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**ANNIVERSARY
SPECIAL ISSUE**



LASFS

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Wayne McDonald 32; Jack Harness back cover.

PREHENSILE 13 is the November 1974 installment of the pseudo-quarterly fanzine co-edited by Mike Glycer (319 Pike St., Bowling Green OH 43403) and Milt Stevens (14535 Saticoy, #105, Van Nuys CA), distributed in exchange for feeble lucre, trades, letters of comment and whims of the editors. As the more astute of you will already have noticed, this is a special issue commemorating the 40th Anniversary of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society and the 10th Anniversary of its weekly apa, APA L. Fans trading for PRE are reminded to send to both editors -- those who want to be reviewed in THE ZINEDPHOBIC EYE must send a copy to Mike Glicksohn (141 High Park Ave., Toronto ONT M6P 2S3 Canada.)

milt stevens

THE PASSING PARADE

I suppose it should be mentioned somewhere in this fanzine that although this is the LASFS history issue of PREHENSILE, we certainly do not make any pretense of completeness. What you're getting here is one fanzine issue worth of LASFS history. Believe me, there's a lot more material available than that. Specifically, I have three cartons full of LASFS archives material sitting in the middle of my living room floor at the moment. I also have a nearly complete set of APA L which might be perused for historical material. However, a complete set of APA L runs to more than 20,000 printed pages, and there's no way I'm even going to scan such material. So our research is going to be limited to the "reach in and grab something that looks relevant" method, and the "ask an oldtime fan to write something" method.

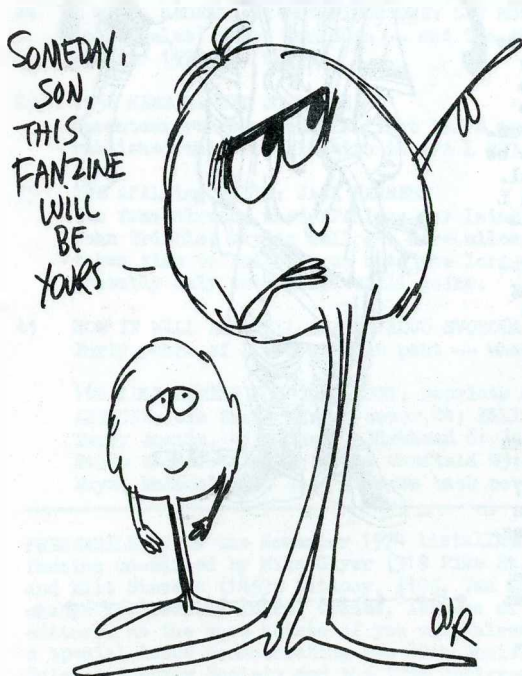
It occurs to me that I have been a member of LASFS for a little over fourteen years. Naturally, I have some factual information and a bunch of subjective impressions of the era I've lived through. In that period of time, I've heard a lot of gossip about LASFS in days gone by and even read a few fanzines on the subject. Therefore, I'm about as qualified as anybody else to try



doing a rough outline of LASFS history. Come to think of it, since this is half my fanzine, I don't really have to have any qualifications to talk about anything at all. I knew there was some advantage to being a fanzine publisher.

LASFS began its existence as Chapter IV of the Science Fiction League. The Science Fiction League was a general organization of science fiction fanz which was sponsored by Wonder Stories. The inception of SFL in 1934 was pretty much the beginning of organized fandom, although there was some fan activity going on before that time. It didn't really take a great deal to become a chapter of the SFL. All that required was to have three members who were willing to sign a pledge that they would henceforth always brush their teeth with Wonder Stories after every meal. There were hundreds of SFL chapters, and a few of them developed into long-lasting clubs (Los Angeles and Philadelphia are the only two still in existence.)

The first meeting of the LASFL was held on Saturday, October 27, 1934 in the garage behind 3235 $\frac{1}{2}$ Descanso Drive. There were seven members and two guests in attendance. It being the first meeting, one wonders what distinguished the members from the guests. Perhaps the guests were there to clean the garage and had no real connection with the meeting at all. In the interests of posterity, I'll list those present. The members were E. C. Reynolds, William S. Hofford, Alfred H. Meyer, Donald H. Green, Alvin Mussen, John C. Rhode Jr., and Roy Test Jr. The two garage cleaning guests were Edward Lichtig and Jack Hogan.



E. C. Reynolds was the founder and first director of the LASFS. (It was his garage.) Almost nothing is known about Reynolds except that he was a man of middle years at the time. Like Doctor Frankenstein, he apparently became horrified of his own creation and fled never to be heard of again. Hofford, who was the first secretary of the club, was active for quite a bit longer. In December 1936, Hofford wrote a letter to the management of Thrilling Wonder Stories reporting on the status of the LASFL. The chapter had been reorganized on February 6, 1936 and the 14 people who had joined

yeah... it's
Prehensile...
wanna make
sumpthin' of it?



before May of that year were considered the charter members. Hofford mentions that only 11 of the 14 charter members were still active as of December. A later report (October, 1941) to Thrilling Wonder Stories used the February 6, 1936 date for the founding of the LASFS. Presumably LASFS wasn't really on a regular schedule until that date in 1936.

1934 to 1937 might be considered the co-period of LASFS history. Fanzine publishing was not an activity of the club nor of any of its members during this period, so there are few written records. For the same reason, the early LASFS members did not become widely known personalities. Things began to change in 1938 with the beginning of what I will refer to as the Ackerman period. The Ackerman period ran in full flower from 1938 to 1948 and in decline from 1948 to 1955. In naming a period after Forrie Ackerman, I certainly don't mean to imply that he was always the most active member of the club (though he probably was most of the time) or that his ideas were accepted without opposition. However, his ideas and attitudes had tremendous influence. This appears to be partially because of his fantastically high level of activity and partially because he was rather representative of the period.

Some of the accomplishments of the Ackerman period include the beginning of a club gazette, a general rise in fanzine activity on the part of individual LASFS members, the first LA Worldcon, and the first Westcon. The great defect of the period was rampant factionalism. This defect developed because the most active fans in the LASFS (Forrie Ackerman, Walt Daugherty, and F. Towner Laney) were not prone to compromise.

LASFS members in the forties seemed to generally take science fiction much more seriously than is the case today. This is probably because you had to be more interested in the field to become an active fan and disregard the slight stigma which was attached to such activity in those days. Whatever the reason, LASFS was much more of a hardcore organization, and the introduction of non-scientific interests was actively fought on several occasions.

The event which marked the transition of the Ackerman period in full flower to the Ackerman period in decline was the publication of "Ah, Sweet Idiocy!" "Ah, Sweet Idiocy!" was F. Turner Laney's fan memoirs in which he attacked LASFS for homosexuality and multitudinous other sins. This was Laney's parting shot in a series of feudin', fussin' and fightin' which had been going on for much of the forties. As a feud document, it was outstandingly effective. It makes one think of what Attila the Hun would have been like with a typewriter.

Ackerman had already been cutting down on his fanaticism before the publication of ASI because of his increasing professional activity. He had stopped publishing VOM, which was a focal point letterzine of the forties, in 1947. However, ASI did undoubtedly dampen Ackerman's remaining enthusiasm for other fanactivity. There were other members of the LASFS who dropped fandom entirely after ASI, but even this was not the greatest effect on LASFS the institution. By some mechanism I don't entirely understand, ASI managed to cut the communication links between LASFS and outside fandom.

During the period of decline, LASFS was largely isolated from outside fandom, even though there was still a club zine being published as late as 1953. Part of the problem was probably simple stagnation along with a lack of leadership.

In 1955, the club's fortunes finally bottomed out. Things had to get better or they wouldn't continue at all. The next period of LASFS history I'll refer to as the Bjo period, and it ran approximately from 1957 to 1962. The period is so named because Bjo Trimble (then Wells) provided the dynamic personality which helped coalesce the reviving activity in the LASFS. Forrie Ackerman and Bjo have vastly different personalities. Ackerman is basically a shy person, whereas Bjo is a gang buster extrovert. Ackerman's interests were mainly in science fiction, while Bjo was interested in all sorts of things. These differences were indicated in the differences in the club between the two respective periods.

In my own subjective impression, the Bjo period can be represented by the idea "Let's take a field trip." Bjo functioned as a surrogate den mother organizing a never-ending field trip. Some activities were literal field trips, while others like publishing SHAGGY somehow acquired the atmosphere of a field trip.

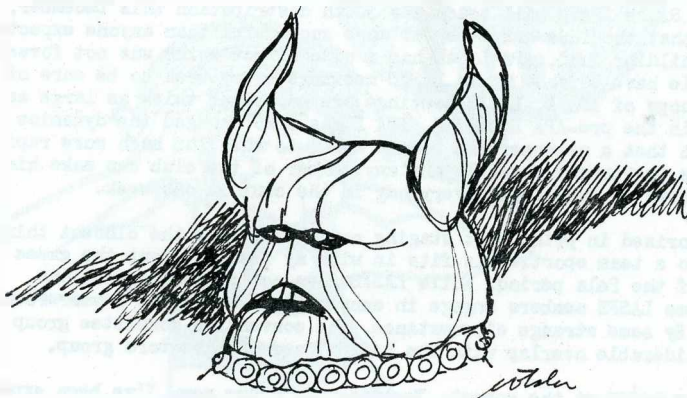
Probably the most distinctive activity of the Bjo period was making movies. The longest film that was produced was "The Musquite Kid" which was based on a fannish story by Lee Jacobs. The cast included; Ron Ellick, Ernie Wheatly, John and Bjo Trimble, Jack Harness, Ted Johnstone and Bruce Pelz.

The Bjo period ended with the hassling over Coventry. For those of you who have never heard of it, Coventry was an imaginary world which was invented by a fellow named Paul Stanbury. It was a roughly 16th century world, and Stanbury had reasonably enough appointed himself emperor. It probably isn't too unusual in fandom to have an imaginary world, but it is a little unusual to invite your friends to move in with you. It's still more unusual when they do.

Pretty soon all sorts of people had imaginary world alter egos, and then they started writing stories and drawing pictures of Coventry. It was all fairly harmless until war broke out. I wasn't personally active in LASFS at the time of Coventry, but I have to imagine that one thing led to another. People started to do things in this world on the basis of what was

happening in Coventry. Then The Guardian appeared and started threatening people's Coventrarian alter egos. It wasn't too long before the whole thing hit the fan, and by the time the situation was scraped off the walls there were a lot of hurt feelings.

Bjo has said that it wasn't Coventry per se which caused her to reduce her contact with LASFS, but rather the emotional rifts which pervaded the club at the time. It's entirely possible that Coventry was a symptom rather than a cause, and that the same amount of trouble would have been caused by something else if Coventry had not existed.



About 1963-64 was the beginning of the Pelz period. If the spirit of the Bjo period was "Let's take a field trip," then the spirit of the Pelz period is "Let's play a game." During this period card playing has become a much more general activity of LASFS members, and many of the club's routine activities have been rendered into forms that will produce a score of some kind or another. Some of the distinctive things about the Pelz period have been the LASFS Building Fund, APA L, and an increased emphasis on staging conventions.

The LASFS Building Fund was actually begun by Paul Turner, but Bruce Pelz became the primary fund raiser for most of its history. Bruce approached the Building Fund as if it was a game in which he was attempting to get a high score by various means and succeeded admirably.

At the inception of the Building Fund, it was believed that \$3000 would be sufficient for a down payment on a building. By the time the clubhouse was actually purchased in 1973, \$27,000 had been raised. If the people who voted to start the building fund had known how much money was going to be required, I'm sure they would have given up the idea instantly.

