The Adelphi Coracle

Newsletter 1
Friday 1 April
Afternoon

No, it isn't Friday 1 April ... this is an early, dummy page of *The Adelphi Coracle* (*TAC*) to remind us what's up, to note who's currently aboard and with luck to generate feedback. Comments to *Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berks, RG1 5AU; fax 0734 669914; e-mail ansible@cix.compulink.co.uk.*

We Name Names

Dave Langford is editing the thing and writing this advance outbreak. How does it look to you?

Paul Barnett is co-editor and official keeper of Thog the Mighty. (Now a Virtual Guest of Honour!)

John Brunner and the Adelphi Hotel inspired our title (see *The Shockwave Rider*).

Jim Barker—or more properly, Barker Designs—produced the splendid logo above. Thanks, Jim!

John Dallman has been tirelessly seeking out the needed technological fix to get this thing off the ground at Sou'Wester itself.

Chris Bell has cooed winningly at us in dulcet tones, effaced herself in her modest way, etc.

Mike Abbott volunteered to work on the newsletter team during Sou'Wester. (Ta.)

Jane Barnett and **Jilly Reed** tentatively volunteered for this ghastly crew, but as it's their first con we hope they'll have fun as well (if not instead).

• Let's stress that part-time or intermittent newsletter workers are vital to the enterprise. DL and PB don't expect to see much of Sou'Wester's programme but hope that our part-timers will—if only they'll drop by the newsroom and report magical moments of joy, embarrassment, mayhem or stark disbelief (Neil Gaiman says he hopes to grow out of writing for comics, Peter Morwood is seen cold sober, etc).

Rhodri James (Sou'Wester programming) and other interested parties get this for information.

Wants List

People. More volunteers, please! A Sou'Wester committee member involved with the programme should be responsible for notifying changes to *TAC*.

Computer Hardware. We need two IBM-compatibles, 386/33 or better, and an HP LaserJet-compatible laser printer. (The DeskJet printers at Mexicon were less than satisfactory.) Spare computers of any breed which can save to IBM disks will be handy for when there's a queue of reporters wanting to type stuff up. A printer cable, of course.

Software. WordPerfect 5.1 with Bitstream fonts, as at Helicon and two Mexicons. It may not be state-of-the-art, but we know it works. (And have seen too many people wasting hours with elaborate DTP systems.) DL will provide all this. DOS 6 would be nice on the main computers, allowing one to be slaved to the other via a serial cable for file transfer.

Consumables. Spare toner and a few reams of good plain A4 paper for the laser printer (some good-quality coloured paper too, if we're likely to be asked to run off ad-hoc notices and announcements in small print runs). A box of blank floppy disks. Lots and lots of A4 paper, ink/toner etc, suitable for the printing kit which finally emerges. The amount of paper needed here depends critically on print run and total number of issues. Does the committee have a working estimate for total Sou'Wester attendance?

Printing Kit. JD is working on this. It would be nice to have a photocopier or the A.B.Dick super-duplicators used at ConFiction and Illumination. But all is flux. Fingers crossed, everyone.

Committee please note: DL and PB are unable to bring computers, printers or any bulky supplies.

Anniversaries Etc. It is 'traditional' to record notable birthdays, anniversaries, centenaries etc, especially if amusing or plain daft. DL is researching this as usual; offbeat suggestions are welcomed.

Thog's Masterclass. PB is collecting material for this *TAC* showcase of *really awful* sf/fantasy lines. No recyclings from the Gaiman/Newman *Ghastly Beyond Belief*, please. Send to PB at *17 Polsloe Road, Exeter, EX1 2HL; fax 0392 74524*—or e-mail to DL as above.

Publication Timetable

Sou'Wester is running for fewer days than Helicon; no Thursday *TAC* is required. DL and PB will arrive on Thursday and set up stuff then and Friday morning for one Friday afternoon/evening edition; then two on each of Saturday and Sunday, and one or *perhaps* two on Monday. If the needed print run is 1,000—likely to be the absolute maximum—and we do 7 issues (Helicon had 9), we'll want 14 reams of printing paper plus wastage. Say 16 reams? 20 to allow for doing extra flyers which might be called for on the day?

TAC will probably go to press mid- to late afternoon on Friday and at 11am and 6/7pm on the core convention days Saturday and Sunday. Monday too? We'll see.... *[DL, 28-1-94]*

The Sou'Wester Newsletter

24 March 1994

This is a rather hasty acknowledgement of Sou'Wester volunteer forms which have reached me (Dave Langford) in my awesome capacity as the convention's daily newsletter boss. Overleaf is a dummy issue which was sent out earlier, before the forms and other notifications arrived.

Mainly I'd like to say thanks for volunteering to: *John Bark, Simon Bradshaw, Jan van't Ent, Duncan Hedderley, Paul Paolini, Suzanna Raymond and Carol Willis*—in addition to those listed overleaf.

If you ticked more than one item on the volunteer form, you may yet be snatched from the newsletter staff by the Green Room or other rapacious predators. Don't worry; don't feel pressured; do what seems most fun at the convention itself ... although we'd be grateful if you could still remember the newsletter when news (or better still, appalling scandal and outrageous remarks) should happen within your earshot.

The actual work consists of *(a)* wrestling with a sea of little bits of paper bearing ill-written news items, announcements, programme changes, pros' attempts at self-promotion, fans' attempts at humour, and more, and worse; *(b)* getting all this (or rather, anything not officially spiked by editorial order) copy-typed into one of the newsroom computers (don't worry if you don't know WordPerfect: D.Langford and P.Barnett will copyedit all the text); *(c)* persuading Ops, the Green Room etc to keep us notified of major programme changes; *(d)* running frantically around the hotel in search of X who promised a story, Y who has stolen the Blu-Tak, Z who is supposed to be duty editor but has a brain-crippling hangover; *(e)* convincing the Man from Gestetner that the expensive copyprinter his company is loaning us is a deeply worthwhile investment in goodwill ('Gosh, as buying manager for a multi-national company I shall certainly be recommending that we have one of these excellent machines in every one of our 2,000 branches, can I have your business card?').

Yes, thanks to John Dallman we have classy Gestetner printing equipment. If this proves as efficient as expected, we will be seriously considering producing three rather than two newsletters on each of the core days, Saturday and Sunday. There are also plans to publish a listing of local sf group meetings, assuming enough of the groups come up with their meeting details. And Paul Barnett itches to run Sou'Wester's own version of the recent Groucho Club 'write a novel in 24 hours' competition (though we were thinking more of minutes than hours), with the winner published in the newsletter—or maybe even a special issue featuring winners and runners-up....

The newsroom is to be room 269 of the Adelphi Hotel—please call in as early as possible (even if only to inform us that you've been co-opted for something else).

See you there!

Dave

The Adelphi Coracle

Thog's Masterclass Special
Monday 4 April
Later

The Chris Gilmore of Lit Crit quotes the masters.

