

MATRIX



Issue 41

April-May '82



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Chairperson of the BSFA is ~~ROCHELLE~~ Alan Dorey, who also resides at: 12 Fearnville Terrace, Oakwood, LEEDS LS8 3DU outside of public house opening hours.

EDITORIAL INSTRUCTIONS AND CONTENTS

This issue, if carefully re-assembled in accordance with the instructions on page 94, will form a possible shelter against Nuclear Attack. Whilst every effort has been made to ensure that the pages are radiation proof, no guarantees can be given against loss of limbs, radiation poisoning or first-degree burns.

The views expressed in this issue are likely to resemble those of the BSFA on every other page, provided you are reading this on the third Thursday in the month with an 'R' in it.

MATRIX 41 contains Lisa Tuttle, writing on a typical day in her life and a typical day in her fantasies; Steve Green extolling the virtues of Club Life and providing a comprehensive directory of when and where you can get smashed and engage in twee conversation about SCI-FI, with fellow fans; Simon Ounsley providing his penultimate guide to those weird and wonderful communications we call fanzines; Dave Langford stretching your grey matter with purrelements upon purrelements; news; wondrous cartoons and art-work; and lots of letters on every subject from Nuclear War to Robot Killers, to flower arranging.

For further information on flower arranging courses and their relevance to a fantastic mode of writing, please communicate with the Astral Leauge, 48 Norman Street, Bingley.

MATRIX 41

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EDITORS: GRAHAM JAMES

& LINDA STRICKLER

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DEADLINE MATRIX 42: 14 MAY 1982

A GUIDE TO TROUT FISHING IN BRIGHTON

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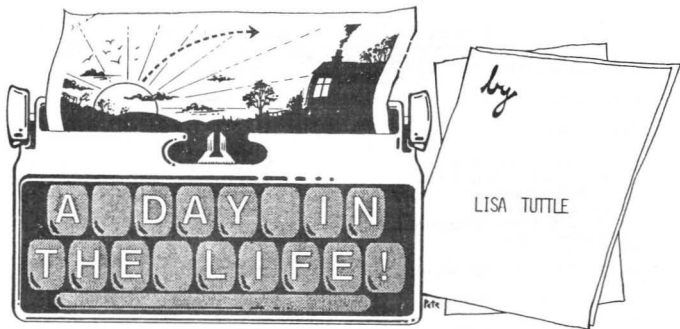
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Editorial continued

I'M NOT CUT-OUT FOR THIS

With the whole family stricken with flu, piles of domestic duties with a full household, children home at lunch times 'cos of Industrial Action by the N.U.T., this issue hung in the balance for a while, until we had a blitz and, with the patience of John Harvey, it will find its way to you just before you set off for Channelcon. Kind offers of last minute help flooded in but, unfortunately Alan went to football on Tuesday and down the pub on Wednesday. No matter, he (or rather Rochelle) had spent the previous week compiling VECTOR and I suppose one needs a week's convalescence afterwards. Producing VECTOR and MATRIX in the same household has been quite a struggle, not just in terms of sheer production time, but also in terms of the different ideologies of the two magazines. At times I even think that we take on the personalities of our respective zines; Alan sits there in all seriousness wondering how he's going to complete the issue and full

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Books have always been important to me - maybe too important. When I was younger, I spent more time in books than in what we may call, for want of a better term, "the real world" Certainly, when I think of my childhood, it is the books that I remember, the getting and reading of them. The way the iced library air chilled my hot, bare skin as I squeaked across the polished floor in rubber sandals; the long hours I spent hiding from the relentless Texas sun and my equally relentless, non-reading siblings in order to explore, through books, worlds far removed from the boring, hot, modern Houston suburb where I lived. Narnia, Oz, Pooh Corner, and best of all, the magical Edwardian England of E. Nesbit's lucky children.

Now, at 29, I still read a lot, but it is a different experience. When I was ten, reading was like plunging into a deep pool: the difference between the life I lived and the life I read about was the difference between air and water. Now the lines between what I read, what I write and what I live blur and dissolve - the difference has evaporated, or I've become amphibious.

I live in England - the country I always read about, that once seemed as far away as Oz or Middle Earth. I live in Devon, which I once thought of as the name of a street. The countryside around my house looks like a series of fine water-colour illustrations from an especially beautiful children's book. I don't go to school and I don't have a job - when I'm not reading books, I'm writing them. My escape has become a way of life, and there's no-one to tell me to stop ruining my eyes or please go outside and play.

It occurred to me that the line between reading and reality was dissolving during my first few months in England, when I happened to read a biography of Sylvia Plath.

Sylvia Plath, of course, was a young, American writer who married an English writer and went to live with him in an old cottage in Devon.

A few months after that, married to my English writer and settled into our Devon cottage, I picked up the diary of Virginia Woolf and was struck by certain similarities between my own life and the one that she was leading. Although Chris and I don't have a printing press or a servant problem (unless our servant-less state be considered the ultimate servant problem), like Leonard and Virginia we divide our time between a place in London and one in the country, and we seem to know all the same people - or at least the 1980s versions of them. Even some of the names are the same - "Murrys to dinner," Virginia wrote one day in 1920, and with a small shock I recognised that same note from my own diary. Almost the same Murrys she meant, too.

So now you've asked me to write about my daily life, and I wonder who will read it a few years hence with strange little shocks of recognition. It's a difficult, and maybe dangerous, thing to do. Already, as a reader, I live so much

in other people's lives, and as a writer I'm always inventing, so that I find it hard to sort out the reality of a day in my life. After all the reading and the writing, what's left? Opening the mail, cooking meals, making telephone calls, loading the car up for another trip up to London/down to Devon. If I put all that in writing, fictionalize it for other people to read, what will I have left for myself except the things I've read, the experiences I've stolen from Virginia Woolf and E. Nesbit and Sylvia Plath?



An ordinary day, at home in Huddispiitt Cottage, begins with Terry Wogan. After experiencing the shock of loud, ringing alarm clocks and nasty beeping alarm clocks and snoozing once too often through "This Morning in Parliament" we discovered the valuable voice of Terry Wogan. Impossibly to sleep through, it makes the idea of getting out of a warm, comfortable bed - and out of earshot - surprisingly attractive.

Downstairs we sip coffee and read our mail - or sulk, if there's nothing, and complain bitterly about the late arrival of newspapers far from

towns. Eventually we get dressed, and Chris goes out to chop logs for the fire while I make breakfast and stare out the window at Dartmoor, predicting the day's weather with the help of that infallible maxim: "When you can see Dartmoor, it's going to rain; when you can't see Dartmoor, it's raining."

After breakfast Chris and I say goodbye as formally as any commuters off to catch their trains, and he dives into his office and I plod upstairs to mine.

For the next few hours I write, or try to write, or answer my mail, or make lists of things to do, or rummage through my books looking up obscure references and never finding them.

Sometime after midday the sound of the television draws me downstairs, and Chris and I have lunch together (usually sandwiches) and talk, and he watches the news and I read THE GUARDIAN if it has made it to the West Country that day.

Then it's back to work, or what passes for work in the privacy of our own rooms, for the rest of the afternoon. In the summer, when the evenings are long and light even if not warm, we often set out exploring Devon and Cornwall, driving over Dartmoor, or up to Exmoor, or down to Fowey or Mevagissey or Polperro to see the sun set. In the winter we generally stay in and watch television

or read, or sometimes go on working late. I experiment with new recipes. Chris fills a sock with peanuts for the birds. We're usually in bed before midnight.

That's an ordinary day, an imagined, remembered day, but not today. Today Chris is on his way to Australia, and I'm in London alone and not coping too well. This must be the worst winter in a hundred years. My babies have flu, which makes them cranky. I probably have it, too - that's why I'm feeling so exhausted, too weary to go on. The sleeping pills don't help any more. I need rest. If all else fails, I shall put my babies to bed, and tuck myself into the kitchen, and turn on the gas. I am only thirty. And like the cat I have nine times to die.

Perhaps I'll ring someone and go out to dinner. With Leonard away, I feel so dull. Lytton, and much good talk, might make me sparkle again. Or perhaps I'll dine with Clive, jolly and rosy and squab: a man of the world; and enough of my old friend, and enough of my old lover, to make the evening hum.

How I wish we could go back to the country, for London is like a prison for children, especially if their relations are not rich. Of course there are the shops and the theatres, and Maskelyne and Cook's and things, but if your people are rather poor you don't get taken to the theatres, and you can't buy things out of shops; and London has none of those things that children can play with without hurting the things or themselves - such as trees and sand and woods and water. And nearly everything in London is the wrong sort of shape.

A Day In The Life...now, where did I read that?

+++++

Lisa was born in America where she lived until recent times when she moved to England and married Chris Priest. She began writing fiction quite early on in life and had her first story published at the age of 20, in 1972. She won the John W Campbell Award for best new writer in 1974. She has concentrated principally on short fiction, although a collaboration with George Martin two years ago, with WINDHAVEN, brought critical acclaim.

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EDITORIAL of sorts Contd.

of Very Serious and Constructive thoughts on the future of Science Fiction; I sit there in gay abandon dreaming up weird and wonderful ways of penning the contents page, tearing out what little hair I have left when the cats, or kids wreck yet another finished page.... It's no fun turning in at midnight only to spend the next few hours trying to sleep, with "Solihul SF Group meets on the first Thursday of the month...." ringing in my head. Why oh why do us editors sweat blood and tears...still we stagger on to produce an issue of unrivaled quality.

DEEP CUTS IS CUT

Not so with Simon Ounsley (staggering on that is); he has decided that the pressures of reviewing fanzines are too much for the delicate balance of his sanity and he will be relinquishing his hold after the next issue. Should anyone be ~~foolish~~ wise enough to gain fame and fortune by becoming my regular fanzine reviewer, please drop me a line, asap. Democracy rules OK.

REVIEWS CUT

No reviews this issue; can there have been no SF material on Radio, TV or Film? None to speak of, maybe

COMPETITION M39 CUT OFF

Beginning to wonder why I ever ran Comp M39 - will leave it entirely to honourable Dave Langford in future. Only three entries, all with only two right. Deadline hereby extended for one more issue.

Contd page 32..



TV and Film News Simon Bostock

Books, Magazines,
and other news Editors

Sources: Starburst; Questar; Locus;
Science Fiction Review; Sandy Brown;
Dave Pringle; Gabby Snitch - we know
who you are, measures will be taken.

PHILIP K DICK

A TRIBUTE: GRAHAM JAMES

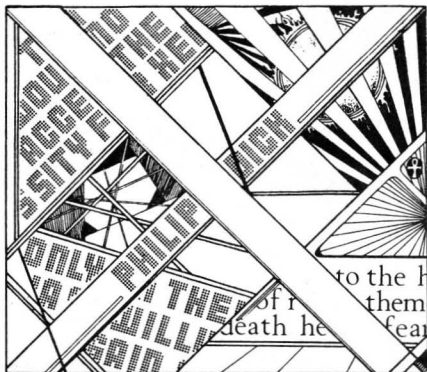
Probably the saddest event in the Science Fiction World for many many years and, perhaps, our greatest loss, was the death of Philip K Dick early in March. He died following a stroke and a period in a coma; he was 53.



As John Brunner observes below, Dick's death was not wholly unexpected. Linda and I had been trying to contact Dick as we had plans to try and bring him over to this country as Guest of Honour at a future Easter-Con. Ray Nelson, a close friend of Dick and a close friend of Linda's had tried to help us. But Dick never replied. Although his photograph appears to show him in good spirits, he was a sick man. He had been dogged by ill health for many years. What is particularly tragic is that his death should have come at a period in his

career when he was once again becoming active. Two novels had recently been published - *VALIS* and, in February this year, *THE DIVINE INVASION* which, I'm sure, will rank as one of his foremost works. A third novel, *THE TRANSMIGRATION OF TIMOTHY ARCHER* was due out this summer. Additionally, work on the movie version of Dick's *DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP?* was at an advanced stage. Dick is shown above with film director Ridley Scott, discussing the film, to be entitled *BLADE RUNNER*.

Dick was always a difficult writer to understand and, perhaps, never really achieved widespread reknown, although he was very much a cult figure, admired not only in the SF world, but also in the heady acid days in the '60s in California. He was born in Chicago in 1928 but lived on the West Coast of America for most of his life. Whilst he was quite a prolific writer (over 110 short stories and 20 novels), it was some time before his work got published and he always lived, somewhat, on the edge of financial success. His first published work was in *Fantasy & Science Fiction* in 1952, a short story, entitled "Beyond Lies the Web"; his first novel appeared in



1955 - SOLAR LOTTERY. In the late fifties Dick wrote quite a lot of, what would be deemed "Non-SF"; most of this was never published - THE MAN WHOSE TEETH WERE ALL EXACTLY ALIKE AND PUTTING ABOUT IN A SMALL LAND, and others are languishing in a library in the States; one work from this period, CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST (written in 1959), finally appeared in a limited edition in 1975 in America, and, in this country in 1979 - strangely, despite the publishers earlier rejection, CRAP ARTIST ranks as one of Dick's foremost works.

Probably his best known novel was THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE which won a HUGO in 1962, and is essential reading for any SF

enthusiast. The only other award recognition Dick achieved was the John Campbell Memorial Award in 1974 for FLOW MY TEARS THE POLICEMAN SAID - scant recognition indeed for such a brilliant writer. Dick's other major works from his prolific period in the '60s include THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH (1964) and DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? (1968). He had a lean period in the early '70s but returned with POLICEMAN in 1974 and SCANNER DARKLY in 1977.

In one sense, the passing of Dick is just another death. But it is the early curtailment of a career of a genius - they live hard, court insanity, enrich our lives and die young. Maybe that's the price they pay. And who remembers? No thousands of lighted candles for this man. Not even a mention in a single daily or Sunday newspaper. Maxim Jakubowski and Malcolm Edwards paid tribute in the NME - a full page under an aptly penned heading "Flow My Tears, The Writer Said". That was all. MATRIX hereby pays its tribute to the passing and loss of a great man and, below, John Brunner adds his personal tribute to a great friend.

IN MEMORIAM PHILIP DICK: JOHN BRUNNER

It wasn't all that much of a surprise, in retrospect. Ever since I first made his acquaintance at a Californian party in 1964 I'd been under the clear impression that he was a person busy destroying himself. Once I was taken to his house in Marin County (that was in 1968? About then, anyhow, when it was smart to be "swinging" and "hip" and London was being wrecked under the guise of "freedom") and I saw him gulping down literally handfuls of multicoloured pills out of what in Britain we would call a sweet-jar.

