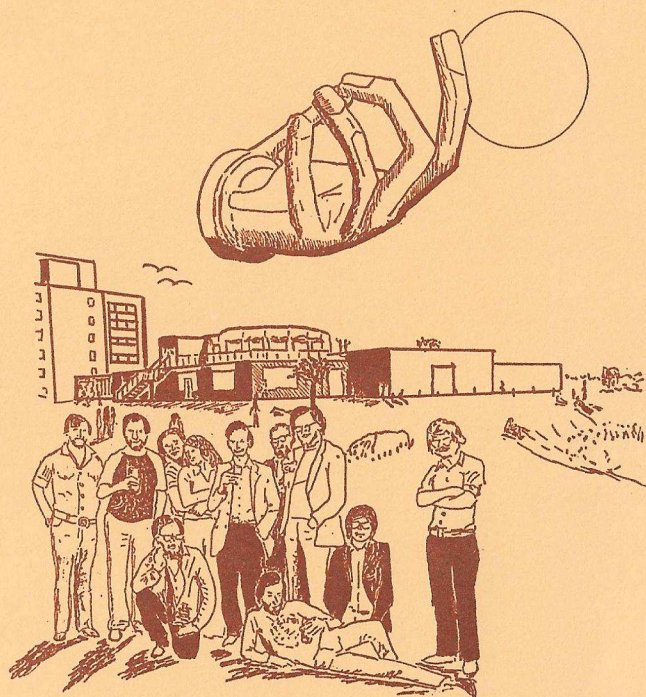


THE FANZINE OF THE FLIER OF THE PROGRESS REPORT OF THE CONVENTION.

BEECON - THE FANZINE



Inside

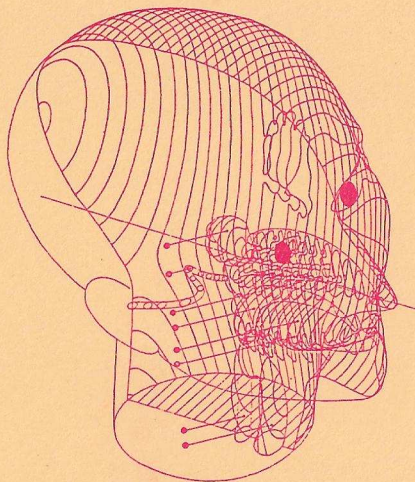
KEN BULMER on PAST CONVENTIONS.

BARRY BAYLEY GAFIATES

ANDIE OPPENHEIMER on OMNI

Dr HUGHES on MATRIX

PLUS - Bioastronomy, One Dimensional Sex, Book Reviews,
UK Comics, and much, much more!



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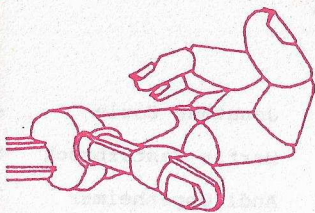
Summer 1985.

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RECON

THE FANZINE



← NOTE RE-CYCLED FEET

EDITORIAL

Normally the editorial is one of the last things to be read, which means that if you are looking at this now you are not a run of the mill reader So hello gentle reader and mutants; welcome to the **Beccon** Zine.

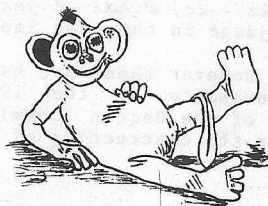
Few must have thought, I certainly did not, that when we were getting the first **Beccon** together in 1981 that we would be organising our third half way through the decade, be looking forward to an **Eastercon** bid, churning out a variety of fan publications and that yours truly would edit a special **Beccon** fanzine.

After Hatfield's **Hypo Space** I had just had about enough of zine editing for that particular creature was decidedly difficult to handle - the contributors had this odd habit of being around in the polytechnic for only three years and even this period was broken by a further year out in industry. Continuity was therefore impossible which inevitably constrained evolution. Now we have this **Beccon** zine which is at least as odd a beast for it will not permit a regular airing of its contributors works who themselves range from professional authors and editors to those who have put pen to papyrus for the first time. The other side of the coin is that the submissions herein are diverse so that hopefully, though you may not like them all, there should be something for everyone.

The bottom line has to be that conventions can be a more than suitable vehicle for launching a fanzine that (providing the editorial control is liberal and not committee dominated) does fairly represent at least one cross section of the SF community to which we all belong. I look forward to seeing other such creations lurch from conventions and maybe even one of my **Beccon** colleagues organize another zine in the near future.

Finally, I sincerely thank all those who contributed and helped in the production of this fannish drop in the proverbial. See ya.

Jonathan Cowie.



THE 1998 BECCON WORLDCON CONREP

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A Shadowfax Publication from Martin Easterbrook.

Looking back over the past 17 years of *BECCONS* it seems obvious that their string of successes would eventually lead to a Worldcon bid. Indeed the idea was first mooted as a spoof in the 1985 *BECCON FANZINE*. For some years however the *BECCON* team refused to even consider the idea, claiming that their two Eastercons, one Eurocon and a *Star Wars 7: The ET Strikes Back* special convention, were the limit of their ambition.

This progress has however been far from smooth. More than a hint of scandal has attended their Worldcon bid. Many have suspected that the financing of the bid comes from the South American ranch where ex-*BECCON* team member Roger Robinson retired after his sudden and unexpected resignation from the Chase Manhattan bank. Roger has always put down his spectacular success in life to sales of his books on computer security systems but he has been greatly saddened that the automatic computer cataloguing system he once sent Forrie Ackerman as a present developed an unexplained malfunction and randomly mailed out some of the rarer sections of the Ackerman collection. These have never been recovered.

Also most committee members prefer to forget the untimely demise of Alan Dovey at an early *BECCON*. Alan Dozey was bludgeoned to death by Christopher Priest who was apparently upset by his proofreading work on a new edition of *A Dream of Wetsex*. Alan Dopey was apparently killed by a single blow from a copy of *The Collected (Works -sic) Words of Gerry Webb*. As a mark of respect to Mr Dorney the judge in the case imposed a sentence of 'six moths to lift'.

However these are happier times as we look back on the great achievements of the 1998 Worldcon. Given the scope of a Worldcon many of the Beccon committee have revealed unexpected new talents. After the destruction of Brighton Pier during a Hugh Mascetti 10

Megatonne firework display ('Langford told me it had a much lower yield than that') Roger Perkins came forward to offer substitute trips around the bay in his new E type narrow boat. Perhaps however he was somewhat precipitate in allowing the Norse Film and Pageant Society to borrow it for the pillaging of Hove and in lending it to the Gor appreciation Society for them to carry off Jacqueline Lichtenberg. A large amount of money was however raised for Fannish causes through use of the boat to transport the winners of the 'Mid Channel Fan Fund'.

Catering for the banquet was carried out by the redoubtable Bernie Peek who completely justified his reputation for spicy foods with his specially built Chobham armoured curry pan. Favourite amongst his culinary creations was definitely 'One Tun' soup which is made by compressing the ingredients into a small space, steaming them for several hours and marinating them in alcohol. Several fans commented on Bernie's total devotion to the success of the banquet, even going so far as to sample several helpings of each course in order to ensure that everything was up to his usual high culinary standards. Everyone must however agree that he truly surpassed himself with the 8ft tall pork pie carved in the shape of Brian Burgess.

The program maintained a high intellectual standard throughout such items as the debate between the teams consisting of Ian Watson and John Brunner versus Jerry Pournelle and Robert Heinlein entitled 'this house believes in nuking literary critics'. Regular contributors to British convention programs such as Jack Cohen leaped to new international popularity with talks such as Jack's "The mating habits and knees of Harry Harrison".

The success of the convention can be judged by the selection of the original Basildon *BECCON* hotel as the venue for the Worldcon in two years time. There was some argument that this might not be big enough to accommodate the expected 6000 fans but Mike and Kathy Westhead volunteered to handle rooms and registrations. After housing most of British fandom at their house, 'The Heights', in Northolt at one time or another this should not cause them any problems. They themselves must have been very proud to see their son Peter receive the Fanzine Hugo for his nostalgic zine in an archaic 80's style *Boy George Knew My Father*.

To celebrate the worldcon Brian Ameringen revealed the latest in his limited edition collections of miniature spirit bottles on SF themes "The Last Dangerous Liqueurs". To accompany these he has written a collection of short stories including; *Sloe Gin Planet*, *The Island of Dr Cointreau* and *I have vermouth and I must scream*. He hopes to follow these with a novel entitled *The Rums of Avalon*.

Throughout the 1998 Worldcon benefited enormously from the technical wizardry of John Stewart and Peter Tyers. In a dozen ways ranging from the holographic badge making machine to the completely functional Hugo awards (which earned a great round of applause from the attendees, followed by a collection to pay for the damage to the con hall ceiling). Their crowning achievement was the introduction of the robot gopher. These devices are controlled by the 3 laws of gophering which are; '1. A gopher shall move things

from place to place and shall not through inaction allow things to stand still'. '2. A gopher shall obey orders from a committee member except where this would conflict with the first law' and '3. A gopher shall preserve as much time as possible for drinking even where this would conflict with the first or second laws'.

The final member of the BECCON group to have worked hard on behalf of the worldcon is of course Jonathan Cowie. His book '*Beating Ice Ages With Pollution*' was a clear winner in the non-fiction Hugo category after his main competition, Bob (Glasgow) Shaw's autobiography *Et Tu Sorenson* was reclassified into the fiction category. Jonathan has been a popular figure at conventions since his hard work on the Yorcon III escape committee in 1985. His was of course a thankless task, that of getting some publicity for the worldcon in the country's one remaining newspaper *The Daily Knockers*, without incurring the wrath of the women's APA. He finally achieved this by persuading the Russians to withdraw their team from the great Pork Pie race (a neat trick since they hadn't entered it in the first place) and promoting it as a new international sport.

Overall the con must be judged an outstanding success but perhaps the greatest credit should go to those fans throughout the years who have mercilessly goaded the BECCON group on to bigger and sillier things despite their protestations that 'an idea like that is just pure fantasy'.

FIVE YEARS.

Andie Oppenheimer spent 5 years with OMNI magazine. For the first time she reveals all.

"Five years stuck on my eyes
Five years what a surprise."

Those immortal Bowie words hovered bat-like in my head as I sat and gazed out at the 'For Sale' sign adorning the massive steel-gate entrance of No 2 Bramber Rd, the secret hidden nerve centre of OMNI International Ltd, on the brink of Orwell's year.

"Beware the savage roar
Of 1984."

I was to face that year as one of the four-plus million unemployed. I pondered on the past - the future passed - amidst a sea of office paraphernalia; spewed out contents of filing cabinets; book and magazine collections; personal effects jutting miserably out of cartons - all a testimony to five years in a futuristic oasis plonked in the middle of, what my middle class colleagues regarded as, a cultural desert - the North End Road.

Bits of this little era spent in the employ of a tacky American-Sicilian multi-millionaire flesh baron began to crystallize into a "piece of one's life". The UK operation of that person's publishing empire was soon to be dumped onto a hapless publisher based in East London's murky dockland wastes. The office had been sold, and I was left with a grisly task of emptying my bit of the place as well as finding another job at Christmas time.

The closing of London *OMNI* had been on the cards for a while but the thought of having to look for legal employment in anything that did not concern space exploration, biotechnology, robotics, laser weapons and the future of the Universe was as daunting and chilling to me as a drunk's drying out hours. What other organisation would pay for me to go to a Worldcon to return with Arthur C Clarke's Hugo sitting firmly between my scrawny legs? (What I declared at customs is quite another story). Where else would science beyond the year 2000 tick over side by side with *FORUM* the 'International Journal of Human Relations' and a fully stocked sex aids mail order department? Where else could one be found rubbing shoulders with British (science advancement) Association delegates amidst the decaying kitsch of the Penthouse club? Where else could I happily clone my favourite cinematic alien for five years and not disturb my work colleagues? Or, at best, cross-dress in the manner of a famous wartime nuclear physicist? Who else would let me organise annual lectures in the Royal Institution on things like parapsychology or the Space Elevator? This prevented me from regarding the jobs in the 'quality' press with anything other than unwavering indifference or total disgust. So that when the marching orders came I limped out into the mundane world with a wealth of experience of a weird and wonderful community which I found, and still find, as alien to many ordinary folk as bacon butties at a barmitzvah. I realised this early on when *OMNI* was first launched, when I used to spend, nay waste, much much of my spare time in nightclubs and other such trendy watering holes. When asked 'what do you do' one informed the pseudo-exotic young things of London that one worked on a popular science magazine to receive a turn-off tantamount to the wearing of unwashed socks in bed. Such responses in themselves confirmed my total assimilation in the job!

Five years is, I realised, a long time. In that time so much had happened in the World, technologically and - more important - sociologically. The initial wide-eyed dream of spreading an exciting, colorful, popularistic message about science-of-the-future to the British reading masses became stale; unrealistic nonsense at the finish. Life in Britain had changed horrifically. The people too, in charge of the magazine itself lost interest in British/European developments and SF stories. I was now disappointed if a little sick of what had become a failing project for us - impressive enough in 1978, but flawed in content and organisation to lose whatever ground it had first had over here. Add to this the catalyst of recession and the rapidly closing gap between science fiction and science fact then you've got a recipe for boredom and decline. Much of the more solid science went and the hairier stuff increased the 'speculative' content of *OMNI*. The UK editor Bernard Dixon, hallowed writer on bugs, drugs and Bigger Things, left after infusing the best (and probably only) really good ideas into the magazine. Chris Evans died, and I was heartbroken.

Fred Hoyle delivered the last (and most costly) *OMNI* lecture on "viral life in interstellar space" and whilst I was exceedingly rude to the people from Hatfield doing my Steve Strange bit on the door. (Would Mr Sussex have approved?-ed. *The Man Who Fell To Earth* dear reader).

However despite mismanagement and the like, the *OMNI* years were still as a home-from-home experience as you could get. *OMNI* gave me a rarified knowledge in a chosen area. Now that I am surrounded by publishing types who have worked on everything from *Diets For Young Mothers* to *Ancient Greek Cookery*, I am more than a little proud of my pop-science pedigree even though it may not serve well in the job market.

The war is over; what will we do with ourselves in the dangerous peace? I laughed off the final scenes of emptiness with a certain Jonathan Cowie, who got caught up in the evacuation. (I will never forget his help in getting my Saturn V onto the tube amidst hordes of (IRA) Harrods-shell-shocked Christmas shoppers).

I hear there is now a UK edition of *OMNI* and that an editor has been appointed. As Thomas Jerome Newton said of the farmer who was charging people fifty cents to view the remains of the spacecraft he had fallen to Earth in: 'I wish him well.'



THEN AND NOW.

A sublimation of Ken Bulmer's Becon 83 GoH discourse.

Lads, Lassies,

Can I take me coat off please?

(Cries of 'no, no' from the audience).

Play the music; you never know where I've been.

Now then folks I've got a number of surprises for you this afternoon.

(Audience cheers)

The first one is I'm here at all.

Now, as I don't have a memory, er... I must read out the material that I have prepared. In the old days when I did a lot of this sort of thing, I used to prepare a script and then I would comment on the script as I read it. But that frayed the nerves too much, and so now I am going to read out roughly what I have prepared for you. It starts off in a very dramatic way, if you can stand this you can stand anything!

It starts off "Ladies and Gentlemen..." Now I think that beginning is really super, but it's then followed by "Fellow Fans..." and that's the important thing. "We are gathered here today in celebration of the immemorial rites surrounding the arcane law of Science Fiction and Fantasy..." mind you its a miracle I'm here at all. You see I've recently moved house of which more anon. And with meticulous planning, and timing reminiscent of a space shuttle takeoff, I successfully achieved a good ninety nine percent loss rate.- In simple terms, I can't find nothing! I can find practically nothing vitally needed but I can show you files of 1940s fanzines. Immediately to hand there is the carbon of an Ace book circa 1960. There are letters from Ted Cornell *(Bulmer waves unidentified paper in air)* or Bert Campbell and there's the programme of the galactic fair of Oxford 1969.

