



ORBITAL

2008



SOUVENIR BOOK

The British National Science Fiction Convention

ORBITAL 2008 EASTERCON



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

Guests

NEIL GAIMAN

TANITH LEE

CHINA MIEVILLE

CHARLES STROSS

www.orbital2008.org

Souvenir Book Contents

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

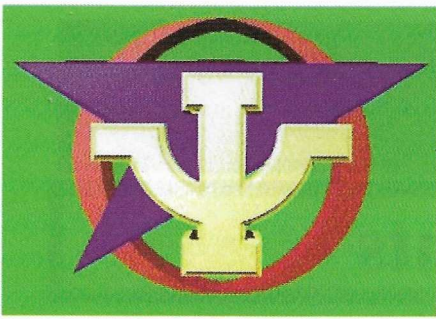
Credits

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

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



Line Art by SMS



REDEMPTION '11

25 – 27 February 2011

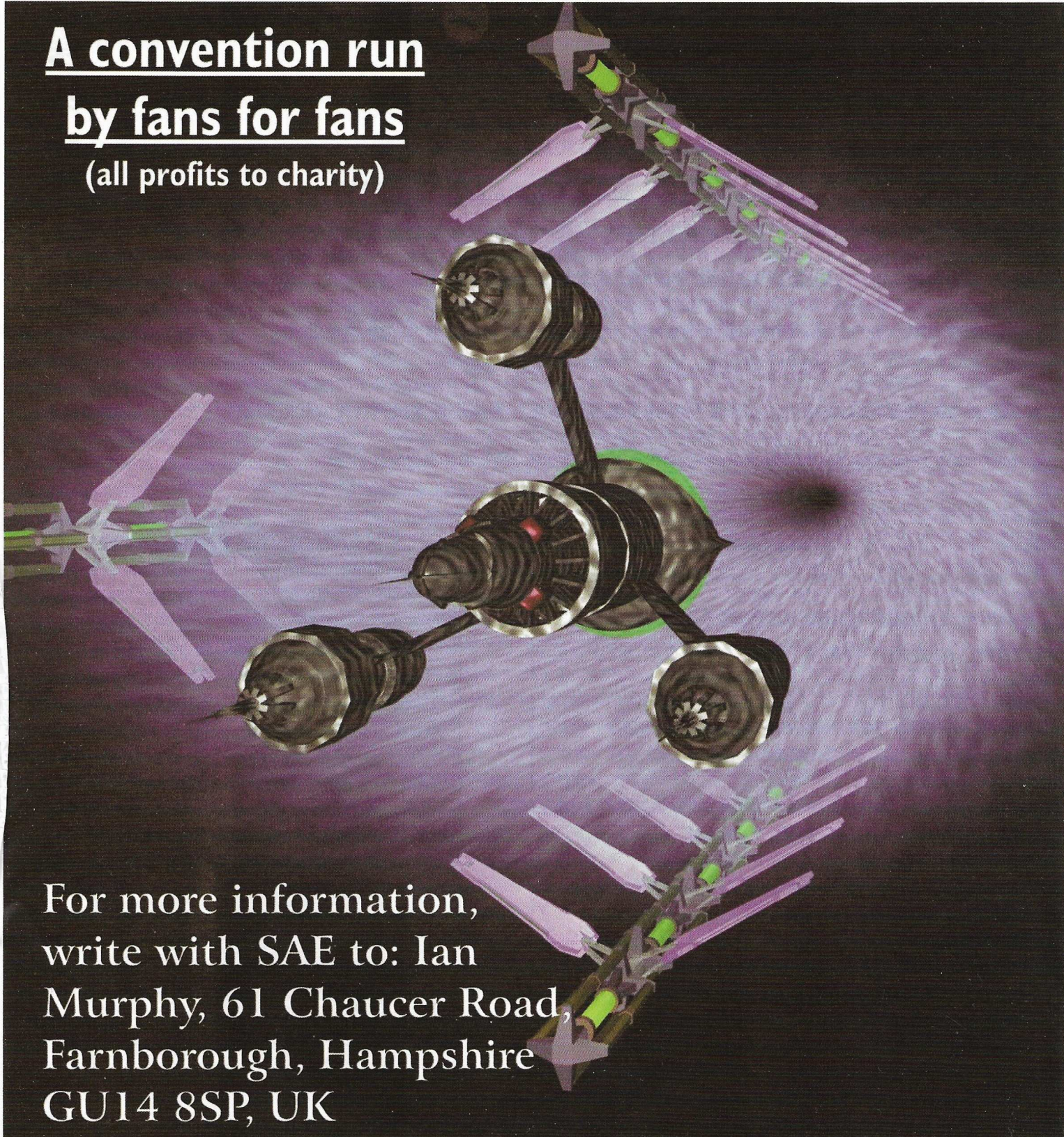
Britannia Hotel, Coventry, UK

The Multimedia Science Fiction Convention

A convention run

by fans for fans

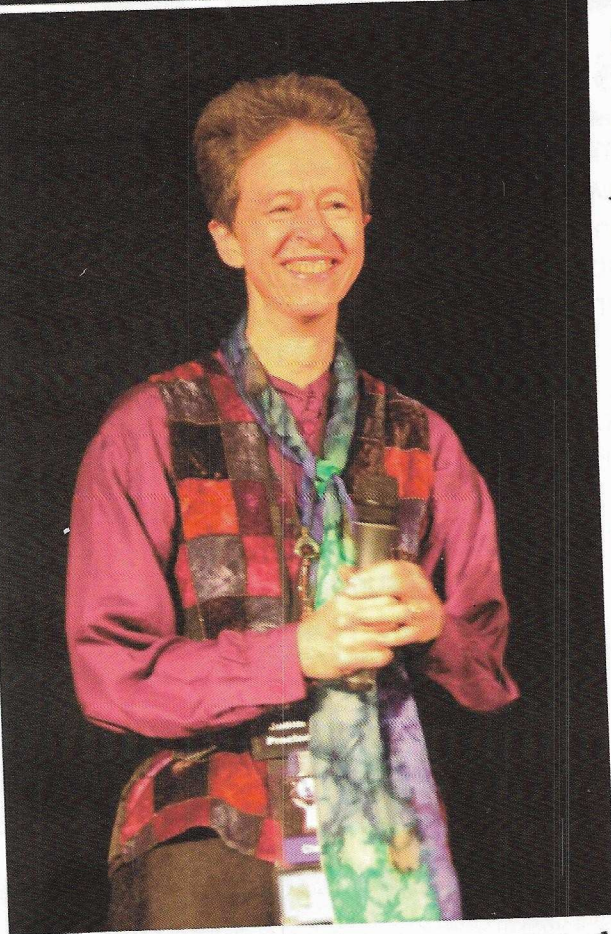
(all profits to charity)



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Chair's Thanks.

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

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

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

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

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

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

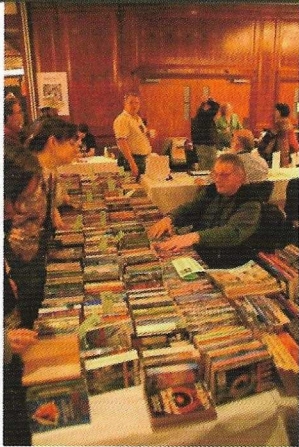
It goes without saying that the rest of the committee were brilliant as well. You were there. You saw what they pulled off between them. Everything from the mushrooms at breakfast, that kept vanishing from the contract and being firmly reinserted again, to the fantastic programme, right through to the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

