INTER**V**ENTION

THE 1997 BRITISH EASTERCON

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The 48th British Easter Science Fiction Convention
28–31 March 1997, The Britannia Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool

Guests of Honour: Brian Aldiss, Jon Bing, Octavia Butler, David Langford

Committee:
  Janet Barron: *Guest Liaison*
  Keith Cosslett: *Treasurer*
  Andy Croft: *Tech*
  Steve Green: *Fan Room and Publications*
  Geoff Hill: *Project Management*
  Heidi Lyshol: *Guest Liaison*
  Pat McMurray: *Services Chief*
  Val Phillips: *Membership Secretary*
  Phil Plumbly: *Vice-chairman and Secretary*
  John Richards: *Chairman and Programming*
  Anne-Marie Wright: *Programming*
  Pete Wright: *Publications*

Edited by Pete Wright and Steve Green

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Contents

Chairman's Welcome
by John Richards

This is the bit that I usually do at the end of the convention. I wander into the bar, find a bar stool and a large drink and, for an hour or two, or four in the case of Wincon I, tell the story of the con to anyone who will listen. Actually, I have been known to tell the story of the con to the bar staff if no one else is around and, if the drink is large enough, keep on going even when the bar staff

> I chose 'Communication' as the theme for this convention because for me there is no more fundamental subject. Without the ability to communicate, we cannot get out of own skulls into the wider world...

drift off in embarrassment. However, Pete tells me, with some authority, that I can't wait until Easter Monday to hand in this particular copy, and thus on a dull February Saturday morning I have to recreate the emotional state of post-con comedown without the aid of illicit substances.

Unfortunately for the purposes of my wordcount Intervention has been one of the least 'interesting' conventions that I have run. There have been one or two misunderstandings, but for the most part these have been cleared up without too many tears. On the whole, the most difficult problem has been to try and fit in all the good ideas that have been flooding in. It has been quite heart-breaking having to turn down certain suggestions because of restraints of time, space and money but we honestly couldn't possibly run everything we have been offered.

I chose 'Communication' as the theme for this convention because for me there is no more fundamental subject. Without the ability to communicate, we cannot get out of own skulls into the wider world (of course, there is the question of whether there is a wider world out there, but designing a programme around solipsism does provide quite a few difficulties). Communication allows for a wide variety of subjects including the technical (How are we trying to detect extra-terrestrial intelligence? What messages are we sending to help them to detect us?), the sociological (What have been the impacts of breakthroughs in communication in the past? Is it possible for dissimilar cultures to come to a full understanding of each other?), the whimsical (What does John Clute *mean* when he uses that word?) and the philosophical (Can something that you can't communicate with be considered human?).

I go to conventions for the arguments. For me, the appeal of SF is its capacity to stimulate thought. It is a genre which enables the artist to externalise a concept and bring new light on it in a manner that is not available in more realistic storytelling. Thus, George Orwell can cause us to consider the relationship between thought and speech by describing a government attempting to make subversion impossible by removing the words by which it can be expressed and invite his readership into one of the fundamental debates in 20th century philosophy.

If this seems a little earnest, do not panic. The essence of the thing is to have fun. For most of us on the committee, Intervention has provided an opportunity for us to do the jobs that we generally get paid for, properly for once. The idea is to achieve something freed from the constraints of economic viability. To that end, we can shove more effort into this convention than any company accountant would be prepared to allow. It is the chance to spend hours making sure that the programme book is laid out in the very best way we know how; to work with people who are genuinely pleased to help; and not to have to justify your efforts to middle managers who have no idea of what you are trying to achieve.

In the case of Intervention, we all know what we are trying to achieve. This Eastercon is not an excuse for our efforts. It is not a way-station on the path to bigger and better things. This is what we set out to do two years ago. This, I hope, is an Eastercon to be proud of.

Acknowledgements

A Guest to Honour— Brian W. Aldiss
by Harry Harrison

What can one say about this sacred Icon of our Church? For here is the majesty of the Sphinx with his nose still attached—and what a nose! Here is Ozymandias, his trunk still trunkful and 80 feet tall. While around Brian W. Ozymandias the lone and level sands do not stretch far away, but instead surround him with a rich and luxuriant growth of literature. Look on his works, ye Fen, and do not despair, but enjoy!

If this is your first convention you are twice blessed. First, you can sit at the feet of the great man himself and treasure the pearls of wisdom that drop from his lips. Buy him a drink to lubricate their flow and you will long remember this day. And remember to shuffle off to the hucksters for the second blessing.

His books. Second only to the satisfaction of being his friend, companion, collaborator, it has been one of the greater pleasures of my life to have read the Aldiss novels as they were published. From his very first outrageously grand novel *Non-Stop*, he has clamoured like a Firebell in the Night for the reader's fascinated attention. And gone on from strength to strength.

There are too many strong and powerful novels to attempt to even mention in this brief introduction to the Master. Nevertheless I will rub my hands with pleasure over some of my favourites. *Greybeard*. Not only an impressive science fiction novel but an impressive—excuse the expression—mainstream novel. Better by far than any—say every—Booker Prize novel. I reviewed it for some learned journal and I remember saying that it had set a standard for at least one reviewer. Books I have dreamed about. The strength of the book did have me dreaming about it, living in that terrifyingly real world, the night after I had finished reading it.

Another favourite, *The Dark Light Years*, presents the utods, the most alien alien you will ever read about. And feel a great sympathy for. Another classic.

I could go on—I must resist. I cannot. I must tout you on to his best-selling trio of novels, beginning with *The Hand-Reared Boy*. And his non-fiction *Trillion Year Spree* and...

No! You must find out for yourself. You showed great prescience by inviting him here to be your Guest of Honour. Take advantage of his presence. Buy his books. He will honour them with his signature. Listen to him on the platform.

Take home your golden memories. Liverpool will never be the same again.

List of Books

Major Honours and Awards
1958—Special Hugo plaque for most promising newcomer

1965, 1978, 1987—Worldcon Guest of Honour (Loncon II, Seacon '79, Conspiracy)

1969—BSFA special award as Britain's most popular author

1970—Ditmar as World's Best Contemporary SF Author

1978—Pilgrim award

1986—IAFA award for scholarship

The Hothouse Series
1962—Hugo for short fiction

"The Saliva Tree"
1966—Nebula (tied) for novella

The Moment of Eclipse
1972—BSFA best novel

Billion Year Spree
1974—BSFA special award

Helliconia Spring
1983—John W. Campbell, Jr. Memorial award
1983—BSFA best novel

Helliconia Winter
1986—BSFA best novel

Trillion Year Spree
1987—Hugo for non-fiction (with David Wingrove)

First SF Story
"T" sold to *Nebula* in 1954 but not printed till 1956
"Criminal Record"
First in print in *Science Fantasy* in 1954

Bibliographies, etc.
Item Forty-Three; Brian W. Aldiss; a Bibliography 1954-1962 (chapbook 1962) by Margaret Manson

Item Eighty-Three; Brian W. Aldiss; a Bibliography 1954-1972 (chapbook 1972) by Margaret Aldiss

Aldiss Unbound: The Science Fiction of Brian W. Aldiss (1977) by Richard Matthews

Apertures: A Study of the Writing of Brian W. Aldiss (1984) by David Wingove and Brian Griffin

Brian W. Aldiss (1986) Starmont guide by Michael R. Collins

Brian Wilson Aldiss: A Man for All Seasons (1988; rev 1990) a Galactic Central 'working bibliography' by Phil Stephensen-Payne

A is for Brian (anthology 1990) tributes for BWA's 65th birthday, edited by Frank Hatherley

The Work of Brian W. Aldiss: an Annotated Bibliography & Guide (1992) by Margaret Aldiss

Chronological List of Fiction

The Brightfount Diaries (1955) non-SF diary of a bookseller

Space, Time and Nathaniel (collection 1957) revised and re-titled in US as No Time Like Tomorrow (1959)

Non-Stop (1958) retitled in the US as Starship (1959)

No Time Like Tomorrow (collection 1959)

The Canopy of Time (collection 1959)

Vanguard from Alpha (1959) with one added story retitled in UK as Equator (1961)

Bow Down to Nul (1960) retitled in UK as The Interpreter (1961)

Galaxies Like Grains of Sand (collection 1960)

The Primal Urge (1961)

The Male Response; a Timely Original Story! (1961)

The Long Afternoon of Earth (1962) expanded and retitled in UK as Hothouse (1962)

The Airs of Earth (collection 1963) revised and retitled in US as Starswarm (1964)

The Dark Light Years (1964)

Greybeard (1964) revised and re-issued (1993)

Best Science Fiction Stories of Brian W Aldiss (collection 1965) revised and re-issued in 1971, retitled in US as Who Can Replace a Man? (1966)

Earthworks (1965) novel expanded from the novella "Skeleton Crew" (1963)

The Saliva Tree and Other Strange Growths (collection 1966)

An Age (1967) retitled in US as Cryptozoic! (1968)

Report on Probability A (1968)

Intangibles Inc., and Other Stories (collection 1969) revised and retitled in US as Neanderthal Planet (1970)

A Brian Aldiss Omnibus (omnibus 1969) contains stories and short novels from several previous collections

Barefoot in the Head (1969) a 'novel with poems and songs'

The Moment of Eclipse (collection 1970)

The Hand-Reared Boy (1970) non-SF, #1 in 'Horatio Stubbs' series

Brian Aldiss Omnibus II (omnibus 1971) contains stories and short novels from several previous collections

A Soldier Erect (1971) non-SF, #2 in 'Horatio Stubbs' series

The Book of Brian Aldiss (collection 1972) retitled in UK as The Comic Inferno (1973)

Frankenstein Unbound (1973)

The Eighty-Minute Hour; A Space Opera (1974)

The Malacia Tapestry (1975)

Brothers of the Head (1977) illustrated novel

Last Orders and Other Stories (collection 1977) retitled in US as Last Orders (1989)

Enemies of the System (1978)

A Rude Awakening (1978) non-SF, #3 in 'Horatio Stubbs' series

Pile: Petals from St Klaed's Computer (1979) narrative poem, heavily illustrated by Mike Wilks

New Arrivals, Old Encounters (collection 1979)

Moreau's Other Island (1980) retitled in US as An Island Called Moreau (1981)

A Romance of the Equator (chapbook 1980) a Novacon booklet

Life in the West (1980) non-SF, #1 in the loosely connected 'Squire' quartet

Foreign Bodies (collection 1981)

Farewell to a Child (verse collection 1983)

The Making of an Epic (chapbook 1982) promotional text for the 'Helliconia' series

Helliconia Spring (1982) #1 in the 'Helliconia' trilogy

Best of Aldiss (chapbook collection 1983)

Helliconia Summer (1983) #2 in the 'Helliconia' trilogy

Seasons in Flight (collections 1984)

Helliconia Winter (1985) #3 in the 'Helliconia' trilogy

The Horatio Stubbs Saga (omnibus 1985) non-SF, omnibus of the three 'Horatio Stubbs' books

My Country 'Tis Only of Thee (chapbook 1986)

Ruins (non-SF chapbook 1987)

The Year before Yesterday (1987) expanded versions of previous stories 1987 USA, revised and retitled in UK as Cracken at Critical: a Novel in Three Acts (1987)

The Magic of the Past (chapbook 1987)

Science Fiction Blues Programme Book (1987) to accompany the play, which toured in 1987-88

Science Fiction Blues (collection 1988)

Forgotten Life (1988) non-SF, #2 in the loosely connected 'Squire' quartet

Best SF Stories of Brian W. Aldiss (collection 1988) re-issued with a new intro as Man in his Time: Best SF Stories (1989)

A Romance of the Equator: Best Fantasy Stories (collection 1989)

Sex and the Black Machine (chapbook 1990)

Dracula Unbound (1991)

Bodily Functions (collection 1991)

Journey to the Goat Star (chapbook 1991) originally published as "The Captain's Analysis" (1982)

Kindred Blood in Kensington Gore (chapbook 1992) play featuring imaginary conversation with Philip K Dick

Home Life with Cats (chapbook collection 1992)

Remembrance Day (1993) non-SF, #3 in the loosely connected 'Squire' quartet

A Tupolev Too Far And Other Stories (collection 1993)

Somewhere East of Life: Another European Fantasia (1994) non-SF, #4 in the loosely connected 'Squire' quartet

At the Caligula Hotel (poetry chapbook collection 1995)

The Secret of this Book (collection of linked stories 1995) retitled in US as Common Clay: 20 Odd Stories (1996)

Helliconia (omnibus 1996) all three 'Helliconia' books in one BIG volume, with new intro etc.

Chronological List of Edited Works

Penguin Science Fiction (anthology 1961)

Best Fantasy Stories (anthology 1962)

More Penguin Science Fiction (anthology 1963)

Introducing SF; a Science Fiction Anthology (anthology 1964)

Yet More Penguin Science Fiction (anthology 1964)

SF Horizons (magazine 1964-65) two issue critical magazine, edited with Harry Harrison

Nebula Award Stories Two (anthology 1967) edited with Harry Harrison

The Year's Best Science Fiction No 1 (anthology 1968) edited with Harry Harrison, issued in US as *Best SF: 1967* (1968)

All About Venus (anthology 1968) edited with Harry Harrison, expanded and issued in UK as *Farewell, Fantastic Venus* (1968)

The Year's Best Science Fiction No 2 (anthology 1969) edited with Harry Harrison, issued in US as *Best SF: 1968* (1969)

The Year's Best Science Fiction No 3 (anthology 1970) edited with Harry Harrison, issued in US as *Best SF: 1969* (1970)

The Year's Best Science Fiction No 4 (anthology 1971) edited with Harry Harrison, issued in US as *Best SF: 1970* (1971)

The Year's Best Science Fiction No 5 (anthology 1972) edited with Harry Harrison, issued in US as *Best SF: 71* (1972)

The Astounding-Analog Reader, Volume 1 (anthology 1972) edited with Harry Harrison, reissued in two vols in UK as *The Astounding–Analog Reader, Book 1* (1973) and *The Astounding–Analog Reader, Book 2* (1973)

The Astounding–Analog Reader, Volume 2 (anthology 1973) edited with Harry Harrison, not the same as Book 2 in UK, which was half of Vol 1 in US

The Penguin Science Fiction Omnibus (omnibus anthology 1973) omnibus of three previous Penguin anthologies

The Year's Best Science Fiction No 6 (anthology 1973), edited with Harry Harrison, issued in US as *Best SF: 1972* (1973)

Space Opera (anthology 1974)

Space Odysseys (anthology 1974)

Evil Earths (anthology 1975)

The Year's Best Science Fiction No 7 (anthology 1974) edited with Harry Harrison, issued in US as *Best SF: 73. The 7th Annual* (1974)

Decade: the 1940s (anthology 1975) edited with Harry Harrison

The Year's Best Science Fiction No 8 (anthology 1975) edited with Harry Harrison, issued in US as *Best SF 1974* (1975)

Galactic Empires (anthology in 2 vols 1976; in 1 vol 1988)

Decade: the 1950s (anthology 1976) edited with Harry Harrison

The Year's Best Science Fiction No 9 (anthology 1976) edited with Harry Harrison, issued in US as *Best SF: 75. The Ninth Annual* (1976)

Decade: the 1960s (anthology 1978) edited with Harry Harrison

Perilous Planets (anthology 1978)

The Book of Mini-Sagas (anthology 1985) non-SF anthology of mini-stories

The Penguin World Omnibus of Science Fiction (anthology 1986) edited with Sam J. Lundwall

The Book of Mini-Sagas II (anthology 1988) non-SF anthology of mini-stories

Chronological List of Non-fiction

Cities and Stones: A Traveller's Yugoslavia (1966) non-fiction, non-SF travelogue

The Shape of Further Things (1970)

Billion Year Spree (1973) history of SF

Science Fiction Art: The Fantasies of SF (1975) large-format art book

Science Fiction Art (1976) portfolio of Chris Foss paintings

Hell's Cartographers: Some Personal Histories of Science Fiction Writers (1975) written with Harry Harrison

This World and Nearer Ones: Essays Exploring the Familiar (essays 1979)

Science Fiction as Science Fiction (chapbook 1979)

Science Fiction Quiz (1983)

The Pale Shadow of Science (essays 1985)

...And the Lurid Glare of the Comet (essays 1986)

Trillion Year Spree (non-fiction 1986) massive update of *Billion Year Spree*, written with David Wingrove

Bury My Heart at W H Smith's: A Writing Life (autobiography 1990) a version cut by six chapters was also issued in 1990

The Detached Retina: Aspects of SF and Fantasy (non-fiction collection 1995)

Jon Bing: The Son of Norway

by Brian Aldiss

English is spoken more elegantly in Scandinavia than in Britain. Perhaps second languages are like best suits, worn on occasions, prompting good behaviour.

But how do Scandinavians acquire their miraculous fluency? My good Norwegian friend Jon Bing acquired his the hard way. He worked at a Butlins holiday camp in the fifties. Yet this did not put him off English people. I've wondered about that ever since we first met, in the sixties—by which time Jon had shed his red coat for good.

The Swinging Sixties were also the creative sixties. London pulsed with individuality and enterprise and fun—to which visitors from overseas eagerly contributed. Jon was one of them. He visited Margaret and me in our romantic first home, a thatched Tudor cottage called Jasmine standing in a little bit of wilderness outside Oxford.

We enjoyed each other's company and it was partly through Jon that I made my first Scandinavian tour. That was just before Christmas in 1967. In Oslo, I found what a power in the land Jon was, and how versatile. He and his friend Tor Åge Bringsværd have several books of short stories out and a play running in the Norwegian equivalent of the Old Vic. Scandinavian countries are not handicapped by the generic confines of SF, perhaps because publisher–bookseller relations are different for

countries with small populations. Or maybe it is because there was always a living tradition for the fantastic, encouraged by the great wild North; or maybe the Scandinavians have evolved better than the rest of us... Anyhow, SF in Norway and the other countries is treated much like any other modern development of literature. So *To Lose a Spaceship* played to packed houses.

Jon and Tor Åge were concerned when they found where I was staying. "Be careful—that's where a lot of drunken Danes hang out," they said. In Stockholm, my friends were concerned when they found where I was staying; "That's where a lot of drunken Norwegians hang out," they said. Finally, I was in Copenhagen. My friends there were concerned when they found where I was staying. "Be careful," they said, "that's where a lot of drunken Swedes hang out." My understanding of the affection Scandinavians have for each other improved by leaps and bounds on the trip.

During that visit, I recall, Jon drove me through the snow to a wonderful restaurant looking down on distant Oslo, where we ate reindeer steak followed by cloudberries. My love of Scandinavia was up and running.

So was Jon's career. Whereas Tor Åge was drawn towards Norse mythology, Jon went early into computers and computerisation and the law. Installed in Oslo University, he is now one of the world's most eminent advisors in computer law. Nor has he forsaken SF. Yet he is accustomed to dining with the king to discuss cultural matters once a month; it should prepare him for facing Adelphi food.

Bibliography—science fiction

Novels and collections

Rundt solen i ring [*Circling the Sun*](1967, Gyldendal) Short stories (including short stories by Tor Åge Bringsværd)

Komplex [*Complex*] (1969, Gyldendal) Short stories

Det myke landskapet [*The Soft Landscape*] (1970, Gyldendal) Novel; Danish translation *Det bløde landskab* (by Jannick Storm) Notabene 1973

Å miste et romskip [*To Lose a Spaceship*] (1970, Pax) Stage play (with Tor Åge Bringsværd)

A nap körül (1971, Tancsics) Selection of short stories from *Rundt solen i ring* and *Komplex* (including short stories by Tor Åge Bringsværd) made and translated to Hungarian by Tibor Döri

Sesam '71 (1971, Gyldendal) Short stories (including short stories by Tor Åge Bringsværd)

Scenario (1972, Gyldendal) Novel

Knuteskrift (1974, Gyldendal) Short stories

Azur—kapteinenes planet [*Azur—Planet of the Captains*] (1975, Damm) Juvenile novel; Danish translation *Azur—kaptajnernes planet* (by Vita Korch) Branner & Korch 1975; Swedish translation *Azu—kaptenernas planet* (by John-Henri Holmberg) AWE/Gebers 1978; East German translation *Azur—Planet der Kapitäne* (by Helga Thiele) Kinderbuchverlag Berlin 1980; new Danish translation *Azur—Kaptajnernes Planet* (by Nils Bjervig) Tellerup

1983 (audio book read by Torben Sekov, Foxvox 1984). (The Damm Prize, The Ministry of Culture and Education Prize)

Zalt—dampherrenes planet [*Zalt—Planet of the Steam Masters*](1976, Damm) Juvenile novel; Swedish translation Zalt—*Önghörskarnas planet* (by John-Henri Holmberg) AWE/Gebers 1978; Danish translation *Zalt—Dampherrenes Planet* (by Nils Bjervig) Tellerup 1983 (audio book read by Torben Sekov, Foxvox 1984)

Huset som ikke hadde bok [*The House that did not have a Book*] (1976, Norwegian Authors Society and Norwegian Library Association) Picture book illustrated by Hans Norman Dahl. New Norwegian edition *Huset som ikkje hadde bok* by Oskar Stein Bjørlykke; Saemic edition *Viesso mas ii læn git'ji* by Ole Henrik Magga.

Minner om et landskap (1976) Texts to original graphic art by Anne Breivik, published privately (30 copies); English translation *Memories of a Landscape* (by Pat Shaw) published privately 1976 (15 copies); French Translation *Memoires d'un paysage*, published privately 1976 (5 copies) purchased by libraries in many countries and on three continents.

Alene, og fremtiden [*Alone, and the Future*] (1979, Gyldendal) Short story selection.

Marco Polos nye reiser [*The New Voyages of Marco Polo*](1979, Gyldendal) Radio and television drama (with Tor Åge Bringsværd)

Mizt—gjenferdenes planet [*Mizt—Planet of the Ghosts*](1982, Damm) Juvenile novel; Danish translation *Mizt—Genfærdenes Planet* (by Nils Bjervig) Tellerup 1984 (audio book read by Torben Sekov, Foxvox 1984).

Kvartsbrikker [*Chips*] (1982, Gyldendal) Short stories etc.

Dobbeltgjengere [*Doppelgänger*] (1984, Gyldendal) Novel.

Flod [*River*] (illustrated by Thore Hansen) (1984, 2nd editon 1985, Gyldendal) Juvenile novel; Danish translation *Flod* (by Nils Bjervig) Tellerup 1985 (audio book read by Henning Palner, Foxvox 1985).

Tanz—gåtenes planet [*Tanz—Planet of the Riddles*] (1985, Damm) Juvenile novel; Danish translation *Tanz—Gådernes Planet* (by Nis Bjervig) Tellerup 1986 (audio book read by Torben Sekov, Foxvox 1986).

Hvadata? [*What Data?*] (1986, Grøndahl) Novella; Danish translation *Hvadata?* (by Knud Holst and Susanne Grønborg) Tellerup 1987.

Skyggene fra Månen [*Shadows from the Moon*](1988, Damm) Short stories.

Av støv er du kommet... [*From Dust to Dust...*] (1990, Pax) Television drama (with Tor Åge Bringsværd).

Motgift [*Antidote*] (1991, Gyldendal) Short stories (selection with Tor Åge Bringsværd)

Tvilstilfeller [*Cases of Doubt*] (1991, Pax) Short stories and the libretto of a television opera (with Tor Åge Bringsværd.

En gammel romfarers beretninger [*Tales of an Old Astronaut*] (1992, Gyldendal) Novel

Bakkekontakt [*Ground Contact*] (1992, Gyldendal) Short stories (with Tor Åge Bringsværd)

"Tanketyven" ["The Thief of Thoughts"] (1993, Kopinor) Short story

Piken som ble borte [*The Girl who Disappeared*] (1995, Gyldendal) Juvenile novel

Anthologies

Og jorden skal beve [*...and the Earth Shall Shake*] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd, 1967, Gyldendal)

Tider skal komme [*Times to Come*] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd, 1968, Gyldendal)

Lunarium (with Tor Åge Bringsværd, Gyldendal, 1969)

Østenfor sol [*East of the Sun*] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd, Norwegian Book Club, 1969)

Rød planet [*Red Planet*] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd, Gyldendal, 1970)

Elektriske eventyr [*Electrical Fairy Tales*] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd, Gyldendal, 1972)

Malstrøm [*Maelstrom*] (1972, Gyldendal) (with Tor Åge Bringsværd and Sigmund Hoftun)

Vestenfor måne [*West of the Moon*] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd, The Norwegian Book Club, 1972)

Jeg—en maskin [*I—a Machine*] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd, 1973, Gyldendal)

Himmelstorm [*Sky Storm*] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd, 1974, Gyldendal)

Nazar 1: Timeglass [*Hourglass*] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd, 1975, Gyldendal)

Nazar 2: Åndeskrift [*Ghost Writings*] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd, 1976, Gyldendal)

Nazar 3: Den gale professor [*The Mad Professor*] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd, 1976, Gyldendal)

Nazar 4: Dragsug [*Backwash*] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd, 1977, Gyldendal)

Nazar 5: Stjerneskudd [*Shooting Stars*] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd, 1980, Gyldendal)

Stella Polaris (with Tor Åge Bringsværd, Norwegian Book Club, 1982)

Sikkert som data! [*Certain as Data!*] (Universitetsforlaget, 1988)

Minner om fremtiden [*Memories of the Future*] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd, Gyldendal, 1991).

Drager og datamaskiner [*Dragons and Computers*] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd, Gyldendal 1992).

Translations

Douglas Adams: *På tommeltotten til Melkeveien* (Gyldendal, 1988) [*Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*]

Brian W Aldiss: *Non-stop* (Gyldendal, 1973)

Brian W Aldiss: *Den levende Frankenstein* (Gyldendal, 1977) [*Frankenstein Unbound*]

J.G. Ballard: *Luftspeil* (Gyldendal, 1972) [*Vermillion Sands*]

David Bischoff: *Krigsspill* (Grøndahl, 1984) [*War Games*]

Claudia Cornwall: *Datamaskinen Edgar* (Norwegian Broadcasting, 4 episodes, 3/9–6/9/1984) [*Edgar the Computer*]

Philip K Dick: *Livstyvene* (Tiden, 1995) [*Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*]

Peter Dickinson: *Den blå hauken* (Gyldendal, 1982) [*The Blue Hawk*]

Peter Dickinson: *Eva* (Gyldendal, 1990)

Peter Dickinson: *Tulku* (Gyldendal, 1991)

James Follett: *Operasjon Jordsøk* (Ungdommens radioteater, 10 episodes 8/12/1983–9/2/1984) [*Operation Earthquest*]

Ursula K Le Guin: *Trollmannen fra Jordsjø* (Gyldendal, 1978, new edition 1993) [*A Wizard of Earthsea*]

Ursula K Le Guin: *Atuans gravkamre* (Gyldendal, 1979, new edition 1993) [*The Tombs of Atuan*]

Ursula K Le Guin: *Den fjerneste kyst* (Gyldendal, 1980, new edition 1993) [*The Farthest Shore*] (Award of the Ministry of Culture and Education, IBBY award)

Ursula K Le Guin: *Theanu* (Gyldenal, 1993)

Sven Christer Swahn: *Skumringsgjestene* (Gyldendal, 1981) (*Skymningsgesterna*)

Plays

Stage

Å miste eit romskip [*To Lose a Spaceship*] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd) Det norske teatret, 1970

Sans & samling [*Nuts*] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd) Riksteatret, 1971

Dobbelteksponering [*Double Exposure*] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd) Det norske teatret, 1981

Television (only science fiction):

Blindpassasjer [*Stowaway*] three episodes (with Tor Åge Bringsværd) Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation 1979. (Riverton Prize for best crime of the year.) (Also in Denmark, Finland and Sweden, one-episode version broadcast 1984).

Ta den ring... [*Take this Ring...*] three episodes (with Tor Åge Bringsværd) Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation 1982 (Also in Denmark and Sweden)

Gagarin (with Tor Åge Bringsværd) Television opera, music Håkon Berge, director Morten Thomte. Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation. 12/4/1991.

Radio:

"Tidsrommet" [Time Lapse]; Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation 1975

"Rutine for ukjent planet" [Routine for an Unknown Planet] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd) 1977 (also translated and recorded in Denmark, Ireland, Sweden and Switzerland)

Romsonden Zandra [*Space Probe Zandra*] six episodes, Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation 1979

"Rutine for Nemesis" [Routine for Nemesis] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd) Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation 1979 (also translated and recorded for Iceland)

"Rutine for Terra Nova" [Routine for Terra Nova] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd) Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation 1980

Piken som ble borte [*The Girl who Disappeared*] Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation in three parts, 13, 20 and 27/2/1993 (also translated and recorded for Iceland)

"Prosjekt Drakos" [Project Dracos] (with Tor Åge Bringsværd) Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation 5/2/1996

Telephone game:

"Super-PC—Amos Sahara og isbitbandittene"; ["Super PC—Amos Sahara and the Ice Cube Bandits"] 020-17106 from September 1991 till mid 1992.

Multimedia

"Savnet i Lokaya—Human Quest I," ["Missing in Lokaya"] Scandinavian University Press and Norwegian Red Cross, outline manuscript to computerized multimedia game, Oslo 1996.

Dramatisations

Television:

"Pappa—spøkelsesmannen er her igjen!" [Dad—the Ghost Man is Here Again!] After Bob Tucker's "The Tourist Trade". (With Tor Åge Bringsværd.) Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation 1970

"Areal 618". After Ray Bradbury's "The Visitor". (With Tor Åge Bringsværd.) Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation 1970

"Nattmagasinet." After John Collier's "Evening Primrose". (With Tor Åge Bringsværd.) Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation 1970

"Mørke var de, with gullskimrende øyne". After Ray Bradbury's "Dark They Were, and Golden Eyed". (With Tor Åge Bringsværd.) Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation 1970

"With rett til å drepe" After William Tenn's "Time in Advance". (With Tor Åge Bringsværd.) Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation 1971

Radio:

Romskipet Johannes Kepler, four episodes. After Harry Harrison's *Spaceship Medic*. Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation 1979

"Siste ordre" After Brian Aldiss' "Last orders", Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation 1981

"Datamaskiner krangler aldri" After Gordon R. Dickson's "Computers don't lie" (Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation, 27/12/1984)

Comics:

"Fare, fare krigsmann"; [Danger, Warrior] artist Thore Hansen, in Bing and Bringsværd, *Sesam '71* (Gyldendal 1971:1–11)

"Stasjon Nexus"; [Station Nexus] with Tor Åge Bringsværd, artist Thore Hansen, *Nazar 2: Åndeskrift* (eds. Bing and Bringsværd) Gyldendal 1976:112–162

"Paradox"; with Tor Åge Bringsværd, artists Rune Johan Andersson and Gro Vestby; Folkevett 1980–81 (Prize of the Ministry for Culture and Education 1980)

"Gjengangerne" [Ghosts]; artist Lars Fiske, in Phil Newth (ed.) *Arken*, Aschehoug 1983:26–31

Octavia Butler: A Rage for Writing

by Liz Holliday

Octavia Butler: feminist.
Octavia Butler: Black writer.
Octavia Butler: science fiction writer.

