

## #11 GETTING THERE

May 1974

This newsletter is emitted periodically by Mike Bailey, #4-2416 W. 3rd Ave., Vancouver 9, B.C. Canada V6K 1L8 731-8451 or 666-6604. It is sent to persons who are friends (in some cases, "wife"), some members of the BCSFA, people I've met, people who send me letters or trades, people I'd like to meet, and most importantly, to subscribers (who may be any or all of the above). 12 issues for \$1.50.

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### D T R L

I have felt some pressure, external and internal, to turn this into a more personal newszine, I'm resisting, I'm resisting. However, I'll admit that I work for the federal government, Department of Environment, toiling with computers (hence the computer labels) but nowadays mostly synthesizing. That second telephone number is my office number.

This newsletter is run off on a government machine with paper I purchase. (The real BCSFA Newsletter is run off on an AB Dick offset press at Vancouver City College campus, courtesy of Lawrence Fast of the English Department and some other fellow with the initials D.G. Dan Say's newsletter is spirit-duplicated in some secret place about which only he knows.)

As I've mentioned previously, I'd like to see a totally new executive of the BCSFA. At the time of this writing, the third of the Stanley Cup Finals, Fran Skene and David George wish to be president, Gary Walker, Vice-President, John Thomson, Information Officer, but no one wants to be Secretary or Treasurer. Come on, people, let's show some interest. We don't want to have a clique running the association, do we?

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### MEETING ANNOUNCEMENT

The next meeting of the BCSFA will take place on May 25, 1974 at Fran Skene's, 207 West 21st Ave. at 8:00 PM. (And she didn't want to be secretary!) As usual, it's BYOB and BYOF(ood).

I apologize if you weren't informed of last month's meeting before it occurred. Because of the mail strike, neither mine, nor the new BCSFA Newsletter (edited by John Thomson) reached their readerships before April 27. Thomson was supposed to co-ordinate a telephone campaign, but he ended up advising "just the old gang" (to a meeting at which the constitution was to be approved. The opportunities for packing...) The "old gang" included some people I hadn't seen for some time. Anyway, thanks to continual harrassment by Dan Say, we didn't get too far into the constitution, and we'll continue at the May meeting.

(Constitutional matters aren't necessarily boring. It's amazing what resolutions are raised after a few beers.)

The June meeting will probably be at Chuck and Edna Davis' house, 1704 E. 14th Ave., Saturday the 15th at 8:00 PM

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### NEBULA AWARDS

Best Novel: Rendezvous With Rama by A.C. Clarke

Best Novella: "The Death of Doctor Island" by Gene Wolfe

Best Novelet: "Of Mist, and Grass, and Sand" by Vonda McIntyre

Best Short Story: "Love Is the Plan, The Plan Is Death" by James Tiptree Jr.

Best Dramatic Presentation: "Soylent Green" MGM

Robert Heinlein accepted for Arthur C. Clarke and later had an open party in his suite and it lasted until 5:00 AM.

In addition to Clarke, Gene Wolfe and the mysterious James Tiptree, Jr. were not present to receive their awards.

Vonda McIntyre, who wore a dress at the reception, is the youngest (at 25) person ever to win a Nebula Award. Chip Delany was 26 when he won.

#### TRIP TO OREGON

On the upcoming long weekend, I plan to attend a Nameless Ones meeting in Seattle on Friday evening, drive to Portland on Saturday, and visit Mike Horvat in Tangent (Oregon) on Saturday night. I intend to lie low at Mike's on Sunday and then drive back on Monday. Anyone want to share gas and come? (Horvat operates a bookstore and has accommodations. He promises that some other people will be visiting at the same time. Accommodations in Seattle on Friday night shouldn't be any problem.)

#### SEATTLE CONVENTION

Plans are afoot for organizing a Seattle convention next year. Some of the Nameless Ones have been discussing the concept of a combination science and science fiction gathering to be held early next year. (The last SF convention to be held there was the 1961 Worldcon with Robert Heinlein as guest of honour.) For this convention, they're considering an attendance of 4500 people. (Frank Gordon mentioned that they're going to avoid the magic words "Star Trek" when promotion begins.)

One of the reasons they're not definite on the date is that they don't want to conflict with our convention. (Would back-to-back cons in neighbouring cities work?)

Because Seattle Center doesn't have hotel facilities, then several hotels would have to be used by the convention members. To obtain a traditional science fiction convention atmosphere, the SF-oriented people would all be located in one hotel.

