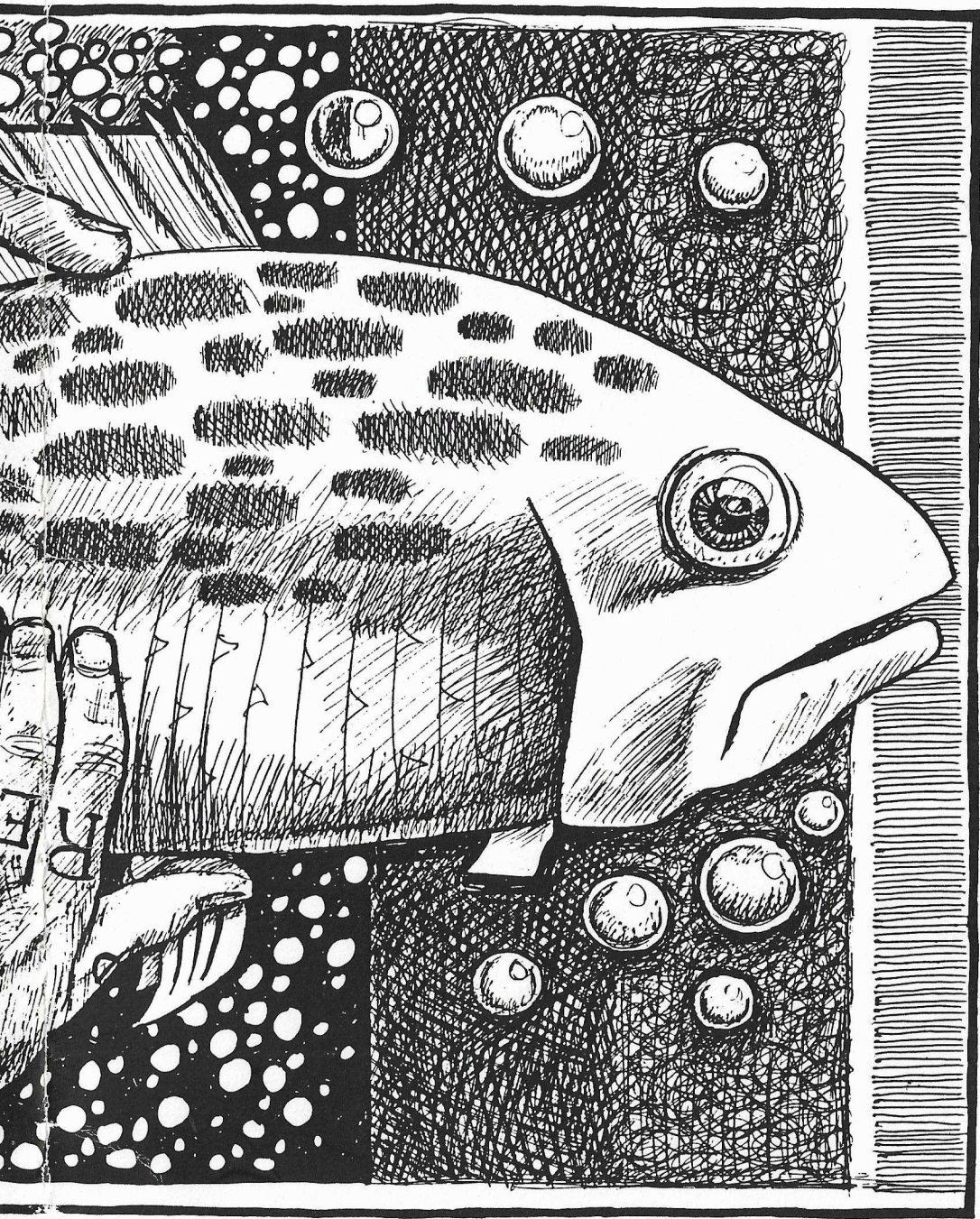
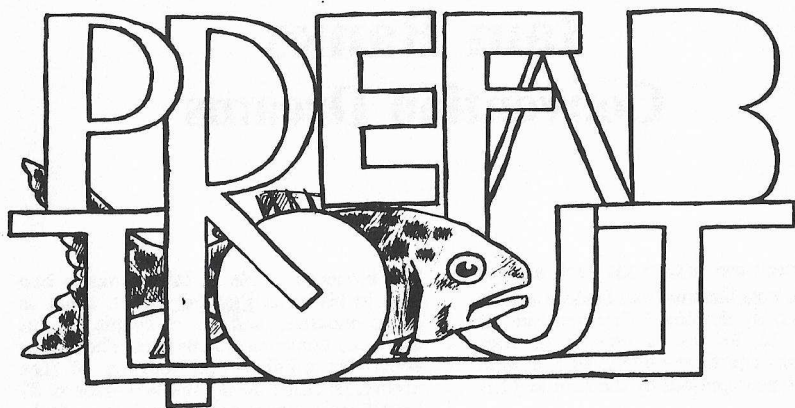






At Last The First Page Of The Programme Book

HOLD IT!

