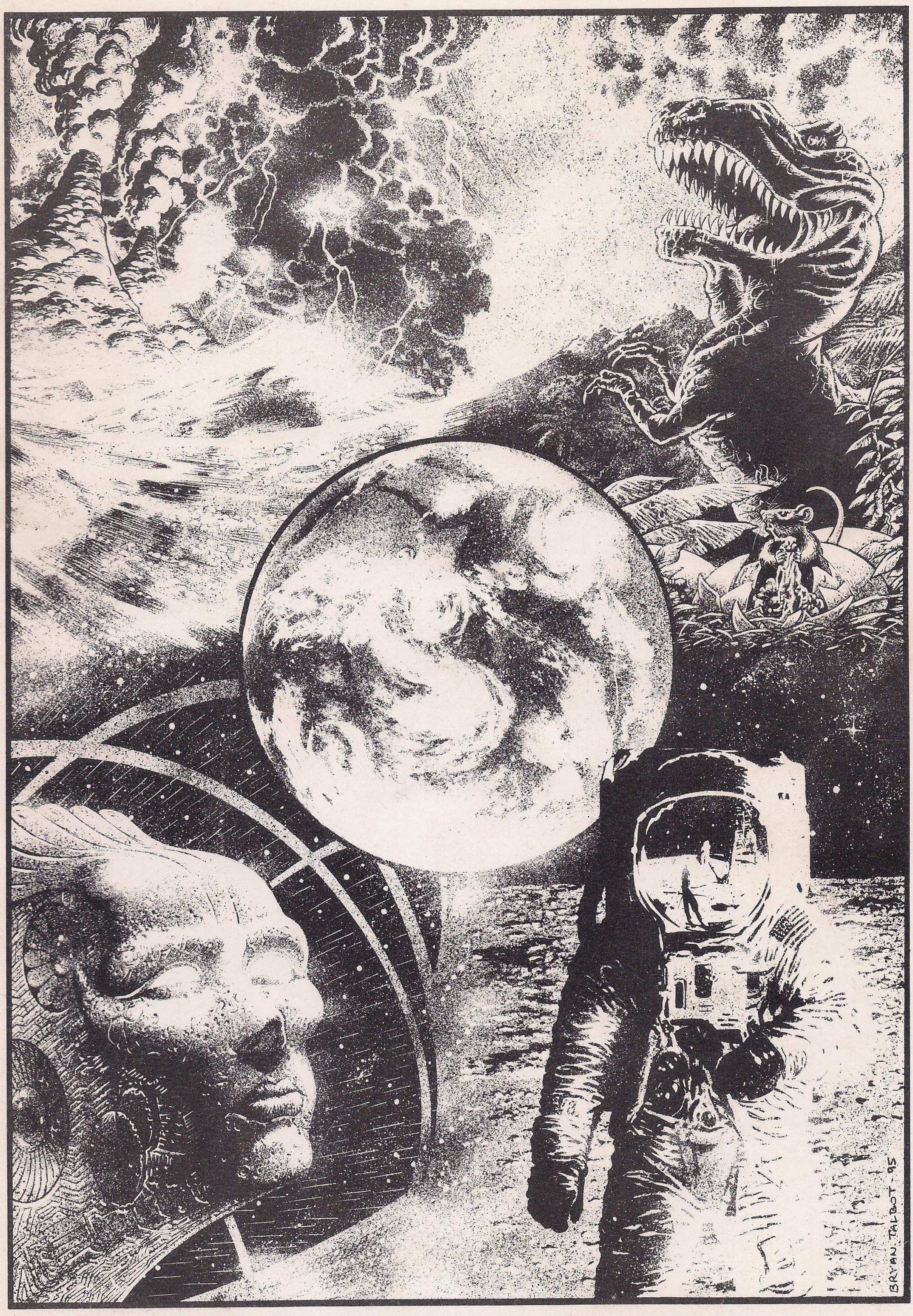
EVOLUTION



INTUITION

A Bid for the 1998 Eastercon

Opening the Doors of the Mind

creation, dreams, philosophy and game playing..

*

Opening the Doors into the Future

near future, science & technology…

*

Opening the Doors into the Past

time travel, origins of SF, myths and legend…

Come and see us at our desk at Evolution:
all your questions answered; programme philosophy; information about Manchester; floor plans of the hotel and more…

Intuition is a bid to hold the 1998 British National Science Fiction Convention in the Piccidilly Jarvis Hotel in city-centre **Manchester**.

Conceived over 15 months ago, Intuition has developed into a bid with a **strong committee**, plenty of ideas, a commitment to a **strong, literate programme** with elements for all sections of fandom and the opportunity for all levels of participation.

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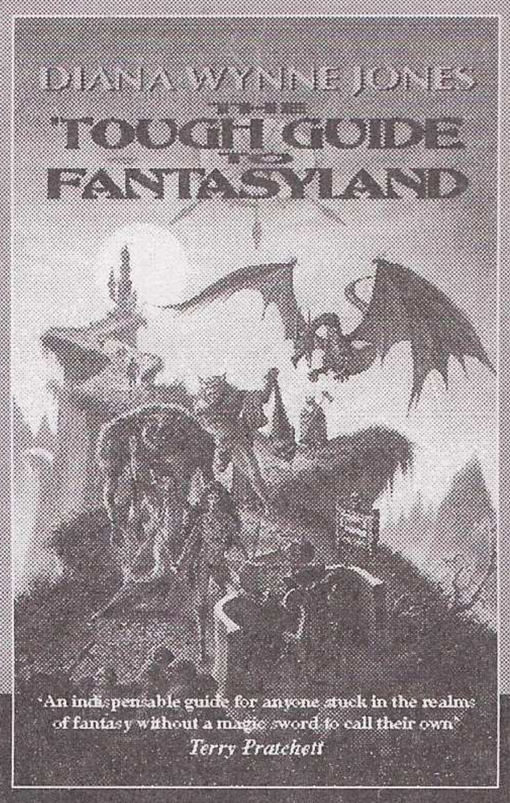

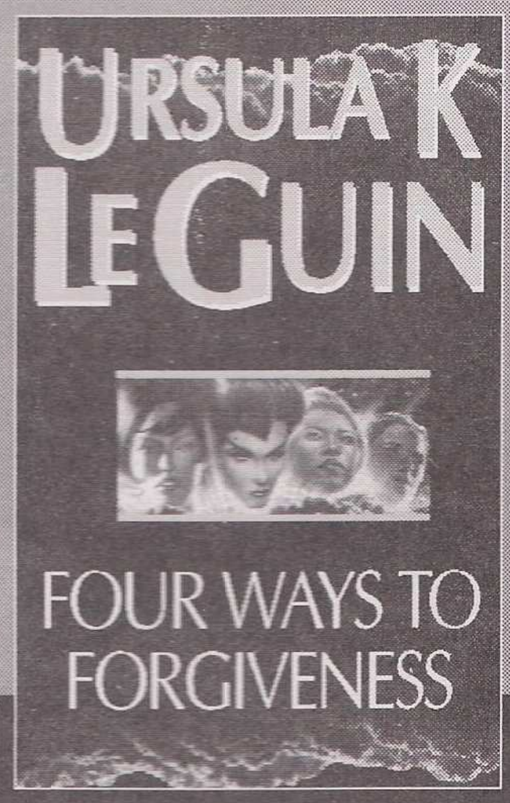

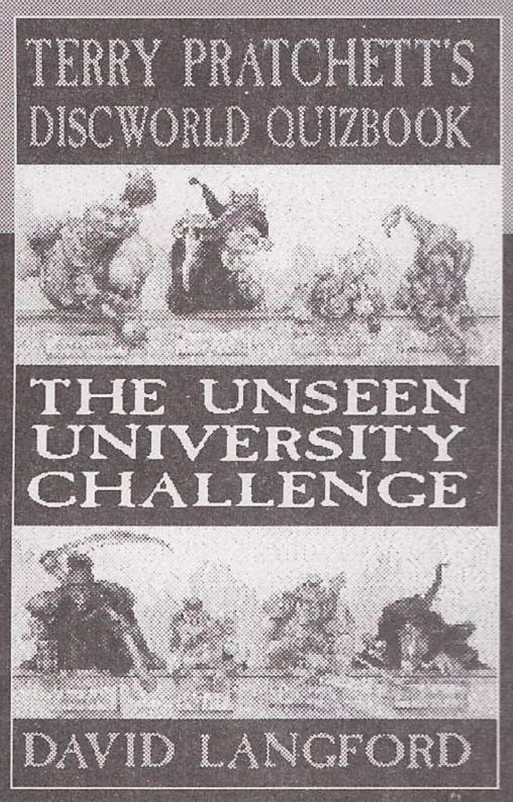

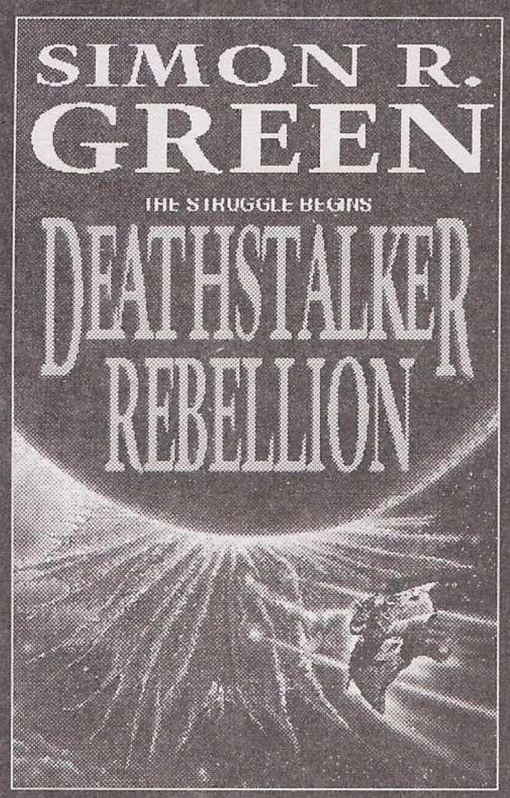

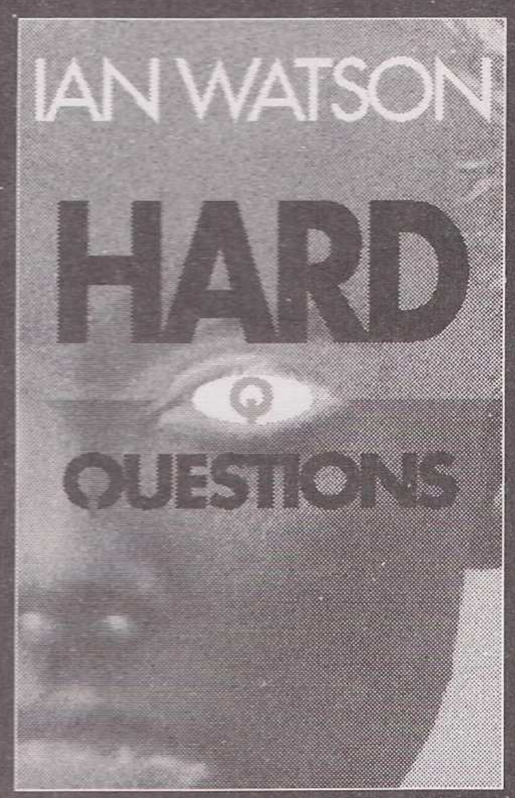

Coming in June:

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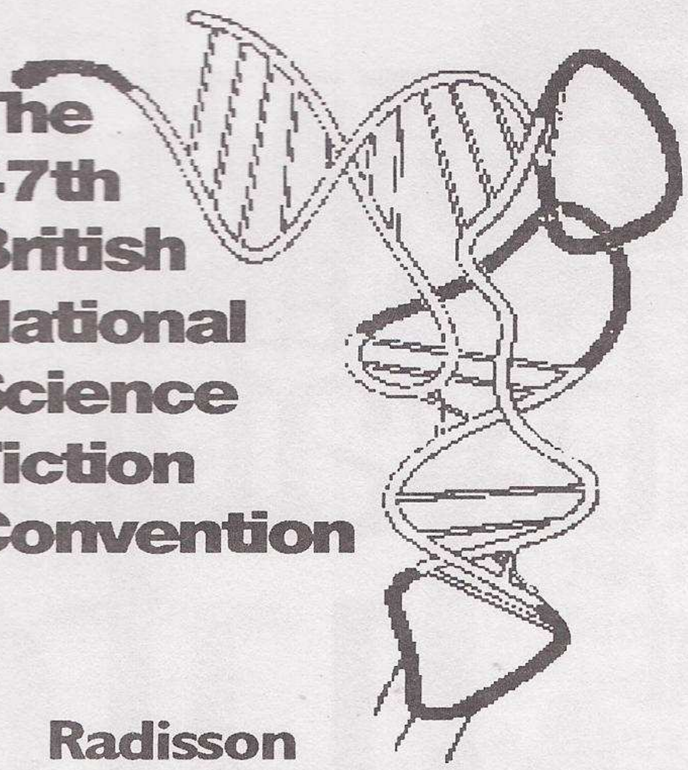
The Nineteenth Discworld Novel

GOLLANCZ

EVOLUTION

THE NEXT STEP



The 47th British National Science Fiction Convention

Radisson Edwardian Hotel, Heathow

5-8th April 1996

EVOLUTION is proud to present our Guests of Honour:

Vernor Vinge

Colin Greenland

Bryan Talbot

Jack Cohen

Maureen Kincaid Speller

Paul Kincaid

Credits

Cover Art by Bryan Talbot
Edited by Mary Branscombe
Type & Page Design by tanais@fish.com
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Chair's Intro

Don't let them fool you – chairing an Eastercon is remarkably easy. At least, it's easy if you've got a good team helping you, which fortunately is what I've had.

Too many people have helped to mention by name, but let it be recorded that the *Evolution* committee have all worked long and hard to make this con happen. And the volunteers and gophers are busy making sure that everything runs smoothly on the day. Everybody who has contributed – be it ops, tech ops, publicity, hotel liaison, programming, registration or just moving a table from one room to another – has done so out of sheer goodwill and a determination to make *Evolution* a Damn Good Convention. Many thanks to one and all.

Except, of course, I have to write this Chair's Into bit on my own, which is where it all falls down.

At the last-but-one committee meeting I got down on my knees (actually, in deference to my poor old back, I got down on Pat McMurray's knees) and begged for help with this. I said I would need a Spelling and Grammar Sub-Comitee. I asked for a steward to help me spell 'comitee'. At the very least, I said, I needed a gopher to help me with; my semi-colons.

So everything that's wrong with this intro is my fault. Everything that's right with the convention is to the credit of the whole, glorious, cuddly, convention-running team.

Oh, and if this is your first convention – enjoy.

Bug

On the Growth and Cultivation of Jute

Colin Greenland

Conception

She arrived in my mind all at once, like someone dropping down out of the sky: intact, named, inarguably there. 'There is a woman who flies a spaceship,' I said to myself, 'and her name is Tabitha Jute.'

And that was that.

I did try doubting it. *Tabitha Jute* was too old-fashioned a name, I reasoned; a name from the past, not the future.

But there it was. There she was. The seed of imagination had entered the egg of possibility.

