

LASFS NEWSLETTER

NO. 21

21 OCT 63

A JAM-PACKED PUBLICATION

LAUNCHING FROM YUGGOTH

Robert Bloch. Fritz Leiber. Sam Russell. Arthur Jean Cox. Roll those names on the tongue, like peyote capsules.

You can see -- and hear -- them all Thursday, October 24th at the LASFS basketball court at Van Pelt & Silverlake (see page five for map, time, and directions) in a program discussion of the character and writings of the most extraordinary personality ever to emerge from the science fantasy field: Howard Phillips Lovecraft.

The discussion will be moderated by Lee Sapiro, who will sit on or goose the panel members as required. It is not likely Lee will have much to do, since all the pms -- two of them close personal friends and correspondents of Lovecraft before his death in 1937 -- are choch-a-bloch with anecdotes, observations and opinions, and will doubtless feed provocative information and controversial gambits back and forth for the whole of a rich and all-too-swiftly-gone evening.

Come prepared with your own questions and opinions, however. Lee will throw the panel open to the audience during the last half hour of the program.

NOTE: A tape or wire recorder is very much needed, and all facilities of the LASFS meeting place will be extended to anyone who will volunteer to set one up and snare this program for later transcribing and publishing in a club periodical.

To slightly paraphrase a passage written by one Albert N. (Gus?) Wilmarth, Esq., of Miskatonic U. in Arkham, Mass. (as recorded in "The Whisperer in Darkness," Weird Tales, August, 1931), you will probably, if you attend this meeting, find yourself

"...faced by names and terms that you have heard elsewhere in the most hideous of connections -- Yuggoth, Great Cthulhu, Tsathoggua, Yog-Sothoth, R'lyeh, Nyarlothotep, Azathoth, Hastur, Yian, Leng, the Lake of Hali, Beth-moora, the Yellow Sign, L'mur-Kathulos, Bran, and the Magnum Innominandum -- and will be drawn back through nameless eons and inconceivable dimensions to worlds of elder, outer entity at which the crazed author of the Necronomicon had only guessed..."

MAZE DAY

The October 31st meet of the LASFS has been displaced from the Sports Palace so that gaggles of fearsomely bedizened local tots can hold Halloween revels in hallowed Freehafer Hall. Paul Puckett (To Whom Praise: We Shall Not Look on His Like Again) has agreed to mc the kidac, whilst all others -- regular members, occasional visitors and newcomers -- are directed to another, temporary locale for this one meeting only. This sequestered bourne is known by city fans as the Labyrinth (see page three for a map of approaches) and will be patrolled by a triumvir of magnanimous minotaurs: Ed Baker, Owen Hannifen & Jack Harness.

The Labyrinth address is 3056 $\frac{1}{2}$ Leeward. Do not confuse this with 3065 Leeward. There is ordinarily only one minotaur there. His name is Walt Daugherty, and since this 10/31 meet coincidentally happens to be the 29th anniversary of the LASFS, we hope he will be chez les autres, camera club or no camera club. There will be a Surprise Program... it is hoped.

UNCOSTUMED AS WE ARE

LASFS' annual Halloween ceremonial of draping and embellishing the fannish frame with costume foolery will be held this year on Saturday, October 26, starting about 7:00 P. M. at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Sam Russell, 1351 Tremaine Ave., L. A. A map shewing approaches will be found on page three. Costumes are not, of course, necessary. Come merely to marvel and chuckle, if you like -- under their rougery, the costumed will be found to be fun and bheer-loving lass-unfasteners, like always.

Oh -- speaking of bheer, liquid refreshments, as is local tradition, will be furnished at the option and pocketbook of attendees...

VIVE LES FLICKS

The following intelligence is communicated by Ted Johnstone: Know ye by these etos. that a LASFS Film Party, held for the benefit of the effort to film Fritz Leiber's script for his own renowned story, "The Black Adept," is open to all interested parties at the Labyrinth at 8:00 P. M. sharp, Saturday, 11/9. Address, again, is 3056 1/2 Leeward, and the map opposite indicates the location.

Shown will be a sample of an earlier film product of the LASFS: "The Musquite Kid Rides Again" -- a rare print, possibly to be shown here for the last time -- and the well-known but always viewable "Genie." Together with these items will be seen two or more samples of the products of an LA fan now beginning to produce motion pictures, who will be directing "The Black Adept," and offers these samples of his ability.

