

cymrucon 81



souvenir
programme

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CHAIRMAN'S WORD

Welcome to Cymrucon 81 - the first of many science fiction conventions to be held in Wales. For many of you it will probably be your first Con, and perhaps your first encounter with Fandom at large. Fandom is a body constituted by and large of a load of drunks. First impressions are important and usually misleading - but rest assured that in this case they definitely are not; we really are a load of nutters. Enough said, I shall let you find out the truth of my words - or lack of it - at the Con.

But firstly I must thank the Committee for all their hard work and effort. Of which I can safely say without fear of contradiction Lionel forms 90% of work load is anything to go by. This convention would probably not exist if it hadn't been for him. We have also got a lot to be grateful for to Patricia, especially the GPO, as she was lumbered with sending out all the progress reports and various other knick-knacks. Tony McCarthy is very important and irreplaceable - unlike me - in our scheme of things, as he has virtually single-handedly laid on the film and video programmes. John Sinclair, Steve Purbrick and Helen McNabb are just some of the names that spring to mind without whom this Con could not be as great a success as it is going to be. (False modesty was never one of my strong points!) (I think this infectious. The President has it too!)

You may come to the conclusion that there is some pretty heavy programming, I know I have. But this is there to give everybody a viable choice, but primarily so that I am able to hog the bar. But seriously, folks, Tony should be congratulated upon the comprehensiveness of the film programme, I am worried as to what we will do for films next year. Will SF film producers please get a move on and make us some more ready for 1982?

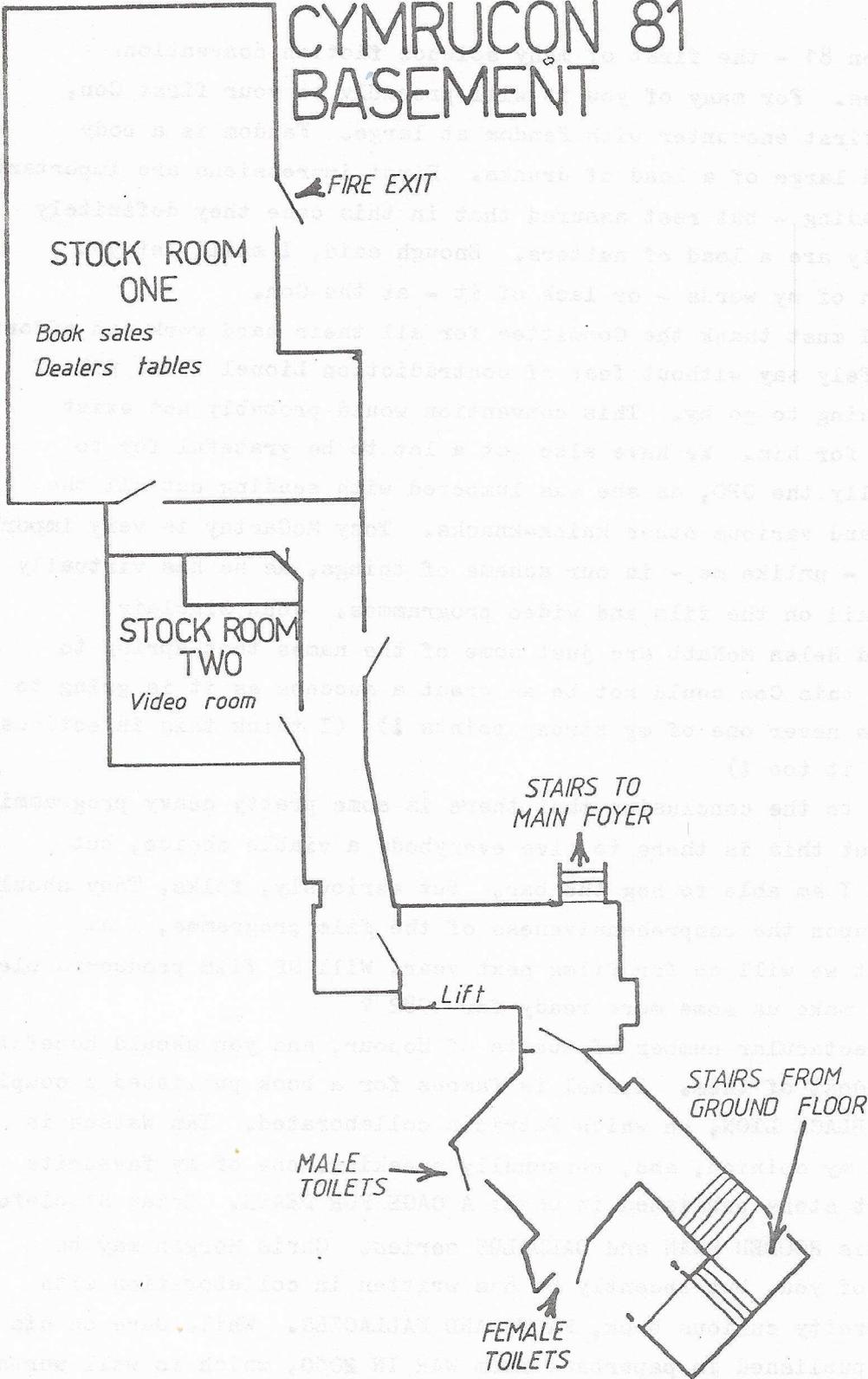
We have a spectacular number of Guests of Honour, and you should hopefully be familiar with most of them. Lionel is famous for a book published a couple of years ago, THE BLACK LION, on which Patricia collaborated. Ian Watson is a great writer in my opinion, and, personally speaking, one of my favourite pieces was a short story published in OMNI: A CAGE FOR DEATH. Brian Stableford is renowned for his HOODED SWAN and DAEDALUS series. Chris Morgan may be a new name to some of you, but recently he has written in collaboration with Dave Langford a pretty curious book, FACTS AND FALLACIES. While Dave on his own has recently published in paperback form WAR IN 2080, which is well worth buying (HYPE! Hype!) Maybe even reading; he is also one of the consultants for OMNI BOOK OF THE FUTURE.

The programme is varied - the usual mixture but more of it!
So have yourselves a G*R*E*A*T C*O*N !!!!!!!

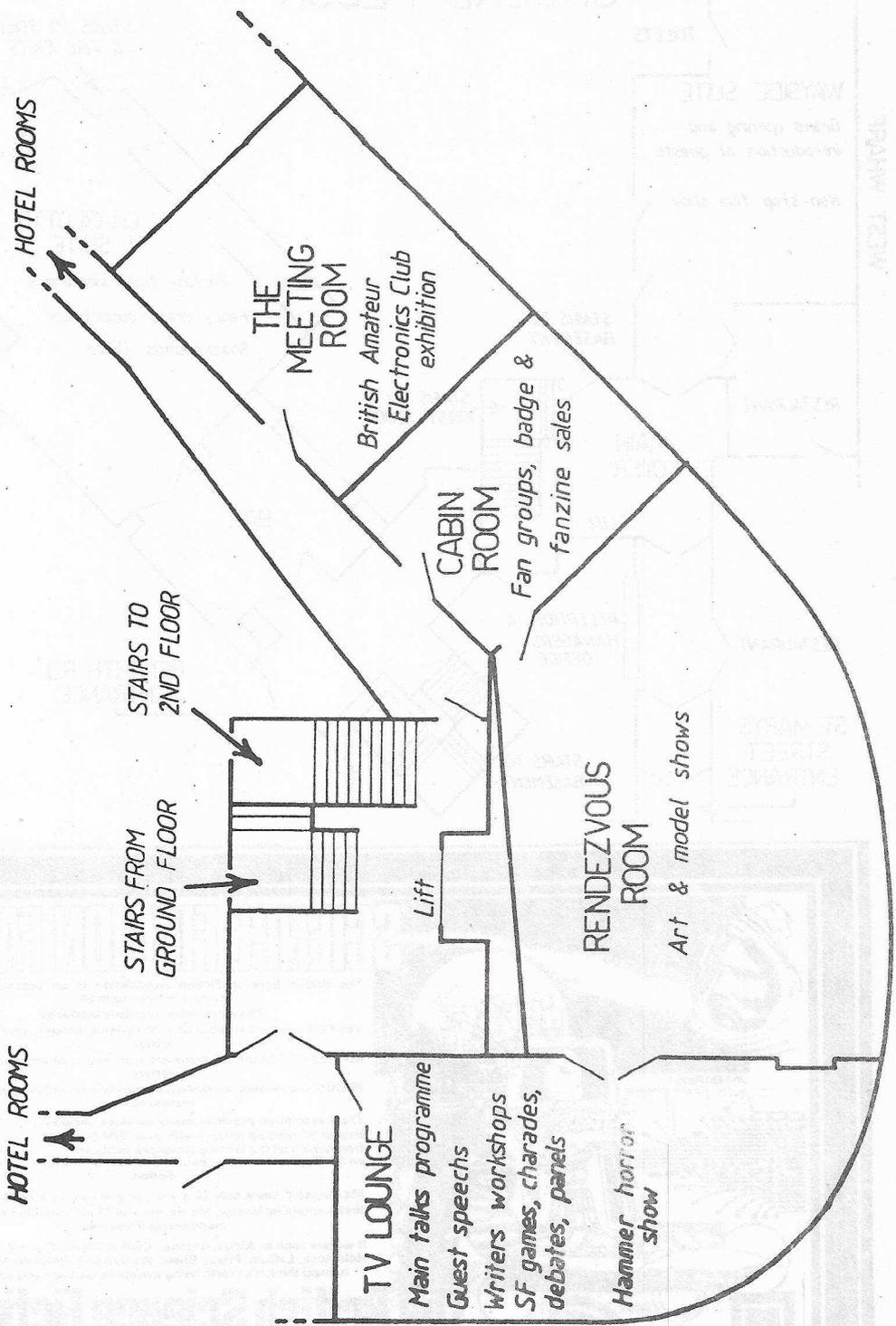
P.S. Feel free to come up to any of the Committee with your problems and buy me a drink - not necessarily in that order!

