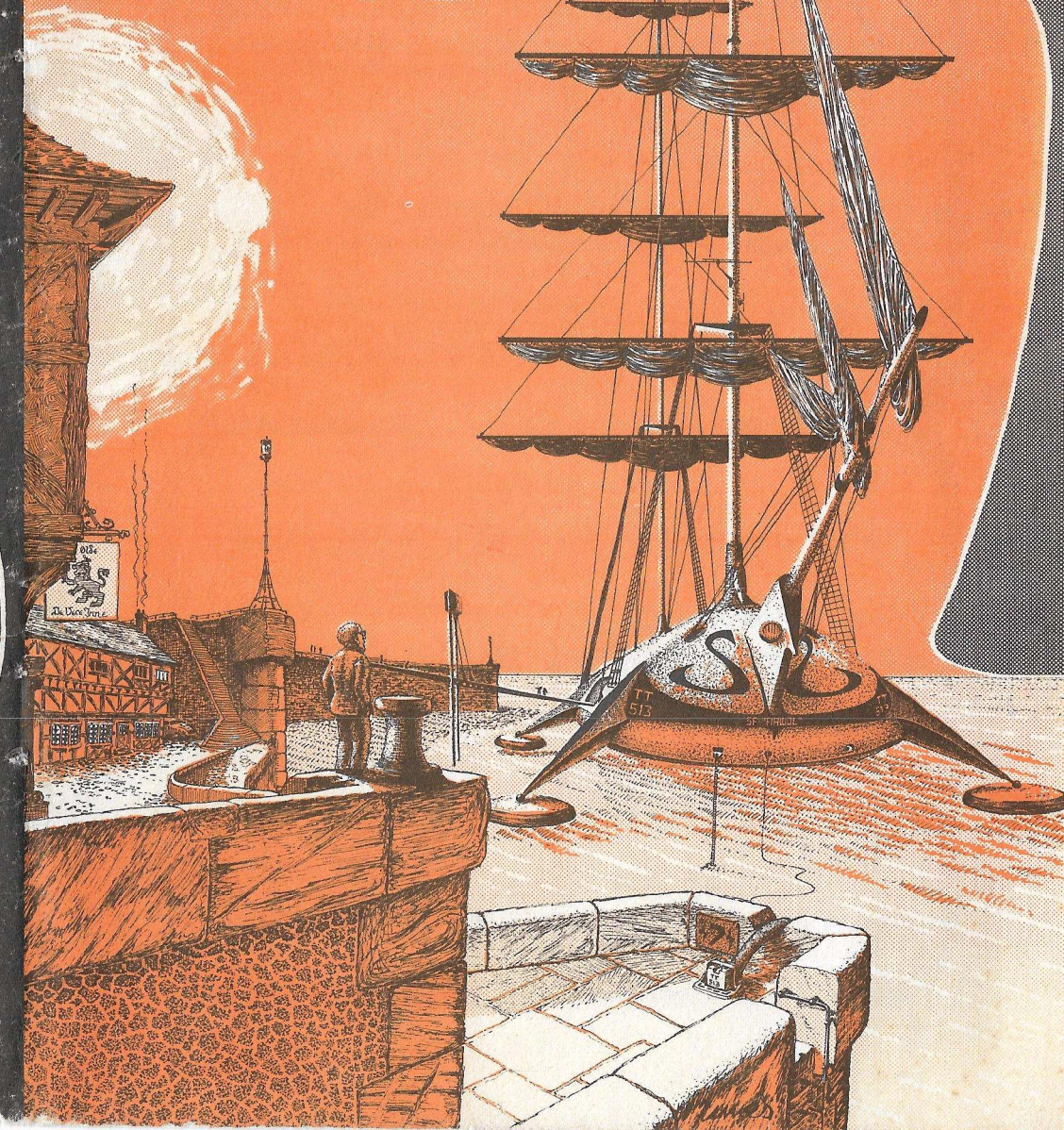


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SEACON 75

26th British Easter Science Fiction Convention

DE VERE HOTEL, COVENTRY March 28th-31st, 1975

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"After SEACON you'll still have Malcolm Edwards to kick around"

BY THE CHAIRMAN

I have this dream. I've been having it, about once a week on average, since Novacon, after which Seacon suddenly seemed to become much more imminent, as the *next* British convention rather than the next-but-one. In this dream I am transported forward to Easter and the convention. The De Vere is crowded with arriving fans; everything is happening. There's one problem though... I may have been miraculously whisked three or four months into the future, but the convention is still in the same state of preparedness it was when I went to bed. The opening ceremony is about to get under way, but upstairs the committee is struggling to produce Progress Report No.3; the first film is due to be shown, but we're still discussing which ones to hire.

Well, as I write this the convention is just over six weeks away (at least, I *hope* it's six weeks away - if you've just arrived at the hotel, and you find me sitting in a corner trying to get this finished, best call for the men in white coats) and, miraculously, everything seems to be starting to fall into place. Around Christmas it seemed that, despite seven months' work, everything still had to be done; now the whole thing seems to have acquired a momentum to carry it through.

It has steadily become apparent that our expectations of Seacon being the largest ever British convention to date are virtually certain to be fulfilled. This has, of course, been the trend over the last few years, but the rate of increase seems to be gathering speed. Tynecon 74 was considerably bigger than the 1973 convention; our registrations have been consistently reaching Tynecon's successive levels (as recorded in their Progress Reports) two months earlier. Already, in mid-February, the membership nears 400. The desirability of larger conventions is frequently questioned: the bigger the gathering, the less the overall intimacy; instead of nearly all the attendees being your friends, you and your group of friends are an island in a sea of strangers. It is inevitable though - the boom in science fiction shows no signs of abating, and with increased media coverage and more events like Beyond This Horizon in 1973 and the ICA Festival this year, more sf enthusiasts are becoming aware of and interested in the under-publicized world of organized sf fandom.

If this is your first convention, a special welcome. Parts of the convention - the programme, the exhibits - will seem accessible enough; but this weekend is a social event as much as anything else, and if you don't know anyone you may feel a little lost at first. The way out of this is to take your courage in both hands and strike up conversations with people. Everyone here has come because of their interest in sf, even if their active interest isn't what it was. Is one of your favourite authors here? Go and talk to him or her - you won't get bitten. Committee members are particularly friendly when offered double whiskies.

The convention weekend is quite fully programmed, but if you find yourself in need of a breath of fresh air, there is always the city of Coventry to explore. For the benefit of overseas visitors: the city centre was virtually destroyed in 1940, and has been completely rebuilt since. Essentially, then, it is a modern city, although remnants of the old town are still to be found. Its showpiece is the new cathedral, conveniently sited adjacent to the hotel. It's an impressive building, designed by Sir Basil Spence, featuring a famous Graham Sutherland tapestry; many, however, may find the adjoining ruin of the old cathedral more impressive still.

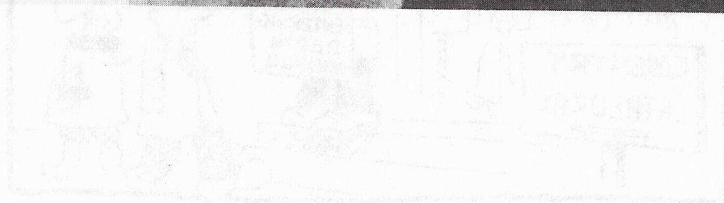
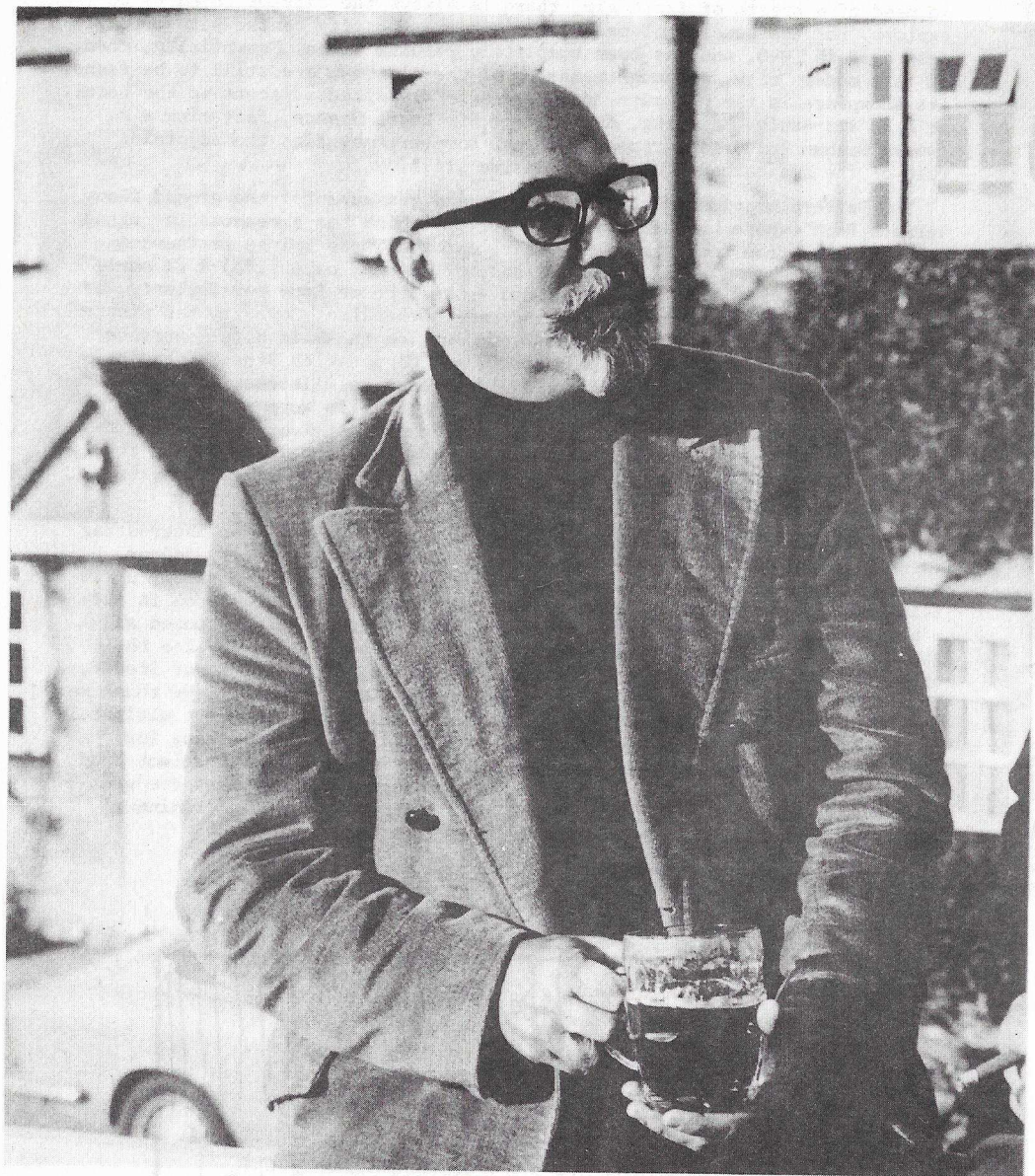
The De Vere provides meals in two separate restaurants: the ground floor Terrace Room (where breakfast will be served) which has a reasonably-priced menu, ranging from snacks to full meals; and the Three Spires restaurant upstairs which has a more extensive (and, of course, expensive) *a la carte* selection. They can both be recommended - the Terrace Room particularly, if you don't want to miss any of the programme. Otherwise, Coventry has plenty of restaurants to offer. If you turn left outside the main hotel entrance and head up Fairfax Street, Hales Street, and Corporation Street (they're all continuous), you will encounter a wide selection. Alternatively, head for Broadgate and the main shopping precinct. Some details were published in Progress Report 4; these came mostly from an excellent leaflet produced by Coventry Information Centre, which is in Broadgate. Drop in there and they'll give you a copy (unfortunately they could not give us copies to distribute in quantity, as we would have liked).

A word about this booklet: we have endeavoured to make it an interesting fanzine in its own right. There is a clutch of material relating to our Guest of Honour, including one of his own favourite stories, possibly unfamiliar to most attendees. We have also tried to survey sf and fandom in 1974 - perhaps a partial substitute for the British Fandom Review proposed and approved at Tynecon, which never really got under way. There is also the obligatory self-indulgence of the committee writing at length about itself. We hope you find it, and indeed the whole convention, enjoyable. We think we have done everything we can to provide a successful convention; but ultimately it all depends on people enjoying themselves, and that is something for which we cannot legislate (although we are doing what we can: a select band of Convention Funsters will be circulating, incognito, throughout the weekend. Anyone seen not to be having a ball will receive a gentle 'reminder' from the neuronics whips they carry. So remember: fun, fun, fun!).

Have a good weekend - that's what it's all about.

Malcolm Edwards





HARRY, GALACTIC HERO

AN APPRECIATION OF HARRY HARRISON

Brian Aldiss - "Harrison, Apeman, Spaceman!"

A man of deep understanding, of drive, of scrupulous fairness in his dealings with others, of unblemished nature, literary to his fingertips - yes, praise indeed, yet even with all these attributes I find myself stumbling before the titanic little figure of Harry Harrison.

