

**NICE CON.
WE'LL TAKE IT!**



**CENTRAL HOTEL, GLASGOW
27TH - 28TH OF SEPTEMBER 1997**

Editorial

Sorry, Sorry, Sorry... This PR should have been out a month ago. Who could have foreseen that there are people around, stupid enough to employ the bloody committee. Are they completely deranged, or what?

Enough of the grovelling, what's new. Most of the committee have just about recovered from Wombat, surviving fiendish weapons of destruction, and explosions, while bravely wrestling a man eating crocodile (called Elliot by the way). More about Wombat later in a PR near you. The program items are currently being developed in a top secret, sound proofed bunker. The Hypothetical committee is carefully piecing together this montage of daftness into a plan for world domination; though they'll make do with Millport. The guests are being trained, the Panels are being panelled, the Quizes are being quized, and the Committee are very well adjusted thank you (Sparks is a psychologist and he should know).

Have a leaf through the PR and you'll know as much as the committee.

S.P.G. / Sparks

Wombat !

That was the year that was 'Year of the Wombat'. Fun, frolics and chip butties at midnight in a medieval hunting lodge; set in deepest darkest Nottingham. What other convention would have the programme item 'How to blow goats and other animals'. What a convention!

Wombat got off to a great start with a well known 'filthy *Pro*' getting so excited that he actually proposed to an apparently complete stranger before the opening ceremony had even finished. Congratulations Simo, Hillary actually accepted; poor girl.

About 10 fans from Glasgow descended on Nottingham NOT realising that a GOTH disco meant wearing black and being a whiter shade of pale, rather than furs, horns and rather large axes (we got a prize for that). We had lots of fun in no particular order; the bar, seige engines, international 'It's a Knockout' (at least we beat the *English*, of course in a truly sporting manner), frisbie rugby, the bar, chip butties, more chip butties,



[(Wombat 15-1) Insert caption of your choice here]

tai-chi, blowing goats, sexual cluedo (so much we've nicked that one), lazed about, crocodile surfing, and of course the bar.

15-1 had an explosive start with Sparks doing the edited highlights of 'Mission Impossible'. Lots of smoke, lots of bangs, and a particularly indestructible helicopter. The contestants were far too good, so we had to resort to the bastard level questions sooner than expected. Alan Sullivan was the eventual champion, as he was far too good, and far too sad for the rest of us. Thank you to everyone who was stupid enough to participate, you took quite a lot, in the name of having a good time.

Many thanks to the Wombat committee, and we hope you have as much fun at our convention that we had at yours.

S.P.G. / Sparks

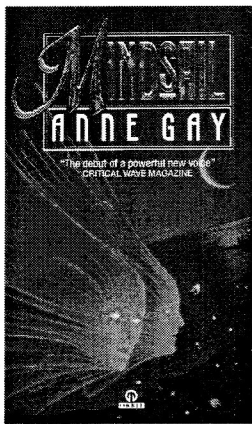
Guests of Honour

Anne Gay

What's it like being asked to be Guest of Honour at Hypotheticon?

Imagine this: a lone and dreary figure trudges along a sedge-lined path through a morass, or possibly a swamp. The sullen bellies of clouds hang oppressively overhead, and around her creep clammy tendrils of fog. All sound is stilled but for the depressing drip of dew (which sounds not unlike the tap of fingers in a keyboard), and as for a way out of this swamp, or morass, it is hidden by twilight gloom.

When lo! A great light appears in the sky. Straight and shining as a spear, it is a shaft of sunlight. Instantly the gunmetal water sparkle, and the beads of moisture on the rushes glitter like a myriad diamonds. As sunbeams push back the fog, birds begin to chirp and a cheery field-mouse clambers nimbly atop its neat round house to wave at her. The brave mouse sings out a clarion call: 'The way to Hypotheticon is left past the oak!' and all his little mouse-children cluster at the curtained windows of the nest to carol a merry greeting.



'Why, thank you, kind sirs!' the figure calls, tossing aside the grey cloak of care that had bowed her back beneath its weight. 'God bless you, every one!' And as the sky clears to a pure and Disney blue, she strides eagerly along the path to joy.

