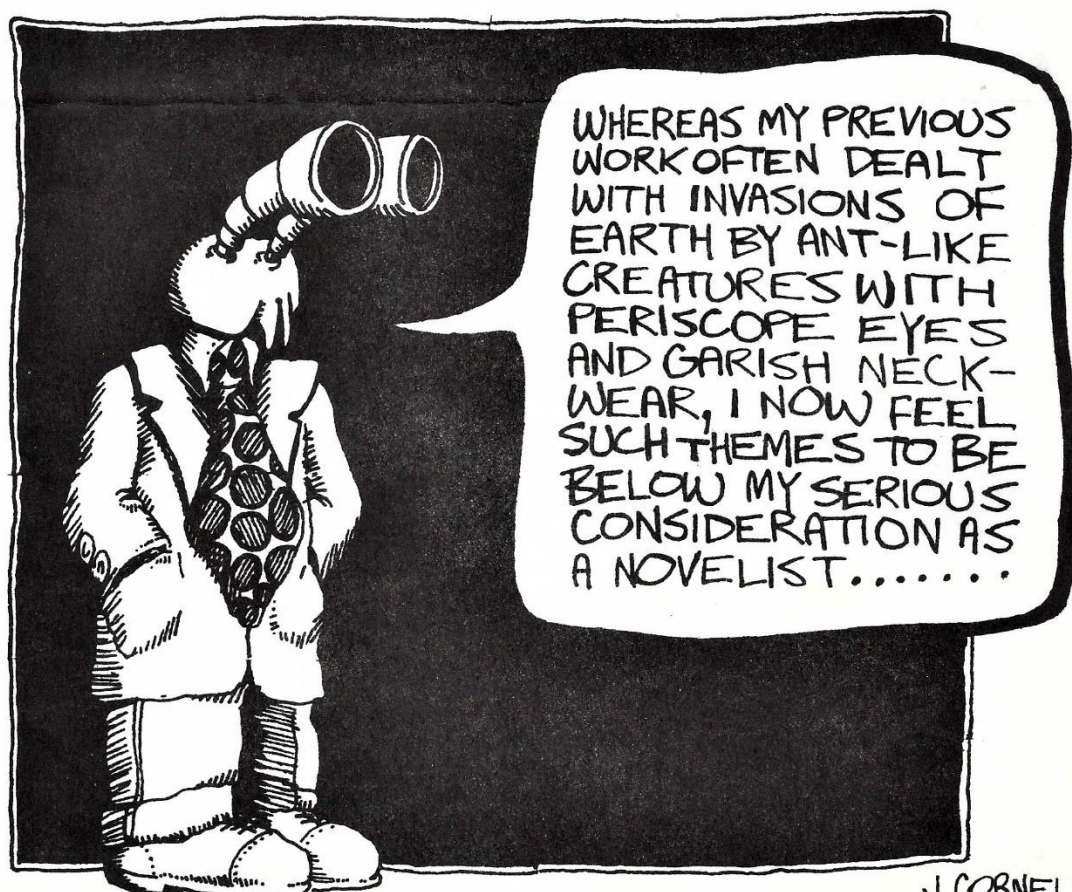


THE BCSFA NEWS- LETTER



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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA SCIENCE FICTION
ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

Number 32
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Edited by Fran Skene, Information Officer

Memberships to May 1976: active \$2, family \$3; associate \$1, family \$1.50. All unsigned material is by the editor. Ed Beauregard, Pat Burrows, and David George helped to get out the last issue. Ad rates: \$6/half page, \$10/full page, camera ready copy; already printed material-- $\frac{1}{2}$ of regular rates. Cover art by Bill Gibson. A Dsungaripterus Publication.

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The FEBRUARY MEETING will happen at the home of John Park and Lou Noodleman, 179 W. 19th Ave., Vancouver at 8:00 or so on Saturday, February 21. This will be another movie night. The film "x", previously unavailable, is now merely "unknown". Guests welcome (out-of-towners bring sleeping bags). BYOB and munchies.

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MARCH MEETING: at the home of Paula Brown, 3537 Dunbar St., Vancouver on Saturday, March 20 at 8:00.

FEBRUARY executive meeting: Tues., February 24 at 7:30 at Al. Betz's, 3162 W. 8th Ave., Vancouver.

