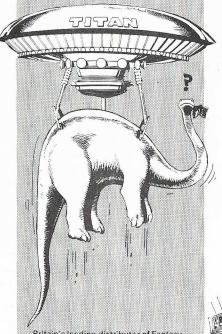


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BECCON '87 PROGRAMME BOOK

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Thanks

Many, many people have worked hard to make BECCON happen, so many that it is impossible to list them all. However some deserve special mention for services above and beyond ...

Gillian and Wanda Armstrong-Bridges, Ros Calverley, Mike Christie, Wendy Cruttenden, Barbara Edwards, Los Alamos Fandom, Mike Moir, Anne Page, Rog Peyton, Mic Rogers, Marcus Rowland, Chris Walton, The Wayfarers, Silvia Starshine,

and Keith Roberts, for being more than just a guest.

And everyone else for everything. You know who you are.

WELCOME TO BECCON '87 by Roger Perkins



Another Easter, another Eastercon, another Chairman's introduction - the bit of the Programme where the Chairman welcomes you to the con, and makes a few jokes about spending all your time in the bar and not reading the Programme book until you get home.

Unfortunately for this hallowed tradition, BECCON does not have a chairman, and so you will have to manage without the fine words you have come to expect.

Instead, as the last person out of the door when the editors called for volunteers, I have been given the honour (?) of writing this introduction to the BECCON Programme Book.

The Programme Book is the "tangible" part of a con, the bit you can take home and enjoy at your leisure, as opposed to the programmed or spontaneous events and discussions which go to make up the weekend. This dichotomy presents an interesting paradox for a committee: we write the Programme Book before the Con, in the light of how we plan things to happen, and you read it afterwards remembering the actual events. How, then, to write a Welcome to the Convention?

To do so, I shall address myself not to the Convention, but to the one factor which is constant to all cons - you, the fen. After all, you are the reason for the whole event, not the panels or the disco. We wish you to have the kind of good weekend that we have all had at so many cons over the years, and both this Book and the Convention Programme are but means to that end.

So if you are a hardened fan, you have probably scanned the programme, picked out the items that interest you, and headed for the bar to meet your friends. If you actually get round to reading this at the Con, we hope that you are enjoying what we have to offer and finding the programme both entertaining and interesting; but what are you doing sitting around reading when you could be in the bar buying us drinks?

On the other hand, if you are new to Conventions, welcome. With the wide range of events we have to offer, we are sure you will find plenty to keep you occupied, from films to games, via serious discussions and talks. If you do not know anybody, and would like a change from sitting and watching, why not go to the Operations Room and volunteer to help out? Moving chairs and equipment around may not sound much fun, but it is an excellent way to get to meet people. We hope we will meet you again at future events.

We offer you BECCON '87, with thanks to all of you.



An Appreciation Of The Recent Fiction Of Keith Roberts by Mike Moir

In the last two years there have been five new Keith Roberts' books, which compared to only ten titles in the previous twenty years is a very welcome change. The first ten books were more than enough to establish Keith as one of that tiny group of first class British SF writers. His most famous book, Pavane, even managed to escape the ghetto and gain considerable acclaim in mainstream fiction. But I would not want to let the establishment choose his finest early titles. I find The Chalk Giants even better than Pavane, and Molly Zero will always be a personal favourite. Also there is a host of excellent shorter fiction, and a first rate historical novel The Boat of Fate.

In the BSFA Bibliography Paul Kincaid covered in detail Keith's first ten books. With only limited space available, I have decided to concentrate on the subsequent five.

Keith Roberts is a very distinctive writer; his stories are rich and very compact. His landscapes are always dramatic; ruined castles and prehistoric chalk figures form his favourite stages. His characters are always finely drawn, complex and often fraught with extremes of emotional conflict.

In some ways it is surprising that Keith is still labelled a science fiction writer. He has no real interest in aliens and space or even very much in future

technology. He is most at home in Wessex, the Midlands or London, and with a kind of late Victorian technology of Wind, Water and Steam. His only science fictional elements are a totally unfettered imagination and the occasional dislocation in time. SF is perhaps the only genre big enough to at least partially hold him.

Even categorising Keith's books is difficult. Classifications like 'collection' and 'novel' either have to be redefined or merge into each other. No one would disagree that A Heron Caught in Weeds is poetry or even that Gráinne is a novel. But categorising Kiteworld and Kaeti & Company requires pedantic definitions that serve no real purpose.

Structurally Kiteworld is typical of Keith's novels as it is made up of a string of short stories and novellas. They normally share some characters and are roughly linear in time. This has been called a mosaic style, but it is not the best of names. In simple terms Keith is ofter at his best at novella length. In adapting to the most acceptable publishing form, the book, he carefully weaves a number of these together. The result is a package that occupies the same space as a novel, but in fact gives you more.

Kiteworld was a long time coming: the first story appeared in Interzone 1, and two years and two more Interzone stories passed before the complete novel appeared. It is almost unique in Keith's writing as it is not set in England or any other known land. Kiteworld is the Realm, a seemingly familiar section of uncontaminated land, surrounded by the 'Badlands', which are radioactive wastelands. The manned kites are an idiosyncratic defence system that is designed to protect the realm on all frontiers, both land and sea. The so called Demons are a knd of race horror memory of ICBMs. This does not mean there aren't demons in the book, for they appear in the minds of the characters. In addition to these demons there are the 'Official' Demons, a few remaining harmless and pathetic badlanders.

Kiteworld is mostly concerned with those who earn their living by the kites, directly or not; the fliers, commanders, auditors, sailors and chandlers. It is also about a state controlled by two Churches. The Churches rule by enforcing the dogma that the kites not only protect the State, but also that they are its single most important element. Ironically, the State is eventually broken not by direct rebellion, but as a side effect of the infighting between the variant religions. Here we have an intelligent extrapolation of inter-denominational religious struggles.

The most powerful segment in *Kiteworld* is probably *Kitecaptain*, which concentrates on the ambiguous relationship between the captain and his autistic sister, Tan. Keith is often at his best when writing about people whose perceptions of reality are somehow impaired. Tan is probably his most extreme example of this: both she and the terms by which she copes with her environment are disturbing, but told with compassion.

Kiteworld is in fact only part of a story. It breaks, at end of the book, with a climactic and deliberate Deus Ex Machina, but it is far from over. Tremarest has already appeared in Amazing, and is the next segment. Here

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Keith has completely left any familiar land. We are introduced to a 'southsea' paradise, where some of the characters have escaped the disturbances. The result is successful and a startling change, but alas the whole Kiteworld saga is still tantalisingly unfinished.

The Kiteworld stories are perhaps the most traditionally SF of all Keith's latest work. In contrast the Kaeti cycle is probably unclassifiable.

Kaeti & Company again consists of a number of shortish pieces that together form a structure not unlike a novel. Beyond that, "Kaeti" can only really be described by comparison. The book is akin to a cycle of plays acted out by a repertory company. The players are taken from Keith's own private cast. The star is the indomitable Kaeti, but there are stunning supporting roles by Kerria and the beautiful but mad Amaryllis. Also there are some of his trusty troupers: Bill Fredericks, from a number of stories, and the facially scarred Pete, from The Furies. The touring company analogy does not stop there as the scenes are often Keith's favourite backcloths: London, the Thames Valley and the great Chalk Giant of Cerne Abbas.

One of the most powerful Kaeti tales is *The Clocktower Girl*. Here again we have a central character with impaired perception of reality. In this case Amaryllis is probably suffering from schizophrenia, the true kind, not a Hollywood style split personality. The result is chilling, especially as the 'infectiousness' of the illness leaves you uncertain that she ever existed. Perhaps the Kaeti character was the only one with problems in perceiving reality. It is interesting to note that in fact Amaryllis was conceived before Tan.

In some ways Kaeti & Company is the culmination of Keith's writing. Each tale can be considered as a kind of parable that can be read on a number of levels. Having gone beyond genre and form definitions, he has borrowed theatrical concepts to find the best way of communicating. Categories like SF or Fantasy are forgotten as are even Novel or Short Story; the Kaeti cycle defines its own form.

Because of its unusual form, Kaeti & Company is disarming. The reader has repeatedly to reassess what the book is about and where it is going. Kaeti dies for the first time in the early pages of the book. Just when you're certain that she is a ghost, you are shown she is not. Soon the reader learns that no traditional explanation will suffice. Wilful suspension of disbelief must be exercised in a totally new direction.

The Lordly Ones is a collection of Keith's new short pieces from the late Seventies and early Eighties. Connections are always dangerous when talking about his tales, they can be linked in so many ways. The title story and The Comfort Station are probably the major pieces in the collection; they are alternate tellings of a single theme. Both consider the plight of retarded lavatory attendants in post-apocalyptic situations. Here again we have central characters with major disabilities in dealing with reality. Initially, both fail to understand the changes caused by the holocaust, and continue scrupulously to carry out their jobs. Both stories end on a cold and ruthless note. However

they differ greatly in the extent to which the characters manage to come to terms with their new environment. Few other authors could deal seriously with such a potentially comic subject.

I have deliberately drawn together characters that show Keith's apparent interest in mental disorders. They highlight a theme that flows at the back of a number of his finest works. However this interest is only one of many. A collection like *The Lordly Ones* is perhaps the best way to see his full versatility. He may rarely stray from England, Ireland or sometimes France, but he easily changes from almost slapstick humour to the most severe of tales. He continues to stretch the definitions of SF or Fantasy way beyond their traditional genre limits.

Superficially these first three titles seem nicely to tidy up Keith's writing. Kiteworld with its more traditional SF theme in one direction; Kaeti & Company with its unusual structure and fantasy parables in another; and finally The Lordly Ones filling in many gaps as a kind of statement of versatility. Gráinne, however, proves me wrong.

Gráinne charts the career of one Alistair Bevan from Grammar School, through Art College, to an eventually successful career in advertising. However the main theme of the novel is his intermittent relationship with the woman Gráinne (pronounced Grania by the way). Gráinne has decided that she is fated to re-enact the legend of her namesake, an early-Irish demi-goddess. As early as her student days she selects Bevan as a kind of champion. Her destiny takes her on to become a media queen and then a kind of high priestess or even female Messiah. The climax is shattering.

The novel, and it is a true novel in the traditional sense, stands alone in Keith's fiction. Many elements are familiar to us; he draws on a carefully observed childhood in a drab post-war Midlands town and the lunacy of a small town advertising company. However the themes are much less usual: Celtic mysticism, Hinduism, and Buddhism are all touched on in the complex weaving of the tale. As the novel crosses from the commonplace to the uncommon so too does it seem to switch from mainstream into fantasy. A kind of false sense of security in the familiar is generated, making the transfer into fantasy more dramatic.

Anita, Molly, Kaeti, and the multi-girl Mata, all have the same youth and a special kind of innocence. The character of Gráinne is very different. She is more adult and purposive. Becoming a media queen is easy; so too perhaps a goddess.

This article would not be complete without mentioning A Heron Caught In Weeds. It is a collection of poetry and hence has to be considered separately. I must sheepishly admit that for me poetry is only split between what I like and do not like. Alas the former is a very small category. I cannot claim any expertise in assessing it; but perhaps because I enjoy Keith's prose so much, I also find I like his poetry. The poems range widely from the humorous to the very moving and from traditional forms to less familiar ones. I recommend them highly.

