



MAY, 2005

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1 TRIPE	2	3	4	5 LASFS MEETING	6 Open Gaming	7 ESTROGEN ZONE
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KEY TO CALENDAR & OTHER IMPEDIMENTA

ESTROGEN ZONE = Ladies Auxiliary Sewing and
Fallout Society
TRIPE = Temporal Retrieval of Information
Programming and Entertainment.
BOD = Board of Directors
2nd Sunday = Board and other gaming
Cinema Anime = Japanimation
CFO = Cartoon Fantasy Organisation
Work Party = Varies with what needs doing
FWEMS = Fourth Sunday Movies - 2 pm
TIME MEDDLERS = Dr. Who club
Fictionados - Writer's Club

CALENDAR DETAILS

TRIPE - Noon until whenever
BoD - 11:00 am, games start at 2:00 pm
Cinema Anime - 1:00 pm until it ends
CFO - 1 pm to 8 pm
Work Party - 10:30 am
TIME MEDDLERS - 10:30 am

ESTROGEN ZONE - 2:00 pm
Marketing Committee - 7:30 pm
Fictionados - 7:00 p.m.
FWEMS - A Day with Philip Marlowe

THURSDAY PROGRAMME ITEMS

- MAY 5** - George Van Wagner - What have you been
reading lately?
MAY 12 - Presentation from CLJII
MAY 19 - Tom Safer Presents A Retrospective on the
Underdog Show
MAY 26 - No programme available at press time

(programme items subject to change
without notice)

Many of our minutes are *special*
this month.
READ THEM.
You are in for a treat.

COLOPHON

De Profundis 388 – April, 2005. Editor: **Marty Cantor**. Production Assistant: **Bob Null**. Mailing List: **Liz Mortensen**. Mailing Labels: **Fuzzy Pink Niven**.

De Profundis is the official newsletter of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (11513 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood, CA 91601, USA). Our telephone number is: (818) 760-9234. Our web site is: www.lasfs.org. *De Profundis* is available to active LASFS members, Patron Friends & Saints of the LASFS, voluntary active LASFS members, and in exchange for other fanzines. VAMs are available for \$10 per year, payable to LASFS, Inc.

Westercon is a service mark of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Incorporated (LASFS, Inc.), Worldcon and NASFIC are service marks of the World Science Fiction Society (WSFS).

We want any news of interest to LASFS members (no poetry or fiction). Send items to the LASFS address c/o *De Profundis* or leave them in the *De Profundis* mailbox at the clubhouse. The editor, Marty Cantor, can be reached at the clubhouse on Thursday evenings or at his edress: hooahpubs@earthlink.net. Deadlines are a bit fluid, but mid-month Thursdays are probably it.

Address corrections should be given or sent to the LASFS Treasurer at the clubhouse.

Due to the press of other material there is currently no space available in *De Profundis* for advertising. I will always try to find room to announce upcoming events of interest to members.

Due to space limitations, priority is always given to content mandated in the LASFS by-laws and by any applicable traditions. Also, after that stuff, by what the editor wants to do.

Written in Publisher 2000 on a custom-built Pentium III 500 computer, printed on an HP OfficeJet 6110 printer, with reproduction on a Gestetner CopyPrinter 5329L.

Statements herein are those of the speaker/writer and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the club. *Interjections in italics are solely the responsibility of the smartass, er, editor. Any resemblances 'twixt smartassery and responsibility are purely coincidental.*

This is Hoo Hah Publication No. 996.

LASFS OFFICERS

Elected Procedural Officers

President: Matthew B. Tepper. **Vice-President:** Mike Thorsen & Ed Green (tag team). **Scribe:** John DeChancie. **Treasurer:** Liz Mortensen. **Registrar:** Christian McGuire & Dr. Susan "Arizona" Gleason (tag team).

Board of Directors

Chairman: Karl Lembke (2006). **Vice-Chairman:** Mike Thorsen (2007). **Comptroller:** Brett Achorn (2005). **Secretary:** Brett Achorn (2005). **Other members:** Merlin R. "Bob" Null (2006), Ed Green (2006), Tadao Tomomatsu (2006), Joe Zeff (2005), Marty Cantor (2005), Bill Ellern (2005), Liz Mortensen (2007), Cathy Beckstead (2007). **Special Advisor:** Charles Lee Jackson II. **Advisors:** Forrest J Ackerman, Walt Daugherty, Len & June Moffatt, and Fred Patten.

