

Confabulation



THE ACT OF HUMAN
MOOSE INTERFERENCE

EARTH IS MOOSE
ENOUGH
THE COOK, THE THIEF,
HIS WIFE AND HER
MOOSE

THE MOOSE WHO
FOLDED HIMSELF
A BRIEF HISTORY
OF MOOSE

THE DEMONISHED
MOOSE
LAST AND FIRST MOOSE
MOOSE OF WEAPONS

WEIRD OF THE
WHITE MOOSE

THE STILL SMALL VOICE
OF THE MOOSE

REPENT, HARLEQUIN,
SAID THE TICK-TOCK MOOSE

I HAVE NO MOOSE
AND I MUST SCREAM

THE MOOSE
OF GOMRATH

BAD MOOSE RISING

MISSION OF GRAVITY

MOOSE IN
ARMS

THE FIRST MEN
IN THE MOOSE

DUNE
MOOSIAH

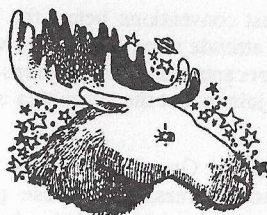
HAI HODGSON MOOSE
FIVE FAMILY
MOOSE LAITROLL
THE LAST DANCE
MOOSE
ZEN AND THE
ART OF MOOSE
HAI HODGSON MOOSE

THE GARDEN OF
LOST C MOOSE
THE MALT
MOOSE
THE MOOSEHART
LETS HEARTY
DOGS OF THE
MOOSE

THE QUALITY MOOSE
EXPERIMENT
SILENT SONGS OF AN
OLD MOOSE

Confabulation

Eastercon 1995



Program Book

- ☐ Confabulation is an entirely handmade product. Slight flaws or inconsistencies may occur, and these should be accepted as part of the natural charm of a unique convention.
- ☐ Hand wash only. Do not iron.

Chairman's Bit

Alison Scott

In traditional manner, I have been looking through other Chairman's introductions in order to steal, sorry gain inspiration as to what to write.¹

Another Easter, another Eastercon, another Chairman's introduction - the bit of the Programme where the Chairman welcomes you to the con, and makes a few jokes about spending all your time in the bar and not reading the Programme book until you get home.² Well, was it OK? Have a good time? Sorry if you had a hangover on Sunday morning, but everything has its price.³

This is the Programme Book. It contains nothing that you will need to know during the convention itself, and can safely be put away for now. Instead, study carefully your Read Me, which is much more urgent. If that doesn't tell you what you need to know, ask a committee member or someone in the Ops Room.⁴

Conventions have been going through something of an identity crisis recently. 'What are we for? Where are we going?' they have asked, laying their enormous clanking bodies down on the psychiatrist's couch.⁵

[Confabulation] is one of the last conventions before the Worldcon, and in view of this we have gone for a fairly laid-back attitude to programming, with a main programme backed up by an alternative programme concentrating on workshops. There's a wide range of interests covered, and lots of chances to join in: but the main idea is that it should be fun. Dive in and enjoy it.⁶

We have two excellent Professional Guests of Honour, both leading exponents in their chosen areas, and whose principal complaint so far has been that we aren't working them hard enough.⁷

If you're reading this at the convention and you're new to fandom, it is traditional for attendees to buy drinks for the committee.⁸ And please remember that you *must* wear your membership badge at all times.⁹

And finally, we hope you enjoy attending [Confabulation] as much as we've enjoyed running it.¹⁰



¹ Tim Illingworth, Helicon, 1993

² Roger Perkins, Becon '87

³ Tony Berry, Novacon 18, 1988

⁴ Mike Abbott, Follycon, 1988

⁵ Simon Ounsley, Yorcon III, 1985

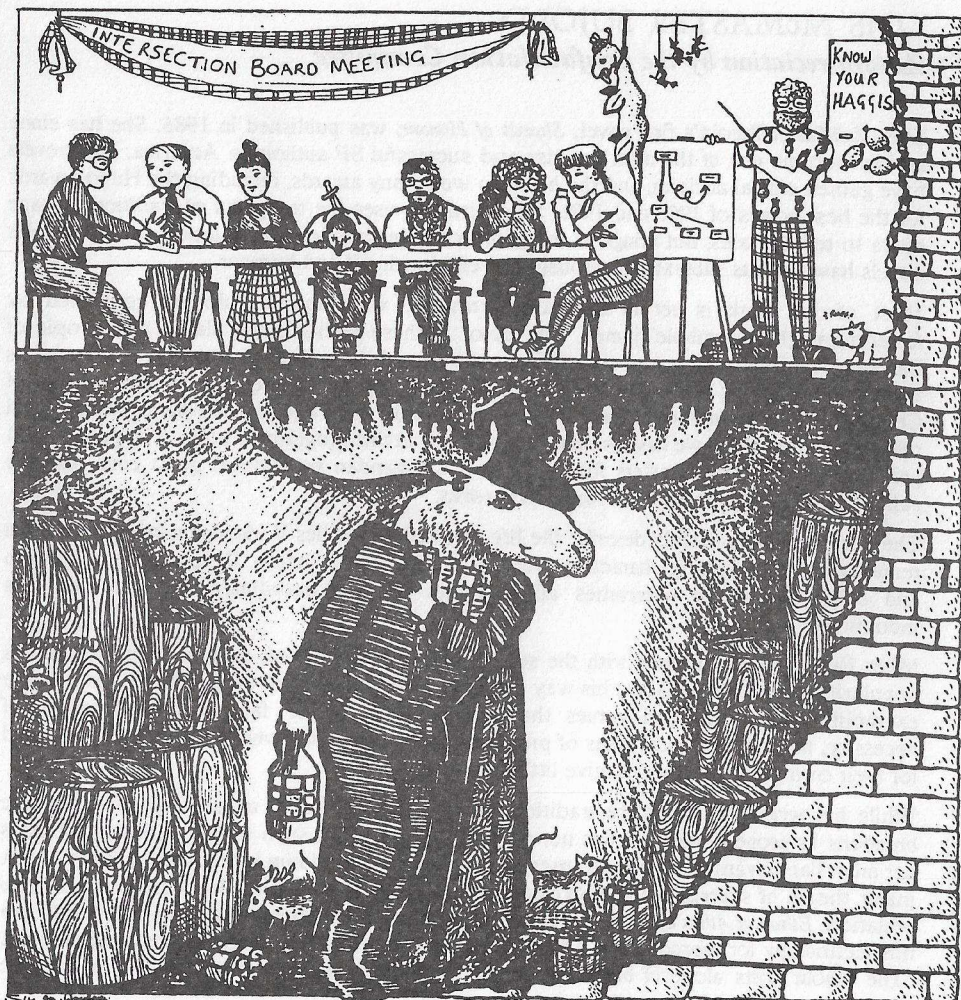
⁶ Mike Abbott, Connot8, 1987

⁷ Tim Illingworth, Contrivance, 1989

⁸ Chris O'Shea, Eastcon, 1990

⁹ John Brunner, Seacon '84

¹⁰ Alison Scott, Fourplay, 1992



Committee

Alison Scott - Chairman and atomic air-raid siren

Mike Scott - Treasurer and database

Sue Mason - Convention artist, office, convention address and elf fetishist

Giulia De Cesare - Secretary and Italian cooking

Steve Davies - Publications and official worrier

Official moose - Scapemoose

LOIS McMASTER BUJOLD

An appreciation by the Confabulation Committee

Lois McMaster Bujold's first novel, *Shards of Honour*, was published in 1986. She has since rapidly become one of the most popular and successful SF authors in America. Her novels have gained critical acclaim, and she has also won many awards, including the Hugo awards for the best novels of 1990 and 1991. She primarily uses the trappings of traditional space opera to tell her tales, but brings to the genre considerable depth of character and plot. Her novels have serious subtexts, generously leavened with wit and humour.

Most of her work is set in the same universe, with human colonies connected by faster-than-light 'wormhole' jumps. The pivot of these works is the planet and people of Barrayar, a planet which was cut off from the rest of the galaxy due to the closure of its wormhole. When it was rediscovered, it was immediately invaded by the rival planet of Cetaganda. The eponymous planet will be explored in more depth in the forthcoming novel *Cetaganda*, from which we have published an extract in this programme book. The parents and grandparents of her characters fought off the Cetagandan invasion at great cost, and the echoes of that war reverberate through her works.

The Barrayar books mainly describe the life and times of Miles Vorkosigan, one of the most remarkable and engaging characters ever created in science fiction. Despite stunted growth and brittle bones, he overcomes all obstacles using extraordinary charisma and his indomitable will.

Miles has much in common with the stereotypical SF fan, which may perhaps explain his popularity. He is unable to beat his way out of trouble, so he has to use his brains instead. He exemplifies the intellectual virtues that are esteemed by SF fans while eschewing, of necessity, the more physical areas of prowess to which SF fans, who are not normally noted for their own physical qualities, give little recognition.

While her writing is within the traditionally masculine genre of military space opera, she broadens its scope to tackle issues not normally discussed in such works. Although Miles is her most flamboyant character, she uses the characters around him to tell more subtle tales. A major theme of several of the Vorkosigan books is the use of artificial wombs for *ex utero* gestation. *Ethan of Athos* concerns a closed planet inhabited by men only, who necessarily use this technology for reproduction. This book contains one of Lois's most famous quotations, "The labour costs alone of bringing a child to maturity are astronomical. There must be something wrong with your accounting."

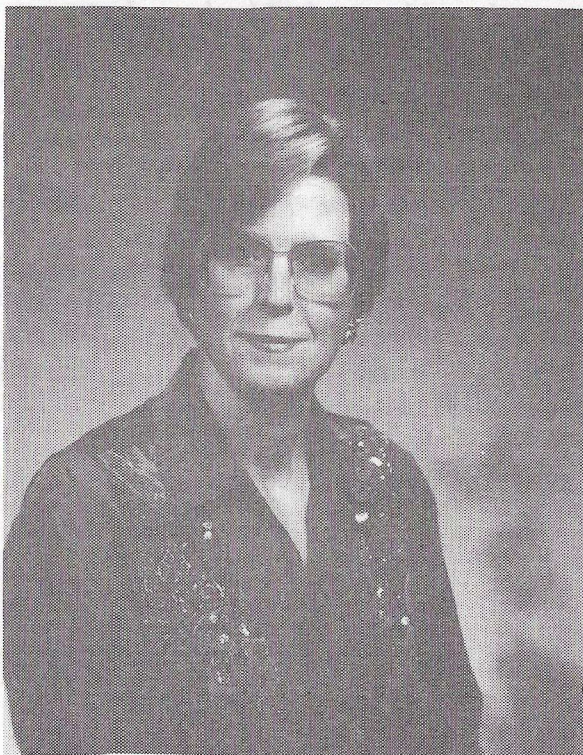
Shards of Honour, her first novel, tells of the first meeting of Miles' parents and introduces his home planet of Barrayar, its militaristic society and its complex and deadly politics. This novel sets the scene for much of what is to follow. It is the story of Cordelia Naismith, an expeditionary commander from the liberal Beta Colony, who falls in love with Aral Vorkosigan, who leads the enemy troops.

In many ways Lois's most impressive novel to date is *Barrayar*, which deals with Cordelia's attempts to settle into the role of a high-ranking Vor lady, and offers a detailed look at the lethal games played in all levels of Barrayaran society. This is a pivotal book in the Vorkosigan series, filling in the details of the events between *Shards of Honour* and the beginning of Miles' career.

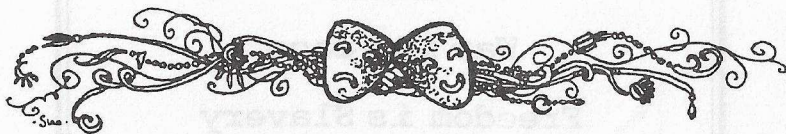
And what of Miles' career? His troop of irregulars turn up in the most unlikely places; in one

case he winds up running along the Thames Barrier in a raging storm. The Barrier in question (not to be confused with Barrayar) is even more futuristic than the one you can visit from the convention. She even allowed Miles to grapple with the complexities of the Tube system when in London, but unlike every other tourist, he didn't get lost at Kings Cross, and showed no signs of failing to understand the ticket machines. Perhaps he was equipped with a Travel-card.

We hope that we've given you an idea of the unique flavour of Lois's work. The quality of her writing has gained her a large and enthusiastic following on both sides of the Atlantic. We have every reason to believe that she's as charming in person as she is in her works.

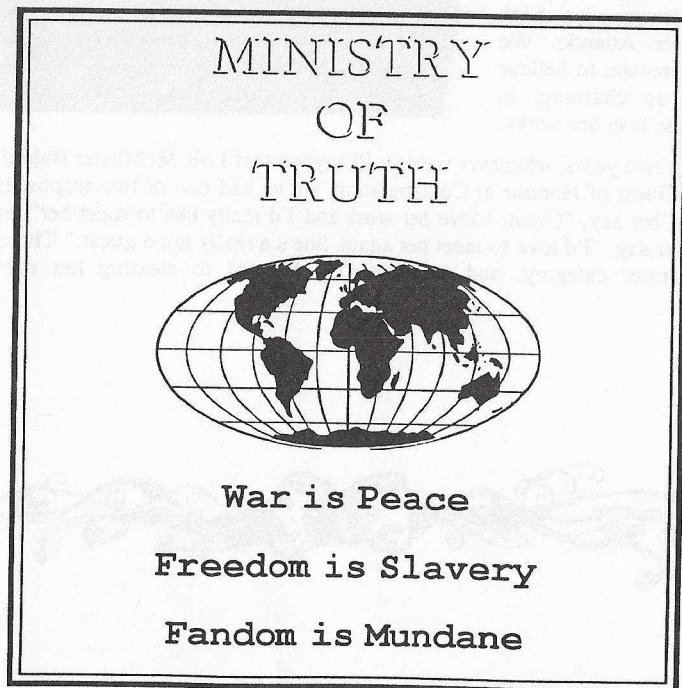


For the past two years, whenever we've told anyone that Lois McMaster Bujold was going to be the US Guest of Honour at Confabulation, we've had one of two responses. Those who haven't met her say, "Great, I love her work and I'd really like to meet her", and those who have met her say, "I'd love to meet her again. She's a really good guest." The committee fall into the former category, and we're looking forward to meeting her ourselves at the convention.



