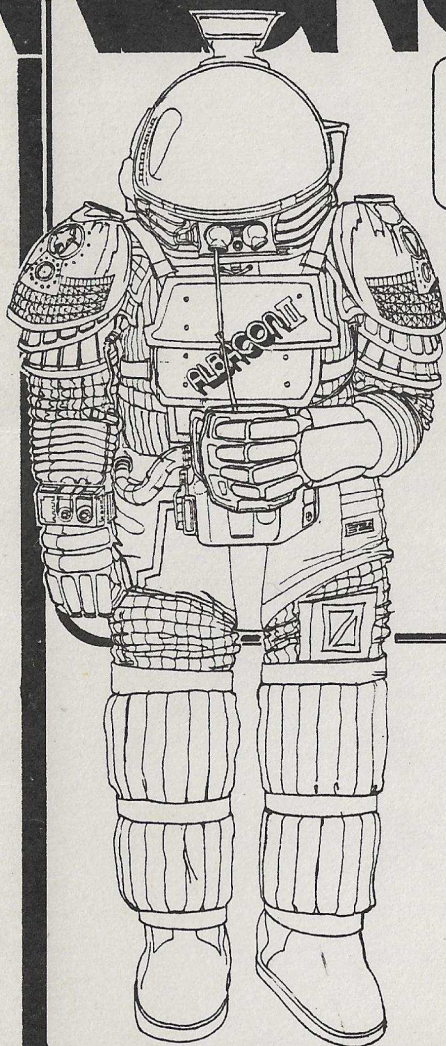
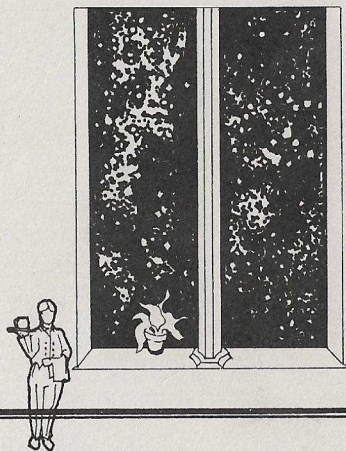


ALBACON II



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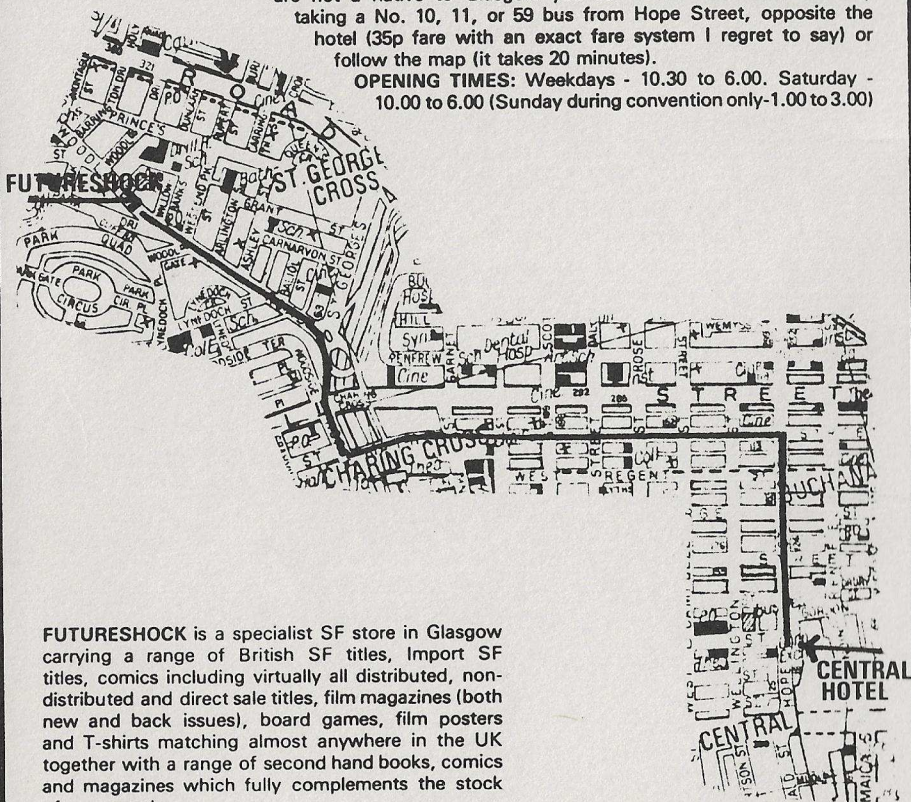


PROGRAMME BOOK

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ALBACON II

34th ANNUAL U.K. SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION
CENTRAL HOTEL GLASGOW 1st-4th APRIL 1983

GUEST OF HONOUR

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AMERICAN GUEST

*MARION
ZIMMER BRADLEY*

FAN GUEST

AVEDON CAROL

TOASTMASTER

DAVE LANGFORD

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Art Show/Publications

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ART WORK CREDITS

JIM BARKER, ALBACON II LOGO, PAGE 5, 29, 32 & 60

STEVE STILES PAGE 23 *

JIM GALLAGHER PAGE 45

TOM CAMPBELL PAGE 10

First published in Ansible 29. *





THE CHAIRMAN'S BIT

Bob Jewett

Writing the first sentence of this piece is dead easy. I just say, welcome to the convention, enjoy yourselves, and mine's a pint, but what comes next?

For the first time my feelings are mixed. There is still the fear and loathing at having to put pen to paper, but tinged with a distinct feeling of sadness. This is, after all, the introduction to the Programme Book, an item which could be said to represent the culmination of two years of trauma and sweat. Indeed by the time many of you read this, Albacon II will be over (hope you enjoyed it). There will, of course, be a post-con report, but that will be more in the nature of an afterword. Production-wise, the item you now hold in your hands is our piece de resistance, the trials and tribulations of running an Eastercon now centre around Blackpool or Brighton.

Those of you for whom a convention is a good fun weekend may wonder what I'm waffling about, but it is a fact that any reasonable sized convention - let alone an Eastercon - requires at least two years to organise. For those two years the committee eat, sleep and breathe the convention, and when it is all over there is a hole to fill. Other groups are also involved in this; after the decision has been taken into whose hands to entrust the 1984 Eastercon, we will probably hear rumours of bids for 1985.

In Glasgow we are already looking forward to 1984, and planning a typical Glasgow summer convention - **Albacon '84**. This will mean more stress and strain, and time and effort, but, for some reason we keep on doing it and, in some sort of a crazy way, I suppose we must enjoy it really (who said all convention committees are masochists).

After this rather meandering essay I feel I can do no better than to return to the start and invite you to enjoy **Albacon II** and look forward to future conventions near and far. □

A VERY SPECIAL SINGLE
PAGE NEW YEAR'S ISSUE
FOR BRITISH MEMBERS I



Dear UK Members,

We have now entered the second year of our brave /some have said "foolhardy"/ bid for the WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION IN 1988. We would like nothing better than to cheer you up with good news on this occasion, but - apart from the fact that we are all alive and well - there aren't any.

The basic reason for this lack of cheer is /as usual/ the lack of money. Our modest funds have been stretched well past their natural limits by two members of the Bidding Committee who visited Chicago last September and had the time of their lives there. The Bidcom had decided that a lobbying effort at the worldcon is well worth the time, money and effort spent. Being crafty Yugoslavs we had managed to persuade the Powers That Be to foot most of the travel bill and thus kept the Bid's finances on the right side of zero. The results were very good; our small delegation had raised some funds on the spot and - more important - signed up pre-supporting members by droves.

It seems unlikely, however, that this year's Worldcon, too, will see Yugoslavs. If at all possible, we'll try to make it to Eastercon to let the UK members see those weird animals, the Yugoslav Worldcon bidders, for themselves. And we will try to publish Ball Bearing No. 2 by then.

Ball Bearing is our 12-page bidzine, printed in offset in the format of ... well, we call it B. You Brits probably have some unlikely name for it, as usual, and refuse to change. Serves you right, I say! Anyway, British members haven't seen Ball Bearing for the stupid reason of its resemblance to commercial publications. Customs officials consider it subject to some unpleasant taxes. Hopefully this misunderstanding will have disappeared by the time No.2 is published and the British members will get both issues simultaneously.

Please be patient. Prosperity is just around the corner, as they used to say in the Thirties. Remember that in the absence of an alternative British effort the Yugoslav bid for '88 is the only way to get the Worldcon to Europe before the Nineties knock on the door. We'll be GREIGHT in Eighty-eight !!!

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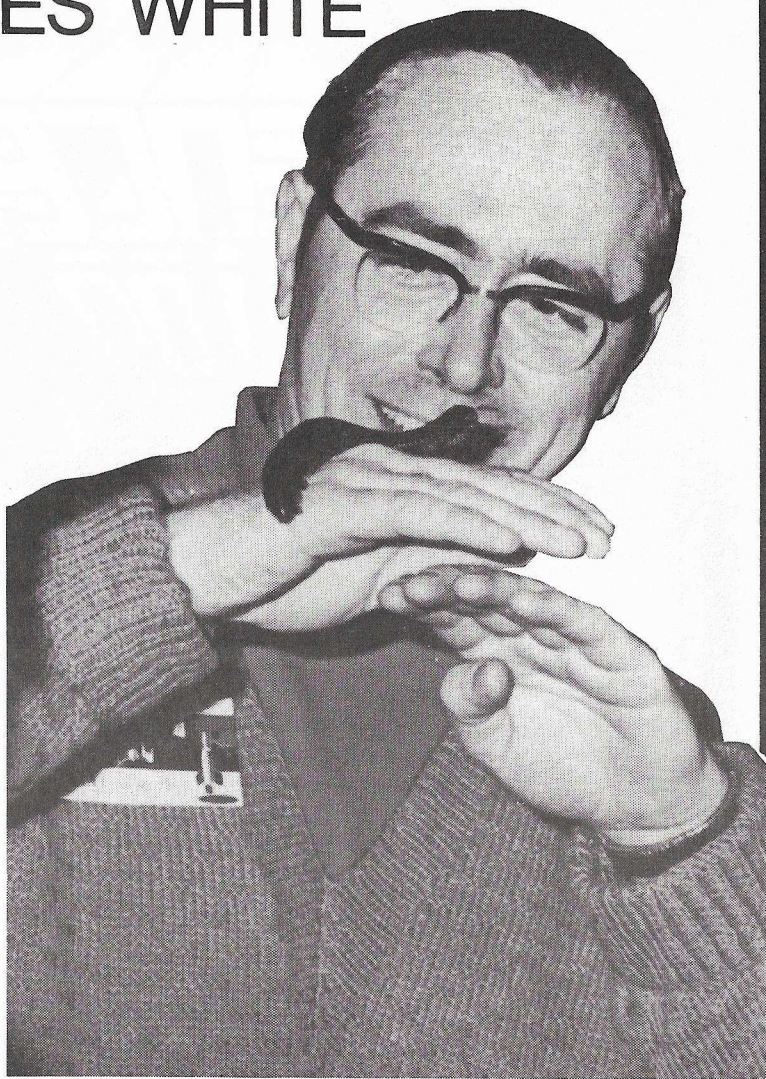


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JAMES WHITE

— JAMES WHITE WITH FRIEND —



JAMES WHITE, A DEPRECIATION BY PEGGY

When I first met James, he was young, he even qualified as tall, dark and handsome, well in my eyes anyway. Nowadays though, I have to admit, while still tall, he looks rather grey and sort of crumbling around the edges. Mind you, it is said beauty is only skin deep.

He is also rather like a squirrel, no, not to look at, but in habit. He hoards old things. After I have cleaned out wardrobes, cupboards etc you are sure to find him bin-howking to make sure I have not thrown out any of his prize

posessions. Recently he came in from the bin carrying a small, grubby, framed picture. He looked very hurt as he said, "How could you throw away my only medical qualification?" It was the first-aid certificate from his late teens. It now hangs on the wall of his study, cleaned of course.

His sartorial elegance has never been in doubt. Most people assume this comes from his training in tailoring many years ago, when he was assistant manager of the Fifty Shilling Tailors. Let me tell you the secret of his smart appearance is due in no small measure to yours truly. For instance, you would assume that a twenty year old jacket and trousers were well 'suited' to being dumped in the rag-bag. But no, he rescues them, brushes them off and asks me, how dare I throw away a perfectly good painting jacket and trousers? If I did not get rid of some of his old clothes he'd turn up at conventions wearing plus fours, a cape and Deerstalker like Sherlock Holmes.

Harking right back to our honeymoon (no, I'm not giving any intimate details) we went to London, and of course we visited all the historic buildings and places of interest. Walking in Hyde Park one day, he suggested we go rowing on the Serpentine. I agreed with great fear and trembling as I can't swim and I'm not too fond of water. It was only after we came back to dry land, safe and sound, he told me the 'lake' was only eighteen inches deep.

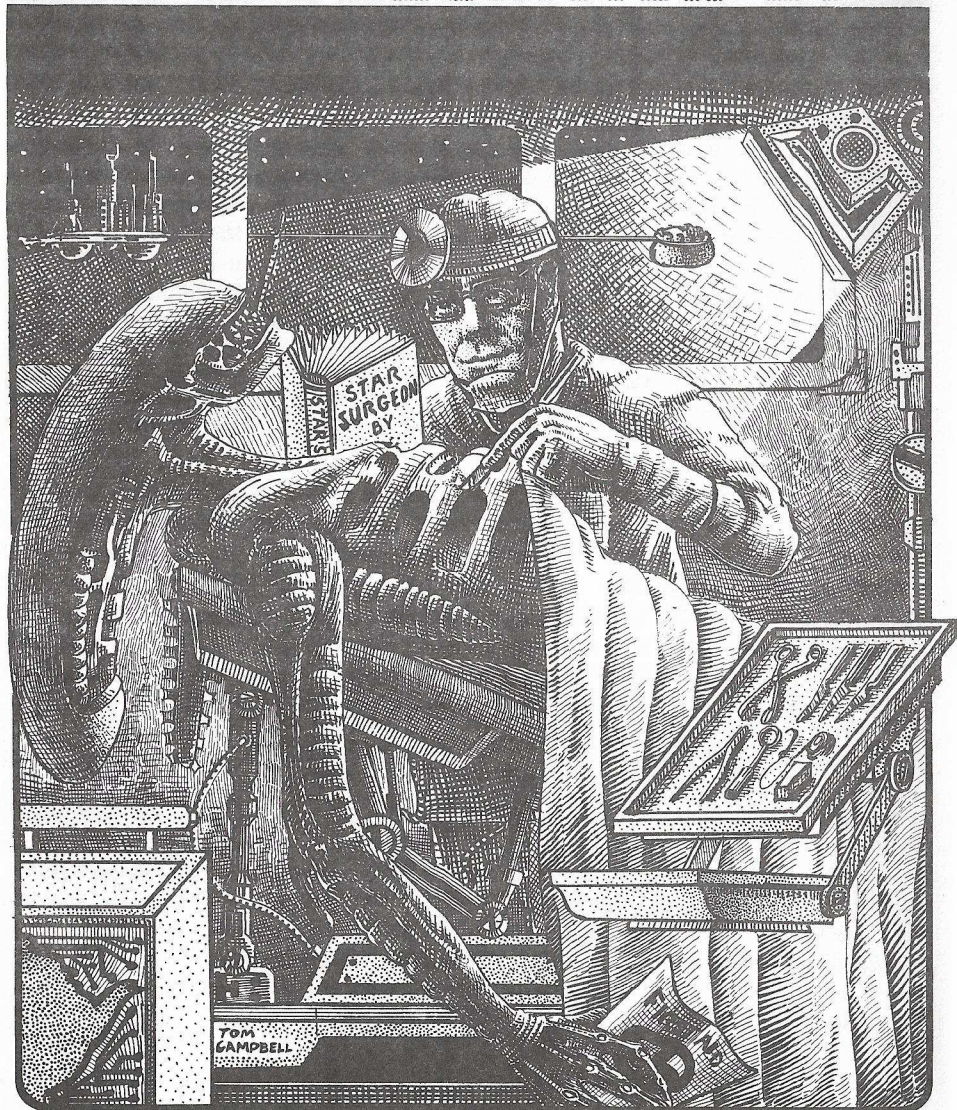
James is a very careful driver. There I'd be carrying bags of shopping home, looking like the advertisement for 'Smash', keeping a look out for his car to get a lift. But he'd drive on past me without even a glance. When I arrived home he'd say, "Pity I hadn't seen you, to give you a lift." Faced with a caustic remark his reply was always, "I keep my eyes on the road where they should be."

How many women have had to buy a special teapot to suit their husbands? You may not know it but his fondness for tea far outweighs his fondness for beer. He drained the teapot after every meal until I got sick of the sound of the lid falling onto the table. So now we have a teapot with lid attached - it makes for a quieter life. Mind you, I still have to supply gallons of tea.

His fondness for E.T.s. is well known. Some years ago at a Novacon which I could not attend, he telephoned me to ask if he could bring home a little 'friend'. The mind boggled, conjuring up visions of a petite blonde bombshell. He said he was speaking from Jack Cohen's home and the friend was a Moroccan Millipede. Now those of you who know my fear of snakes will understand why I said no. Mind you, he assured me it was only ten inches long, lovely and warm and furry and had hundreds of little legs and while speaking to me it was crawling up and down his bare arm. It seemed to have taken a fancy to him. A week later Jack Cohen phoned to say it was dead. James insisted it died of a broken heart. More recently he was looking forward to the film E.T., and when radio one announced a special charity performance in Belfast, he immediately booked two tickets for himself and our son Peter. When I found out it was being screened on a Sunday morning, I was not amused. You see, every Sunday morning James brings me breakfast in bed - but I'm afraid E.T. won the day and I had to make my own breakfast. I honestly did not think it unreasonable that a wife would come before an E.T. Do you? □

JAMES WHITE

AN APPRECIATION BY



BOB SHAW

In my opinion the Albacon committee have made a big mistake in getting James White to be Guest of Honour at this year's convention. Don't get me wrong! I'm not criticising a man who has been a good friend to me for more than half my lifetime, but in all honesty I have to state that he simply isn't cut out for the GoH business.