• '"You have a slight fever, suggesting your body is fighting some infection," Nicole told General Borzov. "All the internal data confirms that you are feeling severe pain."'—Arthur C.Clarke & Gentry Lee, *Rama II*

• 'Just to the south of them, the new Socket was like a titanic concrete bunker, the new elevator cable rising out of it like an elevator cable ...'—Kim Stanley Robinson, *Green Mars*

• 'Its voice was soft, gentle—but repugnant. Like the breath of a diseased infant. It was a sound with halitosis.'—John Shirley, *In Darkness Waiting*

• 'Produced in a durable cloth binding and gorgeously striking dustjacket, Clute and Nicholls have far outstripped any other work of this kind in any field.'—Daryl F. Mallett, *SFRA Review #205*

• 'He absorbed Latin in two hours yesterday! It took me a whole year just to learn the Latin alphabet.'—Brett Leonard & Gimel Everett, screenplay for *The Lawnmower Man*

• 'Susan awoke to an absolute silence: the traffic outside the hotel had been utterly stilled. John was in the bathroom—she could hear the shower running.'—Robert Charles Wilson, *The Divide*

• 'He shuddered, awash in adrenaline, his sphincter pulling unpleasantly tight as he recognized his own youthful scrawl on the outside tab. ... and he felt an ache, a curse of time racing across the ridge of his knuckles.'—Derek Van Arman, *Just Killing Time*

• '... Caymann released a horrible scream into the night air, a painful, deafening and terrifying roar that sounded like a lion whose heart was impaled.'—Derek Van Arman, *ibid*

• 'Silver-blue in the moonlight, the river meandered like a garden path ...'—~~Cecelia Hol~~William James, *Before the Sun Falls*

• 'She knew how to embroider and milk a cow.'—Connie Willis, *Doomsday Book*

• 'A small flying craft, like a bat or a hummingbird, zoomed past the viewport ...'—Arthur C. Clarke/Gentry Lee, *Rama II*

• 'He knows in that moment more than he has ever known in his life and more than he will know in five minutes.'—Marge Piercy, *Body of Glass*

• 'The agony went on and on as she threshed about the room, oblivious to nothing but the pain.'—Stephen Marley, *Shadow Sisters*

• 'She's got an IQ like a phone number.'—[screenwriter], *Swamp Thing* (1981 movie)

• 'Jameson was smiling like the canary who had eaten the cat.'—Sara Cavanaugh, *A Woman in Space*

• 'A few hours had passed since they had been pulled away from the moon. A few hours and millions of miles. The moon was no longer visible, not even as a star. The whole thing was so crazy, weird and far-out. It was as though they were floating in a giant vacuum.'—Sara Cavanaugh, *A Woman in Space*

• 'Now Danelle's big blue eyes looked thoughtfully inward.'—Robert Jordan, *The Fires of Heaven*

• 'Egwene's stomach sank into her feet.'—Robert Jordan, *ibid*

• 'Elayne wished the woman would just revert to herself instead of bludgeoning her with a lady's maid from the Blight.'—Robert Jordan, *ibid*

• 'Birgitte's dry tone sounded odd with her wet cheeks.'—Robert Jordan, *ibid*

• 'Nynaeve formed the image of her as a grown woman, concentrated.'—Robert Jordan, *ibid*

• '... and he tossed his head as if he was about to erupt.'—Robert Jordan, *The Dragon Reborn*

• 'We must be patient—the human heart is more complex than any other part of the body.'—John Balderston/William Hurbut, screenplay for *The Bride of Frankenstein* (1935)

• 'It took courage to write this book, and it will take courage to read it.'—E. von Däniken, *Chariots of the Gods?*

• 'Gosseyn's intestinal fortitude strove to climb into his throat, and settled into position again only reluctantly ...'—A.E.van Vogt, *The World of Null-A*

• 'He put the stomach back and began to feel around for the small intestine ... That's when something bit him.'—Simon Ian Childer, *Worm*

• 'I had to fight with myself every time circumstances forced me to put it down.'—P. Straub of R. Campbell's *Incarnate*

• 'Speak! You've got a civil tongue in your head! I know you have, because I sewed it there myself.'—Kenneth Langtry, screenplay for *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein* (1957)

• '... a small piece of an asteroid that had been floating around in the Big Empty for a length of time that had more zeroes in it than even Carl Sagan could imagine.'—Simon Hawke, *The Reluctant Sorcerer*

• 'The sea was lit by a diffused golden haze that lent it a queer other-worldly aspect but which was very pleasant to the blackened, sun-seared eyes of those who had been so close to the fires of the Solar star.'—Karl Mannheim, *When the Earth Died*

• 'The green fur made it look like a Terran gorilla more than anything.'—Michael Kring, *The Space Mavericks*

• 'Most of the buildings around us were like towering boxes, almost phallic in their heights.'—Michael Kring, *ibid*

• 'The flight of F-104's moved up to the apron. Nasty silver birds with wings like sawn-off shotguns.'—Peter Heath, *The Mind Brothers*

• 'They shook hands, and Jason set about retrieving his balls.'—Peter Heath, *ibid*

• 'When he finished, Starr's hands were going numb and his arms were drifting slowly away from their sockets.'—Peter Heath, *Men Who Die Twice*

• 'The sun came up like a piece of fiery yellow butter.'—Peter Heath, *ibid*

• 'His eyes could have cut through rock mountains.'—Sam Merwin Jr, *The Time Shifters*

• 'Wearing an aura of rugged-intellectual charm like a plastic raincoat ...'—Sam Merwin Jr, *ibid*

• 'Dr Kelter's forehead sprouted italics ...'—Emil Petaja, *The Nets of Space*

• 'His mouth muscles forced his sluggish blood agonizingly through his veins ...'—Emil Petaja, *ibid*

• 'Don's smile was a lemon twist.'—Emil Petaja, *ibid*

• 'Don's eyelids fell shut with a silent thud.'—Emil Petaja, *ibid*

• 'The brassy September blue overhead had been obscured by invisible storm clouds.'—Emil Petaja, *ibid*

• 'Though she was many years the younger, she seemed by her manner to be the older of the pair—that is, if age could be measured by suspicion.'—Duncan McGeary, *Snowcastles*

• 'Palmer's screams became fainter as the slugs ate their way into him, a number burrowing up through his torn genitals, using his anus as a means of access in their search for the softer, more succulent parts of his body.'—Shaun Hutson, *Slugs*

• 'It was an Everest of understatement.'—Robert Charles Wilson, *The Harvest*

• 'Not Martians ... not Venusians; they were from considerably more distant regions. A neighbouring galaxy, with their own sun and its planets, from a star which, as closely as Creigh could estimate, must have been within the orbit of Antares, their sun.'—Kenyon Holmes, 'The Man who Rode the Saucer'

• 'A horror tale of supernatural suburban terror in which a couple is stalked by a mail-order catalog with evil powers!'—Warner Books (US) blurb for *Fearbook* by John L. Byrne

• 'He closed with Arabs whose breath stank of spices and who fought with knives clutched in their teeth.'—Steve Baxter, 'The Star Beast', in *Ignorant Armies* ed David Pringle

