

C O R F L U

PROGRAMME

BOOK

C O N C O R D E

BRISTOL, UK

5-7 NOVEMBER 2021

CORFLU CONCORDE

BRISTOL, UK 5-7 NOVEMBER 2021

PROGRAMME BOOK

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Editorial Musings

On Fanzines, A Pandemic, and History

ROB JACKSON

Many years ago, it used to be a proud and lonely thing to be a fan. At least, that's what a lot of people said, to the point where it became what would now be called a meme. Or was it a cliché?

It is now 95 years since *Amazing Stories* was launched, as the first explicitly science fictional pulp magazine. After its launch and that of its sister pulps such as *Astounding* and *Unknown*, fans who were scattered around the world learnt of each other's existence in the letter columns of those pulps and started writing to each other — then creating their own magazines. So the fanzine was born, as an antidote to that proud loneliness.

Fanzines quickly became both an outlet for creativity and a means of communication, and both felt like essential lifelines to their creators in the fan community. To be reminded of what that felt like, I urge you to read some of the evocative (and brilliantly chosen) writings in *Dangerous Visions*, the fanthology of fan fiction published alongside this Programme Book. The earliest pieces in the fanthology particularly strongly give out the sense that without fanzines, and the occasional and rare convention, each fan felt solitary, isolated in an ivory tower.

So — apart from letters, there was your one essential means of contact: the fanzine.

And for around two-thirds of fandom's lifetime since then, that's basically the way it stayed. Okay, life got more complicated during the third quarter of the twentieth century, with more and more zines, more and more conventions, and more and more media in which sf and fantasy were created. Sf spread through films, TV, graphic novels, board games and early computer games, and as fans became more prosperous and travel became more accessible, conventions evolved from yearly special treats to monthly or even weekly routines.

But in between times, the fanzine was the main mode of communication, both within and between countries.

Then came the internet...

And a whole new Vista (or Linux, or iOS) of ways of keeping in touch opened up. Email, newsgroups, e-lists, blogs, and all the plethora of social media platforms since — LiveJournal, Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, WhatsApp and the rest. We've been spoilt for choice. The traditional fanzine has to some extent adapted by being printed in PDF or other e-formats as well as paper, and being hosted on eFanzines and other sites. Since Bill Burns started eFanzines in 2001 it has been the doyen of fanzine hosting sites.

But the fanzine as a discrete publication, which once printed or otherwise completed

was no longer mutable, has been increasingly overtaken as a pure communication medium by the interactive and fluid conversation with talk-and-response comment on social media. The place of fanzines has changed, and those who produce them (well, all right, me for one) have had different motivations than pure communication. Even when they were the mainstay of fan communication, they were also prized for their appearance and production values. So the fanzine has been less of a communication medium and more of an art form.

If they are less important to keep in touch, are as many of them still needed? Maybe not. There is a risk they may fade away, replaced both by social media and easy and cheap meetings at conventions and regular club meets worldwide.

So far, so increasingly complicated and global. But then — let's throw a massive spanner in the works and call it a COVID pandemic. All of a sudden, we fans, just like everybody else, are forced by health and safety reasons to stay indoors and back off from meeting other people unless they absolutely have to. Bang goes any chance of continuing regular cons, club meetings and other get-togethers. During the lockdowns, social media and fanzines are still available, though.

Now, in late 2021, society is opening up and travel is starting to look possible again (though still not easy). It is possible to look back and think what lockdown might have done to fanzine activity. I thought about what lockdown might have done to us all. We were stuck at home unable to get to cons or do the preparatory work for attending. So did we spiral into a slough of depressive stupor and inactivity? Or did we feel the need to say something to someone, even if they were far away? We might have been producing fewer fanzines, or more of them. How can we check what we were all doing?

Counting the issues published on eFanzines during the last few years was a simple way of checking this out. Lockdown really took hold at the end of March or beginning of April 2020 in most of the English-speaking Western countries where fanzines are published, so I started with 1 April and counted a year's

worth of fanzine production till the end of March 2021. I also counted the three previous years' outputs, and for good measure have done a part-year tally up to the date of writing.

1 April 2017 to 31 March 2018.....	173
1 April 2018 to 31 March 2019.....	196
1 April 2019 to 31 March 2020	180
1 April 2020 to 31 March 2021	211
1 April 2021 to 30 Sept. 2021	112 (6 mo.)

I have assumed that eFanzines has been going long enough that its role in hosting fanzines has not intrinsically changed over this period. The numbers for the three previous years were overall roughly static, but there was a significant upward hiccup in production during the Year of Lockdown. That supports the suggestion that lockdown gave people both the time and the urge to go back to a more traditional and enduring form of communication. And encouragingly, the year in progress is looking rather productive too — 112 in 6 months, which is if anything even faster than 2020/21 was!

What sort of habits are we faneditors getting into? There may be changes, partly for the better and partly for the worse, in the written and visual content and in the production processes we use. As well as the idea that lockdown is giving editors more time and inclination, perhaps word processing and photo manipulation are continuing an existing trend to be easier, and editors are becoming more practiced and more productive. This has of course been going on for 20 years, so has nothing to do with the pandemic.

Also, it is easier — and very tempting — to print photos and colour artwork, so more space may be devoted to graphics now. It is easy to forget how much skill and time was needed in the '50s to hand-stencil an illo of (say) a spaceship on an alien planet or a cartoon of a BEM; and even the intermediate technology of taping an electrostencil into a carefully shaped hole in a typed stencil was pretty laborious. Not to mention hand duplicating, slipsheeting, collating and stapling.

As photos have become easier to use, they have largely replaced the fan cartoon. The wit

and creativity of an aptly placed bon mot or two alongside a picture, often a very simple one, is seemingly a dying art. Is that the fault of artists for not producing them, or editors for not commissioning them? It may be a vicious circle with increasing rustiness and lack of practice on both sides of that cycle.

The biggest changes over the years, though, have been in production processes. If we look back to the 1930s when the only printing processes available to amateurs or others publishing in low volumes were duplication or letterpress, we can see an exponential curve of development since. During the '50s and '60s, not much had changed; but in the '70s there was a gradual shift in the availability of photolithography and photocopying. Then in the '80s with the advent of home computing the pressure on the market to develop home printers became overwhelming, and first dot-matrix, then inkjet and laserjet printers came on the market — initially mostly black and white, and then four-colour printing became affordable. Duplicators and letterpress equipment became museum pieces.

More recently, print-on-demand has started to become affordable too. To examine what can be done, it is instructive to compare a magnum opus from last year, *Outworlds 71 / Afterworlds*, with its nearest equivalent from the '80s, *Warhoon 28*. Both are at the pinnacle of achievement of their eras. *Warhoon* contained as many duplicated pages as anyone could reasonably expect to see bound together in a single volume, inside a massive and beautifully assembled hardback binding. And the duplication was also the peak of its art, with a lot of multicoloured pages. We don't now know whether Bergeron did all this duplicating himself (though there may be fan historians who know more than me about his *modus operandi*). But what is clear is that the amount of work required was monumental.

Outworlds 71 / Afterworlds is equally monumental, especially in the work involved in putting together the material and producing beautiful layout throughout. However the printing is now left to automated processes, which means the real effort was in the editorial work. For *OW71/AW*, the number

of pieces collected, and the number of writers and artists involved, must have been unprecedented. Utmost respect to the editorial collective!

Not far below the heights of perfection achieved by *OW71/AW* are other Kindle Direct publications such as Michael Dobson's *Random Jottings* and William Breiding's *Portable Storage*. These are mostly greyscale internally despite fine colour covers; though Michael did print some copies of a colour version of the *Random Jottings* proceedings of Corflu FIAWOL. Full colour fanzines can be printed at home if you are prepared to flog colour inkjet printers mercilessly enough, which is what I do with *Inca*. A loc I received recently from Vernon Brown, whose last regular contact with fanzines was when Peter Weston was producing *Speculation*, described *Inca 19* as "a lovely production in both contents and physically, a long way from the old Roneo/Gestetner productions that I remember."

But good-looking fanzines with readable text are nothing if the content is boring. Do more fanzines, and more expertise in production, mean better? Are we seeing acres of sloppily written and under-edited verbiage, or are we in a Golden Age of meaningful fanwriting? We remember the best writing of former years, notably in fanthologies such as the already-mentioned *Daangerous Visions* distributed at this con, but we may be looking to the past with rose-tinted spectacles, and conveniently if justifiably forgetting the huge numbers of crudzines of years gone by.

We just don't know what the anthologists and fanhistorians of future years will value in retrospect when they read what we are writing now. Now, we seem to value what our fannish and professional predecessors wrote about the people of their time more than we do the critical writings about the fiction of the time — in other words, looking back, fannish writings were perhaps more valuable to historians than sercon ones. If so, is that a lesson for those who think that fanzines should contain writing purely about sf works?

So where is all this taking the culture of fanzine fandom? And is it just a single monoglot culture anyway? Even within the bounds of

eFanzines, there is a plethora of variety — 211 fanzines in a year is more than four a week, so even if you don't spend any time on fannish social media (where I include many of the entities which now count as "fanzines" on the Hugo ballot) you shouldn't get bored.

Fandom — I should say fandoms — are so massive and diffuse now that none of us can be so superhuman as to have active friendships in more than a few corners of fandom.

Fandom as a whole may continue to grow bigger, and those of us who inhabit the corner called fannish (mostly printed) fanzine fandom may feel more and more dwarfed by the gargantuan scene that is now the rest of fandom; but though we are in a niche in which the fanzine is an art form rather than a smoke signal, there are enough of us, keeping busy producing enough quality work, that for the moment at least we are holding our own.

C O R F L U C O N C R D E

Membership List as of 18 October 2021

Brian Ameringen (71A)	John Hertz (51S)	Ulrika O'Brien (39A)
Hazel Ashworth West (69A)	Fred Herman (82S)	Mark Olson (8A)
Mowgli Assor (41A)	Kim Huett (76S)	Curt Phillips (11S)
Karen Babich (29S)	Lucy Huntzinger (35A)	Mark Plummer (14A)
James Bacon (32A)	Rob Jackson (22A)	John Purcell (30A)
Tom Becker (3A)	Steve Jeffery (65A)	Valerie Purcell (31A)
Doug Bell (25A)	Steven Johnson (81S)	David Redd (19S)
Harry Bell (52A)	Jerry Kaufman (43A)	Mark A. Richards (28A)
Pat Bell (53A)	Roy Kettle (74A)	Alan Rosenthal (61A)
John D Berry (45S)	Marcin "Alqua" Klak (63S)	Heath Row (40S)
Jeanne Bowman (62A)	Christina Lake (26A)	Nigel Rowe (42A)
Claire Brialey (13A)	Dave Langford (12A)	Yvonne Rowse (68A)
Mary Burns (37A)	Knud Larn (84S)	David L Russell (60S)
Bill Burns (38A)	Robert Lichtman (16S)	Karen Schaffer (58A)
Steven Cain (57A)	Laura Majerus (83S)	Alison Scott (56A)
Jim Caughran (7S)	Gary Mattingly (64S)	España Sheriff (72A)
Graham Charnock (77S)	Ian Maule (17A)	Paul Skelton (20A)
Rich Coad (9A)	Janice Maule (18A)	Cas Skelton (21A)
Catherine Coker (79S)	Mike Meara (46S)	Ian Sorensen (67A)
John Coxon (70A)	Pat Meara (47S)	Spike (2A)
Nic Farey (33S)	Farah Mendlesohn (54A)	Geri Sullivan (36A)
J L Farey (34S)	Perry Middlemiss (73S)	Peter Sullivan (48A)
Doug Faunt (24A)	Louann Miller (78S)	Ira Thornhill (80S)
Tommy Ferguson (10A)	Ian Millsted (27A)	Suzanne Tompkins (44A)
Vikki Lee France (66A)	Mary Ellen Moore (5A)	R-Laurraine Tutihasi (50S)
Keith Freeman (23A)	Murray Moore (4A)	Pat Virzi (6A)
Ron Gemmell (55A)	Caroline Mullan (49A)	Mike Ward (59A)
Victor Gonzalez (75A)	John Nielsen Hall (15A)	Ted White (1A)

THE BRISTOL TAPESTRY

A TIMELINE OF SF FAN ACTIVITY IN BRISTOL OVER THE YEARS

MY INTRODUCTION TO FANDOM — and then to BRISTOL FANDOM

IAN MILLSTED

I live in Bristol. Indeed, I used to teach at the school very close to the con hotel. If my year 12 students were working on an essay, I could glance across the road at the hotel entrance. I did see the England women's cricket team arrive one afternoon a few years back. However, I'm only local due to migration. I've lived in Bristol for fifteen years, which is a fair chunk of time, but I would still haul back from ever calling myself Bristolian however much I like living here.

I came to fandom late despite having been a reader and viewer of sf since childhood. It was around the year 2000 when I was living in Norwich and having successfully seen off my first year in teaching that I made contact with the local sf group. As a local group it was quite well run by Andrew Stitt, with fortnightly pub meets interspersed with other activities — cinema trips, picnics, board games evenings and quizzes. There were even occasional boat trips on the Broads courtesy of Bren Russell-Wells, whose folks had a big old house backing onto the river with a choice of boats (sail, oars or motor — we used the motor). There was a group zine edited by Andrew Stitt into which most of us chipped. Look for the fourth issue with a round robin story with guilty authors including Andrew

Stephenson, Danie Ware, Ken Shinn and others. In the spring of 2001, Andrew Stephenson chatted about the Eastercon he had just been to. Two years later, a group of four of us went, with Paul Curtis, Tim Maguire and myself joining Andrew.

In 2006 I joined the tail-end of a chain of westward migration. Ken Shinn had moved from Norwich to Bristol some years earlier. Tim Maguire made the move in the same year I did. In my case, I met Elizabeth who happened to live in Bristol. Being a teacher, I could probably get a job if I moved to join her. The theory worked.

On arriving in Bristol, I was keen to explore my new home including things sf and fannish. I joined Ken and Tim at the Thursday night sf group pub meets. This was a sort-of descendant of the '60s group, possibly on the basis that Tony Walsh of the '60s group had later returned to Bristol and also been part of the group started in the late '80s/early '90s from which this 21st century group had continuity. Christina Lake should tell you more about all that.

From the pub meets and a few other people I knew in the city (Dr Bob, for example, whose fanzine I had contributed to), I started to pick up snippets of a past sf fan scene in Bristol. I was curious to know more.

