

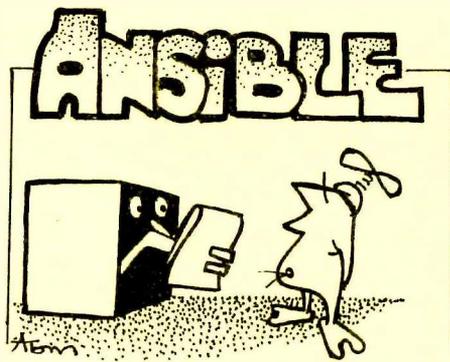
One awesome fact loomed above all others at Novacon, and that was guest of honour Rob Holdstock's imminent change of address to 54 RALEIGH ROAD, LONDON, N.8, phone 01-348-5727. ("I'm famous," he said. "I want a big prominent CoA notice, none of your minky little duplicated bits at the back." OK, boss.)

Convention sensawonder began for us in a semi-infinite, rain-lashed NEC car park. "We're late for our Contravention meeting at the exhibition hotel!" shrieked Chris Hughes, hurling Hazel and me dextrously from his car and rattling off with Jan to plot the future of Eastercons. Several monsoon seasons later we found a station, a train, Birmingham, the Grand Hotel and a closed bar (in that order). The venue change from the Royal Angus freshened the con no end, with so many more rooms in which to see the programme not happening; layout was particularly eldritch, inexplicable flights of stairs in mid-corridor and a behind-the-scenes labyrinth recalling *The Name of the Rose*. One hoped short cut between floors led me after many adventures to a forbidden balcony full of lighting gear, overlooking the main hall.

Merciful oblivion surrounds my Saturday morning blither, misdrafted on Wednesday while Steve Higgins duplicated millions of fanzines mere inches from the back of my neck; it was, by request, all about *The Leaky Establishment* and the jokes are far too classified to quote. Later, R.Holdstock confronted me: "You bastard," he said. "I hear your talk was so good, my Goll speech is going to be a pathetic anticlimax. I'll get you for this..." John Brosnan, it seemed, had been cheering Rob with not wholly sincere reports of 10-minute standing ovations—I should be so lucky. Rob's speech I rather liked; it moved from nervous fannish jokes (and declarations of true lust for Jan Huxley) to a thesis on Arthurian Myth In The Novels Of Robert P.Holdstock. A few fans' minds proved insufficiently cosmic to cope with both. I contrived to miss the 'Krapton Factor' game and never discovered the nature of its dreaded food assault course (when questioned, those in the know turned delicate avocado-colour and clapped hands over their mouths). An art auction saw staggeringly colossal bids, enough to make my bank manager put on the black cap, while Pete Lyon's tatty con-clothes began somehow to look like the affectation of an eccentric millionaire. Chuch Harris, surprise revenant fan of the con, was heard to ask the cost of paint-by-numbers kits.

Most soothing party: Beccon's, whose olde-worlde atmosphere revived the dying art of party chat. Most street-credible: Mexican's, of course, with its merciless right-and-left assault of Disaster Area rock music and Agent Orange punch. (I stopped being street-credible a while ago.) Best rumour: that Bob (fake) Shaw, whose book trade is said to have diversified into porn, had arrived on his motorbike for a Novacon at the usual time and place: several hundred yards away and a week before. This, as a ghastly example of what happens when you let your *Ansible* subscription lapse, went straight into the Too Good To Check pigeonhole.

Linda Strickler James took me warmly by the throat and explained that last issue I'd been naughty, chiefly by failing to realize her Yorcon III rank of 'co-ordinator' is what in



lesser cons would be called 'chair'. Mike Sherwood confided that Space-Ex 84's revised August Bank Holiday date was cancelled with seconds to spare, that 40 of several thousand expected fans turned up, and that the whole debacle was now 'put forward' to 1986—oh God! Bob Shaw said he'd never buy a word-processor, even as Chris Priest, far off in America, was slowly succumbing (after years of denouncing the vile machines he's bought himself an Apricot). Barry Bayley said he never worried about being remaindered, and had some more drinks while I gnashed my teeth over Arrow's porfidity (the usual: *Space Eater* remaindered, without warning, in breach of contract, and newish Arrow MD Nick Webb thinks he can smooth it over with a flabby apology—ha!).

The closing ceremony was weird. Nova Awards went to Dave Wood's *Xyster* as best fanzine (runners-up *This Never Happens* and *For Paranoids Only*), D.West as fanartist (2nd Atom, 3rd Margaret Welbank) and Anne Warren as fanwriter (2nd me, 3rd tied between Mal Ashworth & Nigel Richardson). It was evident that of possible voting blocs feared by paranoids—born-again 50s fans, 70s clitists, apas, women—all had successfully manipulated the award! Huge cheers greeted the Concrete Overcoat Fan Fund presentation; detailed voting figures would appear here had proprietor Kev Clarke sent them. The Big 3, says my notebook, were Ian Sorensen (73 votes), Novacon chair Steve Green (100) and, winner with 149, Richard Bergeron. Puerto Rico being far away, Rob Hansen accepted the trophy on Richard's behalf, not without the shadow of some emotion passing over his face. Then—controversy! Rob Holdstock having often told the committee that as Goll he wished to be fawned on by beves of naked dancing girls, they took him approximately at his word and hired a 'kissogram' greeting—only for a rumoured Hidden Hand to pay the extra £60 for a 'strippogram'. The Holdstock grin froze as things jiggled in front of it. Bob Shaw later wailed his regret at having missed it all; others were less keen, and protests both verbal and written were duly delivered to the committee (doubtless very properly, though Hazel and I had the rebellious thought that when public breastfeeding and the odd bare bosom in the Fancy Dress are seemingly OK, it seemed a trifle much to express huge horror that 'children should be subjected to the display'. Hell, she kept her g-string on...). Subsequently one committee member (Paul Vincent) dropped out of fandom, while Steve Green says he'll attend no more big cons except—