CONVENTION COMMITTEE MEETINGS (Members of the two committees plus others interested in helping out please note): (All start 7:30 PM) V-Con 5 (May 21-23)--Wednesday, Feb. 11; Thursday, March 4; at the home of Pat Burrows, 6693 Wiltshire St. (near Granville and 49th). Further information from Pat at 266-5869 or phone David George and leave a message on his recording tape: 263-5733. Westercon 30 (Van-Con)(July 1-4, 1977)--Thursday, Feb. 26 at the home of Rick Mikkelsen, #10, 1436 Pendrell St. Further info from Fran Skene, 879-7009 or at work: 682-5911, Loc. 37 (Please phone me at work rather than leave a message. It is very frustrating to hear from my 14 year old: "A woman called but I forget what she said her name was."). Or phone Norma Beauregard at 732-8202.

CONSTITUTION COMMITTEE MEETING (Don't faint now. All those who signed up for this last fall plus any other interested persons please note:) Thurs., February 19 at Fran Skene's, 207 W. 21st Ave. at 7:30. Object : to take a final look at the club by-laws in the light of any difficulties so far encountered and put together a package to be first published in the clubzine, then voted on at a club general meeting. Hopefully only two or three committee meetings will be required. During this time it is hoped that Ed Beauregard will find out for sure whether the club can register under its present name; if not the committee will also need to recommend a name and find a way of having it voted on other than the totally hopeless extraordinary resolution method.

EDITORIAL RAMBLINGS

On the subject of hats: I for example wear several. One is that of editor of this clubzine; others are chairperson of Westercon 30 and constitution committees, editor of progress reports and program book for V-Con 5, and Fran Skene, private individual with a variety of concerns unrelated to this club. Other people, especially Ed and Norma Beauregard, David George, and Al Betz, also have a variety of hats. One reason is that the club is still very young (there have been regular meetings for only 2½ years), thus there hasn't been enough time for an adequate pool of (unpaid) talent to emerge. One result is that sometimes hats get mixed up. Example: the Westercon 30 committee involved itself in a joint effort with V-Con 5, a large number of flyers with info on the two cons back-to-back. Beneficial for V-Con but the result for Westercon was only six registrations plus some envelopes now sitting in my basement. Why, you ask, did we spend a small fortune on such a hare-brained scheme? Answer: because no one thought to change out of his or her V-Con hat. When I finally put my Westercon hat on and looked at what we had done I had a fit, and at the next Westercon meeting recommended that certain limitations be placed on the signing officers as to what decisions they can make in between meetings (passed); advantage being that chances are greater of cooler heads prevailing. Rick Mikkelsen, for example, has probably attended more outside conventions than all four signing officers put together. (They are myself, David, Norma, and Tom Balabanov.)

Another example: people with whom the club is supposed to be trading zines getting confused between Fran Skene, private individual who sent them money for a subscription, and Fran Skene, editor of this zine. (Attention Linda Bushyager and Craig Miller!) These people are going to be cut off unless a second zine is sent to the club at the club box no. Mike Bailey had the same problem when he was information officer. Understandable when one looks at the welter of "letter substitutes", genzines, personalzines, etc. but still frustrating.

And on the subject of paranoia(?): if you are one of those who joined the club yet didn't receive the zine the following month, or you informed us of a change of address only to continue receiving the zine at the old one, or your zine just didn't arrive for no reason that you can think of, here is the reason: The official file of members and subscribers is in the hands of Al Betz; Mike Bailey has the computer labels made up; David George mails the zines; I type and edit. If Al, the treasurer, neglects to update the file each time someone gives him money for a membership (and if the money is given to someone else who is slow in turning money and info over) or to inform Mike of changes and additions soon enough; if David, the secretary, is slow in informing Al of changes-of-address that reach the club box; if Mike, the vice-president, neglects to type a new computer card as soon as new information gets to him, then errors occur. The separation of the various tasks was partly a result of paranoia as to the ways in which the Information Officer could abuse his or her position.

But the solution is not cut-and-dried. For example, I like having some of the work done by others: as it is this zine takes up many hours of my time. As I recall, the situation was discussed at the last executive meeting, with the result being that those concerned promised to get on the ball. This may do the job, with future executive committees simply concentrating on keeping channels of communication open. Is there, though, anything that can be changed or written into the by-laws to make things more organized? I just don't know; I do feel, though, that putting much decision-making power in the hands of too few people is plain stupid, for reasons mentioned in the first paragraph. There's the old argument, of course that real democracy as opposed to the theoretical will "bring everything to a grinding halt" (Ed Beauregard--yes, his politics are very right-wing) but if the people making most of the decisions are God and His angels, fine: all I see in local SF circles are amateurs with many "learning experiences" to come.