I had already read Peter Weston's *With Stars in My Eyes*, which included references to the '60s group which included Archie Mercer and Tony and Simone Walsh. I later read Peter Roberts' account of his early days in Bristol fandom in Greg Pickersgill's *Stop Breaking Down*. Various sources informed me about the Eastercons held here in 1967 and 1973. For several years I had a part time job working for the charity which owns the building hosting the coffee shop next door to the 1973 hotel, the Grand. It's a good little coffee shop — Full Court Press — well worth a visit when you are here.

My 'fan history of Bristol' education was added to by the kind donation from Christina Lake of a set of the club zine *Balloons Over Bristol* from which the ups and downs of the '90s local group can be tracked somewhat.

Doug Bell shared scans of the record book from the '60s group. Fascinating stuff, if all too quick to fizzle out. I also found the online version of *Then* before later buying the print version, through which more of the fan history of Bristol can be explored.

More recently there has been quite an active sf scene in Bristol particularly centred around the annual Bristolcon, which is due to be held the weekend before Corflu Concorde if anyone is arriving that much earlier.

The three main periods of Bristol's fan history are told in the three articles which follow: the '60s and '70s in a collective compilation of memories, the '80s and '90s in Christina Lake's piece, and this century in my own summary. We hope this is enjoyable as well as informative.



At SIXTIES and SEVENTIES

COMPILED BY ROB JACKSON

THE BaD GROUP: Fireworks and Eastercons

Rob Hansen's THEN:

At least one new fan-group, the Bristol and District SF Group, came into existence in the wake of LONCON II [the 1965 Worldcon in London]. Ever since leaving Cheltenham, and the Cheltenham SF Circle, in 1960, Tony Walsh had "hankered after regular lumps of fannish company." He and Simone, his wife, used to drop in on Archie Mercer in Bristol occasionally while they were living in nearby Bridgwater. Eventually, they too found themselves living in Bristol, and it was inevitable they form a local group.

Walsh invited the old Cheltenham Circle members, and Mercer invited various people including apprentices from nearby RAF

Locking. In all, some fourteen people showed up at the Walsh home for the first meeting. As Tony Walsh later recalled:

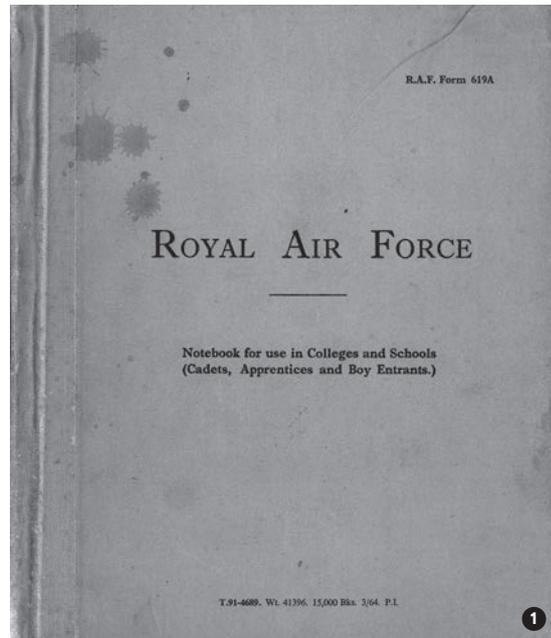
"As a stripped-down, basic fact, the BaD Group came into existence on 25th September 1965. At 9pm, to be precise, when the mob in the lounge of 61 Halsbury Road came to order long enough to vote in a few rules, agree on a sub, and plan a party."

Doug Bell:

I've included a scan of the entire BaD meetings book. It's a nice hardback notebook that unfortunately is only about 10 pages full. It ended up in my hands after talking to Greg [Pickersgill] at an Eastercon (I think one of

The Bad Meetings Book

(courtesy of Doug Bell)



Minute of the 1st meeting of the Bristol and District Science Fiction Group

Present were

Dave Mayes
 Dave Chopin
 Frank Herbet
 Peter Mabey
 Keith Freeman
 Wandy Freeman
 Eric Jones
 Margaret Jones
 Tony Underwood
 Archie Mercer
 Tony Walsh
 Simone Walsh
 Beryl Herley
 Alan Chorley

Date - 20th September 1965

Time - 7.00 p.m.

Place - 61 Halsebury Road, Redland, Bristol 6

Tony Walsh took the chair

First Item

Suggestions were solicited for name of group. After discussion it was agreed that "Bristol And District SF Group" was explanatory enough for possible recruits and the initials good enough for an image within fandom.

Second

Meetings to be held at above address until the membership became too swollen when a pub or clubrooms would be found. Provisionally fortnightly, next one on Oct 9th.

Third

2/6 p.w. attendance fee agreed on; 5/- per annum for those attending infrequently. 2 free initial attendances

Fourth

New members must have may. only approval. This was thought necessary to exclude unwanted types.

Five

Officers - Temporary Sec. - Tony Underwood
 Treasurer - Archie Mercer
 Chairman - Tony Walsh

Elections in September at periods of A.G.M.

Six

Advertising

It was decided to defer paid advertising in newspapers and trying to gain publicity by writing letters to the editor.

Immediate ads to be placed on free notice boards, in City Library, Information Bureau, Whats on publication, University tech etc.

Agreed that phone number (Bristol 46255) only to be given, to avoid embarrassment to Simone Walsh from door callers. This rule waived for Tony Underwoods address.

Seven

A library to be formed from books

donated by club members. 2d a week charged for loan. Librarian Simone Walsh

Eight

A combined club launching - Greyfriars party to be held on Nov 6th. Invitations to be sent to all other fan groups in country

Meeting Adjourned

Min of 2nd meeting of B.D.S.F. Group. Date ^{Oct} 23rd Sept

None

Meeting attended by

The Walshes
 Tony Underwood
 Dave Mayes
 Dave Chopin

A purely social meeting which ended up watching BBC three after much fiddling

with the tele.

Min. of the 3rd meeting of the BAD SF Group

Date 23 ~~Sept~~ Oct.

None

Meeting attended by

The Walshes
Beryl + Archie Mercer

Again another social meeting

Date 6 Nov.

Fan Fawkes Party. ~~Here~~ at 61 Halsbury Rd

Attending were

The Walshes, Archie + Beryl Mercer
Dave Choping, Dave Mays, Brian Broad
Peter Mayle, The Herbots + Co, The Tremons.

6

Roger Paynter, Doreen Parker, Pats Weston,
Alan Chorley, The Coppins, Paul Rodgers,
Ethel Lindsay, Peter Day, Dave Barber, Harry Nadby,
George Locke, Daphne Sewell, sub Marks, Tony
Edwards, Chris Priest, Paul Natter, Steve Oke,
Marie Rothwell, Dick Ellingsworth + Diana,
Bill Burns, Alan Kipin + Linda, Don Geldert
* Bette Woodhead, Sally Clarke, Jeff Winteman
Charles Newstone

7

Min of 4th Meeting of BAD SF Group

Date - 20/11/65

Present were

The Walshes
Beryl + Archie Mercer
Tony Underwood
Dave Choping
n.m. Graham Book

Done

Dave Choping presented samples of
a letterhead which were considered.
It was decided to have the name
of the group in big letters of gold across
the top.

Four

agreed to hang a sign in
Bristol University to hope in more
members.

Three Copies of the proposed Trip to Vienna were
handed out. A copy is enclosed

8

Four

Mention was made of a New Years
party but no details were finalized

A general discussion followed and members
had a browse through the small but
growing library.

Min of 5th meeting of Bad SF Group

4/12/65. Sat + mattered.

18.12.65 Sat + matches tally.

1.1.66 Social Under 18 sub reduced to 1/6d
Alan Chorley 2 Mares, 2 matches

9

15.1.66 Three Bonds bought. ICF 330334-5-6
New member Brian Hampton. Discussion on
social meetings; decided insufficient activity. Decision
that Brian should buy camera for film making. Decision
to have social eat-out, to be decided next meeting is
time + place. Inconclusive discussion on group theme
for fancy dress.

22.1.66 Present Graham Book, Brian Hampton,
Archie + Beryl, Tony + Simon.
Brian brought newly acquired movie camera.
Meeting agreed to purchase of projector. Filming to
start at next meeting. Discussion on publicising club.
Leaflet to produced and distributed.

5.2.66 Present. Graham Book, Archie + Beryl
Brian Hampton, Dave Chopping, Simon + Tony.
No filming because of lack of film. Leaflets
distributed for inclusion in library books.

12.2.66 Present Alan Chorley, Archie, Brian Hampton
Graham Book, Brian Hampton, Tony + Simon.
Tony Walsh agreed to write and duplicate script
for film. Action film taken.

10

Brian Hampton (home at
3 Loudwater Close
Sunbury-on-Thames,
Middx
Dunbury. 5270.

D. Edwards.
268, Filton Ave,
Hartfield
Bristol 7.

♀ 1941684 SAC BAILES P.A.
PC 8, AES 3WING
R.A.F. LOCKING
WESTON-S-M.

11

the recent-ish Heathrow ones) where he was somewhat astounded to learn that Tony Walsh attended the later SF group for a while. I never met him as he'd gafiated again by the time I moved to Bristol, but the legend has it he did repair Christina's toilet.

Keith Freeman:

Ghod, the list of attendees at the first meeting took me back... Actually the cover of the notebook ["ROYAL AIR FORCE. Notebook for use in Colleges and Schools (Cadets, Apprentices and Boy Entrants.)"] also took

me by surprise. Was it a coincidence that I was still in the RAF at the time? Frank Herbert was, of course, the bank manager rather than the author (just to avoid any myths or mythsters starting!).

Peter Mabey:

I had forgotten that I'd been at the inaugural meeting and don't recall how that came about, as I had already moved away from Cheltenham by then. So I am sorry not to have any reminiscences for you.

The BaD Fireworks Party

Bill Burns:

I have only vague memories of that 1965 party. It was hosted by Tony and Simone Walsh, and the Salford group did its usual "hire a van and drive to a party" outing. We stayed overnight and there were lots of fans crashing in every room, in chairs, on the floor, wherever there was a space.

At the Fan Fawkes Party, members of the Salford group (Delta SF Film Group by that time) were Peter Day, Harry Nadler, Aub Marks, Tony Edwards, Marie Rothwell (HN's girlfriend and later wife), Bill Burns. Tony, Marie and I are still around.

Rob Hansen's THEN:

February 1967 saw the first issue of *Badinage*, the Bristol Group's clubzine. It was edited by Graham Boak, one of those members recruited

from the students at Bristol University soon after the BaD group was formed (Brian Hampton was another), and among its contents was a lettercolumn containing letters from fans who had been talked into responding to a non-existent issue zero, and an ad for the Norwich Union insurance group (!). As with most groupzines, *Badinage* was paid for out of group funds and so ran contributions from any member who produced one, with the usual uneven results in terms of quality.

Bill Burns:

Tony and Simone subsequently moved to the Wirral (I think they were still together at that point, but only for a short time) where they had a house not far from the Shorrocks. Tony subsequently gafiated and as we know, Simone moved on but stayed in fandom for a while.

BRISCON, 1967

Rob Hansen's THEN:

The 1967 Eastercon, BRISCON, was held at the Hawthorns Hotel in Bristol over the weekend of 24th–26th March. The con was put on by the BaD Group with Tony and Simone Walsh handling hotel liaison and con funds, Archie & Beryl Mercer handling publications, Graham Boak being in charge of the Cabot Room (where the book tables, fanzine sales

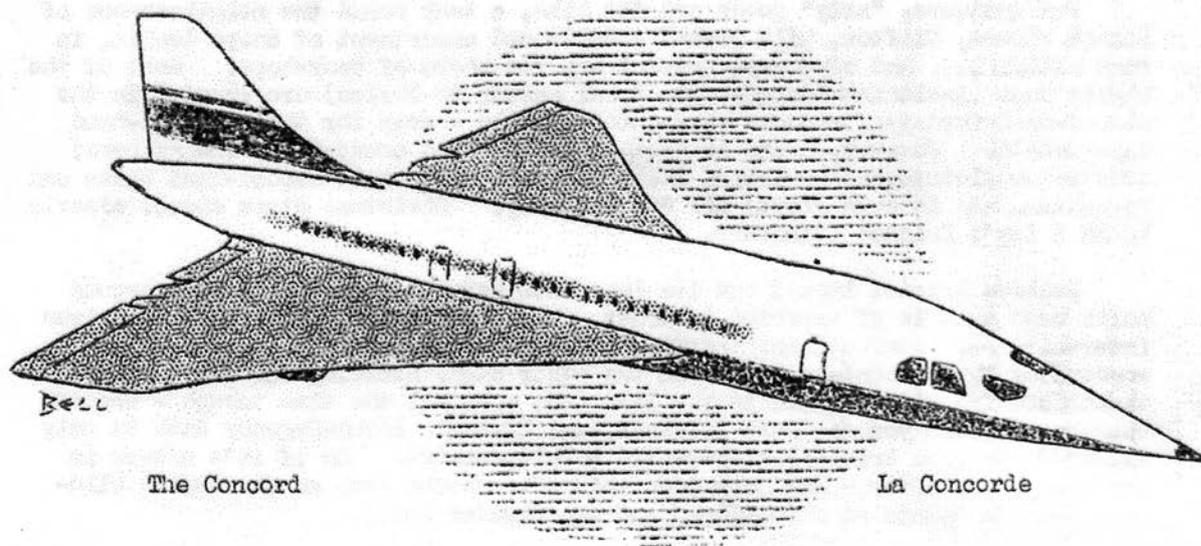
table and the art show were located), Brian Hampton in charge of logistics, and various other members acting as gophers.

Tony Walsh was con Chairman, Guest of Honour was John Brunner, and the programme book did not list those who had registered (so no attendance figures). There were the usual auctions and panels, speeches by Brunner and Moorcock, and a St. Fantony ceremony at

which Ramsey Campbell, Charles Partington, Wendy Freeman, and Jill Adams were inducted. Doreen Parker won the Doc Weir Award.

BRISCON had no Fancy Dress — which was only an occasional item at British cons at this point anyway, and the only film listed was *La Jetée*. In actual fact, this was followed by Ed Emshwiller's *Relativity*. Before this latter film was shown, Tony Walsh warned that it was “bloody, very bloody” and that the squeamish

should leave before it began. Few did, and the film generated so much comment that it was screened again later in the con. The proceedings at BRISCON were reported in depth in *Speculation 16* in the Autumn, which carried transcripts of the speeches by Brunner and Moorcock and of the pro-panel discussion, a review of *Relativity*, and a con-report by editor Weston.