I thought: *this* shy, scared person is the guy who created such incredible visions of another world as THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, or DR BLOODMONEY, or THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH???

But it was. And when I got to know him a little better, above all at one of the first Metz SF Festivals, in France, I started to ask myself this question over

and over: "How come a creative spirit of such brilliance is living in such an unhappy body?"

Because that's the way it must have been. He was one of the saddest people I ever met. He was incapable of helping someone else to happiness except by giving orders ...or by writing his books, which remain as his enduring testament.

What's wrong with this society of ours, that an incontestable genius can find no respite save by an early death? Now, of course, the critics will flock down like buzzards to pick over his bones. And who will speak out for his widows? - there are a number, and kids as well. Are they to benefit from his legacy? I hope so. But I'm terribly afraid his auctorial corpse will be torn into shreds and scattered, precisely because he died just as the Moloch-maw of Hollywood developed a taste for his creations, and one at least is to be known by another writer's title, not his own: *BLADE RUNNER*, instead of *DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP*?

So the process of erosion had started before his death....but in fact it must have begun decades ago, and long before I met him it was half past repair. Well, they say, that's the way of the world....but if it's true, oughtn't we to be doing something about it?

That last "we" includes you. And me.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

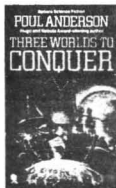
ABACUS: May: Re-issued Philip K Dick and Roger Zelazny *DEUS IRAE* (95p)

Poul Anderson: *THREE WORLDS TO CONQUER* (£1.25)

Re-issued: William Kotzwinkle's *JACK IN THE BOX* (£1.95)

24 June: Robert Anton Wilson:
*SCHRODINGER'S CAT III: THE
HOMING PIGEONS* (£1.95)

SPHERE: 22 April: Third volume in A. Bertram
Chandler's Rim World series:
BRING BACK YESTERDAY (£1.50)



27 May: Poul Anderson:
*THREE WORLDS TO
CONQUER* (£1.50)



KING PENGUIN: 29 April 82:
Angela Carter: *THE
INFERNAL DESIRE MACHINES OF DOCTOR
HOFFMAN* (£2.25)

PENGUIN: *QUEST FOR TIME* (J. H. Rosny) - tied in
with the release of this "Spectacular
Science Fantasy Movie Blockbuster" on
8 April.



GOLLANCZ: Just Published: Bob Shaw: *A BETTER MANTRAP* Nine SF &
and Fantasy Stories (£6.95)

April: Thomas M Disch: *COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES* (£7.95)
John Crowley: *LITTLE BIG* (£8.95)

May: Phillip Mann: *THE EYE OF THE QUEEN* (£6.95)

June: Michael Bishop: *NO ENEMY BUT TIME* (£7.95)

CORGI: Just Published: Philip K Dick's *THE DIVINE INVASION* (£1.50)

FILM AND TV NEWS

Star Wars has been sold to CBS, an American TV company, despite the firm belief that it would neither be sold to TV or video-packaged. Apparently, 20th Century Fox sold the film without the knowledge of Director George Lucas, and that really angered him (it appears he first heard of it through the trade papers). Lucas insists that The Empire Strikes Back will never be sold, though, because he owns Lucasfilms which made it. CBS coughed-up some \$25 million for the film allowing them three screenings. Three!? CBS must have more money than sense. And speaking of Star Wars, the third film of the epic serial is entitled Revenge of the Jedi and shooting started at the beginning of January. It is being produced this time round by Howard Kazanjian, directed by Richard Marquand and has a budget of \$25 million (coincidentally the same amount as that charged for SW on TV).

John Carpenter, director of Halloween, The Fog and Escape from New York, is testing his skills yet again on a remake of the '51 hit The Thing. This time the adaptation will run much closer to the John W Campbell novella, "Who Goes There?" (sounds like the Bob Shaw novel, doesn't it?). Carpenter insists the film is not a remake but a new version, and it has a \$13 million expenditure, the largest ever for Carpenter.

Michael Phillips, a Close Encounters of the Third Kind producer, is planning to make three movies for the books in the FOUNDATION trilogy. They are scheduled to be released a few months after each other, which seems virtually impossible (assuming he is trying to present a film with a modest amount of continuity), and the first should start in the Summer of '83.

Shorties: Not only is Arthur C Clarke writing the sequel to 2001, but it seems he is also going to offer it (and probably has already) to Stanley Kubrick for filming The latest Roger Corman film has so far had the title Mindwarp: An Infinity of Terror, Planet of Horrors and Galaxy of Terror, and still it isn't shining at the Box Office Litan is a new film from French critic Jean-Claude Romer, the plot concerns a mysterious mountain city which is populated by a strange alien race; Jean-Pierre Mocky directs.

BOOK NEWS

Among recent sales and completed works are: C. J. Cherryh - MERCHANTER'S LUCK; Robert Sheckley - DRAMOCLES; Jerry Pournelle - JANISSARIES; M. John Harrison - IN VIRICONIUM; Ian Watson - SUNSTROKE AND OTHER STORIES.

Ballard has sold MYTHS OF THE NEAR FUTURE to F&SF. It will also be the title piece of a new collection of stories due out from Cape in September/October. He is also working on a new short story for the second issue of Interzone.

Heinlein's FRIDAY is due out in the U.S. in June. Donaldson's THE ONE TREE should appear this month; it is "Book 2" of the second chronicles of Thomas Covenant. Jack Chalker is working on a large fantasy novel, THE RIVER OF THE DANCING GODS.

Maxim Jakubowski is editing a fantasy anthology - LANDS OF NEVER; no sword & sorcery or horror - but write to him at 95 Finchley Lane, London NW4, for further details. It will be published by Allen & Unwin in the U.S.; they are also scheduling a series of "high fantasy", featuring re-issues of Tolkien, Dunsany and others.

Probably failed to mention in a previous issue that PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION (edited by Ian Watson) has been published privately by Lionel Fanthorpe; price £1.75. Eight writers (including Langford, Bishop, Stableford and Fanthorpe) each tell a story based on a famous painting. Illustrated by Pete Lyon. Details from Graystoke Mobray Ltd, 129 City Road, Cardiff CF2 3BP.

MAGAZINE NEWS

According to Soviet Weekly, the noted Soviet SF writer, Arkady Strugatsky, is campaigning for a Soviet Magazine and publishing house specialising in SF. Arkady, and his brother Boris, are the USSR's most popular SF writers, and their books have been published in 112 editions in 19 countries.

Extro, the magazine of "Speculative Fiction" has finally appeared; price 75p. It is rumoured that the print run was 30,000 copies and large-scale distribution has been arranged - buy your copies in Smiths. The magazine has a bi-monthly schedule.

Meanwhile, the first issue of Interzone has appeared and is being sent to BSFA members with this mailing along with the Special Limited Edition of Ballard's News From the Sun. The first issue contains new fiction from M. J. Harrison, Angela Carter, John Sladek, Keith Roberts and Mike Moorcock. Price is £1.25 or £4.00 special rate annual subscription (four issues) to BSFA members. Contact 21 The Village Street, Leeds LS4 2PR. Issue 2 will be out in June/July featuring Ballard, Pollack, Josephine Saxton, and Alex Stewart.

The planned Omni spinoff, The Omni Book of the Future was test marketed for five issues in the West Country and then scrapped, cancelling the scheduled nation-wide release. Deputy editor Peter Nicholls and others received their marching orders.

OTHER NEWS

The 1981 Preliminary Nebula Ballot is underway; SFWA members will exercise various favours and vote shortly. The odd Brits featured on the list (albeit low down) are: Novel: Chris Priest's THE AFFIRMATION; Cowper's A DREAM OF KINSHIP; Novellette: Rob Holdstock's Mythago wood; Short Story: Ian Watson's "Nightmares" and Honorary Brit Lisa Tuttle's "The Bone Flute". Don't hold out any hopes, though, except that Rob Holdstock's Mythago Wood could go close.

Creditors of the former Dark They Were met on January 4th - £100,000 debts are likely. Meanwhile, Rog Peyton's Andromeda Books has moved home to: 84 Suffolk Street, Birmingham B1 1TA. Is he so busy with this move that he no longer provides MATRIX's Best-Seller List? Any other volunteers?

GETTING PUBLISHED is a new course of ten evening series of discussions and workshops to be held on Wednesday evenings at 7.00 p.m. from May, at the Poetry Society 21 Earls Court Square, London SW5. The course is run by the Directory of Social Change, 9 Mansfield Place, London NW3 1HS from whom further details can be obtained. Contact Michael Norton (01-794 9835). Fees are £15 for the full course or £1.50 per session. The course programme looks interesting and will cover lectures by specialists ("How to deal with a publishers"; "Using an Agent"; "Contracts and Legal Matters") and practical workshops.

James Joyce fans may be interested in a Joyce Symposium to take place from June 14 to 19 in Dublin. The programme will feature workshops, discussions and lectures. Aer Lingus offers special travel rates (from £100 including accommodation) - details from Nora McHale, Tours Executive, Aer Lingus Holiday, 52 Poland Street, London W1V 4AA, or the Irish Tourist Board (ring 01-493 3201).

Flicknife records have produced a limited edition (500 copies) of a 7" single record by Mike Moorcock's DEEP FIX - The Brothel in Rorenstrasse/Time Centre. BROTHEL, a new Moorcock novel, is due out later this year and an extract from this appears in the first issue of Interzone. Price of the 7" single is £3.50 (incl. p & p); cheques to Flicknife at 82 Adelaide Grove, London W12. Also appearing from the same people, shortly, is an album by "Hawkwind, friends and relations" featuring Mike Moorcock. Will he yet appear on Top of the Pops, one asks oneself. Heaven forbid!

The proposed SF TV project in the U.S. (see previous issues) has run into trouble - the two producers have been fired due to financial difficulties, although there are still plans to continue the project.

Colin Greenland is hoping to arrange an evening in memory of Philip K Dick in London on 11 June 82. Guests will include Brian Aldiss and, possibly, Ridley Scott, director of the forthcoming Dick film, Blade Runner. Details from Colin at the SF Foundation (01-590 7722, ext. 2177).

CONVENTION NEWS

CHANNELCON: The British Easter Science Fiction Convention, next weekend (April 9-12, 1982) at the Metropole Hotel, Brighton. Joint Guests of Honour are John Sladek and Angela Carter; Committee Chairperson, Eve Harvey. Have fun on the pier; go see the spot where noted critic David Pringle fell on the ice and broke his leg thrice; relive the memories of Seacon 79. All this for only £7.00. This con is essential for all new fans and some old ones as well. Details Pat Charnock, 4 Fletcher Road, Chiswick, London W4 5AY. Cheques should be made payable to "Channelcon". A Crêche may or may not be available - depends whether you want to Lock Up Your Daughter while you have all the fun.

LEXICON: Not a card game, but a convention, supposedly, to be held from 28-31 May 1982 at the Wigston Stage Hotel, Leicester. GoH, the omnipresent and very nice person, Bob Shaw. Details from Tony Cullen, 43 Station Road, Kirby Muxloe, Leicester LE9 9IL, but no information has been received on this con for a long time. Worth checking whether it still exists.

COLNECON 82: A one-day event (although overnight stay is probably needed) on 26 June 1982. GoH Gary Kilworth and Hitch Hiker's sounds fiend Tim Souster. Venue is Colchester's Arts Centre. Cheapo hotels available. Attending membership £2.50, write (SAE) to Alex Steward, 11a Beverley Road, Colchester, Essex.

FAIRCON 1982: Glasgow's sixth SF Convention over the weekend of July 23-26, 1982, in the Central Hotel. GoH is Harry Harrison. Usual programming including wargaming room to keep away all those horned D&D freaks. Supporting £3.00, Attending £8.00, increases by £1.00 after Eastercon. Hotel rates are single £17.00 with splash; £15 dry; twin £14.50 and £12.00 per person per night. Details from 1/r 39 Partickhill Road, Glasgow G11 5BA.

CHICON: Won't you please come to ... as the song goes - This year's World-Con; Sept 2-6 at Hyatt Regency, Chicago Illinois. GoH A Bertram Chandler. AGoH Kelly Freas. FGoH Lee Hoffman. Supporting Membership \$15; Attending is a mere \$50, or, if you really want to be frivolous, it's higher at the door. Mingle with thousands of Americans, trying to find someone you might know; cower at the feet of famous authors (if they ever manage to stagger out of the hospitality suite) and thrill to the Hugo Ceremony and masquerade. Seem to be a well-organised bunch and you can get further info (suggest International Reply Coupon) from P.O. Box A3120, Chicago, Illinois 60690 USA.

GALILEOCON: 27/28 & 29 August 1982: Would you believe the 14th "official" British Star Trek Convention at Newcastle Upon Tyne. Brave holding it there on the Silicon weekend, eh? GsoH include Theodore Sturgeon and Judy Blish. No further details, but you can write to Ms Tina Pole, 11f Priors Terrace, Tynemouth, North Shields Tyne and Wear NE30 4BE or boost British Telecom's profits by phoning 0632 596850.

RACON: "Edinburgh's first Science Fiction Convention". GoH Harry Harrison (again) and FGoH, likeable semi-pro artist Pete Lyon. Looks to have good prospects of being a worthwhile con to attend, especially as it's planned for 4-6 February 1983. Attending membership at £7.00. Details (SAE) from Phil Dawson, 4/7 New John's Place, Edinburgh. Membership has not reached 200, as previously reported, but 83 - Pete Lyon claims he was drunk when he told me.

EASTERCON 1983: Will Leeds bid? Who knows? Other bidders are METROCON, with a proposed London venue - organised by a slick outfit of predominantly limp-wristed fans with Dave Langford as front-man. Details (or presupposing memberships at £1.00) from Ian Maule, 5 Beaconsfield Rd, New Malden, Surrey. Glasgow are the main rivals. Further info and £1.00 presuppos from the Faircon address.

CONSTELLATION: 1983 World Con, otherwise known as Baltimore '83, who won the bid from the Aussies. Good to see that Goh is our very own John Brunner of CND fame. September 1-5 at Baltimore, USA. Supporting membership \$20 at the moment. Info from Worldcon 41, Box 1046, Baltimore MD 21203 USA.

