

Published for the 278th Distribution of APA L, 10 September 1970. by Bruce Pelz, 1534 15th Street, #3, Santa Monica, CA 90404. (Phone 213-451-4180). IncuNebulous Publication 777.  
\*\*\*\*\*

### Treasury Report for the week of 3 September 1970:

ATTENDANCE: Paid by the meeting: 40  
 Paid by the month: 9  
 Paid by the year: 17  
 Deadbeats: 5  
 TOTAL: 71

MAIN TREASURY: Old Balance: \$189.36  
 Income: Dues: \$35.75  
 Back dues: \$ 3.00  
 TOTAL: + \$ 38.75

Expenses: Dues to  
 Dues to B.F.: \$38.75  
 Transferred to BF: \$40.00  
 TOTAL: - \$78.75

NEW BALANCE: \$149.36

BUILDING FUND:  
 Old Balance: \$11,315.74  
 Income:  
 Donation (Bill Crawford): .50  
 Fine (Matt Tepper): .05  
 Auctions: 22.90  
 Dues & back dues: 38.75  
 Transferred from Treasury: 40.00  
 TOTAL INCOME: \$102.20

NEW BALANCE \$11,417.94

\*\*\*\*\*

## GNURRERY STORY -- by Edgit Tayles

### Part 2

So the fan went into the bar and sought a Filthy Pro, whose lecherous habits were well known, and from whom all femmes fled precipitously. And when he had found the one he sought, the fan said: "Pro, Pro, pinch femme; femme won't jump into bed, and I shall not get laid tonight!"

"I won't," said the Pro.

(To be continued)

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE HEICONOCLAST - II

I timed things for Departure Day to a definite schedule, leaving a finagle factor of an hour or so for the unforeseen. It wasn't enough. The schedule called for driving to LA International Airport in the mid-afternoon to register my cameras so I wouldn't have trouble getting them back into the country without paying duty on them. I planned to take the Ricoh Instamatic for most of the photography (slides), the movie camera, and the 3-D camera for special occasions and opportunities. I don't have a receipt for the 3-D, so it would have to be registered, and I might as well register the others so I wouldn't have to bother with the receipts. This in spite of protests from Marsha Brown, with whom (along with Elliot Shorter) I would be travelling most of the time, that I'd be "another goddam American Tourist, loaded down with cameras." She wanted me to leave two of them home. But I was serenely barrelling down the San Diego Freeway toward LA International around 3PM, quite unaware of the extremes Marsha might go to in enforcing her wishes.

A California Highway Patrol car pulled me over. "Excessive smoke." Well, I knew the Ox -- my 1963 Econoline van -- needed a ring job. Court appearance by....24 August?? Urk!! I'd be gone until 1 September, even if I could get the thing fixed while I was away. Could I get an extension? A trip to the Van Nuys Courthouse blew a half hour or so to no good purpose. Only a judge could give an extension, and only between the hours of.... pfui. I next went to the AAA, and they phoned their Van Nuys Office, which checked and found they could get an extension until at least a week after my return. I heaped many thanks upon them, noted that there was now no time to go to LA International, and went home. I dug out

the receipt for the Ricoh, and consigned the other two cameras to imprisonment in the Tower for four weeks. The Ox Problem could wait until I got back. I was packed and ready to go by 6:15: one flight bag (recently acquired from Blue Chip Stamps) and one briefcase. One camera. Only.

Drew Sanders and Vanessa went to the airport with me, and we got there beating the deadline time of 6:30 by about two minutes. Luggage limit: 54 pounds; I had only 39. Got checked in, paid the \$3 exit fee -- interesting that they charge you to get out, not in to the United States! -- and found the scheduled 8:30 departure time was now 10:30 or maybe 11:00. So we drove back to Santa Monica, had dinner, rapped a while, and got back to the airport by 10:15 as requested. Then we waited.

The charter flight I was on was one run by the Associated Students of UCLA, and it used Caledonian Airlines, the Scottish national airline. Instead of departing from the main part of LA International, it (along with a lot of other small flights) departed from a terminal on the other side of the airport. The waiting room is small, cruddy, and not well provisioned. We waited until 11:00; 11:30; 12:00. In desperation we tried a Tarot reading on the question of whether the flight would ever depart. "Delays" said the cards. Finally, at 12:30 they started loading, and at 1:00 A.M. on Tuesday August 4th, the Flying Sardine Can -- otherwise known as Caledonian Airlines "Flagship Bonny Scotland" -- took off. Not a very auspicious beginning for a first trip off the North American Continent.

The plane, a 707 jet, was crammed full, and leg-, arm-, and mobility-room was minimal. I had an aisle seat next to the galley, which had both advantages and disadvantages. The stewardesses had to work out in the aisle during preparation of, serving of, and cleaning up after meals. They interfered with each other, and with people trying to use the aisle to get to the restrooms, and made it generally impossible to sleep in nearby seats. On the other hand, I was able to snag some extra drinks from being close to the supply.

Dinner was served around 3A.M. Pacific Daylight Time: bouncing potatoes, parboiled carrots, dessert composed of some sort of wind pudding.. Breakfast, at 8A.M., was worse: fried tomatoes and mushrooms mangled up with some bacon and a sausage. And, as usual, I was finished eating by the time they got around to bringing me the milk I asked for instead of tea or coffee.

We landed at Gatwick Airport, south of London, around 11:30 A.M. P.D.T. -- 7:30 P.M. by London time. It took about 45 minutes to get the luggage distributed and get through customs. They didn't search. Using two of my 4-shilling British Railway coupons I got a second-class ticket to Victoria Station, scuttled to the platform just as a train was about to leave, and was put into a first-class compartment by a platform guard. I had the compartment to myself, so I sat back and watched as countryside and then cityside rolled past. It was very difficult to realize I was in England at last.

At Victoria I bought a street map, found Half Moon Street to be about three blocks from the Green Park Underground station -- about where I thought it should be from Billy Pettit's letter -- and caught the Underground to Green Park. Billy had made a reservation for me at the Green Park Hotel in Half Moon Street, to begin on Monday, before I found out that my flight was a night flight. I'd written him asking him to change it to begin on Tuesday, and, when I didn't hear from him, I sent an airmail special to the hotel. It was now Tuesday night, around 9:30, when I finally got to the hotel, and I was a bit worried that they might not have kept the reservation after 6:00 or so. Hotels in London fill up quite quickly in August, and I wasn't looking forward to scrounging around for another room if this one was gone. I needn't have worried; the room was still reserved, and I booked in for a week. The Green Park Hotel seemed to cater especially to foreigners, and was quite a good hotel. My single room rented for 65 shillings a night plus 12½ percent service charge -- which figures out at about \$9 a night. Not bad, considering convention hotel rates, but rather high otherwise, as London fans pointed out. I dumped my luggage in my room, put valuables in a safe-deposit box, and went out wandering for a while.

The hotel was less than a block off Piccadilly, and I walked the mile or so to Piccadilly Circus, passing all sorts of "familiar" streets and places on the way. Most everything was closed, but I grabbed a snack at a Wimpy (hamburger joint, if it isn't obvious to you by the name) in Oxford Street. I wandered back by way of Berkeley Square, with various songs darting around through my somewhat befogged mind... "Hearts just as pure and fair...." "They may be rare in Berkeley Square...." I found that Londoners play Pedestrian Polo just like New Yorkers -- you just have to be careful which way you look first. And eventually I got back to the Green Park Hotel and crashed. I still wasn't convinced I was in England...