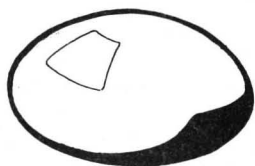


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SPACE-HABITAT

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EDITORS: GRAHAM JAMES

& LINDA STRICKLER

12 Fearnville Terrace
Oakwood LEEDS LS8 3DU

Be^au^ti^fu^lly Prⁱn^te^d b^y:

Jo^hn Ha^rve^y

BSFA Press

43 Harrow Road

Carshalton

Surrey

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Write: Keith Freeman

269 Wykeham Road

Reading



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Chairperson of the BSFA is busy new father and also new Branch Manager moving to Manchester soon. Mail can be sent to him c/o Matrix editorial address, but there is no guarantee it will get to him! Better still, look for his new address on the enclosed LATE NEWS FLASHES update under ALAN DOREY.

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ARTWORK CREDITS:

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OUR (FINAL) DEADLINE FOR MATRIX 44 IS SEPTEMBER 14 (but get it to us sooner, if you can!)

EDITORIAL

A slightly smaller issue this time, due to the last-minute non-receipt of two articles, including one from Chairperson Dorey who departed to Hull, on a roundabout route to Manchester, leaving me articleless in the midst of the clearance of couch grass from my allotment. "Allotment" may conjure up a vision of domesticity/senility or whatever, but I can assure you that when the one (or more) megaton gifts are gaily strewn over this Island, my family will have more than adequate resources to live, assuming, that is, that we are not burnt/poisoned/irradiated in the interim. One must provide for the future, however futile the gesture may appear to be.....

And, provision for the future is with us now that Channelcon have announced their Accounts for the 1982 Eastercon. A modest surplus, "not yet utilised" of £1322, managing to nudge just ahead of the VORCON II declared surplus of £1200. At this rate, and based on Albacon's attendance fees, that convention should clear around £2000. Channelcon reveal this in their cogent and well-produced "PR5" sent out to all recipients of Albacon PR1 along with Kidney Donor cards, Unicorn flyers, and heaven knows what else. Along with the Beccon Booklet, there are now a good set of guidelines for future convention committees and Arnold Akien develops this point further in his article in this issue of MATRIX.

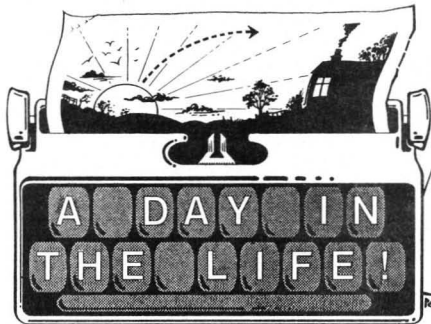
As to the surplus (unforeseen until the weekend of the con), Channelcon have already generously donated £50 to TAFF, £100 to GUFF, refunded advertising costs to British cons, and funded PR5, and have postulated on the destination/use of the surplus. Their intentions do not include the funding of a British SF Magazine, you may or may not be pleased to hear, depending upon your standpoint and position; They plan to purchase items of equipment which are always required for conventions, so reducing the costs for future conventions. This seems a praiseworthy idea if the administration and organisation of such a project can be worked out and it does seem to answer one of the criticisms levelled at VORCON II by benefiting, directly, convention attendees. Further details of the "1322" will be given in future Albacon PRs.

One project, or item of equipment which might be a candidate for receipt of a small proportion of the funds, would be the funding of a film made for, and by, British fans. You may recall the project completed by John Collick, "Sex Pirates of the Blood Asteroids" which was shown to great acclaim at VORCON II and NOVACON II. John subsequently made a film "starring" Pete Lyon, D West, Simon Ounsley, Helen Starkey, Kate Jeary, Paul Oldroyd and other fannish notables; before its premier, burglars broke into Paul and Chris Oldroyd's house and liberated his video collection, including the only copy of the film. John has plans to make another film this summer and would be pleased to hear from anyone who is interested in helping, particularly on the financial side. Write to him in care of the MATRIX editorial address.

I mention this because, in one sense, the making of a film by and for fans could be seen as the height of fannish creativity (in another sense, it is the height of fannish decadence). Perhaps we could imagine, in the not too distant future, the mailing out of video tapes to replace the hitherto ancient form of communication by fanzines. [What! Not stenciled and duplicated?] After that, we'll have communication between fans by means of direct data links - a fannish word processor in each home. For those who cannot, now, even afford the five quid for stamps to mail out a fanzine, this is bad news. But for those in employment with sufficient funds to fly back and forth to the states, the prospects of such communication are enticing. Could be that fandom develops a "two-class" structure, much the same way as society is heading at the moment with the ranks of "employed" and "non-waged".

Away from fanciful irrelevances, to matters closer to the hearts and minds of BSFA members. If I can use the word "Chairperson" (to the possible annoyance of Eve Harvey), Chairperson Dorey tells me that he has received some applications for the soon-to-be-vacant-post(s) of MATRIX Editor and the position remains open until next issue, when prospective candidates will be asked to take an initiative test. All those applying for the editorship will be deemed to have failed the initiative test; the membership numbers of all BSFA conscripts will

(CONT. P.30)



At last I've managed to move into a new house (or old house, it having been on the crumble since 1878), a seething mass of chaos from the weevil-infested cellar to the upper reaches where thin air makes exertion difficult... and they ask me to describe a typical day. I don't have typical days any more. It's all hand-to-mouth, moment by moment, and I have a dark feeling that even in the old and settled days it was much the same. How does this sort of thing go...?

Up at 5.30am. Three thousand words of the new novel before the cup of black coffee which is the writer's austere breakfast. Short stories, perhaps, two, perhaps three, as the sun climbs to its zenith. Pause for slice of dry bread before the routine TV scripting all afternoon, interrupted by urgent phone calls from publishers begging for material, offering lucrative contracts, threatening suicide if denied the joys of an article on how to put off writing articles for Matrix. This is very much the sort of day writers like to describe, pitiful spinners of fantasy that they are; I can do so with an air of partial conviction only by putting together bits of several good days (the TV scripts and suicide threats are artistic licence, meaning lies). However....

Up at noon. With a tiny hammer I crack the thick crusts from eyes and lips, wincing at the tooth-brush's thunderous struggle to scrape things from my furry yellow teeth. The gentleman from Rank has mistaken the back of my head for his gong and smites me mightily whenever I am careless enough to let my heart beat. Inject paracetamol into veins. In the office, a repellent sight straight from the pages of H.P. Lovecraft, there is a typewriter with a blank sheet of paper in it. Staring into space I can feel the blood stagnate, the brain congeal, the piles begin to form. I moan and force myself out for a healthy



walk to clear the mind, but somehow my stumbling feet find the bar of the local and aghast I hear my lips say, "Pint of Directors please." After that, the dark.

Which is what you get by assembling bits of several not-so-good days. But the true setback of the really typical day is not covered in either scenario.

Up, trying hard for honesty, between eight and half-past--with a vague memory of Hazel saying goodbye before leaving to be a Civil Service breadwinner. Someday I'll have to wake up soon enough to learn whether she murmurs sweet nothings or simply "Get up, you lazy bum." Downstairs, weaving slightly, still in pyjamas, for the first of the day's many pots of tea: and there on the mat like a pile of glowing radioactive slag is the setback. Letters in warm friendly red from Access, Barclaycard, the bank, the VATman: all these are hurled aside disdainfully. Review copies are briefly gloated over and put away to be properly forgotten in the fullness of time. Promising-looking envelopes from fans all prove to contain three-word communications and grungy

pound notes for Ansible subscription renewal. I settle down in the bog with the remaining wad of fanzines and read them compulsively, even the university ones, even the apazines. (Obvious joke not inserted here since one could do oneself an injury on all those staples.) Once in a blue moon the mail includes a really good fanzine which I have to read twice. Once in a blue moon and a half there comes a complimentary copy of some great book by or featuring D. Langford, and I spend all the morning admiring it. "God, what talent I had in those days," I remarked reverently as I fondled the Japanese edition of WAR IN 2080. Thus the setback: all this has soaked up time, and if the postman comes late or not at all it's even worse, since standing at an upper window searching yearningly for the postman with a telescope can absorb still more time.

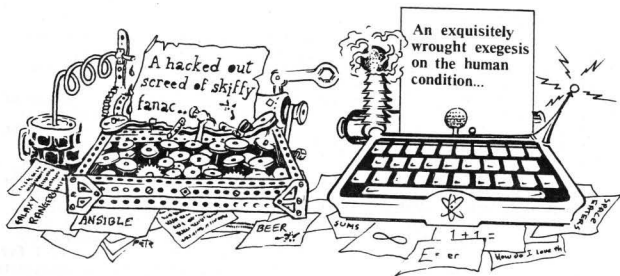
Just as in the real typical day, I've been putting off that grim moment of confrontation with the typewriter. When the obligatory staring into space

---in the old house at a row of reference books and skiffy paperbacks T to Z, not through a window at genuine trees---is over, you get down to the actual Act of Creation and almost any writer you care to mention starts becoming cagey. No matter how clearly you know what you want to write, the infinite English-language possibilities for expressing it tend to mean that the selection procedure for the words that actually reach the page isn't under conscious control. Things float up from far below: you can choose between them but are stuck with the selections of your loathsome subconscious, or intuition, or whatever.

Thus, when closely questioned on How They Do It, writers are inclined to wave their hands wildly and plunge off into minutiae. Example: at a recent Reading U 'SF and Fantasy Evening', the moment when Angela Carter, Brian Stableford and Ian Watson seemed most like kindred literary spirits was during the soul-baring, in-depth revelations of how they typed. Score: Watson 1, Stableford 1, Carter all ten fingers. "We use the same finger," cried Brian to Ian in a sudden access of fellow feeling. On a typical day I'd like to fit in some event like this, or just an hour or two of convention, but it doesn't usually work out...

So: I type first drafts with four fingers on an Adler Electric 21c of vast antiquity, apparently fashioned from old Panzer parts. These drafts are on vile pink paper bought via Andrew Stephenson, at 50p a ream, current stocks looking liable to keep me going well into the 1990s. The desk and all surrounding flat surfaces will be piled high with scribbled notes (if I'm writing fiction), calculators and bits of paper with illegible equations full of big numbers (nonfiction), or beer (fanzine articles). The most that's likely to be bashed out on a typical day plus evening is some 3000 words (meaning nothing will get done while I recuperate through the typical tomorrow). After an indeterminate period of tearing up, scribbling on and generally ruining the early draft(s) there comes the glorious conversion of it all to exquisite typescript on the Sperry-Remington SR-101 which occupies the other desk: this snazzy golfball machine





is necessary not to impress publishers (who will scrawl graffiti all over the result in any case) but to keep my own morale up.

Naturally all these attempts to Be A Writer are continually interrupted as I pace the floor, shudder at appalling Extro nonfiction submissions, nip down to make another pot of teak, nip down again as the tea achieves what computer folk call a high throughput, accept yet another telephoned apology from Richard (Arrow) Evans about the cover of The Space Eater, think about the evening's planned pub visit (this usually at about 10am), dash off letters to frequent correspondents like Ian Watson, Avedon (for TAFF) Carol, Joyce Scrivner, Paul Campbell and even the stupefyingly famous Dorothy Davies...

On days when I plan to be really thrifty with my time I find I can spend longer deciding not to LoC a fanzine than it would have taken to write the letter of comment anyway. On really bad days I stalk about, cursing and reading bits out of books randomly chosen from the shelves: not possible today, all 7000 are still in cardboard boxes and I'm too tired to unpack them after carrying the whole lot up three flights of stairs. The only recourse left is the desperate one of writing a 'Day in the Life' piece for Graham and Linda James...

Or shall I? There are so many other things to do, such as re-wiring the house or writing a second novel. Let's make another cup of Earl Grey tea and think about it.

#####



Dave Langford achieved fame, but perhaps not fortune, in the SF world as a fannish writer; he has published a number of fanzines, principally TWLL DDU, DRILKJIS and Ansible and has achieved numerous awards for his fan-writing, including two nominations for a HUGO. He was Fan GOH at YORCON II in 1981 and won the TAFF race to the US in 1980. Dave renounced his scientific career in the civil service two years ago and became a freelance writer in search of his fortune. Since then he has contributed learned and witty articles to a number of publications and achieved recognition for his WAR IN 2080, an account of future hardware warfare. He has recently published his first full-length novel, THE SPACE EATER. Dave's other fortunes also include being non-fiction editor of EXTRO.

All over the place new faces appear where once were familiar friends reviewing fanzines. Over at Nabu the unutterably erudite multi-coloured Phil Palmer has replaced the Hueycropper King, Colonel Joseph Nicholas. Deep inside Ansible fandom's commissar, Abi Frost, wields her axe of ideological purity. Here at Matrix I slip quietly into the comfortable leather armchair which is still warm and slightly sticky from its last occupant, David Frost lookalike and putative Jerry Pournelle, Simon Omsley. Can civilisation as we know it survive such upheaval?