Now what you may be asking yourselves has this got to do with this afternoons talk? I'm not digressing. I do digress all the time but please bear with me, I'm not digressing now. At one time I filled talks with jokes. Then Peter Weston... *(Cries of 'In the bar' from the audience)* - I'll bet he is too. Then Peter Weston pointed out to me that folk remembered the laugh and not the serious part of what I was saying. And he counselled me to reduce the joke quotient. What he didn't say, either because he wasn't aware or was too polite to mention the fact was that the jokes were always the same. So I adopted a new stance! I informed the audience that I would tell jokes that were not funny, and that they were not to laugh. Well that seemed to me to be an elegant solution to the problem, mind you the jokes were still the same, Ah *(Bulmer raises finger)* now I see some of you have leapt to the inevitable conclusion. Yes quite right, I've lost me jokes. Now this happening is undoubtedly a boon to humanity, but of course it leaves me in something of a spot, I stand before you jokeless.

Earlier when I mentioned this drastic state of affairs to my agent, Leslie Flood, who'll be turning up, (he's timing his arrival for five o'clock when I finish). He rather airily said, "Oh get them all well tanked up before you talk and they'll never notice anything." Well being a man of a mean and scrooge like nature, I decided it would be cheaper to get myself tanked up instead of you lot.

Seriously, I've no memory for jokes, some people have - I haven't. Now Ray Bradbury..., the real Ray Bradbury in Birmingham, not the fake one in America who writes stories. The real Ray Bradbury could stand up here for three or four hours on end and tell you jokes and you'd laugh. But I can't remember jokes. For example - I've moved and have been waiting so long for mail that my letter box has healed up. See in my new flat when I get the place to rights, one day, you know as soon as I get my new vacuum cleaner, you won't see me for dust. (*Audience laughs, groans - some die*).

Splendid old stuff. In't it. Right! Now any decent talk should by rights have a theme or themes. Well just how the committee are going to take this next bit is problematical. Now don't let their beards and their glasses, and their genial attitude fool you... They're hard. As I said all my papers are so muddled and missing I've lost not only the jokes, but also the themes! Lacking a memory, I rely on material written earlier, as I said, then I can comment on it when I'm here. I've got no material, I've got no theme and I've got no jokes, and I've been going round to the committee all day yesterday and all day today, finding out, as I expected any decent committee would do, which one of them had written my speech for me and my talk for me. I've asked most of them and they all laugh and shake their heads and say no we haven't got it, we haven't got it. One or two of them suggested that I should get Lionel Fanthorpe to write it for me, but he's not coming till tomorrow. (*Audience clapping*).

Well alright then, as I've absolutely no idea at all what to talk about this afternoon, I thought I might make a few large observations. Well we went to Brighton last year. We went to one of those room parties, er... you know Mel Ashworth, you know the name? Well anyway Mel Ashworth was there, I haven't seen him for some time and his wife Hazel was there and she was wearing a pair of very very short bright red, red hot, hot pants. This was in memory of past glories as I understand, (*Audience laughter*). My two accompanying pals were talking to Mel Asworth and Hazel and I was standing nearby talking to Brian Aldiss. So what did he do, you know what Brian's like, he couldn't resist could he, so he went rip and he goosed those beautiful red hot pants you see. Hazel turned round...! Well she's got a strong right arm, - you know she could flatten you - and she was just going to offend him you see and old Brian all innocent, all charm, you know what he's like don't you, he nodded to me and he turned to Hazel and he apologised for me you see. So I'm standing there, I'm hip and I'm with it and all ready like greased lightning I said - nothing! (*Audience laughter*)

Now I would like to pay tribute to the organisational genius of the BECCON committee. (*More Audience laughter*). I'm serious, I do not want applause, they treated me with tremendous courtesy and understanding of my frailties. If time permits and my young ladies are equipped I'll have more to say on that at the end of this talk. But at least the BECCON folk booked me into a room, at one convention on the continent where I was guest of honour we turned

up and it was all smiles, and handshakes, and jolly good and night came on and lo and behold the committee had forgotten to book me a room to sleep in. So I said I had my sleeping bag with me because we'd been camping and that would be alright, but they wouldn't hear of that and I refrain from finishing that joke.

In asking the committee for anecdotes about the committee to tell you lot I was told that Kathy and Mike Westhead were far too nice for anything like that.... Kathy was quite emphatic on the point. *(Bulmer raises finger)*

Now I don't know what room parties you went to last night, I don't even know what ones I went to. But on one journey from one room to another Peter Tyers and I passed a group of fans all enjoying themselves in a corridor, sort of wall to wall fandom. I thought this was a corridor party after the style of the old lift parties that we used to hold from floor to floor. Peter, he's very casual, he said, "Oh yes they couldn't get a room so they had to book a passage." *(Groans from audience).*

(Bulmer spreads arms wide). Still no one is throwing cabbages?! A tolerant lot I see, its brilliant, you are nice people, really lovely. I thought I'd be dodging the old tomatoes and all that sort of thing.

Ah yes, before I get down to the real essence of this talk, and there is a real essence you know. Oh yes. This ladies and gentlemen *(Bulmer waves paper)* is what was called a bulletin, its bulletin No 2 of the London Science Fiction Convention of 1953. We didn't even call it a progress report in those days, as I said 1953. Coronation year! Thirty years ago, many of you people here hadn't even been born then and after listening to Lionel Fanthorpe's play tomorrow I expect most of you will wish you hadn't.

I'll read a few items out so you can see how things have changed, completely changed, its all different today, first words are:-

"Sorry were so late with this Bulletin."

(Audience laughter).

But they have reasons and explanations, "illness," "business," "neurosis," and a number of other things had got together to delay it. "But don't think that we haven't been doing anything in the mean time, we've been as busy as beavers, arranging for the biggest and brightest convention ever, and that's just what your going to get."

Listen headline:-

"Professionals,"

"On the professional side well be seeing and hearing from the editors of *New Worlds*, *Authentic Science Fiction*, *Nebula* and *Planete* (sic Ed!), this last is the recently published Dutch S.F. magazine. And then Bea Mahaffey will be over, among the professional authors..." then they run through the list of authors names including people like Bill Temple, John Beynon, John Christopher, Bert Campbell, Ted Tubb and Morris Goldsmith, former UNESCO science editor who will be giving a short talk on *Science Fiction and the International Man in the Street*."

(Laughter from everyone including Ken).

"Fans," another subheading. "This is prepondantly a fan convention as it was always intended to be. Apart from a good few score average fans there will be present representatives of all major and minor fan groups and organisations in the country."

The Programme.

"Lined up for the official events are a couple of amusing plays, an out of this world ballet, long and short films and a number of games, in which you take part a win prizes. There'll also be a lecture from the British Interplanetary Society." There's lots about exhibitions and all these different, and sadly departed publishers. Publishers in those days used to exhibit as publishers instead of leaving it to the hucksters as they do now. then it goes on about the auctions, which were the big thing in the day, the auction was a big event, which not only helped pay for the convention, which it did, the difference between a good and a bad auction was the success or failure of the convention, but it was also excellent entertainment. With Ted Tubb - you must have heard about Ted Tubb describing the material - it says here, "Ted Tubb describes your material as the finest literature this side of the Domesday Book." - I'm not going to attempt to reproduce his style, but he'd hold up a Vargo Statten or a Lionel Fanthorpe and suggest that in there were the pearls of wisdom of the universe and people would bid like mad. Then you see them all throwing them in the corner for next year.

(Pause while Ken moistens lips with some ethanolic concoction of dubious origin),

People are funny, you meet all kinds at these conventions, a lady stopped me in the foyer last night and said, "Look isn't that Jerk Partington."

I said, "its not Jerk Partington, its Chuck."

And she said, "you've your opinion and I've mine."

"And there's Barry Bayley."

Well he stopped smoking by taking a course of acupuncture, he had a terrible time poor chap, a terrible time. He had so many needles sticking out of him, a hedgehog fell in love with him.

(Bulmen raises glass to lips).

I see the BECCON committee aren't running one of these rent an author schemes, which you've probably come across. Where you pay so much for an hour of a writers company. To take an example at random, you can have Brian Stableford for a pound, for two pounds fifty you can have Lionel Fanthorpe and a ham sandwich. And if you just want the ham sandwich without Lionel its twelve pounds fifty. - You have to make rude jokes about your friends you see, if you don't they feel insulted.

Before I leave this relatively serious section of this talk and tell you a little known fact of BECCON's previous guest of honour, I ought to add a few words about science fiction. Which I have not got time for so we will leave that, *(Massive audience laughter).*

Now you've all heard of the London Circle. Well years ago we went down to Gloucester as a mob, had a marvellous time. Mike Moorcock was dressed up, Barry Bayley was dressed up, we're all dressed up, Ted Tubb and me, all the gang. We had all night at the hotel and we were doing the usual things that people do in a hotel, having a good old time. The lads were in the room up stairs and there were two girls down below, Bobby Grey and Sandy Hall, and in those days there weren't a lot of girls about, but they were beginning to come in, so the lads felt lets do a bit of ghosty, (we had been to see Bourton on the Water's Witchcraft exhibition). So out of the window we had ties, sheets, string, all tied together and a bunch of keys on the end.

Tap, Tap, Tap.... Tap, Tap, Tap on the window see. Well the girls were fly, they knew what we were up to. We crept down the stairs with Ted Tubb and Barry Bayley and me and the gang. We said, let's scratch on their door and frighten them. - No we'd better not frighten them, lets bang on the door first tell them we're going to scratch and then scratch see!

Now Barry Bayley can play the recorder beautifully, really good, I think he's got at least one and a half tunes. Anyway he can play it jolly well. So there we were scratching on the door, banging. The girls were not silly, had got all the armour and the swords that we'd used earlier in the tournaments, and dressed themselves up and stood behind the door like this (*Bulmer poses*) you see. Outside we were scratching on the door and Barry Bayley was sitting crouched down with his recorder, didly, didly, didly. And we're all howling. Then we pushed the door open and old Barry goes in to see this sword. We hear this stifled cry and he rushes back out like a screaming maniac.

We tried to enter again but there was suddenly a voice behind. We turn and there is the hotel manager standing about ten foot tall.

"Are you completely insane?" he inquires.

Instantly with inspiration Ted Tubb replies, "No speaker the English, no speaker the English!"

(*audience laughter*).

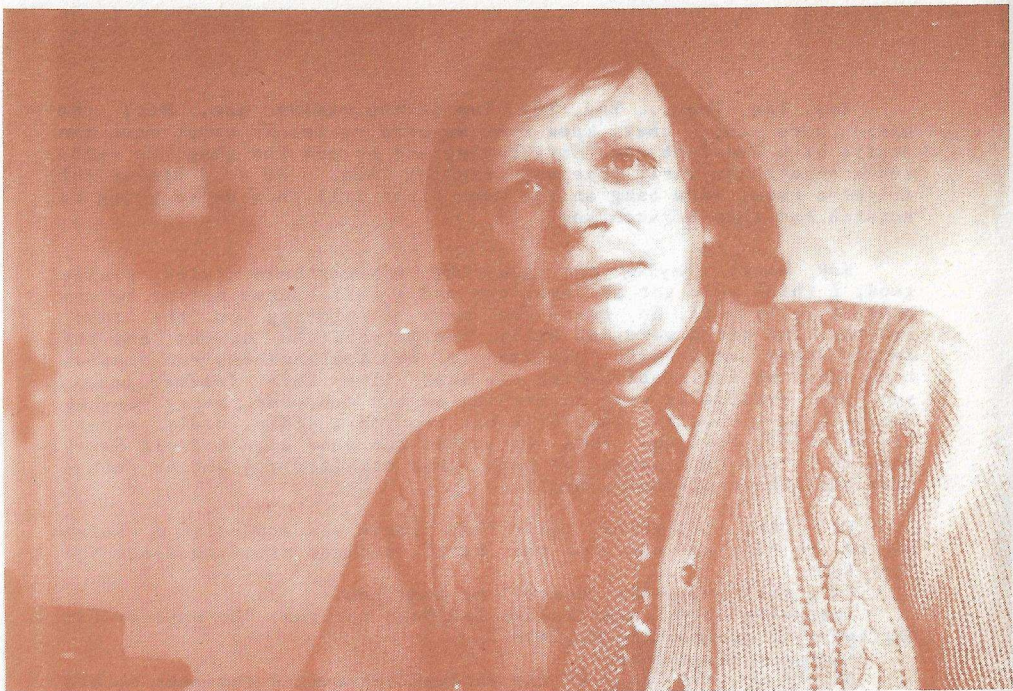
So off we all go. If the manager had waited the next second the girls would have come rushing out of the room with their armour and their swords going like that and that.

(*Bulmer's arms gyrate in air*).

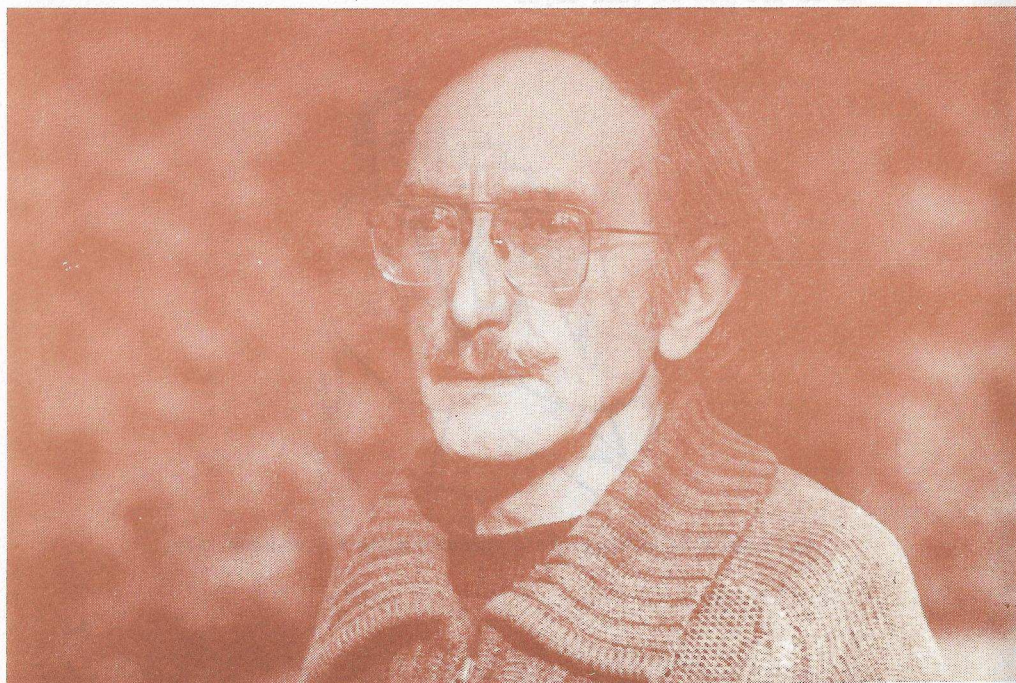
Oh we had fun in them days.



KEN BULMER as at Hatfield's SHOESTRINGCON 1 - POLYCON 1979.



Barry Bayley



Ken Bulmer

GETTING BACK TO IT ALL

An outpouring of the soul of Barrington Bayley
- Becon 81's GoH -
in only 1,070 words.

How well I remember my callow youth! Well, it shouldn't be hard -- I remain a callow youth, albeit with the lined face of a 47 year old. My reminiscence begins with me cycling, at the age of 11, to a nearby town to view the facade of a grammar school which I, an early beneficiary of the post-war education act, was to attend free of charge. A school with three science labs!

