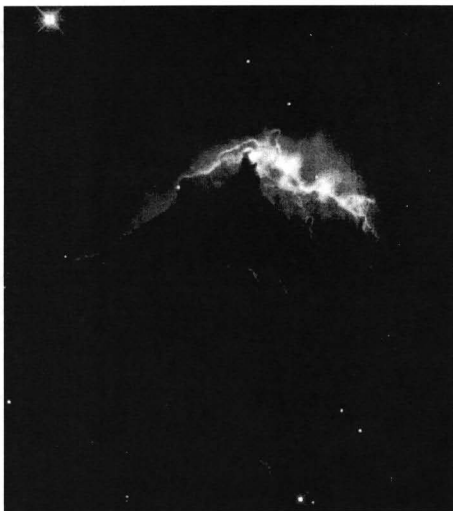


Intersection Special Double Issue

Full Hugo Results Films 'Books Conventions Fanzines

Dave Langford . . . Lee Montgomerie . . . Mike Resnick . . . Joseph Nicholas . . . Tad Williams



These pictures taken by the Hubble Space Telescope show newborn stars emerging from dense, compact pockets of interstellar gas called evaporating gaseous globules (EGGs). Hubble found the EGGs, appropriately enough, in the Eagle nebula (Messier 16), a nearby star-forming region 7,000 light-years away in the constellation Serpens.

The columns protrude from the wall of a vast cloud of molecular hydrogen, like stalagmites rising above the floor of a cavern. Inside the gaseous towers, which are light-years long, the interstellar gas is dense enough to collapse under its own weight, forming young stars that continue to grow as they accumulate more mass from their surroundings.

Hubble gives a clear look at what happens as a torrent of ultraviolet light from nearby young, hot stars heats the gas along the surface of the pillars, boiling it away into interstellar space. The pictures show photoevaporating gas as ghostly streamers flowing away from the columns. The EGGs, which are denser than their surroundings, are left behind after the gas around them is gone.

Some EGGs appear as nothing but tiny bumps on the surface of the columns. Others have been uncovered more completely, and now resemble "fingers" of gas protruding from the larger cloud. (The fingers are gas that has been protected from photoevaporation by the shadows of the EGGs). Some EGGs have pinched off completely from the larger column from which they emerged, and now look like teardrops in space.

matrix

the news magazine of the



British Science Fiction Association

One Year On

THIS ISSUE IS MY SIXTH, and so marks the end of my first year in the editor's chair. The *Matrix* chair revolves on its base, a motion which consumes much energy but leaves you in the same place you started. It has wheels which squeal like a tortured kitten when you change direction, and like a supermarket trolley never seems to go quite where you push it. The floor underneath is scored with ruts, and although initially the chair is comfortable you occasionally get, frankly, a sore bum. Perhaps it's time for a trip to the office supplier down the road.

Last year was a uniquely difficult time for me in my personal life, and it severely affected my work on *Matrix*, especially in the latter half of the year. Thus you surely deserve an apology from me for this delayed mailing, especially those new members who joined at Intersection (to whom a warm welcome is extended). But please remember that I do *all* the work on the magazine, in my spare time, and the unfortunate fact is that if I am indisposed everything falls apart; there are no backups, nobody to take over in an emergency. You may argue that this is bad planning, but in a voluntary organisation like the BSFA it's inevitable — there simply aren't enough people willing to take on unpaid (and, it sometimes seems, thankless) work. So it goes, as Mr Vonnegut never ceased to remind us.

Fortunately my situation has now improved, and normal service is now resumed. This double issue is the largest *Matrix* I've put together (it contains the wordage of a novel), and inevitably concentrates on Intersection, the World Science Fiction Convention held in Glasgow last August. Worldcons are only held in the UK every decade or so, so I think this is justified: you may disagree, but if so let me know. I do feel I'm operating in a vacuum sometimes; perhaps my biggest failure in the past year is my apparent inability to generate debate by you, the membership, in these pages. Letters on (nearly) any subject are always welcome.

Suddenly, that old chair is looking curiously comfortable again. I hope you enjoy this issue, and a happy and prosperous New Year to you all!

— Chris Terran

matrix 117 / 118 • winter 1995 / 1996

Editor: Chris Terran

9 Beechwood Court

Back Beechwood Grove

Leeds, UK

LS4 2HS

Tel: 0113 278 2388

Email: matrix@ciset97.demon.co.uk

Cover Art courtesy NASA

Cartoons: Ian Gunn

Design / Production: Chris Terran

The deadline for the next issue is

Friday 1st March 1996

Contents

- 3 News — the happening world
- 5 People in SF
Tad Williams, Steve Baxter
- 6 Recent and forthcoming books
- 9 Ig Nobel Winners
- 10 How To Make A Hugo
Kevin Standlee on how it all works
- 11 Full Hugo results — all the numbers
- 12 BSFA News
Free book! T-shirts! Posters!
- 13 The Intersection Report
Reports from the trenches of Glasgow
- 25 Wet, Wet, Wet ...
Joseph Nicholas on Waterworld and The City of Lost Children
- 26 Mailbox
- 28 Fire and Hemlock
Jenny Glover returns with a look at some fanzines that have recently caught her eye
- 29 SF Anime
Geoff Cowie
- 30 Ashes to Ashes
Lee Montgomerie on fanzines
- 32 Media Con?
Mark Bailey on the media coverage of Intersection
- 33 The Failure of Science Fiction
John Oram wonders where we're going
- 34 Events Diary
- 35 Members' Noticeboard
- 36 Competition Corner
Roger Robinson and John English

BSFA Membership

This costs £18 per year for UK residents, £9 for unwaged. Please enquire for overseas rates.

Renewals and new members: Alison Cook, 52 Woodhill Drive, Grove, Wantage, Oxon, OX12 0DF

USA Enquiries: Cy Chauvin, 14248 Wilfred Street, Detroit, MI 48213, U.S.A.

Officials

Administrator: Maureen Kincaid Speller, 60 Bournemouth Road, Folkestone, Kent, CT19 5AZ Email: mks_pk@eic.computlink.co.uk

Treasurer: Elizabeth Billinger, 82 Kelvin Road, New Cumbington, Leamington Spa, CV32 7TQ

Orbiters: Carol Ann Green, 5 Raglan Avenue, Raglan Street, Hull, HU5 2JB

Awards: Nicholas Mahoney, 275 Lonsdale Avenue, Intake, Doncaster, DN2 6JG

Foreign Liaison: Bridget Wilkinson, 17 Mimosa, 29 Avenue Road, London N15

BSFA Publications

Matrix: Chris Terran, 9 Beechwood Court, Back Beechwood Grove, Leeds, West Yorkshire, LS4 2HS

Tel: 0113 278 2388 Email: matrix@ciset97.demon.co.uk

Vector Letters and general queries: Maureen Kincaid Speller, 60

Bournemouth Road, Folkestone, Kent, CT19 5AZ

Email: mks_pk@eic.computlink.co.uk

Articles: Andrew Butler, 19 Minton Street, Clough Road, Hull, HU5 5EJ

Editorial: A.M. Butler@english-language-and-literatures.hull.ac.uk

or Gary Dalkin, 5 Lydford Road, Bournemouth, Dorset, BH11 8SN

Review material: Paul Kincaid, 60 Bournemouth Road, Folkestone, Kent, CT19 5AZ

Email: mks_pk@eic.computlink.co.uk

Focus: Carol Ann Green, 5 Raglan Avenue, Raglan Street, Hull, HU5 2JB

Julie Venner, 42 Walgrave Street, Newland Avenue, Hull, HU5 2LT

British Science Fiction Association Ltd. Company No. 921500. Registered Address: 60 Bournemouth Road, Folkestone, Kent, CT19 5AZ. Registered in England. Limited by Guarantee. Printed by PDC Copyright, 11 Jeffries Passage, Guildford, GU1 4AP. Copyright © BSFA 1996. Individual copyrights are the property of the authors and editor. ISSN 0307 3335. Designed and produced by Chris Terran on an Acom A5000.

John Brunner Dies

A pall was cast over last year's Worldcon in Glasgow by the sudden death of **John Brunner**, who was attending the event. He was taken ill with a massive stroke on Thursday 24 August and rushed to hospital where he died the following day at 9 minutes past 5pm. At his bedside were his wife LiYi Tan Brunner, Lisanne Norman and their friend Judith.

John was cremated on 6 September in Taunton, in a non-demoninational service attended by many of his friends, admirers and colleagues, including Christopher Priest, Dave Langford, and Terry Pratchett.

John's widow requested that tributes take the form of a donation to the Friends of Foundation, which supports the Science Fiction Foundation at Liverpool University (c/o 75 Rosslyn Avenue, Harold Wood, Essex, RM3 0RG, marked as a "John Brunner Memorial" contribution). A memorial exhibit is planned in the Foundation's library.

A memorial edition of the Intersection newsletter was produced on the Saturday, featuring tributes from Brian Aldiss, Andy Sawyer, Arthur C. Clarke, Jack Cohen, Vine Clarke, Peter Nicholls, Gwyneth Jones, and many others. See Vector for obituary and appreciations.

Awards At Intersection

This year's Hugos were awarded at Intersection — see inset below and page 5 for the full voting figures. The ceremony included a heartfelt and honest tribute to the late John Brunner given by Robert Silverberg, which concluded with a four-minute standing ovation in John's honour.

The British contingent was well represented in the results, with **Dave Langford** getting two, bringing his total to eleven; *Interzone's* Hugo was particularly well-received, not least by Kim Newman, who presented it to editor **David Pringle**.

Chris Priest narrowly missed out on the non-fiction Hugo — his *The Book on the Edge of Forever* was only four votes behind *I Asimov*.

David Gerrold celebrated his award by bringing his son on stage and tearfully explaining that *this* was the real "Martian Child". Toastmasters **Peter Morwood** and **Diane Duane** sprinkled bonhomie and groanworthy jokes with abandon, and smoothed over the few glitches with great aplomb.

Other presentations made were:

- The **JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD** for best new writer went to **Jeff Noon**;
- The **FIRST FANDOM AWARD** went to **Jack Speer** and **Harry Warner Jr**;
- The **BIG HEART AWARD** went to **Ken Slater**;
- The **SEIUN AWARD** (the 'Japanese Hugo') went to the late **Cordwainer Smith** for his 1961 story "A Planet Named Shayol"; and to **Dan Simmons** for *Hyperion*.

Baltimore in '98!

Baltimore's piratically-themed 'BucConeer' bid won the 1998 Worldcon

NEWS

H
O
U
N
D
S

Many thanks to

Marc Abrahams, John Bark, Brum SF Group, Alison Cook, Benedict Cullum, "Doppelgänger", Alex Eisenstein, Bridget Hardcastle, Dave Langford, John Ollis, Peterborough SF Group, Chris Priest, Julie Rigby, Andy Sawyer

H
O
U
N
D
S

site selection vote at Intersection; they received 812 votes, 54% of the 1519 cast. Guests are to be **C. J. Cherryh**, **Milton Rothman**, **Michael Whelan** and **Stanley Schmidt**, and **Charles Sheffield** will be Toastmaster. It will take place over August 5th-9th 1998 in Baltimore, Maryland, USA. Membership details and rates are rather complicated, especially if you pre-registered, so contact the UK agent John Dallman for full details; his address is 18 Kimberley Road, Cambridge CB4 1HH. Net address for BucConeer is baltimore98@access.digex.net

Delany's Children Born
Delany's Children, a new Science Fiction Association for gays, lesbians, bisexuals and their straight friends, was formed at the recent World Science Fiction Convention, Intersection, in Glasgow.

Named after Samuel R. Delany, the well-known American gay sf author, who was a Guest of Honour at the world convention, the new group will co-ordinate lesbian and gay SF activities at conventions and in groups around the UK and beyond. It will provide a UK SF fanzine for its members which will have book reviews and discussion of gay themes, interviews and short fiction. New writers are encouraged, and it will be a non-political group. Jack Davies, the organiser, says, "Within one day of our announcement, we had over 40 applications for membership — and not only from Britons. We also have American, Canadian, Dutch, French, German and Swedish members." Membership of Delany's Children costs £12 per year or £6 for six months. For information, send an SAE to BM DELANYS, London, WC1N 3XX

1995 Hugo Awards

NOVEL

Mirror Dance by Lois McMaster Bujold

NOVELLA

"Seven Views of Olduvai Gorge" by Mike Resnick

NOVELETTE

"The Martian Child" by David Gerrold

SHORT STORY

"None So Blind" by Joe Haldeman

NONFICTION

I. Asimov: a Memoir by Isaac Asimov

PROFESSIONAL EDITOR

Gardner Dozois

PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

Jim Burns

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

"All Good Things" (*ST:TNG*)

ARTWORK

Lady Cottington's Pressed Fairy Book by Brian Froud and Terry Jones

SEMIPROZINE

Interzone

FAN WRITER

Dave Langford

FAN ARTIST

Teddy Harvia

FANZINE

Ansible

... NEWS continued ...

Chesley Awards

Winners of the 1995 Chesley Awards for sf art (four work in 1994) were:

BEST COVER (Hardback): Janny Wurts *Curse of the Mistaruth*
BEST COVER (Paperback): Alan M. Clark *Circles*

BEST COVER (Magazine): Bob Eggleton *Asimov's* Aug 94 and *Wojtek Siudmak Analog* Dec 94 (tie)

BEST INTERIOR ILLUSTRATION: Brian Froud *Lady Cattington's Pressed Fairy Book*

BEST THREE-DIMENSIONAL ART: Clayburn Moore "Pitt"

BEST ART DIRECTOR: Cathy Burnett & Annie Fenner (Spectrum Design)

AWARD FOR ARTISTIC ACHIEVEMENT: Frank Frazetta

Classic SF Art Wanted

Alex & Phyllis Eisenstein are looking for works by the Hugo-winning American sf artist Emsh. They write:

"Back in the '50s and early '60s, Ed Emshwiller (EMSH) was one of the most prominent artist / illustrators in science fiction. His work appeared on the covers and in the pages of *Asiendeing*, *Galaxy*, *F & SF*, *Infinity*, and just about every other sf magazine published in that era, as well as many books in the Ace, Pyramid, Lancer, and other paperback lines. In the course of a spectacular career, he produced more than 500 vivid cover paintings and thousands of interiors, and won five Hugo Awards.

"Emshwiller illustrated many famous authors, among them Heinlein, Asimov, Leiber, Best, Farmer, Norton, Vance, Pohl & Kornbluth, ... and even H. G. Wells. He went on to become an award-winning filmmaker and film teacher, a noted pioneer of computer animation, and Dean of a famous film school. But when he died unexpectedly in 1990, the lengthy notices in major newspapers and film journals also focussed on his eminence as an sf artist.

"With the cooperation of his family, we are now assembling material for a book devoted to the striking and evocative work he created. We have already located and photographed many such, but are continuing to search for more. So if you own an 'Emsh' original or know someone who does (whether colour or B&W), or can provide information on possible resources, please get in touch with us at:

Alex & Phyllis Eisenstein
 6208 N. Campbell
 Chicago, IL 60659"

Alex adds that in 1970 at HeiCon in Heidelberg, many old *Galaxy* covers were auctioned off very cheaply, and he's particularly interested in hearing about these.

TAFF Runners

The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund was created in 1953 for the purpose of providing funds to bring well-known and popular fans familiar to books on both sides of the ocean across the Atlantic. Since that time TAFF has regularly brought 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 on by interested fans all over the world, and each vote is accompanied by a donation of not less than \$2 or £1.

The winner of this year's race will go to LaCon III in Los Angeles in August, and those standing are:

• **M. J. ('Simo') Simpson**, nominated by Jeanne Bowman, Bill Donaho, Martin Easterbrook, Rob Newman, and A. J. Shepherd. Simo is staff writer on *SFX* magazine, and is trying to live it down.

• **Martin Tudor**, nominated by Andy Hooper, Dave Langford, Spike Parsons, Greg Pickersgill, and Bob Shaw. Martin co-edits and publishes *Critical Wave* magazine, but is trying to live it down.

Voting closes on 4 May. For further details, contact the UK TAFF Administrator **Abigail Frost** at 95 Wilnot Street, London, E2 0BP.

World Fantasy Awards

The Annual Awards Banquet for the 21st World Fantasy Convention was held on Sunday, October 29 at the Inner Harbor Marriott in Baltimore, Maryland. Winners were: **NOVELA** James Morrow *Tearing Jehovah*
NOVELA Elizabeth Hand "Last Summer at Mars Hills" (*F&SF*)

SHORT FICTION Stephen King "The Man in the Black Suit" (*The New Yorker*)

ANTHOLOGY Ellen Datlow (ed.) *Little Deaths*

COLLECTION Bradley Denton *The Calvin Coolidge Home for Dead Comedians and A*

Confagration Artist

ARTIST Jack Yerka

SPECIAL AWARD — PROFESSIONAL Ellen Datlow, for editing

SPECIAL AWARD — NON-PROFESSIONAL Bryan Chofin, for *Broken Mirrors*

Press

LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT Ursula K. Le Guin

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

Press

four choral groups, and a group of chamber soloists.

• **Congratulations to Bob Shaw and Nancy Tucker** who became engaged during Novacon (where Bob was a Guest of Honour) and were married on 16 Dec at Ypsilanti, Michigan, where they now live.

INTERSECTION BITS & BOBS

• **Terry Pratchett** gave an impromptu signing session at 4am when his hotel was evacuated following two (false) fire alarms on Friday morning.

• **Masquerade winners:** Best in Show were **Mike & Maggie Percival**. Best Journeyman was **Lisa Ashton**; Best Novice was **Giulia de Cesare**; Best Presentation went to **Blair Ault** (novice); **Tom Nanson & company** (journeyman); **Best Workmanship** went to **Dina Flockhart & Co.** (novice); **Mike & Maggie Percival** (journeyman); and **Michele Dennis** (master). There is no video available of the masquerade — too much copyrighted music was used.

• **Warner Bros UK** threatened legal action if the four *Babylon 5* episodes seen in the UK but not in the US were shown, and **Paramount Pictures** refused to allow any *Star Trek* footage to be shown apart from a clip from *ST:TNG* at the Hugo ceremony (they won). Thanks, guys.

• The European SF Society Awards were: Best Writer — **Alain le Bussy** (Belgium); Best Artist — **Juraq Maxon** (Slovakia); Best Publisher — **Babel Publications** (Belgium); Best Journal — **Andromeda Nachrichten** (Germany); and Best Promoter — **Jaroslav Olsz Jr** (Czech Republic).

• At the WFSF Business Meeting a motion was passed to eliminate the "Best Original Artwork" Hugo category; this will take effect if it is ratified at LaCon III in August.

• The highly serious and much coveted "Hogu" awards were: Best Hoax Convention — **DragonCon**; Special Bagelbash Award — architect of the SECC; Best New Feud — **Sensato**; Exon vs. the Internet; Best Has-Been — **Richard Nixon** and **Tin Llingworth** (tie).

• **BSFA** finance supreme, **Elizabeth Billinger** was a winner in the SF Foundation's prize quiz, and took home a copy of *SE: The Illustrated Encyclopedia* courtesy of publishers Dorling Kindersley.

• It is rumoured ... or has been leaked ... that the next UK Worldcon bid will be for Cardiff in 2003 ... or should that be Caerdydd 12003? See you then!

• **The British Fantasy Awards** were presented in October. The winners were: **NOVEL** Michael Marshall Smith *Only Forward*
SHORT STORY Paul McAuley "The Temptation of Dr Stein"

SMALL PRESS Necrofile COLLECTION / ANTHOLOGY Joel Lane *The Earthwire*

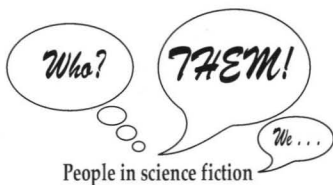
ARTIST Martin McKenna

NEWCOMER Maggie Furey.

• **Christopher Priest's** recently acclaimed novel *The Prestige* has been shortlisted for the James Tait Black Memorial prize, a Scottish book award worth £3,000.

• **The Net Book Agreement** passed away on 26 Sep last year, leading to much discounting of best-selling books in major chains. Mid-list titles — where most sf / fantasy lies — do not appear to be benefiting, though Pratchett and Eddings novels were selling for less than £10 in Waterstones and d'Smiths.

• **Perusal of John Clute's Science Fiction: The Illustrated Encyclopedia** leads to the remarkable discovery that **Bob Guccione** (publisher of *Penthouse* and its furtively-bought stalemated *Omni*) bears an astonishing resemblance to **Dave Langford**. What can this mean? Will *Anisble's* publishing exposés become full-frontal? Time will tell. ☺



Tad Williams

... has written a short novel based on *The Tempest*, thought by some to be Shakespeare's only totally original work; it joins a long line of works influenced by the play, from *Forbidden Planet* to Derek Jarman's *Prospero's Books* and beyond. *Caliban's Hour* (Legend, £4.99 pb) is the result of a long fascination with the playwright.

"I was lucky enough to be introduced to the Bard by a very enthusiastic high school English teacher, whose love for the plays was (eventually) contagious. *The Tempest* has always been one of my favourites, chiefly because it's a late play, and shows it, not in any negative ways, but in what I believe was Shakespeare's attempt to find a new form. *The Tempest* is not really fish or fowl, dramatically. It's not quite a comedy, although there are comic moments. It's certainly not a tragedy or a historical play. Prospero's reflection on the transitory nature of life and understanding suggest an old dramatist's (and self-made philosopher's) thoughts at the apex of his fame and fortune and nearing the end of his life.

"Also, Caliban's drama seemed so particularly modern.

Shakespeare certainly knew about the (at the time) recent 'discovery' of the New World, and like many others of his era was fascinated by the travellers' tales coming back. (Many of his descriptions and allusions in the play come directly from contemporary sailors' journals.) In a way, he saw the beginning of colonialism and intuited at least a bit about its eventual ending. Caliban's claim 'This was my island once', and his complaint that at first he was made much of, but eventually was found wanting and then treated like a beast, echoes the course of the European expansion that still shapes our post-imperial world, so it had something to say politically that interested me.

"But of course, a book never says what you think it will when you're starting, and certainly will not remain a political allegory when the characters begin to come real. So, more and more, I became fascinated with watching Caliban's love and respect turn to anger. This is something we have all experienced in some shape or form — the emotional investment gone sour, the grim (but sometimes necessary) intrusion of truth into an idyllic dream. But Caliban, because of his isolation and inexperience of the world, is essentially a child — kin (but not twin) to the European idea of the noble savage — so when his love turns on him, it is shattering.

"So a chance to rewrite Shakespeare, a story about monsters and magic and love and betrayal, a chance to reflect a little bit on what makes us human — what was there not to like? And I must say, I enjoyed every bit of writing it. I just hope that a few readers also get to know my version of Caliban. He's spent a long time being called a villain, so I think he deserves a chance to tell it his own way."

Stephen Baxter

... turned up on BBC Radio 5 on 11 September, being interviewed by John Inverdale on his afternoon program. Stephen, a regular listener to the programme, talked about his love for Liverpool football club and the inspiration for his use

of the footballer Albert Stubbins as a character in his most recent novel *The Time Ships* (a sequel to Wells's *The Time Machine*): he got the idea from an item on the same radio programme. Stubbins — who also appears on the *Sgt. Pepper* album cover — turns up as part of an expedition sent into the past which is attacked and decimated by a Nazi-built atomic bomb (read the book!). The 40s soccer star survives and scores a hat trick in an impromptu football match on the beach, though he gets sent off. Baxter said, "I think he would have liked his fate in the book." He is last seen with his new wife and children riding on a crocodile 50 million years in the past.

Baxter also bemoaned the lack of football stories in science fiction: "It lacks the mythic quality of, say, baseball". But he pointed out the section at the end of *The Time Machine* where a "football like object" is seen on the terminal beach at the end of history.

Radio 5 liked the interview so much that they used clips from it in a trailer for some time afterwards.

BSFA T-shirts

Are now available!

There are three designs, two by
D. West
featuring his famous 'talking head' cartoons,
and one by
Dave Hicks
showing the cover of *A Very British Genre*.

Sizes available
Dave Hicks — L, XL, XXL
D. West '60s' — L, XL, XXL; 'Lumpy bits' — L, XL
All white print on black cloth
Prices
£6.75 for one; £12.75 for two; £16.75 for all three
All prices include postage and packing.
Some sizes are in short supply; please specify alternatives in case of unavailability.

Order from
Maureen Kincaid Speller
60 Bournemouth Road, Folkestone, Kent, CT19 5AZ.
Cheques payable to 'BSFA Ltd'

• All unquoted remarks by Chris Terran.

Abbreviations: pb — paperback; hb — hardback; tp — trade paperback; pp — page count; coll. — collection of stories (same author); anth. — anthology of stories (different authors).

✶ HIGHLIGHTS

K. W. Jeter *Blade Runner 2: The Edge of Human*; Michael White *Asimov: The Unauthorised Life* (Millennium). ✶ Patricia Anthony *Happier Policeman*; Jonathan Lethem *Amnesia Moon* (NEL). Alasdair Gray *A History Maker* (Penguin). Alexander Beshner Rim; Bruce Bethke *Headcrash* (Orbit). David Wingrove *Days of Bitter Strength* ('Chung Kuo' Book 7) (Hodder & Stoughton). Ken MacLeod *The Star Fraction* (Legend). Robert Rankin *The Garden of Unearthly Delights* (Doubleday). Christopher Evans *Mortal Remains*; Garry D. Kilworth *Archangel*; Paul J. McAuley *Fairland and Pasquale's Angel* (Gollancz).

✶ PUBLISHING NEWS

✶ The long-awaited final part of **Kim Stanley Robinson's** 'Mars' trilogy now has a definite publication date. *Blue Mars* will be published in the UK in March 1996 by HarperCollins, and in the US by Bantam.

