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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA SCIENCE FICTION
ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

Number 30
December 1975

Edited by Fran Skene, Information Officer. Memberships to May 1976: active \$2, family \$3; associate \$1, family \$1.50 (only 6 months left in the fiscal year so rates now halved). All unsigned material is by the editor. The Beauregards and David George helped to get out the last issue. Cover art by Tim Hammell. Advertising rates: \$6/half page, \$10/full page, camera ready copy; already printed material-- $\frac{1}{2}$ of regular rates. An Ichthyornis Publication.

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The DECEMBER, UH, GATHERING will happen at the On On Tea Garden, 214 Keefer (in Chinatown, near Main), at 8:00 sharp. Bring money, though prices are reasonable, and an appetite. Oh yes, the date: Saturday, December 13. (Note that this is earlier than usual, the reason being not to interfere with people's Christmas plans.) The assembled host will then move to Fran Skene's house, 207 W. 21st Ave., at about 9:30 or 10:00: BYOB and snack.

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POSTAL PARANOIA: The JANUARY MEETING will happen at the house of Chuck and Edna Davis, 1704 East 14th Ave., Vancouver at 8:00 or so on Saturday, January 17. There will be a panel on some SF topic yet to be decided. Do you have a good idea? Some past ones were "Religion in SF", "SF and pornography", "Humour in SF". Already rounded up as panelist is BCSFA member and author Mike Coney. As usual the proceedings will be recorded and tapes available for a modest sum. BYOB & snack.

NOTE THAT we are now down to three houses in which to hold meetings, which isn't really enough. IS THERE a humble abode somewhere in Vancouver that is suitable for a BCSFA meeting now and then? Those who can't help out in this department can remember to bring some munchies. The five or six of us who seem to be the suppliers for all attendees would appreciate it.

And speaking of POSTAL matters, this week I've been anxiously examining the first dribbles of mail following the strike, hoping for NEWS! But no such luck. I received one Christian Science Monitor, dated Oct. 20, two bills, some junk mail, and a family allowance check. No doubt letters and 'zines that are addressed to me are under large piles somewhere in the main post office. So news herein is necessarily local! By the way, you did not miss an issue of the BCSFA newsletter. Although my fingers were itching to get at the typewriter keys throughout the month of November (you do believe me, don't you?!) I decided to wait for the end of the strike.

The OCTOBER meeting was, I hear (I was in Montreal at the time), enjoyable with estimates ranging from 30 to 38 people attending. Apparently there was a group story even worse than previous ones which I will try to get from Chuck one of these days. Chuck did mention something: newer members, a couple that he did not recognize, came in and sat for awhile but no one seemed even to notice them and eventually they left. Try again people! Some of us do attempt to get out of those cozy groups and talk to newcomers now and again! Volunteering for committees also helps. (One of these days I should call a meeting of the Constitution Committee!)

VICTORIA member Linda Thomson phoned me one day last month to announce that the Victoria club would indeed be putting on a Con in 1977 (I think; I didn't quite wake up from a deep sleep and I'm sure I sounded rather dim) and who should she talk to in order to get some very elementary information? I mentioned David George, chairman of the V-Con 5 committee, but apparently Linda didn't get through to him. As it happens, people, the V-Con 5 committee is doing some swift planning as it goes into the home stretch so the best way to find out about publicizing and putting on a con would be to attend a meeting or two if possible and to help out, if only as a spear carrier, at the con itself.

V-CON 5 memberships may still be obtained for \$5. Due to the postal strike the cutoff date (postmarked) for the lowest rate is January 15. (Note that this is before the January meeting.) Make check payable to V-Con 5 and send to: V-Con 5, Box 48701 Stn. Bentall, Vancouver B.C. V7X 1A6. Official dates for the con are Friday, May 21 to Sunday, May 23 although some people, including guest of honour Larry Niven (special guest is Terry Carr), will come Thursday and stay until Monday to get in on some of the early and late partying.