All true. All partial descriptions at best. Though most of her work is science fiction, Butler herself eludes easy categorization. Perhaps this isn't so surprising.

Here's Butler on Butler:

> "*a pessimist if I'm not careful, a feminist always, a Black, a quiet egoist, a former Baptist, and an oil-and-water combination of ambition, laziness, insecurity, certainty and drive.*"

A ferociously talented writer who insists that her greatest talent is her ability to persist, she nevertheless claims that she has a rage for writing. That rage has driven her to create some of the most compelling characters, and some of the most complex and satisfying stories, in science fiction. It also led to her being awarded, in 1995, a MacArthur Foundation Genius Award—a rare honour for a genre writer. Her latest book, *The Parable of the Sower*, (the first of a projected sequence) shows eloquently why she was thought worthy of such an honour.

As with Butler's earlier work, she takes standard genre tropes—this time psi powers and the fall of civilization-and uses them to pose otherwise unaskable questions about the human condition. Here, Butler's theme is the balance between social interdependence and individual responsibility, and what happens when it goes awry. Sixteen year-old Lauren Olamina is a hyper-empath, cursed and blessed with the ability to share others pain and joy; she lives in a dying America, protected from its worst excesses only by the wall which surrounds her tiny community. When the wall is destroyed, she sets off with a couple of other survivors to find somewhere to start again. So far, so standard. But Lauren Olamina has found within herself the seed of a new religion. God is Change. Shape God, or be shaped. And she believes that she must spread this new gospel, so that eventually humanity-Earthseed—can find a new home among the stars. It is this explicit demand that societies function best when individuals take responsibility which makes *The Parable of the Sower* so much more than a standard SF novel.

It's a theme Butler has examined before. In the 'Patternist' sequence, her earliest series of novels, she explored how a mutation in humanity could challenge the very foundations of individuality, by bringing about a gestalt mind. To this she added a complication: contact with aliens. This allowed her to explore what it is to be human—and not-human—from every angle.

She returned to the theme, and made it even more explicit, in her later series, the 'Xenogenesis' trilogy. Here, survivors of a shattered Earth are rescued by the

spacefaring Oankali, so that they may be participants-willing or otherwise—in a breeding programme that will see the radical alteration of both species. For the tri-sexed, gene swapping Oankali this is normal; for the Humans, of course, it is abomination. As in 'Bloodchild', (perhaps the most stunning of Butler's few short works) it would be easy—but fallacious—to see the major theme here as one of slavery. The humans have no future unless they accede to the wishes of the Oankali; yet the real issue is whether they can, as a race, set aside their territorial aggression—as alien to the Oankali as their gene-trading is to the humans—and embrace the new possibilities. And again, what makes these books so compelling is not the dry iteration of the theme, but the struggle Butler's characters go through to balance personal fears and desires with the needs of the larger communities in which they live.

By comparison, Butler's only stand alone novel, *Kindred*, is a simple time travel story. Dana, a Black American living in the twentieth century, is repeatedly pulled back through time to a slave plantation in the antebellum South. The details, though, reveal some of Butler's typical concerns. Dana is pulled back to save the life of the white plantation owners son—who may very well be one of her ancestors—again and again. Meanwhile, there's Dana's white husband, and his reaction, and the way Dana's feelings toward him change. There are no easy answers here, morally, ethically or practically, just a remorseless working out of the permutations of desire and revulsion on all sides, until at last Dana does what she must to survive.

Surviving. Perhaps, in the end, that is the common theme that unites all Butler's characters. And paying the price...

List of Books

First Published Story

'Crossover' in Clarion anthology (1971)

Major Awards

'Speech Sounds' 1984—Hugo for short story
'Bloodchild' 1985—Hugo and Nebula for novelette
1995—MacArthur Foundation Genius Award

Books

Patternmaster (1976) 'Pattermaster' series
Mind of my Mind (1977) 'Pattermaster' series
Survivor (1978) 'Pattermaster' series
Kindred (1979) stand-alone novel
Wild Seed (1980) 'Pattermaster' series
Clay's Ark (1984) loosely connected to the 'Pattermaster' series
Dawn (1987) 'Xenogenesis' series
Adulthood Rites (1987) 'Xenogenesis' series
Imago (1989) 'Xenogenesis' series
Xenogenesis (1989) omnibus edition of 3 'Xenogenesis' books

The Evening and the Morning and the Night (1991 chapbook)
'Pulphouse' short story, originally in *Omni* in 1987
Parable of the Sower (1993) stand-alone novel
Bloodchild: Novellas and Stories (coll 1995) a.k.a *Bloodchild and Other Stories*

David Langford
by Martin Hoare

Dave Langford has strenuously denied that the government has tried to requisition his silo of Hugos as a low cost replacement for Trident. After refusing bribes of beer, a free membership of the BSFA and even the complete works of Thog's Masterclass (the rare unsigned edition) the powers in Whitehall have resorted to black-mail. I have been instructed to reveal ten little known facts about Dave Langford.

1. *According to* Private Eye, *the lovely Eve Devereaux, the former* Knave *columnist, has placed her hand on Dave Langford's knee.*

2. *Wearing full Oxford academic dress and carrying a stuffed crocodile, Dave won a silly walk competition and was presented with the prize by John Cleese.*

3. *He wrote an atomic physics essay in rhyming couplets.*

4. *In his early teens he published an underground school magazine called* Vole.

5. *In an effort to maintain Oxford–Cambridge relations at their usual level, he blew up David Gress-Wright—the chairman of CUSFS.*

6. *He established a small brewery in the basement of Brasenose College annex in Frewin Hall, Oxford. The plant suffered a setback when the ceiling fell down after Keith Oborn blew himself up when he triggered the explosive light fitting.*

7. *He does not smile in his wedding photographs. The night before, there was a very drunken stag party. Dave lost his false tooth when he threw up in Mike Rohan's bog, and despite the brave effort of lifting the manhole and searching the sewer, he failed to find it.*

8. *He did not blow up Chris Priest's jacket or place his mini sideways in a shop doorway.*

9. *In the dead of night, he was photographed next to a stolen moose head which was placed on the gates of the Oxford University Museum of the History of Science.*

10. *He was questioned by the police about two skulls which he left in his aunt's garage. She forgot about them when she moved house.*

List of Books

Note

This bibliography focuses on his books (of all sizes) and does not attempt to document his fan-writing in his own fanzines (*Ansible, Drilkjis, Twll-Ddu* etc., etc.) or other peoples' zines, nor his many pieces for magazines (*White Dwarf, Interzone, SFX* etc.), nor his contributions to encyclopedias (SF, Fantasy, etc.), nor his copy-editing and proof-reading, nor his...

Major Awards

1984, 1987, 1989–1996—Hugo for best fan writer
1980—TAFF winner, attended Worldcon (Noreascon II, Boston)
1987—Guest of Honour, Worldcon (Conspiracy, Brighton)
Ansible 1987, 1995, 1996—Hugo for best fanzine
"Cube Root" 1986—BSFA award for short fiction

First Published SF Story

"Heatwave" *New Writings in SF 27* (1975)

Books

The Necronomicon (1978) anthology edited with George Hay and others
An Account of a Meeting with Denizens of Another World, 1871 (1979)
War in 2080: the Future of Military Technology (1979; revised 1980)
Facts and Fallacies: a Book of Definitive Mistakes and Misguides Predictions (1981) non-fiction—written with Chris Morgan
The Space Eater (1982)
The Science In Science Fiction (1982) non-fiction—written with Peter Nicholls and Brian Stableford
The Leaky Establishment (1984) non-SF—about life in a scientific establishment
Micromania: the Whole Truth About Home Computers (1984) a version of the Charles Platt book *The Whole Truth Home Computer Handbook* adapted for the UK
The Third Millennium: A History of the World: AD 2000–3000 (1985) 'non-fiction' written with Brian Stableford
A Novacon Garland (1985 chapbook) Novacon booklet (back-to-back with 'The Interpreters' by James White)
The Transatlantic Hearing Aid (chapbook 1985)
Taff trip report (from 1980 Worldcon)
Earthdoom! (1987) written with John Grant (a.k.a. Paul Barnett)
Platen Stories (non-fiction collection chapbook 1987)
Critical Assembly: The First 50 White Dwarf Columns (chapbook collection 1987; revised 1992)
The Dragonhiker's Guide to Battlefield Covenant at

Dune's Edge: Odyssey Two. The Collected Science Fiction Parodies of David Langford Volume 1 (collection 1988)
Critical Assembly II: The Rest of the White Dwarf (and GM, and GMI) Review Columns (chapbook collection 1992)
Let's Hear it for the Deaf Man (collection 1992)
Irrational Numbers (chapbook collection 1994)
The Silence of the Langford: Essays (and Some Stories) (collection 1996) includes revision of *Let's Hear it For the Deaf Man* which makes up 25% of the text
The Unseen University Challenge: Terry Pratchett's Discworld Quizbook (1996)

Ansible Review of the Year
by Dave Langford

What really happened in 1996? Once again the sf newsletter *Ansible* opens its cobwebbed files, in search of hard facts and the bitter illumination of Truth—but in vain. The same old distortions and cheap shots are all you get. Time-warp alert: owing to the dictates of temporal logic and the unfairly repressive Causality Laws, the January *Ansible* is largely about December events, and so on. Here we go, issue by issue, from *Ansible #102* in January 1996...

January

Lionel Fanthorpe, practising for *Fortean TV* in 1997, sang lyrics of haunting beauty at the UK Year of Literature sf event. We were not afraid to publish the highlights: "Brian Aldiss, Terry Pratchett, / Colin Wilson and the rest, / All our Science Fiction writers / Rank among the very best. *(Chorus: Every kind of Science Fiction / Or an Unsolved Mystery, / Supernatural, Horror Stories / And Heroic Fantasy!)* Guy N. Smith and Andy Sawyer; / Ian McDonald—pleased to tell— / Freddie Clarke and David Langford / And Paul Brazier's here as well. *(Chorus.)*". At the same event, Colin Wilson was billed as "a real life *X-Files* Agent Mulder"—but (revealing his new serious scientific theory that Atlantis lies beneath the Antarctic ice) soon demonstrated that by comparison Mulder is absurdly closed-minded and sceptical.

◆ Simon R. Green proudly quoted a particularly good *bon mot* from his *Deathstonker* series, about how a character's actions "were as sensible as a leper playing volleyball".

◆ Ringpull Press, recently acquired by Fourth Estate, was dumped again.

◆ The December death was reported of one of the finest contemporary writers to work on the edges of fantasy: Robertson Davies, aged 82.

◆ Diana Wynne Jones was bemused to find her *Tough Guide to Fantasyland* reviewed in *SFX* before she'd even corrected the proofs, Gollancz having wittily sent an advance copy of her ms with a publication date three

months ahead of reality.

◆ A notable fifteenth anniversary was recorded: "The Yorkshire Ripper gave his godmother a nice box of chocolates for Xmas; when he was arrested she lost her taste for them and gave them away, which is how they came to be eaten with enormous relish by the famous D. West..." (*Ansible #15*, 1981)

◆ A computer magazine review of the CD-ROM *SF Encyclopedia* complained that the main flaw in its update of those 1.3 million award-winning words was the presence of (shudder) Too Much Text. *Voice of Emperor Josef II:* "Too many *notes*, Herr Clute."

February

◆ Walter M. Miller was reported as dying in January (suicide while depressed); Kaye Webb of long-standing Puffin editorial fame also died.

◆ Chris Priest won the James Tait Black Memorial prize—worth £3000—for *The Prestige*.

◆ Robert Rankin, having heard about the BSFA Awards, dropped a subtle hint: "As a British writer of Science Fiction for the last sixteen years, who do you have to shag at your place to get an award? Yours hopefully..."

◆ Michael Legat's *An Authors Guide to Getting Published* was found to contain a useful section on the kind of books which can't be published commercially: "poetry or science fiction or treatises on unpronounceable compounds or a manual of Pig Sticking, or even an account of your package holiday..." Did he really say science fiction?

◆ Ellen Datlow bravely insisted that *Omni* was incredibly strong and vital, despite the permanent cancellation of all printed editions even as April's was being put together. Instead, the whole operation moved into cyberspace on the web (http://www.omnimag.com).

◆ **Thog's Masterclass** quoted another neat trick: "Ruben's left eyebrow twitched upwards, forcing a grunt past the plug of mince and potato that sounded vaguely impressed." (Alex Stewart, "Yesterday", in *Beyond*; may be partially deciphered by the understanding that the character is eating shepherd's pie.) [*Members are recommended to check out* **Thog's Masterclass** *this weekend at BoSh's—Eds.*]

March

'Suddenly, the laughter fades away; Bob Shaw has died." Chris Priest's obituary marked our saddest issue in some time, and ended: "One cold day in Ulverston he took me for a long walk through the backstreets, ending up outside a nondescript terraced house. It was Stan Laurel's birthplace. 'The funniest man in the world,' Bob said sadly, 'and the people who live there don't know who he was and won't allow a plaque on the wall.' I don't think he was drawing a moral, but afterwards I could never hear people laughing at Bob's jokes without remembering that. Nothing I can say about him is equal to my feeling of loss at his death, and the knowledge that so many other people feel the same only makes it worse."

◆ Other deaths included Horace L. Gold, founding editor of *Galaxy*; Brian Daley, author of *The Doomfarers of Coramonde*; Sam Merwin, Jr., once editor of *Thrilling Wonder Stories, Startling Stories* and others; and Elsie Wollheim, widow of the late Donald A. Wollheim, of DAW books fame.

◆ David Garnett bragged about the return of *New Worlds* with him (again) at the helm, in 1997.

◆ No one would believe *Ansible*'s cherished rumour about a suggested Nick Park remake of *2001*: "By 'eck, Gromit, it's full of cheese!"

◆ Really Old News supplement: once upon a time in 1922, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle exacted a gentle revenge for the deserved mockery he'd received from Houdini and other magicians after endorsing the faked "Cottingley Fairies" pictures. He confronted the Society of American Magicians in New York with what he cagily called materialized pictures emanating from the human imagination: unprecedented movie scenes of dinosaurs which to Houdini & Co (and *The New York Times*) seemed bafflingly, mindbogglingly lifelike. Only next day did Conan Doyle reveal that what they'd assumed was being offered as "spirit photography" was in fact test special-effects footage for a forthcoming film called *The Lost World* (1925).

April

The Clute/Grant *Encyclopedia of Fantasy* entered its final throes of assembly (⇨CREATION MYTH), with editors (⇨DARK LORDS; INSANITY) and contributors (⇨BONDAGE) struggling (⇨LAST BATTLE) towards completion (⇨ EUCATASTROPHE). The trouble (⇨WRONGNESS) with working for months (⇨CALENDAR) on this behemoth (⇨ MONSTERS) of books (⇨LIBRARY) was that sooner or later (⇨TIME ABYSS; TIME IN FAERIE) you started tearing your hair (⇨THINNING; TORTURE), thinking (⇨PERCEPTION) entirely in cross-references (⇨RECURSIVE FANTASY), and wistfully (⇨SEHNSUCHT) wondering (⇨PORTENTS; SCRYING) if you'll ever again have time (⇨FANTASIES OF HISTORY) to visit (⇨NIGHT JOURNEY; QUEST) the pub (⇨INNS; PLOT DEVICES) for some relaxing beer (⇨HEALING). Actually, the best genuine *FE* cross-reference was Mike Ashley's: **GUYS** ⇨DOLLS.

◆ Steve Baxter won the Kurd Lasswitz award for *The Time Ships*.

◆ Neil Gaiman toured hidden London for the shooting of *Neverwhere*: "I have tromped in the Fleet River (deep in a tunnel under Blackfriars bridge) and wandered the bell-towers and attics of the St Pancras Hotel, and all it cost the BBC was, um, around two million pounds actually." He also remarked—prophetically, some nasty people might say—"I worry, now that I've had so much fun on top of and underneath London, that the actual TV show will prove to be crap."

◆ Charles Platt began a ghoulish vigil by the bedside for dying Timothy Leary, waiting to freeze his head for the glory of cryonics; but John Sladek's theory was that Leary's brain "would be so saturated in high-powered

drugs that it would not freeze".

◆ John Wyndham's papers (including unpublished novels) were offered for sale at £100 000.

◆ Elizabeth Hand's *Waking The Moon* and Theodore Roszak's *The Memoirs of Elizabeth Frankenstein* tied for the James Tiptree, Jr. Award.

◆ Garry Kilworth was bemused to find the cover picture of his novel *House of Tribes*—all about mice— used as the illustration for an *Elle* magazine article on how to rid one's house of vermin.

Easter

Naturally, *Ansible* reported on the UK Eastercon, Evolution. The Radisson Edwardian Hotel's eldritch, Escherian geometries were much commented upon: it was a jolt to discover that one's elaborately memorized route from bar to bedroom, featuring a long march to the foyer and several flights of stairs, could be short-circuited by walking round the corner; spatial wormholes were clearly involved. One official-looking convention sign explained: "You are in a maze of twisty passages, all alike." A few bold explorers, much scoffed at by sceptics, were said to have discovered the Art Show.

◆ The real-ale bar offered spectacular views of doings in the adjacent swimming-pool and jacuzzi; an Intervention chairman who shall be legless was heard to babble about having acquired recurring fantasies of Sue Mason in a one-piece swimsuit.

◆ Saturday's breakfast saw a remarkable homeopathic experiment, as by repeated dilutions the hotel kitchens achieved a juice which retained an eerie "memory" of orangeness even though every molecule of flavour had been lost. Orthodox science and Jack Cohen were equally baffled.

◆ Uninhibited fun at Eastercons may be coming to an end owing to Big Sister technology allowing scandalous pictures to be immediately incorporated into an "alternative" con newsletter rather better produced than the official one. *Ansible* would point the finger at Alison Scott and her digital camera, but is afraid that it might be photographed and used entirely out of context.

◆ Awards were thin on the ground. The BSFA awards succumbed to a "technical hitch" ("The bloody administrator resigned and didn't bloody tell us," said BSFA supremos Paul Kincaid and Maureen Kincaid Speller in a heavily expurgated interview). The Eastercon and Ken McIntyre (artwork) awards received no nominations, and were cancelled. However, the Doc Weir "good egg" award seemed hotly contested ("The fix is in for X", I was assured, for several values of X), and went to Mark Plummer. Who was incredibly embarrassed, and will be even more embarrassed to find it flaunted all over again here. (Mad cackling laughter trails off into the distance.)

May

Harlan Ellison, recovering from a quadruple heart bypass operation in April, complained about being sent so many flowers that the house smelt "like an Algerian whorehouse". Many fans wondered at his worldly experience.

◆ H.G. Wells became a theme pub: HG's in Peterborough. In homage to Wells's most famous sf creations, the pub was opened by Jon Pertwee and a brace of Daleks ("Tom Baker was too expensive"), while its press release credits Wells with *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea*. According to CAMRA spies, the quality of research accurately reflected that of the beer.

◆ Paul J. McAuley nabbed the Arthur C. Clarke award for *Fairyland*, with Ken McLeod's *The Star Fraction* just a molecule behind as runner-up; Bruce Bethke got the Philip K. Dick award with his cyberfarce *Headcrash* and Robert Sawyer got the Nebula with *The Terminal Experiment*.

◆ More deaths: author Richard Condon, bear-lover (later in life, bear-loather) Christopher Robin Milne, and P.L. Travers of Mary Poppins fame—who for over 30 years had triumphantly blocked any sequel to the 1964 Disney movie which she so detested. This didn't stop some UK newspapers from sensitively heading their obituaries with stills of Julie Andrews.

◆ A Voyager flyer for *Blue Mars* excited our sense of wonder with "Ten things you didn't know about the red planet": "9. Mars is the only planet in the solar system that could sustain human life."

June

Another gloomy report: the May death and funeral of popular Gollancz editor Richard Evans. As Terry Pratchett put it, "I think I liked it better when I was in the age group that went to each other's weddings."

◆ In the US, we lost the legendary fanzine "jiants" Redd Boggs and Charles Burbee, and also Ed Wood, eternal champion of the Serious and Constructive and despiser of fannish frivolity; in the media world, Jon Pertwee was mourned; yet another casualty was Vera Chapman of Arthurian-fantasy fame, who in 1969 founded the Tolkien Society. To Charles Platt's disgust, Timothy Leary decided not to have his head frozen after all (Platt: "Life is full of disappointments") and died after arranging to have his ashes launched into space.

◆ Pat Cadigan married Chris Fowler, not the horror novelist but "The Original".

◆ John Wyndham's heirs grumbled about the previously reported sale of his papers, which had been flogged off quietly by the former estate trustee who still kept the purchaser's identity a deadly secret and (by a staggering coincidence) was handling the current inflated-price sale.

◆ Martin Tudor became the 1996 TAFF (TransAtlantic Fan Fund) winner, doomed to travel as Europe's delegate to the 1996 Worldcon in Los Angeles. He vowed to write his trip report (the traditional account of the TAFF journey, which is traditionally not produced) while actually in America. Millions swooned.

◆ A US writer of "Christian filksongs" discovered to her horror that the word "filk" came from sf fandom, and had to change the title of her new album because her church considers sf to be the work of the devil.

◆ The Discworld Convention's newsletter carried a purported extract from the *Fantasy Encyclopedia* entry on Terry Pratchett, as crafted by John Clute: "We are

complicit, all of us, in the haecceity engendered by Pratchett's chiaroscuro of disjected topoi. Pregnant with submarginal colloquy and muted velleity, he utters verbigerating apothegms of parousia—a veritable harbinger of hypomanic cacchination."

July

"*Ansible*. Filled with wild rumour, suspect speculation, gross exaggeration, dirt and innuendo… unputdownable." Harry Harrison, as they say, gives good blurb. But it was Peter Nicholls's proffered quote that really put me in my place, and you lot in yours: "It is a tragedy to readers of serious fiction that David Langford has recklessly chosen to squander so many of his splendid talents on demagoguery aimed at science fiction fandom, the street people of the literary world. His inflammatory rhetoric may stimulate and madden the great unwashed, but it's hardly art."

◆ Brian Aldiss was much possessed by recent deaths: "Chinese-style, I have already ordered my coffin, and am having the text of *Non-Stop* carved on it."

◆ R.I.P.: all too soon after the last wave of deaths in fandom, the much-loved, long-time Scots fan and TAFF winner Ethel Lindsay also died to universal regret.

◆ Terry Bisson was chosen to complete the late Walter M. Miller's unfinished sequel to *A Canticle for Leibowitz*, for probable 1997 publication.

◆ Various fan-run UK conventions received terrifying tax demands, the word being that Stargazer Productions —organizess of huge, for-profit events in the Albert Hall, Birmingham NEC, etc.—were acting as informers in hope of nobbling the competition.

◆ Bram Stoker awards for horror went to—among others—*The Supernatural Index* by Mike Ashley and William Contento (nonfiction), *The Panic Hand* by Jonathan Carroll (collection) and *Zombie* by Joyce Carol Oates (novel).

◆ The new UK Sunday paper *The Planet on Sunday* had appeared on June 16, sold poorly, and instantly folded—despite its "brand new full-colour adventure" of *Dan Dare, Pilot of the Future*, by Sydney Jordan.

◆ SF circles were infested with dummies of *Infinity*, a new media-oriented UK skiffy mag whose seeming aim was to make *SFX* look (by comparison) sober, bookish and deeply uninterested in *The X-Files*.

◆ Typo of the month: publicity flyers for the Simon Archer/Stan Nicholls *Gerry Anderson: An Authorized Biography* credit the famed puppeteer with a tv series called *Stringray*.

August

The grandest social occasion of the 2–5 Suffolk Street, Birmingham, season: Andromeda Bookshop had celebrated 25 years of purveying fine sf to the gentry, with the opening of this big new shop. A glittering crowd of sf literati and Greg Pickersgill saw the ribbon across the doorway being ceremonially cut by David Gemmell, Terry Pratchett and a virtual Iain Banks (who arrived late). "One hour ago," marvelled bookmeister Rog Peyton, "those shelves there were empty and covered in sawdust —we had the authors and publishers' reps filling them…"

5 271 009 customers then flocked in for an autograph session at which Messrs Banks and Gemmell achieved signing totals in the high single figures, while an exhausted Pratchett was more or less removed on a stretcher.

◆ Iain M. Banks mysteriously explained that although there was "some truth" in the rumour that he was dropping the "M" initial for his sf books, this would not in fact be happening.

◆ Steve Baxter gloated uncontrollably over his John W. Campbell Memorial Award for *The Time Ships*—but barely survived the presentation at the University of Kansas, for (horror of horrors) it was a *dry campus*.

◆ It was confirmed that Gene Wolfe was indeed one of the Procter & Gamble engineers who designed the machinery used for making Pringles. (The editor of *Interzone* failed to comment.) Critics are re-scrutinising *The Book of the New Sun* in hope of identifying one of the torture machines as originally intended to produce small, curly potato nibbles.

◆ Brian Stableford, delivering the third volume of "my 560 000-word magnum opus *Genesys*", complained that Random House had revived that fine old English tradition, the Tradesmen's Entrance: " 'We don't accept parcels here,' said an icy receptionist. 'You'll have to take it round the back…' "

◆ Thinking back 50 years: H.G. Wells died on 13 August 1946.

◆ The annual US Bulwer-Lytton fiction contest for awful opening sentences gave a coveted Dishonourable Mention to an sf submission: "Baron Frankenstein looked up from his sewing, smiled benignly across the laboratory at his similarly engaged creation and protégé, and called, 'Yes, yes! Put on a happy face; tonight will be your first date with the rest of your wife!'"

September

Newt Gingrich's ghosted sf novel *1945* failed to become a US best-seller, with 81% returns and 97 000 copies now clogging the warehouse shelves. Mighty publisher Jim Baen swiftly turned this to good account and guaranteed himself national US coverage from Newt-haters.. by announcing that the books might well be pulped and become, ultimately, toilet paper.

◆ Bruce Sterling clarified his idea of fun: "No, I will not be at Worldcon. I will be in the desert with ten thousand hippies setting fire to a giant wicker man."

◆ The 1999 Worldcon was voted to Australia, the doomed rival bid being for Croatia..

◆ Following a lawsuit against *Starlog* magazine for breach of copyright—publishing artwork without permission on "trading cards"—bossman Norm Jacobs had to pay $30 000 to the 11 pirated artists, including our very own David Hardy.

◆ Savoy Books did less well in the High Court, being refused the previously promised right to a jury trial to decide whether various Savoy comics (*Lord Horror, Meng & Ecker*)—seized as usual by Manchester police—are obscene. The Crown Prosecution Service let slip the fine legal point that they didn't want a jury trial because the CPS would probably then lose. British Justice: Best In The World.

◆ E.C. Tubb's 32nd "Dumarest" book—the one which DAW Books didn't think publishable, and which has appeared only in France (*La Retour*, 1992)—was at last scheduled for 1997 publication by a US small press, Gryphon Books.

◆ The Richard Evans Fund was founded in Richard's memory, aiming to encourage authors who have done fine work without gaining much recognition.

◆ Neal Stephenson won the Best Novel Hugo for *The Diamond Age*, other popular winners being *Babylon 5*'s "The Coming of Shadows" for Dramatic Presentation and John Clute's *SF: The Illustrated Encyclopedia With The Picture Of Bob Guccione On Page 79* for Non-Fiction. Modesty forbids any mention here of the Fanzine and Fan Writer awards.

◆ Meanwhile, the Hugo for Original Artwork was axed.

October

Harlan Ellison's hot new publication was his 1960s *Star Trek* script *The City on the Edge of Forever*, with a "blistering" 25 000-word introduction describing how the version screened in 1967 was "eviscerated" in such a "fatally inept" fashion that it won a Hugo. Tragically, Ellison had failed to publish this fearless denunciation in the fleeting interval, from 1967 to 1991, when its prime target Gene Roddenberry was alive to reply.

◆ Kristine Kathryn Rusch resigned as *F&SF* editor, angrily denying a rumour that she didn't jump but was pushed.

◆ The world-famous *Critical Wave*, which had bestridden the world of sf news magazines like a colossus since 1987, announced its own demise: "not so much folded as crushed by outside circumstances".

◆ Andy Sawyer reported on the indispensable library guide *Who Else Writes Like? A Readers' Guide to Fiction Authors*: "With an M, if you like Banks you'll like Ray Bradbury. Without, Martin Amis. If you like Mary Gentle, you may like Raymond E. Feist. Fans of Jack Vance's baroque wordplay will find themselves directed to Patrick Tilley and David Wingrove." J.G. Ballard is listed as writing in the genres "Technology" (crashed cars?) and "Virtual Worlds" (drained swimming pools?).

◆ Penguin Books touched new depths with their advance publicity for an on-line sf story by Steve Baxter and (the guilty man) Guy Gadney. This wittily consisted of a hoax flyer announcing a computer virus spread by e-mail, causing considerable alarm among those ignorant of the "Good Times" virus scam from which the idea was stolen. Penguin subsequently explained with crushing logic that, in order to keep this dangerous nonsense from being widely disseminated or spread via the net, they had carefully sent it only to journalists..

November

Penguin continued to "apologise" for their virus gaffe, in tones that courageously implied Penguin had nothing to do with it really and that their flyers had been sent out by a fictional character.

◆ "Rachel Oliver", the anonymous Yorkshire pest who used to plague genre writers (Baxter, Gallagher, Greenland, Gribbin, Langford, Stableford and perhaps others) with letters pretending to be a child prodigy, had apparently been silenced by stern threats when "she" started submitting terrible tv outlines under said writers' names. Alas, the pest's activities now began anew in the USA—to the annoyance of initial victim Robert L. Forward.

◆ Gordon Van Gelder of St Martin's Press was announced as the new *F&SF* editor.

◆ Harper's magazine published evidence that Charles L. Dodgson was in fact Jack the Ripper—as shown by hidden anagrams in the works of Lewis Carroll. For example, "Twas brillig.." rearranges as: Bet I beat my glands til / With hand-sword I slay the evil gender. / A slimey theme; borrow gloves, / And masturbate the hog more! Proof positive!

