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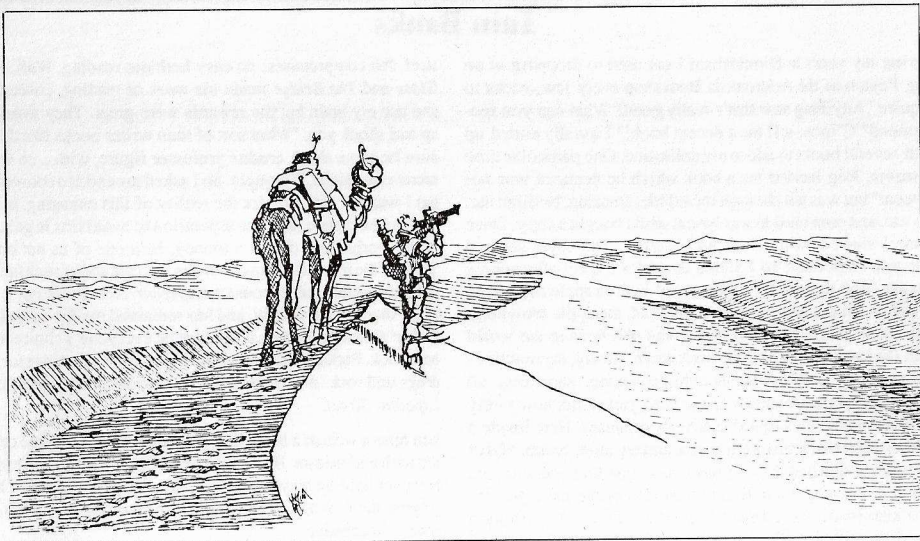
The 42nd
British National Science Fiction
Convention

13-16th April 1990

The Brittania Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool

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Introduction

Well here we are, well actually, here you are. I'm somewhere else, hopefully!

You hold in your hands the result of over two years hard work, blood, sweat, toil and tears. This programme book is being finished at 3 a.m. on the 23rd of March, only 3 weeks before the convention!

Due to the expense involved in producing the programme book, it has to be *very* carefully budgeted, and so several very good articles have had to be cut to keep the page count down. Some will appear elsewhere, some unfortunately, will have to be returned to their authors with apologies.

But enough of this whining, this programme book represents the culmination of the efforts of many, many people who shared a vision. A national convention where media fandom was not marginality or patronised. A Science Fiction convention that addressed the science as well as the fiction. A convention where the best of the old could co-exist with the best of the new.

Of course there have been problems. Firstly the committee hadn't expected so many people to join so late, and so a continuous re-programming/re-budgeting has had to go on for the last six months (hint: join Speculation and Illumination NOW! If they have your money now then they can use it to produce a better convention, and you won't have to pay as much as you would if you joined later!)

Secondly the change of site has meant that a lot of the plans prepared two years ago have had to be scrapped or severely revamped.

And the recent news that Nigel Kneale may be too busy this Easter with several work commitments to come to the con.

There have also been times of pure bliss: Pan Books asking if it would be all right for them to bring Larry Niven, Steven Barnes, Chris Claremont et al. (hi all!) to the convention; Kathy Westhead co-ordinating the programme so beautifully; so very many people offering to help; the finding of a less expensive printer so that this programme book could have more than 32 pages! SMS's wonderful artwork, so many great articles, so many fantastic programme items... too much for one convention! With what we were offered we could have run a convention twice the size (if only we had had the budget and membership to support it!)

But enough of this, if you're reading this after the convention (and most of you will wait until then... I don't know why we don't just do the programme/souvenir book after the convention... [mmmm]) then you will know just how good the convention was and won't need telling. If you're reading this at the convention, STOP! Go and enjoy the convention. If you must read something, read the *Read Me* (actually, even if you don't need to read something, read the *Read Me* anyway!). If you must read this book now then I heartily recommend that you read the bits on the Guests and the Programme, then go out meet them and do it (or vice versa!)

If you're reading this at the convention and you're new to fandom, it is traditional for attendees to buy drinks for the committee (really!... would I kid you?... Don't answer that!) If you see me, mines a pint of orange juice (or Coke). I'm easy to recognise, when things start going wrong, I'm the one who's going to pieces so fast that you have to duck to avoid the shrapnel!

Have fun!

Chris The Magician O'Shea II

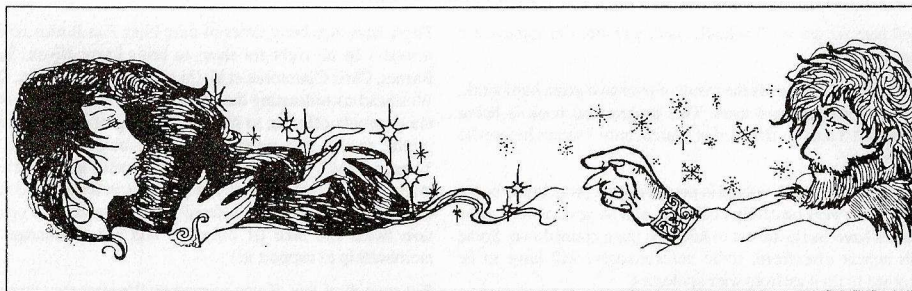
Iain Banks

During my years in Birmingham I got used to dropping in on Rog Peyton at the Andromeda Bookshop every few weeks to enquire "Anything new that's really good? What can you recommend? C'mon, sell me a decent book!" I usually ended up with several books to add to my collection. One particular time however, Rog handed me a book which he declared was not "decent" but was just the most incredible, amazing, brilliant etc. etc. etc. and continued to wax lyrical until I bought a copy. Once home I viewed the purchase with interest. The cover seemed chic and respectable so I settled down for a quiet afternoon's literary stroll through the pages, armed with an apple and a mug of coffee. Hours later the coffee was cold, the apple browning, half-eaten, forgotten by my feet. I was oblivious to the world until the last word. As I put the book down, slowly, my reactions were mixed; stimulating, thought-provoking, shocking; all words you see so frequently on the book jacket, but how rarely the book inside lives up to the cover's promises. Here inside a sober suit of black and white was a literary atom bomb. "Give me more" I demanded to various convention book-sellers, and they did. But were these books all written by the same person, each one so different from the previous ones. The common factor presented itself as a mixture of style, stimulation and intelligence. Each book grabbed you and held you in a grip of

steel. No compromises, no easy bedtime reading. *Walking on Glass* and *The Bridge* made me work at reading, concentrate and use my brain but the rewards were great. They woke you up and shook you. "What sort of man writes books like this? It must be some sharp, erudite professor figure, with... oh well... secret obsessions," I thought. So I asked around at a convention, but I was not prepared for the reality of this engaging, inebriated, tousled pixie, with the asperation to avoid lifts in going up in the world. This chap's a looney, he's one of us not one of THEM (the revered group of writers who are above such fannish frivolity) After this encounter *Espedair Sreet* was not a surprise, more a total delight, and has remained my favourite book to date although I realise it may not be everyone's choice as his best book. Perhaps I'm just an old hippy with yearnings for sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. Perhaps I found more than just that in *Espedair Sreet*.

Iain hasn't written a book that has failed to impress me or fire me with enthusiasm. He has so much talent and can not hide it, however hard he plays the fool. Let's face it, even when he is playing the fool halfway up a hotel or crashing into walls, it's always impressive.

Anne Page



Nigel Kneale

Cartographer of the Dark

Eastcon '90 regrets that Nigel Kneale is unable to attend the convention due to work commitments. He has expressed his deep regret in not being in Liverpool over Easter, and wishes us the best for the convention. If time permits he will be providing a taped commentary to accompany the screenings of his work. Eastcon would like to thank Mr. Kneale for his efforts on our behalf and wish him the best in his future endeavours.

There are few great playwrights who can claim to have established a new form of television drama, but Nigel Kneale certainly can. For over three decades he has delighted (and occasionally terrified) audiences with his works. *Quatermass*, *Quatermass 2* and *Quatermass and the Pit* readily spring to mind, along with *Year of the Sex Olympics* and of course *The Stone Tape*.

A Manxman by birth, Kneale draws upon his island storyteller traditions to convey a feeling of unease coupled with a claustrophobic sense of traveller's culture shock in the construction of his characters.

One off plays like *The Road*, 1984, *The Creature* and *Wine of India* are all regarded as outstanding examples of television drama, and that is important because first and foremost Nigel Kneale is a dramatist and does not consider himself an SF writer *per se*. The majority of his works involve a science fiction or supernatural scenario because only that medium allows the creative freedom necessary for such an original mind.

TimeScreen magazine described the *Stone Tape* as "the finest play ever aired on British TV". After 15 years in the media business I think that they just may be right.

Stu Andrews

Anne Page

What can I write about Annie? Her friends already know it and anyone else might not believe it... but one of the pleasures of writing about someone for a con book is that you can say all those things which you normally wouldn't, so I'll indulge myself.

We met in Trek fandom when I was one of its early members in the UK and she was working for the BBC at Pebble Mill, doing a piece on this (then) strange new phenomenon. I suspect this may have taken place more years ago than either of us cares to remember, but it doesn't seem so long ago! Telly then was even less respectful of SF fans in general and media fans in particular than it is now and we were pretty wary of telly folk, but I defy even the most defensive fan to be wary of Annie for long. Soon she was getting involved in cons, and a shared interest in costume drew us together — the rest, as they say, is history.

There are SF fans who won't talk to media fans and vice versa but both SF and media fans talk to Annie. None of the tribal posturings of either camp get much attention from her — her ability to focus on the individual has made friends in both areas

of fandom. She's crossed the divide with dignity and grace, working on cons of all kinds and respected as well as like across a wide spectrum of fandom.

She's beautiful of course, but it's not just the kind of beauty that you paint on for photographs; Annie's looks are built on what's inside her head. Even on the occasional day when she looks ratty (an inevitable occurrence for anyone) she has style. She's good at sending up her own legend — this most glamorous of costume parade MCs once came to a Far Isles Twelfth Night revel, an event for which Serious Costumers spend fortunes on silk and brocade, in a dirty old blanket with straw in her hair and warts on her face, and rolled around on the floor in a prophetic fit as Mad Gerda. She's clever and brave and funny and can be incredibly daft — she can make me laugh.

I love her and I'm proud to be associated with the Eastercon which has her as its fan GOH. Thanks for being a fan, Annie, and thanks for being with us this weekend.

Helen McCarthy

Stonehouse Hospital

Many of you are aware that in mid-August last year it was discovered that I had developed severe diabetic retinopathy. I was referred to Stonehouse Hospital for laser treatment, a new technique which involves burning out cells one by one around the edge of the retina of the eye. This treatment has only been available for six years in Scotland (not much longer than that in England). It only works in about 75% of cases and it is very skilled, requiring much patience on the part of the doctor. My doctor was wonderful, especially in the bleakest two months at the start when it was feared that it was not working and I would go blind. Slowly over six months my eyes improved and are now safe, though my sight is much reduced from its original state. Six and a half thousand laser burns were used on each eye — I know — I counted them! But my total admiration goes to the doctor who treated me, and the kind and caring staff at the hospital who gave me so much help to remain cheerful and optimistic.

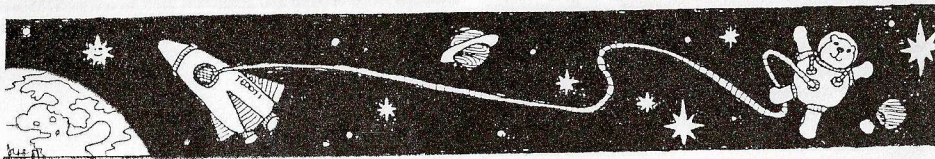
When it all started in August, I was due to attend Rec-con, a Star Trek convention that weekend. The reason for my absence was announced and a collection was taken raising well over £200. This money went to the hospital and my doctor was thrilled because she is now able to buy an attachment for the laser which a trainee can use, enabling him/her to see exactly what the doctor sees as she focuses on the correct/suitable cells, and when and where to fire the laser! The hospital is a small

cottage hospital and is very badly underfunded. They had a difficult decision over spending the money because they also need special lenses for the laser to make it more comfortable for the patient. They also need a video recorder to record and playback the complicated and highly skilled eye operations performed by this doctor — in order to train others. I'm selling off some of my books to help raise money for these other needs — after all without this doctor and her laser I'd have had to sell all of them.

The convention have also said they hope to make a donation if there's a profit and I can't think of a better cause — especially since convention-goers are such a zine/book/comics/media loving bunch — it all involves sight. The fact that it will help not just retinopathy patients, but glaucoma, retinal problems and other eye conditions is a bonus. So if someone very large (sitting/lying still for 4/5 months doesn't help the weight watching) tries to persuade you to part with some money for a good cause — it'll probably be me and I hope you cough up!

Anne Page

[Ed: The Stonehouse Hospital is our special charity during the convention. This is in addition to the general convention charity, the Royal National Institute for the Blind.]



Ken Campbell

If you saw *Letter to Brezhnev* you will have seen Ken Campbell. Remember the journalist full of contempt for someone trying to get into a country that so many were trying to escape? That was Ken. He played Alf Garnett's neighbour in *Sickness and Health*. He's even the star of the new Post Office 'Parcel Force' advertisement. All of a sudden Ken Campbell seems to be everywhere. All well and good, but is this sufficient reason to ask him to be guest of honour at an Eastercon?

Ken's contribution to science fiction is not as obvious as certain actors I could mention. He has never captained a Federation Star Ship, nor has he flown across the galaxy in a telephone booth. So why is he here?

I first heard about Ken Campbell in 1976. I was listening to Radio 4's *Kaleidoscope* program when suddenly they started going on about this production by a group called the Liverpool Science Fiction Theatre. It was called *Illuminatus* and it sounded fascinating. The production itself lasted over ten hours and involved the audience joining secret societies and plotting against each other and the cast. Anarchy, confusion and loud music, these were things that were important to me. At the time I was trapped in the Thames Valley with Liverpool still 3 years in my future. I wasn't even able to make it to London when the production moved down to the National Theatre. I was however able to find the books, my life was changed. I saw the fiords and it was all Ken Campbell's fault.

Just up from the Student's Union in Hope Street is the Everyman Theatre. At the start of my third year at university Ken Campbell became its artistic director. The first production was *The Warp* by Neil Oram. This was cut up into twelve manageable chunks and put on over twelve weeks. As soon as I got back to the city I dashed off and bought myself a season ticket.

The audience was ushered into the auditorium and left to fend for themselves. You could sit on any of the sets that were not currently in use as long as you got off when the spotlights came on. At any moment you might find yourself standing next to a man tearing off his clothes in a fit of paranoid schizophrenia while above it all a four piece rock band thundered away on the riff from Led Zeppelin's *Immigrant Song* and the cast went on at length about Aleistair Crowley.

I didn't make it through *The Warp*. By week 8 I had fallen in love with the daughter of an ex-SS Latvian truck driver and was completely lost. I did make it back to the production of Karel Capek's *War With The Newts* and that was, quite simply, superb.

Ken might make a good Doctor Who but somehow I can't see him in Star Fleet. Anyway he's already done more than enough to justify the committee's choice. A man who realises that science fiction on stage doesn't have to consist of Buck Rogers' scripts and songs that would make Andrew Lloyd Webber blush. Ladies and Gentlemen... Ken Campbell!

John Richards (Erisian Liberation Front)

SMS

The name SMS will be familiar to many of you (not least because he drew the covers for all the Eastcon PRs and Programme Book!). Though you may well have seen his work before: In *2000AD* (where he drew the *ABC Warriors*), and of course in *Interzone* where he has just been voted 'Most Popular Artist' in the Interzone Readers' Poll, yet again!

He has attended conventions for many years now, though his first contact with them was promoting *Mad Dog*, "the small press publishing revolution in comics", for which he drew one of the more unusual and better strips. Anyone whose idea of a comic strip involves people in the future living out lives of 18th and 19th century philosophy has got to be worth listening to. Andy Robertson thought so and that is why he worked so hard to ensure SMS's work would appear in *Interzone*. Andy describes SMS's work as being the result of "a good artist with a great imagination...he can draw a person in 18th century costume, powdered wig etc. in *free fall* and make it look realistic... he draws a lot from outside of the cliché".

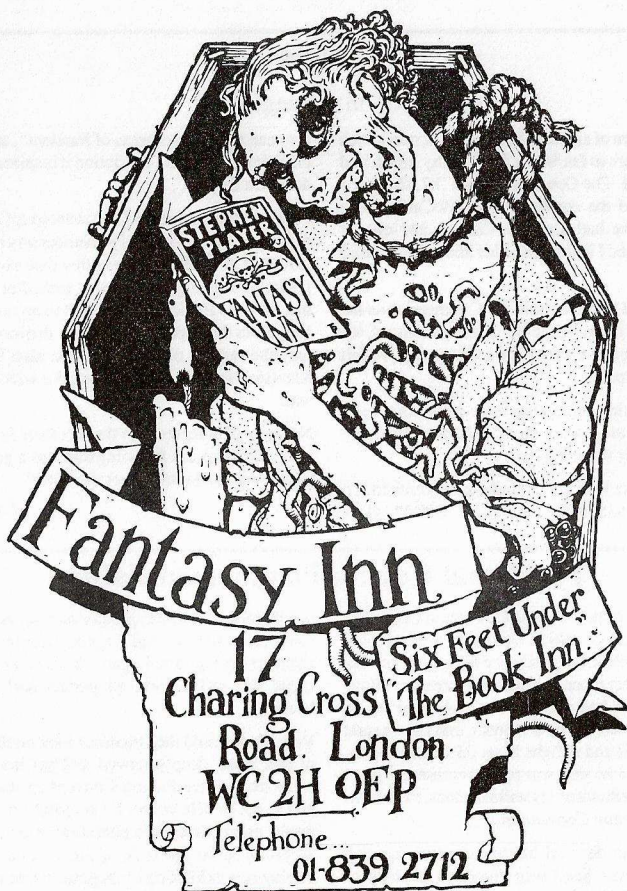
More mundanely, he was born in Hampshire, lived in London for a while, attended Southampton University with the intention of becoming a scriptwriter, received a degree in philosophy and started working in *Mad Dog* in 1981. When he graduated he decided to go full time as a comics artist. His work has also appeared in *The Alternative Headmaster Bulletin* and *Stone by Stone with the LSD* (ok, Southampton Leisure Services Depart-

ment!). He has also done work for Warhammer (Games Workshop), and his near future projects include something not a million miles from *Hellraiser*.

He is 30 years old, tends to dress very smart (Dress shirts, ceremonial waistcoats etc.) and is described as "rakish", "interesting" and "romantic". He is thin, bearded and economical of stature. He can also fly (he learned when he was 3, watching birds from the top of a tram in his back garden.) Buy him a drink and ask him about it sometime. One of his hobbies is collecting bicycles, however he has this arrangement with the local bicycle mafia. He buys a bicycle, and as soon as he has gotten used to it and likes it, they steal it and he never sees it again. This is not a good arrangement, but ... His current bicycle is one that he saved from the jaws of death (or whatever passes for death for a push-bike). He had seen a bicycle rusting away in someone's front yard for quite a while, and then one day saw the dustmen throwing it into the back of their lorry. Stopping only to grab his bicycle clips and scarf, he dashed out and rescued the bike at the last second, Indiana Jones style, from the crusher. The dustmen stood around and scratched their heads as SMS went sailing off into the sunset with his "new" bike that can best be described as "ugly but functional".

Chris O'Shea II

P.S. SMS stands for ... no, keep that away...rrrrgh!



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Origin

Eastcon in the beginning

Eastcon began as the germ of an idea of Ken Slater's, one which he tried over several years to fan into a flame in my mind, and eventually he succeeded. The Con was Becon '87, the place was the Fan Room, and the speaker, Helen McCarthy. Her enthusiasm for a site she had found in Cromer, just on our doorstep, was catching and I buttonholed her immediately after her talk.