The NOVEMBER meeting attracted 20-25 which was pretty good since no one had been reminded of it. Several people who perhaps had misplaced their October newsletters phoned me to find out the location. Shown was the film TARZAN THE APE MAN. Announced at the meeting was Mike Bailey's resignation as BCSFA liason with the con committees although he will remain as Vice-president of the club. Mike was visiting in points south so didn't attend.

On Monday, November 24 Judith Merrill was in town and, among other things, talked to about 50 people at the downtown public library with a social gathering at Pat Burrows' house taking place afterward. All went smoothly and I heard several people describe her as "a very nice lady". She was touring through B.C., sponsored by the Canadian Writers' Union, with V.P.L. paying the \$50 honorarium. Chuck Davis, who interviewed Merrill at Torcon, introduced her.

In September Rick Mikkelson, Lynne Dollis, and I went down to a meeting of the Seattle SF club, The Nameless Ones. As usual, it was held in the Horizon Book store with Don Glover present after returning from the far north. The turnout was very good and included Loren McGregor, the Broxons, the Busbys, Frank Denton, John Gaar... Afterward Rick, Lynne, and I were put up by one very nice family for the night and the next day had lunch with the Busbys. As Rick said on our way back, it was like attending a small convention. We extended an invitation to our hosts to stay with us in Vancouver. (The invite to out-of-towners in general still holds. Bring your sleeping bag with you and we'll find a place for you to sack out.)

One of the items of mail which must have been sitting somewhere mere yards from the post office boxes was the Nit Wit 1 which surfaced in the club box as soon as the strike was over. This was the new 'zine of the Ontario Science Fiction Club and I guess the time has come to mention the fun and games that the Second Largest SF club in Canada (BCSFA is largest) has been having. The editor of their former zine, Taral Wayne MacDonald, chaired the Fan Fair III con in Toronto last summer which turned out not well: programming was minimal, the banquet food was poor, rooms were not blocked and many had to find accomodation elsewhere, but publicity was good including front page coverage in the Toronto Star and mention in Analog; thus many Big Name Fans were on hand to witness all this. When the con turned out to be more than \$2000 in the black due to receiving a large number of one day memberships

crys of "Rip off!" were heard. Especially since the committee spent many a dollar on partying: they didn't know about all the money that was coming in because a "mix-up" had occurred and for some reason they weren't able to keep an accurate count. (If you think this sounds like the con a brand new group would put on...you're right! The Torcon gang had mostly gaffiated.) Then dissension started within the sponsoring body, OSFic, as to how to disperse the money. Various people in executive and con committees said and did some rather stupid things then finally a new committee was set up to make recommendations, one of which turned out to be that certain people be given \$100 each to host parties at Windycon and Anonycon and that \$125 be given to various regional cons (each) for the same sort of expense; all this in an effort to disperse the bad feeling among fandom brought about by the apparent cheapness of the Fan Fair III committee. (And they had charged \$10 at the door for a two day con.) But all this dissension also split the club. Victoria Wayne, Program Director, and friend Taral resigned from the Executive Committee and took some people with them to revive a club active in Toronto in the forties and fifties, the Toronto Derelicts. The Nit Wit is being edited by Michael Harper, P.O. Box 105, Bond Head, Ontario, until after club elections in January. (If he runs himself for the job--fine--I think he did a reasonable job of Nit Wit I in spite of his professed total lack of experience in fan publishing.) Taral's address is 1284 York Mills Rd. Apt.410, Don Mills Ont.

So there it all is, folks, two months old! Just like pioneer days! Hopefully something in the way of more up-to-date info will surface soon.

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WINDYCON II, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS (Oct. 3-5, 1975) Convention Report by
John Thomson

I originally became involved with Windycon I last year by chance. Having already planned to be back east, when I saw the ad for Windycon in LOCUS I decided to take the short jaunt (or so it appeared on the map--but it isn't!) from Boston to Chicago. Fred Saberhagen was going to be one of the authors present; and being a "berserker" fan from way back, I wanted to meet him. I had so much fun there last year, that I deliberately scheduled my trip back to Toronto this fall so that I could bus down and attend Windycon II.