The characteristics of Harry Harrison, Man-Made Legend and Cat-Rapist Extraordinary, are too well-known and revolting to mention here. His name is still whispered with delighted horror in the Marrakesh Kasbah, among the girls in Woolworth's, Oxford, and at St Dunstan's Home for Orphaned Esquimaux Boys in Belfast. But this is the sort of penalty a much-travelled man like Harry Harrison must pay for knocking all round the world.

Harry Harrison was born during World War I (yes, he's younger than he looks) of mixed parentage: two chaps, a girl, and a half-breed. His birthplace was a small island which has since grown to world-wide repute as the United States of America. Bombs came down, prices went up. Food and clothing were rationed. There was a shorts shortage. The small Harry Harrison was put into trunks - from which he escaped only ten years later, when the trunk arrived at the Lost Property Office in Smolensk. Not Smolensk, Egypt, but the less well-known "Smolensk", 15 Acacia Drive, Ross-on-Wye, Cumberland.

This environment provided inspiration for the young Harry Harrison, who applied himself to literature (English literature only - he thought French literature was all Balzac). He soon developed a device for handling emotion at a distance, a device still known as a heinlein. Later literary innovations include devices for steering plots where you want them to go (wilhelms), for piling mad fantasy on mad fantasy (moorcocks), for getting the heroine out of trouble (galouyes), for leaving the scene of the crime (de camps), and dicks, which are self-explanatory.

Harry Harrison appeared to be set on a successful literary career. Then he wrote *Make Room! Make Room!*, and had to pick up the pieces and start again. However, the novel was later translated into French as *Faire La Chambre! Faire La Chambre!*, and has since enjoyed dazzling success, having been filmed no less (and hopefully no more) than three times, as *Soylent Green*, as *Anne of Green Gobbles*, and as *Carry On, Cannibals*.

That Harry Harrison has an upright character, despite two prostrate operations, is well-known. What is less well-known is the great interest he takes in fast cars, a hobby reflected not only in two broken legs but also in the titles of many of his best novels, among them the best-selling *Stranger In A Strange Land*, *Bugatti Jack Barron*, *The Creature From The Black Lagoon*, *The Green Hillmans Of Earth*, *Rogue Mini*, *Barefoot In The Headlights*, *To Your Scattered Parking Places Go*, and, of course, *Multi-Story Lensman*.

In his long career, he has won many critical encomiums and a geranium in a pot from such diverse personalities from the world of show business as David Bowie, Benjamin Britten, Mrs Mary Whitehouse ("Love that hairy-assed

prose") and the Archbishop of Canterbury - whose classical comment on *Make Room!*, "Well, I'll be bugged!", has been blazoned across a million dust wrappers and wrapped across a few dozen blazons.

That was some years ago, but Harry Harrison remains the same slender, quiet-spoken, self-effacing, modest, ginger-haired layabout he always was: sober to a fault, known affectionately to his intimate friends as the Virgin of the Spaceways, always ready with an open hand for those prepared to slip a few quid into it. I have known and suspected him for years, and it gives me great pleasure on this occasion, just as it always does.

It would be unfair not to mention, during this grand event - bound to end in chaos - his devoted wife, Jane or Jean (I can never remember which it is), who has stood by Harry Harrison all these years, due entirely to his stingy policy with chairs. It is she, and she it is, who has secretly written under his name many of the books for which he is best remembered: *Deathworlds 1 through 69*, *Bill*, *The Galactic Hero*, *Technicolour Time-Machine*, *A Transatlantic Tunnel*, *Hurrah!*, *The Stainless Steel Rat*, *The Stainless Steel Rat Saves The Universe*, *The Stainless Steel Rat Saves Slough*, *The Stainless Steel Rat Saves Through Norwich Union*, and many other masterpieces, without which the course of twentieth century fiction would undoubtedly have been rather less of a battlefield.

We are gathered here to honour this great man. Okay, chaps, let's do our best. It's only for three days. This too will pass.

Kingsley Amis

There aren't enough people like Harry Harrison in science fiction, or anywhere else for that matter. He seems to follow Kipling's sound maxim for a writer, "When you find you can do something, do something you can't." Harry will do you a comic space saga, a chilling mystery on an alien planet, an ingenious and inventive alternate world, and one of the grimmest and horribly plausible near-future nightmares I have ever read: *Make Room! Make Room!* One characteristic does run through all his very varied work: energy. He's apparently incapable of writing a dull sentence.

It comes as a surprise to meet this tall, lean, shambling character, with his mop of red hair, tragic countenance, and lazy Texan drawl - when indeed he can find anything to say. No doubt he needs to husband his resources for his work, which must also be the reason for his fanatical teetotalism.

Isaac Asimov

"A friend of mine, Harrison, Harry,
Has a wit that few men can parry.
All applaud at his sight
At a fete, any night,
Or a party, or feast, or a soiree."

"And then there's his pretty wife, Joan,
Who weighs about six point six stone,
But although she's petite,
She is terribly sweet,
And for beauty, she just stands alone."

Alfred Bester - "Harry And The Baboon"

I drank my way through my latest novel (as I usually do) but not, as you may imagine, in order to whip up enthusiasm. No, quite the contrary. I'm naturally so high-strung and spaced-out that I need alcohol to sober me down. I've explained this so often that some anonymous editor picked it up and used it in the new Webster III dictionary as one example of the use of the word.

Anyway, they carted me off to hospital to dry me out, and the internes congratulated me on my liver. Very flattering, of course, but my liver has never received a compliment before; that is, outside of my *Fegato Alla Veneta*. You take a pound and a half of calves liver cut into one inch squares, a pound and a half of finely sliced onions, five tablespoons of olive oil - but I digress. No, I'd never had my personal, private liver praised before and I had to ask why.

"Because it's still functional," the internes told me. "Otherwise we'd have to use a baboon."

Some silly murder victim interrupted the conversation at that point - the novice doctors had to rush off to Emergency - and I was left hanging with that bewildering piece of information. Baboon? Use a baboon? How? I was so perplexed that I couldn't concentrate on a fascinating novel I was reading: *Tom Swift And His Aerial Warship*. It seems that Koku, the giant, was quarrelling with Eradicate Sampson while Tom was advancing the cause of science - but I digress.

Next morning the road-company doctors visited me again - they were always dropping into my room for a rap - and they were laughing about a junkie case they'd had the night before. This guy's veins were so completely mutilated by scar tissue that they couldn't get a needle in to take a blood sample. The guy had to tell them how to do it. "No, no. Not that way. You got to like go down alongside you know and then twist like up and in."

"Speaking of dirty, rotten Heads," I said, "What was all that about me and a baboon?"

"Oh, you mean your liver?"

"Like sort of."

"Well, it's still functioning. Sometimes we get a real alcoholic - not just a dumb drinker like you - and his liver's gone completely. Doesn't work. Won't purify his blood, dig? So then we use a baboon because baboons don't drink."

"Really? I hadn't known. I thought everybody... No matter. How do you use the baboon?"

"Why, we'd connect the two of you and run your blood through the baboon's liver to clean it up."

"You mean I'd be in bed with the baboon?"

"Not really. More side by side."

"Too bad. That'd be an interesting experience. What happens to the baboon afterwards? He must be full of what his liver took out of me. What do you do? Clean him up with another baboon?"

"Oh no. We just throw him away."

And there, ladies and gentlemen, you have the solution to the mystery of Harry Harrison. No, no! It's not what you're thinking; it's something entirely different and I think I'd better explain.

Here is this remarkable man, a *lusus naturae*, an artist so compact of energy and excitement that it's virtually impossible for the ordinary mortal to keep up with him. His conversation is a barrage of machine gun bursts. We've all heard of Street Language, the colourful speech of the ghetto and the slum. Harry speaks his very own Sprint Language, and as often as not I have to plead, "Harry! Please! Slower. I can't understand you."

His letters and cards are the same; typed in a mad burst of energy and looking like Captain Kidd's cipher on the scrap of parchment which Legrand picked up in *The Gold Bug*. They have to be decoded in exactly the same way; first exposure to heat, then an analysis of the number of characters - so many E's, so many T's, then the A's, O's, I's, N's, and so on. Then you translate the *Etaoin Shrdlu* into the message. Uncanny.

Most significant of all, the writing is a complete reflection of the man, charged with energy and excitement. Very strange. As a rule the artist in no way resembles his work, perhaps because the work is generated from his hidden interior. But Harry has no exterior concealing his liver; he's pure interior up to and extending far beyond his surface. I was so perplexed that I called Asimov. "Ike," I said, "tell me the truth. Didn't you manufacture Harry Harrison in your laboratory up in the Oliver Cromwell hotel, Mother of Men?"

Asimov denied this with specious arguments. He was interested in robots, not androids. He didn't have a laboratory in his suite; only a reference library. And anyway he'd moved out of the hotel last month.

When Harry spent a weekend with me down on my Bucks county farm, my suspicions about his reality were compounded. There we were in the unpolluted countryside, up to our ass in pure nature, and it made him sick. Literally. Physically ill. Oh, he Sprint-explained it with words like 1-12-12*-18-3*-14-19 which, after exposure to heat and shrewd analysis turned out to be "allergens". Now I ask you: Is a normal, human being allergic to the natural environment which produced the species? Is a fish allergic to water? Is an actor allergic to camera lenses of the formula $f, cr/f, fl = V, fl/V, cr$, or taking the reciprocal - but I digress.

No, I was convinced. Harry Harrison was not human, but what was he? Then came the baboon data in the hospital and suddenly a balloon appeared over my head containing a brightly lit electric bulb. I had the answer. Now pay close attention.

Some remarkable lifeform in another space and another time - a contra-universe, perhaps - has a very great artist who endangered his life with whatever is excessive in contra-universes. They had to save him by running a part of him through the equivalent of a living detergent, so they put the snatch on the best we had to offer, Harry Harrison, yanked him through a Black Hole, and there he was, in bed with this super-genius and that accounts for everything.

Because when they threw Harry away he brought back with him everything that this contra-universe genius had left in him. Harry gave the alien artist health. The alien gave Harry his other-world genius, and that explains Harry's tempo and talent, his brilliance and his madness. Surely his remarkable qualities could never have been produced on this planet, and I devoutly hope that the next time those contra-characters reach through a Black Hole for another can of cleanser, they'll grab me.

Incidentally, Harry love, I think I'll use the baboon gimmick in a story about this guy who - but I digress.

Damon Knight

Harry Harrison is in reality a Turk named Tarboush Bey, a rug merchant and hashish dealer from the slums of Istanbul. The only reason he calls himself Harry Harrison is because he stutters when he speaks Turkish. He is a bit violent when drunk and tends to get lost in other people's bedrooms, but he is really a fine fellow, a famous raconteur - get him to tell you about his collection of used Persian contraceptives - and I think you will like him.

Barry Malzberg

I owe what I call my 'career' in science fiction to no more than three or four people who rendered me aid and comfort at a time when of aid and comfort there was little; of these Harry Harrison may stand first and best. He is not only a writer of superb accomplishments, an editor of taste and insight, and a man of much warmth, but he has proven himself for more than two decades to be the friend of many of us in science fiction who have come to rely upon him in many ways. I have never heard an unkind word about him; he has made everyone with whom he has associated, personally or professionally, a little better than that person was before and, happiest of all, he is only in mid-career with much to come. I salute him, send him my personal regards, and congratulate all of you of the convention for having a guest of honour who does honour to us all.

Charles Monteith

The proper way to drink tequila - neat, if I remember rightly, preceded by a suck at a slice of lime and a lick at some salt on the back of your hand - was the first thing I learnt from Harry Harrison. That was in New York and was immediately after his Second Mexican Period. After his First Danish I learnt, I hazily remember, something to do with acquavit; and after his Third Yugoslav it must have been unexpected information relating to slivovitz. The acquisition of recherche alcoholic know-how is, of course, only a tiny fragment of that mind-blowing experience. Knowing Harry Harrison. It helps, I find, to regard him as a Force of Nature. Perhaps the only Force of Nature which one contemplates with complete and totally unqualified affection.

Robert Sheckley - "Harry And The Dirty Dog"

I have known Harry Harrison for a long time. I have watched the maturation of his writing talents, culminating in *Make Room! Make Room!* where the density of detail and the quiet desperation of the characters' lives combine to give an impression at once deeply moving and realistic. It is an extremely effective book.

I have been with Harry in various parts of the world. But I remember best the time I visited him and his wife Joan in Cuatla, Mexico.

Cuatla is a village near Mexico City, famous as the birthplace of Emiliano Zapata. The Harrisons were living in a sort of motel-bungalow with tangerine-coloured walls. It was a quaint place submerged under bouganvillea and cockroaches. Harry was his usual whirlwind of energy, aided and abetted by the tequila that flows so freely around him.

There was the good talk, good drinking, and good fellowship that is the hallmark of the Harrison presence. There was the superb food that Joan dishes up in whatever nationality Harry has plunged her into. And so passed the night.

The next morning I accompanied Harry on a drive into the village. On the way, Harry stopped the car, and, without a word of explanation, picked up half a dozen rocks and put them on the seat beside him. I figured maybe he was collecting Mexican rocks, or perhaps he felt the car needed ballast. The car certainly needed something.