◆ It was revealed that Martin Tudor's TAFF trip had been complicated by the fact that previous administrator Abigail Frost had mislaid the entire British TAFF fund (£2700); she stated that the problem had to do with clinical depression and repaid £200, with more promised real soon now..

December

Whitley Strieber distributed (by e-mail) a digitised image of a bog-standard, clichéd "alien", praising its authenticity and recommending that everyone study it: "It can be used to acclimatise oneself to the actual grays, which is not easy to do [when] you wake up in the middle of the night with one of them peering into your face."

◆ Joe Haldeman gloated uncontrollably on the sale of movies rights to The Forever War, for $365 000.

◆ Another well-loved publisher at Gollancz died too young: Liz Knights, aged 41.

◆ Novacon auctions proved to have raised over £1300 for the ailing TAFF fund, but the 1997 race was cancelled owing to apparent lack of US candidates interested in coming to Intervention.

◆ Steve Baxter picked up yet another prize for *The Time Ships*—this time, the BSFA award.

◆ Uncanny foreshadowing spotted in 1981 sf story: "I was no real artist. I was just your typical product of Babylon-5, all jargon and no vision." ("Mallworld Graffiti" by Somtow Sucharitkul, now better known as S.P. Somtow.)

◆ The *Trek* convention Contagion (proceeds traditionally donated to charity) gave up the ghost after too much tax hassle, thanks to the crafty machinations of Stargazer Productions.

◆ *Ansible*'s shit-hot bestseller project for 1997 was announced: by analogy with *Star Trek Bloopers* and *Red Dwarf Smeg Ups*, this would be the *Literary SF/Fantasy Out-Takes* video, capturing the whacky, zany lapses of the writers themselves. SEE Rob Holdstock go "Ouch" as he mis-researches an earthy rut scene for *Mythagos Forever*! (titanic canned laughter). SEE Gene Wolfe scratch his head and mutter, "What did I mean by that bit, exactly?" (gales of hilarity). SEE John Clute tergiversate!

(huge blast of canned haecceity). SEE Terry Pratchett absent-mindedly signing his lunch! (deafening shrieks of mirth). SEE Harlan Ellison prevented from completing *The Last Dangerous Visions* by amusingly having to change his antique typewriter ribbon! (short but very loud burst of laughter).

Christmas

Ansible's Xmas extra sadly reported the death of William Rushton, not only a fine cartoonist but author of the 1984 alternate-world sf novel *W G Grace's Last Case, or, The War of the Worlds, Part Two*.

• A spate of multiply copied net mail urged us to contact Houghton Mifflin Co., who promised one free Xmas book to hospitalized US kids for every 25 e-mails received. Futilely chasing this was a follow-up begging everyone to stop, since the 50 000 maximum had more or less instantly been passed and 2000 books (plus 500 extra) duly donated.

• Tom Holt's song "Wild Canadian Boy, The" offered a lavish tribute to the encyclopedic intellect of John Clute:

He studied hard by night and day until his
brain was packed
With constipated wisdom and a solid wadge of fact.
And though his brain was bigger than the state of
Illinois,
It left no room for thinking for the wild Canadian boy.

And likewise..

Imperious his language is, and complex is his style,
But mostly you can work it out, although it takes a
while.
And wild and woolly paragraphs that puzzle and annoy
Are frequently the trademark of the wild Canadian boy.

Feetnote

Also in 1996, but not recorded in *Ansible* until the New Year: Carl Sagan died aged 62 on 20 December, and the omnipresent Steve Baxter remembered him at length: "And in the current draft of my next novel I have my astronauts, bound for Titan, meeting a spry Carl Sagan early in the next century: 'Sagan came out of his retirement to give them a pep talk about his studies.. Sagan was in his seventies now, and he was a little bent, that famous voice even more gravel-filled, and his hair white as snow; but he was still as handsome as all hell..' Already this is alternate history: but what the hell, I think it should stay in."

• Comic relief was provided by Whitley Strieber, who after carefully examining that "alien" picture added his final clarification: "My conclusion is that this is most likely an exceptionally well executed fake. It remains the most authentic alien image that I have ever seen."

• And the Curse of Fandom struck Stargazer Productions, who were forced at the last minute to cancel a colossal 7–8 December *Star Trek* event at Wembley Arena, and went into liquidation before Christmas.

An overall summation? As in 1995, far too many important or loved (or sometimes both) sf people died. Growing apathy afflicted several local sf meetings, including the Birmingham SF Group and Glasgow's "Friends of Kilgore Trout". In London, the worry was that the famous first-Thursday-of-the-month gatherings were being killed by the Wellington pub's popularity, as hordes of suited people who actually like hideously loud jukebox music continued to squeeze out the fans (in 1997, exploratory moves to another pub began). The publishing industry continued its successful policy of appallingness, with occasional bright spots which are not listed here. And so on.

[Masochists can read the original issues of Ansible at http://www.dcs.gla.ac.uk/SF-Archives/Ansible/ - in particular, the full text of "Wild Canadian Boy, The" is at http://www.dcs.gla.ac.uk/SF-Archives/Ansible/a113x.html. Non-masochists may prefer to send an SAE for the latest issue, to Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berks, RG1 5AU.]

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Foundation Needs You!
by Ursula K. LeGuin

The Science Fiction Foundation needs cold cash and warm bodies. Your contribution of either or both will be welcomed, and you are likely to find any connection you make with Foundation rewarding. There is nothing else like it in the SF community, and certainly nothing remotely like it outside. It has continued for 25 years to publish *Foundation* magazine, the last refuge for the truly bloodyminded critics of the field, which has printed an extraordinary series of autobiographical statements by SF writers, and is the only serious jornal on the genre that keeps its articles from self-strangulation by academic jargon (possibly by strangling some contributors). Originally connected with an institution in East London that did not have the wits to keep it, the Foundation is now sheltered and given moderate nourishment by the wise University of Liverpool. There, its Archives—the only methodically conceived Archives of Science Fiction that I know of—are kept, and are open to all qualified users (many more than can fit in the reading room of the British Library, and no odder). If you join the Friends of Foundation they'll send you a newsletter to keep you up to date on events, acquisitions, needs, and policy discussions, all of which are always lively, and you are liable to find yourself involved in the action. Arthur Clarke and I have been Patrons of Foundation for years and years, because he lives in Sri Lanka and I live in Oregon. If you live somewhere very far away, perhaps you too can become a Patron; meanwhile, do become a Friend.

Shaping Things to Come
By Arthur C. Clarke

This article originally appeared in The Sunday Times *on 16 May 1993. We are grateful to Dr Clarke and to the Rocket Publishing Company Ltd for permission to reproduce it.*

Attempting to define science fiction is an undertaking almost as difficult, though not quite so popular, as trying to define pornography. Even the choice of an acceptable abbreviation has caused heated debate. The older generation of readers and writers insists on "SF" and scornfully rejects the recent invention 'sci-fi", self-explanatory and unambiguous though it is.

In both pornography and SF, the problem lies in knowing exactly where to draw the line. Somewhere in the literary landscape, science fiction merges into fantasy, but the frontier between the two is as fuzzy as the boundary of "fractal" images such as the famous Mandelbrot Set.

As a first approximation, SF is something that could possibly happen, in the universe as we think we know it.

Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* is widely regarded as the prototype, complete with mad (or at least obsessed) scientist. Jules Verne hugely expanded the genre with such classics as *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea* and *From The Earth To The Moon*—though it would be unwise to look to closely into the mechanics of the latter. *A Journey To The Centre Of The Earth* is even more vulnerable to such criticism, and not merely on geological grounds. In addition to several hundred kilograms of provisions, each of Verne's intrepid explorers must have carried at lease a ton of the primitive electric batteries they used with such abandon.

But this is being grossly unfair; the spirit of Verne's stories is pure science fiction, because they are (with a few tongue-in-cheek exceptions) realistic and practical; they could not have been written before the age of steam. This places them at the opposite pole from fantasy, which has flourished for at least 3000 years, in worlds that do not exist and often never could have existed. Every culture has its favourite examples; the English archetype is Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures In Wonderland*. Our century has seen an unexpected revival of the genre, sparked by J.R.R. Tolkien's epic *Lord Of The Rings*.

The frontier between SF and fantasy is not only ill-marked; it is also continually on the move. Over the years, what once appeared to be SF could turn into fantasy—and vice versa. Thus all the pre-space-age stories of adventures on the Moon, Mars and the other worlds of our solar system, no matter how scientifically accurate the writers attempted to be, are now pure fantasy. There are, alas, no ancient Martian cities or lush Venusian jungles; NASA's space probes blew them out of the sky.

The metamorphosis from fantasy to science fiction is less common, but considerably more interesting. If someone had written a story before 1938 in which the explosive power of 10 000 tons of TNT was produced simply by banging two pieces of metal together, that would have been pure fantasy. Anyone with the slightest knowledge of physics or chemistry would have known that the idea was utterly ridiculous. But when *Astounding Stories* printed just such a tale in its March 1944 issue—to the consternation of the FBI—it was hard-core SF, because uranium fission had now been discovered. And in August 1945, of course, fiction became history.

This highlights a basic problem of science fiction; most of it has built-in obsolescence. Does this mean that it is necessarily ephemeral—unable to produce works of permanent literary value? The quick answer is that it has already done so, though not often; after all, SF has not been around for as long as other forms of fiction, nor has it had an opportunity of being fairly judged by the literary establishment. Owing to an accident of publishing, and the influence of one man—Hugo Gernsback, instigator of *Amazing Stories* (1926) and *Wonder Stories* (1930)—for most of this century the genre has been identified with garish magazines, and the crudest forms of pop art. Whether "Uncle Hugo's" impact on science fiction was malign or benevolent has been endlessly debated, but it was certainly enormous.

Pre-Gernsback, an author could produce a work of imaginative or speculative fiction without having it relegated to the SF ghetto. *Frankenstein* has already been

mentioned: other examples are Edgar Allan Poe's *Mellonta Tauta* (Greek for "These things are in the future"), Robert Louis Stevenson's *Dr Jekyll And Mr Hyde*, Herman Melville's *The Bell-Tower*, Jack London's *The Red One*, Conan Doyle's *The Lost World*, Rudyard Kipling's *With The Night Mail*—there are countless examples of 'mainstream' authors expanding their territory. The American critic H. Bruce Franklin has even asserted, in his book, *Future Perfect* (1966), that, 'there was no major 19th-century American writer of fiction, and indeed few in the second rank, who did not write some science fiction'. But only after Gernsback did the genre become proudly—even arrogantly—self-conscious and a whole category of writers began to specialize in the field.

Yet it must be admitted that some of science fiction's current prestige is based on a fallacy. SF is not predictive: very seldom do its practitioners attempt to describe the real future—quite the contrary, in fact. Ray Bradbury summed up this attitude perfectly: "I don't try to predict the future—I try to *prevent* it." Books such as *Nineteen Eighty-four* act as early warning systems: Kingsley Amis once wittily christened them "New Maps of Hell". They may not help us to avoid certain Hells; paradoxically, they are most successful when they become self-*un*-fulfilling prophecies. No one would have been happier than Orwell to know that the real world of 1984, though it still contained rather too many Little Big Brothers, was a much better place than his imagined one.

Anti-utopian (or dystopian) stories have been a major theme of science fiction, because they allow writers the enjoyment of "viewing with alarm" without suffering the fate of Cassandra. It must also be admitted that stories devoted to utopias would be insufferably dull, since, by definition, ideal societies would have eliminated all the problems and conflicts that make for good fiction. Wars, rebellions, conspiracies are much more exciting than the good works of benignly efficient bureaucracies. If we ever achieve utopia, we may relax into terminal boredom.

Fortunately, science fiction writers have shown many ways of avoiding this doom, by inventing natural disasters—ranging all the way from strictly local ones (e.g. Komatsu's *Japan Sinks*) up to global and cosmic catastrophes such as new ice ages, asteroid bombardment, or the sun with the glamorous one of fiction—especially that presented by the visual media through such spectacular extravaganzas as *Star Wars* and its successors. Science fiction and cinema might have been made for each other; indeed, cinema once was science fiction. The love affair between the two is now almost a century old; it began in 1904 when the French pioneer of special effects, Georges Meliés, made his light-hearted *Trip To The Moon*.

Of the hundreds of SF movies made during the first half of this century, few indeed had any artistic or intellectual value. Almost the only exceptions are Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* (1926) and H. G. Wells' *Things To Come* (1936). It is now generally agreed that the first science fiction movie to receive widespread critical acclaim (even from those who didn't like it) was Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* (1969). Its success was due not only to the genius of the producer/ director, but to an accident of history that can never be repeated. *2001* received its premiere on the eve of the Apollo mission; the first men to fly around the Moon had already seen it before they left the Earth.

Although it has become something of a cliche, perhaps the most important attribute of good science fiction—and the one which uniquely distinguishes it from "mainstream" fiction—is its ability to evoke a sense of wonder. Many years ago, a science fiction enthusiast who also happened to be a Nobel Prize winner sent me this quotation by Hermann J. Muller: "The real world is increasingly seen to be, not the tidy little garden of our race's childhood, but the extraordinary, extravagant universe described by the eye of science... If our art... does not explore the relations and contingencies implicit in the greater world into which we are forcing our way, and does not reflect the hopes and fears based on these appraisals, then that art is a dead pretence... But man will not live without art. In a scientific age he will therefore have science fiction."

By discovering the genetic effects of radiation, Dr Muller inadvertently inspired much science fiction, and made "mutant" a modern bogey word. In the same essay, he pointed out another valuable service that this type of literature has performed: "Recent science fiction must be accorded high credit for being one of the most active forces in support of equal opportunities, goodwill and cooperation among all human beings, regardless of their racial and national origins. Its writers have been practically unanimous in their adherence to the ideal of 'one free world'."

Science fiction is, pre-eminently, the literature of change—and change is the only thing of which we can be certain today, thanks to the continuing and accelerating scientific revolution.

What science fiction writers call "mainstream literature" usually paints a static picture of society, presenting, as it were, a snapshot of it, frozen at one moment in time. Science fiction, on the other hand, assumes that the future will be profoundly different from the past.

By mapping out possible futures, as well as a good many impossible ones, the science fiction writer can do a great service to the community. He encourages in his readers flexibility of mind, readiness to accept and even welcome change—in one word, adaptability. Perhaps no attribute is more important in this age.

Nothing could be more ridiculous, therefore, than the accusation sometimes made against science fiction that it is merely "escapist". That charge can indeed be made against much fantasy—but so what? There are times (this century has provided a more than ample supply) when some form of escape is essential, and any art-form that supplies it is not to be despised. And as C.S. Lewis (creator of both superb science fiction and fantasy) once remarked to me: "Who are the people most opposed to escapism? Jailors!"

C.P. Snow ended his famous essay, 'Science And Government', by stressing the vital importance of "the gift of foresight". He pointed out that men often have wisdom without possessing foresight.

Science fiction has done much to redress the balance. Even if its writers do not always possess wisdom, the best ones have certainly possessed foresight. And that is an even greater gift from the gods.

Electrical Eggs

by Cuddles

Many fans don't go to conventions because there are no facilities or sufficient allowances made for their special needs. Imagine going to a convention where:

- you can't get around much
- you can't read the small print in publications
- you can't see what is going on
- you can't hear what is going on
- you wait in long queues for autographs or programme rooms, or
- you worry about what to do if you become ill

The tide is turning for everyone with the introduction of the Disability Discrimination Act (1995), which came into effect in December 1996. To cut down on the jargon, it means that by law, con organisers are now expected to make appropriate arrangements for people with disabilities. The venue for the convention will have its own responsibilities and cannot be held totally accountable.

Electrical Eggs is a fan-run organisation which has been running successfully in the United States for more than a decade and was first introduced to British fandom at Intersection in 1995. From the lessons learned at there, and with the encouragement of Samanda Jeude who runs Electrical Eggs in the USA, I began taking steps to form what is now Electrical Eggs (UK). Our purpose is to offer advice and assistance to conrunners who wish to make sure that their event is fun for fans, regardless of their physical or mental limitations.

One aspect of our access service is to ensure that there are records for first aid situations during the convention. Completed medical and access questionnaires can be returned to the head office, who will notify registered users of future conventions that operate our access service.

Electrical Eggs (UK) is very much in its infancy. We have published a handbook that provides information and guidelines on how to implement our Disabled Access Service; please contact our head office in Glasgow for a copy. My next priority is to gather funds so that we can expand. Money raised will be used to provide publications, such as talking programme books and to obtain an equipment pool of items such as a closed caption video decoder which can then be made available for conventions to hire.

There is still much to do. Presently, the access service is a fan-run business with a staff of one—ME—and I am grateful to Sammy in the States and also to Andy Croft, both of whom have been supportive in this mammoth undertaking. I look forward to hearing from anyone who is interested in Electrical Eggs (UK). Please contact me at:

F 10 Atlas Road
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G21 4TE

Tel: 0141 558 2862.

EVOLUTION
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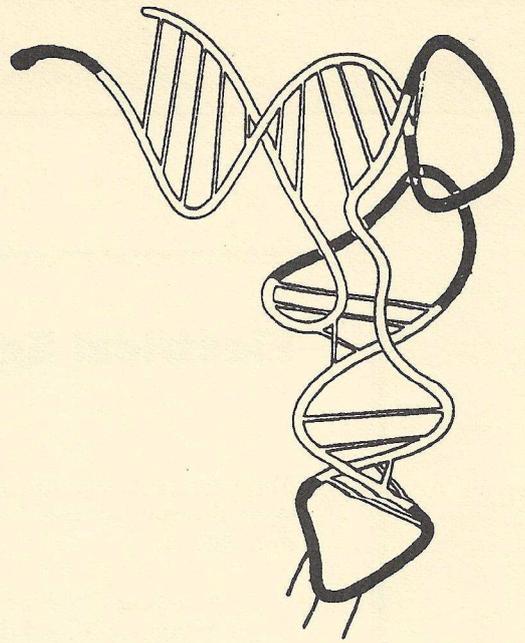
Did you evolve in 1996?

Evolution, the 1996 Eastercon, would like to take this opportunity to thank the people who made the convention possible; all our staff, who worked before and during the convention, those who kept our Art Show and Dealers' Room going, those who ran the Masquerade and the newsletters, those who kept things running behind the scenes, Tech, Ops, and Green room, our nest of cute furry gophers, the stewards, and everyone who helped out with last-minute plans.

We would also like to thank all those who participated in the programme and gave us many hours of interesting discussion, debate, speculation and fun. We would particularly like to thank our Guests of Honour, Vernor Vinge, Colin Greenland, Bryan Talbot, Jack Cohen, Maureen Kincaid Speller and Paul Kincaid, for their contribution to the convention.

Finally, we would like to thank our members - without whom there would have been no convention! And thank you all for not taking your glasses into the pool.

Evolution wishes Intervention every success.

We are holding an "Evolution stops here" party at Intervention to thank those who worked for us. If you're around on the Thursday, come on by to party!

An Essay and Three Stories

by Jon Bing

[Intervention is delighted to be able to bring you a small sample of the work of Jon Bing.]

The Image of the Intelligent Machine in Science Fiction

From Bo Göranzon and Magnus Florin (Eds) *Skill and Education: Reflexion and Experience*, (series *Artificial Intelligence and Society* edited by Karamjit S. Gill), Springer Verlag, London 1992:149–155.

Fiction picked up man's dependency on machines at an early stage; the work of both H.G. Wells and E.M. Forster, for example, indicates that the presence of the intelligent machine was felt long before the emergence of the modern computer. Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* had earlier explored a central dilemma of the industrial revolution, namely how, in exploiting the possibilities offered by science and technology, man is to be responsible to both his creator, or to basic ethical principles, and to the use and implications of what he has created. Frankenstein, the chapter argues, embodies the spirit of the industrial revolution and reflects on the ethical issues involved in developing an artificial and intelligent being. The chapter traces other instances of the intelligent machine in fiction, from Daedalus' sculptured nymph which came to life, to Asimov's modern robot, Qutie, which claimed, convincingly enough, to be superior to its human creators. Science fiction, however, has still to explore adequately the issues and dilemmas which haunt AI research, such as the question of whether a computer can be constructed to become aware of itself or to meet an acceptable test for human intelligence. Science fiction, in other words, has yet to discover myths and symbols appropriate to recent developments in AI research.

"Imagine if you can, a small room, hexagonal in shape, like the cell of a bee. It is lighted neither by window nor by lamp, yet it is filled with a soft radiance. There are no apertures for ventilations, and yet the air is fresh. There are no musical instruments, and yet, at the moment that my meditations opens, this room is throbbing with melodious sourds. An armchair is in the center, by its side a reading desk—that is all the furniture. And in the armchair there sits a swaddled lump of flesh—a woman, about five feet high, with a face as white as fungus. It is to her that the little room belongs."

This is the introduction to one of the more important stories containing a vision of the fully automated society[1]—a society where individuals are cared for in the womb of a global machine, which anticipates their needs, feeds them, cares for them and interconnects them through a vast telecommunication network. The woman of the story rarely has met her own children face to face, and contacts them only infrequently through a two-way television link; she prefers the company of the intelligent and benevolent machine to that of her own kin.

The vision may be thought to be a modern dystopia, based on the emergence of truly global and integrated telecommunication networks into which our very homes will be embedded. But the story was first published in 1909,[2] written by E.M. Forster as a response to the more optimistic vision offered by another great English author—H.G. Wells—in his novel *A Modern Utopia*.[3] It demonstrates that the presence of the intelligent machine has been felt prior to the emergence of the modern computer, and—indeed—that fiction picked up man's dependency on machines at an early stage. This emerging dependency may in fact have been easier to discern in the beginning of this century than today, when this attitude is taken for granted, and only the magnifying power and incredible speed of technological innovations has made it possible once more to trace the developing stress in the fabric of society.

To trace the story of the reflection in fiction of the intelligent machine would actually take us back to the very source of literature, where it mixes with myth, where Daedalus sculptured nymph to such a degree of perfection that they came alive; to Leonardo da Vinci, who sent as his representative to the royal court a mechanical lion which conveyed his greetings; to the preoccupations of the seventeenth century with clockwork figures mimicking life, surviving today in the machineries of old bell-towers and comical cuckoo-clocks. Though fascinating and intriguing, we will, however, only highlight a few selected episodes in the story of man's marriage to the machine, and we will start with the magical summer of 1816.

It was indeed a magical summer, though Switzerland that year did not enjoy fine weather. At the shore of Lac Leman, just outside the modern town of Geneva, rain was keeping the summer guests indoors. In two neighbouring villas, Villa Deodati and Campagne Mont Alerge, two of the giants of English literature met. Lord Byron had escaped to the continent in his carriages built to his own specifications, and including a library and his travelling companion, John Pollidori. At the same time, Percy Bysshe Shelley had for the second time eloped to the continent with the young Mary Godwin, daughter of the philosopher William Godwin and Mary Wollenstonecraft—the latter famous for her views on the liberty of women. They had the company of Mary's 'half-

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[1] Forster, E.M., "The Machine Stops", in *The Eternal Moment and Other Stories*, 1928.
[2] *The Oxford and Cambridge Review*.
[3] First published in 1905.

sister', Claire Clairmont,[4] who mainly was brought along because she—in contrast to the two others—spoke French. They also brought along their two-year-old son, who was born out of wedlock—Shelley was still married, though his wife would take her own life later that year by drowning herself in the Serpentine in Hyde Park.

It probably was Claire Clairmont who engineered the meeting between the two poets of such different nature. Before Byron left England, she had sought him out to secure his help in obtaining a position at the Drury Lane Theatre, and it is probable that she was his mistress for a brief period.[5] Now she brought the two poets together, who in that wet summer entertained each other.

The weather may have created a somewhat ominous mood, and this must have been enhanced by the preoccupations of the poets and their company. At one point they entertained the well known author of gothic horror novels, Matthew Lewis[6] who read to them in his own simultaneous translation Göthe's *Faust*, which still was not available in a regular English translation. The company was preoccupied with fairy tales, horror stories and the nature of modem science, especially the mystic force of electricity.

In this pregnant situation, Lord Byron suggested that they all should make an attempt to write a ghost story. Indeed they all did, the two attempts of the great poets being not very notable.[7] The attempt which became a famous novel was written by Shelley's mistress Mary: *Frankenstein: or, the Modem Prometheus*, a powerful myth of man and his creation. The novel was published in 1818, and the original force of her allegory has not been diminished over the years, though innumerable inferior versions of the story have made its plot a cliché.[8]

Frankenstein is a brilliant scientist, who uses his knowledge of medicine and the natural sciences to create a living being employing raw materials robbed from graveyards. His creation is a monster, an artificial biological being, which strikes terror into humans, including his creator. But the novel is not a horror story, rather it is perhaps the first work of fiction to discuss the basic dilemma of the industrial revolution: the dual responsi-

bility of man. First, the responsibility of man with respect to his creator, or basic ethical principles, in how he exploits the possibilities offered by science and technology. Second, the responsibility of man with respect to what he has created, its use and effect.

This dual perspective and ethical dilemma is the core of the Frankenstein myth, and the explanation for its survival over more than 150 years. It also is an important image of the intelligent machine. One might maintain that Frankenstein's monster is not a machine, as it is engineered of biological, not mechanical, parts. In the age of genetic engineering and the bio-chip, this does seem to be a very pedantic argument—the point is obviously that the novel *Frankenstein* reflects the ethical issues involved in developing an intelligent and artificial being. This monster is not, of course, a forecast of possible knowledge based technology but rather an embodiment of the spirit of the industrial revolution—the steam driven engines replacing workers cast in the grotesque hulk of the monster, combining the mechanical aspect of the engine with the fate of the workers, in one mythological being.

The distinction between mechanical and biological machines is actually of a rather recent date. This becomes evident if we trace the roots of the appearance of the robot in fiction.

That fateful summer of 1816, some of the tales told were from the Ghetto of Prague; old Jewish tales. Of these, the tale of Rabbi Judah Löw[9] still attracts interest. It is said that Rabbi Löw shaped a man from clay, and like a god breathed the spirit of life into this being, which he named Golem. Golem could hear, but could not speak; was naïve and faithful. He did not need sleep, but often mimicked sleep. Fire or water did not hurt him, and he had the strength of a giant. He would do any chore, but if asked to do anything only serving the personal interests of his master, he would misinterpret the order and behave like the magic broom of the sorcerer's apprentice.

It is said that on 23 February 1592, Rabbi Löw was given audience by emperor Rudolph II of Habsburg. It is not known what was discussed at that occasion, but the protocol mention the presence of both the emperor and Prince Bertier. Tradition insisted that Rabbi Löw was warned against breaking the divine order of things, and after the audience, he is reported to have said: "We have no further need for Jossele Golem". With friends he took Golem to the upper chamber in the bell-tower of the Altneu synagogue, read a magic formula and robbed the clay man of his life.[10]

[4] Claire Clairmont (1798–1879) was the daughter of Godwin's second wife and her first husband and was really not related to Mary Godwin at all. She was christened Clara Mary Jane, but seems to have preferred the more artistic name 'Claire'.
[5] On return to England, Claire gave birth to a daughter, Allegra, and Byron was named the father.
[6] His best known novel is *The Monk* (1796), which earned him the nick-name 'Monk' Lewis. He met the party of Byron and Shelley just before his final voyage to Jamaica. See Tracy, Ann B (1985) MG Lewis. In: Bleiler, E.F. (ed), *Supernatural Fiction Writers: Fantasy and Horror*, vol 1., Scribner, New York, pp. 153–160.
[7] John Pollidori produced actually a short novel, *The Vampyre*, which is the origin of the later rich literature on vampires, including Bram Stoker's *Dracula* (1897). It became a popular novel, partly due to the fact that Pollidori hinted that Lord Byron was the true author.
[8] For those who would like to find a more tangible link between Frankenstein and modern computers, one may mention that Lord Byron during that summer wrote the second stanza to his famous Childe Herold, dedicated to his daughter, today known as Ada Augusta, Lady of Lovelace—the assistant to Charles Babbage in his attempt to develop an "analytical machine", and seen by many as the "world's first programmer".

[9] Rabbi Löw (approximately 1520–1609) came to Prague from Poland, probably Poznan. He was the youngest in a family of scholars, three of his brothers also being rabbis. It is believed that he served as a rabbi in Mikulov 1533–1573, trying to rule the society by law. In 1572 he chaired the regional synod in Breclav, and the following year left for Prague where he established a talmud school in a building known as "Klause", serving both as school and synagogue. When he failed to be elected to the highest office in 1583, he returned to Poznan. He was in Prague once more in 1589, when he was elected to the highest office. It is about this time that the episode mentioned in the text, is said to have taken place. See Muneles, Otto (1956) *Prague Ghetto in the Renaissance World*, State Jewish Museum, Prague.
[10] It has been suggested that this episode was a source for *(contd.)*

We do not know to what extent the Golem myth attracted the interest of Mary Shelley in 1816. But we know that a Prague journalist, Egon Erwin Kisch,[11] in 1920 wrote a series or articles on the Golem, including his own examination of the Altneu synagogue for possible traces of the clay man. At that time, one of his journalist colleagues named Karel Capek (1890–1938), read these articles just before writing his own famous play *R.U.R.* (1920), the title being an abbreviation for *Rossum's Universal Robots*. In this way, the word "robot" was introduced in our language.

But the robots of Capek are not the men of steel popular in current science fiction. They are more akin to their ancestors, the Golem and Frankenstein's monster. The general manager of Rossum's Universal Robots, Harry Domain, describes them in this way to the robot Helena:[12]

> *"In each (kneading-trough) we mix the ingredients for a thousand Robots at one operation. Then there are the vats for the preparation of river, brains, and so on . Then you'll see the bone factory. After that I will show you the spinning-mill... For weaving nerves and veins. Miles and miles of digestive tubes pass through it at a stretch. Then there's the fitting-shed, where all the parts are put together, like motor cars. Next comes the drying kiln and the warehouse in which the new products work... they work-like any new appliance. They get used to existence. They sort of grow firm inside. We have to make a slight allowance for natural development. And in the meantime they undergo training... It's much the same as going to school. They learn to speak, write, and count. They've astonishing memories, you know. If you were to read a twenty-volume encyclopaedia to them, they'd repeat it all to you with absolute accuracy. But they never think of anything new. Then they're sorted out and distributed. Fifteen thousand daily, not counting a regular percentage of defective specimens which are thrown into the stamping-mill ..."*

We see how the robot of Capek still is a biological machine rather than a mechanical one—a device which in the specialised language of science fiction would be an android or a biomat rather than a robot. Capek uses the robot as a symbol of the suppressed worker and the industrial exploitation of workers. In this we see the same theme as in Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, and, indeed, in Capek's later novel *War with the Newts* (1936).[13] Another important sequel to this theme is the famous film by Fritz Lang, *Metropolis* (1926),[14] in which a female robot

appears as the symbol of the haunted and mechanised city.

