

ORBITAL

2008



SOUVENIR BOOK

The British National Science Fiction Convention

ORBITAL 2008 EASTERCON



21st - 24th March in the Radisson
Edwardian Heathrow Hotel, London

Guests

NEIL GAIMAN **TANITH LEE**
CHINA MIEVILLE **CHARLES STROSS**

www.orbital2008.org

Souvenir Book Contents

CHAIRS WELCOME	3
THE CENTRE OF THE RADISSON	4
ORBITING FACES	4
ORBITING NEIL	5
TERMINAL ZONE	7
CARING FOR NEIL	9
THE GREAT EXHIBITION	11
THE DOC WEIR AWARD	14
A PIG ADVENTURE	15
THE ORBITAL MASQUERADE	18
ASHES TO LAPTOPS	19
ORBITAL MEMBERSHIP LIST	20
MORE ORBITING IMAGES	27

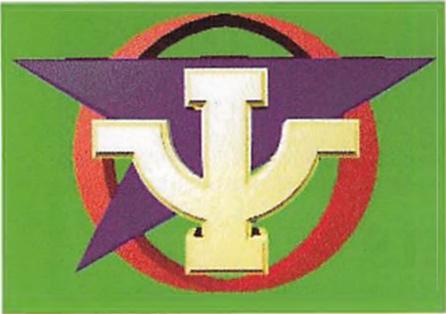
Credits

There are numerous people to than for this Souvenir Book. But credit has to go to Andrew P, Babylon Lurker, Caroline Pickersgill, Jaap Boekestein, Jurgen Marzi, Nickoli, Nicola Plum, Peter Fleissner, The Tourist and Toby AW for the many photographs used in the book.

We also like to than Mark Young and John Wilson for all their preparatory work done on the Souvenir Book and to Steve Cooper for finally putting it all together.



Line Art by SMS



REDEMPTION '11

25 – 27 February 2011

Britannia Hotel, Coventry, UK

The Multimedia Science Fiction Convention

A convention run

by fans for fans

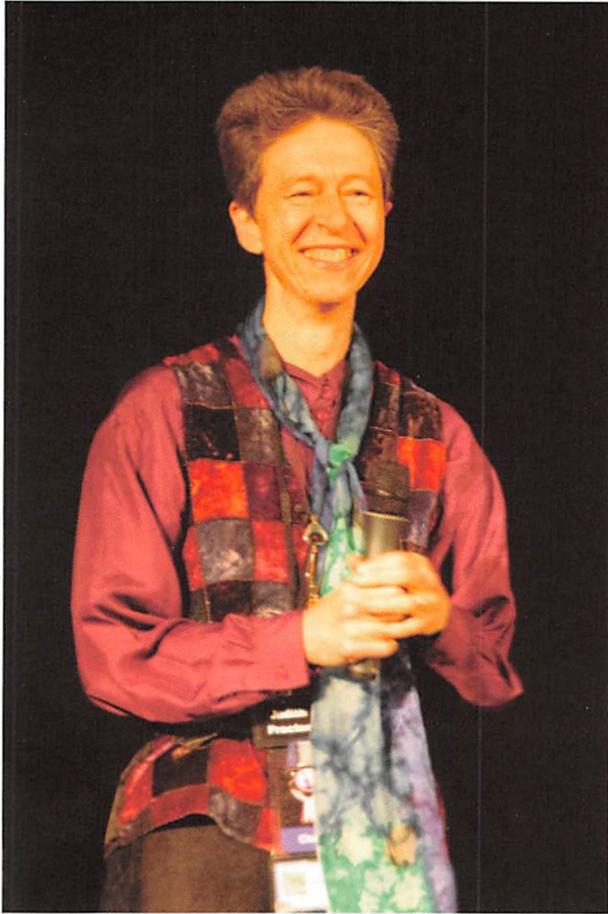
(all profits to charity)



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www.smof.com/redemption



Chair's Thanks.

It was a real crisis moment at Orbital, but my team were taking it smoothly. Messages were being passed back and forth in an organised manner; no one was panicking in spite of things going to pieces all around us. Panic might have been widespread outside the operations room, but we weren't letting that daunt us. Orders were being relayed down the chain of command and carried out without me having to double-check what anyone was doing. There were Daleks and Cybermen outside and we were on the verge of ordering an orbital laser to destroy all of central London to contain the attack, but we were having a ball.

I'm proud to say that my team won the Orbital 2008 Crisis Management Game.

I guess if you can survive running a convention, alien invasions are easy by comparison!

Looking back at Orbital, my main memory is of floating. Not in a literal sense - I'm glad to say that no one ended up in the pool with the glass fish - but floating on cloud 9.

There was a point in the convention where everything was running smoothly, programme items were in full swing, ops was relaxed and the buzz of gentle conversation was all around the social space. And I thought: "I helped to make this possible."

Of course, it wasn't just me... There was the committee for starters. Those of you who've been on a committee know the staggering amount of work involved. It's not just hard work, there's the financial risk as well. It's an age old tradition that if an Eastercon committee makes a profit, they hand it onto the next Eastercon. What if it makes a loss? Well, the committee cover that out of our own pockets. We took a gamble coming to London. The potential financial risk was a big one. I have to credit Vince Docherty with convincing me that it would work. He said: "If you do it, they will come." Vince has more con-running experience than anyone else I know, I've never yet gone wrong following his advice.

It goes without saying that the rest of the committee were brilliant as well. You were there. You saw what they pulled off between them. Everything from the mushrooms at breakfast, that kept vanishing from the contract and being firmly reinserted again, to the fantastic programme, right through to the parts that no one notices because they're working smoothly.

But of course, it wasn't just us... When I stood on stage during the closing ceremony and asked all those who had helped with the convention: gophers, tech crew, art show volunteers, registration desk crew, ops staff, programme participants, people who put up signage, put flyers in shops, and so much else - I think half the room came to their feet.

It was a magic moment. I wanted to hug every single person who'd stood. But of course, it wasn't just us... Everyone came, joined in, helped create the buzz, laughed, sang, danced, debated, drank, talked and helped create that wonderful atmosphere.

Thank you one and all. I had a blast, and I hope you did too. ---- Judith

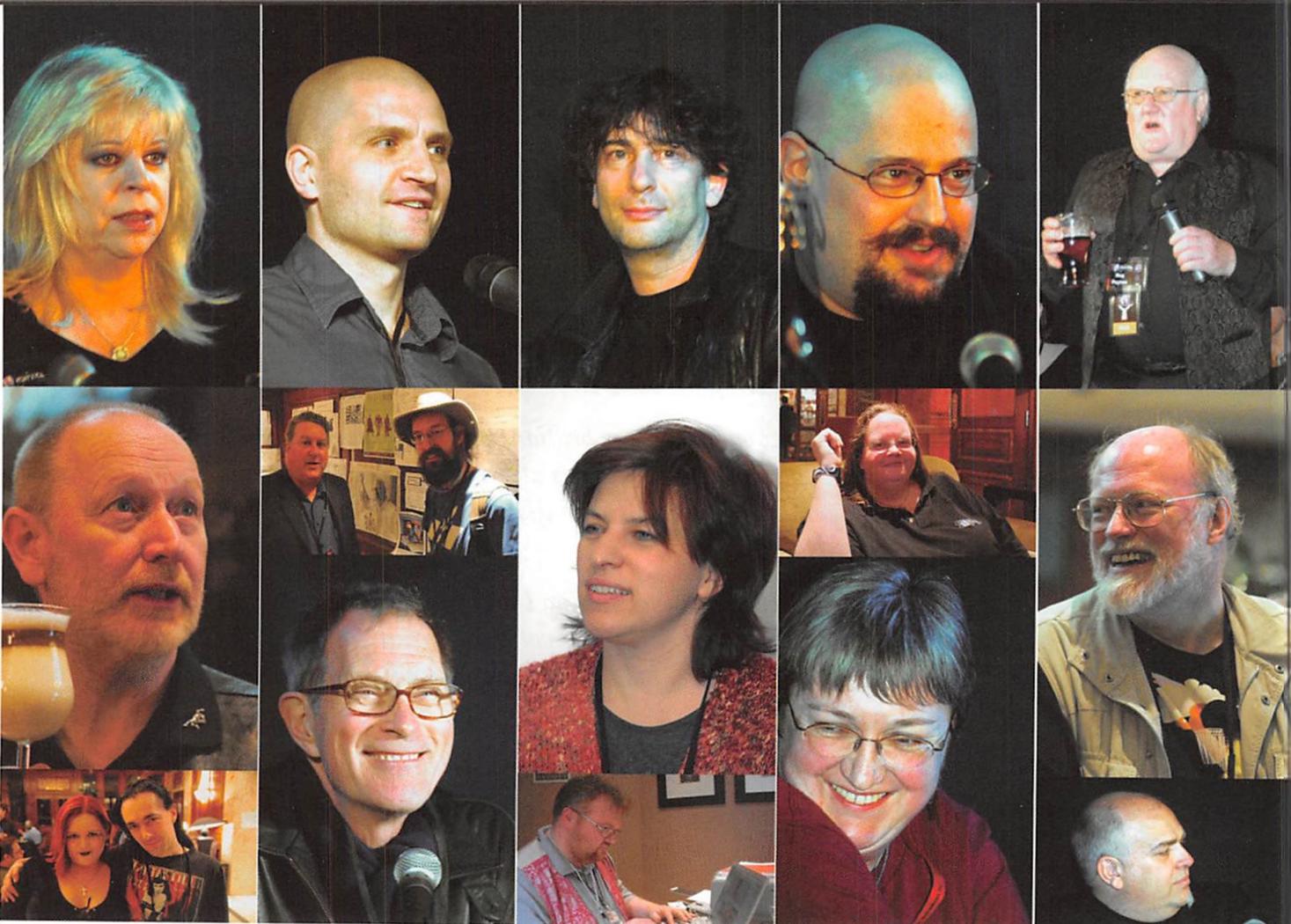
The Centre of the Radisson? – *by James Shields*



Having carefully measured all the many and various angles of the Radisson Edwardian Rabbit-Warren, I can now confirm that there is unquestionably a large unaccounted-for space at its heart. Speculation as to its purpose has been rife all weekend, but the number of fans who have disappeared into its corridors and never been seen again would suggest some Temple of Doom-type cult is behind the whole thing. This possibly explains the otherwise inexplicable temperature variations, as large heat extractors would be required to power the underground furnaces. I'm sure when the snow melts it will reveal the roller-coaster exits from the underground mines. Of course the fact that Heathrow is built on a temporal rift is well document by conspiracy theorists who point at the Concords that regularly disappear and get dug up in Palaeolithic rocks. Indeed this missing space is presumably needed to hide all

the unpleasant alien artefacts that get sucked through. It has probably grown to Tardis-like proportions by this stage, and clearly needs to be constructed as one to prevent the Cthulhuesque horrors from escaping.

Orbiting Faces – *by Various*



Orbiting Neil – by Neil Gaiman



Saturday, March 22, 2008

It's a terrific convention (in a hotel the geography of which I cannot quite grasp).

My first Eastercon was Seacon in Brighton in 1984 -- a huge and wonderful affair I was 23, wide-eyed and delighted by the convention. Bumptious, gawky, ransacking the dealer's room for Lionel Fanthorpe books for *Ghastly Beyond Belief*, occasionally mistaken for Clive Barker (why?) and starting to suspect that I might have found my tribe. And now, 24 years later, I'm some strange old-timery creature, at an Eastercon of 1300 people that's the biggest since, er, Seacon in 1984, and, despite the worries that friends have expressed to me about the greying of fandom, there seem to be an awful lot of people here the age I was at my first Eastercon or younger, an amazing amount of enthusiasm, and a lot of people who are having their first convention, and who may even now be suspecting that they might have found their tribe.

Altogether, a good thing.

Lots of old friends, and some new friends -- both China Mieville and Charles Stross are Guests of Honour as well, and I've known Charles for 20 years. (China for less than that.) I first signed in Fan Guest of Honour Rog Peyton's bookshop with Kim Newman in 1985 for "Ghastly Beyond Belief"... I keep running into people whom I sort of recognise. Then I mentally subtract 25 pounds, make their hair dark and realise who they are.

Did an enjoyable, even if none of us were quite awake yet, panel on mythology in the morning, a wonderful panel on Fantastic London in the afternoon. Ate lunch with Patrick Nielsen Hayden, dinner with the astonishingly nice Paul Cornell -- who I am *definitely* supporting for a Hugo, at least until Steven Moffat comes through with the promised ice-cream, at which point I might waver. But until then it's Cornell all the way. We spent dinner in full Doctor Who nerd mode. It was much too much fun -- and I got to tell him an obscure Dr Who fact that he didn't know. Possibly one that not even Steven Manfred knows. Holly said we were very cute, and she enjoyed the conversation except possibly when we got onto the early stuff. Also somewhere in there was a lot of signing.

I met my Romanian publishers and was given Romanian copies of my books, and promised to think about coming to Romania...

Lots of fun things tomorrow -- I want to do a bit of a reading during my Guest of Honour time, because the only reading I'm down for is one for kids (a *Wolves in the Walls* reading) but I have to decide just what I want to read.

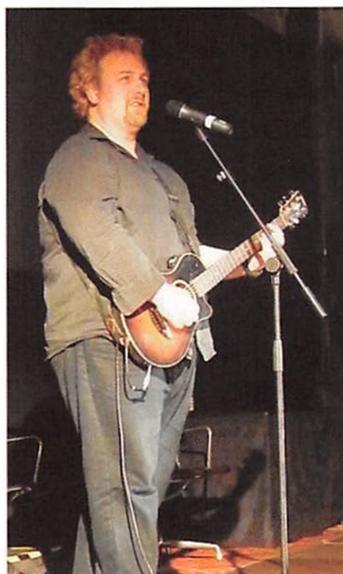


Mitch Benn plays at the convention tomorrow night. He just sent me a [link to his latest video](#). It's a happy birthday song of a political nature. But the tune's nice and catchy..

Sunday, March 23, 2008

My daughter Holly is here. She has been persuaded to take her coat off. She says she needs to be mentioned more in this blog. She says that I ruin the whole effect, however, if I actually point out that she just said that I should devote the spotlight to her here. She says she didn't actually say that and that my innocent paraphrase is in fact all hellish lies.

So far today I've been interviewed by the French, done a Kaffeklatch (where 8 people who had their names drawn from a hat had coffee with me, although I drank tea) a Guest of Honour Reading and Talk, and another interview. Still to come today, a Wolves in the Walls reading for kids (and adults who have kidnapped kids and are using them as props to get in with) and another autographing. And an interview with Romanians.



Monday, March 24, 2008

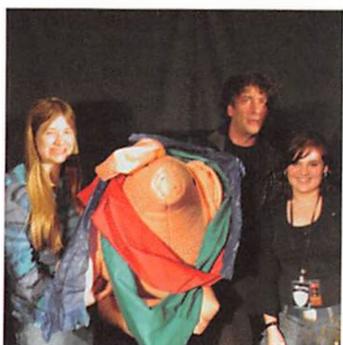
The convention's over, and it was really good. Lots of wonderful people, a really nice atmosphere, and my main regret was all the conversations I never had -- I made China Mieville promise that we'd do a panel one day of us chatting, because we never manage to finish conversations and he knows so many cool things (and he seems to think that I do).

There were a lot of conversations I *did* have, though. Yesterday evening there was food with Mitch Benn, today there was food and talk with Farah Mendelsohn and Edward James, and Cory, Alice and Poesy Doctorow. And there were panels (my favourite today was either the one on the various incarnations of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. Sometimes it's good just to be a fan. Or it was the one about darkness in Children's Fiction) and more signings and just running into good people...

And there was the party in honour of the upcoming Anticipation -- the 2009 WorldCon in Montreal . <http://www.anticipationsf.ca/English/Home> I talked to the con chairman, and then to Farah (who is head of programming) and we're starting to come up with some ideas for things that would be really special and fun.

(It's a World Science Fiction Convention, and it's about 18 months away, and I hope you'll come. [There's a map of where in the world the members are from](#), and right now there's no-one at all from Eastern Europe or China or even Brazil....)

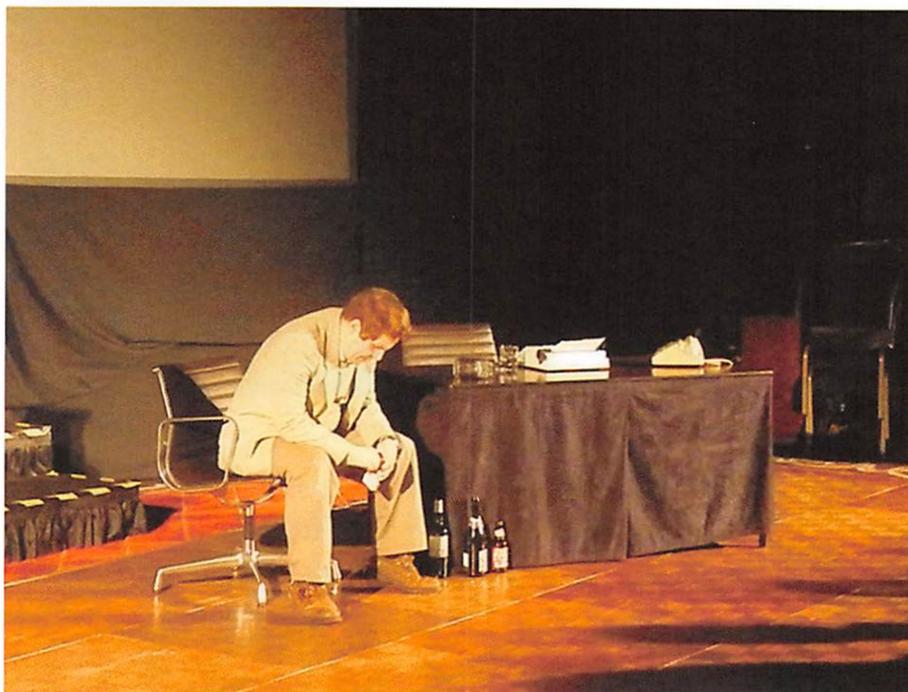
Also I seem to be guardian of an enormous pink pig.



Terminal Zone – by David Wake

I sit here on the steps, paused in the act of leaving the stage, but not quite down to Earth just yet. There is a path marked on the carpet with sticky tape that weaves between the boxes of stuff. I take a cigarette out of the packet of Viceroy's, and pretend to smoke, because it seems appropriate and you need to relax after a climax. I see someone else in the distance, darkly reflected, doing the same. He looks oddly real, whereas my cigarette is fake.

I can hear the play's closing monologue and it prompts me to think about the show.



"...are rarely seen. This is the kind of death that truly kills a writer," Serling (James Steel) says. I'm a playwright and I identify with that sentiment. Mind you, with my plays singularly not picked up, I wouldn't mind becoming – what's he just said – "another sacrifice to the bitch goddess, Success."

I'd agreed to take part in "The Terminal Zone" because I wanted there to be a play at Orbital, and, flicking through the script all those months ago, I saw that it started and ended with a long monologue for Serling; I'd been asked to play Rod.

Less lines to learn, I thought, so why not. What I hadn't realised is that the main part of the play is Serling saying "who are you?", "what do you want?" and "is that so?" as the begrudged jam to my doorstep paragraphs of thick cut bread. You've more lines than Hamlet, I was told.

I hadn't known very much about Rod Serling, or even "The Twilight Zone", other than what has seeped into the zeitgeist. Getting deeper and deeper into Andrew J. Wilson's script, and into the words of Rod Serling himself, I began to understand the character more and more. Wikipedia obviously filled in a lot of the man's background. I came to admire Rod Serling, once I'd realised that, yes, he had helped create television drama. SF too owes him a debt with "The Twilight Zone" presenting a lot of concepts first and so well. We who try and follow are merely standing on his shoulder as we scrape the bottom of the barrel (which is a trick all in itself).

We should examine our genre's past, so we can follow the sticky tape and know where we're going.

I take another drag on my white painted dowel, and wonder how I'd come to be here, sitting in the dark and looking at my own reflection in a mirror on the wall, while listening to someone playing a reflection of my character. This other Serling worked down the last page towards the blackout.

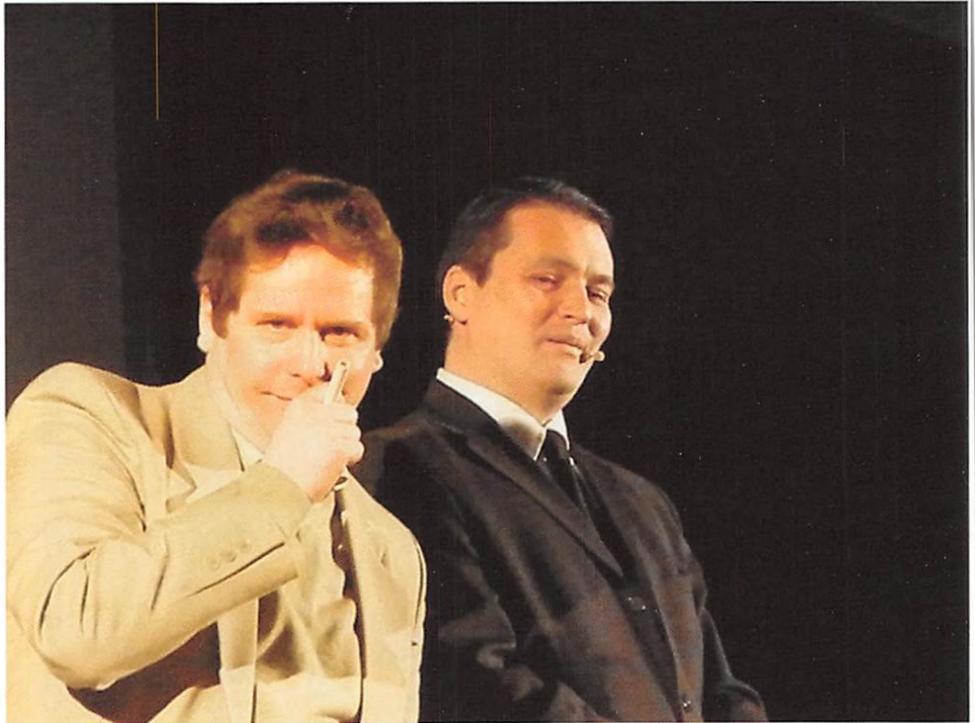
Plays in fandom should be organised by Novacon, if they are to have half a chance of getting on. They have around six rehearsals, usually one before Christmas which is the reading and planning session. They've tended to be in Birmingham as it's in the middle of the country and I've tended to be the producer. I wasn't, but even so James Steel came up from London, and Mark Slater came down from Manchester, and we spent

Saturday in a lecture room, with all the chairs pushed to one side, pretending to answer phones, smoke and box, but jumping off tables for real.

These plays never have enough time really. We get a budget from the convention. Too many things jostle for position in a convention, rightly so, but it means we never get a dress and tech rehearsal in space. This is a shame, because with a little more time we could get it right. Hindsight in the bar is always so powerful.

"This is a form of immortality..." Serling says now, but plays aren't. They exist in the moment. Unlike TV and film, books and graphic novels, they are now, and then they are gone. Already we have reached the stage direction:

[Another pause. The shadows grow and SERLING begins to fade into the darkness.]



You lose all perspective doing a play; you get too close to the individual words and can't see the story for those sticky lines. I met the author of the play; a giant of a white-haired individual with an even bigger voice edged with Scots, and would like to do his script well. Fifty minutes ago, as we moved the chairs, and fiddled with the props ("You can't smoke in here!" – hmmm, these cigarettes are obviously realistic), I couldn't have told you if our show would be any good at all. Now it's really fading like counterfeit smoke.

I look at myself in the mirror again, a crumpled figure in beige. I don't say anything because he isn't real, any more than Rod is now, and I'm also keenly aware that the microphone attached to my head is still live. I could do the play again, jump Rod through the hoops, now, maybe tomorrow, perhaps even next week, but I know within a fortnight, a month at the most, it'll all have gone. It's such a lot of effort that suddenly seems to have fast forwarded away in less time than an episode of "The Twilight Zone" even without adverts.

Why do we do it?

Ah, the blackout comes and here's the applause. I look at my reflection: once more onto the breach. We walk on and I'm Rod again for a moment longer, standing next to Serling. We bow, take a drag from our cigarettes, and exit.

[The lights complete their fade to black. Only the cigarette end can be seen glowing in the darkness. It flares and dies back, flares and dies back, and then it is gone.]

THE END.

Next year, I'll do "Insidious", a sequel to "Inveigle", and theatre will flare again.

Music: do do do do do...

Caring for Neil – *by Serena Culfeather*

“how did you get that job?” was top of the list. I was hugely flattered that those who didn't already know me assumed I was Neil's real-life PA and I spent a lot of time making sure that post-con mail and messages and all the things he offered to do or say were going to make their way to the Fabulous Lorraine – who is just I'm sure as fabulous as her title suggests but is also without doubt the luckiest lady with the best job in the world!

So, how did I, Serena....who?, get to care for Mr. Neil? Nothing special, that's for sure.

Don't you just hate when people say such things as “it just happened” or “I was in the right place at the right time” - don't you just want to poke their eyes out? (Ok, so maybe that's just me!) but that's the honest truth of it and I shall have to hate myself now too because, yes, I was that lucky, female canine whose Orbital role was to take charge and **care** of Neil the whole con!!

Apparently, my level-headedness and lack of fannish, squealing tendencies helped my case but that just goes to show how little some people know me and how well the medication obviously works. Of course, it took me ages to agree (not) and then a year to panic and plan and purchase silver and black pens.

You can learn a lot these days from some judicious net surfing and if the object of your research obliging writes a regular blog then you're “made” as they say. It's taken me ages to decide how to approach this article. I could write screeds about how wonderful Neil is, how he is indeed just as normal and entertaining and lovely as his blog suggests he is but you know that anyway and I'd prefer to show another side to this glamorous, famous-life type thing.

The best way to care for Neil, I decided, was to be a business-like PA sort of a carer and ignore the bit waaaaay at the back of my mind that was squealing uncontrollably! I arrived Wednesday at the hotel to spend two days learning my way around the bizarre maze of the Radisson Edwardian. I learned where the rest rooms were, the food opportunities, the quiet places, the “quick” ways round avoiding busy public areas and the route to and from Neil's suite. I studied lists of London's Sushi eateries, interesting other places to eat and a number of ways to travel between Luton and Heathrow – in fact, I became quite an authority on taxi and limousine fares! I also learned on meeting Neil that his knowledge of Sushi establishments is phenomenal and he was telling me which were best – and I still haven't ever eaten Sushi!

I reckoned, if Neil were at all like me (a large leap of faith!), then he would rather be chauffeured from airport to hotel in peace without some stranger prattling on about his work and his blog and making mindless small talk. So, I arranged the car and waited in the foyer at some ungodly hour of Friday morning and despite having seen umpteen photos and some video footage of him, was terribly panicky that I wouldn't recognise Neil. NEVER think you won't recognise the Gaiman in real life!! Wild hair, black leather jacket and easy, loping walk, could he really be anyone else?

My first set of Neil timetables had arrival time, sleep time, wake-up time and convention work time he was scheduled for but by the end of Friday, I was writing new timetables for each half day and all but “comfort breaks” had to be taken note of. Food planning was the biggest nightmare. When you're talking, walking, signing, talking, walking, being photographed etc., it's not easy to fit the food part in and I had a special “Neil maintenance kit” with emergency food, gluten-free, with me at all times. While on the subject, my kit was also fully armed with black thread and cotton, basic first aid stuff, a couple of notebooks, many, many pens, Orbital Read-Me, London food places information, blank pieces of paper for random signatures or drawings, instant hand cleanser, sucrose tablets for me and lots of other things I can't now remember – yes it did get a bit heavy!

Mostly my memories are of a whirlwind few days of walking, lots of walking and fast walking and fast lift-calling and early mornings – 6am aaaaaaargh!! - sorting myself out and writing out my Daily Gaiman report to put under Neil's door each morning. I had a great rapport with the concierges who kindly printed things via the internet connection in my room and provided lots of extras that I couldn't have done without.

Rushing from room to room, panel to panel, everyone wants some Neil time. He is constantly signing, chatting, arranging, signing (singing too if you type that wrongly fist time!), being interviewed and just generally being friendly and giving and joining in and.... it's exhausting. If doing this means missing a meal break or a discussion he, personally, wanted to hear, then it did. If signing went on and on (and on) then it just did until the last person had been given time to chat and share and photograph. It also means his carer has to be firm and learn nice ways to say no a lot.

I've seen many book signings (ex-Glasgow bookseller) and have never known an author so generous as Neil in the time and personal attention given to absolutely everyone in the queue, first to last and everyone in between. I doubt I could do it so graciously and so apparently effortlessly. And that's not an end to it there's no quick escape to a quiet place, there's a brief interview for a publisher or magazine, a fan who wants to say hello or a quick phone call to deal with. You get the picture, the day goes on and Neil never stops. I was shattered by the end of each day. I got to my room as soon as Neil was "safe" for the evening and I was asleep before my head even met the pillow. Incidentally, I had the most bi zarre dreams too so maybe Neil exudes surreal thoughts! Giant marshmallow soul-eaters is not something my brain could have come up with all by itself I'm sure!

I actually had a brace of Gaimans to care for when Holly joined us on Saturday. Neil's a wonderfully normal family-orientated man and his thoughts were always with them, he's definitely a very "cool" Dad!! After a couple of days, Holly was persuaded to be parted from her coat and we LJ-ed together eating tea and cake in Neil's sitting room like naughty school kids. That was the highlight of my weekend too, that and watching Neil blog when I felt so privileged and all mother-henly and squealish inside.

I could go on and on. It was an amazing few days and although I've really no idea what was going on elsewhere at Orbital, I had a great time.



Some brief memory-shots to share:

The back of Neil's head (which I saw a lot of!), the Giant Pink Pig, interrupting conversations to go and wake Neil up (!!), Dinner with Neil and Mitch Benn and the best cauliflower cheese ever and finally, sitting with Neil and Holly on Dead Dog evening while he tried out his new pen, a gift from the Orbital committee.

I wasn't all good though - I should mention the Gobbledegook book reading disaster when I failed to realise that the caps lock, jumbled print was not what the esteemed author had actually written when he came to read my printed pages of his Graveyard book! - that has recently won the prestigious Newberry Medal (woohoo!) and some squealing when I learned Neil knows "my favourite author" Mr. De Lint. Neil's my favourite, alive author, really he is but Mr. De Lint comes a close live-author second!!

There is a picture of me and Neil that I won't be sharing, because we both look so tired and exhausted and – it's a hideous picture neither of us

should scare the world with!! But I love it all the same :)

The Great Exhibition A Beyond Cyberdrome Extravaganza



Mr Holden (BSc). Cuileann (D.Phil). Mme Latham (BA).. Sir Ms.(BA).. Mrs F. Forsythe (Housewife). Dr Walters. Prof Lancaster at the Opening.

It was within the second decade of the Beyond Cyberdrome Empire that the scions of Orbital mooted that the traditions of Beyond Cyberdrome were less constructive than may be considered appropriate for the confluence of visitors from the far distant shores of Pax Fannnica.

So it was that Mr Holden, the celebrated greenhouse designer, Mr Bazooka, the esteemed civil engineer and Sir Ms, the noted Prince-Albert-impersonator, came together to create the inspiring Great Exhibition. Therein Steampunk development from throughout Fandom could be displayed for the education and entertainment of the public.

That the idea of 'Something Steampunk' was originated by Mr Holden and that of constructing a model 'City of the Future' was originated by Mr James Bacon may be eluded as neither possess an Aristocratic title. Nonetheless, the decision was made that if the venture proved to be a failure, it should be named 'Holden's Folly'.

The Exhibition proper was held in the splendid central hall of the convention, named the 'Crystal palace' due to its glass construction and palatial array of potted plants.

Messers Bazooka and Holden oversaw the veritable army of juvenile workers (The better qualified for detailed work by virtue of their nimble fingers) who assembled the 'City of the year 2008' with breathtaking towers and working locomotive system.

Mr Bazooka (RSs
Manufacture) &
Colonel
Langhammer
oversee assembly
of the gleaming
towers of the year
2008.

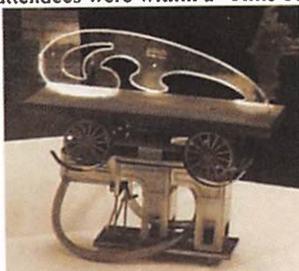


And what wonders did the party of scientific sightseers discover as they were guided through the Exhibition by Sir Ms and Mme Latham? We here present a brief account, for your entertainment and edification.

The Chronotetnanymenicon Mark 4.

By Mr T. Traveller. (By arrangement with Sir Ms)

No larger than a household clock, this wooden tooled exhibit had, within its construction, crystal rods which seemed to be arranged at odd angles. We are informed that his device transported the entire exhibition forwards in time to the date 2008. Moreover, the exhibition and its attendees were within a 'Time bubble' which would "burst" were they to leave the Exhibition, returning them immediately to their own time.



Under the control of The Exhibitor, the device was switched off and the party returned to our own time, unharmed by their experience.

The
Chronotetnanymenicon
Mark 4 in operation

The
Chronotetnanymenicon
Mark 4 not in operation



The Martian Nanny Machine.

On licence from Her Majesties Fusiliers (By arrangement with Sir Ms) From an accident by Colonel Langhammer.

One of the rare positive benefits of the recent unpleasantness that began in Horsefell Common..

This combination of Martian germ plasm and British engineering is guaranteed to oversee and nurture after the most tender infant and administer any corporal punishment as might be considered appropriate.



The
Housewife's
friend

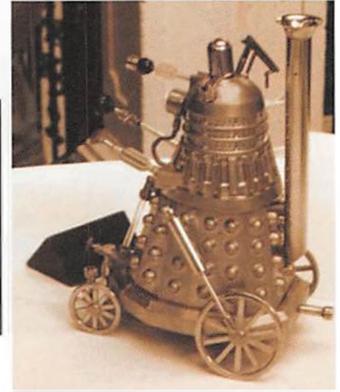
Mr Joseph Bazalgette's peripatetic sewage maintenance automata.

Built by Mr A. Holden (BSc)

A beautiful gleaming device of brass, pistons, wheels and little brushes, no more than 1 foot high. Designed by Mr Bazalgette to facilitate the cleaning of his new London sewage system. The devices, inhabited by the brains of rats and powered by miasma, now wander beneath our great metropolis, cleaning the pipes with their suction cups and exterminating any vermin therein with their inbuilt repeating firearms. A particular favourite with the children.



The child
of Mr
Basiljet's
genius.



The 'Veracity'
and
accompanying
informative
literature.
The replaying
device is not
included in
this picture.



The famous Veracity magnetoetheric phonograph.

By Mr A. Warren. (BSc Southampton)

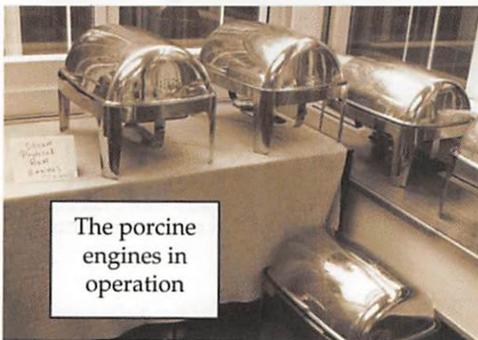
A splendidly engineered apparatus which, properly operated, may, for posterity, preserve the spoken words of any person who speaks into its receiving tubes.

These messages are automatically recorded onto a small drum which, we are assured, will store up to ten seconds of sound.

A separate (And rather larger) device which will allow the drums to be played back at the operators leisure is, according to Mr Warren's publicity material, available at a slightly greater cost.

The steam-powered ham engines.

By Baron Von Matthews. (By arrangement with Sir Ms)



The porcine
engines in
operation

A series of pigs, encased within beautifully finished steel casings, reared from the emergence from their mothers womb to their appearance at the dinner table.

A combination of steam and successive electrical stimulation allows the pigs to develop at record time and to a state of exquisite tenderness and flavour, thereby assuring the continuation of the Great British Breakfast in perpetuity.

Persons were thrilled to see one of the 'Pigs in Series' to be opened and a tasteful array of ready cooked bacon slices to be residing within. As is to be expected, it was the ladies that led the most enthusiastic applause.



Mme
Latham
takes an
interest
in the
progress
of science.



The Selenic accumulator.

By Professor Thaddeus Swann (MRS) (By arrangement with Sir Ms)

An impressive engine which absorbs the selenic rays from our moon which, during the day, lie dormant within the objects that absorbed them at night. Upon refining these rays, they are concentrated into two handles which may be grasped by an individual to absorb their stimulating effects.

Happily, a lunatic (Professor Lancaster) and a young lady (Lady Caroline Loveridge) with an interest in literature were connected in series via these handles and they performed a delightful demonstration of the stimulation of their brains areas for love, lycanthropy, poetry and song.

The audience was much affected.

The Invisible Invisibility Visibility Camera.

By Dr H. Walters, aided by the delightful Sarah

This device, artfully displayed upon a marble podium, was of especial interest to those seekers after the curious. A device which allows the taking of images which are otherwise invisible to the human ocular apparatus.

The device itself is, naturally, also invisible to the human ocular apparatus.

Visitors, awed at the Invisible Visible Invisibility Camera



The Sinclair Patented Plogiston & Coke Extraction Apparatus. (Awarded the medal of excellence at Riga)

By F. T. Sinclairs of Reading

A diagram of this invaluable electro chemical apparatus explained how this it may, by hand-cranked gear, produce both life-giving plogiston and a positive boon of coke as a by-product.

Also included were some household hints for the dutiful housewife.



The Particular Transmogrifyer

On loan from HM Transport (By arrangement with Sir Ms)

A revolutionary device wherein all bulk items transported about the Empire may be reduced to infinitely more manageable volumes. To the unaided eye, the bulk items appeared as small pebbles. In fact, they each possessed volumes in excess of one train carriage of the labelled substance (Labelled respectively 'Tea' 'Coffee' 'Salt' 'Pepper' and 'Water').

Upon arrival at the destination, these Particulates are again exposed to the influence of the Transmogrifying Engine and they return to their original bulk and usefulness – at a magnificent saving on rolling stock, graving space and coal. Unhappily, the Exhibition was unable to accommodate the vastness of the Particular Transmogrifyer itself.



An interesting array of transmogrified comestibles

The Forsyth pneumatic recoilless over-rail Monorailway

Demonstrated by the dauntless Mrs Feòrag Forsyth on behalf of her husband.



Mrs Feòrag Forsyth modestly demonstrates her husband's ingenuity.

Chapeaux by La Belle Epoque of Paris.

This astonishing construction was, in point of fact, a scale model of a project at present being undertaken in Scotland and for which Mr Forsyth was offering shares at reasonable rates. The engine will, we were assured, attain speeds of over 40 miles per hour and is guaranteed to be safe from accidents since it is already secured beneath the rails, thus invalidating any danger of falling off. Some explanation of the electromagnetic and aerodynamic processes of this engine were charmingly delivered by Mrs Forsyth in the latest of hats from France, but her voice was too mellifluous to carry any scientific weight.

Due to public acclaim, the Great Exhibition was extended for a further tour to great and enduring success. Thus, it is no longer 'Holden's Folly' but a great triumph of British Engineering Genius.



God save the queen!

This account dictated by Sir Ms (By Appointment with SMS)

The Doc Weir Award – *by John Wilson*

The man who inspired this award was only in fandom for a short time but in those two or so years, he must have made a huge impression on fellow fans to have inspired them to carry his name forward in such a way.

This is an award for the sort of people you don't really notice at cons but who would be missed if they weren't there. Doc Weir recipients are the grafters and gophers behind the scenes who work hard to make the conventions function without being front-line, big names and who seem to be as much a part of the con scenery as the boards that make up the art show or the signs that guide you round the corridors. There is no campaigning for this title and it's perfectly normal to not even realise you're in the running for it and that sums up the Doc Weir

This year's recipient fits perfectly into the award category as someone who apparently lives in con hotels and probably spends in-between times in a large Really Useful Box in someone's garage. "*If Eddie Cochran isn't involved then Ops just doesn't happen – does it?*" I swear he's a part of the kit that makes Ops and he's as important a piece of the smooth running of any convention as you could think of.



Eddie joins in amongst some other great convention goers on the list of Doc Weir winners, all of whom are a part of the fabric of our fannish world

A Pig Adventure

Or How a god was born, rules, reigned and sacrificed its porcine life in the defeat of Homeland Security

Interview with a creator

What was the spark that set off the adventure of the pig?

I do not know how it happened, but after breakfast we ended up in the Ops room doing a bit of gopher work. I departed to battle Daleks.

(OMG there were Daleks running loose?)

After that, more gophering, and we (co-creator Kat and myself) decided to learn about making cards, and although my actual card looks a bit weird I learned how to emboss nice things and I put a pretty silver leaf on my gopher badge

Afterwards Kat and I really wanted to make pig puppets; Kat because she thought they would be cute and me because they were for Neil Gaiman's reading of 'The Wolves in the Walls,' a kid's book.

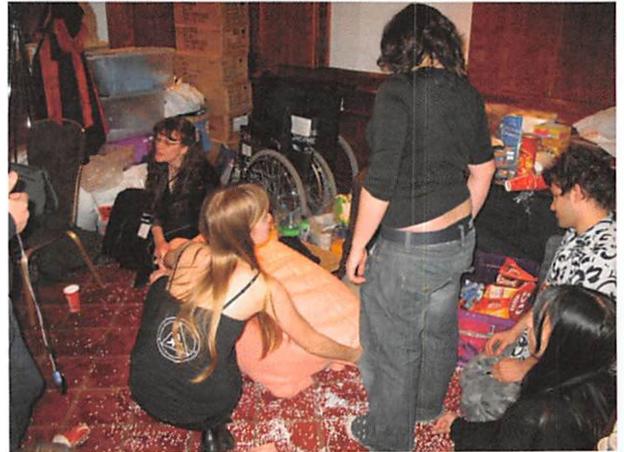
(And its not just wolves, there are elephants too, go and check out your walls!)

The reading was only supposed to be for kids, but we got talking to a woman named Serena and she agreed to let us make some puppets. It was only later that I found out she was supposed to be leading Neil Gaiman around for the weekend and taking care of the things he needed.

The main event (for me) of the weekend really got started at the pig puppet workshop. A bunch of kids showed up to make the puppets, and Kat and Joss and I wanted to make one as well. Before we had started, however, Serena and Rita turned to us and said, "You girls are smart and creative. Why don't you use the small pig pattern and adjust it to make a big pig? "How big?" we asked.

(The turning point where it all went horribly surreal and monster pig-like)

"Oh, as big as you want," Rita replied. I think she may have spent the rest of her weekend regretting that statement.



We stretched the felt out; it was maybe four or five feet across. Then we put each piece of the pig pattern up to a light bulb and adjusted it until it cast a shadow the width of the felt. It took us the entirety of the pig making class to adjust and cut out the pig pattern. Then, armed with thread and needles, we took the pig essentials back to our room to work on later, and proceeded to the opening ceremony.

(*sings*(badly) the pig essentials, the pig essentials of life)

I didn't end up gophering for Tanith Lee's talk so I potted around with Kat for some time before we went up to the dragon-making class (again, for children.)

(Noticing a trend here yet? How big a dragon shall we make??!!)

Unfortunately it was cancelled (ah, word had got out then) so we didn't do that either but we did get to work on The Great Pig.

After that we had volunteered to work at the signing session and I was allowed to stand behind Neil Gaiman and Charles Stross. It was a bit ridiculous but we were put in the dining hall, so we were required to vacate by the time dinner started. This meant that a bunch of people got turned away from the signing, which probably disappointed them, but all the authors generously went over their time to continue signing.

Afterwards, we rushed back to the room to finish sewing on The Pig, then took him down to ops where the bag full of polystyrene balls were waiting for the express purpose of stuffing piglets.

(Don't do this at home – PLEASE!)

A tip for anyone who ever wants to stuff a giant pig:

DO NOT USE POLYSTYRENE BALLS!



They get everywhere, as we discovered, and they are extremely impossible to pick up with your hands. Most of the time, they just cling to you. They got inside my pockets, my boots, they got into my hair, and naturally they got all over the ops room which did not please anyone else IN the ops room, least of all the large Scottish man (got to love DC) who was in charge and had to ask us every five minutes or so to PLEASE quiet down.

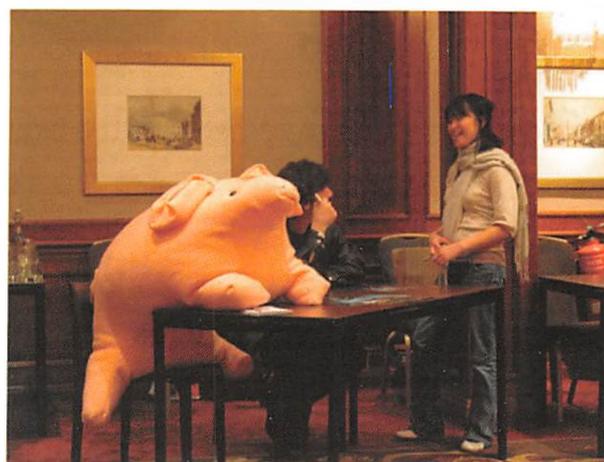
We were able to finish before the Cabaret, however, which we had been cajoled into doing by a man named SMS (pronounced Smuzz). Our Cabaret act was adapted

from "We're going on a Bear Hunt," a children's story (this is turning into an Amazon wish list, we should get sponsorship) that apparently everyone in the UK knows (I had never heard of it). This version was, "We're going on a Beer Hunt." SMS told us that all we had to do was act progressively drunker. I was allowed to wear the Death of Rats Hat, which will be coming back to Swansea with us.

At six, Kat and I rushed to get the pig. We were joined by our friends Gavin and Mike as we paraded the pig first to the atrium, which was in full view of everyone (they all gave us strange looks, no, surely not!) but the perfect place to hide it from Neil because he would naturally attempt to avoid getting mobbed on his way to talk to kids.

(imagines Gaiman-shaped puppet) We sat around until Gaspode came running and told us it was time. Kat picked up the right side, I the left, and we walked in.

When we entered, Neil was drawing a wolf on one of those large hotel paper pads that they use for presentations. His back was turned and he did not notice us. All the kids, however, did, and despite the shouts of "Pig!" and "Big Pig!" he did not turn around and it was not until he had finished his wolf drawing that he saw the Great Sow coming toward him. He leaned as far away from it as he could without falling over and his mouth fell open, and he asked, "Who MADE



that?"

"You're MAD," he cried. "Well, mad in a good way, but still mad." He stared at The Pig in a 'My God, I have no idea how to ship this across the Atlantic' kind of way, then proceeded to talk to the kids and read to them both his book and a poem that had not yet been published, entitled 'Crazy Hair' It was quite adorable.

After he read his book, he was surrounded by the parents of the children who had 'come to monitor them' but really just wanted to see Neil Gaiman and get more books signed.

(Cat's out the bag now folks! There was a great adoption race beforehand and suddenly baby-sitting was never so popular!)