That's right , you. The one holding the programme book open at this page.

I'm not letting you turn the page without reading this first...Yes, first! This is the introduction and it aims to acquaint you with some facts, things, cabbages and kings.

Foremost, Prefab Trout is intended as small, intimate and convivial convention for you to relax and get involved in. Participation is the name of the game, with programme items to take part in, discussions to argue with, films and talks to laugh at, and a bar area for you to relax in and converse with people. Go on, lets hear the sound of you getting involved and enjoying yourself.

Secondmost, we at Prefab (Malcolm, Linda, Lilian and myself) must thank these hordes of people for what they did for us. Without them the convention would be somewhat different.

Kevin Gallagher for the artwork
Helen Wakes for Cooperative games
Alastair Reid for doing funny things to the Guests faces
Moirra for helping Linda with the Trivia questions
Our various employers for their phones, computers, photocopiers etc.
Chris Boyce and Kev P. McVeigh for their articles on our guests
Our guests for agreeing to come along and to write for this book
You for joining the convention
All who helped during the weekend

Iain Banks

Convention Dreams

Few writers can have made such a rapid impact on both literature and fandom as Iain Banks has. By the time I first met him, at Novacon 16, he was a veteran of four conventions and three novels, with a wide range of fans impressed by the man and his words.

The first anyone heard of him was a dark novel full of bizarre horrors and disturbed humour, called The Wasp Factory. According to The Times, it "Soars to the level of mediocrity", but The Daily Telegraph called it a "truly remarkable novel". Five years on there is little I can say that has not already been said, except this: as a student, barely able to afford paperbacks, I bought the hardcover edition of The Bridge, so delighted was I with The Wasp Factory and its follow up, Walking On Glass. I was not disappointed, as The Bridge remains one of Iain's early novels. It is a meta-fiction without the dryness which so often haunts the literary post-modern. It tells us a lot about Iain Banks, which in turn tells us a lot about ourselves, where we've been and where we're going.

In writing Iain ranges from the macabre to the gross to the hilarious, occasionally within a single sentence; in person he is witty, relaxed, slightly crazy, as Pam Wells said to me recently: "I don't think there is anyone who actively dislikes him in fandom". A rare achievement indeed. This is despite what could be over-exposure for a lesser personality; on panels, most of the night in the bar, he speaks well, with wit, honesty and genuine interest.

Since those early days he has also written two SF novels as Iain M. Banks, Consider Phlebas, a massive space-opera-as-it-should-be and The Player Of Games in which a bored game player attempts to become ruler of a distant planet, by playing games. Like his non-SF (or not labelled as such, anyway), these novels contain skilled characterisation, perceptive and hard-hitting social comment, and damn good stories.

The humorous side of Iain Banks is best seen in his novel Espedair Street, about an aging rockstar; and in a couple of his infamous convention activities. The stories about his climbing the outside of The Metropole Hotel during the Worldcon in 87 have been exaggerated (though not a lot!), but I do have photos of a climb into the ceiling of the bar at the Royal Angus Hotel, Birmingham during his Guest of Honour appearance at Novacon 17. What he might achieve at Prefab Trout, even he doesn't know.

Basically, Iain enjoys a good time, with a drink or three; he has a healthy sense of the absurd, and he's ideologically sound. And I haven't space to mention Dave. Buy him a drink (he'll appreciate it, I'm sure), buy his latest book, Canal Dreams, a taunt thriller about a middle aged japanese lady cellist on a tanker in the Panama Canal, and follow his lead in enjoying the convention. You can't go wrong. Even if you tell him you don't like The State Of The Art, his american short SF novel, he'll probably still drink with you, or talk to you, sign your copy or whatever. There aren't enough like him. Have fun with the one we have.

Kev P. McVeigh

Iain Banks: Biography

Born in Dunfermline Maternity Hospital on February 16th, 1954. Father able-seaman in Admiralty (later became First Officer. Now retired), mother ex-professional ice-skater. Only child, but both parents from large Scots families; numerous aunts and uncles and hordes of cousins. Family lived in North Queensferry, Fife; the young El Bonko's (derived from 'bonkers' many years ago, before bonking was ever heard of) bedroom window looked out to the Forth Bridge. In 1963 family moved to Gourrock, on the Clyde; some of the Banks tribe still live in NQF, others nearby.