Don't answer that.

Enough frivolity. I'm here to review fanzines, so let's look at some fanzines. There they are, making an impressive pile. Having read them, I am moved to ask a question. No, not 'Oh God, what am I doing here?', but rather 'What does it all mean?' The answer is, I fear, 'Not a lot.' With a few very honourable exceptions everything in that pile of fanzines has generated the reaction, 'yes... well... if you like that sort of thing... what was the name again?' There is a feeling of overwhelming ordinariness about it, of mental limpwristedness. The presentation is fair - nothing quite reaches the professional standard of DRILKJIS, but neither does anything plumb the depths of Brighton Rock - and the prose has nowhere been honed to the keenest of cutting edges. Which is probably just as well because none of the subjects covered would merit prose by Dickens and computerised typesetting. Almost without exception the articles, the reports, the reviews, the jokes are wearily mechanical, written because it is expected, or because the editor has wielded a big stick. The tones, the styles seem all to be secondhand. Where is there life in this pile of fanzines? Where is there passion? Where is there anything to make me cry, 'Goshwowboyboy, why didn't I think of that?' Where is the nightstick whistling towards my skull screaming 'Vote for me in the Nova awards, or else!' Nowhere, that's where, team. Which is why most of the fanzines in this pile can stay where they are and talk amongst themselves. Don't misunderstand me. They are not bad. On the level of letters to friends most of them succeed reasonably well, and if that is the intention of their producers then fine. You can get 'em if you want 'em. In the meantime, let's have a look at those honourable exceptions:-

The many faces of Eve, not forgetting little Malcolm's struggles

Glorious things of Tappen have been spoken. Fanzine of the century, and that's just for starters. Resident exploratrice of the psyche's badlands hailed as fanwriter of the year (which proves that even fans can't get it wrong all the time) etc. etc. etc. The only real question has been over the actual number of words contributed by Malcolm outside of his position as editor. Issue 4 sees Malcolm talking (sense) about the Falklands Farce, about the life and death of Philip K Dick, and about how not to run a bookshop. To my mind these pieces are the equal of anything else in the issue, crisply written and indicative of the Edwards personality, which is the hallmark of the good personal essay. Some indication of the standard of Malcolm's contributions is given by a glance at the other contributors. Chris Atkinson details more case notes from her personal and professional files in 'Life with the Loonies, part 24' (an intelligent, humane portrayal for which Chris deserves thanks as well as praise). Genial Deaf Langford mixes his Desert Island Discs (!) with a Novaconrep which is typically oblique yet carries the almost inevitable Langford stamp of professionalism. Peter Nicholls talks about the life and death of Philip K Dick (a transcript of his speech at the memorial evening held at City Lit) in a way that gives a strong taste of the vital, frightening man.

Tappen 4 is the heavy brigade charging straight at you. Any writer would do well to study these pieces, so different and yet so good, as examples of articles worth reading (and, I would expect, re-reading in years to come) because they were worth writing to the best of the writer's ability (the gospel according to Edwards). This is not disposable fare, and if you have to ask, 'What was the name?' then you were not paying attention.

In many ways Wallbanger 6 has much in common with Tappen. Eve, as well as Malcolm, has the knowledge and experience to produce precisely the fanzine she intends to produce, a fanzine that reflects her personality (which is probably why Wallbanger is that much more open and heart-on-the-sleeve than Tappen...). Which would only be going so far were it not for the fact that it is a paradigm of sensible, achievable reproduction. Most of us have access to the sort of machinery that would make our zines look this good, if only we had the will to put in the sort of effort required. (Having a printing whizz kid in residence doesn't harm matters either!) But, of course, production values only tell a fraction of the tale. The content is the thing. Wallbanger 6 has, by comparison with Tappen's roster, writers threatening for the future rather than already playing for the league champions. Two-thirds of the Focus team is here - Chris Bailey being lightly funny yet still burying his barbs in vital organs, and Allan Sutherland wielding a somewhat heavier humorous hand in demolishing the 'hidden powers' of coincidence. John Jarrod looks at his heroes and Steven J Green looks at another, and altogether more unpleasant, breed of loonies. All these pieces are interesting and, if they don't quite attain the heights of 'Life with the Loonies', they are a considerable cut above the run of 'What I did on my holidays' stuff. Their deficiency can be seen by comparing them with the contributions from Eve herself. In print she is often unrecognisable as the articulate - garrulous even - vivacious funster she is in person. The nervousness, the lack of confidence in her ability with the typewriter, has been as much of an obstacle to the reader as it is to herself. Here Eve eloquently tells us what it is like to be Eve - wife to the newly re-employed John; Eve - a 1980s ambitious woman in an 1880s man's world; Eve - the Channelcon fuhrer(ess). At times she can be a painfully revealing writer but what she has whenever she does put pen to paper is something thoroughly considered to say, something carrying

the conviction to make it worth reading. Some of her stuff is' funny too!

I mentioned Phil Palmer earlier, and recently he has followed up 'The Chocolates of Lust' with 'Flay, Swelter and Groan' (forgive my naivety, Phil, but precisely which deadly sin is THAT?). Given that high domed forehead it is not exactly a shock that he should produce a sermon zine, and certainly no-one could fault his ambition in choosing a topic - what is fantasy, why is it, and how could it be better? Now, I am not much of a fantasy hand - I've read Tolkein, but so far as I know Fritz Leiber plays libero for Borussia Moenchengladbach - and even I don't agree with everything that Phil, Geraldine and Nick have to say. Nick, especially, takes a sawn off shotgun to Stephen Donaldson better than the scalpel of intellect (did I hear a faint cheer from the back?) but the fact of the matter is that three obviously intelligent people have applied their knowledge to a topic of interest to many of us and come up with a result that is provocative, if nothing else. Perhaps Phil could refrain from opening the encyclopaedia of his childhood reading quite so often and thereby not make his reader feel quite so inferior, but that's a cavil. This is good stuff.

There you have it, three 'good' zines out of fifteen. Maybe that's not too bad an average, all things considered, although I would like to read 100% knockouts. Still, we can't have everything, can we. Just in case anyone imagines that I am only looking for serious material, John Brosnan's 'A Typical Visit from Robert P Holdstock' in Epsilon 11 would have been discussed somewhat had it not been for the fact that Rob reprinted material around 8 years old. You see, it is possible to be funny and good, it just ain't easy.

Here follows a list of zines I've received since last time. For the time being, I can still be found at

5 KIMPTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON SE5 7EA

I'd like to have something to write about next time, so keep the postie busy.

Aikakone: Tom Olander, Box 3, SF-00251, Helsinki 25, Finland. A nicely produced professional zine from a consortium of Finnish fans. In Finnish with items on Burroughs, Finnish sf, a Heinlein story and a new story from Jukka Murtosaari. I wish I read Finnish because this looks good, a quality product - anyone vouch for the contents? (English summary)

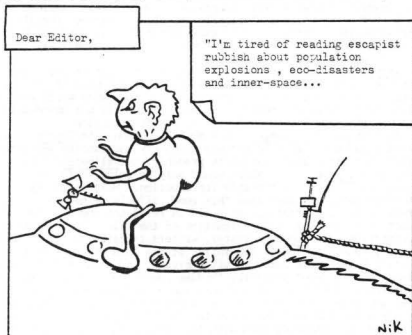
Anible: Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU. £1 for 5 issues, £1 for 4 should you live outside the UK. US\$ equivalent to Burns, 48 Lou Ave, Kings Park, NY, NY 11754 USA. Indispensable lies, slanders and misquotes from the Deaf Man. 26 has the continuing Nebula tale, Judith Hanna on Channelcon, Taff Talks 11 and 12, Northern Guffblower 10, Fanzine reviews by Abi Frost, Kev Smith on Pieria 53, and Dave's vital gossip column.

Coming Attraction: Nic Howard, 11 Downs Park, Downley, High Wycombe, Bucks HP13 5LX. Four A4 pages for trade, LoC, 12p/15p stamp. Announcing Nic's forthcoming 'idiosyncratic personalzine', Nic chats about Channelcon, Mack Reynolds, Fritz Leiber and the worst sf of all time.

Epsilon: Rob Hansen, 9A Greenleaf Road, East Ham, London E6 1DE. Quarto sized, issue 11 has 20 pages. Try asking Rob for a copy, he doesn't bite (very often). Rob matters about fanzines, the

'golden age', the 'By British/Mood 70' furore (!), and much else besides; Leroy Kettle gives a bill of fannish rights and verbally assaults John Brosnan; John Brosnan quakes at the thought of Rob Holdstock (reprinted from John's Big Scab of earlier days). Best of all is a Hansen/Bell cover. Would that Rob would write with the assertion with which he draws.

ERG: Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Road, Sheffield S11 9FE. £1/US\$2 for 2 issues, or 30p in stamps plus LoC on no. 78, or LoC only if outside UK. Issue 79 from the indefatigable Terry, in which he discusses idiot machines and the misuses idiot humans find for them, the reading of his youth, reviews, his favourite music, and NASA news. A pleasant, traditional zine from a man who will disregard my wish that he wasn't quite so nice about bad work. Cacun a son gout.



Flay, Swelter and Groan: Phil Palmer, 62 Beaufort Mansions, Beaufort Street, Chelsea, London, SW3. Ask the man for a copy or visit bookshops of rare distinction (first time I ever heard 'Forbidden Planet' so described!). Phil, Geraldine Pinch and Nick Lowe take on Fantasy. Fantasy loses by two submissions. Geraldine takes on the lack of original thought; Nick takes a bludgeon to Donaldson's finely crafted prose and story telling; and Phil lost me after line 2. Meaty stuff, and there's not enough around to ignore this.

Hindsight: Jon Wallace (for the Dundee SF Society) 21 Charleston Street, Dundee DD2 4RG. 'copies ... may be obtained on receipt of a stamp, or something'. Naill Robertson on being Naill, sf and libraries; Graham Shepherd on intellectual analysis and reviewing; Naill on Philip K Dick (marvellous illustration from Ian Byers); book reviews by Jon, Andy Sutherland, Moira Shearman (at last, someone else who likes 'Earthman's Burden') and Naill. Interesting, but could do with more editorial focus.

Periphery: Jeff Suter, 18 Norton Close, Southwick, Fareham, Hants PO17 6HD. Available for trade, LoC, contribution, stamps or show of interest. Jeff on being Jeff, on what makes Jeff Jeff, what Jeff likes, personal indulgences were Jeff made god tomorrow, his part in the Cod War and various Reading Festivals (I don't know what they do to the enemy but, b'God, they scare me sir.) It's a good job Jeff has a pleasant, easy going style...

PONG: Dan Steffan, 1010 N. Tuckahoe St and Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St, Falls Church, VA 22046 (and VA22056) USA. Available for LoC, trade (Copies to both eds, please) quantities of 20c stamps or US\$5 per issue. Dan and Ted do a bit of an Ansible with their horrifically regular zine that covers a lot of ground. It is always interesting if sometimes obscure to English eyes but really takes off whenever Ted sets about jumping on somebody's bones with his navy boots on. Recommended for fannish completists.

Qui? A et A Infos!: Francois Valery, Boite Postale 06, 33820 Cagnac, France. My copy came from Pascal Thomas, and the cover price is 14.00 francs. Mind you, it claims to be the edition of Spring 1982! This is in French, et je ne comprends pas (and my translation service refused to translate 59 reduced A5 pages), but it looks interesting in a French sort of way. Polymaths seek it out.

Small Mammal: Shadowfax, 191 The Heights, Northolt, Middlesex, UB5 4BU. Availability? Mine is handed to me in the One Tun. A regular newsheet of general chat and information covering areas not within the Ansible ambit.

Spin: Kari Naetanka, but try Tom Olander (Address for Aikakone). This is the zine of the Turku Science Fiction Association (that's in Finland) and contains articles in Finnish and English from all over the place and some political cartoons with a real edge. This is a very nicely produced zine, if a little all over the place, and even has a subscription form for Asimov's (are you listening, Graham?).

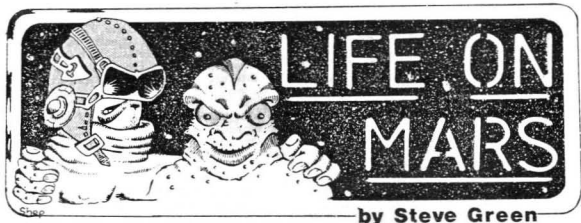
Tappen: Malcolm Edwards, 28 Duckett Road, London, N4 1BN. '...available according to the vagaries of editorial whim'. Edition 4 of the fanzine of the century. The items not mentioned in the body of this review are a cover by Rob Hansen and Leroy Kettle's evil little tailpieces. You see, all you need to produce a good zine is an editor who knows his onions and a handful of excellent writers. Easy, isn't it.

