



THE SPEED OF DARK 29

THE SPEED OF DARK 29, voraciously driving through the ether with its interialess Bergenholms, was launched by Mike Glyer from 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. Phone number (213) 787-5061.

ADVICE AND DISCONTENT: Would the Official Editor of this apa resume sending the mailings to my parents' address in Sylmar? The mailing does not fit in my apartment mailbox, and the post man daintily drops MYRIAD on my porch. Since I have already had a Papa mailing stolen off my porch, I believe I could rest easier knowing MYRIAD is being delivered someplace where it is not at the mercy of marauding 4-year-olds, and various El Salvadorans striving to improve their English. (Of course, the image of an El Salvadoran strolling into work to discuss "Who sawed Courtney's Boat?" and "The Worst of Martin" is pretty wild.) :: Art by Alan White

1. Backward Glances

HITCHHIKERS GUIDE TO THE GALAXY
THE RESTAURANT AT THE END OF THE UNIVERSE
Douglas Adams

Thanks to the scavengers of the ABA, and to Graham England who sent me Restaurant from West Germany, I got to read each paperback in order as fast as I could turn the pages. I was able to draw comparisons between the books and recordings, and what it was like to read Restaurant without having heard the broadcast of related episodes.

Hitchhikers in print begins as a relatively funny book -- the satirical scenes of Arthur's home demolition, the annihilation of the Earth, and the encounter with the Vagon commander succeed whether in print or dramatized. Of course, they succeed much more with extra dimensions of sound and voice characterization.

Much of the rest of the book struggles to be funny. Three problems were defined: (1) Too many "funny-once" bits, and I'd heard them. (2) A number of jokes/bits are parodies of sounds -- the happy elevator doors and computer, Marvin the paranoid robot -- it was the vocalization, and precise way in which mechanical announcements were lifted from context, that made them more funny than dumb. (3) The broadcasts, though no doubt meticulously scripted and rehearsed, employ a sense of improvisational timing in many spots. The written word cannot rapidly juxtapose ideas, and the humor dies in translation from audio to print. On paper, these bits don't work.

The Restaurant at the End of the Galaxy I read cold, never having heard the radio play. Because of my reaction to the second book, I realized that I liked Hitchhikers as much as I did because it evoked the show. Restaurarant alone left the same aftertaste as the twenty-seventh Retief story I read -- the gag setups were too much the same, the characters never developed beyond the sound of their voices, and the plot was never anything more than a frame to hang the jokes on. I finished it because I did want to know whatever became of the lot, and it's the only way I'll pick up the references, until I actually hear the tapes. Besides, anyone who's read as many Ron Goulart novels as I have has no right to complain about the difficulty of finishing overworked gag lines.

But the bottom line is: if I miss a third novel in this series, I won't feel deprived.

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

Roger Moore as James Bond

The most recent James Bond movie is an astonishing exhibition of stuntwork -- skiing, diving, flying, climbing, driving -- that thoroughly satisfies my expectations of an action film. Just the imagination shown in conceiving these stunts was impressive. Taken together with Raiders, one must conclude that stunt work is in its Golden Age.

Until now, I have never been comfortable with Roger Moore as the successor to Sean Connery. This feeling may not have actually changed, but Moore's role is subordinated to the action and plot so that we are not smothered in knowing looks, double entendre dialog, and smug remarks. There is a renewed sense that Bond is vulnerable, due to the way such scenes as the mountain climb are played. Therefore hazardous situations become exciting again, rather than mere obstacles on the way to Bond's next assignation.

One also has to admit that Moore, however weatherbeaten, retains his golden boy looks, while Connery, whose hair is streaked with distinguished gray, and who has a number of older character roles under his belt, seems even less capable of competing with his younger self in the Bond role.

Finally I can look forward to another Bond film without fear of yawning in my popcorn. And since the Broccoli team has almost exhausted the Fleming titles, I won't even have to concern myself that the movie is nothing like the book...

2. Proven Techniques that Can Help You Remain an Amateur Writer

Things keep interrupting my relentless progress towards wealth and fame as a nonfiction writer -- fanzines, conventions, my own laziness, to name three. The other morning I was berating myself for not having submitted, much less sold, a piece of writing this year.

