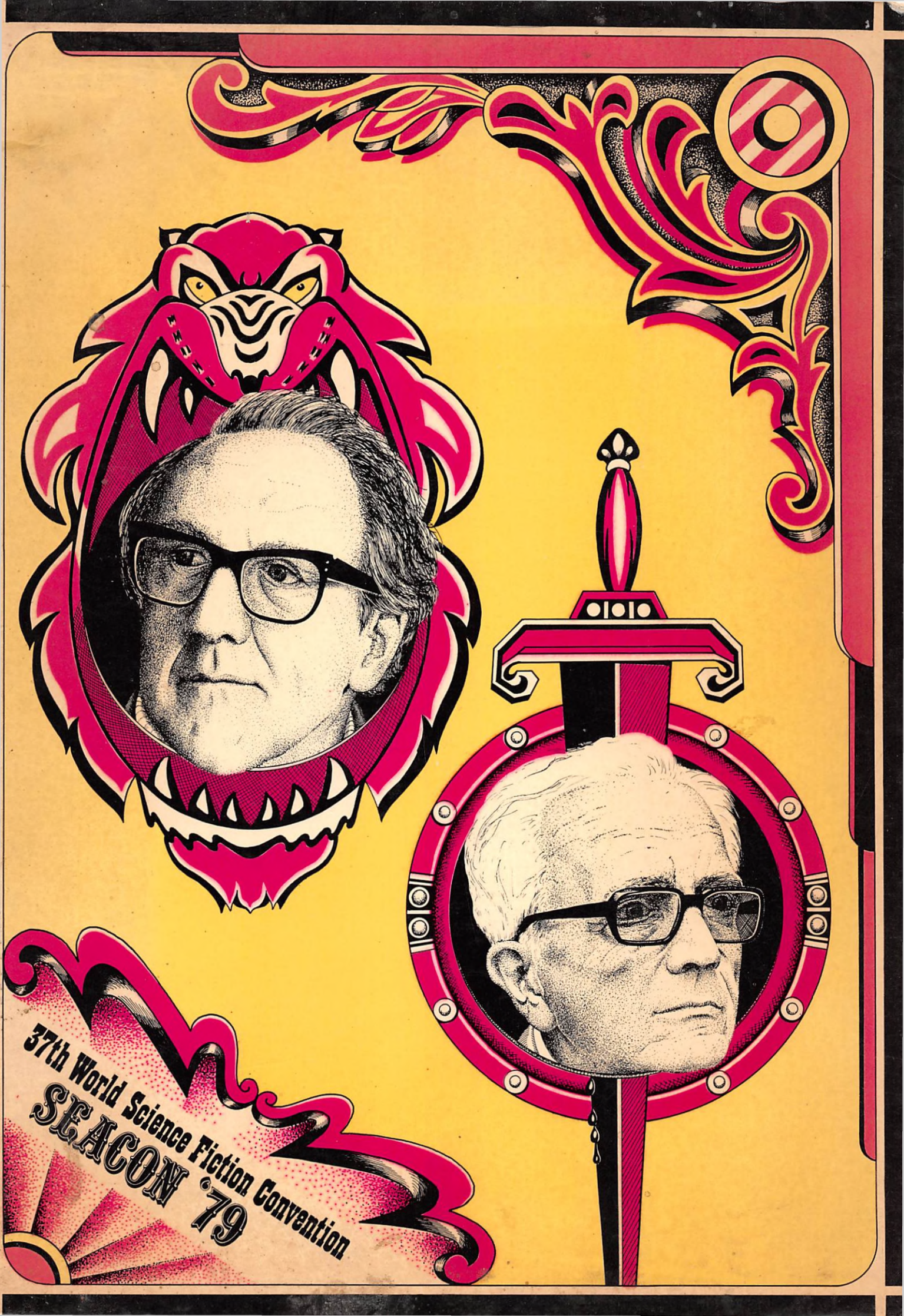
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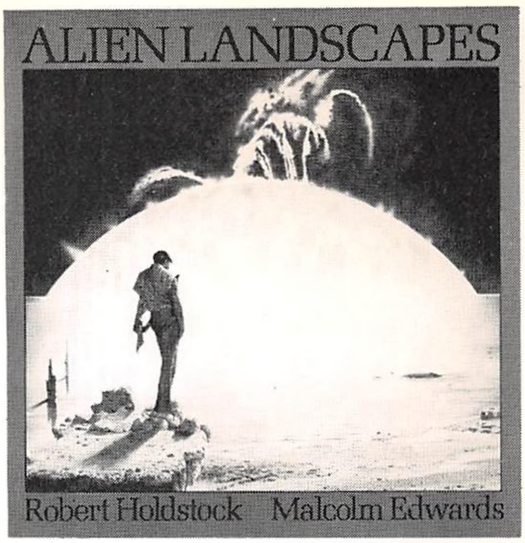

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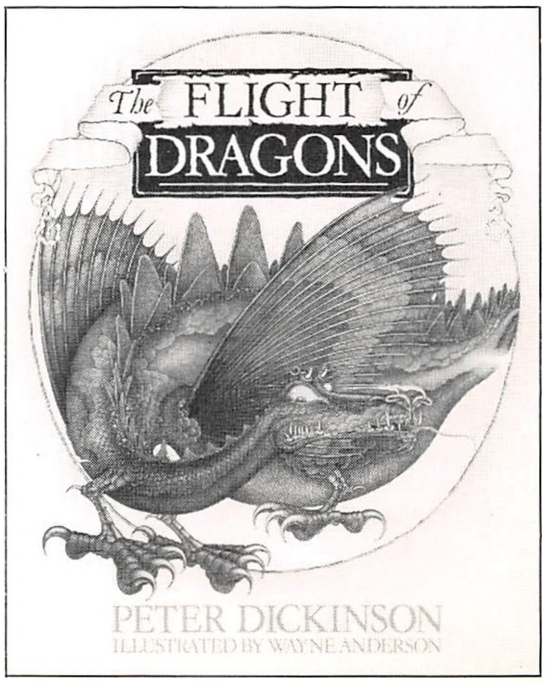

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37th WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION

SEACON 79

METROPOLE HOTEL BRIGHTON ENGLAND 23rd - 27th AUGUST 1979

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APPORTIONING THE BLAME

A Welcome to SEACON '79 by the Chairman, Peter Weston

Five years is a long time.

In fact, the history of the British bid for the 1979 World Convention goes back even further, to September 1970, when in an issue of my fanzine *Speculation* I suggested British fandom should think about hosting the Worldcon at some time in the seventies.

At the time it seemed a good idea. Hell, it *was* a good idea! The question was, who would do something about it? I was busily planning the British Eastercon and had quite enough to do, thank you, even though I'd made a vague survey of hotels and concluded that the Brighton Metropole was really the only sensible place.

No-one else obligingly stepped forward, and inevitably my Eastercon rolled around; it wasn't a bad year, though I say it myself, but to my horror I found the Worldcon idea had caught on, and thanks largely to Dave Kyle had been pinned very firmly to my coat-tails.

"No!, no!, no!" I screamed, overwhelmed by Ken Eadie's Vigilantes, people who camped out in the hotel lounge, and the sheer hectic pressure of organising so vast an event. Why, *over 200 people* attended the Worcester convention!

I went for a soothing walk on the banks of the Severn—it was a beautiful Spring day, I remember—and quietly consigned all thoughts of Worldcons to the deepest part of the river. And there things remained for nearly three years.

The credit for reviving the idea must go to Malcolm Edwards, himself an energetic organiser and also prone to the temptation to plan ever bigger and more spectacular projects. "Wouldn't it be nice to run the World Convention?" he whispered seductively in my ear. And Peter Roberts, too, was similarly beguiled, to the extent that our triumvirate made a bold declaration of intent at the 1974 Tynecon.

We *would* make a bid!

We'd show those Yanks what British fandom could do!

"Britain's fine in '79" applauded Ruth Kyle, thus completing what her husband had begun, providing our slogan, and setting us irretrievably on a path which ends in Brighton on August 23rd.

Why did we do it? Why does anyone do it? I've been looking through my back-issues of *Speculation* to try and gain some insight into the motives of that strange, earlier self. A fanzine is like a diary, you know, prompting memories or events long forgotten, preserving odd chunks of thought and introspection and a wonderful exercise in nostalgia.

Here's a comment from a time when my committee and I were enthusiastically planning the 1971 Eastercon:

> "I used to wonder why on Earth anyone should *want* to take on the job of organising something as demanding and complex as a large convention. I now know the answer — there is a certain feeling, not of "power", which would be ridiculous, but of *satisfaction* in making arrangements and exploiting opportunities to the best advantage." (September 1970)

Then there's the other side of the coin, a more melancholy assessment of my attitude after the event was all over:

> "I can't in all honesty say that other commitments alone have kept me silent; rather, as some of those who met me this summer will know, I think I must have felt a bit disenchanted with the whole business of Eastercon. I seemed to have spent the entire time rushing around without sitting down to actually listen to anything, meet anybody, or otherwise enjoy myself. After completing an exacting four days I felt that I wanted to relax at a convention—and suddenly discovered there wouldn't *be* another one for six months or more." (October 1971)

But time is a great healer; after Tynecon I was once more full of energy, plotting and scheming with Malcolm and Peter, weighing up the chances of success in our efforts to bring the World Convention to this side of the Atlantic again, for the first time since 1965.

We didn't have a proper committee, at this stage; we didn't have a chairman or even a name. But we *had* decided upon one very important thing, which was the date—1979 was the year when we would face the weakest competition on the North American continent.

I won't go into the rules which govern the selection of Worldcon sites, but suffice to say that while overseas bids are welcome in any year, they must face opposition from any U.S. group who would normally be entitled to bid. And we knew that we would inevitably *lose* if any American city made a strong effort; we just didn't have the firepower to win without the wholehearted consent of a large slice of U.S. fandom.

So we conceived the idea of a "pre-emptive strike", whereby we would go all out for support long before any competing force could get off the ground. We produced campaign buttons, advertisements, began selling supporting memberships and published a Progress Report—and I went across to the 1974 Worldcon in Washington (through the generosity of the TAFF fund) to lobby for votes when the time arrived.

I don't know if this story is true—my memories of Discon are confused for all the usual reasons—but on the Sunday night I seem to remember that Mike Resnick, prospective chairman of a bid for Chicago in '79, suddenly discovered that all his potential committee members were supporting our efforts. With good grace he bought me a beer and signed-up too!

If that *is* true, then our 'strike' was worthwhile, for we would have surely lost against a united Chicago contingent. As it was we only had to face some hastily-organised opposition from a New Orleans group, and by 1977 the actual voting was almost an anti-climax. An *enjoyable* anti-climax, of course; this time Peter Roberts went across with TAFF to the World Convention in Miami, along with Rob Jackson and myself and other supporters. We had a fine time—and were suddenly confronted with a huge pile of money and the reality which now seems to grow more daunting every day; *we* had to do it in 1979!

That's very largely the story of the last nine years, although there is an interesting sub-plot in the genesis of our name, "SEACON '79".

You see, Malcolm was really bitten with the organisation bug in 1974; not only did he launch the British Worldcon bid, but during the same weekend he also took on the job of chairman for the Eastercon in the following year. Afterwards we rationalised it, as a good chance for Malcolm and his team —most of whom, like Leroy Kettle and Graham Charnock, are on the present committee—to gain actual experience of running a convention.

That's true, it was. But Malcolm's bid really originated during a crazy Saturday night when certain members of fandom decided that the prospective Manchester bid for 1975 would be a certain recipe for chaos. Something Had to be Done; a group composed mostly of London fans conceived the idea of a seaside convention as a more palatable alternative—and "SEACON" became the immediate title for what proved to be a very enjoyable event. In Coventry.

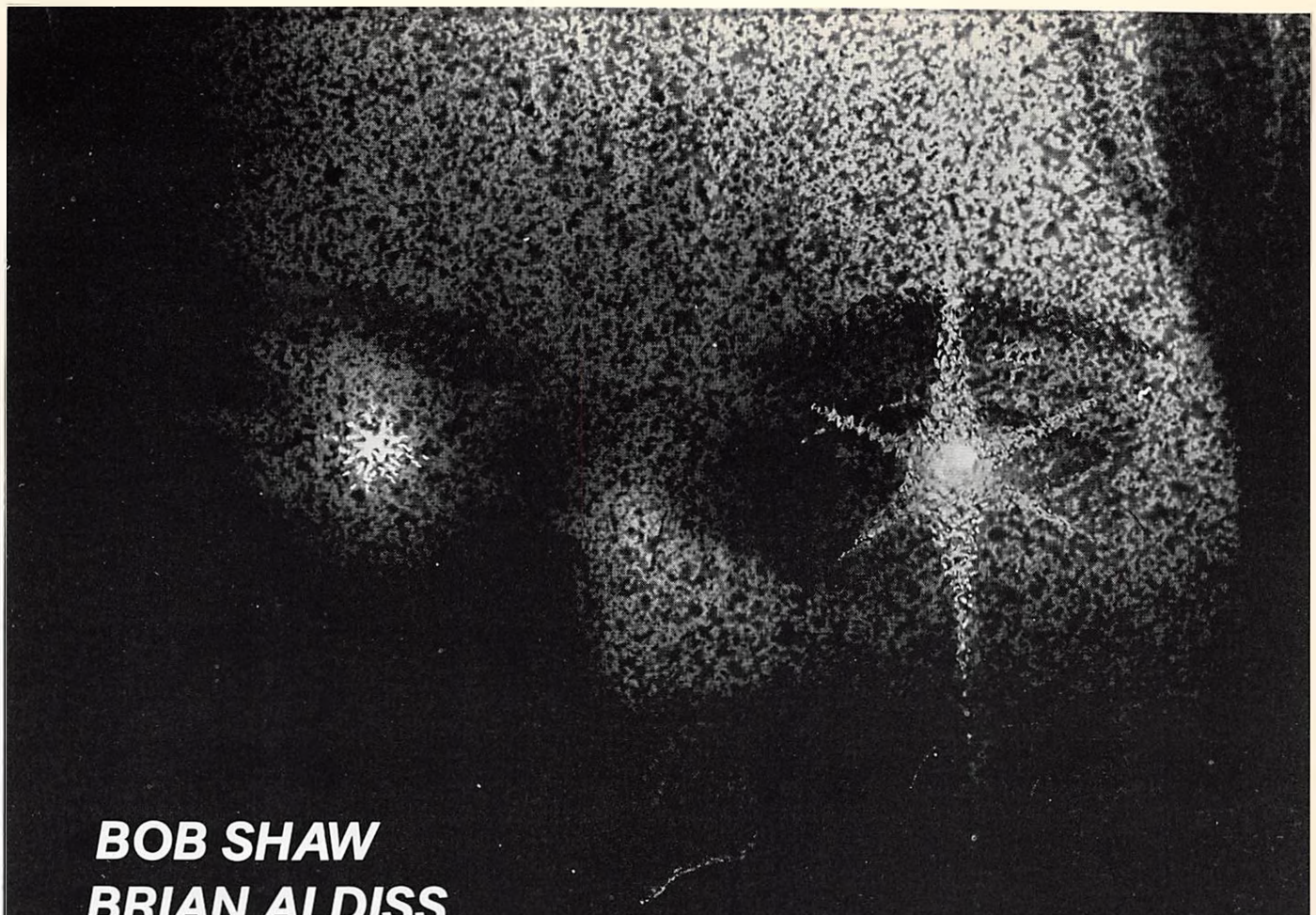
Well, yes, they realised Coventry is 100 miles from the sea, just about as far from the coast as it is possible to go in Britain. Malcolm made a few brave attempts to suggest "SEACON" stood for South East Area Convention, but his heart wasn't really in it. The truth of the matter was that British seaside hotels proved a fairly negative lot and the committee simply couldn't find a site anywhere along the coastline.

There *isn't* anywhere! Except the Metropole at Brighton. And in a sub-sub-plot, Eve Harvey and husband John tried to arrange a 1978 Channelcon at the Metropole, as a sort of try-out for this coming August. Their bid collapsed and they joined the SEACON '79 committee instead; now do you see why our title simply *had* to be what it is, even though we apologise to Seattle, one of the bidders for 1981. For if they win, you know what they're going to call their convention, don't you? . . .

Having written the above, I suddenly realise that a large proportion of the people who read this programme book will probably have little or no idea what I'm talking about. Once upon a time that would have worried me; today, after these nine years, it doesn't. I've put in a lot of effort (and enjoyed every minute of it) and my committee members have probably put in more. So forgive us our little indulgences, the anecdotes we tell during our brief moments in the sun, and remember that despite all the serious stuff about Science Fiction, SEACON '79 is about people, it's a chance to have fun.

And if anything goes wrong don't blame me—blame Malcolm. I never wanted to be chairman, anyway!

Peter Weston



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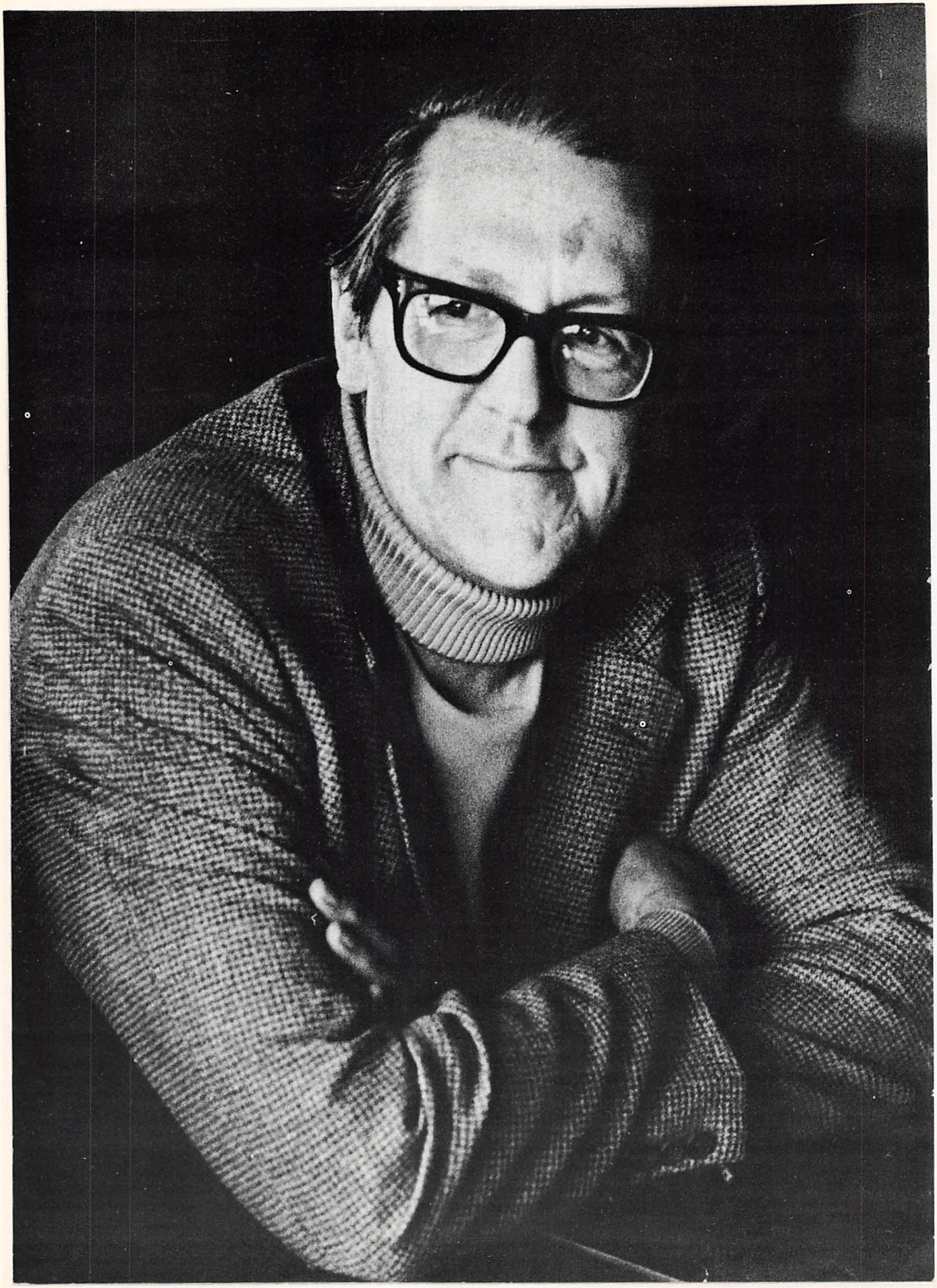


BRIAN ALDISS

There are some obvious things to say about Brian Aldiss: that he is a distinguished novelist, not only in the science fiction field, that he has compiled many influential anthologies, beginning with the *Penguin Science Fiction* one that did as much as anything to break British sf out of its ghetto, that he won the Pilgrim Award of 1974 for his critical book *Billion Year Spree.*

What *I* have remembered about him for longest is the lift of the heart I felt fifteen years ago, in 1964, when I came upon a copy of his then-just-published *The Dark Light Years.* That means more than you might think, because just at that moment there wasn't a lot of lift left in my heart, since I was newly graduated from Cambridge, newly entered on my chosen career as a marketing manager, and newly fired out of it as redundant-to-requirements-and-recruited-in-error. The shock to the psyche was considerable, and mooching round Maida Vale looking for work no great fun either. Still, there I was, and there the book was in the Public Library (an institution about which Brian in his role as ex-Chairman of the Society of Authors has considerable doubts), and things looked better straight away. I still recall that first great moment of incomprehension in chapter 1, as the Earthman looks at the utods and their grorgs wallowing in the mire, and the utods look right back: 'if he were a utod he would now be a thousand years old', remarks Quequo. 'Then we must expect he will soon evolve into the carrion stage', replies Snok Snok Karn. 'That, I take it, is what the fungus on his skull signified by changing to white', confirms his mother.

Polite, reasonable, logical speech full of subjunctives and qualifiers, and all of it wrong! After only a few brief months of marketing I knew enough to realise that was funny and not-funny too. Writing like that is one of the qualities that single Brian out from all the other authors who ever lived. Everybody remembers his robots in 'Who Can Replace A Man?': 'We are not in the city. We should not go into the city.' 'We are country machines.' 'Therefore we should stay in the country.' 'There is more country than city.' 'Therefore there is more danger in the country!' And in the same collection, *The Canopy of Time,* there's the classic scene of the future film presentation dominated by the tactics of yesmen's yesmen, and dialogue which inside its own treacherous conventions means exactly the opposite of what it says. Even the early space-opera *The Interpreter* (also published as *Bow Down to Nul!* one of the great publisher-derived titles) was about *interpreting:* its basic point even in a cliché-haunted plot was that words turn upon themselves and baffle the understanding of the wisest. You cannot separate expression from content. Brian knew that all along, well before the medium started getting itself touted as the message; it's a lesson sf has learnt, a bit slowly, from Brian as from others.

But Brian's stories have also continually gone for genre clichés of plot. *Non-Stop* was among other things a kind of answer to Heinlein's *Orphans of the Sky, Barefoot in the Head* a twist on the whole set of 'after the Bomb' stories. One of his most daring ideas has, several times, been to deny the convention that says sf characters (besides being male and white) have to be young. *Greybeard* is not only about a society which has no young people, it's about a whole society creeping down the ladder we all individually have to descend; *Hothouse* is about the old age of the Earth, with the entire planet hot, stuffy, festooned with spider-webs that reach out to the unturning Moon, like some people's visions of Hell. The short story 'Old Hundredth' has ancient characters and characters from an ancient past, megatherium and baluchitherium, preparing themselves for a sort of death: releasing themselves into musicolumns, like the sloth who becomes 'Old Hundredth' itself, 'All creatures that on Earth do dwell . . .'

Dreary? No. Sad? A bit. Sometimes sf is short on facing facts, like death, failure, unemployment, taxes (though not entropy, scale, and cold equations). It would be a mistake to think Brian isn't properly appreciative of life — as indeed will be evident to those who see his burly frame loping down hotel corridors. But to see where he's at, read *The Malacia Tapestry,* if you haven't already, not his last nor even his latest novel, but his latest big one. In a lot of ways it stitches together what Brian has been writing about for a long time. It's funny; the main character is Perian de Chirolo, a vain lecherous butterfly-minded joculator. It's far-fetched: this 'alternate universe' took off from the famous Battle of Itssobeshiquetzilaha, over three million, one thousand and seven hundred years ago, in which *homo saurus* was not wiped out but survived to contest with *homo simius* the domination of the planet (Perian is a homosaurus too). It's full of the traditional themes of science fiction: Galileo-like innovator executed by the forces of repression, hydrogenous balloon sows bacterial warfare on invading army, hero retires to plot further revolution, etc. Yes, but it's about art too.

Some of the art in *The Malacia Tapestry* is good, some sad, and some silly, which is a fair selection. At one extreme you have the folk art of the magic lanterns and marionette shows of old Malacia; at another you have perfectionist Risorgimento glassmakers and frescoists. In between, Otto Bergsohn from Tolkhorm, the Galileo who is also a kind of mad Ernie Wise, is trying to immortalise on camera, or anyway zahnoscope, the godawful play (what he has just wrote) called *Prince Mendicula, or The Joyous Tragedy of the Prince and Patricia and General Gerald and Jemima.* No words can do justice to the horrors of this scientist's vision of art; but the medium is the message, which is why the story of the play gets replayed in the story of *The Malacia Tapestry* too. Sometimes life is like soap-opera, and I dare say (somewhere) like space-opera as well. The characters of all three pay more attention to joculating (and worse) than to theories about themselves. Still, the art survives, *aere perennius,* as us cultured Britons like Peter Weston often animadvert one to another.

You might even go so far as to say that it's better to be a lover upon a Grecian Urn (or has that thought been used somewhere before?): in the middle of *Malacia* butterfly-minded Perian comes upon a poor hurdy-gurdy man with the images of his grandchildren, now dead, engraved for ever upon his instrument by the brilliant Giovanni Bledlore. The images are like the characters in *The Malacia Tapestry* itself, or like the living musicolumn in 'Old Hundredth', hanging on the edge between being and not-being, but hanging there for ever as we cannot.

Perhaps I should add that Brian's own idea of heaven is an enormous console in the sky, full of whisky, where you can lounge, talk to your friends, and *watch it all happen.* Coarse fellows, some of these authors. Terrible shock, meeting them in the flesh. Better than the Public Library, though.

Tom Shippey

CREATURES OF APOGEE
BRIAN ALDISS

From a distance, the one-storey palace appeared to float on the ocean like a wafer.

Three beings came springing out of the lighted rooms of the palace behind the long colonnade, he, She, and she. They ran over the flagstones, laughing. Night crackled overhead in tones of deep blue and sherbet. Joy flared like lightning across two opposed points.

From the chambers behind them, music overflowed. In that music moved nothing but harmony itself, complete in its own cadences, yet the key in which it was pitched carried an oblique reference to the particular loaded time changes of this world. Things grew, eyes sparkled, joints were as nimble; yet this was this fateful planet and no other in the universe.

Take that great terrace, paved with flagstones in which mica emicated beneath advancing feet: across its expanse, illumination played with as many variations as the music. The night itself was a great source of light and, like an upturned cauldron, the sky spilled its nourishments over the intricacies of the building. Into the vaulted ceiling behind the colonnades, the sea smuggled its own messages of light, for oceans have better memories for heat and day than does air. The glaciers, too, and seven tiny moons, all contributed their share of luminance.

And yet those three who ran laughing – they rejoiced in night, he, She, and she, rejoiced and lived for its qualities. Now they had reached the very end of the terrace, and rested against the last slender column, with its faded paintings of sorcerers and cephalopods. Their regard went first, instinctively, to the lapping waves, as if to penetrate beneath them and view the creatures who lay waiting in the depths, waiting for the appropriate season. They smiled wryly. They raised their heads. Together, they gazed across the auroral sea, watching great glaciers floating on pillows of their own cool breath. Dawn was coming. Dawn, without responding pallor in the sky.

Dawn, the magnet of life. Take their great eyes, set in faces pale, evanescent, baroque; inescapably, the gaze of those eyes was drawn to an iceberg that floated in the east. It lay on the deeps like a memorial to time itself. Its cliffs were of a remembered grey, sombre, stony . . . until the moment of dawn. Then the ice lit like a distant signal.

As a flower unfolds from its bud, revealing its voluptuous couchy pinks, the iceberg changed inward colour. The grey became dove-grey. The dove-grey turned chalk, turned to a tender pink wash, all promise.

Between day and night was no severance: their embrace was not to be prised apart by dawns such as this. As the sun rose further, as the iceberg, forgotten by its lamp-bearer, sank back into gloom, it was not radiance which changed but sound. The music ceased. Stale inside their satins, the musicians were stealing home.

The sun was just a point of pleading light, too far from anywhere to prevail. A pearl tossed into the sky would have cast more lustre.

The three turned away, he, She, and she. Very calm, they walked hand in hand upon the edge of the terrace, where the deep ammonias of the sea cast reflections like passing thought upon their countenances.

'Is it brighter?' she asked, referring to the Sun.

'Brighter than in our childhood,' he replied.

'Brighter than yesterday, even,' She said.

Now that the music of the night was hushed, the sussurus of ocean and air moved closer, speaking to them of the whole poignant fulcrum of existence. Overhead, a seabird sped between the high arches, coming from nothingness momentarily into the orbit of civilization before it disappeared again into the void. At their feet, a concatenation of waves tossed spume on to the terrace, where it soon evaporated into space.

In the three of them moved an intense love for one another, so that they drew closer and walked like one. Not only was life short: far more touchingly, it was cyclic. The leaves that turned brown and died would spring up verdant again in many generations' time.

He said, 'We are now so far from apogee.'

She said, 'The sun grows nearer, and nearer to the Time of Change.'

And she said, 'Our world has its set course – without a course there is no world.'

Their silence was assent; but inside them, where things tangible met things intangible, was a great sense of awe, transcending joy or sorrow, as they considered the planetary motions within which their delicate part was cast. They were the life of their world; but on this world, all life was a mirror image. Two types of life – as different, as dependent, as yin and yang – existed . . . yet never met, yet never held converse, yet could not even breathe the other's atmosphere. Each type of life existed only in the death of the other. At the Time of Change, the centuries of being changed sentries.

So She said, 'As a creature of apogee, I fear . . .'

To which she added, '. . . yet also perforce love, the creatures of perihelion.'

Which he finished as, 'For they and we together must form the sleeping and the waking of one Spirit.'

They paused to look again across the rolling liquids, as if hoping for sight of that Spirit, before they made the decision to go inside their palace. In turning, they cast their united gaze upon a broad flight of steps which led down from the terrace into the ocean. That was not their way to go. Other feet, of different shape and intent, would walk those steps, when the terrible Time of Change was past.

The steps were worn, their very grain obnubilated, as much by centuries as by tread. Many atmospheres, many oceans, had washed over them, as the world moved on its attenuated elliptical course. Small the world was, and a slave to its lethargic orbit; for in the course of one year, from the heats of perihelion to the cools of apogee and back again, not only lives but generations and whole civilizations underwent the cycle of birth and decay, birth and decay.

As the three looked at those broad steps leading down into the opaque fluids of the ocean, they held inside them the knowledge of what would happen in the spring of the year, when the sun showed a disc again and Change overthrew their kind.

Then the oceans would boil away in fury.

The tides would withdraw.

The steps would dry.

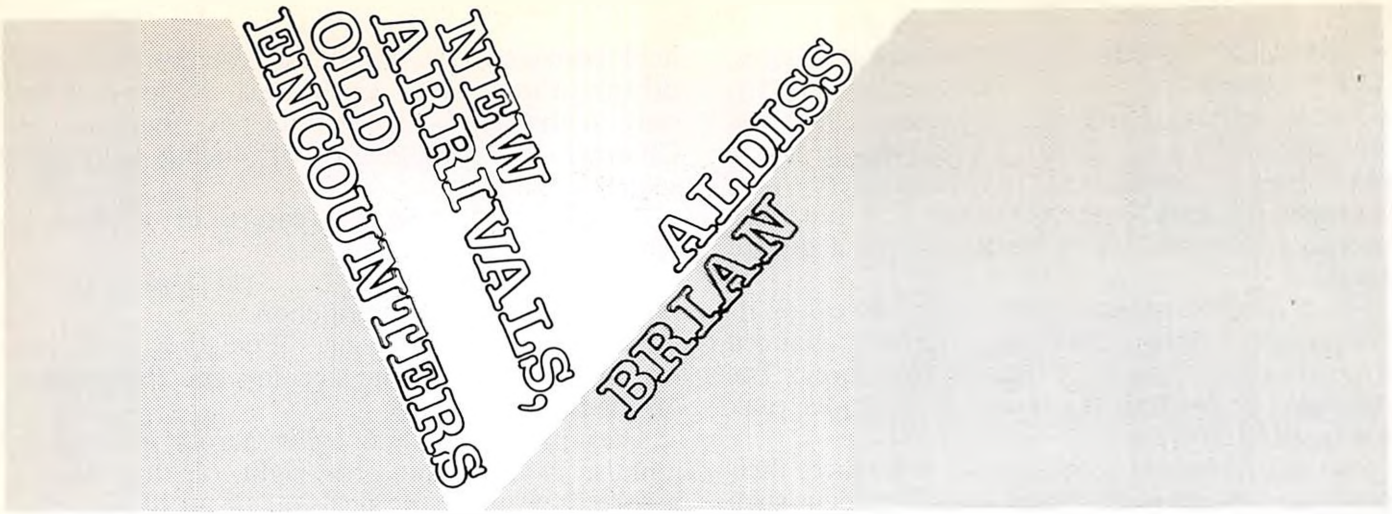
The palace – their palace – would be transformed, would stand revealed as merely the top floor of a mighty pyramid with many floors. The steps would lead down to the distant ground. That ground, no longer an ocean bed, lay over ten kilometres below.

All would be hushed after the storms of Change, except for the wail of atmosphere with its new winds.

Then the creatures of perihelion would muster themselves, and would begin to ascend the stairs. Under the blaze of the swollen sun, they would march up to this topmost place. In their own tongues, with their own gestures, they would obey their own deities.

Until the autumn came round again.

The three beings took firmer hold of each other and retired into the palace, to rest, to sleep, to dream.



It was a quiet planet. The quiet had reigned for century piled on century. Until the Earth ship came.

Beings externally resembling humans lived on the quiet planet. Their hamlets, villages, towns, slowly covered the habitable parts of the globe. As they spread – slowly, slowly – they drove out the species of animal which had occupied the land. But the animals were not ferocious, and in many cases lived in the hedgerows and copses close by humanoid habitation. They did not prey on the humanoids, or the humanoids on them.

The quiet planet's sun was old long before the first amoebae stirred in its ocean. Although it occupied a fifth of the sky at noon, the sun's red warmth was thin. Evolution was a slow affair. The pain of life, its joys, were muted. Even the struggle for existence was curiously muted.

Over a half of the planet was land. The oceans were small and shallow. Much of the land was not habitable and the humanoids spread out only slowly from the equator. They encountered deserts where the sand never stirred. Storms were rare. Periods of calm prevailed for hundreds of years. Great silences lay over the land. Until the Earth ship came.

Muffled against heat, the people moved through barren regions before settling in clement valleys. Their villages were modest. They were great cultivators. It was their pleasure to tend the land, to groom it, to serve as its acolytes. The god they worshipped lay in the soil, not in the sky.

They bred domestic animals, obtaining from them eggs, milk, cheese, in great variety. Their rapport with the animal kingdom was so close that they hesitated to slaughter anything for fear of the pain it brought them.

The humanoids procreated rarely. Group marriages took place between four people and lasted throughout the years of life. The children remained many years in childhood, but often became independent when young; then they would strap a few necessities on their backs and move into the hills, to live among the wild things. With adolescence, some inner call would bring them back to the nearest town. In a short while, they would settle down at congenial work, marry, and enjoy life of domesticity without regret. After death, they were buried in cemeteries under the open sky, with a carved stone to preserve their names. This was the way of existence on the quiet planet for many millenia. Until the Earth ship came.

The humanoids were in some respects a simple folk. When they slept, they did not dream. When they suffered, they rarely wept. Their pleasures were muted. Yet the sloth of their evolution, its iron peacefulness, had given them integration. They were whole.

Within that wholeness, they enjoyed much complexity. From the outside, their lives might have appeared dull. Their interior life was so rich that they required no foolish distractions.

In a village called North Oasis, because it was in the high latitudes, on the fringes of a vast, stoney, desert, lived a marriage group of four which served as leaders of the community. Their name was Brattangaa. Many generations earlier, the Brattangaas had commenced to build a Common. Now the present generation of Brattangaas completed it.

The village lay in a valley, sheltered by hills. The Common stood on the edge of the village.

After the work of the day was done, the people of North Oasis came to the Common. They had no particular reason for meeting face to face. But they derived a mild pleasure from each other's physical company. They sat together on benches round peat fires, touching each other. They drank their sweet-sour parsnip wine. Nerdligs moved among them, slow and woolly. The evenings were unbroken in companionship. Until the Earth ship came.

The senior male Brattangaa stood at the window of the tower of the Common. Evening was fading into dusk, dusk into night, in the slow dying of the day. He looked out at the landscape, which at this hour appeared almost lighter than the sky. As was the case with his people, Brattangaa's interest was much less in the sky and the heavens than in the things of earth.

He could see the stone roof of his own marriage homestead from the tower. Inside him, he could sense the mind-bodies of his domestic stock, easily distinguishing the shapes of one from the next. He could sense the roots in the ground, growing towards a slow fruition.

His attention moved to the cemetery. There, under the ground, he could still catch a faint scent of his parents, grandparents, and even great-grandparents. Their presences, ever fading, were like faint lights caught in a great fog.

It was all of fifty miles to the next little town, also clinging to a brook at the fringe of the stoney desert. It had no tower like this. Brattangaa could sense the lives of the people of that town; he knew them well, exchanged peaceable greetings with them, learned the news of the day. He could sense those whose mind-warmth was most akin to his own, his friends, as well as those whose mind-warmth was so different as to make them especial friends. Some welcomed him in – most did – others put him away with a friendly image, a wreath, a stained wooden door, an empty pewter plate, because they were too occupied with other things.

Brattangaa also sensed the people he knew by eyesight, the people of North Oasis, including his companions in the room below. He was not absent from them, or they from him. A jostling and enriching harmony prevailed. Until the Earth ship came.

As he sensed contentedly over the land, up the hillside, he saw with sudden terror a great flame standing in the sky. Such was his startlement that all in the room of the Common below also sensed it and turned their full attention towards what Brattangaa saw. In North Oasis, people did the same. More faintly, many people in the distant town did the same. Under the earth, even the dead generations protested.

All watched as the flame burned in the darkening sky. Ferocious light and flame beat upon the hillsides. And then the Earth ship came.

In the ship were five women and four men. They were of many colours and many nations. They talked in one language but they dreamed in nine.

Great excitement seized them on landing, as they set about their pre-exploration tasks.

"Kind of a drab-looking place, I'd say. Still, signs of habitation right enough."

"Can't wait to get out of this damned can. How many months we been cooped up in here?"

"Break out the carbines. Don't talk so goddam much."

"Chance to get in some big game hunting, maybe. Just imagine a great big bloody steak, fresh off the bone!"

"Atmosphere great. We can land ten thousand colonists right here within a twelve-month."

"We're made, you realise that, made! Grab a few of the higher life forms, take them back to Earth. Imagine the sensation."

"Could be some nasty things out there."

"We can handle anything that goes. From now on in, we're in charge, baby."

"And remember we come in peace."

They went through an hour of rigorous sterile-drill, moving from chamber to chamber, bathed in changing wavelengths and liquids, designed to prevent them from contaminating the atmosphere of the planet they had discovered.

At last the great ground-level hatch slid open, grating slightly as it went. The nine stood there in their foil cover-alls, weapons slung easily on their shoulders. Then they stepped out, walked on the hillside.

In their heads, in their minds, thoughts raced. A tremendous voltage of various thought-levels, some rising from depths beyond the conscious, beyond control, images hammered on the anvil of a ferocious evolutionary past. They looked down on North Oasis.

To Brattangaa in the tower, and to those who sensed him in the room below, in the little town, and in the distant town, nine strange flesh-like shapes formed on the hill. From that moment of contact, poison spread. Emanations, streamers, dark clouds, poured out of their minds. The emanations assumed definite configuration.

All the myths of Earth – the whole husbandry of the imagination – burst upon the startled people of the quiet planet. From clashing cultures, warring climates, ancient enmities, the images came, as the nine space-travellers moved forward unknowing. With them came a terrible music – such music as had never been heard before upon the quiet planet, music that slashed at the eardrums like heavy claws.

Accompanying the music came wind. It blew upon their mind-senses like a storm. It whirled upon their mental landscapes, it hammered upon the doors of their consciousness. It blew down chimneys and roofs. It was irresistable.

And on the pinions of the storm, on the surge of the music, above the brows of the clouds, rode the legends of Earth, all those terrible things in near-human form which haunt the human mind.

Pale Nazarene and sweating Buddha, elephants, cats, monkeys, serpents, gods, goddesses, grotesques with many heads, beasts, dragons, things of fire, streamed forth from the hill. Demons, devils, angels, ghouls. Never had such things been loose upon the brow of this placid world. They formed a plague to which there was no local immunity.

Immediately, their bad news spread across the face of the globe. Neighbour communed with neighbour, town with town, province with province, until every being on the quiet planet, humanoid or animal, stood and stared transfixed at the terrible monsters unleashed upon their defenceless minds.

Last to emerge from the psyches of the nine figures on the hill were four creatures more terrible than any other. Even the frenzied music, even the storm, died as they arrived, as they rose in the saddles of their steeds. Darkness fell upon the face of the planet. Beneath the soil, the lights of the dead flickered out.

Forth streamed the four horsemen. Eyes staring, foreheads ablaze, muscles straining, they goaded on their great steeds. With flaring manes, the four horses leaped eagerly forward, rejoicing to be free.

The planet was theirs. As the nine space-voyagers began slowly to descend the hillside, they saw nothing of what the humanoids saw – the flowing manes, the flashing hooves, the brandished weapons.

Pestilence, Famine, War, these were their names, with Death close behind riding an old grey nag. Death's long beard fluttered in the wind as he galloped into the valley. Over his shoulder he swung his long scythe. The broken minds fell before him.

Breathing ash, he stooped to gather up the bodies lying in his path, stooped laughing over the dying and the dead.

There was a plentiful harvest for him on the quiet planet, when the Earth ship came.

