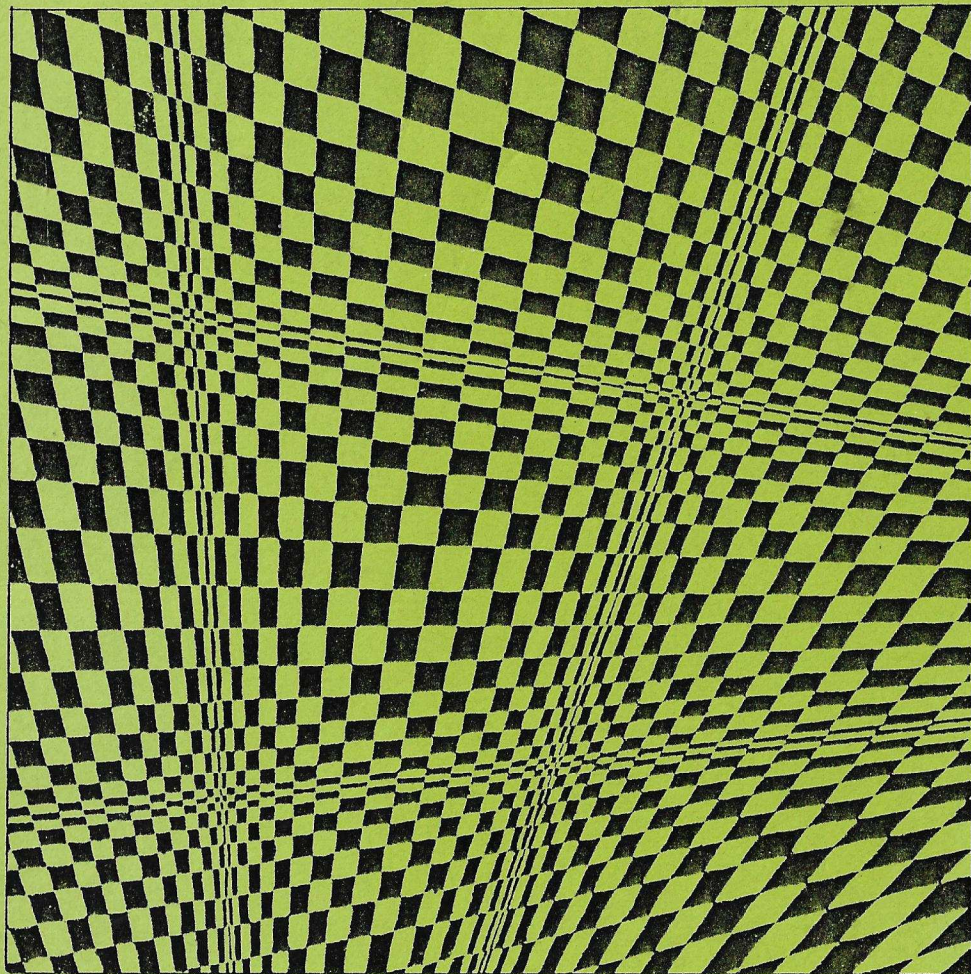
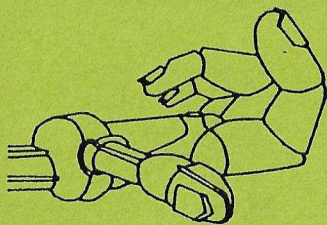


BECCON 85



PROGRAMME BOOK



BECCON

PUBLICATIONS

ROGER ROBINSON, 75 ROSSLYN AVE. HAROLD WOOD, ESSEX RM3 0RG, ENGLAND TEL 04023-42304

1. BARRINGTON J BAYLEY.

A bibliography produced to commemorate Barry Bayley's first appearance as GOH at an SF convention. Barry was G.O.H. at BECCON 81, and this bibliography was researched for BECCON by Mike Ashley.
UK - 50p inc. postage. US - \$1.00 inc. postage.

2. THE VOICE OF THE SHRIMP.

After the successful first BECCON, the committee produced this booklet detailing the experiences they had while organising a small British SF convention. This was done to help other convention committees over the birth pains incurred in organising a convention.
UK - 50p (or 75p inc. postage) US - \$1.25 inc. postage.

3. THE WRITINGS OF KEN BULMER.

Another in the series of BECCON bibliographies honouring their Guests of Honour. A 52 page booklet listing all of Ken Bulmer's novels, short stories, articles, pseudonyms etc etc. With introductions by Ken Bulmer and John Clute. Researched and edited by Roger Robinson. Revised and updated, September 1984.
UK - £1.00 (or £1.25 inc. postage) US - \$1.75 inc. postage.

4. THERE ARE NEVER ENOUGH MUSHROOMS.

The BECCON committee prides itself in the standard of cuisine shown at their committee meetings. This booklet shares with fandom at large the secrets of the success of BECCON's catering empire, and comes in a protective plastic cover. Tastefully edited by Bernie Peek.
UK - 75p (or £1.00 inc. postage) US - \$1.50 inc. postage

5. EUROCON PRESS REPORT.

A report on how effective media coverage was achieved at a major British convention. This booklet has been produced by Jonathan Cowie, the Press Liaison Officer at Eurocon 1984, and contains lists of "dos and donts", useful addresses and copies of some the press handouts used.
UK - 50p (or 75p inc. postage) US - \$1.25 inc. postage.

6. SF & FANTASY MAGAZINE COLLECTOR'S CHECKLIST.

A handy pocket-sized checklist of over 225 SF, Fantasy and Weird magazines. Information regarding each magazine includes first and last issue dates and complete volume and issue numbering, to assist collectors in the hunt for the elusive issues missing from their collections. Researched and edited by Roger Robinson.
UK - 75p (or £1.00 inc. postage) US - \$1.25 inc. postage.

7. BECCON, THE FANZINE.

A 52 page zine written by BECCON attendees. The authors include both professional (Barry Bayley, Ken Bulmer etc) as well as amateurs. The subjects range from one-dimensional sex through music to bio-astronomy. Commissioned and edited by Jonathan Cowie.
UK - £1.00 (or £1.25 inc. postage) US - \$2.00 inc. postage.

8. THE BECCON PLAYS.

Each of the first three BECCON has included a "dramatic presentation" of some kind. This booklet has the full scripts of "Mutatis Mutandis" by David Campton (BECCON 81), "The Monster of Gruesome Grange" and "Eli Still Goes On" by Lionel and Patricia Fanthorpe (BECCON 83) and "Spock in Manacles" by Kate Davies (BECCON 85). Compiled and introduced by Roger Robinson.
UK - £1.50 (or £1.75 inc. postage) US - \$3.00 inc. postage.

IN PREPARATION :-

9. WHO'S HUGH? - an SF readers guide to pseudonyms, (expected date - late 85)

A detailed listing of more than 2000 pseudonyms, crossreferenced to sources.

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Artwork:

Cover	Andrew Robinson.
5.	Piper at the Gates of Dawn - Mic Rogers.
6.	John Stokes
9.	Ashley Watkins (ideas, Brian Ameringen)
11.	Charles Goodwin.
13.	Mic Rogers.
15.	John Stokes.
22.	Piper at the Gates of Dawn - Ros Calverley.
23.	Ashley Watkins (ideas, Brian Ameringen)
26.	Ros Calverley.
32.	Charles Goodwin.

HELLO, GOOD WEEKEND, AND WELCOME

by Pete Tyers

to Beccon 85, or, as it is known to the cognoscenti, "The Committee's revenge". And now for a look at history.

The PAST: Back in '79, a misguided group of fans thought it would be nice to organise a con; the result was Beccon 81. A few attendees were later found pressing money into our hands "for the next one"; the result was Beccon 83. Having failed to learn their lesson, these people again thrust their monies at us; the result of course is Beccon 85 - which just goes to prove that it is your fault, not ours.

The PRESENT: The programme for Beccon 85 has been arranged along the same lines as previous Beccons, as your past attendances indicate that you like the format, despite the usual alternative attractions of the bar, deep, meaningful conversations, etc. There are 7 feature films, ranging from the good to the truly awful (well, you seem to like them) and a couple of (almost obligatory) Telegoons, serious and not-so-serious panels, talks, discussions, silly (well, not very serious) games, auctions, plus a dramatic production (the musical that Andrew Lloyd Weber was afraid to write) "Spock in Manacles", and, of course, fireworks courtesy of Los Alamos Fandom (or whatever they call themselves this week). There is also a great possibility that sessions of Charades will break out spontaneously over the weekend (requests have been made to the Committee, but we like it, so there!). There is a book room where Ken & Joyce Slater, Marlon & Richard Van der Voort and Chris & Debbie Leeding will be pleased to take your money in exchange for an excellent selection of new and secondhand books. The convention bar (in the Lakeside Room) will be open as usual for CONventional hours (apart from essential restocking, times of which will be announced). We hope that the weather will be as good to us as in previous years, thus allowing sitting-on-the-grass fandom to take roots, though the weather men are so unpredictable these days.

The FUTURE: Having read your PR's, you already know that Beccon has bid for the '87 Eastercon at the National Exhibition Centre (thus making it the Birmingham Exhibition Centre CONvention). If we are successful (and this is up to you), and this expansionary and accrostic trend continues, we could look forward in time to offering you a Eurocon with the theme of international gastronomy (Bernie's European Cookery CONvention, and the Worldcon in 1999 (Britain at the End of the Century CONvention) (please, someone, tell me I'm only joking!).

Enough of fantasy (who said that), and back to Basildon. If you have any problems or queries, please find a Committee member (identifiable by the orange "Committee" badges and friendly (or should that be glazed) expressions), subtly attract his/her it's attention by bribing with alcoholic beverage, and we will do our best to solve it. In the event that none of us can be found, please ask the hotel receptionist to bleep us. Any complaints should be addressed to (and will be ignored by) Peter not-quite-so-baby-faced-as-he-was Westhead (the hero of many conventions already) who will usually be found in the creche sorting out his parents.

The Committee have spent the last eighteen months putting this together for you (not to mention "researching recipes" at the many committee meetings) so now it is time for you to do your bit: eat, drink, and be merry (though not necessarily in that order).

RICHARD COWPER

by Lisa Tuttle.

Richard Cowper is why I love England.

No, that's close, but not quite right. Why I love England is why I love Richard Cowper. I love his literary heritage, his language, his sense of the past, his magic, his green and rolling hills, his winding rivers...

I always think of the land - his land, England - when I think of Richard Cowper. I had read none of his books (I had him confused with that sexist Edmund Cooper) when I first met him at Seacon in Brighton in 1979. A science fiction convention may not be the best place to meet him -- it's certainly not his natural setting. He seemed rather bemused by it all, much as if he'd been whisked off to one of the futures he writes about, bewildered, and yet pleased to have the chance to visit. About a week later I was fortunate enough to meet him again, and this time to get to know him in his natural setting: the English countryside. He lives in a thatched cottage, hundreds of years old, in a South Devon village. The front windows look onto a narrow village street, the back, covered with roses and flowering vines, opens onto a large garden, bounded by the tidal estuary of the river Dart. Sitting in his garden in the late summer sunshine, I gazed at the gentle green hills across the water, and felt I'd been transported into one of my favorite books.

