

LOIS LANE



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This newsletter is edited by Mike Bailey on behalf of the British Columbia Science Fiction Association which may be communicated with at P.O. Box 35577 'E' Vancouver B.C. V6M 4G9. The cost of a year's subscription to this newsletter is \$1.50 and makes the subscriber an associate member. Full membership in the association costs \$3.00 yearly at this time. Last issue's cover was by Jim Maloan. Advertising rates upon request. Copyright 1975 by Mike Bailey on behalf of the BCSFA. A Mad Dog Publication.

NEW EXECUTIVE

Because no new nominations other than those reported in the last newsletter were received by the Secretary, Rick Mikkelsen, the slate was filled by acclamation. The new executive (1975-76) is as follows:

President	Ed Beauregard
Vice President	Mike Bailey
Treasurer	Al Betz
Publications Officer	Fran Skene
Secretary	David George

Ed Beauregard is a computer programmer, married to Norma (nee Hele), and lives on York Avenue. He was a member of UBC SFFEN and at one time mounted an unsuccessful campaign for president of that club. While at UBC, he was president (?) of the University Clubs Committee and took up wargaming as a hobby. Other hobbies include purchasing stereo equipment and repairing his Toyota.

Mike Bailey also lives on York Avenue, is a programmer/analyst, but is single. He was founder and first publications officer of UBC SFFEN. Other hobbies include purchasing stereo and camera equipment, playing (at) tennis, and making enemies via his personalzine.

Al Betz doesn't live on York Avenue, is not a programmer, but is either married or single. Neither was he a member of UBC SFFEN. However, Al has several hobbies: four cats (although no visitor has ever seen the fourth), 4,600 old radio programs on tape, several tape recorders, 1930's AMAZING STORIES, old TV sets and record and cylinder players, 16mm sound films, and radioactive materials.

Fran Skene is a librarian, divorced, and lives in one of our regular meeting places. She declined the position of secretary on last year's executive, deciding instead to be president. While at UBC, she was almost a member of the ubiquitous UBC SFFEN. I don't know too much about Fran's other hobbies, but she definitely is into three children, women's lib, and definitely not into stereo.

David George was one of the driving forces in getting the BCSFA revitalized. He was co-chairman of Vcon III and is currently involved the bid for Westercon XXX. His major other hobby is his involvement with the local barony (?) of the Society for Creative Anachronism. I believe he is Seneschal. He was also a member of UBC SFFEN.

The new executive will formally (probably in a very informal, slack-jawed manner) after the May meeting.

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MINUTES

April Meeting

The April meeting was held at the home of Fran Skene, and was

that those pros who earn money by writing are just a bunch of no-talent bums. What follows is typical of a midnight six-beer (or Pepsi) creative effort by several members.

Once upon a time -- but why do all such stories start once upon a time? -- no, there was a time when susurations of murmurous twilight reverberated through the hallowed halls of Blackfriars Grange. Suddenly there was a flash and a sharp acrid smell as the door was blown open. In came our heroic protagonist Edward Fox the famous amateur brain surgeon and part time werewolf; the silver radiance of the high full moon glistened on his silky-tufted ears. "Oh damn," he lisped. "Shit, I thought this was the whorehouse."

But of course it was not because the pink floor and large round windows indicated that it was the North American Azygnyent Research Unit. -- From the top floor there showed a silver radiance which illumined his unusual costume. The previous word at the beginning of this line was illuminated. So there!

Meanwhile back at the ranch, the wind moaned, the strings shrieked and the tympani thundered to a deafening crescendo; Jasper Blackham's satanic private orchestra was rehearsing the latest symphony to have been transmitted in binary code from the recent radio outburst from the Andromeda nebula. "Ah ha!" cried Jasper, "Fox will never get hands on this one again!"

But outside, Jasper Fox, Edward's half-brother was listening to the window of the ranch house. Quickly he rode away and went over the hill to Lois Lane who was waiting at Euston Station ready to relay the information to Edward.

As she rode on the third class castle car, she thought, "What a great star the composer of that symphony really is." "No", said the bum riding with her, "he is merely quasi-stellar".

As the 45 exploded in her hand the bum was lifted from the floor and crashed into the wall of the car only to sink gibbering back to the shit from which he had risen to offend decency and common sense. Sighing wistfully, Lois thought back to the events of the year past. By now the earth fleet should be approaching the Andromedan Galaxy. She hoped that Bartholemew Fox, half cousin to Jasper Blackham was still in firm command of the fleet.