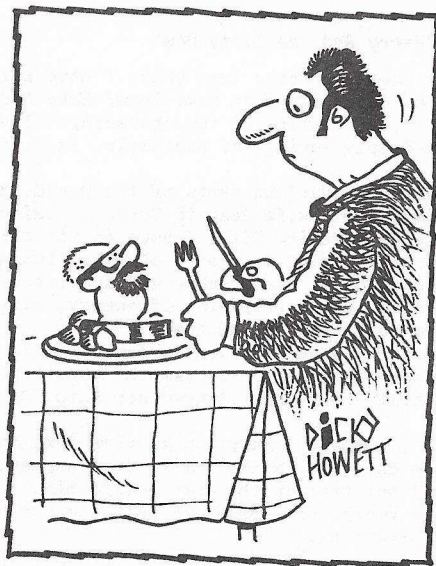
We drove on. Suddenly, from between two disreputable adobe buildings, a gigantic yellowish-gray hound sprang forth. This dog looked like a cross between a Great Dane and a hyena. His mouth was slaverling green foam flecked with rabies, and he charged the car like Genghis Khan on roller skates.

The dog's fierce barking was more than equalled by Harrison's fierce barking. Repeatedly the dog threw himself against the flimsy side of the car, his eyes emitting insane yellow glints. Harrison, his own eyes none too sane, roaring and cursing in three languages, drove with one hand and threw rocks at the dog with the other. The dog dodged the rocks and tried to tear Harry's arm off. This continued until we reached Cuatla; whereupon the dog went off about his business.

I learned that this was a daily ritual with Harry and the dog. It was a game they played with utter ferocity, but with mild intent; for the dog never actually bit Harry, and Harry never actually hit the dog.

What was it all about? It was just Harry throwing off excess energy, fighting dream wars, working up an appetite for his morning *huevos rancheros*, stirring up the energy-level to where he wanted it, playing a morning game with light-hearted seriousness and scowling good-humour. It was just Harry being Harry.

The warm-hearted scowl and glinting teeth - the gesticulating cigar - the ominous and sometimes indecipherable mutter - the warmth and generosity, the vitality and explosiveness - these are the salient characteristics of the man. He is an inexhaustible original. I am glad I have had the opportunity to tell you a little about him.



Harry Harrison and "Soylent Green"

MUTE MILTON

a short story by Harry Harrison

WITH A NEW INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR

By an accident of time and space I was born in the New England state of Connecticut and grew up in New York City. My mother was born in Russia and my paternal grandmother in Ireland, so it is easy enough to visualize a hiccup in time that might have had me in the Russian army, rather than the American one, or planting spuds for a living. This realization, along with a desire to see every part of the world, took me from America's neon shores just as soon as it was financially possible. First to exotic Mexico, then to even more exotic Bromley, Kent, and the unsung joys of Camden Town Road. On to Italy, thence to Denmark, where I stayed with my family for a number of years.

To understand the genesis of this story, "Mute Milton", it is necessary to know what Denmark was like at the time I lived there. There were only a handful of Americans in the entire country, and this at a time when Americans were much admired. Most interesting is the fact that the Danes were completely colour-blind as regards race. In fact they, a nation of blue-eyed blondes, consider black to be really beautiful - and are quite sincere in their admiration. This attitude prevailed through most of Scandinavia.

Then Martin Luther King received the Nobel Prize. The Danish papers were filled with the news of his visit, there was great excitement so that I, an American expatriate, felt quite proud of my country. Good things were really happening.

Until I bought a copy of Time magazine and read an article about Martin Luther King which contained, among other things, a quote from some simple-minded Southern son-of-a-bitch of a sheriff. Who said something to the effect that maybe King was a big man in Norway but in the sheriff's town he would be just one more nigger.

The contrast between where I was and where I used to be was shocking and painful. New York City is no racial paradise, but it is still light years away from the deep South I knew during the war. I had been stationed for far too many years in Mississippi, Florida, and Texas so I knew the sheriff's type only too well. I had just forgotten. And I was angry.

To express that anger in coherent form I conceived and wrote this story in a white heat, at one sitting. I do not apologize if it is an angry story.

Harry Harrison

With ponderous smoothness the big Greyhound bus braked to a stop at the platform and the door swung open. "Springville," the driver called out; "last stop!" The passengers stirred in the aisle and climbed down the steps into the glare of the sun. Sam Morrison sat patiently, alone, on the wide rear seat, waiting until the last passengers were at the door before he put the cigar box under his arm, rose, and followed them. The glare of sunlight blinded him after the tinted-glass dimness of the bus, and the moist air held the breathless heat of Mississippi summer. Sam went carefully down the steps one-at-a-time, watching his feet, and wasn't aware of the man waiting there until something hard pushed at his stomach.

"What business yuh got in Springville, boy?"

Sam blinked through his steel-rimmed glasses at the big man in the gray uniform who stood before him, prodding him with a short, thick nightstick. He was fat as well as big, and the smooth melon of his stomach bulged out over his belt, worn low about his hips.

"Just passing through, sir," Sam Morrison said and took his hat off with his free hand, disclosing his cut short grizzled hair. He let his glance slide across the flushed reddened face and the gold badge on the shirt before him, then lowered his eyes.

"An just where yuh goin to, boy? Don' keep no secrets from me..." the voice rasped again.

"Carteret, sir, my bus leaves in an hour."

The only answer was an uncommunicative grunt. The lead-weighted stick tapped on the cigar box under Sam's arm. "What yuh got in there - a gun?"

"No, sir, I wouldn't carry a gun." Sam opened the cigar box and held it out: it contained a lump of metal, a number of small electronic components, and a two-inch speaker, all neatly wired and soldered together. "It's a... a radio, sir."

"Turn it on."

Sam threw a switch and made one or two careful adjustments. The little speaker rattled and there was the squeak of tinny music barely audible above the rumble of bus motors. The red-faced man laughed.

"Now that's what Ah call a real nigger radio...piece uh trash." His voice hardened again. "See that you're on that bus, hear?"

"Yes, sir," Sam said to the receding, sweat-stained back of the shirt, then carefully closed the box. He started toward the coloured waiting room but when he passed the window and looked in he saw that it was empty. And there were no dark faces visible anywhere on the street. Without changing pace Sam passed the waiting room and threaded his way between the buses in the cinder parking lot and out of the rear gate. He had lived all of his sixty-seven years in the State of Mississippi so he knew at once that there was trouble in the air - and the only thing to do about trouble was to stay away from it. The streets became narrower and dirtier and he trod their familiar sidewalks until he saw a field worker in patched overalls turn into a doorway ahead under the weathered "Bar" sign. Sam went in after him; he would wait here until a few minutes before the bus was due.

"Bottle of Jax, please." He spread his coins on the damp, scratched bar and picked up the cold bottle. There was no glass. The bartender said nothing.

Copyright (c) 1966 by Harry Harrison

After ringing up the sale he retired to a chair at the far end of the bar with his head next to the murmuring radio and remained there, dark and impenetrable. The only light came from the street outside, and the high-backed booths in the rear looked cool and inviting. There were only a few other customers here, each of them sitting separately with a bottle of beer on the table before him. Sam threaded his way through the close-spaced tables and had already started to slide into the booth near the rear door when he noticed that someone was already there, seated on the other side of the table.

"I'm sorry, I didn't see you," he said and started to get up, but the man waved him back onto the bench and took an airline bag with "TWA" on it from the table and put it down beside him.

"Plenty of room for both," he said and raised his bottle of beer. "Here's looking at you." Sam took a sip from his own bottle, but the other man kept drinking until he had drained half of his before he lowered it with a relaxed sigh. "That's what I call foul beer," he said.

"You seem to be enjoying it," Sam told him, but his slight smile took the edge from his words.

"Just because it's cold and wet - but I'd trade a case of it for a bottle of Bud or a Ballantine."

"Then you're from the North, I imagine?" Sam had thought so from the way he talked, sharp and clipped. Now that his eyes were getting used to the dimness he could see that the other was a young man in his twenties with medium-dark skin, wearing a white shirt with rolled-up sleeves. His face was taut and the frown wrinkles on his forehead seemed etched there.

"You are damned right, I'm from the North and I'm going back..." he broke off suddenly and took another swig of beer. When he spoke again his voice was cautious. "Are you from these parts?"

"I was born not far from here, but right now I live in Carteret, just stopping off here between buses."

"Carteret - that's where the college is, isn't it?"

"That is correct. I teach there."

The younger man smiled for the first time. "That sort of puts us in the same boat, I go to NYU, majoring in economics." He put his hand out. "Charles Wright - everyone but my mother calls me Charlie."

"Very pleased to meet you," Sam said in his slow old-fashioned way. "I am Sam Morrison, and it is Sam on my birth certificate too."

"I'm interested in your college, I meant to stop in there but..." Charles broke off suddenly at the sound of a car's engine in the street outside and leaned forward so that he could see out the front door, remaining there until the car ground into gear and moved away. When Charles dropped back onto the seat Sam could see that there were fine beads of sweat in the lines of his forehead. He took a quick drink from his bottle.

"When you were at the bus station you didn't happen to see a big cop with a big gut, red face all the time?"

"Yes, I met him, he talked to me when I got off the bus."

"The bastard!"

"Don't get worked up, Charles; he is just a policeman doing his job."

"Just a...!" The young man spat a short, filthy word. "That's Brinkley,

you must have heard of him, toughest man south of Bombingham. He's going to be elected sheriff next fall and he's already a Grand Knight of the Klan, a real pillar of the community."

"Talking like that's not going to do you any good," Sam said mildly.

"That's what Uncle Tom said - and as I remember it he was still a slave when he died. Someone has got to speak up, you can't remain quiet forever."

"You talk like one of those Freedom Riders." Sam tried to look stern, but he had never been very good at it.

"Well I *am* one, if you want to know the truth of it, but the ride ends here. I'm going home. I'm scared and I'm not afraid to admit it. You people live in a jungle down here; I never realized how bad it could be until I came down. I've been working on the voter's committee and Brinkley got word of it and swore he was going to kill me or put me in jail for life. And you know what? - I believe it. I'm leaving today, just waiting for the car to pick me up. I'm going back North where I belong."

"I understand you have your problems up there too..."

"Problems!" Charlie finished his beer and stood up. "I wouldn't even call them problems after what I've seen down here. It's no paradise in New York - but you stand a chance of living a bit longer. Where I grew up in South Jamaica we had it rough, but we had our own house in a good neighbourhood and - you take another beer?"

"No, one is enough for me, thank you."

Charlie came back with a fresh beer and picked up where he had left off. "Maybe we're second-class citizens in the North - but at least we're citizens of some kind and can get some measure of happiness and fulfillment. Down here a man is a beast of burden and that's all he is ever going to be - if he has the wrong colour skin."

"I wouldn't say that, things get better all the time. My father was a field hand, a son of a slave - and I'm a college teacher. That's progress of a sort."

"What sort?" Charlie pounded the table, yet kept his voice in an angry whisper. "So one hundredth of one per-cent of the Negroes get a little education and pass it on at some backwater college. Look, I'm not running you down; I know you do your best. But for every man like you there must be a thousand who are born and live and die in filthy poverty, year after year, without hope. Millions of people. Is that progress? And even yourself - are you sure you wouldn't be doing better if you were teaching in a decent university?"

"Not me," Sam laughed. "I'm just an ordinary teacher and I have enough trouble getting geometry and algebra across to my students without trying to explain topology or Boolean algebra or anything like that."

"What on earth is that Bool...thing? I never heard of it."

"It's, well, an uninterpreted logical calculus, a special discipline. I warned you, I'm not very good at explaining these things though I can work them out well enough on paper. That is my hobby, really, what some people call higher mathematics; and I know that if I were working at a big school I would have no time to devote to it."

"How do you know? Maybe they would have one of those big computers - wouldn't that help you?"

"Perhaps, of course, but I've worked out ways of getting around the need for one. It takes a little more time, that's all."

"And how much time do you have left?" Charlie asked quietly, then was instantly sorry he had said it when he saw the older man lower his head without answering. "I take that back, I've got a big mouth, I'm sorry. But I get so angry. How do you know what you might have done if you had the training, the facilities..." He shut up, realizing that he was getting in deeper every second.

There was only the murmur of distant traffic in the hot, dark silence, the faint sound of music from the radio behind the bar. The bartender stood, switched the radio off, and opened the trap behind the bar to bring up another case of beer. From nearby the sound of the music continued like a remembered echo. Charlie realized that it was coming from the cigar box on the table before them.

"Do you have a radio in that?" he asked, happy to change the subject.

"Yes - well really no, though there is an RF stage."

"If you think you're making sense - you're not. I told you, I'm majoring in economics."

Sam smiled and opened the box, pointing to the precisely wired circuits inside. "My nephew made this, he has a little 'I-fix-it' shop, but he learned a lot about electronics in the air force. I brought him the equations and we worked out the circuit together."

Charlie thought about a man with electronic training who was forced to run a handyman's shop, but he had the sense not to mention it. "Just what is it supposed to do?"

"It's not really supposed to do anything, I just built it to see if my equations would work out in practice. I suppose you don't know much about Einstein's unified field theory..." Charlie smiled ruefully and raised his hands in surrender. "It's difficult to talk about. Putting it the simplest way, there is supposed to be a relation between all phenomena, all forms of energy and matter. You are acquainted with the simpler interchanges, heat energy to mechanical energy as in an engine, electrical energy to light..."

"The light bulb!"

"Correct. To go further, the postulation has been made that time is related to light energy, as is gravity to light, which has been proved, and gravity to electrical energy. That is the field I have been exploring. I have made certain suppositions that there is an interchange of energy within a gravitic field, a measurable interchange, such as the lines of force that are revealed about a magnetic field by iron particles - no, that's not a good simile - perhaps the ability of a wire to carry a current endlessly under the chilled condition of superconductivity -"

"Professor, you have lost me, I'm not ashamed to admit it. Could you give me some example maybe - like what is happening in this little radio here?"