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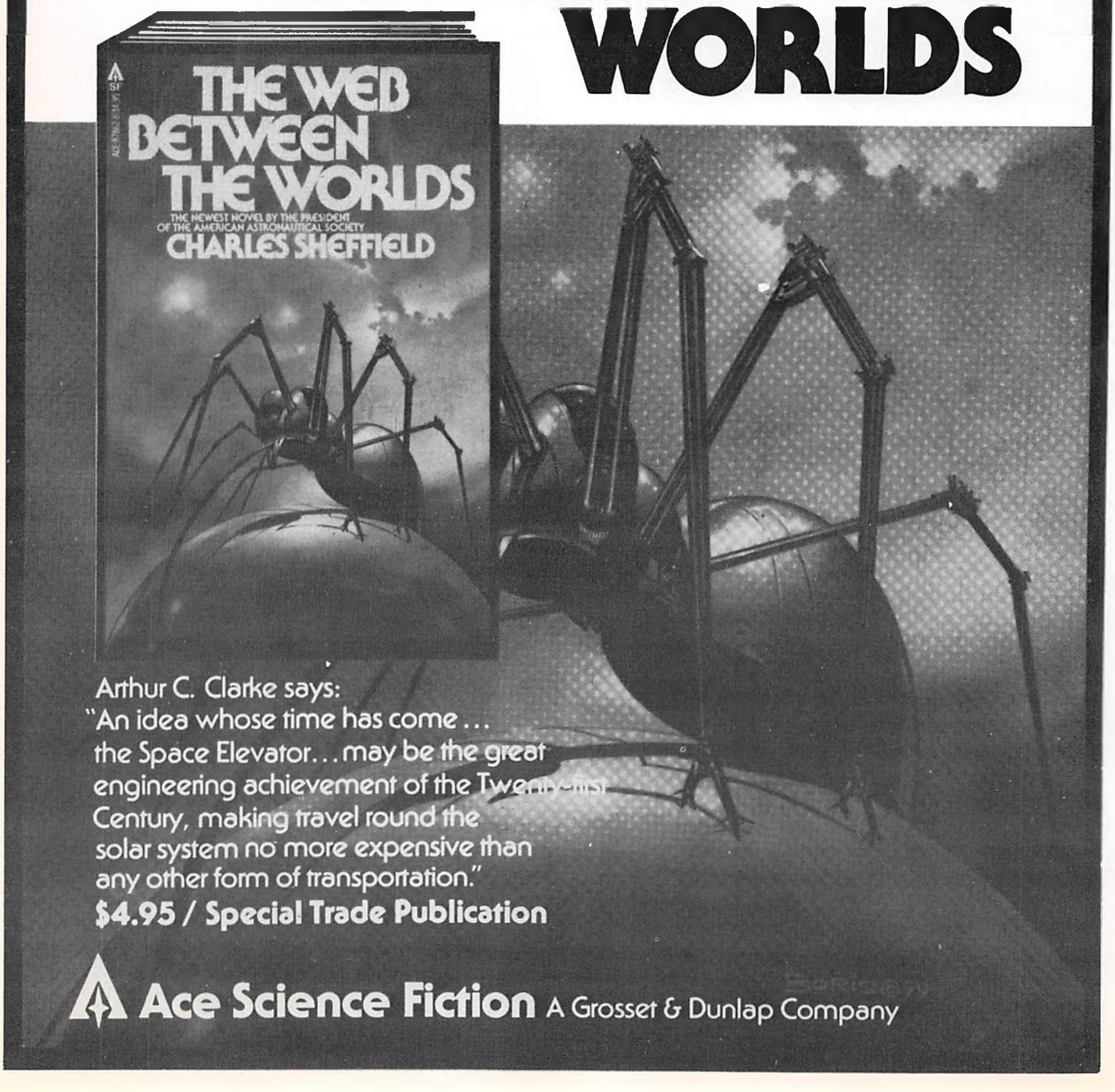

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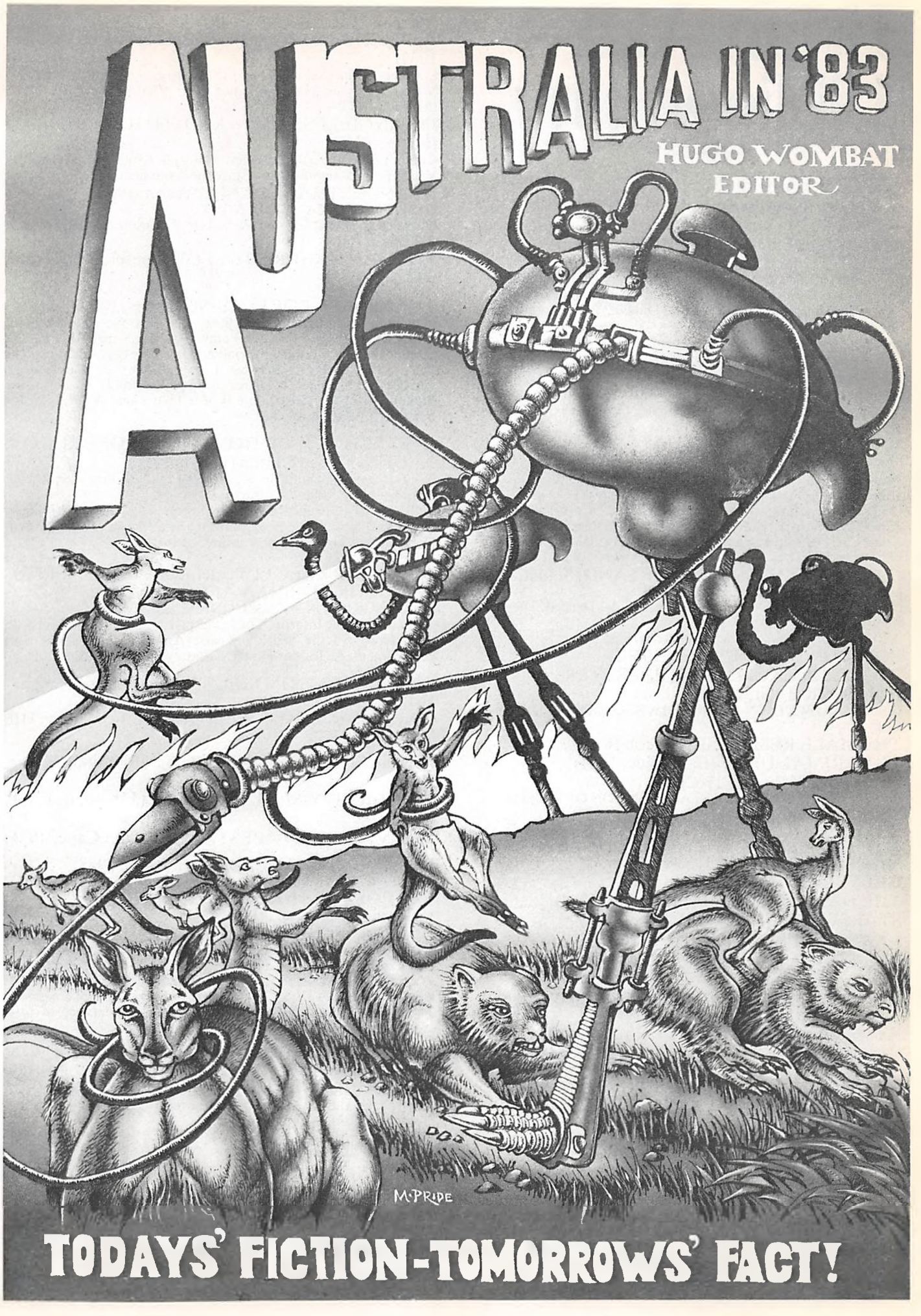
AUSTRALIA IN '83
HUGO WOMBAT
EDITOR
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TODAYS' FICTION-TOMORROWS' FACT!

Brian Aldiss Bibliography

First book publications listed in chronological order.

THE BRIGHTFOUNT DIARIES (Faber, 1955)

SPACE, TIME AND NATHANIEL (Faber, 1957)
Contents: T; Our Kind of Knowledge; Psyclops; Conviction; Not for an Age; The Shubshub Race; Criminal Record; The Failed Men; Supercity; There is a Tide; Pogsmith; Outside; Panel Game; Dumb Show.

NON-STOP (Faber, 1958)

THE CANOPY OF TIME (Faber, 1959)
Contents: Three's A Cloud; All the World's Tears; Who Can Replace a Man?; Blighted Profile; Judas Danced; Oh Ishrail!; Incentive; Gene Hive; Secret of a Mighty City; They Shall Inherit; Visiting Amoeba.

VANGUARD FROM ALPHA (Ace, 1959)
(See also EQUATOR)

NO TIME LIKE TOMORROW (Signet, 1959)
US version of SPACE, TIME AND NATHANIEL
Omits: Conviction; The Shubshub Race; Criminal Record; Supercity; There is a Tide; Pogsmith; Panel Game; Dumb Show.
Adds: Carrion County; Judas Danced; Poor Little Warrior; Gesture of Farewell; The New Father Christmas; Blighted Profile.

GALAXIES LIKE GRAINS OF SAND (Signet, 1960)
US version of THE CANOPY OF TIME
Omits: Three's a Cloud; Blighted Profile; Judas Danced; They Shall Inherit.
Adds: Out of Reach; connecting material.

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EQUATOR (Digit, 1961)
Contains BOW DOWN TO NUL plus Segregation (The Game of God)

THE MALE RESPONSE (Beacon Books, 1961)

THE PRIMAL URGE (Ballantine, 1961)

HOTHOUSE (Faber, 1962)
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Adds: The Under-Privileged; Legends of Smith's Burst, connecting material.

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Contents: The Saliva Tree; Danger: Religion!; The Source; The Lonely Habit; A Pleasure Shared; One Role with Relish; Legends of Smith's Burst; Day of the Doomed King; Paternal Care; The Girl and the Robot with Flowers.

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REPORT ON PROBABILITY A (Faber, 1968)

BAREFOOT IN THE HEAD (Faber, 1969)

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US version of INTANGIBLES, INC.
Omits: Randy's Syndrome; Send Her Victorious. Adds: Danger: Religion!

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Contents: New Arrivals, Old Encounters; The Small Stones of Tu Fu; Three Ways; Amen and Out; A Spot of Konfrontation; The Soft Predicament: Non-Isotropic; One Blink of the Moon; Space for Reflection; Indifference; Song of the Silencer; The Impossible Puppet Show.
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*THIS WORLD AND NEARER ONES: ESSAYS EXPLORING THE FAMILIAR (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1979)
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*To be published in AUGUST 1979

3. ANTHOLOGIES
(Those edited with Harry Harrison are asterisked)
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Contains: PENGUIN SF, MORE PENGUIN SF & YET MORE PENGUIN SF.
SPACE OPERA (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1974)
*HELL'S CARTOGRAPHERS: Some Personal Histories of Science Fiction Writers/ Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1975)
SPACE ODYSSEYS (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1975)
*DECADE: The 1940s (Macmillan, 1975)
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GALACTIC EMPIRES, VOLS 1 & 2 (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1976)
*DECADE: THE 1960s (Macmillan, 1977)
PERILOUS PLANETS (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1978)

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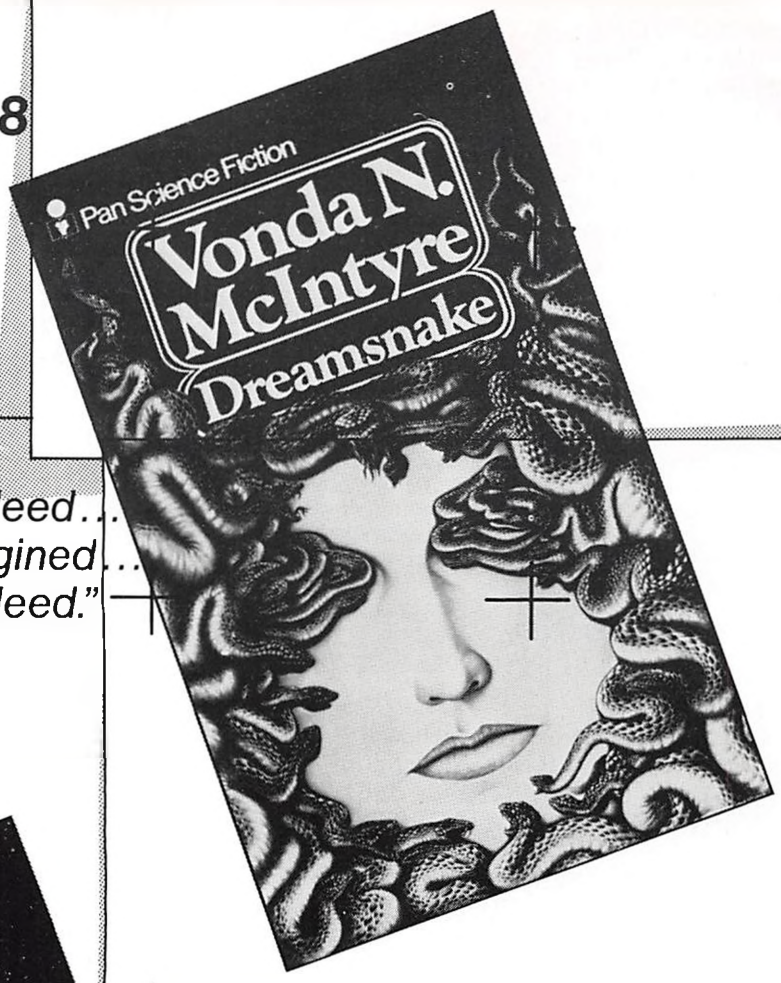

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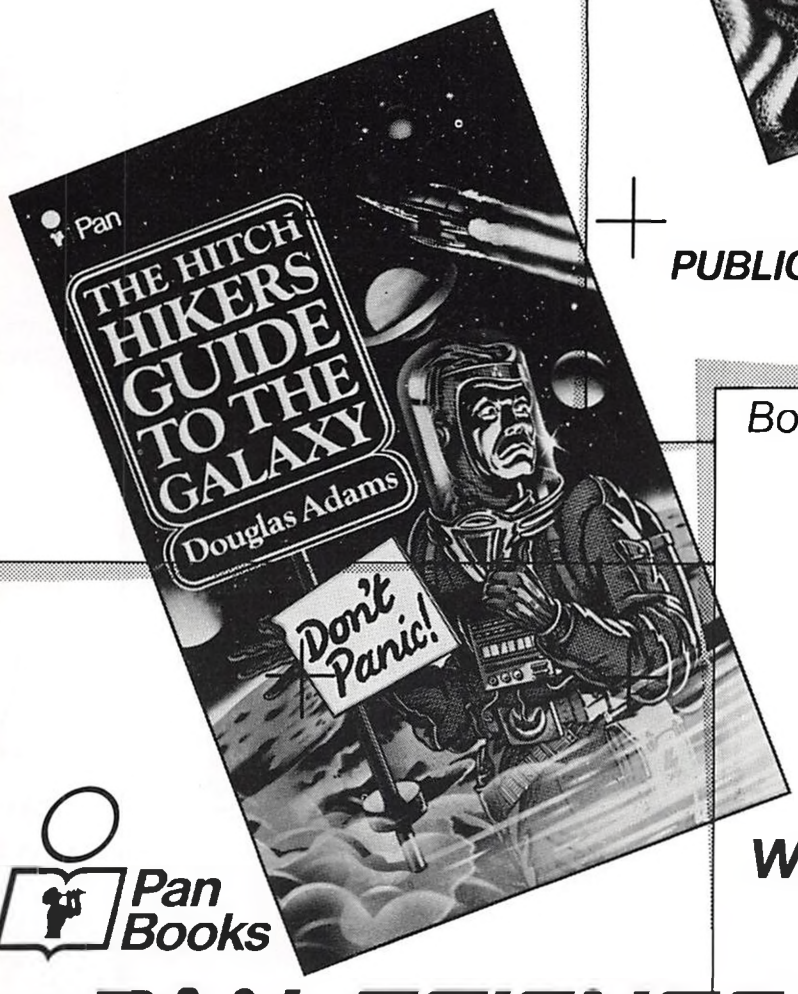

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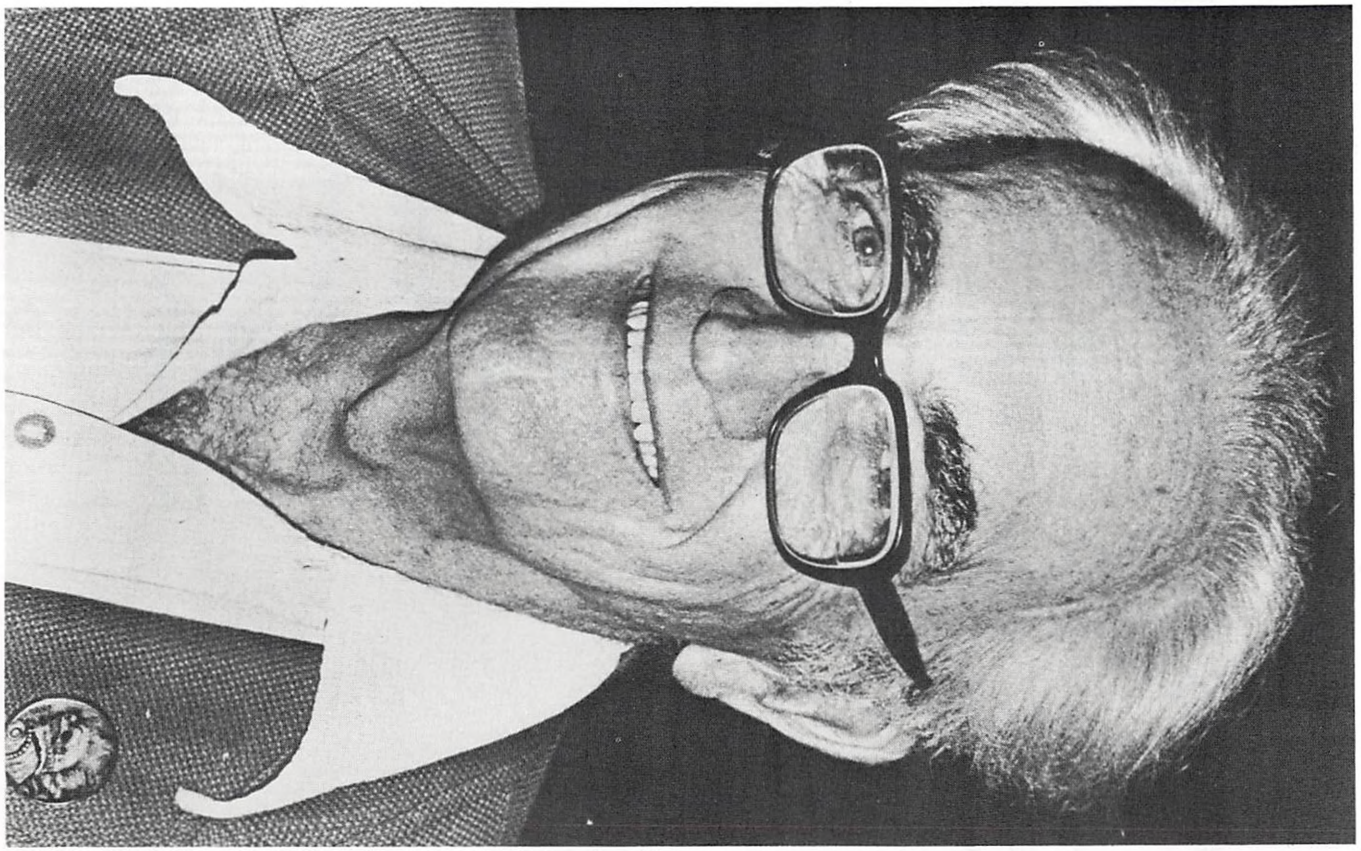


A FEW TOO FEW WORDS BY HARLAN ELLISON

On the night wind the request comes in. Like clockwork. Say a few words in praise of Fritz Leiber. Would you mind? We know you're busy, but would you mind? We know you've done this a dozen times already, but would you mind?

Yes, at long last, yes, I mind very much.

This is foolishness. In the last three years I have sat down behind the typewriter on eight different occasions to "say a few words about Fritz Leiber."

I have said that he is one of the perhaps dozen writers in the history of literature whose command of the language, whose inventiveness, whose shining genius intimidates me. I have said that I have no hesitation in ranking him with Poe and Kafka and Borges and Collier and Blackwood and Machen and Shirley Jackson and Gerald Kersh and Rampo and Stanley Ellin; than whom there are no greater. I have said that none of us working in the genre of the fantastic today are free of the lessons taught by Leiber. I have said that he sets a high water mark for all of us struggling to be perfect, that simply cannot be reached. I have said that he is an original and when – dark the day – he leaves us, we will never see his like again. I have said all this, and it's foolishness.

If, after forty years, anyone is foolish or ignorant enough to need words from punks like me about Fritz Leiber, it is a sorry pass indeed.

Honoring him at science fiction conventions is amusing time-waste and perhaps even a touch heartwarming after all this time, but the truth of the matter is that if Fritz Leiber had not devoted his life and his life's work to the insular community category fantasy, Seacon '79 might well be honoring a Nobel Laureate in Literature. But since he did, and since the Nobel juries seem utterly unaware of the laborers in this hideously insular community, he comes to this year and this moment as the totem of fans, rather than as a major entry in every important study of literary forces in the Twentieth Century. I find that tragic and disgraceful.

To be blunt, and make no friends doing it, Fritz Leiber is – and has always been – too good for his audience. His talent was always too big for the category, his dreams too rich, his goals too noble for us. He deserves far better, much more, than merely being feted at science fiction conventions.

And so I will say no more for such tiny tributes.

He does not need these words from me, or from any of us. He is better than we can ever hope to be; he is grander, finer, deeper, and worthier than any words can say.

After forty years he commands all our love and all our admiration; and what we have to give him now is inadequate.

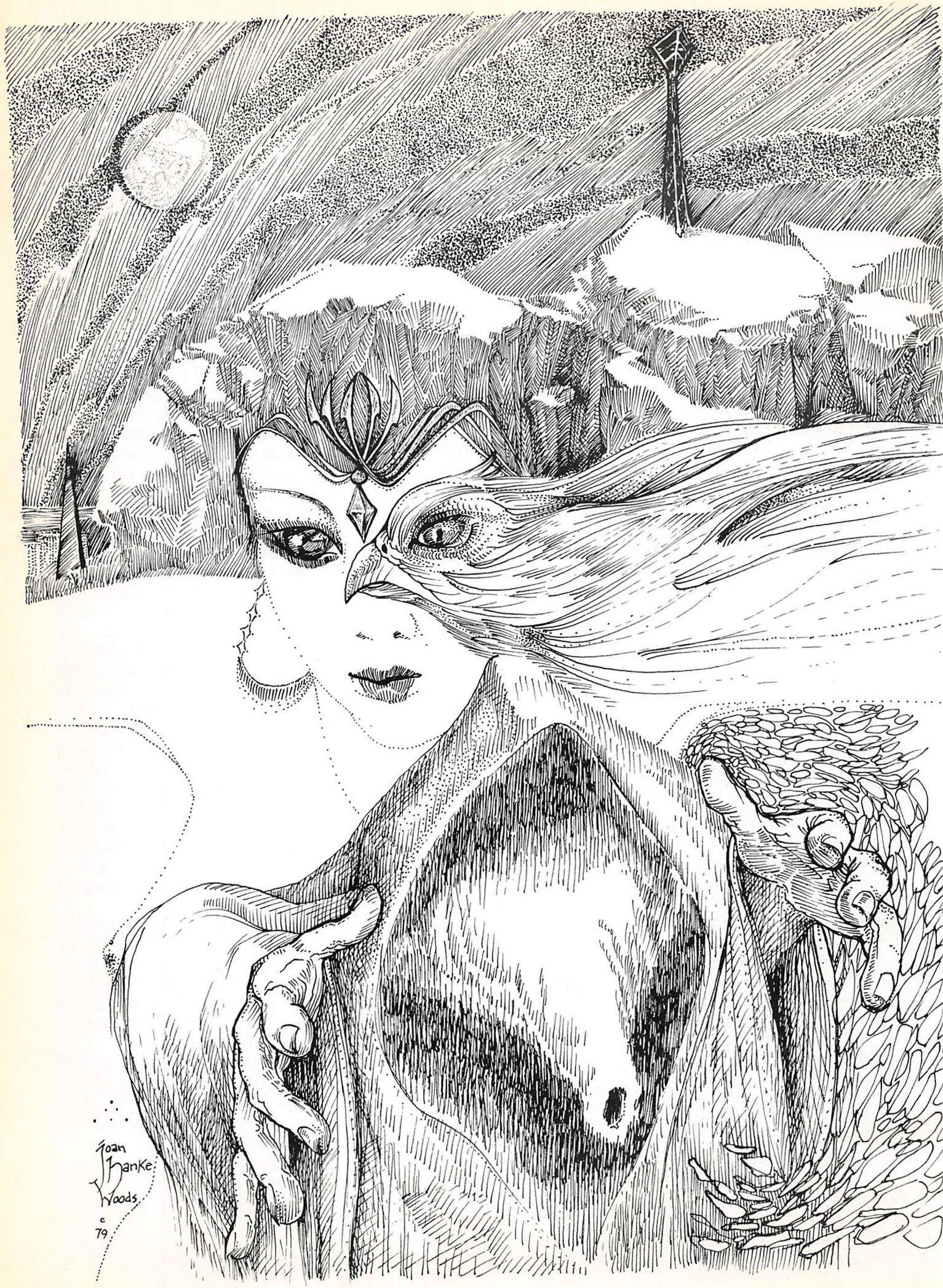
The words that need to be said about the man and the work called Fritz Leiber are the words spoken by time and posterity. When lesser names like Lovecraft and Merritt and Burroughs are consigned to the academic's shelf of curiosities, the stories written by Fritz Leiber will continue to burn with their own hellishly beautiful blue glow, and the books will continue to be passed down from generation to generation for lesser writers to study and emulate; the stories that make dilettantes wither and *poseurs* ashamed. Time will say what must be said about Fritz Leiber.

So don't ask me again. I have said all I can say about him. He beggars description, and his words outshine the best of ours. Honor him if you will, but it's only gilding your own lily. He doesn't need it, he needs and deserves far more; that which we crawlers cannot provide.

For what he has given us, over forty years, no amount of cheap, self-congratulatory accolades, intended to make us look important by our merest association with him, count for the smallest tribute.

Time and posterity will say what has to be said for Fritz Leiber. And even they will never speak eloquently enough.

HARLAN ELLISON
Los Angeles
28 April 79


Joan Hanke-Woods
c 79

The Man Who was Married to Space and Time

Old Guy Manning was in love with space and time all of his life, not only during the months preceding his mysterious yet oddly unspectacular disappearance. He didn't write poetry about them, although he sometimes spoke of them poetically, and it did not lead him to become a professional physicist or astronomer (the stars being supreme examples of distance and of great use in timekeeping). No, it was altogether a humbler sort of affection and in his last years, after his wife's death (there were no children) and his retirement from his minor editorial job, when he was living alone in a big-city apartment he leased by the year, it had some of the humdrum elements (elements of bondage, almost) that one sees in most long marriages. The sort of affection or devotion that kept him interested in science and science fiction all his life, and staring speculatively into the distance more than most people do, and toward the end compulsively concerned with small numbers and with counting (which is, after all, the simplest way we measure both time and space).

And yet this humble, humdrum, rather metaphysical love was so obvious to the few friends of his last years that none of them was exactly startled by the fanciful suggestion made after his casual yet eerie disappearance (though by no means agreeing with the suggestion, of course) that old Guy had somehow melted away into space and time, become "married" to them in the sense of becoming merged with them.

And indeed, old Guy Manning's disappearance did have an unstudied air to it, as if he had simply stood up one day (as if going to get a drink of water) and walked out of life, or at least away from life as we know it. Though in what direction that would be it's puzzling (or perhaps meaningless) to ask.

It was the girl Joan Miles who made the fanciful "melting into space-time" suggestion. She was a mildly hippie young person, unseriously addicted to astrology, white witchcraft, and other pastel superstitions, who had the distinction of living and keeping time by her personally-embellished lunar calendar, in which all the full moons have names, not just the Harvest and Hunters. There are the Sowers Moon and the Loners, for example, the Ghosts, and of course the Lovers. By her calendar, incidentally, old Guy Manning disappeared on the night of the Murderers (or Adulterers – Joan liked both names and couldn't choose between them) Moon, the one nearest the summer solstice, the full moon that steals across the sky low in the south, latest to rise and earliest to set,

BY FRITZ LEIBER

short and dim as a December day (in contrast, the Lovers Moon is of course the one nearest the winter solstice, riding shamelessly high in the heavens and shedding an intoxicating silver radiance all the long, long night.

Manning's other young friend (who was also Joan's friend) was Jack Penrose, a restless chap with a keen interest in both the occult and science, and with ambitions too of becoming a writer of fantasy romances. He was the one to whom Manning told some of his dreams.

Then there was Mr. Sarcander, a sallow and lean-jawed clinical psychologist working mostly in geriatrics. Originally Manning had consulted him about his recurrent depressions, but their relationship had become social also. Those who knew him well found Mr. Sarcander the most cynical and sardonic man alive, shockingly harsh in his evaluation of human motives, and they were occasionally hurt when they found such value judgements being applied to them or their friends. Such had never learned, or else temporarily forgotten, that Mr. Sarcander was harshest of all on himself, expending all his optimism, flattery, and merry mood on his patient-clients, reserving his honesty for the people he could relax with.

And then there was the amiable and tolerant Dr. Lewison, Manning's medical doctor, with whom he had something more than a purely professional relationship. He had keys to Manning's apartment, as did Jack Penrose.

These four persons had become acquainted while Manning was still alive (undisappeared, rather) and after his vanishing they met a few times to talk about it and him, especially when police investigations developed no leads – or any push at all, for that matter.

Such was the surprisingly small circle of Manning's last friends unless we include (and we probably should) Mr. Breen, a burly, dark, not unhandsome Irishman with permanently bewildered eyes and given to fits of absentmindedness, who was the apartment manager of the building where Manning lived on the top floor. Breen wasn't the first to notice Manning's absence (Joan did) but he made a small discovery in connection with it that became somewhat puzzling as he recalled more of the attendant circumstances.

"I was up on the roof," he said, "when I noticed this small ring of keys sitting on one of the steps leading up to the little room over the shaft that has the elevator motor and relays in it. Right next to the edge of the roof too. At first I didn't think of Manning specially but then I remembered – You know how he'd go up there once or twice a day, nights too, to check out the weather or the stars, he'd say? – I remembered times when he'd forgotten and left other things in about the same spot – his pipe or matches or a half-filled cup of coffee, and once his binoculars. So I checked out the keys and they were Manning's. Which is sort of funny because you need them to get down from the roof. The one for the front door to the building also unlocks the door in from the roof. The police have them now."

"No," Jack Penrose contradicted, "the lock on the roof door doesn't snap shut unless you make it. He took me up there several times and he always left the door hanging ajar and then pulled it tight shut, so it locked, after we came back in. And even if you were locked out on the roof without a key, you could always climb down the outside ladder to the fire escape."

"That's true," Breen admitted, frowning doubtfully.

Dr. Lewison smiled to himself, thinking of how lightly young people contemplated such athletic feats.

Meanwhile Joan Miles was visualizing an ovoid space shuttle landing as silently as death on the pale, tar-set gravel overhead by the light of the Murderers Moon. And a door opening in its glassy skin and old Guy Manning bowing courteously toward it and then climbing inside. He wouldn't have needed a key to get down from the roof then, she thought. Or any Earth keys any more, if it were going to be that sort of journey.

What she said was, "He had a way of narrowing his eyes and moving his head around from side to side as he looked out at the city. I wondered about it and then I realized he was lining up things very precisely – buildings, flagpoles, clouds, stars. He'd move his head the same way when he used his binoculars. He was learning all the stars, he told me once, not just the constellations but the smaller asterisms too that make them up and often look so much alike. He said it was a job that would last out his time. He had a geometric mind.

Mr. Sarcander snorted faintly. "Old people," he said, "are forever checking out their eyesight, trying to prove to themselves that it's as good as ever – or even better."

Jack Penrose said defensively, "He was very careful about all his sensations. They were more like observations. He paid attention to details. He watched the city – almost as if that were his special job."

"All old people do that," Mr. Sarcander said. "You see their white faces at windows and in shadowed porches. They watch their little world, their microcosm in which each has been God all of his life, waiting for the cracks to appear and it to crumble. It's the only occupation life has left them."

"Mr. Manning," Joan murmured, mostly to herself, a little primly, "became more and more immersed in distance and duration."

And indeed that was a very fair way of describing the way Guy Manning's life had gone. Early on, he'd travelled as much as he could, experiencing distance that way. He'd liked to watch the sea. Later on this urge had expressed itself in a love of maps. He liked to measure distances on them with a small ivory ruler he carried. When he took walks he'd head for the nearest hill or high place so that he could see distance emerge from the scene around him as he mounted. And always there were the vastly far, infinitely regular stars at night, or in their absence the clouds filling the middle distances. During one period his interest shifted to

great *interiors,* those of cathedrals, industrial assembly buildings wherein small aircraft could fly, and huge country-size extraterrestrial structures such as those imagined in Arthur C. Clarke's *Rendezvous with Rama* and John Varley's *Titan.*

As with distance, so with duration. At one time of his life he was greatly interested in clocks, and if he'd had more money he might have become a collector and ended up with a house full of tickings and chimings. But in the long run he was more drawn to the commoner and more ordinary aspects of timekeeping, the adjustment of watches and alarm clocks, the calls to Time of Day, the counting out of seconds accurately, the estimation of the duration of a moment of awareness (that vital surface which patches together the subjective and objective, the mental and material, the microcosm and the macrocosm), and the slow circling march across the sky of the time-keeping stars.

"He never cared for those new digital watches and clocks," Dr. Lewison remarked, "especially the kind that show a black empty face until you press a button. Neither do I for that matter. For a wrist watch or clock he preferred the simplest kind of face: upright black numerals evenly spaced, minute markings around the rim, and all three hands."

"I know," Joan Miles agreed. "He said you could *see* the face of time that way, judge its expression, and sometimes guess what it was up to."

Jack Penrose lifted his eyes. "He once told me a desert dream he had," the young man reminisced. "He was standing on this perfectly flat expanse of fine silvery sand. The illumination was general but he knew he was in a desert. He could feel on his back the infrared rays of a very hot sun beating rhythmically down through a thin cloud layer. And as if in time with the beating of those rays he could feel the hard-packed sand vibrating very rapidly – about five or six tight tiny shakes to every one of his heartbeats, as if the earth beneath were quaking constantly. There was mist all around him, but it was slowly dissipating upward. Yet as it rose, he could at first see nothing but the endless silver (and invisibly vibrating) plain extending out in all directions. He felt terribly lonely.

"Then, as the mist continued to rise by slow stages, there came into view – about two miles away, he judged – a squat dark tower of considerable width – more like a fort, really. Then he noticed two rather thin dark aerial wings jutting out from the tower for miles and miles – an impossible job for cantilevering. He could barely make out the end of one of them in the far distance. And then as he swung his eyes back to the other wing, the longer one, and continued to watch it, he got the impression it was very slowly moving toward him over the silver sand.

"At that point the mist rose another stage. He noticed a shadow rapidly travelling across the plain toward him. He looked up and saw the tower's *third* and highest-set wing slicing through the misty air a quarter of a mile overhead like a gigantic revolving dark scythe. He glanced down at his wrist to time the scythe's speed . . . and as he saw the skinny sweep second hand of his watch crawling rapidly in infinitesimal five-a-second jerks around the silvery dial, he realized where he was."

"Trapped under a wrist watch crystal," Joan heard herself say. "Its ticking the vibration of the sands? Did the mists clear all away? Was it his room outside? Did *he* peer down?"

"He woke up feeling the watch band gripping his wrist oppressively. He'd forgotten to take it off the night before. He said you became more aware of tiny pressures like that as you grew older." Jack's eyes widened a trifle and then frowned as faintly – as though what he had just said had reminded him of another memory, one more difficult to disentangle.

"A wristwatch does tick five times a second," Dr. Lewison observed, "though it's harder for me to hear it these days. That compulsion to count . . .the concern with small numbers – you know, somewhere Guy picked up the habit of segregating his coins in different pockets according to their value (some joke about putting a use to all the pockets in a pair of pants) and then he found he'd acquired the additional habit of reaching in and counting them by touch –"

"A test of tactile acuity!" Mr. Sarcander put in sharply. "The elderly reassure themselves that way, filling their empty time with little tasks, so they won't have to think unpleasant thoughts about what's coming."

"He had another habit involving small numbers and counting," Dr. Lewison pressed on. "He'd read or been told by someone (he told me) about how people have been traced down by the characteristic pattern in which they tear matches out of matchbooks. That inspired him to experiment with different patterns of tearing out matches when he smoked his pipe – every other match in a rank, every third one, from in front, from behind, from the sides in, from the centre out, sometimes (he said) he'd give each match a weight from its position and try to tear them out in such a way that the two sides continued to balance without being symmetrical –"

"Anyone tracing him would have thought he was a dozen different people," Jack couldn't help interrupting, relieved to be able to grin at something.

"He told me about that too," Joan Miles said rapidly. "Eventually he came to think of the matches mostly as people – or actors on a stage, rather, with the matchbook cover their backdrop. The trick was to tear them out in such a way that you'd always have an effectively balanced stage, though that consideration only became apparent, mostly, when they'd got thinned down in numbers –"

Mr. Sarcander's small brusque shrug gave his evaluation of such matchbook charades.

Dr. Lewison leaned forward a little. "But the strongest indication by far," he said, "of Guy's obsession with counting and the fascination small numbers held for him, was when he gave up chess for backgammon. In that game you're constantly counting and you're always juggling small numbers in your head, combining and recombining them as you hunt your move. In a way the largest number you work with is six, because there is none higher on a single die.

"One of the reasons (he told me) he made the change," the doctor continued, "was that he'd come to think that backgammon is much more like real life than chess is. In chess you're operating in an ideal universe where all the laws and forces are known to you and you control half of the pieces. You can make the most far-reaching and elaborate plans and nothing can upset them but your adversary. But in backgammon blind chance enters the picture on each move, at every throw of the dice. There are no certainties, only possibilities and probabilities. You can't plan in the same way as in chess. All you can do is make your arrangements so that whatever comes, good or (more often it always seems) bad, you can best endure it or take advantage of it." His voice was growing more animated. "It exemplifies the Pythagorean injunction: Believe that anything that can happen in the world can happen to you. You can only fight on for victory or survival, while chance rains down its blows unendingly." He took a deep breath and settled back.

"He once told me another dream he had," Jack Penrose broke in. "He was on this rather large flat square roof that seemed strangely familiar. It had a parapet a little less than waist high. There was also a wall the same height that went across the middle of the roof, dividing it into equal rectangles – later in the dream he figured it was the roofs of two buildings the same height and shape abutting each other, because the central wall was thicker with a crack down its middle and when he had to cross over that wall (as he did several times in the dream, moving rapidly) he was always afraid there'd be nothing on the other side or that something else drastic would happen.

"It was night with a heavy overcast pressing down and a biting wind that blew irregular splatters of rain, but enough light leaked up from the streets so that he could make out his surroundings. He was wearing some sort of dark gray uniform – it felt uncomfortable and harsh to the skin, like a uniform – but without any insignia he could discover.

"He wasn't alone. In fact, there were quite a few other people on the roof, but they were all crouched down against the outer walls (or at least along three of those walls) just as he was himself, some of them alone, some in pairs and small huddles, so that he couldn't see them too well. In fact, during his whole dream he never got to look one of them in the face – or address a single word to any of them, or they to him – though later on he occasionally got comfort, or at least a sense of safety, from being close to one of them and moving side by side together without their ever looking at each other. They all seemed to be wearing the same sort of nondescript gray uniform as his own, only quite a few of them – about half, in fact – were wearing uniforms of a lighter shade of gray; being near one of the latter never gave him a sense of reassurance.

"Most of the time all of these figures held very still, though watching each other closely, he supposed, as he was doing. But every so often a couple of them would scurry-crawl along the wall they were huddled against for a short (or sometimes quite long) distance and then as suddenly hold still again. If one of them had to cross the central wall in the course of his crawling rush, he'd hump over it as swiftly as he could through the chill swooping wind, always keeping a low profile. It struck him that their actions were a lot like those of soldiers practicing to advance across a broken field under enemy fire.

"And every once in a while he'd get the overpowering urge to do likewise. He'd crawl as fast and inconspicuously as he could for as long as he felt the urge. When it left him he'd hold still wherever he happened to be, alone or beside others, but always as close to the wall as he could get. That part was like musical chairs, he said, except there was no music to tell you when to start and stop. It was only the urge that gave you those orders.

"He noticed that the dream soldiers in lighter gray always moved in one direction along and around the walls, while he and the ones in the same darker uniforms always advanced in the opposite direction. When opposing soldiers neared or went past each other the sense of peril increased. Whenever the light gray soldiers moved, especially if he were alone against the wall, he'd huddle down, trying to hide his head, in horrid anticipation of one of them landing on his back or just so much as *touching* him.

"Yet whenever in spite of all his efforts that did happen, there wouldn't be any terrible pain or shock such as he anticipated, but only a break in the dream, a momentary black-out after which he'd be back at the point where the dream had started, or near it, and all that crawling and terrified crouching in the dark windy wet to do again, and no comfort except sometimes a like-uniformed faceless gray soldier to crouch against, shoulder to shoulder.

"It was only when he'd at last made it all the way around and was huddled down with all the other dark gray dream soldiers and they began without warning to vanish two by two (yes, just like that) that he finally realised he was part of a backgammon game being played with living, feeling men – like chess played with living pieces who didn't know they were that. And as he waited his unpredictable turn to be borne off (vanished), there began to build up in him a fear and a pressure –"

Jack snapped his fingers as he broke off. "Pressure!" he said, "– that's what I was trying to remember. Once, *apropos* of nothing special, maybe we'd been talking about science fiction, certainly not backgammon, Mr. Manning asked me if I'd ever had the feeling of being under a kind of pressure that would suddenly squeeze me out of the world altogether, shoot me away in any direction like an appleseed or –"

"– or just melt away into space-time," Joan murmured.

"Seriously, Joan," Jack asked her, "how could something like awareness melt away into the material?"

"Everything has an awareness side, even the atoms, else reality wouldn't balance out. Mr. Manning once said that. And I remember another thing he told me – that a person ought always keep a packed suitcase handy, in case he were called away at short notice. Only

I don't remember whether he said he followed his own advice."

Mr. Breen broke in. He'd been listening to everything with the same worried, *hunting* look. "I seem to remember there always used to be a little suitcase at the foot of his bed," he said. "And it's not there now." He continued to look worried and puzzled.

"After you found his keys," Jack addressed him, "I went up and searched every inch of the roof. I found three items that could have been Mr. Manning's – a backgammon doubling cube, a lens cap that fitted his binoculars, and a matchbook with *five* matches left in a pattern of *two* side by side, *one* alone, and *two* one space apart."

"There's *five* of us," Breen groped. He touched the side of his head and winced his eyes. "I *knew* I'd remember," he said guiltily. "When I found the keys they were on a scrap of paper, holding it down. I started to pick the paper up too, though I never thought it might be important then, but it blew off the roof. It was ragged along one side, like it was torn out of a spiral notebook. I *think* it had writing on it, tiny capitals."

They looked around at each other for a while. Then, as though by common consent, they went up to the roof together and watched the rising of the Loners Moon, which is also often the Overlapper linking each year with the next.

IN MEMORIAM

Lief Andersson
Dennis Dobson
Ron Graham
Brian Lewis
Richard C. Meredith
Robert Bruce Montgomery
Hope Murrlees
Ed Earl Reep
Michael Rosenblum
Eric Frank Russell
Stephen Takacs
Sylvia Townsend Warner
Norman Weedall
Mortimer Weisinger
Jay Williams
Robert Moore Williams
Jeff Yates

Illustration for Poul Anderson's **People of the Wind** by Inger Edelfeldt

Fritz Leiber Bibliography

First book publications listed in chronological order
Compiled by Chris Morgan

NIGHT'S BLACK AGENTS (Arkham House, 1947)
Contents: Smoke Ghost; The Automatic Pistol; The Inheritance; The Hill and the Hole; The Dreams of Albert Moreland; The Hound; Diary in the Snow; The Man Who Never Grew Young; The Sunken Land; Adept's Gambit.