I mean, he doesn't even know how to behave like somebody important. I've seen him try to be GoH at other conventions, and instead of lurking in his private suite or making weighty pronouncements to the Press about the role of SF as modern mythology - all those things that revered writers do - he spent all his time wandering around the con hall and the bar and mixing with the ordinary fans. The latter were thrown into such a state of mental confusion by this odd behaviour that I even observed them laughing at his puns!

Then there's the embarrassing matter of his so-called speeches. Everybody knows that a GoH speech should, with the aid of a blackboard, explain how to turn the galaxy into a Bussard ram-jet; or, at the very least, outline a scheme for affiliating SF fandom to the Young Trotskyites - but all Jim does is sit up there on the platform and chat to the audience about funny things that have happened to him. You'd almost think he was chewing the fat with a bunch of old cronies.

I don't want to be too hard on Jim, because he does have a few qualifications for the job. He has written a lot of much-loved science fiction, he has been in SF fandom and has supported UK conventions for more than thirty years, and - above all - he is becoming an accomplished boozer.

Due to an unfortunate fault in his early education Jim was a stranger to the blessings of malt for a good part of his adult life, but he makes up for it now at conventions. He is good company at any time, but when he has downed a few jars he seems to step back a few light years and view the world with all its petty follies from the viewpoint of a benign alien who would not be out of place in one of his Sector General stories. There's no predicting what sort of comment he'll come out with in that condition, but it's a pleasure to be there and just listen.

Quite naturally, I'll be trying to monopolise his company, but you should feel free to muscle in. Jim won't mind.

Now that I think of it - perhaps he will be quite a good Guest of Honour.

JAMES WHITE BY GORDON JOHNSON BIBLIOGRAPHY

NOTE; An asterisk beside a title indicates that it belongs to the Sector General series.

TITLE	MAGAZINE PUBN.	BOOK PUBN.
★ Accident		Sector General (entry)
All Judgment Fled	IF, Dec. 1967-Feb. 1968	Rapp & Whiting 1968 Corgi 1969 Walker 1969 Walker (large type) 1969 Ballantine 1979, 1981 Ballantine 1979 Corgi 1980
★ Ambulance Ship (includes article; "The secret history of Sector General)		
Answer Came There None	Galaxy, Jan. 1974	The best from Galaxy, vol. III, ed. Baen, Award, 1975 Monsters and Medics (entry) (Ballantine edn. only)
The Apprentice	New Worlds, 99, Oct. 1960	Out of this world 3, ed. A. Williams-Ellis & M. Owen, Blackie, 1962. Out of this world, ed. A. Williams-Ellis & M. Owen, Blackie, 1971, Monsters and medics (entry) (Ballantine edn. only)
Assisted passage	New Worlds, 19, Jan. 1953	Gateway to the stars, ed. J. Carnell, Museum Press, 1955. Futures past (entry)
★ Blood Brother		New Writings in SF-14, ed. J. Carnell, Dobson, 1969, Corgi, 1969 Major Operation (entry)
Boarding Party	New Worlds, 37, July, 1955	Futures Past (entry)
Christmas Treason	F. & SF, Jan. 1962	8th annual of the year's best SF, ed. J. Merrill, Simon & Schuster, 1963, Dell, 1964, Space 1, ed. R. Davis, Abelard-Schuman, 1973
★ Combined Operation		Sector General (entry)
Commuter		New Writings in SF-21, ed. J. Carnell, Sidgwick & Jackson, 1972, Corgi, 1973 New Writings in SF Special 1, Sidgwick & Jackson, 1975 Futures Past (entry)
The Conspirators	New Worlds, 14, June, 1954	The aliens among us (entry) Science fiction adventures in mutation, ed. G. Conklin, Vanguard, 1955, Berkley, 1965 Strange universe, ed. A. Williams-

Ellis & M. Pearson, Blackie, 1974.
Mind to mind, ed. R. Silverberg,
Nelson, 1971

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Conklin, Dell, 1965
Monsters and medics (entry)

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1974, 1982, Corgi 1976.

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Futures Past (entry)

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nell, Dobson, 1965, Corgi, 1966;
not in Bantam edn.

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Ballantine, 1972, 1980.

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- Counter Security F. & SF, Feb. 1963
Venture (UK), No.1, Sep. 1963
- ★ Countercharm New Worlds, 100, Nov. 1969
- Crossfire New Worlds, 21, June, 1953
- Curtain Call Nebula, Aug. 1954
- Custom Fitting
- Dark Inferno (aka "Lifeboat") Galaxy, Jan.-Mar., 1972
- Dark Talisman Nebula, Oct., 1958
- Deadly Litter SF Adventures, Feb/Mar. 1960
- Dogfight New Worlds, 81, Mar. 1959
New Worlds, 2, (US), Apr. 1960
- Dream Millenium Galaxy, Oct.-Dec., 1973
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- False Alarm New Worlds, 61, Jly, 1957
- Fast Trip F & SF, Apr., 1963
- Federation World (sequel: "The Scourge") Analog, Aug. 1980
- ★ Field Hospital (aka "Star Surgeon") New Worlds, 114-116, Jan.-
Mar. 1962
- Grapeliner New Worlds, 88, Nov. 1959
New Worlds, 4, (US), June 1960
- High Road New Worlds, 3, (US), May 1960
- The Ideal Captain New Worlds, 74, Aug. 1958
- In Loving Memory Nebula, Jan. 1956
- ★ Invader
- ★ Investigation
- Lifeboat (aka "Dark Inferno")
- The Lights Outside The Windows New Worlds, 56, Feb. 1957

★ Major Operation
(short story)

★ Meatball

★ Medic
(aka "O'Mara's Orphan")

Nuisance Value

Analog, Oct. 1975

Occupation: Warrior

SF Adventures, Mar. 1959

★ O'Mara's Orphan
(aka "Medic")

New Worlds, 90, Jan. 1960

Open Prison

New Worlds, 139-141, Feb.-
Apr. 1964

(aka "The Escape Orbit")

★ Out-Patient

New Worlds, 95, June 1960

Outrider

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Glasgow Daily Record Apr 1961

Patrol

New Worlds, 55, Jan. 1957

Pushover Planet

Nebula, Nov. 1955

Question of Cruelty

New Worlds, 44, Feb. 1956

Red Alert

New Worlds, 43, Jan. 1956

★ Resident Physician (later
revised and included in
"Star Surgeon")

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The Scavengers

Astounding, Oct. 1953 (US)
Astounding, Mar. 1954 (UK)

The Scourge
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World")

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Second Ending

Fantastic, June-July, 1961

Second Ending
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The Secret Visitors
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★ Sector General (novelette) New Worlds, 65, Nov. 1957

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★ Star Surgeon
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The Star Walk

New Worlds, 33, Mar. 1955

Starvation Orbit

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1971. Major Operations (entry)

New Writings in SF-16, ed. J.
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1970. Major Operation (entry)

Hospital Station (entry)

Monsters and medics (entry)

The aliens among us (entry)

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Ace, 1957; Digit, 1961; NEL, 1971
White Lion, 1974.

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Bulmer, Sidgwick & Jackson,
1973; New Writings in SF special
1, Sidgwick & Jackson, 1975.
(part of) Ambulance ship (entry)
Futures past (entry)

Ballantine, 1963, 68, 70, 81.
Corgi, 1967

★ Survivor		Sector General (entry)
Tableau	New Worlds, 71, May, 1958	The aliens among us (entry) The best of New Worlds, ed. M. Moorcock, Compact, 1965.
To kill or cure	New Worlds, 58, Apr. 1957	The aliens among us (entry)
Tomorrow is too far		Ballantine, 1971; M. Joseph, 1971; Corgi 1973; Ballantine 1981
Tourist Planet (aka "Secret Visitors")	New Worlds, 52-54, Oct.-Dec. 1956.	
★ Trouble with Emily	New Worlds, 77, Nov. 1958.	Hospital Station (entry). Out of this world 2, ed. A. Williams-Ellis & M. Owen, Blackie, 1961.
Underkill		Gorgi, 1979.
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★ Visitor at Large	New Worlds, 84, June, 1959 New Worlds, 1, (US), Mar. 1960	Hospital Station (entry)
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Deadly Litter	Corgi, 1968 Ballantine, 1970, 1981	Deadly litter; Grapeline; The ideal captain; The lights outside the windows.
Futures Past	Ballantine, 1982	Spacebird; Commuter; Assisted passage; Curtain call; Boarding party; Patrol; Fast trip; Question of cruelty; False alarm; Dynasty of one; Outrider.
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Major Operation	Ballantine, 1971, 74, 81	Invader; Vertigo; Blood brother; Meatball; Major operation.
Monsters And Medics	Corgi, 1977	Second ending; Counter Secur- ity; Dogfight; Nuisance value; In loving memory.
Monsters And Medics	Ballantine, 1977	As Corgi edition plus The ap- prentice; Answer came there none.
Sector General	Ballantine, 1983	Accident; Survivor; Investi- gation; Combined operation.

An Appreciation

By Ken Slater

It is possible that there is someone attending ALBACON II who has never read a "Darkover" story, or who hasn't happened upon "The Ruins of Isis" or "Hunters of the Red Moon". Possible, but not probable. So you all know something of Marion's writing. What you may not know is that Marion is one of the writers who came to authorship through fandom. In one biographical note she herself said: "I seem to have fallen into writing science fiction as an adjunct of an obsessive passion for SF fandom in my teens." In other words, she is one of the sort of people that British fandom like to have as guests. They are part of the family, the in-group, or whatever you wish to call it.

If you care to look in the letter columns of the old pulp magazines you will find the evidence - I think the first letter you'll discover is in STARTLING STORIES for May 1947; a pretty standard first letter to an editor by the young teen-age fan of that era. In it Marion Eleanor Zimmer (as she was then) expresses the opinion that Henry Kuttner's "The Dark World" is the best fantasy she has ever read. In later letters and in other places she admires the work of Leigh Brackett, and Henry Kuttner's wife, C. L. Moore.... You should bear that in mind when considering "Darkover" - but I'm not supposed to be writing about Marion-the-author, but Marion-the-fan. Early on Marion took a firm stand on the rights of fans of the female part of fandom - in particular jumping on folk who misspelled her name (Sam Mines got scorched on that one) and with Marian Cox and some others launched into fan-clubs and fan-publishing. She already had her own fanzine, "Astra's Tower", and was a member of the American Fantasy Amateur Publishers Association. I don't know how long Marion's fanzine publishing continued, but I am pretty certain that it spanned over a decade.

In 1953 she made her first professional sale, a story called "Keyhole" to the short-lived magazine VORTEX. But although there was in the early fifties a science-fiction boom, it was short lived and markets for writers were not large. Don Wollheim of Ace Books first published a novel by Marion in 1961 - but I don't think Marion was intending to become a writer; her literary output at that time was the same as that of many an enthusiast - she wrote science fiction and fantasy because, quite simply, she liked it.

I think, if you ask her, you'll find that she never intended to be a writer - and she was surprised to find herself in the position where she had become one.

Oh yes, Marion is also a circus fan, so if you'd rather not talk to her about SF, try talking about the circus. Or any other fannish activity.... you'll find she knows all about it - she's been there!

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY



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Another Rib with John Jay Wells (pseud. of Juanita Coulson)	Mag. of F&SF, Jun 1963 (US) Mag. of F&SF, Oct 1963 (UK)	
Anything Goes (as Morgan Ives. See also Spare Her Heaven below.)		Stag, 1964 (Australia)
Bird of Prey	Venture No. 3, May 1957 (US) Venture No. 5, Jan 1964 (UK)	

Black and White	Amazing Stories, Nov 1962	The Dark Intruder (entry)
*The Bloody Sun		Ace, 1964, 1975 Arrow, 1978. Gregg, 1979. Lancer, 1968
Bluebeard's Daughter		Ace, 1969 (double), 1980 Methuen, 1978 (Hbk & Pbk)
The Brass Dragon (Juvenile)		Lancer, 1965
Castle Terror		Ballantine, 1979 (Hbk)
Catch Trap		Ballantine, 1980 (Pbk)
Centaurus Changeling	Mag of F&SF, Apr 1954 (US) Mag of F&SF, Aug 1954 (UK)	
The Climbing Wave	Mag of F&SF, Feb 1955 Science Fantasy, Aug 1956	If This Goes On, ed. C Nuetzel Book Co. of America, 1965
Collector's Item	Satellite SF, Jun 1958	
The Colors of Space		Monarch Books, 1963
Conquering Hero	Fantastic, Oct 1959	
The Crime Therapist	Future, Oct 1954	The Dark Intruder (entry)
The Dark Intruder (short story)(aka Measureless to Man)		The Dark Intruder (entry)
*Darkover Landfall		Daw, 1972, 1976. Arrow, 1978. Gregg, 1978. Berkley, 1972
Dark Satanic		The Daw Science Fiction Reader, ed. D Wollheim, Daw, 1976
The Day of the Butterflies		The Dark Intruder (entry)
Death Between the Stars	Fantastic Universe, Mar 1956	Ace, 1961, 1972(doubles), 1979. Arrow, 1979
*The Door Through Space		
A dozen of Everything	Fantastic, Apr 1959	
Drums of Darkness	Weird Mystery, Spring 1971	Ballantine, 1976
Elbow Room		Stellar 5 (ed. del Rey) Ballantine, 1980
The Endless Voyage		Ace, 1975. Daw, 1975.
Exiles of Tomorrow	Fantastic Universe, Mar 1955	The Dark Intruder (entry)
Experiment Perilous: Three Essays on Science Fiction (with Norman Spinrad & Alfred Bester-non fiction)		Algol Press, 1976
Falcons of Narabedla	Other Worlds, May 1957	Ace, 1964, 1972 (doubles)
*The Forbidden Tower		Daw, 1977. G Prior, 1979. Gregg, 1979. Arrow, 1980.
*Hawkmistress		Daw, 1982
*The Heritage of Hastur		Daw, 1975, 1977. Gregg, 1977. Arrow, 1979.
Hero's Moon	F&SF, Oct 1976	
House Between the Worlds		Doubleday, 1980. Ballantine, 1981

Hunters of the Red Moon		Daw, 1973, 1976. Arrow 1979.
I am a Lesbian (as Lee Chapman)		Monarch, 1962
In the Steps of the Master (no 2 in 'The Sixth Sense' series)		Tempo, 1973
Jackie Sees A Star	Fantastic Universe, Sep 1954	The Dark Intruder (entry)
The Jewel of Arwen		T-K Graphics, 1974
*The Keeper's Price		Daw, 1980
Keyhole	Vortex, Oct 1953	
Knives of Desire (as Morgan Ives)		Corinth, San Diego, 1966
Measureless to Man (aka: The Dark Intruder)	Amazing Stories, Dec 1962 Strange Fantasy, Summer 1970	
Men, Halflings and Hero Worship (non-fiction)		T-K Graphics, 1973
Mists of Avalon		Michael Joseph, May 1983. Knopf, 1983 Monarch, 1963
My Sister, My Love (as Miriam Gardner)		T-K Graphics, 1974
The Necessity for Beauty: Robert W Chambers & The Romantic Tradition (non-fiction)		
No Adam for Eve (as Joan Dexter)		Corinth, San Diego, 1966
Of Men, Halflings and Hero Worship (Astra's Tower Special)	FAPA, 1961	
The Parting of Arwen		T-K Graphics, 1974/5
Peace in the Wilderness	Fantastic Universe, Jul 1956	
Phoenix (with Ted White)	Amazing Stories, Feb 1963	The Best from Amazing (ed. Ted White) Hale, 1976
*The Planet Savers (short story)	Amazing Stories, Nov 1958	The Planet Savers (entry)
The Ruins of Isis		Starblaze, 1978. Donning, 1979. Arrow, 1980.
Seven From the Stars	Amazing Stories, Mar 1960	Ace, 1961 (double) 1962 Daw, 1981
*Sharra's Exile		Daw, 1976, 1977, 1981. Arrow, 1978. G Prior, 1979. Nord, (Italy) (as La Catena Spezzata) Gregg 1979
*The Shattered Chain		Ace, 1967 Monarch, 1963
Souvenir of Monique		
Spare Her Heaven (as Morgan Ives)(abridged as 'Anything Goes' - see above)		

*The Spell Sword		Daw, 1974, 1977. Arrow, 1978. G Prior, 1979. Gregg, 1979.
*Star of Danger		Ace, 1965, 1975. Arrow, 1978. Gregg, 1979.
The Stars Are Waiting	Saturn, Mar 1958	The Dark Intruder (entry)
*Stormqueen		Daw 1978. Gregg 1979. Arrow 1980
The Strange Women		Monarch 1962
Survey Ship		Ace, 1981
The Survivors (with Paul E Zimmer)		Daw, 1979
*The Sword of Aldones		Ace 1962 (double), 1976. Gregg, 1977. Arrow 1979.
*The Sword of Chaos		Daw
To Err Is Human	Original SF Stories, Sep 1950	
Twilight Lovers		Monarch 1964
*Two To Conquer		Daw 1980. Arrow, 1982.
*The Waterfall		The Planet Savers (entry)
The Web of Darkness		Stablaze. Donning, 1981.
Web of Light		Donning, 1982.
The Wild One	A Book of Weird Tales, No 1 1960	
The Wind People	If, Feb 1959	A Century of SF (ed. D. Knight) Simon & Schuster 1962. Gollancz 1963. Women of Wonder (ed. P. Sargent) Penguin 1978.
*Winds of Darkover		Ace 1970 (double), 1977. Arrow, 1978. Gregg, 1979.
Witch Hill (as Valerie Graves)		Greenleaf, 1972.
Women Only	Vortex, Oct 1953	
*The World Wreckers		Ace, 1971, 1977. Arrow 1979. Gregg, 1979.
Year of the Big Thaw	Fantastic Universe, May 1954	

COLLECTIONS

TITLE	PUBLISHER	CONTENTS
The Dark Intruder and Other Stories	Ace 1964, 1972 (doubles)	The Dark Intruder; Jackie Sees a Star; Exiles of Tomorrow; Death Between the Stars; The Crime Therapist; The Stars Are Waiting; Black and White.
*The Planet Savers	Ace 1962 (double) 1976. Arrow 1979. G. Prior 1979. Gregg 1979.	The Planet Savers; The Waterfall.