Sam made a careful adjustment and the music gained the tiniest amount of volume. "It's not the radio part that is interesting, that stage really just demonstrates that I have detected the leakage - no, we should call it the differential - between the earth's gravitic field and that of the lump of lead there in the corner of the box."

"Where is the battery?"

Sam smiled proudly. "That is the point - there is no battery. The input current is derived..."

"Do you mean you are running that radio off *gravity*? Getting electricity for nothing?"

"Yes...really, I should say no. It is not like that..."

"It sure looks like that!" Charlie was excited now, crouching half across the table so he could look into the cigar box. "I may not know anything about electronics but in economics we learn a lot about power sources. Couldn't this gadget of yours be developed to generate electricity at little or no cost?"

"No, not at once, this is just a first attempt..."

"But it *could* eventually and that means -"

Sam thought that the young man had suddenly become sick. His face, just inches away, became shades lighter as the blood drained from it, his eyes were staring in horror as he slowly dropped back and down into his seat. Before Sam could ask what was the matter a grating voice bellowed through the room.

"Anyone here seen a boy by name of Charlie Wright? C'mon now, speak up, ain't no one gonna get hurt for tellin' me the truth."

"Holy Jesus..." Charlie whispered, sinking deeper in the seat. Brinkley stamped into the bar, hand resting on his gun butt, squinting around in the darkness. No one answered him.

"Anybody try to hide him gonna be in trouble!" he shouted angrily. "I'm gonna find that black granny dodger!"

He started toward the rear of the room and Charlie, with his airline bag in one hand, vaulted the back of the booth and crashed against the rear door.

"Come back here, you son of a bitch!"

The table rocked when Charlie's flying heel caught it and the cigar box slid off to the floor. Heavy boots thundered and the door squealed open and Charlie pushed out through it. Sam bent over to retrieve the box.

"I'll kill yuh, so help me!"

The circuit hadn't been damaged; Sam sighed in relief and stood, the tinny music between his fingers.

He may have heard the first shot but he could not have heard the second because the .38 slug caught him in the back of the head and killed him instantly. He crumpled to the floor.

Patrolman Marger ran in from the patrol car outside, his gun ready, and saw Brinkley come back into the room through the door in the rear.

"He got away, damn it, got clear away."

"What happened here?" Marger asked, slipping his gun back into the holster and looking down at the slight, crumpled body at his feet.

"I dunno. He must have jumped up in the way when I let fly at the other one what was running away. Must be another one of them commonists anyway, he was sittin' at the same table."

"There's gonna be trouble about this..."

"Why trouble?" Brinkley asked indignantly. "It's just anutha ol' dead nigger..." One of his boots was on the cigar box and it crumpled and fractured when he turned away.

* * *

THE FUTURE SO FAR...

a survey of the past year in science fiction

BOOKS

1973 was mostly notable as a year in which some of the old masters of the genre (Clarke, Heinlein) reasserted their superiority - in terms of sales figures, that is - over newer competition. Not that there was much newer competition in 1970. In sharp contrast, 1974 produced an unusually good crop of distinctive and distinguished books.

Top of any list of this kind, and surely an odds-on favourite for this year's Hugo and Nebula Awards, comes *The Dispossessed*, by Ursula Le Guin. This "ambiguous utopia" (to borrow the author's own sub-title), with its careful investigation of a responsible, but essentially anarchistic society, was surely the most sophisticated and intelligent political sf novel since... well, since 1984, at least. If it had a major fault it was perhaps that it sometimes fell victim to it's author's intelligence and scrupulous sensibility, and lacked passion. Dick Geis wished that Ursula Le Guin had about a quarter of Harlan Ellison in her - about a quarter of one per-cent might be a better estimate, but one can see what he means.

The Dispossessed would have made any year worthwhile; but additionally, there were several other books which would have stood out like a beacon in 1973. Philip K. Dick produced his first novel for over four years, *Flow My Tears, the Policeman Said*. If not quite in the very front rank of Dick novels, *Flow My Tears...* was nevertheless a triumphal return: full of authentic Dickian *frissons*, with the fabric of reality crumpling under the characters' feet, it was given bite by the infusion of political paranoia. J.G. Ballard's *Concrete Island* may or may not be sf (who cares?), but it represented a welcome return to sanity for its author, after the psychopathic *Crash*. Anyone who has driven around the new motorway interchanges of West London or Birmingham will surely recognize, the aptness of Ballard's transfer of the desert island story to a forgotten piece of ground surrounded by roads full of speeding, oblivious cars. Christopher Priest's *Inverted World* had some hostile reviews from American fan critics who didn't like the ambiguous ending (actually not really ambiguous, and to my mind one of its strong points), although its weakness was surely that the background was insufficiently realized. The image of the ever-travelling City of Earth came through strongly, but it was never brought fully to life. Greatly in its favour, though, was that the novel had the best sf idea of the year, and probably the best single scene as well.

There were other notable novels. There is now a solid group of reasonably productive, highly-competent British writers, most of whose names begin with 'Co'. D.G.Compton's *The Continuous Katherine Mortenhoe* (less clumsily titled *The Unsleeping Eye* in the U.S.A.) confirmed him as one of the best characterizers in the field; Richard Cowper's *Worlds Apart* was admittedly below par, though readable; Michael Coney continued to produce at a remarkable rate, with *Winter's Children* perhaps the best of the four or five Coney books published in this country last year; Edmund Cooper continued to produce books which were enthusiastically reviewed by *The Sunday Times*. At the end of the year came Bob Shaw's *Orbitsville*, sadly destined for a lifetime of comparisons with *Ringworld*, although it was actually conceived before Niven's book. It was better too.

In the U.S.A., the remarkable Barry Malzberg continued to be remarkable: *The Destruction of the Temple* and *On A Planet Alien* were two titles worth singling out, while *Herovit's World* (a non-sf novel with an sf writer as its main character) became available in paperback and *Beyond Apollo*, his best novel to date, appeared for the first time in this country. Among newer writers, Doris Piserchia attracted attention with her second novel, *Star Rider*, and James Tiptree produced his first collection of short stories.

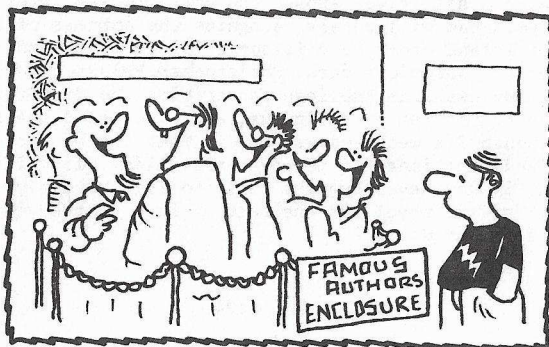
Roger Elwood continued to dominate the anthology market; the year was punctuated with his appointing an ever more complicated network of assistants and advisors for his empire. Unfortunately the anthologies all seemed to be roughly the same book, filled with roughly the same stories, even though the authors and titles were different. There were bushels of original and reprint anthologies from other hands, and if I single out *Before The Golden Age*, Isaac Asimov's huge collection of 1930's sf, it's because it was a long-overdue assemblage, and I had a lot of enjoyment from it, despite the presence of some of the worst stories it has been my good fortune narrowly to avoid reading.

Series seemed about to take hold of the paperback market in this country, but the threat seems (hopefully) to have receded. Apart from the egregious Perry Rhodan, these were mostly native products, featuring monosyllabically-named heroes with small brains. The worst was surely Laurence James' *Rack* series, the first volume of which was pure phony-mediaeval hack writing, with a spaceship at the beginning and end to make it sf.

Last but not least, 1974 produced the first glossy book of sf pulp illustration (a largely unploughed field well overdue for exploitation). Anthony Frewin's *One Hundred Years of Science Fiction Illustration* was a loving survey of sf art, 1840-1940. If some of the early choices seemed rather idiosyncratic, what fan could fail to enjoy the full-colour reproductions of Paul and Wesso masterpieces from *Amazing* and *Astounding* of the 1930s?

This is, of necessity, a brief selection. 1974 was a pretty good year. Would that there were more like it.

Malcolm Edwards



MAGAZINES

On the whole 1974 was an average year for magazine science fiction. With high-paying original anthologies flooding the market and skimming the cream of sf, this should not come as a great surprise.

The BIG news for British sf addicts in 1974 was the arrival of a new magazine, *Science Fiction Monthly*. This is far more than an sf magazine: it runs news (a useful column), reviews (very good when by our own modest Chairman, or our own Film Organizer), interviews, articles, stories, and extracts from NEL novels. The general standard of the fiction, for the first few months after the first, good issue, was poor. Pinning down the reason is easy: although most of the stories were competently written, they were dull in style and dull in concept; they dredged up stock ideas and hackneyed themes, scarcely bothering to dress them any differently. There were some excellent items, among which Ian Watson's "Sitting On A Starwood Stool", Bob Shaw's "Dark Icarus" (which appealed to my sense of vertigo), and Anne McCaffrey's "Apple" lodge in the memory. The articles that appeared were, on the whole, interesting despite a tendency to catalogue (rather like I'm doing now) and an insufficiency of judgement. However, one appalling article on Women in Sf (What happened, Mike?) rates the author as Stinker of the Year. *Science Fiction Monthly* ran two competitions: the art competition served to bring to light several excellent amateur artists; the story competition would not appear (on the basis of the winning items) to have been so successful.

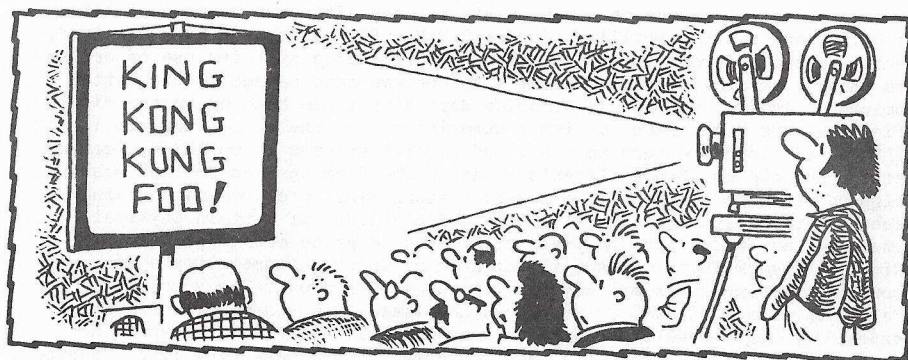
Analog, under the editorial control of Ben Bova, was a more interesting magazine during 1974 than in any of the last six years at least; this, however, was due more to its science fact than to its science fiction. The three novels that appeared during the year were disappointing - Nemeth and Wallings' *Earth Air Fire and Water*, Tak Hallus' *Stargate*, and Alfred Bester's *The Indian Giver*. The first two were instantly forgettable, and *The Indian Giver* was something of a let-down, perhaps inevitably after nearly twenty years of anticipation. Short stories were, on average, dull, both in writing and in ideas; but four pieces were memorable: William Cochrane's "The Horus Errand", dealing with the technology of the transmigration of the soul after death, Larry Niven's "The Hole Man" (there's no-one quite like Niven for Black Hole stories), Spider Robinson's "The Time Traveller", concerning the effect of social change on a man on his release after ten years in solitary confinement, and the brilliant George R.R. Martin's story, "A Song For Lya", which caused a furore in the letter column of *Analog* over its use of orgasm to enhance empathic ability. Since a furore was once caused in the letter column of *Analog* over an illustration depicting a man holding up the middle finger of his right hand, it isn't surprising that the actual description of SEX caused blood pressure to rise, and stout Americans to collapse, foaming at the principles. Duncan Lunan's "Space Probe From Epsilon Boötis" was the high-point among the year's articles: a staggering interpretation (though subsequently criticized for slipshod calculations) of certain physical phenomena as indicating the presence of a space probe orbiting the moon. Niven's "Bigger Than Worlds", illustrated by our own Andrew Stephenson, was more interesting as an article than it was as a lecture. The special Velikovsky issue of *Analog* (November) had Isaac Asimov demonstrating an unexpectedly high level of scientific chauvinism in an article in which he called Velikovsky a "Crackpot", and advanced the argument very little further.

I remain confused about *Amazing Stories*. An oppressive air of paranoia hung thickly over the magazine in 1974, and insinuated itself everywhere: the stories were violently written and featured violence as matter-of-factly as teleportation; the editor spent pages defending his editorial decisions, or answering the smallest and mildest of criticisms; David Gerrold wrote in and demanded full payment for a reviewer having reprinted an entire short story from one of his anthologies (it was Roger Deeley's "The Shortest Science Fiction Story Ever Told" - just for the hell of it: "Time ended: Yesterday."). The editor paid up! Nine cents! The mind boggles.

