

BCSFZINE NO.37 JULY 1976

The newsletter of the British Columbia Science Fiction Association which can be reached at P.O. Box 35577, Vancouver B.C. V6M 4G9. Memberships now due: Active \$4 (family \$6); associate (non-voting) (only kind of membership available to non-B.C. residents) \$3 (family \$5). Both active and associate members receive the newsletter; the category of "subscriber" is defunct. Tom Balabanov and Ed and Norma Beauregard helped to get out the last issue. All unsigned material is by the editor. Art by Dale Hammell and Winifred. A Pterodactyl Publication. Edited by Fran Skene, information officer.

The JULY GENERAL MEETING will happen at Fran Skene's abode, 207 West 21st Ave., Vancouver on Saturday, July 17 at 8:00 or so. BYOBooze, soft drinks, munchies. (Note change from previous announcement: Allyn Cadogan's new job makes it difficult for her to host a meeting at this time.)



The AUGUST GENERAL MEETING will happen at Paula Brown's, 3537 Dunbar st., Vancouver at 8:00 on Saturday, August 21.

JULY EXECUTIVE MEETING: Tuesday, July 20 at Norma Beauregard's, #119, 2055 York St., Vancouver (732-8202) at 7:30. All members welcome to attend.

CONSTITUTION COMMITTEE: If interested phone Fran at 879-7009, bus.682-5911, loc. 37. Meeting time determined by schedules of members.

WESTERCON 30 COMMITTEE: If interested in attending meetings phone Fran (see above).

E L E C T I O N S There are now two positions on the executive committee to be filled: vice-president and ... information officer (my resignation takes effect at the moment the new i.o. is elected). **NOMINATIONS FOR BOTH POSITIONS MUST BE IN BEFORE OR AT THE JULY MEETING.** You need a nominator and three seconders, all of whom must be active members in good standing (as do you, obviously). Responsibilities include: information officer (1) edit (2) mostly write and type the clubzine; vice-president (1) be a member of associated convention committees (2) help with the clubzine (3) be the Official Club Censor of the clubzine.

EDITORIAL RAMBLINGS

It seems that my statement, based on information from Ed Hutchings, about Ed Beauregard's and Al Betz's projectors was incorrect. The trouble, apparently, was that the projectionists, insufficiently acquainted with the unusual design of Victor projectors, had put the belts on backwards (I think). Ed Beauregard has announced that, as a result of his projector being maligned in this clubzine, he will no longer make it available for projecting films at club meetings (yes, really!). Ed has also been very upset because his contributions to local conventions were not mentioned last month. My purpose had been to name a few of those who had helped in special areas; of course the core members of the V-Con 5 committee had worked hard. But of course I should have known that someone would regard it as an insult not to also be included in the special laurels section, as though Pterodactyl Publications were handing out Official Awards. (I should point out, though, that Ed expressed his feelings to me while stapling last month's clubzine. Amazing.)

My resignation as clubzine editor is due to lack of time. I found during the preparations for V-Con 5 that my two jobs interfered with each other to some degree and, as I'm the chairperson of the next con, I could see this situation only getting worse. Another way of saving time will be to host general meetings less often; after this month not more than twice in the next year. As far as the club is concerned I'm going to enjoy being just one of the Indians except for holding a couple more constitution committee meetings--all, I think, that's needed. Except for the recent time element doing the clubzine has been fun, and I learned a lot (including not to hand out praise to selected persons)! In fact one of these months I'll get a second-hand typewriter a little larger than this tiny portable and Pterodactyl Publications will be reincarnated as a personalzine (which, of course, would be produced only when there was time and energy...). I should point out that all club members have free access to the Gestetner machine; just bring your own materials or pay the club for use of its materials--ink and paper. (Which machine is housed at the abode of the information officer.)

A VOICE FROM ANOTHER SHORE

by Mike Bailey

The club executive recently has discussed programming for our monthly meetings. No consensus was reached, but several lines of thought were pursued and I hope that a gentle kind of consensus may be reached in future meetings.

When the BCSFA began holding regular meetings in 1973, we were all on common ground: getting to know one another and seeking common interests. There was much informal discussion about SF during these formative meetings. (It should be remembered that at most only a dozen persons attended and it was relatively easy to hold general discussions.) However, as the club grew in size and members developed friendships, the format of the meetings evolved (with conscious direction). Meetings became social gatherings with a brief period of order during which the president made announcements and led discussion about relevant club business.