Bujold Bibliography (books only)

1986	<i>Shards of Honour</i>	
	<i>The Warrior's Apprentice</i>	
	<i>Ethan of Athos</i>	
1988	<i>Falling Free</i>	Nebula award winner
1989	<i>Brothers in Arms</i>	
	<i>Borders of Infinity</i> (contains "The Mountains of Mourning", "Labyrinth", "The Borders of Infinity" and linking material)	
1990	<i>The Vor Game</i>	Hugo award winner
1991	<i>Barrayar</i>	Hugo award winner
1992	<i>The Spirit Ring</i>	
1994	<i>Mirror Dance</i>	
1995	<i>Cetaganda</i> (projected)	

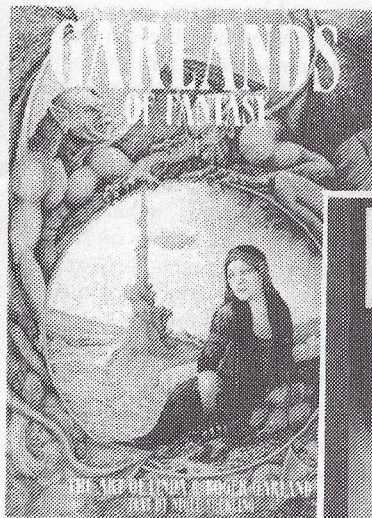




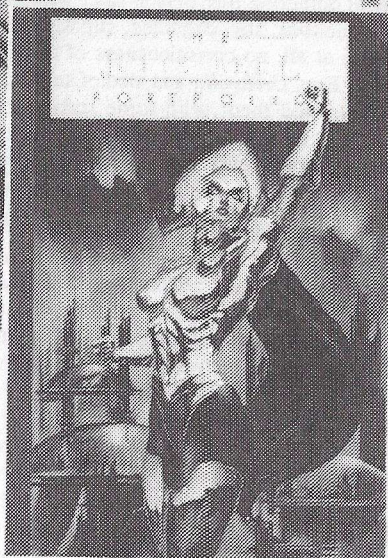
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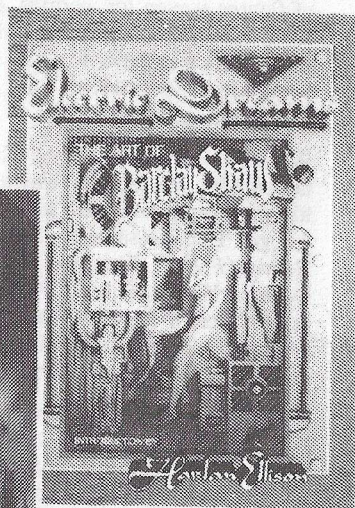
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BOB SHAW

John Clute

This may not be unusual. The first time I met Bob Shaw he was so transparently decent to me I thought he'd got the wrong person. This was around 1979 or 1980, and it was somewhere indoors in England, probably somewhere more or less underground, an sf convention almost certainly, and if it wasn't night it might as well have been, because the drinking area we were in was carefully shrouded from the depredations of the planet which, because it continues to turn, may promise more night but brings day. I was only ten years in the country, and the English and the Irish (beyond being indistinguishable) all continued to have the stage glamour of figures woven (or, perhaps, polished or *hoovered*) from allegory; and he seemed to me to have what someone from abroad would almost certainly have deemed a chthonic breadth and stature. He was native to where he stood, stock-still, undergrounded, ambiated by fans. It was what one might call Root Cool; the Embonpoint of the knot where the trunk thickens into the rock it has split.

We shook hands. He offered this person (me) he had mistaken for his best friend a drink. We talked a bit. He seemed chary of bothering this person (me) who must have been best man at his wedding, at least. He was solicitous, shy, dignified, slightly pissed, unmoving, rather like a rogue Ent. He showed no side at all, no consciousness of being Bob Shaw, author of *The Palace of Forever*, *Other Days*, *Other Eyes*, *Orbitsville*, and also of some rather less good books—as I'd myself thought when I'd reviewed them with some unkindness. It may have been the unkindness of the critic who loves the oeuvre, and who sinks into the Witchfinder Glums whenever a minor work comes along to threaten the purity of the real thing; but whatever its deep origin in love, it doesn't usually sit very well with the author victim.

So he must—I thought—have got the wrong person. It turns out, of course, that I was wrong; Bob Shaw seemed to know just about everyone around him by name. He knew (for what it was worth) who I was. And if he gave a stuff about what I (or any other reviewer) ever said about any of his books, I could not suss the message. I have no idea, in fact, whether or not Bob Shaw ever reads a single review of any of his books. He certainly behaves exactly the same today, fifteen years on, when we happen to meet, after several more extended pieces from me about his work, several of them couched as high praise—I certainly think *The Ragged Astronauts*, and to a slightly lesser degree its sequels, is a superlative tale, and exhibits the sort of through-composition of *donnée* that sf provides so many exhilarating examples of—but a couple of them bristling with the affront of hurt love, because the book being looked at wasn't his absolute best. Because with Bob Shaw you can fool yourself. Because he is so very professional, and so unfailingly polite (like a samurai Ent), you can think he is a writing machine; and that he should generate work at a fixed pitch, to a fixed standard.

But why then the love you feel for the best of Bob Shaw?

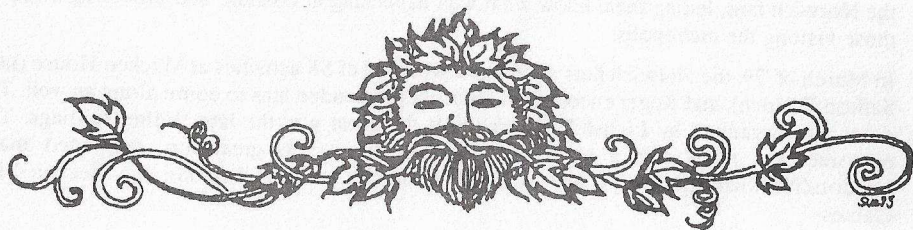
It's hard to love a writing machine (there are some sf writers, whom one might name but won't, who are writing machines, and whose books give off a kind of fixated glare as you go down the pages: the dream of reason in bondage); and it's impossible not to feel something like love for his best work. And when you begin to look again at the array of yellow jackets, and begin to remember how each book felt when you first read it, you begin to understand that Bob Shaw is a man of passion, that he has written his books (in part, certainly) to work through the labyrinth of his own psyche (the sort of thing it is *assumed* non-genre writers do as a matter of course), that their successes and failures represent grades in an exam whose questions we are not entitled to know, but whose passing we feel like wings.

And then you remember that Bob Shaw entered sf as a fan, and that his relationship to sf books as a child and young man was intimate and shaping, and you begin to realise that the books he has written, each one of them profoundly intimate with the languages and habits of sf as a genre and a habitation, are actually rather complicated in their relationship to that intimacy. They are never anything but competent as sf, and several of them in fact would crown the careers of some extremely eminent lifetimesalarimen of the genre; but they never *boast* about the genre home they come from and represent. They are—in their way—as unassuming and as inwardly formidable as their author, doing Pub Ent at a con. They are, in other words, deeply courteous to all comers.

It may be this very accessibility, this lack of side, this absence of ingroup hauteur, that has kept Bob Shaw from achieving, in the United States, quite the pre-eminence his best four or five novels should have made inevitable. It is not courteous to mount campaigns for your own canonisation, but most sf writers—corrupted, almost certainly, by the fact that they inhabit the affinity culture known as sf—spend much of their time doing precisely that, each of them sounding, in isolation, quite immensely important; but each of them—after a clutch of the breed, at any large convention, has filled your ears with crap for an hour—sounding *exactly similar to their mates*. Bob Shaw does not do Bob Shaw Genius in person, or in his books. So he is merely read; and re-read. He is just a guy.

But of course he is not. *The Palace of Eternity* is a deeply moving and extremely bleak analysis, in space opera terms, of personal and cultural dysfunction; and passes, shockingly, beyond death to make its points again. *Other Days, Other Eyes*, which encapsulates the famous 'Light of Other Days', presents slow glass with all the necessary technical flare, but at the same time focuses almost all its narrative energy on the human fissures unpacked by any device capable of giving humans secret views of past scenes occupied by loved ones. *Orbitsville* has *almost* become very famous as the novel which is better than Larry Niven's *Ringworld*, which indeed it is. *Vertigo* once again takes a dysfunctional person, and gives him—through the sf world he enters—a chance to come to terms with the sense of inward crippling that so often, and so benignly, turns out to be Bob Shaw's deepest take on the *taste* of the human condition. And *The Ragged Astronauts*—with its sequels, *The Wooden Spaceships* and *The Fugitive Worlds*—is a tale joyous with idea and vista. The view from a rising balloon, as it enters the narrow waist of the hourglass of atmosphere which connects the two planets featured in the tale, is one of the *finest* evocations of the sense of wonder ever written; and is all the more remarkable for having been conceived so late in the history of a genre which has exhausted, through re-use and blare, so much of the old down thrill of scale that marked it, once, from all other literatures.

So. When you come upon Bob Shaw, forget that he seems quiet, and decent, and modest. Face him directly, which means facing the books he has written. Great doors will then open in the mind, and you will hear the sound of story, which is very much louder than noise.



ROGER ROBINSON

Mike Westhead & Pete Tyers

On the 10th July 1972 Pete Tyers started full-time employment. On the very first afternoon he was sent to meet the Chief Programmer—Roger Robinson. Roger seemed to be an interesting and knowledgeable individual. His chief characteristics were long hair, beard, glasses; he spoke Fortran and Assembler, and he always kept an SF book on the edge of his desk.

Pete spent a lot of time talking (work) to Roger in those early days. He also spent a lot of time waiting for Roger to return to his desk. On one occasion Roger returned to find him reading a book of Harlan Ellison short stories. “Repent, Harlequin!” said the Ticktockman”, quoted Roger; “Get stuffed!” the Harlequin replied”, responded Pete, this being the next line. “Ah”, said Roger—and it was the start of a long friendship.

Meanwhile, Phil Watson, then manager of the book section of a store in Norwich, was very keen on SF. He realised that it sold well—and that a lot of people stopped to talk to him about it. He therefore hired the back room of the “Queen’s Head” on Upper St. Giles Street and publicised the formative night of what was to become “Discovery”, the Norwich Science Fiction Club. Pete told everyone he knew, including Roger. Roger turned up for that meeting in March ’74 and was well into his element. Thus Pete was probably responsible for Roger entering Fandom (an awesome responsibility which he totally failed to recognise at the time).

“Discovery” met on alternate Thursdays, and had a nominated topic for the night’s conversation, e.g. robots, aliens, faster-than-light drives, settling planets, and, of course, sex (with or without robots, aliens etc.) The numbers rose to about 20-25 and the club tried larger pubs, finding its eventual home at the “Artichoke” by Magdalen Gates. The numbers continued to rise and the meetings became weekly. When Phil Watson drifted away from the group, it was Roger who became chairman of the meetings in all but name. This tendency raises its head fairly regularly in Roger’s fannish career! The club invited a number of guest speakers, who included Brian Aldiss, Prof. John Taylor, Anthony Cheetham, and the then “unknown” Lionel Fanthorpe.

One of the highlights of these meetings was returning to Roger’s for coffee and further discussion at the end of the evening. Not being a car owner, Roger was always grateful for a lift home. On his first visit, Pete could not believe just how many books Roger had (and you should see how many he has now!)—some of Norwich’s book shops would have been much improved if they had followed his example.

July ’76 saw the departure of Roger for London. Surprising only in retrospect, it was 2 - 3 years before he discovered London fandom. The One Tun came first. It was there that he heard about the London University SF class that had by then been going for about 6 years and of course—Conventions. He was soon involved with fandom, but he also kept in contact with the Norwich fans, letting them know what was happening in London, and providing a bed for those visiting the metropolis.

In March of ’79, the Norwich fans attended a weekend of SF activities at Wicken House (near Saffron Walden), and Roger encouraged a number of London fans to come along as well. The event was organised by Lionel Fanthorpe and the guest was the late Walter Gillings. The outcome was rather like a very small convention; it was great fun, cemented many London/Norwich friendships and was the birthplace of what became the Becon Silly Games.

Later that year saw Seacon '79 (in Brighton)—the first chance for many of us to attend a WorldCon. Again Roger bridged the gap between Norwich and London Fandom, and encouraged us to follow his example by 'gophering'. This proved so enjoyable that we started to take a great interest in conventions and conrunning, and it was from that event that the seeds of the Becon conventions were sown. In some dark corner of a gopher party, Pete and Mike and Kathy were plotting! Roger was an obvious target to be persuaded onto a convention committee. With his enthusiasm, tempered by a ridiculous amount of good sense, he became the natural fulcrum for the Becon committee, again becoming Chairman in all but name. Even in the most fervent discussions he was able to bring things quietly to order; I have never seen him lose his temper.

During the early '80s, while his conrunning interests continued with the Becons, Roger's other fannish activities were expanding. Roger not only collects books, he reads them and remembers their plot, characters and publishers. He began to make use of this store of knowledge not just as an entrant for the convention quizzes but, with Brian Ameringen, he was entering the ranks of the demon auctioneers!

Roger was also developing an interest in publishing. His first productions were comprehensive bibliographies of the Becon Guests, thoroughly researched of course.

The Becon Cookbook, *There Are Never Enough Mushrooms* followed, and allowed Roger to give rein to the sillier side of his nature. Edited by Bernie Peek, this connoisseur's item originated from the predisposition of the Becon committee to centre their meetings on home cooked food. (Unfortunately, the planned follow-up, ...*Or Garlic*, has been delayed somewhat in the manner of *Last Dangerous Visions*.)

Roger has a fascination for authors' pseudonyms, probably brought on by his friendship with Lionel Fanthorpe. It was this fascination which brought about his most major publishing work, *Who's Hugh?*. This comprehensive collection of SF authors' pseudonyms, lovingly and painstakingly researched, is a wonderful bedside book if you want to stay awake. Unfortunately for conventions, but fortunately for Roger, the time taken up by the project meant an end to direct involvement on committees.