Educated in North Queensferry and Gourrock Primary Schools, Gourrock and Greenock High Schools, and Stirling University (1972-1975; ordinary degree in English - along with Philosophy and Psychology. Was there when the Queen was Insulted, but playing ping-pong at the time). Highlight of the time at Stirling was undoubtedly spending a day on Sherrifmuir - along with 149 other students - as an extra in the final battle-scene of 'Monty Python and the Holy Grail'. During vacations, worked in Greenock area as hospital porter, estate worker, pier porter (catching the ropes of the Clyde steamers on Gourrock pier, hauling up gangplanks; that sort of thing), roadworker, dustman, and gardener.

Hitch-hiked through Europe, Scandinavia and Morocco in 1975. Worked for a year as a non-destructive testing technician for British Steel, spending some time at Nigg Bay construction site (area helped inspire *The Wasp Factory*). Visited USA in 1978; drove from Washington DC to Los Angeles and only went above 55mph once. While in Washington, played front half of the Loch Ness Monster in a benefit to raise funds for the local puppet theatre (no, I am not making this up).

Returned to Scotland; spent six months working for IBM in Greenock; only really showed any dedication or zeal when trying to make sure that vital computer components urgently required in Cape Town or Johannesburg went via interesting places like Reykjavic, Anchorage, Ulan Bator, Honolulu... Jobs got too hard to find in 1979, so I moved to London stay with some other Caledonian exiles. Found work. Got book published. Moved to Faversham, Kent, in 1984.

Made attempt on the Most Penetrable Pseudonym world record in 1986, with the addition of the initial M (for Menzies) to his name for the publication of first SF book.

Started going to Science Fiction Conventions in 1986 (Mexicon 2) and hasn't looked back (or sober) since. So no change there. Exploits since have included a very limited and perfectly controlled traverse of the south face of the Metropole Hotel, Brighton, at dawn one day during the '87 Worldcon, a minor event which has been completely blown out of proportion ever since, and assumed the status (and verisimilitudic reliability) of a legend. So any other stories you hear about Spiderman outfits and a career as an international jewel thief can be instantly dismissed. The destruction, a few months later, of a gatepost, brick wall and stable block gable-end while simultaneously - and almost instantaneously - producing the prototype of the World's only mid-engined Volvo is another sorry dawn-time tale which has accrued a patina of the mythic, but is - credibly - mostly true.

Moved to Edinburgh in January 1988. I have restricted my climbing exploits to the Highlands ever since. Well, mostly. In June 1989, I achieved the singular distinction of out-grossing VIZ comic, when they rejected a photo story.

Bibliography

Novels

The Wasp Factory	1984
Walking on Glass	1985
The Bridge	1986
Consider Phlebas	1987
Espedair Street	1987
The Player of Games	1988
Canal Dreams	1989

Novellas

The State of the Art	1989
----------------------	------

Short Stories

A Gift From The Culture	1987
Scratch	1987
Decendant	1987
Road Of Skulls	1988

Shopping in Glasgow: Yuppies and the Glass Elevator

You can see a lot of Princes' Square through the elevator; three hundred and sixty vision around the whole of the complex in a glass pillar, rising like fluid in a syringe, and it gives perspective to the whole achievement. Of all towns, Glasgow. Of all things, a Katherine Hammet store. It's the stuff of which Sunday Times colour supps are made. Look at the new Glasgow, everyone, and here's proof. A shiny new shopping experience, the polished gem in Thatcherism's tarnished crown. It all goes to show what economic regeneration can do for a depressed local economy, and it truly is hard to believe that ten years ago such a thing could have been conceived. Who'd have thought such a poor city would flourish to such a degree as to be graced with a shopping centre like it?

Well, if Princes' Square represents anything, it isn't a general growth in prosperity so much as the brazen declaration on the part of the newly affluent middle class that the affluence of a few should be celebrated by the many. Glasgow, goes the argument, should be proud of the thing. Surely it shows that Glasgow can at last be taken seriously as a city fit for world company when it can give birth to such an object of cosmopolitan beauty? And looking around at it from the height of the glass elevator, it's not hard to see it as an achievement of some sort, a kind of quantum leap in Glasgow's perception of itself and its deserving place in the world. But the idioms of decor appear (to the untrained eyes at least) to be Italian in origin, the balconied layout overlooking a central mosaic floor courtyard, and this makes the atmosphere of sophistication and European splendour forced, somehow unreal; as real as the people who pass through here like ghosts. They're mainly trendies, and young (or at least, young for a Conservative), eyeing up the clothes and the ornaments in the stores and the money heating up in their pockets. Princes' Square is not for the likes of you or I; I can never go in there without

the feeling that the money is being sucked away from me towards something I neither need nor want.