As soon as they were unmonitored, the children stage rushed the pig. Both Kat and I knew exactly how well the pig was stitched together (which, admittedly, wasn't THAT well), and watched with our hearts in our throats until one of the kids actually jumped on our pig, at which point we saw a need to rescue it before it burst and let forth a shower of polystyrene balls that would remain on the floor forever

Later Neil said that one of his favourite parts of the convention was seeing the kids mobbing the pig. Kat and I neglected to tell him that it was, bar none, the most terrifying part of the Con. Hung around for a panel about dark fiction that was quite interesting, then gophered for the last time for the closing ceremony.

Our pig was featured in it, and declared a God! Also, kicked by the master of ceremonies. At that point Kat and I leapt to our feet and shouted at him until Gaspode said, "Shh!" very pointedly. Later he apologized with chocolate.

(Top Tip for aspiring gods and Masters of Ceremonies, always carry emergency, apologising chocolate)

After the closing ceremony, we finally got a picture of Neil with our pig, and then Neil with our pig and us, which was way way cool.

While waiting in the library I talked to Serena some more, and found out that Neil had argued with his daughter over who got the pig--she had seen it before we presented it to him and thought both that it was cute and that she might get to keep it, as she lives in London and Neil lives in America.

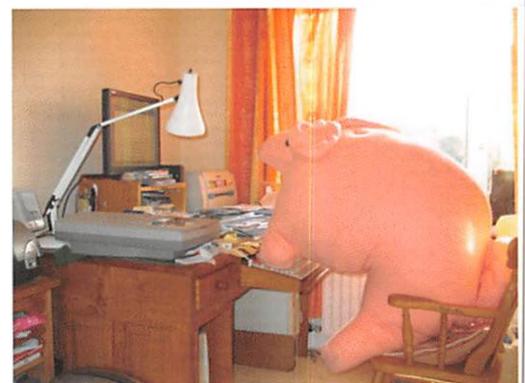
(and Serena was now panicking about the logistics of air-freighting a giant, pink god and was liking the idea of pig in London)



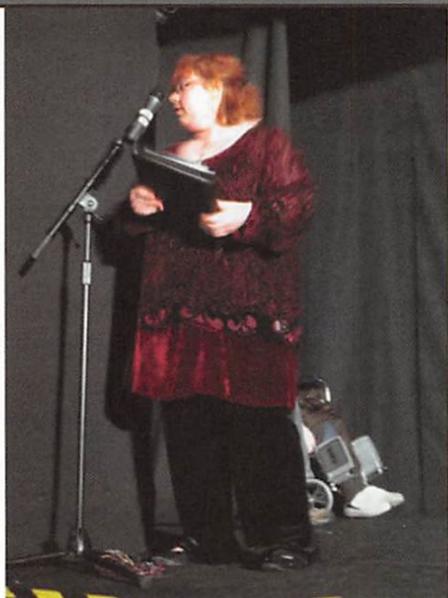
He apparently wanted it for his other daughter (*waves at Maddy*) so he decided to FedEx it to the states after a while. He is going to post pictures on his blog when it gets to his house so we can see his daughter opening the package.

(at which point this story has two possible endings – the movie one and the real life)

But that's another Pig Adventure.



The Orbital Masquerade – by John Wilson



The Masquerade was presented by Sue Mason and judged by Judith Proctor, Ian Coleman and Wombat

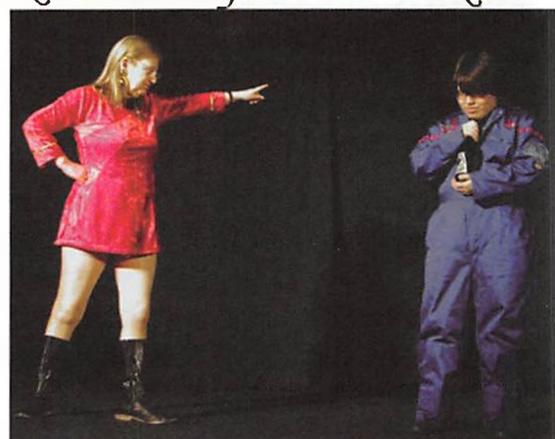
First Prize went to Gavin Knighton for 'Generic Elf No. 5'



Second Prize went to June and Michelle Rosenblum for 'Bar Trek 3'



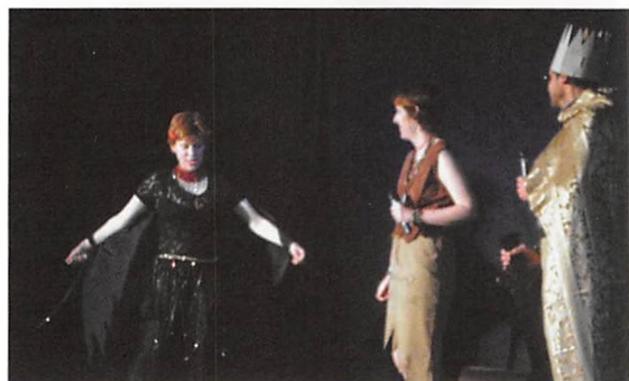
Third Prize went to Peter Westhead (and minion Dawn Abigail) for 'The Baron'



Other entrants were 'Seven years after nightfall' by Heather McKigan-Fee, Debbie Custance and Richard James.



Plus 'Star Wars' the old Generation' by Roger and Heather



Ashes to Laptops – by Lilian Edwards

The last thing I remember was that antique 500 ton duplicator toppling on to me, the one that had been cluttering up Eastercons ever since Intersection. Jenny Glover and her bloody obsession with walls of duplicators. It was Easter, so I was at Eastercon, right? I'd been coming to cons for a good ten years by then – first con was in 98 I think, Bollycon, when I was still at university, and ten of us shared a room, four of whom were in long term relationships by the end of the weekend and two of whom never spoke again. By the time of Geostationary in the Radisson Tesseract, I'd been working five years as an expert in thermal ventilation maintenance and advanced to having my very own single room, good for the outside chance of getting lucky. I was chatting with the *Plokta* people about all the reasons why it wasn't sensible to get an Apple Air, as you do, when this bloody obsolete lump of metal fell on me. And then... disconnection. The world turned the colour of a TV tuned to a dead channel, and I woke up at Eastercon... still in the Radisson it seemed ...but when??

I'm wearing footless tights, a denim mini skirt and an off the shoulder red tee shirt. Oh my god. I haven't dressed like that since Chelsea Girl was still in business. I think it's the 80s, an era I remember only for watching *Neighbours* at lunchtime, and mum and dad divorcing when the house got repossessed. But it just LOOKS like the 80s. There's a guy in the Winchester with an impossible greying bouffant 80s perm and a weird mix of charisma and totally non PC Neanderthal attitudes who's got everyone studying the 1950s, like no one ever invented post modernism. Likes ordering women around, and being grumpy. Name is Gene Pickersgill, I think. Everywhere else, they keep talking about *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* and *Sandman* and *Star Wars*. And there's a woman in charge with a definite dominatrix thing going on, called Judith Thatcher Am I in a coma, travelling in time, or just insane?

There's a problem at this convention, only one, but a big one. Everyone is slowly freezing to death. I think I've worked out how to get back to my own time. I've got to solve the mystery of the Radisson air conditioning and save the convention. They hadn't managed to fix it in the ten years between now and the present day, but hell I'm trained, I'm a professional and by god, I've got enough motivation. My fanzine had just been nominated for a Hugo award. I think it's going to win and even if Hell freezes over (as opposed to the Radisson); I'm going to be there to see it with my three illegitimate triplets by my side.

I've got a plan now, all you zombie constructs. I'm going to scale the nonlinear, famously Escheresque corridors of the Radisson until I find the ventilator shafts. Then, like Scotty I'm going to crawl down them, sprocket between my teeth and save the people I love. Wish me luck!



Orbital Membership List

151	Omega	.	826	Michael	Barker	173	Katherine	Boulton
206	Teddy	...	827	Piers	Barker	592	Susan Jane	Boulton
76	Michael	Abbott	825	Trevor	Barker	719	Robbie	Bourget
924	Joe	Abercrombie	345	Nickey	Barnard	1261	Sidonie	Bouvier
78	Dawn	Abigail	1255	Neil	Barnes	1288	Karen	Boyd
13	Dr Andrew A.	Adams	702	Trevor	Barnes	102	Jill	Bradley
434	Dilip	Agarwal	302	Jennie	Barnsley	101	Phil	Bradley
436	Rani	Agarwal	1238	Mikki	Barry	597	Wendy	Bradley
1273	Ayesha	Ahad	634	Susan	Bartholomeusz	2	Bridget	Bradshaw
778	Fatima	Ahad	87	Andrew	Barton			
823	John	Altken	693	Graham	Bates	1182	David	Brain
868	Banu	Akin	276	Elizabeth	Batty	483	Michael	Braithwaite
738	Stian Westby	Alderin	301	Roy	Bayfield	951	Sarah	Brannan
80	Iain	Alexander	89	Covert	Beach	284	John	Bray
982	Ryan	Alexander	533	Lucas T	Bear	289	Leo	Breebaart
977	Chomok	Ali	1282	Ben	Beck	954	Chaz	Brenchley
1207	Lissa	Allcock	967	Chris	Beckett	955		Brenchley
815	David	Allkins	757	Piers	Beckley	103	Claire	Brialey
98	Paul	Allwood	927	Alex	Bell	1088	David	Brider
1071	Nadia	Aman	27	Chris	Bell	1138	Lawrence	Brightman
32	Brian	Ameringen	765	Douglas	Bell	1051	Mike	Brind
141	Meriol	Ameringen	437	Graham	Bell	1059	Lewis P. Bear	Broadribb
557	Chris	Amies	75	Alan	Bellingham	576	MEG	Broadribb
935	Jan	Andersen	1123	Mitch	Benn	577	Tim	Broadribb
651	Fiona	Anderson	221	Austin	Benson	572	Matt	Brooker
727	James	Anderson	698	Joshua	Bentley	444	Christopher	Brooks
683	Kevin	Anderson	519	Meike	Benzler	933	Abi	Brown
366	Tom	Anderson	520		Benzler	254	David L.	Brown
934	Martin	Andersson	912	George	Berger	672	Ian	Brown
760	Tina	Anghelatos	1131	John	Berlyne	114	John	Brown
81	Johan	Anglemark	90	Michael	Bernardi	699	Paul	Brown
82	Linnea	Anglemark	91	Tony	Berry	107	Tanya	Brown
834	David	Angus	1043	Laura	Bettney	404	Joanne	Browne
122	Andrew	Armstrong	679	Neil	Beynon	928	Matt	Browne
123	Helen	Armstrong	963	Andy	Bigwood	1243	Emma	Buckingham
1164	Fuchsia	Arnold	479	Peter	Bingham	108	E.D.	Buckley
1163	Lerida	Arnold	1096	Matt	Bishop	887	George	Budge
591	Erik	Arthur	902	Natasa	Bivic	431	Marwan	Bukhari
312	Beth	Atkin-Wright	1156	Holly	Black	976	Saxon	Bullock
311	Kate	Atkin-Wright	705	Sebastian	Bleasdale	1064	Robert	Burgess
310	Toby	Atkin-Wright	56	Chris	Blenkarn	916	Cheresse	Burke
828	Sandra	Auden	541	Gary	Blog	109	Bill	Burns
945	Carolanne	Austin	92	Kent	Bloom	695	Jackie E	Burns
83	Margaret	Austin	1040	Anne	Bodell	110	Mary	Burns
86	James	Bacon	458	Kate	Bodley	5	Roger	Burton West
795	Jonathan	Baddeley	95	Jaap	Boekestein	1150	Christopher	Butler
805	Amanda	Baker	94	Hans-Ulrich	Boettcher	960	Nik	Butler
958	Chris	Baker	1189	marco	bolognesi	962	Ruth	Bygrave
802	Henry	Balen	1190	mattia	bolognesi	1212	Patrick	Cahill
1063	Tony	Ballantyne	96	Neil	Bond	1213	Sebastian	Cahill
870	George	Barbanis	97	Susan	Booth	770	Jonathan	Cain
734	Jenny	Barber	99	Clare	Boothby	769	Mariane	Cain
85	John	Bark	1039	Sam	Borg	767	Steven	Cain

1169	Iain	Cairns	428	Helen	Cousins	392	Ian	Degg
1184	Helen	Callaghan	600	Gary	Couzens	1104	Renee	Dekenah
751	Ciara	Canning	407	Jonathan	Cowie	527	Chantal	Delessert
750	Olivia	Canning	115	Dave	Cox	654	Sharon	Dennett
749	Vincent	Canning	340	Barry	Coxon	1006	Jane	Dennis
1055	Peter	Card	339	John	Coxon	1121	Michele	Dennis
1278	Mike	Carey	1065	Amanda	Craighead-Wheeler	1005	Scott	Dennis
174	David	Carlile	892	Jon	Crew	824	Zoe	Deterding-Barker
512	Avedon	Carol	1031	Chris	Crisostomo	201	Chad	Dixon
712	Owen	Carpenter	1028	Edie	Crisostomo	30	Vincent	Docherty
1271	Kim	Carrington	1030	Gina	Crisostomo	1023	Cory	Doctorow
473	Alistair	Carty	1029	Greg	Crisostomo	1228	Michael	Dolbear
462	Deena	Catalone	1229	Jodi	Crisp	493	Elsie	Donald
884	Sarah	Cebik	446	Margret	Croad	36	Paul	Dormer
758	Loli	Cenalmor	959	Tomas	Cronholm	24	Fran	Dowd
1284	Jennifer	Chadburn	1209	JOHN	CROOT	38	John	Dowd
1041	Claire	Chambers	687	Helen	Cross	703	Joseph W	Doyle
1045	Rachel	Chapman	1233	Enid	Crowe	704		Doyle
993	Graham	Charnock	1155	Paul	Crowley	175	Michelle	Drayton-Harrold
650	Mike	Cheater	116	1/2r	Cruttenden	1194	Michelle	Drew
856	Bridget	Chee	378	Fluff the plush	Cthulhu	106	David	Drysdale
859	Philip	Chee	371	Serena	Culfeather	630	Andrew	Ducker
1136	Julie	Chilton	372	Batty	Culfeather-Wilson	840	Chris	Dunk
111	Ewan	Chrystal	117	Tony	Cullen	937	Christian	Dunn
1098	David	Clark	1109	Mara	Cuppini	691	Owen	Dunn
563	Nicola	Clarke	316	David	Curry	20	Steve	Dunn
961	Lindsay	Clayton	1112	Paul	Curtis	931	Rebecca	Duty
940	Thomas	Clegg	804	Deborah	Custance	124	Roger	Earnshaw
587	Dave	Clements	170	Collin	Dalglish	84	Martin	Easterbrook
957	Fiona	Clements	105	John	Dallman	1235	Cathryn	Easthope
724	Rich	Coad	426	David	Damerell	267	Marwitz	Eckhard
1174	Stephie	Coane	909	Leesa	Daniels	684	Terry	Edge
1036	Cat	Coast	62	Christine	Davidson	975	Jan	Edwards
612	Elaine	Coates	63	Michael	Davidson	891	Les	Edwards
614	Ethan	Coates	985	Huw	Davies	631	Lilian	Edwards
613	Joel	Coates	41	Malcolm	Davies	125	Sue	Edwards
969	Michael	Cobley	391	Paul	Davies	890	Val	Edwards
39	Eddie	Cochrane	664	Sian	Davies	344	Dave	Elder
112	Paul F	Cockburn	118	Steve	Davies	354	Greg	Elkin
113	Peter	Cohen	848	Melanie	Davis	355		Elkin
974	Peter	Coleborn	439	Martyn	Dawe	1032	Sarah	Ellender
861	Iain	Coleman	1004	Alan	Dawson	126	Herman	Ellingsen
860	Joanna	Coleman	1003	Guy	Dawson	516	Richard	Ellingsworth
409	Rachel	Coleman Finch	395	John	Dawson	716	Bjørn Tøre	Elvedal
373	Peter	Colley	1002	Sue	Dawson	715	Charlotte C.	Elvedal
1126	Jacqui	Collier	1236	Robert	Day	717	Ferdinand	Elvedal
1022	Jonathon	Collis	422	Rosanna M	Day	1168	Jonathan	Ely
15	Noel	Collyer	1009	Aliette	de Bodard	26	Iain	Emsley
318	David	Cook	119	Giulla	de Cesare	299	Emilio	Englade
427	Bridget	Coombes	1110	Marcel	de Graaff	590	Andy	England
8	Steve	Cooper	1027	Jim	de Liscard	548	Lunatic	E'sex
944	Sophie	Cormack	988	Mary Enna	de Soissons	1054	Elizabeth	Evelyn
907	Paul	Cornell	991	Jetse	de Vries	1047	Angus	Fane-Hervey
259	Del	Cotter	506	Max P	De Vries	508	David	Farmer
1220	David	Cotton	771	Simon	Dearn	1181	Adrian	Faulkner
966	Elizabeth	Counihan	1139	Stephen	Deas	1143	Jay	Felton
987	Deirdre	Counihan (Mrs Szczepanik)	903	Vesna	Debeljak	377		Feorag

172	Angelica	Fernandez	729	Sam	Goldstone	1052	Sacha	Haworth
1211	Anna	Feruglio Dal Dan	607	Carolina	Gomez Lagerlof	247	Julian	Headlong
52	Mike	Figg	487	Clare	Goodall	846	Sandra	Heidecker
411	Charles	Finch	831	Claire	Gordon	261	Chandra	Heitlager
410	Tony	Finch	830	Damian	Gordon	260	Martijn	Heitlager
754	Jan	finder	1195	Meg	Gordon	535	Edgar	Held
257	Colin	Fine	443	Niall	Gordon	1108	Amanda	Hemingway
510	Francis	Fish	1259	robert	Gorman	879	Zandy	Hemsley
1046	Chesca	Fisher	821	Roelof	Goudriaan	168	Assaf	Hershko
59	Roger	Fishwick	915	Wendy	Graham	1134	Tamar	Hershko
1252	Alex	Fitch	1018	Alistair James	Grahame	621	Hilary	Hertzoff
482	Heather	Flatley	1162	Michael	Grant	528	Richard	Hewett
256	Brian	Flatt	402	Angella	Gray	517	Yvonne	Hewett
1069	Dimitra	Fleissner	403	Michelle M	Gray	866	Inge	Heyer
1068	Peter	Fleissner	566	Roy	Gray	788	Leah	Heywood
1247	Jo	Fletcher	1291	Jonathan	Green	789	Matt	Heywood
304		Flick	575	Shaun	Green	787	Vincent	Heywood
874	Brianna	Flynt	1122	Rob	Gregory	786	Wendrie	Heywood
1117	Anne	Forbriger	469	Susan	Griffiths	1035	David	Hicks
1090	Eli	Fosbrooke-Brown	616	Steve	Grover	1037	Penny	Hicks
573	Lynn	Fotheringham	1292	Hellen	Grunefeld	980	Lee	Hilbert
1239	Amanda	Foubister	1080	David	Gullen	669	Tal	Hilevitz
633	Joel	Fowler	1144	David	Gullen	1106	Brian	Hill
965	Vikki Lee	France	251	Urban	Gunnarsson	835	Chris	Hill
690	Susan	Francis	250	Shobah	Guzadhur	836	Penny	Hill
64	Alison	Freebairn	863	Kathryn	Gynn	1072	Robin	Hill
281	Keith	Freeman	782	Christine	Haar	662	Brian	Hoare
1166	Alice	French	248	David	Haddock	544	Martin	Hoare
871	Johan	Frick	249	Sarah	Haddock	545		Hoare
255	Anders	Frihagen	432	Damian	Hall	723	Michael	Hobbs
682	Mary	Frost	829	Mike	Hammond	722	Stephen	Hobbs
814	Rhea	Frost	540	Paul	Hammond	880	Judi	Hodgkin
1173	Andrew	Fullen	539	Robert	Hammond	646	Anna	Hoffman
10	Gwen	Funnell	537	Tony	Hammond	790	Andrew	Hogg
129	Karen	Furlong	1201	Kay	Hancox	60	Alex	Holden
4	Nigel	Furlong	465	Judith	Hanna	480	John	Holden
3	Sabine	Furlong	1057	Bo	Hansen	1265	Liz	Holliday
381	Neil	Gaiman	511	Rob	Hansen	761	Anders	Holmstrom
382	NG plus one	Gaiman	755	Mark	Harding	889	Cathy	Holroyd
253	Hugh	Gallagher	1246	Daniel	Hardwick	888	Paul	Holroyd
252	Morgan	Gallagher	645	David A.	Hardy	763	Juliane	Honisch
617	Christopher J	Garcia	675	Roy	Harling	732	Andrew	Hook
759	Mark	Geary	1095	Chris	Harlow	475	Roy	Hooper
692	Joe	Gibbons	718	John	Harold	1075	Caroline	Hooton
741	Craig	Gidney	1260	Alun	Harries	57	Janet	Hordley
979	Anthony	Gilbert	897	Tessa	Harrington	1079	Leo	Horsley
981		Gilbert	9	Colln	Harris	1078	Ralph	Horsley
710	Karen	Gilham	320	Niall	Harrison	121	Graham	Horsman
711	Steve	Gilham	452	Peter	Harrow	673	Bridget	Houlton
845	Carrie	Gillespie	796	Victoria	Hartell	246	Valerie	Housden
171	Suzanne	Gillespie	622	Collin	Harvey	905	Julie	Howliston
637	Angela	Gilroy	423	David A	Harvey	904	William	Howliston
1263	Helen	Glassborow	522	Eve	Harvey	1093	Andrew	Hoy
1262	Martin	Glassborow	521	John	Harvey	1218	Bogdan	Hrib
1264	Meggle	Glassborow	628	John	Hawkes-Reed	400	Warren	Hudson
730	Jack	Goldstone	629	Pat	Hawkes-Reed	262	Phil	Huggins
731	Linzi	Goldstone	453	Max	Hawkida	1091	George	Humphrey

1208	Rhian	Humphreys	746	Laszlo	Kenzler	1097	Adrian	Long
1204	Tom	Hunter	494	Morag	Kerr	689	Alexander	Long
901	Mariel	Hurd	1267	Ila	Khan	225	Gavin	Long
455	Bogna	Hutchinson	1268	Naveed	Khan	819	Pia	Long
454	Dave	Hutchinson	234	Peter	Kievits	820	Timo	Long
245	Malcolm J	Hutchison	46	Stephen	Kilbane	735	Claire	Lonsdale
242	Michael	Ibbs	58	Jane	Killick	721	Johanna	Look
243	Thomas	Ibbs	1167	Emma	King	720	Katharina	Look
241	Tony	Ibbs	606	Lucy	King	918	Kin-Ming	Looi
264	Marcia	Illingworth	670	Simon	King	1001	James	Lovegrove
263	Tim	Illingworth	605	Stephen	King	224	Caroline	Loveridge
794	Alexander	Ingram	671	Wendy	King	1160	Johanna	Lowe
288	Anna	Jackson	1146	Tracie	Kinnaird-Harris	1294	Philip	Lucas
287	Charlotte	Jackson	233	Tim	Kirk	647	Fredrik	Lundh
286	Glyn	Jackson	578	Lisa	Konrad	21	Peter	Mabey
240	Ian	Jackson	579	Jocelyn	Konrad-Lee	1135	Alex	MacFarlane
285	Judith	Jackson	867	Hakan	Koseoglu	390	James	MacFarquhar
549	Niall	Jackson	1015	Chris	Kuan	893	Allison	MacGregor
239	Nicholas	Jackson	268	Matthias	Kunkel	442	Duncan	Macgregor
1014	Robert	Jackson	882	Ernst	Kuschel	894	Janet	MacGregor
1206	David	Jacob	317	Lisa	Lagergren	748	Robert	MacIntosh
1205	Huw	Jacob	766	Christina	Lake	314	Helen	MacNeil
978	shah	jalal	941	Derrick	Lakin-Smith	313	Justin	MacNeil
19	Edward	James	942	Kim	Lakin-Smith	1048	Timothy	Maguire
238	Gillian	James	12	Dave	Lally	581	Jeremy	Maiden
236	Rhodri	James	594	Stef	Lancaster	947	David	Mansfield
237	Richard	James	812	Stephen	Landan	676	Darrel	Manuel
1293	Tim	James	293	David	Langford	507	Craig	Marnoch
350	Wilf	James	551	Andrew	Langhammer	1214	Stephane	Marsan
226	Barbara	Jane	1285	Robin	Langridge	833	Graham	Marsden
180	John	Jarrold	733	Hailey	Lanward	456	Hayley	Marsden
504	Kathy	Jay	1141	Julie	Lau	70	Madeleine	Marsh
1254	Ben	Jeapes	1142	Mabel	Lau	71	Simon	Marsh
1060	Agnieszka Anna	Jedrzejczyk-Drenda	995	Tiffany	Lau	488	Fiona	Marshall
964	Steve	Jeffery	231	Alice	Lawson	818	Elizabeth	Martin
1127	Stuart	Jenkins	232	Steve	Lawson	223	Keith	Martin
1100	Wendy	Jenkins	230	Erhard	Leder	817	Terry	Martin
351	Haswell	Joanne	383	Tanith	Lee	832	Jürgen	Marzi
1171	Cule	John Michael	728	Tony	Lee	421	Sue	Mason
1010	Alison	Johnson	553	Ruth	Leibig	1257	Petty	Matthew Jonathan
265	Friday	Jones	34	Andy	Leighton	1132	Andrew	Matthews
737	Gareth	Jones	1053	Stuart	Leitch	554	Ian	Maughan
1241	Nick	Jones	725	Allen	Lewis	1020	Janet	Maughan
1070	Simon	Jones	726	Brenda	Lewis	1021	Robert	Maughan
524	Stephen	Jones	619	Judith	Lewis	294	Ian	Maule
7	Sue	Jones	1017	Mike	Lewis	515	Janice	Maule
895	Sue	Jones	42	Jonathan	Lewis-Jones	130	Kari	Maund
877	Trevor	Jones	972	Sharon	Lewis-Jones	1050	Andrew	May
813	Michele	Kahn Landan	1240	Heather	Lindsley	505	Nic	Mayer
384	John	Kalline	298	Jim	Linwood	132	A C	Maynard
1192	Petra	Kamula	297	Marion	Linwood	921	Lin	McAllister
694	Roz	Kaveney	783	Rachael	Livermore	920	Rich	McAllister
235	Amanda	Kear	926	Mike	Llewellyn	1274	Charles	McAlpin
448	Tony	Keen	1103	Sarah	Loewenbein	740	Paul	McAuley
1234	Sam	Kelly	227	Oscar	Logger	1154	Daniel	McCallion
69	Richard	Kennaway	120	Marcus	Lohr	1153	Martin	McCallion
1119	Leigh	Kennedy	1000	Michael	Lomon	135	David	McCarty

585	Neil	McChrystal	501	Lizabeth	Myles	148	Michael	Pargman
943	Una	McCormack	878	Anthony	Naggs	792	Robert	Park
1232	Ian	McDonald	131	Phil	Nanson	389	Bryan	Parke
496	Fraser	McGinnis	142	Tom	Nanson	1217	John	Parker
495	Jennifer	McGinnis	996	Darren	Nash	632	Michelle	Parker
68	Martin	McGrath	532	Carol	Naylor	713	Susan	Parker
583	Simon	McGrory	408	Paul	Neads	1227	Zoe	Parkinson
649	Maura	McHugh	953	Andrew	Nelis	149	Brian	Parsons
666	David	McKenzie	744	Michael	Nelson	593	Patricia S	Parsons
665	Joanna	McKenzie	1215	Alain	Nevant	1296	Zoe	Parsons
739	Heather	McKiggan-Fee	367	Hazel	Newman	1290	Sally	Partington
1210	Rebecca	McKinlay	368	Robert	Newman	244	Joan	Paterson
862	Campbell	Mcleay	938	Mark	Newton	1251	Chris	Patmore
1033	Sean	McLellan	1270	Ngan	Nguyen	468	Andrew	Patterson
138	Andrew	McLeod	464	Joseph	Nicholas	61	Andrew	Patton
136	Scotty	McLeod	472	Jane	Nicholson	1019	Sumit	Paul-Choudhury
1024	Frank	McQuade	1151	Charles E	Noad	1145	Felicity	Payne
843	David	McWilliam	169	Michael	Nolan	150	Harry	Payne
1199	John	Meaney	1191	Tim	Nolan	973	Jodie	Payne
1200	Yvonne	Meaney	930	Jostein	Nygård	463	Michael	Pearce
811	Rachael	Mears	145	Roderick	O Hanlon	850	Robert	Pearce
49	John	Medany	742	Pádraig	Ó Méalóid	559	James	Peart
48	Rita	Medany	939	Krystyna	Oborn	364	Bernard	Peek
1253		Medany	143	Clarrie	O'Callaghan	363	Mary	Peek
858	Kathryn	Meenan	481	Roger	Octon	1258	kerry	peel
857	Kieran	Meenan	144	James	Odell	1113	Maxine	Perella
855	Mark	Meenan	466	Andrew	O'Donnell	776	Mali	Perera
785	John	Merry	467	Yvonne	O'Donnell	913	Michael	Perkins
156	Chloe Simone	Messenger	556	Bernard	O'Hear	914	Shroom	Perkins
155	Sara	Messenger	809	Thomas	Olde Heuvelt	625	Anne	Perry
387	China	Mieville	950	Jonathan	Oliver	152	Tommy	Persson
774	Kostya	Milayev	146	Erik V	Olson	799	Desislava	Petkova
994	Deborah	Miller	399	Ken	O'Neill	385	Rog	Peyton
405	Ian	Millsted	1183	Katrina	Oppermann	1193	Michael	Pfister
498	Colin	Milnes	1281	Connor	O'Pray	1158	Justin	Pickard
653	Brian	Milton	1287	Crys	O'Regan	546	Catherine	Pickersgill
1170	Kate	Mitchell	1286	Vivienne	O'Regan	547	Greg	Pickersgill
1034	William	Mitchell	531	Ruth	O'Reilly	919	Michael	Pins
65	Malcolm	Mladenovic	1092	Cowcallmoo	O'Rourke	1086	Ricardo	Pinto
709	Sam	Moffat	697	Tracey	O'Rourke	321	Marion	Pitman
44	H.F	Monkhouse	1237	Adam	Osborne	797	Nicolai	Plum
134	Helen	Montgomery	801	Penny	O'Shaughnessy	104	Mark	Plummer
430	Chris	Morgan	23	Chris	O'Shea	714	Ashley	Pollard
680	Gemma	Morgan	333	Sheila	O'Shea	1124	Tom	Pollock
638	Gwyneth	Morgan	1140	Per	Osterman	807	Milena	Popova
429	Pauline	Morgan	1038	Joanne	Othick	153	Silas	Potts
139	Tim	Morley	849	Jacob	O'Toole	663	Gareth	Powell
93	Mary	Morman	990	Michael	O'Toole	499	David	Power
822	Lynne Ann	Morse	147	Michael	Owen	1147	Katie	Price
16	Carol	Morton	808	Gareth	Owens	1118	Christopher	Priest
17	Tony	Morton	292	Martin	Owton	1120	Elizabeth	Priest
140	Miriam	Moss	847	Alison	Oxley	1125	Simon	Priest
922	H	Mounsey	999	Bella	Pagan	154	Ceri	Pritchard
844	Jim	Mowatt	970	Susan	Page	525	Marion Naomi	Pritchard
31	Caroline	Mullan	952	Philip	Palmer	526	Steven John	Pritchard
1074	Sara	Mulryan	648	Henrick	Pålsson	128	Henry	Proctor
992	Shaun	Murrant	869	Vassiliki	Pantells	43	Judith	Proctor

461	Kelvin	Proctor	555	Mic	Rogers	165	Ina	Shorrocks
127	Richard	Proctor	447	Tony	Rogers	610	Cuilleann	Short
342		Proctor	37	Steve	Rogerson	608	Eira L	Short
343		Proctor	1180	The Redemption Beeblebear	Rogerson	624	Jared	Shurin
486	Liam	Proven	604	Alpha Centauri	Rosenblum	626		Shurin
872	Beata	Quentzer	570	Howard	Rosenblum	347	Shaista	Siddiqui
875	Rosanne	Rabinowitz	571	June	Rosenblum	803	Renee	Sieber
780	Anna	Raftery	603	Michelle	Rosenblum	1188	tiziana	silvestre
781	Emily	Raftery	779	Angela	Rosin	971	Donald	Simmons
1198	Gavin	Raftery	509	Stephen	Rothman	440	Mark	Sinclair
1197	Gwen	Raftery	618	David	Row	503	Paddy	Sinclair
1196	Joe	Raftery	67	Marcus	Rowland	441	Sally	Sinclair
471	Mark	Randall	561	Yvonne	Rowse	661	Sarah	Singleton
1012	Donna	Rankin	886	Judith	Rumelt	166	Nesa	Sivagnanam
1013	Paul	Rankin	1280	Rob	Runacres	841	Martin	Sketchley
932	Ortwin	Rave	917	Kris	Russell	842	Rosaleen	Sketchley
574	Paul	Raven	161	Simon	Russell	708	Paul	Skevington
898	Nik	Ravenscroft	772	Geoff	Ryman	523	Mandy	Slater
997	Elaine	Rawle	1148	Ruby	Sahota	611	Mark	Slater
657	Aletia	Ray	800	Ian	Sales	652	Angela	Slatter
658	Ariane	Ray	1011	Juliette	Salvaing	598	Graham	Sleight
656	Bill	Ray	1186	Patrick	Samphire	474	Carolyn	Sleith
133	Danielle	Ray	1187	Stephanie	Samphire	615	Neil	Sluman
659	Pandora	Ray	229	Jim	Samuel	337	Martin	Smart
660	Zachary	Ray	72	Kathy	Sands	852	Chris	Smirthwaite
74	Colette	Reap	73	Leo	Sands	851	Jennifer	Smirthwaite
492	Douglas	Reay	1149	Harvey	Sangha	1099	Anthony	Smith
491	Louise	Reay	865	John T.	Sapienza	1157	Jessica	Smith
160	Thomas	Recktenwald	864	Peggy Rae	Sapienza	567	Lisa	Smith
341	Peter	Redfarn	764	Naomi	Saunders	336	Melica	Smith
1249	Gillian	Redfearn	1129	Louis	Savy	514	Peter	Smith
929	Sarah	Rees Brennan	181	Andy	Sawyer	1161	Robert	Smith
998	Francis	Reilly	1062	Keith	Scaife	272	Dan	Smithers
968	Andy	Remic	100	Fiona	Scarlett	838	Jane	Smithers
1116	Mike	Rennie	558	Peter	Schimkat	275	Jonathan	Smithers
1165	Anders	Reuterswärd	1066	Denni	Schnapp	273	Lucy	Smithers
896	Mandy	Reynolds	1067		Schnapp	946	Matthew	Smithers
158	Patricia	Reynolds	768	Alison	Scott	274	Nathaniel	Smithers
157	Trevor	Reynolds	162	Donna	Scott	609		SMS
1102	Ronan	Rice	163	Jamie	Scott	451	Robert	Sneddon
14	JFW	Richards	1266	Lesley	Scott	530	Ian	Snell
949	Keith	Richardson	303	Mike	Scott	375	Adrian	Snowdon
500	Alice	Rickarby	1242	Nicholas	Scott	88	Kate	Soley Barton
51	Julie Faith	Rigby-McMurray	1269		Scott	40	Kate	Solomon
50	Pat	Rigby-McMurray	900	Carrie	Seal	1107	Sangeeta	Soni
989	Adam	Roberts	1081	Gaie	Sebold	388	Jesse	Soodalter
685	Dave	Roberts	1159	John	Selmes	562	Ian	Sorensen
686	Estelle	Roberts	1295	Kirsty	Selway	137	Janice	Sorrell
837	Al	Robertson	681	Saskia	Serfling	911	Juliet	Souch
701	Alys Sterling	Robinson	308	Ian	Sewell	282	Chris	Southern
159	Roger	Robinson	346	Asma	Shafi	283	Jenny	Southern
542	Terence	Robinson	1076	Tracy Ann	Sharples	756	David	Southwood
747	Ben	Robson	1152	Mike	Sherwood	1008	Ylva	Spangberg
745	Justina	Robson	164	Jean	Sheward	394	Connor	Spence
1026	Mark	Robson	753	Drew	Shiel	393	Duncan	Spence
1275	Cristina	Rodriguez	752	Nina	Shiel	194	Michael	Spiller
948	Doreen	Rogers	601	James	Shields	1289	Simon	Stacey

167	Jesper	Stage	1085	Carol	Tierney	883	Huw	Walters
1073	Mark	Stay	1231	Gary	Tierney	885		Walters
202	James	Steel	793	Nat	Titman	674	Margaret	Walty
1283	Duncan	Stejskal	18	Dave	Tompkins	478	Cheddar	Ward
53	Richard	Stephenson	599	Patric	Toms	476	Christine	Ward
196	Susan	Stepney	176	Jo	Toon	477	David	Ward
1230	adam	Stewart	185	John	Toon	1272	Bob	Wardzinski
586	Alastair	Stewart	374	Julie	Töttey	908	Danie	Ware
199	Barbara E	Stewart	1094	Sara	Townsend	11	Peter	Wareham
66	David	Stewart	35	Paul	Treadaway	502	Tommy	Wareing
198	John	Stewart	1276	Alex	Trenchard	1175	Adam	Warren
899	Billy	Stirling	435	Terri	Trimble	1179	Charlotte	Warren
552	Ian E	Stockdale	1061	Irina	Tumanovskaya	1176	Jane	Warren
25	Chris	Stocks	1219	Sencan	Tuncer	736	Julian	Warren
1077	Anne	Stokes	1128	Sally	Turcato	1178	Julian	Warren
200	Lars	Strandberg	696	Terry	Twine	1177	Sylvia	Warren
484	Gary	Stratmann	1216	Jonathan	Tyrrell	925	Freda	Warrington
485	Linda	Stratmann	1130	Nick	Tyrrell	560	Ian	Watson
203	Marcus	Streets	33	Lennart	Uhlin	620	Robert	Watt
205	Mathilda	Streets	208	David	Ulicsak	1203	Claire	Weaver
204	Rae	Streets	639	Cristina Pulido	Ulvang	775	Alan	Webb
376	Charles	Stross	641	Daniel Pulido	Ulvang	773	Gerry	Webb
1105	Andrew	Sturman	642	Emilia Pulido	Ulvang	706	Jaine	Weddell
401	Anne	Sudworth	640	Tor Christian	Ulvang	1256	Anita	Wegner
936	Peter	Sullivan	1250	Horia Nicola	Ursu	1248	Jon	Weir
433	Neil	Summerfield	1044	Mattia	Valente	881	Gail	Weiss
425	Gizmo	Sumra	777	Tobes	Valois	853	Andrew	Wells
424	Misha	Sumra	700	Britt-Meredith	van Bergen	369	Pam	Wells
183	Chris	Suslowicz	762	Wim	van de Bospoort	854	Sarah	Wells
956	James	Swallow	1185	Wes	van de Plas	984	Linda	Wenzelburger
348	L	Sweetman	209	Larry	van der Putte	1172	Andy	West
449	David	Symes	589	Richard	van der Voort	217	Karen	Westhead
450	Fay	Symes	1133	Nadia	van der Westhuizen	215	Kathy	Westhead
334	Kellie Ann Aki	Takenaka	1007	Kirsti	van Wessel	216	Mike	Westhead
1025	Bryan	Talbot	211	Simone	Van Zyl	218	Peter	Westhead
207	Cameron	Taylor	784	Steve	Vander Ark	187	Eileen	Weston
307	Charlotte	Taylor	210	Jan	van't Ent	1083	Hilary	Weston
305	Ian	Taylor	910	Alex	Veasey	186	Peter	Weston
306	Kathy	Taylor	1111	Lody	Verbeek	1084		Weston
707	Marjorie	Taylor	1087	Jack	Vickeridge	1137	Lynda	Whall
47	Paul	Taylor	296	John	Wadsworth-Ladkin	564	Ian	Whates
1277	Scott	taylor	295	Sue	Wadsworth-Ladkin	188	Richard	Wheatley
923	Christopher	Teague	806	Paul	Wady	816	Laura	Wheatly
1226	Lanka	Templeman	79	David	Wake	497	Nik	Whitehead
406	Rick	Terlouw	513	Brian	Wakeling	580	Traci	Whitehead
635	Lena	Thane-Clarke	1221	Anne-Marie	Walker	538	Kim	Whysall-Hammond
636	Paul	Thane-Clarke	271	C N	Walker	197	Charles	Whyte
798	Sten	Thaning	550	Danae	Walker	667	Collin	Wightman
195	Boris	the Fish	1224	Eleanor	Walker	668	Sarah	Wightman
623	Tommy	The Swimming Kangaroo	1223	Jared	Walker	543	Bridget	Wilkinson
228	Markus	Thierstein	529	Robert	Walker	28	Peter	Wilkinson
445	David	Thomas	1222	Timothy	Walker	876	Liz	Williams
1056	Luke	Thomas	582	Helen	Wallace	1082	Paul	Williams
184	Jean	Thompson	986	Stuart	Wallace	518	Robert	Williams
438	Jean	Thompson	212	Mark	Waller	1089	Tricia	Williams
258	Julia	Thomson	1042	René	Walling	219	Neil	Williamson
565	Geoffrey	Thorpe	743	Deirdre	Walsh	1016	Andrew	Wilson

77 Anne Wilson
 220 Caro Wilson
 6 John Wilson
 335 Terence Wilson
 655 Rychard Winslade
 189 Tom Womack
 1245 Jon Wood
 1244 Jon Wood
 584 Matthew Woodcraft

45 Katharine Woods
 677 Jennifer Woodward
 906 Shana Worthen
 1101 Worthen
 1279 Colin Wren
 678 Peter Wright
 873 Frank Wu
 270 Ben Yalow
 983 Jessica Yates

839 Diana Young
 222 Mark Young
 688 William Younger
 1225 Joanna Zagni
 29 Lucy Zinkiewicz
 397 Liz Zitzow
 398 Zitzow Zitzow
 1202 John Zmrotchek

More Orbiting Images – *by Various*



398 A	Pritchard	Ceri
211 A	Proctor	Henry
72 A	Proctor	Judith
309 A	Proven	Liam
603 A	Quaglia	Roberto
815 Sa	Radford	David
503 A	Rafferty	Anna
190 A	Rankin	Rachel
189 A	Rankin	Robert
445 A	Ravenscroft	Nik
366 A	Ray	Aletia
368 I	Ray	Artane
364 A	Ray	Bill
384 A	Ray	Danielle
365 I	Ray	Pandora
367 I	Ray	Zachary
643 A	Reamer	Sharon
136 A	Reap	Collette
75 A	Recktenwald	Thomas
132 A	Redfarn	Peter
646 A	Redfearn	Gillian
737 A	Reid	Karen
716 A	Rennie	Mike
684 A	Reynolds	Alastair
114 A	Reynolds	Pat
115 A	Reynolds	Tevor
680 A	Richards	Andy
13 A	Richards	John
334 A	Roberts	Dave
335 A	Roberts	Estelle
782 A	Robertson	Al
787 A	Robertson	Adam
788 A	Robertson	Mark
65 A	Robinson	Roger
405 A	Robinson	Terence
642 A	Robson	Justina
693 A	Rodgers	Dawn
198 A	Rogers	Doreen
129 A	Rogers	Mic
191 A	Rogers	Tony
492 A	Rogers	Trish
19 A	Rogerson	Steve
49 A	Roper	Daniel
138 A	Rosenblum	Howard
139 A	Rosenblum	June
140 A	Rosenblum	Michelle
196 A	Rosin	Angela
831 I	Rowbottom	Alice
830 Sa	Rowbottom	John
832 I	Rowbottom	Michael
794 Fr	Rowland	Jennifer
59 A	Rowland	Marcus
811 Sa	Rowntree	Rob
701 A	Rowse	Sally
182 A	Rowse	Yvonne
109 A	Russell	Simon
543 A	Rydberg	Edwin
719 A	Saint	Jane
275 A	Sales	Tan
581 A	Samphire	Patrick
237 A	Samuel	James
703 A	San Juan	Gladys F.
690 A	Sanderson	Liam
8 A	Savv	Louis
756 Sa	Sawyer	Andy
544 A	Scaife	Keith

297 A	Scarlett	Fiona
171 A	Schmikat	Peter
233 A	Scott	Allison
342 A	Scott	Donna
68 A	Scott	Jamie
635 A	Scott	Lesley
410 A	Scott	Mike
631 A	Searle	Glen
817 Sa	Seats	Iain
629 A	Sebold	Gale
422 A	Selmes	John
613 A	Sen-Gupta	Sunita
564 A	Sharp	Chris
563 A	Sharp	Liam
488 A	Shemilt	Sarah
838 Sa	Sherwood	D.M.
357 A	Sheward	Jean
187 A	Shields	James
480 A	Shorrock	Gavin
230 A	Shorrock	Ina
156 C	Short	Culieann
154 A	Short	Eira
765 A	Shorell	Clive
612 A	Singh	Harpal
256 A	Sivagnanam	Nesa
745 A	Skevington	Paul
86 A	Slater	Mark
369 A	Sleith	Carolyn
175 A	Smart	Martin
276 A	Smith	Anthony
669 A	Smith	Lisa
176 A	Smith	Melica
679 A	Smith	Simon
280 A	Smithers	Dan
298 A	Smithers	Jane
284 I	Smithers	Jonathan
281 A	Smithers	Lucy
283 I	Smithers	Mathew
282 C	Smithers	Nathaniel
70 A	Sneddon	Robert
304 A	Snell	Ian
31 A	Sneyd	Steve
133 A	Snowdon	Adrian
388 A	Soley Barton	Kate
287 A	Solomon	Kate
600 A	Soni	Kate
183 A	Sorensen	Sangeeta
532 A	Spangberg	Yiva
647 A	Spanton	Simon
43 A	Spencer	Douglas
200 A	Spiller	Michael
795 A	Spratt	William
201 A	Stage	Jesper
585 A	Stark	Isobel
526 A	Staton	Michaela
117 A	Steel	James
121 A	Stephenson	Richard
150 A	Stepney	Susan
126 A	Stewart	Barbara
125 A	Stewart	John
790 A	Stewart	Terry
143 A	Stockdale	Ian
227 A	Stocks	Chris
750 A	Stokes	Anne
746 A	Stone	Sam
223 A	Strachan	June

