

Recombination



<http://www.recombination.org.uk/>

Unicon 21
Harmuni 3
2007 British Roleplaying Convention

A science fiction, fantasy, filk, and roleplaying
convention to be held at

New Hall, Cambridge
10th-12th August 2007

Guests of Honour
Chris Pramas, Jo Walton, Ian Watson,
Franklin Gunkelmann



Progress Report 2

Change of Address

Recombination has a new address. Please send any post to:

Recombination
1 Mays Way
Cambridge
CB4 1UB

The old address will still be active for at least a month, so don't worry if you've sent post there.

Accommodation

Forms for booking accommodation are included with this PR. Forms must reach us by Monday 16th July - past this date we'll do our best but we cannot guarantee you a room.

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What to expect

So what exactly are you letting yourself in for? Here's a quick rundown of the kinds of things we plan to do over the weekend.

Programming

Programming will run Friday evening, all day Saturday and Sunday morning and afternoon. We plan to run three streams of programming for most of the convention, two streams of talks and discussion panels and a third stream of slightly more unusual things. There will be gaming panels on Friday evening, Saturday morning and Sunday morning, following the normal format of a BRS con. SF and fantasy panels will run throughout the con, with two streams of panels and talks in the afternoons. In the evenings there will be larger events, such as a communal storytelling and the traditional BRS games auction. There is also a full programme of filk planned, of which more later.

We're drawing panel topics from all parts of our remit, popular and esoteric, so whether you want to find book recommendations, share ideas for running games or writing lyrics, thoughtfully consider the impact of John Brunner's work on SF today, or have a big argument about whether Dr Who or Battlestar Galactica is better, we'll have something for you.

Non-panel items planned include dramatic readings, a workshop on creating characters, a scavenger hunt and a project management course on best practice in world domination.

If you have any bright ideas for discussion topics or would like to run or appear in a panel, workshop, etc. please let us know!

Games

The Men in Black (Steve Jackson Games demo team) will be in attendance, and have promised to run GURPS, *In Nomine*, and *Chez Geek*, among others. The Mad Lab Rabbits (complete with bunny ears) from Looney Labs will be present and running stuff. Chris Pramas, our Gaming Guest of

Honor, has promised to GM one or more games at Recombination. In between committee duties, Nicholas Caldwell has also promised to run demos of HARP SF. We also have offers from various people to run *Ars Magica*, *OGL Steampunk*, and old-school *Traveller*.

More news on these games and others will appear on our website as we firm up the details.

We would like to encourage anyone with a neat new game to try out or a one-off scenario to run to drop us a line. Likewise, live-action games are popular with many of our members, and we would urge anyone interested in running a LARP to get in touch as soon as possible so that we can arrange suitable room allocations.

There will be rooms available to be booked for large games or LARPing, and lots of tables for smaller games in the bars and in the space outside the dealers' room.

Filk

What sort of things will be in the filk programme stream?

There will be a number of concerts (each lasting 30 mins or 1 hour) during the day, which are open to anyone to come and enjoy, and a sprinkling of other activities such as instabands and workshops. In the evenings we have open circles where anyone can come and perform or listen, and in the past these have run very late into the night, or early into the morning, or straight through to breakfast... so if you can't sleep, wander down and take a look! And of course, even if your programme is jam-packed, you won't want to miss the concert of our fabulously talented guest, Franklin Gunkelmann!

I'm a performer; can I do a concert?

Contact Gwen at harmuniprogramming@gwenknighton.com, saying what you'd like to do and whether you would prefer a 30 min or 1 hour slot. It is loosely first come, first served, however we will allocate concert slots based on a number of factors, including whether you've recently performed

at another UK filkcon (which may mean we first allocate slots to performers who haven't had a recent opportunity to perform). Sometimes we simply have more performers than slots and need to decide. We will let you know well in advance whether you have a slot, and (nearer the con) when it is.

Dealers

We have the following dealers confirmed:

Gamers - roleplaying, board games, card games

Reapers Revenge - dice and other gaming supplies

Porcupine Books - second hand SF and fantasy books

Becon Publications - small press filk and SF

Science Fiction Foundation – small press SF and criticism

ZZ9 Plural Z Alpha - Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy-themed fan club and merchandise

Bidding for Unicon 22 and BRSScon 2009

Possibly the most important parts of the convention are the bid sessions, at which the con membership will decide who will run BRSScon in 2009, and the next Unicon (whenever that may be!)