KEITH ROBERTS Bibliography Since January 1984 by Mike Moir

A. New Short Fiction

Sphairistike: Kitecadet:

February 1984, F&SF

Kitemistress:

1984, Interzone 6; 1985, Amazing

Richenda: Kaeti's Apocalypse: 1985, Interzone 11 September 1985, F&SF 1986, Kerosina Booklet

The Inn at the World's End: Tremarest:

1986, The Lordly Ones November/December 1986, Amazing (forthcoming) 1987, Orion, Other Edens,

Editors Holdstock and Evans

B. New Books

Piper's Wait:

Kiteworld:

1985, Gollancz; 1986, Penguin; 1986, Arbour

Kaeti & Company: The Lordly Ones: Gráinne:

1986, Kerosina 1986, Gollancz 1987, Kerosina 1987, Kerosina

A Heron Caught in Weeds:

C. Non-Fiction

Mosaic of Words:

1986, Vector 132 (Special Roberts Issue) 1986, Vector 132

Kaeti & Kerosina:

Kitepeople: Corfe Revisited:

1986, Abbey Habit 1 1987, BECCON Programme Book

Also Interviews in Vector 132 and Locus September 86

D. New Appearances of Earlier Fiction

Kitemaster:

The Lady Margaret:

Weihnachtsabend:

Pavane: Molly Zero: The Furies:

1984, Amazing; 1985, Interzone Anthology 1986, Alternate Histories, Editors Waugh and Greenberg 1986, Hitler Victorious, Editors Benford and Greenberg

1984, Gollancz; 1985, Penguin 1985, Penguin

- 9 -

E. Out of Print Titles

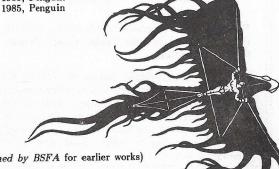
Anita

The Boat of Fate The Chalk Giants

The Grain Kings The Inner Wheel

Ladies From Hell Machines and Men

(See Kincaid Bibliography published by BSFA for earlier works)



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INTERZONE 18, Winter 1986/87, contains:

Gregory Benford: "As Big as the Ritz"

S.M.S.: "Screaming of the Beetle"

Ramsey Campbell: "Boiled Alive"

Peter Lamborn Wilson: "Fountain of Time"

Greg Egan: "Mind Vampires"

Simon Ounsley: "Paths of Dying"
Ian Watson: "When Jesus Comes Down the Chimney"

plus book reviews, film reviews, and an interview with M. John Harrison

INTERZONE 19, Spring 1987, contains:

Neil Ferguson: "The Second Third of C" Kim Newman: "The Next-But-One-Man"

Richard Kadrey: "Goodbye Houston St., Goodbye"

Christina Lake: "Assyria"

Paul J. McAuley: "A Dragon for Seyour Chan"

an interview with Gwyneth Jones

plus film reviews by Nick Lowe, book reviews by Lee Montgomerie and more

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CHRIS ATKINSON by Phil Palmer

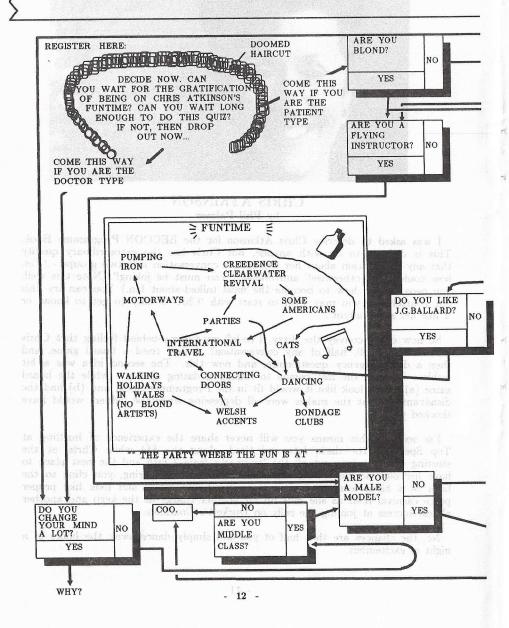
I was asked to describe Chris Atkinson for the BECCON Programme Book. This is difficult to do with anyone, but Chris has the extraordinary quality that any observation about her will split a conversation into two groups - 'Yes, how could it be otherwise!' and 'What? You must be joking!' (Note this well, you neos, this is how to become the most talked-about fan.) You can try this out yourselves - you may wish to start with 'Chris is easy to get to know' or 'I like her new haircut'.

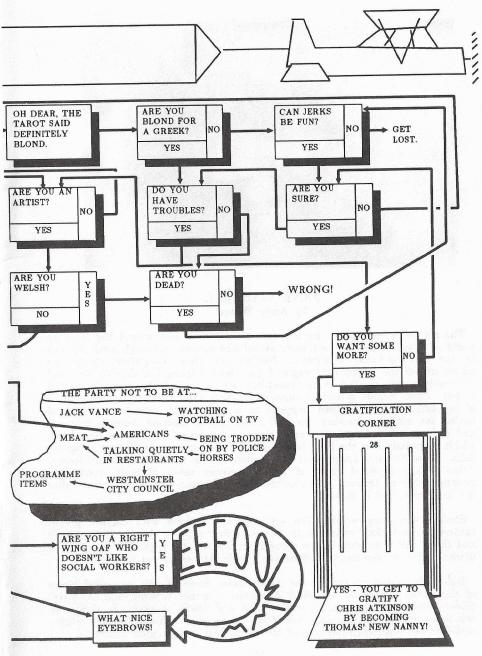
So how can I convey the dizzy, I've-left-my-tummy-behind feeling that Chris induces into, well, half of any conversation? I first tried a board game, and then a dating agency questionaire, and now this. The second idea was a bit feeble - Chris is the last person to require a dating agency - while the board game (a) didn't look like it would fit in the Programme Book, and (b) had the disadvantage that the snakes were all depressing while the ladders would have shocked you.

I'm sorry if this means you will never share the experience of hustling at Top Speed in the dark, late and tired, along the M4 while Chris, at the steering wheel, points out all the landmarks from Crash and the best place to have her own accident. Or, white-knuckled and whimpering, you cling to the back of a hired lorry and attempt to Symbolise Peace and look like proper peace carnival float as she revs up for another charge at the kerb and another almost-success at joining the rally on Duckett's Common.

No, the chances are that half of you will simply dance away the hours of a night of excitement.

GOING SOLO with CHRIS ATKINSON







JANE GASKELL by Anne Wilson

The author is best known for her epic novels set in and around the fabulous world of Atlan. They are not mere sword and sorcery, although both flourish in the lost-and-found continent. Neither are they altogether about the adventures of the endearingly vague Cija, whose helpless inability to stay out of trouble is only rivalled by her complete lack of aptitude for any role offered to her. These include prostitute, empress, scullery maid and earthly incarnation of her little cousin who just happens to be a god. In between intervals of having sex with her brother, her half-breed dragon husband, sundry brigands and an ape called Ung-g, the only thing she manages to keep is her diary, which is continued in the final book by her little blue quarter-dragon daughter Selia. Some Summer Lands ends in the ruins of the now-lost-again-and-forever Atlan with a mystical vision of the harmonious union of body, spirit and emotion achieved through reincarnation. Gaskell wrote this several years after the first three, and it shows.

She's a very sexy writer. The act itself she explores with candid, joyous fascination, and close attention to detail. Using a prose that is both simple and fluent she is mistress of the throwaway line and the orgasmic sunset. The diarist's self-consciousness underlines the purple patches for our delectation.

But don't restrict yourself to the Atlan books. Read (if only as period pieces of the sixties) All Neat In Black Stockings, Summer Coming and A Sweet Sweet Summer. They reveal a wit as lucid and deadly as glass. In their own words her heroes and heroines mercilessly reveal their selfishness, their vanity and with the complete innocence of amorality their own peculiar charm.

1987 BSFA AWARDS (Please remember to vote!)

Voting forms are with the programme book in the registration package. Please remember that voting closes 6pm sharp on Saturday. The awards will be presented at the awards ceremony on Sunday night.

The nominations for this year's awards are as follows:

Novel

Schismatrix
The Ragged Astronauts
Queen of the States
Count Zero
Blood Music

by Bruce Sterling by Bob Shaw by Josephine Saxton by William Gibson by Greg Bear Penguin Gollancz Women's Press Gollancz Gollancz

Short Story

Jingling Geordie's Hole And He Not Busy Being Born Kaeti and the Hangman The Winter Market by Ian Watson by Brian Stableford by Keith Roberts by William Gibson

Interzone 17 Interzone 16 Kaeti & Company Interzone 15/Burning Chrome

Media.

Reanimator
Overdrawn at the Memory Bank
Mr Pye
Dr Who: Trial of a Timelord
Aliens

Film

Television Film Television Series Television Series Film

Artwork

Screaming of the Beetle The Clocktower Girl by SMS by Keith Roberts Interzone 18 Frontispiece, Kaeti & Company Cover Vector 132

Cover Cover by Pete Lyon by Jim Burns by John Avon Interzone 15
Interzone 16
Interzone 17

ARTHUR C. CLARKE AWARD FOR BEST NOVEL IN 1987

The winner of the award will be presented with a cheque for £1000 at the Awards

Ceremony on Sunday night. This new award has been decided by six judges, who were

nominated by the BSFA, the SF Foundation, and The Science Policy Council.

The short list for this award is as follows:

The Handmaid's Tale
Eon
Stars in My Pocket
Like Grains of Sand
Escape Plans
The Memory of Whiteness
Queen of the States
The Ragged Astronauts
Green Eyes

by Margaret Atwood by Greg Bear

Jonathan Cape Gollancz Grafton

Allen & Unwin

Women's Press

Gollancz

Futura/Macdonald

Chatto & Windus

by Samuel Delany by Gwyneth Jones by Kim Stanley Robinson by Josephine Saxton by Bob Shaw by Lucius Shepard

THE WAYFARERS

Formed in 1942, the Wayfarers are now one of the longest established amateur drama societies in Southampton, and feature prominently in the city's entertainment circles. The Wayfarers have presented at least two productions at the Nuffield Theatre every year since its opening in the early 1960's, frequently being the first to stage amateur productions of newly released plays. Recent examples have been Whose Life Is It Anyway?, Outside Edge, Cider with Rosie, Elephant Man and the play now in rehearsal for spring presentation: Amadeus. Two more coming shortly are Pack Of Lies and Animal Farm. We also perform regularly at the city's new Arts Centre, The Gantry, and other activities include touring shows, training sessions for junior and less experienced members and backstage technicians, play readings and theatre workshops for schools. A separate schedule of fund raising events is designed to swell our recently started Building Fund which we hope will enable us to aquire our own headquarters and expand our activities still further.

We were very pleased to be invited by BECCON '87 to unite today our joint interests of Science Fiction and visual drama and hope you will discover as much enjoyment in our presentation as we have from its production.

THE INNER WHEEL

The Inner Wheel by Keith Roberts deals with the emergence of a telepathic gestalt among ordinary ("five-sensed") humanity. The novel consists of three linked novellas, which tell first how two individuals - Jimmy Stringer and Elizabeth (Libby) Maynard - find their places in the gestalt, and then deals with the explosive first encounter between Homo Gestalt and Homo Sapiens. The whole is a powerful and moving treatment of a familiar Science Fiction theme.

The Wayfarers production of *The Inner Wheel* was adapted by Dick Mead and Edwina Walters from the first of the three novellas. Dick Mead, who plays the lead role of Jimmy Stringer, first read this thought provoking work in the 1970's. His involvement with amateur drama over the years strengthened his conviction that the story's intriguing content could, despite its

emphasis on thoughts and feelings rather than expressive dialogue, transfer successfully to a visual medium, and Dick was delighted to have opportunity to demonstrate directing his adaptation for the Wayfarers' production. Today's Festival Edinburgh presentation varies a little from the Edinburgh version, having a different and expanded cast led by Dick himself, and, by virtue of an entirely different showcase, we have been able to extend the settings and effects, hopefully enhancing the transference from printed page to the stage.



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Few single entities could affect the course of such a vast conflict, but one desperate, fugitive Mind just might, even if it was deep within a fabled labyrinth on a barren world, and even if that world was a Planet of the Dead, and it was protected by something very much like a God...

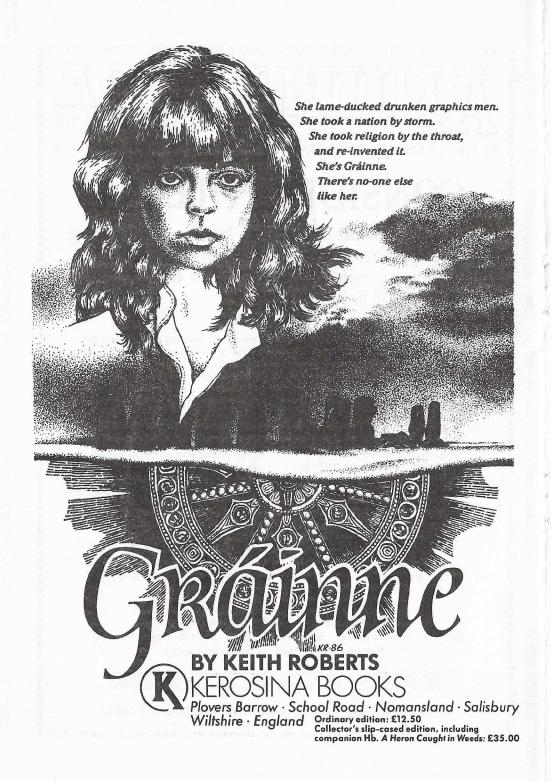
The task of the Changer mercenary called Horza was to get to the Mind before anybody else did, as quickly as possible, with or without help, and no matter who or what got in his way; the enemy, or his own side.

