

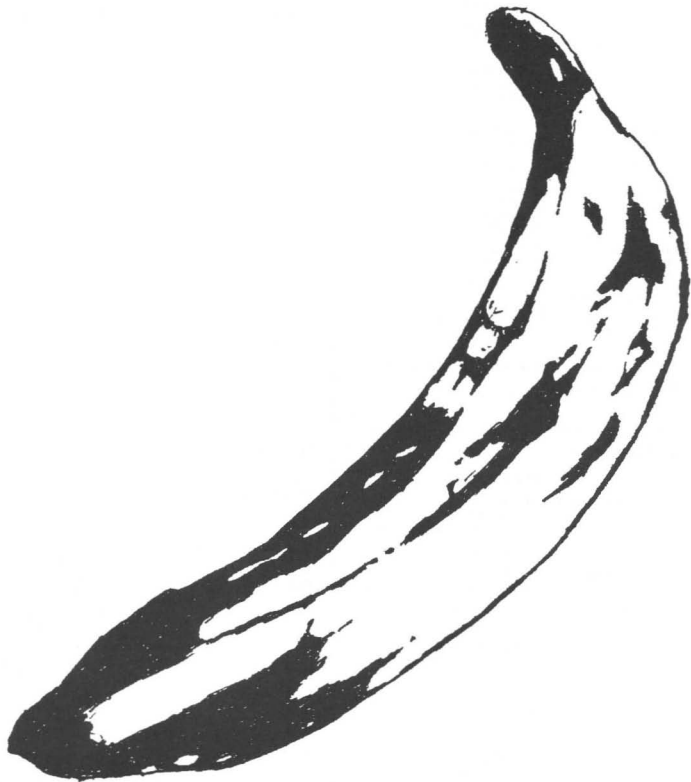
# MATRIX

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## PLANET OF THE APES

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# Dave Celebrates Double Hugo Victory

Dave Langford was "stunned and gobsmacked for days" after winning the Hugo award for best Short Story as well as his 'usual' (well it's fifteen times now) Fan Writers award at The Millennium Philcon, the World Science Fiction convention. Not since 'The Star' by Arthur C. Clarke way back in 1956 has the short story award gone to a British writer except for Brian Aldiss receiving the short-fiction Hugo for his entire "Hothouse" story sequence in 1962.

Commiserations go to Andrew M. Butler et al. Terry Pratchett: *Guilty of Literature*, edited by Andrew M. Butler, Edward James and Farah Mendlesohn failed to secure victory in the Related Book category. Andrew Butler had this to say: "On a personal level I was very flattered to have a book I worked on being nominated for a Hugo, and the fact that we had the most nominations was even more encouraging. Naturally we would have liked to have won but, as they used to say at sportsday and I didn't believe it then, we were all winners. I'd like to thank all the contributors once more, and the people who nominated us."

Meanwhile J.K. Rowling continues her push to global domination by winning the best novel for the latest Harry Potter. Although she has yet to acknowledge the award...

## The winners in full:

**Novel** *Harry Potter And The Goblet Of Fire*, J.K. Rowling

**Novella** 'The Ultimate Earth', Jack Williamson (Analog Dec 2000)

**Novellette** 'Millennium Babies', Kristine Kathryn Rusch (Asimov's Jan 2000)

**Short Story** 'Different Kinds Of Darkness', David Langford (F&SF Jan 2000)

**Related Book** *Greetings From Earth: The Art Of Bob Eggleton*, Bob Eggleton & Nigel Suckling (Paper Tiger)

**Dramatic Presentation** *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* (Directed by Ang Lee)

**Professional Editor** Gardner Dozois

**Professional Artist** Bob Eggleton

**Semiprozine** *Locust*, Ed. Charles N. Brown

**Fanzine** *File 770*, Ed. Mike Glyer

**Fan Writer** Dave Langford

**Fan Artist** Teddy Harvia

**John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer** [not a Hugo] Kristine Smith

The new **Cordwainer Smith Rediscovery Award** was presented during the Hugo Award Ceremony to Olaf Stapledon.

## Interzone Sex Shock

Shortly after Interzone published her novel extract *The Salt Box* in issue 169, both Gwyneth Jones and editor David Pringle were shaken to find that they were under threat of prosecution for child pornography. A casual reader had written in, steaming at the ears, claiming that the story was an incitement to paedophilia.

"At first, I was thrown," said Gwyneth, "and dismayed, because though I couldn't imagine a prosecution happening, a rumour like this could be bad news for someone who makes most of her living as a young adult author."

It is mind-wrenchingly difficult to see where the offence lies. While 'The Salt Box' features underage sex, it neither over-dramatises, celebrates, or condones it. Auntie Beeb has recently shown much more explicit material in drama *When I Was Twelve* with an identically aged heroine and adult partner.

"An apologetic policewoman collected some *Interzone* copies," said Gwyneth, "and, thankfully, that seems to have been the last of it. Right now, I'm just bemused. It seems like a bizarre practical joke."

From now on, perhaps, *The Salt Box* should be slapped with a sticker. "Warning: does not contain smut." Anyone reading hoping for gratuitously graphic or salacious material is going to be disappointed. Well written, subtle and chilling, this story will raise goosebumps not blood pressure.

For those wanting to see for themselves, the text is posted at the website [www.boldsalove.co.uk](http://www.boldsalove.co.uk).

News items by Janet Barron and Gary Wilkinson

## Aboriginal goes under

*Aboriginal Science Fiction*, the magazine founded in 1985 and edited by Charles C. Ryan, has ceased publication. The 2nd Renaissance Foundation Inc. and DNA Publications put out the magazine. Stories and illustrations scheduled for the next several issues of *Aboriginal* will appear in DNA's publication *Absolute Magnitude*. *Aboriginal* subscribers will receive copies of *Absolute Magnitude* for the length of their subscriptions, except for life subscribers, who will receive a two-year subscription.

## Bid For Fame

Terry Pratchett, among others (Margaret Atwood, Pat Barker, Ken Follett, Robert Harris, David Lodge, Ian McEwan, and Zadie Smith), has auctioned the name of a character in a forthcoming book to benefit the Medical Foundation for the Care of Victims of Torture. The auction took place at BAFTA, 195 Piccadilly, London W1, on October 16, 2001 (further details on winners not available as Matrix goes to press). This is the second Immortality Auction which, last year raised nearly £25,000 when authors Sebastian Faulks, Nick Hornby, Kathy Lette, Louis de Bernières, Hanif Kureishi and Jim Crace sold the names of characters in books they hadn't yet written.

In a previous similar event a winner ended up as a major character. The highest bid was by a man name Dewar. This was changed to DeWar and became one of the two main characters in Iain M. Banks' *Inversions*.

## 'Ape' Robinson

Langford's latest project is *The Wyrdst Link*, a quiz book with questions on the works of Terry Pratchett, based on a certain TV show with a similar name. The cover image by Josh Kirby is reproduced below (it's even more shocking in full colour).

"It frightens me," Langford confessed to Matrix. We can only agree.

"Different Kinds Of Darkness" is one of several short stories by Langford that features images so mind-warplying hideous they blanked the viewers brain.

Coincidence? We'll let you decide.

*Matrix* must stress that rumours that this is revenge on Welshman Langford's part for attacks on his countrymen are completely false.

*The Wyrdst Link* will be on the shelves sometime in spring 2002.



## EDITORIAL

### 911

I had been into town for a haircut and come home in time to see settle down with a mug of coffee and watch *Watercolour Challenge*. Turn television on. Burning skyscrapers. Obviously TV movie. Change to Channel 4. Same thing. Then it hit me. This wasn't CGI SFX, this was real. For the next few hours I sat stunned surfing from channel to channel trying to take it in. So now it looks like 2001 will be remembered for the fall of two shiny silver monoliths instead of an enigmatic black one. And it was Clancy not Clarke who had been the most predictive writer. (His novel *Debt of Honour* features an enemy of America crashing a passenger jet into the Congress building) It's too early to see how the world will be changed by these events long term, though a recession now looks inevitable and as I write America is now in the grip of panic over anthrax. Interesting times. Later in this issue Stephen Baxter gives his own perspective on the events.

On a lighter note you may have noticed a few changes with this issue. Yes, the batos have been passed and I'm the new boss'. Thanks to all who have helped in the hand-over especially the sterling work of Andrew Seaman. Let us know what you think on the new look or anything else. Matrix needs your letters!

'till next time, cheers,  
Gary.

## BSFA Ed in British Fantasy Award Winner

The 2001 British Fantasy Awards were presented on Sep 23<sup>rd</sup> at the British Fantasy Society's 30th Birthday Bash at Champagne Charlie's, Charing Cross, London. The winners are:

**The August Derleth Award for Best Novel** *Perdido Street Station* China Mieville.

**Anthology** *Hideo's Progeny* ed. Brian Willis.

Congratulations to *Focus* ed. Simon Morden whose 'Traitors' Gate' is the lead story in the collection.

**Collection** *Where the Bodies Are Buried*, Kim Newman.

**Short 'Naming of Parts'**, Tim Lebbon.

**Artist** Jim Burns.

**Small Press** PS Publishing.

**Karl Edward Wagner Award** Peter Haining.



The winners clutch their Cthulhus: From back, left to right: Peter Haining, Peter Crowther, Peter Coleborn, China Mieville, Tim Lebbon, Jo Fletcher (for Jim Burns), Brian Willis

## 'Horror Writer' Wins Perrier

At the Edinburgh Festival Fringe the winner of the 20th anniversary Perrier award, among protests over Perrier owner Nestlé's baby milk business, was the comedy three-some, Netherhead.

Their act is built around the spoof horror writer, the 'Fright Knight', Garth Marenghi. His twenty-four novels include *Stab* (flying knife)

*Black Fang* (rats learn to drive) and *The Ooze* (can water die?)

There was a strong sf strand at the literary festival this year. The undoubted star was Brian Aldiss striding on stage as Hitler for his play *Swastika*.

## FLICKER

Gary Wilkinson rounds up all that's happening in film and TV

### After the Attack

The film industry has reacted quickly to the attack on America. Dreamworks has announced it is re-editing scenes in the their new version of *The Time Machine* in which moon rocks rain down on Manhattan (taking a few liberties with the book then). A spokesman announced "There was no destruction of landmark buildings or anything like that, but it's easy to take out." The movie, which had been scheduled for release in America on Christmas Day, has been rescheduled to open in February.

The remake of another Wells classic *War of the Worlds* has also been delayed, possibly indefinitely. Currently filming in Seattle, the £42m movie from Pendragon Pictures may be scrapped altogether. Director Timothy Hines is reassessing the project. "I don't wish to potentially contribute to the pain and grief of those affected by this senseless acts of terror." He is worried about scenes featuring devastated buildings and burning forests. The latter has already been filmed — incorporating natural forests fires in Washington state.

### I'm Back

Whether this one will survive the current climate is very much open to doubt. Russell T Davis, the man who wrote *Queer as Folk* is planning a mini-series on Christ's second coming ... in Manchester. This was originally commissioned, then rejected, by Channel Four, but was, pre September 11th, reported as having been green-lit by ITV.

The Son of God is 'Steve Baxter' (er... I don't think that's 'our' Steve Baxter) a young bloke from Salford who announces his presence with a miracle on live TV -- the world then descends on Manchester as Judgement Day approaches. The main plot revolves around Satan trying to stop Steve's third testament by finding his one human weakness -- Judith, the woman he's always loved. But subplots will feature ordinary people reacting to the extraordinary events around them. To show Armageddon a large number of effects are planned via Red productions, one of the special effects production houses in Soho.

Several big names are apparently interested for what would be the most expensive drama on British TV. Two ninety minute episodes would be shot in May next year for broadcast in August 2002.

Pre WTC Davis is quoted as saying: "It's going to piss off every vicar and rabbi and mullah in the world. I can't wait!" I bet he's regretting that now.

### New New York

Will this one be effected as well? Director, Francis Ford Coppola's, next project is *Megalopolis* about a future utopia built over the remains of New York. This is reported as a 'Big Movie about Big Ideas -- a Shape of Things to Come'.

Coppola has been in the doldrums for some time. After creating such classics as *The Godfather* and *Apocalypse Now* he has only directed three films in the last decade -- *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, *The Rainmaker* and the dire

## Other awards:

### Sidewise

The Sidewise Awards for Alternate History were presented at Philcon:

**Best Short Form** Ted Chiang's *Seventy-Two Letters*

**Best Long Form** Mary Gentle's *Ash*

### Spectrum

The 2001 Gaylactic Network Spectrum were also presented at Philcon:

**Best Novel** David Gerrold's *Jumping Off the Planet*

**Best Other Work** *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* created by Joss Whedon

**Hall of Fame** TIE between Arthur C. Clarke's *Imperial Earth* & Mary Doria Russell's *The Sparrow / Children of God* & Francesca Lia Block's *The Weetzie Bat Series* (collected as *Dangerous Angels*)

**People's Choice Award** *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* created by Joss Whedon

**Special Achievement Award** Samuel R. Delany

## NY Publisher Disrupted

The attack on the World Trade Center, has severely effected business in New York and the publishing trade is no exception. Almost a month after David Hartwell reported that Tor Books has no ongoing long-distance service for the foreseeable future. They cannot return

Jack, becoming a director for hire after his disastrous musical *One From the Heart* sunk his production company American Zeetrope. His fortunes have improved of late however with the forthcoming release of the directors cut: *Apocalypse Now Redux* plus his own successful range of pasta, pasta sources and olive oil. (Hey, good enough for Paul Newman good enough for him -- though Newman's profits from his salad dressings / pasta sources go to charity.)