Later, back in hot, modern Texas, I looked for books by Richard Cowper. When I read The Road to Corlay I felt, impossibly, homesick. Not for the changed land Cowper wrote about in that book, but for the real place behind it. I had always wanted to live in England: literary England, imaginary England. Now I wanted Richard Cowper's England.

Cowper's books are as timeless as his England, fantasies based solidly in reality. He writes about the most essential things, whether in the present, past or future: he writes about the connections between people, between souls, between people and the natural world, about life and death and love and hope.

He is one of the few science fiction writers around with a genuine sense of wonder and the talent to inspire it in others. When I started reading science fiction "sense of wonder" was what everyone looked for, and to say a book had it was the highest praise you could bestow. Yet how to describe what that is, except to say that you know it -- feel it -- when you read it? Too often, those books which seek to astonish us with amazing alien super-science and futuristic concepts rouse nothing more than a yawn. Although his books are full of ideas, Richard Cowper never seems to be aiming at boggling the mind -- he takes a closer, and more accurate, aim at the human heart. A couple of years ago, feeling fed up with science fiction and wondering why I had ever read it, let alone tried to write it, I picked up Cowper's The Twilight of Briareus. Reading it was like being twelve years old again, glowing with wonder and excitement, and it made me fall in love with science fiction again. Or at least with the genuine, sense-of-wonder, Richard Cowper stuff.

What can I tell you about Richard Cowper? About the books, read them, if you haven't already. About the man -- you're in luck. He's here, so you can meet him and discover his special qualities for yourself. Buy him a drink -- a traditionally English gin and tonic should do nicely -- and wait for the magic.

THANKS

The Committee would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who have helped in various ways with BECCON, whether in advance or at the Con, and in particular;

Chuck Partington & Harry Nadler, for printing the Fanzine.

John Dallman, for software.

Gary Stratmann, Dermot Dobson, Hugh Mascetti & Chris Suslowicz, with all their helpers, for the Fireworks.

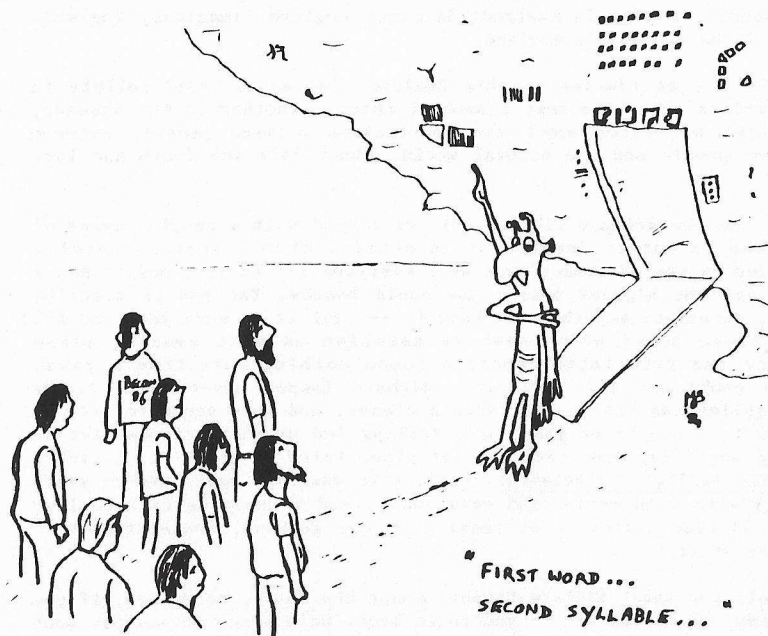
Richard Cowper, for being our Guest of Honour.

Tim Broadribb, for projecting the films.

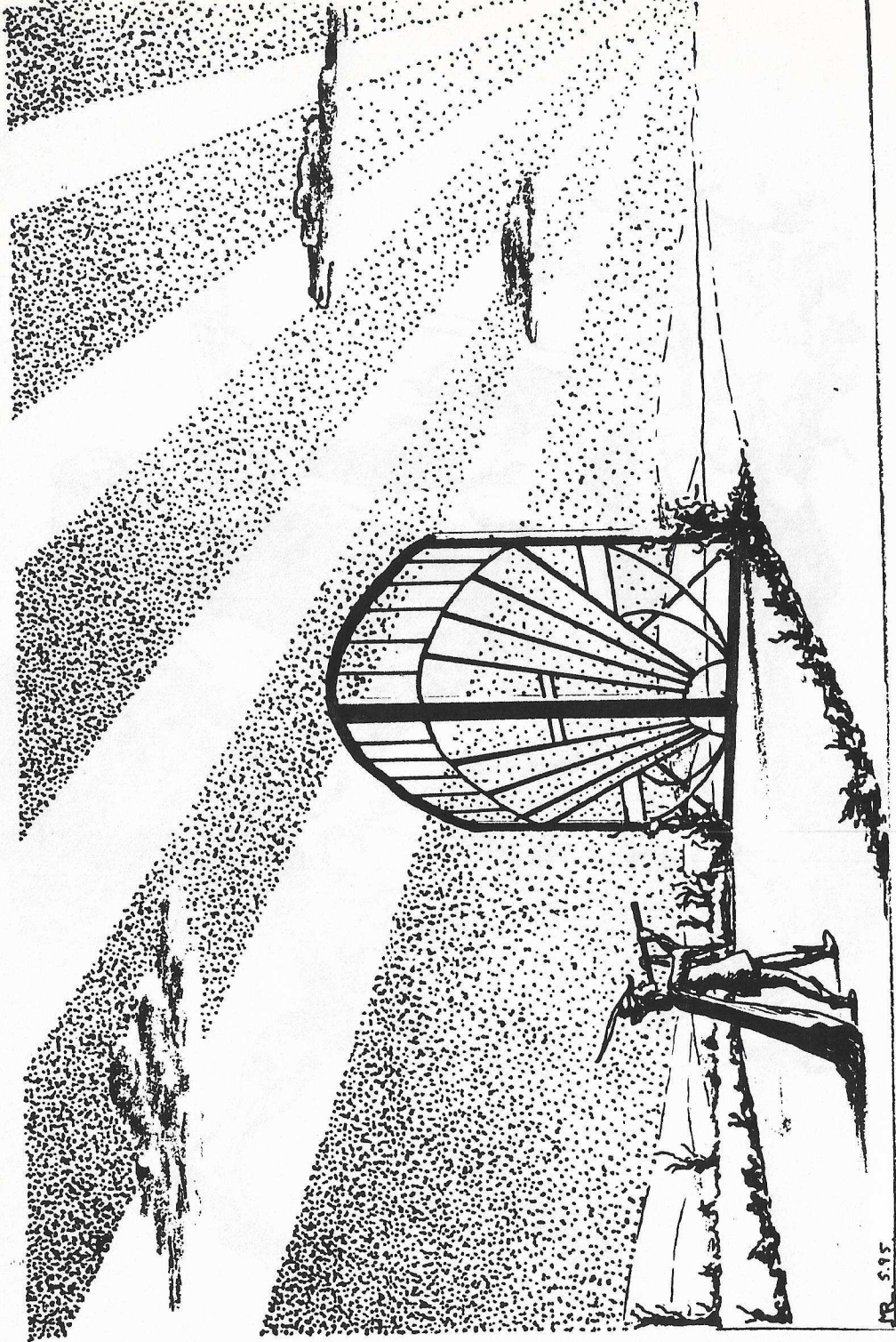
Kate Davies, Ian Sorenson, Helen McCarthy, and their legions, for Spock in Manacles.

Jill and Wanda Armstrong-Bridges, for running the creche.

and everyone who has contributed to this Programme Book, or is on the Programme.



"FIRST WORD...
SECOND SYLLABLE..."





REAL FANS DON'T ROLL DICE

A look at SF fandom, conventions, and role-playing games.

By Marcus L. Rowland.

Modern SF fans accept the idea that large Conventions have game rooms, and expect to see a few games on sale in the book room. However, a fan from the early seventies transported to a modern con would probably find the whole game phenomenon difficult to understand.

Every few years a new craze seems to sweep the SF community; Propeller Beanies, Real Ale, and the Astral Pole are typical examples. In the mid seventies the craze was a new game, known as **Dungeons and Dragons** or just **D&D**. It was developed by American war gamers associated with various fantasy organizations, and first reached Britain through fandom. The essential difference between D&D (and all later role-playing games) and earlier board and war games was the fact that each player controlled one unit, representing a Human, Elf, Hobbit, or Dwarf. These player characters (PC's) were essentially reflections of the players personality, "living" in a world vaguely derived from Tolkien and other fantasy authors. A referee (called the Dungeonmaster or DM) ran the game world, describing objects and creatures as the PCs encountered them. Various numbers (called characteristics) described the PC's skills and physical capabilities, and were used to determine the success or failure of various activities. By contrast, in an average wargame a counter with three or four numbers can represent a platoon or an entire army, and there might be a hundred counters in a game. The difference in personal involvement is obvious.

By 1977 D&D was spreading, diffusing out to universities and local wargaming clubs and societies, and the first angry mutterings were heard. Many hard-core fans found it difficult to understand why people were so obsessed with little lead figures and dice, and felt that the hobby represented dangerous deviationism, on a par with Trekkies and media fandom. This backlash reached it's height in 1979, when a well-known Eastercon chairman was nationally quoted as saying that he wanted to keep "hairy-footed hobbits and gnomes" out of his convention. He did not succeed.....

Gradually D&D was accepted or ignored by the vast majority of fans. New role playing games (RPG's) appeared, covering other areas of fantasy and science fiction. Today the hobby is a multi-million dollar industry, dominated by a few large companies and dozens of smaller organizations. There are enough SF fans actively involved in gaming to make one game distributor routinely send three or four employees, and a van load of stock, to every Eastercon.

Paradoxically, as the popularity of RPG's increased, the number of games played at conventions began to decline. Dedicated role-players began to contact other enthusiasts outside fandom, and often preferred regular game campaigns to the sort of one-off adventure that tended to be played at SF conventions. The game hobby began to hold it's own cons. In consequence, there have been some recent SF conventions without any visible RPG's.

Whilst this disappearance isn't a problem for committed players, newcomers have almost lost one of the easiest routes into the gaming hobby. What may be lacking is a sufficiently large pool of experienced game referees who are prepared to spend a few hours away from normal convention programmes, and are ready to run games for beginners. However, there are a few signs of a revival of convention activity; Cymrucon 84 included a continuous game programme, and there have been RPG talks and demonstration games at the last two Eastercons. Becon usually has two or three enthusiastic players, and there is generally at least one evening game over the con weekend.

