

MABINOGICON
THE FOURTH BRANCH
PROGRAMME BOOK





...a Unicon '92 bid
Clyde Halls, Glasgow
August, 1992

You: (*worried*) A convention about scones?

Us: (*sheepishly*) Well, it would have been, if we could find any SF references to scones.*

You: (*confused*) So, if it isn't about scones, what is the theme?

Us: (*enthusiastically, and in a different font*) *Games.*

You: (*losing interest*) So it's a gaming con.

Us: (*emphatically*) *No!* We're going to explore the treatment of leisure in SF: what do barbarian heroes do between trilogies, how do immortals kill time, and so on. We'll also look at the wider aspect: why do we do things that give us no obvious profit (such as read SF) or, to put it another way: 'do we eat to live or live to eat?'

You: (*suspiciously*) Sounds to me like an excuse for silly games.

Us: (*with feigned innocence*) Not entirely†. But in between the silly games, we'll be keeping up the old Unicon traditions of food tasting, cocktail workshop, onion slaughtering, costume workshop, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

You: (*enthusiastically*) Sounds like a fun-packed program! Who do I give my money to?

Us: (*relieved*) Give £12 to any of us at Mabinogicon, or send a cheque to: Unicon 13, c/o The Glasgow University Union, 32 University Avenue, Glasgow, G12 8LX.‡

* Unless you count '20,000 scones under the sea' - a pulp classic.

† You think we need excuses for silly games?

‡ Intimate details about you are going to be stored on computer. The computer is your friend.

In the summer of the year 1854 myself, wife, and daughter determined upon going into Wales, to pass a few months there. We are country people of a corner of East Anglia and, at the time of which I am speaking, had been residing so long on our own little estate, that we had become tired of the objects around us, and conceived that we should be all the better for changing the scene for a short period. We were undetermined for some time with respect to where we should go. I proposed Wales from the first, but my wife and daughter, who have always had rather a hankering after what is fashionable, said they thought it would be more advisable to go to Harrogate or Leamington. On my observing that those were terrible places for expense, they replied that, though the price of corn had been shamefully low, we had a spare hundred pounds or two in our pockets, and could afford to pay for a little insight into fashionable life. I told them that there was nothing I so much hated as a fashionable life, but that, as I was anything but a selfish person, I would endeavour to stifle my abhorrence of it for a time, and attend them either to Leamington or Harrogate. By this speech I obtained my wish, even as I knew I should, for my wife and daughter instantly observed that, after all, they thought we had better go into Wales, which, though not so fashionable as either Leamington or Harrogate, was a very nice picturesque country...

Bangor is seated on the spurs of certain high hills near the Menai, a strait separating Mona or Anglesey from Caernarvonshire. It was once a place of Druidical worship, of which fact, even without the testimony of history and tradition, the name which signifies "upper circle" would be sufficient evidence. On the decay of Druidism a town sprang up on the site and in the neighbourhood of the "upper circle", in which in the sixth century a convent or university was founded by Deiniol, who eventually became Bishop of Bangor. This Deiniol was the son of Deiniol Vawr, a zealous Christian prince who founded the convent of Bangor Is Coed, or Bangor beneath the wood, in Flintshire, which was destroyed and its inmates almost to a man put to the sword by Ethelbert a Saxon king, and his barbarian followers at the instigation of the monk Austin, who hated the brethren because they refused to acknowledge the authority of the Pope, whose delegate he was in Britain. There were in all three Bangors; the one at Is Coed, another in Powis, and this Caernarvonshire Bangor, which was generally termed Bangor Vawr or Bangor the great. The two first Bangors have fallen into utter decay, but Bangor Vawr is still a bishop's see, boasts of a small but venerable cathedral, and contains a population of above eight thousand souls.

George Borrow, *Wild Wales* (1862)

MabinogiCon

Unicon 12, UCNW Bangor
July 26-28, 1991

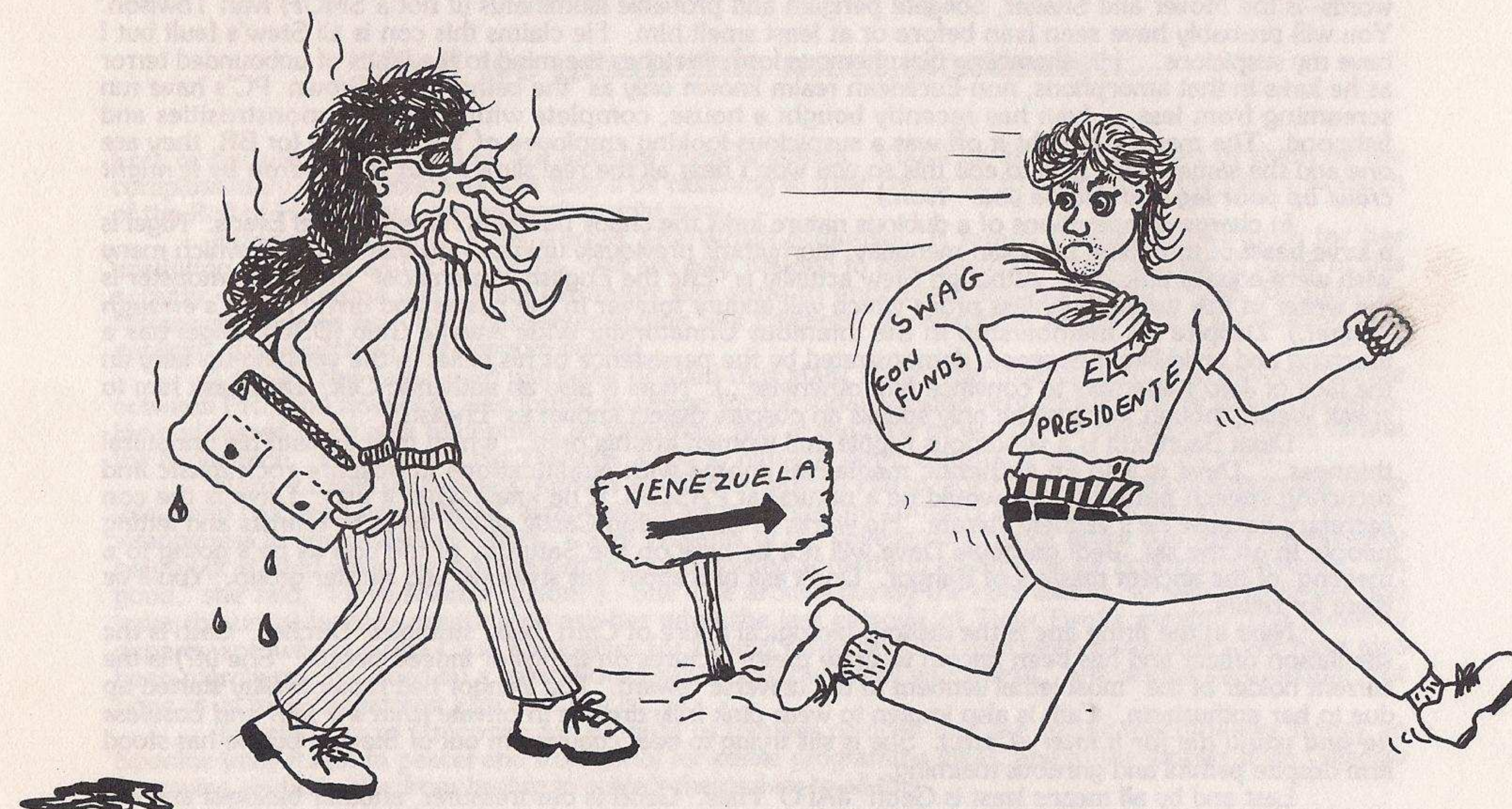
Guests

Anne McCaffrey
Gael Baudino
Stephen Gregory
Agnieszka Sylwanowicz
Programme Book

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Vocals: Nickey Barnard, Stewart Johnson, Jafo, Dave Baynham, Mike Whitaker, Ivan Towlson
Keyboards: Stewart Johnson, Harry Lerwill, Nigel Evans, Ivan Towlson, Jafo
Special Effects: Mike Whitaker and Shape Data Ltd
Produced by Ivan Towlson at Labordy Cyfrifriadureg Studios

THE BRONTOSAURUS IS LARGE, PLACID AND STUPID

*In which the two least respectable committee fiends do the dirty on the rest
(and each other) whilst persuading Ivan not to edit this into a boring and legally acceptable article.*

We open our little treatise with our beloved and recently acquired chairman (brand spanking new, washes whiter) the ex-gopher and chief turnip, Stewart Johnson. This little number, wearing a lurid pair of boxers will usually be found in the bath or on an Anglesey bird reserve. Sometimes both. He leapt at this job like a spring onion until it was pointed out to him that work was involved. He then had a bath and a few dubious fantasy novels to calm himself down. Stewart also functions (*no he doesn't -Cath*) as the con wheels with Boris the trusty mini and a relaxed attitude toward road safety. He's also a rampant East Anglian but he can't really help that.

Rolling swiftly onwards (before the censors catch on) we have... The luvverly Nickey Barnard. Functioning in her official capacity as publicity officer and tree sloth Nickey has shown a remarkable capacity for falling asleep at any conceivable moment (*she's not joking -Nigel, her boyfriend.*). She also steals food, carbon paper, photocopies and indeed anything not nailed down. You should be aware of the "Nickey factor". This is the ammount of extra food you have to buy if she is around. This factor is around 20% of any meal you are in possession of. You have been warned.

Next on the list-although there are post-structuralist rumours that he cannot be summed up in mere words-is the Mover and Shaker, obligate penguin and probable illuminatus (if not a SMOF) Ivan Towlson. You will probably have seen Ivan before or at least smelt him. He claims this con is all Stew's fault but I have my suspicions... His shambling blasphemous form stretches the mind to the limits of unbounded terror as he lurks in that amorphous, non-Euclidean realm known only as "the bathroom". Grown PC's have run screaming from less... Ivan has recently bought a house, complete with Cthulhian monstrosities and fishpond. The man he bought it off was a suspicious-looking employee of Yog-Sothoth (or BR, they are one and the same). Ivan gets to edit this so you won't hear all the real slime. (*But if you drop by it might crawl up your leg and cuddle you. -Ivan.*)

In charge of operations of a dubious nature lurks the chaos pumpkin himself, Nigel Evans. Nigel is a lurve-beast of throbbing Ligonian mentality, biorhythms previously unknown to man and feet which many wish were equally unknown. Although Stew actually is "Eric the English supremacist" the Evans-monster is the writer of this turgid deathless prose which will endure forever in the hearts and urrrk! (*That's enough -Nigel.*) Despite his membership in the infamous Unnaturally Wide Awake Club (DSO), Nigel has a touching and child-like innocence, demonstrated by the persistence of his belief in the washing-up fairy (in the face of Jafo's attempts to convince him otherwise...). Nigel is also an authentic Celt. Don't ask him to speak Welsh, though, because he only speaks an obscure dialect known as "English".

Dave Baynham is a venomous reptile and women are his prey... which may explain his unnatural thinness... Dave is also an authentic mediaeval gnome with qualifications in obscure rock music and recurring speech patterns. He would be a natural at PASCAL if he knew what it was. Dave is the con secretary because he's vaguely literate. He works in Caernarfon Castle selling biros to tourists and letting people in on the sly. Jedi gargoyles Dave will not be here on the Saturday of the con as he's going to a meeting of the ancient masters of Bangor. Don't ask him about this shadowy and sinister group. You'll be there for hours...