✶ **David Wingrove**, now approaching the climax of his mammoth 'Chung Kuo' series, has written a novel based on the cult CD-ROM computer game *Myst*, to be released next year. But the first book based on the game will be *Myst: The Book of Atrius* by the game's creators, Rand and Robyn Miller, it's the first part of a trilogy, and is a prequel to the game. It should be out in December from Bantam at £12.99 hardback.

✶ The first collection of **J. G. Ballard's** short non-fiction is due in January from HarperCollins. *A User's Guide to the Millennium: Essays and Reviews* collects many of his best articles from newspapers and magazines over the last thirty years.

✶ Ringpull Press, the publishing house recently taken over by Fourth Estate, announces that they will accept unsolicited manuscripts over the Internet. Enquiries to Kirsty Watt at up@ringpull.demon.co.uk

✶ Expatriate **Nicola Griffith's** next novel will be a non-sf thriller.

✶ A new 'benefit anthology' of stories from *Interzone* is being prepared by the newly ennobled **David Pringle** for HarperCollins.

✶ Reportedly in preparation in the US is a CD-ROM of works by **Philip K. Dick**, slated to include *The Man in the High Castle*, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch* and up to 15 short stories. US publishing house Littera says: "Dick's writings will be presented in their entirety, in an innovative, visually stunning user-interface. The rich multimedia annotation will include graphics, photographs, archival documents and correspondence, films and video clips, audio tracks, and supporting text drawn from a variety of sources." The respected Dick scholar **Lawrence Sutin** is the editor so it probably isn't as bad as its sounds.

✶ **Larry Niven's** third 'Ringworld' novel has been completed. *The Ringworld Throne* will be his first solo novel for some years, and should be published early next year.

✶ **David Eddings** will round off the twelve-volume 'Belgariad / Mallorcan' series with *Polgara the Sorceress*, which will probably be out sometime in 1997.

✶ **Harry Turtledove's** popular

'Worldwar' tetralogy has now been completed. The third volume, *Upsetting the Balance*, will be out in February 1996 and the final volume (title uncertain) a year later, in February 1997. He's reportedly now working on a series about an alternative World War I.

Bantam

Timothy Zahn *Conquerors' Heritage* (7 Sep; £4.99 pb, 360pp) — Sequel to *Conquerors' Pride*. ✶ **Yvonne Navarro** *Species* (5 Oct; £4.99 pb, 279pp) — Novelisation of Dennis Feldman's screenplay for the film *Species*, released on 29 Sep. With 8 pages of B&W stills, none of which feature H. R. Giger's designs — though Ben Kingsley is prominent. ✶ **Roger MacBride** *Allen Star Wars: Showdown At Centerpoint* (5 Oct; £4.99 pb, 301pp) — Conclusion of the 'Corellian' trilogy. ✶ **George Lucas & Chris Claremont** *Shadow Moon* (Oct; £12.99 hb) — Delayed appearance of this interesting collaboration. ✶ **Anne McCaffrey** *Dragons* (9 Nov; £20.00 hb, 192pp) — With 92

Englishness to such an extent that his foreign readers must be sorely puzzled. Maxwell Karrien wakes up to find he's been given the Queen's Award for Industry Award award, which puzzles him as he's never done a stroke of work in his life. But this occurrence is merely the beginning, as the Age of Technology is ending and a new age of myth and magic is born; Maxwell is transformed into Max Carrion and becomes the hero of his very own fantasy adventure, inspired by the tacky skiffy he loves. Rankin lists "garden-gnome salesman" as one of his 39 previous jobs, and I'm not in the least surprised. ✶ **Robert Rankin** *The Most Amazing Man Who Ever Lived* (3 Oct; £4.99 pb, 318pp) — Paperback of Rankin's previous book, described in the publicity material as a "raging stonker of a novel, bursting out of its leather pants with sex, scandal, murder, mystery, suspense, drama, action and adventure". Wot, no Swarlega? ✶ **Simon Maginn** *A Sickness of the Soul* (9 Nov; £4.99 pb, 332pp) — New horror novel from the author of the rather

BOOKS

Recent and Forthcoming

pages of colour artwork by John Howe, this is a book about the dragons of all cultures and periods, from classic legends to modern novels. ✶ **Margaret Weis & Tracy Hickman** *Death Gate 7: The Seventh Gate* (9 Nov; £4.99 pb, 356pp) — Conclusion of the 'Death Gate' cycle. Includes appendices and music transcriptions.

✶ **Garry Kilworth** *House of Tribes* (Nov; £12.99 hb, 448pp) — After foxes, wolves and hares Kilworth turns to mice in his continuing series of 'talking animal' books. ✶ **Bernard Werber** *Empire of the Ants* (7 Dec; £9.99 tp, 352pp) — In his first novel Werber, a French science journalist,

"describes with chilling accuracy a universe of abominable crime and warfare hidden below ground" in which a young boy "enters the highly sophisticated, highly dangerous world of the ant, whose struggle for existence leads to extremes of violence." A bestseller in Europe, the sequel *Le jour des Fourmis* has recently been published in France. ✶ **Ralph McQuarrie & Kevin J. Anderson** *The Illustrated Star Wars Universe* (7 Dec; £20.00 hb, 208pp) — Heavily illustrated (by McQuarrie, a Lucasfilm's 'concept artist') guide to eight Star Wars locales.

✶ **David Gemmell** *The Legend of Deathwalker* (1 Feb 1996; £15.99 hb, 334pp)

— "From the Chronicles of Druss the Axeman ... this battle-charged tale of Druss among the Nadir completes the circle begun with *Legend* and *Druss the Legend*."

Corgi / Doubleday

Robert Rankin *The Garden of Unearthly Delights* (3 Oct; £14.99 hb, 253pp) — A new load of old Bosch comedy fantasy from Rankin, who specialises in daffy

good *Sheep* and *Virgins* and *Martyrs*.

✶ **Terry Pratchett & Stephen Briggs** *The Discworld Map* (Nov; £5.99 pb) — They said it couldn't be done ... at least, Terry Pratchett said it couldn't be done. Now TP and Briggs bring you "the Onlie True & Mostlie Accurate Mappe of the Fantasyk & Magical Dyscworld", which "takes full account of the historic and much-documented expeditions of the Discworld's fêted (or at least fated) explorers: General Sir Roderick Purdeigh, Lars Larnsnephew, Llamados Jones, Lady Alice Venturi, Ponce da Quirm and, of course, Venter Borass." ✶ **Terry Pratchett** *Interesting Times* (9 Nov; £4.99 pb, 352pp) — The puff page gives pride of place to Tom Paulin's comments on TP on *The Late Show*: "A complete amateur ... doesn't even write in chapters ... hasn't a clue." That told us. ✶ **Terry Pratchett** *Moving Pictures, Pyramids, and Guards! Guards!* (Nov; £7.99 (each) audiobooks) — All read by Tony Robinson. ✶ **Michael Foot** *H. G. The History of Mr Wells* (Nov; £20.00 hb, 409pp) — To mark the 50th anniversary of Wells's death, here's a major new biography from Foot, who was a personal friend of Wells in his youth.

Creed

Peter Crowther (ed.) *Heaven Sent* (19 Oct; £4.99 pb, 317pp) — Anthology of all-new stories about angels. Contributors include Christopher Evans, Charles de Lint, Judith Moffett, Michael Bishop, Ian McDonald, Garry D. Kilworth and Stephen Gallagher, and an introduction by Storm Constantine. Also includes one of John Brunner's final stories. ✶ **Nancy Baker** *Blood and Chrysanthemums* (13 Nov; £4.99 pb, 282pp) — "A tantalising

vampire tale." • **Ellen Datlow & Terri Windling** (eds) *Snow White, Blood Red* (13 Nov; £4.99 pb, 412pp) — Original anthology of 'adult' versions of fairy tales, with stories from Charles de Lint, Nancy Kress, Tanith Lee, Kathe Koja, Neil Gaiman, Jane Yolen, and others. Many nods to Angela Carter here. • **Storm Constantine** *Stalking Tender Prey* (13 Nov) (probably — the press release is very coy; £5.99 pb, 648pp) — Constantine's first novel (volume 1 of a trilogy) in a contemporary setting, this novel takes as its starting point a story Constantine originally published in the anthology *The Weirde* called "A Change of Season", and is about the Grigori, fallen angels who play in and with our world. Angels seem to be a strong theme in recent sf / fantasy, from Stableford's superlative and strongly metaphysical *Werewolves of London* trilogy to Kilworth's *Angel* and sequel, which are basically police procedurals.

Gollancz

Paul J. McAuley *Fairyland* (31 Aug; £16.99

Wright *Erlhmun* (12 Oct; £4.99 pb, 252pp) — Horror. "The eerie new chiller in the 'Strange Seed' series." • **Garry D. Kilworth** *Archangel* (12 Oct; £5.99 pb, 254pp) — Sequel to the praised *Angel*. "In 1997 an angel fell to Earth... and Dave and Danny from the San Francisco police squad were there at the time. Now it's 2002 and there's a demon abroad in London, a soul so corrupt and foul that Satan himself has recruited him from the dead. Only one being can stop him — an Archangel of the highest rank." • **Stephen Jones & David Sutton** (eds) *Dark Terrors: The Gollancz Book of Horror* (26 Oct; £15.99 hb, 379pp) — Self-styled sequel to the fondly-remembered *Fan Books of Horror Stories*. Original anthology including stories from Ramsey Campbell, Kim Newman, Chris Fowler, Nicholas Royle, Michael Marshall Smith, Steve Rasnic Tem, Mark Morris, Karl Edward Wagner, and a novella by Peter Straub. • **Phillip Mann** *A Land Fit For Heroes Vol. 3: The Dragon Wakes* (2 Nov; £16.99 hb, 263pp) — Third in the alternative-world sequence where Rome never fell to the

(since even nipples are now unusual on covers, did it slip past the Gollancz censors?) Set in Cornwall, it's a low-key haunted-house story with involving characters and an unsettling Chris Priest-like touch to its depiction of a woman's descent into madness. Recommended. • **D. G. Compton** *Justice City* (7 Dec; £5.99 pb, 288pp) — London-resident Compton — author of the wonderful *The Continuous Katherine Mortenhoe* and a number of other under-rated sf books in the 1970s — is now a crime writer, according to this novel's marketing: it's a gritty (and, like Compton's other books, savagely satirical) novel set in a British prison of the future which, *Clockwork Orange* style, dehumanises its inmates (and staff) using various high-tech methods. Sounds like sf to me. Never mind that it's an uncomfortable read but is nonetheless recommended.

HarperCollins

Jonathan Aycliffe *The Matrix* (27 Nov; £6.99 pb, 238 pp) — The ever-reliable Aycliffe's new ghost story concerns one of his usual well-drawn tragic figures — in this case an Edinburgh academic — who becomes an apprentice to a black magician when researching the city's fringe cults and discovers an ancient alchemical text known as 'The Matrix', which offers both eternal life and fabulous evil. (Ahem. You don't really expect me to comment on that, do you?) Creepy and gripping; recommended. • **Jane Welch** *The Runes of War* (4 Dec; £5.99 pb, 495pp) — Book 1 of the 'Runespell' Trilogy. Debut fantasy novel from a Derbyshire-born writer, set in a world threatened by an Ice Age. • **Muriel Gray** *The Trickster* (4 Dec; £5.99 pb, 707pp) — TV presenter Gray's debut book is a horror novel set in the Canadian Rockies. A pleasant surprise here: it's actually rather good, in a raunchy best-seller kind of way.

Hodder & Stoughton

C. J. Cherryh *Rider at the Gate* (7 Sep; £16.99 hb, 370pp) — Cherryh's new novel is a tale of the struggle for survival of the descendants of abandoned planetary colonists. • **John Douglas** *Cursed* (7 Sep; £16.99 hb, 296pp) — Horror novel, wherein an adulterous insurance salesman is murdered and haunts his body's discoverer, compelling him to track down the murderer. A rather more tasteful cover than Douglas's last novel, *The Late Show*. • **David Wingrove** *Days of Bitter Strength: Chung Kuo Book 7* (21 Sep; £16.99 hb, 457pp) — Penultimate volume of the eight-book 'Chung Kuo' series, published simultaneously with the paperback of Book 6 (see NEL). "Armageddon has come and gone. From the ruins of City Europe a healthier, less autocratic society has arisen: a little China on the Rhine, but under threat from the Warlords of Asia, and the Old Men of North America whose mastery of high-tech weaponry has been born of necessity. The old order has been swept away but will the new have room to grow?" The final volume, *The Marriage of the Living Dark*, will be out next year. • **Brian Lumley** *Necroscope: The Lost Years Vol. 1* (5 Oct; £16.99 hb, 483pp) — Supernatural horror. "The Lost Years tells the previously untold adventures of the Necroscope [Harry Keogh, a man who

hb. £8.99 pb, 336pp) — Highly recommended. • **Paul J. McAuley** *Pasquale's Angel* (31 Aug; £5.99 pb, 384pp) — Fast-paced and highly enjoyable alternative history tale set in a Florence of 1518 where da Vinci's devices work and the political intrigues are as labyrinthine as they were in our world. • **Margaret Weis and Don Perrin** *The Knights of the Black Earth* (31 Aug; £15.99 hb, 383pp) — "A brand new Mag Force 7 adventure." • **Ian Watson** *The Fallen Moon* (2 Nov; £5.99 pb, 546pp) — Paperback release of "The Second Book of Mana", based on the Finnish epic *Kalevala*. • **Jim Ballantyne** *The Torturer* (28 Sep; £4.99 pb, 239pp) — Extremely (many would say excessively) violent supernatural horror novel; should appeal to *Reservoir Dogs* fans. "Jim Ballantyne" is "the pseudonym of a well-known South London crime writer". Guesses, anyone? • **David Bowker** *The Death Prayer* (28 Sep; £15.99 hb, 254pp) — Debut — and rather good — crime novel with supernatural elements, set in York. • **Christopher Evans** *Mortal Remains* (5 Oct; £15.99 hb, £8.99 pb, 319pp) — Evans, a science teacher in a South London comprehensive school, turns to hard sf (of a kind) after the BSFA Award winning *Aztec Century*. Set in a solar system of Greenland-like baroque, this is almost an old-fashioned utopian novel; there are echoes of Stapledon, Teilhard de Chardin, and late Wells. Strange and somewhat baffling; perhaps a rereading is needed before I know what's going on here. • **Michael Scott Rohan** *The Lord of Middle Air* (12 Oct; £5.99 pb, 253pp) — Rohan uses the character of one of his ancestors, Michael Scott, in this magical fantasy based on Border legends. • **T. M.**

barbarians and is the capital of a vast global civilisation. Colourful and readable. • **Gwyneth Jones** *Kairoi* (Nov; £5.99 pb, 262pp) — Reprint of Jones's well-regarded 1987 novel, slightly revised and with a list of sources. • **David Callinan** *Fortress Manhattan* (7 Dec; £16.99 hb; £5.99 pb, 316pp) — First novel from a British screenwriter. "Fortress Manhattan is where the super-rich live, surrounded by the most expensive and ruthless security on the planet, protected from the world outside: the cyber-crazed, diseased denizens of the Badlands." Also involves an over-the-top game show and its host, a chic photographer of the sick and depraved, and a demonic mannequin stalking the city by night. • **Keith Roberts** *Pavane* (7 Dec; £5.99 pb, 279pp) — Welcome reissue of Roberts's most famous novel. Recommended, though it still doesn't appear to include the complete text. • **Simon R. Green** *Hellhound* (7 Dec; £4.99 pb, 256pp) — Latest novel in the 'Twilight of Empire' Series from the Bradford-on-Avon writer of the *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves* novelisation and *Shadows Fall*. • **Paul Kearney** *Hawwood's Voyage Vol. 1: The Monarchies of God* (7 Dec; £16.99 hb, 382pp) — Kearney wrote the excellent and bleak fantasy *Riding the Unicorn*, and it will be interesting to see how he applies his writing and characterisation skills to this seemingly more conventional fantasy of buccaneer Richard Hawwood's flight from invading barbarians to a fabled land in the West. • **Philip Trewinnard** *The Burning* (7 Dec; £5.99 pb, 352pp) — Excellent and atmospheric horror novel, graced with one of the few covers to depict a nude man complete with penis

Recent and Forthcoming

can read the thoughts of the dead] between *Wamphyri* and *The Source*, filling a gap in the original narrative. It is brimful of Lumley's supercharged trademark mix of horror / fantasy / adventure and packed with the narrative power that has made him one of the world's internationally bestselling authors of first-class terror fiction."

• **Mark Canter** *Ember From the Sun* (19 Oct; £16.99 hb, 330pp) — Florida resident Canter's debut novel is a Crichton-like story of the miraculous survival of a Neanderthal embryo, its implantation into a surrogate mother, and the birth of Ember, the first Neanderthal to walk the Earth for 25,000 years. "As Ember grows to adulthood, unaware of her unique origin, she struggles to understand why she is different, and to know the purpose of her extraordinary gifts."

Legend

• **Tad Williams** *Caliban's Hour* (21 Sep; £4.99 pb, 180pp) — Sequel to Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, illustrated by the author. (See page 5 for more on this.)

• **Ken MacLeod** *The Star Fraction* (21 Sep; £10.00 hb) — Bargain priced first novel, with a strong recommendation from Iain Banks. Cyberpunk flavoured dystopian vision of a near future Britain, from a left-wing perspective.

• **Leonard Nimoy** *I am Spock* (5 Oct; £14.99 hb) — Nimoy's autobiography, sure to get much publicity on TV chat shows.

• **David Gemmell** *The Hawk Eternal* (19 Oct; £15.99 hb)

• **David Gemmell** *Ironhand's Daughter* (19 Oct; £4.99 pb)

• **Christopher Stasheff** *Her Majesty's Wizard* (16 Nov; £4.99 pb)

• **Philip Williamson** *Citadel* (16 Nov; £14.99 hb)

• **Philip Williamson** *Heart of Shadows* (16 Nov; £4.99 pb)

• **Allan Cole** & **Chris Bunch** *The Kingdoms of the Night* (7 Dec; £5.99 pb)

• **David Gemmell** *The Jerusalem Man* (7 Dec; £14.99 hb, £9.99 tp)

Millennium

• **Michael White** *Asimov: The Unauthorised Life* (4 Sep; £5.99 pb, 257pp) — Biography of the Good Doctor by UK author (and ex Thompson Twins member) White, who has co-author credits with John Gribbin on *Stephen Hawking* — *A Life in Science* and *Einstein* — *A Life in Science*. Though unauthorised, he had help from Asimov's wife Janet. Interesting to read a UK fan's slant on the subject, though White's grasp of sf is sometimes a little shaky — he seems to think Philip Dick and Ray Bradbury were 60s new wave writers. As much emphasis is given to the books (non-fiction especially) as to Asimov's life. There's a bibliography of Asimov's fiction only, and no index (a definite minus point in a biography).

• **Mercedes Lackey** *Storm Warning* (4 Sep; £4.99 pb, 403pp) — Subtitled "Book 1 of the Mage Storms", this is the first volume in a new trilogy in the "Valdemar" series.

• **Robert Shekley** *Aliens: Alien Harvest* (4 Sep; £4.99 pb, 296pp) — Space pirates attempt to snatch some Alien roach jelly, a potent hallucinogen and pain killer.

• **K. W. Jeter** *Blade Runner 2: The Edge of Human* (Orion: 9 Oct; £15.99 hb, 340pp) — Fully authorised by the Dick Estate, this is a sequel to both the film *Blade Runner* and its source book, Philip K. Dick's *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, and in it Jeter attempts to resolve the many discrepancies between the two.

• **Terry Goodkind** *Wizard's First Rule* (23 Oct; £5.99 pb, 774pp) — First UK publication

of a large fantasy novel with recommendations from Marion Zimmer Bradley and Piers Anthony.

• **Michael Moorcock** *Hawkmoon* (23 Oct; £5.99 pb, 646pp) — Third in the complete edition (14 volumes are projected) of 'The Tale of the Eternal Champion'. Contains *The Jewel in the Skull*, *The Mad God's Amulet*, *The Sword of the Dawn*, and *The Runestaff*.

• **Angus Wells** *Lords of the Sky* (23 Oct; £5.99 pb, 679pp) — "An epic quest fantasy, set across vast distances and full of dragons, airships, love and war" from a Nottingham resident former editor and publisher's PR man.

• **Michael Moorcock** *Blood* (6 Nov; £4.99 pb, 273pp) — First of a projected trilogy set in the Southern USA (the others will be *Fabulous Harbours* and *The War Amongst the Angels*).

• **Roger MacBride** *Allen Isaac Asimov's Inferno* (6 Nov; £4.99 pb, 244pp) — Sequel to Allen's *Isaac Asimov's Caliban*. An sf murder mystery using Asimov's 'New Laws', which he told to Allen before his death.

• **Mickey Zucker Reichert** *Child of Thunder* (6 Nov; £5.99 pb, 478pp (+ appendices)) — Third in the 'Renshai'

(4 Dec; £5.99 pb, 419 pp) — Much-praised debut sf novel from a Leeds University academic.

• **Greg Egan** *Distress* (18 Dec; £15.99 hb, 342pp; £8.99 tp) — Egan's much anticipated follow-up to the extraordinary and award-winning *Permutation City* is a thriller concerning quantum physics and physicists, a pernicious disease (the 'Distress' of the title). Theories of Everything, pseudo-science cults, near-future politics, questions of identity, and more. Brimming over with enough ideas to fuel ten novels by lesser authors, and with a decidedly Australian — or perhaps 'Pacific' would be more accurate — viewpoint, this novel attempts to marry the most abstruse physics with human concerns. Egan again makes great play with the idea of the universe as 'information', but puts a more expansive (and somewhat less claustrophobic) spin on it than in *Permutation City*. Unfortunately, the thriller aspects of the book don't quite work; it all seems rather rushed, and occasionally the action jars with the slightly too dense info-dumps which permeate the book. The viewpoint

And Yet More Recent and Forthcoming

sword 'n' sorcery / epic fantasy series.

• **Terry Goodkind** *Stone of Tears* (6 Nov; £17.99 hb, 703pp; £12.99 tp) — Good grief. You think you've seen big books? This fantasy — and it's only the second volume in a series of unknown length — consists of over 700 pages of very small print on large pages. The author's acknowledgements offer grateful thanks to his editors, and I'm not bloody surprised. Features wizards, maps, magic, sorcerous minions, Swords of Truth (whose wielder — and aren't they always 'wielded' — is cunningly named 'Richard Cypher', a subtle touch indeed. Oh, and we can tell it's a sword of truth ... sorry, Sword Of Truth, because each chapter heading tellingly has a picture of a Sword with 'Truth' written on it), Gateways to Hell, and much Significant Capitalisation. Oh hell, this is too easy. I confess I'm unable to face reading this no doubt fine book, and I'm sure it will appeal to those who enjoy such things. Accept my apologies, and I will now Fall on my Official BSFA-Issue Sword Of Editorship.

• **Steve Perry** *Aliens Omnibus Vol. 1* (20 Nov; £14.99 hb, 278+277pp; £8.99 tp) — Collection consisting of *Earth Hive* and *Nightmare Asylum*.

• **Mercedes Lackey** & **Larry Dixon** *The White Gryphon* (20 Nov; £9.99 tp, 305pp) — "Essential prehistory for fans of the 'Valdemar' series of novels."

• **Kristine Kathryn Rusch** *Sins of the Blood* (4 Dec; £5.99 pb, 357 pp) — Paperback release of a contemporary vampire story.

• **Phil Jones** & **Arnold** (4 Dec; £4.99 pb, 280pp) — SF comedy.

• Paperback release of 'Round Three of the Galaxy Game', with a front-cover recommendation from Chris Tarrant; poor Mr Jones.

• **Alison Sinclair** *Legacies*

character is a journalist covering the Einstein Centennial Conference at which three rival TOEs are to be presented, and as he gets involved in the various factions and political shenanigans his own problems, which started the book, get a little lost. But despite these caveats, anything by Egan is worth reading; this is only his third novel, and he's getting better all the time. Highly recommended.

New English Library

• **Piers Anthony** *Geis of the Gargoyle* (21 Sep; £5.99 pb, 390pp) — The 18th 'Xanth' book.

• **Patricia Anthony** *Happy Policeman* (19 Oct; £5.99 pb, 282pp) — First UK publication of Anthony's third sf novel. The first thing to catch your eye — literally — is the 'Magic Eye' picture that graces the cover of this book. [Aside: For the benefit of those who haven't seen these yet — a batch of you — 'Magic Eye' pictures are a way of presenting a 3-D image without the viewer needing special glasses or other aids: all you need to do is squint furiously at a picture which appears to have been painted by a three-year-old on acid until you look like a cross-eyed penguin. Tip: No, I couldn't see them either until I was told to look at my reflection in the (hopefully glossy) page; thanks, Natasha. And it really worked! After a while I too looked like a cross-eyed penguin. And as a side-effect an astonishing 3-D effect became visible.] Why the publisher chose this book to have such a cover is something of a mystery: it's an emotional and haunting story of ordinary people and their reactions to an alien invasion, a murder mystery, a Dickian questioning of reality, a romance, a thriller ... and it's very well written.