As you all know, we had hoped to hold the Con there, thus the name Eastcon, however it was not to be. Nothing daunted, we progressed with our idea and a search for a venue until we felt we had achieved our purpose.

It has been an exciting time, watching those early hopes and dreams come to solid reality, even more so because we have kept to virtually all of our original goals.

The platform on which we won the '90 bid was severalfold. To "Put the Science back into Science Fiction", to "Build bridges

between the various areas of Fandom", and to look not only at the Sciences but also the fiction it inspires. We believe we have done just this.

I can't remember when I last went to a Con with a good series of Science items. Nor do I remember any other areas of Fandom telling us about themselves other than rival SF groups. Nor do I remember going to a Con that looked at all the different ways that Science Fiction is presented to an audience of SF fans. In fact, quite the opposite. There are distinct divides between not only the readers of SF novels, but also SF comics, SF on the television and SF in the cinema. We wanted to look at why this was.

No one will disagree over the fact there is good and bad SF, but a good SF film can be as enjoyable as a good SF novel, so why should one be vaunted over the other?

Lisanne Norman

The Great Con: a Plagiarized Fable

It is a story that they tell, of how a great Convention Organizer sought to build a convention which should be a monument worthy of his incomparable love for science fiction. A convention, it should be, of perfect grace and beauty, more marvellous than any other convention had ever been or could ever be, so that to the end of time it should be a wonder, and fans would treasure it and speak of it and delight in its celebration of his love. And this convention he said was to be, because the pearl is Jovelier than the most brilliant of crystalline stones, *Pearlcon: The Ultimate Science Fiction Convention*.

Year followed year as he devoted himself to preparing and adorning Pearlcon. A great hotel was chosen in a place of beauty, amidst snows and hills and valleys and winding rivers and convenient access by road, rail and air. Here was planned a Guest of Honour speech of cunning workmanship; and about it grew programme strands of strange and lovely originality, and a promised 24-hour bar as exquisite as a jewel.

With every month of effort the Organizer learnt new possibilities, new interests, new features of holistic and multi-streamed appeal. "Those were pretty things," he said of his early plans for quizzes and panels and Women In Science Fiction; and had them put aside into special interest rooms where they would not hamper his main design. Greater and greater grew his cosmopolitanism. With awe and amazement fandom saw the Pearlcon progress reports sweeping up from their specialist beginnings to a superhuman breadth and height and catholic magnificence. They did not know clearly what they had expected, but never had they expected so sublime a thing as this. "Wonderful are the miracles," they whispered, "that love of science fiction can do."

From the central thread of the main programme the Organizer now looked out into a vista of marvellous branching alternatives soaring and floating on either side, of tea parties and soft toys and body-painting and computer workshops and silent movies and self-defence classes and obsolete printing equipment and

marshmallow interest groups and mediaeval smithcraft and community singing and Regency history and corporate management strategy and Logan's Runs and construction of orbital lasers and raffia-work, all perfect and unobtrusive in their balance.

Very often would the Organizer look on the planned flow-chart of that vista, deeply moved and yet not fully satisfied. The Ultimate Science Fiction Convention had still something for him to do, he felt, before his preparation was done. Always he would order some little alteration to be made or some recent alteration to be put back again, a Coca-Cola special interest display or a exhibition of dragons in fretwork. And one day he thought that Pearlcon's multiple appeal would be clearer and simpler without the heavy emphasis of the main programme; and after regarding it very steadfastly for a long time, he had the main programme dismantled and removed.

At the next committee meeting he said nothing, and the next and the next. Then for two more he stayed away altogether. Then he returned, and as the sub-committees again stood awed by the serene vastness of their achievement, he saw that only one thing there was to mar the absolute harmony. There was a certain disproportion about the centre of things, the dear immortal cause of all this beauty. A little blot of crudity and bias and parochialism lay incongruously in the glorious expanse of Pearlcon's celebration of the entire universe. It was as if the total summary of human aspiration were labelled, "Made in Taiwan".

Long the Organizer mused, but no one knew the thoughts that passed through his mind.

At last he spoke. He pointed to the phrase that jarred, enshrined in Pearlcon's very name, the phrase "science fiction".

"Take that thing away," he said.

Dave Langford

[With profuse apologies to H.G.Wells's "The Pearl of Love".]

Participate, Don't Vegetate

People new to conventions often confess they would like to have taken part in the fancy dress/masquerade but didn't think they were any good at sewing etc. This is a shame, because all fancy dress and masquerade competitions — excluding Worldcon and US convention masquerades — have a main element of fun rather than purely excellence and expertise. Magnificent workmanship/design/performance are there, and are a joy to behold, but at a British convention there will always be room for the frivolous, the silly joke, the worst pun and the exercise of every sense of humour.

There are various kinds of entry — you can copy a costume you have seen in a book film TV programme comic etc, and the aim here is to make the whole ensemble as exact as possible including the height, weight, etc. of the person; a design invented by you but based on a character from a book or other written source; or a complete invention of your own — costume, character, background etc.

Other types of entry can include: 'awful puns' — in or out of costume and usually based around titles of SF books, films or similar, or Best Use of Hotel Property but this last can lead to difficulty with certain hotel staff!

There are few written rules apart from the weapons policy, which varies from con to con — but I would suggest a few basic unwritten ones:

- 1) No fat ladies in leotards or less — unless you have a ton of "chutzpah" and can get away with murder.
- 2) No loincloths or less on fat men (see above rule 1).

3) Keep in mind that a minute can be a long time — keep your entry short and sweet.

4) Don't sing unless you have a good — wonderful voice (please!).

5) Don't speak unless you are loud enough to be heard properly — or can wrest the microphone from the MC's grasp (by prior arrangement only, please).

6) Total or semi-nudity can offend parents with children present and many adults — even if your body is perfect. Besides — if your body wins, God gets the prize, not you!

7) Do/wear/use nothing that could damage another contestant or their costume.

8) Try your costume out beforehand if it's complicated — can you sit, stand, see, hear, walk, climb/descend stairs and go to the loo whilst wearing it? Can you eat, drink, breathe or generally survive two or three hours in it? If not — you have problems ahead.

One final point — be warned. Costuming is addictive.

The fur, feathers, sequins, leather, silks, weapons and props are all lures to seduce you into sowing the wild, depraved madness of the Masquerade.

In the words of the Salvation Army:

"Come and Join Us."

Anne Page

Ever since 1982 there has been no international SF event in Germany
To make an end to this sad record there will be:

X-CON '91

DÜSSELDORF - HOTEL INTER*CONTINENTAL

27th - 30th DECEMBER 1991

With Worldcon in Chicago, X-CON '91 will be the greatest SF Spectaculum in Europe that year. With the town virtually in the very heart of the continent, we hope to attract fans not only from the traditional western Fandoms, but to encourage many of our East European friends to come to this international event, thereby possibly going to a western convention for the very first time.

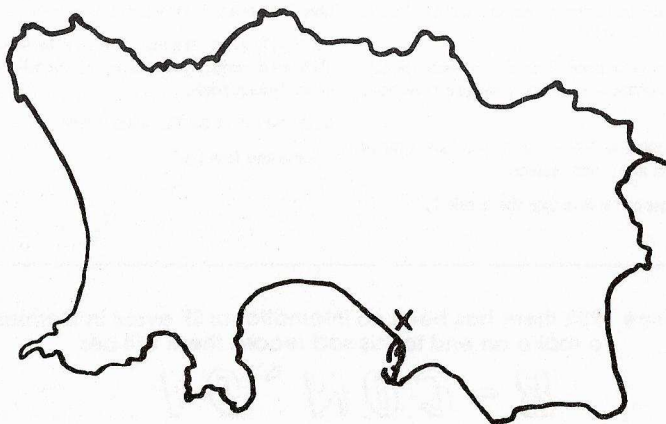
Needless to say that in such a multilingual crowd, English will be the main convention language (although you will have plenty of opportunity to exercise long forgotten O-level skills).

Apart from our Guests of Honour so far, **Anne McCaffrey** and **Ian Watson**, we do not only expect more western professionals to come along, but have already now arranged for a number of East European writers to join us in Düsseldorf in 1991. Also we are inviting a number of professional scientists to put emphasis on the non-literary side of the event. Parts of the programme will be designed to take a look at the foundations of SF, today's position of science and technology in it and future influences of new developments. Not to forget our major New Years Eve party in the hotel.

Join us now, at EASTCON, or write to our British address:
Oliver Grüter * Dept of Physics * RHBN College * Egham, Surrey TW20 0EX

Helicon '93

A Bid for the 1993 Eastercon



At the Hotel de France, St. Helier, Jersey C.I.

Pre-supporting membership £1.00

Details from: _____

Helicon '93, 63 Drake Road, Chessington, Surrey KT9 1LQ

Conjunction

An experiment with genres

Conjunction is a role-playing games convention, to be held at New Hall, Cambridge over... no, skip that for a bit. If you're still at Eastcon when you read this, come along to the games room and get it from the horse's mouth. Otherwise, read on!

Why the hell does a group of ex-Unicon and Eastercon committee members want to do anything so bizarre as to run a games convention? As they said of Christopher Wren: "look about you". Not now, you're on the train — imagine you're back at Eastcon, in a *social* event. Hundreds of people, who may have got involved because of a common interest in SF, but don't let that slow them down now. You don't have to pay a book publisher to get in, and you aren't treated as if buying things was your primary reason for coming to the con.

Big games conventions aren't like that. They exist mostly to *sell* — games, Dragonlance books, places in play-by-mail games... They have a social side, but it isn't the primary objective of the organisers. We want to run a games convention with the structure of an SF con. Naturally, the stress is on the social side, and a little on actually *thinking* about games, how they work and why we do them. This has been done before, and done well — Stabcons (7 successful conventions held in Owen's Park (yes, Mancon!)) and Koancons were good, but we wanted to do it better.

There was another side to this, too. A remarkable number of fans are secret or semi-secret gamers. Come out! Dare to admit it! We need you for the real convention atmosphere, and there are a lot of interesting gamers who aren't in fandom.

So have we gone about this? Well, we were most familiar with Unicons, and the 150-200 person con with a good programme and some workshops is a known entity. Now, what we have to do is figure out how to adapt it for a games con. The answer so far seems to be "very little" — we have to provide space with tables for people to play games, and the subjects of the programme items need to be altered. However, lots of familiar SF programme items seem fresh and interesting when translated into a games context. We need a real ale bar, and some appropriate films. The site needs to be co-operative, and we need some good publicity and... The usual infinite quantity of work, but the basic way it operates seems to be the same. We think.

What other kinds of event influence us? The archetypal commercial games convention gives us some good ideas. For a start, an age limit of 18+. Imagine what Eastcon would be like if most of its membership was under 16! Given that we've got this limit, it's useful in other ways, but the primary reason is to include the brainless young player. A normal games convention can't do that, as he's the backbone of the games-buying industry, but we will, and damn the torpedoes! What else? No tournaments! "Role-playing games tournaments" are, to us, a strange chimera. Why have a false competitive form of a basically non-competitive activity? It misses out the best side of role-playing. Boardgame tournaments, Diplomacy tournaments, wargames tournaments... fine, sensible ideas. Role-playing tournaments, no way.

Far Isles Revels, other kinds of historical re-enactment and the better live-action role-playing games, have something to offer. The live-action tournament is our major spectacle. They also suggest the idea of having more workshops about *making* things. To have their atmosphere, we need a slightly looser weapons policy than a standard SF convention, so that 18+ age limit is a good idea.

A Guest of Honour. Now here's an interesting one. The trade in SF authors is just about sufficient to keep SF cons running, but an excess convention that isn't really about books may be pushing its luck. The trouble with games authors is that players tend to stick inside the "genre" of an individual game system. As few people are famous for work done for several systems, we have a problem with specialised appeal. We wanted someone experienced and interesting. As we were probably going for an American, we thought we'd go the whole hog for a Californian.

Greg Stafford is the creator of Glorantha, the main setting for the *RuneQuest* game, and the founder and president of The Chaosium, its original publisher. As well as *RuneQuest*, he's done several boardgames, the *King Arthur Pendragon* role-playing game, worked on most of the other games produced by The Chaosium (including *Call of Cthulhu*) and published a few fantasy stories.

Of course, now we have to pay for his travel... Pinching an idea shamelessly from Contable, we are running the Issaries Fund, which is raising funds at Eastcon and Conjunction. Donations of games, books, strange things and even *money* will be willingly accepted. Explanations of the name are available for a very reasonable donation.

Ok, there's our concept. One more thing is vital — members! Acquiring them is interesting, as we're addressing a new cross-section of fandom. A fairly small fraction of the people who go to any of the kinds of event we've drawn ideas from will be actually interested in this. Our convention is also small, and therefore not rich. How do we do it? Well, you start with all the gamers you've met and thought were interesting, and with all the SF fans you who know are into gaming. That does get you a long way towards the target, but it isn't enough. Then you try games fanzines, and newsletters, and you try sending bunches of flyers to people and asking them to spread them around. The mailing lists of previous conventions are a good bet — but we haven't seen the results yet.

Now, of course, we're running the Games Room at Eastcon. We aren't doing this just because we want to recruit you, although that is one of our interests. We'd like to try to do a games room a bit differently, and to make it part of the convention proper, instead of a side-show. The programme handout is the right place to look for our events — we're still building the programme as of January. Drop in for a chat any time!

Conjunction, 25 Wycliffe Road, Cambridge CB1 3JD. Room rates £21.50/night B&B, membership rates in our current publicity material, or from John Dallman on 01-802 8723.

John Dallman

A Plea for Conservation

While many creatures threatened with extinction have pressure groups to speak up for them there is one, within SF Fandom itself, which has been overlooked. I am of course referring to the Fanzine Editor. Once these fine beasts roamed free throughout conventions all over the country. Now all that remains is the unnatural spectacle of Pickersgill baiting at the end of a *NOVACON*.

Fanzine fans, it is true, do not have the appeal of a cuddly nest of trekkies in their find display plumage. But they have their own appeal for the discriminating observer; their flashing razor sharp epigrams and thick armoured hides are a sight never to be forgotten. Indeed it is their very fierceness that has cost them many friends. In particular the excessive exploits of the pack based around Leeds has brought the whole breed a bad name through their mauling of several Conventions in the area. Indeed last year fear of this pack reached such levels that the Easter Convention itself had to be moved to a safe island.

Let us not be overly sentimental. The Fanzine Editor is by nature a carnivore. The results of an attack by these beasts is rarely pretty. However they have their own place in our ecology. The decline of the Fanzine Editors has allowed many other less noble beasts to flourish. The letter columns where they flourished are now disappearing under acres of indistinguishable and shabbily constructed convention publications. The convention running Dodo has begun to reappear where once such an ungainly and impractical beast would not have survived, except as an interesting trophy to be added to a fanzine colophon.

Lately a mysterious plague has struck the breed. The young who one would expect to mature into fully fledged Fanzine Editors are instead metamorphosing into Filk birds, whose cry is always so welcome to the survival of the original breed, although some observers with a more cruel turn of mind have speculated that fights between the originals and the new younger filks might prove to be highly entertaining.

In matters of this sort there is marked difference of opinion between British and American observers. The British believe that the pure form is that which arose during the 70's and which is rightly famous for its aggression. However most American observations were made during the 50's and 60's when the predominant form was renowned for its gentleness and ability to get along with anyone. To this day American observers will collect large amounts of money to bring some of these earlier examples to their shores.

To some extent this difference is related to the different ways that the working Fan Editor is used in the two countries. The general US Fan is, like all its countrymen, very well capable of defending its own territory. The chief employment for US Fan Editors has been to round up these rugged individualists into coherent groups. A task usually performed best by gentle guile and stealth. In this country the average fan is a rather gentler and retiring beast. The British Fan Editor has therefore been used as a guardian of fan territory, whose natural ferocity can be employed without any of the moral qualms that more direct action might require.

Despite their more recent reputation for unexpected vicious attacks they have historically provided the basis for most of the

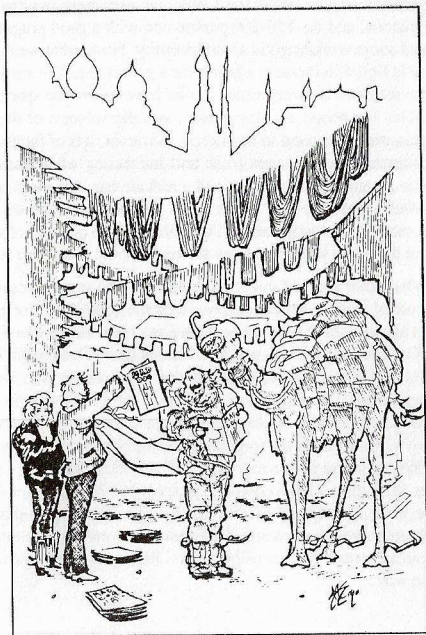
working con-running breeds. The competition with their own kind is sufficient to ensure fast reflexes and a quick wit and the sight of a working committee of Fan Editors rounding up a programme can be most enthralling, provided of course they keep their attack instincts under control.

Let us do what we can to encourage them to return. Although they are unpredictable it is usually possible to make friends with one by tentatively holding out a double whisky as you approach. Throughout this operation, and any subsequent conversation, it is vitally important to look confident at all times. References to obscure authors should be answered with a knowing grunt. However should you recognise any mention of media SF you will gain points by an expression of complete bewilderment of "that kind of stuff". (It is, however, important that you remember that this is a strange ritual practised merely to enhance social status, if money or drink should hinge on any point of media knowledge the Fan Editor will prove remarkably informed on any area of media SF.)

Overall the whole fannish ecosystem would benefit greatly from their return. Remember that they are not as expensive to keep as you might believe. It only costs as much to feed a Fan Editor for a year as to feed a Contrivance committee for an evening.

Fanedns aren't actually as fearsome as they are made out to be, even in this article, generally they have contributed more to fandom than any other group and a resurgence in fanzines would benefit the whole field greatly.

Martin Easterbrook



Publishing Science Fiction

It's considered a tough time to be publishing science fiction, indeed to be publishing at all! The reading public is seen to be diminishing: the book trade in difficulties, with wholesalers and book clubs collapsing; and one major bookselling chain swallowing up the smaller shops. In the genre, the mid-to-late eighties saw a huge number of SF and related titles on the bookshelves and rumours of market saturation are rife. But, in actual fact, there are a lot of very healthy signs around for the genre as we move into the 1990s.

Firstly, there's a remarkable burgeoning of new, young talent in Britain — authors like Eric Brown and Paul McAuley spring immediately to mind; while the careers of those who've been around a tad longer such as Iain Banks and Brian Stableford are flourishing. Secondly, a quick look at the bestseller lists, shows SF-related titles solidly representing the field. A glance down the *Sunday Times* top 70 paperbacks for the week in which I write, shows Isaac Asimov's *Prelude to Foundation* (54); Douglas Adam's *The Long Dark Tea-Time of the Soul* (18); Robert Holdstock's *Lavondys* (vying for the 63 spot); 'Grant Naylor's' *Red Dwarf* (21); Anne McCaffrey's *Dragonsdawn* (47); and two books each by David Eddings (14, 32) and Terry Pratchett (25, 39). Peter Straub, David Eddings, Stephen King, Terry Pratchett, William Horwood, Stephen Gallagher and Whitley Streiber appear on the hardback list for the same week. And thirdly the new year reveals a strong air of vibrancy about the genre, with the major bookshops very supportive of SF; a group of relatively new editors working with energy and enthusiasm in the field; and an active community of writers, artists, readers and fans providing a networking function. In fact, I'm finding it a very exciting time to be working with SF as, I'm sure are other editors.

Most of us are on the lookout for a combination of existing, proven talent and new and exciting writers, both from Britain and overseas. I confess that, since I am employed by a big, mass-market company — essentially, in their view, to make money — I have an admittedly cynical eye out for the books I

think have the potential to be big sellers. But I obviously have an invested, as well as a personal interest, in developing innovative authors.