(* = Darkover series)

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—an introduction to— **AVEDON CAROL**

Fan Guest of Honour and TAFF Delegate

—Kevin Smith—

I hope, I really do hope, that Avedon Carol will be at Albacon 2. "So do we," you say. "After all, is she not TAFF delegate and therefore fan guest of honour at this very same Albacon 2? Of course she will be there." To which I reply that what you say is all very true - she is TAFF delegate and she is fan guest of honour. And, might I add, most worthy on both counts. Yet I must repeat my doubts: I can only **hope** that Avedon Carol will be at Albacon 2.

I will not keep you in suspense. I will tell you why. Avedon Carol has no sense of... no, not humour. How dare you suggest such a thing? She certainly has a sense of humour. Why else would I chuckle at her letters to me? (No, **not** the quaint American spelling.) Why else would she chuckle at **Further Down on Maggie's Farm** by Steve Bell? Why else would she be coming to Britain in late March...?

What she lacks.... No, I can't put her failings before her virtues. In Progress Report 3, Dave Langford told you that Avedon is Armenian, talks very fast, bursts unexpectedly into sign language, publishes (or published) fanzines like **The Invisible Fan**, **Harlot** and **Blatant**, and toils at a feminist book on pornography - so I've no need to repeat all that. He didn't tell you she sometimes lectures on such subjects as 'the treatment of hyperactive children with drugs. and 'birth control devices'. Nor did he tell you that she works for Alcoholics Anonymous in her spare time, and continues the pattern of non-drinking American TAFF people set by Terry Hughes and Stu Shiffman. With interests like these, Avedon could well be one of the most downright useful



TAFF winners ever - heaving drunks off the carpet and preventing Jessica Watson from embarrassing innocent batchelors with cries of "Daddy! Daddy! Daddy" (Personally, I would sooner treat some of the hyperactive children at conventions with small mallets, and the rest with large ones.)

Some years ago, Avedon was a potential rock star, hanging around with all the other rock stars and potential rock stars, until she was bitten in the ankle by Jim Morrison and threw it all up to go back to school (by which is probably meant college or university or something - I never have been able to get to grips with the American education system). This also caused her to discover fandom. Or perhaps it was the other way round. I'm a little confused about all this, since I was in no fit state to listen properly when she told me, but the events definitely happened. Or ones quite like them, more or less.

As you might expect of someone who could have been a rock star, Avedon is a lively, uninhibited person, and the evidence abounds. What other sort of person would introduce Jeanne Gomoll and me with the words: "Hey! Come and meet a rabid, feminist bitch!" (She was talking to me, not Jeanne - or so I assumed at the time.) What other sort of person would keep a pinball machine called Mata Hari in the basement? (At one time in the planning of my TAFF Trip last year, Avedon offered me accommodation. "You can sleep with Mata Hari," she said. But things turned out otherwise, and I never did discover its seductive charms.) What other sort of person would "particularly love to get rid of Wednesdays..."?

There are lots of other interesting facts about Avedon Carol, most of which I don't know. But I'm going to get the chance to find out - and so will you - when I interview her as part of Jim Barker's amazing, stupendous, awe-inspiring, (what's this last word you've written here, Jim?) fan room programme. All the questions that shout out to be asked will be asked. "How old are you?" "Why don't you drive a Cadillac when all other Americans do?" "What is your bra size?" "Why did Jim Morrison bite you in the ankle?" Michael Parkinson, eat your heart out!

This is a terrific fan guest of honour we have here, and it might all go to waste, because what Avedon lacks is a sense of direction. She can only visit Ted White at certain times of day because at the other times a road on the route she has memorised to get to him is one-way the wrong way. (Some, of course, might consider this supposed handicap a decided advantage in such circumstances.)

So you see the problem. First she has not to get lost between Washington D.C. and London Heathrow. Assuming she gets to England, and not, say, Japan, she has to fail to miss the Langfords and the Edwards-Atkinsons who are meeting her at the airport. She then has nearly a week before Albacon 2 in which to avoid getting lost, and the trip to Glasgow itself, in which there are endless opportunities to go the wrong way. The whole thing is fraught with danger. We can only hope that her hosts in the South East don't let her out of their sight for an instant, or they'll have a lot to answer for. ☐



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

The Association regularly produces:

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The British Science Fiction Association

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

President: Arthur C. Clarke

DAVE LANGFORD

TOASTMASTER

KEVIN SMITH
53 ALTRINCHAM ROAD
GATLEY
CHEADLE
CHESHIRE SK8 4EL

Dear Albacon Committee,

I don't want to sound uncharitable, but I think you've got the wrong man for the job. Don't get me wrong, he's a nice guy: friendly, approachable, talented, lotta class, half an ear. But toastmaster....?

Let's look at the guy. What's he doing these days? He's writing, that's what he's doing. He's writing novels (*The Space Eater* was published by Arrow last year), short stories, non-fiction books, articles for *New Scientist* and all sorts of other magazines. He writes for fanzines, he writes and publishes the newszine *Ansible*. He even writes episodes of his TAFF report. The guy is practically chained to his typewriter. And he's a good writer, too, that's what's so irritating. If he was a bad writer I could stand it.

He's always been a good writer. At the Oxford University SF Group he wrote good, funny space stories. After he found fandom, in 1973, he started writing good fanzines (*Drilkjis*, *Twll-ddu*) and good fanzine articles. He was on the committees of *Novacon 7*, in charge of publications, and *Skycon* in 1978, looking after publicity and the programme book - more writing, you see. In 1980 he was the TAFF delegate to *Noreascon 2* - just so he could write a TAFF report. In 1981 he was fan guest of honour at *Yorcon 2*; it was time he had a break from writing, I guess.

This guy is a writer, and what do you ask him to do? Toastmaster!

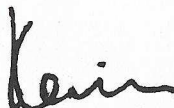
Let me tell you something about Dave Langford. Dave Langford cannot make toast. I have never had breakfast at the Langford's without he burns the toast. Charred, blackened, cinderised objects emerge from under the grill. Whatever they are, they ain't toast. I can make toast better than Dave Langford. **You** can make toast better. Anyone can. He's an M.A., not an M.T. And yet you ask him to be....

It's too late now, I suppose.

You should have come to me sooner.

Best wishes,

KEVIN SMITH



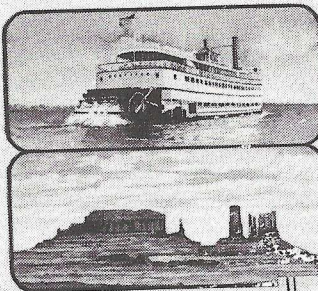
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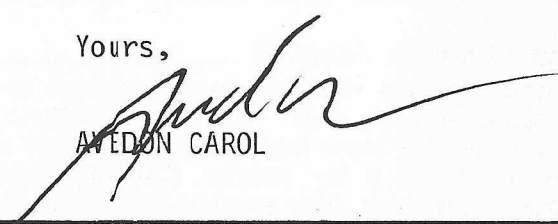
Have 12

Avedon Carol on DAVE LANGFORD

Sorry to have taken such an ungodly long time getting back to you, but things have been unusually busy around here this last month, and in fact it is only now that I have noticed your request for program book material due by the end of January... I've been so busy I've been barely scanning my mail. It really has been that bad. In fact, it is only because the snow storm has snowed me in for the last two days that I have been able to begin answering the last month's mail. Why, I may even get round to doing some homework today...

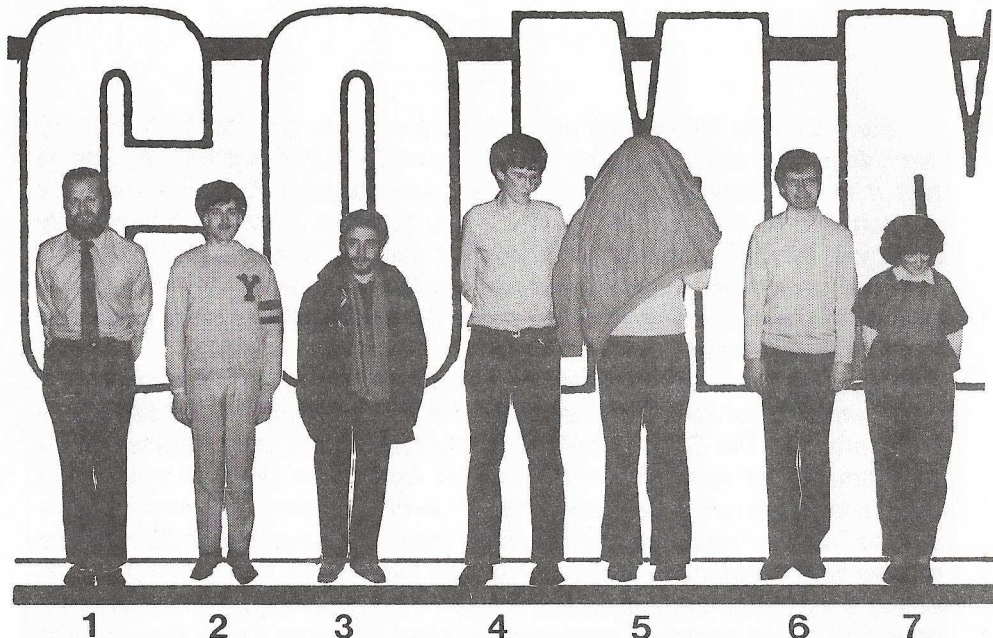
I suppose then, that it is too late to write anything for the program book, and I'm not sure I'd be equal to the task of writing about Langford—he is, after all, The Dave Langford Of My Generation, and he deserves a well-thought-out appreciation over which hours and perhaps days have been spent agonizing over every word, every phrase, and every finely-crafted [finally], sentence. As it is right now, I'd have about 32 minutes to give to the complete execution of the task, from first conception to licking the postage stamps, and it wouldn't be worth your wait. I certainly hope you found someone more worthy than I in time to do the job. On the other hand, if you still have 10 lines to fill in the book, you can stick in this paragraph with the explanation that I have stood in awe of Langford's writing since the first time a TD slipped thru the mail-slot and so am struck dumb by the very thought of trying to describe him in a manner that might do him justice. Dammit, his letters, his most hastily scribbled notes, are better than most fanarticles. He's fucking High Art.

Yours,



AVEDON CAROL

THE



Bob Jewett - Chairman 1

Veteran of several convention committees. We wouldn't say Bob's been around a long time but he used to change Ken Slater's nappies. Rapidly balding on top, he sports a beard by way of compensation. A rather subtle ploy this, which has been known to fool people into thinking his head is on upside down. Bob's interests are cycling and drinking, so to make him happy buy him a pint (or a bike). When not engaging in the above Bob masquerades as a 'B' movie scientist at the Southern General Hospital.

Chris O'Kane - Films 2

"What can be said about this morbid geriatric wreck that he hasn't already said about everybody else?" - ipse dixit. Has the important ability to read film labels in the dark under pressure from an angry mob. Schizophrenic, sometimes thinks he's a film director. Currently singing, 'I Like the Sound of Breaking Glass' and other smash hits. He also has a van. Very important person is Chris.

Mike Molloy - Art Show 4

A crusader against death on the roads so now drives on the pavements. (Honest). Has a fairly fertile imagination, once confessed that if he was rich he would chase his butler across the lawns of his mansion with his helicopter gunship. Once asked how he managed to do so many daft things in one day, he replied, "I get up early."



Henry Balen - Alternative Programme 3

Henry has the endearing quality of phoning you up every ten minutes to ask you either the same question again or a new one that has come out of his previous call. Once chaired a committee meeting with great success - "Let's take a vote. (No pause) Well that's decided then."

Douglas Mc Callum - Membership Secretary 5

'Basically', 'I would just like to point out' Doug talks in catchphrases, 'no two ways about it'. Always promising to resign or leave the meeting but recognises that this would cause 'no probs', so stays on, 'I kid you not'. From Doug comes the following: "At committee meetings he tries to inject humour into the proceedings, but unfortunately the others do not seem to appreciate these touches." When he grows up Doug hopes to be a computer.

Ian Sorensen - Treasurer 6

We decided not to say anything nasty about Ian but simply list his good points:

Frances Jane Nelson - Hotel Liaison 7

A truly marvellous, multi-talented, quite amazingly intelligent person. Beautiful, witty, adored by all, writes a mean fanzine and is a renowned opera singer, thespian and writer.... my only fault is an itsy-bitsy, teeny-weeny, very small, in fact really not worth bothering about at all tendency to use hyperbole.

Iain Dickson - Gophers 8

Our American expert, of whom many things are said. Favourite phrases include, "at Chicon" and "Well, at Denvention". When not driving people round the bend in this way, Iain is reputed to be a reliable man who gets the job done. An inveterate photographer, continually taking photographs of anything that seems to have a semblance of life.

Dave Ellis - Programme 9

Dave is very easy to find and very easy to lose. To find him, just look for the tall, long-haired fellow looking like a refugee from the late sixties. To lose him, just turn your back for a moment and he's gone. Dave's penchant for getting lost is legendary. That he is such an unmistakeable figure makes his vanishing trick all the more remarkable. Another facet of the Ellis enigma is his affinity with British Rail. He only has to sit on a train and Ladbroke's begin quoting odds on just how much the train will be delayed. Yet another facet is his collections. These are so massive that by last Faircon Dave's bed could no longer fit in his room. He will not reveal what he collects though! Answers on a postcard, please.

Jim Barker - Fan Room 10

Jim is the sole survivor of last year's Eastercon on the Albacon committee and we've acquired his services by the simple expedient of not telling him that Channelcon is over.... He'll be organising the fan room and hoping it goes down as well as it did at Channelcon. Rapidly approaching thirty, Jim is well known as a fan-artist and practising cartoonist and after Albacon never wants to see a convention again except as an attendee.

Joan Paterson - Token retired chairperson 11

Joan is as multi-talented as her hair is multi-coloured. Currently striving to become a doctor, her only job offers so far are in the field of psychiatry. Makes you think, doesn't it? When not doctoring or dying her hair she designs convention badges and ever more exciting uses for pineapple juice.

John Allardice - Film Back-Up 12

The committee's newest recruit, recently matured from a smelt to a fully fledged Trout, entered through the ranks of the Trout film empire. The most noteworthy trait of John seems to be his desire to film the committee dying the most gruesome deaths imaginable. He also has the ability to remain vertical regardless of his consumption of alcoholic beverages. It is generally believed that this is as a result of his hollow legs filling up and thus lowering his centre of gravity.

Bruce Saville - Video Programme 13

The man MI5 wanted to rule the world for them, but couldn't get a government grant. Firmly convinced that everyone else in the world is above average height. So keen on conventions that he once went to 2 in the same weekend.

Martin Hoare - Operations Manager 14

The major requirement for a good ops manager is an ability to charm obstreperous night porters out of their bad tempers in moments - an ability which Martin has in abundance. For years, when not working on conventions or pursuing gainful employment, Martin has been carefully nurturing a truly impressive circumference. Nice guy, Radio buff, real ale fan and very efficient. I'll give him the convention to run with a sigh of relief and all my confidence.

Jean Thompson - Star Trek trivia expert

A serious rival to Dave Ellis and Ian Sorensen at terrible puns. A need to change costumes (4 or 5 at her last party) and an unbelievable ability to mangle phrases make Jean unique. Only ever opens her mouth to change feet. Thompson watchers report such gems as, "I am not wearing my sun glasses just now. It isn't dark." Also, "My typewriter used to type like that (partly in red) but it doesn't do it so often now that I've changed to an all black ribbon."

Chris Rush - Convention liaison

Not officially part of the committee but definitely one of the people who will make the convention a success. No longer a bemused banqueting manager as he was at Faircon '82, Chris is a seasoned veteran, raring to spend another 96 hours on duty. Guaranteed to be well groomed and suave under any circumstances. This makes him easy to spot. Please don't offer him one of your chips, as one fan did at Faircon, as he is very proud of the Central's reputation for food and may not be able to come up with a suitably smooth reply.



What's three inches in diameter, brown, filled with meat and is propelled across a room by a paper airplane with a three foot wingspan?

If you said "A pork pie, of course!" you were probably at last years Eastercon, Channelcon. The Great Pork Pie Race was a concept dreamed up by Glasgow Bob Shaw and myself and, much to my surprise, it turned out to be one of the most popular programme items of the weekend. Loosely based on TV's "Great Egg Race" entrants were asked to devise a method of transporting a small individual Pork Pie from one end of a hall to the other, approximately forty feet distance. The rules were simple: each transportation device had to be self-contained, not dangerous and as ingenious as possible. I hoped that British Fandom would rise to the challenge and for months before Channelcon I whipped up as much interest as I could among the fan groups and spent much time listening to weird and wonderful ideas. What actually emerged on the day exceeded all my expectations.