151 A	Strandberg	Lars
323 A	Stratmann	Gary
324 A	Stratmann	Linda
99 A	Streets	Marcus
101 C	Streets	Matilda
100 A	Streets	Rae
623 A	Stross	Charles
373 A	Sudworth	Anne
575 A	Sullivan	Peter
460 A	Summerfield	Neil
562 A	Tabner	David
702 A	Tait	Callum
611 A	Taylor	Aaron
772 A	Taylor	Alice
609 A	Taylor	Cathie
104 C	Taylor	Charlotte
102 A	Taylor	Ian
103 A	Taylor	Kathy
608 A	Taylor	Martyn
610 A	Taylor	Melissa
650 A	Taylor	Michael
773 I	Taylor	Poesy
279 A	Thane-Clarke	Lena
278 A	Thane-Clarke	Paul
456 A	The Rodent	Suppermouse
32 A	Thierstein	Markus
705 A	Thomas	Adam
47 A	Thomas	David
661 A	Thomas	Luke
338 A	Thompson	Jean
363 A	Thorpe	Geoffrey
449 A	Tiemey	Carol
61 A	Tompkins	Dave
161 A	Toms	Patric
192 A	Totley	Julie
842 Fr	Travis	John
193 A	Treadaway	Paul
551 A	Treadwell	James
331 A	Tregenza	Chris
493 A	Tuckett	Bob
579 C	Tudor	Heloise
578 A	Tudor	Martin
362 A	Turcato	Sally
340 A	Turnbull	Heather
822 Sa	Turnbull	Nathan
851 Su	Turpin	Darren
77 A	Uhlir	Lennart
668 A	Ulicsak	David
660 A	Unerman	Sandra
558 A	Upson	Dawn
557 A	Upson	Nick
733 A	Uwe	Venetta
755 A	Uye	Venetta
803 A	Valente	Mattie
228 A	Valois	Tobes
269 A	van der Putte	Larry
206 A	van der Voort	Richard
491 A	van Oven	Paul
84 A	van't Ent	Jan
194 A	Vanzyl	Simone
404 A	Vickendge	Jack
855 Su	Voyce	Paul D
106 A	Wake	David
804 Sa	Wakeling	Brian
472 A	Walker	Bob
291 A	Walker	Charles





186 A	Kiillick	Jane
523 A	King	Emma
135 A	King	Lucy
134 A	King	Stephen
675 A	King	Sarah
169 A	Kirk	Tim
504 A	Knighthon	Gavin
555 S	Kobayashi	Alan
529 A	Konrad	Lisa
534 A	Konrad-Lee	Jocelyn
263 A	Kunkei	Mathias
685 A	Lacey	Joseph
501 A	Lake	Christna
553 A	Lakin-Smith	Derrick
552 A	Lakin-Smith	Kim
94 A	Lally	Dave
637 A	Lambert	Alex
188 A	Lancaster	Stef
92 A	Langford	Dave
272 A	Langhammer	Andrew
618 A	Lau	Tiffany
15 A	Lawson	Alice
14 A	Lawson	Steve
78 A	Leder	Erhard
738 A	Lehtonen	Jaana
511 A	Leighton	Andy
739 A	Lentle	Annabelle
720 A	Levy	Ashley
673 A	Lewis	Paul
671 A	Lewis	Phil
144 A	Liebig	Ruth
781 A	Lindsley	Heather
213 A	Linwood	Jim
212 A	Linwood	Marion
853 A	Lippach	Katharina
42 A	Livemore	Rachael
597 A	Llewellyn	Mike
6 G	Lloyd	David
754 A	Lloyd	Gary
142 A	Logger	Oscar
310 A	Lohr	Marcus
483 S	Lomon	Michael
28 A	Long	Gavin
683 A	Longden	Oliver
828 A	Lonward	Hailey
667 A	Looi	Kim-Ming
29 I	Loveridge	Alexander
30 A	Loveridge	Caroline
546 A	Lowe	Johanna
58 A	Mabey	Peter
79 A	MacGregor	Duncan
729 A	MacKay	John
749 J	MacLennan-Patton	Eleanor
641 A	MacLeod	Ian
764 A	MacLeod	Ken
3 G	Maggs	Dirk
777 A	Maguire	Tim
704 A	Maharaj	Ash
45 A	Maiden	Jeremy
510 A	Maimie	Chns
197 A	Mansfield	Dave
411 A	Mansfield	Paul
210 A	Marnoch	Craig
776 A	Marsan	Stephane
16 A	Marsden	Hayley

SOUVENIR BOOK

659 A	Marshall	Fiona
604 A	Marsland	Keith
848 Sa	Martai	G
319 A	Martin	Liz
318 A	Martin	Terry
262 A	Marwitz	Echard
561 A	Mark	Anton
44 A	Mason	Sue
105 A	Maughan	Ian
385 A	Maynard	Alistair
459 A	McAuley	Paul
748 A	McCann	Oisín
360 A	McGinnis	Fraser
359 A	McGinnis	Jennifer
549 I	McGinnis	Richard
219 A	McGrath	Martin
173 A	McGrory	Simon
696 A	McGurk	Neil
33 A	McHugh	Maura
665 A	McKenna	Ian
666 A	McKenna	Juliet
487 A	McLeod	Suzanne
712 A	McLintock	Alex
245 A	McNeillis	Paul
204 A	McVeigh	Key
580 A	McWilliam	David
626 A	Meadows	Stephen
620 A	Meera	Michael
621 A	Meera	Pat
413 A	Medany	John
412 A	Medany	Rita
540 A	Meenan	Bridget
541 C	Meenan	Kathryn
542 C	Meenan	Kieran
17 A	Meenan	Mark
261 A	Mendleson	Farah
843 Sa	Mercer	Deborah
727 A	Mercer	Naomi
399 A	Messenger	Sara
302 A	Milayev	Kostya
710 A	Millar	Sophie
836 Sa	Millard	Ash
619 A	Miller	Deborah
222 A	Mills	Nick
332 A	Milton	Brian
567 A	Minchin	Adelle
778 A	Moffat	Sam
806 Sa	Monkhouse	Harriet
592 A	Moore	Chris
509 A	Moore	Mary Ellen
508 A	Moore	Murray
327 A	Morgan	Chris
657 A	Morgan	Gemma
711 A	Morgan	Greg
328 A	Morgan	Pauline
267 A	Moss	Minam
308 A	Mounsey	Heidi
470 A	Mowatt	Jim
81 A	Mulian	Caroline
420 A	Naggs	Tony
378 A	Nansen	Phil
775 A	Nash	Darren
520 A	Naumann	Christne Ulrike
521 C	Naumann	Jan
688 A	Naylor	John
805 A	Naylor	Wayne



835 Sa	Neale	Sean
337 A	Newman	Hazel
271 A	Newman	Kim
336 A	Newman	Robert
797 Sa	Nolan	Mike
663 A	Nolan	Paul
728 A	North	Benedict
159 A	O'Callaghan	Clarrie
632 A	O'Connor	Michael
339 A	O'Con	Roger
76 A	O'dell	James
762 A	O'Donnell	John
763 A	O'Donnell	June
116 A	O'Hanlon	Roderick
823 Sa	Oliver	Mark
792 A	Olson	K
249 A	O'Mealoid	Padraig
377 A	O'Neill	Ken
305 A	O'Reilly	Ruth
774 A	Osbome	Adam
40 A	O'Shea	Chris
24 A	Owen	Michael
576 A	Owton	Martin
639 A	Oxwell	Simon
676 A	Pagan	Bella
732 A	Palling	Sean
742 A	Palling	Sean
715 A	Palmer	Phillip
290 A	Pálsson	Henrick
481 A	Pantelis	Sissy
559 A	Paolini	Paul
147 A	Pardoe	Darroll
627 A	Parker	John
740 A	Parkinson	Bob
268 A	Parry	Arwel
160 A	Parsons	Brian
507 A	Parsons	Zoe
391 A	Paterston	Joan
166 A	Patterson	Andrew
113 A	Patton	Andrew
630 A	Patton	Christine
35 A	Payne	Harry
294 C	Payne	Jodie
469 A	Peak	David
468 A	Peak	Susan
199 A	Peart	James
380 A	Peak	Bernard
381 A	Peak	Mary
299 A	Perera	Mall
424 A	Perkins	Michael
314 A	Persson	Tommy
783 A	Petterson	Yngve N.
108 A	Peyton	Rog
74 A	Pickersgill	Catherine
73 A	Pickersgill	Greg
653 A	Pinto	Ricardo
423 A	Pitman	Marion
431 A	Plum	Nicolaï
60 A	Plummer	Mark
786 Sa	Potts	James
574 Sa	Potts	Martin
20 A	Potts	Silas
724 A	Pourtahmasbi	Edhun
496 A	Powell	Gareth Lyn
7 A	Powers	Serena
1 G	Powers	Tim



288 A	Davies	Malcolm
571 A	Davison	Al
572 A	Davison	Maggie
595 A	Dawe	Martyn
394 C	Dawson	Alan
393 A	Dawson	Guy
392 A	Dawson	Sue
473 A	Day	Robert
554 A	de Bodard	Aliette
614 A	de Jager	Elizabeth
615 A	de Jager	Mark
124 A	De Liscard	Jim
527 A	de Vries	Jetse
735 A	Deacon	Kenneth
743 A	Deacon	Kenneth
535 A	Deam	Simon
513 A	Deas	Michaela
512 A	Deas	Stephen
320 A	Delessert	Chantal
333 A	Dennet	Sharon
485 A	Dennis	Scott
428 A	Devereux	David
760 A	Dickson	Gillian
761 A	Dickson	Kethry
248 A	Docherly	Vincent
573 A	Doctorow	Cory
769 A	Dodds	Tom
63 A	Dormer	Paul
41 A	Dowd	Fran
12 A	Dowd	John
148 A	Dowling-Hussey	Tara
180 A	Doyle	Barbara
834 Sa	Doyle	Mary
645 A	Drury	Ian
714 A	Drury	Terry
111 A	Drysdale	David
545 A	Dunk	Chris
354 A	Dunn	Owen
53 A	Dunn	Stephen
292 A	Duty	Becky
128 A	Earnshaw	Roger
505 A	Eastbrook	Martin
844 A	Easthope	Cathy
699 A	Edwards	Carl
522 A	Edwards	Lillian
152 A	Edwards	Sue
706 A	Egleton	Natalie
638 A	Ellender	Sarah
254 A	Ellingsen	Herman
524 A	Ely	Jonathan
215 A	Emery	Adrian
407 A	England	Andy
664 A	Essex	Sophie
741 A	Eves	Stuart
455 S	Faray	Bobbie
443 S	Faray	Nic
179 A	Farmer	David
588 A	Fazzani	Douglas
625 A	Feeney	Martin
486 A	Fenn	Jaine
264 A	Feruglio Dal Dan	Anna
22 A	Figg	Mike
130 A	Fine	Collin
767 A	Fitzpatrick	Laura
644 A	Fletcher	Jo
568 A	Flynn	Hannah

678 A	Hemy	Sarah
251 A	Hershko	Lynn
252 A	Hershko	Susan
624 A	Hetherington	Keith
476 A	Hicks	Pamela
478 I	Hicks	Wendy
348 A	Hilbert	Alice
785 J	Hilbert	Anders
599 A	Hill	Toby
498 A	Hill	Gwen
499 A	Hill	Karen
457 A	Hodgkin	Nigel
427 A	Hogg	Sabine
66 A	Holden	Simon
518 A	Holmes	Malcolm
416 A	Holmstrom	Fred
707 A	Honey-Mennal	Allie
495 A	Hook	Terie
525 S	Hook	Jonathan
752 A	Horsely	Marc
317 A	Horsman	Stephen
313 A	Housden	Ron
593 A	Howe	Nick
403 A	Howlston	Alex
402 A	Howlston	Dave
374 A	Hudson	Carrie
23 A	Huggins	Simon
758 A	Hunter	Martin Kier
779 A	Hurd	Gail
686 A	Hussey	Sam
110 A	Hutchison	Carolina
390 A	Ibbs	Clare
311 A	Illingworth	Niall
312 A	Illingworth	Roy
691 A	Inglis	Steve
429 A	Ingram	T
658 A	Isaak	Karen
841 Fr	Jackman	Steve
432 A	Jackson	Iana
157 A	Jackson	Hellen
62 A	Jackson	David
260 A	James	Urban
419 I	James	Shobah
418 A	James	David
274 A	James	Sarah
417 A	James	Matthew
34 A	James	Mark
850 Su	Jankowicz	David
244 A	Jarrod	Andrew
277 A	Jenkins	John
730 A	Johnson	Collin
791 Fr	Jones	Lee
184 A	Jones	Peter
91 A	Jones	Collin
450 A	Jordon	Joanne
209 A	Kear	Susie
51 A	Keen	Neil
674 A	Kehoe	Julian
497 A	Kelly	Victoria
352 A	Kennaway	David
533 A	Kershaw	David
634 J	Khan	Anders
633 A	Khan	Nigel
38 A	Kievits	Martin
325 A	Kilbane	Edgar
670 A	Kilburn	Zandy
251 A	Hershko	Lynn
252 A	Hershko	Susan
624 A	Hetherington	Keith
476 A	Hicks	Pamela
478 I	Hicks	Wendy
348 A	Hilbert	Alice
785 J	Hilbert	Anders
599 A	Hill	Toby
498 A	Hill	Gwen
499 A	Hill	Karen
457 A	Hodgkin	Nigel
427 A	Hogg	Sabine
66 A	Holden	Simon
518 A	Holmes	Malcolm
416 A	Holmstrom	Fred
707 A	Honey-Mennal	Allie
495 A	Hook	Terie
525 S	Hook	Jonathan
752 A	Horsely	Marc
317 A	Horsman	Stephen
313 A	Housden	Ron
593 A	Howe	Nick
403 A	Howlston	Alex
402 A	Howlston	Dave
374 A	Hudson	Carrie
23 A	Huggins	Simon
758 A	Hunter	Martin Kier
779 A	Hurd	Gail
686 A	Hussey	Sam
110 A	Hutchison	Carolina
390 A	Ibbs	Clare
311 A	Illingworth	Niall
312 A	Illingworth	Roy
691 A	Inglis	Steve
429 A	Ingram	T
658 A	Isaak	Karen
841 Fr	Jackman	Steve
432 A	Jackson	Iana
157 A	Jackson	Hellen
62 A	Jackson	David
260 A	James	Urban
419 I	James	Shobah
418 A	James	David
274 A	James	Sarah
417 A	James	Matthew
34 A	James	Mark
850 Su	Jankowicz	David
244 A	Jarrod	Andrew
277 A	Jenkins	John
730 A	Johnson	Collin
791 Fr	Jones	Lee
184 A	Jones	Peter
91 A	Jones	Collin
450 A	Jordon	Joanne
209 A	Kear	Susie
51 A	Keen	Neil
674 A	Kehoe	Julian
497 A	Kelly	Victoria
352 A	Kennaway	David
533 A	Kershaw	David
634 J	Khan	Anders
633 A	Khan	Nigel
38 A	Kievits	Martin
325 A	Kilbane	Edgar
670 A	Kilburn	Zandy



By Steve Lawson

LX MEMBERSHIP

45 A	Abbot	Michael	440 A	Bingham	Peter	370 A	Carty	370 A	Alstair
107 A	Abigail	Dawn	837 A	Bird	Allinson	400 A	Cebik	400 A	Sarah
697 A	Ackerman	Brad	847 Sa	Bird	Jez	548 A	Chambers	726 A	Rachel
255 A	Alden	Stan Westby	751 A	Bishop	David	726 A	Chapman	726 A	Rachel
723 A	Algar	Clare	172 A	Bodell	Anne	602 A	Chappell	602 A	Arthur
315 A	Allen	Eileen	52 A	Bodley	Kate	387 A	Cheater	387 A	Mike
316 A	Allen	Jerry	168 A	Boeckstein	Jaap	181 A	Cheetham	181 A	Kathryn
361 A	Alkins	David	195 A	Boettcher	Hans-Ulrich	50 A	Cheval	50 A	David
95 A	Allwood	Paul	343 A	Bond	Neil	435 A	Chilton	435 A	Julie
82 A	Armeringen	Brian	358 A	Booth	Susan	802 Sa	Chitty	802 Sa	Mark
83 C	Armeringen	Merol	433 A	Boothby	Clare	259 X	Chrystal	259 X	Ewan
438 A	Anderson	Diane	708 A	Bouchard	Chris	655 A	Clark	655 A	Ian
386 A	Anderson	Fiona	322 A	Boulton	Katherine	734 A	Clarke	734 A	David
453 A	Anderson	John	321 A	Boulton	Susan	713 A	Clarke	713 A	Roz
672 A	Anderson	Julie	240 A	Bourget	Robbie	736 A	Clarke	736 A	Tony
482 A	Anghelatos	Tina	744 A	Bowyer	Adrian	566 A	Clarke	566 A	Trevor
285 A	Anglemark	Johan	178 A	Bradley	Jill	414 A	Clegg	414 A	Thomas
286 A	Anglemark	Liméa	177 A	Bradley	Phill	628 A	Clue	628 A	John
306 A	Angus	David	54 A	Bradshaw	Bridget	477 A	Coast	477 A	Cat
97 A	Armstrong	Andrew	55 A	Bradshaw	Simon	87 A	Coates	87 A	Elaine
98 A	Armstrong	Helen	382 A	Brenchley	Chaz	89 C	Coates	89 C	Ethan
170 A	Arthur	Erik	56 A	Brialey	Claire	88 C	Coates	88 C	Joel
467 A	Atkin	Polly	349 A	Brider	David	654 A	Cobb	654 A	Rodney
397 I	Atkin-Wright	Beth	789 A	Brigg	Jon	296 A	Cobley	296 A	Michael
396 A	Atkin-Wright	Kate	677 A	Brill	Robyn	21 A	Cochrane	21 A	David
395 A	Atkin-Wright	Toby	185 A	Broadrb	Meg	273 A	Cockburn	273 A	Paul F
246 A	Auden	Sandra	26 A	Broadrb	Tim	238 A	Cohen	238 A	Peter
506 A	Austin	Margaret	814 Sa	Brooke	Keith	651 A	Coleman	651 A	Ruth
591 A	Aviv	Uri	372 A	Brooker	Matt	570 A	Colfer	570 A	Eoin
10 A	Bacon	James	840 Sa	Brooks	Barbara	64 A	Collyer	64 A	Noel
479 A	Baillyne	Tony	766 A	Brooks	Christopher	447 A	Conway	447 A	Jonathan
636 A	Banks	Iain	839 Sa	Brooks	Ian	536 A	Cooper	536 A	David T.
565 A	Barber	Sue Ann	421 A	Brown	Abi	539 A	Cooper	539 A	Jane
747 A	Barnett	David	494 A	Brown	Andrew	538 C	Cooper	538 C	Libby
454 A	Barnsley	Jennie	753 A	Brown	Eric	537 C	Cooper	537 C	Matthew
796 A	Barrett	Trish	813 Sa	Brown	Eric	18 A	Cooper	18 A	Steve
389 A	Barton	Andrew	376 A	Brown	Ian	810 A	Cooper	810 A	William
167 A	Batty	Liz	67 A	Brown	John	257 A	Corbier	257 A	Mark
216 A	Battye	Sandra	441 A	Brown	Paul	846 Sa	Corley	846 Sa	Stephen
824 Sa	Baxter	Norman Sterling	122 A	Brown	Tanya	687 A	Cornell	687 A	Paul
587 A	Baxter	Stephen	569 A	Brush	Colin	722 A	Cornwell	722 A	Nicholas
439 A	Bayfield	Roy	131 A	Buckley	Ed	2 G	Courtenay Grimwood	2 G	Jon
622 A	Beckett	Chris	698 A	Bukumunhe	Mark	829 Sa	Cousens	829 Sa	Marie
682 A	Bell	Alex	594 A	Bullock	Saxon	205 A	Couzens	205 A	Gary
27 A	Bell	Chris	582 A	Burgis	Stephanie	768 A	Cowan	768 A	Laure
500 A	Bell	Doug	4 G	Burns	Bill	71 A	Cox	71 A	Dave
825 Sa	Bell	Iain	9 A	Burns	Jim	153 A	Coxon	153 A	John
137 A	Bellingham	Alan	5 G	Burns	Mary	295 A	Crawshaw	295 A	Richard
531 A	Bellis	Anders	681 A	Butler	Earl	48 A	Croad	48 A	Margaret
330 A	Bennett	Jess	236 C	Cain	Jonathan	303 A	Cross	303 A	Helen
700 A	Bennington	Nigel	235 C	Cain	Marianne	516 A	Crowther	516 A	Nicola
355 A	Benson	Austin	234 A	Cain	Steven	517 A	Crowther	517 A	Peter
123 A	Benzie	Meike	695 A	Callan	Simon	265 A	Culfather	265 A	Serena
519 A	Berger	Dirk	475 A	Campbell	Jenny	93 A	Cullen	93 A	Tony
444 A	Berlyne	John	648 A	Campbell	Jim	556 A	Dale	556 A	Pamela
208 A	Bernardi	Michael	474 A	Campbell	Ramsey	37 A	Dallman	37 A	John
214 A	Berry	Tony	463 I	Canning	Cara	39 A	Daly	39 A	Julia
656 A	Bynon	Neil	462 A	Canning	Olivia	408 A	Darmell	408 A	David
759 A	Bigwood	Andy	461 A	Canning	Vincent	119 A	Davidson	119 A	Christine
515 A	Bill	Katrina	606 A	Carey	Mike	120 A	Davidson	120 A	Michael
827 Sa	Bilton	John	247 A	Carlie	David	725 A	Davies	725 A	Huw

(A(Attending), S(Supporting), G(Guest), (C)Child, I(Infant), Fr(Friday), Sa(Saturday), Su(Sunday), Mo(Monday))



1999	Liverpool	Peter S Beagle, John Clute, Jeff Noon, Tom Holt, Ron Tiner, Thog the Mighty
2000	Glasgow	Guy Gavriel Kay, Katherine Kurtz, Deborah Turner-Harris, Dr John Salthouse, Bob Harris
2001	Hinckley	Claire Braley, Mark Plummer, Mike Scott Rohan, Steven Baxter, Lisanne Norman
2002	Jersey	Brian Stableford, Harry Turtledove, Peter Weston
2003	Hinckley	Chris Baker (Fangorn), Christopher Evans (author), Mary Gentle
2004	Blackpool	Mitchell Burnside Clapp, Danny Flynn, Sue Mason, Christopher Priest, Phillip Pullman
2005	Hinckley	John Harvey, Eve Harvey, Ken Macleod, Robert Rankin, Ben Jeapes, Richard Morgan
2006	Glasgow	M. John Harrison, Brian Froud, Elizabeth Hand, Justina Robson, Ian Sorensen
2007	Chester	None
2008	Heathrow, London	Nell Gaiman, Tanith Lee, China Miéville, Charles Stross, Rog Peyton
2009	Bradford	Jon Courtenay Grimwood, Tim Powers, David Lloyd, Mary and Bill Burns
2010	Heathrow, London	Alastair Reynolds, Liz Williams, Mike Carey, Fran & John Dowd

DOC WEIR AWARD WINNERS

By Steve Cooper

1963 Peter Mabe
 1964 Archie Mercer (d)
 1965 Terry Jeeves
 1966 Ken F Slater (d)
 1967 Doreen Parker (now Rogers)
 1968 Mary Reed
 1969 Beryl Mercer (d)
 1970 J Michael Rosenblum (d)
 1971 Phil Rogers (d)
 1972 Jill Adams (d)
 1973 Ethel Lindsay (d)
 1974 Malcolm Edwards
 1975 Peter Weston
 1976 Ina Shorrock
 1977 Keith H Freeman
 1978 Gregory Pickersgill
 1979 Rog Peyton



It wasn't meant to be me. The roster of past winners is extraordinary, from the first winner and long-time fan Peter Mabe to last year's winner, the equally splendid Eddie Cochrane. I know a lot of these past winners and they are all worthy of the award, all people whose contributions to fandom over the years have made a huge difference to many people.

It's an honour to be placed with them. Even though, you know, I'm really not sure I deserve it.

Kari Sperring

(d) – Deceased

1997 John Harold
 1998 Andy Croft
 1999 1/2r Cruttenden
 2000 Tim Illingworth
 2001 Noel Collyer
 2002 Dave Tompkins
 2003 Bill Burns
 2004 Robert "NoJay" Sneddon
 2005 Dave Lally
 2006 Steve Lawson
 2007 Sue Edwards
 2008 Eddie Cochrane
 2009 Kari Sperring

1980 Bob Shaw (d)
 1981 John Brunner (d)
 1982 No award
 1983 No award
 1984 Joyce Slater (d)
 1985 James White (d)
 1986 No award
 1987 Brian Burgess (d)
 1988 No award
 1989 Vincent Clarke (d)
 1990 Roger Perkins
 1991 Pat Brown (now Silver)
 1992 Roger Robinson
 1993 Bridget Wilkinson
 1994 Tim Broadribb
 1995 Bernie Evans
 1996 Mark Plummer

Whitcon	London	1948	A Bertram Chandler
Loncon	London	1949	Bill Temple
London SF Con	London	1952	None
Coroncon	London	1953	None
Supermancon	Manchester	1954	John Russell Fearn
Cytricon	Kettering	1955	None
Cytricon II	Kettering	1956	None
Cytricon III	Kettering	1957	None
Cytricon IV	Kettering	1958	None
Brumcon	Birmingham	1959	Kenneth F Slater
London	London	1960	E J 'Ted' Carnell, Don Ford
LXicon	Gloucester	1961	Kingsley Amis
Ronvention	Harrogate	1962	Tom Boardman
Bullcon	Peterborough	1963	Edmund Crispin
Repetercon	Peterborough	1964	Ted Tubb
Brumcon II	Birmingham	1965	Harry Harrison
Yarcon	Yarmouth	1966	Ron Whiting
Briscon	Bristol	1967	John Brunner
Thirdmancon	Buxton	1968	Ken Bulmer
Galactic Fair	Oxford	1969	Judith Merrill
Scicon '70	London	1970	James Blish
Eastcon 22	Worcester	1971	Ethel Lindsay, Anne McCaffrey
Chessmancon	Chester	1972	Larry Niven
OMPAcon	Bristol	1973	Samuel R Delany
Tynecon	Newcastle	1974	Bob Shaw, Peter Weston
Seacon	Coventry	1975	Harry Harrison
Mancon 5	Manchester	1976	Peter Roberts, Robert Silverberg
Eastcon '77	Coventry	1977	John Bush
Skycon	Heathrow	1978	Roy Kettle, Robert Sheckley
Yorcon	Leeds	1979	Graham & Pat Charnock, Richard Cowper
Albacon	Glasgow	1980	Jim Barker, Colin Kapp
Yorcon II	Leeds	1981	Tom Disch, Dave Langford, Ian Watson
Channelcon	Brighton	1982	Angela Carter, John Sladek
Albacon II	Glasgow	1983	Marion Zimmer Bradley, Avedon Carol, James White
Seacon '84	Brighton	1984	Pierre Barbet, Waldemar Kummig, Josef Nesvadba, Christopher Priest, Roger Zelazny
Yorcon III	Leeds	1985	Greg Benford, Linda Pickersgill
Albacon III	Glasgow	1986	Joe Haldeman, John Jarold, Clive Barker, Pete Lyon
BECCON '87	Birmingham	1987	Chris Atkinson, Keith Roberts, Jane Gaskell
Follycon	Liverpool	1988	Gordon Dickson, Gwyneth Jones, Greg Pickersgill, Len Wein
Contrivance	Jersey	1989	Avedon Carol, Rob Hansen, M John Harrison, Don Lawrence, Anne McCaffrey
Eastcon	Liverpool	1990	Iain Banks, Anne Page, SMS
Speculation	Glasgow	1991	Rob Holdstock
Illumination	Blackpool	1992	Geoff Ryman, Paul McAuley, Pam Wells
Helicon	Jersey	1993	John Brunner, George R R Martin, Karel Thole, Larry van der Putte
Sou'Wester	Liverpool	1994	Diane Duane, Neil Gaiman, Barbara Hambly, Peter Morwood, Thog the Mighty
Confabulation	London	1995	Lois McMaster Bujold, Roger Robinson, Bob Shaw
Evolution	Heathrow	1996	Jack Cohen, Colin Greenland, Paul Kincaid, Maureen Kincaid Speller, Bryan Talbot, Vernor Vinge
Intervention	Liverpool	1997	Brian Aldiss, Jon Bing, Octavia Butler, Dave Langford
Intuition	Manchester	1998	Ian McDonald, Martin Tudor, Connie Willis

PAST EASTERCON LIST

By Steve Cooper





Box Office Poison by Alex Robinson

Young adults learning how to be proper grownups with real relationships. Expressive art, spot-on dialog, amusing with it. <http://www.comicbookalex.com> has some other material by the same artist (but he's better at longer pieces).

PS238 by Aaron Williams

At last, some superheroes! But they are all under 11... Funny, exciting and believable (you know what I mean). <http://nodwick.humor.gamespy.com/ps238/index.htm> contains all the issues of the comic two or more years old, with a new page every few days.



Tony's Comics Recommendations:

The Complete Nemesis the Warlock, volumes 1-3 (2000 AD), by Pat Mills & various artists
Volume 1 is the essential purchase

The Trigan Empire, volumes 1-12, by Mike Butterworth & Don Lawrence

Showcase Presents Green Lantern, volumes 1-4, by John Broome, Gil Kane and others

More expensive, but in colour, **Green Lantern Archives**, volumes 1-6

Locas: The Magie and Hopsy Stories, by Jaime Hernandez

Plenty of other collections exist!

The Adventures of Luther Arkwright, volumes 1-3, and **Heart of Empire: The Legacy of Luther Arkwright**, by Bryan Talbot

... and from last time

The Ultimates, volumes 1 & 2, and **The Ultimates 2**, volumes 1 & 2, by Mark Millar and Bryan Hitch
Bolland Strips!, by Brian Bolland

Top Ten, volumes 1 & 2, and **Forty-Niners** by Alan Moore, Gene Ha and Zander Cannon
Also **Smax**, though that's not as good.



COMIC RECOMMENDATIONS

James's Comics Recommendations:

Captain Britain and MI 13 TP Vol 01 Secret Invasion. Written by Paul Cornell, pencilled by Leonard Kirk, cover by Bryan Hitch.

The Skrull Invasion isn't restricted to the US. When the Skrull Invasion hits England, only Captain Britain and MI13 stand in their way. Can they find out what the Skrulls are after before it's too late? Collecting *Captain Britain and MI13* #1-4.

Captain America by Ed Brubaker Omnibus Vol 01 HC. Artist Steve Epting.

Collecting Eisner Award-nominated Best Writer Ed Brubaker's first twenty-five landmark issues of Captain America in one titanic tome, plus the Captain America 65th Anniversary Special and Winter Soldier: Winter Kills one-shots! This deluxe hardcover, fat-packed with extras, features the story that stunned readers worldwide and sent shockwaves through the entire Marvel Universe: the death of Captain America! Also including the return of Cap's wartime partner, Bucky Barnes, as the Winter Soldier; the death and life of his greatest enemy, the Red Skull; and the emergence of a new threat, General Aleksander Lukin, the head of one of the most powerful corporations in the world! Collecting Captain America #1-25, Captain America 65th Anniversary Special and Winter Soldier: Winter Kills. 720 pages.

Hellblazer: Black Flowers by writer Mike Carey, art by Jock, Lee Bermejo and Marcelo Frusin, cover by Tim Bradstreet.

Continuing Mike Carey's acclaimed run on Hellblazer, *Black Flowers* ratchets up the suspense as Constantine begins to see - and battle - the signs of a coming apocalypse in the stories "The Game of Cat and Mouse," the 2-part "Black Flowers" and the 3-part "Third Worlds", from issues #181-186.

Hellblazer: Dangerous Habit by Ennis, Simpson, Pennington, Sutton.

Reprinting Hellblazer #41-46. This TP tells the story of John Constantine's fight against his own impending death, brought about not by magic or the machinations of Heaven or Hell - but rather by lung cancer. Mature Readers. SC, 7x10, 160 pages, FC

Hellblazer: Haunted by writer Warren Ellis, artist John Higgins.

When John Constantine's old friend Isabel Bracknell turns up dead, he goes in search of the reasons behind it. But his investigation earns him a beating from the so-called "magician" responsible. Can Constantine help Isabel rest in peace? (Reprints Hellblazer #134-139)

The Ballad of Halo Jones by writer Alan Moore, artist Ian Gibson.

The Red Star by Christian Gosset.

Michael's Comics Recommendations:

Ragmop by Rob Walton

Dinosaurs, conspiracy theories, feminism, Richard Feynman and Bugs Bunny slapstick. <http://www.robwaltoon.com/index.php> contains some information about this.

The Order of the Stick by Rich Bulew

Really, really funny if you know anything about role playing games, perhaps only really funny if not. <http://www.gianttp.com/comics/gots.html> is the official version of the comic: the graphic novels always lag behind the webcomic (but do contain significant bonus material).

Scott Pilgrim by Bryan Lee O'Malley

Effortlessly cool and entertaining. Twenty-something layabout, thinking about being in a band, gets a new girlfriend and has to fight her seven evil boyfriends. Slightly like a video game.

<http://www.radiomaru.com> has some related short pieces.



That left 'Blow Things Up on the Sunday to arrange. Over the weekend we had arranged for people to assemble a model Big Ben, which was to be demolished, plus a working Lego train set was being brought, and at the last minute we found a volunteer, Adrian, who could do some 'kitchen sink' explosions in the hall using basic ingredients. In the hour before the event we had many people working on preparing the various elements, which miraculously came together more or less on time, even despite a last-minute Lego train disaster! Everyone in the hall was provided with a paper V mask and the GUFF delegate Trevor Clark played 'V' on stage. Somehow we managed to deliver a short, but loud and spectacular homage to 'V for Vendetta', with explosions that fizzled rather than banged (he did say that V got better at it later!) and with a clever few seconds of close-up film of the Lego train going into the tunnel. We finished on a high with the 1812 overture, the demolition (by me) of Big Ben which was positioned on James Bacon's head and everyone throwing their masks in the air. It was great anarchic fun, made funnier by the little boy at the end who shouted 'is that it then...!'

All the music panels took place over the weekend as planned and feedback was very positive.

For example, Tanya Brown wrote: *Someone in the bar at Eastercon on Sunday stopped to tell me how impressed he was with the music stream -- "not the entry-level stuff I was expecting". Snap! I confess I was often out of my depth, and I loved it: loved the fact I could be at a science fiction convention learning about diageitic and non-diageitic music, the science behind the 12-tone system, and how ring modulators changed the world. Probably the highlight for me was sitting in the bar with composer Gary Lloyd after we'd been on a programme item together, listening on his iPod to music he'd written and performed with Iain M. Banks, and trying in what I was hearing with what Mr Lloyd said in the panel. I felt more connection with the music than I feel at most live performances. The whole experience -- as participant and audience -- has really got me thinking about the ways that music's changing. It's becoming democratised: it's easier than ever to engage with, listen to, learn about, create, perform and transform music. Where is this democratisation in fiction? Does it exist, or is the real world actually ahead of the snail imagination for once?*

I was also pleased to see a number of musical items on the programme which had been independently created, including a hands-on session where you could 'Make your own music' by building your own instrument from junk, the 'Rock Band: Battle of the Bands' where fans formed a band and rocked-out, a 'Dr Horrible Sing Along' and of course Martin Glover's other composition 'The Throne Of The Black God - A Musical Voyage' in Mark Slater's film programme.

At the Closing Ceremony on the Monday, by way of symmetry, we showed 'Rabbit of Seville' which was also a big hit with the fans.

I felt very satisfied after LX that we'd achieved the original goal of showing that a music stream at an SF con could be strong and successful. It was hard work, especially the live events, but we learned how to do some new things which hopefully other cons can build upon, most obvious being the large concert. We also generated ideas which we couldn't do for reasons of time, practicality or budget, such as practical musical sessions in children's programme, using recorded music and video for panels and the large events, and a number of specific panel topics I'd be happy to propose to other cons.

I'd like to close by thanking again everyone: committee, volunteers, participants and performers, and others who helped -- you made the music stream a great success. I really appreciate it and I'll always remember it.

Coda
(Tail)

In a nice example of serendipity, shortly after LX, 'Song of Time' by Ian R. Macleod won the 2009 Arthur C. Clarke Award. The novel concerns an aging musician in the near future. Chair of the award judges, Paul Billinger, said: *"the novel is infused throughout with the love of music and contains some of the most evocative writing on the subject for many years".* I hope we see more examples of music in SF&F stories in future, and of course more music integrated into convention programmes.

In the evening, everything fell into place – the BSFA awards (with drums and harp set up behind them!) happened on time, many fans enjoyed Doctor Who, and in the meantime we got the orchestra into the hotel, and taken to dinner, with ample time left to get ready for the concert, which also started on time. Both James and I had dressed up for the occasion and he opened the event and I competed, providing short introductions for each piece of music. The orchestra played very well and it was great to watch the hundreds of fans in the room enjoying the experience so much. The orchestra were positioned at ground level, so the people watching were unusually close – a point of fans afterwards said had added to their enjoyment. I really enjoyed myself as well, and thought the performance was of a particularly high quality – I particularly enjoyed *Danse Macabre*, the Star Trek medley and of course the *Pastorale*. At the end we thanked Adam, Nia and the orchestra with a standing ovation, flowers and, it being an SF convention, steam-punked batons for Adam.



Adam wrote to me after the concert about how he and the orchestra experienced the event

When I was approached by Vincent to organise the music for the Science Fiction Convention, I was extremely excited as to the possibilities of music from the genre. I immediately thought of all the John Williams and Howard Shore soundtracks and how we could arrange them. As we had a short time frame to organise the music, and also the fact that we had to limit the size of the National Festival Orchestra to 37 players due to the size of the hall, it became clear that many full symphonic sound tracks were just not going to be possible. We then started to think about the use of classical music in the genre and things quickly began to fall into place. The Blue Danube from Kubnick's 2001 Space Odyssey was an obvious piece to choose and I also knew of a great arrangement of the Star Trek themes. Vincent was very keen to include some Williams so I asked my father (a composer) to arrange the Luke and Leia theme from "Return of the Jedi" especially for the evening, which is a stunning ballad type piece and was a favourite of mine. Vincent had also suggested playing some of Beethoven's 6th symphony from "Fantasia". This seemed to balance the programme perfectly.

The next stage was to hire the music in and prepare for rehearsals. One logistical problem was the fact we couldn't rehearse in the venue before the concert as there was the screening of the live 'Dr. Who'. We resolved this by rehearsing a mile down the M602 in another hotel, to finish promptly at 6pm and dash up for a very quick set up before the concert!

The concert went very well and I was thrilled how well the orchestra managed to adjust to the different surroundings and acoustics. The orchestra all commented on how well they were looked after by the team at the convention, and how it was such an appreciative audience to play for...even clapping between the movements! I look forward to performing again for the convention and hope everybody enjoyed the concert as much as we did!

The fans who experienced the concert agreed as well. For instance:

Jim Burns wrote: Just to say - a great con...but particularly enhanced by the concert which was without doubt my personal highlight! Do you reckon it could become a regular feature?

Paul Cornell wrote: ...the highlight of the convention for me, the National Festival Orchestra occupied the main hall, performing SF themes (a wonderful original Star Trek, complete with bongos) and related pieces (like 'The Blue Danube'). A real coup, something people will be talking about for years to come: James Bacon should be very proud.

Adam and I brainstormed the programme for the concert. He understood what I was trying to do and took my initial ideas and suggestions and came back with a very well thought out programme, which covered all three types of work I wanted. I was especially pleased he was able to include Beethoven's *Pastorale*, one of my favourite symphonies. He was also able to work within the constraint of minimising the total number of instruments, as each piece of music needed different sets of instruments, so that the orchestra would fit in the programme hall. I decided to title the concert 'Symphonic Fantasy'.

However, the concert was proving to be very hard to organise logistically, as the BSFA Awards were scheduled to start at 6pm, the now traditional Doctor Who Special was expected to be shown sometime at the weekend, probably on Saturday evening, but the BBC wouldn't announce the times till about a week beforehand, and we needed to provide rehearsal and setup time and space for the orchestra, plus catering and changing facilities. There was a risk the three events would end up clashing badly. Fortunately everyone, including the BBC planners (although they didn't know it), worked together to make it work – a place was arranged in one of the overflow hotels where the orchestra could rehearse during the day. At the beginning of April, the BBC announced that Doctor Who would start at 6:45pm for an hour, which allowed time for the awards beforehand and for the orchestra to start at 8pm, so we would be in good shape as long as the performers could set up, have food and get changed in time. That left the Sunday 'Blow Things Up' event to arrange. Unfortunately it always drew the short straw in terms of my available time, despite James' best efforts to arrange the right people and resources. I had prepared a script and some fun stuff planned but I was really worried whether I'd be able to pull it off on the day.

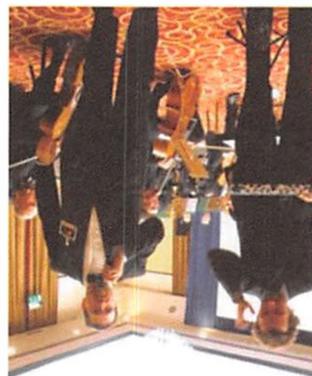
Crescendo Maestoso al fine

(Growing majestically to the end)

The last days before the concert passed quickly as there was a lot to prepare. Fortunately I was able to arrive a couple of days early, to help set up, and work with the committee. I was also able to meet Adam and Jonathan pre-con, which was very useful, and to work with Mark Meenan who was responsible for the function space, staging and audio-visual tech – a particularly hard job with the many different events taking place in the same spaces during the con, and which he handled very well. As planned, the Friday Opening Ceremony, began with 'What's Opera Doc', one of the best cartoons ever made, and which obviously thrilled the fan-ish audience. The LX co-chairs then came on stage looking like Bugs Bunny and Elmer Fudd, which was very funny. I then ran a short introductory session to the music stream, along with Valerie Housden, who also ran the Filk concert later in the weekend.

On Friday evening, *Cinema Phantasmagoria* sounded and looked great, and both Jonathan and Martin performed their compositions well, and to very appreciative audiences. I thought the music they wrote fit the films very well and I was glad we had decided to take that approach rather than the unplanned version done at Albacorn. The fan-built frame for Jonathan's electric piano in the shape of a grand piano also looked good!

Organising Saturday's concert, *Symphonic Fantasy*, on the day proved to need military levels of organisation, but worked out better than I could have hoped. I turned up to the hotel where the orchestra were rehearsing during the afternoon. The bemused hotel receptionist directed me to follow the sound of the music, and I had the unforgettable experience of being able to listen to *The Pastorale* being played for me alone as I waited outside.





FASTERCON
BY THE NATIONAL FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA

SATURDAY 11th April at 20:00 in the Cedar Hall

SYMPHONIC FANTASY - The Live Concert

Programme

The concert will be compiled by Vincent Docherty, LX's music programme lead.

On Saturday evening, the National Festival Orchestra will perform a programme of classical works inspired by fantasy and mythology, music composed for SFR films and TV shows and classical works which have been famously used by film-makers.

20:00 Opening - Welcome by James Bacon, LX Co-Chair

The Blue Danube by Johann Strauss II

Luke and Leia's Theme (The Return of the Jedi) by John Williams, arranged specially for the concert by Paul Robinson

Dance Macabre by Camille Saint-Saëns

Star Trek - Through the Years by Alexander Courage, Jerry Goldsmith

James Horner et al. arranged by Celine Cates

The Thieving Magpie by Gaetano Cappioli

Interval

Symphony No 6 (The Pastorale) by Ludwig van Beethoven

1. Awakening of cheerful feelings upon arrival in the country (Allegro ma non troppo)

2. Scene at the brook (Andante molto mosso)

3. Happy gathering of country folk (Allegro)

4. Thunderstorm (Allegro)

5. Shepherd's song (Adagio)

22:00 Close

Photos: Chronos, offshoot, No flash photography, No recording

At the 2008 Eastercon, *Orbital*, I ran a panel about the initial music programme ideas. I was delighted by the attendance, interest and enthusiasm shown. A few people gave me their names which I later passed to the programme sub-committee as possible participants. After *Orbital*, the list of panel topics didn't change significantly and the focus shifted to participation and also how to develop and organise the large live performances.

The rest of 2008 and early 2009 focussed on turning the ideas into reality.

The panel items were relatively straightforward to organise, as the programme team could manage them like any other stream of ideas, proposing panelists from the attendee list. There were a couple of iterations of names, depending on people's preferences, and a few tweaks to the panel titles and descriptions, but the final list that went into the Read-Me was pretty close to the original set of ideas.

The main challenge for me was to settle on which of the large events could be done, and to find musicians who were willing and able to perform them, within the con's logistical and financial constraints. This proved to be the biggest and most difficult part of running LX's music stream.

By this stage we had settled on three large events with live music:

- A Friday evening silent SF film show, accompanied by live piano.
- A major Saturday night concert, which would comprise a programme of orchestral music linked to SF&F themes in any of three ways: classical works inspired by fantasy and mythology; music composed for SF&F films and TV shows; and classical works which had been 're-purposed' by SF&F film-makers.
- A fun item on the Sunday, suggested by James, which started as simply an event with lots of big bangs in the style of the great con favourite Dr. John Salthouse, (who had sadly recently died), and to which we added ideas and visuals from 'V for Vendetta', in honour of LX Goh David Lloyd, who had illustrated the graphic novel.

Bradford has a strong musical tradition: among other things it was the birthplace of the composer Delius. Bradford University has a Fellow in Music, Mark Robinson, based at the Tasmán Little Music Centre. I contacted Mark and various other local music organisations to see if they could connect me with local performers. Unfortunately communication was slow due to my generally busy schedule and largely only having email contact during the day, UK-time. It wasn't until well into 2009 that I was finally able to talk to Mark, who was extremely supportive and immediately connected me with Adam Robinson (no relation), a noted local violinist and orchestra leader, and Jonathan Brigg a local composer and pianist. Both were willing and able to help.

We also had some good fortune in having Mark Slater running the film programme, as he was keen to join forces with the music stream, including supplying the silent movies for the Friday event. James had arranged that soundtrack composer Gary Lloyd and composer and Senior Lecturer in Composition at London College of Music, Martin Keir Glover would be attending the con and could be part of the music programme. Gary happily took part in the panel type programming and Martin started working with Mark on preparing two live performances – both premières of music he composed – one of which would also be part of the Friday night film event along with Jonathan. The now combined programme of the Friday event was titled 'LX Cinema Phantasmagoria', Jonathan would compose music for and accompany two shorter films: Georges Méliès' 1904 film 'The Impossible Voyage', which was based on the Jules Verne play, and Edison Company's 1910 film of 'Frankenstein' which was written and directed by J. Searle Dawley and was the first motion picture adaptation of Mary Shelley's novel. Completing the programme was the 1920 horror film 'Der Golem', written and directed by Paul Wegener and Henrik Galeen and featuring a brand new score, composed and performed by Martin.

Adam arranged, via his parents who also manage orchestras, that the National Festival Orchestra would perform the concert. The NFO is based in the North of England with members drawn from all over the UK, and regularly plays to sell-out audiences at the best UK concert venues and has built a national reputation through television broadcasts, BBC Radio and is the resident orchestra for the International Gilbert and Sullivan Festival in Buxton. Adam would organise the music and conduct on the night. The leader of the orchestra and first violin would be Nia Beven, who is a respected international performer. I was amazed and more than a little humbled by the level of talent being assembled for the event.