Wallbanger: Eve Harvey, 43 Harrow Road, Carshalton, Surrey SM5 3QH. Available for 'the usual' (i.e., LoC, contribution, stamps, etc.) The British Rail Special (as I write I'm facing six hours of travelling tomorrow, reading fanzines!) which I've already talked about at length. Also included are those interesting little fillers pillaged from the Financial Times which are les specialities de la maison.

Yandro: Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, IN47348 USA. US\$1 per copy, US\$4 for 5 copies, US\$7 for 10 copies. English agent, Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesden, Herts. 50p per copy, £2 for 5 copies, £5.50 for 10 copies. Largely made up of chatter interesting



only to those mentioned, letters commenting upon previous editions of chatter ..., book and fanzine reviews (you pay your money and take your choice). I'd heard a lot about Yandro and for reasons of paying for a copy and not receiving it, I was not that predisposed to no. 255 when it arrived. My worst fears were realised. I don't know what world these people live in, but I'm as glad as they are that I don't. Junk. Forget before reading.



CON-FLICTS AND CON-TROVERSIES

Remember the good old days when everyone in fandom was friends with everybody else and the only occasion temperatures got raised at a convention was when some over-priced fleapit charged you a quid for a pint of discoloured tap water? Well, neither do I to be perfectly honest, but the behind-the-scenes politicking fast becoming as much a part of convention life as the guest of honour speech is getting more than a little out of hand for my taste.

Take this year's Fantasycon, for instance; the British Fantasy Society's annual gatherings have a justified reputation for tedium (the only noteworthy event I can recall from any I've attended was bumping into Simon Ounsley at the Imperial Centre bar, hardly the stuff headlines are made of), but this year affairs went from one extreme to the other. Co-organisers Penny Hill and Anne Page, contemptuous of the manner in which the BFS calmly claimed the credit for their legwork, told the society where to get off and re-named the weekend's activities Mythcon. OR the higher echelon of the BFS, concerned by the apparently inevitable abyss awaiting the pair's efforts, decided to denounce the would-be Fantasycon and cancelled their rights to the title. Take your pick which story you believe, neither if you prefer, even if the correspondence Penny's shown me tends to back her and Anne's claims over the BFS's; just for once, though I'd like to pack for a convention without the feeling I was heading for the front line.

BRIGHTON RUCK

Andy Robinson writes to deny reports of the Brighton Group's demise (none on these pages, boss): "...just to confirm that the Brighton Group is still going. We meet in the saloon of the Hare and Hounds, Preston Circus, at 9.00 p.m. on every Friday. Anyone who wants to find out anything else can contact me at 0273-558775 (evenings) or 01-637-3434 extension 5705 (day)." Alternatively, Andy's address is 20, Kingsley Road, Brighton, Sussex, BN1 5NH.

NEARER MY GHOD TO THEE

Unicon's resident English eccentric John Wilkes (anyone prepared to offer me crash space at the Brighton Metropole has got to be eccentric), not content with finalising plans to level the Keele campus in 72 hours, managed to infiltrate the Colchester Group's Colnecon in his role as a *Life on Mars* mole. In his own words:

"Needless to say I managed to make the journey and had a very enjoyable time. Being held in a converted church it felt like being at a 'Fandom is the true faith' revivalist meeting. There were less people there than I think they were expecting, probably in part due to the tube strike and the uncertainty of British Rail. However, at the peak I would say that there were about 50-60 people. Ken Slater and a couple of other dealers were present.

"The programme was tailored to accommodate the lesser numbers and included a talk with music by Tim Souster of HITCHHIKER's fame and the BLADE RUNNER preview show (also screened at Channelcon, The Brum Group, Mythcon and, if anyone's still managed to evade Anne Page, the forthcoming Unicon 3). Garry Kilworth gave an excellent funny talk about his writing, motivations and the publishing business in general. There followed the new ((Alex Stewart-originated)) quiz with three teams: the Superheroes (my team, which won), Failure Unlimited and Kevin ((...?)). After each round of questions the team with the most points moved six squares up a sort of snakes and ladders board, the next team four squares and the last team two. Simple so far. Then spaceships started travelling down the board and if you came onto the same line as one you had to fight it. There were also chance squares and risk squares which could blow your team up (figuratively speaking, of course) and other hazards which makes it a very interesting competition. ((Those enthralled will be heartened to hear it's also on the Unicon 3 schedule, along with a contest testing fans' ability to digest three shredded wheat, so you'd be advised to get into training now if you feel like taking part...))

"After a short break for food and drink, the committee manning the bar, the evening continued with some films, including an episode of SPACE PATROL, a sort of black and white THUNDERBIRDS which makes THUNDERBIRDS look positively award-winning ((Ah yes, I remember it well...)). The evening finished off with TEENAGE ZOMBIES, which turned out to be very funny because the sound disappeared for the last third of the film and the audience provided a commentary of its own.

"Conclusions: a small, friendly one-day get-together of fans, both old and new. The pace of the day turned out to be just right, the programme tailored to suit the numbers and the committee taking

shifts at serving behind the bar was a nice touch. The committee worked very hard to make the day as enjoyable as possible."

Sounds like fun, mate. Meanwhile, the aforementioned Alex Stewart writes to extend last issue's entry on the Colchester Group, formerly the Stour Valleyites:

"We meet on alternate Tuesdays, from 8 p.m. to chucking-out time, in the bar of the borough council staff social club. This leads to occasional problems, like getting locked out if the steward's late or suddenly finding ourselves in the middle of a retirement party, but with beer at 45p a pint we're prepared to put up with it.

"Meetings are generally informal, although we've had the odd video night (quite successful) and the occasional silly games. We're toying with the idea of a float in the carnival this year."

Good idea, and one the Brum Group's picked up on a couple of occasions in recent years. In the meantime, Alex's address remains 11a, Beverley Road, Colchester, Essex, CO3 3NG.

CAPITOL CRIMES

And now, for the fan who thought he had everything (and kept on the penicillin just in case he had), this issue's free gift: a potted history of the City Illiterates, supplied by Mike "They made me do it" Westhead:

"This is just to let you know about what must be the most regular meeting of fans in the London area. We are nameless, eschewing labels as well as sesquipedalian obfuscation ((translation: pedantic stupification)), but our history is as follows:

"In 1971, the idea of attending an evening course on sf intrigued about a dozen people. The course was run by well-known film and country & western buff Philip Strick. The discussions were so stimulating that we subsequently needed to repair to the local hostelry for refreshment. Thus the Cock Tavern in Triton Street (behind the Rank Xerox building in Euston Road) began its career as an sf venue on Friday nights.

"Since 1971, there have been a number of changes. As Phil Strick's interests expanded, the inverted Priest helped out, then took over; the encyclopaedic Pete Nicholls helped out, then took over; the irrepressible Chris Priest returned, then relinquished control (control?! to the master of sesquipedalia himself, best-dressed critic at Eastercon 1981, John Clute.

"We have also survived a change of class venue to the awesomely-titled City Literacy Institute. This necessitated a change of hostelry to the Kingsway Tavern, Parker Street, off Kingsway, WC2, where we now meet at 21.30 hours ((9.30 p.m.)) on Fridays during autumn and spring terms, returning to the Cock from Easter to the end of September.

"Over the years the numbers of personnel have varied, but there has always been a dishevelled core of 8 - 12 at the pub, and numbers have been over 20 on many occasions. We've been regular con attendees since the early '70s and last year took the plunge to organise (!) Beccon '81. This was intended as a small London con held in Basildon (near enough). We tried to be innovative and generally it appears we succeeded because we have been persuaded (by more than one person, nay, a few) to do it again.

"I need say no more, except to emphasise the welcome we will give to any fan loose in London on a Friday night who will join us and maybe even offer to buy us a drink. All power to your column."

Thanks for the vote of confidence, Mike. In return, a plug for Beccon '83, July 29-31 at the Essex Crest Hotel, Basildon (renamed and redecorated since its predecessor, coincidentally I'm sure) membership £3 supporting, £7 attending) to 191, The Heights, Northolt, Middlesex, UB5 4BU.

Also jumping in on the convention bandwagon is the 200-strong Cambridge University Science Fiction Society (CUSFS), which hosts Fencon at the University Centre on October 16. Once described by Alfie Bester as "so brilliant and wonderful (they) ought to be shot", chairman Nick Lowe and his committee have put together much the usual mini-con programme, films, quizzes, videos et al. Details from CUSFS at 27, Newmarket Road, Cambridge, CB5 8EG.

OVER THE BORDER

Of course, there is the occasional sign of intelligent life up in the frozen north. To let Marie McKissock take up the story:

"The Edinburgh University Science Fiction and Fantasy Society was formed in 1976 and has been having regular meetings every Thursday of term for the last six years. Meetings are currently held at 7.30 p.m. in the university's David Hume Tower and are usually re-located at the nearby Potterrow Bar within less than an hour. We have a small library available to members. We also publish a fanzine; *New Dawn Fades* (issue 1 out NOW, only 50p). Membership of the society costs £1 and non-students are welcome.

"We are also organising a nanocon, Freshercon 82, for Saturday, October 9th at 60, the Pleasance ((also the address for all enquiries)). It will be a sort of party with video films, fancy dress contest, disco, discussion groups and space gaming, etc. By charging 50p entrance and calling it a con, it has the dubious distinction of being the first science fiction convention in Edinburgh, "Edinburgh's First Science Fiction Convention" ((RaCon; details from Chris Anderson at 77, Haron's Court Terrace, Edinburgh)) not being until February, 1983. Unless we can find someone who wants to be guest of honour we will have as GoH the Australian writer Neil Bergmann and as FGoH Gary Fortune."

Whilst deep in darkest Wales, the Cardiff Group puts the final touches to its plans for Cymrucon 2, the first convention I can recall with a permanent guest list (Stableford, Watson, Langford as FGoH and Fanthorpe as GoH). This year the non-stop film programme will take residence in two

cinemas, with STAR WARS, VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET, DR. STRANGELOVE, THE TIME MACHINE, WAR OF THE WORLDS, WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, 2001 and SUPERMAN amongst the celluloid fare. Videos will include a selection of BENTCHED (triffic stuff), OUTER LIMITS, TWILIGHT ZONE, LOST IN SPACE and LONE RANGER (!!!). The committee also intends to hold a tribute to the work of Walt Disney, the almost obligatory disco, model displays, gaming sessions (including a 24-hour D&D marathon (yawn)), quizzes and debates.

The venue's the Central Hotel, Cardiff (November 27-28); memberships £7 (£3 supporting), details from 28, Claude Road, Roath, Cardiff. See you there?

SECOND CITY, SECOND RATE

In the provinces, fandom continues to deteriorate. The Brum Group, now not so much in need of new blood as a total transfusion, managed to drag itself out of the mire long enough to hold a beer and skittles night at the White Swan, Harbourne, on July 16, but this informal (and highly enjoyable) event was the exception which proves the proverbial rule. Its plans for a Dave Haden-edited groupzine ((see M41)) now apparently as dead and buried as its sense of humour, its committee meetings now chaired by the soporific Vernon Brown (who, I'm told, recently spent one hour trying to bludgeon alleged newsletter editor Pauline Morgan into letting herself be listed as "Mrs Chris Morgan" in the committee minutes, an attitude even more anachronistic than its author) and its autumn programme reduced to such dismal non-events as debating the proposition that "This house believes that there is not enough sex in science fiction" (there certainly isn't any at the Brum Group), the BSFG is in imminent danger of developing terminal rigor mortis. A brand new committee (with the possible exception of treasurer Margaret Thorpe, who's rumoured to be planning her resignation if the present incumbents are re-elected in January), a more intelligent venue in the centre of the city (the only reason I can think up for using the remote Ivy Bush pub is manager Ray Bradbury's long-standing association with the group) and a conscious attempt to widen the BSFG's appeal (though I doubt it will ever be as informally fannish as, say, the Friends in Space or the Solihull Group, which is probably for the best considering the mundane outlooks of those currently making the monthly pilgrimage) may just save the second city's sf sub-culture and without major changes in the very near future there's little or no hope at all.

The Midlands' fannish alternative the Solihull Group recently published the sixth issue of its newsletter *Overmatter* (the thinking fan's bin liner), including a vintage Bob Shaw flashback and the regular KTF reviewcol (shortly to take up residence in *Quartz*); issue 7 should be out shortly, available for return postage and/or trade from the *Life on Mars* address. Meetings, meanwhile, continue to take place at the Red House, Hermitage Road (off Lode Lane), Solihull, fourth Sunday of the month (except September, moved one week forward to avoid clashing with this year's comic convention in London). The monthly mix of darts, dominoes and drunken behaviour now brings in fans from Brum Stoke, Coventry, Redditch and South Wales (everywhere, in fact, except Solihull), so if you're down our way sometime why not drop in and say hello? Better still, buy a round...

THRILLING SKIFFY LOVE STORIES

Fandom's answer to Johnny Fever, jovial Jeff Suter, bids farewell to Portsmouth and the South Hants SF Group on August 6 to set up home with the lovely Pam Wells, leaving Mike 'Fall Guy' Gheater with the thankless task of carrying on Jeff's work as membership secretary. The post's obviously in good hands - Mike and Jeff were among the SHSFG contingent at the local free mart fayre on July 3, when the CAMRA tent's beer supply was drained by 5.30 p.m., a sterling example of trufandom at its most indefatigable.