Bob turned up with a radio-controlled tank/pie transporter, The Gannets assembled a mini land-yacht wafted along by the wind from several waving fanzines; Mike Molloy produced the afore-mentioned paper airplane only to watch it turn turtle and crash three quarters of the way up the course; one intrepid soul fired his pie from a giant catapult, scattering the watchers who had been innocently minding their own business at the finishing line.... The eventual, and well deserved winner was Rob Jackson, whose fiendish device was powered by the weight of a falling pork pie pulling a system of pulleys and gears.

Knowing a good thing when we see it, Albacon is pleased to present the Second Great Pork Pie Race. Whether or not it's as successful obviously depends on the standard of entries, but I've certainly been hearing about plans which are even weirder than last year. Rob has promised to defend his title with another device. If you'd like to take part, but haven't come up with a device, don't worry. In the Fan Room you'll find a collection of wheels, cogs and other parts and we'll be awarding a special prize to the best device scratch built at the convention. If you want more information, I can be contacted in the Fan Room and if you intend to enter a device please let me know about it no later than 12 noon on Saturday. The Fun starts in the main con hall at 2pm on Saturday and I'd like to see an even bigger crowd than we had at Brighton. □

Jim Barker

TO SCOTTISH FANDOM

by Jim Barker

"Hey, Alan! Don't you think it's about time that we started regular Scottish BSFA meetings like the London ones?"

"Triffic idea, Boss. Organise it, will you?"

One of these days I'll learn to keep my mouth shut....

Since the beginning of the year, I've been trying to get these regular meetings off the ground. By the time this is published there will have been three meetings, two in Glasgow and one in Edinburgh. The venues alternate between the two cities and the next meeting, the weekend after Albacon will be in Edinburgh, though at time of writing the exact venue is uncertain. Look out for the posters about the meetings around Albacon.

The evenings are divided into two parts: a talk or speech from a guest speaker or some other special event followed by everyone adjourning to the bar for informal social intercourse. The March meeting featured a talk by well-known author CHRIS BOYCE and the April meeting will feature the Scottish heat of the BSFA Mastermind quiz. Meetings are open to all BSFA members and guests and there's usually a small charge (30p) to help defray costs. Anyone interested can contact me in the Fan Room or at

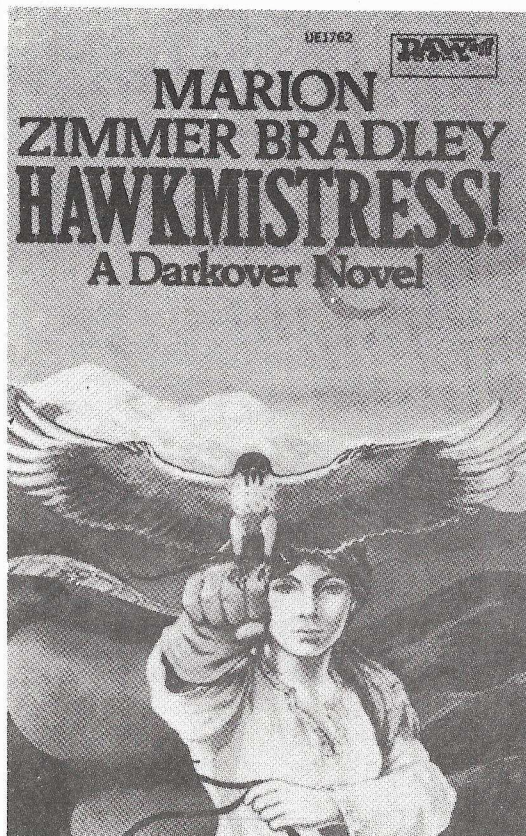
**113 WINDSOR ROAD
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FK1**

HOWEVER.... here's something else that I'd like you to think about. At the discussions which formed the first couple of meetings, there seemed to be a definite interest in taking the regular monthly meeting a stage further and what I'd like to propose to Scottish Fandom is more or less a Scottish One Tun. A place where Scottish fans from Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, Benbecula could meet once a month in addition to their regular club meetings. The BSFA have expressed interest in part-sponsoring such meetings to attract Big Name speakers, though if you're not interested in attending that part of the evening, you could spend the evening in the bar (and who needs an excuse to do that?)

Anyway, that's the basic idea. I've planned a panel/discussion on the subject as part of the Fan Room programme so please think about it and if interested come along on Saturday morning with ideas and reactions. Who knows what we might get started....? ☐

BSFA RIP?.... a quick PS by JB

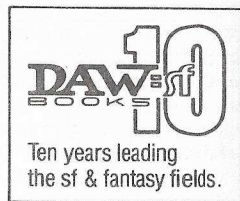
Because of personal problems, Chris Boyce couldn't make it to the last Glasgow meeting which had to be cancelled at the last minute. Which is probably as well since only five people turned up. And that kind of response begs the question about whether these type of meetings are worthwhile at all. There WILL be a discussion along these lines in the Fan Room on Saturday morning. I'm not giving up the idea without a fight but neither am I going to go around flogging dead horses. In the meantime, further meetings have been shelved. The BSFA Mastermind due to be held in Edinburgh will now be held in the Fan Room on Monday morning. All entrants please note. ☐



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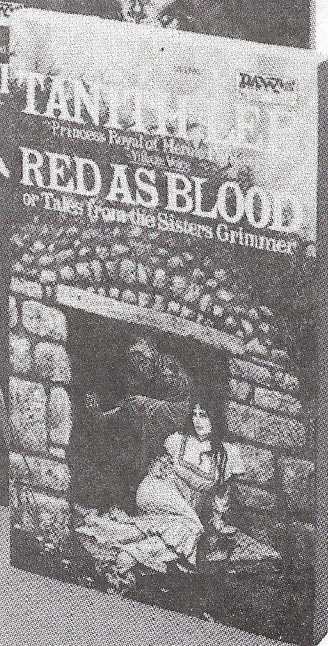
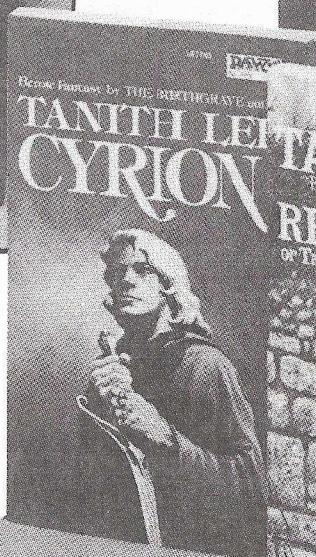
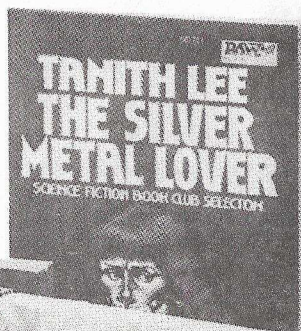
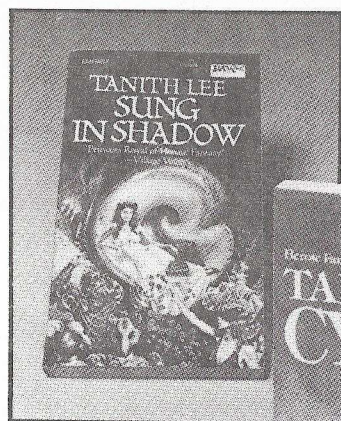
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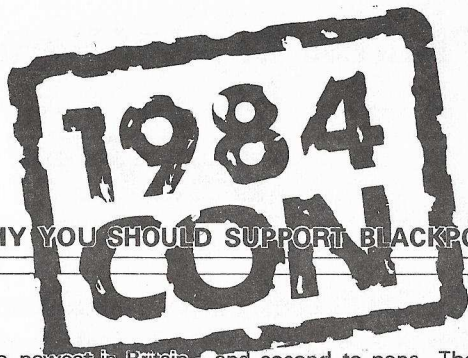
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And this soon-to-be published novel:



*Village Voice (NYC)



FOUR GOOD REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD SUPPORT BLACKPOOL FOR THE 1984 EASTERCON

1 The Best Hotel

The Pembroke Hotel is one of the newest in Britain - and second to none. There are two large convention halls - one of which incorporates a projection room and permanent cinema screen - and an array of other function rooms sufficient for the largest of Eastercons. The Pembroke itself sleeps over 400 people in comfortable rooms, 95% of which overlook the sea and all of which have private bathrooms and many other facilities, including access to an inhouse video system. Our official overflow hotels - and an abundance of cheap boarding houses - are all within five minutes walk or less.

2 The Best Location

Blackpool has never hosted an Eastercon before, despite being one of Britain's leading conference towns. The reason is that until the Pembroke opened there was no hotel with the requisite facilities. Now, however, it provides an excellent central location: 240 miles from London, 190 miles from Edinburgh and Glasgow, with good road and rail links to all parts of the country. After Eastercons in Brighton (1982) and Glasgow (1983) it is time for a convention equally accessible to fans from all parts of the country.

3 The Best Committee

Ours is an experienced and cohesive committee, whose members all know each other well, have worked together before, live in and around London, and meet regularly. We have experience on convention committees - 4 of us were on the committee of Seacon '75, 3 of us were on the steering committee of Seacon '79, and one of us was on the Channelcon committee. We have all been active in fanzine fandom. Five of us have sold sf professionally and three of us make our livings (after a fashion!) in the sf field. We are Chris Atkinson, Graham Charnock, Malcolm Edwards, Chris Evans, Rob Hansen, Rob Holdstock, Leroy Kettle and Linda Pickersgill. Together we can draw on almost a century of fannish experience!

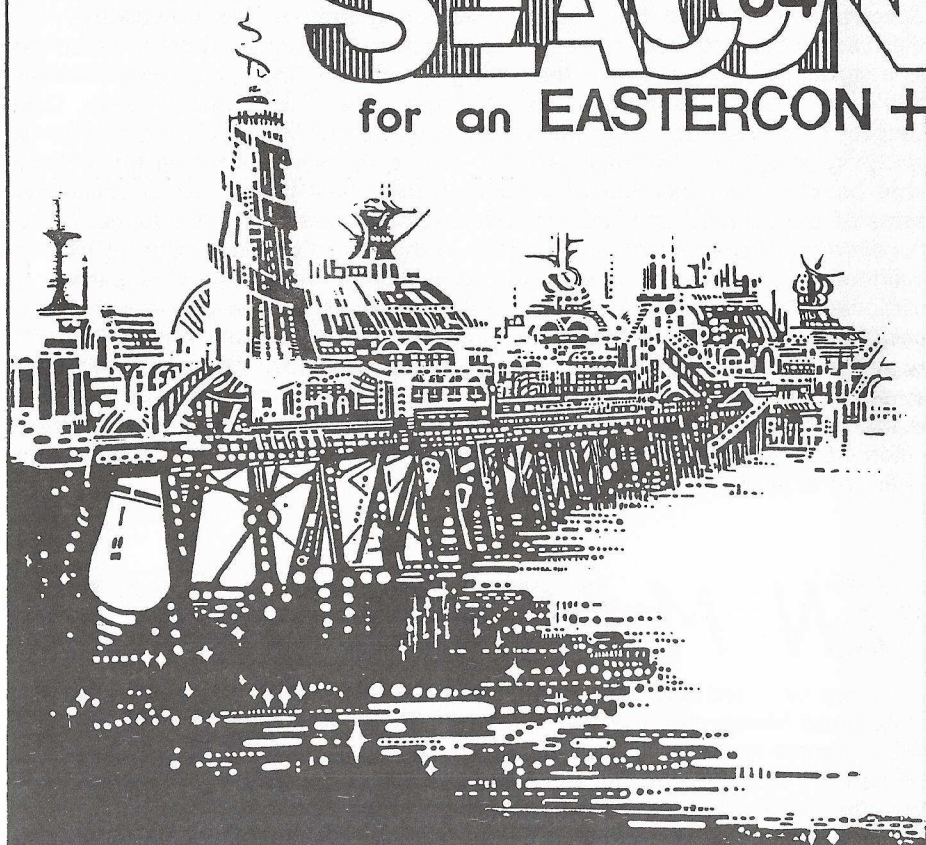
4 The Best Convention

1984 is a special year in British sf, and we intend to reflect that importance by putting on a very special Eastercon. We believe we have the ideal venue - the Pembroke is potentially the best convention hotel any of us has seen. Apart from its formal conference facilities it features a huge, comfortable and central lounge area with bars which provides a natural focus for a convention. It has both inexpensive and opulent restaurants. Its drinks policy is uniquely advantageous: a one-price system throughout the hotel, so that drinks in the restaurants and from room service cost the same as they do over the bar, which at present means 66p a pint for best bitter! The bars will be open for as long as there is a demand, but those of you who are never satisfied can now drink round the clock at normal prices. The hotel management, too, knows sf conventions and is eager to host this one. The manager, Mr Boutros, worked at the Brighton Metropole, where he was the key liaison figure for Seacon '79 and in the early planning for Channelcon, and showed close understanding of our needs. □

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for an **EASTERCON** †



The **1982 EUROCON** has already voted for a
1984 EUROCON in **BRITAIN** at **EASTER**.

Please add **YOUR** support, and vote for us at

ALBACON II

THE DOC WEIR AWARD

The Doc Weir Award was traditionally given not for any particular achievement but, in theory, to unsung fans who have done worthy things in general. It was not presented at Channelcon, the 1982 Eastercon, since the committee felt that the award had begun to lose touch with its original purposes. Specifically it was felt that the original voting system was unworkable now that Eastercons had reached such a size that no 'unsung fan' could be known to a significant percentage of the voting population (the convention membership). An informal committee - Arnold Akien, Alan Dorey, Steve Green, Dave Langford - was set up under the vague auspices of the BSFA, with a view to studying possibilities for improvement. The result was a proposal for a Hugo-style ballot system (nominations followed by a final ballot), which eliminated some of the old problems while introducing new ones (such as a partial loss of the element of spontaneity and surprise in the award's presentation). This was intended to provoke discussion and suggestions from interested parties, in particular the many past Doc Weir Award winners: but response was disappointingly low. Some endorsed the proposal, some strongly argued that the award should be scrapped; there was a new proposal for choosing the winner by select committee. Feelings about the award being mixed (though in general apathy seems to prevail), the committee can't really recommend any presentation at Albacon II. Perhaps the Business Meeting will produce some new ideas, or at least carry on the discussion. □

KEN MCINTYRE AWARD

Fans die - sad but true. I won't put the melancholy list here - I've lost some good friends over the past few years. When Ken McIntyre died, in 1969, a few people muttered (as usual) about "doing something to commemorate his name". Rog Peyton did more than mutter - he started a collection and from this collection sprang the Ken McIntyre Award.

Ken was an artist who had never been known to refuse to supply artwork for a fanzine so the decision on what to make the award for was easy: "The most worthy piece of artwork appearing in a fanzine published in the year under consideration."

The award has been given to the following artists (the name of the fanzine concerned follows the winners name):

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1971 Jim Pitts (Balthus) | 1978 Steve Bruce (Tangent) |
| 1972 David Fletcher (Shadow) | 1981 Pete Lyons (Matrix) |
| 1974 Carol Gregory (Black Hole) | 1982 Rob Hanson (Epsilon) |
| 1976 Jon Langford (Drilkjis) | |

RULES AND REGULATIONS

KEN MCINTYRE AWARD

- 1 The administrator is Keith Freeman
- 2 Any piece of artwork (NB not necessarily a full page and/or front cover) may be submitted (by fnz editor or artist) along with the fanzine in which it appears. The fanzine must have been published in the year preceding the Eastercon it is judged at. To be submitted it must either be sent to the administrator (at least two weeks before Easter) or given to the Easter Convention Committee Artshow organiser prior to Easter Sunday. In the event of an award not being made any items submitted can be included in the submissions for the following year.
- 3 All entries (both artwork and fnz) will be displayed in the Artshow room or some other room designated by the Convention Committee.
- 4 The panel of judges consists of a quorum from the following (a) the administrator, (b) a Convention Committee representative, (c) a BSFA Council representative, (d) a representative from the Knights of St Fantasy, (e) Rog Peyton, (f) the Convention Guest of Honour (1 or 2) and (g) a representative of past winners. A quorum is 4 people. (a) and (e) may delegate to other persons.
- 5 The panel of judges will make the decision and award the Ken McIntyre Memorial Award to the artist who is responsible for the piece of art-work they consider most worthy.

Note the wording of rule 5 carefully - the panel allow for the method of reproduction, lay out etc as well as straightforward artistic merit.

It should be stressed that the years when no award was given it was due to lack of quantity rather than lack of quality - this is the reason for the last sentence in rule 2.

Queries about the award should be addressed, in the first instance, to the administrator.



Keith Freeman

The FOKT Award

The FOKT award can be traced back to the original presentation given to James White at Faircon '78.

As well as Ed Buckley's 'BEM Nevis', Faircon's Guest of Honour was presented with an agate slab mounted on which was a silver plate bearing his name and a representation of a fish hook.

In 1979 it was decided to formalise the situation regarding the FOKT award, and the current simple rules were laid down.

The FOKT award may be given to anyone the group chooses. Normally the recipient should have attended at least one FOKT meeting or have made some memorable contribution to Glasgow SF fandom. Voting is open to all/

members of FOKT (ie to anyone who has attended FOKT at any time in the past.)

Past holders of the award are listed below:

(James White - 1978)
 Ed Buckley - 1979
 James White - 1980
 Ken Slater - 1981
 C.U.S.F.S. - 1982

(The 1982 award was won by the Cambridge University SF Society.)