NEWS

The JANUARY MEETING was very well attended--looked like the largest number yet--and the vibes were almost as good as those in December. The panel, composed of Ted Collins, John Park, and Chuck Davis (Mike Coney has been much troubled with an ulcer so couldn't make it), was entertaining as they discussed their "rejections" in their efforts to sell SF. At Chuck's suggestion all attendees were given paper and masking tape so that they could make up name tags including a one-word description of themselves, which was fun. (One self-description which didn't surprise me was David George's "Chairman of V-Con 5".) A comparatively good group story was produced, the ringleaders being Lona Elrod, Bill Gibson, and Daniel Say, with contributions from various others.

In the mail from Taral MacDonald came some art, in trade for the zine now that he no longer edits the OSFiC zine. Do YOU like to draw? If you do, and we like your stuff, next year's executive (next year starting in June) will probably be happy to send you the zine on a trade rather than money basis. Small pictures are fine, in fact preferred as only one full-page illus. is needed each month. As soon as enough such are in I'll put them together with Taral's and make an electrostencil or two. Drawings done with a black fibre pen and with a minimum of large black areas seem to come out well. All art work will be returned after publication, on request.

The hotel in which the 1977 Worldcon is supposed to be held, the Sheraton Twin Towers, has filed for bankruptcy, the kind in which the corporation is given a chance to reorganize, and thus a new contract will probably have to be negotiated with higher room rates of course unless the committee goes to a different city altogether. It all points up some of the problems in trying to put on a Worldcon these days. David George is still determined to someday bid for such, for Vancouver but all I can say is, he's welcome to that headache. As for this year's con in Kansas City they're so far behind in dealing with registrations that although I sent my reg. in early last fall I still haven't heard from them (though they did cash my check!). And already they're into overflow hotels. Being arranged in the south-west area is a charter train and plane flight.

On local newsstands (or hopefully soon): Gernsback, Ultimate world; Joseph, Star Trek starfleet technical manual; Niven, All the myriad ways; Nourse, The bladerunner; Vance, The gray prince; Bester, The computer connection; Ellison, Approaching oblivion; Foster, Star Trek log six; Haldeman, The forever war; Howard, The lost valley of Iskander; Adams, Shardik; Brackett, The reavers of Skaith; Delany, Triton; MacDonald, The girl, the gold watch, and everything; McIntyre, The exile waiting; Niven, The long arm of Gil Hamilton; Rotsler, To the land of the electric angel; Zelazny, My name is legion. On order at VPL are two new hardcover novels by Kate Wilhelm, The Clewiston test and Where late the sweet birds sang; both were very favourably reviewed.

In Susan Wood's most recent "letter substitute" (however she may some day soon turn out a genuine fanzine) she mentioned fantasizing about starting a women's apa (amateur press association, in which each member writes a letter addressed to all, then all letters make up a zine) called Bread and Roses. So far I haven't joined an apa, partly because I hate writing letters, but for something like this . . . ! I think that such a project would be very welcome provided that queen bee types were at a minimum, preferably zero. David George has been threatening to publish a personalzine for some time now, though I doubt that anything will happen until after V-Con 5. One BNF with whom he communicated expressed pleasure that something other than the efforts of M.B. and D.S. will be emerging from Vancouver. Whether David's will be better of course remains to be seen.

MINUTES FROM THE SECRETARY

Chuck and Edna Davis hosted the January meeting in their home on the 17th. About 30 people attended and heard a panel featuring Ted Collins, Chuck Davis, and John Park discuss "Secrets of a writer, or the role of rejection slips in science-fiction writing." The panel was taped, and cassettes of it are available through the Treasurer, Al Betz, for the modest sum of \$2.00. Another fabulous myth was created on the magic typer in the corner, possibly to see the light of print in the future in this newsletter. Michael Coney, who was to appear on the panel, was unable to get over from the island. ((I think your count, David, of attendees too low.))