Ah, how the memory plays tricks on one. Don't you remember, Glycer, that essay on the fan's perspective of 1980 Jerry Pournelle wanted for the next Nebula anthology? After all, you wrote it, he took it, and it even survived the cuts in the length of the manuscript.

Somehow I didn't feel that I'd sold anything, even though I signed a contract. After all, it was fundamentally fanzine writing. And I hadn't gotten paid yet.

The interior conversation continued. IASFM would have whipped a check in the mail to me as soon as they accepted my manuscript, right? Why did I sit here with a mailbox full of air?

Before I actually had to ask, Dr. Pournelle volunteered the information that proceeds from the Nebula anthology are administered by SFWA's committee of Nebula Trustees. SFWA, with a knowledge of its members that could only be obtained from long acquaintance, created the Trustees to insure that the anthology fees didn't go straight into the pockets of the editor's cronies. But like so many SFWA duties (see SFR for complaints about the processing of membership applications) the Trustee's disbursement of the money is handled on a Real Soon Now basis.

With the book due out around the end of the year, I am told, one can read the hand writing on the wall. I won't even get payment upon publication, which I can count on from any skin mag I've sold to. And who am I supposed to get to handle my grievance? SFWA?

The \$105 I'm supposed to get for this masterwork wouldn't even cover two weeks' rent, much less a month. But at the moment it would make the difference in whether I decide to go to Denver for the Worldcon, an iffy proposition at this writing.

Which brings us full circle. I can go back to berating myself for not having made a professional sale this year, and determine to do something that will actually result in a check.

3. On the Steamy Side

As a bona fide newzine editor I don't even recognize half the stuff I get as news until it's reprinted somewhere else. WESTWIND, the Seattle NWSFS' clubzine, published this stunner:

"For those of you still undecided about investing in a trip to DENVENTION -- imagine meeting with your favorite author in a hot tub! The latest progress report says that it's possible. For \$4-5 you can spend an hour with your favorite author in hot tub facilities (near the Hilton) where swimwear is optional.send a postcard to HOT TUB in care of the DENVENTION address."

What a concept! And a terrific dent has been put in the stereotype of shy fans. No longer will we think of the timid neofan pigeon-toeing his way up to anxiously ask Larry Niven's autograph. From now on we'll have to revise our thinking, as bold young neos line up fifty deep to be the first one into the hot tub with CJ Cherryh.

Sam Moskowitz fans will don their striped tops and trunks and skimmers before wading in. Heinlein and guests will all be provided with fig leaves. Gordon Dickson's fans will be cautioned to strike no matches in the hot tub lest the spilled Glenlivet catch fire and recreate the rescue scene from PT 109.

For some pros, the hot tub will be nothing new, only the management will have to be warned to scrape out the lime jello.

On the other hand, fans of Roger Elwood should be scheduled last, since a flamethrower will be needed to get the ring off the tub.

4. Unsolicited Opinions

Neopaganism is a crutch for people who are too lazy to become agnostic.

Perhaps because they spend so much time buying rifles and dried food, those who condemn welfare as an immoral, statist redistribution of wealth appear to make a wonderfully narrow-minded conclusion.

Once welfare is eliminated, its recipients will either run out and become gainfully employed, or politely starve to death. The holders of this view might consider what the crime rate is under the present system. Since these people show no concern for the poor anyway, they could treat welfare as an insurance policy against having to use those rifles and dried food.

MAULING COMMENTS

OO: Indeed, Rich, being the chief of any apa is a surefire recipe for receiving pains in the ass. Bricks far outnumber bouquets. So let me note how much I've appreciated your patience in accepting my last-minute contributions. Myriad has been very important to me for a number of years now, and you have met the acid test of keeping the apa going without resorting to fanatical rules or inflexible policies. // The bound editions of Myriad will be unforgettable. // I am not running for OE. And if this is an answer to a question nobody asked, all the better!