What had occurred was complex: some fans were attracted to the club because of specific interests (collecting, creative discussion, drinking, etc.) and were not interested in other facets of fandom; those fans who made new friends (or encountered persons with similar interests) in the club found themselves having their serious discussions not at meetings, but in each other's homes; and finally, echelons of knowledge and interest were developing. That is, those members who had been around for a long time tended to have more knowledge than newer members. (Recall that when the club began, we started together, but now new members are at a disadvantage.) From
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my years of experience in two large SF fan clubs, I have noticed that new members tend to develop just as I implied in the beginning of this column-- first a general interest in SF, then an interest in fandom (or a special sub-fandom--fanzines, Star Trek, etc.), then social interests, perhaps political interests, then a goodbye.

My experience has also indicated very strongly that a healthy, viable club is one which involves its new members. At Vcon 5, approximately twenty new members were signed up, but only two came to our June meeting. I feel that these new members will be no different from those of the past. They will be interested in SF (not fandom) and programming at meetings will attract and help get them involved (and replace those who have said goodbye). But what kind of programming? (not a rhetorical question--write in with any suggestions)

In addition to problems of programming for people with different levels of knowledge and varying interests (and prejudices-within and outside the field), there is also the possibility of running out of ideas. Panels require expertise and while the club has some, I suspect both the members and the panelists would grow tired of one another. Also, any topic would undoubtedly bore some members. We've had group dinners which have been enjoyable, but the logistics of finding a suitable restaurant with the food and prices and making reservations for X (the Unknown) number of persons make for executive ulcers. We've also shown films - freebies.

Of these types of programming, films seem to hold the most promise (I'm using linear thinking). A good selection should attract almost all members and there are far more films available than panelists, so boredom should not be a problem. Further, the logistics of booking films are simple. I'm not suggesting films to the exclusion of other types of programming. It would be nice to have a group meal once a year and perhaps external events can stimulate suitable topics for future panels.

In the immediate future we are going to try to book a film and investigate the possibilities of holding a 'relaxicon' in August. (Curiously, in the film selection it is difficult to gain consensus: I tend to be attracted to quality and/or uncommon films and thought "Freaks" might be an excellent choice. Al Betz, though, thinks we should stick strictly with SF, thereby eliminating many good horror and peripheral films.) Whatever film we show is going to be rented and we'll take a collection from the attendees afterwards. If the amount we collect approximates the rental, films will become a regular 'feature'.

The 'relaxicon' would be primarily a social gathering - a one-day, open-air convention with no programming, but hopefully with fifty or more persons present. Details on this will follow.

A non-linear solution to our programming dilemma would be to have organized meetings of those groups which have special interests. Such groups would probably be small enough so that a single discussion could be sustained during their meetings. I think a successful fission into several special interest groups, while maintaining the same overall club meeting and executive structure, would, in the long view, develop a stronger BCSFA (I use the term 'non-linear' because the solution does not follow from a straightforward examination of club history. 1930's pulp magazines give many outstanding examples of linear thinking: not jets, but bigger zeppelins; not ICBM's,



Mike Bailey column (cont.)

but penta-plane bombers; not radio telescopes, but huge light gatherers. Instead of bigger, better, more of what we had before, a non-linear thinker would solve our programming problems by taking a 90-degree turn and going in some new direction. Do you have any ideas?)

SOMETHING DECENT FOR THE NEWSLETTER (CONCLUSION)

"Aaaaarghhhhhhh!" shrieked the aforementioned "good woman" and quickly (undecent) him, restoring him to his former amphibious form. Quickly he whipped out his eversharp pen to test whether it actually would write under water on the amphibious form.

As he touched the form it suddenly rang with a clear bell-like tone. "Your number is not in service," it said and it made a puff of smoke and disappeared on the paper airplane.

Then the persistent phone booth appeared at a meeting of the BCSFA with a plan for a new constitution, in exchange for which it hoped to be released by the members from its terrible servitude. First as a booth, then an amphibious form, and quasi-, albeit purely conceptual, frog. What next, it's enough to make a phone booth weep, it said. But the members were not impressed. Poor booth. Off on its travels again!

"Beware the lemma of Schur, young booth; beware the Russian doctor (Who?) in the wolf skin. He will ring your chimes and hang you up," said John Lagoon as he dived in.