The January 20th executive meeting was held at Fran's, with all present except Mike. The treasurer reported no change in the savings account balance, and a chequing account balance of \$21. The secretary presented a bill from Gestetner for stencils and misc. printing supplies. The mailing list will be updated soon, and Al has given Mike the cards which need revision. Fran moved that Tom Balabanov be appointed as BCSFA--V-Con 5 and Westercon 30 liaison. Al seconded; passed 4-0.

MAIL RECEIVED

- 1) Letter to the editor from Taral Wayne MacDonald
- 2) Letter to Mike Bailey from Vicki Bushell, who has surfaced in Santa Barbara, California

CORRECTIONS

In last month's minutes it was reported that Station FFUP-FM in San Jose, Calif., wants to trade cassettes with us. It is Station KKUP-FM, and they want us to send them cassettes with no mention of a trade. Also, Mike was asked for credit information on V-Con, not the BCSFA.

David George

* * * * *

LIMERICKS DEPT.

1) by Lona Elrod

John T's older and wiser, but I'm
still shy of observing this rhyme
For he says, "O my dear
nothing must interfere
with having a frolicsome time."

If dry old grammarians face ya
BCSF meetings will brace ya
For if you delight
in things recondite
You'll love SF paronomasia

When lineage is under discussion
The secret that keeps the clan blushin'
Cannot be betrayed
---What rhyme can be made
with, "blot on the family escutcheon"?

Limericks (cont.)

2) by Chuck Davis

A lusty young Vancouver blonde
Of whom all the truckers are fond
In her efforts to please
Has spread social disease
All the way to Prince George
and beyond.

A lovely young girl from Vancouver
Molested herself with a Hoover
Her gloomy deduction:
Despite all the suction
It wasn't sufficient
to move 'er.

((and, one of last month's limericks with the last line now correct:))

A fellow whose name's Balabanov
Once leaped up and hurriedly ran off
When you kidded his name
But now's not the same
Now he'll jump up and knock your
can off.

* * * * *

FICTION DEPT.

((An attendee at the January meeting accused me of uncalled for censorship in leaving out so much of the story from the October meeting. O.K., so here is a typical passage from the censored parts:))

Nor did it faze the intrepid Rev. Moon, as he and his band of puritan anti pornography literature burners put two hundred copies of that great Korean classic "The keisang (Korean for Geisha) and the rabid tortoise" to the torch. "Aiyeee!" the foaming-mouthed Rev. Moon cried, "No more will you filthy Koreans, with your kim chee laden-breaths (that's pickled cabbage to the layman) defile the pure minds of the rosy-cheeked Korean school children with your disgusting tales of Airyung, and Red Lotus and the bunny rabbit, known to us Koreans (phonetically speaking, to quote the old Korean nursery rhyme,

Kon toki, toki yo

o dedo kon myin yo

kon chu kon chu kim yun so o dedo kon nyin no.

(which when translated means--oh skip it) continues: KO RUS KAT
INGG O KO RO SKAT EEENG OH HA HA HA WHOOPEE NYA NYA.

The Rev. Moon rolled over in on his waterbed and opened another capsule of "Arica Blue". His gums bled constantly these days, but on the other hand, he could hardly see the mirror. He spread the blue powder in a thin trail across the blade of a Taiwanese screwdriver and plunged it into the little pink and white bunny rabbit causing a large amount of blood to hit the ceiling and to coruscate over his white robes.

Now he...

And finally Captain Daniel defeated the Vegan Devil Beasts. They found him drunk, and driving the invincible aliens into retreat. Lasers would only tickle them. "It is to laugh," they said. The atomic blasters only cured the chronic stiffness of their joints. "We will drive you into the ground, stupid Earthling dogs," they cried. And yet they were being destroyed, and they could not understand why, and by a single man (who appeared to be drunk). What was this strange toxic substance he was tossing at them? ("They had me in a corner," said Daniel. "My men were dead. So I pissed on them. After all, I had nine kegs of beer left.")

((From pp. 1 & 2. Had enough? Now on ^{to} this month's creative effort.))

Stoned

The clearing was circular, walled with dense green and roofed with clear, translucent blue. Beyond the tangled lianas and rotting boles of fallen date palms, the sea heaved rhythmically. Then, just beneath the swelling surface, the baroque iron prow of an exotic antique vessel was seen. Slicing with Victorian dignity through the limpid waters of the coastal shelf, it swung toward the beach. In the clearing, seven stone spheres rose smoothly from tangled beds of tropical humus.