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#### PLUGS

Savage Doc's, operated by Al McKay, is a recent addition to the growing list of bookstores which specialize in science fiction. Located at 2991 W. 41st Ave., it has an abundance of pocket novels -- especially old Ace Doubles (D-Series) -- in mint condition. Al intends to order new titles directly from the publishers. This means that he'll be selling new pocketbooks about one month in advance of the regular distribution by Vancouver Magazine Service.

Ron Norton and Ken Witcher are planning (and hoping) to open The Comicshop on June 1. The store is located near 4th and Alma, and although specializing in comics, they intend to stock SF, especially heroic fantasy, in quantity.

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#### WESTERCON 27

This convention will be held on July 3-7 in Santa Barbara. I'm going (I've been invited to be a panelist, as have Mike Coney and Frank Denton of Seattle) and intend to drive. If any others are interested in the trip, let me know. The gas will cost about \$50 and the convention, about \$70.

Because the convention fee includes room and board, the committee wants to be informed in advance of any attendees. That is, enough food must be stocked beforehand and if a few hundred people show up at the door unannounced, there will be less food for all.

The guest of honour, Phil Dick, is in the hospital and may not be able to attend. However, Westercon attracts most major West Coast SF authors. Writers such as Silverberg, Anderson, Niven, Van Vogt, David Gerrold, Alan Dean Foster, and Norman Spinrad will probably be on hand -- maybe even Harlan Ellison.

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#### ODD NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

For a while my correspondence was dwelling upon a subject about which I had signed an agreement not to publish anything. Now however, people are starting to write me about SF again.

When UBC SFEN began in 1968, two of the founding members were Claire Toynbee and Maynard Hogg. They both ended up studying Japanese and after ~~the~~ graduating, marrying and graduating, went to Japan to teach English. (They're both cleverer than average -- Claire scored 183 on a Mensa IQ test, and Maynard just chortled at it all. I once saw him alter the year of birth on his student card from 1952 to 1949. He entered university in 1965. And you've heard of Claire's great uncle, Arnold Toynbee?) Anyway, on with our story.

Another UBC SFPEN member, Fred Whitehead, recently decided to take an around-the-world trip. Fred is a "casual" sort. He once popped a pimple in Ursula Leguin's living room. At the government agency where he worked (and I fool around), a friend of mine has a large photo of a shirtless vagabond lying sleeping on a boat deck. I asked him about it and he replied, "That's Fred, working."

Naturally, I gave Fred Claire and Maynard's address when he asked for it. He promised to send me "pithy" comments and be my far-eastern correspondent. Last week, I received a postcard from Malaysia telling me of a camera purchase, how nice it is to travel, and describing the picture on the other side. Also, "Well, I missed Claire and Maynard in Tokyo, much to my indubitable chagrin."

On the same day, I also received an arogramme from Claire Hogg. "My official address is... and this is my address for publication, for giving to anyone coming to Japan, and my permanent contact address in Japan... Anybody who comes to Japan can get hold of me there..." It's sinking in, Claire.

"I got really pissed off because Fred Whitehead got hold of my home address. It wouldn't have been so bad except that he wrote a week before ((he left)) so I didn't have a chance to reply. He said to expect him in some 10-day period. That he wanted to drop round 'some evening after dinner'... I got worried because I didn't know when to expect him... Anyway, he didn't show when he was expected. Then came a postcard from Fiji saying to expect him later. O.K. Another two weeks of expectation passed. Gave up -- he's a no good no-show for sure. Then a postcard from Thailand or somewhere saying he'd been 'just too busy'." Fred has promised to attend our June meeting.

Responding to Harlan Ellison's comment that there are only two Canadian SF authors, H.A. Hargreaves writes from the University of Alberta's English Department, ... I add him to the infinite number who do not know I exist. It gives no pain -- only the 20 million Canadians hurt.

"... I've been published for better than a decade, but unfortunately in the U.K. Mind you, John Campbell and I had a lively correspondence for years and I regret his passing. He invariably rejected my stuff on the same grounds that sold it to Ted Carn-

"... After three years of administrative work on top of teaching, I have stopped down. To celebrate I have written my first story in those three years -- 'You Wouldn't Believe It' -- and am sending it off to my agent tomorrow... Keep churning"

"P.S. Michael Coney and I were both in New Writings #20 but he never recognized me at Vcon."

When Brent MacLean and I journeyed back from Torcon last summer, Brent pointed out that as we had stopped over briefly in Sauk City, Wisconsin, he would like to stop over in Hibbing, Minnesota. What's in Hibbing? Zimmerman's Hardware Store -- Hibbing is Bob Dylan's birthplace. It's a town with class. As we drove into the outskirts, we found a sign advertising the town and its number one attraction -- "Hibbing home of the world's largest open pit iron mine."