Meanwhile back at Dunsinane, a miracle appeared. Hidden in the woods of Birnam, a ubiquitous booth was on its way to seek three witches. Good women had failed. It was time to try the other (and far less decent) kind. But first, it would be necessary to defeat MacBeth in battle. Booth against Beth. Who would prove the bether? Well, as it happened, of course, the brilliant Wontliams proved the bether, thereby causing Shakespeare to have to rewrite his play in another timestream. But meanwhile, our hero, for such has Wontliams now become, at least if I have my way, goes on to meet Hamlet in the semi finals.



And here at Elsinore, where scarce seven hours ago morning in its russet mantle climbed o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill, the position is that after a very slow start, young Prince Hamlet is at last starting to show some of the ability we have long expected from him; and indeed it looks like being a very close match today, don't you think, Fran?

Yes, John, the score seems to be seven for Hamlet and six for the phone booth; excuse me, I think a seventh, no an eighth has just entered the booth!

Yes, Fran, a hit, a palpable hit. And that seems to have disconcerted King Claudius Wontliams
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somewhat.

On the field of battle, however, far from the meandering maunderings of contemplative commentators, the redoubtable Wontliams had devised a cunning plan. Adopting for the nonce his phone booth semblance, he jumped inside himself and said the magic word. "Julie Andrews!" In a flash and with a flash, actually, he turned into Superliams. "Oh, Holy Ghost," uttered Hamlet, and went wee-wee, all the way home to the castle where he turned into the local booth to make a long distance call.

"Put more money in, please," said Ophelia, "You think you're getting it for free?"

"Frailty," cired Hamlet, "Thy name is woman! I have heard of your paintings too; God gave you one face and you make yourselves another. We will have no more marriages; those that are married - all but one - shall live; the rest shall stay as they are. To a nunnery go. No more of this; it has made me mad."

"Alas, I knew him," said Fran Hankohare to Yorick.

"Mad, bad or sad, it's all the same to me," said Ophelia. "You pays your money and you takes your choice. In the nunnery, or in the phone booth. Only do make your mind up, Hamlet. You're always so hesitant. I can't understand you at all. Why can't you be more like your father, bless his dear old memory, or more like the gallant and brave Wontliams, who thus re-enters the story."

"Oh what a rogue and peasant slave am I," sighed Hamlet, "Quick - in the phone booth."

At that very moment the phone booth became Wontliams became the phone booth, both locked in mortal passion. Bells were ringing but their wires were crossed.

"Alas I knew them," said the editor. "Oh, what a sorry piece of shit is man! Thank God I am a woman."

Hamlet meanwhile, back at Dunsinane, bolted the phone booth to the ground and closed his eyes.

"The rest," he said, "is silence."

BY ATTENDEES AT THE MARCH MEETING

THERE'S A NICE VIEW OF THE PARKING LOT or, GOING TO A CON IN THE CITY OF
WESTERCON 29, July 2-5, 1976 THE ANGELS

FRIDAY A.M. Still in Vancouver, doing last minute errands, but don't mind the extra day's rest.

P.M. Catch Canadian Pacific Airlines flight #102, arriving in L.A. at 4:00 or so. On plane have shrimp salad, filet mignon, and free wine; all this in spite of lower air fare charged by CP Air: \$178 return as compared to over \$200 for other airlines. Apparently foreign owned airlines have to pay a landing fee in Vancouver. (Mention to several people in course of con that B.C. joined confederation in 1871 on condition that the railway be extended to the Pacific coast and that when it came that railway was Canadian Pacific, a privately owned company but which no doubt received government help.) Get to the Hyatt House Hotel and am surprised when they ask for full payment in advance. Elayne Pelz mentions later that the committee is very unhappy with the hotel management and by extension with all Hyatt hotels and that, when the Hyatt chain acquired the hotel - formerly the International Hotel, they stayed with it only because they already had a contract for decent room rates. Although, apparently, requested to block the rooms the management did so for only a few and then became quite nasty about room parties because other patrons were being disturbed. The Phoenix bidding committee arrived to find that the suite it had booked on the 12th floor was no longer (ring a bell?) so they scrambled and