Official Committees

De Profundis Editor: Marty Cantor. **Librarian:** (currently vacant). **Librarian Emeritus:** Leigh Strother Vien. **Assistant Librarians:** Greg Barrett, Doc Reames, Joyce Sperling, Beth O'Brien, and Ed Hooper. **Special Guest Librarian:** Charles Lee Jackson II. **LASFS Answer Guy:** Greg Barrett. **LASFAPA/APA-L Liaison:** Marty Cantor. **Committee to Gouge Money from the LASFS:** Tadao Tomomatsu, C.B. McGuire, Cathy Beckstead, Dale Hales. ****Legion of Substitute Gouges:** Sandy Cohen, Ed Green. ****Strategic Reserve Registrar:** Robert Keller.

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Sergeant-at-Arms In Perpetuity: Roy Tackett. **Windmill-at-Arms:** Kees van Toom. **Samurai-at-Arms:** Takumi Shibano. **Librarian-at-Arms:** Heather Stem.

La La Con Episode #11

Raiders of the Lost La La Con

May 21-22, 2005
at
LASFS Clubhouse

Adventure Games, Ice Cream Social, Chili Cookoff,
Auction, Panels, Dealers, and much more

Admission (Attendance limited to 150):
\$15.42 Pre-registration
\$21.12 At the Door
\$6.00 Sunday Banquet (extra)

Writer GOH: Karen Anderson
Artist GOH: Shawn Crosby
Fan GOH: Brett Achorn & Stacey Hallman

www.lalacon.org / www.lasfs.org

CONDENSED CREAM OF MENACE

(complete minutes can be read in APA-L and are filed in the archives)

*Meeting #3525, March 3, 2005
Matthew B. Tepper, President
John DeChancie, Scribe*

“OK, you mugs. Pipe down and listen up,” Duck Tepper lipped thinly, running the back of a raw hand across his blue jaw.

I looked at the clock. It was 8:16. I was still groggy and my head was pounding like an old typewriter with a drunk reporter at the keyboard, but I sat down at the desk, and pulled out my PDA. I checked the battery. It had a full charge. I started taking notes.

Charlie “Flicks” Jackson stood up and told us that Simone Simon, who’d appeared in “The Curse of the Cat People” and “The Devil and Daniel Webster” had taken the Big Sleep.

The Duck told everyone that Steve Fossett, the multi-billionaire aviator, a real Howard Hughes type, had set a world aviation record. “Yeah, he waddycallit, he circumcised the world,” Duck leered. Someone else in the crowd piped up to the effect that the plane, designed by Burt Rutan (who else?) had the world’s most efficient jet engine.

“All right, enough with the newsy stuff,” Tepper barked. “Read the minutes, Scribe.”

I read ‘em. I had cast the minutes into the form of a Ballade, a French verse form dating from the 14th century. Three 8-line stanzas in iambic tetrameter with a four-line Envoi or Refrain. I stood up and spat it out.

Loud guffaws, hoots, and jeers came from the motley crew that was Tepper’s gang.

“Shaddup,” Tepper explained. “You mugs gotta get some culture sometime, even if I gotta force feed ya. Let’s see if next week he can do it as a villanelle. If he screws up the scansion or cheats on the rhyme scheme, then we whack him.”

Some wisenheimer moved that the minutes be accepted as “for better or verse.” The motion was seconded. The motion carried.

Some punk in the front wised everyone up to the fact that there was going to be a staging of H. G. Wells’ “The Invisible Man” in Pasadena. I mulled over the ramifications for the lead actor. The play will be put on by the Aquila Theater Company. Details on the flyer on the Liz’s desk.

Christian McGuire, a big beefy torpedo, stood up and again announced a general Worldcon/LAcon 4 open meeting on April 30. “Anybody ain’t there, they ain’t gettin’ a piece of the action,” McGuire gritted.

Some babe in the back sashayed up to the front. “There’s going to be a new play called ‘Star Trek Indiana,’” Arlene Satin husked. She looked like she usually got what she wanted.

Next to sound off was Frankie “Chips” Waller. He got up and said he had something to say. “So spit it out,” Tepper told him. “What does this look like, a monastery?” Seems there was this new memorabilia store opening on Burbank Blvd., specializing in Star

Wars collectibles. The joint’s called Big Kid Collectibles, 14109 Burbank Blvd. in Burbank.

I knew I had to get over there. Fast.

Freddie Patten came out of the back room and said he wanted someone to share a room with at something called Condor. I figured he didn’t want me. I didn’t want him. It’d be like holing up with a Tasmanian Devil. Furry, but unpredictable.

“We got any guests tonight?” Tepper asked, suddenly suspicious.

Everyone froze. There were no guests.

“Good,” Tepper said. “No witnesses. Neater that way.”

