

ZAP!

The Perennial One-Shot

Issue # 1

Commemorating

The LASFS 1957 Fanquet

Held in honor
of

Forrest J Ackerman

It is also the first nervous step of a relative
neo into the publishing and editing field. So give the
pair of us a reasonable chance, and remember; you, too,
were once a neo-fan.

Now, the purpose of this mag is to
fill a need which has long been felt. As you should know
there are two main types of fanzines; the regulars and
the one-shots. ZAP! is a cross between the two; that is
it will be a recurring one-shot, recurring only on occa-
sions of the greatest fannish value. We will cover con-
ventions, ~~historical~~ historical meetings, ventures, and all
like that there. This coverage will occasionally attempt
to be humorous, but have patience and soon a fact or two
will shine thru the obscuring clouds of wit.

Our editorial
policy is simple: we are in favor of everything. This is
the ultimate liberal magazine. If you have something
under 1000 words which nobody else will accept, ~~send it to us.~~
~~send it to us.~~ send it to us. We won't promise to ac-
cept it, but try us anyway.

This issue is rather a test
case, to see if such a thing as ZAP! is feasible. It is
relating the goings-on at the LASPS banquet, held March
23, 1957, to honor Forrest J Ackerman. How this came to
be is related in the body of the text.

There is no tabl
of contents as there aren't enuf to matter.

If you have any
compliments or donations, send them to Ted Johnstone,
1503 Rollin St., South Pasadena, California. If you have
any insults, keep them to yourself--if you can't say some-
thing nice, shut up.

The purpose of this mag is stated
above. Now its reason for existing is really quite dif-
ferent. ZAP! was created entirely by Ted Johnstone, en-
tirely for egoboo. He was tired of waiting years for
somebody else to start a fanzine for him to co-edit, and
finally decided to strike out on his own into the track-
less desert of fanac. He will, therefore, appreciate any
sage advice which will help him on his way; such as where
to get paper cheap, where to get stencils cheap, where to
get stamps cheap...

But enough of editorializing; and be-
sides, we're running out of stencil. So on with the Fanquet!

REMEMBER THE WIDOW WHO WORE BLACK GARTERS

ZAP #1 was written by Ted Johnstone
edited by " "
published by " "
based on an original idea created by " "
assisted by Rick Sneary

I suppose it all started at the 1015th meeting of LASFS when somebody said, "It's getting pretty close to Banquet time. Who are we going to honor this year?" Forry took the floor and explained in a few hundred well-chosen words that, due to conditions beyond his control, somebody from LASFS had broken into the pro field during the last year. Great was the consternation when this news was broken to the little group, and it began to look as tho' the tradition would have to be broken and the Banquet passed up this year. There was a suggestion from the floor that we hold the Banquet anyway without honoring anyone in particular, but this turned out to have originated from a seedy-looking individual who lived in the room upstairs and just wanted us to finish the meeting so he could get some sleep. He was promptly expelled and a serious note once more prevailed.

At the following meeting, the fruit of a week of thought was plucked, and Len Moffatt came forth with the dazzling idea that this year's dinner be held to honor a great fan who had led LASFS thru thick and thin, always donating his time and money, working constantly for fandom and never complaining.... In short, Forrest J Ackerman! Forry slipped him a ten dollar bill as he sat down and the motion was seconded and passed unanimously.

Over the next few weeks plans were laid and ideas hatched. It was eventually decided that the dinner was to be held at TAIXS, a little french restaurant at 321 E. Commercial St. in L. A. After the usual pun from our director, prices were mentioned and invitations were arranged for.

It turned out that TAIXS (rhymes with haze) was one of Forry's favorite eating places, which may or may not have been the reason it was chosen. The dinner was to be held on Saturday, March 23, at 7:30 in the evening. The invitations were typed up by the junior committeeman, and mailed by the secretary a week before the affair. (At the 1020th meeting it was agreed that the name "Banquet" referred only to the dinner held to honor new writers, and as such was not applicable to this one. So it was renamed The Banquet In Honor of Forrest J Ackerman.) About 200 of these invitations were sent out, and plans were made at the restaurant to accommodate about 100 customers. (Personally, I think they were taking an awful chance, but apparently it worked out all right.)