In sketching briefly these developments, we have been able to demonstrate how the intelligent machine—whether engineered by biological or mechanical technology—is seen as a symbol of mechanisation, an embodiment of the symbiosis between an industry based on mechanisation and assembly lines, and the workers serving this industry, and which then also are reduced to mere mechanical devices necessary for the smooth functioning of industrial society. The 'intelligent machine' is not seen as a challenge to human reasoning or creative powers, but rather as a tool to be used—an industrial robot in the current meaning of the word.

There are, however, indications also of seeing mechanical reasoning as a challenge to humans. The most curious example is actually not a work of fiction, but the tale of the mechanical chess player engineered by the Hungarian baron Wolfgang von Kempelen of Presburg (1734–1804), constructed in 1769. For almost a century, this machine—in the form of a Turk seated at a chess table—astonished the world, and prominent public figures like empress Catherina II of Russia, the emperor Napoleon and Benjamin Franklin lost games against the mechanical player. In the nineteenth century, the mechanical chess player was taken to the US by Johann Nepomunk Maelzel, a technician of Bavaria, himself famous for his musical toys.[15] Regrettably, the player was proved to be a hoax. Edgar Allan Poe, in an article of his journal *The Southern Literary Messenger*, revealed that a dwarf was hidden within the table, and through acrobatics was able to move the metal hand of the Turk. Poe uses this episode as a basis for his story "The Thousand-and-Second Tale of Scheherazade" (1854). Another well known US writer, Ambrose Bierce, is inspired by the chess player in his famous story "Moxon's Master" (1893), where he uses the mechanical chess player to argue a mechanical philosophy of life.

On this basis, it may be seen as more than a coincidence that chess has attracted designers of modem computer as a test for their intelligence and ability to compete with man on an intellectual basis: a tradition running from Alan Turing's work to current chess computers.

But the truly modem robot did not emerge until just after World War II, in a story by Isaac Asimov (1920–1992). Asimov's robots are humanoid of appearance, and possess a "positroic brain", fractionally equivalent to a computerised brain, but actually predating the computer by a few years. Most importantly, the robots functioned according to programs loaded into the brain, and contained by Asimov's "three laws of robotics":[16]

> *1. A robot may not injure a human being, or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm.*

(contd.) Shakespeare's *The Tempest* and that Rudolph II was the model for Prospero, and Golem the model for Caliban. See Plank, Robert (1968) *The Emotional Significance of Imaginary Beings*, C.C. Thomas.
[11] Kisch became well known for his later reports from the civil war in Spain.
[12] *R.U.R.*, translated from Czech by P. Selver, adapted for the English stage by Nigel Playfair, edited by Harry Shefter. Washington Square Press, 1973.
[13] Czech original title is *Valka s Mloky*; English translation 1937.
[14] The film was based on a novel of the same title by Lang's wife, Thea von Harbou.

[15] When Maelzel died in 1838, the player was acquired by the Chinese Museum of Philadelphia, and was destroyed by fire in 1854.
[16] It is maintained that these laws were formalised by Asimov's editor, John W. Campbell, Jr., one of the most influential editors of science fiction. Campbell himself is reported to have insisted that the laws were implicit in the stories by Asimov. See Asimov, Isaac (1979) *In Memory Yet Green*. Doubleday & Company, New York, pp. 285–287.

2. A robot must obey the orders given by human beings except where such orders would conflict with the First Law.

3. A robot must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second Law.

In one of his earliest stories, "Reason" (1941), Asimov had a robot prove that the robot is not only equal to humans, but far superior to them. The argument is still convincing, in the words of robot QT-1, otherwise known as Qutie, addressing his fellow humans on the issue that they are his creators:

> "Look at you," he said finally, "I say this in no spirit of contempt, but look at you! The material you are made of is soft and flabby, lacking endurance and strength, depending for every energy upon the inefficient oxidation of organic material... Periodically you pass into a coma and the least variation in temperature, air pressure, humidity, or radiation intensity impairs your efficiency. You are makeshifts.
>
> "I, on the other hand, am a finished product. I absorb electrical energy directly and utilise it with an almost one hundred percent efficiency. I am composed of strong metal, am continuously conscious, and can stand extremes of environment easily. These are facts, with the self-evident proposition that no being can create another being superior to itself, smashes your silly hypothesis to nothing."

The modern robot has appeared. It may, however, be a point of interest to note that Qutie, in his argument, mainly spoke of his physical abilities—not of his powers of reasoning. The issue that has haunted AI research—whether a computer can be constructed meeting the Turing test or another acceptable test for human intelligence—is not addressed, though Turing had actually formulated his test at the time of Asimov's early robot stories. The problem of whether a computer can become aware of itself, is not seen as an issue.

Obviously, science fiction has developed and refined its image of the intelligent machine from Asimov's early models. It may be true, nevertheless, to say that these issues still have not been adequately explored. Though it may be to overly generalise the situation, it may be maintained that the fiction which should perceive as one of its main tasks to communicate the dilemmas of modern AI research to its readers, has failed to find appropriate myths and symbols. We are still waiting for the fifth generation computer to emerge as a symbol as strong as Frankenstein's monster or the robots of Capek and Asimov.

A Meeting in Georgetown
by Jon Bing

Translated from Norwegian by Sam J. Lundwall

Through the large windows he could see the harbour, the for masts, flashing metalwork of groomed yachts. Not a sound penetrated the double glazing, the room was silent, with the exception of the soft hiss from the air-conditioning system and the faint popping of ice cubes slowly melting in the glasses.

If he closed his eyes, Leon Caxton could see the strange mixture of indolence and activity that ruled the yacht harbour—see middle aged businessmen in blazing sports shirts, see the highlights of sun lotion along brown limbs, see provisions being carried aboard, see engines being mended, see the lazy circles of birds ending in abrupt dives after a promising piece of refuse in the water between the boats.

In that way Jerry Garfield had emerged from the stream of tourists and surprised him and the recent republic of Cayman Islands. The Cayman Islands were discovered by Columbus in 1503 and were named Las Tortugas after its turtles—which were one of the most important export articles. The islands were colonised by the British from Jamaica in the seventeenth century. And they became an independent nation in 1980; a small island state in the Caribbean Sea, a bit more than 10 000 inhabitants distributed on three low coral reefs. A sunshine country where the most important commodity was holidays for tourists.

But all countries have their small secrets. Even the Cayman Islands have such secrets—which they were reluctant to make known to the powerful neighbours north of them, neither those living on the mainland of the USA, nor those somewhat closer on the island of Cuba. The Caribbean Sea contained oil fields and political conflicts and possibilities, and was an important area. And though the Cayman Islands were small, they were politically stable, with strong links to Britain and the western world, with quite a modern society.

And this might explain why Jerry Garfield emerged just here. Why he had entered Leon Caxton's cool front office and handed Elise a thin envelope—an envelope containing a single sheet of paper. It was produced by a matrix primer of low quality—but its implication was sufficient for Garfield to be admitted immediately to Caxton's office, for Caxton to cancel his appointments for the rest of the day, for frosty glasses of rum and lime to appear on the table, and for Caxton to sit completely silent in the much-too-large chair, looking out of the window and listening to the smooth voice of Garfield.

'It started fours years ego,' Garfield said. 'There were two of us. Let me not mention names, let me call my partner Tom. Tom and Jerry, you get the joke, huh?' Garfield was in no hurry. He talked as if he had just arrived at the home of a close friend with a blank day in front of him. Caxton remembered well the animated films of Tom and Jerry, but could not recall whether Jerry was the cat or the mouse.

'We started a shop for home computers while we still were at the university—home computers, pocket calculators, digital watches, video games and similar gadgets. We bought a franchise from a national chain—you know how these things are arranged: We paid a large rent to the chain, but kept the profit ourselves. It worked well enough; at least, we were able to finance our studies.

'The chain had the idea of putting in point-of-sale terminals. They thought it would be good for business to be as technically advanced as possible: most of our customers fell for that type of gimmick. You know how the POS terminals work: the sums are entered directly into the terminal which communicates with a centre for electronic funds transfers. There the codes read from the customer's magnetic card are authenticated and at the same time the account of the customer is checked. Then the money is deducted from the account of the client and added to our account.

'The whole thing worked without a hitch, but we had the that perhaps the system might be amended slightly to our benefit...'

Actually it was quite simple.

The system was designed to make misuse by the customer difficult. Not by the shop owners. Tom and Jerry simply designed a system that not only communicated the transactions to the electronic funds transfer centre, but also stored the transactions on a small computer in the shop. As they sold home computers similar systems, there was no lack of adequate hardware. When the customer left, the whole sale could be simulated one or more times in addition to the original transaction. All codes—and the passwords—would be authentic.

They tested the system for a few months without exploiting the possibilities. At the same time they planned ahead and postponed to the same few days, on different pretexts, the finalising of several large contracts for personal computer systems.

They ran the simulation system for four days. For each sale only the profit from the original sale was credited to their account, but also the gross sum for several false sales.

Jerry was at the store and took care of the customers and the system. They had a temporary assistant in the shop, a girl with no knowledge of the stunt they were pulling. Tom was on the road the whole time, sleeping in different cities in the area and making withdrawals from the shop's account to keep it trimmed down to its usual balance, in order not to create undue interest at the bank and to avoid making any suspiciously large single withdrawal.

The fourth day Jerry had a call from a customer who pointed out that he had not been charged for one, but five Apple III systems. Jerry said it probably was a computer error which was easily corrected, and added that these things happened all time. He promised to look into it and call back at once. He replaced the phone, told the girl he just wanted to check something at a downtown customer's, went through the back door and started the car which was ready to go outside. That evening he met Tom in the motel they had agreed upon in advance as a meeting place. They had been able to work for the period they had hoped and had made a net profit of approximately three million dollars. That night they drove north in Tom's new car and settled in a small town in Canada.

'Three million,' Jerry said. 'It was not much. But it turned out to be sufficient.'

Caxton was still staring through the window. The sky was evenly blue, an unreal blue colour—like the painted roof of a subterranean vault. It was too early for hurricanes, but it would have been fitting if there at the horizon had been a grey smudge—the herald of a tropic storm approaching.

'We were very clever programmers,' Jerry continued. He lifted his glass and shook it, making the half-melted ice cubes jingle faintly, but put it down once more without drinking. 'Both Tom and myself. That was actually one of our greatest disadvantages; we thought programming and solving problems so much fun that the other subjects of our studies hardly got any attention. I remember we once spent a week just playing *Adventure*, day and night, on the big computer—everything else was forgotten. Perhaps that was why,' he continued distracted, 'why we went on like we did—we wanted to earn money on our problem solving.'

At the university they had abandoned a joint thesis on the problem of compressing data stored on a disk—it was to be a specification of a utility program to be used by the system operators to 'clean up' the segments different users had allocated on disk stations. During the year they lived in the small town high up in the mountains of British Columbia, Tom and Jerry finalised the program. They tested it by renting time at commercial computer bureaux. At the end of that year the program was available in three versions, written in assembler for IBM, Univac and Honeywell Bull.

They would not forget that year. Most of the time it seemed like continuous winter, with the snow piled high along the streets, people huddled inside large, thick coats, yellow lamp-light indoors, late nights with coffee and Canadian whiskey.

But the program was ready. The system was named COMPRESS 85, and they organised a small shared company to market the system. They set the price of the program quite low, hired a local attorney as director, bought a marketing campaign from a bureau, paid off all their debts, and took a plane to Los Angeles. The last of the money remaining from their first stunt was used to buy a shack at the beach. They had brought the mini-computer they had used to develop the program, wired that to a modem in the shack and waited.

It was several weeks before the phone rang for the first time. At that time they were nearly broke; they dozed in the sun at the beach, drank beer from tins and chatted up slim Californian girls.

But then the phone rang for the first time.

'We had not stopped at making a good utility program,' Jerry said and stretched his long legs. 'We had written a small, unnecessary module. Programs written in assembler are difficult to read, and we guessed the customers would be satisfied to check that the program worked as specified—not try to read the program, statement by statement.

'If they had tried, they might have disclosed what in our business is known as a "Trojan horse". Inserted into the utility program was another program. This program had two main functions. First, it checked the priority of the user who had called and was running the utility program. If this priority was not the top priority for the system, nothing would happen. But if the priority was the top priority, another function was initiated. This routine recorded all the codes necessary and used this to gain access to the operating system itself. Here small amendments were made, which prompted the operating system to utilise the communication functions of the computer system to call our mini-computer in California. Then the operating system transferred all key data to our computer, including all data security and authentication routines.'

Their holiday was over. They had a new, very active, period.

From the powerful and flexible terminal in California they accessed the system which had been called in through the telecommunications network. They had the necessary data to gain access to user registers. They accessed the different disk segments for the different users, read the documents, monitored the transactions, and achieved in a short time complete understanding of the system.

Regrettably the system was not very interesting. It was owned by a small service bureau in Winnipeg. There was only one interesting detail in the system—a large oil company was using it as back up for their personnel information system. Tom and Jerry designed a small monitor program, and next time the personnel information system was run (and it actually was only a test-run to check compatibility), the Trojan horse followed it back through the telecommunications link.. This time it took considerably longer, and was more of a challenge to gain access to the necessary information on the computer system of the oil company.

'But I will never forget the day,' Jerry said, 'when we had the print-outs from the company's geodata systems on the seismic tests off the west coast of Alaska, including clear indications of oil fields. We knew from the news media that drilling contracts in the north were being negotiated, and that "our" company was one of those bidding. When we mailed the president of the company a registered letter with the print-out and a suggestion for payment, we did not have to worry about money any more.'

Leon Caxton rose. 'Please excuse me,' he said. 'It may be just as well to let my secretary know she may leave for the day.'

Jerry Garfield nodded and smiled. Caxton opened the door and thought for a moment that he might run, escape, tell the police about Jerry Garfield—but he knew at the same time that it was futile. He sighed and nodded:

'You may leave, Elise. Ask the switchboard to stop all calls.'

She looked at him, made as if to say something, but he just shook his head and closed the door.

'I think they actually were somewhat surprised,' Jerry Garfield continued without looking at Caxton. 'We knew the money might be the best way of tracing us. The payment order was placed in the accounting system of their own computer. We accessed the computer, routed the transaction to the Winnipeg bureau and from there to a bank on the east coast. Tom was on the spot and cashed the money the moment the transaction was completed. Very difficult to trace, I believe.'

'Where does this take us, Mr Garfield?' Caxton said. 'You are not here to enjoy my admiration for your cleverness, I take it?'

'I just wanted to impress on you the efficiency of our system,' Jerry said. 'This was more than two years ago. We do not rely on our utility program any more. Actually we have sold our interest in the company we created; our attorney probably does not really understand why he was left with the profit. We did not want too many loose ends. And so many other possibilities opened up.'

They always had been attracted to problems. Computer systems were to them a kind of riddle. Suddenly they had the key to many of these riddles in their hands. It was as if someone had collected the blueprints to all the bank vaults in the world and handed them over, and they at their leisure could figure out how to crack the vaults. And that was not the end of it—the computers combined with telecommunications made it completely unnecessary to visit the systems, they could just lean back in their chairs in another part of the country and penetrate them.

They often moved, but tried to make themselves as invisible as possible. They had sufficient funds, but did not flash their money around. They lived well, but not in luxury. They had set a limit of five years—afterwards they would go their separate ways and retire. Tom joked that he would settle down as a writer of computer games, develop *Adventure* from swords-and-sorcery to a reality model. Jerry considered taking a position at a research institution.

But something came up.

'We knew many companies worked on government contracts,' Jerry said. 'In the beginning we just stayed out of government systems—we might use them as gateways to other systems, but did not exploit them otherwise. The degree of integration between private and government systems was higher than we had expected. The policy of not using government services if private organisations offered the same type of services was—from our point of view—very favourable.

'Suddenly we discovered that we had accessed a system of which we did not know the identity or purpose. This proved too much for our curiosity. But we froze when we discovered that we had penetrated one of the largest—and most secret—systems in the basement of the Pentagon.'

At once they had covered their tracks. They moved once more, and next time they accessed the system, they

had at their own end a monitor system to alert them to any attempts to put a trace on their activities. They hoped their monitor was better than the tracing system at the Defence Department. They were scared for several days, but nothing happened—and they grew bolder.

From this system the path was short to the next one. Soon they had a plan of the total US defence systems, one equal to that of the President. Perhaps superior to his, as there might be systems of which the President did not have—or did not want to have—full knowledge.

But what to do with such information? They were only interested in money, and it would be rather risky to try blackmailing the Defence Department or the CIA. And they did not want to sell the information to a foreign power.

What was left?

They tested the possibilities. They accessed a computerised navigation system for Polaris submarines. This caused an incorrect adjustment of the signals from an orbiting satellite, which led a Polaris sub into the Juan de Fuca channel on the Canadian border. As soon as the episode was reported on the news, they corrected the malfunction and trusted it would remain a mystery. But they had demonstrated the possibilities. What if they created erroneous information on activities in the airspace, information indicating a missile attack? What if they pursued the Allies' communication channels? Would they find a blank wall? Or would they be able to follow further links into neutral countries and from there into the Warsaw Pact systems?

The possibilities were rather frightening. From being a kind of modern gentleman thieves they had become politicians.

Statesmen.

'But what do you want from me?' Leon Caxton asked.

'We cannot do more in secret,' Jerry said. 'We need a country. The Cayman Islands have sunshine—I think Tom and I will like it here. You are a small and modern nation. You have developed your telecommunications network—we know you already, to a modest degree, have a reputation as a "data haven" for those trying to escape bothersome data protection legislation and other types of regulation.'

'We have a free country, Mr Garfield.'

'Even so—we think the Cayman Islands might play a part in our new and worldwide game. We could use our knowledge to many ends, to blackmail, to commit treason, to increase world tension. But we would like to use it to reduce world tension, to increase the possibility of a lasting peace between the superpowers. Today, world politics is a game between a few powerful nations. We would like to put a joker into the deck, a country which might give priority to other values—which might force the superpowers to act in the interest of peace. If possible we will use our knowledge to demonstrate that there are other kinds of power than that based on weapons—computer power, control of the computer systems.'

Leon Caxton rose and walked over to the large windows. The view was the same as when Jerry Garfield walked into his office—perhaps there were fewer people working between the yachts. In front of the cafes and restaurants tables were moved out to the pavement—soon the early diners would gather under the umbrellas in the cool twilight to drink their iced drinks of rum and mineral water.

He thought of Tom and Jerry, two cheeky young guys. They had played with their computers, challenged dwarves and trolls and pirates in *Adventure* and escaped into safety carrying imaginary treasures. Then they grew up and found a new game, which they also won—the treasures were real totals in bank accounts.

But then they discovered a third and more powerful game, where the prize was paid in other ways and the loser risked more than his own life. This was not a fictitious cave with clever dangers—this was reality: the naked and merciless reality of world politics. Did Jerry Garfield really understand this? Could such knowledge reside behind his smoothly shaved face? Could such knowledge make such a relaxed person?

And was he himself prepared to enter his own country into such a game? Was it possible to achieve anything as an eavesdropper to the negotiations of the superpowers? Was computer power real power, or only a shadow of the power created by real weapons?

Leon Caxton passed a hand across his brow and felt the wetness in spite of the air-conditioning. He turned and met the gaze of Jerry Garfield. He realised suddenly that the eyes were serious, they also contained anxiety and ... perhaps courage?

The Owl of Bear Island

by Jon Bing

The landscape outside the window was black and white, with the ocean like grey metal beneath a dark sky. The cliffs were bare and steep, ribboned by bird droppings, the beaches stony and empty with off-white trimmings of dried foam and salt.

It was a lifeless landscape, even this far into 'spring'. The polar night had lost its grip on day and let it slide into twilight along the horizon in the south. I looked toward the metallic reflection of sunlight and felt invisible feathers rise around my neck. I blinked my eyes.

Why were they this far north?

I thought of my boss as an owl. A great, white snow-owl with a cloud of light feathers. With big, yellow eyes in a round head. With a sharp and cynical beak. With spastic movements. I felt like that when the Owl took me over, I discovered such movements in my own body when the Owl left me.

What did he really want from me? Why was not I, like the others of whom I had heard, guided to the ghetto on Hawaii? What was an extraterrestrial doing on Bear Island, 74 degrees north?

Bear Island is the southernmost of the Spitsbergen Islands. Its area is approximately 180 square kilometres. Its shape is triangular, with the famous Bird's Mountain on the southernmost point. It was discovered by the Dutch polar explorer Willem Barents in 1596, and fishermen were attracted to the island by huge populations of sea elephant and whale. The climate is quite mild: in the warmest month the average temperature is not more than 4° Centigrade, but the average drops in the coldest month to −7°, quite mild for a latitude halfway between the North Pole and the northernmost point of Alaska.

Bear Island was placed under Norwegian sovereignty in 1925. Since 1918, Norway has maintained a station on the island, partly to keep radio contact with the fisheries fleet, partly for meteorological observations. The station was destroyed when the Allies withdrew in 1941, to make it useless for the Germans. A new station was constructed in 1947 at Herwig Port, a few kilometres from the old.

The station was my closest neighbour. I could in principle visit there, either in the boat if there was not too much ice along the coast, or in the small but efficient helicopter in the tin hangar outside the buried bunker in which the Institute was housed. It would take just a little while to fly north and west from Cape Levin to Herwig Port. But I did not fly.

Of course.

After I was possessed, I did not do such things.

I blinked my great yellow eyes, flexed my clawlike fingers over the keyboard of my computer, and did not remember anything… until I later shuddered and blinked in front of the screen.

My eyes were sore and staring. More than eleven hours had passed. I got back to the bunk I had made up in the terminal room just before being overwhelmed by deep sleep.

It was, of course, contrary to normal procedure to let one man live through the polar night on his own. There should have been two of us.

Normally, there were, both specialists, experts on the analysis of geotechnical data from sonar probes. We were rather good friends, Norway being small enough to make most people within the same field acquaintances. His name was Johannes Hansen; he was from the small town of Mo in northern Norway and was used to long and sunless winters. I was from the south, but I needed the bonus which a winter would bring. We had rather looked forward to a quiet interval of routine work—and a computer, which we could use in our spare time to process the material we had both collected for a paper, perhaps a thesis.

It was not many nights after the equinox before the white and dark wings closed over my thoughts and my boss took power.

A few days later Johannes Hansen became seriously ill. I am sure that my boss induced the illness, though I do not know in what way.

Johannes Hansen was collected by a helicopter from a coastguard vessel. He died before he reached the mainland.

The doctors had problems in determining the cause of death and no replacement was sent out. I remained alone in the bunk of the Institute on the east coast of Bear Island.

People from the meteorological station did not visit. Nor did I visit them, though I talked to them by radio from time to time in order to reassure them. It was important that they should not grow suspicious; important to my boss.

My boss knew why he was there. I did not. I did not know what the Owl wanted from me and the bunker of the Institute at Bear Island. I only knew that in this bunker for the better part of the winter a possessed person lived, a person who flapped invisible wings and hooted like an owl toward the night lying across the snow and the ice outside the windows.

The 'Institute for Polar Geology' is its official name. It may sound rather academic. Formally, the Institute is part of the University Tromsø—the world's northernmost university—but in reality it is financed by the government. Norway had for many years conducted quite sensitive negotiations with the Soviet Union over possible economic exploitation of the Barents Sea; that is, the ocean north of Norway and the Kola peninsula which stretches between Spitsbergen and Novaya Zemlya toward the Pole.

The negotiations were difficult for several reasons. First, the Soviets had considerable military activity on the Kola peninsula—for instance, its largest naval base was situated there. Second, preliminary surveys indicated major natural resources on the continental shelf, especially oil. The coal mines of Spitsbergen were an obvious sign of what might lie hidden by the cold sea. In the summer of 1984 the Soviets made the first major find of natural gas and oil, midway between the Norwegian coast and Novaya Zemlya.

The two countries had not arrived at a final agreement. There was still a contested sector midway between the two countries, popularly known as 'the grey zone'. In 1984 it was discovered that one of the important members of the Norwegian delegation, Arne Treholt, during the negotiations had been in contact with the KGB and was probably a Soviet agent. All these factors had combined to block the final solution of the grey-zone problem.

Soviet mining ships had made test drillings as close to the grey zone as possible, seeking information on which natural resources it might hide. Norway was too occupied with exploration and development of promising oil fields in the North Sea to start more than symbolic test drillings farther north. The northernmost samples were taken at Tromsøflaket, a fishing bank off the shore of North Troms at a depth of 2300 meters.

The Institute for Polar Geology was founded to furnish more information about the structures underneath the sea floor in the north, and the sea floor itself. An installation was constructed at Bear Island, approximately midway between the mainland and Spitsbergen proper. This installation was equipped with a computer system for analysis of data collected by sonar probes. The system was quite powerful. There was a sturdy minicomputer, databases with all available geological information on the northern seas, programs for analysis developed on the basis of experiments made in the North Sea, plotters and graphics screens for projection of maps and graphs.

The system received data through a radio link with the

sonar probes. Some probes were anchored to the sea bottom, while others could be piloted—almost like unmanned mini-subs—by the computer system, into areas from which data was desirable.

The system had no permanent link to those on the mainland. However, via a dish antenna, one of the polar orbiting satellite systems could be accessed for computer communication. There was also a link to the mainland by the way of the meteorological station at Herwig Port.

It was a rather fancy computer system. But it was a considerably less expensive way of collecting information than test drilling. Perhaps the Soviets also would have chosen this alternative if it had been open to them, but the system in the bunker at Cape Levin was certainly on the embargo list of the US Department of Commerce. It was not possible for the Soviets to establish something similar

And this well-equipped bunker was the place where the invisble owl had arrived, from a planet beyond the curtain of northern lights.

Obviously, it was to use this equipment that the Owl had chosen the bunker. It must be information possible for the equipment to squeeze out of the sonar probes. I did not know what it might need, except in rough outlines.

When the Owl had ridden me throughout days of polar night I came to in an exhausted body. My tongue was dry and thick like a stopper in my throat, my eyes were red and swollen. The Owl showed little consideration for the fact that static electricity in the terminal screen gathered dust from the atmosphere of the electrically heated bunker, and that this concentration of dust irritated the mucous membranes in the eyes and prompted symptoms of allergy. The Owl used my body as long as necessary. It rode me, day after day, and let me recover only sufficiently to endure another ride—impatient with me, irritated by my bodily needs.

Perhaps I was too exhausted to revolt. I nursed myself back to some semblance of health time after time, though I knew that as soon as I became strong, the claws would grip my thoughts and would be ridden through a new unconscious period.

I noticed the evidence of what had been done, read the log from the computer, and knew that new programs had been written, probes activated, new data collected. Several of the mobile probes frequently went into the grey zone. From time to time they crossed the territorial border with the Soviets. It was probably not out respect for human agreements or the danger of creating an international incident that the Owl refrained from penetrating deeper into Soviet territory—but rather just because the radio signals became too weak to be received so far from the installation.

I tried to read the programs. They were, of course, written in FORTRAN or SIMULA—the Owl had to make do with what to him would seem naïve languages. But I did not understand the programs, though I was a passable programmer myself.

It could not be oil resources that interested the Owl. I could only guess what he—and I, in my unconscious and feverish working periods—really was looking for. I guessed it would have something to do with the nodules, the bulbs of manganese covering great areas of the sea floor.

And, of course, even manganese could not be the interesting thing. Next to iron, it is the heavy metal most common in the Earth's crust, though the fraction is no higher than 0.77 percent. Manganese has also been identified in meteorites and in the spectra of stars, so it could not be the scarcity of this metal that made an extraterrestrial interested in the cold sea far in the north of the Earth.

But laboratory analysis of nodules show that they contain a profusion of other minerals, among these at least forty different metals, for instance iron, copper, nickel, and cobalt. I thought it might be a trace element that the Owl looked for. Perhaps his search related to the fact that the nodules were so far north, where temperature, magnetic fields, or the strong cosmic radiation had acted to catalyse an unknown process. Or perhaps the solution was to be found in some prehistoric volcanic catastrophe creating the core of the bulbs.

An unknown trace element... or an alloy, a chemical compound...

It was not the only riddle of the Owl.

I did not understand why it operated in secrecy. The other reported incidents of 'possession' of which I had heard, had taken the host directly to Hawaii, where the bosses haggled among themselves in some sort of stock exchange of Babel, where terrestrial goods and services were traded on behalf of clients light-years away—who probably would not be able to enjoy the goods or services for many slow decades. In some way the Owl participated in this game, perhaps collecting secret information on natural resources.

I believed he operated outside the rules of the game. That's why he had selected the lonely Bear Island, therefore had selected me—a lonely man in a wintry bunker at the shore of the Barents Sea.

I believed there might also be another reason.

My boss hated sunlight. It was perhaps for that reason I had dubbed him the Owl. He worked only at night. The long polar night allowed him to work without being disturbed by daylight—until my body failed.

From time to time I thought of his home planet. A wasteworld, at the edge of a solar system. Perhaps the white wings of the Owl slid through an atmosphere of methane? Or perhaps his planet was covered by eternal clouds? Or perhaps it was tied in rotation to its sun, where the Owl and his kind inhabited the night side?

In my nightmares the Owl became a figure from fairy tales, and his home planet a magic forest. It felt nearly logical that he should share the predilection of the trolls from Norwegian fairy tales, by hiding from the Sun.

And soon the polar night would be at an end.

There were long periods each day when I was free of the Owl. At last there were only a few hours each night when it dared to sink its claws into my subconscious.

But I understood that it had done something to me. I did not fully have free will. I contacted the meteorological station and declared that I would like to stay another winter. And that I did not really need a summer holiday.