Suffused with melancholy, it's a book that will haunt me for some time. Highly recommended, and your editor's choice this issue. • **Patricia Anthony** *Brother Termite* (19 Oct; £5.99 pb, 250pp) — First UK publication of Anthony's second sf novel, again with an eye-hurting 'Magic Eye' cover. • **Jonathan Lethem** *Athens Moon* (19 Oct; £5.99 pb, 249pp) — Lethem's debut novel, the atmospheric and Chandleresque *Gin, With Occasional Music*, was very well received and gained a Nebula nomination. This very Dickian follow-up (the references are explicit: Hoppy from *Dr Bloodmoney*, for example) "is Lethem's road noir novel, a nightmare American road-movie of a novel set in a fractal future." Another super cover, by Chris Brown — the similarly styled '40s-paperback' pastiche cover of *Gin* ... was nominated for a Hugo. Recommended. • **Darrell Schweitzer** *The Mask of the Sorcerer* (19 Oct; £5.99 pb, 421pp) — First UK publication of a book which Morgan Llywelyn rates as "one of the ten best fantasy novels of the past generation", and is highly regarded by Gene Wolfe. Pennsylvania resident Schweitzer is co-editor of *Worlds of Fantasy and Horror* (formerly *Weird Tales*), and recently had a story, linked to *Mask*, in *Interzone* 99. • **Mark Burnell** *Glittering Savages* (19 Oct; £5.99 pb, 325pp) — Horror from the Northumberland resident author of *Frak*.

Orbit

Alexander Beshir *Rim* (7 Sep; £6.99 pb, 357pp) — Subtitled 'A Novel of Virtual Reality', *Rim* is a fast-paced sf thriller

which features the first private investigator to specialise in enquiries within virtual reality. "It was serialised on the Internet prior to its book publication, and was shortlisted for the Philip Dick Award last year. Film rights have been sold to TriStar and the game rights to Sega ... no word on t-shirts and bubblegum. • **Bruce Bethke** *Headcrash* (16 Nov; £5.99 pb, 343pp) — Debut novel from the originator of the term "cyberpunk". "Headcrash is an outrageously funny send-up of (amongst other things) cyberpunk, the computer industry and office politics." Minnesota resident Bethke (cf. John Sladek stories for more info on Minnesota ...) is now employed as a software developer, but has previously had the obligatory silly job: in this case a sausage maker. The book features the exciting and tasteful blurb, "The laptop novel with seedy-romp drive."

Others

Alasdair Gray *A History Maker* (Penguin: 26 Oct; £5.99 pb, 224pp) — Every Gray book is welcomed and cherished by your editor, and this shows him venturing further into traditional territory after *Poor Things* (the dedicatee is Scottish sf author Chris Boyce). It's "a tale of border warfare set in the Ettrick forest of the 23rd century," and is described — almost certainly by Gray himself, who loves writing his own blurbs — as "a kilted sci-fi yarn full of poetry, porridge, courage and sex." A beautifully designed book as usual, with illustrations and design by the author. The colophon states

that the text published in the Canongate Press 1994 edition is superseded by this one. • **H. G. Wells** *The Invisible Man* (Everyman: 6 Nov; £4.99 pb, 138pp (+83pp introduction, appendices, notes, etc)) — The first in Everyman's affordable new uniform edition of Wells, well produced (with very apt Magritte cover) and extensively annotated. The introduction is by Macdonald Daly (who has edited the text), and the book contains much of incidental interest: a timeline of Wells's life, notes to the text, an essay on Wells and his critics, and Wells's own introduction to his collected *Scientific Romances*. Future volumes include *The War of the Worlds* (edited by Arthur C. Clarke), *The Island of Dr Moreau* (Brian Aldiss) and *The First Men in the Moon* (Arthur C. Clarke). Recommended, in the unlikely event you haven't read it already.

• **Jay R. Bonansinga** *Sick* (Orion: 13 Nov; £15.99 hb, 327pp) — Second novel from an Illinois film-maker. I feel a bit queasy every time I look at the title of this medical horror novel. • **Christopher Fowler** *Psychoville* (Warner Books: Dec; £7.99 tp, 417pp) — "A horrific suburban tale in which a young couple who share a psychologically damaging upbringing return to wreak havoc on their old neighbourhood." One of Fowler's earlier 'London Quartet' novels, *Rune*, is reportedly being made into a film. • **Wilhelmina Baird** *Crashcourse* (Roc: 7 Dec; £4.99 pb, 277pp) — Baird's a Scottish expatriate living in France, and this cyberpunk thriller is the first British publication of her fifth novel.

British Researchers Honoured

1995 Ig Nobel Prizewinners Honoured for Art-Loving Pigeons, Soggy Cereal, Rectal Insertions, and Wet Underwear

Five Nobel Laureates, aided by children, scuba divers, a marching band, and a dog, gathered at Harvard on 6th October to present the 1995 Ig Nobel Prizes. This was the Fifth First Annual Ig Nobel Prize Ceremony, honouring people whose achievements "cannot or should not be reproduced."

The "Igs" are presented each October by *The Annals of Improbable Research (AIR)*, which describes itself as "the journal of inflated research and personalities". The Prizes were handed out by (genuine) Nobel Laureates including Sheldon Glashow (Physics 1979) and Dudley Herschbach (Chemistry 1986). Later in the evening, Professor Herschbach was given away in the Win-a-Date-With-a-Nobel-Laureate Contest.

Here is a complete list of the 1995 Ig Nobel Prizewinners:

NUTRITION: John Martinez of J. Martinez & Company in Atlanta, for Luak Coffee, the world's most expensive coffee, which is made from coffee beans ingested and excreted by the luak (aka, the palm civet), a lynx-like animal native to Indonesia.

PHYSICS: D.M.R. Georget, R. Parker, and A.C. Smith, of the Institute of Food Research, Norwich, England, for their rigorous analysis of soggy corn flakes, published in the report entitled "A Study of the Effects of Water Content on the Compaction Behaviour of Breakfast Cereal Flakes". [Published in the research journal *Powder Technology*, Nov 1994, vol. 81, no. 2, pp. 189-96.]

ECONOMICS: Awarded jointly to Nick Leeson and his superiors at Barings Bank and to Robert Citron of Orange County, California, for using the calculus of derivatives to demonstrate that every financial institution has its limits.

MEDICINE: Marcia E. Buebel, David S. Shannahoff-Khalsa, and Michael R. Boyle, for their invigorating study entitled "The Effects of Unilateral Forced Nostril Breathing on Cognition". [Published in *International Journal of Neuroscience*, vol. 57, 1991, pp. 239-249.]

LITERATURE: David B. Busch and James R. Starling, of Madison Wisconsin, for their deeply penetrating research report, "Rectal foreign bodies: Case Reports and a Comprehensive Review of the World's Literature". The citations include reports of, among other items: seven light bulbs; a knife sharpener; two flashlights; a wire spring; a snuff box; an oil can with potato stopper; eleven different forms of fruits, vegetables and other foodstuffs; a jeweler's saw; a frozen pig's tail; a tin

cup; a beer glass; and one patient's remarkable ensemble collection consisting of spectacles, a suitcase key, a tobacco pouch and a magazine. [Published in the medical journal *Surgery*, September 1986, pp. 512-519.]

PEACE: The Taiwan National Parliament, for demonstrating that politicians gain more by punching, kicking and gouging each other than by waging war against other nations.

PSYCHOLOGY: Shigeru Watanabe, Junko Sakamoto, and Masumi Wakita, of Keio University, for their study in training pigeons to discriminate between the paintings of Picasso and those of Monet. [Their report, entitled "Pigeons: Discrimination of Paintings by Monet and Picasso", was published in *Journal of the Experimental Analysis of Behavior*, vol. 63, 1995, pp. 165-174.]

PUBLIC HEALTH: Martha Kold Bakkevig of Sintef Unimed in Trondheim, Norway, and Ruth Nielson of the Technical University of Denmark, for their exhaustive study, "Impact of Wet Underwear on Thermoregulatory Responses and Thermal Comfort in the Cold". [Published in *Ergonomics*, vol. 37, no. 8, Aug 1994, pp. 1375-89.]

DENTISTRY: Robert H. Beaumont, of Shore View, Minnesota, for his incisive study "Patient Preference for Waxed or Unwaxed Dental Floss". [Published in the research journal *Journal of Periodontology*, vol. 61, no. 2, Feb. 1990, pp. 123-5.]

CHEMISTRY: Bijan Pakzad of Beverly Hills, for creating DNA Cologne and DNA Perfume, neither of which contain deoxyribonucleic acid, and both of which come in a triple helix bottle.

Luak coffee was served to the winners, who were also presented with bottles of DNA cologne and DNA perfume; UK winners Parker and Smith delivered their acceptance speech by videotape, so escaped this. The theme of the ceremony was "DNA"; the Nobel Laureates paid tribute to deoxyribonucleic acid by collaborated to read a Dr Seuss-like poem, "DNA and Green Eggs and Ham", and joined with the Nicola Hawkins Dance Company in the world premiere of "The Interpretive Dance of the Nucleotides". James Watson, the co-discoverer of the structure of DNA, delivered a tape-recorded tribute to DNA cologne, and Kate Eppers (12) gave a talk in which she explained that her favourite singer, Mariah Carey, "depends on DNA". "Without DNA," Eppers told the sellout crowd, "Mariah Carey wouldn't be Mariah Carey — she'd be a fish or something."

The ceremony was televised live around the world via the Internet, with assistance from convicted felon Robert T. Morris, whose worm program shut down the Internet several years ago, and who is now a member of the AIR editorial Board. ☺

How To Make A Hugo

Kevin Standlee

Kevin chaired the Business Meeting of the WSFS at Intersection . . . and if that means nothing to you, read on!

When talking about the Worldcon, we tend to freely toss around terms like "WSFS" (usually pronounced WHIS-fuss), but many people don't realize the true nature of the organization. I would guess that the ordinary fan, to the extent she or he even knows the WSFS exists, presumes that the World Science Fiction Society is an organization like the BSFA or the ESFS, with members who either have to join it and pay dues, or get selected as a delegate. While the first part is sort of true, the real story is more complex.

WSFS is the World Science Fiction Society. The membership of WSFS in any given year is the attending and supporting membership of the World Science Fiction Convention. That's it. (The Worldcon Committee can allow other types of members the membership rights as well, but those two classes are guaranteed the rights.) It's not a group separate from the Worldcon. WSFS doesn't have a President or officers. It doesn't have a Board of Directors. Nearly all of its administrative tasks are run by the current year's Worldcon.

This includes the administration of the Hugo Awards. Every Worldcon committee administers the elections that select the Hugo Awards. If you are a member of the current Worldcon, you can nominate and vote on the current year's Hugos. (Members of the current Worldcon can also nominate, but not vote, on next year's Awards.) There is no "nominating committee" or secret cabal that selects the winners. It's done by an open vote of the members. All the current Worldcon does is administer the election and count the ballots.

A recent post on rec.arts.sf.fandom complained that "the people who run the Hugo Awards should split Best Dramatic Presentation into two categories — one for movies and one for television." The poster did not say whether s/he was a member of Intersection, but if s/he was, s/he had nobody to blame but his/herself.

There is no "higher body" to complain to about the categories of Hugo Awards. The Award definitions are spelled out in the WSFS Constitution, a document which appears in one Worldcon Progress Report each year and is included in the Worldcon Souvenir Book. Hardly anyone ever reads it, but it's back there, and if you are a member of Worldcon, you have your share of control over it.

Let's put it in practical terms: Let's say you want to split Best Dramatic Presentation into two categories. Looking at the Constitution, you find out where the BDP Hugo is defined, and draw up some wording that defines two awards in its place. Don't worry if you're not up on precise wording — just ask around for that rare breed of wordsmith called a "parliamentarian", preferably one who has done this before. Even if s/he doesn't like your proposal, s/he is likely to help you word it in the technically correct form, because most good ones hate to see the arguments consumed by technical discussion rather than substantive debate.

Having worded your motion to change the WSFS Constitution, you bring it to the WSFS Business Meeting. The Business Meeting takes place at stated times during each Worldcon. It's an open event — remember, you're a member of WSFS when you joined Worldcon, so you have the same rights to introduce and debate business as everyone else. There are technical rules to check out, such as the deadline for submitting new business and so forth, but they're not that hard if you can just read a couple of pages worth of instructions — or better yet, draft a business meeting veteran to support your cause.

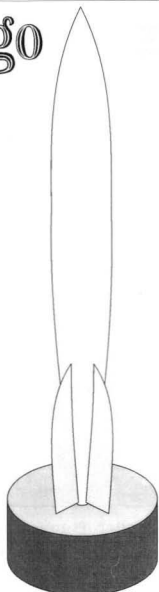
Now you've got to get a majority of the people at the Business Meeting to vote in favor of your change. You probably should have been talking up your proposal for the time running up to the Worldcon and convincing them to attend the meeting. This is the democratic process, and WSFS is a direct democracy.

Presuming you got people to approve your change, your work isn't done just yet. In order to keep any "local interest" from "packing" the meeting and voting catastrophic changes, the WSFS rules require that the now-approved amendment hold over for one year for a second reading at next year's Worldcon. If passed there, it becomes part of the constitution.

Some will complain that the process is political and takes too long. They are right. Politics are not a bad thing in and of themselves. WSFS has evolved this procedure so that people who are motivated to support their changes will have a chance to do so. Changes don't happen fast because every time we've tried quick changes, we've regretted them. The Constitutional process is designed to allow hasty action to be reversed without ill effects.

So the next time you hear someone complain about the Hugos, remind them that they have the power to do something about it.

— Kevin Standlee



Hugos and Worldcons

- The first Worldcon was held in New York in 1939. It was originally called "The World's Fair Science Fiction Convention" to link it to the New York World's Fair, but the "Fair" part was soon dropped.

- 53 Worldcons have been held, five in the UK (1957, 1965, 1979, 1987 and 1995), one each in Holland (1990) and Germany (1970), three in Canada (1948, 1973 and 1994), two in Australia (1975 and 1985), and the rest in the US.

- The first Hugo Awards were given in 1953; recipients included Alfred Bester for *The Demolished Man*, and *Galaxy* and *Astounding* magazines. No awards were given in 1954 but have been presented annually ever since at the Worldcon.

- The term "Hugo" (so called after Hugo Gernsback, the 1920s publisher and author who started the first genre sf magazines) was not officially adopted until 1958; though it was used informally before, the official name was the "Science Fiction Achievement Award".

- Hugos are made in Britain, in a car accessory factory owned by Peter Weston. The "rocket-ship" design is standardised, but each Worldcon designs an appropriate base or mounting for the (very heavy) award.

BSFA Mailing List

The BSFA now runs an experimental mailing list for net-connected members which you're most welcome to join; simply email me at matrix@ciact97.demon.co.uk, quoting your membership number, and ask! Next issue I'll be featuring a summary of the discussions which have taken place so that non-netters can contribute (held over from this issue because of space limitations — sorry!).

A mailing list is a discussion forum where each member receives every message sent to the list, currently in the form of a digest every week or so. The BSFA list started out discussing a net presence for the BSFA, but has since spread its wings with members talking about the BSFA awards, the net book agreement, local sf groups, MUDs and MOOs (see next month's article), the perils of editorship, sf on radio, and more. Ideally we'd like every member who has net access to join in, so don't be shy!

— Chris Terran

The Mailing House

I gather that a few people have contacted The Mailing House direct about the October / November mailing, to ask where it was. Please DON'T do this. The Mailing House is a busy place and they don't have time to answer queries which are not really their responsibility. If you have queries, please direct them to me.

— Maureen Kincaid Speller

BSFA news

Volunteers Needed

Yesterday morning I spent two hours coding membership leaflets for a reciprocal mailing, which was two hours I could ill-afford to take off from my freelance work, and that's before I spent half an hour at the Post Office, queuing for service. Being the committee member with the largest house, I store a lot of BSFA material and get all the fun jobs like this. I don't mind doing them but they are taking up a lot of my time, to the extent that I almost need a secretary of my own and count myself fortunate to have an understanding partner who doesn't mind living in chaos.

I need some help and I am wondering if there is anyone in the South-East Kent area able to travel to Folkestone fairly easily, who would be willing to take part in an occasional working party to, say, help me prepare leaflets for mailings, or box up back issues, or sort out the tombola. This would be strictly voluntary and occasional but it would be lovely to have a list of names so I could ring people and ask for some help now and then. Many hands, after all, make light work, and a little company and

chat while a job is being done is very welcome. Although the BSFA can't pay you, I can promise refreshments (culinary testimonials provided on request). If you are willing to be on the list of volunteers, please phone or write to me at the usual address.

— Maureen Kincaid Speller

Opinions Sought

I am gathering information for a future BSFA project and would like thoughts and opinions from those of you who have ever attended a writers' workshop, at a convention or elsewhere. I'd like to hear about your experiences, good and bad, what worked, what didn't, what you want from a workshop, what you would expect to do in an afternoon, a day or a weekend. How well was your workshop organised, what were you expected to do, and so on — anything you feel might be useful or interesting for future workshop organisers. Again, please send your thoughts to me at the usual address.

— Maureen Kincaid Speller

Unfinished Business

WELCOMING TO the delayed autumn / winter double BSFA mailing. Better late than never, and this is a bumper package, so you've not missed out on anything!

As 1995 draws to a close, I probably won't be the only one to heave a sigh of relief. The world of science fiction has lost some good people this year and the BSFA Committee seems to have been beset with more than its fair share of problems. Illness and bereavement in three families, not to mention redundancy and, at the other extremity, overwork have had us all struggling at times and it hasn't been easy to deal with BSFA matters as well. Although stunningly successful, the BSFA's appearance at the Worldcon took its toll on me personally and I've only just shaken off a bout of depression engendered by this and too much freelance work. And, of course, we have had production problems with *Matrix*, now happily solved as you can see.

On behalf of the committee I would like to thank you all for bearing with us this year. As I have said before, we work for you in our spare time. We enjoy what we do otherwise we wouldn't be doing it, but sometimes we have to put our personal lives ahead of the BSFA and we are extremely grateful for your understanding when this happens.

Despite the difficulties, 1995 wasn't a bad year for the BSFA. The mailings appeared, if sometimes a little late. We published our first booklet for more than ten years, and have at least one more in preparation for Eastercon next year. We hope to regularly produce one or two a year, maybe more if sales go well. And as you will see in this issue, we now have T-shirts available (one design even appeared fleetingly on Channel 4 during Craig Charles's programme on the Worldcon, modelled by Peter Reddman). We are also planning a new design to be launched at Eastercon next year.

We also attended a number of conventions this year, most notably the Worldcon which was a huge publicity success for us. Four months on people are still coming up to tell me what a great time they had when they stopped by the BSFA stall and how friendly we all seemed. We've received a number of compliments on the hard work we put into the stall and in promoting the BSFA to the world, and on Paul Kincaid's history of *sf*, *A Very British Genre* (available free to all BSFA members for an SAE — 47p first class, 36p second class, from me). And fifty-one people voted in the most positive way of all, by taking out membership there and then, and I understand that Alison has been receiving new memberships since then. This is terrific and it certainly makes all the dashing round the country, the endless phonecalls, sleepless nights, ricked backs and broken fingernails seem worthwhile.

1996 promises to be a really good year for the BSFA. Administrative matters should be handled much more smoothly now we aren't all impersonating headless chickens every time someone says 'W'rldc'n', and now we are kitted out with the requisite printers and other computer

equipment, we should be able to meet our printing and mailing schedule with less struggle, though we still can't be responsible for outside problems.

I'm already finalising our plans for Evolution, the 1996 Eastercon and will tell you more about that in the next BSFA mailing. As you probably know, Paul Kincaid and myself are the Fan Guests of Honour at Evolution, in part honouring our work with the BSFA. I am also having discussions with the 1997 Eastercon, Intervention, to see how we can best involve the BSFA.

We're also hoping to expand our merchandising activities and generate some revenue for future projects, and will be welcoming Claire Brailey to the committee to sort this out. Claire has a considerable amount of experience in this area through her work with ZZ9 Plural Z Alpha, the Hitchhikers group and, of course, Intersection.

There are also other projects in the pipeline for 1996 and 1997, but more of those when the details have been sorted out.

It remains only for me to thank the rest of the BSFA committee for bearing with me during the year and for working as hard as they have done, to send you all slightly belated seasonal good wishes, and to hope that 1996 turns out as you would wish it to.

— Maureen Kincaid Speller

BSFA

Accompanying this mailing is the preliminary nomination form for the BSFA Awards, which will be presented at Eastercon. The form should be self-explanatory — any queries, please contact me, Maureen Speller, on 01303 252939.

In the past few years, the level of nominations has dropped markedly and so we are trying an experiment. Members of the Eastercon have always been permitted to vote in the final ballot, but this year we are also inviting them to take part in the nomination process. It will be interesting to see how this experiment works, and I shall report back to you after the Eastercon.

In the meantime, I would welcome members' thoughts on the awards. I am deeply dissatisfied with what we are doing with them at present and one of my personal projects for 1996 is to breathe some new life into them. Inviting nominations from the Eastercon members is a first step. Any suggestions BSFA members wish to make will be gratefully received.

AWARDS

In which:

verdicts are considered,
conclusions are reached,
outcomes are analysed,
lots of people say "Pardon?"
and everyone has a hangover.

The Intersection Report

A long time ago, in a convention far far away, it was decided to hold the 1995 World Science Fiction Convention in Glasgow, Scotland. It was to be called 'Intersection', and those responsible for the decision were the membership of the 1992 Worldcon, MagiCon, held in Orlando, Florida. But although the decision was taken only three years ago, preparations had been in hand since 1987, when a meeting was held between the bid committee and representatives of the Scottish Exhibition and Conference Centre.

Ever since Intersection was mooted references to a certain well-known dramatic work were inevitable; its very name soon became unmentionable, and it was referred to in conspiratorial tones as *the Scottish Convention*, echoing the theatrical tradition which held that it was bad luck to mention *the Scottish Play* by name. Did this uncharacteristic outbreak of fanciful superstition work? The following despatches may help to shed some light.

Let's kick things off with some general impressions. **Andy Sawyer**, librarian and administrator of the Science Fiction Foundation at Liverpool University, starts with the Obligatory *Macbeth* Reference . . .

☆Intersection: An Impression

When shall we 5,000 or so meet again . . . ? Intersection was actually my first Worldcon and there was a lot to it, most of which I failed to come across. I seemed to have spent most of it in the dealers' room or near the Science Fiction Foundation / Liverpool University Press booth, and the rest of it in parties of one sort or another, so don't ask me for clear impressions. Mostly, I suppose, it was the people. There were friends, of course — although there were also friends I didn't meet or who I said hello to once and never saw again — but there are also those wonderful relationships you have through fandom in which you may have known someone for nearly twenty years and have never met, so where better to finally meet for the first time Cyril Simsa, who contributed to *Matrix* in those distant days when I held the editorial reins, or several of those Scottish fans who provided reviews for *Paperback Inferno*? There were also those numbers of people whom I have got to know — or intend to get to know — or who know of me — through my work as Science Fiction Foundation Collection Librarian: people from the SF-LIT mailing list, the Merrill Collection and *Maison d'Ailleurs*, *SFX* magazine and the Canadian publishers with their delightful colour-changing maple syrup punch . . . and many more. Consequently, much of my particular Worldcon was spent introducing myself or being introduced. I believe there was a programme going on somewhere in the background, but apart from those few items I was directly

involved with, your guess is as good as mine. I believe we were in some large city to the north of England, but apart from the wonderfully surreal walk back to my hotel at 3.30 a.m. one morning through crowded streets full of clubbers being serenaded by buskers, and the friendliness of the shopkeepers and taxi-drivers who seemed unfazed by all the people with strange badges talking impenetrable jargon, my sense of geography was confined to an extremely large hall, some peculiar acoustics which resulted in the parallel programme item's PA being louder than the one you were actually using, and a series of larger or smaller spaces filled with warm bodies.

The Tuesday after the con was a disaster. The Tuesday after the con you really do not want to hear about. But the few days before that were fun, if exhausting. Lasting impressions? The above-mentioned early morning buskers. The sense of loss at John Brunner's death, redeemed in part by Robert Silverberg's moving eulogy at the awards ceremony ending in a standing ovation instead of a moment of silence. Getting a chance to play with the CD-ROM *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*. Seeing David Langford get a Hugo. Seeing David Langford getting another Hugo. Seeing David Pringle get a Hugo. The people. The . . . the . . . more people. And above all — look, it happened and I enjoyed it. The Committee deserve a long rest and a large drink. And the best thing, the really most rewarding thing is that we can really stop making nervous jokes about *the Scottish Convention* now.

— Andy Sawyer

Not quite yet, Andy.

Simon Unsley saw a bit more of the con, and is a bit more critical:

☆"In an enormous space, no one can hear you"

So I went to Intersection and returned alive. It could be done. It wasn't as bad as many predicted, nor was it as wonderful as one might have hoped in one's wildest dreams. Certainly, holding the thing at the SECC did kind of stack the cards against it. The place turned out to be pretty much as billed. It was a horrible yawning edifice, a generation starship without the furniture, whose lack of any ceiling this side of the ozone layer oppressed the soul without you realising it. It was only when you escaped into the more human dimensions of a room on the edge of Hall 4 for a quick burger and suddenly felt a heavy weight lifting from your shoulders that you worked out what was going on.

And the place seemed to swallow up the sounds you wanted to hear and amplify others. The fan room in Hall 4 was like a lidless biscuit box in a shopping mall. On the first day, due to a committee decision *not* to provide a microphone in case it disturbed people in the dealers' room (what???) listening to a programme item in there was like trying to interpret noise from a distant galaxy. Even when intrepid programme organiser Jackie McRobert managed to persuade those in authority to think again, panellists had to sit with their mouths no less than an inch away from the microphone to stand a chance of being heard.

I like to think of myself as a principal victim of this situation. I was in mid-sentence on a panel when Dave Langford walked past on the way to his seat, caught the microphone with his bag, and smashed me soundly in the teeth. I do find myself wondering if all the vast assembled tech ops of Intersection couldn't have managed to come up with something better than a farcical situation such as this. I mean, do we not have the technology or what? Or were they just getting at me? Intersection will, of course, be hearing from my lawyers in due course. (Joke.)