This is not a time to take on a vast number of new books so the larger lists are honing down their output and newer editors are building small, cohesive lists with authors they feel have real potential for the future.

It's becoming increasingly important for editors to find new, home-grown British talent — changes to open market legislation in 1992 will leave British publishers very vulnerable to titles first published in the US, and, with a general policy of publishing fewer quality titles, and publishing them better, editors are now firmly on the lookout for authors nearer home, with whom they can work more closely in editing, publicising and marketing terms.

Editors, particularly in the genre, are also having to get much more involved in the marketing, jacketing, publicity and sales sides of the publishing business. This is partly because we tend to very quickly become specialists in a field many of our colleagues know little about, but also because every aspect of a book's publication becomes vitally important when fewer titles are in demand. This detailed all-round care and attention is one of the more satisfying parts of the job and enables editors to do a stronger publishing job for their authors.

So, while it's true that fewer genre books will be published in the 1990s, the immediate future looks rosy for British writers and for publishers who are interested in steadily building new talent.

There's a distinct move away from importing an American midlist and towards developing strong, home-grown talent. Good news, I think, to relay to Eastcon, the first British National Science Fiction Convention of the 1990s.

Kathy Gale,
Senior Fiction Editor, Pan Books.



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The British Small Press 'Spring'

A Personal View by Mike Moir

Last year *Bethany's Sin* By Robert McCammon, a genre title by an almost unknown author, sold out its 2,000 copy hardcover print run in four weeks. 2,000 copies is not nearly enough to make it a best-seller, but most professional fiction publishers would consider the book to have performed very creditably. The astounding thing is that it was not a professional company that published it, it was a pair of amateurs trading as Kinnel—one of Britain's new breed of small presses. Kinnel Books: that is two people, no sales reps, no distribution network, and probably no pay.

Small presses have existed in the States for some time, indeed some of them are so big and successful the definition relates more to their origins than anything to do with size. In Britain, very like the States, the small presses are companies set up by 'fans' so that they can publish their kind of books their way. Sometimes the underlying motive is to see better books available on the shelves and sometimes it is a little more mercenary. In fact in almost all cases the motive is some combination of the two.

The market that supports these small presses is quite strange. It is a classic example of a niche market. Almost all small press publishers target their product on their customers, primarily by the author's name, you may think all publishers do; this, but in fact the establishment places more emphasis on the sub-genre, at best the establishment publishers will want him to change name, but, much more likely, the author receives a rejection along the lines of; 'you don't write that kind of book'.

For the small presses the customers are primarily acquirers and collectors and, I hope, considerably more discerning than usual in literary matters. They like the authors; so they will buy anything they write. A small, but vital, market largely overlooked by the genre publishing establishment.

Small presses also tend towards high quality hardcover production, combine this with literary merit and small production runs for specialist markets then the small press's product becomes highly prized by the serious collector. In response to this, some small presses rarify the product still further by producing 'special', 'limited' editions.

The first real appearance of a small press in this country dates back only as far as 1986, when Kerosina Publications (of which I was once part brought out *Kaeti & Company* by Keith Roberts. A British small press was not an original idea, other groups had similar plans, Kerosina were just the first ones to get their act together. If we had any advantage it must have been our chosen author, wanting to ensure his book was a success he lent the company his other skills. So Kerosina acquired an expert illustrator, book designer, copy writer and advertising manager.

After it had been proved that it could be done, the flood gates opened and within two years Britain had 5 small presses publishing a total of 12 books in 1988 and 13 books in 1989. In terms of genre hardcovers something neither the establishment nor the readers could ignore.

The five presses each have carved out their own market and style. Kerosina initially concentrated on books by established British SF authors whose books were different enough from

their normal fare to worry the establishment. Morrigan has followed a very similar path, but specialised in American authors. Becon have concentrated on specialist projects. Kinnel have built their reputation on the very commercial market of hardback firsts mostly chosen for their fashionability. (A hardback first is a hardcover edition produced after a successful establishment paperback.) Drunken Dragon, seem to be heading towards good hardcover editions of books that are more justly deserving of such quality productions. Having passed my, inevitably biased, opinions I would stress that all have produced some excellent and important books.

I have said a lot about the whys and whens of small presses, but nothing about who and what they actually publish. Selling books by the author's name obviously means that the books have to be by well established authors. However as the top few most successful authors can dictate to the establishment, the small presses are left to deal mostly in the middle field.

The small presses mainly choose either, authors whose literary track record is more consistent than their sales record, or, particularly in the case of hardback firsts, authors, with newly established sales records, that still have backlists that can be re-animated. The latter list has some obvious members, authors like Philip Dick, James Blaylock, Brian Aldiss, Joe Lansdale and Robert McCammon. The former list is more a matter of opinion and taste, but I consider it includes Keith Roberts, Jack Vance, Richard Cowper, R. A. Lafferty, D. G. Compton, and Robert Stallman.

The most important point about this last list is that the small presses are publishing books that are often your first chance, and almost certainly your last chance, to read the books. In extreme cases they can even be your last chance to read the authors.

Establishment reaction to the small presses has been interesting. The best the small presses could hope for is superior 'ignorance'. In fact what they got was imitation. The establishment seeing the potential of the collectors' market started, with a vengeance, producing the 'special', 'limited' editions themselves. This has not yet fully run its course, but a plethora of small press special editions became a deluge of market wide special editions. I think that even if the small presses had not already overloaded the market with these artificial rarities the establishment has now done it for them.

What, you may ask, does a small press actually do? I am sure it varies from company to company, but from my own experience and talking to others, running a small press can be characterised as follows: bad debt chasing, deadlines, packing books, predicting cash flows, more bad debt chasing and reading manuscripts and proofs that fall apart when you drop them. So much for the glory of publishing. Then again, I always was a cynic.

Finally, what of the future? Do the British small presses have a future, or is this just a false spring? I think the whole market will be turbulent in the next few years, the special edition boom must burst soon, if it already hasn't. The horror boom may stay or go, I do not know. I will, however, make one firm prediction:

in ten years time, if you buy a hardcover short story collection, the chances are, you will have bought a small press publication.

Bibliography

Here is a brief list of the wares of the small presses. I have ordered them by publication year and publisher simply to show the marked expansion.

1986	
KEROSINA	
<i>Kaeti & Company</i>	by Keith Roberts
<i>Shades of Darkness</i>	by Richard Cowper.
1987	
KEROSINA	
<i>Grainne</i>	by Keith Roberts
<i>Cracken at Critical</i>	by Brian W. Aldiss
<i>Valis</i>	by Philip K. Dick
MORRIGAN	
<i>Death Arms</i>	by K. W. Jeter
<i>Serpents Egg</i>	by R. A. Lafferty
BECCON	
<i>Who's Hugh?</i>	by Roger Robinson (non Fic)
1988	
KEROSINA	
<i>Scudder's Game</i>	by D. G. Compton
<i>The Days of March</i>	by John Brunner
<i>Jaguar Hunter</i>	by Lucius Shepard
<i>Storeys from the Old Hotel</i>	by Gene Wolfe
<i>The Road to Paradise</i>	by Keith Roberts
MORRIGAN	
<i>East of Laughier</i>	by R. A. Lafferty

<i>The Digging Leviathan</i>	by James P. Blaylock
<i>Homunculus</i>	by James P. Blaylock
BECCON	
<i>The Drabble Project</i>	Eds. Meades and Wake
KINNEL	
<i>A Room to Die in</i>	by Ellery Queen (Jack Vance)
<i>The Madman Theory</i>	by Ellery Queen (Jack Vance)
DRUNKEN DRAGON	
<i>Dragonhikers Guide to ... etc</i>	by Dave Langford

1989	
KEROSINA	
<i>A Funeral for the Eyes of Fire</i>	by Michael Bishop
MORRIGAN	
<i>In the Land of the Dead</i>	by K. W. Jeter
<i>Alligator Alley</i>	by Dr Adder and Mink Mole
<i>Winterwood</i>	by Keith Roberts
KINNEL	
<i>Stinger</i>	by Robert McCammon
<i>Bethany's Sin</i>	by Robert McCammon
<i>A Talent for War</i>	by Jack McDevitt
<i>Act of Love</i>	by Joe Lansdale
<i>Drive In</i>	by Joe Lansdale
<i>The Orphan</i>	by Robert Stallman
<i>The Captive</i>	by Robert Stallman
<i>Our Friends from Frolix 8</i>	by Philip K Dick
DRUNKEN DRAGON	
<i>The Fulfilment of Fate and Desire</i>	by Storm Constantine

Almost all these books are available from all good bookshops and bookdealers. Unfortunately, with honourable exceptions, there are not that many good ones around!

Mike Moir

(Mike Moir was formerly a Director of Kerosina Publications)



Introduction to Telefantasy

A window on the world

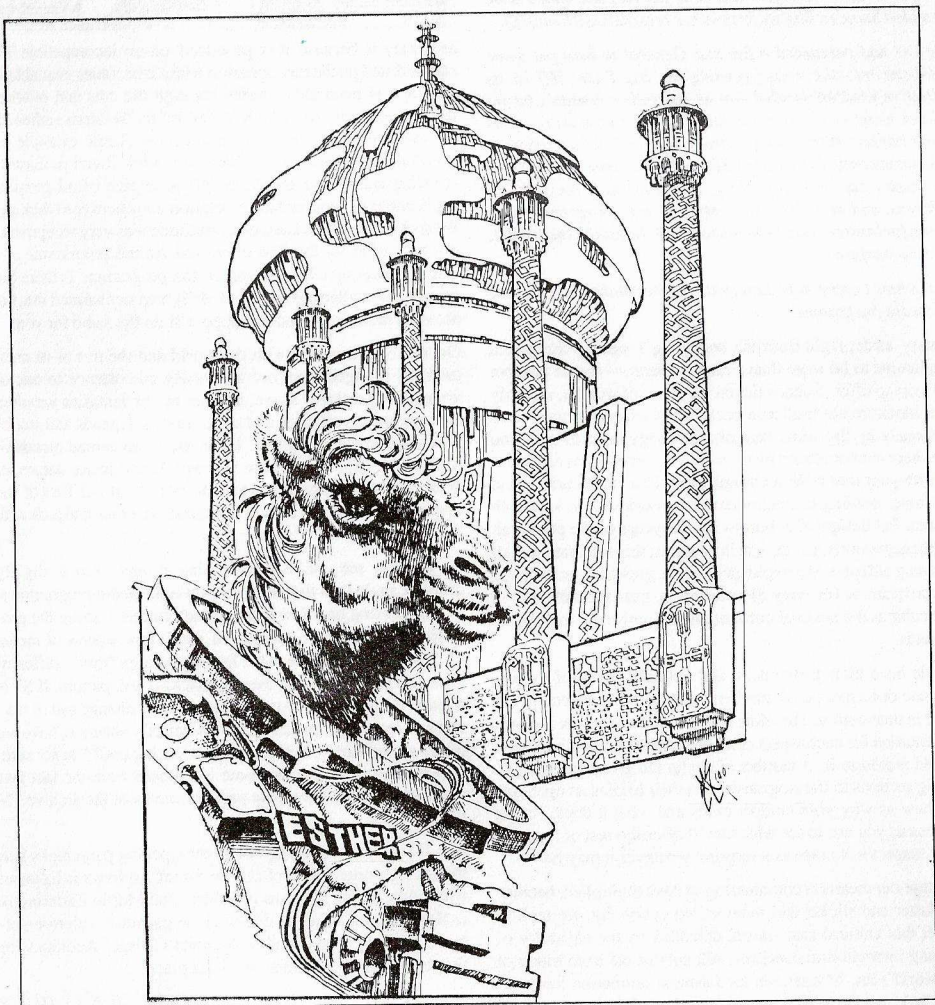
Once upon a time, the art of the storyteller reigned supreme amongst his child audience, but one day no children gathered around the story-teller's knee — they had discovered television.

We were the first television generation, our formative picture of the world was through that small screen. We were educated, directed, propagandarised and above all entertained. The cathode ray-tube became a sort of ersatz parent, no wonder then that it has a special place in our psyche. "Nostalgia ain't what it used to be." In the case of the TV children of the 1950's and 60's that witticism is literally true.

It follows that there is a particular pleasure in reviving those old programs that inspired us, in the same way that the rediscovery of an ancient comic or toybox brings the intimate memories and associations flooding back.

Enough romanticism. Eastcon's telefantasy programme has another purpose, to bring to a wider audience the SF masterpieces of the past, and to show that much of the archival material that has remained unseen for twenty or thirty years was quality television at its best.

Stu Andrews



A Bridge Too Far

The Eastcon '90 media programme

Follycon started building bridges; Eastcon '90 promised in its bid session to cross them, and has kept trying to do so despite numerous landmines encountered along the way. This is the story of just one of those crossings.

As the dust settled from the explosion, I found myself carried off by that nice young Red Cross chappie Jimmy Steel, a cool hand soothing my fevered brow as he murmured "Don't worry, ma'am, we'll have you right as fivence in no time." The hurley-burly of the Battle of Clarendon had left me rather addled and I was jolly glad to relinquish the Adelphi Hotel, to which I'd clung when the world went mad, into the somewhat grubby mitts of our batman. I thought Jerry (in his customary guise as a hotel manager) had done for me, and that I'd be invalided home to Blighty forthwith. I reckoned without HQ.

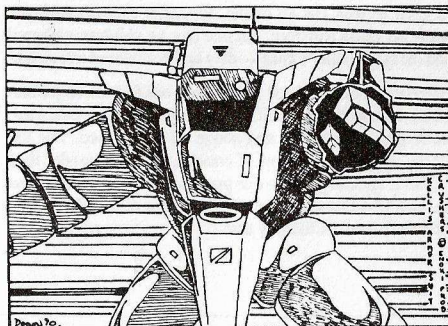
The CO had persuaded a five-star General to help put some backbone into the troops pending the Big Push. HQ in its collective wisdom decided that us specialists couldn't be invalided home — no relief for young Sorensen out there in his lonely bunker on the Fanroom front, with only a Conrunner to link him to civilisation; no relief for wily old Slater constructing barricades out of books to try and hold back the tides of darkness; and no relief for me. My past was on record; I was known for insurrection, destabilisation of the established order, guerilla warfare.

That's how I come to be here, with the Resistance, organising the media programme.

Fantasy aside, right from the beginning I wanted the media programme to be more than a run of videos — media fandom has more to offer. Science fiction is a genre of wonder, not only in its literature but in all its aspects; it is a winged centaur sired on fantasy by the white heat of technology, able to take you anywhere but not always by the route you expect or in conformity with your timetable, a changeling child at once curious and dreaming, needing to imagine as much as to know, in love with the new but delighted to borrow the trappings of the primeval. All these passions, this delight in newness, this fascination with reprising old roles, this exploitation of the growth of technology and programme for every SF convention, but especially and in particular at the national convention, the gathering for fans of all kinds.

People have their preferences, and naturally some of us will intimate one aspect of all this better than another aspect, being more in tune with it. Therefore it seemed that to ensure the best presentation for each aspect of media fandom those who love it should represent it. A number of media fan groups are contributing sections to the programme and their brief is an open one — show us why your fandom exists and what it does. I'm as curious as you are to see what they'll offer the rest of fandom, but I suspect it'll come as a surprise, whatever it may be.

Because our means of communication have multiplied, becoming faster and slicker and more varied every day, we tend to forget that cultural chauvinism, defended by the absurdity of varying international standards, still cuts us off from much of the world's art. My passion for Japanese animation has been matched by frustration that very few of my friends can sample



and enjoy it because it is produced on an incompatible TV standard, and on the rare occasion when it becomes available in the UK it is invariably filtered through the cuts and rewrites deemed necessary to make it 'suitable' for Western audiences by American production companies. One classic example involves the renaming of all characters with Soviet or Eastern sounding names and the deliberate alteration of all possible implications of equal or family relationships between black and white characters. The Eastcon committee was very receptive to my suggestion for the first organised Animé programme at a British convention. Everything on the programme is there because it has challenged, shocked, delighted or charmed me, but above all made me wonder. I hope it'll do the same for you.

Our race's relationship with the world and the rest of its creatures has changed from one of uneasy coexistence to one of arrogant and reckless abuse, and yet in our fantasies we often see ourselves as animals, and in our myths, legends and stories we use animals as ourselves. Is the use of an animal metaphor just another example of how we exploit and abuse nature, or does it say something older and deeper about us? Part of the media programme will look at this question; come and look with us.

As you can see, we're approaching things from a slightly different angle than that used by previous media programmes. We're focusing on a few aspects and concerns, using the programme as a selective sampler of just a few aspects of media SF, but focusing on the most familiar things from a different angle can produce a new, even an unexpected, picture. If SF is a genre of wonder, it must also be a genre of change and of risk. Are we creating a monster? Or, to be strictly accurate, have we tacked a couple more limbs onto the existing one? I'm not sure, but you may wish to draw some inferences from the fact that we have separated the media programme from the archive TV programme....

(PS: If I carry on the metaphor of the opening paragraphs into the con committee, then of course Stuart Andrews is Edmund Blackadder, Hugh Mascetti is Baldrick and Martin Easterbrook is Melchett; while I'm the one with the gasmask with rose-coloured goggles, good old idiot-optimist George! Auditions for the part of Flashheart are now taking place...)

Helen McCarthy

Anime for Beginners

You might as well say "Japan for beginners", except of course, that it would be a very foolish gaijin* who claimed to be able to explain Japan, even to a beginner, even in outline. Still, it remains true that the art of a nation in all its forms from popular to rarified is the mirror of its soul; so anime, the moving offspring of manga, is a microcosm of Japan.

Manga, the comic book, grew from the centuries-long tradition of illustrated books which were a primarily product of Japanese woodblock printing. Exposed to the shock of both the first defeat in a thousand years and the first full-blown exposure of the whole nation to American culture, manga did what Japan did — reeled, adapted, became superficially like the occupying force, but in reality made some aspects of that force entirely Japanese while only permitting a surface gloss of Americana on its own culture and no invasion of its soul. Japan decorates itself with the fashions of other nations, but is still entirely and unshakably itself. So anime, moving manga, took the technology of television and the themes of the comic book, mixed them with the legend and philosophy of a nation that was civilised a thousand years before America was discovered, and created a genre which can be used for anything from teaching infants to writing moralities. (It has also been used as one of the simplest and most effective marketing tools ever devised, as an expression of sexual fantasy, and as a political statement, but then which art form hasn't?)

This is the first organised anime programme at a UK convention and has the support of one of the few UK video houses to provide anime, children's video label MY-TV. Two of their products are on the programme and they have a stand at the convention, so you can not only buy their videos but let them know your view about the prospects for future anime releases. The rest of the material on the programme is not currently on sale in the UK, though some anime does occasionally turn up on cable TV or as segments of children's TV programming. Some material is dubbed or subtitled in English; the rest is in the original Japanese. Short synopses will be provided, and in any event much of the story telling is visual so non-Japanese speakers shouldn't be at too much of a loss to follow what's going on.

Also available is a list of contact groups and publications, including several apas, for anime fans. There is at present no "organised" anime fandom in the UK. If those isolated fans who at present exist can get together and interest others at this con, I hope there will be one soon, and if that happens it is in large part due to the generosity and encouragement of some American and Canadian anime fans who have been instrumental in finding and providing tapes and information for me. I'd like to thank Doug Orlowski of Canada, whose generosity has been overwhelming; old friends John Mansfield and Linda Ross-Mansfield, currently of the Winnipeg Worldcon bid, for feeding our growing enthusiasm; Allyson and Daffyd Neal Dyar, late of Texas and now of Finland, for opening doors, building bridges and finding impossible things; and finally four long-

standing US anime fans, two of whom I don't even know but who have all, through Allyson and Daffyd given of their time, energy and copying facilities to make this programme what it is — Debbie and Ted Delorme, Rick Miskill and Pat Munson-Siter. Please accept my personal thanks and the convention's gratitude.