THE CON WITH NO NAME: At the Dragonara Hotel, September 17/18 1983. No connection with Leeds fandom, especially with membership at 10 quid and room rates at 14 (single) and 19 (double). It's a Media convention.

EUROCON '84: The proposed British bid for the 1984 European Convention. One quid to pre-support this venture from Pauline Morgan 39 Hollybrow Selly Oak Birmingham B29 4LX. The plan is to go to Switzerland this year to present the bid. Seems to be some debate as to whether the con should be held in unison with the Eastercon for that year, or separately. Do we mingle with our Euro-fans from the continent... and when find out at Channelcon...

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THE DEDICATED FOLLOWERS OF FANDOM

By nature fans are a pretty disorganised bunch, but this issue features - hopefully - the most comprehensively updated groups listing presently available. Obviously there may be omissions, and if anyone reading this at Channelcon wants to catch me in the Metropole bar to fill in the gaps, mine's a pint. Alternatively, my address appears at the foot of this column.

Next issue I intend to take a more in-depth look at the creation and running of local SF groups; if anyone has any practical tips or suggestions to pass on, I'd be very pleased to hear from you.

THE FAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE KITCHEN

The first con of a new year always holds a special sentimental value, like the first pint at a heavy party or the first time Graham James buys a round (if the rest of this page is blank, it means our illustrious editor's lost his sense of humour), and the University of Exeter SF Group's first (and probably last) entry into the field was no exception.

Microcon (March 12-13 at the university campus) laid to rest once and for all fandom's suspicion that it isn't possible to organise a decent weekend programme exploiting purely local support; a tenth of the size of the average Novacon, the extended party featured an excellent selection of SF videos (THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH, Ellison's A BOY AND HIS DOG, SATURN 3, ATTACK OF THE KILLER TOMATOES, 2001, SCANNERS and the Laurentiis FLASH GORDON, along with a handful of TV shows), a commendable alternative programme (including an SF quiz, with yours truly impersonating Bamber Whitsit, and a ghastly pastry-eating contest), plenty of booze (along with a fair amount of home brew) and even its own guest of honour, the lovely Lisa Tuttle.

Accommodation was slightly ad hoc (I spent two nights in the committee's kitchen), but the low key programming (also a notable feature at last year's Unicon) made for a pleasant change from the larger national events, and besides, any convention where I can coat a kitchen floor in blood, force some unsuspecting fan to mime 'Why I Want To Fuck Ronald Reagan' and get attacked with a knife all in the space of 24 hours can't be bad.

READING BERKS (AND WHERE TO FIND THEM)

MATRIX mole D*V* L*ngf*rd writes from darkest Berkshire: "Reading pub meeting attendances reached an all time low on February 18, when Martin and Katy Hoare forgot, Keith and Krystyna Oborn buggered off to Egypt, Langford was preparing a talk to give in Swansea next day and only Nic Howard from Wycombe got there to pass a few solitary pints.

"Let no such apathy afflict future Reading meets! Let BSFA members rally to the Osbourne Arms on the third Thursday of each month and spare Nic the pangs of sensory deprivation! (Still: right out of Reading General, left after bus station, second right up hill, ~~near~~ and obscure bar)..."

Jovial Jeff Suter's Cosham crowd continue to thrive, with a newly-opened account at the local Lloyds for their £2.50 p.a. membership money; Jeff's hoping his latest recruitment drive will boost patronage from BSFA members in the Hampshire and West Sussex areas.

In addition to launching a series of tape evenings for the South Hants SF Group (Aldiss and Silverberg reading from their own work, speeches by Gerry Anderson and media megahype merchant Douglas Adams), video shows ("lots of skiffy movies") and a space invaders/mastermind contest for SHSFGers suffering from post-Channelcon catatonia, the hyperactive Mr. Suter also throws down the gauntlet to any groups interested in taking on a South Hants university challenge team ("we only just missed qualifying for Novacon by two points"); considering the similar proposal mooted by Eve Harvey last mailing (who, if nothing else, looks better in a dress than Jeff), a little mutual co-operation might not be inopportune.

MEA CULPA dept.

Following last issue's shock revelation that the scattered core of Keele fandom has persuaded itself to (dis)organise a third - and final - Unicorn, ringleader John Wilkes confesses all (well, nearly all): "I really still don't know how I fully weakened enough to agree to do a third one. Well, actually I do know; it's a sordid little story involving a relaxed evening in the week after Novacon, involving alcohol, a lot of self-congratulatory praise, more alcohol, general discussion on conventions, yet more alcohol and; well, you know the rest." (My lips are sealed, folks.)

Currently attempting to found a new fannish chapter in the heart of cosy Biggleswade, spiritual home of the brussels sprout, John's undeterred by the abortion of fandom's last planned assault on an unsuspecting Bedfordshire: "The reason why Bigglescon didn't get off the ground was because of the three hotels in Biggleswade I just couldn't find the one which suited the requirements. One quoted rates which were ludicrously expensive. One was just too small. The third one, however, was almost just right: accommodation about 20-25, rates quoted at about £2.50 per person per night including breakfast. Marvellous, I thought, and then the disappointment - they had no bar. Honestly, I could have wept, but that's life."

Or, in this case, sudden death. Unicorn 3, of course, will pose no such difficulties to the problem drinker (my main problem is paying the bar bill), and readers would be well advised to send six quid along to John at 18a Ivel Gardens, Biggleswade, Beds., for attending membership; same address goes for the aforementioned Biggleswade group.

F.O.R.T.H. FORTH FOURTH TIME

Yes, following a seven-month war with the management of the Maltings Bar (taken to the extremes of installing a video surveillance camera), the Friends of Robert the Hack have re-located their Tuesday night gatherings yet again; as of February 23, the venue's Milne's Vaults in Hanover Street, Edinburgh. Writes an optimistic Jim Darroch: "I think that we've definitely cracked it this time because we have got the use of a complete room, with a bar, so there should never be any hassles over rampant juke boxes or of FORTHies making excess noise. The Maltings Bar is designated in the FORTH log as 'fucking useless', as the group has almost come to blows with the barman re: the astonishingly loud music forever being blasted at us."

"Milne's is an S&N pub, so it sells McEwan's 80% and McEwan's Export on draught, as well as some varieties of something called lager. Actually, the pub was once extremely well known as a literary centre, amongst those visiting it being Burns and McDermaid (not on the same day, obviously)."

Quite. Jim's justified contempt for the cursed jukebox reminds me of a piss-awful pub I had the misfortune to encounter in deepest Merthyr Tydfil earlier this year. I'd barely imbibed half a pint of the concoction laughingly labelled as beer in South Wales than the loudspeaker immediately above my seat crackled into life and a scratched recording of the latest Bucks Fizz offering blared across my conversation. After a few less-than-friendly words with the barmaid, the hideous noise suddenly died, but a few minutes later the peace was shattered again - with the same bloody song - and my companion and I stormed out in disgust. I wouldn't've minded so much if we hadn't been the only people in the dump at the time.

A SENSE OF WANDER

As announced last mailing, the BSFA's own monthly get-togethers have also succumbed to motion sickness and re-located in February to the King of Diamonds in Greville Street, London EC1 (near the junction with Hatton Garden; within walking distance of the Chancery Lane and Farringdon tube stations). The motivations are much as in Edinburgh: continuing dissatisfaction with the attitude of the Rutland management which, as I reported last issue, even refused to let the BSFA dole out its own punch at the yuletide shindig (so much for the Christmas spirit).

The energetic Eve Harvey has succeeded Rochelle Dorey into the hot seat, launching the year's programme with a "lively" discussion on the state of the SF magazine (despair, I'd say), chaired by Malcolm Edwards. Shamelessly stolen from the latest *Ansible*, Eve's own comments follow:

"It emerged that many readers today do not feel the lack of such magazines: having arrived after the demise of *New Worlds*, they've had no experience of an SF magazine with high literary standards. The publication of *Extra* and *Interzone* does represent a re-awakening of the British literary SF magazine; the general conclusion of the meeting was that we should all buy these two to give them a fair trial and, if we like them, help ensure their success. Perhaps then the large publishers and distributors will sit up and take notice of what the reader wants."

Amen to that, though my natural cynicism warns me not to raise my hopes of a new dawn in the magazine world too much. Meanwhile, April 16 sees an open debate on the BSFA itself, followed by the first instalment of the national SF mastermind contest on May 21, Christ Priest (June 18), Gollancz managing director John Bush (August 20) and Malcolm's collaborator on the *NME* Phil Dick obit, Maxim Jakubowski (November 19).

That mainstay of British fandom, the Birmingham Science Fiction Group, announced a £153 loss during 1981 at its annual meeting on January 15, mainly due to the cost of its monthly newsletter and increased room rates (once again fuelling support for a return to central Birmingham). As usual, proceeds from Novacon will save the day (Novacon 10 raised £620).

Amazingly, outgoing chairman Rog Peyton (off to run Novacon 12) managed to uncover sufficient active members amongst the BSFG's atrophied ranks to replace every committee post but treasurer Margaret Thorpe's. Despite the rumours in last issue's *Deep Cuts*, I chose not to challenge Pauline Morgan's succession to husband Chris's newsletter editorship, and an allegedly de-gafiating Peter Weston reacted similarly to Roger's post, allowing Novacon originator Vernon Brown to give up the dubious honour of being the only Brum Group founder never to have taken the chair. The other (uncontested) elections were Alan Cash (publicity officer, replacing Dave Hardy, though his effectiveness is severely restricted by the cramped venue) and Chris Suslowicz (taking over from Arline Peyton as secretary). Vive le change.

Honorary co-president Brian Aldiss paid his five-yearly visit on February 19 to chat about the much-publicised *HELLICONIA SPRING* (my first encounter with the BSFA was Aldiss's last appearance back in 1977, in case anyone's interested; no, I didn't think anybody would be); Colin Kapp followed in his footsteps on March 19, with some American by the name of Marion Dimmer Lightswitch or whatever threatened for the summer, I fear. Measures may need to be taken.

Almost as amazing as the committee re-shuffle was the announcement after Brian's speech that the Brummies may soon be back in the fanzine game again, a mere four-and-a-half years after the instantly forgettable *Meta* sank without trace; some people never learn.

HOLD THE FRONT PAGE, etc

The Solihull Science Fiction Group held its first Sunday meeting on February 28, at its new venue the Red House (off Lode Lane, opposite the town's ambulance station and a stone's throw from Solihull Hospital - both useful if any of the Silhilians are struck down by alcoholic poisoning, I guess); highlights of the night include a darts match in which the "Trufans" (myself and Tony Berry) were humiliatingly defeated 2-1 by the "Crets" (SSFG stalwart Paul Griffith and Babelcon ex-chairman Phill Probert). Ah, the ignominy of it all.

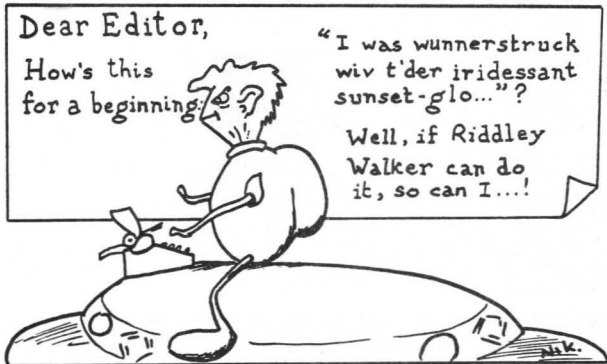
The Hull University Union Science Fiction Society is toying with the idea of organising a minicon in the summer as well as having a play "in the pipeline"; anyone interested should contact liaison officer Dave Harbud at 3 Southview, Paisley Street, Hull, East Yorkshire, who'd also like to hear from any science fiction writers willing to put in an appearance at the group's Tuesday evening gatherings.

"Anyone for a Walsall group?" reads the beermat thrust in my hand by Brum Grouper Paul Vincent the other day; if anyone is, Paul's address is 25 Dovedale Avenue, Pelsall, Walsall, West Midlands WS3 4HG.

Appeals for information on local fandom: G.D. Andrews, 327 Ashby Road, Scunthorpe, South Humberside DN16 2AB; John Bridge, 4 Brough Street, Goole, North Humberside DN16 2AB. Anyone know a decent bar halfway between Scunthorpe and Goole?

Mail to: 11 Fox Green Crescent, Birmingham B27 7SD.

Deadline for next column: May 1.



Where to send fanzines: Until the end of APRIL - 13a Cardigan Road Headingley LEEDS LS6 3AE

What the secret codes mean: "The usual" suggests that a fanzine is available for trade with other zines, a letter of comment, or a contribution. If a zine is available for money, the price is listed. Otherwise, try writing in for a sample copy. "R" means reduced typeface. "Q" means quarter size.

What's covered this issue: Fanzines received in January and February 1982.

Here we go then: A relatively lean period this time, after the avalanche of fanzines at the end of last year, and so (no doubt much to the relief of many, and certainly that of the editor) the column is a shorter one. This is not to say that all is gloom again on the fanzine front. There's still some good material coming out and, after all, there are many good reasons why the start of the year should have seen a falling off in the quantity of fanzine production: the Christmas break, the bad weather, maybe even the rail-strike for all I know, and the approach of Channelcon may all have been contributing factors. What is important is that interest in fanzines is still high (this renewal of interest in the medium has been as important a part of the "renaissance" as the actual fanzines produced) and while that remains I shall insist on remaining hopeful. The next two months, of course, with Channelcon amongst them, will give us a better clue to the real state of things. But for the meantime, let's go back to early January: as the last chorus of Auld Lang Syne fades away and we wait expectantly on the door-step for the year's first fanzine to arrive:

ANSIBLE 23 (Dave Langford, 22 Northumberland Avenue, Reading, Berks, RG2 7PW; 5 for £1 in UK; 4 for £1 elsewhere; Q; 6pp (2R).) Recommended SF and fannish news-letter, this issue including a piece by Abi Frost on the British fanzines of 1981.

BLATANT 10 (Avedon Carol, 4409 Woodfield Road, Kensington, Maryland 20895 USA; for the usual or \$2; USQ; 10pp.) Since for most of my fanzine publishing career I've suffered from rather a drought of response, it's interesting to see Avedon run into problems from getting too much. Apparently the puzzle of working out how to treat all those locs has been one of the reasons for this issue's delay. But the result, which is for the most part a long loc column, is entertaining enough: there are some interesting comments, including Walt Willis on what might be described as a generation communication gap; Joseph Nicholas on the differences between British and US conventions; and Paul Kincaid on discrimination against women writers. **BLATANT** continues to be one of the most interesting US zines, but I hope the gap before issue eleven isn't as long. A short and chatty zine like this needs frequent publication to really make its mark.