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THE HISTORY OF BECCONS by Mike Westhead

Back in the depths of pre-history, in 1971, I discovered an evening course in SF at the Stanford Institute in London, being run by well-known film buff Philip Strick. Roger Perkins and I decided to investigate this strange idea, and found that far from being dry and academic, as we feared it might, the evening was argumentative, and fun. We were so overcome by the discovery that there were other people who read SF that we subsequently needed to repair to a local hostelry for refreshment; this seemed to be such a good idea that we have been arguing, having fun, and taking refreshment every Friday evening since.

A number of other illustrious names have lead the Friday night discussions: Peter Nicholls (of *The Encylopaedia of SF* fame), 'best-dressed' critic and author John Clute, and author Chris Priest. Currently Lisa Tuttle shares the task with Colin Greenland. The class has also survived a change of venue to the impressive sounding City Literary Institute, (hence *The City Illiterates*, masochists regularly to be found on quiz teams at cons).

Generally, three years appears to be the most any being can survive chairing the class. It is obviously a more tiring and hazardous occupation than attending, since most of the BECCON Committee, who have come together as a result of meeting at the class, return year after year after ... Or maybe authors have to make a living at something other than teaching!

At Novacon '79, after many years of regular Friday meetings and attending an increasing number of conventions, some of us were quietly drinking in a corner. As often before, the conversation turned to running cons, but this time Graham England took out his notebook, wrote down ideas, and refused to let us go to bed until we had arranged to discuss matters further. The end result was BECCON '81, with Barrington J. Bayley as our Guest of Honour. (In the meantime, Graham had escaped to Germany, and now therefore is the official BECCON scapegoat).

BECCON '81 was sufficient fun (even for the Committee) for people to persuade us to repeat the idea. (In fact some idiot, who shall be nameless, thrust a membership into our hands at the end of the Con, so how could we refuse!). However, we decided that one year is too little time to organise a Con and have a social life, and thus the two-year cycle was conceived. At BECCON '83 our Guest of Honour was Ken Bulmer, and at BECCON '85 it was Richard Cowper.

These Cons were organised to be small 'local' affairs at a friendly hotel in Basildon. They all were held at the end of July, and our favourite review of the Cons was that they were 'like a large Summer Party with entertainment'. However, on our established two-yearly cycle, we found ourselves with a clash in '87 - the Worldcon in Brighton! Oh well, said someone, why not do the Eastercon in '87?

Despite the subsequent atrocities inflicted on the original proposer, the seed had been planted, has germinated, and has now come to flower. Organising an Eastercon, as we knew, is a far different proposition to organising a single-stream event: four times the budget, four times the programme, more than four times the work! We have done our best to organise a good Con. Whether the flower is a rose, or whether it is a dandelion, we are about to see.

We hope you all enjoy yourselves.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS by Brian Ameringen

Long, long ago, when the Earth was still shrouded in the mists of time, when it was without form and void, and darkness yet hovered over the face of the deep, then, oh best beloved, then was the time of the first Christmas:

It came to pass in those days that a very few days before that festival the mundane know as Christmas, I returned home from my daily toil to discover a large cardboard package standing puddled in the hall outside 'my' flat. Dragged inside and unpacked, it revealed a thawing eighteen-pound turkey, which some gracious and kindly soul had sent to aid my celebrations.

The matter was considered most carefully, oh best beloved: storage facilities were limited; it was a bare three days before I was due to celebrate Christmas with my parents, and they would already have purchased an appropriately kosher fowl. Despite my renowned appetite, I felt that to consume a turkey of so vast a size in only two days might well stretch my capacity.

I pondered this quandary for a while, and then telephoned Mike and Kathy Westhead at The Heights - could they use a free turkey this Christmas? Being well organised people they had everything arranged in that line; however, should I need somewhere to store it, the fridge worked only on its coldest setting, which was somewhat equivalent to an Arctic blizzard. And so it was that the turkey became the seventh (or so) inhabitant of The Heights, until a weekend could be discovered to consume it in appropriate style.

Eons passed. Even in the dear, dim, distant days of 1980 'free' weekends were very far from common, and thus it was not until March was nearly ended that an appropriate day was appointed... as our very own Christmas!

And so we gathered, from the four corners of the Earth we came; and lo, when we were seated we were thirteen. And we looked upon this number and deemed that it was good. So the festival was begun with joyous revelry, party hats, crackers, turkey and all of the trimmings.

Time passed, and we were replete: of the turkey naught but bones remained, all of the baked potatoes had been split and buttered, the pudding, grand in its halo of flames, had sputtered and died, and the mushrooms were but a faded memory of past glories. So we sat, and we drank those few dear drops remaining in the decanters, and we talked long and hard of the joy and the splendour that had now passed by. Thus it was decided that Christmas was far too great a celebration to leave to the hazards of family, and that this tradition must not be allowed to die.

And the dice were rolled and the date and venue selected. Additions were made: anonymous presents selected by lot; a beautifully iced cake; and the naming of the day following as Boxing Day. But again there were thirteen at diner, and again the splendour and glory lived.

Time has passed, the traditions have changed, but Christmas lives on. Join us!

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DISPARATE FUN: PROGRAMME NOTES FOR BECCON '87

These notes are intended to provide information about some programme items. Please see the actual programme because not all items worthy of mention are noted here. Also, this programme, though accurate at the time of going to the printer, may change on the day, so please watch the notice boards.

FRIDAY

- 1pm King's Hall THREE, TWO, ONE, BUST! THE QUIZ ROUND 1 Four intrepid individuals attempt to answer questions and estimate the odds of answering more. There are rounds on Friday and Saturday, with the best two from each round going forward to the final on Sunday.
 - 2pm Queen's Hall STAMPS IN WONDERLAND Ken Lake will talk about and display Gerald M. King's designs for the stamps of Wonderland, fantastic designs based firmly on wonderful (!) aspects of the real world...
 - 2pm Cinema MAX HEADROOM Max Headroom is not the man his creators intended him to be. Find out what happened first by watching the pilot for the TV series; then talk to George Stone about what happened next.
 - 2pm Repro Room WORKSHOP: INTRODUCTION TO THE REPRO ROOM Come and find out how to use the equipment, from a stencil duplicator to the latest thing in desktop publishing. And once you know how, why not use it to produce a fanzine or a newsletter during the convention?
 - 2.30pm York Room WORKSHOP: BIBLIOBASES, or COMPUTERISE YOUR COLLECTION A practical session on using computers to catalogue collections. We had books in mind, but you could do it to anything you liked.
 - 3pm Arden Room WORKSHOP: TECHNICAL TECHNIQUES Learn how to handle the machinery and equipment that you need to run a convention. Sound systems and overhead and slide projectors will be covered, and anything else practicable. And once you are competent we're sure that you could get some experience by gophering at BECCON...
 - WHY WE DO WHAT WE DO:

PD

- 3pm Queen's Hall GETTING INTO COSTUME
- 4pm King's Hall FANZINES: THE WRITE STUFF
 - 7pm King's Hall ROLE PLAYING GAMES: OUT OF THE DUNGEON?

A series of panel discussions each covering a different aspect of our 'Active Fandom' theme. The panels are intended to be introductions to the various aspects of SF and related Fandoms. Later in the convention these will be followed up by more detailed discussions and workshops in the Fan/Workshop programme.

- 7pm Queen's Hall ROOM PARTY: A SERIOUSLY SILLY GAME This game addresses the questions that really vex fans: How do I get into the bar? How do I get out of the bar? Who am I? How many balloons are there in this game anyway? It guarantees to provide only misleading answers as it tests the physical and mental skills of the teams, led by Chris Atkinson and Rog Peyton, as well as the stamina of the audience! It lasts for two hours, with intermission.
- 8pm King's Hall TRANSLATING SF Krsto Mazuranic is a Yugoslavian SF fan who attends many British conventions, and translates English Language SF into Serbo-Croat. A not-quite-serious talk about some of the problems involved.

- 9pm Queen's Hall DEBATE: TOO MUCH MONEY IS BEING SPENT ON SPACE RESEARCH This is a formal debate, chaired by Mic Rogers. Proposer of the motion is David Brown, opposer Gerry Webb. Come and give your views.
- 11pm Queen's Hall KEITH ROBERTS' DESERT ISLAND BOOKS Keith Roberts reads from some of the books he would take to a desert island.
 - Midnight Cinema THE WAR OF THE WORLDS This is Orson Welles' 1939 radio broadcast version that frightened people into believing that the Martians really had landed.

SATURDAY

- 11am Arden Room WORKSHOP: PROGRAMMING AND ORGANISING A CONVENTION Can you programme a convention to please some of the people some of the time? Practical considerations involved in running a convention programme.
- Noon Queen's Hall JANE GASKELL: FANTASY, WHAT IS IT? This will be the first time that Jane has been seen at an SF convention. Author of the ever-popular Atlan series of high-fantasy novels, (and several others now, alas, out of print). Make the most of your chance to talk to her.
- 1pm King's Hall TOMORROW'S WORLD An S.F. (that's Science Fact) look at the twentieth century. How have scientists viewed the future and what do they now see? Can we learn anything from SFiction? Jonathan Cowie presents his penultimate offering in his series on man in the multiverse.
- 1pm Fan Room FAN GUEST OF HONOUR: CHRIS ATKINSON Chris Atkinson is interviewed by Peter Nicholls about her life and times.
 - 1pm Queen's Hall BOOK AUCTION This note is just to remind you that high-quality material will be displayed in the Book Room on Saturday morning so that you can inspect it before you bid. All such material will be auctioned in this session.
- 2pm King's Hall ARTISTS IN SPACE Dave Hardy, one of the foremost artists working in SF related fields, will give a slide-illustrated talk about space art since 1874.
- 2pm York Room WORKSHOP: THINGS THAT HAPPEN IN RECTANGLES George Stone brings you up to date on the latest happenings in video technology, and some of them are mindblowing!
- 2.30pm Arden Room WORKSHOP: COSTUMING FOR THE BECCON FANCY DRESS If you are already experienced then come and teach, or if not come and learn, something about costuming techniques. Or come and make a costume for the Fancy Dress Parade. Or just come and have fun.
- 3pm King's Hall THE EASTERCON CHARTER To be, or not to be, that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in an Eastercon to be chartered... Tim Illingworth will reopen the subject debated at Albacon III for further discussion. All those with an interest in the future of Easter SF conventions draw near and ye shall be heard.
- 9 4pm Queen's Hall GUEST OF HONOUR SPEECH Keith Roberts. What more do we need to say?
- 5pm King's Hall CHILDREN'S HOUR: THE GREAT EASTER EGG RACE With the materials provided, and no prior preparation, the teams of unorthodox engineers must propel an Egg over a set course in a short time. Come and join a team, or just watch.

- 6pm King's Hall BOOK REVIEW PANEL Colin Greenland, John Clute and Barbara Conway discuss Galapagos by Kurt Vonnegut, Saraband of Lost Time by Richard Grant, and Heart of the Comet by Gregory Benford and David Brin.
- 7pm King's Hall LOOSE CONNECTIONS, or A LULL IN THE PROCEEDINGS Ian Watson, in his own inimitable fashion, explains his next book now so that he won't have to explain it later.
 - 8pm Queen's Hall PHOTO-CALL FOR THE FANCY DRESS PARADE If photography is your thing, come and take advantage of the photo-call. Flash photography will not be allowed during the parade.
 - 8.30pm (approximately) Queen's Hall FANCY DRESS PARADE Prizes will be awarded at the judges' discretion. While the judges make their decisions Gytha North and friends will present a Mummers' Play for the entertainment of the audience.
- 9pm King's Hall FANDOM, PAST AND PRESENT For those who fail to find the fancy dress appealing, Maureen Porter, Iain Banks, Vince Clarke, and others will discuss whatever it was that attracted them to fandom, and keeps them here.
 - 10pm King's Hall COMICS: ALMOST GROWN? After many years of being thought juvenile comics are now considered to have come of age. But have they? And if they have, what has science fiction to do with it?
- 11pm Queen's Hall I'M SORRY I HAVEN'T A CLUE Another go at BECCON's favourite game. There's supposed to be a note about this, but I'm sorry, I haven't a clue. It should dissolve into chaos in time for:

Midnight - Outdoors/Pavilion - FIREWORKS - Los Alamos fandom explodes again!

SUNDAY

- 10am York Room/Cinema Projection Box WORKSHOP: FILM PROJECTION This one covers the use of 16mm and 35mm film projection equipment.
- 11am King's Hall GHOST OF HONOUR SPEECH We are pleased to announce the first ever attendance by Herbert George Wells at a science fiction convention. His reputation as a writer of science fiction is second to none, and we can think of no-one who better deserves to be Ghost of Honour at a British convention.
- 11am Arden Room WORKSHOP: COSTUMING FOR THE WORLDCON This is for anyone who is interested in entering a costume for the Conspiracy Masquerade.