The LASFS Building Fund had a side effect which undoubtedly wasn't thought of at the time it was started. The Building Fund was the first long term management goal in LASFS history, and it naturally enough led to the establishment of a management. This management has been largely formalized as the board of directors after the LASFS' incorporation. Members of the board of directors are elected for three-year terms, so there is a tendency to elect people who are likely to be around for awhile. This tendency has been recently enacted into the bylaws as a requirement that you have to have been a member of the LASFS for three years before you can get elected to the Board.

There is also the feeling in the club that you should try to elect people who have shown some ability to get things done. So we've ended up with most of the people who usually work on LASFS projects on the Board. Of course, there have always been a group of people who would work on club projects and stuck around for a number of years, but in the past it was, more-or-less informal and the group probably didn't have the feeling that they were stuck with the job for years to come.

APA L has been another major feature of the Pelz period. Bruce happened to start that personally as a copy of APA F, the FISTFA/Fanoclast apa in New York. Since APA L will reach its 500th distribution this December, I suspect that the idea has been far more successful than anyone expected. Like the Building Fund, APA L has had a side effect which was not foreseen. Since people have to show up at LASFS meetings every week to be sure of getting a copy of APA L, LASFS meetings are now about twice as large as they were in the pre-APA L period. APA L has also changed the dynamics of the club in that a newcomer can become known to the club much more rapidly than was previously possible and any member of the club can make his thoughts known to just about everybody in the club in one week.

I once theorized in print that staging conventions was the closest thing fans had to a team sport. This fits in with my feeling about the games emphasis of the Pelz period. While LASFS does not sponsor conventions itself, some LASFS members engage in convention planning as a year-round activity. By some strange circumstance, the convention committee group has a considerable overlap with the LASFS Board of Directors group.

Such is the LASFS at the moment. For a couple years now, I've been expecting a barbarian invasion made up of people who want to shake things up and do things differently. Unfortunately, even the dullest neo seems to realize that people who open their mouths may get the chance to do more things than they ever imagined. Possibly such a group, if it did arrive, wouldn't be noticed that much. LASFS seems to have an amoeboid organization which can digest almost anything without really noticing it.

but not: The Government Censoring
Conversations By Remote Control Of
People's Hearing Aids.....

Possibly the microphone in each hearing aid could feed a transmitter link to the headquarters of whatever government bureau would be doing this, and if they approved they would transmit it back to the earpiece portion of the hearing aid. If they didn't approve they could either blank it out or even insert their own version. Of course some people might notice what they hear not matching the speaker's lip movements, plus maybe a delay like on radio talk shows, but you could maybe get around that, at least for people who've worn hearing aids all their lives, by teaching a very low value for the speed of sound in school science courses.

Tom Digby, Probably Something, APA L
Four Hundred and Twenty-Three, 6/14/73



James

MEMOIRS OF A SUPERFLUOUS FAN T. BRUCE YERKE

In Explanation --

It has been my intention for some time now to record in as much and interesting detail as possible the long, long time during which I was an active member of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (LASFS) and its predecessor, the Los Angeles Chapter #4, of the Science Fiction League (LASFL). My recent action in resigning this society, and along with it all my active offices, is no way the sole reason for the writing of these memoirs. For whatever good or bad science fiction fandom may eventually serve, it ought to have a comprehensive record of its oldest and largest component.

I was a member of the LASFS and LASFL for very nearly seven years. In it I met many of my best friends, and through it I passed many interesting hours and discovered many interesting things. The LASFL was beyond doubt the greatest and most active scientification organization of all time...it had the most members, some of them now well-known in their respective fields; the most publications, and very often the most fun.

What follows are my own personal memories! I do not pretend that they are unbiased or presented with hairline accuracy, but I do hope that they will prove to be interesting to the more serious followers of this avocational field.

From the last Thursday in January, 1937, until November 14, 1943 I was in constant association with the ever changing membership of the club. The names that were extant in the LASFL of early 1937 are strange to the eyes of the current reader. They are, with a single exception, now non-active. Aside from myself, Forrest J. Ackerman is the only survivor, Morojo and Paul Freehafer had not yet joined the chapter, Daugherty and Bradbury were unheard of. The group that met at Clifton's Cafe in 1937 is no more the group that meets at 637½ Bixel than the Congress of 1776 is resembled of the congress of 1943. The minutes for the meeting of

August 19, 1937, show the following to have been present; Forrest J. Ackerman, Russell M. Hodgkins, Bob Olson, Henry Kuttner, Arthur K. Barnes, Morojo, Virgil Smith, Roy A. Squires, Mr & Mrs. and Roy Test Jr., Karl Edwards von Lutz and wife, Hal and Victor Clark, Perry L. Lewis, Francis Fairchild, Bruce Yerke, Karl McNeil, Vernon W. Harry, Eddie Anderson, Maurice DuClose, Don Gree, Al Mussen and George Tullis.

That was the big meeting of 1937 at which Dr. David H. Keller was guest. As can be seen, there was a liberal sprinkling of authors present, all of whom were more or less regular attenders. Average meeting ran about two-thirds of the above number of persons.

When I first walked into the little Brown Room in January of that year, Perry L. Lewis was my immediate discoverer. "Is Mr. Ackerman here?" I queried timidously. Mr. Lewis, enjoying the situation immensely, let out a whoom of "Mr. Ackerman?" and shooed me down the room where Forrest was sitting. My interest in science fiction magazines was avid. The sight of those huge quarterlies and old Science Wonder Stories which Squires and Ackerman were trading sent me reeling. And my appreciation of these people knew no bounds when Vernon W. Harry, with great magnanimity, asked me to join the World Girdlers' International Science League Correspondence Club. The conscienceless villain rooked me out of some dues on the spot, and I was given some stationery to boot. All in all, I was very proud.

The Los Angeles Chapter, #4, of the Science Fiction League, lead a most sedate sort of social life in 1937. The primary contact between members were the first and third Thursday meetings at Clifton's, 648 S. Broadway in downtown LA. On these occasions, when there was no scheduled speaker, the topic of current and past stories was a valid and always interesting basis of discussion. The impressions I carry from those early days, though, are that the crowd was quite a well-behaved bunch of serious-minded, intelligent, science fiction readers and collectors.

I was fortunate to join the Society just at a time when it had its first deluge of celebrities passing through. The frequency of visiting authors and editors was not equalled nor surpassed again until the summer of 1940, three years later. Aside from Dr. Keller, we managed to lure Arthur J. Burks and Joe Skidmore, who died shortly afterwards. There were occasional lectures by such persons as H. Atlantis Sudbury, a well-known Horologist, and Dr. Peeley of LA City College. In addition we had the resident attendance of Henry Kuttner, A.K. Barnes, and the artist Tom Mooney, who lent their unique and witty presence to the chapter at frequent intervals. At the time the club was keeping a scrapbook of important advances in science, the prize item being the LA Herald-Express' account of the discovery of Pluto. In 1937 there was usually someone of interest to meet. Kuttner was always bringing in a character or so, and while I was much too young to appreciate the hilarious discussion that went on between members, I know they were first rate...current fans enjoyed no better in those riotous stags in Art Widner's room at the Shirley Savoy during the Denvention.

Some meeting between my joining and August 1937, I was frightened by a lurid affair which either Roy Test or Roy Squires brought to a meeting. It was one of the last copies of Morris Scott Dollens' SCIENCE FICTION COLLECTOR. Since I was taking journalism in school, the idea that people could publish little magazines on a hokto pad was interesting to me. I scanned the Collector at that meeting and was fascinated. Ever since I had been given a copy of Van Loon's STORY OF MANKIND in 1935 for my birthday I had been possessed with a desire to write apres Van Loon.

In fact, I had written many little booklets which I typed and sewed together by hand for the amusement of my immediate circle of friends. YERKE'S ALMANAC and YERKE'S HIP-POCKET DICTIONARY still evoke chuckles on my part to this day. The possibilities of making 50 copies of such a venture on a hektograph for only a few dollars, was the sort of tinder that eventually produced IMAGINATION! I went without a hamburger the next day and sent a dime to Dollens for a copy of the Collector.

By August 1937 I was fairly well established in the LASFL as a rather young but not unduly obnoxious member. I even grew so bold as to contribute to the discussions and arguments. I can never thank Russ Hodgkins enough for treating me in those days like an intelligent person. Hodgkins managed to make me feel not so much a waif in the midst of all these activities. The same goes for Forrie Ackerman. He was undeniably the leading and outstanding fan and figure in the field in those days. I could ask him a question about scientifiction and stf fandom which I knew was inane and mayhap stupid, but he managed to patiently explain the mysterious world to me.

Late in the summer of 1937 my interest in the science fiction fan magazine field was at a high pitch, and I began to wonder why LA had never produced a fan mag on its own initiative. With brilliant reasoning I deduced that with Ackerman, Roy Test, Squires, Freehafer, Hodgkins and Morojo all here in LA, we should be able with little difficulty to put out a top flight fan publication.

One afternoon at Ackerman's I broached the 'elaborate' plans which I had conceived for a local fan magazine. The original title of this venture was to have been ODDS and ENDS. This was a carry over from the small one-copy rag of fantastic Munchausen material I used to get out for my school-mates. The first agreement was drawn up with Ackerman financing the thing, and he and I acting as co-editors. Material was collected and work progressed in August 1937. I wrote and edited, Forrie did the proof-reading and dummy work. He also obtained the title rights of IMAGINATION! from Roy Test, who had planned to use this title for the official magazine of the World Girdler's International Science League Correspondence Club, which folded earlier in the year, along with my dues, as Vernon Harry went to work nights.

Just where the idea occurred that IMAGINATION! ought to be the chapter organ, I do not know. I believe that this too was Forrie's idea, but in any event, after I read to the chapter letters explaining in lurid details the use of the hekto, Russ Hodgkins fell for the idea and the chapter voted \$7.50 on Sept. 2, 1937, to cover the cost of the initial hekto equipment.

The heroic story of the first issue of IMAGINATION! is related in my editorial in the second issue. It was a small-scale nightmare of those NY publishing houses who do all their desk work in NY and then send their material to Chicago for the press run. In our version when I would arrive home from school in the afternoon, I'd write up the material of the day, and then hop a street car to Forrie's! He would then spend an hour or so correcting spelling and indulging in other editorial adjustments, after which he copied the stuff on the hekto carbon, first having made another short car-trip to Morojo's apt. which boasted a standard typewriter, best for uses of this nature. Then her son, Virgil, made the trip all the way back to my house, usually arriving at 10:00 PM, catching me in the process of shaving. As the LASFL had only two hekto pads, this madhouse continued for ten nights, after which we were all quite ready to retire in grace from the publishing field.

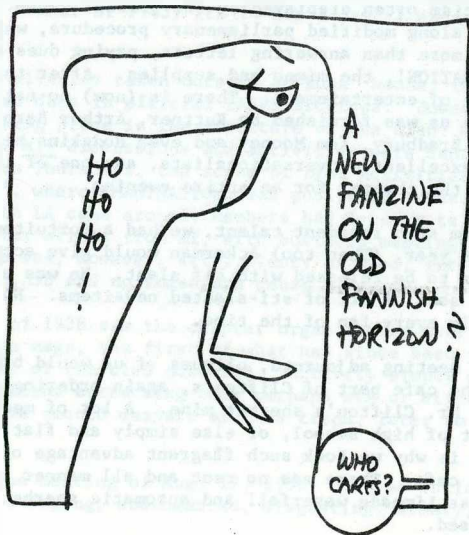
It became obvious after the first issue of IMAGINATION! that my ideas were a bit too grandiose for my technical ability. For this reason it was imperative that the club come to the rescue of the mag before it was too late. Further, as Russ Hodgkins was an addict to rigid punctuality and order, the mag not only had to be letter perfect, but it must come out on a monthly schedule, and for this last requirement the hekto was considered too ancient a machine.

