HET BPEMA № 259

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TREASURY REPORT FOR THE WEEK OF 15 October 1970:

Attendance: Paid by the	meeting: 25	Building Fund: Old Balance:	\$11,828.45
Paid by the		Income:	
Paid by the	year: 20	Donations:	
Deadbeats:	6	Fred Patten:	2.00
TOTAL	58	Dave Fox:	1.00
	Personal and the second	Beverly Warren:	10.00
Main Treasury: Old Balan	nce: \$152.06	Don Simpson (via	
Income: Dues: \$1		telescope raffle):	3.00
Back Dues: \$.60	Dues and back dues:	13.10
Expense: Dues &		Sale of membership pin:	•50

Building Fund: \$13.10

New Balance: \$152.06

Back dues to

New Balance: \$11,890.75

32.70

GNURRSERY STORY - by Edgit Tayles - Part 8

The Fan then searched his memory, and came up with the name of the winner, for the last three years running, of First Place in the Annual Fan Poll for "Best All-Round Trufan." Then, picking up the tapper, he carried it to the con suite, where the Trufan was busy playing poker. "Trufan, Trufan," pleaded the Fan, "chugalug Bheer; Bheer won't quench Fire, Fire won't melt Hekto, Hekto won't smear Neo, Neo won't crud Zine, Zine won't pan Pro, Pro won't pinch Femme, Femme won't jump into bed, and I shall not get laid tonight!"

"Go to hell," said the Trufan.

DIRECT CURRENTS

Auction and sales:

TOTAL INCOME: \$62.30

FRED PATTEN: If you're hard up for covers, you want another one from Hugh Grean? I think there's another suitable/passable/well, not too cruddy illo of his around.

Not much to disagree with in your con report -- except maybe the acoustics of the Stadthalle, which I found rather poor. (Especially in the balcony, where I sat for the Russian space-SF slides). I had the impression that J. Ben would have put in a bid if we'd fouled up, but as long as we were in evidence and actively working our bid, he wasn't competing. I may be projecting; if I'd been in his place I'd have operated on the basis of the idea that it wouldn't hurt to hover around and see if the front-runner might collapse.

BILL WARREN: Fan History Quiz #1 went through D 191 in January 1969. I suppose I can re-run it and see if anyone learned it from the first time around. The trouble with making up a quiz from recent periods is that we're too close to them to see what's worthwhile. But maybe it would be worth a try. (Of course, it also sort of defeats the purpose of seeing who's interested in Learning LASFS history, as opposed to who merely noticed things that happened when they were around.)

It isn't really pertinent to Dan Goodman's argument that homosexuality wasn't socially acceptable in LASFS even before Laney. Dan is probably right that the issue of homosexuality won't be "defused" until such time as two homosexuals can snog at a party without arousing comment. Where he is wrong is the idea that A,SI was what provided the

fuse, and also the idea that any attempt to defuse the subject, or claim that the subject was defused, has been made. I don't really think the problem is important -- we haven't really even had a Quorum in LASFS for many years now.

JAMES LANGDELL: The new Goon Show, is really only the old one re-released. It's just that they are re-releasing some shows that haven't been re-released before.

(That is, they were only heard on original presentation.)

"MARV SCHAEFFER": How long to you plan to carry on before coming out of hiding?

DAN GOODMAN: I can't see any fan refusing a TAFF nomination because he doesn't think he would be a good administrator. I can see voting for someone because you think he would be a better administrator than his opponent(s).

There is another way to get power in LASFS (or other sectors of fandom), but it is not really open to anyone actively seeking it: wait until the current power group starts getting tired, and then unobtrusively pick up the reins. I stress unobtrusively, since there is no better way to reawaken a tired power-clique than to bring up some grabby opponent(s). Of course, there's always one danger to take-over types: they may get what they want -- and find they've bought the bottle imp.

Pitfalls on the way to power include selecting the wrong route: going in via the officership and finding that the power has shifted to the social-gathering route, for example. Also included: assuming you've got more power than you actually have, and trying to wield it. It is true that the best leader is one that finds out which way the group is going, then runs around and gets in front. But even better is the one who gives the group a kick in the right place to start them moving in the direction he wants them to go before he runs around to get in front.