The worst task of any programmer who has been as lucky and received as much support as I have is deciding what cannot be included. I have enough material to programme the entire convention several times over and I have only a few hours a day, plus half the night-time shift; there are many, many wonderful things which you won't be able to see at EastCon because we don't have time to show them. The good side of this, of course, is the scope it gives us to build on this first anime programme for future conventions. Anyone out there like an anime programme? If so, talk to me.

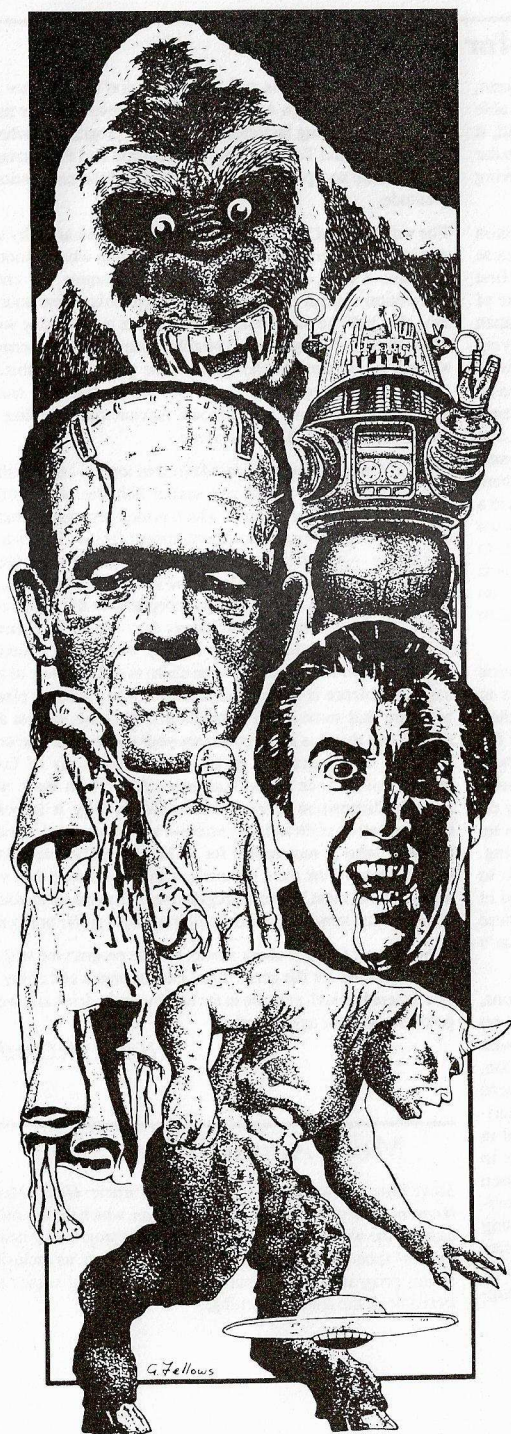
Finally, a word about my least favourite topic — censorship. The Japanese have social and sexual attitudes which often diverge from ours, not least of which is their acceptance that in fantasy — including public entertainment fantasy like manga and anime — anything is acceptable as long as it stays there; there are many things which are never and would never be done or tolerated in real life which are acceptable in the privacy of one's own head, and all these things may appear in anime. I must confess here that how any society which makes Rambo sweatshirts for three-year-olds can claim to draw the line at any form of violence is beyond me, but our society does, so please be aware that some anime contains sex, violence, sexism and sadism and that it is up to you to set your own limits. The only thing on the programme which consists primarily of large amounts of all four is *The Wandering Kid*, which those of a nervous disposition should avoid. This is why it is being screened late at night and why no child will be admitted without the adult who is responsible for it. In the programme I have noted where I think there is more sex and/or violence than you would find in most Western programmes; I leave it up to you to decide which items you or your children might prefer not to see.

I could go on for ages about anime, but the programme will do a better PR job for the genre than I can, so watch and enjoy. If you too are hooked, grab me in the bar, buy me a drink and we'll go on about it for ages together.

Helen McCarthy

More Anime Information

Steve Kyte has written and illustrated an article: *Heavy Metal Heaven — the robot in Japanese animation*, which throws more light on the world of anime and some of our programme items. Lack of space and funds, unfortunately, prevents its inclusion in this programme book, but a limited number of copies are available at the anime screenings.



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The Films Described

Features

Predator

1988. Dir. John McTiernan

Two names have typified the SF cinema of the late 80s, taking over the crown of Lucas/Spielberg. John McTiernan and James Cameron have written and directed a series of spectacular yet consistently thoughtful films including *Aliens*, *Predator* and the underated *Abbyss*.

In *Predator* (McTiernan) we see what is apparently an archetypal buddy movie as a counter-insurgency team lead by Dutch (Arnold Schwarzenegger) prepares for a raid against a terrorist group in an unnamed central American republic. The camaraderie is exaggerated then inexorably subverted, when after the successful attack on the terrorist camp something comes out of the jungle to pursue the strike team. Man, beast, or something else?

It's interesting to note that Schwarzenegger accepted his role in the film purely because it gave him the opportunity to show uncontrollable fear.

Doomwatch

1972. Dir. Peter Sasdy

Rather topical story — made as a spin-off of the popular BBC TV series of the late 1960's, this time featuring Ian Banner as an investigator called to a remote Scottish island where the inhabitants are suffering a mystery illness. And what is the connection to the ministry dumping of chemical drums on the sea-bed?

Dulwich Horror

1969. Dir. Daniel Haller

Absolutely nothing to do with tales of dark rituals conducted behind the walls of the heavily guarded walls of the Dulwich residence of Margaret Hilda Thatcher (still you never know...)

Dulwich Horror is an atmospheric account of a young warlock's obsession with an ancient book and the resultant effect on a small oddball community.

Based on a story by H.P. Lovecraft.

The Atomic Submarine

1959. Dir. Spencer G. Bennett (the G. does not stand for Gordon, we think!)

Forget about *Plan 9 From Outer Space*, this is the ultimate naff SF movie of all time!

Imagine the 1950's publicity blurb designed to entice you to part with your hard-earned dollars. "While investigating the disappearance of several ships in the arctic ocean, a submarine collides with a mysterious vessel, locked together they start to sink" Exciting stuff eh? Don't you believe it. Featuring a script written on the back of a Rizla packet, comic special effects and wooden acting complete with long dramatic pauses, *The Atomic Submarine* is an ideal candidate for some hysterical audience participation. We suggest that you have at least two pints before watching this to get you in the mood to make a performance out

of it. In any case it is time that this film is rehabilitated so that it can take its rightful place in the "Worst Movie Hall of Fame".

Friday the 13th

1980. Dir. Shaun S. Cunningham

With the convention opening on Friday the 13th we just couldn't resist this one! Good SF is about the unexpected, and the director of this piece gives plenty of opportunity for the unexpected to grab our sensitised imagination.

The first of a genre, frightening, exploitive and with a touch of weird humour.

No kids at this one please.

Saturday the 14th

1981. Dir. Howard R. Cohen (video)

Not to be outdone, we present the spoof of all "stalk and slash" movies with every available horror cliché done to death in parlour of a haunted house. A memorably silly send-up.

Dougal and the Blue Cat

1972. Dir. Serge Danot

All is peace and love in the garden with Dougal, Florence and the regulars giving forth on their particular view of life — until the entry of the dreaded blue cat.

Double-entendres abound and a delight for children from 5 to 85.

Captain Power and the Soldiers of the Future

1987. Dir. Otta Hanus (video)

Previewed at Worldcon '87 this astonishing Canadian series caught the imagination of all who saw the rough-cut version.

"The year is 2147, the last of the metal wars, a time when man fought machine and machine won. From the fires of the metal wars rose a new breed of warrior their leader Jonathan Power."

The series is unique in that it was entirely written and produced by SF fans and features the first use of real-time computer animation skillfully integrated into the live action.

The set designs are superb but scripting of the early episodes was considered by some to be a little uneven.

Eastcon is presenting the pilot story and the later prequel (3x25mins).

Bad Taste

1988. Dir. Paul Jackson (video)

We promised to use some bad taste in PR3 and here it is, fresh (if that's the appropriate word to use in a movie like this) from the NFT.

Paul Jackson directed this visceral tale of a close-encounter of a less digestible kind between an inept New Zealand version of the SAS and an unwholesome bunch of interstellar fast-food chefs.

Low budget, amateurish acting but with a great ending make this an unforgettable film.

Definitely not one for those of you with a weak stomach, oh and make mine a chewy bit...

La Belle et La Bête

1945. Dir. Jean Cocteau

The beauty and the beast story transposed into a richly complex dream full of magical imagery where love succeeds in taming the beast into a handsome prince.

A sub-titled classic film with stunning visuals - and mercifully no mention of Vincent!

Shorts

Recorded live

A large spool of video-tape pursues the hero through a series of mishaps and adventures.

The Art Show

I came into this art show organising business fairly late in life — in February this year, to be exact! — but I think (I hope) that this will work to the show's advantage. Never having organised an art show before, I started with very few fixed taboos; not having the burden of any kind of reputation to maintain for myself, I'm trying to focus, not on the art show I want, but on the show which can best serve the artists.

Remember the artists? Fan and pro, mod and trad, good, bad and indifferent, they're what an art show should be all about. It isn't just somewhere for you to go when you've got an odd half hour between programme items. It's important. It matters, at least to the artists, and I've tried to give them the consideration and respect they deserve.

I'm grateful to the modern pros who have once again let us see the originals of works we may only have seen in print. To be able to see and study up close the work of those who've "made it" in the profession helps every beginning artist as well as giving pleasure to the rest of us. To be able to see what a publisher or printer can do to your work is also instructive and I hope to have one or two printed pieces alongside the originals. Of course our artist GOH SMS is a major part of this show, and one of its chief delights.

Last but not least, I'm grateful to the fan artists, the amateurs, whose work is so often overlooked but which forms the bedrock of this show and the seedbed for future growth. You may see — even buy — a piece by a new artist who in ten years time will be internationally famous. New artists give us the shock of a different view, the thrill of a bet on the future, the pleasure of discovery.

Thank you for being here. This is your show, not mine, and I hope you enjoy it as much as us spectators will.

Helen McCarthy

[Ed: Unfortunately, due to lack of suitable display space, we are unable to show the archival British comic art that we had hoped to. We would like to thank all those involved in arranging it for us in the first place, and we look forward to it being shown at some convention in the (hopefully) near future.]

The Extinct World of Gloves

Your favourite moments from well known movies all acted by gloves on the tabletop. Better than it sounds.

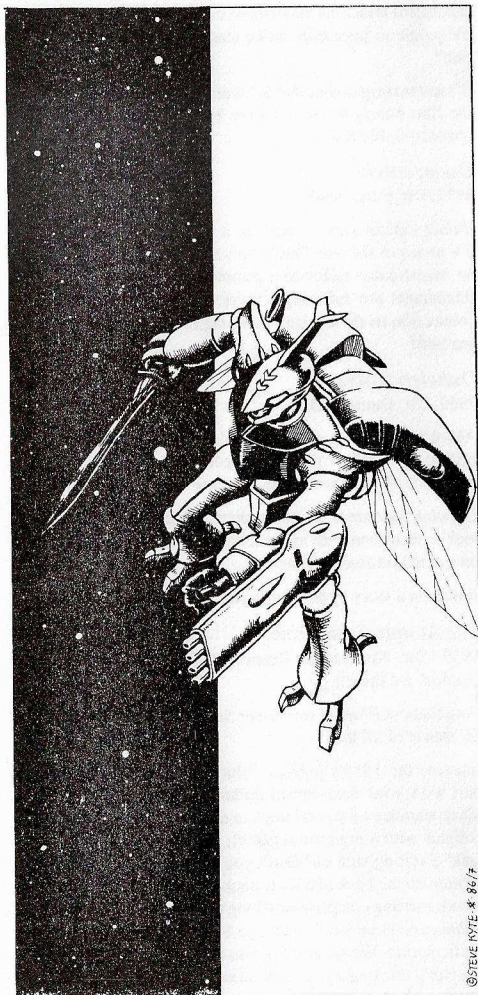
Balablok

Imaginative Canadian animation about war between creatures of different geometries. Has aspirations to flat land.

The Claim jumpers/A Breath of Death

Two rarely seen Flash Gordon complete stories for once not starring Buster Crabbe. Made ten years after the Republic serials of the 1930's.

Andy Morris & Stu Andrews



Science At Eastcon

Introduction and programme notes

Introduction

Why science at a science fiction convention? Well SF is, if you will, the fictional genre spin-off from science. But, aside from that, what is often forgotten is that the process of doing real science actually begins with an act of science fiction! To do science one has to employ the 'scientific method', the trinity of: hypothesis, experimentation/observation and conclusion. The hypothesising, saying, "what if..." is an act of SF. An act which, until validated (or not) by the latter two stages is initially blind and a leap into the unknown. The science fiction author, for example, might say 'what if something travelled back in time and entropy reversed — cue Ian Watson and his *Very Slow Time Machine*. The scientist might post the same question and then draw a Feynman diagram. The only difference between much SF and science is that SF writers cannot indulge in scientific experimentation or controlled observation (though they can observe in an uncontrolled way), they have to largely invent that bit, but they can come to some conclusions which may be either entertaining and/or a serious comment on 'life, the universe and everything'. Obviously there are dangers. It is not unknown for some to confuse science and SF - present day flat-Earthers are arguably such, as are UFOlogists or perpetual motion machine merchants. However as long as it is possible to recognise the difference between science and SF one is free to explore the fertile borderland between the two with a sense of wonder and fun.

Here then, for your delectation, are a cluster of presentations from the frontier of science and its fiction. Enjoy.

Programme Items

What is matter? Never mind

Dr. Brian Inglis explores the relationship between conventional science and parascience with an eye on the relevance to science fiction.

Brian Inglis is perhaps best known for his BBC TV broadcasts in the late fifties to early seventies with programmes such as *What The Papers Say* and *All Our Yesterdays*. His journalistic work has included much done as a freelancer but he was with the *Spectator* for almost ten years and was its editor for three and ultimately its director. His books include *The Freedom of Press* in Ireland, *A History of Medicine and West Briton*. His more exotic works include *Science and Parascience* and *The Hidden Power*. Looking at his CV it is surprising that he has not been invited to an Eastercon before, which makes it all the more a pleasure, at EastCon to be able to share his company.

Science in SF & SF in Science

Peter Gilligan takes a hard look at both SF and science fact. Pete is not unknown to conventions and his past talks have proved controversial. As a psychologist he will be not only looking at much familiar ground but also revealing a new slant as to our perceptions of science and the genre we love.

Unfortunately, as we go to print, Peter may not be with us as he has the opportunity of some work in Russia. Should this happen

one of his clones, a non-psychologist former undergraduate contemporary, will give his presentation.

Paper, Fish Tanks, and Exploding Galaxies

Take Nasmyth's lunar surface models, a mention of Chesley Bonestell's overpainting technique on large photographs, throw in the practice of special effects as applied to still photography and what do you get — a condensed ho-to-picture-the-unknown lesson.

Your tutor, Julian Baum is a leading astronomical artist and SF illustrator. The former means that astronomers tell him what they think something might look like, Julian then has to turn it into a proper picture. His SF work includes book covers, but he has also worked for authors such as Isaac Asimov whose *Library of the Universe* he illustrated.

This talk is not about "the kind of fuzzy mess you see in amateur photography magazines but proper special effects used for proper purposes." This is Julian's first SF convention and he confesses to being 'panic-stricken' so buy the man a pint and show him the best of fan hospitality.

Nanotechnology — Micro-engineering the future.

Technology is just beginning to catch up with Feynman's 1959 lecture "There's plenty of room at the bottom". The promises of 'nanotechnology' and its prophet K. Eric Drexler have the same rosy glow as adverts for clean, cheap, dependable nuclear (fission) power. How are these micro-machines going to revolutionise our lives and how safe they are will be explored by Dave Lemmit. Dave is a biochemist by qualification and SF collector and fan by inclination — or is it the other way around. It is rare for him to give a talk at an Eastercon but when he does they are always well researched and prepared. It has been said of him: "If you don't know him before his talk, you will after!" And I can assure you that this is because he manages to convey infectious enthusiasm for his subject.

Tourism in space — high flown fantasy or real possibility?

At the moment few get the chance to go into space. Ironically Dr. Patrick Collins was almost one such as, out of hundreds of applicants, he was recently short-listed to the final stages of the JUNO project to put the first Brit' into space by Russia. But space's loss is EastCon's gain and Patrick will now be able to share with us his views as to the economics of Man in space.

Patrick Collins has worked as a consultant for ESA from 1979 to '81 while obtaining his doctorate on the economics of satellite solar power stations. Since 1983 he has lectured in managerial economics at London University's Imperial College of Science and Technology. His last appearance at an Eastercon was BECCON in 1987, and though we are pleased that he is coming back for more, we share commiserations that he is not currently overseas preparing to blast off. Still, treading the tight years at Eastercons could very well be the next best thing as Patrick, no doubt, will find out.

Genes don't make people or aliens

"Too many journalists, and indeed too many of our SF authors (even the very best...), assume that genes determine the form of

an animal. While it is the case that differences in genes are certainly associated with differences in animals - not to mention cause them - genes do not make characters! This is complicated, which is why worthy journalists, SF authors and even scientists make such a mess of it; there are two errors, one of which concerns what we mean by a character (it's our mind), and the other which is the failure to recognise the process of development..." The development of aliens, in both senses, will also be considered in this Jack Cohen offering.

Dr. Jack Cohen, a reproductive biologist with a DSc, and a Fellow of the Institute of Biology, is no stranger to Eastercons. For those of you who do not know of Jack's talks, all that can be said is that the hall is always packed when he is on!

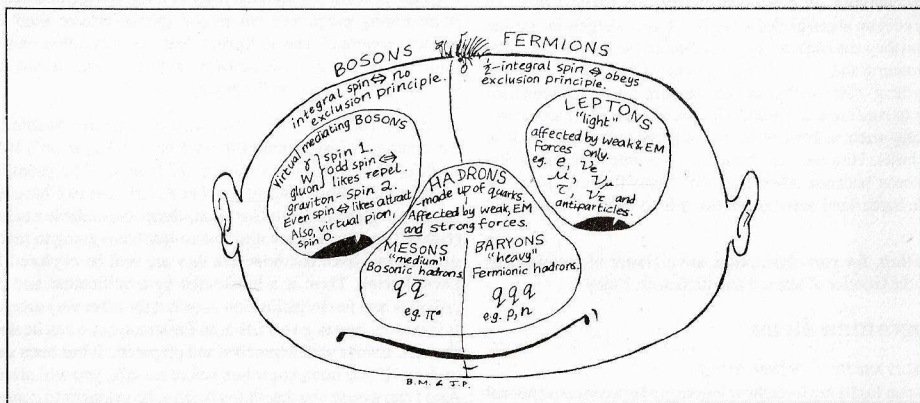
Future Image

Not a talk but an integral contribution to the science presentations at EastCon nonetheless, the Future Image competition gave SF artists, pro and fan alike, the chance to portray images

from tomorrow. Entrants focused on the competition's three themes: 'Fantastic Voyage', 'Technological Age', and 'Future Earth'. The finalists to the competition share their visions with you in the Future Image art show. The Future Image competition is sponsored by the Science Photo Library and is being jointly run with the SF & F Concatenation zine (the 1990 edition of which will be distributed at EastCon). The judging of the Future Image finalists and presentation of prizes will take place during the convention.

This competition is a first for SF conventions in that whilst SF publishers, film distributors and even electrical firms (to name but a few categories) have in the past donated sponsorship to Eastercons, never before has a photographic library lent its support. It is therefore only fitting that Sylvia Starshine, arguably fandom's most seasoned art show manager, has co-ordinated this display.