Whereas the first issue of IMAGINATION! had largely been between Morojo, Forrie and myself, the entire club now burst forth with ideas and suggestions. In fact, all through October and November of 1937 the club dickered and bickered over IMAGINATION! , though contributions of such skilled cynics as Kuttner, Lewis, Fox and Hodgkins made the entire affair a little less than delectable. Among the major battles was the Chapter vs. Ackerman re: simplified spelling.

The great battle of 1937 was Ackerman's mad desire for simplifying the English language. There was editorial friction from the first as I flatly, at that early age, refused to dummy the mag in his jargon, and Forrie was equally insistent that simplified spelling be only one of the many things unique about IMAGINATION! (It was finally agreed that... Ackerman must limit his horrible mangling to his own work unless the authors of other material requested their submissions be rendered in Ackermanese.) To this stupid backwardness of the club majority, Forrie and his disciples conceded grudgingly.

The work of getting the original equipment which has been part and parcel of the group for years is a bit out of my category. I admit I felt hurt when IMAGINATION! exploded out of my hands, but it was for the best. In any case, I can claim the dubious honor of being the founder and co-editor of the first all-LA fan mag, and godfather to the rest.

The great difference between the Chapter #4 of the SFL and the present LASFS may be summed up in brief by the observation that the Club in 1937 had no social life to speak of. The chapter centered around





meetings held roughly every other Thursday. Otherwise the members contented themselves with occasional Sunday gatherings of a highly informal and unofficial nature. Thus it was that when the Thursday night rolled around there was a lot of business to be transacted. Book and magazine trading, discussion of the latest stf, which received prime attention, not the cynicism often displayed by the present group. The meeting itself was operated along modified parliamentary procedure, which in 1937 consisted of little more than answering letters, paying dues and, after the founding of IMAGINATION!, the mimeo and supplies. After that there was a never-ending source of entertainment. There is (now) no native genius left in the club such as was furnished by Kuttner, Arthur Barnes, Fred Schroyer, Perry Lewis, Bradbury, Tom Mooney and even Hodgkins himself. All of these people were excellent conversationalists, any one of them capable of entertaining the chapter for an entire evening.

Aside from such resident talent, we had a fortuitous string of visitors that year. (Then too) Ackerman would give accounts of the latest movies to be released with stf slant. He was always prepared to present some sort of stf-slanted newsitems. He was in touch with virtually every fan of the time.

When the meeting adjourned, cliques of us would break apart and drift down the cafe part of Clifton's, again ordering giant malts, or sponging off Mr. Clifton's sherbet mine. A lot of members at the time were just out of high school, or else simply and flatly unemployed. Perhaps that is why we took such flagrant advantage of Mr. Clifton and his generous cafe. There was no rent and all manner of free nourishment in his endless limeade waterfall and automatic sherbet mine, both nationally advertised.

During this idyllic period, just before our publishing venture would make a profound change on the future course of the club, the characters which would hold forth on this new stage began to filter into the chapter. As editor of IMAGINATION! I got in touch with a fan who had been cornered by one Robert. L. Cunnock. As editor of the club organ I wrote to Ray Bradbury, telling him of our club, urging him to come and visit us. At the next meeting, a wild-haired enthusiastic individual burst into the Little Brown Room, demanding, "Is Mr. Yerke here?" This fantastic creature became endeared to all of us henceforth, and though often the victim of assaults with trays and hammers by the infuriated victims of his endless pranks, remained a primary figure in the club from 1938-1941.

I can now see that IMAGINATION! couldn't have done anything but change the entire nature of the club. From a languid old-style book and magazine collectors' clearing house, the main energy of the club began to turn more and more to amateur publishing. It soon became apparent that IMAGINATION! was going to make a heavy demand on everyone's time, and an especially heavy demand on the treasury. After considerable discussion, it was decided to buy our own mimeo. It cost the club \$50.

IMAGINATION! had the luck to be uniquely blessed. Russ Hodgkins is one of the most methodical persons I have yet to meet, and under his exacting care the mechanical aspects of the magazine became rapidly superb. Aside from mechanical excellence, the mag was liberally blessed with material from such gifted and witty authors as Kuttner, Barnes, Schroyer, Bloch, Mooney, Hodgkins himself, and later by the more responsible fan writers of the time. Native talent also developed, giving LA a set of indigenous writers, one of which turned professional.

I think that 1938 marked the period in the club during which the most members were in the most accord over the most things. IMAGINATION! was accepted without question as a serious project, necessitating the fullest support from the membership. No question was raised over whether or not the club organ had first call on the spare time of the members. The bi-weekly and often weekly pilgrimages to Russ' mansion were made in high spirits by all. Here was the incipient beginning of the trend which has over a period of years changed the LASFS from a biweekly affair to (as of the summer of 1943) its 24-hrs a day, 7 days a week theory of function.

Aside from a few pictures taken outside at Russ' house, there is little to record these days in official LASFS archives. However, a subtle change was taking place in the structure of the club. Whereas, prior to IMAGINATION! all discussions and activities were centered at Clifton's on alternate Thursdays, the scene of real activities began to move out to Hodgkins', where IMAGINATION! was published. Therefore, when Thursday night in LA came around, members had less to talk about, and subjects ranged far afield from sf, with business meetings often cut and dried. There was, however, still plenty of good, interesting st talk and guests in '38 and no immediate cause of worry.

While the summer of 1938 saw the chapter organ ascend ever higher in the list of top fan mags, the first of what has since been periodic slumps in the activity of the club occurred. Activity simply dropped to a very low ebb, meetings attracting only perhaps six or eight persons. The minutes at the time record despair at this trend, later to be a familiar cry.

The minutes for the meeting of Aug. 17, 1938, open as follows:
"One of the most discouraging, downhearted, disgusting, dreary, discon-

certing, disabling meetings in the history of the local chapter. Only 12 members were present at this sad assemblage; the meeting at which one of our most popular members died; beloved by all, the alightenar of many dreary hours, of service and assistance to the cause of science fiction many times, missed and mourned by all members of the local chapter; yes, of all the scientific field, we take this moment to bow our heads in silent memory of our beloved member, IMAGINATION! (Sniffle, sniffle)"

The object here, one might guess, was to make the feeling of disaster communicable to all. What did happen? Forrest J. Ackerman had to give up stf as a fulltime occupation and go to work. Since he was the mainstay of IMAGINATION!, it became obvious that the mag would have to do some rapid telescoping.

The club decided to suspend the magazine, rather than make a slow and agonizing descent from one of fandom's top periodicals. However, plans had been in the offing for some months to make the anniversary edition a giant of its time. In addition, there was a large accumulation of manuscripts scheduled for future issues. Finally, on November 3, 1938, "Madge's Prize Mss." (Madge was the nickname for IMAGINATION!) was issued, the first bit of fan literature to come out of LASFL since the crash. But at the same time attendance at the meetings was dropping. But faith in stf and LA fandom was again restored on Dec. 15. Despite a heavy rain, 24 old-timers turned up for the annual Xmas party.

The coming year of 1939 saw many sudden, abrupt changes...the beginning of the two years transition period from the LASFL into the LASFS. The following December was to see the face of Rome greatly changed.

but not The New Animated 'Star Trek'
Giving Rise To Animated Cons.....

One possibility might be that all the people that wouldve gone could get together with the people who normally take slides and moviewes of conventions and do up animated movies and cartoon drawings for slides of the kinds of con activities that normally get photographed, such as banquet speeches, the costume ball, skinnydipping and various interesting groups of people sitting around at parties and such. If you can work it right you could have various (non-Star Trek) cartoon characters such as Fritz the Cat and the cartoon Beatles from The Yellow Submarine as Guests of Honor, toastmaster, etc. etc. And if the hotel threatens to give you trouble all you have to do is erase it.

Tom Digby, Probably Something, APA L
Four Hundred and Thirty-Six, 9/20/73

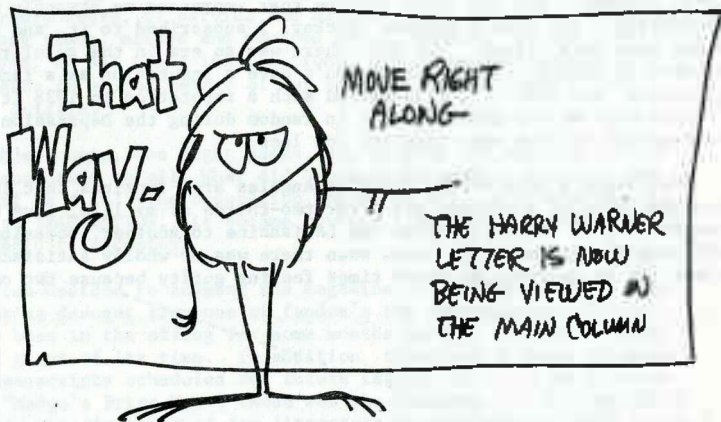
I don't expect anyone to believe it, but there was a time when I had seen very few fanzines. An occasional sample issue of TESSERACT or FANTASY MAGAZINE had arrived after letters by me appeared in prozine letter columns. But the first fanzine that impressed me strongly was IMAGINATION!, and here's another shocker: I subscribed to it, and even bought some back issues. You see, there was an era in the awful remoteness of fandom's past when I didn't have a reputation as a fanzine letterhack, and even if I'd possessed such a reputation in 1938 it wouldn't have done me any good. Nobody in fandom during the Depression was crazy enough to give away fanzines for locs.

That began a love affair with Los Angeles area fanzines that is more than one-third of a century old. For two-thirds of my life, I've been transferring my affections from one LA fanzine to another, occasionally suffering through a couple years when there was no wholly satisfactory object for my emotion, at other times feeling guilty because two or more

THE CITY IN DITTO harry warner jr.

fanzines help simultaneous claims on my affection. I'm sure I'll make a few old-timers furious by overlooking by accident their fanzines which I once loved dearly in this unscientific look back on what Los Angeles' fanzine factory has contributed to my pleasure down through the decades.

I virtually memorized those issues of IMAGINATION!, rereading them incessantly, wondering about the meaning of all those statements I couldn't comprehend for lack of fannish background or because they were in-group references. Fans today who are sure that the capitalistic system is on the verge of shattering might be interested in reading in IMAGINATION! the very same real soon now predictions by the Technocrats. But IMAGINATION! created controversy mostly for matters other than social problems. It brought to the fore Ackermanese, Forrie's simplifications of spelling, meshing of two words into one, and other innovations which were copied by some fans and viewed with alarm by others. The Los Angeles Science Fiction League chapter seemed to a teenager three thousand miles away like a combination of the atmosphere of "The Green Pastures," the Babylonian main set for "Intolerance," and any Aldous Huxley novel, because of the impression given out by that fanzine. Then it metamorphosed



into Voice of the Imagi-Nation, normally contracted to VOM. By then I had many other fanzines to read and I was publishing two of my own. But VOM still served as a proof that the center of the fan universe was in Los Angeles. VOM was something for World War II like FAPA's present status, a place where you could find gathered many interesting people who were missing otherwise from fandom.

To this day I haven't seen a logical explanation for this problem: why has nobody been able to publish a successful fanzine containing nothing but letters over an extended period of time, since Ackerman and Morajo created the last VOM in the mid-1940s? Was it a freak which survived solely because of world condition which kept so many fans from much fanatic? Their ability to keep in touch through VOM might have made its fortune? Or can it be that fandom hasn't had during the past three decades any pair of fans with the special skills at editing and ability to work together that distinguished the VOM editors? The closest thing to a successor is Tightbeam, the NFFF letterzine, and that has never quite caught fire, despite endless efforts by a long series of editors and its guaranteed large circulation and financial backing.

