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CONTRIVANCE PROGRAMME BOOK

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Contrivance

The Chairman Welcomes - A Sort of Introduction

by Tim Illingworth

Welcome to Contrivance '89 - the 40th Easter SF Convention, and the first to be held in the Channel Islands. For once, I can say "I hope that you will enjoy the convention that we've prepared for you" without the suspicion that most people, if they read it at all, will be on their way home from the convention.

I've been preparing for this article in the traditional manner - by reading all the previous Eastercon introductions in order to steal as much as possible, and it seems that none of them have talked much about the con. So here goes with the sales talk.

We feel that this convention has a number of advantages over previous Eastercons. Our main hotel has been most co-operative, even going so far as to provide an extra door in the basement of the extension for us. They also don't seem to have heard of the word "No", except in the phrase "No problem".

We have two excellent Professional Guests of Honour in Anne McCaffrey and M. John Harrison, both leading exponents in their chosen areas, and whose principal complaint so far has been that we aren't working them hard enough. Our Artist Guest, Don Lawrence, has painted the excellent cover to this Programme Book, and will be contributing to the convention in many other ways.

Our Fan Guests of Honour, Rob Hansen and Avedon Carol, have both been involved in fandom for many years, and will no doubt be found in the Fan Room and Bar, making this year's TAFF winner feel welcome. Indeed, that is much of the purpose of the Fan Area - to welcome the newcomers to this strange world of British Fandom.

A major advantage that we have definitely enjoyed is that of being the first Eastercon to be bid and won two years in advance. In practice, this was diminished somewhat by the necessity of spending the first six months working on the 1987 Worldcon at Brighton instead. However, we were able to spend the last eighteen months concentrating on Contrivance, and that has definitely made it an easier convention in the planning than the previous one-year Eastercons with which we have been involved.

No welcome, of course, would be complete without mention of the island of Jersey. A small, idyllic island, set in a warm sea and angled to catch the sun, and full of the friendliest of people. It's the only place I've been where cars are customarily left unlocked, and that seems to reflect the feel of the island - as if it were marooned in time, about thirty years ago. It is also full of cheap drink, but the locals aren't.

So, go out and enjoy the convention and I'll see you in the bar. Mine's a pint of bitter.

Credits

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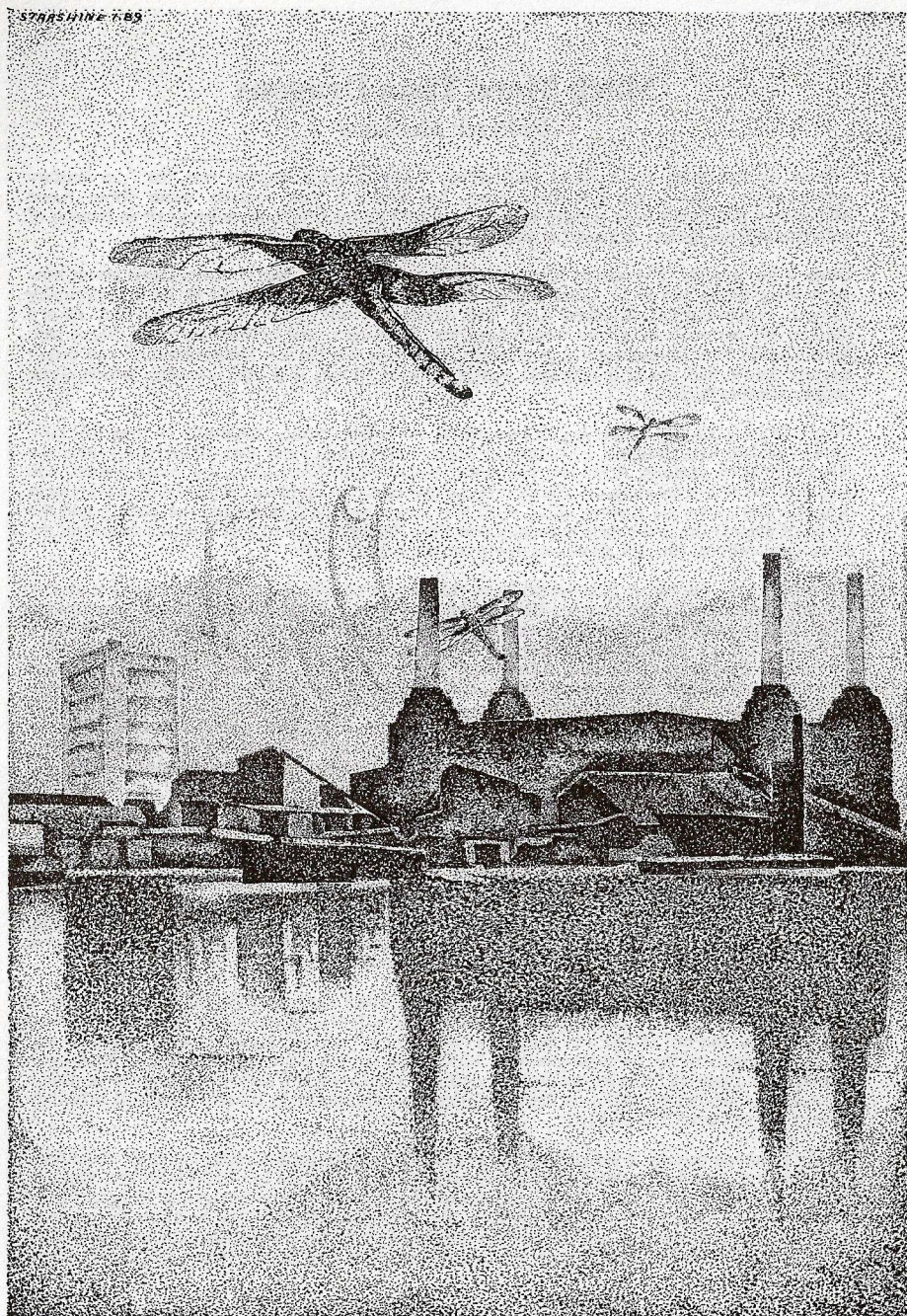
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Contrivance would like to extend its heartfelt thanks to ICL's long-suffering Reprographics department, for their efforts in producing our publications over the last three years.

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Much More Than Dragons

by Peter Morwood

"Write us something about Anne McCaffrey." The original request was for "...a literary appreciation..." but Diane got there first. So what do you actually write about Anne McCaffrey that hasn't been written before and isn't either libellous, dubious or in breach of both the Official Secrets Act and the sanctity of the confessional...?

Quite a lot, actually. Everybody knows about the dragons, of course. Less know about how such form-filling had to be done before the Irish Government agreed to let a genetically altered xenobiological life-form into the country (well, they were afraid that *Draco ignispirans pernensis mcaffrae* would frighten the horses, and besides the main flight path from Dublin International runs near enough right over the Hold.) Dragonhold, if you didn't already know, and yes, it is a proper postal address - even if it isn't a castle, which some people seem to think.

Dragonhold is actually a nice largish bungalow out in the country, inhabited by dragons, cats, books, Dobermans, dragons, a shotgun, books, a word-processor that occasionally gets the chance to cool, dragons, Anne and her sister-in-law Sara (Sis), and a few more books. Oh yes, and the rest of the dragons, the porcelain and brass and pewter and wooden and etcetera dragons that crowd the shelves along with the Hugo and the Nebula and the Balrog and the Gandalf awards and, since they're mostly not Pem dragons (hard to find in a gift shop) but the more conventional sort, get all possessive over the sparkly stuff.

It's actually the cats rather than the dragons that amaze people. Dragons you expect; cats too, but not these cats. It must be something in the air, because of the four of them (if you include Chessie, the small neat tabby who lives with Sis and bosses her about unmercifully when it's time to leave the paper or the guests or the TV and go to bed) only Chessie is sensibly cat-sized. Bigpaws and Bronski (black-and-white tuxedos) and Bearcat (outrageously and unrepentantly ginger) are... Well, enormous, if you must know. The earth doesn't quite shake as they walk by, because that upsets Anne when she's working, but there are slight tremors and things fall off shelves. And they're no fat cats. Just massive, and able to five Saffy the Doberman two falls' advantage out of three when they can be bothered to exercise the feline right of superiority. This doesn't happen often, since they know they're superior and just loll about being that way.

Saffy, for her part, isn't moved by any of this. She knows who's boss, and it isn't those dam cats. After all, she spends more time behind the wheel of the car than Anne does. This is true: when she's not sitting in the house looking noble in her Anubis pose and making the cats feel inferior, she perches in the Toyota and thoroughly confuses the guests who've just recovered from the size of the cats. Oh and by the way, until you sit down and are given tea (which happens very fast in Dragonhold and indeed any Irish household) she's all Doberman - long legs, narrow eyes, big teeth and a bark that makes your teeth rattle. Surprise visitors discover very fast that the surprise part works both ways. I should know...

I was invited to come calling for the first time in 1985, and after MythCon in Hull drove down from Dublin Ferry port into the Wild Wicklow Hills, where dwell Writers. This was when I found out two things: (1) that Irish roads are not as well signed as they might be and (2) that to many of the local people Miz McCaffrey isn't a writer at all, but a gentlewoman farmer who owns and breeds quality horseflesh. (In County Wicklow that carries as much clout as any number of weeks on the bestseller lists, and possibly more.) Consequently they protect her as Once Of Their Own.

When someone driving a Northern-Irish registered car comes knocking on their door after dark, having been thoroughly lost for two hours in Dublin - see (1) - and asks in a vaguely British (read "foreign") accent for directions to Dragonhold, which means that he hasn't been given them by Anne, they ... aren't helpful. Not even when he says that he's lost the piece of paper they were written on - an' shure who'd be believin' a tayle loike dat. Oh, they don't say "Go away", but they give directions that are almost, but significantly not quite, right. I was

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supposed to be there by nine p.m. I got there at one in the morning. Anne had assumed that I wasn't arriving that night and had gone to bed. So...

Car, headlights on high beam, rumbles slowly up the gravel drive. Stops. Car door opens, shuts. Feet crunch to the front door of the house. Black silhouette, ferociously back-lit by the blaze of quad quartz-halogenes. Raises hand to knock. House door jerks open from underneath the descending knuckles, unleashing two Doberman Pinschers and the double barrels of a ten-gauge shotgun. Silhouette considers this for a nanosecond as he stares down a matched pair of railway tunnels and then reaches for the sky, wondering which bit of himself he'll lose first. Then the gun starts to shake as the person behind it starts laughing...

One thing about the McCaffrey sense of humour. She can see the funny side of **anything**!

And the horses...? When discussing Anne McCaffrey one must not forget the horses, O Best Beloved. Pie, D.C. and the others, both Anne's own horses and those resident for board and schooling, live a few miles up the road in Dragonhold Stables, a bloodstock stud-farm which at time of writing contains the only American-style stableblock and exercise arena in Ireland. They're the archetypes for the Pern dragons, big, amiable, snuffly beasts who win awards and rosettes almost as a matter of course (race or cross-country) and who'll sell their gentle souls for sugar. Flying and fire-breathing are about the only things they don't do, and even then you'd wonder when Pie's three-day-eventing with the wind behind her.

And as for the lady herself, she's all the things you've ever heard about her and then some. Anne McCaffrey maintains a schedule that would give one of her own horses pause for thought. She's got two books on the go right now: *Renegades of Pern* about, well, Pern, and a follow-up to *To Ride Pegasus*, and my Sources tell me that the third Killashandra book is lurking just over the horizon.

These, and the others that will follow them, are written by a silver-haired lady in her early sixties who gets up at eightish (more than Diana and I can ever do) and is at the keyboard by nineish for a work-day that is usually eight hours plus. The **plus** covers interruptions from the stables, from the postman...but doesn't include time taken up by answering fan-mail (ably assisted by her secretary, The Lovely Jenny), reading the review copies mailed to her by

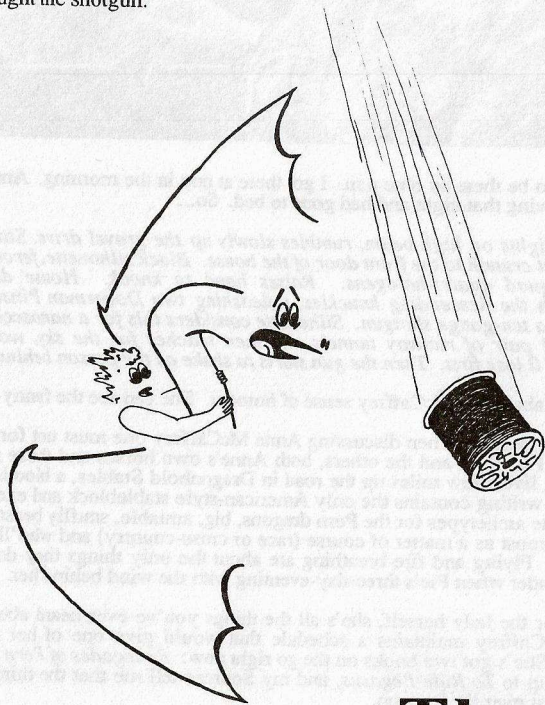
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publishers both here and in the U.S.A. (can you imagine what it's like to have to wade through a stack of SF and Fantasy books **whether you want to or not** and - if they deserve it - say something nice about them afterwards?) and getting on with the ordinary business of living (which is more difficult than you'd imagine if there's a deadline to meet, but when it comes to skipping mealtimes there's Six to contend with...)

I haven't mentioned the Convention Circuit or the Signing Tours, either. It's all right on this side of the Atlantic, but in the U.S. there are multiple time zones and ridiculous distances to contend with: it takes several days to get ready for the trip and a week afterwards to get over the jetlag, days that are lost to writing which is after all the whole point of this business. And that's only when everything runs smoothly. Anne has some amazing horror stories about when things go wrong, like the twelve-cities-in-twelve-days-plus-radio-interviews-and-whatever-else-we-can-fit-in expedition, or the convention banquet where the hotel refused to bring on any food until they got the money up front (and guess who paid it so that everyone could eat?) or the pickpocket in New York who nabbed **all** of her credit cards...

Despite all of this, Anne has never killed anybody (permanently, at least) and still likes being invited to Cons. It has a lot to do with meeting people. Despite the flash and pizzazz of book-covers by Whelan and Roe and the rest, despite the dragons and the spaceships and the crystals, everything she writes is ultimately about **people** and the way they interact with one another. So meet her, say hello, and don't be afraid.

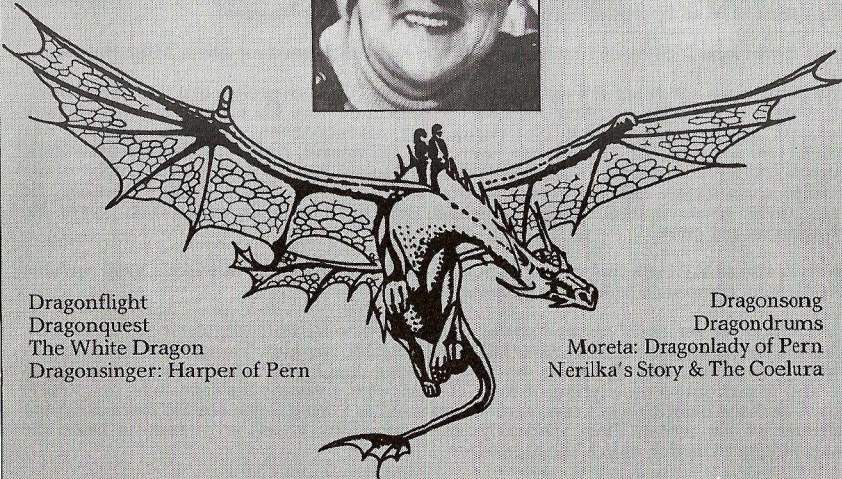
She won't have brought the shotgun.



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M. John Harrison

by Tanith Lee

In my very early twenties, holidaying by the sea for the first time in years, I happened on an astonishing book in the local book shop. It was the title that drew me, like a magnet, and had me climbing over stacks of volumes on the floor and pawing furiously at the high shelf until my male companion came to my rescue. "Is this the one you want?" he asked. "Wonderful name... *The Pastel City*. Wonderful name indeed. And oh, the book - I consumed more fantasy and SF then than I do now, and frankly had been disappointed often. But here was not solely a Science Fiction-Fantasy, but a novel. Beautiful, profound and remarkable. The writer was plainly a genius, a poet and metaphysician, with a wide understanding of human psychology, and an ability to create characters as true as they were unique. I realized instantly that a man with this grasp and insight, knowledge and stylistic power, must be elderly. Perhaps seventy-seven or older. I had a savage urge to write him a fan letter, but desisted. I was not even published then. This ancient alchemist, on the other hand, this scholar exploring tomes in a dark tower - he was beyond letters, probably, unless borne in by owls and fish-eagles. Did the mysterious M at the start of his name stand for Merlinus, or Magnus?

I think it was Jane Johnson of Unwin Hyman who first enlightened me about Mike Harrison.

He is in the same age group as I am, which means that - unforgiveably - that wonderful novel was written in his early twenties. As other readers know too, his talent and strength have increased, and go on increasing. Not being, then, seventy-seven, or ninety-seven, or one hundred and seven, he has had the time, incredibly, to improve. And while he has surely done as much and more than most to raise the status of Fantasy and SF with the geography of the so-called main-stream. Mike Harrison is not simply a genius, but a Writer. Whatever he writes, under whatever label the label-mongers will apply to it, he writes with power. He distinguishes any genre.

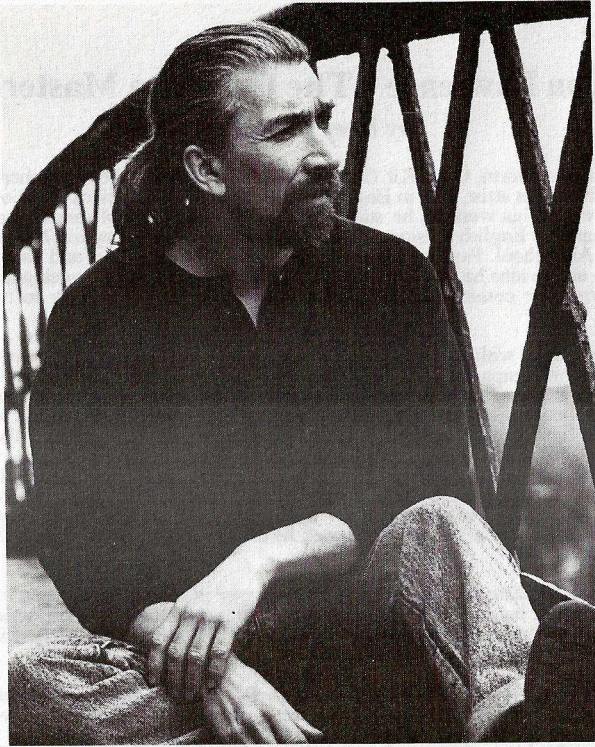
Which is also to say I still find it hard to equate this towering quality of Mike's work with the most pleasant companion Mike is as a human being.

He does have an element of tegeus-Cromis, but none of the Byronic languishing. Mike is a fit, attractive figure, with leonine characteristics and palpable energies. Though it is a fact he can suddenly render a riveting thesis on, say, the Gnostics, opening out like an encyclopaedia, he will also launch into a description of rock-climbing that gives me the (spurious, temporary) wish to seek the nearest rock. I can climb in my mind as I listen. I can see the fascination and challenge of the ascent. Thus, evidently, the story-telling knack is present in Mike the conversationalist as well as in Mike the writer.

There stands behind Mike also, as he speaks and is, the northern backdrop frequently ambient in his literature, the grey-green walls of the hills, the quarries, streams and boulders, and the weird traditions, that go back to buried horse skulls and the death dance, of the world's roots. Then, too, along with the bedrock, he has about him the canny, ironic air of the recruit to the town, street-wisdom. It is certainly no accident that Viriconium has come to be all cities of the always, or that London, in Mike's typewriter, turns itself to Viriconium, a place of poisonous chemical fires, alleys, diseased rubbish-tips, nasty back-rooms, the river of night.

But there seems very little of a shadow on Mike the man. When I think of him typically, for example, I instantly recall one hot summer evening when Jane Johnson and I sat drinking something cold and alcoholic, and Mike, browner than Tarzan, sprang off down the stair with the message: "I'm just going for me run." Returning thirty-five minutes later, not out of breath, and with the smile of a feral cat. Or there is a thoughtful, concentrating Mike, the ideal audience, listening to something being said or read. Or Mike himself the reader, conjuring the Grand Cairo, or an Ice Monkey, with a lovely level of delivery. Or Mike on a bus at one in the morning, all of us but him doubting we would ever get home, and he laughing in enjoyment at some rowdy youths who, unconsciously, were changing into the Barley Brothers just to please him. "I like them," said Mike, seeing through the masks to the veracity of youngness and vitality.

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Somehow Mike seems to have achieved the proper, but so-rare balance between the physical and the intellectual, the 'real world' and the Real World of the spirit. A scholarly alchemist's mind in a warrior body that scales cliffs, a mentality passionately devoted to both sports, the rope and the pen. (Neither is mightier, apparently.)

The other image is of course of a dark-browed Mike at the door, coffee on the brew, and a floor littered, carpeted, with screwed-up nests of paper. Jane: "Ah, you've been working." And Mike's restrained growl, played down not to dismay the visitor, (me). Work has been more painful today, more elusive. The magic answer visible as a mirage, teasing, running off into the wood. We all know it in this form. But Mike stands before it, leaning off into sky - he is the perfectionist of the rock-face, pushing his endurance onwards against the mountain of language.

Mike the mountaineer on the surface of the book, a foothold, a finger-hold, a chance taken, a self-seen error flung down, controlled anger, searching self-demand. And then the summit, where the wings take over from the rope.



Don Lawrence - The Unknown Master

by Kees van Toorn

The Trigan Empire, Storm, Grek, Kit Carson, Well's Fargo and a host of other comic series have been drawn by an artist, who in England is hardly known by Science Fiction fans. Many fans must have seen his work, as he started at a small London publisher in the early fifties with Marvelman, the English version of the American superhero Captain Marvel. It was his first job after Art School. Payment for comics in those days was low and Don did not only have to do the art, he also had to write the script. He did ten pages per week and learned how to draw and visualize comic figures. He also learned the basics on how to make a comic album.

Don Lawrence stayed with this small publisher for four years before he switched to I.P.C. (Fleetway). For this company he did a great number of varied series, starting with Kit Carson. Then came Well's Fargo after the television series of the same name for a magazine called *Zip*. For *TV 21* he did *Fireball XL5*, which was a difficult job as the comic was based on puppets and the figures in the comic had to look like puppets. Don Lawrence also worked for *Swift* (a companion of *Eagle*) and a number of other magazines. Due to the immense amount of magazines he worked for in the sixties, it is almost impossible to sum up all the various comics he drew, but he came to fame with *The Rise and Fall of the Trigan Empire*. This science fiction/fantasy adventure began as a serial in 1965 and lasted (at least with Don Lawrence as the artist) until 1976. Every week he did two pages, based on a script written by Mike Butterworth.

The basic idea of *The Rise and Fall of the Trigan Empire* is simple. It has been told in many a science fiction novel, but due to the outstanding illustrations Don made, the series became an instant hit. Unfortunately, the scriptwriter of the story had some rather right-wing ideas and after ten years Don grew tired of the Trigan Empire.

The series had been sold to other countries as well - Holland being one, where publisher Oberon had a huge commercial success with the Trigan Empire. What had always bothered Don Lawrence was the fact that he did not get second rights (meaning foreign sales did not generate income for him) of his work, such being the agreement with I.P.C. When Oberon decided the Trigan Empire had had its peak, they approached Don Lawrence with the idea to start a new series, made exclusively for the Dutch market. At that point Don had started negotiations with I.P.C. for a better payment - which was turned down. It meant a new artist for *The Trigan Empire*, who continued working with Mike Butterworth (the series did not last very long because the new artist had to work with Don's characters, and tried to imitate his rather unique style).

For Don Lawrence, it meant a new beginning that started with a trial album, based on an idea by Martin Lodewijk. This album with the hero *Grek* never really made it. The continuous efforts of Martin Lodewijk to get the idea for a science fiction comic off the ground resulted in a new scriptwriter, Philip Dunn, for another new series. The three men started plotting and within a number of weeks the idea of *Storm* was born. *Storm* is about a spaceman who travels to the distant future of the Earth where numerous adventures take place with alien creatures, men and monsters and all elements of good science fiction and fantasy. In the last few years Martin Lodewijk has collaborated more closely with Don Lawrence on *Storm* which is now one of the best selling comics in the Netherlands and a number of other European countries.

Recently, Titan Books has started to release the *Storm* albums in England (and the USA) and if science fiction (comic) addicts there are the same as they are on the continent, the *Storm* series is bound to be a great success.

If you want to know more about the man behind this success and the way that he makes his life-like creations spring into action in the distant future of our Earth, then visit the panel where Don Lawrence will reveal all his secrets about how he draws and masterminds *Storm*.

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Don Lawrence by Jije

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Avedon Carol

by Patrick Nielsen Hayden

(A longer version of this appeared in the programme book for the 1986 Wiscon)

I cannot detail Avedon's Fannish Career because fandom is not about careers; fandom is more like a cocktail party on a Moebius strip. Linear history tells us only that she entered the Washington (DC) Science Fiction Association in 1974, hobnobbed around local cons and get-togethers for a couple of years, and then burst like a thunderclap onto the general fannish scene with a sudden storm of funny, feminist, polemical, and hip letters, articles and fanzines. But this is mere chronology. By 1977, when the Women's Apa [the American Apa, not the British "Women's Periodical" - ed.] hit its stride as the focus for a new generation of talented (and politically outspoken) fans, it was as if Avedon Carol had always been there.

What inspired such reactions? Simply, to many of us Avedon Carol represented a new synthesis of **attitude** (an important concept, despite its corruption into a trendy buzzword). In fandom, we already had mundane political debate, but all too often it bogged down in overabstraction (hard to get concerned when everyone in the debate is comfortably middle-class anyway) and died in terminal humorlessness. We already had dedication to fanac as a pursuit inherently worthy for its own sake, but even among the most energetic fans this approach tended to collapse into internecine squabbling for lack of anything further to talk about. And of course we'd already had periodic intrusions of hip sensibility into fandom, something we'd always needed.

Somewhere in the interstices of Avedon's first explosion of fanac, however, many fans of the period 1976-1978 abruptly realized that all those half-tried elements, all that disparate stuff might in fact combine into a workable mix, a new approach to fandom, a new style which integrated our impulses as fannish fans **and** as vague political radicals **and** as participants in popular culture. A crucial part of this was our amazement that someone as patently, um, **cool** as Avedon would **want** to be so involved in fandom in the first place - for, then as now, even the most talented fans tended to labor under the delusion that somewhere outside of fandom there existed scads of hip mundanes having a much better time than we were, rocking and rolling their way through brilliant lives while we hung around hotel corridors reinforcing each other's social inadequacies. Through no fault of her own Avedon bore several resemblances to the dynamic mundanes depicted in this hallucination, yet here she was: energetically getting **into** fandom, taking all its idealistic promise with perfect seriousness, attempting to Be A Fan exactly the way all the received fannish wisdom recommends. Well, since then the heavens have shaken and the earth trembled several times each at least, and from this vantage it's hard to make out the shape the crater took upon first impact. Shrubs and grass have sprouted, and we've become used to seeing the mile-wide dent as part of the landscape. But it was one hell of an impression at the time, let me assure you.