The Saint tonight was Marjii Ellers. Eddie Green piped up to say she personified the family. She believed in the family. She was big-hearted, kind, concerned, caring. Then she could turn on you and you were egg salad, finely minced.

Next up to bat was Larry “The Pro” Niven. He said that Marjii was a wonderful person, and he’d deal with anyone who said otherwise.

Frankie Waller said she was the world’s oldest 18-yr-old.

Hare Hobbs said she was never afraid to tell the truth. . . “But she was no stool pigeon!” he rasped.

Phil Castora said she was a cute little number but not “cutesy.”

Duck Tepper called for three cheers. The gang gave up three cheers.

“We ain’t got no old business,” Tepper blurted. But Eddie Green auctioned off the color of a ballot anyway and took the gang for a couple of bucks. That’s Eddie. He’s fast.

“We ain’t got any new business,” the Duck said emptily. “But next week we got a agenda, and the agenda is Bruce Gillespie, a fanzine *consiglieri* from Down Under. Any reviews?”

Joe “Sideburns” Zeff got up and reviewed a trailer for an on-line short film based on a Terry Pratchett novel. It was good, Zeff averred. Real good.

Another mug got up and mouthed off about the “Save Enterprise” gathering --some show people showed up, writers, producers, and a bunch of other fey Hollywood types. “It was fun,” the mug bumbled.

Doug Crepeau cranked himself up and said, “Somebody on the Internet is advertising for an assistant to go on a time travel journey.” Application deadline is April 30, 2004.

“Flicks” Jackson reviewed the “Boris and Natasha” movie.

Freddie “The Sapper” Patten was trying to find a January issue of Asimov’s SF zine. It came to the attention of the club that the club did not have a subscription to Asimov’s. It hit like a brick wall at

LAF A
 (Los Angeles Filkers Anonymous)

LAF A Filksing
 Saturday, May 14, 2005
 Filk: 7 PM to ???
 Pre-Filk Dinner: 5:00 PM: VIP
 Harbor Seafood Restaurant

Brandyhall: Lee and Barry Gold, hosts
 3965 Alla Rd., Los Angeles, CA
 90066; (310) 306-7456

PRE-FILK DINNER: 5:00 PM at VIP
 Harbor Seafood Restaurant. 11701
 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles
 DIRECTIONS: See Thomas Bros.
 L.A. Co., page 672, grid B-5
 (1992 edition);
 page 49, grid E-3 (older editions).
 Brandyhall is located southwest of the
 intersection of the San Diego
 (I-405) and Santa Monica (I-10)
 Freeways.
 LAF A info: Barry & Lee Gold:
 (310) 306-7456

midnight. What, we didn't subscribe to the premiere SF prozine? It was crazier than a pair of waltzing mice. Jerry "Doc" Pournelle hit the ceiling. "We ain't got a subscription to Asimov's? That's a crime!" He moved that the Librarian be informed, if he knows what's good for him, that it is the sense of the club that the library should subscribe to the magazine. The motion carried unanimously. Someone reviewed

a book called "The Wrong Stuff," about planes that couldn't fly or never flew.

Another smart guy told about the smallest star yet discovered. It is 95 times the mass of Jupiter.

Tepper looked at the clock. "All right, all right. Enough is enough. Let's go get somethin' t'eat. I know a nice little deli called Solley's. It's now owned by Jerry. Solley is, uh, retired. You know."

Meeting #3526, March 10, 2005
Matthew B. Tepper, President
John DeChancie, Scribe

"The three-thousand five-hundred twenty-sixth meeting of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society will now come to order."

I gathered this was Mr. Matthew Tepper, the president. The Scribe had mentioned him in the phone conversation during which he had extended his invitation.

The room quieted down, except for some murmuring toward the rear.

I looked at the clock. It was 8:19.

"Do we have any special orders of business?" Tepper asked. "Mr. Jackson is not here. He's delayed, and will get here in due time. Meanwhile, can anyone tell me who has passed?"

Who has passed? Apparently meetings began with announcements of deaths. Odd, I thought.

It finally transpired that a movie producer named Deborah Hill had shuffled off this mortal coil. She had been responsible for the cinematic gem *Halloween* and its progeny.

The passing of an actress by the name of Theresa Wright was noted. She had appeared in *The Search for Bridie Murphy*.

It also was announced that Hans Bethe, the well-known physicist, had met his end.

An attractive woman named Karen Anderson related how Bethe's name was added to the byline of a paper on the physics of the Big Bang. It came to be known as the "Alpher, Bethe, Gamov paper."

Dr. Jerry Pournelle allowed that Bethe had been a polite, rational, and civil gentleman who could agree to disagree.