He has been planning *Megalopolis* for years. A large ensemble cast will feature many renowned actors, including Nicolas Cage, Russell Crowe, Robert De Niro, Paul Newman and Kevin Spacey. However the story will revolve around two major characters. One is the mayor dedicated to preserving the heritage of the past. His opposite is an architect-planner inspired by the legendary NY planner Robert Moses but with the artistic vision of Frank Lloyd Wright.

Coppola will shoot some, if not all, on hi-definition digital video. The same technology as Lucas will for his next *Star Wars* movie.

### Aliens on the Enterprise

The 'Buffy with aliens, only not as good' series *Roswell* is getting all post-modern. A planned episode will cross-over into the making of the new *Trek* series *Enterprise*. Alien leader Max (Jason Bohr) goes to Hollywood and finds himself taking part in an audition for a part as an alien in *Enterprise*. This was apparently the idea of Jonathan Frakes -- Riker in the *Next*

## Prometheus

The Prometheus Award for Best Novel of 2000 was presented by the Libertarian Futurist Society, on September 2, 2001. The award went to L. Neil Smith's *Forge of the Elders*. Two other Prometheus awards were announced earlier this year: a Hall of Fame award for Best Classic Fiction to *The Survival of Freedom*, an anthology edited by Jerry Pournelle and John F. Carr, and a Special Prometheus Award for Lifetime Achievement, to the now deceased Poul Anderson.

## Sunburst

Sean Stewart received the first ever Sunburst Award selected by John Clute, Candace Jane Dorsey, Phyllis Gottlieb, Monica Hughes and Leon Rooke. They selected Stewart's work as the finest novel-length Canadian fantastic literature published during the year 2000. The presentation took place at the Canwest Global Performing Arts Theatre as part of the Winnipeg International Writers Festival. The author received a cash prize of \$1,000 and a solid bronze "sunburst" medallion crafted by Linda Carson, (based on a design by Marcel Gagné).

calls; e-mail is best. Ellen Datlow is receiving regular mail, but international mail is at a standstill. She's not allowed to send anything overseas, and doesn't know if anything from overseas is coming in.

## Generation — now a director of Roswell.

*Enterprise* itself has just kicked off in the states. Set ninety years after the events shown in the *First Contact*, Star Fleet exists, but only as an Earth Government controlled force. The pilot *Broken Bow* features a Klingon turning up in Oklahoma. The hero of the new series, Captain Jonathan Archer, is given the job of transporting the Klingon home.

With none of the primary-coloured glam of the original series, *Enterprise* has gone for a more gritty primitive look than past series. Production designer Zimmerman recently said: "Along with all the metal, you'll find a lot of leather and plastic, just enough touches to relieve it from being sterile. There's also colour in the graphics on the screens, so it's never going to be a dull picture." Technology is also primitive. There are transporters, but nobody trusts them because every now and they go wrong, scrambling people.

## Eye Eye

*Star Wars: Episode II* will now officially be ... *Attack of the Clones*. "A terrible title!" according to Ewan McGregor — could not agree more. Various spoof 'Clones' titles have floated around the internet such as *Send in the Clones*, *The Thomas Clone Affair* and *Cloney Cloney Bang Bang*. If you can do better drop a line to the main editorial address.

As for the film itself: SEE Yoda fight! LAUGH at Jar Jar! BE HORROR STRUCK by the vast clone army raised by Darth Sidious! FEEL YOUR HEART SOAR at the tender love scenes between Anakin and Amidala. BE PARALYSED WITH AWE on seeing the young

## Newman writes New Who

Kim Newman is the first author in a new range of *Dr Who* novellas to be produced by writers not normally associated with the sf series. Newman's story, entitled *Doctor Who: Time And Relative* involves the first doctor and his granddaughter Susan and is a precursor to *An Unearthly Child*, the first television adventure. *Time and Relative* is set during the harsh British winter of 1962/3, 'the big freeze' that extended into June with no sign of letting up. Terrifying icy creatures are stalking the streets, bringing death and destruction.

Each book in the series will come in two versions, a standard hard back and a signed luxury version featuring a frontispiece by a major comic artist. *Time And Relative* uses the talents of Bryan Talbot. And in this case he actually influenced the direction of Newman's story. As Bryan commented exclusively to Matrix: "When I did the illo, the story wasn't even written. I'd seen the proposal but Kim said 'draw it and I'll put it in there!'"

For further details see Telos's website at [www.telos.co.uk](http://www.telos.co.uk)



The luxury edition.

Boba Fett! AND VIRTUALLY WET YOURSELF WITH EXCITEMENT at the gladiator fight between Jedis and monsters!!!

## CP30 out of the can

Anthony Daniels is to star in an episode of *Tom De Villies'* second series of horror tales, *Urban Gothic* for Channel 5. The actor, who most known as the yellow-metalled droid in the *Star Wars* series plays a sinister school teacher who is more than he seems. Daniels was put off by the gore at first but now says he is glad to play someone evil.

## Xena-Files

To fill out a David Duchovny-less series eight of *The X-Files* two more new characters have been added. After leaving long-running *Xena: Warrior Princess*, Lucy Lawless appears in the first episode — featuring frequent 'nudity' via a 'buxom body-double.' Her character's a real 'water baby' according to Lawless. Further appearances are being considered. Another new face is British actor Cary Elwes as returning character, Assistant Director Brad Folmer — the ex-boyfriend of Agent Monica Reyes.

## Cowabunga, dude!

Horror flash-back! Pizza, turtles, rat master, the Foot, artist names. Amazingly, Joo Woo wants to resurrect the *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* for an all CGI flick. "I've always loved *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* — It's one of the greatest action-adventure properties ever," he enthused recently. Oh boy.

## Jedi is Religion, but not 'Officially'

"Jedi Knight" has been added to the list of religions for the 2001 UK census. A campaign to get people to write the entry on their census forms has succeeded in the term being included on the list of religions, alongside Church of England, Roman Catholic, Muslim, Buddhist and Hindu. Sufficient numbers of people wrote the entry in for it to be allocated its own code for the census processing team to use. However, officials from the Office of National Statistics are keen to stress that just because 'Jedi Knight' has been given its own code, that does not confer on it the status of official recognition so presumably will not appear on future census forms.

"We are not defining what a religion or a faith might be," a spokeswoman said. "We are recognising what some may have entered on their census form and ensuring that our coding framework will cater for it." Other religions of the same status include the Church of Free Love and Wiccan. Shortly before the census last April, an e-mail was circulated in the UK stating that if 10,000 people put 'Jedi' on the census form, it would become a 'fully recognised and legal religion'. This now seems a hoax or at very least misinformation. There was a previous campaign in New Zealand, when citizens were led to believe they needed 8,000 signatures to make Jedi an official religion. Perhaps it was all advertising for the *Phantom Menace*.

## Corn

Director of *Unbreakable* and *The Sixth Sense*, M Night Shyamalan is planning to make *Signs*, a film about ... crop circles. He'll be filming in Pennsylvania and the film will star Mel Gibson as a farmer (what no Bruce Willis!).

## Buffy-Files

New Line studio, previously responsible for *Blade*, are working on *Darksiders*, about vampires who work for the FBI. Sounds intriguing. But don't expect miracles, the script's by Jim Jennewein & Tom S Parker writers of *The Flintstones* and *Major League 2*.

## Hairy

The BBC are planning a sequel to *Walking with Dinosaurs*. The new show, *Walking with Beasts*, follows the rise of the mammals up to the ascent of man. It sounds pretty violent with sabre-toothed tigers crunching the skulls of australopithecines.

## Wacko!

Michael Jackson is to star and produce the animated *The Way of the Unicorn: The Endangered One*. He will voice an orphan-boy in a cartoon quest to save mother-earth with the help of the mythical beast and a lonely rich girl — ahhh! This is the new Michael Jackson, the movie actor and producer." Ominous words from co-producer, Dennis Peterson.

## "IS THERE A SOUL IN THERE?"

**Gary Wilkinson** tries to make up his mind over *Planet of the Apes*

All the way through I'm watching this one half of my mind is going: "This is utter rubbish!", whilst the other half is arguing back: "No! No, this is brilliant!"

It's like this: plot-wise this is complete schlock, but both visually and emotionally it's top of the deck. So what to make of Tim Burton's 're-imagining' of the old sf classic?

To start with the ending. The original (based on Pierre Boulle's novel) had one the best final twists of all time, courtesy of script-writer Rod Serling of *Twilight Zone* fame. It would take a genius to match and Burton and his writers do not really get close. Their double-whammy is okay and leaves you with a smile but does not have you walking out the cinema gob-smacked in post-*Usual Suspects* style shock.

We begin in 2029. Astronaut Leo Davidson played by Mark Wahlberg is stationed on a research base at the edge of the solar system. He works closely with the lab's chimps who are being trained to increase their intelligence and usefulness. One is shot out in a pod to investigate a space storm and disappears. Davidson disobeys orders and chases after it. Falling into a time hole he ends crash-landing on the eponymous planet. He is soon captured by the walking/talking apes to be sold into slavery along with several other "dirty damn humans" including Daena (model Estella Warren) and her father, Karubi (Kris Kristofferson).

He is rescued by Ari, a chimp played by Helena Bonham

Carter, a 'human-right' activist who wants to make the world a better place. They flee the ape-city hunted by the mad General Thade played with relish by Tim Roth who's plotting to wipe all humans off the planet.

So far so good, but what follows is riddled with inconsistencies and plot holes. If you really start to think about it, most does not make a great deal of sense.

And Burton is far more interested in his apes than the humans. Wahlberg's performance verges on the wooden. He can act -- *Three Kings* shows ample evidence of that. And he handled a leading role in *Boogie Nights* -- but that was playing an essentially weak-willed character which suited his style. Here he just doesn't seem action-hero material.

He's not helped when placed against some other excellent acting in the movie. Roth's Thade is an over-the-top masterwork of snarling, loping, simian mannerisms. You can see why Burton cast him against the advice of his make-up people -- who quailed at hiding Roth's conk under the chimp mask.

Carter is equally good. This and *Fight Club* prove she really is a skilled actress -- I bet she's glad to be out of the corsets and coroline. As Ari she's part gothic heroine, part animal -- gentle grooming one second, shrieking panic the next. She's undeniably sexy even with all the latex and obviously has the hots for Wharlborg. But he stoically

## LIVING DOLL

**Colin Odell and Mitch Le Blanc** look for life in *AI*

Consider the situation: you are parents incapable of having further children and your solitary offspring has got himself banged up in hospital with slim chances of recovery. What do you do? Wrong! You get a prototype robo-kid, activate his "genuine love" module to let him pour out feelings and then dump him like a piece of trash when real boy recovers, leaving the distraught robo-boy to wander around creepy forests, get tied up in the seedy underworld of android prostitution and develop an obsessive Pinocchio complex to compensate for maternal rejection. Parents: one. Robo-brat: nil.

Armed only with a walking teddy-bear the love-filled simulacrum sets about on his quest to become a real boy without ever realising (big sniffy Kleenex time) that he is more human than humanity itself. Roll up! Roll up! Once again the "last great hope" for Hollywood cinema spectacularly pulls off another class A irritant of a film. Before the vitriol and disbelief flies it should be made clear that *AI* is by far the best film Spielberg has directed since *Empire of the Sun*. The opening act is designed in line with 1970's sf films and photographed to match with particularly impressive use of focussing. After the dubious exposition at the beginning, things really settle down into family drama mould - the "when shall we switch him on" dilemmas, the adjustments to family living and finally the reintroduction of their real son. The last event triggers one of the film's most memorable images as the misunderstood android stares wide-eyed from the bottom of his parents' swimming pool. Rejected by the mother, he is befriended by bot-on-the-run Gigolo Joe, complete with his Jiminy Cricket heel clicking

and "queasy listening" in-built stereo. The two descend into a world half-*Wizard of Oz* and half-Hell. This middle section is a visual delight running from the neon excesses of *Total Recall*'s Mars to post-Apocalyptic *Mad Max* arenas. In this later segment we are treated to one pointless bit of air-punching as a crowd of violence seekers are convinced not to axe a child robot. But it's a minor point - there's a teddy-bear robot that (wait for it!) is not a saccharine companion, magical quests, demolished cities and a fabulous end that is both sad and strangely uplifting as only the best fairy tales can be. The acting is superb (especially Jude Law), the music is spot on and the whole piece is filmed with an air of assured maturity that has been lacking in sf cinema for far too long.