But things were to take a turn for the better or worse. Nelson Rockefeller, who had invented time travel, strode in, in a grey trench coat, looking for the cia.

But Jasper Blackham was completing his rehearsal. The steady tread of the percussion carried a heaving, surging dark fabric of string sound and horn calls; trumpets stabbed through it, the texture darkened, the music burst to a final discordant fortissimo and ended. "Ahh", sighed Jasper in exhausted satisfaction; "This will do for music what Hitler's speeches did for public speaking. With this symphony behind me, the earth fleet, Nelson Rockefeller, Jasper Fox himself -- they're all helpless. No one will stop me now, no one, no one, no one!..."

"Sex," thought Nelson Rockefeller, huskily. "Great roaring gobs of steaming sex." He fumbled furtively with the trench coat, but just then the cia burst in.

At the head of them was No-one, the leader of the Andromedan fleet who was secretly in league with the CIA (in this story known as the cia). They had sent in agents with their great impersonator, a unknown Andromedan named Richard M. Nixon.

Ah but however, No-one expects the cia; their chiefweapon is surprise and fear; their two chief weapons...sorry...

The Spanish inquisition was an early forerunner of them (see Lewitsky's History of the Spanish Inquisition (Toledo: Torquemada Press, 1934)) Meanwhile back at the apartment of Lois Lane... "Darling, that feels so good, did you come?"

He had. All over Edward, who has been overlooked so far. All along he was the mastermind behind the whole story. Now he was ready to wrap things up once and for all. But Captain Marvel killed them all. The end of all such hubris is peripeteia; but as it happened Captain Marvel only thought he killed them all and so was enabled to escape the Oresteian retribution of the gods of pulp fiction; he lives yet, performing many a heroic deed in other stories; but meanwhile in this one, Blackham's symphony, stolen from Fox who recorded it from the Andromeda galaxy is about to subvert the earth's population just as the earth fleet attacks the galaxy in a last defiant attempt to destroy this dreadful menace at its foul source...

At this moment J. Edgar Vacuum burst into the control room of the lead ship of the fleet and said, "Bartholomew Fox, you are under arrest for infringement of the copyright on the symphony by recording it on your molecular-notch recorder. Turn this space ship around at once." As the ship tore apart, he realized his mistake. But it was too late and as his beer emptied so did his air supply and the cold started to steal over his body until he was dead.

But this was all irrelevant since Nelson D. Rockefeller appeared and then reappeared just after Vacuum's first command. "Belay that order," he whispered sibilantly. Therefore, the ship was not turned and did not rend its skin to expose the crew to the harsh, cruel cold vacuum that is the vastness that men term space. J. Edgar Vacuum finished his beer. Feeling quite a glow after finishing a six quart bottle of Andromedan beer, he said, "This space travel is for the birds. I just want to sit still and drink another bottle. Fuck the cia. I quit." Then he fell onto the floor. But the floor had dematerialized from under him and he started falling to the non-invisible black hole star. "Yikes!" he said. There was a long silence as he collected his wits. This took a long time as there were very many of them and here are some samples:

One should possibly digress a little at this point to explain that the reason Vacuum fell through the floor was that the ship had entered a spacio-temporal region known crudely as ~~hyper-space~~ a means of approaching the fearsome, hated, despised and hideously ugly enemy citadel undetected. and since Vacuum had entered the ship under the influence of a terrestrial coordinate system, he was no longer sustained by the mechanical rigidity of the ship. Now on with the invasion.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Lois deftly used a bobby pin to convert Nelson Rockefeller's time machine into a matter transmitter. She set the controls to transport herself to the control deck of the fleet's lead ship. Unfortunately, she had miscalculated and materialized in the lead ship of the defending Andromedan fleet. With palpitating heart, and sweat on her upper lip, she was placed under arrest by one of the foul, disgusting, corruscating, neurenic-whip wielding, green-scaled Andromedan overgrown insect men.

As the cia locked in sweaty, carnal embrace with J. Edgar Vacuum, Rockefeller realized that things were getting out of hand. Time-jumping back to Vacuum's original appearance on the command deck of the terrestrial fleet's proud, sturdy flagship, Nelson gestured and Vacuum dissolved into an ugly, repulsive, malodorific, corruscating, palpitating, mass on the deck of the command post of the flagship of the proud, defiant, hurtling, massive, omnipotent, vulnerable terran battle fleet. The resultant mess was deftly scraped from the deck by Unable-bodied

crewman Schultz "Fingers" O'Riley and ejected from the after disposal chute into the cold, vast, depthless, inhospitable, sweep of beingness that men know as space.

