



The 60<sup>th</sup> British National  
Science Fiction Convention

# EASTERCON

## *The Souvenir Book*



The Cedar Court Hotel, Bradford  
10-13 April 2009



The 60th British National Science Fiction Convention  
**EASTERCON**

BRADFORD, ENGLAND  
10-13 APRIL 2009



GUESTS OF HONOUR

Tim Powers

AUTHOR OF THE ANUBIS GATES, ON STRANGER TIDES AND A SOUL IN A BOTTLE

Jon Courtenay Grimwood

AUTHOR OF END OF THE WORLD BLUES, 9TAIL FOX AND THE ARABESK TRILOGY

David Lloyd

COMICS: V FOR VENDETTA, KICKBACK, WARRIOR AND HELLBLAZER

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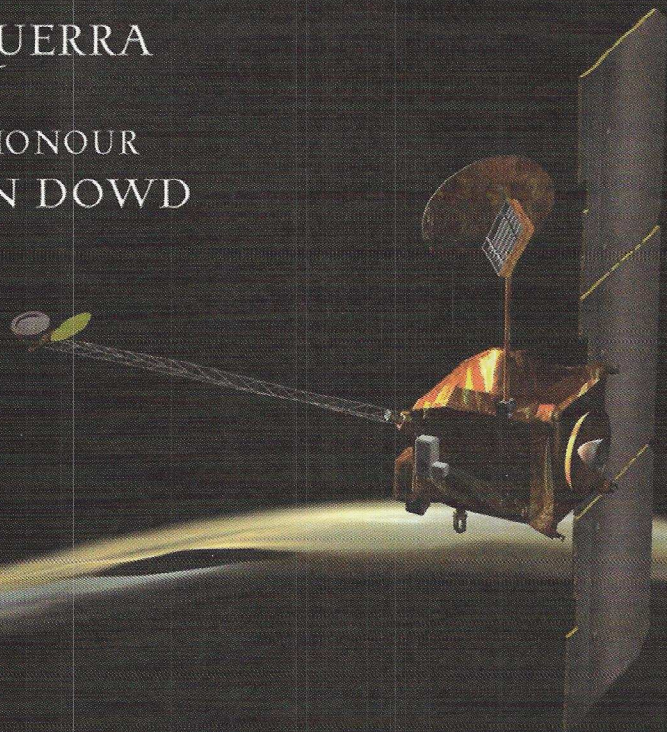
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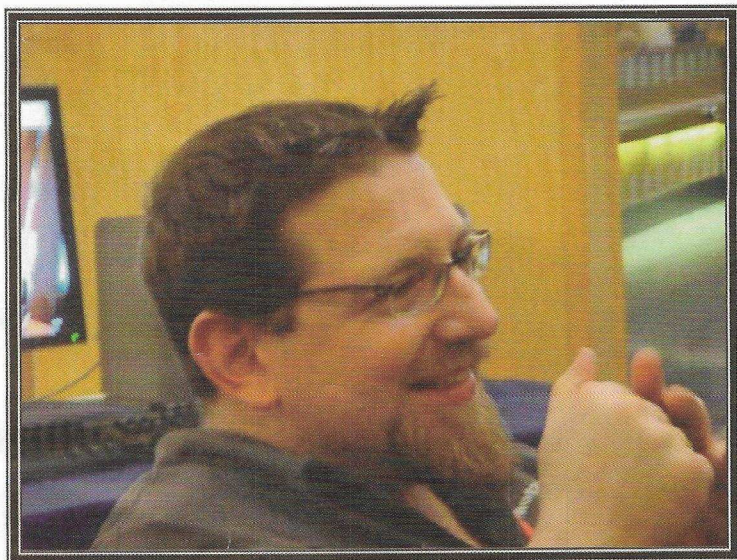
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*Welcome to our Souvenir Book*

*Well, it's all over now, and already both Peter and I are looking forward to other conventions, gatherings and getting out and spreading the good word about Eastercons and their ilk.*

*We gather many people really had a good time, and that generally the convention was a success, and we are very grateful for all the kind words. It was hard work, and we enjoyed it.*

*The con exceeded our expectations from a membership stand point, and we are really happy that nearly 800 physical people felt that Bradford and LX was worth travelling to, and we are grateful you did and that you trusted us and enabled us, with your memberships, to bring a good con to fruition.*

*Our aim with this souvenir book has been to make it as special as possible, and to ensure you receive something that reflects the hard work of the convention, and we feel Steve Cooper has done that, and we are also very grateful to all the wonderful contributors. We hope you enjoy the fiction, art and articles included in this souvenir book and that it is a suitable memento of LX.*

*We thank many, many people elsewhere, and we also make a few apologies, but overall, we are now both looking forward and hope as many of you as possible, who read this, join Odyssey, and come along to other conventions, and even, dare we say, think about doing something yourself.*

*We'd love to go.*

*Best,*

*James and Peter*



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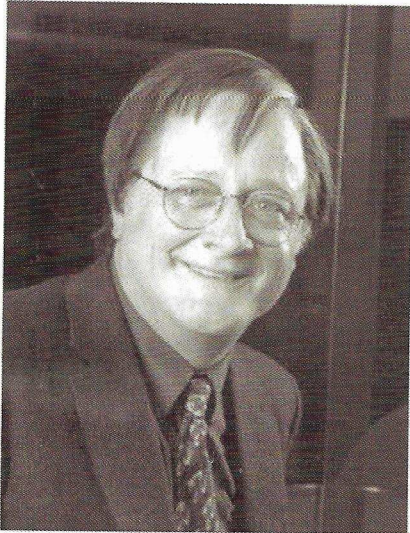
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## A JOURNEY OF ONLY TWO PACES

By Tim Powers



She had ordered steak tartare and Hennessey XO brandy, which would, he reflected, look extravagant when he submitted his expenses to the court. And God knew what parking would cost here.

He took another frugal sip of his beer and said, trying not to sound

sour, 'I could have mailed you a cheque.'

They were at one of the glass-topped tables on the outdoor veranda at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, just a couple of feet above the sidewalk beyond the railing, looking out from under the table's umbrella down the sunlit lanes of Rodeo Drive. The diesel-scented air was hot even in the shade.

'But you were his old friend,' she said. 'He always told me that you're entertaining.' She smiled at him expectantly.

She had been a widow for about ten years, Radzer recalled – and she must have married young. In her sunglasses and broad Panama hat she only seemed to be about twenty now.

'He was easily entertained, Mrs Halloway. I'm pretty ... lacklustre, really.' A young man on the other side of the railing overheard him and glanced his way in amusement as he strode past on the sidewalk.

'Call me Campion. But a dealer in rare books must have some fascinating stories.'

Her full name was Elizabeth St Campion Halloway. She signed her paintings 'Campion'. Radzer had looked her up online before driving out here to deliver the thousand dollars, and had decided that all her artwork was morbid and clumsy.

'He found you attractive,' she went on, tapping the ash off her cigarette into the scraped remains of her steak tartare. He noticed that the filter was smeared with her red lipstick. 'Did he ever tell you?'

'Really. No.' For all Radzer knew, Jack Ranald might have been gay. The two of them had only got together about once a year since college, and then only when Radzer had already begged off on two or three email invitations.

Campion was staring at him now over the coal of her cigarette; he couldn't see her eyes behind the dark lenses, but her pale, narrow face swung carefully down and left and right. 'I can already see him in you. You have the Letters Testamentary?'

'Uh.' The shift in conversational gear left him momentarily blank. 'Oh, yes – and I'll want a receipt from you. Would you like to see them?'

'Not the one from the court clerk. The one Jack arranged.'

Radzer bent down to get his black vinyl briefcase, and he pushed his chair back from the table to unzip it on his lap. Inside were all the records of terminating the water and electric utilities at Jack's Echo Park house and paying off Jack's credit cards, and in a manila envelope along with the death certificate – 'suicide', somehow – the letters he had been given by the probate court.

One of them was the apparently standard sort, signed by the Clerk and the Deputy Clerk, but the other had been prepared by Jack himself.

Radzer tugged that one out and leaned forward to hand it across the table to her, and while she bent her head over it he mentally recalled its phrases: ... *having been appointed and qualified as enactor of the will of John Carpenter Ranald, departed, who expired on or about 28 February 2009, Arthur Lewis Radzer is hereby authorised to function as enactor and to consummate possession with regard to the estate's property as authorized by law.* It had been signed in advance by Jack, and Radzer had been required to sign it too.

'Kabbalah,' she said, without looking up, and for a moment Radzer thought he had somehow put one of his own business invoices into the briefcase by mistake and handed it to her. She looked up and smiled at him. 'Are you afraid to get drunk with me? One beer won't release any inhibitions; you can safely finish it. What *is* the most valuable book you have in stock?'

Radzer was glad she had changed the subject in mid-stream. Jack must have told her what he specialised in.

'I guess that would be a manuscript codex of a thing called the *Gallei Razayya*, written in about 1550. It, uh, differs from the copy at Oxford.' He smiled and shrugged diffidently. 'I've got it priced high; it'll probably just go to my...' he hesitated as he realised that he was touching an awkward topic, '...my heirs.'





'But it's about transmigration of souls, isn't it? Maybe you could ... bequeath it to yourself.' She pushed her chair back and stood up, brushing out her white linen skirt. 'Have you tried to find the apartment building he owned in Silverlake?'

Radzer began hastily to zip up his briefcase, and he was about to ask her how she knew about the manuscript when he remembered that she was still holding the peculiar Letter Testamentary.

'Uh ...?' he said, reaching for it.

'I'll keep for a while,' she said gaily, tucking it into her purse. 'I bet you couldn't find the place.'

'That's true.' He lowered his hand and finished zipping the case; the letter signed by the clerks was the legally important one. 'I need to get it assessed for the inventory of the estate. The address on the tax records seems to be wrong.' Finally he asked, 'You ... know a lot about Kabbalah?'

'I can take you there. The address is wrong, as you say. Do you like cats? Jack told me about your book, your *codex*.'

Radzer got to his feet and drank off half of the remaining beer in his glass. It wasn't very cold by this time. Jack had always wanted to hear about Radzer's business; Radzer must have acquired the manuscript at the time they had last met for dinner, and told Jack about it.

'Sure,' he said distractedly. She raised one pencilled eyebrow, and he added, 'I like cats fine.'

She started toward the steps down to the Wilshire Boulevard sidewalk, then turned back and frowned at his briefcase. 'You've followed all the directions he left in his will?'

Radzer guessed what she was thinking of. 'The urn is in the trunk of my car,' he said.

'You can drive, then. Your car is smaller, better for the tight turns.'

Radzer followed her down out of the hotel's shadow onto the glaring Wilshire sidewalk, wondering how she knew what sort of car he drove, and when he had agreed to go right now to look at the apartment building.

She directed him east to the Hollywood freeway and then up into the hills above the Silver Lake Reservoir. The roads were narrow and twisting and overhung with carob and jacaranda trees.

Eventually, after Radzer had lost all sense of direction, Campion said, 'Turn left there.'

'That's a driveway,' Radzer objected, braking to a halt.

'It's the street,' she said. 'Well, lane. Alley. Anyway, it's where the apartment building is. Did you like him?'

Radzer turned the wheel sharply and then slowly steered up onto the narrow strip of pavement, which curled away out of sight to the right behind a hedge of white-blooming oleander only a few yards ahead. Dry palm-fronts scattered across the cracked asphalt crunched under the tires. The needle of the temperature gauge was still comfortably on the left side of the dial, but he kept an eye on it.

'I liked him well enough,' he said, squinting through the alternating sun-glare and palm-trunk shadows on the windshield. He exhaled. 'Actually I didn't, no. I liked him in college, but after his father died, he - he just wasn't the same guy any more.'

'It was a shock,' she said, nodding. 'A trauma. He had heartworms.'

Radzer just shook his head. 'Huh.'

The steep little road did seem to be something more than a driveway. Radzer kept the Saturn to about five miles an hour, and they slowly rumbled past several old Spanish-style houses with white stucco walls and red roof-tiles and tiny garages with green-painted doors, the whole landscape as apparently empty as a street in a de Chirico painting. Campion had lit another cigarette, and Radzer cranked down the driver's-side window, and even though it was hot he was grateful for the sage and honeysuckle breeze.

'It's on the right,' she said, tapping the windshield with a fingernail. 'The arch there leads into the parking court.'

Radzer drove in through the chipped white arch, and he was surprised to see five or six cars parked in the unpaved yard and a big Honda Gold Wing motorcycle leaning on its stand up by the porch, in the shade of a vast lantana bush that crawled up the side of the two-storey old building.

'Tenants?' he said, rocking the Saturn into a gap beside a battered old Volkswagen. 'I hope ... what's-his-name, the guy who inherited the place, wants to keep it running.' A haze of dust raised by their passage across the yard swirled over the car.

'Mister Bump. He will, he lives here.' She pointed at the motorcycle. 'Jack's bike - running boards, a windshield, stereo, passenger seat - it's as if his RV had pups.'

Radzer hadn't turned off the engine. 'I could do this through the mail, if I could get a valid address.'





'They get mail here. Somebody will tell you how to address it.' She had opened her door and was stepping out onto the dirt, so he sighed and twisted the ignition key back and pulled it out. Now he could hear a violin playing behind one of the upstairs balconies – some intricate phrase from *Scheherazade*, rendered with hesitant inexpertise.

'These were Jack's friends,' Champion said. 'Bring the urn.'

Radzer was already sweating in the harsh sunlight, but he walked to the trunk and bent down to open it. He lifted out the heavy cardboard box and slammed the trunk shut.

'Jack is who we have in common,' said Champion, smiling and taking his free arm.

She led Radzer across the yard and up the steps to the porch, and the French doors stood open onto a high-ceilinged lobby.

The air was cooler inside, and Radzer could hear an air-conditioner rattling away somewhere behind the painted screens and tapestries and potted plants that hid the walls. Narrow beams of sunlight slanted in and gleamed on the polished wooden floor.

Then Radzer noticed the cats. First two, then several more between vases on high shelves, and after a moment he decided that there must be at least a dozen cats in the room, lazily staring at the newcomers from heavy-lidded topaz eyes.

The cats were all identical – long-haired orange and white creatures with long fluffy tails.

'Champion!'

A tanned young man in a polo shirt and khaki shorts had walked into the lobby through the French doors on the far side, and Radzer glimpsed an atrium behind him – huge shiny green leaves and orchid blossoms motionless in the still air.

'You *bitch*,' the man said cheerfully, 'did you lose your phone? Couldn't at least *honk* while you were driving up? "'Tis just like a summer birdcage in a garden.'"

'Mr Bump,' said Champion, 'I've brought Jimmy Radzer for the, the *wake*.'

'No,' said Radzer hastily, 'I can't stay...'

'Can I call you Jimmy?' interrupted Mr Bump. He held out his hand. 'Mentally I'm spelling it J-I-M-I, like Hendrix.'

Radzer shook the man's brown hand, then after several seconds flexed his own hand to separate them.

'No time to go a-waking, eh?' said Mr Bump with a smile.

'I'm afraid not. I'll just...'

'Is that Jack?'

Radzer blinked, then realized that the man must be referring to the box he carried in his left hand.

'Oh. Yes.'

'Let's walk him out to the atrium, shall we? We can disperse his ashes in the garden there.'

Over Mr Bump's shoulder, one of the orange cats on a high shelf flattened its ears.

'I'm supposed to...'

Radzer paused to take a breath before explaining Jack Randal's eccentric instructions. 'I'm supposed to give him – his ashes – to somebody who quotes a certain poem to me. And I think it would be illegal to ... pour out the ashes in a, a residence.'

Behind him Champion laughed. 'It's not a *poem*.'

'Jimi isn't literary, is all,' said Mr Bump to her reprovingly. He crouched to pick up a kitten that seemed to be an exact miniature copy of all the other cats.

'*I'm a rare-books dealer!*' thought Radzer, but he just turned to her and said, 'What is it?'

'I quoted a bit of it just now,' said Mr Bump, holding the kitten now and stroking it. "'Tis just like a summer birdcage in a garden; the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair and are in a consumption for fear they shall never get out.'"

Radzer nodded – that was it. The will had specified the phrase *Consumption for fear they shall never get out*, and he had assumed it was a line of anapaestic quatrameter, like Byron's *The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold*.

'What's it from?' he asked, setting the box on a table and lifting out of it the black ceramic urn.

'A play,' said Champion, taking his free arm again, apparently in anticipation of walking out to the atrium. 'Webster's *The White Devil*.'

'It's a filthy play,' put in Mr Bump.

The cats were bounding down from their perches and scurrying out the far doors into the atrium, their tails waving like a field of orange ferns in a wind.

The three people followed the cats out into the small, tiled courtyard that lay below second-floor balconies on all four sides. The atrium was crowded with almost tropical-looking plants, and leafy branches and vines hid some corners of the balconies





– but Radzer noted uneasily that more than a dozen young men and women were leaning on the iron railings and silently looking down on them. The air smelled of jasmine and cat-boxes.

'The character who says the birdcage business,' remarked Campion, 'rises from the dead, at the end.'

'And then gets killed again,' noted Mr Bump.

Campion shrugged. 'Still.' She looked up at the audience on the balconies. 'Jack's back!' she called. 'This nice man was kind enough to carry him.'

The men and women on the balconies all began snapping their fingers, apparently by way of applause. Radzer was nervously tempted to bow.

They didn't stop, and the shrill clacking began to take on a choppy rhythm.

The cats had all sat down in a ring in the centre of the atrium floor – no, Radzer saw, it wasn't a ring, it was a triangle, and then he saw that they were all sitting on three lines of red tile set into the pavement. The space inside the triangle was empty.

Campion had stepped away to close the French doors to the lobby, and Mr Bump leaned close to Radzer and spoke loudly to be heard over the shaking rattle from above. 'This is the last part of your duty as executor,' he said. The kitten he was holding seemed to have gone to sleep, in spite of the noise.

'It's not the last, by any means,' said Radzer, who was sweating again. 'There's the taxes, and selling the house, and – and I don't think this *is* part of my duties.' He squinted up at the finger-snapping people; they were all dressed in slacks and shirts that were black or white, and the faces he could make out were expressionless. *Something's happening here*, he thought, *and you don't know what it is*. The sweat was suddenly cold on his forehead, and he pushed the urn into Mr Bump's hands.

'I have to leave,' Radzer said, turning back toward the lobby. 'Now.'