In many ways the South Hants Group is the mirror of its Birmingham counterpart, managing to finance a fanzine (John Bark's *Death Rays*), announce plans for a group movie and host a variety of meetings (video nights, a space invaders challenge on July 9, Joe Nicholas on July 31...) with fewer members than the BSFG scratches together at the height of the holiday season. Whilst I'm reaching for the sick-bag, I'll just mention that meetings are still held on the second and fourth Fridays of the month at the George & Dragon, High Street, Cosham, 8 p.m. on; Mike can be reached at 38, Outram Road, Southsea, Portsmouth, Hants. The editorial address for Jeff's own zine *Periphery* follows him to Pam's flat, of course: 24a Beach road, Bowes Park, London, N11. And as one of its former tenants I can award it this column's four-star hospitality rating with some degree of sincerity.

AND FINALLY

Carlton Collister writes to expand last issue's entry on the Durham University SF Society ("... about 160 strong and offers the services of a fast-growing library of circa 2000 books and the chance to see up to five or six sf films a term. Meetings are at present occasional, though plans are in the air for more regular meetings and a society fanzine.") and enquire whether anyone's interested in meeting up with him in Douglas, Isle of Man; his home address is 41, Tromode Park... Plans for a Tamworth group still in suspension whilst Geoff Kemp waits for response; in the meantime the third issue of his ficzine *Quartz* is available for 80p from him at 23, Raygill, Wilnecote, Tamworth, Staffs... Stephen Austin announces the launching of the Cassandra Science Fiction Circle in Northampton, meeting second and fourth Sunday of the month at the Main Hall, Brookside Community Centre, Billing Brook Road, 6.30 p.m. - 9 p.m. ("Cassandra will be a circle that produces and promotes quality science fiction, rather than the usual kind of 'fan club'. Emphasis will be placed on the production of a journal, as we feel that it is the decline of the magazine that has contributed to the decline of the genre. The journal will contain stories by members, and we hope to get

(continued page 21)

:: COMPETITION :: COMPETITION :: COMPETITION ::

M41: *The Spaceship Debate* (or, Which Dave Langford goes out of the airlock?)

Not the most wonderful response ever to a *Matrix* competition (when I get a word processor it will have a single key programmed to produce that frequently used phrase). The entrants could be counted on the toes of one sloth. ANDY HOBBS struck several times: 'I thought of doing Philip K. Dick ("', !. . ."), but decided against it—bad taste don't you know. Or, Stephen Donaldson ("Throw me out, and I'll never finish *White Gold Wielder*!"), but that was too tempting for a quick push up the posterior. Heinlein ("This thirty year writer's block will end *Real Soon Now*, honest!") and Asimov (ditto Heinlein) fell into the same category as the Donaldson speech...' ROB FREETH took it upon himself to create Anne McCaffrey's justification for not being thrown out of the airlock: 'It has come to my attention that I have fallen seriously short in my appraisal of dragons. Now I owe it to my readers to pass on this information and set the record straight. So you must give me enough time to write one more book on the subject...' I cannot bring myself to type the pathetic pun to which this leads up—suffice it to say it was enough to disqualify anybody (shame on you, Rob). PHILIP COLLINS had three goes with J.G. Ballard ('Well, I must remain in the spacecraft. Just imagine, as the rocket zooms into the atmosphere causing a "Wind From Nowhere" I could lean out and shout "Hello America" from my "Low-Flying Aircraft"...' and onward with equal subtlety for many more titles), Dave (who he?) Langford ('Well, I must remain in the spacecraft, I mean I've still got to send off the prizes for *Matrix* competition number 40...' and onward with more palpable lies) and Isaac Asimov: 'Well, I must remain in the spacecraft, after all I do write the best SF stories, the best SF novels, the best SF novellas, the best SF novelettes, edit the best SF anthologies, write the best science popularizations, the best mystery stories, the best dirty limericks, plus, I edit the best SF magazine of all time ("No he doesn't, I do"—George Scithers) (George Scithers promptly thrown out of the spacelock). In short—yes, it's me, Isaac "spiritual father of robots, never mind Fritz Lang, Charles Babbage or the Victorian automata" Asimov speaking—I repeat, in short, ladies, gentlemen and SF fans: I AM GOD.'

Well, all this great mass of entrants seem to be trying to lose if you ask me, but out of sheer perversity I'll hand the ceremonial booktoken to Philip for the voluminous energy of his entry, plus the gallant attempt to hit off the shy modesty of the Good Doctor. But next time we have a pathetically tiny turnout like this, there may be no prize at all; your apathy could be the cause of suffering in others; We Are All Guilty. Onward—

M43 (there was no M42): *Reviews and the Territorial Imperative*

First read this unlikely review of Stella Gibbons' non-SF *Cold Comfort Farm*: "It's pleasant to find classic SF reissued, and Ms Gibbons' masterwork is a classic post-holocaust novel. 'The Anglo-Nicaraguan wars of '46' have devastated Earth with biological weaponry: the King's Evil, Queen's Bane and Prince's Forfeit, the something nasty in the woodshed, the mutant leprosy responsible for that black moment when the cow Graceless's leg falls off. Beauty is won from horror by richly textured descriptions of this imagined world... whose concepts are astonishingly advanced for 1932. Where in contemporary SF could we find amid the videophones such frank speculation on personal aircraft, birth control, feminism and brassières? Who else, before the 60s New Wave, dared experiment by marking key passages with asterisks? Here too is that later SF commonplace, a mysterious proverbial wisdom: the '*Pensées* of the Abbé Fausse-Maigre'. Even such dicta as Orwell's 'War Is Peace' pale before the Abbé's enigmatic 'Lost is that man who sees a beautiful woman descending a noble staircase.' In its bold speculation and quiet understatement, *Cold Comfort Farm* is seminal SF. It is no exaggeration to claim that the battles of *Star Wars* were won on Ticklepenny's Field.' (R.Tappen)

You get the idea. Mainstream critics traditionally review SF which they happen to like by first insisting that *this* book isn't SF—it's good! BSFA members are asked to carry the war into the enemy camp by reviewing *any* celebrated mainstream work and in under 200 words showing why it's such a marvellous (or lousy) piece of SF. By one week after *Matrix* copydate, to me at 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU.

ARNOLD AKIEN: EXAMINES THE NEED FOR A RE-APPRAISAL OF THE BSFA CONSTITUTION AND A CONVENTION CHARTER

I suppose that the BSFA's annual general meeting is, by its very nature, the place where matters of great and soul-stirring interest should cause outpourings of vast enthusiasm from the population at large – or, failing that, the attendant membership of this august organisation in particular. My fellow incumbents of the drones section of BoSFA may recall the Great Presidential Impeachment proposal that happened at an annual general meeting not a million years ago, and which has been gently simmering in the collective unconsciousness of the membership ever since (more on that later); this year's burning issue was not nearly so interesting as that, but it certainly deserves our attention. As do other matters.

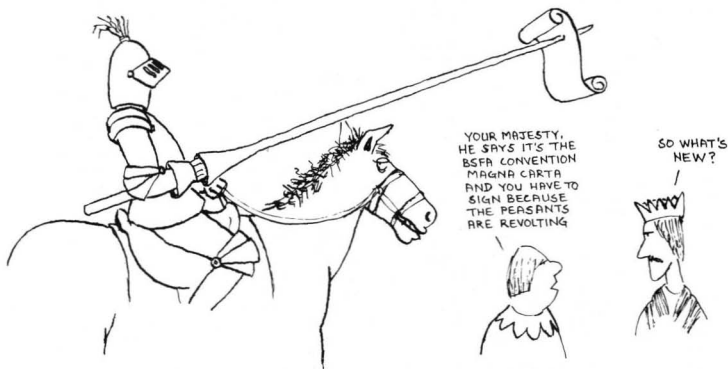
It would seem that we are now embarking upon one of those 'times of change' that even the loosest and most haphazard of social sub-structures (I'm reluctant to call fandom an organisation) must undergo from time to time. This present time of change would appear to centre on the balance between the amateur ad-hoc organisational basis on which most fanish activities are run (most notably, fanzines and smallish social gatherings), and the professionalism that is absolutely necessary in the regulation of a very large convention, or the running of a very large and structurally complex SF fan group – like the BSFA. Although the problems of the management of the BSFA and the management of large-scale cons aren't locked solidly together, they are definitely linked, in as much as both the BSFA and the two national (?international) UK cons – Eastercon and Novacon – are now solid institutions, and are really the only such institutions fandom has. Like it or not, both these institutions – big cons and the BSFA – have reached a scale of operations that demands professionalism on the part of amateurs. The BSFA heavy mob realised this long ago when BoSFA was made a limited company; Novacon, and certainly Eastercon, have partially evolved into professional attitudes under the awful forces of consumer demand. Novacon is, I should say, something that can be left to the Brum mob, since it is most definitely their con and they will run it as they see fit under the oversight of the Birmingham SF Group. On the evidence they will gently discourage any tendency that Novacon might have toward explosive growth. Eastercon is rather different, however, since it shows no signs of stabilising at a given, comfortable, size but grows larger, ever larger, with scarcely any publicity in the outside world being necessary. Indeed, if a greater effort were made to publicise Eastercon it could probably double its already huge membership without too much trouble – whether or not a convention committee as they are presently constituted could handle that kind of attendance is doubtful. The limiting factor, on the growth of Eastercon, is the same as that which constrains the growth of the BSFA – the number of qualified and willing volunteers available to do the hard graft needed to cope with the consumer demand – and consumer demand is almost limitless if you want to work at encouraging it. As you pointed out in the last Editorial, fans are individualists and thus are repelled by bureaucracy, but we do not live in a perfect world, and we have to deal with the reality of the situation we face.

The reality of BSFA's situation became manifest in prolonged, and tedious, argument over bureaucratic fine points, that could not be cut through. Now, I am not an office holder, nor have I been involved in the Ken Eadie vs the rest of the committee fracas in any capacity other than that of interested, and concerned, spectator. So, without prejudice against Ken Eadie, I must say that, whilst there are faults on both sides, the R.O.T.C.'s seems to spring from the failure of the BSFA constitution to deal with the problem of a committee member who is at odds with the whole of the rest of the committee, but who refuses to resign quietly. Whatever the merits – or legal status – of the technicality used to remove Mr Eadie (as mentioned by Alan last issue), it became plain, at the A.G.M., that we were tramping about in the soggy ground that divides the professional from the amateur. Just as Eastercon is labouring under the strain of events unforeseen at its inception, BoSFA is labouring under the strain of events unforeseen when the constitution was framed.

Whatever the legal requirements for the removal of a company officer – and here we seem to be constrained by the dread Companies Act – it looks as if there was no way, as the BSFA is at present constituted, for the majority of the committee to

curb the unapproved activities of a recalcitrant Business Manager — or of any other officer, if it comes to that. This is obviously a deficiency that needs to be corrected and I would suggest that this Eadie vs the rest episode should be the catalyst that provokes a re-appraisal of the BSFA constitution which might need to be amended in the face of not just the Eadie Event. Many businesses used to operate on a basis of "mutual trust" at one time; that this didn't work very well is evidenced by the existence of Company Law. BSFA is an organisation run professionally by amateurs and part of that professionalism must be keeping our company house in order. It's long past springtime, but I think it's time for a spring clean of the structure of the organisation. Tedious, yes, but if it isn't done, we may yet be up to our eyes in mud.

Any Eastercon Charter can be put together as a simple (I hope) set of guide lines, that can be prepared by the Albacon mob, and compounded of their ideas, plus those of the BSFA members and views solicited through the Albacon progress reports.



The final charter could then be endorsed by the BSFA — and any other SCIFIsh organisation which wishes to join in — and distributed as a handout to all members of Albacon. Thereafter, fans bidding for Eastercon could, if they wished, say "We intend to follow the provisions of the Charter" — or not, as the case might be. This would ensure that there was a moral pressure upon the successful convention committee, who had agreed to abide by the Charter, to follow its guide-lines; and if a bidding committee refused to make an undertaking, and was still successful in their bid, then we'd know what to expect of them, since the pressure would be on them to explain why they refused to follow the guide-lines. No real bureaucracy, just moral pressure.

Alas, the challenge of the BSFA's time of changes cannot be met as informally. I think that we have got to re-examine many aspects of the organisation's functions and that, tedious as this might be, there is a demand that it be done.

Apart from the Eadie business, there is the issue of the status of the President to be resolved — still no comment from that august personage on his views of the nature of his noble Office, and his fitness to occupy it, I see. Evidently Clarke has bigger fish to fry on his comfy little island paradise far, far away from bleak old Britain, and can't even be bothered to send us a postcard.