FOKT: The Prime Trouts

In the spring of 1974 the Friends of Kilgore Trout - Glasgow's Science-Fiction Fan Group - was formed by six local SF fans. These six were to be the backbone of the group for the first year or so that it existed. The founding members of FOKT were Ian Black, John Duffy, Don Malcolm, Allan Milne, Mike Andrews, and Jim Campbell.

As well as the original six members, other enthusiasts began regularly attending FOKT's Thursday night meetings.

An entirely silly tradition was shortly thereafter started, whereby the founders were known as the 'Prime Trouts'. New attendees were invited to provide the old-timers with copious quantities of hard liquor and folding money, but this rarely happened - few FOKT members were quite that stupid!

As time passed a number of the so-called Prime Trouts began to attend FOKT less and less often. Their places as general dispensers of good cheer were gradually taken over by newcomers.

In recognition of the changing face of FOKT a decision was made by the Prime Trouts to create a new Prime Trout to be the seventh and least of the original six.

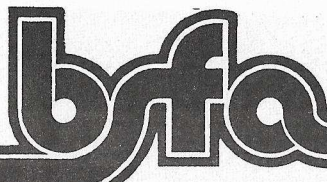
This became a regular yearly event, and since the first 'new' Prime Trout in 1976 there have been various others created.

The following FOKT members became Prime Trouts in the years shown:

Bob P Shaw 1976
 Sandy Brown - 1978
 Jimmy Robertson-1979
 Joyce Mains - 1980
 Dave Ellis - 1981
 Bruce Saville - 1982

Prime Trouts are nowadays nominated by the general membership of FOKT, with the final vote being cast by the Prime Trouts themselves. The normal basis for nomination is that the FOKT member in question should be a long-standing and regular attendee at the group's meetings, and should if possible have made some worthwhile contribution to FOKT. □

BOB P SHAW



THE BSFA AWARD

President: Arthur C. Clarke

The British SF Association Award (until 1979 known as the British Science Fiction Award) was initially conceived as a counterweight to the American-dominated Hugo and Nebula Awards, to honour British works that might otherwise have been overlooked. A noble idea, but the practice never seemed to match up to the theory: although the Award went to some fine works - John Brunner's *The Jagged Orbit*, Bob Shaw's *Orbitsville* and Ian Watson's *The Jonah Kit*, to name but a few - it received only minimal publicity, its eligibility rules were changed so frequently that it became difficult to keep track of them, and the winners were sometimes chosen in secret by an unknown panel of judges anyway.

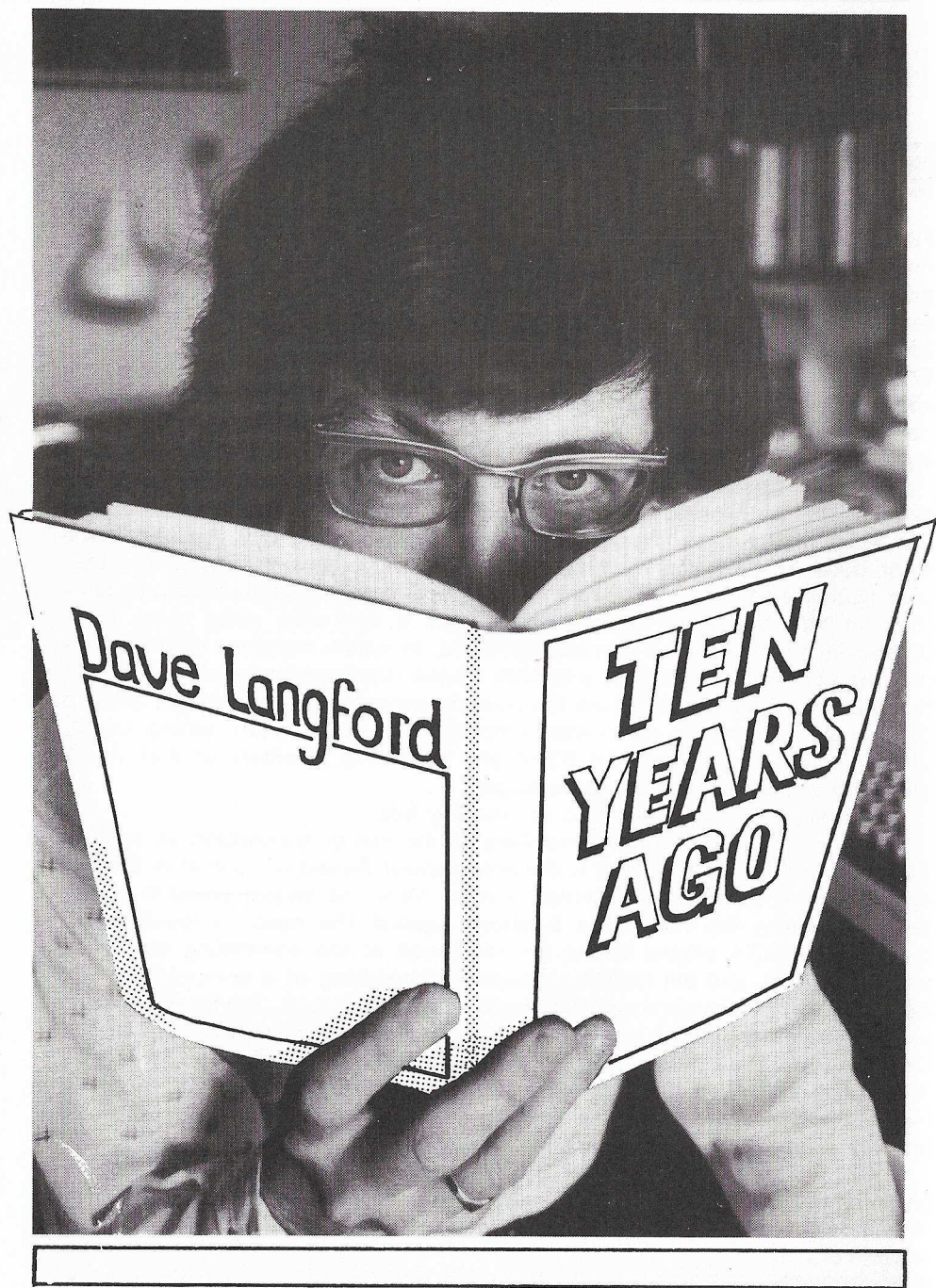
In 1979, however, Things Changed, and from 1980 onwards it has been given in four categories, for the best novel, short fiction, media presentation and artist of the preceding year, the sole criterion being that the said items must have received their first British publication or presentation during that year. (It is thus no longer limited to British authors alone, although - unsurprisingly - they do tend to feature more prominently.) It has also, since then, been divided into two stages: a nominating round, in which members of the BSFA only are eligible to participate, and from whose nominations (made in the first two months of the year in which the Awards are presented) are drawn the top five in each category to go forward onto the final ballot; and a voting round, in which both members of the BSFA and attending members of that year's Easter convention are eligible to participate.

Meaning, of course, you who are reading this.

The point about involving members of the Easter convention as well as those of the BSFA is simple: it is the only popular Award of its kind in Britain, and if it is to be at all representative must have the widest possible voting base. Naturally, this has to be balanced against the need to identify and maintain its BSFA origins (hence the restriction at the nominating stage, on who may vote), and the resulting system is something of a compromise, but nevertheless it's a compromise that works very well indeed. The list of previous winners positively throbs with quality: J. G. Ballard's *The Unlimited Dream Company* and Christopher Priest's *Palely Loitering* in 1980, Gregory Benford's *Timescape* and Thomas M. Disch's *The Brave Little Toaster* in 1981, Gene Wolfe's *The Shadow of the Torturer* and Robert Holdstock's *Mythago Wood* last year - and when you look at the nominations on this year's final ballot...

Along with your Programme Book, you should have been given a ballot form for the 1983 BSFA Award. (If you did not, return to the registration desk and demand one forthwith!) So use your vote - it's just as important as anyone else's.

Joseph Nicholas [BSFA Award Administrator]



TEN YEARS AGO

Once upon a time in 1973 I went to my first convention, Novacon 3 (yes, yes, I know, but 'Nine Years And Five Months Ago' would be a far less convincing title). At once I plunged into the mad social whirl of SF fandom. All 145 - I looked that up and I still don't believe it - all 145 convention members clustered about me, making me welcome, offering me drinks and letting slip the room numbers of parties at which I could later carouse all night, pausing intermittently to get laid. Fanzines were thrust into my hands from every side, while ecstasy thrilled the very core of my being as I swapped critical opinions with countless great SF authors who only the day before had been remote and inaccessible gods all wrapped in a haze of glory. Before the convention was over my name was on everyone's lips, and not a soul of all that teeming throng departed without a merry cry of, "See you at Easter, Dave!" On the train home I thumbed idly through the lucrative novel contracts handed me by chaps called Gollancz and Faber after a few minutes' chat in the bar...

Anyone who believes all this should perhaps lie back with a cold compress on the forehead and consider again the date on which Albacon II begins. Anyone who disbelieves every word (even excepting the probably quite correct date and attendance figure for Novacon 3) is in a way almost as much of an April Fool, since lurking in the usual drunken hyperbole are several grains of truth.

Of course not everyone rushed to welcome me to my first con, if only because I sneaked furtively into this strange new world and spent most of the time either safe in the tiny circle of people I knew already from the Oxford University SF Group, or cowering invisibly in the crowded con hall, or hiding in my room alternately gloating over purchases of **real imported American SF** (I was not as sensible then as I am now) and wondering why I'd ever come. Which vague memory of Novacon 3 makes me wonder what on earth drew me back to every Novacon and Eastercon since. Something they put in the beer, perhaps, something addictive which explains the special vileness of convention bitter.

One thing in my favour was a secret power denied to most new fans. My hearing was (and still is) lousy, and several times I was driven from the con hall's exciting talks and panels by great blasts of inaudibility. Although I thus missed many cogent words on subjects like 'Cognitive Estrangement and Why The Panellists Outnumber The Audience', it then happened that once or twice, when no one I knew was to be seen, I actually ventured a timid "Hello" to other fans at or under the bar. To my amazement they did not instantly strike me dead. With this stunning discovery still in mind I went on to learn it was possible to converse with **authors** who weren't otherwise occupied. Before Novacon 3 the only famous literary person I'd rubbed shoulders with was W. H. Auden, on the streets of Oxford, once. "Grunt", he declaimed poetically from the lofty heights of Parnassus. "Sorry," I wittily riposted, and got off his foot.

Novacon's literary contacts started in a small way, with Rob Holdstock (to no part of whom is the word 'small' normally applied): since I knew him

already he therefore couldn't be a real, terrifying author at all. Next to him was Chris Priest, who was a fairly real author but not too utterly intimidating since at that date I hadn't seen any of his books. Even he failed to spit upon me with a cry of "Wretched nonentity!"; to flay me with savage lashes of sarcasm, or to dismiss me with a rude gesture like the one of which Martin Hoare (who also made a debut at Novacon 3) has a photograph which Chris may purchase for a small, or large, sum. Emboldened by my survival so far, I begged Chris to come and talk to OUSFG, and he duly promised a lecture on 'The Cold Equations' and 'Watergate'. (Other subjects may have been briefly touched upon.)

Morale stiffened by many pints of Novacon's Fairy Liquid bitter, I tried begging the extremely famous and wonderful K*E*N B*U*L*M*E*R (Guest of Honour) to sign one of his deathless masterworks for me. What a cunning strategy, I remember thinking, what an ingenious ploy for engaging authors in conversation, who can have thought of it before? About 5,271,009 others, as it turned out.

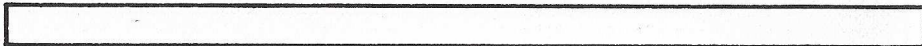
"", said Ken in detectably friendly and nice tones; I was almost disappointed; why hadn't he smitten me with bolts of lightning for my importunity? Could it be that SF authors were... my soul cried out at the blasphemy.... real people?

"?" asked Ken with his head on one side, and I smiled and nodded with desperate enthusiasm. There is something in the interaction of his accent with my hearing aid which has made every conversation like this.

"", he finally observed with a shrug, and bought me a drink.

In the end most of my fantasies from that first paragraph came almost true. I came back from Novacon 3 - incidentally meeting Hazel, now my wife, at OUSFG that same evening - with several fanzines (mostly found discarded under tables or fans in the bar, and when I read them I could see why), a hangover which insisted that the room party I couldn't remember must have been good, a pile of expensive receipts for future con registrations, a new and reckless confidence in my ability to say "Hello" or even "Have a drink?" to comparative strangers, and the address of a real SF editor called Ken Bulmer. My uneasy suspicion is that when I subsequently inflicted my first SF story on **New Writings**, Ken spent ages repeating the traditional phrase, "Thank you for the opportunity of examining the enclosed material offered for publication. We regret that we cannot make use of it at this time".... only, after the fiftieth try and the fiftieth, "Pardon? Didn't quite catch what you said," to give up the struggle and simply buy the story for the 37½p his generous publishers permitted him to offer. Thus began my long progression from mere studenthood and civil servility to fame, power, freelance authorship and stark poverty.

The moral of this wearisome diatribe is fairly obvious, or not obvious at all, depending which end you started reading from. Having overcome the colossal psychological problem of actually talking to people at conventions, I started enjoying them a damned sight more.



Caveat, though: some newer fans have the opposite problem, an inability either to stop talking or to realize when it's inadvisable to start. I name no names, but common sense should see you through. When a famous author or fan is lying unobtrusively in a corner of the bar taking paracetamol and moaning, this is not the time to rush forward with a glad shout of, "What did you think of the narrative counterpoint in *Dhalgren*?" or "Would you like the leftovers from my breakfast haggis?"

Otherwise, if you're new to cons (and 82.6% of those who read the programme book during the convention are), be a devil. Pick a random fan and pronounce the frightful formula, "Hello": you should, according to my theory and experience, survive. An even better conversational gambit is, "Hey, isn't **The Number of the Beast** the worst SF book ever?" If the answer is, "You bet," "Damn right", or "You mean you haven't read anything by R. L. Fanthorpe?" then you have probably met a true fan. If the answer is, "How dare you malign the masterwork of Sci-Fi's greatest exponent?" you have accidentally stumbled into either Spider Robinson or an alien infiltrator which has just blown its cover: make an excuse and leave. While if the chosen fan's name badge should say DAVE LANGFORD, you are permitted to go further and offer a brimming pint of bitter. It's never too soon, after all, to start picking up tips for the version of this article which you might have to write in 1993.....

— Dave Langford —



**ACCOUNTS FOR THE 1982 EASTERCON - CHANNELCON -
as at 28th February, 1983**

Expenditure	£	Income	£
Publications _ _ _ _ _	705	Memberships _ _ _ _ _	5,554
Guests of Honour _ _ _ _ _	635	Advertising _ _ _ _ _	490
Main Programme _ _ _ _ _	343	Book Tables _ _ _ _ _	419
Film & Video Programme _ _ _ _ _	497	Video Games _ _ _ _ _	208
Art Show _ _ _ _ _	565	Auctions _ _ _ _ _	122
Banquet _ _ _ _ _	237	Bank Interest _ _ _ _ _	148
Fan Room _ _ _ _ _	240	Miscellaneous _ _ _ _ _	24
Transport _ _ _ _ _	235		
Insurance _ _ _ _ _	126		<u>6,965</u>
Hotel Staff gratuities _ _ _ _ _	110		
Committee rooms _ _ _ _ _	582		
Postage _ _ _ _ _	423		
Stationery etc. _ _ _ _ _	264		
Advertising _ _ _ _ _	73		
Miscellaneous _ _ _ _ _	162		
Convention expenses _ _ _ _ _	<u>5,197</u>		
Progress Report 5 _ _ _ _ _	49		
Donation to TAFF _ _ _ _ _	50		
Donation to GUFF _ _ _ _ _	100		
Convention advertising charges foregone _	65		
Donation to Albacon II to purchase a badge-making machine for Eastercons	300		
	<u>5,761</u>		
Surplus in hand _ _ _ _ _	1,204		
	6,965	Janice Maule, Treasurer, Channelcon	

The remaining surplus will be utilised to purchase further items of equipment to be available for future Eastercon committes.

In the meantime, the money is held in a bank deposit account and will therefore earn further interest.

These accounts are substantially as published in Progress Report 5 except for the addition-all items allocated from the surplus and the deletion of the claim from the Metropole Hotel for £290 in respect of "damages", which was withdrawn by the management after correspondence.



September 23rd-25th 1983
Glasgow's Central Hotel
G.O.H: CHRIS BOYCE
Fan G.O.H: JIM BARKER

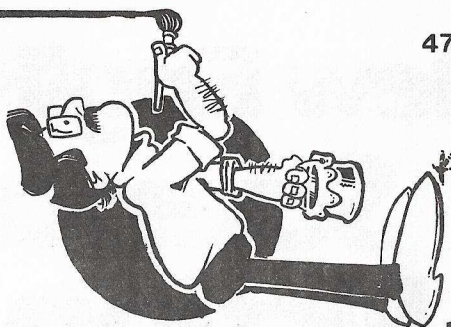


Invention
c/o Kevin Henwood
10 Woodlands Gardens
Bothwell
Glasgow G71

JIM BARKER Graphic Design

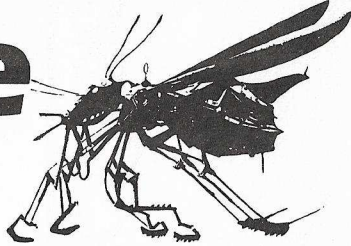
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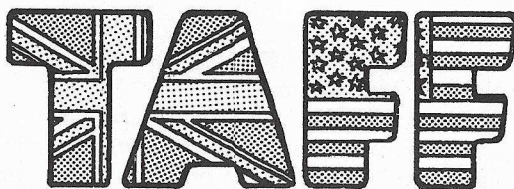
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TAFF THE HIDDEN TRUTH

At last it can be told! The true meaning of TAFF is: "To Albacon For Free".