It was *Galaxy* that allowed the year to begin on a high point, with its serialization of Chris Priest's *Inverted World*. Although the text of parts three and four was massacred beyond belief, the novel would still have been a stunning read to those who consumed it in this version. During the year *Galaxy* ran John Brunner's *The Web Of Everywhere*, Bob Shaw's *Orbitsville*, Edgar Pangborn's *The Company Of Glory*, and Pohl & Williamson's *The Org's Egg* - a stunning array of talent and an excellent batch of novels. In the middle of the year the editorial position officially changed: Jacobson went and Jim Baen arrived. Baen's selections began to appear immediately, the most notable and memorable being "Opening Problem" by a brand new talent, J.A. Lawrence. Towards the end of 1974, *Galaxy's* sister magazine, *If* (now also controlled by Baen), was chopped, and *Galaxy's* word rates sank to the average British level, an ominous sign for both reader and writer.

Although *Fantasy & Science Fiction* continued to run impeccably written and faultlessly structured stories, there was a distinct lack of lustre in the fiction of 1974. A few years ago *F&SF* was a trend-setter in the sf world; now the fiction is almost written to a formula and lacking in imagination and excitement. New writers abounded in 1974: Eklund, Effinger, Malzberg, Bishop, and Pournelle; but their provocative work appeared elsewhere - in the original anthologies and in *Galaxy*. The high point of the year was the special Robert Silverberg issue, which contained a biography, a bibliography, and a new story, "Born With The Dead" (not among the best of Silverberg's, but nevertheless a fine story, dealing with the reanimation of the dead). A special 26th anniversary issue appeared in October, featuring Philip Dick's "The Pre People". In December the first part of Kilgore Trout's *Venus On The Half Shell* appeared, a delightful pastiche of both the Vonnegut style and the fictional Trout's sf ideas. The exact identity of the author remains a mystery, though Philip Jose Farmer must stand high on the list of suspects. The novel is entertaining and inventive, though the invention flags towards the end. Nonetheless, it was a memorable conclusion to a mediocre year.

Rob Holdstock



FILMS

You may not realize it, but the past year has been a pretty good one for science fiction films. First there was *Westworld* (scripted and written by Michael Crichton) which I thought was very good, mingling as it did both the cliches of sf and of the Hollywood western, though my opinion hasn't been shared by many other sf fans. Much less satisfactory was *The Terminal Man*, based on a novel by Crichton but written and directed by Mike Hodges (director of *Get Carter* and *Pulp*). It was visually attractive and slickly directed, but Hodges obviously didn't comprehend the real theme of the novel - electronic mind control and its implications - and instead went off on some personal tangent of his own (the mechanization of modern society and the paranoia it induces, or something like that). The result was an interesting, if pretentious thriller, but not science fiction (it is still awaiting release in the U.K.).

One of the best films of the year was Woody Allen's *Sleeper*, another film that took an old sf cliché and had fun with it - and very successfully too. Some of the old-guard sf fans disapprove of this trend: they seem to feel that the traditions of sf are sacrosanct and should not be touched by anyone who doesn't have a proper respect for them, lest the mundanes get the wrong idea of what sf is all about. Also in this category was *Dark Star* (directed by John Carpenter) which began as an amateur 16mm short made by two university students, but which has since been expanded into an 83 minute feature on 35mm. It was probably the sf film of the year and of many other years - a marvellous black comedy made for only a fraction of the cost of any normal picture, but with effects and settings that were astonishingly good.

Probably the most overrated sf film in the last twelve months has been *Fantastic Planet*, a French-Czech animated film directed by Rene Laloux. With its sub-pulp plot the only really interesting thing about it was the surreal settings and the ingeniously designed creatures that inhabited the planet. The animation itself, achieved with the moving paper cut-out method, was stilted; but, of course, "proper" animation is so expensive to do these days that it would be almost impossible to produce an animated film of that length (72 minutes) within a reasonable period of time without taking shortcuts.

Also overrated was *Phase IV* (Saul Bass), a film based on an interesting idea, but badly executed. The plot was ludicrous and made as much sense as an average Seacon committee meeting, though the close-up ant photography was very impressive. The ants not only gave performances superior to the human members of the cast, but some were actually allowed to die in slow motion - Peckinpah fashion - with fluid spurting from their shattered bodies. A great step forward in movie making.

Of course the most spectacular sf film of the year was *Earthquake* (and I defy anyone to say that it *isn't* sf). Apart from all its effects - including the teeth-jarring Sensurround - it also contained one of the most far-fetched moments I've ever seen in a movie, sf or otherwise; that was when hero, Charlton Heston, left girlfriend, Genevieve Bujold, and went back down into the raging sewer, and certain death, in an attempt to rescue his horrifying wife - Ava Gardner.

John Brosnan

FANDOM

1974 was the year of the large conventions. In America, over 4000 fans invaded the Washington World Convention. Amongst those caught in the crush were Peter Weston, the British TAFF winner, and Leigh Edmonds, the first Australian fan to visit the United States through DUFF, the new Down Under Fan Fund. The Worldcon was successful enough, by all accounts, but it was also Too Large - attending fans glimpsed friends through a sea of faces, then never saw them again. Earlier in the year, the British Eastercon, Tynecon 74, set a new record for UK conventions with a membership of over 500; thanks to the committee and the hotel there were no real problems of size and the Gannet fans of the North East produced a remarkably enjoyable con. But in October the Novacon, originally a small-scale Midlands convention, swelled in size and the old Imperial Centre Hotel in Birmingham quickly proved inadequate for the 200 or more attendees.

As a result of this growth 1974 may prove to be the highwater-mark for giant conventions. The 1976 Worldcon has announced a plan to limit its membership to 2000 or so (by penalizing late-comers with a \$50 fee for joining at the door and by restricting the variety of programme items), whilst in both Britain and America there are firm plans to organize small-scale fannish conventions, so arranged as to be of no interest to the casual science fiction reader.

As conventions became larger, fanzines became smaller. 1974 was the year of the personalzine: the fanzine produced entirely by the editor for a restricted circle of friends. A few fan editors continued with their prestigious publications, full of fine artwork and with contributors from the professional sf field; but they had to work with spiralling costs and an ever-increasing demand - to stay with it, they were forced to lose much of their amateur status, and thus the big fanzines became glossy, printed publications, with circulations in the thousands. *Algol* and *The Alien Critic* were rewarded with a shared Hugo for Best Fanzine; but their editors had to battle against accusations of professionalism to do so. Only a handful of American fans now have the single-minded determination, plus the time, energy, and cash, to produce such Hugo-winning fanzines. That's the reason for the retreat into the personalzines, where you can publish without any hassles, relatively cheaply and enjoyably.

Fanzine publication in Britain during 1974 was, all in all, rather feeble. British fans were stunned at the doubling and tripling of production and postage costs, a factor which led directly to the folding of such fanzines as *Blunt* and *Lurk*. In addition many well-known fanzine publishers decided to try their hands at conventions (which they then discovered consumed an amazing amount of time): it's fair to say, for example, that the Tynecon, the Seacon, and the Mancon bid have all taken their toll of fanzines in the last year. Nonetheless, there was some activity. *Zimri* and *Big Scab* shared the Nova Award in October, *Maya*, *Egg*, and, incredibly, *Triode* (a well-known fanzine from the fifties), all reappeared in 1974, whilst several new fanzines were started, the best of them being *The Wrinkled Shrew*.

Many ancient institutions in British fandom disappeared in 1974, without causing much surprise or dismay. The last twelve months saw the probable end of the BSFA, the British Science Fiction Association, after a shadowy life of some sixteen years. Quite why it collapsed remains uncertain, though a whole bale of last straws contributed to breaking its back. It may yet recover, of

course, or some new national organization may take its place. But for the moment it has vanished and so too has the enthusiasm to Do Something about it. OMPA, the Off-Trail Magazine Publishers' Association, an even more venerable institution in British fandom, has also died. Though it has been moribund for nearly ten years and still claims to exist (with a membership of four), it finally ceased all activity in 1974. Lastly, The Globe, home of the informal meetings of London fans for over twenty years, was abandoned to the Hatton Gardens developers in the summer, and the first Thursday of the month meetings moved a few yards away to The One Tun.

The strange thing is that these events have had little effect on fandom in the UK. A few years ago the disintegration of the BSFA would have had a traumatic effect - but a catastrophe then turned out to be a minor incident in 1974 (except, possibly, for those immediately caught up in the organization). It seems, indeed, that British fandom has become sufficiently resilient to withstand such events: neither the BSFA nor OMPA was essential to the well-being of fandom in the UK, and their disappearance has had as much impact as the disappearance of the N3F might someday have in the United States.

So, 1974 has been a fairly eventful year - in British fandom at least - with the emphasis on conventions rather than fanzines. The columns of *Sf Monthly* have provided a steady influx of newcomers, as has the continuing growth of local groups (notably the newly established North East Sf Group), and hence the outlook is reasonable. British fandom seems to be pointed in the right direction - we aren't in any apparent danger of being engulfed by serious and constructive science fiction addicts, nor are we massively threatened (as they are in the States) by the moronic followers of children's tv programmes. All that's required in 1975 is a lot more activity in the fanzine field and we shall be ok. My next issue is coming out Real Soon Now - how about yours?

Peter Roberts

PREVIOUS CONVENTIONS

01 1937 Leeds	03 1941 London	05 1944 Manchester
02 1938 London	04 1943 Leicester	
1 1948 London		14 1963 Peterborough Bullcon
2 1949 London		15 1964 Peterborough Repetercon
3 1951 London Festivention		16 1965 Birmingham Brumcon
4 1952 London		1965 London Worldcon
5 1953 London Coroncon		17 1966 Yarmouth Yarcon
6 1954 Manchester Supermancon		18 1967 Bristol Briscon
7 1955 Kettering Cytricon		19 1968 Buxton Thirdmancon
8 1956 Kettering Cytricon II		20 1969 Oxford Galactic Fair
1957 London Worldcon		21 1970 London Scicon 70
9 1958 Kettering Cytricon III		22 1971 Worcester Eastercon 22
10 1959 Birmingham		23 1972 Chester Chessmancon
11 1960 London		24 1973 Bristol OMPAcon
12 1961 Gloucester LXIcon		25 1974 Newcastle Tynecon
13 1962 Harrogate Ronvention		26 1975 Coventry Season

The Season 75 Committee



Exposed!

Left to right: John Brosnan, John Piggott, Pat Charnock, Peter Roberts, Graham Charnock, Rob Holdstock (front), Malcolm Edwards, Roy Kettle, and Christine Edwards.

The SEACON Committee

AN IDENTITY PARADE

John Brosnan: Originally a member of comic book fandom (as a result of having a letter published in a 1961 issue of *Green Lantern*), but was inducted into sf fandom by roving emissary John Bangsund in 1967. Has never looked back since, due to old neck injury. In 1968 moved from hometown of Perth, West Australia, to Sydney, New South Wales, pausing en route in Melbourne to attend his first sf convention. In 1970 helped to organize Sydney's first sf convention for many years - was in charge of the auction. Auction was a shambles, but the rest of the convention went off very well. That same year moved to England to be near the Queen. Discovered *The Globe*, but decided to stay in the country anyway. Attended his first British con in 1971, at Worcester, and was very impressed, though later realized that that particular con was an exception to the rule. Also that year discovered Rat fandom and realized that was where the real seat of fannish power lay. Ingratiated himself with people like Leroy Kettle, Gregory Pickersgill, and Robert Holdstock - unsuccessfully. Later went on to publish *Big Seab*, the fanzine that won the 1974 Nova Award for sheer niceness.

Mr Brosnan is the author of *An Echo Of Jackboots*, the worst book never published, *James Bond In The Cinema*, and *Movie Magic*, a very good book which you can obtain from Macdonald & Janes Ltd at a very reasonable price. His next book is *The Horror People* which is also very good. He is also the creator of that famous sf character Nick Nova, alias Mark Mobius.

Mr Brosnan is married with three children and lives in a vine covered cottage near Loch Morag. His hobbies are gardening and roof thatching. He is not a poof.

Graham Charnock: Like John Brosnan, my first taste of public glory was in the letter column of a superhero magazine. In my case it was *Young Marvelman*, and I wrote about how my cat would walk upon my chest whenever I whistled. As you can imagine I used to spend a lot of time lying in a prone position around the house whistling in those days. The suckers published the identical letter twice and paid me five bob a time. From that moment I knew my vocation. My first real sale was to *Titbits* when I was sharing a flat with a young and spotty Chris Priest. Obviously some of his greatness was rubbing off on me. We both wanted to write *The Great English Novel* in those days, which shows how stupid we were. Fortunately we were rescued from such pretensions by small but welcome cheques from dirty magazines with titles like *Bum*, *Knickers*, and *Twat*: worldly publications strangely gullible to the degree that they would often accept the same basic story with only the names and anatomical details changed. Then Harlan bought a story and Damon bought a story and *New Worlds* published me in the same issue as Rob Holdstock. I not only survived, but gave up my job and became unemployed (but frightfully intense and artistic). It wasn't half bad, but in those days, of course, you could see a Clint Eastwood movie, buy a gallon of cider and a clutch of sf paperbacks, and still have sixpence left out of half a crown to play the pin-ball machine.

When I got married three years ago, I put this romantic shoddy life behind me. Now I spend my time... but why should I tell you? Sod off and pester Malcolm Edwards, or something...

Pat Charnock: She hauled her long legs into The Globe public house and perched on the high bar-stool. The hot pants showed off her creamy velvet thighs to perfection. "Gimme a pint of cider," she cooed at the gaping barman, "and tell me, who are all these fascinating young men? and why the absence of young ladies?" "Well, ma'am," he stammered, his eyes fixed upon the low-cut cleavage of her blouse, "they're mostly sf fans, and there ain't too many females amongst 'em. You want to be careful - there ain't no chance of you getting out of here unpawed."

