

ALBAICON III - NEWSLETTER #1

Friday March 28th 1986.

The Devil at Four O'Clock

Drunken Sailors Lead Way To Con!

So I am standing on Euston station, waiting for the 11.00 pm train to go, when various happy Scotsmen arrive in the queue, obviously ready for Fun and Frolics. Fucking Hell, I think, I hope they don't sit in my compartment. I need a quiet night. They sit in my compartment. Oh shit. But amazingly enough, three Scottish sailors sit next to me, with thirty-five miniatures of Cointreau. In short order, they don't have any Cointreau, and personally I'm feeling quite happy. Let's get into some beer. No, hang on, I'm going to be good tonight, not drink too much, arrive sober...some chance. Forty cans of beer later, I've given up on ideas like sobriety and intelligence. Let's just make it to Glasgow. Which I did. Which I have. All I need now is the convention. Does that answer your question?

Where's the Cointreau?

Is it really 7.30 on Friday morning? Oh my god.

J. J.

*NEWS*NEWS*NEWS*NEWS*NEWS*NEWS*NEWS*NEWS*NEWS*NEWS*NEWS*NEWS*NEWS*NEWS

Yes, unbelievable as it seems, we really do have some news! There's not much I grant you, but you're reading it here first!!!

SHORT STORY WINNER ANNOUNCED

The winner of the Albacon/Glasgow Herald Short Story Competition was presented with his prize - an Amstrad Wordprocessing System - by Joe Haldeman in a brief ceremony in the main con hall at 1pm. And the winner is...

Mr David Crooks, with the story "Spaced Out" congratulations and so on; just goes to show that not all graduates of Aberdeen University are entirely useless, and even if they do then become English teachers all hope is not lost.

The Runners-up, with the titles of their entries were (in reverse order, of course):

7th Malcolm Furnass - "Out Of Sight Out Of Mind".

6th Elsie Donald - "Dragonsmith".

5th Ewart Hutton - "The Bits Of Nicholas Fremlin".

4th Richard Hammersley - "Big Fives".

3rd David Lee - "Mr Lume Projects".

2nd Steve Bull - "Private Communications".

At the presentation, our GoH was miffed to find it impossible to physically hand over the prize, and wished Mr Crooks many happy hours using it. The competition was co-sponsored by Albacon and The Glasgow Herald, whose Saturday edition will contain the winning entry, typesetters willing. Order your copy now!

CONVENTION BREAKS 800

As of 5.15 the membership stood (at attention) at 840 plus day members. So it looks like we're on target for 1000 by Monday. Whoopee! Just think, all these people coming to the Central Hotel just to pick up one of these newsletters!

Exclusive Interview With Fan Quest!

- 1) Tell us John, what is your favourite colour soap? *Wanna drink?*
- 2) Why do you always wear a leather jacket? *I'd like a drink.*
- 3) If America didn't exist, could you invent it? *Go on, buy me a drink.*
- 4) How many times a day do you think of sex? *Bloody Hell! I'd like a drink.*

((At this point the interviewee heard that the bar had opened....))

Does Reading Sf Make You Blind?

"Has anyone thought of commissioning market research into the number of fans who wear glasses? Perhaps adverts from opticians would finance future cons. If anyone needs advertising/PR/Marketing or media assistance contact me via the newsletter." Signed: Dammi

ANYONE KNOW ABOUT THE CUSFS TRIP TO OUSFG? INFO TO RM 370

Don't Know About The Food But The Toilet's Nice

Diners at Sanninos restaurant, Elmbank St, were treated to an impromptu cabaret on Thursday night as six convention members raced past startled couples enjoying a romantic pizza and dived into the Gent's toilet. As the group included three women (one of whom had an inflatable object in her hand) and three men, eyebrows were not merely raised; they were positively lifted into orbit.