A member named Marty Cantor announced the death of a well-known fan, one G. M. Carr, important in amateur press association activities down through the years. She had ruffled some feathers, Cantor admitted, but her legacy was generally positive.

Tepper called for a moment of silence. The convened membership complied.

The mood was decidedly somber. This was no wrenching change, for the place itself emitted an intense atmosphere of despondency and gloom, of things dark and dismal.

The Scribe then read the minutes of the last meeting. At least I think they were the minutes. Whatever they were, they possessed high literary quality.

Afterward, someone moved that the minutes be accepted as "hard boiled." The ayes had it, and it was so ordered.

It seems the club had a guest from Australia, a Mr. Bruce Gillespie, here on some kind of junket. He was a fellow fantasy aficionado involved in the publication of magazines, amateur and semiprofessional, I gathered, devoted to the literature. Gillespie stood up and said a few words about how he'd come to be here. I knew that these so-called "fan" clubs were a national phenomenon, but here was clear evidence of a highly efficient organizational structure that took on the contours—dare I say it? -- of an international conspiracy. I suddenly broke out in a fine clammy sweat.

The religious coloration reasserted itself in the veneration of a member who was a benefactor of the club—the term was "saint," and this week's saint was Dave Fox. Various members arose and said kind things about this individual.

There were timely announcements—an Irish festival, something called "Creation Con," a

Renaissance Fair in Palm Springs, a vintage paperback show in Mission Hills. Someone announced the meeting of a Marketing Committee on Wednesday. Tepper announced upcoming after-meeting programs—an audio program next week. There were book reviews and film reviews by various individuals. An upcoming Board of Directors meeting was announced.

I looked toward the back of the room. More people had come in, and the way to the door was somewhat blocked. But I had seen enough. The place exuded an air of unhealthiness and unwholesomeness that fairly oozed from the dank walls. I turned and tried to espy a path that could lead to the door.

A collective gasp went up from the membership. Something had apparently happened at or near the dais. I whirled in my chair.

The far end of the room had inexplicably disappeared. The dais still stood, but behind it, what had been a back wall holding a bulletin board or blackboard of some kind was a wide-open portal now giving onto a vast plain of twisted geometry and fractured space.

Tepper jumped up from his seat and backed away from the anomaly, arms raised, yelling at the top of his lungs—“An unscheduled Convergence! Unscheduled Convergence! O miracle of miracles! We are not worthy!”

As he uttered these inanities, his body began a frightening metamorphosis. In a few seconds’ time he had transformed into something hideously deformed, a shambling hulk of writhing cilia and liver-spotted, rugose skin.

The entire membership began to transmogrify all around me. Tentacles quickly replaced arms and legs—scales replaced skin, eyestalks eyes, waving tendrils hair and digits.

Out on the plain, from which blew a hot, foul-smelling wind, something was approaching the portal, making its way through that crazed frame of reference over gray lifeless rock and insensate sands, crawling slowly under a dark and indefinite sky. As to the exact nature of this semi-mobile mass, I could not hazard a guess. My mind did not immediately perceive and process its blasphemous proportions. I dimly espied hints of undulating appendages in the darkness...

I heard a piercing scream. It was a scream of mindless fear issuing from the deepest pit of terror a mortal could experience. I realized then that the scream came from myself. I was backing toward the door, shrieking at the top of my voice.

“Abase yourselves! Abase yourselves!” the thing that had been Tepper was piping now, the voice finally breaking down into a gurgle of subhuman intonations.

Miraculously, I had reached the door.

I sped back to the Institute, where I found some of

the staff to be working late. The sight of my facial expression must have alarmed them. They immediately phoned for an ambulance and paramedics. I may have gibbered something at that point, temporarily regaining some powers of speech, but it must have sounded completely insane, for they brought me here, to this place of padded rooms and hydrotherapy tanks and quiet hallways...

I want to get it all down on paper, but words seem inadequate. They’ll be asking me questions again, and I cannot speak, I cannot answer.

This paper will speak for me. It is still quite

(Here the text devolves to an indecipherable scrawl.)

Meeting #3527, March 17, 2005
Ed Green, Vice-President, presiding
John DeChancie, Scribe

Meeting convened at 8:13 by Ed Green, acting for the flu-ridden Matthew Tepper.

Special orders of business: Died: Cy Kondra, fan, joined in 1946. Len Moffatt said some kind words. Died: Andre Norton, one of SF’s most beloved authors. Jerry Pournelle—“Great SF writer. She was loved by all.” Fred Patten is getting better, recuperating from stroke.