(Pressing onward, uncertainly)

Affrettando capriccioso

SOUVENIR BOOK





Allegro ma non troppo

(Brisk, but not too much)

I started fleshing-out the programme early in 2008. For panel-type programming, in typical analytical style, I began by deciding the main themes I wanted to build from. The first was history: how had music and SF in the widest sense - - mythology - developed and what linked them together? That triggered the idea of *'The Music of the Spheres'* and how music influenced our early understanding of the universe, structured through storytelling and later, mathematics. The other side of the same idea concerned music as an inspiration to world-building in fiction. There are many examples, but to me the richest and most obvious was *'the Music of the Ainur'* from Tolkien's legendarium, where the universe is sung into existence. Feedback from potential panellists concerned the narrow Tolkien focus of the panel, so I generalised it to *'World Building with Music'* and also decided to participate on the panel myself.

The next theme was *'music as a form of communication'*; This suggested panel ideas on music as a universal communication medium and method of contact (Close Encounters, records on space-probes, and many SF novels) as well as the 'alien' tone scales of different human cultures and the psychological underpinning of the experience of music. It became clear pretty quickly that there was one strong panel here, rather than several, although I'm sure more specific topics could be unpicked at future cons.

The largest theme, in terms of potential panels, was an exploration of published music and SF&F together, from the point of view of both the creators as well as 'consumers'. This generated four panel topics which I thought could be the starting points for deeper discussion and potentially a lot of fun:

- *'Depictions of music in SF&F literature and dramatic features'* was about how writers of SF&F use music in their stories, portray the future of music and use music to structure their writing.
- *'Composers who write music for SF&F'* looked at early composers inspired by fantasy and mythology (Beethoven's *Pastorale*, Wagner's *Ring Cycle*, Holst's *Planets Suite*, and many others), as well as more recent composers of music for SF television and film, and their influences.
- *'SF music in popular culture'*, was an exploration of how SF&F has influenced popular culture, including rock and pop (Oldfield, Jarre, ELO, Hawkwind, Bowie and whole genres such as Heavy metal), themed albums such as Jeff Wayne's *'War of the Worlds'*, musicals like 'Rocky Horror' and more recently, Joss Whedon's *'Once more with Feeling'* and *'Doctor Horrible's Sing-along Blog'*;
- *'Writers, artists and fans discuss their musical inspiration'* was about what music people listen to both for ideas and enjoyment (triggered by the number of writers I know who talk about their music listening) and was intended to be a more informal session.

For the more participatory events and live performances, James and I brainstormed some ideas. We agreed to have a major Saturday night live music event, tentatively titled *'Science Fiction, Double Feature'*, which would be an overview of popular SF&F genre musical themes, ideally performed by a live chamber orchestra.

We also wanted to have some hands-on events where fans could learn about basic musical principles, try out different instruments and even in some cases build them - including that most sf-nal of instruments, the Theremin, which was a particular favourite of James!

For the children's programme I thought it would be good to have a live performance of 'Peter and the Wolf' by Prokofiev, 'The Carnival of the Animals' by Saint-Saens, or 'The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra' by Britten, or at least play a recording with someone explaining what was happening. We wanted to recognise important musical dramatic presentations, such as Jeff Wayne's 'War of the Worlds', films such as 'Fantasia' and its follow-up 'Fantasia 2000', 'Allegro Non Troppo' and others. I also wanted to try something we had done at one of the Glasgow Albacons, where a silent movie was shown with live musical accompaniment. (I also agreed to be more merciful with the performer this time, as at Albaccon we asked the pianist to play without knowing the film in advance!)

The final goal was to build some musical elements throughout the programme to establish it as a 'red thread' through the con. That could mean events linked to the Guests and also led to the idea of including the classic musical cartoons 'What's Opera Doc' and 'Rabbit of Seville' at the Opening and Closing ceremonies.

So we now had the building blocks of a very solid music programme.

Overture (Opening)

I'm probably best known in fandom for running conventions, especially large ones, though I also run small cons and enjoy being a regular fan and participant. Reading forms the largest part of my SF-related activity, and like many fans I have other interests, some of which overlap well with SF fandom, such as astronomy, science in general, movies & TV, some video games (preferably with large, explorable worlds) and, to get to the point of this article, music.

My father was an artist and he introduced me to classical music when I was very young. I was in the choir at school, which included a lot of older, religious music. I also enjoyed the musical soundtracks of TV shows and especially the movies, as it was vital to help transport me into the world and action being shown. As a geeky child and teenager my music tastes developed into more modern and experimental areas, with an emphasis on strong melody, ('the tunes' as Tanya Brown memorably put it at one of the LX panels). More recently, when I had time between Worldcons, I was a member of a Dutch male-voice choir, singing in various genres and languages, which was both great fun and a challenge, especially at public competitions and shows.

But these activities were largely separate from my

fannish activities. I had little experience in folk singing and so had never been active in folk at cons. A few

people know of my music interests and I had thought

about doing some music-related programming at cons.

For the 2005 Worldcon, Colin Harris and I explored

having a full performance of 'The Lord of the Rings

Symphony' by Howard Shore, but it proved to be too

large and risky an endeavour for even a Worldcon,

(though I might reconsider now that I have more

experience). The trigger for the LX music programme

was at the 2007 Eastercon in Chester. I watched the

karaoke session in the main hall, which was lightly

attended but with some good performances, including an

excellent rendition of a Björk song by Julie Faith Rigby-

McMurray and then a muscular rock number by James

Bacon. Afterwards I mentioned to James about my

interest in music. We bounced ideas around and agreed

it would be fun to highlight different aspects of music

related to Science Fiction and Fantasy, through participatory, practical and panel-based sessions at a

convention. He proposed, and I agreed, that I orchestrate a music programme stream at LX.

Larghetto Lontano

(Somewhat slowly from a distance)

With two years to go to the con, and with other competing fannish activities such as running Orbital's finances, I started slowly. Living in The Netherlands also meant I couldn't attend every planning meeting in person. I started by drawing out the general shape of the music programme.

My main goal was to highlight Science Fiction & Fantasy music in the widest sense, and to show they

have been connected and mutually linked for as long as people have been making music and telling fantastic

stories. I aimed to surprise, build interest and excitement and hoped that fans would both have fun and learn

something new. It was also very important that the programme be accessible but not superficial or too basic.

I was aware that many people's experience of the subject was limited to film soundtracks, a few famous

cases like Jeff Wayne's 'War of the Worlds' and the Whedon musicals, and genre-influenced albums. I was

keen to also explore mythology, history, some aspects of religious practice, science and then 'modern' SF&F.

The format would be a mix of panels, participation, live performance and pre-recorded TV, film and radio

music. James agreed I could propose 8-10 panel topics and that there would be some budget for live events.

The music stream also wasn't intended to replace, but to complement the regular Filk stream.



This stuff doesn't fall into any particular category, but is just stuff that's worth noting;

For a couple of years we tried to do a block of children's programming in the morning. The first year it was pretty much my children watching plus a few others. Harry Payne gave this a shot at Contemplation for which I was very grateful, but apart from a few extra adults it was still largely my children, now with the addition of Harry's. I've come to the conclusion that this doesn't really work - perhaps it's our stipulation that younger children be accompanied by parents, or maybe the early start time. This year I still included children's programming and scattered it across the schedule a little more, being very careful not to clash it with other parent and child programming, but attendance didn't really improve (except for when the Oliver Postgate material was on - so another lesson learned there). I still feel strongly however that family friendly programming should be included in the media programme; it's just that the winning formula hasn't yet been found.

- Late night programming also doesn't seem to work in my experience. It doesn't really seem to matter what you're showing, TV isn't ever really going to tear people away from the bar in the evenings. If I do this again, I'll probably close down around 10pm at the latest.

And To Close.....

All the above may be inapplicable nonsense when it comes to putting on the kind of media programme *you'd* like to run. Hopefully none of this has put you off. Each Eastercon has its own character and its own challenges. Dave Lally did this for something like 14 years straight, and I don't intend to replace him as the default 'go to' guy for media. I'd like to go to someone else's media programme and see the weird and wonderful stuff they've managed to dig up. It would be great to have a group of people (including myself) keen to do this, who can advise and help each other out with ideas and material if necessary. My material tends to be biased towards British archive TV material and rare films, but each year's media programme could be as individual as the main programme, and moulded by the tastes and preferences of the different fans who run it. Perhaps a year with a core of anime, the next year built around small independent films, another year with a sub-stream based on influential children's genre television and maybe, in 2012, an anniversary 'Lally Programme';

Anyone wanting to get involved in future media programmes and would like any help or advice (or info on where to score the rare stuff) can reach me at mark.slater@xpen.co.uk.

Some Highlights of the LX Media Programme You May Have Missed

Ironwerkz - Independently produced steampunk short. In a bizarre quasi-Victorian junkyard, a boy seeks to escape from his repressive family before a birthday party that will change his life forever. Many thanks to writer/director Mike Kehoe for permission to show the film, and for coming to the convention to talk about his work. www.ironwerkz.com.

Behind the Iron Sky - Teaser trailers and behind the scenes documentaries about the independent Finnish Space Nazi film currently in production. In 1945 the Nazis fled to the moon. In 2018 they are coming back.



OK, so you know what you want to show, now how are you going to show it? In bygone days, media at cons was projected using 16mm projectors, and many are the horror stories of multiple spare projectors, snapped or damaged reels, blown lamps and other pitfalls. (Aside: we looked at projected film for LX, as this had been done very successfully at Intuition in Manchester in 1998. On further inspection it looked like it might be a trade off between being either very expensive indeed to get the professionals in, or being very unreliable if I had to become a 16mm expert at no notice and purchase/build kit off eBay - in the end I decided the risk wasn't justified. Is anyone brave enough to consider tackling this at a future con?) More recently the preferred format has been videotape - and who hasn't seen Dave Lally prowling round the hotel corridors with a stack of VHS tucked under his arm. The downside to this is unless you want to compile stuff onto 3 hour tapes (bearing in mind the quality drop per generation of dubbed tape, from already potentially 5th generation material), then you have to be in and out of the video room at hourly and half hourly intervals to change tape. This is in many respects what made the job of running media in the past something of a poisoned chalice - who *really* wants to spend the weekend sitting in a darkened room waiting to change tapes? Then came the digital age - and this, more than anything, was the key that made me step up in 2006. With recordable DVD came the ability to create your media programme in advance of the convention, in nice manageable 3-4 hour chunks, without the drop in quality you got with VHS tape. So if you author your programme on DVD - with appropriate fillers and test cards between items - you can stick a disk in the player and have everything starting precisely on time for the next 3-4 hours. All of a sudden you don't need you be diving back every half hour or hour - you just need to set yourself an alarm and make sure you're back just two or three times per day to swap disks (or even leave ops a schedule so they can do the occasional disk swap if you're involved in other programming during the changeover). Although with new tech comes new pitfalls, one of which I discovered this year. Material on the disks was a mixture of 4:3 aspect ratio, and various flavours of widescreen - in fact I went to great lengths to ensure widescreen ratios were preserved on the disks. The projector needed to be manually switched between these formats, so on discovering this issue, I still had to plan to return to the media room to switch between the two (so where I missed, apologies to anyone who may have watched an item in the wrong aspect ratio due to this unforeseen circumstance). Another new issue I encountered this year was with foreign language material onto DVD with permanent subtitles, but author foreign language material onto DVD with permanent subtitles which simplified things enormously, but it's a pitfall for future con media runners to watch out for.

Hardware is obviously an important consideration. If you aren't going to have someone permanently baby-sit the media presentation, then you need to know your equipment isn't going to fail you. I usually bring two of my own players and my own cables. My main player is a good few years old, cost me about £60 at the time, and is absolutely bomb-proof - it'll play anything, in any format and won't choke on any brand of DVD-R I've ever encountered, and my backup player is nearly as robust. Failing that, there were undoubtedly other players around the con I could have used - Steve Lawson probably had a few in the boot of his car just in case. The other vital bit of kit is the projector. I'm not sure where these are sourced from (I know past ones have also come from the boot of Steve Lawson's car), though the one I used this year was a little under powered (or perhaps the bulb was on its way out) so the image wasn't as bright as it might be. The projector is something I've just turned up and plugged into in the past, but might be worth not making any assumptions about in the future. Another learning experience and something for prospective future media organisers to think about. Sound is also something I've just come to expect would just be there because it always has been - but shouldn't have made any assumptions about. Luckily I mentioned it in passing at the eleventh hour and fortunately Mark Meenan was able to procure a 5.1 surround sound system at short notice. At future cons I'm sure we'll be plugging in media servers - and all that will be required is kicking it off at the beginning of the con - via the web. But no matter how you decide to play it, it always pays to remember that tech ops are heroes, and they're on your side.



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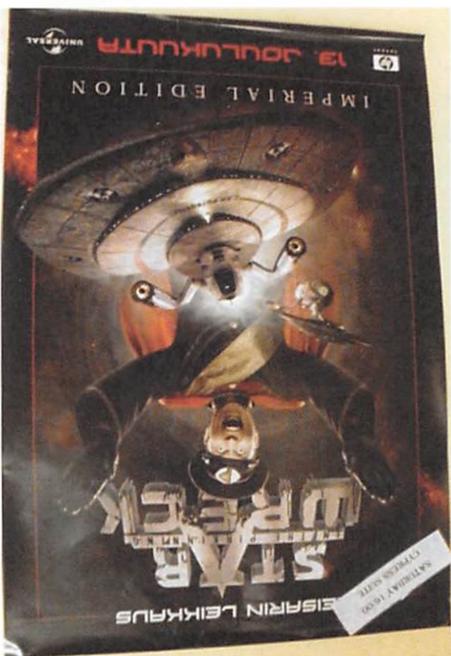
More often than not, media is programmed as an aside to main programme, and programming teams are probably happy enough to let someone go away and sort it out. It would be good to see media gradually falling back under the remit of main programming, and contributing to the individual character of any given Eastercon. I'm not a media fan, I'm an SF fan and that means books, comics, films, plays, TV, games, coffee mugs, t-shirts, the lot. It's just all one big tapestry as far as I'm concerned, and I suspect much of fandom is the same to varying degrees in this respect. It would be nice if media could be woven back into the fabric of Eastercon.

Publications

This is a fairly tricky subject. For each of my programmes I've produced a programme booklet with very detailed notes about each item, giving some background on each item, hopefully making it clear why it's been included in the programme and why you should consider taking the time to see it. I've usually printed it myself, as it's finalised very late in the day and I've previously assumed it's way behind the print deadline for the ReadMe, although I found out this year that there's really not that much in it – had I realised I'd have probably forwarded it to con publications to be printed alongside the ReadMe (though using cheap inkjet cartridges on my old Epson a print run of about 800 programme booklets, each one two dense sides of A4, only cost about £30, albeit with a substantial amount of folding). This booklet has, thus far, been distributed separately from the ReadMe either by dropping copies on tables round the bar, dropping it in the goody bag or having a pile available at registration. Unfortunately though some people still fail to see a copy of this, working on the not unreasonable assumption that everything they need to know will be in the ReadMe and perhaps finding the media booklet in the bottom of their bag once they get home. Perhaps it could be tucked in the ReadMe at future cons; I'd be interested to see how that affects attendances in the media room. At some conventions, as was the case for many years at Eastercon, the day's media programme is posted on a flipchart outside the room each morning, and consists of not much more than a time and a title. Under these circumstances you've either got to know what it is you're looking at, find out the detail from whoever is running media, or not bother attending on the basis you've no idea what's actually on. Nor is it possible to plan your convention viewing alongside other programme items at the beginning of the weekend, which is when most people initially review their ReadMe and circle their 'must attend' events. But what both approaches are tiptoeing around is this – obviously the more material you can get permission to show the better, but with the best will in the world, it would be nigh on impossible to get permission for everything you'd like to show. In many cases rights holders make no distinction between half a dozen fans in a darkened room at a non-profit event, and a large commercial enterprise screening material for large paying audiences. With older material, especially British archive material, it can very often be very unclear who the rights owners actually are. So under the circumstances you have a couple of choices –

I. Simply don't show the material. Fair enough – this was the approach we took with some anime at LX, where we made a formal approach about acquiring the rights to show certain materials with the Japanese rights holders. The rights holders were very helpful, but when it finally came down to it, the convention simply couldn't justify the hundreds of pounds per hour of material it would have cost; spread across what would have been a relatively small niche audience.

II. Alternately there is simply the don't ask, don't tell approach. We're not a large commercial enterprise, we're pretty much not showing material which is either current or commercially available, and where we are showing commercially available material it tends to be from small independent concerns from whom we seek permission (as they are often happy to allow the material to be shown for free). Where material is not commercially available we really aren't taking bread from the mouths of rights owners (or more importantly creators) by exhibiting material, nor are we profiting from it. By comparison, back at Concession we got permission to show the contemporary silent film 'The Call of Cthulhu' from its makers – they allowed us to do this for free, and they were rewarded with a spike in UK orders for the DVD of the film immediately following the convention. Rule of thumb – just be sensible and don't take the piss.



Some of these might seem obvious – but taking a variety of these approaches should hopefully provide an interesting and varied programme.

A Number of Possible Approaches

- The some of the media programme content in with the conventions themes. Then, if panels or talks on a given subject allude to a particular item of media – the audience then has the chance to go and see it while the subject is fresh
- There's no getting around it, know your stuff, or have access to someone who does. I don't know much about Anime (or Manga) – it's just not my area of interest beyond a peripheral dabbling. But I know a man who does, and in two of my media programmes I've enlisted Robert 'Nojay' Shedd on to do presentations on these subjects. I could have read a few magazines and websites, researched what's currently hot, imported some DVD's and stuck them on – but what's the point? I doubt it'd get the same response that Nojay's items do. If I can't get excited about it, I'm not going to get an audience excited about it – so get someone in who can. As well as showing material Nojay engages with his audience and provides valuable information and insight into a subject he is clearly passionate about.
- Know your stuff – Part 2. You really should know what material is genuinely rare, and which isn't, and be clued in to how to score some of the rare stuff (or know someone who does). Given how much archive material is now being released commercially, you should also have some awareness of upcoming release schedules. There's no point seeking out some rare lost gem at great effort and expense six months in advance, if it's going to be on the shelves of HMV a fortnight before the convention. I've always prepared my final programme as late as I can get away with for this very reason.
- Provide good detailed information about your programme – a title alone means nothing. This comes into the area of advertising and programme booklets which I'll discuss later – but if you've got something amazing that everyone should see, make sure you give it some context, and tell people why it's worth their time.
- Try to turn media items into events. This year we had silent cinema with live music, 3D films (with live idiot in rubber mask), a musical item inspired by a comic strip (with video) and guest of honour introductions to media items they
- had selected themselves. The possibilities exist to lift a simple video showing into something which an audience simply can't get at home (even if they have seen the film before or have the DVD sat on their shelf). Add value wherever you can by providing insight, discussion, commentary, guests (see below) and audience participation.
- Get input from the committee and programme team – be in the loop with regard to the rest of the convention programming from early on so you can find those themes and threads that you can tie into.
- Diversity. Panels relating to media still tend to fall under the general programming team, but that doesn't stop you proposing (or running) your own panels in the media room. The same goes for guests. OK, you're not going to have the budget available to book big name media guests (and you don't really want to either – that's what media cons are for), but there might be other people you could get in. This year, as well as inviting the convention guests of honour into the media room we also had two separate sets of film makers, Louis Savy of Sci-Fi London, costume/prop makers and armourers John Naylor and Karen Grover (collectively known as TimeTarts) as well as composer Martin Kier Glover all presenting items. When someone suggests a given film, person or company might be interesting to get to a convention, do some research, take it under consideration and ask nicely. If someone promoting their film or event actively approaches you, again take it under consideration, and then take their arm off. With the tech to edit film and sound, create effects, graphics and animation becoming more and more accessible, and with the internet as a viable distribution medium, there has been an explosion in high quality independently produced genre films. Many of their creators would be delighted at the opportunity to screen their films for an appreciative audience – some of them might even be happy to talk and answer questions.
- Try creating your own material – desktop applications now make it much easier for people to edit together their own compilations, either just for silly fun, or as the basis for illustrated talks or multi-media presentations.

How (and why) do you run a convention media programme? There are con running fanzines, con running conventions, and any number of online forums covering the whys and wherefores, the finances, logistics, tech, good practice, bad practice, programming, organisational, legal requirements, philosophy and tau of con running. But I haven't (and this is where I'll get a torrent of response pointing me at all the things it would have been useful to read three years ago), ever seen anything providing specific guidance on the running of media at an SF con. So here is my rough guide, presented in the hope that the benefit of my experience thus far may prove useful to others who may fancy taking up the challenge in future.

Some History

LX was the third time I've put together and run an Eastercon media programme. The first time was at Concession in Glasgow after asking Simon Bradshaw the year before if I could have a go. The first Eastercon I attended was Eastcon at the Adelphi back in 1990, remembered now as the convention where Helen McCarthy introduced Anime to British fandom – a large room stuffed to bursting watching Akira in Japanese with no subtitles and whispered rumours of late night viewings of Japanese films for grown-ups only (room stuffed to bursting again). There was also a showing of the rarely seen Nigel Kneale classic 'The Stone Tape' (guess what – room stuffed yet again). At Illumination at the Norbreck Castle in 1992, Dave Lally was 'premiering' a surprise item, which turned out to be an extended cut of 'The Wicker Man' – pretty exciting stuff to a young fan at the time. I remember back then as something of a golden age for media at cons, it was something you actively sought out to see what was on.

I'm sure fan historians will correct me on the details, but my recollection is that the Eastercon media programme (or video room as it was) was then run by Dave pretty solidly (with one or two exceptions) from 1992 up until 2005. So ubiquitous was it, that it stopped being the video programme and became the 'Lally Programme', or even 'Lally Room' – much the same way that the thing you push around your carpet is a Dyson (sorry ... Hoover). That's 14 years, give or take – and that's not counting all the Novacons and other conventions to which Dave supplied his services – that's one hell of a long time, and no doubt contributed along with his other fan activities towards his well deserved Doc Weir in 2005. Imagine if you had one person (or one small group of people) running the main Eastercon programme for that long (as well as a few Novacons on the side). I'm not sure what Dave thought about the young (well, not that young really) pretender – but I'd like to think it was something along the lines of 'Thank christ for that!' It certainly meant he was free to attend Eurocon in the Ukraine that year while the fort was being held.

So why did I think that Eastercons of the early 90's were a golden age for me as far as media was concerned? Well, it's fairly simple – conventions were the only place at the time where I could see all this stuff! And that's where those producing the video programme back then had a massive advantage over anyone attempting it today. Sell through video was in its infancy, and apart from the early-adaptors, most fans didn't have shelves full of their favourite TV and film at home. Similarly we had four channels on TV, not hundreds (although arguably with more on them worth watching), nor did we have broadband internet, bit torrents, streaming video or YouTube. Nigel Kneale's 'The Stone Tape', such a rarity in its second or third generation VHS graininess back in 1990, was released in all its sparkling re-mastered digital glory by the BFI in 2001. Though since deleted (it'll now cost you about £35 second-hand), anyone can still easily lay their hands on a copy. Media fans have never had it so good – but inversely, con media programmers have never had it so tough. Who is going to take precious time out of the con to watch something they can buy from Amazon (and probably already have anyway if it's something they're interested in), or something that'll come round on the UK Gold rotation in the next couple of months. The pool of material that is going to attract a convention audience is rapidly drying up. Perhaps there is even an argument that actually showing media at conventions is rapidly becoming redundant (possible future con panel right there). I can see this argument, and with more and more video on demand services coming on-line potentially allowing us access to material that has been gathering dust in the archives for decades, the argument will only get stronger. But I reckon we had somewhere between 200-250 people through the door of the media room over the course of the weekend (not including the silent and 3D presentations), which is a pretty worthwhile showing given how much other programming we were competing with, so I still think there is life in the old thing yet.

Some Lessons Learnt



CONTEMPLATION (2007) – John Dowd

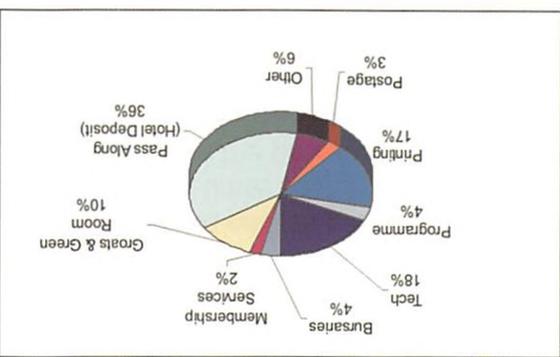
The finances of any convention are uncertain and the treasurer has to balance a best estimate of the probable income against the demands of a committee wanting to spend money to ensure the convention is a success. For a normal Eastercon there are well established patterns of behaviour of the members. They join at a predictable rate and the convention ends up with seven to nine hundred members (over a thousand if it is in London) and the treasurer can take reassurance from the convention's performance against these curves in the two years run up to the date.

Contemplation was different. It was a rescue bid. We started six months out from the convention. We had no real idea what attendance would be, several people had publicly declared that they had made other arrangements. We thought that three to four hundred might be realistic. Your treasurer was scared. The hotel we found wanted a £7000 deposit against function space with cost to be greater if we did not fill the hotel to an agreed level and eat and drink (what seemed at the time) a vast amount of beer and bacon bottles. Initially we offered to host Convoys' guests with the associated costs. There was the potential for a big loss. It became clear by January that it was not going to be a huge financial disaster. The guests did not want to migrate. You started joining in increasing numbers. We decided to do a post con Souvenir Book to improve cash flow over the con. The treasurer became less scared. In the end we went into a big surplus. Previous cons gave us a lot of help - Paragon2 with £400 of printing and posting for our start up mailing and advertising before we had set up the bank account, and Concussion with pass along payments of £2900.

Most importantly you joined, 527 of you, from babes in arms to greybeard ancients and the odd bat. On average you paid £33.32. Below is how we spent it.

Income		£21,765.65
Memberships	£17,558.92	Programme
Pass On	£2,900.00	Finance Expenses
Dealer's Room	£795.00	General Publications
Art Show	£231.73	Prizes
Auction	£280.00	Logistics
	£353.26	Registration
	2899.97	Souvenir Book
	£3,694.32	Tech/Ops
	£512.35	Postage
	£113.30	Bank & Paypal Charges
	£139.22	Miscellaneous Expenses
	£7,500.00	Pass Along
	£750.00	Bursary (Con Runner)
	£1358.22	Available Balance
	£21,765.65	

The balance sheet shows receipts and payments in the categories I use to budget and record the expenditure. Some of the categories look odd or have strange amounts. Finance in particular includes for my purposes Groats, Green Room and insurance.



Income is mainly memberships (thank you very much), with Pass-along from other conventions the next largest category. Some smaller sums were raised at the convention. Expenditure is all focussed towards the convention. Many of the divisions can be seen as another part of programme or facilitating programme. Tech, Groats and Green Room clearly are needed to ensure the programme runs and logistics, printing of PRs and readme, registration etc. put us in a position to run the convention. We did make a substantial surplus. You did sterling service eating and drinking your way through over 1.5 times the required minimum spend on food and drink. This meant that the £7000 deposit was refunded after the convention leaving us with over £9000 in surplus. As a committee we decided to put the bulk of this into Pass-along supporting the next two Eastercons. £1000 was specifically earmarked for the LX bus service (I happened to know that the LX treasurer was worrying about it at the time).

£750 was spent on supporting young fans to attend Con Runner and Con Runner 2 believing that we need to encourage more young people into the organising of conventions, if only to provide conventions for your treasurer when he reaches his dotage. £1358 remains unspent. This will be used to support conventions and advance con running in the future. This was discussed by a majority of the committee at LX.

I would like to thank the committee of Contemplation especially the programme team for not thinking of too many (lunatic) ways to spend money, the treasurers and committees of Paragon2 and Concussion for their help and Pass-along but most of all I would like to thank the 527 of you that supported the event with your hard earned cash by buying memberships. --- Thank You.



John Harrison, Justina Robson and Ian Sorensen as well as a string of special guests. Attendees was approximately 600 and Ansible #226, quoting the convention newsletter, noted that – as a change from drinking the bar dry – fans had eaten the hotel out of butter and ketchup.

There had been no bid for 2007 at the 2005 convention – the first time this had happened since the advent of two-year bidding – but a proposal for a 2007 convention to be called Convo emerged shortly afterwards and was ratified at the 2006 Eastercon with a guest list of Judith Clute, Peter Dickinson, Robin McKinley and Sharyn November and a venue of the Liverpool Adelphi Hotel. However, membership take-up was slow and this, combined with concerns about security upgrades at the Adelphi, forced its cancellation in November 2006. Faced with the prospect of no national convention for the first time since 1948, Contemplation was created at the 2006 Novacon as a scratch alternative to run at Easter 2007 in Chester. Sharyn November was originally re-announced as a guest, but she was unable to attend and so the convention ran with no guests and a slightly reduced turnout but was nevertheless generally rated a success.

Orbital in 2008 was the first London Eastercon since 1996 and returned to a remodelled but still labyrinthine Radisson Edwardian Hotel near Heathrow. Guests Neil Gaiman, Tanith Lee, China Miéville, Rog Peyton and Charles Stross braved an impressive gamut of temperatures; and, along with the London location, drew a substantial number of first-time attendees, returning veterans and overseas fans. Total attendance was 1,300, making Orbital the biggest Eastercon since 1984. The only bid for 2010 proposed the same site, suggesting that the Radisson may become the Hinkley for the new decade.

And here we are in 2009, just having enjoyed the sixtieth British National SF Convention. I wonder if the twenty fans who gathered in the Theosophical Hall in Leeds on Sunday 3 January 1937 ever thought the future would look like this?

Gardens, 'a quirky wonder or genuine architectural marvel everywhere you turned, a true pleasure palace motherhood that I soon realised I would love to live in and never want to leave, my perfect space-station life' while Jeff Vandermeer pronounced it 'probably the worst run [convention] I've ever seen' (both Ansible #202 supplement).

Paragon 2 in 2005 was the third Hinkley Eastercon, with a familiar venue inadequately masked by a change of name. The Hanover International became The Hinkley Island Hotel, although sadly too late for Seacon '03. Eve and John Harvey, Ben Jaepes, Ken MacLeod, Richard Morgan and Robert Rankin were the guests and rather than the usual at-con publication, the convention issued an after-the-event souvenir book to all members, an innovation that quickly segued into being a tradition. More significantly, though, the convention ended without endorsing an Eastercon for 2007. More on this later.

Interaction was the 2005 Worldcon and reused the Glasgow site from ten years earlier while less willingly reinstating a 1987 'tradition' when one of its guests (Robert Sheckley) was unable to attend due to ill-health. The guests who made it were Greg Pickersgill, Christopher Priest, Jane Yolen, and Lars-Olov Strandberg who was the first Scandinavian Worldcon guest of honour. Like its 1995 predecessor, it involved far more staff and planning than the 1987 and earlier British Worldcons, such that the whole process of bidding and preparing to run the convention sometimes seemed like the dominant fannish activity of the preceding decade – and indeed entirely disproportionate when you bear in mind that the convention itself only lasted five days. But as Dave Langford said (Ansible #218), 'the con seemed to go very well, with praise showered on normally thankless efforts like Masquerade and Hugo organization, while the Ploktaba cabal's fan bar achieved the cosmic feat of drinking the brewery dry; Attendance was slightly lower than in 1995.

The main hotel for Interaction was sufficiently popular that it went on to host the 2006 Eastercon. Concussion featured Brian Froud, Elizabeth Hand, M

Sources: This article is adapted from four separate pieces covering a more general history of British conventions, and which originally appeared in the three progress reports and the souvenir book for Novacon 37 in 2007. Online fannish newsletters were an enormous help: Futurian War Digest (J Michael Rosenblum, 1940-1945), Skyrack (Ron Bennett, 1959-1971), Checkpoint (Peter Roberts and others, 1971-1979), and Ansible (Dave Langford, 1979-1987 and 1991 to date). The BSFA's Matrix provided listings and convention reports. Rob Hansen's Then... covers the period up to the end of the 1970s, and its shorter precursor The Story So Far goes up to Conspiracy. Critical Wave ran from 1987 to 1996 and looking at it again for the first time in a few years has made me all nostalgic. Bill Burns has a collection of scans of convention badges at <http://efanzines.com/ECBadges/index.htm>. Additional information came from Claire Brialey, Catherine and Greg Pickersgill, and Roger Robinson.

Peter Weston has written nearly all of a book, *With Stars in My Eyes* (NESFA Press, 2004). Mark Plummer wrote a part of the bit that Peter didn't.



2kon – with guests Guy Gavriel Kay, Katherine Kurtz and Deborah Turner-Harris – brought the Eastercon back to Glasgow's Central Hotel. About 900 fans crowded the place, but the event itself was lightly programmed and even lighter when it came to actual SF content, although this was claimed to be a 'deliberate reaction to recent Eastercons' programming "overdose". Another one for convention trivia wonks, 2kon was the first Eastercon to use laminated rectangular badges rather than the traditional – at least since 1980 – circular metal badges. The laminates have been the standard since 2003.

I don't think I'd previously registered just how often Eastercons end up being somewhere other than was originally planned. 2001's Paragon started out shooting for the Norbreck Castle Hotel in Blackpool (as used in 1992) but ended up in the Hanover International Hotel in Hinkley, a venue which was to become for the first decade of the twenty-first century what the Adelphi had been for the last decade of the twentieth – our regular home and a venue both loved and hated. Guests were Stephen Baxter, Claire Brialey, Lisanne Norman, Michael Scott Rohan and, er, me so I am thus a little biased about this one.

2002 was in Jersey again. Helicon 2 used St Helier's Hotel de France, which had been the site of both previous Jersey Eastercons. The hotel had seen some remodelling but uncharacteristic sunshine saw many fans opting for the dubious pleasures of fresh air. Those allergic to the great outdoors saw guests Brian Stableford, Harry Turtledove and Peter Weston. After that offshore year, there was a certain inevitability to the way that the 2003 Eastercon moved about as far inland as possible and then took the name Seacon. A veteran committee ran Seacon '03 in the Hinkley hotel again with guests Chris Baker (Fangorn), Christopher Evans and Mary Gentle although the latter cancelled at the last minute. The convention did however host the (to date) only UK presentation of the James Tiptree Jr. Award, to M John Harrison for Light, and very fetching he looked in the statutory tiara (Ansible #190).

Unusually, the committee behind the 2004 Eastercon had presented two bids based on different site models, one for a traditional hotel-based convention and the other a dispersed site. In the end, Concourse – guests: Mitchell Burnside Clapp, Danny Flynn, Sue Mason, Christopher Priest and Phillip Pullman – used the Blackpool Winter Gardens for programme with attendees staying in a variety of hotels and guest-houses, an arrangement which was generally regarded as less than entirely successful. Greg Pickersgill rhapsodised about the Winter

'The Scottish Convention' – was much in evidence: Dave Langford writes of 'Drummers and Pipers ... marching through the SECC concourse and into the gigantic Hall 4 with its weirdly assorted fanish litter (bouncy castles, play areas, fast-food stalls, con bidding desks, fanzine tables, Ukrainians selling trade goods at unbelievable prices, etc, etc) to launch a lavish opening wine-party financed by Glasgow's grateful ratepayers... A partly convincing Nessie features in the parade and nearly eats Peter Morwood' (Ansible #98). The convention was, though, marred by the sudden death of John Brunner.

I'll avoid the usual cliché about London buses, but simply note that the 1996 Eastercon, Evolution, was also in London – despite initial aspirations to take the convention back to Brighton – with a long guest list of Jack Cohen, Colin Greenland, Paul Kincaid, Maureen Kincaid Speller, Bryan Talbot and Vernor Vinge. It was also the first Eastercon to have all its committee online, and Dave Langford noted 'Uninhibited fun at Eastercons may be coming to an end owing to Big Sister technology [Alison Scott and her digital camera] allowing scandalous pictures to be immediately incorporated into an 'alternative' con newsletter' (Ansible #106).

There had actually been a contested bid for 1997 – the first time since 1988 (for 1990) – with the winners being Intervention at the good old Liverpool Adelphi with Brian Aldiss, Jon Bing, Octavia Butler and Dave Langford. Robert Silverberg had been originally announced, but Butler was a later – and incredibly popular – substitute with an autograph line of almost Pratchettian dimensions' (Ansible #117). The Adelphi was particularly badly plagued with security problems, though.

Manchester seemingly gets an Eastercon every twenty-two years, although I don't think the Intuition committee were aware of this when choosing a site for the 1998 convention with guests Ian McDonald, Martin Tudor, and Connie Willis. The lack of one sufficiently large hotel saw events and exhibits divided between two adjacent sites and John Harvey reported (Ansible #130) 'Good programme items ... GoTs were excellent ... Once again the split site concept proved to be crap – everybody and everything you wanted to see was in the other hotel; In 1999 we were back in the Adelphi again for Reconvene, the fifth national convention (a claim about which we can probably argue if you really want Jeff Noon and Ron Tiner. It was, I believe, Holt's suggestion that led to every member receiving a name-badge with a personalised slogan or saying. To date, this is the last Eastercon to use the Adelphi.



Helicon in Jersey in 1993 was the second – and to date last – Eastercon/Eurocon pairing and assembled guests John Brunner, George R R Martin, Karel Thole and Larry van der Putte and a membership of 830. This included extensive mainland European representation, most visibly an influx of 52 Romanians, who all arrived in suits and strange tall pointy hats, like a delegation of heavily politicized garden gnomes' (Dave Langford, Mimosas #28), and all this despite bad weather which saw some attendees delayed for over a day and others rerouted via Guernsey and, in some cases, France.

Sou'Wester was to have been in the Bristol area, but – in an echo of 1990 – was forced to change sites to the decidedly un-south-westerly Liverpool Adelphi. Guests were Diane Duane, Neil Gaiman, Barbara Hambly and Peter Morwood, and Mike Siddall (Critical Wave #35) described the convention as 'a solidly constructed, broadly-based affair, with most of the items appealing to a reasonable number of people, but nothing that was of a "must see" nature; Attendance was around 800, and "The Astral League [sic], most elitich of elites, had one of its periodic revivals at the ichor-spattered hands of Peter Weston (Occult Master of Tunelessness)', who led a revivalist chorus of Astral Hymns that efficiently cleared half the main hotel lounge' (Dave Langford, Ansible #81).

1995 was of course a Worldcon year, and also saw the first London Eastercon since 1978 in the form of Confabulation – run by what came to be known as the Plocta Cabal – with guests Lois McMaster Bujold, Roger Robinson and Bob Shaw. Mike Scott argued (Zorn #1) that 'Much of Confabulation's agenda was similar to the old-style bids that experienced such difficulty in the Eighties ... However, these were not presented in ideological terms, in order to save the Eastercon from the influx of non-fannish fans, but rather as practical solutions to the presence of Intersection later in the year, the near-universality of home VCRs and a relatively small site; Matrix #14 ran long reviews from Jim Trash (who liked the convention) and John Ollis (who didn't).

Intersection in 1995 was the UK's fifth Worldcon and Scotland's first, using Glasgow's Scottish Exhibition and Conference Centre (SECC) for its main events. Guests were Gerry Anderson, Vincent Clarke, Samuel Delany and Les Edwards and the convention had over a thousand more members than the 1987 Worldcon, but only a hundred or so more attendees (4,173) although that was still enough to make it the biggest SF convention in Britain to date and indeed the biggest non-US Worldcon so far. Scottishness – the event had been unofficially dubbed

dominated by a debate about how easy it was (or wasn't) to cross the Hagley Road in Birmingham. This proved academic when the convention was forced, at a few months' notice, to relocate from Birmingham to the Liverpool Adelphi with its guest list of Iain Banks, Ken Campbell, Nigel Kneale, Anne Page and SMS. There were several committee changes and many people joined late in the day, but memberships still topped 850. Despite this, 'Eastcon felt much, much too quiet, more like a small regional con than anything else' (Ivan Towelson, Matrix #89). Lesley Ward noted 'that the Adelphi Hotel, anticipating cancellations, had double-booked some of the rooms where bookings had already been confirmed to fans' but also found it 'a fairly quiet con' (Critical Wave #17). Sadly, the convention had far more than its share of petty thievery.

The 1991 Eastercon had also been selected at a lively bidding session, despite the fact that there was only one serious bid. Popular legend sometimes has Speculation losing to the spoof, but in fact the initial show-of-hand vote at the 1989 Eastercon saw a comfortable majority in favour of deferring a decision, with only a subsequent lobby vote giving a narrow win to the Glasgow bid who announced one guest, Robert Holdstock. Matrix #94 reports that the convention received a favourable notice in The Independent but Mike Scott regarded it as 'the least successful Eastercon since Seacon '84' (Zorn #1) while Bernie Evans, in Critical Wave #22, felt '[it] had all the ingredients for an outstandingly good Eastercon [but] unfortunately it just didn't work; something she put down to lack of communications. She was also indignant about bar prices: '£2 a pint for Murphy's stout! Personally, I've never shared the generally negative view of Speculation, and that may be the way it seemed to others who like me were relatively remote from the organisation. My enduring memory is of failing to summarise the plot of 'Surface Tension' with sufficient brevity to satisfy Peter Weston.

1992 saw the Eastercon in Blackpool for the first time, for Illumination with guests Geoff Ryman, Paul J McAuley and Pam Wells although the extensive publicity for the Chung Kuo series – free books, free T-shirts, free fortune cookies – might have led an outside observer to conclude that the true star was David Wingrove. The Norbreck Castle was a long, spread-out hotel such that it could easily take ten minutes to walk from one programme room to another. Bernie Evans (Critical Wave #26) thought it 'the most enjoyable [Eastercon] for several years ... The atmosphere was good ... The staff were great' although she did manage to detail an awful lot of things that she felt were wrong with it too.



The first post-Conspiracy Eastercon was Follycon in Liverpool with guests Gordon Dickson, Gwyneth Jones, Greg Pickersgill and Len Wein. The period between Seacon '79 and Conspiracy had seen the Eastercon shunting around amongst Glasgow, Leeds and Brighton, but only the former would play host to an Eastercon after 1986. Liverpool – and specifically its Adelphi Hotel – would become the most frequently visited venue in this post-Conspiracy period, and gave us a home five times from 1988 to 1999 while generally polarising fanish opinions (you notice how often something like this happens). Valerie Housden praised Follycon in Matrix #76, especially noting that it was 'the convention at which [filling] ceased to be a minority interest and became a mainstream fanish activity' and, among the guests, 'Greg Pickersgill ... dispensed far less venom than expected'; Iain Banks (Critical Wave #5) thought it 'a great wee convention (actually a great big convention ...)' while Paul Kincaid (in the same publication) wondered whether 'after [fourteen] consecutive Eastercons [Follycon] may be my last; not through any failing in Follycon per se but rather the changing expectations of the majority of Eastercon attendees. Finally, a small point which I've made before and may make again: Follycon produced a particularly fine souvenir book.

In 1989, Eastercon left the mainland for the first time. Contrivance was held in St Helier on the Channel Island of Jersey with guests Avedon Carol, Rob Hansen, M John Harrison, Don Lawrence and Anne McCaffrey. The choice of venue had been contentious because of a perception that the island was expensive to get to, and some regulars stayed away – although membership numbers passed 1,000 despite this. The BSFA Awards, traditionally presented at Eastercon and with convention members being able to vote alongside BSFA members, were deferred to Mexicon for administrative reasons and so the Contrivance committee introduced the short-lived Eastercon Awards which were to continue until 1994. Jersey resident K V Bailey praised the "Green" element ... a succession of topics and sessions exploring the relationships between city and landscape; between aliens ... and humans; and between humans and environment' (Matrix #83) while Lesley Ward reported, 'Panel items were well-attended, possibly because a lot of them had something to do with sex' (Critical Wave #10). Personally, I remember a strong fan stream featuring the fan guests and visiting TAffman Robert Lichtman.

The bidding for 1990 had been the last engagement in the Eastercon Wars, with victory going to the new-style Eastcon at a bidding session that I recall – as being

another contested bid in the Eastercon Wars, with Albaccon, representing the new-style convention, winning over the old guard Contravention bid for Birmingham. Voting had been close, with a recount giving the victory to Albaccon by a margin of five votes. Clive Barker, Joe Haldeman, John Jarrod and Pete Lyon were the guests and Nick Mahoney enthused about the event in the pages of Matrix #65: 'Throughout the whole convention I felt at home almost to the point of becoming an extrovert ... I came home vibrant with ideas'.

Beccon '87's Birmingham venue made it the first Eastercon outside the Brighton/Glasgow/Leeds circuit since 1978. Guests were Chris Atkinson, Jane Gaskell and Keith Roberts and the first Arthur C Clarke Award was presented (to The Handmaid's Tale). Dave Langford (Ansbie #50) felt it was a convention that polarised opinions, and Paul Kincaid's review in Matrix #70 represents one of these poles but I will maintain an air of mystery by not telling you which one. From an Eastercon wonk's standpoint, the convention was notable for a failed attempt to introduce an Eastercon charter and a successful shift to two-year bidding, an idea that had first been floated by Paul Oldroyd in 1984. Bidding sessions thus selected successor conventions for both 1988 and 1989.

And then the really big one: August Bank Holiday weekend and Conspiracy '87, the 45th Worldcon, in Brighton. Guests were Alfred Bester (regrettably unable to attend), Doris Lessing, Jim Burns, Arkady and Boris Strugatsky, Ray Harryhausen, Joyce and Ken Slater and David Langford, the longest Worldcon guest list to date. 5,400 people joined and slightly over 4,000 of them showed up, a third up on the previous British Worldcon eight years earlier. Once again opinions were divided, and again the newer fans were less troubled by the backstage difficulties – which they probably didn't even know about – than the experienced attendees. There were problems with the main hotel, the Metropole, parts of which seemed to be undergoing renovation, while the decision to accept (rather prominent) sponsorship from the publishers behind the Writers of the Future competition was to say the least controversial. For many attendees, though, there was a packed programme with plenty of opportunities to see otherwise rarely seen American writers, bid parties for exotic foreign conventions many of us never dreamed we'd see, an extravagant and – speaking as somebody who's not a fan of the form – really rather impressive masquerade, a concert by Hawkwind... really it was difficult to be unimpressed by the scale of it.

1981 saw the second Leeds Eastercon, Yorcon II, with guests Tom Disch, Dave Langford and Ian Watson. Linda Strickler, writing in Matrix #36, describes a convention featuring a panel asking whether SF should support causes at which Ian Watson nearly provoked a riot by calling for a vote on whether convention members supported unilateral nuclear disarmament, though to a disco featuring '16 stone of Disch gyrating with a miniature Ian Watson' and the presentation of an Easter egg to John Clute for 'best person dressed as a critic'; Rob Hansen, though, noted that some felt the convention was too relaxed and under-programmed. It also made what at the time seemed a reasonably large profit which, in a contentious move, was used to help fund the setting up of Interzone.