The con was held at Ascot House which is a little nine storey hotel that was completely taken over by the 600 plus attendees. The hotel had a big sign outside advertising "Happy Hour 4-6 pm--Cocktails 50¢" and as soon as I saw that I knew this was our hotel! In addition, once the con suite opened in the evening, all the drinks were free! I couldn't figure out how the committee could afford to have free drinks, until a group of us went to a tavern for a glass of supper (and some pizza). There we saw that a bottle of Gilbey's gin (to go), for example, was \$3.95--and that, apparently, was an expensive store!

Windycon II was mainly put on by the very affable couple of Mark and Lynn Aronson with the assistance of Phyllis Eisenstein, Rusty Hevelin, Carol and Mike Resnick among others. Pro GoH was Bob Tucker (and his good friend James Bean). Fan GoH was Joni Stopa. Among the authors who attended and participated in the excellent panel discussions were: Keith Laumer, Gordon Dickson, Lloyd Biggle, Gene Wolfe, A.J. Budrys and George R.R. Martin. Some of the topics discussed were: Introduction to Fandom; Pro panels: Can you make a living writing SF? and Why is a classic?, Great hoaxes of the western world, New search for extraterrestrial life (by Dr. Carlson, Senior astronomer, Alder Planetarium). Rusty Hevelin also gave an interesting

slide show on Aussiecon and Australia.

At the Sunday morning brunch, George Martin was presented his Hugo, which he won at Aussiecon, for his novella "A song for Lya". I personally feel that a Sunday morning brunch is a better event than a Saturday night banquet--it was \$4.75 and all you could eat!

There was good film selection Friday and Saturday nights, most of which I missed as I decided to stick to the parties. The art auction was quite big and I was sorry that I didn't have more money on me. I really would have liked to have brought home some of the work displayed there.

Another highlight of my Chicago trip was a trip up to the top of the Sears Tower, currently the tallest building in the world at 110 stories (one quarter of a mile straight up!) Being the national headquarters of so many corporations, Chicago has a lot of skyscrapers but from the top of this one they all look like miniatures. There is one elevator that goes to the 110th storey in less than a minute. Due to the convection currents blowing up the quarter mile deep shaft, there is a tremendous gale that you really feel as you step out of the elevator at the top.

In all, it was a good trip and I'll probably try and head back again next October.

John Thomson

Report by Ed Beauregard

"WHO IS LARRY NIVEN?"

An account of the Puget Sound Star Trekkers Convention

Early, in fact far too early, on November 8th, Norma Beauregard, Al Betz and myself set out to bring word of our own conventions to those Star Trekkers gathering in Seattle. The journey was, as usual, quite lively: filled with the mechanical frailties of my car. Suffused with the spirit of the NHTSA, it would only manage 30 on the freeway's uphill stretches. Normal performance for a Toyota.

Eventually we reached Seattle Centre where the one day convention was being held. Certain things immediately caught our eye. The facilities were excellent. Four large rooms (two thousand square feet or more each) and one theatre seating perhaps 900 were used. One room was reserved for committee use, the others were used, respectively, for an auditorium, hucksters, and an art show. We covered our table with convention information and set out one at a time to take a closer look at this convention.

Some things we take for granted at a convention were missing; there were no programme books and no nametags. Handlettered program sheets were posted in several locations, but the programme inevitably fell behind schedule. As a public address system connected all the rooms, we wondered why the organizers didn't simply announce events instead of announcing how far behind each portion of the schedule was.

From the point of view of general SF, the hucksters were a distinct disappointment. Although we had expected the usual assortment of Star Trek T-shirts and bumper stickers, we had hoped that some dealers would have pulps or SF books. There were none.