There are parallels between game fandom and SF fandom, and some fans are active in both fields. The game year revolves around three main annual conventions, and sundry local events. **Gamesfair** is the only convention which offers hotel accommodation and other "normal" con facilities; unfortunately it's generally held a week or two before Eastercon, and most fans can't afford to attend both events. **Dragonmeet** is a one-day con, held in May or June. **Games Day** is actually a two-day con; this year it's at the Royal Agricultural Hall, in London, on September 28th-29th. As yet the dates and venues for 1986 events haven't been announced.

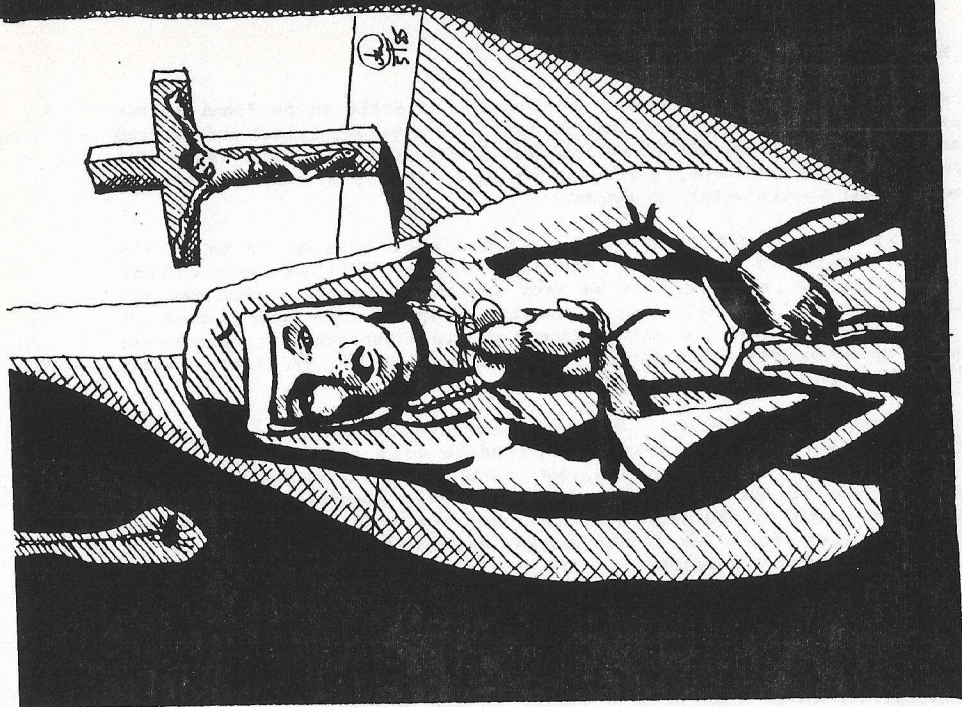
Games magazines are actually in a healthier financial state than many SF publications. Britain has two professional magazines, **White Dwarf** and **Imagine**, both distributed nationally by W.H.Smith. **White Dwarf** is published by **Games Workshop**, Britain's largest RPG manufacturer and distributor, while **Imagine** is produced by **TSR**, who manufacture D&D and other games. Neither is entirely impartial. Both cost around £1.00, for approximately 40-50 pages, and often feature SF and fantasy fiction.

Like SF fans, RPG fans tend to publish 'zines. Frequency varies from monthly to "real soon now", and quality from good to terrible. They include APA's, newszines, genzines, and specialised journals which concentrate on one game, or one area of gaming. For example **Trollcrusher** (edited by John Dallman, Rory McLaine, and John Drake) is a very intermittent APA, which runs heavily to LOC's and tends to concentrate on D&D rules variants. **Dagon** (published by Carl Ford) is a bimonthly fanzine devoted to **Call of Cthulhu**, the RPG based on Lovecraft's sinister horror stories. **Superhero UK** (Simon Burley) is a bimonthly, interested in all RPG's involving superheroes (currently 7 or 8 different games).

To describe every RPG would take more space than this entire programme book, and a description can't be an effective substitute for seeing the games played. Sit in on **Champions** or another superhero game, and learn the fun of hurling cars into orbit. Play D&D or **Runequest**, and see how you perform as a fantasy adventurer. Join a session of **Traveller** or **Star Trek**, where it's you and your trusty blaster against the known universe. Discover the delights of total terror in a game of **Call of Cthulhu**.

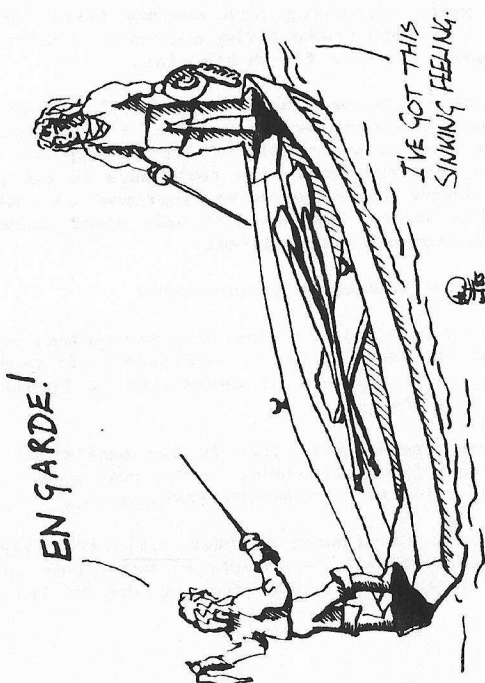
Failing all else, find a gamer and ask some questions. Listen for the rattling of dice (especially at strange hours of the night) and track them to their sinister lairs. The joys of role playing, voluntary schizophrenia, gradual lead poisoning, and demonic possession (if you believe the "moral majority") can easily be yours.





Pun
Pictures

What novels
are these?



Creatures of the
Abyss
The Jewel in the
Skull

THE CONRUNNER

by Martin Smith.

Recently much attention has been paid to the wildlife to be found in our cities. Squirrels, foxes, even badgers have been spotted, filmed and offered starring roles in major BBC TV series. But little notice has been taken of a very interesting creature, which may be seen, if you are lucky, hurrying from its lair to its watering-places.

Little is known about this animal; it was once thought to be purely mythical. Much of its time is spent in dimly-lit warrens called "con-hotels", but even here it is very elusive, especially when you are looking for one. Its elusive nature has led to speculation that it does not in fact exist and that the main evidence of its existence, the convention, appears spontaneously. This impression is enhanced by the apparently random and arbitrary nature of the convention.

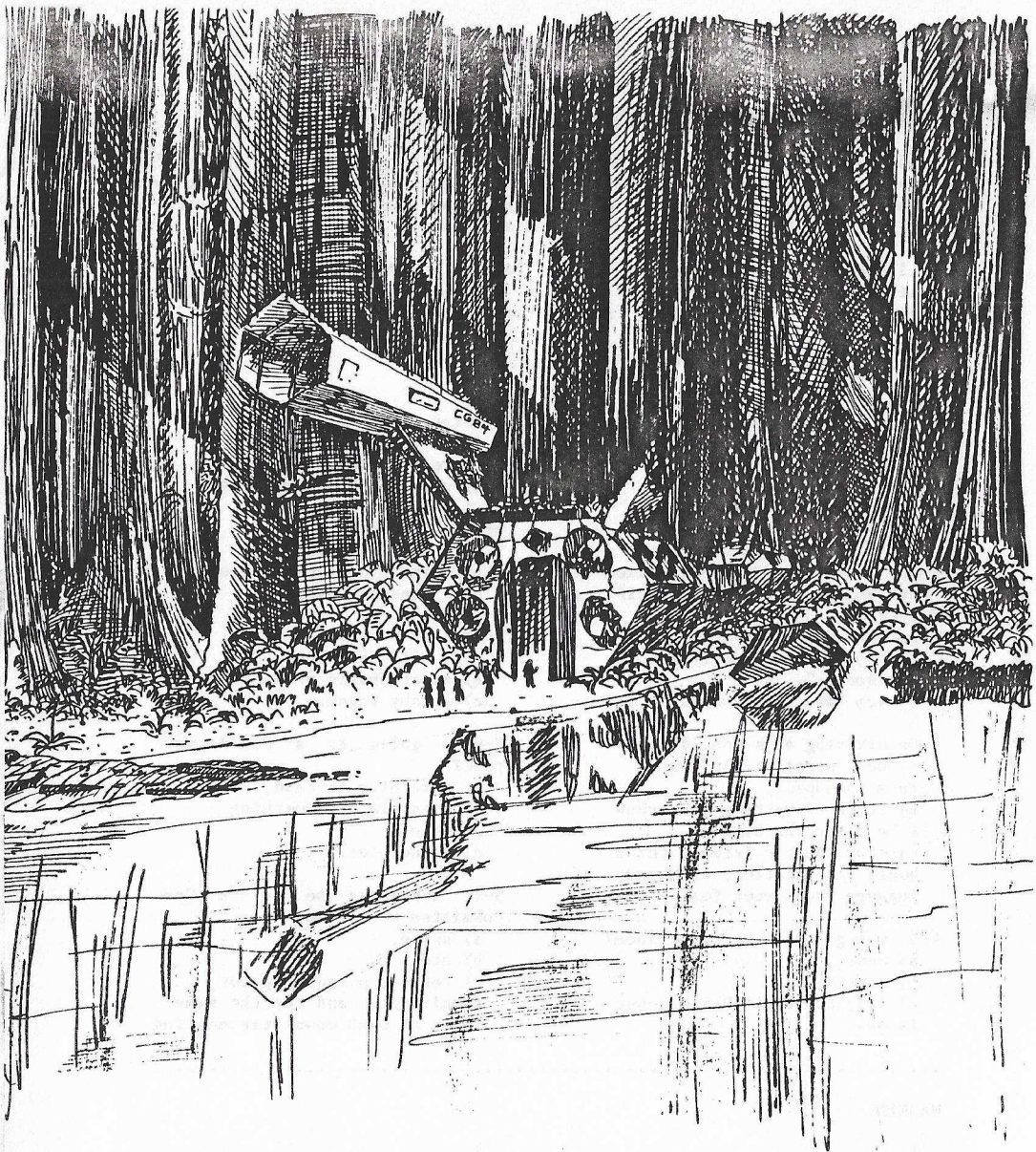
The con-runner does exist, however, and can occasionally be spotted by the alert observer. It attempts to blend in with the other creatures surrounding it at the convention, but certain tell-tale aspects of its appearance can be noted. Its camouflage generally consists of a tattered t-shirt and a pair of old jeans (which it probably found by rummaging at the back of an Oxfam shop), but it can usually be identified by the distinctive colour of the badges it wears.