Well, it's a bit like that, really, getting such a wonderful invite from all those lovely people of the Clyde. There you are, sitting at your desk in your bedroom and trying not to watch all the Goings-On at Number 99 because you should be working on your book. Characters on your screen suddenly start talking all Brummy and you have to stop them ordering another pint of milk because their brother is coming over from Pipe Hayes. High-souled heroes

have greater destinies to fulfil than getting straight home from work because their mum is going to bring her new boyfriend round for tea, and pathos should be somewhat more than the little girl next door skinning her knees when she fell over on her roller-skates. (You'll be pleased to know she didn't really hurt herself.) And there you are with your whip and chair trying to lion-tame your book into submission so that it can BE a submission. Ah me, a writer's work is never done, and what is one to do about the gas-bill which sits redly on the mantelpiece? Sometimes you feel like the Stainless Steel rat's children who were chained to their desks until they'd finished their homework.

Then along comes a phone-call inviting you to a convention in a grand hotel, a weekend-long party with like-minded people who are kind enough to have heard of you as a writer and don't just think you're that weird woman from 112 who always has her bedroom light on and what do you think she gets up to at all hours of the day and night? At last, your peculiar passion for writing is justified - as is your escape from it!

So fellow Hypotheticoneers. Thank you one and all. And a especially big thank you to the committee who slave mightily to lay all this on for us. Stan Nicholls, my husband, and I (say this with a regal wave) first got together on Glasgow. So we're looking forward to visiting the place again.

And especially to being at Hypotheticon. See you there!

Anne

Brian Waugh

A small man with big talent, Brian is Glasgows resident Leonardo Da Vinci, probably without the engineering but with much more beer.

Painting such diverse subjects as dragons and more dragons with the odd wizards, warriors... and dragons. He has become a well known artist. Unfortunately, he has recently moved away from fantasy work to concentrate on "proper" art. But never to be hampered in our search for guests, the

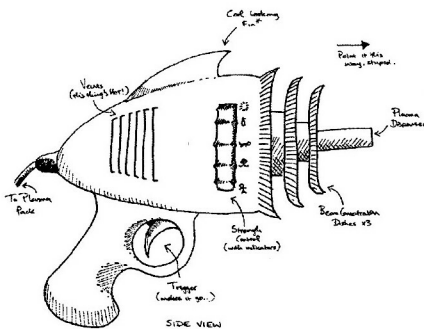
Hypotheticon committee, bravely armed only with a set of crayons and a colouring book (as well as several bottles of interesting beverages) managed to persuade Brian to return to the bosom of the fans where we think he belongs, and appear with some of his artwork at Hypotheticon.



BEM

On March 11th, 1974, in a small suburb of Liverpool, something bizarre happened. The media missed it, but that was probably because the Authorities wanted them to. Fact is, that Mulder and Scully are fictional characters, and most really freaky stuff simply goes unnoticed.

On this particular day, in this particular suburb, an alien spacecraft touched down. This spacecraft contained one Bug Eyed Monster (codename BEM) who promptly strode up to the door of the nearest government office and demanded the unconditional surrender of



Earth. Unfortunately, the sign for 'government office' on the alien's homeworld is almost exactly like the words 'Fish and Chicken Bar', and three greasy shop assistants died of shock, and the alien left with a fish supper and a can of Top Deck.

Half an hour later, the police picked him up for being drunk and disorderly.

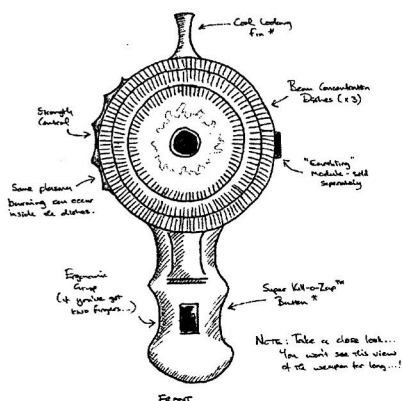
After three hours of interrogation and four hours of trying to remove his mask, they sent for MI5 to investigate. MI5 duly showed up and carted the alien away in a van.

By the time the van had reached its destination, the alien was gone.