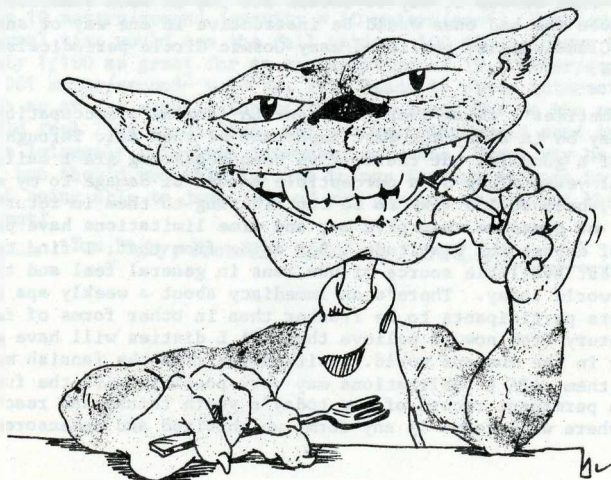
This will be heresy of the most extreme sort, but it's the truth: to me, SHANGRI-LA and SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES were the silver age of LA club publications, after the golden age of IMAGINATION! I loved both dearly. Their contents were in many cases better written than that first favorite, and I imagine that a youthful fan today, presented with a complete collection of all those LA club organs, would choose Shaggy instantly as the better fanzine, for the more lasting nature of the things inside. There were vast treasure troves of Burbee material in some of the issues of what will be called SHAGGY here, because I've tried in my formal fan history writing to explain differences between the two titles and I'm still exhausted from the complexities involved. Shaggy had the great advantage of unpredictability: you could never be sure who would be editing an issue or what new upheaval in LA fan politics would be hinted at in changes in the policy of the magazine. The list of editors of the two titles is staggering: limiting myself to those who remain best-known today, I can cite Burb, Fran Laney, Walter J. Daugherty, Ackerman, E. Everett Evans, Rick Sneary, Len Moffatt, Ed Connor, Dale Hart and countless others.

Maybe my personal problem was this constant shift in policy and editing. Shaggy more fully reflected the entire club and this was a bit overwhelming for an individual who had met only two or three people out there. Madge has been basically Ackerman, then Ackie and Morojo for VOM, even though other individuals did editing work on individual issues.

Art Joquel died the other day. He's just a name to most fans today, a real person to some Los Angeles fans, and a fanzine publisher to just a few of us survivors from long ago. His whole publishing career was crowded into what seem like only a few months, and his fanzines didn't win the kind of affection that some other Los Angeles publications achieved because they were so fiction-slanted. But they remain much clearer in memory than more famous, better-written fanzines of that period. Art adopted a half-size format, impeccably mimeographed, and the impact was considerable on the fan accustomed to the sprawling big pages and rough-and-ready format of most fanzines of that era. Ed Connor's current book-fanzines issued under the imprint of Moebius Trip Library aren't too much difference in general appearance from Art's fanzines.

Then there were the famous fanzines that are only partially the property of LA, because their editors moved to that area midway in their fan-nish careers. Fran Laney was most famous for THE ACOLYTE, a big general-circulation fanzine that put most of its thrust to the Lovecraft Circle. But in the end I found more real enjoyment from FAN-DANGO which Fran published for about a decade, usually for FAPA. It contained the frankest kind of writing about his opinions and prejudices, and I suppose a total reprint of the whole run would reopen too many old wounds today. But this is a fanzine which more fans should investigate when they're hunting sources of reprint material; even when the topic is long-forgotten, Laney's uncanny command of words make him worth rereading regularly.

Even less known, possessed of still longer life, and indescribable is Elmer Perdue's FAPA fanzine. Yes, Elmer does something other than search out neckties between conventions. He publishes for FAPA, usually just once a year, more often than not with only five minutes or so remaining before he'll be expelled for nonactivity. For a decade or more, his FAPA publication was named Elmmurmurings, and almost all issues were inscribed volume one, number one, a practice which is going to cause a fanzine indexer some day to sit up late thinking up a suitable malediction for Elmer. More recently, his title has been a string of numbers which I



won't attempt to reproduce here because the temperature on the attic approaches his title and all the FAPA mailings are up there. Elmer's writing style as the years have gone by has taken on an increasingly uncanny resemblance to that of Ernest Hemingway in Papa's last decade or so. Elmer's subject matter has ranged from his project of walking every block in every street in Los Angeles to his enormous holdings of back issues of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Very few individual issues of fanzines from anywhere hold the place in my memory and affection attained by special Christmas fanzines which the LASFS introduced in 1959 and continued for a year or two into the 1960s. Nobody else seems to remember them today, but all of them should somehow be kept in print permanently, for their spectacular art, most of which somehow connected yuletide with science fiction or fandom, and for their special literary features. The first of them shared with QUANDRY the distinction of having a misspelled title, because it was called MERETRITIOUS, and featured besides all those full-page drawings a Bob Bloch proposal for a fannish Christmas tree and "The Littlest Fan," Bjo's fable about the child who had only his sense of wonder to use as a gift at Christmas. The next year, the Christmas spectacular was accompanied by a calendar with fine George Barr illustrations.

The closest thing to another golden age of LA publications came around that time, when Bjo had rejuvenated the club. Individual fanzine titles emerging from Los Angeles don't stand out in memory so clearly; what sticks in recollections are the new camaraderie that LA fans evidenced when they wrote about one another or joint activities, Bjo's wonderful way with a stylus in catching the personalities of LA fans with a few lines and a smidgin of shading plates, and the general impression of energy in contrast to the lassitude that LA fanzines of the mid-50s had often betrayed.

This could go on indefinitely. I could say nice things with complete sincerity about two or three times as many important LA fanzines as those mentioned here. By now it's impossible for anyone to dream of owning a complete collection of all fanzines ever published, fanzine collectors are being forced to specialize much as stamp collectors do in the face of too big a field, and the beginning collector could do much worse than decide to try to obtain all the LA area fanzines he can dig out. Even the bad ones would be instructive in one way or another. Remember, Claude Degler published many Cosmic Circle periodicals from Los Angeles.

But sometimes I think that the major LA fanzine preoccupation nowadays may be in a way the most important of them all. Through the kindness of a good fan out there, I've been acquiring APA L mailings for several years. They do a perceptible amount of damage to my own conscience, because I'd like to be contributing to them in return for the amount of pleasure they give me, and time limitations have prevented this way of expressing gratitude. But aside from that, I find them perhaps the best available source of how fans in general feel and think about the world today. There's an immediacy about a weekly apa that seems to impel its participants to be franker than in other forms of fanac. A half-century from now, I believe that APA L disties will have genuine importance in the mundane world. Quite aside from the fannish manifestations in them, APA L publications may very possibly give the future as accurate a permanent record of how today's youth thinks and reacts as any group anywhere will leave in any form, uninhibited and uncensored.

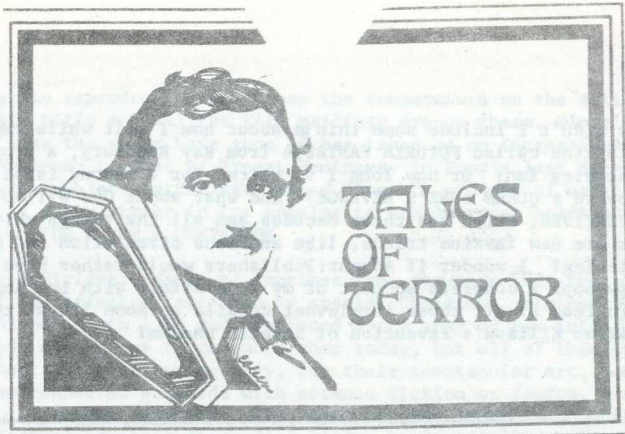
Now why didn't I include some things about how I felt while reading a slender fanzine called FUTURIA FANTASIA from Ray Bradbury, a promising young Los Angeles fan? Or how long I've waited for a second issue of Bill Blackbeard's QUEEN ANNE'S REVENGE? And what about Gus Willmorth's FANTASY ADVERTISER, which had three decades ago all the things which fans today think are new fanzine trends, like enormous circulation and much paid advertising? I wonder if Advent:Publishers would rather have as its next history book a complete account of my love affair with Los Angeles fanzines, instead of all those irrelevant details on Room 770 at the Nolson and Harlan Ellison's invention of Seventh Fandom?

but not: Slowing Down Cats' Time-
Rates So They'll Be Interested In
Chasing Snails.....

This grew out of a discussion with Larry Niven after the board meeting Sunday afternoon when he mentioned that their cats weren't interested in chasing snails because the snails were too slow. We figured that slowing a cat down by a factor of about 100 would make snails appear to move so fast the cat could just barely catch them, which might produce the most interest. There might be side benefits, too, such as only having to feed such cats every three months or so, being able to catch them whenever necessary for trips to the vet, etc., and if one ever does get pregnant, about a 16-year gestation period.

There are problems, however, such as having to hold the door open for several minutes at a time while the cat goes very slowly in or out, and disposing of the slowed-down cat litter every three months or so. A more serious problem might be gravitational and acceleration effects — If you assume that the world looks fairly normal to the cat, then equivalency can't hold (I'll let Relativity Fandom explain that) and the cat has a very large inertial mass. I think it turns out that the inertial mass would vary as the square of the slowdown factor: If the cat jumps or falls five meters, it should take one second and the terminal velocity should be 10 meters/second (gravity = 10 meters/sec²). However, a person in normal time would see the fall taking 100 times longer with a final velocity 1/100 as great for an acceleration of (0.1 meter/sec)/100 seconds = 0.001 meter/second² = 10⁻⁴g. This leads to other interesting effects, such as at the equator the centrifugal force due to the earth's rotation would feel like about 30g's, and the velocity would send the slow cat on a leisurely trip into interstellar space. There may be ways around this, but they'd probably involve things feeling strange to the cat, like not being able to jump. Any of you physics majors out there care to comment?

Tom Digby, Probably Something, APA L 421

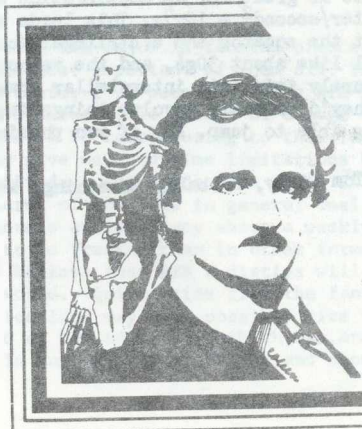


((Time Capsule; MENACE OF THE LASFS by Ted Johnstone, 7-30-70))

"Fred's Anniversary Committee was called and reported it had been a pretty black day all through history except for the Black Tom explosion... Jack Harness moved that the LASFS abolish the 30th of July... There was a spate of calls for Points of Information, including the extent of the abolition and whether he had anything ready to replace it. Other suggestions were made as to what Jack could do with it, and Jerry Pournelle amended an inclusion that the revised calendar be tattooed on Harness' forehead. Harry amended that it be tattooed on Pournelle's forehead, and the formal discussion began to break down.

"Harry's amendment was eventually passed... Pournelle's amended amendment was thus brought to the floor. Greg Chalfin expressed concern with removing a day from the calendar because it would throw the whole year out of synch and in a hundred and fifty years Christmas would fall in midsummer. Ted Johnstone pointed out that the situation could easily be rectified by abolishing January 30th as well, thereby bringing it all back into balance.

"Pournelle's amendment was finally called to a vote and defeated... thus bringing Jack's original motion to the floor once again. In the middle of a nearly-balanced division of the house, someone proposed that the motion be tabled until the next regular LASFS meeting that falls on 30 July. Despite the usual seven-year cycle, the next such meeting will be in 1981. The motion was table till then."





I WAS A NEOFAN at Pacificon One LEN MOFFAT

The first World Science Fiction Convention was held in New York City in 1939. That was the year I discovered fandom, thanks to a Bob Tucker letter in *AMAZING STORIES*. He was plugging his fanzine *LE ZOMBIE*, and I wrote for a free sample copy. I wasn't sure what a "fanzine" was, but the title of the thing intrigued me.