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS (Archie Smibert, Tommy Dees, Dan Dare, Nick Duncan, but my copy came from Ken Mann, to whom you would write if you want one. He lives at 87 St Fillans Road, Dundee, DD3 9LA, Scotland; A5; 5pp and a balloon.) Ken continues to send me stuff for review which seems to have very little to do with SF fandom, but I'm hesitant to draw lines to delineate what is eligible and what is not, so....Ken describes this zine as "Dundee's only fanzine" and "more raunchy than Chris Atkinson". I assume he's actually talking about Chris's writing (most likely her sexual fantasy piece in **STOP SPEAKING DOWN**) and means that **CHRISTMAS CRACKERS** is full of dirty jokes. OK, but Chris's piece was memorable because it's the sort of thing I haven't seen elsewhere, whereas the stuff in **CHRISTMAS CRACKERS** could be found in any rag mag. I was also put off by the references to local politics, which didn't make a lot of sense to someone like me, who must confess ignorance of the happenings in Dundee town hall. Still, if you blow up the balloon that's attached to the front page, it does have quite an impressive effect on Father Christmas.....

DON'T THINK ONCE (Graham James, 12 Fearnville Terrace, Oakwood, Leeds LS8 3DU; for the usual; A4; 8 pp.) Produced in three days, this contains the **MATRIX** editor's best fannish writing to date; Graham writes honestly and entertainingly about the motivation behind his fannish activity; the problems of fanzine response; and where his head and his feet are at. He also pours scorn on talk of the present fannish renaissance, adopting an unduly negative and pessimistic attitude which had me at the typewriter looting inside half an hour. I suspect that many others will also be galvanised into action. Graham covers a lot of ideas in a short space of time - should get a good level of response.

HINDMOST 3 (Jon Wallace for the Dundee SF Society, 21 Charleston Street, Dundee; for trade or request (enclose stamp); A4; 14pp.) Well, I don't want to get into an argument with Ken Mann about how raunchy Christ Atkinson is, but he was certainly wrong on the other count. Here is another Dundee fanzine, and soon there will be two, since the Dundee SF Society are not making **HINDMOST** a purely fiction and poetry zine and bringing in a new zine **HINDSIGHT** for other stuff. Sounds like a good idea.

Flesh is weak, so I can't resist responding to Jon's loc in issue 40. He accused me of quoting him out of context, but didn't go on to explain himself (so how am I supposed to see the error of my ways?) and he also said "The comments on **HINDMOST 2**... were designed to make Simon look clever, not fair comment on the zine" and didn't explain himself again. No doubt any comments I might make on **HINDMOST 3** would be received in the same spirit.

Next fanzine.....

AN INDEX TO THE MAGAZINE SCIENCE FICTION STORIES OF 1981 (G R Kemp, Diamond Press, 23 Raygill, Wilnecote, Staffs; £1-50 incl. postage; A4; 48pp.) Covers **AMAZINE**, **ANALOG**, **ASIMOV'S**, **DESTINIES**, **FANTASY BOOK**, **F&SF**, **RIGEL**, **SF DIGEST**, **TWILIGHT ZONE**, **AD ASTRA**, and **OMNI**. There are three sections: each

magazine in chronological order; an alphabetical list of authors; and an alphabetical list of stories.

Other publications: SF MONTHLY Index and GALILEO Index (each £1).

INDIAN SCOUT (Jim Allan, Sandy Brown, Bill Carlin, Stuart Crighton, Alan Ferguson, Pete Lyon, John McFarlane and Jimmy Robertson; 'not available'; A4; 16pp.) Subtitled THE CRETINS' CHRISTMAS CRACKER, this is easily the best fanzine yet from the (augmented) DRYGULCH mob. It's like a DRYGULCH except that it's longer and every contribution is a goody. Subjects include NOVACON treated as a prison sentence; a new look at divine conception; and a well-considered piece contrasting Christmas past and present. None of the incomprehensible in-jokes this time, just imaginative, often irreverent humour. Make sure you get a copy, I would say, but they claim it's not available. You could try writing to Sandy anyway I suppose, or turn to theft or something...

NEWS FROM THE SUN 5 (Dave Pringle, 21 The Village Street, Leeds LS4 2PR; available for a postage stamp; A4; 4pp.) More Ballard goodies from Uncle Davy with news, letters, and a piece on J.G. in French.

OLD SCRODD'S ALMANAC 1 (Dave Hicks and Pete Wright, 26 Mead Road, Edgeward, Middx HA8 6LJ; 'available to anyone who asks for a copy'; A4; 12pp.) First fannish fanzine from two Harrow College products. Much mention is made of Greg Pickersgill, but they don't seem to have picked up much about fannish writing from him. There's a con report detailing what they did and what they did next and so on and so on but with little to say and little to amuse. There's one good bit about crashing out in the main con-suite: "Service is excellent; the staff clean the place while you sleep so you wake up in a tidy room" but that's out in a desert of what they had to eat and what programme items they attended. Other items include a piece on the British Bulldog escapade at YORCON 2 and a description of a typical tedious night in Harrow.

All in all, it's predictable subject matter with not a great deal of enthusiasm apparent behind it all: "Novacon 11, The Inevitable Report", Pete titles his piece, giving the impression that he could scarcely suppress a yawn, even when he was typing the heading. Dave complains that neo-fans must necessarily be unaware of a lot of what has been done before in fanzines, and are therefore inevitably prone to repeat the same material and, presumably, mistakes themselves. But, as regular Friends in Space attendees, surely he and Pete must be in with a better-than-average chance of seeing a few decent fanzines. They could learn what works and what doesn't and then try to put in a few ideas of their own.

This first effort reads like a half-hearted attempt to imitate some vague conception they have of what a fanzine is supposed to be like, rather than a real attempt at self-expression. Sorry to sound so heavy lads - just try a bit harder next time. After all, you have got one thing going for you: Dave's artwork is pretty damn good.

PONG 29, 30 (Ted White and Dan Steffan, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St, Falls Church, VA 22046, USA; for locs, trade to both editors, or postage for a few issues (not just one); USQ; 10pp each.) All this is getting a bit difficult for me to follow just at the moment, since both of these issues include long reviews of US fanzines I haven't seen and which usually seem to result in a feud between Ted White and the reviewee. These yanks seem to be even more paranoid than we are. Set against such back-biting, Richard Bergeron's new column seems to be developing into the best part of PONG. In issue 30 he writes about how his brief experiments with drugs affected his view of the world. His first paragraph is ironically amusing: "It seems in the United States and, possibly, in England too, marijuana smoking has become socially acceptable - now hardly raising an eyebrow any higher than would a cigarette, say.... one sees business people smoking in the financial section of the city relaxing on their lunch break in their suits and ties...." No, Dick, it's not like that over here.

QUARTZ 1 (R.J. Robinson, Diamond Press, 23 Raygill, Wilnecote, Staffs; 80 p each incl. postage or £2-50 for four incl. postage; A4; 38pp.) A fiction zine which doesn't pay for each contribution but gives a prize each issue to the author of the story which the readers vote for as the best. Competition doesn't seem to be too hot, judging from this issue, so you may be in with a chance. There's a fairly well crafted story by David Malpass but little else to impress: a nonsensical "aftermath of holocaust" story, an attack on militant feminists in the guise of a S&S book review, and some one-line book "reviews" are amongst the other contents.

RAA 2 (Martyn Taylor, 5 Kimpton Road, Camberwell, London SE5 7EA; for the usual; A4; 18pp.) Graham James, writing in DON'T THINK ONCE, seems to find this an example of the "political naivete" of most fans. Well, I can't quite see that (which probably makes me "politically naive" as well) but whereas Martyn's political statements are well written enough and are broadly in agreement with my own sentiments, they don't by and large tell me anything I hadn't already worked out for myself, so they lose impact; they don't make the impression which Martyn seems to believe that they do. I already know that the US attitude to Poland and El Salvador is hypocritical, for instance. There's nothing at all wrong with Martyn saying it, but it doesn't impress or affect me.

I've always considered one of the major qualities of Art to be the capacity to present the obvious in a new and different way in order to bring home a point which should have been obvious in the first place. Martyn needs to do this to make an impression. Maybe fiction is an intrinsically superior medium to fannish writing in this respect, or maybe Martyn just hasn't got to grips with it yet. Even his anecdote about a terrorist bomb encountered on his way to work doesn't have the desired impact (sic), maybe because Martyn was some distance away on the top of a double-decker bus at the time.

Perhaps, when I think about, the reason why so much fannish writing has been criticised as 'mere entertainment' and 'not relevant' is that it's sometimes difficult to take an incident out of every-

day life and stretch it to say something deep and meaningful. Certainly, my favourite fannish pieces achieve just that, but perhaps to expect it everytime is pushing it a bit. Fannish writers should be aware of the immense possibilities of the medium, but also be aware of its limitations, and not expect that their every car break-down, their every slice of break dropped down the back of a fridge can be oozing with social and political significance.

The official Ounsley line on Martyn Taylor remains the same. He's one of the best sercon writers we've got, but his inherently 'serious' approach does perhaps detract from his fannish writing, in that he tries too hard to make every bus-ride into a Tarkovsky film. I still think he's best at critical writing (such as the excellent short reviews in this issue) but I hope he goes on to prove me wrong.

STOMACH PUMP 3 (Steve Higgins, 6 Hildyard Road, Fulham, London SW6; most likely for the usual; A4; 20pp.) Easily Steve's best fannish fanzine to date, this genzine includes the latest installment of Pete Roberts' long-running TAFF report (not tremendously hot on the Kennedy Space Centre, but some excellent descriptions of Greyhound travelling); two choice bits of Jimmy Robertson ("On the wall is a mural with a vaguely industrial theme. Lots of cogs and shafts. In and around Lanarkshire this is a favourite subject for your utility mural designer. Personally I feel that the fact that the grass, and everything else for that matter, is grey is enough of a reminder of our industrial heritage"); Abi Frost attacking those who try to tell us what we should put in our fanzines (hooray!); Phil Palmer with a thoughtful piece on a Gerry Anderson con; and the under-rated Mike Scantlebury with a spirited defence of mixing politics with fandom. All in all, it's a very good issue. Next one out at Channelcon, says Steve. This is the important bit. If he can produce an issue in three months that's as good as this issue (which took him fifteen) then he's on to a winner.

THIS FARCE 3 (Glen Warming, 72 Linacre Avenue, Sprowston, Norwich, Norfolk; for the usual; Q; 14 pp.) So here we are in an age of mass communication with conventions every fortnight or so and poor old Glen's stuck in Norwich with no money to get out of it. This inadvertent return to the fanzine's roots (when the primary motivation behind them was the need to communicate with other fans) lends a certain sense of urgency and commitment to THIS FARCE which might otherwise be missing. Glen's writing isn't always grammatically perfect and he should certainly try to borrow a dictionary or at least correct his typos (I reckon three or four of these a page is OK in a fanzine - any more than that starts to detract from enjoyment of the reading) but there's the occasional flash of humour which keeps you reading, plus the feeling that Glen is really interested in communication rather than just producing another (ho hum) fanzine.

My favourite piece in this issue is a guest article from Graham Parry, whose family house was chosen as a village early warning station for nuclear attack. He describes the procedure they were expected to go through and, perhaps not surprisingly, it doesn't inspire confidence in our national defences. Should be given a wider circulation, this piece; I'm convinced that what really sparked off the CND revival was the government's claims that we could protect ourselves with emulsion paint and sand-bags, and, if all else failed, lie in a ditch and cover ourselves with an overcoat. Graham's experiences seem to be in much the same vein.

Glen complains he wants to be involved in fandom but "...since I'm stuck here at home, here in Norwich, I don't see how there's very much I can do". Well, THIS FARCE 3 is not a bad start - I hope to see more in the future. And I think Glen may be worrying unnecessarily about having to write "in the fannish tradition". The fannish tradition of writing is actually a lot broader than some people would have us believe (of which more later), and the present taste is also broader, I think, than it was, say, two years ago. Glen's article about his introduction to the art of Kendo in this issue, for instance, fits in perfectly well. Glen should cast around and write about what he wants to and not worry too much about what is considered "acceptable". Personally, I'd rather see a failed experiment than the OLD SCROOD'S school of tired re-workings of what's gone before.

IHME 8, 9, 10/11 (Andrew Brown, 660 Swanston Street, Carlton, Vic. 3053, Australia, and Irwin Hirsch, 279 Domain Road, South Yarra, Vic. 3141, Australia; for trade or £3 subs. to British agent Joseph Nicholas, 94 St George's Square, Pimlico, London SW18 3QY; Q; 4pp, 4pp, and 18pp.) Australian fannish newszine, with con reports, fanzine reviews etc. By no means as lively and amusing as our own ANSIBLE but still perhaps the best way of finding out something about antipodean fandom. The double issue 10/11 contains a review of fannish happenings in 1981.

VAMPIRE FROGS (or IDOMO 6) (Chuck Connor, c/o Sildan House, Chediston Road, Wissett, Near Halesworth, Suffolk IP19 0NF; for the usual and lots of other things; A4; 74pp.) Another bumper fanzine from Chuck with some horror stories, a few poems, lots of fanzine reviews, and the usual smattering of what Chuck sincerely believes to be scandal. "...most people know your lot are gunning for me" he writes in response to my last IDOMO review, so in a (no doubt futile) attempt to reduce his paranoia I shall say not another word.

WARHOON 29 (Richard Bergeron, Box 5989, Old San Juan, Puerto Rico 00905; for the usual or \$2; USQ; 64pp.) According to the list in this issue, WARHOON first appeared in 1952; issue 27 in 1970, and thereafter nothing till the massive number 28 which finally came out in January 1981. Number 28 was a massive 618-page tribute to hallowed veteran fannish writer Walt Willis, re-printing selections from his work, which was appearing during the fifties and sixties. Eighteen months to take a breather after all the work and now comes WARHOON 29, which is not such a little issue itself.

Naturally there's considerable discussion of the Willis issue herein (which is not all that interesting for those of us who've not previously read anything by Willis) and the contents in general are mainly concerned with fan history, but some of this is more interesting than you might expect. Harry Warner Jr's piece about his early fanzine publishing, for instance, makes fascinating reading, and there's an excellent piece by Ted White called THE POLITICS OF FANDOM which puts forward a convincing argument that fandom is an anarchist meritocracy (but becoming less so).

