided to question the Scribe. When I found him he was standing on one of the corners of Pershing Square, clearing passersby. He didn't recognize me... I'd lost my trenchcoat at another Pasadena fan's place. Just as he was about to pub a zine a couple girls dropped by... but that's another story. I decided to use my anonymity; I'd question him subtly.

"Say, aren't you a member of the Nothing Amateur Press Association?" I asked casually. His brow clouded for a moment; then he smiled as he drew his plonker. "Step this way, Flat Evil - we're going to have a party." I again started to think about the Pasadena caper. He snapped me back to reality with a blindfold over my glasses. Somehow he had guessed that I wasn't just another casual passerby.

He kept his plonker in my back all the time we boarded the NITA bus. "Don't try to remove the blindfold until your told to," he hissed. Unfortunately it was rush hour, and I soon lost my bearings in the jostling crowd. The feel of a soft-nosed plonk never eased from my back.

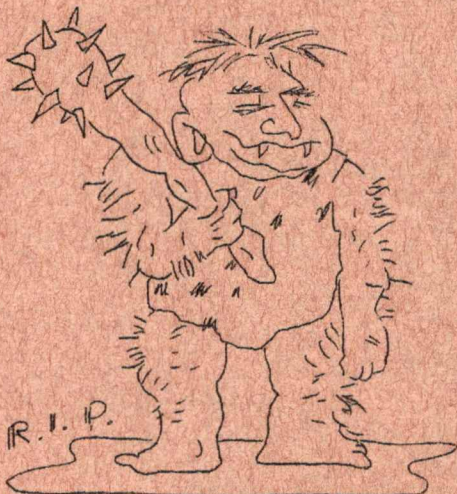
"We get off at the next stop, Evil," he rasped viciously. "Easy, Scribe..." I started, but he interrupted. "Silence; they don't call me Fat Evil for nothing." I winced silently.

We walked several blocks, making random turns, but he wasn't confusing me. Of course, I had no idea where we started walking, but outside of that minor detail, I wasn't lost.

Finally we arrived. Our destination was inside some building at the top of a long flight of stairs.

"I'll take your blindfold now, Flat." The light blinded me. The Scribe had seated me in front of a powerful mimeo-scope. "I know better than to try and scare you off this case, Evil; but before I kill you I think you deserve a look at the Nothing Amateur Press mailing."

The Scribe carefully stretched a fine string across my forehead. He attached the thread tautly to a lever on the wall and a hook on the opposite wall. With a final dab of Conflu, he cemented the thread solidly to my head.



MEET THE MAN WITH  
THE BIGGEST FANCLUB  
IN CALIFORNIA!

"If this breaks, a half ton of crudsheets from SAPS and CRAP will be released to fall and smother you... Think about that before you try to escape."

I tried not to shudder too violently. Imagine, a death worse than death.

While he was out collecting the zines my memory drifted back to Pasadena. I must admit the reason that I hadn't cracked the case was all those girls. Every time I tried to pump a fan, he and then I would be surrounded by girls... one long, glorious party that ended when the Boss called me in on this case. I still don't see how she found me. We - all of the girls and I - were having a party at my new pad, deep in the wilds of San Marino. The party had lasted for months, because none of us could find our way out. Some of my fan friends had called at first, asking directions in, but later they had seemingly given up. A couple had even gone so far as to say they were too busy with other things to try and find the party.

Apparently the Boss was using a new form of Radar. She had not only found the party, but had escaped with me from the clutches of the town with no trouble. I'll probably never get the chance to finish the case, but it was fun while it lasted.

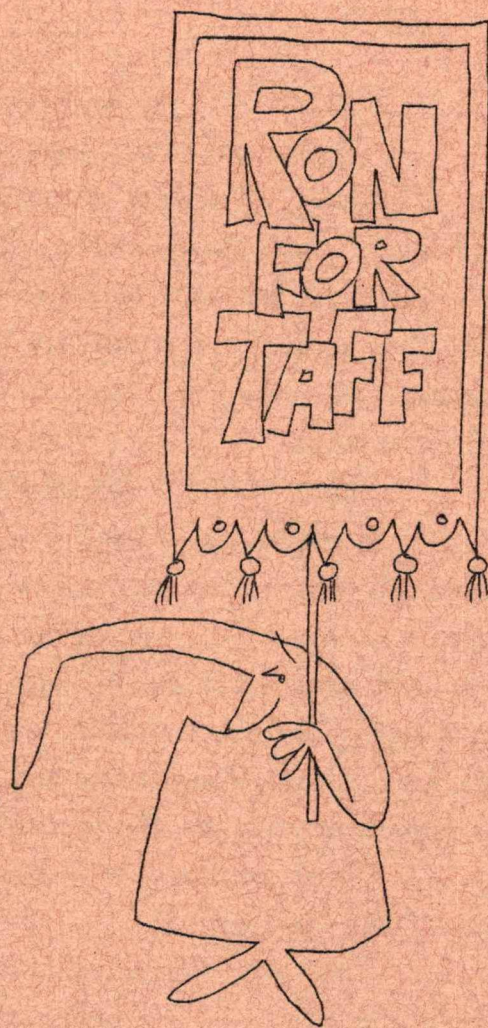
"Wipe that leer off your face, Evil!" Harness broke into my reverie. He dumped an envelope in my lap. On the front was a series of titles, non-recognizable. I opened it to find a couple of the zines and a lot of blank paper.