JAMES LANGDELL: Your "Request for Praise" form is a lovely bit! If anyone does decide to do a BEST OF APA L Vol. 3, this should be included. Hmmm....If someone is willing to do the production work, I'm willing to do most of the selection -- or at least help. I can start with the first issue after the inclusion period from BEST Vol. 2, and start listing things that are outstanding; then someone else can weed the lot. Of course, the production end of it is the most work, but....

LEROY KING: L 285 is the sixth annish because of the hiatus between L 180 (March 1968) and L 181 (October 1968), when the APA was killed off for lack of interest.

Herrick is an excellent poet for quoting under certain circumstances. I assume you know what you're doing. Care to continue with his "To His Coy Histress"? Then maybe the "September Song" -- the original, please, sung by Peter Stuyvesant in "Knickerbocker Holiday." And good luck....

Gauls in almost every book previously, so they are naturally leery of little boats with Gauls in them.

FUZZY PINK: Sure, Stonehenge next trip. We were going to visit there this trip, but the scheduling didn't work right. But if you're going there next time, we'd better make sure we go, just in case you decide to buy it... (Hi, Fuzzy...!)

Larry's lino is a lovely lino that lumps literately. (And hi to you, Lee...)

JOYCE O'DELL: Bug Rogers with athsma: wheezy spider. And an inexpensive edition of a British rifle used in the last century?

TEDRON: That's funny -- I had the impression that, given the circumstance of being married to her, you would want to brag about being divorced from Dian. (hi)Besides, I'm the only one who can brag about such a thing. So far, anyway.

CRAIG MILLER: ... The hell you aren't. ... L.

JUNE MOFFATT: I occurs to me that no one has reported on the PIGS+ Rijstaffel dinner. So: There were eleven of us altogether -- Greg and Cathy showed up late, and hadn't said they would be there, so the main seating was for nine, and we made an effort to wave and say something to the other two across the aisle every once in a while. Ten had the rijstaffel -- everyone except Wendy, who's allergic to peanut oil and a few other things. Cost was \$5.50 per person, and it was about a 14-dish rijstaffel. The cost is approximately that of the most expensive of the rijstaffel at the Bali restaurant in Amsterdam, thus making it higher than other Amsterdam restaurants, and, of course, higher than a comparably-sized one at the Bali. But this not being Amsterdam, an increase in price was to be expected. The quantity seemed to be less than in Amsterdam, but that is probably an improvement in efficiency, since there was invariably a fair amount left over in Amsterdam, and everyone at the Goruda went away feeling quite well stuffed, as far as I know. The quality was also less -- generally, it was more bland. My own summation verdict was that I was glad to have gone there, and it was worth it for a one-time thing, but I will try other restaurants for rijstaffel instead of returning to the Goruda. For the record, the PIGS in attendance were myself, Don Fitch, and D. Ann Bowen; others were Bill and Beverly Warren, Alan Frisbie, Drew Sanders, Leslie Cohen, Wendy Fletcher, Greg Chalfin, and Cathy Hill. LARRY NIVEN: Just exactly what is the negative verdict on The Loft based on?

Jean has explained her pet were-pigeon to me. It's a people, of course, when not a pigeon. Of course, she has never seen it in its people-form, but....

If Bill Warren doesn't want that old vacuum cleaner, I do. At least until I can get another Electrolux in a year or two....

If Bjo was still in her cradle at the age of seven, I don't blame her in the least for kicking the slats out of the thing.

CHANDRA SARGENT: Welcome to the zoo. You might try mounting a campaign to get loose for the Halloween weekend, since the LASFS Halloween Party is Friday night and the party at the Palms Playground, which LASFS will be helping present, is Saturday night. Various places will be available for staying over between the two.

JAMES LANGDELL: A Penguin is a cheap British paperback book.

THE HEICONOCLAST - Part 7

Tuesday evening was a kaleidoscope of London, with Arthur Thomson for our tourguide. We had dinner in a small Italian restaurant in Chelsea, window-shopped in King's Road, and peered through the windows at well-known places as Arthur pointed them out to us when we drove past. Eventually the trans-Atlantic time lag and lack of sleep caught up with Marsha, and Arthur drove us back to the Regent Palace.