It was then that we found him, roaming the streets of Glasgow, threatening people with a strange weapon and brandishing his empty Top Deck can at them, demanding that it be refilled (“Don’t make me thirsty - you won’t like me when I’m thirsty...”). Rather than probe him with medical instruments, and take tissue samples, we befriended him, looked after him, and brought him up as part of our varied and diverse community. Sure, his violent behaviour is a problem sometimes, but provided he keeps a steady supply of Top Deck handy, he’s as nice as pie.

Smart too. Passed all his exams at school, and went to university, where he gained a degree in Social Science, and became a popular member of the Science Fiction and Fantasy society. This was probably because of their common need to stay permanently drunk. As you can imagine, with a craving for alcohol and a diet that consisted of greasy fried food, he fitted right in at university.

Here at Hypotheticon, the con that brought you 1RN-8RU, the Glasgow dalek, we thought that our BEM would be the ideal guest. He has a unique insight into



Science Fiction (by and large, he finds it very amusing, but won't say why..) and has a vast capacity for alcohol. Indeed, BEM hasn't actually been sober for twenty three years, and we don't want to risk the consequences.

So, while walking around the con, if you happen to see BEM without a drink, shake his hand (the slime isn't toxic - we checked) and buy him one. Please.

Herman Gerbilstein, chairman of the Campaign for Real Aliens.

Note for Americans, and those who have led a sheltered life- Top Deck is a very mildly alcoholic drink consisting of one part beer and several thousand parts lemonade. A drink much favoured by those too young to drink actual beer.

Events

Art Show

With Brian Waugh as a guest of honour, Hypotheticon is definately coming over all artistic. We're even hoping he'll bring along some stuff for us all to look at and go 'coo'. Of course, looking at the couple of pictures he's going to bring is only going to kill about five minutes, and sometimes there's longer than that between trips to the bar.

For this reason (and that we fancy a laugh) we're having an art show at Hypotheticon 97. It's nothing to do with the fact that all cons have one, honest. This is your big chance to have your work on display, and perhaps even make a bit of dosh by selling it in the auction. All we take is a small percent-

age* for the con charities, and the rest is yours. Think how many jelly babies you could buy with the proceeds from that alien Mona Lisa you did.

Come on - we saw you doodling on your folder in history. That thing with the swords was actually quite clever. The thing with the girl, I wouldn't send in, but the rest's cool. Anything goes - it doesn't even have to be SF or fantasy. Hell, it doesn't even have to be a picture, it could be sculpture, costumes or anything else that's kinda fun to look at.

So if you fancy the challenge (some of my stuff's going in - the president says so) then give me a shout through the normal con address. I'm going to need to know what it is you've got, how big it is, and whether or not I want to keep it, so that I can organise the art show so that your work gets the best exposure possible. Anyone sends me wavy lines or coloured splodges and its getting hung in the Gents outside the con bar. You have been warned.

TPC - OCM scum.

*no - really it is small.

Costume Ceilidh

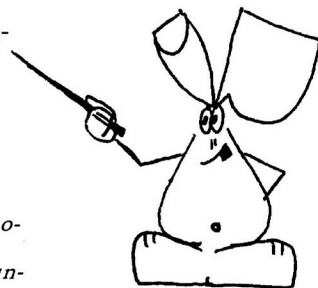
As ever Hypotheticon is proud to present its legendary Costume Ceilidh. Dance the night away in the company of Elves and Demons, Stormers and Borg. You'll never know who you might end up dancing with. (Last time our guest of honour was seen waltzing with our Dalek guest.) Alternatively you can relax and socialise while the band plays on. (Refreshments available at the bar.)

The Grand Tourney

Here comes the return of the 'Ye Olde Worlde Space Hopper Tourney' with competitions which last throughout the night to discover the true Queen and King of the tourney. There will be the 'Attack on the Bouncy Castle', the 'Great Piggy Back Race' and the 'Comfy Cushion Joust' with subsidiary events for the revolting masses which we will reveal on the day. See you there.

Whose Line is it Anyway?

Anyone who's familiar with Spy v Spy will immediately recognise our blatant rip off here. Watch as two cartoon characters, generated in real time by two contestants, battle it out on the drawing board, (mis)guided by suggestions from the audience (that's you, that is). For ideas before the con, try watching road runner cartoons, and taking hallucinogenic drugs.*



**Hypotheticon does not in any way endorse the use of hallucinogenic drugs. If you need them, then you're probably too mundane for Hypotheticon anyway.*

AD&D Championship

The bones rattle in the leather cup, the players sit round the table, their eyes intense on the hand as it releases the bones to roll on the ale-scarred wooden top of the table.