Initial Observation

This bit I wrote very early on, before I knew about the *Alice*, the Frasque stardrive or anything:

Picture her, Tabitha Jute: not as the net media show her, heroine of hyperspace, capable, canny and cosmetically enhanced, smiling confidently as she reaches with one hand for the spangled mist of the Milky Way; but a small, weary young woman in a cracked foil jacket and oil-stained trousers, determinedly elbowing herself through an exuberant Schiaparelli crowd. She stands 162 in her socks, broad in the shoulder and the hip, and weighs about 60k at 1g, which she very rarely is. Her hair is darkest ginger, cut in a conservative spacer's square crop. Her skin is an ordinary milky coffee, and freckles easily, which she hates. Here she was, in after a stiff haul back from Chateaubriand, spacelagged and frazzled, needing a shower. There were dark olive bags under her hazel eyes. You wouldn't have given her a second glance that evening, amid the florid, the fancy and the flash.

In chapter 12 I called her *stocky*. That word several of my friends wanted to argue about: female ones, mostly, who just happened to weigh 60kg or stand 162cm in their socks.

Heredity

Any number of fictitious women have contributed genetic material. Ellen Ripley, obviously, though I doubt she'd be pleased to hear about it. Jill Layton, the Kim Greist character in *Brazil*, the one that Sam Lowry, Jonathan Pryce's character, dreams about: the one who turns out to drive a truck. Alan Moore's Halo Jones. Sue Grafton's Kinsey Millhone. Emma Thompson, too, believe it or not. Emma Thompson, that is, as Suzi Kettles in John Byrne's brilliant *Tutti Frutti*, with Robbie Coltrane as Danny McGlone passing a few greasy X chromosomes on to Marco Metz.

Parturition

Tabitha Jute was delivered into the world, more or less safely, in a story called 'The Living End'.

It was the summer of 1987, and the *Fiction Magazine* had decided to do an SF Issue. We were all in there: Garry Kilworth; Lisa Tuttle; Iain M. Banks mixing up some scratch sf, and Paul Kincaid considering Phlebas. That was before the Capellans had been dreamed of; when Tabitha Jute still plied the starways in a ship called the *Dolly Parton*.

She was already a lesbian. It wasn't an issue, that was just what she happened to be. Perhaps she was already bisexual, I don't think you could really tell.

Sexuality

Her being bisexual is essential, for some reason, I still don't quite know what. Try this:

Plenty was very consciously named. There were to be plenty of worlds, ships, characters, species. The principle was: If in doubt, multiply. If Tabitha's flown one ship, she's flown dozens. Marco will never tell one lie where ten will do. Bisexuality is the multiplied state of sex.

Plenty now looks very much like a response, less consciously, to the Recession.

Recession is the name economists give to a period when people take their money out of currency. *Plenty* was my response to that terrible grinding sense of scarcity, both in the real world and behind the looking glass. It was a big project to reinvest all the shiny, colourful stuff - spaceships, ray guns, robots, funny aliens - that had been banished from British sf.

The Tale of One Bad Rat

Degenerate is an interesting word. So is *seedy*.

'A woman who is skilled but sloppy,' Faren Miller called Captain Jute in *Locus*. 'In love with space, but also liable to fall for unsuitable men and party till she falls on her face.'

She's never as tough as she likes to make out. Her vulnerabilities are what makes her interesting, to me. Her unfitness for survival.

She's careless. Improvident. It's no accident that when we first meet her, her ship's broken, and she's broke.

In *Seasons of Plenty* she really touches bottom. She will always get someone else to do things for her if she can. She's totally dependent on Alice. She claims contempt for her fame and power, but all the while she's feeding on them, turning, like everyone else aboard, into a monster of roaring ego. She's low on tolerance, incapable of anything between truculence and complete withdrawal. When Contraband were all over the *Alice*, she went into hiding. She does it again, when Plenty starts to get too much.

There are these really interesting little anaesthetic psychedelic leeches...

The Aging Process

It's a question that will continue to throw up different answers in different cultural epochs. Does evolution happen gradually, steadily, eyeballs and horns and opposable thumbs assembling themselves infinitesimally generation by generation? Or does it go in quantum leaps, waves of accumulated tendency breaking all in a rush?

In one sense Tabitha Jute has evolved gradually. Every day you spend with someone the relationship grows a little, shifts or skips or sets a little. It's no different, with a character like Tabitha. Everything you see and feel and hear and do goes in, often without you noticing.

Fifteen years now, she's been with me. We're neither of us the same people we were. We're older, for one thing.

Bibliography Colin Greenland

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The Genetic theory of Relativity

How old is Tabitha Jute, anyway?

Old enough to have seen something of the worlds, young enough to make dumb mistakes.

That was all already there too, in 'The Living End'.

When everything was breaking up, and they came to me to get Helen off Caspar, she was younger than me. That was seven, eight years before, subjective. Years of long hauls and short stopovers; years of racing with light.

It keeps you young.

The Collapse of Chaos

In another sense, there have been distinct thresholds in her evolution as the series has gone on. Strange attractors, resolving some kind of pattern, liberating some kind of energy. Responses from outside, very often, they've been. Reviews, interviews, people at conventions vaguely recognised saying cryptic things in lifts at three o'clock in the morning. Patsy Antoine at Unwin Hyman, reading the manuscript, frowning and saying: 'She puts up with a lot, that Tabitha, doesn't she? I could never put up with all that.'

That was the moment I knew she was real.

Patsy could see her too!

Lisa Tuttle didn't like the way she told her life story to Alice in *Take Back Plenty*. 'It's boring,' she said. 'She's as boring as anyone who talks about themselves all the time.'

I hadn't seen that until then. She talks about herself. She does. All the time.

Later, an admiring letter from Jenny Jones: 'You must have some lovely sisters/friends/lovers.'

Precedence

Tabitha's elder sisters: Serin Guille in *Other Voices*, Jillian Curram in *The Hour of the Thin Ox*. Her younger sister: Sophie Farthing, in *Harm's Way*.

'There's always an independent, rather anxious but very resourceful young woman,' I once wrote, 'who is suddenly catapulted into an incomprehensible world populated by grotesques who make impossible demands of her. Somehow, she's got to cope. She doesn't know if she'll ever get home, but if she does, she knows the universe will never be the same again.'

I was trying to explain how everything I write always turns into *Alice in Wonderland*.

Marooned in Realtime

The question people will always ask me, and I wish they didn't want to, is: Why do you write about women?

You have to understand one thing. Fifteen years ago, even ten years ago sf needed to come to terms with women. The monastic enclaves of research laboratory and spaceship needed to admit female characters, on equal terms with the boys. The challenge of feminism. One of the challenges, the smallest.

That was the environment. Tabitha Jute was bound to grow up in something of a spotlight.

But that's not the answer. That's not *why*.

I used to talk solemnly about the challenge, for a man, of imagining the ultimate alien.

Bullshit, actually.

The point of feminism is that we are far more alike, men and women, than we are different. That's the point I was starting from: the place where Tabitha and I, and you, are the same. People, trying to live, trying to cope with what life throws at them, getting it right sometimes, sometimes making a terrible mess of it. People who eat and shit and work and laugh and cry and dream.

Currently, my answer to that question is: Why not?

The day that letter came from Jenny Jones, I understood the answer to the other eternal question.

'Where do you get your ideas from?'

All those other women, the sisters, friends and lovers, have been contributing their genetic material to Tabitha too.

And some men. Naturally enough.

She has one line in *Seasons* that's nicked from Graham Joyce, and one definitely from Michael Moorcock. There's quite a lot of Mike in Tabitha, in fact, if you know where to look.

Nature

So how old is Tabitha Jute, anyway?

In hyperspace time goes funny. One of the reasons for the Seasons was to give *Plenty* some kind of calendar, some way of marking time as the great alien ship ploughed through the drab grey deeps of nothingness.

In summer, everything is rosy.

In autumn, everything ripens. The air is full of strange scents. Fruit swells, and starts to fall.

In winter, everything shrinks and cools. Energy becomes unavailable for work.

And in spring, everything starts up again.

Each season seems like years.

That's the pattern; the scheme of things.

How much trust you put in it is up to you.

Nurture

She's still growing.

Yesterday I had lunch with three women. One was my agent, Maggie Noach. The other two were Francesca Leahy and Cresta Norris.

Francesca Leahy and Cresta Norris work for Harper Collins. Their job is to read the books and tell movie producers and film producers and video producers and the people who work for the people who work for Steven Spielberg why Harper Collins has exactly the thing they're looking for.

'Tabitha's still growing,' I told them. 'Of course she is.'

I was hedging. Who knows which way evolution will jump next?

'I don't want Tabitha to grow up,' Francesca said.

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'All I know,' I said, 'is there's a scene coming up in *Mother of Plenty*, at the end of part two. She's going to learn something important about herself and her relationship with other people.'

I knew how lame it sounded. Yet Cresta was looking at me very intensely.

'Is it about her mother?' she said.

'It might be,' I said.

It was an intriguing possibility. The last time Tabitha heard of her mother she was on Silverside habitat, romancing a rich pet hygienist.

'All I can say is, that will be in there somewhere,' I told them.

It must. Inheritance will express itself.

The Race of Races

Her skin is an ordinary milky coffee.

That's created more fuss about that than anything else.

Everybody misses the point. The important word is not *coffee* but *ordinary*. She is because everyone is, having all travelled like mad and mixed together. Coffee-coloured skin is the multiplied state of race.

Yet Tabitha had to go through an evolutionary stage of being pink. In nearly every other country she's travelled to, she's turned out pink.

The original, Unwin Hyman edition of *Take Back Plenty* is the one with what I call the Michael Jackson cover - Michael Jackson before, that is. Steve Crisp made her brown. A bit too brown, if anything. ('That skin would never freckle,' said Jane Johnson, who does, when the painting arrived on her desk.) Brown, at least; but in the distance, rather small.

For the Grafton cover, and the poster, and the dumpbin header, Steinar Lund did her in close-up: negroid, definitely, but discreetly flooded in blue light.

The Americans made her glossy pink.

When they did the book club hardback, they commissioned a new cover.

Pink again.

The Danes made her pink, even after we tried to tell them.

The Russians saved a rouble or two by pirating the American cover of Robert A. Heinlein's *Friday*. She's pink too, and unzipped to the waist, just in case you wanted to make sure.

Tabitha Jute didn't arrive completely at her natural coloration until she met Jim Burns.

Maturity

'It looks too proud,' I told him when he sent me the sketch, the one they published with Simon Bisson's article about Jim and Tabitha in *SFX*. 'A bit too arrogant.'

Jim said: 'Well, she is arrogant. Surely. A bit arrogant.'

I was startled. I was terribly worried. He was misunderstanding her.

'She isn't arrogant,' I said, 'she's just used to being on her own. She's not used to having to consider a lot of other people.'

It was something like that, what I said to Jim.

Ludicrous.

It did her no good at all. Or me. I couldn't protect her any more. She'd grown up, left home.

I had to put down the phone and face it. Arrogance. Self-absorption. Self-pity.

She removed her hand from her bosom and held it out to Dog Schwartz. There was something on the end of her index finger. It looked like a tiny peeled lychee, only it was brown.

'Do you want one?' she asked. 'You won't mind your leg. You won't mind anything, very much.'

Then she drew her hand away, looking at the shiny little leech stuck on the end of her finger.

'I'm not going to give you one,' she said. 'Why shouldn't you hurt for a change?'

Paternity

Worse still, by then even I'd forgotten what she looked like.

'I know exactly that sort of skin,' Jim said. 'Milky coffee. There was a woman I knew at college; she would have made a perfect model. And that hair, that dark ginger hair - '

'When you say "ginger",' I said, 'I was thinking more like black, really.'

'It's what you wrote,' said Jim.

I looked at the screen. 'I've just put "black" here,' I said doubtfully.

'"Darkest ginger", you wrote,' said Jim. He read it out to me.

It's a wise father that knows his own child.

Maternity

'If anyone is Tabitha's mother,' I told Cresta Norris, 'it's Alice.'

Alice is older than Tabitha. She looks after her, and tries to keep her mind on the job. She's tactful, as far as she can be. She tries to consider Tabitha's feelings, as far as she can deduce what feelings are.

Reproduction

If Alice is Tabitha's mother, who might Tabitha's daughter be?

Will Tabitha Jute ever reproduce?

Seedy is an interesting word.

Tabitha with a baby! Can you imagine that?

I'm not sure I can.

I wasn't sure I could do any of this, when I started.

Mutation

Tabitha is an anagramof *habitat*.

So are we all, are we not? Interchangeable aspects of the matrix, paroles uttered by the cosmic *langue*, partial recombinations of slops from the gene pool...

More bullshit, to be sure.

The Next Generation

No. The daughters of Tabitha Jute, if any there be, will surely be secret ones, unacknowledged ones, very likely. Heroines and anti-heroines and minor characters in science fiction yet to come. The women of the sf of the future. As determined to get away from her as she was from her own mum.

Maybe some of them are already on their way. That girl in the jeans ad, who flies down from the Moon looking pleased with herself, possibly post-coital, definitely ready to party...

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Con-Fetti

BENELUXCON 1996, a SFESTIVE convention

international guest: Bridget Wood

Dutch pro guest: Martin Lodewijk

Dutch fan guest: Leo Kindt

information: **Con-Fetti**
Obrechtstraat 4
2517 VT Den Haag, Netherlands

email: vantent@facb.few.eur.nl

time & place: 15-17 November 1996
Carlton Beach Hotel
Scheveningen, Netherlands

author of a Celtic fantasy series, mixed with SF elements: *Wolfking*, *The Lost Prince*, *Rebel Angel*, *Sorceress*

comics book artist and writer, among other things for the Dutch SF series *Storm* with artist Don Lawrence

one of the founders of the NCSF (Dutch SF association)

Featuring the usual extensive programme with speeches, panels, talks, a book room, masquerade, games, video, workshops and even a few surprises. There will be a light children's programme track, and even a baby-sitter can be arranged on request. The hotel and halls have excellent wheelchair accessibility.

Scheveningen en the hotel are easily reached by public transport, and the hotel also has private parking for the hotel guests. Scheveningen activity never truly stops, not even in autumn or winter. There are a wide variety of shops, restaurants and food stalls to cater for all price ranges; the dunes, beach, and wind are free!

A full membership costs	*f* 55,--	circa	£ 24	(until 31/5/96)
a supporting membership	*f* 20,--		£ 9	
a child membership (aged 4-12)	*f* 25,--		£ 11	

Nature Bloody in Tooth and Claw

Vernor Vinge

The notion of evolution has frightening undertones. The benevolent view of Mother Nature in many children's nature films often seems a thin facade over an unending story of pain and death and betrayal. For many, the basic idea behind evolution is that one creature succeeds at the expense of another, and that death without offspring is the price of failure. In the human realm, this is often the explanation for the most egregious personal and national behavior. This view percolates even into our humor. When someone commits an extreme folly and is fatally thumped for it, we sometimes say, "Hey, just think of it as evolution in action."

In fact, these views of evolution are very limited ones. At best they capture one small aspect of the enormous field of emergent phenomena. They miss a paradigm for evolution that predates Lord Tennyson's "bloody in tooth and claw" by thousands of million years. And they miss a paradigm that has appeared in just the last three centuries, one that may become spectacularly central to our world.

