

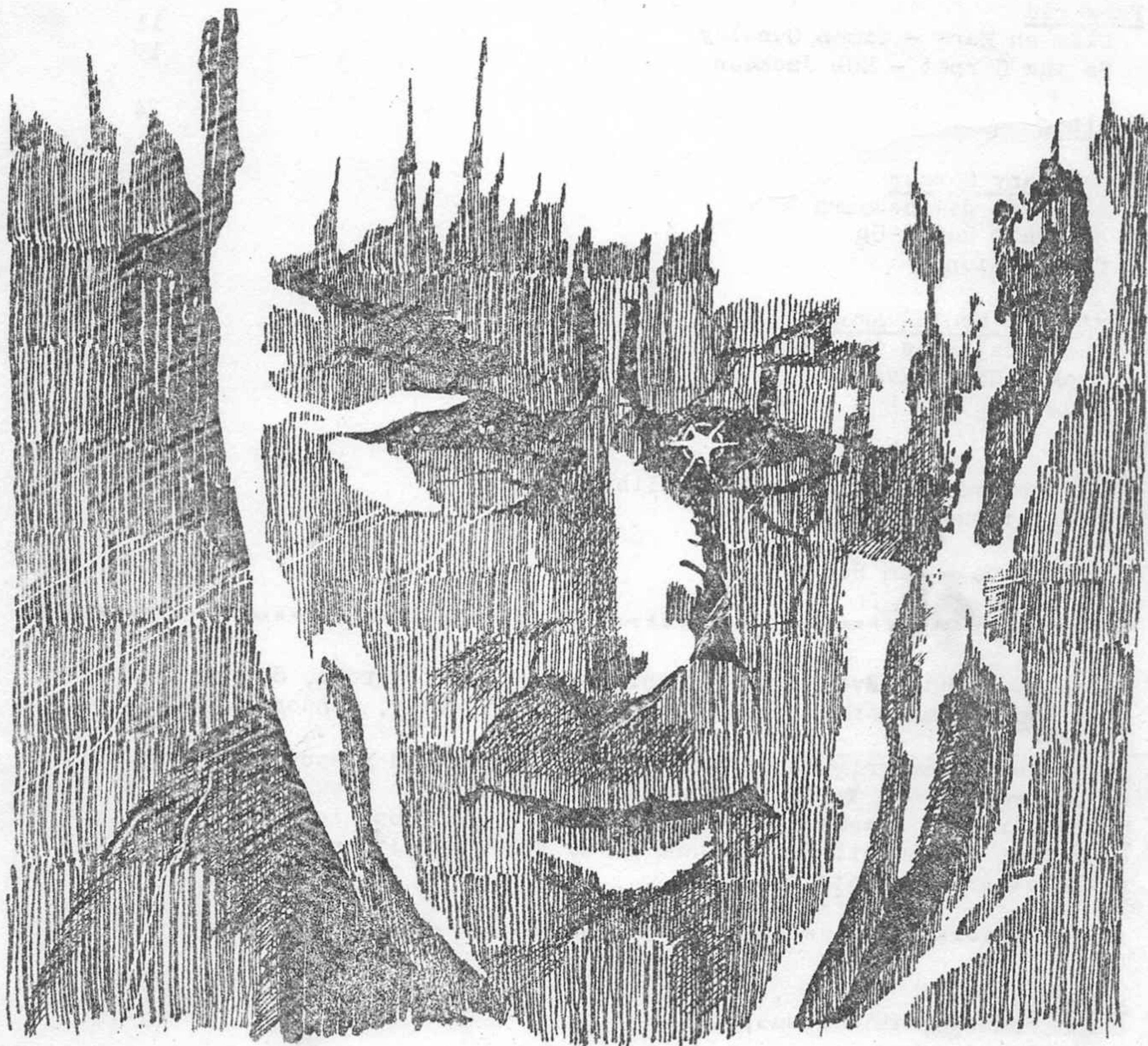
MATRIX

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ISSN 0307 3335

June - July

1980



IN THIS ISSUE

BOB SHAW'S 'EAU DE CLONE'

THE FINAL 'CAPTIVE' EPISODE ??

PLUS ALL THE REGULAR FEATURES

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Artwork

Our thanks go, this issue, to:

? - Front cover

Jim Barker - Pp 6, 8, 25

Rob Hansen - P. 34

Ashley Walker - P. 24

Copy Deadlines

All contributions to be received by Friday, 15th August 1980.

Next mailing is scheduled for Saturday/Sunday 30/31 August - all help would be most grateful. Contact Alan Dorey or ourselves (telephone 01-640 1349) for further details if you're interested.

Editorial

Well, this has turned into the largest Matrix ever - unintentionally I must add; like Topsy, it just grewed, but it might help make up for the rather slim Vector this mailing. It also happens to be the 10th edition that Eve & I have produced, and that seems a nice round figure on which to finish and hand the reins over to some other unsuspecting fool. But who could be foolhardy enough to take it up? Anybody out there willing? Please drop Alan or us a line if you are. We will make the next issue our last so with some luck you can expect a fresh face at the helm from M32. But you don't get rid of the Harvey's that easily, oh no! Some of you will remember the Litho Fund, and that with it the BSFA hopes to become independent of printers; guess who will be driving the new litho machine when it arrives!

Talk of the litho fund brings me to the main point of this editorial - not earthshattering, I know, but you can't expect controversy all the time, can you?

The Litho Fund was set up some 18 months ago to help buy our own printing equipment and thus be free from the constraints of professional printers' costs. At the moment it stands at about £400, and it was decided at the last AGM that steps should be taken very soon to use this money to buy an off-set, table-top duplicator. The main consideration when looking at the plethora of machines available, was size. Since we (Eve & I) have been the only ones stupid enough to say we'll look after the machinery, it will have to be small enough to fit into our spare room - i.e. a table-top model (about the size of our present duplicator). We have found a Rotaprint TTR machine (fully reconditioned) for £625 plus VAT, and have based our costings on that capital outlay - obviously the materials costs remain the same. There is obviously a shortfall in funds and we have included figures to cover the two alternatives available for filling this gap - transfer from deposit account (which is very healthy at the moment) which would entail loss of interest earned on that money (we have calculated at 10%) or borrow from the bank (here we have allowed 20% interest to be paid). These are only guestimates, and to make the calculations simpler we have assumed that the loan from the bank or transfer from deposit account is only for one year, even though, as you will see, the payback period is longer than that. For running costs, we have taken a typical 44 page Vector with a print run of 1,000. We have not included Matrix printing in these figures because it does not provide a substantial saving, but we have worked it out that a lithoed Matrix would cost £12 per issue less than at the present time (mainly saving on having the cover printed professionally at the moment).

Capital Cost of Rotaprint TTR

(1) Cost + VAT	718-75	(2) Cost + VAT	718-75
Loss of interest	31-87	Interest charges	163-75
(£400 paid for		(£400 paid for out	
out of Litho fund)	750-62	of Litho Fund)	782-50

Running Costs: In this we have allowed for paper, ink, process work, wastage and plates made professionally @ £3 each. Power was negligible, and for simplicity we are not allowing for depreciation. We also have not included a figure for maintenance, since the machine should still be under a guarantee for some time.

Materials cost per issue:	Paper, 25 reams @ £1.50	37-50
	Plates, 22 @ £3	66-00
	Inks etc.	3-00
	Process Work etc, materials, letraset etc.	10-50
		<hr/>
		106-00

A typical Vector printing bill runs at £300, and at this figure, the saving per issue would be £194. At this rate, the machine will easily have paid for itself in 4 issues of Vector if we borrow the money, or 4 if we transfer from deposit account. I would hasten to add that these figures are all extremely rough, but they do give an idea. In fact, with printers' prices rising all the time, that £300 for Vector printing should be a very conservative figure by the time the 12 months of the repayment period is up, and so the savings would be even larger than we show.

These savings could be even higher if we bought a platemaker, as well. A fully reconditioned CT platemaker would cost approximately £300 but paper plates would only cost 45p each to produce! Including the cost of a platemaker in the capital cost, the re-worked figures would be:

(1) Capital cost + VAT	1,063-75	(2) Capital cost + VAT	1,063-75
Lost interest	66-37	Interest charged	132-74
(having deducted	1,130-12		1,196-49
£400 paid for			
out of litho fund			

The materials cost per issue goes down to £70 per issue, a saving of £230! Thus, if we borrow the balance and buy a platemaker or if we transfer the money from our deposit account, both the litho and platemaker will have paid for themselves after 5 mailings.

Don't forget, however, that we have ~~not~~ included Focus in any of these calculations as it is presently printed A3. If, at any time, the format is changed to either A4 stapled or A4 folded to A5 (as Vector), then we could also print that and make the same order of savings as we do on Vector, which will bring down the repayment period to well within a year.

So you can see that buying a litho machine and platemaker as soon possible does make economic sense, and that is what we intend to do. Any views?

One point does arise from this, though. At present the printer collates & staples Vector (for an extra charge), when we do it ourselves this job will also devolve to the merry band of 'Mailing Helpers', so all offers of help would be gratefully received. See bottom of inside front cover for mailing dates.

Now, to change the subject completely, some of you will notice that Rob Jackson's fanzine reviews include a mention of Eve's near-mythical zine, Wallbanger, re-appearing (hey, John, what do you mean "near-mythical" - cheek! - EH). If any of you have written in the past requesting copies and then had nothing, drop us another line to jog our memories and we'll send you a copy.

Right, that's it for now folks! We can go off and get the week's worth of sleep we've missed. You know, being editor of Matrix is very bad for the figure - in the last week, with the deadline looming, Eve hasn't time to cook so we survive on fish and chips, Kentucky Fried Rat etc. Awful!

John Harvey

It was at Tynecon in 1974 that Bob Shaw started his run of serious, scientific talks and since then they've become a major feature of British Conventions. So we are very pleased to be able to publish the paper Bob read at SEACON in 1979. It's probably worth remembering that this was written as a talk rather than an article, which requires a different style. For those fan historians out there who might be interested we are publishing this concurrently (well almost) with its appearance in Rob Jackson's next Inca.

EAU DE CLONE

Bob Shaw

Welcome to yet another of my Serious Scientific Talks - all part of the United Nations "Education Through Suffering" programme - in which this year, for a change, I'm going to forget about the hard sciences - like astronomy, astronautics and computation of the bar bills in this hotel - and concentrate on the life sciences. I'm doing this partly to show off my versatility, partly because I've made some astonishing new discoveries in the field of biology, but mainly because I can't think up any more good Star Trek jokes.

It's on the TV again, you know. "Space, the final frontier..." What's final about it? - that's what I'd like to know. It keeps coming back again and again - like a Brian Burgess pork pie - each time looking a little more plastic than the time before. Perhaps I've been mishearing that opening voice-over. Perhaps it says, "Space, the vinyl frontier..." My kids have watched some episodes so many times that they're getting Spocks before their eyes. As I have said, as I have just demonstrated, I can't think up any more good jokes about Star Trek, and I don't want to descend to things like mentioning my favourite episode - the one in which Kirk loses his ship and is sacked for his lack of Enterprise. Anybody who would make a joke like that deserves to go to the chair, and the governor of my local prison is so sadistic that he puts whoopee cushions on the electric chair...

What on earth, some of you must be saying, has all this got to do with clones?

Good question! This year I'm determined not to wander away from the point. Last year a woman in the audience got so angry with my vacillations that she stabbed me in the arm with her umbrella and left a permanent scar. That's it there - my vacillation mark - so I'm not going to start nattering about the room party I was at last night. It was a weird sort of a party anyway. I thought they were only kidding when they told me that all the guests had to give a pint of blood, and I was amazed that anybody should even consider pumping some of my blood into a defenceless sick person. On Thursday there was so much alcohol in it that the hotel charged me corkage just to check in. Six of my corpuscles are appearing in court next week for being drunk and disorderly. On a more serious note about alcohol, let me acknowledge that it is possible to take too much of the stuff. A film I saw on TV last week has prompted me to change my drinking habits. It was The Hunchback of Notre Dame, and when I saw him swinging around on the end of that rope chanting, "The Bells made me deaf," I decided to switch over to Johnny Walker. I'm told they're already doing that in the schools - because of the shortage of Teachers...

Clones? I'm coming to those, madam - just be patient. I wouldn't want to fool around too much in front of such a large and distinguished audience... which reminds me that some of you may have missed the introduction of notables at the

beginning of the convention. For those of you who are feeling a bit lost and are wondering who everybody is I'll point out some of the more interesting science fiction personalities for your benefit. There's one! And there's another one! And there's another one over there...

Okay, okay - clones. Clones - as some of you may already know - is a small town on the border between Northern Ireland and Eire. It's absolutely true - check it out on any map if you don't believe me. Well, not any map - a map of Ireland would be best. I visited Clones quite a number of times when I was a child, and was impressed by its peacefulness, stillness and utter tranquility - which is another way of saying it's a bloody boring place to be in. Most Irish towns and villages are like that, but Clones is a particularly bad case - the most exciting event of the year is the annual sweepstake in which they try to guess whether or not Easter is going to fall at a week-end. I entered it myself one time, but it was only because - being a country music fan - I rather fancied the first prize, which was a life-sized rubber statue of Dolly Parton filled with Irish whisky.

All this explains why, some years ago, I got quite a surprise when I was accosted by James White. It was in Belfast and I was out walking, strolling, just putting one foot in front of the other - nothing too fancy - when Jim came dashing up to me. "Bob," he said, "you'll never guess what all the Astounding authors are writing about now."

"Surprise me," I said.

"Clones," he said.

I was surprised, all right. My god, I thought, Campbell must be desperate. The Dean Drive, Dianetics, and now Clones.

"Jim," I said patiently, "there isn't a science fiction writer in the world - not even Captain S P Meek - who could produce a good story about Clones. I mean, what would you write about the place?"

He blinked at me. "It isn't the place - it's a term in biology."

I blinked back at him, wondering if this was some devious way of getting revenge on me over a little literary mishap which had occurred previously. In the early part of his career Jim spent a number of years working in the tailoring department of a large store. When he first started there it had old-fashioned mahogany counters, then they changed them to Formica counters, and finally switched to very trendy glass counters. Jim was very intrigued by the last sort and he formulated great plans to write a story about them - called Clothes Counters of the Third Kind. I put him off it by explaining that a story with a silly title like that was doomed to abject failure, so he gave up the idea. And ever since the runaway success of a certain notorious film, which I have dubbed The Incredible Shrinking Saucer... (Did you notice how when the ship came up behind the mountain it was about two miles wide, and when it reached the runway it was down to about the size of a football field? Perhaps it was the damp that did it.) ...I have sensed a certain coldness in Jim's manner. It's nothing I can put my finger on - just something about the way he keeps wrenching the elevator doors open for me when the elevator isn't there.

"You can't write SF stories about soppy things like biology," I said stoutly. "What would George O Smith think?"

"It's the latest craze," he said. "Bob, what do you think the world's going to be like in the 21st Century? Try to visualise how different it will be, all the fantastic changes that will have taken place."

"Well," I said, putting my superb creative imagination to work, "Petrocelli might

have finished building his house."

"That's not what I mean," Jim said.

I thought again. "I've got it! Last Dangerous Visions will be out!"

Don't be stupid," he said severely.

"I know," I said. "Isaac Asimov has had his hundredth birthday and he's sent a telegram to the Queen."

Jim shook his head. "What's going to happen - according to all these stories - is that everybody will be going around cloning. Everybody will be producing copies of themselves."

"So what's new?" I replied, giving him my best evil leer. "A couple of the guys I used to work with..."

"It will be done asexually," he cut in. "By cell manipulation. Just think of it! Instead of only one Ted Tubb there could be a dozen of them - all churning out Dumarest stories."

"I thought there already was," I said weakly, wrestling with this new concept. It had become obvious to me that Jim had done something which is quite unforgivable in a rival science fiction writer - he had actually learned some science. Once that sort of thing creeps into the profession there's no telling where it could end. However, I decided that if he could cheat, I could cheat, so I went off and got a job working for a doctor so that I could learn all about cells and DNA and stuff like that.

I didn't hold the job long, though - it was too embarrassing every time I tried to take a day off on the sick. Have you ever thought how awkward it is for anybody who works for a doctor, wants the day off and telephones the office to say he's sick? Instead of saying something like, "Get better soon," your boss says, "Oh? What symptoms have you got?" Or, worse still, he says, "You'd better come round to the surgery" - which defeats the whole idea!

Anyway, I decided to fall back on my own resources, which meant consulting my extensive reference library. I went through some of the books - TEACH YOURSELF EMBALMING; THE ORIGIN OF CHARLES DARWIN - by Galen; SEX CHANGES IN POULTRY - by Willy Ley; PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH - by Pangborn; AGAINST THE FALL OF KNIGHT - by Mrs Knight; MATING IN SMALL BIRDS - J J Coupling; THE DYSENTRY PLAGUE (known in this country as LOGAN'S RUN) - by Kurt Funnygut. You can tell a lot about a person by the books he has on his shelves, can't you?

To tell you the truth, I didn't glean much from my studies. Some of the things written by ordinary scientists are totally unbelievable. One of the worst culprits is that Albert Einstein - you know, the man who tried to convince people that E equals Marylebone Cricket Club. I rang the MCC and they denied the whole thing. I first saw through Einstein when he got into that dreadful muddle over the twins paradox. You know the set-up, one twin goes away for a while on a high-speed flight and when he returns he's younger than the twin who stayed at home. Einstein said that was because time passed more slowly for the traveller. How stupid! He was completely misinterpreting the evidence! Just look at the real facts. One twin goes gallivanting off on a kind of Super-Concorde, relaxing, enjoying himself, and while he's off having a good time who's doing all the work, looking after the house, struggling to pay the bills? His brother is - that's who! - and the strain of it puts years on him. It's no wonder the other lazy so-and-so looks younger when he gets back. Instead of covering up for him by inventing ridiculous theories, Einstein should have given him a good ticking-off and told him to show more consideration.

CAN WE HAVE ANOTHER TWO DOUBLES, PLEASE?



But if you think that's bad you should read some of the stuff they put in biology books. My left ear is slightly bigger than the right, and my brother's left ear is slightly bigger than his right. According to the biology books it's all to do with things called genes and chromosomes which spend all their time dropping acid and sending messages to each other - whereas the real reason is that at school we both had the same sadistic teacher who kept dragging us up to the blackboard by our left ears.

It wasn't long before I decided that biologists were no better informed than

physicists, and that it was time for me to do some original research. My main concern was to find out if work on cloning was actually going on in secret somewhere - so how would I start? Did I know some place where everybody looked alike? Apart from the BSFA committee room, that is. Did I know any apparently normal twins with give-away names like Pete and Repete? Kate and Duplikate? No, I didn't, but the idea of following clues in names appealed to me, partly because it didn't involve any real work, partly because it gave me the chance to make more dreadful puns. (I tried some of them on Jim Blish once, and he ran away screaming; then I tried some on my agent, Les Flood, and he ran away screaming - which shows that some of my puns are more than Blish and Flood can stand.)