So, there it is. I think that re-appraisal of the constitution and structure of the BSFA is a horrid job, but a necessary one. After all, the fans who originally established BoSFA, and the fans who turned it into a company, have already built the structure of the BSFA surely we shouldn't flinch at a little maintenance work to keep it from falling into a state of decay?

THE PORTAGE TO SAN CRISTOBAL OF A.H. (MERMAID THEATRE, LONDON)

REVIEWED BY JOHN HOBSON

SF theatre, thanks to Ken Campbell, has been relegated to the columns devoted to fringe feminist theatre and alternative acrobats. It therefore comes as a shock to remember that the greatest non-literary piece of SF was Karl Capek's R.U.R. which introduced the world to robots by a stage play. Unfortunately film seems to have equated SF in modern playwrights' minds with special effects, big budgets, childish scripts, and they concentrate on sub-Brechtian drama to audiences which would have difficulty filling a VW micro-bus. Theatre SF can be both enthralling and thought-provoking as the dramatisation of George Steiner's philosophical novel, The Portage to San Cristobal of A.H. (Faber) recently proved. Steiner's proposition is simple: Hitler is alive and well, if somewhat senile, and living deep in the Amazon. (To those who will accuse me of SF colonialism, if Dick's Man in the High Castle is SF then so is Steiner's.) If the novel suffers from a somewhat weighty treatment of the story, the play removes the distance of print, the filter of narration, and brings Hitler menacingly to life before your eyes. The assault on our perceptions is openly naked with nowhere to hide. Hitler is not the carpet-chewing pervert beloved of legend, but the silver-tongued and charismatic nihilist who inspired a generation, an entire country to its own self-destruction. Alex McCowan, as Hitler, says little at first; he is captured by a band of Jewish Nazi-hunters lead by a fanatic who spends each day reciting the names of the victims of the war. They begin the slow journey back to civilisation (San Cristobal) pushing, shoving this old man along, dressed in rags like a victim of Dachau; one almost feels compassion. Almost, but not quite; the litany of crimes is remorselessly remembered, making it hard, but not impossible, to imagine that it was all due to one man.

Word seeps out to the world that Hitler has been found, plausible reasons for his escape are discovered, secret agents dispatched, diplomatic responses rehearsed in a series of vignettes. Yet, as they continue through the jungle, Hitler seems to grow in stature as the hunters weaken. Underneath the dirt and age are the recognisable clothes, the strut and the self confidence, as Hitler realises he is returning to stage centre. By the time his exhausted, lost captors decide on a kangaroo trial (lest the world embrace him again) it is they who are the prisoners.

Hitler's defence speech in the trial has ruffled many feathers in the extreme-Zionist lobby and the credulous critics who took it at face value. It is not an assault on the Jewish faith, nor is it a pro-Nazi tirade; it is an inversion of logic. Hitler accuses the Jews of being the first race to kill for ideas, i.e., faith, calls himself the Messiah for leading them back to the promised land as a result of the war, and acidly remarks that, to our eternal shame, on-one lifted a hand to help the Jews before the war.

Steiner is not trying to forge some link between Judaism and the Nazis, but rather to point out that all creeds, be they religious or political, can justify their actions, their atrocities, on their own terms. The world will always embrace Hitlers; as Stalin's daughter Svetlana said about her father,he was just a good communist carrying out his political beliefs. At the end of the speech a jungle Indian bows at Hitler's feet and the sound of a helicopter, civilisation, means that he will return.

Hitler is the enigmatic figure of the century. Stick a swastika on a book and it sells; biographies, photo books and the rest abound. We seem to have double standards; on the surface appalled, yet secretly obsessed. Steiner attempts to re-evaluate the man, ask why he remains such a potent force, by addressing himself to the strange relationship with the Jews. I doubt if few people left the theatre without wondering about Hitler afresh and, most assuredly, not in a favourable light; this is no apologist's drama.

If it is staged elsewhere, it is worth a visit, one you will not forget.

* * * * *

In the past reviews of radio, tv, and film sf have been well received in MATRIX - the editors would appreciate reviews, unsolicited, from members.

SPHERE: Beyond the Galactic Rim, A Bertram Chandler (£1.50), volume 94 in the Rim World Series.

Yet more "Best of's" - Isaac Asimov; 1939-52 (£1.75); 1954-72 (£1.75): Buy now before stocks are remaindered.

The Omega Threat, Mark Washburn (£1.75).

PENGUIN: (Again) The Eagle's Gift, Carlos Casteneda, £1.95: Number 6 in the series, "A challenge to the very foundations of our belief of what is 'natural' and logical."

The Warlock of Firetop Mountain, Ian Livingstone and Steve Jackson, £1.25: "A solo fighting fantasy game that the young reader can play himself...a terrifying adventure in which YOU are the hero..."!!!

FILM AND TV NEWS

The latest Friday the 13th, part three, has been shot in 3D... Contagious is a new film by Harley Cokliss, and it is said to be erotic (ho ho)... The BBC, at the American Film Market, bought all possible rights to the sf movie The Next One - film, tv, video, etc... The Thing, John Carpenter's remake (nearly), is now on release in America... August 20th sees the US premier of Superman III... Halloween III after that, October... Heartbeeps looks, well, different. It's a story of robots, but I don't know when it'll be on general release here... Parasite is another 3D film, again gory, with (so I've heard) a thin script... Nightmares In A Damaged Brain is now available on video. The UK Cinema premier, consisting of press men and women, was a bit silly; the publicity consisted of hiring a fleet of Ambulances in case anybody was taken ill because of it, and everyone was provided with a sick bag! The film itself is pathetic and I couldn't make much sense out of it... Without Alfred Hitchcock comes Psycho II from Universal Pictures; gawd!... As well as Blade Runner, Dick fans have another treat in store - John Carpenter (?) is to direct one of his short stories for a film... By now you'll all know that Alien has been shown on ITV, but did you notice the cuts? I did, and there were a few... Precision Video is to release episodes of The Prisoner on video (where else?)...

OTHER NEWS

WRITING SCIENCE FICTION: Following the success of a similar course run this year by John Brunner, Dillington College will be running a second course for those interested in the writing of science fiction. Chris Priest will be the organiser and the course will be held over the weekend of Friday 21 January to Sunday 23 January 1983 at Dillington House, Somerset. The course is residential; those attending will be expected to bring samples of their own (recent) writing. This does not have to be science fiction by rigid definition, but it should have at least some recognisable links with modern speculative writing. The emphasis is on writing rather than on science fiction. If you are interested, you should think about making enquiries fairly soon: details from Peter Epps, Director, Dillington House College and Arts Centre, Ilminster, Somerset TA19 9DT.

ANDROMEDA BESTSELLING PAPERBACKS, for June were: (1) The Space Eater - David Langford (Arrow), (2) The Wizard in Waiting - Robert Don Hughes (Ballantine dist. by Futura), (3) Facts and Fallacies - Chris Morgan and David Langford (Corgi), (4) Dr Who and the Keeper of Traken - Terrance Dicks (Target), (5) God Emperor of Dune - Frank Herbert (NEL), (6) World War III - Brian Harris (NEL), (7) Prophet of Lamath - Robert Don Hughes (Ballantine dist. by Futura), (8) Aftermath - Roger Williams (Star), (9) Worlds - Joe Haldeman (Futura), (10) The Claw of the Conciliator - Gene Wolfe (Arrow), (10) Strata - Terry Pratchett (NEL). Information courtesy of Andromeda Bookshop, 84 Suffolk Street, Birmingham B1 1TA.

HARLAN ELLISON and his secretary were recently involved in a car smash on the way to a speaking engagement in Alaska. Whilst the car was a write-off, Harlan emerged unscathed.

If someone offers you a mint original of a TARZAN novel - beware; the offices of Edgar Rice Burroughs were burgled in the states in May. First editions from 1914-1919 were among those stolen.

STAR TREK conventions are now horrendously commercial, at least in the U.S., and it looks like DR WHO could be going the same way. It is reported that the Doctor is now cult status in the U.S. (whatever that means) and a recent convention saw 3000 attendees. Ye gods, imagine that many ice-warriors, daleks and Dr Who imitations! Star Trek, the second movie, has emerged with the title STAR TREK II: The Wrath of Kahn; much wrath from fans, apparently, at the outcome of Spock in the film. Is he, or is he not, killed off? Only STAR TREK III will tell. Spock was recently over here on a promotion tour, appearing on T.V. and the Radio.

So you want to land your own Space Shuttle? Courtesy of Atari (the videogames people) you will be able to, very soon. A cassette is to appear with a 3-D simulation for landing it. Meanwhile, if you're bored with D&D, a game based on Niven's Ringworld may be forthcoming. Could it be constructive rather than destructive?

No prizes for guessing the flavour of yet another new Board Game available in the States, based on Moorcock's *ELRIC fantasy novels*. "Control Elric and Stormbringer, his soul-stealing sword, and guide your armies to victory in this Battle at the End of Time..." Details from Chausium Inc, Box 6302-LO, Albany CA 94706-0302, USA. - write for free catalogue. Simon Ounsley reports that there is no truth in the rumour that his companion, Elaine, plans to launch a Board Game based on the Infamous *Gonad the Barbarian* trilogy.

It's P.K. Dick cash-in time; associated with the forthcoming Blade Runner, in the U.S. Pacific Comics have issued: The Blade Runner Sketch Book; The Illustrated Blade Runner and The Blade Runner Portfolio. John Brunner was right. On a slightly better note, the suggestion by Tom Disch for a *Philip K Dick Memorial Award* has been taken up. Judges are Disch, Ursula LeGuin and Norman Spinrad. The Award will be presented to a distinguished work of science fiction first published as a paperback.

The American edition of *Helliconia Spring* sold out within a few days; Atheneum, the U.S. publishers sent Aldiss to Texas for promotion, but there was not a single copy of the book left on sale. *Helliconia Summer*, the second in the series, is nearing completion; the third volume will be (yes) *Helliconia Winter*, says Brian Aldiss, now in the Autumn of his career. *Professor Tom Shippey*, who devised the language for *Helliconia*, was recently the subject of a spread in the Yorkshire Post where he described, at great length, his activities in setting questions for Mastermind.

The Putnam Publishing Group (part of MCA) has signed letter of intent to purchase *Grosset/Ace Books*. They already own Berkeley, Universal Pictures and other publishers, and Berkeley is planning to take over, but not buy, Playboy Books; they could corner over 10% of the market if the deals go through; Norman Spinrad, SFWA President, "deeply deplores this development," and is calling for an investigation by the U.S. Justice Department.

Interested in *Writing for Radio and Television*? Amongst a series of Workshops run by London Media Workshops, Brian Sibley will run a one-day workshop concerning writing radio features and documentaries. Sibley's work for radio includes features on A. A. Milne and Lewis Carroll and he was co-adaptor of the 26-part Radio 4 serialisation of *Lord of the Rings*. Venue Westminster Cathedral Conference Centre, Victoria Street, London SW1 - 14 September 1982. Fee £22.50 - details - 101 King's Drive, Gravesend, Kent DA12 5BQ

The sale of *Amazing* to Dragon publishing (see previous Matrix) has been completed; new manuscripts should be sent to George Scithers at Box 8243, Philadelphia PA 19101, USA.

Issue 2 of *INTERZONE* has appeared, as has Issue 3 of *EXTR0*. The latter continues to improve although I'm not sure if it has managed to retain its distribution network through Smiths. Priced at 75p, it appears good value, although I hear rumours that it is scheduled to increase in price to £1.00. The second issue of *INTERZONE* features Ballard, Rachel Pollack, Alex Steward and Andrew Weiner, and a Tom Disch tribute to Philip K Dick; Josephine Saxton's story (see M41) has been held over to the next issue. *Interzone* is still edited and produced by an editorial collective although this august body no longer includes in its ranks Graham Jones James, since I have resigned from the collective. Perhaps Jim Barker, in a forthcoming cartoon strip, will explain why!

CONVENTION NEWS

SILICON 6: August Bank Holiday 27-30, 1982. Grosvenor Hotel, Newcastle. Fannish, very fannish convention, including football and drinking. Normally invitation only, or try crawling to Ian Williams at 6 Greta Terrace, Chester Road, Sunderland SR4 7RD.

GALILEOCON: 27/28 and 29 August 1982. What did Galileo have to do with SF? Why did he throw his maths books at Delilah ("who was sitting, worthlessly alone")? Answers to none of those questions can be obtained from Ms Tina Pole, 11f Priors Terrace, North Shields, Tyne & Wear NE30 4BE. This is the 14th "Official" British Star Trek Convention at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, featuring GsoH Theodore Sturgeon and Judy Blish.

CHICON: 2-6 September 1982 at the Hyatt Regency, Chicago, Illinois, USA. This year's World SF Convention. GoH A Bertram Chandler. AGoH Kelly Freas. FGoH Lee Hoffman. Supporting Membership \$15 or Attending \$50. Join up and vote for the Hugos. Further info - PO Box Ael20, Chicago, Illinois 60690, USA.