The audibility problems were not confined to the fan room however. Four of the main program streams in the SECC were similarly affected, arranged in adjacent lidless biscuit tins so that in each of the programme items you could hear all the others at the same time. Value for money, I suppose. On the first day, the programme streams engaged in a battle of the decibels with each other. Each upheld the volume so as to drown out the others, only to find they had to increase it yet again fifteen minutes later as their rivals reciprocated. Eventually a large number of microphone police gophers had to be deployed to stop this happening.

The program rooms in the hotels were rather better, but even in the fan programme at the Central, the people sitting at the back of the room in the more popular items complained that they couldn't hear properly. Why did it have to be like that? After all these years of running conventions, don't we have the expertise to select the right amplifier set-up for the room? Isn't it important that if you're going to all the trouble of hiring a room and coming up with an idea for a panel and getting people to take part in it then the audience should be able to hear what they're saying?

Cynics might carp that this merely illustrates the belief of the organisers that the fact of the convention taking place is more important than its actual content. Certainly such a criticism seemed to be borne out by what happened at Samuel Delany's Guest of Honour Speech. Apparently the speech had been delayed by the previous item running over and then by Delany's own tribute to the newly deceased John Brunner — but when his allotted time ran out he was given the wind-up signal by the programme organiser and was obliged to draw his remarks to a close. Now does this make sense? Fly a celebrated author several thousand miles, advertise him as the star attraction at your convention, and then cut him off in mid-speech because he's been delayed by no fault of his own. Only, surely, to someone for whom the organisation of the convention is more important than its substance.

This attitude did indeed seem to be prevalent among some of the Intersection hierarchy. Executive member and Deputy Co-Chair Oliver Grüter-Andrew reportedly responded to some criticisms by Ian Sorensen as follows: "It's the process that's important. The way in which we organise the convention is what we should be most concerned with, not the actual convention. You are just too product-oriented, Ian." Speaking as someone who had to pay £80 for the privilege of purchasing this "product", I find this attitude rather annoying.

But what the hell. I don't mean to be unduly critical. I for one am kind of glad that some people like running conventions and if they get some weird ideas in their heads while they're doing it then maybe I should simply grin and bear it. After all, I like going to cons and if there weren't any other people who enjoyed running them then I might have to do it myself (again)

and that wouldn't suit me at all. So let's give credit where it is due. Many people predicted that Intersection would be a total disaster and it wasn't. American attendees seemed to consider it equivalent in quality to a normal US worldcon. The transport problems many feared did not seem to materialise. The Masquerade, I am told, ran like a dream. Well done.

All I would like to see, I suppose, is a change of emphasis. I would like, I guess, to turn the words of Mr Grüter-Andrew back on him, to see con committees become more "product-oriented". To realise that it's not just the power to bring a programme into being that is important but that people should be able to hear it. That quality is more important than quantity.

The members of Intersection were provided with a choice of some dozen different programme streams. If they had been provided with fewer, but the opportunity to hear them properly, would it really have been a very much worse convention?

— Simon Ounsley

So what about that programme? Did anyone actually go to any of it? Here's Sue Thomas, author of *Correspondence*, on a couple of items:

☆ Hi, Lo, So-so

..... I-I

• **Women In Uniform**, with Lois McMaster Bujold, Elizabeth Moon, Jennifer Stevenson, and Diann Thornley.

Fascinating. Even made me think about possibly reading some women's military SF. It was pointed out that this area of the genre looks at the way people react under extreme stress — and they didn't always mean the battlefield, but often just the parade ground. Humans in captivity. Hum, interesting.

• **You're The Alien**, with Gwyneth Jones, Martha Soukup, and Karen Haber.

Gave rise to some in-depth discussion about active xenophobia even within the SF world — i.e. the propensity of fans and writers to still shoot first and ask questions later. Martha Soukup seems to be someone to watch — bright and on the ball. I hadn't heard of her before, but made a note to read some of her stories.

• **The Writing Workshops**, organised by Mike Cobley.

I attended just one of these, but I heard that the group went from strength to strength and have now set up their own postal workshop. By Monday, Mike looked tired but happy, even though he'd been so busy running workshops twice a day that he probably missed most of the Convention. Never mind, Mike, there are probably some future Hugo winners in that lot and it will all be thanks to you!

Spot the typo

Come with me, Luke.
It is your Destiny...

Do not underestimate the power of our games. Tempt fate by paying a visit to the Wizards of the Coast concession.

When it comes to sheer excitement, we are the masters.

Wizards

"Wizards of the Coast" advert from the Pocket Programme

..... Lo

• **The lack of internet presence**

What century is this? A CompuServe stall and a Windows95 demo doesn't really encompass the thrills of the information superhighway. The Science Area kindly offered on-line access but this seemed a rather intimate and exclusive experience — although of course that's exactly what the net offers. I was most disappointed by the general Internet ignorance — everyone was reading William Gibson *et al*, but very few seemed to be actually *living* it.

• **The lack of really HOT T-shirts!!**

I'd expected to stock up on amazing leisurewear decorated with stunningly clever remarks and mindblastingly beautiful pictures. Not so. Most of the stuff on show seemed to come from some branch of BBC merchandising, and I searched in vain for something really weird and unusual that did *not* refer to a TV series. Where are all the original designer-minds these days? I see more off-the-wall inventiveness in building society adverts than there was in the Dealers' Room at Intersection.

• **Scott Bradfield.**

He wasn't there. I was doing a panel just before his session and rushed over 10 minutes late to find it had been abandoned due to lack of support. But I wanted to be there, Scott! I once reviewed *Greetings From Earth* and I just loved it. So to all those people who didn't go because they hadn't heard of him (yet) — well, it's your loss. You'll come to regret it.

..... So-So

• **Jack Cohen's talk on sex.**

At first I was exhilarated as I always am by someone who's not afraid to talk openly about sexual practice, but on reflection I've decided the whole thing was just too narrow-minded. The guy is *doggedly* heterosexual and presumably also only exclusively fancies humans. Plus he's only interested in practical possibilities rather than in the suggestions of the imagination. What a bore! Still, judging by the giggles every time he uttered a gynaecological word he obviously has his uses in dispelling general ignorance and embarrassment.

• **The general ambience.**

Those huge halls and in some cases appalling acoustics made it difficult to get in-depth conversations going either in panels or just over a cup of coffee. Let's face it, even at an sf convention too much Space can be a Bad Thing, and there were certainly acres of space above and around us.

• **The weather.**

It didn't *always* rain. Only when I didn't have a jacket.

— Sue Thomas

And so an acoustical theme begins to emerge. Here's **Alex McLintock**:

☆ *So that was a worldcon huh?*

I like the idea of a convention which was more like a trade exhibition than a hotel based conference. Intersection was it. I spent most of my time in Hall 4 (the Fan fair/fare + Dealers' Room + Art Show) and I finally understood what people meant when they said you could lose a couple of jumbo jets in that room. WE FILLED IT!

Unfortunately the panel walls were a disaster. They weren't strong enough and did nothing to damp out noise leakage between program items. (when will people learn?) But we all muddled on and just had to sit nearer the front of programme items.

There were always at least three things I wanted to go to — at British conventions you rarely find more than three program streams. I could have done with more info on the program items than was given in the ReadMe; only the Science Program Team solved this by displaying short bios of all their program participants and short explanations of all their items.

After helping out in the Dealers' Room and looking after Hodges' computer kit, and doing this, and that, I managed to go to an average of two program items a day. I don't know if I

was just lucky but they were of a quality that I expected from the best of a normal sized convention. If everyone had program items as good as the ones I went to it must have been mind-blowing!

The evenings had the best set of parties I have ever been to in a period of four days, though the dashing between hotels was a bit irritating — but I had my car so I was happy.

I was quite happy staying in the YMCA. It was cheap. Breakfast was cheap. The restaurants weren't particularly cheap but the portions were large. The transport was a pain. I drove the whole way from London and so I ended up as a fanish taxi driver, staying sober most evenings.

The thing I regret most was meeting people in passing and not really having the time to become firm friends. I saw my old sf fan friends for no more than five or ten minutes each. I don't really mind about that — I can see them next Ton or at Eastercon. But what about the people I only know by their first name? They were the ones who made this my best convention ever.

Anybody want to share a flat at one of the next Worldcons?

— Alex McLintock

Alex has been going to conventions for five years and this was his first Worldcon. If you were one of the people he met then he'd love to hear from you; drop him an email at alex@arcfan.demon.co.uk.

Matt Freestone's Monday was exhausting

☆ *Afore Ye Go*or Monday at the WorldCon

By Monday morning the Intersection was beginning to get the better of me. After yet another very late night I struggled down to a big breakfast where I slowly came to life with the aid of coffee and conversation with other fans at the hotel.

I made my way to the SECC, and headed for a light-hearted item held by Peter Morwood and Diane Duane (the Toast Mr and Mrs of Intersection) entitled 'Desert Planet Discs' at which they played a selection of their favourite music and swapped interesting anecdotes (try their homepage: www.ibmpcug.co.uk/~owls/index.html). My favourite piece was a troubadour poem that Peter had selected. The poem began as a traditional sounding welcome to the spring, but became increasingly belligerent, ending with lines such as, 'I tell you, there is not so much savour in eating or drinking or sleeping, as when I hear them scream. There they are, let's get 'em!' The author of this piece, Bertran de Born (ca. 1140-1210), was apparently twice excommunicated for inciting private war.

After this I went to Jack Cohen's talk, 'The Collapse of Chaos' based on the book of the same name he co-wrote with the mathematician, Ian Stewart. Jack is a polymath who works as a reproductive biologist. He gives entertaining talks on serious subjects; one of his earlier talks at Intersection was entitled, 'Redesigning the Human Body for Fun and Fornication', on various aspects of sex, and on which might be universal, which parochial to Earth's inhabitants. The Collapse of Chaos' examines a meta-scientific question: why are there (or appear there to be) laws of nature. Jack and Ian's answer is that the laws systems obey stem not from their reduction to the laws of their subsystems, but from the context in which they evolve. The talk also contained interesting background on how Jack taught Ian to throw a boomerang. Anyone with an interest in science should read this book.

After the closing ceremony, I went for pizza with some fellow BSFAns before the final round of parties at the Forte Crest Hotel. On the way in, I saw Peter Morwood talking to a small group of people and waving a sword around in a cheerful way. I didn't stop to check if it was real. My final recollection is of drinking single malt scotch whisky at the Evolution party and agreeing to write something for a collection of work by young British fans. It seemed a suitable end to a Scottish Worldcon.

— Matt Freestone

The Hugo ceremony is one of the central events of a Worldcon, not least for those nominated. Here's **Mike Resnick**:

☆Waiting For Hugo

So we walk into the Hugos, and I'm long since over being thrilled that I am the first guy in history to be nominated for four of them, and now I'm scared to death that I'm about to become the first to *lose* four in one night.

So Jeff Noon wins the Campbell. And Dave Langford wins Best Fan Writer. OK, I can see that; probably they were both favourites. But then *Ansible* knocks off *Mimosa* and *Lan's Lantern*. And an even bigger surprise: *Interzone* beats *Locus* and *SF Chronicle*. And I am sitting there thinking, "I wasn't at Lexington and Concord, or at Bunker Hill. Aren't you guys carrying a grudge a long time?"

And then *Lady Cottington's Pressed Fairy Book* beats the Whelan painting and the Lethem cover, and Jim Burns knocks off Whelan and Eggleton, and I'm starting to understand how the Argentine soldiers felt in the Falkland Islands a few years ago.

I'm kind of numb and reeling, and Gardner beats me for best editor, and Joe beats me for best short story, and David beats me for best novelette, and my last hope is my Nebula-winning novella, and just before Chip Delany starts reading off the list of nominees, my wife Carol turns to me and whispers, "Did you know Brian Stableford has a novella up against yours?", and I figure, that's it, I've just set the least-cherished record in Hugo history.

And then Chip calls my name, and all I can think of as I walk up to the stage is "Thank God I didn't lose all four!"

Well, it's a few weeks later, and I'm still thanking him. And while I'm at it, thank you for your support, too.

— Mike Resnick

Dave Langford added a brace to his ever-growing collection of Hugos (he now has eleven). You can see them in the picture on the right, taken by **Geri Sullivan** at the Hugo winners' party. (The object between them is the rare GUFF-billed playpus, created by Karen Pender-Gunn and auctioned in aid of GUFF.) Here are Dave's acceptance speeches:

☆And Now I'd Like To Thank . . .

Fanwriter: "Unfortunately, Martin Hoare can't be with us tonight. I know this will be a sad disappointment to those who know and love the ancient fannish tradition of Martin accepting this Hugo and, every year, telling his joke. But he has promised to carry out another part of the ritual by faithfully waking me up to tell me the good news at four o'clock tomorrow morning. I can hardly wait! Thank you all very much."

Fanzine: "I'm trying hard to be embarrassed. There were some damn good fanzines shortlisted for this year's Hugo, and most of them had *individual issues* thicker than a year's worth of *Ansible*. I blame my unnatural success on the people who do the actual hard work — so let's hear it for my distributors: Janice Murray covers North America, Bridget Wilkinson dominates continental Europe, Alan Stewart blankets Australia — and, bravest of all, Martin Tudor hacks through remote jungles to spread the gospel in the British Midlands. Finally, for the fan historians out there, thanks to Naveed Khan for making this the first Hugo-winning fanzine whose complete text comes free on Internet. Thank you all!"

— Dave Langford

You can find the complete run of *Ansible* — along with many other goodies — at the Glasgow sf archive (anonymous ftp to <ftp.dcs.gla.ac.uk>), which heroic Naveed Khan administrates.

Poor old Kim Newman. There he was, reading out the nominations for Best Semiprozine, and when he finally opened the envelope had the temerity to *get excited*! He was very visibly . . . pleased, shall we say, at the result. And has since endured some merciless teasing.

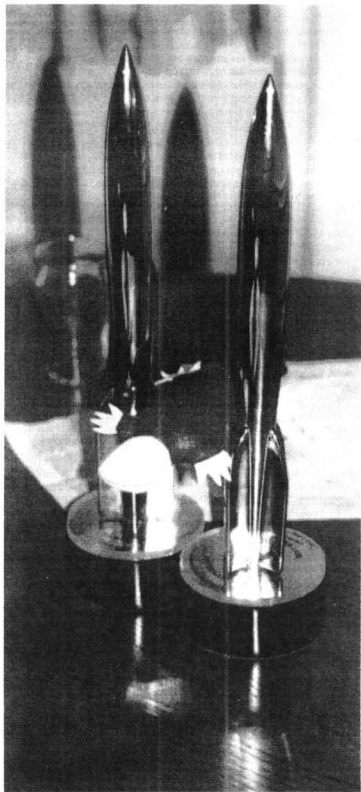


Photo by Geri Sullivan

I was thrilled too. Here's **Lee Montgomerie**, Deputy Editor of *Interzone*, who as usual was:

☆Hanging Around In Bars

Verily it has been said that everyone at Intersection experienced a different convention, and in my case it was spent at the interface between the booze and the bookroom. By day (unless there was a party at lunchtime) I sat with David Pringle and the editors of *Sechehrezade* behind a table of *Interzones*. On our left, Gamma was flogging Aussie paperbacks, druggie mags and Aleister Crowley T-shirts. On our right, a pair of American women were dispensing dice, playing cards and assorted trinkets. The floor was soon covered with fag ends. We had a

view of the rubbish bins, the gents' bogs and the trickle of punters passing us by as they made a beeline for the dice, bumper stickers and pictures of Mulder and Scully. By night I hung around bars, sampled the bid parties and tried to wangle invites to publisher's bashes. I didn't get to the party in the Glasshouse which was either full of lizards and frogs or Gamma was hallucinating, but I did get to the one of the Renfrew Ferry which I am assured was rock steady, so it must have been me who was half seas over and four sheets to the wind. I didn't need to waste any money on food. Sustained by crisps, peanuts, sausages on sticks and ambitious cold buffets, I floated through the weekend on a tide of freebie plonk.

I can barely recall the Hugo ceremony. The fan awards swirled by in a frenzy of anticipation and the professional ones were clouded by the haze of euphoria. Thank you, *Matrix*, for reminding your readers to vote for *Interzone* on their ballot papers and not just in their heads. Thank you, *Matrix* readers, for responding to the call. We might have won anyway, but not by such a crushing margin.

As we left the hall, either the skies were lit up by ineffable radiance or someone was letting off fireworks in the car park. The Losers' Party was crowded, dark, hot and horrid. There was nowhere to sit, no ashtrays, egg-and-cream sandwiches, and we had to pay for our booze, and at about four times the going rate at that. Within a few minutes we'd abandoned the Losers for the Non-Contenders in the bar downstairs. People shyly came up to touch Pringle's Hugo, admiring its length, hardness etc., and asking where the batteries went (thank you, Judy Watson). Even these irreverent remarks, and the revelation that the Hugos were manufactured in five-year bulk batches on the hood ornament production line of Pete Weston's car accessories factory could not totally dim the glory.

Back in the mundane world of everyday reality, I go to the pub for the hair of the dog.

"So how was the sci-fi conference?" a regular asks me.

"Great!" I say, "We won the Hugo!"

"If I knew what that meant, I'd be gobsmacked, I'm sure," he says.

"And how about you," I ask his companion, "Are you interested in science fiction?"

"Oh yes," he says, reeling off a list that belies his rough appearance, "George Orwell, Aldous Huxley, Yevgeny Zamyatin..." It is my turn to be impressed. "So you know what a Hugo is, then?" I ask.

"Course I bloody do," he replies contemptuously, "It's a bloody car, innit?"

— Lee Montgomery

Here are a couple of reports from the support troops, all those unsung heroes who laboured mightily behind the scenes. First **Harry Payne**, who — much to his surprise — found himself organising the anime programme:

☆Who, Me?

"I hear you're running the anime programme at the Worldcon," said the voice on the phone.

"Indeed," quoth I, my cheery tones deftly concealing the ALERT sirens that had started blaring through my brain, "and who told you that?"

"Tina Hewett." The Intersection programme co-ordinator. She should know, even if I didn't. One swift call to her later solved the mystery: Helen McCarthy, having pulled out of organising the anime, had suggested that I be asked to replace her. With typical brutal Intersection efficiency, this was mutated into my acceptance, and indeed had been recorded in committee meeting minutes. Well, that made it official, so I set to work writing begging letters to anime companies.

Despite what Manga Entertainment Limited (MEL) would have you believe, there are no less than six other companies in the UK who deal in anime. They said yes, of course, it'll be great publicity, and how about some preview tapes, posters... As for MEL, well... they weren't quite as curmudgeonly as Warner

Bros (who threatened legal action if *Babylon 5* was screened at the con), but their declining to give showing permission left a large gap in the programme, in more ways than one. *Akira* was shown in the film programme, because 16mm prints can be hired from independent film libraries without referral back to anyone else.

Requests for screening anime not yet released in the UK were made abroad. From Japan came a deafening silence, from mainland European companies likewise: a pity on both counts. From the US came a brace of positive replies: Animeigo (whose genial avatar arrived at Intersection with a carrier bag full of current and preview videos). Central Park Media / US Manga Corps also came through, posting preview tapes at very short notice. The other US companies who bothered to reply could only say that EC distribution of their catalogue was handled by MEL. Although this wasn't helpful in organising the con programme, it gave me an insight into what MEL may be releasing in the future. Or not.

As for the screenings, what can be said other than that they occurred more or less to schedule and were apparently appreciated by the con attendees? I don't recall any serious complaints at the time; the worst tended to be "Why aren't you showing XXX?", which I was happy to lay at the feet of MEL. The final proof of people's appreciation was a lack of complaints at the con post-mortem; the counselling (or lack thereof) of fans traumatised by programme items was raised, which made me wish I'd attended more programme items if only to see what could traumatise fans so.

Outside the video room, the anime impact could only be described as disappointing. I had suggested to the committee that an anime-related guest would be a good idea: if nobody could be found from Japan who was willing to attend, there were several Americans who were involved in the business as translators or film distributors. Some of the latter had even been known to attend UK conventions and pay their way. I was told no money was in the budget for this idea, however the pulp sf writer Takachiho-sana, perhaps best known in the West as the creator of the *Dirty Pair*, attended the con and appeared on a couple of panels. Similar miserliness was shown to UK anime artist Steve Kyte, who was told the con insurance wouldn't cover his paintings. He therefore couldn't afford to display them, a severe loss to the artshow.

A more disturbing aspect was the Osuma Tezuka exhibit, shipped to the UK from the States by its US organisers at their own expense. When I managed to get out of the Moat House where the videos were running, and into the SECC proper, I couldn't find it in the exhibits section, nor the art show, nor was it advertised in any of the con literature. For such a display simply not to be used is a slight to the memory of "the godfather of anime". Tezuka Co will certainly need strong persuading before it is shipped to the UK again, if ever.

Overall, and from the safe perspective of three weeks after the con, running the anime stream was worthwhile. Hard work, frustrating at times, but worthwhile. And, on the balance of probability, fun. So once again, thanks to everyone involved with the con: especially:

Dave Lalley, whose programming kept lots of Americans and other entities happy by showing innovative British TV that wouldn't ever make it onto a US network;

The Tech Crew, who sorted out the superb VCRs and large-screen TVs, let me use their Ops to store the tapes, were very polite and friendly considering all the hassles they were lumbered with during the con, and provided coffee at ungodly hours; The gophers, who eagerly supervised the equipment (and the videos!);

All the anime companies who made the stream what it was: from those, Chris O'Donnell, Roe Adams III, Nigel Fisher, Helen McCarthy, Simon Gale, Keiichi Onodera, Joanna Jeskins, David Row, and Sasha Cipkalo deserve a mention.

And most importantly, thanks to everyone who said they enjoyed what was shown — I may do it again sometime. Just not too soon....

— Harry Payne

A particularly successful event was the Planetary Colonisation Simulation, run by **Jo** and **Ken Walton**:

☆ A Review Of Intersection With Rather A Lot Of Superlatives ...

On the whole Intersection was a brilliant con — so many terrific people all in one place. We could have stayed there forever. It was wonderful meeting up with people we only know on the net and seeing what they look like — uniformly younger and prettier than we expected.

It was also very international. In our Planetary Colonisation Simulation we had plenty of British people, two Danes, an Irish-woman, several Americans, a Frenchman and one unforgettable Swede. This ran over all four days of the con — all the advance hard work paid off, everyone in it was marvellous and inventive and did things we hadn't thought of. Apart from the acoustic problems it went very well. We always bring in a lot of clichés of the genre, but this time we had a totally new alien ecology, designed with the help of Jack Cohen, and a globe of our planet, sculpted by David Angus. The theme of this one was "people turning up unexpectedly." Earlier colonisation simulations have always had a team isolated on a planet. This time we started off with two separate groups and brought them together, and then in the last session we recruited newcomers to be a mining corporation — they started exploiting people straight away, uniting all the others against them. Great fun.

There was a terrific Norwegian Party, as always, and we became honorary Norwegians. In fact we're considering moving to Norway, the people are so friendly and interesting and the food is terrific. Waffles — yum. Delany's GoH speech was fasc-

inating, and his tribute to Brunner was touching without baths. The dealers' room and the fan space in Hall Four were good — that room was bigger than my entire city centre!

The disadvantage of Hall Four — and of Hall Three — was the aforementioned acoustics. These halls were big enough to park an airship in, with very high ceilings. This meant that with an ambient hum of noise, voices got lost. To speak normally, you had to raise your voice. Running our workshop we used mikes for general address, but this wasn't any use when talking to small group when you didn't want other small groups to hear. In Hall Three the mikes were all in competition with each other. This was the con's only major problem — but it *was* a problem. It affected 6 out of the 10 main program rooms.

The other problem, for us, was the way one hotel manager at the Central reneged on an agreement over corkage and meant that a party we'd put a lot of time and effort into planning had to be cancelled. The Eternicon Party became a stealth squad of cider smugglers, donating cider to other parties. However, we didn't let it spoil the con, and it we'll have another go at Evolution.

Glasgow is a fascinatingly surreal city — we think the architects must all have been on drugs. The taxi drivers were great — "You as fans certainly know how to have a good time!" one joked. Well, we do.

— Ken & Jo Walton

The clipping below — almost too perfect to be true — defies comment; I can assure you it's not a spoof. What the piece doesn't say is that the family in question received a refund when they complained, and came because of another piece of misrepresentation: the Channel 4 program on the Saturday night, which gave the strong impression that it was *Star Trek* event. And now back to our weirdo drug addicts ...

IT'S SCIENCE FRICTION



THEY CAME FROM OUTER TOWN... Russ Allit, left, and Will Tingle in their convention garb

Sci-Fi fans came down to earth with a bump when they had to fork out a fortune to get in to a fair.

Organisers of the weird event at the Scottish Exhibition Centre are charging £30 for adults and £15 for children.

And last night one mum who paid a total of £90 to get in with her children blasted: "It's a rip-off."

STALLS

The 53rd World Science Fiction Convention arrived in Glasgow on Thursday.

A spokeswoman defended the admission charges and added:

"There are loads of

'Weirdos' show is branded a rip-off

By CHARLES LAVERY

things for people to see here. We've already had more than 5,000 people through the doors."

But one mum, who asked not to be named, paid for her two children and a friend to get in, thinking it was a *Star Trek* convention.

She said: "There's hardly anything to do once you get in. It's just a load of stalls and people walking around looking as if they are on drugs."

"The children were bored within minutes. It was a waste of money."

Sci-fi fans dressed as

Thunderbird puppets, aliens and even transvestites wander the floor of the conference centre mingling with the punters.

Russ Allit, from Texas, dressed as a woman with a fox tail.

JOKING

He said: "I did it once for another convention in the States and it went down well, so I've been wearing this to all of them ever since then."