Hand-stencilled and duplicated illustration by Harry Bell, 1967, reprinted from the Briscon programme book

THE BRISTOL BINGE

Darroll Pardoe

(First published in Grimwab 4, July 1967, ed. Harry Bell)

Conventions are such wonderful things, that it's a shame they last so short a time; only four days and then it's home to mundane life for another year. This one was no exception, but I cheated a bit and travelled to Bristol on the Thursday, squeezing in an extra day and a pre-con get-together at the Walshes'.

The events of the weekend really began as I was walking up to that ridiculously-situated booking office on Paddington station to buy my ticket to Bristol. Just as I passed the book-stall a poor old chap standing close by had some kind of fit or stroke and collapsed to the ground almost at my feet. Fortunately it didn't turn out to be a bad omen for the success of

the convention, which I can safely say was one of the most enjoyable I've yet attended (although I like them all).

It was a pleasant day, so I walked from Temple Meads station up to the hotel to book in, and then strolled on to the Walshes', where I was met by a very doubtful look from Simone before she would let me into the house. 'You see, I had this beard last time I was there. I was glad to meet Heinrich Arenz for the first time, who naturally looked nothing like I thought he would (no fan ever does). Sometime during the evening Pete Weston and Rog Peyton arrived, bringing the total of Brummies present to three (3).

The party was still going on when I left, together with the contents of three bottles of Guinness which I'd transferred to the interior of my stomach during the evening. I walked back to the hotel and went to bed, to get some sleep for the nights ahead.

Next morning dawned with the sound of muttering and clattering just outside the window. I looked out, and there on the car park was a party of highly assorted folk loading themselves and their equipment into a motorcoach. This performance, incidentally, was repeated every morning during the weekend. I found out later that this was a convention of geologists; they were no trouble to us fans, though, as they were away from the hotel from early morning to late at night. It was no use trying to get back to sleep, so I went downstairs to an excellent breakfast in the hotel restaurant... a portent of the meals to come, which were uniformly excellent and reasonably priced — an unusual situation for a con-hotel.

I adopted my usual practice during the morning of sitting in the front lounge and observing the arrivals as they came. During this time I talked to Ella Parker and Ethel Lindsay, who had arrived at one of the smallest of hours that morning. Ella soon had the service of tea sorted out, and a continual stream of trays of teapots and things began flowing in our direction. During lunch Ken Cheslin put in an appearance, bringing the total of Brummies to four (4).

Soon the word got around that the registration desk was open, so I wandered down to the con hall and paid my ten bob, then settled down nearby to see who was coming in. I hadn't been there very long when Mary Reed turned up, (Ghod bless her), registered and sat down with a large pile of copies of *Crabapple*, which she distributes to those deserving folk who were due to receive them. Soon a large crowd of fans, admirers and hangers-on had collected, and as people left the registration desk they came over and joined the group.

Martin (Santos) Pitt and Martin Suter came in, thus completing the role call of Brummies at the con, making a grand total of six (6). Not bad considering that the BSFG died a lingering death more than six months ago. The Lunar Restaurant in Park Street is the traditional

place in Bristol where fans go to eat on the occasion of a gathering, and I went there with a group of folk to assuage the pangs of hunger, before seating myself in the con hall for the start of the official programme.

The Friday night programme featured Brian Aldiss, introducing various fans and pro personalities, and introducing them to participate in a kind of s-f quiz show... in which the prizes were the same whether you answered the questions correctly or not. It naturally started an hour or so late, but one gets used to this happening, and comes to expect it as part of the tradition of s-f conventions.

The less formal part of the con was slow to get off the ground. That night was chiefly notable for the lack of room-parties, so I spent quite a while in the front lounge talking to various fans, then went to bed at the ridiculously early hour of 2.30. The hotel had one great advantage, and that was the number of bars scattered around; I kept discovering new ones all the time in odd corners. It was a rambling sort of hotel, anyway, the kind that has expanded over the years by taking in adjoining houses and building; just right for a con. There was one place where to get to a part of the hotel you had to go over a bridge, three floors up and open to the elements. Every time I had occasions to go over it, it seemed to be raining. I reckon it was a bridge into an alternative universe where it rains all the time.

Saturday morning I breakfasted in the company of Roje Gilbert, Barbara Mace and Brenda Piper, then adjourned to the con hall for the pro panel, which consisted of John Brunner, Judy Merrill, James White, Mike Moorcock and Tom Disch.

I lunched with James White, who spent a considerable time trying to persuade me to write a con-report. Well, he succeeded, and you're reading it. The afternoon included the film-show, which consisted of two half-hour films: *Relativity* by Emsh, and a French one, *La Jetée*. The first of these was calculated not so much to entertain as to stir up discussion among the audience. The debate was still going strong on the Monday morning, and no doubt we'll be talking about it when we arrive at the next convention. We'll also be humming *The Tune* — this was a

few bars of a tune which was repeated over and over in the film, and captured the imagination of a good part of the audience. It was the sort of phrase of music that you just can't get out of your head, no matter how you try. The script of the film could well have been written by J.G. Ballard; it was real non-linear stream-of-consciousness stuff, and the film would have looked just as good run backwards.

The other film was inferior in production, but to my mind far superior as a film. It was done in stills, and was obviously intended to create a mood rather than tell a straight story. The plot was just right — sufficient to make the film interesting, but not enough to overload the effect of doom and melancholy which pervaded the whole thing. The musical background helped a lot; it was mostly in a minor key, and even included some rather good plain-chant. The ending turned the film into a pure classical tragedy. Beautiful. In fact, when they showed the film again the following day I was completely overcome by it.

After the films came Guest of Honour John Brunner's speech. He gave a talk which was supposed to be on neglected themes in s-f, but actually rambled entertainingly, and was delivered in John's usual excellent way. After a meal I watched *Dr. Who* on TV, strictly for amusement value only. That evening we had to vacate the con hall so that the hotel could hold their regular Saturday-night dance there, and so the con-committee put on an open party in a large room elsewhere in the hotel. Most people gravitated there initially, and it went on till after midnight, although various room parties got started long before then. Certainly, there were plenty of parties that night. There was a large one in the Rosenblums' room, and so many people crammed themselves in that, although no-one else appeared concerned, I could not bear the stuffy atmosphere and had to leave while it was still going strong. I recovered by spending a very interesting time talking to Mary and Chas Legg in the comparative peace and quiet of Room 149. It was the first chance I'd really had to meet Chas (or Gandalf) and he struck me as a reasonably intelligent sort of fellow. Anyway, after a few hours I returned to the fray in — I think — Judy

Merril's room, and eventually wound up in bed at around three-thirty.

Came the dawn, and the usual routine of the geologists loading up, followed by breakfast with Dave Copping and Vic Hallett. Then came the BSFA Annual Meeting, the usual rambling farce. I have become convinced that the AGM in its present form is unnecessary, since no decisions can be taken there, and the sooner it is either abolished or given something meaningful to do, the better. Roje Gilbert proposed Cambridge for the 1969 Convention, and this was agreed to. The election results were announced... nobody wanted to be the Publications Officer, so being the heroic thickhead that Ken Cheslin later called me, I volunteered to do the job for six months. Lunch with Rog Peyton gave me the chance to talk about what I'd let myself in for. That afternoon the fanzine editors' panel was down on the programme, and comprised *Xenon*, *Speculation*, *Phile*, *Grimwab*, *Crabapple* and *Spinge* in the various incarnations of Mike Ashley, P. Weston, Gray Charnock, Harry Bell, Mary Reed and yours truly, with Beryl Mercer "moderating". The panel started over half an hour late, and finished on time, so we didn't really get off the ground, and spent most of the time looking at the audience and wishing they'd ask us some sensible questions.

Mike Moorcock now gave a superb speech, the funniest I've heard at a con for ages and ages. He appeared to be roaring drunk, and indeed took numerous drinks from a bottle by his side, but I suspect he was acting the part to a considerable extent. He followed his speech by an auction, one of the items in which was an old fanzine, vintage 1940 or so... no-one would bid more than 2/6 for it, so Mike paid 10/- himself, took one look inside, and tore it to shreds. This performance went down so well he repeated it later on in the front lounge... where Mike offered Brian Burgess 4/6, with a perfectly straight face and serious tone, for some terrible cruddy Ace p/b he was reading (cost 4/- from Ken Slater). Brian was happy with his 6d profit, so Mike took the p/b from him, and expertly reduced it to confetti which he scattered all over the floor. I had a look at the book in question later, and I don't blame Mike... it was terrible.

The main auction that evening was ably conducted by Ted Tubb and Ken Bulmer, and there were some real bargains going. After the auction came the St. Fantony ceremony, which began with an extremely moving and impressive tribute to their late, and sadly missed, Grand Master, Eric Jones. The final official programme item was the presentation of the Doc Weir award; this year it went to Doreen Parker, a most worthy recipient. It is good to see Doc remembered this way.

The rest of the evening was marred by an astonishing calamity. All room parties were banned by the management, and the con-committee supported the ban. Actually, it wasn't too bad, for the bar downstairs in the con hall was open till well after four o'clock, and most people spent quite a bit of time there. Those parties that did get started were clamped down on heavily, and rather rudely. The Shorrocks' party was successful for a time, but then came the Awful Moment when the tramp of jackboots was heard outside, and the management displayed the Iron Fist.

Still, they didn't entirely get their own way, for there was a convivial affair in 149 which escaped the notice of the authorities completely. There was no alcohol available, so we just sat or lay and talked to the light of a

single candle (which was hidden away in the bathroom) and generally had quite a pleasant few hours. Possibly the reason why the management kept away was the wild cheese roll which was roaming the corridors, savaging anyone it could catch.

Sometime during this evening (or was it the Saturday?) I remember going down in one of the lifts and ending up in some place filled entirely with laundry baskets. There was no way out... so we had to go back up in the lift. I can't for the life of me place that room in relation to the rest of the hotel; there must have been a dimension-warp of equal severity to the one in the Midland Hotel, Birmingham.

About five o'clock I decided that my senses were becoming too disorientated to carry on, so I went to bed. Next morning after breakfast I sat in the front lounge and said goodbye to various folk, then travelled up to the Walshes', where a number of souls had gathered for the final farewells (which were interrupted by a trip back into Bristol for lunch). Soon, the last sad moment came when the Weston car pulled away from the kerb, its cargo of three fans waving, and humming that air from *Relativity* over and over again. The con was really over for another year.

BACK TO THE ROOTS: grubbing about *Peter Roberts*

(First published in Stop Breaking Down 2, April 1976, ed. Greg Pickersgill)

Eight years ago, just before Easter, I painfully and laboriously cranked out copies of *Mor-Farch* ready to be distributed at the Buxton Thirdmancon — my first fanzine, my first convention. It seems a hell of a long time ago now. Damn it, it is a long time ago. There's a nostalgic haze hanging over those days and I must confess my memory is muddled and vague. No matter; don't dispute the facts — I'll just tell it like it probably was.

First things first. I joined the BSFA back in 1966 and did little for a year or so, except organise a school sf society which might well hold some record for least-known sf group. We didn't do much; for a fee, members borrowed my books

and read my copies of *Vector*. I didn't realize it then, but with a couple of dozen paid-up members the Clifton College Science Fiction Society was probably the largest fan group in Britain at the time. Hoo. Anyway, a year later I contacted the much smaller Bristol and District Group and started going to meetings. I remember I used to go straight from school during the first few months: a withdrawn figure, keeping to the corners, as silent as the grave, and wearing a nice grey suit — every inch the young businessman. Hardly anyone noticed me — just like at school. Then came the long-awaited release from the institution, and I decided I'd had enough of my drab, conservative existence. The first BaD

Group meeting afterwards I went dressed in salmon-pink jeans, orange pyjama jacket (embellished with dragons), fake rabbit-fur waistcoat, and a Yugoslav fez. Beryl Mercer called me an exhibitionist. It was a good meeting.

But back to fanzines, The Bristol Group occupied itself at that time with gossip, fannish visitors, the local chippie, and *Badinage*. I was given a copy of the second issue of this group fanzine when I first arrived, and watched in awe and amazement as the third issue took form and finally appeared. With equal fascination I watched the incoming reaction. I still carry a clear picture of Gray Boak arriving at a meeting, seizing upon a copy of *Haverings*, tearing it open and fearfully announcing: "Let's see what Ethel has to say!" Fanediting seemed a grim and impressive job. There were locs too which were passed around, and fanzines in exchange. Fascinating. I read my way through Archie Mercer's vast fanzine collection, even bought (by weight) stacks of old OMPazines from him, and thus gradually became immersed in the culture.

Meanwhile I was trying to get out of my shell and was writing to various people mentioned in the BSFA Bulletin's 'Correspondents Wanted' column. Among them was Anne Gill who was already writing to a Welsh youth and neofan called Gregory Pickersgill. Ah, unkind fate; how strange... Somehow Anne must have become confused about *Badinage*, because one day out of the blue a packet of manuscripts arrived from Pembrokeshire — articles, poems, fiction, even artwork — with a note saying "I understand you're intending to start a fanzine..."

Well, nobody told me.

I don't know what happened next. Really, I can't remember. The next thing I recall was buying a duplicator and soliciting contributions from members of the BaD Group and mundane friends. It is strange; an odd thing to forget. How did this mistaken idea that I was going to produce a fanzine turn itself into reality? God only knows. It's missing links like this that confirm my solipsist fear that the past is all faked, just a set of fictional memories planted on me yesterday — by an unimaginative hack-writer, at that.

The duplicator is real enough, though. I've still got it. £15 worth of ink-stained machinery lovingly known as a Gestetner 120 and formerly the property of Chippenham Dogs' Home. I watched it at work, brought it home, and then tried to operate it myself on the monkey-see, monkey-do principle. Yeah, well — clever little sods, monkeys.

It worked eventually, after a fashion. Keith Walker would have approved of the results — several lines were legible.

Surprisingly I was undeterred, and the fanzine began to take shape. Being utterly and unusually methodical we started with the cover. Who's we? Well, at that time I was working as a wages clerk and with me was an art student, Roger Woods. We talked a lot about the fanzine, mostly out of boredom, and did a lot of ambitious planning. The cover was going to be pretty damn good — a Victorian illustration of walrus, cherubs, and fancy scrollwork, with a Gothic title in white, all on grey art paper. Roger did the drawing, I bought the paper and white ink. Right, you guessed. I've still got that expensive paper and dried-up tube of ink somewhere; musty mementoes of past dreams. We gave it a try, of course, but each page took about an hour to work and the result was dismally indifferent. So perish all grand ideas.

