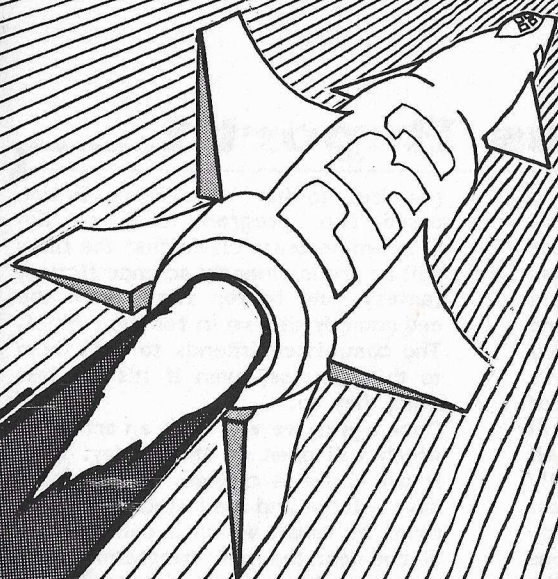


July 19th - 22nd 1985

ALBACON 85



GUESTS OF HONOUR

HARLAN ELLISON
ANNE McCAFFREY

Glasgow's 10th Science Fiction Convention
Central Hotel Glasgow

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Progress Report 1

Hello, good evening and welcome to the first of Albacon 85's two progress reports. We felt that two progress reports was best for timing; because with three reports, we always seem to end up repeating ourselves, and one just isn't enough. So now you know where your money is going, let's tell you where you will be going for Albacon 85. Once again Albacon will be held at Glasgow's Central Hotel, and this time we promise, we really do have Harlan Ellison as our Guest of Honour. The letter from the man himself, I think, covers his reasons for non-appearance at 84, but he assures us that, regardless of all obstacles, he will be at Albacon 85.

Once again, Albacon will feature our usual Leviathan programme of films, talks, panels, silly games, and an all new, really active fan programme. In other words, we intend to get even more people writhing around in cold custard this year, or something equally unsavoury. This year, we

promise, to have a science fiction based film programme. Our film programme team claim that the films will be predominantly science fiction, fantasy, and horror films, with the odd comedy thrown in for light relief. The committee intends to hold them to this promise, even if it's the last thing they do.

Once again, we will have an art show, which will open on the Friday. Well, it will make a change, won't it? We have a large and well stocked dealers room, as usual, which is conveniently placed near the main programme, and main bar. Once again, there will be a bar in the fan room, which, I am assured, will feature a much more active fan programme than in previous years, but with the usual range of items from sheer silliness to semi serious discussions about fan activities, the emphasis in the fan room will be on participation. We hope to offer a wide media programme to suit all tastes in one of

the hotel's many smaller function rooms, which are, once again, available for meetings of groups. Should you require one of these, please contact us as soon as possible. Albacon will this year feature an extended fancy dress event, which is covered more fully later in this report.

Vince Docherty

PROGRAMME

The programme for Albacon 85 will cater for as wide a range of tastes as we can manage. As well as a wide film programme with 20-25 SF films, which will be listed in PROGRESS REPORT 2, including several Big-budget features plus the Perennial "Rocky Horror Picture Show", the main and alternative programmes will contain a variety of talks, presentations, and discussions about science fiction, and fandom. The emphasis in the quizzes, discussions and the less serious fannish items will be on member participation and we hope to get the audience involved in the programme even if it means writhing on the floor in cold custard! If you have a serious (or humorous) suggestion for a programme item then please let us know, as soon as possible. We already have suggestions for panels on historical reenactment groups and on reasons why people enter fandom in the first place. Personally, I'm waiting for a panel on why people are mad enough to run conventions. All we need is the name of a good psychiatrist. Answers on a postcard, please to

Albacon 85 will once again feature the products of that well known deranged mind, Henry Balen, who is to be held responsible for the fannish games, and this year, Marion and Richard Van Der Voort have offered to put together the format for a science fiction quiz. Just think! You too can avoid the previously inevitable science fiction "Mastermind", we hope, although we

Frankly, the best way to describe Albacon is to say that it's a four day party, where you get to act out your dreams of science fiction and fantasy, with all possible help provided. If that sounds good, why not come along and join in the fun, or, to paraphrase a certain alien with a towel, "Share and Enjoy". □

regretfully announce the return of SF Challenge. Albacon's ever unpopular Vagon Poetry competition will once again upstage even the most expensive film or talk that we manage to produce, and we would appreciate your "efforts" for this. As usual, all entries should be ready no later than 30 seconds before you get on your feet to read it out.