BIDDING SESSIONS:

Noon - King's Hall - 1988 Bidding 5pm - King's Hall - 1989 Bidding

Following the recent decision to decide convention venues two years ahead, BECCON will be hosting bidding sessions for the 1988 and 1989 Easter conventions. Both years are strongly contested. If you want to vote, be there on time. Doors will close when the voting starts.

2pm - Queen's Hall - THE INNER WHEEL - A play from the novella by Keith Roberts, adapted by Dick Mead and Edwina Walters, and presented by The Wayfarers. The Wayfarers are Southampton based, and are one of the country's leading amateur dramatics associations. They presented an earlier version of the play at last year's festival in Edinburgh; it has been specially revised as a new production for BECCON. Doors open at 2pm for the performance at 2.30.

- 6pm Queen's Hall THE BOOK BUSINESS A panel involving representatives from major and minor publishing companies discussing the economics of the publishing industry and the decisions that determine which books you can buy.
- 6pm King's Hall ALIEN ENCOUNTER What would you do if an alien spaceship landed near you? An attempt to analyse the communication problems of 'first contact'. Several scenarios (designed by Dave Langford and Ian Watson among others) will involve teams of innocent humans in encounters with 'aliens'. This will be followed by a serious discussion; John Brunner, Ian Watson and Ian Sorensen will be among the participants.

10.30pm (approximately) - Queen's Hall - AWARDS CEREMONY - This year the winner of the first Arthur C. Clarke award will be announced, and will receive a cheque for £1000. This prestigious award is to be presented at the awards ceremony, in addition to the annual British Science Fiction Association awards, the Ken MacIntyre Award, and the Doc Weir Award.

MONDAY

- 11am Queen's Hall WARGAMING: PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE A talk by Hugh Mascetti on the history of wargaming, with a consideration of current and future techniques. (It was, of course, H.G. Wells who originated wargaming, with his book Small Wars).
- 11am Arden Room WORKSHOP: HOTEL LIAISON A discussion on dealing with hotel and university managers in order to get the facilities you need for your convention. Time will be taken out to attend the BECCON Business Meeting.
 - Noon King's Hall THE BECCON BUSINESS MEETING This is where you get your chance to tell us what you thought of it all.
 - 1pm Cinema JOHN HALAS John Halas, of filmmakers Halas and Bachelor, will be talking about computer aided animation techniques. This item lasts about two-and-a-half hours, and includes showings of the short film *Dilemma* as an example of the technique, and of *Animal Farm*, a full length animated feature film based on the satirical novel by George Orwell.
- 2pm Queen's Hall A QUESTION OF SKIFFY A game, based on the format of the TV game A Question of Sport.
 - 3pm Queen's Hall WHY I'LL NEVER RUN A WORLDCON AGAIN Members of Worldcon committees past, present and future, discuss the joys and sorrows of conrunning on a large scale.

THE GAMES ROOM

The Games Room (the Lancaster Room in the Royal Suite) is being run by Marcus Rowland. He writes:

"Over the last few years there seems to have been declining interest in role playing games throughout SF fandom. We hope to show older players what's happening in the field, attract newcomers, and above all, entertain you. Items taking place over the weekend include competitions and panels. We also intend to run several demonstration games. Come to the Games Room for more details."

THE FAN ROOM

The BECCON fan room is intended to be a centre of information about fandom, and a relaxed place to sit and talk. There are displays around the wall, some of them for information and some for amusement. There is a table of publications, free and for sale. Anyone who has any information they wish to display or distribute is very welcome, particularly if it involves an area of fannish activity.

There are parties in the fan room every night of the convention. On Friday and Saturday you will be entertained by the two conventions bidding to hold the 1988 Eastercon, and on Sunday by the Holland in 1990 bid for the Worldon. Signing sessions will be held in the fan room: keep a watch on the convention notice boards to discover who is signing when.

Many conventions run a programme stream in the fan room, a stream usually composed of quizzes and games, and panels about various aspects of fandom. You will find some such events happening in the fan room at BECCON, but only when that is the proper place for them. Look on the Queen's and King's streams for quizzes such as Dave Ellis's Connections, games like Room Party, and panels such as Fanzines: The Write Stuff. Look at the Fan/Workshop programme for the other events that reflect our theme of active fandom. Remember that programme items are not less fannish because they aren't in the fan room, and enjoy the rest of BECCON too.

THE BOOK ROOM AND ART SHOW

The Book Room will be open from 10am to 6pm each day from Friday to Monday (subject to the arrival and departure of the dealers), except during the Guest of Honour Speech from 4pm to 5pm on Saturday and The Inner Wheel from 2pm to 3.30pm on Sunday, when it will be closed. No food or drink will be permitted in the Book Room (except for the dealers).

High-quality material for the Book Auction will be on display in the Book Room on Saturday morning. All material so displayed will be auctioned in the Queen's Hall between 1pm and 3pm on Saturday afternoon.

The Art Show will be open from 10am to 6pm on Friday and Saturday, but on Sunday it will close at 2pm for the Art Auction in the King's Hall at 4pm. If sufficient artwork is left on display, it will be reopened on Monday. No cameras, food or drink will be permitted in the Art Show.

THE CRÉCHE

The créche is in Rooms 3024/3025 on the third floor of the Metropole. It will be open Friday to Monday from 10am to 1pm and 2pm to 5pm each day. It will be supervised by Gill and Wanda Armstrong-Bridges and Margaret White. Additional help - even if you have no children there - is always welcome, or just come and play for a while.

The following events will take place in the créche during the weekend:

Saturday morning - Face Painting - Why should Joe Nicholas be the only fan to be painted blue? Come and have your face painted in glorious technicolour.

Saturday afternoon - Easter Egg Painting - Painting the Easter Eggs to be transported in the Great Easter Egg Race.

Sunday morning - Easter Egg Hunt

Sunday afternoon - Costume Making - for the Children's Fancy Dress Parade, which will take place in the Queen's Hall at 4pm.

FILM NOTES

ASTERIX AND CLEOPATRA - 73 minutes Goscinny's and Uderzo's indomitable Gauls brought to life in this animation based on the cartoon strip of the same name. Suitable for children of all ages.

THE ATOMIC CAFÉ - 89 minutes Ever wondered what the fuss was about regarding nuclear weapons? This film tells it all - strictly from the government's point of view. This film explains why we need and should love the bomb. Required viewing for all those living between wars - WWII and WWIII that is.

COCOON - 117 minutes - 1985 One of the few recent SF films that actually has something to say and proverbially says it well. An exploration of old age but not without humour and sensitivity.

DUNE - 136 minutes - 1984 Well, you know the story even if you haven't read the book. Watchers not into SF find it impenetrable, and others either think the film doesn't do Herbert's work justice, or accept it on its own terms. Why not judge for yoursleves?

FIRST SPACESHIP ON VENUS - 94 minutes - 1960 No BECCON is complete without a turkey of truly vivid awfulness, and we hope this is this year's. Metallic insects, a vitrified forest reminiscent of Skaro, strange constructions and a hostile force make for an hour and a half of crud.

GAS-S-S-S or, IT BECAME NECESSARY TO DESTROY THE WORLD IN ORDER TO SAVE IT! - 77 minutes - 1970 Directed by Roger Corman, this depicts a future holocaust when everyone on Earth over 25 dies. The traditional roles and values in society, not too surprisingly, are somewhat eroded.

HARLEQUIN - 93 minutes One of Australia's best SF contributions to film, starring Robert Powell and directed by Simon Wincer (a name too watch out for). A magician befriends a politician's terminally ill son, and soon dad begins to wonder if the magic tricks are real. The special effects are simple but effective. The film is perhaps slightly marred by a somewhat predicitable 30 second tag, but don't let that put you off.

HOUR OF THE WOLF - 90 minutes A black-and-white film, directed by Ingmar Bergman. The hour of the wolf is the darkest hour, when sleep is deepest and nightmares walk.

LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE Based on Hell House by Richard Matheson, Hell House is reputed to be the most haunted on earth. However a scientist is convinced that he knows how to drain it of its awful power.

MASTER OF THE WORLD - 102 minutes - 1933 This black-and-white film is a science fiction comedy involving a cab-driver who acquires the means of becoming invisible and uses it to make his fortune. At the end he discovers it's all a dream, but never mind.

THE MOUSE THAT ROARED - 83 minutes - 1959 Starring Peter Sellers, and featuring William Hartnell. When the Duchy of Grand Fenwick went to war with the United States of America no-one would have noticed had the Fenwickians not acquired the bomb...

NOSFERATU - 96 minutes - 1981 Werner Herzog directed this remake of the original vampire story. We showed this at BECCON '83, and people asked us to show it again, so it must be good.

RUNAWAY - 100 minutes - 1984 Tom Selleck as a cop trying to figure out why he's plagued by automated (robotic) runaways. Plenty of action here, even if the insect-like 'bots get on top of you at times.

THE SILENT FLUTE - 95 minutes This excellent martial arts fantasy features the ever-so-athletic David Carradine and suffers from a predictable and banal plot. Despite this the film has been highly acclaimed by buffs; because there are few good martial arts films this ranks among the best.

THE THING - 109 minutes - 1982 A remake of the 1951 film, this is more closely based on John W. Campbell's story Who Goes There?. Directed by John Carpenter, Kurt Russell leads our arctic heroes.

TIME AFTER TIME - 112 minutes - 1979 H.G Wells in the States in the Eighties! It's extremely good fun to see how the Victorian SF author comes to terms with the shape of things to come as he pursues Jack the Ripper and falls in love with a totally liberated all-American young lady. Herbert Wells would surely approve, and this one is for him, BECCON's Ghost of Honour.

TWO DAUGHTERS and MANAHARA were originally one film, a fantasy directed by Satyajit Ray, called *Three Daughters*. Keith Roberts asked us to show these for him, and as Ray is one of India's foremost film directors we were very pleased to comply.

WAR GAMES - 113 minutes - 1983 A teenaged hacker showing off to his girlfriend accesses America's nuclear defence computer (Whopper for short) and convinces it that a Soviet attack is imminent. What on Earth does he do now?

ZU: WARRIORS FROM THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN A splendid Chinese film, with special effects that have caused it to be called the Star Wars of fantasy. A unique opportunity to see this at a convention. Do not miss!

FRIDAY

FAN/WORKSHOP			2:00 Intro to Repro Repro 2:30 Bibliobases York	3:00 Technical Techniques Arden room	5:00 Signing Session: Jane Gaskell, Iain Banks	Fan room				9:00 Round Robin story telling Fan room		Norwescon Bidding Party Fan room	
CINEMA	First, Spaceship on Venus 94 minutes		Max Headroom		Harlequin 93 minutes		Gas-s-s 77 minutes		Nosferatu 96 minutes		Runaway 100 minutes		War of the Worlds Radio recording
, KINGS		3-2-1-BUST! Quiz Round 1 Roger Robinson			Fanzines: The Write Stuff Maureen Porter & panel	Children's SF Quiz Joan Paterson & Tibs		RPGs: Out of the Dungeon? Ashley Watkins & panel	Translating SF Krsto Mazuranic		60's DISCO DJ Mike Christie	Live Band The Adventures of Parsley	(until 2am)
QUEENS			Stamps In Wonderland Ken Lake	Getting Into Costume Kate Solomon & panel	Book & Magazine Cover Art Martin Hoare	Space - The Next 25 Years Gerry Webb	OPENING CEREMONY	"Room Party"	P. Wareham & G. Funnell Teams lead by Chris Atkinson & Rog Peyton	DEBATE "Too much money is being	spent on space research Chaired by Mic Rogers	Keith Roberts' Desert Island Books	
TIME	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	2:00	00:9	7:00	8:00	00:6	10:00	11:00	12:00