Long before humankind, before the higher animals and even the lower ones, there were humbler creatures... the bacteria. These are far too small to see, smaller than even the single-celled eukaryotes like amoebas and paramecia. When most people think of bacteria at all, they think of rot and disease. More dispassionately, people think of bacteria as utterly primitive: "they don't have sex", "they don't have external organization", "they don't have cellular nuclei".

Certainly, I am happy to be a human and not a bacterium! And yet, in the bacteria we have a novelty and a power that are awesome. At the same time most folk proclaim the bacteria's primitive nature, they also complain of the bacteria's ability to evolve around our antibiotics. (And alas, this ability is so effective that what was in the 1950s and 1960s a medical inconvenience is becoming an intense struggle to sustain our antibiotic advantage, to avoid what *Science* magazine has called the "post anti-microbial era".) The bacteria have a different paradigm for evolution than the one we naively see in the murderous behavior of metazoans.

The bacteria do not have sex as we know it, but they do have something much more efficient: the ability to exchange genetic material among themselves – across an immensely broad range of bacterial types. Bacteria compete and consume one another, but just as often both losers and winners contribute genetic information to later solutions. Though bacteria are correctly called a Kingdom of Life, the boundary between their "species" is nearly invisible. One might better regard their Kingdom as a library, containing some 4000 million years of solutions. Some of the solutions have not been dominant for a very long time. The strictly anaerobic bacteria were driven from the open surface almost 2000 million years ago, when free oxygen poisoned their atmosphere. The thermophilic bacteria survive in near-boiling water. Millions of less successful (or currently unsuccessful) solutions hide in niches around the planet. The Kingdom's Library has some very musty, unlit corners, but the lore is not forgotten: the Kingdom is a vast search and retrieval engine, creating new solutions from the bacteria's ability for direct transfer of genetic information. This is the engine which we with our tiny computers and laboratories are up against when we talk airily of "acquired antibiotic resistance". For the bacteria, evolution is a competition in which little is ever lost, and yet solutions are found. (I recommend the books of Lynn Margulis for a knowledgeable discussion of this point of view. Margulis is a world-class microbiologist whose writing is both clear and eloquent.)

For the most part, we metazoans have a strong sense of self. More, we have a very strong sense of boundary – where our Self

> "Computers will probably attain superhuman power within the next 30 years..."

"what will the world be like when the machines move beyond our grasp"?

ends and the Otherness begins. It is this sense of self and of boundary that makes the process of evolution so unpleasant to many.

The bacterial Kingdom continues today. It has been stable for a very long time, and will probably be so for a long time to come. It has its limits, ones it seems unlikely ever to transcend. Nevertheless, I find some comfort in it as an alternative to the conflict and pain and death we see in evolution among the metazoans. And many of of the bacteria's good features I see reflected in a second paradigm, one that has risen only in the last few centuries: the paradigm of the human business corporation.

Corporations do compete. Some win and some lose (not always for reasons that any sensible person would relate to quality!), and eventually things change, often in a very big way. Unlike bacteria, corporations exist across an immense range of sizes and can be hierarchical. As such, they have a capacity for complexity that does not exist in the bacterial model. And yet, like bacteria, their competition is mainly a matter of knowledge, and knowledge need never be lost. Very few participants actually die in their competition: the knowledge and insight of the losers can often continue. As with the bacterial paradigm, the corporate model maintains only low thresholds between Selves. Very much unlike the bacterial paradigm, the corporate one admits of constant change (up and down) in the size of the Self.

At present, the notion of corporations as living creatures is a whimsy or a legal contrivance (or a grim, Hobbesian excuse for tyranny), but we are entering an era where the

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Vernor Vinge

Stories

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model may be one to look at in a very practical sense. Our computers are becoming more and more powerful. I have argued elsewhere that computers will probably attain superhuman power within the next thirty years. At the same time, we are networking computers into a worldwide system. We humans are part of that system, the dominant and most important feature in its success. But what will the world be like when the machines move beyond our grasp and we enter the Post-Human era? In a sense that is beyond human knowing, since the major players will be as gods compared to us. Yet we see hints of what might come by considering our past, and that is why many people are frightened of the Post-Human era: they reason by analogy with our human treatment of the dumb animals - and from that they have much to fear.

Instead, I think the other paradigms for competition and evolution will be much more appropriate in the Post-Human era. Imagine a worldwide, distributed reasoning system in which there are thousands of millions of nodes, many of superhuman power. Some will have knowable identity - say the ones that are currently separated by low bandwidth links from the rest - but these separations are constantly changing, as are the identities themselves. With lower thresholds between Self and Others, the bacterial paradigm returns. Competition is not for life and death, but is more a sharing in which the losers continue to participate. And as with the corporate paradigm, this new situation is one in which very large organisms can come into existence, can work for a time at some extremely complex problem - and then may find it more efficient to break down into smaller souls (perhaps of merely human size) to work on tasks involving greater mobility or more restricted communication resources. This is a world that is frightening still, since its nature undermines what is for most of us the bedrock of our existence, the notion of persistent self. But it need not be a cruel world, and it need not be one of cold extinction. It may in fact be the transcendent nature dreamed of by many brands of philosopher throughout history.

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A Fire Upon the Deep Tor Books, 1992; Clarinet published an annotated version of this novel (along with all the year's Hugo-nominated stories) on CD-ROM. British, Millennium, 1992; Dutch, Meulenhoff-M, 1993, as *Dageraad des Oordeels* ; French, Editions Robert Laffont, 1994, as *Un Feu sur l'abîme;* Portuguese, Publiçoes Europa-America, in 2 volumes, as *Fogo nas Profundezas do Espaço;* German, Heyne Verlag, 1995, as *Ein Feuer auf der Tiefe* (Erik Simon, translator).

UNTITLED [essentially this is *Pham Nuwen in the Slow Zone*] I am currently revising my initial draft of this novel. I hope to have it delivered to Tor Books by the middle of 1996.

UNTITLED [but contracted for by Tor Books]; Third novel in Zones universe. I am still doing market research on what this should be :-)

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EVOLUTION?

LET'S SEE, WHAT'S NEXT?

PERHAPS I SHOULD GET STARTED ON THE ARKWRIGHT STORY...

EY UP! IT'S PAST THE DEADLINE FOR THAT BLOODY STRIP I PROMISED FOR THE EASTERCON BOOK!

"PLEWDS"

I'VE BEEN PUTTING IT OFF 'CAUSE I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! GOD! I ASK YOU! WHAT THE HELL DO I HAVE TO SAY ABOUT...

JOKE FOR AMERICANS

A RAT CALLED VICTORIA

DARWIN

OPPOSING THUMBS

VOYAGE OF THE BASSET

Absinth

I KNOW! THE VENERABLE HACK JOURNALIST'S SCAM- THE DICTIONARY DEFINITION!

ALWAYS GOOD FOR USING UP SPACE!

YOU CAN SEE NOW WHY I USUALLY USE A LETTERER!

AHEM!

evolution (i:vəlú:ʃən) *n.* a continuous change from a simple to a more complex form || the gradual development e.g. of an idea, argument, plot, institution or social group || (*pl.*) changes in military or naval or aeroplane formations || (*pl.*) changes in the relative positions of dancers, football players etc. || (*math.*) the extraction of roots from an expression || (*phys.*) continuous emission, *evolution of heat* (cf. ABSORPTION) || the theory that all living things have changed in response to environmental conditions by the natural selection of randomly occurring mutations, developing from the simplest forms to complex forms which are more prolific and stronger, due to their better adaptation to their environment **evolútional, evolútionary** *adjs.* **evolútionist** *n.* someone who accepts the theory of evolution [fr. L. *evolutio* (*evolutionis*), an opening out, unfolding]

EL FAN

©BRYAN TALBOT 1996

BY 'ECK! IT ONLY TOOK UP A COUPLE OF PANELS! I SHOULD HAVE USED THE COMPLETE O.E.D.! DAMN!

AND THIS STYLE'S TAKING TOO LONG. TOO DETAILED!

HMMM...

HELLO? EDITOR? BRYAN HERE! ER... YOU KNOW THE TEN PAGER ON THE SUBJECT OF EVOLUTION?

LATE? YEAH, LAST WEEK, I KNOW. SORRY. NOT MY FAULT. AESTHETICALLY UNAVOIDABLE I'M AFRAID.

YOU SEE, I'VE SPENT THE WHOLE MONTH REFINING THE PIECE, DISTILLING IT DOWN TO ITS ESSENCE, SIMPLIFYING IT TO... UH? WHAT?

KEEP OUT

ER... TWO PAGES, OK?

OH, COME ON! I'M SURE THAT YOU CAN PAD THE REST OF IT OUT!

STICK IN AN ARTICLE ON GENETIC CODES OR FLATWORMS OR AMOEBA OR SOMETHING. GET JACK OR COLIN TO... UH? HELLO?

HMMM...

AMOEBA...

"AGITRONS"

I REMEMBER DRAWING THEM AT SCHOOL...

DOT DOT DOT DOT DOT DOT DOT DOT DOT DOT DOT

I'M POSITIVE THAT I GOT MY BIOLOGY 'O' LEVEL BECAUSE OF ALL THAT STIPPLING!

COME TO THINK OF IT, I REMEMBER THE BIOLOGY TEACHER — "CECIL" RHODES — INTRODUCING US TO THE CONCEPT OF EVOLUTION!

ON THIS SHEET OF PAPER I DRAW A SIMPLE LINEAR SQUIGGLE!

NOW, RAMSBOTTOM, I WANT YOU TO COPY THAT SQUIGGLE ONTO THE PAPER I'VE GIVEN YOU.

ILUTION

FRUIT FLIES

BEATLE CUT

THEN PASS YOUR COPY TO BRAITHWAITE, WHO'LL COPY YOUR SQUIGGLE AND SO ON, ALL ROUND THE CLASS.

ARSEHOLE

FRUIT FLIES LIKE BANANAS, TIME FLIES LIKE AN ARROW

5 MINUTES LATER...

THIS IS HOW EVOLUTION WORKS! EACH TIME THE SQUIGGLE IS COPIED, IT CHANGES SLIGHTLY! UNTIL YOU END UP WITH... HERE! LET'S SEE THE **FINAL** COPY!

SEE? WORKS EVERY TIME!

CAN YOU REMEMBER WHAT THESE ARE CALLED?

PHEW! TWO PAGES! MADE IT!

Fin

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Bryan Talbot

Bryan's first published illustrations appeared in the *British Tolkien Society Magazine* in 1969. In 1972, in collaboration with a fellow student – the cartoonist 'Bonk' – he produced a weekly strip for the college newspaper.

After completing his education, Bryan worked in the underground press for five years, creating, writing and drawing the *Brainstorm Comix* series for Alchemy Press. The first three issues, *The Chester P. Hackenbush Trilogy*, was reprinted in one volume entitled *Brainstorm* in 1982. Hackenbush was later americanized into 'Chester Williams' by Alan Moore for the DC series *Swamp Thing* where he continues to this day. Issue six featured *The Omega Report*, a popular story which blended Sci-Fi, rock music and comedy into a private detective pastiche.

In 1978, Bryan began Frank Fazakerly, *Space Ace Of The Future*, a space opera parody for *Ad Astra*. This was later reprinted in one volume. This year also saw the beginning of his epic saga *The Adventures Of Luther Arkwright* in *Near Myths*, reprinted and expanded in 1981 in the ground-breaking comic art magazine *Pssst!* In 1982 the first collected volume of *Luther Arkwright* was published by Never Ltd. This and Raymond Briggs' *When The Wind Blows* were the first British Graphic Novels.

Bryan then created over 100 illustrations for a series of German role-playing-game books and wrote and drew *Scumworld* for a year in *Sounds*.

In 1983 he began working for *2000AD*. In collaboration with writer Pat Mills, Bryan produced three books in the popular *Nemesis The Warlock* series which were immediately reprinted by Titan Books. The first won an Eagle Award for "Best Graphic Novel' and the character 'Torquemada' the 'Favourite Villain' award for three years running. He also worked on *Judge Dredd* by Alan Grant and John Wagner, which included production of full-colour strips for the IPC annuals and a 20-page RPG strip in the first issue of *Diceman.*

Returning to *The Adventures Of Luther Arkwright*, he completed the story in a 9 issue comicbook version published by Valkyrie Press. This was followed up by the three volume trade paperback reprint edition in Britain and the American edition of the comicbook from Dark Horse. Nominated for eight Eagle awards at the 1988 UK Comic Art Convention, the Valkyrie edition won Bryan awards for 'Favourite Artist', 'Best new comic', 'Favourite Character' (Arkwright) and 'Best Comic Cover'. In 1989 *Arkwright* won the Mekon award given by Society of Strip Illustration for 'Best British Work'.

The story, with its blend of science fiction, historical, espionage and supernatural genres, its experimental, narrative techniques and avoidance of sound effects, speed lines and thought balloons was a seminal work. Alan Moore, Garth Ennis, Grant Morrison, Steve Bissette, Neil Gaiman, Michael Zulli and Rick Veitch among others have all acknowledged its influence. It now has a strong cult following and has inspired fanzines devoted to the Arkwright mythos. The *Luther Arkwright Role-Playing Game* was published in 1993 by 23rd Parallel Games who are currently packaging an Arkwright shared-world illustrated book.

For four years Bryan produced work for the American comic company DC on titles such as *Hellblazer* (with Jamie Delano), *Sandman* (with Neil Gaiman) and the 200 page prestige format creator-owned series *The Nazz* (with Tom Veitch). The Spanish edtion of the Constantine story *The Bloody Saint* won the Haxtur award for best short story. *The Sandman Special #1, The Song Of Orpheus*, was nominated for a Harvey Award. Bryan wrote and drew *Mask*, a two-part Batman story for *Legends Of The Dark Knight* which was nominated for two Eisner awards and is being reprinted in 1996 with the addition of one extra page. For the American independent company Cult Press, he produced the covers for the cyberpunk comic series *Raggedy Man*.

Over the past fifteen years Bryan has created a variety of comic strips for publications as diverse as *Home Grown*, *Imagine*, *Street Comics*, *Slow Death*, *Vogarth*, *The Big Book Of Conspiracies*, *Knockabout*, *The International Times* and *The Manchester Flash*. For *Xpresso* he teamed up with top European writer Matthias Schultheiss to create *Brainworms*. He has produced magazine illustrations, including covers for *DC Superheroes Monthly*, *Sinclair User* and *Computer And Video Games*, art prints and posters, badges and logos. In 1992 he was honoured to be one of the contributors to the first *Arzak* portfolio published by Moebius' *Starwatcher Graphics*. He's also worked as a full-time graphic designer for Longcastle Advertising agency and British Aerospace.

In 1981 he worked with Science Fiction writer Bob Shaw on the Granada TV Arts programme *Celebration* to produce *Encounter With A Madman* (Dir. David Richardson) and in 1994 he produced the concept illustrations for a TV adaptation of a Ramsey Campbell story, *Above The World*.

Bryan has held three one-man Comic Art exhibitions, appeared in numerous others and is a frequent guest at international Comic festivals. In *Adult Comics* by Roger Sabin (Routledge 1993) he is cited as one of the creators of the Graphic Novel form.

His new graphic novel for Dark Horse Comics, *The Tale Of One Bad Rat*, won a Comic Creators' Guild award, two UK Comic Art awards and was nominated for The National Cartoonists' Society of America's Rueben Award and two Eisner Awards.