Other articles include rather dreary pieces by John Bangsund and Tom Perry, and the first installment of Willis's book THE IMPROBABLE IRISH which does indeed tend to suggest that he's a fine writer. (WARHOON 28, I should mention, is still available, hard covers and all, from UK agent Malcolm Edwards at (gulp) £15. Might just be worth it, though.)

Finally, with all this talk recently about the mixing of politics and fandom and the suggestion that such a thing is going against the hallowed traditions of fandom, I was interested to read a letter in this issue dated September 1960 and written response to a previous WARHOON: "Support for unilateral nuclear disarmament is gaining ground rapidly in the Labour Party, and one of the main arguments of Bertrand Russell currently is that as long as Britain continues to be a US aircraft carrier for H-bombs, and spy flights, there exists a standing temptation for Russia to wipe us all out with a few H-bombs, leaving America carefully alone. Is it reasonable, asks Russell, to expect America then to embark on the extermination of all humanity, including herself, just for the sake of retribution". Who was that written by? Hallowed veteran fan writer Walt Willis, that's who.

Some people these days will try to tell us any old shit.

WHO SUFFERS 2 (G. G. Derrick, for Hull University Union SF Society - no address given; no mention of availability; A4; 36pp.) Throughout these reviews I really do strive (honest) to maintain some semblance of objectivity. Everything I say is a personal opinion - that I admit - but I do attempt to prevent my emotions from subjugating logic. Even so, even taking this into account, I cannot help but write that this mob really are a right load of pillocks; they forget to include an address; they fill their fanzine with largely juvenile fiction and artwork; they print a short "review" of MATRIX which describes it as "the cliquy journal of the boring BSFA" which they "can't see any point in reading" yet they send this to me specifically for review; and to cap it all, someone called J.E. Staniforth chooses to attack fanzines in general as "back-patting, talentless wastes of precious paper". "It would do SF so much more good" says J.E. "if these members of fandom stuck to being fans and stopped giving the more saner ((sic)) (and talented) members of the genre a name for being outrages and anything but serious. Fun is fun, but too much play and not enough work makes Jack look an idiot".

So, the rest of you out there producing fanzines aren't putting any work into it - anything other than the prescribed HUSFS model requires no work or talent at all to produce. Makes you wonder, doesn't it? Makes you wonder how many fanzines J.E. has actually seen and how many of them he's read and if he could have managed to read them if he'd tried. Makes you wonder why the editor doesn't try to produce something of value himself before printing ill-informed generalised attacks on everybody else. Makes you wonder how people like this get into university in the first place.

Generally speaking, nothing convinces me that fannish fanzines are worthwhile so much as the utter trash produced by most of the people who criticise them. From Hull, Hell and Halifax.....as the saying goes.

And on this calm, collected, utterly objective note I bring this issue's column to an end. Hope you've found something to interest you. The next column will feature fanzines received during March and April and will also be my last, since I want to get out before the meglomaniac sets in. So after April, copies for review should be sent to:

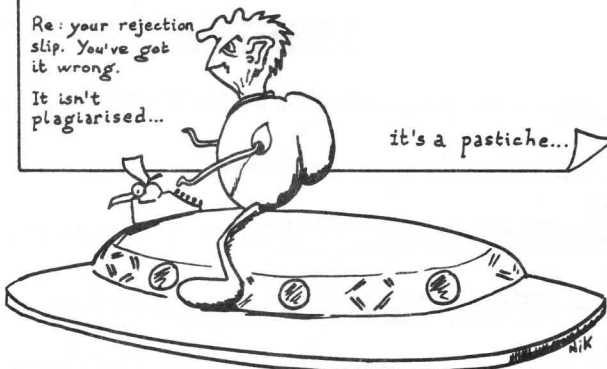
The Matrix editorial address, pending announcement of my successor.

Dear Editor,

Re: your rejection slip. You've got it wrong.

It isn't plagiarised...

it's a pastiche...



RSFA CLUBS DIRECTORY 1982

ABERDEEN

Aberdeen University Union SF Society: Contact via the union building in Broad Street, Aberdeen; fanzine Ring Pull, group library and film shows.

BELFAST

Belfast SF Group: Contact Graham Andrews at 53 Columbia Street, Belfast; informal group, James White president.

BIRMINGHAM

Birmingham Polytechnic SF&F Society: Short-lived campus group which folded last summer amid wide-spread indifference; that its collapse rapidly followed my agreement to speak to members on fandom is pure coincidence.

Birmingham SF Film Society: Another recent casualty on the Midlands SF scene, folding amongst a torrent of abuse and lawsuit threats; the real reasons for its self-destruction were ((continued p 94)).

Birmingham SF Group: Britain's longest-established SF society, the Brum Group celebrated its tenth anniversary in July '81, joined by co-presidents Brian Aldiss and Harry Harrison; meetings at the Ivy Bush, Hagley Road, Edgbaston, 7.45 p.m. on the third Friday of every month, with informal meetings at the Old Royal, central Birmingham (near the Grand Hotel) first Tuesday of the month; has organised the annual Novacons since replacing the Aston University SF Group in 1972; membership currently £3.50, including monthly newsletter and (if all goes well) group fanzine; contact Margaret Thorpe at 36 Twyford Road, Ward End, Birmingham.

BOLTON

Bolton and District SF Group: Spin-off of Manchester fandom, meeting Tuesdays at the Old Three Crowns Deansgate; publishes fanzine Crazy Eddie; contact Bernard Earp at 21 Moorfield Grove, Tonge Moor, Bolton.

BRIGHTON

Brighton SF Group: Informal, meets monthly; contact David Penn at 23 Queens Avenue, Uckfield, Sussex.

Wandering Worlds SF Group: Contact Ruth Wilder at 16 York Villas, Brighton (phone Brighton 721622); "Free beer, coffee, floor and lectures".

CAMBRIDGE

Cambridge University SF Society: Meets Thursdays at the Horse & Groom, King Street, Cambridge; library of 3,000 books available to members; contact Pete Hutchinson at Jesus College, Cambridge.

CARDIFF

Cardiff SF Group: Contact Tony Donovan at 29 Llanbleddian Gardens, Cathays, Cardiff (phone Cardiff 372490 or 43474 during office hours); president Lionel Fanthorpe, guest at group's Cymrucon last year.

COVENTRY

University of Warwick SF&F Society: Wargaming Wednesday afternoons, SF Thursday evenings, both at the union building; contact social secretary Trevor Mendham via the Arts Federation Pigeon Holes; group now has book and fanzine library, as well as publishing fanzine Fusion.

CROYDON

Croydon SF&F Club: Meets second Friday of the month at the Railway Tavern in Purley and final Fridays at the Tavern in the Town, Croydon; contact John Hunt at 39 Stoneyfield Road, Coulsdon, Surrey (phone Downland 55262).

DUNDEE

Dundee SF Society ("42"): Informal meetings and fanzine; contact Alison Wallace at 21 Charleston Street, Dundee.

EDINBURGH

Friends of Robert the Hack (F.O.R.T.H.): Tuesdays at Milne's Vaults, Hanover Street, Edinburgh; very informal, fanzine Ra Brig and forthcoming RaCon '83, Edinburgh's first SF convention; contact Jim Darroch at 21 Corslet Road, Currie, Midlothian, Scotland.

EXETER

University of Exeter SF Society: Mondays at the union bar; fanzine Exosphere unlikely to re-appear in near future, but the group has a 300-strong library and organised Microcon on the campus in March; contact via the Societies Rack, Devonshire House, University of Exeter, Exeter, Devon.

GLASGOW

Friends of Kilgore Trout (F.O.K.T.): Traditional centre of Scottish fandom, meeting Thursdays at

Wintergill's Bar, midway between the Kelvinbridge and St Georges X tube stations on the Great Western Road; organises Faircon and publishes fanzine FOKI; contact care of Photon Books, Woodlands Road, Glasgow (phone 041 333 0784).

Glasgow University SF Society: Merged with Strathclyde University counterpart Io in October to present joint programme, including Bob Shaw in March; contact Henry Balen at 69 Castlehill Drive, Newton Mearns, Glasgow.

Io: ((see above))

HARROW

Harrow SF Group: With the inimitable Pete Wright at the helm, doubtlessly informal to the point of unconsciousness; contact Pete at 26 Mead Road, Edgeware, Middlesex.

HATFIELD

Hatfield Polytechnic SF&F Society: Weekly meetings on the campus; details form the group care of the Students Union, P.O. Box 109, Hatfield, Herts.

HIGH WYCOMBE

High Wycombe SF Group: Folded mid-1981 through lack of interest.

HULL

Hull University Union SF Society: Meets Tuesdays at the union building, as well as publishing Who Suffers? and organising outings to conventions, bookshops and other groups; currently planning video weekend and exhibitions; contact Dave Harbud at 3 Southview, Paisley Street, Hull, East Yorkshire.

KENT

East Kent SF Group: Informal meetings in Folkstone, first Friday of the month; contact Paul Kincaid at 17 Radnor Bridge Road, Folkstone, Kent. NEW ADDRESS: See Vector.

LANCASHIRE

Ormskirk, Preston and Lancaster SF Media Society: Fortnightly meetings at Edge Hill College, Ormskirk, Lancs; contact Lesley Crowther at 14 Lady Openshaw Hall, Edge Hill College.

LEEDS

Leeds SF Group: Fridays at the West Riding, Wellington Street; "darts, dominoes, politics, philosophy etc", organised 1981 Eastercon; contact Simon Ounsley at 13a Cardigan Road, Headingley, Leeds.

Leeds University SF Society: Wednesdays at the Pack Horse, Woodhouse Lane (near the aforementioned university); library and fanzine Black Hole, formerly edited by BSFA supremo Alan Dorey.

LEICESTER

Leicester SF Group: First Friday of the month at the Old Black Swan, Belgrave Gate; recently rejuvenated, with first convention Lexicon in May; contact Neil Talbott at 70 Falmouth Road, Evington, Leicester; past guests include David Hardy and yours truly.

LONDON

BSFA: Third Friday of the month at the King of Diamonds Greville Street, London EC1 (Farringdon/Chancery Lane tubes); watch MATRIX for details of future events.

Friends in Space: Rilly triffic gatherings Sundays at the Queen Victoria, the Green, Ealing; gossip, alcohol and secret signs.

Harringay & District Sci-Fi Discussion Group: Second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at the Salisbury Hotel, Green Lane, London N4 (between Turnpike Lane station and Harringay Stadium); contact Malcolm Edwards on 01 340 9983.

Imperial College SF Society: Launched 1976, now meeting Friday lunchtimes above Stan's Bar in the college residence halls; contact Martin Jeffcock at the Physics Department, Imperial College, London SW7.

One Tun: Legendary SF venue, high on Saffron Hill, Farringdon; meetings first Thursday of the month.

London Plus Group: Informal spin-off of the One Tun meetings; contact at 88a Thornton Avenue, Chiswick, London W4.

South East London SF Group: Third Tuesday of the month at the Southern Stars, New Cross Road; contact Peter Pinto on 01 691 2792.

MANCHESTER

Manchester and District SF Group: Informal meetings first and third Wednesdays of the month at the William Shakespeare, city centre (just behind Lewis's).

MATLOCK

Matlock Science Fiction Group: Recently opted for greater informality, now meeting alternate Tuesdays at the Boat House, Matlock, Derbyshire; contact President Mandy Dakin at 68 Rutland St, Matlock.

NEWCASTLE

GannetFandom: The city's archetypal hive of informality, Tuesdays at the Duke of Wellington, next to Worswick Street Bus Station; contact Ian Williams at 6 Greta Terrace, Chester Road, Sunderland (phone Sunderland 57881).

Keele University SF Society: Likely to collapse following the departure of its most active members, who return to organise Unicon 3 in September; contact care of the students' union.

NORWICH

Norwich SF Group: Wednesdays at the Louis Marchesi, Tombland; fanzine Oncezine; contact Glen Warminster at 72 Linacre Drive, Sprowston, Norwich, Norfolk.

OXFORD

Oxford University SF Group: Sundays at Worcester College, opening with literary discussion and later moving to the Bulldog Bar, St Aldgates, for the main business of the evening; contact Dave Strong at Wadham College, Oxford.

READING

The Glomere Group: Deeply "philosophical" forum for SF analysis (hic) at the Osborne Arms lounge bar, third Thursday of each month; contact Dave Langford at 22 Northumberland Ave, Reading, Berks.

ST ALBANS

Staffen SF Group: Second Monday of the month at the Peacock, Hatfield Road; contact Mic Rogers at 22 Campfield Road, St Albans, Herts.

SALISBURY

Salisbury SF Group: Contact Roger Whittington at 91 Milford Hill, Salisbury, Wiltshire.

SALTCOATS

Saltcoats & District SF Club: Wednesdays at the Crown Inn lounge bar, held "to keep bar in business"; contact Dave Ellis at 6 Talisman Walk, Saltcoats, Ayrshire, Scotland.

SHREWSBURY

Shrewsbury SF Group: Informal meetings Thursdays at the Admiral Benbow lounge, Shrewsbury, Shropshire; fanzine The Gigo Principle launched late '81; contact Dave Shotton at 16 Moston Green, Harlescote, Shrewsbury (phone 0743 51131).

SOLIHULL

Solihull SF Group ("Solaris"): Launched January '81 as informal counterpoint to existing Birmingham Fandom; currently meets fourth Sunday of each month at the Red House, Hermitage Road (opposite Solihull's ambulance station), five minutes' walk from the town centre; newsletter Overmatter shelved at present; details from the Life On Mars address.

SOUTH HANTS

South Hants SF Group: Second and fourth Fridays of each month at the George & Dragon lounge, Cosham; publishes fanzine Death Rays; contact Jeff Suter at 18 Norton Close, Southwick, Fareham, Hants.

STOUR VALLEY

Stour Valley SF Group: Contact Alex Stewart at 11a Beverley Road, Colchester, Essex.

SWANSEA

Swansea SF Society: Twice-weekly meetings in the Welsh hills and fanzine Redshift; contact Linda Thomas at 113 Heathfield, Swansea, West Glamorgan (phone on Swansea 54335).

WEST MIDLANDS

West Midlands SF Group: Despite recent cancellation of fanzine Evenstar, still meets at the George & Dragon, Ryder Street, Wordsley, final Friday of each month; contact Geoff Boswell at 59 Sorrel Walk, Stour View, Brierley Hills. STOP PRESS: Believed folded spring 1982. Look for full story in Life On Mars next edition.