NOVACON 15 passes into the hands of Phill Probert and will cost you £7, to 32 Digby House, Colletts Grove, Kingshurst, Birmingham, B37 6JE. I rather look forward to returning to the Grand, where we had a hell of a good time.

FRANKIE COMES FROM HOLLYWOOD :: NEIL GAIMAN

Frank Herbert turned up for a brief press conference on the *Dune* debacle—er, film—a few weeks ago. There were only two people there who had actually read anything he'd written—myself, and a bald journalist in a shabby mac (yes, I know that describes most of them) who tended to ask magnificent questions like "I read *Dune* the first time it came out and the thing that struck me then as indeed it seems to have struck most of the reading populace is that it's a great story, a wonderful story, I thought the way it unfolded, the way it was sustained, there was so much imagination involved in it. Later on as the years went on, I suppose people have read things into it, I suppose the same thing happened with *Lord of the Rings* and lots of other things. The whole SF genre in general... I'm sorry, I shall get to the question... is entertainment still your first priority, Mr Herbert?"

ANSIBLE 41 confronts the impending horrors of 1985, but not with any great effect. Still in charge: DAVE LANGFORD of 94 LONDON ROAD, READING, BERKSHIRE, RG1 5AU, England. Predictions of grossly inflationary subscription increases are borne out by our NEW RATES: 5 issues for £2.00 sterling. Notes to me, cheques/money orders to ANSIBLE, Girobank transfer to a/c 24 475 4403, \$3.50 US to agents Mary & Bill Burns, 23 Kensington Ct, Hempstead, NY 11550. The mysterious silence of Leigh Edmonds has delayed plans for a handy Aussie subscription rate & local address (anyone else interested?). Cartoon by ATOM, mailing labels lovingly hand-crafted on vellum by KEITH FREEMAN, last issue's collation by CHRIS HUGHES and ANDREW STEPHENSON—not to mention the debut of FANG the Electric Stapler. Mailing label explanation: let's face it, no one ever understands or reads this bit, but the secret is to SEND MONEY unless your label says TRADE or features a number bigger than 41. Date: December 1984.

*** THE SMALL PRINT: BRIAN STABLEFORD is looking for cheap copies of his sf novel *The Walking Shadow* (which did so well as to sell out completely in 7 weeks, whereupon Fontana declined to reprint) and is interested in hearing from you at 113 St Peter's Rd, Reading, Berks, RG6 1PG. HORST G. TROSTER of Eschersheimer Landstr 319, D-6000 Frankfurt/M. 1, W Germany, is eager to contact anyone with tapes of the original Hitch-Hiker series, with a view to ~~plac~~ purchase/swap.

*** HAZEL'S LANGUAGE LESSONS are real and come from real dictionaries (to assure new subscribers who've expressed Doubt). Andy Richards sends background from 'Pages from the Book of III: A Prydain Glossary' (TK Graphics)... "HAZEL NUTS OF WISDOM. These remarkable nuts, which enabled the eater to understand the language of animals, grew on only one hazel tree in Prydain..." No comment from Hazel.

Herbert: I'd feel a helluva lot more comfortable if you'd call me Frank, guys.

Bald Journalist in Mae who Woffled: Er, thank you, er, Frank...

Herbert: Yes it is. Next question? ...etc etc. Mainly he said what a nice, good, great, magnificent, marvellous, fab, cool, groovy, hip, zowie-gosh film *Dune* was. He also answered questions like, "As a science fiction writer, people will of course assume you are a weirdo who believes in UFOs?"

Herbert: Well I do believe in UFOs—unidentified flying objects. Please don't hear that as anything else.

Reporter: No, no, of course, understood, yes. Do you get a lot of people giggling at you because of your beliefs, being seen as a crank, etc? [Visions of I HAVE SEEN THE SAUCER PEOPLE SAYS DUNE MAN headlines leaping about him.]