Wednesday started late, and it was almost 3 PM by the time we got to the Tower of London -- one of the things I'd held off seeing until the Charter arrived. We did most of the standard Tourist routines at the Tower (but at least stopped short of taking each other's picture with a Guardsman). There was a very long queue for the Jewel House, but we duly waited in it and went through and ogled the jewels, swords, and such paraphrenalia on display. Being a costume-freak, I considered it well worth the effort -- in spite of the "Keep moving!" pushiness of the attendants in the room with the Crown Jewels. We went through the Bloody Tower, and up into the Beauchamp Tower, which has over 60 labelled graffitous inscriptions on the walls from the prisoners kept there over the centuries. It also had a large ceramic cup in a glass case, presented to the Queen a few years ago by the Ceramics Association, which had the heraldric animals of Great Britain -- the Lion of England, the red Dragon of Wales, etc. One of the animals was a Yale -- which I'd never heard of before as an animal. Learn something every day, if you're lucky. I later bought a tea towel with the same collection of animals, and when I got back I looked up the Yale: "a mythical beast

resembling an antelope, having large erect tusks and horns pointing in any direction at

will, and sometimes being represented as a supporter for heraldric arms." (Webster's 3rd International Dictionary.)

The most impressive thing in the Tower, though was a small piece of wall near the White Tower — it is Roman. History and Antiquity are, like many things, relative. The US has a very short history, and we/I tend to be impressed by things in Britain that go back to the 18th, 17th, or 16th Century. But here in one corner of the Tower of London is a bit of History/Antiquity that goes back better than a thousand years before those times! It is all very well to be intellectually aware that an event took place in 560 A.D. and to discourse on the probable consequences of it on Modern History. But you don't have the feel for it. Think how much an individual can change in a month; how much a family can change in a year, a town in a decade, a country in a century. Then think of the changes in ten centuries — or fifteen. What of today will be left in another two centuries, even? Will we even have a small piece of wall....?

I've changed my mind; I want to go to Italy and to Greece -- and to Carcasonne. And I'd like to discover what people of the countries with several millennia of history think of the historical artifacts and traditions of a country with perhaps half as much...

Wednesday night was spent window-shopping in Mayfair, winding up around 11:00 in an almost completely closed Carnaby Street. A few discos and such were open, but in general it was depressingly quiet. And as we looked in one of the windows someone came up behind Marsha and grabbed. It was Stu Brownstein; the Circus had arrived. They'd been touristing all over London, and had decided to stay in London until time to go to Heidelberg, instead of going to Liverpool or some of the other places originally mapped out. There was more than enough to see in London to keep them busy. We agreed, but decided that there would be another time for more of London, and continued the plan to leave on Saturday.

Thursday afternoon we had arranged to meet Arthur Thomson for a trip down-Thames to Greenwich and the Cutty Sark. We were to meet at 1:00 P.M. at the statue of Queen Boadicea, which I remembered vaguely was at Waterloo Bridge. W--something Bridge, anyway. We passed the word as far as possible to the other fans, warning them that the ""Jaterloo Bridge" part of it was sketchy. Good thing; it's at Westminster Bridge. Eventually most of the mob got there -- the Circus, Elliot, Paul Galvin, Becky Nourse, Beresford Smith, a couple of chicks named Mary and Rose, and one or two others. We took over the front part of the boat, and as it chugged downriver there was a constant chorus of clicking as cameras -- at least half a dozen of them -- recorded the passing scene. Elliot was taking notes for his TAFF Report on a portable casette taper, and the boat's captain was describing the various buildings and other points of interest on the river. We passed under all the various bridges -- including the remains of old London Bridge, being torn down and shipped to the States -- and eventually docked at Greenwich. The Circus went back immediately, but the rest of us went to see the Cutty Sark, one of the most famous of the China Clippers, which gained its fame on the run from China with tea. It is now a historical monument, and tourists can climb all over it, ring its bell, see the collection of figureheads that is assembled in its hold, pose at the wheel, and generally run amuck for their small fees.

From there we walked to the Greenwich observatory, stood astride the Meridian Line, with one foot in the East and the other in the West while pictures were taken, took a quick tour of the museum at the observatory, and relaxed for a bit at the refreshment shop. The road up to the observatory is better than a 30° slope, and Arthur was kidding Becky (Alan Nourse's pre-teen daughter) that he could beat her up it. They wound up betting thruppence, and suddenly not two but three running forms shot past me. (I'd been walking somewhat ahead of the group.) Marsha had joined the race, running a fair third. Since it seemed to be open to anyone, I took off, passed Marsha, ans started to pass Arthur. Arthur cheats; he grabbed my arm, shot past me again, and took off after Becky, who beat him to the top anyway. It was the beginning of a very unlucky time for Arthur. As we waited for the return boat, he began betting pennies with Becky, on a left-hand/right-hand basis, to win back his thruppence. She took him 3 out of 4. He tried heads-or-tails and she won those, too. On the boat he bet on which side of the ship the first ship (not boat) would pass going the other way. He should ve had a sure thing because of the maritime law, but someone didn't know it; he lost. It was getting past 6, and Becky wouldn't bet on whether Tower Bridge would be up or down, so they