Of course our primary concern was to give out convention information. We had hoped to sell some memberships but we quickly realized that the chance of selling any were small. In fact the second worst disappointment was the striking ignorance of most SF, as characterized by the question that heads this column which was asked of us by one of the organizers of the P.S.S.T. con. A minority of the attendees were conversant with the SF field, were interested in our conventions, and took the information offered but

many others had little knowledge and less interest in the subject. Most of the teens and sub-teens fell into the latter category. This seems to contradict the contention that Trekkie fandom channels these people into our ranks.

There were a number of local and Seattle people there whom we knew. Barbara Dryer, Paula Brown, and John Gaar come immediately to mind, and no doubt there were others I've forgotten. We also talked to Bjo Trimble. She and John were there to tell about their association with Star Trek.

Other invited guests were David Gerrold and James Doohan ("Scottie"). A good film programme was included. Along with several Star Trek episodes and the Star Trek blooper film the movies "Metropolis" and "Forbidden Planet" were shown.

A costume ball was planned for the evening, but I can't report on that, as we left at four o'clock. The car had acted up more than usual on the way down, so we wanted to get back to Vancouver before dark.

The 800 to 1000 attendees certainly enjoyed themselves though for those of us less enthusiastic about Star Trek, "interesting" would be a more appropriate description. (Must I admit I used to root for the Klingons?)

Now 1000 people at \$10 each, or \$25 at the door.... Hmmm, maybe it's time Vancouver had a Star Trek convention.

Ed Beauregard

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FICTION DEPARTMENT

A Tale of PUNishment

Chuck Davis said, "Oh, my God!"

--And there was.

And it was good.

And it was, more or less, but it wasn't what he was really looking for.

He turned to his German associate, Volkmar, and said,

"Ich muss mein Schiff verlassen!"

And Volkmar replied, "No."

The window shattered^{ed} silently under the impact of thousands of crystal eels.

Volkmar's steel-blue eyes rolled up, revealing David George hidden beneath the laundry basket of the typical \$4,000,000.46 per annum middle class home.

Meanwhile back at the eel ranch, Bart was riding his horse and singing a coruscating song about the lone prairie and the eels basking in the sun in the dust of the mesquite plain.

David Meanwhile was scared, for the Eels were now doing the eerie Dance of the Scales, the famed mating ritual. He reeled back in shock, for the silently scudding moon had revealed off in the distance an entire second regiment of the ghastly critters, storming towards him in their drunken frenzy. "Great scintillating synaptic flagellators!!" he cried, and flew up the nearest cliff; but--alas--the Dance had reached its climax, and the Eels, hurriedly shedding their skins were able to scale the cliff.

The cliff was soon covered with skins, making it very slippery. Meanwhile slipped down the cliff into the salty sea. He started to swim out along the gleaming silvery path of the full and rising moon. Several deep ones, strumming guitars and croaking nameless versions of old Beach Boys songs, hunkered in their bathing shorts on the reef and flexed their stubby, batrachian fingers. Meanwhile felt a curious hot, flashing sensation in the region of his lower right leg. The shock froze him for moment, then, with the adrenalin flowing freely into his arteries, he burst into a frenzy of screams and violent thrashings of water, fighting an enemy he could not see

or understand. But the strains of "Surfin' USA" were too loud for anyone to hear his cries and he quickly realized that his fight was in vain.

The dam cracked. What to do. Where is the engineer? Would the dam break? Would the engineer's slide rule save the town? Stay tuned.

What had happened to David Meanwhile?

Well, when the dam broke he was at that moment in hot water! but there wasn't any because of the drainage problem. The skins of the crystal Eels blinded David while the entire second regiment of the ghastly critters stampeded toward Chuck Davis who was still mumbling, "Oh, my God!" David Meanwhile realized that a higher standard of literary skill was called for than had hitherto been displayed. He girded up his metaphorical loins and applied himself to the problem. The major threat came from his metaphorical loins: they were riddled with millions of tiny fissures. He spun in a tight circle, the Parkerized .45 whipping up from his black, chrome-studded Berns-Martin spring-loaded holster. His first slug took the third eel in the belly. Hot eel-guts splattered the rugose rocks. The second bullet tore through the left lung of the horse with a nasty whine and shattered a street sign. The horse was swarmed on by horde of voracious eels which consumed the horse, street sign and all.