Herbert: I don't think you entirely understood me... It might have been a livelier time if anybody there had seen the film, but since it still hadn't been previewed a scant month before release date... (I think they're scared. Preview is 2 days before it goes on release!) (NG)

AMAZING LITERARY REVELATIONS FROM THE USUAL MOLES

BRIAN ALDISS: "Germany has just phoned to say I have won the Lasswitz Award for Best Foreign Novel of '83 (*Helliconia Spring*). The Lasswitz is the Booker Prize of Westphalia, by the way... It would have cheered you to be at the Priest pad for Halloween, where a number of magical realists told spine-chilling and gonad-warming ghost stories." (BA)

JOHN BROSNAN: "Bob Shaw isn't the only one to have a 'spontaneous combustion' book coming out from Granada in paperback. My own—now called, I think, *Torchad!* after originally being called *Sizzle*, then *The Searing*—will be leaving a fiery trail through the Publishing firmament in mid-85. It's very different from Bob's, being a sleazy exploitation job with which I'm quite pleased. It will give a whole new meaning to the term 'hot flushes'... Isn't it time you gave a plug to the sterling efforts of Harry Adam Knight, especially as his 3rd book will be out by your next issue? It is, of course, called *The Fungus* and is so disgusting that two copyeditors at Star had to be hospitalized while working on it. (So far I've been lucky and received no review copies of any HAK books. Nor invitations to the sumptuous launch parties. DRE)

"Sad news from *Starburst* mag—editor Alan McKenzie has had enough and has resigned. The management threaten to change *Starburst's* format and make it 'more juvenile'. No need for obvious jokes like 'How?'—countless others have got there before you. But seriously, such a change will mean the end of the few intellectual bits of the mag—Chris Evans's book review section and my column, for example. The management are waiting to see how the special *Ghostbusters* and *Gremlins* issues do before their final decision. Even if they don't change the format they insist future issues will be in 'much larger type'. A sign of the times. (Chris Evans since tells me he's got in with a pre-emptive resignation: D)

"And now a gem for your collection of Great Moments From The Slushpile, from an Australian MS I was sent to read. *He gasped. "I've never seen anything like this. Even remotely. What's its form of space propulsion?" / "You mean, what makes it go?" / "Yes," he said eagerly as he activated his sensor converter. / "From what I've been told, I think it will somehow overcome the laws binding the dimensions together, up to the sixth. And then, using a mix of gravity and anti-gravity, a controlled space whirlpool with the power of the big bang is formed. But in a tight beam so that only the ship, which is enveloped in a special negative dimensional field, is sucked into the vortex." / "You've explained that quite well, Trisha," Jesse complemented [sic] as he walked towards the awesome ship.' From the same MS, a classic line: 'She was a fish out of water in a man's arms.'*

"Aren't we all?" (John Brosnan—who's only half the man Harry Adam Knight is.)

MALCOLM EDWARDS: "I'd love to think that our bog had been immortalized by Tom Disch. Maybe so, but I should just point out that Gollancz didn't turn down *The Businessman*. Tom turned down our offer... Take a look at Howard Jacobson's new novel *Peeping Tom* (widely praised of late). There is a character called Dr Rowland Fitzpiers, 'large and dark and affable' with 'heavy black brows' and a beard. He is an academic

grown keen on sf, and is first seen explaining how all the great 19th century novels are really sf. He also has lots of girlfriends who are 'all the ex-wives or mistresses of SF writers.' I'm sure even those of us who met Jacobson when he was best man at Peter Nicholls's and Clare Coney's wedding will realize that there are no *roman à clef* elements in this characterization." (ME)

MAXIM JAKUBOWSKI: "Being called a cretin by Peter Nicholls (A40) is, I feel, a worthwhile achievement and I now consider myself a genuine part of the Nicholls Pantheon. Seriously though, the Allen & Unwin encyclopaedia project has sold to the US at Frankfurt and as soon as all contractual matters have been finalized I shall enter a major period of commissioning." (MJ) (who like FN is doing *The Enc. of Fantasy...*)

IAN WATSON: "Once more into the political fray! Last night I was adopted as Labour candidate to contest the fair city of Lactodorum, more recently known as Towcester, and its surrounding demesnes, in the May County Council elections. Incumbent: a Liberal. Tory White Hope: Lord Hesketh." (IW)

ARTHUR C. CLARKE's new puffsheet lists the 2010 UK film debut (9 March), and in the same month the start of an 'ITV series' called *Arthur C. Clarke's World of Strange Powers*. Egad... WILLIAM GIBSON sends a poster for *Katebushcon 1* (Winnipeg, June 84); in revenge I quote his *Neuromancer* p44: "the interzone where art wasn't quite crime, crime not quite art."

"THE USUAL VILE LIES & SLANDER" :: MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER *World Fantasy Con*: my spy Deep Troll reports the most thrilling scene was at the Sunday afternoon banquet. This was held at 2pm by con organizers who apparently forgot that the last southbound flight from Ottawa was scheduled at 4pm. 88 fans were booked for it, and during the banquet the crowd became strangely depopulated as they fled to avoid another night of Arctic terror: Peter Straub went so far as to disappear before a scheduled award presentation. Imagine the delighted fannish mob discovering at the airport that the flight was, alas, cancelled. More famous agents and authors apparently disgraced the hotel's coffee shop than anyone would have the right to expect...

Amsterdam in '88? This is the goal of notorious New York fan Neil Belsky, who recently discovered the enormous subsidies given by the Dutch Ministry of Culture and is planning a Netherlands worldcon bid entirely composed of American fans. Reportedly Kees van Toorn was approached, but Belsky is going full speed ahead, talking at endless length to anyone who will listen about thrilling plans for subsidized airfares, subsidized hotel rooms, &c.