Jonathan Cowie



The Names of the Programme

Welcome to Eastcon's programme. As is usual at an Eastercon, we have a number of tracks of programming running simultaneously. Less usually, we have chosen to devote one track (the track known as 'colour') largely to film and video-related items. A second track (known as 'charm') features those talks and panels normally found on an Eastercon's 'main programme'. Our third track, held in the smaller rooms on the first and second floors, is known as the 'strangeness' track, and generally features smaller, audience-participation items. Last, but by no means least, are the fan room and the games room. These are being run by other groups on our behalf, which is why we have felt unable to inflict unusual titles on them.

Many of you will by now have recognised the titles of the tracks as being the 'interesting' properties of quarks, currently thought to be basic building blocks of matter — somehow, up, down, top, bottom, red, blue and green just didn't appeal as track titles to the programming sub-committee. Since this year our motto is 'putting the science back into science fiction', we felt that

choosing titles from scientific terminology was appropriate for Eastcon.

Additionally, just as quarks are the building blocks of atoms, which combine together to make the matter that makes us all, so these three streams are the building blocks that make up the programme that is such a vital part of the total convention experience that makes us all come back to the Adelphi.

Allocating the names amongst the various rooms was no trouble - the stream with the video and 16-mm projectors was obviously 'colour', whilst the second stream of talks and panels was equally obviously 'charm' — how else do you persuade an audience to listen to you for an hour or so — which left 'strangeness' for the small items that we've hidden away upstairs. That too seemed right, for some reason.

And, of course, it meant that we didn't have to have one stream labelled as the 'Main Programme'.

Tim Illingworth

EastCon '90 Programme

FRIDAY					
Time	Charm	Colour	Strangeness	Fan Room	Games Room
10					
11		Anime			
12		Anime			
13	Science & SF Peter Gilligan	Anime	Waverider		
14	Paper, Fishtanks & Exploding Galaxies	Anime			Steamerpunk
15	Opening Ceremony	Anime			
16	'Meet the Guests'	Flash Gordon shorts (16mm)	Filk Writing Workshop (2 hours)	How to be an Audience	
17	Holiday Homes	Blake's 7 Fan Group	Writers' Workshop (part 1, 4 hours)	Trout films	
18	What is Matter? Never Mind —Brian Inglis	Blake's 7 Fan Group (cont.)	Very Silly Games OUSFG	Con Video Setup	
19	Yesterday's Tomorrows	The Lensman Cartoon		Drabble Launch	7 Kinds of Madness — Toon
20	GoH Spot Anne Page Interview	Lensman (cont.)			
21	Fun with Sense- less Violence —Dave Langford	Image of the Beast (part 1) Dinosaurs		Soap Box Shootout Fri	Co-Operative Games (2 hours)
22	The Book of the Game	Friday the 13th		1992 Bid & ConFiction Party	
23	A Plot! A Plot! My Sequel for a Plot!	Friday the 13th (cont.)		Party (cont.)	
24	[hall closed]	Adult Anime Cartoons		The Price is Right	

This programme was correct at time of going to press, but please consult the *Read Me* booklet for an up to date programme listing.

EastCon '90 Programme

SATURDAY

Time	Charm	Colour	Strangeness	Fan Room	Games Room
10		Early Birds			
11	Abridged Too Far?	Dougal and the Blue Cat	Tarot	ConRunners New Inter- nationalism	
12	Breaking into print (2 hours)	Dougal and the Blue Cat (cont.)	Masquerade Presentation Workshop	Con Video Workshop	
13	Breaking into print (cont.)	Star Trek Fan Group	BSFA AGM		Dark Ages Without Nasty Bits
14	GoH Spot Iain Banks Speech	Star Trek Fan Group (cont.)	Masquerade Costume Workshop		
15	Batteries Not Included: Decline of Hard SF?	Ken Campbell Film	Image of the Beast Readings		Diplomacy
16	Characters & Caricatures: Pan's Panel	Ken Campbell Film (cont.)	Future Cons (2 hours)	My Fanzine Write or Wrong	
17	Comics: Words and Pictures	Saturday the 14th	aFuture Cons (cont.)		
18	Pan Party (lounge)	Saturday the 14th (cont.)			
19	Pan Party (lounge) (cont.)	Japanese Culture in SF		Soap Box Shootout Sat	Welcome to My Nightmare
20	Fancy Dress/ Masquerade	Image of the Beast (part 2) Narnia		How to Gafiate	
21	Fancy Dress Awards	Atomic Submarine		Filk Round Robin	
22	Cross Lines (by Ale Bar)	Atomic Submarine (cont.)	Zen Computers & the Art of Fandom		
23	Disco	Late Night Anime		Helicon & Magicon Party	
24	Disco (cont.)	Late Night Anime			Shadow Run

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EastCon '90 Programme

SUNDAY

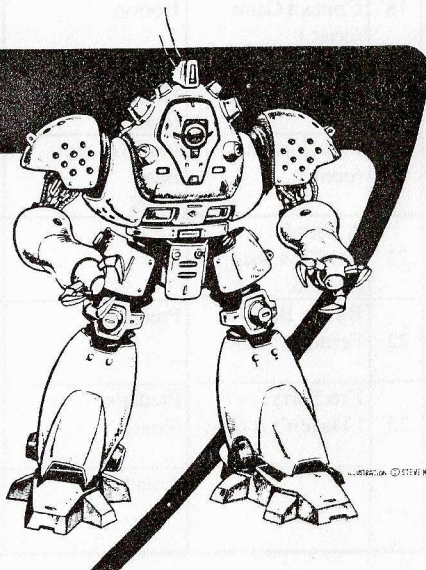
Time	Charm	Colour	Strangeness	Fan Room	Games Room
10		Anime			
11	Genes Don't Make People or Aliens	Image of the Beast (Part 3) Beauty & ...	Space Rescues		
12	Eastercon 1992: The Bid Session	Prisoner Fan Group			Flashing Blades
13	SF in the Classroom. Who's kidding who?	Prisoner Fan Group (cont.)		Fanwriting Without Fanzines	
14	Don't Give Up the Day Job	Works of Nigel Kneale (2 hours)	ConFiction Operations Workshop		
15	Writers' Workshop: Help or Hindrance	Works of Nigel Kneale (cont.)	Art Auction (2 hours)	Tim Broadribb's SF Soundtrack Quiz	
16	GoH Spot Ken Campbell	Doomwatch	Art Auction (cont.)		
17	ASTRA First Contact Game	Doomwatch (cont.)	Guest Item Brum Uni.	Children's Fancy Dress	
18	ASTRA First Contact Game (cont.)	The Dunwich Horror	Double Dutch Lang. Workshop (2 hours)	Soap Box Shootout Sun	Glastonbury
19	Filk Concert	The Dunwich Horror (cont.)	Dave Lermitt Small Science		
20	Filk Concert (cont.)	Image of the Beast Panel			
21	A Bit of BOSH & the Awards				
22	By the Balls Feminist Horror	Predator	Sunday Sport On Mars		
23	I'm Sorry, I Haven't A Clue	Predator (cont.)		Speculation & Winnipeg Party	
24		Anime	Interactive Aerodynamics Workshop	Party (cont.)	

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EastCon '90 Programme

MONDAY

Time	Charm	Colour	Strangeness	Fan Room	Games Room
10	[blank]	Anime	[blank]		
11	Chris O'Kane The Face on Mars	Anime	Writers' Workshop (3 hours)	Up the Walls of the World	
12	GoH Spot SMS 'Slide Talk'	Anime	Writers' Workshop (cont.)		
13	Business Meeting	Belle et le Bête	Writers' Workshop (cont.)	Spot the Live Wire	Bughunt
14	Pat Collins Tourism in Space	Belle et le Bête (cont.)		Soap Box Shootout Mon	
15	Closing Ceremony	Anime			
16	Guest Item Speculation	Fan Room Video			Undead Lords



This programme was correct at time of going to press, but please consult the *Read Me* booklet for an up to date programme listing.

Friends of Foundation

The Friends of Foundation has been set up to support the Science Fiction Foundation, an SF research library based at the Polytechnic of East London which publishes the critically acclaimed journal *Foundation: the review of science fiction*.

The Foundation, which was established in 1970, has been in decline for the last ten years due to a lack of funding, and has only survived through the dedicated work of Joyce Day, part time secretary at the Foundation, and Ted Chapman, the honorary administrator. In order to see out this century and retain its status as *the* British centre of excellence in SF, it needs coordinated help from volunteers with a love for SF and a desire to see the survival of its only national resource.

Membership of Friends of Foundation covers the publication of a regular Friends newsletter with details of activities and a subscription to *Foundation* itself. If you would like to join, please send £12.50 (UK only - send sae for details of other rates) to:

Rob Meades, Coordinator FoF, 75
Hecham Close, Walthamstow,
LONDON, E17 5QT.

Cheques should be made payable to 'Friends of Foundation'.

Committee: David Barrett, John Clute, Nic Farey, Judith Hanna, Rob Meades, Greg Pickersgill, Roger Robinson, John Stewart and Bridget Wilkinson.

USS Intrepid

User friendly Star Trek fandom

The *Intrepid* started five years ago, basically as a fan club for friends and acquaintances. From that small start has sprung a club that now boasts 150 members, with a steadily growing membership. The club's catchphrase is 'Run by Fans, for Fans' and that is how we try and run the club.

The club has a quarterly newsletter filled with articles that range from Trek both original and Next Generation, through to model-making tips, theatre, event and con reviews and onto non-Trek articles, SF, Science and media related. What helps to provide a newsletter of such content and diversity is the number of different contributors. The club actively encourages members to try their hand at writing, artwork or contributing by sending in magazine or newspaper articles. We are now averaging 20 different contributors per newsletter.

The club has events which have included trips to: London, zoos, the coast and even a trip to France. The events average out to one weekend and one mid-week event a month. We also encourage our members in areas around the country to hold events in their own areas. We are also holding a mini-convention in July 1991, in Dunton Green near Sevenoaks, to celebrate Star Trek's 25th Anniversary.

Most of our members are Trek fans, but not all; some have grown to like or become more interested after joining; some are fans of SF or media related SF in general; and some who come to the events, enjoy the companionship.

The club offers any budding authors the chance to submit fiction (and artwork) to its 4 current fanzines; Trek fiction etc. in general; the Funzine, which only contains humorous articles, stories, cartoons etc.; multi-media and SF zine, and the *Intrepid* based zine, which offers those who are new or lacking confidence to practise with real people, using members of the club as characters in ship-board stories on board the 'Intrepid'.

The *Intrepid* prides itself on the effort it puts into 'outside fandom' advertising, sending leaflets to high street bookshops and libraries, concentrating on the Kent and East Sussex areas. We also cultivate the local media, doing radio interviews and local newspaper articles. These have reaped great rewards.

Besides having a club charity, members have done a charity cycle ride, and we are to take part in the ITV Telethon later this year.

Our aim within the club is to provide something for everyone, while maintaining the friendship for which it was formed.

Tina Hewett

[Ed: We would like to apologise to the crew of the Intrepid for accidentally confusing them with the Endeavour. Whilst both ships are a credit to British Trek Fandom, it is the Intrepid that will be showing the spirit of Trek; through the old series, the new series, the movies and the fans; at EastCon '90.]

Six of One and The Prisoner

The Prisoner (starring Patrick McGoohan as "Number Six" and made in Portmeirion/MGM Borehamwood 1966-1968 — not the Cell Block H one!) ranges alongside *Star Trek* and *Doctor Who* as one of the unforgettable TV series of the 60's, having — by common acclaim — reached the status of "cult".

Six of One (The Prisoner Appreciation Society) founded in 1976 and having one of the largest world-wide memberships of any club of its kind (about 3000 members), has dealt with almost every topic on the series through its high-quality quarterly magazine (Number Six) — culminating in its annual Portmeirion-based Convention, usually in September.

At EastCon, Dave Lally (SF Con regular and local coordinator of London 6 of 1) will, inter alia, be discussing some Prisoner topics, illustrate some of Six of One members' activities and show how *The Prisoner* has inspired other programmes. BCNU.

(Six of One: PO Box 60 Harrogate, UK; PO Box 172 Hatfield PA 19440 USA; Ecole publique, F-42260 Pommiers, France.)

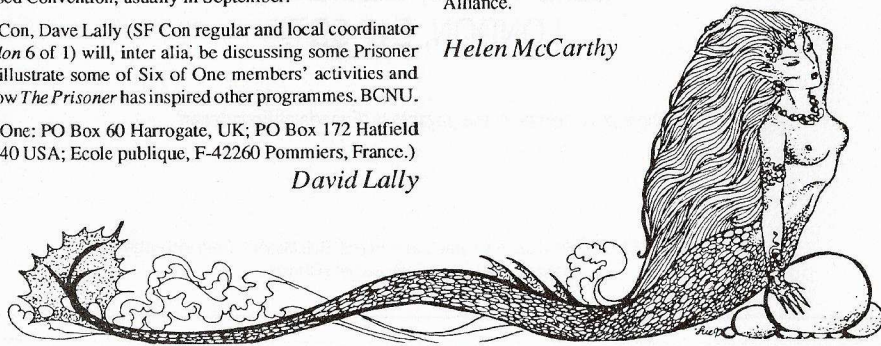
David Lally

Horizon

...still rebels after all these years

The northern ranks of this oldest *Blakes 7* club in Britain, represented here by Stephen Haines and Fliss Davies, are here to show and tell — show us what it is about *Blakes 7* that they love, tell us what they do as a fandom. Horizon is an active fanzine publisher and media marketer as well as organising conventions, social events, newsletters, pub crawls and all the normal fannish activities. Stephen and Fliss will be glad to answer questions, show off fanzines, natter and generally enjoy themselves, and hope to win a few more recruits for the Rebel Alliance.

Helen McCarthy



ZZ9 Plural Z Alpha

Brilliant isn't it? You're standing in a pub minding your own business and all of a sudden someone pounces and asks for a 2000 word article about 'fringe fandom' and he needs it yesterday!

Flaming cheek thinks Grandad, who has been working so hard for ZZ9 to be accepted by the 'Trufans'.

Anyway this will fall well short of 2000 words but what the hell...

ZZ9 Plural Z Alpha — The Hitch Hikers Guide to the Galaxy Appreciation Society (hereafter referred to as ZZ9) was founded in 1980 by a media fan called Elaine Thomson. When she retired from fandom to devote her energies to the cause of CND, the club was taken over by a group of friends from Dartford Grammar School. Although only one of this crowd could be considered a fan in the true sense of the word it was they who laid the foundations of ZZ9's constitution. Right that's enough of that. Time for the 'froody' stuff now.

Many moons ago ZZ9 did actually organise a convention, Lazlar Lyricon, but thankfully we've never been tempted to do anything so irrational again!

Throughout the year meetings and outings are organised (or disorganised) all over the country, called Slouches after a line in the radio 'Guide': "I'll just slouch around here for a while." And until fairly recently that's what happened (or to be more correct, didn't happen) but of late we've tried to go to specific places for specific reasons. Most of the 'Earth' locations have already been visited (except BELGIUM) exotic places like Guildford, Southend-on-Sea and Rickmansworth have already been covered.

Arthur Dent's house is another place of pilgrimage, there have been three trips to this place now. The woman that owns it shows infinite patience by allowing us to trample all over her driveway and up into Arthur's bedroom, take numerous photos and generally lark about. We are eternally grateful.

The landlord at the 'Red Lion' pub is nothing like as sporting. If you ask for "Six pints of bitter please, and quickly the world's about to end." He asks "What kind of bitter?" And he doesn't think it's funny being told to keep the change from a fiver either! The thing that annoys him most is somebody leaping over the bar to nick the peanuts.

One of the most successful outings last year was to Cambridge, where we terrorised the other tourists by taking to the River Cam in three punts. We hold a regular London pub meeting at 'The Plough' between Museum Street and Little Russell Street and we're always at the 'Wellington' on the first Thursday of the month.

A local group network is slowly coming together. Our current membership stands at about four hundred and fifty, mostly humans but the occasional small blue furry creature from Alpha Centauri, we even have a Vicar!

As well as attracting media fans, ZZ9 seems to attract heavy-metal and comedy fans whose affiliations are more with Hawkwind and The Goons than to the Guide.

ZZ9 has a reputation for really knowing how to party, and has also gained a reputation for doing really stupid things. The latter

is not necessarily true, we often get the blame for things that we know nothing about!

I also happen to know the best damn recipe this side of the Horsehead Nebula for a Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster. According to Douglas Adams these can't be mixed in Earth's atmospheric conditions and the best alternative is to buy up the contents of your local off-licence, mix them altogether and then distill them three more times. There is a simpler way, and if you've never been smashed over the head with a gold brick wrapped in a slice of lemon, please seek me out over the course of the convention!

Our main claim to fame is our extensive range of merchandise, most of which started off as really silly ideas and has now got totally out of hand.

The famous Disaster Area tour 'T' shirt is the best seller and can be seen all over the place. People even get chased down streets by persons wishing to buy them.

The Zaphod Beeblebears (two headed, three armed, eye-patched teddy bears) started out as a joke but are now so popular that another fan group is actually selling Star Trek-The Next Generation uniform jumpers specifically for beebles. But not everybody finds the little darlings irresistible, one attendee at the 1987 Brighton Worldcon found them so nauseating that she tried to organise a 'Bear Burning' party ... aaaaahhh!

It was inevitable that we would hold a 'Beeblebears Picnic' the first one was last summer at Hampton Court and proved so successful that the 'Second Annual Beeblebears picnic' will be held later this year at Crystal Palace.

DON'T PANIC rock was another great idea. Your standard sea-side rock with Don't Panic in large friendly letters all the way through. This is now well past its sell-by date and absolutely inedible but has started to fetch ludicrous prices at convention auctions.

Finally the item that is vital for Hitch Hikers — the towel — it was during a lunch to discuss the publicity for the Hitch Hikers computer game that the idea of a Hitch Hikers towel became a reality. These huge beach size towels had the appropriate excerpt from the Guide printed on them and were a great seller. Well there you have it, excitement, adventure and really wild things. The club that shows you don't have to have a wispy beard or be a miserable git to be an SF fan.

During the last ten years ZZ9 has tried to bridge the gap between media and SF. So if you like your SF with a touch of humour or even your humour with a touch of SF. If you can't live any longer without a Beeblebear. If you feel a burning desire to know where your towel is or to learn all there is to learn about digital watches and mixing Pan Galactic Gargle Blasters. If you just can't get the hang of Thursdays or even if you actually LIKE the Guide then please contact: Noel Collyer, 17 Guildford Street, Brighton, East Sussex, BN1 3LA... it'll be the best £5.00 you ever spend.

Original concept by Grandad, words of more than one syllable by Jaffa on behalf of ZZ9 Plural Z Alpha — The Hitch Hikers Guide to the Galaxy Appreciation Society.

Jaffa

The Care, Feeding and General Husbandry of Comics Fans

Aha — I see you all — quaking in raw terror — COMICS FANS — I know, I know, you'd rather face a whole flock of Trek fans armed only with a live tribble and a large bag of gopher nuts! But calm your fevered brow! I come bearing good news — I have been studying these feared beasts and shall endeavour to impart unto you this priceless information. Come, gather close — trust your Auntie Sue.

Well let's start at the beginning — THE COMICS FAN — these of course you all know about — only reads comics, only go to comic cons, can't read books (let's face it — they probably can't even read ...) haunt the depths of Polytechnic Bed Sitterland and the GRUBBY places in the students Union Bar or behind the school kitchen where lurk those vast bins that smell of old cabbage and other unmentionable things. They clutter up the scruffy bits of your nice clean book shops and ... hold it — hold it — HOLD IT — BOOK SHOPS? (CAPS UNDERLINED, bow down and worship). WELL chaps and chapess' I'm afraid I have news for ya — bend close and listen to this whispered RUMOUR, passed about the con bar in the wee small hours before the yawn ... COMICS FANS READ BOOKS!! And watch films, and play role-playing games and drink beer and do all those wonderfully fannish things that keep us all going through the trials and tribulations of the world which goes on helter skelter beyond these carved wooden doors at the front of the hotel — you know — out THERE. Yep kiddies, keep your eyes peeled this means — shock-horror — that that nice fan you have boozed with, sung with, argued with at more cons than you can shake a gopher at, may also, alongside those groaning book shelves and videos and fanzines, have some neat little boxes — or more likely — slippery little piles (if you pardon the phrase) of comics! Ye Gods! They have infiltrated our ranks! Batten down the hatches! SEAL off the ship! Stand by to repel ... So I'm sorry, lesson one in how to spot a comics fan — you can't — they're far too well camouflaged — as fellow fans.