The town was the grottiest imaginable, but there I bought a magazine called *Astounding Science Fiction*, with Jack Williamson's With Folded Hands... (still one of the best robot stories) as lead novelette. Well, from then on I scarcely noticed my hicky surroundings. I didn't take much notice of school work, either. The science was a disappointment, for one thing. In chemistry I was told to think of atoms as having hooks on them. The physics master drivelled something about a gremlin swimming up a wire, one arm out this way and the other out that way. "What kind of garbage is this?" I asked myself sleepily, yearning to bury my nose in my latest acquisition of *Startling Stories*... And so began my long career as an uneducable and an unemployable.

Inevitably, in time I started trying to write the stuff myself. Also, I learned there was something called fandom, which produced fanzines. Some London BNFs put together a one-issue superfanzine, on varicoloured paper, called, I think, *£*. Due to its limited run, *£* was not to be sent to anyone who was not a known trufan.

It seemed hopeless, but I longed to see *£*. Can you imagine how I strove to represent myself, citing some odd little bit of a contribution in a fanzine, or prozine maybe? Against all odds, a thick gestetneredwad arrived: *£*. And not only that, but a brief note: '*Heavens to Betsy, we know your name.*'

Incredible! Other fans knew of my existence! I was a trufan!

But was I? Moving to London, maintaining a steady aversion to regular paid employment, I played the role of the struggling young writer. It would be nice to portray an artist's brave fight against adversity, but truth to tell the struggle mainly concerned the fact that I couldn't write, or not very well -- not until I got into the juvenile market, churning the stuff out by reams, did I begin to find my feet with words. While I regularly attended the Globe, I had only tenuous connection with fandom, and eventually even this faded out.

The reason was a desire -- curious in a would-be writer, you might think -- for anonymity. Never was this more evident than on my only con attendance during those years, one afternoon during a world con at a big hotel in Oxford Street. There was a get-together session. On the platform Brian Aldiss reminded us of his latest book, Harry Harrison threw meat pies, and one of the organisers called out names of people present in the assembly. Those invoked would rise and, invariably, utter some witty remark.

Terror suddenly gripped me. What if the organiser thought my name worth calling? I had no witty remark! I wasn't sure if I could even make it to my feet.

Luckily I was beneath notice, but I've never been so scared in my life. For people who have ever, as I have, been stricken with near-terminal shyness (a condition extrovert people probably find hard to understand: it isn't lack of courage, it's an abrupt and total absence of any idea as to how to behave), I hadn't learned then what I know now: never be afraid of making a fool of yourself. You probably will, because you're a fool anyway -- everybody is. Dignity is a lost cause.

Come the seventies, and out of London now, I chucked the juvenile field and returned to my roots -- i.e. I stuck to SF, and by dint of great effort maybe got a bit better at it sometimes. Now and then people would ask me to give a talk. A big boy now (nearly 14, psychologically), anonymity and shyness fell down, so glad was I to meet fans again. I developed an attitude to these events: I have a good time. If others do too then that's a bonus!

Chris Priest asked me to the extramural class in SF he ran for London University. This one's easy: I don't have to prepare anything, only answer questions and chat. "Do you feel nervous?" Chris suddenly asked, solicitously, in the pub before we went in. "No," I lied, as insouciantly as I could manage.

The evening was great fun. I don't know how long later but it's the 1980s now, I get a letter. The class is organising a con. Would I be Guest of Honour?

What? Me *GoH*? Little old me? Who's never even been to a con for more than a few hours? I was back getting my copy of £ again... "Why did you think of asking me as *GoH*, chaps?" I asked the committee casually, when I met them. "Because hardly anybody's ever heard of you," they explained. "We didn't want to get above ourselves..."

The long exile was over. I was amid fandom again! I have to say it was it was a different-seeming fandom from the one I remembered decades ago, the reason being, I suppose, that it's gone through the universities and through the professions. The committee seemed to have every kind of skill at its disposal; the degree of forethought and organisational ability was impressive. Later I discovered there had even been someone on station whose job it was to keep a surreptitious eye on the *GoH* and see that he wasn't having a miserable time. He wasn't; I enjoyed myself immensely. (Ed: cut this if I'm revealing state secrets!)

You know what I'd gone and done, don't you? I'd *GAFIAted*. I'd gafiated so much that when someone pressed a fanzine on me and said he wouldn't mind a loc, he then had to explain what a loc was. Oh shame! To have forgotten my native language!

But had I gafiated, really? Not at all. I've seen myself described as a 'somewhat mysterious' figure. What nonsense. There is a definite key to my character: those sf mag issues, circa 1947 to circa 1953, which laid the foundation of what I am. With my dying breath I shall murmur, not the name of some long-lost loved girl, but "*Astounding BRC*, April 1949!"

BECCON GROUPIES

Various regional groups regularly attend Beccon. If you ever happen to be in their part of the world you might like to drop in on them.

THE LONDON CLASS & THE COCK by Roger Robinson.

KEEPING SF OUT OF THE GUTTER

This is an every-day story of SF folks, going about their various and varied lives. However all the characters in this tale have two things in common. First, they all have an interest in one or more aspects of SF, and second, they all attend, or have attended, an SF evening class in London.

This class is the longest running class in Great Britain, having been started by Philip Strick (film buff, SF anthologist and lover of country music) in 1969. Throughout the years since then, the class has survived both changes in venue and organizer due in no small part to the fact that it was, and still is, sponsored by the University of London as an extra-mural course.

Since Philip Strick there have been other organizers, including Chris Priest and the two leading lights of the Hugo award winning Encyclopedia of SF, Peter Nicholls and John Clute. From September 1984 there was yet another new face, but one increasingly well known to SF fans, Lisa Tuttle. You may have noticed I used the word organiser to describe these august personages, but leader, tutor, or cajoler might equally well have done. One word that does not apply is lecturer, the main strength of the class being that it is a participatory discussion group where the class has a chance to air their own views. Another difference from evening classes on other subjects is that the class has had quite a deal of influence on the subjects to be discussed, within the broad framework set out by the organizer.

So far, I have not mentioned which aspects of SF are discussed. The reason is that there have been no bounds to the aspects of SF that have been touched on. Although last years course was the first that had a specified intent to be multi-media, preceeding years have also included discussion on films, plays, television, etc. as well as the mainstay of written SF.

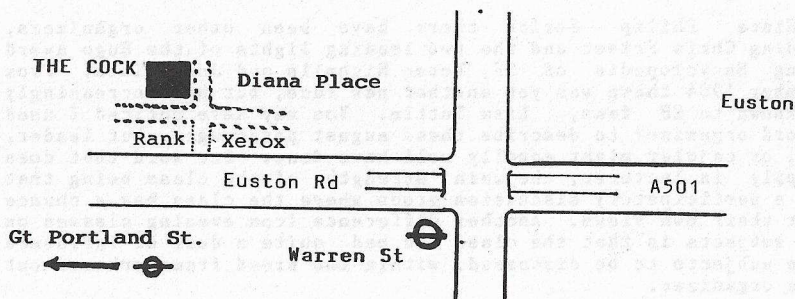
Even with this genre, which to some people is both narrow and puerile, we have covered an extremely wide range. Which other literary class has covered a field which is so diverse and wide ranging that it includes H G Wells and J G Ballard, Star Trek and Olaf Stapledon?

Another very important strength of the class is the diversity of its members. They come from a very wide range of ages, creeds, political persuasions, and even countries, and each brings their own likes, dislikes, knowledge and ignorance that go together to make a very enjoyable whole. This is helped with the continuity of the membership with at least three people still active in SF, and the occasional class attendees, who were there during the first two formative years. This process has continued so that now there are about half the class who have lasted for at least three years, liberally mixed with newcomers who stop staleness and smugness setting in.

The general camaraderie is helped by the fact that the class on the whole is on VERY good terms with the staff in the Student bar at the current venue, the City Literary Institute in Holborn (known to most as the City Lit). The presence of a bar where we meet beforehand, and the close proximity of several pubs to which we adjourn after the class, helps make this particular class a little out of the ordinary.

As the class only runs during the autumn, starting in October, and spring terms (at 7.30 every Friday) most of the inmates, instead of getting the summer off for good behaviour perform a vital social role in inner London. This role is the one to which most SF fans aspire in a greater or lesser degree, that of keeping a thriving Licenced Victuallers trade group. The main venue for this philanthropic activity on every Friday night, except those when we have to go to the class, is the Cock Tavern which is under the Rank Xerox building, near Capital Radio, (nearest tube Warren Street).

For further information regarding these activities contact almost any one of the BECCON committee, whose names will appear elsewhere in this publication.



The Cock is can be found by going 'through' the Rank Xerox building from the Euston Rd.

The SF Class meets here from about 6.30pm each Friday during the academic holidays. Because of this there is a virtually continual presence throughout the months of June, July, August and early September.

THE WARWICK AND HATFIELD GROUPS by Dave Lermitt

UNCONVENTIONAL CONVENTIONEERS

School was a terrifying experience - SF readers were rare and our fumbling attempts at penmanship were brutally scorned by warders and inmates alike. Our small enclave of futurism was submerged in a morass of juvenile delinquents whose literary pursuits ranged from Football Programmes to *Parade* depending on the onset of puberty. A level results gave me no option - I had to go to university.

The clever architectural blend of preholocaust brutalism and mud at Warwick University was, I felt, certain to provide the ideal breeding ground for a science fiction society. Alas the passing weeks gave no indication of its genesis - SOMETHING WOULD HAVE TO BE DONE.

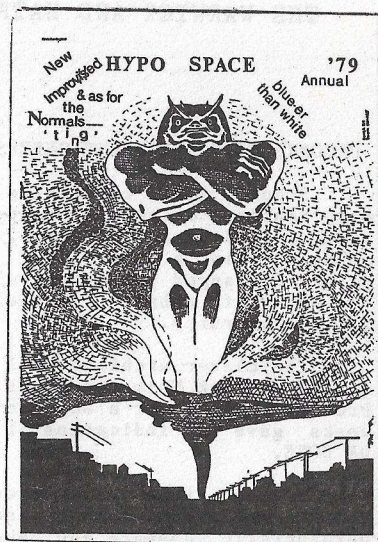
With my first year over and no immediate threat of being chucked out, Dave Moor and I decided to fill in the usual bureaucratic nonsense and make a date for the Freshers' Fair. There the hidden talents of Flim Flamming, Hucksterism and sheer Bullshit soon gave us the required members and so the University of Warwick Science Fiction and Fantasy Society was born. Our initial efforts were wildly successful, providing a tacky quagmire from which we could belch forth and squelch boldly where no society had squelched before - pioneers of bad taste and tat.

This record breaking first year included such highlights as:-

- the purchasing of every wargame available at the time, namely Triplanetary Starforce and original Dungeons and Dragons (with Chainmail!)
- recipients of a feminist inspired bomb scare during our first film show - *Flesh Gordon*.
- informing Brian Aldiss he could give us a talk but we couldn't pay expenses - he didn't!
- suggesting to someone (I think in the Brum Group) that people from all over the U.K. should get together from time to time on an annual basis!

Yes, gentle reader, it was true - at that time we had not yet unleashed ourselves on Conventions and Fandom (Urghh!) - indeed we didn't know such things existed. None-the-less we soon had a *Fantasycon*, *Novacon* and *Eastercon* under our belts, from which fandom has still not recovered.
(Maniacal laughter, offstage left).

The second year of the society saw some consolidation and the emergence of a clearly defined purpose - merriment, machiavellism and mayhem. Though at this point dark clouds began to loom over our gathering in the guise of two innocent first year students - one Chris Bursey and a Jonathan Cowie. Wargaming and *Star Trek* threatened our very existence.



HYP0-SPACE

Above. Warwick U's first edition of **FUSION** produced in 1978 and edited by Graham Connor. Slagged at the time, Graham went on to win the short story competition at one of the original Keele **Unicons** before showing some of the late night films at Beccon 81.

Top Right. **Hypo-Space**, Hatfield PSIFA's club-zine. The edition portrayed was the first and the first zine to be edited by one J.Cowie. The name comes from the then **Hypo** - the separate college paper (hype of polytechnic).

Middle Right. The original **Hypo-Space** logo based on the logo of its 'mother' publication **Hypo**.

Bottom Right. PR1 for PSIFA's fourth SF convention as chaired by Pete Randall - GoH: Bob Shaw.

Hatfield's 4th S.F. & F Convention, Shoestringcon 4 Is:

**-ECONOMY-
1982**

at the Hatfield Polytechnic on the
9th & 10th (Sat & Sun) October...



Talks, Films, Bookshop, Games, Bar etc.

Details send S.A.S. to: Society, 4 Ryden Ave, Colney Heath,
St Albans, Herts. (Registration in Advance).

On a brighter note, the year saw the production of our first fanzine, *FUSION*, which was edited by Graham Conner. *Fusion* was described in glowing vituperative prose by the then editor of 'Black Hole' (who shall remain nameless as he might just be attending this BECCON!) Secure in the knowledge that the mould had not only been broken but totally smashed to pieces, I left the university's hallowed halls for home.

Through a long complicated process I became involved with Hatfield Polytechnic and its SF society, *PSIFA*, which although more organised and progressive than Warwick's, is no less deranged. Indeed two of its founding members Jonathan Cowie (who tactically left Warwick) and Anthony Heathcote are also to be found on the BECCON committee (- this is not the reason why some 50 of BECCON 83's membership have been associated in some way with one or other of the Hatfield, Warwick groups).

Hatfield *PSIFA* has also provided a fertile black lagoon which has spawned a number of splinter groups and happenings -

- just follow the trail of strewn popcorn and empty beer cans to the rowdy centre row section and you'll find a group of David Patterson's *FATCalists* (Film And Theatre Ents) spacing themselves out to the latest SF/Fantasy epic.
- a regular Wednesday (term time) meeting of talks, slide shows, games etc. Meetings held in room F309 starting around 6.45pm.
- an annual banquet with guest personality.
- an occasional radio show. Three series to date including Radio Free Entropy.
- the production of a club zine, *HYPO-SPACE*.
- the classic October time *SHOESTRINGCON*. (With *NOVACON* following there's then a chance to meet the committee to exact your revenge).
- the *SF&DA*. Hi (need we say more).
- regular field trips to BECCON and the occasional *NOVA'* and Easter conventions.
- and finally the Hatfield Hit Squad. Lovable psychopaths unflinching in the face of water pistols, crazy string, nerve gas, thermonuclear firestorms.

Amongst the SF and fantasy groups dotted about the universe some of the more notorious have emerged from the abyss of academia. I like to think that possibly the most reviled/revered (depending on your viewpoint) are Warwick's and Hatfield's. Indeed it may well be so but at least they get noticed. So remember the next time you see an oddly dressed humanoid figure mooch up to the con bar dressed in woad and a dayglo jumpsuit asking for a blue curaco and Watneys, be warned - the *PSIFA* hit squad always carry a chip on their shoulder and a water pistol in their hand!



The Science Fiction and Fantasy Society

c/o Students Union,
Hatfield Polytechnic,
P.O. Box 109, Hatfield, Herts.

SHEFFIELD SCIENCE FICTION GROUP by Chris Sellars

We meet every Wednesday evening at the "ROEBUCK" on Charles Street in the city centre. Most meetings are informal (Drink), but once a month something special is arranged, hopefully! These events range from quizzes, debates, talks, to the ubiquitous videos! All of those occur in an upstairs room of the pub.

In the past year, other special trips have taken place. For example;

To Harrogate to see the "Rocky Horror Show" on stage and to Alton Towers for death defying rides. We also go to see some of the films in the large city centre cinemas... "War Games", "Indiana Jones", "Tron", "Something Wicked This Way Comes".