Since I ran off the Harlan Ellison supplement, I've received another letter from Jim Maloan. In this one he examines "'Repent, Harlequin!' said the Ticktockman". I'll keep it in reserve just in case. Also, I recently purchased a 1960 Ace Double, The Man With Nine Lives, a novel which I'm sure Ellison would like to have forgotten. (I may ceremoniously bury it at our July meeting.)

Circads strikes again. "... over here a sound Aztechnician replays a Quadro Phoney Graphic track... Jack Wasserman the bow-tie of the adlibjet set was heard to remark, there's a certain someone says he can fix a communication leak.

"O-Range Processeas - the Get Background NotePad wots blasted finn again peak a boo I see you whiff your bloody monoteys stuffed with hand-out in mouth watching hypodermioptically as Mr. and Molly Bloom's seeds no-gro no more in the mad admantra's slogone-adpatch." Read it again. This, I think, has been an excerpt ("Chromaticate-corticalogue") from an SF play entitled, The Children of Saturn, a Silver Majick Episode, written by Circads -- Michael Kupka?-- and presented at the City Nights in late April.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NEWSLETTER

Camilla: You sir, should unmask.

Stranger: Indeed?

Cassilda: Indeed it's time. We all have laid aside disguise but you.

Stranger: I wear no mask.

Camilla: (Terrified, aside to Cassilda.) No mask? No mask!

THE KING IN YELLOW: ACT I-Scene 2d  
Robert W. Chambers

AND NOW, THE UNOFFICIAL CONVENTION FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Credits		Debits	
Memberships (419 paid)	\$1,679.50	Banquet (90)	\$540.00
Banquet tickets	595.50	Banquet tip	45.00
Cassette purchases	18.50	Cassette blank purchases	31.75
Rooms paid in advance	234.60	Coffee charges	48.00
Huckster tables	37.50	Rooms paid in advance	234.60
Poster sales	2.00	Art supplies and printing	149.37
Bar receipts	231.65	Frank Herbert's expenses	180.22
Art commission	2.40	Convention area rental	390.00
Coffee donations	19.60	Lord Stanley Suite	220.80
SUB-TOTAL	\$2,821.25	Miscellaneous (tags, tickets, etc.)	55.68
		Postage	68.80
		U.S. Exchange	13.65
		Gift to John Thomson	5.00
		Liquid refreshments	304.36
		Bank charges (search fees)	10.55
		Legal Fees (signed by Leung & Hutchings)	40.00
		SUB-TOTAL	\$2,337.78
Interesting Entries			
Committee meal	\$29.90 debit.		
Re-imbursement for meal			
Mike Bailey	\$10.00 credit		
David George	\$8.00 credit		
Pat Burrows	\$8.00 credit		
Returns on Beer bottles and soft drinks			
to David George	\$37.75 credit		
Accounts receivable	\$60.90 credit		
(from David George)			

NET BALANCE

\$578.22 credit

INTERPRETATION

There are some errors in this statement as prepared by Ed Beauregard. However, none is major.

I don't think John Thomson should have received any money for taking photos during the convention. The committee didn't ask him to be a photographer. He wanted \$10.00 to pay for his film costs, however he retains ownership of all slides and for the money he received (5.00) he is willing (indeed, more than willing) to show them at various functions. If he received money, then I felt I should be re-imbursed for gas and lost time.

I signed an agreement not to make in any publication any reference to our d\_s\_p\_t\_. Even though D\_v\_d\_G\_r\_g\_ has already broken at least one clause of the agreement, I will refrain from going into it other than pointing out the existence of the two entries for bank charges and legal fees (\$50.55 total, in excess of an amount voted upon for such purposes). Although I had control over a considerable sum, I used none of it for such purposes: I used my own money.

The "committee meal" was a group eating in the Cavalier Grill. F.M. and Elinor Busby, Frank Herbert and his wife, David George, Pat Burrows and myself were there. David left early and the bill, with a tip added, was split seven ways. Later David and Pat decided to pay only \$8.00 each. I'm certainly not going to pay the difference.

After the convention I signed several blank cheques with which David George was to pay the liquor costs. All beer, wine, and hard liquor was on consignment. Unopened cases of beer and unopened bottles of wine and liquor could be returned for full credit. However, David George didn't return any of the wine. He paid for the 38 unopened bottles and said that he would re-imburse the association and drink the wine himself.

It turned out that he intended (s?) to pay for it as he drank it. Hence, we have an "account receivable" of \$60.90 on the statement. This money could be earning  $8\frac{1}{4}$  percent interest in a bank now.

