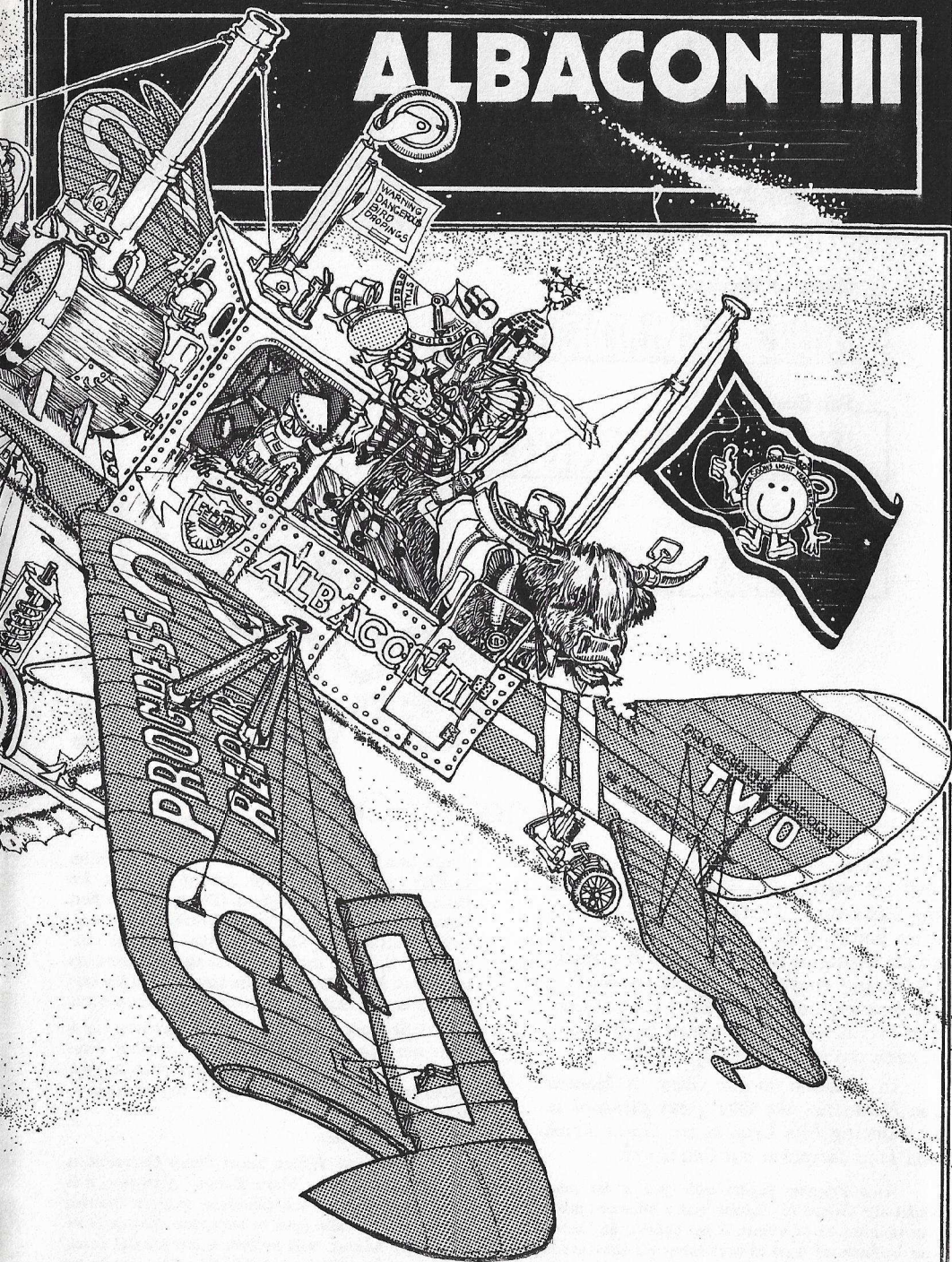


ALBACON III



CENTRAL HOTEL GLASGOW

28th-31st MARCH 1986

ALBACON III

THE 37th BRITISH ANNUAL SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION



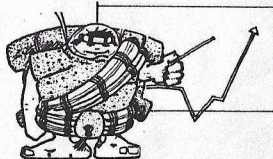
Guest of Honour

JOE HALDEMAN

Fan Guest,

JOHN JARROLD

Guest Artist

PETE LYON

PROGRESS REPORT 2

Another Intro — Another Con

What will this intro tell you that will get you excited about the forthcoming Eastercon? That's for you to decide after you've read it, but you can't say we aren't trying to make Albacon III a really interesting convention. We've arranged a great package of Guests, films, competitions and events — some of which must appeal to even the most jaded conventioneer.

In addition to our Guest of Honour Joe Haldeman we take great pleasure in announcing Pete Lyon as our Guest Artist and John Jarrold as our Fan Guest.

This Progress Report tells you a lot more about the Guests of Honour and a bit more about our programme of events. It has opinion on Eastercon business as well as containing all the factual information about hotel rates and such as you'd

expect in a PR. The list of contributors to this slim booklet includes two Hugo Award winners: Joe Haldeman and Dave Langford. (Dave won the Best Fanwriter Hugo at this year's Worldcon in Australia. Well done big Dave!) Another welcome contributor, D. West, not only gives the lowdown on our Guest Artist Pete Lyon, he also sets out his case against having Eastercon bids two years in advance.

Still under study by the committee is a short-story competition. What? Not another competition organised by a convention with a book token prize and publication in the programme book assured?