So, one week before the dinner all was well. I had duplicated 100 copies of the two club songs, all prepared to hand around after the meal and to be sung to the guest of honor. (These songs, just as they were sung at the Ackermanquet, are now yours. The next-to-the-last page in this issue is covered on

They will also be presented in an upcoming issue of the magazine, now edited by George W. Fields. (I have to put in a plug for old "He'll be great by '58" George.)

* * *

The thing finally got under way. As the California sun set on a lovely day, descending slowly behind the oil tanks to the west, a group of strange people could have been seen converging on a quaint-looking restaurant on the east side of Los Angeles. The crowd began to filter into the little banquet room about 6:30.

The room was a typical small hall, about 60 X 20 feet, lit with six plain globe chandeliers, filled with a pall of blue smoke which thickened as the evening wore on until, by the end of the evening, the waiters were being guided on their rounds by radar beacons. All modern conveniences were supplied, including a whole table full of liquor at one end of the room, manned by a very obliging fellow; and a dozen shapely waitresses.

The crowd grew, and grew, and grew. The LASFS secretary, George W. Fields (here he is again), was busily bounding around the room extorting \$2.25 from one and all in return for a little pasteboard ticket which simply said "PAID" on it. I hovered near the door, pressing a copy of my song sheet on everyone who passed within my reach. This continued until 7:30, when people began to seek seats and food. By 7:35 everyone was seated; talking, drinking, and devouring the table decorations which fortunately consisted of french bread, radishes, and olives instead of wax fruit.

When famine relief finally arrived, in the form of delicious onion - pea soup, it became clear what the \$2.25 was for. The waitresses delivered the bowls and the rumble of ~~the~~ conversation died away and was replaced by a sound vaguely reminiscent of a storm at sea for the next five minutes. Then the remains were removed, and at 8 o'clock exactly the second course, a plate of spaghetti and green beans, arrived. Then, at 8:15, came the steak! A large, tender, juicy spencer steak, with french fries half-an-inch thick, and doneto a turn. It was accompanied by a small salad. As the meal progressed, minds began slowly to turn from food back to conversation. A sample rumor which was circulating in my vicinity was to the effect that our spies in the Council for the International Geophysical Year were going to have SOUTH GATE IN '58 painted around the outside of the satellite. To my left, George W. Fields (him again?) was counting his money while pouring sugar into his coffee directly from the screw-top container. Unfortunately, just as he shook it impatiently, the lid gave up its brave struggle and slid happily into his cup, along ~~with~~ the rest of the contents. Money went

All was calm, and the champing of powerful jaws had died away and become lost in the growing current of conversation by 8:50, so Barney Bernard, our current director, stood, picked up a glass, and beat upon it for silence. When the crowd quieted, he introduced our emcee for the evening, Ed M. Clinton, Jr.

Ed picked up a microphone some far-thinking person had left handy, and introduced the fanquet committee (applause) and Forry's mother (more applause). Just then a one-man delegation consisting of Ea Loring Ware (the guy whom there is one of in every crowd) came up, wanting to tell him that nobody back of the fifth row could hear a word he was saying and to for Pete's sake turn on the microphone. (Pete was a hard-of-hearing fellow near the rear.) After these little troubles were cleared up, A. E. Van Vogt was introduced.

He told us
Forry likes ALL Science Fiction --Van Vogt
some dark secrets from Forry's past, such as the time he was selling "wetback" science fiction to some Mexican magazines. Then he confessed that it was he who was directly responsible for Forry's charging his ~~clients~~ clients postage. He was chased from the floor by some ~~staring~~ authors and Ed introduced Helen M. Urban.

Helen had a little speech prepared in which she classified all critics into three genera. The first, Criticus Explicitus, was all too rare. This was the man who, when criticizing a story, would go straight to the point and tell the author what was wrong. The second type, Criticussed Avis Tangentus, would start off criticizing the story, and then get onto his pet subject and ride it for a while. The third genus was represented by only one member: Forrest J Ackerman. He will listen politely to your story, and then with just a nod, or a glance from under his furrowed brows, or just a raised eyebrow can tell you what is wrong with your story and give you a suggestion on how to repair it. This type she classified as the Critikiss Agentus Optorialis, and bussed Forry soundly before she sat down.

The next speaker was Chriss Neville. In his soft southern accents, he commented that Forry probably had more ex-friends than anyone else because everyone had walked on him.