Fannish items at Albacon this year, may include "things" such as Jim Barker's long promised "International Fanzine Tag Team Reviewing" assuming that we have nothing better with which to fill the time. What we really need, however, are ideas for items such as the infamous Giant Blow Football Match begun at Albacon 84. There will once again be a computer room for the playing of computer games and similar strange activities best not examined too closely, and there will be our new traditional media room. This year, we hope to have some greater degree of diversity in the media programme, but it will still feature "Star Trek", for those who cannot survive a convention without being told, "He's dead, Jim". This year, if we are lucky, the media room may feature a competition to identify the shortest lived security officer in any episode of Star Trek shown during the weekend. The first prize will be a copy of Ian's latest fan opera. The second prize will be two copies. (To be followed by a Sorensen, sorry, Klingon hunt). □



Photo credit: Peter Catino

One of the secrets they never impart, when you're young and hungry for success; one of the debilitating concomitants to true fame or transient notoriety; the scarred and pain-filled reverse face of the coin that buys one such things as invitations to be Guest of Honor; that terrible secret is the knowledge that you will be interpreted by strangers from the barest rumor or the least twitch of personal behavior. If I had known then, what I know now...

For instance: I had a speaking engagement at a well-known American university several years ago—one of the perhaps four or five hundred lecture engagements I'd done this past decade—during which I learned the secret in a most unpleasant manner.

As it is my philosophy about such jobs that if I am hired to come in and serve, then that is what I do, full-time, full-out, until I get on the plane to leave. I arrived in that Midwestern city early the day preceding my scheduled evening presentation. I'd agreed to address five classes during the day of the formal gig, and I wanted to be rested for the nonstop speaking that would begin at an 8:00 AM English 101 class. I was met at the airport by the woman who was my liaison, and discovered that she was, in fact, the Director of the speakers' bureau at the University; and that she had been the one primarily responsible for bringing me there to deliver an address. She seemed a nice enough woman, in her late thirties, not a student but a salaried employee of the Student Union whose money she spent every year selecting speakers and rock groups and films for the students' extracurricular program. She was animated and enthused at my arrival.

After I'd been settled in my hotel room and had done a little typing on a new story I was intending to read at the lecture the next night, the liaison lady called and told me they were having "a bit of a cocktail party" at which I'd meet members of the faculty. (I am particularly unfond of such gatherings. Not merely because everyone comes to them with the attitude that they are going to be presented with a green monkey from a far place, but also because these learned academics, usually from

the college of arts & letters, will not sully themselves by attendance at my lecture. Yes, they will happily sojourn to the home of whichever professor hosts the bash, so they can drink his/her liquor and scoop up his/her clam dip on potato chips [what you call crisps], but god forbid they should spend an evening attending the lecture of an author who has had the bad taste not to have died long before he became popular. Not all who make an appearance at such social events are imbued with the concept that real Literature ceased being produced at the death of Virginia Woolf; but excluding those few rational pedants who have some affection for contemporary fiction, the mass of brandy-swilling dissemblers who show up are there to engage in chit-chat and to see if the ravages of dissipation are evident in the mien of the green monkey. They have seldom read anything the green monkey has written...save that one short story their best student recommended.

(And they make it a point to ask the one question they've worked on, having read that lone dollop of fiction, so it will seem as if they're familiar with the green monkey's oeuvre. But they don't really give a shit what the answer will be, because the question didn't matter for openers. And they will be stonily polite in the way that all such tiny, insular ingroups are friendly to the trained beasts they bring in for their periodic fix of "culture." But after the cocktail party, they would no more think of spending a perfectly good evening listening to what the author cared enough about to say from the platform, than they would consider attacking the Department Head for bigotry. And so I see them only at a distance, looking at me myopically over their wine glasses. I could search the lecture audience for an eternity and never see a repeat of those faces.

(Good enough to suffer an early evening of their tristiloquy, but clearly not significant enough to be honored by their attention in the syllabus or the lecture hall. Ah me.)