SATURDAY

FAN/WORKSHOP	10:30 Face Painting Créche	11:00 Conrunning Operations Arden room	Fan room:	1:00 Fan GoH: Chris Atkinson Interviewed by Peter Nicholls	2:00 Writing for Fanzines M. Porter & panel Fan room	2:00 Video Technology York 2:30 Costuming Arden	3:00 Painting Easter Eggs Créche	5:00 TAFF Auction Greg Pickersgill	ran room		8:00 Buzzer Game Steve Lawson Fan room			11:00 Follycon Bidding Party Fan room	FIREWORKS
CINEMA	The Mouse That Roared 83 minutes		War Games 113 minutes		The Silent Flute 95 minutes		Shorts (see Cinema notice board)	Time After Time		Cocoon 117 minutes		The Atomic Café 89 minutes		Legend of Hell House	os Alamos Fandom -
KINGS	The Space Programmes That Never Were Dave Lermit	Would You Buy A Used Planet From This Man?	Connections - Quiz Dave Ellis	Tomorrow's World Jonathan Cowie	Artists in Space Dave Hardy	Eastercon Charter Tim Illingworth		Children's Hour The Great Easter Egg Race	Mike & Alison Scott	Loose Connections Ian Watson		Fandom - Past & Present Vince Clarke & panel	Comics: Almost Grown? Tony Chester & panel		FIREWORKS - Outside Pavilion - Los Alamos Fandom -
QUEENS		University Challenge T. Illingworth & P. Wareham	Fantasy, What Is It? Jane Gaskell	B. Ameringen & R. Robinson	(including auction of pre-displayed material)	Just-A-Minute Hugh Mascetti	Guest of Honour Speech Keith Roberts	3-2-1-BUST! Quiz Round 2 Roger Robinson	Book Review Panel J. Clute, C. Greenland & B. Conway		8:00 Fancy Dress Photo-call 8:30 The Fancy Dress Parade	MC Anne Page	During Judging: Mummers' Play Gytha North & friends	I'm Sorry I Haven't a Clue R. Perkins & K. Westhead	FIREWORKS
TIME	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	00:9	7:00	8:00	00:6	10:00	11:00	12:00

SUNDAY

FAN/WORKSHOP	10:00 Film Projection York 10:30 Easter Egg Hunt Créche	11:00 Costuming Arden		1:00 BSFA AGM York 1:00 Signing Session:	2:00 Children's Costuming	3:30 Producing Fanzines Repro 4:00 Gaming Competition Lanc.	4:00 On Getting Money From Students' Unions D.Lermit	Fan room						Holland in 1990 Party
CINEMA	Master of the World 102 minutes		Asterix and Cleopatra 73 minutes		Shorts	(see Cinema notice board)	Zu: Warriors from the Magic Mountain	100 minutes	Two Daughters	Manahara		The Thing 109 minutes		Hour of the Wolf 90 minutes
KINGS		Ghost of Honour Speech Herbert George Wells	1988 Bidding Session Chaired by Vince Docherty	3-2-1-BUST! Quiz Final Roger Robinson			Art Auction Rog Peyton	1989 Bidding Session Chaired by Vince Docherty	Alien Encounter Mike Christie & panels		The Alan Dorey Quiz Alan Dorey	Artificial Intelligence Mike Gray		
QUEENS	The Early, Early Show Ian Sorensen	D The Future of SF Awards John Clute & panel			2:00 Doors open for 2:30 The Inner Wheel	Presented by The Wayfarers	Children's Hour Children's Fancy Dress Parade		The Book Business Jim Goddard & panel		8:00 Doors open for 8:30 Christmas Dinner	10:00 After Dinner Speech:	Terry Pratchett 10:30(approx.) Awards Ceremony	Filk Singing
TIME	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	00:9	7:00	8:00	00:6	10:00	11:00

FAN/WORKSHOP		11:00 Conrunning - Hotel Liaison Arden room	11:30 Fanzine Panel Maureen Porter & panel Fan room					
CINEMA	Dune 136 minutes		Shorts	Computer Animation Techniques John Halas	Dilemma	Animal Farm	Allegro Non Troppo	1
KINGS	10:30 The Early, Early Show Ian Sorensen	(including Future Conventions)	The BECCON Business Meeting	Book Auction B. Ameringen & R. Robinson				1
QUEENS		Wargaming: Past, Present & Future Hugh Mascetti			A Question of Skiffy Tim Illingworth	Why I'll Never Run A Worldcon Again Peter Weston & panel	CLOSING CEREMONY	oce general services of the se
TIME	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	f

OVERNIGHT FILM PROGRAMME

with approx times

FRIDAY

1:00 Time After Time
3:00 The Mouse That Roared
4:30 The Thing
6:30 Atomic Café

SATURDAY

2:30 Allegro Non Troppo 2:00 Dune 4:30 Asterix and Cleopatra 6:00 Runaway

SUNDAY

 1:00 War Games
 2:30 Cocoon
 4:00 The Master of the World
 6:00 Gas-s-s-s

MONDAY EVENING

6:00 Harlequin 8:00 Nosferatu 10:00 Legend of Hell House 12:00 Requests

The film programme is correct at the time of going to press. It is subject to change on the day, as we may acquire more prestigious features. Please watch the Cinema notice board for updates.

Short films and cartoons will be shown between features. Details of viewing times and content will be posted on the Cinema notice board.

FOOD AND DRINK AT BECCON IN THE METROPOLE

BREAKFAST

Members resident in the Metropole and Warwick Hotels will be served full English breakfast in the Metropole Hotel. Non-resident members will be able to purchase English breakfast for £7 or Continental breakfast for £3.50 in the Garden Room (which will be open until 10.30 each morning for this purpose).

Breakfast will be served to resident members:

On Friday and Tuesday: 7 - 10.30am in the Garden Room Saturday, Sunday and Monday: 7 - 8.00am in the Garden Room 8 - 10.30am in the King's Bar

LUNCH

12 noon - 2.30pm in the Garden Room (Carvery: £5.50 - £10.00)
12 noon - 2.30pm in the King's Hall (Convention: £1.50 - £ 3.00)

DINNER

6.30 - 10.30pm in the Garden Room (Carvery: £7.00 - £20.00) 5.30 - 8.00pm in the King's Hall (Convention: £1.50 - £ 3.00)

Lunch and dinner may also be available in the Cotswold Arms (£3 to £5).

SNACKS

Cheap snacks will be served in the King's and Library Bars while they are open. Rolls, sandwiches, pork pies and sausage rolls will be available.

On Saturday night only, hot soup and filled baked potatoes will be available while the firework display takes place.

CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Christmas Dinner will be served at 8.30pm on Sunday night in the Queen's Hall. A limited number of tickets are available at £8 each, and first preference will be given to people who expressed interest on their hotel booking forms. Children's tickets will be half-price. Tickets may be bought from the Registration Desk until 6pm on Saturday. The meal is three courses, plus coffee, but without drinks. Wine will be available at £6 per bottle or £1 per glass. A vegetarian option is available if requested when buying the ticket.

BARS

There will be four bars available in the hotel.

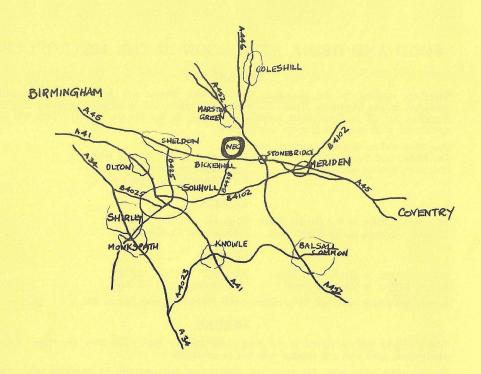
The Convention Bars will be open the following hours, subject to demand:

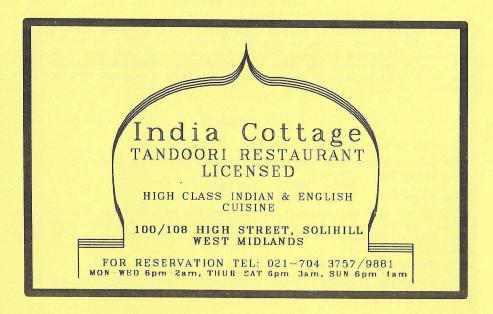
The Library Bar: Thursday 4pm - 2am
Friday - Monday 11am - 3am
The King's Bar: Friday - Monday 11am - 1am

Each bar will close for half-an-hour each afternoon, but not both at the same time. The Library Bar will stay open later than 3am if sufficient people are still drinking. Both bars will serve real ale ("green" in the Library, and filtered in the King's), orange juice by the pint, coffee and snacks.

The Cotswold Arms: Pub, licensed hours only - open to the public.

The Lounge Bar: 24 hours for residents of the Metropole and Warwick Hotels; open to the public in licensed hours. This is more expensive than the other three bars.





EATING OUT AT BECCON compiled by Rog and Arline Peyton

If you are quite satisfied with the facilities at the Metropole you won't need this guide. But you may fancy something more exotic - Indian, Chinese, etc., or simply want a change of scenery. Hopefully this guide will help you decide where to eat. The area containing the NEC is one which is middle-to-upper class and contains little or no fast-food/cheap eating places. If it's MacDonald's or Wimpy's you're after, you'll have to catch a train into Birmingham or Coventry city centre.

The following is a list of all restaurants in a 5-mile radius of the NEC. But there's virtually nothing in walking distance. You'll need a taxi unless you have you own transport. We'd advise phoning these places first - they're all geared up to cater for eating out at weekends and some could well be fully booked. It might also be advisable to check on clothing allowed - some may refuse admittance for 'casual' wear.

The area has many pubs that do bar snacks but they're mainly Monday to Friday only. Bon appetite!

BALSALL COMMON

3371 · TT

White Horse	Ansells' Steak	Kenilworth Road, Balsall Common	25 33207
George in the Tree La Pergola	House Berni Inn Italian	Kenilworth Road, Balsall Common Kenilworth Road, Balsall Common	25 33118 25 33308
BICKENHILL		, — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —	Y15.3335E
Arden Motel The Clock Inn	French Restaurant/ Steak Bar	Coventry Road, Bickenhill Coventry Road, Bickenhill	424 3221 779 3434
COLESHILL	Dear Dai		
Blythe's	French	19, High Street, Coleshill Standard price - £14.50 (+10%) fo	28 62266 r
		three course meal including coffee	
Dragon Vale Restaurant	Chinese	83 High Street, Coleshill	28 62463
Golden Tandoori	Indian	107 High Street, Coleshill	28 64122
Swan Hotel	Steak Bar	High Street, Coleshill	28 64107
KNOWIE			

KNOWLE

Despite the large gap between numbers (2 to 1661) all these are within 200 yards of each other. Narrow houses...

Bengal Tandoori	Indian	2 Station Road, Knowle	560 5554
Ellora Curry Centre	Indian	1661 High Street, Knowle	560 6400
Florentine	Italian	15 Kenilworth Road, Knowle	560 6449
The Gallery	French	1608 High Street, Knowle	560 3030

MARSTON GREEN

Bacco's	Italian	3 Allcott	Lane, Marston Green	779 2773
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MERIDEN

Bull's Head	Berni Inn	Main Road, Meriden 067	6 22541
Little Chef	Fast food	Coventry Road, Meriden 067	6 22712
Strawberry Bank	Grill/French/	Main Road, Meriden 067	6 22117
	Spanish	Large, varied menu but over £10	
		per head for 3 courses, 3-course	

per head for 3 courses, 3-course lunch (Mon-Fri) £3.75. Sunday lunch (traditional) £5.50

MONKSPATH				
Chez Julien	French	1036 Stratford Road, Monkspath	711	7232
				4775
Da-Corrado	Italian	1097 Stratford Road, Monkspath		1977 8950
The Plough	Berni Inn	Stratford Road, Monkspath		2942
OLTON				
India Cottage	Indian	375 Dovehouse Parade,	704	9078
SHELDON		Warwick Road, Olton		3958
Asha Tandoori Restaurant	Indian	2250 Coventry Road, Sheldon	743	6572
Conital Postsument	CL:		743	8200
Capital Restaurant	Chinese	New Shopping Precinct, 2146 Coventry Road, Sheldon		0273 6246
Kentucky Fried Chicken		2266 Coventry Road, Sheldon	ad to	0210
La Caverna	Italian	2327 Coventry Road, Sheldon		7917
Rajmala Restaurant	Indian	New Shopping Precinct,	743	7056
Povel Bernel Berten	SOME DEADED SHOW	2146a Coventry Road, Sheldon		
Royal Bengal Restaurant Wagon and Horses	Indian	2278 Coventry Road, Sheldon		6732
Wheatsheaf Hotel	Berni Inn Steak Bar	Coventry Road, Sheldon		2401
**************************************	Dicar Dai	2225 Coventry Road, Sheldon	143	2021
SHIRLEY				
Milano's Restaurant	Italian	334 Stratford Road, Shirley	744	1111
Plume of Feathers	Toby Carvery	Stratford Road, Shirley		1021
Saracen's Head	Steak Bar	Stratford Road, Shirley		1016
Shirley Temple	Peking	156 Stratford Road, Shirley		1855
SOLIHULL			744	6639
Baltimore Diner	Mexican/	Lode Lane, Solihull	749	0515
38 63463	burgers/pasta	Bode Bare, Somman	144	0313
Barley Mow Hotel	Steak Bar	2 Poplar Road, Solihull		1379
Bobby Brown's	Bistro	det History of the second		5279
Bobby Blown's	Distro	165 High Street, Solihull		9136
		Fixed price menu (lunchtime only) £4.95. Open evenings as well.	- 200	
China House	Cantonese	56 Station Road, Solihull	705	3598
Four Seas	Cantonese	14/16 High Street, Solihull		9384
4828 (B)4		util k mainal isas		9397
Hillfield Hall	Carvery/grill	Hillfield Road, Solihull		9296
Over 606 strains	A peril december			6545
India Cottage	Indian	100 High Street, Solihull	704	3757
Macdonalds	D	00 Tr. 1 G G. III II	704	9881
Pizzaland	Burgers, etc Pizzas	60 High Street, Solihull		
Shades	Wine bar	134 Station Road, Solihull High Street, Solihull		
	White Dai	Lunchtime snacks only - all below		
		£2.50	16.3	
Swiss Alps	Grills/Snacks	High Street, Solihull	704	9987
	world bank win	Salads, grills, Italian dishes, snacks	- Track	The aladi.
		most expensive meal on menu is a	a	
CTONFDDIDGE		10oz T-bone steak at £5.50		
STONEBRIDGE				
Malt Shovel	Toby Grill/	Coventry Road,	424	2326
	Carvery	(Stonebridge Island)		

YOU AND THE HOTEL

ON ARRIVAL AT THE METROPOLE: When you register you will be asked how you wish to pay your bill. If you wish to pay by credit card (the hotel accepts Access, Visa, American Express and Diners Club), an impression will be taken of your card, as is becoming normal hotel practice, and you will settle on departure. If you wish to pay by cash or cheque you will be asked to pay for one night's accommodation as a deposit against your final bill, with the balance payable on departure.