• 'The wagon lurched forward like an armadillo trying to mate with a very fast duck.'—James P Silke, *Frank Frazetta's Death Dealer, Vol II Lords of Destruction*

• 'Now that important Achilles heel was closed.'—Geoffrey Jenkins, *Firepoint*

• 'His lips formed the words, but it was his heart which spoke them.'—Bernard King, *Starkadder*

• 'Her heart fluttered at the words, then began to pound in wild abandon, threatening to rob her of breath, to burst from her chest and fill her mouth with pulsing terror, to flood her very spirit with the acid taint of fear.'—Bernard King, *ibid*

Special True-Romance Supplement

• 'When she looked at him, something inside her lurched, and she swallowed her errant innards down, holding them still by not breathing for a time.'—Sheri S. Tepper, *Sideshow*

• 'Her very existence made his forebrain swell until it threatened to leak out his sinuses.'—Nancy A. Collins, *Sunglasses After Dark*

• 'More interesting to Whaleman were the fantastic breastworks, huge swollen globes of shiny flesh upon her chest, crowned with soft pink suckler tips—no doubt, the Gunner surmised—the mammary evidence of a runaway GPC maternal code. He realized that he was inspecting her with excessive interest but could not help himself. The mammala were exquisitely formed, curiously hard-soft in appearance, and jutting out from the chest in a manner that aroused Whaleman's engineering curiosity.'—Don Pendleton, *The Guns of Terra 10*

• 'Then they wrestled like enemies, rolling in the black mud, with the flowers crushed between them. ... All the wood seemed moving with them, as if they had disturbed it into utmost life. Bubbles of air burst and leaves were shaken loose on them. ... Under her elbow was the skeleton of a stoat, threshed out of its grave by their fury.'—Tanith Lee, *Heartbeast*

• 'Is this your wife? What a lovely throat!'—Speech frame for English-language version of *Nosferatu* (1922)

• 'Rand stared at her in amazement that oozed across the emptiness surrounding him like syrup.'—Robert Jordan, *The Fires of Heaven*

• 'He wasn't going to leave Pat Benson on her own, crabs or no crabs.'—Guy N. Smith, *Night of the Crabs*

• 'Her hands found the massive muscles on his back and squeezed them in the rhythm of love.'—Peter Heath, *Assassins from Tomorrow*

• '... the touch of their loins drew sparks.'—Sam Merwin Jr, *The Time Shifters*

• 'His cocked look sized her up.'—Emil Petaja, *The Nets of Space*

• 'I knew he wouldn't come. I sat clutching a chipped white cup until the coffee turned to cold sludge ... The refectory door opened again, my diaphragm jumped ...'—Freda Warrington, 'Shine for Me', in *Dark Fantasies* ed Chris Morgan

• 'Richards felt a coolness creep into his testicles.'—Stephen King, *The Running Man*

• 'You're lovely; and you're a brick.'—John Wyndham, *The Secret People*

• 'Their tongues twisted around each other, strong as pythons. She had never been afraid of snakes.'—Marge Piercy, *Body of Glass*

• '"It was not sex!" she snapped in sudden fury. His moustache writhed in a sneer. "Oh—forgive me!"'—Dave Duncan, *Strings*

• 'He lifted her tee-shirt over her head. Her silk panties followed.'—Peter F. Hamilton, *Mindstar Rising*

Thog Thank Anon • David V. Barrett • John Grant • Rob Hansen • Kari • David Langford • Ian Sales • Nancy Webber
▶ Copyprinting courtesy of Gestetner Ltd, Lincoln House, 100 Broadway, Salford, M5 2UW. Contact Peter Maddocks: 061-872-8511. ◀

The Adelphi Coracle

Newsletter 1
Friday 1 April
Lunchtime

The Cruel Sea

Welcome to Sou'Wester's newsletter, the fearless organ whose editors are not afraid to say: 'Er, don't blame *us* for the title, it was John Brunner's pun....'

1 April Birthdays. William Harvey (discoverer of the circulation of the alcohol), 1578; Otto von Bismarck, 1815; Edgar Wallace, 1875; Lon Chaney, 1883; Anne McCaffrey, 1926; Samuel R.Delany, 1942. D.F.Jones died, 1981. *Also:* First advertisement published in England, 1647 ('Come one come all and make merrie Sporte at ye Easterconne else Mistress Bell shall breake thy Legges'); RAF established, 1918; first weather satellite Tiros 1 launched, 1960.

First Aiders. Could all such please make themselves known to Ops so we can get hold of you quickly in the unlikely event of a medical emergency?

Local Groups List. *The Adelphi Coracle* hopes to publish a handy listing of all Britain's local sf groups—or rather, those we're told about. Venue, date/time and contact address/number needed. Ignominious omission of your group will be *Your Fault!*

Sonic the Hedgehog Pyjamas! As promised, Mr KD from Bristol, our lips are sealed on this one.

Ten Years Ago the first Eastercon *Coracle* amazed the world at Seacon '84 in Brighton: Martin Hoare's C*[onvention]* ORACLE, with teletext bulletins illicitly transmitted to TVs scattered round the hotel....

Find the Newsroom! We're in the Ultima Thule Room (Room 269): get to the second floor and follow the swearing. The closest lifts are, obviously, the ones starting by the Real Ale Bar. The door is locked and the premises burglar-alarmed when no one is there: in case of need, find Langford (near the closest lifts) or Barnett. Newsbits may be left with Registration or Ops.

Captain's Log: READ ME Update

Friday • *Video changes:* 2.45pm *Beautiful Dreamer*; 4.30pm *Special Bulletin*; 6pm *Volere Volare* (Thog hotly recommend).

5pm, Boardroom: *We Didn't Mean to Go to Seacon*—Alison Scott and Chris O'Shea have discovered Evolution is using the Hotel Metropole. Accordingly, this has been changed from a panel item to a participative workshop. If you've ever wanted to be involved in a spoof bid, this is your chance.

6pm: *SF and the Future*—entry should say 'SCIENCE FICTION AND THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE AND POLITICS. Alan Mayne looks at recent and possible future developments in science and politics in relation to sf: what has happened and where it is leading.'

11pm: *Ramsey Campbell Reading*—moved to 11pm Sat. Ramsey makes some ludicrous excuse about having drifted into the habit of eating on Friday night. They're pretty decadent in these parts.

Saturday • NEW: 11am, Workshop 1: *Grand Seven-Minute Novel Competition* (with thanks to Irving Wallace for the inspiration). In the future literary fame will last even less than 15 minutes ... claim yours now! Full details page 2.

NEW: 10am, noon (before and after *Second Foundation* at 11am)—tour of SF Foundation collection.

Noon, Boardroom: *Drawing for Comics* replaces *H.P.Lovecraft* in a welter of oozing, blasphemous draughtsman's ichor. (See 5pm.)

NEW: 1pm, Lounge: Millennium launch party.