If it can be found at all, the conrunner will be seen in a quiet corner of the convention, clasping an untouched drink, with a tired and worried look, its eyes darting nervously as it looks out for its main predators, the gopher and the hotel manager. These hunt the conrunner and attack it with questions. The hotel manager will demand to know who will clean the blood off the walls after a panel on British and American SF and can they find someone to hand-operate the lift until it can be fixed. The gopher is, if anything, worse. Swooping from an innocuous crowd of fans, it will ask if the conrunner has seen the Guest of Honour? Or it will tell the conrunner he is urgently needed on a panel discussing 18th century Polish SF. These attacks are often fatal, as they prevent the conrunner achieving his primary goal of finding a quiet place to finish his pint.

Conrunners, in turn, are predators, preying on "members". These hapless creatures are lured into the convention then tortured by a process known as "The Main Programme". This used to be capable of dispatching vast numbers of members, but nowadays many have evolved a resistance to the process, and conrunners have had to devise the "Alternative Programme" as a method of dealing with this. Even this strategy has met with only mixed success, and scientists await further developments with interest.

There are a number of different subspecies of conrunner.

1. The Chairman (conrunner paranoiact). The dominant subspecies, enforcing its will on other members of the pack (called a "committee"). It seems to do this only for the pleasure of the use of power, being incapable of constructively organising the pack.
2. The Treasurer (conrunner greedypuss). This is the pack's accountant, keeping an account of the number of prey coming to the next convention. In this it has some difficulty, owing to its complete innumeracy.
3. The Publications Officer (conrunner illiteratus). Responsible for attracting members to the convention in a variety of ways, this conrunner also has a difficulty: it does not like communicating due to its extreme shyness.



4. Programmer (creatius messius) This conrunner is responsible for organising entertainment for the members. Widely thought to be extinct, although rumoured sightings in connection with BECCON may yet be confirmed.

So next time you see a fugitive creature making a dash from a convention hotel, it could be the rare and fascinating conrunner, perhaps in flight from a predator, perhaps in pursuit of a member trying to escape. Whatever the occasion, the sighting should immediately be reported to the R.S.P.C.C-R in order to assist in the continuing study of this rare and fascinating animal.

SO YOU THINK YOU'RE A FAN?

by Roger Perkins.

Over the last two years, here at the Basildon Erudite Centre for Conversation, Optimism, and Newcastle brown ale, we have been working hard to solve a problem which has plagued fans over the years; "Am I really a fan? Perhaps after all these years I am still a neo* in disguise?"

Well, now we have the answer, in the form of a multi choice questionnaire that you can apply to yourself, in the privacy of your own padded cell, to ascertain just what your real fannish status is.

* NEO - Newly Emergent Organism.

1-What is a Convention?

- a) a place where you can talk about SF,
- b) a late-night bar,
- c) an excuse to wear strange costumes.

2-How do you handle the question "why do you read that SciFi rubbish?"

- a) change the conversation,
- b) say "Ballard nearly won the Booker",
- c) say "No, I only read SF".

3-On arriving at a Con, do you?

- a) head straight for your room to unpack,
- b) throw everything in anyhow & head for the bar.
- c) chat to your friends for 2 hours at reception, with your luggage round your feet.

4-Do you go into the Video Room?

- a) never,
- b) sometimes,
- c) only to see if Dangermouse is on.

5-After midnight do you?

- a) go to a room party,
- b) watch films,
- c) play corridor charades.

6-What is Corflu?

- a) A holiday island,
- b) stencil correcting fluid
- c) a severe head cold.

7-What is Verguuz?

- a) a holiday island,
- b) an alcoholic green liquid,
- c) a baby Vogon.

8-When going to a Con do you pack?

- a) something to read,
- b) a bottle of something potable,
- c) a computer.

9-If asked to be on a Con committee would you?

- a) agree,
- b) hide,
- c) refuse, pleading prior commitments, and try the same thing at each committee meeting

MARKING:

..1..

- a 1 Well, I suppose you could.
- b 5 Naturally.
- c 3 Personally, I think that black leather looks good anytime.

..2..

- a 4 You know you can't win!
- b 2 A bit Pseuds Corner?
- c 3 Good, but they won't understand.

..5..

- a 4 Good, but they are usually so crowded nowadays
- b 1 Only if it's a good one!
- c 5 Well, I do.

..6..

- a 0 Really!
- b 5 Aha! A fanzine fan.
- c 2 Not a very good pun.

..continued..

..3..

- a 0 Surely you have better things to do!
- b 5 Right on.
- c 2 Fine, but isn't the bar a better place?

..4..

- a 3 What never?
- b 2 Zo, ve admit it, eh?
- c 4 Another fan! But it never is, is it?

..7..

- a 0 Not again!
- b 5 That's a few years back!
- c 1 An even worse pun!

..8..

- a 1 But there's a bookroom!
- b 5 Great, let's have a swig.
- c 3 You are Martin Hoare.

..9..

- a 0 I know where that leads!
- b 5 Very wise, if it works.
- c 3 That's the way it happens.

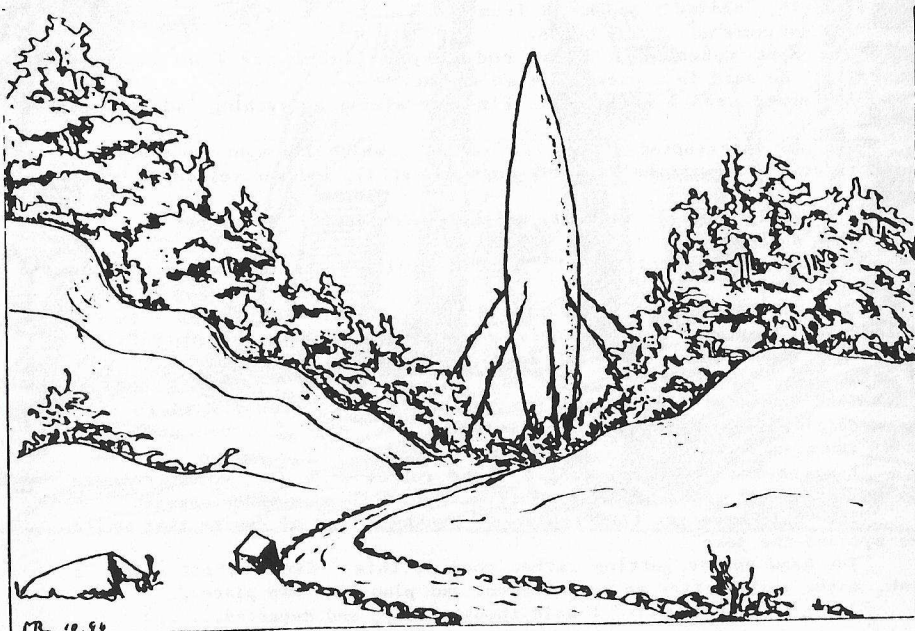
SCORES:

0-10: Oh dear! Go to Mancon, go directly to Mancon, do not collect 200 fanzines.

11-20: I assume you are new to Cons. Buy the Committee a drink and they will explain it to you.

21-30: Better, but you still need more practice at Cons. Go and take out pre-supporting membership of the Becon 87 Eastercon bid.

30+ You know where your towel is, and will have a good time at most Cons. This is the dangerous time when Committees are liable to ask you to take over the next item at five minutes notice.



PUNZEL PAGE

by Brian Ameringen.

As I was ushered in through the door of Earl Norbert's living room, he said "You'll get all of it. It's pretty obvious, really", in a depreciating sort of way.

I looked round the large untidy room. In the far corner was an old aquarium with half a dozen scorpions in it(1), hanging on the wall was a painting of a Detective Inspector in an ornate wooden frame(2), and on a small coffee table stood some models of deer and fauns carved from what appeared to be oak(3), together with some large flints each marked "Souvenir de France.(4)"

I waved a hand at the ormolu clock on the mantelpiece and the caged canary nearby and said "I suppose you haven't finished paying for these yet(5,6)."

"That's the idea" he replied.

Then he took an ornate goblet down from a shelf and handed it to me saying "This is one I'm particularly proud of." I took it from him and examined it carefully. The bowl was made from a translucent ruby glass and around the rim was a fine gold band with some figures embossed upon it. These portrayed a group of fauns pursuing the Virgin Atalanta(7). "Nice" I murmured and handed it back.

"What's this?" I enquired and lifted down a statuette of a besmoked farmer holding some seedlings, his beer-gut obstructing his bending over to, presumably, re-pot them(8).

"Oh, just a little conceit" he replied.

"And this?" I added, pointing to an ordinary-looking escriptorie standing nearby.

"That was for how I got it" he said. "I was in an oriental market, examining a stock of rather peculiar office "OUT" trays (9) (they had no "IN" trays), when this tall chap came past trying to sell a load of hack saws(10). I started talking to him about them and, suddenly, he began screaming and shouting about this thing(11)." he kicked the desk affectionately, "and so I bought it from him."

"I'm not sure I....." I began.

"You must remember a lass, bud only a liddel one from ze last zentury(12)" he said in a pseudo-German accent.

"Ah, now I see" I exclaimed. "I'm sure almost everything in the room must be...."

"Yes" he interrupted. "Even the carpet, which I bought cheap from a manufacturer who thought he'd made enough money(13), and was selling what he had left."

"Presumably together with his weighing-machine(14)" I quipped.

"That's right"

"And the share-certificate?" I asked, pointing to one in a frame on the far wall.

"That is a souvenir of the time I was a director of a soup cannery, but left when I got fed up with their continually taking an inventory(15)."

"What about that, then?" I asked, pointing to a unicycle nailed to the wall.

"That" he said fondly "is from the early days, when I used to sell home-made clothes on a door to door basis(16)."

"You mean....."

"Yes" he said "but eventually these rubber pads (he pointed) wore down so far that I could hardly cycle(17)... so I found new employment."

"You could have got them replaced" I added. "But of course that would have spoiled the joke"

"You know you're getting rather good at this " Earl Norbert said. "I think, maybe you'd better go away for now and plan your own place."

"I think maybe I will " I said thoughtfully, and departed.....



PROGRAMME NOTES

These notes are to give more details of the programme, beyond the straight listing, except for the films - information about these is given under "Film Guide".

FRIDAY.

20.00 "Does the Team Think" Chaired by Tim Illingworth, with a panel of "personalities", and following the format of the long running radio programme.

21.00 "Do Computers have Crystal Balls?". Jonathan Cowie will be exploring current attempts at prediction through the use of computer models. As have been his previous Becon speculative science fact talks, it will be slide illustrated.

22.00 "Card Sharp" An unusual quiz/game from poker faced Colin Fine, who whistfully deals out questions to a Royal Flush of teams.

SATURDAY.

11.00 "Blockbusters". Tiba & Joan are the questionmasters(?) for this version of the television game of knowledge and strategy.

12.00 "The Hip Bone's connected to...". On a more serious note, Bridget Wilkinson talks about the reconstruction of paleontological environments from scant fossil remains, and relates this to the problems of world building in Science Fiction.

16.00. Richard Cowper, our Guest of Honour, speaks on a subject of his own choosing. The bar and Bookroom will be closed for this item.

17.00 Auction. We have been promised a wide spectrum of items for this. Brian Ameringen & Roger Robinson are the auctioneers.