The cause of this panicky rush to the loo was not the food but the arrival at the restaurant of Paul Oldroyd and Chris Donaldson. Chris was being treated to a birthday dinner and quickly chose a prawn cocktail starter from the 5 available dishes. Paul couldn't decide. For 15 minutes he couldn't decide. Twice he went to the gents for inspiration, only to be told to hang on in there - the table booked for all eight of us would be ready "real soon now". There had been a mix up between our party of eight and another party who had got there first.... "Nice pattern on the tiling in here, isn't it?"

At a signal from the head waiter the six skulkers at last trooped out of their den and settled themselves wordlessly at the vacated table adjoining Paul and Chris. A pause. Astonished look. "What are you..."

Silence broken only by presents, cards and a slowly deflating blow-up birthday cake being piled onto the table.

"Cut the cake, Cut the cake and we'll sing Happy Birthday for you."

Fade to sounds of song, happy smiling faces and a slight hiss.

HOTEL FOOD IS GOOD!

If you haven't yet tried the Entresol restaurant then you are missing out on the best convention food ever! There is a choice of starters, main dishes (hot & cold) and desserts which are served in portions large enough to fill even my mouth. The restaurant is open from lunchtime through to late evening every day.

CREDITS

This edition of the Albacon III Newsletter was typed by John Jarrold and Ian Sorensen with assistance from Malcolm Hodgkin and Andrew Irvine who gathered the news. There will be a newsletter every day during the convention, produced by different editorial teams. Don't keep your hot gossip to yourselves: share it with the people in room 140!

This is a special Saturday Morning Edition of the very wonderful

ALBACON III NEWSLETTER

Hope you all got some sleep! Welcome to the daylight world of science fiction fun and frolics. Have you all rushed out and bought a copy of The Glasgow Herald? We're on the front page and have a full page on the inside. The Herald has also published the winning story in our competition. Once again, many thanks to all of you who entered and congratulations to the winner David Crooks.

Now we get in all the bits and pieces I forgot last night!

THE CRECHE

The creche is open for the next 3 days in room 276 from 10 till 6pm. If you require any further information contact CUDDLES via the registration desk or room 276.

Come up to the Repro Rooms NOW for a demonstration
of how this newsletter is put together.

HOTEL FOOD IS GOOD!

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FAN ROOM

The Fan Room and Fan Bar on the first floor will be in full swing today and tomorrow. Highlights are John Jarrold's guest talk at noon today and, I modestly submit, my Live Libel Cabaret tonight at 9.30-ish. Between times there are lots of interesting things: from the signing session at 5 to verbal gymnastics in the Tennis Elbow Foot Game at six. The panel at 8 on Worldcons will give you a good idea of what's in store for fandom as we approach next year's Brighton Worldcon. ((Memberships for which are available at the desk on the Entresol floor at the top of the stairs. JOIN NOW and save £5.50.))

Saturday night ends with the Becon Bid Party - come along and try the punch!

POP QUIZ

Pop Quiz at 2 - make sure you get your elimination questions to the registration desk by noon so they can be marked!!

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Some alterations to the Albacon IV Programme