I think the title came from the cover. That's my excuse anyway. I certainly remember spending lunch-hours in Bristol Public Library looking up 'walrus' in various languages, I finally chose the Welsh version more out of sentiment than sense, since no-one could pronounce the wretched thing. *Mor-Farch* — I suppose it was distinctive, in a clumsy sort of way.

Anyway, as to the contents of that first issue; they were an odd mixture of items — a few things I'd planned beforehand, a few pieces I'd solicited, a selection from the Pickersgill manuscript bank (I'll print the rest of them someday if he ever gets uppity), plus a number of reviews and fillers. Don't worry, I won't go into every grubby detail — after all this time, it's a bit unsavoury to recall, for example, goshwow reviews of Eric Frank Russell space opera. Let's leave some of the shabbier

aspects of the past in peace and just unearth the worthier material. Yes, there was some. A piece called 'The Unnatural Numbers', for example, a strange fantasy of mathematics by Rob Johnson. Now there's a fine writer lost to fandom, and an exuberant character too — the famous mad gibberer of Bristol fandom and sometime editor of *Badinage*. Gone. Gafiated. Whisked away by his five sisters (or was it six, he could never remember himself). And whatever happened to Greg Pickersgill? The original 1968 Welsh version, not your modern London fan of latterday wit and myth. Greg wrote fiction then, along with most British fanwriters — not as sercon as Gray Boak's, not as abrasive as Bryn Fortey's, not as promising as Chris Priest's, but strange, lunatic stuff like 'Smiths Burst', a bizarre mixture of J.G. Ballard and Ronald Searle. And what else? A shrill editorial on censorship, Gray Boak's 'The Delazny Intersection', a checklist of *Impulse*, a short story by Tony Cottrell, best forgotten (though I hear he's an up and coming theatre director nowadays — remember, you heard of him first in *Mor-Farch*), and 'The Lurker In The Loo', a Lovecraft parody of mine which I'm still quite fond of. As far as illustrations went, Roger Woods did the cover and a rather grand illo for 'The Lurker', and I did the rest. Yes, me. Actually I started in fandom as an illustrator, though I've hardly advertised the fact, and my first fanac was a blotchy set of hand-cut drawings specially duplicated in a limited edition of three. I took them along proudly to a BaD Group meeting where they were completely ignored. Not at all put out by this I cut a few more for the first *Mor-Farch* and had some other drawings electrostencilled for later use. These were also ignored. The message got through to me; sic transit Peter Roberts, fanartist.

The reaction to all this? Pretty good, as I recall; Ethel Lindsay liked the fanzine, as did Charles Platt. That's what you call broad spectrum appeal — in fact I could've been everybody's new protege if I'd played my cards right. So it goes. Others liked it too; "Much better than the majority of fanzines available at the same time, eg *Ruffcut*, *Son Of New Futurian*, and even *Freewheelin*." (Credit

to Graham Boak for that all-time back-handed compliment, which I've only just noticed.)

Of course, you've got to remember that *Mor-Farch* appeared at a time of utter depression in British fanzines. After several years the Printing and Distributing Service was on its last legs and only the worst of the PaDszines were still kicking feebly. *Speculation* and *Phile* were *the* British fanzines at that time, easily the ones that most impressed me. Others? Well, the review column in *Mor-Farch* lists *Oz*, *Ruffcut*, *Badinage*, and a German fanzine, Tom Schuck's *Sol* (worth a mention since it was the earliest fanzine in which my name appeared — Peter's first egoboo...) Beyond that there must have been *Erg* and *Scottishe* and a handful of PaDszines and OMPAznes (*Xeron*, *Crabapple*, *Relativity?*). Well, anyway, quite honestly there wasn't much competition, even for a newcomer. Pity the neofans of today putting out their first issues — in 1968 a new British fanzine was an event in itself. Mind you, there weren't many readers then either — and most of them were sercons of the first order or PaDsziners doing their own incestuous thing. For nostalgia's sake let's look at the letter column of *Mor-Farch 2* to see who read that first issue; Gray Boak, Graham Charnock, Bryn Fortey, Anne Gill, Graham Hall, Brian Hampton, Phil Harbottle, Poj Hough, Richard Labonte (Christ, did I send any abroad?), Barbara Mace, Jack Marsh, Archie Mercer, Hartley Patterson, Greg Pickersgill, Charles Platt, Mary Reed, and Mike Scantlebury. Surprisingly, nearly all are still around, even if some are at the furthest edges of contact. Only Anne Gill, Poj Hough and Barbara Mace seem to have disappeared, and even they may be lurking somewhere, like Mike Scantlebury who recently turned up in Manchester. Perhaps fans stay active for longer than we give them credit for; two years is supposed to be the average fannish life, though come to think of it I don't know where that oft-repeated observation ever came from.

Eight years ago, eh? Look, this nostalgia could go on for ever. *Mor-Farch 1* cost 1/- plus 4d postage. Jesus, Greg Pickersgill was writing poetry. Christ. And I was seventeen...

Enough.

OMPACON, 1973

Rob Hansen's THEN:

The 1973 Eastercon, OMPACON, the 24th (post-war) British National Science Fiction Convention, was held in The Grand Hotel, Bristol, over the weekend of 20th–23rd April 1973. Guest of Honour was Samuel R. Delany, and the committee consisted of Ken Cheslin, Gerald Bishop, Terry Jeeves, Fred Hemmings, Mike & Pat Meara, and Brian Robinson. By the start of the convention, 346 people were registered, actual attendance later being estimated at 250-300. There was a fairly small overseas contingent at OMPACON, due in part to a smallpox scare that made entry into Britain impossible without a vaccination, but this didn't deter TAFF winners Len & June Moffatt.

Programme items included "Random Fandom", a panel on which Dave Kyle asked June Moffatt, Ethel Lindsay, Tom Schlück, Terry Jeeves, and Keith Freeman about the personal and professional influence of fandom on their lives; "Signposts For The Future", where Ken Bulmer chaired a panel of would-be authors; "The Influence of Other Stars", which featured Brunner, Delany and McCaffrey discussing "non-SF in an SF context"; "Chrono-Logic", a discussion of time-travel chaired by Phil Strick; and "H.G. Wells's Moustache", an SF general knowledge quiz that was won by the Ratfandom team. Films included *The Running, Jumping & Standing Still Film* and *Beyond the Time Barrier*. There was also a bomb scare during the con.

The Fancy Dress on Saturday evening featured one of the more memorable entries at one of these things when, at the instigation of Tony & Simone Walsh (with help from LiG), Peter Roberts and about twenty others were wrapped in cooking foil (over hands and faces) and sent into the hall, strewing computer tape over the audience and carrying placards demanding "Robot Liberation". Not that the March of the Robots was to be Roberts's only contribution to the con.

There were innumerable auctions at OMPACON, and during one of them the old Bristol and District (BaD) Group library was sold off. This had resided with Peter Roberts

ever since the BaD Group disbanded in 1968, Roberts being virtually the only fan now active in Bristol.

In other business at OMPACON, Fred Hemmings, Malcolm Edwards and Peter Nicholls were all elected to the Association's council at the BSFA AGM; Ethel Lindsay won the Doc Weir Award; Dave Fletcher won the Ken McIntyre Award; and Vernon Brown won the Fancy Dress. In the con-bidding session, the choice was between a Newcastle convention run by Gannetfandom and a multi-media extravaganza in London run by Bram Stokes. In the event, Stokes virtually threw away the convention with his performance at the bidding session and so Gannetfandom were awarded the 1974 Eastercon. They announced that Bob Shaw would be their GoH.

Rob Jackson:

When I first started putting this section together full of fannish memories about Bristol, the only significant thing I thought I had done during OMPACON was to present the Newcastle in '74 bid on behalf of Gannetfandom and be gratified that it was accepted. Three of the Tynecon '74 committee were at the con — Ian Williams, Ian Maule and myself. Even though it was my first Eastercon, I agreed to be pushed up onto the stage to talk about the bid, simply because I was less nervous about public speaking than either of the two Ians.

But memories of another event during my visit to Bristol for OMPACON have gradually lit up like a slow-burning firework. I think it must have been on the Monday as the con was finishing that I visited Peter Roberts at his home, and we must have had a long chat about fanzines, prozines and all matters fannish. My memory for conversations is rubbish, but just occasionally, associations with visual memories burn their way into my head and stay there pretty much forever.

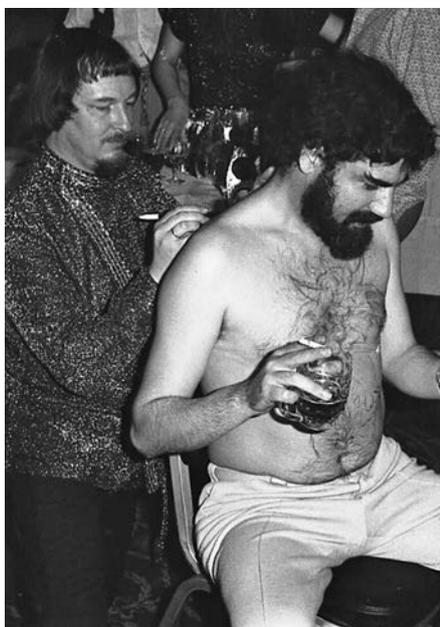
I had already been part of Gannetfandom for around five months, so fannish enthusiasm was already there in my head — but being given copies of Peter's fanzine *Egg* poured petrol on that fire good and proper.

The other visual memory I have is of an issue of *Amazing*. For some reason, an association between an enthusiastic report on the previous year's Worldcon, LACon II, John D. Berry's "Clubhouse" column in the back of the zine, and the view out of Peter's window towards the sun setting across the valley has stuck like Araldite in my head. I guess Peter must have let me look at his copy. Looking back through my run of *Amazing*, I find Ted White reviewed LACon II in his editorial in the April 1973 issue, which fits for the time of the visit.

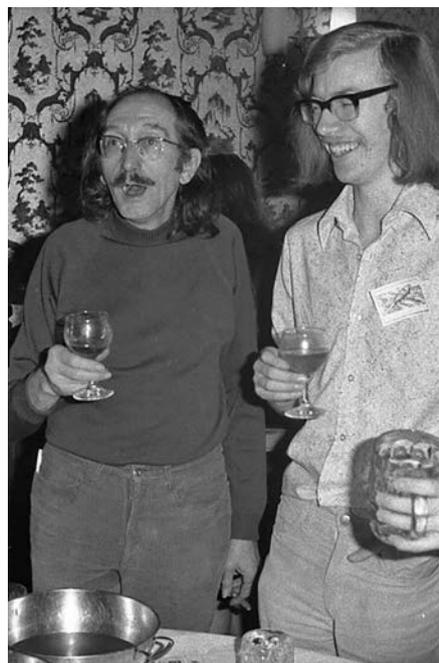
Though I had already taken out a newsagent sub to *Analog*, that copy of *Amazing* firmly

cemented my enthusiasm for prozines, and for the next few years I did my best to be an omnivorous reader. A couple of months ago I mentioned to my wife Coral that this was part of my introduction to prozines. This prompted a memory in her that she first learnt about British cons via a mention of Tynecon in one of the prozines her father used to read. She had known such things existed in the States, but not that there were cons in the UK too!

So she came along to Tynecon, and the rest — as they say — is history. If I hadn't visited Peter's house... our destinies often depend on such twists of fate.



Clockwise from above left: John Brunner writing on Peter Nicholls; Len & June Moffatt, 1973 TAFF winners; Ken Bulmer, John Jarrold; Pat Meara, unknown, Helen Eling, Simone Walsh, Fred Hemmings. (Photos by Mike Meara)



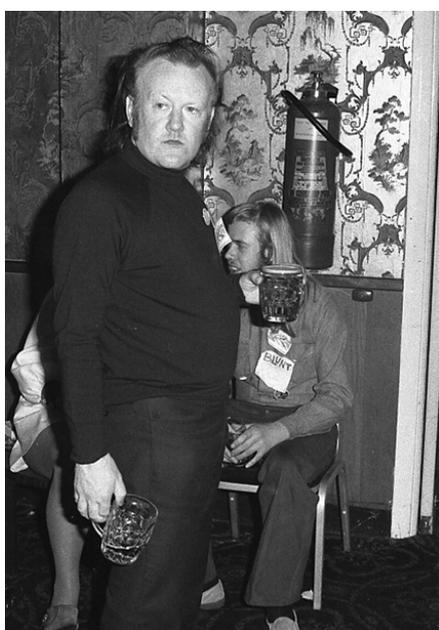
OMPACON, 1973: Photos by Mike Meara



Bob & Sadie Shaw



Pete Presford, Meg Palmer, Gray Boak, Jerry Elsmore, Rob Jackson



Rog Peyton, Dave Rowe



Clockwise L-R: Ina Shorrock, Bill Burns, Harry Nadler, Phil Rogers, Norman Weedall(?)



James Blish, Brian Aldiss, Judy Blish



Mike Meara on guitar, Vera Johnson on piano



Unknown, Rog Peyton, Fred Hemmings



Unknown, James White, Hartley Patterson

THE BRISTOL TAPESTRY

A TIMELINE OF SF FAN ACTIVITY IN BRISTOL OVER THE YEARS

TAANSTAAFL and Beyond: *Bristol SF Group 1985 to 2000*

CHRISTINA LAKE

When I moved to Bristol in 1985 with my then partner Peter-Fred Thompson, I didn't take to the city readily. I felt bereft of the life in Oxford I'd been enjoying and distanced from fandom in London, which had only been a coach journey away from Oxford. Bristol's reputation was still recovering from the riots of the early 1980s, and although I liked the Downs and the buzz of the area we were living in, just off the Whiteladies Road, the city still felt drab and a little unwelcoming. Luckily for me, a new incarnation of the Bristol SF group had been started earlier in 1985. I think we heard about it through a poster in Forever People, the local SF bookshop, and we tracked down the group to a pub called The White Harte, not far from Forever People.

One of the founders of the new group was Jim Greer, a former member of FOKT in Glasgow. He was living in a flat up by the zoo in Clifton, and finding the city somewhat alien too, as all his neighbours seemed very snobby and elitist to him. He remembers being interviewed about the group on local radio, and also being approached by a couple of publishers who were looking for contributors for a new professional SF magazine they were planning to set up.