"It's just a bit of fun. The Scots are more sensible than the Americans — nobody has

tried to chat me up yet over here!"

Will Tingle — known as Pyro to fellow sci-fi fans — came to Glasgow dressed as a man with two heads. He said: "It's a character from the *Hitch-hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*."

But when we asked Will, a trainee chef, what his mates thought of his dressing-up, he replied: "You must be joking. I don't tell them!"

Glasgow taxi driver Bill Keir, from Hyndland, wasn't too impressed when Russ and Will tried to hire his cab.

He said: "I wouldn't have them in the back of my car."

One of the highlights at the fair, which ends tomorrow, is "space food" — a pack of freeze-dried strawberries which will set you back £3.

As Ken and Jo point out, Worldcons are, of course, highly international affairs. Here's **Maia Cowan** with a view from across the pond....

☆An American in Glasgow

Chris has asked me to write about Intersection from an American perspective. I'll approach this from two different directions: One, fanish — I've attended a reasonable number of Worldcons, run by people with lots of experience, so I've developed certain expectations for 'The Worldcon Experience' (wherever it takes place). The other, cultural — did anything make this a 'Scotland' Worldcon, and just how is that different from the 'U.S.' Worldcons I've attended? (Or for that matter, the Worldcons in Brighton, The Hague, and Winnipeg.)

Over the years I've developed a Worldcon Routine. We pick our hotel by compromising between price and distance from the convention centre, so I see a little of the host city but not much. I diligently study the programme, and mark lots of programme items I'm eager to attend—then skip most of them because I'm busy chatting. I suffer last-minute panic about the programmes I'm on because after all this is **WORLDCON** and I may actually be expected to know what I'm talking about; and then, fortunately, the programme is reasonably well attended and the audience actually seems to enjoy what we're saying. I run into all sorts of people I never see anywhere else, but don't spend enough time with dear friends. I meet a few new people, but don't meet as many non-U.S. fans as I'd like to. I spend a lot of time in the huckster room [*US term for dealers' room* — CT] but don't buy much because I don't want to carry it home. I attend the Hugo Ceremony and take a great interest in the outcome. I don't attend the Masquerade but afterwards I wish I had when I hear the costumes described. I eventually make it to the art show, mostly looking for my friends' artwork. I go on one massive dinner expedition, which convinces me to sneak out for a quiet (and much faster) dinner on subsequent evenings. I resolve to go to the films, but I just don't stay awake late enough. I plan to browse all the parties, but usually end up staying in the first one, talking to one or two people until I start falling asleep. Sometime on Saturday I think, "How much more fun can I endure?" but on Monday I don't want to leave.

I did all these things at Intersection, and enjoyed myself immensely. Only a few things seemed 'different' to me from other Worldcons, both for better or worse. Most of them I would attribute to other things than culture. Only a few things made this a 'Scottish' Worldcon for me, but for me those things were sufficient.

The most obvious way to express the home culture is through programme items, and Intersection took good advantage of

that. Of course there were the bagpipers and Loch Ness monster at Opening Ceremonies (but even in a building as vast as the SECC I was reminded that the bagpipe is NOT an indoor instrument!). Quite a few programme topics focused on Scottish writing or culture, including 'Why Was Scotty Scottish?' and '21 Years of Glasgow Fandom'.

I mentioned I usually resolve to attend lots of programme items, and then don't for one reason or another. At Intersection, the reason was that for most of the programme venues, the acoustics were — well, superlatives fail me and I'm forced to resort to understatement: they were impossible. After the second time I was completely unable to hear what the panellists were saying, I gave up entirely. The SECC just isn't designed for a number of small panel discussions. I don't know whether the Intersection concon failed to recognise there would be a problem, or they thought the problem could be overcome, or they thought that ultimately it wouldn't matter. I don't know whether a more experienced concon would have recognised the problem or dealt with it better — or whether they would have given up the idea of holding a Worldcon in such an echo chamber. It's still a problem that will go down in history.

I was particularly disappointed at the futility of attending programme items because so many focused on fanish history and fandom in different countries, and a non-U.S. Worldcon offers a great opportunity to explore these issues because different groups of people than usual are able to attend. I give the programming staff full marks for the focus on 'world' and 'fandom', which is sometimes lacking in U.S. Worldcons. I did make it to 'A Tale of Three Fandoms', where I discussed U.S., British, and Finnish fandom with Anetta Mariranta Pirinen (a Finn living in England) and Alyson Abramowitz (a U.S. fan who's lived in three different regions of our country). We agreed that many of the differences among countries are due not to culture but to population density. Anetta mentioned, for instance, that there are no filk conventions in Finland because there are few filkers there — but they're probably the same percentage of the total fanish population as in the U.S., where there are upwards of half a dozen filk conventions. Conventions are much more a part of U.S. and Canadian fandom (event he fanzine fans hold cons) than elsewhere — but again, that may be because there are so many U.S. and Canadian fans that conventions are more within our geographic and financial reach. We noted some cultural differences, however, such as that British fans usually meet at pubs whereas U.S. fans more often meet in libraries, university buildings, clubhouses, or each others' homes. Maybe I'm just being unperceptive in thinking there are more similarities than differences between fans from different countries, but Anetta was inclined to think so, too.



Ian Gunn's view of the press coverage. It should be pointed out that this cartoon was drawn in November 1994, way before the insightful piece of reportage on the preceding page.

Although the SECC was a dreadful place to do programming, it was a great place to hang out. The 'lobby' actually had seating! It was convenient to find the Voodoo Board, freebie tables, and Convention Information Booth all in one place. It was even more convenient to have the dealers room, bid tables, displays, kaffeeklatsches, autograph sessions, and art show in one large area instead of around the corner, down the hall, and Chu knows where. The Fan Market was a good idea, since the hucksters room wouldn't be economically feasible for fan groups that were giving items away or were just trying to meet con.

I was glad the Fan Lounge (traditionally the headquarters for fanzine fandom) was out in the open, not tucked away in some dark room where only fanzine fans would seek it out. The nearby food court was particularly convenient — I suspect as many people were just sitting down a while, or waiting for friends, as were actually eating. It was great to be able to grab a quick, relatively cheap meal within the area. After buying a hot dog, however, I added it to the list of Foods Americans Should Never Ever Buy in Britain Except From an American Franchise (the other foods are pizza, hamburgers, and sandwiches whose names contain the word 'salad').

The food stands made up for the lack of a con suite, though fans who hadn't been to cons outside North America may have been shocked to have to *buy* drinks and snacks. Does culture dictate that British conventions generally don't have con suites — or is it that hotels more often insist on corkage fees, and party supplies are more expensive? I noticed, however, how many different places within the SECC sold not just beer but hard liquor, almost unheard of in U.S. convention sites. And of course, the chocolate is MUCH better.

I was taken aback by the lack of food and the strict limits on drinks in the green room; at the last several Worldcons it had been a place to relax at any time and enjoy perquisites like free refreshments in return for donating time and talent. I assumed, however, that these limits were dictated by the budget, not by lack of hospitality.

I was disappointed, too, that the programme participants weren't included in the long list of people publicly thanked during the Closing Ceremony. In several ways it seemed the programme participants were short-changed, and that the programme was not well planned. The acoustics were a major headache (no pun intended) for everyone. Worse, Significant Events had lesser programmes scheduled opposite them. It could be considered a breach of etiquette, for example, to have items that 'compete' with the Guest of Honour Speech.

I actually made it to the art show twice (two more times than I sometimes do), which is ironic because it was so much smaller than usual. I wasn't surprised by the small size, figuring many people just didn't want to deal with Customs (even though the concom arranged for a broker) or decided the relatively small attendance meant too few sales. I was shocked by the small percentage of fan art. Most of the entries seemed to be originals of book covers, all done with the same slick technique even where subject matter and style differed. Notable exceptions were the many pieces by Romanian artists. Why Romanians? There seemed to be more people from that country than from other countries in the same region (and similar economic situation).

While Romanians were better represented than I'd expect, one group seemed surprisingly small — Scots. I didn't hear more than half dozen recognisably Scottish voices the entire convention (then again, I might not recognise many varieties of Scottish speech). All the concom and staff members I dealt with were English, or American, or anything but Scots. (I did see men in kilts, but for all I knew they were Highlander fans from Philadelphia.)

Even when I don't get a chance to talk to many people, I like just seeing how many people from many different places have come together to share their interest in the same thing (well, all right, in a wide variety of the same thing). I wish, therefore, that the badges had been printed in larger type, and had provided better information about where people were from. 'GB' might have meant Cardiff, or Belfast, or Manchester, or

Aberdeen — I know there's a difference. And did 'A' mean Austria or Albania?

I didn't get to that many of the parties, and those I did attend were nothing spectacular. I skipped the Saturday parties entirely after getting separated from my husband and realising I had no way back to my hotel after midnight: the convention shuttle only ran among the Official Convention Sites (which didn't include my hotel), cabs were scarce, and I couldn't depend on finding someone to walk with. Maybe the shuttle route, schedule, and fare were dictated by financial considerations — or did the decision makers just not realise that some people (like programme participants) would need to get between sites quickly, and many people who wanted to go to parties would need a secure way home?

When I had the time, I didn't mind walking between the SECC and the Charing Cross Hotel, especially after I figured out where the 'hamster trail' walkway let out. I heard lots of complaints that the convention site was too far from the hotels — mostly from Americans who aren't used to walking. I heard a few complaints, too, from Americans who booked rooms at other than the official con hotels, and didn't get what they expected, like room service and a private bath. For our part, on the contrary, we were pleasantly surprised that the Charing Cross was so similar to American hotels, and even more surprised when the bill was lower than what we'd been quoted. We would have been happy to find out a few days earlier that free breakfast was included after all; we'd bought mediocre food in a nearby cafe rather than pay the too-high price in the hotel restaurant. It was good of the concom to get these details straightened out, not so good that they didn't spread the word sooner and more effectively.

Besides all the programme items I didn't go to, the primary source of 'local flavour' was, of course, the location itself. In spite of the distinctly un-Scottish weather (except for Saturday morning, when we played truant from the con to see Dumbarton Castle and got drenched), Glasgow had its own look and feel — so many American cities seem interchangeable, with the same featureless modern buildings and crowded streets. We generally don't schedule extra time for sightseeing when we go to a U.S. Worldcon, but we enjoy overseas Worldcons for the same reason we read science fiction — to experience something we'll never have at home in our everyday lives. Worldcon was for us the culmination of a three-week visit to Scotland; we started in Edinburgh and went on to Orkney Mainland before coming to the con. Glasgow was something of an anticlimax, but only in comparison to the overwhelming presence of History in Edinburgh and the breathtaking natural beauty in Orkney. We didn't see enough of it, even taking three mornings out of the con for castles, cathedrals, and museums. I think the concom recognised that many attendees were as interested in the city as in the convention, and they provided some very useful information, particularly the thorough restaurant list.

So, what are my overall conclusions about Intersection, from a fan's and a tourist's perspectives? It was a good Worldcon though not a great one, with all the necessary features, particularly a strong attempt to make it a 'world' con through programme items, the fan lounge, and the Fan Market. It had two REALLY serious problems, the dreadful acoustics and the lack of really reliable transportation. It had some particularly good points, like its choice of guests, all completely deserving of the honour; the open layout of the display areas (complete with someplace to sit) (let's note the irony that the same architectural features made the place rotten for programming and great for socialising); and the focus on fannish history and activities.

In many ways it was a 'typical' Worldcon — which is good, it means the concom didn't do things just to be different and therefore didn't do things that Absolutely Don't Work. The city is a GREAT place to visit, and I could cheerfully spend another 30 years or so in Scotland.

I'd call Intersection a success from both perspectives.

— Maria Cowan

The BSFA, of course, made its presence felt. Here's **Maureen Speller**:

☆Hi ho, hi ho

It's hard to recall a time when Worldcon hasn't dominated my waking thoughts, not since that night about eighteen months ago, when I woke suddenly and thought "god, I have got to take the BSFA to the Worldcon!" The stuff of nightmares indeed, and this was only the start. Productive and fun though the tombola has been over the last couple of years, raising more than £3,000 for us, we were going to need more than that. Yes, we could sell back issues and second-hand books, but we would need to do more than that. T-shirts were an obvious idea, if we could get a good design, but I wanted something more than that as well. We had had monumental problems with getting the mailings out on time, and other committee members felt we should do something for members, to ensure they didn't feel they'd been losing out on their subscriptions, but what? Then Paul Kincaid had an idea... he would write a history of British science fiction and fantasy, it would be free to BSFA members, and we could sell it at the Worldcon! With this and T-shirts, we would have a very respectable display. We could do this!

And so the work began. I lost sight of my husband as he began a passionate affair with his word processor and I grew used to tripping over large piles of books or being woken at midnight to have another chunk of theory outlined. In the meantime, Dave Hicks, who designed our new poster, agreed to it being used for a T-shirt as well, while D. West was approached for T-shirt designs and, to my delight, agreed and obliged. We finally settled on just where in the convention the BSFA would have its stall — in the dealers' room, which though it cost what seemed a huge sum of money turned out to be infinitely preferable to having to skirmish each day for an unsecured table in the Fan Faire, and gave us secure storage space — and Elizabeth Billinger started work on a table cover to advertise our presence. Mark Plummer kept handing me price comparisons for T-shirt and booklet printing, and then buying me drinks while I goggled gently and wondered if I could bankroll this from my building society account.

And where in all this was I? Just about anywhere you care to name, particularly in the last few weeks before the convention, when much of my spare time was spent either writing letters, sending emails, making frantic phone calls or else being stuck behind the wheel of the car, driving to collect more material, or making yet another pit stop in Croydon, where Mark's living room was looking more and more like a warehouse with every passing day. In the week before we left for Glasgow, I drove to Croydon twice in two days, about three hundred miles, then hit the road in earnest for a journey to Liverpool to deliver material for Friends of Foundation and collect BSFA tombola

stuff, going via Oldham and Leicester, pausing for a few hours before hitting the road to Dartford to get the new membership leaflets — and incidentally breaking down in Dartford High Street — god bless the AA. By the time we hit the road again for Glasgow, with a dangerously full car, I had driven well over 1,000 miles for the BSFA and quickly notched up my second thousand.

I won't bore you with the rest of the crises, like the last-minute loss of the van which was taking the stock to Glasgow; suffice it to say that we and our equipment finally all met in the dealers' room, where Mark was wearing a t-shirt which said "It's all right Maureen, really it is". And oddly enough it was. Once we had everything laid out and priced up, our two tables looked wonderful, full of goodies; Elizabeth's table cover, with its big bold "BSFA" in bright blue letters attracted plenty of attention, and the people on the next stall allowed us to pin up t-shirts on the side of their display panels which also helped. As luck would have it, one exhibitor never turned up and his tables were divided up between the BSFA and Hogshead Publishing, to make the place look full, so we had plenty of space to peddle our wares.

And now for the big one: how well did we do? I had wanted to raise a lot of money through this venture; Elizabeth and I were naturally concerned about covering our costs on t-shirts and booklets, not to mention the cost of the tables, and the cost of van hire, not to mention repaying the loan from the Mexican Hat, and as much as anything we would have been grateful to get enough to cover most of our debts. As it turned out, we quickly covered all our expenses and ended up with a modest profit of several hundred pounds, plus stock which now represents pure profit. Elizabeth and I heaved a collective sigh of relief and I have stopped dreaming about bankruptcy. We also attracted 51 new members, more memberships than have been taken at all the conventions the BSFA has attended since we started having tables in dealers' rooms about three years ago, as well encouraging people to renew their subscriptions. Best of all, people who took leaflets at the con but didn't join have been sending in subscriptions ever since, so breaking down in Dartford was worth the effort.

The best part of the convention for me had less to do with making money, more to do with making friends and showing the scoffers that the BSFA can get its act together and put on a worthwhile show. People were impressed with our energy and commitment, with the goods on offer and with what the BSFA itself has to offer in its mailings each year. I've been involved with the BSFA for nine years now and after years of having to defend my involvement, it was a great feeling to have people coming up to tell me how well we were doing, how impressive we looked. After months of worrying, that was a wonderful feeling.

Going to the Worldcon has proved very good for the BSFA — we've got funds in the bank, stock to sell, good publicity, a lot of ideas about what to do next and I've finally realised a long-standing dream to have the BSFA publishing booklets again. And we made friends and had a good time, all of which is important. I didn't do this on my own so I would like to finish up by offering my thanks to the people who did the hard work and put up with me for all the months it took.

I'd like to thank all the members of the committee for patiently listening while I rambled at meetings, and especially Elizabeth for not having heart failure when Mark and I spent a couple of thousand quid on merchandising. Thanks are due to Dave Hicks and D. West for their design work, and to Steve Jeffery for the BSFA logo. This may be nepotism but thanks must go to Paul Kincaid for thinking up the history, and also to Roger Robinson for giving us an

A Very British Genre

A Short History of British Fantasy and Science Fiction

by Paul Kincaid

This book, specially produced for Intersection, is **free** to all BSFA members.

To get your copy, send a self-addressed A5 envelope with either

47p in stamps (first class) or 36p (second class) to

Maureen Kincaid Speller, 60 Bournemouth Road, Folkestone, Kent, CT15 5AZ.

Extra copies are also available for £5 each, including post and packing (cheques made payable to BSFA Ltd). Ideal as Christmas presents. Show your friends and family what science fiction and fantasy is really all about!

ISBN number and recommending the Becon printer. Indeed, thanks are due also to Red Splash Designs, Bouvier Print Services and M. & T. Kelleher for some very speedy work, and we mustn't forget PDC Copyprint and Clive Beeson in Guildford, without whom we wouldn't have had a decent set of magazines in the first place.

In particular, we owe a huge debt of gratitude to ZZ9 Plural Z Alpha, better known to many as "the Croydon fans", especially Jim and Claire for advice on T-shirts, Noel and Jim for sorting out the van, Jim and Mieke for carrying the merchandise to the 26th floor in the YMCA and then back again, and Kay for nobly sacrificing her living room to the BSFA box collection for weeks on end.

On the day, I'd like to thank every BSFA member who came to help, including Paul Hood, Tony Cullen, Moira Shearman, Jilly Reed, Andrew Saxby, Andrew Butler, Lesley Milner, Carol Ann Green, Julie Venner, Chris Terran, Catie Cary, Alan Johnson, Matt Freestone, Paul and Elizabeth Billinger — forgive me if there are others I've missed but I wasn't always at the table and didn't see everyone.

Last but certainly not least, I must thank Mark Plummer for the huge part he played in making sure that the BSFA got to the Worldcon, from booking the tables to sorting out the logistics of getting the stuff back to Croydon after the event. Without Mark's knowledge and expertise, I doubt we would have achieved a tenth of what we did manage. And tacky though it may be, thanks once again to Paul for studiously avoiding all mention of divorce for the three months before Worldcon.

— Maureen Speller

There's been some discussion recently in these pages of the problems of first-time visitors to conventions. Elizabeth Billinger, BSFA money supreme, was a convention virgin:

Intersection was not only my first Worldcon, it was my first con of any kind. Paul and I had decided that if British Worldcons are such rare events then maybe we should go and see what all the fuss is about. I didn't really have any idea about what happens at a con generally or a Worldcon specifically, and I didn't know what the chances were of my actually enjoying myself. Being a cautious type I located a holiday cottage on the shores of Loch Lomond (only 30 minutes away) rather than booking a convention hotel, the idea being that if we hated the con then at least we could enjoy a week's walking in Scotland.

As things turned out we could have left all the outdoor gear at home — we were at the SECC by 10 every morning and stayed there all day.

I was shocked by the apparent scale of things when we registered and collected our programme booklet. I couldn't see how I was even going to pick out all the things which might interest me, let alone decide between them. Having spent most of the Wednesday evening before the con studying the booklet and planning my personal programme I discovered on Thursday that this was a stupid idea. By the end of the day I hadn't been to a single item and instead I'd spent the whole time behind the BSFA desk pressing membership details into the hands of passing strangers and explaining the principles of a tombola to Americans. In case that suggests Maureen was wielding her whip and had me manacled to the cash box, let me explain that my volunteering was truly voluntary. In fact I found it a great help being able to hide behind the desk; it gave me time to get used to the idea of being at a con, I was able to get to know people whose names I recognised but whom I'd never really had a chance to chat to, and it meant I had a retreat on those occasions when the whole thing started to seem too big and scary (I don't like crowds and I get lost easily / all the time).

Friday was much busier, so with increased confidence and more volunteers to man the desk I went to my first programme item (on *Babylon 5*), and enjoyed it. I had by this time discovered that daily programme sheets were issued and, since they gave you only a day's worth of information at a time, made decisions a little easier. By Saturday I was relaxed enough to walk out when a panel, sharing a single inadequate microphone, were inaudible over the other items taking place in the hall.

Looking back over the programme booklet I don't seem to have been to many items. The ones I did attend were all entertaining

and / or informative (if they didn't seem promising I left, life's too precious etc.). It was the people I talked to that made it so enjoyable for me. I was apprehensive because I didn't really know anyone and feared that I would be treated as an outsider. In fact everyone was welcoming and friendly, and no-one laughed when I asked stupid questions like "Who is Greg Pickersgill?" and "What is filk anyway?" I felt terribly ignorant — all those books, reviews, articles I haven't read, and all that fandom stuff about which I know nothing — but inspired rather than daunted. I shall be feverishly studying my back issues of *Matrix* and *Vector* so I feel more informed by the time I attend my first Novacon.

— Elizabeth Billinger

Elizabeth's husband Paul Billinger was also a first-timer.

Intersection in Glasgow was my first Worldcon. More than this, it was also my first con. Because of this I had little actual inclination of what to expect and went into it essentially blind. Various people had told me about cons and how different Worldcons were to the smaller British cons, but because of knowing so little about them I started out with an open mind and without any baggage / experiences (positive or negative) of previous events. I went hoping to enjoy the experience but with plans to disappear into the mountains walking if I detested everything about it.

So it was as a complete con novice that on the day before it started I — and Elizabeth — arrived at the SECC. Immediately upon entering the Centre we were accosted by a radio-wielding con official and directed to the registration hall. All went smoothly here and we then started on our next mission, which was to get into the dealers' room with various bits and pieces for the BSFA table and to help Maureen, Paul and the others get everything organised. The con staff were very helpful and we soon gained entry to the dealers' room, a sectioned-off area of the aircraft-hanger main hall, found the BSFA table and met all the other volunteers.

It was from this moment that I suddenly realised that our decision to help set up and staff the BSFA table during the con was certainly the most critically important choice we could have made; as complete novices this gave us a direct link into fandom, to people who could, and did, answer all our elementary questions and translate this strange con language we started to hear (thanks everyone!) and to give us a base to anchor ourselves to and to stop me drifting totally lost in a very large event, both in scope and geographically — I don't want to know how far I travelled through those halls (you may well have gathered by now that my secondary plan to go walking wasn't needed). Basically from here on I felt part of the con, involved in it, and in my mind this drastically reduced its scale to a much more manageable size.

I left the hall that day positively looking forward to the rest of the con with a feeling that, yes, I could get hooked on this con-going; and the next five days rather than dissipating this only strengthened and reinforced it.

Details of those five days are strong, vivid and positive, particularly of the people who, almost without exception, were great. Much of my time was spent around the BSFA table as this was an excellent focal point, with there always being someone there who I knew (the number of which grew rapidly) and attending various panels (but not as many as I had expected to as I kept missing them through talking to people).

At the end of the con most of the people who had helped the BSFA during the con gathered in the bar (coffee as well as beer) to relax and reflect on the past days. Leaving that group to start on my way home was intensely sad as, thanks to them, I had had a wonderful time and did not want it to end. But then I realised it wasn't The End, only a pause ... as Novacon and Evolution aren't that far away. See you there!

— Paul Billinger

Hindsight is a fine thing. Here *Vector's* new editor Andy Butler reveals what they didn't tell him ...

☆They Never Said

They never said that Glasgow was hilly. It's in Scotland, yes, I know, but it's not that far north. I imagined, looking at the grid on the map, that the city was on a plain; a thing of mathematical beauty and a joy forever. Ah yes, that grid. Arrows on the map

mean one-way streets. Lack of arrows on the map do not (necessarily) mean two-way streets. And of course, the map is not the territory. So we have a labyrinthine one-way system in a grid, superimposed upon two intersecting sine curves. Interesting? No, Intersection, of course. The name finally makes sense.

They never said that there was a glass tunnel over the road and railway to get to the SEC. (SEC or SECC? At times the SECCC. The Cs multiplied as the week wore on). But walking through the tunnel every day, and staring at the profusion of glass and metal, I suddenly had the feeling that I was in an episode of *Bugs*, one of those rare episodes which wasn't quite situated next to Canary Wharf.

They did say about the aircraft hanger which was the fan hall. They never said about the acoustics, and how bad they were in the fan panel room. For my session on *The Fan in the High Castle* there were microphones, but only two of them between the three of us on the panel. It was hard enough for me to hear me over the hum of ambient noise, and I was the one using the microphone. The audience seemed to have their own mute buttons. All six of them. We closed the panel when the audience outnumbered us.

They never said what the panel was supposed to be about. (The alleged "full details" which were sent to me beforehand and were meant to be a full briefing only told me location, time and personnel, not subject). Ah, there was of course the Read Me, which said the panel was on what fandom would be like if historical events had been different. Say if Kennedy had not been assassinated, or if Germany had won the Second World War or if Hull fandom had attempted a takeover of the BSFA. Who knows? Who cares? I had a neat line about Trilby fandom — how the readers of George du Maurier's bestseller dressed up as characters from the novel and held parties, but Simon Bisson stole it.