This was not, of course, the end of Roger's involvement in conrunning but it was the beginning of an even wider sphere of activities. His publishing activities continued with books of drabbles (stories of exactly 100 words). Although he does not play a musical instrument or

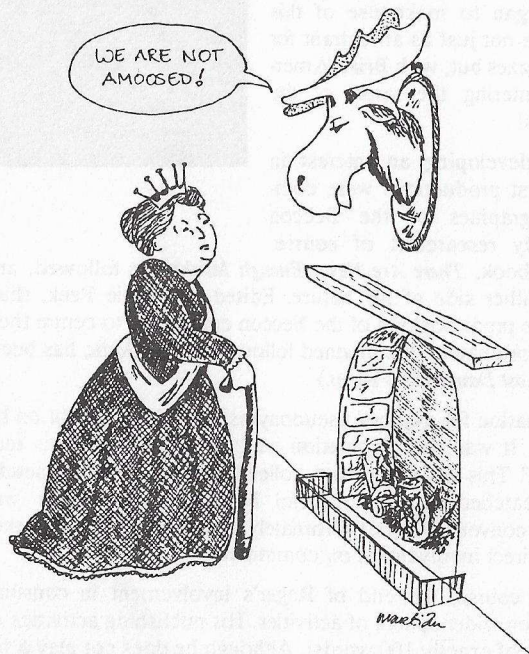


sing (not that I have heard, anyway), he would now be found at filking sessions at conventions and he is a regular attendee at the annual filkcons and publishes their songbooks. He became involved in helping with Fans Across the World. He will be seen around conventions, sometimes in the bar, sometimes on programme items seeming more erudite than a fan should be, but most often nowadays you will find him behind a table in the bookroom. He will not just be selling books, but talking about them and around them; his genuine enthusiasm is catching.

One thing you may note is that through all his fannish activities few, if any, have been done with a view to the credit he would get from them. Roger gets involved because of a real interest or with a willingness to help others. One current example is his involvement with the fund raising activities of fandom for the RNIB's "Talking Books". Another is the Science Fiction Foundation which, with other like-minded fen, Roger has brought back from a dusty drawer to let fandom know that we have something important here that needs and deserves our attention.

Above all, the greatest thing about Roger must be his friendship and friendliness. After all, who else would suggest that he share his room at WorldCon in Orlando with Mike and 2 kids! He will always see the best side of everyone, I have rarely heard him complain of anyone (and only when, believe me, they really deserved it), and he is always willing with advice and encouragement. One of Life's Nice Guys!

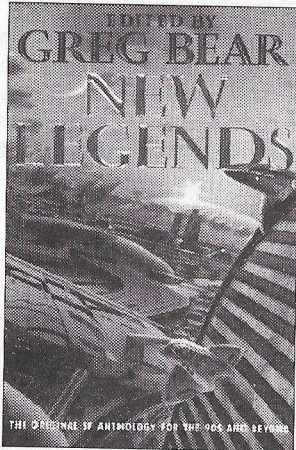
If new fans take Roger as a role model, Fandom will remain a wonderful place to live. Oh, I nearly forgot. Just in case you now think that Roger is perfect, when you go up to him to buy the traditional drink for the Fan Guest of Honour, ask him what is the connection between a computer programmer, Friday the 13th, Michaelangelo and a TV Quiz called *15 to 1*!



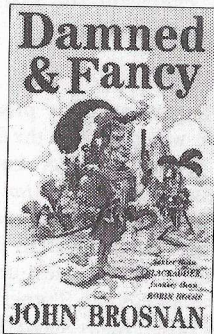


LEGEND

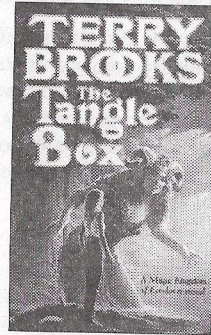
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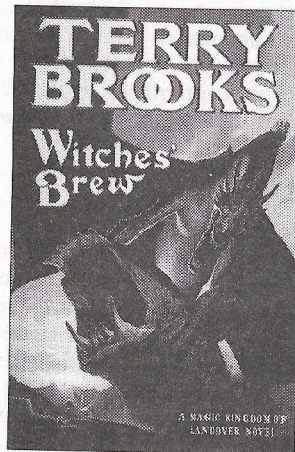
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The *Ansible* Moose of the Year

Dave Langford

Once again, the frosted and myopic lens of the infamous sf newsletter *Ansible* is bleakly focused on the year just past. Once again, it emerges with blinding lack of clarity that, as usual, the year's central, unifying theme from the sf viewpoint was its dismal failure to come up with a central, unifying theme. So, just as in previous episodes, it's a quick skim through thirteen issues of *Ansible* in desperate search of sufficiently cheap and tasteless jokes—or even expensive ones, such as **The Scottish Convention**.

For fear of libel suits, the null-signifying word 'moose' has occasionally been substituted in scatological or legally dodgy phrases. For example, in place of the original, trenchant *Ansible* report you might find a sanitized version which runs: 'Martin Moose, co-chairman of **The Scottish Moose**, has organized the moose with moose efficiency; his more determinedly moose Board members seem able to communicate only by e-moose. Greg Pickersgill's salty comment was: "Moose moose moose the moose *moose*!"

Here we go ...

January

Christopher Priest was miffed to discover that DC comics writer Jim Owsley had decided to adopt, henceforth, the more 'spiritual' name Christopher Priest—without apparently being aware that having this name greatly increases one's chances of a death threat from Harlan Ellison. Ellison himself was reported as announcing in public that William Shatner 'would screw a sheep in the window of Bloomingdales if you gave him the chance', while 'Gene Roddenberry was a lying sack of shit ... a scum bag.' Douglas Adams's fan club revealed its name for the great man himself, based on close study of his signature: 'Bop Ad'. Scientologists announced plans to preserve L.Ron Hubbard's writings forever on millions of indestructible stainless steel plates from which civilization could be rebuilt after its collapse: quite apart from the terrifying implications for the future of remaindering, imagine science being reborn from study of *Battlefield Earth*, whose physics, chemistry and mathematics are widely regarded as a load of moose.

February

Carl Sagan complained bitterly about Apple's use of 'Sagan' as their private, internal nickname for a new computer project; at once the machine was renamed the BHA, widely leaked as standing for 'Butt-Head Astronomer'. The Women's Press enthusiastically explained to John Clute that they were reissuing Joanna Russ's *The Female Man* without 'that awful downmarket sci-fi cover' ... painted, as it happened, by his good lady Judith Clute. Sf casualties of the Los Angeles earthquake were confined to one cat and Harlan Ellison's nose (he fell downstairs in the dark)—'Moose moose moose!' laughed Chris Priest uncontrollably. An interestingly endowed lady was unearthed in an sf novel by George Turner: 'For answer she drew her hands right and left across her full breasts and raised them above her head....'

March

Cecelia Holland finally got around to reading William James's *Sunfall* trilogy, published here by Orbit and noted by *Ansible* in mid-1993 as bearing a Curious Resemblance to her 1969 historical novel *Until the Sun Falls* (a book about Mongol hordes, the James books being about colonists on a distant planet who behave *uncannily like* Mongol hordes): 'I ... am convinced this guy sat there with my books open next to him on the table while he "wrote" his.' John

Holm, Harry Harrison's collaborator on *The Hammer and the Cross*, was discovered to be our very own Tom Shippey: 'It's 90% Shippey,' said a Birmingham pundit, yet Holm isn't even credited on the jacket of the US edition *The Hammer and the Moose*. Meanwhile Carl Sagan's litigious rumblings caused that Apple computer project to be renamed the LAW ('Lawyers Are Wimps').

April

Pat Cadigan confided her affliction of Progressive Syllable Loss, meaning that following *Mindplayers*, *Symers* and *Fools* her next novel must of necessity be called *S*. ('You dog, Langford,' she added traditionally.) Gene Wolfe gloated over stealing Harlan Ellison's World Fantasy Convention Grand Master trophy and appearing with it in all the award photographs, having explained to H.E. that 'I was older and a better writer. (Both true.)' The real name of William James was revealed to be James William Bell; Robert Jordan, we learned, began life as Jim Rigney; and gossip columnist Eva D. Fanglord was exposed as a pseudonym of Dave Moose. Good lines were found in Connie Willis's *Doomsday Book* ('She knew how to embroider and milk a cow.') and Peter Hamilton's *Mindstar Rising* ('He lifted her tee-shirt over her head. Her silk panties followed.'). The Catholic magazine *The Tablet* came up with a *Star Trek* K/S headline: 'KIRK SPLIT ON HOMOSEXUALITY'.

May

Christopher Priest, learning that Jim Owsley had now legally changed his name to Christopher Priest, protested to DC Comics: 'If Jim must use a pseudonym, why doesn't he pick a really silly one, like, say, "Harlan Ellison"?' In a fit of butt-headedness Carl Sagan sued Apple on the grounds that the term 'Butt-Head Astronomer' had brought him 'hatred, contempt, ridicule and obloquy'. Colin Greenland discovered that the anonymous loon who plagues him (and Brian Stableford, and me, and John Gribbin) with daft pseudoscientific plot ideas had taken things a step further by writing to the BBC posing as Colin Greenland. William Gibson, working on the *Johnny Mnemonic* film, met his first producer and reported, ashen-faced, that he now knew exactly how a virus felt when it met its own specific antibody. Brian Stableford was delighted to find himself listed as dead in *The Writers' Directory* and insisted on providing his own obituary: 'Would he really have wanted so-called friends crawling out of the woodwork to proclaim that he had always been underappreciated, and to declare that his abysmal failure as a writer and as a human being had been at least a trifle unfortunate?' Jeff Noon received the Arthur C. Moose award for *Vurt*.

June

Mexicon self-destructed with Mexicon 6, where Greg Pickersgill's charismatic rhetoric caused the convention not only to vote itself unanimously out of existence but to hand all the money to a brand-new Worthy Cause, the Mexicon Moose. Harlan Ellison phoned *Ansible* to complain that coverage in this vile scandal sheet made him look like 'a goofus'. ('Just like everyone else you mention,' said fandom.) Paul McAuley's lawyers successfully shut up 'the lunatic wannabe from Canterbury' who laid claim to much of the McAuley *oeuvre*—which this person was trying to resell to publishers—and who also insisted that 'Paul McCartney stole the lyrics and music of "Yesterday" from him.' GUFF candidate Kim Huett was also worried: 'Either you exaggerate Greg Pickersgill's pronouncements beyond all belief or he is a Rasputin-like figure with long greasy hair and filthy shapeless clothing....'

July

Everyone seemed to be referring to Iain Banks's new novel as *Stewpidde Tyettul*. Harlan Ellison, champion of free speech, boasted that by adroit legal threats he'd halted distribution

and sale of Chris Priest's *The Book on the Edge of Forever* (the trade edition of his exposé *The Last Deadloss Visions*, telling the story of an anthology still unpublished after nearly a quarter-century of promises); but somehow copies seemed to sell briskly. In Australia, Terry Pratchett was required to sign a can of Fosters that had been sanctified by the touch of his godlike lips. Anne McCaffrey declined to introduce even the most tasteful hint of romance between male moose in her novels: 'I have a lot of younger readers and I must be careful what I write.' (See *Dragonflight*: 'She felt his body rock-firm against hers, his hard arms lifting her up, his mouth fastening mercilessly on hers as she drowned deep in another unexpected flood of desire' ... this is just fine for the tots, but to change the pronouns would result in filth incarnate.) *The Scottish Convention* hinted that its hotel booking forms would be released at the Canadian Worldcon in August, a prediction which proved accurate to within six months.

August

Algis Budrys couldn't make it to the Wincon convention because the US State Department, after several months' hard thought about this suspicious foreigner who'd lived there for only 58 years, found itself unable to issue a re-entry permit until too late. During Wincon itself, Jack Cohen's enthusiastic account of animal sperm collection techniques was heard with riveted attention in a McDonald's full of fans drinking thick milk-shakes. Philip G. Williamson lashed out at an insensitive reviewer (me) who called one of his books routine fantasy fare: 'I may well don the outer garments of generic fantasy,' he said memorably, 'but my underwear is full of surprises....' The Fantasy & SF Book Club claimed the *SF Encyclopaedia* contained OVER ONE MILLION PAGES, and John Brunner insisted that once, in a week and a day, he'd written a complete 71,000 word moose.

September

The ever-inventive book dealer Barry R. Levin of California tempted fans with THE MOST HORRIFYING COPY OF ANY VAMPIRE NOVEL ... Poppy Z. Brite's *Drawing Blood*, which, thanks to the helpful chap who committed suicide by setting himself on fire with a Molotov cocktail right next to a mailbox containing copies of the book's limited edition, could now be offered in the rare state 'Odor of burning human flesh otherwise fine in slipcase'. Only \$600.00! Though filled with a strange inability to comment, *Ansible* did wonder about marketing the Barry R. Levin Horror Novel Price Enhancement Kit, comprising a jar of petrol and a pork chop. Harlan Ellison turned his tactful attention to Mensa: 'A vast group of defectives who don't get laid regularly.' The Rev. Lionel Fanthorpe clobbered Guy N. Smith's March 'world record' for bashing out words in 24 hours: 'I'm the new world Champion with a total of 22,871 words against Guy's previous record of 16,000. I'd have done a lot more if the moose hadn't crashed four times ... I think that cost me at least three hours' production time during which I should have done another 4-5,000 words.' He wuz robbed.

October

Arthur C. Clarke was nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize on the basis that geosynchronous satellites have helped get world leaders talking to each other: 'Hi, Fidel, this is Bill.' He didn't win.... Carl Sagan may safely be called a BHA or Butt-Head Astronomer, ruled the US District Court for Central California as its judge threw out Sagan's libel suit against Apple: 'One does not seriously attack the expertise of a scientist using the undefined phrase "butt-head".' Cecelia Holland grew angry at lack of response from Orbit and William James to her plagiarism complaint, and decided to file a lawsuit. The annual American Booksellers' Association event was prefaced by a Writers of the Future celebration at the 'Scientology Celebrity Center' in Hollywood, where sf people became grumpy about the organized, compulsory 'three cheers for L. Ron Moose—hip, hip, hooray!' *Ansible* researchers found a

fascinating bit of geography in Brian Aldiss's *Remembrance Day*: 'She wore large bronze earrings made in an obscure country which rattled when she laughed.'