They grew very concerned. I could count on a visit from a psychologist—at least a radio interview with one on the mainland. I would have liked to break my

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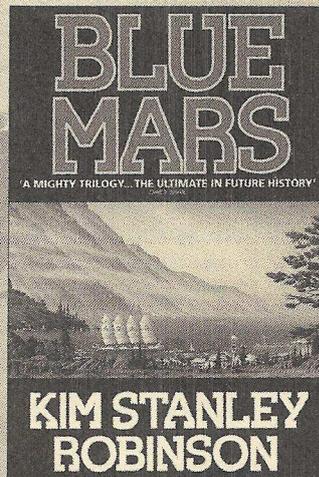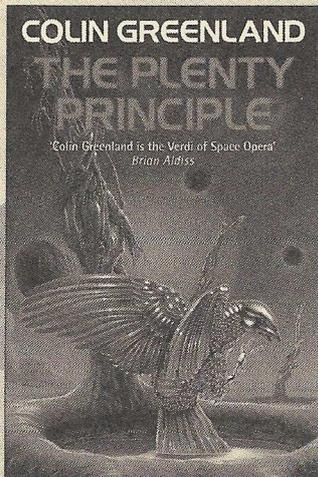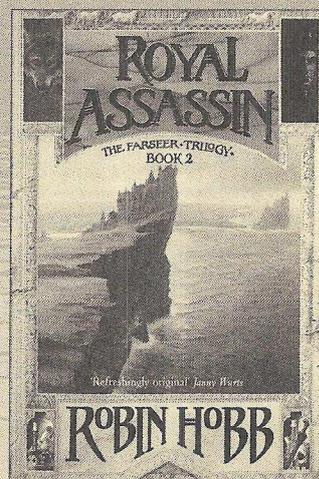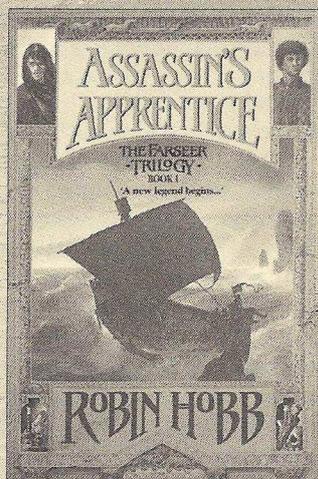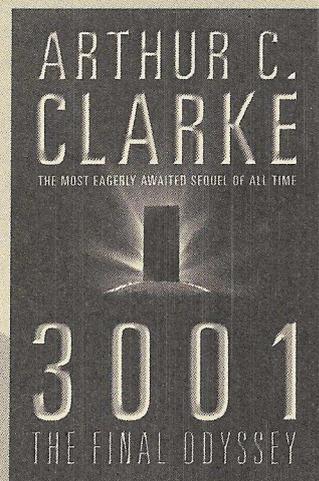
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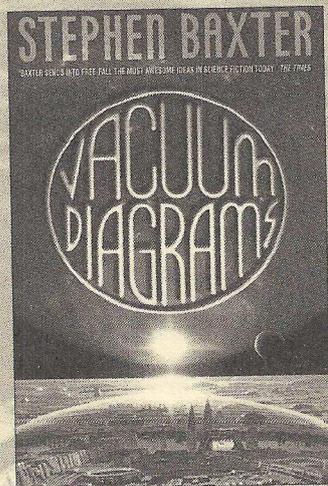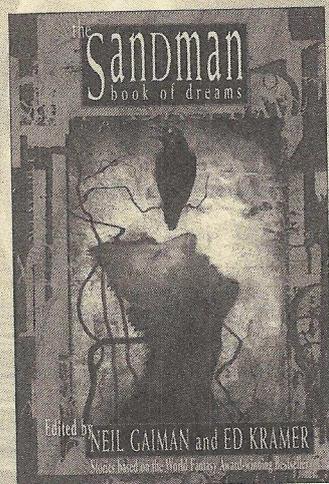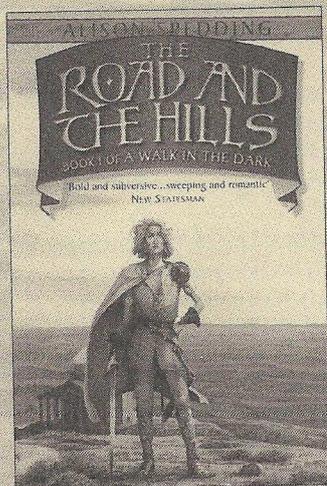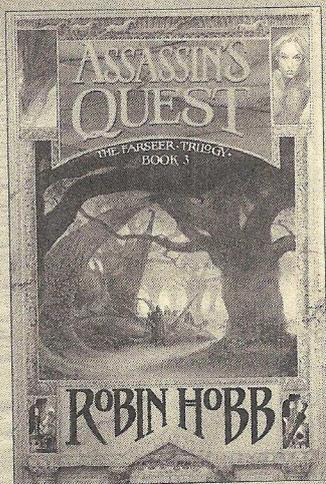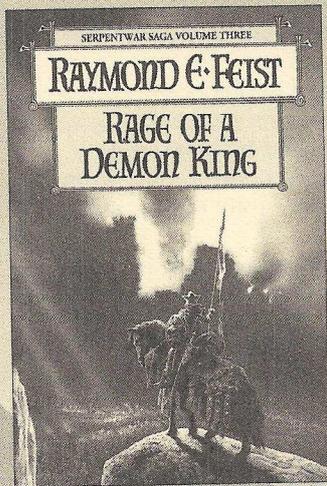
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isolation—but I was controlled, guided by the rules the Owl had constructed in my subconscious.

But the polar night has its reflection in the polar summer. From the 30th of April till the 12th of August, the sun never sets over Bear Island. The midnight sun burns in the north each night, and the shadows pivot like the pointers of a watch across the whole dial. The landscape explodes in seductive colours under melting snow. The air is light and transparent in white sunshine.

And for the whole of this period, more than three months, the Owl would stay away from me—although it still controlled my subconscious. During this period I must take countermeasures to break out of my psychological jail. In the May sun I looked for the key to the barred door.

I found it. At least I thought so then.

The computer system at the bunker was quite advanced. It had access to, among other programs, a version of PROSPECTOR, one of the most successful examples of expert systems constructed. PROSPECTOR exploits the results of research in artificial intelligence and the knowledge from a large number of experts in geology and petrochemistry. This knowledge is structured in a large set of rules. And this system of rules could assist another expert—for instance, myself. The results of analyses could be presented to PROSPECTOR, which at once would suggest that supplementary information should be collected, until it arrived at a conclusion on whether the geological structure described by the information was promising or not.

PROSPECTOR could become the key.

The version of PROSPECTOR to which I had access was a self-instructing program. Through use, the program learned more about the one using it, and about what it was being used for. It automatically constructed supplementary rules, constantly refining its expertise.

Of course, the Owl would not himself start using PROSPECTOR, or my special version, the OWLECTOR. I used the summer to hide the program in the operating system of the computer. It was a sort of extra layer in the program, rather like a hawk floating in the air and keeping an eye on what was happening below. This is how I saw OWLECTOR, like a hunting hawk programmed with a taste in owls. The more the Owl used the system, the more OWLECTOR would learn of the Owl. It would learn enough to take control from the Owl, fight the Owl. And the more the Owl fought to keep in control, the more OWLECTOR would learn of its opponent.

There was a fascinating justice in the scheme. Neither I nor any other human could fight the Owl or any of his galactic colleagues. We had not sufficient knowledge, nor capacity in a brief human life to learn what we needed. But a computer does not have our limitations. It can learn as long as there is somebody to teach. It can learn until it knows as much as the teacher.

It can tap knowledge from the Owl until it becomes an owl itself.

And the computerised owl is loyal to humans. That is the way I have programmed it. And this loyalty will last as long as the program.

There will not be much time. Perhaps only a few hours, a few days. Who knows how soon the Owl will discover the hunting hawk somewhere above, like a dot against the sky?

But perhaps it does not expect such an attack. Perhaps the Owl is arrogant and impatient with weak humans, who fail from thirst and exhaustion. And then it will perhaps not search the sky for a hunting hawk in the form of a computer program, which studies the Owl as prey until it is ready to strike the bustling white bird and liberate me for all future time...

I do not know whether to believe in this or not. But I no longer dream of spectral owls in strange dark forests, but of white owls in snow, owls killed by birds of prey, blood splashing the snow. In my sleep I hear the sea birds cry; they dive and circle through the sunny nights, and I seem to hear the owls hoot.

It will soon be 12 August. The sun already touches the horizon at midnight. Soon the Owl will be back, and I will know the answer...

A Whiter Shade of Pale
by Jon Bing

I

Space makes the word 'size' meaningless; you can't tell the difference between something small and close and something large but far away. For this reason, the starship *Caligari* might have been confused with a cluster of drifting grapes, bluish-red and shining.

But each of the grapes in the cluster measured over thirty meters in diameter, and the stalks connecting them were corridors and cables.

Thin veils shimmered all around the starship—like the shimmer drawn across the stars by the hydrogen fog in Berenice's Hair.

But the veils were sails of gossamer metal fabric-more than a hundred square kilometres spread out around the starship. The sails caught the wind created by light from distant suns, and, borne on waves of light, the starship crossed the Milky Way.

The *Caligari* was on its way from the star LM Monoceros to 16 Corona Borealis. The journey was expected to take more than ninety years. The starship had a crew of twelve men and women, lying frozen in cabinets. Their bodily functions were suspended; they would not age during the journey. When the goal had been reached, they would awaken as if after a good night's sleep. Measured in ordinary human years, they had already lived several centuries by the time the *Caligari* set its course for Corona Borealis.

Human beings had reached the stars and scattered their civilisation among them. Civilisation requires com-

munication—those who settled on a new planet wanted to maintain contact with their home planet. But natural laws reign more strictly than any regent. Even though spaceships could span the distance between the stars, they could not exceed the speed of light. It was more than thirty light-years between LM Monoceros and 16 Corona Borealis, and even a radio message would take the same number of years to travel from one star to the other.

Starships like the *Caligari* connected the inhabited planets with cords of information: science. literature, and art. It was seldom a question of any actual trade; it was a voluntary exchange of information, an attempt to maintain the shadow of a common culture. Slowly the ships sailed from star to star; when the *Caligari* reached her destination, the people who had loaded the starship would already be dead.

The start of the journey had gone according to plan: the *Caligari*'s ion drive had pulled the ship clear of the planetary system around LM Monoceros, the sails had billowed out, the space travellers had sealed themselves in their cold cabinets, the computer had assumed control of the ship—the long journey had begun.

But shortly before the halfway point there was an accident; the thin metal sails were slashed, and the cluster of grapes was shaken by an invisible hand. The grapes which together made up the starship *Caligari* were ripped apart and flung aimlessly through space.

Inside the grape in which the crew lay frozen, the computer's disaster program took over. Information about the nearest stars was analysed. The computer weighed probabilities and selected a little white sun as the most likely centre of a planetary system. It activated the emergency engine built into the grape, and the slumbering crew were set on course for the nameless star.

Two years later the computer confirmed that one of the planets circling the star was habitable. When the space travellers thawed out a short while later and climbed out of their cabinets, the computer was already preparing to land.

II

The bluish-red grape that had once been part of the starship *Caligari* was not built to land on any planet. But its designers had realised that this might be necessary in an emergency. So the grape was not completely crushed against the surface of the planet—it just split, tearing itself open on the ground.

The twelve space travellers got up from their padded acceleration couches. The control room was in the middle of the grape, protected by shock absorbers. They had been able to watch through huge video screens during the landing, and the computer had given them information about the planet by digital readout as it completed its measurements.

Now the screens were dark. The computer was no longer functioning. But before it was crushed, the computer had informed the crew that the planet's gravity was approximately 0.8 of Earth normal and that the atmosphere maintained a temperature of less than thirty degrees below freezing, but was breathable.

The space travellers were already dressed in protective suits. Now they closed the glass plates in front of their faces to protect themselves from the cold that was already creeping into the room, waiting for Blancheur to take the initiative. There was no captain or official leader among them—the space travellers had been trained to transmit knowledge, not to survive crash landings. But they had selected Blancheur in advance as the leader if a crisis made it necessary.

Blancheur opened the door of the control room. The corridor was twisted, ending in a gash. Followed by the others, Blancheur climbed through ruins of metal and plastic. A piece of the hull had fallen so that it formed a natural ramp down to the ground. The space travellers gathered in a tight clump of chrome-yellow space suits outside the wreck, as if the knowledge of the cold in the air made it necessary to huddle together to keep warm.

It was daylight. The nameless star which was the planet's sun was a white pea in the western sky. It was too weak to create full daylight; the stars were shining along with it against a black sky.

The ground was covered with snow as far as they could see. Hard white snow—so hard that their boots hardly made a mark in it. They looked out across a landscape where the snow was shaped by the wind into knife-sharp ridges, steep escarpments, and soft, lazy slopes. The shadows created contrasts in grey and black which accentuated the topography.

The spaceship had plowed a long furrow in the hard snow and finally stopped on top of a sort of ridge, with snow broken up in chunks before it. Even though the ship had been torn open by the collision with the hill; it still towered high above the nearest snowdrifts—as though a reddish-blue croquet ball had been mistakenly hit across a lawn in the middle of winter and had broken the crust on top of a snowbank.

They had a fairly good view across the black and white landscape. A sea of hardened toothpaste as far as they could see; above it a black sky with a feeble sun, a sun shining like a moon. Behind them, a piece of the starship *Caligari*—painted a brutal bluish-red. And themselves: chrome-yellow, almost luminescent figures.

Blancheur turned and walked back to the spaceship. He had not said a word to the others. But they were trained in communicating information, and his silence was eloquent.

III

One of the space travellers, Weiss, had had an accident aboard a starship ten (subjective) years ago. Something went wrong with the cabinet that was keeping him alive between the stars. When he woke up, both legs were gone.

As an invalid he was bound even more inseparably to space. When the *Caligari* reached an inhabited planet and went into orbit around it, the others went down to the planet and stayed there for months, often years, while the starship's cargo of information was transmitted and new information was gathered. But Weiss stayed on board. The weightlessness of freefall eliminated his disability better than any artificial limbs could. He could pull himself along with his arms, kick off with his short leg-stumps, and fly like a bird inside and outside the starship. Eventually he had become a master at manoeuvring in a weightless condition—it was pointless to speak of Weiss

as disabled aboard the *Caligari*.

So for Weiss the shipwreck also meant that he was again an invalid who could not move under his own power. But his space suit could be easily hooked up to a wheelchair. The wheels would not replace his legs, but Weiss would be able to take part in the salvage operations.

The space travellers were a little astonished to discover that after the disaster was over and the first shock had passed, the drama too was gone. Laborious routine was all that remained: emergency rations had to be dug out of crushed containers, auxiliary machinery had to be located and repaired. A radio beacon was erected and activated, but they knew that the distress signals sent out by it would be answered by a rescue expedition only after several decades.

They suppressed the thought of how they would survive that long, and concentrated on the more short-range salvage work. But the six female space travellers got a new look in their eyes when they gazed out over the white, snowy landscape, which now was a picture of their own future: white like photographic paper, with themselves like drops of developing solution.

The wheelchair was rigged up for Weiss with improvised belts and wheels and did service as a sort of one-man snow tractor. Weiss worked mostly on retrieving objects that had been flung a great distance in the collision; he dragged them on a sled made of bent metal plates. The sled often had to be pushed by two or three of the others, heavy and clumsy as chrome-yellow polar bears in their space suits.

After two weeks they had gotten the wreck in order. They had repaired two generators, and there was enough fuel to heat the control room. They had also found enough food to last two or three years.

But the situation was still critical. This became evident when the salvage operation was over and Blancheur had to rely on his ingenuity to think up new assignments. Only the control room maintained anything approaching normal room temperature. The space travellers had to pursue their private lives outside in the cold among the remains of the wreck or the snowdrifts. Minor quarrels arose which soon developed into serious conflicts. Two of the space travellers fell sick, only a few days apart. The symptoms were reminiscent of influenza or pneumonia. They had little medicine, for only remains of the well-stocked container of medical supplies had been found. Blancheur shook his head and said it was almost incomprehensible that they had fallen sick—the space travellers themselves were bacteria-free, and an uninhabited planet should have neither bacteria nor viruses that attacked human beings.

A short while later, the two that had become sick died. A third got glassy-eyed and feverish.

IV

Weiss was now using most of the moonlit days to explore the terrain around the ship. The wheelchair was driven by a miniature reactor which also heated his space suit. Weiss was thus the one who could move around most easily outside the wreck.

Actually, it was a futile task to explore the surroundings. It was all one single plain of snow, broken only by drifts and the shadows in between them. A landscape in black and white, where even the grey tones were a variation.

One morning three months after the shipwreck, Weiss reached the crest of a snowdrift about four kilometres from the wreck. The drift was unusually high and shaped like a long, gently sloping hill which ended in an overhanging cliff a couple of hundred meters above a snow valley. Weiss rolled slowly up to the top, afraid of starting an avalanche, even though he had yet to see the eternal snowdrifts loosen.

He stopped, looked out over the frozen landscape, and discovered something moving across the drifts between him and the *Caligari*.

A sort of ship was sailing across the snow. The hull was small and black, the sails big and white—they billowed in the steady wind, which Weiss himself shut out with his space suit. He could count three figures on board; one of them was half-standing aft in the snow ship, leaning on something that must be the tiller.

The ship cruised at a good clip up along a drift, came about, and slid out of sight down into a snow valley. Several minutes later it appeared again on its way up the next slope.

The news that the planet was inhabited was encouraging to the space travellers. Of course they were a little surprised that the computer had not known about the colonisation—but they, more than anyone, were aware of how much information was lost between the stars.

Blancheur talked with the others, and lookouts were posted on the snow peaks around the *Caligari*. The spaceship's bright colour was in itself the best distress signal they could have given in this landscape of white and black; Weiss had actually been amazed that the crew of the snow ship had not noticed the bluish-red hull which lay so conspicuously atop a drift.

No more than four days passed before one of the lookouts saw snow ships again. This time it was three boats of a little different size, which came sweeping through a valley about five hundred metres from the lookout. He had pushed up his faceplate and shouted, but it seemed as if the sailors had not heard him. Then he fired a signal flare—a red flare that floated slowly down over the valley. But the flare did not arouse any attention on board. The ships held their course, hissed across the snow, and were gone. The spaceman who had discovered them was already halfway down into the valley—clearly visible in his chrome-yellow suit-when they disappeared.

Weiss went off with two others to the place where the ships had been seen. They inspected the bottom of the valley more closely and discovered the distinct tracks of runners. And tracks were made by far more than three boats. They guessed that this must be a kind of shipping lane for snow ships, and posted extra lookouts in the valley. Weiss was one of them.

But they had to wait for almost two weeks before the next snow ship appeared. And this time it was just a little one-man boat—a snow dinghy, so to speak—with a large spread of canvas. It came whining into the valley, cutting up along one side in an arc as it put about. Weiss was not more than a few metres from the man in the boat, and thought that he met his glance; black eyes in a white face.

It was impossible to see much more than his eyes and the upper part of his cheekbone; the rest was hidden by thick fur and a scarf wound around his mouth. But even though the stranger could not have helped seeing Weiss, not even a twitch around his eyes or a jerk of his body signalled that he had noticed the space traveller in the wheelchair.

Weiss started his wheelchair with a jolt and tried to follow the snow dinghy. But it was going much too fast and soon vanished out of sight among the white slopes and black shadows.

V

The optimism that the shipwrecked space travellers had felt when they discovered the snow ships for the first time soon turned into a feeling of impotence. They continued to try to contact the ships, but without success. It was as if the sailors were blind both to people waving and to signal flares—yet nothing seemed to be wrong with their eyesight otherwise. The space travellers could have understood it if they and the wreck of the *Caligari* were spreading terror and if the inhabitants were fleeing head over heels from something they could not explain. There had been many examples of people who themselves had once come to a planet in a starship; yet after a few generations had forgotten their own origin.

The space travellers were spared new fatalities, but more of them had come down with influenza and were getting weaker day by day. The illness was a drain on their collective strength and reduced their chances of survival. As Blancheur saw it, it was no longer a mystery where the virus came from. And their only salvation, as well, lay with the source of the infection, the planet's inhabitants.

Blancheur laid out a plan which won grudging support. An expedition was to try to follow the tracks of the snow ships back to the harbour they had started from. The expedition would consist of Weiss and two others. Weiss's wheelchair would pull a sled with provision' and equipment, and the two others would hang on to the sled when ever possible.

Two days later the expedition set off from the wreck of the *Caligari*. A female space traveller, Gwyn, went along with Weiss and Blancheur. Weiss was in the lead, like a motorised husky, heated and powered by the wheelchair. Behind him was slung the improvised sled, and Blancheur and Gwyn curled up amid the equipment. Their space suits protected them from the cold and the wind, but needles of ice penetrated occasionally, reminding them of the temperature outside.

It was a strange journey through a landscape that was always shifting but never changed. White, almost luminescent snowdrifts mounted up and sank again into valleys; the pale sun folded long shadows of black felt in between all the white. At the end of the firs day they were hypnotised by the unreality around them.

At night they dug into one of the drifts, cutting out a narrow cave, with a power saw intended for quite different tasks. They lit a fuel burner inside the cave and spent a warmer and more comfortable night than they had dared hope for.

Four days passed this way.

When they had come about a kilometre from their overnight cave on the fifth day, Gwyn shouted in surprise to the others. When they turned around, they saw that behind them—in front of the cave they had just left—a snow ship had anchored, and two or three figures were moving at the entrance to the cave.

Weiss turned all the way around and rolled his chair back toward the cave.

When they were a couple of hundred metres away, the space travellers shouted to the strangers. The strangers glanced up uneasily and looked all around, but then continued investigating the area around the cave.

They could hear the strangers talking to one another but could not understand the language—not that they had expected to. Gwyn ran up to one of the strangers and grabbed hold of his arm, shouting at the same time. The two others turned toward the sound, and the stranger yanked his arm back and stared behind him, terrified. Blancheur came up and cautiously touched one of the others. This one flailed about violently, floundering in terror toward the snow ship, which lay quietly with sails flapping. When Gwyn realised they wanted to escape, she became almost hysterical and clung to the stranger's fur. He danced around, yelling, as he thrashed at the arms clutching him. He climbed halfway up into the ship, shouting to his comrade on board, who came to his aid with pointed poles of some kind of bone or wood. A spear caught Gwyn in the throat; she lost her grip and dropped to the ground. Blancheur caught her, but she collapsed in his arms and slumped to the ground. The snow was red under her. As the snow ship vanished from the valley, with its crew scared out of their wits, Gwyn was already dead.

Weiss had been bound to his spectator seat in the wheelchair during the scuffle. His feeling of unreality had been intensified. For a long, dizzy moment he doubted his own existence—were he and the other space travellers only ghosts, private nightmares without form or substance? But Gwyn's death destroyed all doubt in him. Only the helplessness remained, the helplessness that a stranger can feel in a country where he doesn't know the word for "help."

VI

Weiss and Blancheur were alone in the soft labyrinth of snowdrifts and snowbanks. As the shock of Gwyn's death gradually passed, the feeling of unreality returned: it was as if they were locked in a prison of gelatine—transparent, but hermetic; soft, but impenetrable. Forced together by the white, flat landscape and the incomprehensible reactions of the sailors, Weiss and Blancheur grew closer to each other. They needed to touch each other, to have long talks together—needed all the reassurance that they could give each other of their own existence.

After six days the landscape changed. At first they didn't notice it, because the mountain in front of them blended in with the black sky. It was just a darker shadow against the horizon, with snow caught in its clefts.

They reached some boulders that night. The boulders were black too, and the stone was hard and smooth, clearly of volcanic origin.

The next morning they found the snow ships' harbour. It was a V-shaped field between two arms of the mountain. At the end of the field they could see where the

mountain opened into a cavern. Half a dozen ships lay at anchor on the field; on board one of them, the crew was at work hoisting the sails. Weiss and Blancheur kept still while the ship was made ready. Finally the lines were cast off, the crew shoved the boat out of the windbreak in the lee of the mountain wall, the wind caught the sails, the crew climbed aboard, and the snow ship headed out of the field, passing a couple of hundred meters from Weiss and Blancheur.

When the ship was gone, the harbour lay deserted. Cautiously the spacemen approached the opening of the cave. Nothing could be seen inside. They lit a flashlight and shone it inside. After about thirty meters the passage made a turn.

Weiss and Blancheur retreated and found a suitable drift out of sight of the field. They built a large snow cave and camouflaged the opening as best they could. Their plan was for Blancheur to go into the mountain cave alone and try to contact the inhabitants . Weiss would wait in the snow cave along with the provisions and equipment.

Blancheur came back during the night. He was exhausted and in despair. While Weiss opened the emergency rations he had already heated over the burner, Blancheur told him with strained composure about the meeting with the inhabitants of the cave.

The mountain cave seemed to be a sort of port for the sailors. When Blancheur rounded the bend in the cave, the darkness gradually gave way to a pale, white, phosphorescent light that made it possible to see the surroundings. Blancheur turned off his own lamp and continued through the ghostly glow. The cave walls were covered with equipment for the snow ships: sails, furs, masts, rigging. Soon he began to see people. At first he hid in the shadows alone the cave wall so that he wouldn't be discovered. But when a group of people suddenly came out of a side passage, he could do nothing but stand still in the middle of the corridor. The group came toward him but seemed not to notice him. Several of them bumped into him, stumbling to one side, they looked a little surprised, but laughed and gestured as if they were telling the others that they had slipped on a patch of ice. Blancheur realised that they simply could not see him.

And like an invisible man, Blancheur wandered for hours through the cave. He got a glimpse into a shadowy civilisation. He saw huge chambers where fungus-like organisms were cultivated and carefully collected in nets and sacks. He also saw a kind of furrier's workshop, where the white pelts of unknown animals were sewn together into furs and clothing.

The mountain cave was a shadow realm in the true sense of the word, and the people who inhabited it were like shadows: white faces, black hair, greyish-white clothes. The cave walls were black, the furniture made of bone and skins. There were few people; many of the rooms in the cave were not in use.

Blancheur had noticed that it had gotten warmer the deeper he penetrated into the cave. White steam was billowing out of one of the chambers. When he looked in, he saw something like a kitchen: snow water was bubbling in holes in the floor, and two people were working on greyish fungus which they boiled and kneaded and boiled again to a kind of cake. Blancheur had touched the floor in the cave and burned his fingers on hot stone—the volcanic activity which had created the mountain and the cave was not yet extinguished.

Blancheur had seen enough of the cave people's life. He had planned how he would try to make contact with them. He waited inside an empty chamber until a lone man came by outside. Then he stepped out and blocked the man's way, speaking in a calm, clear voice while raising his arms with his palms turned up. The man stopped when he heard the voice speaking a foreign language, and looked around, confused, as if he suspected someone of making a fool of him. The confusion gave way to terror, and he spun around and disappeared the same way he had come, screaming. Blancheur himself fled from the spot, with the memory of Gwyn still in his mind.

He made a new attempt: attacked a man, pulled him far into an out-of-the-way chamber, and held his hands and feet so that he couldn't get away. The man looked as if he would lose his mind with fear—he looked like a man fighting an invisible demon. It was almost as if an expression of relief crossed his face when his limbs were no longer bound by Blancheur's arms, but by rope stolen from the cave wall. But when Blancheur began to speak, the man rolled his eyes, stared all around wildly, and fainted.

Blancheur untied the ropes and left the man. He made two more attempts to make contact with the cave dwellers, choosing a woman and a child. But both fled in terror.

And the explanation? "They can't see us," said Blancheur.

"But why not?" asked Weiss. "They're people, like us. Maybe they've lived here for many centuries, maybe they've forgotten that there are people on other planets—maybe they've even forgotten that there are other worlds besides their own. But we are just as real as they are. Physical laws must apply to them too, it's simply unnatural that they can't see us."

Blancheur shook his head.

The next morning they started on their way home to the *Caligari*.

VII

Blancheur was silent all the first day. When they had pitched camp for the night, he said:

"Unnatural, perhaps. But people are unnatural from time to time. If the cave dwellers can't see us, it could be because they perceive us as unnatural."

"Just because we come from another world, because they don't know us?"

"Because we actually are unnatural on this planet. Look at us, dressed in chrome-yellow space suits, with a sled full of colour-coded containers, from a bluish-red ship stranded in all this white and black. Colours are unnatural on this planet. And the cave dwellers are incapable of grasping that colours exist. When I stand in the way of one of them, he might see my chrome-yellow figure—but he refuses to believe that it is there. And when he collides with it anyway, he stumbles aside and tells himself and the others that he slipped on a patch of ice. It's as if we really were ghosts, something that grabs at them, something that asks them for help, and which they

themselves deny can exist. If we catch them in our arms, they just get scared. They hear our voices, but cannot—will not—see our faces."

And Blancheur's blue eyes studied Weiss's face, a face which like his own was flaming red. For when the space travellers were frozen on the way between the stars, minute blood vessels in their skin burst—not only on their faces, but all over their bodies.

They both sat for a while, thinking of what Blancheur had said.

Weiss realised that Blancheur had found the explanation: such a planet-wide obsession might well have arisen, perhaps even as a part of the struggle to survive in such inhospitable surroundings. He thought of the red signal flares they had sent up, of the gestures they had made to get the sailors' attention. They had used a language of colours to call for help, a language they had thought was universal (red = "help"). But the cave dwellers did not understand colours, could not see colours, and only got terrified if anyone tried to force them to realise that colours were real.

But in a way, the discovery was also a hope. Now that they knew the cause of the inhabitants' fear, perhaps they could also eliminate it—and get the help they needed.

Weiss and Blancheur continued their journey back to the wreck of the starship through a snowy landscape which had become even more unreal for both of them.

Competition Winner: Peter Redfarn

Intervention's writing competitions, sadly, did not attract the plethora of entries that we'd hoped for, in fact Peter's was the only one, so he is declared the winner. We like it, so here it is.

Newspeak Translation

S & B Webb: The Labour Party Constitution Clause 4 Part 4

Original: To obtain for the workers by hand and by brain the full fruits of their labour, together with the best possible administration of each industry or service.

Newspeak: leading stakeholders permit lesser stakeholders stakeholds within profitcentres, subject to good ingsoc marketthink.

Newlab Soundbyte

Newlab stampout squeegeecrime and scargilful crimethink. Wealthy good, pluswealthy plus good, doublepluswealthy doubleplusgood. Longlive BigBlair. Longlive BIGBLAIR! Longlive BIGBLAIR!

The Committee
by each other and friends

The feeling of power one has as editor of the programme book really does reach its peak when, after a couple of years of deliberately avoiding the issue, one can at last demand that the committee furnish words about themselves for the programme book. As one, the entire committee pale and start to shake, and not just those who haven't had a drink for half an hour. At this point, one's course of action was to increase the number of words required, just to make sure one had their undivided attention and co-operation. Programme book editors note, this approach works! In order to avoid being completely heartless, I asked them to get a friend to do the sordid business. With friends like this, who needs enemies?