THE METROPOLE AND THE WARWICK: The entire convention is in the Metropole. This includes the convention registration and help desks, all the bars, Book Room, Art Show, the Créche and all programme items (except the fireworks!). Most members of the convention are resident in the Metropole, except for people who booked single rooms, who will be accommodated in the Warwick Hotel. Hotel registration is at the hotel you are staying in, but breakfast is in the Metropole, whether you are staying at the Metropole or the Warwick. All rooms have private bathrooms, showers, colour TV and in-house video, and tea and coffee making facilities.

DURING YOUR STAY: If you have any problems with the hotel, although of course there aren't going to be any, we suggest that you bring them in the first instance to the BECCON Help Desk. This is outside the County Suite (Ops Area) in the Metropole, and is manned 24 hours a day. The hotel staff have been instructed to bring their problems with you (although of course there aren't going to be any) to the Help Desk, to be sorted out with the help of a committee member. In this way we hope to avoid any confusion between the hotel and members of the convention.

ON DEPARTURE: You are responsible for settling your own bill. Checkout time on the morning of your departure is 12 noon. If you wish to stay at the convention past this hour, the hotel porters will take care of your baggage for you. We hope you enjoyed the convention.

OTHER SERVICES AVAILABLE FROM THE METROPOLE

SHOP: There is a shop in the Metropole Hotel, which sells newspapers, sweets and some chemist's supplies.

BABYSITTER: The hotel can supply babysitting services, at £2.50 per hour.

CASH: The hotel will cash one cheque per day to the value of £50 for residents of the hotels only, provided the cheque is supported by a cheque card. Non-residents will be unable to cash cheques with the hotel (but see below for local cash-point machines).

COURTESY BUS: The hotel operates a courtsey bus, which may be available to transport residents from and to the airport or the station. Ask at the Porter's Desk.

CAR PARKING: Free to members of the convention.

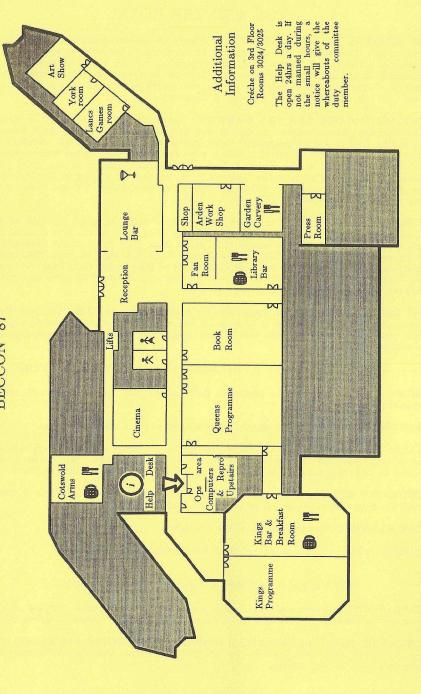
OTHER: Sauna, solarium, ladies and gents hairdressing, squash courts.

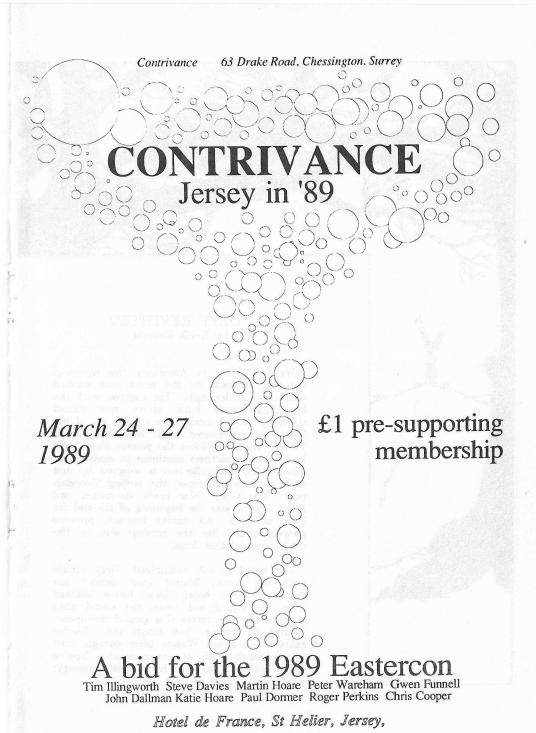
SERVICES AVAILABLE NEAR THE METROPOLE

CASH POINTS: There are cash points available in the National Exhibition Centre complex for the following banks: National Westminster, Midland, Lloyds, and Barclays.

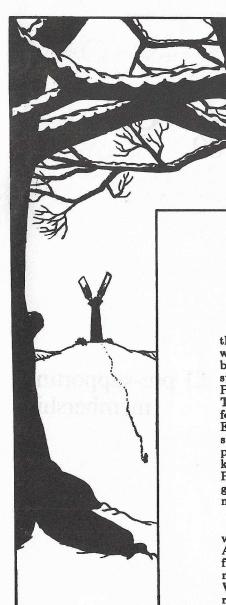
CHEMISTS, MEDICAL SERVICES, CHURCHES, AND OTHER FACILITIES: Ask at the BECCON Help Desk, outside the County Suite (Ops Area) in the Metropole, for information about local services.

THE BIRMINGHAM METROPOLE HOTEL BECCON '87





Channel Islands



CORFE REVISITED by Keith Roberts

Walking down to Amesbury this morning, the huge horizon to the north was washed with vivid golden light. The contrast with the blue-black cloud bank above was almost startling. At the zenith, the restless sky of the Plain was chequered with blue and silver. These were the colours the painter Paul Nash found; their exactness continues to amaze. My Edward Thomas collection is wrapped by just such a vision. Thomas, the unsung Georgian poet. The Great War made his name, and killed him; it was the beginning of the end for Paul as well. All circles interact, produce glowing nodes; like the sundogs seen by the mad priest Brother John.

The mood is not maintained. Grey drizzle veils the Avon, flowing quiet behind the Antrobus Arms hotel. Dead leaves blizzard from the churchyard trees; the sound they make is like the rattle of a greater downpour. Winter is coming; but tough shit. You've rabbited on about Wessex often enough; now you're stuck with it, smartmouth. You've finally jacked it in with Snow White country; you'll have to put up with the results.

Jim and Aidan stopped by at the weekend, en route for Novacon. It can't have been a year since I was in Coventry; leading off about the Cathedral, that vast time capsule of the Fifties. The thought calls for reflection; so the writing must fit the mood.

Back in the summer I was in Corfe Castle with the erstwhile Romsey Group. Erstwhile as they'd become, whether they liked it or not, Kerosina Books. On balance they seemed to like it, the first shock having worn off. The motorcade, all two vehicles of it, had formated in the ancient Abbey town. Velvet, Debby's beloved little car, so named because her petticoats were always mucky; and Jim's trusty Yellow Peril. As ever, nature imitated art; even the doughty Kero had been trapped by the company style, caught like a fly in a species of literary amber.

The West appeared much changed, at least to me. Sallow gauleiters stalked the carparks, jealous of their grids of yellow lines. No time, now, for the sunlight on low walls; they should have painted the Star of David, formally declared motorists the new Jews. The A338 I remembered was a country lane; in its place I saw a dual river, roaring like Kipling's Milky Way. Times change, subtly at first, more rapidly as one grows older; or perhaps the phenomenon is common to all ages. Watching Griffith's Intolerance, I once became confused. The ancient, flickering images didn't belong to my time; those Edwardian chorines, posing as slave girls, probably came nearer the truth than we could. I felt I was watching an actual newsreel of the fall of Babylon. The 'modern' aspects of Pavane, my Dorset and its folk, lay also in the past, produced for me a time capsule of their own.

Corfe village, I knew, had long since died, its cottages flogged off for second homes; the castle alone was unchanged. My thousand year anger of stone, still glowering down, still daunting with its ragged verticals. The group, I thought, regarded it a little dubiously; they homed on the Greyhound Inn, like mariners sighting a long wished-for port.

The Castle, I wrote once, rode not a hill but a flaw in the timestream, a node from which Possibilities might spread out. Well, there it was still doing it. I hold no brief for the Normans, never did; oppression is oppression, whatever form it takes. And Corfe shouts it to the sky. In a way, it made easy to write; the the message of place Chedworth/Censorina was much harder to define. Crearwy took me there; later, I showed her Corfe. That wasn't her real name of course; nobody ever bore a name like that outside the batty, compulsive pages of Robert Graves. But it will serve. To the locals, she was a Scarlet Woman; to me, essentially, a lonely, frightened soul. But then, you can never mock a woman, use her for cheap kicks; not once you've seen her as a human being. Maybe I make too much of things like that; but I was the one who was there. Where were the others, who patronized so glibly? Flies on the fly sheet? Hanging under the ridge pole, like the Mimpan of Tremarest?

The fascination of Corfe remains; but its form has altered. The place catalysed so much. My first sight of it, certainly, changed perceptions; I

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Few single entities could affect the course of such a vast conflict, but one desperate, fugitive Mind just might, even if it was deep within a fabled labyrinth on a barren world, and even if that world was a Planet of the Dead, and it was protected by something very much like a God . . .

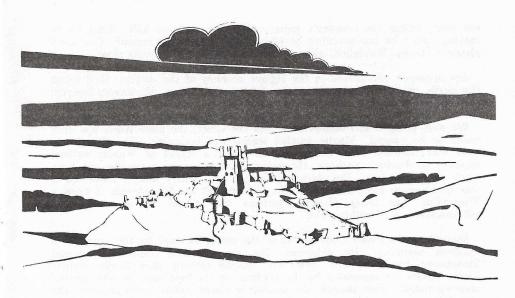
The task of the Changer mercenary called Horza was to get to the Mind before anybody else did, as quickly as possible, with or without help, and no matter who or what got in his way; the enemy, or his own side.

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Corfe Castle Ashley Lidhins = 57

of stone, some of them twenty feet and more across, discovered a fresh power to appal. They hinted at those skewed dimensions that plague the book itself; here perhaps, in this frozen violence, was the real heart of *Pavane*. It was a new thought for me; maybe with all its faults, its lace curtain of logic, the thing wasn't wholly bad. Its fans I knew still claimed a certain magic for it; if so, then here was its source. These rocks and stones; these and no others. I merely channelled the results.

Below the keep, Debby had taken shelter by the last of the fallen slabs. I recalled belatedly her faint dislike of heights; but she merely smiled, put her hair back where it whipped around her face. As ever, she was in control. Would she, I wondered, have yanked the firing lanyard, blown Rye and Deal to Hell? Maybe, if sufficiently provoked; who can ever tell? Crearwy would have, I was almost sure; even if she cried for the results. Because the insult offered was to femaleness, not loyalty or honour.