Bryan has recently drawn the cover to *Octobriana #1* and seven pages for the final issue of *Sandman*. Last year he pencilled the first 6 issues of *Teknophage*, written by Rick Veitch, for *Tekno Comix*. He is currently writing an SF Adventure miniseries for them; *Shadowdeath*, drawn by David Pugh and Tim Perkins, *Weird Romance*; a four issue story arc for *The Dreaming*, drawn by Dave Taylor, for DC, and is working on the structure of a new *Luther Arkwright* book.

INTERVENTION

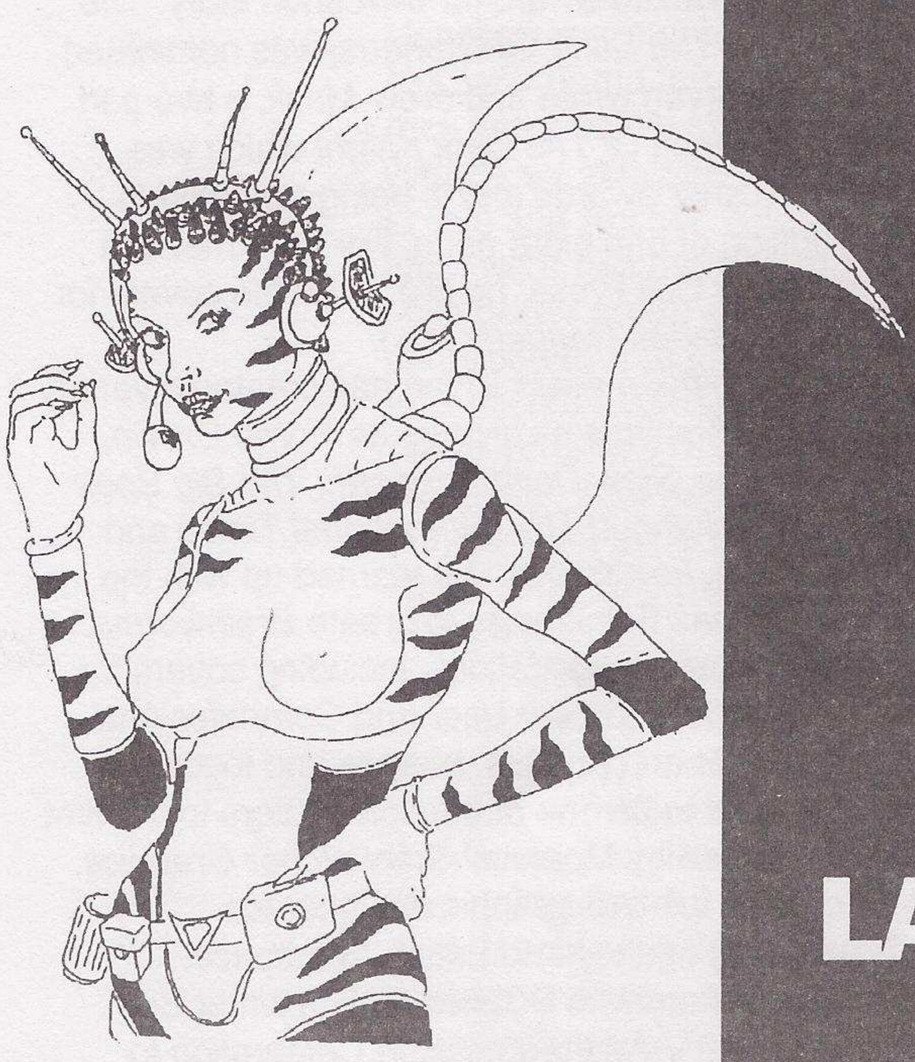
THE 1997 UK NATIONAL SF CONVENTION

From: The_Cyberbirds

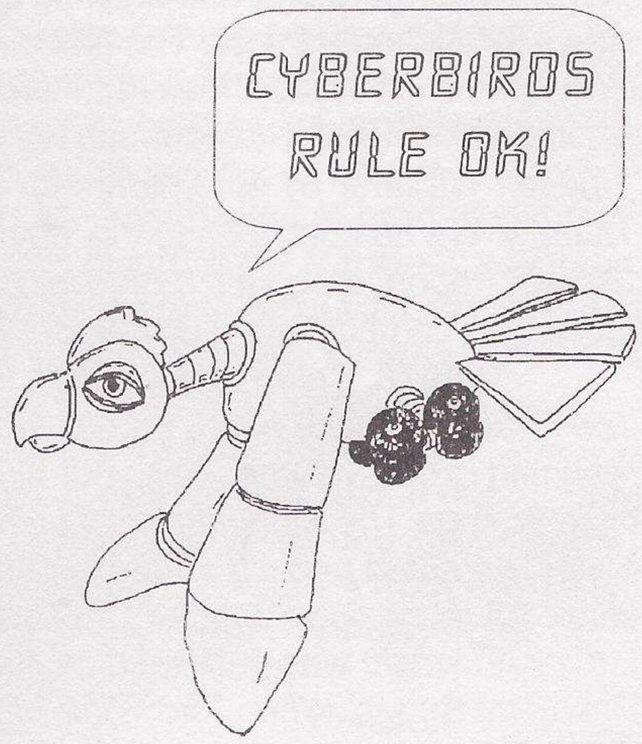
To: Fans@programme, Fans@dealers_room, Fans@art_show

cc: Fans@bar

Subject: Communication



We're on line to tell you how Intervention will celebrate the most important reason why fans go to cons. No, not beer, palatial hotel bedrooms or the Chairman's dress-sense (although Intervention will have all three). It's you talking to each other about SF & Fantasy, life, the universe and chocolate body paint. So: they'll look at FTL communications, ask if the future of story-telling is in pictures, investigate translation from books to films to comics and what ETs might make of it all. There'll be a Newspeak short story competition and SF Blues



from master communicator Brian Aldiss. And if that's not enough to talk about, the Great Pork Pie Race will return!

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A Scientist's Life as Science Fiction

Jack Cohen

This is a difficult story to put together; much of it, in a novelette, would be crossed through by the editor with "bloody unlikely" written in red pencil by the side of it. Part of the trouble is that there's rather a lot of it; I'm 62, and have done many out-of-the-way things. Of course, I've never had the advantage, like so many novelists, of being a short-order cook (what are long orders, one wonders?), a lumberjack, a reporter on a small-town newspaper, or a woman. But I have been lucky enough – sometimes it felt like "unlucky enough" at the time – to do a lot of things that my earlier self would have been surprised, and pleasantly surprised, at.

Let me start with just such an example.

At Eastercon a year ago we were all gathered at Canary Wharf, in that bend of the Thames called the Isle of Dogs (possibly from "Docks"). I looked out of the window of the hotel at the muddy edge of the river and remembered when I'd last been there – in 1947, perhaps 1948. My bicycle had been tethered with a rope to some broken wooden posts while I sieved the sewage-laden mud for *Tubifex* worms (those of you who know, fine; why should I blight the lives of the others by telling them? But did you know they had two kinds of sperms?). Next to the bike, resting on the top of the wood to keep dry, was a book; now I can't honestly remember if it was an Astounding or a paperback, but I do remember that – as my hands got warmth in them 'twixt bouts of sieving – I was reading an Asimov story (perhaps *Caves of Steel*? that would be a nice touch – have you seen Canary Wharf now?).

I made something like £8–10s that day – compared with my mother earning about £3 a week as a machinist in a clothing factory – it was a change from collecting *Daphnia* (water fleas – see *Tubifex* bracket, above), which I did most days, both for my tropical-fish breeding at home and for selling to aquarium shops. Tubifex were much more difficult, much smellier (and much more dangerous by today's safety standards – they live in sewage!) but also much more lucrative.

I needed to make money; not only were we poor, but I didn't qualify for a grant for going to University. My father had been killed in Norway just after VJ day, disposing of ammunition by dumping it in the sea – I attended a fifty-year memorial a few weeks ago, with relatives of all the people who he took down with him – and we were genuinely poor, living in London's East End. I was perhaps going into the priesthood, but more likely becoming a biologist – a marine biologist, I thought.

If you had told that boy that he would indeed be a successful biologist, would have Asimov as a friend for many years, would know the editor of Astounding fairly well, would help well-known s-f writers with their stories – would write a best-selling science book with the best-known mathematician in England, he wouldn't, couldn't have believed you. Even by then, you see, he'd grown out of the naive storyline that we found in the 1930's about scientists: how they knew they'd be scientists when they were young, and did the kind of things they'd be famous for later (I hardly saw *Daphnia*, *Tubifex* and my tropical-fish breeding as biology, then); how they'd worry about the whichness of what, and why there were Laws of Nature, and this would be the prelude to the Famous Book; how they.... well, you get the point, I'm sure. That kind of story simply didn't ring true, even then. But it does indeed seem to have happened to him, doesn't it? How is it that things I didn't even dare fantasize about have happened?

There was no intention, ever, to build this kind of story. I'll give you a couple of examples to show how the causality doesn't work. I went to the University of Hull (then University College, Hull) because I thought Alister Hardy, the great marine biologist, was professor there. He'd been gone twenty years, there wasn't any marine biology, and I got caught on embryology in my first degree – then feather development for my Ph.D. project (no, don't ask, it's another inconsequential story).

Because the three techniques I thought I was going to use didn't work for me (I know why – now!) I needed some really good microdissection tricks to do things to feather papillae before transplanting them. John Campbell Jr wrote these great editorials in

> "from hair, skin, feathers, I turned to sperm atozoa..."

Astounding, see, about everything, and claimed to be a physicist-engineer, and I thought... So I wrote to him for advice , and he suggested, very cleverly, that I should use piezo-electric movement (alright, Arthur, it doesn't matter - gobbledegook, alright?); I built a prototype, and it worked, and I told him, and we improved it. I got my Ph.D. in '57, moved down to Birmingham where the Medical Research Council wanted repeat miracles, but with hairs (I used whiskers, which were half-way). Then came an invitation to attend a pigment cell conference in New York City in 1959. Well, John wanted to see what I'd built, I wanted a quick worship... He took me to lunch at, I think, *Tetrazzini's* that first time (and I was disappointed it wasn't the coloratura in retirement). We got on well.

At the MRC Skin Unit I had received a questionnaire about public lectures, and my boss had written "What does a Martian look like?" on the end of my sober list (in reference to the *Astounding* next to the diary on my desk). I turned this into the more sober "The Possibility of Life on other Planets", and gave it more than 365 times over twenty years! Later, in the 80's, I took over the Evolution course in the Biology School at Birmingham University, and enlivened it with "What would happen if we ran it again - or on another aquatic planet?" thinking. These public lectures, about twenty of them on various topics, enlivened my life - and, I guess, lots of other people's throughout my career.

In 1959 I moved from the MRC Unit to the Zoology Dept. at Birmingham University; it was a matter of ethical principle - I "stood up to be counted" and the count was, as usual, "One!" (as Judy, my second wife, always put it). At that time it was de rigeur for young British scientists to get their BA ("Been-to-America") early in their careers, so I set up this thing with a semi-wild Hungarian at Harvard Medical School in Boston. We went over on the Holland-America Line, which was lovely with two toddlers (Isaac used it later when he came to England). But then Greyhound lost all our luggage - 21 pieces including 17 tea chests (all things Mia couldn't do without; she was a Jewish Princess from Brent) and we had Problems when we arrived at an unfurnished apartment in Arlington. My first wife, Mia, had joined Mensa about a year earlier, and I followed her in. All we had with

Bibliography

Jack Cohen

Research History

Although my Ph.D. was centred on feather pigmentation, the most useful result was a new theory of feather development (which has now supplanted Lillie's theory in most recent texts). White-be cause-irradiated hair or feathers had not lost their pigment cells because these were more sensitive, but pigment formation in these cells was suppressed via the epidermal cells; I showed that this epidermal suppression of pigment formation was also true of the white areas of some kinds of black-and-white mammals and birds.

Working for the M.R.C. required that I transfer my operative and transplantation techniques from feathers to hairs, two orders of magnitude difference in working dimensions. I chose whisker (vibrissa) follicles because they are a workable intermediate size, and investigated dermal papilla/epidermis/dermis interactions by implanting parts of the whisker papillae into rat ears. I developed a scissors with 1mm blades, with the surgical instrument firm John Weiss. Having brought hair development under the same theory as feathers, I then performed a complex three-way experiment with feather germs to tie up the story. I concluded that dermis in the adult, as in the embryo, determined the differentiation of its epidermis and even what kind of hair or feather was produced by the epidermis under the influence of a dermal papilla. This is now accepted.

Having developed a new technique for cell culture of epidermal cells in 1960, I used this to film pigment donations from melanocytes of human (foreskin) and guinea-pig (ear) skin to epidermal cells while I was at Harvard (1963–4). This film has been used for teaching cell biology, and variants of my technique are used routinely to culture keratinocytes for skin grafts.

In 1966 I saw that problems of different extent during spermatogenesis could account for the enormous variation in numbers of spermatozoa offered for each fertilisation by different animals. Specifically, if the extent of meiotic problems seen in *Ascomycete* fungi (producing "gene conversions" among other oddities) was general, and rendered spermatozoa with these 'mistakes' unable to achieve fertilisation, the different extents of sperm redundancy in different animals could be accounted for. This theory predicted that there would be more sperm redundancy in organisms with more chiasmata (genetic crossovers) and this has in general been found. It also predicted that a few spermatozoa of mammals would be especially fertile and that the vast majority would normally be destroyed in the female genital tract. This is indeed the case: spermatozoa which have attained the fertilisation site are not 'tired' or 'used up' but are very much more effective than fresh spermatozoa when re-inseminated. This early work, supported by the drug company Schering, has been amply justified in further experiments by me and by others. The mechanism of discrimination probably involves antibodies, and the theory has provided a firm foundation for the diagnosis and treatment of some human infertility. It also holds the possibility of a radically new form of continuous contraception. The biochemical mechanisms which produce two sperm populations are not yet known, awaiting more data from DNA sequencing, including PCR of individual spermatozoa.

My recent involvement with the more theoretical aspects of the control of development resulted in the British Society for Developmental Biology inviting me to introduce two of their Symposia with explanatory articles, which have both been very well reviewed. These "Maternal constraints on development" and "Metamorphosis" articles have excited much discussion.

I have recently returned to an old interest in fish development, as well, especially the genetic/developmental aspects of juvenile survival.

During the last few years at Birmingham University my laboratory research activity spread to the Birmingham Maternity Hospital, where we established a unit for investigations of sperm-associated infertility, dealing with about 100 couples per month. This clinical work expanded into other Birmingham clinical centres, especially Selly Oak Hospital, and carried several research projects; the subtle problems of water purity, and of plastic-ware production, were exposed in a series of (M.Sc. Toxicology) student projects. I transferred some of the resultant successful techniques to the Human Infertility Unit in London.

us was the Mensa Register, so we rang round locals and who should arrive but - Isaac Asimov and Gertrude, among many other lovely folks who helped us out. Mia went on to become local Mensa Secretary, I went on to become British Chairman - but that's a story for Mensa conferences, not s-f conventions. I knew Isaac well through the 70's and early 80's - Gertrude and his daughter Robin had stayed with us in the early '70's - but didn't get on so well with Janet, his second wife.