Next in the firing line is the distictly biological figure of Cath "baby strangler" Bircher. Cath is the site liaison officer and has been known to draw pretty pictures on things or indeed people. She (it?) is the current holder of the "most lethal sentient in the universe" award. The Bangor bed repair facility started up due to her enthusiasm. Cath is also known to wear pink frilly dresses in private (*that's a foul and baseless lie-and you'll die for it later -Cath.*). She is still trying to beat chauvinism out of Stewart but he has stood firm despite painful and greivous maiming.

Last and by all means least is Geoff "JAFO" Hale. Geoff is our treasurer, another biologist and the token cyberloonie. He has a cute little baby face but don't be fooled. You might not see him at the con because he may get locked in a cupboard with one of Nigel "toxic waste" Evans' socks in his mouth (a horrible way to go). This is an emergency measure designed to avoid offence and possible violence to organic life forms. Watch out for Jafo's volcanic digestion. I'm not joking. Geoff's hobbies include the site officer, devotion to the cult of mirror shades and abusing the ops manager with a dissecting kit (*well, if you had told me want I wanted to know quicker, Nigel... -JAFO.*). Any acts of violence are his fault, even if someone else commits them.

The committee at a glance

Why not collect the set and win a prize?

Stewart: tall, lanky, Aryan, ethnic accent, green eyes, tanned, fresh-faced, innocent looking, thatched head.
Nickey: asleep, eating, medium height, thinnish, fluffly dark blonde hair, bouncy, glasses... and still asleep.
Ivan: short, dark, rancid, fluffy, glasses, long black hair, beard and moustache, Turin shroud lookalike.
Nigel: enormous, orange, hairy monster, glasses, dressed in black, Barry White in negative.
Dave: short, thin, glasses, enormous ginger moustache, balding, ethnic accent, let's face it he's a Ferengi...
Cath: long brown hair, cutesie-wootsie-woo, evil grin, abusing someone, glasses, ethnic accent.
Jafo: tall, thin, long brown hair, glasses, baby face, malicious expression, cyberpsychoses, lurid boxers.

The Committee Spellchecked

Mark Bailey survives intact, as does Nickey Barnard. Dave Baynham ends up as a Biennium or possibly full of Bonhomie. Cath Bircher receives the obvious "corrections" (ooh missus). Nigel Evans escapes unscathed, while Geoff Hale is transmuted in a Jiffy. Stewart Johnson is something that WordStar can cope with, suggesting that it is in fact more flexible and user-friendly than the rest of the committee, while at the prospect of Ivan Towlson the machine just gives up with a despairing "Suggestions: None". And frankly many of us feel the same way.

And we mean this most sincerely...

Lots of people have helped us out with all sorts of things. You'll be able to tell most of them by the complimentary drinks vouchers that they'll be clutching to their chests (or to their pints), but here's as much of the Roll of Honour as I can remember right now.

Bridget Wilkinson, Fans Across The World organiser, is famed throughout fandom for her unstinting efforts to do far too much. We are very pleased to have been the beneficiaries of some of this activity. In the same way, Mike Whitaker has gone to enormous lengths to bring Gael Baudino to MabinogiCon (with help from cohorts including Sue Edwards): we also have to thank him for helping with publicity, desk-watching and penguin-baiting.

Locally, the eagle-eyed will have noticed that Mark Bailey has disappeared from the committee between PR3 and now. He was forced to resign for personal reasons very shortly before the convention. He had hoped to be able to continue as chairman, and at the time of writing we still expect to have him at the convention. We extend a big **THANK YOU** to him and hope everything sorts itself out soon...

Harry Lerwill (colloquially known as "The Unofficial Harry" for reasons too inconsequential to go into here) has been very helpful, arranging all sorts of random contacts and periodically inducing valuable strangeness in committee members. Carol Williams of the college conference office has been unbelievably helpful (it started when we first walked in and muttered something about science fiction conventions: "oh good," she said, "I love science fiction!"). She'll be around during the convention, so say hello to her and issue the usual fannish greeting or ask her what the last episode of *Twin Peaks* meant. The publicity department (whose name Cath apologises for having forgotten) has also been invaluable. We have also been mercilessly bounced by a mysterious presence known only as Elspeth. She seems very helpful, but none of us have the faintest idea who she is...

Thanks also to Uniconze for sending us wedges of dosh and the badge machine (we hope), to Sponine (may it rest in peace) and Icon (ditto) for edible programme ideas, and to the loonies from Glasgow for saving anybody else from having to subject themselves to all this.

Credit Where Credit Is Due Dept.

Auntie Cath did lots of artwork and we're terribly terribly grateful. Unkle Dave lent her all the Paint-By-Numbers Celtic knotwork books that she copied it from so we're terribly grateful to him too. Nasty Ivan made her life a misery chasing her down for it so we're thoroughly grateful to him (after all what is the point in editing this sort of thing if you can't give yourself a good part, eh?).

But anyway it was mostly Cath.

ANNE MCCAFFREY: MAN OR MYTH?

In which Nickey explains why Anne is worthy of GoH status, as if you didn't know anyway.

Well, what can you say about a legend? I don't know, and I'm going to try.

Her books are on every bookshop's shelf, her name is known far beyond her field, and in her field she is beloved as being a classic author. Even people who perhaps don't share my admiration, cannot in all honesty say "Anne who...?" There is perhaps no greater accolade in any chosen profession than this wide ranging knowledge of one's achievements. To take this down a little from high-flown language, there is however the obverse side of the coin; imagine a child of nine or so, flicking through a copy of a book with a wonderful cover—dragons flying away with the sunset—and the caption "more adventures of the Dragonriders of Pern." It could capture the imagination of any child had any leanings toward fantasy with a thrill of things unknown.

The fact that, in my case (the child in question I modestly admit) the self same interesting cover and contents were then taken away by an over protective parent as being "too old" & "disturbing" for me, is there any wonder that my fate was sealed?

I now know, looking back, that the book itself was **DragonQuest** and that it would have delivered all and more of what the cover promised—it remains today one of my favourites.

So there we have it. An introduction to Anne McCaffrey. Well, maybe not, but I hope it sets the tone a little of what I am trying to convey. I'm sure I'm not the only child Anne has brought into the SF/F fold & I'm certainly not the last. Her books have that timeless quality which ensures they'll last more than one generation, as many others have not (eg. E.E "Doc" Smith—could his work be said to have lasted—even if still well known?).

As the best known examples I'll take the "Dragon" series. The idea of a link between man and beast has been done before and since, but not perhaps quite so graphically or with such detail and feeling. The use of Dragons as the linking animal was something of a break with the tradition of the time—dragons being the age old monsters of childhood fear and adult enmity.

Now, now of course the concept of dragons of being other than friendly, wonderful, or at least, noble yet terrible creatures is hard to achieve. Anne has had such an important part in that change in thinking, that probably most people don't even realise that a change has taken place. Also, integrally part of the Dragon series is Anne's love of music and her deep affinity with that so hard concept to convey. I'm not saying that it wholly comes across but that the commitment and love are there in the writing. Anne's background in music comes out, not just in the technical phrases, but from the heart as well. And it is strange, because that is rarely what people remember from the series and yet that is one of the most important reasons Anne is our honoured Guest at the con. I would like to take this opportunity to welcome her insights into the musical flavour we are trying to establish in only the 3 days given us for this gathering. If this musical awareness and commitment was unknown to you, (as is possible), there are other avenues down which Anne has explored, these include **The Crystal Singer** and its sequel **Killashandra** but my personal favourite and I dare say the best is **The Ship Who Sang**.

The musical side in this is muted in its expression in technical words and uses, but the power of the feeling is perhaps at its greatest. Not to mention the idea behind the book—the placing of crippled children in a spaceship environment in exchange for their crippled bodies is one to tease the imagination. I personally feel very fond of Helva as someone who seems real to me, as many characters in books do not—they are just that, characters. People such as Helva are scattered throughout Anne's work (friends really), people like F'nor—who is my favourite from the *Dragon* series (although other characters come to prominence more often). Or Master Roninton from the *Harper* based books, who is never really the chief protagonist but who I would genuinely like to meet.

Apart from the musical expertise as I have said, never an easy medium to deal with on the printed page, Anne's chief strength is her characters. She never seems more at home than with a good meaty social interaction, particularly when involving a romance. I think she herself has said that she enjoys that the most of all (although don't ask me to tell you where I read it!). Indeed she has written several romances outside the SF/F field that I intend to delve into in the near future—although up to now, have not had the chance to find.

Even across inter-species barriers—as in **Decision At Doona** or across intervening minds—as in **To Ride Pegasus** or the "Talent" stories in the short collection **Get Off The Unicorn** she demonstrates a talent for the sensitive portrayal of emotions and the difficulties in communication that we ordinary folk suffer from in our day-to-day lives. That's what Anne does above all, place ordinary people in extraordinary situations, and show us how they cope. They are not heroes, no-one suffers from "jutting jaw syndrome" (thank God!) they are you or I.

Right, that really is my introduction to Anne McCaffrey. I know I haven't touched on a lot of things, and books, and what I have mentioned is sketchy. But for those who have read her works I would be explaining to the initiated, and those who haven't I wouldn't want to spoil the surprise. I hope it provides a taste of her work, or more to the point, a feeling. This is only my personal point of view, I must make that clear and this is all highly subjective, for which I apologise. If however you want facts, go to the books,

or to a review—I'm here to say why we have invited her here to the convention, and I hope I have explained a little.

Music and dragons: what more could we ask of our GoH? I would just finally like to say—I hope you enjoy yourself Anne, and I know we'll enjoy having you. So—on with the con!

Nickey Barnard and her amazing English "degree"

CELTIC HORROR: STEPHEN GREGORY FOR ADVANCED STUDENTS

In which we find ourselves embarrassingly close to the printer's deadline.

Stephen Gregory is not a science fiction author—but don't let that worry you. His books may do that by themselves, as both are menacing, dark stories which haunt the reader.

The first of these, **The Cormorant**, was an idea on which he began to work when he moved to North Wales in the summer of 1984 after 12 years of schoolteaching (probably enough to inspire anybody to write horror). It was sold to the first publisher to see it, William Heinemann, in 1986, coming out in paperback and being the first of their debut novels to be reprinted before publication. It's a disturbing story which gains much of its power from the way in which long, eloquent descriptive passages about the beauty of nature are used to provide contrast with macabre, violent events and murky psychological tensions. Stephen said of the book, "it's all pretty horrid, with a nasty ending". The critics for the most part said more complimentary things about it, and this acclaim was confirmed by its winning both an award from the Welsh Arts Council and the Somerset Maugham Award for 1987—the latter putting Stephen in the company of previous winners such as Kingsley Amis, John le Carre and Doris Lessing. It also enabled him to spend eight months travelling through Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Argentina.

In 1988 his second novel, **The Woodwitch**, was published. Again the setting is a Snowdonia that is alternately pastoral and oppressive, with leaden skies and persistent rains providing a sombre background. In this story the considerable descriptive powers found in Stephen's writing are turned less towards nature than to the depiction of decay and putrescence, with the whole atmosphere as the author put it being "darker and denser and more obsessive than **The Cormorant**." Critically it got more of a mixed reception, with the *Sunday Telegraph* suggesting that the author should "take his imagination to the nearest car-wash". Despite this (or because of it) its sales and library lendings are healthier than those of **The Cormorant**.