Here was another new thought; this really was Pavane revisited. Maybe Eleanor truly was the first; the first real woman to tap me on the back, demand to be written down. I'd done my best, with God knew what success. There'd been so many though; Martine the multigirl, Molly, Stella Welles; Anita in her way, the deadly, voiceless Tan. Last of all of course, Kaeti and her black, hellraising friend. It was a strange route to have travelled; like all the rest though, it somehow began here.

Drizzle was gusting on the wind, the Great Heath lost behind a steel-grey void. Inland, I knew the May mist would be drifting as it drifts throughout

the year, veiling the country's great upthrusting spine of hills. Time to be moving; and I for one wouldn't be sorry to quit the castle mound. Too many ghosts; Crearwy, Bonfiglioli, all the rest. And they were hovering close.

Jim appeared, silhouetted in the highest doorway of the donjon. He'd found the single, crumbling flight of steps, as I'd known he must. He waved, breezily; and Mike turned away. 'Typical,' he muttered.

We were going inland ourselves; to find the Giant, the place Kaeti was once taken to be hanged. Maybe another legend was beginning. The thought at least was cheering. The times I'd wished for a school of Wessex writers; focussed on Purbeck perhaps, the ancient, magic centre, spreading out from Corfe as from a hub. Not drowning the place, in paltry fear of imitation; it was worth much more than that. Maybe it wasn't too late though. I knew a WessexCon was being planned; perhaps that would be the start. Of self-awareness, if of nothing else.

Somewhere the Peace Convoy was on the move, harassed by the agents of a mindless normalcy. Its existence, like the twinkling razor wire round Stonehenge, hinted at new directions. Maybe tyranny does finally destroy itself, whether its expression be the briefcase or the battleaxe. It was another cheering notion. First though, the teashop in Cerne Abbas; quite properly, the expedition was marching on its stomach. I wondered if they still sold those naughty ithyphallic ashtrays. I remembered the farmer who'd once sworn to carve the great Marilyn Monroe on one of the facing hills; the fuss it had caused in the press. The figure wouldn't have held; it's soil to the west, not chalk. Pity, in a way. I'd like to have met him, had a drink with him; he'd got the right idea.

A fighter screeches overhead, up from the big air base a mile away. It brings me back abruptly to the present. I watch it dwindle to a dot over the Plain. Maybe it will crash, pass through a Holdstock timeslip. Its fin will jut up then above the wheat, become the shadow of a standing stone; and Nash will be reborn, to note the symbol.

The West, and Corfe, remain. Ladies and gentlemen, the challenge still awaits.

Keith Roberts Amesbury, November 1986.



Ben Stavely-Taylor has pointed out that we actually travelled to Corfe in his motor; so it was a case of the Yellow Peril and the Red. He's quite right of course; but us ageing folk do sometimes tend to forget recent details. And last year was so much to do with cars.

THE KEN MACINTYRE AWARD

Ken MacIntyre was an artist whose work appeared in New Worlds, Nebula and Science Fantasy during the fifties, and who also contributed to fan publications for many years until he died of a heart attack in 1968. In his memory it was decided to inaugurate an award for the best fan art appearing in any year. The Ken MacIntyre award is presented annually to the artist who produces the best work to be published in an amateur publication during the preceding year. The rules are simple:

 A panel of judges selects the winner by studying the original artwork and publication in which it appeared.

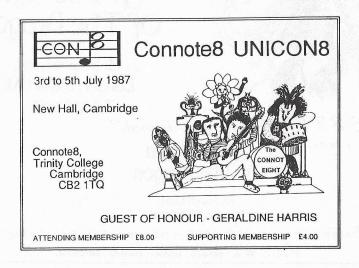
2 - The subject of the work must be, in their opinion, Fantasy or Science Fiction.

3 - The artist must be resident in the UK.

If you want to submit any piece of artwork for consideration you must hand it, along with the published version, to the Art Show desk at the convention by 6pm on the Saturday.

TAFF

TAFF - the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund - was created in 1953 for the purpose of providing funds to bring popular and well-known fans who have helped promote and sustain the relationship between our two fandoms across the Atlantic. Since then, TAFF has regularly brought North American fans to European conventions and sent European fans to North American conventions on an alternating basis, with each TAFF winner becoming the administrator of the fund in their respective countries, thus ensuring its continuation. The winner is chosen during a "race" where fans get to vote for the candidate of their choice from among the duly nominated contenders, while TAFF itself is sustained financially by the voting fees collected during such races and through the generosity of those who donate money and material that can be auctioned. There are TAFF ballot forms available in the Fan room. Please vote, or make a contribution.



S(EF)F: WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT by Jim Barker

SEFF, The Scandinavian/European Fan Fund, is the youngest of the fan funds. Like TAFF and GUFF, its purpose is to facilitate fannish contact between two cultures, in this case those of Scandinavia and Europe (including Britain). Every second year a European fan is sent to a Scandinavian con, and in alternate years, a Scandinavian goes to a European con. SEFF was founded in 1983, and in 1984 the first SEFF winner, David Nessle, attended Seacon '84 in Brighton. In 1985 Jim Barker went to Swecon in Stockholm, and in 1986 Maths Claesson came to Novacon. By rights, in 1987 a European is due to go to Sweden, but by mutual consent it has been decided to stutter the flow so that a Swede may attend Conspiracy.

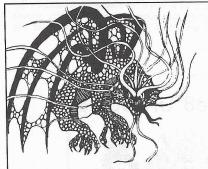
SEFF was founded, not because it's too expensive to travel to and from Scandinavia, but rather because the founders thought that more communication, contact and co-operation between the fandoms of Scandinavia and the rest of Europe would be of benefit to both. Everything you do to improve these inter-fannish contacts is, in spirit, helping SEFF. The way SEFF works is similar to all other Fan Funds: you nominate, a ballot is issued, you vote, the winner is sent to the SEFF targeted convention that year and becomes the new administrator. The fund is financed by voting fees, voluntary contributions, and auctions of fannish material.

But less abstract support is also needed. Make SEFF known, write about the Fan Fund, perhaps in a Fanzine, vote, and make your friends vote! Money is always welcome! Please support SEFF in any way you can.

Current administrators:

Jim Barker: 113 Windsor Road, Falkirk, Stirlingshire, Scotland FK1 5DB

Maths Claesson: c/o Björk, Saltmätarg #14, S-113 59, Stockholm



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GUFF STUFF by Eve Harvey

GUFF is a fan fund. A way for lots of people to put some money together to send one lucky sod on a free holiday and give her/him a free convention. At its basest that's the truth but there must be something more to explain the plethora of funds around today - TAFF (the most venerable), DUFF, FFANZ, SEFF and, of course, good old GUFF (well, as the 1985 winner I might be just a wee bit biassed here). GUFF - Going Under Fan Fund or Get Up-and-over Fan Fund depending on your departure point - is aimed at establishing further contact between further establishing Australia and Europe by sending a delegate from one to the other alternately. I went to Australia for the Worldcon (Aussiecon II), and now know why GUFF is something worthwhile, and worth far more attention than it gets at the moment as the poor relation to TAFF.



I think it's fair to say most of us are in Lord of the Rings limited fandom to meet people; people from different parts of the UK and as many different countries as possible. With distances involved, however, contact can only be maintained by the written word - fanzines being the easiest method to talk to each other on more than a one-to-one basis. Over the past decade Australia has been pretty quiet on the fanzine front as seen from Europe. Only a few have been making it across the gulf, and those mainly of one genre - sercon (serious and constructive). Hence not much contact between the bulk of European and Australian fandom. Having gone this year I can report that Down Under has a very active fandom, full of interesting people I'd never heard of before, and never would have without the trip because they aren't active in areas that communicate with the world at large.

There is quite a lot of transatlantic contact already, so some people say TAFF is defunct (especially with cheaper flights etc). Australia's different, though. There is very limited contact at the moment, and if left to chance it is likely to stay that way. GUFF gives that impetus to change - to gradually expand contact. I hope I succeeded in my ambassadorial duties, in my attempt to meet as many people as possible and give them an insight into British fandom. I hope those people I did meet will establish contact over here on a much broader front and we can all start talking to even more people.

After all, that's what it's all about isn't it?

Later this year, Irwin Hirsh will come over here to attend our worldcon, Conspiracy, and I sincerely hope we can welcome, entertain and impress him as much as the Australians did for me. Irwin is a prolific fanzine editor (by Australian standards), and they actually make it over here. In addition, he's very interested in the film world (a budding upside-down Steven Spielberg yet) and is a generally all-round nice guy. Do try to meet him if you're at Conspiracy, but in any case, help make his trip an enjoyable one by donating money or buying auction material - we can't have him sleeping on the beach...

ROLE PLAYING GAMES IN BRITAIN, 1985-87 by Marcus L. Rowland

Since 1985 things haven't changed much; the ultimate 'state-of-the-art' game has yet to be invented, but there are still a lot of people playing and enjoying games. The British scene is still dominated by Games Workshop (GW), but Virgin are probably the biggest retail chain. This situation looks fairly stable. The most popular game is still Dungeons & Dragons, followed by relative newcomer Call of Cthulhu and other fantasy systems.

There have been several new British games, of which the most popular is probably Judge Dredd (based on the well-known comic hero and authority-figure). It's a reasonably good game with an interesting background, but GW have failed to give it much support. This may change in 1987, since several Dredd products are at various stages of publication. Other British games include GW's Warhammer Fantasy Role Playing (a 366-page book with the weight and texture of a Thomas Covenant trilogy), Standard Games' Dragonroar fantasy system (notable for a tape tutorial, and the presence of killer penguins amongst the monsters), and hordes of solo game books. At the moment (December 1986) Dredd continues to sell well, Dragonroar isn't popular, and Warhammer FRP is so new it's difficult to gauge its success. GW now reprint a wide range of American games, bringing down the prices from exhorbitant to expensive; usually they're sold as books, rather than boxed sets, to avoid VAT problems.

Unfortunately a major product launch doesn't necessarily mean that a game will do well. In 1984-5 the big new British game was Golden Heroes, GW's superhero system. It arrived two years late, after a big publicity campaign, seemed to start well, but ultimately sold very poorly. Games Workshop won't produce more material for the game, and several authors are considering desk-top publication of scenarios on a semi-prefessional basis.

On the magazine front, the biggest surprise was the demise of *Imagine*, TSR UK's organ, after issue 30. TSR announced that their American magazine, *The Dragon*, would cover the UK gaming field; it promptly published a scenario set in London which averaged ten errors a page. *White Dwarf* (GW) should reach issue 87 before BECCON, and looks set to continue; it's primarily a GW house magazine. *Warlock* (GW, for teenage solo game-book fans), folded with the November 1986 issue. *Adventurer*, from Mersey Leisure Publishing, is a relatively new magazine that should go monthly in 1987. It runs material for several popular game systems, with an emphasis on *Call of Cthulhu* and other American game systems. Another new magazine is *Fantasy Chronicles*, an Irish monthly which isn't linked to any games manufacturer or distributor; it covers a wide selection of games.

There are now five or six popular games conventions each year. TSR UK run Gamesfair, a university weekend convention which falls a week or two before Eastercon; unfortunately many fans are unable to attend both events. Dragonmeet is the generic term for GW's regional one-day conventions; most are held in the first few months of the year. The big two-day Games Day convention is held in London every summer; as yet GW haven't announced a 1987 date, and it's possible that it will be replaced by an extra London Dragonmeet. 1986 saw a fan-organised convention KOANCON, at Warwick University and there may be another in 1987.

There is a huge range of gaming fanzines, some with better standards than the professional magazines. Dragon (ed. Carl Ford) is a Call of Cthulhu zine which has gradually expanded to include fiction, bibliography, and Lovecraft memorabilia. Sound and Fury (James Wallis) is a general magazine which includes scenarios, articles, news, and reviews. Other good general zines include Ivory Tower (Geoff Dean) and Imazine (Paul Mason). Imazine, in particular, features a lot of inside news and comment from people working in the industry. The longest-running 'real soon now' is probably Trollcrusher (Dallman, McLean) which last appeared in 1983, but hasn't definitely died yet.

Overall, the future of the hobby is far from clear. Publishers don't seem to be taking many chances, and most recent games are aimed at early teenagers, but there's still a lot of support for more cerebral games like Call of Cthulhu. There are still no independent national game organisations. There have been occasional outbreaks of religious anti-game activity, but no concerted campaigns on American lines. At the moment things seem to be fairly quiet, but there are rumours of several interesting products to appear in 1987.



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Any new SF novel from Brian Aldiss has to be a major event in the calendar, and Cracken at Critical is no exception.

Describing the book as a novel in three acts, Aldiss is in whimsical mood. After Winston Churchill's assassination in 1935, the Third Reich swept over Europe unopposed. In Finland, a struggling composer lives an uneasy balance between official approval and artistic success.