Definitely not.

The Science Fiction Short Story Competition we are planning is a Major Event. Although it is being sponsored by the premiere quality Scottish newspaper it is also open to everyone outside Scotland. The winner will receive a substantial prize, and the story will be published in the newspaper

concerned. The judges of the competition will include Chris Boyce, winner of the Sunday Times/Gollancz competition (the last major newspaper short story competition held in Britain), Alasdair Gray, author of *Lanark* and *1982*, *Janine* and Duncan Lunan, writer of Science Fact and Fiction who is also a member of the Albacon committee. The winner of the competition will be presented with their prize at Albacon.

For those of you who can't wait for details of the competition, please send a s.a.e. to the convention address marked Short Story Competition. If all goes well, details will be released at Novacon.

Before you rush off to your typewriters and start hammering out your entry, read on. Here we can reveal that the films booked for the weekend will include *Ghostbusters*, *Gremlins*, *2010*, *Ice Pirates*, *Rocky Horror Picture Show*, *Things to Come*, *The Man Who Could Work Miracles* plus many others. We will endeavour to make it possible for everyone to see and hear them at their best by having a Cinemascope screen and top notch P.A. system. Also, for those of you who dislike the murky atmosphere of a smoke-filled room, we will be instituting a cinema-style NO SMOKING policy; one side of the hall will be designated no-smoking and signs will be prominently displayed to that effect. (Places like the dealers room, art show, computers etc are all no-smoking at all times.)

The Programme is obviously the most important area over which the Committee has direct control, and for the Eastercon we have decided that instead of throwing the usual formless, random mixture of items at you, we will have a theme for the weekend. A large proportion of the events will be about the Past, Present and Future (if any) of SF. This is not the cover-all that it may at first seem, but is inspired by recent trends in SF including: the change in the patterns of publishing and content; the increase in Fantasy and endless trilogies and series; the retreat from the more socially concerned SF of the 60's and 70's; and the effect that the splintering of fandom has on conventions and potential new writers. Clearly, a wide range of complex issues are raised and we have already begun organising several items including: a survey of the content of an SF bookshop, to see how the balance of SF/Fantasy over the years is presented to the buying public; panels concerning the publishing/editing side of SF; and a debate on (Stalk-and-Slash) movies. We will be contacting many of you directly concerning these and other items, but we also need fresh ideas (not just around our theme) for the programme, so please do not be reticent in contacting us.

In case you think that the con is shaping-up to being dull and serious, take heart. We know

that a major part of the popularity of Albacon II was the programme of lively, humorous events like the Pint of Beer fun run. There will certainly be such events at Albacon III throughout the weekend, especially in and around the Fan Programme, (which is described later in the PR.)

As if all that isn't thrilling enough we can reveal that the hotel management has ensured that there will be no other guests in the hotel, meaning that Albacon members will not be pestered by night porters closing down room parties because there are airline pilots trying to get to sleep. The hotel is ours — lock, stock and barrels!

(A word about the hotel rooms: if you haven't booked one by now, get your booking in quick! Some types of room in the Central are fully booked and bookings will soon start being passed on to our overflow hotel round the corner. A booking form is included with this PR.)

Now on to travel. We are currently working on a rail deal direct with BR. Should this prove unsuccessful, we will get the usual Theatre and Concert Rail Club deal. In either case, details and forms will be published in PR3.

As always in a PR we must make appeals for members to write to us with their ideas, complaints or comments. We would also like to put in a plug for the Art Show — all you budding artists out there could pay for your convention by bringing artwork along for display and auction, but please let us know in advance if you want hanging space! We have been promised super de-luxe display boards with lighting, so artwork should be seen to its best. There will also be awards for Best Drawing, Best 3-D, Best Colour and Best of Show. The Art Auction will be prominent in the programme, and among a star cast of auctioneers, Jim Barker will be happy to separate you from your money. (There will be a 10% commission on sales at the Art Auction.)

If you want to comment on any aspect of Albacon or Eastercons then write to us and we'll publish your thoughts in PR3, the deadline for which is the end of December. So do write, even if it's only a Christmas card.

Other parts of the convention need volunteers to make them work successfully. If you want to be a gopher, help in the creche, work in the Repro Room or even on the committee, write and tell us NOW. A convention is like an iceberg — you only see a small part of the organisation on the day — most of it is hidden in the advance planning which must be done at this time.

And that about wraps it up for the introduction. Please read the rest of the PR — we're sure you'll like what you see.

That's all folks!

Normally we publish new articles in our PR's, but given the interest raised by the encounter of Voyager II with Uranus and the forthcoming probes to Halley's Comet, our GOH, Joe Haldeman, has sent an article written at the time of the last Apollo flight and of the flyby of Saturn by Voyager. We hope that you will enjoy it.



© 1985 BY GAY HALDEMAN

A Joy That's Shared

Science fiction writers are unusually gregarious, for writers, tending to get together on the flimsiest of excuses. When a really great excuse presents itself, we start coming in the windows. For seven or eight years, through the heyday of the Apollo Program and Skylab, to the Apollo/Soyuz exhibition, we foregathered at the Cape — to watch the dreams of our various childhoods come real and solid in the glare and bone-rattling roar of the Saturn V.

Most of us stayed in the improbable Ping Pong Motel, chosen for complicated reasons, but that's not where the action was. When we weren't at the launch itself, or gathering material at the Press Center, we converged on Joe Green's house moving with the speed of thirst. Besides writing science fiction, Joe Green works for Boeing at the Cape, and when the Apollo launches started he offered his hospitality to any sf writers who happened to be coming down. He may have got more of us than he bargained for.