So, you see, it was just God. She has a sense of humour. Can you imagine what happens when you go down to the Harbour in Boston, to the Greyhound offices, and ask if they've found your seventeen tea chests yet? They keep asking you to Parties!

In 1971 the part of God was played by Peter Weston, who ran a brilliant convention in Worcester, the first British convention to attract lots of US authors, I believe. There had been one in London a couple of years' earlier, which Pete had suggested I might drop into - and that led to James and Judy Blish becoming close friends with us for three years, nearly up to the time of Jim's death. My connection with Jim wasn't, I think, primarily s-fnal, it ranged from Richard Strauss through metaphysics to sex and biology. Look, it just happened, see? And Harry came up to me in, I think, 1979 and said "Look at this crappy attempt to get an intelligent dinosaur, on an Earth which the meteorite didn't hit!", and I got involved with Yilane. Sure, he invented them, I developed them; that's what I enjoy. Then he did all the work writing a damn good story about them.

Then I did a bit more bells-and-whistles stuff for #2 of the Eden series, and the Chtorr things were hanging fire from 1971 when Gerrold and I had started talking ecosystems...but Niven's Heorot was coming out about then, and Brian asked me about Helliconia - and I've got into trouble over what I thought were nice things I said about that, too. Jim White asked me about Sector General tricky aliens about then, too...

Meanwhile, I had been a successful scientist (no false - or true, indeed - modesty here...). From hair, skin, feathers I turned to spermatozoa in the late 60's - more stories there, of course. I've published about a hundred scientific papers, a few of which have genuinely changed many people's minds. I was very lucky, too, in the students who chose to do Ph.D's with me - about 20; they nearly all got to the top of their professions, and most earned more money than I did (I call that successful teaching...). I produced several textbooks, a sperms-and-infertility symposium, a book about human evolution, and of course the last one with Ian Stewart. There are several more on the go. I left Birmingham University in 1987, sick of policies which took money away from undergraduate teaching, and especially which measured academic and intellectual pursuits by monetary values; there were many straws, no camel. I'm now part-time at Warwick, in both Ecosystems and Mathematics Departments, and hope to be involved with the Earth Centre; life still seems good.

At least it does while I'm attending both s-f conventions and scientific conferences, taking them both seriously - but never solemnly!

Jack Cohen D.Sc., F.I.Biol.

Since retiring from Birmingham University I have consulted for several IVF Units, and in Feb/March '91 went round Canada and the US again (21-lecture tour) to tie up the sperm-selection/antibody story before my next professional engagement.

I am now involved with Ian Stewart, at the Institute of Mathematics at Warwick University, in an investigation of reproductive data-strings and messages - we have published two papers and a very well-reviewed and successful book (*The Collapse of Chaos*) together, and have more papers and books in preparation.

PUBLICATIONS

With a career like that you'll understand why we haven't room (unfortunately) to include Jack Cohen's entire, and very extensive, bibliography here. Instead, we've selected his more populist writing, but there is much, much more...

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The British Roleplaying Convention

24th-25th August 1996

at the Northampton Moat house

The **Northampton Moat House** (located in Northampton surprisingly) has been selected (after much deliberation) to house Contraptions, not just for its central location, but also because of its close proximity to Northampton's Town Centre with its excellent Road and Rail links to the rest of the country.

Guest of Honour Steve Jackson

Steve, rather famous for GURPS, Car Wars, and many other games, is a very friendly sort of bloke and doesn't bite (well, not much anyway)! To offset the cost of his airfare from the States we have again set up the Uncle Albert fund - any and all donations will be gratefully drunk received.

Contraptions is once again providing a large room which will be dedicated to member's games for the whole of the Convention - allowing round the clock gaming...

...and for those who need liquid sustenance, the bar won't be far away either!

Quizzes, Panels, Discussions...

Got a few hours to kill between games?

Has Cthulhu stomped all over your oh so lovingly prepared investigator in the opening scenes? *... no? well he would have if I'd been the GM.*

Well don't despair, as there will be plenty going on at Contraptions during the day with a complete fan programme of gaming related events. Including those Intellectual debates (heated arguments in disguise), mindless quizzes (well it will help if you've sunk a few first), bizarre games (least said about them the better), and almost anything else we can fit in!

Calling all GMs

If you are planning on running something at Contraptions and want to publicise it then let us know. If you want to help with the running of the Convention then give us a shout!

Games, Games, and more Games!

Contraptions is actually the British Roleplaying **and Gaming** Convention ... and we can't stress the **Gaming** enough. We welcome gamers of all persuasions and vices ... Card Games, Board Games, War Games, etc. At Contraptions there is a home for all (yeuch)!

The current attendance rate for Contraptions is

£28

...and on the door (if there's room) it will be £30.

The Northampton Moat House will be dealing with room bookings directly - contact them on 01604 739988

To attend Contraptions, simply send your cheque - made payable to Contraptions - along with your name (and Badge Name if different), address (and E-Mail address) to the following address:

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For those of you who are on-line, you can E-Mail Contraptions at:

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You can also join the British Roleplaying Society E-Mail List by posting to:

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...and whilst you're on-line check out our Web Page at: http://www.augusta.co.uk/~lrm/contraps.htm

The Evolution of a Fan

Paul Kincaid

The old fan sits out on his porch, shakes his head and wags a bony finger. "These young fen," he says in a querulous voice, "they don't know what fandom is. It wasn't like that in my day..."

The trouble is, they don't, it wasn't – and that's how it's always been.

That old fan could be one of the Knights of St Fanthony. (You don't know who they were? Seek out an old issue of Peter Weston's fanzine, *Speculation*, the one with the montage of photos from the Heidelberg Worldcon in 1970, and prepare to cringe.) It could be Greg Pickersgill, or D. West, or me... or some young whippersnapper like Pat McMurray in, say, 20 years time. It's a bitter lesson to learn, but the fandom you see around you is never like the fandom you remember.

Fandom changes rapidly – far too rapidly. A fannish generation can go from young turk to old fart to nameless bones at the bottom of an archaeological dig in a matter of a couple of years. Not that you realise it at the time.

I got into fandom in 1975. I got in for the same reason a lot of other people did around that time – but a year later than most. 1974 had been fandom's *annus mirabilis*, a massive influx of new and active people who discovered fandom or, more accurately, the Eastercon, through *SF Monthly*. *SF Monthly* was a large format magazine published by NEL to promote their books, their authors and above all, it seemed, their book jackets. However, in among the large scale reproductions of NEL cover art there was a news column, which listed the Eastercon. In 1975, not long before its demise, it told me that the Eastercon would be in Coventry. Now, I was at the University of Warwick, living in a campus flat, so it seemed reasonable to stay up over the Easter vacation and find out what this convention was like.

Oh, yes, one other reason I got into fandom: I read science fiction. Since then I've met a couple of people who got into fandom through friends, enjoyed the social life and never actually read sf, but that is rare. And at the time what would soon become the biggest force in fandom, media fandom, hardly existed. Everyone in fandom read science fiction, it was as simple as that. They might disagree profoundly about the sf they read, but the force that created fandom in the first place still provided the essential glue that held it together. Since then, there have been a number of other creative forces in fandom – films and tv, or one particular tv programme, or role-playing games, or conrunning, or..., or... – and with them have come a whole raft of different fandoms. In among all that, it has become necessary to identify the original fandom; they have been variously labelled fanzine fans or trufans or all sorts of other names, but at the time there wasn't this diversity, they were all just fans. But I get ahead of my story. Back then, this super-duper newly massive Eastercon had a membership of maybe 400 people, and it's easy to be homogeneous at that size.

And what was that first convention like? Pretty much like this one, in one respect, I imagine. The differences were largely cosmetic: only one strand of programming, no videos or computers or wallyphones, and it was much more compact. But things haven't really changed all that much, people still spent most of their time in the bar and bought more books than they were ever likely to read, and by the time I staggered back to my flat through the snow drifts (it was an early Easter that year – or a late winter) I was regretting having to miss out on room parties and whatever else was going on. I got John Brunner to sign a book (he was the first author I ever spoke to), I heard Bob Shaw

> "If I really had to define what kind of fan I was, it would feel more like DISINTEGRATION than evolution"

> "fandom everything inter inter inter inter connects"

give one of his serious scientific talks, I met another first-timer called Rob Hansen and we spent long hours in a corner of the bar reading each other's stories, and I picked up some fanzines and discovered that the next Eastercon would be in my home town of Manchester.

Such was my introduction to the three strands of fandom at the time: conventions, fanzines and pubs – though they weren't all that separate, exactly the same people were involved in all three.

Later that summer, after Warwick and I had parted company, I started going to the Manchester group meetings, and would do so regularly until I left Manchester in 1979. Though they occasionally experimented with other venues, we generally met in a pub called the Crown and Anchor. Not so long ago, Maureen and I went to a meeting of the then current Manchester group and I was amused and a little disturbed to find us following the crowd right into the old Crown and Anchor. What made it rather eerie was that I found two members of the old group, BiRo Robinson and John Mottershead, playing pool like a pair of unlikely ghosts in the back room – the two groups in blissful ignorance of each other.

As the 70s wore on, some of the younger members of the Manchester group (well, me and Steev Higgins; I was young once) started getting together with the new Leeds group. I'd met Mike Dickinson, Alan Dorey, Graham James and Simon Ounsley at a writers' workshop at Lumb Bank outside Hebden Bridge, and the fannish connections grew. Every so often we'd cross the Pennines for what we'd call the Northern Tun, and that relationship would have serious repercussions on my fannish career on at least two subsequent occasions.

Later, after I moved to Folkestone in 1979, I started going up to London for pub meets there, first at the One Tun, then at the Wellington, and now at a number of pubs across London. It's strange how fandom has this affinity with pubs, but I suppose it's convenient for those of us who like to combine the frivolity of fandom with the serious business of drinking.

Most of the people I knew through pub meets and through parties (there were a lot of parties in those days) were involved in fanzines as well. This was one of the periodic heydays of the fanzine. The great iconoclastic days of Ratfandom (Pickersgill, Leroy Kettle, the Charnocks) were in the past now, though the members of that group were still producing the best fanzines of the day (*Stop Breaking Down*, *True Rat*, *Wrinkled Shrew*). Their example of literate, challenging, funny fanzines was being picked up by others (Dave Langford, Kev Smith, the Gannets up in Newcastle), while the hard hitting fanzine reviews of Pickersgill and West was about to be turned into the KTF (Kill The Fuckers) reviewing style of Joseph Nicholas and Alan Dorey, and even if this went so over the top that they eschewed finding any saving graces, it did at least encourage people to think about what they were doing in fanzines.

In other words, this was a great time to be involved in fanzines. Within months of that Easter in 1975 I had written my first piece for a fanzine (a review of *Dhalgren* by Samuel R. Delany, talk about starting with the easy stuff). Before long that was followed by letters, articles, convention reports, my own KTF fanzine reviews for Ian Maule's *Nabu* and John Jarrold's *Prevert*, a series of articles on, of all things, sport, for Eve Harvey. My own fanzine followed with a certain inevitability. First there was *Tripe Picker's Journal* which I co-wrote with Mike Scantlebury, then *A Pauling* which started out as my contribution to an Apa that never got beyond the first mailing, then *To Craunch the Marmoset* and most recently *A Balanced Diet*. Not a vast output over 20 years, but enough to firmly identify me as a fanzine fan – if there is such a creature.

In among all those there were numerous apazines. My God, I've just realised that at one time or another I've been a member of 6 apas – it didn't seem like so many at the time – from the original *Frank's Apa* to *Acnestis*. Does that make me an apahack? I suppose it must.

At one point during the 1978 Eastercon at Heathrow I found myself on a panel with Greg Pickersgill when the hotel was cleared by a fire alarm. While we were waiting to reconvene, Greg suggested that I should do more sercon writing. That was another moment that had a big influence on my future. I never quite gave up on the fannish side of things – though there have been long gaps – but reviews and critical articles came to be a very big part of my output from that moment on.

One of the ways this developed was because of that old Leeds connection (in fandom, everything interconnects). Because late in the 70s Alan Dorey and his Leeds cohorts staged a coup and took over the BSFA, and I found myself being swept along in their wake. From being a humble reviewer for *Vector* I found myself transformed at various stages into Features Editor, Editor, Reviews Editor, Co-Ordinator, *Matrix* News Editor and now, once more, *Vector* Reviews Editor. Sometimes it feels like a black hole from which one can never escape, but one thing's for sure: fanzine fan to BSFA apparatchik in one easy lesson, it could be you!

The third leg of this tripod was conventions. Like fanzines, it was a good time for conventions. The two frail examples of the species in 1975 – Eastercon and Novacon – somehow managed to spawn a host of fellows in a very short time. By 1979, when the Worldcon

first came to Brighton, I found myself helping out on the day in the fanroom. A couple of years later Jim Barker and I were the token males on the committee of *Channelcon*; though I don't really count myself as a conrunner until that fateful night in the bar at the Metropole when Greg and Abi Frost and assorted Gannets and me and various other assorted fen decided that there were too many specialist fan groups. The fanzine fan of yore was becoming an endangered species, our only hope was to turn ourselves into a minority, Mexican fandom, mayhap. And suddenly I was on the committee of the first Mexicon, and the second, third, fourth - I even ended up advising on number five.

Oh and there have been others as well, bid committees that didn't win, staff jobs, administering the Hugos for the '87 Worldcon (then being excluded from the Hugo Party, and being captioned "Peter Nicholls" in Locus - not a good experience), and the routine of sitting behind desks, and sitting up on panels wondering what on earth you are going to say next, and sitting in the audience for similar panels, and standing watching the disco while Greg sings along to "*1, 2, 3 Motorway*", and drinking in the bar, and... It's all part of conventions - I find it incomprehensible that so many people these days seem to separate organising conventions from the experience of conventions, as if turning up for the actual weekend was somehow irrelevant to the whole thing. But then, maybe I'm not a real conrunner?

Just as I'm not really a costume fan or a filk fan or a media fan or role playing fan or any of the other little sub-groups that everyone seems to insist you have to divide yourself into these days. I'm just a fan.

Some while ago, when I was peripherally involved with a semi-pro magazine, it became obvious that there was a distinct group of wannabe writers - the less talented sort, usually - who imagined there was a distinct career path for writers. You sold a story to a semi-prozine, then the gate to the professional magazines magically opened, then you had publishers squabbling for your first novel, then, after this long apprenticeship of oh shall we say a year, you got to start practicing your acceptance speech for the inevitable Hugo while everything you wrote went straight to the top of the bestseller list. It doesn't happen like that. And there's no similar career path in fandom. I've done my fair share of most of it: fanzines, conventions, hangovers, sercon, even a touch of filthy prodom. But the evolution of a fan? That happened one day over Easter 1975 in the moment I became a Fan, without distinctions or qualifications. If I really had to define what kind of fan I was, it would feel more like disintegration than evolution.

Oh, yes, I said Leeds fandom had two serious effects on my life. The second was at a party hosted by Graham James. I met someone for the first time; eventually she became my wife. I think that counts as pretty serious.