Justin Moss, who went along to the inaugural meeting, heard about the group through the "What's On" section of the local free paper. There were about 25 to 30 members at the first meeting, he says, but most of them were never seen again. He remembers that there were a lot of people just sitting there in silence and probably feeling quite left out. "Some of them were really weird," said Lou, one of the early members, who was hardly ordinary himself. He and his friend Sean dressed in black and talked about Dostoevsky, Philip K Dick, William Burroughs and Lou's work in progress about a psychotic social worker patrolling the decaying inner cities of England.

By the time Peter-Fred and I turned up, there were still maybe half a dozen regulars meeting at the pub. As well as Justin and Jim, there were Ian and Lorna Stewart who seemed to be the driving force behind the group, and Alan Gilbert, who was still a student at that point and part of the university group. Lou and Sean turned up occasionally, and one or two others whose names I forget. We told Dave Wood about the group, and he came in a few times from Clevedon, encouraged by successfully selling some of his second-hand books to the group. We quickly made friends with Jim and Alan who were somewhat familiar with

the wider world of fandom, but Ian and Lorna (I think now in retrospect) saw us a bit as interlopers in their group, and we never got to know them quite so well.

For a while the group, which was officially known as TAANSTAAFL though no-one really used the name, was very busy, actively trying to promote itself. There was even a plan to run a local convention, but that came to naught as we couldn't find a suitable hotel in Bristol (and weren't ready to go with Sean and Lou's suggestion of running it in a holiday camp). But Peter-Fred and I did manage to get out a fanzine, called *Yuppie Terrorist Reprisals Hit Bristol!*, with articles in it from Justin, Jim and Alan. We also gained some new occasional members when one Thursday, two couples came to join us, whom through a rare feat of memory I identified as Dave & Jenny Raggett (who I'd met at a Beneluxcon in Ghent) and Bill Bains, familiar from letter columns and his own fanzine *Bainlabs Bulletin*, with his wife Jane. Both couples had recently moved to take up jobs in the area, Dave Raggett to work in Bristol's burgeoning tech industry at Hewlett Packard before going on to help develop the internet with Tim Berners Lee, and Bill to do something biochemical in Bath.

But by September 1986 the group was hitting a difficult patch. Jim left to become a social worker. The Raggetts and Bains disappeared to have babies, Ian and Lorna stopped attending, and I went away to Loughborough for a year to study to become a librarian. Peter-Fred & Alan were left to keep the group going with the help of "the book" — a thick A4 hardcover blue notebook which I invested in to record the activities of the group. The book and its successors attracted a lot of drunken ramblings but was to remain the most consistent element of the Bristol SF group throughout its history, and is the source of much of the rest of this article. One of the early entries describes a visit by Darroll Pardoe who was taken down the pub to meet the Bristol SF group only to find no-one there. "Nice quiet meeting" was Darroll's verdict.

Despite some parties, the reappearance of the Raggetts, a fleeting visit by Jim and the excitement of getting a potential new member

via the BSFA, by Feb 1987 an exasperated Peter-Fred was writing in the book: "Same old story, despite talking to Alan on the phone last night. It seems very unfair to demand that he should turn up, but I can't really be the SF *group* on my own, now can I?" But just when it looked like Peter-Fred would have to give up any pretence of being an SF group, Ian Stewart returned, without Lorna and began talking advertising, outreach to the university etc. I sent something through to the local listings magazine *Venue*, and we had a nice note from the editor Robin Askew saying "I've often wondered why a city the size of Bristol doesn't have a thriving fan scene." It was something I'd been wondering too, especially as I knew that Bristol had once hosted Eastercons, and now we could barely get 5 people to turn up down the pub.

The group officially relaunched in April 1987 with an A4 newsletter called *Cosmic Ray*, announcing a committee and a list of proposed events, such as films, games evening, convention visits and a fanzine workshop. Although the turn-out for the relaunched group was not spectacular, some events happened, books and comics were exchanged and with the help of friends of friends, and the arrival of Richard Hewison, who Peter-Fred had talked to at the Beccon Eastercon, the group seemed to be viable again. Correspondence with the local *Venue* magazine continued, this time to the effect that we'd just missed the chance to rope in KW Jeter who had returned to California from Bath.

This phase of the group's life seemed to be very focussed on turning it into a serious SF society rather than the more relaxed fannish groups common at that time in places like Glasgow and Leeds. Peter-Fred and I were probably harking back to the template of a university group (having both been members of the Warwick SF group), but we were also aware that if new people turned up who were unfamiliar with fandom, there needed to be some SF content to draw them in. But any attempts to grow the group into a serious force for science fiction in the city were stymied by the difficulty of making the group visible among the many competing attractions of the

Bristol scene, with its DJs, hip hop and underground sound systems which would lead to the emergence of such bands as Massive Attack and Portishead. Phil Johnson, writer of a book on the Bristol music scene, also makes an astute comment that “Bristol is a difficult city to read and it takes some time to get beyond the rather bland surface it presents to outsiders.” The Bristol of the 1980s which Jim and I had found difficult to relate to was slowly emerging from the underground, but it was still a divided city with a lot of the alternative scene taking place in St. Paul’s or other parts of the city not that well known to white middle class SF fans. Instead it was easier to attract those already familiar with the science fiction scene as alumni from university sf groups, such as Richard Hewison, made their way to the city. Also it took the publicity at the 1987 Worldcon to help some existing SF fans in Bristol to find the group, in the form of Dave Moore, one of the founders of the Warwick SF group, and Tim Goodrick who was part of a loose circle of gaming fans in the city.

However, when we hosted our first GUFF winner, Irwin Hirsh and his wife Wendy, true to form nobody was there. Wendy wrote in the book: “G’day — Cripes, I’ve come all the way from Australia to sit in a pub in Bristol. Stone the crows!!! Throw another shrimp on the barby will ya! Perry where are you when we need you!”

Nevertheless the group seemed to be on the up by the time I returned from my year in Loughborough, with the return of Justin, another Richard (known as Richard III) and visits from Mike Christie and Sherry Coldsmith who were living across the bridge in Wales. *Cosmic Ray 2* seemed more relaxed than the first issue, reporting on new babies, events, upcoming conventions and attempts at finding a new pub for the group. Eventually at the start of 1988 — the group moved away from The White Harte, which had become very busy with students, to Mr Popes at the bottom of Park Street. However, the new venue proved to be equally busy, and already by April 1988 there was talk of moving pubs again due to competition from the resident jazz band. *Cosmic Ray 4* also reported on the long list of events planned for the

year, most of which could be covered by the phrase “go out for a meal”. Various members of the group did attend Follycon in Liverpool, and there was a successful outing to Bristol’s new Exploratory science museum, but on the whole, the group seemed to have settled into its groove as a social group that occasionally talked about SF.

In 1989 the group was moving venues again, this time to a different White Hart, the rather rundown pub by the bus station. Its main feature was a small back room with a strange medieval mural in it (known as “The Muriel”) and its generally unsavoury reputation which prevented it being too popular among students, yuppies or anyone except those awaiting a bus.

Robert Lichtman visited the group on his TAFF trip, along with Dave Wood, but as per usual, there was a low turnout from the rest of the group. A couple of pages of doodling in the book also marked the presence of Lilian Edwards at the pub. And then a couple of weeks later Kev McVeigh popped in, as well as two new members, one of whom was called Ray, who quickly and inevitably became known as “Cosmic” Ray. The trickle of visitors continued. Alyson Abramowitz one week, Martin Smith another. Martin, conscious of his role of muse to fan historian Rob Hansen, wrote a special note in the book for Rob’s attention for when he came to write the history of the Bristol SF group. The number of members grew, mainly through chance, not advertising. Various came and went, but long term fixtures were Brian Hooper the once and future beer lord, and Andy and Nienna, the latter infamous for her Darth Vader impressions. Another new member, Ian Barrington, a Geordie chef, working in one of the local hotels, made an impression first by nearly squashing a baby at a party at the Raggetts, then at Novacon by buying a round of drinks for the entire Leeds group before falling asleep in Geoff Ryman’s latest play.

But the most notable person to discover the Bristol SF group, from a fanhistorical perspective, was Tony Walsh. He turned up sometime around May 1990 and celebrated his return with a big party in his garden that July. Terry

Pratchett was guest of honour, but many of the Bristol SF group were there, partying till dawn, as we still did back in those days. I think he only came down the pub intermittently after that. He wasn't there when Dave Wood brought Mal and Hazel Ashworth along for a meeting. This time there were enough people around for Hazel to find it hard to remember everyone's names. She was very impressed that the group kept a journal, which she took (wrongly) to mean that the group was not as blotto as the Leeds group. Further Leeds group incursions occurred later in the year when Debbi Kerr and Simon Polley came down for a Thunderbirds party round at mine and Peter-Fred's. 1990 also saw a group outing to Chronoclasm in Derby and an Iain Banks discussion. It was a hectic year with a shifting cast of characters, particularly younger members, many of whom had moved away by the end of the year, off to university or jobs elsewhere. The fact that so many members disappeared due to leaving the city perhaps says something about the vibe of Bristol in the late 80s and early 90s, as a place to party but not necessarily settle down in.

By 1991, The White Hart was becoming less viable as a venue. Brian the beer lord wrote "The assembled company agreed the White Hart is a Dead Loss owing to having NO BEER which is outrageous and an affront to the dignity of the assembled company and likely to result in a Severe Outbreak of Sobriety among the members which is INTOLERABLE." One result was the agreement to hold pro-rata meetings in Thornbury following Tim Goodrick's move there. Quite how we determined what constituted pro-rata given the shifting number of group members is hard to say, but it became a popular fixture in the group calendar¹ mainly due to success in the local pub quiz. The events list was trimmed down to what we thought achievable — 10 events were ticked off including a meal out in France and a day at Reconnaissance in Cardiff. "Do the fanzine" — event no 5, noticeably didn't happen. At some point around the middle of the year, the group finally moved to a new pub The Cat and Wheel

on the Cheltenham Road. The meeting day also returned to Thursdays, having mysteriously become Wednesday some years earlier. But founder member Alan Gilbert moved to Teeside, and Tony Walsh went off to work in Nigeria. The group settled into what was to be its classic early 90s line-up of me and Peter-Fred, Tim Goodrick, Richard Hewison, Brian Hooper and Nathan Sidwell, with occasional appearances by Andy and Nienna.

In 1992, the Bristol University Science Fiction Group ran what was billed as "Bristol's First Science Fiction and Fantasy Convention" on October 24th. It was in miniature what the Bristolcons would later become, a one day convention with a focus on writing and SF programming. We attended the convention in the hope of picking up new members, but there was little to attract students away from their own SF group. This had long been the case, despite attempts by Alan Gilbert in his long standing role as university liaison.

A new issue of *Balloons Over Bristol* finally appeared in 1992, thanks to Tony Walsh giving me an article. *Balloons Over Bristol* had started as a personal zine by me and Peter-Fred in 1987, as a successor to *Yuppie Terrorist Reprisals hit Bristol*, but had fallen into abeyance after a couple of issues. Fanzines still seemed an esoteric pastime that most of the group found hard to engage with, though Alan Gilbert did join an APA for a while. But in 1992, when *Balloons over Bristol 3* finally appeared, I managed to extract articles from Tim Goodrick, Brian Hooper, Nathan Sidwell and Peter-Fred to add to the one supplied by Tony Walsh. We were also conscious of competition from the Bath SF group, who had started publishing their own "journal" *Aquae Sulis — No Parking*. I was working in Bath at the time, and started going to meetings of the recently formed Bath SF group (or The Bath SF Discussion Group) which seemed to be everything the Bristol SF group had once aspired to be, a small group of enthusiastic and knowledgeable SF readers, interested in discussing and writing about the genre. Although more sercon than the Bristol group, the meetings were always relaxed and friendly. Simon

¹ The group did in fact have a group calendar that year — one of those with a cartoon for each day of the year — and there were complicated rules for who was eligible to look after the calendar, and fines for its non-return on time — all devised by Tim.

Bisson one of the founder members, along with Ben Staveley-Taylor once of Kerosina Books, and Steve Andrews from the local Waterstones, vaguely knew that there was an SF group in Bristol (described to him as “fairly thriving” by Steve Glover) but felt that there was enough evidence of interest in SF in the book shops around Bath to form their own group. Apart from the few meetings I was able to attend, I’m not sure there was any other interchange between the Bristol and Bath SF groups, though “Have a proper joint meeting with the Bath Group” eventually appeared on the events list.

The Bristol SF group had much stronger links with Exeter via Brian Hooper who had been at university there, and the annual Microcon which various members attended frequently over the years.

In 1994 some members of the Bristol SF group also crashed Misdemeanour in Burnham-on-Sea, a small SF convention intended for friends of the organisers. But lacking awareness of the social etiquette of such affairs, it was assumed that any conventions in the vicinity of Bristol were fair game. Brian Hooper described it as “a convention of Brummies who are very reasonably cheesed off with Birmingham at this time of year and came down to Zummerz instead.” He went on to signal his approval of the event in the following terms: “There was a very acceptable drop of Porter on at the bar and loads of people known to Other members of our group and not from Birmingham were there as well. We weren’t in time for the intended programme item whose nature eludes me for now but were in time for the trial of Steve Green for a number of heinous offences.”

At this point in the group’s history, we’d moved to what would for a while be the best pub of all our migrations, The Brewery Tap on Colston Street. Not only did it brew its own beer on site, but it had a perfectly sized back-room where the group could meet. There was no shortage of members. Steve Brewster turned up in late 1993, and soon became a regular in the group, taking his turn at writing

in the book, going to conventions and even doing his own fanzine, *Dr. Beeching’s Cold Fusion Tramway* in 1995.² There were also at least two Matthews from Oxford, Dalva from Brazil, Nick Walters and Paul Hinder/ Leonard and my brother Simon Lake from the Bristol Fiction Writers group, Amanda Kear³ down from Aberdeen to do a post doc, and Keith Martin, not to mention the reappearance of Tony Walsh, while visitors included Paul Kincaid, in Bristol for a job interview, Tommy Ferguson and Bridget Hardcastle. The proof that the Bristol SF group was no longer trying to display its SF credentials was becoming all too clear. One occasional member wrote: “The first time I met the Bristol group was at Christina’s birthday dinner at the Balti House — what singularly impressed me then was that the conversation turned to Science Fiction NOT ONCE in the entire evening.”