bet on whether the flag on the Tower would be up or down. Again Arthur should have had a sure thing, as the flag is supposed to come down at 6:00. Again, someone didn't get the word, and again Arthur lost! It was really a lovely trip, and Arthur got much more than his couple shillings' worth of drama out of the betting losses. (But I don't think I'll bet against Becky on anything, even when I'm sure...)

An idea was hatched on this trip: THE FAN GUIDE TO FAN GUIDE GUIDES -- or something like that; Arthur and Elliot have the exact title. The idea is to publish a list of fans willing and able to guide other fans to various places and on various tours. Arthur signed up for Greenwich, the Cutty Sark, and London in general, plus Hampton Court Palace and environs (including maze). I agreed to take Disneyland. The list can be published as a booklet for travelling fans; Arthur agreed to do up a cover -- and indeed turned up with a preliminary for a cover Friday night. Now as soon as the call goes out through LOCUS....

Thursday night was the Special Meeting at the Globe. Ordinarily, the fans meet at the Globe only the first Thursday of every month, but because of the Charter bringing in so many foreign fans, they set up a Special Meeting. Even more than the previous week, the Globe was jam-packed. Conversations had to spill out into Hatton Garden both for lack of space and for lack of quiet enough to hear whomever you were speaking with. The Pettit Party was definitely on for Sunday evening, beginning early and going until midnight. Elliot, Marsha and I figured we could get back from Liverpool in time for a fair part of it, at least. From the publicity it was getting, almost everyone would likely be there.

Pete Weston was there, and we got to talking about Worldcon Rotation. Pete's ideas on the subject were something of a combination of a couple others I'd heard. He thought that Britfandom ought to be able to have one Worldcon in every decade -- 1957, 1965, 197-, etc. But otherwise, the Worldcon was generally a US Convention, and a strict rotation plan out of North America wasn't workable. I asked whether there was anyone in Britfandom who wanted a Worldcon enough to put the thing on, and he admitted that was a problem. I also asked what he thought a "Worldcon" included, and found out he had in mind the title, the Hugos, and the active U.S. fans in attendance. So I brought up the NASFiC-for-North-America, Worldcon-for-World-Fandom idea, and that didn't go over so well; Pete pointed out that only the Swedes and the Australians had shown any interest in any 1970-79 Worldcon bid, and that any North American con during a year of an overseas Worldcon would detract from the latter. I suggested that Britfandom and European fandom start their own super-regional and build it to a prominence that it could, when combined with the Worldcon title, outshine the NAS-FiC; Pete said I was complicating things too much -- why didn't we just leave it that the Worldcon is a North American con and rely on the generosity of the NA fans to give it to European or British fandom every five years or so? Occam's razor. Fine, I told him, I can use Occam's Razor, too: Why should we give it to them? He got slightly perturbed at this attitude, which rather made us even, and the discussion broke up.

With post-Heicon hindsight, it appears that both of us may have part of the right answer. Heicon's vote to put the Worldcon back on a 3-year North American rotation was done in full knowledge that there will be a NASFiC whenever the Worldcon does go overseas. And the Europeans have started their own biennial Continental Convention, to begin in 1972 in Trieste, then, tentatively, 1974 in Belgium, and 1976 in Sweden (which may also be a Worldcon). The support the U.S. fans can give the European Convention will depend on how much money they can save in how much time. My present plans/projections show that I can't get to that side of the Pond any more often than once every three years. If there is a Continental or Worldcon being held in the year I can afford to travel, I'll be delighted to attend; if not, I may plan the trip to hit a national convention in whatever area I'll be going to. In addition, I will be glad to join the EuroCons, even if I can't go, and support them that way. It should be pointed out — and is — to British and European fans who yell for U.S. fan support that there is not very much support the other way around. Only as a result of personal appearance at Heicon and travelling about through Europe have the U.S. cons received any reasonable number of memberships — even supporting ones — from fans on that side of the Pond.