NEW: 4pm, Lounge: Legend launch party.

5pm, Boardroom: *H.P.Lovecraft* replaces the noxious, eldritch *Drawing for Comics*.

6pm: new start-time for *Per Ardua e Slush Pile* (was 8pm).

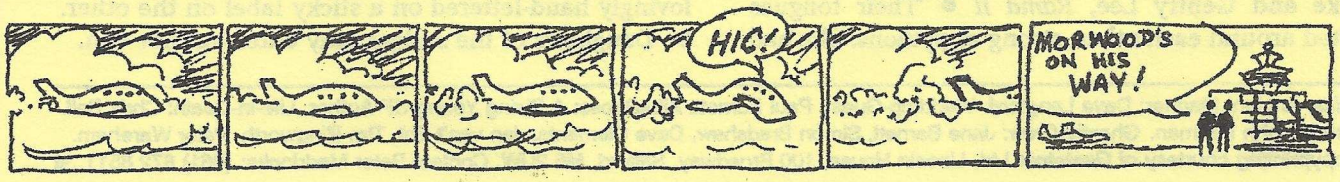
7pm: new start-time for *Talking About UK Worldcons* (was 6pm).

Sunday • *Writers' Circle* moved from 11am to 9:30am! Har har!

11am: Fiona Clark spells her name without a final 'e' (as in 'Fionae').

4pm and 9pm: *The Fanzine Panel* (was 4pm) has been moved to 9pm, exchanging with the *Writers' Panel: Beginnings* (was 9pm). **Also** *The Fanzine Panel* entry should continue 'Alasdair Hepburn, Jackie McRobert and Mike Siddall' (the names they dared not print!).

Monday • 11am: *The Failure of the Future.* Substitute Graham Joyce for Jim Burns, as Jim can't make it. Then delete Graham, as he can't manage that



time of day....

11am: *Hang On, Isn't That Me?* Delete Smitty, who proposes not to get up.

1pm: *The Knights Templar*—cancelled by order of the Bavarian Illuminati; well, *that's what they'd like you to believe....*

4pm: *Who are You Calling a Pervert?* Not Giulia de Cesare any longer: Alison Scott assumes her position.

Bilgewater

Overheard. At Zorba's Restaurant ... *Diner:* 'What's in the meze?' *Waitress:* 'Do you want the truth?' • *Dave Lally:* Is your mum here this weekend?' Kenneth Bell: 'She's running it!' • 'Per Ardua *E* Slushpile ... you can tell this is a Cambridge sub-committee, we're arguing about the Latin.' (Thog say, 'Oh God, not *dei ex machinums* corrigendae again!') • 'They know about you in Ops, Geoff. I've heard them discussing you up there.' (C. Mullan to G. Ryman)

Pot Bust at Adelphi! *Friday 10am:* Hotel staff, moving a 3ft oriental vase in order to avert damage from fans ... you guessed it. Well, if it ain't a bust ... (*Martin Stewart*)

Most Terrifying Journey. 'Yard by yard, inch by inch, through fear-haunted alleys celebrated in some of the finest horror tales ever crafted, we finally came shattered to Sou'Wester!' *writes Ramsey Campbell.*

Alison Scott's Italian Saga. Last night a vast party tramped through the impenetrable rain forest of Liverpool in search of an Italian restaurant. At the (formerly recommended) Casa Italia they discovered several fire engines plus people gesticulating frantically in that charming Italian way. Next came the Casa Bella down the road. Requests for a table for 10 were met with blank shrugs (© Robert Jordan) and a card to be taken to the other end of Liverpool, where we should mention Gary's name ... Hence to the Villa Romana, on Hanover St, about 3 minutes' walk from the Adelphi. Jolly nice pizza and pasta; excellent sweets (ask Pompino the Kregoyne; he had two) and proper pizza-style garlic bread with your choice of rosemary, anchovy, pancetta or mozzarella. The cappucino was OK, the house red wine abominable (much discussion as to what the foam might consist of) but cheap. Overall pretty good. Open again Saturday night.

Special Thanks: Jim Barker (logo), Gestetner's Terry Moody (and see issue credits box), the *SF Encyclopedia*, John Stewart and esoterica researchers David Bratman, Roger Burton-West, Ahrvid Engholm, Rob Hansen, Mark L.Olson, Andy Porter of *SF Chronicle*, Barry Traish....

Thog's Masterclass The Chris Gilmore of Literary Criticism quotes the masters. • '"You have a slight fever, suggesting your body is fighting some infection," Nicole told General Borzov. "All the internal data confirms that you are feeling severe pain."'—Arthur C. Clarke and Gentry Lee, *Rama II* • 'Their tongues twisted around each other, strong as pythons. She had never been afraid of snakes.'—Marge Piercy, *Body of Glass* • (All further submissions welcome.)

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Can't afford to buy enough BSFA voters? Worried that someone has blandished the Eastercon voters more effectively than you? Well

STOP WORRYING!

The Editors of *The Adelphi Coracle* are proud to announce the most prestigious literary award of the con: Sou'Wester's very own inaugural

GRAND WORLD SEVEN-MINUTE NOVEL CUP
(Patron: Terry Pratchett)

Rules

1 The contest is to be held from 11am-ish in Workshop 1 on Saturday, with the result to be announced as described in **8** and published in the first available issue of *The Adelphi Coracle* thereafter.

2 Contestants will be given a measured seven minutes to write a novel, which must be at least three chapters long. In the event that support for this contest is greater than anticipated, there will be more than one sitting, although no contestant will be permitted to submit more than one novel.

3 No notes may be brought into the chamber.

4 Entries must be in *legible* handwriting (although see **5** below), so John Clute need not enter. If you want your entry back, mark it 'DON'T CHUCK', and call at the Newsroom later to pick it up.

5 Contestants wishing to use laptops may supply their entries on IBM-compatible disc in either WordPerfect (not WP6.0) or ASCII. (If using a different word processor, please check with the Newsroom well before.) There will, of course, be rigorous security checks of your hard disc.

6 The invigilators will supply specially coded paper, but it would be good if you brought some of your own, in case of emergency. There will, of course, be rigorous security checks of your piece of paper.

7 The Judges are John Clute, Sam J. Lundwall and the Editors of *The Adelphi Coracle*. Their decision will be final: no discussions, financial transactions or sexual congress will be entered into, probably.

8 The winning entry will be published in *The Adelphi Coracle*. If the Judges deem enough of the runners-up to be any good, and if the Newsroom paper stocks can run to it, a Special Issue—sure to become a collectors' item!—will be published. At the Awards Ceremony (Sunday 8pm) the winner will be presented with the much-coveted Cup itself, a superb sculpture in extruded manmade materials with 'Brooke Bond Choicest Blend Tea INTERCITY' marked in engraving-lookalike finest screen-printing (we think) on one side and with the winner's name lovingly hand-lettered on a sticky label on the other.