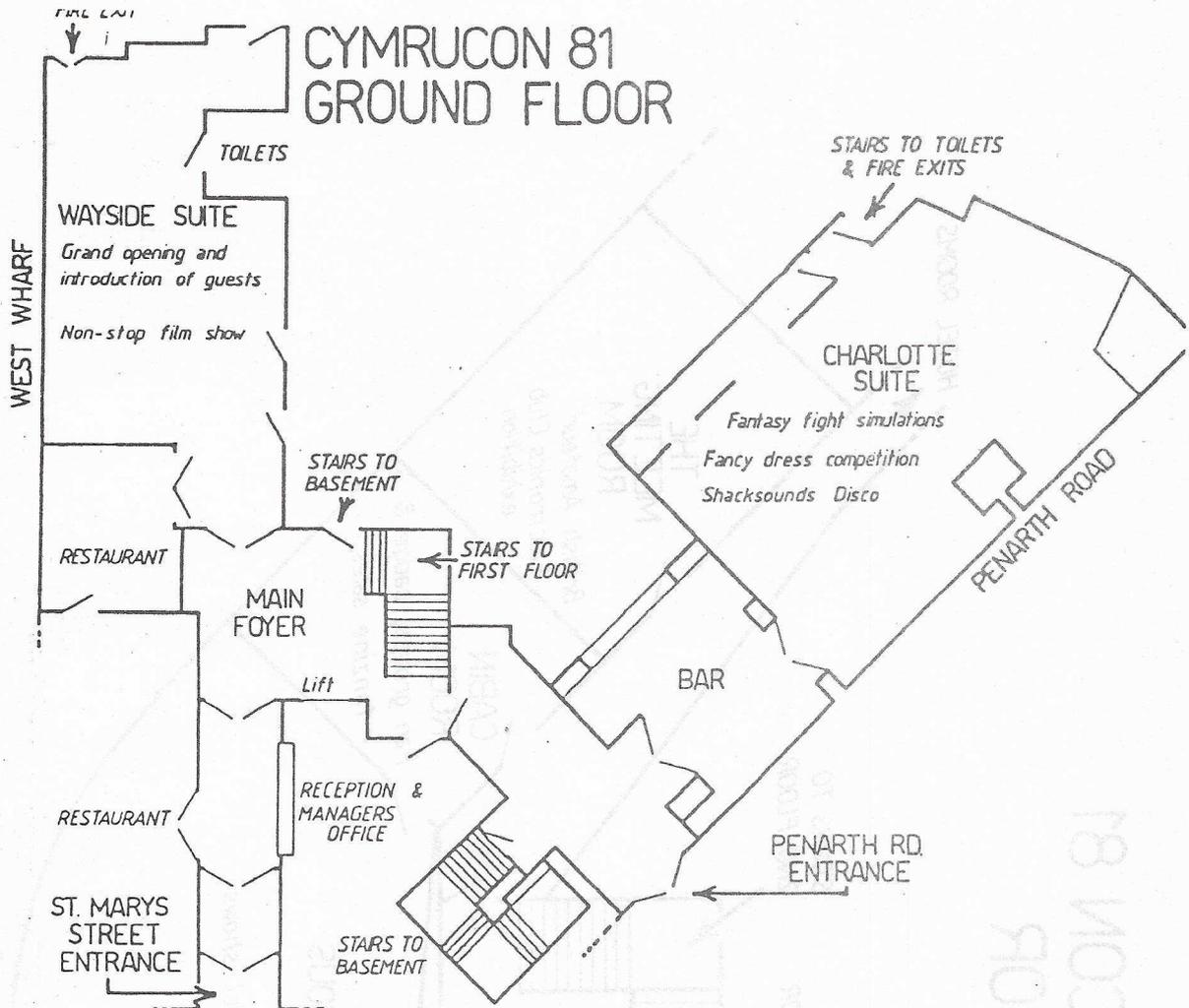
Naveed

CYMRUCON 81 BASEMENT



CYMRUCON 81 1st FLOOR







SCIENCE FICTION FAN?

The British Science Fiction Association is an organisation for anyone interested in SF.

The Association regularly produces:

- VECTOR** — a journal about SF with reviews, articles, interviews and letters.
- MATRIX** — a forum for members with news, informal articles and letters.
- FOCUS** — a writers' workshop magazine with articles, queries and market news.

The Association provides many services, including — the world's largest SF lending library, with over 3000 books; a magazine chain from which all the leading American publications can be borrowed; an SF enquiry service to help in answering your queries on science fiction.

Membership costs only £6 a year, or you can try a sample mailing first, containing Vector, Matrix, etc., for £1 (deductible from cost of membership if you join).

If writers such as Aldous Huxley, Brunner, Clarke, Coney, Cowper, Harrison, Holdstock, LeGuin, Priest, Shaw, Watson and White (to drop a few names) think it's worth being members, perhaps you will, too.

bfa

The British Science Fiction Association

Further details from:
The Membership Secretary, Sandy Brown
18 Gordon Terrace, Blantyre, G72
Lanarkshire, Scotland

President: Arthur C. Clarke

THE BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

(CYMRUCON wishes to thank the BSFA for circulating leaflets advertising the Convention in their mailings, and, in return, has pleasure in giving this space to the BSFA without charge.)

Application for Membership of BSFA

Membership Guarantee Form

I, the undersigned, applying to be a Member of the above named Association pursuant to Clause 6 of the Memorandum of Association of the Association hereby undertake to contribute to the assets of the Association in the event of the same being wound up while I am a Member, or within one year after I cease to be a Member, for payment of the debts and liabilities of the Association contracted before I ceased to be a Member such amount as may be required not exceeding the sum of £1 (one pound).

Dated this day of 19 . Signature

PLEASE COMPLETE IN BLOCK LETTERS BELOW

Name (in full)

Name and address to which mailings are to be sent

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Date of birth

If under 18, parent's or guardian's signature

Do you wish your address printed in the membership list ? YES/NO

Have you been a member of BSFA before ? YES/NO

Do you require a BSFA button badge (four-colour, 1", metal) YES/NO

(If badge required, add a further 15p to your payment. This offer is

available in the U.K. only.)

Where did you hear about BSFA ?

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This section for office use only:

- 1) Memb.No
- 2) Amount received
- 3) Card issued/sent
- 4) Publs. issued/sent
- 5) Subscr. from
- 6) On mailing list
- 7) Badge paid Issued/sent

BIOGRAPHIES

ROBERT LIONEL FANTHORPE was born in Dereham on February 9th, 1935. (Brian Aldiss was born in the same road ten years earlier!) Lionel's father was a carpenter and undertaker, ran a pub and a scrap-metal yard, a boxing booth and a shop. He died in 1964. Lionel's mother was a teacher who also ran a commercial school before she retired. She now lives in retirement at Martham in Norfolk.

Lionel had a wholesome dislike of the formal educational processes and left school at fifteen to train as a technician in a dental lab. He also worked as a factory hand, a farm worker, barber, journalist, truck-driver, store-keeper, salesman, industrial training officer, and lecturer for Cambridge University Board of Extra-Mural Studies. *He* is currently Headmaster of Glyn Derw High School in Cardiff, an 800 pupil comprehensive.

He married Patricia in 1957 and they have two daughters - Stephanie and Fiona - who are also (fortunately) science fiction enthusiasts. He has an Honours Degree from the Open University, a Black Belt in Judo from the N.S.J.L., and a Fellowship from the British Institute of Management. He is also a member of Mensa and a former county chess player.

Rob Reginald of Borgo Press, California, rates him as the most prolific SF and fantasy writer of all time, with close on 200 books sold since 1952. Mike Ashley reckons he is probably the fastest writer in the world, having completed a novel (50,000 words) in under twelve hours, using tape-recorders and a team of typists.

At sixteen he was an ardent Methodist, and a fully accredited Methodist Lay Preacher in 1953. After a long spell in middle life in the agnostic-humanist area, he recently re-joined the Church in Wales, and is a Lay Reader in the Parish of Caerau-with-Ely.

Politically he dislikes Tony Benn rather less than he dislikes Margaret's Monetarism, but prefers the sort of middle ground on which the Liberal SDP Alliance is currently marking out a claim. On the law and order issue, however, he's an old-fashioned and totally unrepentant advocate of effective deterrents!

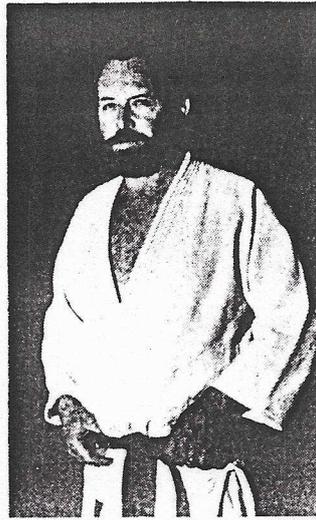
He is best summed up as a rugged, uninhibited individualist - a hedonist who regards freedom and personal loyalty as the highest virtues. He includes prudes, puritans and bureaucrats among the enemies of mankind.

His most important work to date is THE BLACK LION, co-authored by Patricia. This is the first novel in the Derl Wothor trilogy: a psychological autobiography disguised as a sword-and-sorcery adventure.

CYMRUCON 1981.



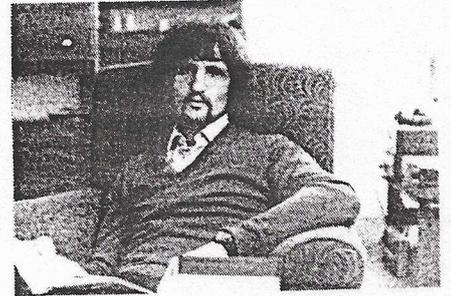
Brian Stableford



Lionel Fanthorpe



Ian Watson



Chris Morgan

LATE EXTRA – STOP PRESS TEAM ITEM

ADDITIONAL PROGRAMME ITEMS

Because of the tremendous support for CYMRUCON we have been able to hire additional video machines and programmes, which will ease the pressure on the main film programme seating.

- 1) There will be an ad hoc video show running more or less continuously in the Stockroom Two from 11.00 a.m. on Saturday until the convention closes on Sunday afternoon.
- 2) There will be yet another ad hoc video show running continuously in the Charlotte Suite from 11.00 a.m. on Saturday until 6.00 p.m. on Saturday.

Details of programme items and times of showing will be posted on the doors of the rooms concerned. Please assist the organisers by looking for an acceptable substitute video programme, if all the cinema seats are occupied.

MEAL BREAKS

The Hotel will be serving meals at the following times: tear yourself away from the programme long enough to support Mike King's excellent catering team, who are providing a range of cut price snacks for our benefit, as well as normal full meals:—

BREAKFAST 7.30 a.m. – 9.30 a.m.

LUNCH 12.00 noon – 2.00 p.m.

DINNER 6.00 p.m. – 9.00 p.m. (It would help Mike if we eat between 6.00 p.m. – 7.30 p.m.)

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RAFFLE – FREE PRIZE DRAW – TONY'S TOMBOLA, Etc.

Your membership number has been included in the Cymrucon Free Draw, organised by Tony McCarthy. At some convenient stage in the proceedings, you will receive a mystery prize with your membership number on it. If you have to leave early please ask Tony for your prize before you go.

BRIAN STABLEFORD was born near Shipley, Yorks. in 1948. He has a degree in biology and a doctorate in Sociology from the University of York. He now works as a lecturer in the Sociology Department of the University of Reading. He has published several science fiction novels and a good deal of non-fiction. His principal recreational pursuits are playing poker and going racing.

* * * * *

IAN WATSON was born in 1943 and raised on Tyneside. After graduating from Oxford he lectured at universities in Tanzania and Japan, and at Birmingham Polytechnic where he taught Futures Studies & courses in science fiction, before resigning in 1976 to become a full time writer. Currently he and his wife Judy and daughter Jessica live in the Northamptonshire village of Moreton Pinkney.

His first SF novel, THE EMBEDDING (1973) won the French Prix Apollo and placed second in the American John W. Campbell Memorial Award. His second novel, THE JONAH KIT, won the Orbit Award and the British Science Fiction Association Award. His most recent novels are UNDER HEAVEN'S BRIDGE, written in partnership with Michael Bishop, THE GARDENS OF DELIGHT, set in the visionary world of Hieronymus Bosch, and DEATHHUNTER, just out last month from Gollancz.

He has been Guest of Honour at a number of previous conventions: in France, Belgium and England. He was G.o.H. at Yorcon-2, the 32nd British Eastercon held in Leeds at Easter, 1981.

In May, 1981, he stood as Labour Party candidate in the County Council elections, collecting 33% of the vote in his true-blue rural area.