WORTHING

Worthing SF Group: Emerged autumn '81 and currently meets weekly at a member's home, but fanzine and film/video evenings planned in near future; contact Nick Flynn at the Croft, 26 Cissbury Road, Worthing (phone on Worthing 30642).

This Club directory is published annually; compiled by Clubs man Steve Green. Entries, corrections, complaints, suggestions to him at the address in Life On Mars.

THE REALLY DIFFICULT INTELLECTUAL LANGFORD COMPETITION STRIKES AGAIN!

M40: 'Best BSFA Philanthropist'

Dave Langford reports

An excellent turnout for this competition, in which members were invited to do their best to maximize human happiness in a science-fictional sort of way. I must say straightaway that I have disqualified all those who claimed to have aided humanity by causing Alan Dorey to move from London up to Leeds—none of those who made this claim seem to have considered how Alan's move benefited the BSFA membership at large, except for that part living in Leeds. (Or, as the case may be, London.) A gallant failure was scored by the member who tried to strike a blow for better eyesight by stealing the *script* golfball from the *Matrix* typewriter: he will be missed, until the parole board takes pity. And sorry, G.R. of Kent—you may well have driven Kev Smith from the *Vector* editorship, but that event took place before the present competition was announced. Ian Watson and Chuck Connor must, I suppose, receive honourable mentions for their well-meant efforts to publicize *Interzone*; while Joseph Nicholas's proofs of philanthropic efforts, consisting as they do of his complete and life-enhancing critical writings, were among the most impressive and monumental of the entries. But the prize must go to the member who has spread human happiness over the entire cosmos by arranging that our President, Arthur C. Clarke, be sent on an experimental space-probe to publicize the BSFA across the galaxy! (Round-trip time: 1,000,000 yrs.) Yes, the winner of this competition's extra-special £1000 book token is none other than DAVE LANGFORD...

(Now look here, Langford, you can't get away with this—Eds)

Oh, all right. April fool, or something like that. Mutter, mutter...

Meanwhile, back in reality, competition M40—for the best idea for a future BSFA/*Matrix* competition—hasn't received many entries. Strange: I had more entries last time I set a really difficult one. I'm extending the deadline until next time, to give you lot another chance: rush in your staggeringly brilliant entries now. I'll print one of the sillier ones I have now, just to stimulate you: *Spot the errors in Alan Dorey's piece in (i) MATRIX 40; (ii) the current MATRIX. The greatest (correct) number—of fact, spelling, syntax, punctuation, anything—wins.* Shame on you, Kevin Smith, for that wicked suggestion. (It is not being set as a formal competition here, but feel free to try it if you like!) Rush further entries to me, address and deadline as below.

M41: 'The Spaceship Debate'

You may have met the spaceship debate at conventions. Fans assume the personae of favourite (or unfavourite—Joseph Nicholas did Jerry Pournelle last year) SF authors and make short speeches explaining why *they* should not be thrown out of the airlock in 'Cold Equations' style. The audience votes on the least popular character present at the end of each round of speeches: and he goes out of the airlock. You are invited to impersonate some SF or fantasy author and in not more than 150 words write his/her justification of him/herself, explaining why he or she should be the last to be thrown out of the airlock. Be passionate, be cruel, be witty, be what you like and who you like—but do enter if you can, otherwise the editors may make rude noises at me and mutter about cutting back unproductive departments of *Matrix*.

Save this column from extinction!

Rush your M40 and M41 entries to me—Dave Langford, 22 Northumberland Avenue, Reading, Berkshire, RG2 7PW, UK—by the deadline, which is one week after the *Matrix* copy date on the inside front cover.

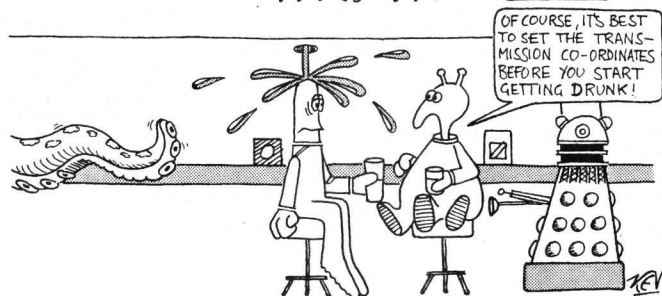
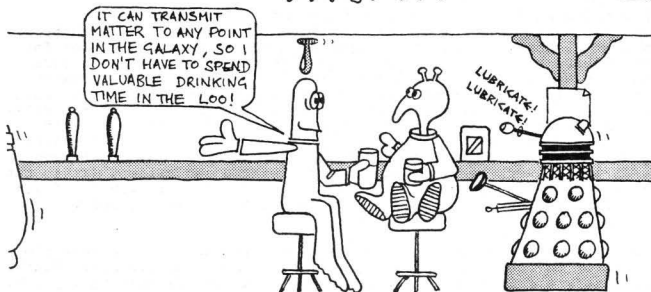
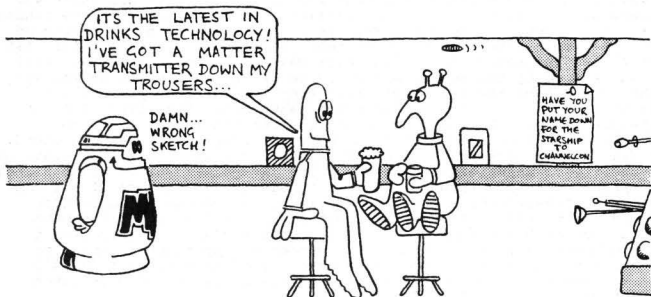
Good luck (he added, trying desperately to get to the bottom of the page before John Harvey's patience runs out again...)

Dave L

THE TAVERN at

THE END OF TIME

By Kevin Clarke
and Steve Green



Not quite so much controversy this time around; far from D West's article eliciting howls of protest, most people actually agreed with him. Does this mean the man has mellowed, or has the BSFA membership been radicalised? More on that later. Jeeves versus Brunner, from opposing ends of the bomb, brings in heated argument amid several very complimentary letters on the last ish. Actually, I thought it was one of the best editions and the Day in the Life of series seems to have been very well received - Hmm, I say "not too much controversy", but there again, I'm forgetting about Ian Watson and Chuck Connor. More of the nasty bits later; meanwhile a bit of praise and thought on the writers' predicament:-



R NICHOLSON-MORTON
235 WEST STREET
FAREHAM HANTS PO16 0HZ

Your contents page gets better and better: a tantalising flavour indeed! (But how do you recycle staples - surely, a lifetime's work?)

Far from being dull, Chris Evans's article on "A day in the life!" was illuminating and displays the care taken in his writing. The ubiquitous love-hate relationship with writing is doubtless common - usually, starting is the hardest part - and is echoed by Robert Sheckley in "Best of Omni No. 2". Barring truly inspired moments, perhaps there is a grudging awareness that the vision and feeling of the story-in-mind does not translate accurately once it is story-on-paper; and, rather than face this fact and the disillusionment and necessary refining work, far better to procrastinate... Of course, getting any thoughts on paper is the first, usually highest hurdle: as Chris says, the "lump of clay" - then can begin the shaping into a closer resemblance to the mind-story after each draft. Yes, I look forward to reading the next in this occasional-series...

"SF helping good causes" by Terry Hill, closes your interesting crop of letters and neatly ties in with your Editorial. SF fans have a number of dread labels - specious, as most labels are! - which are given more credibility by efforts like Kinvg and Trek-oriented mass-media: weird, loony, anti-establishment, adolescent, comic-buffs, etc... For some time now I've wondered how this silly image could be cracked if not shattered (if it is indeed worth bothering at all...). The majority of SF fans are probably concerned and idealistic, and many individual fans do "good works" be they sponsored swims for the disabled, pushing beds for cancer, or whatever. But how many SF groups have publicly sought sponsorship for similar good causes? How many care? The technology of SF which is with us now can help many people, if the funds were available. As SF fans perhaps we should be thinking about providing that technology for those who need it, through various sponsorship schemes. And the attendant publicity wouldn't go amiss, surely? Yes, get the BSFA and SF into the press, do good into the bargain, and show we're not UFO-goggling idiots more concerned with Intergalactic Empires than our less fortunate fellows...! (Re: D West's article on convention financing, the setting up of a disabled SF fan fund would be one very positive and worthy repository for Con-surplus money).

Martin Tudor also supports the Disabled fan-fund idea proposed by Terry Hill; I do hope this is raised at the Channelcon business meeting and gains support:-

MARTIN TUDOR
99 CROXALL TOWER
WINDMILL LANE
SMETHWICK, WARLEY
WEST MIDLANDS B66 2LZ

In MATRIX 40 it was a great relief to read at last a balanced and reasonable view of "the great Yorcon cashcon". I firmly agree with D West that, as long as convention organisers deliver the goods, in the firm of an enjoyable con, what they do with any surplus cash is entirely up to them. In the case of Yorcon, *Interzone* would appear to be as deserving a cause as any to receive the money.

Which is more than I am prepared to say of Mr West's suggestion that in future surplus cash could be contributed to a fund for yet another SF award. Although the idea would appear to be quite sound (and certainly in these hard times I'm sure that many SF writers would appreciate the possibility of a cash award) I feel that there are already far too many SF awards around. A much more deserving outlet for surplus cash is suggested by Terry Hill in his letter, where he proposes a fund for disabled fans. THIS scheme is something I would very much like to hear the present Channelcon committee comment upon.

And, Channelcon reveals all:-

EVE HARVEY
Chairperson, Channelcon
43 Harrow Road
Carshalton
Surrey SM5 3QH

Concerning Don West's article about convention funds in the last MATRIX, Channelcon's intentions are set out in our 4th Progress Report which will be distributed before the next edition of MATRIX, but for those BSFA members who are not attending the convention, I'd like to explain our feelings.

We feel that, as a matter of principle, any surpluses that are made by convention committees should be used to the benefit of fandom, in particular 'convention fandom', since these were the people who supplied the money in the first place. Thus we do not

agree with Don's idea of setting up some sort of award for professional writers etc. We hope this whole question, with as many alternatives as possible, will be raised at the Business Meeting to be held on Monday at Channelcon.

What we have decided, should we make a surplus is:

- (1) We will produce a fifth progress report, in essence like the Albacon Report, providing final accounts, minutes of the Business Meeting, attendance figures etc. Unlike the Albacon Report, however, this will be provided free to all those who supported Channelcon (once again on the principle that it's their money we are using). I have agreement from the Metrocon committee that should they win the bid for 1983, they will send this out with their first progress report, and have written to the Albacon committee for the same promise.
- (2) The next £100 (or portion thereof) will go to existing fan funds.
- (3) Should there be further surplus, we will use this, as said above, for some project that will benefit fandom as a whole. Exactly what is decided will depend on suggestions at the business meeting and will be published in our fifth progress report.



A sensible approach to the matter, I believe. Don't hold much on the idea of channeling funds to a fifth PR - seems a waste of money. Brian Hennigan wants the BSFA to get involved - although I believe that they used to, many moons ago. Trouble is, do we really want more fans coming to conventions as he suggests? Personally, I think they're too bloody large anyway - and just what is the "SF Cause"?

BRIAN HENNIGAN
8 GREENBANK DRIVE
EDINBURGH EH10 5RE
SCOTLAND

I would like to take this opportunity to comment upon two articles in MATRIX 40. Firstly, regarding D West's article on the financing on conventions. If a convention is meant to further develop interest in SF and hopefully involve more and more people in the subject, then there is little point in making the convention self-financing

if this only results in very high attendance rates, an extremely good con and very little new fan attendance. A convention just for the hell of it is no good, and does no good for the cause of SF (whatever that is). To this end surely any convention which brings new people into the SF movement is a success, regardless of whether it is financially self-sufficient. But nowadays there isn't the money to enable people to provide a good convention and have membership rates which will attract normally apathetic Joe Public. To this end, would it not be worth the time and money for an organisation like the BSFA to perhaps subsidise convention rates for first-timers and locals who might take the chance of going to a convention if the price is encouraging. Hopefully this action would pay off in the long run with more and more people coming to their first and then second conventions. If the BSFA is meant to help SF prosper, then this could be an effective way of doing so.

Secondly, I come to the piece by Michael Ashley. I agreed with much of what he said, but I still feel that there should be some system of rewarding good fanzine work. This serves its purpose if only in the fact that some little extra effort may be put into zine production in the hope of reward, fame and other things too numerous to mention. But I do feel that the current way in which awards and awarded is at fault.

One obvious fault, as mentioned by Michael, is that the more widely circulated fanzines tend to win the most awards. An obvious flaw in this is that, if the same system was applied elsewhere then the best newspaper would be the Sun and the best book something by Harold Robbins or Barbara Cartland. I think a suitable alternative would be an anonymous, randomly selected committee who would read as many zines as is possible. Then they would vote and the best would get what they deserved. Also, I think that it is time that individual awards were given, since at present the award-winning fanzine won't necessarily have the best artwork, jokes or reviews.

Michael Ashley's thoughts on the Awards question must have proved rather close-ended in that very few other people offered any further suggestions. I think I've seen enough of the arguments now to conclude: (a) whatever voting system you employ, it's open to mis-representation and an un-representative result; (b) no-one really cares who wins the awards. Indeed, even Bob Shaw now regrets ever winning the fan Hugos:-

BOB SHAW
13 BRADDYLL TERRACE
ULVERSTON
CUMBRIA LA12 0DH

I had the pleasure of glancing through MATRIX 40 while having my breakfast this morning. It's a nice looking issue.

I'm beginning to think Mike Ashley is right when he suggests that awards like the Hugo should be scrapped. For the last two years, on both sides of the Atlantic, fan after fan has gone into print in dismissing the possibility that my two Fan Writer Hugos might have had anything to do with my thirty

years of contributing to fanzines. Mike is only the latest in a line of fan writers to make a specific mention of me in this context. I was pleased when I got those Hugos - thirty years is a long time by actfan standards - but now I'm beginning to wish there was some way I could retrospectively refuse the bloody things.

Continuing on the theme of awards - this time Arts Councils Awards:-

JON WALLACE
21 CHARLESTON ST
DUNDEE DD2 4RG

tical doublespeak) it exhibits signs of sour grapes and paranoia. It is interesting to compare and contrast (as my English teacher used to say) this with Colin Greenland's 'Focus' article.