A triumph for Spielberg up to the very last frame? Ah, but there's the rub. The "fabulous end that is both sad and strangely uplifting as only the best fairy tales can be" unfortunately does not come at the end of the film. Oh no. And if you were one of the many people incensed at the lacklustre conclusion of this year's *Planet of the Apes*, this one will have you enraged. Close on two hours of quality film-making are thrown away on an ill-advised, over-long, feel-good piece of extraterrestrial nonsense that seems to exist only to provide a happy conclusion of monumental crassness and to showcase some whizzy special effects for no good purpose. Up until this point the effects had been dictated by the story and relatively underplayed despite their complexity, but suddenly we have *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* tacked on and the whole thing gets flushed down the pan. Unforgivable.

refuses her advances. So none of the man-ape sex that was rumoured -- I guess bestiality don't play too well in Peoria. Doomed love is nothing new for Burton, look at *Edward Scissorhands* for instance, it's obviously here where his sympathies lie. Wharliberg's other love-interest, the boring blonde Daena, is nothing on her. Unfortunately for the actress Estella Warren playing her, her role is really underwritten. Kristofferson is also under-utilised in the movie and his appearance is woefully short.

However good in a supporting role is Paul Giamatti. As the comic-relief Limbo, the slave trader, he manages to create a substantial character out of a series of silly jokes.

That the apes are so good is due not only to the skill of the actors but also the skilled make-up that has gone in to this. The make-up on the original film was the groundbreaking work of the sadly recently deceased John Chambers (see obituary on page 17). It's over thirty years since then and this time around Rick Barker's work is stunning, though not as revolutionary as the original. Also Burton's direction puts it in the best light -- or lack of it.

The apes themselves are more dynamic than the 1968 film. The action scenes are some of the best parts of the movie -- with the apes seeming really scary with their chest-pummeling combat style. Plus you will believe an ape

can fly (or at least leap from tree to tree) once you've seen the wire-work. Burton really excels himself here, helped-on by one of the best scores Danny Elfman has done.

It is rare that a sequel or a remake (or a 're-imagining' as we supposedly have here) is the better or even the equal of the original. The first *Planet of the Apes*' impact was diluted with a series of chronically bad sequels and television series. Burton's version will fail if compared to the 1968 film. Obviously make-up and other movie-making techniques have moved on but this does not have the satirical intent of the original. Whilst the first film had interesting things to say on racism (and indeed the space-race), this update has nothing more to say even if it hints at animal-rights issues and takes the odd pot-shot at our vanity. The numerous references and in-jokes to the original don't exactly help either, just reminding you of past glories.

But taking Burton's film on its own merits, overall the film looks fantastic due to his strong style -- the ape-city is a classic bit of cinematography and action scenes give you a real charge, the acting is half-and-half and the plot laughable. Good film? Bad film? Still not made up my mind.

## THE RETURN OF THE DRUG-ADDLED DUO

**Andrew M. Butler** tries not to inhale as he watches *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back*

The characters Jay and Silent Bob were the one common element in Kevin Smith's New Jersey trilogy and *Dogma*. In his debut *Clerks* the two neighbourhood drug dealers offered a parallel to the central buddy relationship of the movie, and Silent Bob offered advice to the hero, In *Mallrats* the dealing was downplayed at the behest of the studio, and their quasi-superhero antics helped the heroes to get their respective girls. *Chasing Amy* offered little more than a cameo; the central characters Banky Edwards and Holden McNeill had transformed the superhero antics into the comic *Bluntman and Chronic*. Nevertheless, Jay and Silent Bob were able to offer Holden advice. And in *Dogma*, their largest roles to date and the only out-and-out fantasy (although Smith has always depicted science fiction fans in his movies), the two were promoted to prophets who were charged with helping to save the world. At the end of that movie they were to return to Quick Stop, and the credits promised *Clerks 2*.

However the project metamorphosed into *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back*, one of a series of *Star Wars* references in the oeuvre, and the characters are for the first time centre stage on screen. Can a ninety-minute movie be sustained by a foul-mouthed character and his (almost) silent sidekick? The film itself asks this very question, as Banky Edwards has sold the rights to *Bluntman and Chronic* to Miramax and the internet is full of nerds trashing the very idea of the film and its characters. Jay and Silent Bob decide to travel to Hollywood to stop the movie from being made. Along the way, they become involved with a gang of animal liberationists, acquire and lose an orang-utan and fall in love.

The film is peppered with reference to and parodies of other films: *The Fugitive*, *The Matrix*, *Entrapment*, *Planet of the Apes*, *Scooby Doo*, *ET* and, with cameos from Gus Van

Sant, Matt Damon and Ben Affleck as themselves, *Good Will Hunting*. Indeed Ben Affleck's career is mercilessly sent up throughout the movie. These references, together with cameos of characters from earlier movies and looks directly to camera, risk the charge of self-indulgent. Smith intended the movie as a present to his fans and a farewell to this particular set of characters, and this naturally risks alienating a wider audience. However, it is possible to see and enjoy the film without having seen its predecessors.

Perhaps more alienating would be the expletive littered script, and the constant references to oral sex, both straight and gay. Indeed, there have already been some objections from gay pressure groups in the United States, just as some Catholics objected to *Dogma*'s take on Christianity. But even though Jay and Silent Bob are the central characters, they are not meant to be taken seriously; they may post-*Dogma* be holy fools, but the emphasis is here on the fools. And anyway, the film offers its own critique of itself as Jay and Silent Bob confront their acting counterparts, played by Jason (*American Pie*) Biggs and James (*Dawson's Creek*) van der Beek as themselves. Smith makes jokes about sex, full stop, and sees no difference between straight and gay sex.

The film flirts with fantasy at various moments; especially in the final confrontation with their archnemesis (can you have more than one archnemesis?) the supervillain (a splendid cameo) and the studio security. Smith here continues the process of improvement as a visual director, and is able to pull off the slapstick that failed to convince some critics in *Mallrats*. Overall the film is a splendid way to spend a couple of hours, and you really need to sit through to the very end of the credits for the full deal.

## DOCTOR DOCTOR

Gary S. Dalkin steps into the tardis

The BBC are finally doing something right. For a while now the corporation has been releasing one *Doctor Who* DVD a month, and rather than simply stick the contents of a video onto a silver disc, they have thought through how to take fullest advantage of the new format. They are carefully selecting stories from each of the doctor's in turn, though so far there has been nothing in b/w.

The oldest adventure to appear has been *Spearhead From Space*, the story which took *Doctor Who* into the 1970's with both a brand new Doctor, Jon Pertwee, and the introduction of colour. Not that many of us had a colour television on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of January 1970. This is a four part adventure, notable not only for terrifying the entire nation's children with the robotic Autons - no one forgets the moment they march out of shop windows and exterminate early morning pedestrians - but also for being the only *Doctor Who* serial shot entirely on film. This was not a new experimental policy, rather the pragmatic reaction to a studio technician's strike. The result though, especially on DVD, is *Doctor Who* with a decidedly cinematic feel. Though the colours are somewhat faded the image is sharp and detailed, and has the look of many a low budget, now faded, British horror movie of the period. Rather charmingly, this could be *Doctor Who* goes Hammer. It would be nice to know why the timelord is sporting a decidedly earth-like tattoo on one arm

Nicola 'Peri' Bryant

during a shower scene - no, not that sort of shower scene. Overlook, or laugh at, the silly alien tentacles at the end. Overlook some decidedly hammy acting from the poacher too, and this is great fun. What makes it even better is the care which has gone into the DVD. The commentary track by Nicholas (The Brigadier) and Caroline (Liz Shaw) John is largely nostalgic, though the option on-screen production notes supply the sort of background detail serious fans are always on the lookout for. There's a fairly good photo gallery, and while thoroughly tongue-in-cheek, the UNIT recruitment film made for a *Doctor Who* theme night a few years ago is great fun.

Even better is *The Caves of Androzani*, Peter Davidson's final story as the Doctor. This dates from 1984 and boasts much improved production values, though the inclusion of the entire first episode twice, once with improved special effects to a desert matte shot, seems above and beyond the call of duty. The story has the Doctor and Peri involved with a vengeance-crazed masked rebel, gun runners, political treachery, androids and deadly poison in a series of caves

on an alien planet all about to be consumed by an eruption of boiling mud. It's *The Phantom of the Opera* as reimagined by Sam Peckinpah on a PG certificate. The pace never lets up and the final kill 'em all episode is a reminder of just how tough a show *Doctor Who* could be at its best. The DVD has a three way commentary track with Peter Davidson, Nicola (Peri) Bryant and director Graeme Harper. There is also an extended version of one scene, production footage on the Doctor's regeneration and on

creating the character and make-up of Sharaz Jek, news reports on Peter Davidson leaving the show, a trailer, a photo gallery and again the on-screen information titles. Even included is an isolated music score track. With a script by *Doctor Who* veteran Robert Holmes this is a classic very well served on disc.

Just as good is the 1988 Sylvester McCoy story *Remembrance of the Daleks*. Bringing then show full circle, and proving to be the last Dalek adventure, the Doctor and Ace find themselves in London in 1963, as the Doctor visits a very familiar junkyard ... The Daleks are searching for the Hand of Omega, the Doctor has a mysterious agenda of his own, and the script offers some nice in-jokes without breaking the Gothic tone of the piece. This is a fairly dark *Who* adventure with a hard edge and some explosive action. The Daleks do get to go out with a bang. The commentary track offers Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred, backed-up by 13 deleted/extended scenes, four minutes worth of bloopers and two scenes shown from the original multi-camera-angle setups. Again there are trailers, a photo gallery, the excellent on-screen production notes and an isolated music score track. Where the earlier titles are mono the sound

here is a very dynamic Dolby Digital remix with real impact and excellent use of spatial effects. The picture quality is first class. Even if you think you don't like Sylvester McCoy as the Doctor this is a worthy final confrontation with the Daleks and McCoy is as gritty as they come.

Finally, and the least said about the better, is the lamentable 1996 TV movie. This has a 12 rating for some mild violence, the sound is back down to stereo and the whole sorry enterprise sinks under the weight of in-jokes, a nonsensical plot, a fixation with ripping off *Terminator 2: Judgement Day* (1991) and a heavy dose of general purpose Americanisation. The DVD has similar features to the earlier titles, plus some bland on-set interview sound-bites in which the cast try to explain the show for American audiences, and an interesting feature in which producer Philip Segal shows the viewer around the new TARDIS set. Better still is his retrospective interview, wherein he spends almost ten minutes all-but apologising for the sheer travesty that is *Doctor Who: The Movie*. It's a real shame because Paul McGann would have made a fine Doctor.





## STATE OF THE HEART

Gary Wilkinson jumps dimensions with the *Heart of Empire* CD-ROM

Many years ago, I was blown away by three graphic novels / comic series. And as good as *Watchmen* and the *Dark Night Returns* were, the third, *The Adventures of Luther Arkwright* written and illustrated by Bryan Talbot was something else again. Arkwright was literally a James Bond on acid, able to hop between parallel universes to fight evil. The series had a quintessential Britishness to it -- a driving pulpish sf narrative shot through with a dark subversion of our history and an added dash of underground culture plus 'real' magic.

The original series ended with a question -- what happens after a revolution? The recent sequel *Heart of Empire* told us. The story is, if anything, even better with royal twins, devious monks, a countdown to cataclysm and twists that come at you out of nowhere. Britain past and present is swirled together to create the alternative 'parallels' that the action

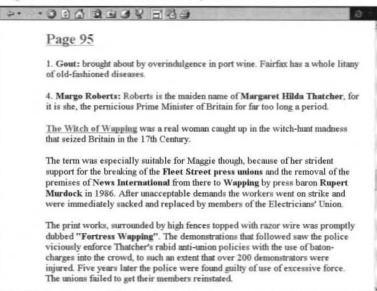


Half of one of the 'Colour' pages -- Princess Victoria, the heroine of *Heart of Empire* calls on an old friend

annotations are worth the price on their own. Talbot outlines the wide range of his literary and visual influences and explains all the in-jokes and symbolism to be found in *Heart of Empire* -- from the Golden Section to William Blake and the sexual proclivities of Charles II to the cult of 23 -- in an engaging style. There is a particularly entertaining tirade against modern art; I love modern art and it says something that I was not only amused by this, I agreed with most of it! Also included on the disk is the full *The Adventures of Luther Arkwright*.

There are only a couple of minor irritations -- a couple of broken links in the review copy I've looked at but I have been reassured that these are fixed in the retail version. And it's a pity there was no 'high-res' version of the original *Adventures of Luther Arkwright* -- some of the fine detail is lost.

However this has to be one of the best things in narrative graphic art for years. If you are at all interested in the way that a graphic novel is created then this is an essential purchase. But even if not, this a great story well told with the added bonus of an informative tour of some of the more unusual aspects of the history of this 'sceptred isle'.



Part of the 'Annotations' for the above -- I'll leave it as an exercise for the reader as to why I selected this particular page

takes place on bringing in Victorian, Elizabethan, Regency and contemporary influences; from Pomp and Circumstance via chicken tikka masala to Punch and Judy. Familiar faces appear in unfamiliar roles and there is plenty of bawdy adult humour. The artwork is simply gorgeous.

As well as a graphic novel collection *Heart of Empire* is now available, fully annotated, on a CD-ROM -- co-produced by Talbot and the designer of his website ([www.bryan-talbot.com](http://www.bryan-talbot.com)). Every page is reproduced not only in full colour (both 'normal' and 'hi-res') but for most the pencilled and inked stage of production; the first time anyone has done this. The sixty thousand words of

The Pope's emissary arrives in London by train...  
Detail from the last page of Chapter 1



Go to continue...

