

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

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

when asked to give her Treasurer's report, Ellie looked up from her machinations over the books — she was entering monthly dues payments from those who pay by this method — and said that at the lest meeting we'd taken in only 70¢ "70¢," the Director mused, "that's not too much "We had shelled out \$2.28 to Jake for expenses unknown, leaving us with a new balance of 3144.88.

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

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

if that particular issue gets out before Mordor In 164 we'll be pretty desired Inckys

En Baker took over and told us what parts of the LASFS Library he allows the members of the club to touch, or even to breathe upon, much less cast eyetracks over. He said that the Library has two uses, club use and research use, and concluded his report, admirably restraining from bringing up money matters.

ginia and Terry Mill, followed by Fred saying that Bjo had said that Heinlein had said (in a letter, that is) that he had never resigned from the LASFS. The Director muttered something to himself about how grokking does not release you, even if you discorporate, which went unnoticed by the rest of those gathered. Then Fred went on to tell us all about the Hobby Show, which is sping on for 10 days at the Shrine Exhibition Hall, and at which the LASFS is having a booth for the second straight time. LASFS had such a booth in 1960, and there was no show in 1961. EPP He theorized that the probable reason for our sparse attendance this evening was that everyone was at the Hobby Show setting things up, at which point Dave Fox ambled into the midst of the proceedings. Fred went on to describe our booth, tell us about free and part-paid tickets, and enter into discussions about possible additions to the booth, none of which will probably be acted upon. Enter 4e and Gail Daniels, followed a few minutes later by Bruce Felz and Dian Girard.

Bruce went around passing out copies of the new MENACE and said it was .'available' when the Director enquired of him about his Committee Report. He further noted that #42 would be available in a marking or two, (The one he was passing out was #41, of course.)

The Director did his usual achtick of calling for announcements and then instantly saying, "Fred." Fred announced that the Main Library downtown has been having an exhibit of California authors manuscripts and like that, which included material by Ray Bradbury and Pr. Seuse. He went on to tell us about the book sale the UCLA Library had on 4 and 5 April, at which one could pick up free books. He then hauled out a lot of these free pieces of kapple and maked anyone if they would be interested. Several people took books.

the CCFS postcard, and Puckett announced that he'd found Philip Jose Farmer's new book The Alley God in a Long Beach book store. Patten brought out a chesset and tried to auction it off. Dian was the suffer winner and hauled it away for \$1.50. Felz brought up the subject of the club's group nomination for the Hugo Awards, and it as decided to table this until next week when more people might be present.

Forry murmured that he'd seen "The Day The Earth Caught Fire," and reviewed it briefly by saying that Lit's the best SF film we're likely to see this year. "He explained that he missed last week's meeting because he was attending a premature showing of "Burm, Witch, Burm." It's just another version of "Conjure Wife," Forry says.

At this point enter a whole slew of people, namely Jack Harness, Bjo, Ernie, and Don Fitch. Bjo immediately launched into a long discussion of the Hobby Show, from whence they had all come, and clued us in on the free-ticket business. She proceeded to dum people for their time to man the booth at the show, and passed around a sign-up sheet for same.

Then she told us about a few more possible meeting places for the LASFS, all of which boiled down to the Word that we're going to try to take out a month's trial on the Anderson pad located on St. Andrews, since the proprietor has been whittled down in his rates to \$15 a month "and maybe a little mimeography." The difficulty in the mimeoing angle is that no one is really willing to take on the obligation of printing up his mut-cult leaflets. He also wants a long-term agreement, which is why we're trying to get a trial set-up first.

and all at our arriving late after meetings at Mathem House, more or less en masse, but that there was absolutelt nothing they could do to prevent it, since we

weren't creating a disturbance of the peace.

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

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

Someone brought up the idea of our meeting next week on the floor of the Hobby Show. Downed with the usual dark mutterings. Bjo said that if anyone wanted to wear costumes at the show, they should lay off any Coventranian costumes. Approved with laughter, especially on the Director's part, 4The ban was against costumes not distinctly fantastic of stefnic; several Coventranian costumes were worn which were obviously so ... BEFA

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

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

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

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

> Exhaustively submitted. Bob Lichtman, LASFS Director

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

Treasurer's

Report: "Yell," said Ellie, "we got some money -- " there was frenzied action to accept the report, and it would have passed except that the busband of the Treasurer of the meeting panicked and said, aw gee, his wife would too read the report. "We collected \$10.50 last meeting and have a new balance of \$155.382" she said, and closed the book. Enter the squirrel, and we gave him a going away card, showing deep sentiment -- about

six feet deep, as I recall. The Committee to find a new place to live reported that Anderson had agreed to rent his place on Thursday evenings for SI5 a month, no mimeographing. Then Virginia Mill reported that the Silverlock — pardon, Silverlake Playground was now free on Thursdays, and it was roomy — holding a hundred people — and looked like an old Chlifornia Hacienda, huge but cozy, with a fireplace. It was the first meeting place that anyone had been enthusiastic about, so we decided to adjourn early and go case the joint.

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

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

> Respitefully submitted, Jack Hosharness, LASFSecretary

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