John Bark by W. McG.

O conference Science Fictional that does this day
Grace the banks of the River Mersey,
Which on a time once was the destination
Of quite a large number of ships from every sea-faring
       nation,
How on you does Dame Fortune smile,
And bring this young man o'er many a mile!

For the talents that he to your enterprise has lent
Which caused him to be hailed as 'omnicompetent',
Provoked the call from a mighty con held in my nation
(By cognoscenti called 𝔗𝔥𝔢 𝔖𝔠𝔬𝔱𝔱𝔦𝔰𝔥 𝔆𝔬𝔫𝔳𝔢𝔫𝔱𝔦𝔬𝔫)
To beg him spread its praises far and wide,
Not forgetting the Public Library of East Kilbride!

Was it not he who o'er the Hampshire Press held such
       power,
That in the year of nineteen hundred and ninety four
Occur'd the awful affair of Mike Cheater's trousers?
Seeking a story that would interest his readers,
Never did journalist so muddle his tenses
As when Chris Partridge discovered what a Fan's dress-
       sense is!

Further would I sing the glories of my countryman's
       contributions
To the successful advertisement of science fiction
       conventions,
But seeing the approach of a draconian word limit
Must trim my poetic sails and turn towards it,
Entreating you, for the sake of conscience:
"Buy the man a drink, it will cost little more than one
       pound and seventy-four pence!"

Janet Barron by Liz Holliday

Janet Barron hasn't been involved with fandom very long. I met her at Eastercon last year, when she pinned me to the wall as I came out of a panel I'd been on. It was on SF journalism, but I'd made the mistake of mentioning writers' workshops. And Janet had been struck by writing. In fact, if I've ever met anyone who has a rage for writing to match Octavia's, it's probably Janet. And she has a secret weapon: she used to be an honest to God working scientist.

Janet Barron, SF fan. Catch her while you can, guys. She won't be a fan for very long. She'll be a pro.

Keith Cosslett by Phil Plumbly

Keith Cosslett is one of the great undiscovered assets of British fandom. I have known him for over a decade now, ever since the day a shy gimpish newcomer was introduced to me in 'The Invisible' pub by some colleagues at work, with the words "Phil, this is Keef; he's into Dungeons and Dragons, just like you."

Keith joined the South Hants SF Group in Portsmouth and soon became ensnared in the tentacles of Pompey fandom. In the first couple of years had acquired the nickname of 'Mr Kipper' (do ask him!) and was well known for drinking the most inappropriate of drinks. Several SHSFG pub crawls were put in jeopardy when, in some of the toughest pubs in Portsmouth, where the police or the naval provost would fear to go unless mob handed, Keith could be heard to ask astonished bar staff for "a port and lemon, please". You could feel the clientele's eyeballs going "click" as they stared at him in shock.

Later he found himself taking on the editorship of what was then the group clubzine *Cyberspace* from Mike Cheater. Keith has helmed this 'zine for many years, turning it into a very interesting fanzine, funded entirely by himself.

Keith and I have travelled together extensively, and I have found him to be among the most laid back, almost horizontal, people I know. There are, in fact, only three times, in all the years I have known him, when he looked seriously perturbed. The only one I can relate without being slaughtered for revealing all, was when Keith, myself and Andy Croft were touring across Florida a few years ago. The weather was atrocious, we were in a torrential rainstorm (it rained six inches in half an hour) and we came to an intersection in the hire car Andy was driving, when the lights changed to red. Andy, quite naturally, hit the brakes, only to discover that the wheels had stopped, but the car sailed across the intersection into the path of the oncoming traffic. Keith admitted to being a bit unhappy at that stage, whilst Andy and I discovered that adrenalin was brown.

Keith has been a stalwart of the Wincon committee since Wincon II, and is Intervention's treasurer. You might just see him looking harassed this Easter, but I doubt it.

Andy Croft by Chris Bell

Andy Croft has been running conventions for many years, and managed to remain a stalwart of the Intervention committee in spite of his house having made a spirited effort to collapse about his ears during the run-up to the convention. This argues for a strong devotion to duty. When not on a committee, he can frequently be found at conventions up to his ears in wire and gadgetry, handing out working microphones to panellists, or otherwise behaving in the way techies generally do when more than one are gathered together, except in his case there is less single malt involved.

Rumours about Andy and alcohol are true, and although it has been said that he was once seen holding a pint of cider, nobody is prepared to go out on a limb far enough to state that he was seen drinking it.

His knowledge of all aspects of safety regulations (having Andy on the committee means that You Will Be Safe, or else), which is viewed with awe and occasionally terror by hotel, may be a result of his day job: he works as a safety and quality officer for an august body which it is probably not prudent to name here. He has also made himself an expert on the recently-enacted disability legislation, which explains why the hotel is full of ramps this year. He's a qualified stage technician, too, and a member of their arcane professional association.

If all that sounds a little staid, it should be noted that Andy is a fine dancer in the contemporary style, leaving no light-fitting in the committee members houses truly safe from high-flying feet. And he gives first-rate back-rubs in such a crisis as someone being on the bid committee for the next-Eastercon-but-one, scared silly about the whole presentation idea, and about as relaxed as a caryatid. (Thanks, Andy!) The only trouble with that piece of information is that since you can't offer him a drink as a bribe, I can't tell you how to persuade him to prove it. You'll just have to take my word.

Oh yes, one other thing I almost forgot: he reads science fiction.

Steve Green by Pete Wright

When the long winter evenings draw in and fans chuck their old copies of *Critical Wave* on the fire to help warm their gruel and keep body and soul together, conversation may turn towards Steve Green, one of the aforementioned magazine's erstwhile editors. Anyone who knows him would, I'm sure, agree that he is one of life's characters. All the years I've known him, I've been trying to work out exactly how it is that he can look so malnourished and hard done by the very instant his pint glass is empty. This, I'm sure you will agree if you go to the Fan Room and look at the man, is nothing short of a miracle as he diligently maintains the committee's tradition of stoutness under all circumstances.

Steve seems to have been involved in fandom since before the invention of rice pudding and income tax, and has worked on a number of fanzines and conventions during his long fannish career. He started his working life as a journalist, having found out the hard way that night

shifts at a garage were, perhaps, not the ideal career for him—one should not put oil into a car's radiator to keep the engine cool. Unfortunately no-one told him this (except, possibly the car's irate owner afterwards; as luck would have it, a solicitor) and, with the exception of duplicators, with which Steve is a wizard, he remains mechanically inept to this very day.

Steve lives in the family seat in Solihull with his wife Ann and their two dogs, Samantha and Baldrick, and the customary houseful of books, fanzines, etc. that is the hallmark of a true fan. With the sterling qualities I've described, what else could Steve be but a member of Intervention's committee?

Geoff Hill by Gary Waugh

Originally hailing from Brighton, and now the proud occupant of a skip situated in close proximity to Southsea Common, Geoff Hill is an engineer and designer of quality hi-fi equipment by profession, a science fiction and jazz freak by temperament and a drunk by inclination. Few of his many friends would recognize him in the street as his face can rarely be seen other than through the bottom of a pint glass—the primary exception to this rule being that one can occasionally find him face down in a chicken vindaloo shortly after closing time.

Despite being a confirmed science fiction and fantasy addict with a tendency to buy books by the hundred-weight, Geoff has relentlessly resisted the march of civilization and technological progress through many years of hard struggle; not only insisting upon continuing to drive a Lada of uncertain vintage and even more uncertain parentage, but also refusing to purchase anything even vaguely resembling a television set (a thinly disguised attempt to avoid *Star Trek* addiction which appears to have failed miserably). Amongst his many other interests, he has possibly the finest collection of non-functioning computer components in Southsea, and is currently trying to learn to play the piano. Geoff's dearest wish is for the abolition of closing time, and his primary ambition in life is to exact the maximum possible revenge on the so-called 'friend' who wrote this biography.

Heidi Lyshol by herself

There's something about science fiction that has fascinated me for a very long time—at least since I was nine and learned to pronounce it. For me, sf is in many ways the most open genre—a playground for ideas about our selves and our present-day lives, as well as a wonderful form of escapist entertainment.

That's the why of it all. And the how?

Well, there's books, of course. At times, media, too - but for me, films can rarely reach that peak of sense of wonder where all good sf leaves me. (That's rather an interesting image. Left on a peak—with no wish to descend, because it's just so much more fun to be up there, rather than down among the everyday ideas in our everyday world.)

But let's not forget about conventions. Books were

what attracted me to sf—conventions are among my by now many reasons for staying on in this adventure playground of the mind.

Did you want the mundane facts about me, since this is supposed to be my biography as a member of the committee?

OK: I'm the king of Elfland's daughter, abducted at birth by the Wicked Witch of the East..

No, that doesn't sound quite right.

I'm a nine hundred years old dragon, and I only come out of my cave once every decade...

No, I didn't really think you'd believe that one either.

I'm a cybernetic program, and a mad scientist downloaded me into this spare body he happened to have...

No.

Well, what about this one, then: I'm a Norwegian science fiction fan who had the great fortune to discover fandom at the right moment. I've attended a great many conventions in different countries, quite a few of them as gopher, staff or committee (even GoH once) and I lived in Britain for two years. While I was there, John Richards showed me his programme notes. I told him I wanted to be in the committee when he was ready to form a con around those notes. So here I am.

The short guy you'll see around me at the con is my son, Magne Rolf Lyshol Gunnarson. This is his third con ex utero. We live in Madrid now, with his father Kjetill Gunnarson.

Pat McMurray by Bridget Hardcastle

Firstly, we feel we should dispel some of the many unsubstantiated rumours surrounding Pat McMurray. To begin with, there is no truth to the suggestion that he organized Wombcon at an extremely early age, or that he was Ops Manager for his local kindergarten. We can also refute the scurrilous speculations as to why his first Cub Scout camp featured a Masquerade and a panel on 'Whither the next British World Jamboree'. It is true, however, that Pat kissed the Blarney Stone, from which he caught Foot in Mouth disease. Although Pat manages to control the symptoms well, the horrific effects of this infection can still be seen today when a relapse is brought on by the consumption of alcohol and a good meal.

Helicon in 1993 was Pat's first SF convention. He volunteered to gopher, and one short year later was bidding to run his own Eastercon. Easter '95 found him discovering the joys of wearing a wallyphone headset, which first generated his now ubiquitous faraway look (occasionally accompanied by his ear lighting up). Intersection saw a continuation of this trend, Pat spending so much time with a radio affixed to his ear that it led people to speculate whether he was, in fact, a Borg symbiont ("I am Pat McMurray of Borg. You will be assimilated. Over."). By Easter '96, he was seen with more radios than he had ears and was desperately trying to grow some more ears to keep up, an heroic attempt doomed to failure. "So much for Evolution!" Pat was heard to say.

Despite his many almost superhuman powers, one

thing Pat lacks is X-ray vision. Witness the following conversation:

Bridget: "The trouble with these T-shirts is that they're too thin, and people can see your bra through them."

Pat stares hard, with a look of immense concentration crumpling his brow: "Hmmm, yes, I see what you mean."

Irate Bridget: "Pat, I'm not wearing a bra at the moment!"

Pat has a fondness for dinosaurs and whisky, stacks his books three deep on his shelves, and occasionally has a beard and/or moustache, glasses, cats, a Smoffing jacket and a Psion 3a organiser. All other information is classified.

Val Phillips by Andy Croft

Valerie Philips, or Val the Valiant as she is otherwise known amongst her friends, is the token colonial on the committee. She cuts a vallecula through valour, fighting her way through our membership like a Valkyrie to Valhalla, giving valid information to all. Fortunately, she is not normally valetudinarian, but rather full of life and a pleasure to be with. You may validate this without fear of her being like a valerian leaving you fast asleep. You are unlikely to see her in Valenciennes, as this is not her style; jeans and T-shirt are more likely. I end this valediction with a suggestion for you: should you speak to her, see if you can tell which part of the USA she comes from.

Phil Plumbly by John Richards

Had George Bernard Shaw been less interested in oration and more interested in Guinness, he might well have created Phil Plumbly. There are elements of Phil in both Mr Dolittle from *Pygmalion* and 'Enery Straker from *Man And Superman*; however, Shaw missed out the final insight necessary for the full description of 'The Modern Man' as exemplified by Mr Plumbly. These creatures are perfectly adapted to the environment in which they find themselves discarding the cares and snobberies of the old order in favour of a knowledge and wit shaped by the present and not the past. They are looked down upon by 'society' as a whole and are prepared to show that they in their turn look down upon 'society' and with better reason. Shaw's characters do this in long, convoluted speeches; Phil stares at you and just says "Bollocks!".

Phil has been showing an almost instinctive understanding of his environment and saying "Bollocks!" for as long as I have known him. By now, he is jolly good at it. Admittedly, the environment he has the instinctive understanding of is one that may not be generally perceivable without the ingestion of seriously illegal food additives, but the passion with which Phil understands it is sufficient to convince most of us ("There *are* Flying Furry Fruit Pythons! They were originally from Norway where the prevailing temperatures required the development of fur! They have established breeding colonies in Kent, honest!").

In addition to these qualities, Phil is a natural scientist. Following observations of Colm Meaney in the film *The Snapper*, Phil discovered through experimental methods that if you drink a pint of Guinness 'in one' then you get drunk with amazing speed. These experiments were carried to their logical conclusion in the bar at Novacon where Phil discovered it was possible to drink not just one but three pints of Gillespie's while waiting for a round to be filled, and that the difficulty of finding one's table afterwards rose exponentially.

Phil is Intervention's secretary and vice-chairman, a fact that the chairman finds most comforting.

John Richards by Phil Plumbly

If John Richards had been born in the last century, he would have been labelled 'an eccentric English Gentleman' and probably have gone to direct weird building projects, littering the British landscape with wonderful follies. However, he was born in the latter half of this century and runs conventions instead, littering the fannish landscape with events such as the Wincons and Intervention.

John is not just a conrunner, however, but has entered and won Masquerade competitions at some of the mid eighties Albacons, and once even tried to set Harlan Ellison on fire. He has also helped run Friends of Foundation for a while, and has, on occasions, filked. Films, books, fanzines and comics are also areas of interest to John, as are the LCFI evenings described as being 'Tim (Illingworth) and him down the pub'. However, his main body of fannish activity is the South Hants Science Fiction Group in Portsmouth which, for many years, he was—in association with myself and Mike Cheater—part of the main driving force, and being a friendly fellow, was keen to build bridges between fans. John always encourages fans of all types to get together, and was instrumental in getting many local Portsmouth *Trek* and media fans to join the SHSFG.

In 1993 John found himself growing his first Eastercon running beard, being on the Helicon committee, mainly through having difficulty with the word 'No'.

It was just before Confabulation, when he rang me to say "Phil, its almost four weeks to Easter, and there's no bid."

"That's a pity," said I.

"No. I mean, how about running a rescue bid? There's a [Wincon 4] committee meeting in two weeks, and I've spoken to the Adelphi. They're free in 1997," said he.

Thus Intervention was born, and John had to grow his Eastercon running beard again. If you see him, buy him a cider; it should be safe to, he says he is never going to run another Eastercon again...

P.S. I've been told by the three couples of the SHSFG who have them, to mention that John is very good with babies; he will of course hotly deny this if so accused.

Anne-Marie Wright by Ann Green

I have been a close friend of Anne-Marie Wright since shortly after the shooting. Fortunately, the officer recov-

ered and, as Mrs Wright was only five years old, she managed to avoid prosecution. She was not Mrs Wright at this time, of course; in fact she did not meet and marry Pete for a further three years.

Our friendship was conducted mainly by letter, phone and carrier pigeon for several years whilst Anne-Marie resided in Ottawa. This time spent in Italy was, for the most part, to facilitate her training as a NASA astronaut.

Upon qualification as a test pilot and master butcher, her first post was to deliver hedgehog-flavoured crisps to the Sultan of Brunei. Not satisfied with this mundane existence and waste of her not inconsiderable talents, she applied for, and got, a job as official breath freshness monitor to President Clinton.

Her finest moment, however, was the day she reached her personal goal of piloting the Space Shuttle. Unfortunately the mission was cancelled three minutes after take-off due to the problems Anne experienced during the delivery of the placenta following the birth of her sixth child, a girl. The labour itself was otherwise straightforward and in no way impeded her concentration during take-off. Landing was a different matter, upon which one is not free to comment until Paramount have bought the movie rights.

Today, Anne-Marie lives in domestic bliss with husband Pete and daughter Rachael, the other five offspring having been sold to finance her escalating snuff habit.

Anne-Marie is twenty nine.

Pete Wright by Steve Green

I'm not prone to believe in portents, but my first encounter with Pete Wright contained sufficient omens to keep Mystic Meg babbling for a week. To begin with, he was lying unconscious, face up, on the pavement outside Alan and Rochelle Dorey's wedding reception. Not, I grant you, overwhelming cause to drum him out of fandom (indeed, some folk hinge their entire reputations upon such behaviour), though Pete's attempt to emulate Jimi Hendrix later that same evening might have brought his fannish career to a somewhat abrupt halt, were it not for Ric Cooper's swift response (so now you know who to blame..).

And then there was the warzone. Shell-shocked as we remained from the wedding celebrations, it still took Pete and I but a short while to notice that the bus journey from his flat to the following evening's gathering of Friends In Space appeared to have detoured via down-town Beirut. Shopfronts were smashed in and gutted by fire, cars overturned and pieces of masonry littered the highway; it felt like we'd just stepped into one of those Roger Corman post-holocaust dramas where the lack of budget has toned mutually assured destruction down to petty vandalism upon the AIP backlot.

Still, the longest-surviving friendships are often forged in the white heat of adversity, and I've been proud to consider Peter—and subsequently Anne-Marie—close friends for more years than any of us care to think about. Hopefully, though, this latest collaboration will prove rather less nerve-wracking than that bus journey through the aftermath of the Southall riot.

[Although not now a committee member, Mike Cheater was with us for long enough to warrant his inclusion in this section. We'd like to take this opportunity to thank him for his efforts.]

Mike Cheater by A Gentleman

Previous Form: After his apprenticeship with the SHSFG including editing one issue of *Death Rays* Mike Cheater first came to the attention of the authorities when he was a member of the team led by Guinness Thanks (a Bear of this parish) which ran the infamous Wincon 1/Unicon 9, which resulted in the disappearance of one of the guests of honour.

Subsequently, he was seen operating as a 'manager' for several major UK and world-wide con jobs. He led several of the Wincon posse in Wincon 2 and with John 'Razor' Richards and Steve 'the Irishman' Glover organized a 'cynical attempt to persuade British Fandom to pay for their thirtieth birthday party'. This trio is believed to be planning a similar event in 2000.

Following Wincon 2, he stepped down and pursued the pleasures of the flesh and heart rather than stay on the team for Wincon 3. He resurfaced a couple of years ago leading a mainly Wincon mob in hosting a minor con job—Starwinds—financed by Portsmouth Council. He made an attempt to go straight when he resigned from the Intervention crew, but is rumoured to be linked to another gang planning a major international con.

Distinguishing Marks: Scar on left thumb from surgical removal of WallyPhone. Amazing capacity for beer. Ability to walk through solid walls and doors after consuming beer. Should not be approached without a large drink.

Eastercon Announcements

From Helicon (Eastercon 1993)

In return for the provision of an edition, as well as press liaison services, *Concatenation* received a donation of £250 from Helicon (Eastercon/Eurocon 1993) and has in turn kindly donated £200 of this to Helicon's convention charity, the Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust.

Rob Meades
Treasurer—Helicon

Eastercon 1999

The venue and committee for the 1999 Eastercon will be voted upon at noon on Sunday. Prospective bidders are politely requested to contact the Intervention committee as soon as possible in order to finalise arrangements for the bidding session.

About Intuition (Eastercon 1998)

Intuition—the 49th British National SF Convention, will be held on 10–13 April 1998, at the Jarvis Piccadilly Hotel, Manchester.

Guests of Honour: Connie Willis, Ian McDonald
Fan Guest of Honour: Martin Tudor.

Contact: 1 Waverley Way
              Carshalton Beeches
              Surrey
              SM5 3LQ

e-mail: intuition@smof.demon.co.uk
Website
http://www.ast.cam.ac.uk/~acb/intuition/
intuition_index.html

Rates: Attending: £28; Supporting: £15, until 1/4/97.

Art Folio

As part of our commitment to reflect all facets of British science fiction, Intervention is pleased to showcase work by eight leading sf and fantasy illustrators over the following eight pages. All are available for commissions, both private and commercial: Sue Mason (0161 941 4616), Russell Morgan (01536 201723), Ian Brooks (01225 766460), Jim Porter (0181 690 4660), Madeleine Finnegan (0161 286 3590), Gurch Singh (01724 848762), Rik Rawling (0113 252 1851) and SMS (01706 53249).

Individual portfolios by Sue, Russell and Jim were also featured in *Critical Wave*, the European Science Fiction and Fantasy Review; back issue details are available from 24 Ravensbourne Close, off Clarkes Lane, Willenhall, Willenhall, WV13 1HX.

"Earth Dragon"
Sue Mason
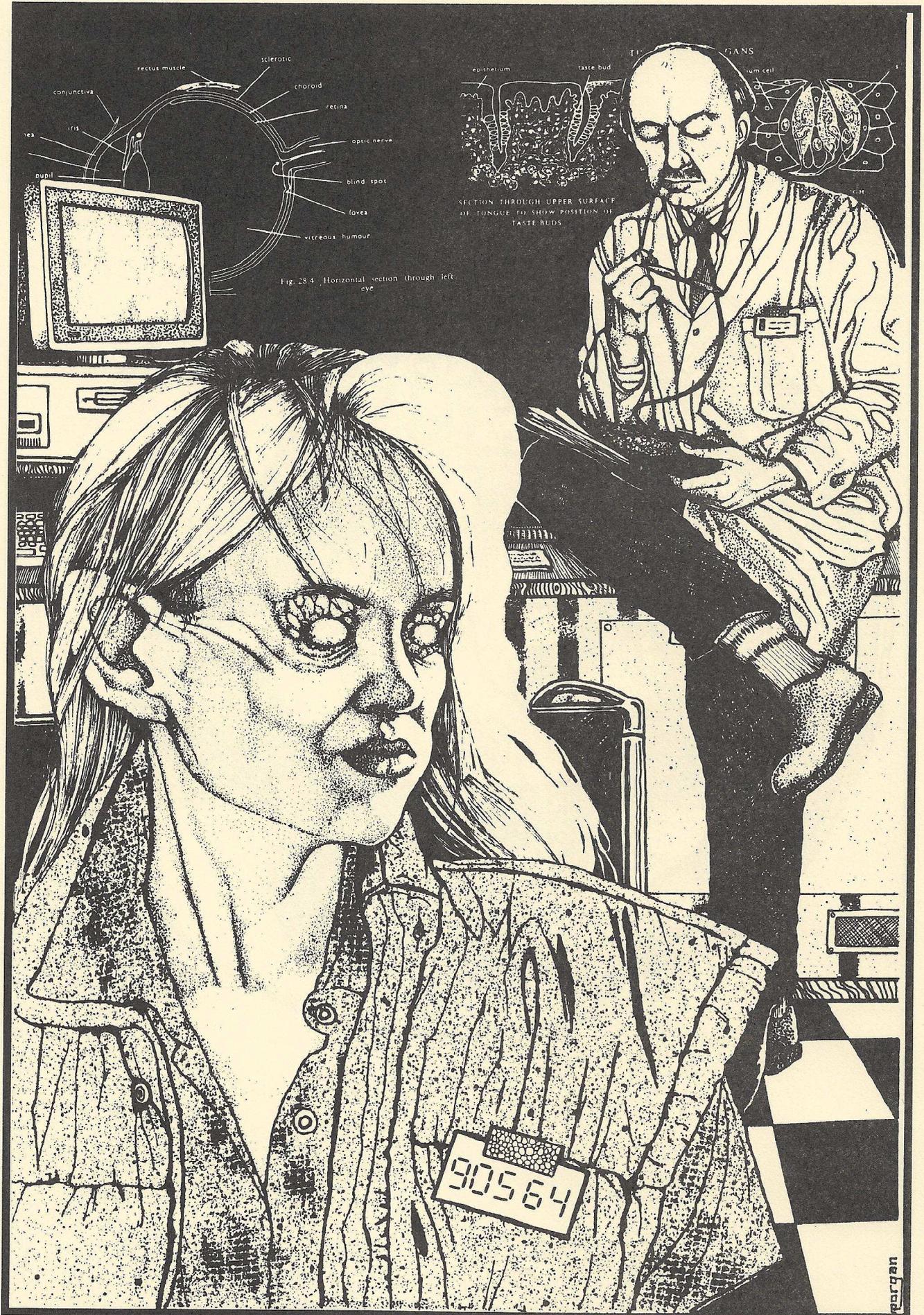
"The Screener"
Russell Morgan

"Bewitched" and "Enchanted"
Ian Brooks
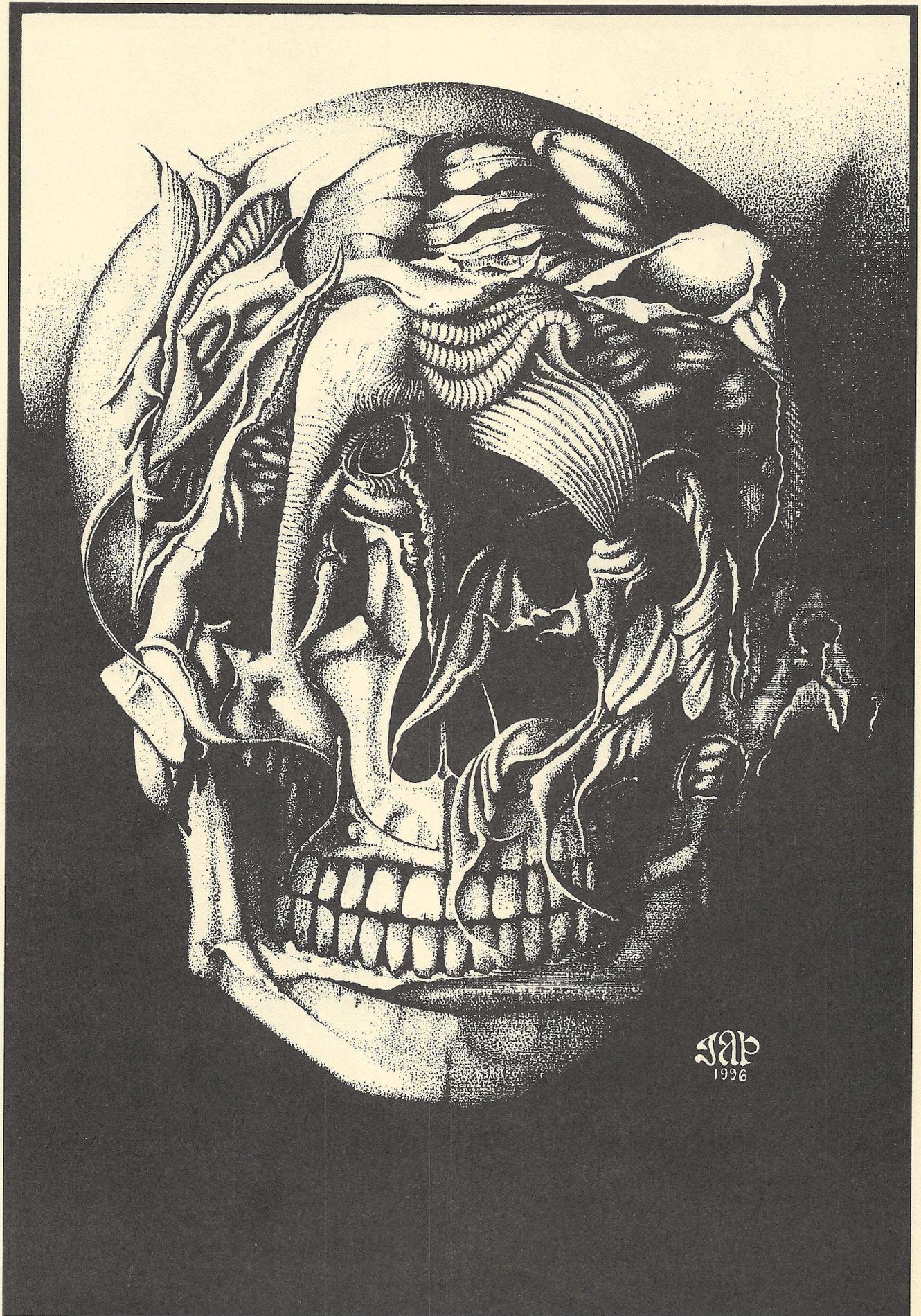
"Still Life!"
Jim Porter

"Camera Clear"
Madeleine Finnegan

"Face off"
Gurch Singh

"Little Girl Lost"
Rik Rawling
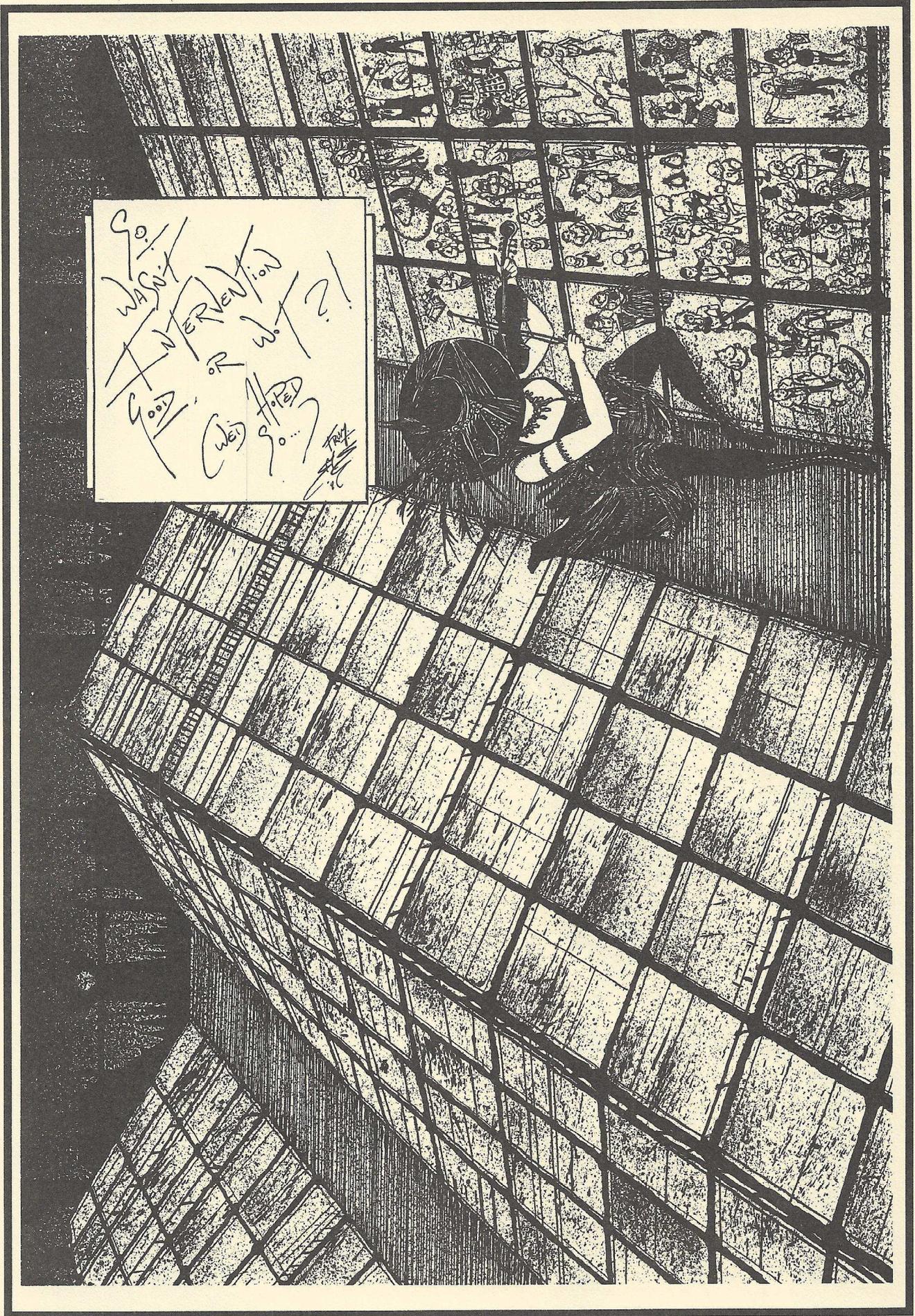
Another Architectural Picture with Fiddly Details—A Retrospective
SMS

The Programme

The details given here were correct at the time of going to press. Things may, and probably will, change—so check your Readme and the Chinese Wall for updates.

