



Vice of the Mooseterons

The INTER-SPECIES Newszine

Sunday 27th August—After Lunch—The π -ied Edition

Voice of the Mysterons

This is the **Voice of the Mysterons**. Due to your unprovoked attack on the SECC we will vaporise your convention on Tuesday morning. Unlike the Borg, we won't even give you a lousy t-shirt. *[Ops Note: at least this way we don't have to worry about striking the con.]*

Fraying the Worldcon

Intersection is pleased to announce a number of new minority programme streams:

Greying the Worldcon, for fans who are becoming differently aged.

Flaying the Worldcon, for alt.sex.bondage aficionados.

Playing the Worldcon, for the gamers.

Delaying the Worldcon, for programme ops.

Weighing the Worldcon, for the metabolically challenged.

Spaying the Worldcon, for those who are tired of sex.

Laying the Worldcon, for those who aren't.

Chris-O-Sheaing the Worldcon, for devotees of alt.pun.painful.

More Balti in 1998

Join Bucconeer in the Fan Fair now to sample the best of balti in its natural home. They assure us there's a free curry and poppadum for every member.

Things That Confuse Americans #69

The lubricant being handed out by the CSFS Safer Sex stall in the Fan Fair advertises that it adds "Non-Newtonian slip". We presume that this implies that relativistic effects are involved. Watch out for the Lorentz-Fitzgerald contraction.

Language ribbons update

More language ribbons are now available:

Monkey Orangutan - Octarine

Mysteron - Scarlet

Glaswegian - Tartan

Also, we seem to have mislaid our fuligin ribbons...

WSFS Business Meeting Update

Robert "Fermat" Sacks has conclusively proved that things get done at the WSFS business meeting. Unfortunately, his report was too long to fit into this newsletter.

Pan-European Party Report

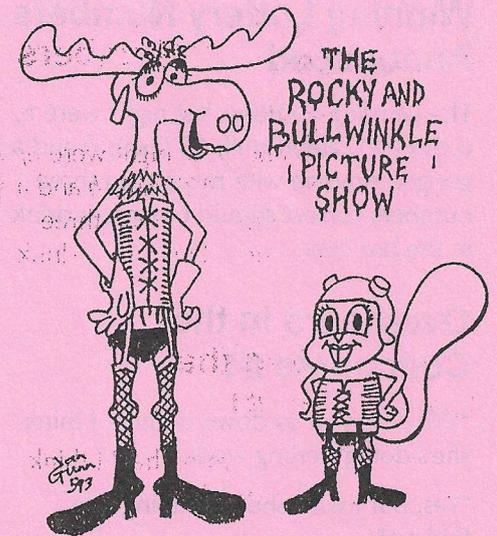
Our roving reporter has decided she no longer drinks beer but merely samples it. And after trying the 20 Polish beers available at the above party, she appears to have been as sampled as a newt.

Where to pick up the newsletter

You cannot get the newsletter from the newsroom. However, you should find it easy to pick it up in the bar if you have nice legs in fluorescent pink stockings and are willing to buy it a pint.

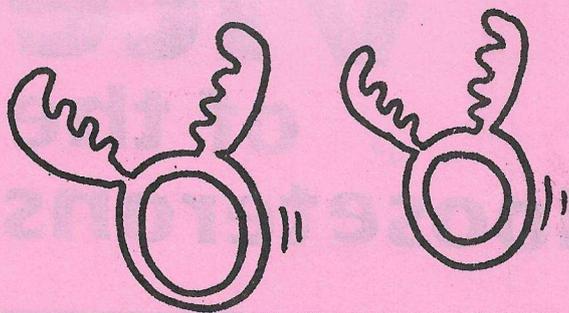
Party, Party, Party...

Brighton Metropole: Scottish-American mixer, byo malt whisky jello. **Aberdeen Angus**: Australian-Welsh mixer, byo inflatable sheep. **Forte Cthulhu**: alt.sex.tentacles party, byo Shoggoth.



Credits

This issue dedicated to Fallacio, the muse of vice and misinformation. Dominated by Steven Cain, with light whipping by Alison Scott. Safer sex from Chris O'Shea, Mike Scott, Dana Siegel and Steve Davies. Logo by Sue Mason, illo by Ian Gunn.



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Moose TV to go ahead

Fans are working around the clock to prepare for tonight's extravaganza, Moose TV. Like the opening ceremony, it will lead off with a massed pipe band, and a glittering array of stars will pronounce that it's much better than the Hugos. You can enjoy the spectacle in the Kintyre room at the Central Hotel from 7:00.

Why is it an extra vaganza? What happened to the original one? How exactly do you play the didgeridoo? All these questions and many more will be answered in Moose TV, the chat show with antlers.