Since returning from South America things haven't been as successful for Stephen, who spent eighteen months on another novel, both writing and then rewriting it at his editor's suggestion, only to have it rejected as "simply not commercial enough", while his new novel set in the rainforests of Ecuador has still to find a publisher, despite providing grounds for optimism. Meanwhile interest in the first two books continues, with **The Cormorant** getting translated into Polish this autumn, and BBC Wales producing a documentary about **The Woodwitch**.

Stephen is looking forward to the con, having last year chaired a panel on 'The Renaissance of Horror' with James Herbert, Clive Barker and Peter James at the Hay-on-Wye Festival. Say hello to him as per regulations, but if you've seen the photos of him on the dustcovers of either of his books, then don't expect it to help—he's shaved off his beard since then!

Dave Baynham, who will one day receive a proper credit instead of remarks about his hat.

GAEL BAUDINO

In which Mike reads some blurbs and runs up a phone bill.

I'll apologise in advance for the somewhat sketchy nature of this piece, but my acquaintance with Gael Baudino is restricted to the biographic notes in the back of various books, two letters, and a couple of longer than I expected telephone conversations. On the phone (despite the poor quality of the line to Denver), Gael comes over as cheerful, open and friendly, and good at putting people at their ease (even those of us who hate ringing up complete strangers!). She informs me that recognising her at the con won't be a problem—the person you're looking for is 6'2", with short blonde hair. She is, so the back of **Strands of Starlight** tells us, a minister of Dianic wicca, and also a performing harpist, occasional rock guitarist and Morris dancer. I gather she's been recording some of the harp music recently, and given a bit of luck (and a harp!) MabinogiCon may even get to hear her play.

Recommended reading—well, I could burble on for hours about *Gossamer Axe*, but I'll spare those of you who've suffered already—suffice to say that, if you're in any way involved in making music or into rock, you'll probably love this. The only one published in the UK is *Strands of Starlight*, set in a Europe of mediaeval times (notice I said "a", not "the"!), which is a story of revenge and self-discovery—it's actually quite an unsettling read, but the better for it. Out in the US is *DragonSword*, a fantasy novel with a couple of twists in the tail - according to the blurb it's supposed to be part one of a trilogy, but I've not seen any more. There are also a couple of shorts in two of the 1985 issues of F&SF, of which "The Shadow of the Starlight" is notable for being set in a modern America in the same world as *Strands of Starlight*. Gael tells me there's more in the pipeline (having pointed out that being slave to a computer for a living wasn't the exclusive right of software engineers like me!), but I'll leave the details to her.

Mike Whitaker and his amazing electron-squirting thingamajig.

AGNIESZKA FOR BEGINNERS

In which the deadline gets closer and Dave's credits don't get any better.

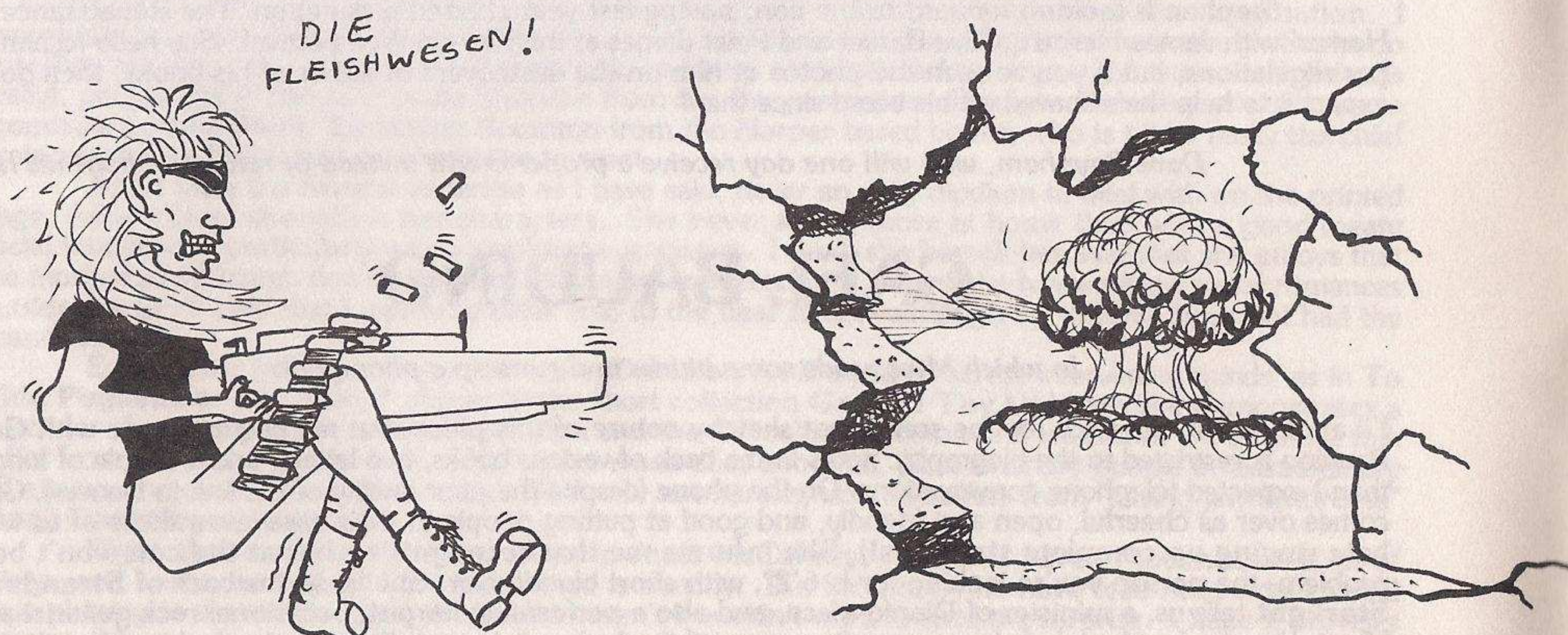
Agnieszka Sylwanowicz is our fan guest from Poland, brought to MabinogiCon courtesy of the truly wonderful Bridget Wilkinson and the Fans Across The World organisation (all stand and uncover, please). As guests go she seems pretty appropriate, as the more I found out about her the more her interests seemed to coincide with our programme themes.

To begin with, she has always wanted to come to Wales, and is fascinated by Celtic mythology (although she likes Norse myths too). After a great start like that, Agnieszka goes on to say that along with horses and whales, dragons are "the most wonderful creatures on our Earth and beyond", liking both the traditional fire-breathing type and those of our GoH Anne McCaffrey. In fact Agnieszka has already met Anne, at the last Worldcon, and would have done again at this year's Eurocon in May had Anne not been struggling with her knee. As well as her works, Agnieszka, a longtime fan of *Star Wars*, lists le Guin, Kay, Kurtz, Dick, Kuttner, Lem and the Strugatsky brothers among her favourite authors. However her absolute number one is Tolkien: she's been in the Tolkien Society and as a member of the Silesian SF Club in Katowice she founded its Tolkien Section, which publishes a fanzine in both Polish and English editions.

Publishing is an area in which Agnieszka is also involved professionally. Until recently she was the Foreign Rights Manager at Polish Scientific Publishing, a position she resigned from in order to seek part-time employment, which should enable her to concentrate more fully on developing her career translating sf and fantasy. Unfortunately for Geoff I haven't been able to ascertain whether or not Agnieszka is a biologist, but in her engagingly modest description of herself she says, "I am afraid I am not a very good fan, as I am not especially fond of beer."

Speaking as one of the club's more serious beer drinkers, I think we can just about forgive that...

Dave Baynham and his amazing non-typing Civil War DCM Hat.



... UNKLE JAF0 DEMONSTRATES HIS RELAXATION TECHNIQUE

ATTACK OF THE KILLER PROGRAMME

In which the title once again demonstrates how we will do anything to get your attention. Almost anything.

Friday

6pm. OPENING CEREMONY/HOW TO BE LOCAL

In which we the committee apologise for bringing you all here, tell you about the wonders of the area, and then get Vera Croughton to teach you the language. This may also feature Geoff being let out of the cupboard (after his recent unsuccessful gunrunning trip to Chester) so that he can admit that cyberpunk is dead before being shut up in there again. (Please don't ask.)

7pm. READINGS

Two of our renowned guests, Anne McCaffrey and Steven Gregory, read from their works.

7pm. GO FILK YERSELF

Filkers—love them or loathe them, you can't seem to get away from them. (Well, we tried to put the filk room in Caernarfon, but site office would have none of it.) Is filk the devil's music? Do all those guitar cases get in the way? Wouldn't you rather be able to hear the person sitting next to you in the bar? Whatever *did* happen to Rob Meades anyway? Dave Baynham, Mike Whitaker, John Bray and other Australian rules filk types fall to the floor brawling.

8pm. CELTS IN SPACE!

Given that Stewart is no longer willing to run around wearing space marine armour and shouting "You are all a load of Protestant bastards" (and a good thing too), Steve Glover, David Redd, Nigel Evans and others will be forced to talk about the stereotyping of Celts (and other more interesting cultures) in sf.

8:30pm. ALCHEMY

Talis Kimberley and her band present a short set of acoustic music. If you haven't heard any of their work, make a point of dropping in on this one.

9pm. WHEN THE LEGEND BECOMES A FACT, PRINT THE LEGEND

The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance may have said it most snappily, but John Crowley said it most memorably: "history hungers for the shape of myth". Historical figures and events become co-opted into a culture's mythology, whether it's as a way of dealing with them or as a way of establishing a symbol. Dave Baynham, Peter Garrett and Marcus L Rowland examine the process, the perils, the politics and the possibilities. (And anything else that's relevant as long as it begins with "P".)

10pm. COCKTAIL WORKSHOP

Recipe: take one roomful of congoers, add a copious amount of interestingly-coloured alcoholic and otherwise substances, and a similar amount of improvisation. Serves a hundred or so. (£1.50 on the door, please, as the convention can't really pay for all of this booze itself.)

10pm. SINGALONGA FILK

There are serious filksongs, and there are complicated filksongs, and then there are the filksongs that are wonderful fun to sing when you've just staggered out of the cocktail workshop wondering how the hell grendels manage to taste so innocent. Guess which ones are on the menu this evening.

Saturday

11am. MASQUERADE WORKSHOP

Not got a costume for the masquerade? Don't want one? Hard luck, I'm afraid... (Note that this items continues for two hours.)

12am. INTRODUCTION TO THE MABINOGION

Songs! Stories! A thousand elephants! Readings from, music to go with, and an introduction to this "possibly the greatest of the Welsh epic poem cycles" (official appraisal from Jafo).

1pm. IMAGES OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

A panel exploring the ways that rural settings have been used in sf, as opposed to the city environments we all know and love. ("The sky was the colour of a potato that had been allowed to rot in Idris Pikewaddle's old barn for five or six years.") Ivan Towlson tries to moderate the over-the-top yokel accents that will undoubtedly be worn by Gael Baudino, Stephen Gregory and Gus Smith.

1pm. FOOD TASTING

The ever-lovable, ever-traditional Unicon food tasting. If no-one brings any dishes then we will barbecue Nigel's fish, and that wouldn't be a happy thing to happen.

2pm. ANNE McCAFFREY

Our GoH addresses the multitudes.

3pm. CELTIC MAGIC

This is what the druids got up to behind closed trees; this is what is still going on today. The Celts have a rich magical and mystical tradition, which has had a vast influence on many modern witches. Attend with open mind, and hear the story directly from some of the people involved. The Unofficial Harry and his shirt moderate the panel. Myrddin Einion and others cover their eyes.

3pm. WHY DO SF FANS GO FOR HEAVY METAL?