IRIS BROWN: Felicitations on the job. Quitting jobs gets to be a bit traumatic even without piping up "Take this job and shove it." Although I have never teed off on any former employer on my way out the door, I did have one accidental score in that department. Olga, where I spent fifteen months working in women's underwear...was run by a staunch anticommunist with a penchant for writing missives for publication on the editorial page of the LA Times. I picked to pieces one of his abortive analyses of history, and it was coincidentally published the last day I went to work. (I quit the day I planned to fly to Iggy -- people standing in the Hughes Air West line reading the paper kept paging past my letter. Unfortunately, I was the only one who was impressed.) // You're right -- I should have written about my introzine for Guy. Well, I'll bore you with it instead. Ooops, too late, I fell asleep. // I'm at least as interested in your "problems" (self-support etc) as I am in a description of playing PAC MAN. C'mon. // As you can imagine, being treasurer of LASFS requires an unlikely combination of skills/urges. You have to be enough of an accountant to keep the books and file the tax forms, while possessing a memory for faces, and a restless urge to hit strangers up for money. Skid row ex-bookkeepers have to do it, but aren't you supposed to enjoy being in an sf club? // Right, in your comment to Whatley, it's not that the members haven't heard of anything besides the missionary position, the trick is finding opportunities to try the other ones out. // Whatley's not so much a conservative as an ideologue. That saves him from having to be consistent. // Mailing comments. I used to know what those were. Hope it all comes back to me before I finish this paragraph.

JOHN C. WHATLEY VI:

IRIS AGAIN: Nope, I never did remember what mailing comments are like...

CLIFF BIGGERS: Meade Frierson has long seemed an instance of "with us but not of us" -- I like Meade, make no mistake, but I don't consider overruns from APA-VCR submitted on a sporadic got-to-save-my-membership basis to be anything remotely resembling the sort of communication I want with fellow apa members. Over the years I have been in a few apas with Meade, and occasionally he's been enthusiastic enough to participate in the apa, rather than merely hold his place. I have seldom seen this happen with Meade in MYRIAD. I wish it was a regular thing. Since it's not, I don't really feel deprived by the loss of expositions on tv shows, directed at another apa.

// SOUTH OF THE MOON probably does not serve its ostensible purpose of recruiting members for apas by gathering info on all of them in one publication, I agree. However, I like to see it appear, and have published editions in F770, because it educates people to what is happening in apa fandom. You will recall the lamentations about fragmented fandom prevalent in the mid and late 70s. I feel that the efforts of specific fans (Filthy Pierre, Beatty, Boutillier, Andruschak, myself, Brian Earl Brown, Bushyager, Patten) to accumulate and publish information in-depth about cons, apas, clubs and fanzines has by itself done a lot to reduce the apparent anxiety being expressed by those who felt fandom had grown too diverse to cope with. At the same time, of course, fans have developed who do bridge many of the interests once thought too diverse to be followed by the same person. SOTM is an important document because it makes apas accessible to more people, even if it does not actually fulfill its mission as a recruiter. // John's zine is tongue in cheek -- in fact, the boy's entire head is between his cheeks. // Your discussion of ATARANTES reminds me that you should strike my Sylmar address from the ATAR list, as I have received two copies of each issue for a couple of editions past. // Dan either deserves commendation for mastering the ditto medium, or requires an exorcism... // Very apt statement about individuals who confuse opinions with constant criticism.//60 what?

THIS IS ANOTHER TEST: Why do I read one-shots expecting to find anything worth commenting on?

VINCE LYONS: Fore! I swear I can't believe the things that happen to you and Janet. If Deb wasn't in the apa, you two would really seem exceptional. // Not that anybody asked, but your MCG faculty member's quote reminds me of what I thought of my own performance in the first couple weeks after I was unleashed on the taxpaying public after four weeks of book-learning. Trying to put together the classroom material (which I had down pretty well) with reality was the hardest thing I had to do. What makes this slightly more relevant was that it reduced my wildly high expectations of doctors -- whom I previously assumed could be automatically expected to have all medical science on instant recall. // I don't mind paying any fair assessment, as an out-of-town recipient. Obviously, the economics never came up in Myriad before because so many people could receive their mailing by hand. This may not always be so. // You seem to have a handle on Whatley. After taking into account that 25% of his facts about IRS are wrong, up front, and that the slant he puts on the facts is entirely propagandistic, it is possible to

winnow out some valid discussion topics about tax law enforcement. But I've been in Myriad about 5 years, and Whatley is the only person who's expressed an interest in the subject, so I conclude that a lengthy, practical discussion of American taxation will lead to leaving 90% of the members slumped over, asleep in their beer. // I used to have trouble figuring out who was talking, until I noticed that Janet didn't have a reference to slicing up cadavers on every page... // Although I disagree with parts of your statement, I concur in your concern that the news media effectively punishes an accused person whether or not he is guilty, by making him/her notorious, and the target of crank harassment. But that very circumstance can be turned around -- I can think of many times when it was solely through the doggedness of the press, and their freedom to investigate, that public attention was focused on corrupt officials, legal abuses, health hazards and things that people at first would have sloughed off.