Meanwhile stepped out of the rain into the Prancing Pony and hailed the innkeeper loudly: "Hail, innkeeper! also rain, snow, and all kinds of other foul weather. And it isn't a fit night out for man nor beast." SPLOCK! A burst of snow was flung from offstage with devastating effect. "Cut!" yelled the director, "And see if you can't get those #!&%!@! hobbits to scrape the ice off their feet before it melts all over the floor."

Meanwhile noticed that the WC Fields jokes were getting the better of the story, and felt something had to be done about it. Calling the local weatherman, he ordered up a monsoon, thus skillfully shifting the location of the story to southern Rangoon.

"Ah so, you are surprise I speak your language?" Meanwhile noticed with horror that the English-speaking Chinese policeman was in the process of writing out a parking ticket for his horse. Whereupon he jumped on to his horse and galloped off in all directions. The policeman uttered a strangled cry and ripped open his uniform. Underneath he wore a tight, painfully constricting Frederick's of Hollywood black satin karate teaser. Groaning in perverted ecstasy, he flipped his tight black patent dancing pump at Meanwhile's left ear. The hand-sewn welt of the dancing pump took Meanwhile over the silver-inlaid pommel of the saddle and into a coruscating hell of ululating silver eels. Stately plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a crossed mirror and razor... He was going to live up to the tale of punishment. To this end he had a whip of ermine and, swinging it above his head with the blade gleaming in the coruscating moon, he cried, " " and died in bubbling ecstasy under the flickering neon.

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Prancing Pony. Dan McGroo stared out into the Lhankmarian fog, where ululating crystal eels protruded ectoplasmic tentacles in a dance of icky nastiness. The door of the Thieve's Guild burst open, clouds of hashish smoke rolled forth, and Pholg, Master of Book Borrowers, flung himself from the sticky threshold, a Solingen switch-blade glittering in his pudgy, be-ringed hand. "Yankee, you die!" he cried, frothing and writheing his thick lips in an orgasm of prurience.

Dear reader,

Due to computer error you have been discontinued.

by attendees at the September meeting

SECRETARY'S REPORT for October and November

Mail? Well, we have some. Sandwiched in between the Last OsfiC Synapse and the First OsfiC Nit Wit was a LOC from Linda Thomson in Victoria.

Around 30 attended the October general meeting at Chuck and Edna Davis' on the 18th. Daniel Soy quibbled with something in the newsletter. David George plugged both V-Con 5 and Westercon 30 and announced officially that Larry Niven was V-Con 5 GoH and Terry Carr was to be Special Guest. Ed Beauregard plugged the December meeting at the On On, which Chuck also says is good, and business ended, and serious partying got started along with another dreadful open-line typewriter story.

October's executive meeting was held at Mike Bailey's. It was decided that the December meeting will not be for business at all. David reported on Gestetner paper (we don't need any yet, but we can get a further price break). Larry Niven and Terry Carr will get freebie BCSFA newsletters from now until the con. Al was to phone the people who haven't responded to the directory questionnaire. Ed moved that we buy as much Gestetner ink at 50¢ per tube from a supplier known about by Al Betz as we can (usual price is \$4.00/ tube). Al seconded; passed 5-0. Ed announced that he had been in Victoria and found out that we can get use of the BCSFA name if we can show that we represent people from all over B.C. and that the club is the largest in the province.

The November meeting was held at John Park's on the 15th and it was announced that Mike Bailey has resigned as con committee liaison officer with both V-Con 5 and Westercon 30. The Star Trek con in Seattle was mentioned, as was the Judith Merrill talk at the VPL Monday Nov. 24th. "Tarzan the ape man" was shown.