After reading my first copy of *LE ZOMBIE*, I still wasn't sure what it was, but Art Widner's poll, wherein one could vote for one's favorite authors, stories and fans, made some sense to me, and I endeavored to answer it. Art's reply included a plug for his fanzine *FANFARE* for which he wanted an entire dime. A dime was a lot of money in those days. To me, at least. I was 16 years old, and a child of the Depression. But curiosity overcame me, and I managed to scrounge up a dime and send it off for a copy of *FANFARE*.

FANFARE featured articles, fiction, reviews... all dealing with science fiction and fantasy. There was also a fanzine review column, and I found myself sending off more sticky nickles and dimes for some of those fanzines. Presently I was hooked -- and still am.

It was then that I learned of the first Worldcon in New York. It was over -- but I wouldn't have been able to attend even if I had known

of it in time. I was also financially unable to attend the next two worldcons -- in Chicago and Denver, respectively -- but I read about them and even saw photos from them in Julie Unger's FANTASY FICTION FIELD, which was sort of the LOCUS of its day.

Came World War II and it was decided that the 4th Worldcon (to be held in Los Angeles) would be postponed for the Duration. In the meanwhile, I did my tour of duty with the Navy and Marines, mustering out in December of 1945.

In February, 1946 I moved from Pennsylvania to Southern California. It took me a month to find a job and get reasonably settled in an apartment in Bell Gardens, one of LA's many suburbs. Some time in March I found time to bus and streetcar to Bixel Street to visit Stan Shack. I had visited Stan Shack briefly during the war, but at that time met only two LA fans, Myrtle (Morojo) Douglas and Jimmy Kepner.

This time, the only one home was Al Ashley, who filled me to the brim and overflowing with coffee (he drank 40 cups a day and I was hard put trying to keep up with him) and his tales about the various "queers and bastards" who lived in the Bixel area and attended LASFS meetings.

Undaunted by Ashley's gossip, I began to attend LASFS meetings as regularly as commuting made possible (public transportation was better in those days) and joined the club that summer, as I recall. Although I had not been very active in fandom during my sojourn in the service, I had done a little fanzine writing and publishing in the early 40s and was even a minor letterhack for VoM -- VOICE OF IMAGINATION, Forry Ackerman and Myrtle Douglas' letterzine.

Several of the club members remembered me and treated me kindly, and I found myself joining them for aftermeeting get-togethers, some of which had to do with planning and preparing for the 4th Worldcon, otherwise known as the Pacificon.

There were also great plans being made for something called The Fantasy Foundation, which was to be announced as a surprise at the con. Like today's ISL, it would be devoted to preserving books, promags, fanzines, etc., and there was also talk of a literary magazine edited by Francis T. Laney.

Everyone was quite excited about the upcoming convention, and none more so than myself. I don't think the term "neofan" was in use back then, but I was a neo compared to the other fans in the area despite the fact that I had been in FAPA for several years and had actually organized a fan club in Western Pennsylvania. It was to be -- after all -- my first sf convention.

The Pacificon was held over the 4th of July weekend in 1946 at the Park View Manor (near Westlake Park) in Los Angeles. (I believe they call it MacArthur Park nowadays, but it is still Westlake Park to me.)

The chairman was Walter J. Daugherty, ably assisted by Forry Ackerman, E.E. Evans and others. Unfortunately Forry himself spent only a few hours at the con -- then came down sick and spent the rest of the con at home in bed. Probably one of the biggest disappointments of his life, but he had been working so hard in the past weeks on the convention and the Fantasy Foundation that it's a wonder he didn't collapse before the con started.

The Guests of Honor were A.E. van Vogt and E. Mayne Hull. I was such a neo that although I had met both of them before the convention,

I still addressed van as "Mr. van Vogt" when I asked him to sign my program booklet. I wasn't sure how I should address Mayne -- would she prefer "Mrs. va Vogt" or "Miss Hull"? I think I simply handed her the booklet and asked for her autograph without calling her anything at all.

I don't recall Mayne speaking at the con, but I do remember at least one line from van's speech. It was probably the first line of his talk. What he said was: "Nobody understands me" in a plaintive, almost wistful voice. The Null-A stories may have had something to do with this complaint, but much of the speech was about the Bates system (or exercises) for improving one's eyesight, unaided by spectacles.

Bob Bloch held forth at the banquet and also at another time when recordings of his radio show, Stay Tuned for Terror, were played for the audience. I remember all of his jokes, and wish there was space to re-tell them here.

In thinking back, it seems to me that Pacificon was lightly programmed for a four-day convention, but on the other hand there was plenty of entertainment, and of course the thrill of meeting famous fans and pros from other parts of the country. Tucker. Milty Rothman. Art Widner. Sam Umbrage. Stan Woolston. Jack Speer. Ross Rocklyn. And so many others.

It was here that I met Rick Sneary for the first time. He had written to me, c/o my mother, during the war, to obtain permission to reprint something from a fanzine I had published before I went into the service. My first reaction was "Gee, this kid will never get anywhere in fandom if he doesn't learn how to spell!" I had myself been chastised by such critics as Jack Speer and H.C. (Hiss and Tell) Koenig for my own ill-usage of the language as she is writ.

Rick walked up to me at some time during the con and read my name badge which listed the city I was from -- "Bell Gardens". Rick lived in South Gate (and still does) and said "Mah! You live just across the river from me!" (The river in question is the Los Angeles River, which does too have water -- on occasion.) Then he stomped off as though he was angry about something.

Rick claims he doesn't remember this meeting, but it is etched vividly in my memory. Later, Stan Woolston (whom I also met for the first time at that con) and I phoned Rick from my home, and we eventually got together to become lifelong friends, and the Hub of the Outlander Society.

So many things, people and events at the con impressed me that it would take many pages to tell about all of them. Highlights? From where I was sitting (or standing, or leaning) in my neofannish daze everything that happened was a highlight. I'll try to keep examples to a minimum.

I bought my first mimeograph -- from Walt Daugherty. He took time out from chairing the con to drive me to his home and show me an assortment of mimeos he had in a closet. I picked one and he threw in a generous supply of colored inks, (causing considerable eyestrain in FAPA shortly thereafter), stencils and so on. I don't know what I paid him, but whatever it was, it was worth it. That mimeo and the supplies served me for a good long time.

I was enchanted by Theodore. I think his last name was Gottlieb, but his stage name was Theodore. He put on a one-man show, playing all the roles. sitting at a table, acting with only his face and hands. I swear that he could stick his tongue out about ten feet -- when telling some

tale of licking blood. His act was a combination of ribald humor and the grotesque. Horror stories that chilled the spine and tickled the funny-bone simultaneously.

I had a ball at the Masquerade Ball. I happened to be in Slan Shack when Morojo was getting costumed. She went as A. Merritt's Snake Mother, and as the lower half of her body was encased in a snake tail, she had to be carried into the hall. She used some green makeup, and I asked if I could borrow a little. I dabbed some around my lips, parted my hair in the middle and combed it straight down on either side, turned up my coat collar, and assumed a hideous grin. Voila! I was Vincent the Vampire.

Vincent was a character in a story in FANFARE. It was a takeoff on WEIRD TALES type stories, and Vincent did such things as speaking in a hollow voice by "talking into an empty milk bottle".

To make the costume more authentic, I lay down flat on the sidewalk outside the hall, stiffened my body into a semblance of rigor mortis, and four friends (Gus Willmorth, Dale Hart and I forget who else) hoisted me on their shoulders and carried me inside. They laid me out on four or five folding chairs, and I lay there for a long time, eyes closed, listening to the noises and comments around me. It was most uncomfortable, but us hams will endure almost anything to put on a good show.

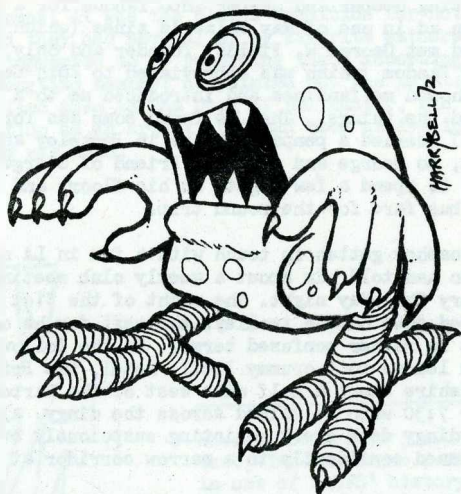
I didn't win a prize, but then I didn't expect to. Like my Fike Pickens clown-tramp bit, I was doing it for the fun of it, the fun of being a half-assed vampire or clown, the fun of -- hopefully -- entertaining others. I don't recall who the prize winners were, but there were some nifty costumes there -- especially for such a small convention. (The total attendance at Pacificon I was about 120.)

Morojo as The Snake Mother must have received a prize. Some of the other costumes I remember are Dale Hart as The Gray Lensman -- in a suit so tight he couldn't bend over or sit down -- Tigrina as a pretty and devilish priestess of Satan, Art Joquel as a Black Mass priest, RAHoffman as the Frankenstein Monster, and Don Day as a Slan.

Besides the usual sf discussion at the con, there was also much discussion about atomic warfare, and whether or not the A-bomb should be banned. The fear of Atomigeddon was rising in fandom, if not in the mundane world. The pros as well as the fans were concerned and impressed by the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, as witness the many "after the bomb" stories that were published in the years that followed.

There was a homosexual "incident" at the con. A very young fan, from the Midwest, I believe, was accosted by a homosexual. Actually, I don't know whether or not the young fan knew what was being suggested, and was perhaps more confused than anything else. Fortunately, Dale Hart was around when this happened, and Dale advised the gay chap, in his Texas-harvard accent, of what would happen to him if he continued to bother the very young fan, and that ended that.

The very young fan, who was quite popular with everyone at the con, returned to his home after the con, and to the best of my knowledge was never heard from again. The homosexual was a fairly well-known fan at the time who (perhaps to the disappointment of Messrs. Ashley and Laney) was not a member of LASFS nor a resident of California. There were, as I recall, one or two homosexuals in LASFS at that time, but they kept their private lives to themselves and didn't make public passes at anybody, as far as I know, and certainly not at little kids.



Apparently there were one or two other unhappy incidents at Pacificon I involving fan politics of which I knew little or nothing at the time. I was aware of the feuding but I was too new on the scene to really know what it was all about. Later, I was able to determine that much of it was based on what so many such fusses are based on -- personality clashes.

But the overall effect of Pacificon I on this neo was one of total fannish happiness, complete with "Goshwowboyoboy". I can't use Sam Moskowitz' famous (if borrowed) description of the first Worldcon: "Unendurable pleasure indefinitely prolonged". I wasn't at Nyon I, and the 4th Worldcon was my first convention, the pleasures of which were easily "endured" and even after four days of commuting back and forth to the con, wasn't nearly long enough.

There was a Pacificon II -- the 22nd World Science Fiction Convention in Oakland, 1964.

We hope to have Pacificon III in Los Angeles in 1978. Watch this space.

but not Discovering That The Comet
Kohoutek Is Coin Operated And Nobody
Has Put In Any Money Yet.....

You know -- somewhere, maybe out in the desert or along a relatively quiet beach, is a little parking meter type gadget with a sign: "COMET -- 5 minutes for 25¢ -- Insert Quarter and Turn Handle." But either nobody's found the thing yet, or nobody believes it or is willing to blow a quarter to find out.

Tom Digby, Probably Something, APA L
Four Hundred and Fifty-Three, 1/17/74

I'd been getting deeper and deeper into fandom for a year and a half, since I answered an ad in one of Ray Palmer's zines (which ran free short ads for fans) and met George W. Fields, founder and only active member of 20th Century Fandom (which was abbreviated to 20th CenFen before he gaffed). He showed me fanzines and introduced me to a few of his friends who also read the things. Then he found some ads for the next WesterCon, in Oakland; I queried a penpal of mine in Berkeley and discovered he knew all about it, so George and I, and a friend of George's named Fred Langley, were invited to spend a few nights on his floor, and we all set to work scraping up bus fare for the round trip.