Eastercon in 1982 was in Brighton, styled Channelcon, and with guests Angela Carter and John Sladek. The fact that it had a largely female committee was considerably more notable than it would be now. Judith Hanna describes the 800-person convention in Ansible #26, from Angela Carter's Goth speech exulting in the disputability and freedom she found in the generic ghetto of SF where people actually read for enjoyment rather than with morbid snobbery' to 'the TAFF duel where Kevin Smith and Roy Peyton competed to read a book, sell a book and then sell each other' while '[a] sort of déjà vu nostalgia for '79 seemed to permeate natives' perception of Channelcon as it went on around them; Rob Hansen also notes the convention's role in creating the British APA boom of the mid-1980s: The Women's Periodical (TWP) was born out of the 'Women in Fandom' meeting. The bidding for the 1983 Eastercon – then still on a one-year cycle – saw a close race between a south-east Metrocon and a Glasgow Albaccon with the latter winning narrowly.

Albaccon II – originally the Albaccon name was used for Eastercons and Faircon for non-Eastercon conventions and Faircon for non-Eastercon conventions – featured Marion Zimmer Bradley (a last-minute substitution for Tanith Lee), James White and TAFF winner Avedon Carol. Mal Ashworth, writing in Ansible #33, said: 'The good news was that cheap food was available almost continually in the hotel, as was good and reasonably priced real ale. The bad news was that the food was so staggeringly awful that even the hotel staff gave up and didn't bother to cook most of it, while the beer ran out on Saturday night.' He also noted the eminent and legendary Peter Weston's masquerade entry where Jophan's Shield of Umor baffled just about everybody in the room (I believe Peter may have written a book in which he also describes this scene). Avedon Carol wrote (also Ansible #33): '...everyone was really just absolutely terrific and you see if I write my TAFF report right now it will be all

Yorcon III took the Eastercon back to Leeds – astute readers may be beginning to spot a certain recurrence of 1980s Eastercon venues – with guests Gregory Benford and Linda Pickersgill, and a split site convention with fanzine and literary programming in one hotel and media programming in another. This solution to the problem of increased numbers

nevertheless provoked outrage. Still, Dave Langford enjoyed it (Ansible #43) while noting the way that 'The usual feeling that All The Action Is Somewhere Else was amplified by the provision of an actual, oppressive Somewhere Else in the form of a second hotel'. Dave Hodson in Matrix #58 described an enthusiastic aspiring author '[running] around the convention like a dog with its tail on fire trying to find publishers' agents on whom to foist the huge manuscript of a trilogy of SF novels he'd written, typed, revised, and printed and bound in a spare ten minutes before lunch; I wonder what ever happened to Charles Stross?

In 1986 Eastercon went back to Glasgow for Albaccon III and a piece of numerology that seemingly ignored the two non-Eastercon Albaccons that had happened since Albaccon II and which would otherwise make this one Albaccon V. It had been

Season '84 in Brighton was the first combined Eastercon and Eurocon. This one had had a controversial history. Mike Scott, in his 'Eastercon Wars' article in Zorn #1 (1995) characterised its selection over the rival 1984con bid as 'the first engagements in the ideological struggle that was to dominate Eastercon bidding and running for much of the Eighties' (I suspect that the 1982 bidding session also displayed a similar ideological split). In particular, the different rotation rules for Eurocons and Eastercons meant that the committee had to be successful in their Eurocon bid one year before they could bid for the Eastercon. But Season '84 – even the name was controversial – happened with an international guest list of Pierre Barbet, Waldemar Kummig, Josef Nesvadba, Chris Priest and Roger Zelazny and somewhere in the order of 1,700 fans making it by far the biggest Eastercon to date. Eve Harvey wrote about it in Matrix #53, praising some aspects – such as Bob Shaw's (tent) serious scientific talk – while being critical of the excessive fanzine security. Rob Hansen suggests that the convention was well-received amongst first-time attendees, but less so among experienced con-goers. Dave Langford (in Ansible #39) said, 'Season was all things to all fans,' while noting that 'written reportage [had] been overwhelmingly negative;'

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Not that the 1978 Skycon was unsuccessful,

though its location in an uncarving hotel at Heathrow airport was definitely a mistake. However, chairman Kevin Smith and his committee ran an excellent programme during which Goh Leroy Kettle gave a hilarious interview, and so many walk-in members appeared that the con generated an unexpectedly huge profit. A literal stampede resulted when Kevin announced that free drinks would be served in the bar for as long as the money lasted!

And so to the end of this decade, and rather

appropriately the Eastercon returned to the place where it had all begun, with Yoron (in Leeds),

organised by the new Leeds group and chaired by

Mike Dickinson. It was a pleasant, well-run

convention, but slightly overshadowed by the thought in everyone's minds that the Brighton Worldcon was only months away – and this was going to be the Big One.

It certainly was! Under our slogan 'Britain's Fine

in '79' (and with Harry Bell's fannish lion as our

symbol), Seacon '79 went on to be a great success.

Largely, it was because this was the product of a

completely united national fandom, one that had

come to full maturity and was eager to show the

world what it could do. The Brighton Metropole

proved a superb site and everything went like

clockwork. Over 5,000 people joined, more than

3,100 actually attended, and the availability of cheap

travel meant that overseas visitors came in huge

numbers. The sheer scale of the thing was

unprecedented and it could so easily have been a

huge disaster. We, the committee – ten of us – never

even realised the enormous potential there was for

things to go wrong. Yet we sailed through with

apparent ease and enjoyed the experience

immensely.

As Rob Hansen says in 'Then...', 'In many ways

the Worldcon was the culmination of all that had

occurred in British fandom in the 1970s... And so it

came to an end. The era that had started with the

advent of Foulter was now over, perhaps lending

weight to theories of fannish millennialism

of the kind of people who write up conventions.

Robertson, although that may be in part a reflection

highly of the fan room run by Barker and Jimmy

case everything was fine on the day. Reports speak

communication and planning but as is so often the

expressed concerns about poor advance

guests of honour. Experienced convention goers had

Glasgow featured Colin Kapp and Jim Barker as

Faircon, had been two years earlier. Albacon in

Niven was Goh and gave a preview of Ringworld,

although Mike Weara commented that 'as a public

speaker Larry makes a good window-cleaner';

Unusually, the 1973 OMPacon was run by

members of an APA (at Bristol, with Samuel R Delany

as Goh) but they did a fine job. So did the Newcastle

'Gannets' with fabulous, mythical Tynescon in 1974,

widely acclaimed as the very best of the Seventies

conventions. As I wrote somewhere-or-other, 'it

enveloped me in a glow of euphoria from the instant

I walked into the hotel';

And Seacon '75 was very nearly as good. It was

chaired by Malcolm Edwards with a team of 'Ratrans

made respectable by responsibility', with Saturday

night music provided by Graham Charnock's band,

The Burlingtons. (The slight incongruity of using that

particular title for a convention in Coventry, as far

from the seaside as it's possible to get in this country,

has been remarked upon in a recent fanzine.) It

seemed we were on a roll... and then came Mancon 5

in 1976.

Nobody wanted Mancon 5 but it just wouldn't

go away. Side-tracked in 1975, it came back to haunt

us at Coventry and was only given the green light in

the absence of any alternative. No one had much

enthusiasm for chairman Peter Presford and his

concept of a con in a university hall of residence, and

we were right, it was dreadful. 'A disaster', said Rob

Hansen, 'due not only to the collapse of the

programme and the total absence of any signs of

organisation, but also to the grimly awful venue';

We were so thankful for the luxury of the

Devere when Eastercon 77 returned to Coventry, run

by the Brum group with Pauline Dungeate as

Chairman. It was a good year, despite the hotel's

persistent problems with static electricity *crack!*
that made any physical contact perilous! Harry

Harrison was Goh, Bob Shaw gave his talk on 'The

Bermondssey 'Triangle Mystery' and The Burlingtons

performed once again for the Saturday night thrash.

Ah, happy days....

Part 2: 1979-2009: Mark Plummer

If the 1979 Worldcon was 'the culmination of

everything that had occurred in British fandom in the

1970s', it was; also, arguably, the break-point

between the decade of the fanzine and the decade of

the convention. Had Peter and I chosen to cast this

series as a fantasy epic, this second instalment might

have been called 'The Coming of the Conrunners';

The Eastercon went to Scotland for the first

time in 1980, although the first Scottish convention,

They were saved only by the presence of reassuringly capable old hands like the Aldiss/Harrison double-act, who locked Charles Platt in a wardrobe, upturned it, and proceeded with their room-party over the muffled cries of 'let me out you bastards'!

Loncon 2 was held over August Bank Holiday weekend in 1965 with Brian Aldiss as Guest of Honour. Compared with the 1957 event we were in a different age; the space race was under way, SF was remaking itself through Moorcock's New Worlds, the BSFA had been born and British fandom had been turned on its head. Yet the organisers – Ella Parker being chairman – seemed oblivious to these changes, still appearing to regard the Worldcon as something just for the fanish in-crowd. They used a hotel in central London – the Mount Royal, in Oxford Street – bigger and more expensive than before, but hot, noisy, and with severely limited facilities. Again, the Programme Book contained nothing but the most basic information, and the programme had long gaps and make-weight items like trivia quizzes, with the Banquet, Goh speech, Hugo Awards and Terry Carr's TAFF presentation all crammed into a Sunday-lunchtime slot. It suffered from a major failure of imagination, and significantly, despite the new affluence, total numbers did not exceed 350 – a very modest increase on its predecessor's 287.

Yes, there were some magic moments; Brian Aldiss and Tom Boardman pelted Harry Harrison with pork pies, John W Campbell dominated the floor, and Karen Anderson was stunning as a She-Devil in the Fancy Dress. But to many people Loncon 2 was instantly forgettable, rather than the life-changing event it should have been.

Great Yarmouth was our national convention site in 1966, where members of Dave Barber's Yarcon were entertained by an Easter Sunday battle between Mods and Rockers on the beach. Uniquely, the hotel stipulated half-board terms which meant that almost all of the 100+ attendees dined together, something I enjoyed because it gave me opportunity to talk to long-time fans like Eric Jones whom otherwise I would not have met. This was the year Ted Tubb blasted BSFA Treasurer Charlie Winstone for incompetence, and where the BSFA walked away from its nominal position of authority over the national convention.

The following year's Briscon was in the safe hands of veteran organiser Tony Walsh, in the rambling, comfortable, Hawthorns hotel in Bristol. For the first time we had a solidly SF-oriented programme, with speeches by Goh John Brunner, Mike Moorcock, and an excellent pro-panel. It was a very well-organised, civilised weekend, which was not

quite the case with the cleverly-named Thiridmancon in 1968.

This was the brainchild of Harry Nadler and the Manchester Delta Group, who lost their original city-centre hotel a few months before Easter, moved out to Buxton, then saw their new venue slide into bankruptcy a week or two before the convention. It was my wife Eileen's introduction to con-going and we were conscious of strange people everywhere, including one man dressed in black who spent the entire weekend lurking behind the floor-length curtains in the main hall. The con had a record attendance of 160 but because of the orientation of the Group a good proportion must have been horror, supernatural and film fans.

Not so in 1969, where the oddly-titled Galactic Fair was a cosmopolitan affair, chaired by Ted Tubb with John Brunner, Ken Bulmer, Gerry Webb and other London fans on the committee. It was held in Oxford's up-market Randolph Hotel and was noted both for the jousting session, which put one participant into hospital, and the sight of Goh Judith Merrill being carried into the hall on a large butcher's tray, prompting one wag to shout, 'Where's the apple in her mouth, then'!

From the heights we plunged to the depths with George Hay's Sci-con in 1970, generally regarded as the worst Eastercon ever, one that had no mention of SF and which was held in a dreadful London hotel that was closed for demolition the week afterwards. Rog Peyton and I were so enraged that in a moment of madness (and with no location in mind) we made a successful bid for 1971 (against Brian Burgess's no-hope suggestion of Swanage).

We were rebuffed from several hotels, and in an attempt to look respectable I printed some headed notepaper demonstrating our long pedigree. But how many conventions had there been? No one had been keeping count. I turned to Ken Bulmer, who from memory constructed a back-history from which we calculated this would be Eastercon 22. (But he forgot the 1957 Kettering event, which subsequently caused no end of confusion!) Eventually we ended up at The Giffard, a modern hotel in Worcester and – though I say so myself – we broke a few records with 284 attending, an excellent programme and the best-ever Fancy Dress parade, with a boat-trip on the Severn as a Monday morning bonus.

For the 1972 Eastercon the unfortunate Delta Group had won a bid for Blackpool, but again lost their hotel and ended up (via Harrogate) in Chester as Chessmancon. Those in the con-hotel had a great time but it was far too small and others billeted in remote parts of the town were less amused. Larry



Forty years ago, two science fiction fans attending the regular monthly meetings at The Globe in Hatton Garden somehow got to talking about the possibilities of trading in SF. Ted Ball worked for an insurance company and Dave Gibson had come to London from his native Dundee seeking his fortune. For three years they borrowed space here and there, working with others of like mind and discovering that there was a market. In what must have seemed like a good idea at the time they gave up their jobs and rented a premises in Harlesden and Fantasy Centre was born. Thirty years ago, the business relocated to the much upmarket Holloway Road.

More than twenty years amongst the London heathen was enough for any Scotsman and Dave was ready to return to Dundee. Coincidentally Erik Arthur came along flush with his redundancy pay after 29 years with a proper job and money changed hands. Many friends among the customers helped to (re)decorate(!) the store and in another revolution credit cards became acceptable. The business had 600 devotees of the mail order catalogue, and folk would leave the store with a rucksack full of paperback. The world of SF fandom and in particular of conventions added entertainment, a wider audience and too many hours driving dodgy trucks up the M1. It was possible to indulge in buying trips to the USA, on one occasion shipping back a ton of books.

Come the late 90s and with the internet came the real revolution when the seeker after trifles could find almost anything for sale somewhere. . . . people lost the habit of actually going to shops, the buyer ruled. . . . the age of tea and sympathy from the proprietors no longer sufficient draw.

Our thanks to all those who have supported us. Over the years casual customers have become regulars, regulars have become friends. It's been more than merely selling stuff, more a way of life. It's been a good run.



nominated (across the road), but attendees were advised not to mention the con as the management strongly disapproved! Still, this was the first time programme items ran on the Friday night, the first Eastercon to have a backdrop, and the first to secure a Goth who was a major professional from outside the field (Kingsley Amis, who reportedly had a fine time). LXICon was a great success but attendance was only 77 – the rebuilding of fandom was evidently going to be a slow business.

In 1962 Ron Bennett realised a three-year-old dream and took Ronvention to the far North for a well-run event in Harrogate, this time with 94 attending. Numbers were boosted in a bizarre fashion as Jim Linwood describes, 'this was the one where a local Lord and his lady enrolled, just for the Saturday night dance/fancy dress ball. I was there when the lady paid over her fee – she and her husband left in a chauffeur-driven Rolls';

And now Ken Slater showed what he could do with Bullicon at Peterborough. 'Bullish' might have described Ken's attitude towards membership: 'We set a target that was about fifty more than the normal attendance outside London. Goth was No.1, Chairman was No.150, and we tried to fill the gap between the figures; They didn't quite succeed (hitting with 130) but had wall-to-wall professionals; Amis again, Edmund Crispin, Tom Boardman, Mack Reynolds, Brian Aldiss, Dan Morgan, John Brunner and many others. Everything went so well that the hotel begged them to repeat the weekend the following year and so the 1964 Repetercon was born, my own first convention.

But older fans began to realise they had spawned a monster as the BSFA's success in recruiting continued to bring in new faces – by now, something like 25% of the 150 attendees were newcomers. And they had different attitudes, as ringleader Charles Platt swiftly made clear. He thought the whole thing was pathetic, and thus began the period of the fanish New Wave which highlighted the massive generation gap which had opened up in British fandom. This was perfectly illustrated at the bidding session, when older fans led by Ron Bennett campaigned for a return to Harrogate but were defeated by just one vote by a bid for Birmingham in '65, led by Ken Cheslin with a committee of unknown neofans like Rog Peyton. So what happened? The old fans stayed away. Brumcon-2 was a tiny affair, only partly because of the second London Worldcon due in August that year. And it was different in kind, not just in size, with a committee who found themselves adrift from many of the traditions painfully evolved over the previous fifteen year

who had not been seen for many years – and were not seen again afterwards. As Vince Clarke subsequently remarked, it was an opportunity lost, with no registration desk for the following year's Eastercon and no mention of it in the Worldcon programme book. Fandom had become entirely incestuous and – as the well-known story runs – at the final Kettering event the BSFA was founded in order to run conventions and to try to regain the momentum lost after Supermanccon.

Which brings us to Brumcon in 1959, where the fanish organisers found they had to make a conscious attempt to turn back the clock and recreate an 'old-style' convention focussed on science fiction, in the hope of making it more accessible to newcomers brought in by the BSFA. They didn't entirely succeed, for reasons which I have described elsewhere² but this was a complete change of direction and from now onwards Eastercons would start to be regarded as a shop-window for SF fandom rather than just an annual reunion for the in-crowd. Brumcon was going to herald a bright new dawn after which the BSFA would run conventions which would be focussed on science fiction to make them more welcoming to newcomers. Oh yes! That idea didn't last the year! The 1960 event was a muddle from the start, first supposed to go to Harrogate, then to London; then they tried to switch it to good old Kettering, scene of so many fanish romps; then back to London, until – three days before Easter – the chosen hotel cancelled the booking.

True fanish heroism was displayed by the formidable team of Ella Parker and Bobbie Wilde who trapped the streets of London to find a new venue in Bloomsbury, which actually turned out to be a much better bet than the original choice – at least this place wasn't teetotal! But the BSFA took absolutely no part in the organisation, publications were feeble, and the minimal programme had almost no SF content other than Ted Carnell's Goth speech. Even so, some first-timers appeared and enjoyed themselves while the 'London factor' helped boost numbers to 87 (my count). And when it was all over, Vince Clarke said with no trace of irony, '...not to worry, KETTERING is the word for next year and things will be back to normal then; So much for a new dawn!

Kettering was not to be – The George was being refurbished, and instead Eric Jones and the Cheltenham Circle held LXICon in Gloucester, in a hotel much too small. An overflow hotel was

² 'Disappointment at Brumcon' in *Prolapse* #4 (www.fanzines.com)



programme in favour of conversation, the bar, and whatever other activities took their fancy; At Supermancan these included zap-gun battles (water-pistols), and the first-ever Fancy Dress costume party at a British con, where Ina Shorrocks and her friend Pat Doolan appeared as 'Bergey Girls' from the covers of the pulp magazines.

Not surprisingly, no bids had been made for the next convention, but after the event the small and previously unknown Kettering group volunteered to put on Cyticon, this time over the Easter weekend 1955. Despite being in such a relatively remote location it attracted over 120 attendees – the first SF con anywhere to take over an entire hotel – which had the most helpful and accommodating staff anyone could remember. It was a happy, friendly affair; Willis wrote approvingly, 'it was whole-heartedly a fanish convention, and as such the best of all time.'

At Kettering the fans wore propeller beanies, the Fancy Dress was greatly expanded, they had films and room-parties, but there was very little serious programming. Cyticon I was tremendous fun; so much so that it was repeated again, and again, and again. In 1956 the Cheltenham fans turned up with a full-size alien BEM, and in 1957 they launched 'St Fantony', with a mock ceremony that was originally intended as a private joke between Cheltenham and Liverpool groups, the two best-organised local clubs.

And so began a period in British fan-history which some will look back on as a Golden Age, although others might consider it to have been a blind alley. The only trouble was that numbers attending steadily declined, down to 80 in 1956 and less than 50 by 1958, and the reason was pretty clear to see; with no publicity, no programme, no publications, and little obvious connection with the old magnet of science fiction, there was nothing to attract a newcomer to what had become a series of large parties run for the convention regulars.

And yet in the same period British fandom had proved what it could be, given the right circumstances, by holding the first London World Convention – some say the first truly international Worldcon – in August 1957. This was a hugely successful event, attended by nearly 300 fans including a North American contingent of 76 who chartered a plane for the occasion. One might have expected it to have given a huge boost to the dwindling numbers at Kettering but this was far from the case; instead, Loncon seemed to be more of a 'Last Post' for old-timers who had crawled out of the woodwork one final time, authors like John Wyncham, Sam Youd, Eric Frank Russell and others

1953 convention was a shambles; the programme was full of gaps, many items were cancelled, and Bert Campbell (editor of Authentic) put his foot in it by telling the Manchester fans that they 'could hardly expect celebrities to come to their convention; Somehow, they managed to win their bid to stage Supermancan at Whitsun in 1954 but Londoners didn't like Northern comments that 'this would show them how these things should be run', and afterwards they secretly plotted sabotage with Operation Armageddon. This was a plan to 'brighten-up the convention... without the co-operation of the Manchester group; Schemes ranged from setting off indoor fireworks to Chuck Harris's idea of releasing a live mouse during the opening ceremony and shouting 'A Rat!' as the London women screamed and jumped onto chairs.

Fortunately, none of this was necessary; Supermancan had a superb programme book (designed by the great Harry Turner) and 150 people turned up, but the programme started to disintegrate almost immediately. As Rob Hansen notes, 'Far from being the disaster it could have been, this proved the salvation of the convention, the chaos being so complete that both committee and attendees treated it as a joke; And Walt Willis wrote about 'The Magnificent Flop', commenting:

*'It was as if all the sins of British fandom – the smugness of the North, the malice of the South, the snobbery of the Old Guard – as if they were all expiated by the Supermancan committee as they crucified themselves in the Grosvenor Hotel. The point was that they bore their agony in such a way as to demonstrate the inherent goodness of fan ... The official programme was allowed to die peacefully by mutual consent. It was the way it died that was important. Last year in London it lingered on in agony. People sat around bored, waiting for life to be pronounced extinct. This year people realised at quite an early stage that the programme was already part of the pavement of Hell, and it was at this point that the British convention completed the transition that had begun the previous year.'*²

What Willis meant is that fans had discovered they could enjoy their own company without too much need for a programme. Hansen again: 'This marked the end of the traditional British lecture-hall convention, the process begun at Coroncon reaching culmination in Manchester. From this time on fans now felt free to attend only those items that interested them and to ignore the rest of the

² *Hyphen #9*, edited by Walt Willis and Chuck Harris (1954), cited in *Then...* by Rob Hansen (available through www.efanzines.com)



SIXTY BRITISH NATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTIONS (Together with their pre-cursors and a handful of Worldcons)

Part 1: 1948-1979: Peter Weston

Only a year or so ago I was able to ask, 'Who is the oldest SF fan still active (in any sense of the word)?' The answer, of course, was the late Sir Arthur C Clarke. Because there he was, aged just twenty, at the world's very first science fiction convention in 1937. We even have a battered picture to prove it. And rival claims from Sam Moskowitz that Philadelphia beat us by three months have now been conclusively disproved thanks to some excellent detective work by Los Angeles fan Fred Patten.¹

Yet again Britain was first with a good idea, which the Americans proceeded to take over and claim all the credit for; does that sound familiar? However, we don't actually know very much about that first historic convention except that it was held on Sunday 3 January in the Theosophical Hall, Leeds, and that twenty people came along, mostly local but with six prominent fans from out of town. Besides Clarke, other names you might recognise included Eric Frank Russell and Ted Carnell, who later became long-time editor of the British professional magazine *New Worlds*. The proceedings included a talk on the state of rocketry and the recently-founded British Interplanetary Society, and messages of support were read out from Olaf Stapledon, H G Wells, John Russell Fearn and for some reason, the Oklahoma Science Fiction Association.

It was at Leeds that the Science Fiction Association was set up, which duly organised The Second Convention, this time in the capital and again on a Sunday, 10 April 1938, with an attendance of forty-three. In May 1939 the second London Convention took place with 48 attendees, after which most fan-ish get-togethers understandably ceased for the duration of hostilities, apart from two small 'regionals' in 1943 and 1944. After the War fans in London had the great good fortune to find a pub with an obliging landlord (Lew Mordecai), who welcomed their presence. In 1946 they began meeting at the White Horse in Fetter Lane on Thursdays (to this day, London fandom still has a regular meeting on the first Thursday of the month), and from there it was only a short step to organising a full-scale convention in the

¹ *File 770 #50* edited by Mike Glycer (1984), quoted in *The Story So Far* by Rob Hansen (Conspiracy, 1987)

room upstairs. They called it Whitcon, which is Number One in our system of numbering conventions even though it was held at Whitsun, as the name implies, rather than Easter. It was a modest little affair of fifty-odd members, held between 6:30 and 10:00 on the Saturday night. Still, some fan-ish traditions were established – the con had a distinctive name of its own, there was a Guest of Honour (A Bertram Chandler), Ted Tubb auctioned unwanted rubbish with great flamboyance, and Ken Slater was unable to attend but sent £2 to buy drinks all round (i)

A repeat performance on a slightly larger scale was staged in 1949, while apathy reigned supreme in 1950. But the following year saw what can be regarded as our first full-scale convention with Festiventon, over Whit weekend in 1951, timed to coincide with the Festival of Britain. With Ted Carnell in the chair and Vince Clarke as secretary, this was a highly ambitious international event with Thursday and Friday nights in the White Horse, followed by two full-day sessions at the Royal Hotel (later scene of the infamous 1970 Sci-con), and a final wrap-up session in another London pub on the Monday evening. It cost £7/6d to attend all sessions. Guests of Honour were Forry and Wendayne Ackerman from the USA, with visitors from Sweden, Holland, Canada and New Zealand, and the whole of Irish fandom. There were talks by Arthur Clarke and other professionals, film shows (Metropolis), and the presentation of the first International Fantasy Awards, the predecessor to the Hugos.

All very serious, you'll notice, as was the 1952 Loncon, though this one was on a smaller scale and was notable for the outbreak of Northern discontent with London fandom. The Manchester group were planning Mancon, a regional convention to be held later in the year, and they were also eager to run a national con in their city in 1953. At the first-ever con bidding session they were heavily defeated in favour of London yet again, but in October Mancon was surprisingly successful and attracted over 100 people. No London fans attended, however, saying that 'Manchester was too far away', a claim greeted with derision by Northerners who had regularly travelled to London for the past few years. 'Bloody provincials' was a remark that deepened the North/South rift at Coroncon and the



Side view of the Clyde Auditorium showing the Crowne Plaza hotel to left. To right is the open space for new 10,000 seat auditorium being built along with new 200+ room Hilton hotel. Although of no direct use to a Worldcon, the new Auditorium will free up Hall-4

So where are they now?

At LX a simple announcement was made, there will be a bid, it will be for 2014 and it will be for either Glasgow or London. However the bid is not the work of a small group of hardened, some might say psychotic, Worldcon™ fans. There are now some 75 individuals involved with the bid and more are joining every week, and a few weeks ago the bid structure was officially put into place when the bid subscribers (over 40 individuals who are donating £240 each to the bid) elected Steve Cooper "yes that's me" and Mike Scott as the Bid Chairs and an initial bid committee was formed, that now consists of James Bacon, Alice Lawson, Vince Docherty, Colin Harris, John Dowd Rita Medany, and Claire Brialey, all holding various positions.

Over the coming months more and more of the bid will be put into place, with the actual site been selected before the end of the year and an official launch of the bid planned for Odyssey. But you don't have to wait until then to become involved. Apply now to join the EU1415 group now, and you can keep in touch with the bid and have your say in how it progresses.

MORE IMAGES OF LX



By Various



RUMOURS AND PRESENTATIONS

For several months before LX there had been numerous whispers, rumours and hints, all about a bunch of brave souls who were planning, scheming, "we preferred investigating the available options" to bring future Worldcon™ back to Europe. However the speculation came to an end at LX, when at a 6pm on the Sunday the plans to launch a bid were officially announced.



Line up of suspects: Ltr Alice Lawson, James Bacon, Mike Scott, Vince Docherty, Mike Rennie, Paul van Over and Steve Cooper

Officially the process started back in June 2008, when at the end of the first Conrunner, where there had been presentations on possible venues in the UK and Netherlands for a Worldcon™, the Google group "<http://groups.google.com/group/EU1415>" was formed as the basis of any future bid and two co-ordinators were chosen (Paul van Over from The Netherlands, and Steve Cooper from the UK).

The group quickly decided to limit its investigation to the six sites identified at Conrunner, and a team of volunteers (Steve Cooper, Vince Docherty, Flick, Paul van Over, Mike Scott and Mike Rennie as the core) visiting all the sites with James Bacon and Alice Lawson in the UK, and Kirstie van Wessel and Ad Costerling in the Netherlands acting as local support) was put together. The team then visited the sites, talked to the venues and identify those sites best suited to holding a modern Worldcon™. The sites considered were:

- "The Ahoy" – Rotterdam (very quickly identified as being too small a venue, and never visited)
- "The RAI" – Amsterdam (No on-site hotels)
- "The World Form" – The Hague (Smaller than it was in 1990)
- "The ACC" – Liverpool (Small and very expensive)
- "EXCEL" – London Docklands (Large and with new facilities on the way)
- "The SECC" – Glasgow (Done it once, done it twice, could do it a third time)

Over several months the visits were prepared executed and a report produced that was presented to the group. It identified significant problems with the "RAI" and "ACC" that excluded them from the current process, but which might be overcome in the future. It also considered the "World Forum" a little too small for the size of Worldcon™ that we'd expect today, and recommended moving forward with two sites, our old friend "The SECC" in Glasgow and "EXCEL" in London Docklands.



Left: An artists view of the new East Entrance, part of the new development that will give the Excel a 2,000 person conference centre with 17 breakout rooms of various sizes and a 4,000 seat Auditoria for the big events like the Hugo Awards and the Masquerade. Right: An aerial view of the same new conference centre and auditorium.



TX THANKS YOU

By James Bacon & Peter Harrow

It's important to remember that as well as our erstwhile committee, there are many people who helped to make the convention a success. Without the Gopher, who cleverly directed folk to seats, there could have been problems at the concert, without the eight years olds who knew the Nintendo Wii, we might not have had such a fantastic night. This is indicative of what Eastercon is all about, people helping out, and doing what is needed, to help us all have an amazing convention.

First though, thanks to our committee, Alice and Steve Lawson, John Dowd, John Richards, Mark Meenan, Steve Cooper (non CC) Hayley Nusserrer, you were ace, and then in no order whatsoever, many thanks to:

Dougs, Edun Poutahmasbi, Rachael Livermore for being absolutely amazing and being an amazing emergency Gopher Mom, Mark Slater, Sue Edwards, John Harold and Robbie Bourget, Dave Tompkins, Bug, Tamar Hershko, Max, Crazy Dave, Vince Docherty, John Coxon, Fran Dowd, Jan Van Ent, Carrie Gillespie, Emma King and Jonathan Ely, Assaf Hershko, John Stewart, Fiona Thai Chi.

David A. Hardy, Stuart Eves and Bob Parkinson, Rita and John Medany, David Tabner, James Shields, Trevor Clark and Sue Ann Barber, Fiona Scarlett, Justine Inglis from De Vere group, Penguin Books, Adele Michin and Colin Brush, Transworld Books, Andy Richards, Lynsey, and Ricardo Pinto, Newcon Press, Ian Whates and Ian Watson, The BSFA, Donna, Kim Newman, Paul McCauley, John Jarrod, Myrmidion Books, Toby Frost and Ed, Oidsin McGann, Liam and Christine Sharp and Mantor Books, Future Bristol and Colin, Gary Lyod, Martin Kier Glover, Padraig O'Nealoid, Sheffield Hallam Print Services, Julie Chilton, Sheffield Fandom, Mark Meenan needs special thanks for making the tech and the main hall, work, despite everything we threw at it/him, Jon Brigg, SMS and Era, Adam Robinson & National Festival Orchestra, Adrian the V Chemist, Doug Fazzani.

Stef Lancaster, Munchkin, Sharon, Simon McGroary and Helen, Valerie Housden, Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer, Colin Harris, The Brains Trust, Fran Dowd, Jan van 't Ent, Iliana Grune and John "the rock" Coxon, Nik, DC, Sparks, Nigel Furlong, Mad Elf, Rhodr, Mark Young, David Wake and the play cast, The guys from tuckerverse for setting up the internet streaming fan stuff, The Scandinavians, and their room party, Henry Proctor and all the gamers, Ina Sharrock for being at both battles of Kettering, Martin Owton, T-party and Patrick Samphire, Carrie Gillespie, Nicholas Jackson, Alex McLintock, Mike Kehoe & Sarah Kirk (Ironwerkz), John Naylor & Karen Glover (Time Tarts), Samuli Torssonen & Timo Vuorensola (Energia Productions), Gladys San Juan & 'The Hunt For Gollum' production team, Stuart Palmer (Altered Vistas Productions), Robert 'Nojay' Sneddon, Anyone who donated books to the outreach programme, Forcupine Books, Fantasy Centre, Cold Tonnage Books, Susie Hayes, Edwards, Nigel Bennington, Ashley Levy & Jane Saint, Richard Caruthers, Jamie Scott, Robert Sneddon, everyone who helped with the Art show, Kari, Phil Nanson, Austina Michael Abbott, Anne Wilson, Gwen Funnell, Peter Wareham, Square Bear, Kathy Westhead, Karen Westhead, Carolina Gomez, Paul Dormer, Melusine, Anders, Susan Francis, Jaine Fenn, Judith Proctor, Marcus Streets, Rae Streets, Abi / Seph Hazard, Auke Ypma

Ricardo Pinto, Jonny Nexus, Max Lehman, Amanda Kear, Kari Maund, Simon Bradshaw, John Coxon, Phil Nanson, Jonathan Ely, Stefan Lancaster, Ashley Levy, Marcus Rowland, Ian Watson, Liam Sharp, Allison Scott, Stefan Lancaster, Jim De Liscard, Kari Maund, Dave Mansfield, Heidi Mounsey, Max Lehman, Simon Russell, Marcus Rowland Lisa Wood and Travelling Man (Leeds and York)/Thoughtb ubble, Colette Gregg and Fab Cafe, Leeds; Sheffield Space Centre, Forbidden Planet International Leeds; Amazing Fantasy, Hull; OK Comics Leeds; Destination Venus; Harrogate; Galaxy Four, Sheffield; Wargames Emporium, Sheffield; Patriot Games, Sheffield and Huddersfield; The Last Picture Show, Sheffield; Tetley Motor Services; Dr David Clarke; Sean Palling; Professor Robiant; Kenneth Deacon of the Barnes Wallis Trust.

Liz Batty, we give a quote from a regular member: ' The most common "complaint" I've seen is probably that the programme was too good, and there was too many excellent things on at once. Scheduling hundreds of programme items, ensuring that streams and participants didn't clash, must have been a herculean task, but was carried out with a smile.'

A couple of apologies; we forgot, not through lack of respect, but through stupidity to thank a few folk, at the closing ceremony, you know who you are, and we are sorry. We hope your inclusion above is acceptable, and everyone also knows the media programme was the best ever, above worldcon standard, and a full house at the play speaks for its self and all those happy faces in the room should also be an indicator of it working well and we are grateful. Also apologies to Anne Stokes, winner of this years phlosque award, we did not realise it was being presented by Sms and Jodie Payne and are sorry we forgot. More on phlosque elsewhere.



10 KEN MACLEOD

'How do we know they're millions of light years away?'

'By measuring their parallax,' the woman said.

'Good,' said Campbell. 'Most people don't even know

that, they just believe it because they were told. But what

the astronomers actually measure, when they work out a

stellar parallax, is the angles between beams of light.

They then *assume* that these beams come from bodies like

the Sun, for which they have no independent evidence at

all.'

'Oh yes, they do! They have spectrograms that show

the composition of the stars.'

'Spectrograms of beams of light, yes.'

'And now we have the space telescopes, we can see the

actual planets – heck, we can even see the clouds and

continents on Earth-sized planets, with that probes-

flying-in-formation set-up, what's it called?'

'The Hubble Telescope. Which gathers together beams

of light.'

'Which just *happen* to form images of stars and plan-

ets?'

'It doesn't just happen. God designed them that way.

Not to fool us, of course not, but to show us His power.

His infinite creativity. He *told* us He had made lights in

the sky. It's *we* who are responsible if we make the unwar-

ranted assumption that these lights come from other suns

and other worlds that God told us nothing about.'

'So the entire universe, outside the solar system, is just

some kind of light show?'

'That's as far as the evidence goes at the moment,' said

Campbell. 'And speaking of evidence, I'll remind you

that if these supposed galaxies were real physical bodies

THE NIGHT SESSIONS 11

billions of years old, then they wouldn't hold together

gravitationally. They'd long since have spun apart. The

only explanation the astronomers have for *that* is dark

matter, matter they can't see and have never found or

identified, but which they postulate because it's necessary

to explain away the evidence of a young universe on the

basis of their assumptions.'

The woman screwed up her eyes for a moment.

'This is like a nightmare,' she said. 'Don't tell me any

more of what you believe in. I just don't want to know.'

Campbell had several replies primed for that, but he

just nodded.

'Fair enough,' he said.

He turned back to the window.

They didn't talk for the rest of the flight. Campbell alter-

nated between dozing and looking out of the window, and

came to full alertness as the long descent began. Around

eight a.m., on what felt like a day too soon, he noticed the

green tip of Ireland, then the green and brown hills of the

West of Scotland. The seat-belt sign came on. The trolley-

dollies cleared trash and ensured that everything was

stowed. Quite suddenly, Edinburgh appeared on the hori-

zon, and a few moments later the aircraft began to spiral

down. The land whipped past in a giddy swirl that

slowed gradually as the aircraft began, even more disqui-

etingly, to yaw like a falling leaf. The woman beside

Campbell grasped his left hand with her right. Surprised,

he turned and smiled, but her eyes were shut tight.

Campbell could see towers all around, shockingly close.

The downward jets cut in, a brief blast. The craft swayed

from side to side, side-slipped a little, then, after another

form of church government – would they have raised the secondary matter of church decoration?

'Jesus!' the woman said, blasphemously but aptly. 'You mean you think just the same as they did, you'd just be more tactful about it.'

Campbell smiled, trying to defuse the situation.

'Not many people call me tactful.'

'Yeah, I can see that. OK, let's leave it. What do you do?'

'I'm a robotics engineer,' Campbell said.

'My son's studying that,' the woman said, sounding more friendly. 'Where do you work?'

'Waimangu Science Park,' Campbell said.

'That place?' The woman shook her head, back to hostility again. 'You know, that's one of the things I resent the most about these goddam Yank exiles. Cluttering one of our NZ natural wonders with their creationist rubbish!' She gave him a sharp look. 'Robotics engineer, huh? I suppose that means you maintain the animatronic Adam and Eve and the dinosaurs and all the rest of that crap.'

She crushed her empty coffee cup and threw it on the floor, apparently by reflex, as she spoke. Her anger took Campbell aback.

'The displays aren't as intrusive as you might think,' he said. 'There's only a handful of animatronics, and a few robots. Most of the displays are virtual, a package that visitors can download to their frames.'

The woman compressed her lips, shook her head, turned away and put her frames on. Campbell shrugged and looked out of the window. The afternoon sun picked out the table-lands and mesas and escarpments, and after a while the landscape below opened up into a single

enormous feature. Campbell became aware of the woman leaning sideways again. He leaned back, to give her a better view. She looked down, her eyewear pushed up on her forehead, until the Grand Canyon was out of sight.

'Doesn't look much like Waimangu,' she said.

Campbell found himself giving her a complicit grin.

'You're right about that,' he said. 'I don't believe in flood geology.'

'What do you believe in, then?'

'I believe the Bible,' said Campbell. 'Which means I believe it about the Creation and the Flood, and the dates when these happened. I just think it's presumptuous to look for *evidence*. We should take God's word for it.'

'So you don't think the fossils were left by the Flood?'

'No.'

'So how do you explain them?'

'I don't *have* to explain them,' said Campbell. 'But I can point out that it's a *presumption* that they're the remains of animals. What we *find* in the rocks are bone-shaped stones.'

The woman gave him a look of amused disbelief. 'And feather-shaped stones, skin-shaped stones, footprint-shaped stones . . . ?'

'As you say, stones.'

'So God planted them to test our faith?'

'No, no! We can't say that. Before people started *believing* that these stones were remains, they believed they were natural created forms of rock. It didn't trouble their faith at all.'

She bumped her forehead with the heel of a hand. 'And how do you explain the stars, millions of light years away?'





THE NIGHT SESSIONS 7

Campbell grimaced. 'Calling the rebels "the Christian forces". There were just as many Christians on the government side.' He shook his head, smiling apologetically. 'It's just a bug of mine.'

'Yeah, well, it isn't the government side that has plagued us in NZ ever since,' the woman said. She folded a scrap of her breakfast wrapper and worried at a seed stuck between two of her broad white teeth. 'It's the fucking Christians.'

'I'm a fu — a fundamentalist Christian myself,' said Campbell, stung into remonstrance.

'The more fool you, young man,' the woman said. She probed with her tongue behind her upper lip, made a sucking sound and then swallowed. 'I used to go to church too, you know, when I was your age. Nice little church we had, all wooden, lovely carvings. Kind of like a marae, you know? Then these American Christians came along and started yelling at us that we were heathen for having a church that looked Maori. Well, the hell with them, I thought. Walked out through their picker line, went to the nearest kauri tree to think about my ancestors, and never looked back.'

'I'm very sorry to hear that,' Campbell said. 'A lot of these American exiles aren't true Christians, and even those that are are sometimes high-handed. So I don't approve of what happened to you. Not at all.'

'Well, thanks for that!' She didn't sound grateful. 'And what would "true" Christians have done, huh?'

'Oh,' said Campbell, 'they'd have first of all proclaimed the gospel to you, and only after they'd established that you or some of you were seriously and genuinely trying to follow Christ — and the apostolic

6 KEN MACLEOD

trolley and its dollies were two rows away. He settled again.

The trolley locked, the trolley-dolly halted. It had an oval head with two lenticular eyes and a smile-shaped speaker grille, and a torso of more or less feminine proportions, joined at a black flexible concertina waist to an inverted cone resembling a long skirt.

'Black, no sugar, please,' Campbell said.

The machine's arm extended, without its body having to lean, and handed him a small tray with coffee to spec, kiwi-fruit juice and a cereal bar.

'Thank you,' he said.

'You're welcome,' said the robot.

The passenger next to him, a middle-aged woman, accepted her breakfast without saying anything but:

'White, two sugar.'

'No need for the please and thank you,' she said, as the dolly glided on. 'They're no smarter than ATMs.'

Campbell tore open the wrapper of his cereal bar and smiled at the woman.

'I thank ATMs,' he said.

Campbell turned the robot commentary back on as the aircraft flew over LA. He couldn't take his gaze from the ground: the black plain, the grey ribbons of freeways, the grid of faint lines that marked where streets had been.

'... At this point the Christian forces struck back with a ten-kiloton nuclear warhead . . .'

Irritated, Campbell cut the commentary and sat back in his seat. The woman beside him, leaning a little in front of him to look out herself, noticed his annoyance.

'What's the matter?' she asked.



4 KEN MACLEOD

temple to cut out the reflections from the dim cabin lighting, and peered ahead and to starboard. In the dark below he saw a spire of pinprick lights. From its summit a bright line extended straight up, for what seemed a short distance. Carefully angling his gaze upward along the line, Campbell spotted a tiny clump of bright lights directly above the spire, about level with the aircraft along the line of sight. He had time to see its almost imperceptible upward motion before the nose of the plane slowly swung starboard and cut it from view. Campbell felt the window press harder against his cheekbone as the aircraft banked.

'You can no longer see the crawler,' said the robot voice, 'but if you look farther up, to the sky, you may just be able to see the elevator in space. From this angle it appears as a shorter line than you may expect, but as bright as a star.'

And so it was. Campbell stared at the hairline crack in the night sky until it passed from view. Near its far end, he fancied, he could see a small brightening of the line, like a lone bead about to drop off the string, but he couldn't be sure: at 35,786 kilometres (less twelve, for the height the aircraft was flying at) the Geostation was tiny, and even the more massive counterweight beyond it, at the very end of the cable, was hardly more visible.

Campbell settled back. The sight had been worth seeing, but he could understand why the frequent fliers hadn't stirred for it. At the cockpit end of the aisle the cabin-crew robot had turned its fixed gaze towards the left-hand window seats and was no doubt murmuring in the phone clips of those passengers now craning their necks and peering out. Campbell guessed that they had a

THE NIGHT SESSIONS 5

better view. He decided to book a window seat on the other side on the way back; the return-flight corridor passed on the western side of the elevator.

He turned to the window and let his eyes adjust again to the dark. The viewing conditions weren't perfect by any means, but he could make out the brighter stars. After a few minutes' watching he saw a meteor, burning bright orange; then, shortly afterwards, another. Each time it was his own intake of breath that he heard, but the fiery meteors seemed so close he imagined he could hear the whoosh.

After a while the position became uncomfortable. He switched off the robot commentary channel, tilted the backrest as far as it would go, pulled the blanket over his head and tried to sleep. He was sure he wouldn't, but the next thing he noticed was that the blanket was on his knees and light from the window was in his eyes. The dawn sky glowed innumerable shades of green, from lemon to duck-eggs to almost blue, like the background colour in a Hindu painting, and turned slowly to a pure deep blue over ten minutes or more as he watched. He dozed again.

The cabin bell chimed. The robot channel clicked itself back on. The drop-down screen above the seat in front showed the aircraft approaching the US West Coast, the local time as two p.m. Up front, and far behind, cabin-crew robots had begun shoving trolleys and handing out coffees. Campbell looked out, seeing white wakes like comets on the blue sea; wavy cliffs like the edge of a corrugated roof. Campbell's legs ached. He stood, apologised his way past the two other passengers beside him, and made for the midship toilet. By the time he got back the

Campbell pressed his cheek against the window and his chin against his shoulder, cupped his left hand to his vision zone.

"The elevator is now visible to passengers on the right-hand side of the plane," the robot's voice murmured in the phone clip. "Passengers on the left will be able to see it in a few minutes, after we turn slightly to avoid the exclu-

but he had to see it. work of man. A new Tower of Babel, he'd called it once, the most impressive, and certainly the most massive, With its Atlantic counterpart – or rival – it was possibly He didn't want to miss seeing the Pacific Space Elevator. equator, for the same reason as he'd chosen a window seat. Campbell had opted to be wakened at the approach to the he guessed, who'd already seen the sight often enough. at whatever was playing in their eyewear. Business flyers, ing on, and even most of those awake were staring blankly other passengers stirring. The great majority were sleep- the backrest to vertical he noticed only a score or so of face, resettled his phone clip and sat up. As he adjusted He shifted in his seat, pushed the blanket away from his as at having been wakened from his uncomfortable doze. John Richard Campbell groaned, as much at the cliché 'Science fiction,' said the robot, 'has become science fact!'

PROLOGUE: ONE YEAR EARLIER



'The government of the United States of America is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion, nor on any other.'

Thirty-First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States

BRITAIN AWARDS WINNING NOVEL

SOUTHERN BOOK

By Ken MacLeod

45



Even though our universe is enclosed, perhaps it is not the only air chamber in the infinite expanse of solid chromium. I speculate that there could be another pocket of air elsewhere, another universe besides our own that is even larger in volume. It is possible that this hypothetical universe has the same or higher air pressure as ours, but suppose that it had a much lower air pressure than ours, perhaps even a true vacuum?