For the last thirty years fans have been preparing for this moment. In 1953 the idea of the TAFF project was conceived by a select few. It was a brilliant idea, a far-reaching idea, and as with all such ideas, it lacked funds. How was the necessary finance to be raised to sustain the project over its immense lifetime? Would it be possible, say, to extract cash donations from fans? Could they be persuaded to give up unwanted books, magazines, fanzines and assorted trivia to the TAFF project, such unwanted books, magazines, fanzines and assorted trivia then becoming *wanted* books, magazines, fanzines and assorted trivia - wanted, that is, by other fans who would pay good money to the project for them? Could conventions be persuaded that the TAFF project was a suitable receptacle for some of their surplus funds? Would individual fans be prepared to humiliate themselves by performing embarrassing fund-raising acts for the good of the TAFF project?

It seemed unlikely. "Albacon", in 1953, was an idea whose time had not yet come. The "TAFF project" sounded too much like a plan to put a Welshman on the moon. Who would contribute to that? Some smart advertising was needed, a gimmick of some kind. A code name, perhaps. The select few held a brain storming session, from which "Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund" narrowly won out over "Trichotamise All Fake Fans!" While the latter was a very attractive proposition and possessed a certain rabble-rousing charm, it was felt that the former got right to the point of the problem, i.e. *funds*.

And so the unlikely sounding "Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund" was launched on an unsuspecting fandom.

The idea was that people would vote for the fan of their choice and, incidentally as it were, donate money, books, magazines, fanzines, assorted trivia and embarrassing fund-raising performances to TAFF, which would assist the most popular and deserving fan in a trip across the Atlantic with the intention of linking European and American fandoms more closely.

After a few initial hiccoughs, the project began to show progress. The trips were successfully field-tested, many times, and by the early 1970s the major technical problem - how to fit all the voting information onto a single sheet of quarto paper - had been licked. The time was fast approaching for the true pupose of TAFF to be revealed.

To this end, "Albacon" was field-tested in 1980 - again successfully - and scheduled to go live in 1983.

And the worthy fan selected - the result of thirty years planning and organisation - to come To Albacon For Free in 1983 is **Avedon Carol**, about whom much can be said, but not now.

And so the TAFF project has come to a conclusion, its purpose fulfilled. But - Avedon and I, as current administrators, have made a decision. We've decided we still want your donations of money, books, magazines, fanzines, assorted trivia and embarrassing fund-raising performances. No, not to line our pockets. We've decided to re-launch the "Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund" (I can't get over that name) for another thirty years, and are eagerly awaiting nominations for European candidates to go to the Los Angeles Worldcon in 1984. Just as in the old days, candidates need three European and two North American nominators. To the outside world, all will appear as before. Only we will know the truth. We are the select few.... hundred. □

Kevin Smith, 53 Altrincham Road, Gatley, Cheadle, Cheshire SK8 4EL, England

PAST TAFF WINNERS

1954	A. Vincent [Vin] Clarke [did not make trip]	1968	Steve Stiles
		1969	Eddie Jones
1955	H. K. [Ken] Bulmer	1970	Elliot Shorter
1956	Lee Hoffman [declined]	1971	Mario Bosnyack
1957	Bob Madle	1973	Len & June Moffatt
1958	Ron Bennett	1974	Peter Weston
1959	Don Ford	1976	Roy Tackett, Bill Bowers (tie: Bowers did not make trip)
1960	Eric Bentcliffe		
1961	Ron Ellik	1977	Peter Roberts
1962	Ethel Lindsay	1979	Terry Hughes
1963	Wally Weber	1980	Dave Langford
1964	Arthur Thomson ['ATom']	1981	Stu Shiffman
1965	Terry Carr	1982	Kevin Smith
1966	Thomas Schlück	1983	Avedon Carol

Okay, guys, let's go Trichotomise A Fake Fan....

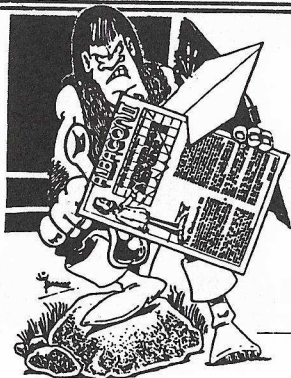
KEVIN SMITH

Previous Conventions

- 01 1937 Leeds
02 1938 London
03 1941 London
04 1943 Leicester
05 1944 Manchester

- 1 1948 London
2 1949 London
3 1951 London _ _ _ _ Festivention
4 1952 London
5 1953 London _ _ _ _ Coroncon
6 1954 Manchester _ _ _ _ Supermancon
7 1955 Kettering _ _ _ _ Cytricon
8 1956 Kettering _ _ _ _ Cytricon II
*** 1957 London _ _ _ _ Loncon
9 1958 Kettering _ _ _ _ Cytricon III

			Guest[s] of Honour	Fan Guest[s] of Honour
10	1959	Birmingham		
11	1960	London		
12	1961	Gloucester _ _ _ _ LXIcon _ _ _ _	Kingsley Amis	
13	1962	Harrogate _ _ _ _ Ronvention		
14	1963	Peterborough _ _ _ _ Bullcon		
15	1964	Peterborough _ _ _ _ Repetercon		
16	1965	Birmingham _ _ _ _ Brumcon 2		
***	1965	London _ _ _ _ Loncon II		
17	1966	Yarmouth _ _ _ _ Yarcon _ _ _ _	Ron Whiting	
18	1967	Bristol _ _ _ _ Briscon _ _ _ _	John Brunner	
19	1968	Buxton _ _ _ _ Thirdmancon	Ken Bulmer	
20	1969	Oxford _ _ _ _ Galactic Fair	Judith Merrill	
21	1970	London _ _ _ _ Scicon '70	James Blish	
22	1971	Worcester _ _ _ _ Eastercon 22	Anne McCaffrey	Ethel Lindsay
23	1972	Chester _ _ _ _ Chessmancon	Larry Niven	
24	1973	Bristol _ _ _ _ OMPAcon _ _ _ _	Samuel R. Delany	
25	1974	Newcastle _ _ _ _ Tynecon _ _ _ _	Bob Shaw	Peter Weston
26	1975	Coventry _ _ _ _ Seacon _ _ _ _	Harry Harrison	
27	1976	Manchester _ _ _ _ Mancon 5	Robert Silverberg	Peter Roberts
28	1977	Coventry _ _ _ _ Eastercon '77	John Bush	
29	1978	Heathrow _ _ _ _ Skycon _ _ _ _	Robert Sheckley	Roy Kettle
30	1979	Leeds _ _ _ _ Yorcon	Richard Cowper	Pat & Graham Charnock
***	1979	Brighton _ _ _ _ Seacon '79	Brian Aldiss, Fritz Leiber	Harry Bell
31	1980	Glasgow _ _ _ _ Albacon _ _ _ _	Colin Kapp	Jim Barker
32	1981	Leeds _ _ _ _ Yorcon II	Ian Watson, Tom Disch	Dave Langford
33	1982	Brighton _ _ _ _ Channelcon	Angela Carter, John Sladek	



SUB EDITING

ALBACON II MEMBERSHIP

ATTENDING MEMBERS 482
SUPPORTING MEMBERS 61
DAY MEMBERS 0

1 JIM	WHITE (A)	110 GERALD	BISPOD (A)	219 ELSIE	DONALD (A)	328 ARNOLD	AKEN (A)	437 KENNETH C	MILLER (A)
2 PEGGY	LEE (A)	111 ALBERT	PICKARD (A)	220 DAVID	ELMORTHY (A)	329 ANDREW	BENNETT (S)	438 KENNETH	O'NEILL (A)
3 TANTIN	LEE (A)	112 KATHLEEN	PICKARD (A)	221 ALAN	JEFFREY (A)	330 RACHEL	BENNETT (S)	439 CHRIS	BONLUSON (A)
4 MARION	LEE (A)	113 JACQUES (S)	JACQUES (S)	222 ANDREW	JEFFREY (A)	331 ANDREW	BENNETT (S)	440 ANDREW	BONLUSON (A)
5 AVEDON	CARL (A)	114 PHILIP A	JACQUES (S)	223 KATHLEEN	JEFFREY (A)	332 DAVID	BENNETT (S)	441 SAM J	LUNHALL (A)
6 HAZEL	CARL (A)	115 FRANK	ROBINSON (A)	224 NATE	JEFFREY (A)	333 NEVILLE	BENNETT (S)	442 PETE	GILLIGAN (A)
7 DAVE	LANGFORD (A)	116 NANCY	ROBINSON (A)	225 NATE	JEFFREY (A)	334 NEVILLE	BENNETT (S)	443 VIK CRUHAN	ANDERSON (S)
8 BOB	LANGFORD (A)	117 KATE	DAVIES (S)	226 KATE	JEFFREY (A)	335 RON	BENNETT (S)	444 ANDREW	HALL (A)
9 BOB	JEHRT (A)	118 MALCOLM	DAVIES (S)	227 WICK	JEFFREY (A)	336 LINDA	BENNETT (S)	445 RONINELLA	WILLIAMS (A)
10 DOUGLAS	MCCALLAN (A)	119 MIC	ROGERS (A)	228 LAURA	JEFFREY (A)	337 PAUL	BENNETT (S)	446 PERRY	WILLIAMS (A)
11 DAVE	ELLIS (A)	120 MIKE J	MACKIE (S)	229 MICHAEL	JEFFREY (A)	338 ANDREW H	BENNETT (S)	447 H	LOHRY (A)
12 NEIL	SHAW (A)	121 MIKE	WESTHEAD (A)	230 MARK	JEFFREY (A)	339 J	BENNETT (S)	448 DEIDRE	CAMERON (A)
13 BOB	SHAW (A)	122 KATHY	WESTHEAD (A)	231 DAVID	JEFFREY (A)	340 PETER K	BENNETT (S)	449 JANE	CRANFORD (A)
14 HENRY	BALEN (A)	123 1/2 R	CHUTTERDEN (A)	232 DOUGLAS	JEFFREY (A)	341 KEVIN K	BENNETT (S)	450 ROELOF	GOUDRIAAN (A)
15 BRUCE	SAVILLE (A)	124 PHIL	BARND (A)	233 ROT OSCAR	JEFFREY (A)	342 CHRIS	BENNETT (S)	451 ALAN	WILLIAMS (A)
16 JIM	SAVILLE (A)	125 PHIL	BARND (A)	234 J	JEFFREY (A)	343 KEVIN	BENNETT (S)	452 ALAN	WILLIAMS (A)
17 MIKE	HOLLAY (A)	126 CHRIS	LOVETT (A)	235 J	JEFFREY (A)	344 KEVIN	BENNETT (S)	453 LINDA	JAMES (A)
18 CHRIS	O'KANE (A)	127 STEVE	LOVETT (A)	236 MIKE	JEFFREY (A)	345 STEVE	BENNETT (S)	454 GRAHAM	ANDREWS (A)
19 JOAN	PATERSON (A)	128 GEORGE	CLARKE (A)	237 DERBY	JEFFREY (A)	346 FIONA	BENNETT (S)	455 AGNES	ANDREWS (A)
20 JIM	BARKER (A)	129 COLIN	FINE (A)	238 SIMON	JEFFREY (A)	347 KATE	BENNETT (S)	456 KAREN	LINDSAY (A)
21 TIAN	HOARE (A)	130 PAUL	KINCAID (A)	239 KIM	JEFFREY (A)	348 KIM	BENNETT (S)	457 ANNE	WHEELER (A)
22 MARTIN	HOARE (A)	131 STEPHEN	DAVIES (A)	240 TONY	JEFFREY (A)	349 STEPHEN	BENNETT (S)	458 KIM	MACINROE (A)
23 ALAN	SAVILLE (A)	132 ANDREW	DAVIES (A)	241 ANDREW	JEFFREY (A)	350 STEVE	BENNETT (S)	459 ALAN	WILLIAMS (A)
24 ALAN	SAVILLE (A)	133 ANDREW	DAVIES (A)	242 ANDREW	JEFFREY (A)	351 KATHY	BENNETT (S)	460 BOB	SHAW (A)
25 VICTOR J	DOHERTY (S)	134 STEVE	GREEN (A)	243 MS J	JEFFREY (A)	352 PAUL	BENNETT (S)	461 SARAH	SHAW (A)
26 HELEN JOY	DOHERTY (A)	135 DAVE	HADEN (A)	244 GORDON G	JEFFREY (A)	353 DICK	BENNETT (S)	462 J ALAN	CUNNINGHAM (A)
27 DAVE	ROULEY (A)	136 SANDY	BROWN (A)	245 ALEX C	JEFFREY (A)	354 GRAHAM A T	BENNETT (S)	463 JOHN	MURPHY (A)
28 ANN	HUBERT (S)	137 HELEN	BROWN (A)	246 NEIL	JEFFREY (A)	355 BILLY	BENNETT (S)	464 DREW	SHITH (A)
29 SIMON	RUDYK (A)	138 LARRY	VAN DER PUTTE (A)	247 SUSAN	JEFFREY (A)	356 IAIN	BENNETT (S)	465 JOHN	WILSON (A)
30 BARBARA	RUDYK (A)	139 PAUL A	STEWART (A)	248 BRIGID	JEFFREY (A)	357 STEPHEN	BENNETT (S)	466 HESS R	WINSTON (A)
31 HOWARD	ROSEFIELD (A)	140 MIKE	HEARN (A)	249 MARGARET	JEFFREY (A)	358 KEITH	BENNETT (S)	467 J	FELTON (A)
32 ROBERTA	GRAY (A)	141 EDWARD	WALSHE (A)	250 JOHN	JEFFREY (A)	359 STEPHEN	BENNETT (S)	468 E	PALLA (A)
33 JOHN	WILKES (A)	142 EDWARD	WALSHE (A)	251 MARGARIE	JEFFREY (A)	360 SUSAN	BENNETT (S)	469 E	BRISTINE
34 JOHN	STEWART (A)	143 PAUL	WALSHE (A)	252 J	JEFFREY (A)	361 STEVE	BENNETT (S)	470 RAY	HILLER (A)
35 JOHN	STEWART (A)	144 ELISE	WALSHE (A)	253 J	JEFFREY (A)	362 STEVE	BENNETT (S)	471 KEITH	HITCHELL (S)
36 JOHN	STEWART (A)	145 K C	WALSHE (A)	254 CLAIRE	JEFFREY (A)	363 CHRISTOS	BENNETT (S)	472 MARK	HANSEN (A)
37 BOB	JACKSON (A)	146 JUDY	GLOVER (A)	255 MARTIN	JEFFREY (A)	364 PHIL	BENNETT (S)	473 DAVID	SHINDEN (A)
38 COAL	JACKSON (A)	147 JOHN G	DALLMAN (A)	256 PAUL	JEFFREY (A)	365 ROGER	BENNETT (S)	474 NEIL	ROBINSON (A)
39 DUNCAN	JACKSON (A)	148 MICHAEL	DAMESICK (S)	257 STEPHEN	JEFFREY (A)	366 DENISE	BENNETT (S)	475 JACKIE	ROBINSON (A)
40 ALAN	DOREY (A)	149 J	VAUX (S)	258 STEVIA	JEFFREY (A)	367 STUART	BENNETT (S)	476 IRENE	SHIPSON-ROY (S)
41 BOCHELLE	DOREY (A)	150 PETER B	BELL (A)	259 TREVOR	JEFFREY (A)	368 JOHNATHAN	BENNETT (S)	477 JOHN	ROY (S)
42 BOCHELLE	DOREY (A)	151 CHRISTINA	LAKE (A)	260 H J	JEFFREY (A)	369 JANE	BENNETT (S)	478 PETER T	CARATT (A)
43 JIMMY	ELSHORE (A)	152 MARY	TYGROSS (S)	261 PATRICIA	JEFFREY (A)	370 JANICE	BENNETT (S)	479 MICHAEL	ANGELL (A)
44 DAVID	ELSHORE (A)	153 MARY	TYGROSS (S)	262 PATRICIA	JEFFREY (A)	371 A J	BENNETT (S)	480 ANDREW	HOGLIN (A)
45 JOHN	JACKSON (A)	154 WITHEN	SHACKLE (A)	263 PATRICIA	JEFFREY (A)	372 A J	BENNETT (S)	481 ANDREW	GREEN (A)
46 WILLIAM D	ANDERSON (S)	155 NAY	THOMPSON (A)	264 DEREK	JEFFREY (A)	373 ANDIE	BENNETT (S)	482 JON	