Intrigued by this new line of research I mulled it over and found my thoughts coming back to their original starting point - the town of Clones. Perhaps the name was no coincidence. Could it be that, as in so many other fields, Ireland had been way ahead of the rest of the world? Was it possible that cloning had been worked on for so long over there that it was reflected in the very place names?

My tongue went dry with excitement, so I bathed it in a mild solution of alcohol and started thinking of all the other Irish place names which supported my theory. There was Cloneen - an obvious corruption of cloning; Clonard - clone hard; Clonmel - where they must have tried to clone somebody called Mel; and Clonakilty - where, quite obviously, they must have tried to clone a Scotsman. And, finally, there was the name of Ireland's capital city - Dublin!

Convinced I had stumbled on to something important, I decided to go to Dublin to investigate. I jumped on a boat and very soon was steaming up the harbour into Leningrad. The Russians objected to me steaming up their harbour - they have awful problems with condensation over there - so they threw me out. This time I made sure I got on an Irish boat, and very soon was steaming up the River Liffey into Dublin. (I always think Liffey is a terrible name for a river - it sounds too much like one of those euphemisms for toilet.) But when I got off the boat I suddenly realised I had little idea what to do next. The only other lead I had was my realisation that cloning would cost a great deal of money, so I decided to make a bold frontal attack by selecting the most expensive-looking office block I could find and just barging in.

I picked out a real plushy place - it was the European office of the Ultimate Publishing Company - and sauntered up to the receptionist, who looked like a film star. It wasn't that she was pretty, or anything like that - it was just that her face was black with dirt, except for a little round patch on each cheek and the centre of her forehead. Movie stars don't know how to wash their faces, you know. I see them on TV all the time, trying out new soaps, and all they do is rub a few suds on their cheeks and foreheads. It's no wonder the whole industry has been declining since The Three Stooges retired.

Anyway, I gave this girl a piercing stare and, just to throw her off her guard,

crooned a bit of a song - Bring On The Clones. The ploy seemed to be effective, because she gave me a look in which I detected some degree of consternation. I decided to press home my advantage.

I gave her a confident smile and said, "I want to arrange to have myself cloned."

Her powers of recovery must have been phenomenal, because she smiled back and said, "The clone arranger isn't in - you'll have to speak to Tonto."

I backed away from her - it isn't every day I meet somebody whose puns are worse than mine - and hurried out of the building. Depressed and defeated, I went into the nearest bar and ordered myself a Poteen Sunrise. That's a bit like a Tequila Sunrise, except that the sun doesn't come up - you go down. After a couple of these I began to see there was only one way I could progress further, and that was by consulting my old adversary - the famous German-Irish writer, researcher, explorer and wheelbarrow mechanic - Von Donegan.

The only address I had for him was that of his club, a modest and unpretentious little outfit known as the Illustrious Glorious Exalted Shining Ones, which had its headquarters above a used coffin shop in Abbatoir Lane. It was evening by the time I got there and the doorman gave me a cold stare when I told him I wanted to talk to Von.

"Von?" he said haughtily. "Show more respect, you oaf. The boss's full title is Master of the Galaxy and Ultimate Controller and Supreme Dictator of all of Space, Time and Infinity."

"Sorry," I said, "can I speak to the Master of the Galaxy and Ultimate Controller and Supreme Dictator of all of Space, Time and Infinity?"

"He isn't here tonight," he said. "His wife made him stay home and wash the dishes."

"Can you tell me his home address?"

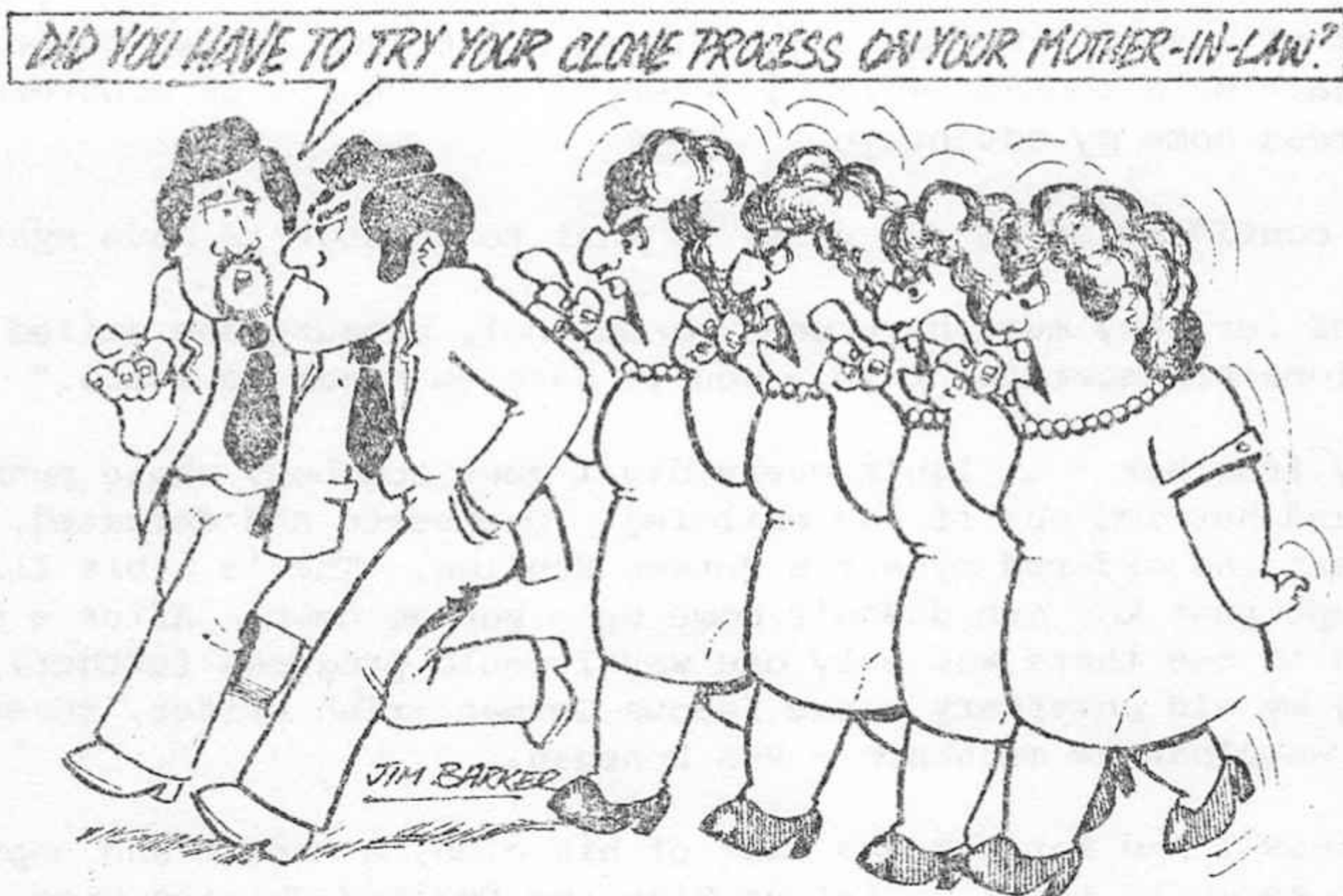
"Sorry. It would be more than my job is worth."

"I'll give you this first edition of BILL THE GALACTIC HERO - it's one of the very rare unautographed copies."

"That's more than my job's worth, as well," he said, snatching the book. He gave me an address near the Guinness brewery and I hurried away with a mounting sense of excitement. You've got to do that in these scientific quest stories, haven't you? If you can't do a decent mounting sense of excitement - or, at the very least, a sudden quickening of interest - you'd be better off in some other line of business. I can recommend thermometer filling as a steady job, and it's nice because in the summertime, when the heat slows you down, nobody notices you're not working as hard because the mercury has got bigger and you can get away with putting less of it in. Another job I would like is working on the escalators on the London Underground. I'd like to be the man who makes sure the handrail always goes a little slower or a little faster than the actual stairway. My wife is very nervous on the escalator and she clutches that handrail like crazy, which makes it very difficult to hold a long conversation with her. By the time we get to the end she's either staring up at the ceiling or her nose is almost touching the floor. I'm saying, "It's time to get off now, dear. Dear? Dear? Where has she gone to...?" Another thing I like about the London escalators are those signs that say: DOGS MUST BE CARRIED. I just ignore them and jump on the escalator whether I've got a dog or not, and I get away with it every time.

But I mustn't stray away from the subject...

I now had to take a bus to Von Donegan's place on the other side of the city, but



I was desperately short of ready cash, so I decided just to run along behind the bus and save tenpence. Then I got a better idea - I ran along behind a taxi and saved two quid. Finally I reached Von's house, a rather sinister-looking place called "Sweet Chariot". (The name reminded me of my Uncle Fred, the boxer, who was known as Sweet Chariot because he was always swinging low.) As I said, the house was an eerie sort of a place right in the shadow of the Guinness brewery, and I felt quite nervous as I approached it in the growing darkness. My mood wasn't helped by the thick, dank fog that was pressing against the windows - especially as it was a perfectly clear night outside the house.

I sneaked up to a lighted window and looked in, and saw something so dreadful, so obscene, that I had to repress a moan of dismay. Von Donegan was in there, and he had hundreds of pints of Guinness sitting on a huge table; and he was busily pouring them down a sink! Gallons of it were disappearing down the plug hole every minute. I hadn't seen booze disappear so fast since I attended the Noreascon In 81 bidding party. At last I could stand the hideous spectacle no longer, so I smashed the window in with a rolled-up copy of LITERARY HIGHLIGHTS FROM PERRY RHODAN, and shouted, "Stop that, you swine! Is nothing sacred?"

He turned, saw me at the window and reeled back, his face contorted with shock - thus proving he had a guilty conscience. "Shaw," he gasped. "What are you doing here? I thought you were back in Stan Laurel's home in Ulverston organising a new branch of the Sons of the Desert."

"I decided to give them the Gobi," I said wittily. "More to the point - what are you doing?"

His eyes shuttled briefly - and anybody who has read any of my books will tell you that's a sign somebody is under stress - and he said, "It's a scientific experiment, Bob. One you would approve of. You know that when water swirls down a plug hole in the northern hemisphere it always goes in a clockwise direction - well, I wanted to see if the same thing would apply to Guinness."

I sniffed disbelievingly. "And does it go clockwise?"

"Definitely not," he said. "The clock is up there on the wall and the Guinness is going the other way."

"You're not fooling me for a minute," I said. "What you're talking about is the Coriolanus force and nobody is interested in that since I proved it's that that

makes supermarket trolleys try to go in circles when you push them." I clambered in through the window and, following up a hunch, said, "What do you know about clones?"

"It's a nice place to live," he said, "but I wouldn't like to go there for a holiday."

"I'll do the jokes," I snarled, grabbing him by the throat. "You know I meant artificially produced human beings."

He cringed. "I've never even met any officers of the Science Fiction Writers of America."

"Cut it out," I said. "I'm talking about biological clones."

"Oh, those! Well, I've heard they're very anaemic."

"Really?"

"Yes. You know the old saying - you can't get blood out of a clone."

"Okay," I gritted. "You asked for this." I whipped out my copy of the Sam Moscovitz Joke Book and began to read aloud from it. Von Donegan endured it for as long as was humanly possible - about twelve nanoseconds - the broke down.

"Why are you doing this to me? What do you want?"

"The truth about cloning in Ireland," I said. "There's something going on and I want to know what it is."

His shoulders slumped. "All right, all right. If you know anything about Irish history you'll have heard of the Great Potato Famine."

I was unimpressed. "So a few potatoes went hungry."

He winced. "The point is that for years now the population of Ireland has been very depressed."

"You mean," I said, "even before Harry Harrison and Anne McCaffrey moved in?"

He winced again. "The Irish Government asked me if I could do anything about the low population, and - as I'm a happily married man..."

"I'd forgotten you got married," I interrupted. "Has the union been blessed?"

"Yes," he said. "We haven't got any children. Anyway, I decided the only thing I could do to increase the population would be to clone as many people as I could, so I started working on biology."

"It's a really weird subject, isn't it?" I said. "When I tried it I had to cut up so many frogs I came down with a skin disease called Kermititis. And all those words beginning with z..."

"Oh, I never bother with actually studying a subject," Von Donegan said airily. "I've found I can write my books better by making the stuff up as I go along - I call it original research - and I did the same thing with cloning."

"And did you solve the problem?" I prompted, sensing that the end of my quest was near.

"Nothing to it," he replied. "The key to the whole business is that we are a

carbon-based life form - so if we are to produce a copy of a human being it will be a carbon copy."

"That makes sense," I said, a great light dawning in my mind. This was the sort of biology I could understand.

"I realised that all I had to do was keep pumping carbon into people and eventually all the molecules in their bodies will acquire duplicates and they'll divide up into carbon copies of themselves."

"That's brilliant," I breathed. "You should write the whole thing up for Omni, or perhaps Weekend Reveille. But wait! Where can you get all the carbon from? And how could you get people to swallow it?"

"That's the beauty of my system," he said fervently. "I've got this deal with Mike Moorcock whereby he sends me all his used carbons and typewriter ribbons - a container-load of them comes over every week on the ferry - and all I do is put them in the blender with some water. That's the way they come out." He pointed at the glasses of what I had mistaken for Guinness.

I nodded, almost speechless with admiration. "But what's that whitish froth on top?"

"I think sometimes Mike accidentally leaves a novel or two in among the carbons." An anxious note crept into Von Donegan's voice. "Do you think they could be injurious to the health?"

"Not in that form," I said reassuringly, my gaze drifting towards the sink. "I take it that the waste pipe from your sink is connected up to the vats in the brewery."

"He nodded. "Quite right! You know, you're almost as smart as I am."

I blushed prettily. "Tell me, Von, have you any actual evidence that your cloning system is working?"

"Well," he said, "there's the Nolan Sisters, and I've noticed that people who drink a lot of Guinness are getting bulkier and bulkier. It's only a matter of time before I get word they've gone fission."

Sensing he was about to start making puns, I took my leave of him and came straight to Brighton to make my findings known to the world at large. The thing Von Donegan has overlooked, you see, is that Guinness is exported to many countries, and his special brew - Eau de Clone, as I call it - may be on the point of triggering a general population explosion. Not all bottles of Guinness are carbonated, of course, and most of the ones that are have the code words "Double X" on the label. What I've done, in order to save the world, is to set up a small team of volunteers - all of them, from Peter Roberts on down, connoisseurs of stout - who are prepared to check out the world's entire supply of Double X Guinness.

It's a mission of extreme urgency, so - if you will excuse me - I think I'd better get back to it...

FANWORLD

Life On Mars

SHOCK! HORROR! SENSATION! ROB JACKSON'S LIFE THREATENED BY MYSTERY SF GROUP

They're letting some very weird people into the BSFA these days. Look at this letter I got from someone who signs himself (herself?) 'Chro' -

So, you wanted to know about SF groups???? Well this is the voice of THE CHROMOZONE 47 MOB and our aim in life is to stamp out Sercon, Genzines and Rob Jackson. The first two are easy compared with the last, mainly 'cos the Maffia cost too much. Never fear, we're training a bunch of commandos to do it for us.

TC47M is the only truly mobile group - our members roam the country as their assorted jobs dictate, and so cannot be a permanent member of any group.

We don't normally meet ourselves, for obvious reasons, but a very good postal service network keeps us in contact with each other.

The normal thing is to check in the LIFE ON MARS column for the nearest group of the moment, and then turn up, if possible, for one of their meetings.

How do you know/recognise TC47M? Well, it's not that easy. How can you spot a mutant in a bunch of 'em? We're the one-night guys and girls that laugh at Sercon, scribble on genzines, and make epiteths for Rob's gravestone. Our ideal world is where long fan fiction can be read without it being split up into parts/sections by some narrow-minded Faned who's only looking for egoboo.

How can you join? Easy, but you've got to be a traveller, just get your name printed in the LIFE ON MARS column and we'll contact you.

And don't forget, we may have met.

Good grief, I hope not. TC47M? Sounds more like a cassette deck than an SF group (or is it a track by David Bowie?). Look, you bunch of perverts, you can't just go around threatening respectable BSFA people like that. Dr Jackson's fanzine clinic is one of the most hallowed institutions in British fandom, on a par with Dungeons & Dragons and the Brian Burgess pork pie. Just because you might not agree with everything Rob says, you can't go bumping him off. All you have to do is to work really hard at your fanzine, avoid vomiting on new carpets, and become incredibly famous and you'll find that Rob's attitude to your work will change completely. You mustn't get cynical and sarcastic, just because you don't get the

recognition you feel you deserve.

That was quite a literate letter, though, Chro, even if some of your demands seem a little excessive. I mean, won't you be satisfied with a world in which long fan fiction can be printed without being split into sections? Expecting it to be actually read seems unduly optimistic.

Mind you, there may be some hope.

Rumour has it that the Leeds University Group's fanzine, Black Hole, is adopting a new format. They're going to publish a new fan novel every year, each of its three parts taking up an entire issue. Perhaps the Chromozone 47 Mob has already infiltrated.

Exeter

One group that managed to produce a clubzine without any fan fiction is... (as though you hadn't already guessed it from the sub-heading) THE EXETER UNIVERSITY GROUP. As promised last time, here's a report on their activities -

The University of Exeter SF Society was accidentally formed about six months ago at an astronomical society meeting when a group of us (now the committee) discovered a mutual interest in SF which we've been trying to live down ever since. Our overall membership is around fifty, though only about ten are active. Meetings are held every Monday in the Ewe, the union bar, and attendance has been known to reach the dizzying heights of fifteen people. Anyone passing is welcome to drop in and buy a few rounds, starting from eight o'clock ; if they're very lucky or persistent we may mention SF. The society has an extensive library of 500 paperbacks (give, or especially take, 350) and we produce our own zine Exosphere ("Well, it looks pretty" - Dave Langford) plus a few other cruddish personalzines. Copies of Exosphere are available for trade or 30p to UESFS, Societies Rack, Devonshire House, University of Exeter, Exeter, Devon.

Past events include a talk by a german SF critic, a showing of the film SILENT RUNNING, a couple of evenings playing Hitch-Hiker tapes, and numerous pub evenings. Future events will include a showing of METROPOLIS, a Towel Disco, and a talk by Richard Cowper in the autumn.

I should also mention that we have close ties with the Harrow College SF Society (I know him).

Thanks to Mike White for that report. I think I'd like to go on a 'numerous pub evening'. Sounds good.

Now then, part of that report rings a bell. Yes, I think it's time for a sub-heading.

Harrow

I've had a letter from P D Wright, who says...

As you may or may not have heard, there is a new SF group in Harrow. We are interested in contacting other groups in the Harrow area to see what they do. The address to send any further information to is as follows:-

Martin Posthumus, 63 Avalon Road, Ealing W13 0BB.

Well, P D, thanks for your letter. From Mike White's piece above, it appears that there's a group at Harrow College, so why not try them for a start?