# COMING TO A SHELF NEAR YOU

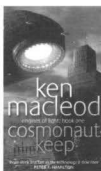
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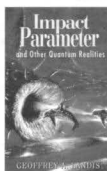
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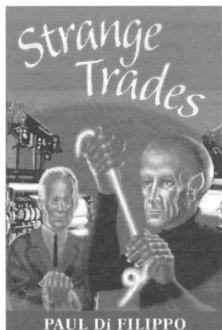
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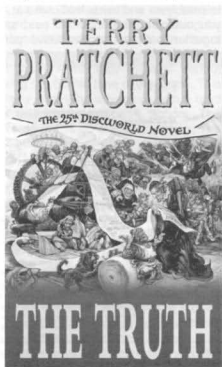
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## Top ten sf?

As *Matrix* goes to press we received notice that Gollancz have expanded their classics reprint lines to include "The Ten Greatest Science Fiction Novels" to be reprinted in hardbacks at £14.99 from 25<sup>th</sup> October.

- Alfred Bester** *The Stars My Destination*  
**Arthur C. Clarke** *Childhood's End*  
**Philip K. Dick** *The Man In The High Castle*  
**Joe Haldeman** *The Forever War*  
**Robert A. Heinlein** *The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress*  
**Frank Herbert** *Dune*  
**Ursula K. Le Guin** *The Left Hand Of Darkness*  
**Walter M. Miller** *A Canticle For Liebowitz*  
**Larry Niven** *Ringworld*  
**John Wyndham** *The Day Of The Triffids*

Will a 'top ten of fantasy' follow? And have they got this one right? Let us know what other books you would include (or leave out).

## Another top ten

Living on 'nostalgia hour' one Saturday night Channel four gave us a top ten of tv sf. The choices, based on a 'viewers poll' via their website were in count-down order:

10. *Space 1999*
9. *Buck Rogers in the 25<sup>th</sup> Century*
8. *The Tomorrow People*
7. *Sapphire and Steel*
6. *Blake's Seven*
5. *The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*
4. *Thunderbirds*
3. *Red Dwarf*
2. *Dr Who*
1. *Star Trek*

So have they got this one right? I would have put *Blake's 7* higher and *Doctor Who* should be number one. Where's *Survivors*? Or *Quatermass*? Or *Jason of Star Command*? ... Okay, not the last one.

# RESONANCES

**Stephen Baxter** *remembers an eventful week in his childhood*

1970, a year which saw my 13<sup>th</sup> birthday, I kept a daily diary. It was just a few words a day, scribbled into my Letts Schoolboys Diary, a little plastic-coated volume that came complete with useful tables of kings and queens, French verbs, tips on collecting insects, and countries of the world (half of which have disappeared, God help me).

Here are my entries for a notable week in April.

11<sup>th</sup>, *Saturday*. Nice day. Went out a bit. Went to shops in morn. FA Cup Final day. Painted Lunar Module model. Apollo 13 lifted off. Saw 'Salome' [on TV].

12<sup>th</sup>, *Sunday*. Poor day. 9 am Mass. Went to Baths. Got pains in stomach. Had to go to Alder Hey Hospital. Saw 'Catweazle'.

13<sup>th</sup>, *Monday*. Fair day. Went to hospital in morn and had blood and urine tests. Went to dentists in afternoon. Had filling. Saw 'Gilligan's Island', 'Star Trek'.

14<sup>th</sup>, *Tuesday*. Fair day. Painted more Lunar Module. Apollo 13 in serious trouble with engines. Went to shops. Got yoghurt, TV21. Saw 'Gilligan's Island'. Budget Day today.

15<sup>th</sup>, *Wednesday*. Fair day. Stayed off school. Apollo 13 on a lot today. Read a lot. Got Daily Express. Saw 'Gilligan's island' and 'All Gas and Galters'.

16<sup>th</sup>, *Thursday*. Fair day. Cut pictures of Apollo 13 out. Finished painting Lunar Module. Got white paint. Saw Apollo reports all day. Saw 'Gilligan's Island'.

17<sup>th</sup>, *Friday*. Great day. Went to hosp. for check up. I'm okay. Apollo 13 splashed down today. Got cuttings and things together. Went out a bit. Saw 'Manhunt'.

18<sup>th</sup>, *Saturday*. Great day. Got more Apollo 13 things together. Played out all day. Hot day. Dad got down old

newspapers. Saw 'Dr Who' ...

My style in those days was admirably terse, if my life was less than exciting. Yoghurt was evidently worth recording as an exotic treat! TV was pretty cool, however: 'Star Trek', new 'Dr Who', and 'Gilligan' reruns every night. And, ah, TV21 ...

And I had my own little drama, that memorable week. What a grim day that Monday was! I do recall that trip to the hospital but not the final diagnosis; evidently I survived. And it did win me a week off school to watch the unfolding Apollo story on TV.

What has prompted me to think again of that remote week in 1970 has been the World Trade Center attack, which happened just a week ago as I write this.

We all need ways of coping with such huge, remote disasters. My way now, of course, is to email my friends in New York and elsewhere, to follow TV, the internet and the papers, to talk, to write, to reflect.

But in 1970 I was 12 years old. I followed the news as best I could, but could probably understand little of it. So I made my Airfix models, and cut out newspaper pictures and stuck them in scrapbooks, and moved little cardboard spaceships over sketched-out cislunar trajectories. (That week was the start of a habit I've kept up since, inherited from my father, of keeping newspapers from significant incidents; his collection went all the way back to his own huge impersonal disaster, the Second World War - which, if you think about it, was as remote from 1970 as Apollo 13 is from us now ...)

All of these activities are ways of coping, of trying to understand. When you're 12 there's nothing much you can do but make models. But you do what you can.

Of course Apollo 13 had a happy ending.

Glenda Pringle discovers some gems among the Archers, Steels and the sisters Collins

There's nothing quite like browsing the shelves of a charity shop and finding a real treasure. Although for some people that treasure might be something as kitsch as a 1970s chip-and-dip ensemble, in my case it is finding a pile of old SF magazines - which, I suppose might be another version of kitsch to the chip-and-dippers of course. I was absolutely delighted, therefore, to come across a whole pile of early 1980s *Fantasy and Science Fiction* magazines recently. Of course, I grabbed the lot - much to the amusement of the dear little old lady operating the till. "My! You read a lot!" she said. I couldn't decide whether she was paying me a compliment or expressing serious concern for the welfare of my mind.

Having perused a few of these now, I'm struck by how much the early 1980s were something of a 'golden age' (or should that be 'the end of an era'?). Bear in mind that *Neuromancer* was still in William Gibson's head or at least wasn't to appear on our bookshelves for a few more years yet so the term 'cyberpunk' wasn't being bandied around. Alternative histories were still fairly few and far between. And heavy-duty post-apocalypse stuff was still around the corner to a certain extent. Please don't get me wrong here, I'm not saying there wasn't any of these themes in SF at the time. It's just that they weren't rearing their heads in *F&SF* in the early 1980s.

So what was on offer? First and foremost, Isaac Asimov was still alive and regaling us with his splendid science fact articles. Having recently tried to wade my way through John Gribbin's *In Search of Schrödinger's Cat* in a somewhat futile attempt to get my head around quantum physics, I realised how much I miss good ole Isaac's clear explanations of all things scientific. I'm sure he would have been able to say, "Here, Glenda...Have a seat. Quantum physics goes something like this." And I would have been able to understand every single word...And I know my stupid questions would all have been answered with all the patience and understanding that Isaac had for us poor laypersons.

Another thing that struck me in reading these magazines was that there was still a clique of colourful characters in the 'higher echelons' of SF that fans could understand and take delight in. The September 1980 issue of *F&SF* contains a splendid and humorous story entitled 'The Curse of

Mhondoro Nkabele' by Eric Norden. Written in the form of letters it recounts the attempts by an African PhD student studying in the US to get his obviously awful stories ('Astrid of the Asteroids', 'Slave Slaves of G'Harn' and 'Ursula of Uranus') published in *F&SF*. Needless to say, Edward L. Ferman (then editor and publisher) is not impressed and becomes increasingly alarmed as his attempts to reject the stories fall on deaf ears. Calling on the assistance of Harlan Ellison and the good doctor Asimov fails to dampen Mr Nkabele's enthusiasm and it soon becomes clear that he has called on sinister forces to enforce Mr Ferman's compliance. What delighted me about this story was the author's ability to gently pastiche Ferman, Ellison and Asimov, thereby bringing them closer to us humble fans.

Other treats included the childlike delights of 'The Brave Little Toaster' by Thomas M. Disch (August 1980). I hadn't

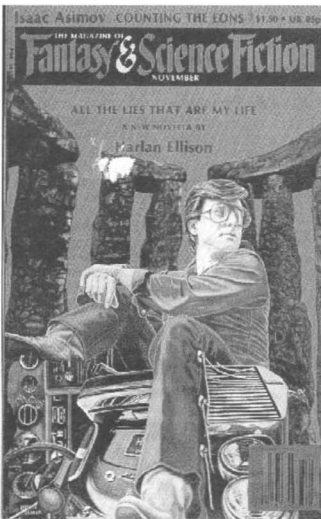
read this one in donkey's years so it was such a pleasure to 're-experience it. Among the creepier offerings were Lisa Tuttle's 'Bug House', Bill Pronzini's 'And Then We Went to Venus' (both June 1980) and Ron Goulart's 'Batteries Not Included' (January 1981, and not to be confused with the rather silly film of the same name). Last, but not least, was Harlan Ellison's 'All the Lies That are My Life' which is probably one of the few Ellison stories I hadn't read before. (Plus, as the cover artwork that accompanies this column shows, this was back in the days when Harlan's flowing locks still retained their lustrous colour - although as far as I am aware his hairstyle hasn't changed.)

By far one of the greatest sources of amusement for me in these magazines was the ability to read the film reviews with the benefit of hindsight. I wonder if Baird Searles ever regrets slating *The Shining* quite so badly and if he has enjoyed the further instalments of *Star Wars* as much as he did *The Empire Strikes Back*? I must admit, however, that I completely agree with his summation of *Xanadu* (yep, the one with Olivia Newton John!) as "Terpsichore on roller skates" and being "...of such excruciating triteness as to make the older examples [of films with the same theme] seem penned by Shaw". What

a delightful way of saying it's crap!

Well, I'm off to turn some more of those pages that reek of nostalgia. But, before I do, I urge you all to make a point of snooping through those charity stores shelves to see if you can find such delights. Now, where did I leave that March 1948 issue of *Popular Mechanics*?

Magazines for review, including small press, should be sent to Glenda Pringle, 22 Mead Way, Kidlington, Oxford, OX5 2BJ



"Harlan's flowing locks"; on a pile of junk in Stonehenge

## — AN IRONING BOARD ON A DUCK POND —

New *Matrix* internet correspondent **Martin Sketchley** looks at some writer's web sites in his first column

If you have a PC then you probably have internet access. Who knows, these days you might even have a nosebleed-inducing high speed connection such as broadband cable modem from ntl/Telewest or ADSL from BT. Even if you've only got a humble standard modem and dial-up connection, hopefully this, the new web column in *Matrix*, will be of interest to you.

As we all know thanks to widespread media coverage, the web is an all-singing, all-dancing, fully interactive multimedia extravaganza which is going to change all our lives, if indeed it hasn't already. (Isn't it?) However, there'll be no waffle about the increasing number of people who are using the internet to work from home or download free music here, because you already know about all that nonsense. Instead, we'll look at the internet specifically in relation to SF. Whatever that might include. So, as a result of your undisputed familiarity with the medium, and the basic terminology, I'll jump right in and begin with a focus on a fundamental aspect of SF, the source of the basic material upon which the whole field is built, an often misunderstood, misrepresented, or even sometimes overlooked subject — the SF author.

Due to its global nature, an increasing number of SF authors see the internet as an invaluable means of reaching readers and existing beyond the bizarre, surreal world that exists in the short distance between their face and the computer screen, a distance in which, by some black art which is impossible to understand or explain, thoughts are transferred into words and then rearranged into something cohesive. (This is later disposed of, completely changed, or left to rot on a disk somewhere as part of the masochistic ritual widely referred to as "the creative process".) However, while the majority of authors are aware that it is increasingly important to have a web presence, the majority of author sites are, not to put too fine a point on it, pretty dull.

Most SF authors are just people who happen to write stories, nothing more. Their everyday lives are as mundane and tedious as anyone else's. They do the school run, have too much debt, worry about the leak in the roof that's causing the brown stain on the bedroom ceiling that looks like a Spaniel, which grows larger each time it rains heavily, and so on. And this is the crux of the problem of author web site content: given this lack of glamour, how can they make their sites interesting?

The majority of author sites tend to follow a basic format: a photograph so that you may recognise them at Eastercon; a bibliography to confirm they are who they really say they are; some background information to explain how they came to be a twisted introvert and thus a writer; news on the progress of writing the latest book in the "*StarKiller*" series; miscellaneous links [allegedly] of interest. This is due not only to considerations of what the site visitor will want to see, but also limitations in terms of cost or general know-how, which largely preclude the use of Flash or other such exciting tools to enhance the browsing experience. There are also the obvious considerations that the more complicated the site, the greater the possibility that anyone using ageing browser software may not be able to see it, or that it's likely to take ages to download, thereby risking the loss of less patient visitors. Sometimes sites are very well designed and lovely to look at, but even these can be fairly uninspiring in terms of actual content. The problem is that

most people expect the web to give us instantaneous gratification, and simply don't want to read through a great deal of text. This has resulted in short, easily digestible paragraphs being the norm, which can result in a slightly disjointed feel.