* * * * *

CHRIS MORGAN was born in Oxford, England, in 1946 and grew up partly in Rhodesia. ("It was my legs that grew up in Rhodesia.") He gained a B.Sc. in Economics and was an executive with British Leyland before resigning, in 1976, to write full time. ("I'm amazed at B.L.'s temerity in surviving for so long after my departure.") He has produced stories, articles, book reviews, a complete bibliography of Fritz Leiber and three non-fiction books, including THE SHAPE OF FUTURES PAST, on predictive science fiction, and FACTS AND FALLACIES, co-authored with Dave Langford. He and his wife, Pauline, live in Birmingham in a house full of books.

KEN WARD is a cross between Kinvig and John Dkystra. Six years ago his only interest in SF was in meeting Barbarella. Today he's still not read an SF novel, yet his life, when not at work, seems to revolve around SF.

From an innocent start helping the Norwich Science Fiction Society with a float in the Lord Mayor's procession, his spare time is now spent making "Spaceships and Robots and wild, wild costumes."

Over the past few years he has developed a talent for making anything quickly at very low cost. They say of him, "Give him a piece of cardboard and he'll make you anything." The trouble is he sometimes gets carried away - so please! - don't give him any cardboard!

* * * * *

SHERRIE WARD is the other half of the Fantasy Workshop team, and is the indomitable little lady who actually tries out Ken's costumes. The result is stunning, but she will complain about the staples! She appears in every range of outfit from cardboard robots (that don't look like cardboard) to mysterious and alluring ladies from distant galaxies, who may have differently coloured hair or skin, but who are undeniably female in a way that a healthy earthman would recognize instantly. She knows more about herbs, folklore and the pleasanter shades of magic than anyone else I've met, and she's also into Tarot readings and reincarnation.

* * * * *

YE GERBISH, whose best known pseudonym is Gerald Bishop, is one of the best SF bibliographers in the U.K. and probably in the world - a mine of obscure information on who wrote what, when, where and why. He operates projectors and hi-fi systems with an almost magical ease, and is a general all round interesting guy to have around. He and Lionel Fanthorpe first met in Romford round about 1970 at the instigation of Rob Reginald for whom YE GERBISH was then doing some author research. They have run into each other at con-intervals ever since, which is how YE GERBISH came inevitably to be among the guest speakers at CYMRUCON 81.

* * * * *

SPOT THE QUOT or Quotation Location Number Two

'That,' said Captain Wyxtphll, 'was a lousy landing.' He did not, of course, use precisely these words. To human ears his remarks would have sounded rather like the clucking of an angry hen.

DAVID LANGFORD was born at Newport, Gwent, in 1953 - what better qualification for a Cymrucon guest ? Educated at Brasenose College, Oxford - where he says he was frequently arrested on bombing charges - he read Physics before being snapped up by the Ministry of Defence. He did very secret and very boring work for them at Aldermaston from 1975 - 1980, when following his promotion to Higher Scientific Officer he resigned because his wife who was two grades lower down the hierarchy was bringing home more money ! He has satisfactorily cushioned his early retirement with: WAR IN 2080 - THE FUTURE OF MILITARY TECHNOLOGY (David and Charles 1979, Sphere 1981) and AN ACCOUNT OF A MEETING WITH DENIZENS OF ANOTHER WORLD BY WILLIAM ROBERT LOOSLEY, EDITED BY DAVID LANGFORD, also published by David and Charles. As with all the best people - a Corgi follows! FACTS AND FALLACIES, which he co-authored with Chris Morgan has already received honourable mention in this booklet in Chris's biography. (The editor apologises for any inaccuracies - the information was extracted from David over the 'phone after the editor had stopped for his lunch-time lubricant at the local.) Dave says he is still gnashing his teeth at failing to win a Hugo after four nominations !

* * * * *

Spot the Quot / Quotation Location Number 8:-

"I don't believe it." His lips hardly moved, his teeth seemed to be clamped together. Was his tongue caught between them ? "Prove it to me, Luke baby. Prove it to me. Quickly ! "

Spot the Quot Number 9:-

I opened the galley door.
I heard a bird twittering.
It was a small bird, about the size of a sparrow, but it looked a bit like a tiny owl, with tufts over its eyes. It was purplish. It looked at me quizzically.
It was perched on some split piping.

Spot the Quot Number 10:-

The security colonel's gun was in his hand. A number of blue uniformed men stood peering tensely towards the doorway of the common room. A micro-second later there was another crash, another shout, a stumbling sound . . . Then a man and a woman emerged, blinking in the strong light .

It wasn't until Mitchell actually spoke that the secretary looked up from her typing. Then, with cool disdain, she asked him to repeat himself.

"Mr. Selhurst is expecting me," he said, patiently. "Dr. Mitchell."

"Oh yes," she said, as if dredging his name up from the depths of her memory. "The psychiatrist. About Mr. Watkins. Please go ahead."

"Thanks," said Mitchell, letting an unprofessional note of sarcasm into his tone. She smiled mechanically. She was, of course, immune to sarcasm. In a big hospital, the staff build up all kinds of immunities. Mitchell went into Selhurst's inner sanctum. The surgeon, unlike his secretary, looked up immediately, but there was still a certain condescension in the way he waved the younger man to a chair. Mitchell sat down, and waited for his cue.

"Well?" said Selhurst. There was a book on his desk, and he was tapping its leather binding with the top of a cheap plastic ball-point pen. Mitchell craned his neck slightly to see what the book was. He was mildly surprised to find that it was a Bible. He knew, of course, of Selhurst's reputation, but it was still unexpected to find that he kept the good book on his desk.

"I didn't see Watkins before the operation, of course," said Mitchell, smoothly, "but as far as I can tell he's still

in possession of the faculties he had then. He's a little slow, of course, and generally weak, but his eyesight and hearing are unimpaired and he can hold a sensible conversation. I can't test him out fully while he's flat on his back and can't move around, but there's no evidence I can find of disorientation that might signify brain damage."

Selhurst rolled the pen back and forth between his fingers, nodding distractedly in reply to Mitchell's comments.

Surgeons shouldn't fidget like that, thought the psychiatrist. It quite undermines one's confidence.

"I take it," said Mitchell, "that his heart stopped during the operation?"

Selhurst's eyes had dropped, but he looked up at the question. "That's right," he said. "It stopped for an unusually long time. A full quarter of an hour. The circumstances were... unusual." The surgeon frowned at the repetition.

"In what way?" asked Mitchell.

"Watkins was an emergency admission," said Selhurst. "He was suffering from a nasty form of hepatitis. We had to pack him in ice to keep his temperature down and put his blood through our little washing-machine. The machine's pump kept the blood going during the cardiac arrest, but rather slowly. He was given oxygen, but fifteen minutes is a long time. I thought you'd better have a look at him. Did you notice anything unusual?"

Mitchell noted that Selhurst had now used the word "unusual" three times.

"He complains of a tingling sensation," said the psychiatrist. "He says that it feels as though his blood or his nerves are on fire. Not a fierce pain, but distinctly noticeable. I take it that he's made the same complaint to you."

"He has."

"And?"

"There's no physical reason for it."

"Surely it's not unusual - people usually feel pretty rotten after an operation, especially when they've been as ill as this man."

"I've had some strange reports offered by patients on their condition," replied Selhurst, "but this isn't a familiar one to me. It's been forty-eight hours now since he came out of the anaesthetic, and the sensation hasn't faded. It troubles him - and it troubles me, too."

"And you think it might be in my province rather than yours?" prompted Mitchell.

Selhurst didn't answer. Instead, he asked: "Does he seem to you to have any memory of what happened to him after he was brought in?"

Mitchell frowned. "I didn't ask him."

The point is," the surgeon went on, "I haven't told him that he suffered a cardiac arrest. No one has. As far as I know, he doesn't even suspect that his heart stopped while he was on the table."

"Why should that make any difference?" asked Mitchell.

Selhurst laid the pen down for a moment, as if trying to get his fidgeting under control. Then he snatched it up again. He knew that Mitchell had noticed. "Are you a religious man, Dr. Mitchell?" he asked, abruptly.

"No," said Mitchell, "I'm not."

"I am," said the surgeon. "You may know that already - some of my colleagues find it a little remarkable, though I don't see why. I see no conflict between the profession of medicine and the principles of Christianity - do you?"

"None at all," replied the psychiatrist, defensively.

"It might, to a young man like yourself, seem a trifle

old-fashioned to believe in the literal truth of the Bible," Selhurst went on, in a slightly bitter tone. "But it does not seem to me to be inconsistent with the business of saving and protecting life and health. You may have heard, I suppose, of certain reports from America regarding...visions...supposedly experienced by patients suffering cardiac arrest during operations. I don't suppose you have taken such reports seriously. To you, it would be an interesting psychological phenomenon, if it were anything at all - a series of hallucinations conjured up by the imagination."

Mitchell breathed in, slightly confused by the abrupt change of direction in the conversation, and taken somewhat by surprise. "I did hear of it," he said. "Some reported seeing the gates of paradise....others the flames of hell. That's why you're interested in Watkins' memories of his experience - if he has any. And you'd rather he didn't know about the cardiac arrest in case it stimulates his imagination. But why drag me in to investigate on your behalf?"

Selhurst laid the pen down on top of the book, and stared at it for a moment. He didn't speak.

"Do you want me to talk to him again?" asked Mitchell. "I really don't see...."

The surgeon snatched up the pen again, and looked straight into Mitchell's eyes. "No," he said, sourly. "You don't see. You say that you see no conflict between my religious views and my occupation. Nor do I, most of the time. But this case is unusual. You see, there's a sense in which I brought that man back from the dead. And whenever a surgeon does something like that, there's a sense in which he might be thought to be interfering....with something that lies beyond his province. Medical miracles, in a sense - the miracles of science - might really be miracles....if you see what I mean."

"Not quite," said Mitchell. "What worries you, I presume, is Watkins' burning sensation. You think this may be associated with some vision that he experienced during the time when he was suffering cardiac arrest?"

"A vision?" replied the surgeon. "Perhaps. Only a hallucination." He paused, the pen clutched in his right fist while his thumb worked away at the stud which made the point emerge and retract. Then he continued: "You see, doctor, what Watkins says reminds me of something. Something not in the medical literature at all. It reminds me of Marlowe's Faustus asking Mephistophilis why he is out of hell. And Mephistophilis replies 'Why this is hell, nor am I out of it'. Later, Faustus asks him where, exactly, hell is, and his reply is: 'Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed/ In one self place; but where we are is hell,/ And where hell is, there must we ever be.' The question I want you to answer for me, doctor, if you can, is this: Did I really bring that man back...all the way....from the dead?"

Mitchell drew in his breath again, but found that he had nothing to say.

Suddenly, in the surgeon's expert hands, the ball-point pen cracked, and fell apart.

THE END

Quotation Location Competition

Dotted around in this booklet are a number of quotations. For finding the author - one point, finding the book - one extra point. There will be a small, drinkable prize for the highest score. Entries to Mike McNabb, Spot the Quot. Number 1 Chief Gopher.

I did not win because I am a man, but because I am an older and more terrible beast.

MASTERLY!

by

Chris Morgan (c) 1981

[I'd like to explain that this was written for a ghost story competition which had a ridiculously small word limit. It didn't win.]

It's not often there's a double murder discovered at a respectable detached house in one of Birmingham's choicest suburbs.

Later that day the police intercepted my master's Rover on the M6, and escorted him all the way home. They brought him in and sat him down in the lounge, where a plain-clothes inspector broke the news.