The next few speakers followed in rapid succession. EEEvans said that although Forry had sold his first story, and his first novel, he had not yet sold a screenplay for him. But he admitted that he still liked him anyway. Eph Koningsberg told a tale of a time when he had taken a

1
Ferry at his famous home; the reformer-
ship. They were greeted royally and shown all over the
house and treated as honored guests. Dotty Faulkner
(Grandma the Demon) told how she had first become inter-
ested in actifandom thru Forry's answer to a letter of
hers. Mark Clifton was introduced, stood up, and sat
down again as did Dean Ing. Fred Schroyer simply said
"One hell of a good man" --Fred Schroyer
some straightforward compliments and sat down,

Then Rick
Sneary was introduced. He took the mike and said that
the best things he could say he had already said in his
letter seconding Forry's nomination to the TAFF fund.
The main point of his highly complimentary article was
"Forry represents the finest things in fandom" --RS
that Forry would certainly be the best representative
we could choose to send. This magazine hereby goes on
record as favoring this statement.

Len Moffatt empha-
sized the fact that he was an off-the-cuff speaker by
pulling a sheaf of notes out of his cuff before star-
ting. First he told a droll tale of what happened when
Forry strolled into a Legion of Decency meeting with
some of his great collection of fantastic magazines un-
der his arm (Playboy, Escapade, Caper....); and then said
that Forry actually was going to start editing a mag of
his own soon; the tentative name is the ZILCH Digest and
the cover (or uncover) story of the first issue is "I
Was A Coy For The Department Of Agriculture."

After the
audience had recovered from this, the oldest member of
LASFS, Dr. Adolf De Castro, stood. He is 98 years young
and looks a ~~wok~~ well - preserved 70. He told us that
"The salt of the earth" --Dr. De Castro
he was very sorry he had stopped writing fantasy before
Forry was born, and quoted from the Hebrew sages The
legend of the Student and the King, "The King asked the
Student, 'Is it better to have knowlege or riches?' And
the Student replied, 'I would rather be among the learn-
ed than have all the wealth in the world.' You are
writers.... You have my heart." As he returned to his
seat, a great old man recieved a standing ovation.

We were
dropped from this plane by the next speaker, Evelyin
Gold, just divorced from H. L., of Galaxy. She admitted
"I don't have a bloody thing to say", but she complimen-
ted Forry and resumed her chair.

Sam Merwin, who looks
like a large economy size Peter Lorre, related how he
met Forry, in the midst of a friendly legal battle over
the rights to the old "Wonder Story"s.

Then our emcee
took over the mike once more. He told us how most men have

...some stories which "muck" in which they treat of me
during some day. "Ferry", he continued, "is particu-
larly fortunate in being able to actually live what he
likes best. So the only way I can introduce him to you
is as "That most happy fella, Forrest J Ackerman." and
handed him the mike.

Ferry stood, and began by compar-
ing this dinner to This Is Your Life. He said that he
had been expecting his old school friend, Jules Verne,
to step from behind a curtain. After the laughter had
died down, he added that he hadn't really known Jules
in school, "Actually, he was already in college when I
was just starting kindergarten." He then introduced his

Behind every man stands a woman...

charming wife, Wendy, in passing, and went on to explain
that Ray Bradbury hadn't been able to come to the dinner
because a new country, Ghana, had just been created,
where he had never sold and stories, and was home busily
writing up new translations for Africa. (Darkest Carni-
val; The Martian Crocodiles...) Then he said that many
people in the SF field weren't really happy with what
they were doing. For instance, you might think that Ray
Bradbury was happy, lots of money in the bank, famous,
popular; but he's really not. His lifetime ambition
had always been to become a T V repairman. And Chris
Neville wasn't happy either. He had always wanted to
be a wine taster. Even A.E. Van Vogt had a secret de-
sire. He wouldn't really be happy unless he had side-
burns, an electric guitar, and a hound dog. "The A.
we always knew stood for Alfred. But the E? Elvis!"
Then Ferry admitted even he wasn't really happy... He
had always wanted to be a masseuse in the YWCA. He men-
tioned the shameful fact that he was writing a column
for Palmer's Other Worlds, reviewing films, and his la-
test column had been rejected because he had called one
picture "only Fair". This was The Return Of The
Burp or It Came From Inner Space. Just then a messen-
ger boy dashed up the aisle bearing a special delivery
letter for Ferry. He said that he was expecting a check
for a manuscript he had just submitted, and this was

Unfortunately, behind that woman is usually his wife!
probably it. He opened the envelope while all the aud-
ience waited, held it up, and a shower of paper scraps
descended over him. "Didn't even return the paper clip!"
Ferry exclaimed. He shook it again, and a book of match-
es fell out.