So I went to the cocktail party, and it was as expected. Then the liaison lady said there were some students who wished to have dinner with me. These were students who served in an advisory capacity at the dispersal of their student fees. For their efforts they are periodically gifted with a dinner in the presence of The Expensive Author We've Brought In To Speak. So I went to the dinner. Liked it much better. I'm always more at ease when in the company of students, despite the horrible superimposed image of The Great Author (or The Great Asshole) they bring with them. Needless to say, neither image is 100% accurate.

But during the dinner I began to perceive a familiarity on the part of the liaison lady that went far beyond the parameters of casual social congress we had shared for no more than three hours. She sat proprietarily close, answered questions directed to me by the kids with remarks like, "Harlan would never think of such a thing," and laid her arm across my shoulders as if I were her main squeeze and we'd been umbilically-linked from birth. Now, I didn't mind her calling me "Harlan" as that is my name and it always unnerves me when someone calls me "Mr. Ellison," that having been my father, who died in 1949. But there was a way in which my name slithered off her tongue that carried with it the resonance of ownership. I marked these infelicities of manner and tried not to be too paranoid about it. At least not to put too much stock in foreshadowing. Presumptions are unbecoming.

Yet when she drove me back to the hotel that night, and suggested she might come in for a few minutes, my concern grew, and I told her I was too tired to talk, that I wanted to get an early start on sleep, to flense the jet-lag. And I went upstairs alone.

Let me pause a moment. If the preceding history were recounted by a woman, no one hearing or reading these words would have a moment's hesitation understanding what was going on, nor think the woman's fending off a mild suggestion of dalliance odd or extraordinary. How strange it sounds, however, coming from a man. Because we all know that men are nothing more than rutting beasts who, if they were trapped alone on a desert island, would (in the words of Lenny Bruce) shtup mud. (If the word shtup,

pronounced shtoooop, with the u of "put," not the u of "cup, is an unfamiliar word, you'll find it in a Yiddish lexicon as meaning sexual intercourse. It's terrible when you gotta explain 'em.) Nonetheless, since we are attempting to shine a little light on cultural mythology here, let it be known that some of us figure if you let a woman have your body on the first lecture engagement, she thinks you're a slut. And we all know how women talk in the locker room. Well, I'm just not that sort of a boy. I'm not easy. A lot of you guys know what I'm talking about, and you women better understand we're not tramps!

Moving right along.

Next day I did a full tour of work, suffered through another of those dinners at which it was expected of me that I would be happy to demonstrate a sizzling wit unequalled since the demise of Will Rogers and Dorothy Parker, and delivered a three-hour killer lecture at which I read in its premiere performance, the new story I'd stayed up most of the previous night writing. A group of my friends who'd come to the lecture from nearby towns, and a few of the students involved with the lecture bureau, and of course the liaison lady, and I, went for pizza after the talk. I was returning to Los Angeles early the next day, and so shortly after midnight I excused myself and requested a ride back to the hotel. The liaison lady damned nearly fractured the collarbone of the student who offered to drive me. He was sharply put in his place as she insisted on returning me to the comfort of my nest. When we got to the hotel, I popped out of the car at the foyer, told her she needn't drive in and park, and that I'd see her the following morning when she came to deliver me to the airport. And I thanked her, and smiled, and was gone.

I got to my room, packed everything but what I'd need for the next day, and was mentally counting the minutes till the knock that I was sure would come, knocked on my door. When I opened the door, guess who? Thereafter followed a short, sharp, not entirely pleasant conversation, the gist of which was that 1) as I had made my disinterest in bedding her quite obvious, and 2) as I had been given my speaking fee check (or as you say, cheque) immediately upon completing my lecture, which is my standard policy, and 3) as I had fulfilled my employment requirements far beyond what had been asked of me, and 4) as it said nowhere in my contract that I had to service the Director of the speakers' bureau, and 5) as I was exhausted, and 6) as I had never given consideration to picking up a little stipend on the side as a male prostitute...there was no chance she was going to engage in the time-honored activity known as StarFucking...and I thought it best if she left then and there, and we could thus remain friendly acquaintances.