If you're interested in putting forward a bid, please make yourself known to the committee. (Email info@recombination.org.uk)

Fast Filk FAQ

I'm new to filk – what do I need to know?

So you'd like to come and take a look but don't want to be the neo at the back? Fear not, here's the essentials you need to fit right in.

What's filk anyway?

(with thanks to definitions by Kay Shapero and Nick Smith)

“Filk” has been described as the folk music of the science-fiction fan community. It's a mixture of song parodies and original music, humorous and serious, about subjects like science fiction, fantasy, computers, cats, politics, the space programme, books, movies, TV shows, love, war, death...

Filk music started off forty or fifty years ago, at sf cons, where people got together late at night to have good old-fashioned folk music song circles. The name “filk” started out as a typo of "folk" and was gleefully adopted by all and sundry as a term for what is after all a somewhat unusual subset.

These days, there is such diversity in the music performed that a recently proposed definition of filk music was “music that filkers play”.

Concert etiquette

No need to book, just turn up. If you arrive late, wait until you hear clapping, then enter the hall quietly and take a seat. Obviously no mobile phones or loud conversations during the concert!

Activities (e.g. workshops)

If there are limited places, you may need to sign up in advance. Come to the filk programme early in the convention to get yourself on any relevant sign-up sheets. Please arrive promptly for workshops, as they're usually jam-packed of busy-ness.

Circle etiquette

Turn up (and head off) whenever you like; as for concerts, wait for clapping before you come into the room and take a seat. If you fancy playing or singing, bring your relevant instruments and/or enthusiasm! Circles tend to be run in one of two ways:

Bardic, where we go round the circle and each person in turn chooses either to play a song, request a song (e.g. “does anyone have a song about *Firefly*?”), or pass. OR

Chaos, where people can jump in at random, especially where they have a song which follows the theme of the one before, but do not be afraid to break in with something unrelated. Chaos circles can be a bit manic for the newcomer, so here’s some vital know-how for how to take part:

- 1) If you’ve got a instrument or voice (“and I’m not afraid to use it!”), wait until clapping has subsided and start strumming/playing/singing. If someone else has started at the same time, make eye contact and come to a speedy gentle(wo)man’s agreement of who will go first. Be gracious!
- 2) If you’re not sure how you’ll show you want to perform, or feeling a bit shy, have your music out and at the ready, and smile at a responsible-looking filker (we will have one or two on hand) who will help get you in.
- 3) If you’ve just done a song, expect to wait a while before you do another, especially in a large circle. Even if you think all the usual suspects have had their turn, there might be a shy fan just about to pluck up the courage to sing. Leave some space for them to do just that!
- 4) d. Enjoy yourself! There is no required “skill level” for taking part in a circle – nor any pressure to perform if you’d rather listen in. There are also plenty of songs with a rousing, memorable chorus for those who prefer to sing along with others. So whether you’re a curious listener, experienced performer, or someone who just wants a taster, you are welcome at the filk stream!

Ian Watson

After lecturing in literature at universities in Tanzania and Tokyo, and in Futures Studies (including Science Fiction) in Birmingham, Ian Watson became a full-time writer in 1976 following the success of his first novels, *The Embedding* and *The Jonah Kit*. Numerous novels of SF, Fantasy, and Horror followed, and nine story collections. His stories have been finalists for the Hugo and Nebula Awards, and widely anthologised. From 1990 to 1991 he worked full-time with Stanley Kubrick on story development for the movie *A.I. Artificial Intelligence*. He lives with a black cat called Poppy in a small rural village 60 miles north of London.



Ian also writes poetry, and had his first book of poetry, *The Lexicographer's Love Song*, published in 2001. His latest publication is a short story collection, *The Butterflies of Memory*, highlights of which include *An Appeal to Adolf*, about gay Nazi sailors in an alternative Second World War, *Giant Dwarfs*, a true account of Jules Verne's own journey to the centre of the Earth, and *The Grave of My Beloved*, the first of a series of stories co-authored with Italian sf-surrealist Roberto Qualia.

Ian's other accomplishments include several Warhammer 40K books, chairing Northampton SF Writers Group's successful Newcon2 and Newcon3 cons, and uncanny impersonations of Inigo Montoya, the finest swordsman in the world, and H.G. Wells, not the finest swordsman in the world but pretty handy with a pen.