We filled his house from wall to wall; we filled his garage with large green bags of empty beer cans; we filled his air with smoke and shop-talk and gossip and sometimes what passed for music. (A local radio station came by to interview some of us and taped a few tortured stanzas. When the program was aired the announcer remarked that it was a good thing we could all make our living writing.) Those who couldn't afford the Ping Pong pitched tents in Joe's front yard. The hardy ones partied past dawn, leaving just as the prudent ones started to arrive, to mine the leftovers for breakfast.

It was a fine time to be a science fiction writer. Especially a beginning writer, rubbing shoulders quite literally with Anderson, Bova,

Clarke, Dickson, and so forth (all the way to Zelazny). NASA put the press site right at the edge of the Saturn V's radius of destruction — perhaps to ensure that if one blew up on the pad we'd be too dazed to report it — so the physical experience was awesome. And addictive. And now gone forever, dead 15 July 1975, when the last stage of the Saturn V spluttered out and fell into the sea. They don't make rockets like that any more, for good economic reasons, and they probably never will. But it was great while it lasted.

In a way the music has stopped but the dancing goes on. It's more than five years now with no American humans in space, but our machines are still ticking away up there. If you can't find a human being to throw a party for, well, why not a good faithful and robot?

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Voyager 1 was launched on 5 September 1977, and thrilled us all early last year with close-ups of Jupiter and its satellite ring systems. I was overseas when it happened, and missed the party Jerry Pournelle had made arrangements for a number of science fiction writers to gather at the Jet Propulsion laboratories at Pasadena, California, to watch the Jupiter Pictures as they came in, in real time. When I heard that he was going to do the same thing for the Saturn flyby, I signed up instantly.

(Aside: the planet has always had a special charm for me. When I was nine or ten our scout troop took a field trip to the Naval Observatory, where they showed us Saturn through an incredible forty-inch telescope, 400 power, shimmering in the twilight, the size of a basketball. I was hypnotized by it, and was in the thrall of astronomy for

the next twenty years, until graduate school finally convinced me I could handle words better than numbers.)

The party was well in progress when my wife and I showed up at the Sportsman's Lodge, a hotel outside Pasadena where Jerry had arranged for all of us to stay. At first it was a flashback to the old Apollo days; room thick with smoke and loud with shoptalk and gossip. We snagged glasses of California champagne and spent a pleasant few hours talking about such editors and writers as were not present. There was a little talk about Voyager, but nothing really spectacular had yet come in — a couple of new satellites, ho hum. The close-up shots would begin the next day. And the next day everything changed.

In retrospect, it's easy to see that the Apollo parties followed a predictable pattern. Several days of mounting tension while our only involvement with the actual project was a daily trip to the Press Center, and then finally piling aboard the press bus for a ride out to the launch site, the agonizing countdowns and holds — then the indescribable power and glory, time frozen, of the actual launch. Afterwards a muted farewell party at Joe Green's while people drifted away, see you next time.

Voyager was more subdued and, at the same time, more exciting.

As the spacecraft approached Saturn it began taking pictures on a regular basis, at intervals of slightly less than three minutes. Every morning, a detailed press briefing would discuss the previous day's highlights. Every afternoon there would be a background briefing, an informal meeting with project scientists who answered questions about their specialties. And in between times, new worlds, every two minutes and forty seconds.

Well, if you have to boom down the freeway every morning to make the 9:30 briefing, and still be bright-eyed for the 3:30 one, it limits your capacity for carousal. So there were no all-night parties, and if we did get together for a drink or two in the evening, it wasn't the usual kind of shoptalk. Spokes in the rings? (Shadows of what?) Two satellites sharing one orbit? (Were they one satellite long ago, split by catastrophe?) Two eccentric rings and a braided one? (How could any of that be stable?) And on and on from blasted Mimas, with its improbably large crater, to shrouded Titan, its deep atmosphere poisoned with hydrocarbons and cyanide (a lot of predictable LA smog copy there).

J.P.L. was good to the press, providing oceans of coffee and a large room full of typewriters and telephones, but more of us showed up than anyone had bargained for. The press area looked less and

less like a set from Lou Grant; more and more like a population explosion documentary. So those of us who didn't have actual story deadlines, moved over to an employees' cafeteria, where five oversized monitors showed the pictures as they came in — with no miles of TV cable to trip over, with plenty of room to spread out.

"A joy that's shared is a joy made double," goes the Welsh proverb, and you could hardly ask for better company in sharing this constant succession of wonders. Jack Williamson, Theodore Sturgeon, Poul Anderson, and their wives were our constant companions at the long table there, and other writers — Pohl, Silverberg, Ellison, Niven, Pournelle — came and went. The talk was constant and stimulating, ranging from more-or-less scientific speculation about Saturn to a search for new permutations on the limerick about the gentleman from Racine. And every two minutes and forty seconds all eyes would slew toward the monitor, as a new picture built itself up.

Five days never passed so quickly. But suddenly it was Thursday night, the ninth picture of Iapetus came in ... and stayed. Voyager was still working hard over the sky of Spain, but the pictures it was sending were computer images of the ghostly solar wind, invisible to human eyes. We walked with the Sturgeons, out to the parking lot, said goodbyes and drove to the hotel for a few hours' sleep before the dawn flight back to the East.