GATHER DARKNESS (Pellegrini & Cudahy, 1950)

DESTINY TIMES THREE (complete in *Five SF Novels,* ed. Greenberg, Gnome, 1952)

CONJURE WIFE (complete in *Witches Three,* ed. Anon, Twayne, 1952)

THE GREEN MILLENIUM (Abelard, 1953)

THE SINFUL ONES (bound with *Bulls, Blood & Passion* by Williams, Universal, 1953)

TWO SOUGHT ADVENTURE (Gnome, 1957)
Fafhrd & Gray Mouser collection: Two Sought Adventure; The Bleak Shore; The Howling Tower; The Sunken Land; Thieves' House; Dark Vengeance; The Seven Black Priests. (See also *Swords Against Death,* 1970).

THE BIG TIME (bound with *The Mind Spider,* Ace 1961)

THE MIND SPIDER (bound with *The Big Time,* Ace 1961)
Contents: The Haunted Future; Damnation Morning; The Oldest Soldier; Try and Change the Past; The Number of the Beast; The Mind Spider.

THE SILVER EGGHEADS (Ballantine, 1961)

SHADOWS WITH EYES (Ballantine 1962)
Contents: A Bit of the Dark World; The Dead Man; The Power of the Puppets; Schizo Jimmie; The Man Who Made Friends with Electricity; A Deskful of Girls.

A PAIL OF AIR (Ballantine, 1964)
Contents: A Pail of Air; The Beat Cluster; The Foxholes of Mars; Pipe Dream; Time Fighter; The 64-Square Madhouse; Bread Overhead; The Last Letter; Rump-Titty-Titty-Tum-TAH-Tee; Coming Attraction; Nice Girl With Five Husbands.

THE WANDERER (Ballantine, 1964)

SHIPS TO THE STARS (bound with *The Million Year Hunt* by Bulmer, Ace, 1964)
Contents: Dr Kometevsky's Day; The Big Trek; The Enchanted Forest; Deadly Moon; The Snowbank Orbit; The Ship Sails at Midnight.

THE NIGHT OF THE WOLF (Ballantine, 1966)
Contents: The Lone Wolf; The Wolf Pair; Crazy Wolf; The Wolf Pack.

TARZAN AND THE VALLEY OF GOLD (novelisation of screenplay, Ballantine, 1966)

THE SECRET SONS (Rupert Hart-Davis, 1968)
Contents: The Winter Flies; The Man Who Made Friends With Electricity; Rump-Titty-Titty-Tum-TAH-Tee; Mariana; Coming Attraction; The Moon is Green; A Pail of Air; Smoke Ghost; The Girl With the Hungry Eyes; No Great Magic; The Secret Songs.

THE SWORDS OF LANKHMAR (Ace, 1968)

SWORDS AGAINST WIZARDRY (Ace, 1968)
Fafhrd & Gray Mouser collection: In the Witch's Test; Stardock; The Two Best Thieves in Lankhmar; The Lords of Quarmall.

SWORDS IN THE MIST (Ace, 1968)
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A SPECTER IS HAUNTING TEXAS (Walker, 1969)

NIGHT MONSTERS (bound with *The Green Millenium,* Ace, 1969)
Contents: The Black Gondolier; Midnight in the Mirror World; I'm Looking for Jeff; The Casket-Demon.

THE DEMONS OF THE UPPER AIR (poem, Squires, 1969)

SWORDS AGAINST DEATH (Ace, 1970)
Fafhrd & Gray Mouser collection: The Circle Curse; The Jewels in the Forest; Thieves' House; The Bleak Shore; The Howling Tower; The Sunken Land; The Seven Black Priests; Claws from the Night; The Prince of Pain-Ease; Bazaar of the Bizarre. (*Two Sought Adventure,* 1957, with 3 additional stories).

SWORDS AND DEVILTRY (Ace, 1970)
Fafhrd & Gray Mouser collection: Introduction; The Snow Women; The Unholy Grail; Ill Met in Lankhmar.

YOU'RE ALL ALONE (Ace, 1972)
Contents: You're All Alone; Four Ghosts in Hamlet; The Creature from the Cleveland Depths.

THE BEST OF FRITZ LEIBER (Sphere, 1974)
Contents: Sanity; Wanted – an Enemy; The Man Who Never Grew Young; The Ship Sails at Midnight; The Enchanted Forest; Coming Attraction; Poor Superman; A Pail of Air; The Foxholes of Mars; The Big Holiday; The Night He Cried; The Big Trek; Space-Time for Springers; Try and Change the Past; A Deskful of Girls; Rump-Titty-Titty-Tum-TAH-Tee; Little Old Miss Macbeth; Mariana; The Man Who Made Friends With Electricity; The Good New Days; Gonna Roll the Bones; America the Beautiful.

THE BOOK OF FRITZ LEIBER (Daw, 1974)
Contents: The Spider; A Hitch in Space; Kindergarten; Crazy Annaoj; When the Last Gods Die; Yesterday House; Knight to Move; To Arkham and the Stars; Beauty and the Beasts; Cat's Cradle. Also articles: Monsters and Monster Lovers; Hottest and Coldest Molecules; Those Wild Alien Words; Debunking the I Machine; King Lear; After Such Knowledge; Weird World of the Knight; The Whisperer Re-examined; Masters of Mace and Magic.

THE SECOND BOOK OF FRITZ LEIBER (Daw, 1975)
Contents: The Lion and the Lamb; Trapped in the Sea of Stars; Belsen Express; Scream Wolf; The Mechanical Bride; A Defense of Werewolves. Also articles: The Mighty Tides; Fafhrd and Me; Ingmar Bergman: Fantasy Novelist; Those Wild Alien Words (2); Through Hyperspace with Brown Jenkin.

THE WORLDS OF FRITZ LEIBER (Ace, 1976)
Contents: The Hatchery of Dreams; The Goggles of Dr Dragonet; Far Reach to Cygnus; Night Passage; The Nice Girl With Five Husbands; When the Change-Winds Blow; 237 Talking Statues Etc.; The Improper Authorities; Our Saucer Vacation; Pipe Dream; What's He Doing in There?; Friends and Enemies; The Last Letter; Endfray of the Ofay; Cyclops; Mysterious Doings in the Metropolitan Museum; The Bait; The Lotus Eaters; Waif; Myths My Great-Granddaughter Taught Me; Catch That Zeppelin!; Last.

OUR LADY OF DARKNESS (Putnam, 1977)

RIME ISLE (Whispers, 1977)

SWORDS AND ICE MAGIC (Ace, 1977)
Fafhrd & Gray Mouser collection: The Sadness of the Executioner; Beauty and the Beasts; Trapped in the Shadowland; The Bait; Under the Thumb of the Gods; Trapped in the Sea of Stars; The Frost Monstreme; Rime Isle.

BAZAAR OF THE BIZARRE (Grant, 1978)
Fafhrd & Gray Mouser collection: Bazaar of the Bizarre; The Cloud of Hate; Lean Times in Lankhmar.

THE CHANGE WAR (Gregg, 1978)
Contents: No Great Magic; The Oldest Soldier; Knight to Move; Damnation Morning; Try and Change the Past; A Deskful of Girls; The Number of the Beast; The Haunted Future; The Mind Spider; Black Corridor.

HEROES AND HORRORS (Whispers, 1978)
Contents: Sea Magic; The Mer She; A Bit of the Dark World; Belsen Express; Midnight in the Mirror World; Richmond, Late September, 1849; Midnight by the Morphy Watch; The Terror from the Depths; Dark Wings.

SHIP OF SHADOWS (Gollancz, 1979)
Ship of Shadows; Catch that Zeppelin!; Gonna Roll the Bones; Ill Met in Lankhmar; Belsen Express; The Big Time.


WISDOM of the AGES
The Silver Eggheads
by FRITZ LEIBER
©79

TOASTMASTER BOB SHAW

BY JAMES WHITE

The primary function of a toastmaster at a science fiction convention is to introduce certain programme items, people and things to each other and to the attendance in general. The man chosen for this key job has to be a special individual indeed, for he must continue to introduce even when his toasts and the continually recharged glass which accompanies them are making the people look like things and the things, naturally, look like nothing on Earth – and he must go on steadfastly doing unto others that which is not being done to him.

It is for this reason that I have been asked to perform the traditional, and as it happens totally unnecessary, job of introducing the introducer. Because if there is anyone at Seacon '79 who does not already know all about this renowned, soft-spoken, diminutive (he is barely six foot two) Irish fan and author called Bob Shaw then he, she or it is attending the wrong convention.

For nobody here has to be told that Bob Shaw has for the past twenty years been producing consistently fine and original sf, from the unforgettable and much anthologised – thirty-two times at the last count – short story *Light of Other Days* to novels such as *Nightwalk, The Palace of Eternity* and *Orbitsville*, which are singled out because they happen to be my own particular favourites.

Bob's early struggles are also well-known to his friends throughout fandom, as well as to HMG and the Mounties. To these more mundane activities – structural draughtsmanship, small game hunting, Canadian taxi driving, journalism and public relations – he brought the same high degree of professionalism and human insight which marks his science-fiction work.

My local cinema, whose steelwork was measured and stressed by Bob over twenty years ago, still stands to this day despite two car bombs, conversion to a Bingo hall and the meteorological onslaughts of last winter. And it was while he was going through his *Gunner Cade* period – some of you are too young to remember that story – he once shot a spider with an air-gun at thirty feet, killing it instantly. A measure of the man is that he derived no pleasure from this achievement, but explained afterwards that it was difficult to wing a moving spider because it didn't have any. Later he converted to the water-pistol and became an expert at drowning butterflies and wasps on the wing. Soft-heartedly he invariably placed the sodden butterflies on a fence-post to dry out in the sun but where the wasps were concerned, he was once stung to retort, they could expletive deleted sink or swim. Regrettably no discussion is possible regarding his reasons for leaving Canada since, as you already know, these matters are still *sub judice*.

His later career as a journalist was also highly successful and full of incident, as were his years as a publicist and press officer for the Belfast aircraft company, Shorts, where we had the honour or misfortune – depending on what sort of humour the Boss was in – to share an office. Six years ago he decided to give up publicising these new-fangled heavier-than-air machines and changed to plugging submarines (maybe I should re-phrase that) for Vickers at Barrow-on-Furness – surely, one feels, a retreat into inner space – for a couple of years before he returned to writing full-time. But he is still remembered in the publicity office of Shorts – at least, his puns are.

For this is the fan, you will doubtless remember, who during an Irish Fandom party for a visiting BNF, on being asked if he had tried the ginger-bread replied, "Yes, and found it not gilty." At that time, and for many years afterwards, he produced one of the funniest fan columns ever written. Entitled *The Glass Bushel* – Bob did not take modesty to extremes, and this was the only kind of bushel he was willing to hide his light under – it very often achieved a Chaplinesque dimension in its humour in that the jokes made one *think* after the freshly split sides had healed.

There were lots of other fan humourists about in those golden days of Irish Fandom – Walt Willis, George Charters, John Berry, and that other fellow who became a vile pro – but I have to remember that I am writing a totally unnecessary introduction to Bob Shaw, not just to the Bob Shaw we know but to the young, earnest, rangy, clean-shaven Bob Shaw with the beautiful wavy brown hair. As we all know now, Bob's hair at this time was straight and it was his head which was corrugated, but this problem he has since ironed out.

There is also a keen, scientific brain inside that overly hairy (alright, so I'm jealous about his hair) head. You will remember the well-known incident when my balsa model spaceship which, because of a design flaw, weighed two ounces and was powered by a solid fuel jet engine which delivered a maximum thrust of only one-and-a-half ounces. The poor thing used to sit on the tiles of Walt Willis's back yard and just strain upwards and hiss piteously. Bob, in a flash of Einstein-like insight, suggested attaching one end of a length of thread to the nose-cone and the other to a bunch of keys and passing the end with the keys over Madeleine Willis's clothes-line, which was convenient to the launch pad. With this counterweight attached the rocket lifted off with no problems, and this suggestion came from a man who was not even a member of the British Interplanetary Society!

However, a word of advice to those of you who may be thinking of approaching and actually talking to him. He is very easy to approach – visually a bit like a hairy Post Office Tower except that his head doesn't spin, at least, not unless he has been engaged on a long and concentrated session of toasting – and he is even easier to talk to. Just introduce *yourself* and charge *his* glass and toast *him* for a change. Whether you are a new writer seeking advice or a reader asking for clarification of some subtle philosophical point in one of his stories – or in one of anybody else's stories, for that matter – he will gladly give you the benefit of his hard-won experience in the field.

You will already have noticed that wherever he goes, and whether the company is fannish or professional, people laugh at him. Try not to laugh at him because everyone else does. The pressure on your sides will be extreme as he talks to you in his quiet, serious, sober voice – his voice, at least, is teetotal – as he rips apart the fabric of reality with some horrendous pun. Try hard.

It will be difficult, I know. On second thoughts, it will be impossible.

TAFF & TERRY HUGHES

by Rob Jackson

This article was almost too late for publication; it was all Terry Hughes's fault.

Any research into the achievements which make him an excellent and very popular TAFF delegate inevitably involves looking through back issues of his fanzine *Mota,* which is the main reason he's so popular and well-known in Britain. And that isn't something I find possible to do quickly, as even if I intend just to skim rapidly through I am drawn into the fanzine by the sheer quality of its contents and sit totally absorbed for hours. I've got something like twenty issues of *Mota,* and reading them took a long time when I should have been getting on with this.

So it's all Terry's fault for producing such a funny, fascinating fannish fanzine.

Terry's first real contact with fandom was, I gather, at Columbia University, Missouri, where he met Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, and started to put out issues of *Mota.* The first issue actually had some real live sf book reviews in it, and even a mention of some films, but he soon realised the error of his ways and decided he had more to contribute through good-humoured observation of fans and their little ways than through attention to the advancement of sf itself. He quickly published six issues from Columbia, then shelved *Mota* for a couple of years and travelled around for a while. Eventually he settled among Fabulous Falls Church fandom, being influenced by Ted White, rich brown and other colourful fannish characters, and resumed publishing *Mota* in 1974. He's been publishing it with a fair degree of regularity ever since — and it's become the doyen of gentle, funny, level-headed fannish fanzines to the extent that he's had regular contributions from Bob Tucker, Bob Shaw, Lee Hoffman, Bob Shaw, Ted White, Harry Warner Jr., and Bob Shaw, and brilliant artwork, generally humorous, from Dan Steffan, Grant Canfield, Joe Staton, Dan Steffan, Harry Bell, Alexis Gilliland, and Dan Steffan. Terry's own sense of humour shines through in his editorials, but even more obvious is his genuine appreciation of and gratitude for other people's senses of humour. In particular, his appreciation of the sometimes wacky sense of humour of British fannish fans has given him a stronger connection with British fanzine fandom than almost any other North American fan. *Mota* is on the Hugo ballot this year; deservedly so, and not before time.

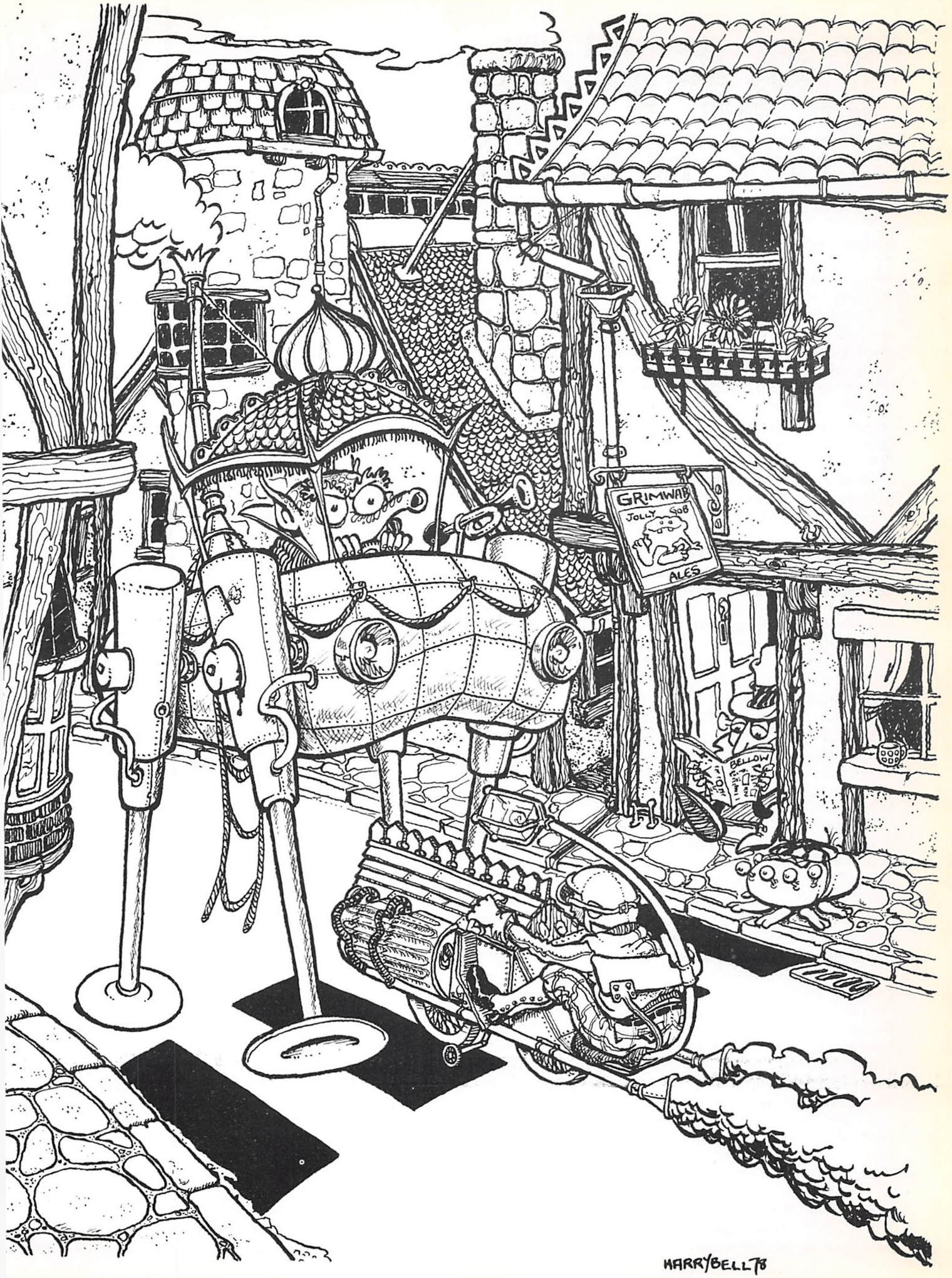
As well as editing fanzines, Terry is a regular convention attender and was Guest of Honour at Autoclave III last year. In person he's tall, well-built (better so than some copies of his fanzine) and genial, with flowing blond hair that must be the envy of many of the girls on the block. His nose is the subject of fannish legend, but I'm not going to say anything about that here for fear of embarrassing him.

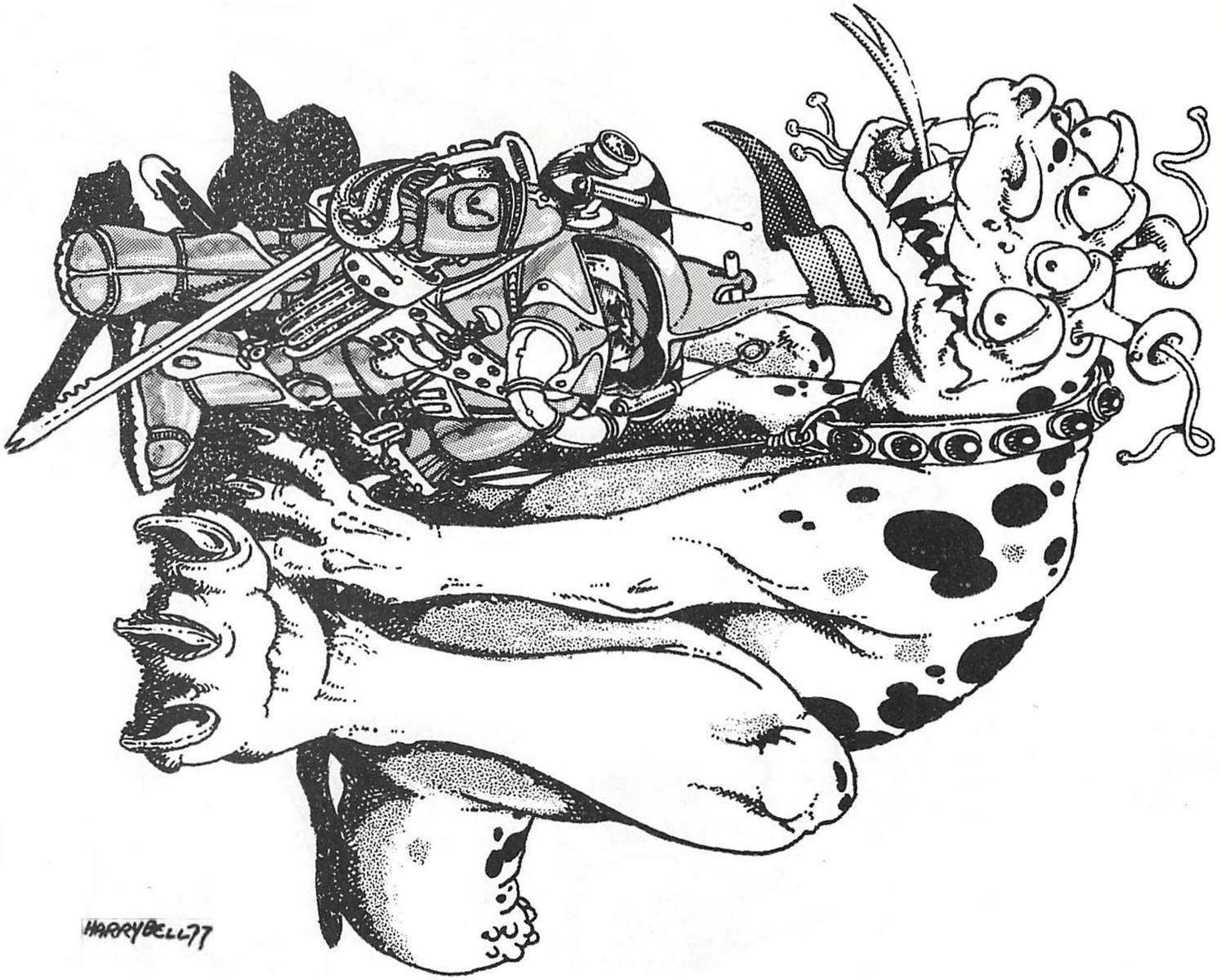
Welcome to England, Terry. I hope we entertain you as well as your fanzine entertains us.

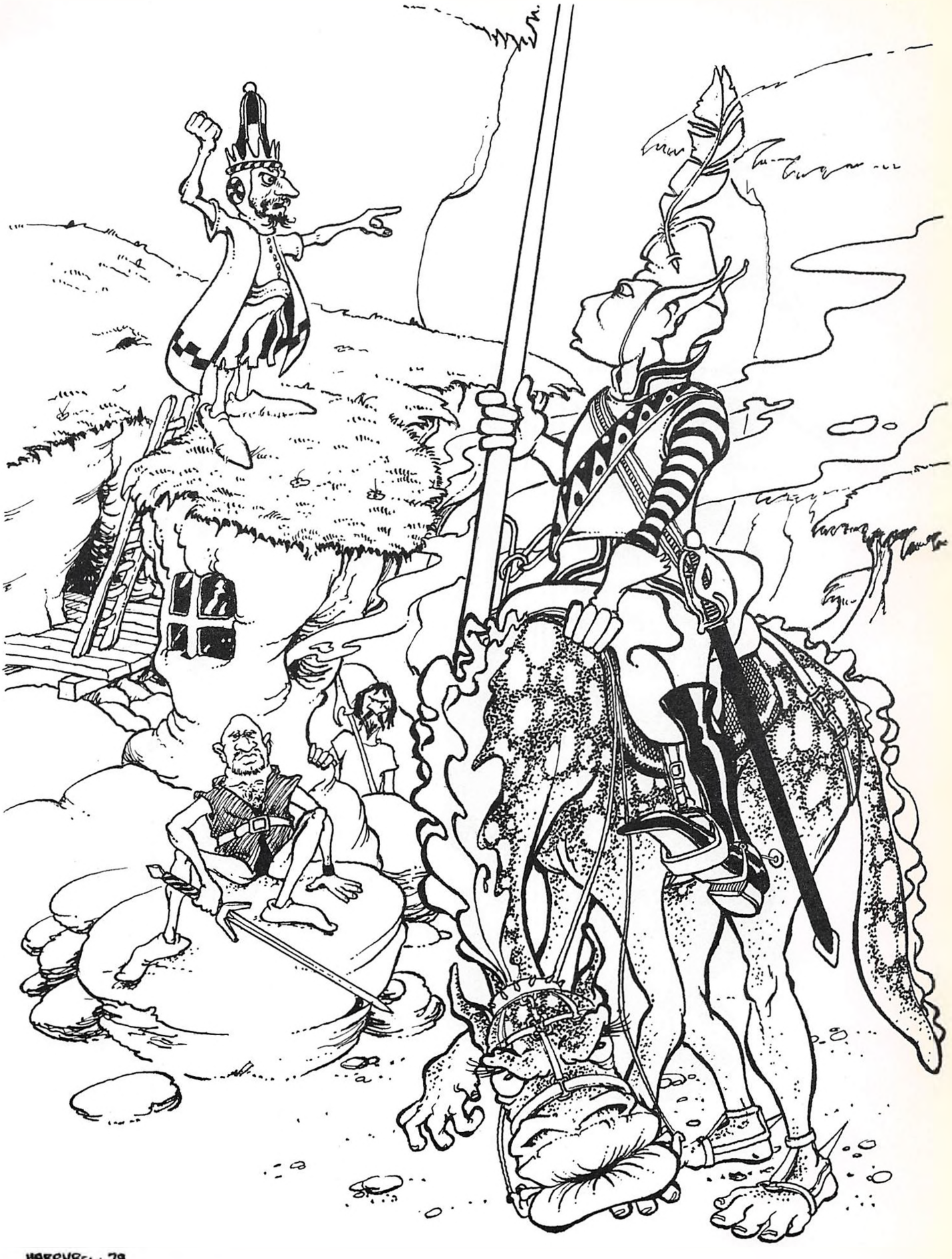
Now Terry has won TAFF, he is expected to do two things: produce a fanzine reporting on his trip to England, and become TAFF's North American Administrator until he himself is replaced by a subsequent American winner. TAFF stands for the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund, and for 26 years now it has been transporting well-known and popular fans to conventions on the opposite side of the Atlantic, to meet people often only aware of the fan through fanzines who are keen to meet the winner in person. The Fund takes people alternately westwards from Europe to North America for the Worldcon, and eastwards from North America to Britain (generally for the British Eastercon, but because of the British Worldcon this year the trip was arranged for Seacon instead). Anyone who wants to run for TAFF submits five nominations, three from fans on his or her own side of the Atlantic and two from fans on the other, with $5 good faith bond; Terry Hughes, Suzle Tompkins and Fred Haskell were nominated this year. When nominations close, ballots are prepared by the Administrators and distributed through fanzines, conventions, clubs, etc., and fans send their votes in along with a donation to the fund. At the end of the voting period the ballots are counted and the winner is given a sum of money to help pay his or her way to the convention. The winner is thus a special guest at the convention, selected by the whole of fandom.

TAFF depends entirely on fandom for its support. Voters contribute, of course, but much of its financial support comes from conventions which donate parts of their surplus or organise auctions and other events, and from clubs who organise fund-raising events for the fund. The Administrators are very grateful for all the help and contributions they receive and I'd like to encourage everybody to continue to support the fund. A TAFF winner will be going to Noreascon II next year, which isn't too long hence!

ROTSLER


GRIMWAB
JOLLY SOB
ALES
BELLOW
HARRY BELL 78


HARRYBELL77


HARRYBELL 79

Harry Bell

HAPPY ILLOS

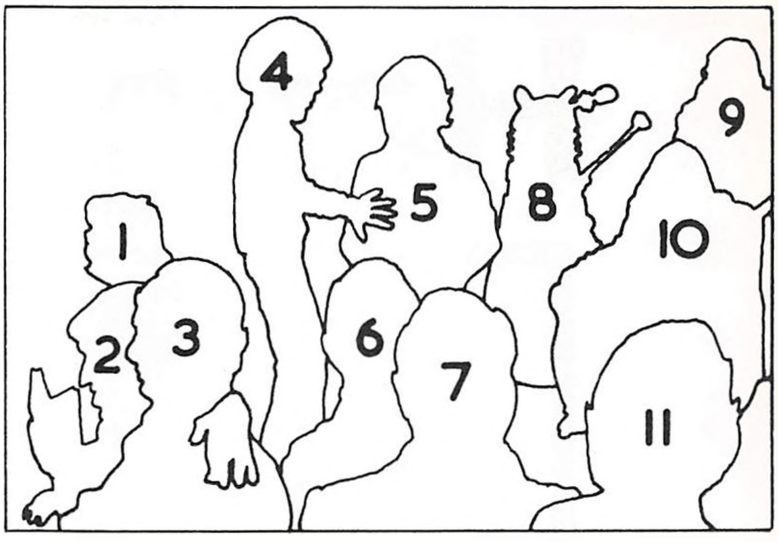
I don't know how he does it, but I'm glad he does. Harry Bell should be declared a National Resource of fandom; for at least five years he has produced a stream of work that is as good as anything being done in the field and he remains as prolific as any active fan. And beyond all that he has given fandom, Harry is still a quiet, shy and extremely human being. If you can, get to know Harry Bell at the 1979 World Convention. Buy him a drink, talk with him, and don't bug him for artwork. You'll be the richer for having done so, and perhaps you'll understand how I feel about him.

It was Harry Bell who sent me the drawing of a weird beastie pronouncing, "Reality is an illusion created by a shortage of scotch . . . or Newcastle Brown . . ." Help keep reality at bay at SEACON! In return you'll meet one of the best people it's been my pleasure to know in thirteen years of hyper-active fanning on three different continents.

Thirteen years. That's really not too many. And Harry Bell is my friend.

It's things like that that make fandom all worthwhile.

HANSEN'S IDENTIFICATION GUIDE
TO SELECTED BRITISH FANZINE FANS



I. EVE HARVEY - Ghas, Wallbanger, Matrix
2. JOSEPH NICHOLAS - Another Bloody Fanzine!
3. HARRY BELL - Grimwab, Out of the Blue
4. DAVE LANGFORD - Twll Ddu, Drilkjis
5. ROB JACKSON - Maya, Inca
6. MIKE DICKINSON - Adsum, Bar Trek, Sirius
7. BRYN FORTEY - Relativity
8. GRAHAM CHARNOCK - Phile, Vibrator
9. D. WEST - Daisnaid
IO. GREG PICKERSGILL - Fouler,Ritblat, Stop Breaking Down
II. ROB HANSEN - Epsilon

And he was getting better with every drawing in every issue. All at once everyone wanted a Harry Bell cartoon (or seven); and a fan named Glicksohn in a city named Toronto realized that a major new force had arrived on the fanzine scene.

What we didn't know (then) was that this was the Second Coming of Harry Bell. If you want all the biographical background on Harry look elsewhere in this Program Book or buy Harry a double whisky in the Metropole bar and I'm sure he'll fill you in on dates, names and places. At least, that's what he told me to say . . . But the fact remains that Harry arrived on the North American fannish scene as a fully developed and extremely talented cartoonist.

When I went to SEACON in 1975, Harry Bell was a name I knew well. The walls of my apartment are covered with the humourous artwork of Kirk, Canfield and Barr and I'd become a Bell energumen as soon as I'd encountered his work. Within a matter of months, Harry had established himself as one of the most recognizable and powerful artists in fandom. I looked forward to meeting him.

But history never really observed when the two people who had made "scotch" and "Newkie Brown" synonymous with fanac actually met. *I* remember though. I may not be able to describe the cartoon that first fixed Harry's enormous talents in my mind and I may not recall precisely where and when in the De Vere hotel in Coventry we first were formally introduced but I remember when I first "met" Harry Bell. In 1975 I was a visitor to English fandom, a stranger in a (very) strange land. I didn't know the acceptable rituals to observe. I tended to "go along with the crowd".

A strange little troll by the name of Williams gathered a bunch of us together to partake in some sort of esoteric Anglofannish rite of passage: we were to watch the latest episode of something known as "Dr Who". As a foreigner, I decided to take my cue from my hosts.

Ian was like a small boy on Christmas morning when everything was new and shining and wonderful. Unfortunately I was still moderately sober. So what I remember most was a solid, chunky, cherubic, soft-spoken, smilingly sarcastic Devil's Advocate who sat and smiled and quietly muttered to himself — and a few lucky people nearby — throughout the show. I'd previously been introduced, in passing, to Harry Bell, but for me that was our introduction. And I knew from that moment on that completely apart from my admiration for his artwork I was going to *like* this sharp-tongued, soft-voiced, rotund gentle man with the choirboy face.

Over the next two years it was a pleasure to publish Harry's work in my own infrequent fanzines. His sheer expertise was always a joy to behold, and his sense of humour was a constant delight. Quickly he became a fannish super-star; not just because he was British and hence in some way different from the previous pantheon of fannish artists but simply because he was *good*. As a technician, he was unrivalled. And to that unparalleled drawing skill he added an understanding of fans and fandom and an incisive (and very British) sense of humour that could deflate fannish pomposity, capture the occasional moments of poignancy that make fandom worthwhile or just perfectly preserve the essential *spirit* of fannishness. Within a year, Harry had won a FAAN nomination, indicative of how quickly and completely fanzine fans throughout fandom took to the Bell style and philosophy.

In 1977, Harry won the FAAN Award as the Best Humorous Artist in fandom and, coincidentally, that was the summer I was able to visit with Harry and sundry other odd (careful choice of words) Newcastle fans. The accompanying picture shows the largest collection of FAAN Award winners ever assembled in the known history of mankind. Harry Bell is the hairier of the two clean-shaven winners: the one who looks as if he *needs* a psychiatrist rather than is one.

Getting to know Harry better was one of the highlights of that summer for me. I was delighted to discover that what I'd sensed in a crowded hotel room in Coventry two years earlier was completely correct. In addition to being one of the finest artists it's been my privilege to work with in fandom, Harry Bell is one of the nicest damn people I've ever met. Perhaps he's a bit on the quiet side, a little shy, and not exactly the Harlan Ellison of the artist world, but he's also one of the most *decent* individuals it's ever been my pleasure to know. He's a kind and amazingly generous person, with a truly inspired sense of humour. He sees every foible of fandom and yet retains an openness of spirit and an exuberance that seems to grow from year to year. And damn me if he doesn't get better as an artist with every passing fanzine!

left to right: Bob Shaw, Rob Jackson Harry Bell, Mike Glicksohn.

HARRY BELL

HA HA RRY BELL

by Mike Glicksohn

When Napoleon met Wellington, history took notice. When Jerry Rubin encountered Mayor Daley, the whole world was watching. When Rocky finally took on Apollo Creed, a hundred million eyes saw every movement. When Mike Glicksohn met Harry Bell, a goblin and a dalek were too busy to pay any attention. Of such non-events is fannish history made.

One of the drawbacks of international fanzine fandom is that the distances and the time-delays involved often make it impossible to pinpoint precisely when two given fans became aware of each other. It's unlikely in the extreme that Harry Bell remembers when he first realized that there was a Canadian fan named Glicksohn who seemed likely to stay around for longer than a generation of BSFA members. In the same frustrating way, I could never pinpoint the precise cartoon or the exact fanzine that first made me aware of a vast talent in England's somewhat sparsely-populated fanartist field.

It may surprise the current generation of English fanzine fans, whose roots are firmly entrenched in such fancy attractive fanzines as MAYA, SEAMONSTERS and SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY, to learn that as little as a lustrum ago artwork in English fanzines was almost a wasteland. (Those who claim it then turned into a waistland haven't seen the new Harry Bell!) Older fans had fond memories of the on-stencil genius of artists such as ATom and Cawthorn but whereas North America had produced a generation of truly inspired fanartists like Tim Kirk, George Barr and Alicia Austin, English fandom seemed to have fallen behind. There were several very valid reasons for this, admittedly, but it still seemed to be true that if a North American fan happened to get an English fanzine, he or she would find that much of the artwork would be a contribution from an American fan. Or else it would look as if it had been drawn directly on stencil by a cat suffering from its first serious hangover.

But somewhere around 1974 A Very Definite Change became evident. The English fanzines that I was getting on a reasonably regular basis (as opposed to Pickersgill fanzines which always arrived on an *un*reasonable basis) as a form of fannish lend-lease for expatriate Englishmen started to contain humorous artwork that was not only good but was also English! And this was obviously not just a local phenomenon because the same distinctive and admirable style started to appear in quite a few of the North American fanzines that were reaching my mailbox at the rate of 1.37 each day. Thus it was that over a period of time the name of Harry Bell began to make a very definite and positive impression on a certain Canadian fanzine fan.

You must understand that I bear as much resemblance to an artist as Pickersgill does to a diplomat. The only time I ever drew anything worthwhile in my life was three eights to a pair of aces to beat a Jim Odbert straight in a high-stakes game in Minneapolis. But for thirteen years I've been a collector of fantasy and science fiction artwork and in particular of that style of illustration that is known as cartooning. (In fact, Derek Carter credits his staying in Canada instead of returning to England to the fact that once a month at local sf club meetings he knew he could sell me some drawings and eat once again. The fannish worlds of What If could have a field day with that one!) So as I gradually became aware of this new and exciting force in fanart, I became more and more impressed.

At any given time there is a definite dearth of really fine fanartists. If there are five top names at a time then faneds can consider themselves lucky. So the appearance of a new and immediately recognizable talent is something to remember. It doesn't happen often: most fanzine artists undergo a fairly extensive period of apprenticeship during which their potential develops and gradually establishes them among the top-ranked, award-worthy artists. It wasn't like that as far as Harry Bell and North American fandom were concerned. Harry seemed to spring, fully developed, from out of a bottle of Newcastle Brown. Suddenly, he was a part of the fannish scene. Fully established, his artistic talent took the world's largest concentration of fanzine fans by storm. He wasn't some neophyte gradually learning his trade; he was already as good as the top North American artists who had dominated fanzines for so long.

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One mustn't be too hard on British bathrooms, however. I find them superior to their American and Canadian counterparts in one important respect – the doors are usually fitted with traditional shootbolts which, once engaged, let you *know* you are safely locked in. The first time I went to the toilet on emigrating to Canada I was dismayed to discover that the door appeared to have no lock. I dithered around for a while, then noticed a little button sticking out of the doorknob. Being naturally quick on the uptake and having a trained engineering mind, I thought: *Ahah! If I press that button in it will lock the door.* I did so and was about to proceed with the matter in hand when another thought occurred: *How do I know the door is locked?* I twisted the knob just to make sure and it turned easily and the door sprang open. A moment's calm reflection would have told me that was the way things had to be, otherwise Canadian toilets would have acted like Venus fly traps, but it's hard to reflect calmly at a time like that and an agonising minute of clicking and punching that button went by before I accepted that I just had to trust it, and even then I remained highly uneasy. No, you're definitely better off with a shootbolt. You know where you are with a shootbolt. You're safe with a shootbolt.

Perceptive readers may have noticed my anxiety creeping back again at the end of the preceding paragraph – it's because of all this stuff on bathrooms. I tried exorcising the fixation about finding bodies in the bath by putting the hero of my latest novel, DAGGER OF THE MIND, through the whole thing – writing is a good catharsis – and so as not to skimp the job I put *two* bodies in the tub and removed all their skin. It might have worked, except for the fact that shortly afterwards I read Stephen King's book, THE SHINING, and had a highly uncomfortable experience with it.

The story is set in a huge spooky hotel which has been closed up for the winter and is being looked after by a couple and their small son, Danny. The boy is sensitive and *knows* he must stay away from room 217, where a woman had died in the bathtub some years earlier, but – as people always do in horror stories – he goes into it anyway. Coincidentally while reading that part, I was staying in an unfamiliar and rather gloomy hotel. I hadn't been able to sleep and finally, at about 4 a.m., I had given up trying and started to read. The joyless grey light of pre-dawn was leaking in through the window, and I don't like that sort of light – it is worse than outright darkness, with a graveyard feel to it and a knack of making things appear to change shape when you stare at them. Those were the circumstances when I read:

> So he pulled the shower curtain back.
>
> The woman in the tub had been dead for a long time. She was bloated and purple, her gas-filled belly rising out of the cold, ice-rimmed water like some fleshy island. Her eyes were fixed on Danny's glassy and huge, like marbles. She was grinning, her purple lips pulled back in a grimace . . .
>
> Danny shrieked. But the sound never escaped his lips . . . He took a single blundering step backwards, hearing his heels clack on the hexagonal tiles . . .
>
> The woman was sitting up.

At that moment I suddenly became aware that the door to *my* bathroom was open, creating a rectangle of crawling darkness. I don't mind admitting that I had got the creeps. Like most people, I'm usually immune to old-fashioned superstitious dread, but sometimes a kind of psychic switch gets thrown in the brain and, for no reason at all, I became prey to vague terrors. It happened while I was staring at that dark opening to the bathroom, and a conviction stole over me that I would feel a lot easier in my mind if I closed the door. There were two problems, however – firstly, I would have to get out of bed and reach into the bathroom to grasp the doorknob; secondly, and more serious, doing that would be admitting that something bad was going on, giving way to fear. In the end I decided to be level-headed and sensible by putting the bathroom out of my thoughts. I was turning back to the book when, *at that precise instant,* one of the taps in the bathroom gave a kind of sigh and water began to run from it.