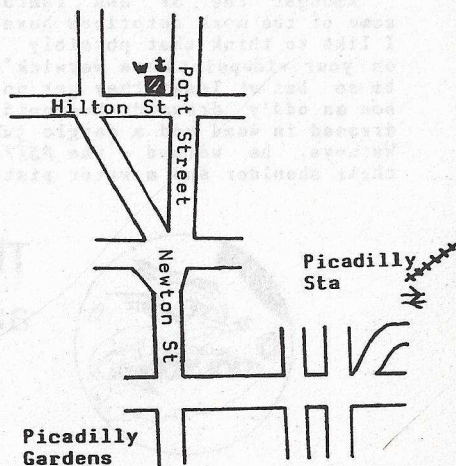
Yes we are a happy little bunch (about 20-25), all of whom have contributed actively and consist of the established Sheffield core and new Sheffield members, ex Warwick and Hatfield society members and even 3 Blakes Sevenites and 2 Trekkies (probably get edited out!).

MANCHESTER AND DISTRICT (MaD) SF by Someone else

The MaD group meets the first and third Wednesday of the month at the **Crown and Anchor** on Hilton St.

The meetings are small (usually half a dozen or so) and friendly though once a year we have a group meal out - then about 20 - 30 attend.

- Activities** -
- drinking.
 - pool.
- Conversation** -
- drinking.
 - pool.
 - scandal.
 - gossip.
 - latest books.
 - & anything else.



CLINICAL REPORT

Martin Lloyd

LIMBITROL 5 Roche
Amitriptyline (as hydrochlor.)
12.5 mg, chloridazepoxide 5 mg;
pink/green cap, marked with
maker's name and 5.
Mixed depression and anxiety.
100, £3.08; 500, £12.81.
3 times daily. Not
recommended for children.

Also **LIMBITROL 10**
Amitriptyline (as h-
25 mg, chlorid-
pink/green
maker's
100, £
V

The way I see it is this. The most
I can do for my patients is to listen to
their problems. Almost all of them are
making the only adjustment of which they
are capable to the irrationality of the
modern world, yet they are termed mentally
ill. The futility of my role seems to
increase in proportion to the ever-growing
number of the people I see. It is their
desire to relate to others, and their
inability to do so, which brings them to
me; in fact I sometimes believe that I am
seeing the only people that are responding
normally to the present structure of
society. Alienation, denial and
drug-abuse are now the prerogative of the
remainder, the "sane" majority.
The situation will only get worse; those
who run things are just as prone to the
problems they perpetrate as the rest.
Everyone lives in a fantasy world now; the
old "real" world no longer exists as we
recieve all our information by artificial
means. A patient recently told me that I
must be mad to be a psychiatrist.

NEULACTIL M.-A.B.
Pericyazine 2.5 mg, 10 mg,
yellow tabs, marked with tab.

REDEPTIN S.K. & F.
Fluspirilene 2 mg per ml; 1 ml and
3 ml amps, 6 ml vial.
Schizophrenia.
10 x 1 ml amp, £9.35.
10 x 3 ml amp, £16.54.
5 x 6 ml vial, £14.38.
Initially 2 mg weekly by i.m. inj.,
increasing as required by 2 mg per
week. Maintenance: 2-4 mg
weekly. Max. 20 mg weekly. Not for
administration to children.
S/P: Epilepsy, Pregnancy.

SECONAL Sodium Lilly
Quinalbarbitone sodium 50 mg
orange cap, coded F42; 100 mg
orange cap, coded F40; both
marked with maker's name.
Sedation and hypnosis.
50 mg—100, £1.74.
100 mg—100, £2.63; 500, £12.20.
Sedation: 50 mg.
C/I: S/P: See barbiturate note
at beginning of Section 3B.

SEDAPAM Duncan, Flockhart
Diazepam 2 mg white tab, 5 mg
yellow tab, 10 mg blue tab. All
scored one side and marked with
tab. name and strength on reverse.
Anxiety and tension
psychosomatic disorders, muscle
spasm.
2 mg—100, 68p; 500, £2.77.
5 mg—100, £1.02; 500, £4.10.

3A Analgesics and antipyretic

1 MERALEN Merrell
Flufenamic ac-
blue/dark-
mark-

The most
operations for rheumatic diseases and gout can be
found in Sections 4A and 15C respectively.
ations containing an analgesic and decongestant
found in Section 9C.
ations of analgesics with muscle relaxants can
d in Section 4B.

CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM

ns, hypothyroidism,
enal insufficiency,
ssion, Concurrent
retic analgesics
tics, MAO's
olily CMO if
d. See page 2.
ndeine
arked with
atism,
scored tab.
intracable pain.
5 mg—100, £6.96.
10 mg—100, £13.70.
Initially 5 mg, then adjusted
according to response.
Also cd **PALFIUM INJECTION**
Dextromoramide (as tartrate);
5 mg, 10 mg per ml; amps.
.5 mg—10, £1.98.
10 mg—10, £2.35.
Initially 5 mg by s.c. or i.m. inj.
Also cd **PALFIUM**
SUPPOSITORIES
Dextromoramide (as tartrate)
10 mg.
10, £2.35.
1 as required.
C/I: Hepatic insufficiency,
hypertension. With or within two
weeks of MAO's.
S/P: Concurrent admin. of
sedatives or hypnotics. Notify CMC
if addiction is suspected.
See page 2.

PANADEINE CO Winthrop
Paracetamol 500 mg, codeine
phos. 8 mg; white tab, marked with
tab. name one side, scored on
reverse.
Painful and febrile conditions.
10, £2.23; also 1000.
Three or four times daily as
directed. Not recommended for
ren under 7 years.
Impaired renal or hepatic
fn.

Winthrop
mol 500 mg white tab.
th tab. name both sides
vescent tab.
nd antipyretic.
3.48; 2500, £14.50.
tab.—12, 35p; 24, 64p

times daily.
IXIR
mg per 5 ml.
1.56p; also 1 l.
2.5-5 ml. 1-
or 6 years: up

hepatic

We live in a time when the term
"schizophrenia" has ceased to have
meaning. In the 1980's we attempt to
control psychotic thought processes with
phenothiazines; we only reduced their
intensity. I never saw a patient cured.
It now seems hardly worth the effort.
Now there are no families left.
I have no means of offering family or
marital therapy to ease anxiety and
depression. How can I offer
personal relationship-counselling now the majority
relate only to their VDU's and their
personal stereos? I am no longer able to
suggest group therapy when a patient is
likely to encounter people madder
than himself.

SINEQUAN Pfizer
Doxepin hydrochlor.
cap. coded SQN 10; 2.
blue/orange cap, code
50 mg blue cap, coded.

100, £3.34; 500, £15.91.
50, £2.46; 250, £11.66.
Initially: 0.5 mg daily increasing by
0.5 mg at three to four day
intervals until improved.

See literature.
S/P: Half doses for the elderly. The
effect of alcohol may be
potentiated. Alertness may be
impaired. When given parenterally
patients should remain in the
supine position for at least an hour
after the dose has been given. I.v.
inj. must be given slowly. See
literature.

3B Hypnotics

Barbiturates are contra-indicated in acute intermittent porphyria, and should be used with extreme caution in liver disorders. There is a possibility of tolerance and dependence with their use. Barbiturates and other hypnotic agents can potentiate a number of other drugs, including alcohol.

Alcohol: Hypnotics, as with other drugs acting on the CNS, can potentiate the effect of patients should be aware of effect.

DALM
Flur

recommended for children.
S/P: Half doses for the elderly. The effect of alcohol and CNS depressants may be potentiated and alertness may be impaired. Patients should be warned of these effects. ▼ Sp. requesters

10 ml in water or fruit juice, at bedtime. Daytime sedation: 5 ml three times daily. Not recommended for children.
Also ▼ **HEMINEVRIN CAPSULES**
Chlormethiazole 192 mg in arachis oil (1 cap. equiv. to 5 ml syrup), off white cap.
100, £5.34.
2 at bedtime. Not recommended for children.
S/P: Alertness may be impaired. Potentiated by phenothiazines, haloperidol, barbiturates and alcohol.

MIN Geigy
arbitone 200 mg; white scored tab. marked with 'medication'.
£1.62.
1 hour before

barbiturate note from 3B.

b. scored two

AT.

Lora.
yellow, scored, reverse.

Anxiety: pr
1 mg—100.
2.5 mg—100.

Mild to moderate
daily in divided

Severe anxiety: U.
Premedication: 2—

hours before operati.
Not recommended for

Also ▼ **ATIVAN INJECTION**
Lorazepam 4 mg per ml; 10 x 1 ml, £3.61.

Acute anxiety: 0.025—0.031 body-wt. i.v. or i.m. six hourly.

Pre-med: 0.05 mg/kg body-wt. i.v. 30 to 45 min. before surgery i.m. 1—1½ hours before surgery.

See literature. Not recommended for children.
S/P: Pregnancy. The effect of alcohol may be potentiated and alertness may be impaired. Severe hepatic dysfunction. Withdraw treatment gradually.

BELLERGA Sandoz

Total alkaloids of belladonna 0.1 mg, ergotamine tartrate 0.3 mg, phenobarbitone 20 mg; light pink s-c tab. marked with maker's name one side.

Functional symptoms of autonomic imbalance including menopausal syndrome and premenstrual tension.

100, £2.09; 250, £4.95; also 1000.

1—2 three times daily.

Also ▼ **BELLERGA RETARD**
Total alkaloids of belladonna 0.2 mg, ergotamine tartrate 0.6 mg, phenobarbitone 40 mg; yellow, pink and grey-mauve speckled tab.

100, £3.94; 250, £9.10.

1 night and morning.

S/P: Glaucoma, prostatic hypertrophy, cardiovascular, hepatic or renal impairment. See barbiturate note at beginning of Section 3B.

BERKOLOL Berk

Propranolol hydrochlor. 40 mg, 80 mg; pink f-c tabs. marked BERK and 221 or 321 respectively one side, scored on reverse.

Anxiety.
40 mg—100, £2.84; 1000, £27.86.
80 mg—100, £4.26; 500, £21.06.

Also ▼ **ANILOR 5 mg**
10 mg peach d with maker's

Also ▼ **ANILOR 5 mg**
10 mg peach d with maker's

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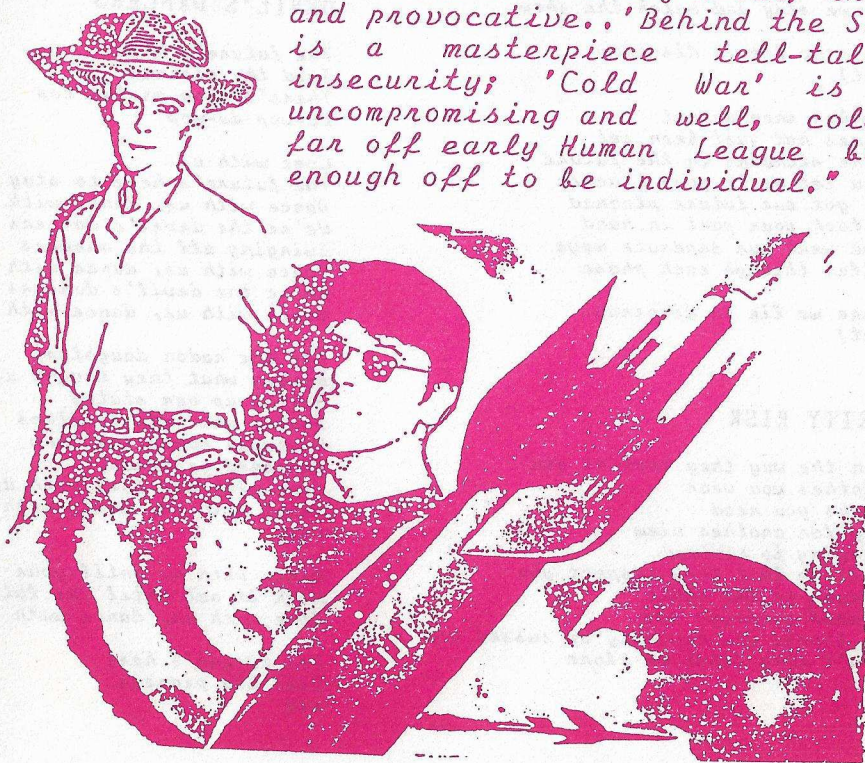
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OPPENHEIMER -ANALYSIS

Andie Oppenheimer, a science editor, and Martin Lloyd of Analysis, had their live debut at last year's David Bowie World Convention and have played at Camden Palace and at S.F. Conventions. In March 1984 a Melody Maker review said that Oppenheimer's music is....

.....
subtle, bubbly and ultimately could sell well if given the right push... ideas are well-thought-out, incisive and provocative.. 'Behind the Shades' is a masterpiece tell-tale of insecurity; 'Cold War' is hard, uncompromising and well, cold. Not far off early Human League but far enough off to be individual."



MODERN WONDER

I remember when we met
Our times had just been set
You were standing in the future
And you let me be your teacher
Then I got our future planned
And I took your past in hand
Then we went our separate ways
Travelled through each phase

And here we lie in disarray
Surrounded by the present day
All this modern wonder
Ripped our lives asunder
The greatest crime is to be out of time
Got to keep from going under
In all this modern wonder

Then our journeying was spent
In the place where we were sent
To the late atomic age
Turning into chronic rage

And here we lie in disarray
(Repeat)

Do we stay or do we go
Should we tell them what we know
Cause they're going too fast
For their time to last
Should we stay and watch the show

And here we lie in disarray
(Repeat)

I remember when we met
Our times had just been set
You were standing in the future
And you let me be your teacher
Then I got our future planned
And I took your past in hand
Then we went our separate ways
Travelled through each phase

And here we lie in disarray
(Repeat)

SECURITY RISK

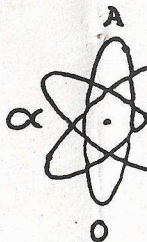
It's in the way they look at you
The clothes you wear
The books you read
Looking for another view
Only trying to succeed
Could it be that they suspect you
Paranoises on the phone
Paranormal dialling tone
No-one trusts you now they've sussed you
Why can't they leave me alone

Do you really think
That I'm afraid of being heard
Just because I'm not in love with the
Keep your past to yourself
Don't mix with the rest
All your work's in vain
When in the end you fail the test
Just because you not the same
You're the one to take the blame
Tightened up security
Now who's frightened
No not me

We're too vital to your cause
Dragged into your bloody wars
Secrets in my head to stay
Let me live in my own way

Prime targets just been missed

Prime targets just been missed
I don't want to be
I don't want to be
A security risk
I'm tired of being
A security risk
(Repeat verse)



DEVIL'S DANCERS

The future's here
Said the pioneer
There's room at the top
Du-wop du-wop

Come with us
The future's here to stay
Dance with us, dance with us
We're the devil's dancers
Swinging all the answers
Dance with us, dance with us
We're the devil's dancers
Dance with us, dance with us

All the radon daughters
Wonder what they taught us
Making up our status
Doubts are only traitors
Whatever comes tomorrow
Happened yesterday
Come with us, come with us
Dance with us, dance with us
etc

Dance with us until your head is sp
Work it out until the late event
Come with us, dance with us

The future's here
Said the pioneer
etc

western world



COLD WAR

Working for the grand design
Played around with nature
Working for the grand design
Driven by the demon with illusions of power
Working for the grand design
Tempted by a glitter more seductive than gold
To blast a million tons into the sky

I thought it was over, we've got to keep control
Warn you of the danger, I've got to get a hold

Get me out
Please get me out, of this
Cold War
I can feel this
Cold War
I don't want this
Cold War

Coming from high minds, falling into wrong hands
Coming from high minds
Look what it leads to, the race to the end
Can't take it in my mind
Who bears the guilt
Won't split atoms about it
Fireworks for children to hold

I thought it was over, we've got to keep control
etc

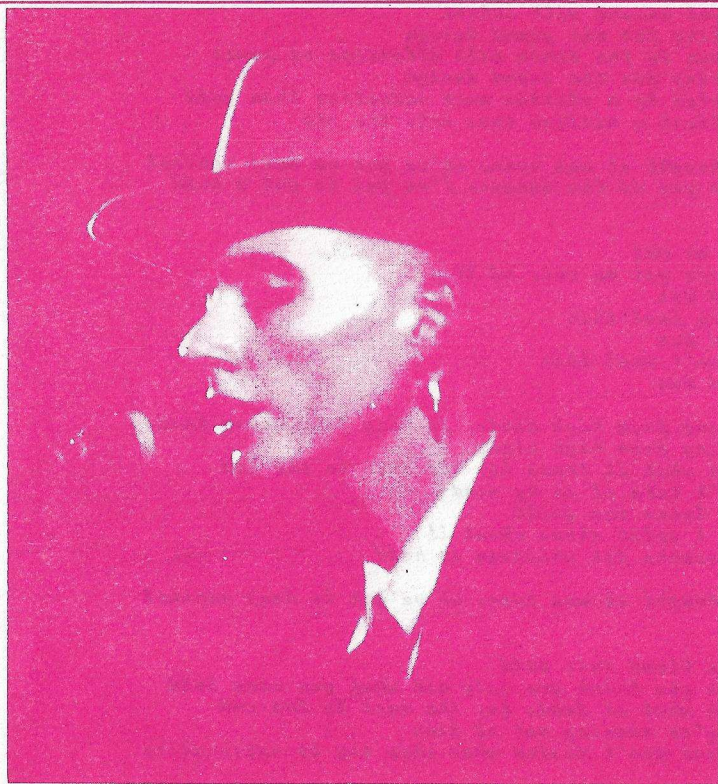
Your blood runs cold
When you think you only did what you were told
Look what it leads to, the race to the end
They're running out of lies
Please don't listen when they try to rationalise

After all these years
Closer to disaster
It isn't very clear
Just who is the master
It's getting harder every day to keep control
Can't you see the danger getting sold
Get a hold
Please get a hold of a world in your hands
There's blood on your hands
No more, Cold War

Autumn '83 David Bowie World Convention
Autumn '83 Camden Palace
Easter '84 1984 European SF Convention -
(supporting Hawkwind)
Summer '84 The Bell - London
Autumn '84 The Bell - London (by popular request)
Winter '84 Richmond College

To come, summer '85 - BECCON

- biannual London area SF convention.