There's a little bit of *fin de siècle* feeling. Voyager 2 will pass Saturn in August, but it won't be the same. The shuttle may get off the ground, and that will be hell of a party. Voyager will make it to Uranus in '86 the gods of gravitation and guidance willing, and then Neptune in '89. We may yet get a Halley's Comet flyby, with the help of the European Space Agency and the absence of Proxmire from the Appropriations Committee. We might even put Galileo in orbit around Jupiter. But there is the feeling, the fear, that we've lost something precious. Perhaps I've spent too much of my adult life looking at space ships and waiting for the next one. Too much time in shared adventure with other people who dream for a living.

So I sit here in the rather posh Ionosphere Club, five hour layover at the Atlanta airport, typing away on an ancient machine (this Royal came off the assembly line just months after Goddard launched his first rocket!) — surrounded by businessfolk glad to be going home, not too aware that a week of miracles has just taken place. The Saturn news is on page three of the New York Times, no pictures. And I have just enough objectivity to wonder whether it's us who are crazy, or the rest of the world.

JOE HALDEMAN

WITH ROD AND GUN UP JOHN JARROLD

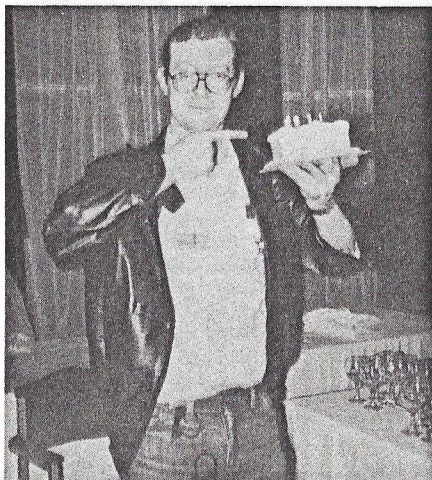
Tolkein has a lot to answer for: the present spate of six-book trilogies, endless volumes of posthumous and not very well embalmed fragments, and John Jarrold. Yes — travel back in time with me to 1972, and see the infant Jarrold discovering fandom through one of its least trendy portals, the Tolkein Society. I like to imagine him tracing Elvish script, and taking the lead in frenzied debates as to whether Frodo's later malaise could best be diagnosed as TB, leprosy, or herpes. Even now, any casual mention of the Land of Mordor fills John's eyes with a misty nostalgia and his glass with beer, as he drinks to forget. (Admittedly, other stimuli can produce the same effect — eg. words like "SF", "Mexico", and "the".)

I was first introduced into his awesome presence in 1974, during an early Pieria writers' meeting at Rob Holdstock's. The Jarrold contribution was called "The Deathbird". He frankly admitted that there was some other little known SF-story with this title, which he had been careful not to read for fear of influence. As I remember it, the unfortunate hero was pursued across a broken landscape by this vast malignant bird whose only goal in life was to track him down and crap on him. (Luckily I forget the details.) Most of the people at that meeting later became professional authors, but John valued his street-credibility too much to fall into this common trap.

Soon he began to publish his still current and still infrequent fanzine *Prevert*, of which it has often been said "Isn't that a typo?" No it's a deeply subtle allusion to *Dr Strangelove*. I was much impressed by an early issue in which the editor smugly described how he'd been to a Worldcon and mingled with Larry Niven. Envy, envy, I thought, this being a long time before my final illusions were shattered by reading *The Integral trees*.

After years of carefully orchestrated obscurity, our hero came into his own with an astonishing piece of street theatre at Silicon 7 in 1983. Silicon traditionally ruins its unwary members' bodies and minds in a marathon of games with which fans should not meddle: that year, the keynote challenge was *The Brothers Karamazov* (one of Stanislaw Lem's lesser-known space operas, I believe). A recorded dramatization was provided, with gaps in the dialogue which aspiring thespians were invited to fill with their own emotive interpretations. When J. Jarrold was placed in the hot-seat, the convention reeled in unison at his panache and his well stirred mix of accents —

including Bogart, Vladivar, Lower Slobbovian and, above all Mexican. Deafness luckily saved many of my brain-cells; the rest of the gathering was less fortunate, as proved when for the first time in the History of Silicon Silly Games, there was a mass request for a repeat performance. Arribal!



Thus, somewhat indirectly was born Mexican Fandom; and Mexican fandom begat Mexican, which put "written science fiction" back into conventions — in the form of Russel Hoban playing with clockwork mice, Geoff Ryman in drag, and Alisdair Gray conducting his famous horizontal meditation seminar in the entrance to the con hall. And of course, Mexico's committee included not only two papier-mache cacti but also John Jarrold.

There are lots more anecdotes about John's legendary cool, as when after Mexican he impressed visiting US punk fan Lucy Huntzinger by a pub crawl during which he sank nineteen pints without turning a hair. She was still more impressed as, still not turning a hair, he nonchalantly showed her the contents of his stomach on several consecutive stations of the Piccadilly line.

A man of legend, as you see. Treat him with the care he deserves: buy him lots of nice tonic water. And beware of asking for a repeat performance of his famous ethnic impersonations ... there's the terrible danger that he might do it. Frankly, I don't know that English-Scots relations could survive John's version of a Glaswegian accent. ■

DAVE LANGFORD

PETE LYON BY D. WEST

Pete Lyon looks like an artist. His grey hair is wild, and he has an even wilder eye, like someone telling a funny story against the clock. Sometimes he forgets to shave and grows another stubble of grey beard. Staggering into the pub he looks more than ever like some ageless hippie newly evicted from his squat in a tumble drier. But after a quick look round he pulls himself together, buys me a drink, and rolls me a cigarette from out of my tin. As usual, he's sold some more artwork but has forgotten to lay in any tobacco.