19.00 "Charades". How could it be Becon without charades? Peter Wareham sets the titles, while our sniper in the wings will shoot anyone in the audience who gives it away.

22.30 "I'm Sorry, I Haven't A Clue". Described in its radio incarnation as "the antidote to panel games", this frivolous item, unique to Becon, returns to haunt you with the worst puns of the weekend. Roger Perkins & Kathy Westhead organise it, whilst Martin Easterbrook, Martin Hoare, Pete Grove, Tony Chester, Malcolm Davies, and Mike Wigley are the teams who demolish it.

24.00 Fireworks. Another item which only Becon can offer, and our most dramatic presentation of the day. The team involved are listed on the "Thanks" page. Keep your fingers crossed for good weather!

SUNDAY.

11.00 "This House believes that Science Fiction is the literature of the Intellectually indolent." A debate, to formal debating rules, chaired by Simon Beresford.

12.00 "Religion in SF" A panel discussion on the serious and not so serious aspects, chaired by Brian Stableford.

14.00 "Spock in Manacles - the Rock Opera". A Kate Davies production. More details elsewhere, but we must warn you that it contains scenes not suitable for those easily offended or members of the Moral Majority.

16.45 Closing ceremony. Of course things don't stop yet, but this is a good time to hand out prizes, make apologies, etc.

17.00 "Just a Minute". Morag Kerr, the winner in 1983, chairs this time. Will the contestants get a word in edgeways?

18.00 Auction. Not the leftovers, but a whole new batch of goodies.

FILM GUIDE

For BECCON we have tried to gather as wide range of titles as possible. It is hoped that the short descriptions given below will help to whet your appetite.

Madame Sin.

British, 1972.

Director: David Greene.

Madame Sin plots the holding hostage of the British government by the expedient of "kidnapping" a Polaris submarine.

The Exterminating Angel.

Mexico, 1962, black & white, English sub-titles

Director: Luis Bunuel.

With: Silvia Pinal, Enrique Rambal, Jacqueline Andere, Jose Baviera.

Difficult to describe without giving most of the plot away. Comment from one of the committee who has seen it "Have you ever been to a dinner party that's been so good you couldn't possibly leave!"

Dark Crystal.

British, 1982.

Director: Jim Henson & Frank Oz

Tolkien meets the Muppets!! Two young people defeat the evil creatures who have taken over the world by replacing a shard which has been taken from the Dark Crystal. Surprisingly effective piece of mysticism performed entirely by hand puppets from the Muppet stable.

Mars Attacks the World.

USA, 1938, black & white.

Director: Ford Beebe & Robert F Hill.

With: Buster Crabbe, Jean Rogers, Charles Middleton.

Originally a Saturday morning serial titled Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars. Made as 15 episodes, then trimmed and compiled into a feature film. Flash, Dale and Zarkov take a rocket jaunt to Mars, where Ming the Merciless and the evil Queen Azura are stealing nitrogen from Earth. The trio is immediately captured by the Clay People... Of course, Flash saves the world, but we don't want to give the "plot" away!

FRIDAY 26TH JULY 1985.

- 18.00 Film "Madame Sin"
- 19.45 Opening Ceremony
- 20.00 Panel "Does the Team Think?" - Tim Illingworth.
- 21.00 Talk "Do Computers have Crystal Balls?" - Jonathan Cowie.
- 22.00 Quiz/game "Card Sharp" - Colin Fine.
- 23.00 Film "The Exterminating Angel"

SATURDAY 27TH JULY 1985.

- 10.15 Cartoon Birds, Bees, and Storks.
Telegoon The Choking Horror.
Cartoon The Ride and Fall of Emily Sprod.
- 11.00 Game "Block Busters" - Tibs & Joan.
- 12.00 Talk "The Hip Bone's Connected to the..."
- Bridget Wilkinson.
- 13.00 LUNCH.
- 14.00 Film "The Dark Crystal"
- 16.00 **Richard Cowper** - Guest of Honour Speech
- 17.00 Auction - Brian Ameringen & Roger Robinson.
- 18.00 FOOD
- 19.00 Game Charades - Peter Wareham.
- 20.00 Cartoon The History of Inventions
Telegoon Napoleon's Piano.
Cartoon Ballet Robotique.
- 20.45 Film "The Cabinet of Dr Caligari"
- 22.30 Game? "I'm Sorry, I Haven't A Clue"
- Roger Perkins & Kathy Westhead

GRAMME

- 23.30 Food Baked Potatoes and soup,
to keep you going while watching,
- 00.00 The Fireworks - by the lake, not in the Con Hall!
- 00.30 Films "Flash Gordon: Mars Attacks the World"
"Q The Winged Serpent"
"Madame Sin"
"Dark Crystal"
etc, until dawn.
see the list on the Con Hall Door for full
details and times.

SUNDAY 28TH JULY 1985.

- 10.15 Cartoon Bird, Bees, and Storks.
Telegoon The Siege of Fort Knight.
Cartoon The Symphony Orchestra.
- 11.00 Debate "This House believes that Science Fiction is
the Literature of the Intellectually Indolent"
- chair, Simon Beresford
- 12.00 Panel "Religion in SF" - chair, Brian Stableford
- 13.00 LUNCH
- 14.00 Mu(sic)al "Spock in Manacles - the Rock Opera"
- 15.15 Film "War Lords of Atlantis"
- 16.45 Closing ceremony
- 17.00 Game "Just a Minute" - Morag Kerr
- 18.00 Auction and FOOD
- 19.30 Film We repeat the film of your choice.

Cabinet of Dr Caligari.

German, 1919, black & white, silent.

Director: Robert Wiene.

With: Werne Krauss, Conrad Veidt.

We have gone for an original style silent print of this cinema classic; unfortunately we have no piano, however. A fairground showman uses a somnambulist for purposes of murder and is finally revealed to be the director of an asylum; but the whole story is only the dream of a madman.

Q The Winged Serpent.

USA, 1982

Director: Larry Cohen.

A giant bird parks itself on the top of the Chrysler building and makes a snack of roof top sunbathers.

Warlords of Atlantis.

(Also titled: Seven Cities to Atlantis.)

British, 1978.

Director: Kevin Conner.

With: Doug McClure, Peter Gilmore, Cyd Charisse, Daniel Massey, Shane Rimmer.

Atlantis turns out to be an underwater megapolis(?) somewhat resembling the north-east coast of the U.S., the creation of aliens who had collided with a comet and crash-landed into the ocean eons ago, and who are allied with Mars. The customary monsters consist of a huge mutated millipede and a not-bad giant octopus made by John Richardson, who worked on Superman the Movie (1978).

Telegoons.

If you know these short adaptations of the Goon Show, then there is nothing for us to say. If you haven't come across them, be assured that they are very silly, and have been exceptionally popular at past Becons. This time, we are showing;

Napoleon's Piano.

The Choking Horror.

The Siege of Fort Knight.

Shorts.

The Symphony Orchestra. - Tales from Hoffnug.

Birds, Bees and Storks. - " " "

The Ride and Fall of Emily Sprod - Bob Godfrey.

History of Inventions - Halas and Batchelor.

Ballet Robotique - Industial robots dance to Bizet.

PRO-LOG

by Pete Tyers

One of the many problems of touring the universe economically is that of the unexpected layover. Earl Norbert Phetilfoon was no exception, and so found himself with the prospect of being planet-bound for several days while the ship on which he was travelling underwent unexpected but urgent repairs. Realising that this gave him an opportunity for a little unexpected exploring, but with a wallet that was less keen on the idea, he strolled down to the local tourist information office to find out what was on offer.

He was delighted to find that there was a Science Fiction Convention being held in a nearby town the next day. However the cost of travelling there was rather high (even by "Livingstone's Celebrated Planet-Wide Public Transport Company"), particularly if he was to enjoy himself while he was there; but it was widely regarded as a very pleasant, though somewhat long, walk through the forest. Therefore, being a keen walker, he set off at a crisp pace.

Before long, he came to an enchanting glade, filled with exotic plants and shrubs, which was almost too beautiful to be true. A while later, he marvelled at the sight of another. As he continued on his walk, he came across several more glades, but began to notice that they were becoming less mature, until eventually he found one that was merely an area of cut timber. He was most impressed at the work being done and wondered how the glades were cleared. Before long, the sound of trees being felled reached his ears, and soon he was at the edge of a new glade, watching a mighty man hacking down trees with a huge machetti. As the man turned, Earl saw that he was wearing a T-shirt emblazoned with the symbol "SF". "Of course," yelled Earl, rushing towards him, you must be that greatest of fans - Forest Glade Hackerman!"

G.O.H.
JOHN
CHRISTOPHER

CAMCON UNICON 6



MEMBERSHIP

ATTENDING £7

SUPPORTING £4

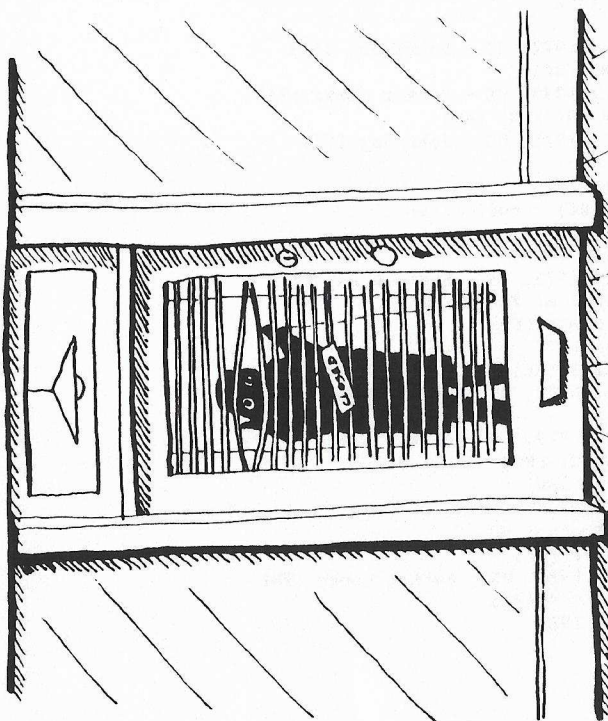
New Hall College, Cambridge: 14th - 15th September 1985

Contact: CAMCON c/o Niel Taylor, Perspective Design Ltd.