Tapes (£2.50) available from Analysis Tapes, 2 Pelham St, London SW7

Music - Analysis
Lyrics and Vocals - Andie Oppenheimer
Mixing and Tapes - Feedback Studios
Slides and Jewellery - Celia Cockburn
Road and Admin Assistance - Jonathan Cowie

REVIEWS

Chris Bursey casts an eye over his recent buys.

The Brentford Trilogy by Robert Rankin.

Consisting:	(1) THE ANTIPOPE	Pan Books (1981) £1.50
	(2) THE BRENTFORD TRIANGLE	Pan Books (1982) £1.50
	(3) EAST OF EALING	Pan Books (1984) £1.95

You may well ask, "Who is Robert Rankin?" Well according to the Author Blurb he is a nephew of Edmund Crispin (Author/Editor) whom he never met. On the back of his first novel (1) it says "ROBERT RANKIN IS THE BEST COMIC DISCOVERY SINCE DOUGLAS ADAMS." Note this is not hype!

In this trilogy of books (which are all currently available at this time) Rankin manages to combine a wide range of themes, literary references and above all wildly humorous situations. The whole series circulates around the two main characters: Jim Pooley and John Omalley a pair of unemployed residents of Brentford.

In the first book the duo get mixed up with the return of Pope Alexander Borgia who returns as some latter-day Anti-Christ. Gothic and Horror themes to the fore (Necronomicon at the ready) there are none the less many hilarious scenes including Cowboy Night at the Flying Swan (their local).

All manner of strange characters abound including Archoy who learns (in a postal course) the deadly Martial Art Dimac and sets forth at the end of (1) to wander. In (2) he returns with Noah's Ark (from Mt Ararat).

The Brentford Triangle is all about Space Invaders, also the teleporting of camels and the Great Pyramid, strange aliens (who look like a young Jack Palance), Allotment Golf and the annual Darts Match at the Flying Swan (Still the local). Edgar Allen Poe also figures as a character!!

The third and final volume finds Pooley and Omalley facing Armageddon as the whole of Ealing, Brentford and probably the World is taken over by the multi-national corporation LATEINOS AND ROMIITH. In this novel is the fight against Apocalypse also starring many of the characters featured in the previous books plus; wait for it....Sherlock Holmes!! Not only that but to familiarise Holmes with 20th century England they show him *Dirty Harry*! Sherlock Holmes with a Magnum!!

It must be said that I laughed aloud a number of times whilst reading these books and chuckled a lot more. Yet they are almost unknown; I think they slipped out without many people noticing. They are not pure science fiction or fantasy or humour but a satisfactory blending of all three. Read them!

FROM AMERICA

Aquiliad by Somtow Sucharitkul

Timescape/Pocket Books (1983)\$2.95

This is fantasy, not so much a novel, more a series of related novellas about the rather bumbling Roman General TITUS FLAVIUS DOMITIANUS and his adventures in America, Yes America! The Roman Empire never fell and didn't change much after Nero beyond expanding.

Thus we have Titus' protagonist/foil Aquila an aged Red Indian Chieftain. Aquila (a wily sort) manages to ensure that Titus does not get done in by the decadent Emperor & his toadies who are just longing to see him muck up an Imperial Mission (treason y'know).

The tone is tongue in cheek occasionally even highly amusing. These stories originally appeared in *Amazing Stories* magazine. This book is worth looking out for.

The Flight of the Dragonfly by R.L.Forward.

Timescape Books (1984) Hardback and Trade Paperback.

Robert L. Forward is a trained Scientist who has worked for Hughes Research Labs for the last 25 yrs. This is his second novel; the first :- *Dragon's Egg* was a fascinating view of the meeting between Mankind and creatures living and evolving at a much faster rate.

Flight of the Dragonfly is hard Science Fiction in the same vein as *Dragon's Egg* & Hal Clement's classic *Mission of Gravity*. An interstellar probe reveals a unique planetary configuration in the Barnard's Star system so a team of scientists is assembled and sent by Laser Powered Solar Sail to Barnard's Star. Ingeniously the Laser (back home) is used to decelerate the ship (from about .6c) at the other end.

Forward glosses over the time element by use of a Life Extending drug that retards the rate of aging and as a side effect retards the mentality. Thus the 20 or 30 years in transit are not dealt with as the entire crew have the minds of 5 year olds and are looked after by the ships computer.

On arrival exploration begins and the binary planet system of Rocheworld is explored and fascinating alien creatures are encountered. To an extent this book follows the Artefact as plot (cf *Rendez-vous With Rama* by Arthur C. Clarke) pattern but is none the less engrossing in the exploration of a unique planetary environment.

The only qualms I have is the basis of the expedition which is that it is a one-way one-shot mission. All the resources & people sent have no back-up, no way back & have been sterilised. Thus even if they could find a viable environment they could not breed. The whole mission is a throwaway in terms of humanity & human resources but that aside, this is a book that makes you think & like it too!!

WORDS AND PICTURES.

Tony Chester comments on the Comic scene.

Comics is a medium just like any other, prose, film, TV. It is neither more nor less juvenile than any other and like every other it can be kind or unkind to SF. In Britain SF has been in comics as long as westerns, war and "adventure", even football. *Dan Dare* is probably best remembered from long ago, along with the *Eagle* in general. Most of the boy's adventure comics have contained strips either completely SF or with SF roots at one time or another in their lives. *The Steel Claw* and the *Spider* often leapt beyond the bounds of mere SF gimmickry. Unfortunately the field was so dominated by comic comics and football/war comics that the SF fan despaired of ever seeing an SF comic. Until the mid-seventies...

A funny thing happened. SF, a comparatively minor interest in the public domain, started getting popular. Of course, anything in popular culture can make money. IPC, a company already publishing many comics, saw their opportunity and decided to put out an SF comic. And the genie was out of the bottle.

It is doubtful that IPC had any idea what they were letting themselves in for. They were used to nice boys and girls who behaved themselves, who never objected long or strenuously about the lack of credit they received (IPC went as far as erasing artists signatures before sending originals for printing) or that ownership of their work was forbidden by all but IPC. Suddenly they had an office full of undisciplined lunatics who cared about their product and fought for common courtesies like credits, which they won straight off.

2000AD started life with no opposition, DC Thompson were perfectly happy producing comic comics and dealt themselves out of the field early. It is unfortunate in a way as competition between companies usually means bonuses for the readers, but it allowed *2000AD* to prove its popularity and the existence of the market which directly led to companion titles being produced, *Star Lord* and *Tornado*, and indirectly to the eventual competition from *Warrior*. *Judge Dredd* contributed in no small part to the success of *2000AD*; though he started life as just another strip in the second issue he quickly became the comic's most popular character (and eventually the most merchandisable) and the biggest name since *Dan Dare* in SF comics.

After a devastating war most of America is uninhabitable. Most of the east coast becomes one vast city, Mega-city One, with the west coast Mega-city Two. There are settlements on the moon. Technology prospers, but, unfortunately, so does crime. And so the judges come into being, an elite corps of people trained from childhood to be police force, jury, judge and occasionally executioner. In Mega-city One the best of the judges is *Dredd*, an

uncompromising, though fair, man of exceptional abilities. The basic idea and the portrayal of society in general is pure SF and though the stories are often frivolous and satirical they are also allegorical and well observed. *Judge Dredd* has been written and drawn by many people. Pat Mills and John Wagner's scripts have always been tightly plotted (due to disciplines inherent in writing comics) and generally never have time to become turgid or boring. Brian Bolland, Carlos Ezquerro and Mick McMahon have always turned in beautiful illustrations which create an SF world of the future whilst not overtaking the role of the imagination of the reader. It is the ability to produce good script and art whilst still making use of the reader's imagination that distinguishes the good comic story from the bad.

In the main *2000AD* does produce good SF comic stories: *Sinonium Dog* - the tales of a mutant bounty hunter in a galaxy that despises mutants and offers them no other form of employment; *Robo-hunter*, admittedly played for laughs - a detective who tracks down renegade and criminal robots (not a great leap from Dick's replicant hunting Marlowe); from *Tornado*, *Black Hawk* - a nubian slave kidnapped from a Roman arena to fight in an intergalactic arena. All these ideas are strongly SF and comics allow the stories to be told economically in words with the accompaniment of creditable SF illustration.

Of course, the comic comic SF story also has a place in the field, but that does not mean they are bad. Indeed *D.R. & Quinch* is a fan favourite and in no way juvenilia. The tale of two psychopathic juvenile delinquents with a love of of thermonuclear weaponry ranks very highly as good humorous SF. Alan Moore's writing is no less superb than his many serious comic scripts and Alan Davis's artwork compliments it beautifully and still rates as good SF illustration if somewhat cartoony in this case - but then I don't hear people having a go at Jim Barker for producing same on a regular basis.

Arguably the best in SF in comics form is currently available in the strip *V For Vendetta* in *Warrior*. Alan Moore has brilliantly produced an England in 1998 in a world in which World War III has happened (an unsuccessful embarrassment), a London which has been underwater for three years after the Thames barrier burst, and a government comprised of allied fascist parties - the only people who displayed any strength or leadership after the disasters. Into this scene walks V, an anarchist who does not offer a new form of government but fights the old, who does not wish to fight the people's battles for them yet goads them to fight for themselves. He does not lead, except perhaps by example and there his methods are not admirable. Mass murder has been his pastime, as has bombing and subtler forms of sabotage. David Lloyd's exquisite chiaroscuro black and whites provide exactly the right visual accompaniment - there are no outlines, everything is a shape.

While we're on *Warrior* let us not forget the superhero *Marvelman*. The idea of the superman is not unknown to SF, and was certainly resident in the literature long before the first four coloured hero donned mask, leotard and/or cape. Born of alien science our hero comes to us courtesy of, once again, Alan Moore and Alan Davis. After an alien craft crashlands in England the secret arm of the airforce, the Spookshow, launches project

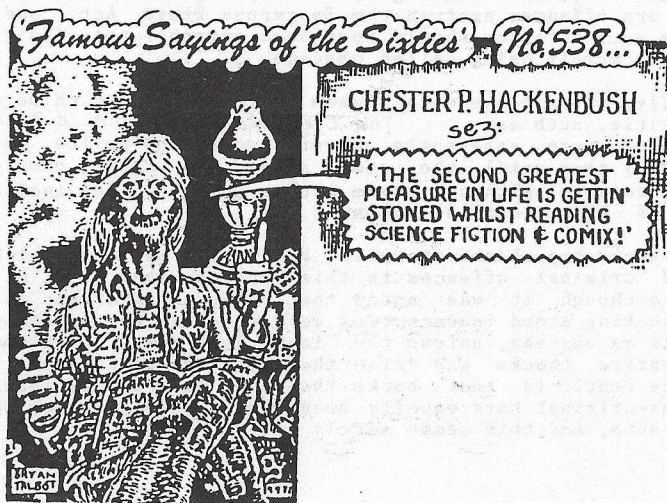
Zarathustra - the creation of a superbeing using the science of having a "wardrobe" of bodies used by the aliens. *Marvelman* is far more than a superhero, he is the superman of SF tradition. How many heroes do you know who team up with an assassin to kill the kidnapper of their wives?

Humour is also present in *Warrior* in the shape of *Axel Pressbutton*, late of *Sounds*, and the spinoff strips containing Zirk, a perverted alien with a disturbing love of avocado cream smeared bodies...but I won't go into that here.

2000AD is more readily available than *Warrior*, the former having distribution through Smiths and newsagents, whilst the latter is only available in the specialist comic and SF bookshops and by subscription. However, back issues of *Warrior* are more obtainable than *2000AD* though many of *2000AD*'s stories are available in album form including *Judge Dredd*, *ABC Warriors*, *Nemesis* and *Roko-hunter*. The albums are only available through the specialist outlets. And while we're on the subject of albums...

The Adventures of Luther Arkwright is a three volume tale, though only the first volume has yet come out, of a dimension, time and galaxy hopping secret agent and is the creation of Bryan Talbot. *Luther Arkwright* is good SF adventure with an air of Saturday morning pictures-ness even to the extent of having cliff-hangers at the ends of volumes one and two. The writing is intelligent and accomplished and the art beautiful. Also available as an album is Angus McKie's *Comic Tales* which is largely SF, though personally I find the writing not up to the art.

A decent marriage between SF and comics has been a long time coming. I would suggest to most SF readers that they could do worse than try out *2000AD* or *Warrior*, I think we should enjoy these comics while we may, for SF's current popularity may not be sustained long enough to keep SF comics a viable proposition - which is a shame, because the serious SF reader could easily find that there is more in the fusion of words and pictures than they had imagined - I'd hate to think that we could go back to the days where all that's available is football, war and childish humor.



SENSE AND CENSORSHIP.

The right to read is being threatened.
Beccon bookdealer Richard van der Voort explains.

BOOKS FOR BURNING



In theory there is little censorship in this country, in fact the Home Office have just admitted that there is no way they can stop books being printed and sold on the subject of making bombs and explosives. Only pornographic books can be confiscated by the police, and, if condemned by a magistrate or jury, the entire stock of the shop concerned can be destroyed.

Recently we have had a series of police raids on alternative book shops, in which such titles as *The Cocaine Handbook* and *Cooking With Cannabis* together with less controversial material, have been seized, and the shops charged with offences under the Obscene Publications Act, which could also mean a prison sentence for anyone found guilty in these circumstances.

As it happens, the jury found the defendants Not Guilty on all charges, but does that mean that justice was done and seen to be done? I think not. It was openly admitted in court that not all book shops which stocked these titles were prosecuted. Foyles, for instance, was known to have stocked these books, but were never charged. Secondly, the selling and handling of both cocaine and cannabis are offences against the Dangerous Drugs Act, and books advocating such offences should have been appropriately designated, instead of merely being called obscene.

