

Menace of the Lasfs



BEING VOLUME 8, NUMBER 1 OF THE MENACE OF THE LASFS, the Complete and Purgated Minutes of The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. It is edited and published on an approximately semi-monthly schedule, by Bruce Pelz. This issue, begun 25 April, is whole number 43. Red, gray, brown, purple.

+ + + + + 1285th Meeting + + + + +
+ + + + + 5 April 1962 + + + + +

The meeting, such as it was, was convened at 8:07:30 PM by Director and SecSurrogate Bob Lichtman, who noted on his folded-over newspaper that six members were present, they being Paul Puckett, Ellie Turner, Fred Baker, Ed Patten, and Don Franson. And the Director, too. There were (obviously) no guests and since the Scribe was absent, too, no Minutes were read.

When asked to give her Treasurer's report, Ellie looked up from her machinations over the books -- she was entering monthly dues payments from those who pay by this method -- and said that at the last meeting we'd taken in only 70¢. "70¢," the Director mused, "that's not too much." We had shelled out \$2.28 to Jxta for expenses unknown, leaving us with a new balance of \$144.88.

The SHAGGY Committee, in the person of Fred Patten, reported that #60 had been out for several weeks, and anyone who hadn't gotten their copy could pick one up at Mathon House some other time. Franson chose this moment to hitch aloud that he hadn't gotten any issues for a helluva long time, and Fred apologetically promised to make up the difference later. SHAGGY #61 is supposed to be coming out Real Soon Now, Fred reported, and will probably contain Rick Sneary's Fanquet Speech, if a Revised Standard Edition can be conjured up from the combined memories of the Fanquet-tendees and Rick's notes. However, no work had been done on #61 yet.

Fred digressed to say that last weekend Al Lewis had monopolized the LASFS Hex-Rotary to publish a fanzine or two for some club he's OEing for. Then he gave more excuses about the Doc Smith issue of SHAGGY, giving us the general impression that

weren't creating a disturbance of the peace.

Lichtman announced that the Playground Director had come in before the meeting convened and informed him that (a) we had been leaving the room in rather messy condition, and that we should at least put the chairs up neatly by the tables after we were through, (b) that we had to be Out Of It by 9:45 so he could close things up, and (c) he would like to sit in on a few meetings sometime (to which Bob agreed).

Bruce tried to railroad the Director into being a Committee to Investigate the Anderson's pad meeting-place further, but the Director backed out with the usual, long-standing excuse "I haven't got the time." Then Bruce proceeded to move that we railroad trying out Anderson's. Passed with little or no Doppler Effect. ##

Someone brought up the idea of our meeting next week on the floor of the Hobby Show. Downed with the usual dark mutterings. Bjo said that if anyone wanted to wear costumes at the show, they should lay off any Coventranian costumes. Approved with laughter, especially on the Director's part. (The ban was against costumes not distinctly fantastic or etefnic; several Coventranian costumes were worn which were obviously so... BEP)

Virginia Mill showed an announcement she had received for a new magazine called Eros. It's a quarterly on the subject of love, she said, but she didn't mention if there would be a special section of reprints from Cultzines. Anyway, the subscription price of \$19.50 a year turned everyone off. She also showed us an announcement for a new magazine called Atlas, which seems to be a journal devoted to presenting all sorts of sides to world affairs.

Bjo announced that Gypsy had multiplied and replenished Mathon House today by having four kittens, one of which (an unusual beast with six toes on each foot) had died about three hours after birth. One of the three others had seven toes on each of the front paws, and this one wasn't up for grabs, but the other two were. Bob laid claim on the black or gray one. Enter at this time Jane Callion and Billern.

Jack announced next week he would present another Tremendous Feats Award, and the club accepted this announcement with tremulous feets. Dian reviewed Satan's Disciples by Robert Goldstein. She recommends it. It has a sexy cover.

Baker noted that he had read Atlas Shrugged, Ayn Rand's monolithic novel, and Virginia read a clipping about a new theory of the universe. The meeting was finally adjourned at 9:11 P.M.

Exhaustively submitted,
Bob Lichtman, LASFS Director

----- 1287th Meeting -----
----- 12 April 1962 -----

"Let the meeting begin," ordered Bob Lichtman at 8:36:20. New member Mike Sims, recruited from the Hobby Show visitors, was introduced. The Secretary read the lies of the previous meeting but one, which were approved as read. "The Director will now read the minutes of the previous meeting," directed the Scribe. "I don't have them," replied Bob. "I gave them to Pelz, all three copies." Pelz smirked, "Yes, and I filed them." He defied us to get them, saying that he didn't choose to read them until he had a chance to censor them. Remind me never to give all my copies of the Menace to the elephant before reading them. Oh, well, we continue the new tradition of hearing the minutes of the meeting before last rather than last meeting.

Treasurer's Report: "Well," said Ellie, "we got some money--" there was frenzied action to accept the report, and it would have passed except that the husband of the Treasurer of the meeting panicked and said, aw, gee, his wife would too read the report. "We collected \$10.50 last meeting and have a new balance of \$155.38," she said, and closed the book. Enter the squirrel, and we gave him a going away card, showing deep sentiment -- about

six feet deep, as I recall. The Committee to find a new place to live reported that Anderson had agreed to rent his place on Thursday evenings for \$15 a month, no mimeographing. Then Virginia Mill reported that the Silverlock -- pardon, Silverlake Playground was now free on Thursdays, and it was roomy -- holding a hundred people -- and looked like an old California Hacienda, huge but cozy, with a fireplace. It was the first meeting place that anyone had been enthusiastic about, so we decided to adjourn early and go case the joint.

Ron Elik, the Committee to Publish an Index of the 1961 English-language magazines of SF and Fantasy, reported that the Index was completed. All profits go to the Committee. The Committee to Present a plaque to the Science Fiction Club of London, announced that the club Superhero, Last-Minuteman, had finished the work, and it was passed around for signatures. It showed a Frankenstein monster, a Cultist, a Johnny Burbee rabbit, a Zuber girl, a Bjo spaceman, two Roteler critters (one a femme with a Yanara Verell hairdo), and a Simpson Critter, admitting the scroll that gave the SFCoL honorary membership in LASFS. The Scribe explained that the London plaque had the correct spelling without the "u", so he had, as a matter of courtesy, given them the regional dialectal spelling they seemed to prefer.

Bjo announced the Unicorn Movie Party that weekend, where we could see movies of Unicorns, or whatever it is we see at these parties. She also announced that there would be a Mad Hat Party on April 28th, prizes to be awarded. It would be combined with a Mathom Party -- everybody bring and swap Mathoms, which are something too good to throw away but something you can't use. Collections of polished empty coffee cans would do, a wad of paper would not. The aforementioned prizes would also be mathoms. The only other rule was you couldn't leave any mathoms behind. Pelz announced that there would be another auction May 10 -- benefit to be decided later. It might be the auctioneer. Bring junk and bring money to buy priceless treasures. Under Old, New and/or Monkey Business, the Hobby Show was reviewed. We had won a green ribbon this year also, as a Special Award. Someone there was a collector of First Issues -- of anything. He'd paid 15¢ for a first copy of THE COVENTRIANIAN GAZETTE. Scribe said great, he could unload his file of CLNORMIRRHINGS and make a mint. Enter old-timer Ernie Knowles at this point, just in time to be told where to go -- turn right on Sunset after the King Cole, and turn right on Silverlake just after the Happy Hollow. The meeting was adjourned at 9:07:50 -- a record short time.

Respectfully submitted,
Jack Hosharness,
LASFSecretary

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