Connoisseurs of Unkle Dave's desk-toppling, deadline-mangling music articles will have noticed that most of the stuff he cites is a bit on the heavy side of Kylie Minogue. And if you look around you at an sf convention, you'll tend to see more Iron Maiden patches than Duran Duran ones. It isn't just the sf content, or Kraftwerk would dominate the market—so why do sf fans go so much for the heavy heavy sounds? Mark Bailey, Marcus Streets, Gael Baudino and Talis Kimberley contemplate their punishment.

4pm. AUCTION

You know what an auction is. This time, 10% of the proceeds—as scrupulously and without dodgy sales techniques by Brian Ameringen—go to the North Wales Wildlife Trust. And can you blame them? After all, if they stayed here they'd only get locked up in Barclays safe deposit box and carted off to Glasgow.

4pm. MEDIAEVAL MUSIC—IT LIVES!

Our text today comes from Peter Beagle's *The Folk Of The Air* (page 78 for those of you who remembered to bring your copies along)... There is still considerable interest in keeping mediaeval music alive, both "classical" and "folk" (a dubious distinction but you get the point). Is this style of music really a living form? Are its current exponents preserving it, or just keeping the dust off its fossil? Can we ever really understand mediaeval music in a world where cars drive past and someone is playing Radio One in the next room? Chris Croughton and Richard Wheatley defend a vested interest.

5pm. MASQUERADE

You know what a masquerade is.

5pm. PATHFINDER

Many of you may have encountered Peter Wareham and Gwen Funnell's Quiz from beyond space before. For those who haven't, it is a truly devilish creation, a nightmarish maze of questions unknown even to terribly clever people like the contestants (or some of them anyway).

6pm. AGNIESZKA SYLWANOWICZ

Our Fan Guest describes her work, her life, her fandom and her dragons.

7pm. READINGS

Gael Baudino reads from her work, and South Wales author David Redd reads a specially written dragon story. (He won't tell us anything other than promising that it will be a bit strange...)

7pm. ARTHUR: BRITISH KING OR CELTIC MYTH?

Peter Garrett talks about a hero who seems to have been claimed by everyone from the English to the Bretons, and whose castle was located in North Wales, right near the birthplace of Merlin. Really it was. Just you ask any tourist board.

8pm. MATT'S FFRIDD QUIZ

Cuddly barman Matt presents one of his legend-in-their-own-locality quizzes, now with added sf. Turn up in the bar, arrange yourself around a table with some congenial and moderately knowledgeable company (anybody who has memorised *Trivial Pursuit* should do) and win yourself a bottle of dodgy Albanian wine. ("It cost 50p a bottle ten years ago," enthuses Matt gleefully.)

8:30pm. ROCK FILK

Mike Whitaker and his enormous collection of amplifiers attempt to do for filk what Bob Dylan did for folk (although hopefully with a tune this time). Drop in on this one or simply listen from halfway down the hill.

9pm. BANGOR, MAINE COMES TO BANGOR, GWYNEDD

What would Stephen King get up to if he had Snowdonia to play with? Is there a native Celtic horror? Can we stop Harry and Nigel taking over this panel to read extracts from *Misery* in their most dubious Welsh accents? Only Ivan Towlson and Stephen Gregory can say.

10pm. DESPERATE TIMES REQUIRE DESPERATE MEASURES

Handily snaffling the idea of a "floating panel" from Uniconze, we present a late-night silly ideas session for all those of you who have schemes for saving the earth which are both brilliant and unworkable. Float clapped-out laser printers over the Antarctic to cover the ozone hole! Think of another joke than the one I keep repeating! Colin Wilkinson, John Bray, Nick Larter and Marcus L Rowland, where are you when we need you most?

Sunday

11am. ANTIGRAVITY WORKSHOP

Presented with assistance from the lovable and cuddly Scone Unicon bid: Alastair Wheeler-Reid juggles carnivores, opposing bids (hah) and the Unicon rolling fund. Then he descends to the mortal plane and teaches everybody else to do the same with little furry balls.

11am. IF I RAN THE ZOO CON...

A light-hearted, completely imaginary game about running conventions. (After all, nobody would be stupid enough to do anything like that, would they?) Included because as soon as Tim volunteered it all of the committee jumped up and down and said "We want to play!" (This item will last for two hours.)

12am. GAEL BAUDINO

Brought to you from America by the Firing Line fund: a song, a jape, a merry quip? Well, a song, anyway, and a talk about her life and work.

1pm. I MYTHED AGAIN

In which the "other" mythologies strike back! We hear a lot, in sf or in everyday life, about a few mythologies—the Celtic tales, the classical myths, Christian mythology—but what about those that haven't made a mark on our culture: Native American or Australian Aboriginal myth-views, for instance, or the still widely misunderstood Eastern philosophies? Why have they been rejected? What are we missing? When we do get around to plundering them for fantasy trilogies, who will sue for royalties?

1pm. TURKEY READINGS

Suspect videos, ham acting, obscure John Norman books and donations to charity. How much is it worth to make us stop? How much is it worth to the smug few with earplugs to make us go on? The howls of agony will be interrupted by sandwiches.

2pm. DRAGONS!

They're one of the dominant figures of world mythology (grammar). They're the national symbol of Wales. They're the central image of much of Anne McCaffrey's work. And they eat hobbits for breakfast. Anne McCaffrey, Agnieszka Sylwanowicz and Tanaqui investigate the power of the dragon.

2pm. FANDOMS ACROSS THE WORLD

A panel made up of fans from Britain, the United States, Poland, Norway and anywhere else we can lay our hands on discusses the different ways that fandom works in different countries, and its different purposes and achievements.

3pm. STEPHEN GREGORY

Our special local guest attempts to prove that he is actually a really lovable chap rather than the Banks-a-like squish-monster that Ivan gleefully makes him out to be.

4pm. BUSINESS MEETING AND BIDDING SESSION

Tell us how wonderful the convention was. Then, at 4:01, start griping about the lack of alligators in the Rathbone baths, the fact that Nickey fell asleep on your foot and the fact that the Ffridd Quiz

questions were too difficult. Watch the Glasgow bid run screaming from the room and compete in the race for the world's fastest rescue bid.

4pm. SF IN ROCK AND CLASSICAL MUSIC

What sf and fantasy themes have cropped up in music--and what haven't? Dave Baynham leads a panel investigating the sf influences in different types of music, and in the process probably gets to recommend millions of obscure progressive rock bands. Mike Whitaker, Paul Dormer and Chris Croughton attempt to get a word in edgeways.

5pm. SCIENTISTS ON SF

Science fiction is the literature of science... possibly. More often it's the literature of pseduo-science, incompetent understanding and nonsensical jargon-merchandising. This panel will feature scientists complaining about the way their lovely schistosomes have been misrepresented in sf and will not refer to cyberpunk unless Jafo finds his way out of the cupboard again.

5pm. SF IN THE COLLEGES

Once again thrill in frustration as the much-talked-about National Student SF Association fails to materialise. Cheer yourself up by giggling at the poor sods who have to run this again next year. In the words of John Richards before a *Whither the Unicon?*, "we're going to find a Unicon. And then we're going to wither it".

6pm. CLOSING CEREMONY

Go on, tell me you can't guess what this is. I dare you.

THE HOUR OF THE KILLER PROGRAMME

Another day... another dodgy title. Look, we're rushed.

FRIDAY Main Programme Equally Main Programme

6pm Opening Ceremony/How To Be Local
7pm Readings: Anne, Steve
8pm Celts In Space
9pm When The Legend Becomes A Fact, Print The Legend
10pm Cocktail Workshop

Go Filk Yerself
Alchemy (8:30 start)

SingALongAFilk

SATURDAY Main Programme

11am
12am Introduction To The Mabinogion
1pm Images Of The Countryside
2pm Anne McCaffrey
3pm Celtic Magic
4pm Auction
5pm Masquerade

Unbiasedly Main Programme

Masquerade Workshop
Masquerade Workshop ctd
Food Tasting

Why Do SF Fans Go So Much For Heavy Metal?
Mediaeval Music--It Lives!
Pathfinder

6pm Agnieszka Sylwanowicz
7pm Readings: Gael Baudino
David Redd
8pm Matt's Ffridd Quiz
9pm Bangor, Maine Comes To Bangor, Gwynedd
10pm Desperate Times Require Desperate Measures

Arthur: British king or Celtic myth?

Rock Filk (begins 8:30)

Random Filking (Inevitably)

SUNDAY Main Programme

11am Antigravity Workshop
12am Gael Baudino
1pm I Mythed Again!
2pm Dragons!
3pm Stephen Gregory
4pm Business Meeting and Tense, Exciting Bidding Session
5pm Scientists On SF
6pm Closing Ceremony

We're Not Going To. We're Not.

If I Ran The Zoo Con...

If I Ran The Zoo Con ctd

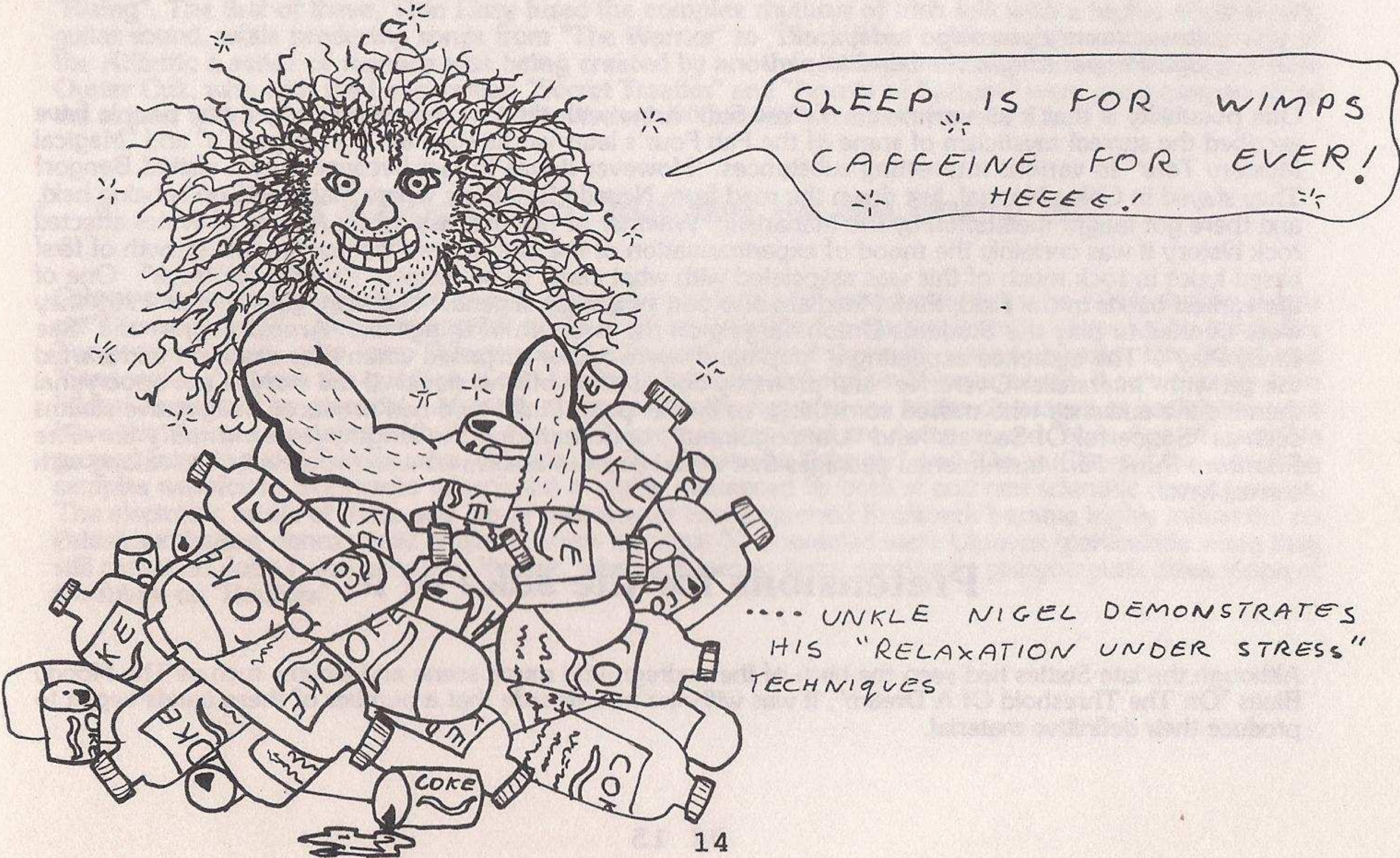
Turkey Readings

Fandoms Across The World

SF In Rock And Classical Music

SF In The Colleges

Where this programme conflicts with the one printed on the read-me (and it will), the latter is correct, or at least more correct than this one would be. Really it is.