Top Floor, 2 Pembroke Street, Cambridge, CB2 3QY



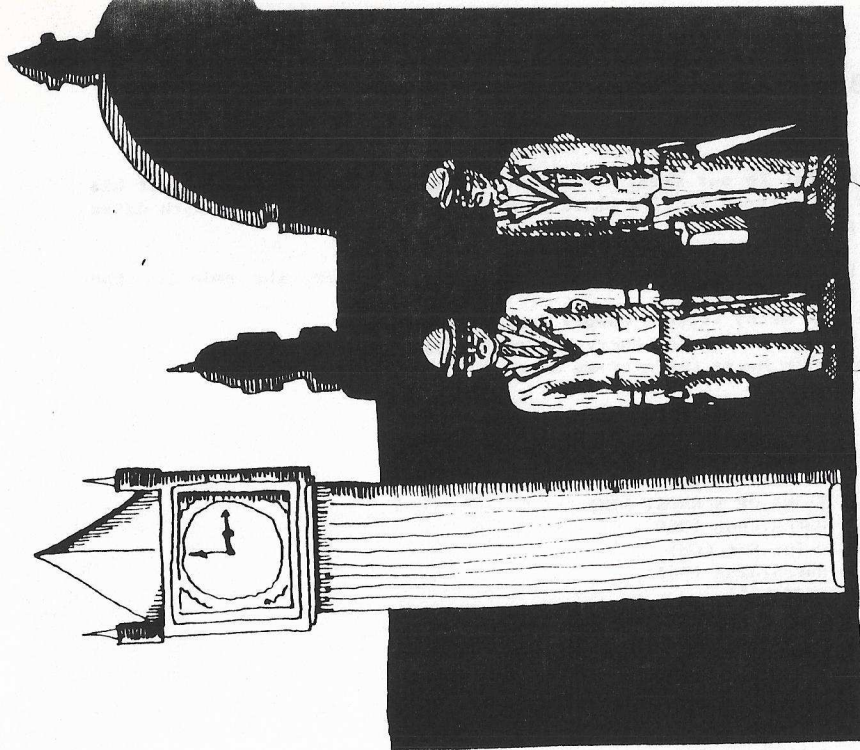
RON MONGER



Eye among
the Blind
Squares of
the City

Pun Pictures

What novels
are these?



WE DON'T MESS ABOUT!

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF RICHARD COWPER

We are grateful to our Guest of Honour for supplying this list of all his books and his science fiction short stories. They are listed here with dates of first publication.

In the list of books, which is in chronological order, the code for the "author" is as follows:

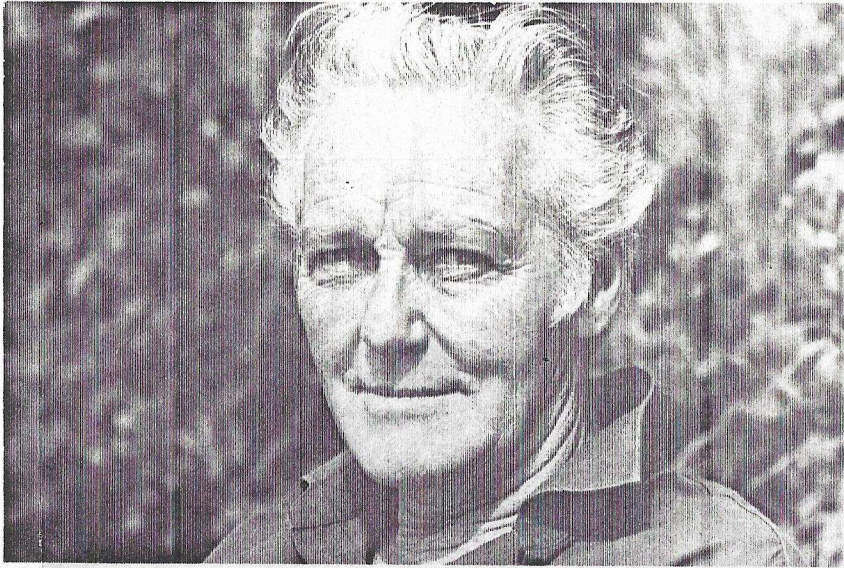
RC = published as by Richard Cowper (science fiction).

CMM = as by Colin Middleton Murry (autobiography).

CM = as by Colin Murry (mainstream novels).

BOOKS.

1. THE GOLDEN VALLEY (CM)
UK - Hutchinson 1958
2. RECOLLECTIONS OF A GHOST (CM)
UK - Hutchinson 1960
3. A PATH TO THE SEA (CM)
UK - Hutchinson 1961
4. BREAKTHROUGH (RC)
UK - Dobson 1967, US - Ballentine 1969
5. PHOENIX (RC)
UK - Dobson 1968, US - Ballentine 1970
6. DOMINO (RC)
UK - Dobson 1971
7. KULDESAK (RC)
UK - Gollancz 1972, US - Doubleday 1972
8. PRIVATE VIEW (CM)
UK - Dobson 1972
9. CLONE (RC)
UK - Gollancz 1972, US - Doubleday 1973
10. TIME OUT OF MIND (RC)
UK - Gollancz 1973, US - Pocket Books 1981
11. THE TWILIGHT OF BRIAREUS (RC)
UK - Gollancz 1975, US - John Day 1974
12. WORLDS APART (RC)
UK - Gollancz 1975
13. THE CUSTODIANS (RC) - collection.
UK - Gollancz 1976
14. ONE HAND CLAPPING (CMM)
UK - Gollancz 1975, US - Stein & Day 1975
(US title is I AT THE KEYHOLE)
15. SHADOWS ON THE GRASS (CMM)
UK - Gollancz 1977
16. THE ROAD TO CORLAY (RC)
UK - Gollancz 1978, US - Pocket Books 1979
17. PROFUNDIS (RC)
UK - Gollancz 1979, US - Pocket Books 1981
18. THE WEB OF THE MAGI (RC) - collection
UK - Gollancz 1980
19. OUT THERE WHERE THE BIG SHIPS GO (RC) - collection
US - Pocket Books 1980
20. A DREAM OF KINSHIP (RC)
UK - Gollancz 1981, US - Pocket Books 1981
21. THE TITHONIAN FACTOR (RC)
UK - Gollancz 1984



SHORT STORIES = all as by Richard Cowper.

1. "The Custodians", F&SF Oct 1975
2. "Piper at the Gates of Dawn", F&SF May 1976
3. "Paradise Beach", F&SF May 1976
4. "The Hertford Manuscript", F&SF Oct 1976
5. "Drink me, Francesca", F&SF April 1978
6. "Out There Where The Big Ships Go" F&SF May 1979
7. "The Web of the Magi", F&SF June 1980
8. "The Attleborough Poltergeist", F&SF October 1980
9. "Incident at Huacoloc", F&SF October 1981
10. "The Tithonian Factor", CHANGES (ed. Watson and Bishop) April 1982
11. "Brothers", EXTRO April 1982
12. "What did the Deazies do?", F&SF December 1983
13. "The Scent of Silverdill", F&SF 1983
14. "A Message to the King of Brobdingnag", F&SF 1984



SPOCK IN MANACLES

...whenhowWHY????

A tale of lost innocence by Kate Davies.....

Why? WHY??? Because of the avaricious instincts native to all good Trekkies, you idiot.... Because writing filthy stories about our wonderful clean-living heroes makes even filthier lucrē.. Because we'd seen the Americans flog their two-inch thick bundles of perversion for seventy quid a copy at Trekcon auctions...

So... OBVIOUSLY a little home grown British Private Enterprise was in order, wasn't it....?

Maggie would be proud of us....!

Well, thats what we thought (we being Kim Campbell, Barbara Kitson, Miri Rana, Helen McCarthy and Me) three years ago at about 2.00am at a drunken Star Trek party Somewhere In Leyton... We were discussing literature... All Trekkies discuss literature after they've had enough to drink.... [for there's nowt as educated as an inebriated Trekkie] All of us knew about it... Some of us had read it... But none of us had ever WRITTEN any of it and that seemed a shame...

So we discussed Plots and Perversions and Prose, and the Possible Perversions of Plots, and the Puerility of the Prose of Perversions, and the Potential Perversions of Prose, until the men in the room crawled miserably into the streets clutching their stomachs... It was THEN that we realised that Womankind had discovered a new Weapon, whose effects were potentially more devastating than the no-holds barred discussion of Gynaecological Problems... And we decided we HAD TO DO IT! After all, if the Americans could get rich by telling the tale of how Kirk gets raped by a six-foot purple lizard, just think what WE brought up in the Cradle of Literature, could do with our exotic imaginations...! Tempting visions of retirement homes in Marbella swam before our eyes...

The next morning we forgot all about it.

Then about a year later, the Dot Fund was established. This was because Dot Owens, the most famous (and best thought of) fan Trekdom has produced in this country, was terminally ill with lung cancer. So Trek fandom got together and set up the Dot Fund, so that there would be some money always available to pay bills or anything else she needed; the idea being that money, at least, she shouldn't need to worry about for the rest of her life. [She lived, sadly, for only nine more months; though it seemed like longer, for Dot was still an active fan until almost the very end.]

When we realised we needed money for real, instead of just exotic fantasies, Trek fandom suddenly showed some remarkable financial abilities. Amongst six million other schemes, the idea of "...that filthy K/S story we were going to write..." was resurrected. It was Helen's idea. She of the indestructible memory... "Do you remember..." "Yeesss..." I replied nervously. Then Helen bounced at me: "Well, I'll edit it for you!" That's Helen's way of saying "You're going to write it, aren't you?"

So I started. A month of furtive typing on the firm's word-processors [trying to ignore visions of trying to explain the plot to an Industrial Tribunal] later it was finished. Helen edited it. I typed the stencils. Helen drew rude pictures to go with it. John Murphy printed it. Beccon plugged it.

We stuck it on sale at a modest £1.75 a copy (+20p for the extra-filthy cover....) at the Spring Trekcon and Beccon 83. It went like hot cakes, the Dot Fund did very well.

The Beccon attendees bought more copies of it than the Trekkies. Make of THAT what you will....!

Even Big Name Authors fell under its mystical allure... I had a request to send a copy to Joanna Russ as an addition to her growing K/S library...

The copies all sold, and that was the end of that.

Until Mexican...

And our Room Party...

And Caroline... who was very drunk... Discussing possible Beccon entertainments... Having just been overwhelmed by Mexican's "Timothy Archer", she wanted something dramatic for Beccon, but on a slightly lower cultural plane..

"...like "Spock in Manacles - The Rock Opera...!" she said. Suddenly the room went silent, and all eyes turned in our direction... Caroline leaned over me, her eyes gleaming like caeruleous titanium...

I was drunk too. I agreed.

...the rest [may be] silence....

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This artistic and adventurous production comes to you from Pits Press and is copyright to the Authors within the conventions of fanwriting, it being understood that this in no way infringes the copyright of Gene Roddenbury in the characters and concepts of "Star Trek".

DRAMATIS PERSONNAE

Captain Kirk	Pete Gilligan
Spock	Geoff Ryman
Sadista III, The Amazon Queen	Kim Campbell
Yeoman Lotta Bottle	Laura Wheatley
Dr McCoy	Graham Head
Scotty	" "
Nurse Christine Chapel	Caroline Mullan
Arthur Milka, Senior Shop Steward (Security)	Steve Lawson
A. Gonner	Alex Stewart
D. Oomed	John Murphy
Rigatoni	Pete Gilligan
Yeoman Rand	Kate Davies
Lt. Uhura	Kim Campbell
The Goat	Brian Ameringen
Cannon Fodder	Alex Stewart
Security Guards	John Murphy
	Peter-Fred Thomson
	Malcolm Davies
	Andy Robertson
	Hugh Mascetti
Token Women	Helen McCarthy
	Christina Lake
	Lillian Edwards
Amazons	Anne Page
	Jennifer Steele
	Ashley Watkins
	Barbara Kitson
Music	Ian Sorenson
Costumes	Helen McCarthy
Producer	Kate Davies

Solutions to the Puzzle Page.