Campion stood in front of the closed doors, and she was pointing a small automatic pistol at him – it looked like .22 or .25 calibre. 'It was so kind of you to come!' she cried merrily. 'And you are very nice!'

Radzer was peripherally aware that what she had said was a quote from a poem, but all his attention was focused on the gun muzzle. Campion's finger was inside the trigger guard. He stopped moving, then slowly extended his empty hands out to the side.

Mr Bump shook his head and smiled ruefully at Radzer. 'Campion is so *theatrical!* We just, we'd be

very grateful if you'd participate in a – is the word impromptu?'

'Intaglio,' said Campion.

' – memorial service,' Mr Bump finished.

The people on the balconies must have been able to see the situation, but the counterpoint racket never faltered – clearly there would be no help from them, whoever they were. 'Then,' said Radzer hoarsely, 'I can go?'

'Or stay, if you like,' said Campion. 'It's a leisurely life.'

'What,' asked Radzer carefully, 'do I do?'

'You were his closest friend,' said Mr. Bump, 'so you should...'

'I hardly knew him! Since college, at least. Maybe once or twice a year...'

'You're who he nominated. You should step over the cats, into the open space there, and after everybody has recited Jack's Letter Testamentary, you simply break the urn. At your feet.'

Mr Bump pressed the urn into Radzer's right hand, and Radzer closed his fingers around the glassy neck of it.

'And then I can leave.'

Campion nodded brightly. 'Yours will be a journey only of two paces into view of the stars again,' she said.

Radzer recognised what she had said as lines from a Walter de la Mare poem, and he recalled how the sentence in the poem ended: *but you will not make it*.

And belatedly he recognised what she had said a few moments ago: *It was so kind of you to come! And you are very nice!* – that was from Lewis Carroll's 'The Walrus and the Carpenter', spoken by the Walrus just before he and the Carpenter began devouring the gullible oysters.

Radzer was grasping the urn in both hands now, and he had to force his arms not to shake in time to the percussive rhythm of all the rattling hands. He glanced at Campion, but she was still holding the gun pointed directly at the middle of him.

'You really should have had more to drink,' she called.

God only knew who these people were, or what weird ritual this was, and Radzer was determined to cause some kind of diversion and then just dive over some plants and roll through one of the ground-floor doors and then just run. Out of this building, over the wall, and away.





He stepped over the cats into the clear triangle of pavement.

'Now wait till they've recited it all,' said Mr Bump loudly.

With her free hand Campion dug the peculiar Letter Testamentary out of her purse and flapped it in the still air to unfold it.

And then a young woman on one of the balconies whispered, '*Having ...*' and a man on a balcony on the other side of the atrium whispered, '*... been ...*' and another followed with '*... appointed ...*'

The hoarse whispers undercut the shrill finger-snapping and echoed clearly around the narrow space. They were reciting the text of Jack's letter, and each was enunciating only one word of it, letting a pause fall between each word.

The glassy bulge of the urn was slippery in Radzer's sweating hands, and as his eyes darted around to try to find the best place to dive for cover, he assembled some of the disjointed phrases in his mind: *enactor of the will of John Carpenter Ranald ... Arthur Lewis Radzer ... to consummate possession ...*

And his chest went cold when he recognized this technique: in first century Kabbalistic mysticism, certain truths could be spoken only in whispers, and the writing of certain texts required that a different scribe write each separate word.

As clearly as if she were speaking now, Campion's words at lunch came back to him: *But it's about transmigration of souls, isn't it? and I can already see him in you.*

And he recalled saying: *after his father died, he just wasn't the same guy any more.*

Jack Ranald had been executor of his father's will.

'*Authorised*,' whispered one of the black-or-white-clad people on the balconies. '*By*,' whispered another. '*Law*,' breathed one more, and then they stopped, and the finger-snapping stopped too. The silence that followed seemed to spring up from the paving stones, and the cats sitting in a triangle around Radzer shifted in place.

Mr Bump nodded to Radzer and raised the kitten in both hands.

Radzer took a deep breath – and then flung the urn as hard as he could straight up. Everyone's eyes followed it, and Radzer stepped out of the triangle and, in a sudden moment of inspiration, picked up one of the cats and leaned forward to set it down in the clear triangular patch before hurrying toward a door away from Campion.

The urn shattered on the pavement behind him with a noise like a gunshot as Radzer was grabbing the door knob, but two sounds stopped him – the cat yowled two syllables and, in perfect synchronisation, a voice in his head said, in anguish, *Radzer*.

It was Jack's voice. Even the cat's cry had seemed to be Jack's voice.

Helplessly Radzer let go of the door knob and turned around.

The rest of the cats had scattered. Campion had hurried into the triangular space, dropping her gun, and she was cradling the cat Radzer had put there. Mr Bump had let the kitten jump down from his arms and was just staring open-mouthed, and the people on the balconies were leaning forward and whispering in agitation – but their whispers now weren't audible.

'Jack!' Campion said hitchingly through tears, 'Jack, darling, what has he done, what has he done?'

The cat was staring over Campion's shoulder directly at Radzer, and Radzer shivered at its intense amber glare.

But he nodded and said softly, 'So long, Jack.' Then he recalled that it was probably Jack's father, and looked away.

He took two steps forward across the tiles and picked up the little automatic pistol that Campion had dropped. There seemed to be no reason now not to leave by the way he'd come in.

Mr Bump was shaking his head in evident amazement. 'It was supposed to be you,' he said, standing well back as he held the lobby door open, 'into the kitten. That cat's already got somebody – I don't know how that'll work out.' He stepped quickly to keep up with Radzer's stride toward the parking lot doors. 'No use, anyway, they can't even write. Just not enough brain in their heads!' He laughed nervously, watching the gun in Radzer's hand. 'I guess I'm the landlord now. Unless ... *you'd* care to stay? Despairing to get in? I'm making a huge cioppino, plenty for everybody, even the cats.'

Radzer found that he was not sure enough about what had happened, not *quite* sure enough, to make the impossible denunciations that he wanted to make. It might help to read some of the books in his stock, but at this moment he was resolved never to open one again except to catalogue it.

So 'Give Jack mine,' was all he said, as he pulled the door open and then hurried down the stairs into the sunlight, reaching into his pocket for his car keys.





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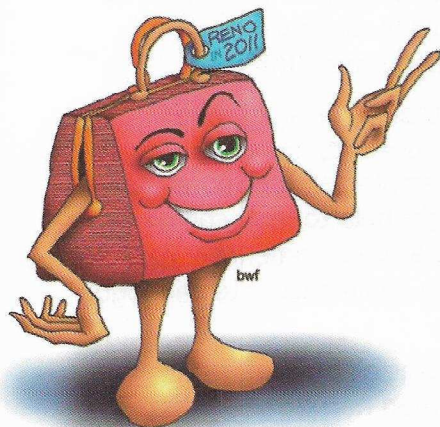
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## ENTANGLEMENT

By Jon Courtenay Grimwood



It's the day before Valentine's Day and she's walking through Soho when she sees the advertisement. The streets are cold around her, taxis crawling like lice through filthy snow. She has that week's *Time Out* open and folded twice to make it smaller. Mostly she relies

on occasional glances to check if anyone is in her way. A man steps aside to let her pass. The fact she's reading aloud probably helps.

*No life?*

*No one to miss you if you die tomorrow?*

*Want one final chance to get it right?*

*For men with no chance of receiving chocolate and girls with no one to give it to.*

*Be willing to sacrifice all.*

The ad's not in the *clubs* section or *where to eat*. Although why the restaurants bother advertising in the week of Valentine's Day remains a mystery to her, since every eating place she's passed has a sign saying full for tonight.

On the corner, an immigrant huddles against the wind, holding a plastic bucket of roses with their stems wrapped in silver foil. Cult members, her dad once told her. The rose sellers. Members of some weird free-love Asian outfit. The man doesn't look like a cult member. He looks wet, fed up and cold. Seeing her, he pastes on a smile, begins to pull a stem from his bucket and then slides it back. Maybe it's the fact she's a woman. Maybe the truth is in her eyes. *No one to miss you if you die tomorrow...*

She's invisible to him now, because his eyes are fixed on a shaggy-haired young man crossing Wardour Street, fingers already digging into his coat as he nods to the rose seller. *Left it late*, the woman thinks.

Then again, maybe not.

No one's ever given her flowers so she doesn't know. Never bought chocolate for anyone either. Folding *Time Out* in half again, so only the advertisement shows, she shelters in a doorway to read the words for the fifth time.

The designer who make up the page gave the ad a box of its own. Maybe the magazine decided it was inappropriate for *clubs* and *restaurants* and *wants to meet* and *flat shares* and all those other categories.

She'll ask when she gets there.

The man ahead of her at the party walks in, looks round, looks bemused and walks out again. The man behind her does the same. But he stops to grab an envelope from a table, and then goes back to grab another. She stops at the table with the envelopes, pays her £20 and takes a seat when asked, and begins answering questions.

'So, did you?' she says finally.

Opposite her is the boy who bought the rose.

This now sits alone and lost on his table beside a heap of crumpled banknotes, while he chain-smokes Camels and sips at a beer. She's pretty sure it's illegal to smoke indoors, but it doesn't seem to worry him.

'Did I ask for a box out?' he asks. 'Possibly. Maybe they just decided to be nice... I've a lot on my mind,' he adds. 'What with organising this.'

A sweep of his arm takes in a chilly hall with black balloons and a light system that's switching lazily through reds and purples and blues. A few seconds ago it was doing that oil bubble thing that looks like cheap special effects. It's fashionable now, all that retro stuff. She read it in a magazine.

'Get yourself a drink,' he suggests. 'Talk to someone if you want. But it's not compulsory,' he says hastily. 'Most people are simply enjoying themselves.'

*Alone*, she thinks.

Against one wall are a bank of video games machines. A fat boy is machine-gunning metal bugs efficiently enough to have a Goth girl watching; though she sneers when he notices her and stares him out, until he goes back to murdering bugs with added ferocity.

A minute later the girl says something insulting.

His reply is obviously acceptable, because she wanders off to fetch him a coke. Another two men walk in, and one takes his seat at the table. 'So,' the boy says, with quiet intensity. 'If you could change one thing what would it be?'

He listens to a mumbled answer and nods.





'And you would give everything you have in return. If it was possible to go back and make this right?'

It's the man's turn to nod.

'Good,' says the boy. 'Sign this, date it and put it in this envelope. You'll also need to fill out your bank details, your insurance details and your home address. Don't worry...' he adds. 'You can change your mind at any time.'

The second man watches while the first heads for a leather sofa near a low table piled with old paperbacks and new magazines. He smiles as the man chooses an Asimov so battered half its pages fall out on opening. The two men entered at the same time, but they're not together. All the same, the second heads for the sofa, although he's careful to sit at the other end.

People arrive mostly in ones.

The few who come together seem tied by the companionship that desperation brings. She's had a few of those friendships, the woman who pondered the advert. Enough to recognise what she's seeing.

And though three dozen people come in after her, clutching copies of *Time Out* and pausing only to talk to the shaggy-haired man by the door and sign his papers before heading towards sofas, games machines or the bar, the black-painted hall never seems full.

The woman has reached the point of wondering what she's doing there, but has enough sense to know it's what everyone else is doing: waiting for someone to tell them how to reclaim their life. *Maybe this is a psychological experiment*, she thinks. A quick scan of the room reveals no cameras, which is odd in itself. She can't remember the last time she was in a public place not covered by lenses from at least three angles.

'Can I have one of those?'

The shaggy-haired man looks up in surprise. 'You realise smoking indoors is illegal?' he says, absent-mindedly tapping the ash from his own cigarette. 'I don't want to get you into trouble.'

She smiles as he introduces himself as Max, not bothering to give her his second name. So she tells him she's Liz and leaves it at that, letting him light her cigarette instead.

'Is this a psychological experiment?'

Max regards her closely, then narrows his eyes slightly while he thinks about it. 'Maybe,' he says finally. 'I mean, everything is. Isn't it?'

Since she doesn't know what the fuck he's talking about, and suspects he doesn't either, she shrugs in turn and takes herself over to the games machines; where the fat boy and the Goth girl are now united in their massacre of frenzied metal bugs.

The boy machine-guns them wholesale, while the girl has her gun set on single shot and picks off the big bugs, one at a time, before they can swamp the walls and end the game. *I might as well be invisible*, the woman decides. But she's used to that, and suspects she's on the wrong side of the screen to attract their interest.

Glancing back, she sees Max go still.

He's looking towards the door, where a very old man in a greatcoat with a fur collar is examining the hall with something close to distaste. The hastily-painted walls, the wilting balloons and the electronic clatter as an unlikely pair of starship troopers save the world and possibly themselves.

And then he sees Max at his table, lighting another cigarette, and when he reaches the chair opposite, Liz is at a nearby window, watching cars slide by on the greying slush outside. She's near enough to hear when the old man says:

'This true?'

He spreads his copy of *Time Out* on the table and reads the whole advertisement aloud, his voice quavering by the end.

'Yeah,' Max says. 'Every word.'

'Be willing to give all.' The old man's smile is sour. Sliding a tatty business card across the table he watches Max glance at it and nod.

'You recognised me?'

'Obviously not,' Max says. 'Since you're famously reclusive. No family. No staff. Definitely no photographs from the last fifty years. There's a rumour you're dead.'

'I started it.'

The woman takes a closer look but he just looks like an old man with an out-of-date coat to her. It makes her wonder what she's missing. Seems the old man is approaching the same question from the other direction.

'You read the financial pages?'

Max nods. 'Now and then,' he says. 'Did my doctorate on derivatives, negative debt gearing and its part in the collapse of 2019.'

'The great Shanghai meltdown?'

'Yeah.'

'Any value in your doctorate?'





'Guarantees me a long career waiting tables.'

The old man laughs and takes another look around the hall. 'Not sure what I was expecting...'

'But it wasn't this?'

'Probably was, if I'd bothered to think it through. You want to tell me what you're offering before I sign one of those?' He nods to the pile of cheaply-printed forms at Max's elbow, and the envelopes next to them. 'You do want me to sign one of those. Don't you?'

'Later, Bill,' the younger man says. 'First you tell me what you got wrong. And what you'd need to change to get it right.'

'Slick move.'

Max smiles blandly.

'Get us to tell you where we fucked up and we're more likely to buy your snake oil when it turns out to be *exactly* what we need, right?'

'You've got it.'

'And all these people have told you where their lives went wrong? What could put them back on track...' Bill thinks about that. 'Of course they have,' he says. 'They wouldn't be here otherwise.'

'Most of them are a little fuzzy on the tipping point.'

'Not a problem for me. I've only made one mistake in my life.'

'And what was that?'

'Not punching somebody.'

He begins a long story about teenage friends who become enemies. It turns on a fight Bill should have had, after his ex-friend tore up a term paper. Instead he walked away, and took an offer from a university on the other coast. He's never been back to where he grew up since. That's when she realises he's American.

'And the girl?' Max asks.

'Who said anything about a girl?'

'Come on.' Max reaches for his cigarettes. 'At that age it's always about a girl.' The woman notices Max's fingers are shaking as he flicks his lighter. Having lit his cigarette, he offers the packet to the old man who takes one without comment.

'Ellie died,' Bill says. 'But that was later.' They smoke for a few seconds in silence.

'This fight,' Max says finally.

When Bill speaks he could be describing something that happened half an hour earlier; and Liz

knows this really is where his life soured. Try as she might, she can't call up a tipping point for her own life with similar clarity. She simply gave Max one from a dozen papered-over cracks.

She has nothing that screams, *change this...*

Maybe she's at the wrong party?

Looking round, she decides that applies to others as well. *We're here because we don't have a better party to go to.* And the others probably chose their crash points equally at random.

In a small act of rebellion, she wanders over to the desk and waits until the old man stops talking and the younger stops listening.

'Can I steal another?'

'They're bad for you,' the old man says.

'And illegal, as previously mentioned,' says the younger, but he's already has the pack flipped open and he's reaching for his lighter. She takes her cigarette back to the window and opens it a little, her vague compromise with the law. When she turns her attention back to the two men they've moved on.

'I was best. He was second.'

'But it was close run?'

'He'd have said so. And been right some days. Others...' The old man shrugs helplessly. 'He could be hopeless, and lazy, and fickle and good for nothing.'

The younger man considers this.

'We were working on the possibility of creating, and theoretically stabilising and utilising synthetic kinks in the time/space continuum...'

'Time travel?'

'You'd probably call it that.'

'At school. In class?' Max says.

It takes a moment for the old man to understand what he's asking. 'Oh, we finished the official project in the first week. Some idiocy about quantum entanglement. Neither of us took it seriously.'

'You got an A?'

Bill nods to say that's obvious. And then the years fall away. Ellie was in the year below; dark-haired and beautiful, with brown eyes, a full body, dozens of friends and a happy family life. Bill can obviously picture her in his head. And equally obviously, he still can't work out what she saw in him.

'So what happened?'

'There was a party and I didn't go. Ellie did and so did he. Someone saw them kissing...'





'What did you do?'

'Went to find him.'

'You didn't go to find her?'

The old man looks as if that option had never occurred to him. 'He said they were drunk and it meant nothing and it didn't go any further. *She only went with him 'cause he looked like me.* And that was when I went to find her.'

'And she said the same?'

He nods, looking surprised the other man has the answer that easily. 'She was drunk, it was a fumble... No, not even that. Merely a kiss. Nothing happened.' Bill shrugs. 'Neither of them seemed to think it mattered.'

'Maybe it didn't.'

'It ruined my life,' he says fiercely.

Bill signs the form without reading it and slides it into his pocket when Max tells him to hang onto it until later. 'And now?' he demands.

Max smiles. 'Now,' he says, 'we can get this party started.'

Walking into the middle of the hall he claps his hands, and the music stops and lights come up and the bank of video games machines go dead just as the bugs are being slaughtered for the fifteenth time in a row. The fat boy and the Goth girl have been firing one-handed, their arms around each other's middles. It helps that the Goth girl's left-handed.

'Right,' says Max. 'This is how it works. See that exit over there?' He points at a fire door, which lights up with cheap LEDs and neon strips, like a badly-styled custom car, when he claps his hands for a second time. 'Anyone who wants can walk through it. And if you're right about where your life went wrong that's where it will take you...'

The shouts of disbelief take a while to subside.

When they do, the young man is smiling and the woman realises why. That's the most animated any of the guests have been all evening. And they're looking at one another, shaking their heads, or nodding at comments about the absurdity of it all. There's a definite feel of strangers bonding about this bit of it.