Hell's bells, I thought, *this just isn't fair. Hotel plumbing can play all kinds of pranks, but it has absolutely no right to happen at this moment. There's no justice.*

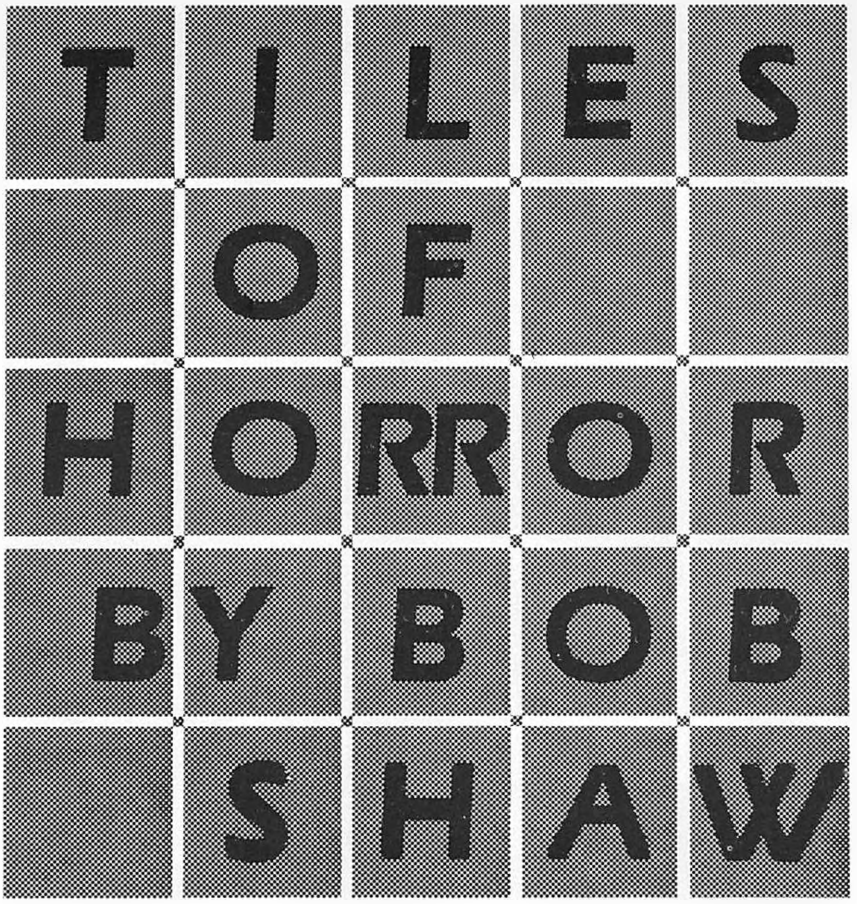
The noisy gasping and spluttering of the tap lasted only a few seconds. When it had finished I raised the book again and, trying to ignore the cold sensation at the nape of my neck, read:

> He ran full tilt into the outside door of 217, which was now closed. He began hammering on it, far beyond realising that it was unlocked, and he had only to turn the knob to let himself out . . . He could only hammer on the door and hear the dead woman coming for him, bloated belly, dry hair, outstretched hand . . .
>
> And he was . . . just beginning to realise that the door must be unlocked and he could go, when the years-damp, bloat, fish-smelling hands closed softly around his throat and he was turned implacably round to stare into that dead and purple face.

That was the end of a chapter so I risked another glance at the bathroom, just to reassure myself that everything was all right – and the damned faucet did it again! It was louder this time, a sort of fiendish hissing cough, as though an obscene something which should never have existed was striving to express rage and hatred.

I put the book on the floor, slid further down into the sheets and lay there – sad, reflective and chastened – until the room was filled with sunlight. There was no more strange behaviour from the taps during the rest of my stay, but I never managed to feel entirely at ease in that bathroom.

During the time it has taken me to write this article I have drunk several cups of coffee and a quick trip downstairs to the toilet would be in order, but I'm alone in the house and oddly reluctant to go. My bathroom door is fitted with a shootbolt, you see, and those things have a habit of sticking. If there *was* something in the shower cubicle and it clawed the curtain aside and came after me I mightn't be able to get the bolt open in time. I think I'd be better off with one of those button-type things. You're safer with one of those buttons. You can get away faster with one of those buttons . . .



Have you ever walked into a bathroom and found a horribly bloated corpse in the tub?

I have.

It happens to me quite regularly, and the fact that it occurs in dreams is in a way more disturbing than the same event in real life. I mean, any normal citizen could be unfortunate enough to discover a body in a bath – but the fact that I keep dreaming about it means there is something wrong with *me*.

It's a rather distasteful subject, I know, and the only reason I bring it up is that when asked to write something for the Seacon programme booklet I decided to go all public-spirited and produce an article which would acquaint overseas visitors with the idiosyncracies of British hotel bathrooms. Useful though the information would be, such an article doesn't provide much scope for snappy introductions, and I was forced to cheat by fishing around in the murkier depths of the old subconscious for something which might hook the casual reader. It shows you how unprincipled and unscrupulous authors can be.

Actually, bathrooms do seem to exert a baleful influence over many people, especially writers working in the horror genre. (If you pronounce genre with very little emphasis on the last syllable that last sentence contains a neat bilingual pun.) It's possibly because a bathroom is a contrivance, a totally unnatural environment, and when it is fully tiled the association with operating theatres and morgues is hard to escape. For me anyway. In the movies the best, most horrific and most disturbing murders tend to take place in bathrooms, and the reason they work so well is that every member of the audience has known all his life that in the bathroom he is at his most vulnerable. The noise of rushing water is an important factor in this – it advertises the user's exact location to intruders while at the same time deafening him to the approach of danger, and just to round the thing off in a workmanlike manner it masks the sounds of struggle, obliterates screams.

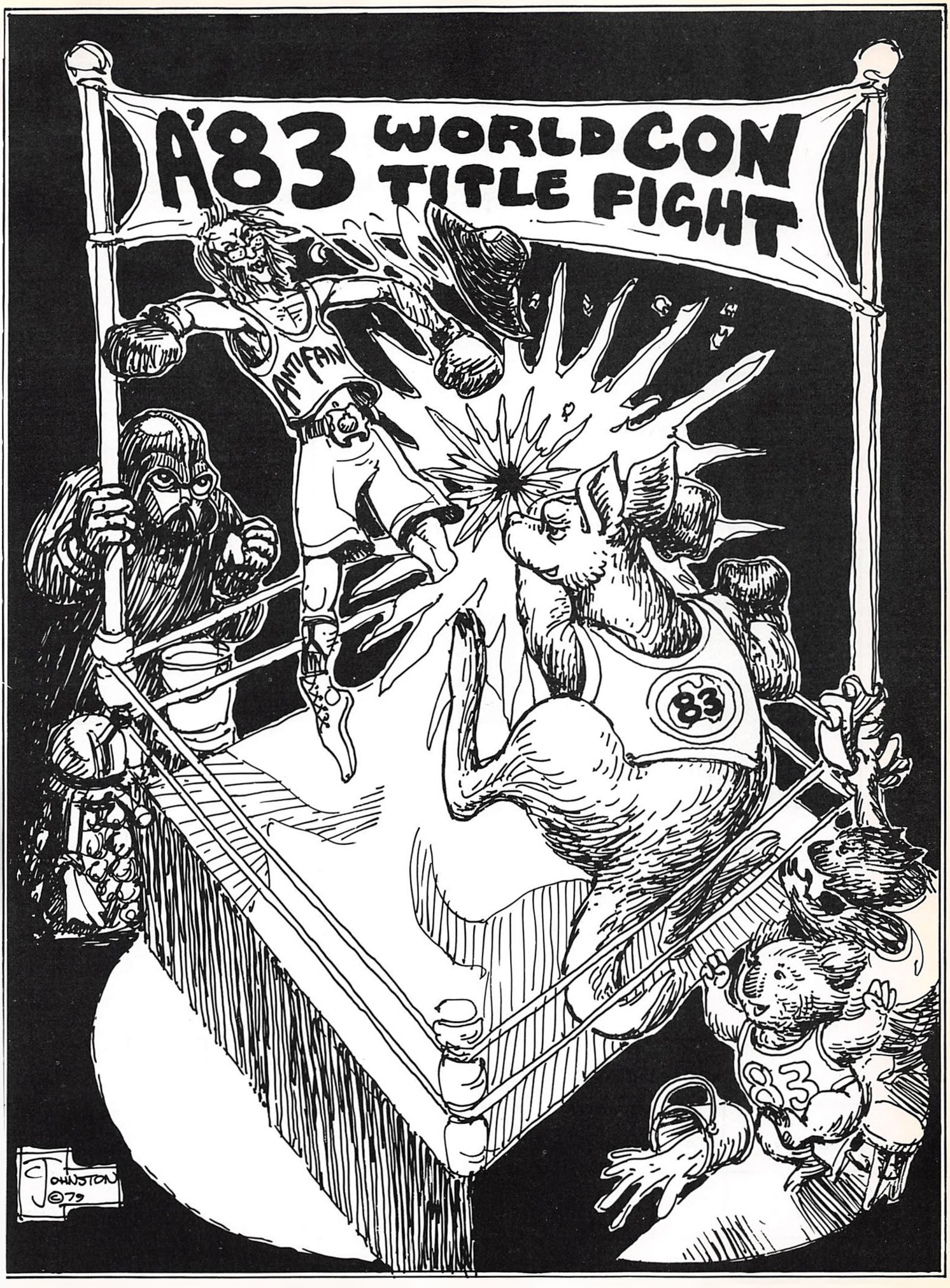
I'm not, of course, suggesting that any visiting fan is likely to be murdered in the bath or shower at a British convention – even though some attendees do look rather like Anthony Perkins, and I myself have heard high-pitched female voices issuing from rooms I *knew* were booked out to men. The biggest danger the visitor has to face probably lies in the bathroom fittings themselves. Plumbers in most countries appear to have solved what could be regarded as a fairly elementary engineering problem, namely that of mixing hot and cold water to produce a controlled and stable flow, but here in Britain what emerges from faucet or shower rose is usually highly capricious as regards temperature and volume.

The first rule, especially with showers, is to make all the adjustments from outside before you venture in. I can recall cases in which quite solidly built fans, who were incautious enough to step straight into a shower cubicle, turned control knobs by no more than a millimetre and were promptly blasted off their feet by thunderous jets of ice cold or boiling hot water. Lightly built individuals have been pinned to the opposite wall for considerable periods, squirming and bleating piteously, before a sudden drop in water pressure allowed them to slide down and crawl away, their bodies leaden blue or lobster crimson according to which extreme of temperature prevailed at the time. A useful general hint is to examine all faucets before experimenting with them. If you detect a dull cherry-red glow or the presence of icicles – be careful!

Bidets, I am glad to say, are as yet very rare in British hotels. I'm in favour of the general principal of the bidet, but in this country the water supply problems I have just mentioned render them dangerous objects indeed. I, for one, am not prepared to risk cleaners coming into the room and finding me bobbing helplessly atop a column of water like a ping-pong ball in a shooting gallery. It might not be so bad if they had the presence of mind to turn the water off gradually, but . . .

GOLLANCZ


The Crystal Gryphon
Andre Norton
SF
THE GODS THEMSELVES
ISAAC ASIMOV
SF
Rogue Moon
THE FAMOUS NOVEL BY
ALGIS BUDRYS
"A masterpiece"
SF
Science Fiction Hall of Fame
SF
THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE
PHILIP K. DICK
THE DOSADI EXPERIMENT
FRANK HERBERT
Author of 'Dune'
SF
a novel by
IAN WATSON
"The most interesting British sf writer of ideas – or, more accurately, the only British sf writer of ideas"
SF
BOB SHAW
HIS NEW NOVEL
DAGGER OF THE MIND
SF
Profundis
Richard Cowper
SF
FREDERIK POHL
Midway
This brilliantly conceived novel is, in our opinion, the author's most ambitious, and most successful, yet
SF
ROBERT SILVERBERG
Probably the most intelligent science fiction writer in America
URSULA LE GUIN
Earthsea
Ursula Le Guin
SF
THE DROWNED WORLD
The famous novel by
J. G. BALLARD
SF
STOLEN FACES
Michael Bishop
SF
THE STARS IN SHROUD
GREGORY BENFORD
The award-winning co-author of 'If the Stars are Gods'
SF
THE SIRENS OF TITAN
KURT VONNEGUT Jr.
Worlds to Come
SCIENCE FICTION STORIES
Robert Heinlein
SPACE FAMILY STONE
Gollancz SF Gollancz
THE DREAMING JEWELS
Sturgeon's own favourite novel —one of his best & second only to his famous "More Than Human"
THEODORE STURGEON
SF
Dying of the Light
the first novel by
George R. R. Martin
the Hugo winning author of 'A Song for Lya'
FRANK HERBERT
The Great Dune Trilogy
DUNE
DUNE MESSIAH
CHILDREN OF DUNE
SF
BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR 7
Edited by Terry Carr
John Varley · Michael Bishop
Fritz Leiber · Raccoona Sheldon
Vonda N McIntyre · Lee Killough
Bruce McAllister · Lisa Tuttle
Spider and Jeanne Robinson
The Fountains of Paradise
ARTHUR C CLARKE
SF
DREAM-SNAKE
Vonda McIntyre
'A book like a mountain stream – fast, clean, clear, exciting, beautiful'
URSULA LE GUIN
SF
UP THE WALLS OF THE WORLD
the long awaited first novel by
JAMES TIPTREE, JR.
Winner of Hugo and Nebula Awards with such stories as "Houston Houston, Do You Read?" and "Love is the Plan, the Plan is Death"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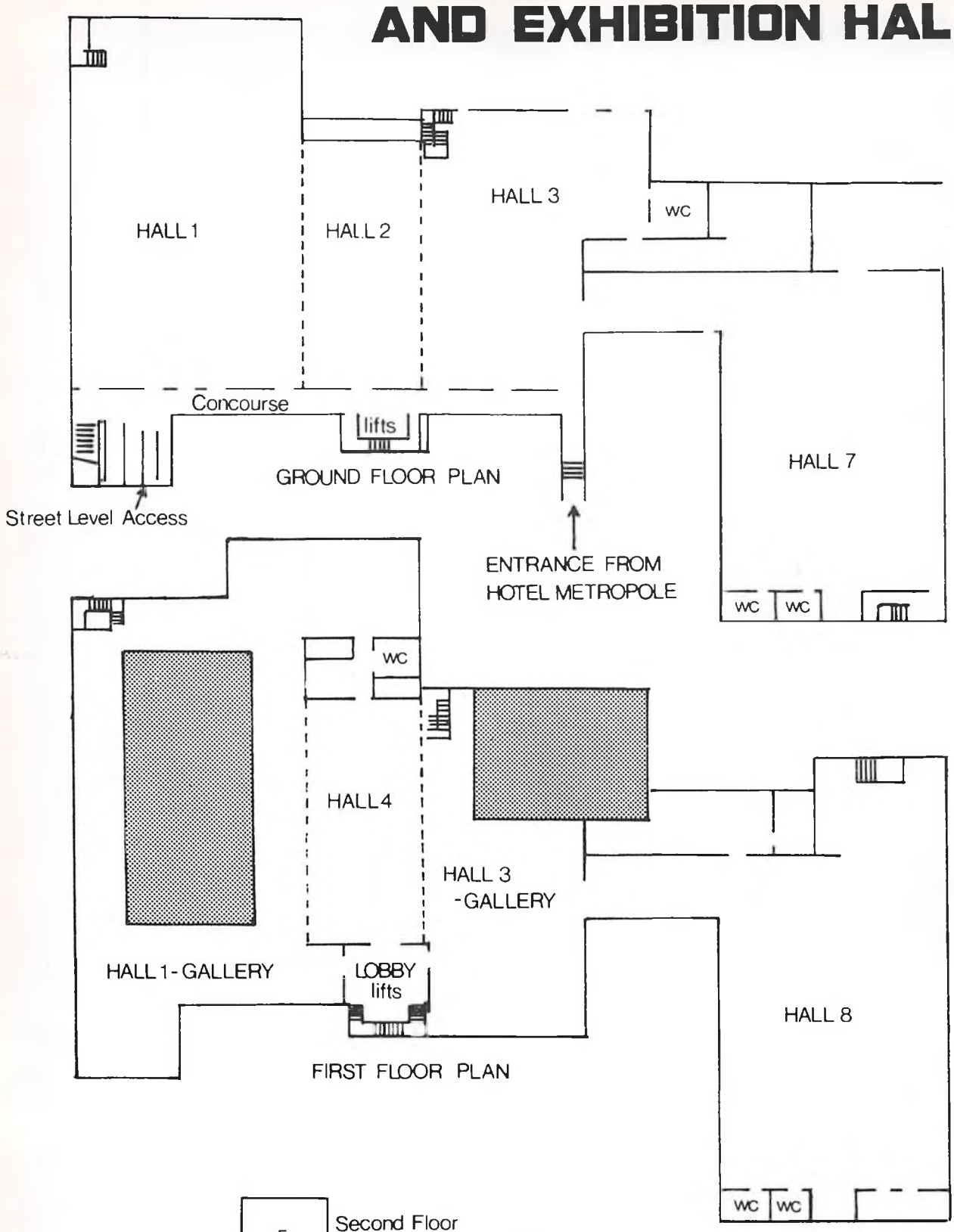
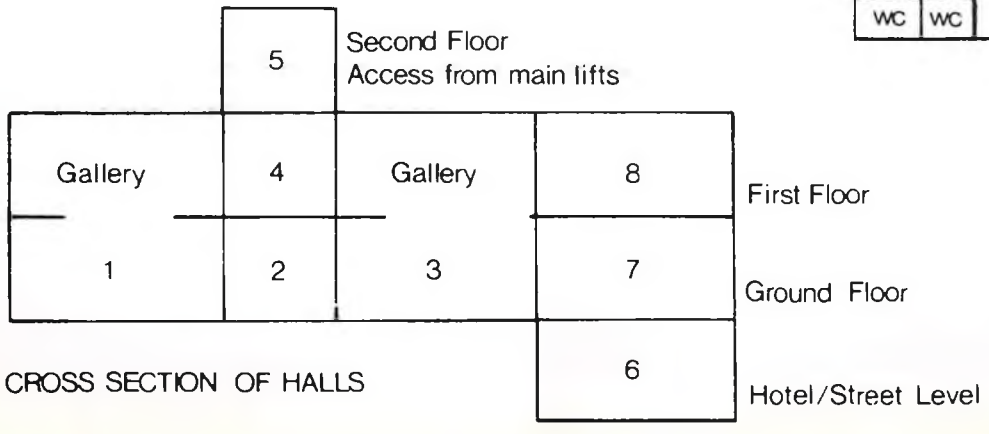
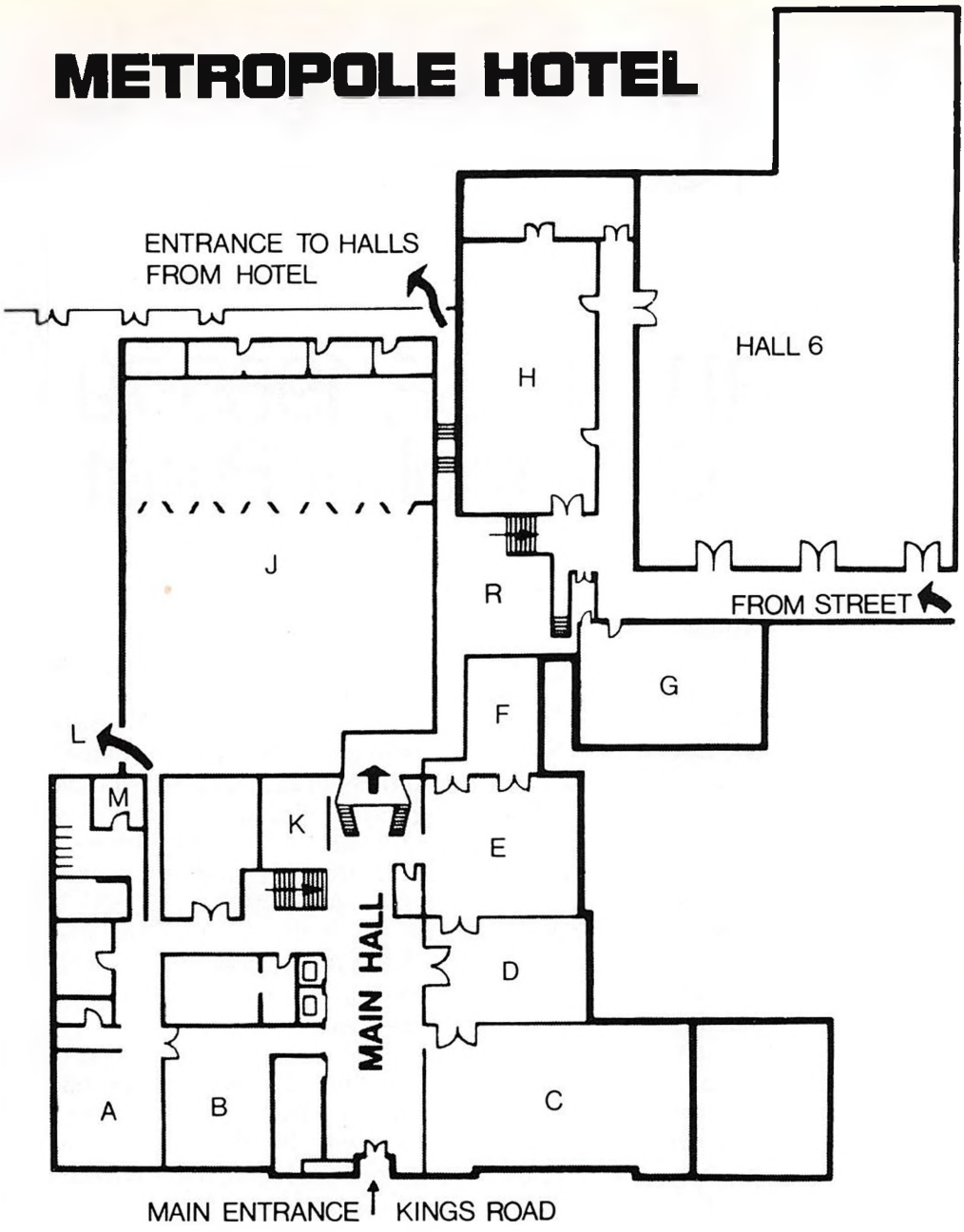
SEACON: CONFERENCE AND EXHIBITION HALLS





CROSS SECTION OF HALLS

METROPOLE HOTEL



CONFERENCE & EXHIBITION HALLS

HALL 1 & GALLERY
Main Convention Programme/ Selected Feature Films/Fancy Dress (Saturday evening)/Hugo Presentation (Sunday evening)

HALL 2 (Ground floor)
Bar and lounge/Fancy Dress assembly and changing area, plus pre-judging and photography (Saturday evening)

HALL 3 & GALLERY
Book Dealers/Huckster's tables

HALL 4 (First floor)
Alternative Programme items

HALL 5 (Second floor)
Fandom Room and Programme

HALL 6 (Hotel / Street level)
Dragon's Dream/Paper Tiger Art Exhibition

HALL 7 (Ground Floor)
Art Show/Film Exhibit/Young Artists Special Exhibit

HALL 8 (First floor)
Bar and lounge/Snacks and refreshments

METROPOLE HOTEL GUIDE

A Resident's Lounge
B The Buttery
Luncheons and Dinners
C The Cameo Room
Breakfast and meals throughout the day
D / E Cocktail Bar/Ambassador Room
The main convention bar area, open until late. 24 hour lounge service for drinks and other refreshments
F Primrose Room
Registration Room
G Norfolk Room
Alternative programme items
H Clarence Room
Main film programme
J The Winter Garden Ballroom
Friday evening: Disco/Dance
Saturday evening: Banquet
K Churchill Room
Convention Information Office
L Ladies Hairdressing
M Men's Hairdressing
R Bar/Photography Display

Starlit Room: 7th Floor
– Gourmet cuisine

On a preliminary visit to the Metropole Conference Centre our Chairman went unaccountably missing for several hours. Unfortunately he eventually turned up – with some story of being lost in labyrinthine corridors which seemed to obey the dictates of a strange alien geometry, and of encountering several staircases on which he appeared to descend eternally.

These plans are intended as a guide to the layout of the conference halls and hotel convention facilities and we hope it may prevent a similar fate befalling our members. If you should feel panic setting in at any stage, however, head for the main information office in the Churchill Room (K). Alternatively if you see someone about with a silly badge proclaiming them to be a SEACON RUNNER, try buttonholing them and asking them to point you in the right direction. They're our Gophers and they should have a reasonable grasp of the hotel geography.

For timings of individual programme items and information on the various Shows, Exhibits, Functions, and Events you should of course consult your Pocket Programme.

ART SHOW

The main Art Show will be mounted in Hall 7 on the ground floor.

There will be two art show auctions: 3.30-5.00pm on Saturday and on Sunday. Written bids may be made beforehand in the art show hall. Only a selection of the material on display will be offered for auction.

Payment for purchased art may be in traveller's cheques in sterling, sterling cheques backed with a banker's card, or by cash. Cheques or cash in any other currency except sterling cannot be accepted.

The art show awards will be made by popular vote and ballots will be available at the art show administration desk in Hall 7.

OLD SHIP HOTEL

Originally a simple Inn at the heart of the fishing village of Brighthelmstone, the "Old Ship" first became famous during the 17th century when a former Innkeeper saved the life of Charles II. The hotel grew with the popularity of Brighton and during the 18th century became a well-known coaching Inn for travellers on their way to France.

There are two bars – the spacious TETTERSELLS on the ground floor and the small, intimate 'below-decks' GALLEY BAR.

THE BEDFORD HOTEL

The Bedford Hotel is a modern, spacious luxury hotel. There are beautiful views of Brighton's seafront from the terrace lounges.

The Bedford Restaurant offers an excellent table d'hôte menu, and some original letters written by Charles Dickens to the first Bedford Hotel, which used to occupy this site, are displayed in the comfortable Dickens Bar.

Underground parking is available for 100 vehicles.

WE DO IT TOO

BRITISH SF, 1965-79
by Christopher Priest

Writing science fiction in Britain is rather like living in the suburbs of a great city. If we agree that the city-centre is America, where we find the market-place, the money-changers and all the fashionable night-spots, then British sf is somewhere out on the fringes. Britain bears the same sort of relationship to the centre of the science fiction city as, say, Brighton bears to London. It is a noticeable distance away, the architecture is quaint and it has certain pretensions to urban convenience . . . but to make up for this there is great amenity-value, the inhabitants are friendly (if sometimes eccentric) and they do speak the same language. Although the city-dwellers might cast the occasional envious eye in its direction, for most of the time they can be forgiven for forgetting that it's there.

This suburban quality is still present in British sf, but in 1965, when the Worldcon last descended on our shores, it was the one distinguishing feature.

We had, for instance, very few publishers of sf. Gollancz, Whiting & Wheaton, Faber and Dobson shared the hardcovers: Corgi, Panther, Four Square, Penguin and Mayflower looked after the paperbacks. Most of the books that came out were American in origin, and most of those were reissues of old stuff.

There were very few British sf novels on sale. There was STORMBRINGER by Michael Moorcock (plus a couple of paperback expansions of his magazine stories); THE SQUARES OF THE CITY by John Brunner; EARTHWORKS by Brian Aldiss; A WRINKLE IN THE SKIN by John Christopher; THE QUALTY OF MERCY, D. G. Compton's first novel; A MAN OF DOUBLE DEED by Leonard Daventry; SUNDOG by Brian N. Ball. Ted Carnell's NEW WRITINGS IN SF series had established itself and was appearing quarterly, but few stories showed much vitality. Not, frankly, an exciting bunch. Brunner's best was yet to come, and even the Aldiss was below par (though not nearly so bad as some critics made out at the time).

Fourteen years later we find that there are seven or eight hardback publishers who either maintain a science fiction list and label it as such, or who regularly publish sf in with their general fiction. Every major trade paperback firm publishes sf for a competitive market. In any one year you will find rather more than a handful of British books.

As the wealth of the American City has grown, so too has its major suburb prospered.

But to speak of it only in terms of market expansion is to put a misleading emphasis on commercialism. If it was just a question of increased profitability, Britain would still be a passive importer of foreign produce.

What has happened is that there has been a renascence of the spirit here.

In 1965, the signs of it were not obvious. There was no clue to it in the world of books, as I have suggested. Nor was it evident in the film and TV worlds, although DOCTOR WHO had just started, 2001 – A SPACE ODYSSEY was in early production, and STAR WARS (most of which was filmed in suburban London) was years away.

In fact, the renascence had begun in 1964, and was well under way by the time of the London Worldcon, if known only to a favoured few. These were the readers who bought, and the writers who contributed to, the *New Worlds,* edited by Michael Moorcock.

The story of "the British new wave", as it was known to friend and foe alike, is a bit like the story of sf itself. Just as we Europeans first invented science fiction (Mary Shelley, Jules Verne, H. G. Wells), then exported it across the Atlantic to prosper in its rightful environment, so we led the way in the 1960s with the new sf.

New Worlds was a rowdy-house of revolutionary fervour. Boring old writers were booted out ignominiously, boorish young writers rushed in to take their place. British science fiction had once been about middle-class Anglo-Saxons exploring alien planets; now it was about dis-jointed time, electric guitars,

automobile accidents, turds in bedsitters. Horizons expanded and contracted appropriately, and Ladbroke Grove became a place of pilgrimage. At the centre of it all sat the quixotic Moorcock, a hairy, large and generous man, hacking out sword-and-sorcery books to pay the printing bills. It was a mad time, full of paradox.

What are we to make of the new wave now? Some of the stories that came out were genuinely original and exciting, though most were not. If you go back to *New Worlds* and read through the stories, it is certainly arguable whether or not things were improving, but one thing was sure: there was a new, stimulating mood in the air.

Until Mike Moorcock took over *New Worlds* the traditional way for a British sf writer to make a name was to take on the Americans at their own game, but to do it in a peculiarly British sort of way. There were exceptions (notably J. G. Ballard and Brian Aldiss), but a typical issue of the magazine in the pre-Moorcock days would be full of stories which appeared to have been rejected from Campbell's *Astounding SF*. Most of them actually had been; a lot of British manuscripts in those days had the grime of travel on them, from repeated crossings of the Atlantic.

What Moorcock did was to encourage British writers to kick over the traces of the sf idiom, to reject half a century of accepted ideas and plots and to look within themselves for a sharper vision of the universe. Inevitably, some writers took this to mean that they ought to angle their work for a different kind of market, perhaps to write "new wave" self-consciously. (This certainly happened a couple of years later when the new wave was exported to the States. By then a new wave "type" of story had emerged – sexy, downbeat, usually obscure – and many literary atrocities were committed in its name, both here and abroad. One finds much sympathy with those who felt that science fiction had taken a turn into a blind alley.) It is interesting to see, with hindsight, that those writers who did spring forward to supply what they probably saw as a different kind of market were unable to continue when the new wave fell from favour.

Because the new wave had its day. It surged forward, frothing and foaming, broke on the uncaring beaches of literature, and withdrew. It was spectacular to watch, exhilarating to ride, it dislodged great clumps of mouldy old seaweed and made a thrilling noise on the shingle. But at the end of the day, all a big wave can hope to achieve is to make a stretch of sand slightly wetter than before. What really matters, before this aquatic metaphor dries up, is not a freak wave but tidal influences.

Now we are in 1979 and *New Worlds* still exists, but its day has passed and it is no longer central to British sf. What has replaced it, not too ironically, is the very thing Moorcock tried to encourage. Modern British sf, if it has a collective identity at all, is represented by a large number of individual writers all going their own way.

Perhaps that doesn't sound too interesting, but writers have to relinquish something personal if they follow a party line. This was always a problem with the new wave: it rapidly developed a private language, a set of OK attitudes and a distinct desire to be thought cool and laid-back . . . a new set of clichés, in other words. Justifiably, many of the writers who served the party whip in 1965 are today as obscure as their stories were then. Those who took inspiration from the *idea* of the new wave, however – the idea that there was more to speculative writing than imitating Heinlein or Wyndham – found their own voices and have become recognized in their own right. At the same time other writers have come to prominence; either writers who had nothing whatsoever to do with the new wave, or writers who have started work since.

Survivors from the new wave include Ian Watson, Keith Roberts, Robert Holdstock, Josephine Saxton, Michael Moorcock and M. John Harrison, although only Moorcock and Harrison were closely identified with the *New Worlds* movement. Richard Cowper, D. G. Compton, Bob Shaw and Michael Coney have responded to the new enlightenment, and each treads his own path. New writers (new in the sense of being post new wave) include Andrew Stephenson, Garry Kilworth, Chris Boyce and Christopher D. Evans.

Other writers, who were not only well established before the last Worldcon but who survived the new wave and continue writing today, include Arthur C. Clarke, John Brunner, J. G. Ballard and our British guest of honour, Brian Aldiss.

Nor is it just the British who respond to the bracing qualities of our erratic climate; several Americans have committed themselves to varying terms of exile here. Harry Harrison qualifies as a sort of honorary Brit, having lived here or in Europe for years; now he has absconded to Ireland, where Anne McCaffrey also lives. James Blish came to England for the last years of his life. John Sladek is here. Ursula Le Guin, Robert Sheckley, Greg Benford, Bill Butler, Frank Herbert, Norman Spinrad, Judith Merril, Thomas M. Disch . . . all have lived and worked here at various times.

On a less happy note, we have lost a few writers since 1965. John Wyndham, who visited the London Worldcon, died in 1969 (WEB, a posthumously published novel, appeared earlier this year). We lost Eric Frank Russell in 1978, and E. J. ("Ted") Carnell in 1972. Arthur Sellings, also at the 1965 Worldcon, died in 1968; J. R. R. Tolkien in 1973. It has been said that Michael Moorcock died of lung-cancer in 1971, a fact reported by James Colvin, who himself had perished in 1969, when a filing-cabinet full of unpublished manuscripts fell on him.

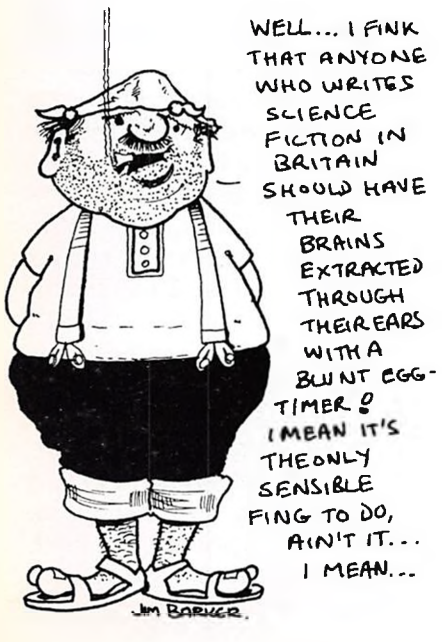
So what do we have to show for fourteen years of suburban industry? If the books I listed as the output of 1965 were, for the most part, an uninspiring lot, I think it can be claimed that we have made amends since. I was intending to prove the point by listing a few of the British books that have appeared between the two Worldcons, but research has shown that the task is beyond either my stamina or your patience. It's enough to say that all the following authors have been active and successful in the last decade and a half:

Mark Adlard, Brian Aldiss, Kingsley Amis, Hilary Bailey, Brian N. Ball, J. G. Ballard, Barrington J. Bayley, Chris Boyce, John Brunner, Kenneth Bulmer, Anthony Burgess, Angela Carter, John Christopher, Arthur C. Clarke, D. G. Compton, Michael G. Coney (Coney is British but lives abroad, like Burgess and Clarke), Edmund Cooper, Richard Cowper, Peter Dickinson, David S. Garnett, Stuart Gordon, Terry Greenhough, M. John Harrison, Philip E. High, James P. Hogan (exported to the States), Robert Holdstock, Colin Kapp, Garry Kilworth, Tanith Lee, Charles Logan, Peter Macey, Donald Malcolm, Douglas R. Mason, David I. Masson, Ian McEwan, J. T. McIntosh, Michael Moorcock, Dan Morgan, Dick Morland, Brenda Pearce, John T. Phillifent, Christopher Priest, Keith Roberts, Josephine Saxton, Bob Shaw, Martin Sherwood, Brian Stableford, Andrew M. Stephenson, Peter Tate, Emma Tennant, J. R. R. Tolkien, E. C. Tubb, Ian Watson, James White, and John Wyndham.

The list is probably incomplete, as all lists are, and open to interpretation. Amis, Burgess, Carter, McEwan and Tennant would probably be horrified to see themselves listed as sf writers, yet they all wrote books which we can claim for sf. Equally, many of the names in the same list, whom we know for their sf, have made successful forays into the wider world of general fiction. Perhaps we could agree, though, that we have around fifty writers whose names are not entirely unknown to the sf world. Not a bad score for a small country, especially when you consider that the majority of these authors are in the prime of their careers, and at least half are full-time writers.

But how many of them are "major" authors? This is something that is not easy to discuss without seeming sour, but I believe it is fundamental to an understanding of where British writers stand in relation to the rest. We have no Robert Silverbergs here, no Larry Nivens or Ursula Le Guins. No one, in effect, who can instantly command the centre of the stage by simple force of name. John Brunner, Arthur C. Clarke, Michael Moorcock and Brian Aldiss have won major awards, and J. R. R. Tolkien probably sells more books than the rest of the writers in the world added together... but these are exceptions, and exceptional for the writers. Clarke aside, a new novel from any of these people does not automatically attract a flurry of award-nominations. We are rarely stricken by award-fever here, adopting the well-known British phlegm about such matters. It is a hidden strength, albeit a perverse one. Because we do not have the twin spotlights of fame and success on us we are free to grow, free to develop character-rôles in the dimmer recesses downstage.

Perhaps this is a suburban attitude, one which is the literary equivalent of making garden cultivation or car washing into a symbol of superiority over the sordid urban types. Some truth in that, maybe, but let's not take it too far. The average British sf writer, if there is any such thing, is modest about his work, sure of his own direction, imitates no one and is himself inimitable. British sf keeps its end up, as we say down here in Brighton.

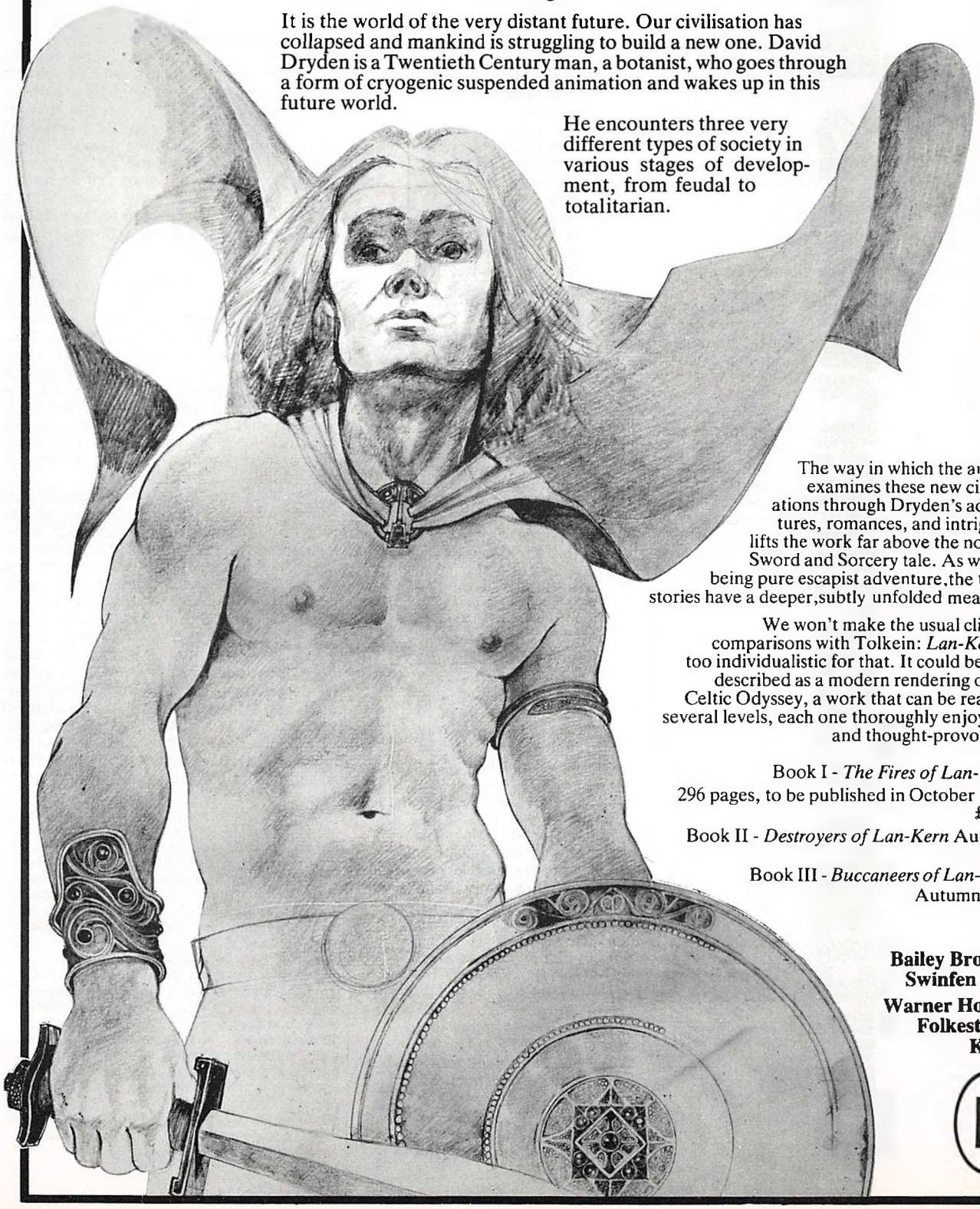


Lan-Kern

Peter Tremayne

It is the world of the very distant future. Our civilisation has collapsed and mankind is struggling to build a new one. David Dryden is a Twentieth Century man, a botanist, who goes through a form of cryogenic suspended animation and wakes up in this future world.

He encounters three very different types of society in various stages of development, from feudal to totalitarian.



The way in which the author examines these new civilizations through Dryden's adventures, romances, and intrigues, lifts the work far above the normal Sword and Sorcery tale. As well as being pure escapist adventure,the three stories have a deeper,subtly unfolded meaning.

We won't make the usual cliched comparisons with Tolkein: *Lan-Kern* is too individualistic for that. It could best be described as a modern rendering of the Celtic Odyssey, a work that can be read on several levels, each one thoroughly enjoyable and thought-provoking.

Book I - *The Fires of Lan-Kern*
296 pages, to be published in October 1979, £5.25

Book II - *Destroyers of Lan-Kern* Autumn 1980

Book III - *Buccaneers of Lan-Kern* Autumn 1981

Bailey Bros. & Swinfen Ltd.

Warner House, Folkestone, Kent.

B

British Conventions in the 70s

By Peter Roberts

The first three parts of this series, published in the Seacon 79 Progress Reports, looked at British conventions from 1937-1970 and traced their development from small, lecture-hall meetings to large hotel conventions mixing sf discussion with fannish socializing. This final part brings us up to date with a brief look at British cons in the seventies and the rapid growth that's characterized them.

Eastercon 22, the 1971 Worcester convention, was in many ways a model for conventions to come: though attendance was still fairly small at around 250, there were enough fans on hand to fill an entire hotel – and a modern and comparatively luxurious hotel at that. The Giffard indeed probably gave many attendees a taste for creature comforts that made previous accommodation seem suddenly shabby and second-rate. Additionally the Worcestercon, with Anne McCaffrey as Guest of Honour, presented a balanced and entertaining programme that mixed sf and fan items and managed to please just about everyone – a rare enough feat as any committee will tell you. Peter Weston, incidentally, was the con chairman, and that's one of the reasons we're still trusting him (though at that time, during a discussion on the possibilities of a British worldcon, Pete roundly claimed he'd *never* be chairman of anything again. So it goes.). At any rate, Eastercon 22 was a substantial success, even if certain popular innovations like the Monday morning boat trip (with bar) have never been repeated.

If the Worcestercon set a pattern for Easter conventions, then the first *Novacon,* held in Birmingham later that year, topped it by establishing an entirely new series of conventions in Britain. Originally conceived by Vernon Brown and the Aston Group, and only later becoming attached to the newly reformed Birmingham Group, the Novacon was a success from the start. About 150 fans, many more than were anticipated, turned up at the old Imperial Centre Hotel, for the first con and the light programming and general informality seemed to be just about the right mixture for the more fannish, less sf-oriented fandom of the seventies. There's not going to be room here to go through all the individual Novacons since 1971 and, indeed, there's no real need, since in a sense there's only one Novacon and it's virtually impossible for anyone who's been to all eight to distinguish one from another – the one true Novacon simply adds a few more days and a few more anecdotes to itself each year. However, there have been some changes – the con has doubled in size in recent years and in 1975 left the Imperial Centre for the newer and larger Royal Angus (with a one-off stab at the Holiday Inn in 1978). Committees have changed too, though the Brum Group's resident expertise has always been on hand to ensure a generally smooth running of affairs. The essence of the Novacon remains, however, unchanged – it's a relaxed and slightly smaller counterpart to the Eastercon, always held in Birmingham, and at the time of year when you feel the need for a bit of fannish company – the first weekend in November.