She was rather uncomplimentary in her remarks, delivered in something just under a 100-decibel warwhoop, which awakened other guests. My previously scupulous courtesy vanished in an instant and I suggested not only that she piss off, but that in future, if she was having difficulty finding paramours, she ought to book in male go-go dancers rather than writers.

Next morning, one of the students came to drive me to the airport. I thought no more of the incident.

But...

Peculiarly, in the next six months the frequency of requests for my services as a lecturer diminished. (While many direct requests come to my office sans intermediary, a sizeable number of gigs are referred by lecture agencies. I work with three or four on a regular basis, and occasionally others will call, the requesting school unaware that I can be reached directly and thus increasing the amount they have to pay for my services because the agency adds its own fee, which is really only a waste of the student's monies. Had they simple sense, they would contact a potential lecturer through his publisher, or even use the telephone book. A little ingenuity could save universities thousands of dollars every year; but it is yet another sophomoric manifestation of the "star mythology" that most students who

staff these speakers' bureaus indulge in. They think "famous" people are all beyond their reach. That's ridiculous.) Referrals from the recognized lecture bureaus ceased almost entirely.

It was not till a year later, while doing a lecture at another college in the Midwest, that I became close enough friends with the Director of that school's speaker bureau, that she showed me the source of my problem.

Every month a large, many-paged magazine is published containing ratings of everyone on the American lecture circuit, everyone from rock groups and actors to writers and political figures. Anyone who might be considered for an appearance at a U.S. school can be found (if they have worked during the past six months) in Programming Magazine. This journal is not usually seen by lay persons, and even more infrequently by the speakers themselves. It is, in its way, a whitelist and a blacklist for the ingroup, those who pick the programs for students everywhere.

And six months earlier, my insistent liaison lady had submitted a rating rundown on my appearance that gave me highest marks for my presentation (she could hardly have falsified a three-minute standing ovation to an exhausting three-hour presentation) and lowest possible stats for "cooperation," "attitude," "relating to speakers bureau personnel." In short, I flunked in all the bullshit categories left over from grade school ratings.

To their credit, the agency that had booked me into that school replied to the liaison lady's blistering letter about my "unconscionable rudeness" with a response that advised her I'd never received anything less than 100% across the board in the dozens of lectures they'd booked for me over a decade. But her rating put off many potential employers. Nothing I could do about it...nothing much I wanted to do about it.

That was years ago, and the lady was fired not long after her nasty little power play; I presume because she was a miserable executive. But the secret that incident revealed to me, which I pass on to you here, is that when one makes a personal appearance in a far place, very often s/he is forced to deal with an already-concretized impression of who s/he is, locked in the imaginations of those who serve as host. And I have gone on at length to recount this smarmy business, because I missed my cue as Guest of Honor at your 1984 convention.

I'll not go into particulars as to why it was my old friend Norman Spinrad who greeted you at Albacon '84, rather than the writer who had promised to be there. If I do a long song and dance about ill health of an ongoing, complex nature; and a schedule that had me home a total of three days in a month (no two of which occurred within a week of each other); and exhaustion; and deadlines that threatened further to blight an already crippled reputation; and the desperate need to make money to pay bills; and a deteriorating personal relationship with a woman; and all of it heaped into a mental mound that left me, as I returned to my home after a grueling week teaching at the Clarion Writers Workshop confronting one day in which to get fresh clothes and repack my bag before I hopped a transcontinental flight, in a state of numbed horror... you'll think god knows what: dissembling, alibiing, copping out, lying, playing the "star," having us on.

You'll superimpose all the mythology and all the gossip and all the rumors about who you think I am, and what you've heard I am, and what you don't want me to be...and most of it will be as wrong as distance and disappointment and animosity can make it.

When the simple truth is that I loved what little I saw of Scotland when I was there in 1975, and ached to return.

That I could not come...not merely because I was unable to keep my word...not merely because I knew I was inconveniencing people who had put their trust in me...not merely because it was the first time I had not fulfilled such an obligation in more than thirty years...but also because I wanted very much to return to Scotland...filled me with dismay.