9 Daughters of the Judges may enter but not win.

Credits. Ancient Mariner: Dave Langford. Wedding-Guest: Paul Barnett. AlbaStross: A Rising Young SF Author. Life-in-Death: Chris Bell. Hermit: John Dallman. Ghastly Crew: Jane Barnett, Simon Bradshaw, Dave Clements, Jan van't Ent, Tim Illingworth, Peter Wareham.
► Copyprinting courtesy of Gestetner Ltd, Lincoln House, 100 Broadway, Salford, M5 2UW. Contact Peter Maddocks: (061) 872 8511. ◄

The Adelphi Coracle

Newsletter 2
Friday 1 April
Evening

Moby Dick (Health Warnings)

One We Missed! Many happy anniversaries fall on 1 April, but this is ... the 21st birthday of VAT.

Sonic the Hedgehog Pyjamas! In answer to your query, MS from Folkestone, it depends on the location of Sonic the Hedgehog.

Aldiss—The Truth. Matt Campbell shamefacedly confesses that, watching Brian Aldiss on TV a while ago, he realized that the person at Helicon who told him to, um, GO TO BED (see *Heliograph passim*) was *not Brian Aldiss at all*. The guilty party, if at Sou'Wester, should beware of medium-sized boys with expressions of grim determination on their faces.

First Tiger Hobbes was assassinated during the Opening Ceremony just before 'he' could make a speech crucial to the fate of the Universe as we know it. The lights went out and crazed and horrible sounds were heard, possibly from the filkers next door. When vision returned ... no, the scene is too pitiful to describe. *(See our Oceans of Gore Flood Innocent SF Conventions In Vile Pagan Sex Rituals Not Unallied To Video Nasties correspondent, p94.)*

Liverpool in SF. Well, er ... Josh Kirby was trained at the Liverpool School of Art; Lister in *Red Dwarf* famously hails from Liverpool (and the less famous Olaf Stapledon was born nearby in Wirral); the Liverpool sf magazine *Outlands* published its single issue in Winter 1946, starring John Russell Fearn and Sydney J.Bounds; Ken Campbell's *Illuminatus* was launched here in 1976; and over at the University they have this thing called the SF Foundation. *Voice of Ramsey Campbell:* 'Is that ALL you have to say?'

Spare Underpants Reqd by Tall Gent of Respectable Character. Geoff Ryman wins the **Thog Sloppy Packing Award** for arriving at Sou'Wester without any. All donations accepted.

Captain's Log: Updates

Friday: Thog Recommend with Morningstar Attached. Savourna Stevenson, performing with her trio tonight at nine, is an act under no circumstances to be missed. If you think that the clarsach (Celtic harp) is an instrument reserved for wimps in slab fantasy novels, think again: Savourna's music, ranging across the spectrum from traditional Celtic material to jazz and blues, is surprisingly gutsy. Thog has cassettes of her first two albums at the con, and would play them endlessly (and very loudly) in the Newsroom were it not for the fists of co-editor Langford. **Thog say: Be there or be shapeless.**

Saturday ... 7-Minute Novel Cup. Enquiries (A.Frost) about application for entry have poured into the Newsroom. All you need to do is turn up at 11am on Saturday at Workshop 1. Oh, and write your novel.

There will be *only one* SF Foundation collection tour, at noon. The 10am tour reported last issue was a mythical construct.

Moot Prog Addition. Before the *Hot Sexuality (Elementary) Workshop* on Saturday there'll be a *Pagan Moot* at 1pm—Lounge. All pagans welcome.

Most Important Prog Change of All. NEW: **Thog the Mighty will be giving a reading at 9pm Saturday in Workshop 2.**

Jason's Birthday Party is to be in Suite 200. All young children at Sou'Wester are welcome if they arrive accompanied by a parent.

Scuttlebutt

Overheard. *Lord Mayor:* 'Liverpool doesn't really deserve its bad name.' *Audience:* 'zzzzzzzz'. • *Gamma:* 'I don't need two!' • *At opening ceremony:* 'Definition of a politician—someone with a microphone for his brain cell.' • *Chris Southern:* 'When you hear at Wincon's *Fannish Fortunes* that 1% of fans respond to the cue "an author who has won awards" with "Dave Langford"—that was me!' • 'It's all right ... I don't mind if you shout at me'—Sally Ann Melia • 'Don't worry. Just nod, and if you're still confused buy them a drink'—Jaine Weddell • 2 out of 5 members of Pat McMurray's Intersection Division are pregnant. *Mark Charsley:* 'You don't have to be on the Intersection committee to be pregnant, and you can quote me on that.' • 'People assume, Abigail, that you're only wearing vaguely baggy clothes because you're vaguely baggy underneath.' •

Breakthough in Fannish Physics! The 'Hugh' is a world-leading measure of personal disorganization, whose inimitable reference standard is present at this very convention. Unfortunately, the unit, like the Coulomb or the °Shea, is a touch large. Most fans seem to run at 50-100 milliHughs, ranging up to about 250 for the likes of Abi Frost. Confidential figures for others are not available from the Newsroom.

Sucking Hell! Alan Poppit wants male or female volunteers who would like their toes sucked. Selection

of flavours available.

Indeterminate Birthday. Was it the 1st, the 2nd, the 5th of April or some other day close by? Greetings anyway to birthday boy Giovanni Giacomo Casanova, chevalier de Seingalt (*b.*1725) ... and we ask Sou'Wester members to respect his memory by not doing anything of which he'd disapprove.

Buy Now! Dave Langford has copies of *Ansible 80* but can't remember who's already received it—drop him a heavy (pint-shaped) hint.... Also from this impecunious author: *Let's Hear It For The Deaf Man*, a 1993 nonfiction Hugo nominee, of which it has been said 'Cost you a fiver'; and indeed *War in 2080: The Future of Military Technology For Only £6 In Hardback But It's a Tiny Bit Dated Oh All Right 1979....*

ConfaPlug Come to the Confabulation table to get your PR2; fabulous moose t-shirts with multicolour design by Sue Mooson, £7; excellent limited-edn Sou'Wester badge, 50p; top-quality convention membership, only £20.

Indulge Your Childhood Fantasies (Orwellian advt). Remember Scalextrix? (Spelt different in Thog's day.) Connect 4? Well, we have them all in ROOM 255 and more. Of course, we also have loads of the old favourites from Illuminati to Convention Killer to History of the World to Pit to ... (I have only 100 words [Thank God—Thog]) Come along, join in, beginners welcome, play games, run games, watch games, sign up for games, help us set up games, break some games. Go back to your childhood in ROOM 255!!! *(Stop Press! Scalextric broken! Don't bother!)*

Found Would whoever lost the HOW TO HAVE SEX WITH A JACUZZI article please reclaim it from the Newsroom.

Game Prog Addition—Killer. *An Expert Writes:* Killer is not as mindless as it sounds. Go to the Games Room; get given a target (another group member) and a sticker saying I'M ALIVE. (Thog: 'Should read, Get a life!') Kill your target by attaching to any part of its body a sticker saying YOU'RE DEAD. Then take on your dead target's target, and so on until.... Sweet and simple, eh? Only someone else is trying to kill you, dummy. It's fun! It's free! (It says here!) Register in the Games Room (255) by 1.30pm Saturday.