The chromium that separates us from this supposed universe is too thick and too hard for us to drill through, so there is no way we could reach it ourselves, no way to bleed off the excess atmosphere from our universe and regain motive power that way. But I fantasize that this neighboring universe has its own inhabitants, ones with capabilities beyond our own. What if they were able to create a conduit between the two universes, and install valves to release air from ours? They might use our universe as a reservoir, running dispensers with which they could fill their own lungs, and use our air as a way to drive their own civilization.

It cheers me to imagine that the air that once powered me could power others, to believe that the breath that enables me to engrave these words could one day flow through someone else's body. I do not delude myself into thinking that this would be a way for me to live again, because I am not that air, I am the pattern that it assumed, temporarily. The pattern that is me, the patterns that are the entire world in which I live, would be gone.

But I have an even fainter hope: that those inhabitants not only use our universe as a reservoir, but that once they have emptied it of its air, they might one day be able to open a passage and actually enter our universe as explorers. They might wander our streets, see our frozen bodies, look through our possessions, and wonder about the lives we led.

Which is why I have written this account. You, I hope, are one of those explorers. You, I hope, found these sheets of copper and deciphered the words engraved on their surfaces. And whether or not your brain is impelled by the air that once impelled mine, through the act of reading my words, the patterns that form your thoughts become an imitation of the patterns that once formed mine. And in that way I live again, through you.

Your fellow explorers will have found and read the other books that we left behind, and through the collaborative action of your imaginations, my entire civilization lives again. As you walk through our silent districts, imagine them as they were, with the turret clocks striking the hours, the filling stations crowded with gossiping neighbors, criers reciting verse in the public squares and anatomists giving lectures in the classrooms. Visualize all of these the next time you look at the frozen world around you, and it will become, in your minds, animated and vital again.

I wish you well, explore, but I wonder: Does the same fate that befell me await you? I can only imagine that it must, that the tendency toward equilibrium is not a trait peculiar to our universe but inherent in all universes. Perhaps that is just a limitation of my thinking, and your people have discovered a source of pressure that is truly eternal. But my speculations are fanciful enough already. I will assume that one day your thoughts too will cease, although I cannot fathom how far in the future that might be. Your lives will end just as ours did, just as everyone's must. No matter how long it takes, eventually equilibrium will be reached.

I hope you are not saddened by that awareness. I hope that your expedition was more than a search for other universes to use as reservoirs. I hope that you were motivated by a desire for knowledge, a yearning to see what can arise from a universe's exhalation. Because even if a universe's lifespan is calculable, the variety of life that is generated within it is not. The buildings we have erected, the art and music and verse we have composed, the very lives we've led: none of them could have been predicted, because none of them were inevitable. Our universe might have slid into equilibrium emitting nothing more than a quiet hiss. The fact that it spawned such plenitude is a miracle, one that is matched only by your universe giving rise to you.

Though I am long dead as you read this, explorer, I offer to you a valediction. Contemplate the marvel that is existence, and rejoice that you are able to do so. I feel I have the right to tell you this because, as I am inscribing these words, I am doing the same.



One sect has dedicated itself to the goal of reversing the equalization of pressure, and found many adherents. The mechanicians among them constructed an engine that takes air from our atmosphere and forces it into a smaller volume, a process they called "compression." Their engine restores air to the pressure it originally had in the reservoir, and these Reversalists excitedly announced that it would form the basis of a new kind of filling station, one that would—with each lung it refilled—revitalize not only individuals but the universe itself. Alas, closer examination of the engine revealed its fatal flaw. The engine itself is powered by air from the reservoir, and for every lungful of air that it produces, the engine consumes not just a lungful, but slightly more. It does not reverse the process of equalization, but like everything else in the world, exacerbates it.

Although some of their adherents left in disillusionment after this setback, the Reversalists as a group were undeterred, and began drawing up alternate designs in which the compressor was powered instead by the uncoiling of springs or the descent of weights. These mechanisms fared no better. Every spring that is wound tight represents air released by the person who did the winding; every weight that rests higher than ground level represents air released by the person who did the lifting. There is no source of power in the universe that does not ultimately derive from a difference in air pressure, and there can be no engine whose operation will not, on balance, reduce that difference.

The Reversalists continue their labors, confident that they will one day construct an engine that generates more compression than it uses, a perpetual power source that will restore to the universe its lost vigor. I do not share their optimism; I believe that the process of equalization is inexorable. Eventually, all the air in our universe will be evenly distributed, no denser or more rarefied in one spot than in any other, unable to drive a piston, turn a rotor, or flip a leaf of gold foil. It will be the end of pressure, the end of motive power, the end of thought. The universe will have reached perfect equilibrium.

Some find irony in the fact that a study of our brains revealed to us not the secrets of the past, but what ultimately awaits us in the future. However, I maintain that we have indeed learned something important about the past. The universe began as an enormous breath being held. Who knows why, but whatever the reason, I am glad that it did, because I owe my existence to that fact. All my desires and ruminations are no more and no less than eddy currents generated by the gradual exhalation of our universe. And until this great exhalation is finished, my thoughts live on.

So that our thoughts may continue as long as possible, anatomists and mechanicians are designing replacements for our cerebral regulators, capable of gradually increasing the air pressure within our brains and keeping it just higher than the surrounding atmospheric pressure. Once these are installed, our thoughts will continue at roughly the same speed even as the air thickens around us. But this does not mean that life will continue unchanged. Eventually the pressure differential will fall to such a level that our limbs will weaken and our movements will grow sluggish. We may then try to slow our thoughts so that our physical torpor is less conspicuous to us, but that will also cause external processes to appear to accelerate. The ticking of clocks will rise to a chatter as their pendulums wave frantically; falling objects will slam to the ground as if propelled by springs; undulations will race down cables like the crack of a whip.

At some point our limbs will cease moving altogether. I cannot be certain of the precise sequence of events near the end, but I imagine a scenario in which our thoughts will continue to operate, so that we remain conscious but frozen, immobile as statues. Perhaps we'll be able to speak for a while longer, because our voice boxes operate on a smaller pressure differential than our limbs, but without the ability to visit a filling station, every utterance will reduce the amount of air left for thought, and bring us closer to the moment that our thoughts cease altogether. Will it be preferable to remain mute to prolong our ability to think, or to talk until the very end? I don't know.

Perhaps a few of us, in the days before we cease moving, will be able to connect our cerebral regulators directly to the dispensers in the filling stations, in effect replacing our lungs with the mighty lung of the world. If so, those few will be able to remain conscious right up to the final moments before all pressure is equalized. The last bit of air pressure left in our universe will be expended driving a person's conscious thought.

And then, our universe will be in a state of absolute equilibrium. All life and thought will cease, and with them, time itself.

But I maintain a slender hope.





I had feared that our brains might be growing slower, and it was this prospect that had spurred me to pursue my auto-dissection. But I had assumed that our cognition engines—while powered by air—were ultimately mechanical in nature, and some aspect of the mechanism was gradually becoming deformed through fatigue, and thus responsible for the slowing. That would have been dire, but there was at least the hope that we might be able to repair the mechanism, and restore our brains to their original speed of operation.

But if our thoughts were purely patterns of air rather than the movement of toothed gears, the problem was much more serious, for what could cause the air flowing through every person's brain to move less rapidly? It could not be a decrease in the pressure from our filling stations' dispensers; the air pressure in our lungs is so high that it must be stepped down by a series of regulators before reaching our brains. The diminution in force, I saw, must arise from the opposite direction: the pressure of our surrounding atmosphere was increasing.

How could this be? As soon as the question formed, the only possible answer became apparent: our sky must not be infinite in height. Somewhere above the limits of our vision, the chromium walls surrounding our world must curve inward to form a dome; our universe is a sealed chamber rather than an open well. And air is gradually accumulating within that chamber, until it equals the pressure in the reservoir below. This is why, at the beginning of this engraving, I said that air is not the source of life. Air can neither be created nor destroyed; the total amount of air in the universe remains constant, and if air were all that we needed to live, we would never die. But in truth the source of life is a difference in air pressure, the flow of air from spaces where it is thick to those where it is thin. The activity of our brains, the motion of our bodies, the action of every machine we have ever built is driven by the movement of air, the force exerted as differing pressures seek to balance each other out. When the pressure everywhere in the universe is the same, all air will be motionless, and useless; one day we will be surrounded by motionless air and unable to derive any benefit from it.

We are not really consuming air at all. The amount of air that I draw from each day's new pair of lungs is exactly as much as seeps out through the joints of my limbs and the seams of my casing, exactly as much as I am adding to the atmosphere around me; all I am doing is converting air at high pressure to air at low. With every movement of my body, I contribute to the equalization of pressure in our universe. With every thought that I have, I hasten the arrival of that fatal equilibrium.

Had I come to this realization under any other circumstance, I would have leapt up from my chair and ran into the streets, but in my current situation—body locked in a restraining bracket, brain suspended across my laboratory—doing so was impossible. I could see the leaves of my brain flitting faster from the tumult of my thoughts, which in turn increased my agitation at being so restrained and immobile. Panic at that moment might have led to my death, a nightmarish paroxysm of simultaneously being trapped and spiraling out of control, struggling against my restraints until my air ran out. It was by chance as much as by intention that my hands adjusted the controls to avert my periscopic gaze from the latticework, so all I could see was the plain surface of my worktable. Thus freed from having to see and magnify my own apprehensions, I was able to calm down. When I had regained sufficient composure, I began the lengthy process of reassembling myself. Eventually I restored my brain to its original compact configuration, reattached the plates of my head, and released myself from the restraining bracket.

At first the other anatomists did not believe me when I told them what I had discovered, but in the months that followed my initial auto-dissection, more and more of them became convinced. More examinations of people's brains were performed, more measurements of atmospheric pressure were taken, and the results were all found to confirm my claims. The background air pressure of our universe was indeed increasing, and slowing our thoughts as a result.

There was widespread panic in the days after the truth first became widely known, as people contemplated for the first time the idea that death was inevitable. Many called for the strict curtailment of activities in order to minimize the thickening of our atmosphere; accusations of wasted air escalated into furious brawls and, in some districts, deaths. It was the shame of having caused these deaths, together with the reminder that it would be many centuries yet before our atmosphere's pressure became equal to that of the reservoir underground, that caused the panic to subside. We are not sure precisely how many centuries it will take; additional measurements and calculations are being performed and debated. In the meantime, there is much discussion over how we should spend the time that remains to us.

I turned my microscope to one of the memory subassemblies, and began examining its design. I had no expectation that I would be able to decipher my memories, only that I might divine the means by which they were recorded. As I had predicted, there were no reams of foil pages visible, but to my surprise neither did I see banks of gearwheels or switches. Instead, the subassembly seemed to consist almost entirely of a bank of air tubules. Through the interstices between the tubules I was able to glimpse ripples passing through the bank's interior.

With careful inspection and increasing magnification, I discerned that the tubules ramified into tiny air capillaries, which were interwoven with a dense latticework of wires on which gold leaves were hinged. Under the influence of air escaping from the capillaries, the leaves were held in a variety of positions. These were not switches in the conventional sense, for they did not retain their position without a current of air to support them, but I hypothesized that these were the switches I had sought, the medium in which my memories were recorded. The ripples I saw must have been acts of recall, as an arrangement of leaves was read and sent back to the cognition engine.

Armed with this new understanding, I then turned my microscope to the cognition engine. Here too I observed a latticework of wires, but they did not bear leaves suspended in position; instead the leaves flipped back and forth almost too rapidly to see. Indeed, almost the entire engine appeared to be in motion, consisting more of lattice than of air capillaries, and I wondered how air could reach all the gold leaves in a coherent manner. For many hours I scrutinized the leaves, until I realized that they themselves were playing the role of capillaries; the leaves formed temporary conduits and valves that existed just long enough to redirect air at other leaves in turn, and then disappeared as a result. This was an engine undergoing continuous transformation, indeed modifying itself as part of its operation. The lattice was not so much a machine as it was a page on which the machine was written, and on which the machine itself ceaselessly wrote.

My consciousness could be said to be encoded in the position of these tiny leaves, but it would be more accurate to say that it was encoded in the ever-shifting pattern of air driving these leaves. Watching the oscillations of these flakes of gold, I saw that air does not, as we had always assumed, simply provide power to the engine that realizes our thoughts. Air is in fact the very medium of our thoughts. All that we are is a pattern of air flow. My memories were inscribed, not as grooves on foil or even the position of switches, but as persistent currents of argon.

In the moments after I grasped the nature of this lattice mechanism, a cascade of insights penetrated my consciousness in rapid succession. The first and most trivial was understanding why gold, the most malleable and ductile of metals, was the only material out of which our brains could be made. Only the thinnest of foil leaves could move rapidly enough for such a mechanism, and only the most delicate of filaments could act as hinges for them. By comparison, the copper burr raised by my stylus as I engrave these words and brushed from the sheet when I finish each page is as coarse and heavy as scrap. This truly was a medium where erasing and recording could be performed rapidly, far more so than any arrangement of switches or gears.

What next became clear was why installing full lungs into a person who has died from lack of air does not bring him back to life. These leaves within the lattice remain balanced between continuous cushions of air. This arrangement lets them fit back and forth swiftly, but it also means that if the flow of air ever ceases, everything is lost; the leaves all collapse into identical pendent states, erasing the patterns and the consciousness they represent. Restoring the air supply cannot recreate what has evaporated. This was the price of speed; a more stable medium for storing patterns would mean that our consciousnesses would operate far more slowly.

It was then that I perceived the solution to the clock anomaly. I saw that the speed of these leaves' movements depended on their being supported by air; with sufficient air flow, the leaves could move nearly frictionlessly. If they were moving more slowly, it was because they were being subjected to more friction, which could occur only if the cushions of air that supported them were thinner, and the air flowing through the lattice was moving with less force.

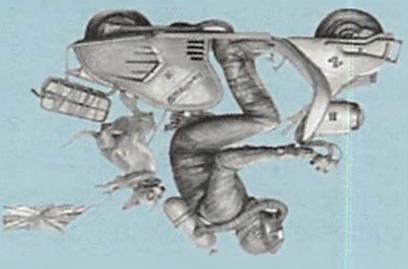
It is not that the turret clocks are running faster. What is happening is that our brains are running slower. The turret clocks are driven by pendulums, whose tempo never varies, or by the flow of mercury through a pipe, which does not change. But our brains rely on the passage of air, and when that air flows more slowly, our thoughts slow down, making the clocks seem to us to run faster.



and replaced every connection it had to the rest of my brain. I was now able to unmount this subassembly from the frame that supported it, and pull the entire section outside of what was once the back of my head. I knew it was possible I had impaired my capacity to think and was unable to recognize it, but performing some basic arithmetic tests suggested that I was uninjured. With one subassembly hanging from a scaffold above, I now had a better view of the cognition engine at the center of my brain, but there was not enough room to bring the microscope attachment itself in for a close inspection. In order for me to really examine the workings of my brain, I would have to displace at least half a dozen subassemblies. Laboriously, painstakingly, I repeated the procedure of substituting hoses for other subassemblies, repositioning another one farther back, two more higher up, and two others out to the sides, suspending all six from the scaffold above my head. When I was done, my brain looked like an explosion frozen an infinitesimal fraction of a second after the detonation, and again I felt dizzy when I thought about it. But at last the cognition engine itself was exposed, supported on a pillar of hoses and actuating rods leading down into my torso. I now also had room to rotate my microscope around a full three hundred and sixty degrees, and pass my gaze across the inner faces of the subassemblies I had moved. What I saw was a microcosm of auric machinery, a landscape of tiny spinning rotors and miniature reciprocating cylinders.

As I contemplated this vista, I wondered, where was my body? The conduits which displaced my vision and action around the room were in principle no different from those which connected my original eyes and hands to my brain. For the duration of this experiment, were these manipulators not essentially my hands? Were the magnifying lenses at the end of my periscope not essentially my eyes? I was an everted person, with my tiny, fragmented body situated at the center of my own distended brain. It was in this unlikely configuration that I began to explore myself.

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The first tool I constructed was the simplest: in my laboratory I fixed four prisms on mounting brackets and carefully aligned them so that their apexes formed the corners of a rectangle. When arranged thus, a beam of light directed at one of the lower prisms was reflected up, then backward, then down, and then forward again in a quadrilateral loop. Accordingly, when I sat with my eyes at the level of the first prism, I obtained a clear view of the back of my own head. This solipsistic periscope formed the basis of all that was to come.

A similarly rectangular arrangement of actuating rods allowed a displacement of action to accompany the displacement of vision afforded by the prisms. The bank of actuating rods was much larger than the periscope, but still relatively straightforward in design; by contrast, what was attached to the end of these respective mechanisms was far more intricate. To the periscope I added a binocular microscope mounted on an armature capable of swiveling side to side or up and down. To the actuating rods I added an array of precision manipulators, although that description hardly does justice to those pinnacles of the mechanician's art. Combining the ingenuity of anatomists and the inspiration provided by the bodily structures they studied, the manipulators enabled their operator to accomplish any task he might normally perform with his own hands, but on a much smaller scale.

Assembling all of this equipment took months, but I could not afford to be anything less than meticulous. Once the preparations were complete, I was able to place each of my hands on a nest of knobs and levers and control a pair of manipulators situated behind my head, and use the periscope to see what they worked on. I would then be able to dissect my own brain.

The very idea must sound like pure madness, I know, and had I told any of my colleagues, they would surely have tried to stop me. But I could not ask anyone else to risk themselves for the sake of anatomical inquiry, and because I wished to conduct the dissection myself, I would not be satisfied by merely being the passive subject of such an operation. Auto-dissection was the only option.

I brought in a dozen full lungs and connected them with a manifold. I mounted this assembly beneath the worktable that I would sit at, and positioned a dispenser to connect directly to the bronchial inlets within my chest. This would supply me with six days' worth of air. To provide for the possibility that I might not have completed my experiment within that period, I had scheduled a visit from a colleague at the end of that time. My presumption, however, was that the only way I would not have finished the operation in that period would be if I had caused my own death.

I began by removing the deeply curved plate that formed the back and top of my head; then the two, more shallowly curved plates that formed the sides. Only my faceplate remained, but it was locked into a restraining bracket, and I could not see its inner surface from the vantage point of my periscope; what I saw exposed was my own brain. It consisted of a dozen or more subassemblies, whose exteriors were covered by intricately molded shells; by positioning the periscope near the fissures that separated them, I gained a tantalizing glimpse at the fabulous mechanisms within their interiors. Even with what little I could see, I could tell it was the most beautifully complex engine I had ever beheld, so far beyond any device man had constructed that it was inconceivably of divine origin. The sight was both exhilarating and dizzying, and I savored it on a strictly aesthetic basis for several minutes before proceeding with my explorations.

It was generally hypothesized that the brain was divided into an engine located in the center of the head which performed the actual cognition, surrounded by an array of components in which memories were stored. What I observed was consistent with this theory, since the peripheral subassemblies seemed to resemble one another, while the subassembly in the center appeared to be different, more heterogeneous and with more moving parts. However the components were packed too closely for me to see much of their operation; if I intended to learn anything more, I would require a more intimate vantage point.

Each subassembly had a local reservoir of air, fed by a hose extending from the regulator at the base of my brain. I focused my periscope on the rearmost subassembly and, using the remote manipulators, I quickly disconnected the outlet hose and installed a longer one in its place. I had practiced this maneuver countless times so that I could perform it in a matter of moments; even so, I was not certain I could complete the connection before the subassembly had depleted its local reservoir. Only after I was satisfied that the components' operation had not been interrupted did I continue; I rearranged the longer hose to gain a better view of what lay in the fissure behind it; other hoses that connected it to its neighboring components. Using the most slender pair of manipulators to reach into the narrow crevice, I replaced the hoses one by one with longer substitutes. Eventually, I had worked my way around the entire subassembly





Death is uncommon, fortunately, because we are durable and fatal mishaps are rare, but it makes difficult the study of anatomy, especially since many of the accidents serious enough to cause death leave the deceased's remains too damaged for study. If lungs are ruptured when full, the explosive force can tear a body asunder, ripping the titanium as easily as if it were tin. In the past, anatomists focused their attention on the limbs, which were the most likely to survive intact. During the very first anatomy lecture I attended a century ago, the lecturer showed us a severed arm, the casing removed to reveal the dense column of rods and pistons within. I can vividly recall the way, after he had connected its arterial hoses to a wall-mounted lung he kept in the laboratory, he was able to manipulate the actuating rods that protruded from the arm's ragged base, and in response the hand would open and close fitfully.

In the intervening years, our field has advanced to the point where anatomists are able to repair damaged limbs and, on occasion, attach a severed limb. At the same time we have become capable of studying the physiology of the living; I have given a version of that first lecture I saw, during which I opened the casing of my own arm and directed my students' attention to the rods that contracted and extended when I wiggled my fingers.

Despite these advances, the field of anatomy still had a great unsolved mystery at its core: the question of memory. While we knew a little about the structure of the brain, its physiology is notoriously hard to study because of the brain's extreme delicacy. It is typically the case in fatal accidents that, when the skull is breached, the brain erupts in a cloud of gold, leaving little besides shredded filament and leaf from which nothing useful can be discerned. For decades the prevailing theory of memory was that all of a person's experiences were engraved on sheets of gold foil; it was these sheets, torn apart by the force of the blast, that was the source of the tiny flakes found after accidents. Anatomists would collect the bits of gold leaf—so thin that light passes greenly through them—and spend years trying to reconstruct the original sheets, with the hope of eventually deciphering the symbols in which the deceased's recent experiences were inscribed.

I did not subscribe to this theory, known as the inscription hypothesis, for the simple reason that if all our experiences are in fact recorded, why is it that our memories are incomplete? Advocates of the inscription hypothesis offered an explanation for forgetfulness—suggesting that over time the foil sheets become misaligned from the stylus which reads the memories, until the oldest sheets shift out of contact with it altogether—but I never found it convincing. The appeal of the theory was easy for me to appreciate, though; I too had devoted many an hour to examining flakes of gold through a microscope, and can imagine how gratifying it would be to turn the fine adjustment knob and see legible symbols come into focus. More than that, how wonderful would it be to decipher the very oldest of a deceased person's memories, ones that he himself had forgotten? None of us can remember much more than a hundred years in the past, and written records—accounts that we ourselves inscribed but have scant memory of doing so—extend only a few hundred years before that. How many years did we live before the beginning of written history? Where did we come from? It is the promise of finding the answers within our own brains that makes the inscription hypothesis so seductive.

I was a proponent of the competing school of thought, which held that our memories were stored in some medium in which the process of erasure was no more difficult than recording; perhaps in the rotation of gears, or the positions of a series of switches. This theory implied that everything we had forgotten was indeed lost, and our brains contained no histories older than those found in our libraries. One advantage of this theory was that it better explained why, when lungs are installed in those who have died from lack of air, the revived have no memories and are all but mindless: somehow the shock of death had reset all the gears or switches. The inscriptionists claimed the shock had merely misaligned the foil sheets, but no one was willing to kill a living person, even an imbecile, in order to resolve the debate. I had envisioned an experiment which might allow me to determine the truth conclusively, but it was a risky one, and deserved careful consideration before it was undertaken. I remained undecided for the longest time, until I heard more news about the clock anomaly.

Word arrived from a more distant district that its public crier had likewise observed the turret clock striking the hour before he had finished his new year's recital. What made this notable was that his district's clock employed a different mechanism, one in which the hours were marked by the flow of mercury into a bowl. Here the discrepancy could not be explained by a common mechanical fault. Most people suspected fraud, a practical joke perpetrated by mischief makers. I had a different suspicion, a darker one that I dared not voice, but it decided my course of action; I would proceed with my experiment.

It has long been said that air (which others call argon) is the source of life. This is not in fact the case, and I engrave these words to describe how I came to understand the true source of life and, as a corollary, the means by which life will one day end.

For most of history, the proposition that we drew life from air was so obvious that there was no need to assert it. Every day we consume two lungs heavy with air; every day we remove the empty ones from our chest and replace them with full ones. If a person is careless and lets his air level run too low, he feels the heaviness of his limbs and the growing need for replenishment. It is exceedingly rare that a person is unable to get at least one replacement lung before his installed pair runs empty; on those unfortunate occasions where this has happened—when a person is trapped and unable to move, with no one nearby to assist him—he dies within seconds of his air running out.

But in the normal course of life, our need for air is far from our thoughts, and indeed many would say that satisfying that need is the least important part of going to the filling stations. For the filling stations are the primary venue for social conversation, the places from which we draw emotional sustenance as well as physical. We all keep spare sets of full lungs in our homes, but when one is alone, the act of opening one's chest and replacing one's lungs can seem little better than a chore. In the company of others, however, it becomes a communal activity, a shared pleasure.

If one is exceedingly busy, or feeling unsociable, one might simply pick up a pair of full lungs, install them, and leave one's emptied lungs on the other side of the room. If one has a few minutes to spare, it's simple courtesy to connect the empty lungs to an air dispenser and refill them for the next person. But by far the most common practice is to linger and enjoy the company of others, to discuss the news of the day with friends or acquaintances and, in passing, offer newly filled lungs to one's interlocutor. While this perhaps does not constitute air sharing in the strictest sense, there is camaraderie derived from the awareness that all our air comes from the same source, for the dispensers are but the exposed terminals of pipes extending from the reservoir of air deep underground, the great lung of the world, the source of all our nourishment.

Many lungs are returned to the same filling station the next day, but just as many circulate to other stations when people visit neighboring districts; the lungs are all identical in appearance, smooth cylinders of aluminum, so one cannot tell whether a given lung has always stayed close to home or whether it has traveled long distances. And just as lungs are passed between persons and districts, so are news and gossip. In this way one can receive news from remote districts, even those at the very edge of the world, without needing to leave home, although I myself enjoy traveling. I have journeyed all the way to the edge of the world, and seen the solid chromium wall that extends from the ground up into the infinite sky.

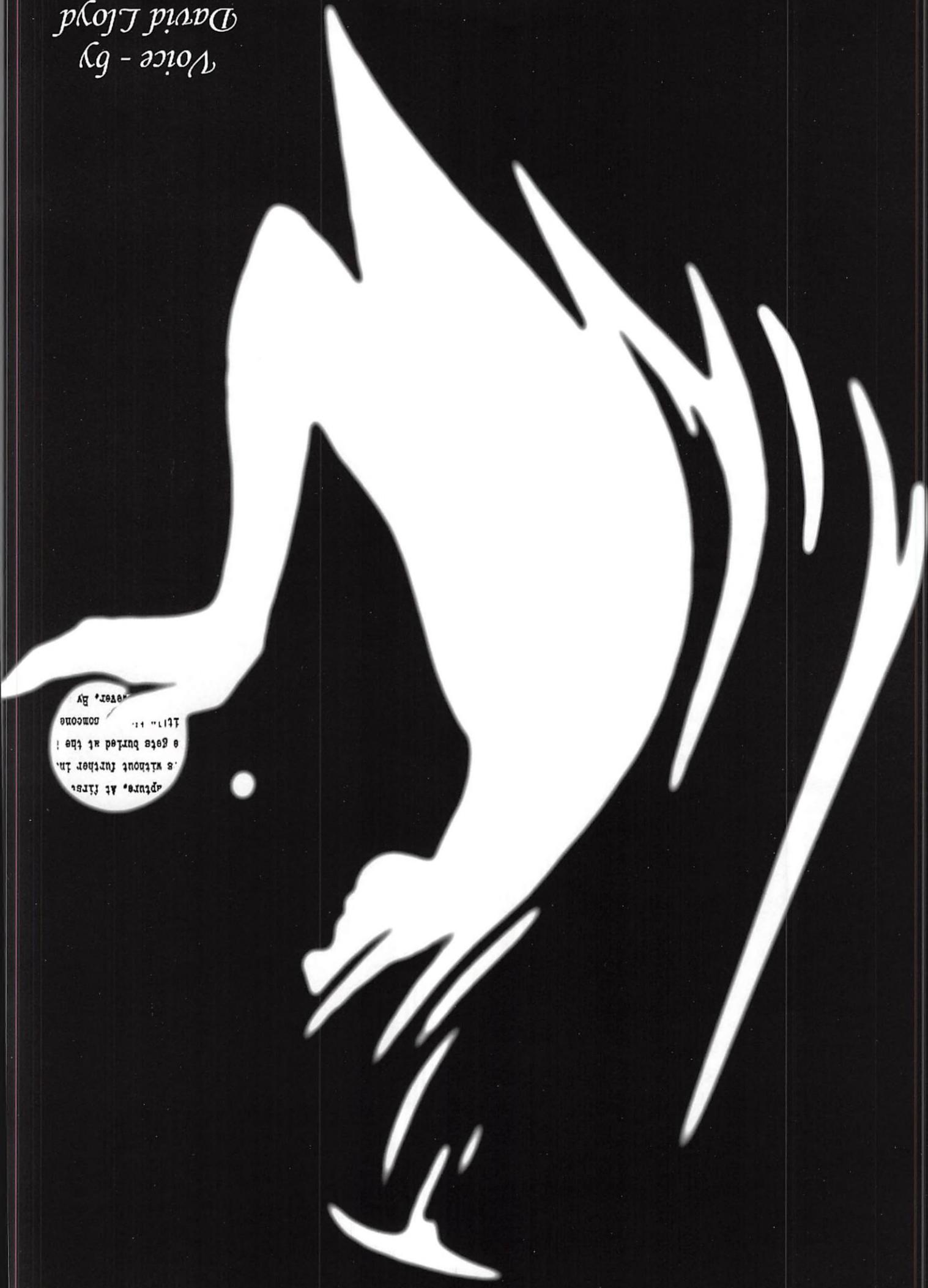
It was at one of the filling stations that I first heard the rumors that prompted my investigation and led to my eventual enlightenment. It began innocently enough, with a remark from our district's public crier. At noon of the first day of every year, it is traditional for the crier to recite a passage of verse, an ode composed long ago for this annual celebration, which takes exactly one hour to deliver. The crier mentioned that on his most recent performance, the turret clock struck the hour before he had finished, something that had never happened before. Another person remarked that this was a coincidence, because he had just returned from a nearby district where the public crier had complained of the same incongruity.

No one gave the matter much thought beyond the simple acknowledgment that seemed warranted. It was only some days later, when there arrived word of a similar deviation between the crier and the clock of a third district, that the suggestion was made that these discrepancies might be evidence of a defect in the mechanism common to all the turret clocks, albeit a curious one to cause the clocks to run faster rather than slower. Horologists investigated the turret clocks in question, but on inspection they could discern no imperfection. In fact, when compared against the timepieces normally employed for such calibration purposes, the turret clocks were all found to have resumed keeping perfect time.

I myself found the question somewhat intriguing, but I was too focused on my own studies to devote much thought to other matters. I was and am a student of anatomy, and to provide context for my subsequent actions, I now offer a brief account of my relationship with the field.

Exhalation

*Voice - by
David Lloyd*



apture, at three
s without further in
e Gate buried at the
LIT... ..
omeone
ever, by



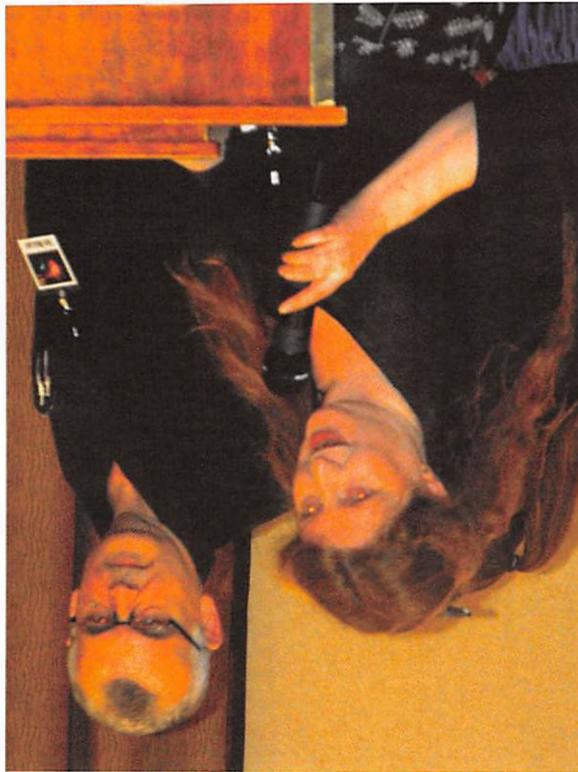
KIM: The next award is for best non-made up

science-fiction stuff . . .

PAUL: The BSFA Award for Non-Fiction.

KIM: What I said. And who better to announce the award for non-fiction than someone from a genuinely

fictional country?



PAUL: Especially now the oil's run out and all their banks have gone bust. Ladies and Gentlemen, the entirely non-fictional 'Red' Ken MacLeod.

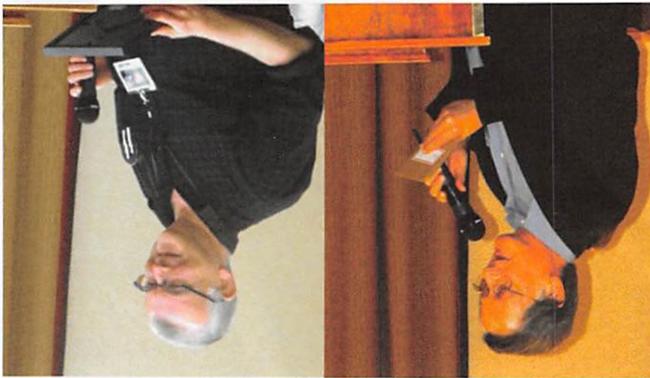
KIM: To prove that they have a sense of humour, the Vast, Cool and Unsympathetic Minds of the BSFA Awards Committee have decreed that the person to announce the short fiction award should be the man who's put back the block in science fiction blockbusters.



PAUL: Ladies and gentlemen, the most famous SF writer to come from the principality of Wales -
KIM: - after Lionel Fantthrop -
PAUL: Mr Alastair Reynolds. Keep it short for once, Al.

PAUL: Playing only Wagner.
KIM: Others say that if you dare to play poker with him, no matter how much you shuffle the deck, you'll always draw the dead man's hand.

PAUL: But we say that he is the finest American guest of honour ever to grace an Eastercon.



KIM: We have to say that, because his wife owns some guns and isn't afraid to use them. Ladies and gentleman: to announce the BSFA award for best novel: Mr Tim Powers.

PAUL: In all the excitement, we overlooked one envelope. Do we have time to open it?

KIM: Where is it from? The sound stage where the Apollo 11 moon-landing really happened? The desk of Kilgore Trout?

PAUL: No, it's a note engraved on the lid of the very first time capsule buried by the Blue Peter presenters. It was found when the time capsule was opened in 2001. It's not science fiction, but I'm going to read the damned thing anyway.

Sell the house

Sell the car

Sell the kids

Find someone else

Forget it

I'm never coming back

Forget it --

There's a signature at the bottom [*squints*]. Patrick McGoonhan

PAUL: What do you think I am, big-headed or something? No, that's ridiculous. One cast-iron prophecy I can make is that there'll never be an award named after me. Why, I'd win it every year and it'd be bloody embarrassing ... no, the BSFA Awards of 2009 will be a truly magnificent occasion, even better than Bridgwater Carnival. Probably taking over the entire island of Ceylon or a floating city over the Antarctic frost gardens or the city of Clarksville on Io, that famous moon of Brunner ... hordes of fans in their silver robes will fill a vast palace, as the wisest sages of science fiction make rare appearances in all their magnificence, to present awards made of gold filigree around lead shielding around a core of pure plutonium ...

KIM: Not cricket trophies whipped up on the cheap by a corner shop in Bradford, then?

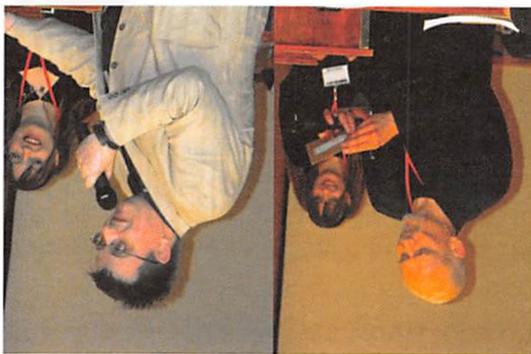
PAUL: ... to towering geniuses who will have to be helped onstage by fan-attendants since their super-evolved science fiction brains will be eight times the size of a mundane's head. Every year, people in the audience will go mad with sheer delirium as each award is announced and will lie on the floor, frothing at the mouth and babbling the words of old James Blish reviews. I tell you, boy, that's the way the future will be, and yerr better get used to it. More zider?

KIM: ... And there it ends. [*looks around room*] Uncanny, isn't it, how the great man predicted this weekend with such accuracy?

PAUL: There's just one thing he got wrong. He believed that Andy Warhol would be announcing the award for best artwork. Unfortunately, Mr Warhol, having faked his death -

KIM: Not the first thing he'd faked.

PAUL: - is currently waiting out the century he believed would be 'disappointing' in a cryogenic vault insulated with money. Instead, we'll have to make do with the man so cool they keep Walt Disney inside him. A man so cool he makes Brian Ferry look like a miner drowning in an oil slick, and James Bond look like Special Agent Maxwell Smart - Mr Jon Courtenay Grimwood.



moonlands beyond the domes of the atmosphere - closed down, and its printing presses will be used to put out the most widely-read publication in the solar system, Vector, the magazine of the British Science Fiction Association.

KIM: The solar system will have been entirely explored.

PAUL: Oh, yerr. Some planets will have been renamed - the big gas giant Jupiter will be called Brunner, for instance, and the moons of Pluto will be Ted Tubb, Ken Bulmer and John Russell Fearn.

KIM: What will our homeworld, Earth, be like? I called - the scrawl is hard to make out - Johnny Jerrid or Jarrow or something - that suggests in 2009 everyone will have computer machines in their homes, carry around instant communication devices and have access to all the knowledge of humanity at once. I think it says 'the click of a house', but that can't be true. What would you say to little Johnny?

PAUL: That's not science fiction, that's bloody Star Trek. This Johnny Gerraface be a bloody idiot. Science fiction b'ain't about makin' up any old daft nonsense and saying it be happening in the future. It be solid extrapolation from known science and facts. In 2009, they won't allow bloody idiots like Johnny Wossissname even to be in the same room with proper science fiction writers and elite fans at the major social occasions of the day ...

KIM: Well, Arrr, I believe you. You were right about satellites and the moon, so you must be right about everything else. With religion extinct, won't that deprive the calendar of useful holidays - like Christmas, Easter, and so on ...

PAUL: ... there be enough science fiction holidays to celebrate. Christmas is in the wrong place anyhow. In the rational, ten-month calendar of 2009, the big winter holiday will be closer to the equinox, say December 16th, when the major celebration of the year will be held in honour of ...

KIM: your birthday?

PAUL: As it happens, that is when I were born, and I do reckon it's a time when all children should be given telescopes and slide rules and copies of The City and the Stars ...

KIM: What about Easter?

PAUL: Of course, that'll be the weekend of the most important cultural event of the year, the BSFA Awards ...

KIM: Won't that be renamed the Arthur C. Clarke award?

KIM: So, you said there'd be a moon landing in 1969 ... What do you see for 1979?

PAUL: 1979 be the year that the UK elects a rational government with the interests of the working man as its first priority ...

KIM: 1989?

PAUL: Flock of Seagulls be not as popular as they be earlier in the decade. 'Cept in Las Vegas...

KIM: Amazing. 1999?

PAUL: Big New Year's Eve party at Moonbase Olaf – named after Olaf Stapledon, since all moonly things be named in honour of science fiction writers – but not as big as the end of the millennium party they'll be havin' at Moonbase Clarke at the beginning of 2001 ...

KIM: Surely, people will celebrate at the end of 1999.

PAUL: Naar, by then people will be believing in ev'ry particular of science fiction, including the rational view, based on exact rithmatic, that the new millennium starts at the beginning of 2001. Except in Moonbase Asimov, which will be a rubbish moonbase full of pikys, greebos, and 'mericans ...

KIM: What really interests our viewers is what life will be like in that far-off year of 2009?

PAUL: It will be a utopian world civilisation run according to the precepts found in science fiction.

KIM: How will a day be for the average citizen?

PAUL: He'll get up early, put on his jump-suit, and get his instructions for the day from the tickertape in the grand parade of his moonbase, then carry out the functions assigned by the Great Central Computer of the BSFA. For instance, a man who – in our own day – might have been a rugby player or a lorry driver will be required to do household chores for an important citizen, like a copy-editor or a science fiction fan. Religion will be extinct, and the place in society once taken by priests and clergymen will fall to fans.

KIM: Will there be a tea-break mid-morning?

PAUL: There'll be a two-minutes hate session where all citizens will chant slogans and burn issues of New Worlds edited by the apostate heretic of science fiction, Michael Moorcock.

KIM: He's very good, isn't he? Michael Moorcock. Doesn't he win lots of posh literary awards and gets reviewed in the Guardian?

PAUL: By 2009, he will have been exposed as the imposter and traitor he is, and him and every bleddy hippy with their bleddy beards and bleddy literary awards will be driven out into the desolate

of the 20th Century, believed in space travel, communications satellites and the limitless potential of the human mind. ... [slight trepidation] You're going to tell me he secretly advocated intelligent design, the I-ching and bowing down nightly to the Great God Goonah-Goonah, aren't you?

KIM: Nope, no worries there.

PAUL: Let's be thankful for that. At least one of my heroes wasn't a credulous, grasping hypocrite.

KIM: No, you couldn't say that. Here, you read Arthur and I'll read Michael Sheen ... ah, David Frost. Easy mistake to make.

PAUL: It'll come out Tony Blair.

KIM: Yeah, and your Arthur will come out like Cap'n Birdseye ...

PAUL: [West Country accent] Yerr, any sufficiently gurt technology be bleddy indistinguishable from thic magic, oo arr, get orrrf moi laaand townie scumbo boy ...

KIM: I stand corrected. You have Arthur C. Clarke to the life. I'd forgotten that he toured with the Wurzel's shortly after finishing Rendezvous with Rama.

PAUL: A bit of context ... after the moon landings, Frost sought out Clarke for an interview about the future, and tried to get the sage of science fiction to cast his mind ahead forty years to 2009 and describe what he foresaw as The Bloody Amazing ...

KIM: and perfectly round ...

PAUL: ... World of Arthur C. Clarke.

KIM: [Frost at his most leering] Hello, good evening and welcome, I'm not Simon Dee, Tony Blair, Kenneth Williams, or Brian Clough. I'm David Frost. And my guest tonight is Arthur C. Clarke, the famous science fiction author.

PAUL: Yerr, moi loverr, thic be Oi. Drink up thee zider ...

KIM: Thank you very much. Arthur, if I may call you that ...

PAUL: Arrr ...

KIM: Arrr ... well, you said man would land on the moon ...

PAUL: Yerr, that showed en back in bleddy Taunton. They'm not laughing at I now. When I used to go down the pub as a lad and say there'm be communicating satellites some day, they used to call I bleddy daft. They used to fling bleddy rocks at I. Don't look so bleddy daft now, does I? There'm been a man on the moon. Science fiction be proved right. In every partic'lar ...

travel hither and you across a great steel web in
carriages drawn by horses of iron. So entranced will
the people be by this miracle of locomotion that they
will invent small boxes with which they will talk one
unto the other, saying verily 'I am on the carriage of
iron and shall be home forsooth' ...

KIM/PAUL: And, you know, he was right ...

KIM: So what happened to Galileo after he invented
the telescope ...

PAUL: ... he lost all his money by investing in a
Leaning Tower of Pizza franchise restaurant on
Tuesday morning and was slapped about the face by
an angry nun on Tuesday evening.

KIM: The next envelope was sealed in 1909, one
hundred years ago.

PAUL: [opens envelope] Oh, this is fascinating. A
record of a hitherto-undocumented meeting between
the two great fathers of different branches of science
fiction. H.G. Wells, pioneer of British scientific
romance, and Hugo Gernsback, founder of modern
American scientific fiction, for whom the field's major ...

KIM: so-called!

PAUL: non-British awards are named.

KIM: So, what was the first thing Wells said to his
disciple Gernsback, the man who would carry on
Wells's mission to reveal the future through science
fiction? What did Wells, the man who invented every
single idea endlessly recycled by the many writers
who have followed him into the field, say to
Gernsback, the man who turned those ideas into ten
thousand pages of profitable magazine pulp and
disseminated Wells' visionary philosophy to the
eagerly awaiting world of science fiction fandom.

PAUL: [squeaky Wells voice]: Where's my bloody
royalties, you thieving Belgian bastard?

KIM: And I think you'll find that's as true today as it
was a century ago.

PAUL: Our final envelope (opens it) contains pages
written on the stationery ...

KIM: the suspiciously-stained stationery ...

PAUL: ... of New York's famous Chelsea Hotel. And
is dated 1969, just after the moon landing - the
validation of centuries of science fictional imaginings.

This important document is a transcript of a never-
broadcast interview between David Frost ...

KIM: ... then best known for whatever it was David
Frost was best known for before Michael Sheen
played him ...

PAUL: ... and Arthur C. Clarke, later Sir Arthur C.
Clarke and Lord Clarke of Beyond the Infinite, the
science fiction writer who, more than any other figure

KIM: Did he see *Freddy Mercury*? Flash - ah-hah -
saviour of the universe ...

PAUL: I do apologise for my associate, ladies and
gentleman. He did music awards last week, and is
defaulting to his original programming. Kim: reboot.
The British Science Fiction Awards.

KIM: BSFWAaaaaaah-hah, saviour of the universe ...

he'll save every one of use, stands for every one of
us, every child, every man, every woman in the land
... [tails off, shakes head] I'm sorry. Where were we?

PAUL: Galileo was, of course, the most famous
astronomer of his age, a highly rational man who was
cruelly persecuted for his beliefs by the incredibly evil
demagogues of the Catholic Church. Those of us
who write hard science fiction revere him for his
profound, deep-rooted and unshakable belief in
empirical observation, and his brave, defiant, clear-
sighted refusal to shackle the provable truths of
science to the useless, fantastical fogs of hocus-
focus and hogwash.

KIM: Hmmn, interestingly, it says here that he was
also secretly a devout believer in astrology, and only
invented the telescope in order to work out whether
Tuesday would be a propitious day to embark on a
new business venture or possibly take steps to turn a
long-time friendship into romance.

PAUL: [shuffles through papers] I can't believe these
are genuine.

KIM: The provenance is unimpeachable. The little
old lady never fails. And besides, they're in his own
handwriting.

PAUL: I can't argue with that.

KIM: So, Paul, what did Mr Rational see in the stars
for 2009?

PAUL: Don't you mean 2008?

KIM: Remember, 1950. Just read out the first one.

PAUL: ... I have dreamt of mighty thought looms
that, as ordinary looms weave cloth, will weave all
the knowledge of the world, by the way, is
globe-shaped no matter what Cardinal Trocchi says
about thumbscrews and hot coals - into a vast,
mighty tapestry of logic, order, reliable information
and pictures of naked women.