UNICON 3: 10-13 September 1982. To be held in the wonderful, yet suicidal, surroundings of the University of Keele, Staffordshire. GoH is Richard Cowper, author of "many fine novels"; FGoH is ex-fan Leroy Kettle; Guest Author is Rob ("I told them I was going and I find I'm Guest Author!") Holdstock. Good fannish convention - £6 to attend, or £3 to support; plus £1 on the door. Group discounts available. Single rooms £8.00 (not including Zoltan) or £6.50 for hard-up students. Details from pipe-smoking John Wilkes, 18A Ivel Gardens, Biggleswade, Beds.

FANDERSONCON: October 8-10, 1982. Bloomsbury Centre Hotel, London. Information 88a Thornton Avenue, London W4 1QQ.

ECONOMY: 10/11 October 1982. Otherwise known as Shoestringcon 4, organised by Hatfield Poly Students at the Elephant House (really), Hatfield Poly. Attending £4.00 (£2.00 PSIFA members); Supporting £3.00 (£1.00). Films, speakers, usual, real ale. Details c/o 4 Ryders Avenue, Colney Heath (nr Hatfield), St Albans, Herts.

FENCON: October 16, 1982. Cambridge University SF Society, one day, birthday celebration. Membership £3.00. Various quizzes, talks and jollities. Accommodation available, though cannot be booked by the organisers. Details: 27 Newmarket Road, Cambridge CB5 8EG.

NOVACON 12: 5-7 November 1982. The Brum Group's source of finances. To be held at the Royal Angus, Birmingham. GoH Harry Harrison. Attending membership £6.00. Single room £11.00; double/twin £14. Details - Apt 2, 1 Broughton Road, Handsworth, B'ham.

CYMRUCON 2: 27-28 November 1982 at the Central Hotel, Cardiff. Wale's 2nd SF convention. GoH is Lionel Fanthorpe who recently had the distinction of arm-wrestling on the Radio 4 programme, Start the Week. (This is a very official, if somewhat obscure, view of the BSFA.) Other Guests: Brian Stableford, Ian Watson, Dave (still ranking as FGoH) Langford. Panels, films, fancy dress, 24-hour bar. Attending £7, supporting £3. Details: 28 Claude Road, Roath, Cardiff, Wales, or ring (0227) 493590. PR now out.

(CONT. P. 20)

I took Rob Hansen to task in the editorial comments preceding the letter column in the last issue; I had felt that a throw-away comment in his own fanzine (Epsilon) relating to MATRIX was ill-informed and "prejudiced".

Below, Rob corrects the accusation of prejudice but still feels that the activities of those involved in the BSFA are, ultimately, fruitless and that their energies would be better directed in individual fanzines. I don't think that this assumption necessarily follows although I agree with Rob on the low level (quality as well as quantity) in fandom "proper". I sympathise with the view held by several contributors to and editors of BSFA publications that their efforts are, not so much "wasted", but not recognised. A response to an article may be forthcoming, but rarely does it build on, and rise above, the original article. This is not a condemnation of individual members who respond by letter (many of whom are new to fandom), but more a condemnation of those who do not respond.

Apart from some notables (e.g., Dave Langford, John Brunner, Bob Shaw) very few "experienced" fans, or writers, ever bother to respond, or write for BSFA publications. Why? I can understand the demands on the time of "pro" writers, but I get rather annoyed that the fans who have learnt and excel at the craft of fanish writing (and Rob is a good case in point) do not bother to participate in BSFA affairs. I recall soliciting an article from Chris Atkinson for MATRIX - a con rep - this was before her contribution to TAPPEN and START BREAKING UP. I saw the first draft and it was excellent; later she declined to let it be used for MATRIX. A re-draft subsequently appeared in TAPPEN and with further work gained her great fame of (deserved) award-winning proportions. I think her attitude towards the inclusion of the original article in MATRIX is shared by many other good fanish writers. Maybe they have a view (unexplained) similar to Rob's; maybe they still think of the BSFA in its form five years ago? Maybe I should let the letter-writers make their point? :-

ROB HANSEN
9A GREENLEAF ROAD
EAST HAM
LONDON E6 1DX

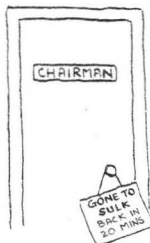
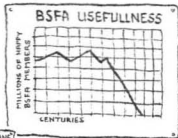
Contrary to what I wrote in EPSILON 10, or rather how you interpreted it, I have no particular axe to grind with MATRIX or your handling of it (I have seen issues edited by you, incidentally, since I didn't join the BSFA until after Dorey & Co. took over, and remained a member for two years, so the accusation of uninformed prejudice is incorrect - not that the term 'prejudice' particularly worries me

since it's been so overused in recent years that it's lost much of its odium). I also have no axe to grind with what any individual is doing - only that they're doing it in the BSFA, an organisation with which I do have an axe to grind. With the level of activity currently so low in fandom proper it pains me to see people who could be instrumental in bringing things back to life squandering their time and their energies on something as ultimately futile as the BSFA. Yes, I know you do a fanzine beyond the confines of the BSFA, but my contention is that the time and the energy you expend on MATRIX could be better used in putting that zine out more often, or in producing articles for other fanzines. (I refer you to my opening comments in the NOTIONS column in the enclosed EPSILON).

All of this also applies to the other BSFA officials, of course.

I recently rejoined the BSFA because of a feeling that I ought to at least keep my eye on what, if anything, was going on, but I have little hope for an organisation that has long since out-lived its usefulness and has all too often been at odds with its original purpose.

Even if it is "at odds with its original purpose," it does not mean to say that it has no purposes at all. Perhaps it now fulfills another function - although a mental search for this function on my part does not produce any meaningful answers. I return to its "original purpose" - which I think was to encourage and promote fandom, particularly the introduction of new fans. I believe it still does this and I can quote many fans who have been introduced to fandom via the BSFA, made contributions to its publications and emerged as active fans and good fanish writers (Martyn Taylor, Simon Bostock, and even Mike Ashley are good examples). This, of course begs the question that if the current activity in fandom proper is so low, then maybe the BSFA isn't fulfilling its original purpose. And that leaves us with a classic Catch 22; if the good fanish writers do not take part in the BSFA's



activities, then the BSFA has a difficulty in introducing fans to good fannish writing, consequently to the detriment of fandom proper; on the other hand, if fans do "waste their resources" on the BSFA, then "fandom proper" suffers anyway. Back, now, to what may be the "new" purpose of the BSFA - a provider for the escapists? :-

ANDY HOBBS
RIVERLYN HOUSE
HOVERINGHAM
NOTTS NG14 7JH

Lettercol was stimulating as ever, prophets of doom and gloom proclaiming here there and everywhere about everything and anything all the time ad nauseum.

Gosh, don't we just live in a terribly sick age, y'all? Now, my views have moderated slightly, see a previous MATRIX lettercol for proof, when I say that I am now undecided about outside topics of debate and contention in MATRIX. What I do not agree with, however, is the ultra-dogmatic approach of Jeff Suter - "Trying to separate SF and Nuclear Debate is impossible." I disagree in principle with this statement, but even more so when it is aimed at people he would have us believe are trying to censor the BSFA in some way. I don't believe that either point is the case. SF is separate from nuclear debate. True, the latter may influence certain lines of thought in the former, but only in small, and ever diminishing areas; and never vice versa. We ain't strong enough.

As for censorship, and its incipient moves into the BSFA, I do not believe that this is the case. There are many members who do read SF, and join SF clubs, and attend conventions and the like, as a pure escapist thing. The Gosh Wow phenomenon is not dead, will not die, and is a major reason for the continuation of the sci-fi genre. Everybody who reads SF knows of the Arms Race, CND, unemployment, trouble and strife the world over. Not everybody who joins the BSFA wishes to have these problems reiterated as such a major factor in one of the Association's publications.

Right; the hands are shaking across the keyboard at too fast a rate for accuracy - it is getting late.

And, after an absence of four years and the setting of three questions for me, Jim England thinks that people join the BSFA because they are interested in science fiction. How preposterous?

JIM ENGLAND
3 RENNISON DRIVE
WOMBOURNE
WOLVERHAMPTON WV5 9HW

In my first letter to MATRIX for 4 years, I would like to ask some straight questions and comment on the latest issue. Question 1: People who are not BSFA members evidently receive BSFA literature and write for MATRIX. Why is this? (The wrongness of it is surely obvious. It pushes

bona fide members out, or into 'We Also Heard From'.) Question 2: Why did you not publish letters criticising the abominable first issue of INTERZONE? (An obscurantist, pretentious specimen of the 'Emperor's New Clothes' which must have dismayed hundreds of subscribers.) Question 3: On page 40 of M42, John Bark describes a certain Keith Walker as publishing a fanzine 'filled with pointless, childish scrawls depicting sexual organs - the sort of thing you expect to see in primary school lavatories' (and I have no reason to disbelieve him). Must so much space in MATRIX be devoted to reviews and advertisements of fanzines of this sort?

Leaving off the straight questions, I must say that I think most people join the BSFA because they are interested in and/or write (as in my case) science fiction, and they could do without quite so much 'fannish', childish stuff. I see no reason why MATRIX can not be made as comprehensible to the average reader as any other specialist magazine, devoid of internal bickering (even between Committee members), back-slapping and back-biting, name-dropping and the passing of private messages between fans. Not to make it so is both discourteous and insulting to non-'fan' readers. To talk of keeping MATRIX 'pure' by keeping out the subject of nuclear disarmament, whilst keeping in so much fannish drivel that has nothing whatsoever to do with science fiction, is an obvious example of blindered selectivity, to say the least.

In saying this, I am not saying that MATRIX should always be deadly serious or straight-laced; only that it should strive for a higher level of maturity. I would not even object, in principle, to its becoming a 'personalzine', if the editor's policies were reasonable. A benevolent dictator is



better than a bureaucratic editorial committee of people in dispute. Disputes in MATRIX have not usually meant much to me because participants write off the top of their heads or make cryptic statements.

The answers to your questions, seriatim, are: (1) Sometimes I ask "non-BSFA members" to contribute; this is not often and I can think of only three non-members over recent issues - Rob Hansen, whose art-work I admire, and who did a cover for me (and has since re-joined the BSFA!); Josephine Saxton, whose writing I admire and who penned "A Day in the Life of" (and she has also joined the BSFA!); and D West (whose subliminal cartoons influence the minds of all fans.....). Contributors who are not members receive a copy of MATRIX (unless they do not wish to) - this is traditional in fandom. "Non-members" do not push out members' contributions; I judge submission on quality and even then, the definition of quality may be stretched when I am hard up for contributions. Anyway, two out of three joining the BSFA is not bad, eh? But, D West, would the organisation have him as a member? (2) I didn't publish letters criticising the "abominable" INTERZONE, because I received only one such letter (and that, I made reference to). Whether or not INTERZONE is abominable, is a matter for INTERZONE and readers can write to editorial collective member David Pringle to say so if they wish. (3) No.

How did I fare on my specialist subject? Back to Jim's non-cryptic statements later. Meanwhile William Bains is rapidly gaining cult status:-

NICK FLYNN
26 CISSBURY ROAD
BROADWATER
WORTHING
WEST SUSSEX BA14 9LD

Gosh, well I obviously said something that Mr Bains disagreed with. After I had finished reading his reply I was left with the distinct impression that he is a practitioner of that fine old artform of Bullshit Baffles Brains. I was also under the impression, although I may be mistaken, that Mr Bains is more than a little disappointed that the Luddites did not succeed.

He strays into the wonderfully grey area of how to define intelligence. The example of fibro-blastic (BSBB?) cells wandering about on bits of metal seems to be a bit vague. What is it that he is exactly saying? What does it prove? I, for one, am not sure.

As for his next example of the little (I hope) machine running about, and plugging itself into the mains whenever its batteries run low. Well, gosh wow, from what I understand, it's not too difficult to construct a machine to do this. (By the way, I did not mention anything about purpose. I fully agree that machines have purpose. There would not be much point in having machines without purpose, would there?) Ah, but then he makes his slip. When he says that it would not be difficult to PROGRAM a machine to learn, who is it that programs machines? Thank you. And yes, I have heard about The Last One (daft name because the software house that produces and markets it is already on version five).

Well, as for my comment about the semblance of intelligence, Mr Bains does not even deign to give this a proper answer. Just another load of B/S.

My main impression after reading the letter is that Mr Bains is very wrapped up in his image of being The Scientist (all bow), and because of this tries to blind everyone with science and long words (heterologous data acquisition, what DOES it mean?) and judging by your editorial comment is succeeding in some quarters.

What DOES it mean, indeed. Science is

LAWRENCE O'DONNELL
58 ST JAMES STREET
MILNROW ROCHDALE
LANCS OL16 3JY

Many thanks to the Editors for acknowledging my work at the end of your lettercol (M42) even if you did spell it ???onnell! - my fault, I think. Anyway, ain't it good to get yer name in print! Spurred on by my success I'm writing again for the lettercolumn.