One author to launch his own site relatively recently is Christopher Priest. Prior to this a fan hosting a site was Priest's main representation on the web, but there was no "official" site, as such. So, what made him feel the need to take control of his online presence and put up a site of his own?

"I never really did 'feel the need'," says Chris, "but the Society of Authors recommended that all their members should register their own domain names, as a way of blocking illegal attempts to steal their names [through cybersquatting]. I found out how to do it, signed up, and that was that. I didn't have the skills to produce anything elaborate, but I already had some biographical or bibliographical data to hand. I found some reviews, some old photographs, then passed everything to Dave Langford who did all the hard work for me. I keep meaning to find out how to change the thing myself, so I don't have to keep bothering Dave. I want to update it, get rid of some of the photographs, generally prune it a little. But I never seem to get round to it. The main thing it has done for me is that it has enabled a number of people to 'find' me and contact me."

Concerning the web in general Chris says: "What immediately and trivially bothers me about it is how much rubbish there is out there, because it's all so unselective and open to anyone to put out anything they like without restriction or taste. If you actually try to use the internet for serious research, and you already know something about the subject you're researching, you soon discover how much of the information out there is at least unreliable, and is often wilfully misleading. I've already seen a few people commenting that accuracy doesn't matter any more, but that free information does."

Uploading a few stories might seem like an obvious solution to bolstering the content of an author's site. And while it might be argued that to publish a few pieces on a web site cannot possibly harm the author, and may actually stimulate sales of other work, it has to be remembered that authors make at least some if not all of their living by selling such work. Even the shortest of pieces takes a great deal of time and effort to produce, so selling it commercially is undoubtedly a priority for most. Furthermore, a professional author will almost certainly have an agent, who will also want to maximise potential income from any work produced. Any pieces considered unlikely to sell will not appear for that very reason. There is also the potential problem of copyright infringement, as suffered recently by Keith Brooke and Eric Brown, when work of theirs was copied without their permission to another site.

While some authors do make work available on the web, this is often unpublished early material or samples of full-length work available commercially. Neal Asher, author of *Gridlinked*, has a variety of texts available free of charge on his site, as does Eric Brown. Barrington J Bayley offers several pieces of short fiction on his stylish "Astounding Worlds of..." site, plus, if you please, Japanese

(Continued on page 14)

(Continued from page 13)

translations – now there's value for money! Guy Gavriel Kay's authorised "Bright Weavings" site is particularly attractive and offers many "reading passages"; these are extracts from the author's novels that provide a taster to enable visitors to decide whether they might like the whole book in question, which can then be ordered online. This is a fairly common practise and an important way for authors to potentially increase sales. Moreover, if their site is affiliated with an internet book retailer such as Amazon.co.uk, they can also earn a small amount in commission if people click through from their site and then make a purchase.

However, despite most being fairly basic, author sites tend to give their visitors what they want, enabling those who seek it a certain level of personal contact with an author that they might otherwise be unable to achieve, which has to be good. The most important thing for authors is to ensure that their sites are updated regularly, even if it is only with a few lines of exciting news: "Have reached page 800 of *StarKiller 9*. The brown patch on bedroom ceiling now looks like a Labrador!"

If you have any specifically web-related news that might

be of interest to Matrix readers, or ideas for future articles, please send me an e-mail, including any relevant URLs to msketchley@cableinet.co.uk.

Thanks to Christopher Priest.

#### URLs of relevance:

##### Christopher Priest (official site):

[www.christopher-priest.co.uk](http://www.christopher-priest.co.uk)

##### Christopher Priest (unofficial site):

[www.poba.co.uk/books/christopher\\_priest/](http://www.poba.co.uk/books/christopher_priest/)

##### Guy Gavriel Kay: [www.brightweavings.com/](http://www.brightweavings.com/)

**Eric Brown:** <http://website.lineone.net/~ianw/ericbrown/index.htm>

##### Barrington J Bayley:

<http://oivas.com/bjbl/>

##### Keith Brooke:

[www.iplus.zetnet.co.uk/kbrooke/](http://www.iplus.zetnet.co.uk/kbrooke/)

##### Martin's own site is:

[www.msketchley.pwp.blueyonder.co.uk](http://www.msketchley.pwp.blueyonder.co.uk)

(Also see the BSFA's web site — [www.bsfa.co.uk](http://www.bsfa.co.uk) — for these links.)

## — LOC AND LOAD —

Letters received. Please forward all comments etc to the main editorial address

**Gary S. Dalkin** replies to **Peter Redfern's** letter in *Matrix* 151:

I don't know where Peter Redfern gets the idea that I see "1984" as mainly being about torture" to the extent that I maybe "confuse it with *The Pit* and *The Pendulum*." Having read *1984* three times I think I have a fairly good idea of the contents and concerns of the book. Having also seen the play, which Mr Redfern admits he has not, I also have a better idea than he of the contents and concerns of the adaptation. One of the stated aims of the theatre company responsible was to bring out the brutality in the novel, violence and torture which has tended to be sanitised in previous visual productions. In all the discussion over the decades of the meaning of *1984* its bloody and intense violence and torture has tended to be overlooked. Yet one vital aspect of the novel, one which makes it for me almost unreadable in places, is the sheer physical horror that comes with the corruption of absolute power. The graphic narration of torture is a key part of Orwell's message. However, I would not say that it is the most important part of the book. It is too simplistic to state, as does Mr Redfern in choosing Newspeak, that anyone aspect of *1984* is its most important element. That is to diminish what is an exceptionally complex and rich work of art. However, the torture sequences are of vital importance, just as is the love story and the detailed political backdrop against which the love story is set, and indeed the entire political mechanisms existent within the world of *1984*.

I am however delighted that Mr Redfern found my paragraph on moral relativism "puzzling and disturbing." There is no value in freedom of speech unless that freedom extends to saying and writing that which puzzles and disturbs. I also find it rather ironic that Mr Redfern writes "But in present day English there are many ideological loaded

expressions, which, because they are in such common use and are not Newspeak in form, are dangerously insidious." He lists such examples as "peacekeeping" (war), "Loyalist paramilitaries" (IRA terrorists). Why do I find this ironic? Because a paragraph earlier Mr Redfern has employed one such dangerously insidious (to unborn human beings) ideological loaded statement himself. "abortion" which in the original sense means to stop something, is used by the writer as a euphemism for pre-meditated baby killing.

#### *And a plea from Andy Sawyer:*

Don't throw away your magazines! If anyone has overflowing shelves or an over-full attic, and is looking to weed out their collections, I'm checking through the Science Fiction Foundation's holdings of magazines and notice that we have a few gaps in our holdings of bsfa material. In particular we're missing the following: *Matrix* No 29 (May/Jun 1980), No 30 (Jun/Jul 1980), No 110 (Feb/Mar 1994). *Vector* No 1 (Summer 1958), No 2 (Autumn 1958), Unnumbered (Oct 1959) [titled *Vector Explanation*], No 6 (Jan 1960), No 7 (Spring 1960), No 8 (Jun 1960), No 12 (Summer 1961), No 26 (May 1964), No 27 (Jul 1964), No 28 (Sep 1964), No 32 (Apr 1965), No 35 (Oct 1965), No 36 (Nov 1965), No 52 (Spring 1969), No 53 (Summer 1969), No 82 (Jul/Aug 1977)/No 83 (Sep/Oct 1977). If anyone is willing to donate copies the SFF would be very grateful: please contact me at Special Collections and Archives, University of Liverpool Library, PO Box 123, Liverpool L69 3DA, UK. (0151 794 3142) or [asawyer@liv.ac.uk](mailto:asawyer@liv.ac.uk) We are, it goes without saying, grateful for donations of sf material: books (especially critical material or recent US/UK sf), videos, and indeed money. Please get in touch if you would like to help.

## — AND THE WINNER IS ...

All the news on the BSFA awards from **Tanya Brown**

Summer is traditionally a slack period in literature, and perhaps that's why the nominations for best novel of the year have been coming in rather more slowly. The arrival of autumn, by contrast, is oft heralded by the joyous ching of the tills as new books are published by the yard. And some of them must be worth nominating! Go on, go on, go on ... The slowing of the 'novel' list, though, is more than balanced by a welter of short-story nominations: still remarkably *Interzone*-based, which should be noted by other editors.

Following this year's Hugo ceremony, I wonder (only half in jest) whether we should instigate a new rule: awards will only be made to those who are present in person, or send a delegate. Can't help but feel that – however busy one's life is – a Hugo is worth turning up to collect. As far as I'm aware, J K Rowling hasn't even acknowledged the award, which seems rather crass – not to mention insulting to the other authors on the shortlist.

Up-to-date news on the contenders can be found on the BSFA web page ([www.bsfa.co.uk](http://www.bsfa.co.uk)), and there'll be an update in each issue of *Matrix* between now and the deadline at the end of next January.

You can nominate a piece of work for the award just by sending me an email ([awards@amaranth.avnet.co.uk](mailto:awards@amaranth.avnet.co.uk)) There's a handy link on the web page too. Nominate early and often! Remember, the items with the most nominations are those that will appear on the final shortlists next spring: unlike the jury-based Arthur C Clarke Award, the BSFA Awards are democratically bestowed. If you like something, nominate it for the relevant award – even if others have already done so.

The closing date for nominations is 31<sup>st</sup> January 2002. The rules of eligibility are as follows:

**Best Novel**, for the best novel first published in the UK in the calendar year 2001. This award is (in theory, at least) open to any work of fiction – not just adult-oriented science fiction.

**Best Short Fiction**, for the best short fiction that first appeared, regardless of country of origin, in the calendar year 2001. Stories in non-UK magazines, anthologies, and even on the web are eligible. Please let me know where the story appeared (anthology title and editor, magazine name and number, URL) as well as the author and title of the short story.

**Best Non-Fiction**, for the best single piece, anthology or full-length critical work to appear in the UK in the calendar year 2001. Please give author or editor, title, and magazine / journal details if applicable.

**Best Artwork**, for the best single piece of artwork that appeared in the calendar year 2001. Where possible, please give the artist's name and the title of the work, and where the item appears (magazine name and number, website URL, and so on). Regrettably, animated films are not eligible for this category – so, please, no more nominations for *Shrek*!

Please note that 'advance votes' are not eligible: the

book, short story, critical essay or piece of artwork must actually have been published, not just be due for publication.

If you're not sure whether something qualifies, send in the nomination anyway: I'll check eligibility and let you know.

### Nominations for Best Novel

*Things Unborn* – Eugene Byrne  
*Appleseed* – John Clute  
*The Nameless Day* – Sara Douglass  
*American Gods* – Neil Gaiman  
*Pashazade* – Jon Courtenay Grimwood  
*Bold as Love* – Gwyneth Jones  
*The Secret of Life* – Paul McAuley  
*Ares Express* – Ian McDonald  
*Shadow* – K J Parker  
*Chasm City* – Alastair Reynolds  
*Lust* – Geoff Ryman  
*The Ghost Sister* – Liz Williams  
*Passage* – Connie Willis  
*The Haunting of Alazabel Cray* – Chris Wooding

### Nominations for Best Short Story

'Under the Saffron Tree' – Cherith Baldry (*Interzone* 166)  
'A New Beginning' – Tony Ballantyne (*Interzone* 163)  
'Restoring the Balance' – Tony Ballantyne (*Interzone* 167/8)  
'First to the Moon' – Stephen Baxter & Simon Bradshaw (*Spectrum SF* #6, July 2001)  
'Tracks' – Stephen Baxter (*Interzone* 169)  
'The Children of Winter' – Eric Brown (*Interzone* 163)  
'The City in the Dust' – Matt Colborn (*Interzone* 165)  
'Poppy Day' – Michael Coney (*Spectrum SF* #5, April 2001)  
'Myxomatosis' – Simon Ings (*Interzone* 165)  
'Partial Eclipse' – Graham Joyce (*Interzone* 165)  
'Wind Angels' – Leigh Kennedy (*Interzone* 171)  
'The Two Dicks' – Paul McAuley (*F&SF*, August 2001)  
'Isabel of the Fall' – Ian R. McLeod (*Interzone* 169)  
'Self Portrait, with Melanoma, Final Draft' – Paul Park (*Interzone* 167)  
'Catch the Sleep Ship' – George Zebrowski (*Interzone* 163)

### Nominations for Best Non-Fiction

*Omegatropic* – Stephen Baxter  
*Terry Pratchett: Guilty of Literature* – Andrew M. Butler, Edward James and Farah Mendlesohn

### Nominations for Best Artwork

Cover of *Omegatropic* (Stephen Baxter) by Colin Odell  
Cover of *Pashazade* (Jon Courtenay Grimwood)  
'Roach Hotel' – Dominic Harman (*Interzone* #166)  
*Shrek* – film poster

Send all nominations to:

Tanya Brown  
Flat 8, Century House, Armoury Road, London, SE8 4LH

Or email: [amaranth@avnet.co.uk](mailto:amaranth@avnet.co.uk)

## JAMES BERNARD 1925 - 2001

Gary S. Dalkin introduces David Wishart's obituary of a remarkable composer

The composer James Bernard died in London on July 12 aged 75. The son of an army officer, James Bernard was born in India in 1925, though he was educated at Wellington College, where one of his classmates was the future film star Christopher Lee. Ultimately Bernard would write the music not only for many of Lee's most celebrated Hammer films, including *Dracula* (1958), but for various other now classic Hammer horror, fantasy and sf pictures. Yet before he even began his career at Hammer with the score to *The Quatermass Xperiment* (1955) Bernard had shared an Oscar with Paul Dehn (writer of *Beneath, Escape From and Conquest of ... The Planet of the Apes*) for the screenplay to the excellent borderline science fiction suspense thriller, *Seven Days to Noon* (1950). As with many film composers,

Bernard had a parallel 'classical' career, including a song cycle for Peter Pears and a *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* written for Chichester Cathedral.