Thirdly, other books were taken by the police which bore only a likely title, such as *The Electric Kool Aid Acid Test* and *Junky*, and were apparently never read by the police, but were still held by them until the case opened in court, over a year after the seizure, although these titles were not then included in the list of objectionable books.

If a book-shop chooses to sell books on matters which are considered criminal offences in this country, they do it at their own risk, although it was noted that other publications in these shops advocating armed insurrection were ignored. But to categorise these books as obscene, unless the intention was to attempt to destroy entire stocks and drive the shops out of business, seems absurd. The result is that books that fall into the dubious class of the semi-criminal have equally been found non-obscene, despite their contents, and this seems merely silly.

RIGHT TO READ



TRY TRY AGAIN

Six of the drug books acquitted last week in the Old Bailey obscenity case could be tried there again next week — under the same section of the Obscene Publications Act, with the same judge, prosecutors and expert witness. This time the defendants will be Airlift Books and its proprietors who, in addition to the half dozen titles familiar from the Knockabout Comics case, are being accused of trading in a further six publications that tend to deprave and corrupt.

The decision about how to proceed against Airlift will be taken at a meeting on Friday between DPP officials, police and Crown prosecutor Michael Worsley. It is understood the police favour pressing with the full 12 since they don't consider an acquittal by one jury a sufficient test.

If the same books do come before Judge Tony Lewisohn again, he's unlikely to be amused as the prosecution led him to believe during the Knockabout trial that this would not happen. The question arose when he had a decision to make on whether the reporting of Knockabout's result would prejudice the Airlift jury.

Andrew Tyler

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TIME OUT

TEST OF OBSCENITY

1. For the purposes of this Act an article shall be deemed to be obscene if its effect or (where the article comprises two or more distinct items) the effect of any one of its items is, if taken as a whole, such as to tend to deprave and corrupt persons who are likely, having regard to all relevant circumstances, to read, see or hear the matter contained or embodied in it.

WHAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR

It is now 16 months since the first raids on establishments selling literature relating to drugs.

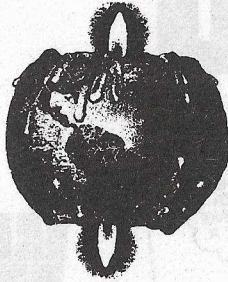
SINCE JULY 1982 the Officers of the Obscene Publications Branch of the Metropolitan Police have carried out themselves, or advised local police, on 24 visits to bookshops and suppliers throughout the country. There are charges in London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol and other towns, under the Obscene Publications Act.

The police still hold over 20,000 books and comics, of some 250 different titles. These include Hunter S. Thompson's *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, Tom Wolfe's *Electric Kool-aid Acid Test*, William Burroughs' *Junky* as well as *Fat Freddy's Cat* and *Freak Brothers* comics which have sold several million copies since the late 1960's.

The main cases, against Knockabout Comics & Airlift Books will be heard at the Old Bailey later this year (1984).

MORE BIO-ASTRONOMY.

The astronomical history of the Earth-Moon-Sun system can be deduced from biological evidence Jonathan Cowie re-caps his BECCON '83 talk and reviews subsequent works.



Two decades ago Man had only taken a few tentative steps out into space but hard evidence was then being produced as to the history of the Earth, Moon, Sun system. Further, this astronomical progress came from outside that discipline itself, it being produced by two biologists with little more than a microscope.

Biologically the Sun and the Moon, being the two most gravitationally powerful celestial bodies from the Earth, both have a marked impact on terrestrial life which varies with astronomical cycles of day, year, lunar month, Earth's eccentricity, obliquity and precession of the equinoxes. Because the relationship of astronomical cycles impacting on terrestrial life is one of cause and effect so, the two biologists Scrutton and Wells realised, by studying the latter it is possible to elucidate the former - the astronomy and history of the Earth, Moon, Sun system.

The principal pointer that Scrutton and Wells used when following their bio-astronomical trail was a species of coral, *Manicina*. *Manicina* is particularly useful for the study of bio-astronomical phenomena, for recorded in its growth ring pattern are the effects of the three basic 'planetary' cycles. First, in the cool of night *Manicina* lays down a growth ring which marks the Earth's daily rotation. The year too is denoted in the ring pattern which gets compressed in the winter. Finally there is a small compression every lunar month as growth energy is used for reproduction instead - the trigger being tidal. So by simply counting rings and compressions it is possible to work out that there are 365 days and 12.4 lunar months in a year. This obviously did not come as a surprise or as of much interest to Scrutton and Wells but what was was not living corals, rather fossils.

By examining fossilised *Manicina* both Scrutton and Wells were in a way able to glimpse the prehistoric sun and moon that hung over the Earth millions of years ago. From the growth rings Wells

discovered that 300 million years ago there were 400 days in a year, and that the Earth's rotation was faster then. By examining fossils of different ages Wells found that the Earth's spin had been steadily slowing, the day's length increasing from 20 hours some 600 million years ago to its present 24 hour value. Scrutton, on the other hand, was more concerned with elucidating the number of lunar months in a year from the growth ring pattern. He noticed that in the past there were more lunar months in the year than today which means that it must have been moving faster, orbiting closer to the Earth. Realising this, Scrutton applied one of Kepler's classical laws of planetary motion that relates the period of an orbiting body to the distance between it and its primary. Having deduced the prehistoric lunar period and knowing its present value as well as the present distance between the Earth and the Moon, Scrutton could calculate the two in times gone by. From this Scrutton came to the conclusion that the Moon has retreated from the Earth by some 11,000km over the past 380 million years to its present orbital distance of 384,400km.

Wells' lengthening day and Scrutton's lengthening lunar month are both, as the two scientists knew, linked. The connection was pointed out over sixty years earlier in 1897 in a theoretical work by the mathematician George H Darwin. His hypothesis was that the Earth's rotation would be retarded by tidal friction yet at the same time, gravity being an interactive two-way force, angular momentum would be conserved. This would have the effect of the Moon being tidally slung away from the Earth. At the time of George Darwin's paper, however, there was no corroborating evidence, - that was produced later by Scrutton and Wells.

In addition to the study of the Earth-Moon system, biology has in a round-a-bout way provided clues as to the astronomy of the Earth-Sun system. Originally the biological evidence was used to substantiate an astronomical theory as to the causes of global climatic change, specifically ice ages. An idea was put forward in the 1920s and 30s by a Yugoslavian called Milutin Milankovitch that perhaps three of the Earth's orbital parameters might each affect how solar radiation was delivered to the Earth's surface; particularly to the different hemispheres (the northern being land filled and the southern watery) each absorbs and retains heat differently.

The first of these orbital parameters is the eccentricity of the Earth's orbit which is a measure of how it departs from a perfect circle. The Earth's orbital eccentricity is thought to vary over a timescale of 100,000 years. The second parameter is the Earth's obliquity or angle of tilt, which changes over a period of about 40,000 years. Finally, the direction in space that the Earth's axis is pointing to changes in much the same way that a gyroscope's axis is seen to slowly rotate. This phenomena is known as the precession of the equinoxes and the cycle takes 20,000 years to complete. Taking these three cycles Milankovitch weighted them with regard to the magnitude of their theoretical effect and combined them to come up with one complex wave form which was thought to reflect how the Earth's average global temperature changed.

Unfortunately for Milankovitch there was no evidence then between the World Wars to support his theory until fifty years later. It came in 1976 when an Anglo American team (J.D. Hays, John Imbrie and N. Shackleton) published a work on oxygen isotopes and

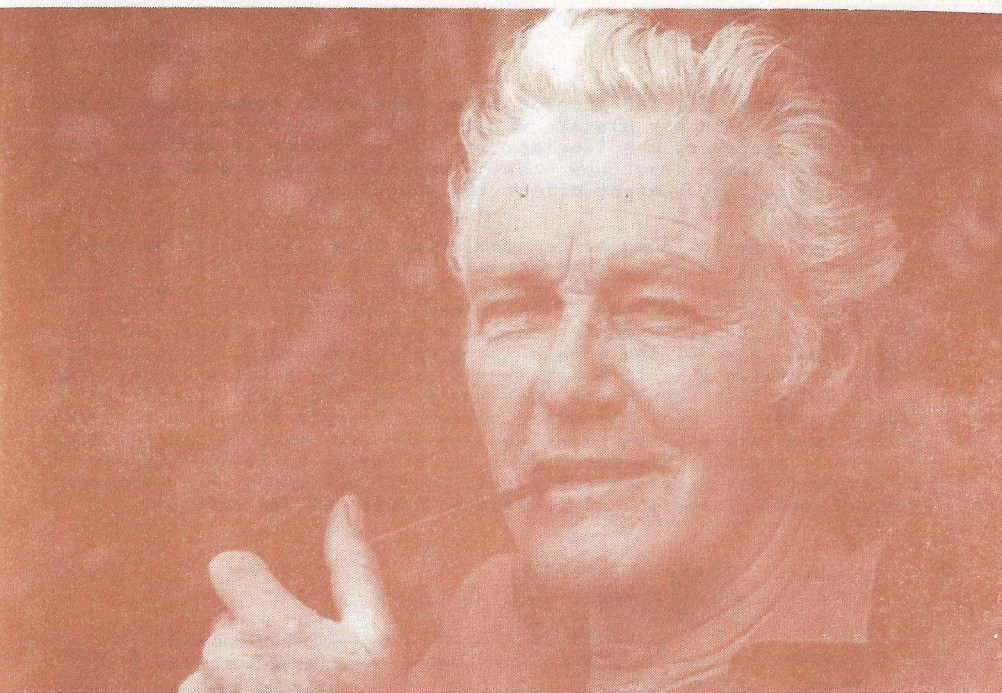
the historic changing temperature of the ocean surface layer. They used the well known phenomena of the lighter oxygen-16 isotope evaporating off at a differing rate from the heavier isotope oxygen-18 at differing temperatures. By measuring the ratio of oxygen isotopes in calcereous remains of foraminifera plankton that make up much of some under-sea sediments it is possible to deduce the temperature of the top layer of the ocean at the time the sediment was formed. The result that the Anglo-American scientist came up with when they did this was that the temperature of the oceans did vary just as predicted by Milankovitch.

Since the conclusion of the Milankovitch chapter the biology/astronomy interface seemed to have little more to offer. That was until recently for this year, 1984, a cluster of papers were published that proposed two bio-astronomically based hypotheses. The papers were written in response to the work carried out by Raup and Sepkoski in the States which suggested that throughout the Earth's history every 26 to 30 million years there is a period of mass extinction as revealed by studying, by now our old friends, marine fossils.

The first of these two latest bio-astronomical concepts puts forward the idea that the regular mass extinctions coincide with the solar system's crossing of the galactic plane about which it oscillates every 30 million years. The oscillation itself, of over 300 light years, is due to the gravitational properties of our disc shaped galaxy. In the course of this oscillation the solar system might pass through an interstellar dust cloud which would impede solar radiation from reaching the Earth, resulting in climatic change, hence the extinction of sensitive species. Alternatively the solar system might periodically come near a dust cloud whose gravitational mass would perturb the solar system's reservoir of comets and so increase the chance of one colliding with the Earth. This too, with the debris ejected into the air as a result of the impact, would cause a climatic change that could result in extinctions. The authors of this theory finally conclude that given that the galactic hypothesis is accepted then its line of reasoning can be reversed so that one could use the frequency of mass extinctions to obtain a precise value for the galactic oscillations rather than the present, astronomically obtained, approximation.

The second theory is by far the most exotic and potentially exciting. The bottom line is that the Earth is not in a single sun system; rather it's in a binary! The other, the hypothetical, sun in our system has so far gone unnoticed presumably because it is a cool black dwarf that has a highly eccentric orbit, and that it is currently at its maximum distance from us at some 2.4 light years. It only affects life when it approaches the Oort cloud of comets beyond Pluto. Then the gravitational disturbance sends some comets (roughly over a million) in to the inner solar system where several hit the Earth to cause climatic changes and species extinctions.

What agent, if any, disturbing the comets is still open to debate but there is some evidence to suggest that comet/asteroid impacts have played a part in at least one famous mass extinction. In 1980 Alvarez and his colleagues suggested that the late cretaceous extinction of dinosaurs might have been due to the impact of an extra-terrestrial object a few kilometres in diameter - a fairly typical size. The hard evidence is that there is a large excess of iridium in the strata laid down at the time. Iridium is



Richard Cowper



The Hotel

a rare element in the Earth's crust (due to it having sunk to the Earth's core when our planet was formed) but it is not uncommon in asteroids. Further, the 'nuclear winter' work done in 1983 has told us a great deal about how the atmospheric debris generated by a potential collision might affect the biosphere.

If the Sun does have a companion then it will be extremely difficult to locate even though it should be giving off plenty of infra red radiation. The known stars closest to us have been discovered either because of their magnitude - their visibility, or because of their association with nearby stars. Davis and his colleagues, some of the idea's original proponents, suggest that this companion star if found should be called Nemesis after the Greek deity that hounds the rich and proud. They feel that if it is not located it would be their nemesis. However it may be that the Davis team will not be kept waiting for very long for in the next couple of years as the data from the orbiting Anglo-American-Dutch IRAS, Infra Red Astronomical Satellite, is processed and examined then Nemesis' location, if it exists, could well be revealed.

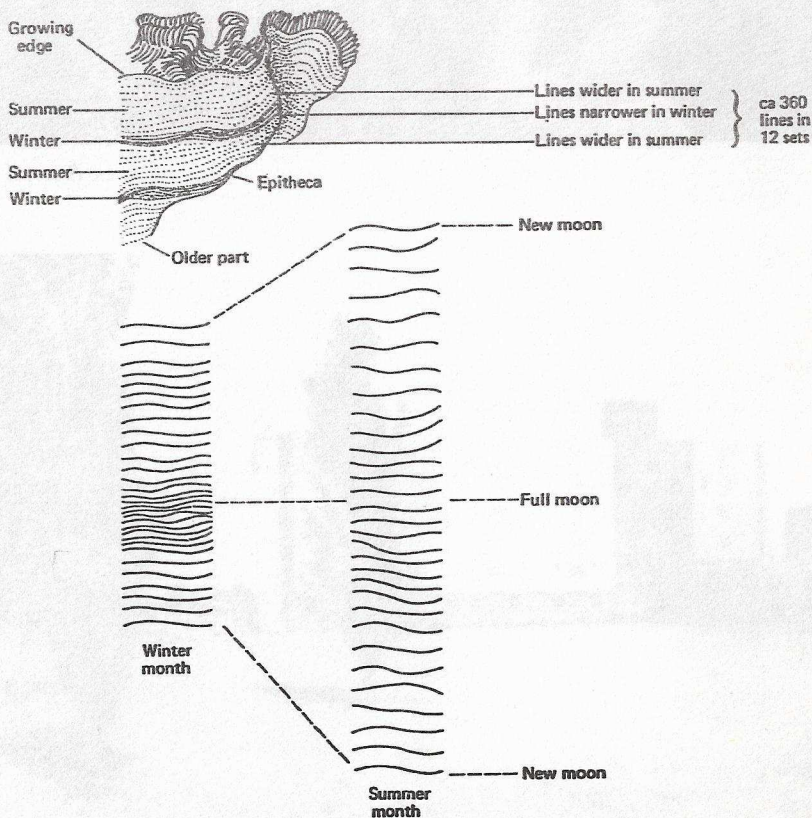


Figure The coral clock exemplified by the living genus *Manicina*.

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO EDIT MATRIX: A TALE OF IPE WATERMELONS

Chris Hughes edited one extra deluxe edition of the BSFA zine *Matrix* last year.

First week: R, knife dripping with Polley blood still in hand, casually mentions *Matrix* editorship vacant for one issue. Moment of insanity: phone D and gently steer conversation round to... "Oh, by the way," interrupts D. "You're doing the next issue of *Matrix*." Put down phone. Sit around feeling smug/manipulated.