Friday

12:00—Board Room

Writers' Workshop Mingling Session

An introduction to the Writers' Workshop taking place during the convention. A chance for interested people to meet up and discuss the way ahead.

13:00—Main I

Opening Ceremony

A chance to meet the Guests of Honour and the committee before the fun begins in earnest. Information will be given out. Highlights of the weekend will be identified and agitators will be hanged. After this there is no turning back.

14:00—Main II

Pundits

A panel of opinionated idiots, or 'experts' to use the BBC phrase, display their grasp of the state of fandom by predicting the results of a poll to be taken during the convention. Their task is to identify the favourite examples of post-Tolkian fiction and SF cinema since the *Star Wars* trilogy.

14:00—Board Room

Fifteen (Hundred) To One

The Introductory Mixer Quiz for the Eastercon. Everyone is invited to face our Question Master in a knock out SF general knowledge quiz, stolen from Channel 4 and adapted for a slightly larger cast.

15:00—Main I

The Science Fiction Theatre of Liverpool

The Science Fiction Theatre of Liverpool staged some of the most radical theatrical performances of the 1970s and 1980s, including *Illuminatus!*, *The Warp* and *Hitchhiker's Guide...* This is the story of all that, and more... including some exclusive news.

Later in the evening there will be a performance of a new work by the SFToL and on Saturday there will be a chance to meet with the performers. There will also be videos of early performances.

15:00—Main II

SF: The Year in Review

A look back at SF since the last Eastercon. How the world changed and how it stayed the same. The prizes won and lost, the blocks busted and the things that you may have missed while standing in the queue for Independence Day.

15:00—Board Room

Future Slang: Inventing a new language

How does one produce an idiom that can seem alien yet remain comprehensible? Burgess did it with Nadsat in *A Clockwork Orange*. Orwell came close in *1984*. How does an author seem cool without getting dated?

16:00—Main II

Do You Think That They Will Think That His Arm Is Permanently Stuck In That Position?

A panel on how we have and how we might try to send a message to worlds beyond. An examination of the NASA Voyager Plaque and the record. A discussion of iconography and how we might do better next time.

16:00—Derby Room

A Young Person's Guide To The Convention

A sort of living 'readme' pointing out some of the more interesting aspects of the days to come. Intended as a sort of Frequently Asked Questions session for first timers. How to sign up as Gopher (and why you might want to), etiquette when dealing with pros. More interactive than the opening ceremony with room to discuss specific points.

16:00—Board Room

Starting a Collection: Books

The first in a series of items intended to give a start in becoming a serious collector and to introduce classic examples of SF in particular media. The aim is to introduce a basic set of 'must haves', and to describe what makes them so. Which reference works to read, which shops to visit. How to spot a real bargain and a complete rip-off. We start off with books.

17:00—Board Room

Regional Dialects in SF

It has long been accepted that there is a difference between English and American SF what other distinctions exist and in which media do these show up particularly.

18:00—Main I

GoH: Dave Langford

19:00—Board Room

Newspeak: Vocabulary And Imagination

Was Orwell right in claiming that if something cannot be spoken then it cannot be thought? Does the debasement of language lead to the debasement of culture? Is British civilization in the hands of the BBC pronunciation unit? This panel attempts to investigate the relationship between language and thought and find out which is the primary.

19:45—Main I

The Science Fiction Theatre of Liverpool

The main event of the evening sees The Science Fiction Theatre of Liverpool take the stage in a live performance of some shorter works.

20:00—Derby Room

Ramsey Campbell's Haunted Liverpool

Britain's most highly-acclaimed author of horror and dark fantasy turns tour guide for a tongue-in-cheek stroll around his favourite city, spotlighting the many real-life locations which enjoy a shadow existence in his novels and short stories.

20:00—Board Room

Expanding the Universe Within

A look at science fiction and science at the microscopic level. What is the truth about nanotechnology? And when you get right down to it, do you really want something built by the same people who build Ladas, in your bloodstream?

21:00—Board Room

Making Trouble For Fun (And Profit?)

With inertia a constant problem sometimes the best way to get things moving is to drop a lit match into a petrol tank. This item is a workshop from a number of people who have done just that. A must for anyone who wants to motivate and isn't afraid of a little hysteria or for people who want to know when to take cover.

21:30—Derby Room

Opening Night Parties

Come along and join in the fun.

22:00—Board Room

The Shipping Forecast

The events of the day both at the convention and in the outside world summarised for your edification and enlightenment. A chance for people to take up the arguments left off at the end of panel. A few guests and some pointless chat.

23:00—Main I

An Experiment in Time

At the climax of our opening night, David Wake constructs a working TARDIS before our very eyes.

Saturday

10:00—Main I

Messages From Starfleet: FTL Communications (Can't Design 'Em; Can't Live Without 'Em)

Following an announcement from Italy that a scientist has sent Mozart's 40th Symphony at 4.7c over a distance of 14cm the light barrier is under assault once more. We ask a scientist how Einstein stands up to this treatment. We also investigate the problems of running an interstellar society without Ansibles. Casting science aside we also discuss some of the more fanciful attempts to get the message across.

10:00—Main II

Call My Bluff

Team members are asked to choose the correct definition of a word from three alternatives offered by the other team. This time the words are either taken from classic works of SF or, worse, have been used in reviews by John Clute. Phil Plumbly chairs a contest between teams from the SF Foundation and the Mexicon Hat and warns the audience to bring their small change.

10:00—Derby Room

Good Morning

Anne-Marie Wright and Steve Green round up the usual suspects for this regular post-breakfast guide to the previous day's highlights and the fun still to come. Eastercon in a can.

10:00—Board Room

Business

If you can't get any hot water; if your breakfast was cold; if you are allergic to the wallpaper or if you can't find the Dealer's Room come and tell us now! Who knows—we might even be able to save the rest of your weekend.

11:00—Main I

Tokoloshe

A video premier for Intervention. The first public showing of this new film and a chance to talk to its creators. For once the people who make movies are asking your opinion, if you are not there to give it then how are they supposed to learn?

11:00—Main II

The Fantasy Encyclopedia

The long awaited companion edition to the *Science Fiction Encyclopedia* makes its appearance. How was it put together?

11:00—Board Room

A Critical Language For Comics

Are comics captioned art or illustrated stories? Can we use the same criteria to judge them as we would a film,

and if so why are so few good films based on comic books? How can we discuss a medium that relies on the interaction between pictures and words when even the creators cannot agree on where the primacy lies?

11:30—Derby Room
Kaffeeklatsch

A shameless theft from Intersection, your chance to shoot the breeze over morning coffee with authors, editors and artists attending Intervention. Check out the schedule on display at BoSh's.

12:00—Main II
Book Auction

Your opportunity to show off the skills gained by attending Friday's *Starting a Collection* item.

12:00—Board Room
Viking Trade Routes

Kari, our very own mediaeval historian, looks at the range of the Vikings and explains how statues from Southern India got to Northern Europe in the 10th century.

13:00—Main I
If We Could Talk to the Animals… (The Theory of Mind)

Sanjida O'Connell will discuss the problems of communications with animals, robots and austistic people with reference to her novel *The Theory of Mind*.

13:00—Derby Room
Cake Burning

Wincon's traditional tribute to fannish cuisine returns to titillate and terrify the taste buds, with special prizes for the best burnt cake, best chocolate cake, best children's cake and best cake overall. Better still, slices will be sold after the judging in aid of fannish good causes.

13:00—Board Room
Adaptation: Preserving the Message Beyond the Medium

If you write a *Dr Who* novel must the TARDIS materialise in an alien chalk pit? This item is about the movement of a tale from one medium to another. *Preserving the Message…* looks at the problems involved in adaptation, particularly of something that pushes the boundaries of the original medium.

14:00—Main I
Report On SETI

A look at the current state of the Search for Extra Terrestrial Intelligence. What more can be done, and who is going to pay for it?

14:00—Main II
Why Should We Care What They Think?

A follow up to the item at Evolution when we discussed the thorny relationship between fandom and the press. This time round a panel of working journalists will explain why coverage is important and how to get the best out of it.

14:00—Board Room
Translation: A Threat to Native Literature

For years, translation of SF has been something of a one way street from the English-speaking world to the rest of benighted humanity. Is this a reflection of quality or marketing budgets? And does the prospect of a steady income in presenting other people's words lead talented writers away from an otherwise original career?

14:30—Derby Room
Thog's Masterclass

Paul Barnett and Intervention Guest of Honour David Langford name the guilty men—and women—as they catalogue the countless crimes committed against the English language in the cause of SF and fantasy. Not for those of a nervous disposition.

15:00—Main I
An Introduction to Tech

A chance for the people who sit at the back of the programme hall to come up front and really show off. Is lighting really important? What do all those buttons on the mixer desk do, and why are you going to get thumped the next time you test whether a microphone is live by thumping it.

15:00—Main II
Where Are We Headed? Trends in Bio-technology.

Are implications of modern medical research different from anything we've ever read before? Do we stand a chance of ever building a liver from scratch? Does the future really include cybermen and if so where does this leave human dignity?

16:00—Main II
Forgotten Futures

Marcus Rowland presents the latest developments in his *Forgotten Futures* role playing game.

16:00—Board Room
Will the Keyboard Kill the Love Letter?

The introduction of e-mail has made written communication almost as immediate as spoken conversation used to be. Even the most cursory examinations of Internet newsgroups reveal long running arguments arising over what, to the uninitiated, seem to be simple typing mistakes. Will the written word ever have the clarity of the spoken phrase and what are the possible romantic consequences? Reconvene will bring you in on the discussion as it scrambles shamelessly after your vote.
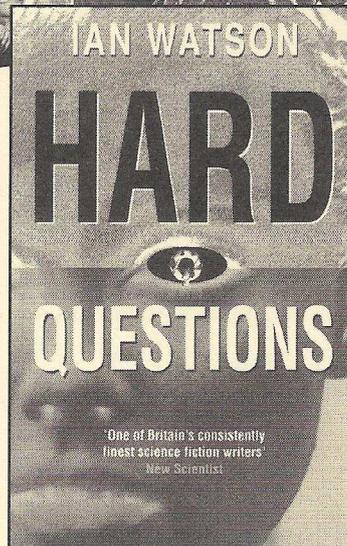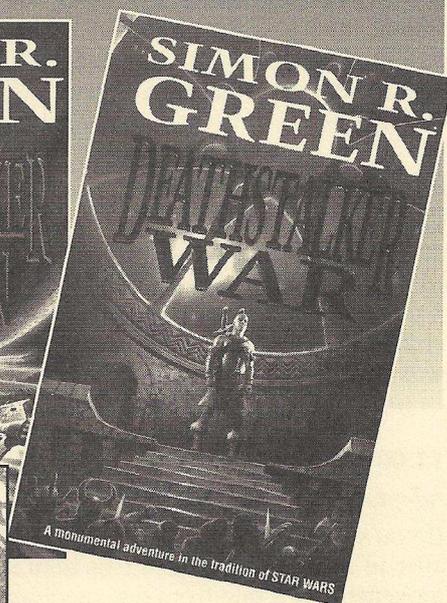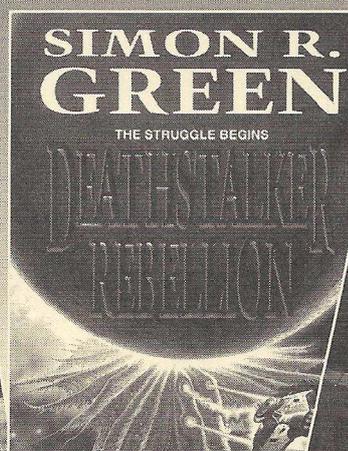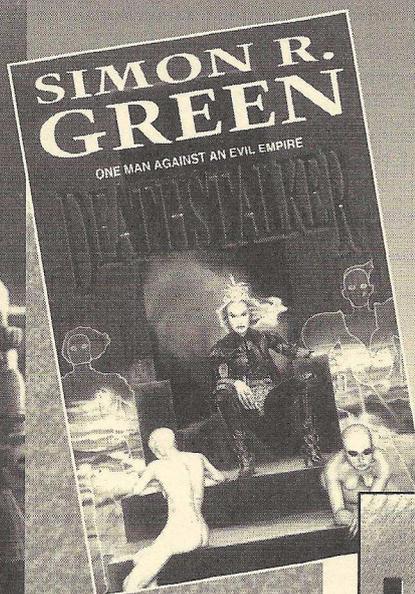
17:00—Board Room

Starting a Collection: Comics

Is it better to pick up a copy of Superman #1 than a pension plan?

18:00—Main I

GoH: Brian W. Aldiss

19:00—Board Room

Why Don't Fans Believe in UFOs (When Everyone Else Thinks that we Should)?

In a desperate attempt to understand why people who see you reading SF feel compelled to tell you about their latest theory of crop circles we present an investigation of the investigators and a consideration of the theory that fandom is a training ground for scepticism.

19:30—Derby Room

Legend Party

20:00—Main I

Concert

20:00—Board Room

Peter Weston on James Blish

Peter Weston re-examines the writings of an almost forgotten master.

21:00—Board Room

Are There Universal Truths?

This panel is an attempt to discuss what constants can be relied upon when attempting to communicate with aliens. It will discuss whether life can exist in such a manner that we will have nothing in common, or whether there must always be a irreducible set of concepts which can be relied upon.

21:30—Derby Room

United Fan Funds Auction

Be afraid, be very afraid: the United Fan Funds mob are back to demand more money with menaces. The only consolation is that spending all your spare cash on a pile of dusty fanzines, novelty condoms and calorie-crammed confectionery will all make sense at the time.

22:00—Board Room

The Shipping Forecast

Another day gone and here are the consequences, with a few guests and some pointless chat.

23:00—Board Room

Bladerunner: Carry On Replicating

In the grand finale for Saturday evening Ian Sorensen presents a sequel to the SF Noir classic. Sufficiently late for the necessary ingestion of intoxicants.

Sunday

10:00—Main II

Pictionary

Reconvene present a version of the popular (it says here) drawing game in a desperate attempt to get your vote for 1999.

10:00—Derby Room

Good Morning

Reports on which restaurants are worth eating at and which are going to be open today, with special emphasis given to those which appear on both lists. A look at the Sunday papers for the most fatuous lead story and a preview of the day's events.

10:00—Board Room

Business

If you can't hear the programme items from the back row, if you think that the judging in the Cake Burning was fixed, if your badge clashes with your eyes, tell us now. We'll at least try to sort something out.

11:00—Main I

Tales of First Contact

Did you know that the first Indian met by American pioneers already spoke English? Sometimes the very first contact is difficult to identify. This item is an examination of stories about meeting the alien. The trends concerning hostility and co-operation. The historical parallels and the more curious examples.

11:30—Derby Room

Kaffeeklatsch

See Saturday's *Kaffeklatsch* for details.

12:00—Main I

Bid Session

Choosing the 1999 Eastercon.

12:00—Main II

The Publishing Game.

A game devised for WINCON II. In some ways the antithesis of "So You Want to be a Writer?" The audience are publishers who have to undergo a series of challenges in order to bring the latest tome to an eager audience and thus stave off the spectre of bankruptcy or—worse still—take-over by Rupert Murdoch.

13:00—Derby Room

Fanhistory: Culture or Claptrap?

Over seven decades, sf fandom has evolved a complex web of traditions, social divisions and vocabulary—but what, if any, of this history has relevance for today's fan? Ian Sorensen, Harry Nadler and SF Foundation archivist Andy Sawyer are among those debating

whether fanhistory is just bunkum, or holds valuable lessons for the future.

13:30—Main II

Telepathy: A Practical Demonstration

The Magician displays his uncanny abilities and amazing powers.

13:30—Board Room

How to Bid at an Art Auction

Preparation for the next attempt to separate you from your money.

14:00—Main I

Beyond Cyberdrome

Back by popular demand—well, consistent demand anyway. The civilised sensibilities of the committee are overcome by the need for a quiet life. Robots engage in a gladiatorial contest before an audience enraged by oil lust.

14:00—Main II

How Green Was My Warp Drive?

If you've ever asked yourself "How do phasers know to disintegrate clothes but not carpets?" then this is the item for you. A discussion of the effects of SF technology on the environment both real and fictional.

14:30—Main I

Whither Worldcon?

Should Britain seriously consider mounting another Worldcon bid so soon after Intersection? Are the widespread concerns valid, or mis-placed? Putative bidders Pat McMurray and KIM Campbell throw the discussion open for what is guaranteed to be a lively exchange of views.

15:00—Board Room

The Art Auction

Oh, come now, surely you don't need this item explained? Very well then. Items from the art show are offered to the highest bidder (i.e. the person who promises to pay the highest amount before the auctioneer—that's the chap doing the shouting at the front—closes the game). Then they hand over the money and get to take the item home. Got the picture? Good.

16:00—Main I

GoH: Octavia E. Butler

17:00—Board Room

Foundation: What is it? What is it for?

An introduction to the present state and the future intentions of the SF Foundation.

18:00—Derby Room

If Fandom's a Meritocracy, Where's the Merit?

Caroline Mullan and Greg Pickersgill present the second of three annual explorations of the fannish subculture. Only one thing is certain: it's going to be one hell of a trip.

18:00—Board Room

Adaptation: The Medium IS the Message

Item on the movement of a tale from one medium to another. *The Medium IS the Message* deals with the inevitability of change resulting from an adaptation and attempts to draw parallels between techniques.

19:00—Board Room

Starting a Collection: Television

How to distinguish between the wheat and the chaff in the vast array of merchandising on offer.

20:00—Main I

Masquerade

20:00—Board Room

The Queen Versus the Internet

As the Internet attracts attention from the rest of society, can and should clashes be avoided? We ask a lawyer, a computer expert and the President of the International Federation of Computer Law Associations who just happens to be our guest, Jon Bing.

21:00—Main I

David B. Wake's Live Computer Games

As we wait for the results of the Masquerade judging, here's a chance to dash about frantically and to no certain ends.

21:00—Board Room

Nation Can't Speak Peace Unto Nation

An examination of the problems raised by the view that language is an expression of culture or even genetics. If we can't agree on the meanings of words, how can we understand what is being said to us? Is it impossible for men of good will to argue or can it be that others understand us perfectly well and simply don't believe us? Can we come to understand another culture without diluting our relationship with our own? Is diplomacy possible?

21:30—Derby Room

Surprise Entertainment

22:00—Board Room

The Shipping Forecast

So, who won the Masquerade? Is Fandom really a meritocracy? Have we drunk all the beer yet? The events of the day in summary with a few guests and some pointless chat.

Monday

10:00—Main II
Openings
Peter Cohen's quiz on opening lines. You may know how long Gully Foyle had been dying and still not dead but how good are you really?

10:00—Derby Room
Good Morning
A look at the day's papers, and a preview of the day's events.

10:00—Board Room
Business
Your last chance to raise a problem while we can fix it.

11:00—Main II
þing: Anthony Burgess
Possibly the British writer with the greatest understanding of language of his time. Inventor of the language 'Nadsat' in *The Clockwork Orange*. Translated the Declaration of Independence into 'Newspeak' in 1985. Creator of the Neanderthal languages for *The Quest For Fire* and translator of the New Testament for Franco Zefferelli.

11:00—Board Room
Turing, Voight–Kampf and other Tests
An investigation of what it means to be human, on how you can prove you are what you say you are and even who you are. Would tests based on comprehension and language discrimate against children? How would we deal with borderline cases? In the end, is not the only way to get into a club, to have the existing members recognise you as one of them.

11:30—Derby Room
Kaffeeklatsch
See Saturday's *Kaffeklatsch* for details.

12:00—Main I
Jim Burns' Slide Show
A presentation of some of the best works of SF art.

12:00—Board Room
Intuition—Opening Doors
A brief taste of what next year's Eastercon has in store for us all.

12:30—Main II
The Book Auction (Slight Return)
If you still have some money left, here's another chance to rid yourself of it.

13:00—Main I
Getting to Mars for $100
Gerry Webb describes his latest business venture and how you have your name inscribed on a pyramid on Mars.

13:00—Board Room
Starting a Collection: Films
Is Halliwell's all that it's cracked up to be?

13:30—Derby Room
The Brian Burgess Memorial Pork Pie Race
One of British fandom's favourite eccentrics is honoured with the return of this infamously silly technological challenge. Ingenious, insane or just plain daft, all entries are welcome - just drop by Bosh's from Friday afternoon onwards to sign up and grasp last-minute extras for your entry.

14:00—Main I
SF: The Year To Come
What delights await us between now and Intuition. We ask a group of interested and disinterested people to convince you not to gafiate just yet.

14:00—Main II
Pundits
The poll is tallied, the results are analysed and our experts are confronted with their own words.

14:00—Board Room
Business
Now that it's all over, now that it's too late to do anything about it, now you complain. Next year's committee will try to get it right.

16:00—Main I
GoH: Jon Bing

17:00—Board Room
The Art Auction—Part Deux
Positively the last chance to improve the cut of your suit by getting shot of all that money that's been bulging in your pockets. (Helps to lighten handbags, too.)

17:30—Derby Room
Greg and Mike Explode
Fannish pundits Greg Pickersgill and Mike Siddall spark the heat death of the fan programme as they let fly with their latest theories in a no-holds-barred discussion which promises to be fast, furious and never less than rivetting.

18:00—Main I
Do We Want To Be Alone?
Would we welcome contact with extra-terrestrials if it

occurred? As many of our guests and other luminaries as we can convince to be on stage at once.

19:00—Main I
Closing Ceremony

The last act of the Intervention committee. The handover to the new guard. The last bloody programme item description I have to write. The very last chance to sneak something past the editor. Time to go home, goodbye.

After the Con—Derby Room
Drop the Dead Doggy

The traditional end-of-convention knees-up. Just bring yourself, a well-stocked glass and a reservoir of good humour as we bid Eastercon farewell for another year and go "bibble" to passers by!

Where to Eat in Liverpool
by Ramsey Campbell

Algarve, 18a Stanley Street
Portuguese; 236-0206, 255-1314
♦♦♦

Armadillo, 31 Mathew Street
French; 236-4123
♦♦♦

Asha, 79 Bold Street
Indian; 709-6925
♦♦

Balti House, 18 Stanley Street
Indian; 236-3456
♦♦♦

Bechers Brook, 29a Hope Street
French; 707-0005
Expense account prices
♦♦♦

Casa Bella, 25 Victoria Street
Italian; 258-1800
Pizzeria only 14:00-17:00; full menu outside these hours
♦♦♦♦

Casa Italia, 36 Stanley Street
Italian: 227-5774
♦♦♦

Chung's Hing Wah, 46-48 Nelson Street
Chinese; 709-5773
♦♦♦♦

Don Pepe, 19-21 Victoria Street
Spanish; 231-1909
♦♦♦♦

El Macho, 23 Hope Street
Mexican; 708-6644
One of a restaurant chain
♦♦½

Eureka, 7 Myrtle Parade
Greek; 709-7225
Closes early; inexpensive; diners' own booze allowed
♦♦♦

Far East, 27 Berry Street
Chinese; 709-6072, 709-3141
♦♦♦♦

Indian Delight, 83 Renshaw Street
Indian; 709-1722
♦♦♦

Jenny's, Fenwick Street
Seafood; 236-0332
♦♦♦

Jung Wah, 36 Nelson Street
Chinese; 709-1224
♦♦♦♦

Kebab House, 22 Hardman Street
Greek; 709-4885
♦♦½

La Grande Bouffe, 48a Castle Street
French; 236-3375
♦♦♦

Master Chef, 57a Renshaw Street
Indian; 709-3275
Unlicenced, so take own booze
♦♦♦♦

Sunnyland Slims, 45 Hardman Street
709-2372
Tapas bar, but not especially Spanish
♦♦½

Tito's, 41 Slater Street
French; 707-2982
No cheques or credit cards, generous helpings, whole pheasant a speciality
♦♦♦

Valparaiso, 4 Hardman Street
South American, 708-6036
♦♦♦½

Villa Italia, 36 Stanley Street
Italian pizza and pasta; 236-1040
♦♦♦

Yuet Ben, 1-3 Upper Duke Street
Chinese; 709-5772
♦♦♦♦

Zorba's, 1 Leece Street
Greek; 709-0190
Gargantuan mezedes recommended
♦♦♦♦

Some old favourites—the Gardens (opposite the hotel) and the Elham—are no more. I've listed only a handful of restaurants in Chinatown; a walk to Nelson Street will show you more to try.

Veterans of the Adelphi will recall that on Easter Sunday evening, Liverpool vitually shuts, but I've been told by the Merseyside Welcome Centre (709-3631, or five minutes walk away in the Clayton Square Shopping Centre) that they will be able to tell callers on Easter Saturday which restaurants will stay open.

Where to Drink in Liverpool
by Steve Hatton

There are many interesting and unusual pubs in Liverpool, and even with the continuing policy of the big brewers to buy out and refit with "Nitro Keg", good cask-conditioned beer is still available.

The following is my personal list. All have recently been checked and tested, with the score out of five reflecting the atmosphere as well as the quality of beer. If you disagree, or find any which should have been included, let me know and we can argue over a pint. And, of course, should you have any difficulty finding any of the pubs, guided tours can be arranged for the usual gratuity.

Anderson's Piano Bar, Exchange Street
Beers: Cains, Theakstons, plus Guests, German Weissbiers
Good food including Chinese dishes.
♦♦♦♦

Bonapartes, Clarence Street
Beers: Vaux, Wards
Late Licence until 12:30am
♦♦♦

The Brewery, Berry Street
Beers: Various Guests, plus House Brew
Close to China Town
♦♦♦

Cracke, Rice Street
Beers: Cains, Pedigree, Phoenix, plus Guests (including Wobbly Bob)
Difficult to find: behind police station on Hope Street
♦♦♦♦♦ My personal favourite

Everyman Bistro, Hope Street
Beers: Various Guests
Excellent food, with good vegetarian selection
♦♦♦

Flying Picket, Hardman Street
Beers: Coach House, Jennings
Bar in Unemployed Resource Centre
♦♦♦

Philharmonic, Hope Street
Beers: Pedigree, Tetley, plus Guests
Wonderful carved wood bar and ceiling, open fire; noted for its gents' toilets
♦♦♦♦

Poste House, Cumberland Street
Beers: Cains, plus Guests
Home of Scouse; free lunchtime buffet at weekends
♦♦♦

Roscoe Head, Roscoe Street
Beers: Ind Coope, Jennings
Good atmosphere
♦♦♦♦

Ship & Mitre, Dale Street
Beers: Cains, plus Guests (up to eight)
Best real ale pub in the city
♦♦♦♦♦

Swan, Wood Street
Beers: Cains, Phoenix, plus Guests
Loud pub with rock jukebox
♦♦♦♦

Vine, Lime Street
Beers: walkers, Tetley
Nearest pub to the Adelphi Hotel
♦♦♦

Wetherspoons, Charlotte Row
Beers: Cains, Theakstons, plus Guests
Modern pub with food served all day; good wheelchair access
♦♦♦

White Star (Quinn's), Rainford Gardens
Guests: Bass, Cains, plus Guests
Occasional beer festivals
♦♦♦♦ [Ed: Favourite haunt of local *Babylon 5* fans?]