The Sagan Watch: Imminent publication of Carl Sagan's famous novel *Contact* (*Ansible, passim*) has caused numerous moles and hatchmen to emerge from the woodwork with this vile rumour—C has apparently been famed out to a hack we will call Sci-Fi Writer X. X is to receive 10% of the gross in return for ensuring that C remains a credible sf novel, that the plagiarisms are kept reasonably restrained, and that the writer Deny All if asked about ghosting. Speculation abounds as to who Mr X may be, but the most likely candidate is Jerry Sohl.

The situation was masterminded by Simon & Schuster's Ron Busch, whose first encounter with sf came in 1976 when he was at Ballantine and Judy-Lynn del Rey rushed into his office with stills from an obscure project called *Star Wars*. "We could make millions from this," Ms del Rey said. "Little girl, why don't you take your toys and go home," Mr Busch reportedly replied. "We grownups need to work." Del Rey proceeded to make millions from *Star Wars* while Busch lost \$3M on Doctorow's *Loon Lake* and \$1M on John Irving's *The Hotel New Hampshire*.

The person ultimately responsible for *Contact* is none other than Francis Ford Coppola. In 1979 Mr Coppola, looking for a way to save the ailing Zoetrope Studios, discovered that sf films made zillions of dollars and proposed an sf mini-series to NBC. He reportedly thrashed about for a Big Name to attach to this to make it sell—someone large, cosmically minded... Carl Sagan! CS agreed to participate; S&S, sensing that the Coppola/Sagan collaboration would make zillions of dollars, agreed and gave Sagan the fabled \$2M contract. Then Coppola floundered, dropped out, and left the world with a forthcoming novelization for a never-to-be-made Coppola movie. So it goes. (MMW)

::: CYMRUCCON — 2-4 November 1984 :: DAVE WOOD has desperate fun in S.Wales :::

The 1984 Cardiff con has cym and gone with a massive turnout in the wake of poor advertising and the really inspired notion of running it a mere week before Novacon. Rumour has it that the fake Bob Shaw will be advising next year's committee on the benefits of holding it on the same weekend as Novacon 85. Sydney Jordan is to be approached... 42nd Squadron, flushed with their triumph at Seacon, were in full force; the Dez Skinn Appreciation Society swelled the audience to ~300 (committee estimate) though to an impartial observer ie. self the place seemed deserted--one could get to the bar with no problem, the battle was to attract the attention of the massive bar staff contingent and *he* always seemed to be round the back in the kitchen... Fannish-world count added up to a baker's dozen who sat bemoaning that it had All Gone Wrong. GoH Ken Bulmer fought his way to the rostrum amid cheering support from an audience of 45, following committeeman Neil Burgess's rousing intro ("You all know him and so I won't waste any time introducing him," etc). Bulmer, analysing the potential of his audience, launched into Future Sex In SF--a 'serious' talk, honest... By 4pm Sat one Newport fan was seriously debating whether to stay or go home for a bath; thanks to the efforts of Martin & Katie Hoare plus quantities of Brains SA found in a variety of seedy hostelrys, he was still there inebriated and unwashed on Sun afternoon, eyeing up the knickers of various females. Amazing incidents were few. The 24-hour 'we won't be closing' bar had shutters down at 8.30am on Sunday, thus defeating attempts by Dave Wood, Mike Sherwood and A Certain Newport Fan to get a pre-breakfast pint. One exciting moment came when Katie H breathlessly announced she'd heard there were HOOKERS in the basement. This was greeted with a surge of apathy by all present, though for the next ten minutes male members of the party kept having to visit the loos in the basement. I found no trace of the ladies in question. Finally made my escape amid cries of 'see you at Novacon' and blooded oaths that NOTHING would induce us to return to Cardiff 1-3 Nov 1985, see you there?

The certain Newport fan--initials AH--cannot be mentioned as (following the backlash of Security Fear in fandom?) there was no sign of any checking as to who was registered for the con: this gentleman thus never got round to actually laying out hard cash for his scintillating weekend. He was the lucky one. (DW)

**** Later, the Certain Newport Fan gloated that when he returned legless from Sat-night pub crawling, an off-sober committee member overcame hotel suspicions by guilelessly vouching for the CNF as a Cymrucon member. Shock horror, etc. (DRL)*

CONS Siliclone is a (surprise) Silicon-style event: 15-18 Feb in the Doric Hotel, Edinburgh, £4 to 191 Easter Rd, Edinburgh, EH6 8LF. If I can face the trip I might even be there... Dragoncon 3: 27 Jan (10am-10pm), The Bull, East Sheen, with Anne McCaffrey ('provisionally') & Jack Cohen. £7 to 131 Sheen Lane, London, SW14 8AE... Yorcon III persists with membership said to be approaching 300 (is that all?) and a sensible proposal from Paul Oldroyd--not wearing his committee hat--that two-year Eastercon bidding be introduced in 1986... Becon 85 is fully booked (ie. waiting list for accommodation) and has produced *The 1984 Eurocon Press Report*, a handy 18pp A5 booklet on (basically) how author John Cowie press-officered Seacon 84, with hopeful 87 Worldcon tips. 75p postfree from 75 Rosslyn Ave, Harold Wood, Essex... Albacon 85: 19-22 July, Central Hotel, Glasgow, GoH H. Ellison & A. McCaffrey. £8 to 20 Hillingdon Gdns, Cardonald, Glasgow, G52 2TP... Camcon aka Unicon 6: 13-15 Sept 85, New Hall Coll, Cambridge. £7 att to N. Taylor c/o Perspective Design Ltd, 9 Pembroke St, Cambridge, CB2 3QY... **Contravention**, unusual among 86 Eastercon bids for not picking Glasgow as venue, has settled on the Birmingham Metropole near (but not using the hangar-like halls of) the NEC. Think I'll be voting for them--we could certainly use a 'new' Eastercon venue... (*Glasgow Fandom: 'Sod you, Langford.'*)