1. Scorpion Tank
2. It's a framed Officer
3. Hearts of oak (but possibly a (h)oax)
4. Gaul stones
- 5&6. Bought on tick & higher purchase
7. Chased/Chased/Chaste
8. Planter's Paunch
9. Bazaar/Bizarre/ Outre
10. Hawk a hand-saw
11. Ravin' about a writing-desk
12. Alice Liddel
13. ... made his pile
14. selling the balance
15.a stock take
16. Peddle his wares
17. Wear his pedals

TRISTE TOPIQUE A LA RECHERCHE DU CHEVRE PERDUE

Claude Levis-Jeans, translated from the French (what else) by G.C.Ryman.

I detest science fiction and science fiction films. I have never seen one. This does not mean that I am in no position to explain them, however. My complete innocence of the paraphernalia of science fiction leaves me unencumbered, able to apply objective techniques of analysis - without bothering about who reads or watches science fiction, why they watch it, how it is produced, why it is produced, how much money it makes, what it means to the people who see it, or indeed if it is any good. Quality is irrelevant, all texts are equal. I hate them all.

I now discuss the famous lost episode of Star Trek "Spock in Manacles". How the episode came to be produced and lost is of no concern. It is a folie d'esprit which allows a more naked (in all senses of the term) exposition of the internal tensions of the Star Trek myth.

It is a feast of bi-polarities. The greatest of these is the Enterprise/Planet opposition. Put at it's most simple and crude: the Enterprise is an enclosed, life-supporting environment, a vessel, in and out of which life-forms come and go, referred to as she, recalling other vessels sometimes referred to as Mother Ship. Peeling away layers of accumulated obfuscation: the Enterprise is a womb.

Planets are huge balls. Testicular imagery runs throughout the text with references to the Captain's "hazel orbs" (supposedly a description of eyes).

These giant genitalia are infested by the wrong sex. The Enterprise, the womb, has been conquered, subverted, by the male. The names of the male characters, whether deliberately chosen to be so or not, are a series of male puns. Bones (an erect penis in American dialect is called a boner), Kirk (meaning dagger, also church - a phallicentric spire of a phallicentric religion); and, if further emphasis were needed, a character called Spock. Why else name a character after the most famous male writer on obstetrics - what more apt, appropriate, precise name for a male conqueror of the womb?

The balls, on the other hand, are infested with women, in the persons of the Amazons, females who occupy all positions of power and whose hierarchy mimics that of the Enterprise.

The infestation imagery runs throughout the text culminating in the climactic vocal chorus at the end of the episode in which every member of the cast complains of catching crab lice from Spock. The constant references to spanking betray a desire to shake out, to slap away the infestation

In other words, both sexes are seen to colonise each other's turf (as in wool, pubes, see Tribbles later).

This is a shadow resolution of tensions between male and female, a first attempt to resolve the opposition between them by having them symbolically infest each other's genitalia. This attempt fails.

This is because, while the males can colonise the female womb, much in the same way that semen can, it has proved impossible to imagine ova infesting testicles in quite the same way. Each of the female characters is actually a man. I mean, of course, symbolically.

Take the Amazon Queen. We will ignore the incipient pun of her title. Despite her female abundance, the floating continents of her breasts, the rich and harvested delta of her loins, she behaves like a man. Her name is Sadista, derived at one remove from sadism, but at two removes from the Marquis de Sade.....a man!

There is the nurse, Christine Chapel. She is suspect from the start, her name, Chapel, an obvious counterweight to that of Kirk, Church. This is modified by her first name: Christine, as in Sistine. Sistine Chapel, a monument to homosexual love whose undraped male members so shocked the Vatican that they were painted over.

Finally there is Lotta Bottle. The name is a slang expression meaning courage, or more commonly in English, balls! She is named also after one of the most 'phallic of possible objects, a bottle full of creamy white fluid.

This tension between the sexes is impeccably reflected in the behaviour of the characters. They themselves act as if they don't know what sex they were, seeking to escape male/female tension by sleeping with their own, rather than the opposite sex.

This tension is ultimately resolved, not through the male/female binary, but through another.

The way out of the dilemma of which human you want to fuck is simply resolved. You fuck an alien. Every single member of the cast, it is revealed in the denouement, has slept with Spock, the alien. He, in turn, has slept with an apparently intelligent, alien billy goat.

It all comes down to a single fine point, around which the entire text subliminally revolves: sheep shagging.

Spock is the personification of idealized logic, lusted after but never lusting. He is introduced by the emblem of the man-woman, Sadista, to his alternative, bi-polar self: the randy alien billy goat. Spock is in possession of speech; the goat can only bleat suggestively. Spock is civilised, the goat is bestial. An entire climactic, nay, orgasmic musical interlude is devoted to this central theme: "Bestiality's best, Spock".

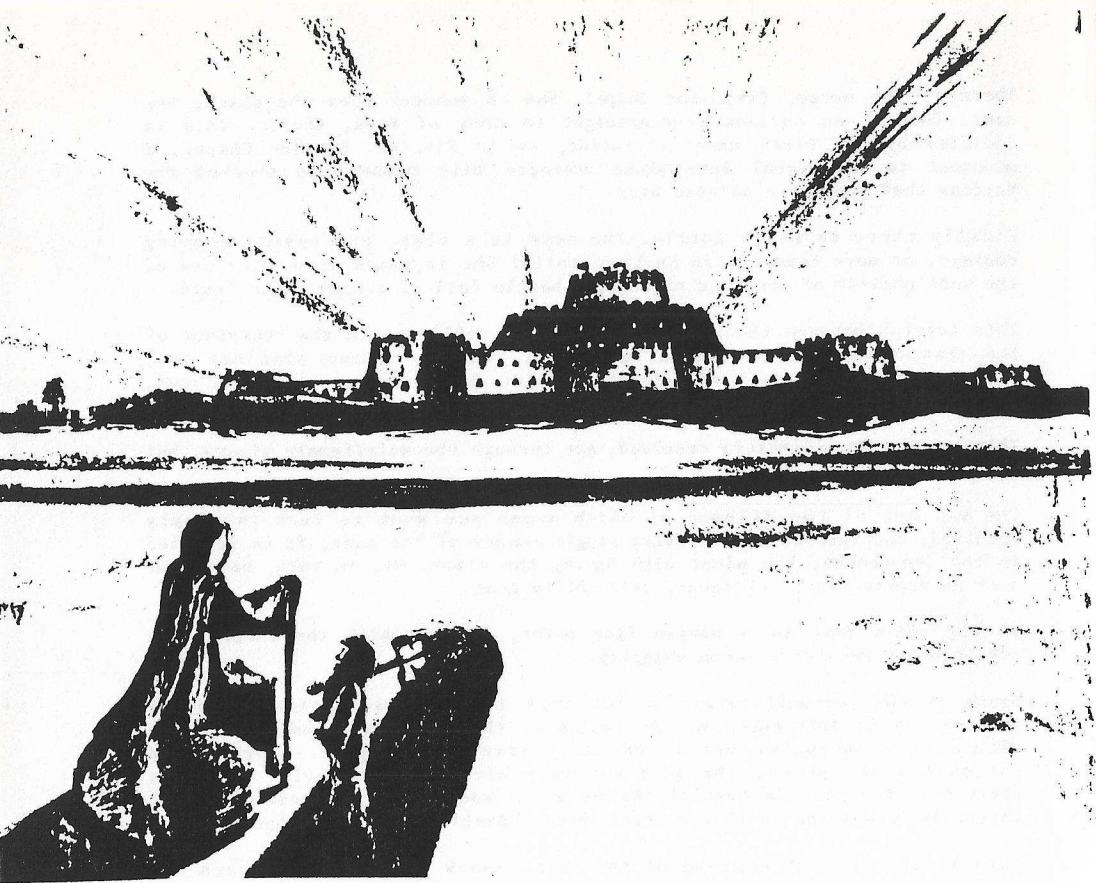
This is the central message of the text. Spock is hairless, green and civilised, but he is the acceptable face of sheep-shagging, his pointed ears reminiscent of his lost horns.

Happiness is restored to the Enterprise when the Captain marries Spock - when King Male marries the billy goat and social harmony is restored. "They all lived happily ever after", announces the text.

This is a direct recapitulation of the Gilgamesh Epic. The King marries the Beast and social equilibrium is achieved, because the King is no longer shagging people. (Translator's note: see my forthcoming recapitulation History: a fantasy, Allen and Unwin, 1986, Hard-bound, #7.95)

This is the escape for which the entire Star Trek opus yearned. The most popular episode, The Trouble with Tribbles, showed the crew in love with small furry aliens. They resemble nothing so much as disembodied human pubes. The Trouble with Tribbles, as we know, is that they reproduce. This episode, with its multiplying bundles of fluff, simply captures, in nightmare imagery, hatred of babies, the direct result of the failure to shag sheep instead of people.....

(Regrettably, Professor Levis-Jeans did not live to finish this fascinating insight into popular culture and, some would say, his own vie d'interieur. After the scandal, he became increasingly depressed. The sheep, the donkey and the kangaroo were restored to their rightful owners, and he committed his final act. Notes for the completion of this work were also left behind. "Kirk = Church in league with Spock = Satan (horns)" is, for example, a fascinating hint of what else he would have to say on the subject. Other final works such as Peanuts: A Study in Tyranny; The Golden Slough and Dante: Pioneer Feminist are further examples of the clarity of his thought.)



STOCK FEETAGE

by Pete Tyers

The Savoy is famous not only for the standard of it's cuisine, but also for it's excellence of gastronomic advisors; a group of gourmets which includes Earl Norbert Phetilfohn (not many people know that - but I am sure that you, gentle reader, had guessed). This tale concerns an occasion when Earl's wisdom was desperately needed.

Gervaise, the head chef, had decided upon squid soup for the speciality of the day. A squid was duly delivered to the kitchens, and laid upon the cutting table. It was slime green in colour (a challenge for herbs and spices), and was of the variety known as the hairy-lip. As Gervaise raised his cleaver, he was stunned to hear the creature whimper a 'pathetic "aaargh". Such was his dismay that he could no longer force himself to slaughter it. He sought the assistance of Hans, a burly German ex-docker who was currently employed as a dishwasher. Hans stood with the cleaver poised for a mighty blow when again the squid whimpered "aaaaargh", this time so pathetically that even Hans could not face the thought of dispatching it. In desperation (for it was approaching the dining hour), the two men sought the advice of Earl Norbert Phetilfohn.