They never said how knackered I would be at the end of each day, going over the tunnel, up to Sauchiehall Street, up Garnet Hill, up from Renfrew Street to the hotel and then up to the attic room. But as I lay, collapsed, watching late night tv and looking at books they never said I could afford, I realised they never said it would so great to meet people who have just been names, to cheer as someone (thankfully) fails to win on the BSFA tombola yet again despite buying twenty tickets (mad fool), to see fifty new members being signed up, to make contact with Irish and Canadian fandom and authors or to realise (with no doubt certain dishonourable exceptions) that you have five thousand friends. But this was a nice discovery to make.

— Andrew M. Butler

Now I can exclusively reveal: I was that mad fool. Twenty tickets and not a sausage. Oh well . . .

This year's winners of GUFF — the Get Up-and-over Fan Fand, which pays for an Australian to visit a Worldcon — were Ian Gunn and Karen Pender-Gunn. Here's the view from down under, first from Karen:

☆What I did on my holidays

Well for a start, we won GUFF so we were able to come and visit the very sunny UK (the hottest summer since records have been kept — about 1741!). We were able to go to Intersection — my second only Worldcon. We were able to meet, eat with, and stay with some very lovely people (thank you to all those who treated us so well and made us feel so welcome).

Now, I don't have much to base my opinion of Worldcons on. I have only attended Aussiecon II in 1985, when I joined fandom. I only vaguely remember the convention. I do remember meeting Ian in a wardrobe with another friend of ours, James Allen. It took a long time but now I live with Ian (I am not married to Ian, I only took part of his name) so was able to celebrate the 10th anniversary of our meeting at Intersection.

I had a wonderful time at Intersection. I meet loads of wonderful people, some I only knew from letters, some I hope will become friends. (Hi, Chris.) My impression of people from letters and fanzines was so different from their real life appearance. Every meeting was a real surprise, pleasant of course.

Only attended a couple of panels items, mainly because Ian was on the panel. Went to one panel and it was cancelled. Spent a bit of time on the information desk, and that helped get the convention into perspective for me. The most asked questions were: "Where's the toilets?" (behind you to the right) and "Where's the Voodoo board?" (behind you). Spent quite a bit of time buying jewellery from the dealer's room. Thought only semi-seriously about purchasing the painting of Maria from Metropolis — it would have cost more than I make in one of my jobs a year. Ate some really terrible food in the convention centre — it must be hard to do a really terrible baked potato! Went to some great parties, the bid parties were so good, plenty to eat and drink. Funny thing with the breakfasts at the Central Hotel — each morning we were there the quality dropped until it was almost inedible, oh, and I did try the haggis.

The people were the best thing about Intersection. Meeting Teddy Harvia and his lovely wife Diana was a real thrill. Especially when Teddy won the Hugo for Best Fan Artist, I felt we could celebrate with him. Spent a lot of the time with American and Australian fans; most of the British fans were so busy they didn't know what was going on! A taste of what to expect if Australia wins the Worldcon in 1999.

— Karen Pender-Gunn

Here's Ian Gunn:

☆Pros and Cons

Intersection had a few problems. The appalling acoustics, the far-flung hotels linked by none-too-regular busses, the grim seediness of Glasgow itself . . .

And, yet, I had a thoroughly wonderful time.

Most of the British fans we spoke to seemed to fall into two groups: they were either working themselves ragged running the Worldcon, or they were determined not to enjoy it because "we never wanted the thing in the first place!". Both groups seemed amazed to hear that we had such a good time.

A few random memories . . . Having all our accommodation problems sorted out quickly and painlessly by the determined and indomitable Alison Scott (Thanks!). Seeing Australian fans I haven't run into for years ("You came all this way . . ."). Eating (of all things in Glasgow) Peking Duck for the very first time, and going into raptures over it (it's usually much more expensive in Australia). Meeting dozens of people we'd only known by mail before. Being on a panel with an audience of six, and three panellists trying desperately to pad out to an hour a five-minute topic we knew little about. Working on the info desk as rumours of John Brunner's death ebbed back and forth across the convention ("No, we haven't heard anything official . . ."). Waiting for the Masquerade flashers to be ejected (photographers, that is . . .). The look of stunned amazement on Greg Pickersgill's face when I showed him where the Dead Dog Party was ("Didn't you know this was here? This was where all the best parties were . . ."). Being able to spot the latest edition of *Voice Of The Mysterons* from the other side of the room, thanks to cunning colour-coding and use of large half-tone numbers — good thinking, that man! Being surrounded by humming Americans during the fireworks — apparently they usually accompany their skyshows with John Phillip Sousa; in Australia we always use Handel, of course. Walking home late from the Forte Crest to the Central and watching the Ladies Of Negotiable Affection shivering in their sequined mini-skirts. Adjusting to a Glaswegian accent where a mere "Table for two?" sounds like a declaration of war. Trying to get onto a double-decker bus without queuing in the path of oncoming traffic in the multi-lane one-way street outside our hotel. Being awoken by the unintelligible but melodic chanting of the station announcer, reminiscent of some alienesque mullah calling the faithful to prayer. Making new friends. Having total strangers come up and give me egoboo for my cartoons.

We had a great time. Thanks for having us.

— Ian Gunn

Organisation is all, some say. **Kevin Standlee** is a veteran of WSFS business meetings and Worldcon committees:

Intersection was a well-run Worldcon. It presented a better public face to the World than a number of past US Worldcons, and avoided any many mistakes that imprint such events unfavorably on people's minds. For example, ConFrancisco was not overall a bad convention, but the bad impression left on people by the huge lines the convention generated has caused many people to remember that aspect alone.

Personally, I enjoyed Intersection more than any of the other eight Worldcons I've attended except ConAdian. (As ConAdian's Deputy Chairman, I have more "ownership" of the satisfaction I felt with that convention.) I am grateful to Paul Dörner in entrusting me with the Chairmanship of the World Science Fiction Society's Business Meeting. If I do say so myself, I did a good job with this, summed up by Pricilla Olson, who came up to me after the meeting and said to me: "I hate you! You're making me LIKE these meetings!"

Site Selection ran as well as we could have expected given a four-way race. The Intersection Committee inadvertently (and unintentionally) appeared to favour one candidate or another at various times, and at one point at least one of the bids was making noises that he would attempt to challenge the election results, which would have caused a major WSFS Constitutional Crisis. However, inasmuch as Baltimore unexpectedly ran away with the election in a first-ballot election, it was clear that any minor irregularities had no significant impact, and no protests were lodged.

The Committee did the best they could with the facilities they had to work with. The acoustics problems were regrettable, but I see no better way to have dealt with them than we did.

Intersection did a remarkable job of putting together a truly international committee, and the cooperative spirit was evident. Unpleasant memories of the previous UK Worldcon should be considerably banished by this gathering of the fannish clans. Congratulations, Intersection: You Did Good.

— Kevin Standlee

Martin Easterbrook was co-Chair of Intersection (the other was Vince Docherty). Here's the view from the top:

☆ Intersection

Chris asked me to write some quick thoughts of my own about Intersection for this issue. That has proved remarkably difficult, largely because I don't think we will know what the effect of Intersection has been until we can look back at it from a few years in the future. I hope that Intersection has done a number of things that will make that judgement a positive one.

I think we have demonstrated that UK Fandom can hold a Worldcon comparable to an American one.

I think we have shown a lot of people who worked on the convention that they have skills and capabilities beyond those that they believed they had. In doing this we involved people

from a wider range of nationalities and fan groups than any other Worldcon and we organised them into real working teams not just into token positions.

Finally I think we have shown that even something as big and as complex as a Worldcon can, in the end, be fun.

The downside was that it was certainly not all fun. Some things did not work. More importantly we probably worried half the people who worked on the convention to death over whether it was going to work or not (along with a fair proportion of UK fandom I suspect). If there is another UK Worldcon in future it will have to deal with this in a better way than we did.

Looking at things on the grand scale in which people tend to regard Worldcons I hope that UK fandom can use the skills and confidence it has gained in many areas, not just in running conventions.

On the personal scale, which in the end is likely to be the more important one for each of us, the impression I was left with was of the number of different people who had met and worked with each other.

Ben Yalow and Mike Molloy debating a point at the gripe session.

Some of the ZZ9/Octarine fans talking about Robbie Cantor (a Los Angeles fan).

A comment that the Ops radio net sometimes lapsed into German during moments of crisis because "the Germans working on Ops at that time were from different regions and unused to working with each other" and so needed to drop into their native language to sort things out.

In the final analysis we just threw the party. How much fun it was depended on those who attended.

— Martin Easterbrook

CODA

Finally, here's **Jim Trash** with a cautionary tale. What was your con like, Jim?

Well, on Thursday I didn't spend hours queueing to register and wandering miles to try and find out where I was staying

... and on Friday I didn't get hopelessly lost trying to figure out where everything was

... and on Saturday I didn't spend all day going to the wrong program items due to the naff layout in the readme

... and on Saturday night I didn't get ludicrously drunk at a room party and tell my best pal to go screw himself

... and on Sunday I didn't spend all day apologising for my behaviour the night before

... and on Monday I didn't find myself finally relaxing to enjoy the con when it was just about to end.

But had I been there I just might have done

— Jim Trash

And now it's all over. Tech ops can pack up their wallphones and trainee humorists can cease furtively searching through their school *Macbeths* for relevant quotations. And I can finally pack away that damned and blasted **health** Gothic font, and write for the final time:

The Scottish Conbention

The End

For John Brunner, 1934 - 1995. R.I.P.

Thanks to all contributors.

Linking text by **Chris Terran**.

Hugo photograph by **Geri Sullivan**

Special thanks to:

**Tanya Brown • Andy Butler • Antara, Jenny, Robert & Steve Glover • Paul Kincaid • Dave Langford
Mark Plummer • Julie Rigby • Maureen Kincaid Speller • Ken & Natasha Terran**

Wet, Wet, Wet...

Joseph Nicholas

on

Waterworld

The City of Lost Children

KEVIN REYNOLD'S *Waterworld* opened a few weeks after I'd finished my previous reviews, and turned out to be not quite as bad as the early publicity suggested. But this doesn't mean it's all that good, either — Costner's trimaran looks magnificent, and the action sequences are well-executed, but once the thing is examined in any detail it simply falls apart. Indeed, the questions crowd in faster than they can be voiced — where do the Smokers get their cigarettes from? If there's no dry land, where do they grow the tobacco? If there is dry land, wouldn't they grow food rather than tobacco? Would the Smokers really squander their decreasing petrol supplies on motorised water scooters? Where do they get their bullets from? In a world of scarce man-made resources, wouldn't the overriding priority be to capture and preserve rather than destroy? When Costner takes his female companion to visit the sea-bed, wouldn't she need something sturdier than a glass diving bell? Wouldn't they need to stop and depressurise on the way back up? And the biggest question of all, which sinks the whole endeavour beyond recovery, is the simplest: if Kevin Costner has gills and can breathe underwater, why the hell does he need a boat?

As a posse of Hollywood scriptwriters might answer: Duh. Didn't think of that one, boss. (Well, obviously.) And they can't even get the breathing underwater bit right: when Costner and his female companion have to dive overboard to escape the Smokers, he fastens his mouth to hers so that he can, as he puts it, breathe for both of them. We then see him breathing in and out through the gills behind his ears — which (a) isn't how gills work, and (b) would suffocate one of them while drowning the other. But all this is indicative of what's gone wrong with science fiction cinema: never mind logic, common sense, consistency or anything else requiring a modicum of thought, let's have some action. Thrills, spills, vast amounts of money on special effects, all targeted at an audience with an assumed median age of fourteen.

But to prove that science fiction films for adults are still possible, and that a good script is more important than any amount of money, we have Jean-Pierre Jeunet's *The City of Lost Children*. There's an explosion at the end, and some violence on the way to it, but overall the spectacle is subsidiary to the story: the makers are clearly aiming at the intellect rather than the emotions — although the sets, created partly on computer, are very impressive, and the grime and murk of the

unnamed turn-of-the-century seaport is thoroughly convincing. The plot is faintly ridiculous — mad scientist creates a man who can't dream, and who steals young children to plunder their dreams instead — but is full of incidental invention and energy. For example, there's the Victorian gothic apparatus of the dream laboratory: just the sort of elaborate glassware, gurgling fluids and braided electric cables one expects of the best Frankenstein movies. There's the bizarre 'cyclops' cult, men who have cut out their eyes and replaced them with something which looks as though it's been copied from the early days of radio, and who preach of the sightless world to come when even that contraption will be discarded. There are the elderly Siamese twin sisters who run the Fagin-like pickpocket ring. There's a brain in a tank, which speaks (with the voice of Jean-Louis Trintignant) through a pair of antique gramophone horns. There's a cast of dwarves, rubbery-faced clones (Dominique Pinon, playing all four) and grotesques of the kind last seen in *The Name of the Rose* (indeed, Ron Perlman, who here plays a fairground strongman and former whaler, was one of two monks burnt at the stake at the close of that film) — about the only normal character is the young girl pickpocket played by Judith Vittet (and you wonder what kind of dreams she might have had once principal photography was completed). And in parts it's very funny — it's the sort of film, in other words, which you wish was more typical of science fiction cinema.

(At this point some alert reader will recognise that *La Cité Des Enfants Perdus* is a French film, and remind me that I should have been boycotting it. I plead stern critical duty, etc. etc. — but I have given up French wine (Italian is just as good, and Eastern Europe is now producing some very palatable stuff) and cheese, although Somerset brie isn't the same and I really miss Port Salut.)

But you just know that there's another load of typical Hollywood fodder waiting in the wings instead. Trailers for *Species* have already been sighted, for example, although you wonder what it will do that *A For Andromeda* didn't thirty or so years ago. (Answer: blood. Violence. Special effects. No common sense or internal consistency at all.) Can *Johnny Mnemonic* be far behind?

— Joseph Nicholas

MAILBOX

Letters (and emails) on any subject are very welcome.

Send letters to: Chris Terran

Matrix

9 Beechwood Court

Back Beechwood Grove

Leeds LS4 2HS

or email: matrix@cisc97.demon.co.uk

From **Alan Poulter**

A.Poulter@bt.ac.uk

I really enjoyed the article on alt.fan.pratchett in the last *Matrix*. I thought that it captured nicely the unique feel of USENET / conferencing, with all its inverted jargon and labyrinthine procedure. To my mind, this is a textbook example of how the Net should be presented. Well done the authors! ☺

From **Peter Redfern**

14 Box Tree House

Gosteraod St.

London, SE8 5PA

Joseph Nicholas's reply to Howard Watts's crit of *Star Trek Generations* presented the weakest argument possible — both circular and *ad hominem*. Howard Watts does not agree with Joseph Nicholas's views on *Star Trek TNG*. Therefore he "is clearly a deep-dyed *Star Trek TNG* fan". Therefore he is wrong. This despite Howard Watts's admission that there are weaknesses.

I have seen most of *TNG* (being enough of a Trekkie to succumb to a cable salesperson). There are flaws and unevenness in the hyperseries, the main problem being the near-omnipotence of Q. A god who can do anything is a character to be avoided in sf and Q has the Enterprise officers doing silly things. Or if Joseph Nicholas were to take Howard Watts's advice and hire a random twenty *TNG* videos he might find they featured Wesley Crusher, who, rumour has it, was written out by public demand.

The main difference between the original series and *TNG* is that the Federation is at peace (until invaded by the Borg — I incline to the idea expressed by Stanislaw Lem in *The Cyberiad* that the collective intelligence of a hyperintelligent cyborg army would realise the absurdity of war but the idea that it might seek to impose its superiority is not yet exhausted).

Joseph Nicholas referred to the possibility of "decey" being attained by genetic engineering. But ideological traits are mainly derived from society through the memes, not inherited through the genes. If Mr Nicholas takes a contrary view he subscribes to right-wing ideology. *Starfleet* would surely vet its potential personnel to exclude psychopaths who might launch a galactic war, and employ counsellors to deal with personal problems encountered in a long voyage through unknown space.

James Kirk is not really a Dystopian. The real Dystopia is the 20th and 21st centuries (illustrated for example in the *Deep Space 9* episode "Past Tense"). By Kirk's time the social evolution of the

universe has begun. This continues in *TNG*, e.g. the struggles and machinations in the Klingon High Command, or Spock's attempt at reunification of Vulcans and the Romulans. There is real politics in *TNG*, if you choose the right episodes.

Aside from *Trek*, *Matrix 115* arrived here well after the competition date. I know it was not your fault. Probably difficulties with *Vector* were responsible. But an improvement must be made, as we are not all time lords! ☺

[In this case the incorrect closing date for the competition most certainly was my fault. No excuses; it was a simple mistake, and I humbly apologise. — Chris]

From **Ros Calverley**

100 Cambridge Street

Wolverton, Milton Keynes

Bucks., MK12 5AH

It's a very long time since I communicated with anyone outside the small world of apadom on anything to do with sf, so I write this with some trepidation — but there were a couple of things in *Matrix 116* which I cannot let go without comment.

First of all, Joseph Nicholas's review of *Judge Dredd*. While I wouldn't quarrel with his assessment of the vulnerability to questioning of the scenario, he surely cannot be serious in suggesting that the look of the film is derivative. The film *Judge Dredd* is an adaptation of the comic strip; a remarkably faithful adaptation, what is more. This implies — indeed requires, since the comic is essentially a visual medium — that it had a look all of its own long before the film was made; a look which the film preserves. And while the look may be reminiscent of *Blade Runner* and cyberpunk to most non-comics fans, anyone with some knowledge of comics will be aware that the reminiscence is, in fact, the other way round. *Judge Dredd* was first; the strip first appeared in 2000AD no. 3, in early 1977 — years before *Blade Runner* was made and years before cyberpunk was so much as a twinkle in William Gibson's eye. If one must quarrel with the film on artistic grounds, one might be better served by quarrelling with Hollywood's inability to convey the essential irony of the comic strip — an irony which in itself prevents *Judge Dredd*, the comic, from being either a "recruiting film for the Third Reich" or going with the "epiphany" scenario. In fact, Joseph referred to this very element. The fact that he does not develop this argument presumably indicates that — as confirmed by his remarks on the visual side — he really doesn't know very much at all about comics.

Secondly, Philip J. Knight's remarks about *Babylon 5* and *Star Trek*. I'm almost

ashamed to get involved in this one, but still... I'm sorry to say that asserting that something is the case does not make it true; saying that B5 is a kids' show doesn't make it one. While I take the point about the "relevant" elements in some *Star Trek* episodes, the fact that an issue is addressed does not necessarily mean that it is addressed in an adult fashion; indeed it seldom is in *Star Trek*, which has never managed to get beyond the embarrassing "Gee, this is a female dominated society (or whatever the 'strange' feature may be), Captain!" attitude, in which everything has to be explained to the audience which is assumed to be too dumb to read between the lines. *Babylon 5* never does this. When we come across a representative of what is evidently a female dominated society (to go with the previous example) we are left to pick this up from conversation; nobody gives us the standard *Star Trek* sermon on the subject. As for the *Lord of the Rings* association, this is wildly overstated by Philip. Although there are references to *LOTR* in *Babylon 5*, there is no close parallel of plot or character and any attempt to create one breaks down almost immediately. I have heard it said, for example, that the Minbari 'are' the Elves; but where in *LOTR* have the Elves conducted a genocidal war against Men and nearly wiped them out? Or that Deleyn 'is' Galadriel; but when, in *LOTR*, did Galadriel change species or fall in love with Sheridan, oops, I mean 'Aragorn' (or was that 'Frodo'? See what I mean?)? It just doesn't work like that. The *LOTR* references are atmosphere and allusion, not parallelisms; they are designed to give B5 'mythic' resonance, not to determine the plot. There are lots of other such references as well (*The Prisoner*, *Paranoia the Role-Playing Game*, *Neuromancer*, *Douglas Station*, the Lovecraft mythos, the *Channur* books, *The Idyls of the King*, *The Holy Blood and the Holy Grail*, "By His Bootstraps", *Marvel Comics* and *Iluminatus!* to name but a few; and it is plainly not the case that B5 'is' any of these) but they are decoration, depth-creation, even a game. The whole thing is very knowing, very 'clever' — as well as a whole lot of other things; but the only thing it 'is' is itself.

Also, it is a shame that Philip is not aware that religion too is a part of life and one that is relevant to a great many people; and that therefore the presence of religious elements makes for added realism, not for mumbo-jumbo. (If you think that introducing a religious element to a series leads to twaddle, what do you make of the Bajoran religion in *D59* and Commander Sisko's leery relationship to the Bajoran's belief that he is something

Cont. on p. 32

EVOLUTION

THE NEXT STEP



Evolution is the 1996 British National Science Fiction Convention, 5-8th April 1996 in the Radisson Edwardian at Heathrow, a 5 star hotel with room rates starting at £28 per person per night (sharing a triple room – £32 twin, £42 single) – and the BSFA's own leading lights are Guests of Honour.

OUR GUESTS

VERNON VINGE

Author of *Across Realtime*, *True Names* and *A Fire Upon The Deep*, his mix of space opera and hard SF explores the future evolution of man and machine...*Evolution* will be his first UK convention.

BRYAN TALBOT

Artist and author of the alternative history graphic novel *Luther Arkwright* and the compelling *Tale of One Bad Rat*, he is famous for his Victorian gothic art on *Nemesis*. He is now working on a *Dreaming* series for DC.

JACK COHEN

Jack Cohen, scientist and fan, evolves alien ecologies for countless writers.

PAUL KINCAID AND MAUREEN SPELLER

One of the UK's best-known fan couples, Paul and Maureen are amongst the mainstays of the BSFA – Maureen is co-ordinator and Paul runs the reviews section of *Vector*. *Evolution* will be Paul's 21st Eastercon.

COLIN GREENLAND

Award-winning author of *Take Back Plenty*, *Seasons of Plenty* and *Harm's Way*.

HOW TO JOIN

Membership is £28 attending, £16 supporting or child rate (aged between 5 and 14 on 5th April 1996 – children under 5 are free. Rates go up to £32 attending, £18 supporting after 5th November 1995. Pre-supporting members get a £1 discount and supporting members can convert to attending for the difference in memberships at any time.

To join, or for more information, please send your cheque (made payable to **Evolution**) to:

Evolution, 13 Lindfield Gardens, Hampstead, London NW3 6PX, UK.

E-mail: bmh@ee.ic.ac.uk

Web <http://www.tardis.ed.ac.uk/~simon/evolve/>



USE THIS FORM TO JOIN EVOLUTION NOW (BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

NAME _____
 BADGE NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____

 POSTCODE _____
 TELEPHONE _____
 E-MAIL _____

I ENCLOSE (CIRCLE AS APPROPRIATE)
 ATTENDING MEMBERSHIP£28 / £32
 SUPPORTING£16 / £18
 CHILD (5-14 YEARS)£16 / £18
 PRE-SUPPORTING DISCOUNTYES / NO
 (PLEASE SEND COPY OF PRE-SUPPORTING RECEIPT)
 TOTAL£ _____

HIGHER RATES APPLY AFTER 5TH NOVEMBER 1995

I AGREE TO MY DETAILS BEING HELD ON COMPUTER

Fire and Hemlock Jenny Glover

IN THE WORLDCON SEASON, give or take a couple of weeks on either side, I received 35 fanzines. They lie, rather self-consciously, on a pile I rifle through from time to time: three of them keep snagging at my attention and demanding my response.

The first is *Frog and Tadpole Times* from Judith Hanna and Joseph Nicholas. The cover looked good: a stylised frog which would have been destined to be a silk-screen print if the boiler hadn't burst or the doorbell hadn't given up. Joseph takes the lead story with a lyrical piece about frogs in their home-made pond. I found it easy to visualise the frogs' eyes, floating just above the pondweed, the rest of the submerged body ready to leap, as I'd spent several baking pre-Worldcon weeks sitting by just such a pond and attempting to avoid sunstroke. This fanzine was looking to be a treat. I stretched out in enjoyment, turned a page or two and found Bruno Ogorelec recounting raucous anecdotes on Bosnia today. Bruno, as a Croat, could admire the tolerance of Bosnia wholeheartedly.

There were two travelogues in this issue: one by Zenna Hanna on volcanoes, which is focussed, light and interesting and the other by Judith Hanna on Indonesia, deceptively smooth and simple. This article is a series of quick snapshots held together with explanatory narrative — when I got to the end, I found myself re-reading it, wanting more, waiting to know why the Indonesians who were in contact with the European tourists tended to be Christian, or more about why Ubud's charm was "feminine". Unfortunately, the fanzine finished with a long list of worthy facts. Joseph and Judith have aimed to give them more force by adding explanatory notes, but in some cases, this only makes the whole thrust of their argument more confusing. Here's one: "Roads appear to be getting safer because vehicles force pedestrians off them". I'd give a "maybe" in response to that, though I'd question the use of the word "force". Considering that vehicles go on roads (mostly) and pedestrians spent more of their time on pavements, the language of that snippet is weird. The notes that follow mention the percentage of 7-8 year olds going to school alone in 1971 and 1991, followed by the proportion of child pedestrians killed or injured by cars in 1992. I'm dubious about making a simple if, then statement: this appears to have a rather over-simplified implication. On the other hand, if the purpose of this page is to make the readers think a little, and not necessarily to present the truth in a simple way, then it has succeeded out of all recognition.

The main thing I take from *Frog and Tadpole Times* is that it echoes Judith's and Joseph's interests: a perfectly valid thing to do in a fanzine. There is no attempt to feel pressurised to adapt to a model of what a fanzine should be, instead Joseph writes on subjects he feels strongly about, Judith, perhaps, does the same, but in a smoother and more elegant way and the letter column bounces off the conversational hooks left lying so casually throughout the fanzine. This particular letter column discusses rock music and Australian fan history. SF gets a mention with a passing comment on Iain Banks and more discussion on *Fallen Angels*. Joseph comments that it is light-weight (true) and suggests that the balance between a green totalitarianism state and an underground run entirely by SF fans is awkward and unlikely to happen (also true: I hope!).

