



MEMBER OF THE LASSY  
35

Harnes

*The  
Menace  
of the  
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Here beginneth Vol. 7 #1, whole number 37, of THE MENACE OF THE LASFS, published somewhere around twice a month by Bruce Pelz, 738 S. Mariposa, Los Angeles 5, California. Price: 10¢ each, 6 for \$.50. Regretfully, we must up the foreign rates to 6 for 60¢, due to increase in postal rates. Begun this 28th day of January, C.R. 412.

-----1272nd meeting (Cont'd.)-----  
-----28 December 1961-----

Bjo called our attention to Fritz Leiber's dedication in The Silver Eggheads (paperback) "To Bjo, John, & Ernie," some of the Fan-Hilton mob who showed hospitality to Fritz while he was writing the book.

Ted Johnstone mentioned the National Association of Losers and their fallout button. Someone mentioned Walter Breen, who had been at LASFS a few months ago, and Ed Baker said "That was Walter Breen?" possibly thinking it had been some distinguished scientist or preacher from Pershing Square.

Billern gave a belated Treasurer's Report showing \$127.<sup>45</sup> total.

Virginia Mill said she had sent the library's copy of Level Seven to Kennedy and will replace it if he doesn't return it. Jack Harness tried to review something and several others moved to adjourn. Since the meeting wasn't concluded, they agreed to withdraw their motion if Jack would withdraw his review, which he did.

Ferry said that Avram Davidson was the new editor of F&SF and everyone wondered how F&SF would turn out -- fannish or Jewish? Ferry said Fritz Leiber has an anthology of short horror called -- then someone sneezed, but Tsch! is not the title -- Shadows Without Eyes, Ballantine. American-International Pictures, Ferry went on, has a film called Survival, with Ray Milland -- not a sequel to Lost Weekend?

In Ferry's raffle, Henry Stine won the Leiber collection, Miriam won Analog and Blake Maxam won F&SF. Ron Ellik adjourned the meeting, and in the excitement I failed to note the time. And on this note of failure I will say farewell.

Donald Franson,  
Ex-secretary.

-----1273rd Meeting-----  
-----4 January 1962-----

The 1273rd meeting was started purposely late by the new Director, Bob Lichtman, at 8:23:13, thereby immediately getting

into hot water. "What's going on here?" thundered Elik. "I'm supposed to start the meeting!" Those who could distinguish between the ex-Director-Elect and the Ex-Director Elik pointed out that the new Director was supposed to start the meeting. Lichtman looked relieved and fanned his brow with a TAFF ballot (plug) and whanged mightily with ball and gavel to restore silence. "Having trouble keeping order?" mocked the onchanting, nut-cracking squirrel. Sandy Outrell piped up that we had a new member - him. "My name--" he began. "José Menace of the LASFS," concluded ye scribe.

"Read the minutes," pleaded Lichtman, hoping something would go right. "I refuse, they're too long," said Harness, and so Franson had to read all 3 pages worth. He cautioned those who had to leave before ten o'clock not to take in the complete performance. Minutes were approved with the correction that Patten had not said SHAGGY would be finished last weekend. There were no guests present.

It turned out that the Treasurer was only half-wit -- sorry, half with us. Paul parted his beard and gave an up-to-the-minute Treasurer's Report: Balance collected from Billern: \$134.40; collected this meeting: \$12.20 (17 paying members and 3 non-paying). Balance (New): \$146.60.

Committee Reports: The Committee to Find a New Meeting Room reported no Progress. Patten said that SHAGGY would be getting along more slowly now that he had to study for finals. "Pub now, flunk later," he was told. We needed someone to take Fred's tests for him. "Yeah, we have plenty of flunk-ees in LASFS" said ye scribe.

The Library Committee announced that the library had acquired a copy of The Burnished Blade but it wasn't sf or fantasy. We also wondered if LASFS had any other notions of what to do with Level Seven besides sending it to world leaders. J.T. said that mailing library books to people should not be condoned and that Virginia Hill should make additional restitution. Virginia explained that she was struck with the inspiration to dispatch the book on Xmas Eve when no bookstores were open, and was countered with, "what must President Kennedy think when he receives stolen property through the mails?" Virginia came up to the Directorate table, said "I don't steal," and plunked down a \$10 bill, which was promptly put into the library fund. We debated pros and cons of the action, mostly cons, until Lichtman asked us to quibble over the matter after the meeting.

There were no other Committee Reports or New or Old Business. Reviews: Patten said that despite his editorial policies, Campbell still ran stories that were reprinted. Example: Harrispn's "Sense of Obligation" which was reprinted as a paperback pocketbook as Village -- sorry -- Planet of the Damned. That sparked off a gripe session about publishers retitling books to make us think we hadn't read the book before. Bushy reported the TAFF Flier which he had just struck off, and TAFF ballots. Patten said that the April SHAGGY would be a special Doc Smith issue and he welcomed articles and opinions on Doc and his works. J.T. announced that the back bathroom light should be left on and the door left open when not in use.