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

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

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

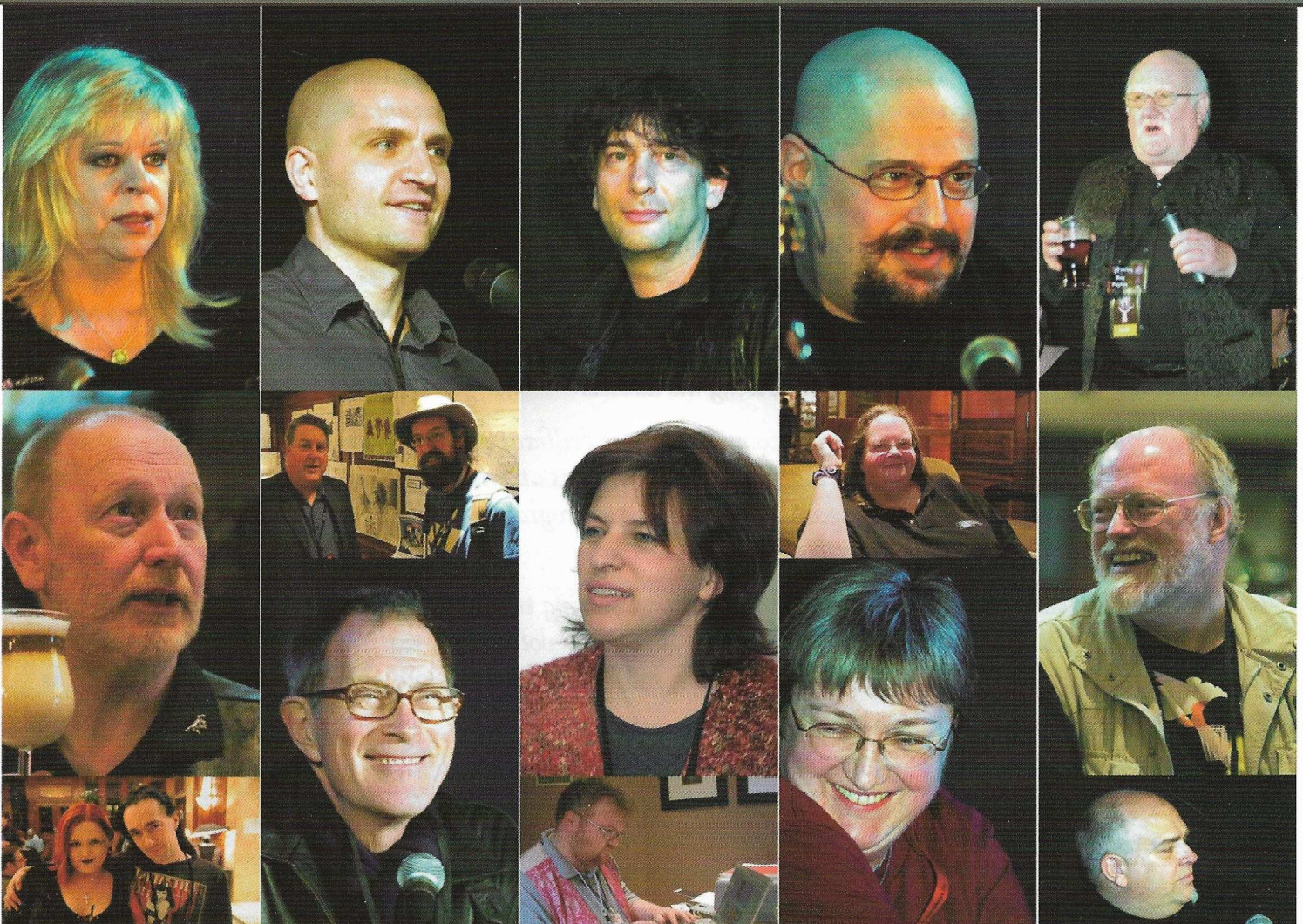
The Centre of the Radisson? – *by James Shields*



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

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

Orbiting Faces – *by Various*



Orbiting Neil – by Neil Gaiman

Saturday, March 22, 2008

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

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

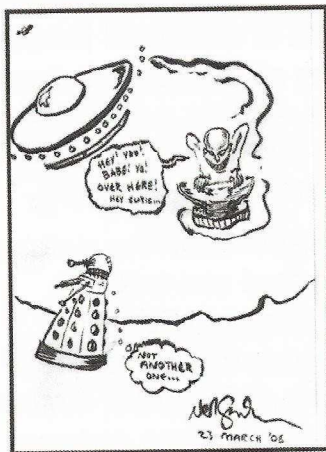
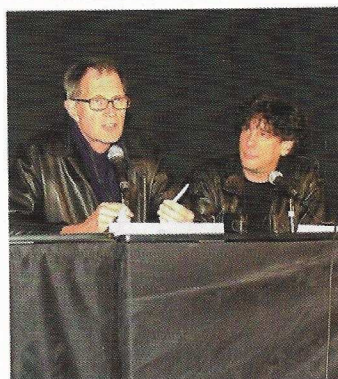
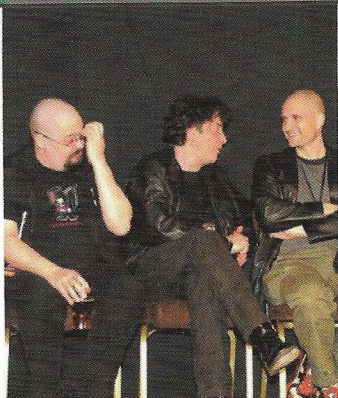
Altogether, a good thing.