As a new member can I speak on behalf of my fellow rookies? WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU ALL TALKING ABOUT? It's like a foreign language!

After two mailings I'm just beginning to learn; e.g., there IS a difference between a Sci-Fi fan and an SF FAN! Now I find out that all the authors I've been happily reading for 10 years are leftist-pinko hacks (or is it right-wing fascist hacks?), and all the good stuff is in fanzines which no-one has thought to send me (HINT, HINT).

As to the letters in M42, 'Science' is an integral part of the human animal, coming from invention and cooperation. To divorce science from life in general, to put it into little boxes labelled 'Nuclear Energy', 'Space

Travel' that must be kept separate from Sex, Politics, CND etc is an artificial construction. Surely SF is now free of the constrictions of the fifties, when sex wasn't allowed, the hero was blond and right-wing, and the baddie was always a mongol dictator. Surely our letter column can also break free and voice opinions on any subject. That's what a so-called 'free' society is about, isn't it?

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NONE OF THIS
JERRY POURCELLE
PINKO LONGHAIR
LIBERAL CRAP



Yes, I suppose it is. But, free societies? Where are they? They may be called free for some inhabitants, but most societies which claim to be free use this as a euphemism for being free to do that which the Government (or authorities) permit you to do. Further, most of the non-WASP population in Western countries, and the 'x' million unemployed aren't so free - but we've been through that before in these columns, haven't we?

STEVE INCE
26 HIGH STREET
CHELTENHAM
GLOS GL50 1DE

Back to the CND thing and whether or not the views of members should be allowed to be aired when they don't directly concern SF: sometimes I wonder if we have our sense of perspective properly tuned and whether we are not devoting too much time to the wrong issues. Not very long ago there was a great storm when a doctor allowed to die a baby that had been brain-damaged at birth. Yet I read in today's paper that a doctor at one hospital acquired a machine on five days' free "trial" in order that he could properly safeguard the health of a baby that was born prematurely. The hospital did not have the money to pay for this machine and so, in a sense, the doctor was misleading the company who supplied the machine, as they were hoping to gain a sale from this "trial". The baby had breathing difficulties and, if the machine hadn't been there, enough oxygen might not have been delivered to the brain, resulting in brain damage. The doctor is now hoping for a fund to be set up to raise money to buy one of the machines.

I'm not questioning the right or wrong of the doctor who let the first baby die, but questioning the motives of any government that fails to supply the cash and equipment that will reduce the chances of brain damage occurring in cases where it could be prevented. Still, any government who throws the lives of its soldiers and sailors away over such a small thing as the Falklands issue wants their heads examining anyway.

William Bains again makes me put a little extra onto this letter. It seems as though he's trying to say that we are no better than machines and that some machines have, actually, got intelligence. Whatever that may mean. The trouble is that he doesn't really put it together succinctly and none of his arguments have any real weight behind them. However, I agree wholeheartedly with his last paragraph. It seemed to me that when I was at university, the majority of the people who got good degrees were very single-minded and had no real interest outside of the course they were doing (they would talk about lectures and such, even when out for a drink), and if they did get involved with anything else, it tended to be on a very superficial level. As for myself, I went completely the opposite way and began to treat the course as a very superficial thing. Ah, well...

PAUL DEMBINA
29 HOWCROFT CRESCENT
FINCHLEY
LONDON N3 1PA

Who is this "collection of cells" William Bains? For a scientist he seems to have got in a right muddle over his defence of computers. As a "computer freak" he must have realised that the piece of hardware we call a computer is NOT intelligent. It is merely a *tabula rasa* onto which can be grafted intelligence in the form of programs written by humans. A computer's ability to learn is confined to limits defined by the original program. Feeding in data not anticipated by the program only gives rise to nonsense results. The computer (as of this moment in time) is only as intelligent as the human programmer.

Come to that, each single living cell possesses greater intelligence than the most complex computer.

Pretty obviously M42 was concerned, to a large extent, with discussion of Channelcon. This interested me in particular, as Channelcon was the first science fiction convention I have attended. Actually, I enjoyed it a great deal and so was mildly surprised to find that hardened con-goer opinion dismissed this con as "so-so", most of the criticism centring on the hotel staff. Admittedly my perspective was somewhat different, being a neo-con attendee meant, inevitably, that the majority of my time was filled with seeing programme items and so I saw little of the staff.

For me, the first-time view (the "con-virgin" so to speak) was expressed most ably by Simon Bostock, luckily for me I didn't go alone and so insecurity about not talking to other fans wasn't so intense (thanks, Mike and Brigid) as Simon experienced. On the other hand, I made far fewer approaches than Simon did. God, this is beginning to sound like a Marge Props Problem Page.

A number of others also praised Simon's con-rep and likened it to their own experiences, such as Nick Shears:-

NICK SHEARS
9 KESTREL CLOSE
DOWNLEY
HYGH NYCOMBE
BUCKS HP13 5JN

Sometimes I think the BSFA in general and MATRIX in particular do their job too well. I sit back comfortably and receive my mailings, and get the impression that I am involved in all the goings-on reported, and that I know all the individuals concerned. It's a complete fantasy, of course, and the excellent job you've been making of MATRIX is a major contributory factor.

Still, here I am with a little LoC, making a valiant attempt to kick myself out of my fannish apathy.

The collected disparate views on Channelcon made interesting reading. My own experience was closest to Simon Bostock's, although I enjoyed the breakfasts. It was my second con, but my first was Seacon '79, and three years is too long a gap to achieve any continuity, especially considering the difference in size. I tend to be a little retiring amidst scores of people who know each other, and tiny name badges don't help. I found it disconcerting for



someone to place their myopia six inches from my chest, look disappointed, glance at my face, shrug and walk away; having had that happen to me twice, I was loath to do something similar to someone else.

Still, my thanks to those who took the trouble to chat with Audrey and me, for making our convention more enjoyable. If there were slow or boring patches, I know they were my fault, and I know what to do about them. I need to go along to the BSFA meetings in London; I need to lend a hand at the collation sessions in Reading; I need to write to more fanzines; I need to organize a local group; I need to forget about gardening and decorating and lazing about; I need to get out there and Be A Real Fan!

Finally, I'd like to join the rest of the BSFA membership in thanking Josephine Saxton for her superb "Day in the Life". I hope it will encourage more people to seek out her fiction.

Funny that, while Nick is busily contemplating abandoning his garden and decor for BSFA meetings, mailing sessions, fanzines, local groups, etc, I find myself taking the opposite trip away from the disintegrating Leeds Group, the editorship of MATRIX, and the un-collectiveness of INTERZONE, towards gardens, decorations, and family. Hmmm.

As Nick said, he enjoyed Josephine Saxton's piece, and others also wrote in rapturous praise. Not so with Jim England:-

JIM ENGLAND
ADDRESS BEFORE

Talking of cryptic statements, Josephine Saxton's article was full of them. (I see that her name is not in the 1982 list of BSFA members.) It was disappointing to find the article so narcissistic after greatly admiring an article of hers a few months ago. So she keeps drums by her bed, dyes her hair blue, hangs around bars, corresponds with the 'ringleader of the Paris Lesbian Underground' and sorts out her friends' problems? It sounds to me as if she has problems of her own to solve. What really clinches it is that she admires the emetic, screaming Kenny Everett. (Just the sort of sympathetic guy to have around in times of war, grief and mass unemployment.)

And not so with Steve Ince:-

STEVE INCE
ADDRESS BEFORE

I'm afraid that I didn't enjoy reading "A Day in the Life" this time around. This was for two reasons: the first being that it wasn't strictly a day but a conglomeration of days to make it seem as though everything she did happened each and every day and at a mad rush. Mind you, I may be wrong about this and it may well be true that this is how life is for Josephine Saxton. Which could explain why the article appeared to be written in such a mess. Which is the second reason I didn't enjoy reading the thing. The style was sloppy, cluttered and generally had nothing at all going for it. I gained the distinct impression that she couldn't give a damn about what she was writing as she was only writing a small piece for MATRIX. There seemed to be no thought at all put into the construction of the piece. I think the only saving grace was the really neat Pete Lyon illustrations. Particularly liked his cover, too.

As I said, many people came to praise Josephine's article.

PAUL DEMBINA
ADDRESS BEFORE

Thanks for the excellent piece contributed by Josephine Saxton. It was just that little (?) bit off-centre such that the distinction between reality and fantasy became rather blurred. This series of "A Day in the Life" articles have been most enjoyable, allowing as they do, each writer to express their personality through the written word, whilst each covering the same trivia which contribute to everyday life.

I became quite amused as the letters on SPACE HABITAT I slowly arrived and, in turn, either praised or sought to bury Josephine's work:-

DOROTHY DAVIES
3 CADELS ROW
FARINGDON OXON

I have mixed feelings about your leaving MATRIX Editorship. It is an incredibly difficult magazine to stamp an editorial signature onto, as it is full of bits contributed by others; under your guidance it has become sharper, even savage at times! And all the more enjoyable for that, even if I do complain about bloodletting, but then, someone should put a spiked collar and chain on Chuck Connor sometimes....

But the big question in my mind, after seeing this issue (M42) is - will a new editor - would a new editor - reject where you accepted the piece of rubbish submitted by Josephine Saxton?

I know Dorothy to be, usually, an articulate person, but accusations of "rubbish" hardly do justice to the work which went into writing the article. I find that, when one does step outside the boundaries of what people expect, and expose an alternative life style or different basis of composition, then the reaction is somewhat close to heretical. Whilst some may be encouraged (I hope) to seek out Josephine's writings, others appear to be close to joining the queue to burn her books. Temperature 451 indeed!

An attempt to raise the temperature was made by Bernard T. W. Earp and Kevin Rattan (defenders of liberty and freedom) in their misguided forage into the Connor/James battleground. No doubt they felt deeply on the subject, but how on earth do people find the time to organise a petition on something as harmless and as ultimately futile as a remark in the MATRIX letter column:-

BERNARD M EARP
21 MOORFIELD GROVE
TONGE MOOR
BOLTON BL2 2LQ

KEVIN K RATTAN
23 WAINGATE CLOSE
RAWTENTHALL
ROSSSENDALE BB4 7SQ

We note in the lettercol of MATRIX 42 that Simon Bostock refers to a petition opposed to your handling of the Chuck Connor affair and your note that it had not come to anything. Although the petition was difficult to recognise from Simon's description of its aims, we did, in fact, organise it.

The appearance of this comment in MATRIX has rather forced our hand. We were intending to publish details in Kevin's forthcoming 'zine "Ad Nauseum" but now we feel that it would be unfair on the signatories to leave it up in the air for so long.

FURTHERMORE
IN THE INTERESTS OF
HONESTY
DECENCY
FAIRPLAY
VIRTUE
MOTHERHOOD
ETC
ETC
ETC

RIGHT

DOES ALL THIS
XXX
BUSINESS MEAN
LOVE AND KISSES
OR IS THAT THE
SIGNATURES?



It was a small-scale Petition, sent to a few individuals and groups. The response was largely favourable, with 30 signatures including Roelof Goudian (sic), Terry Jeeves, John D Owen, Bob (fake) Shaw, Ken Mann, and

Mike Malloy, amongst others. On top of these, we received several letters of support from people who, for various reasons, couldn't sign.

The aim of the Petition was not to suggest that only members should air their views and not the editor, but rather to show our dissatisfaction with the handling of the affair. We were particularly unhappy with your demand in MATRIX that Chuck "...reveal his sources..." and then subsequent refusal to print Chuck's explanation whilst still airing your own views. The reason we decided not to send in the Petition was partly that it was losing relevance and partly in order not to aggravate the cooling situation; however, the mention in MATRIX forces us to explain its intention and result. Please note that the Petition was not done out of any personal animosity towards you.

What amuses and puzzles me, is why some people couldn't "for various reasons" sign. Did they think I would stick pins in them? Who were they? Interesting to me, though, who did sign. Anyway, the matter has long since been buried. Anyone else who feels that their "right" of reply has been abused should write to the BSFA Ombudsman. What?! No such person, you might say; how about Arnold Akien for the job?

ARNOLD AKIEN
6 IUNBLANE ROAD
SEABURN
SUNDERLAND
TYNE AND WEAR SRG 8EU

A brief respectful bow in the direction of the Old Master. I have raved about the excellence of D West's artwork long before the cretinously narrow-minded attacks on the 'Rape' cover, and now we have a yet more silly 'attack' - if that's the right word - on Don's massive powers of Domination. How did they find out?? Well, since the cat is out of the bag, as it were, I'd better let the less observant of BoSFA's loccol fans into the Secret (sorry D). If you stare at any of Don's loccol cartoons VERY intently, and blink hard 1000 times, you will find that, when you look away from the page, you have printed across your field of vision a kind of after-image. The effect is similar to that which you get when you look at an unshaded electric light bulb too long, save that, instead of an after-image of the electric lamp's filament, when you follow the A.A. decyphering method remember a VERY hard stare and no less than 1000 blinks of the eyes you will see the words 'You must buy D West a Drink!' It's subliminal compulsion, you see. Not many people know about this.