SUNDAY

- 6.30am WAKE UP WITH THE RS-232 INTERFACE
endless hours of fun with Nick Rosser
- 10am AU RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU
Fifties fans reminisce about that long forgotten Golden Age fanzine ANSIBLE
- 11am FILM: LA TAXIDERMISTE ARRIVE A MINUIT
- 12am KEEPING YOUR FOOD DOWN WORKSHOP
John Jarrold explains advanced techniques.
- 1pm TRANSATLANTIC PHONECALLS
The American viewpoint featuring Dave Bridges, Linda Blanchard, Rob Hansen and Pam Wells in an in-depth examination of British Telecom's pricing structure
- 2pm FLOW MY BEER THE HOTEL MANAGER SAID
World premiere of Ian Sorensen's newest rock opera, featuring Paul 'Travolta' Kincaid and Maureen Porter in a sparkling rendition of "You're The One That I Want" and Simon Dunsley's "Night Fever".
- 3pm TREKKIES AREN'T SCUM REALLY (WELL SOME OF THEM AREN'T) (AS LONG AS THEY'RE IN THE RIGHT APAS)
with Mike Christie, Anne Page and all the usual acceptables...
- 4pm HOW TO STOP WORRYING AND GIVE UP YOUR JOB - FANDOM AND UNEMPLOYMENT WORKSHOP
Greg Pickersgill will teach you how to lie on the floor listening to records. Then Michael Ashley will show you how to smash them up.
- 6pm Chris O'Kane does the opening ceremony. Backwards.
- 7pm BRINGING UP BABY
Eunice Pearson, Leah Higgins and Sue Williams compare notes on morning sickness.
- 8pm SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE (FILL IN THE BLANK)
Sherry Francis, Avedon Carol, Geoff Ryman and Brian Ameringen attempt to accommodate each others position on fannish sexuality.
- 11pm BLIND DATE
a blind-folded audience armed only with copies of TWP attempt to work out who Pam Wells, Laura Wheatley and Sherry Francis are attending the convention with.
- 1am WHAT IS FANWRITING?
D West, Greg Pickersgill and Leroy Kettle don't know or care. Chris Atkinson prefers fudge.
- 3am COLD CURRY AND CUSTARD
Mike Molloy leads the fun in this ever popular silly game. So hilarious we'd better hope Helen Starkey's around.

This is the Saturday night special TWP edition of the newsletter.



I Belong To Glasgow

Duncan Lunan writing in the Glasgow Herald on David Crooks' prize-winning short s.f. story, 'Spaced Out':

"Although the winning entry is set in Glasgow and written in Glaswegian ((and concerns an inter-stellar representative of the 'Barnyard Herald' newspaper)), this was not a chauvanist ((sic)) award."

The other 239 entrants were heard to mutter "Och, we didna ken you wanted a cute funny story about Glasgow." And the Glasgow Herald looked down and said "Weel, ye ken noo!"

So What Did You Think You Were Doing Here, Then?

You may have known you were coming to Albacon when you left home on Friday, but some people didn't! Barbara Conway (of Starlight S.F. and Daily Telegraph fame) received a confirmation of her hotel booking a couple of weeks ago, looked at it, and wondered what on Earth she was due to be doing in Glasgow over Easter! She did actually realise it was probably a convention, but Albacon itself turned out to be a glorious (!) surprise.

Meanwhile, it is rumoured that Malcolm Edwards and Chris Atkinson tossed a coin to see which of them would go to Albacon. Malcolm won...

Pay Your MONEY Here.

The news is that the CONCEPTION fliers have finally emerged from the closet! Look out for the desk now!

Line Jello

Guest of Honour Joe Haldeman had us rolling in the aisles with his excellent speech, in which he did not refer to any desserts of any description or colour. He did answer many often-asked questions without actually waiting to be asked, and told us of a sure-fire method for selling one's first story. Those fans who conscientiously read their PRs already know this, but never mind. It has not been confirmed whether he is in fact wearing the goat-hair sporran he mentioned, but TWP reporters are investigating... Our rowing reporter (Cambridge won by 21 seconds!!! (YEAH!!)) was in desperate need of Guinness and did not stay for the reading afterwards, but has heard it was very good and regrets missing it.

GET STUFFED

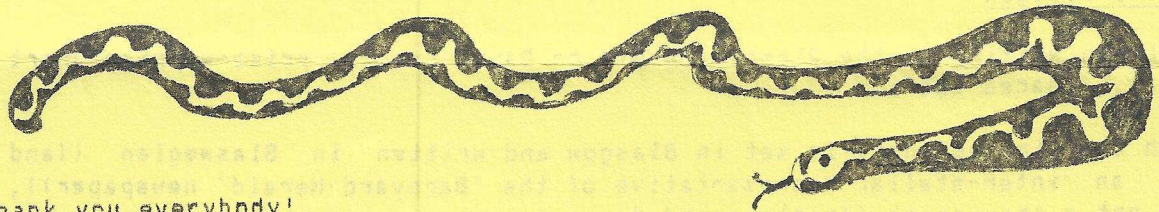
Meeting in the Fan Room, Sunday 6pm for all members of Get Stuffed and their humans. Prospective members welcome.
Get your copy of "Soft Parade" the ultimate fanzine. Written by and for all soft toys. Only 50p from Christina Lake.