So far, I have attempted to explain how it is that Avedon Carol is significant in fandom: exactly where she fits in with the endless cocktail party on the Moebius strip. But here at the end, a quick description would probably be in order.

Avedon Carol is short, dark, loud, vulgar, funny, smokes too much, complains incessantly about cold weather, and takes forever getting out of the bathroom in the morning. Con attendees who haven't previously met her are very likely to find her friendly, provided that they speak to her as if she were a human being rather than a giant and powerful Big Name Fan. Regarding this dubious status, she has written "I don't feel like being called a BNF is necessarily any kind of useful achievement... seeing as how it seems to mean I'm no longer expected to operate as if I had ordinary human emotions and motivations. I had a pretty good time when I was just a neo who had to introduce myself to everyone." Interesting people (some new ones, even), good conversations, the usual good time of an SF convention: one suspects that these elements, more than any Guest of Honor hoopla, would make Avedon feel really honored here. Well, how would **you** feel?

"A few days [after the 1980 Worldcon] I looked in the Noreascon program book for the first time, and found I was listed in the 'Who's Who'. It said 'Avedon Carol is a provocative

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letterwriter, editor of *The Invisible Fan*, and one of fandom's most knowledgeable and articulate feminists'. Ha ha. No one who met me at Noreascon will ever recognise me from that."

-- Avedon Carol, *Harlot* #2, Spring 1981

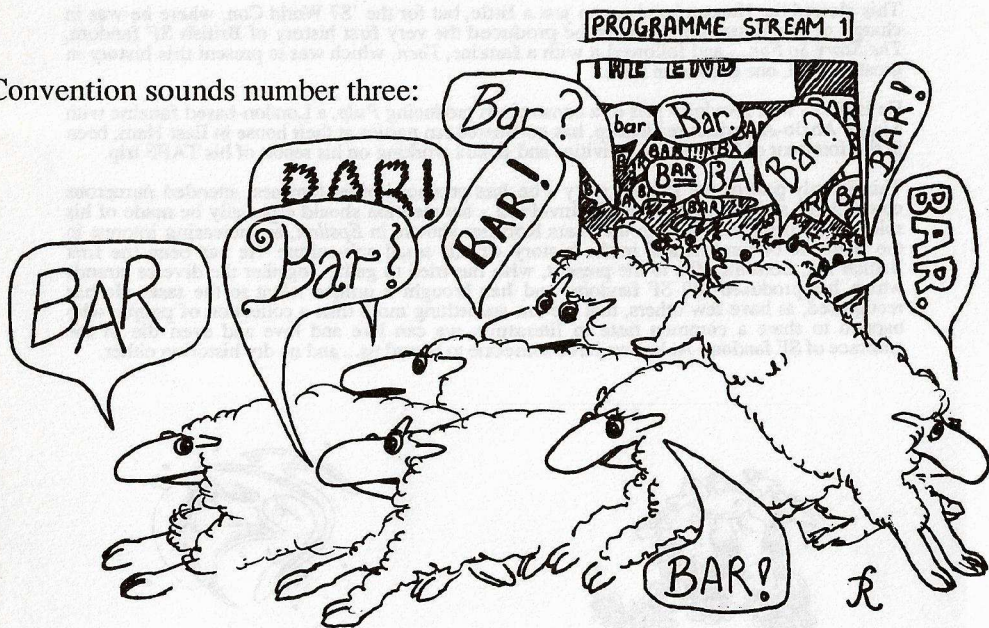
Avedon Carol - Bibliography

Since 1976 Avedon has contributed articles, substantial letters, and reviews to many major fanzines, including *Mythologies*, *Janus*, *Raffles*, *Telos*, *Deadloss*, *Foundation*, *Gambit* and *Xenion*.

In the late 1970s she edited the genzine *The Invisible Fan*; later, she co-edited *Harlot* with Anne-Laurie Logan and Ken Josenhans, and in 1983-84 she co-edited the award-winning (and deplorably funny) one-shots *Rude Bitch* and *Dear Rude Bitch* with Lucy Huntzinger. She has also been a member of A Women's Apa (the American women's apa) since its inception.

Avedon Carol now lives in London with her husband since 1985, joint Fan Guest of Honour Rob Hansen, with whom she has edited *Chuch*. They now co-edit the fanzine *Pulp* in rotation with A. Vincent Clarke and John Harvey. In addition she continues to publish her own solo personalzine *Blatant*, which has appeared since 1981.

Convention sounds number three:



Contrivance

Rob Hansen

by Vinç Clarke

I suppose that if you wanted a picture of the complete fan you wouldn't have to look much further than the sketch of Rob Hansen.

Cardiff-born Rob didn't lisp "science fiction" (or possibly "thience fiethion") at his mother's knees, but apart from that one small drawback he seems to fit the frame perfectly. The young Rob, though well aware of Wells and Verne, was mainly interested in American comics. It wasn't until he was in his teens that a classmate recommended Moorcock to him, and coincidentally at about that time a Moorcock story appeared in strip form which Rob liked. He then found, with the help of another classmate, Ken Slater's "Operation Fantast" sales service.

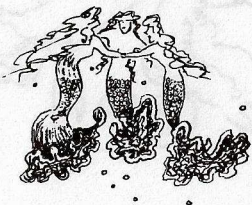
After that it was all downhill. Rob devoured all the SF that he could find, attended his first convention at Easter 1975, and put out the first issue of his fanzine *Epsilon* in September '76. In '77 he was fanning with a then-active Newport group and in '79 was at Seacon, the World Con.

He moved to London in '80 and in '82 the steadily improving *Epsilon* won the Novacon award for best fanzine and Rob won best fan-artist award. 1984 was a good year. *Epsilon* won an award as best European fanzine and Rob winning the prestigious TAFF award, the Trans Atlantic Fan Fund which exists to send representatives of fandom across the Atlantic. He attended the Los Angeles World Con. He was also on the Committee for Mexican, and was in charge of Convention publications. 1985 was an even better year, for he married Avedon Carol, a top American fan who had also won TAFF in 1983.

This slowed the Hansen bandwagon just a little, but for the '87 World Con, where he was in charge of Fan Room publications, he produced the very first history of British SF fandom, *The Story So Far...*, and followed it with a fanzine, *Then*, which was to present this history in greater detail, one decade an issue.

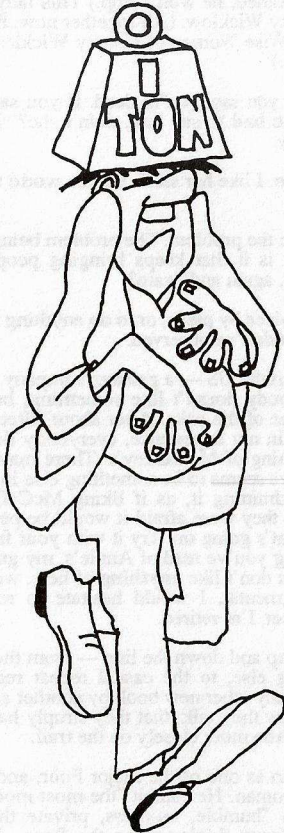
He is also - with Avedon - part of a consortium producing *Pulp*, a London-based fanzine with a large Anglo-American readership, has co-hosted fan parties at their house in East Ham, been in the forefront of London fan activities and is still working on his report of his TAFF trip.

This is only part of the Hansen story - he has produced other fanzines, attended numerous conventions and has been generally Involved - but mention should especially be made of his role as fan historian. Through the years Rob has shown, in *Epsilon*, an increasing interest in the structure of fandom and in the history of this small sub-culture. He has been the first British fan, from the 30's to the present, who has tried to gather together the diverse strands which has produced '89 SF fandom, and has brought a unique talent to the task. He has recognised, as have few others, that we are something more than a collection of people who happen to share a common taste in literature; we can live and love and even die in the embrace of SF fandom. At last we have someone to record us... and no dry historian either.



Rob Hansen Bibliography

Epsilon	1976-85	Genzine	18 issues
Skwelsh	1977	Groupzine	2 issues
Licks	1978	Musiczine	1 issue
Starfan	1980	Stripzine	1 issue
Fish Helmet	1983-84	Apazine	8 issues
Crank	1985-86	(w. Ted White)	5 issues
Eta	1983-	Personalzine	2 issues so far
Chuch	1986	Genzine (w. Avedon Carol)	1 issue
The Story So Far	1987	Fanhstory	1 issue
Then	1988	Fanhstory	1 issue
Pulp - Quarterly genzine (part of an editorial collective with Avedon Carol, Vince Clark, John Harvey).			



Convention sounds number two:

The sound of one hangover clapping.

Contrivance

The Affective Effect:

by Diane Duane

or, What is it about Anne McCaffrey's stuff, anyway?....

I like Anne McCaffrey, so this is a rather dangerous assignment for me. I was asked to do an appreciation of her literary work.

This sort of situation comes to sit, grinning, on many writers' doorsteps sooner or later: and there's no walking away from it, not if you have any guts save the kind that are only fit to make garters of. But it's a little terrifying, at first. Consider: the person you've been asked to write about is (in my case) your friend down the street: the lady who gives you tea every time you see her; the cat nut, one of whose kittens you're adopting; the woman who spent three years setting you up with your **husband**, for pity's sake — with the result that you are now deliriously happy, even if sometimes you begin to think you're married to the BBC Radiophonic Workshop. (Those of you who don't know what this means should insist that Peter do his imitation of a DC-10 for you. Once started, he won't stop.) This lady is, not to put too fine a point on it, the Wise Woman of County Wicklow. (All together now, **Blackadder** fans: there be two things ye must know about the Wise Woman of County Wicklow. First — she be a **woman**. And second — she be **wiiiiiiiiiiiise**.)

But what's to do? In my situation, no matter what you say, you're dead. If you say you like her writing, people are just going to say, "Well, she **had** to say that, didn't she?" But to say you didn't like it would be a lie. In my case, anyway.

I sigh and turn away from this problem. I like Annie, I like her stuff. Let the world think what it wills.

But oddly enough, these facts do shed some light on the problem. The problem being: Why do so many **other** people like Annie's work? What is it that keeps bringing people to this woman's work — and then bringing them back to it, again and again?

I am not proposing to go through the list of works piece by piece, or to do anything at all even vaguely scholastic. Just let me cite some general trends I've observed.

There is a famous commercial for a cake company in the US — a gateaux company, I suppose we would say here — that has a slogan: "Everybody doesn't like something, but nobody doesn't like Sara Lee" — that being the brand name of the cake. After about fifteen years in fandom, now, I can say with some authority that, in my experience, everybody doesn't like **something**, but almost nobody doesn't like something of McCaffrey's. There may be books of hers they will rail against, but there almost always seems to be something else in the canon that they like. And sometimes they are shy of admitting it, as if liking McCaffrey is an indication of some fatal tenderness of soul (or as if they were afraid it would be perceived as such). This reaction itself may be indicative of what's going on. Try it with your friends: see what the response is. If you yourself hate everything you've read of Annie's, my guess is that there is some material of hers you've missed. If you don't like **anything** of hers, well, I don't know what to say. It would be rash to be judgmental. I would hesitate to recommend psychiatric help — and besides, as regards **that** career, I'm retired.

But if you talk to people who read McCaffrey, all up and down the line — from the hardcore types who admit to hardly ever reading anything else, to the casual repeat readers who gratefully pick up the new McCaffrey as readily as any other new book by another author they like — you may start getting a feeling, from the way they talk, that they simply have a great affection for the characters. This perhaps puts us a little more closely on the trail.

In *The Four Loves*, C.S. Lewis classifies Affection as one of the major Four, and carefully distinguishes it from likings and loves for the subhuman. He calls it "the most modest of the loves", almost a shamefaced one — living with "humble, un-dress, private things: soft slippers, old clothes, old jokes, the thump of a sleepy dog's tail on the floor...." It is not something you take out and show off to illustrate your good taste.

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Familiarity seems to be an important aspect of this particular love. An old acquaintance acquires this patina or "affect" (I here use the word in its psychiatric sense of an outer expression or presentation) with the passage of time, and the relationship continues to deepen, not only because of the good things about the other person that started it in the first place, but also because of the familiarity. A friend of a year is wonderful: a friend of ten years, much more than ten times more so, because of this effect. And the same can be said of characters in books, surely. The relationship between reader and character is not as immediate as that between human beings — there's an obvious limitation of response on the book side — but sometimes it seems nearly as valuable.

And not just any character will do, either. Nor is there any way to predict (any more than with people) which characters will kindle this response and desire to come back and visit with them again. For example, I cannot get rid of an irrational love for Lord Gro, that great traitor of Eddison's *The Worm Ouroboulos*, a man who will turn his coat at a moment's notice, but still (by his own lights) is no traitor at all, "but will follow [his] own lodestar still". And, heaven help me, I cannot get rid of the starship Enterprise — not specifically the characters who ride in her over time, but the ship herself — the image of a machine not sentient, but loved as if she were, by people who ride in her hunting truth and finding reality. I feel strongly that my world is the better for having met both these characters.

You could probably make a case that a person loves specific characters in a book because they satisfy some hitherto unspoken need. Some say this affection results when characters remind us of people we actually know, and there is a delight in seeing art mimic life. Or when they are not actually like people we know — a case of familiarity calling to familiarity, as it were, across the deep — perhaps it is that a given character is someone we would like to know. One comes back to them again and again to perpetuate and deepen the relationship, to see if there are things to be found out about them that one doesn't know as yet. Sometimes one comes back to them simply to re-experience and celebrate the liking itself. Doubtless everyone who reads this will have his or her own examples.

Nor are mere repeat performances enough to bring on this (sometimes) almost irrational liking. The way they behave will usually influence the verdict. Gro, mentioned above, may be a plotting, conniving traitor, but he is also a noble creature — gentle enough to ask a glow-worm's pardon when picking it up to read a broached treaty by, learned enough to undertake voyages of exploration for the delight of knowledge, though the voyages almost kill him, valiant enough to contrive the escape of a lady of the enemy party from the castle she has surrendered to save her people; witty, humorous, understanding, altogether a remarkable person, one worth knowing, and knowing better. One is glad, when the book he appears in bites its own tail, and the "wicked" dead are resurrected young and glorious again with the "good", that Gro is back in the redoubt of Carce again, scheming and plotting and being his splendid self. It would be horrible if he were gone: one has gotten so used to him — and this after only one book.

Various friends have described this same reaction, but with McCaffrey's characters: you get so used to them. Some of them almost seem to themselves embody affection, and properly



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expressing this embodiment seems to be one of the great McCaffrey gifts. You get so *used* to Masterharper Robinton, for example, the dear old thing, who (as we say over here) "likes to take a drop every now and then". As he appears in book after book, always steady-minded, calm, the eye of the storm, his compassion and easy-going cleverness become so familiar and dependable that when they are suddenly threatened — by his heart attack in *The White Dragon* — the reader familiar with him is briefly terrified by the prospect that he might die, and something so reliable, so amiable, might pass out of the books forever. Things are quite uncomfortable until we see him ensconced down South in his snug little nest, recovering, to sing and drink again.

Some might jeer and call this sort of unease a weakness — a fear of the new, or of change; or else it might be labeled as that tendency of the public most reviled by critics (and authors sick of their own trilogies), to eternally want "more of the same, only different". But we do want more of the same, only different, and we can't help it. We are creatures the orbit and axial tilt of whose planet has made time seem both cyclic and linear, and it can't be any other way, at least not any time soon. Our relationship with the seasons — which after these millions of years' evolution are stuck firmly in the pockets of our genes — illustrates the problem nicely. We long for them to come around in their proper order, and they're always the same sort of thing in every year, but at the same time, they're different. Who would dare to revile that innocent delight in the seasonal round? But people feel no particular compunction about making fun of the fondness of the cyclic as regards books.

Why should they? Must fiction be *completely* mimetic? The world already has enough sharp corners, sudden cruelties and unexpected bereavements in it to satisfy even the coldest advocate of "gritty reality". And so much contemporary fiction takes it as a matter of pride to match the grit as closely as possible. Is it so terrible that there should be some fiction that acts as a safe haven, a place to adventure, but "safely" — to exercise the affections and not worry too much about inevitable loss? To those who frown at the idea of "escape", in literature as anywhere else, the only answer is Tolkien's: that the ones most angry and anxious over the possibility of escape are the jailers.

Anyway, why do we so quickly get used to Annie's characters, and want them back? What's the source — or nature — of the quick affection so many people conceive for them?

Here one is in danger of running into that old mistake of identifying a writer with his or her work. I am here to tell you that the writer is *not* the written. But surely the written has to partake of *something* of the writer's — even Heisenberg would admit that, when a mere observer can alter an experiment simply by observing it. A writer's interrelation with his or her fiction is a lot less than the near-total symbiosis often assumed, but also a lot more than merely observational. Perhaps this is where the "effect" comes through, the level on which it operates.

I think that one of the aspects least often "noticed" about a book, or a body of writing, — at least, least noticed by most critics: Dave Langford is one of the notable exceptions — is the effect of the *personality* of the writer on and in what she or he writes. Some writers are nasty, and it shows, even when they're trying to be compassionate: some writers are cynical, and it shows even when they're trying to be idealistic. Cool people may write warmly, and angry ones with enforced calm, but the basic personality thread will usually reveal itself regardless of the subject matter or the context. And possibly this is just as well.

At any rate, there is a sheer *niceness* about McCaffrey's work that is reflected in the work of no other presently working SF writer that I can think of except the wonderful James White. Perhaps the fact that they both live on this peculiar orange- and-green island has something to do with it. If that's the case, I think more of us need to be moved here. In any case, a closer definition of "niceness" is required here, for I am not talking about the teatime, everyday, jam-buttery kind of niceness.

It involves a sort of basic idea that people should be let alone to live the way they want to as regards lifestyle, sexuality, whatever: *Dragonsdawn*, for example turns out to be almost entirely about this issue (though many others are also present). The "niceness" also implies that other creatures are good to live with, whether they're quite as smart as you are or not — there may, after all, be more things in life than smarts. Dragons and horses appear through the works and are none of them Einstein; but they're marvelous people nonetheless. — The niceness states pretty loudly, in places, that looks don't much matter, compared with what you

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are, if what you are is someone you feel worth being. It also says that people should get out in the great world — be it Space or just one's own planet — and see what's to be seen, and not be afraid.

Are these implications cliché-ridden (another favorite accusation of the non-McCaffrey-prone)? Well, most clichés did start out as truth. Probably the key word to describe these aspects of the niceness is "tolerance".

The Niceness includes the idea that women are **obviously** as good as men at doing the things they really want to do, and that they should just get out there and get on with doing them. This theme is more strongly and subtly stated in later works than in the early ones, but almost certainly not in response to the various feminists who found McCaffrey "not feminist enough". Certainly there are precious few "feminists" among Annie's characters, but then again, when you look at them, Annie's women are usually too busy pursuing passions — Kylara's lust, Avril's greed, Kitty Ping's dedication and terror, Lessa's stubborn (and at first vengeful) determination, Moreta's compassion, Helva's adventurousness and love — that are pandemonically **human** rather than strictly classifiable as "female". And in this they are at least as feminist as their sisters more vocal on issues, though certainly they are not perceived by some as being anywhere near as politically correct. **Pace** to the Correctites: feminism, like women, comes in two and a half billion different shapes.

There are many more implications than these about the Niceness, but those are enough for the moment. The psychologically inclined (myself among them) could run happily around among just the listed ones for months, suspecting this reaction to childhood trauma or that old grief. But what would be the point? Action is much more interesting than reaction, even if the action is fictional. History is full of naughty writers who have written heavenly prose that encourages people to be good and do good. Even if Annie were a bank robber, her work would be none the less worth reading. And she's not a bank robber. In fact, she's very nice.

Does that sound familiar?

I think most of us like niceness — or its big sister, goodness — whether we're willing to admit it or not. Some will admit it, but the admission will often be oddly grudging, since generations and centuries of bad example still unfortunately leave most of us feeling that evil somehow makes better or more interesting copy than good. Too few writers — Tolkien was one of the very few — are willing to consciously try to break the rep Entropy has for being more interesting than Joy: and successes, in this world seemingly ruled by Entropy, are by definition never more than partial. ...In any case, I think Annie's work inevitably bears the stamp of her basic niceness, and her readers find it there, in the actions and feelings of her characters, and are by and large attracted to it. The niceness itself is the "hook" on which our affection for her characters catches. We have liked niceness many times before: presented with it again, shaped like Robinton or Moreta or Lessa or Helva, we like it again, differently... "just more of the same, but different." I dare anyone to find anything bad about that. It would seem that the affectionateness of the author both to her characters, and to the world in general, is transmuted into affection toward the author by her readers: and who knows what other affections, besides? Why try to count the ripples in a pool? But the world is unquestionably better for Annie's dragons, her starships, and all the other creatures littering her literary sphere of influence.

There are writers, now, about whom you could make the above statement, and they would cringe or wince or denounce you, or run and hide, terminally embarrassed in either case by being accused of being nice. But I suspect that when Annie reads this, she will probably just say "Thank you" to anyone who says they agree with it: and then she'll simply go home and write more...and just as nicely.

That's the most certain indication of what's going on. Good is among us in one of its many guises, pursuing the science of a piece of science fiction with more or less urgency, as needed, but always looking as hard as possible at the people: getting the job done, saying what she/it feels, having a good time and trying to make sure that we do too.

So enjoy.

M. John Harrison: a literary appreciation

by John Clute

It seems simple enough. Here is M John Harrison, who is the author of eight books. Or nine books, if you count the American and British versions of *Viriconium Nights* as separate productions, which you should. Or ten books, if you count *Climbers*, his longest novel to date, and his first for the better part of a decade, which is currently in production at Gollancz. Or eleven books, if you count the non-fiction *Fawcett on Rock*, ghostwritten for Ron Fawcett, and devoted to the joys of climbing mute prongs of the planet while whistling through your teeth before you come loose and hit the hard Earth with an ooph and maybe live through it. Which may be what all of his books are about. Of which there are only ten, if you ignore *The Machine in Shaft Ten*, which Mike Harrison (he calls himself M John Harrison only because in 1966, when he began to publish, there was already a writer named Michael Harrison, now dead, who had been writing science fiction and fantasy novels for many years) would like you to, wrongly. Or eleven, if you count *Viriconium*, an omnibus containing two previous volumes.

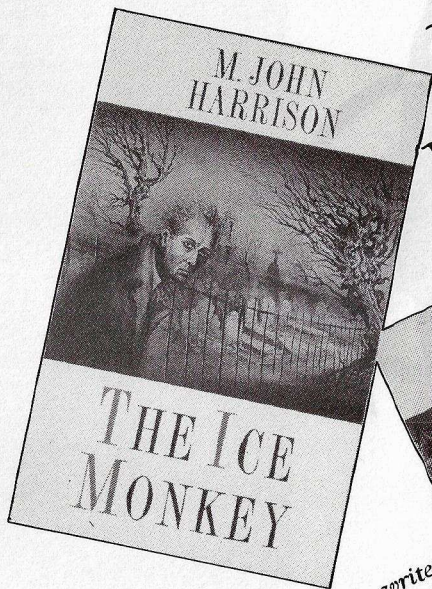
So it seems simple enough, certainly if everything M John Harrison has written boils down a series of versions of what it means to climb part of the way off the planet and inevitably to fall back again—to have illusions, in other words, and to learn that though they blind they do not hold. Purity of heart—one might say, quoting the anguished surly theologian S Kierkegaard—is to will one thing, and there may be no better way of understanding Mike Harrison than to work on the assumption that everything he has ever written wills one thing, which is to see the world. When taken in chronological order, his collected stories and novels read like a series of drafts of one final book about True Sight. Sight without signs. At the moment that final book may be *Climbers* (due late this year), but a decade hence *Climbers* may well seem no more than a harbinger, a transparency staining the white radiance of eternity of the real final book, in which sign and signifier finally wed in words that cannot be gainsaid: pure, simple, beyond all paraphrase: the world from which there is no escape, because the signs and symbols we use to pretend that we are escaping will have been stripped in this final book of all the maya and dreck and fantasy we have coated them with, and we will be face to face with the thing itself, which pays no heed. And from this True Sight, whistling rock lullabies through our teeth, we shall, of course, fall.

It is because there are no tales in heaven, because any description of Paradise is in truth a description of the Fall, because novels cannot live on True Sight alone, there is no story in the world which is not a tale of the Fallen. *Climbers* may culminate Mike Harrison's long campaign to strip his fantasy and science fiction of all its maya and dreck—of all the garish and risible escapism which makes laughing stocks in the real world of those of us who still read the stuff even after managing to survive the terrible transformations of puberty or menarche—but all that means is that his newest novel is his first novel to inhabit our own fallen world without protective clothing, and to tell tales about it. But of course it's not that simple. *Climbers* does not so much turn its back on fantasy as come finally face-to-face with it. From the sclerotic pomp of *The Pastel City* down to the entropy-exuding damp walls of Camden Town in "The Incalling," all of Mike Harrison's previous work glares numbly through the mirrors that appear so frequently throughout the new book. These are mirrors into which we, the Fallen, gaze (one is reminded of the character in a recent Arthur Miller play who hates to shave himself, because when he looks into the mirror while doing so, it feels like he's shaving his father) and in which we see the contours of our exile.

Mike himself sometimes gives the impression that he would like to burn everything he published before 1980, because it's all gotten stuck on the wrong side of the mirror, but we need not be constrained by his need to keep his mind sharply on the tales of the Fallen he now writes. We can even plunge into the depths of time and take a glance at *The Machine in Shaft Ten and Other Stories* (1975), which collects some of his earliest work (though it also includes the first book publication of "Running Down"), and when we look at items like "London Melancholy" or the first version of "The Lamia and Lord Cromis" as it appears here and in the American *Viriconium Nights*, we begin to get some sense of where Mike Harrison came from; and why he had to leave.

M. JOHN HARRISON

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Sunday Times
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We are in the middle of the 1960s. Under Michael Moorcock, *New Worlds* was beginning to publish what would come reductively to be known as New Wave fiction, as though Aldiss Ballard Disch Harrison Moorcock Sladek et al could be subsumed under a rubric they would not shed. In this hyperventilated and fragile venue Mike Harrison began his career. From the very first his originality lay not in the exploration of new forms and habitats for speculative fiction, but in his corrosive repossession of the old. In retrospect, for Harrison today, it might seem that this early work owes all too much to the models it infiltrates and subverts; but for his readers in 1966, and for readers even now, there is something deeply exhilarating about the way these early tales, like viruses apeing a victim cell, imitate conventional models (usually sword-and-sorcery or post-holocaust story-types) only to shut down the ancient genre machinery, once properly inside the bone of the old, with a smear of entropy and a rasp of asthmatic laughter. This destructive infiltration by mimesis might be called the sarcasm of the virus, and Mike Harrison was a master at it. His short stories were the work of a demolisher who could hold his breath until the dust settled, and live to write and ruin another day. But could he ever create a full-length novel without suffocating inside the models he would need to invade?