The larger Eastercons, meanwhile, continued with the *Chessmancon* in 1972. Originally termed the Slancon, it was moved from Blackpool to Chester after the original hotel fell through. The new hotel, the Blossoms, proved quite inadequate for the numbers attending and many fans found themselves booked, and even double-booked, in remote parts of the town (the Peacock Hotel deserves a special mention – it turned out to be no more than a big pub which didn't allow guests inside till 6.00 pm and asked them to be back by 10.30 pm sharp, when the doors closed). Larry Niven was GoH and the programme was less than inspiring – there were no fan items, for example, except perhaps the amazing sale of the BSFA's fanzine library which caused some furore after the event. However, at least some of the chaos and gloom was dispersed by the hotel's bars and bar-staff: the Buttery was the meeting place for Chester's campier gay community – it was here that Ian Williams gained the name 'Tiger' – whilst the bar next door was run by a charming lady who sold fanzines, bought artwork, and treated people to free sandwiches. As if this wasn't enough, the third place was run by a barman with remarkable good humour – even at six in the morning when Pete Weston was giving forth his own, inimitable version of "Danny Boy" (consisting chiefly of the song's title shouted intermittently between bouts of tuneless howling). The con incidentally, ended with a giant paper aeroplane battle, started by kids and finished by professional authors. Strange things happen at conventions.

The following year members of the Off-Trial Magazine Publishers' Association collaborated to stage the Bristol *OMPAcon* in the Grand Hotel – almost certainly the only time an apa anywhere has gone in for full-scale conventioneering. Samuel Delany was GoH and odd events included a robot invasion of the fancy dress, a banquet notorious for its first course of lettuce & rice pudding, and an all-night open party where the GoH, Brian Aldiss, James Blish, and some forty other fans were still going strong at breakfast time.

Though OMPAcon was considered a reasonable if not exactly a notable convention, its memory has probably suffered through comparison with the convention that followed. *Tynecon 74,* held in the Royal Station Hotel, Newcastle on Tyne, was certainly one of the best British conventions of recent years and even today it's still used as a yardstick by which all other cons are measured. The hotel helped, being pleasantly laid out and with ample room for a record attendance of some 350; but all credit really goes to the Gannetfan committee, an active and enthusiastic group who planned well and worked hard at the convention. Surprisingly perhaps, there weren't that many odd incidents at Tynecon, though GoH Bob Shaw witnessed one at his room party that's worth quoting:

> "On the Sunday night our room was so crowded that if you spilt a drink capillary attraction made it go *up*. I managed to find a comfortable spot by nestling in between the embossings on the wallpaper, and spent the entire night there, trapped. From this vantage point I didn't see a great deal of what was going on, and consequently was intrigued when – round about 3.00 am – I observed Brian Aldiss shooting up into the air, almost reaching the ceiling, and then sinking back down out of sight. He repeated this feat about a dozen times, gracefully, each time seeming to hang motionless just below the ceiling in defiance of gravity, with a look of beatific contemplation on his face. I grew quite entranced by this spectacle, and therefore felt disappointed when the initially perfect symmetry of his movements decayed into ordinary parabolas and he began colliding with other people and had to abandon his ethereal ballet.

"I must admit that for a while my faith in Brian was slightly shaken, but I needn't have worried. The thing that went wrong was that two legs of my bed, which he was using as a trampoline, had proved unequal to his artistry, and the weight of about ten other people, and had gradually folded up, inclining him further and further off course. Given a perfectly horizontal launching pad he could have gone on bouncing on the spot all night."

Despite broken beds it was probably the Tynecon that helped lengthen the average Eastercon by at least another day, since a large number of fans turned up on the Thursday before the con – a practice that had started in a small way two or three years earlier. Certainly by the following Easter a large Thursday contingent was ready and waiting for the start of *Seacon 75*. Originally conceived as the South East Area Convention with a probable site in Brighton, it somehow ended up in the De Vere Hotel in Coventry – and you can't get much further away from the sea than that. Harry Harrison was GoH and the rapidly increasing popularity of conventions was reflected in a new attendance record of over 400. Though suffering in comparison with Tynecon, this earlier Seacon was really quite successful and brought in some innovations which have more or less settled down as standard items at modern British cons. It was here, for example, that the idea of a fan room and alternative fan programme began, and it was here too that Graham Charnock and Group bravely agreed to play for a Sunday night dance – it was feared that fans wouldn't take to this (a disco at Tynecon had been one of the convention's few failures), but amazingly they did, providing strange sights and bruised shins. There were parties too, like the oddly straggling one Peter Nicholls encountered on the main staircase:

"Overwhelmed, I began to walk spiralling down the stairs. With every successive landing, it was like entering a yet more inward circle of Dante's Hell. The circle of the drunkards was followed by a circle of limbo, where aimless neofans trudged in passive circles, seeking a way out to the great unreachable room party in the sky, which no one could locate. The next circle was the circle of the sleepers. Picking my way through them, I spiralled down through the circle of the failed gamblers, commiserating with another about the difficulty of filling inside straights. Further down was the circle of the lost. They sat, unreachable in their desolation, crooning to themselves "I need a woman". The pain and anguish of it all was too much to bear. I feared to descend to the lowest of all the circles, half-expecting to meet the horned one himself, haunches sunk in ice, endlessly chewing on the body of some long-damned fan. In practice, showing that dramatic metaphors don't always work out, the only people at the bottom were Peter Roberts and Karel Thole, apparently sober, talking intelligently about Art in apparent ignorance of the fact that it was 4.00 am and life and hell."

The De Vere was a large, modern, and expensive hotel – a fact which may have caused the reaction which led to *Mancon 5*. This programme book is not long enough to detail the many horrors of that infamous convention. Apart from the fact that, as with almost all Mancons, the committee was to a greater or lesser degree incompetent and bored with the affair, the con had the peculiar (and so far unique) misfortune of being held on a university campus, in this case the squalid barracks of Manchester University's Owens Park. Though Robert Silverberg was GoH, the programme was a shambles – and quite what happened to the fan side of it never became clear. The only event of note was a self-organized football game (Ratfan Dynamo v Gannet Flyers – referee, Bob Shaw) which might have started another new convention trend if real hotels only had football pitches.

Chastened by Mancon 5 and Owens Park, *Eastercon 77* returned to the De Vere (an hotel, incidentally, which has made most of British fandom paranoid about static electricity) for what was essentially a re-run of Seacon 75, though the fan room was larger and better and the dancing even more dangerous (Eric Bentcliffe gave an impressive demonstration of jitterbugging and Gerry Webb an equally exciting exhibition of falling over). John Bush of Gollancz was GoH.

Meanwhile a couple of new conventions had sprung up in 1976, both of them small and with little or no official programme. The *Faancon,* first organized in Blackpool by Graham Boak and then moving in following years around the country, was (and apparently still is) held early in the year; never attracting more than a few dozen fans, it seems a rather shadowy and little-known convention. More obviously successful is the *Silicon,* staged by the North East Gannetfans over August Bank Holiday. Though intentionally small, with an attendance around fifty, it attracts many of the more active fans from around the country and seems essentially to be a continuous weekend party, which can't be bad.

Both these small conventions reflected a growing feeling that the Eastercon (and even the Novacon) was becoming too large for comfort, and as if to prove this the 1978 *Skycon* moved to the Heathrow Hotel near London and attracted some 600 attendees – easily an all-time record for any British conventions up till now. Despite this massive turnout, the convention seemed lost in the hotel which in turn payed little attention to con attendees who were shunted off into crowded subterranean rooms (presumably for fear of falling aeroplanes) where they were nightly harrassed by hired thugs, posing as security men. It was not a nice place. The con went on, though, with Robert Sheckley as GoH and the committee introducing some considerable sweetness and light by declaring free drinks at the bar – an action which caused something close to a stampede and the swift swallowing of most of the Skycon funds.

And that just about brings us up to date, with a new regional convention, the Glasgow *Faircon,* starting up in 1978 and the latest Eastercon, the Leeds *Yorcon* at the Dragonara Hotel, with Richard Cowper as GoH, managing to be both smaller and friendlier, and consequently more enjoyable, than the previous year's extravaganza. Including the new Faircon, we're left with five annual conventions in Britain, as well as a fairly new crop of fantasy, Star Trek, and other fringe and specialist conventions which are beyond the scope of this article (and its author – though I *was* kicked out of the first ever British Star Trek con, if that's any claim to fame).

So that's it: a biased and probably inaccurate account of sf conventions in Britain over the last 42 years. I hope it's provided some sort of background to Seacon 79; at the least it may have shown newcomers that the Brighton worldcon. is not an isolated event, but is part of a long tradition of British conventioneering; and it may also, with any luck, have jogged a few memories of conventions long past. If anyone's interested in further information, whether deeply historical or plain foolish, you can probably find me wandering around the con. Mine's a Guinness.

Peter Roberts

BRITISH CONVENTION LISTING

	1937	Leeds		
	1938	London		
	1939	London		
	1941	London	Bombcon	
	1943	Leicester	Midvention	
	1944	Manchester	Norcon	
		London	Eastercon	
		Leicester	Midvention II	
		Leeds	Norcon II	
1	1948	London	Whitcon	(GoH: Bertram Chandler)
2	1949	London	Loncon	
3	1951	London	Festivention	(GoH: Forrest Ackerman. Fan GoH: Lyell Crane)
		Bradford	Necon	(GoH: Ken Slater)
4	1952	London	Loncon	
		Manchester	Mancon	(GoH: John Russell Fearn)
5	1953	London	Coroncon	
		Chatham	Medcon	
6	1954	Manchester	Supermancon	(GoH: John Russell Fearn)
7	1955	Kettering	Cytricon I	
8	1956	Kettering	Cytricon II	
	1957	London	*LONCON I*	(GoH: John W. Campbell)
9	1958	Kettering	Cytricon III	
10	1958	Birmingham	Brumcon	
11	1960	London		(GoH: Ted Carnell. Fan GoH: Don Ford)
12	1961	Gloucester	LXIcon	(GoH: Kingsley Amis)
13	1962	Harrogate	Ronvention	(GoH: Tom Boardman)
14	1963	Peterborough	Bullcon	(GoH: Edmund Crispin)
15	1964	Peterborough	Repetercon	(GoH: Ted Tubb)
16	1965	Birmingham	Brumcon 2	(GoH: Harry Harrison)
		London	*LONCON II*	(GoH: Brian Aldiss)
17	1966	Yarmouth	Yarcon	(GoH: Ron Whiting)
18	1967	Bristol	Briscon	(GoH: John Brunner)
19	1968	Buxton	Thirdmancon	(GoH: Ken Bulmer)
20	1969	Oxford	Galactic Fair	(GoH: Judith Merril)
21	1970	London	Scicon 70	(GoH: James Blish)
22	1971	Worcester	Eastercon 22	(GoH: Anne McCaffrey. Fan GoH: Ethel Lindsay)
		Birmingham	Novacon I	(GoH: James White)
23	1972	Chester	Chessmancon	(GoH: Larry Niven)
		Birmingham	Novacon 2	(GoH: Doreen Rogers)
24	1973	Bristol	OMPAcon 73	(GoH: Samuel Delany)
		Birmingham	Novacon 3	(GoH: Ken Bulmer)
25	1974	Newcastle	Tynecon 74	(GoH: Bob Shaw. Fan GoH Peter Weston)
		Birmingham	Novacon 4	(GoH: Ken Slater)
26	1975	Coventry	Seacon 75	(GoH: Harry Harrison)
		Birmingham	Novacon 5	(GoH: Dan Morgan)
	1976	Blackpool	Faancon 1	
27		Manchester	Mancon 5	(GoH: Bob Silverberg: Fan GoH: Peter Roberts)
		Newcastle	Silicon 1	
		Birmingham	Novacon 6	(GoH: Dave Kyle)
	1977	Derby	Faancon 2	
28		Coventry	Eastercon 77	(GoH: John Bush)
		Newcastle	Silicon 2	
		Birmingham	Novacon 7	(GoH: John Brunner)
	1978	Manchester	Faancon 3	
29		Heathrow	Skycon	(GoH: Robert Sheckley. Fan GoH: Ray Kettle)
		Glasgow	Faircon 1	(GoH: James White)
		Newcastle	Silicon 3	
		Birmingham	Novacon 8	(GoH: Anne McCaffrey)
	1979	Cheltenham	Faancon 4	
30		Leeds	Yorcon	(GoH: Richard Cowper. Fan: Graham & Pat Charnock)

• EASTERCON NUMBER.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STREET
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NEW OXFORD
Soho
Square
Carlise Street
Dean
Wardour
Berwick
Poland Street
Broadwick Street
Street
Street
Street
Frith Street
Great
CHARING
AVENUE
CROSS
ROAD
SHAFTESBURY
Shaftesbury Avenue
Leicester Square Station
PICCADILLY CIRCUS
Piccadilly Circus Station
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WE'VE AN EVEN LARGER SELECTION OF FINE SF
AT THE SHOP, SO...
CAPTAIN CLEAN SEZ:
WHY DON'T YOU BEAM UP AND SEE US?

John Brosnan:
The British Science Fiction CINEMA

The Big Problem with trying to discuss British science fiction films is that most of the better ones were made by Americans or other foreigners. Admittedly a lot of the *worst* British sf films were also made by Americans but that's beside the point. The fact is that truly *British* sf films have always been rare and never more so than now, *Things To Come,* for instance, which is often paraded as the flagship of the British sf cinema was in reality produced by a Hungarian, Alexander Korda, directed by an American, William Cameron Menzies, and mainly scripted by another Hungarian, Lajos Biro (H. G. Wells did write the original screenplay but it underwent a series of 'modifications'). And though filmed in a British studio it was given visual substance by a large number of Hollywood technicians imported to England for the picture by Korda.

Thirty years later it was a similar situation with *2001: A Space Odyssey* – again the basic source material was British but the controlling artistic influence was American (actually *2001* has a greater claim to be called British because most of the technicians involved in its making, unlike *Things To Come,* were members of the British film industry). Other examples? Well, *Village of the Damned* was directed by the German-born Wolf Rilla and scripted by American Stirling Silliphant, *The Damned* was directed by American Joe Losey, *The Bedsitting Room* was directed by American Richard Lester, and *Dr Strangelove, 2001* and *A Clockwork Orange* were, of course, the work of American Stanley Kubrick. Those, in my opinion, are some of the more interesting 'British' sf movies but among the worst are: *Day of the Triffids* which was written and produced by American Philip Yordan (though some unkind people maintain that he is an Australian) and directed by Hungarian Steve Sekely (with some additional footage by Britisher Freddie Francis), *Doppelganger,* directed by American Robert Parrish, *Zero Population Growth* was directed by Michael Campus (nationality unknown) and written, if that's the right word, by Americans Max Ehrlich and Frank DeFelitta and *No Blade Of Grass* was produced and directed by American Cornel Wilde.

The truth is that the British film industry as a whole is, and has been for decades now, a colony of Hollywood and nowhere is this better reflected than in the science fiction cinema. This situation really became established in the 1950s when not only did most of the big American companies set up operation in England to take advantage of cheaper film making costs, easy money etc, but also when many of the British companies, in order to break into the lucrative American market, began making films as American as possible. The Hammer company was one of the pioneers of this trend, having formed a co-distribution deal with American producer Robert L. Lippert, king of the cheap exploitation films (*Rocketship XM, Project Moonbase,* etc). The device they came up with to ensure that Americans would not suffer culture shock when faced with a movie made in a foreign land and filled with characters talking with quaint accents was to feature some fading American star in the lead role (for some reason British audiences have always been able to watch American films without a reciprocal arrangement). This is why Professor Quatermass, the epitome of the British boffin, is played by Brian Donlevy in Hammer's two 1950s *Quatermass* films, and why Howard Duff stars in *Spaceways,* why Dean Jagger is in *X-The Unknown,* and Forrest Tucker stars in *The Abominable Snowman* and *The Trollenberg Terror.* Another small British company, Amalgamated Films, carried this trend as far as it could go by making two movies in England, *First Man Into Space* and *Fiend Without A Face* that both pretended to be completely American.

Before the 1950s the British cinema still maintained some independence from Hollywood and it's in this period that one finds a few (very few) *British* sf films. In 1919, for instance, there was the first version of *First Men In The Moon* (the second version, made in 1964, was produced and directed by Americans though Nigel Kneale did contribute to the script) but there was a gap of ten years before another major sf production came along. This was *High Treason* in 1929 which was directed by Maurice Elvey and set in the 'future' of 1940 when an imminent world war prompts the formation of an international Peace League. Idealistic in the extreme, its pacifist message is somewhat undermined by the fact that the Peace League leader has to commit murder to prevent the war.

Four years later Elvey returned to sf with the English remake of the German film *Der Tunnel.* German script writer Kurt Siodmak adapted his original screenplay for the English production and the story concerned the building of a tunnel under the Atlantic linking Britain with America in order to "... establish a permanent peace between the English-speaking nations". Presumably Siodmak thought that relations between the two countries weren't too healthy in 1934 and needed some assistance (not that help was quick in coming – the tunnel took 20 years to build). That's prophetic science for you.

Alexander Korda's arrival in Britain in 1930 had enormously far-reaching effects on the British film industry, not least in the area of sf and fantasy where his relationship with Wells resulted in *Things To Come* and *The Man Who Could Work Miracles,* but ironically one of the best film versions of a Wells novel made in the 1930s came out of an American studio, Universal, yet was the work of a British creative team. This was *The Invisible Man,* directed by James Whale, scripted by R. C. Sherriff and with a predominantly British cast.

The 1940s didn't see much in the way of sf movies from Britain (or from Hollywood for that matter) but one that almost qualifies as sf is the 1948 *Counterblast.* Directed by Paul L. Stein (an Austrian) it was about a German scientist who disguises himself as an Australian (the cad) in order to perfect a plague virus in Oxford that will wipe out everyone except Germans. Significantly he is gassed to death in a ship's hold while trying to escape the country.

The following year saw *The Perfect Woman,* a comedy about a female robot that fell apart at the box office, and in 1950 the Boulting Brothers made the prophetic *Seven Days to Noon* about a scientist who steals a small (very small) atom bomb and threatens to blow up London unless Britain junks all its atomic weapons.

Another typically British approach to a familiar sf theme was *The Man In The White Suit* which starred Alec Guiness as a scientist who invents something that causes endless trouble – in this case a fabric that never wears out. But after that – and by then the sf movie boom was in full swing – the American influence took over and the British sf movies lost whatever individuality they may have had, though to be fair one must admit that films like the *Quatermass* series, in spite of following the American monster-from-outer space formula, are essentially British with their underlying Wellsian pessimism and their mood of profound unease . . .

The situation hasn't changed much since then. With the exception of films like *The Final Programme, Zardoz* (ugh) and *The Man Who Fell To Earth,* most of the major sf movies that have been made in England in the 1970s have been American, such as *Star Wars, Superman, Alien, Saturn 3, The Empire Strikes Back* etc. But at least the British contribution in these films, in both the creative and technical sense, is greater than ever and shows that if Britain still had its own film industry it might be making some marvellous movies, even sf ones.

● A footnote on the subject of British film technicians: the last 12 months has been a veritable Year of the Jackpot for technicians who have contributed much to sf cinema. Late last year Geoffrey Unsworth, who photographed *2001, Zardoz* and *Superman* among many other films, died. Then, at the beginning of the year, Les Bowie died. Bowie was a special effects expert who was responsible for almost all the effects in British-made sf and fantasy films in the 1950s and 60s (*The Quatermass Experiment, Dracula* etc) and also trained most of the new generation of effects men working in Britain today. The last film he worked on was *Superman.* And in June this year John Barry, the production designer on such films as *A Clockwork Orange, Star Wars* and *Superman,* died. Earlier in the year he had made his directing debut on *Saturn 3,* which was based on his original story idea, but various problems forced him to leave the production. He was working on *The Empire Strikes Back* at the time of his death.

(John Brosnan is the author of FUTURE TENSE – THE CINEMA OF SCIENCE FICTION)

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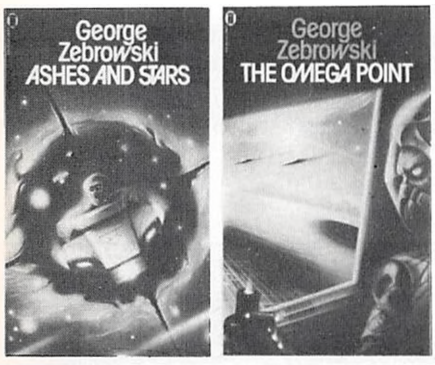
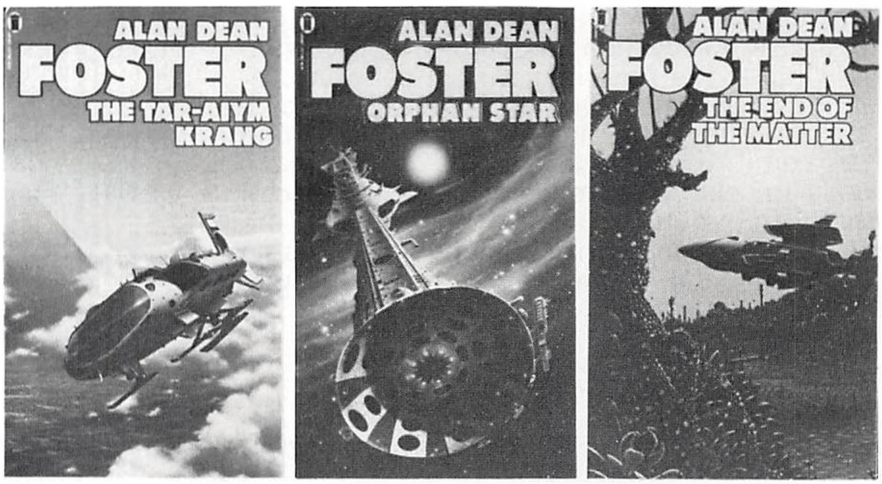
AND THE SEQUEL
THE OMEGA POINT



Alan Dean Foster's brilliant sequence featuring Flinx of the Commonwealth



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All the stories in TWENTY HOUSES OF THE ZODIAC have been specially written, and selected by Maxim Jakubowski, himself a writer with an international reputation.

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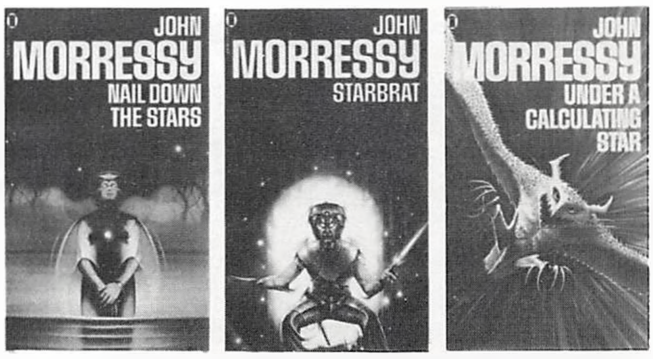
J G Ballard
Adam Barnett-Foster
Philippe Curval
Ion Hobana
Shin'ichi Hoshi
Teresa Ingles
Maxim Jakubowski
Stanislaw Lem
Sam Lundwall
Gerd Maximovic
Michael Moorcock
Hugo Raes
Bob Shaw
Robert Sheckley
John Sladek
Strugatsky Brothers
Elizabeth Vonarburg
Daniel Walther
Cherry Wilder

JOHN MORRESSY

NAIL DOWN THE STARS
STARBRAT
UNDER A CALCULATING STAR



NEW ENGLISH LIBRARY SCIENCE FICTION

1978 HUGO NOMINEES

The Science Fiction Achievement Awards, popularly known as the Hugos, after Hugo Gernsback, editor and founder of Amazing Stories, are voted on by members of each annual World Science Fiction Convention and represent the foremost and most prestigious award in the genre. There are categories for both professional and fanish achievements in the field. The design of the Hugo. a gleaming, archetypal rocket ship originated at the 1955 Clevention after a design by Ben Jason; the Hugos to be presented at Seacon '79 have been cast from the original moulds. The current categories of award were established by the informally organized World Science Fiction Society at Aussiecon in 1975.

NOVEL
BLIND VOICES by Tom Reamy *(Berkley-Putnam)*
DREAMSNAKE by Vonda McIntyre *(Houghton Mifflin; Gollancz)*
THE FADED SUN: KESRITH by C. J. Cherryh *(DAW: SFBC: Galaxy February-May)*
UP THE WALLS OF THE WORLD by James Tiptree Jr. *(Berkley-Putnam; Gollancz)*
THE WHITE DRAGON by Anne McCaffrey *(Del Rey; Sidgwick & Jackson)*

NOVELLA
ENEMIES OF THE SYSTEM by Brian Aldiss *(F&SF, June)*
FIRESHIP by Joan D. Vinge *(Analog, December)*
THE PERSISTENCE OF VISION by John Varley *(F&SF, March)*
SEVEN AMERICAN NIGHTS by Gene Wolfe *(Orbit 20; Harper & Row)*
THE WATCHED by Christopher Priest *(F&SF, April)*

NOVELETTE
THE BARBIE MURDERS by John Varley *(IASFM, January/February)*
DEVIL YOU DON'T KNOW by Dean Ing *(Analog, January)*
HUNTER'S MOON by Poul Anderson *(Analog, November)*
THE MAN WHO HAD NO IDEA by Thomas M. Disch *(F&SF, October)*
MIKAL'S SONGBIRD by Orson Scott Card *(Analog, May)*

SHORT STORY
CASSANDRA by C. J. Cherryh *(F&SF, October)*
COUNT THE CLOCK THAT TELLS THE TIME by Harlan Ellison *(Omni, December)*
STONE by Edward Bryant *(F&SF, February)*
THE VERY SLOW TIME MACHINE by Ian Watson *(Anticipations – Faber; Scribner's)*
VIEW FROM A HEIGHT by Joan D. Vinge *(Analog, June)*

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION
HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY *(BBC)*
INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS *(United Artists)*
LORD OF THE RINGS *(United Artists)*
SUPERMAN *(Columbia – EMI – Warner)*
WATERSHIP DOWN *(CIC)*

PROFESSIONAL EDITOR
JAMES BAEN *(Ace, Destinies)*
BEN BOVA *(Analog, Omni)*
TERRY CARR *(Universe, Years Best SF)*
EDWARD FERMAN *(F&SF)*
GEORGE SCITHERS *(IASFM)*

PROFESSIONAL ARTIST
VINCENT DI FATE
STEPHEN FABIAN
DAVID HARDY
BORIS VALLEJO
MICHAEL WHELAN

FANZINE
JANUS (Janice Bogstad & Jeanne Gomoll)
MAYA (Rob Jackson)
MOTA (Terry Hughes)
SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW (Richard E. Geis)
TWLL-DDU (Dave Langford)

FAN WRITER
RICHARD E. GEIS
LEROY KETTLE
DAVE LANGFORD
BOB SHAW
D. WEST

FAN ARTIST
JIM BARKER
HARRY BELL
ALEXIS GILLILAND
BILL ROTSLER
STU SHIFFMAN

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD FOR THE BEST NEW WRITER

STEPHEN DONALDSON *(Chronicles of Thomas Covenant the Unbeliever:* Holt, Rinehart & Winston)
CYNTHIA FELICE *(Longshanks:* Galileo, Jan. 1977; *Godsfire:* Pocket Books)
JAMES P. HOGAN *(Inherit the Stars:* Del Rey)
BARRY LONGYEAR *(The Tryouts:* IASFM, Nov./Dec. 1978)
ELIZABETH LYNN *(We All Have to Go:* Future Pastimes; *A Different Light:* Berkley)
CHARLES SHEFFIELD *(What Song the Sirens Sang:* Galaxy, April 1977; etc.)

GANDALF BOOK-LENGTH FANTASY AWARD

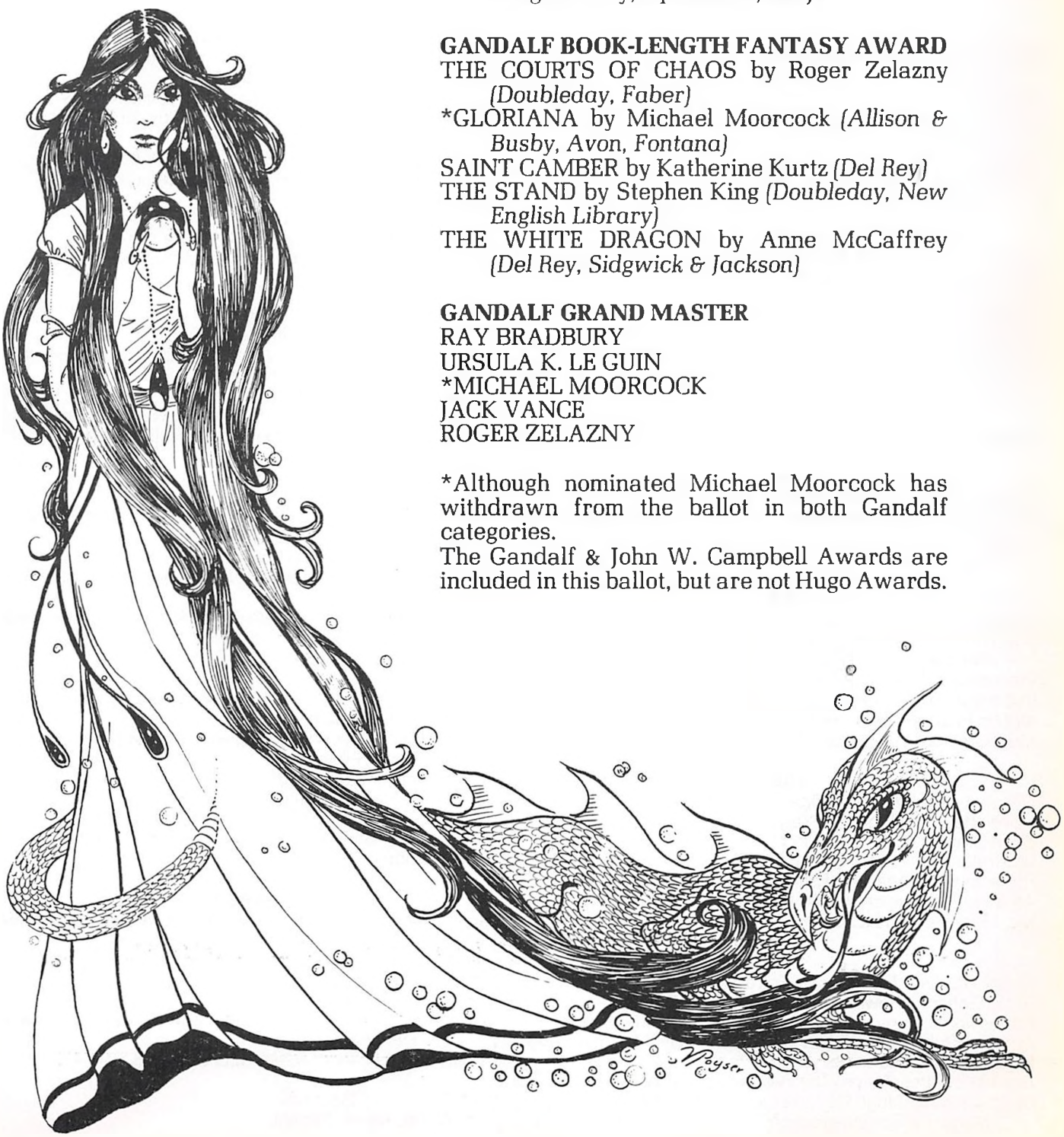
THE COURTS OF CHAOS by Roger Zelazny *(Doubleday, Faber)*
*GLORIANA by Michael Moorcock *(Allison & Busby, Avon, Fontana)*
SAINT CAMBER by Katherine Kurtz *(Del Rey)*
THE STAND by Stephen King *(Doubleday, New English Library)*
THE WHITE DRAGON by Anne McCaffrey *(Del Rey, Sidgwick & Jackson)*

GANDALF GRAND MASTER

RAY BRADBURY
URSULA K. LE GUIN
*MICHAEL MOORCOCK
JACK VANCE
ROGER ZELAZNY

*Although nominated Michael Moorcock has withdrawn from the ballot in both Gandalf categories.

The Gandalf & John W. Campbell Awards are included in this ballot, but are not Hugo Awards.



Previous Hugo Winners

1953

Number 1 Fan Personality: Forrest J. Ackerman.
Best Interior Illustrator: Virgil Finlay
Best Cover Artist: Ed Emshwiller & Hannes Bok (tie)
Excellence in Fact Articles: Willy Ley
New Science Fiction Author or Artist: Philip Jose Farmer
Best Professional Magazine: *Galaxy & Astounding Science Fiction* (tie)
Best Novel: *The Demolished Man*, by Alfred Bester

1954

No awards were given.

1955

Best Novel: *They'd Rather Be Right*, by Mark Clifton & Frank Riley
Best Novelette: "The Darfsteller," by Walter M. Miller, Jr.
Best Short Story: "Allamagoosa," by Eric Frank Russell
Best Professional Magazine: *Astounding Science Fiction*
Best Illustrator: Frank Kelly Freas
Best Amateur Publication: *Fantasy Times* (James V. Taurasi, ed.)

1956

Novel: *Double Star*, by Robert A. Heinlein
Novelette: "Exploration Team," by Murray Leinster
Short Story: "The Star," by Arthur C. Clarke
Feature Writer: Willy Ley
Professional Magazine: *Astounding Science Fiction*
Illustrator: Frank Kelly Freas
Most Promising New Author: Robert Silverberg
Amateur Publication: *Inside Science Fiction* (Ron Smith, ed.)
Critic: Damon Knight

1957

Professional Magazine, US: *Astounding Science Fiction*
Professional Magazine, British: *New Worlds*
Amateur Publication: *Science Fiction Times* (James V. Taurasi, ed.)

1958

Novel: *The Big Time*, by Fritz Leiber
Short Story: "Or All the Seas With Oysters," Avram Davidson
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*
Illustrator: Frank Kelly Freas
Motion Picture: *The Incredible Shrinking Man*
Most Outstanding Actifan: Walter A. Willis

1959

Novel: *A Case of Conscience*, by James Blish
Novelette: "The Big Front Yard," by Clifford D. Simak
Short Story: "That Hell-Bound Train," by Robert Bloch
Illustrator: Frank Kelly Freas
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*
Amateur Publication: *Fanac* (Ron Ellik & Terry Carr, eds.)
Most Promising New Author: Brian W. Aldiss

1960

Novel: *Starship Troopers*, by Robert A. Heinlein
Short Fiction: "Flowers for Algernon," by Daniel Keyes
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*
Amateur Publication: *Cry of the Nameless* (F. M. Busby, ed.)
Illustrator: Ed Emshwiller
Dramatic Presentation: *The Twilight Zone* (Rod Sterling)
Special Award: Hugo Gernsback as "The Father of Magazine Science Fiction"

1961

Novel: *A Canticle for Leibowitz*, by Walter M. Miller, Jr.
Short Story: "The Longest Voyage," by Poul Anderson
Professional Magazine: *Analog*
Amateur Publication: *Who Killed Science Fiction?* (Earl Kemp, ed.)
Illustrator: Ed Emshwiller
Dramatic Presentation: *The Twilight Zone*

1962

Novel: *Stranger in a Strange Land*, by Robert A. Heinlein
Short Fiction: "The Hothouse Series," by Brian W. Aldiss
Professional Magazine: *Analog*
Amateur Magazine: *Warhoon* (Richard Bergeron, ed.)
Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller
Dramatic Presentation: *The Twilight Zone*

1963

Novel: *The Man in the High Castle*, by Philip K. Dick
Short Fiction: "The Dragon Masters," by Jack Vance
Dramatic Presentation: No Award
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*
Amateur Magazine: *Xero* (Richard & Pat Lupoff, Bhob Stewart, eds.)
Professional Artist: Roy G. Krenkel
Special Hugos: P. Schuyler Miller (book reviewing)
Isaac Asimov (for being Isaac Asimov)

1964

Novel: *Way Station*, by Clifford D. Simak
Short Fiction: "No Truce with Kings," by Poul Anderson
Professional Magazine: *Analog*
Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller
Book Publisher: Ace Books (Donald A. Wollheim, ed.)
Amateur Publication: *Amra* (George Scithers, ed.)

1965

Novel: *The Wanderer*, by Fritz Leiber
Short Fiction: "Soldier, Ask Not," by Gordon R. Dickson
Professional Magazine: *Analog*
Professional Artist: John Schoenherr
Book Publisher: Ballantine Books (Ian & Betty Ballantine, ed.)
Amateur Publication: *Yandro* (Buck & Juanita Coulson, eds.)
Dramatic Presentation: *Dr. Strangelove*

1966

Novel: *And Call Me Conrad*, by Roger Zelazny; and *Dune* by Frank Herbert (tie)
Short Fiction: "Repent, Harlequin! Said the Ticktockman," by Harlan Ellison
Professional Magazine: *If*
Professional Artist: Frank Frazetta
Amateur Publication: *ERB-dom* (Camille Cazedessus, ed.)
Best All-Time Series: *The Foundation Trilogy*, by Isaac Asimov

1967

Novel: *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress*, by Robert A. Heinlein
Novelette: "The Last Castle," by Jack Vance
Short Story: "Neutron Star," by Larry Niven
Professional Magazine: *If*
Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan
Dramatic Presentation: "The Menagerie" (*Star Trek*, Gene Roddenberry)
Amateur Publication: *Niekas* (Ed Meskys & Felice Rolfe, eds.)
Fan Artist: Jack Gaughan
Fan Writer: Alexei Panshin

1968

Novel: *Lord of Light*, by Roger Zelazny
Novella: "Weyr Search," by Anne McCaffrey, and "Riders of the Purple Wage," by Philip Jose Farmer (tie)
Novelette: "Gonna Roll the Bones," by Fritz Leiber
Short Story: "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream," by Harlan Ellison
Dramatic Presentation: "The City on the Edge of Forever" (*Star Trek*, Harlan Ellison)
Professional Magazine: *If*
Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan
Amateur Publication: *Amra* (George Scithers, ed.)
Fan Writer: Ted White

1969

Novel: *Stand on Zanzibar*, by John Brunner
Novella: "Nightwings," by Robert Silverberg
Novelette: "The Sharing of Flesh," by Poul Anderson
Short Story: "The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World," by Harlan Ellison
Dramatic Presentation: *2001: A Space Odyssey*
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*
Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan
Amateur Publication: *Psychotic/SF Review* (Dick Geis,ed.)
Fan Writer: Harry Warner, Jr.
Fan Artist: Vaughan Bode
Special Award: Neil Armstrong, Edwin Aldrin, Michael Collins, for "Best Moon Landing Ever"

1970

Novel: *The Left Hand of Darkness*, by Ursula K. LeGuin
Novella: "Ship of Shadows," by Fritz Leiber
Short Story: "Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones," by Samuel R. Delany
Dramatic Presentation: television coverage of Apollo XI
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*
Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas
Amateur Magazine: *Science Fiction Review* (Richard E. Geis, ed.)
Fan Writer: Bob Tucker
Fan Artist: Tim Kirk

1971

Novel: *Ringworld*, by Larry Niven
Novella: "Ill Met in Lankhmar," by Fritz Leiber
Short Story: "Slow Sculpture," by Theodore Sturgeon
Dramatic Presentation: No Award
Professional Artist: Leo & Diane Dillon
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*
Amateur Magazine: *Locus* (Charlie & Dena Brown, eds.)
Fan Writer: Dick Geis
Fan Artist: Alicia Austin

1972

Novel: *To Your Scattered Bodies Go*, by Philip Jose Farmer
Novella: "The Queen of Air and Darkness," by Poul Anderson
Short Story: "Inconstant Moon," by Larry Niven
Dramatic Presentation: *A Clockwork Orange*
Amateur Magazine: *Locus* (Charlie & Dena Brown, eds.)
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*
Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas
Fan Artist: Tim Kirk
Fan Writer: Harry Warner, Jr.

