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TREASURY REPORT FOR THE WEEK OF 17 September 1970:

<u>Attendance:</u> Paid by the meeting: 35	<u>Building Fund:</u>	
Paid by the month: 9	Old Balance:	\$11,479.25
Paid by the year: 20	Income:	
New Member: 1	Donations:	
Deadbeats: 4	Bill Warren: \$ 1.00	
TOTAL: 69	Dave Fox: \$ 1.00	
	Bill Crawford: \$.50	
	Auctions & fine: \$11.26	
<u>Main Treasury:</u> Old Balance: \$153.87	Dues & Back dues: \$18.00	
Income: Dues: \$17.50	TOTAL INCOME: \$31.81	
Back Dues: \$.50	<u>NEW BALANCE:</u>	\$11,511.06
Membership fees: \$ 4.19		
TOTAL: \$22.19	<u>NEW MEMBER:</u> Pat Hollander	
Expenses: Dues & back dues to Bldg. Fund: \$18.00		

NEW BALANCE: \$158.06

G N U R R S E R Y S T O R Y - by Edgit Tayles Part 4

Then the fan dashed into the NFFF Hospitality Room and sought out the neeest of the neos, a neofaned who, though he'd been in fandom for years and produced many fanzines, always gave the impression of being a 10-year-old who'd just put out his first one-pager yesterday. His publications looked like that one-pager, even after all his time in fandom. To him the fan said: "Neo, Neo, 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!"

"I won't," said the Neo.

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... 7C - 7D

NOTES FOR AN OPUS: VI

Filksinger (spoken): Thinking back gleefully to lives they led sev'ral years earlier, bellow the Trufan Ted Lee and the Convention Treasurer Greene the

PRO WRITER SONG (Both sit down on the bed)

Ted Lee & Greene: Sam wrote a short story, Fred a vignette,
And Elliot something shorter.
Each took the stf mags for all that he could get --
Which was better than two-and-a-quarter!
S F Pro writers
Are cut-purse fighters
From Analog to If.
The fans are out of luck;
The pros don't give a fuck
What any fans are doing --
They're far too busy screwing
Another cent a word from some poor publishing stiff!

Shakespeare play; Ethel and I headed for the Globe, a pub in Hatton Garden where the London fans meet every first Thursday of the month.

Things were in full swing when we arrived. And as I looked in through the door to the crowded room beyond, the first people I spotted were...Sam and Florence Russell?! John Brunner was headed my way with outstretched hand, so I shook it. Then I turned and realized he was probably beckoning to his houseguest, standing behind me: Astrid Anderson. Sheesh; Califans all over the place. In the course of the evening I met Mike Moorcock, Ken and Pamela Bulmer, and various other names that didn't stick with me. I also re-met Bill ~~BURNS~~, who visited Los Angeles in 1967 when the LASFS was meeting at The Hill, and Mervyn Barrett of Australia, who visited L.A. even further back than that, in the Silverlake Playground era. In spite of knowing three or four people there quite well, and several others fairly well, I felt somewhat like a fish out of water. I recommend the experience to any fan who thinks he is well known all over fandom as a BNF. I was generally known to those Ethel (or others) introduced me to, but they were all busy with their own interests and subjects of conversation, in which I had no part. I doubt if the experience will make much difference in the way I treat visitors and neos at LASFS, but maybe... .

I took some photos, drank some wine, was invited to dinner for Saturday night, tried to list people who would be coming over on the main charter that were known to Britfans, tried to explain to one or two why Rotsler lost TAFF, and found that Billy Pettit would be throwing a big party for the visitors on Sunday the 16th. Billy wasn't at the Globe, but the news of his party was circulating like a brush fire. I left when the pub closed at 11:00, in time to catch the Underground to Green Park.

The next morning I checked out of the Green Park Hotel after munching the toast and milk which comprised the Continental Breakfast. With the 12½-percent tax and service charge, and the 5/- charge for renting a safe deposit, the bill came to a little over £11 for the three nights. That's no way to see London on \$5 -- or even \$10, really -- a day, but considering it was the height of the tourist season and hotel space was at a premium, it wasn't bad at all, and I was (and am) indebted to Bill Pettit for setting it up for me. I caught the Underground to Queen's Park, walked to William Dunbar House, and let myself into #43 with the key Ella had given me. Dropped my luggage in a corner of the living room, relaxed a while, then decided to go out and explore the area. I came up against a problem: I couldn't get out of the flat. No matter how I turned the latch, the bolt wouldn't go all the way back. Eventually I gave up and went to sleep -- always a reflex action in times of difficulty, for me. Around 4:30, Ella phoned to say that ATom would be coming over that evening, and I should stay around. "I haven't much choice," I told her, and described the situation. She then explained her trick lock, which has to have the key removed a certain way, and apologized for forgetting to warn me.