Returning home after a concert, he discovers a dead girl by the roadside. He takes her body home before calling the police, and discovers two pulp SF paperbacks in her rucksack, both by one Jael Cracken. Despite his initial distaste for the genre, he starts to read.

In Cracken at Critical, Aldiss pays affectionate homage to his early work. The book is full of the characteristic wry observations on people and society that make his work so distinctive. It will amuse and delight all Aldiss fans. In addition to the trade hardback there will be a collector's edition. This will contain a book of two long stories by Brian Aldiss, including one never before published. These two stories rank amongst the best short fiction Aldiss has produced, and are major works in their own right.

Publication date: August 1987. Cracken at Critical has appeared in a different form in the USA under the title The Year Before Yesterday.

These titles are all available from your bookseller. In case of difficulty, they may be obtained from Kerosina Publications Ltd, Plovers Barrow, School Road, Nomansland, Salisbury, Wilts SP5 2BY.

FOLLYCON 88 NEEDS YOU?



MUCH ADO ...

On one occasion, whilst visiting the 27th century, Earl Norbert decided to pay a visit to his relative Brutus Cassius Fettilfoon, who lived on the Royal Shakespeare Planet. Brutus, who welcomed Earl with open arms (and covered ears), was either his predecessor or direct descendant, but due to the vagaries of time-travel, it was a bit difficult to determine which! Brutus was one of the leading actors on the planet, and was in the throes of final rehearsals for Measure for Measure. Consequently, his revered relative had to amuse himself sightseeing for a few days until the opening night.

The play was suberb, one of the best renditions Earl could remember from any of his centuries - as he remarked to Brutus at the reception afterwards, 'If only I'd had a pocket laser tape with me so I could have recorded it. I've always wanted to tape Measure!' Brutus had the good taste only to wince at this, however he did point out that the performance had not been one of his best, in that he'd nearly flubbed two lines. 'Never mind, dear chap' said Earl, 'You know what they say... All's well that ends swell.' 'After that,' said Brutus, in disgust, 'I need a drink'. 'Hmmm,' mused Earl, 'bearing in mind that this is the 24th of June, I suggest you have a whisky - a Midsummer Nights' Dram ... and don't get as Titus Andronicus, that would be a Midsummer madness,' he shouted to his kinsman's rapidly retreating back.

Later the same evening, as they entered the banqueting hall, Brutus indicated to Earl that he had forgiven him for the atrocities he'd committed earlier. Consequently they sat next to each other during the celebratory Opening Night Feast that had become a tradition on the Royal Shakespeare Planet. The meal had many courses - Cod with a Coriander and Echinus sauce (Sauce Coriolanus) served with small, sweet Cymbeline biscuits; roasted unborn lambs (Love's Labours Lost); and Egyptian plovers stuffed with cress, and cooked in cider (Trochilus and Cress-Cider), for example. The penultimate course was one of large individual smoked piglets, with an assortment of vegetables.

Earl had helped himself liberally from the dishes spread before him when he realised that Brutus was so busy with his Hamlet that he was in danger of missing the accompanying vegetables. He tried to restrain a broad smile as he turned to his relative and indicated the nearest bowl 'Mange Tout, Brutus?' he asked. Brutus, his mouth still filled with pig, shook his head. 'Mange-tu?' Earl enquired again, gesturing to encompass all the vegetable dishes, but Brutus still shook his head. Reaching for the nearest bowl, Earl tipped it to show that only two pods remained. Worried now that his relation might miss out on some of the feast he instructed him - 'Mange-tu!'. Brutus shrugged, it was not worth this much fuss. He slid the two pods from the bowl with his fingers, and popped them straight into his mouth. 'You ate two, Brutus', Earl exclaimed - and then before reaction could set in, he gestured at the other diners 'they ate too, Brutus'. Then he ran!

He survived - with two cracked ribs and a blackened eye, but, looking back on the occasion in his later years, he counted it well worth the cost!

BRITISH EASTERCONS AND WORLDCONS

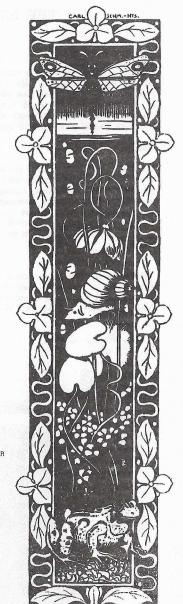
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		Bristol	OMPAcon	Samuel R. Delany	
25		Newcastle	Tynecon	Bob Shaw	Peter Weston
26		Coventry	Seacon	Harry Harrison	
27		Manchester	Mancon 5	Robert Silverberg	Peter Roberts
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-		6 Glasgow	Albacon III	Joe Haldeman	Chris Atkinson
3	8 198	37 Birmingham	BECCON 87	7 Keith Roberts	OHIB IRVINION

BECCON'87 MEMBERSHIP LIST 22nd February 1987

A=Attending S=Supporting P=Pre-supporting J=Junior I=Infant

140P KHAM, MAYED
270A ORAY, MIKE
270A ORAY

216A TAYLOR, TOM 213A THE, GREEN KEITH 214A THE, KREGOYNE POMPINO



C. Schmidt-Helmbrechts

THE BECCON '87 COMMITTEE

BRIAN AMERINGEN

Brian was swapped for a changeling at an early age, and the changeling surprised his parents by devoting its life to chaos and to demonstrating a pun-gent wit. Aston University decided it had had enough after four years, and awarded it a BSc to get rid of it. Having discovered, in SF fandom, a group with as chaotic an outlook as its own, the changeling has stuck fast since 1970 (or thereabouts). The changeling looks forward to its return to Faerie where it will apply human pun-ishment to all concerned.

SIMON BERESFORD

Simon is addicted to hats (to hide his balding pate), newspapers (he once ran three miles to the shop and three miles back to buy a Sunday paper) and strenuous activity (running, hill-walking, skiing, sailing, caving). In between these numerous occupations he finds time to work as a training manager for a computer company and occasionally to run conventions. He was on the committees of BECCONs '81 and '83, and then took a rest for a while before being lured back onto the committee for BECCON '87. During the convention you will find him in the committee room, the creche or the bar.

KIM CAMPBELL

Kim was born in Nova Scotia to two very busy small town doctors. Her early education in the ways of the world was obtained in her father's Waiting Room, witnessing the results of inattention to details of security and/or safety. She has been reading since she was five. When she asked her Mama, 'What makes a book a childrens' book?', the reply was: 'It's



got pictures.' Thus the first real book she read was Grey's Anatomy (well written, nice illos, but not much of a plot!). The next was Stranger in a Strange Land! She came to Britain on a holiday in 1978, and, before you ask, she doesn't know why she stayed. She first got involved with fandom in 1979 when a co-worker dragged her (kicking and screaming) down to the Tun. Kim doesn't wear a beard, wears glasses only sometimes, and (almost) wears costume.

JONATHAN COWIE

Jonathan was the committee member caught con-running before. He was irresponsible for the Hatfield PSIFA and, as described by one of their presidents, 'joined the BECCON team in a desperate bid for street credibility'. An environmentalist by qualification (which he proves by running on alcohol), Jonathan regularly gives 'serious' science talks, in addition to having helped organise over a dozen conventions, including the 1984 Eurocon. Jonathan was responsible for the print-farming and publicity for BECCON '87.

1/2R CRUTTENDEN

1/2r joined fandom too late. Having read about the first London Worldcon in New Worlds in good time to join - he didn't! Then came the reports on it, plus Walt Willis' column The Electric Fan in Nebula, which gave him some idea of what he'd missed, and he finally reacted to publicity in New Worlds and attended Loncon II. Has been to every Eastercon since, all the Novacons and many others. Despite valiant attempts has still not caught up on the drinking he would have done between 1957 and 1965, and fears that he probably never will. He joined fandom too late!

RICHARD EDWARDS

Three years ago, Richard was pushing paper working for a large public corporation, a confimed bachelor. Today he owns his own company and is married to Barbara (nee Kitson). Between times he has participated in founding PAPA, helped write an award winning computer game and was unemployed for three months. He has a full social calender, a cause of both misery and merriment, but he would not wish to lose his chance at participating in his favourite pastimes: people watching, feasting on interesting food and unusual beverages, and doing silly things like running conventions.

TIM ILLINGWORTH

Tim got into fandom through the Cambridge University SF society, where he first met Colin Fine - a friendship which has got him into all sorts of places. He is in fact only 31, though the last few years spent running games at conventions and organising conventions have made him look older. He would like to get back into the habit of going to American Worldcons, but is currently too poor as a result of his expensive hobbies of fandom, sailing, opera-going and working for the Civil Service. Stated ambition - 'I'd like to gafiate, but I just haven't the time'.

CAROLINE MULLAN

Caroline was born into fandom at Seacon '79. At first she had to struggle to survive: it took her three attempts to register for Albacon I. She dreads to think what might have become of her if she hadn't succeeded. Living in Belfast gave her little opportunity for day-to-day involvement in fandom, and she eventually discovered fanzines and The Women's Periodical just in time to publish her COA to London. These days, writing apa contributions, producing her fanzine The Mirror Crack'd, running BECCON, and attending several conventions a year, leaves her no time for reading, holidays, or doing nothing.

BERNARD PEEK

Bernie is easily distinguished by the beard, and glasses (usually one in each hand). Occasionally to be found hiding behind a camera or a plate of food. He was born, as is traditional to state on these occasions, at a very early age. Nothing of significance happened for a while, until a discussion of Asimov's fiction with his maths teacher lead to an invitation to the Globe, and thence to Herts fandom, kitten fandom, Novacon 1, K, Royal Holloway College, The Heights, the depths, the abyss and BECCON. Approximately in that order! BECCON '81 lead to '83, BECCON '83 lead to '85, and ...

ROGER PERKINS

Although Roger has been reading SF as long as he can remember, he was introduced to fandom in 1971 by Philip Strick's evening class. His first Convention was Chessmancon in 1972, since when he's attended most Eastercons and Novacons, along with quite a few others. After Worldcon in 1979 he became a more active participant, with the inevitable result of ending up on several con committees. He has been the Treasurer of BECCONs '81, '83, '85 and '87, and is now involved in the Contrivance Eastercon bid for 1989. However, he still finds time for his other interests, such as food, real ale, and puns.

JOHN STEWART

John's first convention was a relaxed, peaceful, and throughly enjoyable affair. It was Skycon!! The above is explained by the little detail of commuting to the con every day and thus missing the wonderful events of the night (later realised to include a large number of enjoyable activities as well). Having begun his involvement in SF fandom with such activities as membership of the BSFA, and of a small local group in Croydon, the convention increased his awareness of fandom, and he soon found that he liked cons even more once he became involved in helping to run them, meeting other techno freaks, environmentalists, pyromaniacs, etc. He has a suspicion these activities may continue.

PETE TYERS

Pete was born and bred in Devon, but currently (for some time now) lives in Norwich. He possesses a degree in Physics and works in computing ('oh no, not another one'). Interests (other than SF) include: Fell Walking, Small Bore Target Shooting (the big bores are too easy a target and, dare one say it, too boring), Squash, Photography, Wildlife (courtesy of the telvision set - it saves all that tedious hanging around in hides, etc), Home Maintenance, Theatre and Cinema, Real Ale (of course), and Dreadful Puns (or is this a qualification?). Distinguishing features: beard and glasses, often to be seen surveying the world through a single lens (a sort of hi-tech cyclops) and accompanied by a glass of the pint variety.

KATHY WESTHEAD

Kathy is a committee member with glasses, but no beard (or moustache). She has been reading SF since she was a child, and in fact used to think all library books were SF, because that was what her father always borrowed. Discovered fandom at the second Coventry Eastercon, followed shortly by Luunicon (where she thinks she first met Mike),



the One Tun, and the City Lit (as it wasn't then). The first time she remembers talking about running a convention was in a drunken corner of the gophers' party at SEACON '79... and now (between BECCON and two children) she doesn't have time to read much SF any more ...

MIKE WESTHEAD

Write about Mike in 100 words, they said. But there are more than 100 positive adjectives! Oh, well. He was born; grew bigger; became a Mod, a Rocker, and a Hippy in more or less that order. Discovered SF, (SF) Condom, Fandom in that order. Concurrently did three things he swore never to do (Office job, 3-bed semi, Marriage) and a fourth he never considered (Children). Now enjoys running cons and reading humorous and mainly non-hard SF. Likes Ballard, Sladek, Watson and any sort of games. Dislikes Asimov, Clarke, Russ and extremisms. Will die. (99 words including this bit.)

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