David George is running for President.

John Thomson wants to use this wine for a July party. I'm all for a July party, but I think it's irresponsible to use BCSFA assets in this way. If we have 50 paid-up members, then our annual budget is \$150 and about \$75.00 of that is earmarked for the newsletter. The remaining \$75 should be used for any meeting costs and emergencies. That is, we shouldn't spend more in a year on meetings than we take in in memberships. Only governments can spend more than they take in.

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I don't want to end with a financial statement.

SENSE OF WONDER (remember?)

"We are stardust, billion year old carbon." Joni Mitchell

Our sun is a second or third generation star. The matter forming it came from the condensed material of one or more novae or super-novae. Our earth formed from similar material. Consequently, we --each and every one of us -- are "Stardust" and "billion ... year old carbon".

And where is Pat Paulsen, now that the U.S. needs him?

Next issue: mad-dog attacks on various political candidates.  
Keep on responding and I'll keep on churning.

*This goes to for your eyes only*



SPECIAL MEAN SUPPLEMENT

The Collected Insults of Harlan Ellison Pt I

"Lin Carter couldn't write his way out of a pay toilet." H.E. 1970

"Ted White couldn't write his way out of a pay toilet." H.E. 1973

I've been sending an occasional BCSFA Newsletter to Harlan Ellison (as well as to a number of other SF authors). I don't remember exactly why, but I suspect it was out of courtesy because I had been quoting passages out of letters he had written to Mike Coney.

A few weeks before our convention I came home one Monday to find letters from E. Hoffman Price, Philip Jose Farmer, and a gold-embossed one from Harlan Ellison sitting in my slot. I immediately guessed what Price and Farmer were writing about, but I had no idea why Ellison would write me.

Unable to withstand the suspense, I opened the envelope to discover that he was very upset by a passage I had quoted from a letter written by Jim Maloan. It was so personally unimportant to me at the time that I didn't even remember placing it in the newsletter. However, the substance of the quote was a sentiment I'd often heard before -- namely that Ellison was an over-rated author. (I don't necessarily agree with passages I quote, but I respect others' opinions. For example, Maloan -- whom I've never met -- went on to attack Joanna Russ who in my opinion is a talented writer.)

I published Ellison's response and shortly afterwards received a short essay from Maloan enlarging upon his view of Ellison. (This occurred during the time in which Maloan should have been studying for final exams.) I forwarded a copy of this to Ellison and wrote in the next newsletter that if he responded to me -- the essay had Maloan's address on it -- then I would continue the conflict publicly. Within two weeks, I received another gold-embossed envelope attacking Maloan and me and Canadians in general. ("He can't stand criticism." -- Bubbles Broxon)

Maloan is an SF reader -- make that SCIENCE F. In his "open letter", he explained that he had not written in his previous letter that Ellison was a bad writer, merely over-rated. He considers Ellison a fantasy writer and wishes that there were separate awards for fantasy so that readers don't have to choose when they vote. (It's come true, Jim. This year an award for the best fantasy novel will be made.) Maloan then considered Ellison's "I Have No Mouth And I Must Scream". "That story has holes in it so large that you could shove the complete works of Leo Tolstol and Isaac Asimov through them at the same time.

"You postulate a computer which can somehow feel 'hate' for humans, but hate is really a mechanism for triggering aggressive behaviour; it is a biological necessity and a natural result of our evolutionary heritage. Therefore, it would serve no purpose in a computer...

"Another flaw in the story's logic is: the question of the machine's limits and capabilities -- it can materialize all sorts of ghastly wonders, make men immortal, remold them into blobs of jelly, but when it comes to repairing something as simple (relative to the aforementioned miracles) as a stab wound in a freshly injured body, the machine is impotent; '... he was not God'. You could have fooled me. Altering the body in such a way as, say, amputation of both legs results in a distinct rise in blood pressure and a rise in body temperature due to the resultant loss of surface area. Yet this machine turns a person into a slimy slug without any deleterious effects save to his appearance and psyche...

"Besides that, the narrator uses such well-turned phrases as 'Tasted like boiled boar urine.' I wonder how he found that out.

"... I was pleased that such a big-timer as yourself would take me so seriously and would actually refrain from using Anglo-Saxon expletives to cast aspersions on my manhood in the fashion for which you are justly famed. However, if you continue to use my name in vain thou shalt receive in the spleen a lightning bolt cast from above."