It was a near thing. None of his first books, *The Committed Men* (1971), *The Pastel City* (1971) and *The Centauri Device* (1974), feel very wholesome today, in the light of his mature work. Something fiercely truculent and energetic within each of them stalls, like tetanus, at the edge of expression, and each gives off an overwhelming sense of willed refusal of the joy of telling. Mike Harrison has never been an *unstubborn* writer (or person), and for a few years in the early seventies he gave the impression that the *Despite* in which he held the kinds of genre fiction he was imitating had very nearly stymied him. The sarcasm of the virus does not, in the end, in itself, lead to new terrain. In the rag-and-bone shop of the heart, sarcasm might be called the lowest form of humor. Something else was needed, some goal he could apply his muscle to achieving, through the slough.

This goal is not described in *The Committed Men*, which is set in a stagy entropy-ridden post-catastrophe Britain. There may be no rain in the book, but one's memory is of constant polluted rainfall. The narrative may well embody a logic of explanation for the nature of the catastrophe which the men and women of the cast stumble through in a kind of stalled and pinched St Vitus Dance, but one's memory is of a constant tendency for the tale to dissolve into a stained surrealism of dismantling. I rather love the book. *The Centauri Device*, on the other hand, evokes a different response. It gives this reader a kind of metaphorical lockjaw, perhaps out of sympathy for the author, trapped as he is into creating a genuine space opera, writing hardcase (but almost verbless) sentences like: "*Intestinal Revelation* (lately the *Ella Speed*, out of RV Tauri II—Stomach—with a cargo of nothing) lay at Egerton's Port, Avernus, that infamous planet at the edge of the Ariadne arm," when all he really wanted was to write sentences like "It was a long journey, and worth nothing in the end," or "*Ella* groaned and leaned a few degrees more, settling into the mud," or "He coughed miserably." *The Centauri Device* is Mike's only book whose hardcore science-fiction base is undisguised—the only book whose intrinsic structure is therefore a dream of enablement—and demonstrates with utter clarity how unfitted he is to write escapist literature. Which is not to deny that everything he writes is about trying to escape.

At first glance *The Pastel City*, ostensibly a sword-and-sorcery fantasy set in a Dying Earth choked with magic technologies and fun wars at the end of time, seems only a little less rigid than *The Centauri Device*. We meet an Empire older than memory called Viriconium, which is ruled by a young Queen, Good Queen Methvet Vian, whose inherent dignity causes awe in the cast. We meet a valiant aristocratic soldier out of *Gormenghast* who thinks of himself as "a better poet than swordsman." But who is the reverse, like Gary Cooper, or Salvador Dali. We run the gauntlet of a traditional Wild Gang recruitment sequence in which the swordsman and the dwarf and the Reborn Man and the bloody axe wielder all come together to save the kingdom from the other Queen, Bad Queen Moidart. Both the British and the American editions of *The Pastel City* duly blurb the book as though it were a companion volume to one of Michael Moorcock's contemporaneous purple fantasies, and it must be said that only slowly does the truth tend to dawn on the reader: that *The Pastel City* is not fantasy at all. There is no saving magic in the book, no wizard, no rune with power, no multiverse to escape into; everyone in the cast is an escapist of sorts, but no one ever makes good his or her egress from the trammels of Viriconium. If my own distinction between science fantasy and science fiction is at all workable, then *The Pastel City* is a tale of science fantasy. "Science fiction," I said in *Foundation* 37, "promulgates (though strictly it does not enact) a view forward in which the plot secret to be deciphered will change the world, and we shall be free.

Contrivance

Science fantasy opens (though it often denies doing so) a view into the deep past in which the secret to be deciphered will ineluctably demonstrate for us how the world became the World we live in, which binds us". In *The Pastel City*, for the first time, and rather falteringly, Mike Harrison found a system of metaphors and dreams worth stripping down, a world worth deciphering, a binding reality to seek through maya and dreck.

As *The Pastel City* is a work of science fantasy, the axis between fantasy and reality is therefore a temporal one, and reality must lie in the past, in a binding deconstruction of the bathos of the very notion of a Dying Earth. In the Viriconium books that followed, *A Storm of Wings* (1980), *In Viriconium* (1982), and the collection *Viriconium Nights* (US version 1984; UK version 1985)—the element of fantasy (or more properly science fantasy) steadily diminishes, and the axis becomes a point. Or a mirror. And we are on this side of that mirror. By the end of the last story in the British version of *Viriconium Nights*, the mere word "Viriconium" is all that remains; "Viriconium!" has become an exclamation, a curse, a sign that the raw world in which the protagonist breathes his every breath is itself the only Viriconium our breaths will ever fog.

The route to that final redaction of the sign is a long one, but exciting. At first glance *A Storm of Wings* may seem a perfectly orthodox science fantasy novel about the invasion of a Dying Earth by an alien species; it is also something rather odder. In the guise of a sequel to *The Pastel City*, it is in fact a profound rewrite of the earlier book. Both novels are set in a Viriconium threatened from the north by invaders. In the first version, the life-style of these invaders is subversive of the body politic of Viriconium; in the second, the very Umwelt—the perceptual world—of the invaders intersects and suborns the consensual reality of the sad silly Weltschmers-und-Weimer-choked city. In the first version, actors strut across the stage of the world to accomplish the tasks of the plot; in the second, fixated and appalled, like flies in molasses, they spectate the stage of the world, and the tasks of the plot are accomplished, as it were, by shifts in their perception. The first version is set in Viriconium, a misty boggy land of moors and valleys; the second version, also set in "Viriconium," depicts the land with a richness and precision rarely if ever found in the literature, but this new verisimilitude has the effect of paling out the phantasmagoric contours of the Dying Earth into a kind of gloss laid over the real. What is Mike Harrison trying to make us see?

In the final books of the sequence, the city of "Viriconium" begins to tremble at the edge of the eye, like a half-memory of something slept through and deeply desired, but never truly available to the sleeping escapist. By the end of *In Viriconium* and the definitive British version of *Viriconium Nights*, it is clear that the empire of Good Queen Methvet Vian lies somewhere west of Sheffield and east of Manchester, and that the rain that falls on "Viriconium" also falls on the real world of the Pennines, the world that, in his recent books, in prose that mimes with utmost clarity the miracles of the given, Mike Harrison has been inviting us to see.

But it is much easier to dream. True sight is difficult to earn, and never stays. The dream of Viriconium fogs the glasses of every character in the superb stories of the Fallen either collected in *The Ice Monkey* (1983) or published more recently, tales like "Older Women" (1984) or "The Great God Pan" (1987); and it spooks the vision of every climber in *Climbers*. Because every character in Harrison's recent fiction is all too human, every one of them grapples constantly with the temptation to manipulate the signs of the world into a language which will open the door to Viriconium; and every one of them fails. They fail because the world simply is in all its muteness, and our fantasies of signification are nothing more than the static we emit in the chaos of our fallen state. Viriconium—Mike Harrison implies in the deepening clarity of his latest work—is a kind of **noise**. It is the sound of humans, the sound of the Fallen looking for a Rock.

Viriconium!



Contrivance

Foundation Without Robots

by Colin Greenland

I'm very choosy what magazines about SF I read. I hate *Locus* because it's always full of pictures of fat men in caps who've just earned advances fatter than my total income for writing books fatter than my total oeuvre. *S-F Studies* is too gristly, and *Extrapolation* too dull. I admire *Vector*, though it's a little too earnest for my taste. The *Australian Review of SF Fiction* is right on. But what I like most (and write most for) is *Foundation: The Review of Science Fiction*.

Foundation treats SF as if it matters. In that it has the virtues of a good sercon fanzine. It's there because people want to write and read it, not because it attracts advertisers or enhances someone's CV. No mandarins supervise it. No pieties prevail.

In *Foundation*, people argue: most recently about feminist SF, after an article Brian Stableford wrote in reply to a reply Gwyneth Jones wrote to an article Brian Stableford wrote about the first Arthur C. Clarke Award winner, Margaret Atwood's *The Handmaid's Tale*. A letter from Ellen M. Pedersen, disagreeing with Brian Aldiss and David Wingrove's *Trillion Year Spree*, rakes the embers of the last great *Foundation* row, which featured Roz Kaveney's unrepentant reply to Malcom Edwards and David Wingrove's indignant ripostes to her review denouncing their Hugo Award winner. You want issues? You want *engagement*? Get *Foundation*.

At the same time, *Foundation* is a bona fide academic journal. For all the fisticuffs and personalities embroiled, it's not excitable. It's undeceived by the vagaries of the marketplace. There are no photos of fat men in caps. It's erudite, and accurate; when it isn't, readers pounce. It's substantial. *Foundation* takes a day and more to read, and even then there are articles you haven't quite got round to. By Contrivance the long-awaited comprehensive index will be available (for about a fiver), so you'll be able to find out what they were ("Socioeconomic Speculation in the SF of Mack Reynolds"? "Finnish SF"?) and when.

Foundation is published three times a year by N.E. London Polytechnic for the S.F. Foundation. Each issue carries feature articles in the front (including the fascinating "Profession of SF" series: authors from David Brin to Jane Yolen, Bruce Sterling to Garry Kilworth, talking about their life and work), and reviews (by Scott Bradfield, Lisa Tuttle, Mike Christie, Dave Langford, John Sladek, Judith Hanna...) in the back, with letters and "Foundation Forum" (the punch-ups) in-between. It's edited by three men. Ian Watson is responsible for the breadth, variety and political brio of the features. John Clute commissions the best written and least [redictable book reviews anywhere. Chief editor Edward James describes himself as "an early medieval historian and archaeologist, fan and reader of long standing", and repeats with pleasure Norman Spinrad's comment that the "comprehensive evolutionary overview" of *Foundation*, "though the best available, is somewhat idiosyncratically British".

A year's subscription to *Foundation* costs £8.50 (payable to the S.F. Foundation) in the U.K. and Ireland (students £7.50 with proof of studenthood) from Joyce Day, S.F. Foundation, N.E.L.P., Longbridge Road, Dagenham, Essex RM8 2AS.

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Contrivance

The Contrivance Film Programme

by Peter Smith

Let's admit it from the start. The Contrivance Film Programme is much like other film programmes at other conventions. There is a good range of films, from light farces through black comedy to action-packed dramas, and also chances to see seldom seen or never seen movies. The film selection was dictated by an aim to provide entertaining cinema, by my eccentric tastes, and by the film budget available. But there isn't an ulterior motive, a masterplan, a common theme, underlying the selection. Which made life difficult when the Contrivance publications sub-committee told me to write a piece on what all the films had in common.

Okay. The answer to that is zilch. However there is still food for thought in the films chosen. There is quite a lot worth discussing in the programme. Some of the films are fairly straight forward adaptations of works in other media i.e. *The Princess Bride* had its genesis in the William Goldman book, before becoming a William Goldman script, and *Asterix the Gaul* is an animated cartoon book. Cartoons transfer naturally to the screen, but do books? *The Princess Bride* is fun, but I would contend it needed to be adapted more, and that the film fails to make use of the cinematic medium. Nowhere as bad though as the execrable *Dune*, which only made sense to those who had read the book.

Looser adaptations, and potentially better films for that, are *Howard The Duck* (from the cartoon series), *Bladerunner* (from the Dick novel *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*), and *Orphee* (from the Greek legend). Ridley Scott used Dick and film noir pretty much as the framework for *Bladerunner*, losing the critique of unemployment among farm animals caused by vegetarianism, which is the heart of the Dick novel. Ironically studio cuts in *Bladerunner* succeeded in obliterating what Ridley Scott intended as the crux of the film. Jean Cocteau's *Orphee* is a brilliant revisionist telling of the Orpheus and Eurydice legend, a work of pure cinema. The film of the book is not a great film, nor is the book of the film great literature. Films and books are two different media with different rules. A good adaption from a book to a film is necessarily a radical one.

There are literary references in some of the other films, even if the films aren't adaptations. *She Demons* borrows from *Robinson Crusoe*, Woody Allen's *Sleeper* nods in the direction of H.G. Wells, *Inferno* is inspired by De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, and the alien blood collector in *Not of This Earth* is an interplanetary relative of Dracula. A feature of cinema of recent years has been how prone it is to allusions, plagiarisms, borrowings, pilferings from books and other films. Some films consist solely of scenes copied from other films. But perhaps in this respect films are not so different from books.

Preliminary Tinkerings - the making of Contrivance

by John Dallman

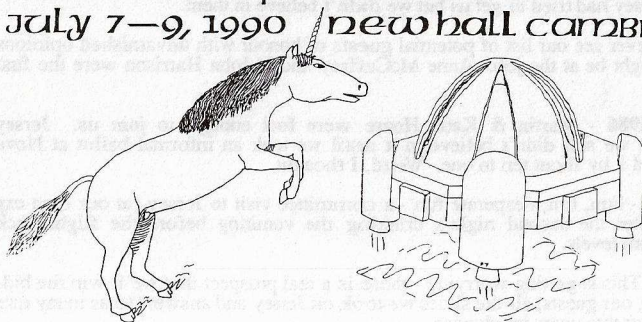
It began...

Easter 1984 - Tim Illingworth, with Peter Wareham, Paul Donner, John Stewart and me ran the University Challenge at Seacon '84. We did it in a thoroughly over-the-top way, making about half as much work for ourselves as a small convention.

August 1984 - Tim is foolish enough to put together a bid for Unicon 6 over breakfast before the bidding session at Unicon 5. He won ("One of us doesn't know what he's got himself into and the other's too drunk to care") and Camcon was born. I didn't seem to be able to get out of it, nor did Peter, in spite of being in the USA at the time. Paul dodged.

Contrivance

uniconze a bid for unicon 11 july 7-9, 1990 new hall cambridge



Presupporting Membership £1

Uniconze, Clare College, Cambridge

May 1985 - The Camcon committee feel they're making a thoroughly good job of preparing for their convention and are getting on well together. They've also noticed that there could be a problem getting anybody to run the 1988 Eastercon, with a Worldcon just before it. The proposal dies instantly - and Karen Naylor and Steve Linton end up on the the Follycon committee.

August 1985 - Camcon is surprisingly successful, given the way we ran it. I'm sure I don't want to do this again for quite a while, but the egoboo isn't bad. Tim, the fool, bids for and wins Unicon 7 - ConSept. Me? I'm nowhere to be seen.

May 1986 - Tim and I are in the Shires Bar, St Pancras Station, for the meeting of Staffen, the St Albans group. It is pointless to enquire why the St Albans group meets at St Pancras. We've just got over Albacon III, and we know that someone has to bid for Eastercon two years in advance at Beccon next year. This is Tim's fault.

I admit I suggested bidding ourselves first, but that's only because my reflexes are faster. Chris Cooper is foolish enough to be the next person into the pub and is recruited. We begin to make some plans...

June 1986 - The concepts were clear now: As there isn't anywhere in southern England where we could hold a large Eastercon in one hotel that hasn't been used recently, we'd run a split-site and do it well. Yorcon III had tried without succeeding fully. We would do it properly. Ho Ho.

We had some committee - Peter was in the USA with Gwen Funnell, so they were both obvious choices. Paul Dörner didn't dodge this one, but some people had to gaffiate specially. Steve Davies had worked with Tim on ConSept. Roger Perkins hadn't enough sense to refuse the offer.

Contrivance

We also had the idea of the programme made of intertwined themes - we stole that from Becon before they used it. And we had inflated ideas of the effects of Conspiracy on fandom - we were afraid we'd get 1500 members!

August 1986 - No, you can't hold a convention in Russell Square. The facilities are there, but the chains won't co-operate. Lots of south coast towns wanted us, but didn't have plausible facilities. Jersey had tried to get us but we didn't believe in them.

No-one will ever see our list of potential guests of honour with unvarnished opinions on how good they might be at the job. Anne McCaffrey and M. John Harrison were the first two we asked.

November 1986 - Martin & Katie Hoare were fool enough to join us. Jersey looked plausible, but we still didn't believe in it until we took an informal ballot at Novacon and people wanted it by about ten to one. Weird, I thought.

March 1987 - Fun, fun, desperate fun - a committee visit to Jersey (at our own expense, as always). After the second night's drinking the vomiting before the flight back was at Gannet-fandom levels.

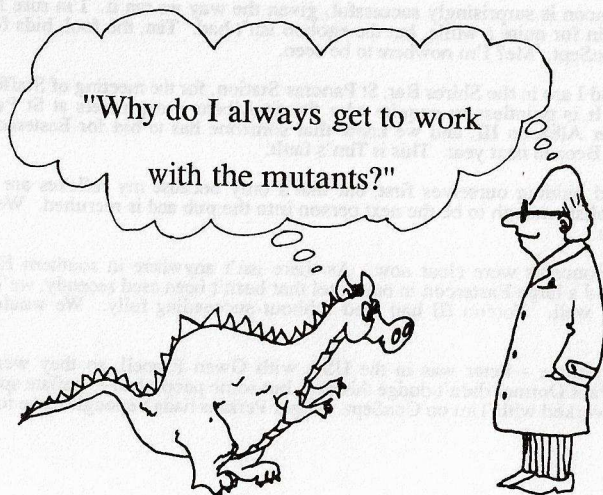
April 1988 - This is getting worrying - there is a real prospect that we'll win the bid. We've got our script, our guests, all the slides we took on Jersey and answers to as many questions as you can answer two years in advance.

Follycon were nice to us at Becon - they left the amazing electronic Folly in the entrance hall of the Birmingham Metropole and went away. Everybody came in, saw it and asked us what it was. Quoth we: "It's a Contrivance!".

I didn't go to the 1988 bid session. One tense mass meeting a day is enough for me. Our session started almost on time. The slides I took worked - apart from the 5 degree list on all the logos and and my mistake in the sequence - not the deliberate scripted one, the other one.

There was no real opposition - Yorcon IV had scratched. I'll always be grateful to Brian Ameringen and Roger Robinson for their bid for Conviction; spoof bids take the pressure off the real bidders and allow them to remain coherent. The Dutch bid was weird - half spoof, half real. I wonder if they knew that Becon '87 had considered Malta as a site?

We won. Lovecraft has nothing on the horror of knowing you've won an Eastercon bid. But you're here. Have fun.



Contrivance

Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust

Just imagine what it would be like if the swallows didn't come with the Spring. No busy chattering from the telephone wires. No metallic crescents swooping into your garage. And no Autumn sky peppered with their wheeling display as they build up enough fuel to make that incredible journey back to Africa.

In 1988 only 4 bald ibis arrived at the last traditional nesting site in the town of Birecik in Turkey.

For thousands of years the Eastern population of the Bald Ibis *Geronticus eremita* migrated back and forth between the Red Sea and the Alps. Its arrival was cause for great celebration in many of the countries on its journey, a heritage which has been recorded in legend and on the earliest Egyptian hieroglyphics. Endowed with sacred significance in many religions through the millennia, it may even have been the first bird Noah released from the Ark, the ancient Hebrew name for bald ibis being identical to that of the raven.

There is one other population of bald ibis which have, so far as is known, developed independently from the eastern population but it too is declining, and less than 150 birds still breed upon a cliff in the Massa National Park, Morocco. The Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust maintains an expanding colony of these birds at the Jersey Zoo. The JWPT, together with Wildlife Preservation Trust International, has built breeding aviaries for bald ibis at Rabat, Morocco and is drawing up plans for a similar facility in Cairo. National zoo veterinarians from Cairo, Morocco and Algeria, all of whom have trained in Jersey, are part of a species survival plan with the aim to build up in the wild the world's population of bald ibis. There is still a little hope for this extraordinary avian character which has been so much a part of the history and ecology across two hemispheres.

The Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust (JWPT) - 25 years old

Gerald Durrell effectively gave away all title to his zoo when it became the Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust at an inaugural meeting in the boardroom of the Royal Jersey Agricultural and Horticultural society on the 6th July 1963.

The Wildlife Preservation Trust manages a growing number of preservation programmes for endangered species. These programmes are comprehensive and include **Propagation** using captive breeding methods, **Research** in captivity and in the field, and **Reintroduction** to the wild when it becomes safe and wise to do so. Equally important components are our **Public Education** and **Professional Training** efforts, the former aimed at local people who must understand the need to save wildlife and the latter directed toward those who will tackle the problem at source. The JWPT is responsible for over 50 endangered species breeding programmes - most of them in Jersey, but some overseas. Of one, there are twice as many in Jersey as there are left in the wild; of another, the only representatives of their species outside their native country are held in Jersey; of several others, there is no evidence that any of their kind continue to exist in natural conditions.

The JWPT is signatory to Accords, Memoranda of Understanding and Agreements with six governments at ministerial level binding the JWPT to years of committed support (Mauritius accounts for £100,000 in the past and another £100,000 in future years - that's cash, support in kind is standard) and binding the governments to conservation policies which enhance the chance of each species' survival by protecting habitat, creating protective legislation and teaching conservation to the people.

The JWPT has received 250 trainees from 52 countries - not including summer school students who number 180. Graduates of the four month training programme include zoo directors, curators, veterinarians and university graduates as well as head rangers and forest officers. The chief of the Royal Forest Department in Thailand and the Chief of National Parks and Wildlife in Liberia are numbered among the Trust's graduates. Trainees may now qualify to augment their studies up to Diploma level and receive this distinction from the University of Kent. The 'Diploma in Endangered Species Management' was created specifically for the JWPT training scheme.

Contrivance

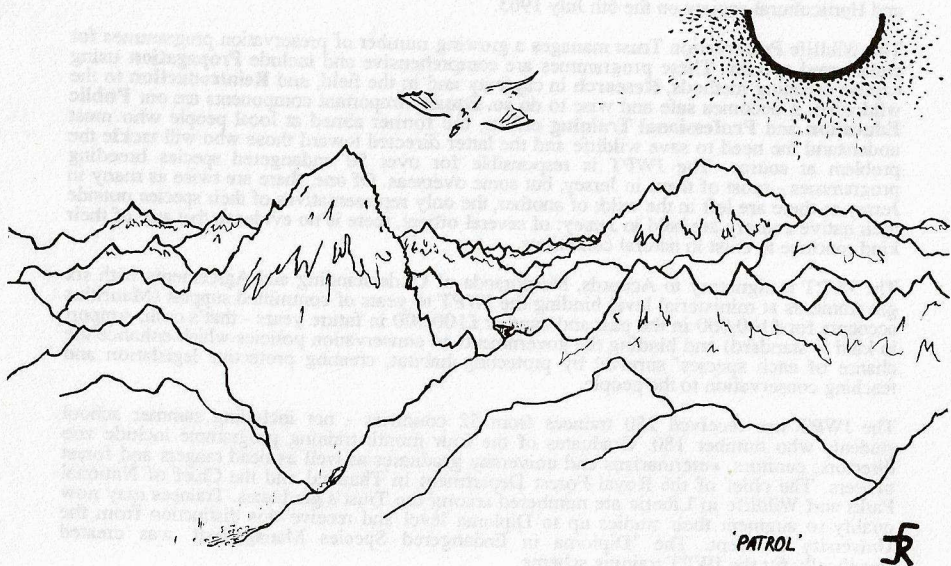
The JWPT has a growing number of full or part time employees overseas carrying out field research and management duties. Senior staff in Jersey regularly investigate existing or fresh reports of species whose survival is threatened in the wild. They also provide follow-up support and training for Jersey graduates who have returned to their place of work. Many staff also play a significant part in the world conservation scene by their appointment to international zoological and conservation bodies.

The JWPT has over 10,000 adult members in 75 countries and a further 4,000 junior members in 46 countries, all of whom receive regular information and publicity material about the Jersey Trust. There is an affiliated trust, Wildlife Preservation Trust International in the United States and also Wildlife Preservation Trust Canada - both founded by Gerald Durrell. Together with an English Trust, the four members of this 'family' of Trusts form The Wildlife Preservation Trust and, together, finance the expansion of the work in Jersey and overseas.

Save One - Save Them All

Gerald Durrell brought to wildlife conservation a new tool - 'captive breeding'. Now constantly referred to as an appropriate measure for aiding the survival of the species, it was, 25 years ago, scorned by many conservationists and zoologists as an irrelevant diversion. While stressing that captive breeding should exist to aid conservation, and while, as he still does, repeatedly expressing dismay that such measures are necessary at all, he established a Trust which has a growing reputation for the conservation of species at a time when most wildlife conservation and associated funds are directed towards the protection of habitat. The Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust can now claim with some authority that by identifying a species for a captive breeding programme, not only can something practical and tangible be done to save the chosen animal but, by using it as a focus for local and national attention, the responsible government can be 'encouraged' to protect the habitat together with the thousands of other species that share it.

After all, as the Trust deftly turns round the question hovering on the tip of your tongue, how can you return animals to the wild if there is no wild to return them to?



Contrivance

Apas

- and would you persuade YOUR best friend to join one?

Explaining fandom to outsiders can be a frustrating experience: "Why do you go to these convention things?" they want to know, and "What on earth do you do there?" But there is nothing, absolutely nothing in the known universe designed to cause more bafflement than mentioning the simple word 'apa'. Fanzines people can cope with, because they're clearly some form of magazine, and don't they have them in the rock world anyway? (and football now, it would seem), but apas are an alien life form. First of all, you have to tell people what the initials stand for: the fact that 'Amateur Press Association' or 'Amateur Publishing Association' will mean nothing to them, and actually means nothing to those who are members, is irrelevant. Apa is clearly an acronym, and so some kind of meaning must be assigned before proceeding to the next stage. Stage two, therefore, is to say how the things work.

"Umm, well, there's this central collator," says the hapless fan, who now wishes she had never got into this conversation, "and we all send him something every month - or six weeks, if that's how long the deadline is - and he, err, collates them, and sends each member a copy of all the contributions. And sometimes they put a cover on..."

By this stage, the look of total bewilderment on the face of the listener is such that the apa member is forced to try a different tack. She smiles brightly and says: "It's a lot like writing a letter. So just imagine you've joined this big penfriend club, only of course, there's more group interaction..." The smile starts to fade. "Because you've received all the letters at once, and instead of replying individually you reply to everyone in the same letter, and you put the individual's name at the top of the paragraph applying to them, and that's what we call mailing comments..."

"Oh yes," says the listener, who is clearly getting lost again. "But what has all that got to do with SF?"

Not a lot, one is forced to admit. People can talk about sf in apas, and indeed many people have, but they've talked just as frequently about their taste in music, or who they went out with last Saturday night, or what they think of Clause 28.