Now she hauls her shabby denim-clad arse into The One Tun, distributes her fanzines, and tries to ignore the mocking laughter. The deterioration is rapid. The occurrence of suicide and mental illness among fans is high, and few escape the clutch of cynicism.

I found out about fandom the hard way by marrying into it. Before my marriage I used to write poetry and dream of effete blond young men. Now I write Hemingwayesque stories and mix with small swarthy cynics.

Christine Edwards: Introduced to sf at an early age, when her grandmother left a copy of *Startling Stories* in her nursery, Christine Edwards developed an early taste for the genre. During her childhood she ate her way through several complete runs of pulp magazines; then, satiated, she forgot about the stuff for many years. During this dark period she grew up (figuratively speaking - her height didn't change much), went to Nottingham University, and did a degree in Theology (Warning: do *not* ask her why. She bites. This can be damaging to your ankles.)

After graduating she began training in librarianship. In the summer of 1971 she had an amazing stroke of good fortune, when at a party she struck up conversation with a handsome, intelligent, young man who happened to be passing. Unfortunately he was already spoken for, so she talked to Malcolm Edwards instead. This was still a bit of luck, as she was then going out with a priest, and you know what *that* can lead to. Things happened, as they do, and in 1972 they were joined in holy wedlock*.

Somewhere along the way she was introduced to fandom, which she discovered to be full of interesting, attractive men. Unfortunately they all gafiated not long after. Her old interest in sf soon revived, and she started working her way through her husband's sf library from A to Z. As of this time, she is almost up to 'Aldiss'. While he was wasting his time on fanzines, she began to write sf - with immediate success. Over a dozen titles in the highly successful *Cap Kennedy* series are already in print.

(* A wrestling hold not unlike a half-nelson.)

Malcolm Edwards: Malcolm Edwards discovered his passion for sf at an early age, when he realized that his favourite part of the *Lion* was the "Captain Condor" strip. He progressed from there to the "Kemlo" series, but later descended from those heights and started on adult sf. He became aware of fandom in his mid-teens, through Lin Carter's column in *If*; understandably, this put him off. He watched the 1965 Worldcon from a distance, and collected press cuttings.

In 1969 he joined the Cambridge Sf Society, during his second year at University, thereby sacrificing a promising tiddlywinks career, and possible quarter-blue, because the two groups met on the same night. He spent the next year on the fringes of fandom, until he met up with near-neighbours Graham Charnock and Chris Priest. He immediately embarked on a fanzine, with Charnock help. Since the only fanzines he had seen were *Speculation* and *Phile*, his *Quicksilver* somewhat resembled an unsuccessful amalgam of those two esteemed

journals. It saw two fun-packed issues before other matters like getting a degree, a job, and a missus, caused a year-long hiatus in fan activity. Then in spring 1972 he volunteered to take over the then-moribund *Vector*. In ten amazing issues (produced in only two years) he transformed it into the now-moribund *Vector*.

When the BSFA disintegrated he gave up, and became Associate Editor of *Foundation*, a job requiring zero work. He did a personalzine, *Magic Pudding*, and won the *Checkpoint* poll for best single issue of a fanzine, and best fanwriter - possibly because half the poll forms were completed by assembled Ratfandom while sitting in his living room. Nowadays he occupies himself as resident reviewer for *Science Fiction Monthly*, and as chief reader for one of Britain's leading sf publishers. He is a member of the Council of Management of the SF Foundation, and is also on the Britain in '79 Worldcon committee, having foolishly been responsible for reviving that particular idea. A well-known empire-builder and creep, he can generally be found ingratiating himself with any famous writers in the vicinity.

Robert Holdstock: "Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair" - the words are attributed to the tomb of Ozymandias, but Shelley might equally well have been thinking of our own Robert 'Secretary' Holdstock, the size of whose accomplishments is a fannish legend. Author of many dozens of short stories and novels, he still works tirelessly in his pursuit of literary perfection; his pseudonyms are obscene, his income vast (compared to what it was, which was nothing) and his impact upon the sf world devastating, in an obscure sort of way. The high point of his career came when one of his stories was selected by Forry Ackerman as the best of the hundreds that didn't make it into Forry's anthology. His first story, "Pauper's Plot", has for some years been used in teaching - by a primary school teacher in Harrow. This is true.

Leroy Kettle had this to say about Holdstock: "Despite being tall, handsome, bearded, and astonishingly intellectual, Robert has no friends. No, that's not true. He *has* got friends but they don't like it generally known. He is currently trying to become the professional's professional, while still retaining his basic fannish nature. This could well result in total confusion when he gets paid for fanzine appearances and writes novels for free. This is not wise."

Our Chairman could remember only one thing about Holdstock: "He is extremely tall and has a legendary proclivity for knocking over drinks, bottles, tables, chairs, cathedrals, hotels - anything within reach, and very frequently anything out of reach as well."

Holdstock is 26 years old, and married to his wife, Sile Maire ni-Cuimin (which roughly translated from the Gaelic means: she who sleeps with a severed head under her left knee). He has written a novel, *Eye Among The Blind* (a study of Universal Impotence, not long to be denied you) and a Ph.D. thesis on certain worms that live in human beings' private places. He is not a sadist.

Leroy Kettle: Following his birth on the maternal side of the family, Leroy never grew up. At school he was carefully selected to stay down for a year after achieving a new low for intelligence. Working hard for two years at university, he was tragically rusticated for failing Meccano, and then worked for four years in a bank, losing £12,000,000 and three biros. This experience changed him. He realized that life should hold more than long columns of other people's numbers. He left and became unemployed, spending his next few months in long columns of other people. Currently he is engaged on several sf novels, some dozens of short stories, a handful of film-scripts, and many sim-

ilar works and is very hard up. He would be grateful (and not at all embarrassed) for any offers of charity.

He did not begin reading science fiction at the age of two, nor did he write his first novel in a wet nappy, but led an abnormal childhood, discovering sf through W.E. Johns, Patrick Moore, and Paul Capon. Continuing in this manner he soon discovered Brian Aldiss, Harry Harrison, and others, but they threw him out and he never knew the girl's name. An interest in films followed which will be reflected in his next book and will have to be held up to a mirror to be read.

This is his eleventh convention and at last he is beginning to remember people's names. Unfortunately this generally means they remember him. And whatever it was that happened, he wasn't to blame.

He has produced four issues of a rotten fanzine, *True Rat*, besides being co-producer of the memorable and slightly unofficial Convention Guide for the last five years. He is a young forty and is teetotal between drinks. Buy him two and find out.

John Piggott: If he hadn't attended a boarding school, John Piggott might never have encountered sf. Too weak and anti-social to join in the endless games of football, and bored with the school library, he eventually squandered half a crown on a copy of *Day Of The Triffids* because he liked the cover. At Cambridge he became chairman of the university sf society, chiefly because nobody else would take the job. He spent most of his time recovering the deficit caused by Malcom Edwards' desperate overspending in previous years; despite this mistake the society still survived when John finally decided he'd had enough and left. His degree in natural sciences has not yet brought John any spectacular awards - but real soon now he may enter the Civil Service where he'll be able to spend undreamed-of amounts of the taxpayers' money.

John entered fandom just over four years ago: Seacon is his seventh convention. In his time he has started three fanzines, and folded them all; more are possible, but if you talk to him nicely he might be persuaded to give up the idea. John's speciality is celebrating his birthday at conventions: this year he'll be 23 on Easter Monday, and no doubt would appreciate presents of a more or less liquid nature.

Peter Roberts: Do you remember the Enchanted Wood where the Faraway Tree grew? And when you climbed up it, you met Saucepan, who got all his words mixed up, and Dame Washalot, who was always throwing dirty water down the tree? And at the top you went through a cloud into a fantasy world? Well, that's the sort of rubbish I read as a child and, ultimately I suppose, that's why I'm treasurer of this sf convention. One thing leads to another - you know how it goes.

I'm a fannish fan, which means I jeer at science fiction and pub my ish. I have pubbed 96 issues to date - from *Mor-farch*, seven years ago, to the current *Egg* and my *Little Gem Guide To Fanzines*. I've been to a few conventions - this is about my fifteenth - and will doubtless go to many more, including the 1979 UK Worldcon, since I'm a member of the bidding committee. I tried to go to last year's Worldcon via TAFF, but was nobly defeated, so instead went to the enjoyable Belgian SFANcon where I was actually Fan Guest of Honour.

In between conventions I work in the Difficult Languages Section of the Science Reference Library. A former Sergeant in the CCF, I have an MA in American Literature and won the 1962 Clifton College Preparatory School Psalm-Singing Contest. I am a vegetarian and drink Guinness. All this is true.

A DOOMSDAY DANCE

Science Fiction writers, of course, are renowned as music-lovers. One famous writer used to run a record store; yet another has a record of his own due out shortly. One writer confesses he cannot write at all without a constant background of very loud pop music; yet another rushes out of his study when momentarily blocked for a quick blast on the headphones. It clears the sinuses, I understand. The musical proclivities of fans, on the other hand, are not so well known. This year we're planning a small experiment in this direction by inviting fans and writers alike not only to listen to some live music but to drink, dance and have fun. The music will be provided by a well-known foursome, known professionally by a name too ridiculous to mention here. It will be as loud and funky or as soft and romantic as you, the audience, demand. We hope everyone will join us in the ballroom, after the banquet, let their belts out, loosen their corsets, hitch up their skirts and have a good time. Women are invited too.

MORE CONVENTION CARTOONS by Dick Howett



The Secret Master of Fandom

Cunningly concealed, masquerading as a typical fan, the Secret Master of Fandom wanders the convention. He is chatting in the bar, lurking in the lobby; he is roaming the corridors, drifting through the con hall; he is haggling with the hucksters, pubbing in the fan room. But mostly, he is in the bar...

He appears in six different guises, reflecting his several virtues:

- 1) **AUTHORITY** - the Secret Master is imperious, majestic, influential, resolute, impressive, and forceful - fakefans tremble at his gaze);
- 2) **DYNAMISM** - He is energetic, productive, inventive, exuberant, active, and industrious - subscribe to his weekly fanzine);
- 3) **INTELLIGENCE** - He is sophisticated, canny, donnish, profound, brilliant, enlightened, and omniscient - with a working knowledge of Mongolian sf);
- 4) **OTHERWORLDLINESS** - He is mysterious, eldritch, awesome, inspiring, original, and outlandish - the Cosmic Circle is not dead!);
- 5) **SECRECY** - He is anonymous, clandestine, obscure, enigmatic, Machiavellian, and covert - who sunk Courtenay's boat?);
- 6) **VERSATILITY** - the Secret Master is acrobatic, capricious, protean, erratic, panoramic, and mercurial - the Aussiecon is a hoax...).

How can you recognize this Fan among fans? By accosting him, offering him a drink, and then reciting some appropriate words, sufficient to uncover his identity. And incidentally, He may take a female form.

There will be prizes.

The Fandom Room

In the various gaps and intervals between programme items when everyone has disappeared to eat, you may find yourself far from hungry and therefore at a loss for something to do. The snowstorms outside prevent explorations of Coventry and you've already spent £37.65 in the Hucksters' Room. Where can you go? The Fandom Room.

We shall have many fanzines on display, plus others that you can buy or take for free. During the convention we shall be producing a fanzine in the room, and would-be contributors and helpers can come along and discover the many joys of collating and slip-sheeting.

Various people will be stationed in the Fandom Room to give advice and information - forthcoming cons, local groups, addresses of fanzines, details of organizations, and so on. We shall also be staging a number of talks and discussions on fanish topics.

Come up and see us sometime.

Peter Roberts



They tell me cars can be driven into the convention hall, but no horses please, Lady Godiva, unless you bring your own bucket and spade.

I can't promise that this year's Fancy Dress Competition will be bigger and better than ever before, because every fannish fancy dress parade I've seen has shown a high degree of ingenuity and humour; but maybe we can work together to make the parade run smoothly. There is a bar above the main convention hall which is split into two rooms. We will be assembling in the room that has direct access to the con hall, so you will be able to make a grand entrance down a flight of steps.

The judges are hoping to award seven prizes in the following categories:

- Most Boring Costume
- Silliest Costume
- Best Costume
- Best Child's Costume
- Best Group
- Skimpiest Costume (Brian Burgess may parade, but will not be eligible for the prize...)

and Best Imitation Of An Sf Writer.

There will also be a number of stand-by prizes, in case any of the above categories are not sufficiently represented.

With this Programme Book you will receive a slip of paper which you should complete if you wish to enter the Fancy Dress Competition. Please hand this in at the Registration Desk so that I will have some idea beforehand of how many apparitions are likely to turn up. If you don't hand it in - don't worry - just turn up.

Camera Freaks please note: there will be time whilst the judges are considering their verdict for you to take photographs. Please do not leap out into the aisle during the parade.

Pat Charnock

TAFF - Nominations

What is TAFF ? The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund was created in 1953 for the purpose of providing funds to bring well-known and popular fans across the Atlantic. Since that time, TAFF has regularly brought overseas fans to the USA and sent American fans to European conventions. TAFF exists solely through the support of fandom. The candidates are nominated and voted on by interested fans all over the world. Each vote is accompanied by a donation of no less than one dollar (40p). These votes, and the continued interest of fans are what makes TAFF possible.

