



Published by Bruce Pelz
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Howdah

Another year shot to hell. A few things accomplished, I guess.

There were low points -- various losses which didn't affect me as much as the fact that they didn't affect me very much. Couldn't afford to go to TorCon, and I'll never know if my absence lost the NASFiC bid. I doubt it; I'm considerably less tactful than Milt, for one thing. Oh, well, now I can go to Australia with less time-difficulty.

My father died in early December, in Florida, and I didn't go back for the funeral. Don't like funerals, and avoid them as much as possible, for one thing, and there was too much distance, geographical and otherwise, between my parents and me. He was 67, and an insurance man originally from the New York area until we moved to Florida in 1950. He was liked widely in his professional and social circles, though the latter were never very large, and had semi-retired to the Gulf Beaches several years ago. We got along quite well, but never had anything in common in the way of interests or attitudes, and I last saw him when I visited Indian Rocks Beach in 1970. Several relatives have told me how impressive the funeral was...

And Diophantine, the Burmese cat I got from Charles & Barbara Boynton of New York back in 1971, got out and disappeared in March. Dio was an apartment cat in New York, and pretty much so here, though she would wander outside the front door for a short distance when the door was open, before scampering back in at the approach of a person or other animal. She also disappeared for a couple days around Thanksgiving of 1971, but found her way back. This time I figure someone picked her up. We checked the local animal shelters in the first few weeks, but no luck. She was a nice beast -- to me, anyway; others had different opinions -- and I was fond of her, but I figure she can pretty well take care of herself.

The high points were more than enough to keep things in balance, though. For one, I got engaged Officially, to Elayne. She hasn't used her last name (Yampolsky) for the last few years, and I doubt she'll use one after it's changed, either. There's no good reason why she should, except on legal and Official forms. It's set for 13 July, giving us just about enough time to get back from Westercon and recover a bit.

And I'm buying a house, finally. Only been wanting/trying to for ten years or so. Assuming everything goes right, the escrow will close in early June and I'll move my ton of crud during the following several weeks. Location is the north central area of the San Fernando Valley, officially Granada Hills, unofficially Mission Hills, about four blocks from the San Diego Freeway, with the offramp being the last one before you go over the mountains into Sylmar. It's got 4 bedrooms, even if they're not the largest I've ever seen, plus a double garage that can be made over into an extra room, and a 38' swimming pool. Now all I have to do is figure out how to pay for furniture and appliances for the place.

Did manage to win one convention bid this past year, too. A group of Angelenos enlisted the liaison aid of Alva Rogers and Ben Stark, and put in a bid for the 1975 Westercon, which, according to rotation, has to be in the North unless a 3/4-vote of the assembly of voters allows an out-of-rotation bid. Since an out-of-rotation bid for the 1973 Westercon failed back in 1971 (by 5 votes) when a bunch of geographical chauvinists decided to block it, we figured it wouldn't work this time, either, and put in a bid for Oakland, instead, with the running of the con to be done from L.A. The hotel

is the venerable Leamington, site of the '61 Westercon and the '64 Worldcon. It isn't the biggest hotel in the world, but it should do fine for a Westercon in a year when there is a NASFiC in the same region. And it offers free parking and excellent room rates, which are sometimes hard to find in a hotel big enough to handle one of our cons.

And the LASFS actually bought its clubhouse by the end of 1973, as I had hoped when I wrote the last ANKUS. In early September, Milt Stevens found the building, a one-floor place on Ventura Blvd. in Studio City area of the San Fernando Valley. It had been used most recently by a photographer, and was a bit small, but the Board of Directors, and then the membership, decided it would do for a while. It was listed at \$35K, but the Real Estate agent, anxious to make the sale on the last day during which he had exclusive rights, got it down to \$32K, and, with \$26K in the Building Fund, we went looking for a loan for the rest. It should be simple to get a mortgage with that much of a down-payment, right? Wrong. It was impossible. The banks either weren't loaning at all, or weren't loaning to corporations with erratic income, or wouldn't loan without individuals cosigning, or... . We gave up and canvassed the membership for loans. Elmer Perdue came up with \$3,000 for a First Mortgage, and Milt Stevens managed another \$2K. We then borrowed the rest from the LACon funds being held for the Proceedings/Photo Album, since publication of the thing was at least a year away and we could have it paid back by then. (In the first three months of the loans, we paid back a little over \$1,000., and since then another large lump has been repaid, so that, as of 1 May, we owed a total of \$4,400. By the end of 1974 we may be able to get rid of the rest of the loans, if some of our fund-raising activities work out.)