"Please," said my master, "has something happened to my wife?"

"Your wife is fit and well, Mr Drummond, but I'm sorry to have to tell you that she's in custody, charged with murdering two men."

"Oh, my God! It can't be true!"

The words were trite, but the emotional force with which my master spoke made his reaction awfully convincing. He was a good actor. I watched him from across the room.

He said, "You'd better tell me the whole story, inspector."

"Mrs Drummond phoned the police early this morning, sir. She sounded distraught. When officers arrived they found a dead man in your bed. He'd been strangled. His name was John Edward Farr. Have a look at this photo of him."

"I've never seen him before."

"Hmm. Some of your neighbours have, though. Apparently it wasn't his first visit here. Just for the record, sir, where were you last night?"

"Carlisle. I had a business meeting there yesterday with a customer. I run a small engineering firm, you know."

"Were you away overnight very often?"

"Once or twice a month."

"Did you ever suspect your wife of... being unfaithful?"

"I had an inkling. I tried not to think about it."

The policeman was making it so easy for my master---asking all the right questions! He didn't need to lie.

"Tell me, inspector: you mentioned two murders..."

"Yes. It's curious that my officers found the loft ladder down and the hatch-cover out of position. In the loft they discovered the body of a second man. He'd been dead some months."

"No!"

"We've identified him as Colm Maguire."

"But Colm was a friend of ours. We thought he'd returned to Ireland."

I was the only one to notice the sweat on my master's hands. Ah, they could have asked me about Colm, and how my master secretly killed him for seducing my mistress. And I was in their bedroom at full moon, when Colm's reeking corpse came down from the loft for revenge. My master was always a light sleeper, but he gambled that my mistress's new lover wouldn't be.

A masterly plan! But they won't ask me about it because cats are meant to be dumb. I wouldn't betray my master, anyway.

She never fed me.

THE END

SHIP IN THE NIGHT by Patricia and Lionel Fanthorpe (c) 1979

THE HYPERDRIVE FAILED with precipitous suddenness, and Lita's capsule was expectorated out of the warp like a bitter almond. He lurched helplessly against the console, safety harness fully extended. The emergency drive whined spasmodically and took a reluctant, hesitant grip of the wildly plunging cylinder. Lita pressed automatic correctors and failsafe keys, but the ship remained stubbornly unresponsive.

Eventually he forced it into a fragile temporary orbit and checked the damage. It was massive. The ruptured hyperdrive was beyond repair, and realisation filtered slowly down to the deepest, most emotional levels of his mind.

He would never see Zodin again . . . nor his people . . . nor his red moons over their purple hills . . . Lita could not cry, but filmy moisture spread over his limbs; his claws flexed and pressed hard against their scale pads.

Scanners and sensors were building up a composite picture of the alien biosphere beneath his decaying orbit. The picture was not encouraging. The computer suggested that Lita might survive his ship by about one planetary day. He tried to stop thinking about Zodin's red moons, but the filmy moisture persisted.

He tried to analyse his state of mind. The worst thing was going without a purpose. It was ironic; he had been scarcely half a galaxy from home when the hyperdrive had failed . . . What purpose could there be for him here? He studied the monitors again, and his powerful tail coiled idly against the bulkhead. Was he to die alone and without purpose on this odd little planet among what looked like a pre-technological humanoid culture? He had known several moderately intelligent humanoids in the past . . . Some had been quite pleasant . . . almost Zodinian at times. He tried to force his mind into a philosophical and accepting mould . . . When it is time to cease one ceases . . . But Lita felt angry, frustrated and disappointed.

The heat shields were failing rapidly as the orbit decayed, and he launched his life capsule. As he glided towards the surface the burning ship hung above him, strangely determined to prolong its own death agonies. The flat roofed houses were clearly visible now below the incandescent ship.

Leaving the capsule, Lita moved between dry dusty buildings, obeying his primal urge to find water where he could die with dignity and without pain. The dryness was hurting his eyes and the sensitive membranes between his scales.

He became aware of a group of four male humanoids hiding behind one of the houses. Despite the stinging dryness, Lita's vision easily pierced what would have been dark shadow to them. His sensors picked up their emotions: greed . . . excitement . . . aggression . . . There was an expectation of death.

Not far away a tired man was leading a weary donkey, on which a young woman rode. Lita sensed their danger, and knew that they were unaware of the group lurking in the shadows behind the house. He glanced up at his brightly burning ship and whispered to it softly. They had been a long way together. He sensed the sudden dramatic increase in emotional tension. The group was getting ready to attack. Ready to rob . . . Ready to kill . . .

Claws extended like curved copper knives, red eyes flashing, tail lashing the air, Lita sprang menacingly towards the group of men . . . hissing savagely through his great fangs as he leapt at them. Terrified, they fled into the darkening town. Steadily, the man, the woman and the old grey donkey plodded by, almost too tired to see or hear what was happening in the adjacent shadows.

"What was that?" she asked, pointing to the dim outline of Lita's retreating back.

"I thought I saw an evil shape, like Satan or Beelzebub," he whispered in dread. His hands were trembling on the donkey's neck. The woman lifted her head in the darkness and listened.

"It was strange, but not evil," she murmured softly. "It was trying to help us . . ." Then she winced because the contractions had started.

Lita felt a deep sense of peace and fulfilment as he lowered his burning body into the cool merciful waters of the river outside the town. The red moons beckoned . . .

THE END

* * * * *

The CYMRUCON Committee would like to express its gratitude to KEN SLATER for the support and advance publicity which he has given. Thanks Ken - we look forward to your contribution to the panel discussions and general chat and reminiscences in the Fan Room and Bar.

Outside the heavy chintz curtains of those famous rooms in Baker Street the London fog, yellowed by gaslight, crept and probed and concealed the world from view.

To Sherlock Holmes, seated within, the fog always seemed like a paradoxical image of his own relationship to the world of crime. That world sought to conceal its malignant, insinuating activities from view -- activities which he by subtle probing would reveal. It sought to hide things, yet its very smoke screen gave its position away. The fog was an organism which carried the seeds of its own unmasking within it -- as indeed did any crime of lesser rank than the imaginary perfect crime, which (Holmes reasoned) would not be a crime at all, since crime must necessarily be imperfect, being a flaw in the logical structure of society.

His thought processes were interrupted, though not disarrayed, when the visitor whom he had been expecting was ushered in.

"Your Highness," said Holmes, rising.

The prince, strikingly handsome notwithstanding the fog muffler which also served to preserve his incognito, nodded and glanced around the room, taking in the roaring fire, the music stand, the leather-bound volumes on pharmacology.

"My colleague Watson has been called away to the bedside of an old friend," explained Holmes, immediately detecting the missing element which was puzzling the prince.

"Good," said the prince. "Then there will be no record of this visit, nor of my dilemma." He unwound his muffler, and Holmes noted a very slight scar on the side of the prince's chin compatible either with an old hunting accident or with a boyhood fall from a tree; however the poised dancer's -- but not avid duellist's -- grace with which the prince moved and held himself ruled out the latter, maladroit alternative.

"I can assure you," said Holmes mildly, "of Watson's entire discretion."

The Prince waved this equivocation aside, though politely so.

"Mr Holmes, I come from a neighbouring kingdom. Yet my

kingdom does not neighbour Her Britannic Majesty's realm in any ordinary sense..."

"In my experience the extraordinary usually yields to logical scrutiny," responded Holmes.

"Which is why I have come to you. I believe myself to be the victim of a monstrous imposture, though I cannot put my finger upon the betraying detail."

"Pray proceed."

"At a Grand Ball in my palace I fell in love with the most beautiful girl in the world, who danced with me till midnight then ran off without telling me her name as the chimes of midnight sounded."

"Her appearance, sire?"

"Delightful, delicate, wonderful. She wore the most beautiful gown, and on her dainty feet were a pair of glass slippers, not quite size three and a half."

Holmes dismissed the shoe size for the moment and the matter of how the dancing prince had determined this feature of his partner. He may well have drunk champagne from her slipper; and indeed such a slipper might be the only convenient receptacle for the legendary, chivalrous pouring of bubbly into a partner's footwear.

"She danced all night long with you in glass slippers?"

"Certainly. Ah, how we tripped the light fantastic! But then, so suddenly, she fled from my arms!"

"But slippers of glass, Your Highness? Were they not fragile? And if not fragile, how could her tender young feet -- ?"

"It is nothing unusual to dance in glass slippers in my kingdom," said the Prince, dismissing these suspicions of the sage of Baker Street. "As she fled down the stairs of the Royal Palace in panic and disarray -- I knew not why -- she left one of her slippers behind her on those stairs. It was thus that I was able to trace my beloved runaway. I sent heralds through all the kingdom with that slipper, and none did it fit exactly but one girl: Cinderella, a poor oppressed maiden who

I verily believe must have been a changeling of some royal princess. She confessed she was the one. She told me all. About her fairy godmother. About how that dame changed a pumpkin into a fine coach, and white mice into footmen. We married joyously. And yet..."

"And yet?"

"We have only been married for a year and a day, yet she is not as she was at the Ball. Her temper grows sharp. She shows signs of becoming a shrew. She is constantly indisposed. I cannot think but that my own true Cinderella has been stolen away -- abducted from my palace -- and a simulacrum, a golem of her has been substituted, who will gradually sour my whole life, and thus too the life of the kingdom whose well-being (as you know) is intimately connected with the well-being of its prince."

At this point Holmes took up his pipe and placed it in his mouth, though out of deference to his royal visitor he did not light the tobacco.

"Your Highness," Holmes said presently, placing the pipe on the walnut table beside him, "I must ask an impertinent question. Did you, Your Highness, before that final midnight dance by any chance drink champagne from your partner's slipper?"

"Why do you ask?" marvelled the Prince. "I did not -- but why do you ask?"

"Elementary, Your Highness. Champagne may have made your partner's slipper slippery. Consequently it fell off when she fled down the stairs."

"A slippery slipper? I did nothing to cause such a thing! Besides, I believe the consequence of spilt, drying champagne would be stickiness rather than a slippery condition."

Holmes glanced momentarily at his volumes of pharmacology, his memory searching for a reference in those texts, then he nodded slowly.

"Far be it from you, Mr Holmes, to invade the privacy of the royal sheets," continued the Prince gallantly, "but I may add that Cinderella does not have... lubricious feet, though delightful they are to the eye."

'Lubricious feet,' reflected Holmes, admiring the discretion

of the prince, for he had told Holmes what he needed to know without invoking the low word 'sweaty'.

"Then, Your Highness, there is only one answer. We arrive at it logically. Cinderella's slipper slipped off as she ran downstairs, yet when your heralds visited her home that slipper fitted her exactly and perfectly. But she did not deliberately kick the slipper off in order to run more swiftly — or she would have kicked off both slippers. Therefore, that slipper did not in fact fit Cinderella perfectly on the night of the Ball! It almost fitted her; but it was slightly too large. Consequently, I can only deduce that the Cinderella at the Ball who lost that slipper and the Cinderella whom your heralds visited, and whom the slipper fitted exactly, are not one and the same!"

The Prince held his brow, aghast.

"But how can that be? The one Cinderella and the other exactly resemble each other!"

"Except in the matter of temper," Holmes reminded the prince discretely. "And except as regards foot size. The Cinderella whom you have married, Your Highness, is either the identical twin of the Cinderella who was at the Ball — or much more probably she is a clone. Not a golem, no, but a clone. In which case there may be very many Cinderellas, and the Cinderella at the Ball fled because of that lack of uniqueness. She fled to save you, or to save herself, from the revelation of that shame."