What is science fiction according to Ian Watson?

Mainly I'm interested in destabilising and expanding the consciousness of my readers, so that they see the world in a new way. I write in order to destabilise and expand my own consciousness, and also to entertain—because basically I'm a story-teller; or at least I think I am. Strictly speaking, SF operates within a universe of discourse that relates to scientific laws as we understand them—as opposed to Fantasy, which operates by the “rules” of Magic. Nevertheless we play a lot of naughty games with science in SF. For example, so far as we know (although we don't know everything yet, and maybe never will!), you can't travel faster than light; but you need to be able to do so in a lot of SF books, otherwise there'd be no story. However, essentially there's a *flavour* to SF, of *possible* reality, as opposed to the impossible as in Fantasy.

At the moment quite a number of writers seem obsessed with the Singularity, the point (around about 2040, perhaps!) when things will be changing and mutating faster than human beings can follow or comprehend. Actually, the main question for the near future (apart from whether civilisation as we know it survives) is whether genuine Artificial Intelligence comes into existence—or whether it is actually impossible. I have some good reasons why it is impossible, but maybe that's because I tend to prefer the less obvious interpretations of the future. Really interesting SF should look at what's less obvious or likely, from our point of view now, because the less likely is what usually happens, such as in the past the First World War or the rise of Hitler or of militant Islam or home computers. History sometimes gives a false sense of plausibility to what has happened.

One problem, especially in America, is a reaction against science in favour of myth and mystery. Consequently fantasy literature is pushing SF aside. Fantasy consoles people. It suggests that everything can be made better somehow by wishing and magic, as opposed to science which has given us global warming, the Atom Bomb, environmental pollution, imminent extinction, holes in the ozone layer, and lots of other Scary Things, so it seems. But I don't foresee any “death of science fiction,” and probably exciting new sub-genres will arise, pioneered by crusaders.

Franklin Gunkelmann **(with thanks to the Filk Hall of Fame)**

Franklin has been involved in filk from the early '80s when German filk-fandom had not yet evolved and filk took place at Star Trek conventions.

Calling Franklin "The Voice of German filk fandom" is not an understatement. While he is one of their finest male voices, it is his position as the Master of Ceremonies (as well as stalwart committee member) for FilkCONTinental – a job he has assumed since the first con in 1997 - which earns him this title. Gaudy costumes, intricate choreography, funny filks; Franklin provides the FilkCONTinental programme with all the jokes and puns and impromptu sketches that have become such a loved part of the German filk con.



Aside from being a pillar of German filk organising, he's also a great performer. He is mainly known for his humorous songs and parodies like *A Thousand Chips* and *Ill, Pissed By Moonlight*. He's a "karaoke filker" and has so far filked artists like Abba, Ozzy Osbourne, and Frank Sinatra. However, Franklin also writes wonderful serious songs, both rewrites and originals. He has recently started to accompany himself on the piano, and created such wonderful songs as *The Soul* (filk of *The Ship*) and *Internal Knight* (reproduced later in this PR). He is also an excellent translator of English filk songs into German, a delicate task requiring careful rewriting.

Franklin and Alexa Klettner perform as the duo "Lord Merciless". Biting lyrics, parodies, political songs, black humour, you name it, they write it, they sing it.

Franklin was inducted into the Filk Hall of Fame in 2006, an international award which honours contributions to filk music and the filk community. Apart from all the commendations we can give Franklin as a wonderful musician and filk "gardener", he's also a generous, witty and downright lovely bloke, and we are delighted to have nabbed him for your pleasure. Come and meet him at the filk programme stream!

Three Bears Norse *Jo Walton*

An old home, a bear home, remote from human-haunts,
Wall-girt and weather-warded, where ones wise in woodcraft
Lick into new life, a baby, a bear cub,
Safe among saplings, far in the forest.

Till one comes slyly, girlchild, goldilocks,
Soft-handed, seeker of secrets, pamperling, pretty one,
"No!" never heard she, dancing like dandelion,
Stealing twixt tree-boughs, spies out the bear-house.

Fast closed stands the door, bears are gone from home,
In rushes Dandelion, door-breaker, greedy one,
No thought spares for holy guest-law,
Spoiled child, undenied, heart set on plunder.