Ed Green had a very special order of business. It seems a hypodermic needle was discovered in the courtyard. The Board needs to deal with this situation, in order to safeguard the health and welfare of the club membership. Green said that, although it’s probable that the needle was left by a trespasser, any member caught with contraband substances in the clubhouse will be subject to expulsion procedures. More on this subject at a later date.

Tonight’s Saint: Gavin Claypool, longtime member, active fan, friend, and Hell player. Three Cheers for Mr. Claypool.

Christian McGuire: announced general Lacon 4 meeting April 30 at the clubhouse. Anyone interested, please come.

John Amato announced he is looking for a place to rent. See John in the library Thursday nights.

Doug Crepeau discussed the “Voluntary Badge Committee,” a group of members who are looking into the suggestion that members wear ID badges so that guests and new members don’t feel like the greenhorn

neo-fans they are, the little darlings. Another proposal is that members voluntarily get stamped with a bar code across the forehead, so that they can be scanned into the clubhouse, monitored for thought content, and periodically reprogrammed for maximum mental and physical efficiency. (*This last from The Committee to Keep the Clubhouse Empty. – ed.*)

Reviews—an unnamed member (who really should get a name soon, if he wants to get along in the world) gave the film “Robots” his stamp of approval. As this film features Robin Williams doing a great impression of Robin Williams doing Robin Williams, the Scribe would like to stamp on it, too.

Somebody else mentioned that Locus has loads of information about book awards this month. But—hah!—who cares about book awards.

Doug Crepeau mentioned recent discoveries concerning Saturn’s moon Encyladus. It is an icy, desolate place; there is absolutely nothing there besides the Starbucks.

George Van Wagner brought news that the Space Station is losing its gyroscopic stabilizers. Either that, or he’s been reading copies of Astounding Science Fiction from the 1940s.

Dr. Jerry Pournelle talked about the possible creation of a mini-black hole in New York. Or was it in Calcutta? Actually, it was done at the Relativistic Heavy Ion Collider in Brookhaven, NY, at the Brookhaven National Laboratory. Not to worry. The mini-black hole, if it was one, immediately evaporated like research grant money.

Christian McGuire announced wrap-up meeting on April 9 for Loscon 31, immediately followed by a Loscon 32 meeting. They never seem to learn from one year to the next.

There followed half a dozen timely announcements of this, that, and the other momentous event. Unfortunately, the Scribe was by that time in a persistent vegetative state.

The Scribe dozed off at 9:10.

The meeting was mercifully put to sleep at 9:25.

Meeting #3528, March 24, 2005
Matthew B. Tepper, President
John DeChancie, Scribe

Traffic was heavy over North Hollywood that night. My autocopter was programmed to avoid snarls, but you have to go where you have to go. I switched to manual, programmed in a dicey landing pattern I thought would get by the Air Controllers. I broadcast the request, and it was disallowed. They wouldn’t let me descend into the streaming mess below.

Ignoring the Controllers’ orders, I dove the craft toward the ground, cutting a path through waves of traffic like a tunnel in the sky. Immediately, the control board’s verniers lit up in red, and a whooping alarm sounded. This I ignored as well. The craft was stolen, the beacon signal bogus, and the designated pilot was somebody named “Jonathan Hoag.” The craft itself was registered with the People’s Anarchy of Reseda. The registration number, NB666666, was false. But as such illegal craft were common, the Controllers weren’t about to turn me into the Sky Cops. There were just too many of us. If this goes on, no telling what the government will ultimately do. But after all, the roads must roll.

I nearly collided with at least two civilian craft, and had a close brush with a commercial carrier—but managed to land safely on Burbank Blvd., and taxied to an underground hangar facility. I waved my wristband at the meter, and it took the 2000 NewDollar storage fee. This end of town was still fairly cheap.

I was late. I needed to get to the clubhouse on the bounce. I was the new Scribe. The position was mostly honorary these days. Each meeting of the LASFS was recorded in stereovision and stored in the club’s computer. But the Scribe still oversaw that process, and had to present the Menace of the last meeting.

After reconfiguring the vehicle into its ground car mode, I parked and stepped briskly to the lift. I was wearing kilt, boots, beret, and a T-Shirt that read, “My family has an average life-span of a thousand years, but all I got was this lousy T-shirt.” My walking stick was of sturdy cloned oak. The last real oak trees were now growing on Cryse Planitium on the Red Planet.

The lift took me up eighteen levels, then sixteen to the left before the door dilated and dumped me onto the slidewalk. I slid to the clubhouse and jumped off in front of a nondescript building that had seen better days half a century ago.