KIM: He was Italian. [looks at paper] And, like all
Italians, he was obsessed with the smooth, efficient
and timely running of public transport.

PAUL: What have you found?

KIM: ... I foresee the whole world - which, and I
can't say this more emphatically, is bloody round and
I'll never ever state otherwise, even if those
stories about boiling oil and the rack are true - will





KIM: Hello, I'm Kim Newman, and he's Paul McAuley

PAUL: And we are your hosts for this glittering, star-studded occasion, the British Science Fiction Association Awards.

KIM: ... which are, incidentally, the only major awards not to have an amusing diminutive name like the Oscars, the Hugos, the Nobbies ...

PAUL: ... that's what those 'in the know' call the Nobel Prize for Literature ...

KIM: ... the Tonys, the BAFTAs, and so on. They could have been called the Berties – after Herbert George Wells, or -- indeed -- the first ever Eastercon special guest, Bertram Chandler ...

PAUL: Or the Erics ... after George Orwell ...

PAUL: ... but, no, it's just the British Science Fiction Association Award. It's not even a pronounceable acronym.

KIM: bssffwaaaah [*shrugs*].

PAUL: There you go. Sounds like a Klingon with a bad cold. So, please try and work yourself up into a state of excitement, as if this was a ceremony handing out an award with an amusing diminutive name, and welcome to the BSFA Awards.

KIM: This year marks the 60th Eastercon ...

PAUL: Shouldn't it be the sixty-first? The first one, the one where Jenny Campbell's Dad was guest, was in 1948 ...

KIM: True, but they skipped 1950.

PAUL: Rationing, I suppose?

KIM: No, they just wanted to skip 1950.

PAUL: Who wouldn't? Because we're celebrating an anniversary, we decided to look at the many great thinkers, the visionaries of science and science fiction ...

KIM: ... who shone the laser of intellect into the fog of imagination ...

PAUL: ... and foresaw the wonders of the incredibly futuristic year of 2008.

KIM: 2009. No 1950, remember ...

PAUL: Of course. 2009. The little old lady who

provides all successful SF authors ...

KIM: ...and us ...

PAUL: ... with our ideas, furnished us with material retrieved from long-lost time capsules, the deepest vaults of the Vatican library, and the source of all that's profound and obscure - the BBC lost property office.

KIM: Our first envelope was sealed four hundred

years ago on this very date ...

PAUL: ... earlier in the afternoon, though, since they wanted to settle down in front of the telly in good time for the Doctor Who special broadcast on that day ...

KIM: ... in 1609. Mr McAuley, will you open it, and

reveal the name of the great visionary of the past who foresaw the far future which is now our own present.

PAUL: [*opens envelope*] And the visionary is ...

Galleo Gallei ...

KIM: Galleo?

PAUL: Gallei ...

KIM: Figaro, magnifico, mama-mia, Beelzebub ...

PAUL: That's quite enough of that. Well, it is four

hundred years since Galleo ...

KIM: Gallei ...

PAUL: [*stares significantly at KIM*] ... since Galleo

used his famous telescope to see mountains on the moon and catch first of the four biggest moons of Jupiter, which are now known of course as the

KIM: Galileoian ...

PAUL: Kim! The Galilean Satellites.

KIM: Did he see Mercury?

PAUL: Probably. Why do you ask?

THE BSFA AWARDS (A Night to Remember)

By Kim Newman & Paul McAuley



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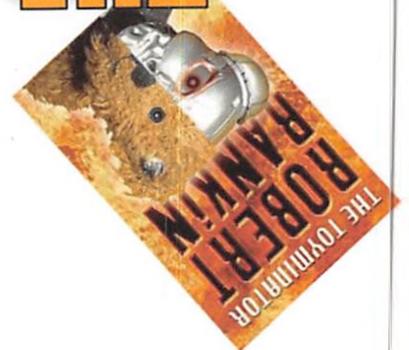
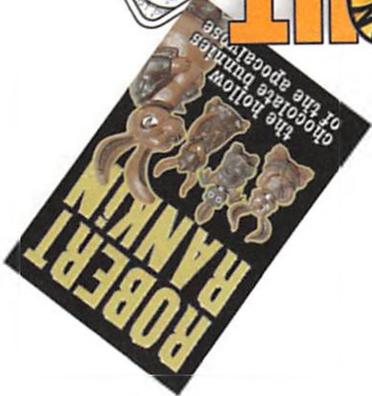
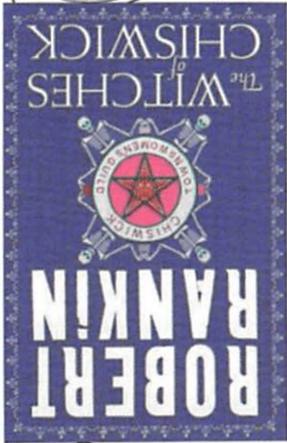
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well. There are huge Victorian pumping stations which are still working now after 100 years of use, a tribute to their functionality, but the pump houses themselves have stained glass windows of a quality you would be hard-pressed to find in the most sumptuous of modern buildings. We disdain the chrome, brushed steel and plastic of mass produced modern technology in favour of the brass, wood and glass of bespoke one of a kind items.

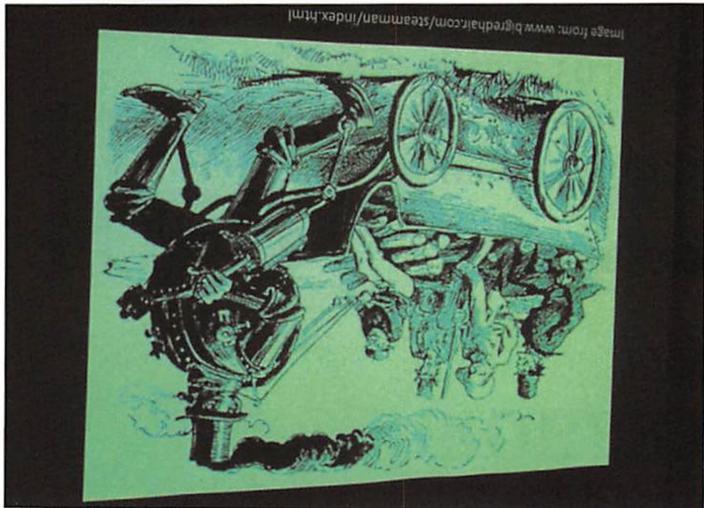


Image from: www.bigrednar.com/steamman/index.html

As a consequence steampunk not only exists as a sub-genre of fiction, it has gone one step further to become a lifestyle. Art, music and fashion have all embraced the Steampunk Aesthetic. This is why we able to incorporate a Steampunk stream into every single element of the programme - not only the main Programme and Media Programme panels but the Steampunk Your Ipod workshop, The Kunji Revolt Larp, the Victorian Steampunk Tea Party, The Zeppelin Race and with guest speakers on Punch and Judy, Spring-Heeled Jack, and Howden We Have a Problem - The Airships Of Yorkshire. The Orchestra (entirely down to Vince and James) falls into Steam-punk as does the early silent movies with their piano accompaniment. Quite a few authors working in Steampunk were present at LX, Ian McLeod, Stephen Baxter, Kim Newman, Toby Frost, Charles Stross, Ian Whates, Eoin Coifer, Justina Robson as well as Tim. For those interested in finding out more about Steampunk there is the website for Brass Goggles at www.brassgoggles.co.uk which has a veritable cornucopia of links including to the Steampunk Forum, a huge message board for Steampunks around the world. The first UK Steampunk Convivial, the Asylum, is being held in Lincoln this September, and its expected to be to Steampunk what Eastercon is to Science Fiction.

At LX you may have seen one or two references to Steampunk in some of the Programme Items. You may have had some idea of what this means, but for those who don't, this should help.

Steampunk is a term originally applied to a new sub-genre which is credited to the fiction of three US writers, Jeters, Blaylock and Powers. It is rare these days for any Convention to have as a GoH any person credited with the creation of a new sub-genre, and having Tim Powers as a GoH would be like having E.E. Doc Smith as a GoH and not mentioning Space Opera. It just could not be done.

Like so many things Steampunk was an idea which had been around in one form or other for some time, Jules Verne and H.G Wells in their 'scientific romances' prefigured much of what is Steampunk, but to them they were merely science fiction, an extrapolation of the then current social and technological trends. Steampunk however is more of a revisiting of such past trends and extrapolating from them to arrive at a different result to that we ended up with. This extrapolation can be distinguished from Alternative History by the introduction of 'magic' or 'superscience' to the mix, the worlds of Steampunk are often far more than just a decision made differently.

The Difference Engine by Gibson and Sterling is perhaps the best known novel of the subgenre, and sets out a world where Charles Babbage's engines could work, changing the technology and society of Victorian England.

Whilst Steampunk most commonly revisits the Victorian era, there is no hard nor fast rule stating that this has to be so. Sub-subgenres of Steampunk exist such a Clockpunk (think of the clockwork robots in Dr Who 'The Girl in the Fireplace') or Dieselpunk (think Battlestar Galactica). Gaslight fantasies can be a jumble of several different eras. What they all have in common though is something Tim Powers brought forth at the Aesthetics of Steampunk Panel. It is a technology which you can see, and if necessary with the right tools and a manual fix. Tim related the tale of his most recent car and how he had inadvertently tried the computer running the engine by giving somebody a jump start. It cost him a \$1,000 to get repaired and it was unplugging one box and insert the replacement. Tim had no idea how to fix the ruined computer, and it was the first time he had not owned a car he could not himself fix, and he didn't like this.

The Steampunk aesthetic not only applies to the functionality of a machine (or even society) is goes towards the craft and beauty of an object as



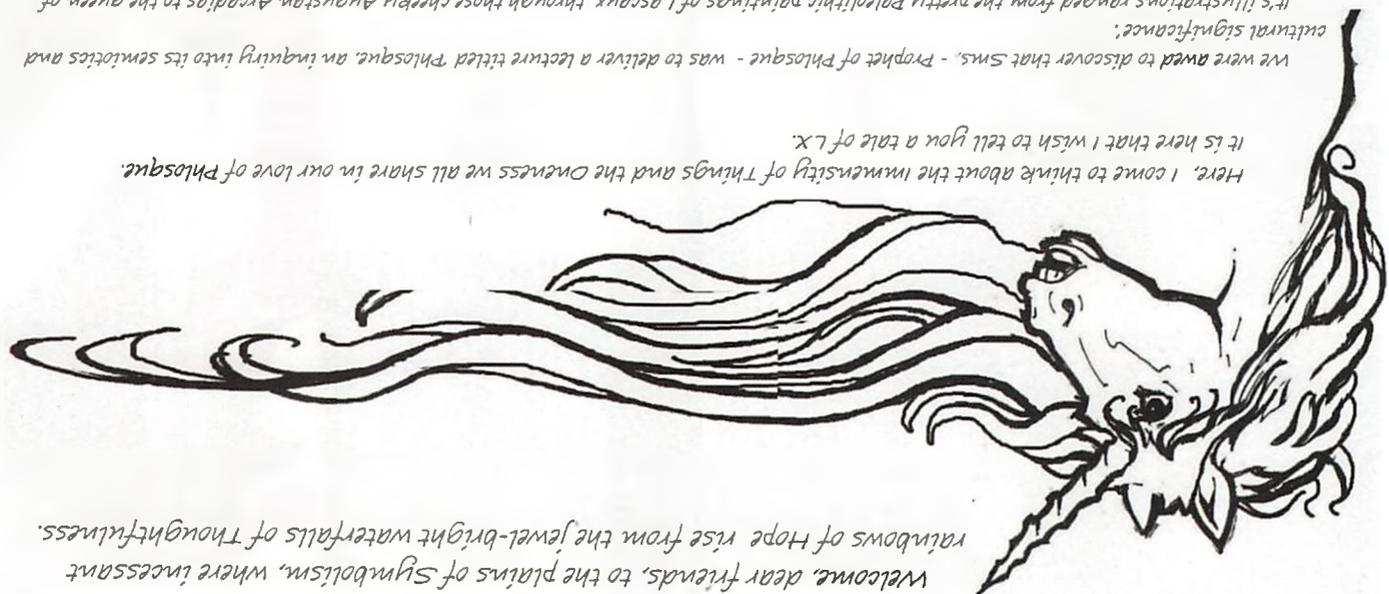
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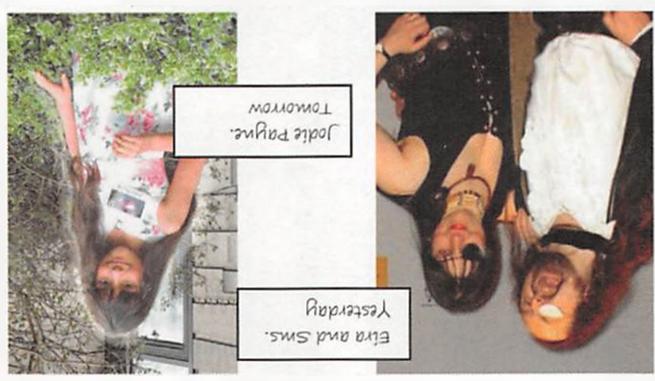
Welcome, dear friends, to the plains of Symbolism, where incessant rainbows of Hope rise from the jewel-bright waterfalls of Thoughtfulness.



Here, I come to think about the immensity of Things and the Oneness we all share in our love of Philosophy. It is here that I wish to tell you a tale of LX.

We were awed to discover that SMS, - Prophet of Philosophy - was to deliver a lecture titled Philosophy, an inquiry into its semantics and cultural significance; its illustrations ranged from the pretty Paleolithic paintings of Lascaux, through those cheeky Augustan Arcadians to the queen of Aspiration and Love: Barbie herself and the ethereal voice of Eira - Fairie Queen of Sensitivity - intoned the word 'Significance' over it all. Also, for the world of the mundane, the event was scheduled at 10:00 in the morning and the buses weren't running but the love of the subject permeated the walls and touched our very souls. In the meantime, the snowflake-dappled wonder of Philosophy touched the Philosophy Award was displayed in all its turquoise and musical splendour upon the desk of Robbie the Understanding. Art lovers from all corners of the exhibition, from the gothic sculptures, to the significant Spacemen, delivered their nomination sheets and their laughter was like the ripple of children's hair in a burst of glade air freshener.

This year's Philosophy was especially significant. Not only was this the first time the award would, at the mere touch of a button, open with a trill of magical strings, to display at its heart, the Chocolate Cream Egg of Sincere Appreciation, but it would also be delivered by the finally detailed Jodie Payne. That afternoon, 8 year old Jodie had, by standing in a flowerbed in a pretty dress, proven she was better qualified to award the Philosophy than Eira and SMS.



Jodie Payne. Tomorrow

Eira and SMS. Yesterday

Her dress swirled as of a sensitive heroine with powers as yet beyond her ken, and her eyes were misted with a purpose, as yet obscured only by her burning intensity. Chastid, she sat through the closing ceremony, rapt in destiny. Tragically, those organising the closing ceremony forgot the philosophy this year and Jodie's eyes misted with righteous indignation. She stretched out her quivering but elegantly sculpted fingers to unleash blue-lightning death upon the insensitive but, her greater soul (and some really nice promises of treats from Uncle James) overcame her anguish and she swore she would award it next year instead. This tale, my friends, shows love and sincerity is greater than timetabling and chocolate expiry dates. We can all let some of the magic of Jodie into our hearts. Until the oversized moon of awe rises above our heads ... again.

Musty (The Sensitive Unicorn)

Your guide and friend

And Stoke's excellent 'Water Dragon' won this year's Philosophy by five votes. We will be sending her the chocolate cream egg with our apologies as soon as we found out her address. We would like to thank Anne (who was very nice indeed and paints and sculpts really excellent stuff) for her enthusiasm in accepting the Philosophy. SMS promises he'll do the much awaited Philosophy lecture again. Thanks to all the LX folk who ran an excellent con and really did help lots.



IMAGES OF LX

By Wilf James

On reaching the door he grasped the knocker and pounded several times. As soon as the maid opened the door he pushed her aside and charged in breathlessly into the breakfast room, greatly alarming the Bishop and his servants.

"My Lord! Your Worship! I have the answer!" Perre z announced breathlessly, wiping his face with his sleeve.

"Calm down my child," pleaded the Bishop, "At least catch your breath before sharing whatever news is so important. Sit down, have some tea. You have disturbed my nerves charging in so suddenly and looking so wild. Why your eyes are quite red my son. I find if my nerves are disturbed this time of the morning my digestion suffers all day, so do be calm."

"Forgive me Your Worship," replied Perre z rummaging in his satchel and bringing forth great bundles of papers, "But the discovery I have made cannot wait. The fate of the whole world depends upon it!"

"By the Heavens Father Perre z, that sounds like impious vanity!"

"No My Lord, you do not understand. The discovery I have made concerns the whole world in that it concerns what we know of the world. That is what we thought we knew. I have discovered we are mistaken in what we thought we knew, or at least in how we applied what we knew, and that changes what we know is to come, or at



"That is a friend of mine, an actor."
"An actor?" repeated the Cardinal with distaste.
"Yes, but from the most respectable company, The Crown Players. He was one of those who performed for the King himself last year."
"The King is fond of the theatre," agreed the Cardinal grimacing as though this admission left a bad taste in his mouth, "I suppose so long as your friend is of a sober and virtuous character there can be no harm in his representing His Radiance, but you understand my reservations."
"Indeed, your Holiness, but I can assure you he is a decent and respectable young man."
"Very good, what is the young man's name?"
"His name is Paolo Mermont."

"I have no doubt what you say of him is true, but it can do no harm to make certain of his character. I will ask the Prelate to call on him, unless you have any objection."

"I certainly have no objection," Gormande replied, hoping to keep the uneasiness from his voice.

"Well in that case I believe our business here is concluded. I must congratulate you, truly exquisite work. I will send men to collect the paintings tomorrow morning, and of course you will receive the rest of your payment. I thank you for your time Master Gormande."

"I thank you, Your Holiness, for the honour of being chosen for this commission," said the artist as he conducted the Cardinal from the studio, "I look forward to seeing the results of my labours displayed in the Cathedral."

"God be with you my son," the Cardinal blessed him as descended the steps to his waiting carriage.

Gormande watched the carriage pull away with a mixture of emotions. He was relieved the interview was over and glad to have received the Cardinal's approval, but he was also rather anxious as he was uncertain how decent and respectable the Prelate would find his young friend the actor.

Firenze Cathedral occupied a position in the very centre of the city, its four grand towers visible for miles around. Built of golden sandstone and covered in ornate carvings, it was by far the largest and most beautiful cathedral in the country with few rivals anywhere else in the world. Although the heart of the building was centuries old many repairs and additions had been made over the years. The latest of these, commissioned by the Cardinal, was a domed roofed chapel dedicated to the founder of the city. At the centre of this chapel there was to be a larger than life bronze statue of Don-Jose on horseback, and on the walls would hang Gormande's paintings.

The doors of the Cathedral opened onto a large square called Holy Plaza. Two sides of this square were bounded by an imposing building of the same golden sandstone as the Cathedral itself and decorated with similar carvings. This was the theological college which housed and educated young men called to the priesthood. On the forth side of the Plaza was a mansion house which would have seemed large and stately in any other location but here was dwarfed by its neighbours. The house belonged to the Bishop of Firenze, and it was to this house that Father Emmanuel Perrez was hastening.
Perrez was a young priest. It was less than two years since he left the college he now hurried past. His figure was slender and wiry, he face clean shaven, smooth and boyish. His dark hair was dishevelled, frequently falling into his eyes and his face was wet with perspiration as he hitched up his robes and ran in a most undignified manner towards the Bishop's door.

Gillian James

Thanks a lot,

published.

It was a great opportunity to present my work and I'm really glad I found the courage to do it. I enjoyed meeting and speaking with other writers and gained some useful advice from the Dragons. Winning the competition has renewed my enthusiasm for writing and encouraged me to continue trying to get my work published.



made the features of the deity in the water just enough like those of the Cardinals to flatter without being too obvious.

While the Cardinal was studying this image in minute detail Gormande felt himself begin to perspire beneath his wig. As he dabbed his brow with his lace handkerchief the Cardinal finally spoke.

"You make wonderful use of light, Master Gormande," he praised, "I particularly like the way the blessed radiance of our Lord reflects off the child's face, and the expression of reverence you have captured is most beautiful. However I do wish you had clothed the boy."

"But he is bathing, your Holiness. I could hardly have painted him fully clothed."

"Perhaps not. The Book of Florence does not specify the His Radiance was bathing, only that he was by the river, although it is usually how the story is told."

"Indeed, I did depict the scene in the way I knew the most humble and least educated of citizens would recognize it, and I hope be uplifted."

"Editors and agents pass comment on people's writing all the time, but this was an excellent reminder that behind the filter of an email address or an agent, there is a living, breathing human being, who has invested a lot of time, effort and care in their work. I hope we, the panel, were diplomatic and encouraging and that the feedback was helpful - not just to the contestants but to those in the audience who harbour similar ambitions. If the panel were to be repeated at future Eastercons, I'm sure there are things we can learn from Bradford, and improvements to be made to the format, but I thought it went very well, on the whole. I found it to be a worthwhile and humbling experience, and I hope it was a useful and (relatively, at least!) painless experience for those six people who were brave enough to enter the Dragons' Den."

Darren Nash (Dragons' Den Judge)

The Cardinal transferred his attention to the second panel. This showed the boy a few years older, battling the fearsome Wargatt, a bear and a giant wolf. The Wargatt Gormande had created was truly terrifying. It towered over the prone boy on its hind legs, its muscular form more like that of a man than a bear with a vicious wolfish head, blood dripping from the fangs.

Another feature Gormande's fertile imagination had endowed upon the bear was exaggerated genitalia. He liked to imagine that had the bear won it would have ravished the boy rather than devouring him. In fact the bear appeared to have this on its mind as it had torn the boy's shirt to shreds revealing firm, youthful flesh wounded by the savage teeth.

Fortunately for Gormande, the Cardinal did not discern any of this.

"He looks afraid," complained the Cardinal. "I wished to reveal the human side of His Radiance. Does it not say more about his courage that he was afraid and still slew the bear, than if he felt no fear at all?"

"His Radiance would not have been afraid for the Lord was with him. Never the less, it is a powerful image you have created here. I am glad to see such a strong resemblance between this boy and his younger self in the previous panel. It adds realism."

"The models I used are brothers, the resemblance was already there for me to work with."

"May I enquire who these two brothers are?"

"Of course. They are the sons' of my housekeeper, a fine pair of boys."

"I trust they are of good moral character. We could not allow His Radiance to be represented by one who would debase his image."

"I understand completely, Your Holiness. They are good boys, brought up to serve the Lord. Their mother is a most pious and respectable lady. You can speak with her if you wish."

"That won't be necessary. I am satisfied with your word. Now the third panel, who modelled for this?"

The third scene depicted Don-Jose as a young man, riding victoriously into the town that would later become the city of Florence, holding aloft the head of the witch.

WINNING THE DRAGONS' LAIR

By Gillian James

THE ACTRESS, THE PAINTER AND THE PRIEST

SYNOPSIS

This is a fantasy novel set in an enlightened but pre-industrial world. The story begins in the city of Firenze which is ruled by a tyrannical cardinal. The actress, Rosaline Dalvette, supplements her income through prostitution. The painter, Alonso Gormande, is homosexual. From his study of scripture and astronomy the priest, Emanuel Perrez, forms the belief that the all of the worlds rulers are under demonic influence. This is deemed Heresy by other churchmen. For these reasons the three are arrested and imprisoned.

They escape and flee abroad with the help of a foreign sailor, Captain Valdez. After an eventful journey involving an encounter with pirates and a shipwreck, they reach the city of Veronti. The actress becomes mistress to the Duke of Veronti, who is friend and patron to Valdez. The painter earns many commissions and falls in love with a young poet. The priest joins a monastery.

A few months later the city is struck by a devastating earthquake. Perrez convinces many citizens that the end of the world is coming and that the Duke is a servant of the devil. He preaches that in order to save their souls the people must revolt against their leaders. The priest forms an alliance with an enemy of the Duke, the Count of Rondelli. The Count is exploiting Perrez for his own gain but supplies the resources which enable the priest to seize Veronti Palace.

With the help of Gormande and his lover, Rosaline discovers the Count's duplicity and it is revealed to Perrez. The priest kills the Count. As Perrez has many followers and his death would make him a martyr he must be discredited. Rosaline tricks him into entering the brothel where she is hiding and poisons him, making it appear that he died of intoxication. When news of this spreads around the city most of Perrez's supporters desert his cause.

Captain Valdez and the Duke's men recapture the palace and the Duke returns home, but he has orders from the Queen to end his affair with Rosaline. Gormande and the poet go to the capital seeking fame and fortune. Rosaline and Valdez marry and travel abroad together.

ART, SCIENCE AND COMMERCE

Chapter 1

It was an important day for Alonso Gormande, a pivotal moment on which his fortune and reputation depended. Bright morning sunlight streamed through the windows of his studio illuminating his newly completed works, three large canvases which dominated the room. All Gormande's other works, his sketches and incomplete portraits, were stacked in corners and covered over with cloths. His pigments, brushes, oils and rags were tidied out of sight. Nothing was to distract the illustrious visitor from the masterpieces he had come to view.

The artist and his eminent guest stood before the paintings in silence, the latter stroking his neat, grey beard as he appraised each work in turn, the former nervously awaiting the verdict. In stature and build the two men could not be more opposite. Gormande was short and stout, round faced and round shouldered with little evidence of a neck between his double chin and neck-kerchief. He was finely dressed in a coat of turquoise silk, a cream waistcoat with gold embroidery and cream breeches. From his cuffs and collar vast amounts of frothy lace fountained out and gold buckles gleamed on his shoes.

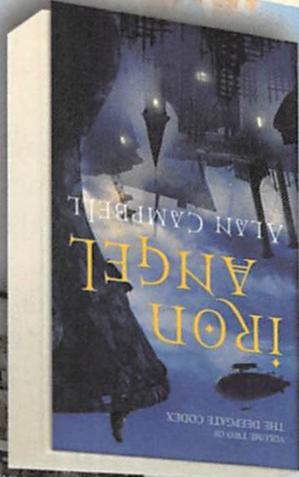
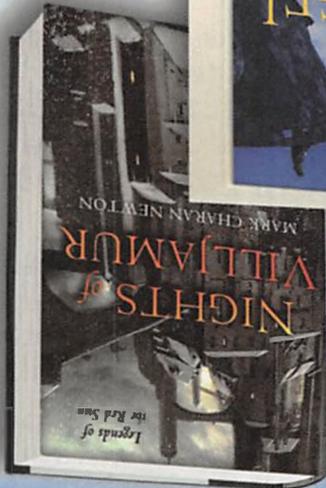
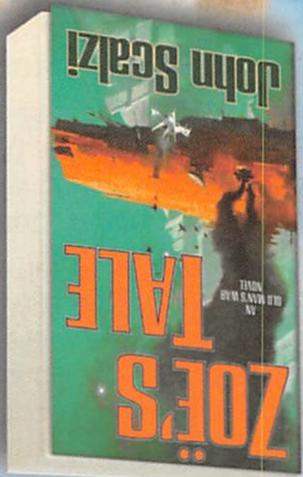
The other gentleman was tall and lean with a long thin face, a long nose and long bony fingers. The rest of his figure was concealed beneath robes of rich purple. He wore a great number of rings twinkling with precious stones and about his neck was a medallion, the symbol of his office, a jewelled eye within a circle of gold representing the sun. This symbol stood for the omniscience and benevolent power of the Lord, and the man wearing it was the High Cardinal of Hesperia.

Naturally Gormande was nervous in the presence of a personage of such rank, especially as his future depended on the Cardinal's opinion of his work. The triptych depicted scenes from the early life of the great Don-Jose Firenze, founder of that noble city. The first panel was of Don-Jose as a young boy, when the Lord first appeared to him as the reflection of the sun in the river and spoke to him of his destiny. Gormande had



ON SF AND FANTASY BOOKS
AND EBOOKS AT

3 FOR 2



ESCAPE WITH TOR THIS SUMMER



1993, Jersey. John Brunner was Guest of Honour.

Although many saw only his sometimes pompous public side, he never forgot his fannish background and was on Eastercon committees in 1969 and 1984. We always got on well with him.

1994, Liverpool. Sou'Wester – another relocated Eastercon, falling back on the Adelphi. Security problems were countered by a fannish patrol squad organised by John Harold. The Astral League made a fleeting appearance.

1995, London. Docklands, on the Isle of Dogs. A somewhat faceless hotel, and the area was just beginning the boom in development, so the Docklands Light Railway was closed for the weekend and the convention was somewhat isolated, feeling not at all like London. Bob Shaw gave his last Serious Scientific Talk.

1996, Heathrow. The Radisson Edwardian, whose layout obviously inspired the Colossal Cave's 'you are in a maze of twisty little passages, all alike';

1997, Liverpool. Two of our favourites as Guests of Honour: Brian Aldiss and Dave Langford.

1998, Manchester. Back to Bill's home town for the first time since 1976. Accommodation fortunately much improved, but the Britannia has rooms without windows. 'You should have said you wanted windows when you booked!'

1999, Liverpool. *Ansbie* reported that 'the Adelphi lounge promoted a languorous, sociable stupor, broken only by the loud popping of male fans' eyes at the latest outfit worn by TAFF delegate Vijay Bowen.'

At that time Vijay was a regular at our summer parties in New York.

2000, Glasgow. Back to the cosy Central Hotel, by now getting rather too small for Eastercon, which had 900 attendees. The somewhat sparse programming made socialising essential.

2001, Hinkley. Another change of site, the original choice of the Norbeck Castle in Blackpool becoming unavailable. Our first Eastercon at the Hanover International Hotel. Good function space, but no nearby restaurants, and the hotel's cheap food was the same every day. The huge sculpture of Poseidon in the lobby soon got a large piece of toast on his trident. The countryside location provided an ideal

And that's our personal eighty-four Eastercons.

site for a huge fannish fireworks show on Saturday evening.

2002, Jersey. The Astral Pole and the fannish sport of knurling were reintroduced to Eastercon this year. Bill demonstrated that he hasn't lost his touch at knurling, despite his advanced age, but Damien Warman quickly proved himself world champion.

2003, Hinkley. Return to the Hanover. Peter Weston and Pat McMurray swapped Eastercon anecdotes, and Bill remembered all sorts of things he might rather have forgotten...

2004, Blackpool. The art show was in a curved room with many doors, but the space worked well. The Winter Gardens where the main con activities were held had a lot of good features, but the area was rather seedy and a bit scary for walking back to hotels at late hours.

2005, Hinkley. This would turn out to be our last con at Hinkley. Robert Rankin and Jasper Fforde showed that humour in SF can also be fun.

2006, Glasgow. Déjà vu, as Eastercon was back at the Moat House, the same hotel used for the Worldcon just eight months earlier. A fine convention for sitting around and talking to old friends.

2007, Chester. An emergency rescue convention after the original committee had to cancel. Somewhat smaller than recent years as a result, but it turned out to be a friendly, relaxed con.

2008, Heathrow. One of the largest Eastercons on record; back to the Radisson to find its indoor swimming pool gone, but the maze of corridors still impenetrable. Eastercon's return to London after a gap of twelve years prompted the reappearance of many long-lost fans.

2009, Bradford. As Fan Guests of Honour we received the royal treatment, as did the other guests, and despite the need to house many fans off-site the con rated very highly with most attendees. The orchestral concert on Saturday night was a welcome (and well-received) change from the somewhat tired Masquerades of recent years, and the programme ran smoothly and to time. Our only complaint was that we were so busy that we didn't have time to get out of the hotel to sample Bradford's famed Indian restaurants...

Memories have faded for some years; conventions tend to blend together, and it's difficult to remember what happened where. But more important to us than the events and the locations are the people we come to see every year; although as time passes we notice the gradually changing faces of fandom. Old friends like Bob Shaw, Ken Bulmer, John Brunner, James White, Norman Weedall, Norman Shorrock, Phil Rogers, Harry Nadler, and too many more are no longer with us. Others – like Harry Bell, Jim Barker and Peter Roberts – no longer attend, and we miss them. But at every Eastercon there are always new fans to meet and new friends to make, and we look forward to many more.



1982, Brighton. We were told that the nude beach

was enjoyed by Brian Burgess, but refrained from

personal investigation.

1983, Glasgow. Avedon Carol made a fine TAFF

delegate, Peter Weston showed off his Shield of

Umor, and long-lost Mal Ashworth returned to

fandom. A plunging lift at the Central Hotel

fortunately resulted in no injuries.

1984, Brighton. For once, the convention's name

reflected the location, a Seacon finally having

reached the seaside. *Ansible* reported attendance at

1,700!

1985, Leeds. Back to the Dragonara, but for the

first time at an Eastercon some events were in a

second hotel, along with the art show and book

room. Bidding for the 1986 Eastercon was hotly

contested, with Albacorn III narrowly winning for

Glasgow.

1986, Glasgow. American visitors are by now

becoming regulars at Eastercons, and it's no longer

just us and TAFF winners. Welcome attendees this

year were Joe and Gay Haldeman; Bill first met Joe in

1967, just before Joe went off to Vietnam, and we all

know where that led...

1987, Birmingham. Breakfast in a tent outside the

hotel. They called it a 'pavilion', its tent hood was

firmly established when the fireworks display

threatened to set it on fire.

1988, Liverpool. Follycon, the first venturings of

parts of the Plokt Cabal into Eastercon running.

Mary ran the Art Show this year, and at quite a few

later Eastercons.

1989, Jersey. Another bold move, taking Eastercon

off the UK mainland for the first time. The chocolate

factory in the basement of the Hotel de France was a

major draw for fans. We took the opportunity to see

the island, and also invited Bill's mother and her

second husband to be our guests on Jersey for the

convention. Bill's mum finally got to see what he'd

been doing at Easter for the last 24 years!

1990, Liverpool. Back at the Adelphi, now

becoming a popular convention venue, but starting to

suffer from the petty thefts which would plague cons

at this hotel.

1991, Glasgow. A move from the Central Hotel to

the Hospitality Inn, dubbed by many fans 'the

Hostility Inn';

1992, Blackpool. Eastercon this year was at the

Norreck Castle, a good location but rather in need of

refurbishment. Another fine fireworks display this

year, on the beach just across the promenade from

the hotel.

1975, Coventry. This was supposed to be Seacon,

but ended up just about as far as you can get from

the sea in England. Nice areas to sit around talking at

the rather posh (but hospitable) De Vere Hotel. We

found a really good Indian restaurant in one

direction, a really bad one in another. Harry Harrison

talked about his experiences with the film *Soylent*

Green, nominally based on his book *Make Room*

Make Room, but sadly bearing little resemblance to

it. Mary remembers dancing with Peter Roberts in his

famous orange suit.

1976, Manchester. The first Manchester-organised

convention of modern times to actually be held in the

city itself, at Owens Park student accommodation. A

bold experiment, but the sub-standard rooms and

food made it a less than pleasant experience for most

attendees; this one was nicknamed 'filthycon' by

some of them.

1977, Coventry. Quite a contrast to be back at the

De Vere, for an Eastercon organised by the Brum

Group for the first time since 1965. This was also the

first Eastercon to have a fan room, a sign of the

growth of the con and the influx of attendees with

little knowledge of the fanish background of

conventions.

1978, Heathrow. We flew direct to the convention

from New York on the newly introduced Concorde – a

little over four hours for the 3,500 miles door-to-door

from home to convention (we returned flying standby

in economy class!). Heavy-handed hotel security

goons put a damper on some of the late-night

activities.

1979, Leeds. The Dragonara Hotel provided

convenient areas to sit talking with friends – the most

important aspect for Mary in coming to conventions

(that and the beer!). A good mix of SF and fanish

programming, and the location in the centre of Leeds

gave many opportunities for local dining with friends.

1980, Glasgow. Our first visit to Scotland, the con

being held at the Central Hotel, one of the traditional

railway hotels right at the station. Out for dinner one

night to a Chinese restaurant with John Brunner; they

were playing *War of the Worlds* as background

music. After the con we toured Scotland with Ramsey

and Jenny Campbell and Henry and Cherry Newton,

staying on the shores of Loch Ness in Allstair

McLean's former mansion.

1981, Leeds. Back to the Dragonara. We start to

notice that some of our old friends are no longer

attending conventions, but quite a few of the 1970s

fans have drifted into our circle (or we into theirs).

The Charnocks performed Astral League songs, and D

West demonstrated the Astral Pole.





84 EASTERCONS: THAT'S NOT TOO MANY

Although we've been keeping track of how many Eastercons we've attended, it was a bit of a shock at LX (whose name made it obvious that this was national convention number 60) to realise that Bill has attended three-quarters of all those cons ever held, and Mary almost two-thirds.

It all started in 1964, when Bill met the Manchester-based Delta group – too late for that year's con in Peterborough (since of course there was only one convention a year in Britain, until the first Novacon in 1971) but with plenty of time to get acquainted with fandom before Bruumcon in 1965. He signed up for the con – attending membership cost ten shillings – and in April 1965 the gang set off from Manchester for the long trip to Birmingham. And so the journey began...

There are far too many Eastercon memories for this short space, but we'll try and recall some of the events of each year.



some semblance of a traditional Eastercon. We heard at LX that Jon Courtenay Grimwood attended this con and was then not seen again for another 25 years.

1971, Worcester. Mary's first Eastercon; we met at the Heidelberg Worldcon in 1970, and Mary and her sister came over from New York for Easter. Memorable for the fanish boat trip on the river. And Mary still has fond memories of the Giffard, except they had bad coffee.

1972, Chester. By now Bill had moved to New York and we were married, but that didn't stop him being Treasurer again, operating by remote control in the days long before email and cheap transatlantic phone calls. This was the first year that Mary served as American Agent for Eastercon, a role she performed for almost a decade.

1973, Bristol. There was an arrangement with the hotel to keep the bar open as long as enough fans were still drinking. On the last night, no one could leave for *any* reason unless someone came in to replace them. Roy Shorrock came with his guitar, and we held a sing-along. Brian Aldiss rolled up at about 5 in the morning and sang bawdy songs until breakfast.

1974, Tynescon. A friendly and relaxed convention – the furthest north an Eastercon had ever been at that time. Locals in the bar taught Mary how to say 'Howay the lads!'; Mary also remembers a conversation with an old George in an eatery at the train station wherein he made remarks about the American soldiers in WWII throwing their money about; she just listened and did not talk while Bill kept up the conversation...

1965, Birmingham. A small con because of the London Worldcon later that year – but the 100 attendees included Brian Aldiss, Mike Moorcock, Harry Harrison, Ted Tubb, Ken Bulmer, and a very young Terry Pratchett, who Bill doesn't remember meeting there.

1966, Great Yarmouth. Another small convention, with about the same attendance as Birmingham. Mods and rockers were fighting on the prom – largely ignored by the fans.

1967, Bristol. Ed Emshwiller's film *Relativity* was shown, to some controversy; it would attract little comment today.

1968, Buxton. By this time the Manchester fans were ready to put on their own Eastercon, and as Bill was the only one who could do arithmetic he was made Treasurer. In those days of single-track programming and small attendance, a committee of three with volunteer help at the con could easily handle the workload.

1969, Oxford. 'Galactic Fair' was the official name of the con this year, and the committee included Ted Tubb and John Brunner. Over the years fans had put on a number of medieval-style jousts, and the one at this con sent Peter Barrow, soon to be Mike Rosenblum's son-in-law, to hospital with a fortunately not too serious injury. No weapons policy in those days!

1970, London. A convention rated by most attendees as a disaster, largely because of the dire hotel. George Hay railroaded his bid through at Oxford, and Derek (Bram) Stokes and Bill joined the committee after the fact to try to preserve at least



Being part of a fan fund trip is an awesome experience. There is nothing that comes close to it. If someone tells you that you'd make a brilliant fan fund delegate, believe him or her, they probably really do mean it. So many times I have heard people say they weren't good enough to run for a fan fund or that they wouldn't run if someone really "good" or "cool" was going to run against them. Sure, you're always going to encounter competition and losing a fan fund race to someone else can be heart breaking but that doesn't mean you shouldn't have a go. I thought about running for nearly 5 years before I had my first go at it. I wasn't successful. Yes, it was devastating to lose but I look at who I lost to and realised I had lost to some worthy competition. Being part of that race and helping to raise the funds to ensure the fan fund survives was far more important than whether one person was better than another or whether I won or lost. In the end, it was about being part of the experience and contributing to fandom in my own way.



Trevor and I had a great time during our GUFF trip to England, Ireland and Wales. We attended two conventions and three fannish gatherings along with numerous visits to fannish households; gatherings in pubs; visits to specialist book/comic shops; and visits special SF-related locations scattered around the country. Everywhere we went we were greeted with incredible warmth, hospitality and generosity. Everyone went out of their way to ensure that our needs were met and that we made the most of the limited time we had available. Some of these people were past fan fund delegates and had an understanding of the experience. Others were just wonderful people who wanted to demonstrate to the visiting Australians just how wonderful their country and their fandom could be.

So, why do I tell you all this? The answer to that is simple. I want YOU to consider running for a fan fund. Be it TAFF or GUFF or whatever, if you think you have something to share with the fandom of another country then you should have a go. Even if you just want to attend a convention, like the Australian Worldcon next year, why not nominate for the GUFF race? And, if you don't think it's quite for you, there's nothing stopping you from supporting the fan funds at an auction or by voting for one of the candidates when the race is on.

Fan funds are an important part of fannish history and fannish society. They are just as relevant today as they were in the past. Perhaps even more so with the greater level of fannish interaction through the various online media. Get out of your comfort zone and be part of the fan fund tradition.

FAN FUNDS FOR BEGINNERS

By Sue Ann Barber



Paraphrase of conversation had at Eastercon LX:

"So, you're the TAFF people from North America?"

"Err, no we're the GUFF people from

Australia."

"GUFF? I don't understand."

"GUFF, the fan fund that sends

Australians to Europe or from Europe

to Australia."

"Really? There's one of those now?"

GUFF is just one of many fan

funds around the world. There's TAFF,

GUFF, DUFF, FFANZ, NAFF just to name

a small number of those that have ever

existed. Sometimes fan funds are on

going and delegates regularly travel

from one country to another or across a

particular country. Other times they

might be one-off fan funds designed to

send a specific person to a specific

event. Either way, they are all about

building relationships between fans in

different parts of the world.

GUFF, which Trevor and myself

represented this year, is the Australia – Europe fan fund. The previous delegates from Australia, Juliette

Woods and Damien Warman, were sent to the 2005 Glasgow Worldcon and returned to Australia with many

fascinating stories of their experiences amongst the various fanish communities they encountered.

Having now completed our own GUFF trip, Trevor and I have also returned home with many an interesting

story of our own.

So, why bother with a fan fund? Back in the day when fan funds were a new concept it was relatively

expensive to travel to another country. Doing so was a BIG DEAL. The only way for fans to be able to meet, in

person, the other fans with which they had been communicating via fanzines and letters of comment was to

have a bunch of people raise money to send that person overseas. Hence, the concept of the fan fund was

born. These days, travel to another country is a little bit easier but can still be outside the affordability of the

average fan struggling in today's climate of economic uncertainty.

Fan funds are not just about the financial assistance in getting to another country or across a country,

however. Lots of people can travel from one country to another or across a large country. They can even

attend fanish events like conventions as part of their travel. Being a fan fund delegate is far more involved

than the simple act of travelling to another country. When you are a recipient of a fan fund you are a cultural

delegate of your country and, that means, you must have an active involvement in the convention or event to

which you are being sent. This means being available for panels, informal chats, award ceremonies, auctions,

parties and whatever else the committee feels would be a good way of using your talents. If you are a fan

fund delegate you should never just be a passive observer of the convention you're attending. Involvement is

the key to showcasing the fandom of your country.

Of course, being a fan fund delegate doesn't just involve attending the one event or convention. If

you're in the host country for a few weeks you may find a variety of other fanish activities that you could

attend. Sometimes, the local fans will organise special get togethers so they can meet you outside of a

convention. Make the most of these opportunities. Meeting fans outside of a convention is a great way to

interact with fans, as you'll always have those who don't get the chance to chat to you at the convention or

those who just weren't able to go for whatever reason.

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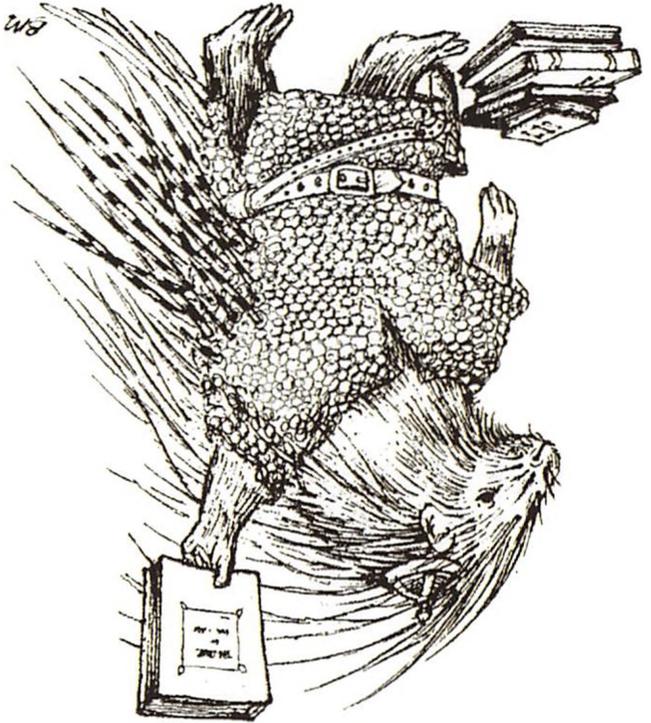
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Max shrugs. 'Who knows? Writes a play about it that is turned into a film? Ends up living with her girlfriend, a dozen cats and assorted grandchildren in Venice?'
 Liz laughs. 'And Bill?'
 'Guess I'll never find out,' Max hesitates. 'Any chance of me buying you a drink?'
 The streets outside look much the same. The corner where the rose seller stood is deserted, but Liz doesn't think that's significant. Anyone needing roses for Valentine's Day has them already or is already in trouble. The cars sound the same, the snow looks a little filthier, and the sky is filled with stars. She doesn't see how life can be the same and different, but that's how it feels to her.
 'You should have this,' Max says, stopping suddenly.
 She takes his rose and wonders what she's meant to do with it. And then she remembers she should give Max something in return and digs into her coat, finding the slightly soft Twix she was going to eat on the way home.
 'This is for you,' she says.
 For men with no chance of receiving chocolate and girls with no one to give it to... Maybe the world has changed

gets the feeling the other him wouldn't have bothered.
 'What made you keep trying?'
 'We're identical twins,' Max says. Seeing her face, he sighs. 'Really. Not so much identical as fucking entangled. Born within five minutes of each other. Bill is the elder, obviously.'
 He shrugs.
 'I married Ellie, apparently. And never discovered why she killed herself. The other me never got over that apparently. And then he started thinking he didn't need to get over it. He simply needed to make sure it didn't happen. I guess things went from there. Problem is, he says, tapping the typed sheet. 'I don't remember any of this.'
 'So,' Liz says. 'What do you remember?'
 He rubs the scar above his eye and grins. It's a good grin that lights up the blue greys in his eyes.
 'Nothing. Not even Bill beating the shit out of me for kissing his girl.'
 'Do you think she marries him?'
 'Doubt it,' Max says. 'She probably tells him five we're Neanderthals. Marries a poet. Divorces him five years later.'
 'And then?'



were probably unidentifiable long before they were trodden on.