Very possibly the program will be rounded out with one or more rented short subjects, such as the classic French cartoon, "Joie de Vivre," and a bit of early Chaplin.

An admission will be charged, to go toward financing the "Adept" film. The exact amount has not been fixed, but it will be in the neighborhood of a buck. A postal to Johnstone in care of this journal will bring you the actual charge well in advance of the film party. This sounds like fun, so try to show up -- but be careful. You may be tagged for the cast...

VALEDICTORY NOTE

Having been appointed editor of Shangri-L'Affaires, I am retiring as editor of the Newsletter after having edited #18, #19, #20, and -- ahem -- page 3 of #21, and am turning this publication over to Bill Blackbeard. I'd like to thank Bill, as well as Lee Sapiro, Arthur Jean Cox, and Jim Harmon, for their help in publishing and mailing those first three issues. Ron Elik, Al Lewis, and Ed Baker also deserve particular thanks for assistance in various forms, and I'm indebted to Ellie Turner and Bjo for their letters of advice and encouragement, and to various members who had advice and encouragement at LASFS meetings.

Before I vacate this spot, I'd like to mention that I left out an entire line in listing Noncon attendees in #20 and thus failed to mention, "Stan Woolston, both the East and West Coast versions of Al Lewis, Dick Kyle..." My apologies to these people.

-- REDD BOGGS

EDITORIAL NOTE

In the past, it seems rather apparent, the Newsletter has been something of a trial and substance-sapper for LASFS members already shouldering burdens of intrinsically greater worth to fandom -- in short, it proved to be one ego too many for a number of filled books. In view of this fact, and the rapid turnover of editors: Boggs, three issues; Dian, seven issues; Bjo, nine issues, etc., the level of quality maintained throughout the lifetime of the beastie is surprising and gratifying. Redd, I know, found it a bore; his demonstrated talents will surely find themselves more at home in the editorship of Shaggy -- in fact, appointing El Rojoo to this post is one of LASFS' rare strokes of collective genius -- and it is possible Cry will again be faced with another club organ of equal interest and staying power. For a publishingnome like myself, however, the Newsletter should not squat too heavily on time and other interests to be unmanageable, and I hope I can at least produce a throwaway that will be read before it is -- thrown away.

I would like to add one vote of thanks that Redd inadvertently overlooked in his Valedictat -- to Bill Rotsler for his series of comic strips that have done much to Masque the Newsletter's occasional frailties of content and format and make opening a new issue more than a chore.

Finally, it is impossible to overlook or leave buried in the Newsletter's vaults of MSS the following remarkable passages found on the reverse side of Redd's Note:

"FIRE - 76

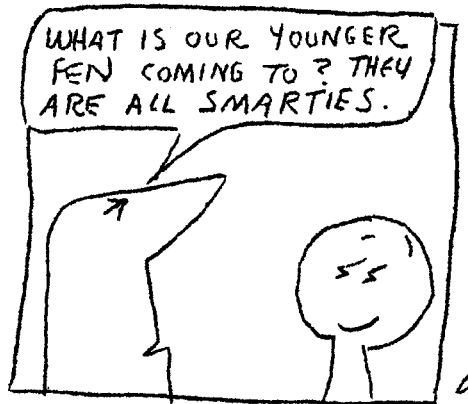
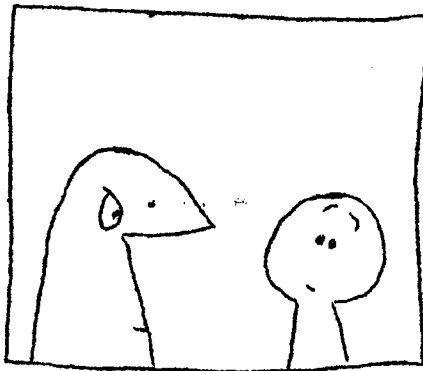
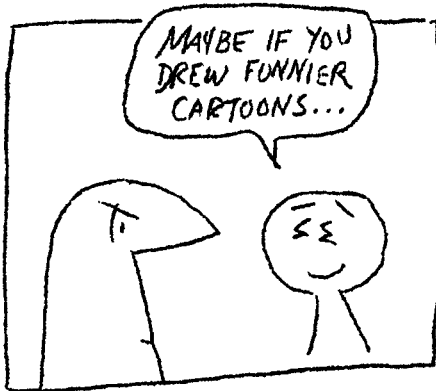
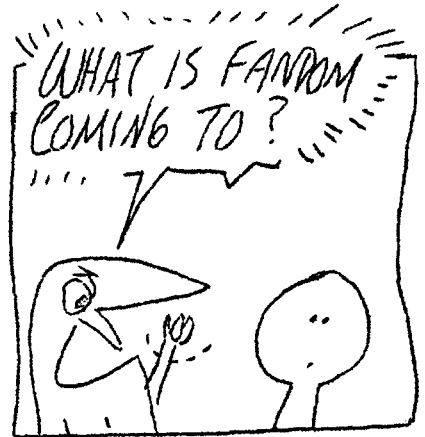
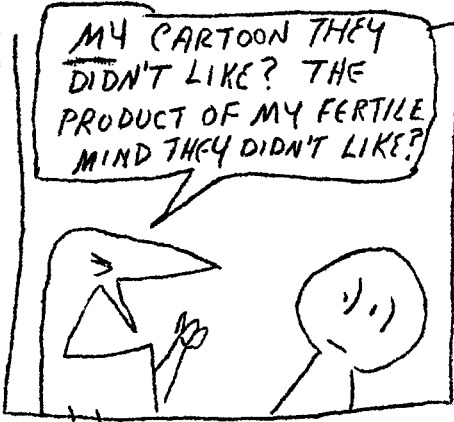
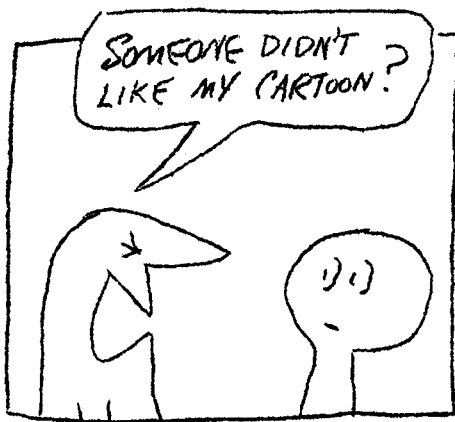
"They were lush white ovals crested tautly with generous pink circles.

"She leaned down over me, smuggling me tight against her warm nakedness. She smoothed the hair back over my ears and smiled tenderly at me.

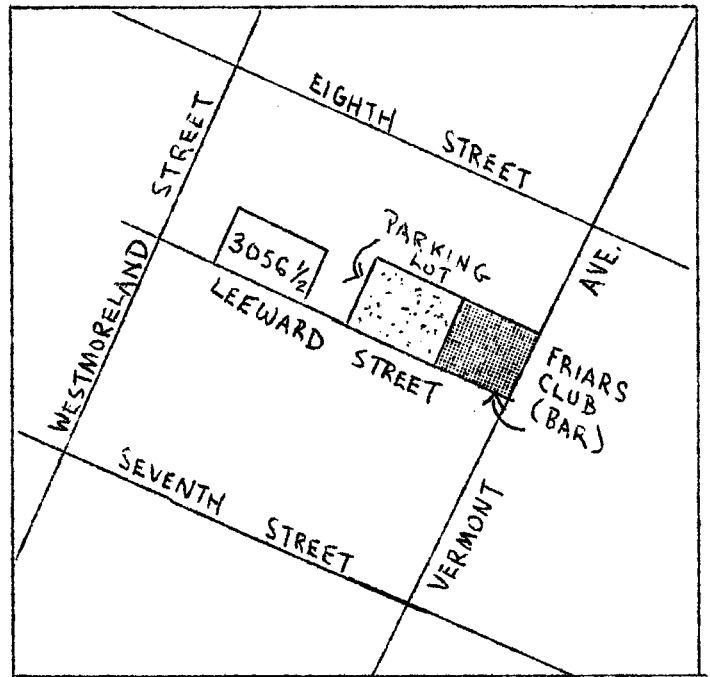
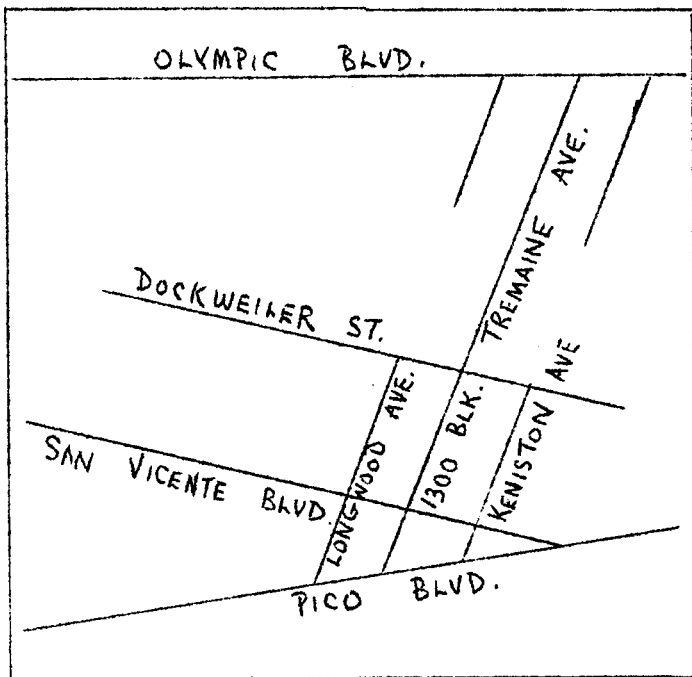
"I'll warm you, I'll warm you," she crooned intently.