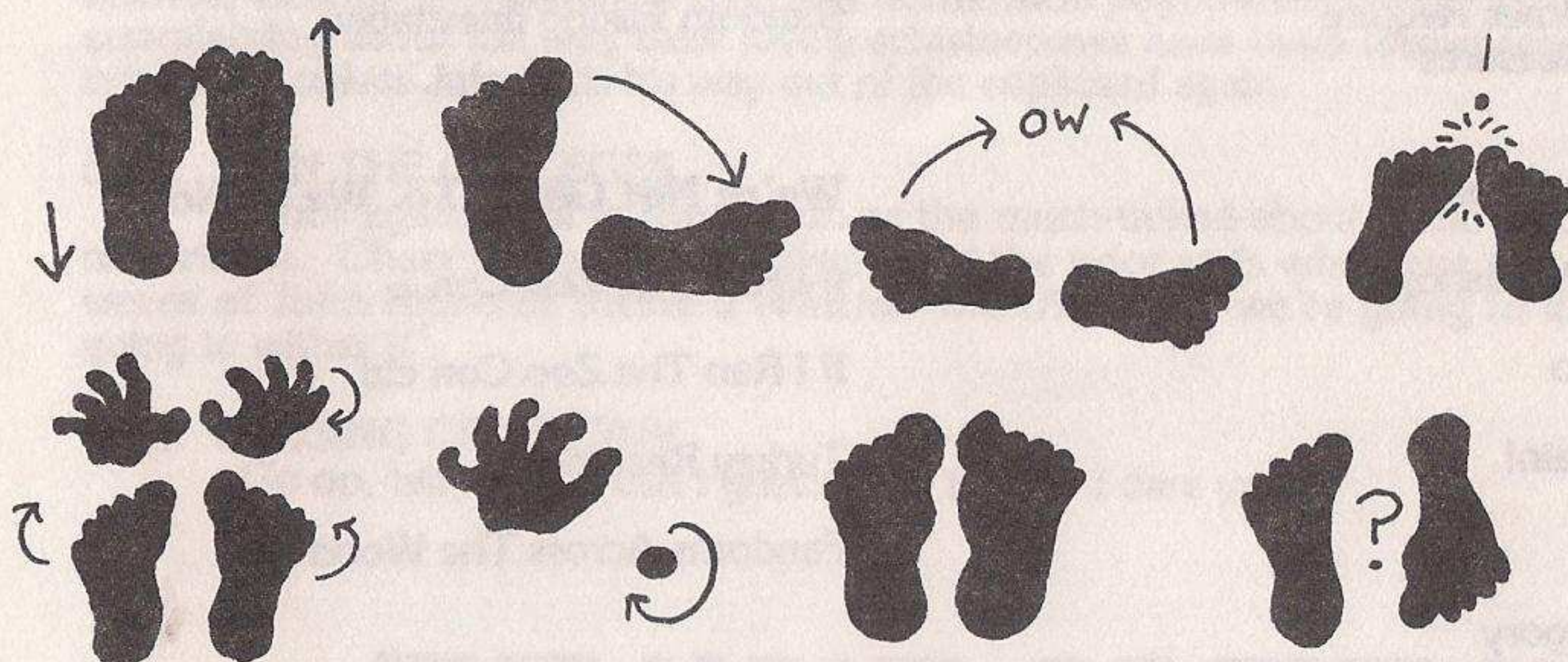


THE SONGS OF DISTANT EARTH

In which Unkle Dave exposes once again the twelve inch-by-six foot hunk that is his record collection.

William S Burroughs apparently once said that "Talking about music is like dancing about architecture", but he'd never seen Pete Davies and I going on about progressive rock! Perhaps it is difficult to capture music with words, but only as difficult as it is to describe a good meal, a great sporting event or any other experience with language. All he is doing is highlighting the difference between what we perceive and how we communicate. Hence talking about anything is like "dancing about architecture", and if that were the

case we'd have dance instead of speech and dance notation instead of writing articles like this... Still, Burroughs inspired "Language Is A Virus" and is credited as a vocal sample on Laurie Anderson's "Home of the Brave" soundtrack, so he can be forgiven the occasional daft remark. Talking of which...



Welcome To The Future

In this article I'm going to provide a misguided tour through the history of sf and fantasy in rock music. Like all critical overviews it isn't complete, and in some cases has to give little more than a namecheck to artists who deserve much more. Hopefully it will at least serve to introduce you to some of these bands and possibly encourage you to listen to some of their work.

Many people who produce sf and fantasy based lyrics are pretty obscure--there are certainly easier ways to gain gold discs. Still the question is How did it all start? Who first thought that the happy jangle of electric guitars could provide backing for something other than 3 minute love songs?

*It was twenty years ago today....
Sgt. Pepper taught the band to play*

One possibility is that it all started in a Yellow Submarine with the Beatles. Admittedly many people have ascribed the surreal mysticism of some of the Fab Four's later works such as "Sgt. Pepper's" and "Magical Mystery Tour" to various interesting substances. However it was in fact because they'd visited Bangor! They stayed in Coleg Normal, just down the road from Neuadd Rathbone where MabinogiCon is being held, and there got taught meditation by the Maharishi. Whether or not this visit to the Athens of Wales affected rock history it was certainly the mood of experimentation of the late sixties that saw the first growth of f&sf based lyrics in rock much of this was associated with what came to be termed "Progressive Rock". One of the earliest bands in this field, Pink Floyd are also part of Bangor legend. The story goes that in 1969 they were booked to play the Students Union, largely on the strength of things like "Arnold Layne" and "See Emily Play". The audience expecting a "pop band" were rather surprised when they came on and started the set with "Interstellar Overdrive" and promptly booed them off the stage! If the story is not apocryphal then it's the audience who missed something, as by this point Pink Floyd had produced imaginative albums such as "Saucerful Of Secrets" and "Ummagumma", both featuring the lengthy (interminably so --The Phantom Punk Fan) instrumental passages that would become associated with progressive rock along with surreal lyrics.

Pretensions for the sake of it

Although the late Sixties had seen the birth of the underground music scene and albums such as The Moody Blues "On The Threshold Of A Dream", it was with the new decade that a number of these bands began to produce their definitive material.

1970 saw Genesis coming out with lyrics like "Stagnation" and "The Knife" on their album "Trespass", an album which set the direction which would take them through the sf inspired "Watcher Of The Skies", the mythology of "The Fountain Of Salmacis" and eventually to "The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway". The latter, your average, everyday, double concept album telling a strange, dreamlike story was the band's final recording including Peter Gabriel in the lineup and although they continued to produce lyrics in this field (of which more later), things were never so excessive again.

At the same time brief forays into fantasy orientated lyrics were being made by progressive bands including Caravan--"Winter Wine" from "In the Land of Grey and Pink", Camel with "Nimrod" on "Mirage" and King Crimson's wonderfully ponderous "In the court of the Crimson King". More obscure (and in some places downright unintelligible) if still science-fiction inspired lyrics were being produced by Yes on albums such as "Close to the Edge" and "Fragile". Oddly enough one of their more coherent lyrics is combined with one of their more chaotic instrumental performances, in the epic fantasy "The Gates of Delirium" from "Relayer", the musical change being partly because Patrick Marcus had replaced Rick Wakeman on keyboards. Wakeman was producing his own albums including two of interest here "Journey to the Centre of the Earth", and "The Myths and Legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table" (short snappy title, eh?). Both of these combined large orchestras and choirs with rock musicians to produce grandiose effects. By contrast to this lavish orchestrations were also being produced by the three members of Emerson Lake and Palmer who nodded towards SF with pieces like "Kern Evil" and "Turkus". However the most consistent writers of SF and fantasy inspired lyrics during this period (as they have continued to be until now) were Hawkwind. Much of their better material from this period can be found on the live recording "Space Ritual", although the essential studio work "Warrior on the Edge of Time" which features poetry reading by Mike Moorcock is also a classic.

Think Blue, Count Two

Diverging from the same rock scene in the late sixties was the other trend which became associated with SF and fantasy lyrics in the seventies, heavy metal. Led Zeppelin, probably the most successful of the early "heavy" groups threw in the odd Tolkien reference, but their main fantasy lyrics "The Battle of Evermore" and "No Quarter" came later in their output. Quicker to produce such lyrics were Uriah Heep with "Demons and Wizards" and "The Magician's Birthday" both of which bear investigation. While they made extensive use of keyboards another band producing imaginative lyrics in the early 70s, Queen, tended to put a "no synthesisers" credit on their albums. They did however contain fair amounts of material of interest here including most of "Queen II" and tracks like "39" and "The Prophets' Song" from "A Night at the Opera". Fantasy lyrics really caught on with heavy bands coming out in the mid to late 70s, though - for example 1976 saw "Jailbreak" by Thin Lizzy, "Sad Wings of Destiny" by Judas Priest and Rainbow's epic "Rising". The first of these, Thin Lizzy fused the complex rhythms of Irish folk with a highly original twin guitar sound, while producing songs from "The Warrior" to "Black Rose". Meanwhile on the other side of the Atlantic a sense of menace was being created by another twin guitar based heavy metal band Blue Oyster Cult, who with the Lovecraftian "Secret Treaties" and "Agents of Fortune" were producing an air of the sinister which would culminate with the version of "Godzilla" on "Extraterrestrial Live".

It's Rock Jim, but not as we know it!

Others nearer to the mainstream of rock were also producing SF based records in the 70s including Bowie on "Diamond Dogs". However a major effect of SF on rock was the electronic music scene led by bands like Tangerine Dream, who from "Electronic Meditation" evolved through esoteric classics like "Zeit" and "Stratosphere". Here the question is can lyricless albums be defined as SF orientated? If so works by Jean Michel Jarre must be essential. After all, anybody with the nerve to use entire cityscapes as backdrops must have the vision associated with SF. Also of interest in this field are Astra whose "New Age of Earth" is ground breaking and Tomita who with albums like "Bermuda Triangle" and "Dawn Chorus" (on which he samples waveforms from radio telescopes) is highly influenced by both sf and real scientific developments. The electronic music of these acts along with that of Ivan-approved Kraftwerk became highly influential on British synthesiser dance music artists of which the most SF orientated were Ultravox (particularly when they still contained John Foxx) and Gary Numan, who as Tubeway Army provided a precyberpunk bleak vision of the future on "Replicas".