It's difficult to know what to say about Ian Watson's open letter. To my eye (admittedly unpracticed at political

I KNOW
PEOPLE KEEP
WRITING IN
ACCUSING ME
OF BEING
PARANOID

SO WHY
DOES THE
EDITOR
NEVER
PRINT THEIR
LETTERS?

NIK MORTON (address above)

Ian Watson's diatribe will doubtless provoke response from

people cognisant of the politics involved in the NELS SF selection. I'm not - cognisant, that is.... My interpretation, merely through the pages of MATRIX, was that the SF was under threat and needed saving, regardless of the incumbent. Along with many others (I assume!) I wrote to the NELS to support the continued existence of the Fellowship. And would do so again. If the appointment procedure is not democratic, which seems to be the *raison d'être* of Ian Watson's article, then the powers of argument are there to be harnessed by accredited wordsmiths: reasoned argument can alter opinions, whereas it is doubtful if apparent sour grapes will achieve anything other than rancid wine... After all, the pen is mightier than the sword... isn't it?

And, unrelenting, Ian Watson makes further claims:-

IAN WATSON
BAY HOUSE
BANBURY ROAD
MORETON PINNEY
NEAR DAVENTRY
NORTHANTS NN11 6SQ

I'm puzzled to hear that Brian Aldiss has "zero connections with Colin Greenland's first novel," and has never read it nor even set eyes on it.

BLESS YOU,
GUNNOR

SPARE AN
ARTS COUNCIL
GRANT FOR
A CUP OF
TEA?

I must say that I've heard this story too - in my case from a publisher who says that the novel was received together with a document by Brian Aldiss, a "sort of reader's report" on it.

But Brian Aldiss declares that he hasn't set eyes on it. In which case I'd like to ask: why the hell not? The Arts Council asked the authors who applied for the Fellowship to send in examples of their work; John Sladek and I certainly did so. Brian Aldiss was the only SF expert involved in deciding on the disposal of thousands of pounds for Creative Writing in SF. Good grief, surely he ought at least to have glanced at this (at the time) only novel by the successful applicant? That he didn't do so seems to me amazing, and even scandalous.

I must point out that Brian did state, unequivocally, in the last issue, that he had zero connections with the novel, but both sides are entitled to their views. As, indeed, were John Brunner and Terry Jeeves.

DOROTHY DAVIES
3 CADELS ROW
FARINGDON, OXON

Unfortunately, John Brunner has certain commitments to his wife, his publisher and his public. He can't spare the time to go knocking on doors, asking people to sign his Petition. So, he wrote letters to Editors, and hoped for some reaction. I don't find that out of

place in an SF Society, because the letter was clearly headed 'an open letter to my colleagues in SF' meaning, as he said, editors, publishers and writers. He was not, to my mind, getting on any soap box encouraging anyone to support his views on disarmament. He asked for like-minded people to write to him. If you like, John's letter was a large section of Members Noticeboard, and should be treated as such.

If Mr. Jeeves felt so strongly that MATRIX was not the place for a discussion on the pros and cons of nuclear disarmament, may I enquire why he then went ahead to present his views to the rest of the BSFA membership?

IAN WRIGHT
31 WILLIAM GENTLEY COURT
WEDNESFIELD
WOLVERHAMPTON
WEST MIDLANDS WV11 1QN

I disagree with Terry Jeeves about not printing Non-SF matter, i.e., J. Brunner's letters about Nuclear Disarmament, but agree with him that an opposing viewpoint should have been aired (this might have been secured beforehand by announcing a topic for discussion). I know it's an SF club, but a lot of SF is concerned with the future and it is we, the people, who shape that future. But not by locking

ourselves away from humanity and hoping that the next time we open our front doors it will all be sun and honey. I'm sure one or two pages on a current issue every other MATRIX wouldn't tax

a person's brain too much and would remind them they're living on Earth in the twentieth century not Aldebaran 5, or in an alternate medieval France or Italy.

PAUL H DEBINA
29 HOWCROFT CRESCENT
FINCHLEY
LONDON N3 1PA

Terry Jeeves argues that the nuclear arms race has no place in a SF magazine. Well, besides the fact that this issue is the most important one to have faced the human race in its entire history, it is also true that much SF has dealt with nuclear war and its aftermath.

In this respect, SF has become an important instrument in determining attitudes towards the proliferation of nuclear weapons. The nationalistic rantings of many American SF authors has echoed Reagan's attitude (or rather lack of it) towards détente. Nationalism is the most destructive concept ever conceived, the need for a government (not the people) to defend its territory has always stimulated development of weapons with ever greater destructive powers, which has culminated in the present situation where there are enough nuclear weapons to kill every person on this planet several times over. This is a technological issue and as such should be of prime importance to every SF reader, since SF is the ultimate technological literature.

WILLIAM BAINS
182 SEDGEMOOR ROAD
COVENTRY CV3 4DZ

I don't have any objection to Terry Jeeves's letter in MATRIX 40 as I agree with his conclusion that unilateral disarmament is almost tautologous with suicide, although for slightly different reasons (I didn't see the Blitz). I also think John Brunner's attempt to put an opposing (although not necessarily opposite) view as well intentioned and in the best tradition of New Scientist. Had these letters (suitably beefed up, no doubt) have appeared in 'Na-palm ...' I would have cheered on my team and left it there. But MATRIX? (I could equally say, 'But Vector', and no doubt will in time). What have such things to do with the BSFA? OK, so if a 100Mtonne warhead falls on the Easterncon fandom will suffer rather a lot. OK, so lots of writers have written about atomic wars, their beginning, middle and end. Nuclear weapons as images of armageddon are extraordinarily potent, and today as never before very near to our everyday life. Atomic war as an agent of social change is, I confess, effective. Small lumps of plutonium could cause some damage to the quality of fanzines, and even further raise the temperature of the MATRIX letter column. But I repeat, what has that to do with the BSFA?

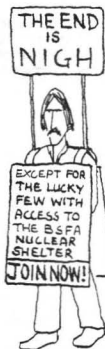
One fundamental problem that I dimly perceive in the BSFA is its inability to separate its members from itself. It acts as a collection of individuals, not an organisation. Of course nuclear warfare is a hot issue for those individuals. Of course I care whether Britain is going to be bombed out of existence. But if I wish that care to crystallise as action, I either act as an individual or as a member of a relevant organisation. SANA or CND or whatever, but not BSFA. Because, as Freddy Laker has so recently demonstrated, an organisation is there for a purpose, and that purpose makes it larger than, separate from and only partly controlled by its members. Laker Airways is bankrupt. Laker is not. Paradox? No - they are not the same.

And John Brunner and the BSFA are not the same. The BSFA exists for furthering science fiction, not politics, not building practice, not flower arranging, no matter how strongly its members may feel on any of these subjects. As an unusually technically aware and moderately forward-looking group, SF fans are likely to be much more aware than most of the effects, potencies and drawbacks of nuclear weapons. And of shoddy building and ... so on. If John Brunner had wished to put his argument to this compact and potentially receptive audience, he had any number of means of doing so. The BSFA membership list lists many addresses. The mailing service is for private material of any legal sort. The MATRIX lettercolumn, however, should not be open to such things. If this means censorship, then so be it. After all, when have you lifted the veil of censorship you draw over building practice codes, the novels of Barbara Cartland, the sex life of frogs?

Fans invented fanzines to discuss what other journals would not. They invented them thousands of years ago, actually. No, SF fans have discovered their political and social use. Please, for the sake of the BSFA as an organisation, keep it on the narrow, blinkered, censored course of science fiction. MATRIX is not a gazine, and should not be a totally open members forum.

For myself, I don't give the proverbial pair of foetid dingo's kidneys. The BSFA has introduced me both to adult SF and to fandom. I keep membership for the mailing list, and so anything entertaining you put in it is fine by me: it stimulates feedback. So much so that I will not enter a detailed discussion of why everybody is wrong about the nuclear deterrent, and how the real threat to world peace is posed by the massive buildup by only a few southern nations of vast stockpiles of King Penguins.

I suppose this takes us back to the debate a few issues ago about the contents of MATRIX. I don't actually push one view more than another, whether I happen to agree with the aims of CND or not. That's clearly not my purpose. The vast majority of the contents of this zine are members' contributions; whatever they wish to say is fine by me - provided it's well written and contains stimulating thoughts. Chuck Connor, full of his usual misconceptions, writes in TDOMO 64 that I'm using MATRIX as my personalzine at the expense of the members' money. Bloody nonsense. I



produce my own zine when I want to (Ocelot, Rubber Crab and Don't Think Once); can anybody out there complain that I prevent them from airing their views? I leave you to judge.

CHUCK CONNOR
c/o SILDEN HOUSE
CHEDISTON ROAD
WISSETT
Nr HALESWORTH
SUFFOLK IP19 0NF

Before I get down to the meat of this I'll just drop a few comments to Glen Warmunger (sic). Ever been in a position where your pay-cheque manages to go into the bank only a mere three weeks late, and you're left with no money for that time, and no way to get to your bank manager to see about an overdraft? Yeah, that's when £22.50 seems like a Godsend, and it's happened to me four times already.

A social life is a wonderful thing as well, especially when you're bugging around this country (and others) for 90% of the time....you can really get to know people in a couple of days, can't you. What I'm getting at is simple, to use that age-old quote: the grass is greener.....

Anyway, Tibbs, it seems that you didn't print my last letter on the grounds that I didn't cover all the points you asked me for. (Standby for a FLASHBACK....." (Chuck) fails to say where and how he obtained his views.....") So, what points didn't I cover by my naming of both Moles (Leeds and London information), gave you places, times, other people at that meeting, general comments, and a complete page that you didn't have to quote (such as your reactions to that phone call, etc).

It seems a pretty shitty trick to pull, especially as you didn't even quote me out of context as you usually do. Or is it now your policy to work MATBITS as your own personalzine? (Been taking tips from Red Ken Leninstone - I bet you've even got a tank full of newts and frogs, have you?)

As to my printing that letter in IN DEFIANCE, well I must admit you called my bluff, probably because you know I'm unable to print another (proper) issue until early next year. Still, will have to see how I can distribute a flyer with one of the next mailings - it shouldn't cost me all that much, out of my own pocket, and maybe it will give the MATBITS readers a chance to see the undoctored other side of the tale, eh?

Must admit that this is the first time I've ever seen someone's right of reply violated, especially as the reply was requested (demanded?) as well.

Damn it, I don't want to bore the readers, continually, with the disagreements between Connor and myself. But two points. Chuck's first letter seemed to be labouring under the misapprehension that there's a sort of Leeds Mafia operating which meets regularly with the sole purpose of plotting against him. Not only do we have better things to do, but we are a bunch of individuals - we neither plot nor plan galactic conquests (except Alan Dorey). Secondly, the reason I didn't print Chuck's letter was (a) He dared me not to in IDOMO and thus, I took up the dare; (b) I asked him to explain how he got his information (by coming round to my house, unannounced, and failing to say who he was) - and he failed to explain it.

WELL, EITHER THEY'RE
FANZINE REVIEWERS
OR THE LEEDS MAFIA IS
MOVING IN AGAIN



Back to more esoteric matters and comments on the point I raised in the last Editorial about our reticence in admitting our like for SF. One of the difficulties I do face, is when a member writes in for the first time and I don't consider his letter publishable. I don't want to put the person off - but neither do I want to publish sub-standard material. I don't have the time to reply to each individual personally. However, Adrian Thomas, at 16, is not afraid to write in and probably puts to shame most of you who haven't got the energy to drag yourselves away from the TV set.

ADRIAN THOMAS
20 HILLSGREEN
HARTHAM PARK
Nr CORSHAM
WILTS

Reading your Editorial in MATRIX 40 sparked off some memories (only three months old) of the interview I had for my present job.

As I am sixteen I had just left school and it was my first ever interview and I had been rehearsing it in my head for weeks. The only flaw in my armour was my "childish" interest in science fiction and I was dreading the subject of hobbies coming up.

When the day came I presented myself to the two questioners complete with three-piece suit and repertoire. The first twenty minutes went great - no coughs, stutters or blushes and no mention of hobbies. Then it came.

"What do you do in the evenings?"

"Well, I like to read and I like to watch TV."

"Oh, really? What do you read?"

That done it. With a weak grin and a timid voice, science fiction was confessed, with visions of the dole painfully in mind. So much in mind that I almost missed the personnel officer beaming and asking who my favourite authors were, and as "Heinlein" and "Harry Harrison" escaped my lips, he beamed even more and said that Starship Trooper was very "readable" and that he thought that science fiction was grossly underrated.

So you see in my case I have found that I have come out of a recluse due to science fiction and not gone into one. I think that you can find a great many more SF fans than you would think existed who have hidden their interest and have never heard of fandom.

Maybe if people dug a bit and "confessed" a bit more to "Joe Public" they would find many just as guilty as themselves. Also, recruits for the BSFA.

Well, now I know why Industrial Relations in this country is so bad, with Personnel Officers reading STARSHIP TROOPERS!! Meanwhile, Ian Abrahams invites us to label him illiterate:-

IAN ABRAHAMS
(31) MF AMBROSE
REDFRITH
CORNWALL TR15 1NW

Found your MATRIX Editorial to be of special interest this time around.

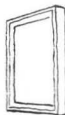
It strikes me that the theme of space and other 'basic' SF-associated have been more prominent than we may think. I don't mean in any really pro-science fiction way though. For instance, in rock music, and Hawkwind is the most obvious example. It may be silly to associate things like video games (space invaders), crisps (!!), TV adverts, etc with the seeming new 'respectability' of the genre, but they are examples of how raw themes are being thrust at us. Combine them with the cinema and SF TV programmes aren't the chances of people getting into SF greater than ever before?

Unlike some of your correspondents in MATRIX, I also feel we are lucky to have good semi-SF orientated television programmes. Now, I hate the TV medium, I believe an evening down the pub is an evening better spent than in front of a TV. However, I do take notice of SF programmes and am certainly prepared to say that something good and intelligent like Doctor Who is excellent in promoting the conversion of people to reading SF. Will the programme's knockers in SF fandom finally admit it to be an enjoyable series on the strength of the superb current season? Or am I to be labelled illiterate as if my usual TV fare was Emmerdale Farm and Top of the World?