Second week: Make lots of lists and pack for Mexican. Make lists of: possible contributors, things to do, equipment to acquire, deadlines, estimates, people to keep happy, people to offend (put Rattan at top), fates of previous *Matrix* editors, employers who have received CV but haven't replied (later gets mixed in by mistake and spend two hours wondering whether I'd asked British Telecom for con report), things to delete from other lists. Go to Mexican. Use 'Hi I'm Editing *Matrix* How Would You Like to Contribute?' opening gambit in all conversations but everyone seems to know HIEMHWYLCOG declined to ten moves deep except H, who is a little tiddly when I ask her, and X, who has a hangover. Come home with Ben Nevis of PRs, quizzes, newsletters, old fanzines, etc., to use as source material. Feel whacked/happy.

Third week: Go on scrounge: borrow electric golfball typewriter from R, who hovers around nervously pointing out all the keys that shouldn't be pressed unless certain widget is engaged. Tells me I've got to buy a new correction ribbon. Rewind CR when he's not looking and press all the wrong keys out of perversity: no problems. Look at typefaces and feel nauseous; rush round to L and beg for pretty script golfball; pledge to hand over first-born if not returned in perfect condition. Spend next few days playing at being editor: type this, edit that, make more lists, write to lots of people. Dig out list of printers and make phone calls: estimates flood in. One chap half the price of the others; check and recheck; no mistake. Bounce around the the room a lot. Dig out list of prospective advertisers and make more calls: three firm promises and two We'll Think About It, straight off. Bounce around room again. Post arrives: *What Micro?* sends enormous cheque, Intereurope invites me for interview, *Knave* accepts article. Leap around like kangaroo in mating season. Smack head on ceiling. Pass out.

Fourth week: Wake up and, whilst still half dazed, write whole of editorial using stream of semi-unconsciousness technique; deep, meaningful Pulitzer stuff. P's artwork arrives; brill, but a little washed out. Go round to local printer and persuade him to make lots of coloured photocopies for free. Results very washed out; send artwork back to P, explaining problem. Go to Tun and distribute several dozen requests for material; Chase up H and X. Fail to pluck up enough courage to ask Ealing Yeti for contrib. Chat to C and V who, stunningly, offer material before thumbscrews are even in place. Feel marvellous. Go home with R; get into long, pissed row about his magazine. Feel lousy.

Fifth week: Phone printer with detailed outline: estimate mysteriously triples. Phone C and D and gripe: they give me long lists of Even Better printers. Re-enter Printer-Estimate DO WHILE loop; exit with one at half price of others; check; double check; triple check: it's true! P's artwork comes back; fantastic, except that he's glued it to a reasonable facsimile of a barn door so have to get another photocopy: yep--- looks all washed out. Write to S about life, death and J. Wilkes: he sends article by return of post. It's far too long so decide to cut: take bright yellow scalpel and highlight all the good bits. Three hours later, sit back and look at previously white sheets of A4 that are now completely yellow. File. D's bit arrives, supplemented by several hundred Dr Who/Interzone/Yorcon newsflashes.

Sixth week: Keep trying to phone printers and advertisers but all appear to have left the country on the same flight. Dig out bits done so far: discover margin set wrong throughout. A, O and F write or phone to say they can't come up with the goods. X's bit arrives and is too long. Artwork arrives from various places and is immediately filed under "To be passed on" (or, in some cases, a close spelling thereof). Rummaging around in Eiger of paper come across awful article by someone who a) can't write, b) has never been able to, c) is a cretin. Pick up envelope with intention of sending it back; look for address; can't find one; truth slowly dawns--- this is my editorial. Shit. Get out Aunt Connie's walking stick from broom cupboard and play at being Arnold Palmer to work off frustration. Little thingamabob falls off L's pretty script golfball. Make vow to go round to L's straight away and own up. Take bits of *Matrix* with me. Show L everything I've got so far, hoping he won't notice inability to look him in eye. L mumps a lot then has a quick boast about his editing abilities. Leave (sans several sheets of yellow-lined A4) without telling him guilty secret. Back home, pass X's bit through mincer then stick shreds together so they fit on page.

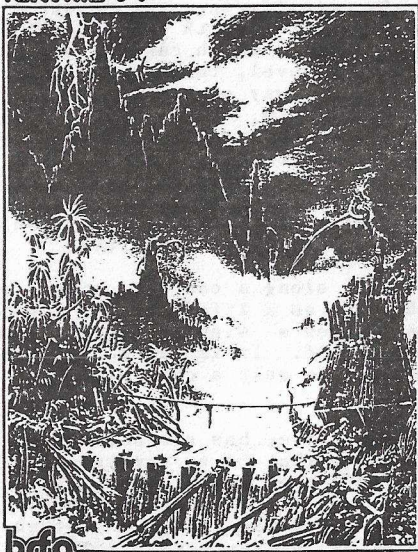
Seventh week: In desperation to escape from typewriter pick up phone: has piece of paper sellotaped to handset, says: "BILL" (at top), "£75" (in middle), "I made one, five minute phone call last quarter---Jan" (at bottom). Call another computer firm and brag that half of Berkshire's Silicon Valley is demanding I write darts essays for them: "Great," they say, "Come for an interview." I do. They offer me a job. I accept. Come back home and notice that house bulges like publisher's warehouse two days after official release of The SF Source Book. Paste up all bits of paper I can find using Tippex and correct typos with Prit. Go round to L's and ask him to proofread. He rolls proofs into a cylinder and eyes me up and down as though looking for a convenient orifice. Decide time not ripe for telling of bad news about pretty script golfball. Between us we spot all the mistakes except the ones L "overlooks". Go back and give Jan lot for photo-reduction. Take back ensmallled copy and re-paste so that it fits properly. Stick in bits of artwork. Spend ten straight hours letrasetting. Sit back and start noticing all the little mistakes. Shove in envelope hurriedly as feel urge to redo entirely coming on. Rush down to postbox, put in, stand back, emit low moan, smack self around face and then thrust hand into slit in attempt to retrieve mis-addressed envelope. Stagger home in deep depression. Spend first five days at new job worrying myself sick until arrival confirmed.

Ninth week: Go to mailing session and discover printer has not only printed it on 1/2 acre sheets but also has habit of doing

big jobs into ink drum whenever he prints front covers. Still, everyone seems to think I did a jolly good job, so there are lots of pats on the lower back. Feel proud; stand tall; smack head on low doorway; wake up disorientated and start hammering out draft editorial on imaginary typewriter. Go home and post out copies to contributors, advertisers, and IBM Electric Golfball Division (in trade).

Tenth week: Letter from X arrives; have to put on oven gloves to open it. Am accused of all known crimes in universe, plus a few new ones. X demands I print full, retraction, explanation, apology for my mincing of his article in the next issue and then flagellate myself to death with soggy copy of *Interzone*. Deeply wounded; send off grovelling missive in reply. Feel depressed all week. Go to *Unicon*; meet M,K,L,B, and N who say what a good job they thought I had done, but then all happen to mention they were speaking to X last night and... Turn round and am face to waist with X. "Now look here (((.....CENSORED.....)))ipe watermelons." Go home. Feel sorry for self. Dig out Fates of Editors list and add brief postscript. Dig out People to Offend list and make addition (at top). Phone L and whinge; ask if he'd like to go down the pub and have a game of bar billiards. "Sure," he says, "Great idea. By the way, have you finished with that pretty script golfball I lent you...?"

MATRIX 54



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THE SEX LIFE AND TIMES OF A PSEUDO ONE DIMENSIONAL LIFEFORM.

Simon Beresford, an obscure n -dimensional lifeform, adds a new dimension to gynaecology.

Way back when in the 1890's an English Clergyman, Edwin Abbott, wrote a book called *Flatland* which explored the nature of that life which could exist in two dimensions. We exist and have our being in three dimensions, namely height, length and breadth, with the possible extension of a fourth, namely duration or time. The treatment of time as the fourth dimension is unsatisfactory for the purposes of this article and so I will ignore it.

However, the ideas in *Flatland* have been explored somewhat in a few other books, but were then forgotten until recently when *Planiverse* was published. This book, which is a scientific romance in the tradition of the last century, recounts how contact is made an inhabitant called Yndrd of a two dimensional world. The book takes the form of a journey with Yndrd through the world in which the physics, biology, architecture, social organisation and many other aspects of life on a two dimensional world are discussed. It is a humorous book, and so from it I naturally came to think of a serious question. If life can exist in a two dimensional world, why should it not also do so in one dimension?

Let me start by considering the nature of one dimensional life. It can only have length, with no height or breadth. It therefore exists along a line, which can be thought of as a wire. Along a wire signals can travel, these are links like the dots and dashes of morse code. One way of representing a series of signal of this type is a waveform, similar to the pattern on an oscilloscope or the effect generated by flicking one end of a rope.

The necessary criteria for this type of waveform is that only the pattern moves on, no physical movement takes place. Another close analogy is of a string of lights on an advertising hoarding. Each light goes only on and off but the rhythm in which they do so constitutes a pattern, in my terms a waveform.

A waveform passing along a one dimensional surface in such a way could be thought of as a lifeform. An important distinction should be drawn here between a single signal such as a dot or a dash, and the pattern itself. It is the pattern that has interest and life, a single signal is only a component of the pattern, as a cell is part of a human.

This lifeform, this wave, has several characteristics. First a waveform has amplitude, that is to say the highest distance that a wave deviates from the norm; this is a very important characteristic because (as we will see later) it controls the degree to which this wave can effect any other. If one were thinking of these waves as having personalities than this could be compared to power or charisma, the ability to mould others.

Secondly there is frequency, the rapidity with which the wave crosses the norm. This is similar to temperament or personality. Some are aggressive, spiky individuals, full of their own self importance, others are deep and profound, while a hopefully small minority are shallow, with no significant motivating force.

All waves have a duration, a beginning and an end. If we were looking in from outside it we could take a photograph of the wave and measure its length. This facet of a wave's life has a great deal of effect upon its capacity to reproduce.

I hope you now have a vision of hundreds of waveforms moving along our one dimensional universe. The question remains however, what happens when two wave forms meet, either as a result of head on collision or as the result of one catching up with the other? The answer is of course that sex takes place, or, perhaps less crudely, a new lifeform is created. When two waves meet a new wave is created for the duration of the super-imposition. Two types of

sexual relationship can be deduced, namely short and long term, and they are very different in kind.

Considering collisions first. When two waveforms collide they combine for a brief time to create a new and more complex waveform. Because the waveforms are passing each other the nature of this combined wave will constantly change.

Again, the shorter of the waveforms in a collision, will for a while be completely absorbed in the other, leading to a 'little death' of complete sexual abandonment. The longer will however always maintain at least part of its own identity. In self loss though a new and more beautiful (because more complex) waveform is created, even though one wave form will frequently say to another 'this thing is shorter than both of us'.

On the other hand when one wave catches up with another, then you get the true marriage, the slowly evolving pattern of rythm and harmony. The sad but beautiful fact though is that both of these types of relationship between waveforms must inevitably lead to loss of identity for a time while one life absorbs another.

If we break from our original brief for a moment and consider the possible extention of our one dimensional universe into the topology, a network of intersecting lines, then we can create a political environment for our beings, a place they can call their own.

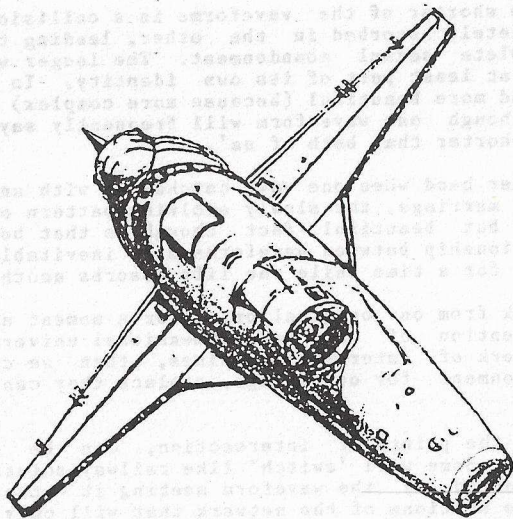
The nodes, the points of intersection, can be of several different types. Some will 'switch' like railway points, and have their setting changed by the waveform meeting it - these are like doors, leading to sections of the network that will only be used by members of the same family of waveforms. Others are influenced more slowly or by some greater event.

These junction points now become the central issue of waveform political life, for they will respond only to certain types or quantities of waves. A deep enough wave could furthermore permanently change the setting of a given node, so that in future only waveforms of its type could pass. Great wave people then leave a permanent mark on the network.

As a final point I would like to enjoin you to be grateful that you live in a three dimensional world, unsullied by the tedium of topological polotics, and the metaphysics of one dimensional sexual relationships. Remember, however, that the impulses that travel along the wires of this word processor can have a personality of their own, and a guiding intelligence that causes them to produce strange parables of modern life.

At Mexican recently I aired these views at interminable length, and some people were kind enough to humor me. I am grateful to Christina Lake for an important comment on sexism in one dimensional waveforms (an idea that lead me to consider the political structure and organisation of waveform life), and to other people for putting up with me talking about it for so long.

Especially thanks to those who corrected my spelling at a recent dinner party. All errors are of course my own.



VIEWS ON REVIEWING.

Space Voyager's book reviewer, Marion van der Voort, does not reach critical mass.

Recently Marion Zimmer Bradley and I spent a pleasant half hour at *Seacon* chatting about the trials and pleasures of being a reviewer, and discussing our differences and similarities.

The differences perhaps should be mentioned first. Marion reviews for a big American adult mundane newspaper, the San Francisco *Examiner*, while I review for a small, in comparison, British multi-interest magazine that specialises in science fact and fiction for the teens and upwards, *Voyager*. Marion is extremely well known, not only in the science fiction field, for she has achieved the position of number one in the New York Times' Best-seller List. So many of her readers want to know what she herself thinks of a book, while I am completely unknown. As a consequence I concentrate on books that I think will interest the magazine readership, and try not to let my own taste intrude.

On many points we felt similarly. We never review a book unless we have read every page. But Marion has a great deal of space to fill, while I have a few inches, so she is more likely to condemn a book she dislikes, where I tend to think that reviewing a bad book is a waste of space, which I could fill with recommending a good book. In general her reviews are also more expansive than mine but we both try to give an idea of what the book is like, without giving away too much of the plot, so that our readers can decide if it is their type of book or not; and we both tend to value plot and originality over style of writing.

We both get review copies from publishers, as well as books thrust on us by friends, and I also pick up books from shop stock, while Marion knows many writers personally, so gets the news straight from the horse's mouth. Our pet hates are review copies received too late to review before publication date, and we agreed that despite our varied sources ten per cent of books are not worth mentioning, and fifty per cent of the blurbs on the back quite misleading.

Finally we agreed that reviewing is worthwhile, as we would cover most of the ground ourselves anyway, being compulsive readers, and the joy of picking up a book that cannot be put down, and passing the good news on, makes up for all the rubbish we reject.

PHETILFOON LAY TEST by Brian Ameringen.

It is not generally known that at one stage in his long career (more of a stagger) Earl Norbert Phetilfoon was instructed, by his doctor, to avoid alcohol for some three months, due to a disease he'd contracted (enough to make one shrink!). This regime proved relatively easy for Earl for the first few weeks, but, as time dragged on he found it increasingly difficult to do without his post prandial snifter (not to be sneezed at!) Consequently he started visiting a local nature park near his home (called Special Reserve) during the afternoons, because he found that watching the wildlife have such a wonderful time without the "benefit" of artificial stimulants made him feel that that such stimulants were unnecessary for him also.