Oops, Wrong Planet!

Meanwhile the Americas finally discovered adventurous lyrics and excessive orchestration. The mid 70's saw the development of bands like Styx whose "The Grand Illusion" and later "Kilroy Was Here" both showed originality. Working in the same vein were contemporaries Kansas with albums like the delightfully pompous "Masque" and "Point of Know Return". However, the definitive band in this style were undoubtedly the Canadian band Saga who from their self titled debut through "Images at Twilight" to the live "In Transit" continually produce interesting lyrics over lots of cute keyboard melodies. But even they pale into the background compared with their compatriots Rush. On their earlier outright heavy metal album, Rush produced both fantasy such as "By-Tor and the Snow Dog" and SF including "2112". As they developed towards greater musical subtlety with "Cygnus X1" and "Hemispheres" so their lyrics advanced and their general style broke away from any one category so that by the time of 1984's classic "Grace Under Pressure" (containing imaginative lyrics like "Distant Early Warning" and "The body electric") it became inappropriate to put them in any musical pigeon hole.

The Memory of a Flame

By 1977 pigeon holes were critically in vogue with punk supposedly replacing SF lyrics and concept albums with 3 minutes of teenage angst. (Unkle Dave doesn't like punk. It killed off half of his favourite bands --Nigel.) (Emerson Lake & Palmer had it coming... --JAFO.) In places like Germany this went virtually unnoticed with bands like Eloy producing albums like "Ocean" and Grobschnitt the allegorical fantasy "Rockpommel's Land" both of which repay close listening. Meanwhile in Britain The Enid were producing possibly the ultimate fusion of rock instrumentation and classical music with pieces like "In The Region Of The Summer Stars" (inspired by the work of Charles Williams) and "Fand" (taken from the Irish myth). The major backlash came with that totally unpronounceable acronym N.W.O.B.H.M.--the new wave of British heavy metal. Of these bands by far the most successful producers of SF lyrics were Iron Maiden whose "Somewhere In Time" is my most recommended recording. Less successful although equally worth investigation were Diamond Head on "Borrowed Time" and "Canterbury" who have very recently reformed. While all of this was happening two of the older progressive bands were still providing interesting material. The first is Genesis with tracks like "The Lady Lies", "Keep It Dark" and "Home By The Sea"; and the second Hawkwind with albums including "Choose Your Masques", "The Church of Hawkwind" and "Quark Strangeness and Charm".

But lurking in the smaller venues were a new generation of progressive bands. Of these a number such as Marillion and Twelfth Night had very few sf&f lyrics; however some had quite a lot. The main exponents of sf lyrics in the 80's progressive scene were Pallas whose "Arrive Alpine" and "The Sentinel" are true classics of the genre, the latter including the pre-cyberpunk menace of "Cut And Run" and the epic "Atlantis". Contemporaries Pendragon explored both mythology and SF on "Fly High, Fall Far" and "The Jewel", while Underground Zero produced Hawkwindesque space rock on "Never Reach the Stars" and "Through the Looking Stars". Providing a link between the metal and progressive sets of the early 80's were the bands described as pomp rock of which the major artists were Magnum and Demon. Magnum had first produced "Kingdom of Madness" in 1979 and through the early 80's produced a succession of fantasy based eccentric masterpieces including "Magnum II" and "Chase the Dragon" all of which had the power of heavy metal combined with the finesse of progressive rock. Demon having produced two Dennis Wheatley inspired albums moved away from the occult/horror genre with "The Plague" an erudite concept album involving an Orwellian view of the future, germ warfare and the evils of Thatcherism. This powerful mix was followed by "British Standards Approved" another sf/political concept album before they gave up sf to concentrate on social comment in their lyrics.

Music made by humans...in this day and age...

As the music industry looks more and more for immediate profit in the recession minority interests and long term only earners such as SF based rock bands are harder to find among the re-releases and soap-opera tie-ins. There are some acts still out there providing an alternative. Hardy perennials Hawkwind recently produced "Lace Springs" a line recording mixing classics with new items such as "Back in the Box". Magnum, although having moved away from fantasy since "On a Storyteller's Night" showed signs of returning with "Born to be King" on their last album. Simultaneously thrash metal appears to have taken up the schlock-horror end of fantasy. Among the more recent bands producing imaginative lyrics have been, Crimson Glory, a twin guitar based metal band whose first two albums "Crimson Glory" and

"Transcendence" showed promise, and the band they're most frequently compared to Queensryche. The latter are currently the thinking lifeforms heavy metal band having produced "Rage for Order" which included a number of SF based tracks, and the pseudo-Illuminati concept album "Operation Mindcrime". OK so their current record has no appreciable SF content but who knows what will come next. Over on the civilised side of the Atlantic ie Britain, Golgotha came up with the truly awesome "Unmaker of Worlds" featuring a fusion of ersatz classical orchestral keyboards and heavy riffing, while Ark on "The Dreams of Mr Jones" produced a redefinition of progressive rock. Apparently Galahad are giving them competition with their "Nothing is Written" CD but I haven't got that... yet!

Dave "obscurist git" Baynham and his amazing typing buttocks (aka Nigel)

THE SURVIVAL GUIDE TO BANGOR

In which Stewart attempts to dispose of the entire membership with food and alcohol poisoning, possibly with intent to sell the bodies to the North Wales Wildlife Trust.

Hi folks, it's your cuddly Chairgopher here. Proving that the art of good gophering lies with shrewd delegation this is the first article I've written for the con. (Actually it's because I don't trust your typing and no wonder. --Ivan.) This is due to finals and a preference for pubs and good ale to work of any description. Having an ill-deserved reputation as a drunken sot however has meant that I find myself the best qualified person to tell you wonderful people about where to get fed and watered in this delightful metroplex which we call Bangor.

Neuromincers: the pubs of Bangor

First of all upper Bangor, i.e. the flat bit on top of the hill which Rathbone is currently sliding off. These pubs will be the easiest to find and have the advantage of there not being a climb back to your beddy-byes once thoroughly libated. The nearest watering hole is in the lounge of Rathbone where we have thoughtfully provided a bar run by the redoubtable Matt. It will be serving electric Boddingtons a lager (urrghhh!) and a stout. Unfortunately real ale cannot be served since it is impossible to keep the stuff cool enough in Rathbone. Panic ye not my pretties for good ale is available elsewhere. It also will be serving food in the form of bar snacks which are excellent value for money and it is also open until 1am so sample its delights once all other alcoholic avenues have been explored.

For other pubs in Bangor you need to find College Road. Go out of the main entrance to Rathbone. Congratulations you've found it. Now proceed left past the arts faculty (housing a library stuffed full of biology books) until you reach the end where it joins Holyhead Road. The Belle Vue should now be directly on your left, indeed you could be leaning on it.

The Belle Vue is the student pub of upper Bangor and normally has a moderate student clientele outside of term time. It has a nice atmosphere aided by the low ceiling and oak beams but it does tend to get filled with cigarette smoke. It is expensive for Bangor but this probably puts it in line with prices elsewhere in the country. It serves a good pint of Guinness and a good bitter called Flowers IPA which for some reason is served only in the lefthand bar. In term time it tends to get packed so getting served can be a problem but this shouldn't happen during the weekend unless you lot decide visit it en masse. All in all a reasonable pub and well worth a visit.

Across the road you will see The Menai Vaults. Avoid this pub, it tends to get raided by the local constabulary at the weekends in search of interesting chemicals... Even if this doesn't bother you the beer is not startling and last time I went in they had a very loud video juke box. Not a great conversational pub.

Up a side street from the Vaults is the Globe. A Welsh-speaking pub this is again best not visited by those who don't speak the language but if you do apparently it is well worth a visit. Since I'm not a Welsh speaker this is about all I can tell you about it. Sorry.

Walking right from the Menai Vaults around the corner you will find a road leading off to your left. At the end of this road is the Ffriddoedd site containing what is known as the Ffridd (pronounced Frith). An alternative route is turning right at Safeways and heading up Ffriddoedd Road. The Ffridd is my favourite watering hole in upper Bangor for several reasons. It has pool tables, a reasonable juke box with a fair selection of oldies, very friendly bar staff and cheap real ale. Hopefully real ale will be on tap during the weekend, beers to look out for are Samson Ale (which is the only Welsh beer worth drinking), Merrie Monk and Theakston's Old Peculier. Which of these, if any, will be on tap I'm not sure but all are well worth drinking. The disadvantage of the Ffridd is its size. The place is a barn. This is fine if it is full and throbbing with vibrant life but if only a few people are in there it feels very oppressive. (An alternative viewpoint is that when few people are in there the Ffridd is pleasantly cool and roomy, whereas during termtime it is loud, crowded, hot and carcinogenic. --Ivan the social leper.) However it does suit large bodies of congoers since the tables are easily movable and there are plenty of seats (although doubtless not enough).

Now lower Bangor. Again easy to find: it's the hard bit you hit when you fall off the hill. In my opinion the best pub here is my local, the **Union Garth**. To find it walk down Love Lane and turn left. Keep going left past Dickie's Boatyard and you will find it on your right. It is a pub with a nautical feel full of brass bits of a dubious nature and is well suited to conversation since it has no juke box. The beer is reasonably priced and the Burtonwood bitter is excellent value at £1.16 per pint. At lunchtimes it serves pub grub which I'm told is fine and it has tables outside giving good views of Penrhyn Castle. Enjoy these while you can for there are plans to build a supermarket around the bay somewhere which will detract somewhat from the area's photogenic splendour.

Most lower Bangor pubs are in the High Street and are well worth avoiding. The beer is ordinary to appalling, and at nights there is the possibility of there being some excitement outside. Two honourable exceptions are the **Albion Hotel** and the **Harp**. Both of these are around the corner of the High Street. Turn right at the clock tower and bear left. The first pub you will find is the Albion which I (shock, horror!) am not familiar with but Dave tells me it is a good enough place serving a good honest pint. The Harp is well worth a visit, especially if you can colonise the snugs. It has a good rock juke box and has a good atmosphere aided by an open fire and lots of oak beams. The beer is reasonably expensive for Bangor but is good. They have been known to serve Owd Roger, a powerful brew served in half pints. There is a reason for this trust me, and I speak as one who has downed a pint of the stuff in one go. If it wasn't for the taste I'd say drink bleach for it's safer.

If pub crawls are your thing then a good route is the Garth to the Albion to the Harp. From the Harp go down Farrar Road and climb the hill, turn right and then left at Safeways. From there find the Ffridd from whence you can wobble down to the Belle Vue. Once time is called meander your merry way back to Rathbone for a few more quick ones and perhaps a game of Fizz! Buzz! (Or Fuzz! Buzz! as Stewart ethnically spells it, perhaps under the influence of one policeman too many. -Ivan, who still doesn't believe that Bangor sf&f's favourite rozzer eats cherry pie, especially since he's a D.C....)

Beers to try are the real ales at the Ffridd, Flowers at the Belle Vue and a teaspoon-full of Owd Roger if they still have it at the Harp, not forgetting the Burtonwood at the Garth. Everywhere serves Tetley, Courage or Trophy which vary from pub to pub and day to day from being truly amazing to bloody awful. For those of you who find it necessary to drink lager you have my deepest sympathy. Even you however should avoid Wrexham lager for it is literally Carlsberg which has failed the quality control test - if you don't believe this ask Nigel.

Stuffer Shacks: food in Bangor

Bangor is well blessed for fast food houses but unfortunately good restaurants are a bit thin on the ground. However for those of you who cannot face Hall cuisine, and frankly I don't blame you, the following by no means exhaustive list should be of some use.