The first of the destructor beams beat at the ship, twisted after it as it tacked and turned and swung about in a frenetic attempt to draw clear; the hull leaked and the vacuum began to shriek into the ship. Bones snapped audibly in the sudden impact of alien force; blood ran boiling and then quickly freezing over the grey metal bulkheads; someone began to scream. "Oh God, oh Christ, my arm. Oh Christ. It hurts oh God. Let me die, let me die, let me die," (Repetition is good for cents too) and then choked and spluttered into silence as the air froze around him. The battle was on.

Jarloun No-one, the leader of the Andromedan fleet, turned on the hyperspace radio in his ship and set it to the wavelength of the Terran fleet. "Hold your fire", he scraped exultantly into the microphone, "we have bound Lois Lane to the bow of our ship. If you hit us she will be torn to pieces."

As the bloody hunks of flesh that had been the shapely body of Lois Lane splattered in all directions, the Andromedan leader realized that they were not dealing with the snivelling, twittering half-witted races that had previously been conquered by the Andromedan battle squadrons. This time they were locked in mortal combat with men; stalwart organisms from the fair-browed, green-hilled glory that was earth.

Now there was revealed to the horrified leader of the Andromedans a flaw, unsuspected to that time, in the Andromedan fleet. What this terrible, horrid, unsuspected flaw was, would be far too technical to go into here. But suffice it to say that one by one, despite the pleas, entreaties, prayers, ludicrous and impious as they may be, the Andromedan fleet, ship by ship was blasted into molten corruscating vacuum-shaped metal. But the Andromedans had one last ace up their collective sleeves.

Altogether in massed unison, in a massively scored and immensely executed vocal and orchestral tutti, the united musical ensemble of the entire Andromedan galaxy began to intone the quiet, maestoso chords of the monumental symphony.

Even as the first signs of neuresthenic catatonia appeared, the near senile, wizened bard, Rod Stewart performed a fourier synthesized re-orchestration which transmogrified the satanic symphony into the crystalline sublimity of a final ode to the acceptance of all transcendent grief and suffering. In the stirring closing chords of this profound work the combined populations of earth and Andromeda were united in peace and deepest final understanding. Daya Dayadvam Danyatta Shantih shantih shantih. Those of us who are left may never see so much or live so long; go bid the soldiers shoot; the flame and the rose are one.

"Now, that," said John W. Campbell, finishing his lunch, is not my idea of a great story. But at half a cent a word, who cares?"

by Brent MacLean, John Park,
Al Betz, Dan Say, and probably
several others.

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NEBULA AWARDS

The Nebula Awards for achievement in SF were announced in late April. These are the awards for which only members of the Science Fiction Writers of America may vote. The winners are:

Best Novel:

The Dispossessed by Ursula Le Guin

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Best Novella: "Born With the Dead" by Robert Silverberg
Best Novellette: "If the Stars are Gods" by Gordon Eklund
and Gregory Benford
Best Short Story: "The Day Before the Revolution" by Ursula
Le Guin
Best Dramatic Presentation: SLEEPER

Additionally Damon Knight received a special award for founding
the SFWA and Robert Heinlein received one as Grand Master.

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MAY MEETING - The Annual General Meeting

Due to a severe lack of interest, the group dinner at the May meeting
has been cancelled. As punishment, no members may eat supper on May 24.
However for those who insist upon eating, the Walsh's, Michael and
Susan, have graciously allowed members the option of arriving early (6:00
PM) and eating there. Not their food though -- you'll have to bring
your own or else order it to be delivered. (At the executive meeting
in which this was discussed, the possibility of a five-car pizza deliv-
ery vehicle crackup was envisioned -- just after the problems of de-
fending against migrating flying dinosaurs (SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, April
1975) were brought up).

Because this is the Annual General Meeting, it is special. A de-
tailed financial report will be issued, membership renewals will be
taken, and some 16mm sound films will be shown. We expect a good turn-
out and even if that isn't your name, your presence will be welcome.

BYOB, BYOFodder, the address is 2965 W. 11th Ave and the regular
time is 8:00 PM on Saturday, May 24th.

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Barring a miracle, this is the last issue of the BCSPA NEWSLETTER
which I, Mike Bailey, will edit. I will devote my time to loafing, my
personalzine, and paying my debts. Next issue will be done by Fran
Skene.

DNE END



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