Plug. John Brunner draws your attention to the 1994 Writers' Conference at Southampton University, Fri-Sun 15-17 April; he'll be one of the speakers. More from Southampton (0703) 593469, or ask John, who has a few spare copies of the full programme.

300 Years Ago. In 1694 the 4th and 5th books of François Rabelais's *Gargantua and Pantagruel* were translated into English, the final Book 5 containing *science fictional bits* to reward readers who'd struggled through all the rest....

Late Flash—More Sex-in-Jacuzzi News! Thog say: This one rock Adelphi. Nina Watson has a jacuzzi in her room (Room M1), and is making it available for TWP members at 7pm on Saturday. Chocolate fondue and toyboys desperately required.

In the Mood. *Jan van't Ent writes:* A wandering Jew, a flying Dutchman, an ancient mariner couldn't have got so lost trying to find a room. After being overwhelmed by the lounge (which *can* be found) ... lovely maze-like, dead-ending stairs, plus fire check doors that don't appear to lead anywhere. Once you've found your floor, by watching the elevator lights like a hawk, there are staggering possibilities. At worst, you can always simply walk on, round a few corners and arrive eventually. Got it? Now try again late at night, directly from the bar...

Overheard during the opening from an unblemished source—the best—Sou'wester T-shirts and postcards are still available, reasonably priced, **and won't get any cheaper.**

Thog's Masterclass. Want grow up to be John Clute? More magical litcrit moments: 'Its voice was soft, gentle—but repugnant. Like the breath of a diseased infant. It was a sound with halitosis.'—John Shirley, *In Darkness Waiting* ● 'Susan awoke to an absolute silence: the traffic outside the hotel had been utterly stilled. John was in the bathroom—she could hear the shower running.'—Robert Charles Wilson, *The Divide* ● 'Dr Kelter's forehead sprouted italics ...'—Emil Petaja, *The Nets of Space* ● 'She's got an IQ like a phone number.'—screenwriter, *Swamp Thing* (the 1981 movie) ● 'They shook hands, and Jason set about retrieving his balls.'—Peter Heath, *The Mind Brothers* ● 'A horror tale of supernatural suburban terror in which a couple is stalked by a mail-order catalog with evil powers!'—Warner Books (US) blurb for *Fearbook* by John L. Byrne ● Further submissions from the works of our Guests of Honour welcome!

Dish of the Day

(A semi-regular feature.) *Jane Barnett writes, shamelessly:* Sultry, pouting RAMSEY CAMPBELL, 48, flicked his steel-grey hair, and agreed to be interviewed.

His favourite colours are blue and green: he has them in his workroom. 'I find them restful,' he husked, and seated himself more comfortably on the luxurious dark blue hotel carpet. His hobbies are walking in the country and collecting books, CDs, and classical music. You will be by this time disappointed to discover he is married—to the lovely (but unworthy, we think) Jenny. Apparently she 'does a great Indian', which is his favourite of many favourites.

Handy writing hint from Ramsey: Think of the first line BEFORE you write it down. Yet another useful thing to know when trying to persuade him you really HAVE met before: he writes longhand, though he doesn't know why.

Shameless Plug from Ramsey: Alone With The Horrors (not about baby-sitting) 'features 39 of the best short stories from his first 30 years of writing'. (Thog say: All the ones not about bloody Lovecraft.)

Credits. Davy Jones: Dave Langford. Creature from the Black Lagoon: John Grant. Flying Dutchmen: Jan van't Ent and Nico Veenkamp. Poseidon: Marcus Streaks. Sub-Mariner: Arthur C.Clarke. The Sea Lady: Jane Barnett and/or Abigail Frost. The Bends: Chris Bell.
▶ Copyprinting courtesy of Gestetner Ltd, Lincoln House, 100 Broadway, Salford, M5 2UW. Contact Peter Maddocks: 061-872-8511. ◀

The Adelphi Coracle

Newsletter 3
Saturday 1 April
Lunchtime

Ship of Fools

Diana Wynne Jones regrets (and so very much do we) that a resurgence of crippling back pain led to her unexpected early departure *circa* 8:30am today. She sends regards and apologies to all at Sou'Wester.

Gaiman Interview. Our reporter is a devoted Gene Wolfe fan, so the dialogue went ... *Neil:* 'I've been reading book 3 of the **Long Sun** in typescript!' *TAC:* 'Aaaaarrgh!' *(Exit, gnashing teeth enviously.)*

2 April Birthdays. Charlemagne, 742; Hans Christian Andersen, 1805; William Holman Hunt (famous for *Report on Probability A*), 1827; Emile Zola, 1840; Max Ernst, 1891; Alec Guinness, 1914; Doris Day, 1924; Peter Haining, 1940; Joan D.Vinge, 1948. *Also:* Destructive earthquake, Valparaiso, 1851; Jack the Ripper's first murder, 1888; Argentina invades Falklands, 1982.

Found. Will *Gareth Josham* call at Ops to pick up the personal item which reveals your blood group to be B+? *('My favourite flavour'—H.Mascetti.)* If not, we'll print your National Insurance number. *Stop Press:* another diary found! Take note, *S.Wardle*. Also: a plastic bag stuffed with 'reasonably good' fanzines....

Shut The Bleeding Door! John Harold, patrolling last night, found three hotel room doors ajar. Please ensure yours is *shut* when you leave the room.

Speaking Of Which ... Sou'Wester has failed to provide a vital tech requirement for the 1996 bidding session—**doors**. If the bitterly contested bid goes to a lobby count, everyone will have to use the same lobby.

Oops. Ops thinks it would be *jolly useful* to let everyone know that **Breakfast Ends At 11am**, *not* 11:30 as in READ ME ... how everyone laughed who turned up at 11:05 this morning. Sackcloth and ashes are on order for those responsible. (Thog not just sack cloth—sack whole city.)

❶ *Captain's Log: Updates*

Twitching Fingers. 5pm today in the Lounge: signings by lots of authors including Hambly, Duane, Morwood, Higgins (Wot, no Thog?) ... Gaiman hasn't been asked yet (probably still asleep). David Barrett is looking for more participants, so buy him a drink.

'No more programme changes! I got it all right before Sou'Wester started!' claims Rhodri. So these Saturday updates are *mostly* the same as in *TAC 1*....

NEW: 1pm, Lounge: Millennium launch party.

NEW: 4pm, Lounge: Legend launch party, if John Jarrold conquers his hangover this early in the day.

5pm, Boardroom: *H.P.Lovecraft* replaces the noxious, eldritch *Drawing for Comics*.

6pm: *Per Ardua e Slush Pile* (moved from 8pm).

7pm: *Talking About UK Worldcons* (was 6pm).

Do Update. The Intersection Party starts 9.30pm on Saturday in the Boardroom (West), not 9pm as stated in *Read Me*.