"I closed my eyes and drank in her..."

These lines, clearly, compose a prose poem of rare beauty and impact. The opening delineation of baby bottles, milk-filled, with their "taut crests" of "generous pink" (when have rubber nipples been so graphically eulogized?) as seen through the rapturous eyes of a child would in itself make many a lesser poem, but Redd has only begun. In a tight minimum of words, he tells us that it is cold and that the child's mother has opened her blouse to gather the infant against her bosom so that he may derive warmth from her if not from his presumably chill milk. That the child is comforted (See page 4)



WR



HOW TO ZERO IN ON 1351 TREMAINE AVE., site of the 10/26 LASFS Halloween Party Meet, & Gankbottom Manor, residence of Mr. & Mrs. Sam Russell. Parking here, as at the Labyrinth, may call for some hunting, so be prepared. Caution: these premises are HAUNTED!

LOCATION OF 10/31 LASFS MEETING: 3056 1/2 Leeward Street, Los Angeles, one corner of a quadruplex apartment house yclept the Labyrinth. Minotaur Jack Harness suggests you drop a silver cord out of the car window before you turn into Leeward.

EDITORIAL NOTE (from page 2)

and finds sanctuary is demonstrated in the compelling and deceptively simple last line, particularly in its deliberately unfinished state. The final, missing word, of course, should be arms, but the child has fallen asleep in his contentment, and so cannot think or "say" it. This is too fine a piece to be wasted in the Newsletter; I have forwarded it to Stanton W. Coblentz -- with one small change. The title, "Fire - 76" seems a trifle cryptic, and I have altered it, with an eye toward the appropriate and gently humorous, to: "Nether, Keep Those Bottles Hot."

This is the first & probably the last Note from your editor, who prefers henceforth to be known as

-- BILL "No-Notes" BLACKBEARD

HOT FLASHES

V. S. Pritchett, a doyen of English literary critics and a noted writer of fiction, comments smugly -- and ineptly -- in The New Statesmen of London for Sept. 20 on "the best of contemporary science fiction writers" in a review of two English anthologies: Amis & Conquest's Spectrum III and Aldiss' More Penguin Science Fiction. Devoting the bulk of his article to a sensible assessment of H. G. Wells, Pritchett proceeds to indict what he considers the contrasting technological emphasis and stylistic gaucherie of such moderns -- all present in the anthologies reviewed -- as Anderson, Ballard, Pohl, Harrison and Dickson. He quotes from "the admired Poul Anderson" story, "Call Me Joe," pausing first to observe maliciously that, "This is flattering stuff":

"Psionic detection is not a matter of passive listening-in. Much as a radio receiver is necessarily also a weak transmitter, the nervous system in resonance with a source of psionic-spectrum energy is itself emitting. Normally, of course, the effect is unimportant; but when you pass the impulses either way, through a set of heterodyning and amplifying units..."

"I like the phrase 'normally, of course'," Pritchett remarks afterwards, presumably to elicit an Establishment chuckle at this learned posturing which -- of course -- has nothing to do with Literature. He goes on to refer to the "horrer-attractions" of the "genre," citing a story of atomic destruction; pauses to murmur that a Pohl "satire on Madison Avenue" is "Wellsian, but, alas, not in style;" and concludes his penultimate paragraph by stating that "Science Fiction" tells its tales "with the solemnity of fable. The genre is, as a whole, dangerous given to explanation."