"but..." I hear you cry (well go on then, cry "BUT...") Why do you read comics Auntie Sue? What's in these comics thingies? What's wrong with good ole books eh then answer me that. I mean there must be something a bit — well — odd about you (and yes dears there is — but you're all too young to know). Well — being a female comics fan was a bit odd when I first started — oh way back in the mists of time — ok ok 1982 don't spoil the atmosphere.

...Yes, Yes — I can see it now, those days of yore when childish things like your *Mandy* and *Beezee* were put aside supposedly in favour of *Just 17* and *Melody Maker* - or in my case *Mighty Worlds of Marvel* and *2000AD* and I do seem to recall buying comics because they were cheaper than books (peals of hysterical laughter!). I remember picking up one called *ElfQuest* because it had elves in it (I had a thing about elves — long and bloody story, heh heh heh). Comics fandom hit me at *Cymru Con* in 82? 83? I was listening to what appeared to be a very large, very hairy sub species of human (see 'Comics pros') speaking to a hushed multitude, of at least 20, about MARVEL-HAMSTER — no, no, don't giggle — this was the now somewhat legendary Alan Moore early in his career giving a little talk on the new British Comics Mag WARRIOR. He planned to reincarnate one of Britain's oldest Superheroes, MARVEL-MAN, and Kid Marvelman and Marvel dog and ... there you all

go! "See" you cry "It's just as I thought, an insidious plot to get us to spend our hard earned pennies on those flimsy bits of paper that cost the third of the price of a good book and have only thirty pages of story in them and they're all about people who wear their undies over their outies!! But honestly, comics is more that just muscled jocks hitting each other — its a bit like assuming all books are about this nice place called Gor where men are men and women are — ahem — well you get the picture? Sure there are comics about superheroes — they sell in vast numbers and some of them are very very good — some are not — but people enjoy them. There are comics about ecology (*Puma Blues*) comics about sex and sexuality (*Omaha: The Cat Dancer*) comics about people (*Love 'N Rockets*) comics about very odd people (*Yummy Fur*) even comics about the dirty dealings of the CIA (*Brought to light*) in which the truth proves to be far more nefarious than any super villain's fictional machinations. There are comics about virtually anything you can put a name to! The quality varies between superb and toilet paper — but how many books in yonder dealers room should have their publishers and/or authors lynched for having the audacity to cut down a single tree to print such unmitigated rubbish?

Something fairly new to the comics scene is the sudden influx of comics films. Serious heavy duty organised filking is a fairly recent animal — certainly in the numbers and diversity we have now and the subject matter has naturally increased in proportion to the numbers so comics films were kind of inevitable. The first to surface were ElfQuest films but it really took off with the Redfox films and these were good songs — filk is getting frighteningly good — no don't argue — and at the first filk con in '89 the idea of a comic book filk book came forth. Combine our vices! Convince fandom we are totally insane!! And out of the wood work they came — filkers read comics — out came the filk songs, Redfox songs, 2000AD songs, oh yes and X-Men songs. Oh boy do we get X-Men films!

Which brings us neatly to — the comic fan. Politic fans in general tend to be somewhat pennated (understatement of the month); some fannish fans hiss at costume fans and vice-versa, Book fans hiss at Media fans, everyone hisses at ZZ90ers and so it goes. But comics fans can be the most pennated, self-centred, Bitchy Brats! OK — to those lucky souls not in the sticky world of comics politics, the X-Men tends to be a comic you either love or loathe and some fans who should know better have made comments about it when long mannered souls such as I remember the days when they first started reading comics by picking up a copy of said X-Men. I shall name no names — the guilty know who they are (pause for dramatic music and the suspicious rustling of ye writers note book). If ya don't like summat — don't buy it an' say nowt — if you ask me (I know you didn't but as I said, comics fans are opinionated — case proven) X-Men is not the sole target of comics politic but its an obvious one.

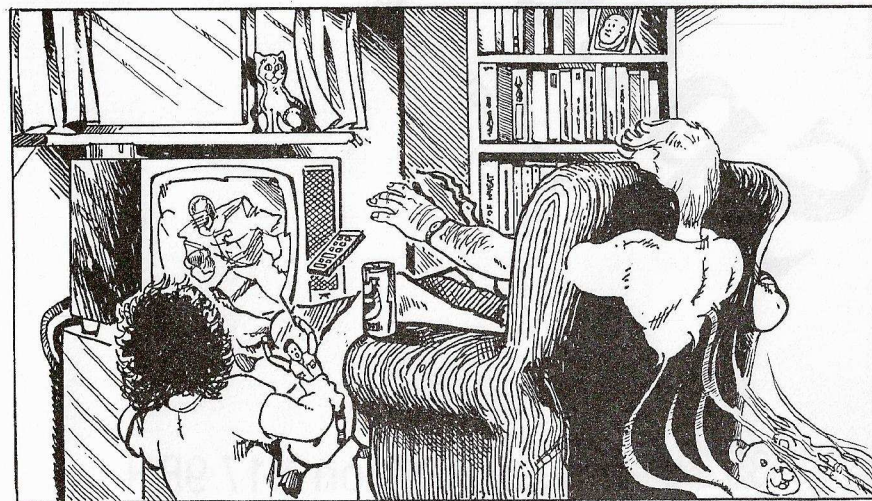
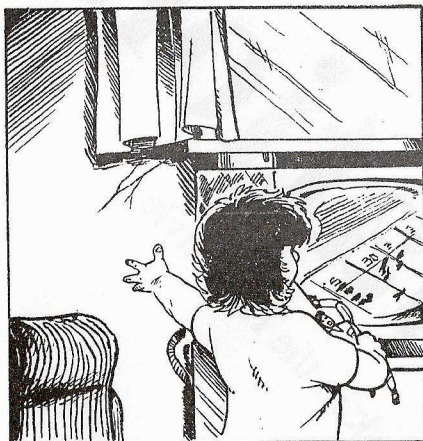
Next we have a very interseting wee beastie — the comics Professional. Now these can be hard to spot — they do tend to be well camouflaged with the standard fannish attributes of Beard, Glasses, Beer Gut and Bald Patch (not necessarily in that order or all at the same time) a fannish phenomenon noted of old. Most, particularly the British, can be found in that font of

all wisdom — the Bar. Some, I will admit, have that wary haunted look in their eye — comic cons and marts have a fairly high (by fannish standards) proportion of 12-16 olds who can be somewhat over zealous in their admiration of their particular favourite Artist/Writer. This wariness can normally be broken down by that time honoured phrase which fans have been using to introduce themselves to pros since time immemorial — "Would you like a drink?" Said comic pro then usually turns out to be jolly nice and virtually indistinguishable from our beloved pro Authors. In fact, it is rumoured that some comics Authors actually write books (remember them?) **GOOD BOOKS!!!!** (Auntie Sue would like to point out at this point that she is not being paid for this free advertising rumour-mongering — yet.)

So that's it folks — comic fans in a "ahem" nutshell we don't bite (often) and if you corner good ole auntie Sue in the Bar and ply her with best bitter she may tell you some of those little comic fan legends — like the Editor, V and the custard pie, like the case of a pro writer hidden in a toilet, the editor and the debagging incident, the writer who had a vindaloo before his speech and spent the whole evening running off stage at five minute intervals, the infamous fur affair etc, etc and so forth.

You see, in the final analysis, comics fans are really just ordinary folks — no more odd or to be feared than any other fan — we're as normal as the rest of fandom. Heh heh — worrying thought isn't it. Psst Sonny — Wanna see some puppies....

Sue Mason



The Next British Annual Science Fiction Convention

Speculation

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It Ain't What You See, It's The Way That You See It

Movie-going in the 80s

I'm a great believer in contextualization — it's not the film alone that counts but where and how you see it, who you see it with and what else you're doing at the time. By and large reviewing ignores context — except for those twee references to little Calpurnia at the panto. No one else sees films or videos with fans at conventions can possibly think context unimportant, but it should always be savoured. At the very least it can help bring films back to mind for those who have blasted their second last brain cell.

As an example of what I mean, I saw *The Princess Bride* last year at Contrivance with a host of rabid fellow con-goers chanting along with the good bits. It had the usual con drawbacks of rotten seating, no rake, big-headed weirdos sitting in front and projector noise clattering through, but this was irrelevant, if I'd seen it in a proper cinema and bought a ticket, I might not have felt very positive. As it was of course I loved it, of course I think it is a good participation movie (a sadly undervalued category), but the context did it folks. Oh, and *Moontrap*...

So what contexts did the 80s offer to enhance or diminish my viewing and what films were there to be operated on? If only one thing challenged the 70s high of being one of eight people with a rubber tarantula in a Mini Moke at a drive-in screening of Frankenstein meets Billy the Kid... well that's not surprising. I saw *The Hunger* at the Slade, *They Live* in Milton Keynes (an improbably assertion in itself) and at a Victorian drive-in (no, that one's not impossible) a bit of SF/horror porn which was so dubiously effective I've forgotten the title and the plot, but have total recall of the heavy breathing in the car. Living again in a country with only hard-top cinemas (the trade term, dropped for your delectation) is a sad blow for we context freaks.

Of course there are times when all the context you want is a reverential hush and good projection facilities. Unfortunately there are all too few of these with SF films. Or perhaps not unfortunately after all, fun films can be wonderful. However, a film you should not see with the frivolous or chip-eating is Konstantin Lopushansky's *Letters From a Dead Man*, a grim but brilliantly shot nuclear war aftermath drama. I don't think that kind of audience would help at Peter Wollen's *Friendship's Death* or Michael Radford's 1984 either. This is not because the film-making is of the same standard sadly, but what you need with them are some informed argumentative types who can join in debates about the literary precursors and the temporal exigencies.

On the other hand there are other movies than *The Princess Bride* where reverential hush is likely to mean everyone's walked out, but which can be a riot with a riot. *The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai Across the Eighth Dimension* is certainly one, but you'll get no capsule plot description of that here. *Explorers* needs help to get you through those tedious human children before the astonishing alien ones turn up. Even better, if you haven't seen it, get the video, play the last twenty minutes repeatedly and sing along, or if it's on at a con, skip the first hour.

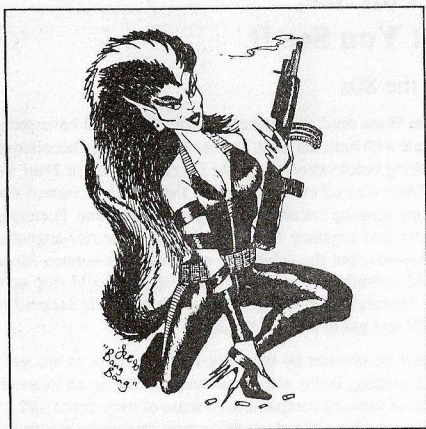
Some films need substance assistance. I should have sedated myself with buttered toast, carrot cake or double chocolate chip anything before attempting *The Last Starfighter* or *Tron*. I did for *Short Circuit* and it helped — the brain had slowed down and my carping circuit was doing something else. Fortunately I'd not had anything sugary before the Moroder-augmented *Metropolis*, but the substance of greatest assistance for this would undoubtedly be almost anything that could stop up the ears. I paralysed my channel-zapping finger while *Saturn 3* was on TV so I got to see it to the end.

It must be obvious by now that I'd trade quite an amount of plush seating, Dolby sound and wide screen for an interesting group of viewing companions, a sense of irreverence and a bit of bizzarity, but what about those moments when you can have it all? They don't come often, but of course a number of us have one such joy in common, don't we? Yes folks I'm talking about *Moontrap*, the experience of the decade at least as undergone on Jersey. I'm not saying you should see it (God forbid), I'm saying you should have seen it. And it's sonice not having it in store for you.

And thus we come to disasters of the decade, my own personal unbiased hate list. Fighting for top place are *Ladyhawke* and *Weird Science*. The contexts were very different. For *Ladyhawke*, a florid fantasy so overblown its petals would have jammed the projector and saved the audience from suffering, I paid lots of good money (what devotion to R Uger Hauer will do to a person!) and went with two friends — one of whom liked it and the other one thought it bad manners to walk out of a movie! At least with *Weird Science* I only hired the video so I could speed through all that adolescent-males-discover-sex twaddle, even so I'd paid out hard cash and then it turned up on TV. I also hated *The NeverEnding Story* and *Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone* though I didn't last the distance on the second — after the fine android was killed while the Barbie dolls survived I was feeling ill and then Mollie Ringwald came on the scene...

It would be stupid to pretend that the decade wasn't structured by *Alien* and *Bladerunner*, and yes I know that *Alien* was made and released at the end of the 70's, that doesn't alter the strength of the statement. Despite the garbage obsession of *Star Wars*, it was those two that made space grimy and LA wet and retrofitted for most viewers. *Brazil* however, was an important but not an influential film. Somehow I saw it several times in educational contexts with people who didn't find ducts funny but liked the grosser touches. I kept wishing a feathered John Philip Law would sweep into the dream sequences and create a wondrous hybrid — *Barbazilla*, perhaps?

Were there under-valued gems of the 80's? I'm sure there were, but I'm not sure I saw many. I like *Android* but so do lots of other people, so it's probably not under-valued. It's a gem though, largely because of anorexic Don Oppen's Max and the fact that Aaron Lipstadt somehow restrained Klaus Kinski a little (or as I heard a very respected film theorist say in another context "just a tadette"). The unrestrained Kinski loomed, lur-



ched and lowered through *The Titan Find* which was saved from my hate list only by the sofa of the friend who insisted I had to see it. I saw the title sequence of *Android* also as a trailer before *Pumping Iron II: The Women* — a contextual joy which you will appreciate if you've seen both. Oh, and *Android* has the best female construct and the best ending, yes of course it's undervalued.

In fact most of the good films of the 80's had important androids. There were *Blade Runner*, *The Terminator*, *Robocop* and *Aliens*, as well as instances when the films weren't that good but the androids were interesting like *Slipstream* and *Making Mr. Right*. That last I saw all alone at home on a video, but I suspect it would improve with a bunch of rowdy boozed women. Then it wouldn't matter so much that the heroine is, as a friend says, not too tightly wrapped.

There were really a lot of films I liked more than other people did. *Enemy Mine* was one and I saw it at the NFT which can depress the hell out of an experience. Lou Gosset Jr. in alien latex demonstrated what sadly Terence Stamp in *Alien Nation* couldn't — that acting through the latex is possible. In the later film only Stamp's hands were worth the detour. Also to my mind overcoming an NFT venue and endless charges of lese majeste was *2010*. OK, so it was an ordinary workmanlike SF film trying to be realistic and *2001* was Kubrick, but it was free of people in monkey suits, women in Courreges and if the ending looked as if it came off the same model table as *Star Trek II*, at least that saved it from Kubrick's portentousness. The successor to Kubrick in the light show stakes was definitely *Friendship's Death*. I wonder if the born-again hippies have discovered it?

And there were occasionally some good women in the 80's SF films. I don't just mean Sigourney Weaver, though the combination of Sigourney and the Caterpillar is, as you might say, unbeatable. There was also Jenette Goldstein. The name doesn't mean anything to you? It should, she was in *Aliens* too — as Vasquez. There was the entire cast of *Born in Flames*. Then there was Frances Sternhagen, the doctor in *Outland*, another me-more-than-others movie that had its moments, even if too many of them were spent on interminable chases. (Thinks: if all

the chase scenes in all the SF movies were laid end to end you probably wouldn't need to invent FTL travel.)

I'm not paying to much attention to any thorough survey of the decade stuff. Why should I tell you about *Ghostbusters* or *Batman* or *Return of the Jedi* or *E.T.*? If you haven't seen them, it's unlikely to be because you haven't heard about them — blockbusters all. This piece is a combination of advice on context and movies you may have missed and should look out for. So, look out for *The Hidden* — and then ask yourself whether you can organize or track down a good context and if you can't, don't bother. It's an alien possession law and order thing with the alien mode of passing from host to host involving regurgitation. Look out too for Jerome Diamant-Berger's *The Original* and run in the other direction. I admit I had a bad experience, but even so. It's a hologram replacing a live singer story, with Julia Mineges Johnson (from *Diva*) as the rock singer. She lacks conviction, but that wasn't the main problem. I saw it at the NFT which had a French print neither dubbed nor sub-titled. As happens in situations like that, a voice over a loudspeaker read an English translation

I quite liked the New Zealand-set *Battletruck*. It had some elan and people attempting to do something other than scavenge in a post-apocalyptic world — they pruned apple trees. Now that's positive thinking. The very superior *The Quiet Earth* was fully a New Zealand film. Not to be seen with the local yobs, but alone or with a couple of OK friends. It is a last man on earth drama which takes you up to a cliché, then dodges a little.

Apart from a passing reference to *The Terminator*, I haven't mentioned films with Schwarzenegger in them at all. This isn't because I avoided them, well not if they were SF that is. In fact I'm more worried about the pleasure I get from films with Arnie in them than I am about my fondness for *Siarman*. I cheered him on in *The Running Man* despite being alone in a nearly empty cinema late one afternoon (and I'd only had an Eccles cake and a cup of coffee). Worse, when I returned the rented video to the shop, having seen it a further two times, I found myself recommending it to the grand-motherly shop assistant as "a really good laugh", before I realized what I was doing. At least with *The Terminator* one could pretend one was enjoying the good strong woman and the time paradoxes. Come to think of it though, Maria Conchita Alonso in *The Running Man* should probably join the strong woman list on the basis of groining Arnie so effectively early on in the film.

So what was the only viewing experience which challenged my 70's best? Well it was *Blade Runner*. Not my first viewing, nor even my second. (I've seen it fourteen or so times in six or seven cities, widescreen, 16mm and video, with and without company, pencil and paper or food, so this is no minor comparison.) The prime viewing experience however was on a ferry in the Japan Sea with a load of Japanese long-distance lorry drivers. It was dubbed, but it didn't matter to me since I knew the sound track rather well by then, but it must have made a wonderful hash of that early sequence about the sushi. I was drinking something improbable out of a can from one of the vending machines. It is when the only reference point to reality is a fiction as thorough-going as Ridley Scott and Syd Mead's vision, that you realize that something is either very wrong or deliciously right. It was, of course, the latter.

Frances Bonner

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G. Fellows

The University Science Fiction Groups Network

Exactly when and where the idea of a formal network, or organisation, made up of university, college and polytechnic science fiction and fantasy societies was first suggested is now lost in the alcohol-shrouded mists of time. My first introduction to it was during a telephone conversation with Steve Glover, whilst trying to arrange closer links between the groups at Leeds and Manchester Universities. I believe that he had previously discussed the idea with people from several other Universities.

In principle the idea is very simple (and just a little bit mercenary). If a large enough number of student SF groups (a number of the order of 25-30 has been rumoured) can get together and form an official national organisation, then they will become eligible for direct funding from the NUS (National Union of Students). The money provided could then be used to fund an annual 'meeting', in other words a convention. Financial matters aside, such an organisation could do much in the way of keeping the widely spaced student groups in touch, promoting closer contacts and joint ventures. Looking across the pond for a random example of what is possible, there is a conglomerate of American university students which publishes a more or less professional(ish) and fully paying magazine by the name of *Visions*. You may come across this during Eastcon, clutched in the sticky little paws of one Neal Tringham (who owes me a pint for plugging it).