1973

Novel: *The Gods Themselves*, by Isaac Asimov
Novella: "The Word for World is Forest," by Ursula K. Le Guin
Novelette: "Goat Song," by Poul Anderson
Short Story: "Eurema's Dam," by R. A. Lafferty, and "The Meeting," by Fred Pohl & C. M. Kornbluth (tie)
Dramatic Presentation: *Slaughterhouse Five*
Professional Editor: Ben Bova *(Analog)*
Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas
Amateur Magazine: *Energumen* (Mike & Susan Glicksohn, eds.)
Fan Writer: Terry Carr
Fan Artist: Tim Kirk
John W. Campbell Award: Jerry Pournelle

1974

Novel: *Rendezvous with Rama*, by Arthur C. Clarke
Novella: "The Girl Who Was Plugged In," by James Tiptree, Jr.
Novelette: "The Deathbird," by Harlan Ellison
Short Story: "The Ones Who Walk Away from Omelas," by Ursula K. LeGuin
Amateur Magazine: *Algol* (Andy Porter, ed.) and *Science Fiction Review* (Dick Geis, ed.) (tie)
Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas
Professional Editor: Ben Bova
Dramatic Presentation: *Sleeper*
Fan Writer: Susan Wood
John W. Campbell Award: Spider Robinson, Lisa Tuttle (tie)
Gandalf Award: J. R. R. Tolkein

1975

Novel: *The Dispossessed*, by Ursula K. LeGuin
Novella: "A Song for Lya," by George R. R. Martin
Novelette: "Adrift Just Off the Islets of Langerhans," by Harlan Ellison
Short Story: "The Holy Man," by Larry Niven
Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas
Professional Editor: Ben Bova
Amateur Magazine: *The Alien Critic* (Dick Geis, ed.)
Dramatic Presentation: *Young Frankenstein*
Fan Writer: Dick Geis
Fan Artist: William Rotsler
John W. Campbell Award: P. J. Planger
Grandalf award: Fritz Leiber

1976

Novel: *The Forever War*, by Joe Halderman
Novelette: "The Borderland of Sol," by Larry Niven
Novella: "Home is the Hangman," by Roger Zelazny
Short Story: "Catch That Zeppelin!," by Fritz Leiber
Professional Editor: Ben Bova
Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas
Dramatic Presentation: *A Boy and His Dog* (Harlan Ellison, L. Q. Jones)
Amateur Magazine: *Locus* (Charlie & Dena Brown, eds.)
Fan Writer: Dick Geis
Fan Artist: Tim Kirk
John W. Campbell Award: Tom Reamy
Gandalf Award: L. Sprague de Camp

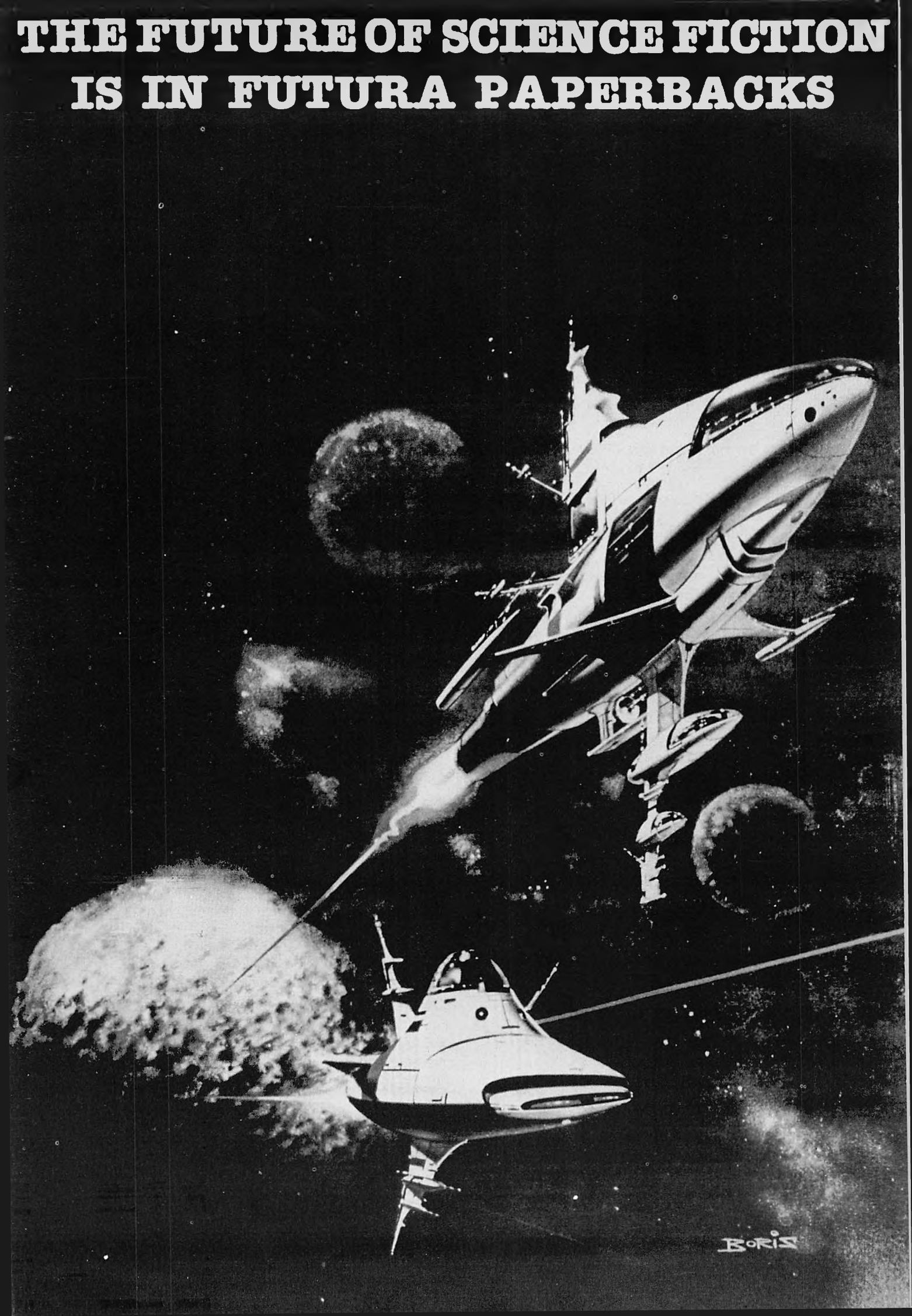
1977

Novel: *Where Late the Sweet Birds Sang*, by Kate Wilhelm
Novella: "By Any Other Name," by Spider Robinson, and "Houston, Houston, Do You Read?," by James Tiptree, Jr.
Novelette: "The Bicentennial Man," by Isaac Asimov
Short Story: "Tricentennial," by Joe Haldeman
Dramatic Presentation: No Award
Amateur Magazine: *Science Fiction Review* (Dick Geis, ed.)
Professional Editor: Ben Bova
Fan Writer: Susan Wood and Dick Geis (tie)
Professional Artist: Rick Sternbach
Fan Artist: Phil Foglio
John W. Campbell Award: C. J. Cherryh
Gandalf Award: Andre Norton

1978

Novel: *Gateway*, by Frederik Pohl
Novella: "Stardance" by Spider & Jeanne Robinson
Novelette: "Eyes of Amber" by Joan Vinge
Short Story: "Jeffty is Five" by Harlan Ellison
Dramatic Presentation: *Star Wars*
Professional Editor: George H. Scithers
Professional Artist: Rick Sternbach
Amateur Magazine: *Locus* (Charles & Dena Brown, eds.)
Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis
Fan Artist: Phil Foglio
John W. Campbell Award: Orson Scott Card
Gandalf Award: Poul Anderson
Gandalf Best Novel: *The Silmarillion*

THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE FICTION IS IN FUTURA PAPERBACKS



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John Varley, author of *The Ophiuchi Hotline,* is widely considered to be the most important young S.F. writer in America.

His latest book *Titan* takes us into a world within a world.

From the outside it's a massive, wheel-shaped structure slowly orbiting Saturn. So massive that the crew of the NASA probe which discovers it at first believe they've found a twelfth moon.

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For 20 generations, two totally incompatible species have been imprisoned on Dosadi – a hidden planet isolated from all outside contact by the God Wall.

Now, 850 million beings are crammed into one small city in an experiment so monstrous that it threatens the whole galaxy.

But who monitors the experiment... and what, above all, is its purpose?

To find out, a Saboteur Extraordinary is projected through the God Wall – only to discover that he himself is part of the plan.

"Totally credible and told with an ease which belies an extraordinary control over the genre." *The Times*

"J.R.R. Tolkien and C.S. Lewis are not in Mr Herbert's inventive league... the range is staggering... splendid entertainment, with moral sinew and an astonishing romance." *New York Times*

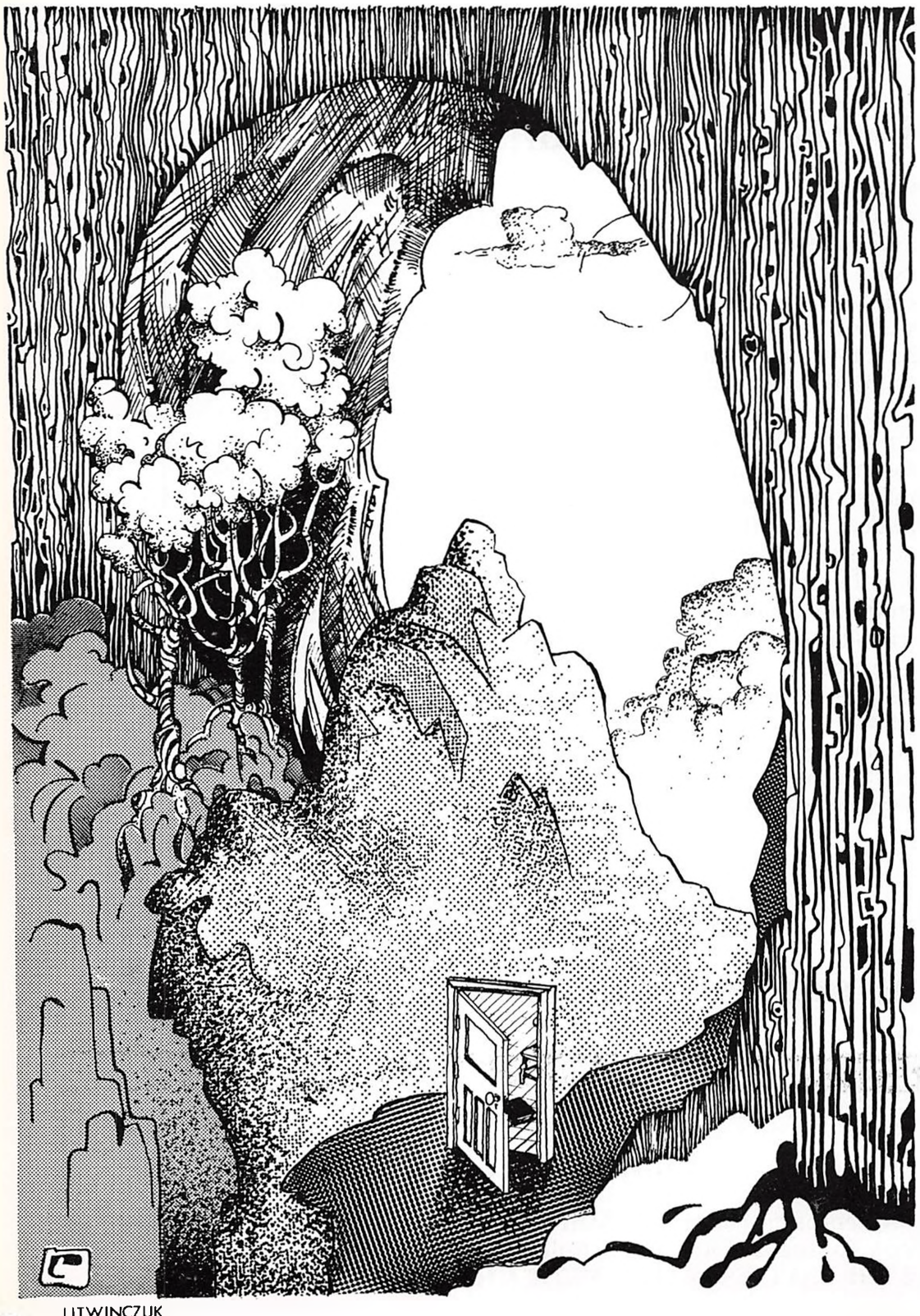
Alien.

In space no one can hear you scream

Hailed as the film sensation of the year by American critics ALIEN is due to be premiered in London during September. Alan Dean Foster's novel is now available in Futura paperback.

Futura, publishers of Joe Haldeman, Alan Dean Foster, Frank Herbert, Larry Niven, Frederik Pohl, Jerry Pournelle, Chris Priest, Spider Robinson, Andrew M Stephenson, John Varley, and THE BATTLESTAR GALACTICA Novels.

Past World Conventions



LITWINCZUK

Year
Convention
Location/Attendance
Guest(s)-of-Honour

1939
Nycon I
New York – 200
Frank R. Paul

1940
Chicon I
Chicago – 128
Edward E. Smith Ph.D.

1941
Denvention
Denver – 90
Robert Heinlein

1946
Pacificon I
Los Angeles – 130
A. E. van Vogt
E. Mayne Hull

1947
Philcon I
Philadelphia – 200
John W. Campbell Jr.

1948
Torcon I
Toronto – 200
Robert Bloch
Bob Tucker

1949
Civention
Cincinnati – 190
Lloyd A. Eshbach
Ted Carnell

1950
Norwescon
Portland – 400
Anthony Boucher

1951
Nolacon
New Orleans – 190
Fritz Leiber

1952
Chicon II
Chicago – 370
Hugo Gernsback

1953
Philcon II
Philadelphia – 750
Willy Ley

1954
SF Con
San Francisco – 700
John W. Campbell Jr.

1955
Clevention
Cleveland – 380
Isaac Asimov

1956
Newyorcon
New York – 850
Arthur C. Clarke

1957
Loncon I
London – 268
John W. Campbell Jr.

1958
Solacon
Los Angeles – 322
Richard Matheson

1959
Detention
Detroit – 371
Poul Anderson
John Berry

1960
Pittcon
Pittsburgh – 568
James Blish

1961
Seacon
Seattle – 300
James Blish

1962
Chicon III
Chicago – 950
Theodore Sturgeon

1963
Discon I
Washington DC – 800
Murray Leinster

1964
Pacificon II
Oakland – 523
Edmond Hamilton
Leigh Brackett
Forrest J. Ackerman

1965
Loncon II
London – 350
Brian Aldiss

1966
Tricon
Cleveland – 850
L. Sprague de Camp

1967
Nycon III
New York – 1500
Lester del Rey
Bob Tucker

1968
Baycon
Oakland – 1430
Philip Jose Farmer
Walt Daugherty

1969
St Louiscon
St Louis – 1534
Jack Gaughan
Eddie Jones

1970
Heicon
Heidelberg – 620
Robert Silverberg
E. C. Tubb
Herbert W. Franke

1971
Noreascon
Boston – 1600
Clifford Simak
Harry Warner Jr.

1972
Lacon
Los Angeles – 2007
Frederik Pohl
Buck Coulson
Juanita Coulson

1973
Torcon II
Toronto – 2900
Robert Bloch
William Rotsler

1974
Discon II
Washington DC – 4435
Roger Zelazny
Jay Kay Klein

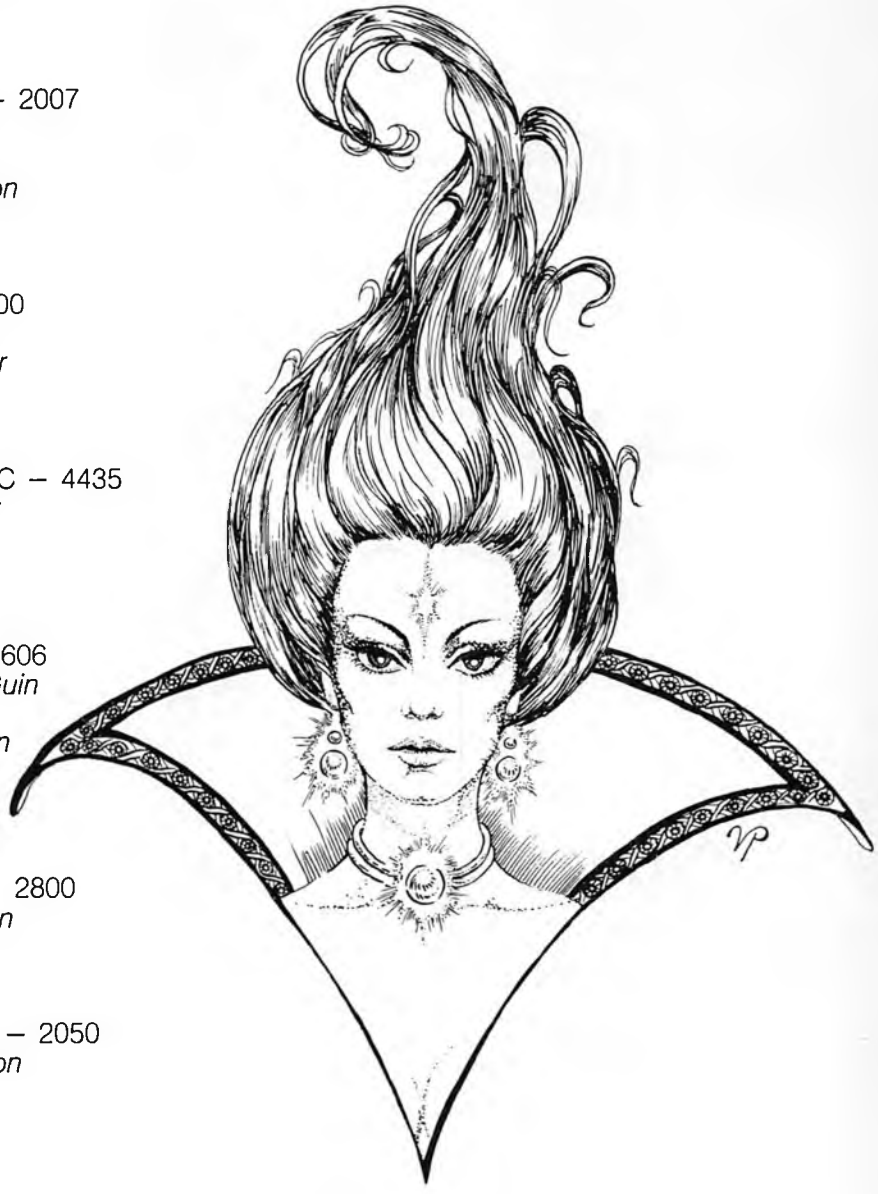
1975
Aussiecon
Melbourne – 606
Ursula K. Le Guin
Susan Wood
Mike Glicksohn
Donald Tuck

1976
Midamericon
Kansas City – 2800
Robert Heinlein

1977
Suncon
Miami Beach – 2050
Jack Williamson

1978
Iguanacon
Phoenix
Harlan Ellison
Bill Bowers

1979
Seacon '79
Brighton
Fritz Leiber
Brian Aldiss
Harry Bell
Bob Shaw



ALBACON 80

31st Annual British Science Fiction Convention

April 4-6, 1980
Albany Hotel, Glasgow

Guest of Honour: Colin Kapp
Fan Guest of Honour: Jim Barker
Toastmaster: James White

Full details from

GERRY GILLIN, 9 Dunnottar Street
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Dreams of Empire

We invited some of our favourite writers to write about *their* favourite sf experience. Our only stipulation was: make it British. We were most definitely *not* after jingoistic tub-thumping or parochial self-gratulation but pieces which we hoped might reveal the maybe-overlooked core of material at the heart of the living entity that is current sf, and which would certainly tell us as much about our guest contributors as their chosen subjects. You're invited to sample this sampling; we hope you'll find it as intriguing and enlightening a celebration of lost-and-found loves as we do.

Mark Adlard

Five years ago I noticed, from the annual exchange of cards at Xmas, that one of my old friends was living in a place called West Kirby. This set up such a resonance in my head that I tried to quieten it by consulting a map. It was on the Wirral and looked upon the Dee. Trumpets added their blare to the clamour in my head as I took down my compound Dover edition of *Last and First Men* and *Star Maker*, and confirmed that the preface had been written in West Kirby.

West Kirby is a tiny place. My friend and his wife are well-read. So I expected to receive a long letter when I wrote to ask for village tales about the great man. After all, he'd been dead for only 25 years. Alas! My friends hadn't heard of him nor, it appeared, had any of their neighbours.

I wrote again to say that I was asking about a man who was not merely the greatest sf writer ever, but one of the greatest writers of modern times. They must try *harder.*

Long after I'd given up hope of hearing anything they sent me a large piece from their local paper. It was about a local lady, Agnes Stapledon, widow of a writer, who was about to celebrate her 80th birthday. She was the British president of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and active in a dozen other things besides.

I immediately wrote to ask if I might call upon her. She replied to say that it would be a dreadful thing to drag me between opposite corners of England (I had a job in Kent) but that she was frequently in London on business, which would make it easier for me to call on her there. On the other hand, she said, if I wanted to see her where . . .

I hastened up to West Kirby like a jolly lover, hungry to look into the eyes of her whom Stapledon left when he went out onto the hill and to whom he returned after his encounter with the Star Maker.

It didn't displease me to discover that the Americans had already started to beat a path to that door.

JOHN BRUNNER

Rudyard Kipling? That unprepossessing guy with enormous glasses and a walrus moustache, the spokesman of Empire?

Oh yes. Very yes indeed! Among the most vivid sf images of my childhood I'd count the stricken dirigible of *With the Night Mail*, storm-tossed above the grey Atlantic with her engineer gone crazy, while the captain of the rescuing Royal Mail airship shouted the order to "shunt the lift out of him with a spanner!"

He was wrong about dirigibles, but in the companion story *As Easy as ABC* he got several things very right: the decline of democracy into mob rule, the fact that racial hatred has no place in a civilised society, the need to cut the birthrate if Earth's resources were to be preserved . . . and all that well before the First World War.

He has influenced sf writers as disparate as Poul Anderson and Arthur Porges, and at Boskone in 1978 a charming Quaker girl sang me the whole of his *Pict's Song* from memory.

I once did a rough analysis of his published work, and found that approximately one in six or seven of his short stories are sf or fantasy. They range from the early *A Conference of the Powers*, in which a bridge-builder in India overhears the gods debating whether to destroy his masterpiece spanning the Ganges, through those astonishing *tours-de-force* without human characters like *·007* (railway engines) and *The Ship that Found Herself* (steel plates and girders and the ship's cat!), by way of speculative sf like *In the Same Boat* (a man and a woman discover the nightmares haunting them refer to real events which occurred while they were in the womb) and *The Finest Story in the World* (a young man remembers rowing in a Roman galley, and with Leif Eriksson, and . . .), right up to the complex, subtle stories of his last years where he left his readers far behind, like *The Children of the Zodiac*.

He also wrote the classic ghosts-in-reverse story, *They*, and the deadpan fantasies of *Just So Stories*, and in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies* he brought the people of past ages forward to the present, and he wrote about sea-serpents and lost races and mysterious curses and in possibly my favourite of all his stories, *Wireless*, he had the soul of Keats strike an echo across a century of time in a poor, lovelorn, tubercular assistant in a chemist's shop while an experimental friend was trying to eavesdrop on the Navy.

Kipling, who was possibly the most completely equipped writer ever to tackle the short-story form in the English language, exemplifies the too-often overlooked fact that in our literary tradition there has never been a hard-and-fast line between realistic and fantastic. Indeed, he was a past master at making the fantastic seem credible.

KEN BULMER

H. G. Wells is the name most frequently and honourably associated with the scientific romance, imaginative literature, sf, and he has exercised the most influence on writers whether they are aware of it or not. Every writer one reads influences one towards or away from what he is saying. I have always believed that sf stands above petty national boundaries. I do not deny the importance of regional literature to the consciousness of nations or national literature to the understanding of neighbours; but these fictions, despite their value, remain fictions of the past. One of the strengths of sf is that it can take an overview of global affairs through the emotions of individuals so that the purely parochial becomes somewhat twee. The international nature of music has much to teach in this area. The term 'mid-Atlantic' is used in a derogatory fashion these days, yet it is useless to deny the profound impact of American sf, so to dismiss the idea of Anglo-American, mid-Atlantic literature is mindless chauvinism. This mingling and mutual enrichment of cultures is

AUSTRALIAN SF NEWS

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surely one aim of sf? The global overview of sf must question the intention of offshoots like 'English' sf and 'Jewish' sf and 'Russian' sf. Qualities vary, as is natural, and the intrinsic value of a richly diversified spectrum of cultures must not be confused with blind national pride. The oral traditions of jungle peoples praying to metal birds which drop food parcels to them is surely apposite. I suppose one of the great moments of sf for me comes at the end of the H. G. Wells' film 'Things to Come'. And we are to understand that there are much greater issues at stake than merely going out to the stars – "Which is it to be, Passworthy? Which is it to be?"

MY FAVOURITE SF WRITER
by M. J. Moorcock (39)

My favourite sf writer is J. G. Ballard. I like him because he combines exotic symbolism with psychological insight. He uses sophisticated and individualistic images to make an essentially moral investigation of some of our specific contemporary experiences. With William Burroughs, who shares Ballard's relish for twentieth century language but is by no means as disciplined and methodical a writer, he has been a seminal influence on much pre-70s fiction and poetry. Ballard has married form and content so that one reflects the other: and in this sense he is a 'poetic' writer. In recent years he has also refined his language, producing some of the most polished and concentrated prose we have in English. As a literary figure (rather than as an sf writer) he was in the vanguard of that fundamentally romantic renaissance which could be seen to have had its origins in the British sf magazines of the 50s and 60s but which has since given us a good deal of excellent novels and poetry. Among those who acknowledge this debt are Robert Nye, D. M. Thomas, George MacBeth, Giles Gordon, Brigid Brophy, Angus Wilson, Alan Burns, Angela Carter, and many others. Artists and musicians have frequently drawn inspiration from Ballard in particular and he is recognised abroad as one of our leading writers. It is perhaps not insignificant that the girl-friend of Crazy Charlie, president of the local Notting Hill Hell's Angels, last year changed her name to Vermilion Sands. Ballard's insights into the nature of urban experience, the deep geography and geology of our great cities, the 'psychic landscapes' which are wholly human in their origin, have created a fiction which, in my view, is profoundly coherent and in harmony with the times. I feel that this can be said of very little generic science fiction, most of which is evidently anti-urban and reactionary in its rejection of the realities which the majority of us in Western Europe and the United States encounter in our daily lives. The city is the future; without the city there is no human progress in the generally accepted sense; we must learn to live in it and with it and to understand our own relationships and functions in its terms; if we could succeed we could emerge with our human sensibilities not only intact, but developed and expanded. I believe that Ballard's fiction helps us to understand ourselves and the roles we lead in an environment which is increasingly under human control and which therefore becomes, increasingly, a human responsibility. The important virtue of Ballard's work, therefore, lies in its ability to define and clarify that responsibility. He once said that science fiction could not be taken seriously until it earned 'the moral authority of a literature won from experience'. I believe that he, in common with a few others who began by exploring the literary possibilities of generic sf forms, can now claim that authority for his fiction.

Richard Cowper

Few readers of William Golding's *Lord of the Flies* or *The Inheritors* will fail to recognise that they are in the presence of a major literary talent. Golding forces his reader to accept his imaginative perspectives in a way which is wholly remarkable. He achieves this end by means of a series of brilliantly observed and sharply focused pictures. The visual impact of his work is probably the most intense of any novelist writing in English today. Having persuaded us of the physical existence both of his characters and the natural settings in which he has placed them, Golding then proceeds, with an almost diabolic subtlety, to undermine our own pre-conceptions of the nature of mankind.

His themes are vast – archetypal; but what sets his novels and stories apart from almost all other works of Science Fiction (and make no mistake they *are* works of sf) is that the themes and the characters are inseparable. The marooned children Ralph, Piggy, Jack and Simon of *Lord of the Flies,* the doomed Neanderthalers Lok and Fa of *The Inheritors,* are as close to being living, breathing, and above all *suffering* creatures as it is possible to contrive out of words alone. We feel their agony in our bones and recognise it for our own.

Golding's novels have been called 'allegories of the human situation' but they are much more than that. The ideas are never allowed to dominate the story. The books are organic wholes. Their creator's own intense involvement with the situations he has imagined drives the allegorical element into the background where it becomes truly symbolic. Golding works in the classic tradition of 'scientific romance' and, in my opinion, is one of the very finest novelists ever to do so.

DAVE LANGFORD

This unworthy and noticeably low-born inscriber of paltry imaginings considers it convenient to mask the concavity of his admittedly ill-arranged notions with artifices unobtrusively purloined from those more radiant tale-tellers whose refined and pearl-like utterances strike resonant chords within even the granite-walled hearts of the publishers of printed leaves, thereby releasing a not-wholly-to-be-despised inadequacy of silver cash . . . For did the sage A-Non not let fall the gilded remark, "Radiant and eye-gladdening plumage as of the blossoming cherry tree tends notably to lend its parent fowl a like respect"?

Thus and thus matters stand; yet whilst lurking incapably in his rat-forsaken hovel, even the presence of his peach-complexioned one of the inner chamber cannot conceal from this one of the detestable superiority of the effete Ernest Bramah and his doglike minion Kai Lung in their dextrous juxtaposition of classical ornateness with a wholly efficacious process of gravity-removal. The ruffians and brigands who without doubt form the greater part of the present assemblage will not fail to extract a certain coarse merriment from the inexorable manner in which the narratives of the repellently fluent Kai Lung tend towards the humiliation of unusually grasping and round-bodied mandarins; the more high-minded will discreetly savour the many perfectly-balanced analogies which adorn the printed leaves and produce an agreeable sensation as of continuously discharged fireworks accompanied by the attentions of well-formed maidens.

"Adequately set forth, the history of the Princess Taik and of the virtuous youth occupies all the energies of an agile story-teller for seven weeks," said Kai Lung upon one memorable occasion; a similar difficulty attends this one's recital of Bramah's intimidating superiorities within this much-flattened space. The politely uncomplaining reader will forgive this one's effrontery in merely referring him to *The Wallet of Kai Lung* and its ever-to-be-praised successors.

LARRY NIVEN

I last saw Arthur Clarke on a TV screen, broadcasting direct from Sri Lanka, while Explorer I passed through Jupiter system. He was magnificent. He could persuade Senator Proxmire to support the space program, if that moron would listen.

For the past twenty-odd years now, I've been reading everything Arthur Clarke was willing to write.

Anything that any writer in the field can do, Arthur Clarke can do it as well or better. But the thing he does best is something I've been trying to learn ever since I started writing. He tells of big things . . . well, we all tell of big things. But Clarke can make you *feel* it.

He writes of cities ancient beyond imagination – and makes the reader's imagination capable of grasping it.

He tells of geological ages passing, and makes you *see* it.

Will you ever forget that moment in CHILDHOOD'S END, in the museum of the Overlords, when Jan Rodricks looked down upon a single gigantic eye?

Or the rows of skyscraper-sized pillars on the Earth's Moon in THE CITY AND THE STARS. Their purpose is unguessable, until Alvin finds two pillars broken outward. It's a cage . . .

Remember the lights coming on in *Rama? Rama* was big enough to stretch anyone's imagination. But I remember a subtler work, a short story in which archeologists worked to uncover the tracks of a Tyrannosaurus Rex. Engineers nearby were building a machine that they said would look into the tyrant lizard's past. The dinosaur's tracks grew wider and wider as they dug; it had been bounding in pursuit of a fleeing prey. The machine was about to be tested . . . and finally the tracks of the prey appeared: a zigzag pattern of tires from the engineers' jeep.

And I remember a feghoot, NEUTRON TIDE. It was a reference to two of my own stories . . . and it appeared some months after Arthur Clarke told me he was a Niven fan. I knew I had arrived then. Oh, *boy*, did that make me feel good.

Frederik Pohl

It's very hard to choose my "favourite" British science-fiction person, because there are so very many contenders. I grew up on British fantasies, like E. Nesbit's wonderful *Five Children and It*, and Rudyard Kipling's superb, and neglected, sf. I have both admiration and love for a number of British editors, like John Bush and the late Ted Carnell, both dear friends as well as brilliant professionals. And the number of British sf writers in my private pantheon is immense, from H. G. Wells, unquestionably the father of us all, to Brian Aldiss, by way of John Brunner, Anthony Burgess, Arthur Clarke, Aldous Huxley, Kingsley Amis, W. Olaf Stapledon, S. Fowler Wright and any number of others.

Every one of them has a certifiable claim to be at the top of any list. But there is one more, and I think he is the one whose absence in my life might have left the biggest gap. Curiously I met him only once.

The name he was best known by was John Wyndham. For about a decade, while he was writing such marvellous books as *The Day of the Triffids* and *The Midwich Cuckoos*, he was as close a friend as one can have by correspondence. John's power of invention was great, and he was quite incapable of writing a bad sentence. But what I liked most about him as a writer was the marvellous humanity in every line. He was often witty, but never unkind.

There are writers who disappoint upon meeting in the flesh – maybe most writers do, because we all put the best of us down on paper and sometimes there is not enough left to bother with. Not John Wyndham. The person you can see behind the novels is the same person who lived in the real world, and when he left it a little over a decade ago it became much poorer.

CHRISTOPHER PRIEST

For reasons of personal nostalgia: the novels of John Wyndham, especially KRAKEN, TRIFFIDS and CHRYSALIDS. I read Wyndham long before I had even heard of sf. Wyndham obeyed H. G. Wells's dictum, and domesticated the bizarre, describing it in the mellow cadences of BBC English. Being young, foolish and deeply entrenched in the middle classes I approved of all this, and was somewhat mortified to hear him described as a science fiction writer. However, years later, when I came across the hard stuff, I understood at last.

My secret vice is enjoying the novels of Charles Eric Maine. Maine is a neglected and apparently despised author, one whose work has been overtaken by trendy modern stuff. Unlike other writers of his period (he was prolific throughout the '50s and early '60s) he was not sufficiently established to keep an audience of his own, and most of his books are now out of print. Maine's books have a number of old-fashioned virtues: crisp, workmanlike characterizations, a considerable degree of narrative energy, and, best of all, lively and surprising plots that crackle like new cellophane. My favourites: TIMELINER, HIGH VACUUM, CALCULATED RISK and THE TIDE WENT OUT.

But the one British sf book I value above all others is NON-STOP by Brian Aldiss. This is partly for personal reasons (I read it at an impressionable age), but also because it is a novel that has had, I think, an underground influence on the way our sf is written here and understood abroad. NON-STOP built a bridge. It was an American *type* of sf novel – written with all the vigour and dash of the best American authors – but it remained a quintessentially British and personal book. Not Aldiss's best-written novel, nor his best all-round novel, it remains one of his most enjoyable and (gulp) *exciting* books. It gains stature with age and bears a number of re-readings. It has, to my knowledge, inspirited a large number of the writers who followed; Aldiss was showing the Brits how to be themselves in a popular and commercial genre.

BOB SHAW

The science fiction bug really got me when I was a boy during World War II and the sole supply of the stuff was one very slim British reprint of ASTOUNDING every second month. In those days the concepts of science fiction and America were intimately bound together in my mind, and it was with some surprise I learned that my all-time favourite story from ASTOUNDING's golden age had been written by a British author.

That author was A. Bertram Chandler and the story was "Giant Killer", which appeared as the cover story on ASF's October 1945 edition.

The thing which addicted me to science fiction was that most beautiful of sensations – the feeling of one's mind being stretched – and "Giant Killer" was a mind-stretcher if ever there was one. In those days simplistic notions about atomic radiation and mutants were exercising a powerful fascination over sf writers and readers, and Jack Chandler's story of mutated rats inhabiting the insulation of a starship was perfectly timed. The events are related from the point of view of the rats who – and this is what gave Chandler's story the status of a parable – although mutants themselves have conservative ideas about the degree of change that is socially acceptable, and one of their most

RED LION INN/SEA TAC

Joins with Northwest Science Fiction Society

in their invitation
to
Seattle, Washington
for the

1981

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sacred tribal ceremonies is the slaughter and devouring of all newborn "Different Ones".

The giants of the title are, of course, the crew of the ship, and bearing in mind the intense human chauvinism of the sf of the day it is a tribute to Chandler that most of the reader's sympathy lies with Weema, who dares all to save her male child Shrick, who has been born hairless and with a bulging dome of a head which resembles those of the giants. Shrick is truly a proto-human, for he goes on to kill giants – an act of awesome presumption which results in the annihilation of all his race as the starship plunges into a sun.

Chandler's narrative is strongly plotted and perfectly told, embellished with concepts which were fresh in their day, but it is the moods of "Giant Killer" which have haunted me for more than thirty years and have influenced my own writing. The choking claustrophobia of the rats' world, their ultimate helplessness which stems from the inadequacy of their mythological view of the universe in the face of man's scientific rationale, the sense of Life's age-old battles having to be fought at all levels of the macro-micro spectrum. Above all, because we see the crew of the starship from an alien viewpoint, the story makes us wonder all over again about the austere compulsions which drive some men to live as wanderers, forever in transit in the metal microcosms we call ships.

Andrew Stephenson

We tend to value our origins. That first SF book often bears a disproportionately large burden of misplaced affection, simply because it *was* the first. (Of course, this applies to other fields of human activity, too.) If life followed a smooth development curve, I could designate a single work of SF as the one I value most. Really, it's impossible to do so. Furthermore, this insistence on Britishness is a millstone: "SF" has long been so international that I am forced back to an artificially early time, though I would gladly include the names and works of contemporaries abroad, quite apart from the Brits whose blushes I intend to spare.

In *The City And The Stars*, Arthur Clarke wrote one of the quintessential sense-of-wonder "hard SF" stories. In it we discover themes to which he has since returned, particularly that of the power of rational thought. We are shown an everlasting city, Diaspar: self-renewing amid universal decay, it amounts to a tangible manifestation of changeless physical laws. Only in Diaspar, governed by intellectual forces (the central computer and its almost magical machines) – and in one other nearby oasis of life, where a different kind of mental power rules – has the slow, almost clinical, degeneration been prevented. It seems significant that Clarke's later works appeal so frequently to the thesis that Science can conquer all; for in Diaspar we see its apotheosis. And it is a pity that, from a story with such an essentially human resolution, Clarke progressed to others in which the human element plays a subservient role, as if he preferred to follow Vanamonde, the disembodied pure intellect encountered in *City*, rather than concern himself with the fates of Diaspar's citizens.

So I value this book for two reasons: for the joy that the reading of it brought, at a moment when far worse was around to put me off SF, and at moments since; and for the auctorial warning it offers.

IAN WATSON – Barry Bayley

Barry Bayley writes metaphysical space opera, packing into short stories or unravelling through longer adventure novels, whole alternative ontologies.

How about some stellar freebooters capturing a crystal ball constructed by ancient alien beings – or extradimensional entities – which contains within it the original of our galaxy, ours being merely the macroscopic copy? How about if the cosmos was solid and worlds were simply caves in it? How about if our science is all a looney misconception and the ether actually exists – so that one can sail schooners and windjammers from world to world (not boring old ram-jet spaceships either, but proper sailing ships) – and what's more, what if alchemy were true and the philosopher's stone can be achieved. How about exploring the old adage (is there one?) 'clothes make the man' unto the ultimate persuasive absurdity of sentient suits that control people and are part of a galactic conspiracy by vegetable fibre – tossing in, along the way, cultures who aren't even aware that they have bodies?

Bayley is our Borges, working with the grand old pulp tropes of space battles, groaning overdrives, the dense world of The Hub, intrepid captains, gambling satellites, cynical yet idealistic adventurers with pearl-handled lasers – and renewing, revivifying the cosmic ding-dong, notching it up into metaphysics where it belonged all along. Bayley writes a witty, technicolour eccentric experimental philosophy in each new tale. He's what sf is all about at heart: imagining three impossible things before breakfast and making them all come true. And stick together.

Since he's getting better all the time, I elect his latest novel Space Winds (sailing ships and alchemy) as one I will certainly reread with joy. At the end of his book *Alchemists and Gold* Jacques Sadoul proclaims, "Tomorrow I shall go out and buy an agate mortar." Well, as of the day before yesterday, I am already writing an sf novel about alchemy . . .

FANTASY, AN EARLY *OMNI?*
by James White

Just after the Second World War a new and regrettably short-lived British sf magazine hit the newsagents with the impact of a thirty-three years premature OMNI. It was the Walter Gillings edited FANTASY, a beautifully produced mag with restrained, tasteful covers and interior illos, and a list of contributors which included Arthur C. Clarke, the late, great Eric Frank Russell and lots of other mainly local names some of whom made it and some who did not, and all for the price of one shilling!

Science-fiction reading in the UK at this time was at subsistence level with the British Reprint Edition of ASTOUNDING all that was available during the war, and the Bergey girls on the covers of THRILLING WONDER STORIES and STARTLING STORIES, which were beginning to come over from the US, causing parental difficulties for innocent young teenagers like myself. So I can well remember buying FANTASY openly, reading it publicly in trolleybuses, and *not* hiding it under my mattress. And I can remember the kick I got out of reading stories which were set, not in strange, exotic places like the Mojave Desert or San Francisco, but right next door – Eric Frank Russell's *Relic*, I remember, took place in the Isle of Man!

My very first letter of comment was written to the editor of FANTASY, and it was *published*. As a direct result of this a Belfast sf reader called Walter A. Willis wrote to me, and shortly afterwards his house became the regular meeting place of a fan group which included Walt, George Charters, Bob Shaw, John Berry and myself. Later Walt Willis was to be generally acclaimed as fandom's greatest wit (although modestly he insists that the fans were only half right), and as for Bob Shaw and James White . . . Wally Gillings, the world may never forgive you for what happened as a result of printing that loc.