JANET LYONS: Teaching dogs and cats birth control and biology? Unfortunately I can't recall the name of the religious philosopher who believed animals had immortal souls.

JANICE GELB: No, no, that was a leer, not the sign of the evil eye. I'm always impressed by your ability to arrive on the scene at the same time as a ytpo. // Sercon refers to serious and constructive. Years ago, probably in SFR, Ted White wrote a letter about the history of the term. Originally the word was a positive statement about the devotion of one's zine to sf. In the late 60s users tried to convert it to a pejorative term. Fannish interests split at that point, and the term was equally likely to be an insult or one's raison d'etre. Now its usefulness as fannish shorthand has become so debased that it is comparatively little used. // Ah, all these people trying to explain themselves to Whatley as if he had the integrity to care. // Reading back, I didn't completely explain -- as you'll recall, the late 60s was riddled with political controversies about the Great Causes of our lifetimes, and anyone whose zine was so stultified with sercon about science fiction was suspected of emotional immaturity and lack of social conscience -- probably someone who hadn't even seen Hair.

CLIFF BIGGERS SINGLE SHOT: Have you noticed that virtually every time you refer to Randy Satterfield, you hasten to insert a reference to his karate skills? Do you realize that this tends to present Mr. Satterfield in the light of someone who takes offense at every trivial disagreement, and is so unimaginative that he can only deal with frustration by breaking bones? Now I doubt that Mr. Satterfield has this habit in reality, since that sort of behavior would have made him more famous than Markstein by now. Just a hint, that if you think this guy ought to be chairman of a worldcon, don't build him a reputation as Richard Kiel reincarnated. // "...or like someone stealing bowling pins" -- ook ook! // Fantastically funny -- and I think you're on the verge of making Ward Batty a bona fied Souther'Fried legend.

TERRY KANE: According to Mike Rogers, liberally paraphrased, fandom is a sexual carnival. // Poul Anderson whats? That's carrying the carnival theme a trifle far, don't you think?

NICKI LYNCH: Art prints have caught on fairly strongly on the West Coast. Although I haven't gone around looking for them, I recall that the Noncon art show (Edmonton, last October) was liberally supplied with signed-and-numbered reproductions of Leila Dowling and Ken somebody-or-other. // At least in the LA TIMES they have weekly summaries of all movies running in town (maybe two sentences in 5 point type) adding a note about any violence, nudity, or profanity.

DEB HAMMER JOHNSON: A shortage of Tabs? No corflu? No locs? This is the end of civilization as I know it. (Fortunately, civilization and I were just nodding acquaintances to begin with.) // I don't know about it being an engineering student -- if Kent State sucks and Bowling Green inhales, that leaves a substantial vacuum in the vicinity of Columbus. Which makes sense, since they reelected Rhodes as governor. // Deb H-J -- Poster Girl for Throbbing Immobility of the Face! // Rumpole of the Bailey, and the series based on Dick Francis' novels, riveted my attention when MYSTERY was on. One regret -- my portable TV suffers selective amnesia, and cannot pick up the PBS channel in town any longer -- probably gnat guano on the channel selector. So I am culturally deprived these days. Weep wail. // If "other Mike G." translates out to Gunderloy, the story I heard was that his car crapped out on him. Needing lots of loot to get back in the game, he took a second job. His spare time evaporated. He may also be the latest case of apa burnout. And he's seldom enjoyed conventions, from what I hear, suffering paranoia about hotel fumblediddles, or repressive committees, whatever. I agree if that sort of thing really aggravates you, then don't come to sf cons. // Snubbing an ancient fannish institution? Diarrhea is an ancient human condition, but does that make it venerable?

EVE ACKERMAN: I love all this religious furor over "Dungeons and Dragons" -- I love it when mindless theocrats get tangled up in something so trivial that everyone can't help but notice their intellectual atrophy. To quote one 15-year-old interviewed on tv, "I play tennis, too, but I don't worship a tennis ball."