Upon hearing their problem, and inspecting the creature for himself, Earl explained "Well gentlemen, it just goes to prove that

Hans that does dishes can be soft as Gervaise
with slime-green hairy-lip squid".

THE COMMITTEE

One of the problems with the Programme Book is that it is obligatory to say a few things about the Committee - without risking libel. On our third con we were running out of ideas, as well as volunteers for this hazardous duty.

And then inspiration struck! Shareout the work and avoid legal action by getting everyone to write 100 words about themselves! So we did:

ANTHONY HEATHCOTE

Easily spotted being one of the few committee not having a beard, I'm the one with the moustache. Having been a regular con-goer since Yorcon '79, attending the major British cons up to '84 when I was overtaken by married life, a new job and house restoration. As an original BECCONEer I've been on the previous two committees and still surviving - although considerably slower for this one. Not well read, nor even particularly discriminating, I just can't find the time to read (as an ex-teacher I'm still a leading advocate of the 300 hour week) I just like and enjoy con-going. They are great social events, what more do you want. Have a good time.

KATHY WESTHEAD

I am a committee member with glasses, but no beard (or moustache). I have been reading SF since I was a child. In fact I used to think all library books were SF, because that was what my father always borrowed. Discovered fandom at the second Coventry Eastercon, followed shortly by Luunicon, where I think I first met Mike, The One Tun, and the City Lit (as it wasn't then). The first time I remember talking about running a convention was in a drunken corner of the gophers' party at SEACON '79...and now I don't have time to read much SF any more.....

MIKE WESTHEAD

Write about yourself in 100 words, they said. But there are more than 100 positive adjectives! Oh, well. I was born; grew bigger; became a Mod, a Rocker, and a Hippie in more or less that order. Discovered SF, (SF) Condom, Fandom in that order. Concurrently did 3 things I swore never to do (Office job, 3-bed semi, Marriage) and a fourth I never considered (Child). Now enjoy running cons and reading humorous and mainly non-hard SF. Likes Ballard, Sladek, Watson and any sort of games. Dislike Asimov, Clarke, Russ and extremisms. Will die. (99 words including this bit.)

PETE TYERS

Born and bred in Newton Abbott, Devon, and currently (for some time now) living in Norwich, Norfolk. Possesses a degree in Physics (Reading) and works in computing ("oh no, not another one"). Interests (other than SF) include: Fell Walking (from the Lake District to the Alps and Dolomites - uses ferry for the soggy bit in the middle), Small Bore Target Shooting (the big bores are too easy a target and, dare one say it, too boring), Squash, Photography, Wildlife (courtesy of the television set - it saves all that tedious hanging around in hides, etc), Home Maintenance, Theatre and Cinema, Real Ale (of course), and Dreadful Puns (or is this a Qualification?). Distinguishing features: beard and glasses, often to be seen surveying the world through a single lens (a sort of hi-tech cyclops) and accompanied by a glass of the pint variety.

CAROLINE MULLAN

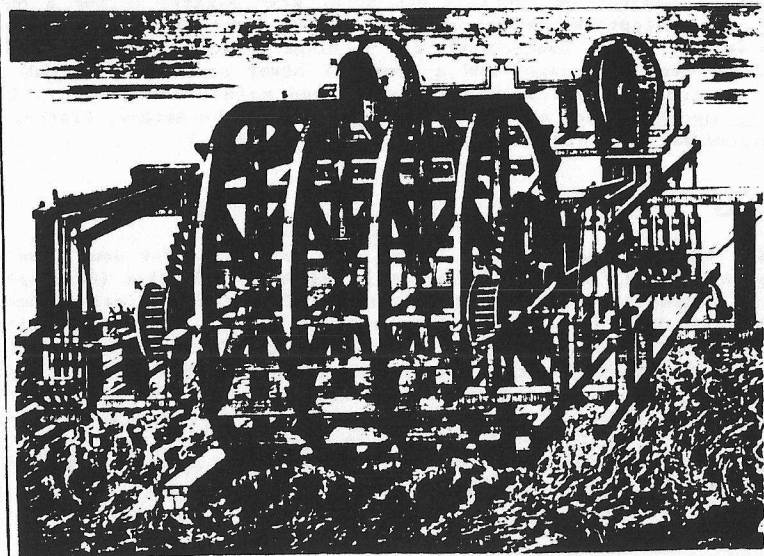
Caroline was born into fandom at Seacon '79. At first she had to struggle to survive: it took her three attempts to register for Albacon I. She dreads to think what might have become of her if she hadn't succeeded at last. Living in Belfast gave her little opportunity for day-to-day involvement in fandom, and she eventually discovered fanzines and The Women's Periodical just in time to publish her COA to London. She now complains that writing apa contributions, producing her fanzine 'The Mirror Crack'd', running Beccon, and attending several conventions a year, leaves her no time for reading, holidays, shopping or doing nothing. She doesn't mean it.

JOHN STEWART

Johns' first convention was a relaxed, peaceful, and thoroughly enjoyable affair. It was Skycon!! The above is explained by the little detail of commuting to the con every day and thus missing the wonderful events of the night (later realised to include a large number of enjoyable activities as well). Having begun his involvements in S.F. fandom with such activities as membership of the BSFA and a small local group in Croydon, the convention increased his awareness as to the true apparent size of S.F. fandom, and he soon found that he liked cons even more once he became involved in helping to run them, meeting other techno freaks, environmentalists, pyromaniacs, etc. He has a suspicion these activities may continue.

BERNARD PEEK

Easily distinguished by the beard and glasses, usually one in each hand - a balanced diet. Occasionally to be found hiding behind a camera or a plate of food. I was born, as is traditional to state on these occasions, at a very early age. Nothing of significance happened for a while. A discussion of Asimov's fiction with my maths teacher lead to an invitation to the Globe and thence to Herts fandom, kitten fandom, Novacon 1, 'K', Royal Holloway College, The Heights, the depths, the abyss and Beccon. Approximately in that order. Beccon '81 lead to Beccon '83. Beccon '83 lead to Beccon '85.



Maintaining the Lake - Basildon.

RICHARD EDWARDS

A year ago, I was pushing paper working for a large public corporation, a confined bachelor. Today I own my own company and am engaged to be married next June. Between times I have participated in founding an APA, helped write an award winning computer game and been unemployed for three months. I have a full social calendar, a cause of both misery and merriment. But I would not wish to lose my chance at participating in my favourite pastimes, people watching, feasting on any form of interesting food or unusual beverages and doing silly things like running conventions.

ROGER ROBINSON

I'm the oldest of the committee in years but, some would say, not in mental age. As with many other committee members I play with computers - but I do it for a living. Interested in SF for a long time - seriously for 12 years or so. First fannish activity was to help in the birth of the Norwich SF Society, but on moving to London I was cured of this malady and joined the SF Evening Class, the Tun, BECCON, etc. I've become interested in the "research" side of SF and now run BECCON publications, and collect biblios and reference books.

JONATHAN COWIE

Jonathan was one of the few committee members who's been caught in the act of con organising before, being irresponsible for the Hatfield PSIFA. Jonathan joined the committee in (to quote a PSIFA president) "a desperate bid for street credibility". An environmentalist by profession (which he proves by running on alcohol), Jonathan is one of our longest standing members - stooping from at least 6'3". Apart from his science fact items at various conventions he is noted for having organised the press liaison operation at the 1984 Eurocon (-see BECCON's publication list).

ROGER PERKINS

Although I have been reading SF as long as I can remember, I was introduced to fandom in 1971 by Philip Strick's evening class. My first Convention was Chessmancon in 1972, since which I have attended most Eastercons and Novacons, along with quite a few others, making about 5/6 Cons a year. After Worldcon in 1979 I became a more active participant at Cons, with the inevitable result of ending up on a committee as the Treasurer of Beccon '81, '83, and '85 - and now involved in the BECCON 87 Eastercon bid. However, I still find time for my other interests, such as food, real ale, and puns.

BRIAN AMERINCEN

Brian was swapped for a changeling at the early age of 2. The changeling surprised his parents by devoting its life to chaos and to demonstrating a pun-gent wit. Aston University decided it had had enough after four years and awarded it a BsC to get rid of it. Having discovered, in S.F. fandom, a group with as chaotic an outlook as its own the changeling has stuck fast since 1970 (or thereabouts). The changeling looks forward to its return to Faerie where it will apply human pun-ishment to all concerned.

MEMBERSHIP LIST

A=Attending

S=Supporting

T=Soft Toy

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003A BRIAN STABLEFORD	062T HAND SKUNK	121A JACKIE SMITH
004A IAN WATSON	063A JANE BUTTERWORTH	123S IAIN DICKSON
005A JUDY WATSON	064A GARY STRATMAN	124A SAUL BURA
006A LISA TUTTLE	065A SUE TONKIN	125A WENDY GLOVER
007A CHRIS PRIEST	066A MARK BUNCE	126A KEN BROWN
008A KEN BULMER	067A DAVE PATTERSON	127A GRAHAM HEAD
009A BARRINGTON J BAYLEY	068A ROZ DRUCE	128A DENISE ATKINSON
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024A PETER COHEN	083A MIKE MOIR	143A J.C. REYNOLDS
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029A IAN SORENSON	088S MIKE GOULD	148S DELICIA OF GROD
030A JOHN WILKES	089A CHRIS COOPER	149A RICK FOX
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060A TIRS	119A VINCENT DOCHERTY	179A MILES HARRIS

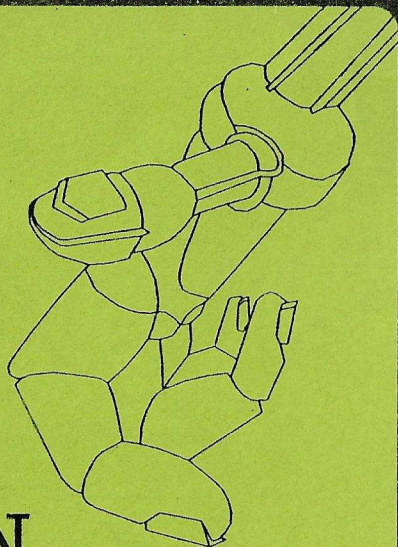
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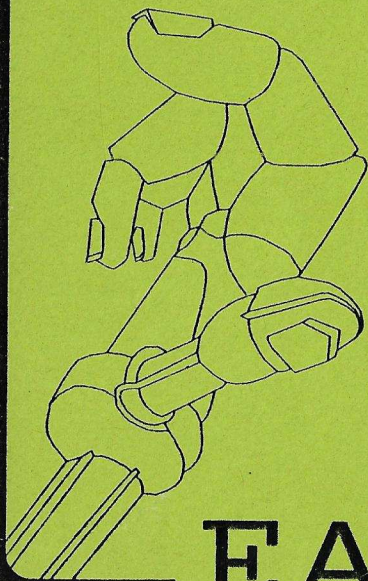


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