After these somewhat opaque but clearly disparaging notes, Pritchett condescends to add that the stories he has read "may not have been representative."

Over in Snekkerston, Denmark, a travelling Harry Harrison spotted the article and fired in the first loc (NS, 9/27). Said HHe, in part: "I am glad...Pritchett has had a chance to reread H. G. Wells, and I know that he will be cheered to hear that, without exception, modern science fiction writers also consider Wells to be the finest science fiction writer of the last century. With this agreed upon, I hope he will join us in the 20th century. ...science fiction writers do not 'depend, for better or worse, on rabid invention.' I wish that we could, but this is a field with built-in handicaps: the scows-ears of physical reality can be quite intractable to the needs of fiction. ... I am afraid (the) naive world (of Wells) is gone ... far better or worse, we live in a civilization that has been given by science the choice of abundance or destruction. This is our problem and one, that you will remember, utterly defeated Wells in his later years (Mind At the End of its Tether). We shall attempt to handle it as fairly and as artistically as we can..."

Next issue (NS, 10/4) turns up a second loc, from one Brian W. Aldiss of Oxford (call him BWA). Sezsee, "We should not be too disappointed that Mr. V. S. Pritchett is disappointed with contemporary science fiction when he so carefully prepares the ground on which he will be disappointed. ... To scourge present-day writers with the old master's whip is akin to reviewing...Winter Tales (a British annual of new fiction: BB) with three novels of Thomas Hardy and then grumbling because no Tess or Henchard is present (in the former). Mr. Pritchett has been forced into this uncomfortable attitude because he is too far out of touch with the medium..."

To date, the Giant Authority of Kingsley Amis remains -- asphixiated. But even he may have something to say. Time -- and your Newsletter -- will tell.

* * * *

A long article in the New Yorker for Sept. 21 (page 49) is devoted to J. J. Coupling alias Dr. John R. Pierce. Titled, "Woomera Has It," the Profile deals largely with Dr. Pierce's work in space communications for the Bell Telephone Laboratories, but touches a number of times on his writings in sf. Says the author of the piece, Calvin Tomkins, "...Pierce (had) foreseen and written about space communications five years before anyone managed to put a satellite of any kind into orbit. The fact that Pierce chose to publish his early thinking on this subject in a magazine called Astounding Science (See p. 6")

SCIENCE FICTION FAN?

JOIN THE L.A. SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY

The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society holds meetings every Thursday night, from 8 p.m. onward, with after meeting socializing over coffee and sandwiches lasting well on toward midnight and sometimes beyond.

The LASFS meets at present in the Silverlake Playground building, Silverlake boulevard and Van Pelt, Los Angeles 26. (See map at right.)

The "average meeting" of the LASFS doesn't exist. No two meetings are ever alike, and it is hard to form an accurate picture of the club from just one or two meetings. Club programs include guest speakers, panel discussions, movies, slide shows, and other entertainment. For many members, the best part of the meetings is the informal discussion among the members themselves: animated conversation regarding the latest science fiction books and magazines, news and gossip about the sf editors, authors, fans, and readers, and talk about upcoming conventions and parties.

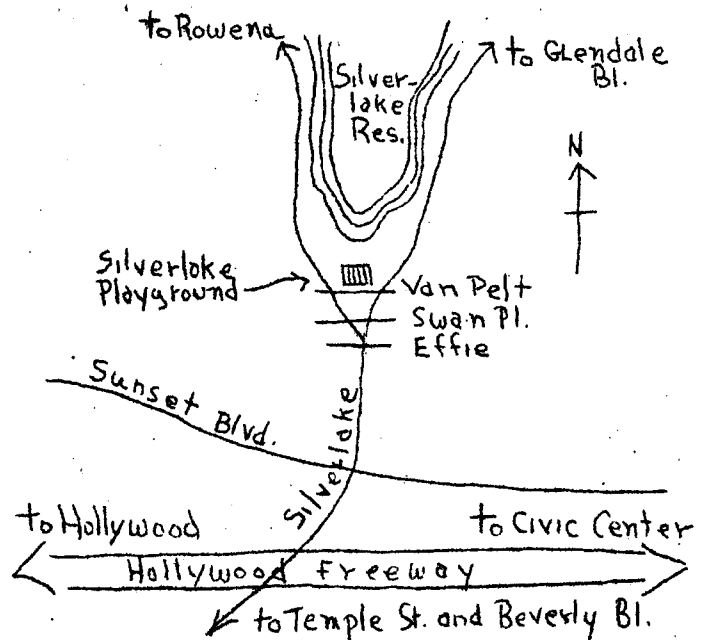
Because science fiction and fantasy literature appeals to the speculative mind, sf fans have many varied interests, and talk among LASFS members also involves photography, costume designing, philately, book-hunting, rockhounding, gun collecting, and many other interests.