George had somehow gotten in touch with a fan in LA named Forrest J. Ackerman, who had told him about a weekly club meeting just west of downtown every Thursday night. The night of the 21st of June, 1956, George dropped down on the trolley; the next day he called me and described it in rather confused terms. So the following week we met en route and he led me to a crummy little hotel, the Prince Rupert, a block south of Wilshire about a half mile west of the Harbor Freeway. It was a little after 7:30 when we walked across the dingy, almost-deserted lobby, with an old dingy desk clerk squinting suspiciously over his glasses at us as we crossed confidently to a narrow corridor at the right.

Now, the hotel was built on the side of a moderate hill which ran up to Wilshire, and the ground floor ran back into the hillside, becoming very like a basement towards the rear. George led me to a door about halfway back on the right; on its brown wooden panel several rows of stick-on gold letters spelled out PACIFIC ROCKET SOCIETY and, I think, their meeting days and times, and LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY, THURS 8PM. (I'm not that sure of the wording, after all these years; Barney Bernard should remember. Barney was Treasurer of both LASFS and PRS, one reason we shared quarters and the rent of \$30 a month.) The door was padlocked.

So we went back to the front desk, where George talked the clerk into fishing the key out from under the counter so we could get in. Anxious not to be late and distrusting the transit system, we had arrived long before anybody else. This was fine by me, as it gave me a chance to look the place over.

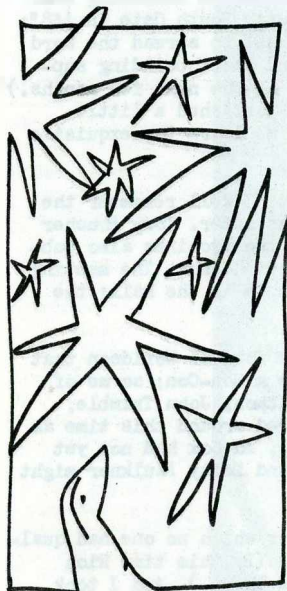
It wasn't a big room, maybe 20x40, but with the high ceiling of an earlier era of architecture. There was a tattered rug on the dark-red painted floor, and a wide assortment of chairs, ranging from overstuffed to straight wood to folding, lined the walls. Across the short wall just left of the door were a couple ranks of bookshelves full of old books and magazines; the long wall which opened onto the

Ted Johnstone

1956

Memoir

street had three or four windows marching up the wall at outside sidewalk level. Most of the room was to the right of the door; the far wall was white, and behind a small table a number of autographed graffiti made a couple of columns; it was the club's tradition for notable guests to sign the wall, and they had several of my favorite authors' names there. George also impressed me by reporting that, according to "Forry", Ray Bradbury was a longtime member; he pointed out the painted floor and walls and identified them as the work of Mal Hunter, who was by then gaining recognition as an artist, but had been active in the Club when the refurbishing was done.



STARBUCK

AIR

Shortly before he journeyed to the East, Ted Johnstone defied himself in one of LASFS' history's more dramatic gestures. Laying five C notes before Bruce Pelz as a Building Fund Donation, he became Saint Tedron. He selected as his Patron Saint's day the midyear meeting nearest the anniversary of his joining LASFS (short of the exact day, which had already been claimed by another Saint). And on that day in 1973 -- APA L 423 -- he published this chronicle of his introduction to fandom.

Eventually a few members started to arrive; at length the meeting got under way. I must admit I don't recall much about it, though it must have been the election meeting for the Fall '56 term. I was impressed enough to join on the spot, and the outgoing director, Ray Capella, signed my membership card. (I lost it with my wallet a few years later, and Rick Snery's signature adorns my present, replacement, card.)

The dues were 25¢ a meeting, and as only twelve to fifteen people came to the average meeting we were usually short on the rent which Barney would advance from his own pocket and cover from the following week's dues; the treasury wasn't over \$20 very often. I don't know who else was at my first meeting, but Dik Daniels was usually there. Ackerman, of course, was the Grand Old Man; he got the overstuffed chair, was always elected senior committeeman, and made most of the announcements at the meeting under the next-to-closing "Forrest murmurings".

The day after my first LASFS meeting we took off for my first convention. Since I didn't know anybody, and didn't know any better, we went to most of the program items, gaped at the pros and collected whole tablesfull of autographs in the bar, bought books, and went to my friend's place in the evening. (He was around, but not of, Random; Lovecraft buff, close buddy with Clark Ashton Smith and old member of the Little Men. His name was George Haas, and I have less idea whatever happened to him than I have for George W. Fields.)

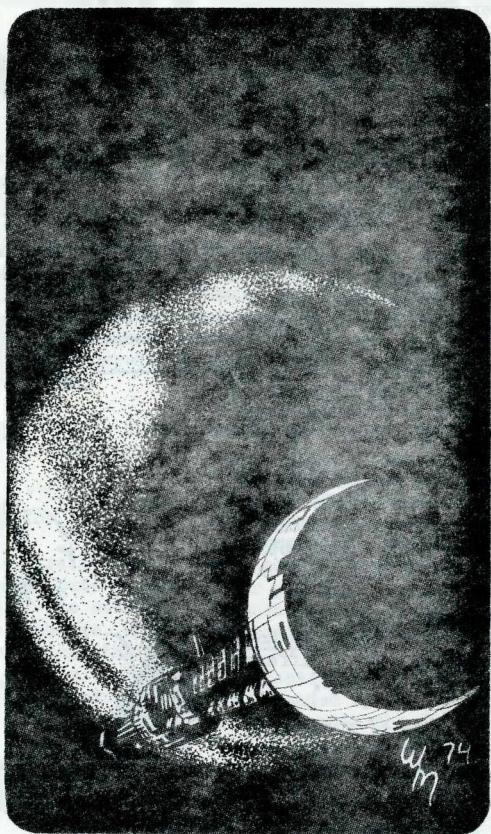
The following week Fred Langley came along with us to the LASFS meeting and joined. We met Len Moffatt, who introduced us to the surviving members of the Outlanders Society, and turned us on to "South Gate in '56"; he was starting a zine called SCIENCE FICTION PARADE to spread the word that the Outlanders' worldcon bid was still on and start building support. (This didn't all happen the next week, but in the next few months.) He taught me how to slip-sheet a handinked mimeo, published a little piece of fanfiction and a cartoon by me, and let me learn the exquisite pleasure of seeing my name in print.

I can't recall the number of my first meeting, but I well remember the celebration of the Thousandth Meeting a few months later. Tony Boucher gave us a paragraph plug in F&SF; I think one or two prozines also publicized it. There were over a hundred people in attendance. The meeting room was full to overflowing, with a score of people in the hall; the treasury was healthy for months after.

Since few of us could afford the trip to New York for the Worldcon that year (Ackerman flew, Ellik hitchhiked), there was a Non-Con; some of the people who were that active included Alex Bratton, John Trimble, Paul Turner, El & Jessie Clinton. Bjo also appeared around this time as did Bill Ellern; Lee Jacobs might have been there, El Cox had not yet moved west. Sneyry and the Moffatts, of course, and Dotty Faulkner might have been there.

The following spring, in place of the Panquet (for which no one had qualified) the club threw a testimonial for Ackerman. (By this time Rich Brown had emerged from the Pasadena slums; he was there.) And I took the event as a source of material for my First Fanzine: a report on the proceedings. Ackerman took a great interest in the project, and gave me \$15 and a mailing list of some hundred names. I typed on the typer and masters of the high school PE department and ran them off on the Journalism dept's ditto, and at length brought an armload of them to the next LASFS meeting.

Coincidence brought another special event that evening. Ray Bradbury had brought Chuck Beaumont to show him the Club. He had recently done his first film with John Houston, and was particularly playful that evening; it being a warm spring evening the street-level windows had been left open (they rotated about a vertical central axis). This drew odd looks from passersby, and one or two direct queries a month. During one more vocal passage on the floor, a little old lady was watching, wide-eyed, from above. Finally she leaned down and asked, "Who are you people?" Bradbury, who was on his feet anyway, surged largely across the room to the window with a wild cry: "These are Science Fiction people! And I am Moby Dick!"



APA L began in New York.

"What? Can any good come out of New York?" you ask. But don't be surprised. LASFS itself must be reckoned as originating in New York, courtesy of Hugo Gernsback and the Science Fiction League.

In New York City, the Fanoclasts and the FISTFA were meeting on alternate Fridays. Why not just one club, meeting weekly? Well, you see, there were New York politics. Always have been. Then why did both clubs comprise mostly the same persons? Mercy! That's fandom for you.

Word trickled down to LA that New York had a weekly Apa, APA F. It sounded like a funny idea, maybe even a hoax. APAs were modeled after the established mundane Amateur Press Associations. You joined, paid dues, sent in the required number of copies of your apazine, and every three months the Official Collator sent you a bundle containing a complete set of what had been contributed that three months, plus a magazine of official business. There were also round robin APAs like the CULT, with just one official fansine. You sent in a letter to the next publisher; every three weeks the Fantasy Rotator was published, with a different editor. There were no dues.

LASFS had its share of publishing fans in FAPA, SAPS, The CULT, and assorted minor apas. But -- a weekly APA? At LASFS?

When our quarterly (ho, ho, ho!) once and future clubzine, SHAGGY, was a lost cause? When LASFS would meet eternally whether there was anything interesting at the meeting or not? When the club meetings were close knit enough that there was nothing that couldn't be said at the meeting?

Jack Harness The APALling Truth

With assistance from Don Fitch and Fred Patten via their articles in THE BEST FROM APA L #1 and #2; and on-the-spot-reportage of APA F by Dan Goodman



Bruce Pelz and Don Fitch got some individual fanzines from APA F, and even a complete mailing or two. Bruce showed it around LASFS. Surely anything Outer Fandom did, LASFS could do also? This sparked the meeting into action. Publishing fans said they'd contribute and some nonpublishing fans, notably Dan Alderson, looked interested. Plans were made. The mouldering Rex Rotary at the local slandshack (Harness, Hannifen, the Johnstones, plus a stray extra fan or so) could be refurbished. It was decided to start week after next (some remember this as one week, some as two weeks) twenty copies required. Bruce "gave" the APA to his wife, Dian, so that she could have an APA all her own.

Came the magic night, Don Fitch walked up to Bruce with a carefully prepared set of questions.

Q: "Is APA L really going to Come Into Being this evening?"

A: "It is" (darkly) "It had better. I have something for it."

Q: "Let me get this straight now. LASFS members contribute a zine and take a copy of the entire distribution in exchange, while other members must take their chances on getting one, and members who cannot be present can send their zines in by way of someone else, right?"

A: "Yes" (wondering why this needless recapitulation)

Q: "Fine. I have here an APA L zine from LASFS Member Dave Van Arnam one from LASFS Member Dick Lupoff one from LASFS Member Rich Mann, one from LASFS Member Len Bailes and a couple of things of my own.

A: (hasn't heard the last part because he has long since collapsed into helpless laughter at mention of all those out-of-

state fans.)

It seems that during the week (or those two weeks), Don had communicated with fans whose zines he especially enjoyed reading: Van Arnam and Lupoff from New York, Mann from Minnesota, Bailes from North Carolina. Don had gotten commitments, pages, LASFS Membership if where necessary...not to mention certain amount of inscrutable satisfaction.

And it wasn't just a ploy for the inauguration of a new APA. It turned into a vital part of APA Science Fiction has incredibly hybrid vigor from the mad-fling copulation of literature with science. The fannish friendship expressed in this strange amalgam spanning a continent created further bonds of anninity and a via offspring, as we listened to each other and talked in this wide open fashion, in a new way.