'Tis true, I tell you. I have seen new fans amble into the West Riding with science fictional enthusiasm after discovering an advertisement for the Leeds SF Group in the local alternative newspaper. With virginal innocence they approach the back room and, before you can play your next domin, they are covering at the Master's feet begging him to drink from their very own glass. After this, "Fetch Drink, Collick" becomes the key word to entice pavlovian response. Talking of Pavlovian responses, BSFA Members seem to fall into this category, on occasion, as Marjorie Brunner observes:-

MARJORIE BRUNNER
THE WQARE HOUSE
PALMER STREET
SOUTH PETHERTON
SOMERSET TA13 5DB

I feel compelled to respond to William Bains' entertaining letter in MATRIX 41. Does he only read MATRIX and VECTOR? We receive dozens of journals from everywhere writing about the past, present and future of science fiction, covering interviews with science fiction writers, publishing pages of reviews of science fiction books.....until one feels that science fiction is the only topic in the world apart from the odd abusive

letter from one fan about another.

The most interesting of these journals, with one or two exceptions, is a bulletin addressed to writers and is published "to promote the welfare and document the interests, opinions, activities and history of the science fiction writing community". In a recent issue articles included 'US Leads as Worldwide Arms Sales Double in Decade', "Death by Irradiation" by J. Garrot Allen, "J. Robert Oppenheimer: a Reasonable Man" by Richard Kadrey, "The Drum Major Instinct" by Martin Luther King Jr..... Interesting? In my long experience a number of Fans have ended up as highly respected writers. So it would seem to me that writers/fans, fans/writers should be interested in many subjects including some considered to be controversial.

I look forward to seeing discussions in fanzine columns about two books by Eysenck, for example, "Explaining the Unexplained" regarding parapsychology and "Astrology, Science or Superstition",

subjects which have been used by S.F. writers and including Phil Dick's book written around the I Ching. Or, does Mr Bains consider that MATRIX 'should not be open to such things'?

The reason I enjoy conventions is because the readers I talk to are well informed people who are keen to talk on many subjects and not just discuss the latest Perry Rhodan episode.

A fair point; it's true that in our S.F. ghetto we tend to be isolated, not only from other people, but also from other literature and other forms of expressive outlets. As Marjorie points out, she receives journals on all range of subjects which do cover, in addition, S.F.; but if our S.F. journals attempt to cover material unrelated, or only partially related, to S.F., then members rebel and accuse.

MIKE LEWIS would agree with that point, or at least I think so, having read "his first letter to MATRIX, and he doesn't know why he hasn't written before"..... Please write again, Mike.

I BARRINGTON informs me that "Either you or Michael Moorcock have your facts wrong about Josephine Saxton's first published work; he, Moorcock, states "The Wall" first published in Science Fantasy before an amalgamation with New Worlds in 1966, and not in F & SF as you state."

M D WIPPELL agrees with "the point made by Jeff Suter that the Artist award should always be referred to as "THE CARNELL". It is only right that the life of the man who did more than any other ten people to establish, define and extend SF writing and publishing in Britain should be commemorated in this way."

CHRIS BARKER was "severely depressed by reading the first two volumes of Gene Wolfe's Book of the New Sun and also his Death of Dr. Island and Other Stories and Other Stories ad nauseum. (What a diabolical writer and what pain he causes to those like me.) There was a point in The Claw of the Conciliator, when I thought all hope of succour had gone. You see, I had hoped that there might have come a point when the standards of SF had dropped so low that even my appalling stories might be published. Unfortunately it's writers like Gene Wolfe that raise the standards of literacy in SF to quash the hopes of us illiterate, unpublished, hacks."

THOMAS TURNBULL wrote on "the sad death of Edmund Cooper. As he was my favorite author, I wrote to him in 1980 praising his work. He wrote me a very nice letter and sent me two signed copies of his books. I have read all his books and enjoyed them all and shall miss any future books he may have written."

We Also Heard From: NIK MORTON; CHRIS FOWLER ("MATRIX has certainly changed a great deal since the days when we started it, when I was involved in the "revival" of the BSFA. The magazine is a lot more lively and literate, as well, of course, as being better produced. Keep up the good work!") CHRIS BAILEY ("The Day in the Life pieces by Chris Evans and Lisa Tuttle were excellent, but that by Josephine Saxton surpassed even those - a genuine original and freethinker!"); WE THE UNDERSIGNERS; JOSEPHINE SAXTON ("Wish my days really were like my fantasy-although all the elements separately are true of some days, more or less."); DAVID GARNETT, who wants a back copy of MATRIX 40 and ("After giving it some serious attention over twelve years, I've just rejoined the BSFA."); and MARTYN TAYLOR ("Sorry I'm pushing the deadline but of late I've been travelling six hours a day to get to work, arranging to get married and move to the Isle of Man in September, and... and... there's been something else, I wonder what? Sorry for the delay but Paulo Rossi has just scored..."). Thank you all. Please Keep Writing.

Two items which arrived after our "formal" deadline, but which we are able to slip in anyway:

MISS K A SHIEL
40 ROSEBERRY AVENUE
PRESTON VILLAGE
NORTH SHIELDS
TYNE & WEAR NE29 9PQ

On September 12, 1982, I plan to run my first full Marathon (Help!! Beam me up, Scotty!), and now I am looking for sponsors to help me raise funds for 'INTERNATIONAL RESCUE'. What is International Rescue? No, it's not millionaire Jeff Tracy and his family performing daring rescues, but a group of specialists from our emergency services (firemen, nurses, doctors ...) who have volunteered their services to help in times of disaster.

International Rescue is a registered charity. Unfortunately, there is no millionaire to fund their rescue attempts, and this is where you can help. By sponsoring me in the Newcastle Marathon (my first Marathon) you can help raise money which will be used directly for operational use. Help us now, to become 'United to Save Life'. Send S.A.E. to me for your Individual Sponsorship Form, or better still, ask for a Group Sponsorship Form and recruit your friends. As an added incentive, there is a free 'International Rescue' badge for everyone who sponsors me.

Could this be an opportunity for involvement in charitable activities? Finally, an appeal from:-

EUNICE PEARSON
APT 2
1 BROUGHTON RD
HANDSWORTH
BIRMINGHAM B20

At Novacon 12, one programme item is to be a discussion on fanzines today. I am more or less in charge of this item and I would greatly appreciate your help. What I would like you to do, is to write to me telling me your views on today's fanzines. Do you feel they have changed in the past few years? What do you think of fiction-fanzines? There will be a table in the bookroom reserved for the use of fanzine editors. Bring

your 'zines along and we will sell them for you, or give them away if that is what you want. There will be no charge for this service!

(CONT. FROM P. 21)

RACON: 4-6 February 1983 in the Grosvenor Centre Hotel, Edinburgh, Scotland. GoH Harry (it's me again) Harrison; Fan GoH Pete ("I've gone off Reggae lately, it's getting too commercial") Lyon. Details from Phil Dawson, 4/7 New John's Place, Edinburgh (phone 031-667 5151). PR now out.

ALBACON II: 14 April 1983. The 34th Annual U.K. Science Fiction Convention at the Glasgow Central Station Hotel, but book early unless you want to be in the overflow. Informative and well-produced PR1 now out revealing "a full main programme; alternative programme; video programme; fan programme; art show; computer room; dealer's room; war-gaming room." Hmm, no time to go to the bar. McLewans Heavy (pronounced with a rustic Scottish accent) is only 62p a pint and real ale is promised (like all other cons have promised). Attending membership (supporting in brackets) are: to 1 Dec 1982: £8.00 (£4.00); to 1 Feb '83: £9.00 (£5.00); at the door £10.00. Gs of H are Tanith Lee and James White. The TAFF and GUFF winners will be FGSoH. Room rates range from £9.00 for a triple without bath to £15 for a single with, incl VAT and breakfast. Details from Doug McCallum B/L 8 Highburgh Road, Glasgow G12 9YD, but don't ring Bob Shaw's answering phone since he's no longer on the Committee (shock, horror, scandal!).

BECCON 2: 29-31 July 1983. Essex Crest Hotel, Basildon; repeat of the '81 con. Usual programming; GoH to be named. £3 to support or £7 to attend. Details from: 191 The Heights, Northalt, Midx U35 L34. Well organised bunch of Harrovian fans from the heights of Northwest London. 75 members and around 250 expected. The committee have recently produced an informative and amusing publication, The Voice of the Shrimp, which gives advice to potential (and existing) con organisers. It's worth a read at 50p, available from Mike Westhead at the above address.

THE CON WITH NO NAME: ... and no sense of finance... September 17 & 18, 1983 at the Dragonara Hotel, Leeds. Media SF convention, charging £10 registration and £14 plus VAT for a single room, £19 for a double. Details from Miss Trisha O'Neil, 111 Chestnut Grove, Conisborough, S. Yorks. No connection with Leeds SF Group.

CONSTELLATION: September 1-5, 1983; the World SF Convention in Baltimore, Maryland, USA. GoH John Brunner. Supporting membership is \$20, Attending much more. Info from Worldcon 41, Box 1046, Baltimore, MD 20203, USA.

NEWS OF 1984: Members will have received full details of the British Bid for the 1984 EUROCON. The organisers plan to bid for this to be held over Easter 1984, and, thus, also bid for the 1984 Eastercon. This is likely to provoke some fannish arguments, to the extent of a number of fans releasing a bid sheet for their Eastercon '84 ("Eurocon is a good idea, but not at Easter," they say). Their 1984 con is a good idea, I would say, but not at Easter. Anyway, take your pick and pre-support Eurocon for £1 from Pauline Morgan at 39 Hollybow, Selby Oak, Birmingham B29 4LX; or hold on to your money and send message of sympathy/support to 4 Fletcher Road, London W4 5A7.

ORWELLCON 1983: SFANCON 14: 11, 12 & 13, November 1983; Ufsia Rodestraat, Antwerpen. GoH is Anthony Burgess. Supporting membership 200 B.Fr. (as a supporting member you will receive 3 or 4 progress reports, and a Programme). Attending is 400 B.Fr. by international post-warrant to order of B. Suykerbuyk. The convention will take place at Antwerp University) located in the center of the city, a few streets from Antwerp's world famous cathedral, townhall and other dark places. This convention is a tribute to the English writer George Orwell and his novel "1984". The committee will try to give the con an international scientific character, without shunning the fannish side of life. The principal speaker will be Alexander Zinoviev, the soviet writer in exile. Information on hotels will be sent with PRs and the committee will make reservations. Address is: B. Suykerbuyk, A. Vermeylenlaan 21, bus 20, B-2050 Antwerpen, Belgium.

it published professionally. We also plan to produce a review and this will be done on a more frequent basis. The purpose of this review will be to provide an outlet for things such as profiles, quizzes, event dates and advertising.") Steve's address for further information is 43, Talbot Road, Northampton. Cassandra's intentions certainly sound impressive enough, though experience has taught me never to get too optimistic....

Deadline for M44: 1 September Mail to: 11 Fox Green Crescent, Birmingham B27 7SD

***Jim England adds a "slight correction" to Steve Green's last column as follows:

JIM ENGLAND
ADDRESS IN
LETTERCOL

A slight correction to the account of the demise of the West Midlands S.F. Group on page 19 of MATRIX: Geoff Boswell says "January and February '82 came around and no-one — NO-ONE — out of 30 or so renewed the membership." He does not say why.

The facts are:- (a) No one was asked to renew. (b) It would have been inappropriate to renew, because no-one had received an issue of its magazine 'Evenstar' since October '81. (c) The latter, newly taken over by Simon Bostock (who lives 50 miles away!) was so blurred as to be unreadable. Geoff Boswell says it then "folded.... due to lack of printing opportunity." This last remark makes no sense to me, as this same Simon Bostock, instrumental in nipping the West Midlands S.F. Group in the bud, evidently publishes a fanzine, advertised in MATRIX, and writes a letter, article and news report in its latest issue. This sort of thing does no service to either S.F. or its readers.

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(Editorial continued from page 3)

be sent to Keith Freeman's Electronic Random Editorship Finder and the first number selected will be endowed with the post. Your only alternative is, therefore, to apply for the editorship now, while stocks last. This is an official, if somewhat tragic, view of the BSFA.

LATE NEWS SUPPLEMENTS

Roelof Goudriaan, the BSFA's Netherlandish correspondent writes with details of the 1982 National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F) Amateur Short Story Contest. Rough details are: Open to all amateur writers; stories must be original, unpublished, not more than 7500 words, and SF and/or fantasy in the opinion of the judges; must be typed, one side of 8½ x 11" white paper, double spaced, title on each page; name of author NOT anywhere on the manuscripts (for impartial judging). Write for further details to: Donald Franson 6543 Babcock Ave. North Hollywood, CA 91606 USA. He'll send you the contest rules and entry blank. Good luck!