The interior was a different story. The same hyperspace generators that powered earth’s starships had long been adapted to increase the interior dimensions of most structures. The lobby was multistoried and plush, looking as though it belonged to a fine hotel. I walked past potted ferns and miniature ginkos, smiling at club members I knew. Many of them were simulacra of veteran members, now deceased. Nevertheless, they were accorded all the honor due a living human organism. I said hello to Paul Freehafer, Ev Evans, Dan

Alderson, Gary Louie, Bruce Pelz, and Michael Mason. They all tended to stand around, talking to one another. I wondered whether the fact that all their names were on the same service award had anything to do with this habit.

I ducked into a long hallway lined with columns. I passed the sixth column and walked into the main meeting hall. The meeting was just about to commence.

“And our Scribe appears,” said Matthew Tepper from the dais. “Time for the stars of the show to shine!”

“Stow it,” I said. “Just get the meeting started.”

I sat down just as the chairman banged his gavel loudly for order. The 3528th meeting of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society was about to commence. I noted the time and date on the back of my eyelids. It was exactly 20:15, 24 March, 2005. I always note time and date. All temporal operatives do. It’s a habit.

There were a few special orders of business. Died: John Delorean, inventor of the nifty car that can easily be turned into a time machine, to say nothing of being a fine car for attracting women. There is always time enough for love inside a Delorean.

Fred Patten is still in the hospital. Tadao Tomomatsu reported on his current status. He wants books. Fred’s hospital bed can download any standard book format—but, the bed claimed, there is a limit on the amount of data. The bed’s patient must not overtax himself. Best to send something simple, like the works of the Scribe.

The minutes of the last meeting were displayed and accepted as “get it over with, already.”

There ensued a presentation of a painting by Morry Dollens, on permanent loan to the club by the owner, Chris Wilson. The painting is a view of Saturn from the surface of the moon Titan. The painting will hang in the clubhouse until someone looks up the number of Sotheby’s in New York.

Tadao says, TAFF ballots—TAFF being the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund, are due soon. The ballots cost 3 bucks, cheap at the price.

Guest Pam Marshall from Van Nuys learned about LASFS from Chris Wilson. Pam, feeling much the stranger in a strange land, is reserving judgment until she’s well away from the clubhouse.

Matthew Tepper won’t be here next week. Mr. Green or Mr. McGuire may take over.

Tonight’s Saint is Dan Deckert, who held the office of club president at one time. He lives in S. Dakota. “Wonderful person,” enthused Ken Porter. “Good engineer, Ham radio operator. For all that, Dan was a good dancer. Good chairperson and all-around active fan.”

Rick Foss said Dan was party-thrower par excellence. He had fannishly cluttered house, if not a crooked one.

Ed Green said Dan was the best chairman of the board the club ever had. Good person, very patriotic. Dan once admonished Ed for blurting classified info in a casual conversation. Since this revelation, discreet phone calls have been made accordingly.

Marty Cantor said Dan was a good APA-L contributor. He did good drawings, zines, and stuff.

Three rousing cheers were given for Dan Deckert.

Reviews: Rick Foss reviewed Jared Diamond’s “Guns, Germs and Steel” and “The Collapse,” two very good books on the history of technology, though the latter tends toward polemic.

Don Wenner reviewed a book about the history of navigation and the discovery of how to calculate longitude. You have to know where the sun is to sail beyond the sunset.

We had another guest that evening by the name of Covert Beach. Isn’t that somewhere down near Camp Pendleton?

Joe Zeff talked about his recent job interview. Things are going well.

Chas Baden talked about the TAFF fund. He’s running for it. “I have ballots,” he hinted a-broadly.

At 9:13 came a motion to adjourn. A motion to adjourn is always in order.

Suddenly, the lights blinked, and everyone in the room began to look as if moving underwater. I looked up from my screen in amazement. Everyone gradually became a statue, frozen in mid-movement, including Tepper. I suddenly realized something.

You don’t have to be dead to have a simulacrum. Most living people have them too, and use them to cover schedule conflicts. I sat there rather miffed by the fact that everyone had chosen to send his or her simulacrum to the meeting that night. I was the only lump of living flesh in the room. I don’t know about all you zombies, but I was certainly there!

There had obviously been another incident at the neighborhood atomic power plant. Probably another job

ESTROGEN ZONE

Scrapbooking classes and workshops

If you have scrapbooked before, please bring your supplies and come and sit and talk as the rest work on their projects.

Rebecca will be glad to help anybody who has not done this get started.

Questions? Call Rebecca at: (310) 710–3291

action. They had simply stopped broadcasting power. Or maybe it had been something more serious.