Still, he's doing quite well these days. There's even enough money for a new car. And perhaps the replacement is not held together with bits of string and masking tape. But I don't really like to ask. The old model suggested some sort of Homage to Alternative Technology: how to build your very own automobile from flattened-out biscuit tins and parts of an abandoned lawn mower. On one occasion we were driving back from a convention when he suddenly pulled in to the side of the road. Guessing that his trained ear might have detected some subtle tonal variation portending trouble amidst all the usual groans, creaks, clangs and rattles I turned towards him enquiringly, but he was already out and racing round the car, scowling fearfully and muttering curses. It was a relief to learn that it was nothing worse than a flat tyre. For a moment I had thought that he was counting the wheels, and that we might have to go all the way back to Newcastle to pick up the one that had fallen off in the car park.

And then there was the time we drove to the Brighton Eurocon in the hired van. It was quite a frisky little van when we started - cornered nicely, accelerated briskly, and all the rest of it - but after about ten hours of zigzags across the country picking up screens for the Art Show, computers, duplicating equipment, boxes of artwork and other miscellaneous lumps of deadweight (such as myself and Chris

Donaldson) it was distinctly shortwinded, limping, and ready to settle right down on its haunches and expire with one final shuddering twang. Also, it was dark, midnight was coming on, we were nearly out of petrol, all the garages seemed to be shut, and there was some doubt about our exact location. So naturally we were stopped by the police.

And where were we going and what were we carrying at this time of night? Chris and I lurked in the shadows, blinking nervously in the flashes of the Police car's revolving blue light. Pete gave them his best Crazy Dopefiend grin. We were on our way to Brighton to a Science Fiction Convention with a load of screens for the Art Show. He opened the van door with a flourish. There. The officers carefully examined our enormous load, their expressions neutral. I was conscious of looking more than usually furtive, criminal and guilty. In a moment we were all going to be hauled off to the nick on suspicion of hijacking this valuable load of whatever-it-was and we would spend the rest of the night sweating it out under the bright lights and appealing unsuccessfully for our lawyers. The Law was not about to be fobbed off with some unlikely story about Art Shows and Science Fiction Conventions.

Then the Policemen switched their gaze back to Pete and gave him the extra-careful scrutiny. Wild grey hairs. Manic grin. Crumpled teeshirt. Faded jeans. Scuffed trainers. They seemed to make up their minds.

Screens, eh? For an Art Show? At a Science Fiction Convention? Well, it was odd, but it wasn't really illegal.

So they gave us directions to the nearest garage, said a polite goodnight, and took their flashing blue lights away down the road. And half an hour later we were safe in Brighton, driving up to the Metro-pole, free and unarrested.

Obviously, it helps a lot if you look like an artist. ■

THE FAN PROGRAMME *Ian Sorensen*

What's the Fan Programme then?

Well, if you think of the Main Programme as BBC 1, the Alternative Programme as BBC 2, then the Fan Programme is a hippy with a guitar outside the Odeon. If that doesn't help, then think of it as that part of the convention you have to attend to appreciate - little bits like this in a progress report can never communicate what a fan programme is like.

The principle delight is the Fan Guest of Honour, Mr John Jarrold - wit, scholar and all round good egg - who will be presenting at least one dramatic performance over the weekend (as he tries to get out of buying a round, no doubt.) He claims to be working on a Goon Show script - I haven't the heart to tell him that Spike Milligan wrote them all, so it will no doubt be given a public airing in the fan room.

By the time you've recovered from that you will be all set to boogie on down to the hip sounds coming at you from the Contravention Party. (For those of you with short memories, Contravention was

the opposing bid for the 86 Eastercon. They gallantly offered to host a party at Albacon - probably in an attempt to incapacitate the committee allowing them to take over the whole shebang.)

The fan programme will have a few serious items which I'd better mention here in case you think it's all carefree fun and frolic. There will be panels on such vital topics as: fanzine production, Death of the APA's, the convention calendar and the effect of the upcoming Worldcon.

There will also be a lot of silly stuff. You have been warned. ■

REPRO ROOM

The Repro Room will be separate from the Fan Room, but will host a number of Fan Programme items related to fanzines. The room will have facilities for printing fanzines and a daily news sheet will be produced by a different editorial team each day. If you are interested in this side of things, drop me a line. ■

TWO YEAR BIDDING *D. West*

The proposed Two year Bidding for Eastercons is a thoroughly bad idea. It serves no useful purpose and will do nothing except encourage completely reckless bids which promise everything without having the least idea whether or not it can be delivered. Victory is likely to go to the worst bid, not the best, since any honest organiser knows that what one can guarantee from two years in the future is really very little. Hotels change managements, GOHs change their minds, committee members lose interest, costs go up, attendees are fewer than anticipated. In fact, 'planning' an Eastercon two years ahead is a farce, since the organisers are going to have little real idea who and what is available, how much money they can spend, and who is going to do the work, until about six months before the date. A Worldcon is a once-in-ten-years job and completely different in size, organisation and finance. An Eastercon is just one among half a dozen other cons and not likely to command any special loyalty or effort. Not to mention memberships — how many people will

pay up for an Eastercon two years in advance? The attendance figures will be pure guesswork, and with only 100 memberships worth a 1000 pounds, a wrong guess could mean financial disaster.) Two Year Bidding will turn Eastercons into a complete gamble: promise the punters anything and hope that you won't go bankrupt. Even with the best intentions it is highly unlikely that the actual convention will bear any resemblance to what was promised in the bid. Far from being practical, Two Year bidding is entirely irresponsible since the only interests it can possibly serve are those who out of vanity or greed for profit want to see ever-larger conventions — and to hell with the quality or the risk of financial collapse. After all, someone else always pays... But not more than once. As soon as people catch onto the fact that such conventions are both expensive and unreliable they're going to adopt a wait-and-see approach — or maybe just go elsewhere. Hence the virtual certainty that some such future Eastercon will be a complete disaster. And that won't do anybody any good. ■