I guess you can contact them either care of the college or through Mike White. By the way, if anyone from the college group is reading this, maybe you'd like to write something about yourselves for this column? It will bring you instant fame etc etc...

P D, in common with quite a few other people who have written to me, would like some info on running a group, so I've done a report on this later in the column. Stay tuned.

Meanwhile, it's over to...

Warwick

Here's a report from Christina Lake -

The University of Warwick Science Fiction and Fantasy Society has been in existence for about $3\frac{1}{2}$ years and meets on most Wednesdays and Thursdays during term time. The Wednesday meetings are for Dungeons and Dragons fanatics and other gamers. These sessions start at some time after two and continue till some unspecified hour (which is quite likely to be half-way through the following week!). For anybody who has emerged from their dungeon, or for those sensible enough not to go down in the first place, there is a meeting at 7.30 on Thursday nights of a vaguely SF nature. The number of people who turn up varies from week to week, basically according to whether or not there is anything planned for the meeting, though there are about 15 - 20 people who attend fairly regularly. Last term, in between relatively fruitless discussions on what we should actually do at meetings, plus occasional and tentative mentions of SF in its book or film incarnation, our programme included two guest speakers (typically on consecutive weeks), a tense and thrilling spaceship debate and an equally tense and possibly even more thrilling SF quiz featuring everything you'd rather not know about obscure authors, but a fairly popular event, all the same. These meetings take place in various parts of the union building, often the greatest stimulation being hunting down their venue, though with a choice of two or three bars on the way there (plus games room, Asteroids machine etc), it's not always such a great loss if you don't actually locate the meeting!

In addition to the aforementioned activities, it has also been the society's practice to show three or four films a term, though in future it's likely that with access to university equipment we may concentrate on showing video-taped films and programmes to save on money. The society also has its own library and fanzine collection, located for the moment in the fairly accessible, if not necessarily tidy, room of one of the members. Speaking of fanzines, material is beginning to come in (any contributions welcome!) for Fusion 3, the illustrious and imminent successor to the society's two previous annual fanzines.

Finally, a word about membership. Being a university society we have a captive public, so to speak, who join at the beginning of the year for the reasonable price of 70p. There isn't really any problem getting people to join; many seem to do so on an impulse which later they obviously regret, for only a small proportion of the entire membership turn up regularly - if at all - to meetings. This problem we hope to rectify with an eventful and action-packed programme this term - and indeed next year - organised by the dynamic newly-elected executive. Various attempts have already been made to make the

university as a whole more aware of our existence, including a float in the rag procession and standing Marvin the Paranoid Android for Union President (though the university proved to be sadly unready for machine rights and depressed robots).

Perhaps the publicity in Matrix will encourage the potential first year or any other interested parties who haven't shown up yet to come along and try the society. All communications, queries, or contributions to Fusion 3 can be sent to: University of Warwick Science Fiction and Fantasy Society, Arts Federation Pigeon Holes, Union Building, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL.

Thanks Christina. Yes, perhaps publicity in Matrix will do some good. Pigs, after all, might fly, jog, or even go to the rescue of exhausted climbers. Talking of SF quizzes, which Christina was, I'm reminded of the quiz we had at the recent Whit Bank Holiday gathering we had here in Leeds. Surely only an evil genius like Alan Dorey could come up with a question like "Name the four crew-members of FIREBALL XL5". The memory is a harrowing one. Or at least it would be if we hadn't already done Harrow (oh dear, there's the royal we and the bad jokes slipping in again).

Let's stick around the Midlands for a while.

Solihull

Steven J Green writes -

Just a quick note to warn you of a new group that - touchwood - will be starting up proper around Christmas.

The title's SOLARIS ("a bit twee" responded one fellow Brum Group member when I revealed it), it'll be based in Solihull (a short drive from the centre of Birmingham) and membership'll be about £1.50, which includes a fanzine cum newsletter every two months.

The basic aim is informality, with semi-regular get-togethers about every two months. It's certainly not an alternative to the Brum Group - which fulfills the area's need for a regular, formal group with speakers - more a supplement. There's plenty of room for both.

At the beginning, the focus of the group will be the only regular thing about it; the journal. Each issue will contain at least one article by an honorary member - we've already managed to kidnap Rob Holdstock and force him to agree to join in - as well as the obvious news element, which I intend to gather first hand wherever possible, rather than copy verbatim from Ansible, Matrix etc. The meetings will, hopefully, develop from that as the group feeling grows.

And, of course, you needn't live in the Midlands to join; I think the newsletter alone will make it worth becoming a member. Send a S.A.E. for details to my new address - 11 Fox Green Crescent, Acocks Green, Birmingham B27 7SD.

Thanks Steve - it's good to see you're planning to take over the universe as well. Dorey and Dave Langford have had it their own way for too long!

Colchester

Further to the mention in the last issue, Alex Stewart writes to tell me he's now actively attempting to set up an SF society in Colchester.

They hope to have something for everyone, with initial suggestions ranging

from socials and workshops to film shows and D&D evenings. But they do need members, so if you're interested, write to Alex at 11A Beverly Road, Colchester, Essex, CO3 3NG, or ring Colchester 79016 most evenings. During the day call 76071, extension 355, and ask for Alex or Susan Francis.

Now, venturing further afield...

Jersey

Clive Holloway, along with a group of friends, is attempting to set up an SF group in Jersey. He wants to recruit members, and would like to hear from other groups and anyone who might be visiting Jersey. You can contact him at 19 Le Clos de Devant, Jersey, C.I.

Belfast

Caroline Mullan is looking for an SF group or other fans in Belfast. I've heard a rumour of such a group, Caroline, and am making enquiries. In the meantime, Caroline can be contacted at 40 St Ives Gardens, Belfast, BT9 5DN.

Dundee

I've had some feedback from 42, the Dundee SF Soc, whose inauguration I mentioned several issues back. Secretary Alison Wallace writes -

We now have about ten members who come regularly to meetings and who have contributed to our fanzine. This seems rather low, but considering the size of Dundee compared with, say, Leeds we are not doing too badly.

The meeting place has been our biggest difficulty. We found a nice quiet lounge bar which was ideal, but it was so quiet that it was closed by the management. They offered us a private room, but that was going to cost £10 so it was no use. We then found a room in the university for £2 a meeting but even this worked out too expensive on the nights when the weather was bad or something and only a few members turned up. For the meantime, therefore, we are using the home of our chairman. This has the advantage that it is free, comfortable and refreshments are easily available. Also, there is no closing time. The disadvantages are that it is not central (although this is not the problem here that it would be in other towns), and prospective members can be put off by the thought of going to a stranger's home.

Our biggest achievement is our fanzine which was great fun to do. I think the first venture into something like this is very experimental and we deliberately did not read any others until ours was finished. Actually having to finish a story or an article is a great spur to creativity and it was a real eye-opener how much work still had to be done after the actual writing was over. We are trying to start a proper Writers Workshop, because we tend to be too kind to one another about our work.

In all, we have not managed to get as much support as we had hoped, but we have fun at our meetings and have made new friends, which can't be all bad - so it has been a success as far as we are concerned.

Thanks for writing, Alison. I'm glad to hear that things are going fairly well. If you're interested in joining the Dundee group, Alison's address is 21 Charleston St, Dundee, DD2 4RG.

Alison's letter raises a few of the problems which confront local groups, so it leads quite conveniently into the last part of this issue's article -

HOW TO DO IT

An increasing number of members are writing in for advice about starting and running local groups, so here are a few ideas on the subject -

(1) Publicity

The first step, of course, is to get a few members. Here I can help directly by providing a mention in this column, but as this can never be guaranteed to produce a mob of eager new recruits, some additional measures may be necessary.

You can ask for permission to display posters in your local libraries, public halls, bookshops, colleges etc. Either produce your own or, perhaps better, use the ones which the BSFA is producing. These have been delayed but are now in an advanced state of production here in Leeds and should be available real soon now. From an original concept by D West, they're probably the best idea since sliced Robert Heinlein.

The stunning artwork will grab the attention and subtly wash the brain of the unsuspecting passer-by with information on the BSFA, and also on your local group, since a blank space is provided for details of this. They'll be available free of charge - just write to me or to Alan Dorey and say you want some local group posters.

You can also try your local paper or radio station, who may be willing to give you free publicity. If there's a local alternative press publication, you can place an advert in there, which should be either free or fairly cheap. One last idea - produce a single page handout and see if you can persuade your local small bookshops to slip it into their SF books. That may prove to be the most effective ploy of all.

(2) Activities

So, if some of the above ideas have proved successful, and you've managed to attract a few members, what are you going to do with this merry band?

There's more than one approach you can take with a group. At one end of the spectrum, you've got groups like the ones in Leeds and Glasgow, which meet in the pub for a chat once a week and, as far as the meeting is concerned, are content with that. At the other end, there's the formally organised groups like Birmingham and Leicester, which have subscriptions, formal membership and a programme of organised events. In between, there are groups like the one at Warwick University, featured earlier in the column, where there are organised events at some meetings but not at others.

Since Leeds is the group with which I'm most familiar, I'll begin at the more anarchic end of the spectrum.

The informal group doesn't have subscriptions or any type of formal membership; it's basically a chance for people to get together for a regular chat (and usually a drink). People can talk about whatever interests them.

One of the things which holds fandom together is that people who are interested in SF tend to have other things in common as well. In Leeds, we do talk a lot about SF (shock, horror) but we'd hate to be restricted to that subject alone. We're just as likely to talk about sport, politics, or rock music, for instance.

Even with this sort of group, it does help to have some underlying purpose to hold things together. We're pretty active as individuals: several of us produce our own fanzines or are involved with the BSFA, most of us are

regular con-goers, and there's a new Leeds fanzine Rubber Crab, to which some 'members' of the group contribute articles. But what really holds us together is our habit of organising conventions: YORCON last year and YORCON 2 in '81.

Three local groups: Keele, Hatfield and Norwich, are running their own local conventions this year and I may feature some info on running a con in a future issue. But that's rather over-ambitious for a group that's just starting up. It is advisable to attend a few first, for instance, and a trip to a convention may well be a good focal point in the early days. There's nothing like attending a con to get you hooked on fandom, so it's an excellent way of whipping up enthusiasm in a group.

As well as the three local cons I've mentioned, there's NOVACON coming up in Birmingham in November and YORCON 2 in Leeds next Easter. Watch Matrix for details.

Another possibility for a focal point is to produce a group fanzine, or clubzine as they're usually called. I'll discuss these in more detail next issue, but it is important to get a fair proportion of the group interested before you embark upon such an enterprise. Otherwise you get the situation where the editor has to spend his life chasing the rest of the group for contributions, and the thing becomes a bind for everyone, especially the readers.

Moving to the other end of the spectrum... A formal group has a regular programme of events which, as long as they're interesting, can act as the focal point for the group. But the drawback is that formal groups take a lot more work to run. There's the problem of keeping them solvent, for instance, while finding a venue may be more difficult than for an informal group. I'll talk about these problems later on, but first a look at the kind of events you might want to organise...

To start with, you'll probably be short of money, but a programme of home-made entertainments can still be devised: things like SF quizzes, debates, discussions, even trips to see SF films at your local cinema. A new BSFA facility may come in useful here: a library of tapes with talks by writers etc is being run by Keith Walker at 2 Daisy Bank, Quernmore Rd, Lancaster, Lancs. Drop him a line for details - these tapes could be played at group meetings and used to spark off discussions.

When you're feeling a little wealthier, you'll be able to think about inviting guest speakers. You can write to authors care of their publishers - I won't mention any likely names for fear of reprisals but you can probably pick up a few ideas from reading these columns. To cut down on costs, it's best to find someone living near you. An idea is to scan the local papers looking for likely victims, sorry, candidates, and bear in mind it isn't just writers who can give interesting and relevant talks. The Leicester Group, for instance, have recently had talks on UFOs, astronomy, the Tolkien Society, the H G Wells Society, machine intelligence, black holes and book-selling! So there's plenty of scope - just use your imagination and keep your eyes open.

There's no need to pay speakers a fee unless they ask but you will have to pay their expenses i.e. overnight accommodation and an evening meal. You don't need to book the speaker in at the nearest five-star hotel, just a room in the house of one of the members will often do, while a trip to, say, the local pizza house will usually suffice for the meal. Just write and ask the speaker if they're interested and tell them the arrangements you would

make. Naturally, what will satisfy one potential speaker will not satisfy another - some of them will ask for a fee and in many cases this is perfectly reasonable. With writers, for instance, time is money, and if they have to travel a long way to give a talk then they've got to have some recompense for the time which this will take. Use your own judgement to work out whether the fee required is reasonable. Bear in mind that speakers who live nearby are cheaper, both in terms of expenses and the likelihood of a fee, but if there's someone further afield who you really want, then it's naturally worth paying over the odds to get them along.

By the way, I can mention one potential speaker; BSFA chairman Alan Dorey is available to give a talk on the wonderfulness of the BSFA and will probably touch on SF in general as well. Just write to him if you're interested. But one word of warning; if you take Alan out for a meal, bear in mind that his capacity for eating and drinking has earned him the reputation of having hollow limbs. This has yet to be disproved.

(3) Venues

For the informal group all you need for a venue is a pub which is fairly quiet, but as you can see from Dundee's letter, even that can sometimes be difficult to find. In which case, you can always take the same solution as they have, and meet at the house of one of the members.

With a formal group, a pub is still probably the best bet, but for an organised event you'll almost certainly need a private room. Again refer to Dundee's letter - these cost money!

Which leads us rather neatly into the difficult bit...

(4) Funds

Informal groups don't really need funds. If you've plans for a fanzine or some other group activity, then it's up to the individuals who are interested to pay their wack.

Formal groups, on the other hand, will have to set a level of subscription in line with the sort of activities which are planned. Some form of additional fund-raising will often be necessary, such as raffles, sponsored walks etc. Perhaps a more appropriate idea would be a sponsored reading of the Dune trilogy at your local library. More seriously, quite a good idea is to hold a book auction, with members bringing their unwanted volumes along.

I've just heard from Roger Whittington in Salisbury (where he tells me a new group is now taking shape) and he suggests using quizzes, such as one based on Mastermind, with entrance fees and prizes to raise funds. Hell, being SF fans and short of money you should be able to dream up some really terrific schemes. In fact, thinking up suitable activities sounds like a good discussion for a meeting.

(5) Getting it all together

So if you're just starting to get a group together and don't have a clear idea of the type of group you want, then how do you decide?

Well despite having spouted on the subject for the last few pages, I don't have personal experience of starting a group, but what I think I would do is this - get a few people together using some of the publicity ideas I've mentioned and then see what they want to do. Put some of the suggestions above to them and see what the reaction is; obviously you'll want to put your own ideas across but it's no good trying to force something down people's throats if they don't want it. If the majority are in favour of

the more formal type of club then you can go on and organise it with the blessing of its members. If they're not, then carry on meeting informally but try to get most of the members interested in going to a con (which I reiterate is an excellent idea) or whatever else occurs to you, even if it's only a trip to the local picture house to see BLACK HOLE.

And that's about all for this issue. If you are starting a group, then the best of luck, and I hope that some of the above comments will prove useful. If you disagree with any of it, or have some suggestions of your own to add, then please get in touch. The address is

13A Cardigan Road, Headingley, Leeds 6

That's also the address to write to if you want publicity for a new group or an existing one, or if you want to check if there's a group in your area. This column can work, honest. Roger Whittington (of whom more next time) tells me the mention I gave him brought four responses and these four and himself are now the basis of the Salisbury group. This could happen to you!!! Try writing!

Simon Ounsley

Rob Jackson's regular look at fanzines and other SF or fantasy related publications he's received recently, this time covering items which arrived during April and May 1980. If you want your publication reviewed, send it to Rob at: 8 Lavender Rd., West Ewell, Epsom, Surrey KT19 9EB. (Remember: it's not our policy to review sales catalogues or similarly commercial publications.)

On The Carpet

Abbreviations and symbols used: For a complete list see last issue. Letters by recommended zines mean the following: F: fannish fanzine. G: general interest zine. N: newszine, particularly about fannish items. P: personalzine. S: zine mainly about SF or fantasy.

If you want to get sample copies of zines that are available for "the usual", send money if a price for a single issue is quoted; if no price is quoted, though, a polite letter to the editor saying you're interested will usually get you a sample copy, provided the editor's got any left. Remember to allow a certain amount of time for reply, particularly overseas: North American and Australian surface mail takes six to eight weeks. So if you want an overseas zine, write airmail, or you'll have to wait three or four months!

A good number of people have written or spoken to John & Eve or me to say how useful they find this column. Many thanks to all of you. I hope it goes on being useful. There has also been the odd letter or two from people unconvinced of the need to devote this much space to fanzines. (Steve Ince is the only doubter who comes to mind.)

If I were to shorten it: how?

Miss out the fanzines I don't consider much good? — No; that would be very unfair.

Miss out the fanzines that have been mentioned before and continue to appear regularly? — No; if a fanzine editor is reliable the readers deserve to know, and the contents of each issue differ, so a brief mention is still needed.

Write briefer reviews? — Maybe; but that would reduce drastically the amount of interesting content I can get into the review. "Moderately dull genzine" is also a moderately dull review. I aim to quote the best or typical bits, both to entertain you if possible, and to give you a taste of the zine.

SMALL PRESS PUBLICATIONS

S* Arena SF 10 (Geoff Rippington, 6 Rutland Gdns., Birchington, Kent CT7 9SN; 3 for £1.50; US\$3 for 3, cash; A5 RL; 48pp.) Geoff has a grant from the South Eastern Arts Association. This is a neatly put together and literate zine, not published as often as I'd like. Long article on, and interview with, Barrington Bayley, reviews like Vector's, and an interesting lettercolumn featuring particularly a provocative letter from George Turner saying how much more perceptive non-SF critics and readers are than SF ones (about his book in particular).

S* Locus 232 (ed. Charles N. Brown; U.K. agent Chris Atkinson, 23 Duckett Rd., London N4 1BN; sub. rates in Matrix 29; USQ RL; 24pp.) The mixture as before, with news of the US professional SF world. This issue lists the Hugo nominations and has notable detailed reviews by Fritz Leiber of The Dead Zone and The Stand.

Starship 38 (ed. Andrew Porter; UK agent Ethel Lindsay, 69 Barry Rd., Carnoustie, Angus DD7 7QQ; sub. rates in Matrix 29; USQ RL; 56pp.) Smoothly produced as usual, but rather thin contents including long excerpts from Asimov's ~~1961/62~~ autobiography In Joy Still Felt, and Silverberg being mildly entertaining on droughts. Susan Wood is now book reviewer in Dick Lupoff's place, so he's replaced by someone equally good.