finally got something (adjoining rooms) on the 11th floor. I see the Phoenix people as soon as I get on the convention floor, and renew acquaintanceships from Leprecon. In fact I see quite a lot of the Phoenix chairman, Greg Brown, as ^{he} discusses their bid. I mention to Elayne (and, later, to various others) that I'm the one and only attendee from Vancouver - the others, members of the Westercon 30 committee at least, are suffering from terminal poverty (although John Thomson and Jim Johnston will be going to a con in Toronto and John also to Windycon for the third time). I relay Susan Wood's excuses: one, she doesn't like big cons (which is opposite to what she said at the V-Con 5 dead dog party) and two, with her asthma she doesn't feel up to facing Los Angeles smog and heat (which turned out not to be a problem - in fact I froze in the air conditioned ballroom and would have done so in my room as well if I hadn't kept the fan turned off). I buy a membership in Westercon 31 and vote for Phoenix - because I like the city and surroundings better than L.A., which offends my aesthetic sensibilities, rather than out of any feeling of owing a favour: Greg admits he voted for our opposition last year ("Elayne seduced me", referring to when Elayne carried membership/ballots between her breasts and, leaning over, invited people to buy). I donate blood at a Red Cross clinic set up at the con on Friday only and receive a receipt good for one reception at MidAmericon with Robert Heinlein. More people I meet right away and later at the evening reception in the main ballroom - a friendly and relaxed event that would be worth while repeating at Westercon 30 - are: bookstore owner and last year's con co-chairman Lois Newman with whom I'd spent an evening drinking her Canadian Club in Phoenix, just before Leprecon; L.A. fans, fan writers, and Westercon 25 co-chairmen Ed Cox and Dave Locke, first met at Leprecon; BCSFA California members Bill Bunker and Bob Cohen; Frank and Anna Jo Denton, Bubbles and Bill Broxon, and other Seattleites; Port Townsend residents Bev and (V-Con 3 GoH) Frank Herbert (later in the con Bev buys memberships in Westercon 30); Fuzzy Pink Niven; Steve Goldin; other authors and fans. Milt Stevens, chairman of the bid committee that opposed Vancouver

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last year and member of other past, present, and future con cons, is guarded but friendly, and gives me a couple of bar tickets; he mentions that Mike Bailey sent him an advance copy of his personalzine. He asks whether the Westercon 30 committee consists of only six people; I apologize for the lack of clarity in last month's clubzine and explain that there are 15 people on the committee: two couples lost - David George/Pat Burrows (though David promised to return as a gopher next year) and the Beauregards but others gained. (These are John Thomson-publicity, John Fraser-membership, Allyn Cadogan-treasurer, and Dan Schwarzfeld.) Am amazed to find there are no movies except after midnight. Eventually I go to the Phoenix bidding party and talk to many more people before retiring at the early hour of 2 A.M.

SATURDAY I drop in briefly on a costumers' workshop and, in the other half of the ballroom, a writers panel. (No programming starts before 11 A.M. - very civilized.) Then I sit to one side of the ombudsman (another good idea) and fail to sell Westercon 30 memberships for an hour, before Craig Miller, looking upset, comes by and asks to see me - alone. Turns out that, the evening before, something Greg Brown said has caused Mike Glyer, chairman of the L.A. bid committee, to wonder whether the Phoenix group is "buying" votes. Although I was there at the time I can't remember anything relevant to this. Later Craig and I, separately, talk to Greg and it turns out only that there were several instances of individuals lending money to a friend. Phoenix publications person Tim Kyger says that both bid committees are feeling very paranoid and it's too bad. I feel happy that my politicking is over. I walk through art show (not as good as last year - but then neither Dale Enzenbacher nor Carl Chaplin is there this year - but room is better) and huckster room. The (numerous) hucksters are still smarting over having to pay an \$18.50 license fee charged by the city of Los Angeles (\$8.50 of which is paid by the con com); Lois Newman says that business is slow. I hand out copies of Westercon 30 Progress Report 1A to most hucksters; with some I talk briefly about Canada Customs. From Lois I buy ten copies of the Disintegrata poster