47 HARRY	BELL (A)	156 GRAHAM	CHARNOCK (A)	265 ANNIE	HEPBURN (S)	374 ALAN	GORDON (S)	483 TAIN	BYERS (S)
48 H KEVIN	WILLIAMS (A)	157 TONY	BERRY (A)	266 DAVE	HOLMES (A)	375 T	STRONG (A)	484 SID	HECULLOCH (A)
49 MIE A	HAMILTON (A)	158 PASCAL J	THOMAS (A)	267 HEKE	LEWELLYN (A)	376 T	HEHER (A)	485 ALAN	FENCULSON (A)
50 LISANNE	NORMAN (A)	159 RAY	ALLAN (A)	268 DAVE	COX (S)	377 KEITH	BOORN (A)	486 JAN	HUXLEY (A)
51 STUART	ANDREWS (A)	160 PETER	HABET (A)	269 DAVE	CLARK (S)	378 KRISTINA	BOORN (A)	487 CHRIS	SMITH (A)
52 ORLAN	GUNMARSSON (A)	161 DAVID	MURPHY (A)	270 FRANK	WEST (A)	379 C	HARRISON (A)	488 JIM	SHEDDEN (A)
53 PAUL	ROSE (A)	162 ROBERT	SHEDDEN (A)	271 FRANK M	BARRON (A)	380 C	BROAD (A)	489 ROBERT J	HACPARLANE (A)
54 ANDI	TINSTON (S)	163 JON	MAY (A)	272 D	HEMWOOD (A)	381 A	PERNY	490 DAVID	HACPARLANE (A)
55 MARGUS L	ROULAND (A)	164 ROY	HACISKI (A)	273 KEVIN	WALKER (A)	382 C	DUKES (A)	491 JOHN	NATSON (A)
56 SION HARK	DE HOLFE (A)	165 RICHY	POLAND (A)	274 ROSS	WALKER (A)	383 (F) D J	WALKER-MORGAN (A)	492 MICHAEL	HOLFE-JOHNSTONE (A)
57 SION HARK	THOMAS (A)	166 HICKEY	REED (A)	275 DAN	GRESHAM (A)	384 (C) PHIL	MILLIS (A)	493 HARTEN	HATTERS (A)
58 RICHARD	BRANDSHAFT (A)	167 MARTIN	KENAHAY (A)	276 JAVAN	VELDHORN (A)	385 (E) MILES	HARRIS (A)	494 MARTIN	HATTERS (A)
59 LARS	STRANDBERG (A)	168 RICHARD	SMITH (A)	277 PAT	CHARNOCK (A)	386 (L) GILL	HARRIS (A)	495 DAVID	IRVINE (A)
60 LARS	STRANDBERG (A)	169 BRIAN	SMITH (A)	278 VALERIE	PAINE (A)	387 (L) TIM	JACKSON (A)	496 DAVID	IRVINE (A)
61 KEJLE	ROUSSEAU (A)	170 TONY	POGERS (A)	279 JIM	WILSON (A)	388 (F) DAVE	PATTERSON (A)	497 DAVID	IRVINE (A)
62 VALERIE	ROUSSEAU (A)	171 TONY	POGERS (A)	280 LIES	EDWARDS (A)	389 (F) DAVE	PATTERSON (A)	498 JIM	EPHRAIMS (A)
63 MICHAEL	WIGLEY (A)	172 SION	BEREFORD (A)	281 JIM	BURNS (A)	390 (L) MARK	BUNCE (A)	499 RUSSELL	JOHNSON (A)
64 MICHAEL	WIGLEY (A)	173 HOWARD	SINGERMAN (A)	282 SION	HEACOCK (A)	391 (F) JULIE	BEALE (A)	500 JEREMY	JOHNSON (A)
65 MICHAEL	FERON (A)	174 CHRIS	DAVENPORT (A)	283 JOHN	WHARF (A)	392 (A) SHELLEY	INGRAM (A)	501 ALLISON	GILLESPIE (A)
66 JEANNE-MARI	FERON (A)	175 ALISON	DAKROCK (A)	284 ANDY	GRAHAM (A)	393 KIAN	LEACH (A)	502 MIKE	SCANTLEBURY (A)
67 JOHN D	FORD (A)	176 ALISON	COOK (A)	285 PETE	LYON (A)	394 GEORGES	COUCH (A)	503 DAVID	BELL (A)
68 MIE	FORD (A)	177 ANTHONY	PRENDERGAST (A)	286 KEN	SLATER (A)	395 FRANK	COUCH (A)	504 MIKE	CHEATER (A)
69 ROGER	ROBINSON (A)	178 N V	HILLIAMS (A)	287 JOYCE	SLATER (A)	396 ERK	COUCH (A)	505 STEVE	COFFIN (A)
70 LAM F	LIGHTFOAM (A)	179 JOHN	STAINTON (A)	288 DOUGLAS	HARRID (A)	397 BRIGITTE	HORNE (A)	506 ROBERT	BARRETT (A)
71 ANTHONY	JOHNSTON (A)	180 CAROLINE	HULLAN (A)	289 FRANK	QUITTENDEH (A)	398 LORRAINE	SCHOFFELD (A)	507 BRYAN	PATERSON (A)
72 PETER	JOYNER (A)	181 TONY	CULLIN (A)	290 FRANK	STEWART (A)	400 ROSS	MCNICHOLAS (A)	508 ROBERT	BARRETT (A)
73 PAUL R	DOYER (A)	182 MICHAEL	COULDS (A)	291 ALEX	EDWARDS (A)	401 ROSS	MCNICHOLAS (A)	509 MIKE	SUPERHAYES (A)
74 PAUL C	WILLIAMSON (A)	183 MICHAEL	COULDS (A)	292 RICHARD	HANNINGTON (A)	402 NORHAN	KEND (A)	510 ROGER G	EVANS (A)
75 JOHN	STEWART (A)	184 DAVE	RON (A)	293 LESTER	HOLBURN (S)	403 P T	MYERS (A)	511 CHRIS	BARLOW (A)
76 JOHN	HARVEY (A)	185 BRIAN	CONHEAD (S)	294 JOHN	MCROBERTS (A)	404 ANNE	FENGREN (A)	512 ALAN	DUFFIE (A)
77 JOHN	HARVEY (A)	186 JONATHAN	CONHEAD (S)	295 THOMAS	THOMPSON (A)	405 JOHN	BUTCHER (A)	513 JUNE	THIRD (A)
78 EVE	HEAD (A)	187 JOSEPH	NICHOLAS (A)	296 PETER	HEADLONG (A)	406 C	TALBOT (A)	514 COLIN	GOLDIE (A)
79 GRAHAM	HEAD (A)	188 JUDITH	HARNA (A)	297 JULIAN	HEADLONG (A)	406 MARTIN	LEACH (A)	515 JETIE	GOLDIE (A)
80 ANDREW	KIND (A)	189 DAVE	LEWITT (A)	298 MADELINE	CATPHELL (A)	407 JOE	CIBBONS (A)	516 ROBERT	ROSLIN (A)
81 LEO	KIND (A)	190 JOHNATHAN	TIES (A)	299 ALAN	PARKE (A)	408 JANE	HIBBERT (S)	517 PETER	TUTTLE (A)
82 STEVEN	LAUSON (A)	191 JOHN	THOMPSON (S)	300 ANDREW	TRAPNELL (A)	409 ASHLEY	WALKER (A)	518 JANE	TUTTLE (A)
83 TONY	LAUSON (A)	192 KEN	THOMPSON (S)	301 ANDREW	EDWARDS (A)	410 ASHLEY	WALKER (A)	519 JOHN A	HARLANI (A)
84 ROSE	BERNARD (A)	193 DAVID R.	SHITH (A)	302 MALCOLM	NORRIS (A)	411 PATRICK	MARCEL (A)	520 HART	WARRIOR (A)
85 KATH	BERNARD (A)	194 MORAG	GALLAGHER (A)	303 BILL	THOMPSON (A)	412 JEAN-DAVID	BREQUE (A)	521 J-LUC	PERROT (A)
86 KEVIN	SHITH (A)	195 JIM	GALLAGHER (A)	304 NIGEL	NORRIS (A)	413 ROBERT E	BARNES (A)	522 DOMINIC	RECAN (A)
87 EYEN	BURNS (A)	196 PETE	RANDALL (A)	305 GRAHIE	MCANTHUR (S)	414 MICHELLE B	BARNES (A)	523 SUE	SHIMSON (A)
88 MARY	BURNS (A)	197 LFL	VAN EENDE (S)	306 SUSAN	GROSE (A)	415 JANE	REYNOLDS (A)	524 STEVE	BARNETT (A)
89 BILL	BURNS (A)	198 HAZEL	ASHMORTH (A)	307 PER	FLANDER (A)	416 HICK	REYNOLDS (A)	525 NEIL	HARTIN (A)
90 ED	BUCKLEY (A)	199 HAL	ASHMORTH (A)	308 RITA	FLANDER (A)	417 DAVID	EASTHOPE (S)	526 ALAN	REYNOLDS (A)
91 JALIN	DICKSON (A)	200 ADAM	JOYCE (S)	309 CAROLINE	DENESTER (A)	418 DAVID	UPTON (S)	527 ALAN	RUSSELL (A)
92 PAUL	VINCEN (A)	201 JIM	AUSTIN (A)	310 CAROLINE	DENESTER (A)	419 JOHN	SLADEK (A)	528 ALAN	RUSSELL (A)
93 PAUL	VINCEN (A)	202 T R	ROBINSON (A)	311 LIES	CHESTER (A)	420 D H	BALMAIN (A)	529 JOHN	PORT (A)
94 TONY	SHEPARD (A)	203 G	GILSON (A)	312 JEFF	LIPTON (A)	421 B J	RYDER (A)	530 MALCOLM	HODKIN (A)
95 STAN	ELING (A)	204 MARTIN	TUDOR (A)	313 CHRISTOPHER	HOLSTOCK (A)	422 PETER	RELTON (A)	531 STEPHEN	BROWN (A)
96 HELEN	ELING (A)	205 DON	MALCOLM (S)	314 MICHELLE	DRAYTON (A)	423 ALASTAIR J	MCNOLAND (A)	532 ALLAN	BAISILLIE (A)
97 MARK	CLASKE (A)	206 A	RICHARDSON (A)	315 STEPHEN	MILBURN (A)	424 JOHN	STILES (A)	533 ERIC	BENTCLIFFE (A)
98 ANN	FERGUSON (A)	207 CLARE	COMET (A)	316 HARRY	MULLAND (A)	425 DONALD A	LOULHEIM (S)	534 JIH	ARMSTRONG (A)
99 FRANK R	SMITH (A)	208 PAUL	DEBIDIA (A)	317 PETER	MCNOLAND (A)	426 STEVE B	MCNOLAND (A)	535 ALAN	BLAIR (A)
100 KEF	MATHIAS (S)	209 COLIN	LINDSAY (A)	318 L	O'DONNELL (A)	427 ELIOT	SKANBLE (A)	536 EDWARD	BLAIR (A)
101 MARTHA J A	HOLROYD (A)	210 GEORGE	TENNENT (A)	319 A	O'DONNELL (A)	428 ELQUEST	FAN CLUB (A)	537 EDMUND	S F BOOKSHOP (A)
102 CHRIS	HOLROYD (A)	211 LINDA	FERGUSON (A)	320 RALPH J F	HOLSTOCK (A)	429 ELQUEST	FAN CLUB (A)	538 EDMUND	S F BOOKSHOP (A)
103 CHRIS	HOLROYD (A)	212 GEORGE	TENNENT (A)	321 CHEN	HOLSTOCK (A)	430 MICHAEL	DON (A)	539 PAUL	GRAY (A)
104 DEREK	HOLT (A)	213 JAN	HOMARD	322 LILLIAN	EMERSON (A)	431 RORY	FORD (A)	540 PASCAL	EMERSON (A)
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THE TREASURER'S PIECE FOR THE PROGRAMME BOOK



And now a word from the treasurer - MONEY. And now a few more words, strung together in a merry madcap fashion, and entitled "If 6×9 is 42, what is the Root of all Evil?" Someone once said that money doesn't make you happy, but on the other hand, happy doesn't make you money. (That may be a joke, but I doubt it.) So as you tighten your belts for another year of economic recovery, spare a thought for the person who paid for your wonderful weekend wing-ding: me.

It's not easy being the Eastercon treasurer you know. There are a vast number of problems, of which the two most serious are 1) extracting money from members and 2) stopping the rest of the committee spending it. The job is difficult, demanding (I like the demanding) and dangerous. "Dangerous?" I hear you say. Well I assure you that treasuring today is not what you might imagine. The traditional image is of an honest, numerate, but bookish and boring individual. Today you must add to these sterling qualities fitness and a black belt in Karate.

To be honest, I'm not fully qualified as I fail to meet just about all the above criteria, except one. (Keep your guesses to yourself!) I have, however, been practising for a long time to get my treasuring skills up to Eastercon standard. The programme of exercises I am about to outline will, if followed rigorously, enable you, perhaps, to aspire to treasurer-hood.

First you must place a low stool in the centre of the room. Then, placing your left knee on the stool, raise your right leg up until the foot is level with your ear. Keep your back straight at all times. Then, carefully, get one of the committee, preferably the membership secretary, to hand you a pile of cheques. At the same time one of the programming members, say, the one in charge of film bookings, should place a pile of invoices in your other hand. Then comes the hard part. Raising yourself up on to your foot, place the accounts ledger on the bridge of your nose. If you are good enough, and you don't breathe, you will have achieved the state of treasuring known as "getting the books to balance".

If I ever succeed I'll let you know. □

Ian Sorensen

THE ADVENTURES OF A PROJECTIONIST

STARRING
CHRIS O'KANE

Most of the following is true....

.... or so the opening titles of *Midnight Express* explain. How I became a projectionist is a long and boring story which you would not wish to hear - or then again, maybe you would. You might even find some of the adventures I have had during my travels amusing.

Most of my shows have been in social clubs, the sort of club where ordinary working men and women to go drink and enjoy some entertainment. Usually they have a connection with some kind of factory or works - Rolls Royce, Glasgow Airport Workers, Miners' Welfare, etc. The majority of club members are not cinema patrons - they are drinkers - and therefore are not clued up on what is good or bad in films, thus the reason I have had to screen some terrible stuff in my time. The only people in these clubs who really know what they want are the young punters who at least go to the movies now and again. They are the club's best guide.

My very first show was a disaster - no, not a disaster movie - a real cock-up, to put it mildly. The film that they expected to see was 'Rollercoaster' but unfortunately it failed to turn up, and so I had to borrow a copy of 'The Dirty Dozen' from a friend. This was way back in 1978, and that particular film was old hat by then but, due to the large turn out (eight drunks - two of whom I knew), it seemed to be considered a success and I got paid.

From there it went from bad to worse.

After a while I decided to dictate to the clubs what was going to be available as they didn't seem to have a clue about entertainment - I mean 'Godzilla v. Emanuele' and Lana Turner isn't everyone's pint of beer, is it. Mostly, films sold well because they featured a big name actor (e.g. Clint Eastwood, Charles Bronson or Robert Redford) though that did NOT mean that they were necessarily good.

In the early days it was fun, sitting watching films I had not seen before, enjoying a couple of pints and getting paid for it all. After a while, though, it became a little repetitive, sitting there hoping that the explosives wouldn't blow the tanks and douse the 'Towering Inferno', and that I would have to dash home to find an alternative reel; or, could Clint Eastwood have miscounted and have no bullets left in his .44 Magnum and the punk would blow his nose off.... No, it was always the same, even after the 62nd showing Charles Bronson still always won the big fight in 'Streetfighter'.

There have been some strange oddities along the way though, for instance, after all the evil filth and vulgarity of the first two reels of 'The Exorcist', the last reel turned out to be a very tame cut down and dubbed over print for American Television. The audience were thoroughly disappointed. On another occasion, the second, and most important, reel of the 'Deerhunter' turned out to be the first reel of the Orson Welles film, 'Lady From Shanghai'. Fearing the worst, I took the microphone in one hand and a chair in the other (for protection), and went behind the screen. Apprehensively I announced that although we had just left the middle of a Jewish wedding, we would be rejoining the film in a Vietnam prison camp. I paused to wipe the sweat, looking around for any suitable avenue of escape. To my surprise they just laughed and carried on drinking - all 300 of them; in fact, at the end of the night one joker came up to me and asked, "What about Orson Welles, aren't you going to show it?"

It's not always the film that causes the trouble - sometimes it is the audience. Once I had a full house for 'Jaws', which requires a large screen, and thus had a lot of trouble due to people standing in front of the projector, causing large shadows to be seen on the screen. This in turn would cause the 'bears' to turn round and curse angrily at some poor chap who didn't have a seat. On this occasion a large silhouette form of a man appeared in the middle of the screen, the cursing and shouting started on cue as usual, but, when the bears turned round to see who was spoiling the picture, they were surprised to see no-one in the way, and, on turning back to the screen saw the silhouette turn to reveal himself as Roy Sheider.

Sometimes there are hardware problems. It happens.

One night I organised three shows for three different clubs, it should have been a routine mission. I left my brother to show 'The Wild Geese' at the Rangers club and, after setting up 'Midnight Express' for my friend to run I asked, "Do you know how to work one of these machines?"

"Oh sure, no sweat, of course," he replied.

So off I went to Chryston miners to show 'Choirboys', whistling tunefully and thinking how smoothly the operation was going.

That was the night the world almost ended.

As I negotiated a tight bend in third gear, I put the clutch pedal to the floor, put the gear lever into fourth, and found the pedal stuck solid to the floor. It wouldn't budge. It wouldn't go in or out of gear. The game was a bogey, as they say. After walking a mile to a pub, I phoned the club. I was already half an hour late and it was arranged that some guy in a brand new Mercedes would come and collect me and the gear.

When I got to the club the convener was waiting at the entrance, angry and shouting the odds - which weren't too good. Then he said, "Oh by the way, one of your guys phoned from another club to say he's up to his neck in excrement." When I got inside with my gear, I found the place was packed with bears and boy were they restless; "Bring his body up here", and "I want his scalp". By this time I was over an hour late. I was no longer bothered about getting paid, I just wanted to get out alive. But, once the show was running, all was well. My friend was in much the same kind of trouble though. There is nothing worse in this world than standing in front of 300 people who have paid money and waited hours to see a film, and saying, "We seem to have a slight problem, AARRGGGHHHH!!"