Quotes of the Convention

"Pink peppercorns are passe anyhow."

"I think I've injured your wife, but not very badly." (Heard on leaving the Ceilidh.)

(Ian Sorensen has scotched rumours that the Ceilidh is the only dance of the convention...)



Thank you everybody!

seemed to be the message of John Jarrold's guest of honour speech this morning (morning? Twelve o'clock, let's not argue about definitions!). It was so moving there was hardly a member of the audience left in their place by the end. Greg Pickersgill was reported to be in tears "I never knew he cared!" - a report which may definitely be discounted since Greg injected a degree of much needed sanity into the proceedings on more than one occasion. "We're all intelligent people," proclaimed Jarrold; "Huh!" said Greg, exiting in the direction of the bar, "if I was intelligent, I wouldn't have done half the things I did last night!"

Much of the discussion, such as it was, centred on the extremely unfannish topic of science fiction. "If everyone in this room subscribed to Interzone, it could be much bigger and better!" enthused the fan guest of honour. But did we all want a bigger and better Interzone? We weren't sure. After some discussion, consensus wisdom reveled that the novella was the ideal size for a science fiction story. "Yes, 30,000 words," announced Jarrold, as if he'd been given a new, unexpected piece of the gospel. "30,000 words. A lot of the best science fiction is 30,000 words long!" So Interzone should run more long fiction. "No, Interzone should have more idea of what it's trying to do," argued Jimmy Robertson. Since none of the Interzone collective was in evidence to dispute this, the matter was laid to rest, after the rather feeble suggestion that

competition was the solution. The conversation drifted into why there were more new American SF writers than British, and Paul Kincaid came up with the response - immediately deemed stunningly obvious - that the population of the USA was much higher than that of the UK. No-one mentioned the currently homeless Alex Stewart, but Alex himself came out with one of these amazing but true (we assume) pieces of information to the effect that Australia had more professional writers per capita than any other country. What does it all mean? Why don't we emigrate?

Jarrold did have a brief stab at the subject of fanzines, but having said that the fanzine today was in a healthy condition to murmurs of neither disagreement nor great enthusiasm, he proceeded to say there were too many fanzines being put out just for the sake of it. "But that's always been the case," shouted Greg Pickersgill with some justice. Lilian Edwards was heard to remark (but only by the person sitting next to her!) that fanzines were bloody hard work, and good luck to anyone who put them out whatever their motive!" John Jarrold waxed lyrical about the roneo (romeo?) in the corner of his bedroom, and of knowing a fanzine was all his own work (even when it isn't). The audience spotted end of talk in sight. John grew valedictory. "Thank you everyone." Which was where we came in!

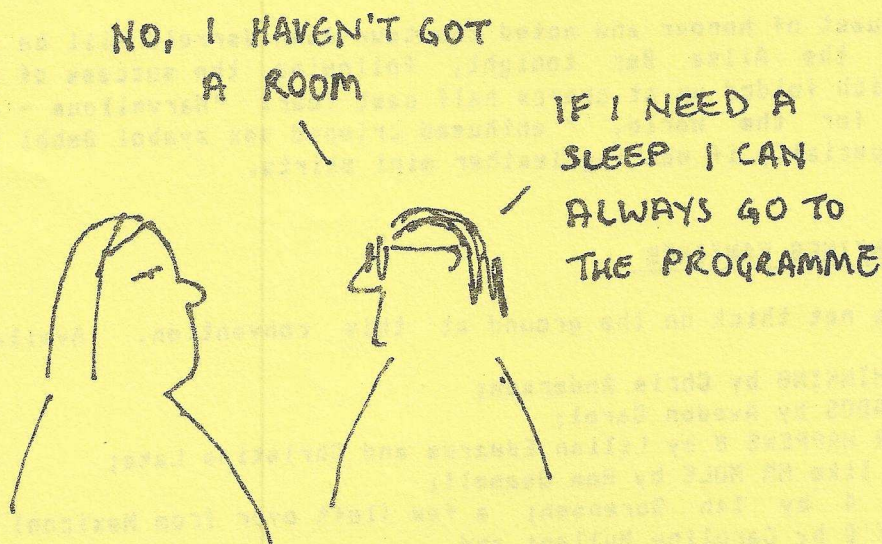
Apologies for this joke - I heard it from Ashley by the ConSept stall.