The next issue of *Balloons Over Bristol* didn’t appear until late 1994, though Richard Hewison was somewhat surprised when he turned up at Novacon in 1993 to find that he had apparently published a fanzine called *Blackbird’s Egg*, featuring descriptions of one of the first Bristol group’s first cider parties, and some other content credited to Richard. Despite this hoax issue, Richard was still willing to help out with getting us free printing from his work for *Balloons Over Bristol* when in a fit of enthusiasm, following the end of my relationship with Peter-Fred, I decided that the fanzine should appear every two months. So between late 1994 and October 1995, *Balloons Over Bristol* issues 4 till 9 appeared, featuring a variety of articles from group members, including the controversial series of Miss Lee letters from Tim Goodrick and my less than tactful article in the Intersection Worldcon issue, demanding to know “Why are American Fanzines so Big?” We also had some good cover art from an artist who just called herself Louise, who did The Sex, Drugs & Rock n’ Roll issue that celebrated the delights of Bristol’s Sound City music festival of 1995, with Tim

2 Steve Brewster is still a member of the current Bristol SF group, which makes him candidate for longest-serving Bristol SF group member.

3 Amanda Kear, as well as later doing exciting things with the BBC natural history unit in Bristol has been involved with running Bristol-Cons and so remains part of the Bristol SF scene.

Goodrick and Simon Lake pushing us towards music journalism.

The 1995 Worldcon saw the arrival of Pete and Sue Binfield, formerly of Manchester and Aberdeen, bringing with them ideas for video parties, quizzes, a *Babylon 5* weekend and other activities. When I went away for a year in 1996–7, travelling in America and Australia, Pete and Sue even published *Balloons Over Bristol 11* in my absence, featuring amongst other material an article by obscure Scottish fan Doug Bell. The group also continued the tradition of cider tastings, with Dave Moore and Brian Hooper scouring the Somerset countryside for cider farms and returning with numerous plastic flagons of rough and rustic cider direct from the barrel. New members included Martin Young from Aberdeen, Pete Crump, working temporarily in Bristol, and Tina Horswill, Sue Binfield's new housemate following her breakup with Pete. But on the whole everything seemed much as usual when I returned. The group was still at the Brewery Tap, and still doing pro-rata meetings in Thornbury. There were lots of parties, and a visit from Ian Sorensen where he underwhelmed the group with his jokes. In late October 1997 Doug made his first appearance at the SF group, recorded in the book as "Doug from Aberdeen". Interestingly there were four other members from Aberdeen in the pub at the time, Pete and Sue Binfield, Martin Young and Amanda Kear. This date also seems to mark the first appearance of Nathan's friend Jane, who became known as mad Jane, long before we realised she actually did have serious mental health issues. *Dr Who* fan Ken Shinn also joined around this time, soon to become notorious for sitting in the pub with a glass of water, waiting for someone else to buy a round.

By 1998 there was growing dissatisfaction with The Brewery Tap, with the book containing frequent lists of the things the pub had run out of, including latterly their own beer. And so the perennial search for a new pub began. 1998 also saw the departure of the two Petes for pastures new — Pete Binfield to Amsterdam, and Pete Crump, less exotically, to Middlesborough. Peter-Fred Thompson had already abandoned

the group sometime after Intersection in a quest for a more meaningful mode of existence outside of fandom. In September 1998, Pete Binfield invited most of the group over to a big party in Amsterdam to celebrate his 30th birthday. It was a weekend of drinking, smoking dope and making a nuisance of ourselves in pedalos on the canals. It was also the weekend when I got together with Doug Bell, who eventually moved to Bristol to become a regular member of the Bristol SF group. *Balloons Over Bristol 13*, the "special sex issue", was published in November 1998, with a cover by Sue Binfield and a Who's Who of the Bristol SF group, involving a roster of 22 different people. There was nobody who'd been there when I first joined in 1985, but seven who dated back to the 1980s, including The Raggetts, Nathan Sidwell, Richard Hewison and Tim Goodrick. Gender balance by then was one third female to two third male, with slightly more women involved by the end of the decade than in the earlier years of the group.

In 1999 we were still in the Brewery Tap, but instead of listing which drinks were unavailable, we'd begun to make a list of "Things they have back again". Nick Walters also got in trouble for accidentally breaking an Erdinger glass, and then another evening the pub was closed, without notice, for a private function. We migrated across the road to The Scotchman and His Pack, before eventually relocating to The Hare on the Hill, which had decent drink and friendly staff, though it was always a challenge to stake out enough space for the group in the corner.

On the 26th October I published the last issue of *Balloons Over Bristol*, titled *99 Last Balloons*, featuring articles by me, Doug, Nick Walters and Simon Lake. We even had a loc from one-time member Bill Bains (not to mention lesser luminaries such as Walt Willis, Ted White and Robert Lichtman).

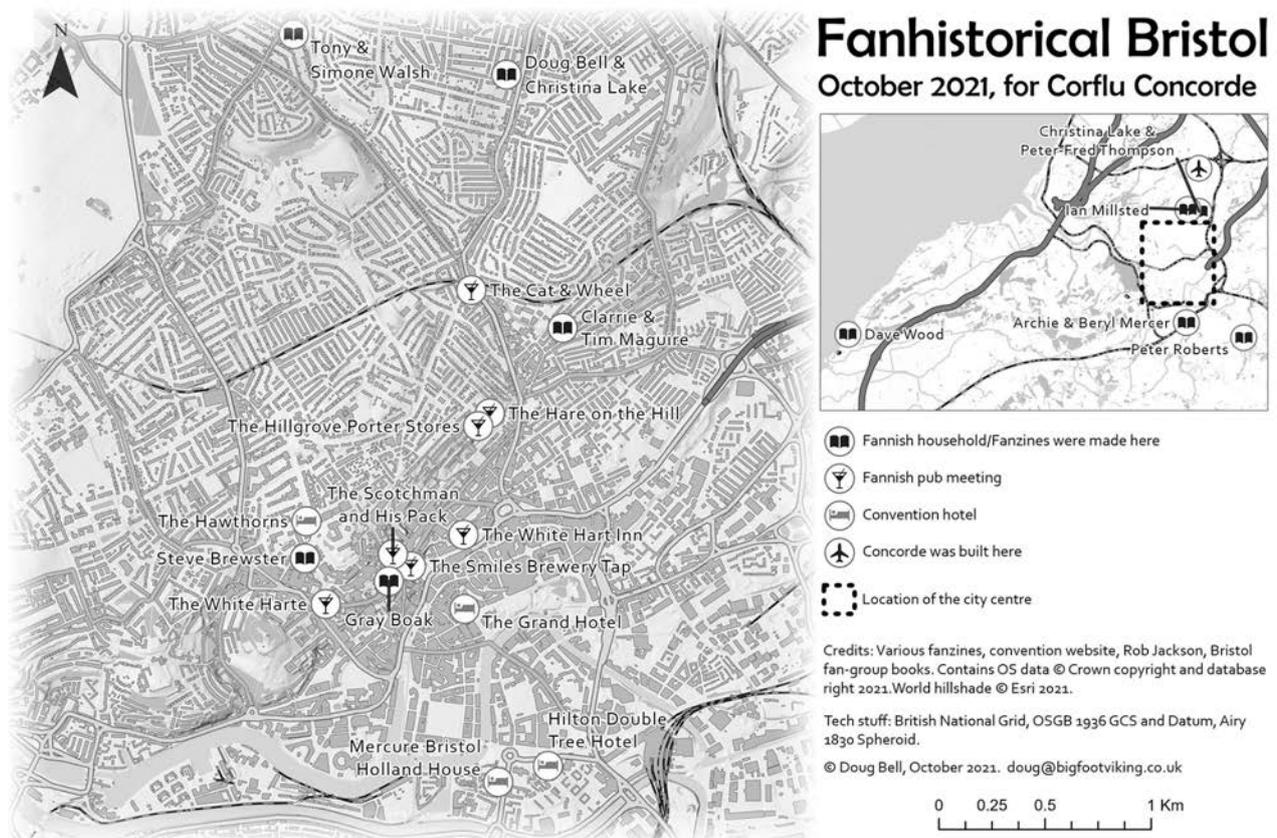
The year ended with a Millennium Party round at mine and Doug's, in planning since June 1999. Most members of the Bristol SF group were present with a number of guests from around the country. Sue Binfield decorated the house up as a Roman palace and we saw in the Year 2000 with a giant firework that nearly blew up my shed and so much fizzy

wine that Doug was able to indulge his Scottish heritage with Irn-Bru prosecco cocktails.

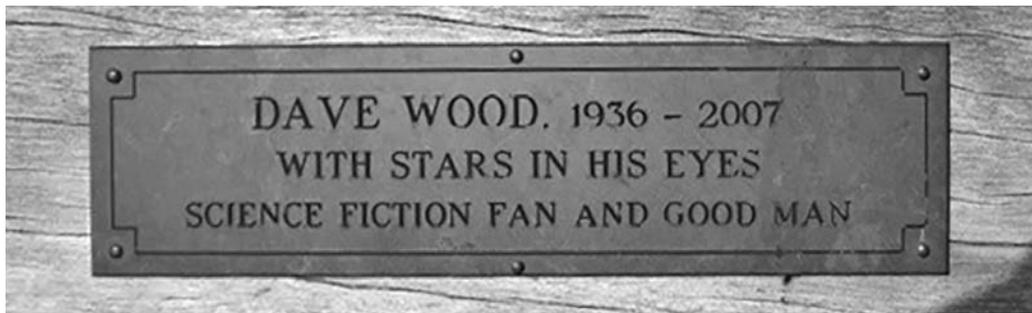
The Bristol SF group from slow beginnings in the 1980s evolved into a fairly typical 1990s SF group, with connections to wider fandom through conventions and fanzines, but also a broad range of interests in gaming, comics, TV and films. Membership also overlapped with the Bristol Fiction Writers' group, and we had several *Dr Who* writers in our midst, but the abiding interest seemed to be beer, cider, cocktails, meals out, parties and holidays. But by the late 1990s, the group was also becoming a little bit like a dysfunctional family, with a lot of relationships, some good some bad, changing the dynamics at times from a group of SF fans to a drinking club or mutual support group. Doug and I did try to launch a monthly SF discussion group in early 2000, in an attempt to provide a focus for SF fans in the area. Doug even revived the newsletter

Cosmic Ray and set up a website to promote it. But despite fans such as Dave Hicks and Cat Coast venturing over from Newport, and the return of various local fans we hadn't seen for a while, there wasn't enough interest to keep it going. Though a new fanzine, *Head!*, co-edited by Doug and myself, which included contributions from some members of the group, notably Nick Walters, did go on to win a Nova in 2001.

Nevertheless, despite the failure to establish a focal point SF group for the South-West in Bristol, the weekly pub meetings continued to be popular, and by the time Doug and I left Bristol in 2003, Clarrie O'Callaghan (later Maguire), who had bravely migrated down to Bristol to live with Ken Shinn, was willing to take custody of the SF book, and so keep alive the tradition of regular SF group pub meeting in Bristol.



A full page, color version of this map has been included in the Corflu Concorde "ReadMe" handout.



Dave Wood in Clevedon: *A Memorial Discovered*

ROB JACKSON

Our eldest daughter Dulcie and her husband now live in Clevedon, a cosy, relaxed and friendly little seaside resort twelve miles south of Bristol on the Bristol Channel. We visited them soon after they moved there and fell in love with the place. When I mentioned Clevedon in an e-group chat, Bill Burns told us that Dave Wood, the Fifties UK fan, was commemorated among the many plaques for which Clevedon pier is famous. Bill told us his plaque was in position 165, on the right. Dave lived locally, and he and his wife Brenda actively supported the pier's Heritage Trust.

The next day we all had lunch at a great foodie cafe on the seafront promenade, and then went for a walk on the pier where we communally found Dave Wood's commemorative plaque. But you seem to have to count a great deal further along than number 165. If anyone goes hunting for it, it is on the right as Bill said, but about six-and-three-quarters lamps, or three-quarters of the pier's length towards the seaward end of the pier. (For the specific location, visit <https://clevedonpier.co.uk/plaques/cgi-bin/formfindplaques.pl> and type in Dave Wood.) Catherine & Greg Pickersgill coordinated the plaque: a very thoughtful & affectionate memorial. Bill hosts Dave's memorial at <https://efanzines.com/JTE/DW/>.



Coral points to Dave Wood's plaque.

THE BRISTOL TAPESTRY

A TIMELINE OF SF FAN ACTIVITY IN BRISTOL OVER THE YEARS

BRISTOL FANDOM in the 21ST CENTURY

IAN MILLSTED

The main legacy of 20th century fandom in Bristol was a regular Thursday night pub meet at the Coronation Tap in Clifton, with occasional meetings at The Mermaid. Alongside this there was also the distinctly genre-leaning Bristol Fiction Writers, whose members had been having particular luck with *Doctor Who* novels. There was also a local *Doctor Who* group with some overlap with the above. A science fiction group had existed at Bristol University and managed to attract the likes of David Gemmell and Greg Bear as visiting speakers.

In the early years of the new century the Tap meetings seem to have stalled, probably after Chris Lake and Doug Bell moved to Cornwall. Somehow two separate groups emerged from moves to re-start fan activity.

The Bristol Science Fiction Group met fortnightly on Thursdays at a range of venues over the years, including Cadbury House, The Prince of Wales, the Llandoger Trow, The Famous Royal Naval Volunteer and more latterly The Hare on the Hill and the Hillgrove Porter Stores. Regular attendees included Nick Walters, Ken Shinn, Clarrie O'Callaghan, Richard and Tina Hewison, Steve Brewster and others. Later members included Andrew Rilstone and Tim Maguire. By the second decade numbers in this group had declined to

around half a dozen or so. One tradition continued from the Tap group was the idea of a logbook in which the details, not to be taken too seriously, of the meeting were recorded. Steve Brewster produced a single fanzine in the early years and Clarrie O'Callaghan edited a couple of one-off group zines.

Meanwhile, meeting on a Monday night, on a monthly basis, was the Bristol Fantasy and Science Fiction Group. The most regular venue has been the Shakespeare Tavern. The core of this group was partly a pre-existing friendship group which included Jo Hall, Heather Ashley, Chris Horner, Jon Dowling, Kord (Conrad Fraczek), Roz Clarke and others. They were augmented by the likes of Colin Harvey and Gareth Powell, who may have migrated from the writers' group. Later members included Pete Sutton (via the Bristol Festival of Literature), Jonathan L Howard, Des Fischer (who worked in the local Forbidden Planet), Kevlin Henney, Myfanwy Rodman, John Baverstock, Jodi Quinn, Piotr Swietlik and Ken Shinn (who switched from the other group after a change in relationships). It was largely from this group that the annual one-day Bristolcon originated.