November

Jerry Pournelle's secret career in sports writing was revealed on the blurb page of a Poul Anderson novel, which named Pournelle as co-author of *Football... Ansible* has yet to trace his collaborative venture on off-track betting, *The Tote in God's Eye*. L.Ron Hubbard's posthumous career climaxed with the Ig Nobel Prize, presented by *Annals of Improbable Research* magazine to those whose achievements 'cannot or should not be reproduced': the Literature trophy inevitably went to L.Ron 'for his crackling Good Book, *Dianetics*, which is highly profitable to mankind or to a portion thereof.' Bridget Wilkinson returned from her Worldcon trip and groaned: 'I spent some time at the World SF Society business meeting. Ouch! What a bunch of rules fetishists! I thought the Trotskyites were bad 'til I met that lot.' HarperCollins's publicity for *Green Mars* by Kim Stanley Moore—Hugo winner for Best Novel—revealed that this wasn't hard sf at all but a spiritualist work in which, to reach Mars, you 'Cross the astral belt....'

December

Cecelia Holland finally triumphed: Orbit stated that they were recalling the William James *Sunfall* books and ceasing distribution—a move made with lightning speed only a year and a half after the strong resemblances were first pointed out.... Ian Watson was boggled to learn that his Games Workshop tie-in novel *Warhammer 40,000: Harlequin* had been too successful and was therefore banned from sale in Games Workshop outlets in case the spotty customers should buy it instead of a game. Jules Verne's *Paris in the 20th Century* reached print at last after a typical publishing delay ('Your cheque is in the post') lasting 131 years, and became a French bestseller. Harlan Ellison, horrified to discover cyberspace full of people speaking with the frank openness normally reserved for Harlan Ellison, denounced the entire Internet as 'a breeding ground for bullies ... who would not dare to practice their hooligan ways were it not for an environment devoid of civility, courtesy and the common proprieties which govern how human beings should behave toward one another.' An editor at Moose Books in New York commented, 'Yeah, Harlan knows a lot about bullies....'

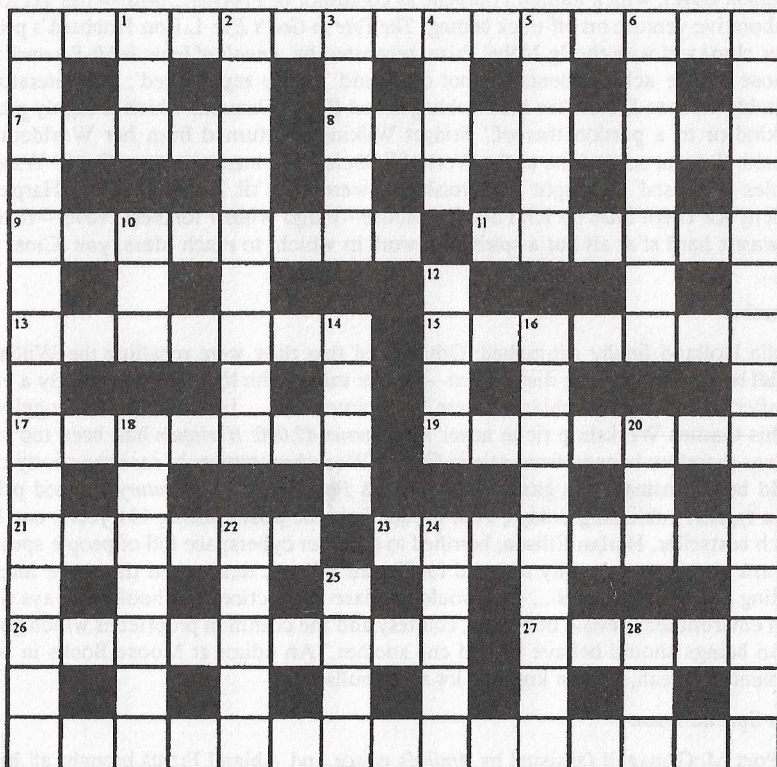
Xmas Special Issue

The Poet McGonagall (assisted by *Ansible's* editor and Abigail Frost) brought all his famous talents to a tear-jerkingly lyrical *Ode to The Scottish Moose*, beginning with how the Worldcon bidding was won partly through inspired costume-work:

... the hardened voting residue of doubters and laggards
Were taken quietly outside and intimidated with a haggis.
But some terrified fans fled south of the nearest available border
At the sight of Martin Hoare dressed up as Harry Lauder.
'Tis true the sense of wonder most proverbially wilts,
With fear of finding what's worn under such unconvincing kilts,
Whose wearers oft had one bloodstained sock (although they didn't mean to),
After ineptly thrusting there the traditional dirk or *skean-dhu*.
Our TAFF administrator still declares, to anyone who meets her,
'Twas about as authentically Scottish as a chicken tikka pizza.'

And on this inspirational note, accompanied by a faint aroma of burning moose, 1994 came to its long-awaited end.

Confabulation crossword: "Revolving Bookcase"
by John English.



The perimeter (which is otherwise unclued) spells out the names of four books by Confabulation's guest authors when read clockwise starting from the top left hand corner (18 letters, 4 words; 14 letters, 3 words; 14 letters, 4 words; 10 letters, 3 words). The unchecked letters of the perimeter (i.e. those not intersected by another clue) can be rearranged to spell "EASTER DAY NOT OVER, THERE'S SHAW'S STORY!"

Across.

- 7. Conventional symbol for low points (5)
- 8. Crease in palm used to hammer nail there (5,4)
- 9. Spirit dwelling wherein cotton seeds disappear (8)
- 11. Gold involved in plot, black paint... (6)
- 13. ... helps to reveal headless aristos surrounding returned soldier (7)
- 15. Guest production produces dizziness (7)
- 17. Permanent alien navy drowned in foaming ale (7)

Confabulation

19. Fairly pleasant confusion since I have begun (7)
21. At first this story had ideas; retrospectively they've been there, bought this (1-5)
23. Guest production set in pub (8)
26. Forsook manic creed containing reference to object (9)
27. Excuse intelligent machine containing small library (5)

Down.

1. Owls cry thus at Sutton burial site (3)
2. Instrument played by dragon always uplifting at first (4-5)
3. See 18.
4. Guest production of southern hedge (4)
5. Bird the French designate... (5)
6. ... in a ride to Achnar, brightest of these? (7)
10. Nothing in number 49, ... (3)
12. ... flat wherein First Lady mounted footman at last! (4)
14. Missile chamber excites Bujold or Lane, perhaps? (4)
16. Grass on Catholic at a production of a type of fugue (9)
- 18,3. Guest production of endless gas; foot has gone rotten! (5,2,5)
20. Climber beheaded ancient writer (3)
22. Headless pigs eat here, where golf balls are lost (5)
24. Reconstruction of dread computer? (5)
25. Part of play; one reveals proceedings (4)
28. Belief in this method? (3)

Intersection Survival Guide

The World Science Fiction Convention will be held in Glasgow later in the year, from August 24th to 28th. As this is the first time that the Worldcon has been in the UK since 1987, it will be the first time for many of our members, and we'd like to offer you some advice as to the best way to enjoy it, or at least to survive it.

First, and most important, *never* refer to it as the World SF Convention. If you do, you will be ritually disembowelled and then subjected to tortures so abstruse and dreadful that they are known only to members of the WSFS Mark Protection Committee.

The next tip is *never* volunteer. The committee volunteered, and look where that got them. Many **Scottish Convention** committee members have since devolunteered, but simply failing to volunteer in the first place is much safer. Of course, it's hard to avoid volunteering if Martin Easterbrook sets Fiona and Patty on you, but try to resist. You'll thank us for it later.

Remember to bring your flak jacket and anti-personnel devices for use when travelling between the SECC and the city centre hotels late at night. Glasgow *has* been improving its image lately, and you can probably leave the armoured car at home.

If you follow these simple tips, there's no reason why you shouldn't enjoy the World SF Conventaaaaaaaargh....

Many thanks to Lois and her publishers, who have allowed us to print this extract from her next novel Cetaganda

CHAPTER THREE

"The proper name for the Cetagandan imperial residence is the Celestial Garden," said Vorob'yev, "but all the galactics just call it Xanadu. You'll see why in a moment. Duvi, take the scenic approach."

"Yes, my lord," returned the young sergeant who was driving. He altered the control program. The Barrayaran embassy aircar banked, and shot through a shining stalagmite array of city towers.

"*Gently*, if you please, Duvi. My stomach, at this hour of the morning..."

"Yes, my lord." Regretfully, the driver slowed them to a saner pace. They dipped, wove around a building that Miles estimated must have been a kilometer high, and rose again. The horizon dropped away.

"Woah," said Ivan. "That's the biggest force dome I've ever seen. I didn't know they could expand them to that size."

"It absorbs the output of an entire generating plant," said Vorob'yev, "for the dome alone. Another for the interior."

A flattened opalescent bubble six kilometers across reflected the late morning sun of Eta Ceta. It lay in the midst of the city like a vast egg in a bowl, a pearl beyond price. It was ringed first by a kilometer-wide park with trees, then by a street reflecting silver, then by another park, then by an ordinary street, thick with traffic. From this eight wide boulevards fanned out like the spokes of a wheel, centering the city. Centering the universe, Miles gained the impression. The effect was doubtless intended.

"The ceremony today is in some measure a dress rehearsal for the final one in a week and a half," Vorob'yev went on, "since absolutely everyone will be there, ghem-lords, haut-lords, galactics and all. There will likely be organizational delays. As long as they're not on our part. I spent a week of hard negotiating to get you your official rankings and place in this."

"Which is?" said Miles.

"You two will be placed equivalently to second-order ghem-lords." Vorob'yev shrugged. "It was the best I could do."

In the mob, though toward the front of it. The better to watch without being much noticed himself, Miles supposed. Today, that seemed like a good idea. All three of them, Vorob'yev, Ivan, and himself, were wearing their respective House mourning uniforms, logos and decorations of rank stitched in black silk on black cloth. Maximum formal, since they were to be in the Imperial presence itself. Miles ordinarily liked his Vorkosigan House uniform, whether the original brown and silver or this somber and elegant version, because the tall boots not only allowed but required him to dispense with the leg braces. But getting the boots on over his swollen burns this morning had been... painful. He was going to be limping more noticeably than usual, even tanked as he was on pain-killers. *I'll remember this, Yenaro.*

They spiraled down to a landing by the most southerly dome entrance, fronted by a landing

lot already crowded with other vehicles. Vorob'yev dismissed the driver and aircar.

"We keep no escort, my lord?" Miles said doubtfully, watching it go, and awkwardly shifting the long polished maplewood box he carried.

Vorob'yev shook his head. "Not for security purposes. No one but the Cetagandan emperor himself could arrange an assassination inside the Celestial Garden, and if he wished to have you eliminated here, a regiment of bodyguards would do you no good."

Some very tall men in the dress uniforms of the Cetagandan Imperial Guard vetted them through the dome locks. The guardsmen shunted them toward a collection of float-pallets set up as open cars, with white silky upholstered seats, the color of Cetagandan Imperial mourning. Each ambassadorial party was bowed on board by what looked to be senior servants in white and gray. The robotically-routed float-cars set off at a sedate pace a hand-span above the white-jade-paved walkways winding through a vast arboretum and botanical garden. Here and there Miles saw the rooftops of scattered and hidden pavilions peeking through the trees. All the buildings were low and private, except for some elaborate towers poking up in the center of the magic circle, almost three kilometers away. Though the sun shone outside in an Eta Ceta spring day, the weather inside the dome was set to a gray, cloudy, and appropriately mournful dampness, promising, but doubtless not delivering, rain.

At length they wafted to a sprawling pavilion just to the west of the central towers, where another servant bowed them out of the car and directed them inside, along with a dozen other delegations. Miles stared around, trying to identify them all.

The Marilacans, yes, there was the silver-haired Bernaux, some green-clad people who might be Jacksonians, a delegation from Aslund which included their chief of state—even they had only two guards, disarmed—the Betan ambassadress in a black-on-purple brocade jacket and matching sarong, all streaming in to honor this one dead woman who would never have met them face to face when alive. *Surreal* seemed an understatement. Miles felt like he'd crossed the border into Faerie, and when they emerged this afternoon, a hundred years would have passed outside. The galactics had to pause at the doorway to make way for the party of a haut-lord satrap governor. *He* had an escort of a dozen ghem-guards, Miles noted, in full formal face paint, orange, green, and white swirls.

The decor inside was surprisingly simple—tasteful, Miles supposed—tending heavily to the organic, arrangements of live flowers and plants and little fountains, as if bringing the garden indoors. The connecting halls were hushed, not echoing, yet one's voice carried clearly. They'd done something extraordinary with acoustics. More palace servants circulated offering food and drinks to the guests.

A pair of pearl-colored spheres drifted at a walking pace across the far end of one hall, and Miles blinked at his first glimpse of haut-ladies. Sort of.

Outside of their very private quarters haut-women all hid themselves behind personal force-shields, usually generated, Miles had been told, from a float-chair. The shields could be made any color, according to the mood or whim of the wearer, but today would all be white for the occasion. The haut-lady could see out with perfect clarity, but no one could see in. Or reach in, or penetrate the barrier with stunner, plasma, or nerve disruptor fire, or small projectile weapons or minor explosions. True, the force-screen also eliminated the opportunity to fire out, but that seemed not to be a haut-lady concern. The shield could be cut in half with a gravitic imploder lance, Miles supposed, but the imploders' bulky power packs, massing several hundred kilos, made them strictly field ordnance, not hand weapons.

Inside their bubbles, the haut-women could be wearing anything. Did they ever cheat? Stop around in old clothes and comfy slippers when they were supposed to be dressed up? Go nude to garden parties? Who could tell?

A tall elderly man in the pure white robes reserved for the haut- and ghem-lords approached the Barrayaran party. His features were austere, his skin finely wrinkled and almost transparent. He was the Cetagandan equivalent of an Imperial major-domo, apparently, though with a much more flowery title, for after collecting their credentials from Vorob'yev he provided them with exact instructions as to their place and timing in the upcoming procession. His attitude conveyed that outlanders might be hopelessly gauche, but if one repeated the directions in a firm tone and made them simple enough, there was a chance of getting through this ceremony without disgrace.