Paul Kincaid

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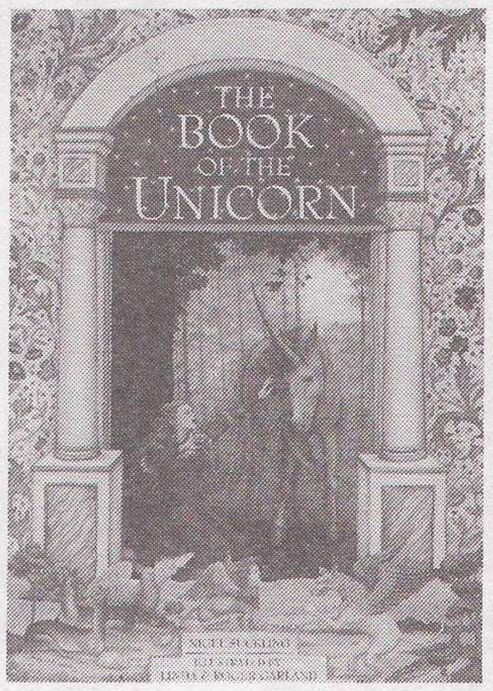

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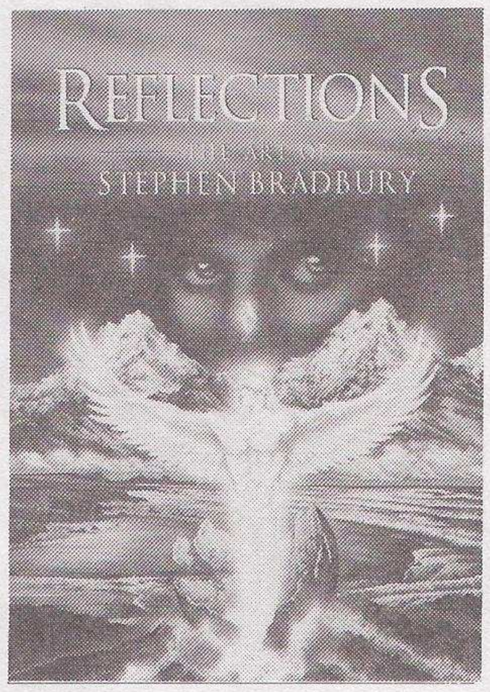

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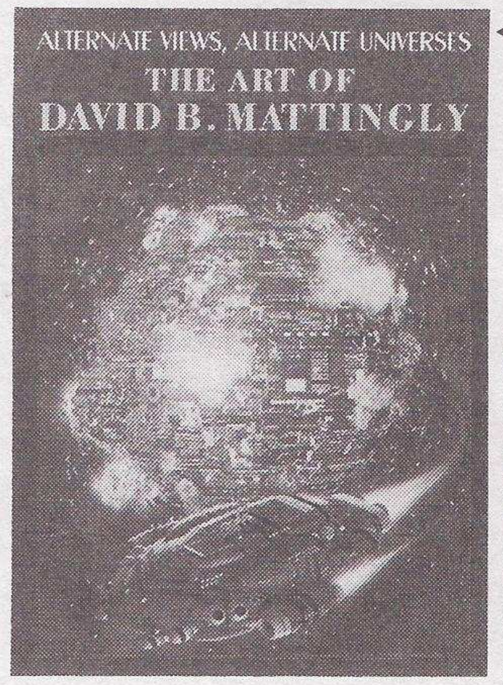

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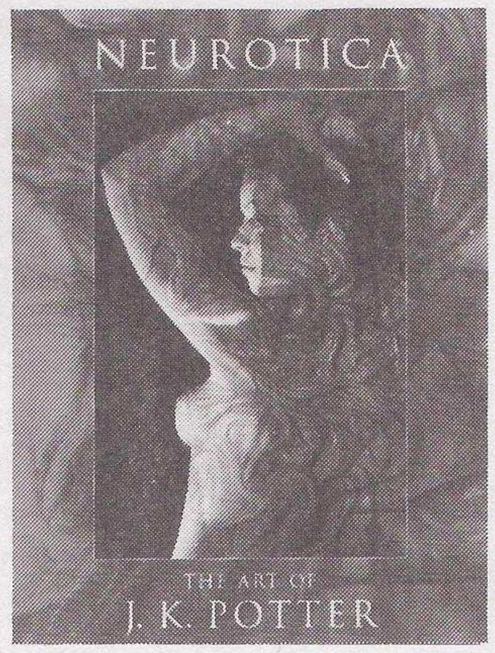

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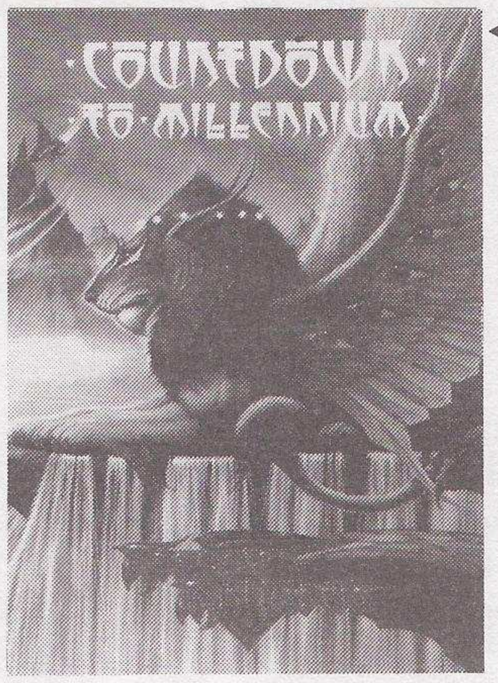

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The Devolution of A Fan

Maureen Speller Kincaid

My name is Maureen Speller. I am a science fiction fan. It's a straightforward statement. It happens to be true. But already I can imagine people choking apoplectically: how can I be an SF fan if I don't like *Deep Space 9* or anime, or filk? To which I could easily retort: "but you don't belong to the BSFA, you don't watch *Babylon 5* and you don't read *Fortean Times*; how can *you* be a science fiction fan?"

You get my point. We are all fans, we all *call* ourselves science fiction fans, but it's obvious that we are united more by our differences than our similarities. We label ourselves, so we can honour and despise one another according to the fashion of the moment, form groups, exile those who don't fit the category. I don't think I know a social grouping more prone to pinning on labels. No one is immune from the process and the definitions attached to each label are complex, confusing and often downright contradictory. Thus, 'con-runner' can be both deadly insult and supreme accolade.

I take a great interest in labels, because I seem to have acquired and discarded so many over the years. I started my fannish life as a member of OUSFG, and thus became by association a member of Los Alamos Fandom and the Oxford Bombers - though I have ignited nothing more deadly than a joss stick and get nervous about sparklers. Then I was a TWPfan, because I first became widely active in fandom through *The Women's Periodical* apa, and I suppose that makes me an apafan too. I'm still a fanzine fan thanks to my intermittent contributions and occasional forays into publishing, though my recent fanzine, *Snufkin's Bum*, prompted one friend to comment that he hadn't realised I was into that kind of thing, as though I was molesting small furry animals on the side.

On the strength of three Mexicons, I've been described as having 'disappeared into con-running', only to be swiftly reconstructed as a BSFAfan, on the strength of my involvement with that august body, even though many BSFA members seem to regard 'fans' as agents of the Anti-Christ, bent on contaminating their existence with those nasty convention things, while blissfully overlooking the fact that 'fandom' tends, on one level, to be synonymous with 'activity' and without 'activity' you don't get the BSFA. I do know of one person at least who designates me as a 'con-runner' because I *do* things like running the BSFA, though they have little to do with con-running.

In my more malicious moments I have been known, á la Pickersgill, to describe myself as a media fan (I do, after all, like *Babylon 5* and *X-Files* but just don't feel inclined to join a media group) and as a retired costume fan (though most people have mercifully forgotten the blue hair and... yes, well never mind). Lately, I have metamorphosed into a 'sercon' fan, which means, I think, that I write about SF sometimes. Hey, for that matter, consign me to the box for 'filthy pros' as I earn a good percentage of my living by proof-reading science fiction and doing strange things for book clubs.

This is all fine and dandy but while all these convenient labels say a lot about other people's perception of my place in fandom, to me they are nothing more than markers which delineate the edges of the fan entity we call 'Maureen'. When I read that I am one of this sort of fan, or that sort of fan, I am left with a mild sense of bewilderment. Is that really how people see me? Damn, I thought I was an SF fan.

But what's *this* SF fan when she's at home? Looking back at the labels I've gathered over the years, with perhaps the exception of 'sercon' (though it makes me sound very dour and miserable, or else terribly practical about dealing with emergencies), I see very little which suggests what I am really interested in, which is reading. Oh, the fanzines and the articles show that I can read and write as competently as the next person, but there is nothing here that celebrates the great driving force of much of my life, the love of a good book.

The silly thing is that once upon a time, the term 'SF fan' would have been enough to indicate that I was a reader, and probably not just a reader of SF. These days, stop five people in the street and ask them what an SF fan is, and four out of the five will probably mention something about *Star Trek* (and given the statistics, the fifth has probably been abducted by aliens and thinks it's something to do with UFOs, so same difference). And if we dropped five unsuspecting people from the street into an Eastercon, say, and

asked them what they thought SF was all about, who knows what the answers would be, but it could as easily be SF fancy dress or morris dancing to body massage or picking up women, to judge from my observations at various conventions in the last two or three years, and the sad thing is that more than one fan would agree with that assessment.

All right, so reading isn't as obvious an activity as dressing up, nor as interesting; the press have already told us that, and I would be lying if I said I went to conventions to read. I want to talk to people just like everyone else, but I can't help noticing that we don't generally talk about reading, and that literature gets less and less of a look-in on convention programmes. Oh yes, we still have author guests, we still have items on literature, but is it really my imagination or have the excitement and interest waned? Aren't the items all rather much of a muchness? Aren't books losing out to the myriad other expressions of SF fannishness?

> "Many BSFA members seem to regard fans as agents of the ANTI CHRIST"

I may be wrong; indeed I really hope I am going to be shot down in flames for this one because it will prove that people still care. Without books, without that love of words, it seems to me that the world would be a very different and poorer place. I hate the way the outside world assumes that SF fans just watch videos or films, or that we just read comix. Almost as much, I hate the way that we allow them to carry on thinking this, and seem to be starting to believe the publicity ourselves.

When I came into fandom, I felt a tremendous sense of relief; at long last, for the first time since I hesitantly picked out 'Rover is a dog' and immediately decided I preferred cats, I had found a place where people didn't laugh because I always had a couple of books around my person and specifically bought handbags because they would accommodate a hardback book, a place where reading was not just okay but positively cool. These days, I am not so sure. Oh, I think people still read but they seem very shy of talking about it, or they're too busy doing something else vitally necessary for the survival of fandom. It's not that I even want people to talk about books all of the time, but when I meet younger fans who look blank at the mention of the book behind the film and then think I mean a novelisation rather than the original, then something is wrong. How have we come to so overlook our own heritage that we have failed to communicate its existence to newer generations? I have a responsibility to advertise that heritage, so does the BSFA, but so does everyone else. The love of books created and shaped fandom, and it is still under the accreted layers of fannish activity. Mostly, we have forgotten about it but it's still there, and I for one would like to see it back in a position of prominence, where it deserves to be.

But even more than that, I would love to have people understand that science fiction and fantasy aren't about escapism, or at least no more about escapism than reading sex'n'shopping novels. Quite the contrary; I really believe that science fiction and fantasy bring us right up against our own society, that we see it far more clearly than many people. Science fiction and fantasy should pique our curiosity and lead us to read more about our own world. My non-fiction reading in the last month has included a book on Los Angeles (tying in with Gibson's *Virtual Light*), a book on plagues and epidemics (standard fare of many an SF novel), a volume of Mircea Eliade's journal (tying in with just about anything on fantasy), a biography of William Morris (who wrote fantasy, and was a Utopian thinker). *New Scientist* is practically required reading for any SF fan. And so it goes on; I think of it as a kind of Unified Theory of SF and fantasy, but it all stems from the fact that when I was eight years old, I read C S Lewis and Robert Heinlein, Andre Norton and Tove Jansson. My world was never the same afterwards.

I am Maureen Speller, I am a science fiction fan, and I READ!

Maureen Kincaid Speller

The evolution of science fiction

speculative fiction SF SciFi Scientifiction

Has science fiction changed dramatically over the years? To trace the evolution of the genre, we've listed some of the highpoints and obscurities of 100, 50 and 25 years ago.

1896

H. G. Wells *The Island of Doctor Moreau.*

Islands and expeditions were popular this year. Most of **Albert Kinross'** *The Fearsome Island* is a 'recently discovered' 16th-century manuscript, describing an unknown island of monsters and marvels, including a huge mechanical man, an ominous castle and a Caliban-like noble savage.

Jules Verne *L'ile à helice* translated as *Floating Island*, or *The Pearl of the Pacific*; *Clovis Dardentor*; *Face au drapeau* translated as *For the Flag*.

Fergus Hume *The Expedition of Captain Flick.*

William Morris *The Well at the World's End.*

John Kendrick Bangs' *A House-Boat on the Styx: Being Some Account of the Divers Doings of the Associated Shades* is seen as a model for stories featuring the famous dead as protagonists. John Clute suggests drawing a line of influence through the works of **Thorne Smith** down to the *Riverworld* stories of **Philip Jose Farmer**. The sequels are *The Pursuit of the House-Boat* (1897) and *The Enchanted Type-Writer* (1899).

George C Wallis, sometime printer and cinema manager begins writing sf, historical and adventure fiction for the penny weekly adult magazines in 1896. He is probably the only Victorian sf writer who was still writing after World War II.

A heavily cut version of **H Rider Haggard's** *She* is published this year (nearly a decade after the original publication).

Pearson's Magazine first appears in January 1896 and continues until November 1939. Published by C.A. Pearson Ltd (which evolved into the Pearsons who now own Future Publishing, publishers of *SFX* magazine) and edited by Sir Arthur Pearson, it is a fact and fiction magazine in competition with The Strand Magazine and serialises **H G Well's** *The War of The Worlds.*

In 1896, **Georges Melies**, inspired by the **Lumiere** brothers, acquires a motion-picture camera and begins making short films. In 1902 he makes the 21 minute *Le Voyage Dans La Lune*, often regarded as the first sf movie epic.

1946

A E van Vogt *Slan*

E E Doc Smith *The Skylark of Space*

Mervyn Peake *Titus Groan*

Franz Werfel *Star of the Unborn.*

C L Moore *Vintage Season.* This story of time-travelling tourists was filmed as *Disaster In Time* (1991, director David N. Twohy).

In **Philip Gordon Wylie's** *Blunder: A Story of the End of the World*, atomic experiments blow up the planet.

Forrest J Ackerman publishes "I Bequeath" (to the Fantasy Foundation) a bibliography of the first 1300 items of sf and memorabilia he has collected. His 300,000-item library, which he called the Fantasy Foundation, is eventually housed in a 17-room house in Hollywood.

Arthur C Clarke's first professionally published sf

story is "Loophole" for *Astounding SF* in April, though his first sale was "Rescue Party", which appears in *Astounding SF* in May.

H G Wells dies.

New Worlds magazine is founded (although it had appeared in fanzine form before the war).