'It is an experiment,' she whispers.

The old man twists his lip and half raises his hands; suggesting that this is possible but by no means certain. At least, she thinks that's what Bill means. When she looks at him again, he's gone back to watching the young man.

'And if we're wrong?' The fat boy has a question.

'I'm not sure,' Max says. 'It might take you to the right point if you're lucky. I've been modelling that question and the data is worryingly inconsistent. There's a chance you'll simply disappear. And a chance you'll find yourself walking in the original door as this party begins. Of course, then you can simply come in again or turn round and leave...'

Holding up his hand stills a second outbreak of noise before it has time to get started. 'Alternately,' he says, 'you can leave now and have double your money back.'

This time he lets the noise grow.

A surprising number of people head for the table and the young man finds himself doubling the money of well over three-quarters of the guests. They're headed, as Liz suspected they might be, by the fat boy and the Goth girl, who are off to the fat boy's flat to play a game where someone doesn't turn off the power just as everything gets interesting.

'You trying the door?' Max asks her.

'I'm not ready to leave yet.'

He smiles at her answer, which neatly avoids his question, and she notices that his slate grey eyes turn slightly blue when he's amused. She also notices that he needs a shave and the roll-neck sweater under his jacket has seen better days.

'Stick around,' he says. 'Find out how this story ends.'

There are five people left, seven if you count her and Max, but she's not counting them. Liz notices that although Max is talking to everyone as he tells them what to expect his blue-grey eyes keep returning to the old man.

A boy of about seventeen goes first. He has cropped hair and tribal tattoos and one of those earrings that stretch the lobe until you can see right through the hole. The fact the boy stops on his way to pick up a length of steel pipe suggests he knows exactly where he's going.

A woman goes next. She shuffles towards the door in a shabby coat and doesn't look back or even up from her feet as she steps through. Everything about her suggests she believes anywhere is better than this. Then it's the turn of the two from the sofa, and Liz realises she'd already seen them, twice. Once when they sat down, and once when they came in just before and after her, and turned right round and left again. She's still working out the logic of that when she realises Bill is waiting for her answer.

'So,' he says. 'You want to go before me?'





'I'm not sure I'm going at all,' she tells him, and sees his gaze sharpen. 'I didn't think...' She shrugs. 'I have lots of places where things went wrong. But no big turning point that would make them right.'

He nods in understanding.

'Me then,' he says. Pulling the envelope from his pocket he puts it carefully on the table and looks at the young man. 'Limited temporal fallout? One time spatial opening? Like-for-like swap with no nasty side effects?'

'In theory.'

'What are the chances of you being right?'

'In theory, a hundred per cent.'

The old man snorts. He *does* look back when he reaches the door, and his gaze sweeps the almost empty hall and the wilting balloons; and then it settles on Liz, and he smiles. When it settles on Max his expression is altogether more difficult to read. Although in the end he nods abruptly and she's surprised to see Max return his nod.

Lights flicker around the door and die. Liz has a feeling that's all for show and the real stuff is happening unseen and probably elsewhere. If not several elsewhere at once.

'Where am I?' Max says.

She turns at his question. And, despite immediately noticing he's less cocky than he was, it takes her longer to notice a chipped front tooth and a scar over one eye, almost hidden under his eyebrow.

'What's that?' Liz says.

'What?'

She touches the scar.

And his fingers cover her own before she hastily removes them. He seems, from the look on his face, to be having trouble remembering.

Digging into his pocket he pulls out his own envelope. The *open in case of success* scrawled across its front is written in the same hand that scrawled her a receipt for her original £20. His own.

'Give me a second.'

Ripping it open, Max skims the contents and makes himself read both sides again, more slowly. His face relaxes as he takes in the battered sofa, magazines and paperbacks, the bank of turned off video games. What the letter tells him he'll find. What you find after any party. Empty beer cans and spilt crisps, someone's forgotten handbag, a missing mobile phone, and smears underfoot of canapés that

were probably unidentifiable long before they were trodden on.

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

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

'How?'

'I've no idea.'

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

'I did know,' he says. 'Obviously, or I wouldn't be here.'

'Who would?'

'Good question.'

Skimming the final side of the letter, he almost hands it over and then changes his mind. Something in the final paragraphs is too private.

'The other me, apparently. This isn't my first visit to this London, or my second, or third... Seems my mistake was to start at the wrong end of Bill's life. No one's going to jump at an offer to change their life at twenty-five.'

*I'm twenty-five*, she thinks. And the Goth girl was younger. Mind you, the Goth girl didn't chose the door and nor did she. So maybe Max is right after all.

'But at eighty?' he says. 'It isn't just a chance to rewrite your mistakes. It's a whole new life.'

'You're trapped here now?'

Max smiles at her. 'I prefer to think of it as a fresh opportunity.'

'Using Bill's money...'

They both look at the envelope containing details of the old man's off-world accounts and aliases. It still exists so maybe his money does. 'Only one way to find out,' Max says. 'But that can wait for tomorrow.'

He sweeps the hall and throws plastic glasses into one recycling bin and empty beer cans into another. He tips cheap white wine down the sink and stacks the bottle along with the other empties outside the fire door, and he puts uneaten sandwiches on a foil tray in the alley for any tramps who feels hungry. Liz





gets the feeling the other him wouldn't have bothered.

'What made you keep trying?'

'We're identical twins,' Max says. Seeing her face, he sighs. 'Really. Not so much identical as fucking entangled. Born within five minutes of each other. Bill is the elder, obviously.'

He shrugs.

'I married Ellie, apparently. And never discovered why she killed herself. The other me never got over that apparently. And then he started thinking he didn't need to get over it. He simply needed to make sure it didn't happen. I guess things went from there. Problem is,' he says, tapping the typed sheet. 'I don't remember any of this.'

'So,' Liz says. 'What do you remember?'

He rubs the scar above his eye and grins. It's a good grin that lights up the blue greys in his eyes. 'Nothing. Not even Bill beating the shit out of me for kissing his girl.'

'Do you think she marries him?'

'Doubt it,' Max says. 'She probably tells him we're Neanderthals. Marries a poet. Divorces him five years later.'

'And then?'

Max shrugs. 'Who knows? Writes a play about it that is turned into a film? Ends up living with her girlfriend, a dozen cats and assorted grandchildren in Venice?'

Liz laughs. 'And Bill?'

'Guess I'll never find out.' Max hesitates. 'Any chance of me buying you a drink?'

The streets outside look much the same. The corner where the rose seller stood is deserted, but Liz doesn't think that's significant. Anyone needing roses for Valentine's Day has them already or is already in trouble. The cars sound the same, the snow looks a little filthier, and the sky is filled with stars. She doesn't see how life can be the same and different, but that's how it feels to her.

'You should have this,' Max says, stopping suddenly.

She takes his rose and wonders what she's meant to do with it. And then she remembers she should give Max something in return and digs into her coat, finding the slightly soft Twix she was going to eat on the way home.

'This is for you,' she says.

*For men with no chance of receiving chocolate and girls with no one to give it to... Maybe the world has changed*



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## FAN FUNDS FOR BEGINNERS

By Sue Ann Barber

Paraphrase of conversation had at Eastercon LX:

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

"Err, no we're the GUFF people from Australia."

"GUFF? I don't understand.."

"GUFF, the fan fund that sends Australians to Europe or from Europe to Australia."

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

GUFF is just one of many fan funds around the world. There's TAFF, GUFF, DUFF, FFANZ, NAFF just to name a small number of those that have ever existed. Sometimes fan funds are on going and delegates regularly travel from one country to another or across a particular country. Other times they might be one-off fan funds designed to send a specific person to a specific event. Either way, they are all about building relationships between fans in different parts of the world.

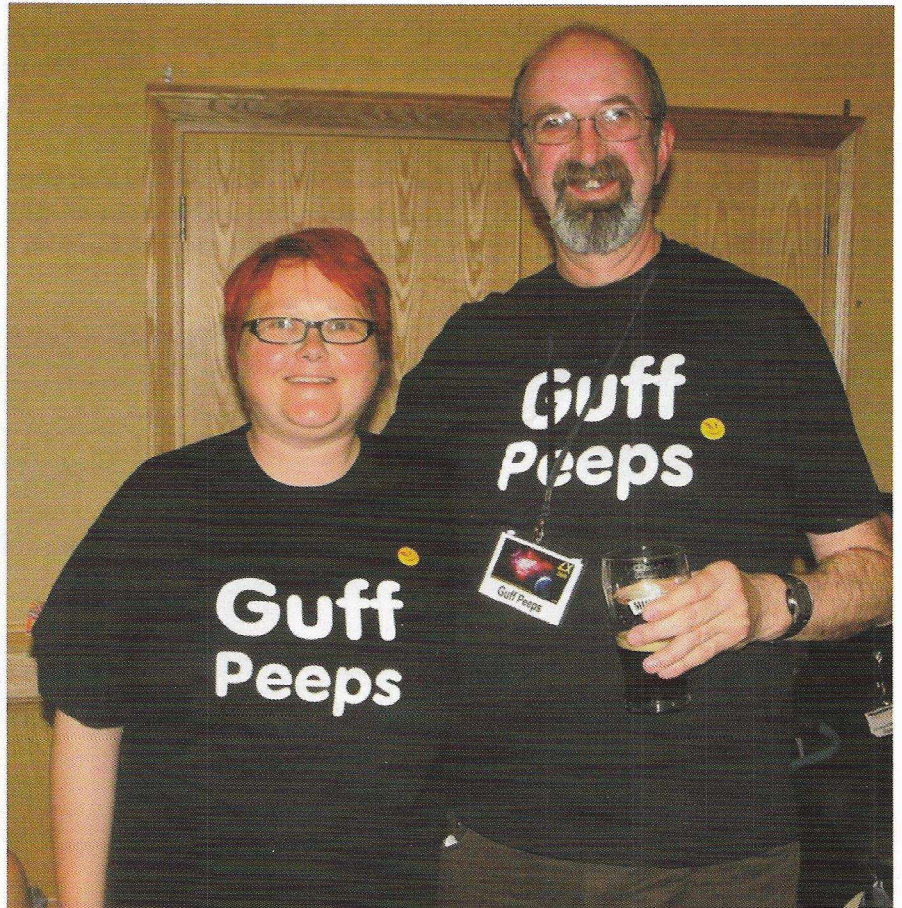
GUFF, which Trevor and myself represented this year, is the Australia – Europe fan fund. The previous delegates from Australia, Juliette Woods and Damien Warman, were sent to the 2005 Glasgow Worldcon and returned to Australia with many fascinating stories of their experiences amongst the various fannish communities they encountered.

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

So, why bother with a fan fund? Back in the day when fan funds were a new concept it was relatively expensive to travel to another country. Doing so was a BIG DEAL. The only way for fans to be able to meet, in person, the other fans with which they had been communicating via fanzines and letters of comment was to have a bunch of people raise money to send that person overseas. Hence, the concept of the fan fund was born. These days, travel to another country is a little bit easier but can still be outside the affordability of the average fan struggling in today's climate of economic uncertainty.

Fan funds are not just about the financial assistance in getting to another country or across a country, however. Lots of people can travel from one country to another or across a large country. They can even attend fannish events like conventions as part of their travel. Being a fan fund delegate is far more involved than the simple act of travelling to another country. When you are a recipient of a fan fund you are a cultural delegate of your country and, that means, you must have an active involvement in the convention or event to which you are being sent. This means being available for panels, informal chats, award ceremonies, auctions, parties and whatever else the committee feels would be a good way of using your talents. If you are a fan fund delegate you should never just be a passive observer of the convention you're attending. Involvement is the key to showcasing the fandom of your country.

Of course, being a fan fund delegate doesn't just involve attending the one event or convention. If you're in the host country for a few weeks you may find a variety of other fannish activities that you could attend. Sometimes, the local fans will organise special get togethers so they can meet you outside of a convention. Make the most of these opportunities. Meeting fans outside of a convention is a great way to interact with fans, as you'll always have those who don't get the chance to chat to you at the convention or those who just weren't able to go for whatever reason.





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



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

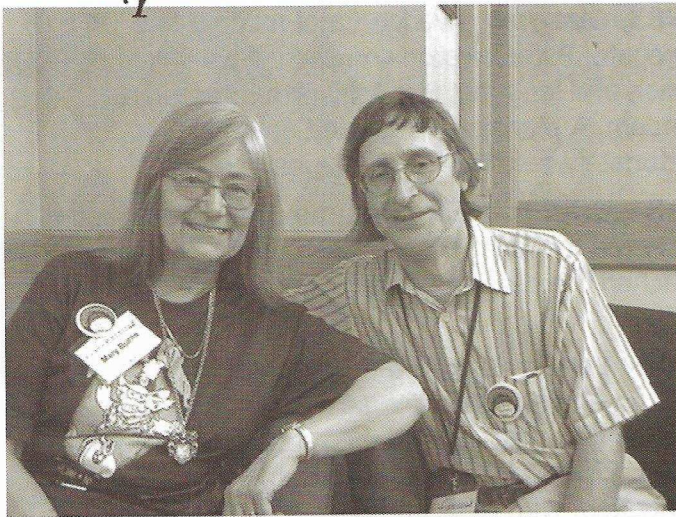
So, why do I tell you all this? The answer to that is simple. I want YOU to consider running for a fan fund. Be it TAFF or GUFF or whatever, if you think you have something to share with the fandom of another country then you should have a go. Even if you just want to attend a convention, like the Australian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

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



## 84 EASTERCONS: THAT'S NOT TOO MANY

By Bill Burns and Mary Burns



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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





**1975, Coventry.** This was supposed to be Seacon, but ended up just about as far as you can get from the sea in England. Nice areas to sit around talking at the rather posh (but hospitable) De Vere Hotel. We found a really good Indian restaurant in one direction, a really bad one in another. Harry Harrison talked about his experiences with the film *Soylent Green*, nominally based on his book *Make Room Make Room*, but sadly bearing little resemblance to it. Mary remembers dancing with Peter Roberts in his famous orange suit.

**1976, Manchester.** The first Manchester-organised convention of modern times to actually be held in the city itself, at Owens Park student accommodation. A bold experiment, but the sub-standard rooms and food made it a less than pleasant experience for most attendees; this one was nicknamed 'filthycon' by some of them.

**1977, Coventry.** Quite a contrast to be back at the De Vere, for an Eastercon organised by the Brum Group for the first time since 1965. This was also the first Eastercon to have a fan room, a sign of the growth of the con and the influx of attendees with little knowledge of the fannish background of conventions.

**1978, Heathrow.** We flew direct to the convention from New York on the newly introduced Concorde – a little over four hours for the 3,500 miles door-to-door from home to convention (we returned flying standby in economy class!). Heavy-handed hotel security goons put a damper on some of the late-night activities.

**1979, Leeds.** The Dragonara Hotel provided convenient areas to sit talking with friends – the most important aspect for Mary in coming to conventions (that and the beer!). A good mix of SF and fannish programming, and the location in the centre of Leeds gave many opportunities for local dining with friends.

**1980, Glasgow.** Our first visit to Scotland, the con being held at the Central Hotel, one of the traditional railway hotels right at the station. Out for dinner one night to a Chinese restaurant with John Brunner; they were playing *War of the Worlds* as background music. After the con we toured Scotland with Ramsey and Jenny Campbell and Henry and Cherry Newton, staying on the shores of Loch Ness in Alistair McLean's former mansion.

**1981, Leeds.** Back to the Dragonara. We start to notice that some of our old friends are no longer attending conventions, but quite a few of the 1970s fans have drifted into our circle (or we into theirs). The Charnocks performed Astral League songs, and D West demonstrated the Astral Pole.

**1982, Brighton.** We were told that the nude beach was enjoyed by Brian Burgess, but refrained from personal investigation.

**1983, Glasgow.** Avedon Carol made a fine TAFF delegate, Peter Weston showed off his Shield of Umor, and long-lost Mal Ashworth returned to fandom. A plunging lift at the Central Hotel fortunately resulted in no injuries.

**1984, Brighton.** For once, the convention's name reflected the location, a Seacon finally having reached the seaside. *Ansible* reported attendance at 1,700!

**1985, Leeds.** Back to the Dragonara, but for the first time at an Eastercon some events were in a second hotel, along with the art show and book room. Bidding for the 1986 Eastercon was hotly contested, with Albacon III narrowly winning for Glasgow.

**1986, Glasgow.** American visitors are by now becoming regulars at Eastercons, and it's no longer just us and TAFF winners. Welcome attendees this year were Joe and Gay Haldeman; Bill first met Joe in 1967, just before Joe went off to Vietnam, and we all know where that led...

**1987, Birmingham.** Breakfast in a tent outside the hotel. They called it a 'pavilion'; its tent hood was firmly established when the fireworks display threatened to set it on fire.

**1988, Liverpool.** Follycon, the first venturings of parts of the Plokta Cabal into Eastercon running. Mary ran the Art Show this year, and at quite a few later Eastercons.

**1989, Jersey.** Another bold move, taking Eastercon off the UK mainland for the first time. The chocolate factory in the basement of the Hotel de France was a major draw for fans. We took the opportunity to see the island, and also invited Bill's mother and her second husband to be our guests on Jersey for the convention. Bill's mum finally got to see what he'd been doing at Easter for the last 24 years!

**1990, Liverpool.** Back at the Adelphi, now becoming a popular convention venue, but starting to suffer from the petty thefts which would plague cons at this hotel.

**1991, Glasgow.** A move from the Central Hotel to the Hospitality Inn, dubbed by many fans 'the Hostility Inn'.

**1992, Blackpool.** Eastercon this year was at the Norbreck Castle, a good location but rather in need of refurbishment. Another fine fireworks display this year, on the beach just across the promenade from the hotel.





**1993, Jersey.** John Brunner was Guest of Honour. Although many saw only his sometimes pompous public side, he never forgot his fannish background and was on Eastercon committees in 1969 and 1984. We always got on well with him.

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

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

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

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

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

**1999, Liverpool.** *Ansible* reported that 'the Adelphi lounge promoted a languorous, sociable stupor, broken only by the loud popping of male fans' eyes at the latest outfit worn by TAFF delegate Vijay Bowen.' At that time Vijay was a regular at our summer parties in New York.