'So,' she asks, nodding at the door. 'Did that work?'

'Seemingly,' Max replies, touching his finger to the edge of his chipped tooth, which has obviously lost its sharpness with age.

'How?'

'I've no idea.'

Liz looks at him. Her gaze as sharp as Bill's when he was watching her. But Max appears serious. He's already heading for the fire door and kneeling beside a fat plate of wires and a tiny e-pod leant against the wall. The pod is off and nothing he can do makes it turn back on again.

'I did know,' he says. 'Obviously, or I wouldn't be here.'

'Who would?'

'Good question.'

Skimming the final side of the letter, he almost hands it over and then changes his mind. Something in the final paragraphs is too private.

'The other me, apparently. This isn't my first visit to this London, or my second, or third... Seems my mistake was to start at the wrong end of Bill's life. No one's going to jump at an offer to change their life at twenty-five.'

I'm twenty-five, she thinks. And the Goth girl was younger. Mind you, the Goth girl didn't chose the door and nor did she. So maybe Max is right after all.

'But at eighty?' he says. 'It isn't just a chance to rewrite your mistakes. It's a whole new life.'

'You're trapped here now?'

Max smiles at her. 'I prefer to think of it as a fresh opportunity.'

'Using Bill's money.'

They both look at the envelope containing details of the old man's off-world accounts and aliases. It still exists so maybe his money does. 'Only one way to find out,' Max says. 'But that can wait for tomorrow.'

He sweeps the hall and throws plastic glasses into one recycling bin and empty beer cans into another. He tips cheap white wine down the sink and stacks the bottle along with the other empties outside the fire door, and he puts uneaten sandwiches on a foil tray in the alley for any tramps who feels hungry. Liz

'I'm not sure I'm going at all,' she tells him, and sees his gaze sharpen. 'I didn't think...' She shrugs. 'I have lots of places where things went wrong. But no big turning point that would make them right.'

He nods in understanding.

'Me then,' he says. Pulling the envelope from his pocket he puts it carefully on the table and looks at the young man. 'Limited temporal fallout? One time spatial opening? Like-for-like swap with no nasty side effects?'

'In theory.'

'What are the chances of you being right?'

'In theory, a hundred per cent.'

The old man snorts. He *does* look back when he reaches the door, and his gaze sweeps the almost empty hall and the wilting balloons; and then it settles on Liz, and he smiles. When it settles on Max his expression is altogether more difficult to read. Although in the end he nods abruptly and she's surprised to see Max return his nod.

Lights flicker around the door and die. Liz has a feeling that's all for show and the real stuff is happening unseen and probably elsewhere. If not several elsewhere at once.

'Where am I?' Max says.

She turns at his question. And, despite immediately noticing he's less cocky than he was, it takes her longer to notice a chipped front tooth and a scar over one eye, almost hidden under his eyebrow.

'What's that?' Liz says.

'What?'

She touches the scar.

And his fingers cover her own before she hastily removes them. He seems, from the look on his face, to be having trouble remembering.

Digging into his pocket he pulls out his own envelope. The *open in case of success* scrawled across its front is written in the same hand that scrawled her a receipt for her original £20. His own.

'Give me a second.'

Ripping it open, Max skims the contents and makes himself read both sides again, more slowly. His face relaxes as he takes in the battered sofa, magazines and paperbacks, the bank of turned off video games. What the letter tells him he'll find. What you find after any party. Empty beer cans and spilt crisps, someone's forgotten handbag, a missing mobile phone, and smears underfoot of canapés that



'What did you do?'

'Went to find him;'

'You didn't go to find her?'

The old man looks as if that option had never

occurred to him. 'He said they were drunk and it

meant nothing and it didn't go any further. *She only*

went with him 'cause he looked like me. And that was

when I went to find her;'

'And she said the same?'

He nods, looking surprised the other man has

the answer that easily. 'She was drunk, it was a

fumble... No, not even that. Merely a kiss. Nothing

happened; Bill shrugs. 'Neither of them seemed to

think it mattered;'

'Maybe it didn't;'

'It ruined my life,' he says fiercely.

Bill signs the form without reading it and slides

it into his pocket when Max tells him to hang onto it

until later. 'And now?' he demands.

Max smiles. 'Now,' he says, 'we can get this

party started;'

Walking into the middle of the hall he claps his

hands, and the music stops and lights come up and

the bank of video games machines go dead just as

the bugs are being slaughtered for the fifteenth time

in a row. The fat boy and the Goth girl have been

firing one-handed, their arms around each other's

middles. It helps that the Goth girl's left-handed.

'Right,' says Max. 'This is how it works. See that

exit over there?' He points at a fire door, which lights

up with cheap LEDs and neon strips, like a badly-

styled custom car, when he claps his hands for a

second time. 'Anyone who wants can walk through it.

And if you're right about where your life went wrong

that's where it will take you...;'

The shouts of disbelief take a while to subside.

When they do, the young man is smiling and

the woman realises why. That's the most animated

any of the guests have been all evening. And they're

looking at one another, shaking their heads, or

nodding at comments about the absurdity of it all.

There's a definite feel of strangers bonding about this

bit of it.

'It is an experiment,' she whispers.

The old man twists his lip and half raises his

hands, suggesting that this is possible but by no

means certain. At least, she thinks that's what Bill

means. When she looks at him again, he's gone back

to watching the young man.

'And if we're wrong?' The fat boy has a

question.

'I'm not sure,' Max says. 'It might take you to

the right point if you're lucky. I've been modelling

that question and the data is worryingly inconsistent.

There's a chance you'll simply disappear. And a

chance you'll find yourself walking in the original door

as this party begins. Of course, then you can simply

come in again or turn round and leave...;'

Holding up his hand stills a second outbreak of

noise before it has time to get started. 'Alternatively,'

he says, 'you can leave now and have double your

money back;'

This time he lets the noise grow.

A surprising number of people head for the

table and the young man finds himself doubling the

money of well over three-quarters of the guests.

They're headed, as Liz suspected they might be, by

the fat boy and the Goth girl, who are off to the fat

boy's flat to play a game where someone doesn't turn

off the power just as everything gets interesting.

'You trying the door?' Max asks her.

'I'm not ready to leave yet;'

He smiles at her answer, which neatly avoids

his question, and she notices that his slate grey eyes

turn slightly blue when he's amused. She also notices

that he needs a shave and the roll-neck sweater

under his jacket has seen better days.

'Stick around,' he says. 'Find out how this story

ends;'

There are five people left, seven if you count

her and Max, but she's not counting them. Liz notices

that although Max is talking to everyone as he tells

them what to expect his blue-grey eyes keep

returning to the old man.

A boy of about seventeen goes first. He has

cropped hair and tribal tattoos and one of those

earrings that stretch the lobe until you can see right

through the hole. The fact the boy stops on his way

to pick up a length of steel pipe suggests he knows

exactly where he's going.

A woman goes next. She shuffles towards the

door in a shabby coat and doesn't look back or even

up from her feet as she steps through. Everything

about her suggests she believes anywhere is better

than this. Then it's the turn of the two from the sofa,

and Liz realises she'd already seen them, twice. Once

when they sat down, and once when they came in

just before and after her, and turned right round and

left again. She's still working out the logic of that

when she realises Bill is waiting for her answer.

'So,' he says. 'You want to go before me?'

knows this really is where his life soured. Try as she might, she can't call up a tipping point for her own life with similar clarity. She simply gave Max one from a dozen papered-over cracks.

She has nothing that screams, *change this...*

Maybe she's at the wrong party?

Looking round, she decides that applies to others as well. *We're here because we don't have a better party to go to.* And the others probably chose their crash points equally at random.

In a small act of rebellion, she wanders over to the desk and waits until the old man stops talking

and the younger stops listening.

'Can I steal another?'

'They're bad for you,' the old man says.

'And illegal, as previously mentioned,' says the younger, but he's already has the pack flipped open

and he's reaching for his lighter. She takes her

cigarette back to the window and opens it a little, her

vague compromise with the law. When she turns her

'I was best. He was second.'

'But it was close run?'

'He'd have said so. And been right some days. Others...'

The old man shrugs helplessly. 'He could be hopeless, and lazy, and fickle and good for nothing.'

The younger man considers this.

'We were working on the possibility of creating, and theoretically stabilising and utilising synthetic

kinks in the time/space continuum...'

'Time travel?'

'You'd probably call it that.'

'At school. In class?' Max says.

It takes a moment for the old man to understand what he's asking. 'Oh, we finished the

official project in the first week. Some idiosyncrasy about quantum entanglement. Neither of us took it

seriously.'

'You got an A?'

Bill nods to say that's obvious. And then the years fall away. Ellie was in the year below; dark-haired and beautiful, with brown eyes, a full body,

dozens of friends and a happy family life. Bill can obviously picture her in his head. And equally

obviously, he still can't work out what she saw in him.

'So what happened?'

'There was a party and I didn't go. Ellie did and so did he. Someone saw them kissing...'

'Guarantees me a long career waiting tables;

The old man laughs and takes another look

around the hall. 'Not sure what I was expecting...'

'But it wasn't this?'

'Probably was, if I'd bothered to think it

through. You want to tell me what you're offering

before I sign one of those?' He nods to the pile of

cheaply-printed forms at Max's elbow, and the

envelopes next to them. 'You do want me to sign one

of those. Don't you?'

'Later, Bill,' the younger man says. 'First you tell

me what you got wrong. And what you'd need to

change to get it right;

'Slick move;

Max smiles blandly.

'Get us to tell you where we fucked up and

we're more likely to buy your snake oil when it turns

out to be *exactly* what we need, right?'

'You've got it;

'And all these people have told you where their

lives went wrong? What could put them back on

track...'; Bill thinks about that. 'Of course they have,'

he says. 'They wouldn't be here otherwise.'

'Most of them are a little fuzzy on the tipping

point;

'Not a problem for me. I've only made one

mistake in my life;

'And what was that?'

'Not punching somebody;

He begins a long story about teenage friends who

become enemies. It turns on a fight Bill should have

had, after his ex-friend tore up a term paper. Instead

he walked away, and took an offer from a university

on the other coast. He's never been back to where he

grew up since. That's when she realises he's

American.

'And the girl?' Max asks.

'Who said anything about a girl?'

'Come on,' Max reaches for his cigarettes. 'At

that age it's always about a girl.' The woman notices

Max's fingers are shaking as he flicks his lighter.

Having lit his cigarette, he offers the packet to the

old man who takes one without comment.

'Ellie died,' Bill says. 'But that was later.' They

smoke for a few seconds in silence.

'This fight,' Max says finally.

When Bill speaks he could be describing

something that happened half an hour earlier; and Liz



Since she doesn't know what the fuck he's talking about, and suspects he doesn't either, she shrugs in turn and takes herself over to the games machines; where the fat boy and the Goth girl are now united in their massacre of frenzied metal bugs. The boy machine-guns them wholesale, while the girl has her gun set on single shot and picks off the big bugs, one at a time, before they can swamp the walls and end the game. *I might as well be invisible*, the woman decides. But she's used to that, and suspects she's on the wrong side of the screen to attract their interest.

Glancing back, she sees Max go still. He's looking towards the door, where a very old man in a greatcoat with a fur collar is examining the hall with something close to distaste. The hastily-painted walls, the wilting balloons and the electronic clatter as an unlikely pair of starship troopers save the world and possibly themselves.

And then he sees Max at his table, lighting another cigarette, and when he reaches the chair opposite, Liz is at a nearby window, watching cars slide by on the greying slush outside. She's near enough to hear when the old man says:

'This true?'

He spreads his copy of *Time Out* on the table and reads the whole advertisement aloud, his voice quavering by the end.

'Yeah,' Max says. 'Every word.'

'Be willing to give all.' The old man's smile is sour. Sliding a tatty business card across the table he watches Max glance at it and nod.

'You recognised me?'

'Obviously not,' Max says. 'Since you're famously reclusive. No family. No staff. Definitely no photographs from the last fifty years. There's a rumour you're dead.'

'I started it.'

The woman takes a closer look but he just looks like an old man with an out-of-date coat to her. It makes her wonder what she's missing. Seems the old man is approaching the same question from the other direction.

'You read the financial pages?'

Max nods. 'Now and then,' he says. 'Did my doctorate on derivatives, negative debt gearing and its part in the collapse of 2019.'

'The great Shanghai meltdown?'

'Yeah.'

'Any value in your doctorate?'

'And you would give everything you have in return. If it was possible to go back and make this right?'

It's the man's turn to nod.

'Good,' says the boy. 'Sign this, date it and put it in this envelope. You'll also need to fill out your bank details, your insurance details and your home address. Don't worry...' he adds. 'You can change your mind at any time.'

The second man watches while the first heads for a leather sofa near a low table piled with old paperbacks and new magazines. He smiles as the man chooses an Asimov so battered half its pages fall out on opening. The two men entered at the same time, but they're not together. All the same, the second heads for the sofa, although he's careful to sit at the other end.

People arrive mostly in ones.

The few who come together seem tied by the companionship that desperation brings. She's had a few of those friendships, the woman who pondered the advert. Enough to recognise what she's seeing.

And though three dozen people come in after her, clutching copies of *Time Out* and pausing only to talk to the shaggy-haired man by the door and sign his papers before heading towards sofas, games machines or the bar, the black-painted hall never seems full.

The woman has reached the point of wondering what she's doing there, but has enough sense to know it's what everyone else is doing: waiting for someone to tell them how to reclaim their life. *Maybe this is a psychological experiment*, she thinks. A quick scan of the room reveals no cameras, which is odd in itself. She can't remember the last time she was in a public place not covered by lenses from at least three angles.

'Can I have one of those?'

The shaggy-haired man looks up in surprise. 'You realise smoking indoors is illegal?' he says, absent-mindedly tapping the ash from his own cigarette. 'I don't want to get you into trouble.'

She smiles as he introduces himself as Max, not bothering to give her his second name. So she tells him she's Liz and leaves it at that, letting him light her cigarette instead.

'Is this a psychological experiment?'

Max regards her closely, then narrows his eyes slightly while he thinks about it. 'Maybe,' he says finally. 'I mean, everything is. Isn't it?'

The designer who make up the page gave the ad a box of its own. Maybe the magazine decided it was inappropriate for *clubs* and *restaurants* and *wants to meet* and *flat shares* and all those other categories.

She'll ask when she gets there.

The man ahead of her at the party walks in, looks round, looks bemused and walks out again. The man behind her does the same. But he stops to grab an envelope from a table, and then goes back to grab another. She stops at the table with the envelopes, pays her £20 and takes a seat when asked, and begins answering questions.

'So, did you?' she says finally.

Opposite her is the boy who bought the rose. This now sits alone and lost on his table beside a heap of crumpled banknotes, while he chain-smokes Camels and sips at a beer. She's pretty sure it's illegal to smoke indoors, but it doesn't seem to worry him.

'Did I ask for a box out?' he asks. 'Possibly. Maybe they just decided to be nice... I've a lot on my mind,' he adds. 'What with organising this;

A sweep of his arm takes in a chilly hall with black balloons and a light system that's switching lazily through reds and purples and blues. A few seconds ago it was doing that oil bubble thing that looks like cheap special effects. It's fashionable now, all that retro stuff. She read it in a magazine.

'Get yourself a drink,' he suggests. 'Talk to someone if you want. But it's not compulsory,' he says hastily. 'Most people are simply enjoying themselves.'

Alone, she thinks.

Against one wall are a bank of video games machines. A fat boy is machine-gunning metal bugs efficiently enough to have a Goth girl watching; though she sneers when he notices her and stares him out, until he goes back to murdering bugs with added ferocity.

A minute later the girl says something insulting. His reply is obviously acceptable, because she wanders off to fetch him a coke. Another two men walk in, and one takes his seat at the table. 'So,' the boy says, with quiet intensity. 'If you could change one thing what would it be?'

He listens to a mumbled answer and nods.

It's the day before

Valentine's Day and she's walking through Soho

when she sees the advertisement.

The streets are cold around her,

taxis crawling like lice through filthy snow. She has

that week's *Time* Out open and

folded twice to make it smaller.

Mostly she relies on occasional glances to check if anyone is in her way. A man steps aside to let her pass. The fact she's reading aloud probably helps.

No life?

No one to miss you if you die tomorrow? Want one final chance to get it right?

For men with no chance of receiving chocolate and girls with no one to give it to.

Be willing to sacrifice all.

The ad's not in the *clubs* section or *where to eat*. Although why the restaurants bother advertising in the week of Valentine's Day remains a mystery to her, since every eating place she's passed has a sign saying full for tonight.

On the corner, an immigrant huddles against the wind, holding a plastic bucket of roses with their stems wrapped in silver foil. Cult members, her dad once told her. The rose sellers. Members of some weird free-love Asian outfit. The man doesn't look like a cult member. He looks wet, fed up and cold. Seeing her, he pastes on a smile, begins to pull a stem from his bucket and then slides it back. Maybe it's the fact she's a woman. Maybe the truth is in her eyes. No

one to miss you if you die tomorrow...

She's invisible to him now, because his eyes are fixed on a shaggy-haired young man crossing Wardour Street, fingers already digging into his coat as he nods to the rose seller. *Left it late*, the woman thinks.

Then again, maybe not.

No one's ever given her flowers so she doesn't know. Never bought chocolate for anyone either. Folding *Time Out* in half again, so only the advertisement shows, she shelters in a doorway to read the words for the fifth time.



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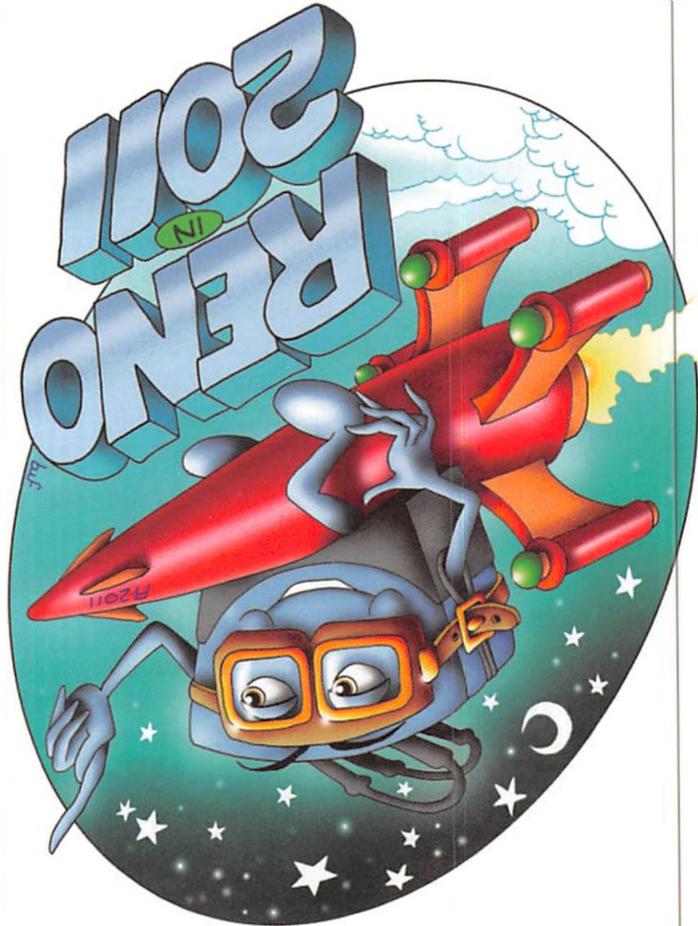
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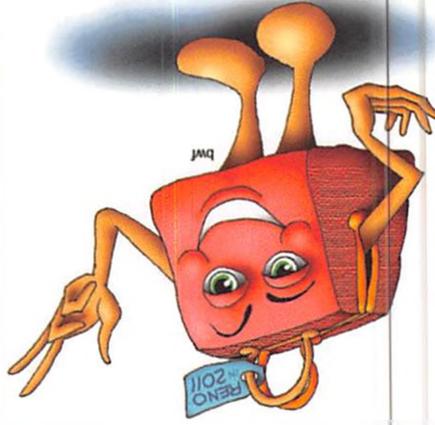
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The urn shattered on the pavement behind him with a noise like a gunshot as Radzer was grabbing the door knob, but two sounds stopped him – the cat yowled two syllables and, in perfect synchronisation, a voice in his head said, in anguish, *Radzer*.

It was Jack's voice. Even the cat's cry had seemed to be Jack's voice.

Helplessly Radzer let go of the door knob and turned around.

The rest of the cats had scattered. Campion had hurried into the triangular space, dropping her gun, and she was cradling the cat Radzer had put there. Mr Bump had let the kitten jump down from his arms and was just staring open-mouthed, and the people on the balconies were leaning forward and whispering in agitation – but their whispers now weren't audible.

'Jack!' Campion said hitching through tears, 'Jack, darling, what has he done, what has he done?'

The cat was staring over Campion's shoulder directly at Radzer, and Radzer shivered at its intense amber glare.

But he nodded and said softly, 'So long, Jack.' Then he recalled that it was probably Jack's father, and looked away.

He took two steps forward across the tiles and picked up the little automatic pistol that Campion had dropped. There seemed to be no reason now not to leave by the way he'd come in.

Mr Bump was shaking his head in evident amazement. 'It was supposed to be you,' he said,

standing well back as he held the lobby door open, 'into the kitten. That cat's already got somebody – I don't know how that'll work out.' He stepped quickly to keep up with Radzer's stride toward the parking lot doors. 'No use, anyway, they can't even write. Just not enough brain in their heads!' He laughed

nervously, watching the gun in Radzer's hand. 'I guess I'm the landlord now. Unless ... *you'd* care to stay? Despairing to get in? I'm making a huge clogging, plenty for everybody, even the cats,'

Radzer found that he was not sure enough about what had happened, not *quite* sure enough, to make the impossible denunciations that he wanted to make. It might help to read some of the books in his stock, but at this moment he was resolved never to open one again except to catalogue it.

So 'Give Jack mine,' was all he said, as he pulled the door open and then hurried down the stairs into the sunlight, reaching into his pocket for his car keys.

He stepped over the cats into the clear triangle of pavement.

'Now wait till they've recited it all,' said Mr Bump loudly.

With her free hand Campion dug the peculiar Letter Testamentary out of her purse and flapped it in the still air to unfold it.

And then a young woman on one of the balconies whispered, '*Having ...*' and a man on a balcony on the other side of the atrium whispered, '*... been ...*' and another followed with '*... appointed ...*'

The hoarse whispers undercut the shrill finger-snapping and echoed clearly around the narrow space. They were reciting the text of Jack's letter, and each was enunciating only one word of it, letting a pause fall between each word.

The glassy bulge of the urn was slippery in Radzer's sweating hands, and as his eyes darted around to try to find the best place to dive for cover, he assembled some of the disjointed phrases in his mind: *enactor of the will of John Carpenter Ranald ... Arthur Lewis Radzer ... to consummate possession ...*

And his chest went cold when he recognized this technique: in first century Kabbalistic mysticism, certain truths could be spoken only in whispers, and the writing of certain texts required that a different scribe write each separate word.

As clearly as if she were speaking now, Campion's words at lunch came back to him: *But it's about transmigration of souls, isn't it? and I can already see him in you.*

And he recalled saying: *after his father died, he just wasn't the same guy any more.*

Jack Ranald had been executor of his father's will.

Authorised! whispered one of the black-or-white-clad people on the balconies. '*By!* whispered another. '*Law!* breathed one more, and then they stopped, and the finger-snapping stopped too. The silence that followed seemed to spring up from the paving stones, and the cats sitting in a triangle

around Radzer shifted in place.

Mr Bump nodded to Radzer and raised the kitten in both hands.

Radzer took a deep breath – and then flung the urn as hard as he could straight up. Everyone's eyes followed it, and Radzer stepped out of the triangle and, in a sudden moment of inspiration, picked up one of the cats and leaned forward to set it down in the clear triangular patch before hurrying toward a door away from Campion.



very grateful if you'd participate in a – is the word

'Intaglio,' said Campion.

' – memorial service,' Mr Bump finished.

The people on the balconies must have been able to see the situation, but the counterpoint racket never faltered – clearly there would be no help from them, whoever they were. 'Then,' said Radzer

hoarsely, 'I can go?'

'Or stay, if you like,' said Campion. 'It's a

leisurely life;

'What,' asked Radzer carefully, 'do I do?'

'You were his closest friend,' said Mr. Bump, 'so

you should...'

'I hardly knew him! Since college, at least.

Maybe once or twice a year...'

'You're who he nominated. You should step

over the cats, into the open space there, and after

everybody has recited Jack's Letter Testamentary,

you simply break the urn. At your feet;

Mr Bump pressed the urn into Radzer's right

hand, and Radzer closed his fingers around the

glassy neck of it.

'And then I can leave;

Campion nodded brightly. 'Yours will be a

journey only of two paces into view of the stars

again,' she said.

Radzer recognised what she had said as lines

from a Walter de la Mare poem, and he recalled how

the sentence in the poem ended: *but you will not*

make it.

And belatedly he recognised what she had said

a few moments ago: *It was so kind of you to come!*

And you are very nice! – that was from Lewis

Carroll's 'The Walrus and the Carpenter', spoken by

the Walrus just before he and the Carpenter began

devouring the gullible oysters.

Radzer was grasping the urn in both hands

now, and he had to force his arms not to shake in

time to the percussive rhythm of all the rattling

hands. He glanced at Campion, but she was still

holding the gun pointed directly at the middle of him.

'You really should have had more to drink,' she

called.

God only knew who these people were, or what weird ritual this was, and Radzer was determined to cause some kind of diversion and then just dive over some plants and roll through one of the ground-floor doors and then just run. Out of this building, over the wall, and away.

– but Radzer noted uneasily that more than a dozen young men and women were leaning on the iron railings and silently looking down on them. The air smelled of jasmine and cat-boxes.

'The character who says the birdcage business,' remarked Campion, 'rises from the dead, at the end;'

'And then gets killed again,' noted Mr Bump.

Campion shrugged. 'Still,' She looked up at the audience on the balconies. 'Jack's back!' she called.

'This nice man was kind enough to carry him;'

The men and women on the balconies all began

snapping their fingers, apparently by way of

applause. Radzer was nervously tempted to bow.

They didn't stop, and the shrill clacking began

to take on a choppy rhythm.

The cats had all sat down in a ring in the centre

of the atrium floor – no, Radzer saw, it wasn't a ring,

it was a triangle, and then he saw that they were all

sitting on three lines of red tile set into the pavement.

The space inside the triangle was empty.

Campion had stepped away to close the

French doors to the lobby, and Mr Bump leaned

close to Radzer and spoke loudly to be heard over

the shaking rattle from above. 'This is the last part

of your duty as executor,' he said. The kitten he

was holding seemed to have gone to sleep, in

spite of the noise.

'It's not the last, by any means,' said Radzer,

who was sweating again. 'There's the taxes, and

selling the house, and I don't think this /s part

of my duties.' He squinted up at the finger-snapping

people; they were all dressed in slacks and shirts that

were black or white, and the faces he could make out

were expressionless. *Something's happening here,* he

thought, *and you don't know what it is.* The sweat

was suddenly cold on his forehead, and he pushed

the urn into Mr Bump's hands.

'I have to leave,' Radzer said, turning back

toward the lobby. 'Now;'

Campion stood in front of the closed doors, and

she was pointing a small automatic pistol at him – it

looked like .22 or .25 calibre. 'It was so kind of you to

come!' she cried merrily. 'And you are very nice!'

Radzer was peripherally aware that what she

had said was a quote from a poem, but all his

attention was focused on the gun muzzle. Campion's

finger was inside the trigger guard. He stopped

moving, then slowly extended his empty hands out to

the side. Mr Bump shook his head and smiled ruefully at Radzer. 'Campion is so *theatrical!* We just, we'd be



'I'm afraid not. I'll just...'

'Is that Jack?'

Radzer blinked, then realized that the man must be referring to the box he carried in his left hand.

'Oh. Yes.'

'Let's walk him out to the atrium, shall we? We can disperse his ashes in the garden there.'

Over Mr Bump's shoulder, one of the orange cats on a high shelf flattened its ears.

'I'm supposed to...,' Radzer paused to take a breath before explaining Jack Ranald's eccentric

instructions. 'I'm supposed to give him – his ashes – to somebody who quotes a certain poem to me. And I think it would be illegal to ... pour out the ashes in a residence.'

Behind him Campion laughed. 'It's not a poem.'

'Jimi isn't literary, is all,' said Mr Bump to her reprovingly. He crouched to pick up a kitten that seemed to be an exact miniature copy of all the other cats.

'I'm a rare-books dealer,' thought Radzer, but he just turned to her and said, 'What is it?'

'I quoted a bit of it just now,' said Mr Bump,

holding the kitten now and stroking it. "'Tis just like a summer birdcage in a garden; the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair and are in a consumption for fear they shall never get out...'

Radzer nodded – that was it. The will had specified the phrase *Consumption for fear they shall never get out*, and he had assumed it was a line of anapaestic quatrameter, like Byron's *The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold*.

'What's it from?' he asked, setting the box on a table and lifting out of it the black ceramic urn.

'A play,' said Campion, taking his free arm

again, apparently in anticipation of walking out to the atrium. 'Webster's *The White Devil*.'

'It's a filthy play,' put in Mr Bump.

The cats were bounding down from their

perches and scurrying out the far doors into the atrium, their tails waving like a field of orange ferns

in a wind.

The three people followed the cats out into the small, tiled courtyard that lay below second-floor balconies on all four sides. The atrium was crowded with almost tropical-looking plants, and leafy branches and vines hid some corners of the balconies

'They get mail here. Somebody will tell you how

to address it,' She had opened her door and was stepping out onto the dirt, so he sighed and twisted the ignition key back and pulled it out. Now he could hear a violin playing behind one of the upstairs balconies – some intricate phrase from

Scheherazade, rendered with hesitant inexpertise.

'These were Jack's friends,' Campion said.

'Bring the urn.'

Radzer was already sweating in the harsh

sunlight, but he walked to the trunk and bent down

to open it. He lifted out the heavy cardboard box and slammed the trunk shut.

'Jack is who we have in common,' said

Campion, smiling and taking his free arm.

She led Radzer across the yard and up the steps to the porch, and the French doors stood open

onto a high-ceilinged lobby.

The air was cooler inside, and Radzer could

hear an air-conditioner rattling away somewhere

behind the painted screens and tapestries and potted plants that hid the walls. Narrow beams of sunlight

slanted in and gleamed on the polished wooden floor.

Then Radzer noticed the cats. First two, then

several more between vases on high shelves, and after a moment he decided that there must be at

least a dozen cats in the room, lazily staring at the

newcomers from heavy-lidded topaz eyes.

The cats were all identical – long-haired

orange and white creatures with long fluffy tails.

'Campion!'

A tanned young man in a polo shirt and

khaki shorts had walked into the lobby through the

French doors on the far side, and Radzer glimpsed

an atrium behind him – huge shiny green leaves

and orchid blossoms motionless in the still air.

'You *bitch*,' the man said cheerfully, 'did you

lose your phone? Couldn't at least *honk* while you

were driving up?' 'Tis just like a summer birdcage in

a garden...'

'Mr Bump,' said Campion, 'I've brought Jimmy

Radzer for the, the *wake*.'

'No,' said Radzer hastily, 'I can't stay...'

'Can I call you Jimmy?' interrupted Mr Bump.

He held out his hand. 'Mentally I'm spelling it J-I-M-I-

like Hendrix.'

Radzer shook the man's brown hand, then after

several seconds flexed his own hand to separate

them.

'No time to go a-waking, eh?' said Mr Bump

with a smile.

'But it's about transmigrating of souls, isn't it? Maybe you could ... bequeath it to yourself.' She pushed her chair back and stood up, brushing out her white linen skirt. 'Have you tried to find the apartment building he owned in Silverlake?' Radzer began hastily to zip up his briefcase, and he was about to ask her how she knew about the manuscript when he remembered that she was still holding the peculiar Letter Testamentary.

'Uh ...?' he said, reaching for it. 'I'll keep for a while,' she said gaily, tucking it into her purse. 'I bet you couldn't find the place.'

'That's true,' He lowered his hand and finished zipping the case; the letter signed by the clerks was the legally important one. 'I need to get it assessed for the inventory of the estate. The address on the tax records seems to be wrong; finally he asked, 'You ... know a lot about Kabbalah?'

'I can take you there. The address is wrong, as you say. Do you like cats? Jack told me about your book, your *codex*.'

Radzer got to his feet and drank off half of the remaining beer in his glass. It wasn't very cold by this time. Jack had always wanted to hear about Radzer's business; Radzer must have acquired the manuscript at the time they had last met for dinner, and told Jack about it.

'Sure,' he said distractedly. She raised one pencilled eyebrow, and he added, 'I like cats fine.' She started toward the steps down to the Wilshire Boulevard sidewalk, then turned back and frowned at his briefcase. 'You've followed all the directions he left in his will?'

Radzer guessed what she was thinking of. 'The urn is in the trunk of my car,' he said. 'You can drive, then. Your car is smaller, better for the tight turns.'

Radzer followed her down out of the hotel's shadow onto the glaring Wilshire sidewalk, wondering how she knew what sort of car he drove, and when he had agreed to go right now to look at the apartment building.

She directed him east to the Hollywood freeway and then up into the hills above the Silver Lake Reservoir. The roads were narrow and twisting and overhung with carob and jacaranda trees. Eventually, after Radzer had lost all sense of direction, Campion said, 'Turn left there.'

'That's a driveway,' Radzer objected, braking to a halt. 'It's the street,' she said. 'Well, lane. Alley. Anyway, it's where the apartment building is. Did you like him?'

Radzer turned the wheel sharply and then slowly steered up onto the narrow strip of pavement, which curled away out of sight to the right behind a hedge of white-blooming oleander only a few yards ahead. Dry palm-fronts scattered across the cracked asphalt crunched under the tires. The needle of the temperature gauge was still comfortably on the left side of the dial, but he kept an eye on it.

'I liked him well enough,' he said, squinting through the alternating sun-glare and palm-trunk shadows on the windshield. He exhaled. 'Actually I didn't, no. I liked him in college, but after his father died, he - he just wasn't the same guy any more.'

'It was a shock,' she said, nodding. 'A trauma. He had heartworms.'

Radzer just shook his head. 'Huh.'

The steep little road did seem to be something more than a driveway. Radzer kept the Saturn to about five miles an hour, and they slowly rumbled past several old Spanish-style houses with white stucco walls and red roof-tiles and tiny garages with green-painted doors, the whole landscape as apparently empty as a street in a de Chirico painting. Campion had lit another cigarette, and Radzer cranked down the driver's-side window, and even though it was hot he was grateful for the sage and honeysuckle breeze.

'It's on the right,' she said, tapping the windshield with a fingernail. 'The arch there leads into the parking court.'

Radzer drove in through the chipped white arch, and he was surprised to see five or six cars parked in the unpaved yard and a big Honda Gold Wing motorcycle leaning on its stand up by the porch, in the shade of a vast lantern bush that crawled up the side of the two-storey old building. 'Tenants?' he said, rocking the Saturn into a gap beside a battered old Volkswagen. 'I hope ... what's-his-name, the guy who inherited the place, wants to keep it running.' A haze of dust raised by their passage across the yard swirled over the car.

'Mister Bump. He will, he lives here,' She pointed at the motorcycle. 'Jack's bike - it's as if his RV had pups.'

Radzer hadn't turned off the engine. 'I could do this through the mail, if I could get a valid address.'





Campion was staring at him now over the coal of her cigarette; he couldn't see her eyes behind the dark lenses, but her pale, narrow face swung carefully down and left and right. 'I can already see him in you. You have the Letters Testamentary?'
 'Uh, The shift in conversational gear left him momentarily blank. 'Oh, yes – and I'll want a receipt from you. Would you like to see them?'
 'Not the one from the court clerk. The one Jack arranged.'

Radzer bent down to get his black vinyl briefcase, and he pushed his chair back from the table to unzip it on his lap. Inside were all the records of terminating the water and electric utilities at Jack's Echo Park house and paying off Jack's credit cards, and in a manila envelope along with the death certificate – 'suicide', somehow – the letters he had been given by the probate court.

One of them was the apparently standard sort, signed by the Clerk and the Deputy Clerk, but the other had been prepared by Jack himself.

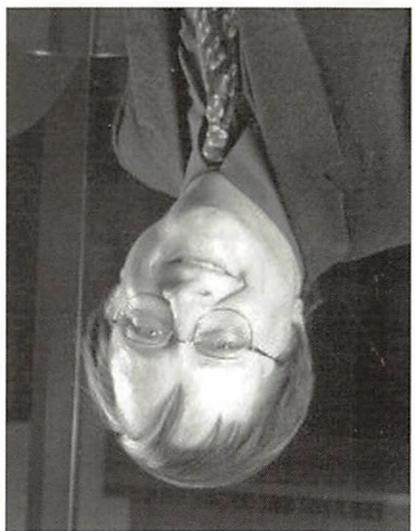
Radzer tugged that one out and leaned forward to hand it across the table to her, and while she bent her head over it he mentally recalled its phrases: ... *having been appointed and qualified as enactor of the will of John Carpenter Ranald, departed, who expired on or about 28 February 2009, Arthur Lewis Radzer is hereby authorized to function as enactor and to consummate possession with regard to the estate's property as authorized by law.* It had been signed in advance by Jack, and Radzer had been required to sign it too.

'Kabbalah,' she said, without looking up, and for a moment Radzer thought he had somehow put one of his own business invoices into the briefcase by mistake and handed it to her. She looked up and smiled at him. 'Are you afraid to get drunk with me? One beer won't release any inhibitions; you can safely finish it. What /s the most valuable book you have in stock?'

Radzer was glad she had changed the subject in mid-stream. Jack must have told her what he 'I guess that would be a manuscript codex of a thing called the *Galleri Razayya*, written in about 1550. It, uh, differs from the copy at Oxford.' He smiled and shrugged diffidently. 'I've got it priced high; it'll probably just go to my...,' he hesitated as he realised that he was touching an awkward topic, ...my heirs;

She had ordered steak tartare and Hennessey XO brandy, which would, he reflected, look extravagant when he submitted his expenses to the court. And God knew what parking would cost here.

He took another frugal sip of his beer and said, trying not to sound sour, 'I could have mailed you a cheque.'



They were at one of the glass-topped tables on the outdoor veranda at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, just a couple of feet above the sidewalk beyond the railing, looking out from under the table's umbrella down the sunlit lanes of Rodeo Drive. The diesel-scented air was hot even in the shade.

'But you were his old friend,' she said. 'He always told me that you're entertaining.' She smiled at him expectantly.

She had been a widow for about ten years, Radzer recalled – and she must have married young. In her sunglasses and broad Panama hat she only seemed to be about twenty now.

'He was easily entertained, Mrs Halloway. I'm pretty ... lacklustre, really.' A young man on the other side of the railing overheard him and glanced his way in amusement as he strode past on the sidewalk.

'Call me Campion. But a dealer in rare books must have some fascinating stories.'

Her full name was Elizabeth St Campion Halloway. She signed her paintings 'Campion'; Radzer had looked her up online before driving out here to deliver the thousand dollars, and had decided that all her artwork was morbid and clumsy.

'He found you attractive,' she went on, tapping the ash off her cigarette into the scraped remains of her steak tartare. He noticed that the filter was smeared with her red lipstick. 'Did he ever tell you?'
 'Really. No.' For all Radzer knew, Jack Ranald might have been gay. The two of them had only got together about once a year since college, and then only when Radzer had already begged off on two or three email invitations.

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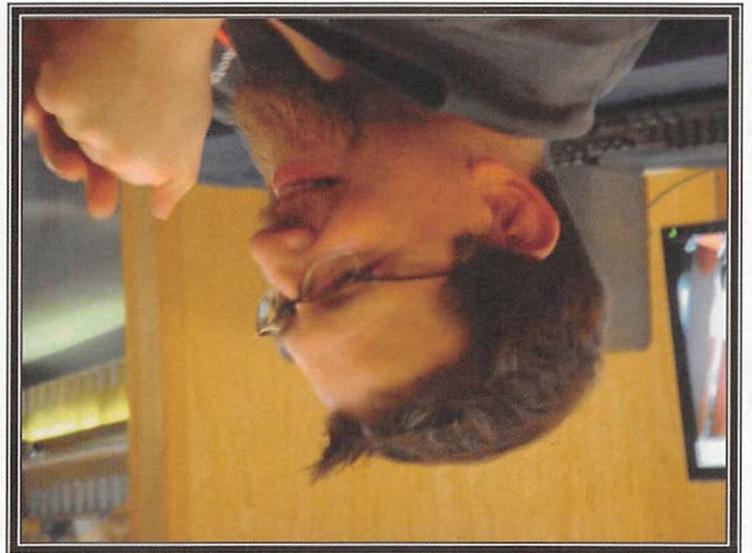
read this, join Odyssey, and come along to other conventions, and even, dare we say, overall, we are now both looking forward and hope as many of you as possible, who We thank many, many people elsewhere, and we also make a few apologies, but this souvenir book and that it is a suitable memento of LX.

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was a success, and we are very grateful for all the kind words. It was hard work. We gather many people really had a good time, and that generally the convention Eastercons and their ilk.

other conventions, gatherings and getting out and spreading the good word about Well, it's all over now, and already both Peter and I are looking forward to Welcome to our Souvenir Book



SOUVENIR BOOK



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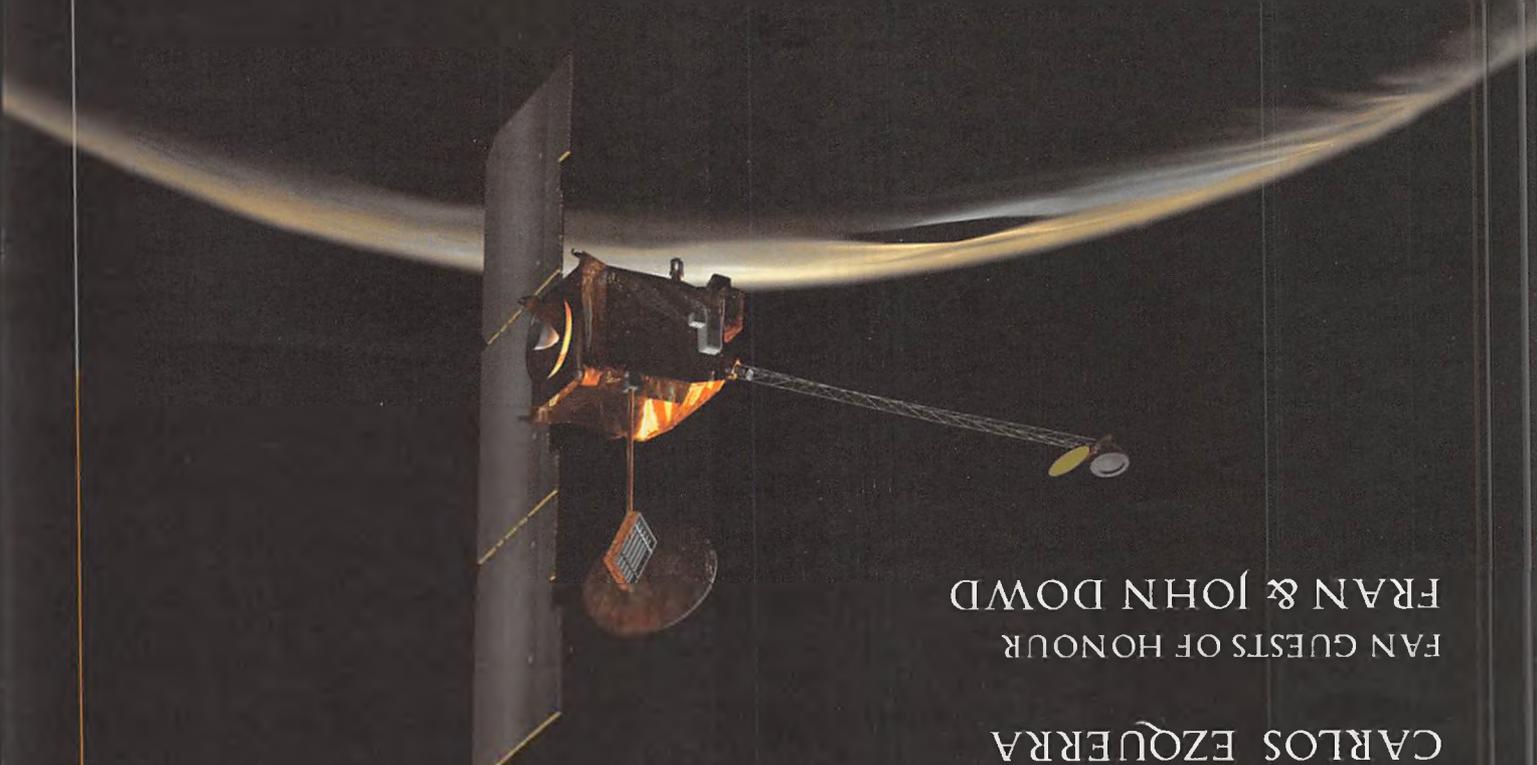
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SOUVENIR BOOK CONTENTS

Chairs Welcome 3

A Journey Of Only Two Faces – by Tim Powers 5

Entanglement – By Jon Courtenay Grimwood 11

Fan Funds For Beginners – by Sue Ann Barber 17

84 Eastercons: That's Not Too Many – By Bill & Mary Burns 19

Winning The Dragons' Lair – by Gillian James 23

Our Love of Philosque – by Musty 27

Steampunk For Novices – by Peter Harrow 29

The BSFA Awards (A Night To Remember) – By Kim Newman & Paul McAuley 31

Exhalation (BSFA Winning Short Story) – by Ted Chiang 37

The Night Sessions (Prologue of BSFA Winning Novel) – by Ken MacLeod 45

LX Thanks You – By James Bacon & Peter Harrow 50

Rumours and Presentations – by Steve Cooper 51

From Whicon to LX – By Peter Weston & Mark Plummer 53

Eastercon Finance Reports – by John Dowd 64

Media Programme (Lessons Learnt) – by Mark Slater 65

Orchestrating The Music Of LX – by Vincent Docherty 71

Comic Recommendations – by James Bacon, Michael Abbot & Tony Ken 77

Eastercon Long List – by Steve Cooper 79

Doc Weir Award Winners – by Steve Cooper 80

Membership List – by Steve Lawson 81

Membership Statistics – by Steve Cooper 85

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ADVERTISERS INDEX

Odyssey 2

AussieCon 4

Reno 2011 10

Porcupine Books 16

Tor/MacMillan 22

Golden Sprout 30

Travelling Man 40

Fantasy Centre 56

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