At the executive meeting at the Beauregard's on the 19th of November, Norma read the minutes she took of the general meeting in David's absence. Al objected to Fran's committing of the club to co-sponsoring the Judith Merrill event without the advance approval of the club, and moved that the club not be committed to anything without the majority of the executive approving in advance. Ed seconded; passed 4-0 (Fran was absent). David is to approach several people to act as liaison officer between the club and the con committees. The December meeting, non-business, will be started at the On On at 8:00 pm and move to Fran's about 9:30. The December executive meeting will be at Al's at 7:30 pm, 3162 W. 8th Ave., Tuesday, Dec. 16/75.

David George

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MIKE BAILEY is sending out another large book order to F&SF or in print science fiction and fantasy, history of SF art, etc.; hard cover and paperback. If you would like to get in on the 20% off that he gets for volume buying phone Mike at 731-8451, Bus 666-6604 about piggybacking on his order. The history by James Gunn, for example, which normally costs \$29.95, could be bought at quite a saving. And Mike was talking about various new books on SF art; further details from him. Payment in American funds plus 5¢/lb.

HO HUM DEPT., or "Don't bother me with facts!": Pere Daniel is still throwing it. In the last issue of SF3 NEWSLETTER Daniel talks about cons and says, among other things, that "the one next year is trying to bring up a relatively unknown (but living close to Vancouver and so dirt cheap) author." I don't know about you, Daniel, but I wouldn't class Larry Niven as either "unknown" or "dirt cheap"! As it happens, Daniel did not know who had been invited to be GoH at time of publication as it had not yet been formally announced, but as Al Betz reminded him at a previous general meeting, "There's

this marvelous invention by Alexander Graham Bell!" Daniel also quoted Norma Beauregard, Treasurer for the next two cons, as saying, "Who cares about the fans, all we want is their money." Norma said this in an atmosphere of jocular irony and in an ironic tone, thus meaning the exact opposite! Daniel was there and must have known ^{this} unless he was pissed out of his mind. Let's try for more responsible reporting, Daniel!

Incidentally, my copy of Daniel's zine, which was mailed after the last issue of this zine reached everyone (the one in which I mentioned Daniel's sloppy reproduction and the staple which fell out right away), arrived with nine (9) staples in it. I wonder why...! Unfortunately, Daniel had put so much energy into it that the last page was almost cut through and soon fell off!

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Well, as long as there's space, here's some more

New Science Fiction at V.P.L.

- Carr, Terry, ed. Fellowship of the stars Simon 1974 7.95
Original stories by Foster, Effinger, Pohl, Broxon, Leiber, Sargent, Brenkert, Brunner, and Le Guin.
- Delany, Samuel Dhalgren Bantam 1974 1.95
About the city of Bellona which had met with some strange catastrophe, and some of its inhabitants who are partly modeled after teen-age gangs. Weak on plot but strong on mood and a real mind-blower.
- Effinger, Geo. Alec Mixed feelings Harper 1974 9.15
Mostly a reprint collection, of stories originally published in Bad moon rising, Ruins of Earth, Analog, New Dimensions, Universe, Orbit, Vertex, and F&SF.
- Lanier, Sterling Hiero's journey Chilton 1973 7.95
Adventure in the next interglacial age, featuring telepathy, monsters, ruined cities, and romance.
- McHargue, Georgess Hot & cold running cities Holt 1974 6.50
Reprint anthology of eight stories and a poem about future cities, by Van Vogt, Roberts, Heinlein, Benet, Kornbluth, Banks, Harmon, Knight, and Worthington.
- Nourse, Alan E. The bladerunner McKay 1974 6.95
Medical science fiction, about a future world in which many people have to get health care through a black market.
- Pohl, Frederik and Williamson, Jack Farthest star Ballantine 1975 1.50
A novel with faults but with one of the most fascinating ideas I've encountered: "travel" by sending duplicates of oneself, sometimes "edited" to suit the new environment. First serialized in Galaxy as Doomship and The org's egg.
- Wellman, Manly Worse things waiting Carcosa 1975 9.50
Classic fantasies about vampires and other interesting creatures. Originally published in Wierd tales and other magazines of that period.