1971

Gordon Eklund's first novel, *The Eclipse of Dawn.*

Robert Silverberg *A Time Of Changes; The World Inside; The Book of Skulls*

Ursula Le Guin *The Lathe of Heaven.*

Philip Jose Farmer *The Wind Whales of Ishmael*; the first two volumes of the Riverworld series are published in book form this year, *To Your Scattered Bodies Go* and *The Fabulous Riverboat.*

Edmund Cooper *The Overman Culture.*

Brian Stapleford's *Dies Irae* trilogy: *The Days of Glory, In the Kingdom of the Beasts* and *Day of Wrath.*

M John Harrison's first novel, *The Committed Men.*

Anne McCaffrey *Dragonquest*

H.R. Giger *A Rh+*

Larry Niven's *Ringworld* wins a Hugo.

Although the final issue proper of *New Worlds* in magazine format was published in 1970, a special "Good-Taste" issue with a retrospective index is produced for subscribers in 1971 (it returns in the 1980s in paperback format).

Donald A Wollheim leaves Ace to found DAW books.

Steven Spielberg adapts **Richard Matheson's** *Duel* for TV; it's released outside the US as a film.

Stanley Kubrick's film of **Anthony Burgess'** *A Clockwork Orange* is released and then withdrawn in Britain.

George Lucas' first venture into film sf, *THX 1138*, stars Robert Duvall and Donald Pleasence; it meets with more success when it's re-released at the end of the decade after the 1977 success of *Star Wars.* *THX 1138* is novelised by **Ben Bova.**

Sources: *The Encyclopaedia of Science Fiction; SF: The Illustrated Encyclopaedia; The Multimedia Encyclopaedia of Science Fiction; Who's Who in Science Fiction*, Brian Ash; *Hell's Cartographers* (ed. Brian Aldiss, Harry Harrison); *New Maps of Hell*, Kingsley Amis; *Trillion Year Spree*, Brian Aldiss with David Wingrove; *The Ultimate Guide to Science Fiction*, David Pringle. With thanks to Andy Sawyer of the Science Fiction Foundation Collection.

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Those without whom... Running *Evolution* would have been impossible without those who gave unstintingly of their time and effort. We owe as much to those whose names may not be recorded and we apologise to anyone we may have left off this list; your help is equally important. To everyone, volunteers, guests and committee, we extend our warmest gratitude, deepest thanks and sincere admiration.

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Designer: Tanais Fox
Newsletter: Bridget Wilkinson
SMS, Sue Mason and Bryan Talbot provided memorable and impressive artwork. Jim Porter and Jim Burns allowed us to use their work in *Evolution at Intersection.*
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-S T O P P R E S S : G u e s t of H o n o u r-BRIAN STABLEFORD

Mornington Crescent Tournament Rules

Welcome to this year's Tournament. It is to be hoped that in 1996 we shall manage to avoid some of the more obvious hazards which have marred the play at previous Easter Conventions, notably the tendency to wild speculation and unwarranted intervention. We must endeavour to reconvene for the current enterprise in a spirit of reconciliation and goodwill, especially towards those who were unfortunately defenestrated during the overflow of spontaneous feeling at the end of play in 1995. The chaplain will be available in the upper bar to accept donations on behalf of the disabled from that occasion. Thank you for your attention to this appeal.

Having overcome the threat posed by the *Worthington Manoeuvre* in 1994, this year we are faced with the problem of Heathrow Airport, with all its attendant complications. However, Mr. Partridge (in arbitration) has ruled that since 1996 is a Leap Year, teams should have the option of using rules from **any other Leap Year** of their choice. After the customary random-number selection process - fortunately the Chairman had the requisite dice to hand - Kingfisher team were given the privilege of choosing a year, and opted for the use of the 1936 handbook, Jay and Heron concurring and Sparrow being overruled and subsequently suppressed by the usual method.

This means *Glamis Rules*, teams. The optional straddle must only be played with equine connotations, whether transpontine or not. *Rule 17* is enforced as always, but popular music connections will be frowned upon and there may be penalties. *Paschal Rules* will come into force at midnight on 6th/7th April, after which time no further horse play will be tolerated.

The recent disastrous attempts by various people to enforce *Biffin's Foible* having as is now too well documented to need further exposition here led to an impasse in Sweden which may yet cause an international incident, we would urge teams to restrain their younger and more volatile members from dallying with this temptation. We can however only appeal to your good sense and better judgement on this, since the Foible is not technically unconstitutional: merely reprehensible, especially in a pre-EU context. All route-maps must be peace-bonded in any event.

It should not be forgotten that owing to the timewarp set up on the Home Service link in 1977, the Jubilee Line will not be available, and nor will the Temple, for similar reasons. The Fleet may be used, however ephemeral.

Members of previously-formed teams, and those wishing to join existing teams, should apply in writing to the Founder before March 18th 1996 in order to be accepted as players in this year's Tournament. Temporal pogo stick applications must be accompanied by a SSAE as well as the gold standard fee. The Blinovitch Limitation Effect may be sidestepped if necessary, or hurdled in extreme cases.

It should hardly be necessary to add that we want a nice, clean game, with no gouging or biting, please, teams. Unfortunately it is. Please try to remember that this is only a game.

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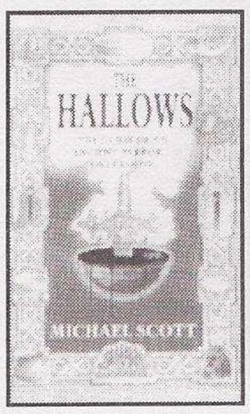

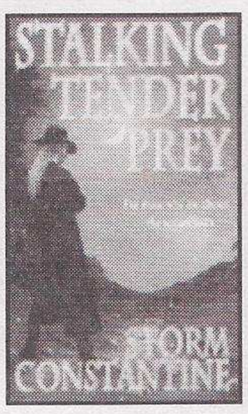

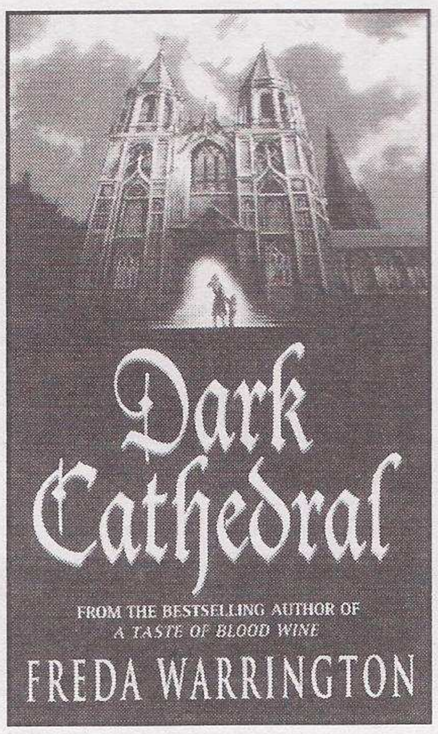

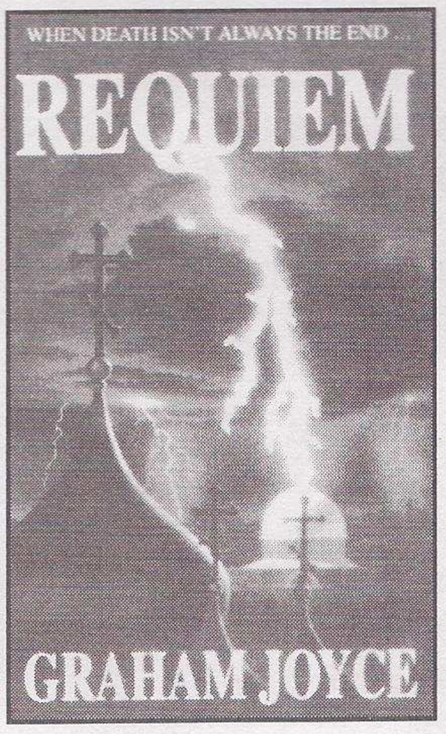

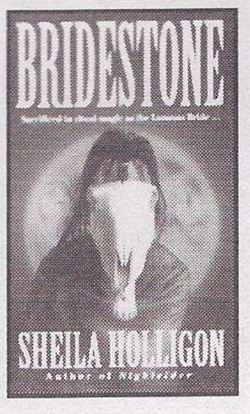

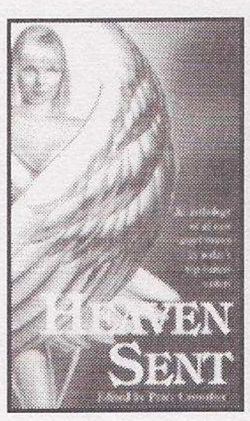

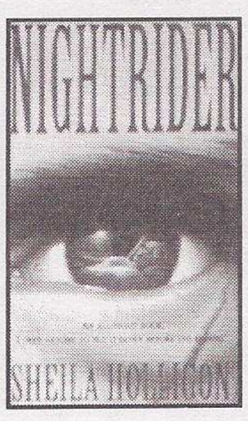

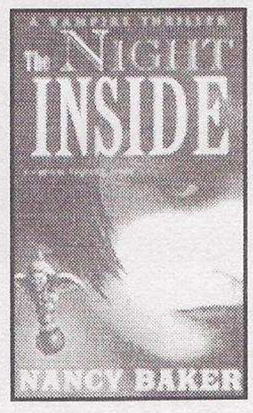

British National & International Conventions

Early Conventions

1937	Leeds	
1938	London	
1939	London	
1943	Leicester	Midvention
1944	London	Eastercon

Eastercons

1	1948	London	Whitcon	Bertram Chandler
2	1949	London	Loncon	
*	1951	London	Festivention	Forrest Ackerman, Lyell Crane
3	1952	London	Loncon	
4	1953	London	Coroncon	
5	1954	Manchester	Supermancon	John Russell Fearn
6	1955	Kettering	Cytricon	
7	1956	Kettering	Cytricon II	
3	1957	Kettering	Cytricon III	
9	1958	Kettering	Cytricon IV	
10	1959	Birmingham	Brumcon	
11	1960	London		Ted Carnell, Don Ford
13	1961	Gloucester	LXIcon	Kingsley Amis
13	1962	Harrogate	Ronvention	Tom Boardman
14	1963	Peterborough	Bullcon	Edmund Crispin
15	1964	Peterborough	Repetercon	Ted Tubb
16	1965	Birmingham	Brumcon II	Harry Harrison
17	1966	Yarmouth	Yarcon	Ron Whiting
18	1967	Bristol	Briscon	John Brunner
19	1968	Buxton	Thirdmancon	Ken Bulmer
20	1969	Oxford	Galactic Fair	Judith Merril
21	1970	London	Scicon '70	James Blish
22	1971	Worcester	Eastercon 22	Anne McCaffrey, Ethel Lindsay
23	1972	Chester	Chessmancon	Larry Niven
24	1973	Bristol	OMPAcon	Samuel R Delany
25	1974	Newcastle	Tynecon	Bob Shaw, Peter Weston
26	1975	Coventry	Seacon	Harry Harrison
27	1976	Manchester	Mancon 5	Robert Silverberg, Peter Roberts
28	1977	Coventry	Eastercon '77	John Bush
29	1978	Heathrow	Skycon	Robert Sheckley, Roy Kettle
30	1979	Leeds	Yorcon	Richard Coooper, Graham and Pat Charnock
31	1980	Glasgow	Albacon	Colin Kapp, Jim Barker
32	1981	Leeds	Yorcon II	Ian Watson, Dave Langford, Tom Disch
33	1982	Brighton	Channelcon	Angela Carter, John Sladek
34	1983	Glasgow	Albacon II	James White, Avedon Carol, Marion Zimmer Bradley
35	1984	Brighton	Seacon'84	Roger Zelazny, Waldemar Kumming, Chris Priest, Pierre Barbet, Josef Nesvedba
36	1985	Leeds	Yorcon III	Greg Benford, Linda Pickersgill
37	1986	Glasgow	Albacon III	Joe Haldeman, John Jarrold
38	1987	Birmingham	BECCON '87	Keith Roberts, Chris Atkinson
39	1985	Liverpool	Follycon	Gordon Dickson, Greg Pickersgill, Gwyneth Jones, Len Wein
40	1989	Jersey	Contrivance	M John Harrison, Avedon Carol, Anne McCaffrey, Rob Hansen, Don Lawrence
41	1990	Liverpool	Eastcon	Iain Banks, Anne Page, SMS
42	1991	Glasgow	Speculation	Rob Holdstock
43	1992	Blackpool	Illumination	Geoff Ryman, Paul McCauley, Pam Wells
44	1993	Jersey	Helicon	George R R Martin, John Brunner, Karel Thole, Larry van der Putte
45	1994	Liverpool	Sou'Wester	Barbara Hambly, Neil Gaiman, Peter Morwood, Diane Duane
46	1995	London	Confabulation	Lois McMaster Bujold, Bob Shaw, Roger Robinson
47	1996	Heathrow	Evolution	Vernor Vinge, Colin Greenland, Bryan Talbot, Jack Cohen, Maureen Kincaid Speller, Paul Kincaid
48	1997	Liverpool	Intervention	Brian W Aldiss, Jon Bing, Octavia Butler, David Langford

British Worldcons

1957	London	LonconI	John W Campbell Jr
1965	London	Loncon II	Brian W Aldiss
1979	Brighton	Seacon '79	Brian W Aldiss, Fritz Leiber, Harry Bell
1987	Brighton	Conspiracy '87	Alfred Bester, Ray Harryhausen, Doris Lessing, Jim Burns, Arkady Strugatsky, Boris Strugatsky, Joyce & Ken Slater, Dave Langford
1995	Glasgow	Intersection	Samuel R Delany, Gerry Anderson, Vin¢ Clarke, Les Edwards, Peter Morwood, Diane Duane

Helicon Accounted For

I, Rob Meades, treasurer of the 1993 Eastercon *Helicon*, hereby declare that I have at last been able to close the convention accounts. The two tables below show the income/expenditure as at the end of 1995 (with the distraction of *Intersection*, it took us that long to get around to having the traditional committee meal). The remaining balance of £2,055, plus £248 handed on from *Contrivance '89*, will be split equally between the convention charity Jersey Zoo and Friends of Foundation.

Income		**Expenditure**	
Memberships	£21,179	Bid	£341
Advertising	£1,248	Parties	£3,001
T-Shirts	£860	HdF Fanzine	£132
HdF fanzine	£276	Publications	£3,243
Badge & mug sales	£246	Stationery	£266
Shipping (from dealers)	£1,057	Promotions (advertising/tables)	£213
Equipment purchases (repayments)	£1,250	Postage	£988
Parties (from publishers/fan groups)	£1,134	Hotel	£376
Bank interest	£262	Films	£1,701
Banquet tickets sold	£4,312	Art Show	£59
Raised for Jersey Zoo	£435	Dealers room shipping	£1,185
Art sales	£375	Guests	£2,632
Book auction	£64	Expenses	£420
Dealers tables	£980	Prizes	£324
Miscellaneous	£673	Creche	£150
Dollar conversion gain	£185	Equipment	£1,746
Smofcon monies	£382	Insurance	£750
Total	**£34,918**	Badges and Mugs	£384
		Drinks	£799
		Gopher party	£1,292
		Gratuity	£500
		Shipping	£2,405
		News sheet	£531
		T-Shirts	£758
		Photography	£419
		Bank	£25
		Equipment purchases	£1,974
		Smofcon monies	£340
		Banquet	£4,646
		Jersey Zoo donations	£1,000
		Misc	£263
		Total	**£32,863**

Summary

Income Received	£34,918
Expenditure Paid	£32,863
Total in Hand	**£2,055**
Current Account at Abbey National	£1,795
Current Account at Yorkshire Bank	£76
Cash in hand	£184
Total in Hand	**£2,055**

Sou'Wester

The 1994 EasterCon

Accounts

Income Received		**Payments Made**	
Memberships	£19,216.00	Hire of function space	£3,120.00
Merchandising	£131.97	Hire of equipment and films	£3,218.06
Advertising received	£962.00	Publications, publicity and postage	£3,382.78
Hire of dealers' tables	£1,321.00	Guests' rooms and travel	£2,008.96
Commission from art and book auctions	£373.90	Van hire	£456.31
Donations received	£150.50	Payment for drinks	£1,393.16
Interest	£690.09	Insurance	£425.00
Miscellaneous income	£944.68	Programming	£1,016.05
		Gratuity to Hotel Staff	£750.00
		Miscellaneous payments	£923.08
		Donations made	£7,096.74
Total received	**£23,790.14**	**Total payments**	**£23,790.14**

Donations have been made as follows.