LASFS members include established writers, engineers, clerks, magazine editors, salesmen, physicists, teachers, students, artists, geologists, literary agents, librarians, machinists, and many others. LASFS membership is open to anybody who professes an interest in science fiction, fantasy, or even just in the LASFS itself. Guests are always welcome. You can attend up to three meetings as a non-dues-paying guest. Then, if you wish to join, you pay a membership fee of \$1 to the treasurer. After that, dues are 35¢ per meeting, or \$1.25 per month.

The LASFS produces several publications for the information and entertainment of members and others. One is Shangri-L'Affaires, the bi-monthly official organ, which contains articles, reviews, fiction, and artwork by members and top fans and writers from everywhere. Another is Menace of the LASFS, a biweekly publication that reprints in full the minutes of each meeting. A subscription will keep you in touch with what goes on at the meetings you miss. Still another is the LASFS Newsletter, which contains news of upcoming events of the Society.

For information about the LASFS, or about its publications, contact Ron Ellik or Al Lewis, 1825 Greenfield avenue, Los Angeles 90025, or phone Ron or Al at 473-6321.

Or come along to the meeting next Thursday night at the Silverlake Playground. The club always welcomes new faces. Drop around and get to know the LASFS.



HOT FLASHES (from page 4)

Fiction may indicate how farfetched the idea seemed at the time." This typically alien gauging of sf sets the reader's teeth on edge only occasionally, and the article (which reveals, in passing, how Pierce wrote non-fiction for Gernsback in 1929) holds one's attention through quite a lot of wordage. Off the stands now, of course, but available in local libraries.

CONDENSED MINUTES FROM A TIME ACCELERATOR: Recent Meetings of the IASFS

1360th Meeting (5 September 1963): Secretary Boggs' Minutes open: "The minutes of this meeting will hardly provide even an item of filler size..." 'Tis true. The bulk of the meet was devoted to the playing of a record of Welles' "War of the Worlds." Director Paul Turner attended a Beethoven concert. Senior committeemen Lee Sapiro presided. A fair attendance turned up, including guest Ken Friedin of San Diego.

1361st Meeting (12 September 1963): Discon attendees turned up with tales & photos and (in one instance: Bruce Pelz) a clean-shaven phiz. Forry Ackerman had the most to murmur about and there was a spot program consisting of FJA's comments on what he had managed, with his other commitments, to see of the Con: most memorable to Forry of such sights was the public admission by Will Sykora, one of the original Exclusion Act trio, that the act was wrong and should never have taken place. All attendees were regular members, except one small Ackerfan whose name the secretary failed to note.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS DEPT. (Lee Sapiro, prop.)

"A gorilla, huge and black, brushed past him on the path, carrying a limp burden under his shaggy arm.

"Stop!" commanded Carruthers, hurrying after the animal.

"A huge arm knocked him sprawling. Spitting blood Carruthers staggered to his feet. The gorilla came to a stop...

"The animal snarled hoarsely. There came the sound of ripping cloth. Nainette screamed -- a terrifying scream that echoed and re-echoed through the electron night."

-- Robert H. Leifred, "Prisoners on the Electron," Asbounding Stories, Oct. '30

This has been IASFS NEWSLETTER #21, 19 October 1963, a publication of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Paul Turner, director; Leland Sapiro, senior committeeman; Forrest J. Ackerman, junior committeeman; Redd Boggs, secretary and editor of the society journal; Ed Baker, treasurer & Esperantist-at-large. The Newsletter is published when needed by Bill Blackbeard, 192 Mountain View, L. A. 90057, via the Gafia Press, and is sent free to all active members, with sample copies to prospective or inactive members. These latter should drop the Newsletter a line if they wish to remain on the mailing list. Inactives will find a check here: _____

"If you don't space between paragraphs, it'll look like a Deglerzine..."

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