Q. How many Greg Pickersgills does it take to change a light bulb?

A. None - the light bulb wouldn't dare break in the first place

STAR SMASHERS OF THE GALAXY RANGERS

For all you early birds Harry Harrison's spoof of all the old Doc Smith novels is going to be broadcast on Radio 4 all next week. The first episode will hit the airwaves at 8.45 a.m. (MORNING) and the saga will continue at the same time throughout the week.



CENSORSHIP DEBATE ENDED WITH BARE BODKIN

Highlight of the Saturday afternoon was apparently the much-mooted censorship debate, chaired in frighteningly able form by experienced debater Mic Rogers. This reporter can't really make much sensible comment, as she only saw the last fifteen minutes of the response from the floor, which largely seemed dominated by cretins making personal comments almost (but not quite) entirely unconnected to anything occurring in the debate itself. Anne Page stole the show at the summing-up stage with a performance of personal conviction and near histrionics (Anne, it should be remembered, is a drama teacher. She admitted afterwards that except in the spirit of duty she didn't actually support the side she was upholding. On that basis, I'd say she ought to be in the running for next year's BSFA award for Best Dramatic Presentation). Clive Barker, for the opposition, held up his hands in mock surrender half way through her onslaught. Results, however, did not reflect charismatic leadership: 23 for the motion (that censorship was a Good Thing - Anne's team); 48 against; and a resounding 56 abstentions. (Tally counters allowed for two levels of apathy: those who voted that they hadn't voted and those who couldn't even be bothered to do that). Afterwards a mad rapist came past, severed everyone's limbs and the result will be on the Main Programme, 9.30 pm, Sunday.

"It's very disconcerting being groped by a gorilla - especially one you don't know."

TWP MEETING

...is to be found at 6pm in the fanroom, tonight (Sunday). Apologies to anyone who looked for it in the fanroom at 10.00 p.m. on Saturday. All women, not just members of TWP, are welcome. Previous meetings have included chocolate cake, foot massage and near incarceration, so COME ALONG - you may have the experience of your convention! (Informed sources have it that Simon Polley may also be performing his patented brontosaurus noise recital.)

SONGS OF PRAISE

Famed fan guest of honour and noted chanteur John Jarrold will be giving singing lessons in the Ailsa Bar tonight, following the success of his last night seminary which folded up at approx half past four. "Marvellous - wouldn't have wished it for the world," enthused crimped sex symbol Debby Kerr. All are welcome, especially if wearing leather mini skirts.

FANZINES FANZINES FANZINES

Fanzines are not thick on the ground at this convention. Available, though, are:

WISHFUL THINKING by Chris Anderson;
DEAD AVACADOS by Avedon Carol;
THIS NEVER HAPPENS 8 by Lilian Edwards and Christina Lake;
something like MR MOLE by Ron Gemmell;
CONRUNNER 4 by Ian Sorensen; a few (left over from Mexican) copies of THE MIRROR CRACK'D by Caroline Mullan; and
VORSPRUNG DUR TECHNIK by Volk Swagen (from Sweden).

Advertisements

Katti and Crow

Katti, fluff kitten, alley cat, tramp...

Throughout all of history Katti and her friend the battered Crow have force-fed mankind with endless reams of propaganda and silly pictures...

Buy her! scratch her hair! Then chop her up and sell her for catmeat!