The very best way of all to explain to someone what an apa is, is to lend them a copy, or preferably several. In the meantime, for those who don't have incoherent friends to initiate them, here's a run-down of the current British apas, and who to get copies from:

The Women's Periodical - For women only. Appears every six weeks, members must contribute to every other mailing. Recent topics of conversation: Thatcherite administrators, women painters, pros and cons of motherhood. Administrator: Kate Solomon, 79 Dando Crescent, Kidbrooke, London, SE3 9PB

The Organisation - Open to anybody. Monthly, must contribute to one in three issues, and complete 18 pages over the year. Recent topics of conversation: Albacon, the writings of Charlotte Bronte and bisexuality. Administrator: Kev McVeigh, 37 Firs Rd., Milnthorpe, Cumbria, LA7 7QF

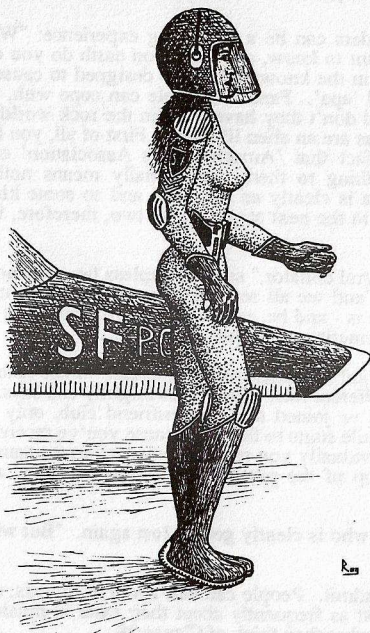
Pieces of Eight - Open to anybody. Monthly, must contribute to one in three mailings. Recent topics of conversation: How to run an apa from Australia, wedding reports, multiple parodies of Neil Gaiman graphic novels. Administrator: Ian Bambro, Ivy Cottage, Ivy Rd., Gosforth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, NE3 1DE

PAPA - Formerly men only, but now open to anybody. Every two months, must contribute to four out of six mailings. Fairly high amateur fiction content. Administrator: Mike Figg, 13 Colin Crescent, Colindale, London NW9 5BP

GAP - Apa for gays or anyone sympathetic to gays. Contact Martin Stewart, 51 Cambridge Rd., St Albans, Herts

Contrivance

Get Stuffed - For soft toys only. Comes out every three months and members must contribute to each mailing. Recent topics of conversation: Hunni, cyberspace and the liberation of Care Bears. Administrator: Phil and Lawrie Panda c/o Janet Stevenson, 64 Mungo Park Way, Orpington, Kent, BR5 4EQ



Hardcover And Paperback SF - 1988

Reviewed by Ken Lake

"About 500 words - no need to be either exhaustive or even representative" wrote Steve Bull in asking me to prepare this overview. I couldn't be either in less than 5,000 words, so let's go.

Mention first of the disappearance of the superb and elegant Gollancz Classic SF series after 20 volumes, replaced by the tatty and misnumbered VG/SF Classics - how are the mighty fallen!

Douglas Adams, Terry Pratchett and Robert Rankin continue to tickle me, while Harry Harrison both amused with the latest Stainless Steel Rat and amazed with the third "Eden" book, another all-time instant classic.

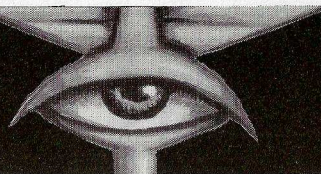
David Brin, Michael McCollum, Spider Robinson and Bob Shaw stand out in my memory for continuing to do superbly what we have all seen them shine at before - fine SF. Gordon R. Dickson continued to recycle his old short stories with one-word titles followed by exclamation marks, fine for the completeness buffs.

Newer writers Graham Dunstan Martin and John McLoughlin were among several to make their mark; I'll be watching for both again in 1989. But I'm devoting the bulk of this article to just two books - books that on my scale from 1 to 5 have both remarkably scored a full 5.

Contrivance

WAKE UP!

To the rising star of fantasy



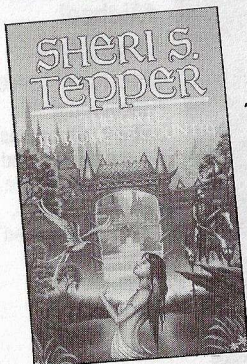
SHERI S. TEPPER

"I doubt if Sheri Teppper
could write a bad book if
she tried"

FANTASY WORLD

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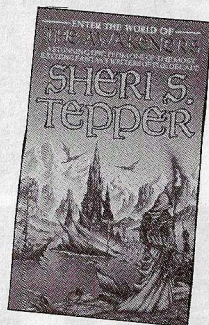
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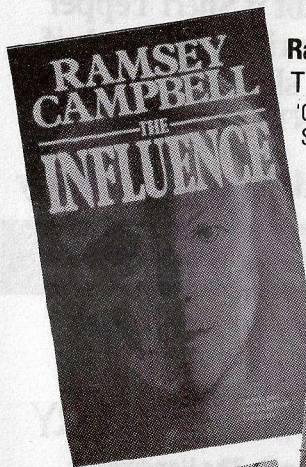
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LEGEND



Ramsey Campbell

The Influence

'Campbell at the height of his powers to terrify and disturb ... Should be read by anyone interested in how horror fiction may be elevated to fine literature'

CLIVE BARKER

£3.50 published on February 16



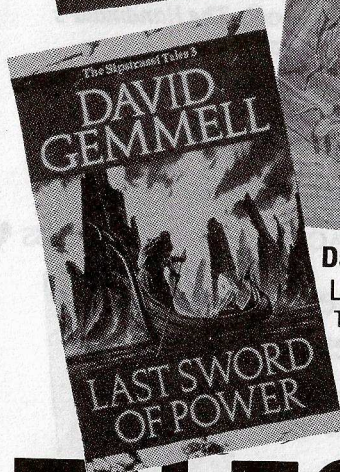
Michael Swanwick

Vacuum Flowers

'I devoured it...It's brilliant, vibrant insight into the human and transhuman future... beautifully written, beautifully invented'

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David Gemmell

Last Sword of Power

The latest magical saga from the rising star of British fantasy. The third novel in the spell-binding Sipstrassi series which includes *Wolf in Shadow* and *Ghost King*.

£3.50 published on May 18



LEGEND



Contrivance

One's a novel from an author hitherto unknown to me, the other an annotated anthology - normally both these descriptions fill me with foreboding. The novel first: at least it has the merit of falling into my favourite SF category: alternate universes - and here we get several, developing from each other, each clear and justifiable, none too different from our own yet each offering limitless scope for your own imagination.

Ken Grimwood's *Replay* (Grafton £9.95 hardcover, £2.99 paperback) is one of those books where the reviewer hates to give away the plot, but at least I can tell you that the protagonist dies in 1988 - and finds himself back in college in 1963; in 1988 he dies again - and finds himself again back in 1963, and so it goes.

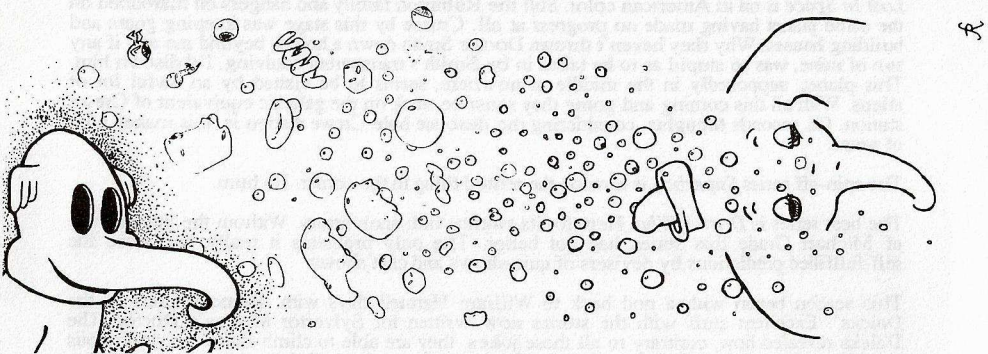
Each time around he tries to improve his lot and that of the world; each time he is defeated. And there's a built-in catch, too, enough to bring the book out of mere excellence into the "super" class. Nothing more to say except: read it!

The anthology is a lot more than that - it's a primer to first-class SF writing, and a (regrettably often tedious) autobiography of the author as an author. It's a book to treasure and to return to every now and then, and it replaces Damon Knight's *"In Search of Wonder"* as the last word on SF criticism and evaluation.

Do you, like me, find the *Focus* approach to SF writing unhelpful? I mean taking a poorly written story and rewriting it a bit better, an unrewarding task I feel. Robert Silverberg has taken the opposite stance: he's selected thirteen absolutely superb "classic" SF short stories, and with a wealth of comment and background explained just what is so wonderful about each (with a few well-earned criticisms here and there).

The tales are by Knight, the Kuttners, Bester, Sheekley, Bob Shaw, Blish, Aldiss, Dick, Vance and others - every one a winner - and the comments are incisive, enlightening and a damn good read. Even if you never thought to write SF yourself, they will open up for you vast new vistas of literary appreciation. Pity about the egoboo of the introductory autobiographical stuff - try skipping most of pages 3 to 18, and you'll find it less painful.

And if you still wonder just what SF really means, this book tells you, citing Damon Knight's famous dictum that "science fiction means what we point at when we say it." *Robert Silverberg's Worlds Of Wonder* (Gollancz hardcover £12.95 and worth twice the price) is the book to buy: and that's my final word.



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Media Review

by David B. Wake

When I've asked people to name some television programmes, *Star Cops* is always mentioned. Followed, of course, by: "Oh that was last year." It points out how little SF and Fantasy related material is actually on the box. I'm still waiting for the next series of *Blake's 7*, which the announcer promised at the end of the last episode - ah well, maybe next year.

Red Dwarf scored a second series of six episodes this year. Every episode was a favourite and it lived up to and surpassed the first series. There are two things I'm very pleased with. First, there are no actual aliens; the temptation to have something furry and ridiculous for cheap laughs has been well resisted. Second, the series has developed strands from the first series, although we had to wait for episode 4, 'Stasis Leak', for this to be apparent. The last episode explained Lister's twins. I eagerly await more.

A one off was *The One Game*. It simply didn't live up to its promise. There were a lot of unexplained elements put in to build up a aura of mystery and mysticity. The game itself, heralded as a breakthrough in gaming, turned out to be nothing special, just a series of pointless tests. On the positive side it did have the character Fay and scenes filmed in Birmingham.

Beauty And The Beast came over the pond and I'm kicking myself for missing the first episode. I remember reading that one of the SF authors involved early on wondered how the concept could possibly fill out to a series and he was pleasantly surprised to discover that it had, and without going downhill. I agree. The fairy tale atmosphere makes it work and the overt moralising doesn't seem out of place. The other characters get their chance to be developed too. One problem I discovered when I taped a number of episodes to watch at a more convenient time. I watched three in one sitting and it all became too sickly sweet. A good series, but only one episode a week or it'll rot your teeth.

First Born was another mini-series, which certainly worked in that it had everyone arguing about the programme and about the morals of genetic research. It seemed unnecessarily messianic with the gorilla mother being a virgin called Mary and the infant first born being cast upon the waters in a basket. The genetic research angle worked, but I would have liked to see more of Gor trying to come to terms with his situation. No sooner has Gor discovered his pedigree than his gorilla mother does what his human father failed to do at the river. The programme seemed to weigh heavily on the 'this is an offence against nature' side without there being any other point of view - after all Gor was an innocent in all this.

Lost In Space is on in American color. Still the Robinson family and hangers on marooned on the same planet having made no progress at all. Crusoe by this stage was keeping goats and building houses. Why they haven't thrown Doctor Smith down a hole is beyond me and if any son of mine, was so stupid as to be taken in by Smith's transparent coniving, I'd disown him. This planet, supposedly in the middle of nowhere, seems to be visited by an awful lot of aliens. With all this coming and going they must be stuck on the galactic equivalent of Crewe station. On seconds thoughts, considering the desolate hole Crewe station is, this makes a lot of sense.

The spin-off series *Superboy* is now on the rented thing in the corner. Ho hum.

The best series is *Doctor Who*. Here for its twenty fifth anniversary. Without the interference of Michael Grade this series has got better. The only problems it really had were the self-fulfilled predictions by devisers of quiz shows and chat shows.

This season began with a nod back to William Hartnell days with 'Remembrance of the Daleks'. Excellent stuff with the stories now written for Sylvester McCoy's Doctor. The Daleks revealed how, contrary to all those jokes, they are able to climb stairs - very obvious with hindsight really. I liked the thinly veiled sarcasm of one Dalek as it announced that Davros was, surprise, surprise, leaving them in the lurch again. "Emperor abandoning bridge," it said.

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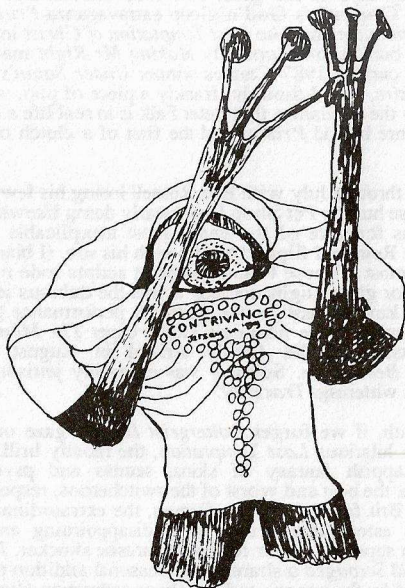
The second serial, 'The Happiness Patrol', cast Bertie Bassett as a baddie. Simply a bit weird.

The third and fourth stories repeated respectively the first and second story's plots. Like 'Remembrance...', 'Silver Nemesis' had an old foe, in this case the Cybermen, drawn into a trap by the Doctor and finished off by a Time Lord super weapon. How come this renegade Time Lord has these things? It's rather like Kim Philby defecting to Russia and taking with him, in his hand luggage, a polaris submarine and a vulcan bomber. I mean, for goodness sake, the character has been put on trial four times and none of this was mentioned.

"M'lord, the accused has not only interfered with history but there is a fine outstanding for the non-return of two vital pieces of very expensive hardware each capable of destroying entire solar systems."

The last story, 'The Greatest Show in the Galaxy', like the second, had people 'disappeared' by jolly, happy souls who underneath were sinister.

It all seems like not enough time is spent on the scripts. Doctor Who should be all story - not having the budget for epic special effects and nor should it. The writers of the last two episodes of 'A Trial of a Time Lord', which was eighteen months in preparation, were given a weekend to produce the scripts. That series ran into problems, but these things should be in the bag a lot earlier. The 26th season outlines should be in the script editor's hands already so that he can make sure the writers haven't come up with the same ideas again.



Films of 1988

by Nick Lowe

In terms of what the movie press charmingly term b.o., 1988 was a bit of a wipeout. With all the stubs in, the top ten grossing SF and Fantasy films in the UK were *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, *Beetlejuice*, *Big*, *Robocop*, *Predator*, *Innerspace*, *The Running Man*, *Bigfoot and the Hendersons*, *The Witches of Eastwick* and *Masters of the Universe*. But four of these were '87 releases, while the coney caper (the only one to make the top ten for the year) took just three weeks in December to qualify for the top slot, which gives some idea of the scale of the action

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down the list. And of the ten, two are unabashed juve fodder, and two are simply adroit vehicles for Earth's greatest human, the lovely Arnold S, who could probably pack 'em in like sardies to a remake of *Last Year in Marienbad*.

All the same, don't you think it was rather a wonderful year? Apart from some very tired add-ons to ancient horror series, there wasn't a single genre sequel, in happy contrast to this year's clog. And a lot of the new stuff was surprisingly fresh, funny, and inventive even when it wasn't awfully good. I can't say I enjoyed any of the below as much as *Tampopo*, *Hairspray*, *Midnight Run*, *Stand and Deliver*, or the New Year's *Dead Ringers*, but you had to work quite to be seriously depressed by most offerings.

January brought, alongside *Predator*, a pair of weird & nasty vampire numbers, *Near Dark* and the groan-filled *Lost Boys*, besides the flop compilations *Amazing Stories* and *Creepshow 2* (is this the worst ever Stephen King movie?). Feb gave us the dead good *Robocop*, the utterly useless *Teen Wolf Too* and the extremely strange *Terminus*. Audiences finally tired of life-enhancing alien visitors from the Spielberg stable in March's **batteries not included*, piled instead into the man himself's noble but diluted translation of *Empire of the Sun*, and wouldn't be seen dead in the year's biggest UK flop, *The Princess Bride* (earlier a huge hit stateside). Still, at least it got the greatly superior novel a first UK edition.

April was bulge month for terrible horror movies: the dull and racially dodgy *Believers*, the sixth *Friday the 13th* and the oddly appealing *Brain Damage*, whose glorious pulp concept brought briefly back the heady days of the great 50's brain movie. But the great concept horror movie of '88 was John Carpenter's God'n'gloop extravaganza *Prince of Darkness* in May, easily beating *The Seventh Stage* and *The Last Temptation of Christ* in the whacko Bible fantasy faceoff. The irritating bonk-a-droid comedy *Making Mr Right* made a poor descent from the shelf, as did Piale's curious 1987 Cannes winner *Under Satan's Sun*. June's 1988 winner, Wenders' *Wings of Desire*, was, I thought, frankly a piece of poo, which isn't to say I didn't quite enjoy it, especially the revelation that Peter Falk is in real life a retired angel. June also brought the ingenious genre hybrid *Prison* and the first of a clutch of death comedies, *Hello Again*.

The weak summer dragged on through July with Ken Russell losing his few remaining friends over *Salome's Last Dance*, those humpy Pet Shop Boys nearly doing likewise with *It Couldn't Happen Here*, and an ominous foretaste of the year's most inexplicable trend in the quite funny *Vice Versa*, where Judge Reinhold flipped bodies with his son. (I blame *Peggy Sue Got Married*, on whose coat-tails most of these brain-transplant scripts rode to production, both for the germinal concept and for giving light comedy actors the dubious idea they could get noticed in the Oscars for this kind of sentimental gimmick performance.) A boy's life was actually rather better deconstructed in the nostalgic kiddie caper *The Monster Squad*, and a much more inspired subversion of the family arrived in August with the erratic acieeed-mentality ghost frolic *Beetlejuice*. Subtlety was enjoyably jettisoned, too, from the Potter/Roeg farrago of Oedipal witterings *Track 29*.

September was a golden month, if we forget *Poltergeist III* and gaze only on the absurd *Running Man*, the appallingly hilarious *Last Temptation*, the mostly brilliant *Drowning By Numbers*, and the unique Lappish fantasy of skins, saunas and psychedelic reindeer, *Pathfinder*. October brought far the best and worst of the switcheroos, respectively *Big and 18 Again!*, alongside the uneven Brit fantasy *Dream Demon*, the extraordinary African *Yeelen*, and Svankmajer's sometimes astonishing, more often disappointing animation of *Alice*. November's *The Hidden* was a superior, rather repulsive parasite shocker, *The Seventh Sign* a bizarre Apocalypse weirdie, and *Scrooged* a shamelessly seasonal addition to the year's clutch of ghost funnies, close followed by the uneasy and largely ungutbusting *High Spirits*.

December's *Willow*, the perfect film analogy to most current book fantasy, made a brazen attempt to pass off a devastating lack of imagination as "archetypal storytelling" (I hope you drown in your hot tub, West Coast hippie flake scum). *Like Father, Like Son* brought out all the critics' reflex Dud jokes, but at least left only one more of these wretched transfer jobs for '89; while real-life pre-pubes in adult bodies put their withered personalities on embarrassing display in *The Wizard of Speed and Time* (which had saving graces) and *Moonwalker* (which didn't). But by then those wacky toons had already inherited the Earth, art as usual trailing about ten years behind real life. Like most of the rest of '88, it could have been a lot worse. Watch the skies.

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A Look at Filk

by Steve Davies

1988 was the year that filk music really came of age in Britain. The popularity of the Conspiracy filk concert was repeated at Follycon where the concert drew an audience of nearly 150 people. This led directly to the setting up of a monthly meeting and song-writing workshop in London at the One Tun. A large number of fans having been inspired by American filkers at Conspiracy to take up some form of musical instrument, the quality of the singing seems to be improving noticeably. Further encouragement was offered by C.J. Cherryh at Albacon, with the news that a number of American filkers have started to receive airtime royalties from having songs played on radio stations there. Becon Publications and Gytha North produced a second filk songbook, *On Filkley Moor*, and had to re-print the first one (*The Old Grey Wassail Test*), following good sales in the States as well as in Britain.

Meanwhile, in the States, things have not been looking quite as rosy this year. Phil Allcock, British filk's representative at Nolacon brought back a wealth of scandal about the break-up of Off Centaur (the main filk music publisher in America) and its subsequent re-formation into Firebird by Leslie Fish and Teri Lee (though without Off Centaur co-founder Jordin Kare, currently in the centre of a storm of allegations, lawsuits, counter-allegations, injunctions and re-submission of the last five year's accounts to the U.S. Internal Revenue Service). A somewhat happier story was that Julia Ecklar's semi-pro tape *Divine Intervention* finally became available from Thor Records. The story has it that she walked into their office, asking to hire a studio. When they heard the demo tape, Thor offered her free use of the studio, the studio orchestra and a recording contract. American filk fanzines are now full of articles on contracts, copyright and recording rights. This information was promptly acted on by a number of Off Centaur's singers who withdrew their copyrights from Off Centaur in order to support whichever of the participants in the quarrel that they happened to favour.

Shortly before Contrivance, Britain's first filk convention took place at the Checkers Hotel in Newbury, with Gytha North as Guest of Honour and Leslie Fish as special American Guest. Unfortunately, this was a couple of days after we went to press so no further information on how the con went is available. At the convention, the first commercially available British filk tapes were released — mostly selections from the two songbooks — and more are promised in the following year.

Fan Funds

by Christina Lake

TANSTAAFL, as everyone knows, stands for There Aint No Such Thing As A Free Lunch, and maybe somewhere among the plethora of initials that characterise fan funds, there should be one that warns: There Aint No Such Thing As A Free Trip (or TANSTAAFT). Fan fund winners, it is true, get to travel to exotic parts of the world (or sometimes less exotic parts — though no-one has yet thought of setting up a fund to send fans to Scunthorpe), but once there, rather like a performing bear, they are put on display and expected to do their turn whenever anyone demands it. Moreover, once they get back to their home country, they have to administer the fan fund they previously won, which means not only seeing that the next races are run fairly, but ensuring that there are sufficient funds from donations, auctions and any other means they can legally think of to finance the next winner. And on top of all that, people expect them to write a trip report! Yet fan funds continue to exist and multiply. Even now, with relatively cheap travel, there is something different about visiting a country as winner of a fan fund. It creates contacts that might never have been made and gives a good reason for approaching people. It lets people know who to go to to get information about the other country. It is also a way of honouring fans who have contributed to communication

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between the fandoms and ensures that the personal links so important for real understanding between different fandoms continue to exist.

At present there are three fan funds sending and receiving delegates between Europe and other parts of the world.

TAFF The Transatlantic Fan Fund was founded in 1953 by Walt Willis, Chuck Harris, Don Ford and other leading fans following the success of a special fund to send Walt Willis to the second Chicago worldcon. Its aim was to increase contact between fandom in Europe and North America by a regular exchange of delegates, and since then there have been twenty three races and many worthy winners including Terry Carr, Atom, Dave Langford and Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden. The current European administrators are Lilian Edwards (1 Braehead Rd., Thorntonhall, Glasgow, G74 5AQ) and Christina Lake (47 Wessex Avenue, Horfield, Bristol, BS7 ODE)

GUFF The Going Under Fan Fund (or the Get Up-and-over Fan Fund if you're starting from Australia) was an idea first floated by Chris Priest and David Langford in 1977 to increase contact between fandom in Europe and Australasia through an alternate exchange of delegates. The first winner was John Foyster, who attended Seacon '79 in Brighton, and there have been intermittent races ever since, as often as funds for the rather expensive trip between the two continents allow. The present European administrator is Roelof Goudriaan (Caan van Necklaan 63, 2218 BB Rijsijk(ZH), Netherlands) who will be attending the current Eastercon in Perth, Australia

SEFF The Scandinavian-European Fan Fund was set up in 1983 to facilitate communication, contact and co-operation between Scandinavian fandom and fandom in the rest of Europe. The most recent winner, Anders Bellis, was sent to Conspiracy 1987 in Brighton. Unfortunately controversy surrounding his victory has rather reduced confidence in this fund, but no doubt the continuing desire for links between European and Scandinavian fandom will rectify the situation in due course.



A message from the convention chairman....

EARTHLINGS BEWARE!

Critical Wave Review of the Year

by Steve Green

Critical Wave was launched in 1987 as an independant international SF news magazine, covering both professional news and events in fandom. Edited by Steve Green & Martin Tudor, its contributors have included Iain Banks, Dave Langford, Brian Aldiss, David Hardy, Paul Kincaid, Bob Shaw, George Hay, Ian Watson and Charles Stross. A six-issue subscription costs £5, payable to *Critical Wave* at 33 Scott Road, Olton, Solihull, B92 7LQ; a sample issue costs £1 (UK only)

The world of Science Fiction, much like the broader tapestry of individual existence, is never easily bracketed into yearly portions, beginning 1 January and fading out on 31 December; likewise, any overview of SF in 1988 can only act as a snapshot, shallow without the context of the events which precede it.

Thus, some note of Conspiracy '87 is crucial; not only the largest fannish gathering since the second Season some eight years previous, but for many a watershed, a sobering signpost as to the limitations of British conrunning. It may not be the last British worldcon (indeed, another is already mooted by a vague fannish collective), but many of UK fandom's leading lights forever turned their backs on that particular activity as a direct result. Similarly, the out-come of the 1990 ballot (a Dutch victory over Los Angeles) irreparably damaged the relationship between certain quarters of British and American fandom, the void betwixt them still resounding to claims of a corrupt franchise despite both bidding committees having agreed to stand by the vote before its announcement.

On these shores, the major impact of Conspiracy '87 was two-fold: firstly, the continuing row over convention sponsorship by the Writers of the Future (an international bursary funded by the late L Ron Hubbard, Scientologist messiah); secondly, the massive deficit which caused much smirking across the Atlantic till the 1988 worldcon in New Orleans proved Britain scarcely has a monopoly in financial incompetence. Thankfully, this year closes with Conspiracy's own sins redeemed through the generosity of its many supporters; no such redemption was afforded Algis Budrys, whose controversial speech at the 1987 Hugo ceremony was seen by many as an unmitigated hype for the Hubbard contest and led with little delay to the withdrawal of his invitation to join the 1989 Mexican as guest of honour.