The clubhouse, with a dividing wall torn out to make a large front room for the meetings, has four rooms plus bathroom and small service porch at the back. Of the three back rooms, one is being made into a library, one is the kitchen, and one is mostly used for collating the weekly APA, APA L (now in its 469th issue, which fact is somewhat appalling.) The library will have bookcases all around it wherein the several tons of books and magazines the club has acquired and managed to hang onto all these years will be displayed. Walt Daugherty is currently at work building the things to precise measurements, in modular form, so they can be taken with us when we eventually sell this place and buy a bigger one. [If you know anyone who would like to sponsor one of the bookcases, and get his name on a sponsorship plaque to go on the thing, let us know. It will cost about \$30 each.] The property extends back 125 feet, but most of it is a large hill, which we won't be able to do anything about unless we rent a bulldozer, and even then, it may not be feasible to remove the hill for geologic reasons.

An off-the-cuff estimate indicates that the LASFS will be staying in the present location for about 7-10 years, after which it may be able to afford a larger building. But first things first: the \$4.4K needs to be disposed of as fast as possible, and the building needs to be renovated on the outside with something like Texcote (who sent a representative to give us an estimate: \$1200.00.) Then we'll see about other things to do with Building Fund monies. Like maybe buy some film equipment... .

Otherwise, nothing much. Still play rather mediocre bridge a couple nights a week and occasionally at a tournament on a weekend. Won't be able to stay in the '49 Division much longer, since the 3-year limit on a bunch of Master Points runs out this fall, and we'll have to start playing the open games. Which may be a good thing -- getting fixed all too often these past few months by stupid players and their luck. I mean, when everyone else has opponents in 4 or even 6 spades, going down every time, and the auction at our table goes 1D-P-1S-P-3S-P-P-P ... what's to be done?

Did manage to pick up one more reason for getting to Australia next year, even if it is a silly one. Gentleman showed up at the bridge club one night, off a cruise ship, to play in the '49er game. Came in third or somesuch, and took his rating point slip home with him as a souvenir, as he isn't a member of the ACBL and never will be. But we got talking, and Drew (my partner) and I drove him as far as LAX where he could more easily get a ride to San Pedro and his ship. Seems he owns a bridge club in Melbourne, to which we're invited if we get there. If only one of us does, the gentleman has courageously offered to partner him himself. Should be interesting... .

Cover or covers by Jack Harness; mimeography by the Golds, as Sadan (Discon sol' it) died.

LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY, INC.
Financial Report for the Year Ending December 31, 1973

ASSETS:

Cash on hand:	\$ 9.64		
Checking Account (Security Pacific):	\$ 495.60		
Savings Account (State Mutual):	\$ 1,095.61		
Real Property:	\$32,110.00		
Equipment:	\$ 504.00		
Collectable Debts:	\$ 110.35	Total:	\$34,325.20

LIABILITIES:

Outstanding Loans:	\$ 5,970.00		
Treasury:	\$ 50.61		
Building Fund:	\$ 1,550.24		
Possible Bad-Debt Writeoff:	\$ 110.35	Total:	\$ 7,681.20

CAPITAL: Unliened property & equipment: \$26,644.00

Net Assets (Assets less Outstanding Loans): \$28,355.20

SUMMARY:

Total assets, 12/31/72: \$23,759.05

Dues:	\$ 1,916.35		
Membership Fees:	\$ 122.50		
Donations:	\$ 3,495.36		
Loans:	\$ 7,000.00		
Bank interest:	\$ 962.12		
Fund Raising:	\$ 505.19		
Real Property & Equipment:	\$32,614.00		
Tax Credit:	\$ 130.75		
Miscellaneous Income:	\$ 89.66	Total:	\$46,835.93

Meeting Hall - Purchase & Alteration:	\$32,110.00
" " - Services (Escrow, etc):	\$ 428.10
" " - Insurance & Utilities:	\$ 306.33
" " - Taxes:	\$ 262.86