(On the other hand Katti and Co. supremos Mike and Debby Moir deserve our thanks as without them this newsletter would not have appeared.)

SFINX - the magazine that is "better than Interzone" (Brian Aldiss). TREMBLE as the infantile mewlings of a new generation of British S.F. writers are exposed to your avid gaze! SHUDDER at the thought of more epics from the place that produced Dave Langford, demolition expert and sometime writer. REMEMBER - there is 'none better than SFINX' (An Encyclopaedia of SF).

Assorted Imbihings

BECCON is having a bidding party in the fan room at midnight tonight. Music is expected to be absent, but I would think the punch will be lethal.

Contravention is having a HEROIC FAILURES party starting at 11pm Sunday night in the fan room. Come as your favourite failure. (Those arriving as themselves will need proof of failure.)

This is the Sunday Afternoon Edition from FRANK'S APA

ALBACON III NEWSLETTER

SHOCK! HORROR! BSFA 'INVISIBLE MEN' GOES UNNOTICED AT THE COSTUME COMPETITION

Did anyone catch the Costume Competition yesterday? John Riddell's 'Darkness' (Best Experience Male) was certainly a very worthy winner but why was there no mention of the BSFA Committee entry '12 Invisible Men'?

Yes, the BSFA is certainly keeping a low profile at Eastercon which is strange since as well as traditionally being held at Easter (Eastercon - get it) there is normally a strong BSFA presence; ie the AGM (which this year might not have reached a quorum - only there was nobody in attendance with a copy of the constitution who could say if ten people was enough!) and the BSFA Awards.

Talking of Awards dont expect to see any fancy trophies this year as rumour has it that the resigned Chairman absconded with these (as well as any sense of decision making that the Committee ever had - if any to start with). But dont let us put you off, you have to see the BSFA man in his traditional lemon flack jacket (or BattleStar Gallatica suede outfit)/ tuxedo to believe it. He will definitely be telling you that more people voted than last year (which they did!) and that this was 10% of those eligible to vote (which is apparently bog standard for such things) - that is if as an individual you only vote once. If you want to vote more than once it is easy - you just read through your Albacorn Programme Book and enter your choice under as many different names and Con numbers as you have the nerve (after all there is only a one in ten chance of being discovered! Of course you can add more weight to your vote if you just vote for the first place since this gives your choice a five point advantage over the others. Anyway congratulations to the 160 of you who filled in forms. Pity you didnt notice that the nominations where listed in alphabetic order and not order of merit - yes three of the four awards go to the nomination at the head of the list and the other to a second placing!

Own up why didnt you go to the AGM. Last year about 30 members attended and this year it opened with 5 and increased to 25 after one hour (there was 6 at the start but one person was asked to leave as he was not a BSFA member - the resigned Chairman was of course blamed for not having a BSFA membership stand in the Fan Room at which this poor individual could have been immediately enrolled. Three Committee members attended with Paul Kincaid chairing the meeting. So what did we find out about the new BSFA projects? Absolutely sweet F.A. But these clowns know best and of course we all know we can do without a Chairman until Novacon (we have struggled through for 6 months already). Where was the Anthology - answer Alan Dorey screwed it up. Whats happened to Focus - answer John Harvey screwed it up. What happened to Matrix - Dave Hodgson screwed it up. What happened to the new Chairman - there was only Dave Hodgson willing to stand so the Committee decided not to decide(?). And if you think Dave should have got the Chairmanship then you deserve him, his excuses of family and prior commitments on Matrix would only lead the BSFA and Fandom into deeper apathy.

And where are all the Big Name Fans this Eastercon? Answer at the Harvey's Alternative Eastercon Party (entry only to Big Name Fans - sorry Greg).

The BSFA formally thanked Albacorn for printing the Award Ballot forms (pity they had to also blame them for getting the form wrong and missing out Noah Ward - just as well because rumour has it that Noah was running second in all categories in the mailed ballots). Frankly yours APAtastically.