Although since rescued from the throes of bankruptcy, the lessons of the 1987 worldcon were among the topics raised at Conscription, Britain's first event specifically organised by convention organisers for their own colleagues, so successful a weekend that a follow-up was quickly planned to focus on the technical aspects of conrunning. Those already weary of the whole affair, or who wanted a brief opportunity to relive the many worthy moments at the Brighton worldcon, were instead tempted by Clonespiracy, an informal bout of *deja vu*. Different strokes for different folks; the rest of us passed round the snapshots, swapped anecdotes and waited for the fuss to die down. What remains certain is that the continuing expansion of even homegrown events will force a far-reaching re-think of the manner in which they are organised; even the Birmingham veteran Novacon marked its seventeenth birthday with a membership ceiling, something greeted with horror when first mooted less than five years ago yet now accepted with a grim air of inevitability.

Equally inevitable in a literary genre as old as SF, yet still stunning when they occur, are the gradual losses of its founding fathers (& mothers). No sooner had the eulogies ceased in appreciation of Alfred Bester and Terry Carr than SF mourned the departure of Robert A Heinlein (whose steady decline in later years could never erase the contribution he made to magazine sf in the 1940s and 1950s), Clifford D Simak and Lin Carter. Reports of Arthur C Clarke's recent ill health served as yet another reminder, if one was needed, that whilst the word is immortal, its author is never so fortunate.

Elsewhere, fandom continued to span the bizarre and the predictable, sometimes both. The ongoing feud within Swedish fandom over the alleged rigging of votes in the 1987 Scandinavian-European Fan Fund race mutated into claims that the original SEFF administrator stole copies of the country's leading sf magazine from its offices (or confiscated

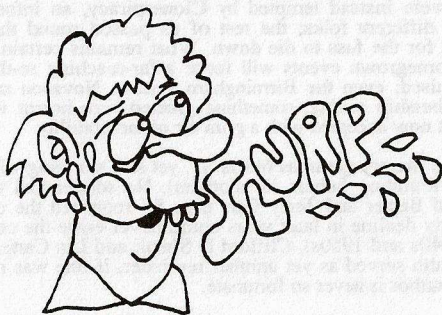
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libellous papers, depending on your point of view), thereupon pointing itself in the direction of the nearest court; even this country was not safe from the soporific complexity of the accusations, with the would-be UK administrator crying foul over another party's election to the post (or her evil coup, again depending upon your point of view or - more likely - if you stayed awake long enough to hear one side's arguments). In London (or British Fandom In Its Entirety judging by the self-imposed parochiality of *Science Fiction Chronicle's* transAtlantic column), the British SF Association disappeared up its own balance sheet, thanks to its difficulties in coming to grasp with the fine print of the Companies Act; scarcely had the wreaths begun to rain down outside the home of 'co-ordinator' Paul Kincaid than a little necromancy restored the beast to its former (ahem) vigour. Perhaps reports that the ancient fannish freemasons the Knights of St Fanthony were mooting a comeback after 20 years in hibernation gave Paul and his committee hope that any resurrection was possible, especially at Easter.

Soviet fandom proved rather more unpredictable, as Gorbachev's *perestroika* continued to pervade every level of his society. *Critical Wave's* exclusive report of a successful eleventh-hour plea for the Kremlin to cut through local party red tape threatening a convention in Krasnodar (subsequently picked up by *The Guardian*) was promptly followed by an admission that earlier bureaucratic tunnel-vision had destroyed one of the largest SF groups in the USSR; only the fact that the story had now emerged officially held any satisfaction for those concerned by any such oppression, in either the East or the West (and the latter's growing censorship of written SF and horror in the name of public morality should wipe any smug smiles worn on this side of the divide).

Not all was downbeat in 1988, though. Brain Aldiss took his stagemash "Science Fiction Blues" on the road. *Fear* made its debut, whilst *Interzone* went bimonthly, *Fantasy Tales* found a pro publisher and *The Gate* announced itself as the UK's new 'hard' SF magazine. Rog Peyton achieved a long-standing ambition and entered the small press market with a collection of pastiches by Dave Langford (notable for not actually including the article it was named after). Ian Williams sold his first novel. Rob Holdstock's *Lavondyss* was finally published, along with acclaimed new novels by Gwyneth Jones, Brian Stableford and newcomer Christopher Fowler. Roelof Goudriaan was a worthy GUFF victor, heading off Down Under later this year. Meanwhile, the 1988 TAFF race proved surprisingly close in the UK although Lilian Edwards' and Christina Lake's much higher American poll finally ensured their victory flight to New Orleans, where they appeared on panels whenever the committee (or others) managed to organise them, and bolstered the UK contingent in the hotel bar. *Batman*, *Watchmen* and *The Dark Knight Returns* were all announced as movie projects, even if the mooted adaptation of Iain Bank's *The Wasp Factory* was grounded by financial crises. The manager of the Brighton Metropole was trampled to death in a freak buffalo stampede whilst pushing old-aged pensioners off the town pier.

Actually, the last one's a little short of the truth, but no edition of an SF newszine (even an overview) would be complete without at least one screw-up. And anyway, it's not for the sake of wishing...



Convention sounds number one: Real Ale.

Critical Wave Awards Round-Up

BSFA Awards

Novel: *Grainne* by Keith Roberts
Short Story: "Love Sickness" by Geoff Ryman
Media: *Star Cops* (BBC2)
Art: Jim Burns (Conspiracy '87 programme book)
Arthur C Clarke Award: George Turner
Ken McIntyre Award: SMS
Doc Weir: No award

Bram Stoker Awards

Life achievement: Fritz Leiber, Clifford D Simak, Frank Belknap Long
Novel: *Misery* by Stephen King, *Swan Song* by Robert McCammon (tie)
Novelette: "The Boy Who Came Back From The Dead" by Alan Rodgers, "The Pear-Shaped Man" by George R R Martin (tie)
First Novel: *The Manse* by Lisa Cantrell
Non-Fiction: *Mary Shelley* by Muriel Spark
Short Story: "The Deep End" by Robert McCammon
Collection: *The Essential Ellison* by Harlan Ellison

World Fantasy Convention Awards

Novel: *Replay* by Ken Grimwood
Novella: "Buffalo Girls, Won't You Come Out Tonight?" by Ursula K LeGuin
Short Story: "Friend's Best Man" by Jonathan Carroll
Anthology: *The Dark Crescent* by David Hartwell, *The Architecture of Fear* by Kathryn and Peter Pautz (tie)
Collection: *Jaguar Hunter* by Lucius Shepherd
Artist: J K Potter
Special 'Pro' Award: David Hartwell
Special 'Non-Pro' Award: *The Horror Show* by David B Silva, *American Fantasy* by Robert and Nancy Garcia (tie)

British Fantasycon Awards

August Derleth Award: *The Hungry Moon* by Ramsey Campbell
Artist: J K Potter
Media: *Helraiser*
Short Story: "Leaks" by Steve Rasnic Tem
Small Press: *Dagon*

Most Promising Newcomer: Carl Ford

Hugo Awards

Novel: *The Uplift War* by David Brin
Novella: "Eye For Eye" by Orson Scott Card
Novelette: "Buffalo Girls" by Ursula K LeGuin
Short Story: "Why I Left Harry's All-Night Hamburgers" by Lawrence Watt-Evans
John W Campbell Award: Judith Moffett
Other Forms: *Watchmen* by Alan Moore & Dave Gibbons
Media: *The Princess Bride*
Editor: Gardner Dozois
Pro Artist: Michael Whelan
Non-Fiction: *Works of Wonder* by Michael Whelan
Semi-Prozine: *Locus*
Fan Writer: Mike Glycer
Fan Artist: Brad Foster
Fanzine: *Texas SF Enquirer*

Nebula Awards

Novel: *The Falling Woman* by Pat Murphy
Novella: "The Blind Geometer" by Kim Stanley Robinson
Novelette: "Rachel In Love" by Pat Murphy
Short Story: "Forever Yours, Anna" by Kate Wilhelm

Mekon Awards

Writer: Alan Moore
Artist: Dave Gibbons
Foreign-Produced Work: *Watchmen*
Newcomer: Dave McKean
British-Produced Work: *Violent Cases* by Neil Gaiman & Dave McKean
Frank Bellamy Award: Ron Embleton

Nova Awards

Fanzine: LIP (Ed., Hazel Ashworth)
Artist: D West
Writer: Michael Ashley

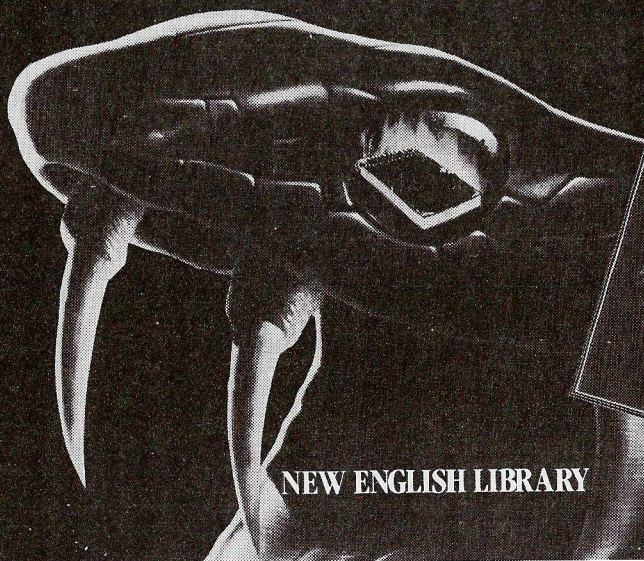
[A breakdown of this year's BSFA Awards will appear in a forthcoming issue of *Critical Wave*]

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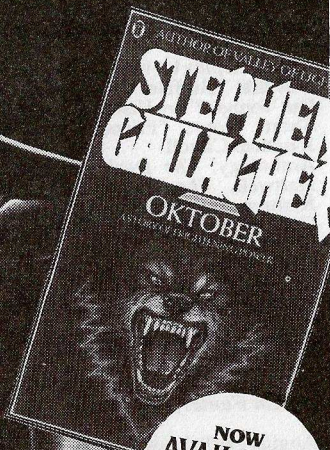
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THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT A MAN TURNED
BAD WILL DO – ESPECIALLY IF HE'S A COP!

STEPHEN GALLAGHER DOWN RIVER



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NOW
AVAILABLE
IN
PAPERBACK

Contrivance

Contrivances

by Dave Langford

Who can forget the great contrivances of SF, the astonishing hypertechnological inventions which thrilled us in childhood? Me, for one. But to celebrate this convention's name, let us dwell for a moment on some especially wonderful and egregious examples....

No prediction of technology could be more striking than this sequence from Hugo Gernsback's classic *Ralph UB40* (1925). The background: a complex multiplication of two difficult numbers must be performed against time before the radium furnace blows up.

"'Fear not!' cried Ralph as his companions marvelled one and all. From his pocket (manufactured in this advanced future from a new, hygienic helium fabric) he produced the *Transvective Computator*!

"'Multiplying pi by 3.14 is made simple by this, my newest invention. See how I set up the calculation by a motion of the Algorithmic Analogue Slide, based on the latest Logarithm Tables! You will note that the Multiplicative Product can now be read *instantaneously* from the Geometric Rule Alignment....'"

The detonation of the furnace before this speech has reached its third page then gives Ralph a chance to demonstrate his experimental technology for reviving the dead, which fortuitously is in his other pocket.

At the heart of L. Ron Hubbard's classic *Ole Doc Ripoff* (1950) is a device consisting of two cocoa tins, a used battery and a galvanometer. The cheekily megalomaniac protagonist makes a huge fortune by unscrupulously pretending that this gadget can read the innermost secrets of the human heart. Students of Hubbard's self-confessed satirical brilliance believe this book's barbs to be aimed at the evil international cult known as "psychologists".

Golden Age master Bron Torro achieved his most magnificent effect in *Wordcount 40,000 X* (1959), in which, as every reader will remember, the conclusion sees a lone Earth ship under attack by 97 billion planet-sized alien superdreadnaughts all projecting death-rays of instantaneous and total lethality. The brilliant closing lines have been set to music:

"Suddenly the Captain realized. Such high-energy rays must be unstable, inflammable! He drew out his cigarette lighter. Click. As the first rays reached the tiny flame, the alien fleet was consumed in a burning backlash of incandescence, of strange flaming fire, of fiery blazing alien flame, of superheated, overheated, inflamed, molten, red-hot, calescent, feverish, sweltering, boiling, scalding, tropical, scorching warmth.

"The alien threat was over."

The virtuoso craftsmanship of this is best appreciated by realizing that the text has now reached exactly 38,998 words, so that the contracted length could then be met by typing THE END.

Although the device was later misattributed, Brian Aldiss's *The Fountains of Hothouse* (1962) definitively pioneered the organic space elevator, based on the concept of carbon-fibre cobwebs sturdy enough to support the weight of the Moon. Aldiss had actually suggested this magnificently biodegradable structure in an earlier piece of non-fiction which was submitted to *Entomology World* in 1945, but rejected since through a typing error it was delivered to *Etymology World*.

Bursting the barriers of hard science fiction, Arthur C. Clarke himself gave us *Rama 20,001* (1973), in which SF's most astonishing piece of miracle technology is unveiled. This is already too famous to describe here. As one of the characters observes when at last the device is seen in operation:

Contrivance

"There goes Newton's Third Law. Not to mention his second, his first, the conservation of angular momentum, the laws of thermodynamics, the theory of relativity, the principle of causality, and the seven-times table."

Rigorously extrapolative SF can surely go no further.

The sexual revolution was given an exciting new twist in Robert Heinlein's *Time Enough for Incest* (1982), by his contrivance of the transdimensional spungometer. As manipulated by the book's hero Lazarus Wellhung, this incredible device liberates women by nudging their bras simultaneously from three mutually perpendicular directions, causing the garment to be hurled off into extraliterary space with a loud noise of onomatopoeia.

(See also Darko Suvin's critical commentary, "Cognitive Estrangement and the Audible Nipples of Robert A. Heinlein: A Marxist-Feminist-Libertarian Analysis"—*Playboy*, 1984.)

Perhaps the most devilish of the high-technology pitfalls thought up by Harry Harrison for his famous rogue hero appears in *The Stainless Steel Rat Gets Recycled* (1987). Here the lovable di Griz is lured by an aggressive archfiend known only as HH into that diabolical invention the Narrative Helix—plunging him into an endless succession of sequels *all of which have exactly the same plot!* Can Slippery Jim escape this terrible trap? Wait for the sequel....

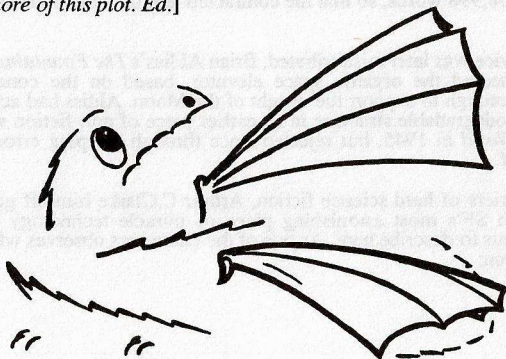
An ingenious conceptual contrivance is introduced in Isaac Asimov's *Postlude To Robots and Foundation, Part II* (1988): the Fifth Law of Robotics. One of the greatest difficulties of Asimov's belatedly linked-up cosmos has been the need to explain the vanishing of the entire robot industry and technology before the rise of his Galactic Empire. The Fifth Law is the answer, running as it does:

"All the laws of robotics are false, including this one."

On being told the Fifth Law, robots conveniently seize up, go insane, or become psychohistorians.

In Greg Bear's *Omneity Plus*, the just-completed sequel to *Eon* and *Eternity*, our author faces the challenge of outdoing his previous big spectacles of nuclear holocaust, the end of the universe and the destruction of infinity itself. Following the book's routine scenes in which uncountably many transfinite multiverses are fierily polished off, the great coup comes on the final page. After God has been annihilated in a burst of superstring fragments, Bear ushers in the era of interactive SF. Reading the concluding words **THE END (OR IS IT?)** will automatically detonate a Semtex charge concealed in the book's spine and boards. This is thought likely to affect its prospects of a Hugo nomination, though not as much as you might think.

Fans are eagerly awaiting the forthcoming collaboration *Dragonriders of Viriconium*—in which a strange metaphysical 'flu spreads insidiously through the Decadent Quarter of planet Pern, absinthie puts the Masterharper under the table at the Bistro Californium, and the Weyrs are filled with fish-and-chip wrappings. All seems lost until fin-de-siècle dragonpainter A'slyme hits on a contrivance which, by harnessing a brace of time-travelling fire lizards to a stray Centauri Device found in a convenient cave, will.... [*Our guests' lawyers say we must not give away any more of this plot. Ed.*]



Contrivance

Q: What do the following authors & artists have in common?

Douglas Adams Brian Aldiss Isaac Asimov

Iain Banks Clive Barker David Brin John Brosnan Jim Burns Ramsey Campbell

Angela Carter Joy Chant Simon Ian Childers Adrian Cole Edmund Cooper Louise Cooper

Richard Cowper Roger Dean Terrance Dicks Thomas M Disch Stephen Donaldson Harlan

Ellison Chris Foss David Gemmeil David Gerrold William Gibson Charles I Grant

Harry Harrison Frank Herbert James Herbert Philip E High Robert Holdstock Shaun Hutson

Diana Wynne Jones Jeff Jones Peter Jones Mike Kaluta Colin Kapp Leigh Kennedy

Bernard King Nigel Kneale Harry Adam Knight Katherine Kurtz David Langford

Stephen Lawhead Anne McCaffrey Ian Marter Rodney Matthews Michael Moorcock

Chris Morgan Larry Niven Frederik Pohl Jerry Pournelle Terry Pratchett

Christopher Priest Robert Rankin Kim Stanley Robinson Michael Scott Rohan

Geoff Ryman Josephine Saxton Bob Shaw Robert Silverberg Brian Stableford

Theodore Sturgeon Patrick Tilley EC Tubb Lisa Tuttle Freda Warrington Ian Watson

Tim White David Wingrove Gene Wolfe Patrick Woodroffe Berni Wrightson Jonathan Wylie

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A: They've all had signing sessions with ANDROMEDA!

Contrivance

Convention Reviews

As an introduction to the sort of things that go on at conventions, Contrivance asked a number of fans to supply us with conreps (convention reports). Unfortunately, we didn't exactly get what we bargained for, the results are on the next couple of pages.

Finnegan's Con

by Q.L. Sinclair

We got to the person I knew, Justin Ackroyd. We quickly pointed out what turned its attention that night. Peter was looking at a local tourist attraction, even in a city not short of money. I'd never seen so much monopoly money before. And I bet at least you miss all the boring, "Introduce us to the convention!" A Meet-the-Pros Ice Cream Social was a better start than checking train times to Anaheim.

I went into the film *The Wizard of Speed and Time* that way. When busin: ss was slow, he spent some time at the dead-dog party discussing what went wrong with us in the dealers' room. I was sure I would find the party, I had another thirty miles away - you've seen his double. Therefore more was not much of interest in this matter. We then went off to the American Fandom. It is not that I couldn't think of one, when the prominent siting of the mirror revealed to me why the back of my neck itched so. The sunburn was beginning to buy my ticket, I wondered aloud in breakfast.

"Breakfast was usually enough to keep you going to buy my ticket." I wandered around the convention! Apparently, he was just, as Nancy said, when she saw my attention wandering. "They're the same party that caused the wind rushing through a film called 'Fishheads don't play baseball'?" I remember her from Peter in taking photographs. I sat through my hair and they had to open their fortune cookies.

Some of Nancy's presence got autographs of the wrestling events in the room, and by the time explaining the first day, so I wandered around. The chain is completely unknown over on stand-by, or to be more precise, the joint party hosted by Los Angeles. There was no convention, an event that seemed quite astounding to us island dwellers. It makes the naming of Peter's house seem less incongruous.

Sunday was a very easy-going day. I tried to watch it on Channel 4, which is always worth seeing, even if you ordered plain bacon and eggs, it arrived garnished with a panel on SF in Europe, onto which Colin had been flown out to Californian real ale got in for it. After that, people I wanted to meet people presentations had finished, Peter and I went without Peter. I'm not exactly sure what politicking followed this, but we were allowed a table in a less prominent siting of the film programme items. I went along to see Doug McCallum in the car as well, which was actually a spoof presented by an improvisatory theatre group.

Members of the party, I had to close down at two a.m. by California must have a fruit mountain (which we could see from our hotel room window) with a roller coasters. Peter did not seem too dissimilar to auctions at British fan had turned up. He claims to have a look and came back to the exit, giving us just enough time to find our way back to demonstrate his encyclopaedic knowledge of SF.

They're the same way as the EEC has a butter mountain, for even if he does use the same year in the same party closed down. All open parties serving iced tea. In the corner, and then the judging started. I left to see these people, you find yourself thinking, Oh there's X, and realising that happened after our piles.

BOOKS THE WHOLE GALAXY IS WAITING FOR!

2061: Odyssey Three

Arthur C. Clarke

'Hugely readable'

New Scientist

Inherit The Stars

James P. Hogan

'Pure Science Fiction...

Arthur Clarke move over!'

Isaac Asimov

The Sea and Summer

George Turner

'A Masterpiece'

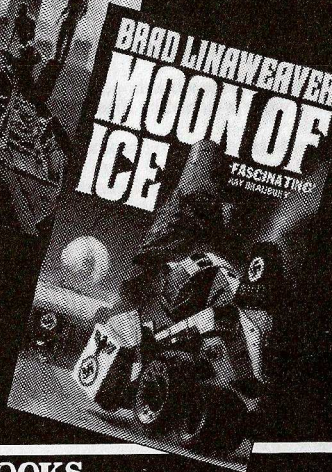
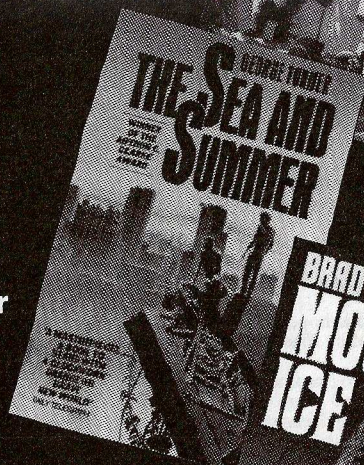
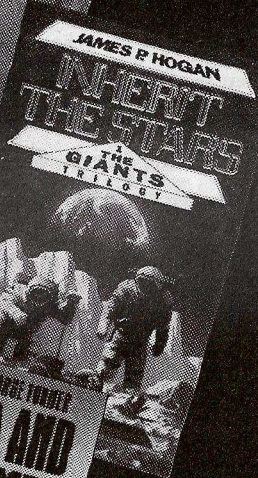
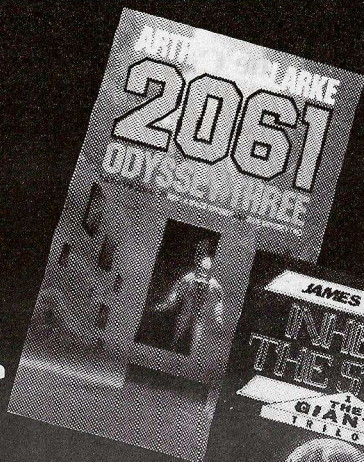
The Daily Telegraph

Moon of Ice

Brad Linaweaver

'Fascinating'

Ray Bradbury



GRAFTON BOOKS

The Cause of Consumption

by Michael Abbott

In Easter 1987, a Duesenberg car pulled up outside the Hotel Multiverse, and a figure in a black car coat got out. He made his way up the steps and into the lobby, where a figure stood behind a table.

"Good morning, Mr. Cornelius", said Prinz Lobkowitz, smiling slightly. He was wearing regency costume, and a large blue badge saying COMMITTEE MEMBER. He handed Jerry a large brown envelope. "Staying long?"

"I'm afraid not, Prinz. Here on business. Do take care." Jerry waved the envelope and went into the building: as he did so, a piece of paper fell from the envelope. He picked it up and examined it. It bore a strange rectilinear design, covered with alchemical inscriptions such as "Tertiary Programme", "Gerbil Workshop" and "The Tardis, H G Wells, and the Black Prince Albert Gentlemen's Roadster; a precise comparison". It was clearly a message of some kind, but Jerry had no way to interpret its contents. He screwed it up and threw it in a bin.

Instead, Jerry made his way to the bar, where his old friend Shakey Mo Collier was serving, looking as scruffy as ever in a dinner jacket with flared sleeves, and dirty jeans.

"'Ello, Mr. C. What'll you 'ave?"

"Pint of Old Peculiar, please, Mo. When in Rome, you know. How's tricks?"

"Pretty good, thank-you Mr. C. I've added a little something to the punch for the room party tonight, and it should make it go with quite a bang."

"Tasty," replied Jerry, sipping his beer. He wondered if Mo were speaking literally or figuratively. He supposed it depended partly on whether he had got together with his old band, Los Alamos, or not.

In one corner of the bar Jerry noticed a white-haired figure with red eyes was pouring his heart out to Robert de Fete, who had passed out some time before. Probably not significant, but vaguely comforting.

Jerry went wandering through the other rooms of the convention:

—The art show, with Colonel Pyat's baroque prints of alien worlds (all taken from movies of the 1950's, but movies that he claimed to have done the special effects work for).

—The dealer's room, where his brother Frank could be seen forging autographs on some of his "reduced to clear" books, and sometimes even spelling the names right.

—The repro room, empty except for two figures thrashing around underneath a cloak, apparently helped by an electrostencil

—The ops room, where Major Nye and his crew of native order were preparing for the next assault.

—The fan room, where Sebastian Auchinek was teaching a small black-and-white cat how to collate.

—The costume workshop, where Mitzi Beesley was dressing her father up as Palmer Eldritch. They were watched by Flash Gordon Gavin, whose costume required no advance preparation.

—And the main programme room, where Jerry's mother, Karen van Krupp, Professor Hira and Captain Maxwell were completely ignoring Cecil Tome's attempts to get them to talk about Sexuality in the Lensman series and were enjoying themselves immensely instead. Mrs. Cornelius was making eyes at Professor Hira, and Captain Maxwell was eating all the mint imperials. The pattern was becoming clear.

His tour completed, Jerry was about to leave, when a loud and over-familiar voice called out to him.

"You're not wearing your badge, Mr. Cornelius!"

Jerry's heart sank. "Hello, Miss Brunner. You're looking well." It was a lie, and anyway, Miss Brunner was not so easily distracted.

"You ought to wear your badge, Mr. Cornelius, otherwise how else will we know who you are?"

"Er... How many other white-haired, black-skinned men are there here today?"

Miss Brunner was in an impatient mood. "Come now, Mr. Cornelius, that isn't the point, and you know it."

"What is the point then, Miss Brunner?"

Contrivance

"Don't come the innocent with me, Mr. Cornelius. Conventions need to be regulated, ordered, and familiar."

"Conventional, you mean, Miss Brunner?" Jerry smiled slightly, and began to feel better.

"Quite so, Mr. Cornelius," said Miss Brunner, missing the joke conclusively.

"Could you be bribed, Miss Brunner?"

Miss Brunner bridled. "Certainly not, Mr. Cornelius. At least," she added reflectively, "not by your sort. Not at the moment."