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

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

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

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





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

Sunday, March 23, 2008

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

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



Monday, March 24, 2008

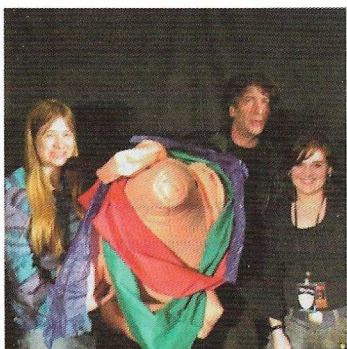
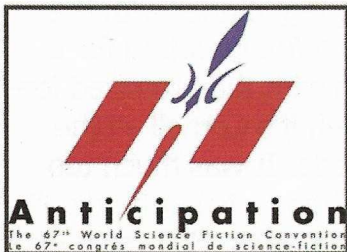
The convention's over, and it was really good. Lots of wonderful people, a really nice atmosphere, and my main regret was all the conversations I never had -- I made China Mieville promise that we'd do a panel one day of us chatting, because we never manage to finish conversations and he knows so many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

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

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

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

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



Terminal Zone – by David Wake

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

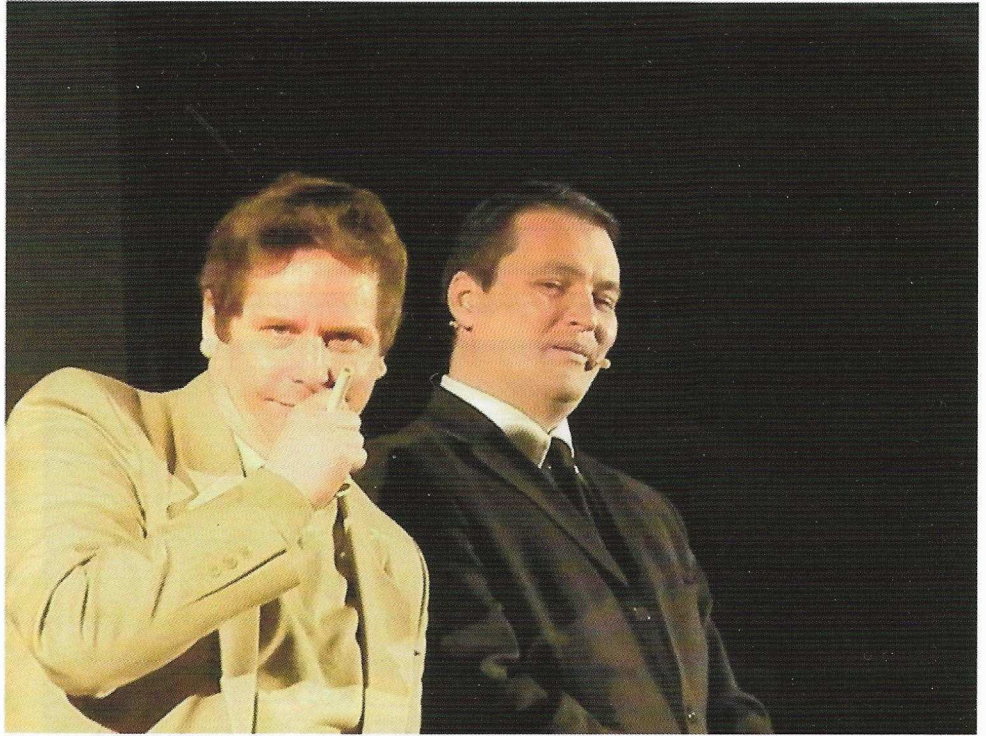
Plays in fandom should be organised by Novacon, if they are to have half a chance of getting on. They have around six rehearsals, usually one before Christmas which is the reading and planning session. They've tended to be in Birmingham as it's in the middle of the country and I've tended to be the producer.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

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

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

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

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



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

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

Why do we do it?