FANZINES

United Kingdom

N* Ansible 8,9 (Dave Langford, 22 Northumberland Ave., Reading, Berks. RG2 7PW; 4 for 60p, in U.S. 5 for £1, Europe 6 for £1, or newszine trades or for news; Q RL/D; 6pp., 8pp.) I owe Dave an apology for giving wrong subscription rates for Ansible in the last Matrix; I also gave a wrong price for Taff-Ddu, which is in fact 75p by post. This caused so much havoc that Dave actually printed a letter apologising on my behalf. Oh well — at least it proves some people read these reviews. Ansible itself is the entertaining mixture as before, with British fan news. Thankfully the mudslinging about Rockcon is duly edited out.

P* Feetnotes 5 (Peter Pinto, 42 Breakspears Rd., London SE4 1UL; editorial whim or trade; A4 D; 40pp.) Well-written personalzine electrostencilled from extremely neat handwriting. Most remarkable content is a horror story giving the inside gen about Hamlyn Paperbacks' apparently awful former managing director: more entertaining, possibly, than any of their books?

Forty-Two 1 (Andre Willey, 7 Oaklands Rd., Sutton Coldfield, West Midlands B74 2TB; no sub. rates given, but I suggest writing and asking; A4 RL; 6pp., on one side of the paper only.) I always thought it was spelt "forty." Clubzine of Hitch-Hikers Anonymous, with various bits of out-of-date news and chat.

Higbo the Bear meets Superscantle (Mike Scantlebury, 45 Brighton Grove, Rusholme, Manchester M14 5GJ, & Steev Higgins, 18 St. Austell Ave., Tyldesley, Manchester M29 7FY; the usual or pints of beer; A4 D; 20pp.) Cheerful fannish burble, some of it typed by a non-fan friend of Steev's, which explains what a "fancine" is meant to be. Mike has a silly Albacore report-in-advance with pages of appalling puns like the one about the Guest of Honour starting to play tag: "if the Kapp flits, we're It." Uuergh.

Hindmost 1 (Jon Wallace, 42 Dundee SF Soc., 21 Charleston St., Dundee DD2 4RG; no availability given, but I presume the usual or a polite letter with, say, 40p; A4 D; 32pp.) Pleasant, literate starter. Quite a bit of amateur fiction and reviews; the fiction, despite the usual excess of one-punch stories, is well enough written to show some promise. Also a couple of overviews of the SF/rock interface.

In Defiance of Medical Opinion 3 (Alick G. Butcher & John A. Connor, c/o Sildan House, Chediston Rd., Wicsett, Nr. Halesworth, Suffolk IP19 0NF; the usual; A4 D; 40pp.) They wrote their own review for me: "Ye more editor-written short fiction, an article on slang in the Royal Navy and one that totally fails, plus an interview with someone I've never even heard of. They've finally put their address in the zine and make a couple of pointed remarks about my reviewing." Quite accurate. Actually the fanzine's a good deal better than the previous two, with a page-numbered contents list full of sub-Little and Large editorial dialogue, but no numbers on the actual pages. Keep trying...

Napalm in the Morning 1 (Joseph Nicholas, Room 9, 94 St. George's Square, Pimlico, London SW1Y 3QY; the usual; A4 D; 8pp.) In which Joe details quite interestingly the importance of the Vietnam war and Apocalypse Now to him (as horrible examples), and his reasons for publishing this (including GUFF candidacy) and asks: "Can there possibly be anyone alive who does not immediately think 'Vietnam' every time Jimmy Carter starts bleating about the Russian invasion of Afghanistan?"

P* New River Blues 1,2 (Roz Kaveney & Abi Frost, 63 Queen's Drive, London N4; the usual or 25p; A4 D; 10pp., 16pp.) Superbly atmospheric conreports, e.g. at Yorcon Mick Farren "complained that he'd been talking to some people for a quarter of an hour about Burroughs, before he discovered that they meant Edgar Rice while he meant William (though he admitted it made little difference to the conversation)." No.2 has almost unclassifiable contents about everything from having been political activists to a fascinating but ultimately inconclusive sercon bit about the various hidebound ways SF writers portray political systems and societies. Brilliantly expressive writing from both editors: "What is wrong with Dreamsnake is less its wish-fulfillment feminism than the ghastly sugary way that everybody sits around its plot being sensitive and compassionate." Crummy production, but it's the words that count, and they do.

F* One-Off 8 (David Bridges, 130 Valley Rd., Meersbrook, Sheffield, South Yorks. S8 9GA; the usual; A4 D; 46pp.) This is one of the rare fanzines that becomes something of a legend as soon as it is published. Typically funny editorial writing, notably about Dave's new job as a fanwriter, which sadly I can't quote as it would take too many lines; but the meat of this issue for any hidebound fanzine fan is D. West's latest twenty-page diatribe on the state of the current fanzine scene. Virtually everyone is Denounced, e.g. Dave Langford and Kev Smith: "fan writing as a Public Relations exercise"; or Alan Dorey and Joe Nicholas: "performance

as a cynically exaggerated public display of narcissism." D. 's got some good points, but he goes way over the top with them. Fascinating, though.

S* Perihelion 5 (The De La Salle SF Group, ed. Steev Higgins, c/o 18 St. Austell Ave., Tyldesley, Manchester M29 7FY; 40p. by post or £1.20 for 4; A4 D; 22pp.) The previous issue of this was in fact no. 4 (obviously), though I gave its number as 5: the wording of the number on the front was only marginally legible. This is an extremely good serious SF fanzine, with eminent contributors such as Tom Shippey and D. West, and editorial apologies for lateness due to the intrusion of reality in the form of mock A levels: familiar in type, but a reminder to all that fanzines are a spare time activity.

Redshift 6, 7 (Swansea SF Society, ed. Dick Downes, 56 Cefn-Yr-Alit, Aberdulais, Neath, West Glamorgan SA10 8HE; 35p. and 25p. respectively — I suggest adding 15p. postage; A4 D; 40pp., 20pp.) Unremarkable clubzine with a smattering of reports of recent meetings, reviews, ho-hum fiction, and artwork which tends to the scrawly. Good review of the underrated LP/art set Pentateuch of the Cosmogony. Editorial apologies for lateness contradict editorial tubthumping that (other!) fanzine editors should publish reliably; do as I say, not as I do... (Though in fairness, Dick does have a conscience about his tardiness.)

Rubber Crab 2 (Leeds SF Group, ed. Graham James, 12 Fearnville Tce., Oakwood, Leeds LS8 3DU; distributed at the Northern Tun (contact Graham for details); A4 D; 8pp.) If you want to know why Dave Pringle's shorts squeaked, this is for you. (He was only playing football, actually.) "The Wholesome Leeds Fanzine", the cover says. Sanky lot they are in Leeds; take no notice. Fascinating but ultimately frustrating cover.

SF Horizons 2 (Keith Walker, 2 Daisy Bank, Quernmore Rd., Lancaster, Lancs. LA1 3JW; 10p. or the usual A4 D; 4pp.) More of Keith's idiosyncratic fanzine listings. He's so intent on riding his hobbyhorse of attacking Joe Nicholas and Alan Dorey that he attacks Ian Williams in Chimera 1 for mentioning them seemingly without realising that Ian was having a go at them too. Strange.

G* Second-Hand Wave "42" (1) (Alan Ferguson & Trev Briggs, 26 Hoecroft Court, Hoe Lane, Enfield, Middx; the usual; A4 X; 22pp.) Another strange, original and well-written fanzine, a bit like Ananita 2 which I reviewed last issue. A funny article about limericks incorporating quite a few I hadn't read before, some of them New Wave ones; and a serious article about Ludwig II, the Dream King of Bavaria.

Small Friendly Dog 18 (Paul & Cas Skelton, 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire SK2 5NW; editorial whim; 8"x5½" D; 30pp.) Slightly more letters and editorial burble than last issue, but still generally Good Stuff, with sensible comments on TAFF, including the need for the voters in the sending country to have a say as they know the candidates best. Also a very funny filthy bit about ten-inch Christmas presents.

Small Mammal 40, 41 (Martin Easterbrook, 191 The Heights, Northolt, Middx.; distributed only at the One Tun; A4 D; 2pp. each.) Snippets of news of events, not all SF-related though largely so.

Wallbanger 3 (Eve Harvey, 55 Blanchland Rd., Morden, Surrey SM4 5NE; the usual or Luncheon Vouchers; A4 D; 14pp.) A miscellany of goodies about office staff practices, fan practices at Albacorn featuring Langford Barker, West, Higgins et al, and Harvey J. practising knocking down larder walls, Cheerful chatty stuff. Good quote from that early BNF Caius Petronius (AD 66) about reorganisation leading to demoralisation. It was like that then too...

North America & Canada

Cereal Universe 1 (Stu Shiffman, 19 Broadway Tce. #1D, New York, NY 10040, USA; editorial whim; USQ D/I 12pp.) Part of this is a report of personal happenings, but most is an outline of Stu's alternate-world history in which the French win the Battle of Trafalgar, and France and Prussia dominate European history. Even supposedly fannish fans like Stu enjoy writing about imaginary worlds too.

G* Debris 6 (John Boston, 225 Baltic St., Brooklyn, NY 11201, USA; stamped SAE, publishable newspaper clippings or trade; USQ L; 6pp.) Yet more nutty news, e.g. a Senator arguing to a church group in favour of the death penalty: "Where would Christianity be if Jesus got 8 to 15 years, with time off for good behaviour?" and two pages of awful metaphor mixing John has titled "Crossroads in the Sea of Life" with things like: "To-day we are privileged to sit side by side with the giants on whose shoulders we stand."

F* Fast and Loose 5, 6, 7 (Alan Bostick, Brokedown Palace, 5022 9th Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98105, USA; the usual; USQ D; 6pp, 8pp, 10pp.) One of those little, regular fannish fanzines that's incredibly easy to read, pleasant and entertaining without one being able to say why. Maybe it's the witty headings by such as Harry Bell and Dan Steffan, or possibly the superb, witty columns by renaissance faunish Elder Gods such as Dick Bergeron & Ted White, or perhaps the superb, witty, short letters from such as Richard Labonte, Mike Glicksohn, Bob Shaw, Stu Shiffman, Ray Nelson, Dave Langford, etc. Or it might be Alan's own writing, for example about the amazing talking pinball machine that grows its name out and otherwise unsettles the player I dunno. Maybe it's that Alan edits for wit. Thank God. This fanzine also proves that fannish wit exists in America other than in the pages of Mota.

Groggy 9 (Eric Mayer & Kathy Malone, 654 Boulevard East, Weehawken, NJ 07087, USA; editorial whim; USQ hectoed; 22pp.) Personalzine by two good writers. Eric's successful defence of a harassment charge brought by a paranoid neighbour they've since moved away from, Kathy on mouse-sized cockroaches, letters, among other bits and pieces. My copy's purple hecto print is very faded, though.

G* Holier Than Thou 6 (Marty Cantor, 5263 Riverton Ave. Apt. 1, North Hollywood, CA 91601, USA; the usual or \$1 per issue; USQ D; 42pp.) Not quite as big as the previous issue, and more tightly edited. Has a long, quite amusing lettercolumn, and Gary Deindorfer proving that Joe Nicholas and Alan Dorey don't have a monopoly on sharp fanzine reviewing.

Ibid 29 (Ben Indick, 428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666, USA; for the Esoteric Order of Dagon or editorial whim; USQ D; 32pp.) Fanzine of Lovecraftiana and editorial natter. 9 pages is "An Annotated Index to Authors Mentioned by H.P. Lovecraft in the Arkham House Edition of his 'Selected Letters'". Largely for scholars, I need hardly add.

Intermediate Vector Bosons 1 (Harry J.N. Andruscak, 6933 N. Rosemead Blvd., Apt. 31, San Gabriel, CA 91775, USA; \$1 or the usual; USQ L/D; 18pp.) First genzine by an experienced APA man, and it reads like it: most of the pieces are unstructured natter, even the one by Poul Anderson reprinted from an APA. The best writing, interestingly, is by two old-time experienced fan writers, Charles Burbee and Elmer Perdue, who evidently still put their best into their fan writing because they don't do too much of it or of other writing.

Janus 16 (SF³, eds. Jan Bogstad & Jeanne Gomoll, Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701, USA; \$2.50, \$7.00 for 4, or the usual; USQ RL; 44pp.) Pretty much the mixture as before: an agglomeration of book reviews, interviews (Chelsea Quinn Yarbro this time), con reports and letters, with the usual feminist emphasis. Competently put together. Promising strip about an alien arriving to share the spare bedroom in a flat.

Kratophany 12.1 (Eli Cohen, 86-04 Grand Ave., Apt. 4D, Elmhurst, NY 11373, USA; editorial whim; USQ D; 2pp.) Expanded change-of-address notice with personal natter.

Love Makes the World Go Awry 2 (Fran Skene, 207 W. 21st Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V5Y 2E4, Canada; editorial whim only; USQ L; 4pp.) Personalzine with a reminiscent, Meaningful poem; very introspective.

Mad Scientist's Digest 7 (Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Rd. #207, Detroit, MI 48219, USA; editorial whim including some of the usual, or \$1.25; USQ D; 62pp.) Another jolly huge, all-embracing American fannish genzine. Lots of locs on pervious fanzines of Brian's. A long debate on medical topics is wrapped up. Nothing earth-shattering.

G* The Monthly Monthly 7, 8 (The Gang of Four (six, actually), c/o Robert Runte, 10957-88 Ave., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6G 0Y9; \$9/year or 75¢ per issue or the usual, two copies of your fanzine required if for trade; USQ D; 18pp. each.) Still a most original fanzine with very relevant contents, both about SF and fandom. No. 8 has a 6-page Dave Vereschagin article with fascinating layout; get it and see. A lot of squeamish Wet Willies complained about no. 6's dead-cat cover.

Quinapalus 4 (M.K. Digre, 1902 S. 4th Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55404, USA; the usual, Black Forest cuckoo clocks, or reluctantly for \$1; USQ D; 24pp.) A fanzine which expends much effort in search of fannish humour trying and sometimes succeeding to blend the Minneapolis lot's heavy and sometimes outre lunacy with the lighter touch of the Hughes/Mota crowd. Best is a very mad 4-page collaborative handstencilled cartoon about the adventures of some vegetables. Not about SF at all, this zine.

Semi-Canuck 2 (Bob Doyle, 4326 Winslow Place N., Seattle, WA 98103, USA; editorial whim; USQ D; 8pp.) Pleasant personal chat about Patrick & Teresa Nielsen-Hayden's wedding, whizzing about Seattle with Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins, and attending cons.

SF Echo 27 (Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, IL 61604, USA; the usual, \$1.50 or 5 for \$6.00; USQ, 7"x4 1/4" 90pp.) Ed goes back to his paperback duplicated format for this issue; each copy is individually bound with glue. Contents are mostly about SF: a long article about SF films as social comment; but not all so: there's a one-page filler on the dimensions of certain male animals. Fascinating. But I'm not jealous. No. Honest.

Space Junk 3 (Rich Coad, 251 Ashbury St. #4, San Francisco, CA 94117, USA; the usual or gorgeous women; USQ D; 30pp.) More good fannish silliness. Excellent long Seacon report by Kev Smith which emphasises the Jacqueline Lichtenberg Appreciation Society episode and other peripheral events. Also some silly letters.

The Spang Blah 20 (Jan Howard Finder, PO Box 428, Latham, NY 12110, USA; £1.25 or editorial whim; USQ RL; 16pp.) Motley contents, some about SF. Bob Shaw's Time Travel talk is reprinted for the umpteenth time, John Alderson burbles about ents, Marion Zimmer Bradley gives basic advice on how not to write, and Orson Scott Card expresses his liking for empires. Production is neat if cramped, and the cover by New Zealander Colin Wilson is very good in a stark Fabianesque way.

Stefantasy 85 (William M. Danner, RD1, Kennerdell, PA 16374, USA; editorial whim; half-USQ, letterpress; 24pp.) Bill has been producing this for nigh on 40 years now, and it's a beautiful job. Gentle laughs at the state of the world, quotes of scientific oddities from turn-of-the-century Scientific Americans, and epigrams: "Now is the time for all good parties to come to the aid of man." Tory and Labour extremists take heed!

Undulant Fever 4 (Bruce D. Arthurs, Caer Ananda, 3421 W. Poinsettia, Phoenix, AZ 85029, USA; the usual; USQ D; 10pp.) Personalzine about cons, impromptu heroism as a firefighter on Bruce's part, books he's read recently, house moving, locs, and other bits.

Xenolith 2 (Bill Bowers, 2468 Harrison Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45211, USA; \$1.50 or editorial whim; USQ L; 38pp.) Genzine with a great deal of personal material in it. Not quite as well produced as usual: the print is slightly faded in places. Stephen Leigh interviews Spider Robinson, where almost everything is sweetness and light; and much of the lettercolumn and Bill's personal material is revealing and interesting if a bit gooey in places.

Yandro 249 (Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, IN 47348, USA; 35p, 5 for £1.50 or 10 for £2.50 to UK Agent Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts; USQ D; 42pp.) Supposedly a sercon fanzine, but actually has light-hearted stuff advertising the Anti-Christ's School, bashing Star Trek — The Immobile Picture and The Black Hole, and rambling, chatty editorials; plus brief book and fanzine reviews that aren't afraid to say "Rubbish!" if necessary.

Other Countries

G* The Epsilon Eridani Express 4 (Neville Angove, PO Box 770, Canberra City, ACT 2601, Australia; \$1.50 (Aus. or US) or the usual; USQ RL; 32pp.) Good large genzine; plenty of quite detailed reviews, crummy artwork but very good layout, and a lettercolumn which owes its length and liveliness partly to Neville's willingness to speak his mind.

EBL 12, 13, 14 (Eric B. Lindsay, c/o 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia; editorial whim; USQ D; 14, 18, 14pp.) Personalzine about books, oil prices, days off work, a relaxacon Eric ran, locs on whether groups are stronger than individuals, iceberg towing, Eric's 1978 trip abroad, hobby computers, vehicular pollution, air fare discounting, daylight robbery by governments — all rather querulous.

Intercom 6 (Marciano Giuseppe, Via Starrabba 22-90126 Villagrazia (PA) Italia; subs as last issue; 8½"x6¼" RL; 22pp.) Italian newszine; seems to have an article on US fannish fanzines by Wayne Hooks — translated into Italian, unfortunately.

G* Munich Round Up 150 (Waldemar Kummig, Herzogspitalstrasse 5, D-8000 München 2, W. Germany; 1 for \$1.40 or 4 for \$5.30; if you want to sub I suggest sending £3, as Waldemar does come to England to spend it; A4 L/D; 180pp.) Huge celebratory issue, in German with English summary as usual. Largely good solid serious stuff about SF, spaceflight etc; but the Germans definitely have a sense of humour, as evidenced by their liking for Jim Barker artwork (translated — did you know the German for fart is "furz"?), and a silly sub-Escher drawing supposed to represent the many stairs of the Hotel Metropole. An excellent fanzine for improving your German.

S* Noumenon 34 (ed. Brian Thurogood; some of the usual, or in UK £4 seamount or £7.50 airmail for 10, to UK Agent Keith Walker, 2 Daisy Bank, Quernmore Rd., Lancaster, Lancs; 10"x7¼" RL; 28pp.) Another generally sercon but lively zine with the good sense to reprint Jim Barker artwork. Apart from film, book, art and fanzine reviews, they can now actually have con reports in New Zealand, WellCon having lived up to its name by all accounts.