Three ones...

A groan escapes from the lips of those around the table. Some of the onlookers mutter under their breath.

Only one person laughs. The man with the dice cup smiles and leans forward to recover the bones. The hood that hid his features falls around his shoulders and the light from the single lamp above suddenly illuminates his face. Round and cheery, surrounded by blonde hair that reminds many of an old helmet, the eyes have a sparkle. "Never play against a master."

Somebody gasps in the background as the players recognise...

SANDY DOUGLAS.

Yes it's back, the Hypotheticon AD&D Tournament. Brought to you by the man who gave you DrakCon. This year there will be a two round tournament with prizes donated by TSR.

Don't worry if you haven't played in a tournament (or even a role-playing game) before, just bring yourself your imagination, and give it a go.

?

Hypotheticon versus BEM the Merciless for the Battle for the Planet (or, at least that bit of the planet which is Britain (or, well that bit called Scotland (err... or, maybe just that bit called Glasgow (oh well alright, it's for the bit of the planet called the Central Hotel))))).

A.K.A. the 'Crystal Maze' meets 'SpaceBalls'. To save the Earth from BEM teams of contestants must pit their wits against fiendish puzzles and overcome great physical challenges. All the worlds' most elite physical specimens should sign up on arrival (okaaay you'll do).

B-ark Blues

For the benefit of any strags out there, a quick explanation of what the B-ark actually is/was/will be is probably in order. You see, there was this planet called Golgafrincham, which decided to get rid of the useless third of its population. In order to do this, they put them all into a ship (called the B-ark) and packed them off with a story of planetary destruction and assurances that the other two arks would follow shortly.

Needless to say, the A and C arks didn't exist at all, and the planet was in no danger at all. No danger, that is, until they realised that some of the people on the B-ark weren't quite as useless as they thought they were....

So - apocalyptic tale at the ready - who's going in the B-ark....? (The committee are already booked in the A-ark, by the way, before you START....)

15-1 Cream Pie Challenge - The Cream of the Cream Final.

Quickly becoming Hypotheticon's trademark, the 15-1 cream pie challenge surely needs no introduction. Especially not to the people who made it through the heats held at Albacon 96 and Year of the Wombat. One final heat on Sunday afternoon, and then it's the Cream of the Cream Grand Finale. Oh, yeah, and apparently some bright spark(s) auctioned off the right to cream pie the committee at Albacon.....

Computer games

Either you've been hiding in a large hole for the last three years, or you've heard of Doom. You might even have played Duke Nukem 3D, or possibly the infamous Quake. Chuck in Command and Conquer and Warcraft for the slightly more cerebral of you, and you have a network games room. Muchos thanks to The Link Cafe, for giving us pots of cash, and lending us the PC's. The committee have been playing on them for months.

- ✓ *Check your email*
- ✓ *Surf the net*
- ✓ *Video conference with the folks back home*
- ✓ *Send Internet postcards*
- ✓ *Help available ☺*

The Internet Café

569 Sauchiehall Street

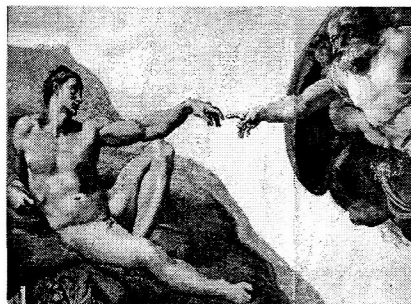
Glasgow

G3 7PQ

Voice: 44-141-564-1052

FAX: 44-141-564-1054

Email: tim@linkcafe.co.uk



Twister with a Twist

Twister - always a hit at cons. Usually after several hours of crucial top-level drinking. There are many variations on Twister (some are even legal), but you ain't seen this one yet. But it's probably worth pointing out that neither have we....