Now the St Enoch Centre, that's a different proposition. A huge glass and iron web strung out across St Enoch's Square and Stockwell Street, it isn't trying to hide itself with a modest exterior, oh no. It's brash and tempting, and it takes up so much space that you have at least three opportunities to pass it by before you have to give up and let it seduce you inside. The decor there is fairly straight shopping mall basic, apart from a few twiddly bits of trellis and climbing ivy. The stores are nothing special, and certainly don't sell the kind of abstruse juncrackery you get in Princes' Square, although there is a shop called, rather whimsically, "Knobs and Knockers", which sells items of what else but door ornamentations. (I shudder with horror at the idea of meeting the sort of person who considers it a jolly jape to carry around a poly bag marked "Knobs and Knockers".) There is an ice rink under construction so that a few neds can break a leg, and not a speck of dust in sight. But once again the ubiquitous crystal elevator, this time in the shape of a Toblerone on its end, zooms you up to the first floor level, where you can eat your fill on upmarket fish and chips, hamburgers, the usual works. When the ice rink opens, you'll be able to see the tagliatelle of limbs over your cappacino, since the eateries and the rink are just about adjacent. It could be the only unalloyed pleasure the place has to offer.

The worst thing about this new crop of shopping centres is the way they condition the English media image of the Glasgow renaissance. Just because we get a few trendies visiting a cheerless looking joint to ride in a glass lift, the Sunday supps send along a couple of photographers to snap them, and Thatcherism marches on regardless of the fact that most Glaswegians can't afford to shop there. But that's not really the point. The point of living in a state

where the possession of a few designer labels is supposed to be more satisfying than the possession of a few political rights, is that consumption should be as conspicuous as possible; and if it is loud enough and conspicuous enough to obscure the poverty suffering quietly in the margins, so much the better. Thatcherism doesn't really want to know about Castlemilk, Drumchapel,

Easterhouse; but as long as it can fool a few people south of the border into believing that new life in Glasgow is represented by the space which Princes' Square occupies, then it can keep a tight fist around the real money which needs to be spent.

Alex Benzie

Co-operative Games

Co-operative Games are one of those things where there are no half measures - you either love them, or you haven't heard of them.

No, really. I haven't found anyone yet who didn't get a big buzz out of them when they tried them. I've just found everyone saying "Co-operative Games? What are they?". And then, when you explain, you get the blank look, or "isn't that a bit pointless, though?"

Well, yes and no. Chess, if you think about it the wrong way, is fairly pointless. Ditto cricket, scrabble, football and (dare I say it?) D&D and all its variants.

They do all have a more usefull side. They're commonly used to break the ice in counselling groups, on the grounds that they promote team spirit, without provoking aggression, as competitive games potentially can.

I've heard Co-operative games described as games where nobody loses - and yes that does sound boring. Truer to say that if anyone loses, everyone does. However, as losing usually involves falling in a great heap with everyone else, mostly no one minds very much. And winning is like winning in any game. Fun!

To dip into evolution and all that - I've always thought civilisation began when we learned to co-operate. Funny, then, that it's competition that gets all the good press I

think it's partly gender related. I don't know of any female equivalent to the conflict between males shown in many species during the mating season. I can't think of any male equivalent to the midwifing service that females of many species will offer other females. Since the male star is currently in the ascendant, I guess you'd expect co-operation to take a back seat. Pity, though. Competition is fun, but like anything, it palls if its all thats available, goes sour if deprived of its opposite.

Okay, enough with the theory, on with the practice. If you're at all paranoid about people seeing your underwear, don't wear a skirt / kilt. Wear something you can move around in - some of the games are fairly physical. You don't have to be mega-fit to play most games, but if you do have problems with the more physical games, sit them out - no one will mind.

Feel free to ask about what you are doing, or suggest different games, or different ways to play the same games. There's generally an infinite number of 'right' ways to play any of them, and a large part of the pleasure to be gotten from playing is the return to those childhood days where you made up the rules as you went along. And finally - enjoy!

Helen Wake

The Programme

Committee's Welcome

The Shortest programme item of them all. You get to see what we look like and to buy us a drink.