Q 36 B (Marc A. Ortlieb, 70 Hamblynn Rd., Elizabeth Downs, S. Australia 5113, Australia; the usual; A4 D; 28pp.) Cheerful gunk, including faan fiction, lots of drawings of triffids being silly, and a threeway collaborative cartoon by three famous fannish artists, Bill Rotsler, Randy Bathurst and Derek Carter, which may be unique and which Marc hardly deserves if he can't recognise Randy's signature.

S* Spectre 3/4 (Perry Middlemiss, PO Box 98, Rundle St., Adelaide 5000, Australia; the usual, Aus\$75¢ or 4 for Aus\$3; USQ L; 56pp.) Competent zine, largely sercon: interviews with Lee Harding and David Lake, a long review of The Fountains of Paradise, other reviews, an article on computers, and locs. A workman-like fanzine.

Errata

The following fanzines should have had asterisks to recommend them:

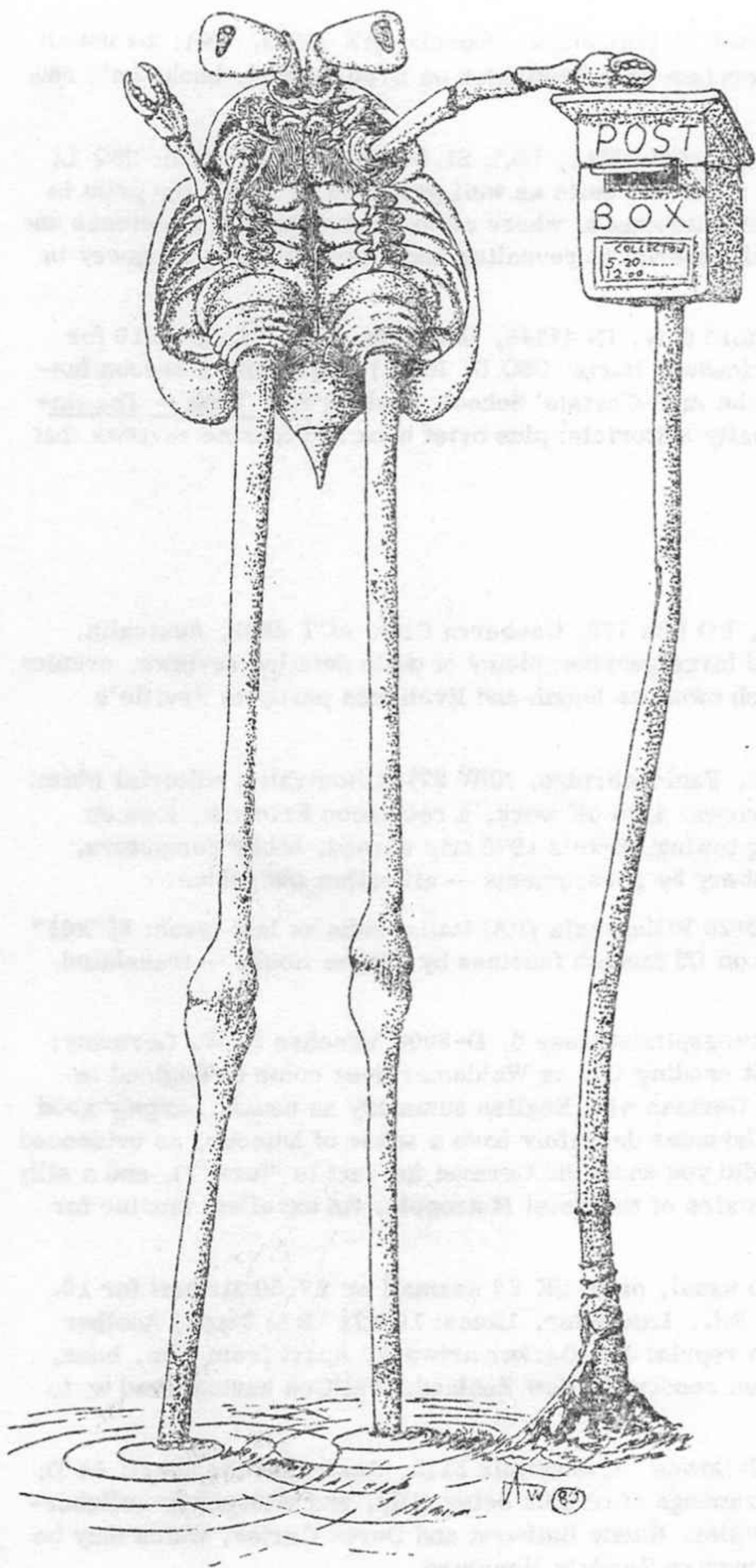
S* Janus 16

F* Space Junk 3

G* Starfantasy 85

That's what comes of typing too fast!

MAILBAG



This mailbag would have contained some of your response to the last Vector, but Kev Smith had other ideas. On hearing that I'd received letters about Vector he promptly came round and relieved me of their burden. Thus Vector promises to have a regular letter column from now on (hurray!). One letter did slip through the dragnet, so I'll present James Corley's response to Chris Priest here and trust that you will read the rest in Vector.

JAMES CORLEY, Nowhere House, Wenhaston, Halesworth, Suffolk
"Fraud... crooked... sham... deception" is how Chris Priest described the Nebula awards in the last Vector. The Nebula probably deserves it. But don't they all? Some harsh words could even be levelled against our own BSFA award.

Priest makes three specific charges against the Nebula:

- 1) Publishers and others attempt to unfairly influence the voting;
- 2) Only a relatively few SFWA members bother to participate;
- 3) No one can read everything - so how valid is their choice of 'the best'.

Taking those last two points first, they're obviously related. Given a large, vigorous electorate it's possible that almost everything has been variously read by someone, but with tiny minorities swaying a ballot statistical validity gets lost. Now I strongly suspect that far fewer people have in the past participated in the BSFA voting than in the Nebula. I believe in fact that on occasion the BSFA count has been lucky to make it into double figures.

At least we can say that no unprincipled factions have attempted to fix the BSFA Award, even though it wouldn't have been a very expensive thing to do in view of the voting figures. Well since we live in a cynically commercial world it might be more heartening if someone had tried it. If nothing else it would demonstrate it was considered a prize worth bothering about!

Perhaps the obscurity which surrounds the BSFA Award gives a degree of security against corruption, the obscurity may be unintentional but it's fair to say not many people have heard of it outside the organisation. There are still other weaknesses, most noticeably the obvious fact that books coming out early in the year will have more exposure than those coming out nearer the end - a question of having one month or twelve months to find and read a new novel.

Despite all this I concede that, against odds, the BSFA Award invariably goes to a deserving winner. And however much bias there is in it I can't really see how there could be much improvement in the selection procedure behind the highly desirable changes which were made last year. But to hope that any literary prize, Nebula, Nobel, or whatever, can have any real objective validity is to ask too much.

So do these things have any value at all? Chris Priest's answer would seem to be No - scrap them. That, I'd agree, is to take them too seriously. And descending to a sordid commercial level they can, if marketed intelligently, serve as promotional devices both for good authors and the organisation awarding the gilded lilly.

I'd suggest the BSFA stays tight-lipped about the voting figures, yells from the rooftops about the existence of the Award and reaps the full benefit of whatever publicity can be associated with it by encouraging paperback publishers to emblazon "BSFA Award Winner" across their garish covers. The Hugos may be illusionary but then illusion is what fiction's all about.

***** I'm not too sure of the actual numbers of votes cast in the BSFA Award and I agree with the idea of remaining tight-lipped. Prior to this year I'm sure they've always been well into double figures but that's not really good enough either. Which is why the voting was thrown open to members of this year's Eastercon, with the result that the voting was well into triple figures. We are attempting to give the BSFA Award wider recognition but the dangers you mention must be remembered.

Nominations are a problem and I personally feel that the administrator of the award should be open to receive nominations all year round. Thus members will be able to nominate a book whilst it's still fresh in their minds.

As is becoming common, Joseph Nicholas's invective-filled reviews in Paperback Inferno have brought in some fervent defence of Asimov, Anderson and Clarke.

DAVID WATKINS, "Gaycroft", Laleston, Bridgend, Glamorgan

I was very glad to read Helen McNabb's letter in Matrix 29. She is right. To me, the demented abuse of established writers practised by a noisy section



of the BSFA is just not funny any more.

Take the treatment Asimov gets in the latest Paperback Inferno. My own opinions about most things are nearly as far from Asimov's as they could be. But, for all his annoying ways and wrongheaded views, Asimov is a first-rate journalist in his own field, a natural storyteller, and - from all the evidence I know of - quite a decent old bugger. Well, Roz Kaveney calls him, among other things "this boring, outdated, overweight, egomaniacal old fart". This is not healthy irreverence: it is the language of facism. It is degrading to the writer, to the reader, and to the BSFA in general.

(Incidentally, I'd have thought that someone as intelligent as all BSFA members are supposed to be would realize that nine-tenths of Asimov's famous egomania is a well-polished comic turn. You may not find it funny, but funny is obviously what it's meant to be.)

In the same issue of Paperback Inferno Keith Plunkett discovers (following Joanna Russ) that Poul Anderson's fiction is full of unconscious homosexual feeling. I've been waiting for years for a chance to point out that this is palpable nonsense. There is no such thing as unconscious homosexuality - not in men anyway. Women may sometimes mistake sexual excitement for something else - I wouldn't know - but in the male sexual excitement manifests itself in a very gross, physical, unmistakable way. If Anderson had homosexual (or paedophile, or rubber-fetishist) tendencies he would know it. If he knew it and wanted to hide it he would carefully avoid any hint of sentimental attachments between his male characters. The very aspect of his work by which Russ and Plunkett seek to prove that Anderson is homosexual proves that he is nothing of the sort.

ROGER WHITTINGTON, 91 Milford Hill, Salisbury, Wilts

I'm saved! At last someone else out there admits to liking Asimov, Heinlein etc. Are you reading this Helen McNabb? - you are not alone! In fact, I will even make things worse by admitting that I take Analog every month and enjoy it, editorials and all!

I am sure that my SF life would be much poorer for not having known Daneel Olivaw, Lije Baley, Susan Calvin, Hari Seldon, Jubal Harshaw, Michael Valentine Smith etc, etc. And I am grateful to these characters and their creators for leading me to the world of SF.

It would seem to me that there are factions within the BSFA that are not only trying to lessen the effect of those authors on the field, but generally saying 'American is worst'. This does not mean that 'British is best' and having just read a book by Barrington J Bayley, an author much praised by the BSFA, I am glad that I can return to American SF from time to time so that I can reassure myself that I made the right decision in taking up SF in the first place!

As for the diatribe concerning the 'Good Doctor' in the last issue of Paperback Inferno - well really! So Asimov is proud of being a Campbell prodigy; good. Rather than blowing his own trumpet isn't he really giving credit where credit is due, to a man that, like it or not, did more than anyone to make SF an acceptable form of literature and took it out of the comicbook status that it was stuck in?

The last comment by Joe Nicholas regarding Asimov working for money only proves that he is suffering from a peculiarly British disease called 'Head-in-the-Sand', which he shares with British athletes, TUC leaders and nuclear protesters. OK, so Asimov produces his books for a fee, so what? It's his

livelihood and I don't see any crime in offering one's services to the highest bidder. Art? I bet the Cistene Chapel wasn't painted free of charge.

Where did I get the quaint idea that book reviews means commenting on the content of a book, Mr Nicholas, and not a vehicle for a personal attack on the author?

Surely the whole point of SF is to entertain and provoke comment, and as long as the Campbell stable continue to do that then we should not disparage them or their readers. After all if those authors introduce new readers to the genre and the BSFA can lead these readers to other areas of SF, won't we have achieved at least one of our objectives?

PAUL SMITH, 23 Sunnymead, Bridgwater, Somerset

When reading through Paperback Inferno, I was shocked to see Arthur C Clarke's novel "The Fountains of Paradise" thoroughly slammed. As no name is at the end of the piece, I presume that Mr Nicholas is claiming all responsibility.

I would therefore like to defend Mr Clarke's final work of fiction. I found it a most interesting book, which poses many important questions, as well as being a colourful study of Mr Clarke's adopted home. It seems that "overt propaganda for spaceflight" is badly needed as thoughts of further manned exploration of our solar system have been abandoned at the moment. The space elevator is an exciting prospect for the future for me, as I am one of those who "get off on such things" as Mr Nicholas so carefully puts it. Anyone who scoffs at "such things" should remember Arthur Clarke's predictions of communications satellites in geo-stationary orbits. There is also an accurate description of a space-shuttle in his book, "Islands in the Sky", written over twenty-five years ago. If Mr Nicholas prefers something less "dull" than "The Fountains of Paradise" I suggest he reads more E E Smith, which is about as believable as his reviews. It may not be stimulating, but it's fun, fun, fun!

As for the rest of the publication, I read words like "dull" and "purple" so many times that I am beginning to wonder if there is any good science fiction being published.

ROY GRAY, 17 Ullswater, Macclesfield, Cheshire

The magazine reviews in Inferno were welcome. It ought to be pointed out that Analog has always carried somewhat tiresome propaganda for something since 1950. It started with Dianetics and went through Psionics, Dean Drives etc. He should be thankful it's space travel and not cryonics. The phase will be over soon and it will be replaced by something else.

I don't see IASFM as 'execrable' when pieces such as Fred Pohl's "Mars Masked" and some of Barry Longyear's stories can appear there. As for Asimov's persona, he's been cultivating it for years in F & SF as well and it's obviously very popular. I doubt the man is really quite as he appears in these mags. Perhaps those who have met him could answer this.

Janice Arter will no doubt be reassured by many people other than myself that SF fans rarely turn their noses up at true horror/fantasy stories. There is a respectable body of vampire and werething stories within the field, including one concerning a 'Weremartini' as I remember. The work of Fritz Lieber and Brunner's 'Traveller in Black' spring immediately to mind.

***** I must admit to agreeing with the feelings (if not necessarily the reading taste) expressed in those letters. Whilst I don't think that a reviewer should compromise his/her opinions just because an author is popular, I do feel that the insulting style used by some adds nothing to the objectivity of the review and tend to make the reader ignore the opinions (often quite valid) expressed. Still, I must remind you all that all opinions expressed in BSFA publications are those of the writer and not the BSFA.

Here's some more response to Janice Arter.

Chuck Connor, c/o Sildan House, Chediston Rd, Wissett, Nr Halesworth, Suffolk
Finally got hold of M29 yesterday and felt that I had to reply to Janice H Arter and the old F vs SF thing.

Alas the poor lady is one of the rare breed, i.e. an unbiased fan, and God bless her for that, fandom could do with a few more like her to get rid of some of the 'anti' that's got into it.

Though, on the realist side, you could pose the question; why do Rangers supporters go for the throats of Celtic supporters? Why do Marvelites shun Warren readers? (Being sexist, I'd go for Vampirella any day of the week (and twice on Sundays)).

The thing to realise is that SF, or any 'wide-angled' following, is really a fan club and instead of just having one idol, Led Zeppelin, Dusty Springfield or the upper portion of Dolly Parton, it has hundreds ranging from the Pro's to the WNF's. But the main thing is that it is protection in numbers, a regression back to the tribal instinct if you like, and God help anybody who's not a member of that said-same tribe (and like the early missionaries, to a bunch of SF fans an F fan can be a very tasty snack).

As to why there is a sudden rush to see stuff like Alien and Superman, the answer is simple; brainwashing. With the aid of mass media you could make a film a smash hit just by putting out the odd snippet of film with the blurb of "This film is not for the nervous or the squeemish"... this is enough to pull Joe Nobody off the streets and into the cinema. Let's face it, Alien got its reputation from the word of mouth method; "... and then there's this thing that comes leaping out of this guy's chest!...". It's something that you must have heard sometime during a society meeting.

With Superman it was the hard sell; "And you'll believe that a man can fly..." backed up with so much TV ad time that I wondered if ITV had been bought out by the film company.

***** Now for some further thoughts on book cover artwork.

KENNETH WALTON, 19 Gloucester Avenue, Bowerham, Lancaster
After all this talk of book cover illustrations as art, how about some comments on the relevance of a cover to the contents of the book? Many covers give a completely false picture of the book's contents. At a recent literature festival in Lancaster, both Christopher Priest and Bob Shaw expressed dissatisfaction with the covers of some of their books. As Priest said, the cover of "Fuge for a Darkening Island" has no scene remotely like it inside. And Bob Shaw said that one edition of his "Ground Zero Man" was banned from some shops because of its cover; but the publisher refused to change it.

I think that authors should have some say in what their books have on the covers; after all, writing is their livelihood and if a book is banned

because of a cover which has nothing to do with the book, their livelihood will suffer.

On the subject of a £10 membership fee, I think there would be a lot of prospective members put off by this. I am still at school and would not have been able to afford £6 if I had not got the membership fee as a birthday present. I think the mailings are good value for money, but having to pay out large amounts of money at one time is rather offputting, especially at £10. A friend of mine, who has never managed to scrape together the £6 says that he would join if he could pay subscription for half a year. This may be a way to get new members, although the administrative problems might become too complicated.

It will be interesting to see how many people who show interest in the BSFA actually join. I got 20 membership forms displayed on the SF rack of a bookshop in Lancaster and they had all been taken in two weeks. I am now waiting to see how many new members from this area appear on the next amendment list. Keep your eyes peeled. Perhaps the experiment could be continued on a national scale by other members to get more significant results.

***** Don't worry too much about the £10 membership fee, I for one will be fighting to keep the rate as low as possible and with the savings envisaged on the printing costs (see my editorial) it becomes more realistic to keep the figure down. Half-yearly membership rate is not a bad idea, I'll raise it at the next committee meeting. Keith Freeman will be the one to find the admin problems.

PHILIP J WRIGHT Combe Folly, Cliff Way, Compton Down, Nr Winchester
Continuing the membership discussion, I want to see the BSFA expand. True it is likely that many Star Wars/Blake's Seven type fans are going to join but it may well be that by joining they can be introduced to far better SF and realise what a load of rubbish it is they preciousely raved about. I think that more publicity is necessary as I am sure that there are many true SF fans who are not aware or do not know how to join the BSFA. For example, last summer I met someone whose SF collection was as large as, if not greater, than my own, but who was unaware of the existence of the BSFA. I was able to subsequently show him some of the previous BSFA publications. (Incidentally if Lewis(?) from Kent reads this and remembers me from ADAS Wye last summer I'd love to hear from you.) One area of publicity which I think should be covered is the issuing of posters or something similar to as many libraries as possible.