I wondered. I thought I'd go out to the street and have a look. Ordinarily, I will fear no evil, but I cautioned myself to be careful. After all, you never know.

Sometimes blowups happen.

Meeting 3529, March 31, 2005
Ed Green, Vice-President, presiding
John DeChancie, Scribe

Meeting convened 8:12

Died, Ray Lynn Moore, wife of Ward Moore, author of "Bring the Jubilee," one of the early alternate history stories in the field.

The minutes were read and accepted, after much sober deliberation, as "the Menace that walked through walls."

Tonight's Saint: Sue Hazeltine. Three Cheers for her.

Geo. van Wagner told that TV's "Queer Eye for the Straight Guy" is looking for SF people. "Queer Eye for the Fanboy?"

Tom Safer announced a cartoon retrospective at the Will & Ariel Durant Library, 2 PM April 9, in Pasadena.

Doug Crepeau said that one of Phil Dick's stories, "Flow my Tears, the Policeman Said," will be adapted into a play. It ought to be on a double bill with "'Repent, Harlequin!' Said the Ticktock Man."

Joe Zeff announced he has a new job, starting Monday. Unfortunately the world will end Sunday night. The tech on watch will forget to reboot it, and that will be it.

Dr. Jerry Pournelle congratulated the club on the purchase of a new TV. And a gleaming, high-tech machine it is, indeed.

Tadao Tomomatsu looked forward to this weekend's Estrogen Zone, which will on Saturday show anime of interest to those who have estrogen.

Tom Safer announced tonight's program: a Speedy Gonzales cartoon retrospective, to be followed by a lecture on the philosophy of Hegel and the metaphysical implications of relativity and quantum theory.

Charles L. Jackson II forecast movies on the 4th Sunday of the month. This month, the theme is zombies, which

ought to make for a lively program. Also, the program for the club meeting of April 28 will be Frankie Thomas, who will again regale us with tales of Tom Corbett, early live TV, movies, his more recent mystery-writing career, and the fact that at the age of God knows what he still smokes like a brick chimney.

Marty Cantor announced fudge next week. Fudge to you, too, Marty.

Michelle Pincus saw something called "The Fellowship," a parody of Tolkien in play form. "Hysterical!" Michelle enthused. She was given a bromide and told to calm down.

Geo. van Wagner, that eminent social critic, told of Leonard Nimoy's interest in bloated posteriors and the photographing of same, in an upcoming volume of his titled "Fat Butts." Interesting, Captain. Used to be volumes like these arrived in plain brown wrappers, quite unannounced.

Joe Zeff had a memorable story about yet another very stupid person, the details of which I have totally forgotten.

Tom Safer had a corker in the one about a robber who made off with a bag of dog detritus. The man quit his life of crime. "There is only so much crap you can take," he was quoted as saying.

Hare Hobbs said something about a rabbit being shot at an Easter egg hunt. Well, targets of opportunity sometimes present themselves. Perhaps it was an Easter egg search and destroy mission?

Bob Null noted that Turner Classic Movies was playing Laurel and Hardy this weekend. (*They are showing a LASFS meeting? – ed.*)

Various people in the club related the latest on Fred Patten. He had had a successful operation to insert a feeding tube into his stomach. He has had difficulty swallowing.

The gavel was banged and the meeting was brought to a whimpering end at 8: 54 PM.

Board of Directors Meeting, March 8, 2004
Karl Lembke, President
Joe Zeff, Secretary

Directors: Karl Lembke, Mike Thorsen, Bill Ellern,

Brett Achorn, Marty Cantor, Liz Mortensen, Ed Green, Bob Null, Joe Zeff, Cathy Beckstead, Tadao Tomomatsu.

Others: Joyce Sperling, Anne Morrel, Sherry Benoun, Arlene Satin, Matthew Tepper, Patrick Beckstead, Scott Beckstead, Joan Stewart, Doug Crepeau, Greg Bilan.

Chairman Karl Lembke called the meeting to order at 11:15 a.m. Although there was no scribe, Karl welcomed our new Board member, and announced that Fred Patten is in the hospital again, having had a stroke. Karl and Ed reported that Fred is feeling as well as can be expected, and that he's able to accept visitors. He also suggested that some of the

Board members visit him after the meeting.

Old Business: election of a new scribe. Mr. Zeff accepted nomination on the grounds that nobody else was willing to do it and that he was already writing the minutes. He was elected with one dissent, his own. We also elected Mr. Thorsen as Vice Chair, without needing to twist his arm, although he did abstain.

New Members: Mario D'Anna Jr. and Tony Edwardo(?) who found us on Google.