When ATom arrived, about halfway through "The Virginian," he and Ella and I retreated to Ella's room, leaving Fred to watch TV free from our yammering. Because yammer we did, for several hours -- TAFF, U.S. Fandom as compared to British Fandom, conventions, fan art, etc. Arthur brought out some drawings he'd done, and offered me my choice. I gleefully pawed through them and latched onto a lovely black-and-white drawing -- rather to the surprise of Ella, who thought I'd take the color one. I showed off the fan-Tarot, and Arthur agreed to do a card for it, choosing the Ten of Swords. He and Ella both, independently, decided they liked the Knight of Wands best of all the cards turned in at that time. Wendy Fletcher, who did the Knight, will get a (more) swelled head! We made plans for further fanac during the next couple of weeks -- parties, trips, etc. Arthur left around 11:00, and I read through Rogue Moon, which I'd brought with me to read on the plane, but hadn't been able to, before crashing.

The morning paper told of a horrendous rain in London Friday night, washing out the Underground in places. I knew there'd been a pretty fierce thunderstorm while the three of us talked -- it scared the two cats silly -- but from the seventh floor of William Dunbar House there was no inkling of a rain that bad. It was far too comfortable there to think of such a thing.

Saturday afternoon, Ella and I went to the London Zoo in Regents Park. Ella would have preferred to show me the Whipsnade Zoo, which she thinks is much better, but the weather looked threatening, and Whipsnade was not as easy to get around in wet weather. We caught a Big Red Bus to Warwick Avenue, and I put to use some information gleaned from Ron Ellick's TAFF Report: the conductor, asking for fares, is saying "two sixes," not "two-and-six"; all he wants is a shilling total. From Warwick Avenue we walked to "Little Venice," the Grand Union Canal in Paddington. They were having a water festival on one part of the Canal, and from another part we caught the water taxi to the Zoo. It was a nice leisurely ride through the backyard of London, including some bombed-out areas still not rebuilt or removed. Shortly before we got to the Zoo, it started to rain, but the barge docked and we scrambled up the ramp and took refuge in the Small Mammal House. Appropriate enough, I guess.

We spent a half hour or so in the "Moonlight World" of nocturnal animals. It was good, but my impression is that the one at the Bronx Zoo, which uses red lights to simulate night, was better, both in exhibit and content. Even so, it is worth seeing. By the time we were done with the nocturnals, the rain had stopped, and we went through selected parts of the rest of the zoo: elephants, penguins, lions and other big cats -- a jaguar was involved in a rather vocal argument with the next-door lioness -- and the giant panda. I had seen the giant pandas the Bronx Zoo had, some twenty-plus years ago, but since they died, there are no more giant pandas in the United States. And the lesser pandas, which look like a cross between a cat and a raccoon, are no substitute for the overgrown children's toy that is a giant panda. Chi-Chi, the one at the London Zoo, wasn't being cooperative about having her picture taken. No sooner did I take aim than she walked down the moat right under me, presenting me with nothing but a top view. Then she turned and walked out of the moat on a course perpendicular to me, got to a place where a wall prevented anyone from getting a side view except through a window, and proceeded to go to sleep. I took a few shots through the window, and gave up. But I did come back later and get some head-on shots while she walked the moat.

Ella's new movie camera refused to work; the souvenir shop had nothing worthwhile -- not even a deck of playing cards suitably stamped; but we looked at the carrion birds (including Goldie, the Popular Hero of a Runaway Eagle), and the seemingly-dead wolves, until it was closing time at 6:00, and we left. It was a long walk out of Regents Park, but the acres of trees and lovely lawn were worth the leisurely viewing. No radios are allowed to be played in any of the London Parks -- an idea some of the U.S. parks might well copy. Not all of them, but at least a few.

We got back to Ella's just in time for me to catch my breath and set out for my dinner invitation with Mervyn Barrett and Jill Talbot. I took the Underground two stops down the line to Maida Vale, got onto the street, turned right as instructed, and went up the wrong street. I walked about a mile out of the way, I guess, but finally found the right street, and a bit of searching eventually revealed the numbering system, such as it was.