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

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

site for a huge fannish fireworks show on Saturday evening.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

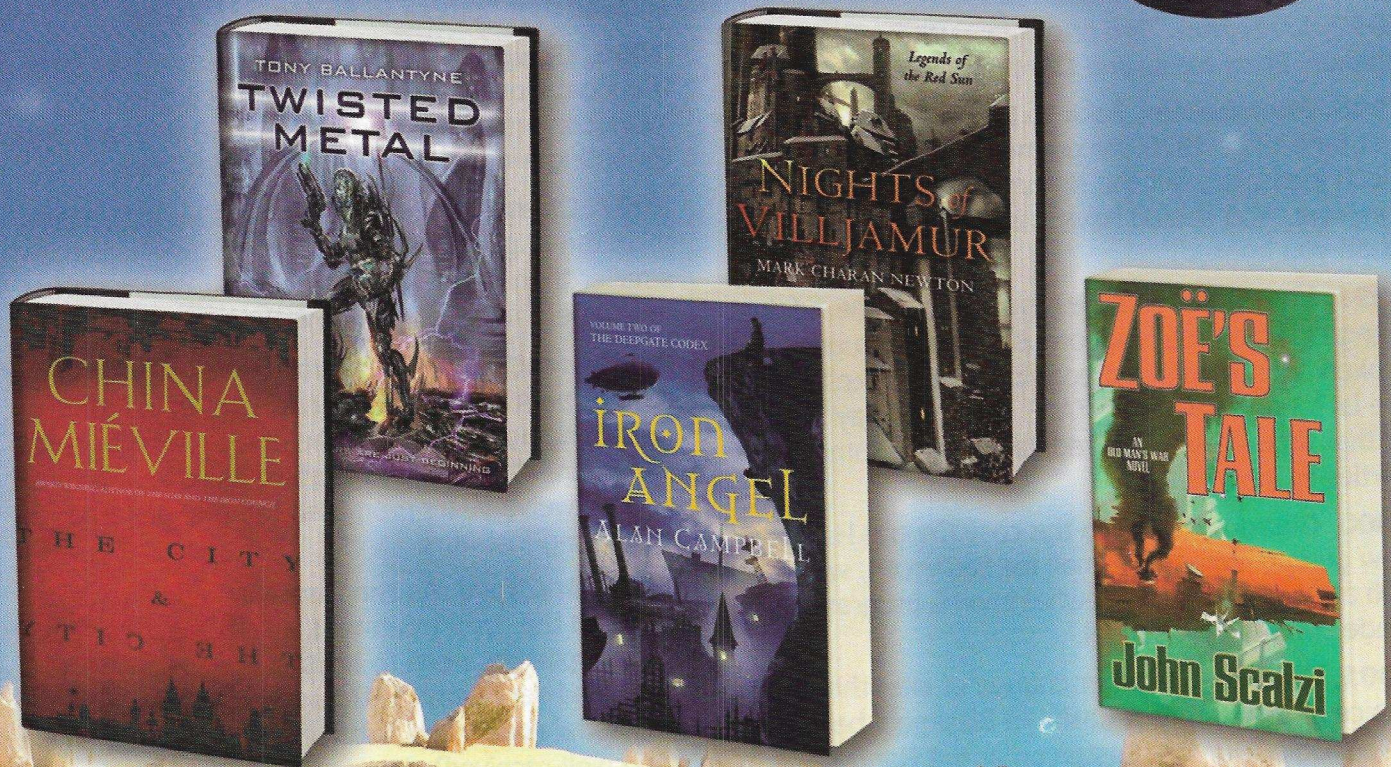
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And that's our personal eighty-four Eastercons.

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



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**WINNING THE DRAGONS' LAIR**

By Gillian James

**THE ACTRESS, THE PAINTER AND THE PRIEST****SYNOPSIS**

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

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

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

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

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

**Chapter 1****ART, SCIENCE AND COMMERCE**

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

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

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

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





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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Darren Nash (Dragons' Den Judge)*

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

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

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

"He looks afraid," complained the Cardinal.

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

"His Radiance would not have been afraid

for the Lord was with him. Never the less, it is a powerful image you have created here. I am glad to see such a strong resemblance between this boy and his younger self in the previous panel. It adds realism."

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

"May I enquire who these two brothers are?"

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

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

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

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

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





"That is a friend of mine, an actor."

"An actor?" repeated the Cardinal with distaste.

"Yes, but from the most respectable company, The Crown Players. He was one of those who performed for the King himself last year."

"The King is fond of the theatre," agreed the Cardinal grimacing as though this admission left a bad taste in his mouth, "I suppose so long as your friend is of a sober and virtuous character there can be no harm in his representing His Radiance, but you understand my reservations."

"Indeed, your Holiness, but I can assure you he is a decent and respectable young man."

"Very good, what is the young man's name?"

"His name is Paolo Mermont."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The doors of the Cathedral opened onto a large square called Holy Plaza. Two sides of this square were bounded by an imposing building of the same golden sandstone as the Cathedral itself and decorated with similar carvings. This was the theological college which housed and educated young men called to the priesthood. On the forth side of the Plaza was a mansion house which would have seemed large and stately in any other location but here was dwarfed by its neighbours. The house belonged to the Bishop of Firence, and it was to this house that Father Emmanuel Perrez was hastening.

Perrez was a young priest. It was less than two years since he left the college he now hurried past. His figure was slender and wiry, he face clean shaven, smooth and boyish. His dark hair was dishevelled, frequently falling into his eyes and his face was wet with perspiration as he hitched up his robes and ran in a most undignified manner towards the Bishop's door.

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

*Thanks a lot,*

*Gillian James*



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

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

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

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

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

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

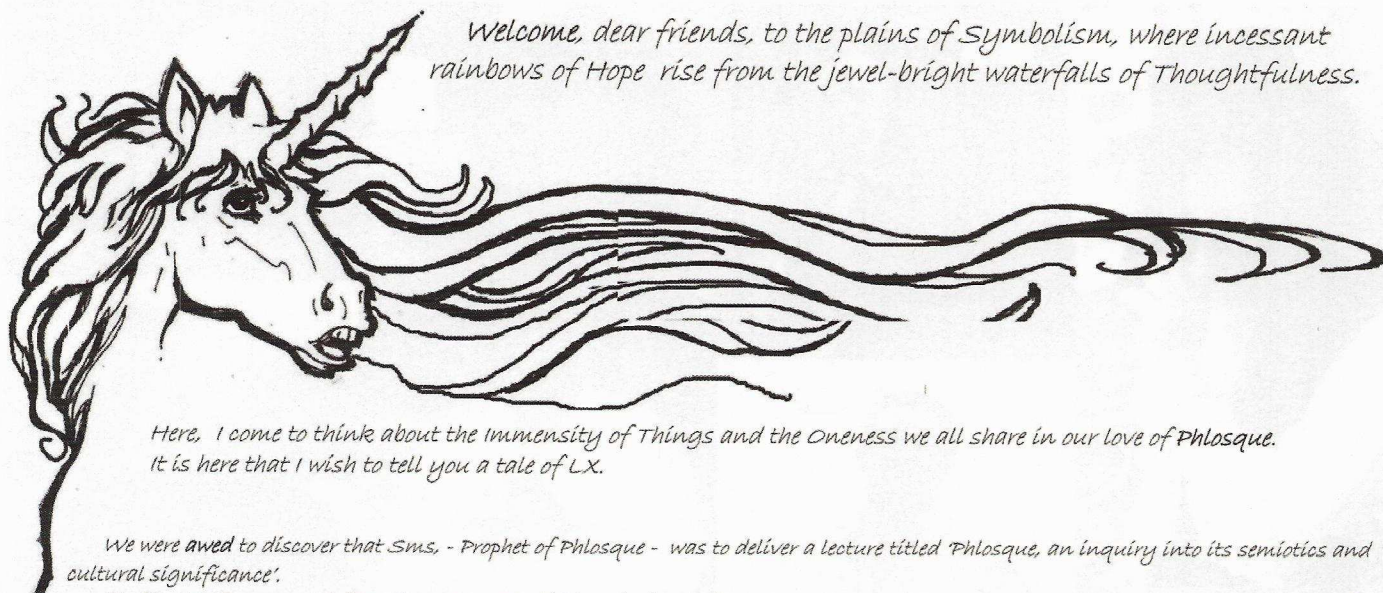
## IMAGES OF LX

By Wilf James





# OUR LOVE OF PHLOSQUE

 By **Musty**


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

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

We were awed to discover that Sms, - Prophet of Phlosque - was to deliver a lecture titled 'Phlosque, an inquiry into its semiotics and cultural significance'.

It's illustrations ranged from the pretty Paleolithic paintings of Lascaux, through those cheeky Augustan Arcadias to the queen of Aspiration and Love: Barbie herself and the ethereal voice of Eira - Fairie Queen of Sensitivity - intoned the word 'Significance' over it all.

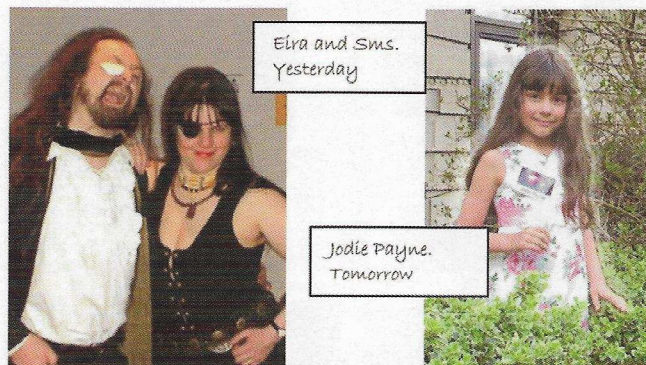
Alas, for the Worlde of the Mundane, the event was scheduled at 10.00 in the morning and the busses weren't running but the Love of the subiect permeated the walls and touched our veru souls.

In the meantime, the snowflake-dappled wonder of Phlosque touched the Artshow as the Phlosque Award was displayed in all its turquoise and musical splendour upon the Desk Of Robbie The understanding.

Art lovers from all corners of the exhibition, from the Gotch sculptures, to the Significant Spacemen, deliver'd their Nomination sheets and their laughter was like the ripple of children's hair in a burst of Glade Air freshener.

This year's Phlosque was especially Significant. Not only was this the first time the Award would, at the mere touch of a button, open with a trill of magical strings, to display at its heart, the Chocolate Cream Egg of Sincere Appreciation, but it would also be delivered by the finely detailed Jodie Payne.

That afternoon, 8 year old Jodie had, by standing in a flowerbed in a pretty dress, proven she was better qualified to award the Phlosque than Eira and Sms.



Eira and Sms.  
Yesterday

Jodie Payne.  
Tomorrow

Her dress swirled as of a Sensitive Heroine With Powers As Yet Beyond Her Ken and her eyes were misted with a Purpose, As Yet Obscured Only By Her Burning Intensity. Chair'd, she sat through the Closing Ceremony, rapt in Destiny.

Tragically, those organising the Closing Ceremony forgot the Phlosque this year and Jody's eyes misted with righteous indignation. She stretch'd out her quivering but elegantly sculpted fingers to unleash Blue-Lightning'd Death upon the Insensitive but, her Greater Soul (And some really nice promises of treats from Uncle James) overcame her anguish and she swore she would award it next year instead.

This tale, my friends, shows love and sincerity is greater than timetabling and chocolate expiry dates. We can all let some of the magic of Jodie into our hearts.

until the Oversized Moon of Awe rises above our heads ... again.

Your guide and friend

**Musty** (The Sensitive Unicorn)

Anne Stoke's excellent 'Water Dragon' won this years Phlosque by five votes. We will be sending her the chocolate cream egg with our apologies as soon as we've found out her address. We would like to thank Anne (Who was very nice indeed and paints and sculpts really excellent stuff) for her enthusiasm in accepting the Phlosque.

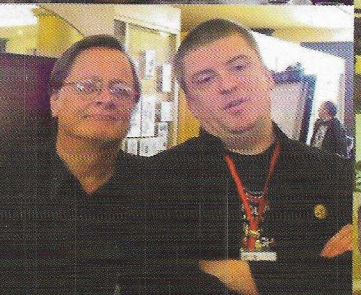
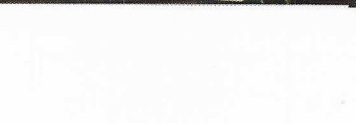
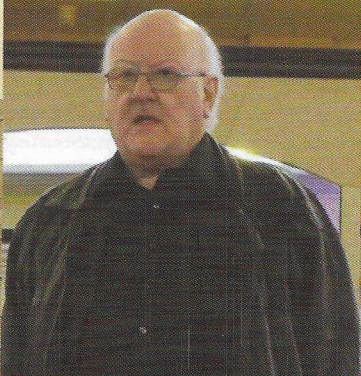
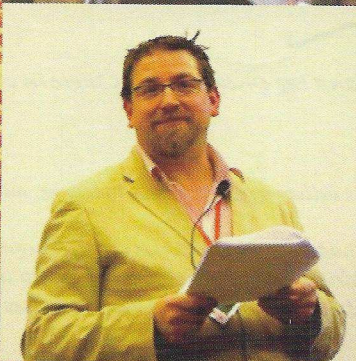
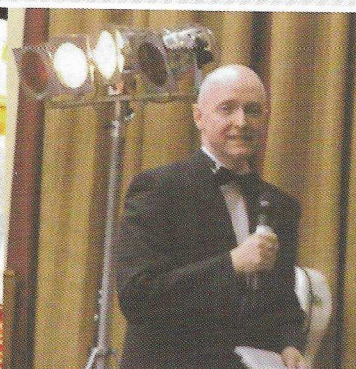
Sms promises he'll do the much awaited Phlosque lecture again.

Thanks to all the LX folk who ran an excellent Con and really did help lots.



FACES FROM LX

By Various





## STEAMPUNK FOR NOVICES

By Peter Harrow

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

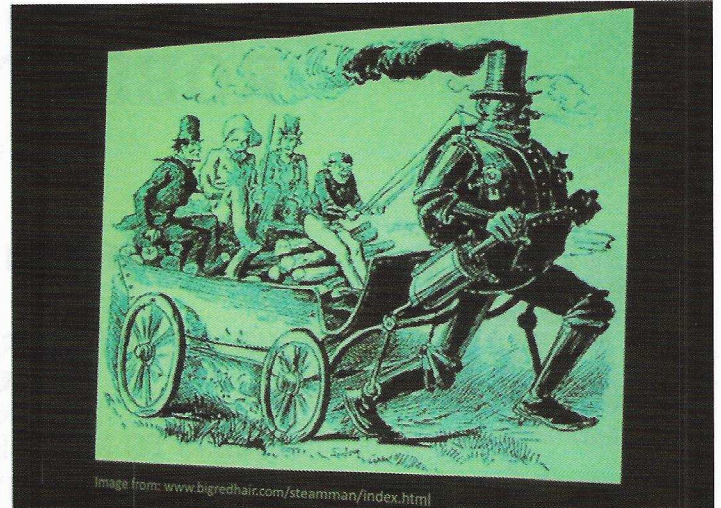
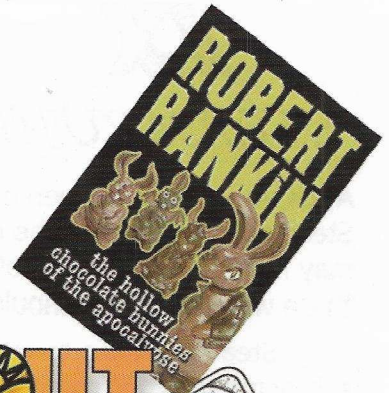
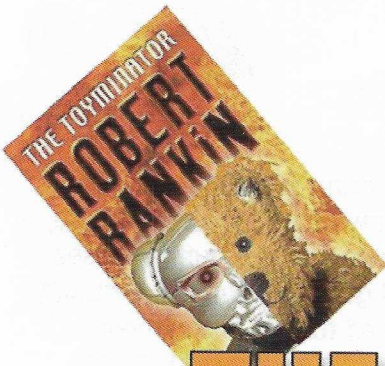


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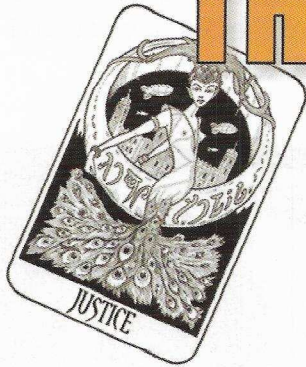
As a consequence steampunk not only exists as a sub-genre of fiction, it has gone one step further to become a lifestyle. Art, music and fashion have all embraced the Steampunk Aesthetic. This is why we able to incorporate a Steampunk stream into every single element of the programme - not only the main Programme and Media Programme panels but the Steampunk Your Ipod workshop, The Kunji Revolt Larp, the Victorian Steampunk Tea Party, The Zeggelin Race and with guest speakers on Punch and Judy, Spring-Heeled Jack, and Howden We Have a Problem – The Airships Of Yorkshire. The Orchestra (entirely down to Vince and James) falls into Steampunk as does the early silent movies with their piano accompaniment. Quite a few authors working in Steampunk were present at LX, Ian McLeod, Stephen Baxter, Kim Newman, Toby Frost, Charles Stross, Ian Whates, Eoin Coifer, Justina Robson as well as Tim.

For those interested in finding out more about Steampunk there is the website for Brass Goggles at [www.brassgoggles.co.uk](http://www.brassgoggles.co.uk) which has a veritable cornucopia of links including to the Steampunk Forum, a huge message board for Steampunks around the world. The first UK Steampunk Convivial, the Asylum, is being held in Lincoln this September, and its expected to be to Steampunk what Eastercon is to Science Fiction.