INVITATION TO THE DANCE

Duncan Lunan

What is a ceilidh, apart from one of the most mispronounced words in the language? Well to begin with it's not 'keek-a-lid', nor it's American cousin 'ke-haal-di'; it's pronounced 'kay-li', with the stress on the 'kay'. The dictionary says 'it's an informal gathering for song and story', but in Scotland the emphasis is on dancing.

Now Scottish country dancing comes in a variety of forms. There is the very formal variety in which everybody wears dancing pumps, kilts, sashes, frilled shirts etc, and you're asked to leave the floor if you don't know the steps. This is the kind which features on TV in elaborate 'arrangements', usually accompanied by helicopter shots of castles. There's a deliberate mispronunciation used for this type of ceilidh by those who don't enjoy them, but as it's rude and doesn't apply to ours I'm not going to teach it to you.

At the other end of the scale is the aptly

mispronounced 'collidey', where nobody knows the steps and everybody has a go anyway. These can be great fun - one fond memory is a fourteensome reel improvised in the rain by the light of car headlights outside the social club of BP Chemicals in Grangemouth - but that can get too disorganised. What's generally most fun is to get a good mix of beginners and people who know at least some of the steps; get a caller and some helpers to demonstrate the easier dances, keep things going more or less in time with the music and sort out the tangles; and throw in a difficult one occasionally for those who can do it while the others have a rest. Ideally there should be a song, a poem or an instrumental spot now and again for the same purpose. They're not all set dances; many are for couples; some are just variations on the waltz. Just remember (1) Don't Panic; (2) you're supposed to be enjoying it; (3) when the tempo picks up, clap your hands in time and shout "hooch!"

COSTUME COMPETITION

Joyce Craig

This year the competition will be judged in two categories: *novice* and *experienced*, with prizes for the best male, female and child's costume in each category. There will also be prizes for the best group, best dramatic presentation, worst pun and best costume worn around the convention. We are currently looking into the possibility of improving the lighting and audio facilities during the competition so that entrants and particularly, dramatic presentations, are shown to best effect. Gytha North, the popular southern fan, will be M.C. for the competition.

Costume Workshop

This will feature demonstrations of stage make-up and stage-fighting (armed and un-armed) techniques and talks by various re-enactment groups. Any group interested in participating or displaying recruiting material or photos please contact me through the convention address. If anyone has any good photos of previous fancy dress competitions and is willing to lend them for the weekend, please get in touch with me through the convention address. There will be a caption competition with a silly prize for the silliest (clean!) answer.

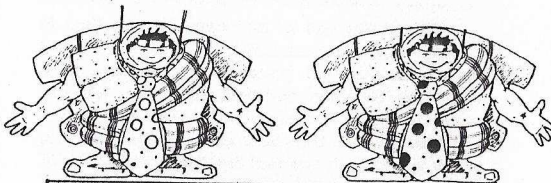
Weapons Policy

1. All weapons to be checked by safety officer before being worn.
2. Weapons may only be worn as part of a costume.
3. Projectile weapons must be carried unloaded at all times, except during the fancy dress competition and when loaded must be safe enough to use directly in the owner's face.

4. Edged weapons must be in a scabbard or equivalent, peace-bonded and attached to a belt or your costume. This does not apply to obvious toys (eg. plastic inflatable swords, space shuttles etc.) but these must also be checked by the safety officer.

5. The committee reserves the right to confiscate the weapons of anyone using them in a way considered to be dangerous; these will be returned on leaving the convention.

6. The safety officer's decision is final in all cases.



Killer

After a trial run at Albacon '85, Albacon III will feature a Theme Killer scenario. The theme will be Blade Runner, where designated Cops (ConRunners) have to identify and terminate Shaw-6 Replicants (Gophers). Gophers (whose only fears are turtles and mothers) have to stay alive. Anyone interested please contact Colin Speirs via the contact address so I can estimate numbers. I would also appreciate suggestions for means of simulating the Voight-Kampf test. The scenario will start on the Saturday to give people a chance to arm and for specific ground-rules to be worked out.

Colin Speirs

INFORMATION

Membership Costs.

Before 1st March 1986 9 pounds.
After 1st March 1986 12 pounds.

(Pre-supporters subtract 1 pound from above.)

Please make cheques or Postal Orders payable to ALBACON III and send them, along with your membership form (or if there is no form available simply your name and address) to our all purpose letter drop:

Albacon III
c/o Vince Docherty
20 Hillington Gdns
Glasgow G52 2PR

ADVERTISING RATES

If you wish to advertise in any of our Progress Reports or Programme Book the rates are as follows:

Advert Size	Progress Report	Programme Book
Full page	20	30
Half page	10	15
Quarter page	5	8
Double page	35	50
Inside cover	20	35

Fans may advertise at 20% less than the above. All adverts must be camera ready, A4 size with 15mm margins all round. Half tones must be dot screened.