The first Bristolcon was actually a half day event in 2009. It was held at the Mercure (host

to Corflu Concorde) with Alastair Reynolds and Catherine Butler as guests of honour. Other panellists included Bristol-based writers Nick Walters, Jim Mortimore, Gareth Powell and Eugene Byrne as well as Paul Cornell, Juliet McKenna and editor Lee Harris from further afield. The story usually told is that Bristolcon came about following a conversation between Jo Hall and Colin Harvey, in the pub, in which Jo complained that she couldn't afford to travel to cons in London or elsewhere and Colin persuaded her to start one up in Bristol. Conrunning expertise was also available in the persons of Cheryl Morgan in nearby Trowbridge and MEG. In 2010 Bristolcon moved to the Hilton Doubletree, where it has remained since, and has become a full one-day con but bleeding into the previous evening with an open mic spoken-word event. The list of guests has been impressive (see their website) and profits have been fed back into local sf initiatives via the Bristolcon Foundation. Sadly, Colin Harvey died after the 2010 Bristolcon but the event remembers him fondly.

The Bristolcon Fringe started around 2012. This was a monthly spoken word event usually consisting of two sf/f writers reading samples of their work. A mix of new and established, local and visitors gave a unique feel to the event. Turnout was about thirty or so but the online recordings went well into the hundreds. Cheryl Morgan was the main host.

Somewhere around 2012/13 Bristol was a booming city for sf fandom and pro activity. The two local groups were running. The Monday group often attracted a delegation from the *SFX* magazine editorial staff based in Bath. Main editor Dave Bradley was known to Bristol fandom as 'SFX Dave'. The Fringe was on the up. Bristolcon had become an established event and the city also had highly successful Horrorcons running. Des Fischer at Forbidden Planet was a great secret weapon

in getting publicity out there for events, as well as giving prominent shelf space to local authors. The Bristol Festival of Literature was receptive to sf related ideas and the city centre branch of Waterstones ran several events in partnership with Bristolcon. The local scene was strong with writers making an impact nationally and internationally. Gareth Powell, Emma Newman, Jonathan L. Howard, Peter Newman, Colin Harvey, Stark Holborn, Cavan Scott and Huw Powell were all published by major publishers in this period. Further, Jo Hall, Pete Sutton, Tim Maughan, Maria Herring and others had work out with smaller presses. Andrew Rilstone was writing regularly for *SciFi Now*. Chrissey Harrison, Mark Adams and Rich Jeffery were making an ambitious horror film, *The Carnival of Sorrows*. Sophie Tallis and Andy Bigwood were in demand as illustrators.

Bristol fandom was also active, to an extent, in wider fandom. Amanda (Dr Bob) Kear, Clarrie Maguire (née O'Callaghan), Tim Maguire, Gareth Powell and Andy Bigwood were all regulars at Eastercon. FantasyCon seems to have been the preference for many Bristol fans of this era with Jo Hall, Pete Sutton, and others attending. The 2014 London Worldcon saw a good turnout from Bristol.

All things, it seems, must come to an end. Both of the pub groups fizzled out a year or two before Covid, as also did the Fringe events. Horrorcon passed hands from the excellent Tommy Creep to a supposedly bigger group who killed it off. Jo Hall and Roz Clarke moved to Wales. Myfanwy Rodman moved to Edinburgh. Dolly Garland moved to London. Maria Herring moved to France. Tim Maughan seemed to move everywhere else. Des stopped working at Forbidden Planet. Only Bristolcon continues, despite the best attempts of the Covid virus. Where will Bristol fandom go from here? Who knows, but I hope it will be fun.

Editor's note: Ian Millsted was also involved in some of the above, but you can quiz him about that at Corflu Concorde. He has been based in Bristol since 2006. Colin Harvey, Richard Hewison and David J. Rodgers are no longer with us but are remembered by Bristol fans, and beyond.

For more info about Bristolcon, go to: www.bristolcon.org

FAAn Awards for 2020 Activity

GENZINE

Portable Storage

edited by William Breiding

PERZINE

This Here...

edited by Nic Farey

SPECIAL PUBLICATION

Outworlds 71 / Afterworlds

*edited by Jeanne Bowman, Rich Coad,
Alan Rosenthal, Pat Virzi, for Bill Bowers*

FANWRITER

Claire Brialey

FANARTIST

Ulrika O'Brien

LETTERHACK

(Harry Warner, Jr. Memorial Award)

Mark Plummer

COVER:

BEAM #15

cover art by Sara Felix

WEBSITE:

fanac.org

(Joe Siclari, Edie Stern)

LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD:

David Langford

NUMBER ONE FAN FACE:

Claire Brialey

The results of the 2021 Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards, for activity during 2020, were announced on Sunday 28 March in a ceremony hosted online on Zoom. Nic Farey (FAAn Awards Administrator) and Chair Rob Jackson opted to announce the results in the Spring rather than wait till November when Corflu Concorde will (barring further adversity) actually take place in person.

Thanks to Jerry Kaufman for presenting the awards as MC; to Nic as Administrator and for preparing ***The Incomplete Register Results Issue***, which includes a breakdown of the voting (available online at <https://efanzines.com/TIR/Incompleteat2021Results.pdf>); and to the 49 fans who voted for the Awards this year. The ceremony is publicly viewable on YouTube (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=84uUZtwbXCY>).

About the FAAn Awards

The first rule of the FAAn awards is that there are no rules for the FAAn awards, at least none that are chiselled in stone and worshipped as if they were dictated by Hammurabi. There are few, if any, records of the award mechanism in their earliest years, although we know the recipients as detailed on the Corflu website (www.corflu.org/history/faan.html).

Since their 1995 revival (after a fifteen year gap), the administration of the FAAns has passed through divers hands, with Andrew P. Hooper having a long tenure in that role and to a large extent defining and occasionally modifying their format. After Andy retired from the position, Mike Meara, Murray Moore, Nic Farey, Michael Dobson and John Purcell have taken turns holding the reins.

Very generally, there are two points of consensus to the process. Firstly, the awards are given for work originally published in the previous calendar year, although this has in the past been expressed as “the last twelve months” before settling on the current window. Secondly, voting is open to anyone with an interest in fanzines. No convention or group membership is required. The FAAns have been associated with (and presented at) Corflu for reasons of both convenience and logic, as it’s the annual fanzine fans’ convention, but it must be stressed again that Corflu membership is not a requirement for voting.

The ballot is typically issued early in the year the awards are scheduled to be given and is linked to from the corflu.org main page, efanzines.com and other venerable sources.

— Nic Farey (current administrator), September 2020

History of the FAAn Awards

After discussions at the 1974 Midwestcon and at Discon II in Washington about the sad state of the Hugo’s fannish categories, in late October, 1974, Moshe Feder sent out a mimeographed letter to influential fanzine fans proposing the creation of the Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards (FAAn Awards) as an alternative. Where the Hugos were popularly-voted awards, the FAAns would be a peer award imitating the Oscars. Nominating would be by guilds — fanwriters nominate fanwriters, fanartists nominate fanartists, etc. — followed by a final ballot voted on by all eligible to nominate in any category. Only currently active fanzine fans would be eligible to nominate and vote. (This was abandoned.)

Moshe’s proposal was well received and a committee was formed to refine the concept and run the inaugural award process. Committee members took turns publishing *The Zine Fan*, the discussion-zine in which the awards’ business was conducted. The members of the founding committee were Bill Bowers, Donn Brazier, Linda Bushyager, Don D’Amassa, Tom Digby, Moshe Feder, Mike Glicksohn, Mike Glycer, Eric Lindsay, Sam Long, Ray Nelson, Darroll Pardoe, Peter Roberts, Jim Shull, Jeff Smith, and Harry Warner, Jr..

The first awards were presented by Bob Tucker at Midwestcon in 1975. The trophy, designed and made by fanartist Randy Bathurst, depicted a propeller-beanie-wearing bheercan perched atop a duplicator, each one slightly different, and mounted atop a walnut base with a photo-engraved nameplate.

The FAAns were awarded till 1980, then went into a long hiatus. When they were revived in 1995, they were awarded at Corflu and have been awarded there ever since.

The awards were originally peripatetic, but for some time now have been awarded at Corflu. They are unrelated to the earlier Fan Achievement Awards.

— *Fancylopedia*, October 2021

The Fan Writers of America

T E D W H I T E

The FanWriters of America were born in a serendipitous moment at a party in my room one night at the 1984 LACon. The room was packed with fans and the air was thick with smoke (the hotel's airconditioning system endlessly recycled the room's stale and increasingly smoky air for the entire weekend) and as if by magic the smoke shaped itself into thick, balloony letters which hovered over our heads and spelled out "fwa." It required only moments for us all to realize that we were present at the actual formation of the FanWriters of America. I called up the already sleeping Lucy Huntzinger and told her, "Fanhistory is in the making! You need to be here!" And soon she joined us, a bit bleary-eyed but brightening at the sight of Fandom's Very Best, murkily outlined in the smoke.

It was immediately obvious to us that:

1. For purposes of fannish inclusiveness (and perhaps American imperialism), "America" is defined as "the entire world."
2. Generally "fanwriting" is defined as "writing by a fan," and its preferred venue is fanzines, but not exclusively so. (In 1984 the internet was still to come for most of us.)
3. If you do fanwriting and think you could be a member of the FWA, then you *are* a member. It's that simple.
4. The FWA has no current president, and never has had one. All of FWA's presidents are past presidents at the time of their selection.

In the Early Years past presidents for the years preceding FWA's founding (going back one more year in each subsequent year's selection) were selected at Worldcons. But quorums of assembled members of FWA were less easily assembled than they had been in 1984, and after the 1986 Worldcon this idea was abandoned. It was decided that the membership of each year's Corflu represented the best quorum (all members of Corflu are considered members of FWA) and that the previous year's president of FWA would be selected at each Corflu. Selecting pre-1980 presidents would not continue. (Occasional exceptions have been made, such as John Foyster's posthumous selection as president for 1975.) The selection process has taken place, beginning with the second Corflu, at the Sunday brunch-banquet—where all of Corflu is assembled and can both nominate and vote. I run the selection process with an iron fist (in a velvet glove).

Past Presidents of FWA

LACon, 1984

Avedon Carol, 1983

Corflu 2, 1985

Suzle Tompkins, 1984
Terry Carr, 1982

Corflu 3, 1986

Lucy Huntzinger, 1985
Gary Farber, 1981

ConFederation, 1986

Ted White, 1980

Corflu 4, 1987

rich brown, 1986

Corflu 5, 1988

Judith Hanna &
Joseph Nicholas, 1987
Stu Shiffman, 1979

Corflu 6, 1989

Terry Carr*

Corflu 7, 1990

Harry Warner, 1989

Corflu 8, 1991

Bill Bowers, 1990

Corflu 9, 1992

Robert Lichtman, 1991

Corflu 10, 1993

Bob Tucker, 1992

Corflu 11, 1994

Jack Speer, 1993

Corflu 12, 1995

Charles Burbee, 1994

Corflu 13, 1996

Bob Shaw &
Peter Roberts, 1995

Corflu 14, 1997

Bill Rotsler, 1996
Lee Hoffman, 1951

Corflu 15, 1998

Greg Pickersgill, 1997

Corflu 16, 1999

Shelby Vick, 1998

Corflu 17, 2000

Geri Sullivan, 1999
Walt Willis, 1952

Corflu 18, 2001

Art Widner, 2000

Corflu 19, 2002

Eve and John Harvey,
2001

Corflu 20, 2003

Mark Plummer, 2002
John Foyster, 1975

Corflu 21, 2004

Arnie & Joyce Katz, 2003

Corflu 22, 2005

Bruce Gillespie, 2004
Buz Busby, 1960

Corflu 23, 2006

Mike Glicksohn, 2005

Corflu 24, 2007

Pat Virzi, 2006

Corflu 25, 2008

Dan Steffan, 2007

Corflu 26, 2009

Andy Hooper, 2008

Corflu 27, 2010

D. West, 2009

Corflu 28, 2011

Spike, 2010

Corflu 29, 2012

Earl Kemp, 2011

Corflu 30, 2013

Roy Kettle, 2012

Corflu 31, 2014

John Nielsen Hall, 2013

Corflu 32, 2015

Graham Charnock, 2014

Corflu 33, 2016

Bill Burns, 2015

Corflu 34, 2017

Pete Young, 2016

Corflu 35, 2018

Taral Wayne, 2017

Corflu 36, 2019

Victor Gonzalez, 2018

Corflu 37, 2020

Rob Jackson, 2019

** per documentation found by Geri Sullivan*

The Corflu Fifty

R O B J A C K S O N

Perhaps the smallest and most personal of the fan funds, the Corflu Fifty started in February 2007 just after Corflu Quire in Austin. Rich Coad gives this account of its genesis:

“This idea grew out of the fan funds to bring Chuch and Sue Harris to Corflu 6 in Minneapolis, Bruce Gillespie and William Breiding to Corflu Titanium in San Francisco, and Harry Bell to Corflu Quire in Austin. At Corflu Quire, additional names were mentioned for fans we would like to see at Corflu but who are unable to attend for a variety of reasons. Subsequently, Andy Porter came up with the eminently sensible idea of gathering a group of 50 fans, each willing to donate \$25 a year (or, to include British fans, £15) to a fund for the express purpose of defraying most, if not all, transportation and lodging expense.”

Rich then set up an email list and invited fanzine fans to join the Corflu Fifty. The target has been \$1,250 (minimum) each year, to help a fanzine fan who has earned the respect of their peers and would be particularly welcome at that year’s Corflu, but couldn’t otherwise make the journey. We could do with more members, but every year we have achieved that target through both the core donations and extra fund-raising efforts. Though they don’t have to (the minimum is OK), many members give well above the minimum, which shows what wonderful people they are.

Rich Coad is the US Administrator and Rob Jackson the UK Administrator; they co-moderate the groups.io email list where the fund’s recipients are chosen through discussion.

We have seven times managed to support Transatlantic trips (or Transpacific if you count Pete as leaving from his base in Thailand); we have twice supported couples to travel within the US; and in 2020 we brought two guests, one from the UK and one local to Texas.

The last year has of course been a nightmare for travel. So things have been by no means normal. But the spring of this year, though, we hoped we could bring a guest to Corflu Concorde as usual, as vaccinations started to reduce the risks of the virus. But continued uncertainties about travel caused by the understandable caution of the many nations and aviation authorities involved, made it sadly too difficult logistically.