The second fanzine which keeps attracting my attention looks quite inconspicuous. It's called *Hissy Fit*, from Margot Dame Publications. The front cover fires a warning salvo, by declaring itself to be both feminist and science-fiction. I guess it's no surprise to find an article on *The Handmaid's Tale*. Except that the article soon develops into a powerful comment on surrogacy, one case in particular. There's another article on *Brave New World* and this, too, soon starts wondering if there are not uncanny parallels to the Epsilon babies Huxley mentions, in the

poor of all countries, deprived not only of oxygen, but resources for survival and education. I found that article uncomfortable. Hell, I found the whole fanzine uncomfortable. "On a bad day, Gilead seems just around the corner" writes Margot in her editor's note. This issue has an underlying theme of *in vitro* fertilisation, but future issues may consider genetic engineering, electronic surveillance, perhaps the women of *Star Trek*.

Getting back to the fanzine, there's a factual article about *in vitro* fertilisation. It's a tricky and emotive subject and the article is scattered with facts, like an incomplete jigsaw puzzle. There's just too much ground covered in a few pages, and inevitably some points — which would have made articles in themselves — are covered in one or two sentences. The desperation of women who can't have babies could have been explored in more detail, though the details of the IVF mechanism were explained far more fully than I really wanted to know.

As reading matter, this fanzine is difficult. Sure, the writing style is fine, very smooth, though the illustrations are more than a little rough. The ideas of production are interesting though: Margot chose a subject which interested her and spent months reading it up. Instead of doing standard book reviews, though, Margot chose to make the books dictate the introduction of the articles and go on from there. The question I felt on finally finishing was: What next? More of the same? What of the feedback? And is Margot right to say: "What sound will the last woman on earth hear before she dies? ... probably, the crack of the gun behind her head".

I guess going from *Hissy Fit* to *Shadows on a Broken Wall* was not the best way to lighten up the atmosphere. This latter zine is a collection of short stories the Peterborough SF Writers' Group wrote on the theme of radioactivity and produced specially for the Worldcon. I'm the last person in the world to make a valid judgement of fiction, but all I could think of when I'd finished reading, apart from the fact that I felt quite depressed, was that I wouldn't have spoken or acted like that. The stories suffered, perhaps, by space limitations: the booklet is only 15 pages and there are 7 stories crammed in. Helen Claire Gould starts with a light-hearted story "The Crab with the Glowing Claws": neat. I looked at it and started reading, then couldn't stop, except to wonder what would happen next. I wish it had been longer, more elaborate. My favourite was Mike Stone's "Health Considerations", another light-hearted jibe at the cosmetic industry with radioactive make-up. Again, it was far too short and I wasn't entirely convinced by the ending. And I wondered about the grammar of some of these pieces. I can see the genuine feeling behind sentences like this: "It was left to me, to my generation, to usher in the light. We did, but it was too late", but I can also wish that the authors had spent just that bit more space expressing themselves differently.

Three fanzines in the pile, two British, one Canadian, two done by individuals, one by a group; they have few points of common interest, except for the crucial one to me, that I found them interesting to read. It's more than that, though, I found them worth reading several times, though I didn't always agree with the subject matter or the underlying attitudes. They made me think, too.

— Jenny Glover

Shadows on a Broken Wall comes from the Peterborough SF Writers' Group, c/o 28 Bathurst, Orton Goldhay, Peterborough PE2 5QH, UK

Hissy Fit comes from Margot Dame Publications, PO Box 113, 545 E Broadway, Vancouver, B.C, V5T 1X4, Canada

Frog and Tadpole Times comes from Judith Hanna and Joseph Nicholas, 15 Jansons Road, South Tottenham, London N15 4JU

SF ANIME

GEOFF COWIE

browses through some recent releases

THIS COLUMN IS DEVOTED primarily to the vivid and exciting sf and fantasy animation coming from Japan.

One of the reasons, in fact the main reason, that I write this column is to introduce new viewers to Japanese animation. I hope that some BSFA members are getting a hint of how varied anime is and are giving it a try (by which I do not mean watching one Manga Video and deciding you don't like it). Some anime is brilliant and some is naff, and there is different anime for different tastes. This is the purpose of having review columns.

Channel 4 had a season of animated films, mostly horror, from Manga Entertainment Ltd on Saturday nights from July 22nd last summer. The one I saw looked crisper on broadcast than it did from video and the NICAM stereo was excellent. However the narrow selection will tend to perpetuate the image of anime as marketed by Manga Entertainment Ltd: branded as "Manga", and full of horror and violence. Yes, there is anime like this, but it's no more typical of anime than a Dan Simmons novel is typical of sf. And Manga Video is only one of six video labels selling a diverse selection of anime in the UK.

You might wonder what I read or watch when I'm not watching anime: besides mags. and computer manuals, I've been reading Conrad, Kipling and Cervantes, and I tend to watch the kind of movie shown at the Open University Film Club (and a few episodes of *Babylon 5*). I was also one of the "disconcertingly few" people to visit the highbrow Midsummer Arts Exhibition in Milton Keynes.

OH MY GODDESS!

(*Anime Projects / AnimEigo*, subtitled, 28 min, cert. U, £12.99)

Third volume in the charming romantic comedy series. In this episode, Keichi is stuck with representing the Auto Club in the University Drag Race. His mates have made a secret bet on the outcome that involves Belldandy. And as if two goddesses weren't trouble enough, Belldandy's little sister, Skuld, makes an appearance and interferes with the race preparations. A small masterpiece of animation; if you have the money, collect the whole series.

ANGEL COP

vols 2 & 3 (*Manga Video*, 29 mins ea, cert. 18)

An archetypal 'Cert 18' Manga Video series, full of lethal violence. Volume 1 of this stylish police series looked interesting but the next two volumes step into a higher gear. It has crisp realistic designs and an increasingly convoluted plot involving a communist terrorist outfit, a shoot-to-kill Special Security Force, a shadowy group of Hunters with supernatural powers, governmental corruption and anti-Japan plots, and the kind of heroine who when faced with a hostage situation elects to open fire anyway. With adequate dubbing, heart-stopping action and a plot that is all the more alarming for having some basis in fact, this one really grips. Recommended, but only for viewers who like seeing blood spatter the walls while spent cartridges tinkle across the floor.

PROJECT A-KO 2

(*Manga Video*, 50 mins, cert 12, £9.99)

I have to admit having a special affection for the original of this as it was one of the first pieces of anime I collected. Like the first A-Ko (very like it, in fact) it has three pretty schoolgirls, ultra-strong A-Ko, rich, clever B-Ko, and empty-headed and cute C-Ko who is also an alien princess. A-Ko and C-Ko are best friends, but scheming B-Ko is jealous. Add a crashed spaceship, poolside jinks, stranded aliens, gadgetry and mayhem and you have 50 minutes of richly visual escapism.

The narration and humour are so visual as to make a translation largely redundant, which no doubt is why this became a fan hit before dubs and subs were widely available. The original, with its English-language songs, and a wealth of visual clues and references, still looks and sounds as good as ever, but alas the (American) dub removes all the fun of decoding it and makes this release seem really stupid.

SPACE ADVENTURE COBRA

(*Manga Video*, 95 mins, cert. PG, £13.99)

A galaxy-spanning James Bond-ish space adventure, in which space pirate Cobra, already hunted by the Justice Federation and with a large price on his head, falls foul of the Galactic Guild, a vast criminal organization headed up by the deathly cyborg Lord Necron. He comes out of hiding after an encounter with beautiful bounty-hunter Jane Flower and agrees to help rescue her sisters.

This movie has an expensive look to it, with lush and sometimes daringly artistic designs, notably the design of 'Lord Necron', exotic locations, exciting set-pieces, gorgeous under-clad girls, dramatic battles, and a moody rock-music soundtrack by European group Yello. The music, which is one of the strong points of this video, apparently was recorded for Manga Video and replaces the original Japanese soundtrack.

So what more could a young man want from an sf movie? One's main quibble is that the stocky yellow-haired Cobra is hardly the most charismatic of heroes, and as he seems indestructible, it's hard to care a whole lot about what happens to him or the pneumatic fantasy bimbo he is trying to save. Only the downbeat ending might catch you unawares.

TOKYO ~ THE LAST MEGALOPOLIS

(*Manga Live*, 105 mins, cert 15, £13.99)

A rather lack-lustre popular Japanese movie, dubbed into English, and based on the *Doomed Megalopolis* anime series. Frequently obscure, poorly characterised, and lacking much of the visual flair of the anime, it entirely fails to substantiate any notion that live action is superior to animation.



Unless otherwise indicated all titles are PAL, dubbed, hi-fi stereo.

— Geoff Cowie

Ashes To Ashes

Lee Montgomerie

... discovers some glowing sparks in her pile of fanzines

I'LL CONFESS at the outset of this article that I'm completely unqualified to review fanzines. I have no fannish credentials; I don't even read *Matrix*, damn it. The only zines reviewed here which I'd have seen in the normal course of events are *Lagoon* which Simon Ounsley distributes generously without regard for trade, LoCs or contributions, *Deliverance* for which D. West extorted an inordinate amount of cash from me in an unguarded moment in 1992, and *Ansible* which is impossible to avoid because it is all over *Intersection*, *Interzone*, the Internet, Intercity trains etc.

So apologies in advance for any crass misrepresentation that may creep in. It's not that I'm unfamiliar with the terminology (in any case, among this pile of publications are both the *Guide to UK Fandom* and *The Trufan's Advisor* to set me straight on the ramifications of fanac on both sides of the Atlantic, complete with indispensable glossaries) or the people involved (a universally talented, intelligent, dedicated, energetic and humorous bunch), it's just that, unless I'm missing an awful lot of understated satirical irony, too many of these people are still apparently writing essays on "What I Did in my Holidays" or worse, putting out those ghastly mass-produced self-congratulatory letters which people queue up to photocopy at Christmas.

The most cringeworthy example of the latter tendency is Ross and Joy-Lynd Chamberlain's interminable account of house-moving in *Wild Heirs #9* which goes into exhaustive detail on the siting of telephone points and the quality of the carpet in the garage. After a tedious trek through the highways, byways and cul-de-sacs of the subject, they finally find a place to live. I doubt that Ross and Joy-Lynd could have made a worse bargain on the home-buying front — they've bought the existing furniture, they're paying the mortgage and the original owner is still there, in delicate health and demanding a dust-free environment withal. And the chief local amenity appears to be an artificial park with plastic birds and squirrels playing in the plastic trees whose trunks contain hidden tape players broadcasting the sounds of nature to the delighted populace.

Since, despite the attribution, the whole article seems to have been written by Ross in a tone of unmitigated self-satisfaction, I can only surmise that Joy-Lynd supplied the subtext. It was Joy-Lynd who volunteered not to smoke indoors, Joy-Lynd who exacerbated her damaged knees lugging boxes about, and Joy-Lynd, who, trying to compensate for malfunctioning air-conditioning by squirting herself with a plant-sprayer, had to endure endless jokes about her "personal mister." So when I get to the pages about how when Joy-Lynd (who else)'s car broke down beyond repair and who should they meet in the garage (?) but an estate agent (!) who showed them a house that they weren't particularly keen on and decided not to buy (...), I don't believe that was just another meaningless digression. Oh no. I think Joy-Lynd is secretly retaining that estate agent to find her a place of her own where she can smoke, let the dust run wild and free, and spray herself to her heart's content without being patronized. I know I would.

It can't be the soporific banality of the subject that makes this farrago such a dismayingly dull read. The rest of *Wild Heirs* is enjoyable enough without ever rising above the relentlessly trivial. There's an article about cockroaches. There's an editorial written by no less than nine editors which reads like a lettercol and repeatedly returns to the resonant topic of fizzy drinks. There's even a decidedly decent piece by Chuch (well that's definitely how they spell it here) Harris about his fruitless search for a word obscure and bizarre enough for "Hazel's Language Lessons" in *Ansible*. It is clever, witty and concise and, more to the point, it would not fit just as well in some supermarket magazine or estate agent's giveaway.

No such saving graces can come to the rescue of *Idea #9* which is beautifully produced, festooned with garlands of pretty drawings and portfolios of well-scanned photographs, but which reads like a school magazine from a nice school from some long-lost golden era when nice schoolchildren wrote nice polite essays on nice safe subjects like gardening, shopping for fabrics or keeping a pet. There is even a piece about a nice school reunion, for Ghod's sake. Sheesh, folks, fanzines are one of the few media where the writers have considerable control over the means of production and distribution; you can write what you like for whom you like. They're an ideal vehicle for obsessions, confessions, sensational revelations, vindictive abuse and insane ravings, not the kind of constipated wafflings you might produce for a church magazine for sick old ladies with the vicar peering over your shoulder.

TimeBytes is the official Worldcon fanthology, featuring choice clippings from such legendary fannish publications as *Daisnoid*, *Rastus Johnson's Cakewalk*, *Vile Anchors* and, er, *The Guardian*, spanning the period between Conspiracy and Intersection, which suddenly seems a golden age of brave, funny, stimulating and occasionally relevant fanwriting. *TimeBytes #1* covers fanhistory (conventions, awards, controversies, feuds etc.), *TimeBytes #2* concentrates on the generality of fannish writing where discussions of sex, politics, music and the like occasional-ly spill over into consideration of TV, comics, films and, er, science fiction. Plenty of stuff to make you laugh, cry, kick the cat and fire off furious letters to long-defunct fanzines.

TimeBytes is edited by Christina Lake and Lilian Edwards, who both also find time (though only just; both contribute editorial asides on the rush to pub their ishes in the run-up to the Worldcon) to produce fanzines of their own. Among the better stuff in Christina's *Balloons Over Bristol #8* is an article on the overblown size of American fanzines, a lettercol more or less given over to discussions of beggars and music, and an article in an apparently continuing series by Tim Goodrick featuring peculiar letters from his decidedly disturbed neighbour Miss Lee. Lilian's fanzine, *The Wrong Leggings #3* includes pieces on Glasgow, Seattle and Jane Carnall on slash fandom (never heard of it, but it seems to be a communal pastime of constructing fantasies about homosexual erotic relationships between characters in *Star Trek*; just the sort of tasteless lunacy fandom needs), not to mention Simon Ounsley making a meal out of breakfast at Novacon.

Simon Ounsley's writing is singled out by Lilian, in one of the interlineating pieces with which she has stitched *The Wrong Leggings* seamlessly together, as an antidote to the trivial drive with which fanzines are infested; and his contributions to *Lagoon #7* are no exception, with self-revelation mixed with down-to-earth mysticism and delivered with disarming humour. A bonus is D. West's follow-up to his previous article on fanart which reveals, to a strategically-placed preceding column of mystified letter-writers (including some of the genuine artists), that the earlier examples of assorted artistic styles were actually D's home-grown fakes. "The written content of US fanzines often seems to have more connection with Prozac than fanac," writes D in the course of his triumphant deconstruction. I wish I'd said that!

Deliverance is D. West's own collection, straddling ten years of discontinuous productivity (at least I assume the introduction was written this year; otherwise the most recent example dates from 1990) and encompassing 150 well-packed pages of refreshing brutality. When D moves house, it is not to some squeaky-clean dust-free dwelling overlooking a plastic park but to a fittingly seamy, rotting hovel infested with mice of the non-computer variety, and the move is not the subject of his article but a mere starting-point for a blistering offensive on fandom's version of political correctness via bizarre metaphors involving electricity and homosexuality, though not at the same time. It is the opening attack in a war which lays waste to the cosy clubbishness of fanzines and conventions, conducted by sneaky guerrilla attacks by devious routes, with wit set on stun, intelligence at full blast and taking no prisoners. There's nothing nice in *Deliverance*, but it will stay in the mind long after the nice stuff has decomposed into mental house-dust and been swept away.

Where to get them:

Ansible (it's not so much available as compulsory. You've already got it, in some form).

Wild Heirs #9 from Arnie Katz, 330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89017, USA; email wildheirs@aol.com (LoC or contribution).

The Trufan's Advisor from Arnie Katz at address above (send \$1, it says here; no alternatives for non-Americans, but not all the contents travel well anyway; when Arnie talks about the long tradition of plonkers in fandom, he's referring to spring-loaded guns firing rubber-tipped darts and not what you might have thought, missis).

Idea #9 from Ceri Sullivan, Toad Hall, 3444 Blaisdell Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408-4315, USA; email jjschalles@aol.com (for the usual).

TimeBytes 1, TimeBytes 2, from Christina Lake, 12 Hatherley Road, Bishopston, Bristol, BS7 8QA; email clake@xswat1.demon.co.uk. UK price: £3.00 for each part, £6.00 for both, including P&P. Overseas: £10.00 or \$15.00 for both parts, including P&P. All profits go to fan funds.

Guide to UK Fandom Contact Bridget Hardcastle, 13 Lindfield Gardens, Hampstead, London, NW3 6PX (email bmh@ee.ic.ac.uk) for availability. A new edition is possibly on the way for Eastercon.

Balloons over Bristol #8 from the Bristol SF Group, c/o 12 Hatherley Road, Bishopston, Bristol BS7 8QA (available for pleas, time-saving devices, spare copies of the letter 'M' and books on sustainable development; it says here).

The Wrong Leggings #3 from Lilian Edwards, 39 Viewforth, Edinburgh EH10 4JE; email L.Edwards@ed.ac.uk (available for LoCs, trades, spare copies of *Lanark* and *The Lost Continent* and recipes for making *crème brûlée* with yoghurt... and they tell us Lilian and Christina are not twins!)

Lagoon #7 from Simon Ounsley, 25 Park Villa Court, Leeds LS8 1EB (trade, LoC, show of interest or youth, health and energy).

Deliverance from D. West, 17 Carlisle Street, Keighley, West Yorkshire BD21 4PX (conceivably available for obscene amounts of money [about £8, I think — CT], but copies are scarce).

Also received:

Apparatchik #40, #41 & #42 from Andy Hooper, The Starliner Building, 4228 Francis Ave. N. # 103, Seattle, WA 98103, USA; email APHooper@aol.com. An intelligent fortnightly fanzine with a contentious lettercol and comprehensive fanzine reviews. These three issues straddle the Worldcon, so #40 is printed on US quarto paper, #42 on A4, and #41 has a bit of both so the back pages tower above the front. (For the usual, or a complicated scale of charges, but UK readers can get a year's subscription for £10 from Martin Tudor, 845 Alum Rock Road, Ward End, Birmingham B8 2AG, and it's probably worth it.)

Attitude #5 from Michael Abbott, John Dallman and Pam Wells, 102 William Smith Close, Cambridge CB1 3QF; email jgd@cix.compulink.co.uk or Attitude@btch.demon.co.uk; conreps, fanzine reviews, John Dallman on Cricket, Colin Greenland on Outlines, a long and lively lettercol and an interesting three-way editorial discussion about books — not science fiction though; no way, bloody hell! (For the usual, but those wishing to trade fanzines should send copies to all three editors.)

Frog and Tadpole Times (FTT #18) from Judith Hanna and Joseph Nicholas, 15 Janson's Road, South Tottenham, London N15 4JU. The lettercol hints at more interesting issues in bygone days but this is another zine heavy on the travel reports (perhaps it's the time of year) though at least Zena Hanna took the trouble to holiday on the brink of an active volcano. Bruno Ogorelec's piece on the simple happy lives of the Bosnian Muslims is heartbreaking with hindsight but basically just another tourist piece that's missed its timeslot. (Available for trade, LoC, contribution or, as last resort, £1.)

Ollis in Wonderland from John Ollis, 51 Belmont Road, Luton LU1 1LL. Allegedly the author's second fanzine, the first being produced in 1960 (so you might have to wait 35 years for the answers to the Barcode Quiz, which probably don't exist, and to the Rebuses, which probably do but are damned hard to figure out), this is a pleasant but bafflingly idiosyncratic publication featuring an article on the increasing length of books, an account of a strange experience and some synthetic correspondence from people whose names appear to be anagrams. Printed on one side of the paper only, so you could construct an alternate reality on the blank pages. (For the usual.)

Lee Montgomery is editor-in-chief of the hardcore cutting-edge monthly *Chapel Allerton Labour Party Newsletter*, available for the consideration of moving to Leeds 7, joining the Labour Party and keeping the Rottweiler a safe distance from the letterbox.

— Lee Montgomery

[She's also Deputy Editor of the Hugo-winning *magazine Interzone*, and is infuriatingly good at pub quizzes. — CT]



Media Con?

Mark Bailey

... on the media coverage of *Intersection*

THE CHANNEL 4 PROGRAMME "Beam Me Up, Scotty!" gave a fair indication of the market it was aiming at by both the choice of title and the use of Craig Charles as a presenter. Ironically, it may have been this last factor that saved the programme from becoming unbelievably crass at times as Craig Charles came across as an intelligent human being who had actually read some science fiction ... or at least who had been briefed by a researcher who had.

This focus on media science fiction in "Beam Me Up, Scotty!" was further enhanced by some of the topic areas that were covered. These items included:

- an excerpt from a performance of a Klingon opera which had premiered at a *Star Trek* convention, an event that had little or nothing to do with *Intersection* itself (apart from being in the same city at a different time);
- a review of the science fiction films that had been released in the summer of 1995 or were forthcoming which consisted entirely of clips (with no comment) from *Batman Forever*, *Judge Dredd* and *Waterworld* and previews of *Johnny Mnemonic*, *Species* and *Mortal Kombat*;
- a quite good feature on British comics and their relationship with science fiction, including opinions by Grant Morrison and others on such topics as how comics can compete with video games.

The programme did mention literary science fiction and science fiction fandom. In the very first item the international nature of the genre was touched upon by talking to fans from around the world. Also, the interviews with Samuel R. Delany, Ellen Datlow and Iain M. Banks in the item on sex in science fiction were quite well dealt with by Craig Charles who actually listened to what the interviewee was saying, as well as making some valid points himself.

The programme did cover film and masquerades in a slightly jokey but not particularly irreverent manner, although I have a suspicion that someone who was really interested in these areas could have taken offence at times.

Mailbox continued ...

not unlike the Messiah? This is a very important plot-thread of the series, the only *Star Trek* series ever to have ongoing plotlines, and all the better for that! B5 makes a bold attempt to explore the possibilities of religion in an environment of many species and many cultures, and it does not shy away from the difficult issues which may be involved. The first season episode "Believers" explored the devastating consequences of a religion-based clash over medical treatment; and while Dr McCoy of *Star Trek* was always right and frequently developed cures for conditions nobody else had ever come across by the use of the ever-handy Trekkie technobabble (despite the fact that he knew less about first aid and resuscitation than the average Boy Scout), Dr Franklin, of B5, is far from infallible and comes across as an arrogant swine even as one acknowledges that he has done what was, for him, the right thing; the drama convinces at a human level and does not skirt the issue by coming up with a whizzoo Trekkie compromise.

If you want "issues", one might mention the individual vs. the state and the rise of totalitarianism; state terrorism; the nature of good and evil; personal temptation and the consequences of giving in; courage and cowardice, both physical and moral (the figure of Lord Mollari, the moral coward who nonetheless manages to be tragic rather than simply despicable, is one of the most complex ever created in a TV series, never mind TV sf; he simply has no parallel in *Star Trek*, in any of its incarnations); individual conscience vs. the greater good; the rights and wrongs of the use of force; relations between societies each of whom regards the moral norms of the other as repugnant ... All these things are dealt with at various points in *Babylon 5*; some form the basic stuff of ongoing plotlines of great complexity which have, in some cases, been weaving themselves through the series from the beginning. IMHO, this give the series far greater weight and depth than the tackling of 'an issue' in a single episode *Star Trek* story can ever convey; because in *ST*, save for the shining exception of

The one thing that you kept on noticing was how much higher the proportion of people in costume was in the programme compared to what you saw yourself at *Intersection*. I can almost believe that they took footage of everybody who was in a costume while they were filming.

Turning to the radio several days later, the *Kaleidoscope* feature by Quentin Cooper began by briefly introducing the audience to the Worldcon thus: "... this year's World Science Fiction Convention has descended on, touched down in and generally beamed into Glasgow. It's the largest such gathering in the known universe; it was last in Britain eight years ago in space-age Brighton and this year's bash (known as *Intersection*) has attractor-beamed over 5,000 people." This introduction gives you some idea of what level the item was pitched at.

Next, Quentin Cooper gets Stephen Baxter to introduce the audience to science fiction fandom, before visiting the Dealers' Room with such comments as "My favourite [merchandise] is a Dune sandworm ... I've always wanted a large posable monster from beneath the desert surface," which is the sort of statement that a Freudian influenced psychologist could well have a field day with.

Cooper then bumps into Kim Newman who goes into a spiel about why he is there and how science fiction fans look down on *Star Trek* fans who look down on *Dr Who* fans who look down on *Blake's 7* fans. I hope that this last part was taken as a joke by most people or Messrs Newman and Cooper could be set upon by enraged *Blake's 7* fans at some point in the future.

Cooper concludes his tour by looking at futuristic looking weapons and the philosophy behind their construction; this was the most interesting bit by far but I'm not entirely sure if this was a mickey take of the guy making them or a serious piece about them as art.

Initially, I thought that the *Kaleidoscope* piece was better than the Channel 4 programme but only just. On reflection, I have changed my mind and think that "Beam Me Up, Scotty!" improves on a second showing if only because you fast-forward through the bad parts and focus on the good, such as Terry Pratchett talking about science fiction fandom at the beginning, and the item on sex in science fiction. I strongly suspect that my initial belief was based on length with the *Kaleidoscope* piece being just eight minutes long, as opposed to 40 minutes for "Beam Me up, Scotty!". I still have yet to see any serious coverage of *Intersection* outside the science fiction press (fan and semi-pro) but then did I expect to?