Rent, May-October:	\$ 275.00
Fund Raising Expenses:	\$ 386.30
Operating Expenses:	\$ 130.59
Supplies & Equipment:	\$ 979.42
Loan Payments & Interest:	\$ 1,083.13
Awards & Honors:	\$ 95.05
Publications & Printing:	\$ 127.30
Collectable Debt Decrease:	\$ 16.05
Outstanding Loans:	\$ 5,970.00
Miscellaneous Expenses:	\$ 69.65

Total: \$42,239.78

Net Change, 1973: + \$ 4,506.15

Total Assets, 12/31/73: \$28,355.20

BREAKDOWN BY FUND:

LOAN FUND: (Begun 1973)

Borrowed from E. Perdue:	- \$ 3,000.00
Repaid to E. Perdue:	+ \$ 1,000.00
Borrowed from M. Stevens:	- \$ 2,000.00
Repaid to M. Stevens:	+ \$ 30.00
Borrowed from LACon:	- \$ 2,000.00

Total owed: \$ 5,970.00

TREASURY:

Balance Brought Forward, 12/31/72:		\$ 141.60
Dues:	\$ 1,916.35	
Membership fees:	\$ 65.50	
Food Functions:	\$ 384.00 *	
DE PROFUNDIS subscriptions:	\$ 2.25	
Plaque Payments:	\$ 19.84	
Donations:	\$ 32.06	
Miscellaneous Income:	\$ 25.60	Total: \$ 2,445.60
Transferred to Building Fund:	\$ 1,315.50	
To Food Functions:	\$ 386.48 *	
Rent, May-October:	\$ 275.00	
Legal Expenses:	\$ 65.00	
Operating Expenses:	\$ 41.82	
DE PROFUNDIS:	\$ 59.70	
Other Publications & Printing:	\$ 16.51	
Postage:	\$ 51.09	
Awards & Honors:	\$ 95.05	
Equipment Replacement (Spook House):	\$ 100.00	
Fund Raising Expenses:	\$ 37.02	
Board of Directors' Expenses:	\$ 23.77	
Social Activities:	\$ 63.95	
Miscellaneous Expenses:	\$ 5.70	Total: \$ 2,536.59
<u>Net Change, 1973:</u>		- \$ 90.99
<u>New Balance, 12/31/73:</u>		<u>\$ 50.61</u>

BUILDING FUND:

Balance Brought Forward, 12/31/72:		\$23,491.05
Borrowed:	\$ 7,000.00	
Donations:	\$ 2,831.40	
Transferred from Treasury:	\$ 1,315.50	
Bank Interest:	\$ 962.12	
Chair sponsors:	\$ 612.06	
Voluntary Active Membership Fees:	\$ 57.00	
Fund Raising: Fugghead of the Year:	\$ 101.48	
Food Functions:	\$ 37.20 *	
Ranquefit:	\$ 14.46	
Hugo Pool:	\$ 5.25	
Miscellaneous:	\$ 61.81	
Tax Credit:	\$ 130.75	Total: \$13,129.03
Purchase & Alteration of Meeting Hall:	\$32,110.00	
Escrow charges:	\$ 110.00	
Repairs:	\$ 362.14	
Insurance:	\$ 229.00	
Taxes:	\$ 262.86	
Utilities:	\$ 77.33	
Loan Repayments:	\$ 1,030.00	
Interest on Loans:	\$ 53.13	
Chairs & Plaques:	\$ 630.00	
Miscellaneous:	\$ 205.38	Total: \$35,069.84
<u>Net Change, 1973:</u>		- \$21,940.81
<u>New Balance, 12/31/73:</u>		<u>\$ 1,550.24</u>

*The Fanquet lost money (\$2.48), while the profit from the Anniversary Meeting Directors' Dinner (\$37.20) went to the Building Fund.

CONVENTIONAL TALES

PART I: In Which Most Things Go Swimmingly, But Only Our Resources Are Pooled.

I became the Treasurer of Equicon '74, the West Coast Star-Trek Con, in the summer of 1973, when there was an abrupt changeover of Committee. My job was to keep the financial records, pay out monies when told to by the Co-Chairmen (John Trimble and Craig Miller), and attempt to defend fiscal solvency. ["But if we hire the band for all three nights, we'll save \$50.00!" "Yeah, but if we hire them only for two nights, we'll save \$300.00, and if we don't hire them at all... ."]