"Her I love," affirmed the prince. "I do not care if she is what you call a clone. Where is she? That is all I desire to know."

"But, Your Highness..."

"Ah yes." The prince slapped his brow. "I have married the other, and bedded her, damn it. But she will become a shrew. I know it."

"In that case," pursued Holmes sadly, though logically, "she must have a genetic predisposition to shrewishness." He went on remorselessly. "You have already said that this mysterious figure, her fairy Godmother, transformed mice into footmen. If Cinderella now betrays shrewish characteristics, given this additional evidence

I can only conclude that in addition to the clandestine cloning of at least one of your subjects, experiments in recombinant DNA technology are proceeding secretly in your kingdom. Enticingly beautiful and gracious maidens are being created by the Godmother, with a whole range of specific animal characteristics. Shrewishness may only be one such!"

"But this is a monstrous conspiracy!"

"Quite literally so, Your Highness: it is a conspiracy of monsters in beautiful human female form -- identical, innocently seductive people with a coding for some bestial characteristic in their very make-up. She will pass this shrewishness on to your son, Your Highness."

"Oh, but she is expecting a child even now!"

"And when she has given birth... to a prince of the blood, and of her blood too, a prince who is partly a beast... then I warrant that this Cinderella whom you innocently married will slip away from another Ball one evening -- indeed from the very Grand Ball that you throw to celebrate the birth! -- back to the Godmother. But she will not be missed, for another almost identical Cinderella will slip secretly into the palace to take her place, with other implanted characteristics which she will pass on to your next child. She will be foxy, a veritable vixen. A whore of a daughter will be yours. And the next Cinderella will present you with a mouse of a daughter who will never win any neighbouring prince's hand. Or she will be a snake who will breed treachery in her loins. Your household, Your Highness, will become a menagerie of subtle evil: a zoo very like our own Regents Park -- of the Beast inserted into Man. The Godmother's plans are even subtler and of slower poisonous release than those of the evil genius Moriarty."

Deeply Holmes pitied the stricken prince.

"And all this," said the Prince, "proceeds from a slipper that fell off..."

"By quite elementary logic, Your Highness."

"What shall I do, MR HOLMES?"

"I am only an investigator, Your Highness, and my final recourse is always to the justice of the law. In your land..."

"I am the Law," the Prince said proudly. "The love of my subjects for me is the social contract."

"And in your bed, through the medium of love, the state is brought low by the machinations of The Godmother!"

"Must I slay Cinderella, then? Must I stifle my own son, new born? Must I emasculate myself so that my subjects shall not know evil? Yet the destruction of love, and of the capacity for love, would... destroy the social contract."

"How devious this plot is! How cunning The Godmother!"

Holmes rose in anger, and paced the room.

"It is as well that the good Watson is not present to hear this! As a medical man he would be stricken to the core by this monstrous misuse of recombinant DNA and embryology! You are involved in a struggle, Your Highness, against the foulest evil in the person of this Godmother. She possesses technology in advance of your own. But she must have a weakness, a flaw -- for it is my experience that crime always carries the seeds of its own destruction!"

"Just as Cinderella carries the ova of my destruction?"

"Indeed. There, perhaps, is the key to the eradication of this beastly crime..."

Holmes crossed to a locked cabinet, drew out a key from his fob pocket and opened it. Amidst phials of reagents, jars of salve, bottles of laudanum and of antidotes to poison, and hypodermic syringes, reposed a beautiful tortoiseshell comb with a silver handle. It rested upon a brandy glass containing a red apple with bite marks in it, pickled in clear alcohol. In front of this glass was the spindle from a spinning wheel, with a spring-blade needle recessed into it. Holmes removed the comb carefully.

"This comb, Your Highness, which I have retained as a memento from a previous case, has been treated with a certain nerve agent -- as the worthy Watson was able to ascertain in his small laboratory. When drawn through the hair so that it touches the scalp, it will induce... paralysis. Not death, but suspension of the faculties for at least a hundred years. You must make a present of this to Cinderella. As soon as she uses it she will fall into a deep sleep, akin to cryogenic

suspension. So will the child in her womb. That child she bears must not be born! Not until you have searched out and found the secret laboratory of The Godmother and compelled her -- aye, on pain of dancing upon molten glass, which you may certainly threaten, though of course you would never descend to torture in your kingdom -- compelled her, I say, to develop a viral DNA which will usurp the shrewish characteristics in your wife and unborn child! This viral DNA will eject the beastliness from all the cells of her body, and the cells gestating in her womb. Then you may revive her, and the joyous birth of your heir may proceed."

Holmes returned to the cabinet and held up a tiny jar of red salve.

"This is the antidote to the nerve agent, which the good Watson was obliged to develop to revive the victim in the case I mentioned. It may be applied by way of your own lips. It is a binary agent. In contact with human saliva it becomes effective."

Holmes carefully wrapped the comb and the jar of salve and presenting them to the Prince, waving away his fulsome thanks.

"As to the other Cinderella clones whom you will discover, you must compel The Godmother to inject the viral DNA anti-agent into them too. Then bring them all back to your palace, as the sisters of Cinderella. Your heir must needs be regarded as legitimate, even though you exchange the false Cinderella for the original Cinderella -- and I do not believe that the false Cinderella will gainsay you, particularly when you have been merciful and cured her of her shrewishness. No one else at Court will know the difference. But let the glass slipper always be by your bed, as a sure way of distinguishing between them all!"

Later, after the prince's departure, Dr Watson returned from the country, coughing from the fog, and gratefully

accepted a medicinal glass of whisky.

"How is Hodgkinson, poor fellow?" Holmes enquired solicitously.

"Falling fast. Falling fast..." Holmes' faithful scribe cleared his throat. "Did anything of note occur in my absence?"

"I had one visitor, whose identity I may not reveal even to you. But it was a problem that I could solve by simple deduction, without leaving this room," said Holmes. The sage of Baker Street reached in his fob pocket, and displayed an emerald ring.

"I may only say that he was suitably grateful."

"Can you say nothing else, Holmes?"

Sherlock Holmes shook his head. "It concerned matters of state."

Holmes reached for his Stradivarius and began to play. . .

THE END

* * * * *

Spot the Quot or Quotation Location Number 3: Remember - one point for the author, another point for the book - and give your list of answers to Chief Gopher Mike McNabb. A worthwhile bottle of alcoholic liquid awaits the lucky winner ! Here's the quotation:-

"I see," said Sheldon, with the air of one who knows all but is reluctant to part with the information. The coffee tasted rather like tepid varnish.

Spot the Quot Number 4:

Then the most savage pain he had ever experienced, in a life that had been almost wholly free of pain, struck him and stunned him, and the man from the stars toppled heavily forward and lay still, more dead than alive.

Spot the Quot Number 5:

He almost gave in to the impulse to enter his house while he was in town. It had all the attractiveness of the womb: safety, warmth, coziness, relaxation, and an opportunity to become comparatively mindless for a while.

Spot the Quot Number 6:

The gyrations were getting wilder. The ship was behaving like a tiny cork being thrown around in a monstrous ocean. Maybe a spaceship was a kind of cork, he thought; a cork in the ocean of space.

Spot the Quot Number 7:

The other door, sealing off the flames, began to heat and he realised, with fatalistic horror, that when it melted, as it inevitably must, he would die.

MASTERLY!

by

Chris Morgan (c) 1981

[I'd like to explain that this was written for a ghost story competition which had a ridiculously small word limit. It didn't win.]

It's not often there's a double murder discovered at a respectable detached house in one of Birmingham's choicest suburbs.

Later that day the police intercepted my master's Rover on the M6, and escorted him all the way home. They brought him in and sat him down in the lounge, where a plain-clothes inspector broke the news.

"Please," said my master, "has something happened to my wife?"

"Your wife is fit and well, Mr Drummond, but I'm sorry to have to tell you that she's in custody, charged with murdering two men."

"Oh, my God! It can't be true!"

The words were trite, but the emotional force with which my master spoke made his reaction awfully convincing. He was a good actor. I watched him from across the room.

He said, "You'd better tell me the whole story, inspector."

"Mrs Drummond phoned the police early this morning, sir. She sounded distraught. When officers arrived they found a dead man in your bed. He'd been strangled. His name was John Edward Farr. Have a look at this photo of him."

"I've never seen him before."

"Hmm. Some of your neighbours have, though. Apparently it wasn't his first visit here. Just for the record, sir, where were you last night?"

"Carlisle. I had a business meeting there yesterday with a customer. I run a small engineering firm, you know."

"Were you away overnight very often?"

"Once or twice a month."

"Did you ever suspect your wife of... being unfaithful?"

"I had an inkling. I tried not to think about it."

The policeman was making it so easy for my master---asking all the right questions! He didn't need to lie.

"Tell me, inspector: you mentioned two murders..."

"Yes. It's curious that my officers found the loft ladder down and the hatch-cover out of position. In the loft they discovered the body of a second man. He'd been dead some months."

"No!"

"We've identified him as Colm Maguire."

"But Colm was a friend of ours. We thought he'd returned to Ireland."

I was the only one to notice the sweat on my master's hands. Ah, they could have asked me about Colm, and how my master secretly killed him for seducing my mistress. And I was in their bedroom at full moon, when Colm's reeking corpse came down from the loft for revenge. My master was always a light sleeper, but he gambled that my mistress's new lover wouldn't be.

A masterly plan! But they won't ask me about it because cats are meant to be dumb. I wouldn't betray my master, anyway.

She never fed me.

THE END

TOO LATE TERRA by Helen McNabb (c) 1981

In a space ship in the system of Sol, hidden from human sight, a number of beings were having a meeting. So alien are these beings to any human conception - they call themselves the Chue - that the best description of them which can be given is that they are horrible bug-eyed monsters!

The meeting was serious. Deadly serious for the people of Earth. The Chue were galactic conquerors, and they intended to conquer Earth!

"They have sufficient military power to be a nuisance," said one Chue.

"Really?" said the Admiral, mildly surprised. "I wouldn't have thought such things capable of it. We must use less direct methods than. We need control over their sources of information."

There was a pause. Then the Chief Investigator spoke.

"What they call the media? Newspapers, television and such?"

There was another pause while he explained the terms to the Admiral.

"No. No. Don't be a fool. We will control them later. I mean the sources of real information, not such ephemera as who is killing whom. Their sources of reference and cultural information."

"Ah! Books!" said the investigator, catching on.

"We also need" continued the Admiral, "a body of people who are feared by the populace, but who can move among them readily. It is they who must be our pawns on the planet."

"The police? Or the army?" said the investigator doubtfully.

"No! Fool!" At the Admiral's signs of rage everyone went quiet. They all wanted to go on living. If he got really angry the chances were that they would not. He calmed down.

"There are too many restrictions on people with military or legal

power. But we do need people who are feared by others. We also need to have control over all major sources of information."

It was then that the Chief Investigator had his brainwave.

"Sir," he began, then went on excitedly, "we can get both in one. There is a body of people who control all major sources of information; they are disliked and feared by others because of their tyranny in the execution of their duties. They are called..." he checked his notes, "they are called librarians!"

And so it was that the Chue began to take over the minds of librarians all over the world. They were cautious and clever, not doing too much too soon. The unsuspecting world was deceived. Always in trepidation before the sour, frustrated and colourless distributors of the information they sought, people noticed nothing.