There were no more reviews, no entertainment. Forry entered then and Larry Ware sang "It's Forry Murrur time" to the Howdy Doedic tune. Very softly, as if he didn't want to be fined for his troubles. Forry said that a producer was finally interested in Earth Abides, and he raffled off When They Come From Space (Mark Clifton), The Venus Venture, both won by Franson, and the latest Famous Monsters, won by Turner. He then announced Ingrid Fritsch's birthday was upcoming and that we should send her a large scroll or something. Three guesses who was picked to do the lettering. Paul Fuckett said he would play "Dick Gregory in Living Black and White" after the meeting, and Lichtman banged the gavel at 9:02:45.

Respitefully submitted,  
Jack Harness

Fred Patten filled in as Treasurer. Lichtman bellowed "PAY YOUR DUES" very loudly and Dian sobbed, "You're beginning to sound just like Ron." Bill Young paid his membership fee and Ellie Turner came up, turn and turn about, to be Treasurer this meeting. Steve Cartier asked to be appointed Sergeant-at-arms but was refused; he then plunked down his dues and asked Ellie "Selling Classes?" The Minutes of the Previous Meeting were read and approved with one stinking little correction of TAFF "Newsletter" to TAFF "Flier."

Ellie gave the following Treasurer's Report: "We paid the rent, and -- uh -- let's see: Paul brought \$17.25 and there were party proceeds..." which boiled down to: Old Balance \$134.40

17.25	-- Dues collected
1.00	-- Membership (Ray Craig)
15.50	-- New Year's Party profits
168.15	-- less rent (\$15.00) -- <u>\$153.15 New Balance</u>

Fred Patten announced that SHAGGY was more or less out, including the art supplement. A future SHAGGY would have maybe 3 or 4 pages of photos of club members; anyone who has good ideas for interesting photos -- he was cut off at this point by a round of disclaimers from the audience.

The MENACE committee reported that he, the elephant, had run off 2 more issues. The committee to find a new location for Freshafer Hall reported no progress. Bjo said not to be too complacent: don't count on the Powers-that-Be having forgotten us. We'll have only ten days warning when the axe falls. The Fanquest was brought up as Old Business round-aboutly and was tentatively set for March 17th, and there was scattered discussion about whom to honor this year. Patten wondered about the slides Walter J. Daugherty was supposed to have shown the club, and was informed, oh, most politely, about Daugherty and his projects.

Under New Business Patten asked if we had a Sergeant-at-Arms. J.T. replied that the Senior Committeeman was Ipso Facto the Sergeant-at-Arms. Lichtman, aside to Trimble: "You don't look like a Stupid Clod of a Woman!" ... BEP/ He had been appointed by Ernie during Ernie's term of office and hadn't been deposed. As might be expected, we settled for Status Quo. Dave Fox had read that the Alexandria Hotel was scheduled for demolition in favor of an office building, and he was worried -- weren't we supposed to have a Westeroon or something there? He was answered that the hotel management says it will be quite some time before the building is actually torn down -- 1967, maybe. Bjo announced that there would be a fashion show at the Westeroon and that there would be an auction to raise money for it. Donations cheerfully accepted.

Under Announcements proper, Adrienne announced that Writer's Yearbook had an article "Truth and the Writer" by Harlan Ellison, of all people. J.T. said that the Guggenheim -- pardon, Gugglefuss announced the Year of the Clam and that most Gugglefuss members were dues delinquent; he suggested the LASFS renew its dues for \$1.00; Dian Girard seconded. The vote was a resounding AYE; Dian voted NAY on general principles (Just like a woman to say no when you least expect it) and was informed that she couldn't vote NAY since she had seconded the motion.

Bjo announced that Marty Varne and friend had tried to extort money from the producers of the naked lady film she had worked on and that they had run afoul of the FBI for their pains. They were being arraigned, Marty first, his friend shortly.

REVIEWS: Fred Patten then announced how many books he had to review, and Bob Lichtman said hastily that it was back to announcements all of a sudden. He did point out however, that Cherokee Bookstore in Hollywood was selling Gnome Press books at cover price and some Arkham House books at reasonable prices. The Squirrel read an A.E. Van Vogt short short that had appeared in Scientific American, about a computer, and it was good science fiction in Van Vogt's best description of machine thinking. The article was actually a sugar-coating for an ad.

Ellik then picked up the TAFF Flier and plugged away.

Next came the tape of Heinlein's Season speech, and it was well received and thought-provoking. Lichtman darted back into the room an hour or so later, from a kitchen coffee

klatch, and banged the meeting closed exactly as the speech ended at 10:36:09.

Respectfully submitted,  
Jack Haxness.

## 1275th MEETING

18 January 1962

Director Lichtman shattered precedent. "We're starting when the clock says 4:00 backwards," he informed his trusty scribe, thrusting him forcibly into his chair and parcelling out work to various likely, uncomplaining souls. "Here, Fred, you be Treasurer." The last two minutes were counted down, and the meeting started at 8 sharp in R flat. Dave Preslete's guest, Cheri Arnette, introduced herself as 14 -- in a way, due to a birthday. The minutes of the previous meeting were approved as read: there were too few members present to think of the proper facts of last time. The Treasurer pro-tem paused briefly from counting duss, to drawl, "Well, we've broken the dollar mark."