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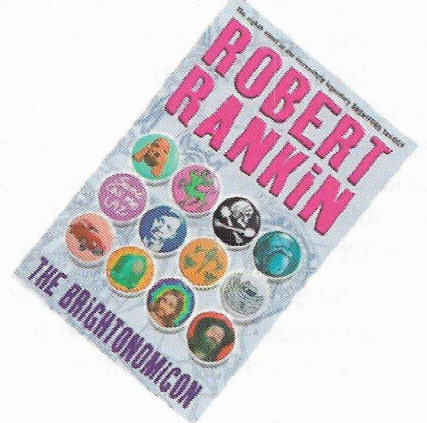
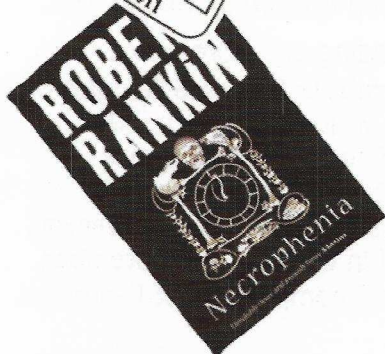
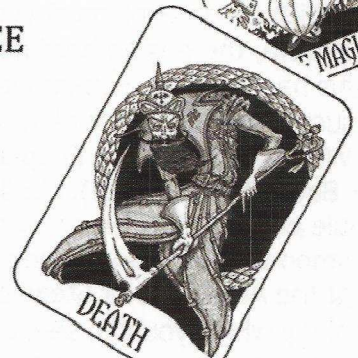
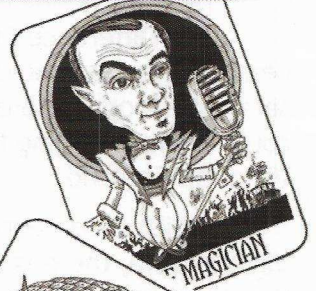
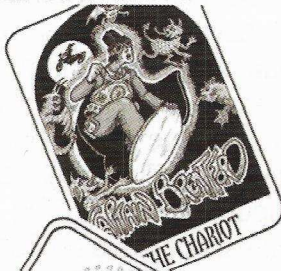
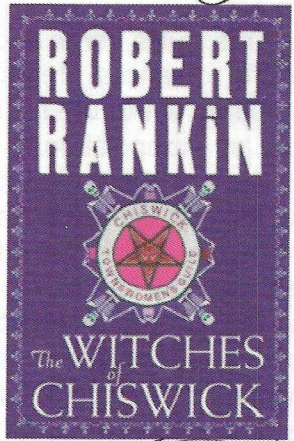
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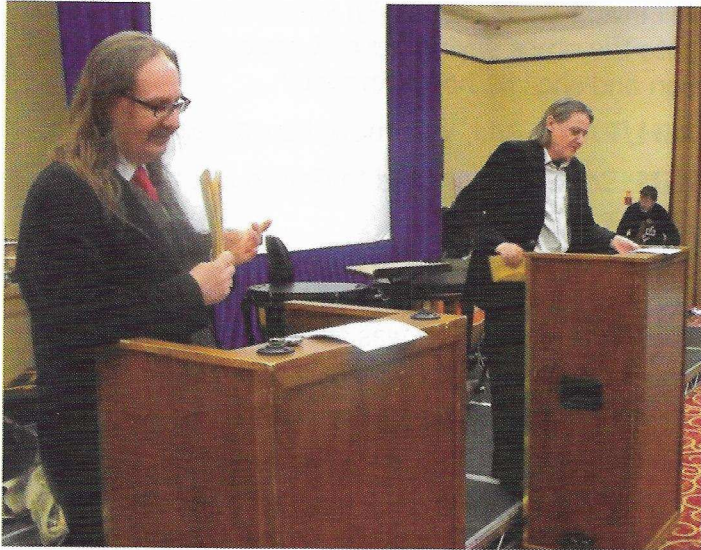
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## THE BSFA AWARDS (A Night to Remember)

By Kim Newman &amp; Paul McAuley



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

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

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

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

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

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

**KIM:** or John Taine ...

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

**KIM:** bssffwaaaaah [*shrugs*].

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

**KIM:** This year marks the 60<sup>th</sup> Eastercon ...

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

**KIM:** True, but they skipped 1950.

**PAUL:** Rationing, I suppose?

**KIM:** No, they just wanted to skip 1950.

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

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

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

**KIM:** 2009. No 1950, remember ...

**PAUL:** Of course. 2009. The little old lady who provides all successful SF authors ...

**KIM:** ...and us ...

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

**KIM:** Our first envelope was sealed four hundred years ago on this very date ...

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

**KIM:** ... in 1609. Mr McAuley, will you open it, and reveal the name of the great visionary of the past who foresaw the far future which is now our own present.

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

**KIM:** Galileo?

**PAUL:** Galilei ...

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

**PAUL:** That's quite enough of that. Well, it is four hundred years since Galileo ...

**KIM:** Galilei ...

**PAUL:** [*stares significantly at KIM*] ... since Galileo used his famous telescope to see mountains on the moon and catch first sight of the four biggest moons of Jupiter, which are now known of course as the Galilean ...

**KIM:** Galileoian ...

**PAUL:** Kim! The Galilean Satellites.

**KIM:** Did he see Mercury?

**PAUL:** Probably. Why do you ask?





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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**PAUL:** I can't argue with that.

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

**PAUL:** Don't you mean 2008?

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

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

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

**PAUL:** What have you found?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**KIM:** so-called!

**PAUL:** *non-British* awards are named.

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

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

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

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

**KIM:** the *suspiciously-stained* stationery ...

**PAUL:** ... of New York's famous Chelsea Hotel. And is dated 1969, just after the moon landing - the validation of centuries of science fictional imaginings. This important document is a transcript of a never-broadcast interview between David Frost ...

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

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





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

**KIM:** Nope, no worries there.

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

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

**PAUL:** It'll come out Tony Blair.

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

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

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

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

**KIM:** and perfectly round ...

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

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

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

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

**PAUL:** Arrr ...

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

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

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

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

**KIM:** 1989?

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

**KIM:** Amazing. 1999?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

**KIM:** The solar system will have been entirely explored.

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

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

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

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

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

**KIM:** your birthday?

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

**KIM:** What about Easter?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**KIM:** Not the first thing he'd faked.

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





**KIM:** The next award is for best non-made up science-fictiony stuff . . .

**PAUL:** The BSFA Award for Non-Fiction.

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



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

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

**PAUL:** Ladies and gentlemen, the most famous SF writer to come from the principality of Wales -

**KIM:** - after Lionel Fanthorp -

**PAUL:** Mr Alastair Reynolds. Keep it short for once, Al.

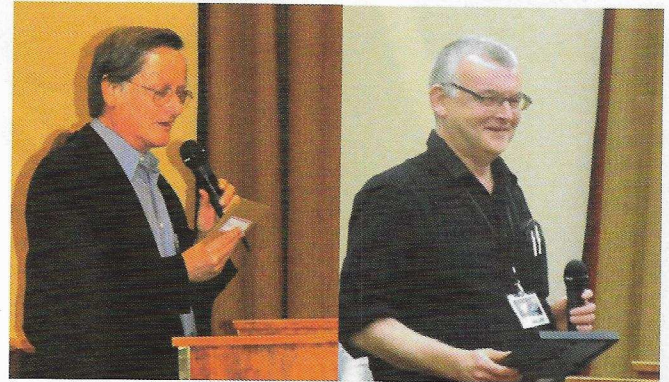


**KIM:** And now we come to the ultimate moment of this glittering affair: the BSFA Award for best novel of 2008. Some people say that the presenter of this award was once a DJ on Radio Free Albemuth.

**PAUL:** Playing only Wagner.

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

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



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

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

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

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

Sell the house

Sell the car

Sell the kids

Find someone else

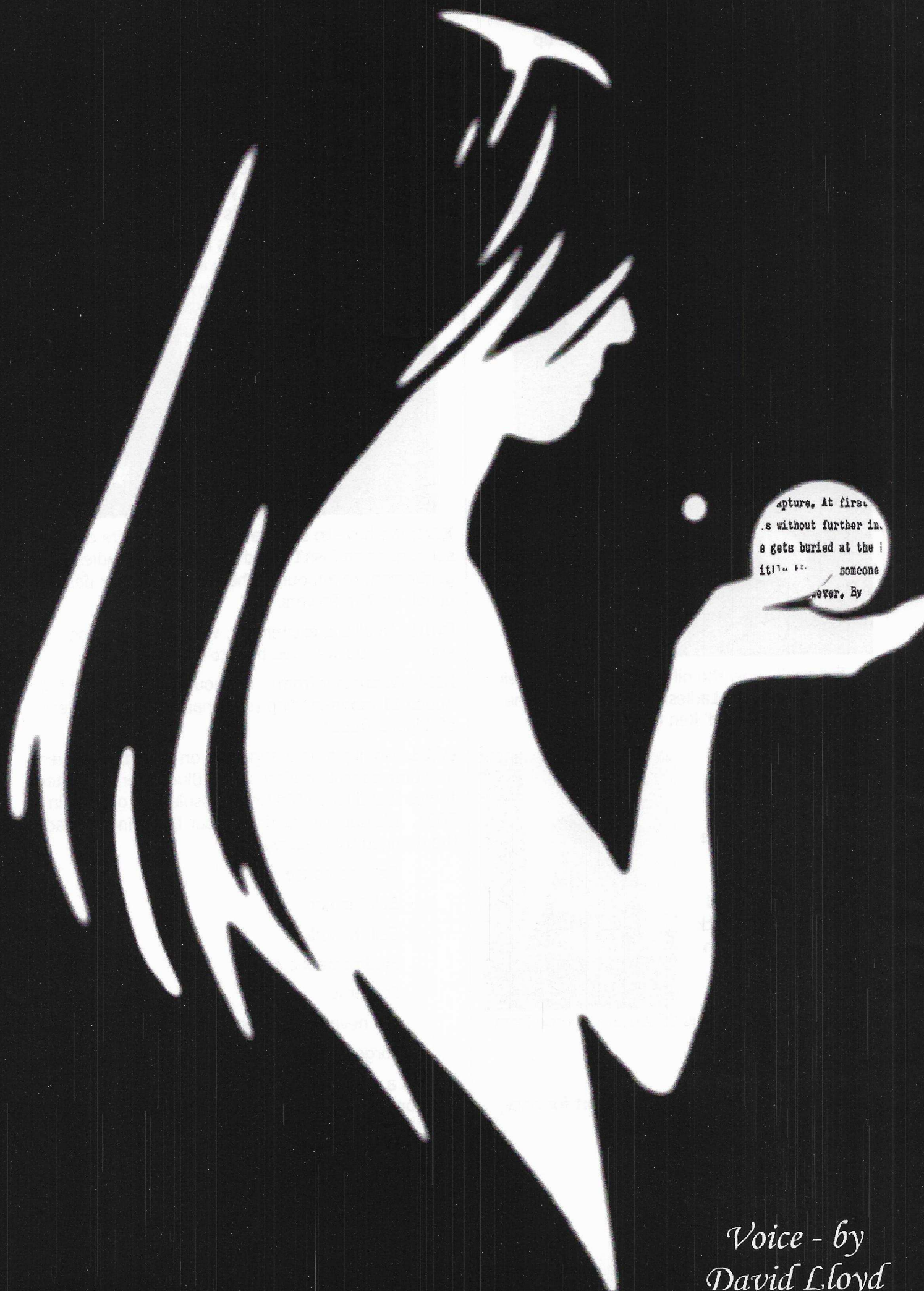
Forget it

I'm never coming back

Forget it --

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





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.s without further in.  
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it'll be someone  
ever. By

*Voice - by  
David Lloyd*





## Exhalation

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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





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

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

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

I did not subscribe to this theory, known as the inscription hypothesis, for the simple reason that if all our experiences are in fact recorded, why is it that our memories are incomplete? Advocates of the inscription hypothesis offered an explanation for forgetfulness—suggesting that over time the foil sheets become misaligned from the stylus which reads the memories, until the oldest sheets shift out of contact with it altogether—but I never found it convincing. The appeal of the theory was easy for me to appreciate, though; I too had devoted many an hour to examining flakes of gold through a microscope, and can imagine how gratifying it would be to turn the fine adjustment knob and see legible symbols come into focus.

More than that, how wonderful would it be to decipher the very oldest of a deceased person's memories, ones that he himself had forgotten? None of us can remember much more than a hundred years in the past, and written records—accounts that we ourselves inscribed but have scant memory of doing so—extend only a few hundred years before that. How many years did we live before the beginning of written history? Where did we come from? It is the promise of finding the answers within our own brains that makes the inscription hypothesis so seductive.

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

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





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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



and replaced every connection it had to the rest of my brain. I was now able to unmount this subassembly from the frame that supported it, and pull the entire section outside of what was once the back of my head.

I knew it was possible I had impaired my capacity to think and was unable to recognize it, but performing some basic arithmetic tests suggested that I was uninjured. With one subassembly hanging from a scaffold above, I now had a better view of the cognition engine at the center of my brain, but there was not enough room to bring the microscope attachment itself in for a close inspection. In order for me to really examine the workings of my brain, I would have to displace at least half a dozen subassemblies.

Laboriously, painstakingly, I repeated the procedure of substituting hoses for other subassemblies, repositioning another one farther back, two more higher up, and two others out to the sides, suspending all six from the scaffold above my head. When I was done, my brain looked like an explosion frozen an infinitesimal fraction of a second after the detonation, and again I felt dizzy when I thought about it. But at last the cognition engine itself was exposed, supported on a pillar of hoses and actuating rods leading down into my torso. I now also had room to rotate my microscope around a full three hundred and sixty degrees, and pass my gaze across the inner faces of the subassemblies I had moved. What I saw was a microcosm of auric machinery, a landscape of tiny spinning rotors and miniature reciprocating cylinders.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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





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

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

How could this be? As soon as the question formed, the only possible answer became apparent: our sky must not be infinite in height. Somewhere above the limits of our vision, the chromium walls surrounding our world must curve inward to form a dome; our universe is a sealed chamber rather than an open well. And air is gradually accumulating within that chamber, until it equals the pressure in the reservoir below.

This is why, at the beginning of this engraving, I said that air is not the source of life. Air can neither be created nor destroyed; the total amount of air in the universe remains constant, and if air were all that we needed to live, we would never die. But in truth the source of life is a difference in air pressure, the flow of air from spaces where it is thick to those where it is thin. The activity of our brains, the motion of our bodies, the action of every machine we have ever built is driven by the movement of air, the force exerted as differing pressures seek to balance each other out. When the pressure everywhere in the universe is the same, all air will be motionless, and useless; one day we will be surrounded by motionless air and unable to derive any benefit from it.

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

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

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

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





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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But I maintain a slender hope.





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

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

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

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

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

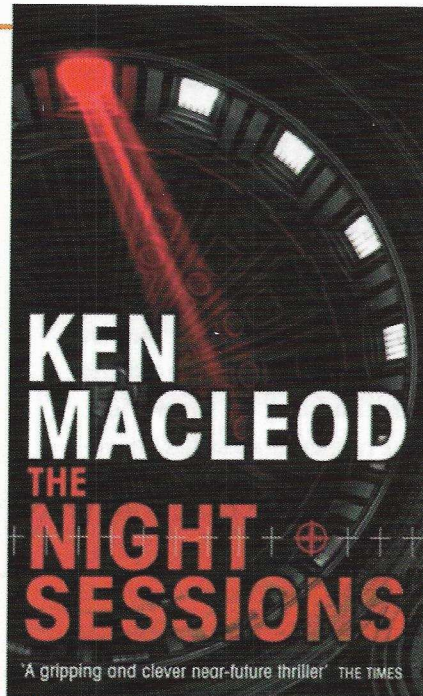
Your fellow explorers will have found and read the other books that we left behind, and through the collaborative action of your imaginations, my entire civilization lives again. As you walk through our silent districts, imagine them as they were; with the turret clocks striking the hours, the filling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

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

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

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





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

*Thirty-First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States*

## PROLOGUE: ONE YEAR EARLIER

'Science fiction,' said the robot, 'has *become science fact!*'

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

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

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



## 4 KEN MACLEOD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

'Thank you,' he said.

'You're welcome,' said the robot.

The passenger next to him, a middle-aged woman, accepted her breakfast without saying anything but: 'White, two sugar.'

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

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

'I thank ATMs,' he said.

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

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

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

'What's the matter?' she asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

Campbell smiled, trying to defuse the situation.

'Not many people call me tactful.'

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

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

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

'Waimangu Science Park,' Campbell said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Campbell found himself giving her a complicit grin.

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

'What *do* you believe in, then?'

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

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

'No.'

'So how do you explain them?'

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

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

'As you say, stones.'

'So God planted them to test our faith?'

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

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





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

'By measuring their parallax,' the woman said.

'Good,' said Campbell. 'Most people don't even know that, they just believe it because they were told. But what the astronomers actually measure, when they work out a stellar parallax, is the angles between beams of light. They then *assume* that these beams come from bodies like the Sun, for which they have no independent evidence at all.'

'Oh yes, they do! They have spectrograms that show the composition of the stars.'

'Spectrograms of beams of light, yes.'

'And now we have the space telescopes, we can see the actual planets – heck, we can even see the clouds and continents on Earth-sized planets, with that probes-flying-in-information set-up, what's it called?'

'The Hoyle Telescope. Which gathers together beams of light.'

'Which just *happen* to form images of stars and planets!'

'It doesn't just happen. God designed them that way. Not to fool us, of course not, but to show us His power, His infinite creativity. He *told* us He had made lights in the sky. It's *we* who are responsible if we make the unwarranted assumption that these lights come from other suns and other worlds that God told us nothing about.'

'So the entire universe, outside the solar system, is just some kind of light show?'

'That's as far as the evidence goes at the moment,' said Campbell. 'And speaking of evidence, I'll remind you that if these supposed galaxies were real physical bodies

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billions of years old, then they wouldn't hold together gravitationally. They'd long since have spun apart. The only explanation the astronomers have for *that* is dark matter, matter they can't see and have never found or identified, but which they postulate because it's necessary to explain away the evidence of a young universe on the basis of their assumptions.'

The woman screwed up her eyes for a moment.

'This is like a nightmare,' she said. 'Don't tell me any more of what you believe in. I just don't want to know.'

Campbell had several replies primed for that, but he just nodded.

'Fair enough,' he said.

He turned back to the window.