MIKE RAUB: Here's another person referring to Ward O'Batty. Just when did Ward become an adopted son of the Emerald Isle?

DEB HAMMER JOHNSON (Again!): Let's not forget Elst Weinstein, AAMD (Almost A Doctor) who is practicing ~~øx~~ in St. Louis. The most famous alum of Guadalajara Tech (that is, UAG, ugh ugh ugh!) is in residency. // Darned right, what's the point in having X-rated cable if it's really B(for blobified)-rated? // Heh-heh. The ceiling is far too high for my tastes -- an entire eight feet distant from the floor! Now I have no simple way to discipline unruly visitors. In exchange, this place's humidity is low enough that wet washcloths actually dry out by themselves. // Why is it everybody in the mailing who thought they knew what sercon meant, didn't? Y'all are remanded to remedial faanish reading class -- check out those copies of ALL OUR YESTERDAYS and get with the program! // EVITA is very good -- and you can get at least 80% of the content just from the cast album. Maybe more -- there are three scenes with visuals/staging effects that are integral to the music. One is the satire on cycling through her lovers as she climbs socially; one is the end of the first act, with the workers' torchlight demonstration; one is the Rainbow Tour. The rest, while quite good, is subordinate to the lyrics.

DAVID SCHLOSSER: What this translates out to, femmefans, is that eight out of ten women have certified him as cute. Of the other two, one rates him much higher than cute, and the other one's ballot was returned addressee unknown. (See, David, all that dull stuff is only rendered uninteresting through an attack of modesty. And although the style in which this comment is written would do nothing to dissuade you from the opinion that it's sarcasm, I've had more than one woman offer me the entirely unsolicited opinion that you're cute. Why they tell me instead of you is food for thought. Maybe they think you know about some diet they wish I was on ?) // You can offer a "fairly decent account" of what transpired between Lee, Carol and I. Want to help us? Don't help us! // Now you've gone and given away that Van Nuys is a Myriad power center. Next thing you know they'll be trying to run one of us for OE, and then there'll be hell to pay.

DAN TAYLOR: Were you held under suspicion, and never once turned to the in-house counselor of MYRIAD? (Whhoops, wait a moment while I dislodge tongue from cheek -- singular). // I appreciate the compliment. However I don't believe that a policy of privileged membership which places a hardship on the treasury is justified. It also seems likely the a couple of long-distance members are shortly to be added (either by joining new, or having oldtimers relocate). Therefore the problem is not confined to my mailing alone, and I am willing to accept whatever reasonable policy is installed. The small assessment I would have to pay to continue receiving Myriad timely would be only a fraction of the loot I lavish on sending my contributions in at the last minute. // Receiving superstations is sort of fascinating. Still, what I saw via Larry Mason's cable tv service last summer was strange. WNEW (?), whichever NY channel is a superstation, broadcasts old movies all day long. This doesn't sound too bad yet. But in 24 hours two of the films were a biography of Hanoverian nobles and the biography of six generations of pianomakers named Ault. These were not biggies.

DAN TAYLOR ONESHOT: The only problem is that John's sitting there loving this stuff.

THE ORANGE ZUKOWSKI: You appear ready for the overdue reprinting of my not-a-haiku:

Flat cat
Lying in the road
Goodyear on its innards

Maybe I should warn Rich to mail out travel sickness bags with this issue. We now return you to our regularly scheduled slash and trash. // Judging by the practice of network reporters during the 60s riots (as discussed in TV Guide not long ago) today's policy is to report on people getting wiped out, not to stop and assist them on a humanitarian basis. Cases can be advanced for both views. The stop-and-help argument is obvious. Almsot as obvious -- news reporters who start running around giving first aid become useless as reporters.

Again we confront the ethical hazard of four blank lines at the bottom of the stencil, starkly contrasted with a need to maintain textual integrity in the face of creeping margins. Once more into the platen, dear friends!