Remembering the tremendous amount of work Dan Alderson had to do as Treasurer during the LACon, I set up to be busy all during the con itself. A trip to the UCLA Student Store brought in the basics: additional ledger pad, staples, stamp pad and ink, various pens and markers. I made a checklist of other necessities: extra deposit slips for the slough of checks; cash boxes, notebook; keys to cash boxes. Etc.

Elayne would be running the LASFS sales table at the con, and we'd gathered up the dozen or so boxes of junk from both the clubhouse and from the attic of Barry & Lee Gold, where it had been stored since last year. We culled out the strictly fannish material, taking only the SF & Fantasy stuff plus art (posters, etc.) and getting the boxes ready to go at The Tower until Thursday before the con. Elayne also spent most of Sunday and part of Wednesday baking brownies to sell at the LASFS Table, having found last year at both Equicon and Westercon that such things sold extremely well to impoverished and hungry fans. This time she made 40 dozen....

Thursday morning, armed with the Equicon checkbook, I picked up Bill Warren at his place, and we headed out to collect films for showing at the con. We went from the Burbank Studios, to Paramount's rental place, to several retail rental agencies, and finally to Universal's rental agency. By the time we were done, a little over a thousand bucks had been signed over, and I had a large stack of films in my van.

After adding Elayne, her luggage, my luggage, the LASFS sales stuff, and the Treasury material to the load, we headed for the Marriot Hotel, getting there around five. A couple of side stops had produced the last material I was supposed to pick up: comestibles and potables for the Convention Suite.

The Marriot has its convention facilities on the ground floor, two floors down from the lobby, one floor down from the sales and other administrative offices. The con facilities have their own loading dock, supposedly so that convention people trying to off-load material won't be interfered (or -fering) with hotel loading and unloading. (At the International, produce trucks kept getting in our way. In general, the Marriot scheme worked, but at checkout time we found they were keeping one of their shuttle buses, which needed repairs, parked in the convention loading dock area.) We backed down the ramp, located Craig Miller and a couple of gophers to help unload, and got to work emptying the Ox. ["This load goes to the Security Room. That one to the Convention Suite on the 17th floor. This one to the Huxter Rooms. And this last one to our room. Phew."] It was still early enough that there were a number of parking places right near the top of the convention ramp, so the Ox was enstalled there for the duration of the con, and we went to unpack, and thence to dinner.

The Fairfield Inn is the Marriot Hotel's coffee shop, and the prices are fairly reasonable when compared to other coffee shops in hotels. Also, the food was good, and the service generally quite good, even at rush time when large-attendance program items let out. The only problem was with the attendees, who, though they may not have been fans in the eyes of real fans, certainly had fannish habits: lousy tipping or none at all. The manager of the Inn mentioned this to the committee, and commented that the waitresses were quite likely to start calling in sick if the situation continued. We sympathized, and John announced the problem, but there wasn't much we could really do.

After dinner, we set about trying to get the convention going. Registration was supposed to open at 6, but it was close to 9 when the head of Registration finally got there and started things up. There was a mob, both for the new registrations and for the pre-registered, but not too many for the area to handle. As money grubber for the outfit, I would have been happier if there had been too many; it indicated that the 6000 membership of the 1973 con probably wouldn't be matched.

The evening whiled itself away. The plobs were kept happy with a movie. Eventually Registration closed up again, and I collected the cash boxes, stashed them in the safe, and headed for the con suite, which was liberally supplied with potables. During the course of the evening, I learned that an incorrect amount of liquor in a Harvey Wallbanger results in something better called a Headbanger, which is an excellent anesthetic, but no aid to the memory on the following morning. Especially after one has three of the things.

Friday was spent being Official: collecting money from Registration and Banquets, counting and recording it, paying the cash into our Master Account with the hotel. (Much safer than anything else -- it applies against your bill, and is completely unstealable.) I even found time to eat, and do some work on the checks that were coming in. There weren't too many of them -- several hundred instead of the thousand or so I was prepared for.

As is my habit, I avoided program items, except for the Fashion Show in the evening, which I caught the tail end of, joining the long rank of photographers that lined the hallway to catch the models as they left. My borrowed camera was beginning to malfunction, but I got about a dozen good shots, including one of Elayne.