Repro Room Traumas

Last night's production of the TWP newsletter was severely hampered by unfamiliarity with an array of new equipment. In a marathon bid to become technically proficient all in one evening, the members mastered the word-processor without an instruction manual, only to be confronted with the mysteries of the electro-stenciller (equally without instructions) and a duplicator that refused to ink. However, the intrepid team were heard to remark that using the electric stapler was a cinch!

For anyone wondering what became of the PAPA newsletter scheduled for Friday night - apparently a certain person volunteered the apa for the job, then failed to mention it to his fellow members. He was not available for comment Friday night since he was not at the convention.

Where was all the fun?

This isn't really news as there wasn't any on Friday either, but...

Desperate fun seekers combed the hotel from top to bottom, only to report a severe lack of anything approaching jollity and excitement. "There's a Swedish party in 442," reported various. But the single room wasn't quite large enough to hold the whole convention. (It had to be renamed the Swedish sauna party!) Wandering into the fan-room, fun-seekers were informed that they were at the Beccon party, but the only evidence of traditional party elements was the punch in the corner and the pile of CUSFoids on the floor. "A con without music is a complete waste of time," remarked Christina Lake, bleakly examining the un-partylike atmosphere of the room. "Like a fish without a bicycle," suggested Greg Pickersgill caustically.

At two o'clock, everyone changed their watches to three and deemed that all the fun had happened in the missing hour. Then they went to bed.

Yet another short story contest

The results of the Gollancz/ Sunday Times Science Fiction story competition have just landed in my laps...stop... The winner was Paul Heapy with the story "Moral Technology"...stop... Paul is now the happy owner of the '500 prize money plus a '100 option on a novel...stop... Those of us who know and love her, congratulate Liz Sourbut for being short-listed for her story "A Senoi Dream"... we would also like to congratulate Malcolm Ashworth, author of "A Senoi Dream"... we are still trying to discover if the said Malcolm is The Malcolm; maybe he'll tell us when he reads this newsletter.

There is no truth in the rumour that Charles Stross was a serious challenger in the race to the '500, though he did send in a story. God bless JG Ballard, Angela Carter and Malcolm Edwards (the judges)

*****The, It must be the quote of the Day,*****

Paul Kincaid, chairing the very-well-attended BSFA "half an AGM": "I hate to say this but can anybody who is not a member of the BSFA please leave the room."

...one person stood up and made for the door...and then there were nine...

Ian Sorensen, "All our equipment is bigger than 35 mm".

When asked how much Contravention would cost the same wit replied "How much have you got?"

What happened in room 2077 speculate various members of the Albacon committee.
Ask the hotel manager for more details.

SMALL ADS

Wanted: attractive, blonde advertising type person to discuss the benefits of
contact lenses. See the Pretzel MBX in the computer room for more info. Vlad

NOT SO SMALL ADS

Ace reporter Ron Gemmell overheard himself saying in the Beccon 87 bidding party
that he would transform his appearance in time for Novacon. This is to be
achieved by losing a stone or two of ugly unwanted fat and replacing the lost
lard with powerful manly muscles. In order to avoid inflicting people with
severe eye shock he promises to arrive at Coventry incognito...((and without
trailing full-stops)). He'll be wearing a false beard and silvered shades; the
first fan to identify him wins a drink of his/ her choice.

!!FLASH!!!!FLASH!!!!FLASH!!!!FLASH!!!!FLASH!!!!FLASH!!!!FLASH!!!!FLASH!

*Dutch worldcon bid saved by heroic British fan who put his tongue in the hole
in the barrel of lager!! Said the hero when asked about the incident "no
questions now please, I've had a hard day at the orifice".*

STOP PRESS BIDDING NEWS

Beccon 146

Contravention 25

Mancon 16

Nowhere 1 (Greg again)

ALBACON III - THE FINAL NEWSLETTER

Congratulations! Out of the original intake of 891 attending members and 115 who could only manage one day, YOU HAVE SURVIVED!!!!!! Despite the lethal punch at the Contravention Party last night. Despite Joe Haldeman, John Jarrold, Chris Atkinson and other assorted drunk attempting to deafen you with singing (sic) in the Ailsa till near breakfast time. Despite the tragic news that from now on you will know where you will be at Easter two years in advance. Despite having to read endless newsletter.