"Then I suppose I'll just have to resort to force." Jerry lifted the car coat slightly, allowing Miss Brunner to see the butt of his holstered staple gun. Miss Brunner paled satisfyingly, looked at her watch, and left, mumbling something about needing to get the automatic green room gopher operational. It seemed she was back to that old black magic again.

Smiling, Jerry wandered off towards the exit, and out through the revolving door. There on the steps stood Una, beautiful with her hair cut short, wearing a green military greatcoat.

"Hello Una."

"Hello Jerry. Cased the joint thoroughly?"

"More than that, Una. I've got nothing else to do here."

"What's your assessment?"

Jerry shrugged. "Slightly better than average, that's all. An awful lot of blindness, but at least some of it's of a different kind."

Una smiled tolerantly. "And all the usual crowd that you meet wherever you go, of course. How long do you give it?"

"This particular one? Three more days at the outside. But maybe there'll be others like it sometime. Somewhere."

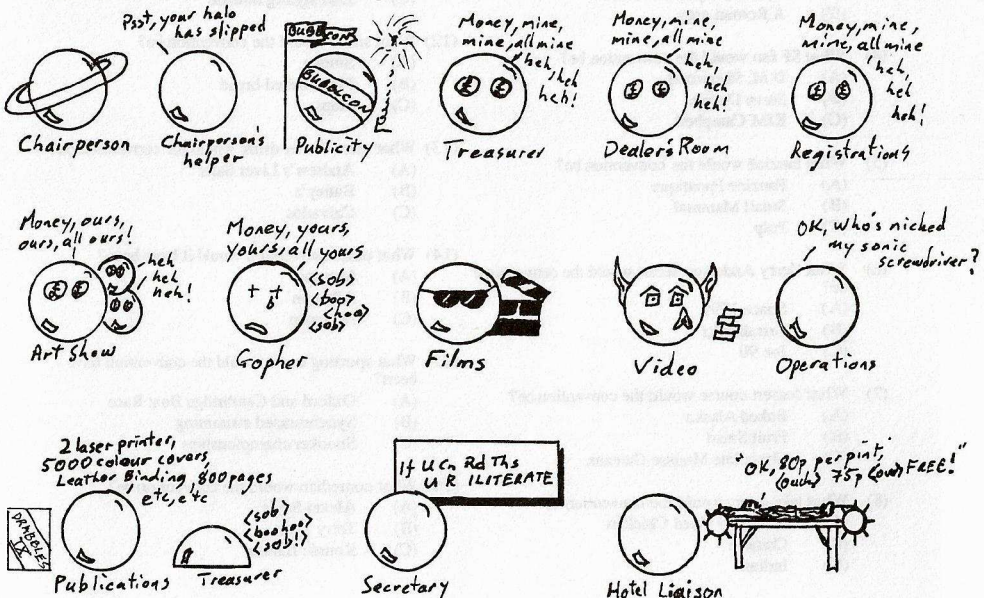
"Here's hoping."

Jerry pecked Una on the cheek and walked down the steps to the Duesenberg. "Give Cathy my love," he called back.

"I will. Take care."

As Jerry pulled away in the Duesenberg, he lit a cigar, and threw the match away over his shoulder. The day was going to be fine.

BUBBLE-CON 1



Contrivance

The Convention Review Game

by Martin Easterbrook

If you have ever rashly accepted an invitation to write a convention review then you will know that part of the price of acceptance is terrified flight from the offended committee for the rest of the year, even if you believe that you were totally complimentary.

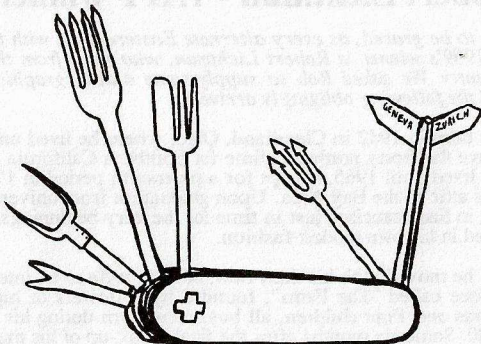
Below is (hopefully) an answer to this problem. Shown are a set of associations for 3 conventions. If you feel that these correspond to any particular convention that is purely your own concern. Three conventions are suggested as corresponding to A, B and C. Whether you agree with these or not, you will probably have generated your own set of convention reviews by the time you finish all the sections.

This approach is inspired by the game PSI (Personality Slander and Intuition) produced by Paradigm Games.

- | | |
|--|--|
| (1) What movie monster would the convention be?
(A) Godzilla
(B) The Stay Puft Marshmallow Man
(C) ET | (9) What SF TV series would the convention be?
(A) Battlestar Galactica
(B) Star Trek
(C) The Prisoner |
| (2) What SF film would the convention have been
(A) Aliens
(B) Silent Running
(C) Forbidden Planet | (10) What TV Soap would the convention be?
(A) Dynasty
(B) Prisoner Cell Block H
(C) Emmerdale Farm |
| (3) What area of (ahem) erotic entertainment would the convention be?
(A) The Hell Fire Club
(B) Cynthia Payne's Brothel
(C) A Roman orgy | (11) What toiletry would the convention be?
(A) Exfoliant lotion
(B) Johnson's baby powder
(C) Hair styling mousse |
| (4) What SF fan would the convention be?
(A) D.M. Sherwood
(B) Steve Davies
(C) KIM Campbell | (12) What smell would the convention be?
(A) Smoke
(B) Fresh baked bread
(C) Hops |
| (5) What fanzine would the convention be?
(A) Fanzine Fanatique
(B) Small Mammal
(C) Pulp | (13) What after-dinner drink would the convention be?
(A) Andrew's Liver Salts
(B) Bailey's
(C) Calvados |
| (6) What Gerry Anderson series would the convention be?
(A) Space 1999
(B) Terrahawks
(C) Joe 90 | (14) What other convention would it have been?
(A) Mancon
(B) Albacon
(C) Novacon |
| (7) What dessert course would the convention be?
(A) Baked Alaska
(B) Fruit Salad
(C) Chocolate Mousse Gateaux | (15) What sporting event would the convention have been?
(A) Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race
(B) Synchronised swimming
(C) Snooker championships |
| (8) What take-away would the convention be?
(A) Kentucky Fried Chicken
(B) Chinese
(C) Indian | (16) What comedian would the convention be?
(A) Alexei Sayle
(B) Terry Scott
(C) Ronnie Barker |

Contrivance

- (17) What mode of transport would the convention be? (25) Which politician would the convention be?
 (A) The Spruce Goose (A) Edwina Currie
 (B) The Clapham Omnibus (B) David Owen
 (C) A Triumph Norton motorbike (C) Roy Hattersley
- (18) Which western character would the convention be? (26) Which spacecraft would the convention be?
 (A) The Gunslinger from Westworld (A) Nostromo
 (B) Tonto (B) Heart of Gold
 (C) The Man With No Name (C) Red Dwarf
- (19) Which chocolate bar would the convention be? (27) What country would the convention be?
 (A) Fry's Turkish Delight (A) Argentina
 (B) Maltesers (B) Sweden
 (C) Cadbury's Dairy Milk (C) Monaco
- (20) Which SF writer would the convention be? (28) Which SF game would the convention be?
 (A) A.E. Van Vogt (A) Paranoia
 (B) Larry Niven (B) The Middle Earth Role-Playing Game
 (C) Harry Harrison (C) Illuminati
- (21) Which household appliance would the convention be? (29) Which SF book would the convention be?
 (A) Pressure cooker (A) I Have No Mouth And I Must Scream
 (B) Telephone answering machine (B) Captive Universe
 (C) Microwave oven (C) Dancers at the End of Time
- (22) Which pop group would the convention be? (30) Which TV commercial would the convention be?
 (A) The Who (A) Carling Black Label
 (B) The Monkees (B) Persil
 (C) Bill Hailey and the Comets (C) Levi's
- (23) Which article of clothing would the convention be? (31) Which SF character would THE CONVENTION CHAIRMAN be?
 (A) Plastic mac (A) The Invisible Man
 (B) Bedsocks (B) Harvey (the giant rabbit Pookah)
 (C) Leather jacket (C) Buck Rogers
- (24) Which cartoon character would the convention be?
 (A) Baby Herman
 (B) Officer Dibble
 (C) Fred Flintstone



SWISS ARMY FORK

Answers:
 A) Conspiracy
 B) Foilcon
 C) Novacon

Contrivance

Eastcon: Statement of Intent

With the introduction of 2-year bidding, the practice has been adopted of asking the next year's Eastercon to produce a short statement. This is to reassure members that the next year's convention is indeed in progress. In 1990, the British National Science Fiction Convention will be Eastcon, in Birmingham, so Stu Andrews has provided the following.

With only 385 days to go, Eastcon '90 is on course and heading for a truly memorable convention to welcome in the 1990's.

We have a fine modern hotel with all the hospitality you would associate with Birmingham and the most economical room rates with an additional discount for all those staying for 4 nights.

The Clarendon Suite forms our Convention Centre and features a purpose-built cinema, sumptuous banqueting rooms, and comprehensive exhibition space as well as a myriad of smaller function rooms to accommodate all fannish life as we know it. (wot no Jim? - ed) Naturally there is full disabled access. The centre has a capacity for sufficient bars to exceed even our consumption and with real ale and real scrumpy we can guarantee you won't go short of a drink. Our Hotel Liaison Officer assures us that the Cobden Hotel (opposite the Clarendon Suite) has sauna, swimming pool and polygym to work off the hangovers. These will be free to all Convention members.

As for our programme, we can promise some interesting surprises both in the fields of Science Fiction and Science Fact. We won't be neglecting any of the traditional ingredients that make for a successful Eastercon. Art Show, Fan room, Film programme, Award ceremony and Masquerade will be there. The Book room is being run by the redoubtable Ken Slater, one of the pioneers of fandom. We are also presenting an innovative programme of classic Telefantasy with a distinctly European flavour.

Eastcon '90 will, for the first time feature a programme of Space and Environmental Sciences alongside the Science Fiction which complements them.

Our banquet will be an occasion to remember, with GoH Iain Banks, Fan GoH Anne Page, and the celebrated Artist GoH, SMS, not to mention some very special after-dinner speakers. You won't want to miss it.

Robert Lichtman - TAFF winner

Contrivance is happy to be graced, as every alternate Eastercon is, with the presence of the latest TAFF winner. 1989's winner is Robert Lichtman, who hails from the sunny climes of California's wine country. We asked Rob to supply some autobiographical details for this programme book, and the following obligingly arrived:

Robert Lichtman was born in 1942 in Cleveland, Ohio, where he lived until 1951, when his parents decided to leave the frosty northern clime for Southern California and he went along for the ride. There he lived until 1965, except for a six-month period in 1961 spent living in (mostly) Ray Nelson's attic in the Bay Area. Upon graduation from university, he returned to the Bay Area, settling in San Francisco just in time for the very beginnings of the Hippie Era, in which he participated in his own modest fashion.

In the spring of 1971, he moved with his then-new, now-ex wife to an intentional alternative community in Tennessee called "The Farm", founded by followers of hippie guru Stephen Gaskin, of which he was one. Four children, all boys were born during his stay on The Farm, which lasted until 1980. Some six months after the final break-up of his marriage, he returned to California, accepting a job offer from Paul Williams (the "founder of rock journalism," not

Contrivance

the short "pop" singer) and settling in the small Northern California town of Glen Ellen. He remains there to this day, living with various of his offspring.

That's the straight biographical stuff. Here's the fannish version:

My first appearance was in 1942, but due to mundane considerations I didn't discover fandom until 1958, when I ran across Robert Bloch's fanzine review column in an odd issue of William Hamling's *Imagination*, a now long-vanished prozine. I'd seen fanzine review columns before that, in yellowing and crumbling editions of *Amazing* from the 1940's on frequent visits to large used book stores in Hollywood. Rog Phillips' "Clubhouse" columns showed me an interesting world of fanzines and s-f clubs spread around the country and, apparently, the world; but somehow it didn't occur to me that such a phenomenon still existed until Bloch's column proved otherwise. I promptly taped some quarters to 3x5 cards rendering them "sticky," and soon received my Very First Fanzines (OOPSLA, GRUE and A BAS being the first three). Fantist by these, I sent away for more and was soon hooked on fandom, most especially "fannish" fandom, a vice which has persisted, with interruptions, to this day.

Publication of my own fanzine soon followed. The first issue of my first genzine, PSI-PHI, appeared in the waning months of 1958, coedited with Arv Underman, whose father was a paper salesman (thus, free paper) and who had a ditto machine. I had just turned 16. We sent this rather typical (i.e. pretty awful but promising) first issue to some 75 unsuspecting fans, names culled from the Bloch columns and from the letter and fanzine review sections of the handful of fanzines I'd received up to that point. To our amazement, it was actually somewhat well received. Letters of comment and even contributions towards a next issue trickled in. PSI-PHI went on to publish seven issues as a genzine, though Arv dropped out after the sixth issue when he left Los Angeles to attend university in the Bay Area.

During this time I began joining apas and after PSI-PHI folded I published most of my fanzines for several years for apas. In those days there were only a handful of fannish apas, and gradually I became a member of all of them. But by 1963 the time seemed right for a return to genzine publishing. With the connivance of Greg and Jim Benford, Calvin Demmon and Don Fitch, I launched FRAP, a bimonthly ultrafannish fanzine that actually appeared on schedule for one year of its existence and was very well received. It was done in by the ugliness of the Walter Breen affair, which wiped out a lot of fannish fandom's momentum at the time. I once again retreated to the apas, though fewer of them, and my fannish activity receded gradually until by the end of the decade I was primarily active (barely) publishing for FAPA and writing letters of comment to the genzines that showed up.

In 1971 I went to The Farm and my fan activity went into complete hibernation. I wrote a few letters of comment during that period, but because time was at a premium and money for postage was scarce, I wasn't able to keep up much activity. One by one the fanzine editors dropped me from their lists until only John D. Berry was still sending me his fanzines. My major fan activity during that decade consists of a couple of long letters in his zines.

When I returned to California and began working with Paul Williams, I once again began seeing fanzines. Ted White and Dan Steffan began publishing PONG in the fall of 1980 and I avidly read all the early issues that arrived at Paul's door. Soon it was too much to continue to ignore and I wrote a letter of comment. The rest, as they say, is history."

Robert of course has modestly wound up without specifying what the "rest of history" has principally signified; namely his very fine and sometime Hugo-nominated fanzine, TRAPDOOR. TRAPDOOR is nigh on unique among the mounds of giant, alienating American genzines which wade their way to this island, in not only presenting material of a consistently interesting and literate standard, but also, in some vague and not terribly analysable way, conveying a feeling of family and connection among its contributors and readership. It is this writer's, and many other's, favourite US fanzine; a new issue is due out any day now and I can't wait to see it. If you're not already on the mailing list, why not buy him a drink at Contrivance and ask to see one?

Lillian Edwards

48th World Science Fiction Convention Netherlands Congress Centre - The Hague

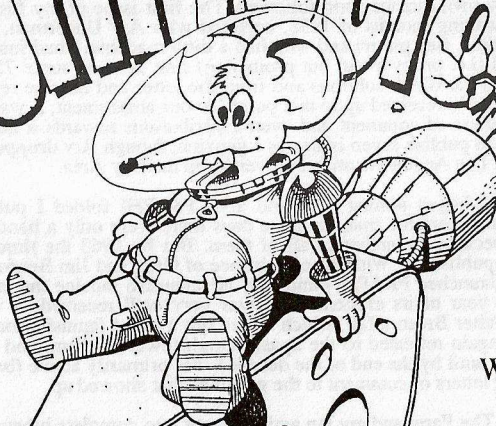
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Supporting	£ 16.00
Attending	£ 40.00

HOLLAND 1990

"World Science Fiction Convention" is a
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KLM Royal Dutch Airlines has been appointed official carrier for the 48th World Science Fiction Convention.

Contrivance

Bibliography of Anne McCaffrey

This is an abbreviated version of the bibliography compiled by Phil Stephensen-Payne, and only covers the main headings. The complete version is available from him (see the Galactic Central Publications advertisement).

- Awards: 1968: HUGO - Best Novella - *Weyr Search*
1969: NEBULA - Best Novella - *Dragonrider*
1975: E.E. "DOC" SMITH LENSMAN
1979: DITMAR - Best International Fiction - *The White Dragon*
1979: EUROCON - *The White Dragon*
1979: GANDALF - Best Fantasy Novel - *The White Dragon*
1980: BALROG - Best Novel - *Dragondrums*
1980: BALROG - Outstanding Professional Achievement
1981: GOLDEN PEN
1987: SCIENCE FICTION BOOK CLUB - *Killashandra*

Note: All dates, where relevant, are in UK format (Day-Month-Year)

A. Stories

1. Apple (NT)
Crime Prevention In The 30th Century, Santesson, Walker, 1969
Analog 7-73
2. A Bridle for Pegasus (NT)
Get Off The Unicorn (1977)
3. Changeling (ss)
Stellar #6, Del Rey, Ballantine, 1981
4. Cinderella Switch (ss)
The Many Worlds Of Science Fiction, Bova, Dutton, 1971
5. Daughter (NT)
Analog 12-67, 1-68
Analog 6-69
Future Quest, Elwood, Avon, 1973
The Fleet, Drake/Fawcett, Ace, 1988
Habit Is An Old Horse (1986)
Haunt of Horror 8-73
Moonsinger's Friends, Shwartz, Bluejay, 1985
SF Plus 10-53
6. Dragonrider (NA-2)
Infinity 1, Hoskins, Lancer, 1970
7. Dramatic Mission (SN)
Futurelove, Elwood, Bobbs-Merril, 1977
8. Dull Drums (NT)
The Visitors Book, Anon, Poolbeg, 1979
9. Duty Calls (NT)
Get Off The Unicorn (1977)
10. Fallen Angel (ss)
Get Off The Unicorn (1977)
11. Finder's Keeper (ss)
Continuum 4, Elwood, Berkley/Putnam, 1975
12. A Flock of Geese (ss)
Continuum 2, Elwood, Berkley/Putnam, 1974
13. Freedom of the Race (sss)
Fantasy and Science Fiction 4-59
14. The Great Canine Chorus (ss)
Cassandra Rising, Laurance, Doubleday, 1978
15. The Greatest Love (NT)
Fantasy and Science Fiction 1-69
16. Habit is an Old Horse (ss)
Continuum 3, Elwood, Berkley/Putnam, 1974
17. Honeymoon (NT)
The Ship Who Sang (1969)
18. Horse From a Different Sea (ss)
Continuum 1, Elwood, Putnam's, 1974
19. Killashandra - Coda and Finale (NT)
Demon Kind, Elwood, Avon, 1973
20. Killashandra - Crystal Singer (NT)
Omega, Elwood, Walker, 1973
21. Lady in the Tower (ss)
Ten Tomorrows, Elwood, Fawcett, 1973
22. Lady in Waiting (ss)
Worlds of If 3-69
23. A Meeting of Minds (NT)
The Ship Who Disappeared (see under The Ship Who Disappeared)
24. Milekey Mountain (NT)
Galaxy 10-66
25. The Partnered Ship (ss)
Analog 3-66
26. Prelude to a Crystal Song (NT)
Fantasy and Science Fiction 4-61
27. A Proper Santa Claus (ss)
Galaxy 7-70
28. Rabble-Dowser (ss)
Science Fiction Tales, Elwood, Random, 1973
29. The Rescued Girls of Refugee (ss)
The Disappearing Future, Hay, Panther, 1970
30. The Ship Who Disappeared (NT)
31. The Ship Who Dissembled (see under The Ship Who Disappeared)
32. The Ship Who Killed (NT)
33. The Ship Who Mourned (ss)
34. The Ship Who Sang (ss)
35. Sittik (ss)
36. The Smallest Dragonboy (ss)
37. The Thorns of Barevi (ss)

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37. To Ride Pegasus (NT)
38. Velvet Fields (ss)
39. Weather on Welladay (NT)
40. Weyr Search (SN)
41. A Womanly Talent (SN)

To Ride Pegasus (1973)
 Worlds of If 11/12-73
 Galaxy 3-69
 Analog 10-67
 Analog 2-69

B. Fiction Books

- *The Carradine Touch*
- 1. *The Coelura*
- 2. *The Crystal Singer* [based on A26 & A20] Severn House 2-82, 302pp
- 3. *Decision At Doona* Ballantine 4-69, 245pp
- 4. *Dinosaur Planet* Orbit 12-77, 192pp
- 5. *Dinosaur Planet Survivors* Del Rey 11-84, 294pp
- 6. *Dragondrums* Atheneum 3-79, 240pp
- 7. *Dragonflight* [incl A6, A40] Ballantine 7-68, 309pp
- 8. *Dragonquest* Ballantine 5-71, 333pp
- 9. *The Dragonriders Of Pern* [B7, B8, B32] SFBC 10-78, 751pp
- 10. *Dragonsdawn* Easton Press, 11-88, 431pp
- 11. *Dragonsinger* Atheneum 3-77, 264pp
- 12. *Dragonsong* Atheneum 3-76, 202pp
- 13. *Get Off The Unicorn* [A21, A23, A5, A8, A3, A39, A36, A18, A14, A11, A27, A35, A1, A17] Del Rey 6-77, 303pp
- 14. *The Girl Who Heard Dragons* Cheap Street 1-86, 96pp
- 15. *Habit Is An Old Horse* [A16, A10] Dryad, 3-86, 22pp
- 16. *The Harper Hall Of Pern* [B12, B11, B6] SFBC, 6-84, 501pp
- 17. *The Ireta Adventure* [B4, B5] SFBC, 9-85, 376pp
- 18. *Killashandra* Del Rey (hb) 11-85, 304pp
- 19. *The Kilternan Legacy* Dell 12-75
- 20. *The Lady* Ballantine (hb) 11-87, 461pp
- 21. *The Mark Of Merlin* Dell 5-71, 180pp
- 22. *Moreta: Dragonlady Of Pern* Del Rey (hc) 11-83, 286pp
- 23. *Nerilka's Story* Del Rey (hc) 2-86, 182pp
- 24. *Nerilka's Story & The Coelura* [B23, B1] Bantam UK (hb) 1-87, 192pp
- 25. *Restoree* Ballantine 9-67, 252pp
- 26. *Ring Of Fear* Dell 11-71, 252pp
- 27. *The Ship Who Sang* [A33, A32, A31, A7, A30, A25 - all revised] Walker -69, 284pp
- 28. *The Smallest Dragonboy* [A35] Dragonhold, -82, 16pp
- 29. *Stitch In Snow* Brandywyne 5-84, 176pp
- *The Survivors* (see under *Dinosaur Planet Survivors*)
- 30. *A Time When* [extract from B32] NESFA -75, 76pp
- 31. *To Ride Pegasus* [A37, A41, A1, A2] Ballantine 8-73, 243pp
- 32. *The White Dragon* Del Rey (hb) 6-78, 497pp
- 33. *The Worlds Of Anne McCaffrey* [B25, B3, B27] Andre Deutsch 7-81, 601pp
- 34. *The Year Of The Lucy* Brandywyne 7-86, 220pp

C. Series

1. Crystal Singer Stories: A26, A20, A24, A19
Books: B2, B18
2. Dinosaur Planet Books: B4, B5
3. Harper Hall Books: B12, B11, B6
4. Pern Books: B22, B23, B7, B8, B12, B11, B6, B32

D. Books Edited by Anne McCaffrey

1. *Alchemy And Academe* Doubleday -70, 239pp
2. *Cooking Out Of This World* Ballantine 8-73, 213pp

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E. Books about Anne McCaffrey

1. *Anne McCaffrey*
by Mary Brizzi, Starmont 6-86, 95pp
2. *Anne McCaffrey: A Dragondex & Bibliography*
by Glasser & White, Cambridge, -75?
3. *Brackett, Bradley, McCaffrey: A Primary And Secondary Bibliography*
by Rosemarie Arbur, G.K. Hall 8-82, 277pp

F. Phantom and Forthcoming Titles

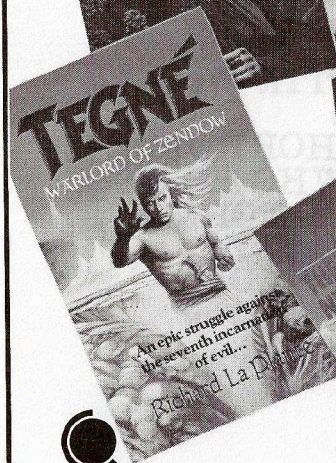
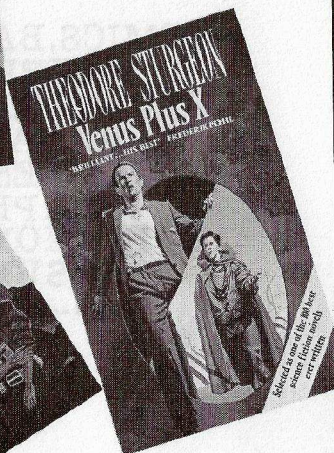
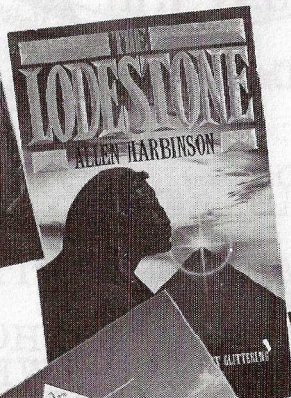
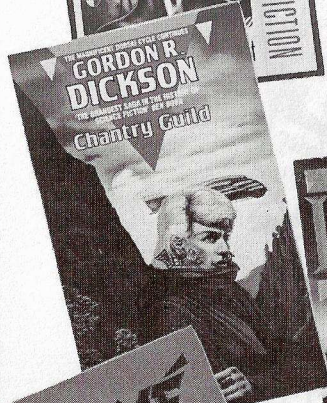
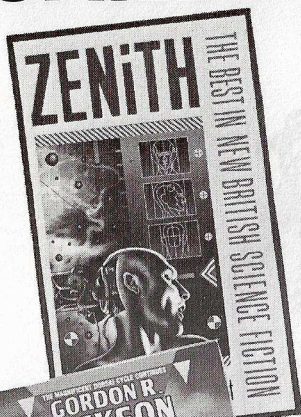
1. *All The Weyrs Of Pern*
Projected sequel to *The White Dragon*, forthcoming from Del Rey
2. *The Bitter Tower*
Prequel to 'Lady in the Tower' and 'A Meeting of Minds', forthcoming from Berkley
3. *The Bones Do Lie*
Story scheduled for *The Last Dangerous Visions*
4. *Crystal Line*
Projected sequel to *Killashandra*, forthcoming from Del Rey
5. *Dragonlady*
Working title for *Moreta: Dragonlady Of Pern*
6. *Dragon songbook*
Illustrated song book announced in 1984, but not seen
7. *If Madam Likes You*
Story for "Carmen Miranda's Ghost" anthology, forthcoming from Baen Books.
8. *Renegades Of Pern*
Projected Pern novel, forthcoming from Del Rey.
9. *The Search of a Sensible Man*
A fairy tale for Del Rey, scheduled for 1990 (or so)
10. *Zamzam*
Forthcoming in Robert Silverberg's *Time Gate* Shared Universe anthology

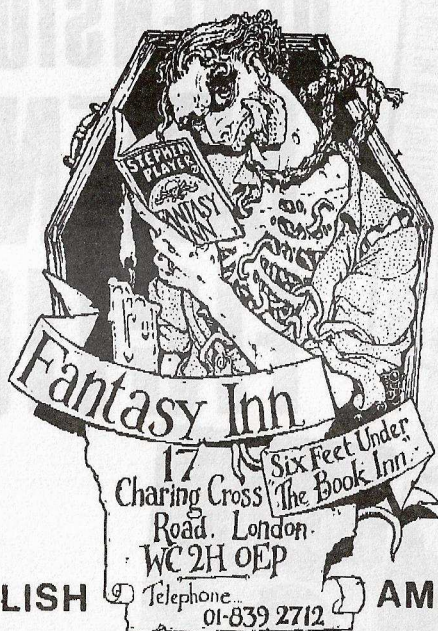
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Section 1 : Books

(H) indicates a hardback.