Next day I found out my friend had forgotten to switch on the projector and all that had caused my faithful Escort Estate car (known as 'The Flying Tub') to pack up was a twenty pence clip. Then my brother said, "That was a great show last night. I didn't realise your work was so much fun."

Of course, to be honest, very seldom does all this happen, but when it does it's usually all in one night.

It's difficult to sell a show to a club, they don't understand sometimes. If it is not Clint Eastwood or Charles Bronson throwing their fists about, they just do not want to know. After showing 'The Deerhunter' to a full house, the audience left scratching their heads, wondering how it managed to win all those advertised awards. The convener took me aside and said, "What do you think you are doing? Are you trying to frighten off all my members by showing films like that? You don't seem to realise sonny, my members are ordinary people, simple miners, the common clay of the land, you know - morons." I said, "Well how about 'Smokey and the Bandit' next week?" "That's it," he replied, "Now you are beginning to understand."

Yes, sometimes it was that bad, in fact, the worst case was when I got paid £45.00 to go home because nobody had heard of 'Midnight Express'. One person did turn up that night and said to me, "Oh yes, I've seen that one. That's the one with Frank Sinatra." This despite the cinema poster being in front of his eyes.

On the whole, it was good fun - even after seeing the film 60 times. Sometimes I would leave the film on auto pilot, as it were, and go for a bag of chips or play Space Invaders. This technique is useful when it comes to convention time, for instance, knowing that a certain reel will run for exactly forty minutes allows you to partly enjoy a room party you would normally have missed - but it is still annoying to crawl out and run down the stairs just to change over and come back up again.

Every time you do a show, you have to give the club a receipt for tax purposes - I bet the tax collector thinks 'Dirty Harry' is a cabaret singer he has not caught up with yet.

Anyway Albacon II is my last mission, after Easter I hang up my reels and return to a normal happy life - if that's possible. So, to everyone everywhere who has sat through one of my shows, and to all at Albacon II, thank you and good viewing. Enjoy yourself! □

Chris O'Kane

THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD - The original good/bad sf monster film of the fifties. On one hand it is quite a neat little suspense shocker concentrated in the narrow confines of a few tin huts. On the other it reflects the paranoia of the times and perpetuates the stock cliché characters of straight jawed heroes, misguided scientists, screaming heroine etc. But good fun and watch out for the message at the end which everyone knows.

DUEL - Steven Spielberg's modest tv thriller which grabs you at the start and doesn't let you go till the end. This film goes right for your emotions and plays shock and suspense with the quiet interludes. You don't realise how tense you become till the quiet interludes occur and you find yourself breathing sighs of relief.

TIME AFTER TIME - A film that one would probably describe as quaint. H. G. Wells hunting JACK THE RIPPER in modern San Francisco which blends comedy, romance and action in a nice blend. A personal note here. I saw this film in the US and really identified with the hero's first encounter with San Francisco as I had just left there.

MAROONED - Rescue in Outer Space. See Gregory Peck and David Janssen work out the solution. Great on the technical side but the plot is slim and the acting? The acting comes from the school where tension and worry are shown by a stiff trembling of the lip, huge hysterical outbursts accompany upsets and no one has a decent emotion. Acting honours are shared by the would-be Russian rescuer and tension-creating hurricane. But be fair. They have the advantage of no dialogue.

TALES OF TERROR - A Corman-Poe-Matheson trilogy of tales featuring Vincent Price, Basil Rathbone and Peter Lorre. Lorre is definitely the best in the acting stakes. Passable but not terrific.

SHOCK TREATMENT - The Rocky Horror team cashing in on the cult popularity of the show and film with a pointed parody of television, US style. Had a limited general release so many have probably not seen it. It's quite fun but don't see it becoming a cult. Rocky Horror Fanatics say it is quite good but not as good as Rocky Horror. How can you compare a film you've seen once against one you've seen 20-30 times.

WELCOME TO BLOOD CITY - A curiosity of a film. At first you think it's going to be like Westworld but while it's a mingling of SF with the western it is uniquely its own. Quite strange which is worth a watch. Only appeared as a supporting feature.

A MAN CALLED FLINTSTONE - Hugely entertaining feature length cartoon with Fred Flintstone getting involved in espionage, shady dealings etc. Takes ideas from many spy films, drama and comedies. For all the kids.

ALBACON II FILMS

APOCALYPSE NOW - Coppola's awesome visual of the horrors and delights of war. Taken from the viewpoint of Martin Sheen as he travels up river to confront and kill Marlon Brando, he encounters many strange people all somewhat touched by the war. While the set pieces are magnificent I prefer the more illuminating travel up the scenic river. The pace drops at the end with the ponderous dialogue of Marlon Brando. His insanity is nothing compared to the others. He is far removed from our reality, while the others seem sane but, there is always a but. Let the film overwhelm you.

THE MOLE PEOPLE - Yes, one of those films. The story of people different from us. All the fun and frolics as straight-jawed hero and screaming heroine encounter the creatures of the title. How many Oscars you think this one got?

THE MONSTER FROM PIEDRES BLANCAS - A lighthouse, the keeper, his daughter, a town and the monster. Sheer hilariousness in this award winning movie. Full of great scenes as the monster shows unexpected intelligence. Recommended. The award? The Monster From Piedres Blancas was voted the 1962 Monster of the Year.

THE LOST CONTINENT - Another chortler. Not the 60's Hammer film, this one was made in the fifties and stars - wait for it - the famous star of countless blockbusters, the one and only CESAR ROMERO. Need I say more.

VOYAGE TO THE END OF THE UNIVERSE - A film with a strange pedigree. Started out as a Russian film with some impressive special effects. The film was then lifted and Roger Corman shot scenes around it giving it an incredible plot (and acting) and put it out as his own film. The good stuff is the Russian, the bad the Corman.

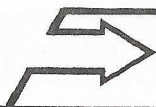
THE COCONUTS - A treat in store. The very first Marx Brothers film. The film is mainly made up of routines used on stage and various songs. It's still good for all that. And yes, it does have Margaret Dumont in it.

SILENT MOVIE - Watch Mel Funn save the studio from Engulf & Devour, ably assisted by Dom deLuise and Marty Feldman and various guest stars. Yes, Mel Brooks with his hit or miss comedy. Not as funny as some of the others but still a few laughs.

PYJAMA PARTY - A strange bird is this one. One of the early 60's teenager movies featuring Frankie Avalon as a young Martian who eventually helps an old lady against a bunch of gangsters. Sounds like a real dodo this one. After this we will be running a Pyjama party where all the participants must be in fancy dress or wearing pyjamas.

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE vs. THE MOB - A feature length version of the sixties tv series with Jim and all his gang. We haven't been able to ascertain where it occurs within the series, so Leonard Nimoy may be there or maybe not. A great deal of tape-destructing entertainment ahead.

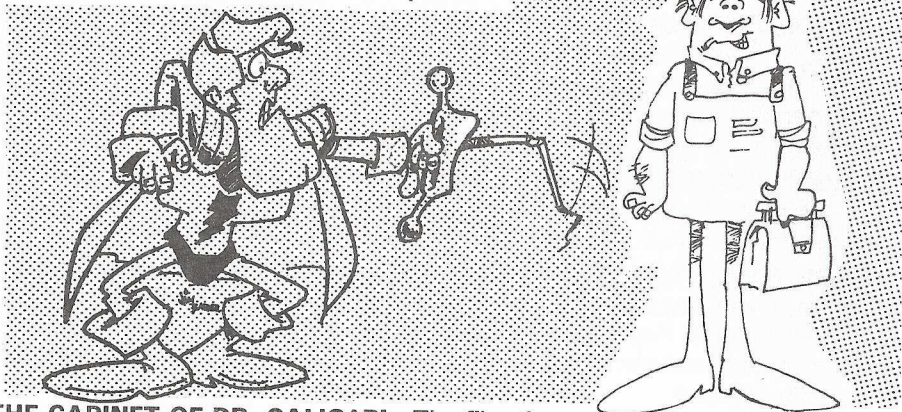
REVIEWED BY



THE NINTH CONFIGURATION - A much more serious film from William Peter Blatty, dealing with Stacy Keach arriving at a military establishment and what goes on. A complex puzzle for you to sort out. Also known as Killer Kane.

DRACULA - The 1930 Bela Lugosi original which is based on the play rather than the book. Wasn't described as a horror film when it first came out, but as a love story. While it may not hold much horror for today's strong stomachs it is still a fascinating piece. The best scenes are the ones that occur in the midst. Most of the neck-biting etc is off-camera.

METROPOLIS - Another classic. Fritz Lang's vision of a mechanized Utopia full of gigantic, geometric sets. The plot is somewhat ponderous but the visuals make up for it.



THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI - The film that set the German expressionist cinema of the 20's. An intricately clever story weaves through the strange sets. It still has the power to thrill if you disregard what seems primitive in comparison with today's cinema.

THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS - The dead pianist's hand comes back to commit a few murders. Marvellous performance from Peter Lorre which keeps you wondering what is the truth. Very good special effects with the hand.

THE NUDE BOMB - Maxwell Smart in the 80's. This was made in 1980 although the series was made in the sixties. Very, very funny with jokes every minute. Full of the gimmicks that so typified the series. Yes, the shoe phone is there.

HARDWARE WARS - The short spoof on Star Wars featuring everyday appliances.

PORKLIPS NOW - by Ernie Foselius, this is a much more accurate and funny spoof, but is not so obvious as Hardware Wars. See Apocalypse Now, then cheer yourself up by watching this spoof.

BRUCE SAVILLE

HOW

ELLIS D

MISSED HIS TRAIN

Douglas McCallum

We were sitting in Trout one night when Ellis D came up to me and asked me to write a little piece for the programme book. I looked at my watch and asked what I should call it? What about how Ellis D missed his train? With a shocked look he rushed out of the pub. Five minutes later he returned with a pleading face trying to scrounge somewhere to sleep for the night.

That was a little intro to get me on to the main theme of this article, American TV. Are those snores I hear emanating from the back? Well have no fear, this is supposed to be a humorous observation.

The first time I was ever exposed to American TV, in the flesh that is, was in LA. In LA they have seventy eight radio stations and thirty six TV stations. The output covers all tastes, flashy rubbish, cheap rubbish, ethnic rubbish, in fact every kind of rubbish you could think of. We're lucky they only send us their good stuff.

One night I watched Dirty Harry on the box. The film started, after a while the ads came on, after four minutes the card for the film came up. Great, I thought, back to the film, but no, a phantom voice issued from the telly. "We will be returning to Dirty Harry starring Clint Eastwood in a few moments!"

One thing that was interesting was that the ads always coincided with naughty bits or swear words or shooty guns. In an attempt to offend nobody they end up with insipid crap that pleases nobody: a case of the bland leading the blind.

One of the most off-putting things is the sheer volume of commercials that cascade from the tube. I used to wonder why there was two sets of credits for a TV series, well one set is general to the series, and the other is specific to the particular episode. Where better to get some more ads in? They also have ads between the end of the programme and the closing credits. Ever

wondered about those times the screen goes blank for a fraction of a second? More ads. The ads are usually the height of subtlety. In Britain you're not allowed to show armpits, the bottom of lacy pants, or equally distressing things. No such namby-pamby restrictions there. Picture the scene; a party in a posh house, everything going great, everybody behaving themselves, nobody boking in the rubber plant pots. Several people dancing in the middle of the floor. Suddenly, one of the dancers stops.

'George what is the matter?'

'It's my problem.'

'Don't worry, I have some of Doctor Benevolent's haemorrhoidal preparations in my purse.'

Scene shifts to later, everybody is smiling again.

"I do not know how I could have done without Doctor Benevolent's haemorrhoidal preparation."

Voiceover; "When ever you are caught out by embarrassing, painful itching, don't forget that Doctor Benevolent's haemorrhoidal preparation is the one for you."

Pity they never made an ad showing you how to put it on.

Unlike Britain, companies are allowed to sponsor shows. This is where the real hard sell takes place, the prizes being the companies products which are acclaimed as being the best thing since sliced bread. Sometimes they ARE sliced bread. For a game show all you need is a simple idea, an audience hired from Rent-a-Cretin, and the contestants. (Would-be contestants sit an IQ test; if the result is in double figures then they are considered to be too intelligent). Whenever a contestant does anything at all meritorious they jump up, wave their arms around, and scream as if they've been stabbed in the bum, (like a screaming microcephalic doing impressions of Andy Pandy in the last stages of terminal epilepsy). It is astounding how much fervour someone can work up for winning a set of car waxes. To get a taste of what it is like, watch Play Your Cards Right. This is the British show that comes the closest to looking like its American parent. PYCR is based on a show called Card Sharks, the only difference being that over here the contestants can at least count on their fingers. Another show that we have a clone of is The Newlywed Game. This is Mr and Mrs with couples who have been married less than two years. Instead of such foundation of society rocking questions as 'How many buttons do you have on your best shirt?' they have such interesting things as 'How many rooms in your house have you made love in?'

Some of the religious stations are quite amazing. The only religious activity they go in for is conversion; your money into their's. All the time you get reminded to send in ten percent of this month's net salary. Not content with this they have the extra appeal:

Brother Bartholemew, your connection to Jesus, stands there in the middle of a ginormous stage, wearing a suit that looks like it's suffering from an overdose of Daz. An amazingly angelic Choir in the background sings some woeful melody. Brother B alone in the spotlight says,

"There is someone I would like you kind people out there to meet. Come on Johnny."

To the sounds of the choir sobbing their hearts out and violins in the last stages of depression, on limps Johnny. (Funny how cripple jokes are always about someone called Johnny). On limps Johnny, not a dry eye in the house. Brother Bart, hand on heart (keeping a tight grip on his wallet);

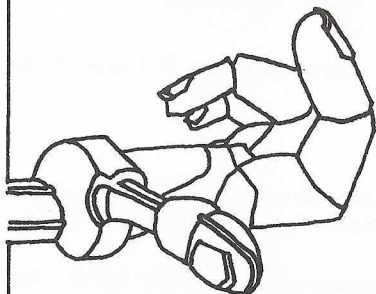
"Folks, I am sure you could send in an extra hundred dollars to help little Johnny.... (Get his next Rolls Royce)."

That is a quick resume of American TV. The only other foreign TV I have seen, apart from snippets from Clive James, is European. Although I have seen a great Japanese ad for air freshener:

Japanese bathroom; little boy having a bath, mummy and the dog helping him. Suddenly you hear odd noises and bubbles appear in the water. Mummy dives back as if nerve gassed, the flowers wilt instantaneously, and the dog does an excellent play-dead impression. Seconds later mummy comes back clutching a can of Tojo air freshener. One squirt. The dog undergoes instant reincarnation, the flowers spring up, and mummy's skin changes back from green to pink.

So all in all we do not do too badly here, apart from Channel 4 (did you know that Radio Clyde has a bigger audience than Channel 4?) Our ads are easily the best I've ever seen, the shows are not all that bad either. So next time you moan about the tube, spare a thought for those who get stuff we would revolt about. □

BECCON 83

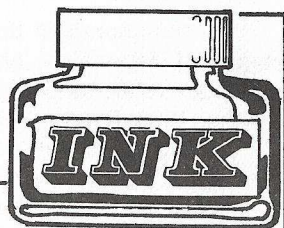


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THE PUBLICATIONS TEAM

Several pieces of A4 paper in plastic bags pinned to a wall; a bright spotlight playing on them; three wooden chairs in which sit three people with pens and paper; vague mutters... Well if we ditch that we'd have space for... There's no credit at that article... MUST go in... It'll be fine once I put a black line... When's this due... Oh!

Yes! It's the Publications Team, Ink.

The Publications Team, Ink. is the pseudonym of Dave Ellis, Mick Molloy and Frances Jane Nelson. Since its inception after Faircon '82, P. T. Ink has produced for Albacon II:- PRs two and three, Programme Book, What's On At Albacon, two flyers, a poster and advertisements, and for Albacon '84, a flyer. It has also criticised, bullied and cajoled people into doing their own rewrites [numerous in some cases]. Dave and Frances Jane have been responsible mainly for deciding contents and editing, Mick has been responsible mainly for layout. The rest of the committee have provided ideas, articles, criticism, problems and proof reading services.

The Trials and Tribulations of Getting Your Chairman to Write An Introduction, or,

Who Would Be An Editor! by Frances Jane Nelson & Dave Ellis

This is no good! Why don't you write it for me?

That's not editorial policy.

Well, all right, but what am I going to say?

Tell them who you are, a bit about Albacon and something about the awards. I'm Bob Jewett, welcome to Albacon II's second progress report, there will be awards.

No Bob, that won't do! We were really looking for a bit more detail. And put in some details about the Thursday night.

Hello. I'm Bob Jewett, the tall, bearded English chap looking a bit frayed around the edges. Albacon II is the 34th British Easter SF Convention and will embody all the elements traditional to Eastercons blended with those of the typical Glasgow convention. The Con Bar will be open on the Thursday night and the unofficial start to the programme will be some time after midnight. There will be awards.

Better, Bob, but it still needs a bit of work. (Several re-writes later, something approximately resembling the first page of PR 2 emerges.)



COAST GUARDS TIF ADDITIONAL FILE

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Acknowledgements

Albacon II wishes to thank the following people:

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all our gophers;

everyone who contributed to the programme;

everyone who voted for us, Metrocon for being stiff competition and good losers, and all our members and guests;

and of course the truly marvelous group - The Publications Team, Ink. Not forgetting the even more marvelous committee. We thank you.

- and to anyone we forgot, our apologies as well as our thanks.



Enjoy your Convention

Ken
Joan
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