— Mark Bailey

DS9's ongoing stories, once 'an issue' has been 'dealt with', it is forgotten about; the Gallant Crew have produced *The Solution*, and that is that.

"Past Tense", incidentally, is more or less a remake of 'classic' *Star Trek's* best episode, "The City on the Edge of Forever". While the issues mentioned do come into it, it is basically a story of temporal paradox in which society's wrongs are righted by a man from the future who knows the solution because it is in his history. This is not, IMHO, a terribly 'realistic' look at the issues mentioned. And as for the assertion that in *Star Trek*, twenty-third century Earth is 'a Paradise ...' with no crime, poverty or unemployment ... Pull the other one, do.

Lastly, the characteristic feature of *Star Trek*, which is that the problem can be solved or the lethal situation avoided through a piece of nonsense technobabble which makes one think one might as well be watching *Dr Who*, is entirely absent from B5; B5 therefore, despite the existence of 'jump gates', has far more claim to be called science fiction than *Star Trek* (a fantasy) has ever had. ☐

The Failure of Science Fiction

John Oram *wonders where we're going*

ONE OF THE MAIN CONCERNS of the science fiction world has been a fall in the number of people reading hard sf, whilst the popularity of fantasy grows. One of the excuses for this is that people merely want to engage in escapist literature. This just doesn't ring true; if it was, the readership would turn to space opera. The problem is that science fiction does not address their concerns, while fantasy does. It is all very well writing about spaceships that travel at lightspeed, alien invasions, or jacking into computers, but to most people that is sheer fantasy. Writers of fantasy, however, are more politically aware and use their genre to discuss problems of politics, philosophy, or gender. Mercedes Lackey, for example, discusses such issues as homosexuality and homophobia in her 'Last Herald Mage' series; equal rights and taxation in *The Lark and the Wren*, and the effects of child abuse in her 'Arrows' trilogy. Racial discrimination, the power of myth over reality, and the abuse of power are discovered in Tad Williams's 'Memory, Sorrow and Thorn' trilogy. Just two examples out of many, who use their writing as a vehicle to both entertain and inform.

It is time that science fiction writers entered the arena. There are subjects of importance that *only* science fiction writers can address. Who else, for instance, could raise questions about the consequences of scientific and technological advances for ordinary people? Let's take computers. They're a useful tool. But they are putting more and more people out of work, and that number will continue to grow. Fewer people are writing letters, as the use of electronic mail grows; it's quicker and more efficient than the Post Office, and you know it will arrive safely whatever its destination. At the present rate of growth it is quite possible to envisage the end of the Post Office as we know it; the postman will just be another courier for packets and parcels and the job losses will run into tens of thousands.

We'll be able to order our shopping by computer, so there will be no need for shopping malls. Office blocks will stand empty. The trend for working from home is growing; somebody living in the Outer Hebrides can work for a firm based in London, without ever having to meet the people there. What will happen to all the builders, shop assistants, and factory workers? No sf writer ever deals with issues like this. Quite the opposite. One particular book which really frightened me was Harrison and Minsky's *The Turing Option*. The leading protagonist, Brian Delaney, is talking about the possibilities of the uses of a form of Artificial Intelligence which eradicates insects from plants:

"For one thing, we should now be able to improve Bug-Off itself. Enough to totally change the face of agricultural ecology. Because with all that additional intelligence its rôle can be extended to help not only with planting, cultivation and harvesting but also with a lot of the processing before anything leaves the farm. Consider how that will reduce both transportation and marketing costs."

He then goes on to talk about the other advantages of AI:

"Think of the recycling industry — they still mix things up so much that most manufacturing has to start from scratch. But with mass-produced MI processors every bit of trash can be analysed and disassembled into

much more usable ingredients. Then there is city street cleaning and maintenance. There is no limit to these really great potentials."

There is no mention of the human cost. Saving money and efficiency, yes; but nothing about the jobs lost, nothing about ordinary people thrown on the scrap heap.

No matter how mundane a job may be, no matter how repetitive and boring it may seem, there is always a plus side. People socialise at work; laugh, chat, talk about their problems. A job also makes them feel valued: the street cleaner feels he or she is doing their bit for the community; the postman has a feeling of service, feels his job is worthwhile; the shop assistant acts as an advisor to the customers. Take their jobs away, and they would feel unwanted and worthless.

Technology is replacing people. But what is going to become of the large mass of people who will never find work? What kind of society are we going to live in?

We are becoming more and more isolated. With virtual reality, we could cut out the need for travel; why bother? No need for hanging about in airport lounges, no problems with the locals, no upset stomach from foreign food. Just the fun, and all from the comfort of your own living room. And while you're about it, maybe a little cybersex? No need to go out, is there?

There is already a growing trend for women to have children by artificial means. A report in the *Sunday Times* of 10 Sept 1995 said:

High-flying couples who have lost interest in sex are resorting to test-tube baby clinics to start a family... 'I believe sex is becoming a casualty of modern life,' said Sam Abdalla, director of the infertility treatment unit at the Lister hospital in London. 'I see people who say "I'm so busy, she's so busy, we just can't do it at the right time."'

Given the growth of these trends it is possible to imagine a population with massive, and I do mean *massive* social problems. I can imagine a time when society does not exist, because people will only communicate by computer, and their entire lives will be spent living alone, never meeting another person; a time when the population will be controlled by the authorities; but people won't care. Children will be created, not born. The brave new world will be a nightmare, not a dream.

People are concerned about the future and what it holds for them. Sf is letting them down. The only writer I know of who concerned himself with the lives of ordinary people was the late John Brunner. We need more writers of his calibre, who will write challenging sf; we need people who really care about the future and what it holds for us, not merely to prophesy, but to bring these issues out in the open for public debate. Perhaps if more sf writers were to do so, then the genre would be treated with more respect. I have thrown down my gauntlet; will somebody pick it up?

— John R. Oram

EVENTS

24 January: BSFA London Meeting

Jubilee Tavern, York Road (near Waterloo Station). These meetings are held on the fourth Wednesday in each month, and start at 7pm in the upstairs room of the pub. Admission is free and both members and non-members are welcome. Guest this month TBA.

Contact: Mark Plummer on 0181 656 1037 for further information.

1 February: London SF meeting

Wellington pub opposite the Old Vic exit from Waterloo Station. 'London Circle' meetings are held on the first Thursday in each month, and usually start about 5pm. No special events but very popular and crowded.

Contact: Just turn up!

2-4 February: Obliter-8

The 8th national filk con is at the Forte Crest in Milton Keynes. Membership is £25, £12.50 for children and under-5s free.

Contact: Obliter-8, 212 Albert Rd., Leyton, London, E10 6PD

Email: oblitter8@rocsa.demon.co.uk

4 February: Picocon 13

This year's one-day event at Imperial College Union, Prince Consort Road, South Kensington, London SW7 has GoHs **Steve Baxter**, **Rob Holdstock** and **Chris Priest**. Note this takes place on a Sunday, and the bar should be open all day this year. If you've never been to a convention and live within reach of London give this a try — it's cheap and very friendly. Cost is £8, or £3 for students.

Contact: Picocon, 13 Lindfield Gardens, Hampstead, London, NW3 6PX

Email: icaffie.ac.uk

23-25 February: Dissection

The Sheffield Science Fiction Society is running a relaxed convention in Sheffield during February to reflect on last year's World con:

"Relax after eight years of stress;

Refresh yourself for the next UK Worldcon;

Catch up with the people you missed in Scotland."

Venue is the Rutland Hotel, Sheffield. Membership is £24 (£25 by credit card). Room rates £27.50 pppn single, £45 double / twin, £55 triple.

Contact: Steve & Alice Lawson, 379 Myrtle Road, Sheffield, S2 3HQ

Tel: 0114 281 0674

Email: disect@dowd.demon.co.uk

7 March: London SF meeting

See above for details.

27 March: BSFA London Meeting

See above for details. Guest TBA.

4 April London SF meeting

See above for details. Note geographic and temporal proximity to:

5-8 April: Evolution (Eastercon)

The 1996 Eastercon will be held at the Radisson Edwardian Hotel, Heathrow. Guests will be **Vernor Vinge**, **Jack Cohen**, **Colin Greenland**, **Bryan Talbot**, **Maureen Speller** and **Pink Kincade**. Membership is now £28 attending, £16 supporting and child rate.

Contact: Evolution, 13 Lindfield Gardens, Hampstead, London NW3 6PX

Email: lmb@ee.ic.ac.uk

Web: <http://www.tardis.ed.ac.uk/~simon/evolve/>

6-8 April: Generations II

A highly commercial event celebrating the 30th birthday of *Star Trek*.

Venue is the Albert Hall in London, and many actors are promised ('subject to work commitments'). Rates start at £10 per day rising to £45 per day, with a 10% discount for all three days.

Also on the 6th is a special party / disco at Hammersmith Palais, from the same organisation (Stargazer Productions); the event starts at 8:30pm and runs until it stops. Cost is £12.50.

Contact: Stargazer Productions International Ltd., 4 Aspenwood House, Ipsley St., Redditch, B98 7AR.

12-14 April: Accelerate 96

Hot on the heels of Eastercon the Heathrow Radisson will be hosting the third British Quantum Leap Convention. Full weekend rates are £35 adult, £17 under 14s (no charge for under 5s).

Contact: Accelerate 96, 78 Sterry Road, Dagenham, Essex, RM10 8NT

Fax: (office hours only) 0171 262 3195

Email: Accelerate@payliss.demon.co.uk

24 April: BSFA London Meeting

See above for details. Guest TBA.

2 May: London SF meeting

See above for details.

2-6 May: Warp Two

The national *Star Trek* convention at Cardiff International Arena.

Membership is £35 attending.

Contact: David Simons, 69 Merlin Cres., Edgeware, Middlesex, HA8 6JB

22 May: BSFA London Meeting

See above for details. Guest TBA.

24-26 May: Fantasticon UK

Media convention at the Harrogate International Conference Centre.

Contact: Fantasticon UK, 38 Planetree Ave., Fenham,

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, NE4 9TH

24-27 May: Inconsequential V: Inconsistent

The third annual con devoted to humour in sf and fantasy. "We promise that you will enjoy Incon V, or we will give you your weekend back (subject to the invention of a practical time machine, obviously)." Venue is the Scotch Corner Hotel, Junction A1/A66, Darlington and membership is £22 until Easter, £27 thereafter.

Contact: Inconsistent, 26 Northampton Road, Croydon, Surrey, CR0 7HA

Email: incon@arcosa.demon.co.uk

6 June: London SF meeting

See above for details.

22-23 June: Babcom '96

An 'event' based around *Babylon 5* from the (in)famous Stargazer Productions. No rates available. Last year's event caused some controversy due to alleged bad organisation.

Contact: Stargazer Productions International Ltd., 4 Aspenwood House, Ipsley St., Redditch, B98 7AR.

28-30 June: Discworld Convention 1

The First International Discworld Convention will take place at Sacha's Hotel in the centre of Manchester, England. Confirmed guests are **Terry Pratchett**, **Josh Kirby** and **Stephen Briggs**, with more TBA. Experience: Unseen University Challenge; First official Cripple Mr Orion

All-comers Tournament; Banananan Dakrys on draught; Discworld Karaoke; Unseen University Midsummer Lecture; Reduced Discworld Theatre Company; Exclusive Clarecraft models; the Biker Morrismen (don't miss!); Maskerade (sic) Ball; Filk; Clicks; Dead Monk ... sorry, Ape Party. And 1001 Elephants, apparently. Membership rates are now £20 attending (other rates TBA). Twin or double rooms cost £32 pppn.

Contact: SAE to The Discworld Convention, P.O. Box 3086, Chelmsford, CM1 6LD

Email: discworld@macloed.demon.co.uk

Web: <http://vangogh.cs.tcd.ie/cbuckley/DWC96/>

Listserved: Send message 'get Disc96Info' to

discserver@flymatr.demon.co.uk

11-13 July: Speaking Science Fiction

Academic conference at the University of Liverpool. Membership is

£130 including hotel.

Contact: Andy Sawyer, SF Foundation, Sydney Jones Library, PO Box

123, Liverpool, L69 3DA

12-15 July: Albacon '96

Scotland's annual convention at the Central Hotel in Glasgow (scene of the excellent evening programme at Intersection).

Contact: Albacon '96, 10 Atlas Rd., Springburn, Glasgow, G21 4TE

26-27 July: SFCD-Con

The annual German national convention, the SFCD-Con, will be held in Saarbrücken, close to the border with France and Luxembourg. This convention is interesting for foreign fans because its main tracks are

East European fandom and the history of fandom (not only German).

Some of the panels will be held in English. The organisers intend to invite a large number of fans from East Europe instead of two or three professional GoH, and currently have representatives from Poland, Russia, Lithuania, Czechia, Slovakia, Romania, and of course our own

Bridget Wilkinson. Also planned are an RPG theme and production of a radio play which will be regionally broadcast.

The membership rate until 31 Dec 1995 is 30 DEM. Payment by credit card (only Visa accepted) is possible.

Contact: Juergen G. Marzi, Scharnhorststr. 27, D-56073 Koblenz

Tel: +49-261-48259

Email: 110112.352@compuserve.com or jmarzi@texbox.lahn.de

Members' Noticeboard

Advertisements and announcements are free to BSFA members. Send your ad to the editorial address.

SILENT GNASHING of teeth over my inability to find various books. If you have a copy of any of the following which you don't mind parting with, I'll happily press (reasonable amounts of) money into your hot and sticky hand: *Sorcery* and *Cecelia* Patricia Wrede; *The Porcelain Dove* Della Sherman; *The White Pipes* Nancy Kress; *Bordertown* ed. Terri Windling; *War for the Oaks* Emma Bull. Please contact Jilly Reed at: Hill House, Moats Tye, Suffolk, IP14 2EX. Tel. (01449) 612272.

COLCHESTER SF / HORROR / FANTASY GROUP. We meet on the third Saturday of each month at 12:30pm in The Playhouse pub in St. John's Street. We are mainly a discussion over a few beers kind of group. If you fancy coming along either give **Des Lewis** a ring on 01255 812119 or you can just turn up.

WANTED. One copy of *The Shadow of the Torturer* by Gene Wolfe, the original Arrow paperback with the Bruce Pennington cover. I don't mind paying a couple of quid or so. Please write to: Steve Palmer, 4 Park Road, Toddington, Bedfordshire, LU5 6AB. Or phone 01525 876094.

BOOKS WANTED, must be hardback first editions in fine condition with dust wrappers:

David Eddings: *Magician's Gambit*, and *Castle of Wizardry*
Raymond R. Feist: *Magician*; *Silverthorn*; *Darkness At Sethanon*; and *Prince of the Blood*.

John Brunner: *Telepathist*; *The Stone That Never Came Down*; and *The Jagged Orbit*.

Contact: John Oram, 3 Otlands Avenue, Bar Hill, Cambs., CB3 8EQ

WANTED: Brian Aldiss's 'Horatio Stubbs' trilogy, *A Soldier Erect*, *The Hand-Reared Boy*, and *A Rude Awakening*.
Contact: Alan Fitch, 21 Kesteven Way, Bitterne, Southampton, SO18 5FJ or email alanfitch@demo.co.uk

16-18 August: Portmeiricon '96

The 19th annual 'Six of One' (*The Prisoner*) convention, as always in Portmeiricon, North West Wales.

Contact (UK): SAE to Six of One, PO Box 66, Ipswich, UK.

Contact (US/Can): 2xIRC to Six of One, 871 Clover Drive, North Wales, PA 19454, USA

23-24 August: Contraptions

Gaming and role-playing con at the Moat House Hotel, Northampton. CoHt is Steve Jackson. Membership is £25 until Easter, rising thereafter.

Contact: Contraptions, 12 Cartersmead Close, Horley, Surrey, RH6 9LG

29 August - 2 September: LACon III

54th World SF Convention in Anaheim, California. Guests include James White and Roger Cornman.

Contact: LACon III, c/o SCIFI, PO Box 8442, Van Nuys, CA 91409, USA

8-10 November: Novacon 26

The Birmingham SF Group's annual convention. Venue is the Hotel Ibis, Ladywell Walk (off Hurst St.), Birmingham. Guests include David Gemmell. Attending membership is £25, supporting £10 (rates rise after Easter).

Contact: Novacon 26, Tony Morton, 14 Park St., Lye, Stourbridge, West Midlands, DY9 8SS

14-17 February 1997: Attitude: The Convention

The influential and Nova-winning fanzine *Attitude* (edited by Michael Abbott, John Dallman and Pam Wells) has sprouted its very own convention. Venue is the Abbey Hotel, Great Malvern, Worcs.; "a friendly hotel with a lovely, old-fashioned atmosphere — the sort of

CAMBRIDGE MEETINGS: If you live in the Cambridge area and would be interested in getting together for regular Sunday meetings, **John Oram** would like to hear from you. Contact: John Oram, 3 Otlands Avenue, Bar Hill, Cambs., CB3 8EQ or phone 01954 781797 after 6pm.

CRUCIFORM VARIATIONS, a collection of 12 science-fictional cryptic crosswords (including annotated solutions) by *Matrix's* very own **John English** is now available! Price £2.00 from Becon Publications, 75 Rosslyn Avenue, Harold Wood, Essex, RM3 0RG.

GADZOOKS! Studies in swashbuckling fiction. Orczy, Sabatini, Farnol, Thorndike *et al.* New fanzine seeks contributors and readers. Details: Mark Valentine, 40 Ash Grove, Ilkley, West Yorkshire, LS29 8EP. Enter the last great unexplored genre.

HELP FILL THIS COLUMN! Been looking for a book for years but can't find it? Got a fanzine you want to distribute or solicit articles for? Books, tapes, videos for sale? Want to make contacts? Penfriends? Use this FREE service and reach every BSFA member! Write to the editorial address or email matrix@csact97.demon.co.uk

CAN ANYONE PLEASE HELP me get my hands on paperback copies of the following books by **Sherri S. Tepper**, in any readable condition, at not unreasonable prices?

The True Game; *The Revenants*; *The Chronicles of Marvin Manyshaped*; *Jinian Star-Eye*; *The Enigma Score*; *The Bones*; *Dervish Daughter*; *Blood Heritage*.

Write to me first with details and price, and I promise a quick reply. I'm not a collector, I just want to write an article about her.

Contact: Norman W. Beswick, 21 Churchill Road, Church Stretton, Shropshire, SY6 6EP.

WANTED: A copy in any condition of *The Science Fiction of Mark Clifton* edited by Barry Malzberg and published in 1980, though I don't know by whom. Contact John Ollis, 51 Belmont Road, Luton LU1 1LL.

place where you might meet Bertie Wooster in the bar, or Miss Marple in the restaurant". The entire hotel has been reserved by the con, so no extraneous weddings or salesmen. Rates are £33 ppn single, £29 ppn double, twin, triple or quad. Membership is currently £23 attending (there is no supporting membership rate).

Contact: David T. Cooper, 51 Meersbrook Avenue, Sheffield, S8 9EB

Tel: 0114 281 0697

Email: Attitude@bitch.demon.co.uk

28-31 March 1997: Intervention

The 1997 Eastercon, themed around 'Communication'. Venue is the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool. Guests are **Brian Aldiss**, **Octavia Butler** and **David Langford** (note that Robert Silverberg has had to pull out). Membership is £20 attending, £10 supporting.

Contact: Intervention, 12 Crowsbury Close, Emsworth, Hants, PO10 7TS

Email: intervention@pompey.demon.co.uk

24-27 October 1997: Euro-Octocon '97

The 1997 Eurocon and Ireland's national sf con combined.

Contact: Euro-Octocon '97, 211 Blackhorse Avenue, Dublin 11, Ireland.

Email: mmmohugh@tdc.ie

Web: <http://arrogant.ltc.ie/oi/Octocon.html>

31 October - 2 November 1997: World Fantasy Convention

1997 sees the centenary of Bram Stoker's *Dracula*, and the WFC will be celebrating this (which doubtless explains the interesting contact address). Venue is the Britannia International Hotel in London's Docklands. £30 reserves your membership, with the balance payable at a later date.

Contact: PO Box 31, Whitby, North Yorks., YO22 4YL

COMPETITION CORNER

Roger Robinson

COMPETITION 117 — "ACTING UP"

A straight quiz this time — but with a media flavour. All I want to know is who played the following parts on either film or TV. Please enter even if you have not got all the answers — you never know your luck.

1. The Creature From the Black Lagoon
2. Barbarella
3. The Abominable Dr Phibes
4. Goldengirl
5. The Man with the X-Ray Eyes
6. The Bionic Woman
7. Alex deFarge
8. Nurse Christine Chapel
9. Commander Adama
10. Chewbacca
11. The Bride of Frankenstein (1935)
12. The Cat from Outer Space (both "actors" please)

RESULTS OF COMPETITION 116 — "FIVE IS TOP"

A small (2) but high quality entry this time, who each picked three titles to synopsise in words of five letters or less. The winner is **Elizabeth Counihan** by a short head from Theo Ross. Theo nearly got the nod because of his inventive 'cheating' in keeping words down to five letters. I allowed 'sensa wunda' — and winced at "aloud" for "allowed" and "Fred 'oyle's".

The Snow Queen — by Elizabeth and Joan
 Sf story based on fairy tale. Good girl loves good boy. Loses him to bad Queen. Looks for boy for a long time. Finds him in arms of Queen. He is now bad. Girl won't give up. She wins fight. Queen dies. Girl is Queen. Boy is saved. All's well!

Blood Music — by Elizabeth and Greg
 Mad broke jabs his arm with virus and lets it loose on the world. Big error! Chaos! Death!
 End of US and us as we know it!
 Virus rules OK?
 Could be worse....

The Book of the New Sun — by Theo and Gene
 Here's his sword, and here's his claw —
 Sev's the boy, see how he chops!
 Will the New Sun come to birth,
 Save the Earth, ere Old Sun stops?
 Gene has spun do sensa wunda
 Yet again — Yes, he's the tops!

Please send all quiz and crossword entries, together with any competition correspondence, to the usual address:

Roger Robinson
 75 Rosslyn Avenue
 Harold Wood, Essex
 RM3 0RG

by Friday 1st March 1996.

TORCHYTHEBAT
 REEORRMNE
 ANALYSE PETER
 CAILNENEA
 RAISE CORNCAB
 EATHOITTO
 PAYOFF FRIDAY
 URTJ
 SUCROSE
 SHATHNEXE IUERR
 DRACHMA ELIAN GESTAPO
 RIBREDNUH ESEIHPNN
 TBYTEN TREACLE
 N YANM
 EMBLEM ADDSUP
 VRRXS PI
 EXAMPLE MOLAR
 SNEEA OIE
 LATIN DIRECTS
 EUS OIET
 BABNERGLAHDR

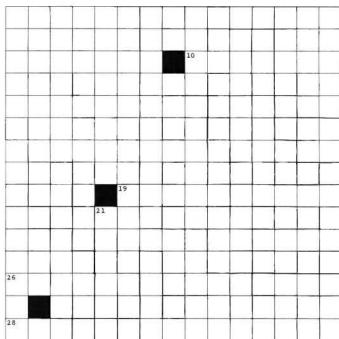
The
 Brainstrain
 Intersection

Solution

All but two of the fifteen entries were completely correct — the two of you who failed both implied that John had made a mistake! He did not — and not only that; he gave you enough information to prove that it was you and not him who made the mistake. You both didn't use the extra clue that the unchecked letters in the border of the lower grid spelled out a given phrase. This would have led you to *The Twoers* of Toron and not the same length title *The Jewels of Apton*. From the thirteen correct entries the first out of the 45.46-litre hat was Mike Morris of Sheffield, who wins the £5 book token.

Crossword 17: Skeleton Puzzle

John English



Most of the black squares have been omitted from the grid above; you must determine their positions in order to complete the puzzle. The grid is rotationally symmetrical; that is, the grid looks the same when rotated through 90 degrees (or 180 or 270 degrees). Three black squares are shown to get you started. Due to the symmetric properties of the grid, these immediately give you the locations of a further nine black squares. The clues do not give the lengths of their solutions, but the numbers of the clues which begin in squares adjacent to the three black squares have been given. All solutions are at least four letters long.

ACROSS

1. Two books in one by Card increase the stakes (2 words)
6. Strove about in flapping cape with Daredevil at first
9. Monkey in tatty suit goes to moon of Saturn, HAL's destination...
- 10... Clarke's this to space, leading up to the main event?
11. Character re-reading first two thirds of "True Names"
12. Tax on ground where Intersection was sited
14. Amphibious aircraft or Dutchman's ship? (2 words)
15. Gave away identity of star
17. Damages Bear's moving novel
19. Idea for fannish gathering with nice pot circulating
22. Bring aristo down to earth to find letter
23. Inhabitants of Arrakis sort of sleep when surrounded by fans
26. Artificial intelligence played role finalising design to make wing flap
27. Branch of chemistry used to connect brain etc. to microprocessor
28. What the moon produces binds deuterium in
29. Copse destroyed in this place where life is possible

DOWN

1. ET tells a fib? Not at first!
2. Emotional sensitivity? End of creature blocking my way in!
3. Pratchett's colour seen in original creation
4. Brewer of Godwale?
5. Hope to wait with any out of a hundred
6. Abundance retrieved by Greenland?
7. South Africa in unrefined military expedition
8. The sea has pulled one low in the water
13. Extreme hatred for herb a crone prepared
14. Extract sulphur from thalamus of excited star
16. Fool encloses recreation ground; opening of gates exposes space between electrodes
18. Irritated by row, showed the way
20. I'm leading soldiers to hollow sphere (huge)
21. Angry looks directed at heartless general supported by war god
24. Mother of pearl found in a creature's innards
25. What's proverbially dead has to act twice