They didn't talk for the rest of the flight. Campbell alternated between dozing and looking out of the window, and came to full alertness as the long descent began. Around eight a.m., on what felt like a day too soon, he noticed the green tip of Ireland, then the green and brown hills of the West of Scotland. The seat-belt sign came on. The trolley-dollies cleared trash and ensured that everything was stowed. Quite suddenly, Edinburgh appeared on the horizon, and a few moments later the aircraft began to spiral down. The land whipped past in a giddy swirl that slowed gradually as the aircraft began, even more disquietingly, to yaw like a falling leaf. The woman beside Campbell grasped his left hand with her right. Surprised, he turned and smiled, but her eyes were shut tight. Campbell could see towers all around, shockingly close. The downward jets cut in, a brief blast. The craft swayed from side to side, side-slipped a little, then, after another



## LX THANKS YOU

By James Bacon &  
Peter Harrow

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

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

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

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

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

*Ricardo Pinto, Jonny Nexus, Max Lehman, Amanda Kear, Kari Maund, Simon Bradshaw, John Coxon, Phil Nanson, Jonathan Ely, Stefan Lancaster, Ashley Levy, Marcus Rowland, Ian Watson, Liam Sharp, Alison Scott, Stefan Lancaster, Jim De Liscard, Kari Maund, Dave Mansfield, Heidi Mounsey, Max Lehman, Simon Russell, Marcus Rowland*

*Lisa Wood and Travelling Man (Leeds and York)/Thoughtbubble, Colette Gregg and Fab Cafe, Leeds; Sheffield Space Centre, Forbidden Planet international Leeds; Amazing Fantasy, Hull; OK Comics Leeds; Destination Venus, Harrogate; Galaxy Four, Sheffield; Wargames Emporium, Sheffield; Patriot Games, Sheffield and Huddersfield; The Last Picture Show, Sheffield; Tetley Motor Services; Dr David Clarke; Sean Paling; Professor Robianti; Kenneth Deacon of the Barnes Wallis Trust.*

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

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



## RUMOURS AND PRESENTATIONS

By Steve Cooper

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



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

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

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

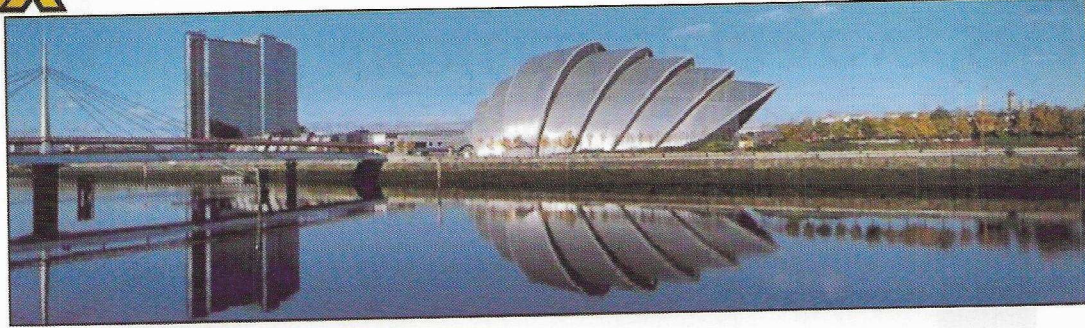
- "The Ahoy" – Rotterdam (*very quickly identified as being too small a venue, and never visited*)
- "The RAI" – Amsterdam (*No on-site hotels*)
- "The World Form" – The Hague (*Smaller than it was in 1990*)
- "The ACC" – Liverpool (*Small and very expensive*)
- "ExCeL" – London Docklands (*Large and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

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



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





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

### So where are they we now?

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

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

## MORE IMAGES OF LX

By Various





## FROM WHITCON TO LX

By Peter Weston and  
Mark Plummer**SIXTY BRITISH NATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTIONS**  
(Together with their pre-cursors and a handful of Worldcons)**Part 1: 1948-1979: Peter Weston**

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

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

It was at Leeds that the Science Fiction Association was set up, which duly organised The Second Convention, this time in the capital and again on a Sunday, 10 April 1938, with an attendance of forty-three. In May 1939 the second London Convention took place with 48 attendees, after which most fannish get-togethers understandably ceased for the duration of hostilities, apart from two small 'regionals' in 1943 and 1944.

After the War fans in London had the great good fortune to find a pub with an obliging landlord (Lew Mordecai), who welcomed their presence. In 1946 they began meeting at the White Horse in Fetter Lane on Thursdays (to this day, London fandom still has a regular meeting on the first Thursday of the month), and from there it was only a short step to organising a full-scale convention in the

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

A repeat performance on a slightly larger scale was staged in 1949, while apathy reigned supreme in 1950. But the following year saw what can be regarded as our first full-scale convention with Festivention, over Whit weekend in 1951, timed to coincide with the Festival of Britain. With Ted Carnell in the chair and Vince Clarke as secretary, this was a highly ambitious international event with Thursday and Friday nights in the White Horse, followed by two full-day sessions at the Royal Hotel (later scene of the infamous 1970 Sci-con), and a final wrap-up session in another London pub on the Monday evening. It cost 17/6d to attend all sessions. Guests of Honour were Forry and Wendayne Ackerman from the USA, with visitors from Sweden, Holland, Canada and New Zealand, and the whole of Irish fandom. There were talks by Arthur Clarke and other professionals, film shows (*Metropolis*), and the presentation of the first International Fantasy Awards, the predecessor to the Hugos.

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

'Bloody provincials' was a remark that deepened the North/South rift at Coroncon and the

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>2</sup> *Hyphen* #9, edited by Walt Willis and Chuck Harris (1954), cited in *Then...* by Rob Hansen (available through [www.efanzines.com](http://www.efanzines.com))



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

Which brings us to Brumcon in 1959, where the fannish organisers found they had to make a conscious attempt to turn back the clock and recreate an 'old-style' convention focussed on science fiction, in the hope of making it more accessible to newcomers brought in by the BSFA. They didn't entirely succeed, for reasons which I have described elsewhere<sup>3</sup> but this was a complete change of direction and from now onwards Eastercons would start to be regarded as a shop-window for SF fandom rather than just an annual reunion for the in-crowd.

Brumcon was going to herald a bright new dawn after which the BSFA would run conventions which would be focussed on science fiction to make them more welcoming to newcomers. Oh yes! That idea didn't last the year! The 1960 event was a muddle from the start, first supposed to go to Harrogate, then to London; then they tried to switch it to good old Kettering, scene of so many fannish romps; then back to London, until – three days before Easter – the chosen hotel cancelled the booking.

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

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

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

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

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

But older fans began to realise they had spawned a monster as the BSFA's success in recruiting continued to bring in new faces – by now, something like 25% of the 150 attendees were newcomers. And they had different attitudes, as ringleader Charles Platt swiftly made clear. He thought the whole thing was pathetic, and thus began the period of the fannish New Wave which highlighted the massive generation gap which had opened up in British fandom. This was perfectly illustrated at the bidding session, when older fans led by Ron Bennett campaigned for a return to Harrogate but were defeated by just one vote by a bid for Birmingham in '65, led by Ken Cheslin with a committee of unknown neofans like Rog Peyton.

So what happened? The old fans stayed away. Brumcon-2 was a tiny affair, only partly because of the second London Worldcon due in August that year. And it was different in kind, not just in size, with a committee who found themselves adrift from many of the traditions painfully evolved over the previous fifteen year

<sup>3</sup> 'Disappointment at Brumcon' in *Prolapse #4* ([www.efanzines.com](http://www.efanzines.com))





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

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

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

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

**DAVE GIBSON**

**TED BALL**

**ERIK ARTHUR**





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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Niven was GoH and gave a preview of Ringworld, although Mike Meara commented that 'as a public speaker Larry makes a good window-cleaner'.

Unusually, the 1973 OMPAcon was run by members of an APA (at Bristol, with Samuel R Delany as GoH) but they did a fine job. So did the Newcastle 'Gannets' with fabulous, mythical Tynecon in 1974, widely acclaimed as the very best of the Seventies conventions. As I wrote somewhere-or-other, 'it enveloped me in a glow of euphoria from the instant I walked into the hotel.'

And Seacon '75 was very nearly as good. It was chaired by Malcolm Edwards with a team of 'Ratfans made respectable by responsibility', with Saturday night music provided by Graham Charnock's band, The Burlingtons. (The slight incongruity of using that particular title for a convention in Coventry, as far from the seaside as it's possible to get in this country, has been remarked upon in a recent fanzine.) It seemed we were on a roll... and then came Mancon 5 in 1976.

Nobody wanted Mancon 5 but it just wouldn't go away. Side-tracked in 1975, it came back to haunt us at Coventry and was only given the green light in the absence of any alternative. No one had much enthusiasm for chairman Peter Presford and his concept of a con in a university hall of residence, and we were right, it was dreadful. 'A disaster,' said Rob Hansen, 'due not only to the collapse of the programme and the total absence of any signs of organisation, but also to the grimly awful venue.'

We were so thankful for the luxury of the DeVere when Eastercon 77 returned to Coventry, run by the Brum group with Pauline Dungate as Chairman. It was a good year, despite the hotel's persistent problems with static electricity \*crack!\* that made any physical contact perilous! Harry Harrison was GoH, Bob Shaw gave his talk on 'The Bermondsey Triangle Mystery' and The Burlingtons performed once again for the Saturday night thrash. Ah, happy days....

## **Part 2: 1979-2009: Mark Plummer**

If the 1979 Worldcon was 'the culmination of everything that had occurred in British fandom in the 1970s', it was also, arguably, the break-point between the decade of the fanzine and the decade of the convention. Had Peter and I chosen to cast this series as a fantasy epic, this second instalment might have been called 'The Coming of the Conrunners'.

The Eastercon went to Scotland for the first time in 1980, although the first Scottish convention,

Not that the 1978 Skycon was unsuccessful, though its location in an uncaring hotel at Heathrow airport was definitely a mistake. However, chairman Kevin Smith and his committee ran an excellent programme during which GoH Leroy Kettle gave a hilarious interview, and so many walk-in members appeared that the con generated an unexpectedly huge profit. A literal stampede resulted when Kevin announced that free drinks would be served in the bar for as long as the money lasted!

And so to the end of this decade, and rather appropriately the Eastercon returned to the place where it had all begun, with Yorcon (in Leeds), organised by the new Leeds group and chaired by Mike Dickinson. It was a pleasant, well-run convention, but slightly overshadowed by the thought in everyone's minds that the Brighton Worldcon was only months away – and this was going to be the Big One.

It certainly was! Under our slogan 'Britain's Fine in '79' (and with Harry Bell's fannish lion as our symbol), Seacon '79 went on to be a great success. Largely, it was because this was the product of a completely united national fandom, one that had come to full maturity and was eager to show the world what it could do. The Brighton Metropole proved a superb site and everything went like clockwork. Over 5,000 people joined, more than 3,100 actually attended, and the availability of cheap travel meant that overseas visitors came in huge numbers. The sheer scale of the thing was unprecedented and it could so easily have been a huge disaster. We, the committee – ten of us – never even realised the enormous potential there was for things to go wrong. Yet we sailed through with apparent ease and enjoyed the experience immensely.

As Rob Hansen says in Then..., 'In many ways the Worldcon was the culmination of all that had occurred in British fandom in the 1970s... And so it came to an end. The era that had started with the advent of Fouler was now over, perhaps lending weight to theories of fannish millennialism

Faircon, had been two years earlier. Albacon in Glasgow featured Colin Kapp and Jim Barker as guests of honour. Experienced convention goers had expressed concerns about poor advance communication and planning but as is so often the case everything was fine on the day. Reports speak highly of the fan room run by Barker and Jimmy Robertson, although that may be in part a reflection of the kind of people who write up conventions.





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

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

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

mushy and effusive and even maudlin and not very funny and – shit, now I know why no one ever finishes a TAFF report.'

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

Yorcon III took the Eastercon back to Leeds – astute readers may be beginning to spot a certain recurrence of 1980s Eastercon venues – with guests Gregory Benford and Linda Pickersgill, and a split site convention with fannish and literary programming in one hotel and media programming in another. This solution to the problem of increased numbers nevertheless provoked outrage. Still, Dave Langford enjoyed it (*Ansible* #43) while noting the way that 'The usual feeling that All The Action Is Somewhere Else was amplified by the provision of an actual, oppressive Somewhere Else in the form of a second hotel'. Dave Hodson in *Matrix* #58 described an enthusiastic aspiring author '[running] around the convention like a dog with its tail on fire trying to find publishers' agents on whom to foist the huge manuscript of a trilogy of SF novels he'd written, typed, revised, and printed and bound in a spare ten minutes before lunch.' I wonder what ever happened to Charles Stross?

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





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

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

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

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

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

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





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

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

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

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

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

1995 was of course a Worldcon year, and also saw the first London Eastercon since 1978 in the form of Confabulation – run by what came to be known as the Plokta Cabal – with guests Lois McMaster Bujold, Roger Robinson and Bob Shaw. Mike Scott argued (Zorn #1) that 'Much of Confabulation's agenda was similar to the old-style bids that experienced such difficulty in the Eighties ... However, these were not presented in ideological terms, in order to save the Eastercon from the influx of non-fannish fans, but rather as practical solutions to the presence of Intersection later in the year, the near-universality of home VCRs and a relatively small site.' Matrix #114 ran long reviews from Jim Trash (who liked the convention) and John Ollis (who didn't).

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





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

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

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

Manchester seemingly gets an Eastercon every twenty-two years, although I don't think the Intuition committee were aware of this when choosing a site for the 1998 convention with guests Ian McDonald, Martin Tudor, and Connie Willis. The lack of one sufficiently large hotel saw events and exhibits divided between two adjacent sites and John Harvey reported (Ansible #130) 'Good programme items ... GoHs were excellent ... Once again the split site concept proved to be crap – everybody and everything you wanted to see was in the other hotel.'

In 1999 we were back in the Adelphi again for Reconvene, the fiftieth national convention (a claim about which we can probably argue if you really want to), featuring Peter S Beagle, John Clute, Tom Holt, Jeff Noon and Ron Tiner. It was, I believe, Holt's suggestion that led to every member receiving a name-badge with a personalised slogan or saying. To date, this is the last Eastercon to use the Adelphi.

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

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

2002 was in Jersey again. Helicon 2 used St Helier's Hotel de France, which had been the site of both previous Jersey Eastercons. The hotel had seen some remodelling but uncharacteristic sunshine saw many fans opting for the dubious pleasures of fresh air. Those allergic to the great outdoors saw guests Brian Stableford, Harry Turtledove and Peter Weston.

After that offshore year, there was a certain inevitability to the way that the 2003 Eastercon moved about as far inland as possible and then took the name Seacon. A veteran committee ran Seacon '03 in the Hinckley hotel again with guests Chris Baker (Fangorn), Christopher Evans and Mary Gentle although the latter cancelled at the last minute. The convention did however host the (to date) only UK presentation of the James Tiptree Jr. Award, 'to M John Harrison for Light, and very fetching he looked in the statutory tiara' (Ansible #190).

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





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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



# EASTERCON FINANCE REPORTS

By John Dowd

## CONTEMPLATION (2007) – John Dowd

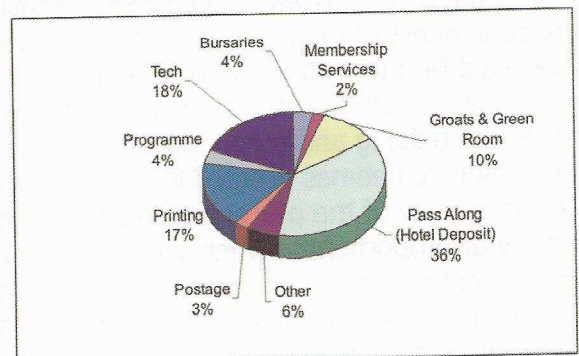
The finances of any convention are uncertain and the treasurer has to balance a best estimate of the probable income against the demands of a committee wanting to spend money to ensure the convention is a success. For a normal Eastercon there are well established patterns of behaviour of the members.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

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

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

Income		Expenditure	
Memberships	£17,558.92	Programme	£1562.99
Pass On	£2,900.00	Finance Expenses	£1,862.84
Dealer's Room	£795.00	General Publications	£600.74
Art Show	£231.73	Prizes	£116.93
Auction	£280.00	Logistics	301.51
		Registration	£353.26
		Souvenir Book	2899.97
		Tech/Ops	£3,694.32
		Postage	£512.35
		Bank & Paypal Charges	£113.30
		Miscellaneous Expenses	£139.22
		Pass Along	£7,500.00
		Bursary (Con Runner)	£750.00
		Available Balance	£1358.22
	£21,765.65		£21,765.65

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



Income is mainly memberships (thank you very much), with Pass-along from other conventions the next largest category. Some smaller sums were raised at the convention.

Expenditure is all focussed towards the convention. Many of the divisions can be seen as another part of programme or facilitating programme. Tech, Groats and Green Room clearly are needed to ensure the programme runs and logistics, printing of PRs and readme, registration etc. put us in a position to run the convention.

We did make a substantial surplus. You did sterling service eating and drinking your way through over 1.5 times the required minimum spend on food and drink. This meant that the £7000 deposit was refunded after the convention leaving us with over £9000 in surplus. As a committee we decided to put the bulk of this into Pass-along supporting the next two Eastercons. £1000 was specifically earmarked for the LX bus service (I happened to know that the LX treasurer was worrying about it at the time).

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

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





## THE MEDIA PROGRAMME

By Mark Slater.