A red and green parrot screeched as it fled from its perch into the jungle, and the screech was echoed from the undergrowth; a pig blundered through the clearing and disappeared between two slanting palms. At the beach, the long rear of the breakers was interrupted by the grating of coral under a metal keel, then the waves parted in white foam and the rusted hull of the vessel rose dripping into the sunlight.

Seven stone spheres hung silently above the clearing, rotating above the ruins of a vast anthill. The jungle was silent.

An ornate circular hatch of corroded iron began to rotate slowly. Flecks of rust fell into the gently lapping waters of the lagoon. The hatch, threaded like a giant screw, spun and grated. Grey seabirds wheeled above the cast iron scrollwork of the conning tower; tiny crabs scurried among the tangled seawrack that clung to the rusting cherubs and corroded leaf-work. With a hollow clang, the heavy hatch fell against the streaked hull. From the open hatchway came the hum of electrical machinery, and for several seconds the only sounds were made by the waves breaking on the hull. Then came a dull groan and something stirred in the shadows of the hatchway. A figure lurched into sight and sprawled across the opened hatch cover. Spray plastered his grey hair, and he did not move; his eyes opened but stared vacantly into the churning water against the hull. He lay still and gasped. His face was pallid, his blue uniform torn and bloodstained. After a few minutes his hands began to move on the hull, his arms pushed, he straightened and stood, still swaying and stared inland to where the stones waited hovering over the clearing. Slowly his stone-like face relaxed, his fists unclenched, he drew a long breath and smiled.

His eyes glittered with something beyond sanity. "I've beaten you, Cartwright! I've beaten you!" With a laugh torn by a choking snarl, he leaped into the open hatchway and disappeared from view. An ominous silence hung like a miasma over the deserted clearing, punctuated only by the hooting of distant creatures that had no name.

The setting sun cast long rays of fulgent orange light across the beach; the seven stones, shadowed and starkly outlined in the few beams that penetrated the twisted web-work of the jungle wall, rose silently above the crowns of the green date palms.

"I loved you, Cartwright!"

Hermit crabs emerged from the tidal pools and moved across the still warm sand. Their tiny pincers sought the morsels of flotsam carried in by the tide.

"CARTWRIGHT!"

The crabs arranged themselves in ever-shifting patterns across the beach. A parrot screamed.

"You--you were my last refuge---I stand, forced into lonely exile, at the edge of this god-forsaken island; you could have saved me. You could have been rich. There was power, waiting to be taken--we could have ruled half the world.

He leapt into the surf and went stumbling up the beach to the undergrowth and began to force his way towards the clearing. In the last light, bars of shadow struck across his face, branches slashed out and hurt his face, creepers tugged at him. When he reached the centre of the clearing and stood by the anthill surrounded by the heptagon of hovering stone the low gibbous moon was silvering the jungle, and made of his still figure an image carved of marble and dark metal.

He paused in his headlong flight across the clearing, his chest heaving, and stared in disbelief at the stones, his eyes straining against the fading light to read the faintly etched runes that ringed the bases of the stones. His lips moved softly, repeating the unfamiliar sounds in bewilderment. Then, as the full portent of the horrible message became clear to him, he flung up his arms, uttering a great cry of horror.

"Rodomontade! You were here before!", and disappeared into the jungle. The wind signed through the twisted limbs of trees. He stumbled to the forest floor. His hands grasped a gnarled branch.

"You--" he snarled, "My brother! When we lived among the people of the streets-- When we sold the Black Fruit in the Terminal Market-- You were kind..." He snapped the branch across his thin, bruised knee, and plunged forward, a shadow fading among shadows.

The seven spherical stones quivered and swung.

"I want to forget the Dream Police, the long voyage in the rusting submarine--product of your waking dreams among the test tubes, the surgical tables--the Victorian sitting room where we cut the purple armchair into very small pieces. And the woman. Did she mean nothing to you? Was her death meaningless? Is she doomed to failure as a file clerk or will she be revealed here in these pages as Superperson, the Archenemy of Evil and Sorts of things like that. Oh God, how could you forget ol' whats-her-name?"

The hermit crabs, startled by the unfamiliar sounds of human anguish in an island that had known no human voice for centuries, waved their pincers frantically before returning to their natant world.