HOTEL ROOM RATES

The major cost of any convention to fans is usually hotel accommodation. We have obtained room rates for 1986 which, as you can see, go a long way towards minimising this cost. All the rooms are large and comfortable, with a television and, best of all, a tea-maker in every one. The rates below are inclusive of full Scottish breakfast, VAT and are per person per night.

Room	Cost
Triple room	12.00
Twin/Double with bath	16.00
Twin/double without bath	12.50
Single with bath/shower	16.50
Single without bath	15.00

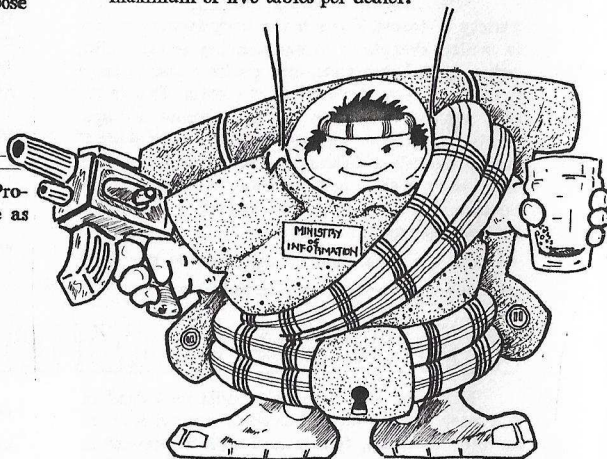
Fill in your requirements on the hotel booking form enclosed and send it to:

The Central Hotel
Gordon St
Glasgow G1 3SF

Please note that the Central has only 330 bed spaces and these will be allocated strictly in order of receipt of booking forms. So book early! Once the Central is full, bookings will be passed on to the nearby overflow hotel.

DEALERS ROOM

The bookroom rates are 10 per table, to a maximum of five tables per dealer.



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MEMBERSHIP

												ATTENDING	
1 Joe	Haldeman	62 Laura	Wheatly	123 Brian	Magorrian	184 Pat		Brown					
2 Gay	Haldeman	63 Elda	Wheeler	124 John	May	185 David		Brown					
3 John	Jarrold	64 Michel	Feron	125 Stephen	Davies	186 S. M.		Short					
4 Pete	Lyon	65 Gwen	Funnel	126 Roger	Earnshaw	187 Fran		Pickering					
5 The Mountain	Werewolf	66 Richard	Edwards	127 Helen	Eling	188 John		Pickering					
6 John	Campbell	67 Paul	Dormer	128 Stan	Eling	189 Helen	S.	Stephenson					
7 Madeleine A.	Campbell	68 Harry	Bell	129 Ann	McPhail	190 Gordon	G.	Cunningham					
8 Joyce	Craig	69 Charlotte	Bulmer	130 Nick	Mills	191 Chris		Seller					
9 Neil	Craig	70 Ramsay	Campbell	131 Harry	Nadler	192 Gill		Seller					
10 Cuddles		71 Urban	Gunnarson	132 Larry	Nadler	193 Krsto		Mazuranic					
11 Oscar	Dalgleish	72 Akel	Ahmed	133 Lindsay	Nadler	194 Christine		Ward					
12 Iain	Dickson	73 Christina	Lake	134 Charles	Partington	195 Edward		Ward					
13 Superstud	Docherty	74 Rob	Jackson	135 Paul T.	Morley	196 David		Bell					
14 Kevin	Henwood	75 Julian	Headlong	136 Steve	Mowbray	197 Maureen		Porter					
15 Bob	Jewett	76 Malcolm	Hodkin	137 Hamish	McKinley	198 Darroil		Fardoe					
16 Naked	Charm	77 Paul	Kincaid	138 Mike	Anell	199 Mary Ann		Allen					
17 Bruiser	MacLennan	78 Hans K.	Loose	139 Denis	Bridoux	200 Charles N.		Brown					
18 Dave	Ellis	79 Chris	Murphy	140 Marcus L.	Rowland	201 Susan		Francis					
19 Bruce	McDonald	80 Kay	Allan	141 Paul	Stewart	202 Jeroen		Nienhuis					
20 Mark	Meenan	81 Kees	Van Toorn	142 Steve	Bull	203 John Paul		Smit					
21 Mike	Molloy	82 Angewand	Van Toorn	143 Denise	Atkinson	204 Moira J.		Shearman					
22 Rambo	O'Kane	83 Richard	Vine	144 Mike	Bernardi	205 Peter H.		Mabe					
23 Anne	Page	84 Heather	Ward	145 Howard	Rosenblum	206 Kim		Campbell					
24 Action Man	Patton	85 Peter	Wareham	146 June	Rosenblum	207 Elise		Pechersky					
25 The	Rabbi	86 Ron	Gemmell	147 Lars	Strandborg	208 Bridget		Wilkinson					
26 Jacqueline	Robinson	87 Ruth	Wildier	148 Richard	Brandschaft	209 1/2r		Crutenden					
27 Batman		88 M. V.	Williams	149 Declan	Brennan	210 Ye		Gerbish					
28 Ian	Sorensen	89 Wendy	Glover	150 Bernard	Peck	211 Heather		North					
29 Mark	Turner	90 Margaret	Gordon	151 Roger	Perkins	212 Elsie		Donald					
30 Bill	Burns	91 Iain	Hobdell	152 Terry	Pyle	213 M. R.		Kaill					
31 Mary	J. Burns	92 Mathew	Irving	153 Kjeil	Borgstrom	214 Morag		Kerr					
32 Caroline	Mullan	93 Kamal	Hashmi	154 Kim	Whysall	215 Sue		Harrison					
33 Paul	Oldroyd	94 Teresa	Hehir	155 Colin	Wightman	216 Nigel		Pearson					
34 Joy	Hibbert	95 Chris	Jordan	156 Feryal	Rajah	217 Carol		Lockwood					
35 Dave	Rowley	96 Robert J.	Sneddon	157 Justin	Rogers	218 Wanda		Gemmell					
36 Joyce	Slater	97 Peter	Stampeel	158 Peter-Fred	Thompson	219 Kathleen		Jordan					
37 Ken	Slater	98 Lesley	Jordan	159 Peter	Weston	220 Mic		Rogers					
38 Alex	Stewart	99 Mike	Gould	160 Simon	Ounsley	221 Margaret		Tout					
39 Ray	Thompson	100 Roberta	Gray	161 I.	Murnin	222 Richard		Tout					
40 Mike	Westhead	101 Jon	Green	162 Michael	Curtis	223 Cherry		Newton					
41 Kathy	Westhead	102 Paul	Groom	163 Lynne	Amer	224 Henry		Newton					
42 Betsy	Wollheim	103 Tony	Hammond	164 Andrew	O'Donnell	224c Penny		Newton					
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44 Elsie	Wollheim	105 C. R.	Laker	166 Marjorie	Sachs	226 Donald		Saunders					
45 Roger	Robinson	106 Steve	Lawson	167 Elizabeth	Sourbut	227 Bruce W.		Grant					
46 Brian	Ameringen	107 Roger	Octon	168 Peter	Day	228 Andreas		Bjorklind					
47 Katie	Hoare	108 Robin	Page	169 James	Cawthorn	229 Caroline		Skytt					
48 John	Dallman	109 Janet	Lomas	170 Vanessa	Pamela Parry	230 Jonathan		Pickles					
49 Chris	Donaldson	110 Melora	MacAran	171 Owen	Whiteoak	231 Stephen		Rothman					
50 Delicia of	Srod	111 Johnathan	Cowie	172 Rog	Peyton	232 R.		Mcnehan					
51 Undepoldus		112 Michael	Cule	173 John	Brunner	233 John		Botham					
52 Martin	Hoare	113 Douglas	McCallum	175 Nick	Holland	234 Peter		Cohan					
53 Martin	Tudor	114 Bernie	Evans	176 James	Braiden	235 Phil		Spencer					
54 Colin	Fine	115 Nick	Evans	177 Alan	Blackley	236 Mike		Christie					
55 Marina	Holroyd	116 Paul	Gamble	178 Derek	Holt	237 Gytha		North					
56 Tim	Illingworth	117 Samuel	McKay	179 Helen	Bernardi	238 Andy		Robertson					
57 Hazel	Ashworth	118 R. O.	McLean	180 Lilian	Edwards	239 Dave		Cox					
58 Mal	Ashworth	119 Jenny	Campbell	181 Anders	Reutersward	240 William		Humphries					
59 Margaret	Wellbank	120 Kenneth A.	Campbell	182 Yvonne	Reutersward	241 Mistress of the Deadly Vortex		Day					
60 Pam	Wells	121 Roger	Campbell	183 Kenneth C.	O'Neill	242 Robert							
61 Larry	Van der Putte	122 Mike	Damesick										