When Gary Wilkinson kindly asked me to write an obituary I told him I did not know enough about James Bernard to do his memory justice. However, recalling a moving and eloquent email I received shortly after James Bernard's death from the highly respected film music recording producer, film music expert and all round advocate of all that is great about cinema, David Wishart, I asked him if the BSFA could reprint his message. Very generously he gave his permission.

It is always sad when the world loses a fine and popular artist ... but when that person is an extraordinary and well-loved human being as well the loss is even more acute.

When James Bernard died yesterday we not only lost an excellent and revered film composer but also one of nature's true gentlemen. I'm pleased to say I knew James quite well - and we considered each other friends - and I also had the privilege of working with him and recording a great deal of his marvellous film music.

When we recorded the album *The Devil Rides Out - Horror, Adventure & Romance - Music For Hammer films Composed by James Bernard* in late 1995 James Bernard was in excellent health ... in fact he belied his years, appearing incredibly youthful - being demonstrably vital, ebullient, industrious, enthusiastic, and ever charming. But during these last few years he suffered a series of debilitating health problems - all of which he stoically bore, continuing to work and enjoy a constant round of social engagements - and it was at one of these when I last saw him.

Following the untimely death of his life-long companion, the screenwriter Paul Dehn, James had originally retired from scoring films - but when Silva Screen Records invited him to compile concert suites from a number of his scores to be recorded by The Philharmonia for the album *Dracula - Music For Hammer Films*, he welcomed the interest and embarked on fashioning suites from a substantial number of his most famous scoring assignments - which would later also result in *The Devil Rides Out* recording(s).

Moreover, interest in, and appreciation of his work began to grow - and new commissions were forthcoming - including the score for the restored Murnau classic

*Nosferatu* and the ambitious feature-length documentary *Universal Horror*. Even more recently a number of his original soundtrack scores for Hammer productions have been released for the first time by Gary Wilson at GDI Records - including *The Devil Rides Out*, *Taste The Blood Of Dracula*, and the forthcoming *She*.

If I have to recall one particularly happy day with James - and an interesting incident to boot - it has to be when he invited Silva Screen's David Stoner (a long-time advocate of James' music) and myself to join him at the Royal Festival Hall in London for a screening of the classic Lon Chaney *Phantom Of The Opera* - with a 'live' symphonic score composed and conducted by Carl Davis. It was a thoroughly enjoyable evening ... and James commented that one day he would love to score one of these reconstituted 'silent' classics. Well, the very next year we were back at the Royal Festival Hall ... this time to watch *Nosferatu* - with a 'live' symphonic score composed by James Bernard!

I am sorry that this brief posting is hardly a worthy memorial to James Bernard, his life, and his music ... but I felt the desire to write some initial thoughts on hearing the terribly sad news that he had passed away.

It is a wonderful thing in life to get to meet and know one of your heroes - and when that hero turns out to be an even greater man than you expected then you are blessed indeed. James Bernard was one of my heroes ... and a very great man indeed.

For those of us who knew him James Bernard will linger forever via fond memories ... and for the world he bequeaths his wonderful music.

## THE FILM SCORES OF JAMES BERNARD

*Universal Horror* (1998) (TV), *Nosferatu, eine Symphonie des Grauens* (1992, new Bernard score, 1997), *Flesh and Blood: The Hammer Heritage of Horror* (1994) (TV), *Peter Cushing: A One-Way Ticket to Hollywood* (1989) (TV), *Murder Elite* (1985), *Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell* (1974), *The Legend of the 7 Golden Vampires* (1974), *Taste the Blood of Dracula* (1970), *Scars of Dracula* (1970), *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed* (1969), *Dracula Has Risen from the Grave* (1968), *The Devil Rides Out* (1968), *Frankenstein Created Woman* (1967), *Torture Garden* (1967),

*Dracula: Prince of Darkness* (1966), *The Plague of the Zombies* (1966), *The Secret of Blood Island* (1965), *She* (1965), *The Gorgon* (1964), *The Kiss of the Vampire* (1963), *The Damned* (1963), *The Terror of the Tongs* (1961), *The Strangers of Bombay* (1960), *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (1959), *Nor the Moon by Night* (1958), *Windom's Way* (1958), *Dracula* (1958), *Across the Bridge* (1957), *Quatermass 2* (1957), *The Curse of Frankenstein* (1957), *Pacific Destiny* (1956), *X the Unknown* (1956), *The Quatermass Xperiment* (1955)

"In one half of my mind I'm thinking of the *Magnificat*, in the other half of orgies and black masses." James Bernard.



## JOHN CHAMBERS 1922-2001

Among the celebrations for the 35<sup>th</sup> anniversary of *Star Trek* came the sad news of the death of one of the series' back-room heroes -- the man who 'created' Spock's ears, John Chambers. A renowned and innovative make-up artist, he was also responsible for ground-breaking work on the original *Planet of the Apes* (1968). Actors in ape costumes were nothing new, appearing in B-movies for years, but for this film Chambers had to create chimps and gorillas that the audience could take seriously. Instead of using rubber masks, as had been done previously, Chambers created flexible pieces of foam latex that could be glued directly to the actor's skin allowing them to talk and show emotion. He worked late into the night, experimenting on himself to develop the new adhesives, paint and rubber compounds that would become the basis for many future make-up effects. Chambers would later open his own specialist make-up laboratory.

In 1969 he was awarded an honorary Oscar for his work on *Planet of the Apes* at a time when there was no provision to give the award to make-up artists and he was also the first make-up artist to be honoured with a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame.

Born in Chicago, Chambers trained as a commercial artist and designed jewellery and carpets before serving as a US army dental technician. Later he worked as a medical technician, making false ears, noses and other features for injured soldiers. However he found the work emotionally draining and seeing the poor standard of make-up effects in the new medium of television thought he might have a career there. He joined NBC in 1953, and turned Charlton Heston into the Beast in a Shirley Temple production of *Beauty And The Beast*. He went on to work on *Lost In Space*, *Mission Impossible*, *The Munsters* and *The Outer*

*Limits* as well as coming up with those famously pointed ears on *Star Trek*.

In the 1960s Chambers moved into films, soon building a reputation for unusual make-up effects. As well as *Planet of the Apes* he created false teeth for Marlon Brando in several films, a false chest for Richard Harris for the famous Indian initiation ceremony in *A Man Called Horse* (1970), in which the actor is hoisted into the air with pins through his chest, and a whole series of disguises for Kirk Douglas in *The List Of Adrian Messenger* (1963). He also created the artificial nose worn by Lee Marvin for his Oscar-winning role in *Cat Ballou* (1965) and the decapitated head that pops out of the boat in *Jaws* (1975). Chambers often worked uncredited and at short notice in many movies to produce fake ears and fingers for chopping off in dramatic scenes.

Chambers may have also been responsible for another, more notorious make-up job. In 1967, the year in which Chambers was pushing back the boundaries of creature make-up on *Planet Of The Apes*, on the edge of a California wood researchers filmed a large ape-like creature, supposedly the legendary Bigfoot. The researchers were convinced that they had obtained authentic footage of America's equivalent of the yeti, and expert analysis has so far failed to produce any evidence that it was a costume. It has been Hollywood gossip for years that Chambers was responsible, possibly for no other reason than that he was the only person considered capable of creating such a convincing creature.

A jovial Irish-American, Chambers would always dismiss any enquiries on the matter: "I would have done a better job."

## SAMUAL Z. ARKOFF 1918-2001

The name Samuel Z Arkoff on the credits of a movie meant you were in for good time, if not exactly a masterpiece. The founder of the legendary B-movie factory American International Pictures, Arkoff produced over a hundred movies throughout a fifty-year career building a fortune in the process. He and his partners, James Nicholson and Roger Corman, preached a gospel of make 'em fast, make 'em cheap.

Cinema attendances fell in the early 1950s. As Sam Goldwyn commented, "Why should people go out and pay money to see bad films when they can stay home and see bad TV for nothing?" In contrast, Arkoff shrewdly realised that teenagers would rather go see trashy movies with catchy titles such as *I Was A Teenage Werewolf*, *How To Stuff A Wild Bikini* and *Attack Of The Crab Monsters* than sit at home with their parents and watch bland television. "If teenagers were involved in something new, we made a movie about it." His own teenage kids kept him in touch with every last micro-craze and he scanned the newspapers for plot ideas. As well as monster/sf he created the new genres of 'Drag Strip' movie and 'Beach Party' movie. Later in the sixties came the 'Biker' movie. Budgets ranged from only \$100,000 to a maximum of \$300,000. *Teenage Werewolf*, AIP's first hit pulled in \$2m and AIP never had a year when

it lost money. Arkoff used cheap unknowns and quite accidentally became an incubator for the Hollywood renaissance of the 70s. A roll-call of talent given early opportunities includes actors Peter Fonda, Dennis Hopper, Bruce Dern, Jack Nicholson, Charles Bronson, Sally Kellerman and Robert De Niro and directors Monte Hellman, Woody Allen, Bob Rafelson, Martin Scorsese, Jonathan Demme, Paul Bartel, Francis Ford Coppola and John Milius.

Arkoff also took AIP somewhat upmarket with Corman's Edgar Allan Poe adaptations -- tongue-in-check shockers which usually featured Vincent Price chewing the scenery.

AIP carried on into the seventies, producing *The Amityville Horror* (1979), their biggest hit, which earned \$65 million and for 10 years held the record for largest-grossing independent film. Later AIP became Filmways, producing Brian De Palma's *Dressed To Kill* (1980).

In the early 1980s, when Arkoff went into semi-retirement he was surprised by many honorary awards and revivals of his early schlock at national film theatres around the world. "I suppose that time can dignify anything," he remarked with amusement.

## IS THERE A CONVENTION IN THE CENTRE?

Andrew M. Butler in search of the The Millennium Philcon

Stop me if you've read this before... A certain book was up for a Hugo (*OK then* - Terry Pratchett: Guilty of Literature edited by Andrew M. Butler, Edward James and Farah Mendlesohn still available from the Science Fiction Foundation, 22 Addington Road, Reading RG1 5PT, UK, price £10 or US \$16 plus £1 or \$4 postage and packing; please make sterling cheques payable to "The Science Fiction Foundation" and dollar checks to "Edward James". All proceeds go to the SFF and the Orangutan Foundation -- that's a long enough plug, get on with it, Ed.) and three of us decided to make the trip for what would be a once in a lifetime opportunity and dragged the BSFA Treasurer and Membership Secretary along with us. We had a couple of days in Philadelphia before the convention to acclimatise (Philadelphia is hot in late August), check out Tower Records, Borders and Barnes and Noble, and ponder what all the fuss is about some cracked bell.

This was the first American Worldcon I'd been to, and since they presumably invented them, it might be instructive to compare them to the British and Australian versions from the 1990s. Glasgow suffered from the appalling acoustics of the aircraft hanger interior, and a lack of recognisable and comfortable social space, as well as the day/evening split of the SCCC/Central Hotel. A good time was had by all, and it would be a major upset if we weren't back there in

2005 (whether we want to be is a different matter). The Aussiecon in Melbourne was able to integrate convention and hotel more comfortably, with adjoining convention centre and hotel, much lower roofs in social spaces, a variety of spaces to hang out in and, most importantly (are you listening convention committees?) enough microphones for the kind of item. The key with the success of the Aussiecon, a smaller affair than Glasgow, was that you could more-or-less expect to find someone to talk to in the Central Hotel bar - and you didn't have to cross a major road to get into the city from the convention.

Philcon falls somewhere between the two. The convention space was effectively a T-shape, with the dealers' room and art-show along one axis, some programming space on a lower floor and the Overlook Bar and a rarely open café above. Along the other axis, actually a bridge between the convention centre and the Reading railway terminal, were medium sized convention rooms. In one of the smaller rooms downstairs I was on a panel about teaching sf as literature, a panel held in check by the single microphone having to be passed up and down the line, and in one of the medium rooms I was able to talk about Pratchett, with the luxury of a microphone for each panellist.

And now some giggles. In British conventions you get a glass of your favourite tipple for agreeing to appear, and the

## I AM THE LAW!

Gary Wilkinson visits the Galleries of Justice for DreddCon:2

Borag Thungg, Earthlets.<sup>†</sup>

It was the last Saturday of September and I was trudging up a hill in Nottingham city centre through stair-roads of autumn rain wondering if I had made the right decision.