WARD BATTY: Now I can reveal the secret -- to the extent that I played well in the DSC Hearts tournament, ~~xxx~~ credit Lon Atkins. I played in a game with him about two weeks before DSC, and was annihilated. I had time enough to recover from, without forgetting, the lessons of the master. (End mock humility zone. Continue MCs at normal hubris.) // Seriously, it is probably easier to instigate the collapse of the income tax system than to pare the Federal budget down to nothingness. Easier, as opposed to easy. But the money is being collected for a purpose, to wit, spending it faster than lightning... // I suspect a good many publishing fans were in the Fan Room. Maybe you have high expectations of how many there are these days. // Thanks for reminding me. I think counting HITCHHIKER as part of total pagecount is fucked. End editorial. Stay tuned to this station for other closely-reasoned expressions of private opinion.

N. RAZRUSHEN: It looks like you'll have to invent the FAAn ballot this year if you want to frank it through Myriad. In fact, with the disintegration of the award process, the South can have its longed-for representation in the award simply by keeping it going over the ineffably feeble protests of two or three clowns who weren't willing to do the work themselves. // BENZINE AND COMET! // The NY '83 bid -- all one needs to do is read the name Brian Burley on the committee list to realize that it's a tantrum, not a convention. // Astonishing zine -- I could understand 90% of the syntactical construction. While missing 75% of the references.

DEBORAH CLAYPOOL: Where the Elite Meet to Sheet. // Snazzy crane.

CECIL HUTTO: Whew -- here I was enjoying this zine and almost got through it without finding an appropriate comment. // As you noted, an outfit trademarked Activision is licensed to produce cartridges for the Atari. My father recently acquired their BRIDGE cartridge, and it is remarkable. Not being a bridge whiz I haven't strained the program's parameters. But it simulates the game very well in both bidding and play (at my skill level). It can handle Stayman and Blackwood bidding conventions, and a pamphlet on the assumptions the computer makes from your bids is enclosed. I found the graphic setup of play very fine as well as the quality of the game. One can pre-select the point-distribution of one's hand. Hands can be replayed. Either NS or EW partners' hands can be accessed after play of the hand for purposes of rehashing. // The ATARI ADVENTURE cartridge is amusing to play, but eventually becomes old hat. Unlike MISSILE COMMAND and SPACE INVADERS, there's no way to measure your improved mastery of the game.

RICH HOWELL: Maybe your apa experience is silent, but please don't discount all the rest of us poor slobs out here whining and moaning under the onslaught of Deadeye Whatley's barrage of wit.

DAVE MINCH: The Casio translators are somewhat interactive. One of my co-workers bought one, and within two hours managed to translate into Spanish and French the statement, "Please give the stewardess the leather underwear." // There you go, accidentally delivering a mailing comment from your pulpit again. I thought you were just in this to exercise your writing skills. Or do they pay 5¢ a word for condescending sophistry in some publication you've recently become aware of? // Most fascinating to see somebody get under your facade for a change.

MINUTES OF THE 107TH MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE
LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY, INC. June 7, 1981. Convened
at 2:23 pm by Craig Miller, chairman. Minutes by Mike Glyer, Sec'y.

ATTENDANCE: Bill Welden, Craig Miller, Dan Alderson, Milton Stevens,
Dan Deckert, Bruce Pelz, George Jumper, Cheryl Chapman, Mike Glyer.
(Absent: Jerry Pournelle, Len Moffatt). Others: Ed Finkelstein,
Fred Patten, Emperor Jackson 2, Phil Castora, Danise Deckert,
Marty Cantor, Ken Porter, Ken Rowand, Bob Null, Sue Haseltine,
Louis Gray, Dave Fox, Charlie Fuller. (Absent: Sanity Clause)

The clanging together of two Perrier bottles signalled the beginning
of the meeting.

MINUTES: Approved with this correction: the appropriation for the
electrostencil was passed at meeting #106.

MEMBERSHIP: Craig Miller reported receiving a letter of resignation
from the club by Mike Shupp. Under the by-laws, said Miller, no
other action is necessary but to expunge his name from the
escutcheon of LASFS. Glyer's call for a vote of thanks was ruled
out of order.