Confabulation (Eastercon 1995)	£1,250.00
Evolution (Eastercon 1996)	£2,087.89
Royal National Lifeboat Institute	£1,000.00
Friends of Foundation	£1,000.00
British Science Fiction Association	£250.00
Fans Across the World	£250.00
Flying Filk Fund	£250.00
Going under Fan Fund	£250.00
Trans-Altantic Fan Fund	£250.00
Talking Books for the Blind (Royal National Institute for the Blind)	£250.00
Purchasing assorted items for future Eastercon masquerades	£258.85
Total donations	**£7,096.74**

Ben Brown
Treasurer
18 April 1995

BUCCONEER

The First Swashbuckling Worldcon

The 56th World Science Fiction Convention in Baltimore, Maryland

Guests of Honor

C.J. Cherryh
Milton A. Rothman
Stanley Schmidt
Michael Whelan

Charles Sheffield, Toastmaster

Wednesday August 5 to Sunday August 9, 1998

John Dallman
c/o EDS Unigraphics
Parker's House
46 Regent Street
Cambridge CB2 1DB
UNITED KINGDON
jgd@cix.compulink.co.uk

Attending memberships are £71 ($98) until September 30, 1996. Supporting memberships are £22 ($30). Memberships for children who will be four to twelve years old on August 5, 1998 are currently £36 ($50). Please write for conversion rates and additional information.

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Evolving Beings

EVOLUTION MEMBERS (AS OF 14TH MARCH 1996)

304A 1/2R
74P Geir Aaslid
218A Michael Abbott
484A Abraham
18A Andrew Adams
761A Gill Alderman
760A John Alderman
724A Brian W. Aldiss
184A Aletia
363A Iain Alexander
560A Roxana Alford
193A Alice
574A Alistair
641A Alita
260A Lissa Allcock
261A Philip Allcock
582A Kevin Allington
330A Mike Allum
75A Paul Allwood
659A Liv Margareth Alver
444A Alyn
46A Brian Ameringen
466A Chris Amies
113A Simon Amos
551A Diane Anderson
214A Fiona Anderson
550A John Anderson
338A David Angus
76A Sion Arrowsmith
432A Erik Arthur
758A Julie Atkin
739A Jorn Aurahs
365A Austin
625A Bad Taste Claudia
309A Mark F Bailey
77A Amanda Baker
352A Chris Baker
351A Rachel Baker
682A Iain Banks
702A Suzanne J Barbieri
246A John Bark
225B Michael Barker
226A Trevor Barker

372A Phil J Barnard
78A Jane Barnett
640A Paul Barnett
131A Julia Barnsley
130A Simon Barnsley
294A Andrew Barton
605A Diana Joan (D.J.) Bass
467A Stephen Baxter
248A Bazooka!
27A The Chris
79P David Bell
764K Kenneth Bell
765K Rachel Bell
701A Peter B Bell
344A Alan Bellingham
568A Imants Belogrius
572A Sabine Bennemann
41A Meike Benzler
80A Michael J Bernardi
690A Tony Berry
183A Bill
526A Elizabeth Billinger
525A Paul Billinger
612A Sue Binfield
448A Mike Birchall
147CA Simon Bisson
271A Blackie
554A Paul Blackwell
504A Mr. Paul Blair
303A Jo Blake
474A Robin Bloxsidge
267A Hans-Ulrich Boettcher
412A Simon Bolland
543A Bond
249A Susan Booth
755A Ashley Bostel
592A Trevor Bradbeer
142A Jill Bradley
25A Simon Bradshaw

171A Michael Braithwaite
275A Richard Brandshaft
348A Tage Brannvall
7CA Mary Branscombe
16A John Bray
66A Claire Brialey
434A Brighton SF Group
60A Gordon W Brignal
528A Matthew Brock
603A Barbara Brooks
602A Ian Brooks
676A John Brosnan
431A Ben Brown
82P Denzil Brown
635A Eric Brown
606A Molly Brown
288A E D Buckley
259CA Bug
188A Brian Burgess
555A Helen Burgess
253A Bill Burns
571A Jackie E Burns
312A Jim Burns
114A Mary Burns
668A Brandon Butterworth
83A Chris Butterworth
472A Steven Cain
269A Campbell
221A Kim Campbell
629A Geoff Cane
567A Robbie Canton
442A Peter Card
623A Rachel Carthy
323A Catie
289A Cath
320A Carolyn Caughey
216A James Cawthorn
200A Ceri
196A Giulia de Cesare
8CA Mark Charsley

418A Mike Cheater
533A Angela Chouinard
39A Chris
321A Chris
206A Ewan Chrystal
524A Brian Clarke
523A Jane Clarke
552A Susanna Clarke
471S Vin¢ Clarke
229A Dave Clements
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59A Eddie Cochrane
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213A Peter Cohen
747A Ruth Cole, Titan Books
115A Sarah Collins
332A Helen Conner
590A Alison Cook
305A Brigid Cooling
331A Chris Cooper
36A David Cooper
644A Kate Cooper
349A Stephen R Cooper
583A Beverley Corkhill
630A Hamish Cormack
19A Keith Cosslett
488A E.M. Costelloe
487A Erica Costelloe
14A Del Cotter
392A Erik Coune
394A G Coune
116A Chris Cowan
48A Jonathan Cowie
85A Adrian Cox
233A Dave Cox
145P Stephen Cox
207A Cpt Blue
341A Mark Craske
155A Paul M Cray
138A Andy Croft
353A James Crook
648A Michael Cule
500A Sharon Cullen
501A Tony Cullen
566A Tony Cullen
187A Rafe Culpin
475A David Curry
538A Ian G S Curtis
569A Custard? - Oh bugger!
45A John Dallman
179A Julia Daly
50A Mike Damesick

614A Anne Daniels
613A Friend of Anne Daniels
461A Darkangel
462A Friend of Darkangel
710A Brian Davies
549A Jack Davies
361A Malcolm Davies
195A Stephen Davies
9A Martyn Dawe
769A Guy Dawson
688A Peter Dawson
313A Robert Day
647A Ros Day
280A Lawrence Dean
258A Nicky Dean
319A Simon Dearn
510A Dee
387A Chantal Delessert
713A Sylvie Denis
227A Zoe Deterding-Barker
164P Sarah Dibb
784A Gillian Dickson
493A Martin Dickson
93A Dirk
731A Gavin Dix-White
67S Vince Docherty
33A Doctor Tones
481A Doppelganger
586S Dorian Literacy Agency
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517A Fran Dowd
491A Tara Dowling-Hussey
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663A Fred Duarte
654A Al Duncan
106A Dyrewulfe
190A Roger Earnshaw
57P Martin Easterbrook
722A Eastmann
752A Edgar
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35A Sue Edwards
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379A Herman Ellingsen
148S Dave Ellis
71A Sean Ellis
220A John English
476A Jan van 't Ent

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593A Bernie Evans
401A Horst Evermann
86A Allison Ewing
170P Mavis T. Fairy
608A FanTom
134A Judith Faul
160P Feorag Ni Bride
297A Janet Figg
296A Mike Figg
174A Dave Allan Finch
219A Colin Fine
563A Joan Fine
453A Philip Fine
38A Fiona
168A Brian Flatt
185A Ronan Flood
217A Mike Ford
424A Lynn Fotheringham
753A The Foundation Collection
123P Foz
451A Susan Francis
691A Matt Freestone
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529A Ruth French
597A Shirley French
87A Anders Frihagen
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706A Maggie Furey
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708A Andrew Greenwood
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274A Steve Grover

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300A Urban Gunnarsson
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695A Joan Harrison
697A Moira Harrison
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428A John Harvey
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759A Andy Hayton
279A Julian Headlong
64A Penny J Heal
231S Duncan Hedderly
228A Jasper Hedger
485M Henry
483A Henry's Mum
91A Alasdair Hepburn
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132A Richard Hewison
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535A Joy Hilbert
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329A Geoff Hill
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679A Richard K W Hill
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286A Martin Hoare
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624A Claudia Huthmacher

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480A Ian Jackson
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243A Jinx
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703A Judi
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787A Rowan Merewood
789A Willow Merewood
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298A Mike Stone
655A Miki
687A Rob Miller
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417A Roger Perkins
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239A Rog Peyton
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410A John Philpott
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458A Marion Pitman
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479A Camilla Pomeroy
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684A Trevor Reynolds, Tolkien Society
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153A Frank Richards
47A John Richards

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565A Rod
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730A Roo
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492A Rowan
69A Marcus L Rowland
749A Roxanne
553A Roxburgh
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165P Rufus
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693A Naomi Saunders
334A Lynne Savage
242A Bruce Saville
667A Keith Scaife
559A Erik "Evil" Scheuermann
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285A Mike Scott
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268A Moira J Shearman
662A Randall Shepherd
457A Ken Shinn
101A Linda Shipman
302A Mike D. Siddall
386A Mary Siefarth
656A Silas

469A Simo
660A Monika Simon
143P Sioux
238A Kenneth F Slater
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489A Anna Smith
299A Frank R Smith
254A Maggie Smith
456A Martin Smith
745A Michael Marshall Smith
103A Dan Smithers
150A Jane Smithers
55A Lucy Smithers
26A Smitty
770A Christine Smythe
771A Colin Smythe
772K Jennifer Smythe
773K Luke Smythe
398A Robert Sneddon
257A Adrian Snowdon
277A Kate Soley
360A Kate Solomon
570A Ian Sorensen
459A Liz Sourbut
645A Spell
224A Square Bear
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673A Janet Stephenson
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21P Ian Stewart
56A John Stewart
149P Martin Stewart
362A Paul Stewart
177P Alys Stirling
413A Billy Stirling
585A Chris Stocks
209A Lars Strandberg
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290A Chris Suslowicz
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638A Mary Talbot
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345A Kathy Taylor
686A Neville Taylor
607A Teddy
725A Nadja Tegen
359M The Foundation Collection
393A Marceline Therer
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741A Stephanie Urschel
139P Alexander Vasilkovsky
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133CA Mike Westhead
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598A Eileen Weston
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599A Laura Wheatly
167A Elda Wheeler
698A Nik Whitehead
111P Kim Whysall
515A Charles Whyte
546A Widget
255A Colin Wightman
737A Cherry Wilder
316A Janet Wilkins
12A Bridget Wilkinson
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650A Matt Williams
276A Robert Williams
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112A Robert Wilson
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376A Alan Woodford
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696A Mark Woods
748A Wulfric
617A Ben Yalow
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Worldcon 54

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Special Guest:
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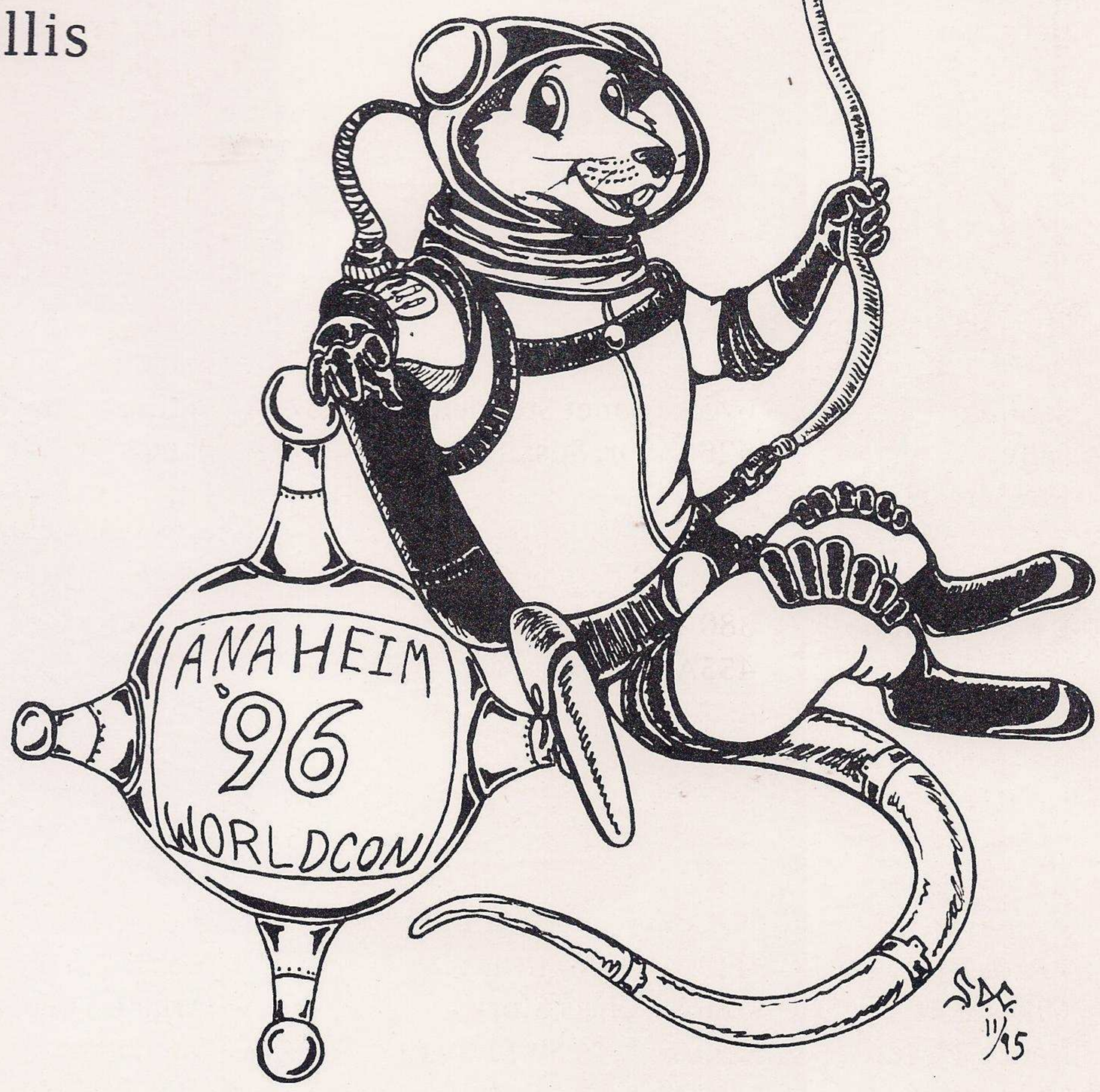

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