Saturday morning we got up at the ungodly hour of 8am to attend the Ranquet. The Ranquet goes back to 1972, when Elliot Weinstein, Mike Glycer, and several other local lunatics decided to protest the high price of con banquets by holding a parallel function at a nearby MacDonalds, complete with Goh, EGoh and the works. Another such was held opposite the 1973 Nebula banquet, at which the Ranqueteers presented awards called the Black Holes to various people for various reasons, most of them insulting, funny, or both. (Spinrad got one: a Brown Hole.) Opposite the Western con banquet, the Ranqueteers, now officially disorganized as the Western Amalgamated Hoaxters Official Organization, presented parodies of the Sampo Award: Swampos. In Toronto, they presented the Hogus. It was becoming a Tradition. So the Equicon Committee coopted the Ranquet, invited the committee and a few friends, and had a Ranquet breakfast, at which were presented: the Ooqui Awards (from the Ookwi con, of course). It was fun, but that is the last time we let Weinstein pick the menu. I mean, sautéed chicken livers for breakfast is a bit much, even for a Ranquet. Most of us survived, however, and eventually got back to the job of running the con.

Saturday too passed quickly. I ran the auction, together with Lois Newman and several volunteer auctioneers and assistants, and I watched part of the masquerade from a distance -- which was mostly because I couldn't get closer, with that mob. Elayne was running the masquerade, and things were, as usual, not going as planned. The Masquerade Manager, also as usual, was going batty trying to get the thing straightened out. I kept out of the way, for a change. And eventually, with no major catastrophes, the awards were made, the

prize photos taken, and the plebs settled down to listen to the band the Committee had hired: The Roto-Rooter Good Time Xmas Band. For those who like that sort of thing, I understand they were quite good, but it ain't my style.

Sunday was the Banquet, which was to be followed by the final auction. The entree was teriyaki steak, and it was quite good, even for the fairly high price. But I shall have words with our Banquets person next time, regarding her choice of accompanying vegetables. Just because the meat is oriental style doesn't mean you have to have "Oriental vegetables" with it. Of the ten people at our table, two managed to eat the things. Elayne, Lois and I left early, before any of the speeches, to get ready for the auction. At least it was a good excuse.

The final auction disposed of everything disposable, leaving only a few things for which the bidders wouldn't go the minimum that the donors had placed on them. Mostly, we had scripts, from "Star Trek" and various other TV shows, plus some films. They pretty much disappeared, at inflated prices.

With the last "going, going, gone!" we closed the con down, and started to pack it up. I paid off as many donors of auction material as I could find, to make the final bookkeeping easier. We packed up the LASFS sales table stuff and finally got it ensconced in my van again. All 39 dozen brownies had sold, in addition to the other baked stuff Fuzzy Pink Niven brought. In addition, we actually managed to sell some books, magazines, and other standard stuff. (Even after Elayne took her money out, and Fuzzy took half of hers out, the latter to help finance the Fashion Show this coming Westerncon, LASFS made a hundred bucks or so.) There was a Dead Dog party in the con suite for the committee and all the various helpers. Lessons having been learned Thursday night, the only one who got plastered was one of the gophers. Bjo announced a sneak preview showing of Roddenberry's new show "Planet Earth" the next day, to which the committee and helpers were invited, but they had to sign up -- which almost all of them did, with alacrity. Elayne and I didn't, having a pretty good idea of what would happen on Monday.

We were right. Come time for people to go to the showing, there were still all sorts of jobs to be done, most of which had to do with equipment being returned to various rental agencies in the huge truck the convention had rented. The lights went to one place in Hollywood, the computer games to another place in the Wilshire area, the art show stuff to Trimbles' place, etc. The lighting and games had to be back against a deadline, so I drove the Monster into town, travelling rather gingerly, since it's the first time I've piloted such a beast. The lighting renter checked his stuff out and came up four pieces short, so when the truck went back to the hotel for eventual use by the Exhibits man, Greg Jain, who would also take the Art Show stuff to Trimbles, we started a search of various places we might have left some cables. The hotel manager was quite helpful, and the security man he put on the job reported an hour or so later with two of the four missing items -- the most expensive ones, too. Never have found the other two. We extended our reservation (in a comp room, of course) for another night, and made a systematic search of the function rooms for any convention stuff, turning up all sorts of abandoned kibble in a couple places.

Dinner Monday evening was in the hotel's Capriccio Room, their upper-class restaurant. We'd eaten dinner there Sunday, too, as they