FANTASY CENTRE

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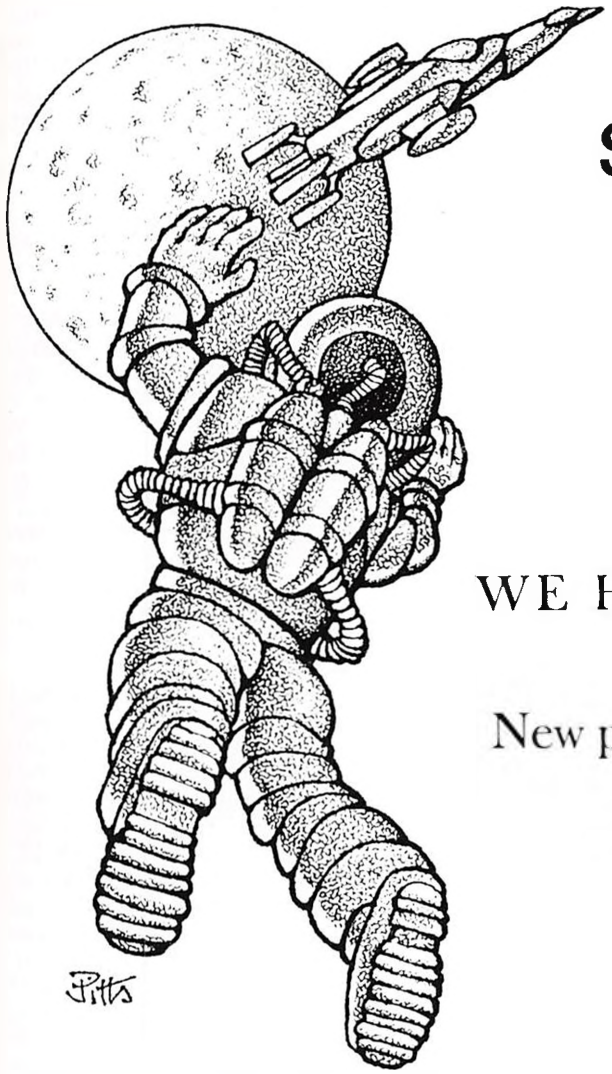
Telephone 01-965 3643



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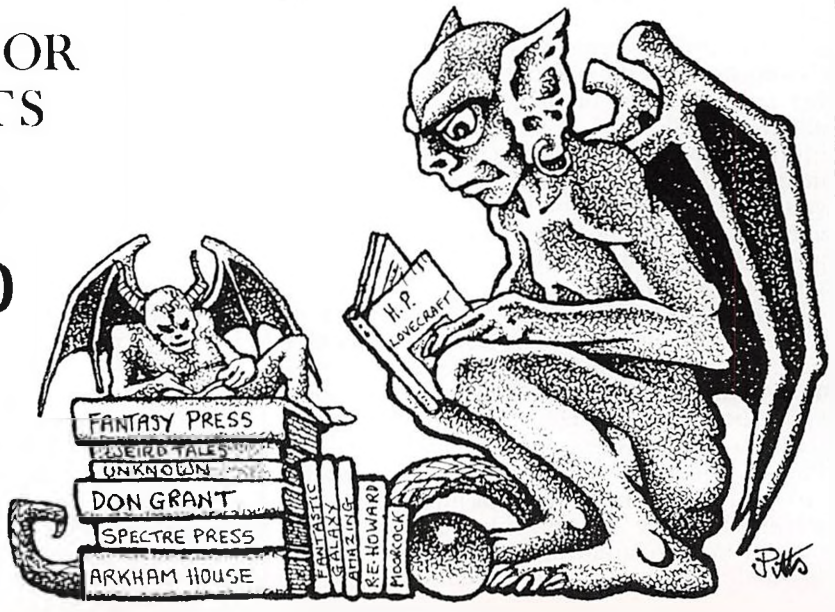
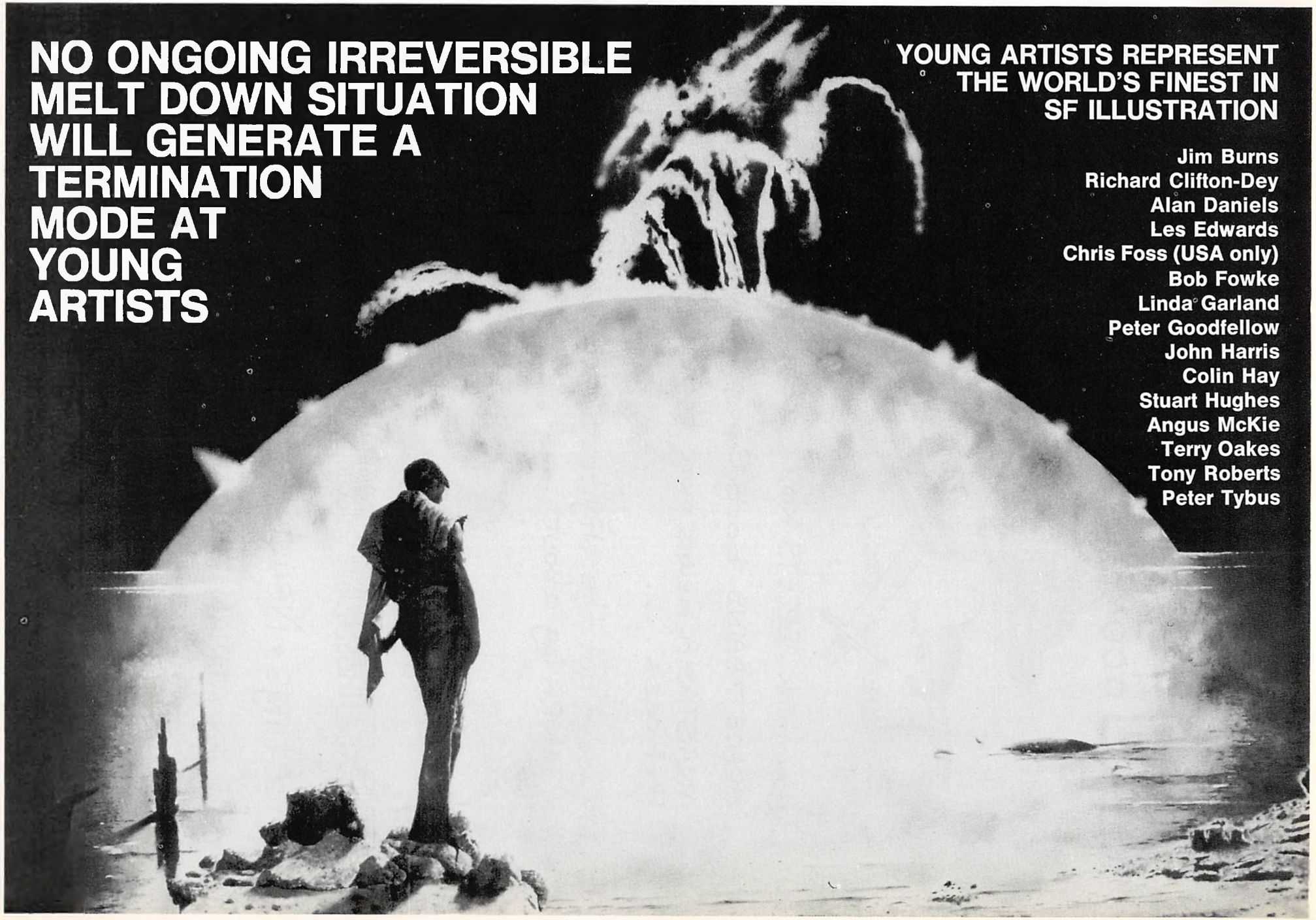
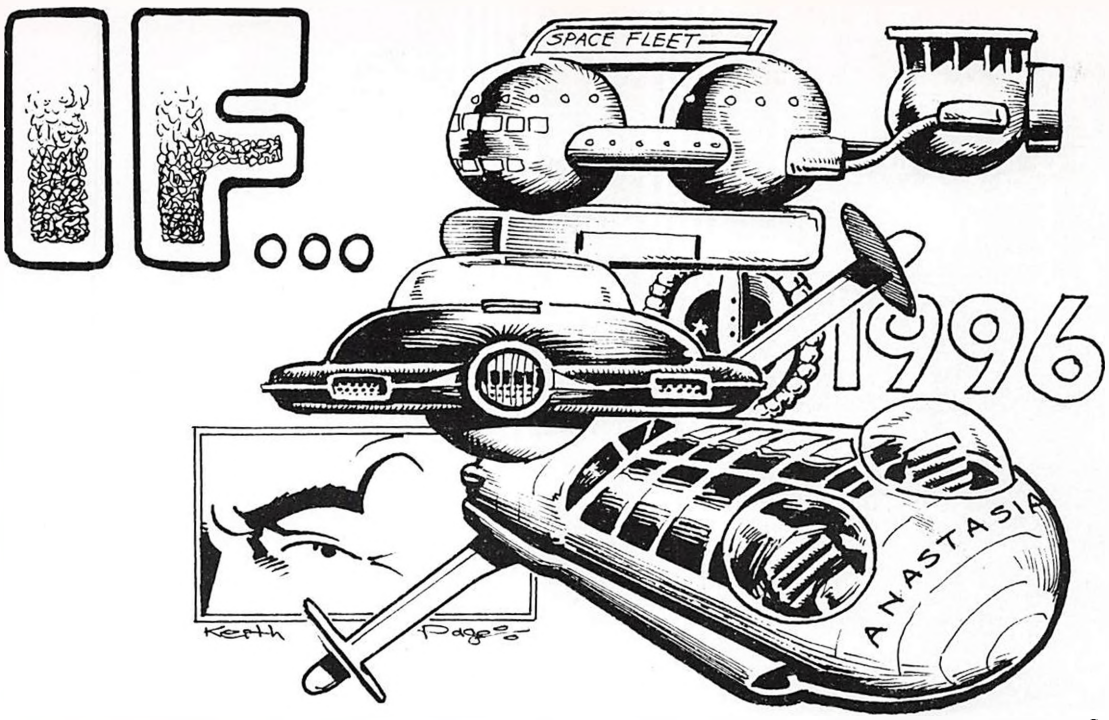




Young Artists, 25 St. Pancras Way, London NW1, England. 01-387 2516/7 **Hall 7, World Con** illustration by Les Edwards. END OF THE WORLD FOR *The Time Machine*



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SEACON'S SPECIAL ART EXHIBITS

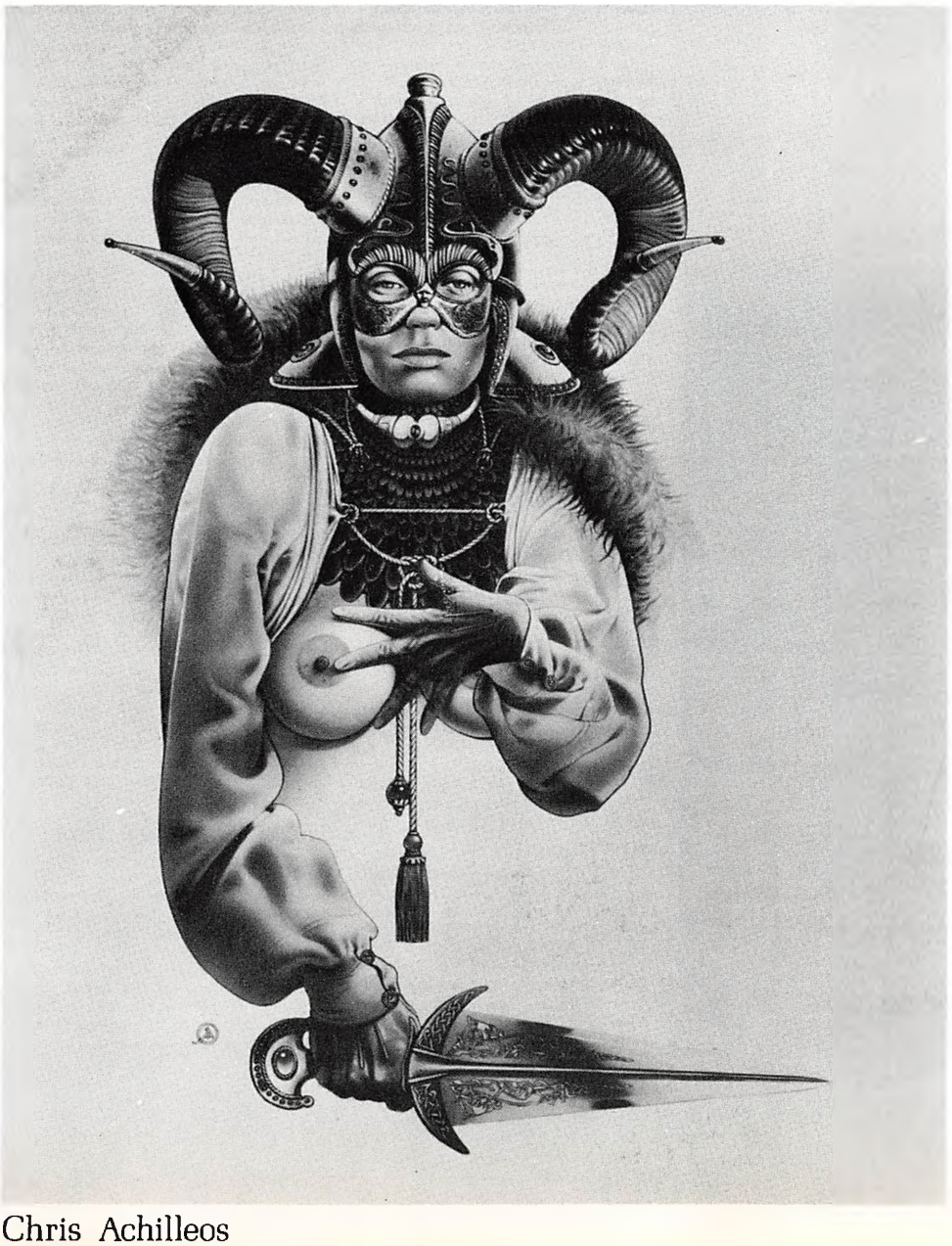
We are fortunate at Seacon '79 in having, in addition to the usual open-to-all Art Show, two independently-staged Art Exhibitions, representing the best in British-based professional science-fiction and fantasy illustration.

The Dragon's Dream/Paper Tiger Art Exhibition will take place in Hall 6 (see exhibition hall plans, page 48). This exhibit will also be open to the general public, so it is essential to wear your convention badge/identification when in transit between this exhibit and the Hotel Metropole; if you do not, your right to entry to the convention facilities may well be challenged by on-site security.

Dragon's Dream was launched by the publication of Roger Dean's 'Views' in 1975. It introduced a format that was extraordinary at that time, and has become the hallmark of Dragon's Dream books. Large, full page colour reproductions are married with informative and lively texts, to produce a style that reflects the immediacy of film production techniques. Dragon's Dream publishes books that reflect contemporary, popular art, especially in the field of science-fiction, and comic strip illustration, and produces them to a standard that has attracted the best artists in these fields.

Paper Tiger is perhaps best known for books like 'Album Cover Album' and 'Walk Away Rene', which gave record sleeve art, and modern commercial graphics in general, richly-deserved recognition. But the company also publishes books on astrology, 'Sword and Sorcery' illustration, and fantastic natural history. In its new list, Paper Tiger aims to revive the illustrated story-book, using the best contemporary writers and artists.

The following Dragon's Dream/Paper Tiger artists are represented in this exhibit:



Chris Achilleos

CHRIS ACHILLEOS

Since 1969, Chris Achilleos has become one of the foremost fantasy illustrators, mainly of book jackets featuring science-fiction and "Sword and Sorcery" tales. He cites as influences the Greek myths of his childhood, Frank Bellamy's "Eagle" strips, and American comic imports. He has lived in England since 1960.

Paper Tiger published an anthology of his work, 'Beauty and the Beast', in 1978, and will publish a portfolio of his work this year.

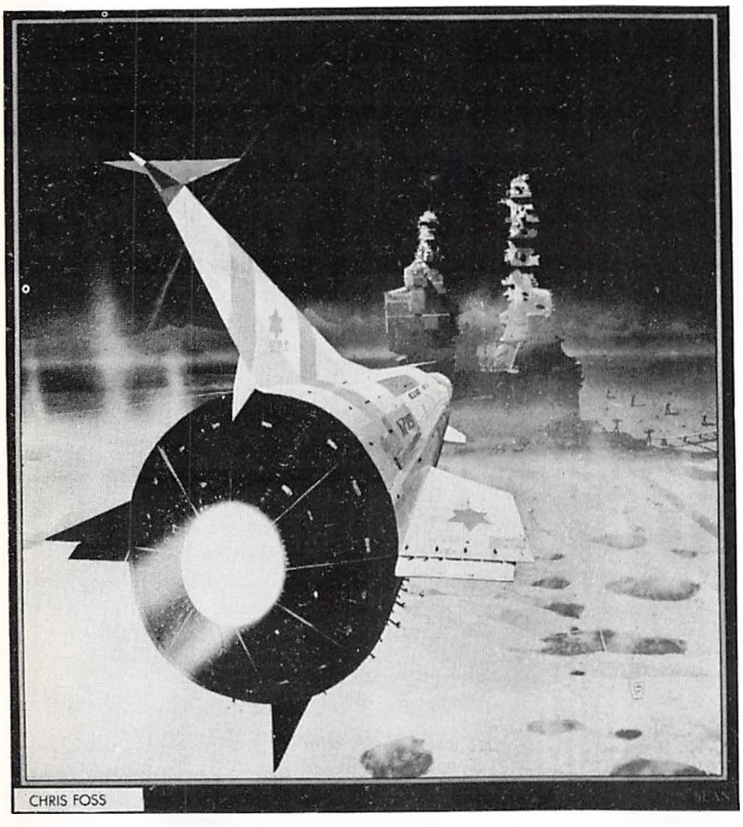
ROBERT BEER

Robert Beer has studied Tibetan Thangka painting in India and Nepal. His work reveals a deep knowledge of Oriental religious art and iconography. He is currently illustrating 'The Loom of Light', legends of the Mahasiddhas, translated by Keith Dowman, to be published by Paper Tiger in 1979.

JOHN BLANCHE

John Blanche's artistic influences and interests are: "J.M.W. Turner, Arthur Rackham, Aubrey Beardsley, Edmund Dulac, Kay Nielson, Charles and William Heath Robinson". He has illustrated 'The Prince and the Woodcutter' by Henry Wolff, to be published by Paper Tiger in 1979.

ROGER DEAN FLIGHTS OF ICARUS (COVER)



CHRIS FOSS

ROGER DEAN

Roger Dean has produced designs for furniture, architecture, transportation systems and mobile stages; but it was through his record sleeve designs that he first caught the public eye. In 1975 he formed a company, Dragon's Dream, to publish 'Views', a book of his work. Since then, Dragon's Dream, and its off-shoot, Paper Tiger, have been producing and publishing books of contemporary illustration and graphic design.

JIM FITZPATRICK

Jim Fitzpatrick has lectured on Celtic Art and Mythology in Europe and the United States. He writes and speaks Gaelic, and his work owes much to the intricacy of Celtic manuscript design. He admits to the influence of Harry Clarke, the designer and book illustrator; but his large collection of comic books also has a bearing on his style. Jim Fitzpatrick illustrated and published 'Celtia' in 1976. His illustrated version of the Irish legends 'The Book of Conquests' is published by Paper Tiger, and he is at present working on a sequel.

CHRIS FOSS

Chris Foss does not confine himself to Science Fiction illustration. He paints aircraft, tanks, ships and people with equal skill and power; yet his Science Fiction artwork has established him as the originator of the huge, riveted spaceship/city. He has worked on concepts and visualisations for movie projects. A book of his work, '21st Century Foss', was published by Dragon's Dream in 1978. He is currently working on an illustrated version of Asimov's 'Foundation' trilogy, to be published by Dragon's Dream in 1980.

DICK FRENCH

Dick French lists his interests as: "Reading, films, theatre, opera, music and cycling". His work has been widely exhibited in England, France and Belgium. At present, he is working on an illustrated version of J.G. Ballard's 'Terminal Beach', to be published this year by Paper Tiger. This is to be followed by a companion volume, 'Drowned World'.

PETER GOODFELLOW

Peter Goodfellow has been working as a freelance illustrator since 1972. His work shows a strong interest in Symbolist and Surrealist art. At the moment, he is working on illustrations for 'Absolute Elsewhere', a novel by Donald Lehmkuhl, to be published in 1980.

JEFFREY JONES

Jeffrey Jones started his art career as a comic book illustrator; one of his strips, 'IDYL', ran for four years in 'National Lampoon' magazine. A collection of 'IDYL' is to be published by Dragon's Dream this Summer. In his recent work he has concentrated on paintings for book covers, book illustration and posters. He cites Whistler as a major artistic influence. Jeffrey Jones is one of the group of New York based artists whose work is featured in 'The Studio', to be published this year by Dragon's Dream, who are preparing an anthology of his work, 'The Art of Jeffrey Jones', to be published in 1980.

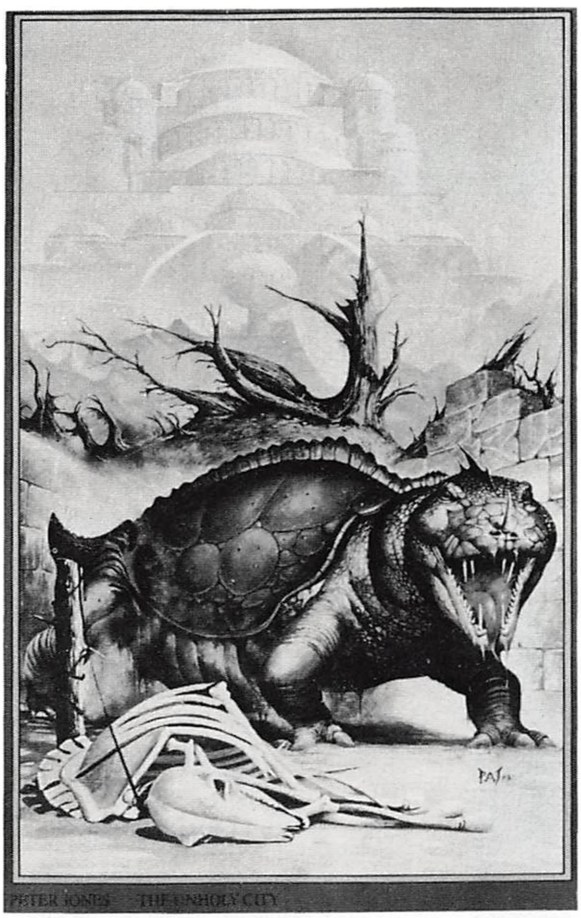
PETER JONES

When he is not Art Directing collections of books for European publishers, or designing Science Fiction book covers and graphics for T.V. and film, Peter Jones enjoys: "Ballet, theatre, Gordon's London Special Dry Gin, Johann Strauss, Eric Satie, Mendelssohn, Blues, Ritmeester half corona cigars and Alien Beings". He cites Noguchi (an oriental sculptor), Norman Rockwell, Dorothea Tanning, David Hockney and Frank R. Paul as influences on his work. He is at present illustrating a book project for Paper Tiger.

MICHAEL WILLIAM KALUTA

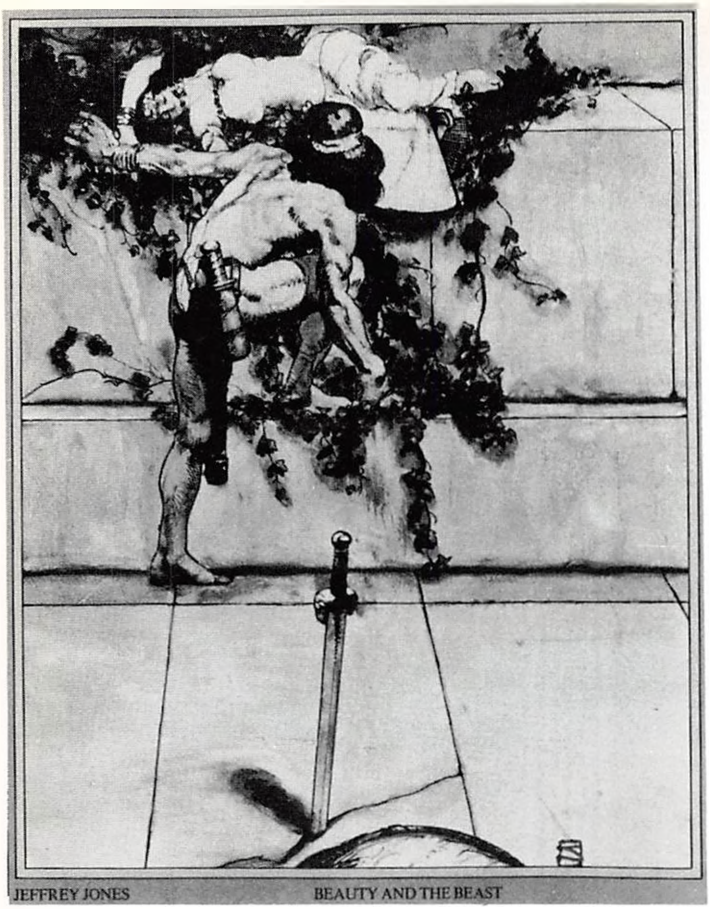
Michael Wm. Kaluta has drawn comic strips, illustrated Science Fiction novels, and designed posters; at the moment he is working on a new illustrated version of the book 'Metropolis'. He mentions Toulouse-Lautrec, Klimt, Beardsley, Krenkel, Williamson and Frazetta as some of his stylistic influences. He is one of four contributors of 'The Studio', to be published this Summer by Dragon's Dream.

DICK FRENCH — ROUND THE BEND

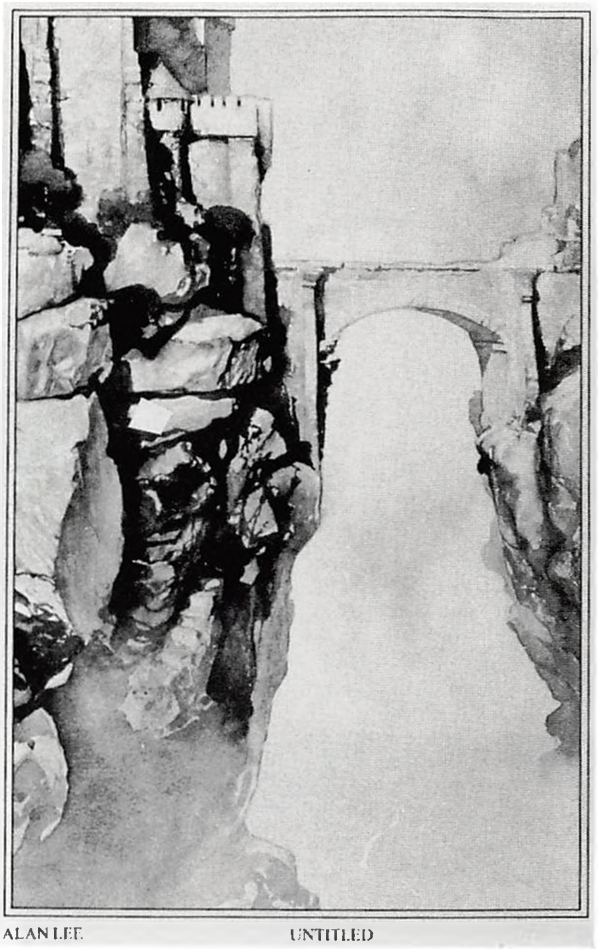


PETER JONES — THE UNHOLY CITY

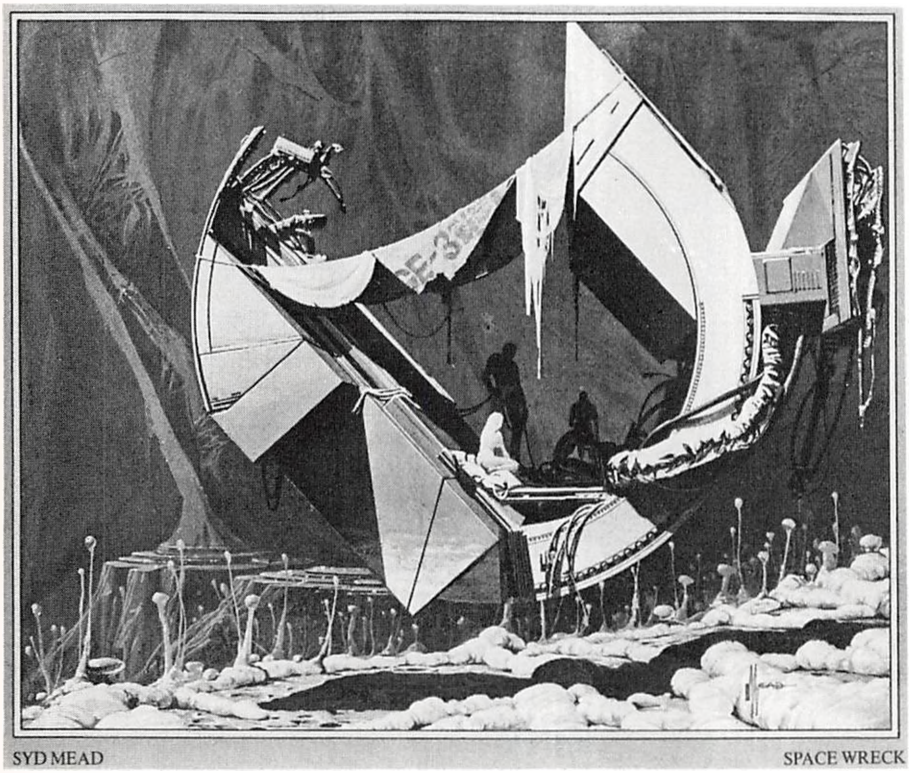
PETER GOODFELLOW — DOCTOR BRODIE'S REPORT



JEFFREY JONES BEAUTY AND THE BEAST



ALAN LEE UNTITLED



SYD MEAD SPACE WRECK

ALAN LEE

Alan Lee's work combines powerful vision with delicacy and restraint in execution. He admires 19th Century painters in general, but singles out the Pre-Raphaelites, Burne-Jones, Alma Tadema and Arnold Böcklin for particular praise. He has recently completed, with Brian Froud, a book entitled 'Fairies', which is published by Souvenir Press in the U.K. and Harry N. Abrams in the U.S. He is currently illustrating 'The Mabinogion', to be published in 1981.

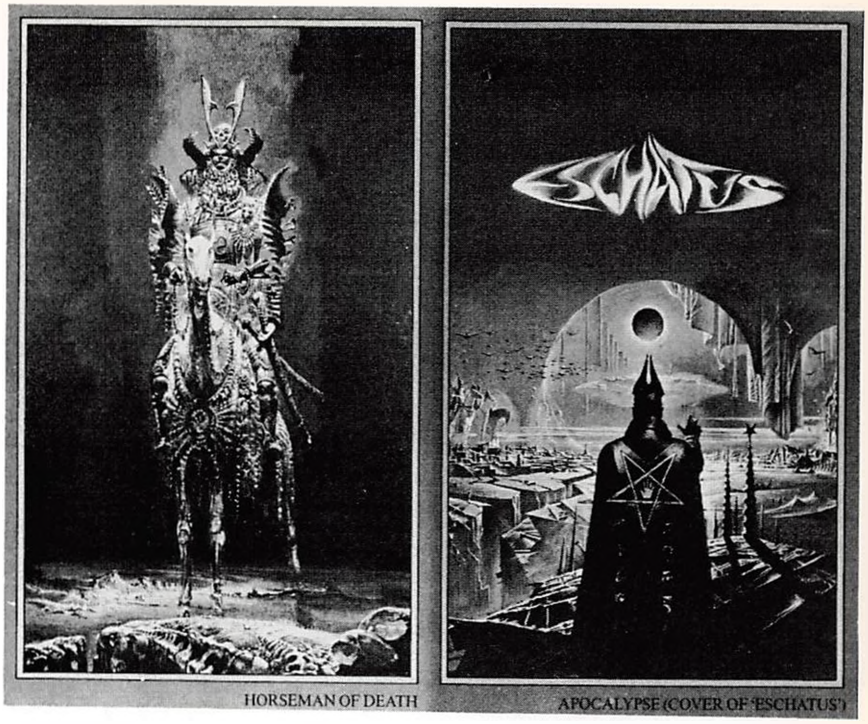
A.T. MANN

A. T. Mann has worked as an architectural designer in New York and Rome, and travelled extensively through Europe, North Africa and overland to India. There he developed an interest in mandala painting and astrology. He practices astrology in London, where he has lived since 1973. A founder member of Phenomenon Publications, he has published since 1974 four volumes of the Phenomenon Book of Calendars, two of which were published in England by Paper Tiger, who also published 'The Round Art' in 1978. He is at present working on a textbook of astrology, 'The Divine Plot'.

SYD MEAD
Syd Mead is a consultant visualiser of the future. In the 1960s he devised possible technological styling for producers of basic industrial materials, such as U.S. Steel, U.S. Gypsum, U.S. Plywood, Celanese Corporation, Allis Chalmers and Alcoa, as well as projecting automotive styling for the Ford Motor Company and Chrysler Corporation. In 1970, he created 'Syd Mead Incorporated', and now functions as a design consultant for corporations in all parts of the globe. A book of his work, 'Sentinel', will be published by Dragon's Dream in Autumn 1979.

IAN MILLER
The artist Ian Miller most admires is Albrech Dürer, but he identifies with the whole North European Expressionist tradition, from Breughel to James Ensor, from Grünewald to George Grosz. His comic strip fantasies are microcosms of nervous unease; sagas ending with sardonic double-bluffs. He has worked in film animation as well as in book illustration; his designs are featured in 'Wizards', directed by Ralph Bakshi, of 'Fritz the Cat' and 'Heavy Traffic' fame. Dragon's Dream published 'Green Dog Trumpet and Other Stories' in Autumn 1978, and are preparing 'The Secret Art' for publication in Autumn 1979.

DAVID O'CONNOR
David O'Connor contributed to the fantasy anthology 'Flights of Icarus', published by Paper Tiger; for the two works featured in this book, which were originally executed as part of a college project, David O'Connor found the work of Maxfield Parrish particularly inspiring.



HORSEMAN OF DEATH — APOCALYPSE (COVER OF 'ESCHATUS')

BRUCE PENNINGTON
Bruce Pennington is acknowledged as an innovator in the field of Science Fiction imagery. His covers for the New English Library and Corgi Books in the 1960s established him as a 'cult' figure for Science Fiction fans. His visual interpretation of the prophecies of Nostradamus, 'Eschatus', was published by Paper Tiger in 1977.

BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH
Barry Windsor-Smith left England for New York in 1970 – and immediately began drawing the 'Conan' strip for Marvel Comics. In 1974, he founded the 'Gorblimey Press' in order to publish and distribute his own paintings in the form of posters and prints. His work shows his interest in the Pre-Raphaelite painters and their followers, particularly D.G. Rossetti and Burne-Jones. His work is featured in 'The Studio', to be published by Dragon's Dream this year.

DAVID O'CONNOR — LANDSCAPE

BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH — THOTH AMON

PATRICK WOODROFFE — THE ORIENTAL DRAGON-FLY

THE EAGLE SERIES: DAN DARE VOLUME I

Dan Dare, Pilot of the Future was the lead feature in *Eagle*, the revolutionary British boys' comic of the 1950s and early 1960s. Dragon's Dream is reprinting a series of complete *Dan Dare* stories from the 1950s starting with 'The Man From Nowhere', in which Dan travels outside the Solar System for the first time.

Other features and strips from *Eagle*, including many Frank Bellamy creations such as 'Heros The Spartan' and 'Frazer of Africa' will be published in book form in the near future.

Frank Hampson, creator of *Eagle* and *Dan Dare* is acting as consultant to the series.

PATRICK WOODROFFE

"Nothing delights me more than to invent new animal species, to exaggerate their characteristics, to combine them to make hybrids or chimerae".

'Mythopoeikon', a collection of Patrick Woodroffe's paintings and illustrations, was published by Dragon's World in 1977. Paper Tiger will be publishing his new books, 'Tinker' and 'Mickey's New Home', in late 1978. 'The Pentateuch of The Cosmogony', a collaboration with Dave Greenslade, featuring two record albums and a forty eight page book, will be available in 1980.

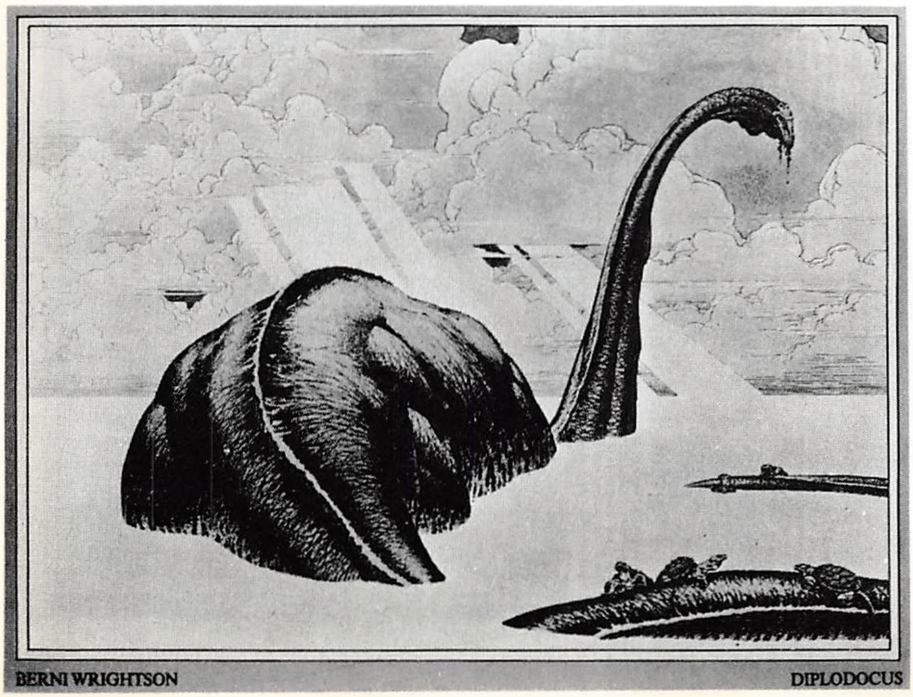
BERNI WRIGHTSON

Berni Wrightson enjoys reading mystery novels, particularly those of Dashiel Hammet and Raymond Chandler. He also likes watching movies produced before 1950. But his most absorbing interest is herpetology, the study of reptiles. He is a contributor to 'The Studio', to be published this Summer by Dragon's Dream.

UNA WOODRUFF

Una Woodruff is interested in natural history, occult mysticism, ancient civilizations and the cult of pantheism. Her inspiration derives from these preoccupations rather than any particular artistic source. Her ambition is to explore the Amazon. 'Inventorum Natura' will be published by Paper Tiger in Summer 1979.

UNA WOODRUFF — FROM 'INVENTORUM NATURAE'



BERNI WRIGHTSON — DIPLODOCUS

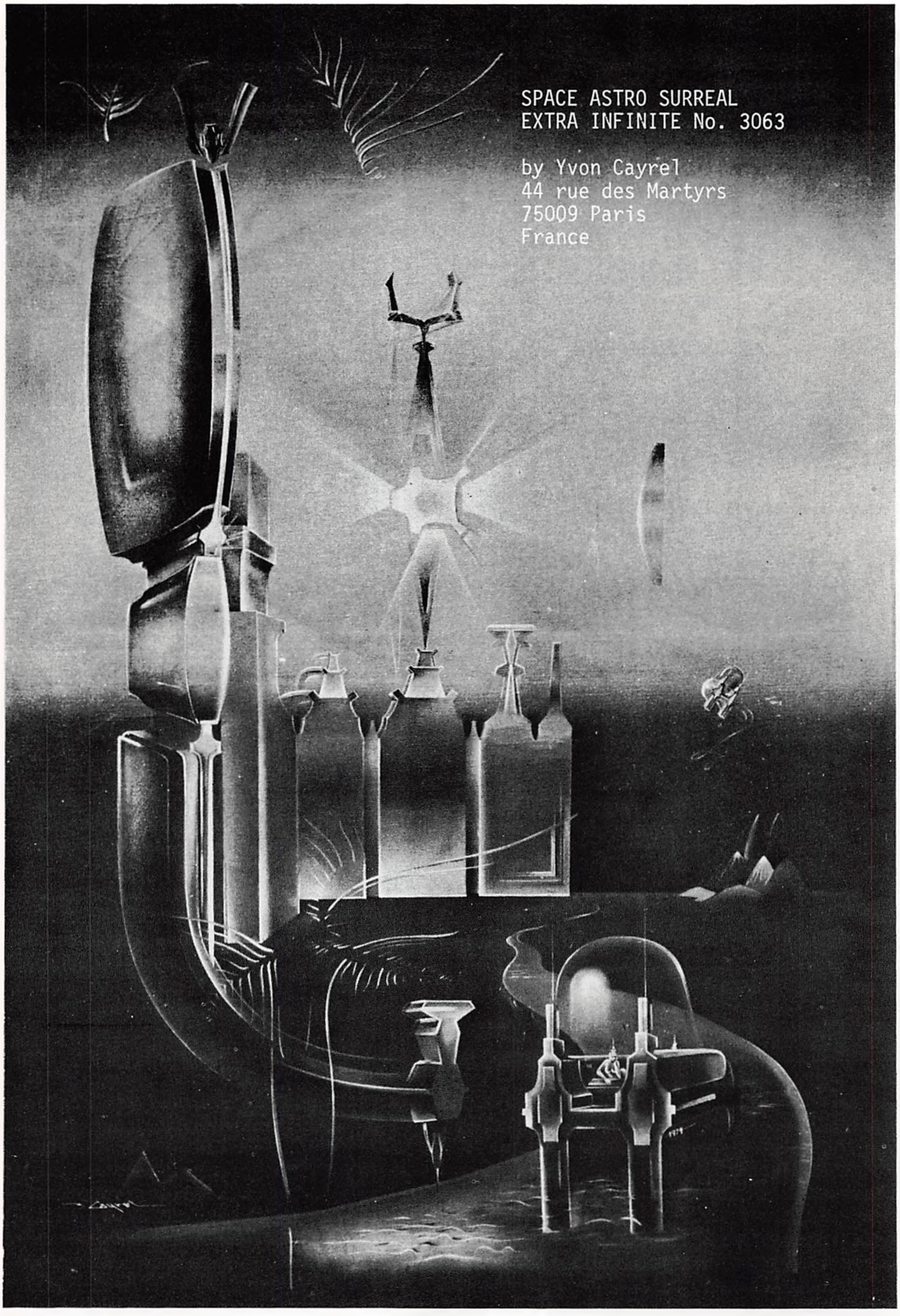
The Young Artists Exhibit, produced in association with Pierrot Publishing, will share Hall 7 with our Open Art Show, and a special Film Exhibit.

Young Artists is an illustrator's agency which specialises in publishing and was established ten years ago by John Spencer. The artists represented live all over the UK and many work solely in science fiction.

Pierrot Publishing was incorporated in August 1975 by Philip and Jane Dunn to produce illustrated books on an international basis. Since then it has made a name, world wide, as a publisher of high quality books in the science fiction and fantasy fields.

Until recently the bulk of Young Artists' science fiction work has been for paperback covers, but they are now becoming more involved with large-format illustrated books. Pierrot Publishing's PLANET STORY, a novel by Harry Harrison, features 50 pages of colour by Jim Burns, while ALIEN LANDSCAPES includes the work of ten artists, all illustrating different famous fictional planets or worlds.