Bruce's Big Cartoon Quiz

Following the Custard Pie Quiz and The Watch With Mother Quiz, Bruce presents his latest quiz - on cartoons. Four contestants will answer questions, with rounds on "What happened next?" and "What's the plot of the Tom and Jerry cartoon?".

Red Round Robin Goes Bob Bobbing Along

A panel game of extreme viciousness as various writers try to construct a story between them, each devising a segment with the sole aim of really dropping the next writer in the proverbial.

Co-operative Games

See separate article.

Not a Lot of People Know This

A fun game of trivia for everyone to participate in. If you wish to, just sit in the bar at one of the six tables set aside. Each table can seat as many team members as you wish, from 1 to 100.

SF and Mainstream - Is There a Difference?

A panel of writers and readers examine whether different methods operate when writing and reading SF and mainstream fiction. Do we employ different criteria or are the criteria the same?

Cartoons

Mickey's Circus (1936) Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck
Hawian Holiday (1937) Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Goofy and Pluto
Tugboat Mickey (1940) Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Goofy and Pluto
Army Mascot (1942) Pluto
Hareway To The Stars (1958) Bugs Bunny
Frank Duck (1946)
Pluto's Blue Note (1947)
Wet Hare (1962) Bugs Bunny

Truth or Dare

A light hearted panel game with Linda and a panelists playing Truth or Consequences

World Championship Heavyweight Arguing - The Final Eliminator

'Bonecrusher' Benzie slugs it out with 'Pulveriser' Patton, using words. Yes, a genuine fighting debate. Each round will consist of a topic suggested by a member of the audience.

Trends in The Book Market

A discussion on publishers and booksellers, involving the NBA, WH Smiths buying Waterstones, big chain booksellers vs independents, use of bookseller marketing techniques for literature etc.

It's a Cop Out

Various teams compete in a tourney of light hearted games like "The John Hurt Alien Impersonation game". The more the merrier. Contact Linda if you want to enter a team.

Mr & Mrs (or Partners)

On Friday night, your name will be placed in a hat and may be paired with another member. You have now had a whole day to get to know each other. Now the moment of truth as we ask you searching questions about your 'partner'.

Is SF Too Safe?

Can SF shock? Can it be controversial? Our panel will examine this and compare SF with other art forms.

More Cartoons

Mickey's Trailer (1938) Mickey Mouse, Goofy and Donald Duck
Mickey's Parrot (1938)
Donald's Golf Game (1938)
Bill of Hare (1962) Bugs Bunny and The Tasmanian Devil
Beach Picnic (1939) Donald Duck and Pluto
Goofy'd Glider (1940)
Donald's Dilemma (1947)

Fri

Bar It's open! Have a drink	
Halls 1 & 2 Watch the Committee Move Projectors Game	
Bar Have a rest	
Bar Give The Committee Money. Join The Convention Pass Go Don't Collect £200	
BAR Committee's welcome	
Hall 1 Bruce's Big Cartoon Quiz	
Hall 2 Red Round Robin Goes Bob Bobbing Along	
Halls 1&2 Co-operative Games Session	
BAR Not a Lot of People Know This	

Sat

10am	Hall 1 SF and Mainstream - Is there a difference?	10am
11am	Hall 2 FILM: Cartoons	11am
12noon	Hall 1 Truth or Dare	12noon
1pm		1pm
2pm	Halls 1&2 Soap Opera is stranger than Science Fiction - Angus McAllister	2pm
3pm	Halls 1&2 World Championship Heavyweight Arguing	3pm
4pm	Halls 1&2 FILM: "The Wizard of Speed and Time"	4pm
5pm		5pm
6pm	Halls 1&2 Trends in the Book Market	6pm
7pm		7pm
8pm		8pm
9pm	Halls 1&2 It's a Cop Out	9pm
10pm		10pm
11pm	Halls 1&2 FILM: George Melies	11pm
12pm	BAR Mr & Mrs	12pm

Sun

Hall 1 Is SF Too Safe?
Hall 2 FILM: More Cartoons
Hall 1 Writers Panel
Halls 1&2 Great Hotel Climbs of the Western World - Iain Banks
Halls 1&2 FILM: "Project X"
Bar Just time for one final drink as the Bar re-opens

Gus MacAllister,

The Man and The Myth

Few people know the real Gus MacAllister, the shy retiring multi-billionaire who withdrew from contact with human civilisation in the mid-fifties. Today he lives in antiseptic isolation three and a half thousand feet below the stone deserts of Arizona in the splendour of his total environment controlled videoplex / autosauana.