Winning Lottery Numbers Announced

The winning numbers last night were e, 6.02×10^{23} , aleph-null, 137(ish), *h* and a googol. Anyone with more than three numbers correct should buy me a drink in the bar later.

Overheard in the Concourse #1

"Why are you so down on her? I think she's doing sterling work."

"Yes, but I wish she was doing it in Stirling."

Overheard in the Concourse #2

"Forget the trolls, as far as I can see the art show is being run by a woman who is receiving messages from Mars through her fillings."

Voodoo Board Update

Ops requests that whoever has been pinning headless chickens to the voodoo board should desist immediately. And Martin Easterbrook has been having unaccountable pains in his side.

Gopher Ticket Validation Policy explained

Fiona Anderson, Ops supremo, points out that the gopher ticket system is really much simpler than we realised. All you have to do is go to ops, wait your turn, wait for ops to radio finance, wait for finance to turn up, pick up your tickets in triplicate, stamp and sign each section, sign for each ticket individually, pick up your own personal dinosaur stamp, sign out each ticket and remember to remind gophers that they're good for a plain baked potato in one place or a can of coke in someplace else and they must use them today because tomorrow they're only good for the coke and not the potato or of course a tea or coffee and water is free in any event to bona fide gophers on shift but otherwise you have to buy it over the bar. I think.

Babylon 5 Shock

Contrary to rumour, the missing 4 Babylon 5 tapes will be shown at the convention, plus an advance copy of the first episode of series 3, starting at 09:00am Sunday. [Ed, Damn, missed the copy deadline: never mind, let's run it anyway.]

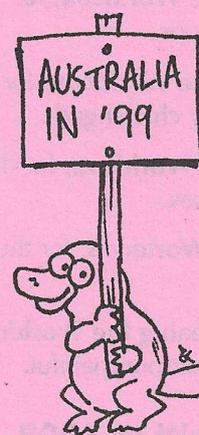
Where to get the Newsletter

You *cannot* get the newsletter from the newsroom. This is because the newsletter is not produced in the newsroom, but is instead dropped off at the convention by weird aliens with pointy black eyes.

Things that Confuse the Americans #666

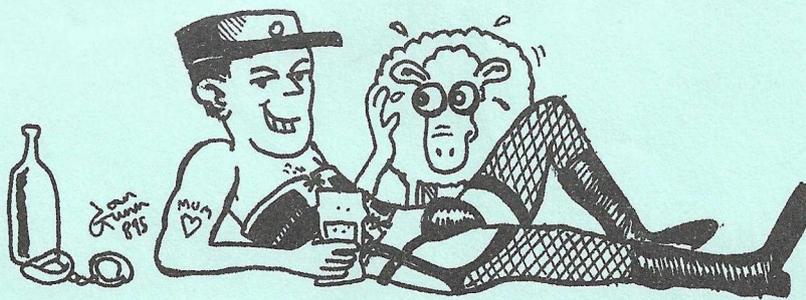
Foreign visitors journeying to Sauchiehall Street will wish to practice the traditional Glaswegian greeting of gently touching foreheads, much in the manner of Eskimos rubbing noses.

Obligatory Pratchett Headline Shock



Credits

This issue dedicated to Shaggy, the moose of false rumour and gossip. Alison Scott had the biggest antlers, Steven Cain, Michael Scott and Steve Davies underwent animal pecking rituals, Dana Siegel and Ian Gunn added antlers to the logo.



Vice of the Mysterons

THE TWENTY SIX MINUTE CONVENTION

Well, it had to happen. Just when you thought that conventions were getting longer and longer¹²³, *Condensation*, *Concentration* and *CampbellCon* all managed to buck the trend. Not only were they short, but they ran consecutively and concurrently and lasted a mere 26 minutes! The convention started with an opening ceremony, staff and gophers were recruited⁴ and then went on to complete the programme. The GoH was Steve Rogerson, recruited from the audience at random. The GoH panel was an interview, in the same way that *Confabulation* ran them. The audience was also interviewed, just in case the three of them felt left out. The Art Show and Dealers room were dealt with by making the *Evolution* booklet both artistic and saleable.

Other panels included a twin scream⁵ programme, with more interviews and a panel on why condensed conventions were a bad idea. Just like a full sized convention, there were some tech problems.

The masquerade had a massive three entries, two of whom were Barry Traish. The other one was Joyce Zimmerschied⁶. The video programme was eventful, with a full showing of that rare classic, "Man with his head in a box"⁷.

In the full tradition of a con, there were room parties. Oh all right then, a room party. The following minute, allowing for everyone's hangovers to subside, the

¹ Like, for example, *Helicon*, which was also dubbed "the convention that wouldn't die"

² Oh no, it's footnotes! That can only mean that the footnote fetishist is back at a keyboard. As if the fanzine in a flash wasn't enough...