He flung down the shattered fragments of wood, and clawed at a tattered trouser leg. A gleaming six-inch length of vanadium wire came away in his palsied hands and flashed in the moon. He whirled and howled. The seven spherical stones plunged in a line of formal perfection toward his..... crotch where he found, to his utter dismay that they had lodged. O dear. O drat. (D.S. has made this story something less than literature.--Wm.G.)

He rose, clutching his injured and strode toward the washroom, picking spherical stones from the region of his He sighed, grimacing in pain, and murmured, "I fear I shall never rise to the occasion again." For indeed, and yea, what writer can pursue a straight line with all these goddamned hermit crabs and screaming parrots all over the place?

(Dear Wm. G. Literature is only writing that is not concerned with the real world and is not and does not use real words except in condescencion or put down of the real working class,--D.S.)

But as Humpty Dumpty said, "A word means what I want it to mean." At least I think he said that. After all, we all know what Rev. Dodgson liked to do to little girls and we mention it with a knowing air at every cocktail after discussing astrological signs. But, while paying a brief tribute to whatzisname who said, "Literature is news that stays news," we reluctantly

return to the hermit crabs.

Rev. D. spun on tiptoe and crawled toward Mr. S. --"Peek-a-BOO" he simpered, drawing a pair of zircon-encrusted tweezers from his waistcoat. "Peek-a-boo" he crooned, lunging toward the hermit crabs, who looked up with an air of vague irritation. His lips curled in a grimace. "Peek-a-bloody-boo, you story-wrecking anti-literary ponce, you!" he growled, whipping a Stun-gun from his paisley loincloth.

zzzzzzzzzt -- electric fangs whispered toward the needle-sharp tips of Mr. S's Pride of Manhood, which he bore like a banner through almost impassable seas of ridicule and adversity, which would have stymied a lesser (or less stubborn.) or smarter. or even saner. Man. It is in fact well known that Oscar Wilde couldn't wear his cute little velvet breeches for too long in the streets of London and had to settle down and content himself with a boutonniere. The soul of the true artist is, alas, always crushed by the ignorance of the general public. Remember what they did to Oscar Wilde. With this lesson in mind, D.S. shrieked in pain, clutching his two favorite little elephants. Little tusky things, I think he means; anyway, he leapt into the air as if hermit crabs had nipped his toes, and complained, "I thought those things had been outlawed!"

A ringing clang reverberated through the forest. He stood listening for a moment then ran madly toward the beach. He reached the sand only in time to see the submersible drawing slowly back beneath the waters.

"Rodomontade! What are you doing?! Where were you? Come back!"

D.S. was left with silence, interrupted only with the screeching and scratching of his unwanted companions, then from too far offshore came the raspy sound of the main access hatch being released. And then the only human sound to reach the ears of D.S. was the slurp. The slurp as Nemo Piggy Jack Ralph Conseil Verne and William Decadent floated out upon the dimly phosphorescent waves, surrounded by firey, moonbeam-bodied creatures they slid away from the beach; across space the sun and moon were pulling so that the film of water on the earth was held, drawn into a wave, while the solid core turned. Quietly in stillness under the steadfast stars the pale forms drifted out to the open sea.

Cartwright's eyes blinked open. "Farris? Are you there?" Through the slime-encrusted windows the dim light of the distant sun filtered. "Farris?" Cartwright sat up, the stiffness of immobile years slowing his every movement. He looked around, his neck almost creaking with the effort. Slowly, gropingly, his feet sought the floor. It was not there. Shrieking, Cartwright fell into an abyss and his head made contact with a hard surface at about the same time he decided that this was just not his day and he would never eat cheese before sleeping.

"Don't move. There...does that feel better?" a soft voice purred, while gentle hands removed a cold cloth from Cartwright's forehead and replaced it with a fresh one. "You had a nasty bump there. And you're covered with slime."

Then he thrust her backwards on to the voluptuous expansive softness of the Venèrian couch; feverishly his fingers penetrated the diaphanous folds tantalizingly cleaving to the frugiverous curves of her upper breasts, contentedly munching mangôes. Timidly, with a hesitant, gentle smile, he offered her upper left breast an apricot.

A metallic voice issued forth suddenly from a concealed speaker. "The cyanide content of apricot pits renders them unfit for ingestion, madame. The humanoid is attempting to poison you. With your permission, we will terminate his life system." A panel slid back, and slim rod extruded silently. It swung toward Cartwright.