Last week I was privileged to be afforded an interview with this great figure in the development of computer controlled shirt folding machines and for the first time he spoke frankly, fluvially, about the 'other' Gus MacAllister.

CB: Tell me, sir. If its not too personal a question; living alone three thousand feet below the Arizona desert, as you do, how can you enjoy a full featured sex life?

GM: Well, I'll tell ya the truth, young 'un. It took me nearly fifteen years to write that first story. Fifteen years but for twelve days. Superstition was a finely crafted product, chock full of subtle nuances and a sensitive meaningful satire on Twentieth Century soullessness in the shirt folding machinery industry. D'you know the New Yorker was on the brink, yea, the brink of buying it? The Hudson Review was all set to catch it should the NY drop that property. I was sitting there ready for the literary fame (I already had the fortune) that I had sought so dilligently for fifteen years. Then the story suddenly turns up some two-bit skee-fee magazine in England. I was fit to be hog tied!

CB: Fascinating.

GM: Now the FBI (in which I own a controlling interest, sonny) has told me that you had some skee-fee garbage published in the same issue of that magazine. So I want you to know we're a-watching you just as closely we're a-watching Yezam Pizhdsarat. That, in case you are unaware, is the

true identity of that imposter of yours over there in Bonnie Scotland, God nuke yuh!

CB: Is it true you have fully featured female android robots programed to cater for your every erotic whim?

GM: Funny you should say that, m'boy, cause I was slightly mollified in a sort of way when I won that magazine story competition. I was even prepared to leave the spartan life of the recluse to he-lie-copter to London. Tarnation if Pizhdsarat didn't go in my darn stead. How could they mix us up? I hear you say 'impossible' and you're so right. This is a conspiracy. When I wrote my brilliant observations on the impact of demographic shifts in the Middle West I knew I had it nailed to the wall. I decided to write The Chatanooga Strangler as a radio play and in German! Thats how brilliant I am, sonny. Burn ma britches if he didn't go and grab that too.

CB: Electrifying.

GM: Glad y'raised that point, sonny. My multi-volume multi-level parody of the rise and fall of heavy industry in the West over the past two hundred and fifty years was my sure fire ticket to the Nobel Prize for literature. I had these aliens materialising around Paisley, Idaho, as steel production plants and strip mills. It was called The Krupps Syndrome. That two-timin son of a chicken liver robbed me again. He condensed all eighteen volumes into one, stole all the jokes and insulted me. What an insult. His Aliens were trees! Steel factories-trees! Geddit? Oh how he must have laughed.

CB: Mr MacAllister, I'm also led to understand that you are the worlds leading collector of hard core pornography. Er. Any chance I could get a swatch?

GM: Thats another point. The only reason he's gettin places is cause he's got an agent. He's got some broad runnin round rollin in the hay with all those damn publishers to sell his crappy rip offs of my sheer genius! Well , It all changes tomorrow. Yuh see I'm stopin writin. Hahahahaha. That'll fix Pizhsarat but good. Hahahahaha.

CB: I believe you are also a state of the art designer of, er, erotic manipulation devices. Could you comment? Send a free sample?

GM: Hahahahahahahaha.

CB: Mr MacAllister? Gus?

END

Chris Boyce

Alien Roots

When asked to write about myself for the programme book, I was a little at a loss. This was not from the natural modesty (which my alien psychology is totally free of), but because I had recently told all in the first volume of my autobiography, thinly disguised as a novel called The Krugg Syndrome.

Since those of you already acquainted with the story will see no reason why the others should escape, here are the main facts. My name is Brann and I am a Krugg, one of a master race of telepathic trees from the planet Tharg. In 1965, during the first Krugg invasion, I occupied the body of a wretched, spotty-faced little law apprentice from Paisley called McAllister; unfortunately, I got so entangled in his wretched, spotty-faced little life that the invasion passed me by. It is only now, after 10 years of dictatorship by the arch-Krugg Thatcher, that I have felt compelled to reveal the truth. My own use of poetic licence was the transfer of the action from Paisley to Glasgow, to give the book a more cosmopolitan air, and the provision of the hero with a breathtakingly beautiful girlfriend., the sole piece of real fantasy in the entire volume.

Further episodes will include All Kruggs Great And Small, in which a small army of Krugg, occupying the bodies of chimpanzees from Calderpark Zoo, plan a

new invasion from a factory in East Kilbride. The climactic volume will be 2000: A Krugg Odyssey, when it is foretold that the Krugg will at last physically land on Earth, planting their alien roots for the first time in terrestrial soil; unfortunately for them, they arrive in the Brazilian rain forest and are immediately destroyed.