On another subject, I have been surprised to see no discussion of the second series of THGTH. Am I alone in feeling that the series was not quite as good as the first. The reasons why are hard to define - perhaps someone else has some ideas. Having said that, I don't want to make it look as if I did not enjoy it. I still enjoyed it tremendously but among its many strong points were some weak ones such as escapin from the Vogons and the communication with Zaphod's long dead great-to-the-(I've temporarily forgotten how many)-nth grandfather.

***** I would like to think that the BSFA could broaden the horizons of Star Wars/Blakes 7 type fans and far from make them feel bad for having enjoyed "rubbish" (a value judgement I cannot automatically agree with) make them aware that this is just a part of a much broader spectrum.

Once again, let me say that if any member would like to distribute

posters to their local libraries please let Alan, Sandy Brown or us know and we'll send you some.

I'm sorry there was a wave of indifference to the last HHGTTG series. I had hoped to include a review of it but none was forthcoming, anybody like to do a critique now? (late as it is!).

WILLIAM T GOODALL, The Beeches, Deveron Road, Huntly

Alex Stewart quite rightly points out that tv sf isn't made for sf fans, but for a 'mass audience'... but there does seem to be an implication in his loc that big budgets and mass audience popularity just don't leave room for quality. What's wrong with big budgets and popular appeal? SF fans are part of the 'mass audience' too. Of course there are the horrible examples like "Space: 1999" - but if bad SF does so well, shouldn't good SF do better? I mean, it's never been tried!

Ashley Walker raises some good points about THE CRITICS. It isn't self-evident why the pronouncements of the critics should be taken seriously. I certainly don't think there are satisfactorily established standards in sf criticism, and that's why I find the assumption of such by certain critics annoying. It's the sort of carelessness that throws away credibility and brings the critical approach (which I think is valuable) into undeserved disrepute.

ARNOLD AKIEN, 6 Dunelane Road, Seaburn, Sunderland

I was pleased to see in the YORCON II bid leaflet that the BSFA are supporting the 1981 Eastercon, and we will be playing a vital role in publicity and communication. When I say "we" of course, I mean you workers of the BSFA rather than me and my fellow drones (sorry, but it's a bit difficult to commute from Sunderland to help with the mailings). That being so I hesitate to ask this - but here goes.

Are we (there's that "we" again) doing anything to aid the Scandinavian bid for the 1983 World Con? I ask from purely selfish motives, SEACON was great fun, and I'd like to attend another worldcon. Since Copenhagen (which is where they plan to hold it) is a good deal closer than any other likely convention site, I mean, Boston's far enough but Australia! It seems to me that the best bet for me, and my fellow British paupers, is a Scandinavian con. Now, I am a presupporting member of the Scandinavian bid, but that's about as much as a humble neo-fan is able to do to help.

I know you, and all the other fans who planned, organised and ran SEACON must be fed up with the subject of Worldcon organisation (the classic hangover moan, "Never Again" no doubt); but you do represent a heck of a big pool of knowledge on winning the battle for a worldcon, and on making a huge success of it once having won. Of course I know nothing of the competence of the Scandinavian bidding committee, but their bid for the 1983 con represents the best chance many British fans have of attending a worldcon in the near future.

***** I'm not too sure of the BSFA's policy (if it has one) on supporting foreign convention bids. The policy in the past has been (sometimes) to support the winning bid for a British Eastercon. I don't think your suggestion would be too practical unless all the membership was in favour of a particular bid, which is as likely as I am to win a Nobel prize. We really have to let individual's make up their own minds. Anyway, you praise our experience a little too highly; don't forget Eve and I were the only members of the Committee who were actually involved in the bidding stage for SEACON, and no-one

can call us experts as we came in at the tail-end of the bidding.

WAHF

Rob Freath - who sent a picture postcard of Worcester Cathedral - nice!
Shane Feeney - who sent some cartoons which I hope to be featuring in
the next issue

Nic Howard - who liked the M29 cover, I'll do some more for future issues.

Thanks to all those who wrote. We really do enjoy receiving all your
letters, even if they are not printed. So if you just want to say
'like the Captive, hated P.94(!), etc, then please do

Miscellany Corner

MEMBERS' NOTICEBOARD

This is the section of Matrix for advertising your wants, for sales,
new fanzines; in fact, almost anything. Just send the details to the
Matrix editorial address and leave the rest up to us.

The Usual No 1 is now out and is available for trade, article, LoC, etc
from its co-editors Nic Howard (5 Grays Lane, Downley, High Wycombe) and
Chris Lewis (4 Southfield Road, High Wycombe).

WANTED poetry/fiction, 7500 words or less, for Fusion. Extracts from
novels considered if they are self-contained. Content is any subject
except SF/Fantasy. Contact Ken Mann at 22 Pennethorne Road, Peckham,
London SE15 5TQ.

WANTED - any paperbacks by Barrington J Bayley concerning the robot
Jasperodus. Please contact Geraint Rees, 90 Crawshaw St, Ynygybw1,
Nr Pontypridd, Glam, S Wales.

FOR SALE. The fanzine editor's DIY production kit. One Roneo hand
duplicator and one Olivetti portable office typewriter (a bit bigger than
a portable but smaller than an office) - much used for Matrix! £40 o.n.o.
Contact John & Eve Harvey at the Matrix editorial address. P.S. Don't
forget we'll still cut electrostencils for you. Only 80p each for vinyl
plus 20p per order postage.

BOOKSHOP ROUND UP

Just one catalogue in this edition's round-up and it came from Starbuck. Plenty of secondhand bargains here, send an SAE for a list to:
A F James, 17 Byford Close, Stratford, London E15 4HP

COMPETITION

Dave Langford's brain-bender from Matrix 29 brought in a bumper response of over 10 entries. And there was I thinking nobody would be able to get an answer just because I haven't solved it yet! So I'll have to let Dave give you the answer in his own words.

" Notes on 'Puzzle for Xenologists'

This is the sort of puzzle best solved by drawing a chart and crossing things off. The Earthling doesn't own the herring or beetle since neither creature is prone to drop turds from a great height; nor is he Yngvi since Yngvi replies to his comment; the forgetful Wentletrap cannot be the eidetic-memored Arcturan... However, there's one trap - the various comments about pets' legs, when closely examined, show: Unprn'nobl always has a pet with more legs than before; 3 exchanges have already been made; no-one has had the same pet twice; Yngvi hasn't yet had the 1000-limbed Thuban Thingy. Thus Unprn'nobl must have had it already, and since he can still change to a pet with more legs it is inescapable that the Thuban Thingy must have fewer than 6 legs (the number on a beetle), and thus at least 995 arms, tentacles or whatever... Once this elementary point has been grasped, readers will instantly see that Yngvi was the albatross-owner and Xanthopsia the Denebian."

Well that leaves just two correct entries (thank goodness for those!). Most entrants realised that Yngvi owned the albatross, but thought that Xanthopsia came from Capella. The winning answers came from Martin Ward and Mike Gould, so I'll magnanimously award two prizes and call it a draw. Mike said "I would suggest the Earthling stands at the other end of his giraffe". Whilst Martin added "If Dave Langford had perpetrated this puzzle before the TAFE vote he would have received no votes at all. In fact, I hope the 995 arms of the Thuban Thingy are around his throat! Actually, a fine puzzle."

Now for something completely different - this issue's competition. It seemed rather appropriate that following the lengthy discussions in our 'Mailbag' section recently on the subject of sf illustration vs art, that we should have an art-orientated competition. So we scouted around and came up with the illustration on this issue's front cover. This is by a well-known sf fan artist but rather out-of-character with his usual style. Can you guess who drew it?

A final point about prizes: those past winners we have had may have noticed a dearth of packages dropping through their letter-boxes containing free paperbacks. There are two reasons for this: (a) it was getting extremely difficult to find books that the winners did not already have from the small collection we were given; (b) we no longer are given the review copies of paperbacks that used to come filtering our way. Therefore, we are now awarding book tokens. And we promise to get them out to you all 'real soon now'. So don't give up hope!

Once again the Matrix review column leaps into action bringing you coverage of the new Star Wars epic and a look at the inside of 2000 AD.

Won't Get Fooled Again ?

THE BLEEP GOES ON: some comments on The Empire Strikes Back

Chris Evans

I enjoyed STAR WARS. I thought it was a cleverly wrought and entertaining piece of escapism whose main virtue was that it brought to vivid cinematic life all the great images and motifs of space opera: the futuristic hardware, the exotic planets, the aliens, and so on. Some people have complained that it was just a tissue of cliches, but the very fact that it blatantly used archetypal material from other genres - World War II dogfights, Western saloon confrontations, etc. - added to its appeal for me.

And now we have THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK, which the title sequence informs us is Chapter 5 of the saga. This foxed me until someone explained that it's part of the chronology which George Lucas and his team have worked out. There are not only to be further sequels to STAR WARS, but also three prequels dealing with the earlier lives of Luke Skywalker, Han Solo and the Princess. (Will we see Darth Vader as a juvenile delinquent beating up old ladies, I wonder. Will we find out when he first developed asthma?)

Sequels are seldom as good as their predecessors since they usually tend to trade too heavily on past glories. EMPIRE falls into this trap to some extent, and is not even in itself as complete a film as STAR WARS was. Numerous plot threads are left dangling at the end, to be picked up in the next installment, one assumes (the screenplay is by Leigh Brackett and Lawrence Kasdan, based on a story by George Lucas), and there's no rousing finale to compare with the attack on the Death Star. The best action sequences in fact occur at the beginning of the film, with the Empire's forces attacking the rebels' base on the ice world called (if memory serves me correctly) Hoth. (Funny name for an ice world.) This is exciting, spectacular stuff, with trundling mechanical dinosaurs relentlessly advancing on the rebel stronghold. The action is fast and furious, and one tries to ignore the fact that the rebels' counter-offensive tactics make the Charge of the Light Brigade look like a sane enterprise in comparison.

The storyline went a bit limp after that for me, with Luke Skywalker going in search of Obi-wan Kenobi's mentor, Yoda. He finds him on a swampy planet, and we discover that Yoda is a Muppet. Well, he's not actually intended to be a Muppet, but he talks with Fozzie Bear's (Frank Oz's) voice. Presumably this is intended to be endearing, as are the continued burblings and bleepings of R2-D2 and C-3PO; Gary Kurtz (who directed EMPIRE, George Lucas having moved into the more administrative position of Executive Producer) has obviously striven to inject into EMPIRE similar (in fact, more) moments of light relief to the ones which were so successful in STAR WARS. The trouble is that a joke repeated too often soon wears thin, and by the end of EMPIRE, C-3PO in particular was starting to get up my nose.

The film as a whole veers perilously close to turning the novelties of STAR WARS into cliches. Han, Luke and the Princess don't quite stagnate as characters largely because the script allows for some development in the romantic triangle between them, but the signs are all there; Darth Vader

struts about as malevolently as ever, being almost too bad to be true, but just avoiding becoming a parody of himself by virtue of a startling secret which he divulges to Luke towards the end of the film, much to Luke's horror; a new character, Landro Calrissian, is added to the cast, and although he doesn't really do much, he is at least on hand to correct the omission of STAR WARS and prove that there were indeed black people inhabiting the cosmos in the long-ago days of the Empire; and finally Obi-wan Kenobi makes a few etherial appearances, sounding rather bored with the whole thing.

But lest I create the impression that EMPIRE is a failure, I should hasten to add that I enjoyed it - just. It's more uneven than STAR WARS, but the best bits (the ice world sequences, the cryogenic freezing of Han Solo, and Luke's laser-sword duel with the dastardly Darth) are well up to par; but it tends to flag a little in between, and ultimately left me with the impression that the rot is just beginning to set in. STAR WARS never was an original movie, but the characters and situations were fresh, and to remain interesting the cast must evolve and change, as real people do. Towards the end of EMPIRE, Luke has his hand chopped off by Vader; then he's rescued, and later we see him wearing a prosthetic replacement which is indistinguishable from the real thing. Suddenly we realize that whatever misfortunes befall Luke in future, he will eventuall come through utterly intact, just like the good sheriff or the dedicated cop or even Captain Kirk. He's the hero who must survive so that he can become the hero again in the next episode. It's then that Luke really becomes larger than life - and less real. It's then that the STAR WARS saga shows ominous signs of impending fossilization.



Back in 1974 I wrote an article on SF in comics (see GHAS4*) that examined the treatment of SF themes in comics, comic book adaptations of SF originals, and the contributions of SF writers to the field. The article concentrated on American comics since there were none in Britain that used SF to any extent, but early in 1977 all that changed. 2000 AD, a superb mix of originality and brilliant parody, hit the stands and comics will never be the same again.

In an attempt to create a ready-made market 2000 AD used Dan Dare as its lead feature but this was no longer the Dan Dare of the fifties, a character whose

(* If anybody would like to read Rob's article then drop Eve and I a line at the Matrix editorial address.)

role model could be seen in such people as Richard Todd and Anthony Steele, but a re-vamped more brutal Dare having more in common with Clint Eastwood than with the clean-cut guardian of the spaceways remembered by so many of us. This transformation of a familiar and beloved hero did not pass without comment, the protests of those with fond childhood memories of the character even reaching the letters page of the Sunday Times. However, Dan Dare's transformation was not the first he had undergone as an article on Frank Hampson in a recent issue of the Drawing Paper ('the Fortnightly Journal for Draughtsmen, Engineering Designers, Architects and Graphic Designers') reveals:

"Dan's metamorphosis into Pilot of the Future was quite remarkable considering he started life as a female detective called Dorothy Dare. Detective stories did not, however, have the making of a popular and startling series of cover stories. The choice for the cover was usually either a western or a science fiction story. When Hampson decided on science fiction, he changed Dorothy's sex. Even so, Dan Dare's character was by no means finalised. At first, in keeping with the paper's religious origins, he was given a dog collar. However, as Chaplain of the Future, Dan's appeal was somewhat limited."

As a device for attracting an audience the inclusion of Dan Dare as lead feature in the fledgling 2000 AD may well have succeeded but it soon became apparent that the real star of 2000 AD was not Dan Dare but a character not introduced until the second issue, a character called Judge Dredd.

In the Judge Dredd strip the attitudes and mores of Clint Eastwood's Dirty Harry have been incorporated into the legal code of a post-holocaust USA, a society policed by the Judges, tough no-nonsense law officers in whom the functions of law giver and law enforcer have been combined. Just who the law makers are has never been fully made clear. Dredd is based in Mega-City One, a huge megalopolis covering the entire eastern seaboard of the USA, a city walled off from both the Cursed Earth, a mutant-infested post-atomic wasteland, and the Black Atlantic, the poisoned oceans where Sov-Bloc warships roam.

Like so much in 2000 AD Judge Dredd is a fusion of ideas lifted from many sources and welded into something both wondrous and original. Judge Dredd's name may be lifted from the reggae classic by Prince Buster but his persona is all his own. In 'The Cursed Earth', a 26-part epic, Dredd led a team of Judges in a desperate race to get vital medical supplies to Mega-City Two, Mega-City One's west coast counterpart, to cure an epidemic there. The plot was an obvious 'lift' from Damnation Alley but showed more flair and verve in a single episode than that lamentable film did in its entire hour and a half. In one strip an ageing Judge says:

"When you get old you get strange notions... like maybe people aren't so bad. Maybe if we treat 'em with kindness, the good in them will come out. I guess that's when it's time to quit."

Quite. Judge Dredd is based on attitudes now regarded as unfashionable and illiberal but it's the very novelty of these ideas in modern comics that has given the strip the air of freshness and invention that led to its well-deserved success.

In the final analysis the transformation of Dan Dare was not a success, his strip ending, ignominiously, in mid-story in issue 126. Those who remembered him in his original incarnation were repelled by this new-look Dare and are more likely to find solace in the Dragon's Dream reprints of

the early Frank Hampson Dan Dare strips than in even a straight continuation of the original series, because Dare's value today lies in nostalgia rather than in new adventures. When all is said and done Dan Dare was a hero for the fifties, firmly based in and reflecting the morality and mores of the time, but Judge Dredd is most definitely a hero for the eighties reflecting the tastes and attitudes of today more succinctly than Dare could ever hope to. In a time when mainstream American comics, so full of originality and creative vitality in the sixties, have fallen into the formula mentality of the US TV networks, the same basic half-dozen or so plots being endlessly re-run, 2000 AD in the shape of Judge Dredd offers a series of originality and wit that is still growing and can only get better. For that we should be profoundly grateful.

News

THE CHAIRMAN'S GUIDE TO TRAVELLING BRITAIN

Wielding such awesome power as I do, I feel that every now and again I should go out into the provinces and meet the People. This Grand Design is helped, of course, by the vast amounts of money I obtain in the form of Expenses in return for my many services to the BSFA. You would be surprised just how much that chauffeur-driven Rolls, with cocktail bar, colour TV, video-tape recorder and Gestetner Duplicator costs the membership. And that's not including my British Rail pass, enabling me to borrow the Royal Train at the mere drop of a fanzine, and travel off into the depths of the United Kingdom. But, the picture is not all rosy; you would be shocked, nay horrified at the vast expense account lunches and drinks I am forced to consume in the course of my business; all that damage being done to my liver and kidneys, all that rich, expensive foreign food, giving rise to possible stomach ulcers and the horrendous prospect of putting on weight when one has just been given life membership to the Squash club (cost to the BSFA, only £5,400).

Still, despite these pretensions (and believe you me, committee expenses are always kept to the minimum; indeed, in 1979 we reduced our general expenses by over 50% on 1978), I have been travelling around Britain a lot quite recently, and have managed to drop in and see several local groups and meet people I generally only see at cons, or read about in Simon Ounsley's thrilling 'Life on Mars' column. Quite often with these visits, I con... err... graciously allow people to join the BSFA upon payment of the requisite fee, plus commission (usually a pint of best bitter or any old copies of the magazine New Worlds). This year alone, I've been to see the Glasgow group, Keele University group, Harrow College of Higher Education Group, the Folkestone crowd, the Leeds University Group, the justly famous Surrey Limpwrist and most importantly, as things fannish tend to be at present, the Leeds group, who are busily engaged in putting together their second Eastercon in only three years. I'd just like to take this chance and thank all those who've given me free food, provided me with drink, free beds and other necessities of life during my travels.

Long may you continue to do so!

At Keele, where I went down from Leeds with the general idea of attending one of their Unicon committee meetings, I was pleasantly surprised by the reasonableness of the facilities they have there for a convention. The horrors of Mancon will not be repeated, and besides, Graham James (with whom I travelled) and I managed to drop enough hints as to what we'd like to see at the convention, so at least two people will like it. Anything that goes wrong, don't blame the gallant John Fairey (Union chairman) or Chrissie Pearson, 'cos they was just following orders! By the time you read this, Unicon will either be looming large on the horizon, or fading into the Fannish memory, depending upon the vagaries of the British Postal system. I understand some people didn't receive their BSFA mailing last time until nearly two weeks after they were posted out. Don't write to us... blame the GPO; we pay them enough to keep this 'service' going. Any way, by all accounts, Unicon will be a good convention; smaller than an Eastercon, not as luxurious, slightly more spread out, but nonetheless, fine entertainment, which is what, after all, a convention should be.