(the one which starts with "Go nastily amid the peace and tranquility...") at \$1.50 each for resale at the same price to local fans who are/were interested after seeing the one I have above my mantelpiece. At some point Len Moffat introduces me to his wife and we chat about Bouchercon. At 3:30 there is a program featuring an overhead projector and artists who draw cartoons based on suggestions from the audience, with Bill Rotsler both moderating and participating. Very entertaining, including when some artists get on a tribble kick. In the evening MZB presents the costume event, which goes smoothly (after, I hear, a chaotic rehearsal). Bubbles followed Marion around all day to get pointers to help her next year and also is a participant. She and Bill come on as bare-breasted vampire and mad scientist (who is quickly enslaved). (Later they reverse things, I later hear, at Bill Rotsler's 50th birthday party. Bill had asked people to bring something they'd made so incomes Bubbles in a jumpsuit and collar, with Bill B. holding the attached chain. He then says...uh, huh.) The event is held in the whole of the main ballroom complete with walkway and theatre style seating (later some people comment that this isn't the best if you want to encourage those not competing to attend wearing something interesting, but I guess that with the size of the crowd they did the best they could). Many interesting and attractive costumes (though not as many, I hear, as one expects in L.A.). Prize for best group goes to "The Board of Directors of Death Records" and for most perverse humour to the Broxons. Other prizes. Afterwards I drop in on the Phoenix party. Charlie Brown asks me for a cigarette and I refer him to the man I'm conversing with, a resident of Hope B.C. who is changing planes and was invited to the party by a committee member. Later I watch the belly dancers on the convention floor - fewer this year but including the one whom Al Betz so grooved to last year.

SUNDAY Have breakfast with the Broxons who are discussing which art they are going to bid for at the 11:00 auction. (I think they ended up spending hundreds, as usual.) Bubbles says that her campaign to make up with people is continuing. This time she and Jerry Pournelle introduced themselves to each other as

though they were strangers, ignoring all previous harsh words. I go to the "Whither the worldcon panel" - interesting but with a sparse attendance. Curt Stubbs of Phoenix is on the panel and says, during a discussion on how to limit attendance, that his committee discussed the idea of an invitational Worldcon - an unfortunate thing to say if my own rather negative reaction to this idea is shared by others. (What seems to me to be the least objectionable idea presented is to have a finite number of available memberships together with an encouragement of SF clubs to buy blocks of them for resale to newer members). A member of the MidAmerican committee is also on the panel, sitting beside Craig Miller, the man who has so criticized this con com. I note that he has attended a lot of cons and this is just one member of a large committee. (I find it amusing to compare this with the experience of certain local people, who feel they could put on a good regional or even worldcon without having attended more than one or two cons elsewhere.) Later I am sitting in the bar with Ed Cox and others when the Broxons come in and recommend that I come to see the slide show presented by genius sculptor/inventor Don Simpson so I walk over still holding my Marguerita. Show starts late but worth it. Then I talk with Jerry Jacks who confirms that he is looking after arrangements for the train coming to Westercon 30 from the Bay area and with Frank Catalano who tells me that there will only be one final issue of the excellent newszine



Sirius XIV as he is keeping too busy writing for real money. Steve Goldin invites me to come for Mexican food with him and Kathleen Sky, and Greg and Tina Bear.. We drive to the Red Onion, a few blocks away, where the food is good and prices reasonable, and talk about, among other things, what it's like to write for Roger Elwood. Kathleen says that her writing is getting crisp and less "artsy-craftsy" as a result of the speediness now being required. As soon as we're back I meet Curt Stubbs and Lois Newman who invite me to join them for a drink; I do but can't manage more than soda water right away. At 8:00 there is a "non-banquet", a reception with cash bar and no food. I chat with Charles Burbee and Gregg Calkins; nearby stands A.E. Van Vogt, looking quite recovered from his wife's death. Bubbles enters, this time wearing a Fredericks of Hollywood dress, and is immediately surrounded. The standard speeches (toastmaster - Robert Silverberg, GoH-H.L. Gold, FGoH - Gregg Calkins) and (Faan, Little Men's, Sampo) awards happen. Poul and Karen Anderson get the Little Men's award and Marion Zimmer Bradley gets the Sampo award. I think. Artist Jim Shull gets a Faan award; well deserved. Other Faan awards. H.L. Gold gives a talk that consists mainly of having someone else read an article he'd written (and which I'd already read in Galaxy). Gregg Calkins' speech includes a number of in-group references to old-time fandom - causing Ed Cox, sitting beside me, to wince, and speculate that many in the room do not understand them. At the end, it's announced that memberships in Westercons 30 and 31 would be on sale so I finally sell some (a total of 27 during the few minutes after the reception and after the business meeting the next day) WC 30 ones. Afterwards Ed and I go to a party given by Gregg. Alva Rogers tells me (as many people do during the con) that he is looking forward to coming to Van-Con (Westercon 30). Other parties we drop in on are a SFWA one; Jerry Jacks' bidding party for Westercon 32 (San Francisco) but not before it's mostly closed down and the belly dancers sent away by the hotel management; Phoenix; and still another bidding party for ?? (I forget.)