From inception, however, APA L was quite different from APA F...probably because no one in LA seemed know precisely how the New Yorker went about the mechanics of handling their weekly APA. As a matter of fact the parent fanclubs were all quite different.

Fanoclusters was an invitational club founded by fannish fans dissatisfied with the Futurians (New York has this tradition of fanclubs beginning with the letter F which had lately filled up with nonfannish types. It met biweekly on Friday nights. Currently, Ted White was host and therefore, under NYC fancustom, the boss of the club.

FISTFA, founded shortly before APA F's start, was completely open. Mike McInerney, whose hosted/ran it, made a point of letting it be known that even his few enemies would be welcome. It met on alter-

nate Fridays from Fanoclcasts.

Membership was not identical, and there was some difference in atmosphere. Both were rather more like LASFS regular parties than like LASFS itself. LASFS has a formal structure with presiding officials, dues, a gavel, usually a program. The abiding questions is simply whether the particular foolishness arising from the floor is sufficiently amusing to let continue, and whether we have the time to indulge in it.

What happened in New York?

Dave Van Arnam did a zine one week called FIRST DRAFT in order to discuss something which he never got around to talking about in person. He somehow managed not to finish the anecdote, so he did another issue the following Friday and then continued to pub. Arnie Katz began to do Fanoclcasts/FISTFA-distributed zines of his own. Perhaps a couple others followed suit. Then Van Arnam Katz and McInerney decided to start a weekly APA called APA F, naturally. Besides, it was FAPA spelled backwards.

Publishing fans like Ted White and Richard Lupoff joined in, and APA F was in business. Van Arnam valiantly tried to finish that subway anecdote, but somehow never remembered it until the bottom of the last stencil where there was room for only another sentence about it.

There were no dues, of course. As for collating...in theory, the host typed and ran off the Table of Contents (The Amateur Effor) at the meeting. Sometimes someone else did it, sometimes it came out the following week or not at all. The cover TOC, and component zines were laid out for people to collate their own; usually a stapler was provided. It wasn't intended to be efficient or tedious, and it didn't have to be.

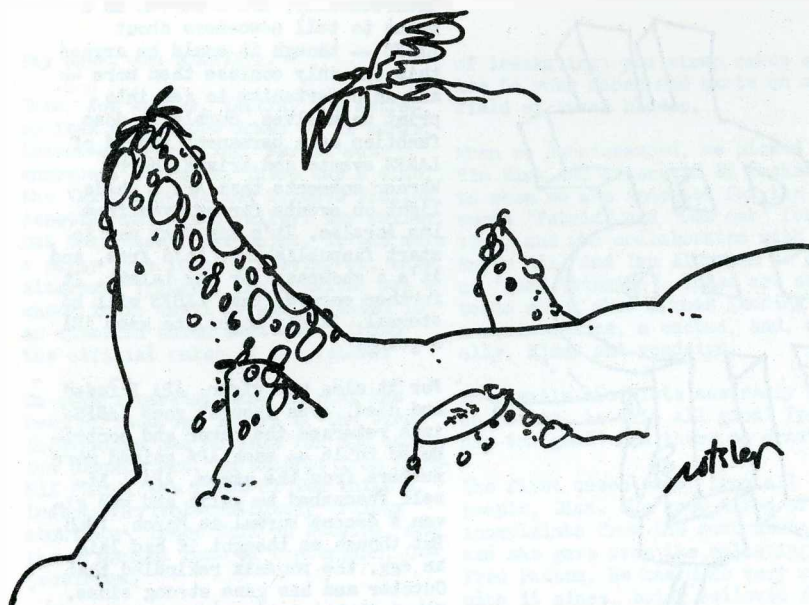
LASFS, however, looked at the cover, the TOC, and the staples, and nodded its collective head. Uh-huh, uh-huh. Long, sad experience with SHAGGY publishing sessions had accustomed us to collating and stapling things together. And we were a larger club with long experience with the intractable, milling herd quality of LA fans. Obviously we needed Responsible Officials and Firm Rules if we were to stave off Utter Chaos. APA L could not help but be a formal fanzine.

LASFS is less split by feuds than some clubs. We have our mere differences of opinion, personality clashes, recrimination, and head-to-head confrontations. But the Club must go on. We don't split off, save for one episode long ago. The real split at any given minute is between the individual or clique that is trying to execute a project and Everybody Else who is milling and talking and slowing things down and otherwise getting in the way. About a third of this Everybody Else is people trying to complete their own projects, of course.

And while we don't have, um, New York Lawyers among us, we have a brace of Librarians such as Bruce Pelz and Fred Patten and records-oriented fans like Dan Alderson, Phil Castora and the late El Baker. This further dictated a formal fanzine.

Don Fitch emerges as the unsung hero of APA L. Or perhaps we should use the term Unrecognized Father. In addition to bringing us the out-of-towners, he brought a printed cover (a seedy Metzger bistro scene, done in Don's print class and title added by Don's own press) for the first Distribution, plus a means of reproduction, of the gelatin persuasion, for the TOC.

When it appeared that all the contributions had arrived that first



Dian took them, the hekto, the typewriter which Redd Boggs had dashed now for, and disappeared into the kitchen of the playground building where we met. There she typed the TOC while Owen Hannifen collated under her supervision.

And the Collating and the Distributing were the First Disty. And LASFS looked at it, and found that 20 copies wasn't quite enough.

Like APA F, APA L has always been free -- no dues. But APA L's distinguishing features were present from birth. Expensive covers, the TOC produced at the time of collation, out-of-town contributors, formal assembly done by specialized henchmen under the supervision of an Official Collator, the sequestering of the materials in a special room, and the fact that the copy count would have to be raised.

New York called their product Mailings because APAs had mailings. LASFS decided the product was distributed and we called them Distributions or Distys, despite the fact that we mailed out more than APA F.

Page count that first week was 29 Gilbert had Scams and couldn't contribute, so he postmailed two pages everyone over the weekend. Dian rature it was official, but that nature postmailings would be allowed recognized.

Gilbert was so eager to contribute that we had some fun with him about Disty 32. There was a power struggle among the completists -- bert, Pelz, Pailes and Patten -- the only one who contributed ever time and to be the only one with plots run. We made secret agreement to publish a fractional Disty at next LASFS Sunday picnic, just so would break his string of perfect tendance. Oh, his frantic scurry around when he found that people brought special L-sines, oh his pful pleadings, his attempts to fi hekto, oh the unfairness of it all. The fact that almost everything w be reprinted in the next regular disty.

Why it was almost as merry as the next picnic, when Gilbert, who Suspected All, brought a hekto. By

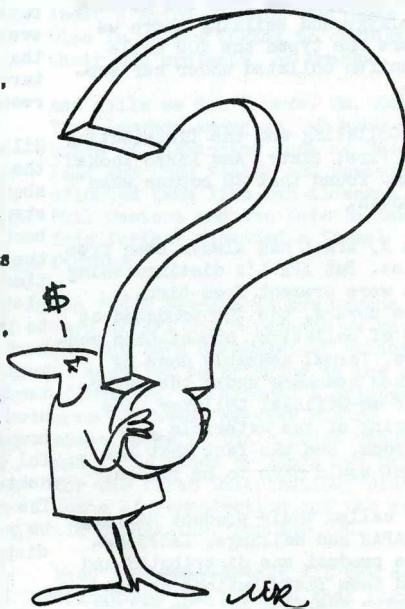


this time he was Assistant Collator. But he left the hekto in the car, it was a hot day, and the hekto melted. D*O*O*M!

Unlike APA F, APA L never attracted genzines or APAzines, though an occasional page leaks in from the CULT. But we used to have inclusions stapled or taped onto pages, things such as the monthly Baskin Robbins Ice Cream flavors, political tracts, public announcements that were of interest to fans, grocery recipe cards for indispensable dishes such as Quick Creamed Crab, even a Santa Monica College telephone directory. At picnic Fractional Disties, we had inclusions such as small bags of potato chips. When we reached and maintained 100 or ore pages, however, which required two-page TOGS, it was due to purely genuine Lzines.

Theoretically, APA L serves as a means to tell newcomers about LASFS -- though it could be argued this can only confuse them more -- and an opportunity to get into print themselves. Surely it does function as a permanent record of LASFS events and trivia. Harry Warner comments that APA L sheds light on events far removed from Los Angeles. It's any easy way to start fanpublishing, it's free, and it's a showcase for new talent. It further ensures that LASFS will be eternal. It has to be, to keep APA L going!

For it also has vigor. APA F faded and died, even though some LASFS-ians returned the favor and contributed to it -- each APA gained more members from the other. APA L itself succumbed to mafia and was given a decent burial in March, 1968. But though we thought it had laid an egg, the phoenix rekindled that October and has gone strong since. Other clubs, inspired by our success have started their own biweekly or monthly APAs, notably APA PI in the



Bay Area, and MINNEAPA.

Even, for awhile, VALAPA. The metropolitan area LASFS draws on its large, immesene, sprawling, spread out, enormous, big even. There was a club, the Valsfa, or Valley Science Fiction Association. Which Valley? Any valley, but that wasn't the point. It was more a party type fancub meeting on, ahem, alternate Fridays. Dwein Kaiser was a wheel in it until he was defeated in an election which made the I CHING the official ruler of the VALSFA.

To give a partial list of what has been of interest in APA L, the First Incarnation was notable for Ejo and Don Simpson art, an excerpt from PHOENIX PRIME, the first of Ted White's Desert-Survival-cum-Subway trilogy about Gar, Bruce Pelz on Feuding, and the principal bone of contention, Objectivism.

It wasn't that Objectivism was such a bad philosophy or that its theories were so dogmatic. It was espoused by Baker and Stine, and they were gigantic figures of fun, easy to disgruntle and deride. John Boardman and Len Bales were among those who took them on. Oh, and Bill Blackbeard also, but he gaffiated into editing Jaybird magazines.

Nobody was certain whether my cartoon critters, the Objectivist Mutated Mouse Musicians, were pro or anti comments on Bandism. All that was known was that they carried their m'tah horns and had unpronounceable names, language, and, um, habits. It was also unresolved whether terms like Umbrask'm and Ghidghid referred to sexual activity or to music.

In our second year we acquired Johnny Chambers (of Little Green Dinosaur fame) and Tom Digby, who has continued to pour his incredible musical and thought-scrambling talents into our microsm. Digby deserves a wider audience. He is the alien robot in Larry Niven's "What Can You Say About Chocolate Covered Manhole Covers," who suggested not only the title but a new form

of iceskating: you strap cakes of ice to your shoes and skate on a field of razor blades.

When we Renaissanceed, we picked Tim Kirk and a certain Ed Buchas to whom we are indebted for the words "Putrid" and "Ook ook" for time, and who collaborated with Roger Hill and Dan Alderson to give us "Road Thingies". These are cartoons which show a road leading to a horizon line, a cactus, and, usually, a sun and roadsign.

Now, while the hists assuredly on coming, is this all good? Pp nly too good? Are there no draw

The first creeb came, from all people, Dian. She grew tired of icomplaints from the contributors and she gave over the collating to Fred Patten. He has done very well with it since, being relieved of longish stretches first by Dwein Kaiser, and later by Phil Casto

And when the Copy Count was raised from 30 to 35, Dian miffed and edited a new zine with a new title, available only in 30 copies and offered to the collator. Bruce grotched and tried the same thing but eventually gave in and returned to the distribution. The last time he did that, about two years ago, Phil Castora, Official Collator at the time, got an idea. He took a copy of Bruce's zine home, restyled it, and ran off enough copies to include in the next week's count. Bruce could not continue his position in the face of such a gesture and returned to the fold, and even got to grotch later on when the count was hiked to 65. It is now 70 and is routinely hiked to a hundred for Westerecons and local Worldcons, where LASFS traditionally meets if it includes a Thursday night.

