

THE Pun

ISSUE 42 – MONDAY EARLY EDITION – NOT THE NEWSLETTER ORBITAL THE 2008 EASTERCON

Panic Stations!

Someone has broken into the newsletter office and produced a spoof issue. Please do not read it. Destroy all copies.

An apology

Apparently some of the function rooms yesterday were neither too hot nor too cold. The problem has now been rectified.

Buy more beer!

You useless *&%\$£^@!s! Drink more beer. Do you want this to be the only Eastercon in history to have failed to drink the bar dry? How utterly humiliated will the Orbital committee be if this happens? Drink until you're sick, you scum.

Restaurant Review. McDonalds

They say that Scottish restaurants are the best, and certainly this venerable establishment does this reputation no harm whatsoever. The menu is uncomplicated and is mainly sandwich oriented – two different menus are available, to cater for your every whim. The sundaes are similarly fantastic but when our correspondent tried to order one she was given the toffee sundae instead of the chocolate one – clearly not a suitable situation, and one which the newsletter team hope will change quickly.

The Greying of Fandom

The oft commented on problem of the “greying” of fandom has taken a sinister turn. It had previously been thought that the main issue was the existing fans are getting older and that very few new fans were joining in our activities. However this weekend it has been noted that the problem is actually that young fans are aging faster.

Important Announcement

Please do not read this news item.

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Ceci n'est pas une con report

It's a strange feeling coming back to the Radisson. It's almost, but not quite, entirely unlike a convention I attended some years ago on this very spot. Even a lot of the people are the same.

I eat breakfast in a large atrium type thingy and enjoy it muchly, but the nagging feeling that I'm sitting on the ghost of a jacuzzi or swimming pool seems most peculiar.

My favourite place this time is, of course, the real ale bar. They have something called 'Old Hookey' there, which seems to hit the spot most effectively. It's Sunday now and as far as I know, we haven't drunk it dry just yet. We will do.

On Saturday we held an impromptu Beeblebears' picnic in the real ale bar. Dave Haddock is there, also Julie Faith Rigby-Macmurray together with Pat Rigby-Macmurry (that spelling doesn't look right, myself (Jim Mowatt) and Carrie Gillespie. The beebles are there sporting many limbs and many heads. We drink beer. The bears neither drink nor eat. The beebles protection society arrange for social workers to remove beebles from such irresponsible owners. We're too p*ssed to care.

Saturday night I'm still in the real ale bar. This time I'm sitting with Doug Bell, Christina Lake and Lennart Uhlin. Doug is waxing lyrical on the delights of Falmouth. It seems there's some place called Trego Park, which is truly a place of wonder. Gosh! Falmouth seems a hotbed of excitement.

Then I find myself wondering about Doug's judgement as he talks fondly of a pencil museum in Keswick. There's a look of crushing disappointment on his face when he tells us their prime exhibit had gone on loan to other places of wonder elsewhere in the world. Apparently it's a very large pencil...

Doug also mentions a possible visit to Moominland. Jim makes mental note here to view every recommendation from Doug with extreme suspicion.

It's getting late in the evening now and the conversation becomes curiously and curiously. The phrase 'ninja prostitute transvestite' occurs on several occasions but I never quite get to grips with the significance of these cross dressing, martial arts entrepreneurs.

Finally, that evening, I am assured that the modern age is really here. There's a statue, it seems, that you can send a text to and it will immediately begin to do a sprinkler type wee. Oh brave new world that has such technology in it.

All good fun.

I've attended a couple of fannish panels this Eastercon. First one was something to do with fannish awards. The panel consisted of: Chris Garcia (American fan), Alison Scott (loud person), Mark Plummer (moderator person), Greg Pickersgill (trouble causer person) There were some interjections from members of the audience including James Bacon who was vociferous and enthusiastic about something or other and Jim Mowatt (that's me that is) who was passionate about something (no-one was quite sure what). The panel positions were that Chris was too busy blogging to really have an opinion. Alison liked awards and said more please, Greg didn't think they were worth the papier mache they were made from (not actual words, more a sort of summary) and Mark tried to get them all to play nice. Did anyone win the debate - I suppose so. Fanzine fans seem to like awards if only to argue about whether the right people got them or not.

The last fannish panel I attended was the live Taff trip report. Bug did leap and cavort as she tried to convey the wonder that is the United States in large expansive gestures. Some of these gestures were made from atop a chair and others were not. Ian Sorensen thought there wasn't enough talk about bridges. Austin Benson felt here wasn't enough talk about computers and most of the females in the audience were quite adamant that chocolate should feature more heavily, in word and glorious chocolatey reality.

That's my con so far - as for now: back to the real ale bar.

STOP PRESS!

- A hyperspace bypass has been demolished to make way for "Hitchhiker's: how a radio 4 comedy took over the world" (no Vogons were hurt during the making of this programme item).

- Attention all Martians, **Sparks** has taken over as the leader of all factions. All hail **Sparks**, who promises to be a benevolent dictator.

- The Polo bar has been re-named the extra strong mint bar.

- Channel 15 has been hijacked by fish. These are evil fish from the planet evil. Trust them not.

- Sunday's "A sensation of vertigo" panel was relocated to the roof.

- Tuesday - Go home - have you got no 'omes to go to -

- Some people ...

- Wednesday - really really

Go home, watch Torchwood.

- Thursday- fregoodnesssake, this is getting silly

- Friday - OK, an eviction order has now been served, go to Dublin for P-con.

If you wish to put something in this newsletter then scale the building, capture the enchanted laptop. Take it to the secret cave. Beat printer into submission. Enter magic word. Kill everyone.

Erm

That's it.

Trust me

This newsletter was brought to you by the letter P and the colour aubergine.

"Time for bed" said zeberdee