MONDAY The Business Meeting. No presentations this time, just counting of ballots (the latter done by one of the
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two Australians at the con - the other is A. Bertram Chandler (one of those who flew out to attend the con-which-didn't happen, SF Expo in New York City)). I forget the exact number but more votes than last year - at least 260. L.A. wins by seven votes. Committee members are Mike Glyer, Craig Miller, and Ed Finkelstein and GoH is Poul Anderson. Phoenix GoH would have been Frank Herbert. (I can see two factors: one, Phoenix was contending with a group that was on home ground - a problem that Van-Couver did not have last year, and two, the Phoenix flyers and ads were not, in my opinion, very good. You don't want the voters to think you're stuffed shirts but neither do you want them to wonder whether you're fully cognizant of the responsibilities involved in putting on a large con. Also what Phoenix can use is a personalzine editor who can acquire the friends and personal contacts that can come in so handy at times like this. Mike Glyer, for example, sent me and no doubt many others a publication saying why he thought I should vote for his committee.) Then back to the bar during which some goodbyes are said, to return to the ballroom later for the trivia quiz. This is run a little like "Reach for the top", and goes on and on with new teams competing against the one that won in the previous round. The Phoenix people quite impress me and, in fact, are winning a second round when they gamble away most of their points and, now out of the game, promptly vanish from the con. Later I have dinner with Jim Webbert - a long time fan, ex-Seattleite, and member of the Phoenix committee - who, although having gone around all afternoon smiling and saying "No hard feelings", expresses sadness to me about losing the bid. Together we go to the dead dog party but Jim soon leaves to catch a plane. At the party I chat with Bill Broxon, Lois Newman, Steve and Kathleen (Steve promises their full cooperation in regard to programs Van-Con wishes to involve them in), Bjo Trimble, Len and June Moffat, Frank Denton, Mike Glyer, and Bubbles. The rest of the time I find the dead dog party (closed this year and thus mostly containing various L.A. in-group people with whom I am not acquainted) dead! Finally I retire at the unheard of early hour of 12:30 A.M.

TUESDAY I have breakfast with Alva Rogers and friend, who is on the committee of an upcoming Star Trek con. As she talks about arrangements I realize that Star Trek cons are so different from SF ones that my experience with the latter would do me no good if I tried to put on a Trek con myself. Alva talks about Baycon in '68 and says that registration and a reception took place the evening before the first day and this was much appreciated by early comers. As I board my plane am handed a fancy menu: dinner includes poached salmon, beef tenderloin, and ^{outside} fresh strawberries. As the plane lands 2 1/4 hours later we are told that the temperature is 20° Celsius (68° F.). (I find the emphasis some Angelenos give to air conditioning, even in Vancouver, rather amusing.)

FURTHER MEMORIES: Tom Digby wearing the Van-Con membership card in place of the name tag supplied at this year's con, sometimes attached to one of his pig tails; and various others expressing admiration of our logo. I tell them that Carl Chaplin (who won the best-in-show award at last year's con) designed it. Jim Webbert greeting me, Bubbles, Karen Anderson, and various other women with "Hello, you beautiful sexy thing you!" and Karen answering, "Flattery will get you everywhere." Elayne and Bruce Pelz sitting at the registration desk hour after hour (as did Ed and Norma Beauregard at V-Con 5) - not the most exciting job although of course you do get to meet everyone! A Heyer tea in the hotel Regency Room (for fans of Georgette Heyer's novels) with participants wearing clothes of the Regency period. Later they enter the ballroom during the artists' cartooning session, Larry Niven looking particularly handsome in his outfit.