Young Artists has many more plans for large-format illustrated science fiction books, both for adults and children, while Pierrot Publishing, in addition to their work in the science fiction and fantasy fields, also publishes cookbooks, photographic books, and a variety of general material.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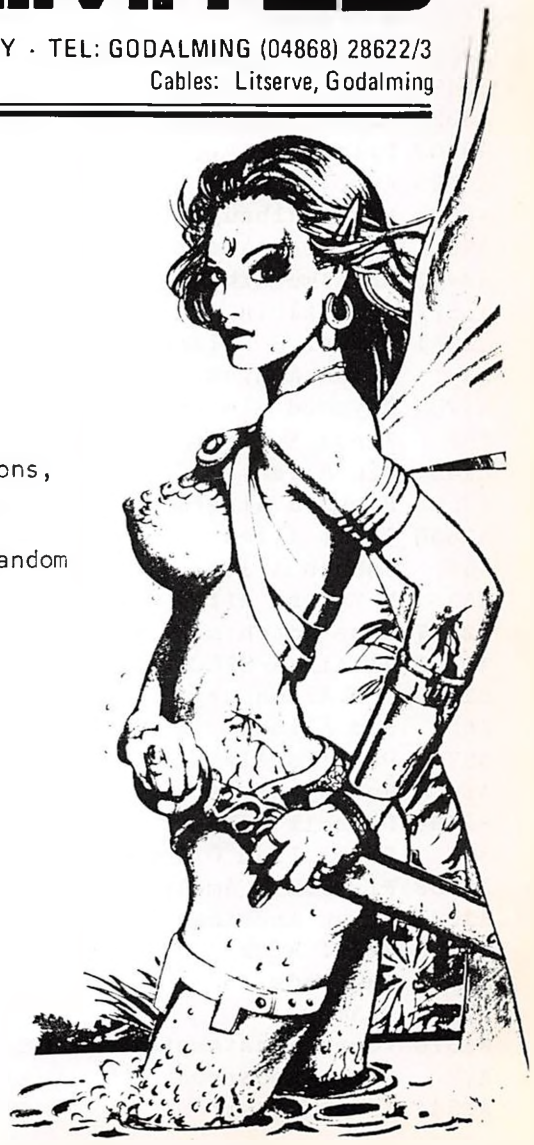

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A2498 Ian Ballantine
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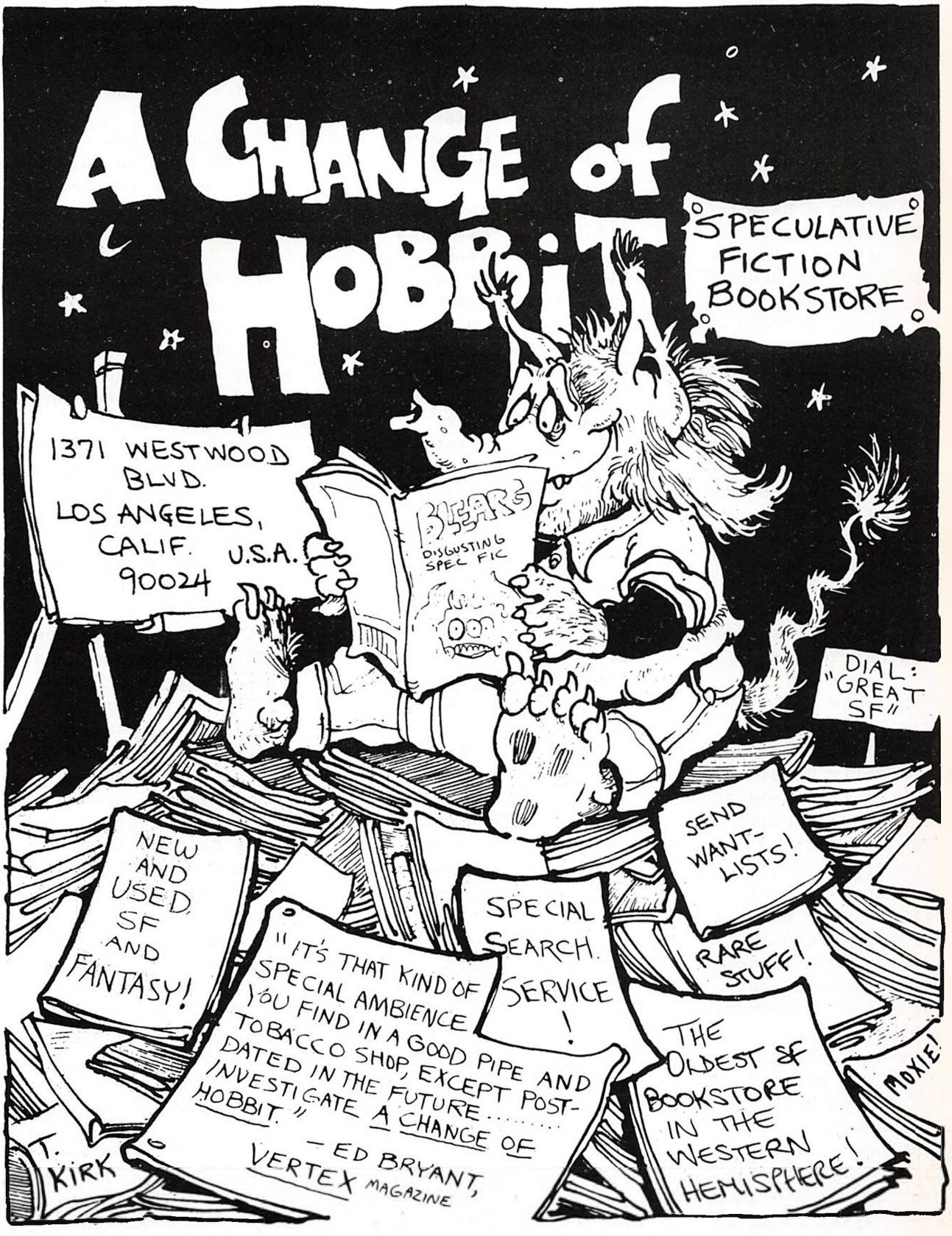

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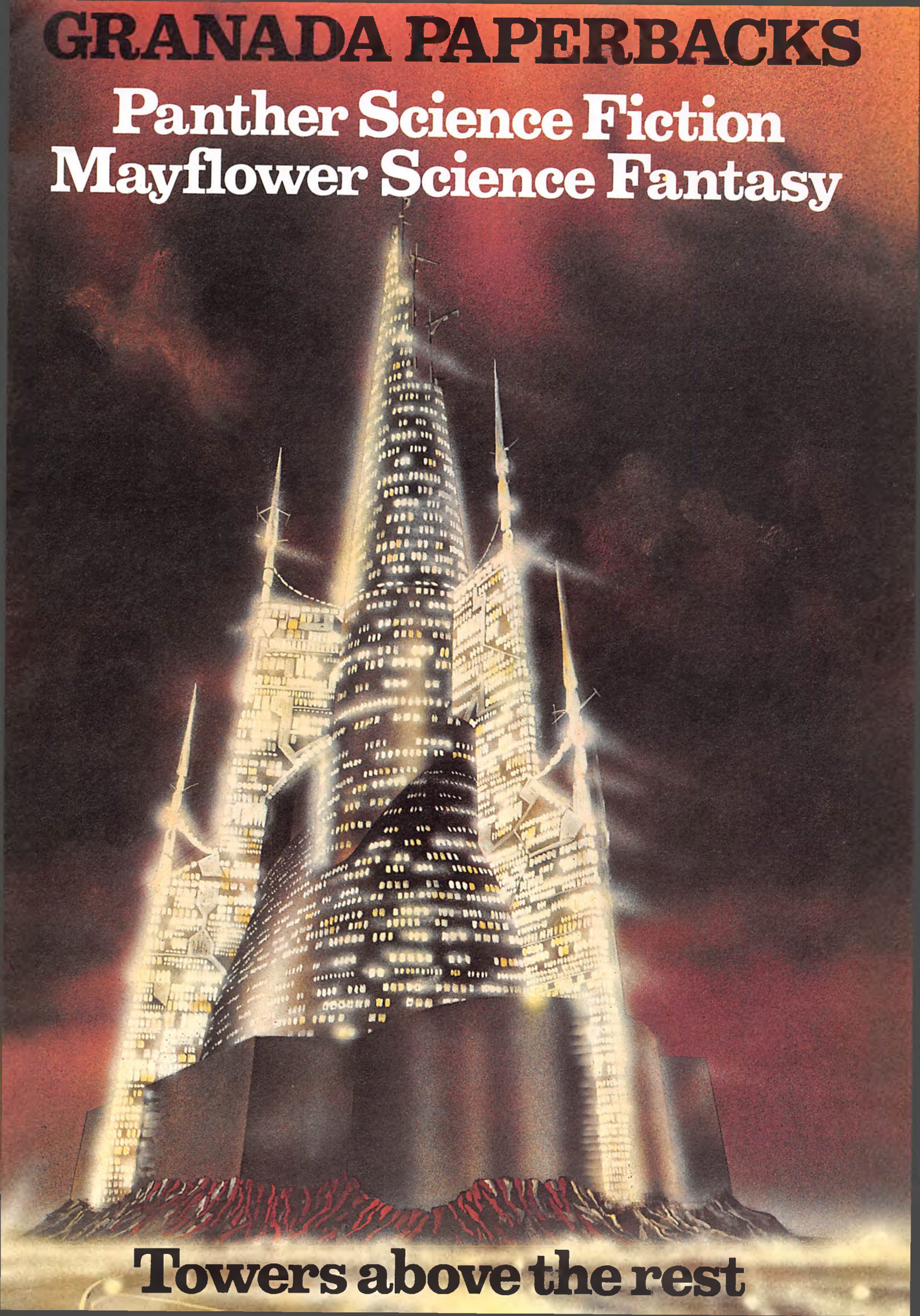

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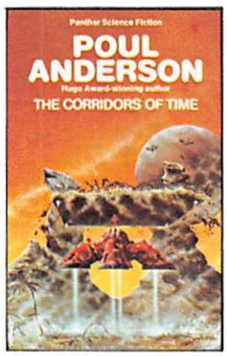

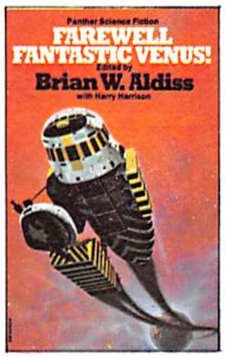

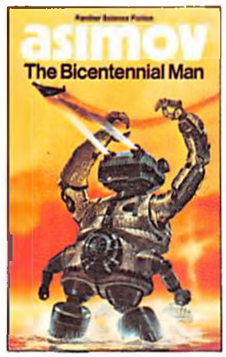

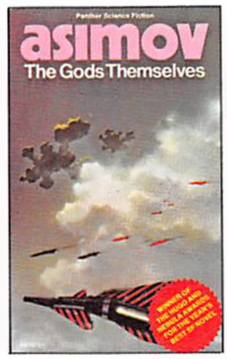

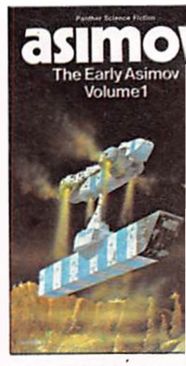

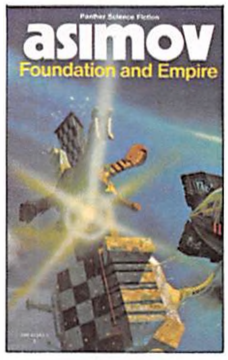

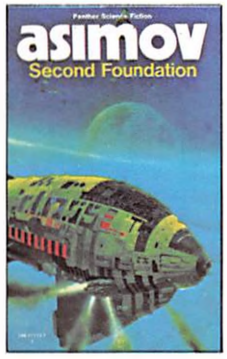

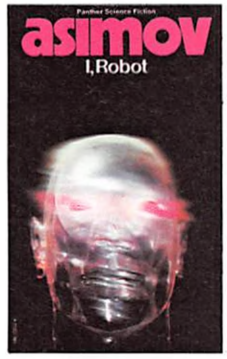

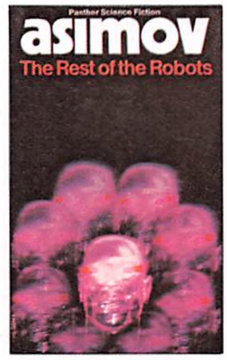

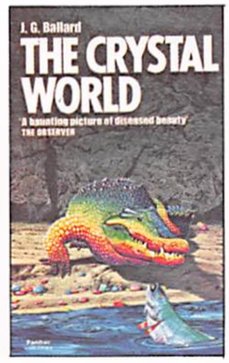

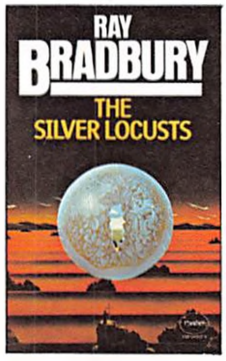

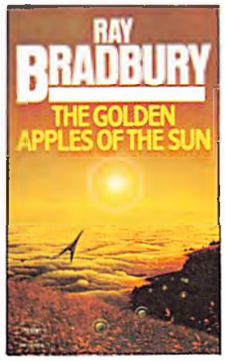

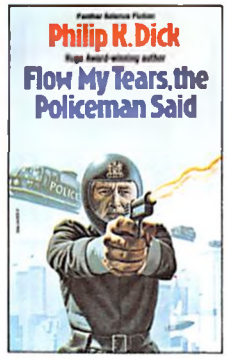

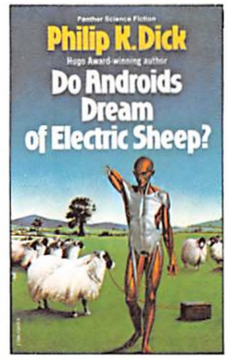

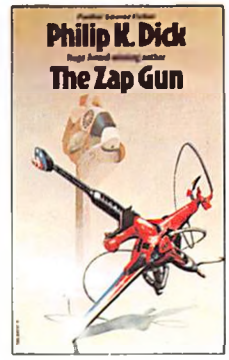

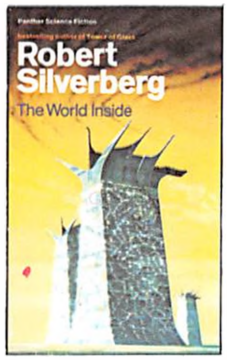

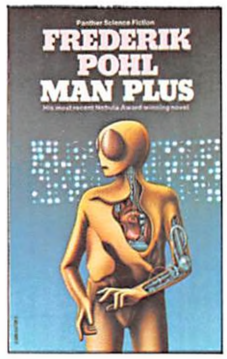

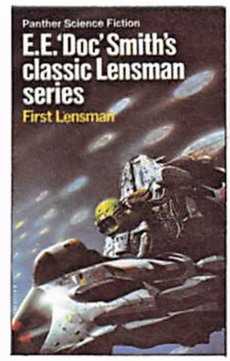

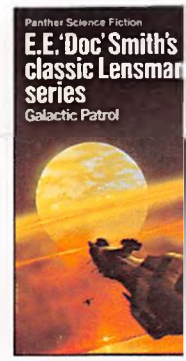

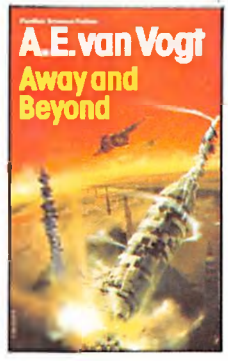

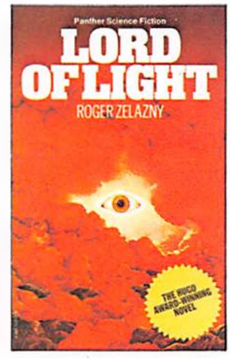

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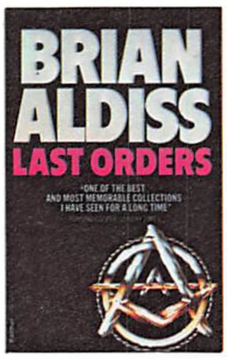

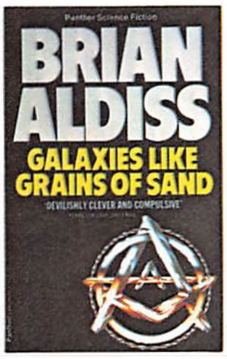

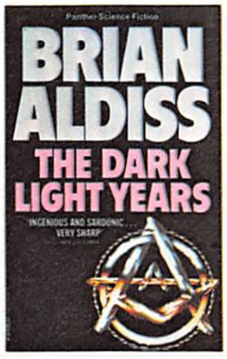

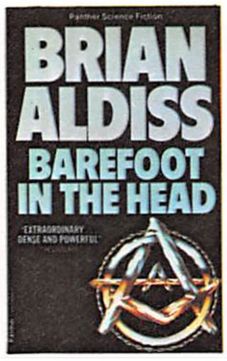

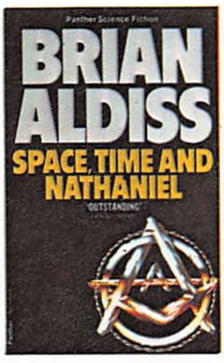

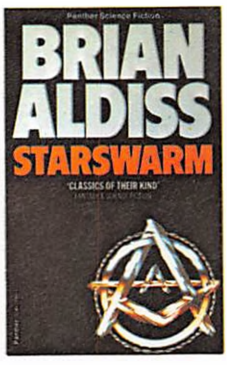

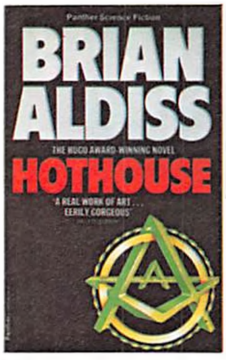

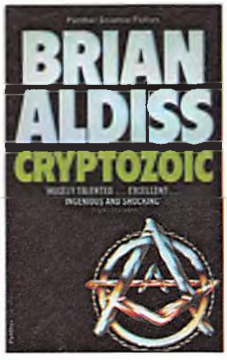

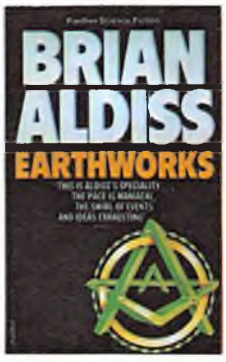

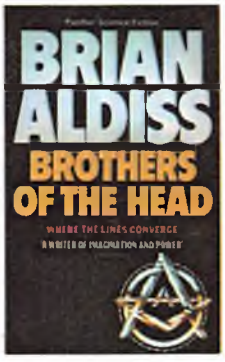

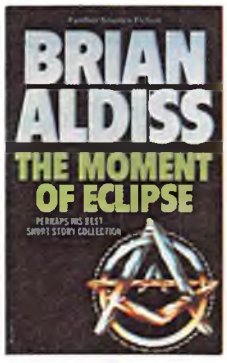

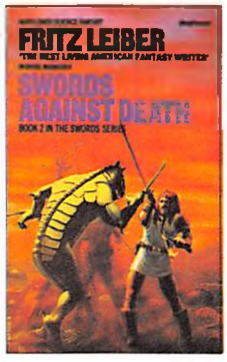

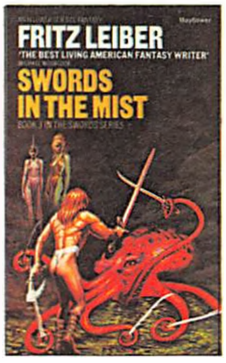

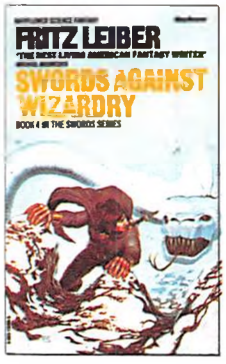

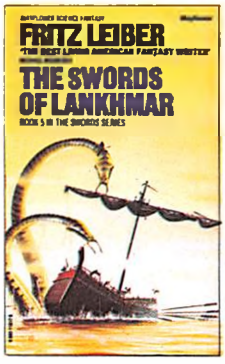

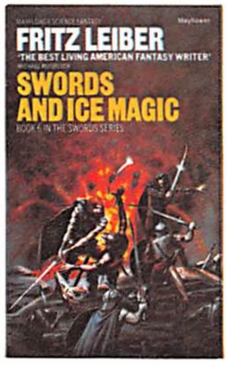

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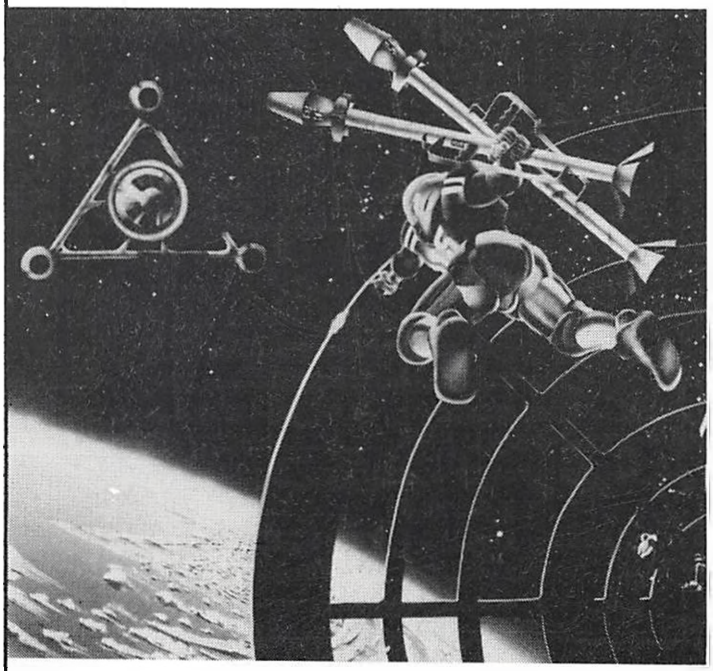

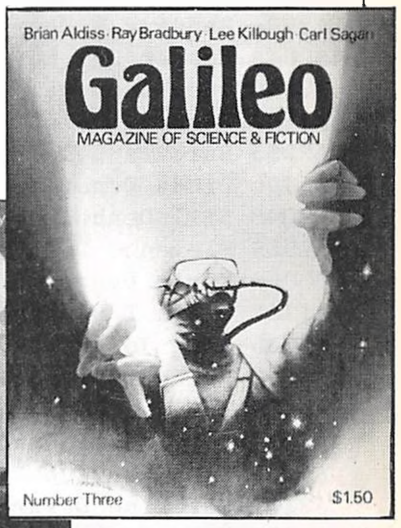

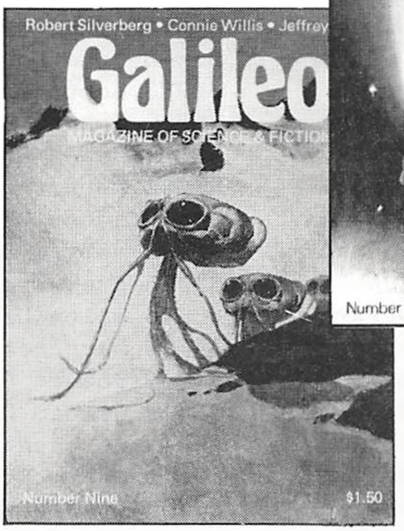

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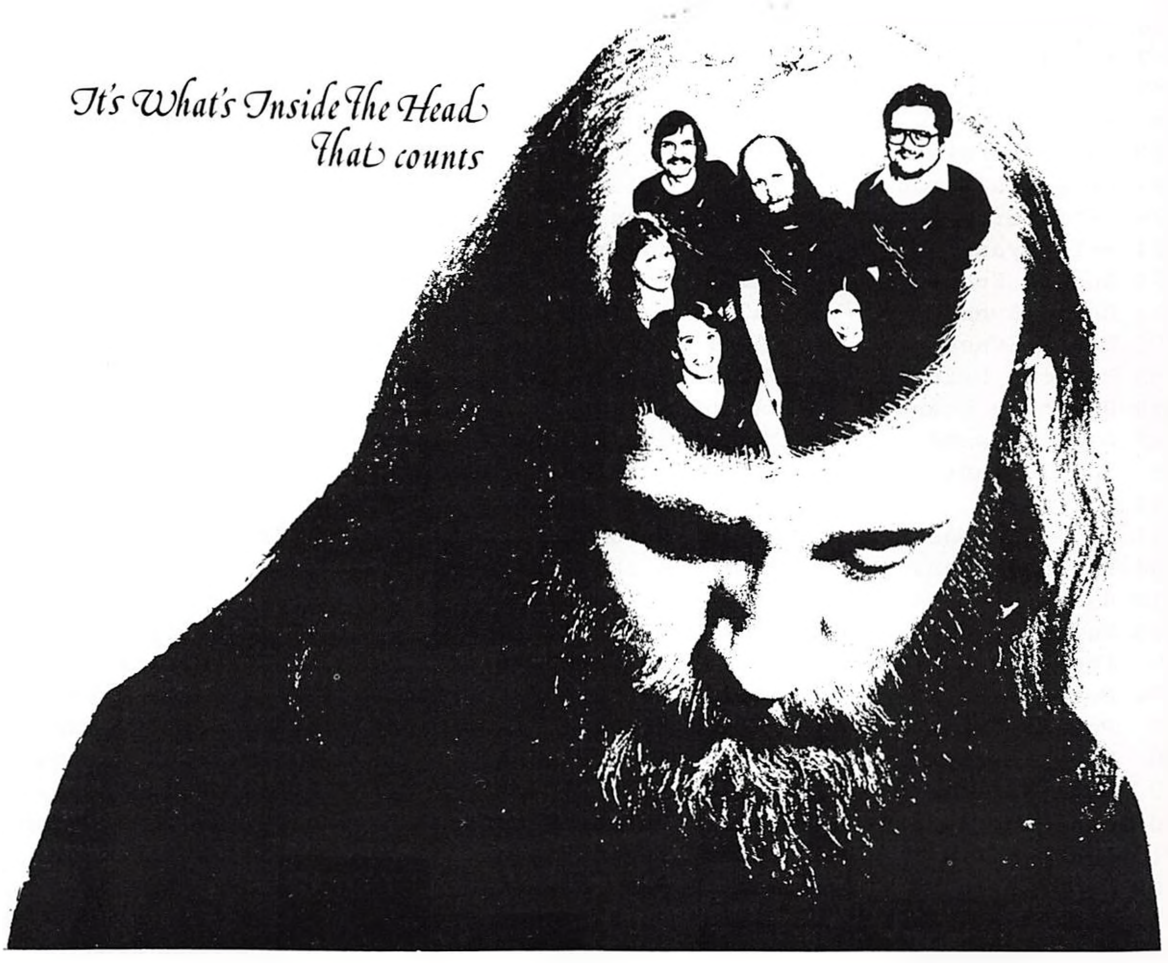

We're Herman, the con committee that believes that ideas are important. We created Bacon, the 1978 Annual Scandinavian SF Convention. Bacon was an idea con, through and through, from the membership cards to the committee T-shirts and from the opening ceremony to the Bob Show, a talk show tailored around our Guest of Honour, Bob Shaw, and a true convention first. Bob said: "One of the best cons I've been to... they've used imagination... a labour of love."

And now we want to try our ideas on the '83 World Con. We believe we could make that as memorable as Bacon was to those who attended.

"Ah," you say, "they want the World Con on the strength of a successful, small, parochial con." That's it. Small it was, but size is merely a matter of administration. Can do. Parochial it was not. Most of the programme was in English and wouldn't have been out of place at a much larger affair. Our ideas are neither small, nor parochial. We've already prebooked wonderful Copenhagens major convention facilities, with audience capacity of 2000+ and banquet capacity of 1000+, to give them room.

Look out for us. If you want new ideas in your head for the '81 ballots, try ours!

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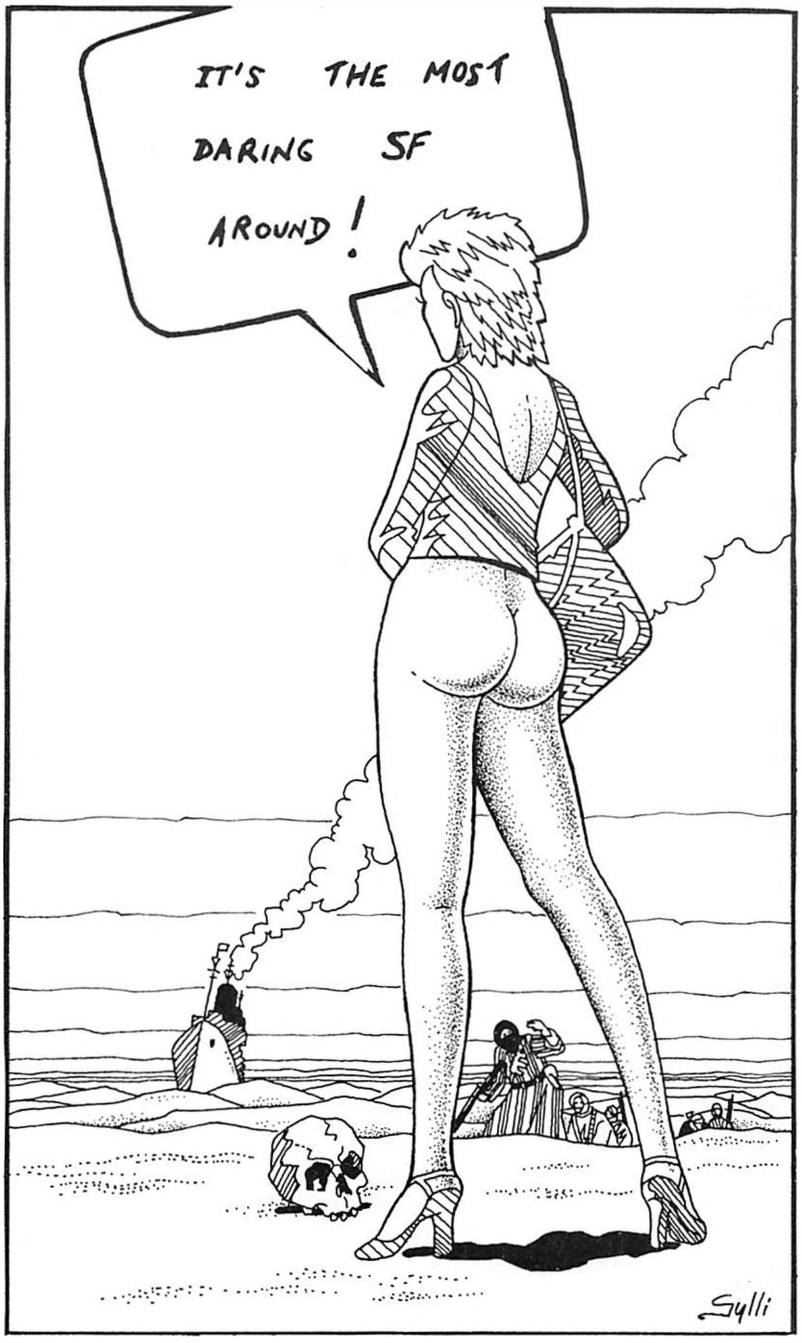

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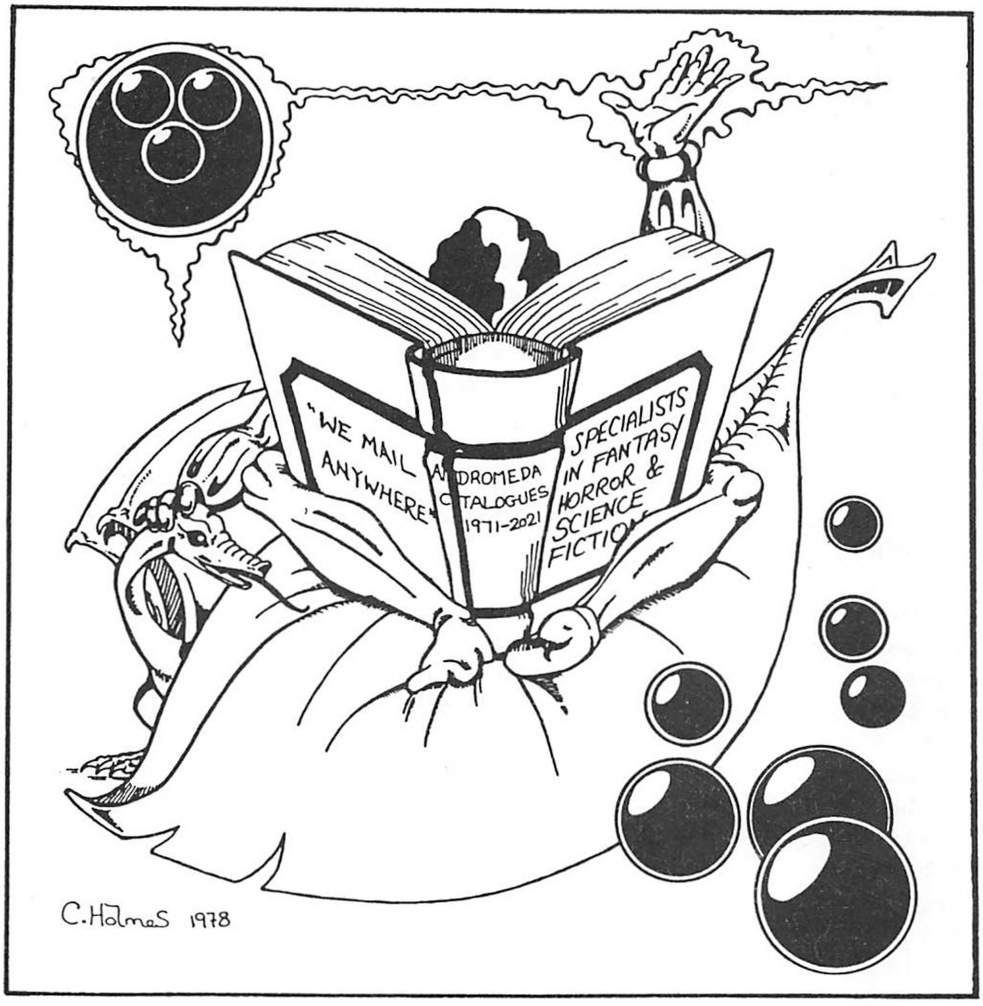

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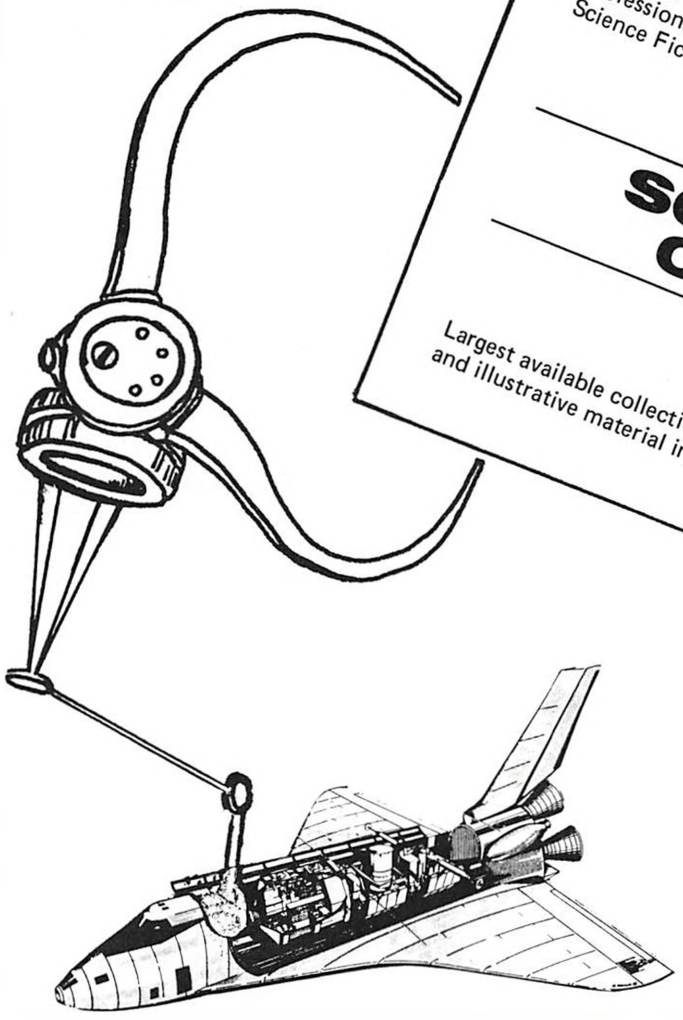

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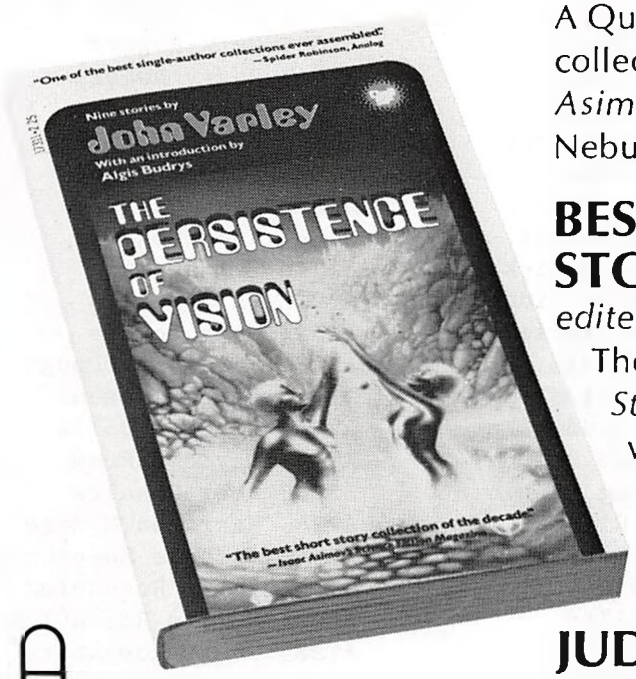

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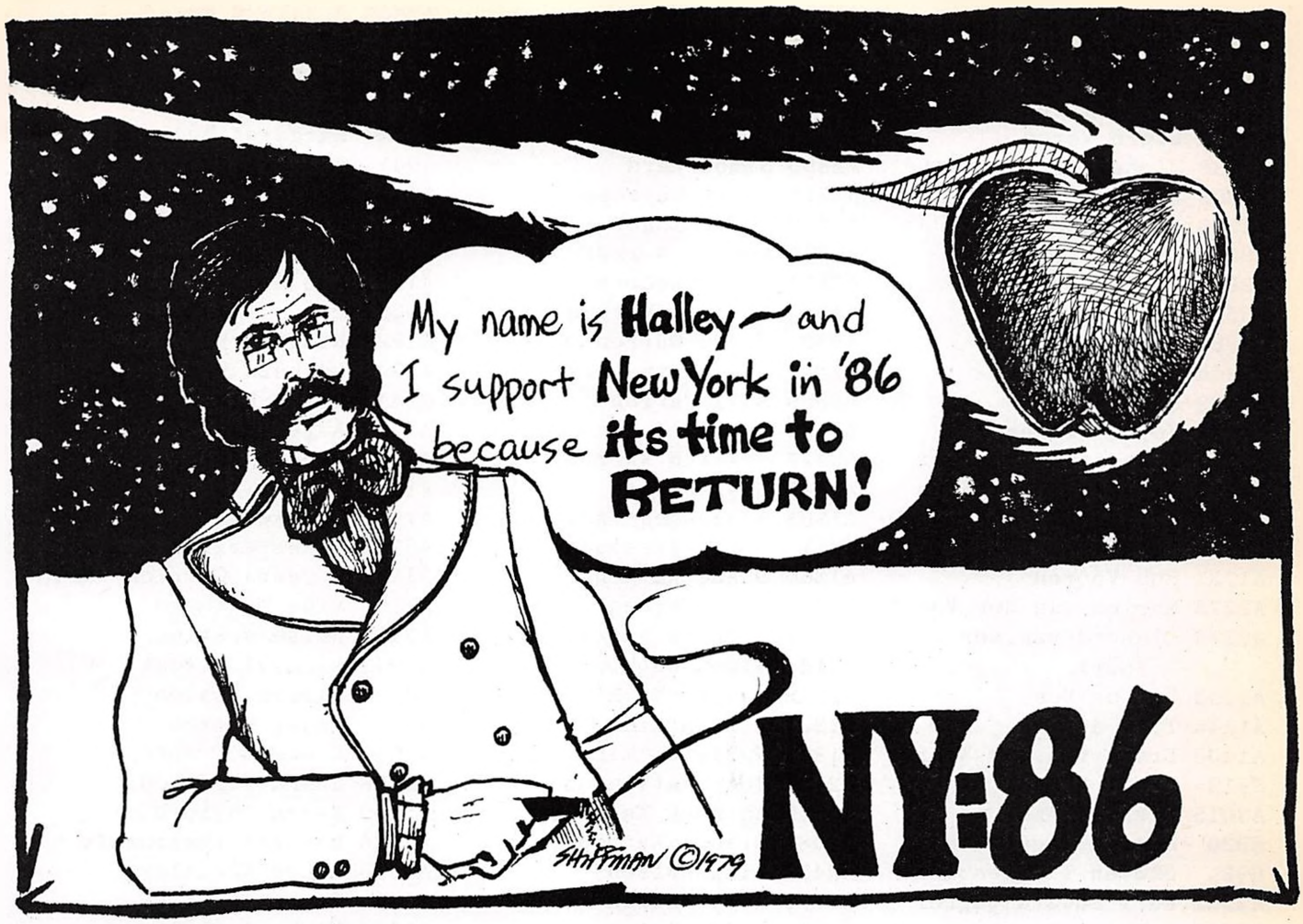

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The Tolkien Society

The Tolkien Society was founded in 1969 for the many people seriously interested in the life and works of Professor J.R.R. Tolkien, and is now a Charity registered in the U.K. We were most honoured when, in 1972, Professor Tolkien accepted the post of Honorary President, and offered any help he was able to give. Since his much regretted death, he remains our Honorary President 'in perpetuo', at the suggestion of his family, with whom we continue to enjoy friendly relations.

The Society's regular bulletin, Amon Hen, provides news, book reviews, short articles and a listing of recent references to Tolkien in the media. At present it carries reports of the LotR film, part one. The journal Mallorn has appeared at least once yearly. Mallorn 12 (now available) contains important reviews: of Carpenter's biography, by Priscilla Tolkien; of the Gawain translation, by Paul Kocher; and of The Silmarillion, by Rosemary Haughton; plus what is thought to be Tolkien's earliest published poem. In addition, occasional booklets are published which deal in depth with matters of interest to the Society.

Members of the Society's Committee are attending Seacon, and further details can be obtained from them. However, if you miss us, please write to Mr. L. Simons, Membership Secretary, 11 Regal Way, Harrow, Middlesex, HA3 ORZ, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope, or, if writing from overseas, an International Reply Coupon.

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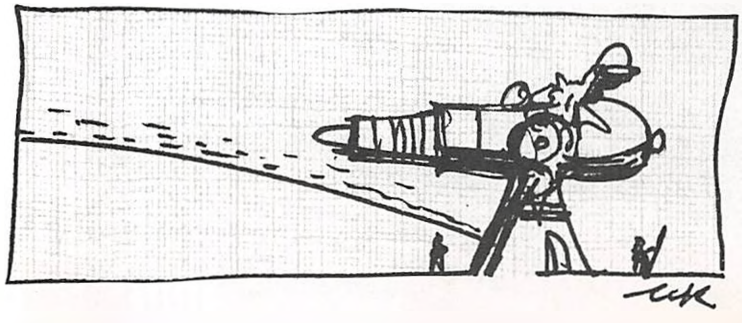

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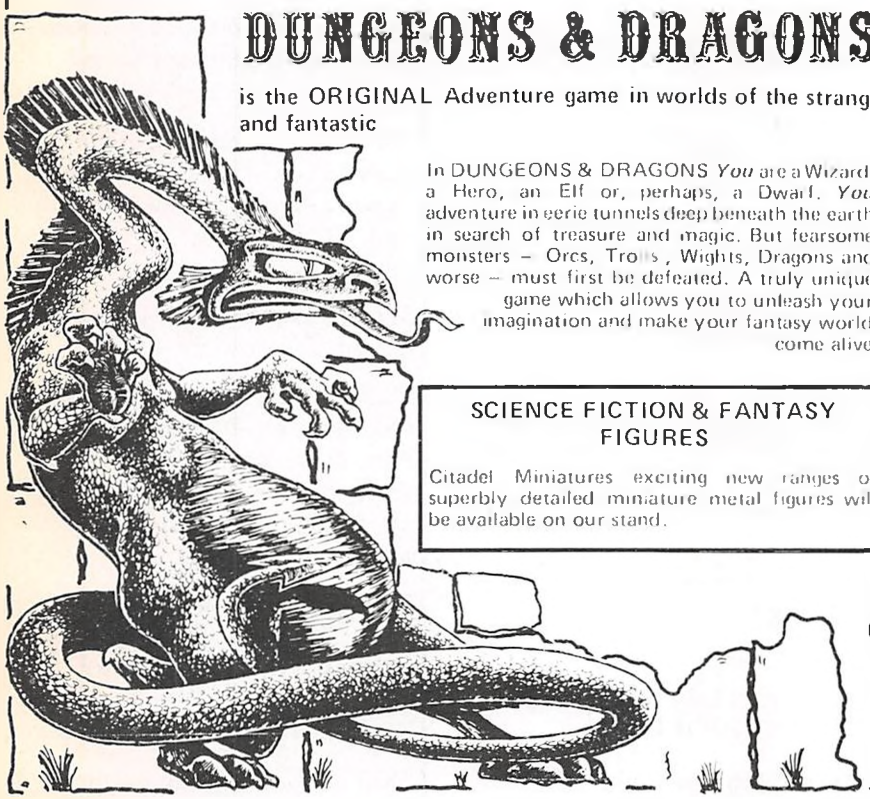

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The Time-Elder wept when he heard this story, and pardoned the Time-Lord. In his wisdom he sent him to the distant past to spread the gospel of 4th Dimension, so that in the future Time-Worship would be better understood.

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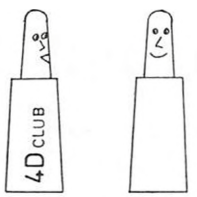

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IN THE SUMMER 1979 ISSUE (#12):
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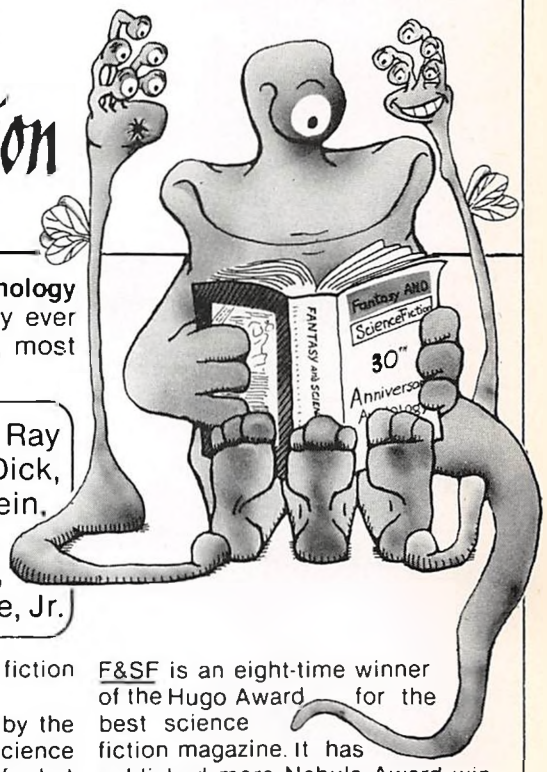

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