"Stop!"

The rod rose, poised quivering, and flailed down with a shriek.

"Aaaagh," he screamed "Oh jesus god jesus, oh god oh god...."

The rod rose again, and fell.
"Aaagh," he moaned, "Again, again, again, niaga" as he reached the bottom of the story.
Here endeth the tales of the Pilgrimes of Canterburye.

by attendees at the January meeting

LETTER DEPT.

Fran,

I don't know how long this postcard will turn out, so I'm typing on a long piece of card that I'll snip off at the appropriate length. Why not a proper letter? I don't have anything to say, that's why. But I thought you'd like to know I still care...

Don Pfeil has been a mystery to me. In one VERTEX editorial he laments the New Wave and extols the virtues of Old Wave stuff like SIASL...and publishes some of the rather dubious stuff that appeared in VERTEX. PATRON OF THE ARTS was a bit new wavy, and that, probably was the best Pfeil ever got his hands on. Not that many people drag the old New Wave vs Old Wave controversy over the coals anymore. See DISSENTING by Gardiner R. for the last word on that subject.

BCSFA is the largest Canadian SF club? How's that again? Unless your list of about 55 has about a 40% omission rate, then I'm afraid that BCSFA will have to defer the honour to OSFiC's membership of about 80. ((The BCSFA now has about 90 members, with subscribers, trades, and freebies on top of that. As to why so many chose not to be on the published list--I think that many SF fans value their privacy: I'd never seen so many P.O. Boxes and unlisted phone numbers before.)) Not that I expect that OSFiC's membership will stay that high with so many of the faanish people dropping out. Who'll entertain the club members if the fans don't? OSFiC is, I think, a club for readers now.

Still, the fans have been giving the club a run for the money (not literally), with giving OSFiC a reformed constitution and executive. So far three entire meetings have been used for discussing this constitution, with some damage to the club probably--constitutional debates are fine for the politicians and other hotheads, but few "reading" members find this sort of nonsense interesting. The Feb. election is the real turning point though.

The Derelicts are not a club. They are just the majority of fannish people in Toronto. It is just ten people with rather similar views about "creeping mundania", big-business in conventions, and authority. We meet at each other's homes just as we always did, and will not likely miss OSFiC meetings if we stop going.

Gæiltlæhæilin:

Taral Wayne MacDonald

((Taral: I hope you didn't mind all the deletions before publication. I'm happy to hear from you but obviously some of your judgments shouldn't be printed here. How about hearing from you, Michael Harper?))

FLASH: Just got a phone call from Betty Bandy who was returning to L.A. after seeing her family in Victoria. (We met Betty at Westercon last year and she got a ride afterwards in John Park's car, writing letters on top of the Broxons' new snake which was sitting on her lap.) Betty is living

rather frugally and writing SF; she recently had something on radio. The weekly LASFS meetings are very interesting, apparently, with among other things the apa that gets published (each person types up something on a stencil and brings it to the meeting, then all are Gestetnered, stapled, and handed out in the course of that meeting) and the round robin (similar to our group story). Betty had a horror story or two to tell about the dangers of hitch-hiking, especially in L.A. but she finds that she gets more and better writing done down there than in Victoria which is "like going to sleep in the snow". (Not to confuse metaphor with actual weather: Victoria, located as it is in the path of the ocean current from Japan, has the mildest winter in Canada, and I was amazed when one friend told me of the plants that flourish in her garden.) The LASFS con in December was a success although there were more people there than Betty expected ("and fewer than others expected") with the organizers planning to have another one. Betty finds the whole L.A. scene very exciting and is very optimistic about her chances of surviving long enough to start actually making a living as a writer (she told me of some of the ways she has devised of discouraging would-be rapists); I'm very glad, though, that my hitch-hiking days are over.

This weekend, local BNF Susan Wood is going to a Nameless meeting in Seattle, then staying for a few days during U.B.C. mid-term break. She phoned to see if I had thought about going down but with two staff members going on holiday I just couldn't manage to get that Saturday off, thus when last I heard she was planning to take the bus. I will try to make it down to the April 9 meeting (am going to Leprecon II in Phoenix at that time in March) though. Riders as usual welcome.

If undelivered in 10 days
return to:

BCSFA
P.O. Box 35577
Station E
Vancouver B.C. V6M 4G9