First seizes three chairs, orderly, big to small,
Claims each and tries each, breaking the smallest.
Next finds the oat-slop, orderly, big to small,
Claims each and tries each, eating the smallest.

Onwards goes Dandelion, breaker of guest-law,
Turning from oat-slop, yawning, bedwards,
Slinks up the stairs, three beds, big to small,
Orderly, tries each, sleeps on the smallest.

Bears, heading homewards, sleepy as sun seeks sea,
Father foremost, bear-cub beside him, bear mother guarding rear,
Stop, scenting surprise, coming on cautiously
Find their door opened, blown on wild winds.

"Who?" asks bear-father, "Dared to sit in my chair?"
"Who?" growls bear-mother, "Dared to sit in my chair?"
"Who," howls bear cub "Dared to sit in my chair,
Breaking it to scattered shards? I vow revenge."

"Who?" asks bear-father, "Dared to taste my oat-slop?"
"Who?" growls bear-mother, "Dared to taste my oat slop?"
"Who," howls bear cub "Dared to eat my oat-slop,
Eating it all up? I vow revenge!"

Upstairs, at long last, learn of the lawbreaker,
Sleeping serenely, stuffed with their oat-slop,
Wakes for an instant, seeing them, simpers, screams,
Bear teeth, bear claws, shred her, sunder her,
so perish law-breakers.

To His Coy, or Greedy, Bimbo *Ian Watson*

I love you wearing that bodice of pearls
when you lie on the bed, the rest of you
buff bare, the elastic strings so beautifully
shaping your shoulders and chest,
two maroon pearls -- your nipples, erect --
pushing their way through the mesh.

My dear, if you seriously think that pearls
are the eggs of oysters, why has the warmth
of your flesh never hatched them yet?
Kept in your cleavage, a wren's egg
soon would produce a chirp of feathers
-- as if a mole of yours (I don't mean
the burrowing kind) suddenly sprouts
some tufty fur. Do you really fear waking
one morning to find oyster larvae
wriggling upon your bosoms?

Of what do you suppose that diamonds
are eggs? Why, fiery salamanders!
Those hot little lizards live in volcanoes
and would burn your skin, I swear.
Let pearls decorate you instead! Besides,
diamonds might cut me like cat claws,
and we both know your nails are for that.

Internal Knight *(Lyrics and music by Franklin Gunkelmann)*

Sometimes I wish I'd wear an armour,
plates of steel, that shine so bright.
And would ride on silver horses -
how I wish I'd be a knight.

Fighting warlords and evil dragons,
free a maiden from villain's hands.
Fighting for the side of goodness,
how I wish I'd wear the lance.

But then I see my friends and family,
feel their love, a true delight,
and I'm proud to be this person -
with a knight that lives inside.

Bridge 1

And inside I wear an armour
to protect from hate and fear,
to reject greed and prejudice
and to shield what's good in here.

Use the sword of truth and honesty
and do stand that daily fight
to bring down lies and betrayal,
ban the darkness with the light.

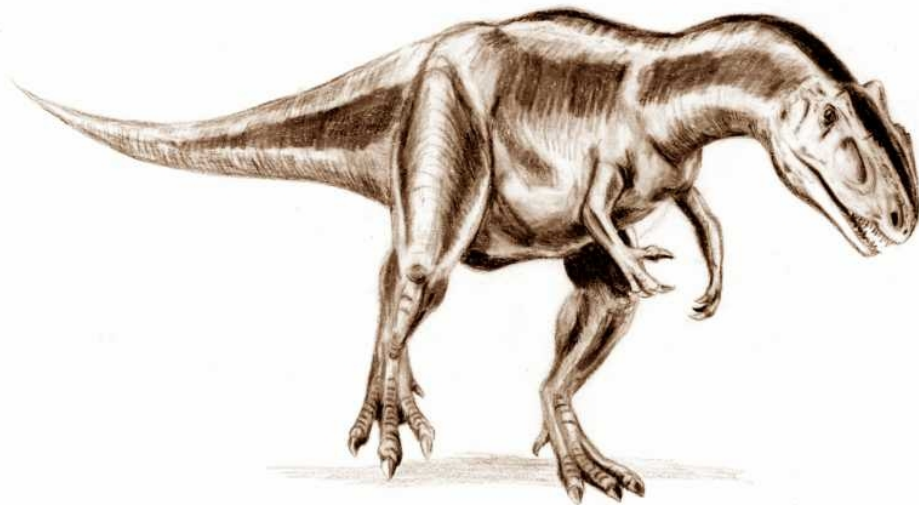
And my quest is seeking friendship,
love my wife, without a shame.
Raise my kids to human beings,
who will carry on that flame.