Fines were increased. Security checks became longer and more rigorous. No one was permitted to even whisper inside any library. All questions had to be in writing. Requests were delivered more and more slowly, then not delivered at all. Many people left public libraries and book sales shot up temporarily, but the cost of books rose astronomically as fewer new items were sold to libraries.

In research libraries the essential information was all removed from public access and had to be personally requested from the librarian by anyone who managed to summon up the courage to ask. Then more often than not the item wanted was on loan, or missing, or being bound. Research dragged - it continued slowly as people determined to do without the libraries, but duplication was incessant as communication between the researchers ceased because the librarians withheld all journals.

University students, forced to buy all their own books, gave up, and dropout rates shot through the ceiling. Public libraries restricted their stock until they were only lending certain science fiction stories in which aliens were always portrayed as benevolent. Research and special libraries had cobwebs on their empty shelves. Everywhere was chaos!

The Chue watched with satisfaction. Everything had gone according to plan. Earth was at a standstill, or at any rate at enough of a standstill for their purposes. Earth had been successfully invaded from within. There was no doubt of the success of the invasion from without!

THE END

* * * * *

THE DEATHODILS by Patricia Fanthorpe (c) 1978 First Published in SFEAR II

(With apologies to William Wordsworth whose daffodils have been trampled on so often that it's time they struck back !)

I wandered like the mushroom clouds
That float above polluted hills
Where graze the sheep whose wollen shrouds
Will cover those my poison kills.
Ten thousand thousand at a glance . . .
(Plutonium gives no second chance.)
And when upon their couch they lie
Beyond the reach of drugs and pills
In agony; we watch them die . . .
Those who have mocked our daffodils.

Moral

So let our lakes and hills be free,
May conservation be the factor,
Draw energy from wind and sun -
Not from a nuclear reactor !

* * * * *

LIST OF MEMBERS AS AT SUNDAY, 8th November, 1981

- | | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Mike Ashley | 61. Bill Morris | 122. Sarah Thomas |
| 2. Lionel Fanthorpe | 62. Forever People | 123. D.M. Sherwood |
| 3. Chris Morgan | 63. Forever People | 124. Phil Gibbs |
| 4. Brian Stableford | 64. Forever People | 125. Ian Jenkins |
| 5. Ian Watson | 65. D.D. Harris | 126. Trevor Patten |
| 6. Ye Gerbish | 66. Urien William | 127. Sylvia Starshine |
| 7. Mike Westhead | 67. Mike King | 128. A.L. Cash |
| 8. Cathy Westhead | 68. Patricia King | 129. Charles Goodwin |
| 9. Roger Perkins | 69. Nicholas King | 130. Bea Bray |
| 10. Tony McCarthy | 70. Louise King | 131. D.P. Howell |
| 11. Dick Downes | 71. Saben and James | 132. Andrew Solomon |
| 12. John Sinclair | 72. Ken Ward | 133. Deri Griffiths |
| 12A. Steve Purbrick | 73. Sherrie Ward | 134. P.V. Frost |
| 14. Peter Tyers | 74. David Ward | 135. Peter R. Critcher |
| 15. Jessica Brennan | 75. Robert Stubbs | 136. Alex M. Stewart |
| 16. Stephen Coffin | 76. Dee Fullerton | 137. Martin Hoare |
| 17. Peter Watts | 77. George Wootton | 138. Gatherine McAulay |
| 18. Dave Bath | 78. Laurie Gee | 139. A.P. Senior |
| 19. David Denis | 79. Joan Gee | 140. Mrs R.A. Senior |
| 20. Simon Rudyk | 80. Mike Parry | 141 - 149 Inclusive I.S.T.R.A. |
| 21. Barbara Rudyk | 81. Ray Voisey | 150. David Roach |
| 22. Dave Jones | 82. Mike McNabb | 151. John T. Widdowson |
| 23. David Bevan | 83. Helen McNabb | 152. Julie Rose |
| 24. I. Davies | 84. Tony Donovan | 153. Lena Watts |
| 25. Sergio Masci | 85. Naveed Khan | 154. Pamela Watts |
| 26. Darren White | 86. Mrs Ward | 155. Samantha Watts |
| 27. R. Mortimore | 87. Mr Ward | 156. Mark Topping |
| 28. Peter Hughes | 88. T. Paul Williams | 157. Duncan Hooper |
| 29. Sybil Hollingdrake | 89. L. Williams | 158. Mary Davies |
| 30. Roger Campbell | 90. Mike Tilley | 159. Pamela Cockerill |
| 31. David Clough | 91. Judy Watson | 160. Simon Taylor |
| 32. Steve Fyles | 92. Jessica Watson | 161. Relax the Inevitable |
| 33. Film Staff | 93. Tom Loock | 162. Eddie Jennings |
| 34. Pauline Morgan | 94. Dale McCarthy | 163. Wayne Morgan |
| 35. Linda Thomas | 95. Simon R. Bond | 164. Richard Ashton |
| 36. Afan ab Alun | 96. Christine Downes | 165. John Jones |
| 37. P. Howard Roche | 97. Julia Downes | 166. Max T. O'Connor |
| 38. Andrew P. Wallum | 98. Paul Barrett | 167. Robert Lewis |
| 39. David Redd | 99. Gregory Hill | 168. Kevin Ham |
| 40. Chris Davenport | 100. Kevin D. Higgins | 169. Robert O'Brien |
| 41. Andy Holyer | 101. Wendy Griffiths | 170. Sarah Guy |
| 42. Andrew Whitfield | 102. Susan Francis | 171. Simon Guy |
| 43. John Porter | 103. Dave Langford | 172. Keith Clements |
| 44. Laurence Taylor | 104. Hazel Langford | 173. Antonio Galea |
| 45. Susan Taylor | 105. Mrs A. McDonald | 174. Hugh Isaac |
| 46. Steve Davies | 106. Miss C. Luckcock | 175. A.K. Gadd |
| 47. John Stewart | 107. Jan Smith | 176. S.A. Gadd |
| 48. Simon Beresford | 108. John Croot | 177. Mark Easton |
| 49. Hugh P. Mascetti | 109. Shobhna Gupta | 178. Delwyn Thomas |
| 50. Dave Ellis | 110. Rob Morgan | 179. Garry Somerset |
| 51. David G. Gibson | 111. Ann Thomas | 180. Marc Gattle |
| 52. Martin Walters | 112. Ann Looker | 181. John James |
| 53. Mark Craske | 113. Ann Preece | 182. S.J. Self |
| 54. John Carter | 114. Paul Haynes | 183. Stephen John |
| 55. Pete Lyon | 115. Paul Cotsen | 184. John O'Brien |
| 56. Patricia Fanthorpe | 116. Earle Callender | 185. David Power |
| 57. Stephanie Fanthorpe | 117. Derek Gomer | 186. Roger Gilbert |
| 58. Fiona Fanthorpe | 118. Alan Wightman | 187. Mark Field |
| 59. Andrew Jones | 119. Friend of 118 | 188. Andrew Elias |
| 60. Neil Burgess | 120. David Smith | 189. Gareth Davies |
| | 121. Suzanne Smith | 190. Martin Probert |

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191. Mark Stevens	192. Ernie Stevens	193. G. Chinnick
194. P. Robson	195. Janet Jones	196. Robert Jones
197. Bruce Anderson	198. Brian Willis	199. Indra Khanna
200. Mrs Denise Atkinson	201. Mike Sinclair	202. H. Thomas
203. Steve Jones	204. Colin Wightman	205. David Glover
206. Pat English	207. Garry Preece	208. Richard Lewis
209. Michael Walshe	210. Dai Price	211. Peter Cohen
212. Trevor Barker	213. Simon Swales	214. Peter Ellis
215. Ian Norman	216. Christopher Mills	217. Stephen Webb
218. Chris Jones	219. E.J. Bowen-Humphreys	220. Helen Spillane
221. Dominic Stocqueler	222. Graham Probert	223. Sharon Probert
224. Paul Hunt	225. Rob Rees	226. Margaret Austin
227. Martin Eastbrook	228. Steve Helkuist	229. Greg Slocombe
230. Paul Williams	231. Steve Taylor	232. Andrew Taylor
233. Chris Slocombe	234. Phil Evans	235. Anthony Griffiths
236. Suzanne Hopkins	237. Friend of 236	238. David Row
239. Gina Burgess	240. Lindsay Cant	241. Paul Wilson
242. S.G. Evans	243. Friend of 242	244. J. Osborn
245. Paul Williams	246. Ken Slater	247. Joyce Slater
248. Simon Watkins	249. Andrew Cubitt	250. Mr Video
251. Mrs Video		

* * * * *

Spot the Quot Number 11:-

Knowing him by now, the sentries admitted him without question. As he walked through the halls, he lingered at the doors of several laboratories where experiments were in progress. In one, engineers of the School of Matter tinkered with a machine designed to run on the power from boiling water.

Spot the Quot Number 12:-

"Why, Luke ? Why can't you get in there ?"

Caston told him.

"SPACE-MITES ? Goddam little bugs getting between you and me and a billion credits ! You must be crazy ! Now you just fasten down that fancy helmet of yours and get out there, or I'll . . ."

Spot the Quot Number 13:-

Krells listened to the clicking of angry, disorientated relays as the blinded computer tried to cope with the situation. It had no knowledge that anyone was on the planet, no inkling that enemies were gnawing at its vitals. Something had dazzled its cameras.

Spot the Quot Number 14:-

There's still the possibility of mechanical breakdown in the body. That leaves about fifteen hundred condensers, twenty thousand individual electric circuits, five hundred vacuum cells, a thousand relays, and upty-ump thousand other individual pieces of complexity that can be wrong.

Spot the Quot Number 15:-

Ted Graham was a long-necked man with a head of pronounced egg shape topped by prematurely balding sandy hair. Something about his lanky, intense appearance suggested his occupation: certified public accountant.

Spot the Quot Number 16:-

As Eve and I left the building, we paused reflexively on the pavement to feel the cool air. Eve looked up at the darkening sky, and my eyes flicked right and left along the street, then came to rest dead opposite, where an alien in a space suit was watching me.

PROGRAMMES

ONE

WAYSIDE SUITE

Saturday 14 November

9.30 a.m.
Grand Opening by
Councillor Revd. Bob Morgan, B.A.
Leader of S.Glam. C.C.
9.45 a.m.
Film programme starts
and runs more-or-less
continuously until the
Convention ends.

Times shown are approximate,
but will be kept to as closely
as possible.

9.45 a.m. Trouble with Tribbles
10.40 a.m. Man Trap
11.35 a.m. Tribute to Willis
O'Brien - The Lost World
12.20 p.m. King Kong
1.50 p.m. Mighty Joe Young
2.50 p.m. The Glen Larson Show -
Battlestar Galactica
3.25 p.m. Buck Rogers - The Movie
4.00 p.m. Where no Man has gone Before
4.55 p.m. City on the Edge of Forever
5.50 p.m. The Star Wars Saga
7.00 p.m. Invaders from Mars
8.00 p.m. Quatermass
9.00 p.m. Quatermass and the Pit
10.00 p.m. Quatermass Two
11.00 p.m. X the Unknown
12 midnight Texas Chainsaw Massacre
Sunday, 15 November
1.15 a.m. Hammer Horror Programme
28 years of horror films seen via
their trailers + Twins of Evil
2.45 a.m. Night of the Living Dead
(Appropriate, eh ? Ed.)
4.10 a.m. The Frankenstein Story
+ It's Trailer Time, Folks !
5.10 a.m. Star Trek - Menagerie I + 2
7.00 a.m. Dark Star
8.00 a.m. Silent Running
8.15 - 9.30 a.m. SHORT BREAK
TO COOL PROJECTORS AND FEED STAFF !
9.30 a.m. Barbarella
11.05 a.m. Gerry Anderson Tribute:
Fireball XL5, Stingray, Supercar
and U.F.O.
1.35 p.m. Star Trek: Those Deadly Years
2.30 p.m. The Omega Man
4.15 p.m. It's Trailer Time Again !
4.30 p.m. SUPERMAN - the Motion Picture
5.35 p.m. Closedown and the Queen.