L E T T E R S

The Editor, BCSFAZINE

Dear Fran,

Sweetie, but what a marvellous story in the May 'zine! I do love to read something decent, and you know it's so hard nowadays. The last decent thing I've seen was this month's Hustler, which my children (bless them!) bought me a subscription to, with the money they earned selling lollipops at the Be-in this year, or whatever it's called now the Parks Board has made it official, and boring, although I will admit slightly more decent than previous years, not that I've attended it since the first year, the year my children dropped the ice cream down Al Wager's pants, because, as I say, I simply yearn, darling, yearn for more and mere decency, even a mere approach to it, if the real thing cannot be found, which, as I say, it cannot, or at least only with great difficulty, even by one like me, with three absolutely adorable children - we love

living in the country - so much more decent than Vancouver, you know - who also yearn for decency, even if they did get me Hustler, instead of Rustler, the horse-lover's magazine, as I mentioned when they asked what I wanted this year, and they rushed right out, the little rascals (I don't really mean it, they're sweet, absolutely sweet) and got me this Hustler, a very decent effort, well perhaps not decent, no that's not quite the word I'm after, but anyway darling, what do words mean after all, if not exactly what I want them to, as the White Knight said, or was it the Red Queen who said it to Alice in

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that wonderful book whose name I can't remember, only it was truly decent and cheery, as though the author, what a ducky! had some really beautiful message for the world, rather like your cute magazine, even though you did print only the first half of that noble story, and its gallant hero Wontliams, alas! does he ever win through to glory, I do wonder and can't wait to see the next installment if it's ever printed, as I hope it is because, gosh! greeting the eye like that, on page four, it gave me quite a start, as much as to say "Wake up, Darlings! This is a BRAND NEW AND EXCITING JOURNEY INTO DECENCY", but of course it didn't really say that, whoever heard of a start saying anything, decent or otherwise, but I must go or you'll think I'm awful, even though I just want more and more decency, which isn't really so awful now is it, if only you admit it, and print some more of the amazingly decent adventures of Wontliams the phone booth.

Yours breathlessly

Boozius Ignomoricon VII.

Fran,

Loving to meddle, I'm going to comment on your present financial difficulties. There is a reason why OSFIC is so expensive. Everything in Canada and especially Toronto is expensive. And it doesn't look like the BCSFA is expensive enough.

When I edited SYNAPSE I found I cost the club \$2 for each page a month. (I averaged 14 pages a month too, and the club was running itself into a hole until I cut the page count.)

What to do? Well, you could deflate the newsletter, but a beef in this issue ((May zine)) about non-participation makes this a counterproductive move. A smaller newsletter would be even less likely to encourage people to write or draw for it. You obviously can't give up paid meeting places, either, since you haven't been paying for meeting places in the past. Cutting expenses is out. Increasing income is therefore in. Perhaps by eliminating the two level memberships.

Onward. Not enough response to the newsletter? Predicatable. If you want ((I should point out that the complaints were those of outgoing president Ed Beauregard.)) a newsletter with book reviews, conreports, and controversial opinions, and the club isn't going to provide them, then the editor has to. In keeping with the goal, this is the way to do the job well. Another tact is to encourage contributions from outside the BCSFA. To do that you first need a newsletter which will encourage. Again, to do the job well, the editor has to provide a lot of the interest. Then, extra copies of the newsletter are needed to send around to various non-BCSFA fans soliciting their help. If the editor has done well enough in making the newsletter interesting, some help will come. But still, the editor will be stuck with a large work load; you just aren't going to get enough material every month. By now, you are really editing a monthly fanzine with news and clubiz at the back. A pattern has emerged, hasn't it? I think if you want a better zine, you have to give up hope that the club will be much help, and depend on outside help only a bit. The newsletter is really what you, Fran, make it.

Gaeilt¹aehaeilin: Taral Wayne Macdonald

FROM THE SECRETARY

Norma Beauregard

Minutes of the June 19th General Meeting: The Vice-President, David George, and the Newsletter Editor (Information Officer) Frances Skene have resigned from their posts with the BCSFA. Nominations for the post were requested by the president, Mike Bailey. Tom Balabanov will act as liaison with V-Con 5 until a Vice-President is elected. A short progress report on Westercon 30 (10)

was given by Fran Skene. Mike Bailey asked if the con was still to be held at Totem Park and Fran confirmed that it was. It was recommended that more people should go to Westercon 29. Unfortunately for a number of reasons, mostly poverty, very few of the committee will be in attendance. Al Betz gave a very informal financial report. We have approximately \$147.00 in our current and \$37.02 in the savings account.