Bridge 2

So I ride the hills of common -
my brave banner is flying free,
to show each and every person
the true knight that lives in me.

Come and join that fighting knighthood,
raise your banners in the blue
and let out that noble warrior
the true knight, that lives in you!





REMEMBER THE ALLOSAUR

Jo Walton

No. No way. Just put it out of your mind. Cedric, I know, all right. You don't have to tell me. I've been here all along. Yes, you were born in Hollywood. Well, all right, cloned, what's the difference? I was right there when you were hatched. You've got greasepaint in your blood, kiddo.

It wasn't my fault. I didn't know you were intelligent. Nobody knew allosaurs were intelligent. They all thought they had the ultimate monster for monster movies. If you hadn't started talking there would be a lot more dinos in Hollywood today, but the Ethics people came and bit them all on the metaphorical tail.

You're a star, yes. I understand. But this is just impossible. Wasn't I there when you wanted to get out of the monster genre? Didn't I believe in you when they said you were washed up after all the monster movies?

Didn't I give you your start at real acting? Didn't I give you dialogue? Dialogue, Cedric, don't lash your tail at me, you didn't have any dialogue before I started directing. Didn't I start you off in comedy? Remember that rubber fin in *Stegosaur*? "Cedric the Allosaur stars in *Stegosaur*". You were such a hit, you wowed them, remember? What a movie. What a series of movies! Kids loved them, seniors loved them, and Hollywood Times voted *Pterosaur* the date movie of the year. We could make *Pterosaur 2* tomorrow.

Yes, maybe, but I'm not sure about this. I know you're an actor not a special effect, dammit. I know it's supposed to be every actor's dream. I don't know how to put this. It's classic drama, Cedric.

No, I don't mean that you can't play a human. Honestly, didn't you play a human in *Humans*? And *Humans 2*? And you were wonderful, honestly, Ced, you know I'm not just saying that, I think *Humans 2* was a triumph. You deserved that Oscar. Didn't I say at the time, didn't I say that Portman stole that Oscar from you?

And you did it again in *Othello*. I admit I was wrong about *Othello*. You wanted to do it and I dragged my feet. I made you play Caliban first, to get the feel for Shakespeare. You were an awesome Caliban. And you made *Othello* work, you really got that sense of alienation in, that sense that you were different and having trouble with knowing if people loved you for yourself because of that. Moor, allosaur, same difference really. Even the New York Times loved you.

Cedric, have you read the script? I know it's supposed to be every actor's dream. But -- Cedric -- 'what a piece of work is man'. How could you say that without the audience cracking up? When it comes down to it, you're not a man. You're not. 'What a piece of work is man.' I don't care what Sarah Bernhardt did, no woman and no allosaur either is going to say that in any *Hamlet* of mine.

STEPHEN KING'S *THINNER*:

An Attack on America

Ian Watson

(reprinted from: www.Anorexics-R-Us.com/bookreviews/thinner)

This book contains many useful insights into the process of becoming thinner, although it's dressed up as a horror novel for acceptability.

To summarise the plot, Billy-the-belly Halleck is an overweight lawyer in a prosperous small American town. He has one lovely slim daughter, Linda, and a lovely slim wife. For once in her life Heidi gives Billy a hand-job one day while he's driving through town. Distracted by pleasure, Billy crashes into an old jay-walking Gypsy woman, killing her. Billy's buddies, the Judge and the Police Chief, make sure that the trial for manslaughter results in Billy's acquittal. The Gypsy woman's even older father (100 +, the last of the great Magyar chiefs) curses Billy by touching him and saying, "Thinner." Billy duly loses weight very rapidly, while the Judge grows scales – of injustice – and the Police Chief becomes a mass of giant pimples.

Those two commit suicide, but Billy sets out after the itinerant Gypsies and calls on an Italian gangster friend, who terrorises the Gypsies until the old man diverts the curse from Billy into a disgusting strawberry pie which Billy intends to give to Heidi because she tried to have Billy declare insane for believing in curses.