But you would have had less than a human being, had I somehow managed to drag myself to that airplane. You would have had a half-stunned thing as Guest of Honor. And the further truth of that moment was this: I could not do it. I just couldn't. The thought of going on the road again, as I had been doing for three months, filled me with a dread that I've seldom suffered in all my years. I needed sleep. I needed rest. I needed to get rid of the flying-back-and-forth feeling. I needed to get rid of the flu I'd picked up in Michigan. I just sat down and sobbed, and said, "I can't do it, folks. I just can't do it." And so I called Norman and begged him to go in my stead; and I called Ian Sorenson and begged him to let me off the hook; and then it was done, and I knew I'd have to pay the price in your bad feelings about me. But it was that, or do a crummy job for you at the Albacon.

And anyone who has ever seen the way I work when at a convention, or who has read a con report about how I work full-out, knows that I cannot do it halfway. And so it was done, and Norman was a superlative Guest of Honor I'm told, and you were better off. Trust me on that one. There are dreadful expectations of such a one as becomes your Guest of Honor. Expectations no more realistic than those in which the liaison lady wallowed. Expectations of manner, of intelligence, of charisma, of self-fulfilling prophecies, of memorable moments. For those whom you put in the spotlight, it is hardly the fun-filled, easygoing romp the fans enjoy. The Guest of Honor is always on guard. Should some adolescent, giddy on shadys, catch the Guest of Honor unawares with a rude remark, and should the Guest of Honor reply as you would reply, even with a casual, "Piss off, Frogface," it is not just a swat at a kid who'll go off to the w.c. and puke and then return to a state of decent human congress, it will be The Guest of Honor Brutalized Some Poor Innocent Fan! It never fails to happen.

One can be as outgoing and friendly as a St. Bernard, as full of intent to serve and high purpose as Albert Schweitzer, as clean-cut and presentable as Beau Brummel...and there will be those who would rather deal with the myth; those who have built an idea of who/what the Guest of Honor is from the reading and romantic silliness; those who will be out to gun down the visitor to see if the reputation is deserved; and all of that must be taken into consideration. Failure to do so results in being whirled unwillingly into situations such as the one I confronted at that Midwestern University, as well as the odious aftermath.

So here is my reparations for not keeping my word and coming to Albacon '84: I am coming, and I am coming with high purpose to make myself available to anyone who travels to Albacon '85 to meet me, and I am coming to read you new stories, and to answer questions, and to have coffee with you, and to be the best Guest of Honor you could dream you wanted. Because I have to make it up to you for falling out the first time. And all I ask in return is that you treat me as you would any stranger. With courtesy and kindness and a fair chance. Let all that muck of gossip and assumptions about motivations fall by the wayside. When some dolt tries to pour a little hemlock in your ear about some wild and fantastic act of brutality s/he has heard fifth-hand, advise the dolt, "Piss off, Frogface," and be as determined as I am to make friends.

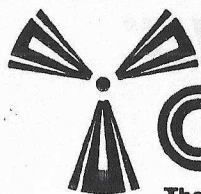
And thank goodness my liaison is Vincent Docherty, who is a male person, so at least I won't have to worry about Vince knocking on my hotel door late at night.

I won't, will I? Vince? Answer me, Vince!

All best,



HARLAN ELLISON



APRIL 5th - 8th 1985

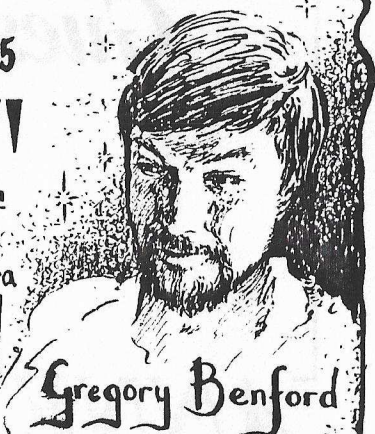
ORCON III

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Guest of Honour

ANNE McCAFFREY

Albacon 85 is delighted to have Anne McCaffrey as a guest, without doubt, one of the most successful and popular of SF writers, Anne is also very open and friendly and should provide much humour and insight during the convention.

I first came across Anne McCaffrey's works while browsing through my local library. It soon became the one bright spot in a new town sprouting from a post-industrial village. Reading her works, I found myself able to forget the loss of my favourite haunts and step through her writing into new worlds.

In 'Dragonflight' and the stories that followed, she opened the door on the people and dragons of Pern creating a viable, albeit flawed, world and earning herself the appellation of 'Dragonlady'. As no world should be flawless, Pern has allowed her writing to take off in unexpected directions – sometimes even surprising herself. Over the years she has returned many times to Pern and opened up other facets of its inter-

dependent cultures.