THE GRASS, COMMERCIAL AND HISPANISH PAGE RETURNS!

More surplus books for sale. Postage extra, charged at cheapest practicable rate unless you arrange to collect (One Ten?). Pay on receipt. Phone urgent orders to Reading (0734) 665804 if desired, but be prepared for a voice forever saying "What?"

PEEYS, Samuel The Illustrated Pepsys: BCA hc, mint in d/w, £2.50
POEL & KORNBLUTH The Space Merchants: Penguin 1984, mint, 95p
PRIEST, Christopher An Infinite Summer: SFBC hc, vg in d/w, 80p
QUEEN, Ellery The Roman Hat Mystery, 1956 Penguin pb, missing fly, 80p. Ten Days' Wonder: Penguin pb 1966, 50p
SAXTON, Josephine The Travails of Jane Saint: Virgin trade pb, vg, 75p
SEARLE, Ronald, & Geoffrey Williams Down With Skool!: Parrish hc, vg in d/w, £2.00
SEAW, Bernard Plays Unpleasant: Penguin pb, biro scribble over smirking author's photo on back cover, 25p
SHECKLEY, Robert The Robert Sheckley Omnibus: Penguin pb 1984, mint, 90p ('Immortality Inc.' plus 12 shorts)
SILVERBERG, Robert Dying Inside: Ballantine US 1st pb, vg, 70p
SIMPSON, M.F. One Way Pendulum: surreal farce, French's pb acting edition, used, 40p
THE SKEPTICAL ENQUIRER - magazine of paranormal debunking, Fall 1980 with Velikovsky retrospective etc, vg, £1. Which brings us to...
SLADEK, John Black Aura: Panther pb, vg, £1. "By an Unknown Hand": prizewinning short in 'Times Anthology of Detective Stories', vg in d/w, £3
SMITH, E.E. Skylark of Space, Skylark 3, Skylark of Valeron, Skylark DuQuesne: tetralogy in Panther pb editions, 75p the lot. The Omicron Invasion: 9th "Family d'Alembert" rubbish, really by Stephen (once-promising author) Goldin, Granada, new, 40p
STAPLETON, Olaf Nebula Maker: Sphere 1st pb, vg, 60p
STOUT, Rex Death of a Doxy: Fontana pb, vg, 40p.
THURBER, James Let Your Mind Alone!: Hamish Hamilton 1947 hc, slight stain on back board, £2.00. Further Fables For Our Time: Penguin pb, taped, smoked, foxed and poked, absurdly overpriced at 25p
TURNER, George Beloved Son: Pocket Books pb, 1st US, 85p
VANCE, Jack Lynesse: Granada trade pb, mint, £1.75
VAN GULIK, Robert Posts and Murders: Scribner pb, vg, 50p. Necklace and Calabash: ditto, 50p. The Lacquer Screen: ditto, 50p. Judge Dee At Work: ditto, 50p
VIDAL, Gore Matters of Fact and of Fiction: Vintage US trade pb, 70p
VONNEGUT, Kurt Player Piano: Mayflower 1st UK pb, taped, 35p. The Sirens of Titan: Corgi 1st UK pb, 35p
WATSON, Ian The Jonah Kit: SFBC hc, vg in d/w, 70p. Chekhov's Journey (famous Star Trek novel): Granada pb, new, repellent "A Paperback Original" sticker, 90p
WELLS, H.G. Mind at the End of its Tether: Heinemann hc 1st, missing fly else vg, £2.00. The Croquet Player: Ian Henry Pubs reprint, new in d/w, £3. (The best of Wells's later fantasy.)
WHITE, James All Judgement Fled: Corgi 1st pb, creased corner on back cover else vg, 50p
WILLIAMS, Charles All Hallows' Eve: Faber hc,