Finally, I wish to deny that I am in any way connected with a scurrilous adult comic called Buckit shortly to be launched in Glasgow. This will contain such unlikely characters as Swamp Creature From The Schemes, tracing the journey of a new horror, spawned in the damp-soaked walls of Drumchapel, as it makes its way through the sewers to the yuppie toilets of the Merchant City, and Flyman, which tells how an innocent-seeming young man undergoes a macabre transformation when confronted by moral or financial pressure. I particularly wish to disassociate myself from one Gus O'Mutter, who will be writing an infantile, half-witted column for this despicable rag. Any insinuation that I bear any relation to this hack will be met by extremes of Krugg vengeance.

May the vegetable force be with you.

BRANN

pp Master A. McAllister

The Committee

Having been self-elected as the People's Government, the Prefab Trout Party have laboured long and hard to produce their version of a 'Better Convention'. Filled with a religious zeal, they have striven to overcome the many trials and tribulations that have thrown themselves in their path. Embarking now on their program of social reform, they are ready to unleash their plan for the Three Days That Will Shake The World. The architects of this movement are:

Bruce Saville: Prime Minister

Quiet and unassuming, Saville is the political string puller of the party. Quietly biding his time, he waited till the old guard had their defenses down, before unleashing his coup. Lazy to an incredible degree, it is only Saville's right hand that does any work - as he signs the cheques. The rest he delegates (cf Docherty V. Oxford Book of Political Stagers).

To be closer to his constituency he has moved recently to Glasgow's trendy West End. Single, Saville's private life provides a field day for gossip columnists, with many worried how he can combine his responsibilities with his social activities.

Malcolm M. Reid: Chancellor of the Exchequer

Modelling himself on Paddy Ashdown, Reid has become the 'Action Man' of fandom politics and is famous for his grasp of keen incisive methods. The public face of the movement, Reid has not missed any opportunities to appear and put Prefab Trout's case.

Just one tantalising glimpse of this man, no ordinary mortal he, and his hat, is enough to realise the depths to which his character will plummet. There has been concern though about Reid's position as Chancellor and his career as tax consultant. Some think these positions wholly incompatible and wonder if the temptation will be too much.

Linda-Claire Toal: Home Secretary

Some say women and politics don't mix. They don't, however, say it near Toal. What can one say about this auburn-haired political infighter that she hasn't said herself. Linda fought a good clean campaign with no holds below the beard. "Home Secs a Pognophile" screamed the Sunday Sport when Saville plucked her from the Albacon backbenchers to become Custodian of the Official Worldcon Felt-tip Pen.

Toal's major ability is her mouth. Saville leaves her to do all the talking, of which she does a good deal. Many hours she has spent earbending backbenchers, political allies and enemies, journalists etc. (cf Molloy M. O.B.P.S.)

Lilian Edwards: Foreign Secretary

A career politician, Edwards is reknowned for her heavy involvement in all levels of fannish politics. Her job as foreign secretary has taken her away from these shores and onto many travels. Currently based in England but has just received her recall notice to return to Scotland.

An old political stager, though no way as long in the tooth as Saville, she has continued to campaign through some of the most vitriolic abuse seen in many an election campaign. (cf The Albacon / Faircon split O.B.P.S.). However, she has seen all of this off and has gone on to help provide an international aspect to the movement.

The Excuses

Dear Bruce's friends

Sorry, but Bruce can't be with you tonight for your meeting but he has a prior engagemnet. His sisters wedding. Well he would be at the wedding if he wasn't stuck in a lift. With me, the bride, the bride's father, the bridesmaid, two aunts and an uncle. Which is why this writing is cramped. By the way HELP!

Bruce's mum

To whom it may concern

Our sincerest apologies for Miss Lilian Edwards not being able to attend your latest committee meeting, but I'm afraid, we at British Rail have really messed her up with cancelled trains, missed connections, late trains and of course, a train strike. We have not been getting her there.

Yours faithfully
BR Management (York)

Dear Prefab

I'd like to apologise for Linda missing the last committee meeting. However, she has a very pressing reason. Several tons in fact as Linda was losing The Battle Of 1000 Drips, with water threatening to burst through her ceiling and deluge her room like Noah's flood. You'll be pleased to know that she has avoided this, but only just.