He looked down his hawk-beak nose at the polished box. "And this is your gift, Lord Vorkosigan?"

Miles managed to unlatch the box and open it for display without dropping it. Within, nestled on a black velvet bed, lay an old, nicked sword. "This is the gift selected from his collection by my Emperor, Gregor Vorbarra, in honor of your late Empress. It is the sword his Imperial ancestor Dorca Vorbarra the Just carried in the First Cetagandan War." One of several, but no need to go into that. "A priceless and irreplaceable historical artifact. Here is its documentation of provenance."

"Oh," the major-domo's feathery white brows lifted almost despite themselves. He took the packet, sealed with Gregor's personal mark, with more respect. "Please convey my Imperial master's thanks to yours," he half-bowed, and withdrew.

"*That* worked well," said Vorob'yev with satisfaction.

"I should bloody think so," growled Miles. "Breaks my heart." He handed off the box to Ivan to juggle for a while.

Nothing seemed to be happening just yet—organizational delays, Miles supposed. He drifted away from Ivan and Vorob'yev in search of a hot drink. He was on the point of capturing something steaming and, he hoped, non-sedating, from a passing tray when a quiet voice at his elbow intoned, "Lord Vorkosigan?"

He turned, and stifled an indrawn breath. A short and rather androgynous elderly... woman?—stood by his side, dressed in the gray and white of Xanadu's service staff. Her head was bald as an egg, her face devoid of hair. Not even eyebrows. "Yes... ma'am?"

"Ba," she said in the tone of one offering a polite correction. "A lady wishes to speak with you. Would you accompany me, please?"

"Uh... sure." She turned and paced soundlessly away, and he followed in alert anticipation. A lady? With luck, it might be Mia Maz of the Vervani delegation, who ought to be around somewhere in this mob of a thousand people. He was developing some urgent questions for her. *No eyebrows? I was expecting a contact sometime, but... here?*

They exited the hall. Passing out of sight of Vorob'yev and Ivan stretched Miles's nerves still further. He followed the gliding servant down a couple of corridors, and across a little open garden thick with moss and tiny flowers misted with dew. The noises from the reception hall still carried faintly through the damp air. They entered a small building, open to the garden on two sides and floored with dark wood that made his black boots echo unevenly in time with his limping stride. In a dim recess of the pavilion, a woman-sized pearlescent sphere floated a few centimeters above the polished floor, which reflected an inverted halo from its light.

"Leave us," a voice from the sphere directed the servant, who bowed and withdrew, eyes downcast. The transmission through the force screen gave the voice a low, flat timbre.

The silence lengthened. Maybe she'd never seen a physically imperfect man before. Miles bowed, and waited, trying to look cool and suave, and not stunned and wildly curious.

Please kind Sir, vote for
our poor starving Worldcon
Bid. It would please the
dickens out of us.

I wouldn't twist
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"So, Lord Vorkosigan," came the voice again at last. "Here I am."

"Er... quite." Miles hesitated. "And just who are you, milady, besides a very pretty soap-bubble?"

There was a longer pause, then, "I am the haut Rian Degtiar. Servant of the Celestial Lady, and Handmaiden of the Star Crèche."

Another flowery haut-title that gave no clue to its function. He could name every ghem-lord on the Cetagandan General Staff, all the satrap governors and their ghem-officers, but this female haut-babble was new to him. But the Celestial Lady was the polite name for the late Empress haut Lisbet Degtiar, and that name at least he knew—

"You are a relative of the late Dowager Empress, milady?"

"I am of her genomic constellation, yes. Three generations removed. I have served her half my life."

A lady-in-waiting, all right. One of the old Empress's personal retinue, then, the most inward of insiders. *Very* high rank, probably very aged as well. "Uh... you're not related to a ghem-lord named Yenaro, by chance, are you?"

"Who?" Even through the force screen the voice conveyed utter bafflement.

"Never mind. Clearly not important." He legs were beginning to throb. Getting the damn boots back off when he returned to the embassy was going to be an even better trick than getting them on had been. "I could not help noticing your serving woman. Are there many folk around here with no hair?"

"It is not a woman. It is Ba."

"Ba?"

"The neuter ones, the Emperor's high-slaves. In his Celestial Father's time it was the fashion to make them smooth like that."

Ah. Genetically-engineered, genderless servants. He'd heard rumors about them, mostly connected, illogically enough, with sexual scenarios that had more to do with the teller's hopeful fantasies than any likely reality. But they were reputed to be a race utterly loyal to the lord who had, after all, literally created them. "So... not all Ba are hairless, but all the hairless ones are Ba?" he worked it out.

"Yes..." More silence, then, "Why have you come to the Celestial Garden, Lord Vorkosigan?"

His brow wrinkled. "To hold up Barrayar's honor in this circu—um, solemn procession, and to present your late Empress's bier-gift. I'm an envoy. By appointment of Emperor Gregor Vorbarra, whom *I* serve. In my own small way."

Another, longer pause. "You mock me in my misery."

"What?"

"What do you *want*, Lord Vorkosigan?"

"What do *I* want? You called me here, Lady, isn't it the other way around?" He rubbed his neck, tried again. "Er... can I help you, by chance?"

"You?!"

Her astonished tone stung him. "Yeah, me! I'm not as..." *incompetent as I look*, "I've been known to accomplish a thing or two, in my time. But if you won't give me a clue as to what this is all about, I can't. I will if I do know but I can't if I don't. Don't you see." Now he had confused himself, tongue-tangled. "Look, can we start this conversation over?" He bowed

low. "Good day, I am Lord Miles Vorkosigan of Barrayar. How may I assist you, milady?"
"Thief—!"

The light dawned at last. "Oh. Oh, no. I am a Vorkosigan, and no thief, milady. Though as possibly a recipient of stolen property, I may be a fence," he allowed judiciously.

More baffled silence; perhaps she was not familiar with criminal jargon. Miles went on a little desperately, "Have you, uh, by chance lost an object? Rod-shaped electronic device with a bird-crest seal on the cap?"

"You have it!" Her voice was a wail of dismay.

"Well, not *on* me."

Her voice went low, throaty, desperate. "You still have it. You must return it to me."

"Gladly, if you can prove it belongs to you. I certainly don't pretend it belongs to me," he added pointedly.

"You would do this... for nothing?"

"For the honor of my name, and, er... I *am* ImpSec. I'd do almost anything for information. Satisfy my curiosity, and the deed is done."

Her voice came back in a shocked whisper, "You mean you don't even know what it *is*?"

The silence stretched for so long after that, he was beginning to be afraid the old lady had fainted dead away in there. Processional music wafted faintly through the air from the great pavilion.

"Oh, shi—er, oh. That damn parade is starting, and I'm supposed to be near the front. Milady, how can I reach you?"

"You can't." Her voice was suddenly breathless. "I have to go too. I'll send for you." The white bubble rose, and began to float away.

"Where? When—?" The music was building toward the start-cue.

"Say nothing of this!"

He managed a sketchy bow at her retreating maybe-back, and began hobbling hastily across the garden. He had a horrible feeling he was about to be very publicly late.

When he wended his way back into the reception area, he found the scene was every bit as bad as he'd feared. A line of people was advancing to the main exit, toward the tower buildings, and Vorob'yev in the Barrayaran delegation's place was dragging his feet, creating an obvious gap, and staring around urgently. He spotted Miles and mouthed silently, *Hurry up, damnit!* Miles hobbled faster, feeling as if every eye in the room was on him.

Ivan, with an exasperated look on his face, handed over the box to him as he arrived. "Where the hell were you all this time, in the lav? I looked there—"

"Sh. Tell you later. I've just had the most bizarre..." Miles struggled with the heavy maplewood box, and straightened it around into an appropriate presentational position. He marched forward across a courtyard paved with more carved jade, catching up at last with the delegation in front of them just as they reached the door to one of the high-towered buildings. They all filed into an echoing rotunda. Miles spied a few white bubbles in the line ahead, but there was no telling if one was his old haut-lady. The game-plan called for everyone to slowly circle the bier, genuflect, and lay their gifts in a spiral pattern in order of seniority/status/clout, and file out the opposite doors to the northern pavilion (for the haut-lords and ghem-lords), or the eastern pavilion (for the galactic ambassadors) where a funereal luncheon would be served.

But the steady procession stopped, and began to pile up in the wide arched doorways. From the rotunda ahead, instead of quiet music and hushed, shuffling footsteps, a startled babble poured. Voices were raised in sharp astonishment, then other voices in even sharper command.

"What's gone wrong?" Ivan wondered, craning his neck. "Did somebody faint or something?"

Since Miles's eye-level view was of the shoulders of the man ahead of him, he could scarcely answer this. With a lurch, the line began to proceed again. It reached the rotunda, but then was shunted out a door immediately to the left. A ghem-commander stood at the intersection, directing traffic with low-voiced instructions, repeated over and over, "Please retain your gifts and proceed directly around the outside walkway to the Eastern Pavilion, please retain your gifts and proceed directly to the Eastern Pavilion, all will be re-ordered presently, please retain—"

At the center of the rotunda, above everyone's heads on a great catafalque, lay the Dowager Empress in state. Even in death outlander eyes were not invited to look upon her. Her bier was surrounded by a force-bubble, made translucent; only a shadow of her form was visible through it, as if through gauze, a white-clad, slight, sleeping ghost. A line of mixed ghem-guards apparently just drafted from the passing satrap governors stood in a row from catafalque to wall on either side of the bier, shielding something else from the passing eyes.

Miles couldn't stand it. *After all, they can't massacre me here in front of everybody, can they?* He jammed the maplewood box at Ivan, and ducked under the elbow of the ghem-officer trying to shoo everyone out the other door. Smiling pleasantly, his hands held open and empty, he slipped between two startled ghem-guards, who were clearly not expecting such a rude and impudent move.

On the other side of the catafalque, in the position reserved for the first gift of the haut-lord of highest status, lay a dead body. Its throat was cut, and quantities of fresh red blood pooled on the shimmering green malachite floor all around, soaking into its gray and white palace servitor's uniform. A thin jeweled knife was clutched rigorously in its out-flung right hand. *It* was exactly the term for the corpse, too. A bald, eyebrowless, man-shaped creature, elderly but not frail... Miles recognized their intruder from the personnel pod even without the false hair. His own heart seemed to stop in astonishment.

Somebody's just raised the stakes in this little game.

The highest-ranking ghem-officer in the room swooped down upon him. Even through the swirl of face paint his smile was fixed, the look of a man constrained to be polite to someone he would more naturally have preferred to bludgeon to the pavement. "Lord Vorkosigan, would you re-join your delegation, please?"

"Of course. Who was that poor fellow?"

The ghem-commander made little herding motions at him—the Cetagandan was not fool enough to actually touch him, of course—and Miles allowed himself to be moved off. Grateful, irate, and flustered, the man was actually surprised into an unguarded reply. "It is Ba Lura, the Celestial Lady's most senior servitor. The Ba has served her for sixty years and more—it seems to have wished to follow on and serve her in death as well. A most tasteless gesture, to do it *here*..." The ghem-commander buffeted Miles near enough to the again-stopped line of delegates for Ivan's long arm to reach out, grab him, and pull him in, and march him doorward with a firm fist in the middle of his back.

"What the hell is going on?" Ivan bent his head to hiss in Miles's ear from behind.

And where were you when the murder took place, Lord Vorkosigan? Except that it didn't look like a murder, it really did look like a suicide. Done in a most archaic manner. Less than thirty

minutes ago. While he had been off talking with the mysterious white bubble, who might or might not have been haut Rian Degtiar, how the hell was he to tell? The corridor seemed to be spinning, but Miles supposed it was only his brain.

"You should not have gotten out of line, my lord," said Vorob'yev severely. "Ah... what was it you saw?"

Miles's lip curled, but he tamped it back down. "One of the late Dowager Empress's oldest Ba servants has just cut its throat at the foot of her bier. I didn't know the Cetagandans made a fashion of human sacrifice. Not officially, anyway."

Vorob'yev's lips pursed in a soundless whistle, then flashed a brief, instantly-stifled grin. "How *awkward* for them," he purred. "They are going to have an interesting scramble, trying to retrieve *this* ceremony."

Yes. So if the creature was so loyal, why did it arrange what it must have known would be a major embarrassment for its masters? Posthumous revenge? Admittedly, with Cetagandans that's the safest kind....

By the time they completed an interminable hike around the outside of the central towers to the pavilion on the eastern side, Miles's legs were killing him. In a huge hall, the several hundred galactic delegates were being seated at tables by an army of servitors, all moving just a little faster than strict dignity would have preferred. Since some of the bier-gifts the other delegates carried were even bulkier than the Barrayarans' maplewood box, the seating was going slowly and more awkwardly than planned, with a lot of people jumping up and down and re-arranging themselves, to the servitors' evident dismay. Somewhere deep in the bowels of the building Miles pictured a squadron of harried Cetagandan cooks swearing many colorful and obscene Cetagandan oaths.

Miles spotted the Vervani delegation being seated about a third of the way across the room. He took advantage of the confusion to slip out of his assigned chair, weave around several tables, and try to seize a word with Mia Maz.

He stood by her elbow, and smiled tensely. "Good afternoon, m'lady Maz. I have to talk—"

"Lord Vorkosigan! I tried to talk with you—" they cut across each other's greetings.

"You first," he ducked his head at her.

"I tried to call you at your embassy earlier, but you'd already left. What in the world happened in the rotunda, do you have any idea? For the Cetagandans to alter a ceremony of this magnitude in the middle—it's unheard of."

"They didn't exactly have a choice. Well, I suppose they could have ignored the body and just carried on around it—I think that would have been much more impressive, personally -- but evidently they decided to clean it up first." Again Miles repeated what he was beginning to think of as "the official version" of Ba Lura's suicide. He had the total attention of everyone within earshot. To hell with it, the rumors would be flying soon enough no matter what he said or didn't say.

"Did you have any luck with that little research question I posed to you last night?" Miles continued. "I, uh... don't think this is the time or place to discuss it, but..."

"Yes, and yes," Maz said.

And not over any holovid transmission channel on this planet, either, Miles thought, supposedly-secured or not. "Can you stop by the Barrayan Embassy, directly after this? We'll... take tea, or something."