Monday. 'If anyone wants to watch the Helicon video, turn up Monday in the video room for video request.' Time unspecified....

Whodunit? The Hobbes Murder

From TAC*'s burgeoning slushpile:* Accusations are flying thick and fast concerning the foul murder of First Tiger Hobbes at Friday's opening ceremony. Ming the Merciless was questioned but unusually appears to have an alibi; however, Darth Vader is definitely in the running. Others accused include Barbara Mascetti and Lt Commander Data. Gary Stratmann of Ops assures us that all suspects will be rounded up for the second Murder Mystery Workshop *(6pm, Sunday, Boardroom)*, to be questioned. • STOP PRESS! One of the investigating teams has accused Lt Commander Data of involvement in the crime. • STOP PRESS AGAIN! Never mind who killed Hobbes, what happened to the body? Why is Tom Abba looking so shifty? And why has he been seen buying nails and a box? I think we should be told. • PRESS STOP OF OWN VOLITION. Why Thog the Mighty look so smug? • PRESS 'STOP'. At this stage of the typing-up process, our editors were carried off to the little grey cells ...

Fish Stories

Overheard. 'It must be after midnight, Neil looks human.' • 'Actually I sent in forty foot noodles.' • 'I was standing right next to Chris Bell. I've got hold of *everything*.' • *At concert:* 'During the pauses between performances the technicians were fiddling around.'

Eastercon Award Censorship Horror! Crypto-fascist Rhodri James incautiously admitted, 'Actually *Ansible* had more nominations in the Short Text category than all the rest put together, but we decided Langford was ineligible after winning last year....'

100 Years Ago. Great sf/fantasy of 1894 included John Jacob Astor's *A Journey in Other Worlds: a Romance of the Future* (featuring an early antigravity device

powered by 'apergy', possibly the opposite of lethargy); Austin Bierbower's *From Monkey to Man, or Society in the Tertiary Age: A Story of the Missing Link*, which predicted the emergence of *Space: 1999* fans; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's 'The Great Keinplatz Experiment' (planned sequels abandoned at the thought of the line 'Elementary, my dear Keinplatz'); George du Maurier's *Trilby* of Svengali fame; Edward Douglas Fawcett's *Swallowed by an Earthquake*, about a hapless explorer who discovers Chris Bell.... *[To be continued]*

Cosmic Issue Settled. Friday's 'Fandom is a two tier system' motion was passed 14-11 (3 abstentions). **Thog say:** 'Will all end in tiers.'

Claim Your Freebie. Write your name and address in the Great Gestetner Tome (newsroom) to ensure that *(a)* you receive an exciting booklet and free pen; *(b)* our wonderful repro-equipment sponsors receive the idea that lending the stuff was a Good Idea. Directors of major PLCs especially welcome.

Sonic the Hedgehog Pyjamas! Sorry, Mr BS from Galashiels, we can't answer your query: no one we've consulted can remember seeing a pair walking down the hotel corridor at 3am.

Feedback. To help further government grants to scientists at sf cons, Dave Clements, Amanda Baker and John Bray want comments from fans who attended the relevant talks: Michael Leask on *The Physics of Sound* at VIbraphone, Chris Mier on *Programmers in Fact and Fiction* at Microcon, or any science-related talks at Sou'Wester. Also, suggestions or requests for further activities which will raise the profile of science at sf conventions, and for which funding might be obtainable. Please contact via the Voodoo Board.

Double Muff. Sue Mason has been given a Muff monster. (**Thog censor Alison Scott's off-colour jokes about this.**)

Not To Be Missed: an exhibition of Gary Hill's video art at the Tate Gallery, Albert Dock. One piece, called 'Tall Ships' for reasons I haven't troubled to discover, is the most spectral experience I've ever had in a gallery. If Val Lewton had designed a ghost train, or more accurately a walk down a haunted corridor, it might have been like this. Jenny refused to be left alone in it; it unnerved me, by gum. *Ramsey Campbell*

Gourmet Corner. 'Yates Wine Lodge, down hill from Adelphi and first right, has *[totally illegible]* beers and good fart *[port?]*—try it!' says ½r.

Call in—Sig Sig. If you read *So It Goes* and also this, contact John Wiggell via the Voodoo Board. (*Is this the Sonic the Hedgehog Pyjamas story?—Ed*)

Wrodri Rhites. The Savourna Stevenson concert went extremely well, judging from the enthusiastic response of the audience and the roaring trade in tapes and CDs afterwards ('If we sell all the tapes now, we won't have anything left for the Irish tour!'). The traditional-looking combination of clarsach, double bass and drums produced some amazing jazz and blues sounds, gobsmacking members of the audience who didn't think that the harp did chromatics. Sou'Wester Programme Disorganizer Rhodri James pronounced himself very pleased; Secret Instigator Paul Barnett pronounced himself very knackered.

Comic Mart. Rush out and spend lots of money at the Bluecoat mart on School Lane. Started 11am but still going. Admission 50p. (Suzanna hopes the audience for the comics panel has gone to this so she can be ill in peace.)

Korruption Korner. *An Evolution committee member with a grey mac and a photo of your sister writes:* Don't forget to get your free raffle tickets from Evolution. If we win the bid on Sunday, we'll raffle signed copies of work by our wonderful GoHs. Whaddya mean, incentive to come to the bid session....

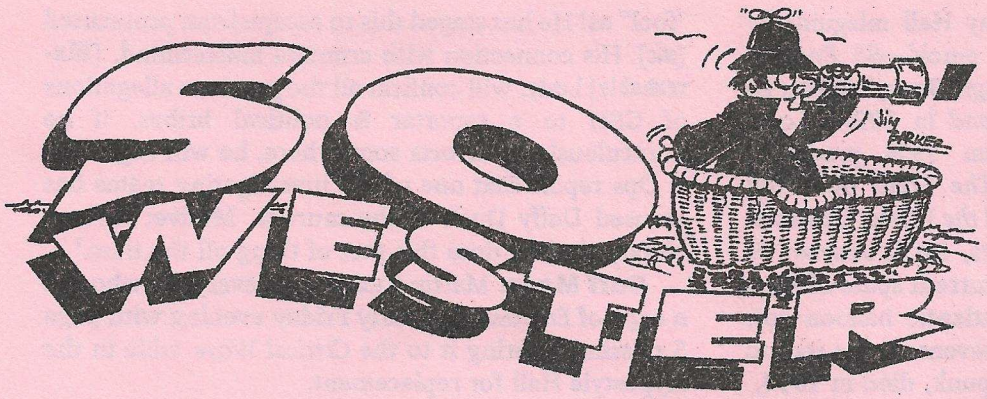
Restaurants. *Alison Scott, the Thog of Cuisine, goes on (and on and on):* Best in Liverpool (not cheap) is the Armadillo, Matthew St: lunch and early-evening special not quite so extortionate. Tito's, Slater St: pretty decent Frenchish affair; makes up in style and quantity what it loses in authenticity. Bali Bistro, Albert Dock: recommended Indonesian food. Also in the Albert Dock, the German Café is worth popping into. Chicken Bazooka is the closest fast food to the Adelphi: mostly chicken-breast burgers; cheap and reasonable. Also nearby: McDonalds, KFC, Pizza Hut, Ogden's Fish 'n' Chips. ● *Friday:* To the much recommended Zorba's for almost infinite amounts of Greek food. Mezedes pretty good value at £10 per head. For those who like squid, the deep fried calamari is excellent and the cold pickled squid good. Also lots of non-squiddy food; we couldn't finish the last three meat dishes. Wine list leaves something to be desired but you can take your own in for a small corkage.