The first steps (to my knowledge) in the creation of such a network were taken at Novacon 19, where a few ideas were bandied about between myself and members of the Leeds and

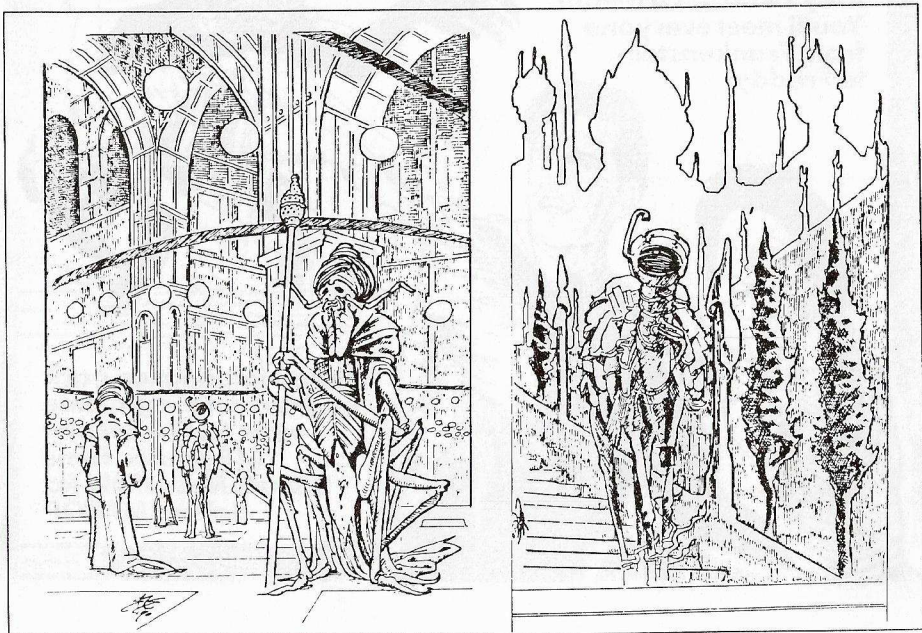
Birmingham University groups, most notably Ian Creasey and David Wake. David offered there and then to co-ordinate the running of an APA for the student groups. The first issue of *commUNicator* appeared at the beginning of the spring term, and featured introductions to: the Birmingham University SF society, Birmingham Polytechnic's group, WARPED the Manchester University SF society and the group at Imperial College London. It also carried an ad' for LUContinued, an excellent one day con at Leeds University. At the moment, *commUNicator* is being funded by the Brum University Society, hopefully the NUS will be providing the funds in the near future.

Meanwhile (back at the bar), the first meeting of representatives from Leeds, Manchester, Cambridge, Bangor and Oxford took place at LUContinued. We hope to be contacting as many other student groups as possible in the near future. There should be more formal (?) meetings at Eastco, so, if you are involved in a student SF group and are attending the convention, keep an eye out for us, and come along to the meeting.

Ian Brooks

Further details are available from:

Science Fiction and Fantasy Society
Student Union Building
University of Manchester
Oxford Road
Manchester



The Lost World of British Telefantasy

A suitable case for preservation

Science Fiction and the supernatural were considered especially suitable for the pioneering world of television drama, both for juvenile and adult audiences.

From 1949 one-off plays using SF themes like *The Time Machine* and full series i.e. *Stranger from Space* and *The Lost Planet* were broadcast live.

In 1953 someone at the BBC had a brainwave "Why not make recordings of our plays?" Using the infant technology of tele-recording, filming the output of a television monitor, the project was started. Paradoxically, its first success and failure was *The Quatermass Experiment* when episodes 1 and 2 were recorded for posterity and episodes 3 to 6 were lost due to an industrial dispute about the manning of the new equipment. The stunning performance of Peter Cushing in George Orwell's *1984* was captured on film in 1954, but only, it was suspected, because of the moral outrage [sic] generated by the gutter press and Conservative MPs at the plays contents.

So throughout the 1950's material was recorded on a largely arbitrary basis, until the 1960's heralded in a new production tool for television preservation — VTR — Video Tape Recording. The now vast film department at the BBC thoroughly disliked the new medium of the VTR regarding it as a threat to their domination of the TV industry and a poor substitute for the creative 'artistry' of film. The myth developed that videotape with its crystal clear recordings was an "impermanent feature" and an in-house war was allowed to perpetuate whereby film executives refused to archive most VTR productions not immediately destined for export. *A for Andromeda*, Nigel Kneale's *The Road*, *Out of the Unknown*, *Counter-Strike*, *Adam Adamant* and *Doctor Who* and many others were erased to save perhaps £1.50 in video tape costs.

The arrival of high-definition colour television programs in 1968 did not mitigate this destructive nonsense. *The Year of the Sex Olympics*, the entire third series of classic SF stories from *Out of the Unknown* and *Wine of India* (another Kneale play) were lost. Even as late as 1974 the BBC had no formal archiving policy and the beautifully scripted and shot *Moonbase 3* series was junked.

There remains a strong suspicion that "Auntie" had tried to erase (literally) its more radical past in light of the Heath government's disapproval of some of its program makers. *That Was the Week that Was*, *Peter Cooke and Dudley Moore* and *The Marty Feldman Show* were wiped. There were horror stories of narrow-minded middle-aged 'selectors' being employed to view suspect material, indeed Dennis Potter's first play for television was ordered destroyed because, it was admitted shamefacedly later, the selector did not understand it.

Doctor Who fared especially badly at the hands of the archivists. Not only due to the infighting at main block headquarters but because of catastrophic maladministration between VTR library and BBC enterprises. *Doctor Who* was sold to over 96 countries by BBC Enterprises who routinely destroyed returning episodes believing that VTR library had retained the master tapes. In fact VTR was informed that BBC Enterprises held master copies with the result that for the Hartnell/Troughton period only one out of four episodes survived.

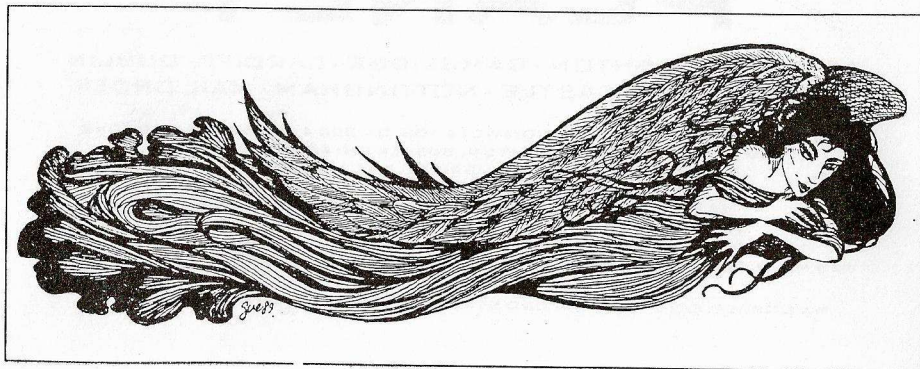
However all is not lost. British TV programs were sold all over the world and BBC records of exactly what was exported and subsequently returned are sketchy for the period of the 1960's. A fair estimate is that only 5% of what was sent overseas, was ever returned, that means that most of the missing classic television of the last 25 years is lying in the dusty vaults of the world's TV stations.

The average science fiction fan can, with a little dedication and a bit of luck, recover part of our lost television heritage. How? Simply by writing, and where practical, visiting foreign television stations and asking if they have any old BBC programs.

So far over 50 missing episodes of *Doctor Who* and a number of other productions have turned up to the extent that the whole of *Doctor Who* from episode 1 is to be run on the output of British Satellite Broadcasting starting this Easter.

There is a great deal more to be done, keep looking, we all have a duty to preserve the past for the future.

Stu Andrews





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Critical Wave: A Magazine for all Seasons

In the summer of 1987, Steve Green, one-time journalist, long-time SF & comics fan and closet Trekkie, approached me with the idea of co-producing a regular news and reviews magazine. We both agreed that with the rapid growth and increasing fragmentation of fandom, there was a need for a magazine which dealt with *all* aspects of the genre. A magazine which featured news, views, reviews and developments not only in written SF, fantasy and horror, but also covered related fields such as comics, TV, music, theatre and the small press. A fanzine which didn't concentrate its attention solely on one particular section of fandom, whether that be 'fannish fandom', 'convention fandom', 'Trekdom' or 'Whodom' but attempted to provide links and insights into all of them.

However, realizing our limitations — both financial and otherwise — we decided to start small and build slowly. The first issues were duplicated, in the tradition of earlier British newszines such as *Skyrack*, *Checkpoint* and *Ansible*. They were produced (less presentably than we would have liked) on a succession of elderly Gestetners. The first three issues were available free of charge, followed by a nominal subscription of two pounds for six issues. As the number of subscribers gradually increased, we decided that we were in a position to dramatically improve our method of production. Through a combination of loans and donations from conventions and fans, as well as an increase in the cost of subscriptions, we bought a high quality photocopier which enabled us to produce *Critical Wave* in a far more attractive manner.

Initially we concentrated on what could be described as 'mainstream' SF fandom, but gradually we broadened our sights so that by our tenth issue we were beginning to produce something closer to our original vision. We have always been aware of the danger inherent in attempting to cover so wide a field: it would be all too easy to fall into the trap of producing a slightly specialised version of a colour supplement, covering too wide a variety of topics in too little depth. We try to avoid this trap by focusing on only one or two aspects of any field each issue. So, although our news and reviews sections cover every area of the SF genre and related fields each issue, our lengthier features

section deals with only one or two topics in depth in each issue. Recent issues have examined the state of British publishing, the work of Robert Holdstock, the attraction of costuming, SF poetry, the history of fanzine fandom, *Fantasy Tales* magazine, and sex in science fiction. Future issues will include features on SF magazines, RPG, the British Film scene, making costumes, and a series of articles by established critics on their favourite writers. Currently *Critical Wave* also features a profile of a different British artist each issue, along with film, small press, book, fanzine and theatre reviews, convention reports and a lively letters column — plus, of course, *lots* of news.

Steve Green and I have always been interested in several parts of the genre. Both of us take part in more than one section of fandom, and we realise the majority of fans are in a similar position. Myself, I'm interested in reading SF, horror, comics and fantasy. I like watching SF, horror and fantasy TV and films. I enjoy reading and collecting fanzines both new and old. I enjoy attending, and have enjoyed running, conventions. I haven't tried gaming or filking, but I'm intrigued by both. I'm fascinated by the amount of effort and energy that I've seen put into costuming... I'm a dabbler. Back in 1987 there wasn't an easy way for me to keep in touch with developments in all of these areas. The effort to do so was too costly, both in time and money. *Critical Wave*, I hope, provides an answer. For five pounds a year it is now possible to keep track of as many aspects of SF, fantasy, horror, comics, gaming, costuming, TV, films, books, magazines, theatre, small press publishing, fanzines and conventions as you like. All we need is someone else to produce the damn thing so that we can enjoy it!

Martin Tudor

Critical Wave is published bi-monthly and is available by subscription (£5 for six issues or £50 lifetime) from Martin Tudor, 24A Beech Road, Bowes Park, London, N11 2DA or from the *Critical Wave* table in the Dealers Room.

Mornington Crescent Tournament

Since many of you have enquired about the special rules applicable to Mornington Crescent when played over the Easter Weekend, Chris Bell, our expert in small print, has provided the following list of 'specials' for the weekend.

Both Bank Holiday Blue Saver and Liverpool rules will be in operation, excepting always Rule 23. In addition, Limited Durham 14c will apply, as will the optional section of Rule 42.

We may play the Geneva Triplet when possible, but this is optional.

Strict Lenten observance of Rule 17 will cease at 0000 hours on April 15th.

Garnet have suggested that the FitzAlan-Cumberland Variant be played, but with the following restrictions:

i) AFTER round three has been completed, and

ii) BEFORE the Herbert Gambit has been attempted, and always provided that

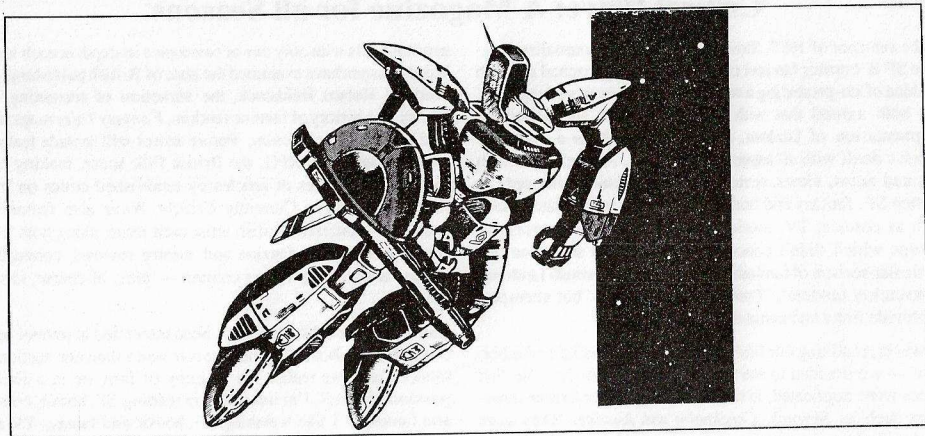
iii) no player or team in the heat has previously achieved a Moss.

In the event of dispute the Chairman's decision is as usual open to debate.

For those of you involved in the PBM version: Fox wants to play his and Neil Gaiman's Variant: Alan Moore, and Neil's last move was Edith Nesbit.

As always all rules and sections of rules as specified above come from the 3rd edition (1989), previous editions contained several logical errors that required the contestants to pass through Euston Square on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of the month. This is corrected in the 3rd Edition, which is on sale in the dealer's room (subject to availability).

Chris Bell



Animé Against the World

Imagine, if you will, that a film company has laboured hard and long to produce what appears to be a winner. Having diligently studied *The Hero Has a Thousand Faces* (like George Lucas) they have produced a fairly original variation (unlike George Lucas) in which a teenage princess tries to protect her small kingdom and its people while all around it other nations fight to the death for the last few square miles of habitable land on a heavily polluted Earth. For once, the villains of the piece have personalities and reasons for acting as they do. The special effects and aerial sequences range from the competent to the excellent.

And the film distributors butcher it.

They remove the introduction. They remove the ending. They cut 20 minutes from the middle of the film. They change the storyline. And they don't bother releasing it for the cinema, but put it out on video with little or no advertising.

You'll have guessed by now that I'm talking about an actual film. And maybe, like me, if you ever get a chance to see *Warriors of the Wind* (hereinafter referred to as *Nausicaä of the Valley of the Wind*, which was its original title - yes, they changed that too!) you'll weep at what's been done to it and for what you'll have missed, for even in the mutilated form in which it's presented to British and US audiences, *Nausicaä* still shines through as a wonderfully creative piece of Japanese animation.

That last word is, of course, the reason why *Nausicaä* was treated the way it was. Mention 'animation' to most people in our society (film and video distributors are no exception) and they'll immediately think "kids' stuff." The result of this appallingly narrow mindset is that anything deemed unsuitable for seven-year olds either doesn't get distributed or is hacked to bits. Probably the most notorious case is another Japanese animé that we know of as *Battle of the Planets* [original Japanese name *Science Ninja Team Gatchaman* - Ed.]. Among the things its US distributors insisted were removed were any hint of personal relationships between the central characters, and the heroic deaths of two of them part-way through the series. They got around this by having one of the

Two Cute Robots (crudely splice into the original footage by a different team of animators) refer to the two dead characters as "recovering in hospital" and "away on other missions" for the rest of the series. The latter act of vandalism is possibly the most extreme manifestation of the "death is never forever" mentality begun by the Disney studio in *The Jungle Book* — compare and contrast with Bambi's mother's death which is a superb example of how death can be portrayed in an animated film without being sensationalist or prurient.

Okay, so we're at the same point with animations that we were with strip illustration 15 years ago: it's perceived as being almost exclusively for a juvenile market, with some 'daring', 'adult' exceptions like *Fritz the Cat* or *Heavy Metal*. Attempts to fit something between these two extremes are poorly handled: you only have to look at the furore which surrounded *Lord of the Rings* when it was released, again mostly centred around it being unsuitable for juveniles. Even if animation had its equivalent of Alan Moore to drag it, kicking and screaming, from early childhood into pre-adolescence, the current cabal of distributors would probably balk at his/her work because they're doing very nicely thank-you while parents happily buy their children the latest *My Little Pony* video or take them to see the latest dollop of Don Bluth saccharine; and if any of the older children don't want to watch those, they can easily get their hands on *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* or something equally suitable. This isn't through any inherent desire to deprave and corrupt; the distributors see no market for animated films that a mature audience could enjoy because they've never tried to see if it exists and see no need to do so. What might change their minds is people telling them there is a demand for, say, an uncensored version of *Nausicaä* and other Japanese animé, which in turn might induce more US and British animators to produce films a touch more sophisticated than that which gets dished out on our screens both at the local multiplex or at home on a Saturday morning. If you spot any distributors at Eastcon (and I am informed that some will be there) buy them a drink, back them into a corner, and bend their ears...

Harry Payne

The Committee

The current committee consists of:

<i>Lisanne Norman & Martin Easterbrook:</i>	Co-Chair
<i>James Steel:</i>	Information
<i>Chris O'Shea II:</i>	Secretary and Publications
<i>Stuart Andrews:</i>	Public Relations & Archival TV
<i>Helen McCarthy:</i>	Exhibitions and Animation
<i>Ken Slater:</i>	Dealers
<i>KIM Campbell:</i>	Treasurer
<i>Hugh Mascetti:</i>	Hotel Liaison

Lisanne Norman

Lisanne was one of the original few (see her description of how Eastcon started on page 8)

She has been the motivating force behind this convention, and though personal matters have from time to time prevented her from keeping track of everything personally, she has always delegated responsibility and authority in true Eastercon style.

Martin Easterbrook

Martin was a late addition to our team. We realised that we needed someone with his organisational skill and stature in the fannish community in order to keep our numbers down! Seriously though the work he has put into the convention, combined with the work he has gotten out of people (including the committee) has made all the difference in producing this convention.

James Steel

James was another late joiner who was originally brought on to take over from Sylvia. He has held the posts of treasurer, without portfolio, committee communications, information, publicity, publications, general dogsbody and address (not all in the same day, though sometimes the same week!). He suspects that he will hold many more.

Chris O'Shea II

Chris was brought on to take over from Henry as secretary. After seeing a few of his minutes, he was given the job of publications (and the minutes were taken away from him!) He has been temporary treasurer (though by clever planning, he did not let the bank know until he had dropped the job onto KIM!). You will recognise him at the convention because he has a beard, glasses and is a recovered anorexic. When he doesn't want to be recognised he calls himself "The Magician".

Helen McCarthy

One of the old guard, she has slowly taken over just about all the exhibition jobs and is the major force behind the Japanese Animation stream. She is already doing far too much. However she is also involved in media fandom, various media groups,

costuming and is the absolute monarch of the Principality of the Far Isles.

KIM Campbell

Ms Campbell (no relation) is of confused nationality, though definitely NOT "American"! She is the holder of the cheque-book and of the magical phrase "No". She is obviously a glutton for punishment since she is doing the same job for SPECULATION, next year's Eastercon.

Ken Slater

Ken is a long-time fan and a very useful book dealer. As you will see in the "How Eastcon Came About" article, he is the one to blame for this convention (though it differs in several minor details from what he initially envisaged.) He has never been the director of the Science Fiction Theatre of Liverpool and is not currently working on a film with John Cleese.

Stuart Andrews

Our man in East Anglia, Stu, is our connection with the Wonderful World of Television. He has been a cameraman for several years, and what he doesn't know about the television business is worth knowing. Through his efforts we have the excellent stream of archival telefantasy that runs throughout this convention.

Hugh Mascetti

Hugh is our Hotel Liaison. He is very well qualified for this position since he not only holds the fullest fire arms certificate I have ever seen, but is an ardent exponent of model rocketry. He is also a teacher which enables him to say total rubbish with a straight face!