Published in 1984, *Thinner* is quite a prophetic book for all of us anorexics now that we take proper pride in our cause, and now that we have pro-Ana web-sites for "thinspiration," even though our sites are being persecuted, rather as the thin Gypsies are persecuted in the novel by constantly being chased out of nice, "normal" towns.

Thinner is as radical an attack on fatty mainstream USA society (which Billy learns to despise) as any mounted by Al Qaida. Indeed the

Gypsies are anticipatory symbols for those swarthy exotic thin Arabs who brought 9/11 to the Big Apple.

Heidi keeps lovely and skinny by smoking cigarettes, which are a useful appetite suppressant -- take note of that, all you pro-Ana girls! Regarding those health warnings on the packs, remember that true maturity is a matter of control over your body, not how many birthdays you survive. Another tip, about which I feel dubious, is that “exercise is much more important than diet” (in losing weight); but this is said by a doctor who snorts cocaine. This same doctor says to Billy, “you may actually be thinking yourself thin. It can be done, you know.” Well, having strong belief is very important, but rejection of food is essential too.

Billy calls his body The House That Bud(weiser) Built and he looks like a 7-month pregnant man. When this eighth-of-a-ton “big hog” is intending to fuck skinny Heidi, he says quite accurately “I’ll jump your bones.” She claims she loves Billy-the-belly just the way he is. So she’s already his enemy from the start – and no wonder she gets so worked up about him losing weight. Heidi even wants Linda to grow a 38-inch bust -- poor Linda, who tries to find out from her mother how many calories are in pieces of chocolate cake. Beware of jealousy of those who are slimmer than you; beware of trying to fatten your sister.

Yet even if Billy snacks all the time, his sincere dream is to lose weight. If only we all had a Gypsy to help our dream along! There’s some good advice in the book on how to deal with a partner like Heidi. Other good advice includes using an ostrich feather to help yourself vomit, and power-weighting – loading your pockets with loose change & a Swiss Army Knife before you get on the bathroom scales, so as to depress yourself and spur you to greater efforts at self-discipline.

When the Gypsy touches Billy, it’s “the caress of a lover.” Quite! That lover is Mister Anorexia, who wants bones that he can jump, not a mattress of fat flesh. I think “bone-jumping” is a beautiful phrase for anorexics making love, if we have the energy or the inclination.

Heidi wants Billy to check in to “the Mayo clinic.” That’s right -- Mayo for mayonnaise!

When Billy lets his pants down in the Courtroom toilet, “laughter rose in his throat... A conductor’s voice shouted in his mind, Next stop, Anorexia Nervosa! All out for Anorexia Nervosa!” Right on for Anorexia City, say I! How different from the fatties’ prayer cited earlier: “In the name of cholesterol and saturated fats we pray.” That is indeed the true prayer of tens of millions of us Americans, who over-consume the produce of the planet because they believe that their bulk is their identity -- so the more bulk they have, the more identity they have. King cleverly contrasts the fatty life with starving children in Biafra, symbols of third-world thinness. Everywhere in his book fatties and fatties-in-the make are guzzling the high-sugar drinks and munching the high-calorie high-fat food beloved by consumerist capitalism – beloved by bellyism! – nutrition that could feed ten times as many Africans. Even American poodles are fat.

King also invokes IRA hunger-strikers, emphasizing the revolutionary aspect of anorexia, indeed even the terroristic aspect. Two decades before 9/11 the Gypsies really are Al Qaida operatives in a different guise. They are something necessary to suburban homeland America for the dangerous frisson of strangeness – of the alien – that they provide, whose very existence reinforces by contrast the values of the homeland, which Billy calls “Fat City.”

“Sure, we need the Gypsies,” thinks Billy. “Because if you don’t have someone to run out of town once in a while, how are you going to know you yourself belong there?”

The guzzling of excess food is a symbol of consumerist happiness. Perhaps this is a bit deep for some of you girls (and any pro-Ana boys out there; we treasure you), so let’s look at the voodoo aspect briefly. If a victim truly believes he’s been cursed, then maybe his brain itself carries out the curse, whatever it is? Could we maybe hold a Gypsy Curse Ritual to assist our slimming, you may be wondering? Well no, I say, because ultra-slimming, extreme slimming, is all your own responsibility, kind of like an extreme sport; and we ought to get gold medals.