Holyhead Road is filled to brimming with eateries. Next to the Menai Vaults pub is the **Godfather** pizza house. This serves deep pan pizzas with preset toppings only. We're not sure if ordinary pizzas are also on the menu. The pizzas apparently come with more cheese than is absolutely necessary. According to a reliable source avoid their stuffed potatoes if you would like to leave our happy gathering in something more stylish than a pine box.

Next is a small cafe called the **Coffee Pot**. It's the muralled building next to the pedestrian crossing. Handy for a quick bite serving snacks and a typical chips with everything menu at good prices.

The **Ying Wah** Chinese is one of Dave's favourites. By all accounts it is a very good Chinese take away but, like all Holyhead Road take aways it does get very crowded, especially after the pubs close. Also does chips which appear in large and greasy portions.

Avery's is your author's favourite chippie. Serves awesome, truly awesome fish. Honestly Death couldn't do better. Also does pizzas and you can even choose your own toppings (within reason...). Tends to have a faster service than either of the Chinese take aways.

The **Greek Taverna** is a restaurant about which I know absolutely nothing apart from that the food is good but overpriced.

The **Tandoori Knights** is another of Dave's raves and justifiably so for it has won quite a few awards. Dave recommends the chicken tikka massala. Both a restaurant and a take-away, it gives a 10% discount on take aways I believe.

"**Kebab Joint**" - sorry we don't know the name. Opinions vary about this place. The only time I used it a couple of years ago I was served stone-cold chips. Dave says it's OK but unremarkable. Nigel and Nicky eulogise over it. Make of this what you will.

The restaurant next to the Kebab Joint is the **Bopa Leisa**. Serves good food at moderately expensive prices with a variable service but the only "English" restaurant in upper Bangor and easily the equal of Canes in the High Street.

The big orange place is the **Tai Sing**, another good Chinese with a superb chicken and chips. Buy it and do yourself a favour. The portions are smaller than Ying Wah's but they are less greasy.

Further down Holyhead Road, in fact at the bottom past the station is the **Mahabarar**. Run by the people who originally set up the Tandoori Knights it is meant to be good, although I haven't tried it out yet.

Lower Bangor holds as many delights as upper Bangor although you do have to look for them.

The **Beach Road Chippie** (again not its real name) by the Texaco Garage is a good chippie cum fish restaurant and serves a Southern Chicken recommended to me by another of my many sources.

The best take away in Bangor in both my and Dave's opinion can be found at the extreme left end of the High Street. Called the **Shahin** it is a truly excellent kebab house serving good kebabs and a generally superlative Indian. Recommended are the chicken tikka massala and the butterchicken. Unlike most kebab joints it doesn't do burgers. For all of you heat freaks try the vindaloo which could rob you of the power of speech for a considerable period. Treat with caution and eat near a fire extinguisher.

Just off the High Street on the left is the **Three Crowns** pub. While eminently avoidable at night for reasons described above it does do the best pub-grub in Bangor at lunchtimes. However get there before 1pm for about then it gets extremely full.

Canes restaurant is the other "English" style restaurant and can be found by turning right at the clock tower. Overpriced for what it is it serves food of a reasonable quality with good service and a large holding capacity so it is handy for parties of people.

Almost opposite Canes is a new pizza restaurant/take-away called **Capone's**. No-one here knows anything about it for none of us has dared enter an establishment with a pair of dubious turtles on the front window...

In-between the Albion Hotel and the Harp can be found the **Dolci Vitae**. Unsurprisingly this is an Italian restaurant which I'm told makes its own pasta. It has an enviable reputation and serves pizzas with prices ranging up to £5 for these.

Also by the Harp is the **Hong Kong Cantonese** which Dave tells me is another good Chinese restaurant which serves some dishes which cannot be found elsewhere within the metropolis.

Opposite the student's union is the **Old Glan** pub. Again, a place to avoid at night, it does do meals at lunchtimes although they are expensive. The service is generally good but the pub is tacky in the extreme and the beer is truly awful.

Finally yet another good Chinese take away can be found by the bus stops behind the main post office. The **Peninsular** Chinese restaurant is a bit expensive but does come up with some excellent meals.

Well there we have it, a none too exhaustive list of the pubs and eateries of Bangor. Still you should be so interested in the programme that you won't really need this will you?

Stewart Johnson, gopher to the uncaring masses (to whom no blame attaches for this)

THE NORTH WALES WILDLIFE TRUST

In which we explore the wonderful world of charitable generosity and ETLAs.

Now that Geoff has prepared the final accounts and has worked out exactly how much money we will have left over (violators will be overcharged), we have finally got round to the usual convention, er, custom of adopting a charity. In our case this will be the North Wales Wildlife Trust. It has thus fallen to me as He Who Worked For Them And Suggested Their Name to tell you about what they do.

The NWWT is the local County Trust belonging to an umbrella organisation called the Royal Society of Nature Conservation or RSNC. It currently runs nearly a hundred reserves in Clwyd and Gwynedd most of which are very small with no visitor access. Therefore despite the good work they do, particularly in preserving plant species, they tend not to get the credit they deserve with all the attention being focussed on larger nationwide organisations. Due to this they are perennially short of cash, hence my suggestion.

A slightly more exciting project than saving bee orchids that the Trust is currently involved in is the saving of the Roseate Tern. The only British bird to merit involvement in the Red Data Book on all counts (rare, declining etc.), the NWWT reserve at Cemlyn pool is now the only nesting site for these birds in the area with about five pairs this year. (For comparison there were two other nesting sites last year which this year were abandoned). Cemlyn is well worth a visit with guaranteed arctic, sandwich and common terns and the roseates if you're lucky. Incidentally it is also the only sandwich tern colony in Wales. As such the reserve typifies the work of the County Trusts who strive to keep local wildlife flourishing in the belief that whereas the bottom line is if a species exists at all, the public should be able to enjoy even rare species locally. Hence they preserve sites ignored as being not nationally important by larger organisations but which are vital at a local level.

If you feel inclined to give a larger donation then the NWWT does have a shop at the left end of the High Street full of tourist-type information and gifts. In any case please give generously if only to stop the outpourings of drivel during the turkey readings.

Stewart Johnson--still gophering, still uncared-for, still a self-pitying pixiephile

POWER CORRUPTS AND ABSOLUTE POWER...

In which JAFO grasses Stewart up something rotten.

The eagle eyed (or just plain literate) among you will have noticed that the post of chairman is now filled by Stewart Johnson and that in addition the convention has adopted the North Wales Wildlife Trust as its pet charity.

Behind these two innocuous events there is a story, a story that, much though it pains me to say it, implicates Mr Johnson in a web of bribery and financial misconduct.

My suspicions were first fully aroused when, after the departure of the previous incumbent, Stewart in an unexpected display of (apparent) altruism stepped in to fill the gap.

Why should it be that our beloved root vegetable liaison officer cum gopher should take upon his shoulders the yolk (sic) of responsibility so readily? Was this not the same gopher who had so diligently avoided work by using the uncharacteristically cunning "I'm saving my energy for the con" gambit? Strange indeed...

Can it be said to be a mere coincidence that Stewart's first act within scant seconds of taking on his new post was to put through the motion adopting the NWWT, a shadowy organisation of which none of us had heard except through him? And then, decisively, there was the fact that his bank balance had recently been suspiciously swelled by an influx of cash from the NWWT as "wages" for the services provided by Stewart to them in the previous fortnight (ostensibly for work as a volunteer warden at an Anglesey nature reserve). Wages? or just money in return for some hard graft?

Furthermore there is the matter of the siphoning off of funds to a nebulous "petrol expenses kitty" that seems to be inextricably linked to a certain person's pocket...

Jafo and his mysterious self-balancing chequebook.

THE UNICON CHARTER

And you should hear what John Clute had to say about this.

Insofar as it has been deemed necessary to perpetuate the Unicon series of science fiction conventions the following regulations are presented to distinguish these conventions from similar events:

- (1) They shall bear the name Unicon and have a consecutive numbering or year suffix as all or part of their title.
- (2) They shall be held in residential establishments of higher education, and shall use the accomodation and facilities there provided.
- (3) The site of the convention shall be decided at the previous Unicon in a properly conducted business session or, failing this, by the Unicon steering committee.
 - (a) Bidding session.
 - (i) All potential bidding committees who have made their presence known shall be invited to present their bid for a period not exceeding one half hour, except where only one bid exists in which case the time limit shall be set by the current Unicon.
 - (ii) Voting will be carried out by any reasonable means determined by the current Unicon committee.
 - (b) Steering committee.

(i) This shall be responsible for the maintainance and amendment of this charter, the administration of excess funds should no convention win the bidding ceremony, and shall act as arbitrator should disputes concerning Unicon arise.

(ii) Each past and present Unicon committee shall nominate one member of the steering committee.

(iii) The acting chairperson of the steering committee shall be the member nominated by the current Unicon and his functions will include: notifying steering committee members of transferring of excess funds from his convention, notifying all potential convention bids of these regulations, and providing for each member of the steering committee and for both the treasurer and chairperson of the next Unicon an accurate statement of accounts for his convention.

(iv) The voting membership of the steering committee shall be the nominees of the last seven Unicons. A quorum shall consist of four voting members, and descisions shall be taken by a majority of voting members, whether or not present at the voting meeting. Meetings of the steering committee shall be notified at least one month in advance to all members of the steering committee, whether or not they are voting members. A meeting shall be held at Unicon, and a written undertaking required by clause (7) shall be the notice of this meeting.

(4) The surplus funds from a Unicon convention shall be disposed of as follows:

(a) Where the sum does not exceed £200 the surplus shall be passed within a reasonable time to the convention that wins the bidding ceremony.

(b) Where the sum exceeds £200, 50% or £200 (whichever is greater) shall be passed on as in 5(a) and the remainder shall be disposed of as the convention committee sees fit in a manner to benefit fandom, subject to the approval of the steering committee.

(c) Where no convention bid has been successfully made for the coming year the surplus funds shall be passed to the steering committee within a reasonable time.

(5) The convention shall be insured:

(a) Against loss of, or damage to, its property and that for which it is legally responsible, including biulding, machinery, plant, fixtures and fitting provided to it by the property owners or management of the venue for the purpose of the convention.

(b) Against loss resulting from the cancellation, curtailment, postponement or abandonment in whole or in part of the convention, the non appearance of a principal speaker or failure of the convention tp vacate the premises at the end of its tenancy.

(c) So as to be indemnified for all sums which the committee shall be legally liable for arising from bodily injury and property damage to employees and general public arising out of an occurence in connection with the convention.

(6) The convention committee shall undertake:

(a) To be liable for any defecit arising from their own convention.

(b) To cover any debts occurring in connection with any past Unicon which no longer holds funds, providing such debts to not exceed the value of the funds passed to them by the previous Unicon or by the steering committee.

(7) The convention comittee shall agree to abide by the regulations presented in this document, and shall send a written letter undertaking to this effect (signed at minimum by the chairperson, secretary and treasurer, or the equivalent posts) to each memeber of the steering committee. Ambiguities and disputes arising from these regulations shall be settled by the steering committee in light of common sense and with a view to the continuity of the Unicon series.

Membership of the steering committee as of 1st July 1991

Rhodri James (chair)
Tommy Ferguson
Mike Cheater

Mike Abbott
 Caroline Mullan
 Tim Illingworth
 Hugh Mascetti
 (Alex Stewart)
 (Jan Huxley)
 (Chrissie Pearson)
 (John Fairey)

(Bracketted members are non-voting and Jafo says that in re point 3.iii. he reckons you'll be lucky--this is another of the reasons we had to shut him up in the cupboard.)