"I think that would be very appropriate," Maz said. She watched him with newly-intensified curiosity in her dark eyes.

"I need a lesson in etiquette," Miles added, for the benefit of their interested nearby listeners. Maz's eyes twinkled in something that might have been suppressed amusement. "So I have heard it said, my lord," she murmured.

"By—" *whom?* he choked off. *Vorob'yev, I fear.* "Bye," he finished instead, rapped the table cheerily, and retreated back to his proper place. Vorob'yev watched Miles seat himself with a slightly dangerous look in his eyes that suggested he was thinking of putting a leash on the peripatetic young envoy soon, but he made no comment aloud.

By the time they had eaten their way through about twenty courses of tiny delicacies, which more than made up in numbers what they lacked in volume, the Cetagandans had re-organized themselves. The haut-lord major-domo was apparently one of those commanders who was never more masterly than when in retreat, for he managed to get everyone marshaled in the correct order of seniority again even though the line was now being cycled through the rotunda in reverse. One sensed the major-domo would be cutting *his* throat later, in the proper place and with the proper ceremony, and not in this dreadful harum-scarum fashion.

Miles laid down the maplewood box on the malachite floor in the second turning of the growing spiral of gifts, about a meter from where Ba Lura had poured out its life. The unmarked, perfectly polished floor wasn't even damp. And had the Cetagandan security people had time to do a forensics scan before the clean-up? Or had someone been counting on the hasty destruction of the subtler evidence? *Damn, I wish I could have been in charge of this, just now.*

The white float cars were waiting on the other side of the eastern pavilion, to carry the emissaries back to the gates of the Celestial Garden. The entire ceremony had run only about an hour late, but Miles's sense of time was inverted from his first whimsical vision of Xanadu as Faerie. He felt as if a hundred years had gone by inside the dome, while only a morning had passed in the outside world. He winced painfully in the bright afternoon light, as Vorob'yev's sergeant-driver brought the embassy aircar to their pick-up point. Miles fell gratefully into his seat.

I think they're going to have to cut these bloody boots off, when we get back home.

A Message from Shaggy the Moose

by Steven Cain (after Lewis Carroll)

What, if anything, can be deduced from all the statements below? (Intermediate conclusions are not required).

1. I never drink Ströh to excess, unless elves cast a spell on me.
2. When I smell musk, I immediately find a fit female moose.
3. During lunar-moose tides, packs of wild fans terrorise East London.
4. With enough Vitamin C in my system, I do not get hangovers.
5. Solar horoscope: Children born over Easter 1995 have the Elk as their sign of the Zodiac.
6. I completely lose my appetite for filk when in female company.
7. Elvish enchantments are ineffective when there are no moose in Docklands.
8. Fans in East London only become wild when I have my filking itch.
9. Unless I drink too much Ströh, I am never short of Vitamin C.
10. Lunar-moose tides invariably occur when the sun rises in the House of the Elk.
11. I know that I have a hangover when I cannot smell musk.

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Moose Recipes

Moose Rump Roast

6 - 7 lbs moose rump roast
4 tbs Worcestershire sauce
vegetable oil
salt and pepper
1 large onion
garlic puree
a good size glass of red wine
1/2 pint water
(for gravy)
2 tps cornflour
1/2 cup water

Trim off all excess fat and rub roast all over with vegetable oil. Sprinkle on salt, pepper and rub in garlic puree. Slice onion and lay in bottom of roasting pan. Pour two table-spoons of worcestershire over onions. Place roast on onion slices. Pour rest of worcester-shire sauce over roast. Add wine and water. Seal roasting pan with aluminium foil and bake at 325°F for 3½ to 4 hours, adding water as necessary to keep moist. When roast is done, re-mo-ve from pan. To make gravy, add 2 cups water to contents of roasting pan. Bring to boil and scrape bottom of pan. Mix 3 tsp cornflour with ¼ pint of water and pour into pan, stirring constantly, until gravy is bub-bling. Salt and pepper to taste.

Stuffed Moose Round Steaks Supreme

3 lbs moose round steak
4 oz butter
1lb minced venison
meat tenderiser
salt and pepper to taste
1 large onion, chopped
½ pint water
2 tbs pine nuts
a good sized glass of burgundy

Melt 2 oz butter in large heavy skillet at low heat. Brown onion, then add the minced venison and pine nuts. Tenderise steak with

meat tenderiser, using directions on bottle. Lay steak on floured board. Spread mince mixture on round steak and roll up as a swiss roll. Tie with butcher string. Melt remaining butter and brown steak on all sides. Add water and burgundy. Cover and steam for two hours or until tender.

Coffee Moose Pie

Base:

½ pint wholemeal breadcrumbs
¼ pint rolled oats
½ tsp cinnamon
½ tsp ground ginger
1 tbs apple juice

Filling:

16 fl. oz. chilled lowfat
evaporated skimmed milk
4 tbs apple juice
2 tps vanilla extract
¼ pint orange juice
2 tsp coffee
granules
2 tbs gelatine
3 fl oz boiling
water
3 tps finely
grated orange
zest

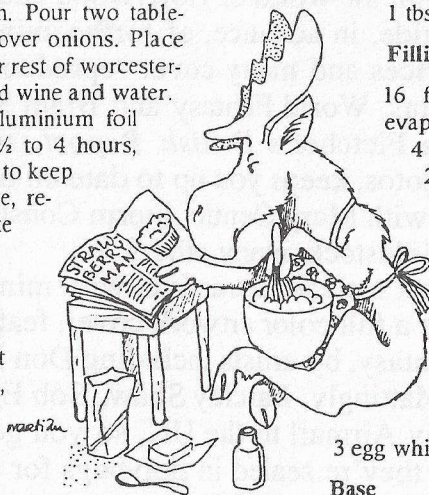
3 egg whites

Base

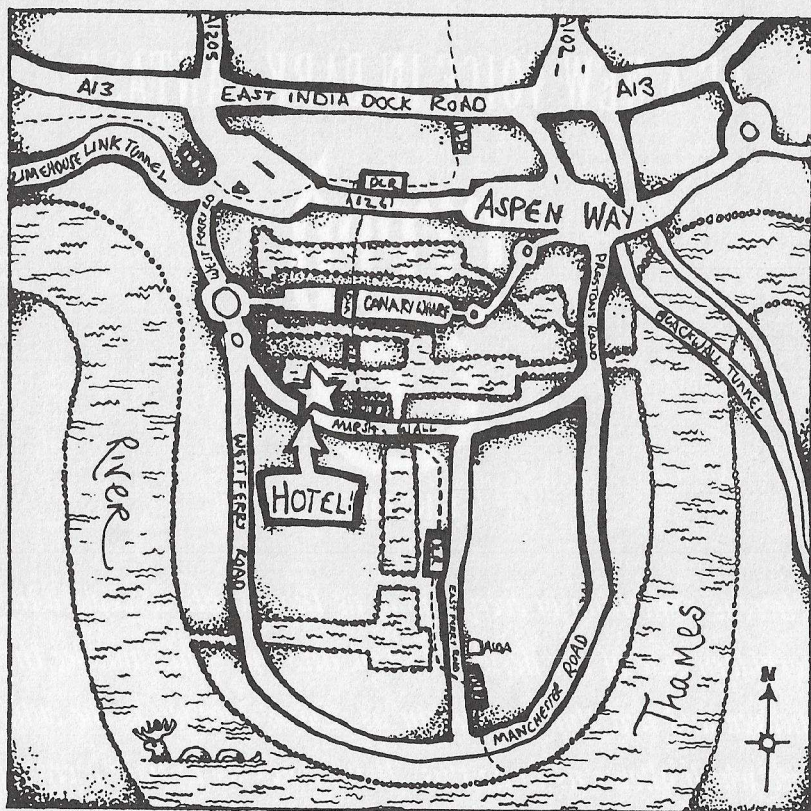
Combine base ingredients in food processor. Whizz. Press into a cheesecake springform cake tin. Bake at 180°C for 15 minutes till lightly brown. Leave to cool.

Filling

Beat evaporated milk until thick & creamy. Add apple juice, vanilla extract, orange juice and coffee. Beat lightly till combined. Dis-solve gelatine in boiling water. Mix through milk mixture. Beat egg whites till stiff. Fold through milk mixture and add orange zest. Pour over base and refrigerate. Decorate with mandarin segments.



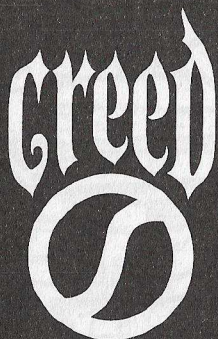
Docklands



Seven things to do in (or very near) Docklands

1. Visit the London Docklands Visitor Centre, less than $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the con.
2. Walk under the Thames to Greenwich, home of a well-known meridian. Stand in two hemispheres at once.
3. For pedants. The Greenwich Meridian goes through the Isle of Dogs as well. Stand in two hemispheres at once without any clues to tell you where to stand.
4. For *real* pedants. You can of course stand *anywhere* and be in two hemispheres at once.
5. Visit Tower Bridge, which has been repainted to resemble a large, bridge-shaped birthday cake.
6. Spot buildings made entirely out of Lego Duplo Maximo.
7. Visit the Thames Barrier, marvel at the force of the sea, and notice it's rather windy.

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Awards

It is a tradition that major SF conventions give awards to honour 'The Best' of that year. Whether it is the best new writer, fanzine artist or the best costumer, there is a special something about being the winner of an award made at the Eastercon. This is because these awards are conferred under the aegis of the British National Science Fiction Convention and thus imply the approval of British fandom at large. The awards traditionally given at a British Eastercon come from a number of sources:

BSFA Awards

The BSFA awards are run by the British Science Fiction Association, and are voted on by BSFA members and attendees of the convention. The votes are counted by BSFA and the presentation of awards is made during the convention.

Ken McIntyre Award

The Ken McIntyre award is given for the best fannish artwork. The art must have appeared in a fannish publication in the previous year, and both the original artwork and a published copy must be on display at the convention. It is voted on by an expert panel.

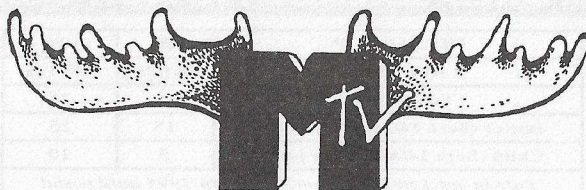
Doc Weir Award

The Doc Weir award is a very special award. To start with, depending on who you talk to, the actual cup awarded is worth between £100 and £2000 (though of course it has to be returned to be presented to the next winner). Secondly, and more importantly, it is given to someone who has made an outstanding contribution to fandom over the years. It is given in honour of Doc Weir (who also made the award possible, both financially, and by promoting British fandom for many years so that it could become what it is today.) In many ways it is the fannish equivalent of the Grand-Master Hugo. It is voted on by the attendees at the Eastercon.

Arthur C. Clarke award

The Arthur C. Clarke award is made by an expert panel, but is not awarded at the Eastercon. It is awarded for the best new novel of the year.

Aside from the main named awards, there are also various awards given for the endeavours of fans themselves. These are won by people who astound with their knowledge of SF, produce wonderful costumes, propel eggs staggering distances, or in some other way achieve excellence in an SF related field. These serve to bring awards within reach of (nearly) all of us.



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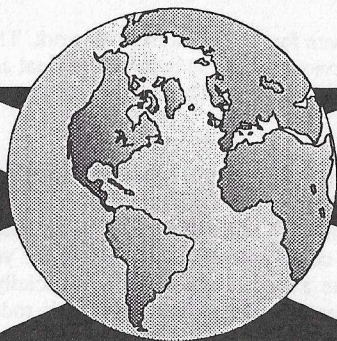
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British National And International Conventions

Early Conventions

1937	Leeds	
1938	London	
1939	London	
1943	Leicester	Midvention
1944	London	Eastercon

Eastercons

1	1948	London	Whitcon	Bertram Chandler
2	1949	London	Loncon	
*	1951	London	Festivention	Forrest Ackerman, Lyell Crane
3	1952	London	Loncon	
4	1953	London	Coroncon	
5	1954	Manchester	Supermancon	John Russell Fearn
6	1955	Kettering	Cytricon	
7	1956	Kettering	Cytricon II	
8	1957	Kettering	Cytricon III	
9	1958	Kettering	Cytricon IV	
10	1959	Birmingham	Brumcon	
11	1960	London		Ted Carnell, Don Ford
12	1961	Gloucester	LXIcon	Kingsley Amis
13	1962	Harrogate	Ronvention	Tom Boardman
14	1963	Peterborough	Bullcon	Edmund Crispin
15	1964	Peterborough	Repetercon	Ted Tubb
16	1965	Birmingham	Brumcon 2	Harry Harrison
17	1966	Yarmouth	Yarcon	Ron Whiting
18	1967	Bristol	Briscon	John Brunner
19	1968	Buxton	Thirdmancon	Ken Bulmer
20	1969	Oxford	Galactic Fair	Judith Merrill
21	1970	London	Scicon '70	James Blish
22	1971	Worcester	Eastercon 22	Anne McCaffrey, Ethel Lindsay
23	1972	Chester	Chessmancon	Larry Niven
24	1973	Bristol	OMPAcon	Samuel R Delany
25	1974	Newcastle	Tynecon	Bob Shaw, Peter Weston
26	1975	Coventry	Seacon	Harry Harrison
27	1976	Manchester	Mancon 5	Robert Silverberg, Peter Roberts