"Every member gets a different mailing. The Chief came up with the plan and it's ingenious."

"But why?" I asked as I inspected the zines. Some of them had brown specklets, not quite like blood droplets, but just as familiar. I was trying to place them when the Scribe answered my question.

"Pelz! That's why. I don't really understand the Chief's motive, but the plan is to drive Pelz into a state of catonic shock."

"And you hate him because he outpuns you..."



A plonk whizzed past my ear.

"That's all, Flat," he cried as he started to remove the mailing from my lap. "I'm going to finish you off, have you bound in leather, and send you out to Don Fitch. That should settle Pelz's hash." The clues were beginning to fall into place. I had just about everything sorted out when something soft brushed against my ankle. I jumped six feet straight up. I always was ticklish. When I landed, the crudzines were still settling. Scribe Harness was struggling weakly under the mess. I fought my way to the door and came face to face with the Boss.

"Flat! What's happened?"

I smiled as I leveled my plonker and brought Typo down in midleap. "I've broken the case. Harness was no more than the dupe of the real mastermind. The idea is clever..." I collected my plonk. "...Pelz is a real completist and he hasn't a chance. There isn't anyway he can complete his collection, and soon he'll crack. Unfortunately, the Scribe got his before he told me the identity of the Chief..."

"Then you haven't really found out anything?" the Boss asked.

"Oh, but I have...you are the mysterious Chief. Harness couldn't understand your hate of punsters, being one himself. He never realized you hatched this whole plot to get rid of both him and Pelz. You also carelessly left some of your excess freckles spread all over parts of the mailing. Then when Typo brushed my ankle, I figured the whole thing out. You knew I would take care of Harness, with that small assistance."

I emphasized the last point by plonking Typo again. I just can't take being tickled.

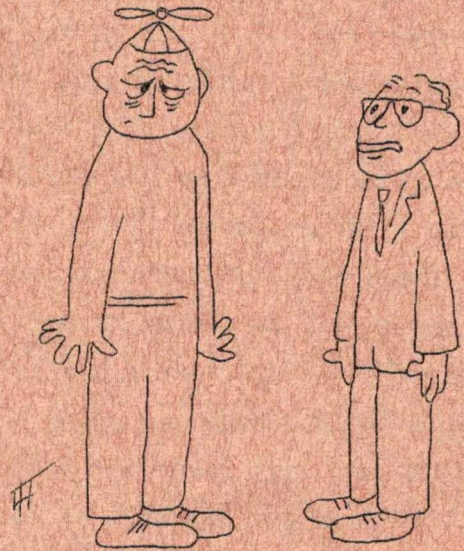
"What are you planning to do now?" she asked.

"Why, help you finish it of course...I see your point. I would have plonked the both of them long ago, except that these things just aren't permanent."

Her freckles brightened considerably. I turned to leave.

"Where are you going?" she asked in her husky voice.

"Back to Pasadena. I won't rest until I've cracked that case too."



"Yes, but who is it  
you're a fan of?"

PAS-tell is the Project Art Show bulletin, which is published less often than I really would like. It will be of two types of publication, as of this last issue; one full magazine every quarter and intermediate small bulletins as news or information pertaining to the forthcoming show arise. Anyone who is interested enuf in forwarding fan art is invited to send for PAS-tell; free sample. Write Bjo, 2790 W. 8th St., Los Angeles 5

Kathy

A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT FAN\*ART & YOUR PART IN THIS PROJECT AS A FAN\*EDITOR.....by BJO

# NEW TALENT

(Such as Kathy Bernstein of Winnetka, Calif; 16 years old and a LASFS member.)

Fan art is finally being recognized as a valid artform; an expression of fantasy and science fiction in creative imaginations. The last art show at PITCON proved that there is more talent in fandom than anyone suspected. The artwork which sold showed a wide variety of tastes in fandom, for everything from precise Robert Lee's work to abstract Bob Stewart's smear sold to interested fans. (The "smear" is a descriptive word, not a criticism. I liked that painting.)