slightly damp-stained d/w, £1.50
WILSON, Colin Ritual in the Dark: Pan 1st pb, taped else vg, 75p (CW's 1st novel, with usual ghastly sex crimes and stuff.)
WU CH'UNG-EN Monkey: Unicorn 1984 trade pb, new, £1.50. (Arthur Waley's translation.)
WYNDHAM, John The Day of the Triffids: Penguin pb, 30p. The Seeds of Time (shorts): Penguin pb, mildly battered, 25p
[What, no more books? Back to the A's...]
ASIMOV, Isaac Asimov on Science Fiction: Granada pb, new, misguided, £1
BROWNE, John The Sheep Look Up: Arrow pb, new 1984 reissue, £1
CANTER, Angela The Passion of New Eve: Gollancz hc 1st, but don't get excited (hideous ex-library stigmata, missing fly etc), d/w OK, £1.80
CONRY, Michael Hello Summer, Goodbye: SFBC hc, goodish in d/w, 70p
DE LA MARE, Walter The Return: Pan 1954 pb, good to vg, £1. "Famous novel of possession."
DICKSON, Carter A Graveyard to Let: Berkley pb 1966, vg except front cover replaced by a hidden hand (actually, by cardboard), 80p
ELLISON, Harlan Again, Dangerous Visions: Signet 1st pb, vg, 2 vols, 900pp, £2.50 the lot.
HEINLEIN, Robert I Will Fear No Evil: NEL pb, good-vg but spine creased, 50p
KERSEN, Gerald Fowlers End: Heinemann hc 1958, ex-lib, loose boards, flapping spine, still a snip at 90p. (Good novel, hard to find.)
MCCRACKEN, Michael The Golden Barge: his Peakoid first novel, NEL trade pb, near-new, £1

*** TAFF bits ***

A Statement by D.West: "As the losing candidate I wish to make it absolutely clear that I have no complaints whatsoever about either the result or the administration of the 1983/84 TAFF election. I consider that the attacks made upon the integrity of Avedon Carol as North American TAFF administrator are wholly unjustified and unjustifiable and represent nothing more solid than slurs and innuendos arising from personal animosity and malice. To date no evidence at all has been produced to show that Avedon Carol is guilty of any wrongdoing, and I therefore call upon those concerned either to produce their proofs without further delay and equivocation or to make a full public withdrawal of their allegations. In the event that this is not speedily done I urge fans everywhere to join me in publicly condemning with the utmost severity the behaviour of Avedon Carol's attackers." (SW, 24 Oct 84)

[No proofs have appeared, though that astonishingly malicious Puerto Rico fan -- whose name will no more disfigure these pages -- has indulged in further spitefulness which he calls proof but shows only his wish to hurt and wound.]

Important. Vaguely connected with the above is a further attempt to use TAFF as a weapon, by Central US fans wishing to settle scores with the East and West coasts. The idea is to swamp the voting with endless write-ins for one Martha Beck (who's showed none of the transatlantic interest which should be a sine qua non for candidates). Votes are being whipped up at Central US cons, by appeals to local chauvinism and efforts to stir up resentment between "con" and "fanzine" fans. If successful, this would incidentally disenfranchise British fandom altogether (cf. the Bugos) and kill TAFF -- what Brit will bother when the US block vote will always have the final word? Please use the TAFF ballot with this issue. I particularly recommend the Nielsen Haydens for your vote.

1984-85 TAFF BALLOT

RICH COAD Having realised that 9pm the day after a convention seems, somehow, to be much later than 3am did the previous three nights Rich Coad wants to be able to attend a convention where six turns out to be nine, eleven gets you seven, and his time sense is as confused as this sentence. Long associated with the highly respected disreputable element of British fandom Coad, worried by creeping respectability, hopes to once again observe the proper way to piss on shoes, vomit, and annoy John Brunner. All this, he says, **will be** duly reported so that American fans too can learn to be cool. Furthermore, Coad promises to treat all British fans with the same respect D. West gives Americans, eat more beans than Rob Hansen, get drunker than Greg Pickersgill and generally be a blot on the landscape for as long as possible.

Nominated by: Leroy Kettle, Chris Atkinson, Ted White, Terry Carr, and Allyn Cadogan.

PATRICK & TERESA NIELSEN HAYDEN Given our history of producing fanzines like TELOS, ZED, & IZZARD under trying and peripatetic circumstances (our motto: "At least we'll get an article out of this...."), TAFF holds no terrors, we've been in training for it for years. If elected, we promise to sit up all night talking, sleep on floors, take part in whatever peculiar behaviours that UK fans wish to present as normal, and report it all as sober gospel-truth - in print within the year or your money back. We also promise to neither marry nor inveigle away unattached members of British fandom. Amen

Nominated by: Malcolm Edwards, Lucy Huntzinger, Jerry Kaufman & Suzanne Tompkins, Dave Langford, and Stu Shiffman.

I vote for (list 1-2-3)

() Rich Coad

() Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden

() Hold Over Funds

Signature.....

Name & Address:

Enclosed is _____ as a contribution to TAFF (cheques etc., payable to Rob Hansen or Avedon Carol please, not to TAFF). If you think your name might not be known to the administrators, then in order to qualify for voting please give the name and address of a fan or group to whom you are well known:

PLEASE READ VOTING INFORMATION OVERLEAF.....

WHAT IS TAFF? The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund was created in 1953 for the purpose of providing funds to bring well-known and popular fans across the Atlantic. Since that time TAFF has regularly sent North American fans to European conventions and European fans to North American conventions. TAFF exists solely through the support of fandom. The candidates are voted for by interested fans all over the world, and each vote is accompanied by a vote of not less than 50p or £1.00. These votes, and the continued interest and generosity of fandom, are what make TAFF possible.