Nominations for American candidates will open December 1st, 1974 and will close April 1st, 1975. The campaign - to elect one of the nominees to go to the 1976 Eastercon in Great Britain (and perhaps visit the Continent) will run until the end of 1975, at which time the votes will be counted and the winner announced.

Nominating Rules: Each nominee must have five nominators - three from the fan's own country (in this case, countries in North or South America) and two from overseas.

Each nominee must provide a platform of 100 words or less (which will appear on the TAFF ballot) and five dollars as a bond of good faith and a donation to the fund.

Each nominee must sign a statement to the effect that he or she is ready, willing, and able to make the trip, barring acts of god, &c.

Nominations should be sent to either the American or European TAFF Administrators between the dates mentioned above (Dec 1st, 1974 - April 1st, 1975).

After April 1st, 1975, ballots will be printed and distributed to all who wish to participate in the election.

Who May Participate as Nominators, Nominees, and Voters ? Anyone active in fandom prior to September, 1973.

Donations: TAFF needs continuous donations of money and material (to be auctioned) in order to exist. If you are not eligible to vote, or do not feel qualified to vote, why not donate anyway ? It's a good cause.

European Administrator:

Peter Weston
72 Beeches Dr
Erdington
Birmingham
B24 0DT

American Administrators:

Len & June Moffatt
PO Box 4456
Downey
CA 90241
United States



Seacon 75 - Registrations

1 Fred Hemmings	54 Eric Briggs	107 Jim Linwood
2 Andrew Stephenson	55 Keith Walker	108 Graham Poole
3 Simon Joukes (Bel)	56 Hazel Reynolds	109 Peter Boyd
4 Jan H.Finder (US)	57 Jennie Brunton	110 Michael Damesick
5 Dave Kyle	58 Martin Easterbrook	111 Stephen Markwick
6 Ruth Kyle	59 Peter Dowson	112 Jack Cohen
7 Anne McCaffrey	60 I.G.Bengry	113 Lisa Conesa
8 Tony Rogers	61 Rob Jackson	114 Rod Milner
9 John Jarrold	62 Dave Bendelow	115 B.Milner
10 Waldemar Kunning (G)	63 Pauline Dungate	116 Helmut Pesch (Ger)
11 Hans Loose (Hol)	64 Jeff Hacker	117 Ian Williams
12 Eddie Jones	65 Wendy Glover	118 John Brunner
13 Marsha Jones	66 Brian Ameringen	119 Jim Goddard
14 Howard Rosenblum	67 James Barker	120 John-Henri Holmberg (S)
15 Vera Johnson	68 Dave Upton	121 Lars Strandberg (Swe)
16 Gerald Lawrence	69 Chris Bursey	122 Thomas Schlück (Ger)
17 Roger Earnshaw	70 David Gress-Wright	123 Eva Maria Schlück (G)
18 Michel Feron (Bel)	71 Adrienne Chalmers	124 Norman Weedall
19 Vernon Brown	72 Peter Berg	125 Bill Burns
20 Norman Shorrock	73 Ken Bulmer	126 Mary Burns
21 Ina Shorrock	74 Stan Eling	127 Bob Shaw
22 Jose Bernard (Bel)	75 Helen Eling	128 Sadie Shaw
23 Hartley Patterson	76 Martin O'Brien	129 Kenneth Swingewood
24 Dave Rowe	77 Dermot Dobson	130 Mrs K.Swingewood
25 Trish Rogers	78 Dave Langford	131 Rog Peyton
26 Charles E.Noad	79 Chris Priest	132 George Hay
27 David E.Bridges	80 Tony Sudbery	133 Maggie Gillam
28 Mike Meara	81 Frank Barron	134 Harry Nadler
29 Pat Meara	82 Sam Long (US)	135 Marie Nadler
30 Chris Fowler	83 Alan Stewart (Ger)	136 Monica Rothwell
31 Tony Edwards	84 Elke Stewart (Ger)	137 Leroy Kettle
32 Marjorie Edwards	85 Darroll Pardoe	138 Jannick Storm (Den)
33 Greg Pickersgill	86 Rosemary Pardoe	139 Vita Andersen (Den)
34 Dave Chopping	87 David Garnett	140 Malcolm Edwards
35 Arthur Cruttenden	88 Phil Rogers	141 Christine Edwards
36 T.P.Hogan	89 Doreen Rogers	142 Rob Holdstock
37 Harry Bell	90 Michael Rosenblum	143 Sheila Holdstock
38 Simone Walsh	91 Betty Rosenblum	144 Christine Atkinson
39 Pete Wilde	92 Peter Barrow	145 Julia Stone
40 Alan Robson	93 Diane Barrow	146 Ron Bennett
41 Don Rogers	94 Don Allen	147 Janet Shorrock
42 Nicola Le Saux	95 Gray Boak	148 Peter Roberts
43 Peter Mabey	96 Meg Boak	149 John Piggott
44 Brian Parker	97 Keith Freeman	150 Wendy Ellis
45 Brian Burgess	98 Wendy Freeman	151 David Walters
46 John Cole	99 Gerry Webb	152 Brian Aldiss
47 Jeremy Elsmore	100 John Lowe	153 Malcolm Smale
48 Peter Nicholls	101 Craig Johnson	154 John Bramall
49 Roy Mortimore	102 Vic Hallett	155 Ken Campbell
50 Daphne Mortimore	103 John Steward	156 Garry Kilworth
51 Ken Slater	104 Brian Hampton	157 Annette Kilworth
52 Joyce Slater	105 James Blish	158 James White
53 Pete Presford	106 Judy Blish	159 John Harvey

160 Evelyn Simmons	216 R.T.Hill	272 R.W.Poyser
161 Lee Montgomerie	217 Martin Hatfield	273 Pierre Barbet (Fra)
162 Gerald Bishop	218 Dick Howett	274 Madame P.Barbet (F)
163 Jim Marshall	219 Ella Parker	275 Mrs June Dowson
164 Irene Bell	220 Andrew Prior	276 A.Bannister
165 Ian Maule	221 F.S.Ward	277 Peter Linnett
166 John Eggeling	222 Dot Coles	278 Jim Campbell
167 Rich Coad (US)	223 R.Swarbrick	279 Joseph Nicholas
168 Mike Mitchell	224 G.Nowland	280 David Underwood
169 Gray Charnock	225 B.Nowland	281 Sally Underwood
170 Pat Charnock	226 Hugh Herndon	282 Alvin Wild
171 Brian Robertson	227 Duncan Steel	283 S.M.Pierney
172 Hugh Walker	228 Val Steel	284 Lars-Olof Sjögren (S)
173 Terry Jeeves	229 Jack Marsh	285 Maggie Noach
174 Michael Barnes	230 Don Wollheim (US)	286 Diane Ellingsworth
175 Chris Jones	231 Elsie Wollheim (US)	287 Kevin J.Easthope
176 John Cummins	232 C.Gooch	288 Pauline Jones
177 David Warren (Can)	233 Pete Colley	289 Herman Ceulemans (B)
178 Ted Ball	234 Jeremy Pike	290 Maria Ceulemans (B)
179 Coral Clarke	235 David Pringle	291 Jill Adams
180 Tim Broadribb	236 Pam Bulmer	292 Rick Adams
181 Mrs T.Broadribb	237 Larry Bulmer	293 Penny Adams
182 K.Oborn	238 Deborah Bulmer	294 Andy Ellsmore
183 R.Brandshaft (US)	239 Lucy Bulmer	295 Bryn Fortey
184 Ritchie Smith	240 Harry Harrison	296 Mike Collins
185 Gail Rogers	241 Kevin Purdy	297 A.Snodin
186 Brian Robinson	242 Bob Rickard	298 A.M.Beasley
187 Ian Watson	243 Bruce Healey	299 N.Hodgkins
188 Judy Watson	244 Sue Chatfield	300 Derek Stokes
189 Hazel Salter	245 Stephen Beresford	301 Nick Reynolds
190 Leigh Hamilton (US)	246 Marjorie Brunner	302 David Somerville
191 Edmond Hamilton (US)	247 Jenny Rigby	303 John Brosnan
192 Mervyn Barrett	248 John Yates	304 Michael Jones
193 Dennis Clarke	249 P.A.Underwood	305 Pandora Birch
194 Chris Morgan	250 A.R.Underwood	306 Lynda Robinson
195 Ken Mardle	251 Alexander Brown	307 Sam Russell
196 Ethel Lindsay	252 Peter Weston	308 Florence Russell
197 Ramsey Campbell	253 Mick Rowley	309 Anthony Watkins
198 Jenny Campbell	254 Martin Hoare	310 L.Atkinson
199 John Mansfield (Can)	255 Andre de Rijcke (B)	311 Malcolm Davies
200 Joan Chopping	256 Dave Griffiths	312 David Flint
201 Mike Glicksohn (Can)	257 Moy Griffiths	313 D.Hart
202 C.de Koning (Bel)	258 D.A.Bollington	314 Eddie Rennison
203 M.van Loggem (Hol)	259 I.S.Warner	315 Linda Rennison
204 Richard McMahon	260 D.W.Skelsey	316 Peter Naylor
205 Annie Mullins	261 Peter S.Wilson	317 Graham Andrews
206 Jim Cawthorn	262 Mark Young	318 Brian Cormack
207 Don Malcolm	263 Chris Walton	319 Richard Gordon
208 Rita Malcolm	264 Kenneth Blamires	320 Eilert Idland (Nor)
209 Richard Loughton	265 Sue Pickles	321 Stephen Wilford
210 Dave Sutton	266 Laurence Miller	322 A.Isaacson
211 Sandra Sutton	267 Richard Cowper	323 G.Isaacson
212 Jennifer Guttridge	268 Mrs R.Cowper	324 B.Rouse
213 Franklyn Johnson	269 David Penny	325 Greg Hall
214 Robin Hill	270 Sam Lundwall (Swe)	326 June Hall
215 David Hill	271 S.Kelly	327 Kjell Borgström (Swe)

328 Henry Skoglund (Swe)	355 Margaret Frost	382 Jonathan Rubinstein
329 Per Österman (Swe)	356 D.B.Staves	383 Merf Adamson
330 Janice Wiles	357 Chris Jordan	384 Eric Bentcliffe
331 Liese Phillips	358 Paul R.Cole	385 James Lesurf
332 Catherine Sherlock	359 Ian Lambert	386 John Gilbert
333 Syd A.Beach	360 David Knight	387 Duncan Lunan
334 David Tate	361 Allen A.Lucas	388 L.Donnelly
335 Paul Ryan	362 Karel Thole (It)	389 Ian Barber
336 Luigi Perinelli	363 Mrs K.Thole (It)	390 Ethel Thrift-Buzzard
337 Helen McCarthy	364 Jorge Luis Biggles	391 Sven Swahn (Swe)
338 Richard Dowell	365 Nick Nietzsche	392 Sheryl Lynn
339 Alan Brown	366 Margaret Roberts	393 Phill Gundy
340 Andrew May	367 Edward Jackson	394 Adrian Meller
341 Edith May	368 T.Paul Williams	395 Tony Peacock
342 Michael Brown	369 Leslie Flood	396 Janet Link
343 Carol Gregory	370 John Mottershead	397 Tom Shippey
344 R.H.Plough	371 Milton A.Strain	398 Michael Walshe
345 D.West	372 Ewa Sejby (Swe)	399 Martin Ricketts
346 A.West	373 Andrea Boicelli	400 Maureen Ricketts
347 Elaine Wash	374 Anna Boicelli	401 Timothy Apps
348 Kevin Williams	375 Eugenio Marchi	402 R.L.Stewart
349 W.Merriman	376 Romana Marchi	403 Stephen Thomas
350 Mike Thompson	377 Julian Le Saux	404 Keith Henderson
351 Kelvin Jones	378 Peggy White	405 Paul Rogers
352 Deborah Jones	379 Nick Hardy	406 Douglas Hill
353 R.O.McLean	380 George Jones	(March 1st, 1975)
354 Stephen Wilson	381 L.Gunnarson (Swe)	

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Mervyn Barrett for helping to choose, and show, the films.

John Lowe for arranging the loan of display screens; and the University of Warwick for loaning them.

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Victor Gollancz Ltd. for their generous sponsorship of the convention.

Rosemary Lister of New English Library for help in arranging part of the art exhibit.

And special thanks to Andrew Stephenson, originally a member of the committee, who stepped down after the venue was settled. He was responsible for finding the hotel, and in the course of doing so must have investigated virtually every hotel in South East England. Though no longer a member of the committee, he has continued to work unselfishly for the convention, being responsible for designing letterheads, badges, and for the cover of this booklet. If this convention is a success, Andrew deserves a full share of the praise.



* * * April: Louise Cooper's tarot-based fantasy THE BOOK OF PARADOX. The second volume of Isaac Asimov's nostalgic trip to the early pulps, BEFORE THE GOLDEN AGE.

* * * May: for horror addicts THE BORNLESS KEEPER, a brilliant debut by P. B. Yuill, and Larry Niven's collection THE FLIGHT OF THE HORSE.

* * * July: Niven features again with A HOLE IN SPACE. In the same month is William Peter Blatty's bizarre TWINKLE TWINKLE 'KILLER' KANE soon to be filmed as CONFIGURATION 9.