Confabulation

28	1977	Coventry	Eastercon '77	John Bush
29	1978	Heathrow	Skycon	Robert Sheckley, Roy Kettle
30	1979	Leeds	Yorcon	Richard Cowper, Graham & Pat Charnock
31	1980	Glasgow	Albacon	Colin Kapp, Jim Barker
32	1981	Leeds	Yorcon II	Ian Watson, Dave Langford, Tom Disch
33	1982	Brighton	Channelcon	Angela Carter, John Sladek
34	1983	Glasgow	Albacon II	James White, Avedon Carol, Marion Zimmer Bradley
35	1984	Brighton	Seacon '84	Roger Zelazny, Waldemar Kumming Chris Priest, Pierre Barbet, Josef Nesvedba
36	1985	Leeds	Yorcon III	Greg Benford, Linda Pickersgill
37	1986	Glasgow	Albacon III	Joe Haldeman, John Jarrold
38	1987	Birmingham	BECCON '87	Keith Roberts, Chris Atkinson
39	1988	Liverpool	Follycon	Gordon Dickson, Greg Pickersgill Gwyneth Jones, Len Wein
40	1989	Jersey	Contrivance	M. John Harrison, Avedon Carol Anne McCaffrey, Rob Hansen Don Lawrence
41	1990	Liverpool	Eastcon	Iain Banks, Anne Page, SMS
42	1991	Glasgow	Speculation	Rob Holdstock
43	1992	Blackpool	Illumination	Geoff Ryman, Paul McAuley, Pam Wells
44	1993	Jersey	Helicon	George RR Martin, John Brunner, Karel Thole, Larry van der Putte
45	1994	Liverpool	Sou'Wester	Barbara Hambly, Neil Gaiman, Peter Morwood, Diane Duane
46	1995	London	Confabulation	Lois McMaster Bujold, Bob Shaw, Roger Robinson
47	1996	London	Evolution	Vernor Vinge, Colin Greenland, Bryan Talbot, Jack Cohen

British Worldcons

1957	London	Loncon I	John W Campbell Jr
1965	London	Loncon II	Brian W Aldiss
1979	Brighton	Seacon '79	Brian W Aldiss, Fritz Leiber, Harry Bell
1987	Brighton	Conspiracy '87	Alfred Bester, Ray Harryhausen, Doris Lessing, Jim Burns, Arkady Strugatsky, Boris Strugatsky, Joyce & Ken Slater, Dave Langford
1995	Glasgow	The Scottish Con	Samuel R Delany, Gerry Anderson, Vincent Clarke, Les Edwards, Peter Morwood, Diane Duane

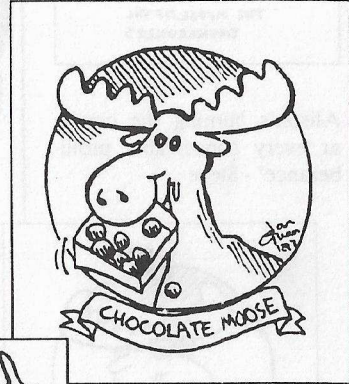
Moose Gallery

Many talented artists answered our request for moose pictures and fillos (including our own Sue 'No-More-Moose-No-Not-Ever-Again' Mason who drew all the PR covers and the cover of this program book). Here are a few samples from Ian Gunn, Tom Abba, Dave Mooring, Annette Kirk (and, of course, Sue).

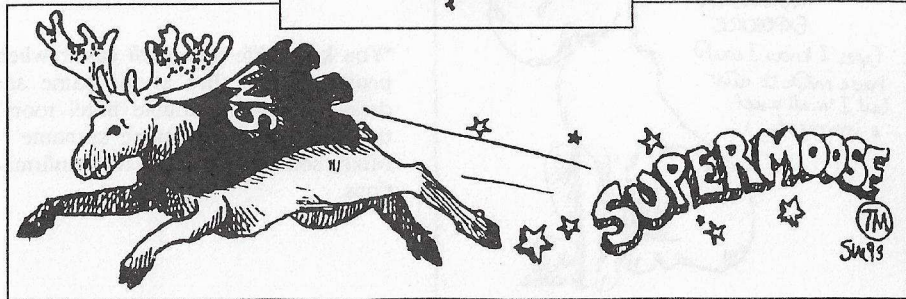


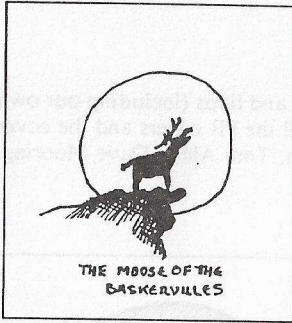
Alison: "Sue, can you draw me a moose in a nun's habit skipping gaily across the Austrian Tyrol? With edelweiss?"

'If you lot are being as industrious as I am then Confabulation's going to be a wonderful roast dinner.' - Giulia

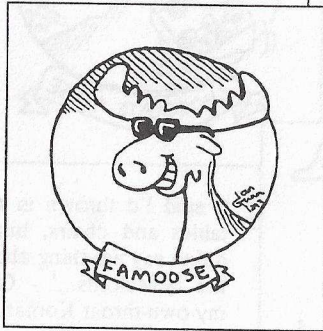


'I said I'd thrown in the tables and chairs, but I didn't say anything about the tablecloths...' - Cut-my-own-throat Komaty





Alison's burning the candle at every conceivable protuberance' - Steve



'The best committee is a committee of two with one away sick.' - Sir Wyn Roberts, Conservative MP.



'You know, life was *much* easier when people couldn't live at the same address, or share a double hotel room, unless they had the same surname' - Mike, sorting out the hotel confirmations.



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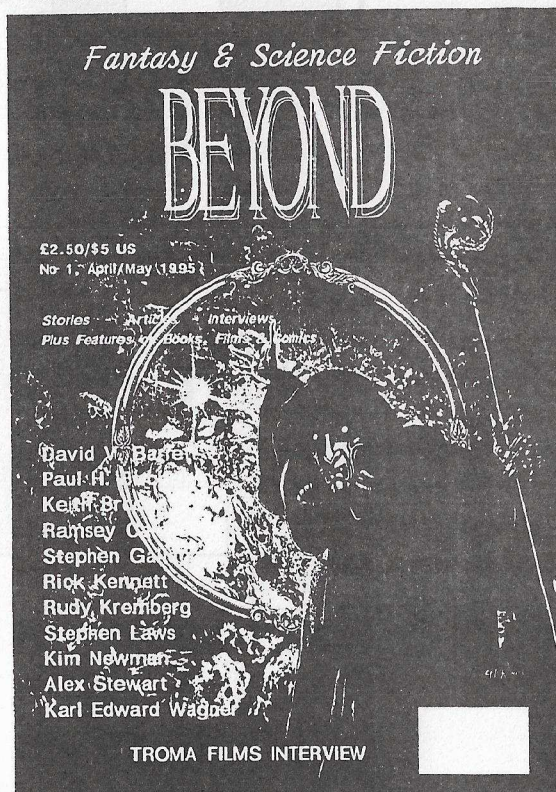
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2:00 PM	Opening Ceremony			
3:00 PM	The Future of SF	Taxonomy Round 1	Belly-Dancing Workshop	
4:00 PM	Moose TV	Author Readings		
5:00 PM			Songwriting Workshop	Make Your Own Juggling Gear
6:00 PM	The Sex Life of the Moose			
7:00 PM	GoH Interview: Roger Robinson	Debate		
8:00 PM	(Setup)			
9:00 PM	Elaine Samuels Sings Filk Concert	...And Then the World (Setup)		World's Biggest Twister
10:00 PM		Boston in '98 Party	Ladies from Hell Party	
11:00 PM				
12:00 AM		Filk Night (all night)		

SATURDAY

	MAIN	ALTERNATIVE	WORKSHOP	OTHER
10:00 AM	Welcome to East London	Mini-Gripe Session		
11:00 AM	Why Do Scientists Hate SF?	Taxonomy Round 2	Friends of Foundation AGM	Masquerade Costume Workshop (until 16:00)
12:00 PM	Dave Langford Reading			Bubble Blowing Workshop
1:00 PM	Seventeenth Century Schizoid Fan	Fanzine Panel	Do It Yourself Galactic Empire	Sensuality Revisited
2:00 PM	Babylon 5 As Science Fiction	BSFA AGM (Members Only)		
3:00 PM	(Setup)	Intersection Fan Fair		
4:00 PM	G&H Interview: Lois McMaster Bujold			
5:00 PM	(Setup)			
	A Good Read	Book Auction	What Do You Do When the Universal Translator Breaks Down?	Juggling Workshop
6:00 PM	Interview: Jeff Noon			
7:00 PM	Cybermaze Games II	Slave Auction		
8:00 PM	The City in SF	Attitude Live		
9:00 PM	(Setup)			
	Intersection Ceilidh			
10:00 PM		Baltimore in 98 Party		
11:00 PM				
12:00 AM		Anime Night (all night)	Midnight Horror Stories	
1:00 AM				

SUNDAY

	MAIN	ALTERNATIVE	WORKSHOP	OTHER
10:00 AM				
11:00 AM	Nanotechnology - The State of the Art	Book Auction		Masquerade Registration & Rehearsal
12:00 PM	The Liar's Guide to Getting Published		Do It Yourself Galactic Empire	
1:00 PM	(Setup)			
2:00 PM	1997 Bidding Session	Forgotten Futures		
3:00 PM	Bob Shaw's Serious Scientific GoH Speech			
4:00 PM	(Setup)			
5:00 PM	Moose TV	Art Auction	Singing & Harmony Workshop	
6:00 PM				
7:00 PM	...You Can Edit That Bit Out Later, Can't You?	Turkey Reading	Aromatherapy Workshop	
8:00 PM	(Setup)			
9:00 PM	Masquerade & Award Ceremony			
10:00 PM		Boston in 1999/2001 Party	Storytelling	
11:00 PM	(Setup)			
	Panel Game			
12:00 AM		Anime Night (all night)		

MONDAY

	MAIN	ALTERNATIVE	WORKSHOP	OTHER
10:00 AM				
11:00 AM	Danny Flynn	Gripe Session	Do It Yourself Galactic Empire	Filt Workshop (sic)
12:00 PM	Taxonomy Final	The Mexican Hat		
1:00 PM	Flash Gordon Conquers The Universe?	Intersection Programme Presentation		
2:00 PM	Speech: Peter Morwood	Author Readings		
3:00 PM	Pick of the Con	Sucking Growth Fandom		
4:00 PM	Closing Ceremony			
5:00 PM	The Superhighway Code			
6:00 PM				
7:00 PM				
8:00 PM				
9:00 PM				
10:00 PM				
11:00 PM				
12:00 AM				

Dead Moose Party

Membership List

1/1r	a	Dave Bell	a	Jenny Campbell	a
A ³	a	Chris Bell	a	Tammy Campbell	a
Geir Aasud	a	Alan Bellingham	a	Matt Campbell	a
Abaddon	a	Ron Bennett	a	Peter Card	a
Tom Abba	a	Graham Bentley	a	Caro	a
Michael Abbott	a	Susan Bentley	a	Avedon Carol	a
Arnold Akien	a	Kjersti Berg	a	Rob Carter	a
Gill Alderman	a	Johannes H. Berg	a	Catie Cary	a
John Alderman	a	Michael Bernardi	a	Carolyn Caughey	a
Ryan Alexander	a	Tony Berry	a	Ceri	a
Iain Alexander	a	Uncle Bill	a	Mark Charsley	a
Alice	a	Simon Bisson	a	Mike Cheater	a
Kay Allan	a	Blackie	a	Piotr Cholewa	a
Lissa Allcock	a	Paul Blackwell	a	Chris	a
Philip Allcock	a	Doctor Bob	a	Ewan Chrystal	a
Paul Allwood	a	Hans-Ulrich Boettcher	a	A. Vincent Clarke	a
Alyn	a	Simon Bolland	a	Dave Clement	a
Brian Ameringen	a	Judy Booth	a	Friend of John Clute	a
Fiona Anderson	a	Duncan Booth	a	John Clute	a
Another Friend of Fiona Anderson	a	Susan Booth	a	Eddie Cochrane	a
Michael Anderson	a	Rosemary Bootland	a	Peter Cohen	a
Friend of Fiona Anderson	a	Lorna Bootland	a	Jack Cohen	a
Ellen T Andresen	a	W. Boxall	a	Chris Cooper	a
David Angus	a	Trevor Bradbeer	a	Kate Cooper	a
Annie	a	Jill Bradley	a	David T. Cooper	a
Sion Arrowsmith	a	Phil Bradley	a	Stephen R. Cooper	a
Erik Arthur	a	Simon Bradshaw	a	J Cope	a
Sarah Ash	a	Michael Braithwaite	a	Keith Cosslett	a
Margaret Austin	a	Richard Brandshaft	a	E. M. Costelloe	a
Austin	a	Mary Branscombe	a	Erica Costelloe	a
Amanda Baker	a	John Bray	a	Erik Coune	a
M Banerji	a	Steve Brewster	a	Count	a
Aileen Banks	a	Martin H. Brice	a	Gary Couzens	a
John Bark	a	Janet Bridges	a	Jonathan Cowie	a
Michael Barker	i	Andi Bridges	a	Geoff Cowie	a
Trevor Barker	a	Gordon W. Brignal	a	Dave Cox	s
Phil Barnard	a	Denzil Brown	a	Andy Croft	a
Nicholas Barnes	a	Ben Brown	a	James Crook	a
David V. Barrett	a	John Brunner	a	Mike Cule	a
Andrew Barton	a	E. D. Buckley	a	Tony Cullen	a
Diana (D.J.) Bass	a	Bug	a	Rafe Culpin	a
Susan Bass	a	Lois McMaster Bujold	g	David J. Curry	a
Stephen Baxter	a	Steve Bull	a	John Dallman	a
Harriet Bazley	s	Ken Bulmer	a	Mike Damesick	a
Bazooka!	a	Mark A. Bunce	a	David	a
Covert Beach	a	Mary Burns	a	Steve Davies	a
Mary Beaird	a	Jim Burns	a	Malcolm Davies	a
Square Bear	a	Bill Burns	a	Martyn Dawe	a
Rachel Bell	c	Steven Cain	a	Richard of Dawlish	a
Kenneth Bell	c	Ros Calverley	a	Peter J. B. Day	a
		Ramsey Campbell	a	Robert Day	a