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

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

THE END.

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

Music: do do do do do...

Caring for Neil – *by Serena Culfeather*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Some brief memory-shots to share:

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

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

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

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

The Great Exhibition A Beyond Cyberdrome Extravaganza



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

The Chronotetnanymenicon Mark 4.

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

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



The
Chronotetnanymenicon
Mark 4 in operation

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

The
Chronotetnanymenicon
Mark 4 not in operation



The Martian Nanny Machine.

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

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

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



The
Housewife's
friend

Mr Joseph Bazalgette's peripatetic sewage maintenance automata.

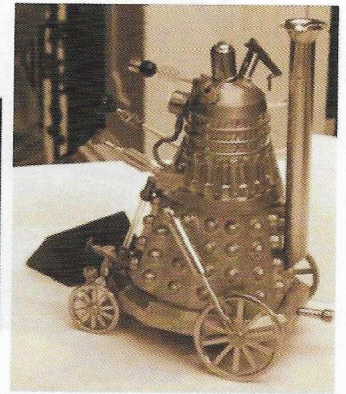
Built by Mr A. Holden (BSc)

A beautiful gleaming device of brass, pistons, wheels and little brushes, no more than 1 foot high.

Designed by Mr Bazalgette to facilitate the cleaning of his new London sewage system. The devices, inhabited by the brains of rats and powered by miasma, now wander beneath our great metropolis, cleaning the pipes with their suction cups and exterminating any vermin therein with their inbuilt repeating firearms. A particular favourite with the children.



The child
of Mr
Basiljet's
genius.



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



The famous Veracity magnetoetheric phonograph.

By Mr A. Warren. (BSc Southampton)

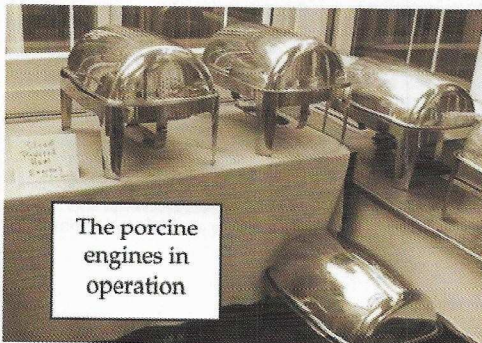
A splendidly engineered apparatus which, properly operated, may, for posterity, preserve the spoken words of any person who speaks into its receiving tubes.

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

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

The steam-powered ham engines.

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



The porcine
engines in
operation

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

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

Persons were thrilled to see one of the 'Pigs in Series' to be opened and a tasteful array of ready cooked bacon slices to be residing within.

As is to be expected, it was the ladies that led the most enthusiastic applause.



Mme
Latham
takes an
interest
in the
progress
of science.



The Selenic accumulator.

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

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

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

The audience was much affected.

The Invisible Invisibility Visibility Camera.
By Dr H. Walters, aided by the delightful Sarah

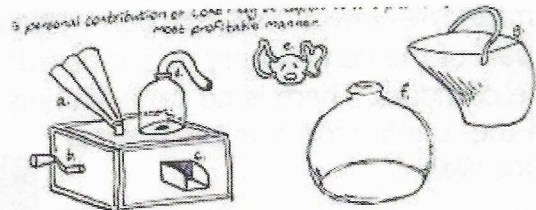
This device, artfully displayed upon a marble podium, was of especial interest to those seekers after the curious. A device which allows the taking of images which are otherwise invisible to the human ocular apparatus.
 The device itself is, naturally, also invisible to the human ocular apparatus.

Visitors, awed at the Invisible Visible Invisibility Camera



The Sinclair Patented Plogiston & Coke Extraction Apparatus. (Awarded the medal of excellence at Riga)
By F. T. Sinclairs of Reading

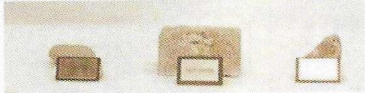
A diagram of this invaluable electro chemical apparatus explained how this it may, by hand-cranked gear, produce both life-giving plogiston and a positive boon of coke as a by-product.
 Also included were some household hints for the dutiful housewife.