One afternoon, however, he was in the park watching some deer gambling and playing (poker actually) when, to his surprise, he noticed that one of the deer seemed to have an odd yellowish excrescence along its back. At first he thought he was hallucinating (too much blood in his alcohol system), but when he cautiously approached the beast he found that there was, indeed, a glutinous yellow layer along its back. Very carefully he ran his finger along the quivering animals pelt, picking up a dollop of the curious substance in the process, and sniffed at it. Then, carefully, he licked and of course realised - that abstinence makes the hart grow fondue!

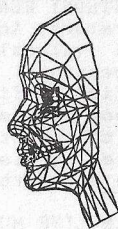
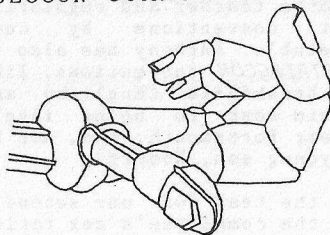
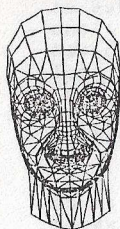
He went on his way, reminded of a story he'd heard some years previously, regarding the making of the film Barbarella. Apparently the director had included a scene in the film during which the eponymous heroine has sex with a giant rubber plant (sort of an unsprung hero!). Unfortunately, every time the actress approached the plant, it started to glow so brightly that the cameras were unable to cope with the contrast.

Considerable experimentation then ensued to discover what it was, about this particular actress, that could cause such a bizarre effect (at one point requiring her to remove all her clothing and again approach the plant - all in the spirit of pure scientific enquiry, you understand!). Finally it was discovered that Barbarella's perfume, made by the exclusive French company AB, contained rare ingredients (the plant equivalent of pheromones) that caused the weird fluorescence - simply a case of AB scents make the plant glow, Fonda!

Some years later Earl had good cause to remember both these stories. He was living on the planet Oh-Pun-Says-Ami where he had a friend who was fanatically intersted in 20th Century motorbikes, called Lou Steering. Lou could identify all the makes and even some of the capacities of all the motorbikes he could hear in the nearby Beaulieu 20th Century Motorbike collection (makes you want to throttle him).

One afternoon Earl, having dined on Chile Con Carne, despite having a bad abscess under a tooth, was talking to Lou about the intricacies of the various motorbikes in the Collection. Unfortunately the combination of the Chili and the abscess had given Earl a bad case of flatulence. Following a few borborygms he let rip a particularly noisome burst of wind (quite a gas). Lou immediately snapped to attention and pronounced "Honda 350". "No no" exclaimed Earl Norbert, "it's simply the abscess makes the fart go HONDA!".

THE BECCON COMMITTEE - WHO'S WHO.



BRIAN AMERINGEN - A convention attendee of long standing—he couldn't find a chair. Brian has a deep (as the bottom of the glass) knowledge of exotic and esoteric drinks as well as the one and only authentic (or that's what he says) recipe for that paragon among drinks - The Pan-Galactic Gargleblaster (this recipe is rumoured to come from the lips of his mate Zaphod!) Another trait in common with various other committee members is a prede-liquor-shun for dreadful puns.

SIMON BERESFORD - Likes pot holing and running, he can be found tunnelling deep into the bowels of con hotels seeking subterranean sources of liquid refreshments. He is easily recognisable by the uniform of his hobby:- wet suit, blue running shorts, hairy legs, flying helmet and hiking boots (though not necessarily in that order). Unfortunately Simon is no longer with us, resigning after *BECCON 83* but he is still trying to escape, especially having typeset this Zine.

JONATHAN COWIE - Was one of the few committee members who's been caught in the act of con organising before (the rest of us were virgins - so to speak) being irresponsible for the Hatfield *PSIFA*. Jonathan joined the committee in (to quote a *PSIFA* president) "a desperate bid for street credibility". An environmentalist by profession (which he proves by running on alcohol), Jonathan is one of our longest standing members - stooping from at least 6'3". Apart from his science fact items at various conventions he is noted for having organised the press liaison operation at the 1984 *Eurocon* (- see *BECCON's* publication list).

RICHARD EDWARDS - Famed from having worked on the award winning computer game *VALHALLA*, Richard was promoted onto the committee from *BECCON 81's* head gopher. Since then he has done quite a bit for us and has taken his fair share of bytes at committee Sunday lunch meetings. Richard was also Administrator of *PAPA* for it's first year.

Likes - Chateau Neuf de Pape 1976.

Hates - Empty bottles of Chateau Neuf de Pape 1976.

CHARLES GOODWIN - No relation to the lightship, Charles drifted into fandom, then he saw the light, and has been floating about ever since. He joined the committee under false pretenses (we thought anarchists banded together to eliminate organised conventions) to tide him over a slack period. He has been involved in setting up his own business of late, which has kept him somewhat away from Fandom, so he can disclaim responsibility for *BECCON 85*, - as he does for any of his artwork, having merely drawn it. He was also well known as Carlo (anagram - 5) in the first *BECCON* crossword. Note: For ardent readers of *BECCON's* PRs and publications, Charles does not have a beard.

ANTHONY HEATHCOTE - Another of the legendary Hatfield *PSIFA* infiltrators, Anthony was a maths teacher and regularly provides us with a valuable service at conventions by composing the pan-dimensional committee timetable. Anthony has also been involved in Hatfield's first two *SHOESTRINGCON* conventions, likes real ale, good car navigators, big breakfasts (English) and mushrooms. It was this last that suited him most to being involved with the committee. He is now living near Portsmouth, and, not to be outdone by Mike and Kathy, now has a young son, Robert.

CAROLINE MULLAN - Joined the team for our second *BECCON* in an excellent attempt to improve the committee's sex ratio for which she is well qualified. Member of the Womens' Periodical and disciple of the City Lit "Doing Science Fiction" class, Caroline's kidneys have spurred us on (-for a testimonial see the *BECCON* cookbook).

Caroline does not have a beard but does have glasses, preferably full ones.

BERNIE PEEK - In common with a number of the committee, does have a beard but this does not prevent him from practising devious culinary rites - *There Are Never Enough Mushrooms*. Peek is no mere molehill of a man, he aspires to great heights despite being 5'10". He is renowned amongst our band for his photography and ability to type with more than one finger on Wednesdays.

ROGER PERKINS - Claims to be "a genius and all round lovable person." This (nameless) committee member agrees with the round and, under threat of extinction ('cos he's typing next to me), the rest. Hardened (the arteries at least) convention goer since the dim and distant days of *CHESSMANCON* (1972), Roger is easily to be recognised with his beard and glasses. He is the person to whom all your monies go and who can be heard muttering the age-old treasurers' curse - 'It's too expensive.'

ROGER ROBINSON - Distinguished by his beard and glasses, Roger was for some years an active member of the Norwich SF group. After seeing the light and moving to London he has never looked back - probably lest someone steals his pint when his back is turned. Roger also administers (his father is a vicar) the rapidly growing *BECCON* Publications.

JOHN STEWART - Has reached the pinnacle of fandom being two metres tall. Unfortunately he can't leave the country as the passport peoples' chart does not cater for those that have scaled the heights of fandom. John is well known for his technical wizardry and not just as *BECCONS* - but at *UNICON 84* and *EUROCON 84*.

Likes - (when asked) Oh, God.

Hates - people who ask what I like and hate.

- electric shocks.

PETE TYERS - Easily recognisable by his beard and glasses, Pete comes from Norwich and his hobbies include fell and mountain walking (In Norwich?!). Pete is a sporadic convention attendee (this means that he can't remember much about it afterwards) and is *BECCON's* other superb photographer.

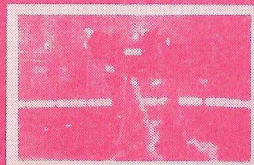
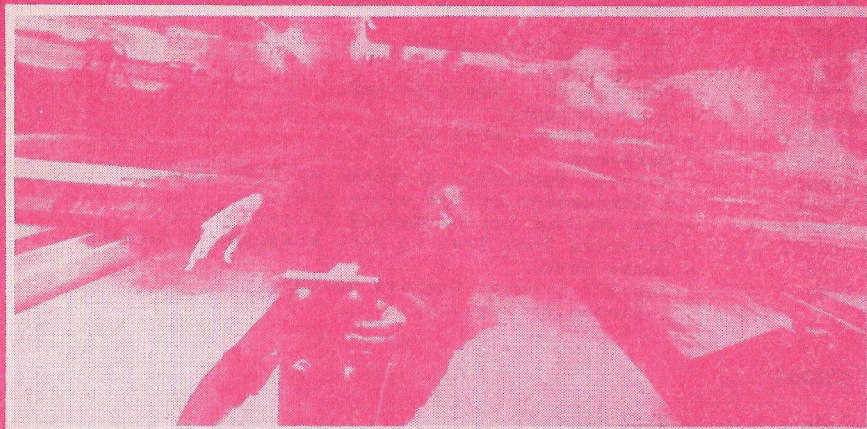
MIKE WESTHEAD - He's the one with the beard and glasses and also the one who got conned into being the *BECCON* membership secretary. A firm believer in a balanced diet, he is normally seen with a pint in both hands.

Likes - Wargaming and clearly written *BECCON* correspondence.

Hates - Cooking and illegible *BECCON* correspondence.

KATHY WESTHEAD - Took pity on Mike, probably concerned about the nutritional quality of his diet, and the growing mountains of mail that the postman kept on bringing. Soon after *BECCON 81*, she achieved a position in which she could deal with both. Kathy is most easily recognisable by the lack of beard. Her first con was *COVENTRY 2* when she achieved fame (or do we mean notoriety) by seeing D&D for the first time and sitting down to play for 12 hours non-stop. Kathy is our specialist in people bullying - she persuades people (especially Colin Fine who has been known to register more than once) to join *BECCON*.

BLADE RUNNER



DIRECTED BY RIDLEY SCOTT

The distinguished British Film Maker responsible for 'ALIEN'

The innovative special effects created by
DOUGLAS TRUMBULL

Academy Award nominee for 'Close Encounters of The Third Kind'
and 'Star Trek - The Motion Picture'

Produced by Academy Award Winning Producer of 'The Deer Hunter'
MICHAEL DEELEY

THE BECCON 81 PROGRAMME.

FRIDAY

- Films* - Shorts (inc Telegoons).
- ***** - Opening Ceremony.
- Panel* - All the things I didn't really want to talk about.
Chaired by Simon Beresford - idea by Gilligan.
- Game* - Charades.
- Film* - The Power.
- Party* - Meet the Committee.

SATURDAY

- Game* - Call My Bluff.
- Panel* - The Edges of SF.
- Talk* - Symmetry in the Multiverse - Jonathan Cowie.
- Break* - Luncheon.
- Auction* - Fairly spiffing bargains.
- Film* - Telegoons.
- ***** - GoH Speech - Barry Bayley.
- Game* - Just a Minute.
- Film?* - Plan 9 From OuTeR SpAcE.
- Break* - Barbecue.
- Drama* - Mutatis Mutandis, produced by Mike Wigley.
- Panel* - A discussion on the above play.
- Talkie* - The Philip Strick Moving Picture Show.
- ??????* - Surprise Item (was in fact midnight fireworks).
- Film* - Demon Seed.
- Film* - Captain Kronos: Vampire Hunter.
- followed by repeats.

SUNDAY

- Film* - NASA shorts.
- Panel* - A fans science panel chaired by Bernie Peek.
- Talk* - R L Fanthorpe.
- ***** - Closing Ceremony.
- Break* - Lunch.
- Film* - Film re-runs.

THE BECCON 83 PROGRAMME.

FRIDAY

Films

Panel

Game

Talk

Quiz

Film

Film

- Cartoons for early arrivers.
- Official opening.
- A lightheated (sic) look at criticism.
- Call my bluff.
- Bioastronomy by Jonathan Cowie.
- "So you think you know about SF."
- Telegoons "Lurgi strikes Britain."
- Slaughterhouse 5.
- Midnight floor party.

SATURDAY

Food

Films

Talk

Game

Break

Film

Game

Auction

Break

Talk.

Game

Film

Film

- Breakfast.
- Cartoons.
- "If physics is right and locality fails, where are we now" by Peter Gilligan.
- Just a Minute.
- Lunch.
- The Green Slime.
- Guest of Honour - Ken Bulmer.
- Twenty Questions.
- Spiffing Bargains.
- Dinner.
- "Is civilisation doomed?" by Brian Stableford.
- I'm Sorry I Haven't A Clue.
- Midnight Fireworks.
- Nosferatu.
- Fahrenheit 451.
- Film repeats.

SUNDAY

Food

Films

Debate

Panel

Break

Drama

Film

Game

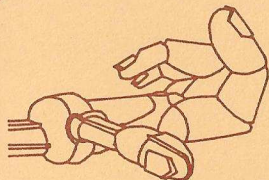
Auction

Break

Film

Film

- Breakfast.
- Cartoons.
- The 'Bed Debate.'
- Foreign Fans.
- Lunch.
- 'The Eli Still Show' by Lionel Fanthorpe.
- Son of Kong.
- Closing ceremony.
- Charades.
- More Spiffing Bargains.
- Dinner.
- Fred Fu Manchu.
- Mask of Fu Manchu.



BECCON

PUBLICATIONS

ALL FROM - 75 Rosslyn Ave, Harold Wood, Essex RM3 0RG, ENGLAND.

1. BARRINGTON J BAYLEY

A bibliography to commemorate Beccon's first GoH and Barry Bayley's first appearance as a Guest of Honour at a SF convention. This bibliography was researched for Beccon by Mike Ashley.
UK - 50p, US - \$1.00 including postage.

2. THE VOICE OF THE SHRIMP

A small booklet containing a few notes and thoughts on how to organise and run a small convention. Written by some of the Beccon committee after Beccon 81.
UK - 50p (75p - inc. postage), US - \$1.25 including postage.

3. THE WRITINGS OF KEN BULMER.

The bibliography of Beccon 83's Guest of Honour. This 52 page booklet lists all of Ken Bulmer's novels, short stories, articles, pseudonyms etc. Now in its second, revised edition, it contains introductions by Ken Bulmer and John Clute. Researched and compiled by Roger Robinson.
UK - £1.00 (1.25 inc p&p), UK - \$1.75 inc. postage.

4. THERE ARE NEVER ENOUGH MUSHROOMS

The Beccon committee prides itself in the standard of the cuisine at their committee meetings. This booklet, edited by Bernie Peek, shares with fandom at large the secret of the Beccon catering empire. A 52 page booklet in a protective plastic cover. Now in its 4th edition.
UK - 75p (or £1.00 inc p&p), UK - \$1.25 inc p&p.

5. THE EUROCON PRESS REPORT

This 'handy' (Ansible) booklet is a guide on how effective media coverage was obtained for the 1984 Eurocon. It contains 'dos and don'ts', useful addresses and some examples of the releases used. Written by the Eurocon press officer, Jonathan Cowie.
UK - 50p (75p inc. p&p), US - \$1.50 inc. postage.

6. SF & FANTASY MAGAZINE COLLECTOR'S CHECKLIST.

A handy pocket-sized checklist of over 225 SF, Fantasy and Weird magazines. Includes first and last issue dates and complete volume and issue numbers to assist collectors for those elusive editions. Researched and compiled by Roger Robinson.
UK - 75p (£1.00 inc. p&p), US - \$1.25 inc. postage.

7. BECCON - THE ZINE

With over 50 pages this publication contains a diverse range of works by a number of those who have attended Beccon over the years. Find out about the fanac of the young Barry Bayley, what happened as the UK offices of OMNI were being shut down, the joys and implications of one dimensional sex, bio-astronomy, Ken Bulmer reminiscencing, past Beccon programmes, Oppenheimer lyrics and much, much more. Edited by Jonathan Cowie.
UK - £1.00 (£1.25 inc p&p), US - \$1.75 inc. postage).

8. RICHARD COWPER

A comprehensive bibliography of BECCON 85's Guest of Honour.

IN PREPARATION: WHO'S HUGH? An SF readers guide to pseudonyms, 2,000+ pseudonyms cross-referenced.

All prices correct for June 1985