Although she may best be known for the Dragons, her other works deserve equal praise. In 'Restoree' the heroine is literally stripped of her past existence and must come to terms with her new life. Whilst with Helva, 'The Ship Who Sang' she carries you between moments of triumph and blackest tragedy. Overall, she is a master at her craft but is still very approachable. During a previous visit to Glasgow she showed herself as an able speaker, with a fine range of anecdotes. She turned up at Albacon 84 to surprise Harlan Ellison – a very good friend – but as he was ill, she surprised Norman Spinrad instead. Come July, I'm sure you will enjoy her return to Glasgow as much as I will. (Just make sure you ask British Rail's permission before you park your dragons in Central Station!).

Iain Dickson

FANCY DRESS

This year, in addition to the usual competition, there will be a prize awarded to the best costume worn during the convention, around the programme items. There will be a room available which can be used for rehearsals of dramatic presentations, as a changing room on the night, and will host a costume workshop and combat training sessions. So for those of you who have always wanted to enter the fancy dress competition, or have a great idea for a costume but are having problems with the construction, or if you have a script for a dramatic presentation, but are short of cast, why not drop in and see us?

Because of the increasing use of weapons as part of costumes, we have to enforce the under noted rules:

- (1) All weapons to be checked by safety officer before being worn.
- (2) Weapons may only be worn as a part of a costume.
- (3) Projectile weapons must be carried unloaded at all times except during the fancy dress competition, and when loaded,

must be safe to use directly in the owners face.

- (4) Edged weapons must be in a scabbard or equivalent, peace bonded and attached to a belt or your costume. This **does** not apply to obvious toys (e.g. plastic inflatable swords, space shuttles etc.) but these must be checked by the safety officer anyway.
- (5) The committee reserves the right to confiscate the weapons of anyone using them in a way which they consider to be dangerous, returning them on leaving the convention.
- (6) The safety officer's decision as to safety is final in all cases.

If anyone has good photographs of previous competitions, and is willing to lend them for the weekend, please get in touch with me at the con address.

If any reenactment group would like to display recruiting material or photographs, or is interested in giving a talk about their group, please let me know. ☐

Joyce Craig

Albacon 85 Membership List

[29 OCT 1984]

1	Harlan	Ellison	32	Chris	Holdstock	[s]	64	Kevin	Gallacher	[A]	
2	Anne	McCaffrey	33	Gwen	Funnell	[A]	65	John	Styles	[s]	
3	Henry	Balen	[s]	34	Iain	Thomas	[s]	66	Samuel	McKay	[s]
4	Alan	Blair	[s]	35	Joyce	Slater	[A]	67	Nicholas	Coia	[A]
5	Jim	Barker	[s]	36	Ken	Slater	[A]	68	Alistair	Lloyd	[A]
6	Jim	Campbell	[s]	37	Eamonn	Patton	[A]	69	John	McKendrick	[A]
7	Madeleine A.	Campbell	[s]	38	John	Dallman	[A]	70	Pauline	McKendrick	[A]
8	Kevin	Henwood	[s]	39	Undepoldus		[A]	71	Alastair	Neil	[A]
9	Neil	Craig	[A]	40	Delicia of	Srod	[A]	72	Malcolm	McArthur	[s]
10	Oscar	Dalglish	[A]	41	Ray	Thompson	[A]	73	Anne	McAllister	[A]
11	Iain	Dickson	[s]	42	David	Clark	[A]	74	Ewan	Sinclair	[s]
12	Vincent	J. Docherty	[A]	43	Colin	Goldie	[s]	75	Mike	Garvey	[s]
13	Michelle	Drayton	[A]	44	Jette	Goldie	[s]	76	David	Hampton	[A]
14	Dave	Ellis	[s]	45	Vincent	Ranaldi	[A]	77	Anne	Wheeler	[A]
15	Bob	Jewett	[s]	46	Larry	Dean	[s]	78	Andrew	Ramage	[A]
16	Duncan	Lunan	[s]	47	Malcolm	Hodkin	[s]	79	Deborah	Ford	[A]
17	Iain	McCord	[s]	48	Tim	Illingworth	[A]	80	Tracy	Robinson	[A]
18	Bruce	MacDonald	[s]	49	Jim	Gallacher	[A]	81	Martin	Given	[s]
19	Richard	McKelvie	[s]	50	Andrew	Irvine	[s]	82	Pat	MacLennan	[A]
20	Joyce	Craig	[A]	51	Tom	Taylor	[s]	83	Anne	Page	[A]
21	Mike	Molloy	[s]	52	Susan	Grose	[A]	84	Roelof	Goudriaan	[A]
22	Chris	O'Kane	[s]	53	Sohail	Ali	[s]	85	Jeroen	Nijenhuis	[A]
23	Mark	Meenan	[s]	54	Peter	Wareham	[A]	86	Andre	De Rycke	[s]
24	Joy	Hibbert	[A]	55	Colin	Fine	[A]	87	Christina	Lake	[s]
25	Dave	Rowley	[A]	56	Graham	Anderson	[s]	88	Ann	Green	[s]
26	Ian	Sorensen	[s]	57	Robert	J. Sneddon	[A]	89	Steve	Green	[A]
27	The Rabbi		[s]	58	Gordon	G. Cunningham	[s]	90	Gordon	Hundley	[A]
28	Mark	Turner	[s]	59	Derek	Cunningham	[s]	91	Gytha	North	[A]
29	John	Wilkes	[s]	60	Alastair	J.C. McDonald	[s]	92	Russell	Aitken	[A]
30	Ed	Buckley	[A]	61	David	Anderson	[s]	93	Peter	Holt	[s]
31	John	Campbell	[s]	62	Sean	Brady	[A]	94	Alex	G. Taylor	[s]
				63	John Paul	Smit	[A]				