TWO

TV LOUNGE - First Floor

Saturday 14 November

10.00 a.m. Writers' Workshop One
Chairman: Tony Donovan
Panel of Guest Authors
10.40 a.m. SF and Fantasy Art
Slide Lecture by Pete Lyon
illustrator and cover artist for
"Pictures at an Exhibition"
11.20 a.m. Guest Speech by
Ian Watson
12 noon The ISTR A Group - with
Mike Parry
12.40 - 2 p.m. Lunch Break
Councillor Revd. Bob Morgan, B.A.
will be joining us for a meal
and to meet members of Cymrucon
2 p.m. Councillor Morgan welcomes
members who were not here at 9.30 !
2.10 p.m. Fantasy Games organised
by Mike and Cathy Westhead and the
visitors from Beccon.
2.40 p.m. Guest Speech by
Brian Stableford
3.20 p.m. Guest Speech by
Ye Gerbish entitled:-
"Sun, Sand and Suffering on the
Most Totally Evil place in the
Galaxy."
4.00 p.m. Ken and Sherrie Ward's
Fantasy Workshop Show
4.40 p.m. Writers' Workshop 2
Chairman: Tony Donovan
Speaker: Ian Watson
5.20 p.m. Mike Parry and ISTR A
entertain again.
6.00 - 7.40 p.m. BREAK FOR FOOD
7.40 p.m. Writers' Workshop 3
Chairman: Tony Donovan
Speaker: Chris Morgan
8.20 p.m. More Charades and SF
Games organised by Mike and Cathy
and friends from Beccon.
9 - 9.45 p.m. BREAK SO WE CAN
WATCH/TAKE PART IN THE FANCY
DRESS COMPETITION IN THE
CHARLOTTE SUITE.
9.45 p.m. Writers' Workshop 4
Chairman: Tony Donovan
Speaker: Lionel Fanthorpe
10.30 p.m. Informal, self-
organising SF/Fantasy Games and
charades which will continue until
interrupted by breakfast or
arrival of co-op milkman !

TWO

TV Lounge - First Floor

Sunday 15 November

- 9.30 a.m. Any Questions Panel
Chairman: Naveed Khan
Speakers: Dave Langford, Rog Peyton
any other guests who're awake !
 - 10.00 a.m. Writers' Workshop 5
(Final Workshop)
Chairman: Tony Donovan
Speaker: Brian Stableford
 - 10.30 a.m. Presidential Address
Lionel Fanthorpe
 - 11.00 a.m. Science Fiction and
Fantasy in Welsh Literature:
Chairman: Lionel Fanthorpe
Speakers: B.D. Harries and
Urien William
- including "Visions of the Sleeping
Bard" . There will be explanations
in English, and this event will be of
equal interest to English speakers.
- 12 noon Jan Smith (The Pam Ayres of
South Wales !)
- 12.30 LUNCH AND DRINKS BREAK
- 1.30 p.m. Debate organised by
Roger Gilbert, John Porter and the
Swansea Group.
- 2.15 p.m. Guest speech by Chris Morgan
- 3.00 p.m. Mike Tilley's Hammer Horror
Show - until closedown

Spot the Quot Number 17

I awoke in the early evening. For a second or two, I did not know what had wakened me. Then I realized that it had been a sound. The sound was still there - it was very faint but it was quite unmistakable.

It was the sound of Michael's pipes. It was a strong contender for the title of the sound which I most wanted to hear at that particular moment.

* * * * *

Spot the Quot Number 18

"The human state," meditated Hammond, as they got up to leave. "Before, it was our own nothingness we had to come to terms with - death. From today, it will be the nothingness of matter itself - of all this cosmos . . . "

THREE in the CHARLOTTE SUITE

Saturday 14 November

- 7 p.m. Sex Pirates of the Blood
Asteroid - a sort of
son et lumiere show -
a hilarious success at all
previous presentations -
Operated and narrated by:
Naveed Khan and
Dave Langford
- 8.30 p.m. Fight simulations -
fantastic and otherwise -
Presented by George Wootton
and Lionel Fanthorpe,
Black Belt Instructors with
the N.S.J.L.
- 9.00 p.m. Fancy Dress Competition
which will merge into
Shacksounds Disco at
approximately 9.30 p.m.

Sunday 15 November

- 10 a.m. A programme of 3D fantasy
and SF films. There are only
fifty pairs of glasses - so
we're doing the show three
times, folks !
- 11 a.m. Repeat of 3D films above
- 12 noon Repeat of 3D films above
- 1.30 p.m. Until close down:
Overflow repeats of SF and
fantasy films shown already
during Programme One -
this is to try to ensure
that no-one misses the one they'd
hoped to see yesterday !

This additional film slot is courtesy of Mike Greatrex - to whom Cymrucon is particularly grateful.

Details of what's showing will be posted on the door or one of the Cymrucon notice boards.

Spot the Quot Number 19

"This is the same kind of broadcast we had from the beacon," he said. "Very directional. All of the transmissions are coming from that golden planetoid, or whatever it is. It's big, but doesn't seem to have a planetary diameter."

Spot the Quot Number 20

The sun, as its inalienable custom was, went to bed at sunset. At the same time, Sir Mihaly Pasztor put on a dinner jacket and went to meet the guests he had invited to dine at his flat.

This was a month after the dismal meeting at the zoo when Bruce Ainson had received the intellectual equivalent of a flea in his ear.

That's the end of the "Spot the Quot /Location of the Quotation/ Perdition Competition " - whatever. Please take your list of authors and titles to Chief Gopher Mike McNabb before 10 a.m. on Sunday 15th. Mike will then mark them, and we'll ask Chris Morgan to give out the answers and the winner's prize (glug, glug!) before his talk at 2.15 p.m. on Sunday in the TV Lounge.

(Mike and Chris don't know this good news at the time I'm writing this !)

* * * * *

BUTTERFLY (c) Tony McCarthy (1981)

Prologue . . .

Winter snow had melted, only the frost still kissed the hard March ground. Buds opened on trees. Bees flowed slowly from flower to flower and back again; like sentries marching from box to box. Earth was at peace in the year 1986. Spring was making its presence known to man. Man was still fighting his futile wars, as the U.N. argued nation against nation.

Back in the previous autumn nations had joined together to fight the unknown. All over the world radar scanners had picked up a haze of spots descending into the earth's atmosphere from outer hemispheres and beyond. Nuclear weapons at the ready, fighting men poised waiting: then silence. Peace and quiet. Only snow. Snow fell in October all over the world.

In Rome the World Organisation for Conservation met. This year was proving that all their futile efforts at conservation were not futile at all. Indeed, something to be proud of. Rare species of plants grew abundantly in backyards and on waste ground, whilst in the forests and the national parks wild life grew bigger and better as dying species walked the earth again in great herds. That September the haze appeared again; no one paid any attention. Snow fell on the third Monday of the month and stayed all winter.

May 12th, 1987

There was a food shortage. Crops were being eaten by insects and birds before the fruits could ripen. All attempts with spraying poisons had failed.

June 27th, 1987

All the crops of the world were stripped of their fruit; now they lay barren and dead. Stores and supermarkets had no food, the shelves lay bare. Riots ran through the streets. Brother turned against brother as they searched for hidden hoards of food.

BUTTERFLY page 2

August 1st, 1987

Snow came, no haze.

January 3rd, 1988

After an emergency meeting of the U.N., World Peace Troops bombarded and killed one third of the world's population - humanely.

February 10th, 1988

U.N. Peace Troops mercy killings took toll of one half of the remaining population including their own men.

March 4th, 1988

All living creatures destroyed. Remaining World Governements set about rebuilding, and recultivating the land.

August 1988 to March 1989

No snow.

April 1st, 1990

U.N. rebuilt the major cities of America and began transporting the surviving population to them for the start of a new world.

Extracts from the Documents of the New World

Clause XXXIV, Section E

All humans are to be vegetarians. Any found breaking this rule are to be executed as an example.

Clause XXXIV 11, Section A

All living creatures are to be destroyed. Anyone found in possession of the forementioned will be subject to the maximum penalty.

June 3rd, 2082

David III sat high above the sea looking down on the rocks below. Childish games with pebbles rippled through his fingers to the sea below. Strange looking objects are pebbles in today's advanced civilization. They are of no practical use. Banging, chipping, clapping together - gazing out to the sea. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, in my beginning is my end. From out of the dust shall come forth life, and from life shall come forth dust." From out of the pebble . . . now soft and brittle . . . came forth a butterfly.

"Greetings, Human." It seemed corny, yet to David the words echoed around his mind. "I greet you on behalf of the Confederation of Outer Galaxies. We the Confederation have monitored your planet for centuries across the vast void of space. Some years ago your planet was attacked by a deadly virus, which increased the growth of your animal kingdom by overwhelming proportions. What followed was one of the bloodiest periods of your entire history. The Confederation has sent me to instruct your leaders how to rebuild your trust in living creatures."

Many years before David's great-great-grandfather had been born, children had played with grasshoppers, removing each of their legs one by one; and sat watching their death throes as they crawled across the grass to freedom.

Holding the butterfly by its wings, He crushed the soft, frail body between his thumb and forefinger.

Quotation from the Manual of Education for the New World: " Unless its roots are in the ground, or it is human - destroy it. This is the only way our New World can survive and prosper."

THE END

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ROOM ALLOCATIONS

Basement level: Stockroom One - Book Sales and Dealers' Tables
Stockroom Two - Continuous ad hoc video programme

Ground Floor: Wayside - Grand Opening by Councillor Revd. Bob Morgan
Followed by Non-stop Film Programme. Programme 1.

Charlotte - 11 a.m. until 6 p.m. Saturday - additional
ad hoc video programme to help in case of
too much demand for cinema seats - i.e.
overflow programme !

Followed by fight scenes, fancy dress and
Shacksounds Disco. Programme 3.

First Floor: TV Lounge - Main Talks Programme - Programme 2.

Rendezvous Room - Art and Model Exhibition

Cabin Room - Fan Groups, badge and fanzine sales

The Meeting Room - Mr Ray Voisey representing the
Cardiff and District Branch of the
British Amateur Electronics Club
(B.A.E.C.) is organising an electronics
exhibition for Cymrucon members.

* * * * *

EMERGENCY ACCOMMODATION can be provided by Naveed Khan - Club Chairman.
If you have no cash and no room booked and/or no friends with a spare
bed in Cardiff, ask Naveed, who is acting as a clearing house. Local
fans able to offer emergency accommodation should also let Naveed know.