At last I got to Jill's flat, where, once again, as at Ella's, I made early acquaintance of the ruler of the house -- the cat. This one was solid black, and almost disappeared into a black chair cushion when he closed his eyes. Dinner was melon, a salad, an excellent meat-and-pasta casserole, with red wine, and hot spiced peaches for dessert. In spite of my usual proclivity for ignoring melon and salad, I ate both, and thoroughly enjoyed everything. After dinner I fangabbed with Mervyn, an Aussie by trade, about Worldcon rules. (He may have to go back to his trade -- he said something about the British being after him to deport him, but he is going through appeals procedures.) Like most of the Aussie fans whose opinions I'd heard, Merv wanted to go back to the 5-year rotation plan that was dumped at St. Louis. He and Jill did come to agree that North America has a right to its own con. Merv said there might not be an Aussie contingent at Heicon, since the primary delegation was the one going by bus, and the bus had broken down in Greece. He reckoned without Robin Johnson and one other stalwart. We followed the discussions with the first of the Goon Show's new series ("The Mystery of the Marie Celeste") and some records is-

sued by the satire magazine Private Eye, which reminded me that I wanted to update my collection of the magazine, and especially I wanted to get the records. I set aside some time in the Monday schedule to visit their office. It was a very pleasant evening, but the Zoo Trip had tired me out a bit, and I left fairly early, when my yawns became a bit too obvious.

Sunday morning Ella tried phoning people to invite them to her party Friday night. I wasn't sure when we were expected in Liverpool, since the arrangements had been made from New York, but a phone call to the Shorrocks turned up the fact that we weren't expected until Saturday, so the party was on for Friday night. Most everyone she phoned was out; she even phoned Belfast to ask Walt Willis if he knew whether Chuck Harris was on vacation. I said hello to Walt again, and we exchanged pleasantries. He and Madeline have been substituting golfac for fanac lately.

At noon, Arthur called, and said he'd come around at two to pick me up for an afternoon of touring various places in and around London. ATom is one of the few London fans with a car, and I didn't find it bothering me at all to sit as a passenger where there ought to be a steering wheel, and zipping around on the wrong side of the street doing strange things in traffic. We started with the Tate Gallery, where I wanted to see the original of a painting written up in Time a year ago last April: Richard Dadd's "The Fairy Feller's Masterstroke." There had been a full-page copy of the painting in the magazine, and I had saved both it and the accompanying article, and had brought both with me. After some searching and asking our way, we found the painting and spent about ten minutes looking at it. It is quite fantastic in composition as well as in subject -- there is a 3-D effect to it which is quite unbelievable. Most of the figures -- elves, dwarves, etc. -- are flat, but the leaves, flowers, grass, and such are done in layers of paint, to stand out. I bought a print (£1/5/6) and a color slide (5/-). I thanked Arthur for taking me to the Tate, and he thanked me for showing him the picture.

We then went to pick up Arthur's wife Olive at her parents' place, where their two daughters would be staying while we toured around. From there, the first stop was Ethel Lindsay's, in nearby Surrey, and I discovered that "Courage House," where Ethel lives, is named for a very different reason than I had thought. Instead of being named thus because it is inhabited by nurses at the nearby hospital, it was named because it was presented to the nurses -- "sisters" -- by the John Courage Brewing Company and friends! I had been spotting the various "Courage" pubs around London, but the penny hadn't dropped. Ethel showed me around the common rooms -- she has her mimeo and supplies in the sitting room -- and around her own room, which is a very typical fan room (except that it is orderly!): books, typer, fan art on the wall (ATom, Eddie Jones, Bjo). ATom gave Ethel a dagger he'd made for her to use with her Heicon costume, and we both showed her how to draw it.

From there we drove to Hampton Court Palace, and spent an hour or so walking through the beautiful grounds. (The buildings were closed.) We also went through the Maze, after Arthur mentioned the group of fans he'd previously brought there (including Al Lewis) who all, under the mathematical directions of Ted Forsythe, got lost in it. ("We don't have Disneyland here -- instead we have the thruppenny Maze!") I asked if the left-hand rule worked here, and ATom said he thought it did, so we tried it -- and got ~~lost~~ successfully into the center and out again without a retracing. Then we walked down to the nearby Molesley Lock on the Thames, had a drink at a Thameside pub -- Arthur and I had coke, and, for a change, with ice! -- and then drove to Wimbledon Common to another, much more old-fashioned pub. We had another drink -- I switched to mead, which was quite good -- then went into Wimbledon to dinner at an Indian restaurant. I am only a newcomer to adventuresome eating, having been a meat-and-potatoes type for 30 years, and I enjoyed the chicken pilaw. I had had hotter curry at the Raj Mahal in New York last April, but I suspect the Raj being Pakistani instead of Indian would make the difference. In any case, it was very good.

We started talking Parlor Astrology -- Olive is an Aries, Arthur a Leo-cusp-Virgo. He wanted to know which of a Leo-Aries team dominates, so I told him. "Sorry, mate, but...,"