A few days before I had seen a notice in *Ansible* of a one day mini-con, practically on my doorstep: *DreddCon:2*, the second 2000AD con. I am not exactly a major comic fan though I love the work of Alan Moore and some others. And I have not read 2000AD in years. However it was huge influence in my childhood, shaping what I like in sf (basically grim and gritty) and even a mention of the Mighty Tharg, the comics supposed alien editor give pangs of nostalgia. But I had never been to a comics con before or know any other comics fans so did not know what to expect.

My mood was not helped by horrendous journey actually getting to the con. After the first bus not turning up -- 'staff shortages' apparently -- the second one actually broke-down halfway between my village and town. This probably had something to do with the rivers of rainwater washing into the bus and flowing around my feet every time we went through a puddle. After being rescued, the train I eventually caught was only ten minutes late which seemed like warp-speed.

Arriving late I just had time for a quick scout around before slipping into the first panel to dry out.

The con was being hosted by the *Galleries of Justice* a relatively new tourist/educational attraction in the old law courts. *DreddCon:2* coincided with opening of their *Dredd*

*The Law* exhibition. It is a complex building with many narrow twisting corridors but the con rooms were well sign-posted.

The panels were actually held in the law court itself which added greatly to the atmosphere. The panellists sat behind the bench whilst the audience filled the barrister's benches, jury box and later shuffled into the upper viewing gallery. The room had very good acoustics which just about made up for the fact there were no microphones. Unfortunately, the master of ceremonies thought he was much more amusing than he actually was. However the first panel ('Hot Droids' i.e. current artists) was entertaining, especially the gifted young artist Frazer Irving and a hung-over Henry Flint.

Time to check the rest of the con. There was small dealers room (obviously a heavy 2000AD presence but nothing too corporate) and an even smaller artists room. Note to self: Next time bring own sketchbook to collect artists sketches -- the comics equivalent of a signing. Whilst they emptied later on for the most part they were packed. I guess there were actually no more than a couple of hundred attendees ranging from older teenagers to a lot of mid-thirtysomethings like myself who were kids when 2000AD started. Plus a couple of people in costume. "My kneepads are killing me!": Overheard from a Judge Hershey look-alike.

Emgmt Fleetway, the company that produces 2000AD was taken over last year by the computer games company

Green Room staff make some attempt to welcome you and tell you what to do (although this seems to be fading a little these days). Both in Melbourne and Philadelphia it was unclear who were staff, those staff seemed unimpressed or uninterested in the fact that you had arrived and let you get your own beverage. When a group of four or five panellists are meeting for the first time in the green room, it's helpful for them to be at least pointed out to each other. And once more the wisdom of having a moderator designated in advance proved itself by the imbalance in panels where there was no moderator or someone propelled into that role at the last moment.

Meanwhile at the far end of the bridge, beyond a cavernous marble space which offered an entry to the station was the Marriott Hotel, site of more programming, the pc suite, the various evening parties and the Hugo ceremony. The Marriott was a maze of corridors, and invisible exits. I believe there was a bar there, but we never found it. That left the Overlook Bar, with its unfortunate *Shining* associations. Whereas in Australia the British fans in the bar were to the convention as legend has it the ravens are to the Tower of London, there were actually times when I went to the Overlook and didn't find any Brits there. Was it that the programming was too good? Or alternatively – to echo a line in a novel I've just read – the amount of programming varies in inverse proportion to what the host city has to offer?

I never saw a membership total published in the newsletter, but it rarely felt like more than a couple of

hundred were there rather than the thousands you'd assume. (Although someone always got in the way in the dealers' room.) At times we seemed to be outnumbered by the happy clapping conference which had booked the adjoining space. You may meet and be introduced to interesting people at a room party, or on a panel, but you never seemed to run into them again... unless having met me they decided to avoid me...

I did enjoy the panels I went to, and was on, and the two awards ceremonies I attended. Philadelphia offers great, if not especially cheap, food, and a wide variety of interesting video, DVD, music and bookshops. If you can take the heat, it is a city you can do on foot, being virtually flat, but the taxi drivers left me a nervous wreck. My main disappointment was that the second hand bookshops were not so interesting, especially when compared to the wide selection available in Melbourne. There may have been miles of books, but the vast majority of it was frankly uninteresting and shabby hardbacks. Still, it left room in the rucksacks for other acquisitions.

Did I enjoy my first American Worldcon? Yes. Would I go to another? Probably. But on a social level an Eastercon, or a Unicorn or the old Mexicons actually offer more. More, in the case of a US Worldcon, didn't necessarily mean more.

*Turn to the news section to see how Guilty of Literature fared in the Hugo awards - Ed.*

Rebellion (best know for *Aliens vs Predator*). The panel led by their management and the comic's editor (unfortunately not really the Mighty Tharg) was very well handled -- they are planing a bright future for the comic and plan more films (better than the Stallone *Dredd*) and a TV series.

Unfortunately the *Legends of Dredd* panel was a bit of a letdown. Artist Carlos Esquezza one of the joint Guests of Honour could not make it due to travel disruptions and the leader of the panel / interviewer was poor ("What's the first thing you did in 2000AD? What was the most recent?") However the other guest of honour John Wager the joint-creator and greatest *Dredd* writer made up for that.

Between the panels I only had time to grab a quick sandwich. No did I have time for the art demonstrations -- only managing to snatch a few minutes of the interesting looking but crowded (twenty people clustered round a PC) demo on computer-colouring

Towards the end of the day I walked around the now nearly empty *Dredd The Law* exhibition; lots of artwork/

covers from the early stories (huge rush of nostalgia -- was it really only 8p when it first came out!) plus a lot of merchandise and the Stallone movie playing in the background. Good to see as I was there but I probably would not want to travel too far just to see it.

The last but definitely not the least panel was the *Pitch Fest*. Budding writers stand in the dock and pitch their story ideas to a panel of indifferent established writers (Tharg was elsewhere) -- "I guessed the ending after the first line." Cruel but entertaining.

It was only on the train home as I thumbed through my newly bought pile of comics and zines that I realised that my first comics convention was also my first dry convention! There was no bar and I never had time to nip out and find a pub. Not a sociable convection to make new friends but I would definatly go again.

And I've started reading *2000AD* again -- it's got much better than the last time I looked at it. In fact, Zarjazzi<sup>2</sup>

*Spunding Vur Thrigg.*<sup>3</sup>

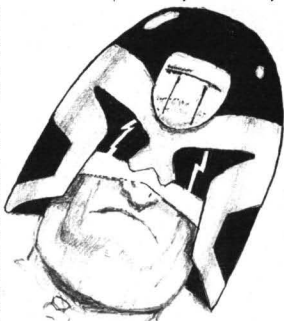
*The Dredd the Law Exhibition runs until March 2002 at the Galleries of Justice, Nottingham.*

<sup>1</sup> Galactic Greetings, Earthlet

<sup>2</sup> Fantastic!

<sup>3</sup> Farewell!

*Courtesy of the Mighty Tharg's translation service.*



*Old Joe Dredd himself.*

## JB GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

Janet Barron avoids assimilation by the Scientologists and glams-up for the Writers of the Future

This is LA Airport, and I'm expecting to be met by a Writers of the Future Contest person. In my current jet-lagged state, it wouldn't stun me to find L Ron Hubbard himself, placard in hand.

Instead, I am met by Rachel plus camera crew, hired to make a documentary during my expenses-paid week. At my mumbled permission, I'm on film. God, I must look rough.

Well, hello, Hollywood.

I am an imposter. I don't blurt this out. I smile brightly.

The crew release me for now, and I'm driven to the Manor Hotel, a rococo confection within a siege-engine arc of the HOLLYWOOD sign. The Scientologists keep politely aloof, fail to even try and convert me.

Next day, the workshop starts.

Run by Algis Budrys and Tim Powers, it's less instructional than inspirational in intent. We write on many tiny index-cards, and shuffle components to produce a new story. One exercise is 'Question a stranger on the street until you get a story idea'. Nah. They'll think I'm a weirdo. So out onto Hollywood Boulevard we

trot, all split up, and hey, the camera crew stick to me. I'm a celebrity weirdo. No problem. Mission rapidly accomplished.

Many index-cards later, we get 24 hours to turn-in stories. I jitter with adrenaline and lack of melatonin. Scowl. Pace. The usual. The crew get footage. I wake at four am. I rush the ms to completion. I hand it in. This is a landmark



Cheers!

moment. My winning story, 'Black Box', placed second in the first quarter of 2000, and the phone call neatly, yes to the day, coincided with my freelance medical writing career going ballistic and staying in orbit. This is the first story I have written since that day. Maybe, just maybe, I'm not an imposter. Game over. The Award Ceremony is still to come? No big deal, and anyway I'm clean out of adrenaline.

On the Friday night we attend a wonderful rooftop buffet, illuminated by the lights of tinseltown below, and the judges arrive. High point: swapping business cards with Jerry Pournelle and Eric Kotani who may pick my brains on matters molecular or biological.

Next day we rehearse, mostly to avoid spoiling the 5-camera coverage. Back in my room, the phone rings. "Make-up is ready for you now." Believe it.

This is where the Hollywood extravaganza really gets going. Once made-up, I dress up. Once dressed up, we all sit down to a banquet. All silks and tuxs and a few fluttering stomachs. Some of the guys write index-card memos for their speeches. None of the women do.

Women must be less fearful of drying up on stage. And ballgowns have no pockets.

After that the pictures tell it all: the stretch limo, the red carpet interview. The ceremony, Oscar-like, has a change in celebrities every few awards, otherwise it is so glitzy it turns the Oscars into a school prize-giving. As my turn looms, I find out I am not, after all, clean out of adrenaline. I metabolise whole lakes and next day feel like I've been brutally kicked in the solar plexus.

I am vastly proud, accepting my award from Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle (who judged my quarter). My speech goes with no hitches and no dump into long-term memory, so that afterwards when folks pump my hand going, great speech, great speech, I hope I didn't convert to Scientology under those hypnotic lights. The Grand Winner, Merry Simmons (appropriately enough, in gold), is chosen from the quarterly first-placers, and the ceremony is complete. As the audience drift away for canapés, we have photo-calls. I'm running on empty. Final events of the long evening are the launch and book signing. Once a copy is in my hands, I confirm – yes the proofs did not lie, 'Black Box' is lead story.

Next morning, the book is still there. Not a dream, then. Just Hollywood.



My carriage awaits



In the limo



*Red carpet interview*



*Thank you to everyone who made this possible*



*Jerry Pournelle, moi & Larry Niven*



*Winners and runners-up*



*Signing*

## EVENTS

*Future conventions and other gatherings*

### 9 Feb 02 - Reminiscon Fifty

Hanover Hotel, Schooner Way, Cardiff. Celebrating Lionel Fanthorpe's 50 years in print, with many other guests. 10am-9:30pm, then optional dinner. £15 reg, £35 dinner; all-in £60 inc lunch, tea etc. Contact Fanthorpe Management Consultancy, 48 Claude Rd, Roath, Cardiff, CF24 3QA. \*Supported by Welsh Academi.

### 29 Mar-1 Apr - 02 Helicon 2 (Eastercon)

Hotel de France, St Helier, Jersey. Guests of Honour: Brian Stableford, Harry Turtledove & Peter Weston. Membership £35, cheques payable to 'Helicon 2'. Contact: 33 Meyrick Drive, Wash Common, Newbury, Berkshire, RG14 6SY; helicon2@smof.demon.co.uk; www.smof.demon.co.uk/helicon2.htm

### 3-6 May 02 - Damn Fine Convention (Twin Peaks theme)

Shepperton Moat House Hotel, Shepperton, Surrey. Guests of Honour renowned to be Colin Odell and Mitch Le Blanc. £20 registration until 1st December 2001 (free for Norwegians resident in Norway!). Cheques (made payable to 'Damn Fine Convention') to: DFC, 37 Keens Road, Croydon, Surrey, CR0 1AH. Rooms £30ppn twin or double, £40ppn single. Contact: info@damnfineconvention.org.uk; www.damnfineconvention.org.uk

### 2-7 Jul 02 - Eurocon 2002

ChotebOr (and Prague), Czech Republic. Guests: Kir Bulychev, Jerry Pournelle, Robert Asprin, J. Morressey. Info: SFC Avalon, vavclav.pravada@seznam.cz; www.eurocon2002.scifi.cz

### 9-11 Aug 02 - ConteXXt (Unicon 20)

Cheltenham & Gloucester College of Higher Education. Guest of Honour: Keith Brooke. £25 reg, £15 concessions, small children £1. Contact 17 Cow Lane, Didcot, Oxon, OX11 7SZ.

### 16-19 Aug 02 - Discworld Convention 2002

Hinckley, Leicestershire. Guest of Honour: Terry Pratchett. Guests: Stephen Briggs, Paul Kidby, Dave Langford, Josh Kirby and more. No memberships after 16/7/02. Contact: SAE to The Discworld Convention 2002, 23 Medora Road, Romford, Essex, RM7 7EP; info@dwcon.org; www.dwcon.org

### 29 Aug-2 Sep 02 - Conjosé (60th Worldcon)

McEnery Convention Center, San José, California. Guests of Honour: Vernor Vinge, David Cherry, Bjo & David Trimble, Ferdinand Feghoot. Toastmaster: Tad Williams. Membership: ask for current rates. Contact: PO Box 61363, Sunnyvale, CA 94088-4128, USA, info@conjose.org, www.conjose.org; UK Agents: 52 Westbourne Terrace, Reading, RG30 2RP; www.sfsf.org/worldcon/

### 4 - 6 Oct 02 - Conquest (media con)

Essex County Hotel, Southend-On-Sea. £50 reg, £20/day, £32 two days. Contact: 73 Bourneouth Park Road, Southend-On-Sea, Essex, SS2 5JJ. Tel: (01702) 469093.