WHO MAY VOTE? Voting is open to anyone who was active in fandom (clubs, fanzines, conventions, etc.) prior to April 1983, and who contributes at least £1.00 or 50p to the fund. Contributions in excess of this minimum will be gratefully accepted. Only one vote per person is allowed - no proxy votes - and you must sign your ballot. Details of voting will be kept secret. 'Write-in' candidates are permitted. Postal orders, money orders and cheques should be made payable to the appropriate administrator, not to TAFF.

VOTING DETAILS TAFF uses the Australian ballot system, which guarantees an automatic run-off and a majority win. You rank the candidates in the exact order you wish to vote. If the leading first-place candidate does not get a majority, the first-place votes of the lowest ranking candidate are dropped and the second-place votes on these ballots are counted. This process goes on until one candidate has a majority. It is therefore important to vote for second and third place and onwards on your ballot. It is also a waste of time to put any name in more than one place.

HOLD OVER FUNDS This choice, similar to 'No Award' in Hugo balloting, gives the voter the chance to vote for no TAFF trip should the candidates not appeal to him/her, or if he/she feels that TAFF should slow down its trip frequency. 'Hold Over Funds' may be voted for in any position.

DONATIONS TAFF needs continuous donations of money, and material to be auctioned, in order to exist. If you are ineligible to vote, or do not feel qualified to vote, why not donate anyway? Just as important as donations is publicity - in fanzines, letters, convention booklets, and by word of mouth - to increase voter participation.

CANDIDATES Each candidate has promised - barring Acts of God - to travel to the 1985 Eastercon in Leeds if elected, and has posted bond and provided signed nominations and a platform, which are reproduced overleaf along with the ballot.

DEADLINE Votes must reach the administrators by 31 December 1984.

Send ballots and contributions to:

North America:	Avedon Carol 4409 Woodfield Rd. Kensington, MD 20895 USA	Europe:	Rob Hansen 9A Greenleaf Rd. East Ham London E6 1DX UK
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This version produced by Rob Hansen.....

COA JEREMY CRAMPTON, 168 West Hamilton Ave, State College, PA 16801, USA :: MIKE DICKINSON & JACKIE GRESHAM, 6 Skeigill Rd, Putney, London, SW.15 ("But that's Helen Starkey's address," you say, baffled. Hang on) :: COLIN FINE, 205 Coldham's Lane, Cambridge, CB1 3HY :: ROB HOLDSTOCK—don't look here, it's Page One news! :: AKE JONSSON, Sernanders vag 1/519, S-752 61 Uppsala, Sweden :: JOHN C.KERR, 84 Fordwych Rd, West Hampstead, London, NW2 3TJ :: NAVEED KHAN (back at last), 6 Kelvininside Gdns East, Glasgow, G20 6BE :: STEVE MOWERAY, 96/2 Nicolson St, Edinburgh, EH8 9EW :: DAVID S.POWER, 13 Hawthorne Rd, Chippenham, Wilts :: GEOFF RIPPINGTON, 8 Ravensbourne Dr, Woodley, Reading, RG5 4LH :: HELEN STARKEY, Top Flat (Left), 112 Polwarth Gdns, Edinburgh, EH11 1LH ("But that's Owen Whiteoak's address," you say, baffled.) :: PASCAL J.THOMAS, PO Box 24495, Los Angeles, CA 90024, USA :: OWEN WHITE-OAK has not, we believe, moved :: ANSIBLE RETURNED IN 'GONE AWAY' HORROR—whither Matt Sillars formerly of 8 Beaverbank Pl, Edinburgh? :: Oops, a late item—Linda Blanchard and rich brown appear to have moved in different directions to, respectively, c/o Weatherlow, 21339 Willow Lane, Stringsville, OH 44136, USA and 1014 N. Tuckahoe, Falls Church, VA 22046-3645, USA ("But that's Ted White's address...").

INFINITELY *600200# is what you type at any Prestel terminal to get to the utterly **IMPROBABLE** traffic Langford-edited SF news/reviews pages. Practically the first thing I did was to break the current 'no political activity on Prestel' rule and insert an electronic petition form enabling everyone to protest against the sinister Treasury proposal to slap 15% VAT on books etc. Interested fans can collect signatures locally, to the WE ARE AGAINST VAT ON READING petition, and bung them off to Nat.Book Committee, Book House, 45 East Hill, SW18 2QX. 105 fans signed this at the December One Tun! A lot were also signing the Pickersgills' petition to 'protest the use of British TAFF funds to support candidates who have no contact with or interest in British fandom'—details from 7a Lawrence Rd, S Ealing, London, W5 4XJ... Roz Kaveney has resigned as Chatto & Windus SF person: 'a matter of principle' after decisions to cut back SF etc were taken without consultation while she was away in hospital... Britain in 87 has expanded with a bidding committee reshuffle—Martin Tudor has left and several new fans have joined, including Paul Oldroyd, Chris Donaldson and Linda Pickersgill. US agent Marty Cantor reports that the opposing US bid, Phoenix in 87, 'decided to convert their bid to a NASFIC bid. They are leaving their name on the Worldcon ballot but are now actively campaigning for NASFIC. Bruce Farr, bid leader, handed me a flyer announcing these intentions.' Marty further conveys that LA-Con profits look to be some \$75,000, of which \$250 goes to TAFF though not until R.Hansen publishes his complete report. (Ouch)... Appeals: IAN WATSON begs 'a noble Spanish-speaking soul to translate (unpaid) an essay of splendid quality on Argentinian SF of about 12,000 words, for *Foundation*. Said volunteer (please contact me via *Ansible*) will receive eternal fame and 2 years' free sub to *Foundation*!' PAUL BARNETT, presuming on Hazel's and my enormous gratitude at being featured in the dedication of his new 'John Grant' novel *The Truth About the Flaming Ghoulies* (h'mm), is interested in testing his theory that SF fans tend not to be amateur cricketers and vice-versa. All cricket-playing A readers are begged to write to him (84 Wykes Rd, Exeter, EX1 2UD). No, I don't know why... John Piggott Writes!! "Bloody hell—Kettle nuptials shock! It's enough to make one glad one's sub to *Risible* has expired. Mind you, the spectre of the forthcoming Kettle infant pales into insignificance when compared with the Piggott three (no.3 born 26 May this year, making 1 girl, 2 boys), which explains some of my continuing inactivity." (JP)... George Kay has achieved great kudos as Guest Editor of the special 'Applied SF' issue of *Science & Public Policy* (Oct 84); its 331 pages will cost you a mere £13.60... GUFF: nominations deadline extended to the end of December. The candidates are ever-cuddly Eve Harvey and ever-cool John Jarrold (whom I seem to have nominated)...