* * * * *

THE STARSHIP WITH NO GOAL (c) 1981 by Tony Donvan

I docked on the planet, lonely and stark.
Wreckage of starships littered the planetscape.
Evidence of previous attempts at contact ?
Why were they destroyed ?
What could have gone wrong ?
I had to find out.

I sent out a probe, unmanned.
It soon came back, torn and battered.
A message was on its side, daubed in blood:
'Keep away - come no closer !'
The probe's instruments had been destroyed;
Never able to share what they had learned.

Changing my tactics, I took off for orbit.
A more distant survey may prove more fruitful.
Evidently, I would be unable to take this planet by storm.
Would I be able to make it understood that was never the intention ?
My mission was contact, not conquest; exchange not domination.
I came from no star fleet, no military force.
I represented myself searching for myself.

Is that why the planet erected all defences ?
Forever suspicious of free-lancers of the spaceways ?
Seeing them as Pirates of the Body, Vampires of the Soul.
I seek only to understand, but I am misunderstood.
I yearn for contact, but I am always rejected.
Maybe free-lancers only understand themselves.

On the sixth orbit, the ship's computers displayed promising data;
A green, fertile patch of this hostile planet which seemed to be un-
guarded.

This time I did not send out a probe.
Caution was thrown to the atmosphere to be caught by gravity.
Was that wise?
To give of the self must be the hardest mission of all.

Docking, I tried to forget the previous missions.
Of the damage to my starship, though she still flew.
I ignored the other ships, poised for take-off,
Saluting the red sky in silent farewell.
Would it be long before I joined their despairing ranks?
I still had my mission, my never-ending task.

Drawing my laser, I fired at the ships one by one.
The beam of energy ricocheted off the steel hulls in never-ending
colourful diagonals.

In my mind, the ships fell like target-practice bottles,
Smashing into millions of useless pieces in a hostile desert.
A pathetic epitaph for failed lovers.
Is it better to have lost and loved than not to have lost at all?

Holstering my pistol, I drew my knife and cut off the top of my finger.
I watched it fall to the ground.
I stood over it, letting the blood then my tears flood over it.
The finger began to writhe and squirm in a life of its own.
Eventually it began to cry of itself.
A baby lay at my feet, wailing incessantly for the world to notice
its suffering.

The noise ! That unbearable noise ! I aimed my knife . . .

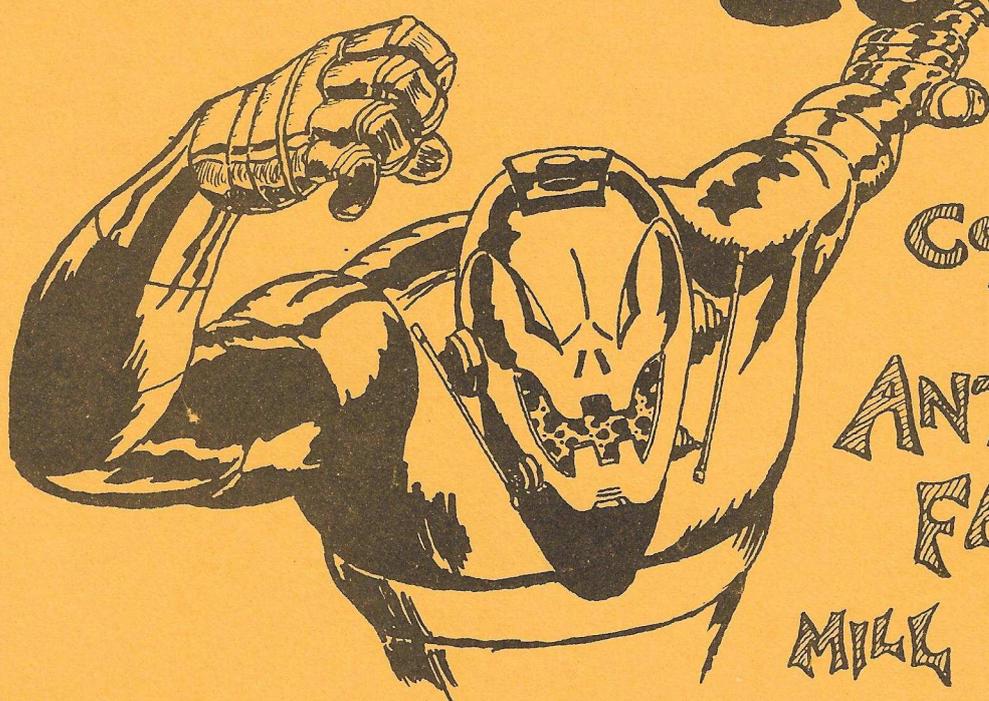
Suddenly, the heavens opened; the sky spat flame.
Heavy rain drowned the landscape, washing away the fertile patch.
An omnipotent voice raged:
'Go and never return! Live with your own violence; do not share it
with me !'

Picking up the baby, I ran back to the ship.
He died as soon as I opened the airlock.

I took off quickly, reflecting on my search's futility.
It may be better to return to earth,
Search in my own heart instead of warping through the galaxy.
Fuelled by matter and anti-matter;
Perhaps it does not matter if it is all in the mind.
To search or not to search? Contact or isolation?
WHY?
Questions that can only be asked, never answered?

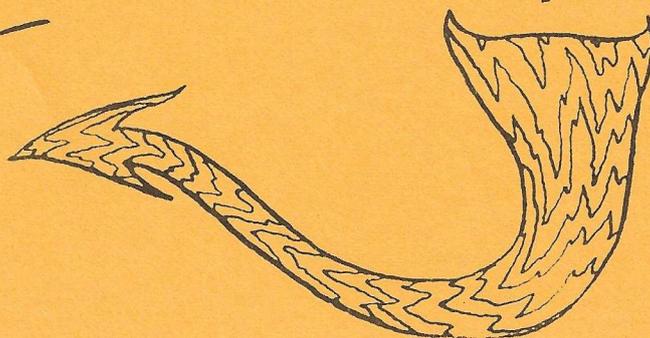
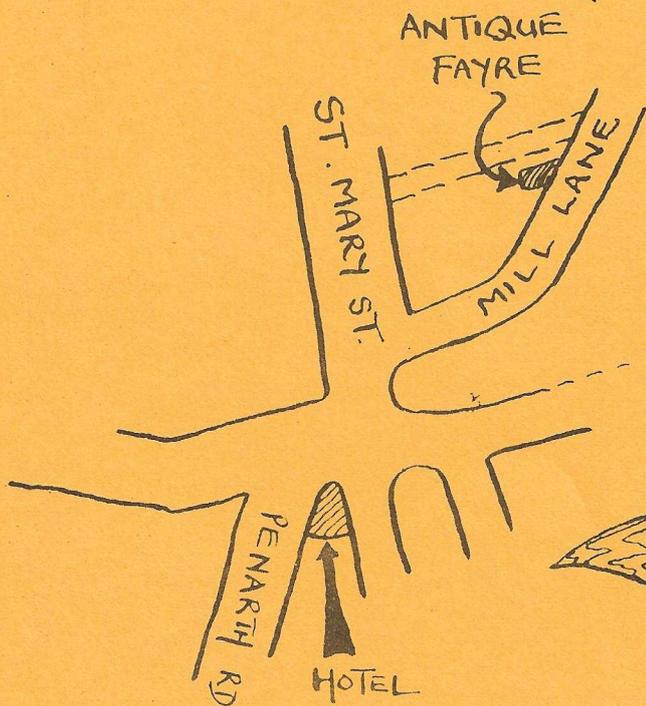
Jettisoning the baby, I flew away from the planet.
No more orbits, no last glimpses -
That powerful presence had to be escaped.
In idle curiosity, I asked the ship's computers some questions:
'What was the name of the planet ?'
The answer flashed up, and I understood why I could not understand;
The planet was called: 'WOMAN' .

FOR
**MARVEL +
DC
COMICS**

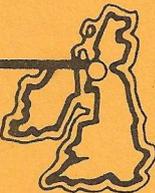


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FAIRCON '82



Faircon '82 is Glasgow's sixth SF Convention. It takes place over the weekend of July 23 - 26 1982 in the city centre's Central Hotel, and will have as Guest of Honour Harry Harrison.

Faircons traditionally offer a wide Programme with events of interest to not only the jaded palates of the regular Convention-goer, but also the absolute novice at Cons too! We'll have a Main Programme, Alternative Programme, Video Room, Computer Room, Art Show, Wargaming Room and - for the first time at a Faircon - a Fan Room. The Central's facilities are more than adequate to cope with as many folk as care to turn up, and we intend to make Faircon in 1982 a Con to remember.

Faircon is run by members of Glasgow's SF Fan Group, the Friends of Kilgore Trout, and boasts a Committee with a variety of talents that will bring both new ideas and past experience to bear on the problem of making Faircon a good Con. We have Committee Members for whom Faircon is but the latest in a long line of Conventions, and others for whom Faircon is an as yet unrealised challenge; between us we hope to cater to as wide and differing variants on Convention-going as possible.

Memberships for Faircon '82 have been held at, or below, the 1981 rates due to economies in Hotel etc expenses, and offer excellent value for money. We publish three well-produced PRs and a Programme Book (plus other odds and ends) and these alone make *Supporting Membership* a good deal.

Our Membership rates are:

	Supporting	Full Attending
To Nov 15th	£2.00	£7.00
To April 15th	£3.00	£8.00
Thereafter	£4.00	£9.00

Hotel rates are specially reduced for Faircon Members, and are:

Single Room	with bathroom £17.00 per night without bathroom £15.00 per night
Twin Room	with bathroom £14.50 each per night without bathroom £12.00 each per night

These rates are fully inclusive of VAT, Service and Breakfast.

For more details of Faircon write to the address below enclosing an SAE.

ALBACON II



Albacon II will, we hope, be the 1983 national UK SF Convention. The organising Committee propose to provide an Eastercon that will suit the needs of all branches of fandom, ranging from the total newcomer up to the hardened veterans of past Eastercons.

We have a team that is proven, with experience of many past Cons, but also with a sprinkling of fresh talent. We intend to put on a lively and enjoyable weekend, with much to offer.

Our chosen site is the Central Hotel, Glasgow, where Faircon '82 is also taking place. Unlike Faircon, we will use the whole range of the Hotel's facilities. With a Main Con Hall capable of seating 600, and a Fan Room (with adjacent Bar) with seating for 100 (plus large Alternative Programme and Video Rooms, Art Show, Computer Room, Wargaming Room, and whatever else we can think of) we have a Hotel of sufficient size to cater for Britain's premier Convention. Add only good Scottish Beer, and our Bid hardly needs more to recommend it!

Albacon II will publish three Progress Reports of a standard similar to the Faircon PRs, plus a Programme Book and various other items. We'll organise a cheap rail deal, and generally provide value for money.

Hotel rates (for April 1983) will be:

Single Room	with bathroom £20.00 per night without bathroom £17.00 per night
Twin Room	with bathroom £17.50 each per night without bathroom £15.00 each per night

These rates are FULLY INCLUSIVE of VAT, Service and Breakfast.

Pre-Supporting Membership is now available. It costs only £1.00 and will be deducted from your eventual Membership when we win the Bid. To show your Support for Albacon II we need *Pre-Supporting Members* and your presence at the 1982 Eastercon, Channelcon, to vote for us.

We're publishing two Bid Reports, and these are available from the address below. Albacon needs help in many fields of expertise, and if you think you can make a contribution then let us know - we welcome aid.

Come to Glasgow in 1983 - we'll give you a great Convention!