Miller next offered a hypothetical situation, while not looking
in the direction of Phil Castora, to pose the question whether
a member's resignation entitled him to refunds of advance dues
(eg, a refund of lifetime dues pro-rated over its equivalent
in annual dues, refunding those years not absorbed since lifetime
dues were deposited). Bruce Pelz said that the purpose of
resignation was to sever all connection with LASFS. By the same
token it severed any requirement for Lasfs to provide the services
prepaid, without obligating the club to repay any dues. Various
humorous takeoffs on these ideas were spoken quicker than the
Secretary could write them down. Outlining the serious issues,
Milt Stevens, seconded by Bruce Pelz, moved "Upon resignation
all advance dues payments are forfeit." Discussion questions
-- How did this relate to money owed to the club by the resignee?
Stevens answered he was still liable. Cheryl Chapman asked
if those in process of paying lifetime dues had an obligation
for the balance? Pelz replied that lifetime dues was an offer
by the club, not a contract. A subissue arose -- whether a
resignee who was readmitted to membership was entitled to any
credit for advance dues payments. Glyer believed this should be
kept as an option of the board -- on the ground that anyone we
chose to readmit, we would not want to punish by forfeiting
their lifetime dues. The vote on the motion: 6 aye, 2 nay. Passed.
Aye: Welden, Stevens, Deckert, Pelz, Jumper, Chapman.
Nay: Glyer, Alderson.

Now Miller spoke in the general direction of Phil Castora,
questioning whether any member still persisted in saying Miller
had received his letter of resignation. Castora said yes.
Amid the uproar, Pelz moved, seconded by Miller, that obstinate,
pigheaded members of the club wishing to make stupid points to
the club should learn the proper ways for doing so. All voted aye.

Castora persisted that he gave the letter to Elayne, rather than
Miller, as a courtesy so she could strike his name from the mailing

list. Jumper pointed out that a resignation must be submitted to the Chairman of the Board, snicker snicker. Miller said, "Phil, we can either go through further foofaw rah, or you can quit being so stubborn." Pelz pointed out to Castora that compared to how the first resignation was handled, he should think about the message implied in the hard time he was being given about his own resignation. Finally, in the Full Wisdom of the Lasfs, (which had been lost briefly until somebody found the eyedropper it was in) everyone agreed "What letter?" and Mr. Castora did not have to become the first resignee ever admitted back into the club to forfeit lifetime dues. We did not see the check he wrote for annual dues, except Elayne, who did not see it slightly less than the rest of us.

Charlie Jackson, asking what his cut was for making the call that got Castora to the meeting, was told he got 10% of Phil's resignation.

Dan Alderson, seconded by Dan Deckert, moved to accept all the following applications for membership: Dr. Robert Prehoda, Donald Bacon, Calvin Ogawa, Calvin Smith, Ulrike Anderson, John Robert Christopher (aka Joseph Campanella Jr), Larry S. Grant, Randy Gillespie, David Lathram, R. V. Brannen. All voted aye.

POLICY: Craig Miller remarked that it had been brought to his attention that Charles Fuller has been selling quantities of ammunition on the premises. Miller believed he should be required to do this off-premises. George Jumper reported about a year ago, Fuller and Workman had a weapon in the club kitchen, being handled by Avril Roy-Smith. He talked to them, and hadn't seen them bringing weapons around since. Jumper buys ammo himself. He would be willing as Lasfs president to talk to Fuller. Cheryl Chapman, seconded by Dan Deckert, moved that firearms and ammunition not be permitted on the club property. Voice vote, all aye.

CONSTRUCTION: Milt Stevens said \$3500 was the agreed expense for the Apa L room. Deckert, seconded by Pelz, moved to appropriate the additional \$250 over amounts formerly voted for the job. This passed by voice.

Bob Null, new Speaker to Electricians, reported having straightened out what is to be done about the front building electrical work, and its exterior and interior lights. This included the kitchen and shed, but not the library exhaust fan. Stevens reported that the old air conditioner in the front building was still plugged in and occasional attempts to turn it on were blowing circuit breakers. Null would investigate. Sue Haseltine said she expected Frisbie to bring the info on the library's electrical plan. The exhaust fan was delayed until Pelz could get a current treasurer's report.

TREASURY: A current report was unavailable because of the Pelz' overseas trip. However, Stevens had succeeded in collection \$150 from the Greenes after $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours of their stalling, finally making good a bad check they wrote us last year.

DELEGATES: The following members were duly elected delegates to conventions: WESTERCON: Ken Porter, Alice Williams, Fred Patten, Maureen Garrett, Ken Rowand. EMFIRICON: Lee Ann Goldsteir. DENVENTION: Garrett and Rowand.