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Treasury Report for the week of 10 September 1970:

Attendance: Paid by the meeting: 48
 Paid by the month: 9
 Paid by the year: 22
 New Member: 1
 Deadbeats: 6
 TOTAL: 86

BUILDING FUND: Old Balance: \$11,417.94
Donations:
 Mario Bosnyak: 12.00
 Bill Warren: 1.00
 Don Fitch: .50
 Dave Fox: 2.00
 Ed Finkelstein: .50
 Bill Crawford: .50
 ConFusion: .35
 Worst Fandom Contest: 1.50
 Auction & fine: 5.06
 Dues & back dues: 29.75
 Deadbeat auction: 8.10
 TOTAL INCOME: \$61.31

MAIN TREASURY: Old Balance: \$149.36
 Income: Dues: \$25.75
 Back dues: \$ 4.00
 Memberships: \$ 4.81
 TOTAL: \$34.56
 Expenses:
 Bank charges: \$.30
 Dues & back to BF: \$29.75
 TOTAL: \$30.05

New Balance: \$11,479.25

NEW BALANCE: \$153.87

New Members:
 Cliveden Chew
 Donald Cassel (\$1.19 owed)

DEADBEAT AUCTION: (Underlined names are completely paid off)

<u>DUES:</u> W. Breen	\$.17/\$.50	<u>B. Kanter</u>	\$.50/\$.50	<u>H. Stine</u>	\$.50/\$.50
D. Collins	\$.10/\$3.50	J. Keith	\$1.45/\$13.50	<u>K. Tucker</u>	\$.80/\$1.00
M. Evans	\$.01/\$2.00	J. Lamont	\$.01/\$2.97	<u>M. Uhl</u>	\$.01/\$.50
<u>D. Gerrold</u>	\$1.65/\$.50	P. Lebow	\$.01/\$5.05	<u>L. Whitledge</u>	\$.02/\$3.50
K. Goldsmith	\$.08/\$1.40	<u>K. Macmillan</u>	\$.16/\$2.55	TOTAL DUES: \$7.81	
R. Gustaveson	\$.16/\$1.00	<u>D. Pelz</u>	\$.60/\$.50	<u>OTHER DEBTS:</u>	
I. Herzer	\$.16/\$.50	A. Rogers	\$.02/\$.50	<u>J. Harness</u>	\$.27/\$.27
K. Howorth	\$.10/\$1.85	G. Smith	\$.10/\$.50	<u>B. Simon</u>	\$.02/\$4.55
J. Ingham	\$.03/\$.50	<u>J. Smith</u>	\$.52/\$5.00		
D. Kaiser	\$.45/\$.50	<u>N. Spinrad</u>	\$.20/\$4.24		

G N U R R S E R Y S T O R Y - by Edgit Tayles Part 3

So the fan went into the Huckster Room and rummaged through the zines until he found one which specialized in vicious reviews and slashing criticisms of professional science fiction writers and writings, its circulation among the largest in fandom, and its influence the most far-reaching, even unto the hallowed halls of the SFWA. And when he had found it, the fan said: "Zine, Zine, pan Pro; Pro won't pinch Femme, Femme won't jump into bed, and I shall not get laid tonight!"

"I won't," said the Zine.

THE HEICONOCLAST - III

The housekeeper woke me up around 12:30 Wednesday afternoon, wanting to know if I wanted the room serviced. I mumbled something about maybe a couple hours later, and went back to sleep for another half hour or so. When I finally got up I bought a couple dozen postcards in the lobby and used them to send off a pre-published Cult

f/rational, which I'd mimeoed on gum-back paper and brought with me. A month's vacation is an easy way to lose one's membership in a tri-weekly APA. That out of the way, I went wandering again.

I found a store in Piccadilly with a huge gourmet foods section, and was only able to resist the urge to ship back some cheddar and stilton by telling myself that I still had several weeks to stay in England, and I could ship such things toward the end of my stay. Needless to say, I never got back there. Through Piccadilly Circus and into bookshop street: Charing Cross Road. I found an entire shelf full of books illustrated by Arthur Rackham, but the prices ranged from £12 to £20, and I'm not that interested in Rackham. Through Cecil Court; more bookstores. Tried to find copies of William Bowen's books (especially The Enchanted Forest), but no luck, tho some of the shopkeepers had heard of the books. It started to rain as I reached Trafalgar Square, and it got worse as I headed down Pall Mall toward Green Park.

I ducked into the Underground station at Piccadilly Circus, and tried to ring Billy Pettit. Billy had set up my hotel booking for me, and was supposed to be arranging a party for when the rest of the mob arrived the following week. He'd given me his phone numbers and said to ring him, so I tried. No luck. The Underground was packed, and I decided it wasn't worth trying to fight the crowd for a 1-station trip, so I walked back to the hotel, getting only slightly soggy in the process. After drying off, I found I still hadn't adjusted to the time change, so I crashed until about 8PM.

The rain had stopped when I went out again, and I tried ringing Billy Pettit again. Again no luck. So I phoned Ella Parker, whom I'd met in 1961 when she came over to the States for the Seacon. Ella was home, and invited me to come over, so I caught the Bakerloo Line for a 20-minute ride to Queen's Park. Ella and her brother Fred live in a Council House -- we'd call it a Housing Project -- in Albert Road in the northwest area of Greater London. Parker's Penitentiary (the second place to bear the name) used to be the site for weekly fan gatherings on Friday nights until about four years ago, when things got out of hand and Ella had to cancel the meetings. The walls are liberally decorated with original ATomillos, including several that were run as covers for ORION when Ella was doing that zine. There is also the Honorary Membership scroll that the LASFS gave to the SF Club of London via Ron Ellik on his TAFF trip in 1962. In all, the Pen is still a very fannish place, no matter how much Ella may claim to be out of fandom these days, or how much time she may devote to telly-watching!

Ella fixed dinner, and she and I fan-gabbed for several hours -- British Fandom, U.S. Fandom, TAFF, Cons, Fans and Fandoms Past and Present and maybe Future -- all went under the discussion mill, and a lovely time it was. Eventually Ella noticed it was quarter to midnight -- and the Underground had stopped running from Queen's Park at 11:30. So she fixed up the spare bed: an overgrown footstool-looking thing that unzips, unfolds, and makes into a very comfortable single bed! We gabbed some more, until about 2AM, then finally called it quits. I shared part of the spare bed with at least one of the two huge cats -- probably Pinky, since Little'un was still a bit spooked by me.

If you ask most anyone in London Fandom, they'll tell you that Ella Parker is a mean, opinionated, cantankerous, nasty old bat. If you ask Ella, she'll tell you she is even worse than that. So of course we got along famously! She won most of the arguments, and I won most of the insulting matches. And she invited me to move in with them until the Tuesday when the main Charter from New York would get in. I didn't like the idea that I might be imposing, but I couldn't think of a single reason for wanting to stay at a hotel, so I promised I'd move in on Friday. Like I say, Ella won most of the arguments.

Thursday morning, Ella made breakfast, and I caught the Underground back to the Green Park Hotel during a Rush Hour Traffic as jam-packed as that of New York's subway. I wandered into the breakfasts room barely in time to get something to eat (Continental breakfast was included in the room rate), then once again crashed until noon.