Though now (as of early October, 2021) in retrospect it looks as if it might have been possible to select and pay for a guest and have them make their travel arrangements as usual, during the summer when the guest would normally be selected by the group members, we were not at all sure if the guest would be able to travel without draconian quarantine and ruinously expensive testing, which would have negated the whole point of supporting a guest by funding their travel and stay at the convention.

Until very recently, there seemed to be no certainty that any relaxations of rules for travel between countries would stay in place. We could have limited the potential pool

of candidates to UK residents, but that would have limited the choice of deserving candidates as guests, and would rather undercut the spirit of things. For these reasons Rich and I agreed to skip bringing a Corflu 50 guest to Corflu Concorde. It is a shame there won't be a C50 guest this year, but we made up for it in advance by having two at Corflu Heatwave!

Travel to Canada is now open to vaccinated Americans and Brits, so unless there is a catastrophic new surge and further lockdown, it seems highly likely Americans and Brits will be able to go that Corflu. So we are going to restart with a choice of guest to go to Corflu Pangloss in Vancouver next March.

Immediately after Corflu Concorde, Rich and I will remind the generous Corflu Fifty list members of the deserving names already mentioned during tentative discussions over the last year, and we will need to make a quick decision to invite someone so we, the funders, can collect the cash and the chosen guest can plan his or her trip.

If you not only want to help out financially, but also to influence who gets the group's support next time round, please join! Go to the email list's website at <https://groups.io/g/TheCorfluFifty> and click on the Subscribe link at the bottom of the page, or send an email to the list owner (TheCorfluFifty+subscribe@groups.io).

Corflu 50 Beneficiaries

2008 Steve & Elaine Stiles

(Randallstown, MD)

Corflu Silver

2009 Curt Phillips

(Abingdon, VA)

Corflu Zed

2010 Earl Kemp

(Kingman, AZ)

Corflu Cobalt

2011 Dave Hicks

(Leicester, UK)

e-CorFlu Vitus

2012 Shelby Vick

(Panama City, FL)

Corflu Glitter

2013 Rob Hansen

(London, UK)

Corflu XXX

2014 Dan & Lynn Steffan

(Portland, OR)

Corflu 31

2015 Geri Sullivan

(Wales, MA)

Tynecon III: the Corflu

2016 Grant Canfield

(Novato, CA)

Chiflu

2017 Pete Young

(Hua Hin, Thailand)

Corflu 34

2018 Paul & Cas Skelton

(Stockport, UK)

Corflu 35

2019 Steve Jeffery

(Oxfordshire, UK)

Corflu 36

2020 Tommy Ferguson

(Belfast, UK)

Howard Waldrop

(Austin, TX)

Corflu Heatwave

Corflu Guests of Honor (and other Fans of Note)

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| 1 Corflu 1
Berkeley (1984)
<i>GoH: Pascal Thomas</i> | 16 Corflu Sunsplash
Panama City (1999)
<i>GoH: Art Widner</i> | 29 Corflu Glitter
Las Vegas (2012)
<i>GoH: Claire Brialey</i>
<i>Lifetime Achievement:</i>
<i>Earl Kemp & Shelby Vick</i> |
| 2 Corflu 2
Napa (1985)
<i>GoH: Allen Baum</i> | 17 Corflatch
Seattle (2000)
<i>GoH: Ken Forman</i> | 30 Corflu XXX
Portland (2013)
<i>GoH: Lucy Huntzinger</i>
<i>Lifetime Achievement:</i>
<i>Elinor Busby</i> |
| 3 Corflu 3
Tysons Corner (1986)
<i>GoH: Teresa Nielsen Hayden</i> | 18 Corflu in New England
Boston (2001)
<i>GoH: Nic Farey</i> | 31 Cor31u
Richmond (2014)
<i>GoH: Gregg Trend</i>
<i>Lifetime Achievement:</i>
<i>Ray Nelson</i> |
| 4 Corflu 4
Cincinnati (1987)
<i>GoH: Joel Zakem</i> | 19 Corflu Valentine
Annapolis (2002)
<i>GoH: Moshe Feder</i> | 32 Tynecon 3 — The Corflu
Newcastle (2015)
<i>GoH: Avedon Carol</i>
<i>Lifetime Achievement:</i>
<i>Peter Weston</i> |
| 5 Corflu 5
Seattle (1988)
<i>GoH: Gary Farber</i> | 20 Corflu Badger
Madison (2003)
<i>GoH: Dan Steffan</i> | 33 Corflu Chiflu
Chicago (2016)
<i>GoH: Nigel Rowe</i>
<i>Lifetime Achievement:</i>
<i>John Bangsund</i> |
| 6 Corflu 6
Minneapolis (1989)
<i>GoH: Stu Shiffman</i> | 21 Corflu Blackjack
Las Vegas (2004)
<i>GoH: Ted White</i> | 34 Corflu 34
Woodland Hills (2017)
<i>GoH: Randy Byers</i>
<i>Lifetime Achievement:</i>
<i>No award</i> |
| 7 Corflu 7
New York (1990)
<i>GoH: Barnaby Rapoport</i> | 22 Corflu Titanium
San Francisco (2005)
<i>GoH: Murray Moore</i> | 35 Dark Matter in a Bottle
Toronto (2018)
<i>GoH: Alan Rosenthal</i>
<i>Lifetime Achievement:</i>
<i>Bruce R. Gillespie</i> |
| 8 Corflu Ocho
El Paso (1991)
<i>GoH: Dick Smith</i> | 23 Corflu Toronto
Toronto (2006)
<i>GoH: Hope Leibowitz</i> | 36 Corflu 36
Rockville (2019)
<i>GoH: Jim Benford</i>
<i>Lifetime Achievement:</i>
<i>Paul Skelton</i> |
| 9 Corflu 9
Los Angeles (1992)
<i>GoH: Linda Bushyager</i> | 24 Corflu Quire
Austin (2007)
<i>GoH: Colin Hinz</i> | 37 Corflu Heatwave
College Station (2020)
<i>GoH: Bill Burns</i>
<i>Lifetime Achievement:</i>
<i>Robert Lichtman</i> |
| 10 Corflu 10
Madison (1993)
<i>GoH: Jae Leslie Adams</i> | 25 Corflu Silver
Las Vegas (2008)
<i>GoH: Andrew P. Hooper</i> | |
| 11 Corflu Nova
Crystal City (1994)
<i>GoH: John Bartelt</i> | 26 Corflu Zed
Seattle (2009)
<i>GoH: Elinor Busby</i> | |
| 12 Corflu Vegas
Las Vegas (1995)
<i>GoH: Gary Hubbard</i> | 27 Corflu Cobalt
Winchester (2010)
<i>GoH: Mary Kay Kare</i>
<i>Lifetime Achievement:</i>
<i>Ted White</i> | |
| 13 Corflu Nashville
Nashville (1996)
<i>GoH: Gary Hunnewell</i> | 28 E Corflu Vitus
Sunnyvale (2011)
<i>GoH: Carrie Root</i>
<i>Lifetime Achievement:</i>
<i>Art Widner</i> | |
| 14 Corflu Wave
Walnut Creek (1997)
<i>GoH: Victor Gonzalez</i> | | |
| 15 Corflu UK
Leeds (1998)
<i>GoH: John D. Rickett</i> | | |



The grey Corflu Concorde t-shirt features Venetia Easton's 2-color art. Shirts are available in 6 sizes from S to XXL, for £12/\$16, either at-con or shipped with your membership publications.

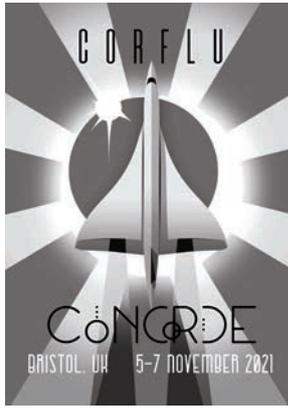
Corflu Concorde Membership

Attending membership (£60 or US\$75) includes in-person attendance at all convention events as well as all convention publications. Walk-in members may be allowed to attend the Banquet at the discretion of the hotel Events team.

Supporting membership (£15 or US\$20) includes virtual attendance at the convention programme, plus all convention publications.

Virtual membership is free and includes access to the convention's Discord channel, where in turn the Zoom links for the programme items will be found.

We expect all members (Attending, Supporting and Virtual) to respect each other. If you feel someone is out of order during the con, please let a convention committee member know.



THE CONCORDE CREW

Rob Jackson

*Chair, Hotel Liaison,
Publications*

Sandra Bond

*Auction,
Special Publications*

Bill Burns

Webmaster

Nic Farey

FAAn Award Administrator

Tommy Ferguson

Programme

Keith Freeman

Treasurer, Memberships

Ian Millsted

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Peter Sullivan

Virtual Corflu

Pat Virzi

*North American Agent,
Program Book &
Fanthology Production*

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Daangerous Visions: Masses of work went into this, and Sandra Bond as Editor and the production team were helped by many hands. Thanks to Joe Siclari and Edie Stern for the magnificent resource of *fanac.org*, ditto to Bill Burns for *eFanzines.com*, and to Rob Hansen not only for *fiawol.org* but also for much advice. Thanks also to Pat Charnock for proofreading; to Alison Scott for technical help; to Andy Hooper for advice; to Curt Phillips, Lenny Bailes and Keith Freeman for tracking down works (and to Keith for OCR'ing); to Dave Langford; and to Ted White for suggestions. And finally, thanks to all the original creators who have agreed to reprints.

NOTE: The title and cover artwork of our fanthology are affectionate homages to Harlan Ellison's historic 1967 anthology *DANGEROUS VISIONS*, and the ground-breaking cover artwork on the dust-jacket of the first edition hardback. As well as being an enjoyable read, we would like *Daangerous Visions* to bring a greater recognition of faan fiction as a genre of fannish writing, and act as a reminder of Harlan's original anthology.

Most copies of this book are distributed free to members of this convention or to contributors. As is standard practice in sf fandom, any surplus from sales of this book to non-members go to the traditional fannish Good Causes such as the Transatlantic Fan Fund and other similar funds such as the Corflu Fifty, or to support the running of future Corflus.

COVID SAFETY

The hotel is operating within English national guidelines for COVID safety. Masks, double vaccination and regular thorough hand-washing are not compulsory but very strongly encouraged, and hand sanitiser will be available in prominent locations. If the hotel's swimming pool has been reopened after its refurbishment by the time of the convention, specific guidance will be provided.

*"It may not bring back my sense of wonder,
but it makes me remember what it was like to have one."*

– Hyphen 29

***Da*angerous *Vis*ions**

a faanfiction faanthology, 1939–2009

Faanfiction! (Not to be confused with fanfiction.)

Stories written by sf fans, published for sf fans, and with fans as characters and fandom as a setting. Those are pretty much the only parameters; apart from that, anything else goes. And over the seventy years from 1939 to 2009, in the heyday of science fiction fanzines, anything else did.

Charles Burbee shows that fandom could — after a fashion — survive even a nuclear holocaust; Jim Barker and Kevin Smith depict a fan forever trapped in the prison of an unending convention; Chris Hughes and Terry Carr (writing as Carl Brandon) give us fandom's take on Lewis Carroll and on J.G. Ballard.

This anthology, fully illustrated throughout, collects fifteen tales and a comic strip with fans and fandom as their theme, all originally published in fanzines — many of them among the most notable of their day, such as *Quandry*, *Orion*, *Quip* and *This Never Happens*. They go to show the countless entertaining changes that can be rung on the old adage:

"The proper study of fankind is fan."



***"Jesus Christ I'm reading this bloody thing now and I can't believe it. It's worthless.
It gets Brit fandom a bad name it hardly deserves, bad as it is.
Every copy ought to be sought out and burned..."*** – Fouler 3

"Better than a free weekend on Pismo Beach!" – Roy Kettle

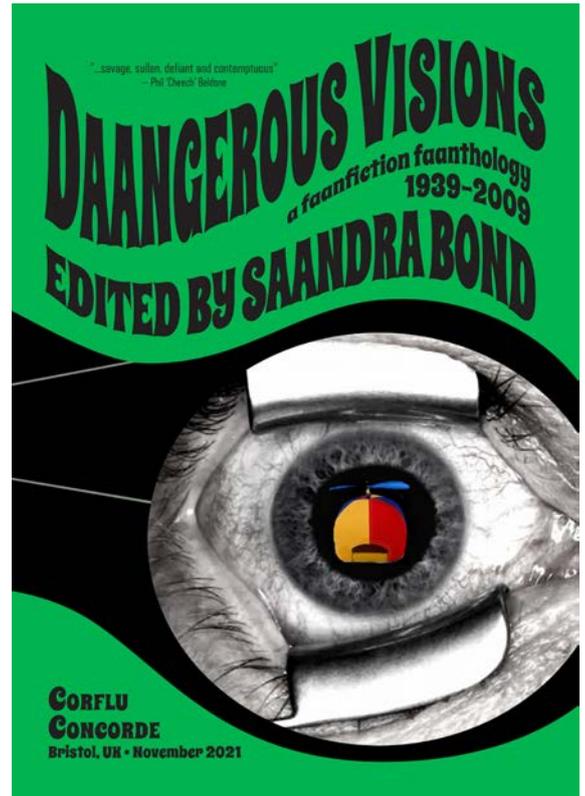
"Sixteen pieces of faanfiction, that's not too many." – Redd Boggs

"The ultimate apotheosis of fourth-dimensional critical fanac" – John A. Bristol



***edited by Sandra Bond • illustrations by Steve Jeffery
book design & layout by Pat Virzi
published by Sandra Bond and Rob Jackson
for Corflu Concorde, November 2021***

£8 (US\$10); also available from amazon.co.uk and amazon.com



- "The Road Back", by Sam Moskowitz
- "The Craters of the Moon", by Redd Boggs
- "Big Name Fan", by Charles Burbee
- "How Dull Was My Weekend", by Bob Tucker
- "The Threat", by Larry Stark
- "Consuming Passion", by Terry Jeeves
- "The Gafiated World", by "Carl Brandon" (Terry Carr)
- "The Circle Game", by Lon Atkins
- "The Fans From Yesterday", by Arnie Katz
- "The Captive", by Jim Barker and Kevin Smith
- "In The Halls of Meritocrassee", by John D. Owen
- "A Day in the Life of a Rodenteer", by Chris Hughes
- "Welcome to the Pleasure Dome", by Simon Ounsley
- "Roach Motel", by Taral Wayne
- "CASE NO. 770: October 13, 1961", by Ted White
- "Barty's History of the World", by Nic Farey