HOTEL

The convention will take place in Glasgow's Central Hotel. The hotel has been the site of the last four science fiction conventions in Glasgow, all of which proved to be very successful. The management and staff are well prepared for our usual brand of fun, silliness and mayhem; after all, where else would the hotel staff enter a team in a custard pie fight, and get the chef to provide real, warm custard! The bars will be open with an extended license until the early hours, providing good service at reasonable rates, comparable to those of Albacon 84. Real ale will, of course, be available. See if you can drink the hotel dry of soft drinks this year. It should be hard, as they stocked up since we managed it at Albacon 84.

If you plan to have a room in the hotel, for the convention, then the following negotiated low rates will apply.

Single Room	£15.00
Single Room With Bath	£17.50
Twin Room	£12.50
Twin Room With Bath	£16.00
Double Room With Bath	£16.00
Triple Room	£12.00

All rates are per person per night, and are fully inclusive of breakfast and V.A.T.

More details are included in the hotel booking form enclosed with the Progress Report. All hotel bookings should be sent to the Central Hotel at the address on the hotel booking form, and should NOT be sent to Albacon. All enquiries regarding room booking should be made to the hotel direct. As the Central Hotel was almost full during Albacon 84, we strongly advise booking at the earliest possible date. No deposit is required when booking.

ADVERTISING

If you wish to advertise in any of our Progress Reports or Programme Book the rates are as follows:

	Progress Report 2	Programme Book
Full Page	£16	£20
Half Page	£ 8	£10
Quarter Page	£ 4	£ 5
Back Cover	£20	£25

fans can advertise at 20% less than above. All adverts must be camera ready A4 size, with 15mm margins all round. All half tones must be dot screened and all copy must be suitable for reduction to A5 format.

DEALERS ROOM

The bookroom rates are £7.50 for each table to a maximum of six table per dealer. Very few tables remain, and will be assigned on a first come first booked basis.

MEMBERSHIP

Membership rates are: Attending Membership £8, Supporting Membership £5. Make all cheques payable to Albacon 85. Paying supporting membership "freezes" your cost of attending membership, so paying £15 now means that you need only pay another £3 to attend no matter what the attending membership has risen to.

Membership costs are used to pay for the running of the convention, hire of films, payment for the hotel, and to pay for publications such as this. Albacon attempts to keep membership rates as low as possible at all times.

All membership applications should be sent to:

Albacon 85
c/o Vincent J. Docherty
20 Hillington Gardens
Cardonald
Glasgow
G52 2TP

All correspondence should be sent to the address above.