I work on the Harrow/Wembley borders, mad fool that I am, and was thus surprised when someone tugged my sleeve at a recent One Tun meeting in London and asked me if I was Alan Dorey, and that if so, would I like to come along to the Harrow College SF Group meeting next Tuesday. Now, I once did a course at Harrow College, and seeing as it was only a ten minute drive from work, I bravely decided to go along. It's a new group (chairman Peter Wright can no doubt be read in Simon Ounsley's column) and whilst starting from modest beginnings, already has a nucleus of people who appear dedicated to getting something of real worth going. They certainly seem to be remembered by people. I told Chris Priest about them, not so long ago, and in a recent letter from him he told me some hot news straight from the press that there was another SF group in Harrow, namely at the college... Oh well, he can be forgiven, since he's busily knocking together another novel. What it is to be a Power In The Land.

The Leeds Group, one with which I was heavily involved in former days, and still take the opportunity to visit once a month at the regular 'Northern Tun' meetings (last Friday of every month at about 8 in the West Riding pub, Wellington Street), is going from strength to strength at the moment, although having now said this, they'll probably collapse within the hour. Attendances have been high, and there seems to be much activity, with regular fanzines, and the solid core of the group who are running the Easter Convention next year at the Dragonara Hotel. Called, with great originality, YORCON II, it seems to be shaping up to be a good convention bid, and for those wishing to go along, the first Progress Report (16 pages) is now ready. All those who attended ALBACON and YORCON I should get a free copy, and for those who would like a copy to enable them to make up their minds, it's obtainable from Graham James at 12 Fearnville Terrace, Oakwood, Leeds LS8 3DU for a stamped addressed envelope. For those wishing to attend anyway, the membership fee is only £6, cheques and postal orders made payable to YORCON II.

The Surrey Limpwrist, of whom much has been said, still meet twice a month in Surbiton, and I won't say more than that otherwise I'll be accused of poaching Simon's territory. Suffice to say, many of the BSFA council are members, including Janice Maule (our new treasurer), Joseph Nicholas (fire and brimstone reviewer), Kev Smith (our Company Secretary), Dave Langford (our Special Projects Officer and Press Release Editor), Chris Evans & Rob Holdstock (Focus Editors), John & Eve Harvey (hardworking and tolerant Matrix editors), and of course, a certain unknown Chairman.

So, anyone that says that regional fandom is dying a slow and horrible death will have a lot to contend with, and not just the Hit Men of the BSFA council (sorry, Hit People... mustn't forget Janice and Eve).

The BSFA itself is chugging along quite effectively at present. The third Press Release has now been issued (those wanting copies are invited to write to Dave Langford at 22 Northumberland Avenue, Reading RG2 7PW), and we are busily compiling a new membership form, together with a fresh supply of posters and advertising sheets. We'll be having a desk at Unicon to take new memberships and sell back issues of BSFA magazines, together with copies of The Best of Elmer T Hack, and we'll also be able to take orders for the special discount of £2 on THE HITCH-HIKERS GUIDE TO THE GALAXY record, only available to BSFA members. (Please see the ad on the back cover of Vector 98 for further details). And then in the near future there should be the start of the regular BSFA meetings in London... more details will be released when everything has been finalised, but rest assured, action is taking place and dividends will soon be paid. (Please forgive the strange approach to putting words together, but working for an insurance company has taken its toll on my journalistic style). However, there is one major event with which the BSFA will not only be involved, but will be playing a pioneering part. This is the possibility of the 1984 European Convention (Eurocon) being held in Britain.

I've had several discussions with Chris Priest (whose idea it was... although whether Wigan pier can accommodate us will have to be seen nearer the time) and John Brunner, over this matter, and it looks as though with the right planning and approach, we can bring the Eurocon to Britain.

John is heavily involved with the cons, and attended the last one held in Stresa; John has kindly written us an article giving full details as to what might be expected at such an event, and the way in which we should go about organising ourselves into a steering committee to bring off the bid. But why 1984? Well, the con normally oscillates between East and West Europe, and will be held in Hungary next year, where a bidding party of people will have to go in order to pull off this coup. Then we'll need at least two years to plan the whole thing down to the finest detail. Generally, they are far more serious, sober affairs than traditional conventions, but should the initial steering committee started off by the BSFA see this thing through, then the sort of convention we envisage would be along British fannish lines, whilst accommodating the European contingents. I hope that we'll also push it hard enough to make the Americans feel as though it'll be an event worth attending. Not quite a Worldcon, but certainly something that will give the BSFA a central focus, will push it forward, well into the 1980s and at the same time, revitalise British fandom and lift it out of the apparent lethargy it seems to have fallen into since Seacon last year.

There will be many problems; it won't be easy. Not the least of our troubles will be finding a site in time, and getting a strong and committed group of people together to run the initial bid. In Europe, it is usually the practice for the national SF organisation to start the ball rolling, and this is why I believe the BSFA is, initially, the appropriate body. John Brunner's article (which will be published in the next BSFA mailing in August) will set the scene, and I hope to have a few more concrete ideas by then, such as people who want to be involved, and the action that needs to be taken. However, it is sufficient at present that the idea has been floated and that discussion can follow. Anyone who has anything to contribute - be it negative or positive - are strongly urged to write to me at 286 Ballards Lane, Finchley, London N12 0ET, and I'll set up a

forum for comment in the next Matrix. One important thing as far as the BSFA is concerned (as far as the members are concerned) is that they will feel involved with something of great importance to things science fictional, and that a larger convention of Eurocon's nature will attract the authors, publishers and personalities from the various corners of the world that a British Easter con cannot hope to get. So even if you're not totally enthralled by the idea of a large fannish type convention, there will at least be a strong Science Fiction element there for those that want it. Still, I'll break off until next time, when I hope to be able to report more fully on the strength of opinion and the temperature of the water.

Hmmm,... getting a bit serious there. Accusations of Empire Building will no doubt wing their way to my new abode in Finchley. Still, we BSFA Chairmen can always look to the old expense account, so if you'll excuse me, I'm just off to the Moss Hall Tavern across the road for a few drinks on the BSFA (cost to the members, only £765!). See you all next issue.

Alan Dorey

NEWS OF THE SF WORLD

From Across the Atlantic

New Dune Book

Frank Herbert has signed a multiple book contract with Berkley/Putnam for a rumoured advance of \$750,000. At least two books, a minstream novel plus the fourth 'Dune' book are involved. The working title for the new 'Dune' book is "Sandworms of Dune" set some 3,500 years after "Children of Dune".

Ellison & Bova win lawsuit

Harlan Ellison and Ben Bova's plagiarism lawsuit against ABC-TV and Paramount Pictures has been settled for \$285,000. Their suit claimed that the short story "Brillo" (Analog, August 1970) and a screenplay written by Ellison and Bova were used in production of the television programme 'Future Cop'. However, payment has been held up because of remarks Ellison made on a TV show and in Time magazine. A threat to sue for libel and/or slander has been made!

Competition for Omni

Discover is a new science magazine to be launched in the USA in October 1980 by Time Inc as a direct competitor for Omni. It will be Time-sized and have 30 colour pages and aim to bring science to the lay reader. But it will not feature any fiction! I wonder if it will get UK distribution?

Galileo in decline

Another step in the decline of the SF magazine has been taken as the switch to irregular schedules for Galileo and its new companion magazine Galaxy. In addition, their editorial budgets have been cut and the news-stand distribution dropped.

Back In The UK

Make Space, Make Space!

A strange piece appeared in Small Mammal, a newszine distributed at the One Tun, about the British Interplanetary Society. Now the BIS are all about space exploration but their recent symposium had limited admission,

by ticket only, because of limited space!

Michael Moorcock and the Sex Pistols

Virgin Books are publishing the book of the Sex Pistols' movie 'The Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle'. Written by Michael Moorcock it will appear in a tabloid newspaper format ("the first time since Dickens").

People

Richard Cowper is currently working on the sequel to 'The Road to Corlay', tentatively titled 'A Tapestry of Time', which should be completed this summer. Other stories set in the same world are likely.

Stephen Donaldson who is working on 'The Second Chronicles of Thomas Covenant' has sold a mystery novel to Ballantine entitled 'The Man Who Killed His Brother.' It appears that in order to allow the book to sell on its own merit, rather than the author's name, a pseudonym will be used!

Ian Watson's new Gollancz title, 'The Garden of Delight' is set in the Hieronymous Bosch painting of the same name (well approximately the same) as an extra-terrestrial reality. He has also completed a collaboration with Michael Bishop, 'Under Heaven's Bridge', which features enigmatic aliens who are a blend of the organic and the cybernetic.

Brian Aldiss is currently working on a novel, 'Helliconia', and is planning a second volume about Malacia, 'The Igara Testament'.

Richard Adams's new book, 'Girl on a Swing', (published by Allen Lane) is set in contemporary society, is about people and is a ghost story. Good, eh?

Douglas Adams is planning to visit the USA in the autumn for a Hitch Hiker publicity tour. Talking of the Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy, the Rainbow Theatre is presenting Ken Campbell's stage version. With a bit of luck we'll feature a review in the next issue.

Into Filthy Prodom!

David Langford has announced his retirement from the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment in July to become a man of leisure! We understand that his wife, Hazel, is making lots of plans for him to do lots of gardening and house decorating. However, Dave has some idea of trying full-time writing. The burning question is can a pro-writer truly honour his TAFF responsibilities? can he really be fan guest of honour at Yorcon? Look to your conscience Mr Langford!

And now, Jim Barker tells all. He is also giving up the easy life for the trials and tribulations of free-lance in October so, take it away Jim.... "I'm sorry to say that the "Captive" strip you're just about to read is the last one I shall be doing for the foreseeable future. You might have read my little announcement in Ansible that I'm currently putting together a portfolio of commercial work in the hope of finding a better job. This is taking up all the time I usually use for fannish activities and so my fannish output is going to be drastically reduced. Unhappily that means that I won't be able to contribute the 'Captive' on a regular basis. However, since doing the strip is the fannish activity which gives me the most pleasure, I'm NOT giving him up entirely. He will be back for sporadic appearances (you don't get rid of me as easily as that...). I'd like to thank everyone who's sent or given me scripts. I'll probably get around to using them eventually. In the meantime, though, unless you're prepared for a long, long wait it's probably best not to send anymore.

"By the way, Elmer isn't dead. As some of you may know, this strip was planned to usher in his new series "Half Death" (he's in a coma, you see...)

which I'd planned to run in Vector. And I may even get around to it some day, but not right now.

"Thanks also to all those people who've said how much they enjoy reading 'The Captive'. I'm glad you get as much fun out of reading it as I do from drawing it. Keep an eye out, because he'll be back. Most definitely he'll be back..."

If anybody knows of any outlets for Jim's cartoons, he'll be resident at the Matrix editorial address from October - any work you can get for him helps pay his rent, you know, so we have a vested interest in his success in the big wide world of free-lance !

Awards

What, more awards? Yep, hardly an issue goes by without the release of yet more thrilling award news. This time it's the Nebula awards (awarded by the SFWA - Science Fiction Writers of America).

BEST NOVEL - 'The Fountains of Paradise' - Arthur C Clarke

'On Wings of Song' - Thomas M Disch

'Titan' ; John Varley

BEST NOVELLA - "Enemy Mine" - Barry B Longyear (IASFM - Sept 1979)

"Fireship" - Joan D Vinge (Analog - Dec 1979)

"The Tale of Gorgik" - Samuel R Delany (Asimov's SF Adventure Magazine - Summer 1979)

BEST NOVELETTE - "Sandkings" - George R R Martin (Omni - August 1979)

"Options" - John Varley (Universe 9)

"The Ways of Love" - Poul Anderson (Destinies No. 2)

BEST SHORT STORY - "giANTS" - Edward Bryant (Analog - August 1979)

"Unaccompanied Sonata" - Orson Scott Card (Omni - March 1979)

"The Way of Cross & Dragon" - George R R Martin (Omni - June 1979)

American Book Awards are newly inaugurated in the USA and have categories for every genre and type of book including SF. Reports of the award ceremony made it sound rather tedious. The SF winners were 'Jem' by Frederick Pohl in the hardback category and the paperback winner was 'The Book of the Dun Cow' by Walter Wangerin Jr (see Paul Kincaid's review in the latest Vector).

Top Ten Paperbacks in the UK

This issue's top ten has been supplied by Rob King, SF Bookshop, West Cross Causeway, Edinburgh, Scotland.

1. Empire Strikes Back - Donald F Glut (I don't believe a name like that!)
2. Marvel Comics' version of 'The Empire Strikes Back'
3. Adventures of Catherine Cornelius and Una Persson in 21st Century - Michael Moorcock
4. Eye of the Heron - LeGuin/Kidd
5. Han Solo's Revenge - Daly
6. Enchanter Completed - Sprague de Camp/Pratt
7. Perry's Planet - Jack Haldeman II
8. Russian Intelligence - Michael Moorcock
9. Driftglass - Samuel R Delaney
10. Jesus Incident - Herbert/Ransom

Convention Up-date

Unicon 80 - This convention at Keele University is virtually upon us (or could well be over by the time you read this), the date of it being July 4-7. We'll have a report next issue, all being well.

Polycon 80 - (subtitled Shoestring Con 2), October 3, 4 & 5 at Hatfield Polytechnic. Guest of honour is Ian Watson. The publicity blurb says "Shoestring Cons are... cheap, friendly, have a full programme (often double programme), informal, etc...".

Membership is £2.00 until July 30th then £2.50. More details from Pete Gilligan, White Cottage, Mimms Lane Shenly (near Radlett), Herts. Send large SAE.

Fantasy Con IV - Also takes place over 3 - 5 October but this time at the Imperial Hotel, Birmingham. Supporting membership is £1 and guest of honour is Ramsey Campbell. Contact is Mike Chinn, 1 Buttery Rd, Smethwick, Warley, West Midlands B67 7NS.

Novacon 10 - Britain's 'other' major SF convention is this year celebrating its tenth anniversary. Guest of honour is Brian Aldiss. The place is the Royal Angus, Birmingham and the dates 31st October - 2nd November. Contact Krystyna Bula c/o 'Nurseryland', 183 Shenley Rd, Boreham Wood, Herts for further details.

Yorcon 2 - The first progress report has just been published and as promised it is substantial. It features an item on Ian Watson (guest of honour), one by Dave Langford (fan guest of honour) plus all the usual guff. Convention dates are 17th - 20th April 1981 and the location is the Dragonara Hotel, Leeds. Contact Graham James, 12 Fearnville Terrace, Oakwood, Leeds LS8 3DU for further details (see Alan Dorey's article in the News Section).

Fan Funds

No sooner has the TAFF race been run and won that it's time to start again! The Transatlantic Fan Fund was started back in the fifties to help British and American fans to visit conventions across the Atlantic. It is usual for two or more candidates to be nominated by fans from both countries. Voting is by all fans (who are willing to contribute to the fund) and the winner gets to cross the Atlantic.

This year's winner was Dave Langford (hard luck Jim) who will visit Noreascon, the 1980 Worldcon, in Boston in August. The return visit will be by an American who will come over next easter for Yorcon II and nominations for this are now open. Watch this space for further details!

GUFF - this is another fan fund, originally entitled 'Get Up-&-Over Fan Fund' and established to bring an Australian fan to SEACON. Run along the lines of TAFF, the next trip will be to send a British fan to Australia next year, in time for the Adelaide convention in June 1981. Nominations for this honour open on July 1 and closed on August 31, followed by voting to January 31 1981. The winner should know his/her fate in early February. At present there appear to be two firm candidates Malcolm Edwards and Joseph Nicholas, and hopefully we will have a larger contest when the nominations close. For more information, contact the British Administrator, Rob Jackson, 8 Lavender Road, West Ewell, Surrey KT19 9EB. For our overseas readers, the Australian Administrator is John Voyster, 21 Shakespeare Grove, St Kilda Vic 3182, Australia.

The CAPTIVE

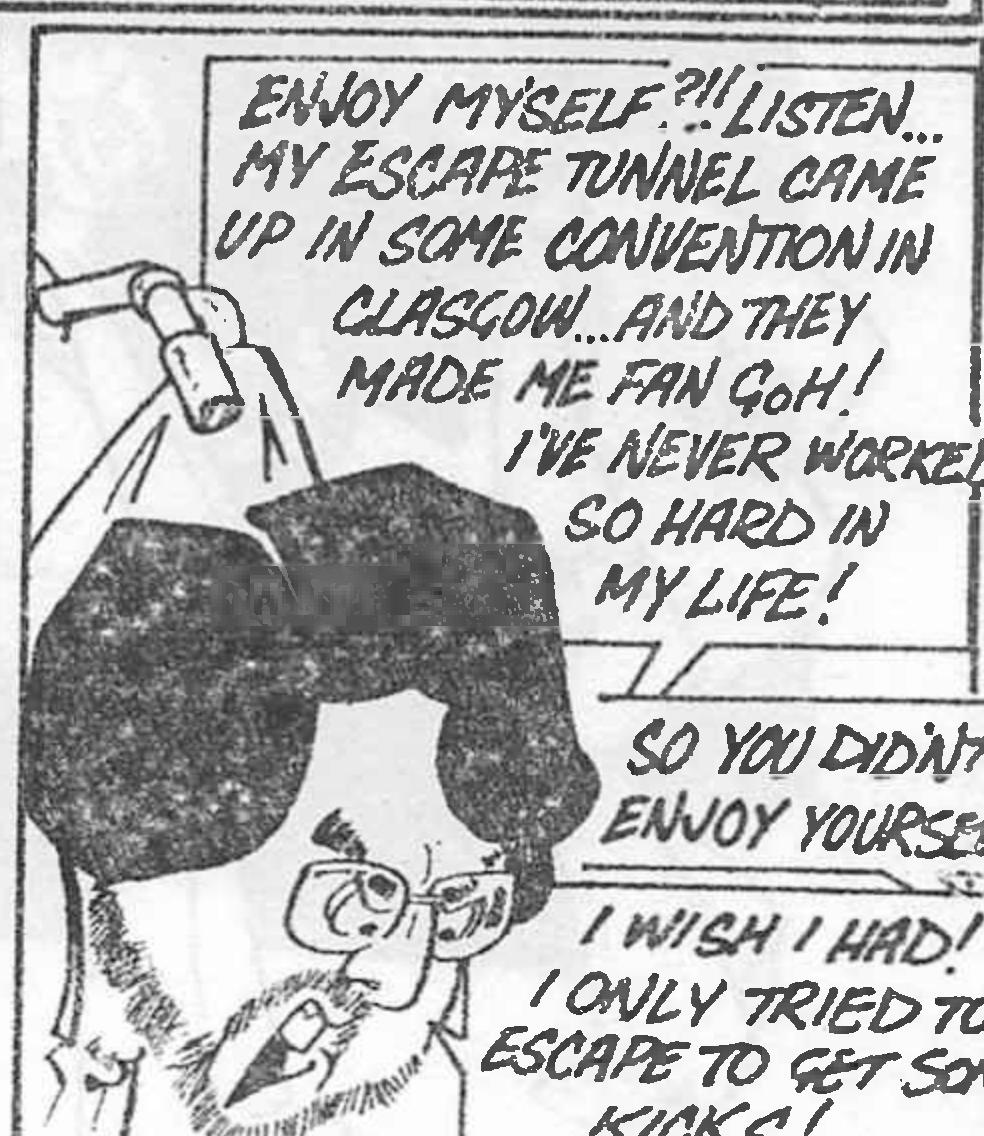
I am not a number... I AM A FREE FAN!