* * * August: Orbit goes into hardcovers with the highly praised/damned Niven/Pournelle blockbuster THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE. John Brunner's TOTAL ECLIPSE and Joe Haldeman's THE FOREVER WAR, a real treat which surely deserves a Hugo. In the same list are two anthologies, THE BEST OF E. E. 'DOC' SMITH and Brian Aldiss's selection of anti-Utopian (kakopian?) tales, EVIL EARTHS.

* * * September: William Harrison's ROLLERBALL, a mordant look at the near future when the world is ruled by giant corporations and tranquilised by gladiatorial bloodsports. The book coincides with the release of Norman Jewison's film. Poul Anderson's MIDSUMMER TEMPEST and George O. Smith's classic, VENUS EQUILATERAL, are also September releases. The latter, with an intro. by Arthur Clarke, is the first in a series of golden oldie reissues.

* * * Late Autumn books include Barry Malzberg's prizewinner BEYOND APOLLO, THE BEST OF POUL ANDERSON, Terry Nation's THE SURVIVORS (also a 13-part teleseries), Donald Barr's SPACE RELATIONS and Zelazny's TODAY WE CHOOSE FACES.

* * * Throughout the year there will be further additions to Lin Carter's CALLISTO series, the PERRY RHODAN series, Alan Burt Akers's SCORPIO series, and SPACE 1999, which ties in with the 24-part ATV teleseries starting in September.

That's it for now. Please send us any novels you want published and say hello to Jacky Baker, our editor, at the Convention.

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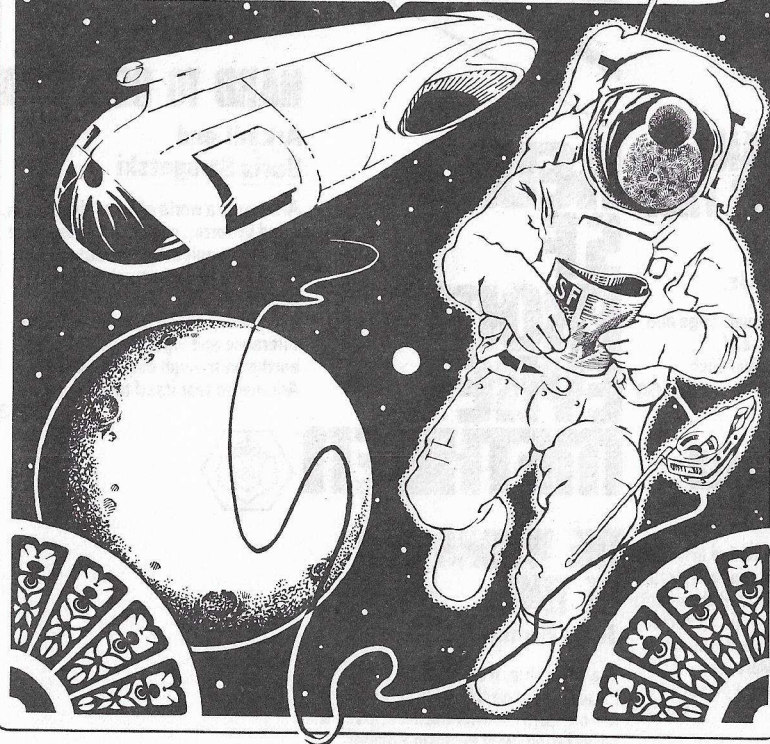
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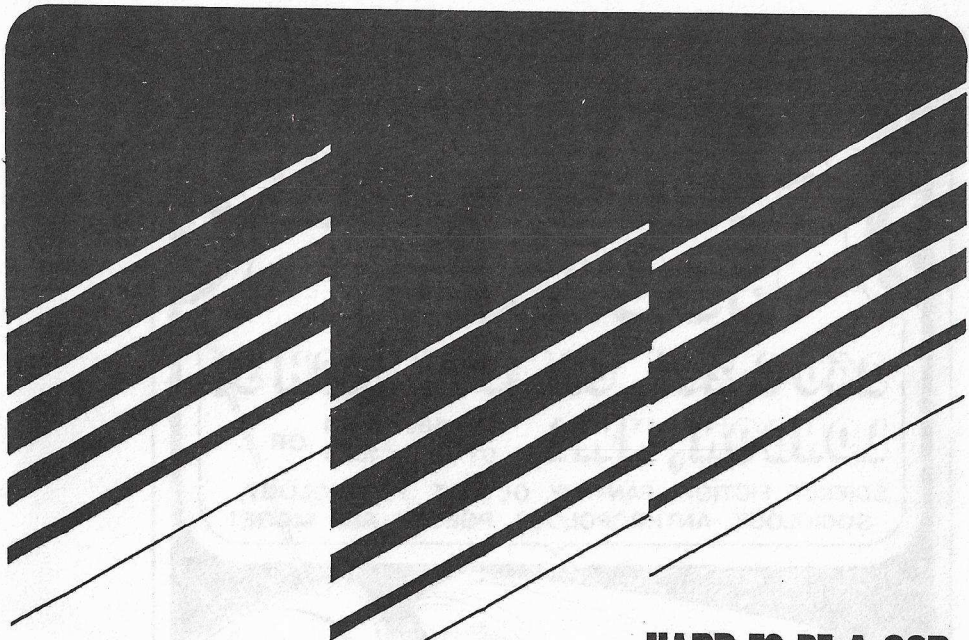
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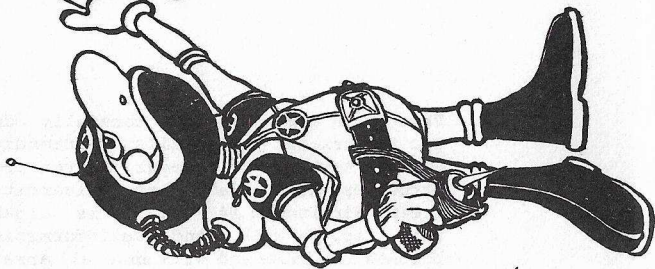
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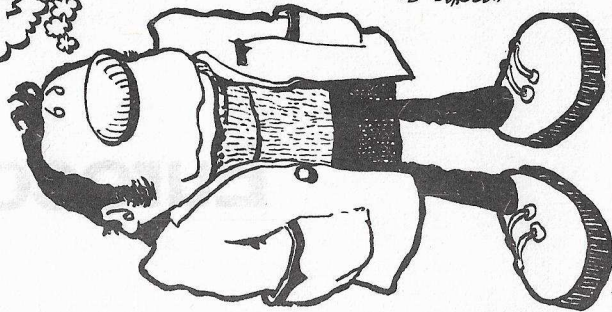
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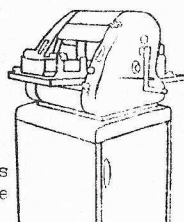
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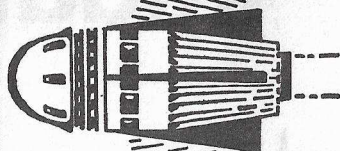
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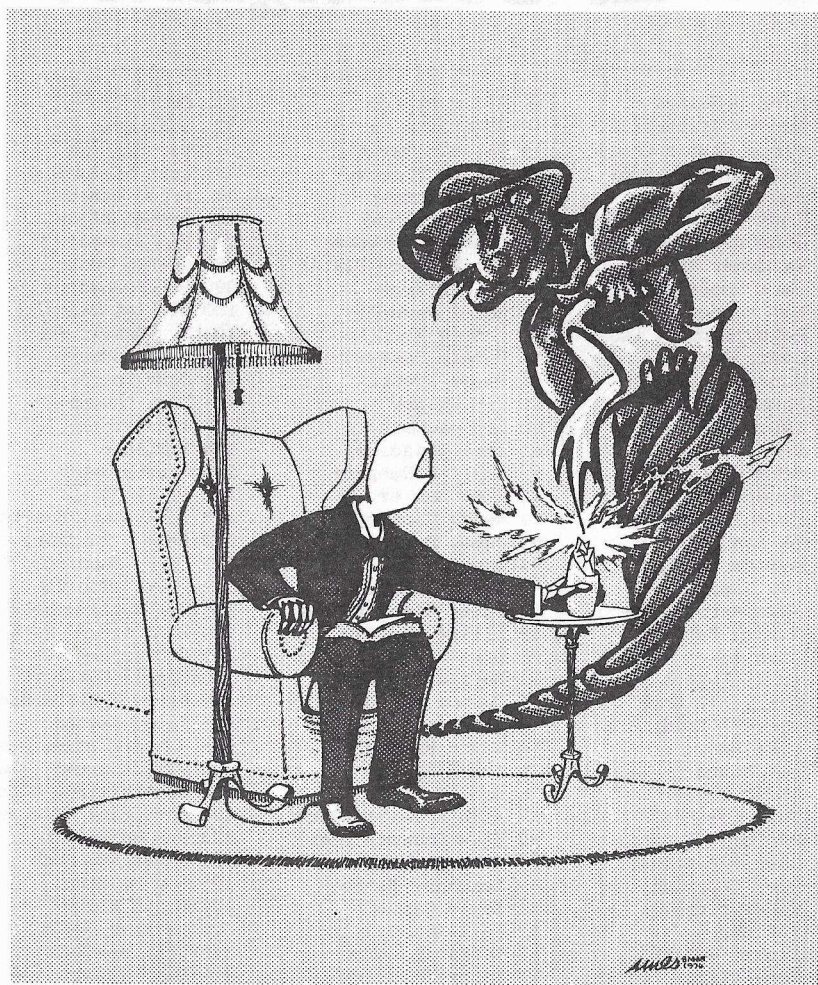
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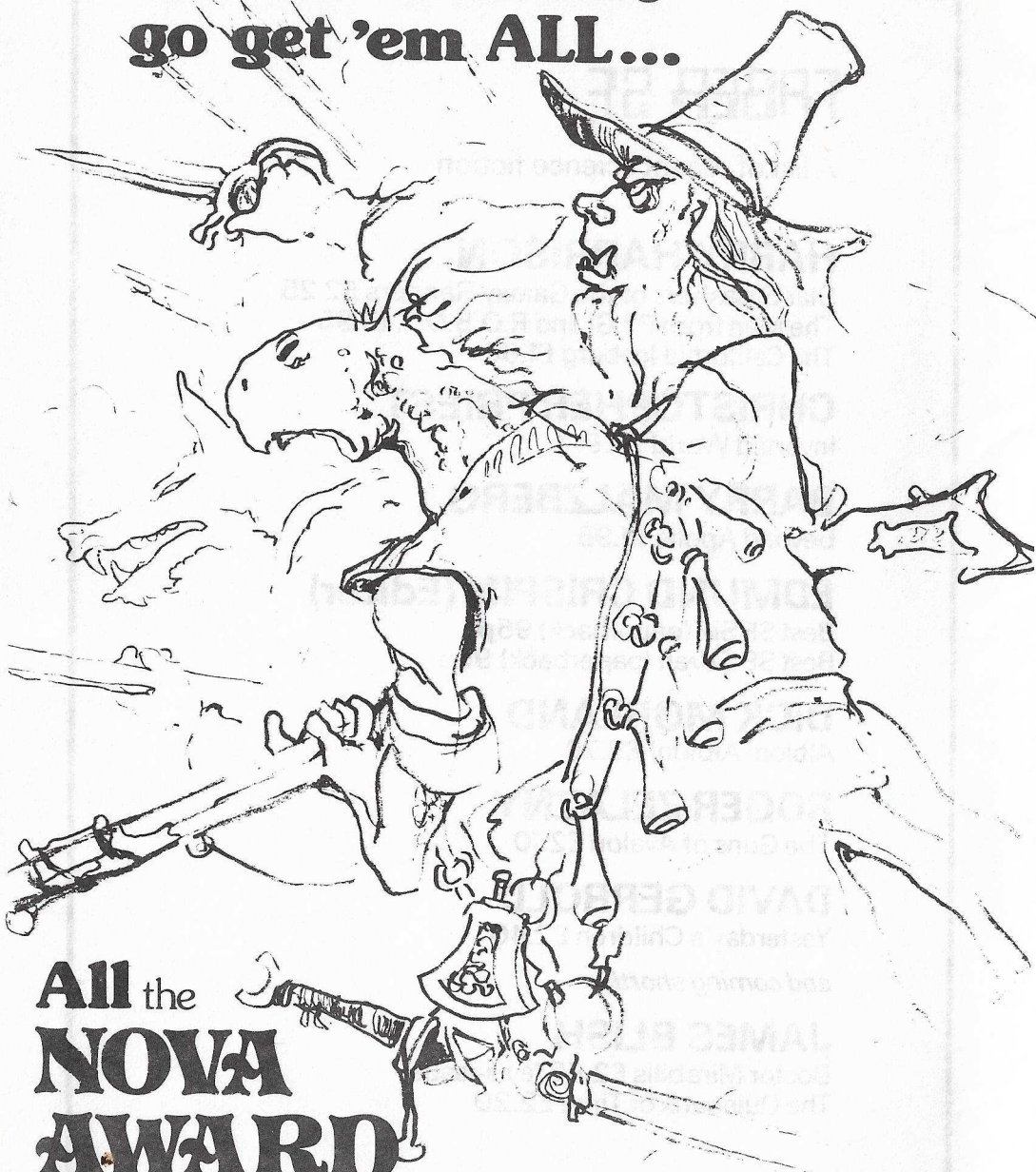
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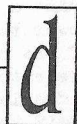
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