More Thanks! Griffith Evans, Account Exec at Gestetner, angel of our repro equipment; and Ron Tiner, who drew the plane cartoon in *TAC 1*.

Flying Dutch ... Well known Dutch fan couldn't polish off all of a nine-person Chinese banquet ... dipsticks didn't help out, sweet pets won't either ... what's happening here? (**Thog suspect obscure Netherlandish obscenity Thog not understand.**)

Seven Minutes to Rama. *Abigail ('Ripping Yarns') Frost writes:* Eight contestants (but not Ramsey 'No Show' Campbell) produced eight seven-minute novels after what seemed like seven hours of fetching chairs and watching Paul ('It wasn't like this at the Groucho Club') Barnett's face as he realized he didn't have a stopwatch. I produced a substitute and the scribbling began. I managed six chapters, two A4 sides, proving Oxford finals were a useful training for future life after all; others emerged saying, 'Of course, I wrote far too much at first....' Stephen Marley gained macho credibility by writing the damn' thing standing up. Reckless daredevil Jilly ('I've marked A-level scripts more legible than this') Reed took on the task of typing the buggers up ... before abruptly finding urgent business elsewhere and handing over to Jan van't Ent.

Credits. ZZM9Z: Dave Langford. Ten Per Cent Extra Free: Paul Barnett. Serendipity: Jilly Reed. The Melencolia That Transcends All Wit: Abigail Frost. Skylark: Jan van't Ent. Enterprise: Alison Scott. So Much For Subtlety: Chris Bell. Alice Liddell: Marion Pitman.
► Copyprinting courtesy of Gestetner Ltd, Lincoln House, 100 Broadway, Salford, M5 2UW. Contact Peter Maddocks: 061-872-8511. ◄



The Adelphi Coracle

Newsletter 4
Saturday 2 April
Evening

Flying Colours

Anniversary! This weekend is the sixth anniversary of Davedom, founded in this very hotel at another Eastercon beginning on All Gammas' Day. The precepts of this faith remain inscrutable.

Important Warning. 20 Adelphi rooms are let to non-Sou'Wester members, and there has been some trouble, er, interfacing with them. ***All* party organizers** should contact John Harold or one of the other Marines **now**.

David Barrett Says You Can't Sit Here: Could people please bear in mind that the foyer of the hotel is a public area, not part of the convention; please put on the acceptable face of fandom! (This includes, please, NOT sitting on the floor in the reception area.)

Sonic the Hedgehog Pyjamas! No, AJF from Bethnal Green, we don't know where you can buy these—but you're quite right: there *should* be a pair in the TAFF auction. (And, if you so much want to see Stephen Marley's Sonic the Hedgehog pyjamas, you should muster the courage to ask him yourself.)

Kollectors' Korner. Owing to unprecedented demand, Jan van't Ent has reprinted issue #2 of *The Adelphi Coracle* (the ichor-green one). Copies available from the Newsroom.

Local Groups List. We're still collecting info for the hoped special issue listing local sf groups all over the UK. A flood of 3 people have responded so far!

Lavatourism. John Richards is thinking—just thinking—of leading a small party around the World's Most Ornate Pub Toilets, just 10-15 mins walk away. Monday lunchtime, perhaps? Ask him nicely.

Fix! Fix! Unclaimed raffle prizes at the Foundation party (ticket number/membership number): 74/72; 139/502; 72/the person whose membership number Rob Meades lost; 125/555; 90/574; 190/712. Top prizewinner was Andy Butler (a pile of signed Gaiman books); cries of 'fix' rose as John Clute collected Asimov's *Forward the Foundation* and incredulous gasps as Colin Greenland happily pocketed a £5.00 Macdonald's voucher. If your number came up, go to the FoF stall and see if you were as lucky as them.

ℹ *Captain's Log: Updates*

6pm: *Per Ardua e Slush Pile* (moved from 8pm).
7pm: *Talking About UK Worldcons* (was 6pm).
9:30pm, Boardroom: Intersection party (not 9pm).

MegaPlug. Those who took Thog's advice and went to the Savourna Stevenson concert last night know our man doesn't recommend programme items lightly (extremely heavily, in fact). So take heed when he tells you his own reading (**9pm tonight, Workshop 2 [Room 155]**) will be EVEN BETTER.

Sunday • To remind you of *Read Me* changes.... • *Writers' Circle* moved from 11am to 9:30am! Har har!

4pm and 9pm: *The Fanzine Panel* (was 4pm) has been moved to 9pm, exchanging with the *Writers' Panel: Beginnings* (was 9pm). **Also** *Fanzine Panel* entry should continue 'Alasdair Hepburn, Jackie McRobert and Mike Siddall' (the names they dared not print!).

Church. Interested in 10.30am Easter Communion at the Anglican Cathedral? A party is leaving from the foyer, 10am. Look for Anne or Mike Whitaker.

Stranger Things Happen At Sea

Overheard. The strain begins to show ... one techie was overheard to refer to another as 'Dave Holodeck'. • In the dealers' room: 'Trouble is, it's just going to be full of sci-fi stuff.' • 'If there are other hands involved, I can take pleasure in it.'—Neil Gaiman on collaboration. • Hugh Mascetti: 'I am going to kill John Dallman. I am going to kill him very slowly and in a *highly organized* manner....'

Win Dave Mooring! Well, nearly. The BSFA is offering a piece of original art by Dave Mooring to anyone who can complete a fiendishly simple word square. Entry forms (50p) are available on the BSFA desk in the Book Room. Take part in our infamous tombola, or enter the raffle for Life BSFA Membership (worth £150—so £1 for 5 entries seems pretty good value). As for the Mooring picture, opinion wavers between 'cor!' and 'but my wife wouldn't let me....'

Seven-Minute Novel Horror. Judges gibbered in dread on encountering the final, indescribable word of Stephen Marley's contribution. 'His handwriting,' groaned P.Barnett, 'is the exact literary analogue of the Marley Mumble.' Close analysis of the mystery word suggested it might be 'ummumm'. Mr Marley, asked to translate, found himself unable for 10 minutes to decipher his own punchline, and his handwriting was ceremoniously awarded a rating of 0.87 Clutes. The word itself turned out to be 'within'.

100 Years Ago (Continued). More ace sf of '94: H.Rider Haggard's *The People of the Mist*; Thomas A.Janvier's excitingly post-feminist *The Women's*