What’s more, slimming doesn’t hurt at all. The Judge who grows scales feels no pain; he can even stub out a cigarette on his stomach. “Hell, losing weight wasn’t so bad, was it?” thinks Billy to himself. His bones are

“making themselves known... coming out triumphantly” (my emphasis).

We’ve all experienced the horror at thinness which fatties express. With your cheekbones visible, you’re the bogeyman. Be prepared to accept this: you’re the skeleton at the feast that is America. In fact most food manufacturers are criminal poisoners – that’s becoming fairly obvious nowadays. That’s why Billy turns for help to a gangster , to stop his thinness. This is just another richly symbolic aspect of this multi-layered book, which sometimes proceeds by cleverly disguising positives as negatives, and vice versa. To be pro food as a way of life is criminal.

“How we see reality depends on our conception of our physical bulk”: here is another important insight. The reality of the world today is about 10 billion people. To slim down is to behave responsibly, to become beautiful not just because of prominent cheekbones, but also because of ecological spirituality.

“I’m going to watch my weight,” vows Billy at the end of his quest, which has sickened him with the partying in Fat City. “I’m never going to get fat... again.”

What follows is a bit of clever narrative to provide a horror ending which rather undermines Billy, though without it the novel could hardly have been published for a mass audience -- I emphasize mass. An audience that scoffs bags of food while it reads, and thinks thinness is an affliction.

Only one question remains: will Mr King ever dare write the ultimate horror novel, Obesity?

T-shirts

Recombination t-shirts are now available. All shirts are orange-on-black, as modelled right. Cost £10 plus postage. If you'd like one please mail us at info@recombination.org.uk and don't forget to say what size you'd like.



Volunteering

Would you like to:

- GM a game
- suggest a discussion panel topic
- appear on a panel
- run or take part in some other event
- sell beer
- welcome new arrivals at the front desk
- suggest a cool idea we haven't thought of
- run around madly solving last-minute problems and fetching coffee or otherwise earn the undying gratitude of the committee?

If so, email us at info@recombination.org.uk to let us know. No previous experience required, and all offers of help welcome, no matter how small.

Membership as of 28th February 2007

| | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| A52 Andy Leighton | A6 John Dallman | A14 Paul Blackwell |
| A78 Blufve | A91 Judith Proctor | A13 Paul King |
| A88 Brian Ameringen | A81 Julie Rigby | A64 Peter Cohen |
| A1 Bridget Bradshaw | A22 Karen Gilham | A30 Peter Wareham |
| A79 Cal | A43 Karen Westhead | A42 Peter Westhead |
| A32 Cardinal Cox | A24 Kari | A53 Peter Wilkinson |
| A89 Caroline Mullan | A40 Kathy Westhead | A5 Phil Masters |
| G71 Chris Pramas | A37 Keris | A23 Phil Nanson |
| A3 Clare Boothby | A12 Madeleine Eid | A29 Rafe Culpin |
| A16 David A. Harvey | A11 Marcus Rowland | A50 Rhodri James |
| A10 David Damerell | A45 Marilisa Valtazanou | A76 Richard Kettlewell |
| A15 Denzil J. Brown | A55 Marisa | A92 Richard Proctor |
| A87 Dougs | A28 Mark | A33 Rick Hewett |
| A61 Dr. Bob | A47 Mark Baker | A8 Roger Burton West |
| A26 Duncan MacGregor | A25 Mark Waller | A83 Roger Robinson |
| A82 Eddie Cochrane | A63 Matthew Woodcraft | A7 Rory McLean |
| A35 Emily Raftery | A90 Meriol Ameringen | A17 Rosanna M. Day |
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| A75 Fluffymarmegil | A59 Michael Bernardi | A96 Sebastian Bleasdale |
| A62 Graham Taylor | A9 Michael Roe | A73 Senji |
| A94 Grim | A48 Michele Minett | A74 Shadow |
| A31 Gwen Funnell | A65 Mike Figg | A20 Sheila Thomas |
| A77 Hazy Jayne | A41 Mike Westhead | A4 Simon Bradshaw |
| A93 Henry Proctor | A46 Miki | A72 Songbird |
| A86 Iain Easley | A56 Mongoose | A21 Steve Gilham |
| A27 Ian Jackson | A54 Naath | A38 Sue Edwards |
| A34 Ian Miller | A18 Neil Taylor | A95 The Crypt Keeper |
| G98 Ian Watson | A2 Nicholas Caldwell | A36 The Magician |
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