We have had the sad misfortune to mislay several committee members along the way, but not before they made their mark on what Eastcon is...

Sylvia Starshine

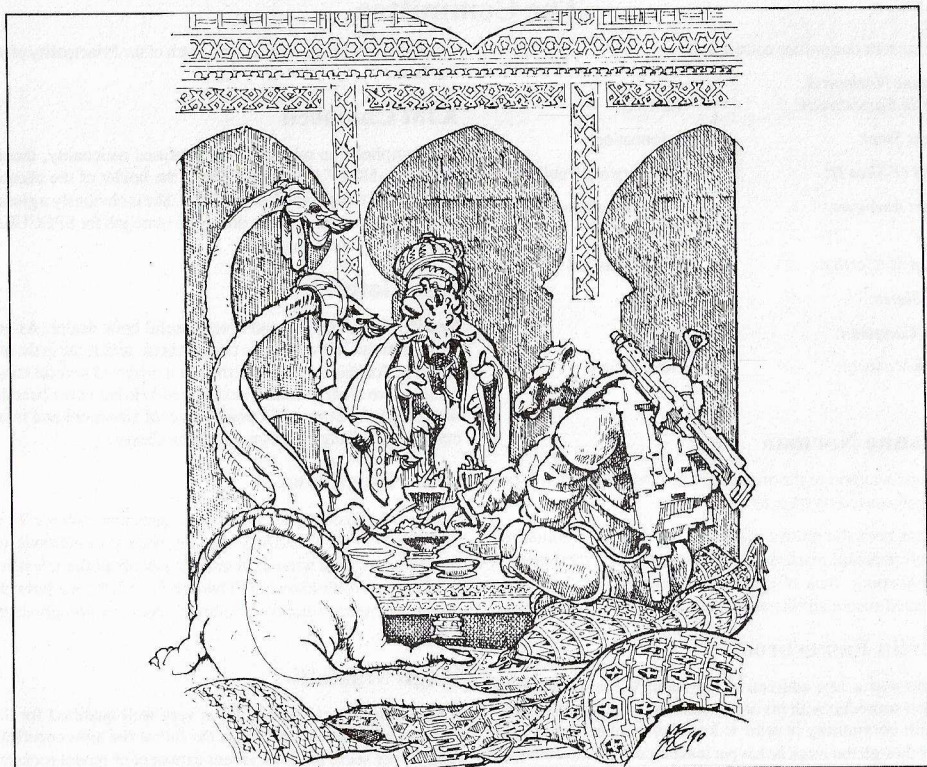
One of our most important losses was organising an Art programme stream that would have knocked your socks off. Unfortunately it was impossible to run the stream without Sylvia, and we look forward to her running it at some future convention. She left the committee to avoid losing another job.

Henry Balen

Ex-secretary, Henry had to drop out when the pressures of academia encroached on his already minimal extra time. Despite this he is still doing a lot for the convention. He is now putting what time he can into the UK worldcon bid.

Doug McCallum

Membership secretary and all-round nice guy. A combination of a change of jobs and a move 'up north' meant that he could not put the time in to mould the Eastercon the way he would have liked.



Thanks

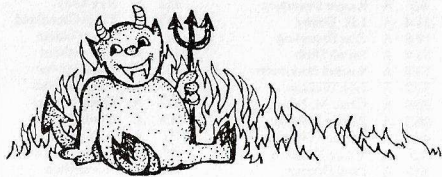
There are far too many people working on this convention for me to remember all their names (particularly at this time of night!) and so here is a short list of people we'd like to thank, and if your name is not on this list then you are still appreciated as much as any of them!

<i>Science:</i>	Jonathan Cowie
<i>Tech Ops:</i>	John Stewart
<i>Security:</i>	Kev Anderson
<i>Guest Liaison:</i>	Henry Balen
<i>Green Room:</i>	Mike Westhead
<i>Programme:</i>	Kathy Westhead
<i>Logistics:</i>	Roger Perkins
<i>Fan Room:</i>	Ian Sorensen
<i>Masquerade:</i>	Anne Page
<i>Awards:</i>	Rob Meades
<i>Space:</i>	Duncan Lunan
<i>Committee advisor:</i>	Tim Illingworth

<i>Filk Concert:</i>	Gytha North
<i>Hotel advisors:</i>	Mike and Alison Scott
<i>Hotel bookings:</i>	Bridget Wilkinson
<i>Memberships:</i>	Vince Docherty
<i>Artwork:</i>	Sue Mason, SMS, Steve Kyte, Barbara Mascetti & others
<i>Printing:</i>	Howard Jones at Birbeck & Sons Ltd.
<i>Films:</i>	Andy Morris and gang.

Plus all the ops managers, tech crew, gophers etc. without whom all this would have been impossible.

For assistance with tapes for the anime programme we'd like to thank: Doug Orlovski of Canada, John Mansfield and Linda Ross-Mansfield, Allyson and Daffyd Neal Dyar, Debbie and Ted Delorme, Rick Miskill and Pat Munson-Siter.



Past Easter Conventions

<i>Date</i>	<i>Location</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Guests</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Location</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Guests</i>
1 1948	London	Whitcon	Betram Chandler	33 1981	Leeds	Yorcon II	Ian Watson Dave Langford Torn Disch
2 1949	London	Loncon		34 1982	Brighton	Channelcon	Angela Carter John Sladek
3* 1951	London	Festiventon	Forrest Ackerman Lyell Crane	35 1983	Glasgow	Albacon II	James White Avedon Carol Marion Zimmer Bradley
4 1952	London	Loncon		36 1984	Brighton	Seacon 84	Roger Zelazny Waldemar Kumming Chris Priest Pierre Barbot Josef Nesvedba
5 1953	London	Coroncon		37 1985	Leeds	Yorcon III	Greg Benford Linda Pickersgill
6 1954	Manchester	SuperMancon	John Russell Searn	38 1986	Glasgow	Albacon III	Joe Haldeman John Jarrold
7 1955	Kettering	Cytricon		39 1987	Birmingham	BECCON 87	Keith Roberts Chris Atkinson
8 1956	Kettering	Cytricon II		** 1987	Brighton	Conspiracy	Boris & Arkady Strugatsky Ken & Joyce Slater Doris Lessing Dave Langford Alfred Bester Ray Harryhausen Jim Burns
9 1957	Kettering	Cytricon III		40 1988	Liverpool	Follycon	Gordon Dickson Greg Pickersgill Gwyneth Jones Len Wein
** 1957	London	Loncon I	John W. Campbell Jr.	41 1989	Jersey	Contrivance	Anne McCaffrey Avedon Carol M. John Harrison Rob Hanson Don Lawrence
10 1958	Kettering	Cytricon IV		42 1990	Liverpool	EastCon '90	Iain M. Banks Anne Page Ken Campbell SMS Nigel Kneale
11 1959	Birmingham	Brumcon		43 1991	Glasgow	Speculation	Robert Holdstock
12 1960	London		Ted Camell Don Ford				
13 1961	Gloucester	LXI Con	Kingsley Arnis				
14 1962	Harrogate	Convention	Tom Boardman				
15 1963	Peterborough	Bullcon	Edmund Crispin				
16 1964	Peterborough	Repeatercon	Ted Tubb				
17 1965	Birmingham	Brumcon 2	H. Harrison				
** 1965	London	Loncon II	Brian W. Aldiss				
18 1966	Yarmouth	Yarcon	Ron Whiting				
19 1967	Bristol	Brucecon	John Brunner				
20 1968	Buxton	Thirdmancon	Ken Bulmer				
21 1969	Oxford	Galactic Fair	Judith Merril				
22 1970	London	Seicon 70	James Blish				
23 1971	Worcester	Eastercon 22	Anne McCaffrey Ethel Lindsay				
24 1972	Chester	Chessmancon	Larry Niven				
25 1973	Bristol	OMPAcon	Samuel R. Delany				
26 1974	Newcastle	Tynecon	Bob Shaw Peter Weston				
27 1975	Coventry	Seacon	H. Harrison				
28 1976	Manchester	Mancon 5	Robert Silverberg Peter Roberts				
29 1977	Coventry	Eastercon 77	John Bush				
30 1978	Heathrow	Skycon	Robert Sheckley Roy Kettle				
31 1979	Leeds	Yorcon	Richard Cowper Graham & Pat Charlock				
** 1979	Brighton	Seacon 79	Brian W. Aldiss Harry Bell Fritz Leiber				
32 1980	Glasgow	Albacon	Colin Kapp Jim Barker				

Notes:

* This convention is hotly contested as an "Eastercon" especially since the "Eastercon" was held on the Whitsun weekend up until 1955. It was an international convention held as part of the Festival of Britain.

** Worldcons (if you hadn't already guessed!). Seacon 84 was also a Eurocon, hence the large number of guests.

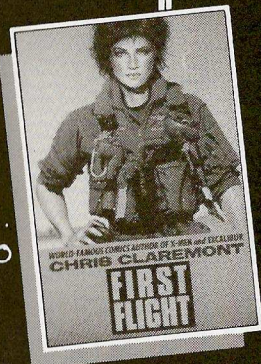
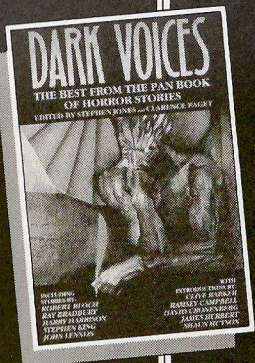
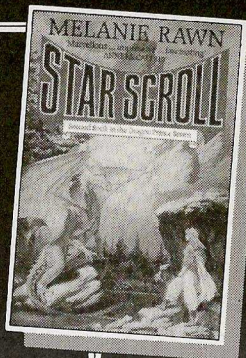
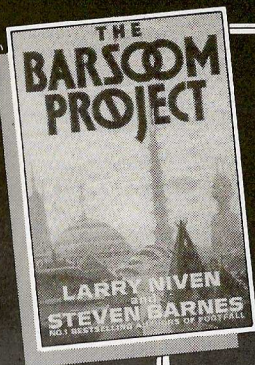
The numbering is especially dodgy if you include the 5 conventions held before and during the war (London in 1937, 1938 & 1939, Leicester (Midvention) in 1943 and London (Eastercon[sic]) in 1944.

Membership List

403	I	J.T.	111	A	Mary Burns	242	S	Julie De Mario	465	A	John A. Graham
196	A	Michael Abbott	112	A	Bill Burns	362	A	Lawrence Dean	182	A	Jason Grant
399	S	Andrew Adams	604	A	J.L. Burns	65	A	Roger Dearnaley	452	S	Roy Gray
375	A	Gill Alderman	444	A	S. Burridge	314	A	J.R. Denny	183	A	Colin Greenland
376	A	John Alderman	377	A	J.B. Burrows	118	A	Zoe Deterding	204	A	Peter Grehan
301	A	Iain Alexander	129	A	Chris Bury	518	A	Sarah Dibb	267	A	Ben Gribbin
55	A	Kay Allan	583	A	Chris Butterworth	537	A	Rachel Dickinson	268	A	John Gribbin
425	A	Philip Allcock	256	A	Steven Cain	302	A	Iain Dickson	269	A	Mary Gribbin
371	A	Arwen E. Allen	246	I	Matty Campbell	304	A	Chad M. Dixon	313	A	Philip Groves
29	A	Brian Ameringer	244	A	Jenny Campbell	482	A	Purdie Dobson	364	A	Oliver Gruter
352	A	Christopher Amies	245	J	Timmy Campbell	481	A	Demot Dobson	31	A	Alan Gunn
91	A	Michael Anel	2	G	Ken Campbell	45	A	Vince Docherty	43	A	Urban Gunnarsson
197	A	Kevin Anderson	243	A	Ramsey Campbell	60	A	Paul Dormer	203	A	Kevin Ham
167	A	Fiona Anderson	480	A	KIM Campbell	466	A	Richard Doyle	88	A	Tony Hammond
8	A	Stuart Andrews	208	A	Mary Carmichael	670	A	Christine Draper	595	A	Rob Hansen
251	A	David Angus	594	A	Avedon Carol	669	A	Steve Draper	612	A	Steve Hanson
125	A	Spikey Animal	344	S	Graham George Carter	551	A	David Drysdale	270	A	David Harbud
600	A	Linda Apperley	345	S	Margaret Joanne Carter	526	S	Bilbo Dunion	62	A	Susan G. Harding
252	A	W.J. Armitage	257	A	Carolyn Caughey	442	A	Stephen R. Ealey	271	A	David Harding
679	A	Christine Armstrong	476	A	Jim Cavthorne	443	A	J.F. Earl	95	A	Dave Hardy
30	A	Margaret Austin	305	A	Mike Cheater	533	A	Dominic Earl	379	A	Martin Harlow
164	A	Jon D. Axtell	515	A	Tony Chester	21	A	Roger Eamshaw	369	A	John Harold
449	A	P.D. Baines	63	A	J. Christian	32	A	Martin Easterbrook	272	A	Colin Harris
536	A	Christopher Baker	696	G	Chris Claremont	4	G	SMS	316	A	Sue Harrison
157	A	Henry Balen	389	A	Fiona Clark	53	A	Dave Ellis	528	A	M.John Harrison
1	G	Iain M. Banks	299	S	Vinc Clarke	492	A	Martin Ellis	295	A	John Harvey
343	A	John Bark	485	A	Dave Clements	326	A	Udo Emmerich	294	A	Eve Harvey
119	A	Trevor Barker	462	A	Paul Clough	608	A	Carol Emshwiller	662	A	Dave Harwood
109	A	Phil Barnard	663	A	Elaine Coates	190	A	John English	329	A	S.C. Hatch
695	G	Steven Barnes	315	A	David Cochrane	684	A	Les Escott	659	A	Steve Hatton
463	A	Richard Barton	248	A	Peter Cohen	392	A	Mick Evans	206	A	Julian Headlong
490	A	Toby Batch	258	A	Malcolm Cohen	391	A	Bernie Evans	660	A	Cornelia Heaney
505	A	Julian Baum	334	A	Jack Cohen	430	A	Vicky Evans	438	A	Dean Heathcote
227	A	Stephen Baynes	680	A	Simon Colenutt	539	A	Peter Evans	566	A	Anthony Heathcote
565	I	R.I. Bear	681	A	Veronica Colin	582	A	Dawn Everett	72	A	Duncan Hedderley
564	A	M. Beard	355	A	Peter Colley	159	A	Juliet Eysencks	273	A	Niall Hedderley
99	A	David Bell	559	A	Patrick Collins	262	A	John Fahey	644	A	G.F.J.C. Hedger
576	I	Kenneth Bell	208	A	Storm Constantine	128	A	Mike Figg	609	A	Mary Hemming
575	A	Chris Bell	661	A	Geoff Cook	633	A	Dave Finch	493	A	Alison Hepworth
458	A	Ron Bennett	110	A	Brigid Cooling	26	A	Colin Fine	494	I	Susannah Hepworth
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181	A	Michael J. Bernardi	293	A	Chris Cooper	325	A	Birgit Fischer	627	A	Sara Hewitt
529	A	Carlo Bernhardt	631	A	David T. Cooper	486	A	Nigel Fisher	538	A	Douglas Hill
447	A	Brian Biddle	260	A	Keith Cosslett	263	A	Brian Flatt	20	A	Martin Hoare
603	A	Paul Birch	596	A	Del Cotter	342	S	Alan Fleming	339	S	Mathias Hofmann
105	A	Matt Bishop	220	A	George Coune	646	A	Roman Flood	133	A	Marina Holroyd
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205	A	Hans-Ulrich Boettcher	162	A	Jonathan Cowie	692	S	Ian Francis	652	J	Simon Horsfield
647	A	Lucy V. Bond	340	A	Geoff Cowie	426	A	Jenny Fraser	650	A	Mary Horsfield
500	A	Frances J. Bonner	37	A	Adrian Cox	331	A	Keith Freeman	572	A	Valerie Housden
309	A	Susan Booth	366	A	Dave Cox	330	A	Wendy Freeman	593	A	P. Hunt
422	A	Kjell Borgstrom	620	A	Jonathan Coxhead	265	A	Dave French	548	S	Graeme Hurry
555	A	Stuart Boswell	33	A	Neil Craig	266	A	Shirley French	154	A	T.J. Ibbis
323	A	Terence A. Boxall	212	A	Mark Ambrose Craske	44	A	Anders Frihagen	390	A	Mike Ibeji
638	A	Ian Boyce	80	A	P.M. Cray	655	A	Wolfgang Frisch	14	A	Tim Illingworth
124	A	Jill Bradley	588	A	James Crook	656	A	Rosi Frisch	5	G	Brian Inglis
123	A	Phil Bradley	552	A	Mark A. Crouch	52	A	Gwen Funnell	90	A	Matt Irving
671	A	Simon J. Bradshaw	456	A	John Crudgington	229	A	Nigel Furlong	487	A	Julian Jackson
207	A	Alan Braggins	51	A	Arthur Crutenden	471	A	Malcolm Furnass	71	A	Wif James
81	A	Michael Braithwaite	558	A	Mike Cule	421	A	Kathy Gale	141	A	C.R. James
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321	A	John Bray	226	S	T. Cullen	495	A	David S. Garnett	402	A	Barbara-Jane
158	A	Paul Brazier	365	A	Roger Culpin	503	A	Peter T. Garratt	657	A	John Jarrold
569	A	Tim Broadrib	235	A	Rafe Culpin	356	A	James Garry	186	A	Jason Jarvis
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213	A	Ben Brown	134	A	Mike Damesick	617	A	Joe Gibbons	527	A	Jane Johnson
296	A	Pat Brown	541	A	Friend of Darrin Morgan	554	A	David Gibbs	83	A	Steve Jones
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507	A	David Bruce	621	S	Jim Darroch	690	A	Anthony Gilbert	453	A	Gwyneth Jones
253	A	John Brunner	149	A	Steve Davies	689	A	Thomas Martin Gilbert	475	A	Stephen Jones
560	A	Nilmini Jayaweera	522	S	Malcolm Davies	238	S	Peter Gilligan	435	A	Les Jones
431	A	Andrew Buchan	394	A	Brian Davies	152	A	Jenny Glover	454	A	Gwyneth Jones (2)
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255	A	Ken Bulmer	478	A	Meg Davis	445	A	Jim Goddard	624	A	Gary Josham
131	A	C. Bulmer	674	A	Ian Davis	398	A	Tim Goodier	623	A	Tracey Josham
240	S	Mark Bunce	77	A	Robert Day	686	A	Rupert Goodwins	401	A	Kevin R. Joyce
239	S	Dave Bunce	320	A	Peter Day	75	A	Margaret Gordon	648	A	Chris Kelly
678	A	Eddie Bundred	409	S	M.T. Day	682	A	Irene Gordon	336	A	Karen Kelsall
221	A	Saul A. Bura	622	S	Caroline Day	82	A	Mike Gould	562	A	Rory Kenny
97	A	Liz Burak	672	A	Caroline Day	474	A	Dave Gould	561	A	Eileen Kenny

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619	A	Vicki King	611	A	John Mottershead	634	A	John Richards	185	A	Rosemary Taylor
6	G	Nigel Kneale	161	A	Caroline Mullan	386	A	Mike Richardson	479	A	Alyson Taylor
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202	A	Nick Larter	306	S	Karen Naylor	106	A	Nigel Robson	687	A	Manda Thompson
74	A	Adrian Last	468	A	Darren Newbury	175	A	Doreen Rodgers	580	A	Linda-Claire Toal
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276	A	Patrick Lawford	382	I	David Newton	40	A	June Rosenblum	28	A	Ivan Towson
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372	A	Alice Lawson	380	A	Cherry Newton	201	A	Stephen Rothman	151	A	P. Treadaway
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464	A	Peter McCarvey	460	A	Forbidden Planet(2)	605	A	Gary Starr	291	A	Alison Weston
324	A	Kathleen McHale	350	A	Phil Plumby	13	A	Sylvia Starshine	300	A	Laura Wheatly
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