Minutes of the June 22/76 Executive Meeting Held at Al Betz': It was suggested by Mike Bailey that Fran Skene prepare a combination informational brochure and application (or information form). Mike Bailey suggested that in the event of tie votes (something that has not come up as yet) a coin should be flipped to decide the election. The suggestion was not voted on. The idea for using Xerox labels for a mailing list was shelved for the present. A discussion of who should receive trade copies of the newsletter ensued. It was suggested that direct statements by a member of the executive be repeated in the minutes if possible. A long discussion on the quality of meetings followed. The executive considered whether more structured meetings would be advisable. Fran Skene suggested more dinners as these dinner meetings were great favourites. However it was pointed out that a number of the members could not afford or did not like these dinners. Smaller but more specialized meetings were suggested, but Al Betz did not like the idea of breaking the club into parts. Mike Bailey suggested films, particularly a film that he had seen at Westercon 27. The drawback with films, is that they must be paid for and since V-Con 5 made no money the club has very little capital for making the meetings more enjoyable. Norma Beauregard suggested having two people do a pro and con dissection of a novel as a way to stir up controversy and excitement at meetings, but this suggestion received very little support.
((No report on club mail received at time of publication.))

BCSFA FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR 21 MAY 75 TO 13 MAY 76, INCLUSIVE

SAVINGS ACCOUNT

in account 21 May 75	\$277.67
interest	9.35
withdrawn for deposit into checking account	<u>250.00</u>
in account 13 May 76	\$ 37.02

CHECKING ACCOUNT

in account 21 May 75	\$ 36.67
memberships	157.50
newsletter subs.	9.00
Gestetner supplies for members' use	27.05
newsletter ad sale	16.00
sale of club panel tape	2.00
VCON 4 closing out	11.57
transfer from savings	250.00
U.S. exchange	.14
sale of Gestetner supplies to VCON 5	128.53

INCOME

EXPENDITURES

Postage	\$ 83.00
Westercon Bid Committee gift	25.00
Westercon affiliation	1.00
VCON 5 funding	100.00
VCON P.O. box rental	8.00
BCSFA P.O. box rental	10.00
membership overpayment refund	1.50
membership double payment "	3.00
U.S. exchange	.04
Newsletter printing	23.09
private paper purchase	6.50
bank service charges	13.50
color change kit	30.00
Gestetner supplies	282.01
telephone charges	2.19
envelopes	<u>13.26</u>

TOTALS	\$638.46
in account 13 May 76	\$ 36.37

\$602.09

BCSFA PHYSICAL ASSETS: as per last year, with the following exceptions:
added to list, one Gestetner color change kit. The quantity of paper, stencils, ink not determined as of date of preparation of statement. The rolls of tickets and the cash box have been turned over to VCON 5. The cash box and remaining tickets will be returned.

At the date of preparation of this report, 13 May 76, there are no funds not deposited. There are two unpaid bills before the Association, both from Gestetner (Canada) Ltd., and totaling \$57.84.

This statement was prepared and submitted for the approval of the membership by the treasurer.

(Signed) Alan R. Betz, Treasurer E. Beauregard, President

A COMMENT ON THE MAY ISSUE OF SF³ (DANIEL SAY'S PERSONALZINE)

Came home from VCON V feeling really good (did anyone not have a good time?) and started reading the mail that had accumulated during my three day retreat from reality. One of the items was the May SF³. Daniel has always distorted facts in his zine but most times it has been pretty harmless (depending on your point of view). But I was really shocked at the out and out distortions and innuendos that Daniel stated about the con and the committee. (As many readers of this newsletter probably get Daniel's zine I am not going to reprint his statements here.)

I am glad that the newsletter arrived after the con ((actually, many people received their copies on the Thursday before)) because I have never seen such an effort to sabotage the work of a group of dedicated fans (I'm speaking as an attendee - my only connection with the committee was a promise to be really thorough in my picture taking). I'm sure we all appreciate your own unique contribution to the BCSFA, Daniel but I think you should do some distancing and issue an apology to the VCON committee and "Brand X" collectively.

John Thomson

PUSHED OUT BY THE WESTERCON 29 REPORT: the other half of John Thomson's article, in which he quotes from and discusses Judith Merrill; and fanzine reviews by Taral Wayne MacDonald. (Hopefully both will be published next month.)

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



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