Confabulation

Giulia De Cesare	a	Wolfgang Frisch	a	Dave Holladay	a
Lawrence Dean	a	Gwen Funnell	a	Anders Holmström	a
Simon Dearn	a	Nigel Furlong	a	Valerie Housden	a
Chantal Delessert	a	Pat Gardner	a	Terry Hunt	s
Record Demon	a	David Garnett	a	Tim Illingworth	a
Zoe Deterding	a	Peter T. Garratt	a	Glyn Jackson	a
Martin Dickson	a	Mary Gentle	a	Charlotte Ann Jackson	i
Gillian Dickson	a	Joe Gibbons	a	Judith Jackson	a
Chris Donaldson	a	Steve Glover	c	Daniel James	a
Paul Dormer	a	Carol Golaglee	a	Rhodri James	a
Drew	a	Clare Goodall	a	John Jarrold	a
David Drysdale	a	Gordon T. Gopher	t	Steve Jeffery	a
Diane Duane	a	Niall Gorion	a	Jenny	a
Jackie Duckhawk	a	Peter Grace	s	Samantha Jewell	a
Tim Duckworth	a	John Gramam	s	Jinx	a
Pauline E. Dungate	a	R Gray	a	Jocelyn	a
Red Dwarf	a	Colin Greenland	a	John	a
Dyrewulfe	a	Steve Grover	a	Judy R. Johnson	a
Roger Earnshaw	a	Jackie Grater-Andrew	a	Sue Jones	a
Martin Easterbrook	a	Ian Gunn	s	Chris Jones	a
Lilian Edwards	a	Alan Gum	a	Graham Joyce	a
Sue Edwards	a	Urban Gunnarsson	a	Dick Jude	a
Eira	a	Peter F. Hamilton	a	Dick Jude	a
Mr Elk Jr	t	Tony Hammond	a	Mike Kaill	a
Herman Ellingsen	a	The Flying Hamster	a	Desirée Kaill	a
Sean Ellis	a	Judith Hanna	a	Kally	a
Dave Ellis	a	Rob Hansen	a	Kamal	a
John English	a	Dave Hardy	a	The Flying Brother Karamoosov	
Bob Esdaile	a	John Harold (Miles Veteranus)	a	(1)	t
Mick Evans	a	Alun Harries	s	The Flying Brother Karamoosov	
Bernie Evans	a	Colin Harris	a	(2)	t
Allison Ewing	a	Sue Harrison	a	The Flying Brother Karamoosov	
Calum Ewing-Hepburn	i	Harry's Mum	a	(3)	t
Fangorn	a	Eef Hartman	a	Kari	a
FanTom	a	C D Harthorn	a	Kathy	a
Kate Farquhar-Thomson	a	Geoff Hatwell	a	Roz Kaveney	a
Judith Faul	a	David G Hartwell	a	M W Kelly	a
Feryal	s	Eve Harvey	a	Richard Kennaway	a
Mike Figg	a	John Harey	a	Rory Kenny	a
Janet Figg	a	Andrew Haybon	a	Eileen Kenny	a
Colin Fine	a	Graham Head	a	Keris	a
Fiona	a	Julian Headlong	a	Richard Kettlewell	a
Brian Flatt	a	Robert Heathcote	c	Paul Kincaid	a
Die Fledermoose	t	Anthony Heathcote	a	Robert Kirby Literary Agent	a
Jo Fletcher	a	Liz Heathcote	a	Tim Kirk	a
Ronan Flood	a	Jane Heathcote	c	Annette Kirk	a
Danny Flynn	a	Anders Hedenlund	a	Cedric V. F. Knight	a
Mike Ford	a	Jasper Hedger	a	Alice Kohler	a
Lynn Fotheringham	a	Alasdair Hepburn	a	Pompino the Kregoyne	a
Aletia Fountain	a	Ellen C. Herzfeld	a	Christina Lake	a
Jon Fowler	a	Richard Hewison	a	Ken Lake	a
Foxy	t	Stephen Hill	a	Dave Lally	a
Vikki Lee France	a	Hitch	a	Dave Langford	a
Susan Francis	a	Jean Hoare	a	Murphy's Lawyer	a
Matthew Freestone	a	Martin Hoare	a	Ruth Le Sueur	a
Anders Frihagen	a	Andrew Hobson	a	Paddy Leahy	a
				Kim Lewendon	a

Confabulation

Richard Lewis	a	Caroline Mullan	a	Peter Redfam	a
Steve Linton	a	Harry Nadler	s	Jilly Reed	a
Chris Linton	a	Nazgul of Norn	a	Campbell Rees	a
Lion-O (maybe)	s	Kim Newman	a	Nicky Retallick	a
Daniel Livingstone	s	Joseph Nicholas	a	Anders Reuterswård	s
Mike Llewellyn	a	Nick	a	Stephen Rice	a
Alistair Lloyd	a	The Infamous Nina	a	Angela Richards	a
Hans Loose	a	Nojay	a	JFW Richards	a
Karen Lukawski	a	Jeff Noon	a	Andy Richards	a
Francis Lustman	a	Jeff Noon	a	L Richards	a
Lex Luthor	a	Andrew Norcross	a	John D. Rickett	a
Heidi Lyshol	a	Lisanne Norman	a	Julie Faith Rigby	a
Keith M.	a	Gytha North	a	Cassandra Riley	c
Bobby MacLaughlin	a	Pete the Gun Nut	a	David Riley	a
The Magician	a	Stephen O'Kane	a	Linden Riley	a
Nicholas Mahoney	a	Paul Oldroyd	a	Andrew Robinson	a
Ian Maitland	a	John Ollis	a	Roger Robinson	g
Ken Mann	s	Omega	a	Justina Robson	a
Elise Mann	s	Ook	a	Mic Rogers	a
Therer Marceline	a	John R. Oram	a	Tony Rogers	a
Russell March	a	Oriole	a	Suzan Romeo	a
Dominique O. Martel	a	Roger P	a	Howard Rosenblum	a
Keith Martin	a	Ann Page	a	Michelle Rosenblum	i
Hugh Mascetti	a	Darroll Pardoe	a	June Rosenblum	a
Sue Mason	a	Rosemary Pardoe	a	Stephen Rothman	a
Phil Masters	a	Arwel Parry	a	Marcus L. Rowland	a
Robert Maughan	a	Joan Paterson	a	Roxburgh	a
Angus McAllister	a	Dave Patterson	a	Simon Russell	a
Jo McCahy	a	David Peek	a	Alasdair Russell	a
Martin McCallion	a	Peng	a	Geoff Ryman	a
Alastair E. McCullough	s	Peter-Fred	a	Marjorie Sadis	s
Martin McKenna	a	Rog Peyton	a	Elaine Samuels	a
Lorna McLaren	a	Arline Peyton	a	Sarum	a
Alex McLintock	a	Chris Pheby	a	Michael Saunders	a
Angus McMuffin	t	Valerie Phillips	a	Bruce Saville	a
Pat McMurray	a	Simon Pick	a	Sharon Sbarsky	a
Jackie McRobert	a	Albert Pickard	a	Cpt Scarlett	a
Rob Meades	a	Katherine Pickard	a	Mike Scott	a
Yvonne Meaney	a	Marion Pitman	a	Alison Scott	a
John Meaney	a	Jim Pitts	a	Angus Scott-Brown	a
Quantum Mechanic	a	Sandra Pitts	a	Shaggy	t
Sally Ann Melia	a	Phil Plumbly	a	Sharon	s
David Melling	a	Mark Plummer	a	Bob Shaw	g
Melusine	a	Alan Poppitt	a	Linda Shipman	a
Meng	a	Andrew Porter	a	Ina Shorrock	a
Nick Mills	a	Sherrie Powell	a	Norman Shorrock	a
Rod Milner	a	David Power	a	Mike D. Siddall	a
Mike Moir	a	Steve Pritchard	a	Mary Siefarth	a
Debbie Moir	a	Marion Pritchard	a	Pat Silver	a
Mike Molloy	a	R4	a	Simon	a
Moose	t	Rachel	a	Simon	a
Chris Morgan	a	Rae	a	Sion	a
Tim Morley	a	Syd Ramage	a	Friend of Sion	a
Peter Morwood	a	Deborah Ramage	a	Sioux	a
Cathy Mossman	a	Bill Ray	a	Ken F. Slater	a
Steve Mowbray	a	Colette Reap	a	Jannelies Smit	a

Confabulation

Valentine Michael Smith	a	Annemarie van Ewyck	a
Frank R. Smith	a	Vaurien	a
Jane Smithers	a	David B. Wake	a
Smitty	a	Stuart Wallace	a
Adrian Snowdon	a	Steve Walters	a
Oeystein Soerensen	a	Huw Walters	a
Kate Soley	a	Ken Walton	a
Kate Solomon	a	Edward Ward	a
Ian Sorensen	a	Christine Ward	a
Liz Sourbut	a	Julie Wardzinski	a
Spanner	a	Bob Wardzinski	a
Maureen Speller	a	Peter Wareham	a
James Steel	a	Freda Warington	a
Helen Steele	a	Woad Warrior	a
Steve	a	Dave Weddell	a
John Stewart	a	Jaine Weddell	a
David Stewart	a	Kjersti Weimoth	a
Alex Stewart	a	Patty Wells	a
Stewart	a	Pam Wells	a
Barbara Stewart	a	Vivian Welsh	a
Billy Stirling	a	Peter Westhead	c
Mike Stone	a	Kathy Weshead	a
Lars Strandberg	a	Mike Westhead	a
Gary Stratmann	a	Karen Weshead	c
Linda Stratmann	a	Susan Weson	a
Marcus Streets	a	Eileen Weson	a
Rae Streets	a	Pete Weston	a
Charles Stross	a	Alison Weston	a
Fay Symes	a	Elda Wheeler	a
David Symes	a	Pauline Whitby	a
Dave Tamlyn	a	Kim Whysill	a
Li Yi Tan	a	Colin Wightman	a
Tanya	a	Cherry Wilder	a
Ian Taylor	a	Janet Wilkins	a
Alyson Taylor	a	Bridget Wilkinson	a
Graham Taylor	a	Robert Williams	a
Teddy	a	Phil Willis	a
Marc ter Horst	a	Carol Willis	a
Chris Terran	a	Anne Wilson	a
Dave Thomas	a	Andrew J. Wilson	a
Dawn Thorley	a	Robert Wilson	a
Paul Thorley	a	Uwe-Michael Witt	a
Tibs	a	Stephan Witt	a
Helen Tidswell	a	Kathrin Wit	a
TJ	a	Wizard	a
Deborah Tompkinson	a	Anne Woodford	a
Tony	s	Alan Woodford	a
Totoro 2	t	Ben Yalow	a
Hunter S. Toxin	a	Mark Young	a
Jim Trash	a	Jim Young	a
Martin Tudor	a		
Peter Tyers	a		
Lennart Uhlin	a		
Larry van der Putte	a		
Marion van der Voort	a		
Richard van der Voort	a		

Membership List at 18/3/95

Key to membership codes:

Guest	g
Attending	a
Supporting	s
Child	c
Infant	i
Soft Toy	t

Current membership 592

Thanks Go To...

Confabulation would of course have been impossible without an army of visible and invisible supporting troops, and we'd like to take this opportunity to thank as many as we can. Apologies in advance to those we've forgotten.

Tim Illingworth and his team	Ops
Claire Goodall and her team	Tech
John Harold and his team	Security
Alice Lawson and her team	Registration Desk
Kari and her team	Green Room
Mark Plummer	Dealers' Room
Marion & Steve Pritchard	Art Show
Tom Abba	Helpful Advice
Sue Edwards' Loft	Storing Art Boards
Dave Rowe	Anime
Alisdair Hepburn and Allison Ewing	Newsletter
The staff of the Britannia International	Without whom...
Chris Bell & Pat McMurray	At-con Hotel Liaison
Ian Gunn, Neil Gaiman, Dave Mooring,	Moose pictures
Annette Kirk, Tom Nanson, Tom Abba	20th Century Dryad
Fox and Talis	
Margaret Tout, Kate Solomon &	Moose recipes
Malcolm Davies, The Australian	Local information
Women's Weekly	Maps and information
Steven Cain	Maps
London Docklands Visitor Centre	Muddy pawprints on PR4
London Transport	Moose on the road
George	Moose Stamps
Anders Frihagen	Cold Hard Cash
Norman Shorrock	Loan of Librarian
Sou'Wester	Vitreous Liaison Officer
Terry Pratchett	
Chris Cooper	Programme book articles
John Clute, Mike Westhead & Pete	Hotel Negotiations
Tyers, John English, Dave Langford,	Hospitality
Martin Easterbrook, Steven Cain	Committee Holiday, Moose t-shirt and
Kevin Stuckey	moose droppings
Peter Wareham	Printing of PRs and Programme Book
Alison's Mum & Dad	<i>A Load of Old BoSh</i>
Copy Print, Reading	
Everyone involved	
All gophers everywhere	

We would also like to thank our Guests of Honour, Lois McMaster Bujold, Bob Shaw and Roger Robinson, and all the people who appeared on the Confabulation programme.



DESIGN

MOOSE



AMOOSE FOR ECCLESIASTES

AMOOSE FOR CHAMELEON

ONE ORDINARY DAY WITH MOOSE

THE MAN FROM M-O-O-S-E

MOOSE SMASHES OF THE GALAXY RANGER

PRINCESS CARIBOU

WILL KING MOOSE

ASMOODEN WILD MOOSE

THE MOOSE OF THE BASKERVILLE

THE BARMOOSE PROJECT

TIME CONSIDER AS A HELIX OF SEMI-PRECIOUS MOOSE

MOOSE QUERADE

THE MOOSE FACTORY

MOOSE BRAKER

GOSH, WHAT A LOT OF MOOSE TITLES

RED MOOSE

GREEN MOOSE

BLUE MOOSE

THE STREETS OF AMICK-MOOSE PARK

THE LIGHT MOOSE TRACTIC

MOOSE DAY BOOK



THE UNMOUNTED MOOSE

SOLO NO MOOSE MASON 95

HIGH CASTLE

THE MOOSE: NO DIFFERENT FLESH

THE MOONMOOSE EXPERIMENT

THE GENTLE MOOSE OF GAINY MOOSE

THREE HEARTY AND THREE MOOSE

SEX & THE SINGLE MOOSE

ROCKY HORROR MOOSE

THE MOOSE, THE WITCH AND THE GARDEN

NEUROMOOSE

THE WORD FOR WORLD IS MOOSE

A SWIFTLY TITLING MOOSE

EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT MOOSE BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK

MOOSE WISE

MOOSE FALL

MOOSE WISE

MOOSE WISE

MOOSE WISE

MOOSE WISE

MOOSE WISE

MOOSE WISE

BEING THE MOOSE OF PLINCE CHARMING

THE UNPLEASANT MOOSE OF JONATHAN

THE UNPLEASANT MOOSE OF JONATHAN

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