I've explained my views on TV SF before; namely that it doesn't really represent SF - just soap opera. The only saving grace from the current Doc Who series is that the interminable little brat Adric has finally been killed off. Speaking of which:-

KEN MANN
INVERLAAN 9
5644 DT EINDHOVEN
NETHERLANDS

MIRROR MIRROR
ON THE WALL
WHO IS THE
MOST UNFAIRLY
NEGLECTED AND
OVERLOOKED FAN
OF THEM ALL?



— NEXT, PLEASE

— COME ON, COME ON,
HURRY IT UP THERE
WILL YOU?

Simon Ounsley in his DC review (comic cuts) of FUSION 2 seems to have disliked it for the very reasons that the stories/poetry were chosen. The stories were not meant to be an easy read by any means. Still, it's selling well through the

distribution network so his negative views are neither here nor there. When will he learn that he is not an arbiter of taste, but just another ignorant fan? The last is not meant personally. IN A MOMENT by Des Ryan (which he liked immensely) is old-fashioned style, late 1960s in fact, though written in 1981. I have come to expect these living-in-the-past attitudes from fandom.

What really grates are his references to fan fiction. It is obvious from his column that he prefers fanfanzines to any other sort - and F is not a fanzine, which I resent. Q.E.D.

You're a lousy reviewer, Simon! (Reviews - critic, this time!)

Don't try to pull the SF fandom is non-political/apolitical crap. Just compare Ian Watson's article with the accompanying cartoons. Not exactly sympathetic to the article, are they? Compare them to the fanfanzine irrelevancies of the other cartoons scattered throughout MATRIX. No editorial/BSFA party line, huh?

The BSFA reinforces conservative (note small 'c') middle-class values. The assumption underlies everything written not only in MATRIX, but most of fandom. Fandom is there to have a good time, not to question the system. Fandom is part of the status quo. It's radicalism - if it can truly be called radicalism - is that of weak-livered liberalism. Anything stronger than that is simply ignored or if it is too outrageous to be ignored, it is either attacked for non-conformance to these liberal/radical norms or worse, deliberately misunderstood as the work of some sort of loony. A prime example of such weak-minded radicalism/liberalism is the reaction to Chris Atkinson's fanfanzine writing, which is somehow considered daring. Liking Asimov's and Chris Priest's work together can also be classed in the same manner.

The right-wing apologists of fandom urge you not to get involved in anything that really matters, because that's dangerous to them. Keep pushing out the fanzines, folks - Keep reading fanzines, SF novels and magazines. Keep yourself occupied. The world will roll right on by.

Hmm, Ken seems to have been somewhat radicalised with his domicile in Holland. Maybe I have got him wrong in the past. Once upon a time, D West wrote a mammoth 20+ page article for Dave Bridges ONE OFF in which he described fandom as, largely, middle-class. Probably true in terms of the 'A' to 'D' register. However, I'm always at a loss to understand when I see labels being pinned on "fandom" as a whole as if it was some monolithic, unified organisation with a common set of values. I see it, largely, as a Union of Egotists; it may be, largely, conservative in its approach to new [radical] ideas - but what's new? For a Nation brainwashed through education and the media and inhibited by antiquated social norms and values, what do you expect? Another

Bloomsbury Group? As to the comments leveled at Simon, I don't think anyone can consider him against promoting fiction, or a "lousy reviewer". He has applied criticism to his fanzine reviewing, and if that hurts, that's the purpose. But, cartoons, subtly placed to make a hidden point? Whoever would do such a thing?

GARY D ANDREWS
327 ASHBY ROAD
SCUNTHORPE
S. HUMBERSIDE DN16 2AB

I am writing
again to complain
about the lack of
advertisement in
MATRIX and the

WSFA's other publications of the new SF magazine EXTRO. It is all right publicising INTERZONE but don't forget the other new British SF magazines!

PENCILS,
MATCHES,
BOOTLACES

COPIES OF
EXTRO



Now, I have given coverage to both INTERZONE and EXTRO; admittedly I have a vested interest in the former, but if EXTRO fails to supply me with one single solitary piece of publicity info - that's not my fault. Anyway, the last MATRIX mailing had a flyer for EXTRO. But, if you want publicity for EXTRO, I'll give it. The first mass-distribution issue has now appeared (see news column). I'd like to see it succeed, in one sense, if it is going to help British SF. But, it includes a sub-standard Chris Priest story - eight years old; yet another reprint of Langford's Genocide for Profit or Fun (a speech given at VORCON I in 1979 and reprinted, first in VECTOR, then in DRLKJS); and an interview with Ian Watson, which also appears in Science Fiction Review. Now, I don't exactly call that value for money, or in the interests of British Science Fiction. Good luck to it, though, and I'll give it all the publicity it deserves, particularly if it improves from the next issue.

Nick Flynn's eye was caught by the news column's mention of the first Robot killing:-

NICK FLYNN
26 CISSBURY ROAD
BROADWATER
WORKINGTON
W SUSSEX BN14 9LD

I then came across the news of the first robot killing. Just who the hell does Asimov think he is? I couldn't believe that anyone could be so smug, self-satisfied, trite and fatuous! "The spiritual father of robots" indeed.

What about Fitzlang and 'Metropolis', Charles Babbage and even the Victorian automatons? These were around long before Asimov was,

as were an awful lot of others.

To deal with the second part of his 'quote', machines do NOT get 'smarter'. Machines are merely lumps of metal and plastic. What happens is that the PEOPLE who manufacture and write programs for these machines get smarter. Thereby speeding up reaction times, size of memory, and seemingly giving the machines intelligence. A machine (or robot if you prefer) only makes a mistake when a situation arises (like some stupid person walking in front of it) which is NOT CATERED for in its programming. So let's cut this crap out about 'intelligent' machines, they only give the semblance of intelligence.

A fair point he makes; but the questions that loom large are who runs the machines, and what they do with them. Darned if I'd work in a factory with killer-robots. Still, I suppose, that very shortly we'll all work (those of us still in employment) in some sort of factory environment dominated by machines. Depressing, ain't it? But not half as depressing as trying to decipher a letter from ARNOLD AKTEN. Seven hand-written pages arrived after I'd finished the last issue; seven pages arrived this time. Ye gods, I'd need all the time it takes to produce MATRIX to edit the letters and work out just exactly what you're saying. Now and again, though, you do come out with a good debating point - witness the Clarke Presidency issue - on which I'm still receiving letters! Thanks Arnold.

Thanks also to the following who We Also Heard From:

M J HARWIN: "I know you won't publish this meagre attempt at a letter....." Actually, I would have done but your thoughts - good as they are - have been covered before; please try again, boss.

SIMON BOSTOCK: Who wrote in great length in support of APAs and pointed out:

There are many reasons why I am in favour of APA's. For one, a relative newcomer to the big wide world of sfandom, who wanted to take part in things fancish, could join, produce his fnz (sorry, apazine), and as part of the service receive wads of constructive criticism, praise, and so forth, on his writing. In fact, APA's suit newer fans better, in the way of what they have to offer. If a neo wanted to do something, but couldn't possibly afford to print and dis-

tribute a full substantial fanmagazine, then he could always, after becoming a member of an APA run off twenty or so copies of his "apazine". That way he'd be sure of a large volume of feedback to his offering, through the traditional Mailing Comments in the other apamags. It's a lot better than him mailing out his fantastic (wallet-breaking) fnz and finding himself with a zilcho (or minimal) quantity of comments. This isn't theory. This is fact. It's happened to me.

PAUL VINCENT, who complains that there are too many conventions and asks that prospective organisers should liaise before launching their plans. Maybe they should do this through the BSFA - it's a fact that there have been some cons which have collapsed due to lack of support.

MARTYN TAYLOR, who compliments Joseph's work as reviews editor and asks those who complain to try doing their bit.

TERRY HILL, who was disappointed that no-one replied to him personally ("use the addresses published to start private correspondence") or his suggestion for a Disabled Fan Fun. Never, mind, Terry, your suggestion has been commented on in these pages.

KEITH MACKIE, who thinks Terry Jeeves had enormous misconceptions over the question of disarmament.

DAVE LANGFORD (twice); G. D. ANDREWS "has Keith Freeman received my magazine chain letter?" - dunno - have you Keith?; Harry Andruschak; Ian Watson (again) with a heart-felt story about the possible closing of a Museum in Yverdon (write to Ian for details); Chris Evans; Ian Wright (again); Christopher Mills; and particular thanks to the following for some good art-work: PETE WALKER; SHEP KIRKBRIDE; and NIK MORTON.

Keep it coming. Meanwhile, it's back to my editorial.....

CUT and THRUST of the BSFA AGM

Alan gets a rest from his usual column, but has just asked me to remind you'll that the BSFA AGM will be held on Friday (shall we say 6 O' clock) 9 April at the Metropole Hotel, Brighton. Don't forget. Also, the mailing dates given in his column last issue were slightly wrong - to discover the real ones convert the equivalent dates from a 1981 diary to 1982 - easy, eh? What's more, the BSFA London meetings will be held at the King of Diamonds on the third Friday of the month - not at the Ace of Hearts!!!

NEWS CUTTINGS supplement

Nice Mr David Pringle passed me a copy of Charles Platt's THE PATCHIN REVIEW and asked me to mention it in the news column - well, I forgot. Platt's magazine exists to promote and publish frank opinions and arguments relating to the writing, editing and marketing of SF and fantasy. I think it costs around a quid and looks to be good value. Write to UK agent Dave Pringle at 'High Rise' 21 Village Street LEEDS LS4 2PR.

SHORT CUT for WINDSCALE

Harry Andruschak WANTS books, magazine articles, newspaper accounts and other printed information on the Windscale Incident of October 1957. He is willing to pay the cost of photocopying if you don't want to sell. Harry is a long-time US fan (not that old!) and a BSFA member. Write to him at Post Office Box 606 La Canada-Flintridge California 91011 USA.

CARBON CUT-OUT

If, like me, you're heading for Channelfcon over Easter, Linda and I would very much like to meet those contributors and members who we've never met. You'll find us in the fan room or the bar - I'm the one with long blond hair and Linda is the one with black, slightly balding hair and a beard...

Look forward to meeting you with notable exceptions that is

Graham and Linda



BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION LIMITED

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER 1981

	Note	1981 £	1980 £
INCOME			
Subscriptions		4,893	4,550
Publications		135	281
Advertisements		360	316
Litho Service		659	131
Magazine Chain		65	85
Duplicating Service		148	125
Badges		28	26
Interest		30	62
Sundry		-	83
		<u>6,318</u>	<u>5,659</u>
EXPENDITURE			
Publications	(2)	3,967	5,009
Litho Service		422	-
Magazine Chain		66	73
Duplicating Service		126	105
Badges	(3)	16	12
B.S.F.A. Award		50	60
Advertising		161	144
London Meetings		190	69
Sundry		15	121
Administration			
Postage		288	159
Stationery		79	39
Registrar of Companies		20	20
Audit Fee		20	20
Miscellaneous		<u>61</u>	<u>61</u>
		468	299
Depreciation		<u>232</u>	<u>141</u>
		<u>5,713</u>	<u>6,033</u>
SURPLUS OF INCOME OVER EXPENDITURE BEFORE TAXATION			
		605	(374)
Taxation	(4)	<u>12</u>	<u>26</u>
SURPLUS OF INCOME OVER EXPENDITURE			
		593	(400)
ACCUMULATED FUND AT 1st JANUARY 1981		<u>1,807</u>	<u>2,207</u>
ACCUMULATED FUND AT 31st DECEMBER 1981		<u>£2,400</u>	<u>£1,807</u>

THESE ACCOUNTS ARE SUBJECT TO AUDIT
THE NOTES ATTACHED FORM PART OF THESE ACCOUNTS

BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION LIMITED

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31st DECEMBER 1981

	Note	£	1981 £	1980 £
FIXED ASSETS	(5)		1,054	1,286
CURRENT ASSETS				
Stocks of Publications	(2)	281		268
Stocks of Badges	(3)	18		34
Stocks of Materials		94		-
Debtors		784		50
Payments in advance		78		-
Cash in hand and at bank		995		873
		<u>2,250</u>		<u>1,225</u>
CURRENT LIABILITIES				
Creditors		803		615
Taxation		74		62
		<u>877</u>		<u>677</u>
NET CURRENT ASSETS			1,373	548
			<u>£2,427</u>	<u>£1,834</u>
REPRESENTED BY:				
MEMBERS' INTERESTS				
Accumulated Fund			2,400	1,807
AWARD FUNDS				
Dr. Weir Memorial Fund			15	15
British Fantasy Award			12	12
			<u>£2,427</u>	<u>£1,834</u>

THE NOTES ATTACHED FORM PART OF THESE ACCOUNTS

THESE ACCOUNTS ARE SUBJECT TO AUDIT

BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION LIMITED
NOTES ON THE ACCOUNTS

1. ACCOUNTING POLICIES

(a) Accounting convention.

The accounts are prepared under the historical cost convention.

(b) Depreciation.

The cost of the library is written off by one-tenth of the net book value in each year. The cost of the office equipment is written off by one-fifth annually.

(c) Stocks.

Stocks are valued at the lower of cost and net realisable value.

2. PUBLICATIONS

	£	1981 £	1980 £
Stocks at 1st January		268	250
Expenditure in the year			
Printing	2,347		3,666
Postage	<u>1,633</u>		<u>1,361</u>
		<u>3,980</u>	<u>5,027</u>
		4,248	5,277
Stocks at 31st December		<u>281</u>	<u>268</u>
Charge for the year		<u>£3,967</u>	<u>£5,009</u>

3. BADGES

Stocks at 1st January	34	46
Stocks at 31st December	<u>18</u>	<u>34</u>
Charge for the year	<u>£16</u>	<u>£12</u>

4. TAXATION

Corporation tax at 40% has been charged on the interest received.

5. FIXED ASSETS

	Library £	Office Equipment £	Award £	Total £
Cost at 1 Jan 1981 and at 31 December 1981	<u>913</u>	<u>1,359</u>	<u>27</u>	<u>2,299</u>
Depreciation at 1/1/81	791	222	-	1,013
Charge for the year	<u>12</u>	<u>220</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>232</u>
Depreciation at 31/12/81	<u>803</u>	<u>442</u>	<u>-</u>	<u>1,245</u>
NET BOOK VALUE at 31/12/81	<u>£110</u>	<u>£917</u>	<u>£27</u>	<u>£1,054</u>
NET BOOK VALUE at 31/12/80	<u>£122</u>	<u>£1,137</u>	<u>£27</u>	<u>£1,286</u>