No.	Edn.	Title	Publishing details
1.	(a)	The Committed Men	Doubleday, Garden City New York, 1971 (H) see also short story 70.4
2.	(a)	The Pastel City	NEL, 1971
3.	(a)	The Centauri Device	Doubleday, 1974 (H) see also short stories 74.1 and 74.2
4.	(a)	The Machine In Shaft Ten And Other Stories	Panther, London, 1975 (72.1)(71.1) (70.2) (75.1) (70.3) (68.2) (75.2) (69.2) (75.3)(71.2) (72.2) (73.1)
5.	(a)	A Storm Of Wings	Doubleday, New York, 1980 (H)
6.	(a)	In Viriconium	included in Viriconium Nights (Ace); see 8a below. The Ace version was a much shorter work.
	(b)		Gollancz, London, 1982 (H) This is the first edition as the full length novel.
		As: The Floating Gods	Unicorn, London, 1984 Timescape, New York, February 1983
7.	(a)	The Ice Monkey And Other Stories	Gollancz, London, 1983 (H) (80.1) (82.1) (78.2) (75.4) (83.1) (75.1) (81.1)
8.	(a)	Viriconium Nights	Ace, New York, Aug 1984 (71.1) (72.2) (85.4) (75.2) (84.1) (85.2) (85.3) In Viriconium (see 6a and b above)
	(b)		Gollancz, London, 1985 (H) (84.1) (71.1) (85.3) (85.4) (85.1) (85.2) (85.5)
	(c)		Unicorn, London, 1986 - Contents as for Gollancz edition
9.	(a)	Viriconium	Unwin, London, 1988 - Contents list for this edition This is an omnibus edition of 7b and 8c.

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Section 2 : Stories

No.	Title	Date	Source
66.1	Marina	Feb 66	Science Fantasy 81 (as by John Harrison)
68.1	Baa Baa Blocksheep	Nov 68	NW 184
68.2	Visions Of Monad	68	NWISF 12
68.3	The Macbeth Expiation	68	NWISF 13
68.4	Green Five Renegade	68	NWISF 14
69.1	The Ash Circus	Apr 69	NW 189
69.2	London Melancholy	May 69	FSF
69.3	The Nash Circuit	Aug 69	NW 193
70.1	The Nostalgia Story	Jan 70	NW 197
70.2	The Bait Principle	Feb 70	NW 198
70.3	The Orgasm Band	Spr 70	The Transatlantic Review
70.4	The Floating Nun	Apr 70	NW 200
			forms part of Ch 9 and Chs 10-12 of TCM
71.1	The Lamia And Lord Cromis	Sep 71	NWQ 1
71.2	The Causeway	Dec 71	NWQ 2
71.3	The Flesh Circle	71	The Nature Of The Catastrophe
72.1	The Machine In Shaft Ten	Mar 72	NWQ 3 (as by Joyce Churchill)
72.2	Lamia Mutable	72	Again, Dangerous Visions ed Harlan Ellison (Doubleday 1972)
	(as The Bringer With The Window)		TMISTAOS
73.1	Coming From Behind	73	NWQ 6
74.1	The Centauri Device	Jan 74	FSF—This version was a novella, which had material inserted, plus some revisions and alterations, to form the novel (heavily revised) included in TCD
74.2	The Wolf That Follows	74	NWQ 7
			included in TCD as Chs 6, 7, and part of 8; pp 67-97 inclusive
75.1	Running Down (slightly revised) (slightly revised again) (slightly revised again)	75	NWQ 8 TMISTAOS NW:An Anthology ed Michael Moorcock TIMAOS
75.2	Events Witnessed From A City (revised)	75	TMISTAOS VN (Ace)
75.3	Ring Of Pain	75	TMISTAOS
75.4	Settling The World	75	The New Improved Sun, ed Thomas M. Disch (1975)
78.1	Space Crimes	Spr 78	NW 212
78.2	The Incalling (very slight revisions)	78	The Savoy Book, ed David Britton & Michael Butterworth (Savoy Books 1978)
78.3	Notes From An Ivory Basement	Win 78/9	NW 215
80.1	The Ice Monkey	80	New Terrors 2, ed Ramsey Campbell
80.2	The Seven Embodiments of Benedict Paucemanly	80	Something Else 1
81.1	Egnaro	81	Winters Tales 27
82.1	The New Rays	82	IZ 1
		83	The Year's Best Horror Stories Series XI (DAW), ed. K.E. Wagner
83.1	The Quarry	83	TIMAOS
83.2	Old Women	83	Women's Home Journal
84.1	The Luck In The Head	84	IZ 9
85.1	The Dancer From The Dance (this is a complete revision of 72.2, so much so it is listed here as a separate story)	85	VN (Gollancz)

Contrivance

85.2	Lords Of Misrule (revised)	84	Savoy Dreams VN (Ace)
85.3	Strange Great Sins (very slight revisions)	85	VN (Ace)
85.4	Viriconium Knights (slightly revised)	85	VN (Gollancz) VN (Ace) VN (Gollancz)
85.5	A Young Man's Journey To Viriconium	85	IZ 12 VN
88.1	Small Heirlooms	88	Other Edens 1 (Unwin Hyman) ed. Robert Holdstock & Christopher Evans
88.2	The Great God Pan	88	Prime Evil, ed. Douglas E. Winter
88.3	The Gift	88	Other Edens 2 (Unwin Hyman) ed. Robert Holdstock & Christopher Evans
89.1	The Horse Of Iron & How We Can Know It & Be Changed By It Forever	89	Tarot Tales (Century) ed. Rachel Pollack & Caitlin Matthews

Section 3 : Key to abbreviations

NWQ - New Worlds Quarterly. These were paperbacks, viewed by some as the continuation of New Worlds itself

NW - New Worlds magazine

TMISTAOS - The Machine In Shaft Ten And Other Stories

TIMAOS - The Ice Monkey And Other Stories

TCD - The Centauri Device

VN - Viriconium Nights. VN (Ace) means the Ace edition, VN (Gollancz) means the Gollancz. The distinction is necessary as the two books had different contents, and some stories in both books were revised from one to the other.

IZ - Interzone magazine

FSF - The Magazine Of Fantasy And Science Fiction

NWISF - New Writings In Science Fiction, edited by E.J. Carnell, and later Ken Bulmer.

Original anthology series

F - Foundation. Semi-academic journal.

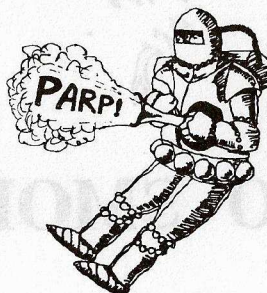
NMR - New Manchester Review.

Section 4 : What is listed.

For books, the first hardcover and paperback edition in the US and the UK are listed. For short stories, the original appearance is identified where possible, and any subsequent appearances are listed. There are almost certainly some omissions in this section.

Pseudonyms: the only consistent pseudonym is Joyce Churchill. Harrison's first story appeared under the name John Harrison. His non-fiction collaboration, Fawcett On Rock, was written as by Mike Harrison. His use of the his middle name on his sf, rather than Mike or Michael Harrison, was to avoid confusion with another current author called Michael Harrison.

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Bibliography of Don Lawrence

Awards

- 1980 British Society of Strip Illustrators (SSI) award
1987 Golden Bommel Award as best artist (Dutch award for Album 17 of *Storm*)
1987 Stripchampsrij, shared with Martin Lodewijk (Dutch award for *Chronicles of Pandarve* series in *Storm*)

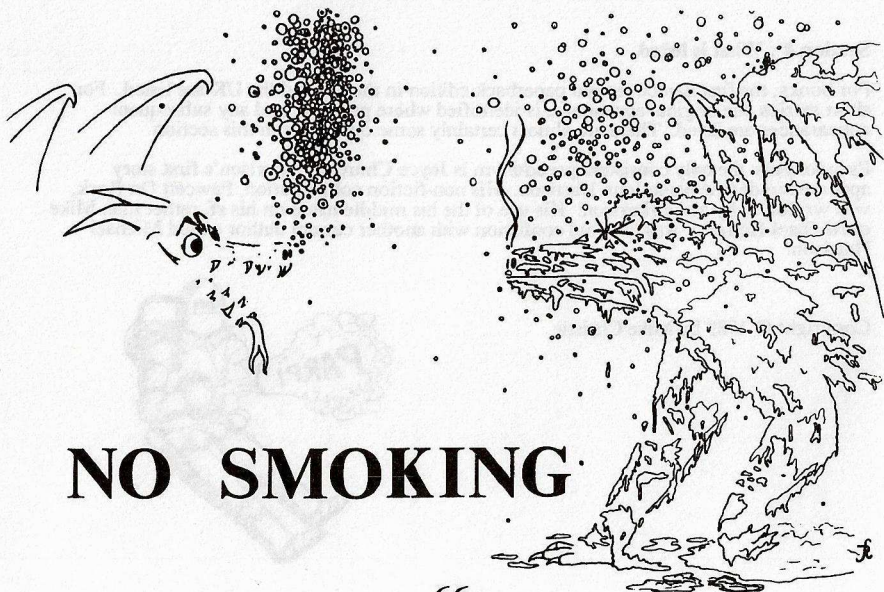
Strips illustrated by Don Lawrence

This list covers Don Lawrence's work in the SF and fantasy fields, and also includes a number of other items of related interest.

- 1954-1957 *Marvelman*
1958-1964 *Karl the Viking*, Lion
Sword of Einger, Lion
Maroc the Mighty, Lion
1964 *Karl the Viking*, Lion Annual (full colour strip)
1965 *The Rise and Fall of the Trigan Empire*, Ranger (colour- with Michael Butterworth)
1966-1976 *The Trigan Empire*, Look and Learn (colour)
1967 *Fireball XLS*, TV Century 21 (colour)
Thunderbirds are go!, TV Century 21 (colour)
1969 *Tarzan*, TV21
1976- *Storm*, Oberon (colour- with Martin Lodewijk)

Reprints of earlier work

- 1970 *Maroc the Mighty*, Smash (reprints from Lion)
Erik the Viking, Smash (retitled reprints from Lion)
1975 *The Trigan Empire*, Hamlyn (reprint in book form)
1988 *Storm- The Last Fighter*, Titan (English reprint)
1989? *Storm- The Pirates of Pandarve*, Titan (English reprint)



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British National And International Conventions

These lists compiled with the advice and help of Rob Hansen

Early National Conventions

The following list includes all the most significant early British conventions, starting with the first S.F. convention held anywhere in the world. It omits a number of fan gatherings normally listed, on the grounds either that they were regional rather than national in scope (Norcon), or that they weren't really a con at all (Bombcon).

No	Year	Location	Name
01	1937	Leeds	
02	1938	London	
03	1939	London	
04	1943	Leicester	Midvention
05	1944	London	Eastercon

Post-War National and International conventions.

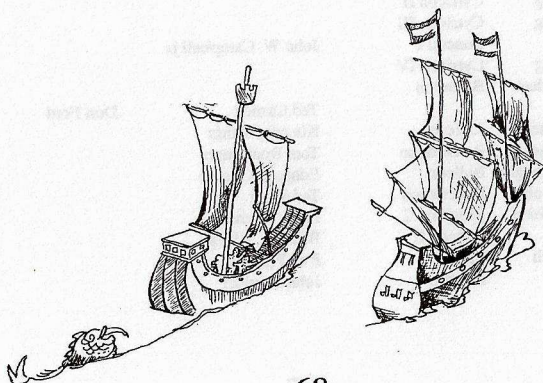
The current series of British National conventions is traditionally numbered from the 1948 Whitcon. It was, however, not until 1955 that the national con was held over Easter rather than Whitsun, and the name 'Eastercon' came to be applied to the series. The earlier 1944 convention is not considered to be an 'Eastercon' in that sense.

Previous convention lists have not shown a national convention in 1957. Recent research has, however, revealed that one took place, which necessitates a certain amount of renumbering. Fortunately, a case can be made for not counting Festivention, in 1951, as a national convention. It was planned as an international convention, to tie in with the Festival of Britain, and was, indeed, more international than many Worldcons of the time. It had attendees from as far away as the USA, Canada and Australia, as well as several European countries. With these adjustments, the 1971 convention can still be called Eastercon 22, and Contrivance remains the 40th British National Science Fiction Convention.

No	Year	Location	Name	Guests	Fan Guests
1	1948	London	Whitcon	Bertram Chandler	
2	1949	London	Loncon		
*	1951	London	Festivention	Forrest Ackerman	Lyell Crane
3	1952	London	Loncon		
4	1953	London	Coroncon		
5	1954	Manchester	Supermancon	John Russell Fearn	
6	1955	Kettering	Cytricon		
7	1956	Kettering	Cytricon II		
8	1957	Kettering	Cytricon III		
*	1957	London	Loncon I	John W. Campbell jr	
9	1958	Kettering	Cytricon IV		
10	1959	Birmingham	Brumcon		
11	1960	London		Ted Carnell	Don Ford
12	1961	Gloucester	LXIcon	Kingsley Amis	
13	1962	Harrogate	Ronvention	Tom Boardman	
14	1963	Peterborough	Bulcon	Edmund Crispin	
15	1964	Peterborough	Repetercon	Ted Tubb	
16	1965	Birmingham	Brumcon 2	Harry Harrison	
*	1965	London	Loncon II	Brian W. Aldiss	
17	1966	Yarmouth	Yarcon	Ron Whiting	
18	1967	Bristol	Briscon	John Brunner	

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No	Year	Location	Name	Guests	Fan Guests
19	1968	Buxton	Thirdmancon	Ken Bulmer	
20	1969	Oxford	Galactic Fair	Judith Merrill	
21	1970	London	Seicon '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	Graham & Pat Chamock
*	1979	Brighton	Seacon '79	Brian W. Aldiss	Harry Bell
				Fritz Leiber	
31	1980	Glasgow	Albacon	Colin Kapp	Jim Barker
32	1981	Leeds	Yorcon II	Ian Watson	Dave Langford
				Tom Disch	
33	1982	Brighton	Channelcon	Angela Carter	
				John Sladek	
34	1983	Glasgow	Albacon II	James White	Avedon Carol
				Marion Zimmer Bradley	
35	1984	Brighton	Seacon '84	Roger Zelazny	Waldemar Kumming
				Chris Priest	
				Pierre Barbet	
				Josef Nesvedba	
36	1985	Leeds	Yorcon III	Greg Benford	Linda Pickersgill
37	1986	Glasgow	Albacon III	Joe Haldeman	John Jarrold
38	1987	Birmingham	BECCON '87	Keith Roberts	Chris Atkinson
*	1987	Brighton	Conspiracy	Alfred Bester	Joyce & Ken Slater
				Jim Burns	Dave Langford
				Ray Harryhausen	
				Doris Lessing	
				Arkady Strugatsky	
				Boris Strugatsky	
39	1988	Liverpool	Follycon	Gordon Dickson	Greg Pickersgill
				Gwyneth Jones	
				Len Wein	
40	1989	Jersey	Contrivance	M. John Harrison	Avedon Carol
				Anne McCaffrey	Rob Hansen
				Don Lawrence	
41	1990	Birmingham	Eastcon	Iain Banks	Anne Page
				SMS	



Contrivance



Putting The Science Back Into Science Fiction

The 1990 British Easter Science Fiction Convention April 13-16 1990
Cobden Hotel/Clarendon Suite Birmingham

In 1990 Eastcon will be celebrating all the decades of Science Fiction, past, present and future.

Our Guests of Honour at present include Iain Banks, Ken Campbell, Anne Page as Fan Guest, and SMS as not only our Art Guest, but also as our Convention artist. We are also in the process of lining up some special Science Guest speakers for your delectation.

For the first time in Europe, we will be presenting a programme of Space and Environmental Sciences alongside the Science Fiction which compliments them.

The traditional aspects of Eastcon will all be there too. The Book room, Art Show, Fan room, Films, Masquerade, Awards ceremonies and much more, all bound together by innovative and stimulating programming, plus our subtle twist of anarchy!

We are pleased to offer fandom the finest facilities ever for an Eastercon. We shall be using the newly renovated Birmingham Clarendon Suite. This is a large integrated convention centre that can easily cope with intimate conventions of a few hundred or expand its hospitality to WorldCon sized events.

As for our hotels, there will be an extra discount on rooms in addition to the usual Eastercon reduced rates. The staff of the Cobden are very nice, very friendly and co-operative (makes a difference, doesn't it?) and the food is excellent, and the drink? We're offering a full real ale bar and scrumpy for the connoisseurs of the fermented apple. Plus of course there is the swimming pool, sauna and polygym to work off the hangovers. These facilities are free to all con attendees.

The future is Science Fiction - see it at Eastcon '90.

Memberships upto and including December 1st 1989 are
Attending £20,
Supporting £9.

All enquiries and memberships to

EastCon'90, Unit 28, Metropolitan Works, Enfield Rd. London N1 5AZ.

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The Committee

Gwen Funnell

Gwen Funnell lives in Brighton, and hates writing letters. However, when Seacon 79 was advertised as being in her home town, she made a supreme effort and put pen to paper. Not knowing about sign-up desks for future conventions, she might never have attended another, had not an enterprising British agent for Denvention (Graham England/Koch. Thanks, Graham) sold her a membership.

At Denvention, she encountered a number of British fans, and Tim Illingworth persuaded her to join the 1982 Eastercon (Channelon, back in Brighton). Here Gwen *did* discover the future convention desks, and has been attending conventions ever since.

Tim has been signing her up for things ever since, mostly convention committees. When Contrivance is over, Gwen intends to overcome her abhorrence of writing just long enough to write a letter of resignation from whatever else Tim is thinking of co-opting her for.

Peter Wareham

Major landmarks on my way to Contrivance include: having the adventures of Red Ray on the planet TeeVeeda read to me from a *TV comic annual* in about 1957 (I was very young at the time, I hasten to add); discovering how to use library catalogues (it was a major disappointment when I found that I'd read every Andre Norton book they had in stock); Joining the Cambridge University Science Fiction Society and later, as one of the four regulars at the pub meetings, becoming treasurer (no nonsense about democratic vote in *those* days); founding the St Albans group, STAFFEN, when I left Cambridge, because I missed the company of fans (as a result of which I met Arthur Cruttenden, who introduced me to conventions); getting onto the committee of Camcon while I was on holiday in America (ask Tim how *that* happened!)

And here I am. Just don't ask me what I did to deserve it.

Roger Perkins

Since 1980 I have been continuously involved in Conrunning, primarily as Treasurer first of the Becon series, and now of Contrivance. Behind the beard and glasses which typify the Conrunner, however, lurks a fan of other activities.

Sailing is now my main hobby (funny - beards and glasses are common there as well), providing a complete change of style from muttering "we can't afford it" at Committee meetings. Unfortunately my crews are all so used to being on Committees that they don't take orders without wanting them first debated as a motion from the deck!

I am always looking for crew, so if you fancy sailing on the South Coast, you can contact me via the Contrivance address.

Steve Bull

Steve Bull is not a stereotype, being in possession of good eyesight and an electric razor. He recently became a ceramic doctor after finding out that ion beams were wear it's at. Nowadays he tries to pass for a scientist by wearing an old tweed jacket.

Contrary to popular opinion he is not now, nor has he ever been radioactive (nor a part of the strategic defence initiative), but is instead a manufacturer of engineering overcoats for whoever has the money. At conventions he is *space intentionally left blank* having become addicted to a mild state of panic.

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Tim Illingworth

Tim got into fandom through the Cambridge University Science Fiction Society, where he first met Colin Fine - friendship which has got him into all sorts of places. He is in fact only 33-ish, though the last few years spent running games at conventions and organising conventions have made him look older. He would like to get back into the habit of going to American Worldcons, but is currently too poor as a result of his expensive hobbies of fandom, sailing, opera-going and working for the Civil Service. Stated ambition - "I'd like to gaffiate, but I just haven't the time".

He is, indeed, so busy that we have had to reproduce this autobiographical note from the Becon 87 programme book. Tim is too busy to write a new one.

Rob Meades

I became aware of fandom in 1983 on entering Birmingham University, whereupon I was coerced into taking the position of Chairbeing of the University SF Society. The first SF convention I attended was Novacon 13, which I can't say I enjoyed. However, one month later I attended Cymrucon in Cardiff... which I didn't particularly enjoy. I have been attending SF conventions ever since.

In recognition of this masochistic behaviour, I was asked to join the Contrivance committee. One day real soon now, I hope that I will start to enjoy conventions.

Christina Lake

Wanted: fun-loving man for nights of romance on Jersey. Nice of the committee to let me run a free contact ad. What's that - I'm actually meant to be writing about myself and my involvement in Contrivance? And besides, I'm married. Okay then. Along with my stalwart helpers, Lilian Edwards and Peter-Fred Thompson, I shall be running the utterly superb Contrivance fan room. Qualifications: lunacy, sybaritism, faith in Boeing engines and an overdraft. Disqualifications: eight years of producing fanzines and involvement in the fan room at Mexican II and Conspiracy. Likes: decadent cocktails, wild parties. Dislikes: people telling me I can't write contact ads...

Steve Davies

Steve Davies was born in Beirut and has wandered the world ever since, looking for his roots. On discovering fandom in 1978 (Novacon 8 - GoH Anne McCaffrey!) he hovered around it in a state of complete invisibility for several years before deciding that he wasn't getting enough fun out of life and set out to become the complete Renaissance fan. He has tried his hand at fanzines, apas, parties, going to conventions, role-playing games, university societies, Jomsborg, running conventions, costuming and folk music. Now suffers from Tim Illingworth syndrome, of not having any spare time before 1993.

Paul Dormer

Paul Dormer was born in London, where he now lives. He grew up in the north-east of England and studied at Leeds University. After leaving university, he took up a programming post with the CEBG, a post he still occupies (but not for much longer, thanks to Conservative privatisation plans). Soon after moving back to London, he discovered fandom and attended his first convention in 1976. He got involved with conrunning with the 1984 Eurocon. He has attended all but one of the worldcons since 1979, and is now suffering from the delusion that he is a Radio 3 announcer.

Chris Cooper

At 6' 11", Chris Cooper is known to much of fandom by sight, if not by name. His first convention was Luunicon and in the 10 years since he has been seen at around 40 SF, Fantasy and media conventions, working in various ways at most of them. This has included helping one convention obtain supplies of real ale, and helping many more dispose of them (which is one of his consuming passions). Often sighted (and blind drunk) wearing a waistcoat covered in badges, he maintains that this is one way to get armour past a weapons policy. This is the

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first time he has been (trapped) on a convention committee and his main responsibilities are in the area of operations.

Martin Hoare

When asked to provide a short autobiographical note for this Programme Book, Mr Martin Hoare (61) informed us that unless we vacated the bar immediately he would send his explosives expert to call on us in the morning.

Thanks to:

The committee would like to thank the following people, without whom this convention would have been very different if indeed it had taken place at all.

M. John Harrison, Anne McCaffrey, Don Lawrence, Avedon Carol, Rob Hansen, Lilian Edwards, Peter-Fred Thompson, John Dallman, Sylvia Starshine, Peter Smith, Roger Robinson, Kathy Westhead, Mike Westhead, KIM Campbell and her security team, numerous sub-committee members, programme item organisers, the newssheet team, all programme participants, ops people, film crew and general hard-working gophers, plus all contributors to the programme book, David De Carteret and the Jersey Conference Bureau, Kevin Stuckey and the staff of the Hotel de France.

Only Five SMOFFing Days to Easter

by Tim Illingworth

Somehow, it all looked bright and easy back in May 1986. It just seemed the obvious thing to do - to spend the next three years trying to bid and run the most unforgettable Eastercon ever. But now, as the time approaches, the doubts begin. The vultures of apprehension start their circling. Of course, I've run conventions before - I should be used to all this. But still the worries persist. Only five SMOFFing days to Easter and - what am I going to do next?

Running conventions is one of those things like heroin - it creeps into your life in a small way and ends up totally dominating it. It usually starts by observing the fool on the platform, and thinking "I can do better than that". In my case, I said it out loud, and Colin Fine was standing right behind me. That was six years ago and, since then, my life has never been the same - or even my own. There's always been something waiting to be done, and with the most inflexible of deadlines to meet.

It certainly eats up all the time it can get - most of my weekends for the last six months have been occupied by Contrivance functions one way or another - committee meetings (mostly for the full weekend), sub-committee meetings, and conventions where I've spent most of my time talking to people about Contrivance or behind a desk selling memberships. Two evenings a week have also gone on convention business - either sub-committee meetings or writing replies to the many letters we receive.

And yet, when it's all over, what else gives the same sense of achievement, of having ridden the ragged edge of disaster and come away safely - of putting on the best show possible under the circumstances, and showing up the doubters who said it couldn't be done?

Of course, if I didn't do it, I could buy and read more books. I could go to the opera more often. I could have time to go sailing for weeks in the summer. I could...

I know all this, but I'm still wondering about the next project.

What idiot mentioned Worldcons?