Mrs Toal

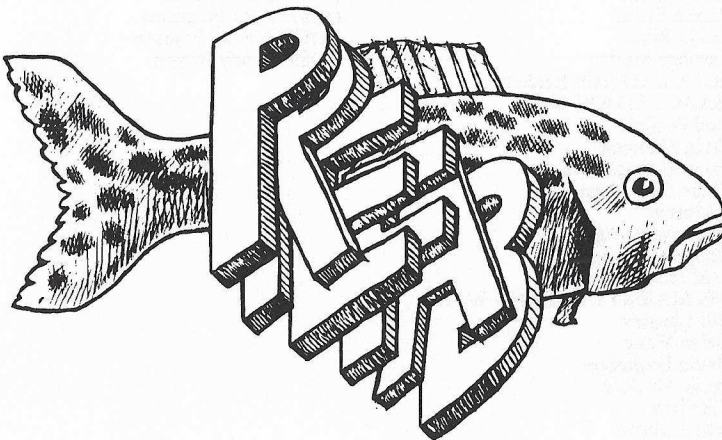
P.S. This has nothing to do with her destroying her curtains at the previous meeting that she was at.

Dear Bruce, Linda and Lilian

Please excuse my son, Malcolm, for not attending your latest committee meeting but he was too busy making pots of money. Oodles of the stuff as he piled on the overtime. I'm afraid my son is becoming a right little yuppie. Please help him before it's too late.

Malcolm's mother

The Fish



Membership List

as at 15 Sept 1989

(C)1 Bruce Saville
 (C)2 Malcolm M. Reid
 (C)3 Linda-Claire Toal
 (C)4 Lilian Edwards
 (A)5 Billy Humphries
 (A)6 Peter Wareham
 (A)7 Dave Ellis
 (A)8 Joyce E. Slater
 (A)9 Ken F. Slater
 (S)10 Stephen Glover
 (G)11 Gus McAllister
 (A)12 Malcolm McArthur
 (S)13 THE OFFWHITE LENS MAN
 (A)14 Alastair Reid
 (S)15 Euan Lees
 (A)16 Christina Lake
 (A)17 Alan Gunn
 (A)18 Gregor McNeil
 (A)19 Kev P. McVeigh
 (A)20 Daniel Livingstone
 (A)21 Larry van der Putte
 (A)22 Mike Gould
 (A)23 Angus H.C. Scott-Brown
 (A)24 Kay Allan
 (A)25 Roger Robinson
 (A)26 Tim Illingworth
 (A)27 Stephen Davies
 (S)28 Pam Wells
 (A)29 Alan Gilbert
 (A)30 David T. Cooper
 (A)31 THE MAGICIAN
 (A)32 Nick Mills
 (A)33 Paul Dormer
 (S)34 Bernie Evans
 (A)35 David Bruce
 (S)36 Caroline Mullan
 (G)37 EL BONKO (Iain Banks)
 (S)38 ISAAC ASIMOV (fake)
 (A)39 Paul Paolini
 (A)40 Craig Marnock
 (A)41 Howard Singerman
 (A)42 Claire Singerman
 (A)43 J. Murnin
 (A)44 Andrew Ramage
 (A)45 Deborah Ramage
 (S)46 Wilf James
 (A)47 HIS MAJESTY ROLAND WARD...
 (A)48 Bill Longley
 (A)49 Helen Wake
 (A)50 David Fergusson
 (A)51 Jamie MacRae
 (A)52 Rik Grier
 (A)53 John Dalman

(A)54 Malcolm Cohen
 (S)55 John Fairey
 (A)56 Gary Heron
 (A)57 Simon D. Ings
 (A)58 Robert J. Sneddon
 (A)59 Chris Boyce
 (A)60 JUST CALL ME SIR...
 (A)61 AU CONTRAIRE ORGANISER
 (A)62 JINX
 (A)63 Graham Anderson
 (A)64 Eamon Patton
 (A)65 Joan Paterson
 (A)66 Tibs
 (A)67 Anne Page
 (A)68 Morag G. Kerr
 (A)69 SPLEENMASH THE DISTURBED
 (A)70 Elsie Donald
 (A)71 Jim Darroch
 (A)72 Andrew Rose
 (A)73 Tim Jones
 (A)74 Nicholas Mahoney
 (A)75 Fiona Clark
 (A)76 Simon D. Morris
 (A)77 THE VEGAN ENVOY
 (A)78 POMPINO THE KREGOYNE
 (A)79 COUNT DUCILLUAR
 (A)80 Ian Sales
 (A)81 Peter Dawson
 (A)82 William Nicholson
 (A)83 Helena Bowles
 (A)84 Naveed Khan
 (A)85 Michael Cobley
 (A)86 Lesley Scott
 (A)87 Alex Ferguson
 (A)88 Jeremy Johnson
 (A)89 Sandy Brown