Despite all that you have survived - and go through to the next round of the Survival where you are given six days in the Brighton Metropole and have to find a bar.....

OTHER CONVENTIONS

The '87 Eastercon has taken a couple of hundred memberships already, but sign up at their desk now to save the cost of a stamp. After all, you're going to go anyway....

The Dutch 1990 Worldcon has had a great response with 48 pre-supporters joining here. Get your T-Shirts £7, badges with clogs 50p at the desk in the bookroom.

Consept (Unicon 7) has taken 21 memberships and would like more...

Conspiracy '87 has had 80 people coughing up their 19.50 at Albacon. Why so many? Because after today it costs £25. So sign up now, stupid!

Marcus Rowland would like a copy of "Can you speak Venusian" by Patrick Moore. If you can help contact him today or via Albacon.

German Sense of Humour Sensation!

It can be exclusively revealed in this publication, even before Ansible, that Bob Shaw has just concluded a deal with a German publisher who wants to print his collected Eastercon speeches as a humorous book! *Who says ve Jermans hass no sense of humour?* Bob says he doesn't think that the puns will translate very well but a neabye polyglot did a quick translation of one of them and announced that, on the contrary, it was funnier in German! To which Bob said "Yes, that's the trouble with my work: it loses a lot in the original!"

The truly wonderful Mike Molloy drawings from the Albacon Progress Reports are on sale at 50p each, £1.20 the set on Astrolux card. See an Albacon person if you want them.

Thanks to all the teams who helped produce the newsletters. By general acclaim the winner of the best newsletter competition was the TWP team led by Hazel Ashworth. They will receive a prize at some stage. Honest.

That's all folks! Just a last huge thank you to our Guests - Joe, Clive, Pete and John (not forgetting Gay....) and to your good selves. We hope you had as wonderful a time as the management's drinks total suggests. See you all in September at XIlcon or another con, another place. Have a safe trip home.

Albacon III Alternative Newsletter: A Refutation

<c> 1986 Oxford Revolutionary Army

You may have seen a piece of paper circulating at the con this afternoon, decorated with hamsters, feet and such like. The purpose of this publication is to refute and revile the aforementioned letter, a spurious creation spawned by a group of maniacs going under the collective name of "Oxford University Speculative Fiction Group." The Oxford Revolutionary Army denies all connections with such a group, and would in fact never allow itself to be sullied by the moral depravity so blithely advocated by the OUSFG.

Not only was the "PsychoKillers" letter spiritually dangerous, it was also severely biased in its view of the world. Physicists, we are told, oppose the "sellotaping" of hamsters (a minor OUSFG obsession, it would appear). Where, though, is the support of the Modern Linguists for universal rodent sellotaping mentioned? Nowhere, of course!

The letter exhorts us to "vote for the foot-fetishists liberation front." Nothing could better exemplify the depths of moral degeneracy which OUSFG at its worst plumbs without regard for the effects on society as a whole. It is time that the dangers of foot-fetishism were realised, and this despicable practice stopped.

"PsychoKillers"' remarks on the "Libyan way," we feel, need no further comment. The sheer naivete of the idealist commie pervert has to be seen to be believed.

There is, however, hope for OUSFG yet. The letter displays signs of an appreciation of the work of the State and the Inland Revenue Service; a healthy sexuality, albeit channeled in peculiarly disgusting and degenerate directions; and a degree of support for the vital work of the police unusual in the student of today. But one cannot help but worry about a university whose members are capable of producing nothing more useful than the tautologously trivial "convictions make convicts".

Spit on an OUSFG sweatshirt today!

<< The Oxford Revolutionary Army is affiliated to the Provisional Wing of the National Viewers and Listeners Association, and can be contacted via Cornelia Raines, c/o Balliol College, Oxford. >>