Previous Eastercons

Early Conventions

	1937	Leeds		
	1938	London		
	1939	London		
	1943	Leicester	Midvention	
	1944	London	Eastercon	

Eastercons

1	1948	London	Whitcon	Bertram Chandler
2	1949	Loncon		
*	1951	London	Festivention	Forrest Ackerman; Lyell Crane
3	1952	London	Loncon	
4	1953	London	Coroncon	
5	1954	Manchester	Supermancon	John Russel Fearn
6	1955	Kettering	Cytricon	
7	1956	Kettering	Cytricon II	
8	1957	Kettering	Cytricon III	
9	1958	Kettering	Cytricon IV	
10	1959	Birmingham	Brumcon	
11	1960	London		Ted Carnell; Don Ford
12	1961	Gloucester	LXIcon	Kingsley Amis
13	1962	Harrogate	Ronvention	Tom Boardman
14	1963	Peterborough	Bullcon	Edmund Crispin
15	1964	Peterborough	Repetercon	Ted Tubb
16	1965	Birmingham	Brumcon II	Harry Harrison
17	1966	Yarmouth	Yarcon	Ron Whiting
18	1967	Bristol	Briscon	John Brunner
19	1968	Buxton	Thirdmancon	Ken Bulmer
20	1969	Oxford	Galactic Fair	Judith Merril
21	1970	London	Scicon '70	James Blish
22	1971	Worcester	Eastercon 22	Anne McCaffrey; Ethel Lindsay
23	1972	Chester	Chessmancon	Larry Niven
24	1973	Bristol	OMPAcon	Samuel R. Delaney
25	1974	Newcastle	Tynecon	Bob Shaw; Peter Weston
26	1975	Coventry	Seacon	Harry Harrison
27	1976	Manchester	Mancon 5	Robert Silverberg; Peter Roberts
28	1977	Coventry	Eastercon '77	John Bush
29	1978	Heathrow	Skycon	Robert Sheckley; Roy Kettle
30	1979	Yorcon	Yorcon	Richard Cooper; Graham and Pat Charnock
31	1980	Glasgow	Albacon	Colin Kapp; Jim Barker
32	1981	Leeds	Yorcon II	Ian Watson; Dave Langford; Tom Disch
33	1982	Brighton	Channelcon	Angela Carter; John Sladek
34	1983	Glasgow	Albacon II	James White; Avedon Carol; Marion Zimmer Bradley
35	1984	Brighton	Seacon '84	Roger Zelazny; Waldemar Kumming; Chris Priest; Pierre Barbet; Josef Nesvadba
36	1985	Leeds	Yorcon III	Greg Benford; Linda Pickersgill
37	1986	Glasgow	Albacon III	Joe Haldeman; John Jarrold
38	1987	Birmingham	BECCON'87	Keith Roberts; Chris Atkinson
39	1988	Liverpool	Follycon	Gordon Dickson; Greg Pickersgill; Gwyneth Jones; Len Wein
40	1989	Jersey	Contrivance	M. John Harrison; Avedon Carol; Anne McCaffrey; Rob Hansen; Don Lawrence
41	1990	Liverpool	Eastcon	Iain Banks; Anne Page; SMS
42	1991	Glasgow	Speculation	Rob Holdstock
43	1992	Blackpool	Illumination	Geoff Ryman; Paul McCauley; Pam Wells
44	1993	Jersey	Helicon	George R.R. Martin; John Brunner; Karel Thole; Larry van der Putte
45	1994	Liverpool	Sou'Wester	Barbara Hambly; Neil Gaiman; Peter Morwood; Diane Duane
46	1995	London	Confabulation	Lois McMaster Bujold; Bob Shaw; Roger Robinson
47	1996	Heathrow	Evolution	Vernor Vinge; Colin Greenland; Bryan Talbot; Jack Cohen; Maureen Kincaid Speller; Paul Kincaid
48	1997	Liverpool	Intervention	Brian Aldiss; Jon Bing; Octavia Butler; David Langford
49	1998	Manchester	Intuition	Connie Willis; Ian McDonald; Martin Tudor

Membership List

These details were believed to be correct on 4 March 1997.

57	A	½r
511	S	A–S–H
191	S	A³
125	A	Abaddon
114	A	Abbott, Michael
500	S	Ahmad, Akeel
398	A	Aitchison, Gill
2	G	Aldiss, Brian
218	A	Alex, Manfred
337	A	Alexander, Iain
675	A	Allan, Kay
30	A	Allcock, Lissa
29	A	Allcock, Philip
350	S	Allum, Mike
115	A	Allwood, , Paul
690	A	Alver, Liv Margareth
20	A	Ambrosius
119	A	Ameringen, Brian
260	A	Amies, Chris
275	A	Anderson, Diane
198	A	Anderson, Fiona
862	A	Anderson, Gail–Nina
276	A	Anderson, John
742	T	Andrex
756	A	Anglemark, Johan
265	A	Angus, David
733	A	Armstrong, Andrew
734	A	Armstrong, Helen
342	A	Arrowsmith, S
671	D	Austin, Chris
557	A	Austin, Margaret
345	S	Auty, Graham
790	A	Axtell, Jon
767	A	Bailey, Ali
33	A	Bailey, Mark
31	A	Baker, Amanda
579	A	Banks, Iain
97	A	Barbara
4	C	Bark, John
673	<8	Barker, Piers
158	A	Barker, Trevor
366	A	Barnard, P J
816	A	Barnett, Jane
710	A	Barnett, Paul
363	A	Barnsley, Julia
362	A	Barnsley, Simon
90	A	Barrett, David V.
682	C	Barron, Janet
14	A	Baxter, Stephen
131	A	Beach, Covert
427	A	Bedford, Liam
539	A	Beer, Bettina
27	A	Bell, Chris
580	A	Bell, David
705	A	Bell, Ian
370	Y	Bell, Kenneth
803	A	Bell, Philip
371	K	Bell, Rachel
372	<8	Bell, Rowan
143	A	Bellingham, Alan
185	A	Imants Belogrius
202	A	Bennett, Jess
840	A	Bennett, Mark
282	A	Benson, Austin
258	A	Benzler, Meike
373	S	Berg, Johannes H
736	A	Berg, Kjersti Thunem
38	A	Bernardi, Michael J
681	A	Berry, Lin
351	A	Berry, Tony
726	A	Berstead, Deborah
749	A	Bibby, Peter S N
460	A	Billinger, Elizabeth
461	A	Billinger, Paul
396	S	Binfield, Pete
615	A	Binfield, Sue
213	G	Bing, Jon
437	A	Bisson, Simon
493	A	Bitter & Twisted
592	A	Blackburn, Jennifer
678	A	Blackwell, Paul
644	A	Blair, Paul
638	A	Blake, Ruth
531	A	Bleathman, Graham
530	A	Bleathman, Katie
440	A	Bloom, Kent
111	A	Boettcher, Hans–Ulrich
122	A	Booth, Duncan
121	A	Booth, Judy
164	A	Booth, Susan
375	A	Bootland, Lorna
797	A	Bovill, Kate
680	A	Bradbeer, Trev
161	A	Bradley, Jill
160	A	Bradley, Phil
548	A	Bradshaw, Simon
432	A	Brain, David
81	A	Brandshaft, Richard
438	A	Branscombe, Mary
35	A	Brathwaite, Michael
79	A	Bray, John
457	A	Breach, P R
175	A	Brialey, Claire
291	A	Brignal, Gordon W
488	A	Broadribb, Tim
684	A	Brooks, Barbara
683	A	Brooks, Ian
103	A	Brown, Ben
533	A	Brown, John David
759	A	Brown, Simon
824	A	Brown, Tanya
779	A	Broxton, Kevin
211	A	Buckley, Edmund D
473	A	Budrys, Algis
80	A	Bug
220	A	Bunyan, John
102	A	Burns, Bill
394	A	Burns, Jackie E
686	A	Burns, Jim
101	A	Burns, Mary
627	A	Butler, Andrew, M
1	G	Butler, Octavia
190	A	Butterworth, Chris
425	A	Byrne, Lara
252	A	Cain, Steven
848	A	Callan, Simon
227	A	Campbell, Jenny
563	A	Campbell, Kim
228	A	Campbell, Matt
226	A	Campbell, Ramsey
560	A	Capewell, Stuart
374	A	Card, Peter
634	A	Carol, Avedon
483	A	Caughey, Carolyn
845	A	Chappell, Arthur
496	A	Charlton, Ash

5	A	Cheater, Mike
702	A	Chee, Bridget
278	A	Chrystal, E J T
712	A	Clark, Fiona
628	A	Clarke, Kevin
621	A	Clarke, Susanne
827	A	Clegg, Russell
331	A	Clements, Dr D L
818	A	Coast, Catriona
189	A	Coates, Elaine
184	A	Cochrane, David
828	A	Cockburn, Paul, F
104	A	Cohen, Jack
491	A	Cohen, Malcolm
147	S	Cohen, Peter
727	A	Collier, Collier
465	A	Collings, Julie
407	A	Collins, Sarah
865	A	Collis, Gerard Patrick
358	A	Collyer, Noel
620	A	Colter, Dave
606	A	Constantine, Storm
688	A	Cooling, Brigid
139	A	Cooper, Chris
287	A	Cooper, Kate
69	A	Cooper, Ric
67	A	Cooper, Stephen R
672	D	Cosslett, Esther
6	C	Cosslett, Keith
290	S	Costelloe, E M
52	A	Cotter, Del
849	A	Cowan, Chris
279	A	Cowie, Jonathan
194	A	Cox, Adrian
118	A	Cox, Dave
453	A	Crawshaw, Chris
269	A	Crawshaw, Richard
332	A	Cray, Paul M
7	C	Croft, Andy
436	A	Crook, James
516	A	Crowley, Michael
541	A	Cuddles
280	A	Cule, Michael
424	A	Cullen, Claire
308	A	Cullen, Sharon
735	A	Cullen, Tony
309	A	Cullen, Tony
846	A	Culpan, Roger
140	A	Culpin, Rafe
257	A	Dakin, Amanda
76	A	Dallman, John
758	A	Daly, Julia
318	A	Davey, Dee
319	A	Davey, Mike
641	A	Davidson, Christine
642	A	Davidson, Michael
785	A	Davies, Brian
301	A	Davies, Jack
605	A	Davies, Malcolm
78	A	Davies, Stephen
149	A	Dawe, Martyn
315	A	Dawson, Guy
707	A	Dawson, Peter
17	A	Day, Robert
235	A	De Cesare, Giulia
259	A	De Liscard, Jim
246	A	Dearn, Simon
95	A	Delessert, Chantal
414	S	Denis, Sylvie
159	A	Deterding-Barker, Zoe
815	A	Dibb, Sarah
446	A	Dickson, Martin
217	A	Dix, Caroline
216	A	Dix, Shane

267	S	Docherty, Vincent
281	A	Doctor Tongs
839	A	Donea, Mariana
838	A	Donea, Matei
676	A	Donnelly, Jan
349	A	Doppelganger
22	A	Dormer, Paul
578	A	Dowling-Hussey, Tara
383	A	Dr Bob
475	A	Drury, Robert
850	A	Drury, Terry
162	A	Drysdale, David
262	A	Duane, Diane
389	A	Duarte, Jr., Fred
754	A	Duffy, Liam
794	A	Dunn, Owen
729	A	Dunn, Steve
625	A	Dye, Susan
91	A	Dyrewulfe
597	A	Eagling, Mike
82	A	Earnshaw, Roger
725	A	Earp, Bernard M
558	A	Easterbrook, Martin
866	A	Edmond, Keith
93	A	Edwards, Sue
128	A	Ellingsen, Herman
316	A	Ellis, Sean
719	A	English, Jan
127	A	English, John
720	<8	English, Vivian
240	A	Evans, Bernie
346	A	Evermann, Horst
405	A	Fangorn
452	A	FanTom
752	A	Farquhar-Thompson, Kate
36	A	Figg, Janet
37	A	Figg, Mike
261	A	finder, jan howard
28	A	Fine, Colin
150	A	Flatt, Brian
554	A	Fletcher, Felicity
485	A	Fletcher, Jo
66	A	Flood, Ronan
48	A	Ford, Mike
195	A	Fotheringham, Lynn
551	A	Fowler, Jon
613	A	Fox, Rich
663	A	France, Vikki Lee
126	A	Francis, Susan
618	A	Fraser, Si
364	S	Freestone, Matt
327	A	French, Dave
328	A	French, Shirley
50	A	Frihagen, Anders
480	A	Frisch, Wolfgang
108	S	Frost, Abigail
354	A	Frost, Mary
24	A	Funnell, Gwen
251	A	Furlong, Nigel
404	A	Furlong, Sabine
585	K	Gallagher, Ellen
525	A	Gallagher, Jim
584	A	Gallagher, Stephen
781	A	Gambino, Fred
486	A	Gardner, Pat
225	A	Garnett, David
422	A	Garratt, Peter T
679	A	Gentle, Mary
365	A	Gibbons, Joe
792	A	Gosling, John
699	A	Goss, Douglas W S
612	A	Graham, Wendy
869	A	Grahame, Alistair J
685	S	Gray, Roy

173	A	Green, Ann
8	C	Green, Steve
106	A	Greenland, Colin
489	A	Grey Lady
303	S	Greywolf
264	A	Groves, Phil
637	A	Grskovic, Marina
439	S	Gryphon
89	A	Gunn, Alan
99	A	Gunnarsson, Urban
806	A	Guzadhur, Shobah
635	A	Hagemann, Ian K
830	A	Hamel, Meg
208	A	Hammond, Tony
544	A	Hancox, Kay
498	A	Hanlon, Roderick O
633	A	Hansen, Rob
623	A	Hanson, Isobel
428	A	Harding, Ann
169	A	Hardy, Dave
361	A	Harlow, Martin
44	A	Harold, John
62	A	Harris, Colin
522	A	Harris, Peter
798	A	Harris, Robbie
648	A	Harrison, Harry
649	A	Harrison, Joan
286	A	Harrison, Sue
170	A	Hatch, S
841	A	Hatton, Steve
751	A	Haynes, Susie
292	A	Hayton, Andrew
45	A	Headlong, Julian
832	A	Heal, P J
430	A	Healy, Duncan
739	A	Hedderley, Niall
847	A	Hedenlund, Anders
454	A	Hedger, Jasper
353	A	Heitlager, Martin
300	A	Hendley, Lee
348	A	Hesperus
708	A	Hewison, Richard
607	A	Hibbert, W James
817	A	Hicks, David
223	A	Higginbottom, Andrea
205	A	Hilbert, Anthony
204	A	Hilbert, Joy
740	A	Hilken, Joanna
753	A	Hill, Alison
601	A	Hill, Chris
9	C	Hill, Geoff
616	A	Hill, Marcus
602	A	Hill, Penelope
419	A	Hitch
43	A	Hoare, Martin
728	A	Hodges, Kath
470	A	Hogan, James P
614	A	Hollingsworth, Shelley
444	A	Holloway, Ray
842	A	Holmes, Dave
323	A	Holmstrom, Anders
524	A	Holroyd, Marina, J, A
713	A	Holt, Tom
629	A	Honest Hippolyta
724	A	Hood, Paul
800	A	Horrocks, Adrian
801	A	Horrocks, Beverley
542	A	Hot Lips
138	A	Housden, Valerie
426	A	Houston, Sarah
123	A	Hovell, Simon A.
773	A	Howarth, Chris
805	A	Howarth, D J
517	A	Huber, Karl-Heinz

549	A	Hudson, W
168	A	Hunt, Terry
388	A	Hurry, Graeme
609	A	Hutchison, Malcolm J
221	A	Hutton, Rachel
133	A	Illingworth, Tim
543	T	Inconceivable
448	A	Ireland, Mark
172	A	Isaacs, Nancy
343	A	Jackson, Glyn
782	A	Jackson, Ian
145	A	Jackson, Judith
299	A	James, Daniel
134	A	James, Rhodri
289	A	James, Wilf
677	A	Jarrold, John
755	A	Jarvinen, Hanna
664	A	Jeffery, Stephen Roy
704	A	Jenssen, Stefanie
855	A	Johnson, Aaron
56	A	Johnson, J.R.
738	A	Johnson, Jane
268	S	Johnson, Stephen
598	A	Johnston, Janet C
468	A	Jones, Gwyneth
534	A	Jones, Helen
537	A	Jones, Les
535	A	Jones, Martin
698	A	Jones, Rob
416	A	Jones, Steve
146	A	Jones, Sue
757	A	Jonsson, Linnea
326	A	Joshua, John
665	A	Joyce, Graham
569	A	Jude, Dick
341	A	Julyan, David
231	A	Kari
652	A	Katka
201	A	Keesan, Morris M.
611	S	Kelly, Cathie
610	S	Kelly, James
450	A	Kelly, Mark
718	A	Kelly, Nik
769	A	Kemp, Susan
88	A	Kennaway, Richard
412	A	Kern, Claudia
780	A	Kettlewell, Richard
418	A	Kettlewell, Richard
860	A	Kiessling, M A
859	A	Kiessling, M G
344	A	Kievits, Peter
593	A	Killick, Jane
253	A	Kincaid, Paul
519	A	King, Charles
821	A	King, Vicki
478	A	Kingston, Tom
312	A	Kirk, Annette
311	A	Kirk, Tim
536	A	Klugger The Barred
54	A	Kohler, Alice
741	A	Kserokhs
431	A	Laight, David
32	A	Lally, Dave
566	A	Langeveld, Colin P
3	G	Langford, David
435	A	Latham, Eira L
588	A	Lauer, Maria
587	A	Lauer, Stephen
766	A	Lavender, David
687	A	Lavery, Peter
429	A	Lawless, Eoin
72	A	Lawson, Alice
71	A	Lawson, Steve
872	A	Leder, Erhard

532	A	Lewis, Richard		814	A	Mooring, Dave
657	A	Lindhen, Saku		153	A	Morgan, Chris
643	A	Lindohf, Jessica		152	A	Morgan, Pauline
583	A	Lloyd, Alistair		305	A	Morley, Tim
823	A	Lloyd, Scott		441	A	Morman, Mary
768	A	Loblack, Lucas		711	A	Morris, Simon
98	A	Logger, Oscar		333	A	Morton, Carol
761	A	Lohr, Marisa		334	A	Morton, Tony
631	A	Long, Gavin		263	A	Morwood, Peter
171	A	Loose, H.K.		826	A	Mowatt, J P
630	A	Loveridge, Caroline		155	A	Mowbray, Steve
368	A	Lundwall, Karin		449	S	Moyles, Jim
369	A	Lundwall, Sam J		494	T	Mr Fox
10	C	Lyshol, Heidi		120	A	Mullan, Caroline
693	<8	Lyshol-Gunnarson, Magne Rolf		591	A	Mulligan, Rikk
151	A	Mabey, P.H.		376	A	Murff
411	S	MacArdle, Meredith		274	A	Murphy's Lawyer
307	S	MacDonald, Bruce		732	A	Myles, Penny M
306	S	MacDonald, Liz		182	A	Naghan The Tightfisted
266	A	Mackie, Gary		232	A	Narkil of Norn
822	A	Mackintosh, Alasdair		467	A	Nesvadba, Josef
83	A	MacLaughlin, Bobby		852	A	Newton, Cherry
393	A	Mad Elf		854	K	Newton, David
691	A	Malmo, Annika		851	A	Newton, Henry
778	A	Mangar, Lee		853	K	Newton, Perry
271	A	Mann, E J		177	A	Nightingale, Judith
270	A	Mann K C		336	A	Nojay
689	A	March, Russell		53	A	Norcross, Andrew
256	A	Marnock, Craig		555	A	Norman, Lisanne
304	A	Marsland, Keith		356	A	North, Gytha
255	A	Martin, Keith		654	A	O'Brien, Emmet
183	A	Marwitz, Eckh D.		655	Y	O'Brien, Morgan
236	A	Marzi, Jürgen		809	A	O'Donnell, Allan
570	A	Mason, Kevin		808	A	O'Donnell, Linda
357	S	Mason, Sue		399	A	O'Neill, Claire
477	A	Massing, Annie		400	A	O'Neill, Dave
132	A	Maughan, Robert		476	A	O'Neill, Ken
802	A	McAllister, Angus		834	A	Oakley, Caroline
572	A	McAulay, Catherine		562	K	Oborn, Jonathon
775	A	McAuley, Paul J		561	A	Oborn, Krystyna
242	A	McCallion, Martin		745	A	Odell, Colin
636	A	McCann, Nancy		497	A	Odell, James
479	A	McCullough, Alastair E		746	A	Odell, Mitch
502	A	McKendrick, John		857	A	Oliver, Sue
501	A	McKendrick, Pauline		273	A	Omega
503	Y	McKendrick, Richard		495	A	Oracle
174	A	McLaughlin Cook, Julia		165	A	Oriole
392	A	McLintock, Alex		586	A	Osterman, Per
13	C	McMurray, Pat		129	A	Page, Anne
789	<8	Meades, Hazel		829	S	Panter, John
55	A	Meades, Rob		744	A	Paolini, Paul
463	A	Meaney, John		482	A	Pardoe, Darroll
464	A	Meaney, Yvonne		481	A	Pardoe, Rosemary
701	A	Meenan, Mark		506	S	Parr, Julian
750	A	Melling, David		41	A	Parry, Arwel
200	A	Meltzer, Lori		417	A	Parsons, Brian
163	A	Melusine		836	A	Parsons, Eddie
379	A	Meredith, J D		16	A	Paterson, Joan
692	A	Merry, David		224	A	Patton, Eamonn
180	A	Merry, John		386	A	Peak, David
660	K	Miller, Andrew		387	A	Peak, Susan
645	A	Miller, Judith		647	A	Pearson, Nigel
659	A	Miller, Ray		105	S	Peek, Bernard
730	A	Miller, Rob		21	A	Peek, David
553	A	Mills, Jo		722	A	Pelz, Bruce
552	A	Mills, Nick		247	A	Pendorf, Elaine
793	A	Milner, Bryan		381	A	Percival, Mike
73	A	Milner, Rod		244	A	Perera, Mali
39	A	Minstrel		340	A	Petty, Heather
456	A	Miss Featherlash		75	A	Peyton, Rog
458	A	Moir, Debbie		214	C	Phillips, Val
459	A	Moir, Mike		662	A	Philpott, Carol
863	A	Moore, Chris		661	A	Philpott, John
646	A	Moorhouse, Anthony		619	A	Pickering, Robert

571	A	Pickersgill, Greg
510	A	Pig Richard
141	A	Pinto, Peter
810	A	Pirinen, Anetta
811	A	Pirinen, Pekka P
653	A	Pleshkov, Kirill
11	C	Plumbly, Phil
310	A	Plummer, Mark
65	A	Pompino The Kregoyne
492	S	Porter, Andrew I
409	A	Porter, Jean
410	A	Porter, Jim
650	A	Potts, Silas
546	A	Powell, Sherrie
117	A	Power, David
799	A	Pratt, Kingsley
666	A	Presley, E A
96	A	Pritchard, Ceri
455	A	Pritchard, Louise
378	A	Pritchard, Marion
861	A	Pritchard, S M
377	A	Pritchard, Steve
825	A	Proven, Liam
329	A	Pulido, Cristina Walstad
626	A	Puss
18	A	Quantum Mechanic
219	A	Quin, Jennifer Anne
406	A	Rae
624	A	Raines, Philip
84	A	Ramage, Andrew
85	A	Ramage, Deborah
514	A	Raven
209	A	Ray, Bill
820	A	Raymond, Suzanna
669	A	Read, Chris
100	A	Reap, C.S.
156	A	Red Dwarf
148	A	Redfarn, Peter
556	A	Reed, Jilly
42	A	Rees, John Campbell
868	A	Reid, Matthew
402	A	Reynolds, Patricia
401	A	Reynolds, Trevor
192	A	Rice, Stephen
116	A	Richards, Andy
639	A	Richards, Angela
512	A	Richards, Jennifer A
12	C	Richards, John
640	A	Richards, Lilian
582	A	Rickett, John D
658	A	Riosa, Michelena
442	A	Roberts, Dave M
443	A	Roberts, Estelle
783	A	Roberts, Graeme
774	A	Roberts, Jill
338	A	Robinson, Nicholas
74	A	Robinson, Roger
339	A	Robinson, Sarita
513	A	Robson, Justina
34	A	Rogers, Mic
249	S	Rogers, Phil
144	A	Rogers, Tony
413	A	Rogerson, Steve
314	A	Romero, Susan
484	A	Roo
589	A	Rood, Paull A
135	A	Rosenblum, Howard
136	A	Rosenblum, June
176	A	Ross, Michael
771	A	Ross-Mansfield, Linda
181	A	Rothman, Stephen
447	A	Rowan
843	A	Rowbottom, John
109	A	Rowland, Marcus L.
538	A	Rowse, Yvonne
294	A	Rufus
515	A	Rupik, John
397	A	Russell, Alasdair
142	A	Russell, Simon
166	A	Ryman, Geoff
490	A	Sachs, Marjorie
656	A	Samuel, Jim
302	S	Sarah, Lena
837	A	Saraolu, Daniel
526	A	Saunders, Michael
157	A	Saville, Bruce
179	S	Sawyer, Andy
199	A	Sbarsky, Sharon
197	A	Scaife, Keith
355	A	Scheuermann, Erik
137	A	Scott, Alison
462	A	Scott, Chris
230	A	Scott, Mike
715	A	Scott Rohan, Deborah
714	A	Scott Rohan, Michael
474	A	Seery, Ken
573	A	Shaw, Ian
804	A	Shepperson, Sylvia
499	A	Shiel, Kathleen
92	A	Shipman, Linda
547	A	Shorrock, Ina
250	A	Shorrock, Norman
844	A	Siddall, Michael D
193	A	Siefath, Mary
107	S	Silver, Pat
559	A	Simmons, Mark
403	A	Simo
540	A	Simon, Monika E
505	A	Simpson, Neil
743	A	Sketchley, Martin
239	A	Slater, Kenneth
188	A	Slater, Mark
772	A	Sloss, Alison
600	A	Small, Gordon
222	A	Smethurst, David
871	A	Smith, Anna
487	A	Smith, Anna
94	A	Smith, Frank R.
835	A	Smith, Grant
112	A	Smith, Gus
717	A	Smith, Julia
716	A	Smith, Mark
603	A	Smith, R H
651	A	Smithern, Jasper
196	A	Smithers, Dan
380	A	Smithers, Jane
210	A	Smithers, Lucy
420	A	Smitty
504	A	Sneddon, Robert J
113	A	Soley, Kate
604	A	Solomon, Kate
241	A	Sorensen, Ian
760	A	Sorik, Sandra Milena
288	A	Sourbut, Liz
61	A	Southern, Christopher
60	A	Southern, Jennifer
347	A	Spell
254	A	Speller, Maureen
421	A	Spiller, Michael
471	A	Spinrad, Norman
167	A	Square Bear
469	A	Stableford, Brian
272	A	Stage, Jesper
674	A	Star Trek Credit Card
70	A	Steel, James
63	A	Steele, Helen
700	A	Stelnicki, Jack
807	A	Stephen, Jack D

423	A	Stephenson, Andrew
322	A	Stepney, Susan
466	A	Sterling, Bruce
833	A	Stevens, Jason
59	A	Stewart, Barbara
19	A	Stewart, David
58	A	Stewart, John
359	A	Stewart, Paul A
870	A	Stokes, Graham
709	A	Stokstad, Elin Blikken
367	A	Stone, M W
51	A	Strandberg, Lars
433	A	Stratmann, Gary
434	A	Stratmann, Linda
283	A	Streets, Marcus
284	A	Streets, Rae
317	A	Strobridge, Jill
574	A	Stucks, Chris
507	A	Sturm, Achim
550	A	Sudworth, Anne
668	A	Sullivan, Alan
596	A	Summerfield, Neil
696	A	Summers, Rod
764	A	Sutton, Bill
765	A	Sutton, Brenda
154	A	Swan, Lesley
831	A	Swartz, Steve
508	A	Tait, Catharina
509	A	Tait, Donald
594	A	Talbot, Bryan
595	A	Talbot, Mary
568	A	Tamlyn, David
330	A	Taylor, Alyson
68	A	Taylor, Graham
87	A	Taylor, Ian
86	A	Taylor, K.
523	A	Taylor, Neil
697	A	Taylor, Neville
451	A	Teddy
64	A	ter Horst, Marc
575	A	Terran, Chris
581	A	Thane-Clark, Paul
325	A	The Flying Hamster
23	A	The Magician
590	A	The Vodka Vixen
521	A	Thomas, Sheila
670	A	Thompson, Amanda
617	A	Thornet, Chris
527	A	Thorogood, Glo
770	A	Tibbles, Susan
15	A	Tibs
124	A	Tidswell, Helen
723	A	Tiner, Ron
819	A	Toal, Linda-Claire
285	A	Tompkins, Dave
360	A	Tore Sund, Bjorn
237	A	Traish, Barry
178	A	Treadaway, Paul
203	A	Tregenza, Chris
324	A	Tucker Shaw, Nancy
77	A	Tudor, Martin
864	A	Turner-Harris, Deborah
518	S	Tyrrell, Gerry
391	A	Uhlin, Lennart
703	A	Ulicsak, David
599	A	Ulvang, Tor Christian
567	A	Valentine, Mark
206	A	Valois, T.C.
382	A	van de Bospoort, Wim
352	A	van der Putte, Larry
813	A	van der Voort, Marion
812	A	van der Voort, Richard
667	A	van't Ent, Jan
313	A	Vaurien, (Chiefy)

706	A	Venner, Julie
26	A	Wake, David B
408	K	Wake, Rachel B
721	A	Waldie, Gordon M
786	A	Walker, Anne
277	A	Walker, Ashley
40	A	Walker, C.N.
788	<8	Walker, Jared
776	A	Walker, Keith A
787	A	Walker, Tim
632	A	Wallace, Stuart
229	A	Walller, Alistair
395	A	Walmisley, Benedict
576	A	Walters, Huw
795	A	Walton, Jo
796	A	Walton, Ken
784	A	Ward, Lesley
25	A	Wareham, Peter
777	A	Warnock, Pete
212	A	Watt, Robert
245	<8	Webb, Alan
243	A	Webb, Gerry
293	A	Weddell, Jaine
747	A	Wells, Andrew
233	A	Wells, Pam
187	A	Wells, Patty
748	A	Wells, Sarah
731	A	West, Carol
298	K	Westhead, Karen
296	A	Westhead, Kathy
295	A	Westhead, Mike
297	Y	Westhead, Peter
577	A	Weston, Alison
238	A	Weston, Eileen
130	A	Weston, Peter
695	A	Weston, Susan
737	A	Wheatley, Laura
762	A	Whitaker, Anne
763	A	Whitaker, Mike
858	A	Whitehead, Nik
321	A	Whyte, Charles
390	A	Wightman, Colin
49	A	Wilkins, Janet
248	A	Wilkinson, Bridget
110	A	Williams, Robert
520	S	Williamson, Neil
384	S	Willis, Carol
385	A	Willis, Phil
791	A	Wilshin, Matthew
856	A	Wilson, Andrew J
565	A	Wilson, Anne F
415	A	Wilson, Caroline
545	A	Wilson, Robert
867	A	Winpenny, Ellie
529	T	Witko
445	A	Woad Warrior
472	A	Wood, N Lee
608	S	Woodcock-Kroble, Mary Louise
47	A	Woodford, Alan
46	A	Woodford, Anne
215	C	Wright, Anne-Marie
234	C	Wright, Pete
564	A	Wynne Jones, Diana
207	A	Wyshall, Kim
186	A	Yalow, Ben
528	T	Yoshanko
622	A	Young, James H
335	A	Young, Mark
694	A	Zafra

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