³ Dave Langford told me that WordPerfect can't manage footnotes when you use two columns. "That's why I gave up WordPerfect", I said. "That's why I gave up footnotes", said Dave.

⁴ Actually, this is artistic licence, brought on by incipient schizophrenia. The staff was Steve Brewster, the gopher, no relation at all

⁵ Pat McMurray assures me that it wasn't a stream. But then, I was, just like any decent fan, in the bar when most of the programme was taking place.

⁶ Ah yes, I hear you ask (trust me, I've got good hearing) But who won? Well, let's put it this way. It wasn't Barry...

⁷ A little artshow number, reworked by David D Levine, with music by Filthy Pierre.

bidding for tomorrow's convention commenced. Two bids were presented in time; *Celtic Fringe*, to be held in Truro and *Mabinogicon 1.01* to be held in Aberystwyth. Just before the voting commenced, there was a write in bid for *HopCon*, to be held in Leeds⁸. After the obligatory presentation, *None of the Above* was declared the winner.

A genuine fannish tradition was observed, with the chocholics party⁹

The gripe session was almost as short as some of those that the *Intersection* committee have held. "did it all go OK?" "Yes" "end of session. Let's hit the bar"

And so, like all good things, it had to end. The closing ceremony was sad. And completely over the top. But why not. After all, even *The Guardian* was impressed. Looking back, Pat McMurray was pleased with the way he had run his first convention. "After this, *Evolution* should be easy¹⁰

TONIGHT'S PROGRAMME

Sunday night is "Luurve Night" in the Kintyre Suite. At 9pm we have *Romancing the Internet*, a panel on how the net affects human relationships, which will be followed at 10pm by the semi-obligatory *Sex in Fandom* panel. After all this theory, there will be a practical: *Fannish Blind Date* will run from 11.30pm.

PARTIES

Tonight's parties include: SF-club Berlin (Central, 102), Baltimore's Victory party (Crest, Bothwell, 9pm-late), Standing Worldcons (Crest, Ballroom), 4UK2 -- a club for those who have been to four UK worldcons (Central, 108), Albacon (Central, Clydesdale, 2200-0100), Canadian Publishers (Central, 103), Mexican Hat (Central, 105, 2200).

There has been a small amount of programme-induced confusion about the Eternicon party. It will now probably start at 10pm in the Arran suite of the Central Hotel. There will be a party for friends of 1/2r Cruttenden and the Boston in '99

⁸ The name derives from the ancient fannish tradition which had to be invented on the spur of the moment. This stipulates that all fen must jump on one leg (preferably their own), with a finger in their ear.

⁹ Like proper, Green and Black stuff. None of your Cadbury's Dairy Milk rubbish

¹⁰ Can I have another 13 amp plug here? Nah. Find a flyer somewhere in the convention centre.

Worldcon bid party in room 104 of the Central after the fireworks.

The Romanian fans are hosting a party at 10pm in the Park Terrace Youth Hostel, and (closing on a Transylvanian note) the Dracula fans are meeting at the end of the Hugo ceremonies...

PARTY WARNING

While the Central has a well-deserved reputation as a serious party hotel, it wasn't quite up to the massed throngs of fans who swept along the party corridor, devouring all in their path. In fact, by midnight, most of the parties were reduced to restricting guests to single glasses of beer or soft drinks (except for the USSG, who managed to husband their supplies a little better, and include the option of small glasses of vodka or sparkling wine). If you are attending a party in the Central, it would probably make life easier for the party hosts if you were to bring some of your own party munitions along. Certainly, if you are attending a private room party, it is generally considered polite to bring some form of contribution -- just like in real life.

It may also be useful to know that the bars in the Central will insist on seeing evidence that you're a resident before selling alcohol after 1am.

PARTY APOLOGY

It has been brought to our attention that half the champagne at the Fantasy Centre party on Friday night was actually provided by Brentano's Science Fiction and Fantasy Club, Paris. Thanks very much, and sorry to leave you out, *mesdames et messieurs*.

PARTY CORRECTION

It has also been brought to our attention that the alt.sex.bondage/fetish party is on Sunday evening, rather than last night. For further details, please check the voodoo board.

PARTY-ING SHOT

There are rumours of an invitation-only bring a bottle single malt whisky tasting party at the end of the con. If you are interested, details may be had from the appropriate members of the Fan and Science programme teams (leave a message at the computer table in the fan programme room).

CREDITS: Header by Ian Gunn, from an original idea by 1/2r Cruttenden. Con report by Alasdair Hepburn, and information from around the con...