The Membership List

22	F	Anderson, Graham	
49	S	Atherton, Chris	Tiny Clanger
75	F	Barrow, Suzanne A.	Zan
23	S	Blue, Kirsty	Kirsty
26	F	Boyce, Chris	Tum Tum
27	F	Boyd, Colin	
24	F	Burdge, John	Lemuel
47	F	Carnegie, Gillian	Djade
28	F	Carty, Alistair	Alligator Descartes
51	F	Christie, Martin	
54	S	Cobb, Graeme	
29	F	Cutland, Howard	
55	F	Dalgleish, Colin	Dale
30	F	Daly, Julia	
70	F	Drysdale, Colin	Fluff
1	F/C	Duffy, Liam	Jethrick
71	F	Englefield, Mark	Not Brian Milton
7	F/G	Gay, Anne	Anne Gay
56	F	Halbert, Liz	Jaffa
31	F	Hessan, Cara	Cara
2	F/C	Hill, Alison	Ali
57	S	Hodges, Jan	
50	F	Hosking, Niall	Vermin
32	S	Hossain, Tanzeema	Tanya
73	F	Hutchinson, Tamsyn	Closer
9	F/D	Kerr, Brian	Brian
33	F	Kirkwood, Wendy	Venusia
34	S	Krishnamoorthy, Latha	
59	F	Leslie, Erlend	
60	F	MacNeill, Justin	
38	F	Mair, Ann	Ann Mair
4	F/C	Marshall, Scott	Scott
72	F	Matson, Mhairi	Mogwai
21	F	Matthews, Elaine	Elaine
20	F	Matthews, Sandy	Sandy Matthews
5	F/C	McChrystal, Neil	The Psycho Chicken
3	F/C	McDougal, Grant	S.P.G.
35	S	McKendrick, John	John
36	S	McKendrick, Pauline	Pauline
37	S	McKendrick, Richard	Richard
61	F	McMurdie, Robert	Bertie

48	F	McPaul, Jimmy	Malt Man
39	F	McWilliams, Lucy	Lucifer
74	F	Mosses, Richard	Richard
76	F	Murnin, J	J. Murnin
40	F	Murray, Steve	Erik
62	F	O'Dell, James	
63	F	Pirrie, Christine	Auntie Christ
64	F	Quin, Jenny	Jenny
6	F/C	Sparks	Sparks
41	S	Rodriguez, Rick	Rick
53	F	Sage, Meurig	Mig
45	F	Simpson, Neil	Maniac
42	F	Sinha, Ivan	
43	F	Sinha, Sheila	
44	F	Sleith, Caroline J	Carolyn
78	F	Sneddon, Peter	Squiggle
65	F	Stewart, Alastair	Smurf
66	F	Stewart, Stephen	Stewarty
77	F	Sullivan, Alan	Ford-Granada Scorpio
46	F	Taylor, Cameron	
67	F	Tidswell, Helen	
68	F	Watt, John	Boris the Bewildered
8	F/G	Waugh, Brian	Brian Waugh
52	F	Wood, Kenneth	Woody
58	F	Woodcock-Kroble, Mary L	Mary
69	S	Young, Allan	Old Lotch

All you ever wanted to know about Hypotheticon '97 ...and how to pay us the MONEY!

Where ?

Central Hotel, Gordon St, Glasgow G1

When ?

27th & 28th of September 1997, from 10am Saturday morning
till 5ish Sunday night.

How much ?

Supporting £5, full membership £20.

Room rates ?

Single room £30, Double room £50. Lots POA.

Snail mail address:

Hypotheticon 97, Flat 3/L, 38 Scotstoun Street, Glasgow, G14 0UN

E-mail address:

hypotheticon@ukonline.co.uk

Web address:

<http://web.ukonline.co.uk/hypotheticon/>

Real Name: _____

Badge Name: _____

(Silly pseudonym, or whatever else you want to be known as.)

Address:

Any special needs

(e.g. wheelchair access)

(Please detail)

I wish to support HYPOTHETICON 97. (enclose £5.00)

I wish to attend HYPOTHETICON 97. (enclose £20.00)

I wish to apply for a room single/double/lots

I wish information about Gophering *(Tick if you can spare some time to help at the Con.)*

Amount Enclosed:

(Make cheques payable to 'Hypotheticon,' and enclose an S.A.E. if you require a receipt.)