The Particular Transmogriyer

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

A revolutionary device wherein all bulk items transported about the Empire may be reduced to infinitely more manageable volumes. To the unaided eye, the bulk items appeared as small pebbles. In fact, they each possessed volumes in excess of one train carriage of the labelled substance (Labelled respectively 'Tea' 'Coffee' 'Salt' 'Pepper' and 'Water'). Upon arrival at the destination, these Particulates are again exposed to the influence of the Transmogriying Engine and they return to their original bulk and usefulness – at a magnificent saving on rolling stock, graving space and coal. Unhappily, the Exhibition was unable to accommodate the vastness of the Particular Transmogriyer itself.



An interesting array of transmogrified comestibles

The Forsyth pneumatic recoilless over-rail Monorailway
Demonstrated by the dauntless Mrs Feòrag Forsyth on behalf of her husband.



Mrs Feòrag Forsyth modestly demonstrates her husband's ingenuity.

Chapeaux by La Belle Epoque of Paris.

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

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



God save the queen!

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

The Doc Weir Award – by John Wilson

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

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

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



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

A Pig Adventure

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

Interview with a creator

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

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

(OMG there were Daleks running loose?)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

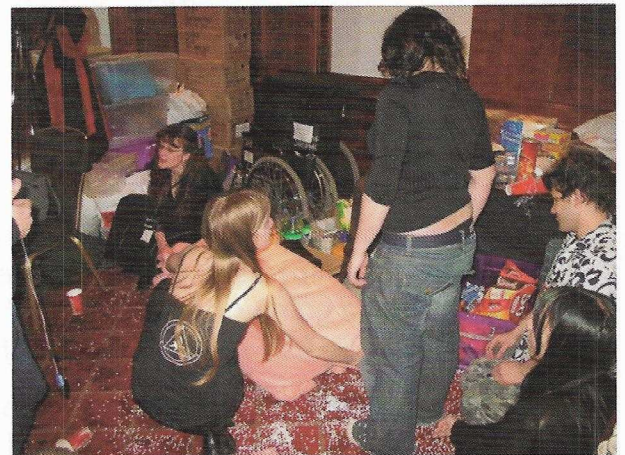
We stretched the felt out; it was maybe four or five feet across. Then we put each piece of the pig pattern up to a light bulb and adjusted it until it cast a shadow the width of the felt. It took us the entirety of the pig making class to adjust and cut out the pig pattern. Then, armed with thread and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

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

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

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

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



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

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

(Don't do this at home – PLEASE!)

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

DO NOT USE POLYSTYRENE BALLS!



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

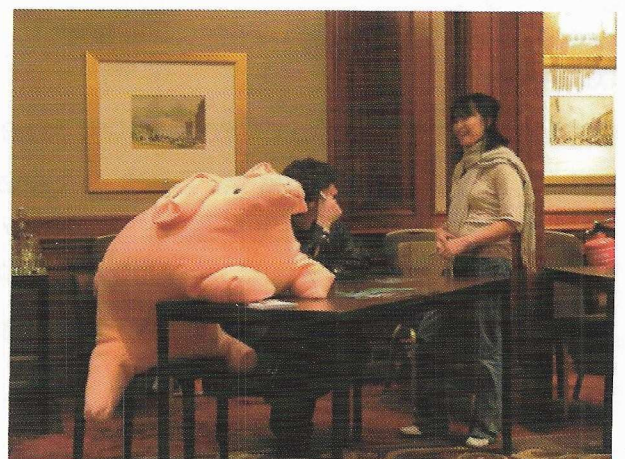
We were able to finish before the Cabaret, however which we had been cajoled into doing by a man named SMS (pronounced Smuzz). Our Cabaret act was adapted

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

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

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

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



that?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

But that's another Pig Adventure.



The Orbital Masquerade – by John Wilson



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

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



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



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



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



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



Ashes to Laptops – by Lilian Edwards

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

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

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

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



Orbital Membership List

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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