Treasurer's Report: We Have Money. This year's LOSCON has bought some new computers and wants to borrow \$800 to buy printers. It was suggested to amend our budget by adding a line-item of \$1000 for LOSCON Capital Expenditures. After discussion, it was moved, seconded, and passed to do so.

Health, Safety and Security: Ed Green has found a used hypodermic under an outside bench, and removed it. He also reported having found human waste products in the back courtyard. He is concerned by the possibility that these are not being left by random street people, and that in any event, we must protect our property and ourselves. It was moved and seconded that the Board declare a Zero Tolerance for the use of Illegal Substances on our property. The use of alcohol by an underage minor is considered included. Mike Thorsen suggested that we talk to the medical and dental facilities to make sure that none their material of this nature ends up in our dumpster. The motion passed without dissent.

Then, Cathy Beckstead brought up the need to have proper emergency contact information for the younger members that use our facilities. It was decided to table the issue of the minors for one month. As there is no way to fence the property without either blocking the driveway on the west, or granting an easement to our

neighbor, we voted to spend up to \$1000 to get proper advice from a Real Estate attorney. Karl assumed the responsibility for finding the appropriate person.

Change of Agenda: Ed Green moved that we hold in abeyance all parts of the agenda that aren't critical, so that we have time to deal properly with Doug Crepeau and other urgent issues. There were many seconds, and it passed. There was much rejoicing.

LOSCON 31: There will be a wrap-up meeting on April 9th at Noon. Cinema Anime has graciously agreed to shift their meeting, and Brett Achorn was thanked. There will be a barbeque after the meeting.

LOSCON 32: There will be a meeting on April 9th at 3 PM, after the barbeque. Other than that, the convention is on-track.

LOSCON 33: We have a chairman. Congratulations were offered to Scott Beckstead and condolences for having failed his saving throw. There is nothing to report.

LaLaCon: Nothing to report, as we don't have a date determined yet, but we're expecting it to be late in May.

Festival of Books: April 23 and 24. Greg is asking for all LASFS groups that want to be included in our handouts print their own flyers and get them to him in a timely manner. Sgt. Green reported that we're thinking about doing a display of various authors in the area, and may take some of our Hugo awards along, provided that we have proper security for them. The board granted permission for this without discussion.

New Business: Doug was wearing a prototype badge, and passed it around for inspection. He reviewed his basic idea, which is to help guests find members with similar interests to discuss, possibly encouraging them to continue attending. If successful, this would help correct our decline in attendance. It gradually became clear that there wasn't enough support for the project as proposed, and the suggestion was declined. We did, however formally thank Doug for working out the idea and for being willing to do the work involved. We may be making stick-on badges available for those who'd like to wear them on a specific evening. The idea may surface again at LOSCON, where people are already wearing badges anyway. Mike Thorsen suggested a display board with names, photos and interests, so that guests could find people to talk with without the bother of badges.

Misc.: The painting has been framed, and is ready for

display. We will arrange for the donator to unveil it at a meeting, so that the membership can admire it and Chris gets her well-deserved egoboo. Mike Thorsen reported that we have a new sound system and it's working fine.

Convention Delegates: Liz, Ed and Karl for ConDor.

The meeting adjourned at 12:57:13.

Communication/Library: discussion regarding the

Zines received in trade

(All zines are available to read and are in the *De Profundis* mailbox and can be taken out for a week)

club zines: Einblatt! April 2005 (MinnStf). Meeting Notices (PSFS). INSTANT MESSAGE #749, #750 (NESFA). NASFA SHUTTLE Vol. 25, No. 3 - Vol. 25, No. 4 (NASFA). DASFAx Vol. 37, No. 3 - Vol. 37, No. 4 (DASFA). ConNotations Vol. 15, No. 2 (CASFS). FOSFAX 211 (FOSFA).

other zines: Nice Distinctions Nine (Arthur D. Hlavaty).

NEW BOOKS

(This is a section devoted to listing new books and other items

received by the LASFS Library. Our extensive library is not just for collecting and looking at that wonderful collection of books on shelves. Members may take them out and read them. The Librarian has no current new listings at this time.)

**TO THOSE WHO DO NOT
NORMALLY READ THE
MINUTES:**

Our Scribe is a filthy pro and he has been using creativity in recording the minutes. In February he recorded the minutes as a 14th Century French Ballade. This month he has recorded various minutes as a hard-boiled, detective yarn, a story in the H.P. Lovecraft tradition; and, in still another set of minutes, a story inserting all sorts of story titles by Heinlein. READ THESE MINUTES - they are a tour-de-force. ENJOY.



**De Profundis
c/o The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society
11513 Burbank Blvd.
North Hollywood, CA 91601
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