### Some Lessons Learnt

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

#### Some History

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

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

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



### A Number of Possible Approaches

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

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

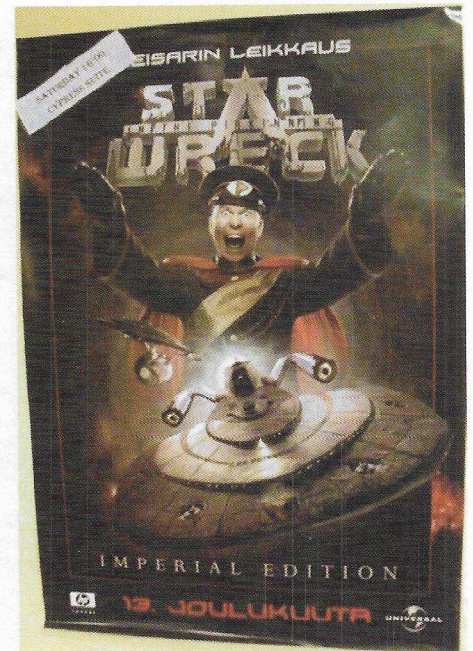


More often than not, media is programmed as an aside to main programme, and programming teams are probably happy enough to let someone go away and sort it out. It would be good to see media gradually falling back under the remit of main programming, and contributing to the individual character of any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

### **Publications**

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

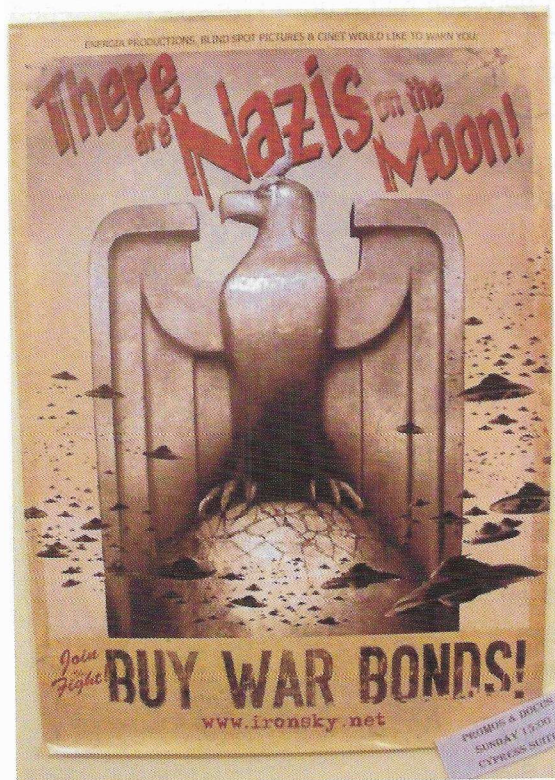
- I. Simply don't show the material. Fair enough – this was the approach we took with some anime at LX, where we made a formal approach about acquiring the rights to show certain materials with the Japanese rights holders. The rights holders were very helpful, but when it finally came down to it, the convention simply couldn't justify the hundreds of pounds per hour of material it would have cost; spread across what would have been a relatively small niche audience.
- II. Alternately there is simply the don't ask, don't tell approach. We're not a large commercial enterprise, we're pretty much not showing material which is either current or commercially available, and where we are showing commercially available material it tends to be from small independent concerns from whom we seek permission (as they are often happy to allow the material to be shown for free). Where material is not commercially available we really aren't taking bread from the mouths of rights owners (or more importantly creators) by exhibiting material, nor are we profiting from it. By comparison, back at Concussion we got permission to show the contemporary silent film 'The Call of Cthulhu' from its makers – they allowed us to do this for free, and they were rewarded with a spike in UK orders for the DVD of the film immediately following the convention. Rule of thumb – just be sensible and don't take the piss.





## Preparation & Tech

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



Hardware is obviously an important consideration. If you aren't going to have someone permanently baby-sit the media presentation, then you need to know your equipment isn't going to fail you. I usually bring two of my own players and my own cables. My main player is a good few years old, cost me about £60 at the time, and is absolutely bomb-proof - it'll play anything, in any format and won't choke on any brand of DVD-R I've ever encountered, and my backup player is nearly as robust. Failing that, there were undoubtedly other players around the con I could have used – Steve Lawson probably had a few in the boot of his car just in case. The other vital bit of kit is the projector. I'm not sure where these are sourced from (I know past ones have also come from the boot of Steve Lawson's car), though the one I used this year was a little under powered (or perhaps the bulb was on its way out) so the image wasn't as bright as it might be. The projector is something I've just turned up and plugged into in the past, but might be worth not making any assumptions about in the future. Another learning experience and something for prospective future media organisers to think about. Sound is also something I've just come to expect would just be there because it always has been – but shouldn't have made any assumptions about. Luckily I mentioned it in passing at the eleventh hour and

fortunately Mark Meenan was able to procure a 5.1 surround sound system at short notice. At future cons I'm sure we'll be plugging in media servers – and all that will be required is kicking it off at the beginning of the con – via the web. But no matter how you decide to play it, it always pays to remember that tech ops are heroes, and they're on your side.



### General Wisdom

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

- For a couple of years we tried to do a block of children's programming in the morning. The first year it was pretty much my children watching plus a few others. Harry Payne gave this a shot at Contemplation for which I was very grateful, but apart from a few extra adults it was still largely my children, now with the addition of Harry's. I've come to the conclusion that this doesn't really work - perhaps it's our stipulation that younger children be accompanied by parents, or maybe the early start time. This year I still included children's programming and scattered it across the schedule a little more, being very careful not to clash it with other parent and child programming, but attendance didn't really improve (except for when the Oliver Postgate material was on - so another lesson learned there). I still feel strongly however that family friendly programming should be included in the media programme; it's just that the winning formula hasn't yet been found.
- Late night programming also doesn't seem to work in my experience. It doesn't really seem to matter what you're showing, TV isn't ever really going to tear people away from the bar in the evenings. If I do this again, I'll probably close down around 10pm at the latest.
- Get something in the pre-con PR to let people know what you're about, and that there is a media programme worth seeking out when they arrive. Put up lots of posters around the con - if you've put in the effort to arrange something special, make a song and dance about it to get the audience you deserve. If you've got third parties coming in, see what publicity material they can supply you with in advance.
- It's not necessary to run a fully packed schedule of media, quality rather than quantity is a perfectly good approach. And you don't have to own a comprehensive library of rare material to get involved. No one person is responsible for running the entire main convention programme, so there is no reason why media shouldn't be the same as the weekend divided up amongst a group of contributors, which lightens the load on any given individual, and helps create diversity. Bearing in mind my previous guidelines regarding content, if you have access to even an one hour's worth of killer material that you think fandom should be made aware of, then step up - whoever is running media will probably be more than happy to hand over the media room to someone with good ideas for an hour - or a day.

### And To Close.....

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

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

### Some Highlights of the LX Media Programme You May Have Missed

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

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



Many thanks to Energia Productions for their permission to show the Iron Sky War Bonds material, as well as Star Wreck. Anyone wishing to support the production of this film can find out more at [www.ironsky.net](http://www.ironsky.net).



## DER GOLEM



The Golem: How He Came Into the World (Original German title: Der Golem, wie er in die Welt kam) is a 1920 silent horror film by Paul Wegener. Events directed by Carl Boese and Wegener, written by Wegener and Frank Gabel, and starred Wegener as the golem.

The film concerns itself with the legendary creation of the golem by Rabbi Judah Loew ben Bezalel in the 16th century. The Jews of Prague face persecution. Rabbi Loew creates a giant golem out of clay to protect the people. Unfortunately, the creature rebels and wreaks deadly havoc.

Architect Hans Poelzig designed the sets, a reproduction of the medieval Jewish ghetto of Prague. He designed them specifically to be filmed, creating highly expressive imagery. The cinematography of Paul Freund, in collaboration with Poelzig and Wegener, is cited as one of the most outstanding examples of German Expressionism.

Music for 'Le Voyage' and 'Edison's Frankenstein' will be provide by Jonathan Brigg on the piano and will be a mixture of Jonathan's own compositions and extemporisation.

You will also be hearing the premiere of a brand new score for Der Golem by Dr Martin Kier Glover. Martin is a Senior Lecturer in Composition at the Faculty of the Arts London College of Music, who have graciously allowed Martin the time to compose this special piece for LX as a research exercise.

## The EDISON KINETOGRAM

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The Impossible Voyage (Le Voyage à travers l'impossible) is a 1904 silent film (produced by Star Film, France) by pioneer filmmaker Georges Méliès. The film's time is about 20 minutes (nearly five times the length of the average film at that time), and probably was inspired by Méliès' successful earlier film 'Le Voyage dans la Lune' (A Trip to the Moon). It is loosely based on Jules Verne's play 'Voyage à travers l'impossible'. Like most of Méliès' films at this time, it made use of narrative, models, and trick photography.



### THE GENESIS OF A GENRE

Thomas Alva Edison, "The Wizard of Menlo Park," invented many momentous "FIRSTS": ELECTRIC LIGHT, PHONOGRAPH, and Helped give Birth to the MOTION PICTURE. BUT, Did you know that Edison started the "MONSTER-CREATION" Film Genre? Note: Special Effects Pioneer George Méliès, and others before Edison, made films with monsters. Edison's FRANKENSTEIN was the First to show the Creation of one.

### THE "FIRST" FRANKENSTEIN FILM

It is a liberal adaptation of Mary Shelley's acclaimed 1818 Classic novel, "FRANKENSTEIN". In it, Victor Frankenstein, a medical student, discovers the "Secret of Life". He prepares a huge cauldron of flaming chemicals from which a creature evolves. Instead of a perfect human being, Frankenstein creates a hideous, horrific monster!

In subsequent Frankenstein Films, the monster is assembled from body parts taken from cadavers, and then brought to life with massive electric shocks. Charge: Edison's version conforms to Shelley's novel of "An Extra Chemical Created Creature".

### TOO "WEIRD" FOR ITS TIME!

Edison's Frankenstein Film was released on March 18, 1910, but its "Premiere" was short-lived. Patrons rejected this film as "Too Weird and Mystifying" with Mystic Children-Witch-Lore. Edison pulled it from circulation. Some even considered it blasphemous and most un-Godly, "man-Creating man". How Times Have Changed!

### LOST .. THEN .. FOUND

Edison often sold his Films when they were unprofitable. Then in 1914, a fire destroyed most of Edison's Film-Negatives. In 1918, Edison closed his studio. Archivists World-Wide believed this 1910 Frankenstein Film was forever lost or turned to dust. On May 5, 1980, the Film Trade paper BOXOFFICE published the American Film Institute's List of the most Sought-After, Important "Lost-Silent-Films". Edison's FRANKENSTEIN was the Oldest Film on the List.



American who is transported into the body of his ancestor in London in the time of the American revolution. Not the most action-packed of premises but this rare film, once considered lost until its rediscovery in the 1970s, is remarkable for a couple of reasons. Despite the fact that you've probably never heard of it, it's actually documented as being the favourite film of H.P. Lovecraft who is known to have seen it four times, providing the inspiration for his 1936 story 'The Shadow Out Of Time'. If that weren't enough, unless anyone else can suggest a contender, it's also thought to be the first time travel film. Despite this, it's never been released on DVD or video and you'll be unlikely to catch it on TV in the near future. In short, ideal material for convention media, and a good reason to make a point of checking the media listings at future conventions – you never know what you might find, or what you might miss.

**The Hunt For Gollum** – Independently produced film based on events mentioned in the appendices of 'The Lord of the Rings'. Many thanks to the producers, actors and crew who attended LX to talk about the film and allowed us to be the first to see a new trailer prior to the films première at the Sci-Fi London festival. The full 40 minute film will be available to view online at [www.thehuntforgollum.com](http://www.thehuntforgollum.com) from 3<sup>rd</sup> of May.

**Time Tarts** – A fascinating presentation by John Naylor and Karen Glover, who produce costumes, props and weapons for a wide variety of film and television projects. Tales of reconstructing 1066 and firing cannons from the backs of elephants in Thailand felt like the tip of the iceberg, and I can't help but think that John and Karen have much more to tell us at future conventions. More information to be found at [www.timetarts.co.uk](http://www.timetarts.co.uk). For those interested, John is planning a specialist Steampunk themed event later in the year.

**Berkeley Square** - Based on the play of the same name by John Balderston, this 1933 film tells the story of a young



## ORCHESTRATING THE MUSIC OF LX

By Vincent Docherty

**Overture***(Opening)*

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

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

But these activities were largely separate from my fannish activities. I had little experience in folk singing and so had never been active in filk at cons. A few people know of my music interests and I had thought about doing some music-related programming at cons. For the 2005 Worldcon, Colin Harris and I explored having a full performance of 'The Lord of the Rings Symphony' by Howard Shore, but it proved to be too large and risky an endeavour for even a Worldcon, (though I might reconsider now that I have more experience). The trigger for the LX music programme was at the 2007 Eastercon in Chester. I watched the karaoke session in the main hall, which was lightly attended but with some good performances, including an excellent rendition of a Björk song by Julie Faith Rigby-Mcmurray and then a muscular rock number by James Bacon. Afterwards I mentioned to James about my interest in music. We bounced ideas around and agreed it would be fun to highlight different aspects of music related to Science Fiction and Fantasy, through participatory, practical and panel-based sessions at a convention. He proposed, and I agreed, that I orchestrate a music programme stream at LX.

**Larghetto Lontano***(Somewhat slowly from a distance)*

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

My main goal was to highlight Science Fiction & Fantasy music in the widest sense, and to show they have been connected and mutually linked for as long as people have been making music and telling fantastic stories. I aimed to surprise, build interest and excitement and hoped that fans would both have fun and learn something new. It was also very important that the programme be accessible but not superficial or too basic.

I was aware that many people's experience of the subject was limited to film soundtracks, a few famous cases like Jeff Wayne's 'War of the Worlds' and the Whedon musicals, and genre-influenced albums. I was keen to also explore mythology, history, some aspects of religious practice, science and then 'modern' SF&F. The format would be a mix of panels, participation, live performance and pre-recorded TV, film and radio music. James agreed I could propose 8-10 panel topics and that there would be some budget for live events. The music stream also wasn't intended to replace, but to complement the regular Filk stream.



## *Allegro ma non troppo*

*(Brisk, but not too much)*

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

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



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

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

For the more participatory events and live performances, James and I brainstormed some ideas.

- We agreed to have a major Saturday night live music event, tentatively titled *'Science Fiction, Double Feature'*, which would be an overview of popular SF&F genre musical themes, ideally performed by a live chamber orchestra.
- We also wanted to have some hands-on events where fans could learn about basic musical principles, try out different instruments and even in some cases build them – including that most sf-nal of instruments, the Theremin, which was a particular favourite of James!
- For the children's programme I thought it would be good to have a live performance of *'Peter and the Wolf'* by Prokofiev, *'The Carnival of the Animals'* by Saint-Saëns, or *'The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra'* by Britten, or at least play a recording with someone explaining what was happening. We wanted to recognise important musical dramatic presentations, such as Jeff Wayne's *'War of the Worlds'*, films such as *'Fantasia'* and its follow-up *'Fantasia 2000'*, *'Allegro Non Troppo'* and others. I also wanted to try something we had done at one of the Glasgow Albacons, where a silent movie was shown with live musical accompaniment. (I also agreed to be more merciful with the performer this time, as at Albacon we asked the pianist to play without knowing the film in advance!)
- The final goal was to build some musical elements throughout the programme to establish it as a 'red thread' through the con. That could mean events linked to the Guests and also led to the idea of including the classic musical cartoons *'What's Opera Doc'* and *'Rabbit of Seville'* at the Opening and Closing ceremonies.

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



**Affrettando capriccioso***(Pressing onward, uncertainly)*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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




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

However, the concert was proving to be very hard to organise logistically, as the BSFA Awards were scheduled to start at 6pm, the now traditional Doctor Who Special was expected to be shown sometime at the weekend, probably on Saturday evening, but the BBC wouldn't announce the times till about a week beforehand, and we needed to provide rehearsal and setup time and space for the orchestra, plus catering and changing facilities. There was a risk the three events would end up clashing badly. Fortunately everyone, including the BBC planners (although they didn't know it), worked together to make it work – a place was arranged in one of the overflow hotels where the orchestra could rehearse during the day. At the beginning of April, the BBC announced that Doctor Who would start at 6:45pm for an hour, which allowed time for the awards beforehand and for the orchestra to start at 8pm, so we would be in good shape as long as the performers could set up, have food and get changed in time.

That left the Sunday 'Blow Things Up' event to arrange. Unfortunately it always drew the short straw in terms of my available time, despite James' best efforts to arrange the right people and resources. I had prepared a script and some fun stuff planned but I was really worried whether I'd be able to pull it off on the day.

The 5th British Medical Science Fiction Convention  
**EASTERCON**



**SYMPHONIC FANTASY - The Live Concert**  
SATURDAY 11<sup>th</sup> April at 20:00 in the Cedar Hall

On Saturday evening, the National Festival Orchestra will perform a programme of classical works inspired by fantasy and mythology, music composed for SF&F films and TV shows and classical works which have been famously used by film-makers. The concert will be completed by Vincent Docherty, LX's music programme lead.

**Programme**

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

**The Blue Danube** by Johann Strauss II

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

**Danse Macabre** by Camille Saint-Saëns

**Siegfried Idyll** by Richard Wagner

**"Star Trek – Through the Years"** by Alexander Courage, Jerry Goldsmith, James Horner et al, arranged by Calvin Custer

**The Thieving Magpie** by Gioachino Rossini

**Interval**

**Symphony No 6 (The Pastorale)** by Ludwig van Beethoven

1. Awakening of cheerful feelings upon arrival in the country: (Allegro ma non troppo)
2. Scene at the brook: (Andante molto mosso)
3. Happy gathering of country folk: (Allegro)
4. Thunderstorm: (Allegro)
5. Shepherds' song: (Allegretto)

22:00 **Close**

*Please: Phones off/silent. No flash photography. No recording*

## ***Crescendo Maestoso al fine***

*(Growing majestically to the end)*

The last days before the con passed quickly as there was a lot to prepare. Fortunately I was able to arrive a couple of days early, to help set up, and work with the committee. I was also able to meet Adam and Jonathan pre-con, which was very useful, and to work with Mark Meenan who was responsible for the function space, staging and audio-visual tech – a particularly hard job with the many different events taking place in the same spaces during the con, and which he handled very well.

As planned, the Friday Opening Ceremony, began with 'What's Opera Doc', one of the best cartoons ever made, and which obviously thrilled the fannish audience. The LX co-chairs then came on stage looking like Bugs Bunny and Elmer Fudd, which was very funny.

I then ran a short introductory session to the music stream, along with Valerie Housden, who also ran the Filk concert later in the weekend.

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

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





In the evening, everything fell into place – the BSFA awards (with drums and harp set up behind them!) happened on time, many fans enjoyed Doctor Who, and in the meantime we got the orchestra into the hotel, and taken to dinner, with ample time left to get ready for the concert, which also started on time.

Both James and I had dressed up for the occasion and he opened the event and I compered, providing short introductions for each piece of music. The orchestra played very well and it was great to watch the hundreds of fans in the room enjoying the experience so much. The orchestra were positioned at ground level, so the people watching were unusually close – a point a couple of fans afterwards said had added to their enjoyment. I really enjoyed myself as well, and thought the performance was of a particularly high quality – I particularly enjoyed *Danse Macabre*, the Star Trek medley and of course the *Pastorale*. At the end we thanked Adam, Nia and the orchestra with a standing ovation, flowers and, it being an SF convention, steampunked batons for Adam.



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

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

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

*The concert went very well and I was thrilled how well the orchestra managed to adjust to the different surroundings and acoustics. The orchestra all commented on how well they were looked after by the team at the convention, and how it was such an appreciative audience to play for...even clapping between the movements!*

*I look forward to performing again for the convention and hope everybody enjoyed the concert as much as we did!*

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Coda

(Tail)

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





COMIC RECOMMENDATIONS

By James Bacon,  
Michael Abbot and Tony Keen

**James's Comics Recommendations:**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**The Red Star** by Christian Gosset.