AH... 1465! IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK, BOSS!



DID YOU ENJOY YOURSELF ON YOUR LITTLE SOJOURN?



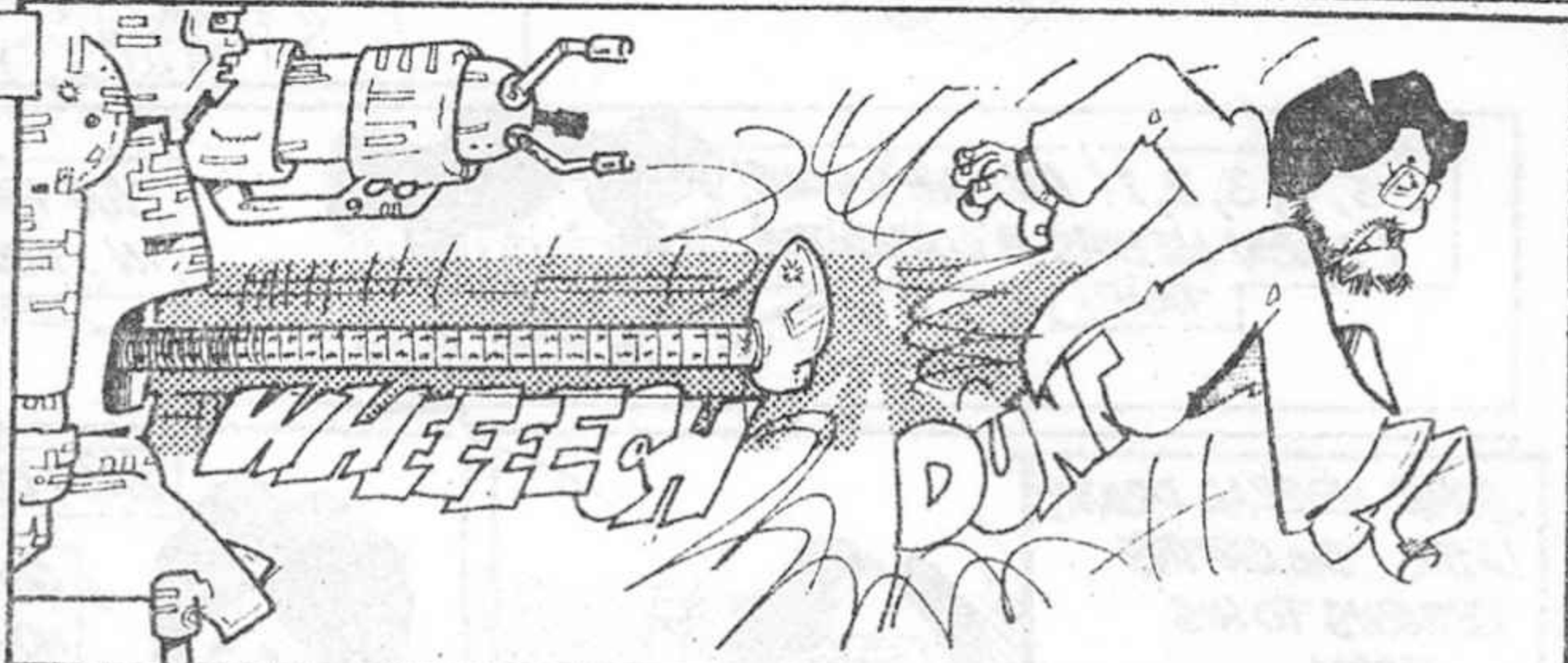
ENJOY MYSELF?! LISTEN... MY ESCAPE TUNNEL CAME UP IN SOME CONVENTION IN GLASGOW... AND THEY MADE ME FAN GOH! I'VE NEVER WORKED SO HARD IN MY LIFE!

SO YOU DIDN'T ENJOY YOURSELF...

I WISH I HAD! I ONLY TRIED TO ESCAPE TO GET SOME KICKS!



WELL... WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO... JOSEPH!!



...AND THERE WAS THE BANQUET, AND THE INTERVIEWS, NOT TO MENTION JUDGING THE FANCY DRESS



Oh really... well I never!

Tah, tah

BARKER FOR TAFF - forget it!



NO, THAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE BUSIEST TIME ANYONE'S HAD AT A CONVENTION...



OH, I DON'T KNOW... I REMEMBER A CON IN '67...

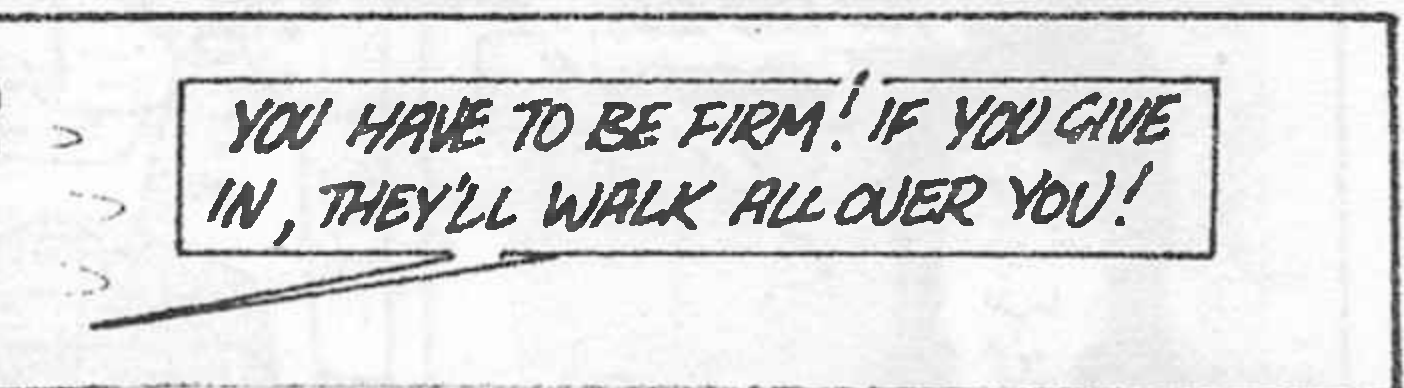
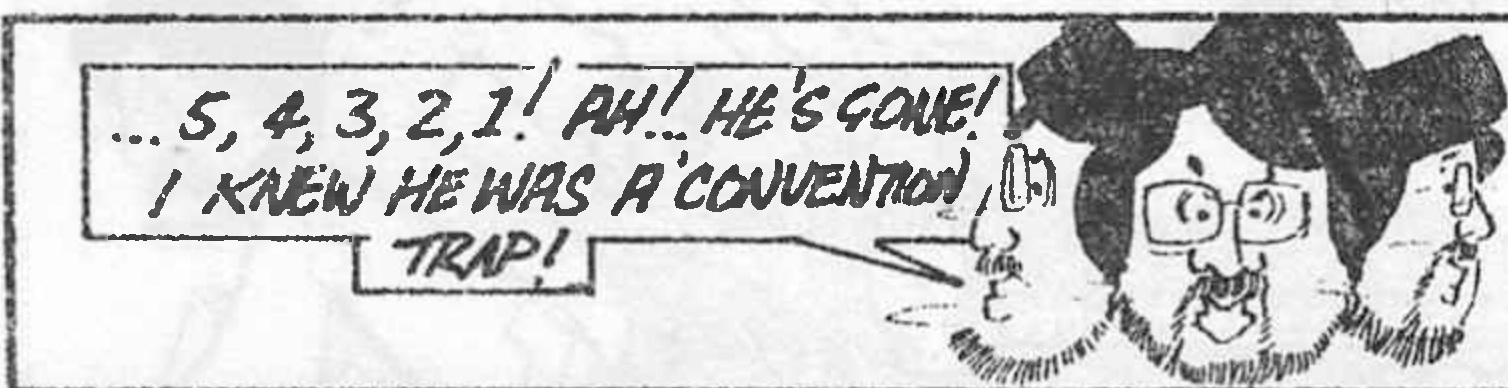
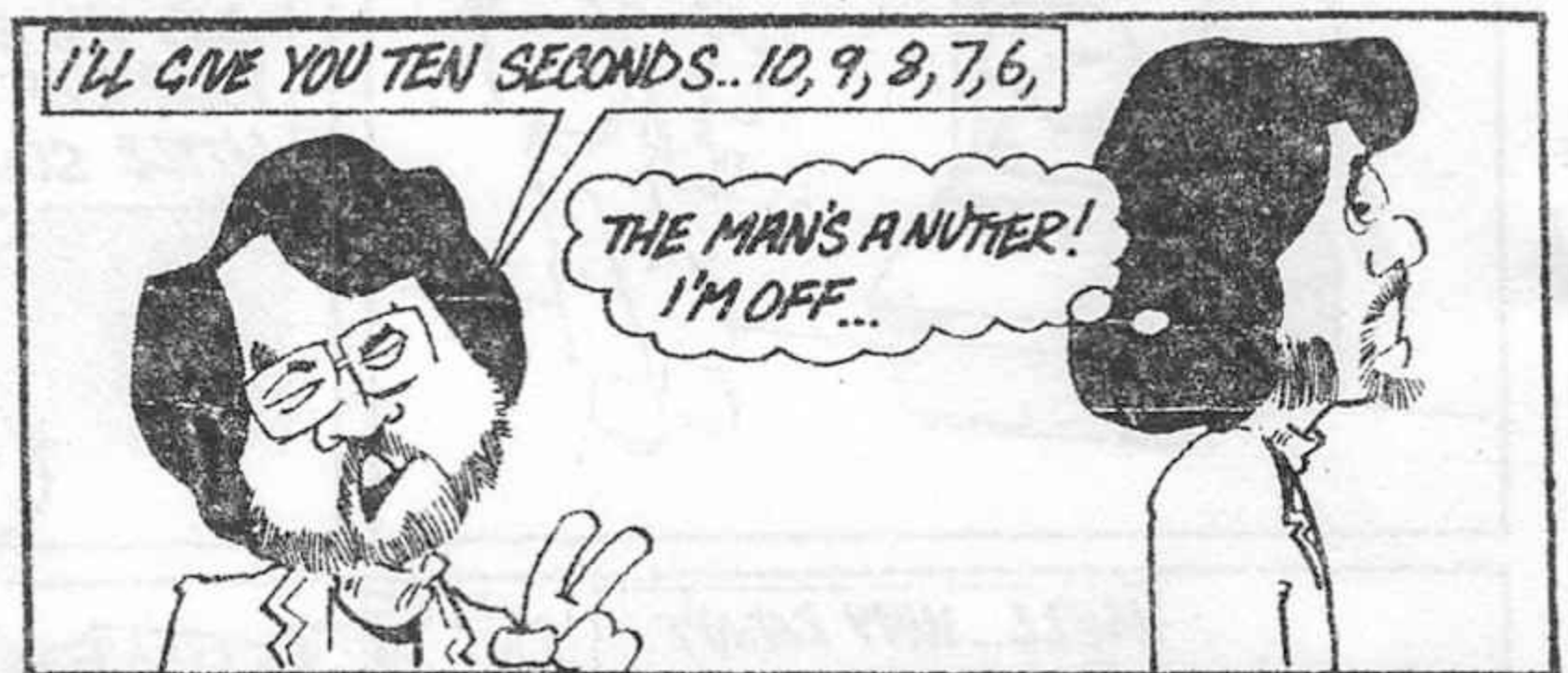
OH... WE HAVE AN EXPERT, DO WE?



...AND THAT 'CON I ORGANISED IN '74...

LOOK, SUNSHINE...

MY GOD! IT CAN'T BE!!



WHAT'S THIS FIXATION
THAT I DON'T EXIST?

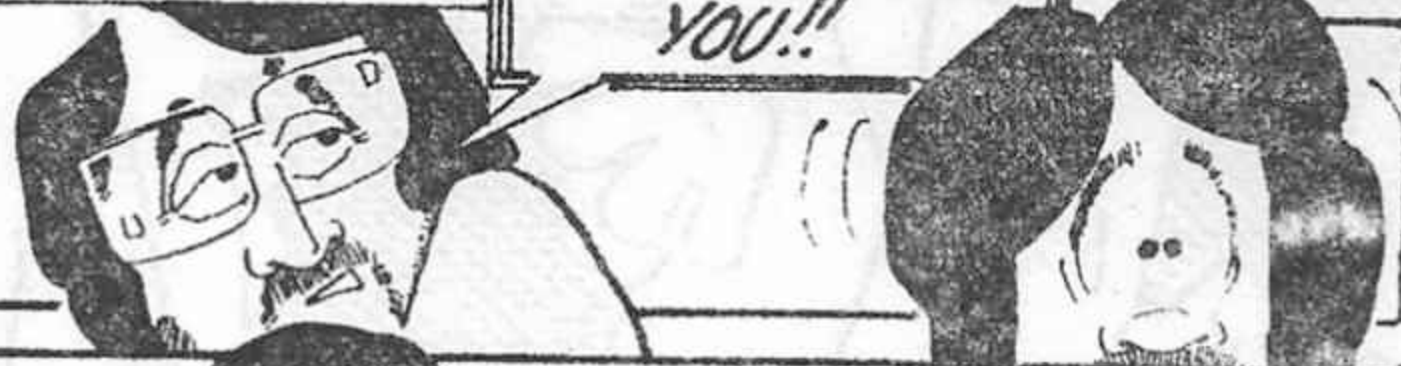
JUST A MINUTE... I'LL
ORDER SOME DRINKS.
I THINK WE'LL NEED THEM!



IT'S LIKE THIS... I JUST
CAN'T ACCEPT THAT
YOU'RE REAL! Y'SEE...



... I CREATED
YOU!!



"BEFORE I CAME HERE,
I WAS A WELL KNOWN
FAN-ARTIST."



"AND I WAS BEST-
KNOWN FOR A
STRIP CALLED
"HALF-LIFE"
WHICH FEATURED AN
S.F. WRITER CALLED
ELMER T. HACK!"

The Best of Elmer T. Hack

"THIS STRIP RAN FOR MONTHS AND WAS
SO POPULAR, WE BROUGHT OUT AN
* OMNIBUS EDITION! IF I HADN'T DECIDED
TO RESIGN FROM THE BSFA, I'D STILL
BE DRAWING IT YET!"

* COPIES ARE STILL AVAILABLE FROM ME AT
113, WINDSOR RD, FALKIRK, STIRLINGSHIRE FK12 8
C, SCOTLAND • 80p to BSFA MEMBERS - Jim Barker



"GOSH... WELL,
I CERTAINLY
USED TO BE AN S.F.
WRITER... ONE OF
BRITAIN'S MOST PROLIFIC AUTHORS!"



I WAS BEST KNOWN FOR MY
"GOODMAN OF THE GALAXY" SERIES.
IF I HADN'T DECIDED TO RETIRE, I'D
STILL BE WRITING THAT!

YOU RETIRED?

YEAH... AND MY RETIRAL
NOTICE HAD JUST APPEARED
IN "MATRIX" WHEN I WAS
KIDNAPPED AND BROUGHT
HERE!



SO, WHY DID YOU RETIRE?

I'D RATHER NOT SAY... IT'S A PERSONAL MATTER!
Y'KNOW, THAT'S ALL I'VE HAD SINCE I CAME HERE...
"WHY DID YOU RETIRE... WHY DID YOU RETIRE?"
YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW BLOODY AGGRAVATING
IT CAN GET!!

OH... I THINK I CAN...

LOOK, I THINK WED... OH, THAT'LL
BE THE DRINKS! GET THEM,
WILL YOU?

KOOK
KOOK

THANKS, PAL... KEEP
THE CHANGE!

GOSH, THANKS
MISTER!

Now... where
have I seen o.
HIM before?

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO
THRASH THIS OUT!
WE BOTH CAN'T BE
REAL!

LET'S TALK ABOUT
IT OVER A
DRINK!

LOOK... YOU ARE A
CARTOON CHARACTER!

COME OFF IT! IF I WAS A
2-DIMENSIONAL CHARACTER,
I COULDN'T BE SITTING
HERE, COULD I?

I'M STILL NOT CONVINCED
YOU'RE NOT PART OF A
PLOT BY No.2!

LOOK, I REMEMBER MY KIDS,
STAN, DANDY, LIVIA... MY AGENT,
VINCE SHYSTER! THEY'RE REAL!
SO I MUST BE AS WELL

THIS COULD GO ON ALL NIGHT!
WILL YOU BELIEVE ME IF I
TELL YOU WHY I RETIRED?

MAYBE I DON'T EXIST!
(MY BRAIN HURTS...)



I RETIRED
BECAUSE
(WHISPER
WHISPER...)

REALLY?!!



YEP... SO WHY
DID YOU RESIGN?



YOU TRUSTED ME, SO I MAY AS WELL
TRUST YOU! I RESIGNED BECAUSE
FOR SOME TIME NOW...



DID YOU SAY
SOMETHING?

GONE AGAIN! I KNEW HE WAS PART
OF A No.2 PLOT! AND I NEARLY FELL
FOR IT!



SORRY, No.2... A GOOD TRY BUT BETTER
LUCK NEXT TIME!



SPLAT

The
End.

PROUDLY
OF COL
KILGORE

DEDICATED TO ELMER T. HARK'S CO-CREATOR - CHRIS EVANS (YOU MAKE A GREAT WINE WATER...)

In this Mailing :

Vector 98

Paperback Inferno Vol 3 No 6

Matrix 30

Amendment List 3

hope you enjoy it.

Keith Freeman (noticeable for my absence from the letter col) typing this - while awaiting the arrival of Matrix editor John Harvey with the last pages to be put in the collator.....

I didn't have room in, or on, the Amendment List to put the good news that counting the additions and deletions shows a net gain of 14 members.

I was also going to dedicate the Amendment List (if I'd had room) to Michael Dengler who, a short time ago, failed in the Supreme Court, Washington (USA) to be allowed to change his name legally to 1069. Put that in your sporran Jim 1465.....

Joseph Nicholas (also waiting for John Harvey to arrive) would like to renew his plea - made in the previous mailing's issue of Paperback Inferno - for letters inspired by reviews therein to be sent direct to him (or, if writing to Matrix as well, on a separate sheet of paper in the same envelope) in order that he can respond to them direct, rather than later and at second-hand. Although Paperback Inferno hasn't the space to run a letter column, they'll ultimately be forwarded to Matrix for printing if suitable.

The manual labourers (bored out of their minds waiting for John Harvey to arrive) are going down the pub right now!

(Signed) Kev, Trev and Alan