Having finished his speech, Ferry put the
microphone down and began a circuit about the audience,
talking to and about various people. He began with Tor
Johnson, who was there disguised as Yul Brinner. Tor,
who has been in uncountable horror pictures and used to
wrestle under the name of the Swedish Angel, was intro-
duced as "the only man who had ever beaten me indiar
wrestling four falls out of three". Another comment was
made concerning Chris Neville, to the effect that a film
biography of him was being made, under the title of The
Incredible Drinking Man.

After he completed his remarks, Forry picked up the mike again and told us about Campbell's latest project, the Hieronymous machine, a psionic detector. He then said that he had discovered a new type of psionic machine, the Geronimo machine. He picked a beautiful starlet out of the audience, and proceeded to [REDACTED]

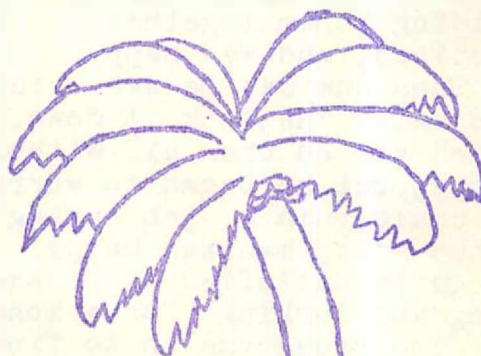
DELETED BY CENSOR

After the place had quieted down, Ed Clinton took over the mike again and introduced me. Much to my surprise, it seemed I was expected to lead the group in the two songs. So I took Forry's pen for a baton, and despite some interference from Larry Ware, who was never satisfied with the current rhythm, finally finished and the dinner ended at 10:15.

Most of the people went home, but about fifteen die-hards went on to TIP'S, over on Wilshire Blvd. and sat around recovering for almost three more hours. Unfortunately, my notes stop at this point, and all I can remember is Sam Merwin on my left telling about how he finally killed off Sgt. Saturn; and Helen Urban, on my right trading dirty jokes across the table with some fellow whose name I didn't catch. Forry was down at the far end of the table, having a serious discussion with several adoring fans.

Finally, about 1:00 A.M., even this broke up, and we all staggered home to sleep till noon.

#HELP LIFEMANSHIP#



Max

Well, we have a whole page left over. That can only be explained as poor planning. But now we have a chance to tell you

THE STORY OF THE AMBITIOUS YOUNG MAN

Once, several years ago, there was a very ambitious young man. Now ambition is usually a virtue, but in this young man it was carried almost beyond the point of sanity, because, when doing a job, he wanted passionately to do it faster and more efficiently than anyone else. This, however it increased the quantity of his work, played hob with his quality.

This young man had had several years experience with a group of house painters and had increased their efficiency terrifically. But, after teaching them carefully to use a cement mixer to mix their colors in, he began to step beyond the bounds of decency. So one day, when the boss found him painting a large wall with a three foot wide push broom, he fired him. (This was before paint sprayers were invented.)

Well, the young man, tho rather unhappy, was not worried. He was sure that his efficiency would quickly get him another job. Sure enough, at the first place he applied, a bakery, he was hired at once. Their bread slicer had quit to join the army the day before, and bread was having to be delivered unsliced. (This was also before the days of automatic bread slicers.)

Our young man was very happy about this job, as he immediately saw a way to make his work more efficient. As soon as he had learned to slice one loaf neatly and well, he began taking two loaves, side by side, and slicing them together. His output doubled. His boss noticed, and was happy. Soon, tho, this began to pall. Then one day he saw a larger knife hanging on the kitchen wall. He took it down, set three loaves side by side, and sliced them all without a slip. The boss was still happy, but he began to worry. He had heard that this lad could ruin a job trying to do it faster. Apparently the young man was happy. And so he was. But he was not quite satisfied. He searched the shop for days, looking and looking for a longer knife. Then -- he found it. The boss came in to find him dancing around the floor. "What are you so happy about?" asked the boss. "Today is my lucky day," cried the young man. "I just found a four-loaf cleaver!"