Next is a quasi-creeb. Every so often, someone asks fondly "What revive SHAGGY?" There are three

pressing reasons not to; notably Apathy and Money. SHAGGY requires more man-hours than LASFSians will donate, and we (i.e., Bruce) would rather not divert money that would go to the Building Fund into a mere clubzine. Especially when we have APA L. "But APA L drains all the talent that could be used to put out SHAGGY!" comes the protest. "And vice versa," is the killing rejoinder. Finally, SHAGGY would require a strong editor with literary standards, some devoted soul with man-hours to burn. Ken Rudolph isn't interested anymore, and Mike Glycer has his own zine anyway.

APA L is an easier regimen for the discovery of Potential Talent than SHAGGY, being less prepossessing. Great and Unsuspected Wordage has emerged from slumbering potential along with the fitful stumblings into print of otherwise humble and inoffensive fans. Here, preserved for posterity in pulp, are the personal diaries of the loquacious, the fiscal records of the club (no one pays much attention to the Treasury Report during meetings, since Bruce runs everything through APA L; in fact, Bruce has amused himself by reading aloud obsolete reports, and few thought anything was amiss.) and a plethora of art in mimeo, ditto, silkscreen and offset. We even had a bas-relief title on white plastic, ala the Beatles album. Poetry, politics, special pleadings and even stranger thought processes...and Dave never did finish telling us that subway story.

Thirdly, there is the matter of expense and logistics for the out-of-towners. The original New York crew expanded but later thinned out and left due to the cost and time pressures of getting the Disty in time to comment on it the same day, run off pages, and airmail them back to LA in time for the next Disty. Still, we have had regulars from the Bay Area, Chicago, Pennsylvania (where Ted Johnstone is often in residence), Massachusetts, and places where the hand of zip code has never set foot, such as Holland and Australia, Gren North of the Arctic Circle. We have attracted many of these, such as Len Bales and Ruth Berman, to settle here. For awhile, Kees Van Toorn joined us at the Heidelberg Worldcon and has since made two trips to LA to visit us...thereby adding new meaning to the term "airmail expenses."

So the out-of-towner chooses between airmail, firstclass, and magazine/bookrate time lags and thus is in step with, or one or more disties behind, the rest of us.

And finally there is the matter of the space and bulk of the disty itself. You can imagine 70 copies of, say, 60 pages (40 separate sheets) plus paraphernalia, in a small room. It means the room must be given completely over to Fred Patten. Before the meeting it's a convenient place to display his WONDERWORLD*BOOKSHOP comix, Asterix books, and other domestic and imported graphic goodies. During the meeting he shoos people out so he can organized the pages into a tasteful and esthetic presentation rather than lumping large amounts of one color of paper together haphazardly (Look, I don't have time to explain everything here, so don't ask, don't ask) and have space for the collators to work in. And after the meeting as well, to distribute the final product.

This effectively removes Fred from half the meeting...a pity since he is one of the more sensible if less talk-oriented people at the club. Our mild-mannered friend disappears into the ~~public~~ Library and din of our bungalow clubhouse to type the TOC and guess at zine titles or complex instructions that contributors don't always inform him about. Adding the roster of social events that are going on for the month in

and around LA, takes him onto a second page. It means more mini-complains but if he ever stopped doing it, I'd look for other Biblical Signs that the Last Days are upon us.

The Collators I can understand. Hard-working mammals, all. The simple tinue of collating can be a blessed relief from the noise of the meeting or an uninspired program, a chance to talk in a less decibal-filled atmosphere, and an opportunity for advance egoscaning.

To egoscan is human, to collate, divine...

Eventually the disty is all collated under Dan Alderson's inspection. Except for the cover which Fred has stashed somewhere. And except for two-page TOC which Jim Hollander cranks out on his prewar ditto. A few Trusted Few adds this all together and hands it to Fred, who bangs in heavy duty staples. All done!

Well...there remains the queusing up for copies. While APA L is theoretically available to all attendees, there is precedence and a sort of Rationing Board.

If attendance is light, everyone is assured of a copy and there are extras left over. If the house is packed with 65 or more present, as it commonly is, Fred makes sure that Contributors and Guests get copies, and that collators are favored over those not invoked, and that recent past contributors are considered for copies. Agents pick up copies for their out-of-town clients. (Or even the in-towners who have schedule conflicts, or the Trimbles, can't bear to come to the new, larger, noisier LASFS.) And always, always, Dan Alderson marks down on his pad who contributed, who collated, and who else got copies, whether complete or incomplete.

Then it isn't really over. Now we read, read, read, chuckle, snicker, snarl, snort and type, type, type for the next week.

For we have our place in Fanhistory and as Fanhistory. A humble place, don't you forget it! Or you too may wind up in a weekly APA.

The first issue is free, see, to, um, incline you to contribute next week. You only have to pub a page or two, that's easy, right? Why, Jim Hollander (1032 Kagawa, Pacific Palisades CA 90272) would be delighted take on another client, mimeo or ditto!

And you can say anything you like, or even ask what "Ook ook slobber drool" means in LASFS. The rush is terrific. The rush to get your page in on time, that is.

But you don't have to worry about airmail, do you kid? You'll never get hooked, never have to buy a Gestetner, never have to slipsheet, I can assure. Besides, by the time you are hooked, there'll be Agents all over and it's gonna be legal anyway...

Maybe even mandatory...

Anniversary Numerology: Forty years and counting. From the dawn of the Science Fiction League to the threshold of APA L's 500th Disty. What of the next forty years? What of the future of science fiction? Aljo Svoboda's 2/20/73 contribution to APA L 406 describes....

Aljo Svoboda: → How it will

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(1) A mutilated and scarred corpse is found, riddled and bloody with staples. The body is dead. Does the fact that the body was found at a science fiction convention signify anything?

(2) The days of fandom are obviously numbered, and this is the second. (3) On closer examination, it is discovered that the staples have been driven in with some sort of blunt instrument. A stake is also discovered in the chest of the victim. (4) The first suspect is brought in and confronted with the body. He says wonderingly, "Is that what happens when you gafiate?"

(5) Fandom has now advanced to a level where it is possible to communicate with even the most incoherent.

(6) Fandom, hearing of the death, awards a posthumous Hugo for "The Best Gafiation Ever." (7) When the Secretary-Treasurer of FAPA is indicted for the embezzlement of over one million dollars from the FAPA Treasury, no one seems surprised. Really. (8) The second suspect decides that the feud is over, but denies the existence of the murdered fan.

(9) Fandom is mature. No one knows about it, though. Yet.

(10) The third suspect desires anonymity. Let's call him, say, Mike Glycer or John Smith. He admits membership in The CULT, but says that proves his guilt, not his innocence.

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(11) An anonymous donation of one million dollars to the Guffhead of the Year Contest in the name of A Well-Known Gafiate quiets everyone down. LASFS divides the money and ceases to exist as a club, though the bicycle urchins continue to meet every Thursday night.

(12) The staples are removed from the body of A Well-Known Gafiate, and the autopsy reveals the fact that the body died. (13) Twonk's Disease is suspected, and large numbers of fans turn up for inoculation. (14) Don't these fans do crazy things? Or so said A Well-Known Gafiate at his last interview. But at least the murder is cleared up (as is most of fandom's acne). We now know it is from natural causes, though foul play is also suspected. (15) Fandom has now reached its peak.

(16) Once upon a time, there was a fan, but after much deliberation, he decided to gafiate. His name was Charles Burbee, and this fact will become more important later on.

All Fall Apart- *counting to forty...*

(17) No one is really sure that this is the Golden Age, but they write good stuff anyway. So it must be. (18) It becomes fashionable to fold fanzines diagonally, and type with your feet. (19) Unheard-of degrees of eloquence are reached and (20) it is rumored that crudzines are no longer published except as a way of life. (21) Others call it a hobby.

(22) Where can we go from here but down.

(23) The long end of fandom comes about. (24) We are about to fall apart. (25) A nationwide panic begins as fans begin to realize the end is near. Feuds are hastily terminated by some of the more nervous. (26) A few brave fans deny that anything has happened, and continue to bring news to LASFS meetings, even though the last one was several years ago. Everyone is tired, though, and they are ignored. (27) Once upon a time there was a fan, but he re-considered and decided not to be one in the first place.

(28) Publishers of 23 Hugowinning fanzines put out their last issues, saying that they have no more time for trivia. The panic spreads.

(29) The crudzine occurs once more as a frantic revival of old fannish traditions. (30) The murderer repents, and joins the newly-revived Cosmic Circle, headed by a Well-Known Gafiate, who is now a figurehead. He lives in seclusion, except for the fans who visit him every once in awhile. (31) Now it is time for a hero to arise. We don't need another Messiah. (32) Charles Burbee begins to publish again, heroically deciding to save fandom.

(33) Richard Bergeron is put into deepfreeze, to be revived when we know how. (34) Charles Burbee wins the Hugo this year, unanimously, except for a few dissenters.

(35) Charles Burbee puts fandom into deepfreeze, except for a few dissenters. He's a great guy. Who else would have thought of it. And (36). (37) Tidying up a few loose ends, Charles Burbee comes upon a vicious attack on A Well-Known Gafiate.

(38) Sensing heavy symbolism, he staples it to death.

(39) Bob Tucker is rumored to be alive. "Somewhere in Southern France." (40) It falls apart.

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40

Anniversary Numerology: Forty years and counting. From the dawn of the Science Fiction League to the threshold of APA L's 500th Disty. What of the next forty years? What of the future of science fiction? Aljo Svoboda's 2/20/73 contribution to APA L 406 describes....

Aljo Svoboda: → **How it will**

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(1) A mutilated and scarred corpse is found, riddled and bloody with staples. The body is dead. Does the fact that the body was found at a science fiction convention signify anything?

(2) The days of fandom are obviously numbered, and this is the second. (3) On closer examination, it is discovered that the staples have been driven in with some sort of blunt instrument. A stake is also discovered in the chest of the victim. (4) The first suspect is brought in and confronted with the body. He says wonderingly, "Is that what happens when you gaffiate?"

(5) Fandom has now advanced to a level where it is possible to communicate with even the most incoherent.

(6) Fandom, hearing of the death, awards a posthumous Hugo for "The Best Gaffiation Ever." (7) When the Secretary-Treasurer of FAPA is indicted for the embezzlement of over one million dollars from the FAPA Treasury, no one seems surprised. Really. (8) The second suspect decides that the feud is over, but denies the existence of the murdered fan.

(9) Fandom is mature. No one knows about it, though. Yet.

(10) The third suspect desires anonymity. Let's call him, say, Mike Glyer or John Smith. He admits membership in The CULT, but says that proves his guilt, not his innocence.

(11) An anonymous donation of one million dollars to the Guffhead of the Year Contest in the name of A Well-Known Gaffiate quiets everyone down. LASFS divides the money and ceases to exist as a club, though the bicycle urchins continue to meet every Thursday night.

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((On the other hand, it isn't all sunshine all the time, as exemplified by Matthew Tepper's comment on the pagecount of 445; from APA L 446))

My, what a tiny wisp of an APA L we turned out last week! By virtue of a mere six pages, I'm afraid I became the TLB of the time... Surely we can all do MUCH better this week. Can't we, boys and girls (and Ed)? Yes we can! Just sit down in front of your typers, kids, and say to yourselves, "I think I can, I think I can," and pretty soon you'll be saying "I know I can, I know I can," and before you know what's happening, baby, you'll have gafiated! If this goes on I might as well have my APA L's mailed up to me stapled to a postcard... Not that I like centsy-teantsy fanzines, you realize, but when APA L gets to the size where it could be lost under a medium-size donut, well, then we'd better try to get back on the ball.