PRE SUPPORTING

Arnold	Akien	Peter	Cohen	Colin	Goldie	Carry	Kilworth	Jimmy	Robinson
David	Animal	Nicholas	Coia	Jette	Goldie	Zweitz	Klaus	Barbara	Rudyk
Maureen	Anderson	Peter	Colley	Roelof	Goudriaan	Geoff	Langerdan	Simon	Rudyk
Stuart	Ashton	Robert	Collins	Steve	Green	Colin	Langveld	Mike	Sherwood
Margaret	Ashton	Mark	Cornish	Susan	Grose	Dave	Langford	Frank	Smith
Jim	Barker	Pauline	Cowan	David	Hampton	Hazel	Langford	Martin	Smith
Suey	Barker	Kate	Davies	Harry	Harrison	Jon	Langford	Fiona	Stephenson
Gill	Baxter	Andre	DeKycke	Eve	Harvey	Steve	McConnell	Andrew	Styles
Norman	Baxter	Alan	Dorey	John	Harvey	Ian	McCord	John	Suslowicz
Tony	Berry	Martin	Easterbrook	Russell	Hoban	Paul	McKeon	Chris	Taylor
Alan	Blair	Keith	Edmond	Chris	Holdstock	Kerry	Moore	Tom	Thomas
Helen	Brown	John	Fairey	Rob	Holdstock	Martyn	Morgan	Iain	Tibs
Sandy	Brown	Mike	Ford	Robin	Houghton	Alastair	Neil		Turtle
Ken	Brown	D. J.	French	Martin	Howell	Joe	Nevin	Dave	Tuttle
James	Brunton	Malcolm	Furnass	Gordon	Hundley	Fiona	O'Connor	Lisa	Tyers
Ed	Buckley	Jim	Gallagher	Andrew	Irvine	Mike	Parry	P.	Vincent
Alastair	Campbell	Kevin	Gallagher	John	Jarrold	Joan	Peterson	Paul	Wilkes
Celia	Cockburn	Peter	Game	Anthony	Johnson	Dai	Price	John	Zelazny
		Peter	Gilligan	Leroy	Kettle	Geoff	Rippington	Roger	

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