After that, the meeting became hopelessly confused as the Director sought frantically to drag the meeting out or end it summarily... He called for his announcements three. SHAGGY was completely published with one complete copy left: next issue due soon; there was a month to get material for it. March 27th is Lady Godiva Day; we discussed having a Lady Godiva Party, with special emphasis on authenticity of costume. Dian announced that an astrologer she knew predicted catastrophe, including flood for Japan and the West Coast from Frisco to Diego, on February 4th, the day of the stellarium; she advised everybody to run fast for higher ground. The astrologer herself was packing; nice to see someone take their own advice. We racked our brains for appropriate action and finally favored throwing a wild party on February 3rd and lasting through February 4th if the world lasts that long. Sin now, you lose your chance tomorrow. "There is still time, brother," was the sentiment; after all, how often can you have an End of the World Party?

A newspaper release was read that some scientist feels that by 1970 an asteroid bomb would be feasible, diverting an asteroid from orbit to crash into the appropriate enemy continent of Earth; we thought that Doc Smith was a good prophet. "Yes," said Fred Patton, staunch children's fantasy reader, "and if the pixies invade they may turn us all into frogs, but you don't see headlines about that," he said mrose-ly, as if wishing for equal time for fantasy.

Paul Turner entered and took over as Treasurer, giving his superb usual report: "The money is intact, and that's about it." Watch this space for further information. Jane Gallion, squirming at the blinding stripes of the Scribal shirt, suggested we have five minutes of silence in honor of it; some would have had a long loud silence in dishonor of it.

Reviews continued with the earthshaking announcement that "Time For Beanie" was back on TV. Ed Baker started on a Librarian's Report and said he found a sheaf of basic SF Library lists which he would pass out to anyone interested. More of a report? Well, he was out of toilet paper. Pelz said he had a subject he wanted to cram in under Librarian's Report, and there was a spirited discussion on ways and means for him to cram it. The question was whether the club should bind any of its library. Turner, watchdog of the Treasury, said that binding was a good and bad idea combined. Some magazines deserve binding, many do not, and a partial job would look bad. Pelz said it would cost about \$3.50 to bind a volume of digest magazines, and \$4.00 for larger zines, plus postage; there was a vague possibility that the aloof but competent Pacific Library Bindery might be coaxed into doing the work. [They usually refuse to take private orders, dealing entirely with institutions...BEP] Rousing discussion was corralled into the Executive Committee by tabling, the vote going in the usual LASFSian manner of simultaneously raising hands and bleating "AYA." "Gee," said John Trimble, "now we have some Old Business again."

Pelz brought up for discussion the fact that the HUGO has no official name. It is not the International Fantasy Award, last given in 1957 in London. The HUGO is not listed in library records, and has no recognition in the literary world. The lack of a formal name is part of the problem. Oscars and

Names have official names, for example. He had no suggestions for names and threw the topic out for debate, which we did, without reaching any new names, although a majority favored the idea of finding one.

Pels then reviewed Mark Clifton's When They Come From Space: "Don't," he said. "You should make as much money as he did for writing it," said Jane Galfion. "If that's the case, then Spillane is the greatest writer of the Century," replied Bruce. "He appeals to all the clods," said Baker. Said Larry Ware, "I love his books," and brought down the house.

Betty Knight said that she didn't like Heinlein's dark predictions on the tape last week. They made her ill. Virginia Mill had a list of forthcoming books of varying SF, scientific, and world affairs natures. John reported that Serling had called up and asked pitifully, "Could I please have my HUGO?" He needed it for publicity and to complete his bookends. Or to mount on the front end of his car, perhaps.

Fred Patten announced the Second Astounding Anthology, Prologue to Analog, with a 20-page editorial -- sorry -- forward by Campbell, stating that Analog was the magazine of tomorrow and raving about Franklin's kite experiment. #

Virginia Mill announced another catastrophe upcoming: a rise in the postal rates that may have serious consequences for fanzine publishers. The flood forecast was rehearsed, especially the part about Japan and California buying a farm -- or whatever it is that land areas do when they undergo subaqueation -- ridding the world of mag, plastic toys, and subd-yaki. Since there were no further catastrophes to announce, the meeting was adjourned at 9:03:40 so we could lick our wounds and retrain in the face of adversity, continue our private discussions, and mainly to let the disaster relief teams enter.

Respectfully submitted,

Jack Harness,  
The Care-Packaged Scribe.

EDDIE JONES FOR TAFF! EDDIE JONES FOR TAFF!! EDDIE JONES FOR TAFF! EDDIE JONES!!

Subscription expires this issue \_\_; next issue \_\_; Issue # \_\_. Paid Gift \_\_; Buckshee \_\_

Subscriptions are 6 issues (3 months) for \$.50 (Overseas, 6 for \$.60). All subscriptions are cancelable should California be flooded by a tidal wave February 4.

FROM: Bruce Pels  
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TO: 4e  
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