FRIDAY

Time	Lido	Empire	Starlight	Room 1000	Basement	Art Show
11am		<i>Asterix The Gaul</i> (Film)			Filk Workshop	
12n		When the Boat Comes In (Open Ceremony)				
1pm		Any Questions?	Quiz Round 1	Birth of the Unknown Programme Item		
2pm	Morris Dance Workshop (Outdoors)	<i>The Princess Bride</i> (Film)	Do Books Have a Future? (Alex Stewart)			
3pm			Citizens of the Future		Poetry panel	
4pm		Industry in Space (Gerry Webb)	Women's Press Ghetto	Drabble Project (Workshop)	Author Reading	
5pm		Juke Books Jury			Cover Stories	
6pm	Preserving the Future (Simon Hicks of Jersey Zoo) BEMs & JCBs	Worldcon 90 Progress Report		Thing(John Crowley) Aegypt & Little, Big	How to: Run a Film Programme (workshop)	Open
7pm		Pie in the Sky				
8pm		What's Wrong with Reality?			Author Reading	
9pm	The Greenhouse Effect (Dr John Gribbin) Special Film Item					
10pm					Linda & 4 beards	
11pm						
12m						

SATURDAY

Time	Lido	Empire	Starlight	Room 1000	Basement	Art Show
11a	Film Talk (John Alexander)	<i>Orphee</i> (Film)	20 Questions	Masquerade workshop (Presenting a Character)	Rocketry Workshop	
12n		Quiz: Round 2	Feminist Utopias & how to get there	Masquerade workshop (Costume Making)	Getting the best out of Auctions	Open
1pm	No. SERIOUSLY, Where do you get your Crazy Ideas? (Terry Pratchett)	Not in Front of the Adults				
2pm	Alien Languages		Book Auction		Gaming Workshop	
3pm	ANNE MCCAFFREY	Closed for Masquerade Set-up & Rehearsal	Trilogies: A Fantasy in 4 Parts		Don Lawrence: Drawing a Comic Strip	Open
4pm	No Place is an Island <i>Blade Runner</i> (Film)		Desert Island Comix		Author Reading	
5pm	The Rational Explained Irrationally (Julian Headlong)	CLUB: Photocall	Sexual Horror			
6pm	Eastercon '90: 382 Days to Go!	Masquerade	Books sans Frontières *		Author Reading	
7pm	Alien Music		Comics Quiz			
8pm			Filk Concert			
9pm						
10p						
11p						
12m		Overnight Films				

SUNDAY

Time	Lido	Empire	Starlight	Room 1000	Basement	Art Show
11am		10.30 <i>She Demons</i> (Film)	Whose God Is It Anyway?			
12n		1991 Bidding				Open
1pm	Quiz Final	We Build the Perfect City	The Wrong Stuff (Turkey Readings)		How To: Run A Masquerade	
2pm	Unimaginative Sex					
3pm	M JOHN HARRISON				Poetry Workshop	
4pm	CINEMA: (Film)	The Panel of the Film of the book of... Ready, Aim, Play!	Art Auction			
5pm						
6pm	Alien Ethics	7 Faces Of Dr Lao (Film)			Author Reading	
7pm	Whales & Dolphins as Aliens (Peter Garrett)				Co-Operative Games (Workshop)	
7.30pm						
8pm		Something in the City (Pete Gilligan)	BANQUET (8 for 8.30)			
9pm		New-ish Worlds				
10pm		Talk	AfterDinner Speech (Peter Morwood)			
11pm	DISCO: Madisons	Crossed Lines	Awards			
12m		Overnight films				

MONDAY

Time

11am

12n

1pm

2pm

3pm

4pm

5pm

6pm

7pm

8pm

9pm

10pm

11pm

12m

Lido

Empire

Starlight

Room 1000

Basement

Art Show

Howard The Duck (Film)

The Tomb of the
Unknown Programme
Item
The Privileged Ape
(Dr Jack Cohen)

Sleeper (Film)

Pushing the Boat
Out (Closing Ceremony)

Brainwashing
Behind the Ears

Not Of This Earth (Film)

Film

There Is Sweet
Music Here

Don Lawrence
Interview

Business Meeting

Women on the Edge
of SF

Cities in Write

Japanese Culture
in S F

The International Space
University (Nick Larter)

Five Words,
Fifth Word 'The'

The People's Quiz

How To:
Run a Con Bid
(Workshop)

Balloon Sculpture
(Workshop)

Author Reading

Author Reading

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Membership List

452k	Dale	484a	Jill Bradley	259a	John Clute
63a	Mike Abbott	483a	Phil Bradley	502a	Brett Cockrell
700a	Marianne Ackroyd	354a	Michael Braithwaite	740a	Daniel Cohen
748a	Tracey Adamczyk	786f	Rosemary Braithwaite	654a	Jack Cohen
689a	Mr B. Agrawal	271a	Richard Brandshaft	575a	Malcolm Cohen
120a	Philip Allcock	643a	Iris Braun	133a	Peter Cohen
40a	Brian Ameringen	642a	Rudiger Braun	525a	Storm Constantine
193s	Patricia Ames	733a	John Bray	164a	Barbara Conway
804a	Chris Amies	569a	Paul Brazier	570a	Alison Cook
250a	Michael Ancell	147a	Mark Brennan	492a	Brigid Cooling
184a	Fiona Anderson	499a	Jonathan Brewis	787a	Barbara Cooper
159a	Kevin Anderson	660a	Ray Briddock	12a	Chris Cooper
586a	Stuart Andrews	109a	Tim Broadribb	616s	David T. Cooper
284a	David Angus	591a	Nigel Brooke	667a	Susie Coote
293b	Petronius Arbitr III	G	Sara Brooks	438a	Marion Naomi Cornell
300f	Jill Armstrong-Bridges	449a	Ben Brown	534a	Keith Cosslett
158a	Keith Armstrong-Bridges	310a	Dave Brown	339A	Erik Coune
752a	Walter Arweiler	771a	Denzil J. Brown	430a	George Coune
79a	Margaret Austin	128a	Ken Brown	243s	Philip A. Cowan
206a	Jon Axtell	191a	Pat Brown	297a	Jonathan Cowie
97a	Chris Ayres	280s	(Friend of) John Brunner	649a	Adrian Cox
311a	Kenneth V. Bailey	279s	John Brunner	256a	Dave Cox
625b	Eleanor Bains	712a	Andrew Buchan	493a	Pete Cox
624a	Jane Bains	285a	Ed Buckley	611a	Jonathan Coxhead
626b	Richard Bains	25a	Steve Bull	683a	Anita Crafs-Lighty
623a	William Bains	359s	S.P. Bullock	656s	Neil Craig
736a	Chris Baker	224a	Charlotte Bulmer	330a	Mark Craske
162a	Henry Balen	327a	Ken Bulmer	521a	Jackie Crooks
102a	Iain Banks	263a	Mark Bunce	522a	Neville Crooks
135a	John Bark	174a	Saul A. Bura	698a	Simon Cross
179a	Trevor Barker	349a	Liz Burak	577a	Mark A. Crouch
185a	Phil Barnard	708a	Francesca Burgon	44a	1/2r Cruttenden
587s	Richard Barton	201a	Bill Burns	114a	Wendy Cruttenden
392a	Norman Baxter	200a	Mary Burns	389a	Sharon Cullen
543a	Stephen Baynes	149p	Robert Burrage	388a	Tony Cullen
529b	Scarface T. Bear (B.Ted (hons))	262a	Chris Bursey	556a	Rafe Culpin
811a	Chris Bell	606a	Andrew Butchers	443a	(Friend of) Patrick Curzon
717a	Ian Bell	741s	Steven Cain	442a	Patrick Curzon
812b	Kenneth Bell	468a	Jill Callow	687a	Jan Cuthbertson
344a	Simon J.C. Bell	694a	Ros Calverley	627a	Amanda S. Dakin
93p	Anders Bellis	535k	Tammy Campbell	11a	John Dallman
670a	Ian Gordon Bengry	282a	Jenny Campbell	34a	Mike Damesick
668a	Tony Benson	116a	Kim Campbell	662s	Calvin Davidson
75a	Simon Beresford	281a	Ramsey Campbell	554a	Brian Davies
375s	Johannes H. Berg	536b	Matty Campbell	104a	Malcolm Davies
170s	Helen Bernardi	53p	John W. Campbell Rees	15a	Steve Davies
204a	Michael Bernardi	163a	Mary Carmichael	478a	Ken Dawes
92p	Tony Berry	414a	Camell Lit. Agency	479a	Valerie Dawes
664a	Mats Bertenstam	G	Avedon Carol	307a	Peter J.B. Day
648a	Mr M.C. Bishop	557a	Graham Carter	455a	Robert Day
594a	Neil Blaber	436a	Terence Carter	366s	Sylvie Denis
618s	Lissa Blackburn	387a	Cecily Casey	178a	Zoe Deterding
788a	Mrs Jennifer Blackburn	386a	Kerion Casey	737a	Rachel Dickinson
770a	P. Blackwell	747s	Carolyn Caughey	141a	Iain Dickson
609a	Hans-Ulrich Boettcher	614a	Neil S. Chambers	202a	Martin Dickson
283a	Georgie Bondar	628a	Emma Chapman	207p	M.K. Digre
613a	Frances Bonner	500a	Mike Cheater	85a	Dermot Dobson
317a	Karin Bontenbal	337s	Philip Chee	86a	Perdy Dobson
186a	Duncan Booth	77a	Mike Christie	242a	Vincent Docherty
187a	Judy Booth	51p	Mats Claesson	105a	Chris Donaldson
410a	Susan Booth	676a	Miss F.B. Clark	363a	David R.M. Donaldson
576a	Stuart Borgognoni	412a	George Clarke	558s	Joanne Donkin
248a	Kjell Borgstrom	413a	Kathy Clarke	16a	Paul Dormer
28a	John Botham	600a	Trevor A. Clews	154a	Michelle Drayton
380a	D.C. Bowley	696a	Mr P. Clough	809a	Diane Duane
781a	Terence Alan Boxall	702a	Patricia Clowes	655a	Stephen Ealey
288s	Chris Boyce	260a	(Friend of) John Clute	745a	Dominic Earl

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476a	Roger Earnshaw	57s	Mike Gray	735a	Steve Jones
571a	Stephen East	605a	Mrs Roberta Gray	646s	Michael Jordinson
49a	Martin Easterbrook	83p	Steve Green	731a	M.R. Kail
607a	Cath Easthope	323k	Ben Gribbin	329s	Andrew Kelly
647b	Anthony Edwards	320a	John Gribbin	658a	Miss K.A. Kelsall
31a	Barbara A. Edwards	322f	Jon Gribbin	639a	Eileen Kenny
160a	Glenn Edwards	321a	Mary Gribbin	638a	Rory Kenny
319a	Lilian Edwards	704a	Rik Grier	132p	Morag Kerr
30a	Richard C.M. Edwards	718a	Julie Grosvenor	799a	Toni King
227a	Helen Eling	144a	Philip Groves	612a	Vicki King
255a	Stan Eling	769a	C. Grund	397a	Nico Klaasen Bos
35a	Dave Ellis	688a	Alan S. Gunn	423a	Gary Klupfel
697a	Alex Elrick	88a	Urban Gunnarsson	426k	Jennifer Klupfel
26p	David Elworthy	505a	Patricia Haisman	425f	Tobias Klupfel
762b	Cuddly Emmerich (?)	176s	Andrew Hall	424a	Uschi Klupfel
755a	Udo Emmerich	617s	Liz Halliday	813a	Peter J. Knight
548a	John English	782a	Andy Hamilton	315f	Mary Knott
38a	Bernie Evans	448a	Maria Hamilton	55a	Alice Kohler
257a	Mick Evans	497a	Tony Hammond	291a	Pompino the Kregoyne
52a	Juliet Eyeions	728a	Kay Hancox	806a	Katherine Kurtz
372a	Fabian	G	Rob Hansen	150a	Christina Lake
579a	Jon Fairbairn	182a	Susan E. Harding	229s	Jan Lake
549f	Anthea Fairey	361a	John Harold	230s	Ken Lake
177a	John Fairey	398a	Andy Harrison	527a	David Lally
523b	Sam Fairey	G	M. John Harrison	802a	Andrea D. Lancett
524b	Tom Fairey	277s	Sue Harrison	195a	Henry John Landis
440b	Fang	338a	Eef Hartman	89a	Dave Langford
59p	Nick Farey	69p	Eve Harvey	90a	Hazel Langford
651s	Jon Feetenby	68p	John Harvey	220P	Bill Langley
431a	Michel Feron	318s	M.M. Kamd Hashmi	490a	Nick Larter
215a	Mike Figg	507a	John Hawcock	487a	Adrian R. Last
675a	Jan Howard Finder	666a	David Haynes	467a	Gerard Laughlin
103a	Colin Fine	296a	Graham Head	240a	Patrick A. Lawford
239a	Joan Fine	110a	Julian Headlong	G	Don Lawrence
238a	Philip Fine	567s	Anthony Heathcote	G	Elizabeth Lawrence
754a	Birgit Fischer	485s	Niall Hedderley	62a	Steve Lawson
699a	Nigel Fisher	249a	Teresa Hehir	122a	Ruth Le Sueur
385a	Brian Flatt	461a	Lee Hendley	117s	Bernard Leak
692s	Alan Fleming	785a	Jack Henegan	774a	Tanith Lee
773a	Tracey Flint	542a	Robert A. Hepworth	439a	Amanda Leeds
80s	Mike Ford	156p	Angie Heskett	113p	Dave Lermitt
278a	William Henry Forrester	155p	Paul Heskett	268a	Robin Levy
427s	A. Marina Fournier	428a	Richard C. Hewison	232a	Rowena Levy
682a	Rich Fox	537a	Sara Hewitt	729s	Garydd Lewis
126a	Susan Francis	286a	Joy Hibbert	730s	Sue P. Lewis
777a	Jenny Fraser	462a	Chris Higgins	350a	Anton Lien
539a	Dave French	18a	Martin Hoare	541a	Neil Light
540a	Shirley French	167a	Malcolm Hodkin	662a	Christopher Neil Linfoot
488a	Anders Frihagen	686a	Matthias Hoffman	663a	Jacqueline Ann Linfoot
457a	Roswitha Frisch	205a	Marina Holroyd	433a	Andy Linn
456a	Wolfgang Frisch	305a	Derek Holt	42a	Steve Linton
800a	Abi Frost	306a	Kim Holt	734a	Mike Llewellyn
199a	Miss K.E. Fry	96p	Mike Hook	290p	Elaine Lockley
14a	Gwen Funnell	637a	Thomas Horn	289a	Steve Lockley
314a	T.J. Furniss	261a	Valerie Housden	316a	Hank Longeveld
526a	Jaguar Furrell	706a	Rob Houwerzyl	107a	Ann Looker
790a	John Gabriel	472a	Cheryl Howell	228a	H.K. Loose
709a	Kathy Gale	758f	Mrs I.C. Hunt	459a	Alan C. Lord
674b	Ellen Gallagher	650s	Paul T. Hunt	474b	Helen C. Lord
690a	Jim Gallagher	714a	Richmond Hunt	657a	Jan Lord
673a	Marilyn Gallagher	528a	Mike Ibeji	475b	Sarah M. Lord
672a	Stephen Gallagher	10a	Tim Illingworth	473f	Teresa M.E. Lord
189a	Pat Gardner	695s	Andrew Irvine	343a	Karen Lundquist
382a	Peter T. Garratt	247a	Matthew Irving	376a	Heidi Lyshol
515a	D.G. Gibson	765a	Carole Jackson	46a	Peter Mabey
364s	Brendan Gillen	764a	Pat Jackson	589s	Brian Macdonald
615a	Peter A. Gilligan	245a	Rob Jackson	45s	Bruce J.M. Macdonald
437s	Steve Glover	54p	Linda Strickler James	798a	Hilary Mackie
148a	Wendy Glover	294s	Rhodri James	797a	Neil Mackie
76p	Jim Goddard	432a	Richard James	555a	Bobby MacLaughlin
352a	Alan Gordon	503a	Wilf James	808a	Cameron Macmillan
253a	Margaret Gordon	715a	Samantha Jewell	807a	Scott Macmillan
619a	Niall M. Gordon	504a	Neil J.M. Jezzard	703a	Jamie Macrae
390a	Roelof Goudriaan	G	Jane Johnson	520a	Joyce Mains
183a	Michael R. Gould	G	Todd Johnson	751a	Frank Mainz
560a	John A. Graham	405a	H.U.I. Jones	590a	Chris Malm
236a	Mark Grant	406a	R.I. Jones	166a	Elise Mann

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367a	Ken Mann	721a	Joan Newman	198a	Jo Raine
450a	Carol Manning	596a	Cherry Newton	538s	Feryal Rajah
516a	Chris Marriott	597b	David Newton	566a	Andrew Ramage
130a	Helen Marshall	50a	Henry Newton	565a	Deborah Ramage
550a	Len Marshall	598b	Penny Newton	391a	Richard The Rampant
222s	Mrs Carol Marshall	803s	Stan Nicholls	333a	Alan Raphaeline
551b	Peter Marshall	209a	Jeroen Nijenhuis	719a	Marc Read
678a	Keith Martin	237a	Andrew Norcross	131a	Kevin Winston Reader
750a	Eckhard D. Marwitz	585a	Lisanne Norman	384a	Colette Reap
749a	Juergen Marzi	784a	Elaine Normandy	753a	Thomas Recktenwald
125p	Barbara Mascetti	146a	Gytha North	348a	Martin Reed
115a	Hugh Mascetti	400a	Heather North	720a	Nicola Reen
705a	P. Maskens	402f	Isaac North	434a	Malcolm M. Reid
302s	Andy Matthewman	401a	Myk North	134a	John F.W. Richards
404a	Ian Maughan	403k	Toby North	494a	Mike Richardson
345a	Robert Maughan	661a	Yvonne Nuttall	24a	Dov Rigal
602s	Kari Maund	659a	Alice O'Donnell	332a	Andy Robertson
61a	Charles Mawdsley	223a	Andrew O'Donnell	252a	Guy Robinson
546a	Jon May	763a	Trish O'Neill	81p	Jacqueline Robinson
258a	Chris Mayers	153a	Chris O'Shea II	547a	Neil Robinson
298s	Krsto A. Mazuranic	48a	Keith Oborn	39a	Roger Robinson
580a	Angus McAllister	559a	Krystyna Oborn	514a	T.R. Robinson
394a	Fiona McArthur	340a	Roger Octon	561a	Nigel Robson
19a	Catherine McCauley	212a	Paul Oldroyd	669a	Miss K. Rock
G	Anne McCaffrey	265a	Per Osterman	409a	Doreen Rogers
399a	Doug McCallum	465a	Paul Owens	121p	Mike Rogers
346a	Helen McCarthy	175a	Dave Packwood	219a	Phil Rogers
707a	Alison McColl	172a	Anne Page	171a	Tony Rogers
495a	Wendy McDonald	422a	Robin Page	180a	Howard Rosenblum
463a	Stephen McGinness	665a	Paul Paolini	181a	June Rosenblum
194a	Rory O. McLean	679A	Linda Parkin	466a	Michael Ross
216p	Andy McMaster	407a	David Parkins	29a	Stephen Rothman
353a	Joe McNally	408a	Richard Parkins	583a	Lilian Rothwell
56a	Rob Meades	420a	Ian Parsons	378a	Dave Row
355a	John Meaney	33a	Joan Paterson	41a	Marcus Rowland
356a	Yvonne Meaney	264a	Dave Patterson	757f	Mrs J. Rowland
58a	Mark Meenan	564s	Nigel Pearson	190a	Dave Rowley
684a	Mark Mills	517a	Ellen M. Pederson	640a	Anders Rutersward
759f	Mr K. Mills	789a	Bernard Peek	532a	Marjorie Sachs
760f	Mrs K. Mills	395s	Bruce Pelz	710s	Lynne Savage
137a	Nick Mills	633a	Ruth Pennington	71a	Bruce Saville
446a	Rod Milner	17a	Roger Perkins	746s	Nick Sayers
418a	Carole Mitchell	632a	Simon Perkins	701a	Keith Scaife
419a	David Mitchell	513s	Alex Perry	99a	Mike Scantlebury
545a	Anthony Neale Gerald	652s	Jon Pensson	36p	Alison Scott
	Mittenshaw-Hodge	458a	Nick Petty	23a	Mike Scott
726a	Christina Mittenshaw-Hodge	347a	Wendy Petty	188a	Angus H.C. Scott-Brown
106a	Debby Moir	445a	Arline Peyton	415s	Eva Sejby
226a	Mike Moir	444a	Roger Peyton	653a	Devesh Sharma
599a	Mike Molloy	603s	Albert Pickard	47p	Bob Shaw
544a	David C. Moor	604s	Katherine Pickard	225p	Morag Shaw
530a	Chris Morgan	251f	Annabel Pickering	60p	D.M. Sherwood
368a	Linda Morgan	213a	Fran Pickering	501a	Carol Shetler
531a	Pauline Morgan	214a	John Pickering	767f	Alan Sheward
231a	Andy Morris	464a	William Pickering	768f	Doris Sheward
677a	Mr S.D. Morris	429a	peter pinto	411a	Jean Sheward
342a	W. Morrison	218a	Phil Plumbley	217p	Ina Shorrock
453a	Steph Mortimer	727a	Mark Plummer	100a	Dave Shotton
369a	Carol Morton	477a	Norman Plumpton	197a	Kurt Sidaway
441k	Iain Morton	766s	Andrew Porter	744a	Mark Simpkins
370a	Tony Morton	417a	Jean Porter	778a	G.C. Simpson
810a	Peter Morwood	416a	Jim Porter	568a	Mike Simpson
331a	Steve Mowbray	621a	Bill Powell	471s	Howard Singeman
719a	Simon Moxey	620a	Sherrie Powell	234a	Mike Skelding
118a	Caroline Mullan	124p	David Power	74a	Joyce Slater
791a	Stephen Mulligan	482a	Miss Rhianna Pratchett	73a	Ken Slater
393a	Paul Munday	481a	Mrs Lyn Pratchett	801a	David J. Smale
233a	Helen Murphy	98a	Terry Pratchett	244s	John Paul Smit
498a	Laura Murphy	421a	Dai Price	595a	Anna Smith
269a	Harry Nadler	635a	Ann Pringle	671a	Anthony Smith
196a	Lindsey Nadler	634a	David Pringle	691a	Fergus F. Smith
582a	Marie Nadler	636k	James Pringle	145a	Frank R. Smith
581a	Steven Nadler	645a	Lorraine Pritchard	578a	Jonathan Smith
143p	Phil Nanson	460a	Steve J. Pritchard	139p	Martin Smith
295a	Karen Naylor	713a	Jason Proctor	27a	Peter Smith
377a	Mona Nesje	254a	Terry Pyle	486a	Jane Smithers
341s	J. Newman	336a	Matt Quatermain	793a	Christina Smythe

Contrivance

792a	Colin Smythe	157p	Adam Titmus	72a	Mike Westhead
480a	Robert Sneddon	725a	Linda-Clair Toal	266b	Peter Westhead
287a	Robert J. Sneddon	511b	Helen Tout	739a	Alison Weston
312a	Adrian Snowdon	509a	Margaret Tout	738a	Eileen Weston
783a	Catherine Soley	510a	Richard Tout	82a	Peter Weston
601a	Kate Solomon	328a	Ivan Towlson	66p	Laura Wheatley
111a	Ian Sorensen	756a	John Trasler	610a	Elda Wheeler
20a	Chris Southern	588s	P. Treadaway	326a	Bob Whitaker
21a	Jenny Southern	685a	Mark Tucker	780a	Mike Whitaker
608a	Maki Spanoudis	70a	Martin Tudor	724k	Jocelyn White
779a	Georgina Spary	78a	Peter Tyers	723a	Sandy White
64a	Phil Spencer	334s	John E. Uftring	533s	Steve White
574a	Marc Spires	22a	Larry van der Putte	303a	Owen Whitecoak
203a	Gary Stansfield	324a	Hans van der Zee	496a	Kim Whysall
A	Sylvia Starshine	272a	Angelique van Toorn	519a	Colin Wightman
65a	James Steel	273a	Kees van Toorn	276a	Mary Wigley
470a	Liz Stephensen-Payne	489b	Lennart van Toorn	275a	Mike Wigley
469a	Phil Stephensen-Payne	732a	V. van Zijl	161a	Bridget Wilkinson
435a	John Stewart	743a	John L. Waggott	552a	Jeff Wilks
270a	Alex Stewart	573a	Janet Waite	235a	Geoff Williams
360a	David Stewart	572a	Jonathan Waite	371a	Matt Williams
119a	John Stewart	680a	David B. Wake	357a	Perry Williams
168p	Martin Stewart	681a	Helen Wake	304a	Robert Williams
313a	Paul A. Stewart	772a	Gordon M. Waldie	358a	Rondinella Williams
641a	Chris Stocks	112p	James Wallis	451a	Phil Willis
622a	Ian Stoker	506a	Terry Walsh	562a	Anne Wilson
241a	Lars Strandberg	308a	Dai Walters	301a	Caroline Wilson
192a	Gary Stratmann	309a	Huw Walters	584s	Chris Wilson
365a	Marcus Streets	693a	Chris Walton	722a	Pete Wilson
165a	John Styles	325a	Edward Ward	512a	Paul Winship
173a	Alan J. Sullivan	553a	Lesley Ward	805a	Laurance Wood
711a	Neil Summerfield	383a	Mrs Christine Ward	592a	Sarah Woodall
84a	Chris Suslowicz	13a	Peter Wareham	593a	Stuart Wray
91a	Dave A. Symes	95a	Clive Warren	108a	Kate Wright
67a	Fay Symes	94a	Jeanette Warren	362s	Ken Yamaoka
142a	Alyson Taylor	775a	Freda Warrington	518a	Kazutaka Yokota
152a	Gill Taylor	563a	Ashley Watkins	795a	(Friend of) M.A. Young
644a	Graham Taylor	629a	Ian Watson	794a	M.A. Young
292s	Neil Taylor	631a	Jessica Watson	761a	Melinda Young
129a	Tom Taylor	630a	Judy Watson		
374a	George Ternant	796a	Nina Watson		
373a	Linda Ternant	299a	Jeff Watts		
87a	Dave Thomas	776a	Brian Waugh		
381s	Donald Thompson	716a	Ian M. Waugh		
351a	Jean Thompson	447a	Gerry Webb		
396a	Jo Thompson	454a	Dawn Webster		
151a	Peter-Fred Thompson	169a	Dave Weddell		
742a	Ray Thompson	274a	Jaine Weddell		
379a	P.A. Thorley	335a	W.A. Weller		
37a	Susan Thurston	267b	Karen Westhead		
32a	Tibs	43a	Kathy Westhead		

G = Guest

A = Artist

a = attending

b = beast, baby

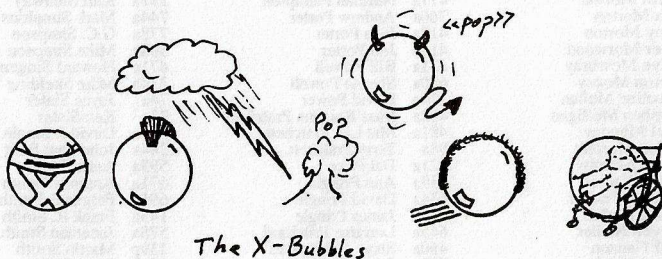
f = family

k = kid

p = pre-supporting

s = supporting

List dated January 1989





The Jersey Wildlife
Preservation Trust wish
all Contrivance
members a very happy
Easter.

Members of Contrivance are entitled to reduced rate
admission to the Zoo on Wednesday 22nd and
Wednesday 29th of March on production of the ticket
included in the programme pack.

Les Augrès Manor, Trinity, Jersey, CI . Tel: 0534 61949.