Jim Maloan (literary critic)

How do you think Ellison would respond to such a letter? (At LACon in 1972, there

was a panel about future prediction and several prominent authors were asked anonymously to write down what they considered to be the most important advance that would occur in the near future and when it would come about. Controlled fusion, of course, was chosen by the mainly scientifically oriented panel; however two surprising choices were: contraceptives for men and "universal literacy". Randall Garrett and Harlan Ellison were panelists. I think it's obvious who chose "universal literacy".) Just as Maloan attacked Ellison on scientific grounds, Ellison attacked him (and me) on grammatical grounds. (Hence the comment in #10, "Form over Substance".)

"It genuinely sums up the silliness and sophomorphism of fans who, because God gave them a mimeograph, believe He also imparted wisdom to be cut into stencils. As Aquinas will tell you, that simply don't parse. Jim Maloan may never appear in TLDV, but not because he doesn't like my writing. I don't really spend too much time fretting that Maloan isn't a fan of my work. How can one take seriously a lout whose level of literary perceptions includes this: (In relation to the first person narration of "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream") 'Then there is the problem((sic)) of how his ms. got published and written anyway, since he is left at the end of the story as the only man on earth and is without hands to write with besides.'"

"No, Maloan won't be in TLDV unless a miracle is passed. Not because he doesn't clap his hands in childish glee over what I make my living doing...but because he's an illiterate. I try not to publish the moronic works of nerds."

(Ellison recently wrote a letter to DC, the comic book publisher, praising THE SWAMP THING. It must be great to be so literate.)

"...I judge the Work and not the Writer. That's called being a professional, which you ((MDB)) ain't." (I understand that at the 1969 Worldcon, Ellison said that he would never again attend an SF convention. However, one day at the 1972 LACon the word was spread that he would be appearing and speaking in the ballroom that afternoon. Sure enough, before an enthralled audience, in staggered the 5' 5" Harlan, bearing an armload of books -- not gifts; he was selling them. At least he could have rented a huckster table as David Gerrold did to sell his books. But in the ballroom he had a captive audience and proceeded to tell us how great Again, Dangerous Visions was, how difficult it was to publish, and that it cost only \$12.95. I ask you -- a Professional what?)

"...I'm not altogether happy with Canadians at this moment. It was Canadians (in concert with inept Americans) who took a viable series & concept and made it 'happy' and turned it into what was called 'The Starlost'. And if it remained for me to have any doubts that those Canadians didn't know their ass from their elbows, my winning the Writers Guild of America Award for Most Outstanding Dramatic-Episodic Script with my original version of the pilot segment, 'Phoenix Without Ashes,' convinces me. For a series that was so badly rewritten and produced... by Canadians ... that it never went beyond the first 16 episodes and won a justly-deserved Elron Award.

"When I came to Canada to work on the series, I wanted to use Canadian sf writers. But you only have two; Phyllis Gotlieb and Michael Coney. You can't seem to work up the energy to produce writers of sf, but you sure as hell have a loudmouthed crop of noisome fans.

"So in the spirit of crippling Canadian-American relations, why don't you save your postage by refraining from sending me the Newsletter. I'm not very interested, to be frank about it, and I have better things to do -- being such an unhappy dude -- than read the ungrammatical, illogical, irrelevant maunderings of nitpickers like Maloan. That you consider his laughable rationalizations worthy of publication tells me precisely where you're coming from; and to be honest, that's bullshit time, little buddy.

"So unless you'd like to come up with about two grand to bring me to Vancouver to lecture you happy little band of fans personally, in an effort to bring the light of culture to your dreary existences, I see no further need for communication between us... With chuckles, HARLAN ELLISON".

When I interviewed him on the telephone once, Ellison said that he charged a couple of grand to lecture at universities, but for fan groups, he would come dirt cheap-- \$500 or so. It's either inflation or else he now equates us with universities. (He seems to have some bad feelings towards them, having been expelled for shoplifting.)

And how many Canadian SF writers are there?

"P.S. I see by your Newsletter that Americans aren't the only corrupt, conniving, power-mad, rapacious swine on the continent. I can't help smiling with soft joy that you are yourself apparently entwined in the coils of fannish sophomorphism.

"...Ah, well, fandom do go on forever, it would seem. Crawling effortlessly and endlessly up its own ailimentary((sic)) tract.

"Good luck, oh Defender of Canadian Fandom!"

So it goes.

FINAL BAD-TASTE ELLISON STORY COURTESY OF LOREN MACGREGOR

Apparently, like many men of ~~small~~ small stature, (and all statures, come to think of it), Ellison is attracted to statuesque blondes. At LACon, Ellison approached a girl who matched this description and introduced himself. Never one to waste time, he said almost immediately, "How about a little fuck?" She glanced down at him and replied, "Hello, little fuck," and walked away.