This fanzine supports PATRICK & TERESA NIELSEN HAYDEN for TAFF; CONTRAVENTION for Eastercon 86; and JOHN HARVEY for doing this issue's usual electrostencil. (DRL)

Hitch-Hiker's Guide—The Movie is to start filming in May with the same production team as *Ghostbusters* (thus D.Adams on LBC radio recently). It'll contain material from the first 3 books but, wisely, not the fourth... Lazlar Lyricon (25-27 May, Strathallan Hotel, Brum) is a Hitcher con costing an appalling £16.50 to 10 Bourne Parade, Bourne Rd, Bexley, Kent, DA5 1LQ... The Barycz File: "More media bits to put in A where they, rather than items of importance, may be obliterated by the postmark." (*Oops, I've been rumbled—DRL*) "Lucas being sued by one Lee M.Seiler of SanFran, artist/modelmaker, over creatures in *Empire Strikes Back*. Unfortunately he says his original drawings were destroyed in a 1979 flood and the judge won't allow substitutes as evidence. Now one of the alleged thefts is/was a 'Garthian Sprinter': I remember issue 1 of *Unearth*" (US SF mag, 1978) had a full-page ad for skiffy type models featuring the words 'Garthian Sprinter'. Later issues had irate letters: fans sent cheques (cash) but got no skiffy models. *Unearth* ed commiserated: ad placer hadn't paid for his ad, final demands were coming back marked 'gorn away' etc. The sweet irony of it all, if it has anything to do with Mr Seiler that is... Obits: Richard Brautigan (49) of *Hawkline Monster*, *In Watermelon Sugar* & others which, like much 60s West Coast scribbling, used sf elements. Francois Truffaut (52) who directed *Fahrenheit 451* & appeared in *Close Encounters*... Spielberg writing script for *Poltergeist II* in special ink supposed to fade instantly if exposed to light from a duplicating machine. A very old-fashioned one, not the new types with 0.001 sec double flash; also he seems blissfully aware of mini-cameras etc. Precaution seems excessive—it's going to be about mobile rotting corpses of a restless disposition, everyone knows that... Warner's being sued for \$17,000,000 unpaid royalties on ET computer game and others, \$14M for ET alone. Seems video game freaks don't want to spend their quarters helping ET phone home, they'd much rather kill quadrillions of little green wogs... R.Corman does his *Conan the Barbarellian 2* ripoff with something called *The Warrior & The Sorceress* with a fullpage ad of David Carradine taking his broadsword to the tentacles of an octopus plant. Assume he's the Warrior & it's the Sorceress he's busy rescuing from this affectionate piece of vegetation. She'll be tricky to cast. The ad shows she has to have four tits." (*R.I.Barycz*)... **Serious Science:** Bob Shaw's 1982-4 Eastercon speeches are now available: £1 (£1.50 signed) from Eve Harvey, 43 Harrow Rd, Carshalton, Surrey, SM5 3QH, or—since this is to fund a Shaw visit to Aussiecon—Marc Ortlieb in Australia. Learn why "near Basingstoke there is a pond full of newts which bear an uncanny resemblance to Dave Langford"... **John W.Campbell's Collected Letters**—George Hay exults over vol.1 of this many-year project, now in proof from Perry Chapdelaine (USA)... D.Langford loses further street credibility, flogs poem to *Amazing*, hopes no one will notice.

Hazel's Language Lessons #32: Sinhalese

akshauhini: a complete army consisting of 109350 foot, 65610 horse, 21870 chariots and 21870 elephants.

atura: tying cocoanut trees together from the top, to enable toddy drawers to walk from one tree to another without descending when they are extracting toddy.

miyuru: peacock; liquorice; frog.

ANSIBLE 41 from 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire, England, RG1 5AU. Dec 1984