During the formation of the art show, and the building of a mailing list of fan artists, many editors of fanzines sent me the names and addresses of new talent that showed up in their pages. For this, I am grateful, for the task of running thru every fanzine to locate new artwork is a big job. I would be very appreciative of any information you people can still give me concerning some local kid, friend of the family, or little brother who is showing some interest in fantasy art. Some really good talent goes to waste on the margins of school notebooks, sometimes; or at the bottom of shopping lists, or on telephone address pads.

Artists show up everywhere; housewives, kids, machinists, truck drivers, or writers. Sometimes, all the latent talent needs is a little encouragement; and that doesn't cost much in your time or energy.

FANS SHOULD MARRY FANS.....

The biggest problem in a fan marriage just may turn out to be the fact that I can hardly complain about John's odd friends! Since they are usually the same friends there is little choice but to accept them as is.

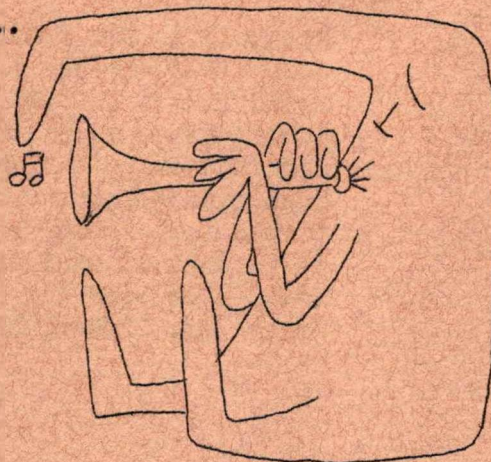
So far, tho, I seem to be having the most trouble in convincing John that I have other interests than just fanzines. This is somewhat difficult to explain, especially since my other interests are rock-collecting and such like healthy occupations.

When we moved, John was in favor of heartlessly abandoning the boxes of rocks in the basement. He did not understand my reasonable reaction of screaming bloody murder, but the rocks got moved into the new basement. There were some mighty uncomplimentary things said about the fine art of rockhounding, but I still have my rocks.

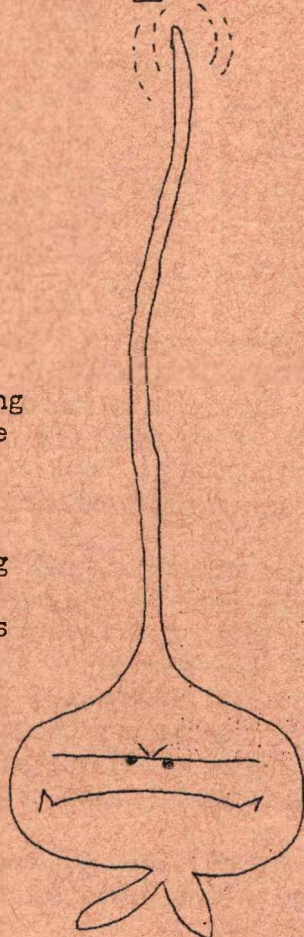
(This statement has been verified by John at every opportunity. "My wife haserocks in her head" is the way he lovingly puts it.)

Now he balks at the idea of donning sneakers and trotting out into the desert in search of interesting crystal formations and dog-rock. He doesn't really mind going out with me; but he knows who is going to end up carrying those rocks back to the car! And so he always tries to find other pastimes for us. And while they show a sort of single-mindedness, it does fill the time between Shaggy publication. And like that.

Actually, John is very patient with my packrat tendency to never throw things away or to



RON  
ELLIK  
FOR  
TAFF



....OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.....

for that matter, to ferret small items away in totally unexpected spots. He has almost gotten used to opening his desk drawer and finding my paintbrushes and an earring. Or in trying to locate a letter in the tidy stack of fanzines, newspapers, sketches and letters which decorate the desk, piano, dresser, bookshelves, etc.

I have complained about his "hanger-flying", but he points out with a noticeable lack of chivalry that I tell at least as many stories of my Navy days as he does about his little sojourn with the Junior Birdmen. And so I do.

Then there's the matter of cooking for this man. In this, I have no complaints, for he likes almost everything, and will happily eat any "gourmet" experiment I place before him. Luckily, he is not one of these disgusting "gimme plain meat an' potatoes" guys, for I would go nuts. I do enjoy cooking with spices and herbs and

lots of sauces and stuff; John makes cooking more than just fun.

Then there is fan-publishing. I dropped out of N'APA, OMPA and SAPS for lack of time after I married John. After all, there is White Knoll Company (personalized cups and ceramics), the art show and PAS-tell, Shangri-L'Affaires, LASFS meetings and an occasional illo for other fanzines; fanac is served, in my opinion! Beside all this, there is the usual housework, cat care, being a wife, and recovering from that cotton-pickin' auto accident.

It's a busy life; and full and lots more interesting now. If I had it to do all over again..... I'd propose much, much sooner!

---Bjo---



Bill Martin