--- SOUTH GATE IN 1955 ---

Note accompanying the Battle Hymn of the Fanation. The verses marked C were written by Con Paderson for the OUTLANDER in 1950. For the Ackermanquet, these verses were exhumed and Rick Sneary and I dashed off a couple of verses each. I rearranged the verses and updated a line here and there, but left the rest alone. Well, what do you expect from Ed, Gilbert and Sullivan? --Taj

THE NATIONAL FANTASY
by Con Pedersen, Rick Sneary, and Ted Johnstone

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Fan
He is trampling out the places with Astounding on the stand
His fantasy collection is the greatest in the land
Forrest J goes marching on CP

Forry, Forry hallelujah
Forry, Forry hallelujah
Forry, Forry hallelujah
Forrest J goes marching on

I have seen him in the bookshelves in a hundred local stores
Adding to the great collection which is flowing from his doors
He shall rule the world of acti-fans for now and ever more
Forrest J goes marching on TJ
(chorus)

In the famous Ackermansion not a bit of room will show
For books and pics and magazines both amateur and pro
Not even for a mirror just to watch his tendrils grow
Forrest J goes marching on CP
(chorus)

We tremble in the presence of Fandom's number one
Lest he loose the frightful lightning of his terrible swift
His hoard of imitators will soon be on the run /pus
Forrest J goes marching on RS
(chorus)

Our Ackerman is the victim of a host of ghastly schemes
Where lesser men would break and run he just stands there and
The they think that they will conquer he will chase them beams
Forrest J goes marching on / in their dreams
(chorus) CP/TJ

He is the agent for a host of writers near and far
His action can decide between a failure and a star
And woe betide his clients if he's feeling under par
Forrest J goes marching on TJ
(chorus)

In Hollywood he's an expert on their alien planet scenes
He has seen them all a million times in all his fannish dreams
In his eyes you can see the distant future brightly gleam
Forrest J goes marching on RS
(chorus)

Without a mind to guide them and without a dime to spare
Dick Shaver takes the low road while Ray Palmer tears his hair
They have felt the mighty vengeance of the Weaver in his lair
Forrest J goes marching on CP
(chorus)

While South Sherbourne echoes wildly in the city of L A
With people owing money and without a dime to pay
Their Ackerman will reign until their hair is grizzled grey
Forrest J goes marching on CP
(chorus)

When Atomigeddon's over and the sweeping up's begun
When Man deserts the planet and humanity is gone
In science fiction fandom he will still be number one
Forrest J goes marching on CP
(chorus)

THE FANNENPOOF SONG
(The LASFS Alma Mater)
By
Ted Johnstone

From the bookshelves up at Ferry's
To the place where LASFS dwells,
Down to Tip's, the dear old bar we love so well,
Sing the sercon fans assembled
With their zap-guns raised on high,
And the magic of their singing casts it's spell.
Yes, the magic of their singing of the songs we love so well,
"The Cool Green Hills", The Fanthem, and the rest.
We will serenade our Ferry while life and voice shall last,
Till we gasp and be forgotten with the rest.

We're poor little fans
Who have lost our way,
Baa, baa, baag
We're little black creeps
Who have gone astray,
Baa, baa, baa.
Sci-Fi fans all are we,
Doomed from here to Infinity.
Fee-foo have mercy on such as we,
Baa, baa, baa.

SINCE THE BACK PAGE ALWAYS
COMES OFF FANZINES, WE ARE
NOT GOING TO PUT ANYTHING
IMPORTANT ON OURS. EXCEPT

-REMEMBER-

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AFTER ALL, YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN.

If you should want to receive the next issue (and if you don't, you know what we think of you) send your order to : TED JOHNSTONE, 1503 Rollin St., South Pasadena, California, sometime before July, '57 Don't forget to enclose money.

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1503 Rollin St.
South Pasadena,
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To Len & Anna Moffatt

5969 Lento St

Bell Gardens, Calif

CONTENTS : Nothing worth worrying about,
Just duplicated fannish foofaraw.
We aren't trying to subvert anything.
Honest! (Atomic secrets on page 17)