**Michael's Comics Recommendations:**

**Ragmop** by Rob Walton

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

**The Order of the Stick** by Rich Bulew

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

**Scott Pilgrim** by Bryan Lee O'Malley

Effortlessly cool and entertaining. Twenty-something layabout, thinking about being in a band, gets a new girlfriend and has to fight her seven evil boyfriends. Slightly like a video game. <http://www.radiomaru.com> has some related short pieces.



**Box Office Poison** by Alex Robinson

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

**PS238** by Aaron Williams

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



**Tony's Comics Recommendations:**

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

Volume 1 is the essential purchase

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

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

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

***Locas: The Maggie and Hopey Stories***, by Jaime Hernandez

Plenty of other collections exist!

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

... and from last time

***The Ultimates***, volumes 1 & 2, and ***The Ultimates 2***, volumes 1 & 2, by Mark Millar and Bryan Hitch

***Bolland Strips!***, by Brian Bolland

***Top Ten***, volumes 1 & 2, and ***Forty-Niners*** by Alan Moore, Gene Ha and Zander Cannon

Also *Smax*, though that's not as good.





## PAST EASTERCON LIST

By Steve Cooper

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



<b>ReConvene</b>	Liverpool	1999	Peter S Beagle, John Clute, Jeff Noon, Tom Holt, Ron Tiner, Thog the Mighty
<b>2Kon</b>	Glasgow	2000	Guy Gavriel Kay, Katherine Kurtz, Deborah Turner-Harris, Dr John Salthouse, Bob Harris
<b>Paragon</b>	Hinckley	2001	Claire Brialey, Mark Plummer, Mike Scot t Rohan, Steven Baxter, Lianne Norman
<b>Helicon 2</b>	Jersey	2002	Brian Stableford, Harry Turtledove, Peter Weston
<b>Seacon03</b>	Hinckley	2003	Chris Baker (Fangorn), Christopher Evans (author), Mary Gentle
<b>Concourse</b>	Blackpool	2004	Mitchell Burnside Clapp, Danny Flynn, Sue Mason, Christopher Priest, Philip Pullman
<b>Paragon 2</b>	Hinckley	2005	John Harvey, Eve Harvey, Ken MacLeod, Robert Rankin, Ben Jeapes, Richard Morgan
<b>Concussion</b>	Glasgow	2006	M. John Harrison, Brian Froud, Elizabeth Hand, Justina Robson, Ian Sorensen
<b>Contemplation</b>	Chester	2007	None
<b>Orbital 2008</b>	Heathrow, London	2008	Neil Gaiman, Tanith Lee, China Miéville, Charles Stross, Rog Peyton
<b>LX</b>	Bradford	2009	Jon Courtenay Grimwood, Tim Powers, David Lloyd, Mary and Bill Burns
<b>Odyssey 2010</b>	Heathrow, London	2010	Alastair Reynolds, Liz Williams, Mike Carey, Fran & John Dowd

## DOC WEIR AWARD WINNERS

By Steve Cooper

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

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

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

(d) – Deceased



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

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

Kari Sperring





## LX MEMBERSHIP

By Steve Lawson

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

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





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



833 Sa	Fogg	Sarah	678 A	Hemy	Christopher
371 A	Fotheringham	Lynn	251 A	Hershko	Assaf
217 A	Francis	Susan	252 A	Hershko	Tamar
220 A	Freeman	Keith	624 A	Hetherington	Karen
489 A	Freeman	Camela	476 A	Hicks	Dave
221 A	Freeman	Wendy	478 I	Hicks	Penny
547 A	French	Alice	348 A	Hilbert	Anthony
289 A	Frihagen	Anders	785 J	Hilbert	Lee
598 A	Frost	Toby	599 A	Hill	Brian
80 A	Funnell	Gwen	498 A	Hill	Chris
346 C	Furlong	Karen	499 A	Hill	Penny
344 A	Furlong	Nigel	457 A	Hodgkin	Judi
345 A	Furlong	Sabine	427 A	Hogg	Andrew
347 I	Furlong	Simon	66 A	Holden	Alex
577 A	Furnass	Malcolm	518 A	Holmes	Martin
649 A	Gambino	Fred	416 A	Holmström	Anders
801 Sa	Gardner	Allie	707 A	Honey-Mennal	Julianne
816 Sa	Garrison	Terie	495 A	Hook	Andrew
694 A	Garside	Jonathan	525 S	Hook	Nathan
589 A	Gascoigne	Marc	752 A	Horsely	Ralph
406 A	Gaskell	Stephen	317 A	Horsman	Graham
798 Sa	Gemmell	Ron	313 A	Housden	Valerie
584 A	Gibbins	Nick	593 A	Howe	David
586 I	Gibbins-Stark	Alex	403 A	Howliston	Julie
560 A	Gibson	Dave	402 A	Howliston	William
471 A	Gillespie	Carrie	374 A	Hudson	Warren
757 A	Gilmartin	Simon	23 A	Huggins	Phil
731 A	Glover	Martin Kier	758 A	Hunter	Tom
640 A	Golan	Gali	779 A	Hurd	Michelle
353 A	Goldstone	Sam	686 A	Hussey	Bill
127 A	Gómez Lagerlöf	Carolina	110 A	Hutchison	Malcolm J
434 A	Goodall	Clare	390 A	Ibbs	Tony
112 A	Gordon	Niall	311 A	Illingworth	Marcia
229 A	Gray	Roy	312 A	Illingworth	Tim
351 A	Green	Steve	691 A	Inglis	Justine
809 A	Grimwood	T	429 A	Ingram	Alexander
689 A	Grover	Karen	658 A	Isaak	Elaine
207 A	Grover	Steve	841 Fr	Jackman	Terry
550 A	Grune	Ilana	432 A	Jackson	Ian
458 A	Grünefeld	Hellen	157 A	Jackson	Niall
442 A	Gullen	David	62 A	Jackson	Nicholas
96 A	Gunnarsson	Urban	260 A	James	Edward
118 A	Guzadhur	Shobah	419 I	James	Elizabeth
202 A	Haddock	David	418 A	James	Gillian
203 A	Haddock	Sarah	274 A	James	Rhodri
770 A	Hall	Matthew	417 A	James	Richard
293 A	Harding	Mark	34 A	James	Wilf
383 A	Hardy	David	850 Su	Jankowicz	Nicola
662 A	Hargreaves	Andrew	244 A	Jarrold	John
241 A	Harold	John	277 A	Jenkins	Wendy
218 A	Harris	Colin	730 A	Johnson	David
590 A	Harris	Lee	791 Fr	Jones	C
11 A	Harrow	Peter	184 A	JONES	Friday
375 A	Harvey	Colin	91 A	Jones	Sue
484 A	Haswell	Joanne	450 A	Jordon	Ian
490 A	Haynes	Susie	209 A	Kear	Amanda
771 A	Hayton	Neil	51 A	Keen	Tony
231 A	Headlong	Julian	674 A	Kehoe	Mike
718 A	Heathcote	Victoria	497 A	Kelly	Sam
793 Fr	Hebblethwaite	David	352 A	Kennaway	Richard
826 Sa	Hebblethwaite	David	533 A	Kershaw	Alison
605 A	Hedenlund	Anders	634 J	Khan	Ila
717 A	Heffernan	Nigel	633 A	Khan	Naveed
270 A	Heitlager	Martijn	38 A	Kievits	Peter
258 A	Held	Edgar	325 A	Kilbane	Stephen
446 A	Hemsley	Zandy	670 A	Kilburn	Mark





# SOUVENIR BOOK



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

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

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





398 A	Pritchard	Ceri	297 A	Scarlett	Fiona	151 A	Strandberg	Lars
211 A	Proctor	Henry	171 A	Schimkat	Peter	323 A	Stratmann	Gary
72 A	Proctor	Judith	233 A	Scott	Alison	324 A	Stratmann	Linda
309 A	Proven	Liam	342 A	Scott	Donna	99 A	Streets	Marcus
603 A	Quaglia	Roberto	68 A	Scott	Jamie	101 C	Streets	Matilda
815 Sa	Radford	David	635 A	Scott	Lesley	100 A	Streets	Rae
503 A	Raftery	Anna	410 A	Scott	Mike	623 A	Stross	Charles
190 A	Rankin	Rachel	631 A	Searle	Glen	373 A	Sudworth	Anne
189 A	Rankin	Robert	817 Sa	Seats	Iain	575 A	Sullivan	Peter
445 A	Ravenscroft	Nik	629 A	Sebold	Gaie	460 A	Summerfield	Neil
366 A	Ray	Aletia	422 A	Selmes	John	562 A	Tabner	David
368 I	Ray	Ariane	613 A	Sen-Gupta	Sunila	702 A	Tait	Callum
364 A	Ray	Bill	564 A	Sharp	Chris	611 A	Taylor	Aaron
384 A	Ray	Danielle	563 A	Sharp	Liam	772 A	Taylor	Alice
365 I	Ray	Pandora	488 A	Shemilt	Sarah	609 A	Taylor	Cathie
367 I	Ray	Zachary	838 Sa	Sherwood	D.M.	104 C	Taylor	Charlotte
643 A	Reamer	Sharon	357 A	Sheward	Jean	102 A	Taylor	Ian
136 A	Reap	Colette	187 A	Shields	James	103 A	Taylor	Kathy
75 A	Recktenwald	Thomas	480 A	Shorrock	Gavin	608 A	Taylor	Martyn
132 A	Redfarn	Peter	230 A	Shorrock	Ina	610 A	Taylor	Melissa
646 A	Redfearn	Gillian	156 C	Short	Cuilleann	650 A	Taylor	Michael
737 A	Reid	Karen	154 A	Short	Eira	773 I	Taylor	Poesy
716 A	Rennie	Mike	765 A	Shortell	Clive	279 A	Thane-Clarke	Lena
684 A	Reynolds	Alastair	612 A	Singh	Harpal	278 A	Thane-Clarke	Paul
114 A	Reynolds	Pat	256 A	Sivagnanam	Nesa	456 A	The Rodent	Supermouse
115 A	Reynolds	Trevor	745 A	Skevington	Paul	32 A	Thierstein	Markus
680 A	Richards	Andy	86 A	Slater	Mark	705 A	Thomas	Adam
13 A	Richards	John	369 A	Sleith	Carolyn	47 A	Thomas	David
334 A	Roberts	Dave	175 A	Smart	Martin	661 A	Thomas	Luke
335 A	Roberts	Estelle	276 A	Smith	Anthony	338 A	Thompson	Jean
782 A	Robertson	Al	669 A	Smith	Lisa	363 A	Thorpe	Geoffrey
787 A	Robinson	Adam	176 A	Smith	Melica	449 A	Tierney	Carol
788 A	Robinson	Mark	679 A	Smith	Simon	61 A	Tompkins	Dave
65 A	Robinson	Roger	280 A	Smithers	Dan	161 A	Toms	Patric
405 A	Robinson	Terence	298 A	Smithers	Jane	192 A	Tottey	Julie
642 A	Robson	Justina	284 I	Smithers	Jonathan	842 Fr	Travis	John
693 A	Rodgers	Dawn	281 A	Smithers	Lucy	193 A	Treadaway	Paul
198 A	Rogers	Doreen	283 I	Smithers	Matthew	551 A	Treadwell	James
129 A	Rogers	Mic	282 C	Smithers	Nathaniel	331 A	Tregenza	Chris
191 A	Rogers	Tony	70 A	Sneddon	Robert	493 A	Tuckett	Bob
492 A	Rogers	Trish	304 A	Snell	Ian	579 C	Tudor	Heloise
19 A	Rogerson	Steve	31 A	Sneyd	Steve	578 A	Tudor	Martin
49 A	Roper	Daniel	133 A	Snowdon	Adrian	362 A	Turcato	Sally
138 A	Rosenblum	Howard	388 A	Soley Barton	Kate	340 A	Turnbull	Heather
139 A	Rosenblum	June	287 A	Solomon	Kate	822 Sa	Turnbull	Nathan
140 A	Rosenblum	Michelle	600 A	Soni	Sangeeta	851 Su	Turpin	Darren
196 A	Rosin	Angela	183 A	Sorensen	Ian	77 A	Uhlin	Lennart
831 I	Rowbottom	Alice	532 A	Spångberg	Ylva	668 A	Ulicsak	David
830 Sa	Rowbottom	John	647 A	Spanton	Simon	660 A	Unerman	Sandra
832 I	Rowbottom	Michael	43 A	Spencer	Douglas	558 A	Upson	Dawn
794 Fr	Rowland	Jennifer	200 A	Spiller	Michael	557 A	Upson	Nick
59 A	Rowland	Marcus	795 A	Spratt	William	733 A	Uwe	Venetta
811 Sa	Rowntree	Rob	201 A	Stage	Jesper	755 A	Uye	Venetta
701 A	Rowse	Sally	585 A	Stark	Isobel	803 A	Valente	Mattie
182 A	Rowse	Yvonne	526 A	Staton	Michaela	228 A	Valois	Tobes
109 A	Russell	Simon	117 A	Steel	James	269 A	van der Putte	Larry
543 A	Rydberg	Edwin	121 A	Stephenson	Richard	206 A	van der Voort	Richard
719 A	Saint	Jane	150 A	Stepney	Susan	491 A	van Oven	Paul
275 A	Sales	Ian	126 A	Stewart	Barbara	84 A	van't Ent	Jan
581 A	Samphire	Patrick	125 A	Stewart	John	194 A	Vanzyl	Simoné
237 A	Samuel	James	790 A	Stewart	Terry	404 A	Vickeridge	Jack
703 A	San Juan	Gladys F.	143 A	Stockdale	Ian	855 Su	Voyce	Paul D
690 A	Sanderson	Liam	227 A	Stocks	Chris	106 A	Wake	David
8 A	Savy	Louis	750 A	Stokes	Anne	804 Sa	Wakeling	Brian
756 Sa	Sawyer	Andy	746 A	Stone	Sam	472 A	Walker	Bob
544 A	Scaife	Keith	223 A	Strachan	June	291 A	Walker	Charles





158 C	Walker	Danae Aphrael
232 A	Walker	Jim
601 A	Walker	Keith A
174 A	Wallace	Helen
807 Sa	Waller	Len
808 Sa	Waller	Margeret
250 A	Walsh	Deirdre
401 A	Walters	Huw
721 A	Ware	Danie
85 A	Wareham	Peter
415 A	Wareing	Tommy
596 A	Warrington	Freda
528 A	Watson	Ian
301 A	Webb	Alan
300 A	Webb	Gerry
709 A	Webster	Adrian
617 A	Weddell	Dave
307 A	Wells	Pam
780 A	West	D
242 A	Westhead	Karen
162 A	Westhead	Kathy
163 A	Westhead	Mike
164 A	Westhead	Peter
165 A	Weston	Peter
464 A	Whates	Ian
426 A	Wheatly	Laura

692 A	White	Wendy
25 A	Whitehead	Nik
46 A	Whitehead	Traci
149 A	Whyte	Charles
329 A	Wilkinson	Bridget
90 A	Wilkinson	Peter
812 Sa	Williams	Conrad
437 A	Williams	Patricia
448 A	Williams	Paul
243 A	Williamson	Neil
451 I	Willis	Amy
436 A	Willis	Phil
452 A	Willis	Sue
146 A	Wilson	Anne
356 A	Wilson	Caro
266 A	Wilson	John
854 Su	Wilson	Tim
607 A	Winpenny	Ellie
430 A	Winslade	Rychard
852 A	Wolf	Julia
845 Sa	Wolfson	Adam
616 A	Womack	Thomas
799 Sa	Wood	Mike
800 Sa	Wood	Sarah
350 A	Woodcraft	Matthew
226 A	Woodford	Alan

225 A	Woodford	Anne
652 A	Wooding	Chris
326 A	Woods	Katharine
465 A	Woodward	Jennifer
502 A	Worthen	Shana
466 A	Wright	Peter
253 A	Yalow	Ben
425 S	Young	Diane
224 A	Young	Mark
530 A	Younger	William Ross
239 A	Ypma	Auke
341 A	Zitzow	Liz
69 A	1/2r	
141 A	Barbara-Jane	
819 Sa	Calvin	
409 A	Flick	
818 Sa	Heather	
379 A	Kari	
57 A	Max	
583 I	Mr Darcy	
784 A	Nelson	
821 Sa	Nick	
36 A	Omega	
820 Sa	Sarita	
155 A	SMS	

## MEMBERSHIP STATISTICS

By Steve Cooper

### English Region

East Midlands	35
East of England	109
London	127
North East	7
North West	76
South East	116
South West	30
West Midlands	38
York & Humber	99
	<hr/>
	<b>637</b>

### Other Parts of UK

Channel Isles	1
Isle of Man	4
Northern Ireland	3
Scotland	64
Wales	9
	<hr/>
	<b>81</b>

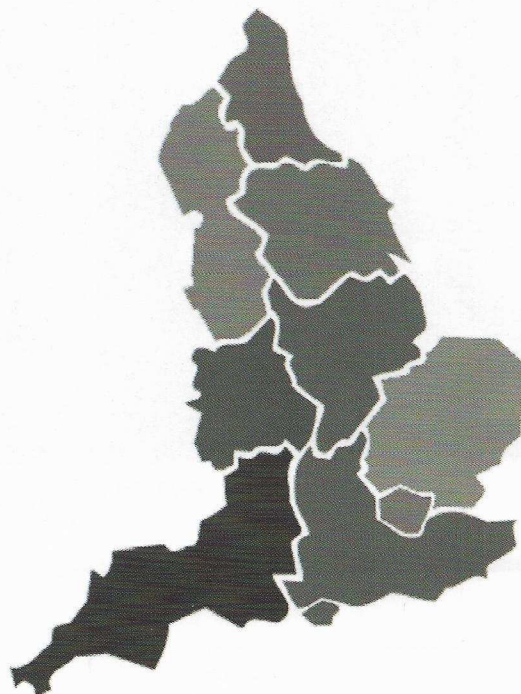
### Other Countries

Australia	2
Canada	2
France	3
Germany	12
Iceland	1
Ireland	12
Israel	2
Italy	1
Malaysia	1
Netherlands	14
New Zealand	1
Norway	4
Sweden	11
Switzerland	2
USA	13
	<hr/>
	<b>81</b>
	<hr/>
<b>Unknown</b>	<b>51</b>

**Total Members 850**

### Membership Types

Attending	748	Guest	6
Supporting	6	Day (Friday)	5
Child	19	Day (Saturday)	44
Infant	18	Day (Sunday)	4



English Regional Map