THE PERSISTENCE OF VISION

In which we remind you of all the wonderful events to which we'd really rather you didn't compare this, er, wonderful event.

Year	Name	Venue	Guests
1980	Unicon 80	Keele	Harry Harrison
1981	Unicon 2	Keele	John Sladek
1982	Unicon 3	Keele	Richard Cowper
1983	Unicon 4	Essex University	Ian Watson
1984	Oxcon	St Catherine's, Oxford	Brian Aldiss
1985	Camcon	New Hall, Cambridge	John Christopher
1986	ConSept	Guildford, University of Surrey	Tanith Lee
1987	Connote8	New Hall, Cambridge	Geraldine Harris Diana Wynne Jones
1988	Wincon	King Alfred's, Winchester	Patrick Tilley Geoff Ryman Michael de Larrabetti
1989	uNicon	Queen's University, Belfast	Harry Harrison Terry Pratchett James White Will Simpson Ian McDonald Iain Thomas
1990	Uniconze	New Hall, Cambridge	Barrington J Bayley Lionel Fanthorpe Dave Langford Bill Sanderson Ian Watson
1991	MabinogiCon	Neuadd Rathbone, UCNW Bangor	Anne McCaffrey Gael Baudino Stephen Gregory Agnieszka Sylwanowicz

--and for completeness' sake, the only we bid we know of for the 1992 Unicon is Scone, for Clyde Halls at Glasgow University. We wish them luck and giggle insanely (at least Nigel does).

DANCES WITH SHEEP

In which Ivan has some exciting experiences with an onion and a Caps Lock key.

I moved house two weekends ago. Not much of interest in that--the longest I've lived in any one place since leaving my parents' has been about a year--but this time I got myself talked into buying the thing. This also is not of any great interest (unless you are one of those Langford-like individuals who can find the funny bits in the whole nightmarish process). What is of interest, at least to me, is that all of a sudden I've committed myself to living somewhere for at least the foreseeable future. This, for one who's been a student for the last six years, is a very strange feeling, and doubly strange because despite my suburban penguinhood I've chosen to settle in an obscure corner of North Wales.

I think the title says why, but flip titles butter no parsnips, so let me explain further (indeed at tedious length). People who have lived in both rural and urban areas frequently comment on the differences in lifestyle between the two, and they're right. Life here is much slower than it ever was in Oxford: that's not to say that it's boring or soporific or there's less happening, simply that people take life at a different pace. I've heard too many people make fools of themselves to wonder out loud why this should be, but I know why I slowed down, and I feel a lot better for it. It is the place. And that throws strange colours on the way that one thinks. In London, buses are late. Here, they're just... relaxed. In London, the biddy in the supermarket chatting to the cashier about our Mary is assault cannon fodder (I know, because Jafo told me *(you lie meathead! It is Brosettes who must be expunged! --JAFO)*). Here, she is a quaint and ethnic example of the closeness of the rural community. (However she is still holding me up doing my shopping and will be suitably dealt with--er, sorry.) And so on.

The closeness of the countryside is important too. Living in Oxford, I never really missed it until I visited Jersey. After that, the air in the city started to stink and the sky didn't look as healthy as it used to. Having lived in North Wales for two years, I can no longer breathe central London air for extended periods of time... Mind you, having lived in a house with a garden and an uninterrupted view up to the mountain for two weeks, I'm glad I moved out of a Bangor backroad despite the fact that while I was there I loved the place. Habituation. Strange thing.

Then there's the language. Most people who know me will have been told about my problems with the language, but here we go again... The problem isn't with the local language, though. I don't speak or read Welsh, apart from being able to recognise the sort of words you see on street signs, but in a way I no longer cope with English too well either. I get culture shock visiting a country where the signs aren't translated into Welsh. And I've even been known to be unable to find the toilets because they were only labelled in the one language. (But there were extenuating circumstances. Really there were.)

But this sort of thing is skirting the issue. I like it here. It feels more like home than most of the places I've lived, and that's despite having had closer circles of friends or family elsewhere. Falling in love with a place can't be that unusual a sensation, but it is as difficult to describe, justify or write about without embarrassment as falling in love with a person. I don't know why that is. I don't know why it worries me.

And I'm not sure I know why Wales, or whether in a few years time I'll be tired of this feeling and will go looking for the speed and activity of the cities again. It should only take me a few months to get used to the air, and the fact that the nearest green is two miles away, and the view of street after street of terraces, and the fact that sea and mountains are a long, crowded train journey away.

Habituation is a strange thing, and I'm not sure I like it.

Ivan Towlson and his amazing non-editing typing fingers (both of them).

EXCUSES, EXCUSES

In which pop-pickin' Jafo and Ivan preview the hot convention charts.

8	"Two Minutes to Midnight"	Ivan Maiden and the Idiots At The Computer Lab
7	"Oh Where Has All My Article Gone? (Backup Blues)"	Jafo and the Razorgirls
6	"Actually I've Already Done It"	Auntie Cath and the St Winifred's School Choir
5	"J-J-Just Read The Instructions"	The Wurzels featuring DJ Stew
4	"Where Have All The Biologists Gone?"	Catherine, Stew and Jafo
3	"Wot?"	Ivan Towlson & Charities for the Deaf
2	"In The Bag"	The Grateful-It-Wasn't-At-Our-Place
1	"The Woke Up This Afternoon And Everything Was Shut So I Couldn't Blues"	Nigel Evans and the Naughty Nickies

MEMBERSHIP LIST

Do we really need to say it? Do we really?

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 C Mark Bailey | 61 A Mike Damesick |
| 2 C Nickey Barnard | 62 A Smitty |
| 3 C Dave Baynham | 63 A Smitty's Baby Brother |
| 4 C Cath Bircher | 64 A Lissa Blackburn |
| 5 C Nigel Evans | 65 A Tanaqui |
| 6 C Geoff Hale | 66 A Tim Kirk |
| 7 C Stewart Johnson | 67 S Annette Trickette |
| 8 C Ivan Towlson | 68 A Peter Garrett |
| 9 A John Richards | 69 A Paul Marrow |
| 10 A Mike Cheater | 70 A Alastair Wheeler-Reid |
| 11 P John Botham | 71 A Bridget Hardcastle |
| 12 A Dave Rowley | 72 A Richard Wheatley |
| 13 A Phil Plumbly | 73 A Fiona Anderson |
| 14 P Steve Glover | 74 A Roy Williams |
| 15 A Gareth Rees | 75 A David Bell |
| 16 P Jonathan Coxhead | 76 A Minstrel |
| 17 P Steve Rothman | 77 A Kevin Joyce |
| 18 P Chris Stock | 78 A Diana J Williams-Moussa |
| 19 P Dave Ellis | 79 A Ali Nouredin Moussa |
| 20 A Larry van der Putte | 80 A Phil Rogers |
| 21 A Rafe Culpin | 81 A Doreen Rogers |
| 22 S Alex Perry | 82 A Sukhita Walters |
| 23 A The Magician | 83 A Keith Cosslett |
| 24 A James Steel | 84 A Julia Daley |
| 25 A Michael Abbott | 85 A Jim Walker |
| 26 A Caroline Mullan | 86 A Eileen Everitt |
| 27 A Bridget Wilkinson | 87 A Tony Edwards |
| 28 A Terry Hunt | 88 A Marjorie Edwards |
| 29 A Paul M Cray | 89 A David Redd |
| 30 A Richard Crook | 90 A Vera Croughton |
| 31 A Paul Dormer | 91 A Chris Croughton |
| 32 A Mike Stone | 92 A Christine Krebs |
| 33 A Peter Wareham | 93 A Sally Harvey |
| 34 A Gwen Funnell | 94 A John Harvey |
| 35 A Ken Slater | 95 A Nick Larter |
| 36 A Joyce Slater | 96 A D Scott |
| 37 A Marcus L Rowland | 97 A J Scott |
| 38 A Colin Wilkinson | 98 S Ray Smith |
| 39 A Andy Morris | 99 A Gus Smith |
| 40 A Dave Langford | 100 K Kate Edwards |
| 41 A Hazel Langford | 101 A Terry Jones |
| 42 A Brian Ameringen | 102 A Carol Williams |
| 43 A Pat Silver | 103 K Carol Williams (2) |
| 44 A Mary Morman | 104 A Kate Soley |
| 45 A Kent Bloom | 105 A Chris Tregenza |
| 46 A Susan Francis | 106 A Margaret Hall |
| 47 A Rhodri James | 107 A Kevin Vale |
| 48 A Marcus Streets | 108 A Pompino the Kregoyne |
| 49 A Tim Illingworth | 109 A Neil the Tax |
| 50 A Mike Whitaker | 110 A Alan Braggins |
| 51 A John Bray | 111 A Anne Rundle |
| 52 A Resurgam | 112 A Martin Gordon-Kerr |
| 53 A Michael Kennedy | 113 A Talis Kimberley |
| 54 A Mary Morman (2) | 114 A Fox |
| 55 A John Dallman | 115 A Dave Holladay |
| 56 A Ben Brown | 116 A Gareth Cithad |
| 57 A Sue Edwards | 117 A R G Wilson |
| 58 A Helen Steele | 118 A Elspeth Aubrey |
| 59 A Philip Allcock | |
| 60 A Robert Maughan | |

- 1 Reichel
- 2 Campfa
- 3 Plas Gwyn
- 4 Emrys Evans
- 5 Bar Friddoedd
- 6 Llys Tryfan
- 7 Celyddyddau Newydd
- 8 Llyfrgell y Celyddyddau
- 9 Prif Adeilad y Celyddyddau
- 10 Cerdd
- 11 Swyddfa Gyllid
- 12 Drama
- 13 John Morris Jones
- 14 Rathbone
- 15 Perianeg
- 16 Mathemateg
- 17 Theatr Gwynedd
- 18 Undeb y Myfyrwyr
- 19 Nawdd Nos
- 20 Ffreutur
- 21 Addysg
- 22 Cemeg
- 23 Swoleg
- 24 Amaethyddiaeth
- 25 Biocemeg
- 26 Gwyddor Coed
- 27 Coedwigaeth
- 28 Botaneg
- 29 Llyfrgell y Gwyddorau
- 30 Cyfrifiadureg
- 31 Oriol ac Amgueddfa
- 32 y Santes Fair

- | | | | |
|---|---------------------|---|----------------|
| A | Station | D | Post Office |
| | Gorsaf | | Swyddfa Post |
| B | Cathedral | E | Buses |
| | Prifeglwys | | Bysiau |
| C | Public Library | F | Police Station |
| | Llyfrgell Cyhoeddus | | Gorsaf Heddlu |



- 1 Reichel
- 2 Sports Hall
- 3 Plas Gwyn
- 4 Emrys evans
- 5 Ffriddoedd Bar
- 6 Ulys Tryfan
- 7 New Arts/Arts Library
- 8 Main Arts
- 9 Music
- 10 Finance Office
- 11 Drama
- 12 John Morris Jones
- 13 **Kathbone**
- 14 Engineering
- 15 Mathematics
- 16 Theatr Gwynedd
- 17 Students' Union
- 18 Nightline
- 19 Refectory
- 20 Education
- 21 Chemistry
- 22 Zoology
- 23 Agriculture
- 24 Biochemistry
- 25 Wood Science
- 26 Forestry
- 27 Botany
- 28 Science Library
- 29 Computing
- 30 Museum and Art Gallery
- 31 St Mary's

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