### 31 Oct-3 Nov 02 World Fantasy Convention 2002

Hilton Minneapolis and Towers, Minneapolis, MN. Guests of Honour: Dennis Etchison, Jonathan Carroll, Kathe Koja, Stephen Jones, Dave McKean. Membership: \$100 to 4/11/01, then more. Info: World Fantasy Convention, c/o DreamHaven Books, 912 West Lake Street, Minneapolis, MN 55408, wfc@dreamhavenbooks.com, www.dreamhavenbooks/wfc.html

### 5-6 July 03 ConStruction (Convention running con)

Cardiff. Info: ConStruction, 37 St Peters Street, Duxford, Cambridgeshire, CB2 4RP, ConStruction@DragonEvents.ltd.uk, www.DragonEvents.ltd.uk

### 28 Aug-1 Sep 03 - Torcon 3/Worldcon 61

Metro Toronto Convention Centre, Royal York Hotel, Toronto, Canada. Guests of Honour: George R. R. Martin, Frank Kelly Freas, Mike Glyer. Membership: C\$200. Info: Torcon 3, Box 3, Station A, Toronto, Ontario, M5W 1A2, Canada, info@torcon3.on.ca, www.torcon3.on.ca

### 2-6 Sep 04 - Noreascon 4 (62nd Worldcon)

Boston, Mass. Guest of Honour: Terry Pratchett, William Tenn, (fan) Jack Speer and Peter Weston. \$100 reg to 31 Dec, \$60 for site selection voters, \$35 supp. Mastercard and Visa accepted. Contact PO Box 1010, Framingham, MA 01701, USA.

### Note

- Always include a stamped self-addressed envelope when contacting conventions by post.
- Please mention *Matrix* when responding.
- We do our best to ensure the accuracy of this information but always check. Never make a journey to a convention without enquiring first.
- Please forward updates, corrections and any information on new events to the main editorial address.

## NOTICES

*Notices are free for all BSFA members -- please forward to main editorial address*

### Orbiter Writer's Groups

Are you a writer? Want to get more out of your writing? Want other people to see and comment on your writing? Then you may be interested in joining an orbiter group.

What's an orbiter? you ask. Well, these are postal writer's workshops, they consist of individual orbiter groups. Each group has five members, with one member chosen to be the co-ordinator of the group.

Each member of the group places a manuscript in the parcel, this can be a short story, or an extract from a longer piece of work. They then write constructive critical comments on the other manuscripts in the parcel by their fellow orbiters. Once done, they parcel it up and send it on its way to the next person on the list. In return they receive four constructive criticisms on their own manuscripts.

The parcels go round the group in varying times, but the average is ten to twelve weeks. It is important that each member does not hold on to the parcel for more than the agreed time, which is usually approx. two weeks. The co-ordinator is there to ensure that the parcels keep to their timetables, chase members up when parcels are not received when they should have been, and keep a record of who's in the group.

However, be warned, being in an orbiter group can be hard work. If all you want is someone to read your stories and tell you how wonderful they are, then orbiter is not for you. If, on the other hand you'd like some comments on your work that can help you progress as a writer, then orbiter could be just the thing you are looking for. Some comments can be hard to take, you've slogged hard over

# GROUPS

*Local groups and other gatherings of fans and writers*

## **Belfast Science Fiction Group**

Alternate Thursdays, 8:30pm at the Monica Bars, Rosemary Street, Belfast. Contact Eugene Doherty: 02890 208405; tinman@technologist.com; www.terracon3000.org.uk/sfgroup.htm

## **Birmingham: Brum SF Group**

Second Friday of the month on the second floor of the Britannia Hotel, New St. Membership is £15/year. Contact Martin Tudor, 24 Ravensbourne Grove, off Clarks Lane, Willenhall, W. Midlands WV11 1HX. bsfg@bortas.demon.co.uk

## **Cambridge SF Group**

Second Monday of the month in The Cambridge Blue, Gwydir Street, Cambridge.

## **Cardiff SF Group**

First Tuesday of the month 7:30pm in Wellington's Café Bar, 42 The Hayes, Cardiff.

## **Colchester SF/F/Horror Group**

Third Saturday of the month at 12:30pm in The Playhouse pub, St John's Street. Contact Des Lewis 01255 812119.

## **The Croydon SF Group**

Second Tuesday of the month, 8pm in The Dog and Bull, Surrey Street (by the market), Croydon, Surrey. We are sometimes upstairs or out in the garden. Contact Robert Newman on 020 8686 6800.

## **Glasgow SF/F Writers' Circle**

Alternate Tuesdays at 8:00pm, The Conference Room, Borders Bookstore, Buchanan Street, Glasgow (actual dates are publicised in Borders' events guide, available in store, or ask at the Information Desk). All genres and standards of proficiency welcome. Contact: Neil Williamson 0141 353 2649, or e-mail: neilwilliamson@btinternet.com

## **Hull SF Group**

Second and Fourth Tuesdays, 8.30 to 10.30pm at The New Clarence, Charles Street, Hull. Contact Carol & Steve on 01482 494045 or Dave and Estelle on 01482 444291, or see: www.mjckeh.demon.co.uk/hullsff.htm

## **Leeds Alternative Writers**

Note: This group is now defunct.

## **London BSFA meetings**

Fourth Wednesday of the month (except December) from 7:00pm at the Rising Sun, Cloth Fair (off Long Lane), EC1. Barbican/Farringdon tube. Check *Ansible* for details and guests, or organiser, Paul Hood on 020 8333 6670; paul@auden.demon.co.uk.

that story and the other members of the group think that...!! Then you read their comments again and you think, maybe, just maybe they've got a point. That's the learning curve a good orbiter group can be.

Do they work? Well you'd have to find that one out for yourself. However, some ex orbiter members are now published in the genre, Justina Robson, Alison Sinclair, and Cherith Baldry to name but a few.

Interested? Then contact the Orbiter Co-ordinator: Carol Ann Kerry-Green, 278 Victoria Avenue, Hull HU5 3DZ; or email: metaphor@metaphor.karoo.co.uk I look forward to hearing from you.

## **Books And Magazines For Sale.**

Recent donations and bequests mean that the *Science*

## **London Circle**

First Thursday of each month from around 5:00pm at the Florence Nightingale ('Dead Nurse'), on the Westminster Bridge Road/York Road roundabout. Waterloo/ Westminster tube.

## **Manchester: FONT**

FONT meets on the second and fourth Thursday of the month at The Goose on Piccadilly from about 8.30pm onwards. Contact Mike Don on 0161 2262990.

## **North Oxford**

Last Thursday of the month at The Plough, Wolvercote from 7:30pm. Irregular and just starting, so contact Steve and Vikki on 01865 371734 or peverel@aol.com for details.

## **Norwich Science Fiction Group**

Second & fourth Wednesdays from 8:00pm at the Cellar Bar, Ribs of Beef, Fye Bridge, Norwich. Contact 01603 477104; NSFG@cwcom.net

## **Peterborough SF Group**

First Wednesdays at the Bluebell Inn, Dogsthorpe and third Wednesdays in the Great Northern Hotel, opposite station Contact Pete on 01733 370542.

## **Portsmouth/South Hants SF Group**

Second and fourth Tuesdays at the Magpie, Fratton Road, Portsmouth.

## **Reading SF Group**

Now meets every week in the Monk's Retreat, Friar St, Reading. The usual time will be from 9:00pm (probably later in practice), but every third Monday will be from 7:30pm. Some people may decide to meet at the earlier time every week, but this is not official. For details contact: RSFG@oneilist.com

## **Southampton: Solent Green**

Every third Thursday, 7:00pm, at The Duke of Wellington, Bugle Street, Contact Matt 01703 577113 werkhaus@tcp.co.uk

## **Walsall SF Group**

First Saturday of every month at 2:00pm in the Meeting Room of Walsall Central Library, Lichfield Street, Walsall. [http://members.nbci.com/walsall\\_sf/](http://members.nbci.com/walsall_sf/)

Please forward updates, corrections and any information on new groups and gatherings to the main editorial address.

*Fiction Foundation* has 100s of sf/fantasy books and magazines for sale. Income from this goes to support the work of the Foundation, including its sf library at Liverpool. For further details look at the website at [www.liv.ac.uk/~aswyer/sale.html](http://www.liv.ac.uk/~aswyer/sale.html) or contact Andy Sawyer, Special Collections and Archives, University of Liverpool Library, PO Box 123, Liverpool L69 3DA, UK (email: [asawyer@liv.ac.uk](mailto:asawyer@liv.ac.uk)).

## **Sheffield Group?**

Anyone interested in setting up an informal pub meeting in the city? Or maybe there's an existing meeting that I'm not aware of. Either way, contact Andrew Seaman 2 Beechwood Court, 33A Thornsett Road, Kenwoodm Sheffield, S7 1ND; A.Seaman@btinternet.com

## Competition 152

Following the sad death of Douglas Adams in May, here is a quiz about him and *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. The source material comprised the two Radio Series (RS), the books as written by Adams (tb), the TV series (TVS), tribute programmes on BBC Radio 4, and Gary Wilkinson's fine obit in Matrix 150. Other abbreviations are Adams (DNA), and the book as spoken by Peter Jones (TB).

1. What was DNA's middle name?
2. Who is Oolon Coluphid?
3. The part of Trillian was played by different actresses in the RS and the TVS. Name either.
4. What is Trillian's real name?
5. Who is the worst poet in the Universe according to tb? (TB says differently).
6. Vroomfondel and Majikthise are representatives of which Union?
7. Who is to direct Disney's film of tb?
8. In RS number 2 Jonathan Pryce was to have played the Ruler of the Universe. Why didn't he?
9. Where did Ford Prefect come from?
10. DNA & Simon Brett (producer) were originally told they couldn't make the show in stereo. For what (to me) silly reason?
11. What is the best drink in the Universe?
12. A stage show preceded the TVS. True or false?
13. What does a babel fish do?
14. Who was DNA's literary agent?
15. When the guided missiles from the planet Magrathea are about to hit the 'Heart of Gold', what does the shipboard computer do?
16. In the RS the announcer says 'Zaphod Beeblebrox is now appearing at Brantasvogon Starhouse...' In what show?
17. Simon Jones (who acted the part) says that DNA based the character of Arthur Dent on him. Where had they met?
18. For what did Startibartfast receive an award in the design of Earth?
19. What is printed in large friendly letters on the front cover of the book?
20. Whose slogan is 'Share and Enjoy'?
21. TB is better-selling than... what?
22. What is the answer to the question of Life, the Universe, and Everything?
23. What is the best way to get a drink out of a Vogon?
24. What is Milliways?
25. DNA was at school with which well-known comedian?
26. In a tribute programme TB speculates on the future of the players. What does it suggest as Marvin's comeback career?

Not even Dave Langford's going to get all these, so as many answers as you can, please, by the end of the year to: John Ollis, 41 Leighton Road, Corby NN18 0SD

## Competition 150

Lots of entries for this one, but sadly only two of them all-correct. Most of you were stumped by 6 or 7. First smartipants out of the hat is Dave Langford. (Is there no end to this man's talents! - Ed.)

1. *Inherit the Stars* / Hogan.
2. *Non-stop* / Aldiss.
3. *Wild Seed* / Butler.
4. *The Two of Them* / Russ
5. *October the First is too Late* / Hoyle
6. *Crackpot* / Goulart.
7. *Second Variety* / Dick
8. *One in Three Hundred* / McIntosh.
9. *The Man in the Tree* / Knight.
10. *Cities in Flight* / Blish.
11. *The Alien Within* / Bova.
12. *Not Before Time* / Brunner.
13. *The City in the Sea* / Tucker.
14. *Drunkard's Walk* / Pohl.

## SIG



One of my fave pages from Heart of Empire / I didn't have room to squeeze in earlier -- The main image from one of the 'linked' pages. Princess Victoria, the heroine of Heart of Empire, looks pensive as she visits the monument to her father: Luther Arkwright.

The caption reads:  
"PARA 00.72.87  
KENSINGTON  
GARDENS, LONDON  
FIVE DAYS TO  
CATACLYSM"

Stop Press: You can see the cover of the Wyndest Link in its full 'orange' glory at [www.ansible.demon.co.uk/twi.html](http://www.ansible.demon.co.uk/twi.html)

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Picture credits: Cover: 'Banana' by Gary Wilkinson (apologies to Andy Warhol), 3: Sandy Auden/The British Fantasy Society, 8: 'Nicola 'Peri' Bryant' by Gary Wilkinson, 9: All Bryan Talbot / James Robinson, 19 'Joe Dredd' by Gary Wilkinson, 20-21 All Janet Barron, 24 Bryan Talbot / James Robinson.

Just a bit of fun... There are several imbedded film quotes in this issue of Matrix. Can you spot them all? The odd word may have been changed to get them into context. (At least four... i.e. four are intentional!). That's all folks -- Can I sleep now?