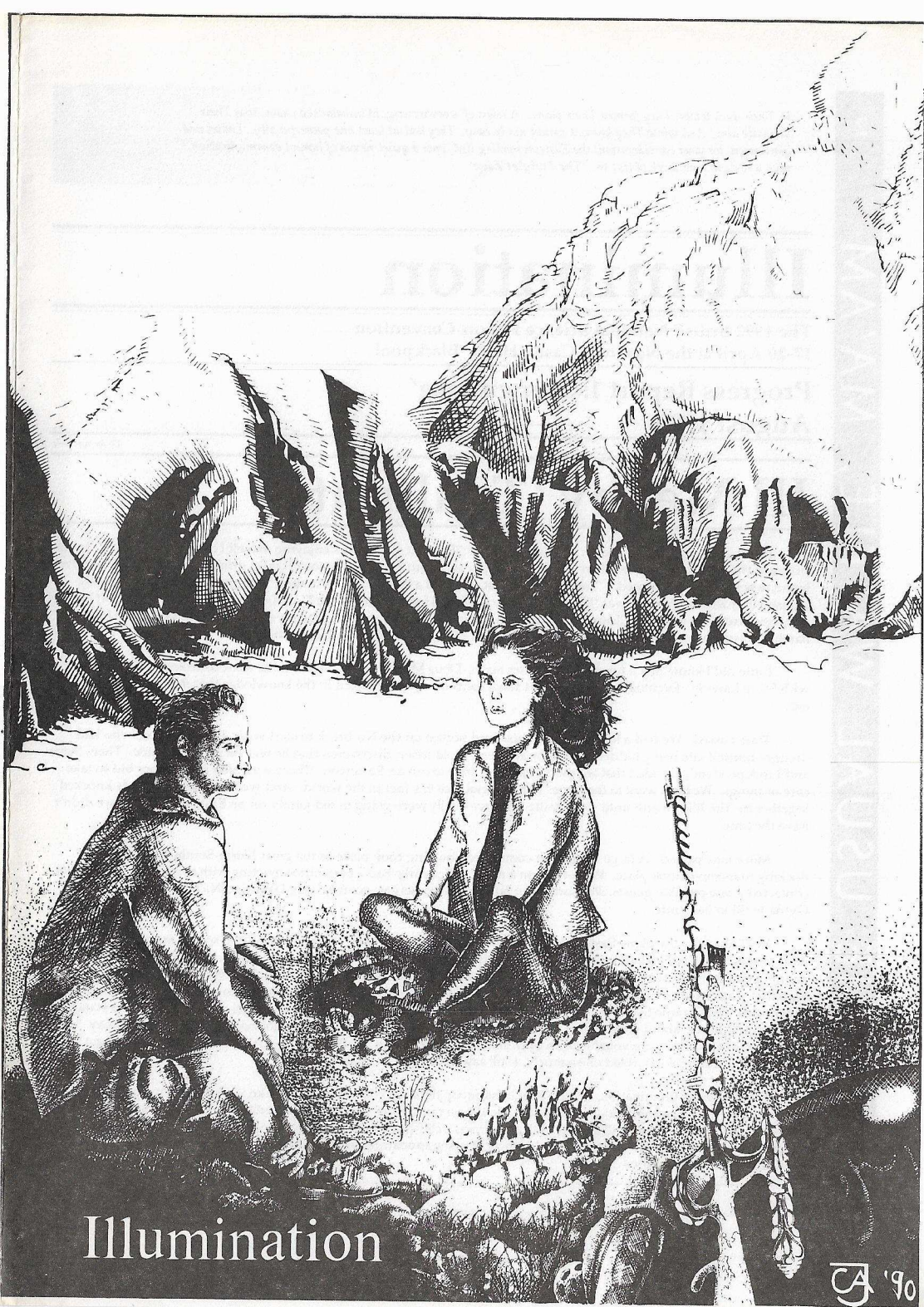




Illumination

In Their dark tower, They formed Their plans. A reign of verwirrung, of unbalanced chaos, was Their ultimate aim. And while They knew it would not be easy, They had at least one powerful ally. Ladies and gentlemen, for your consideration: the Eastcon mailing list, once a quiet nexus of honest communication, now a node in a network of fear in... The Twiglet Zone.

Illumination

The 1992 British National Science Fiction Convention
17-20 April at the Norbreck Castle Hotel, Blackpool

Progress Report 1: 'Verwirrung' August 1990

Do the light thing.

Ill Met by 'Tonlight

It was a hot and sweaty night. They all are at the 'Ton, but since I was enjoying myself I didn't mind much. I was sitting at the bar, chatting away merrily while trying to work out how much more I could drink and still be able to drive home, when Caroline pounced. "You do realise that we need a bid for '92," she said. Trapped! Of course I instantly realised that what she meant was "You're going to run a bid for '92, aren't you?", so I duly went to fob the job off on someone else. I found Dave Clements and Matt Bishop outside, and repeated the mystic incantation to them. Unfortunately I wasn't as successful as Caroline; she got out of doing anything. I ended up chairing.

Little did I know that a few hundred miles north, Doug McCallum was having the same drunken conversation with Steve Lawson. Eventually we found out about each other, and relaxed in the knowledge that there was another '92 bid.

Time passed. We had a look at some hotels, and settled on the Norbreck to start with. Ivan Towlson, who had thought himself safe being hidden in Bangor and stone cold sober, discovered that he was on my committee. Then, Steve and I independently decided that we didn't have the time to run an Eastercon. There was, after all, another bid to take care of things. We both went to the same 'Ton to announce this fact to the world. And we both had our heads knocked together by Tim Illingworth until we admitted that we really were going to bid jointly for an Eastercon even if we didn't have the time.

More time passed. A large amount of committee shuffling took place as the great North-South(-East-West) docking manoeuvre took place. We settled on a name. We nearly had a committee meeting with everyone present. We contacted a few possible guests. We sorted out how to sell ourselves; get me, Ivan, Dave and Nick up on stage with Gytha to fill in hotel info.

Well, that was the plan. Eastcon itself was more of a full scale panic. Rapid behind-the-scenes manoeuvres went on to decide on a Fan GoH and ask her if she liked the idea. Steve went down with the dreaded lurgi. I discovered that running two con desks and organising the desk area was not a smart move. Dave somehow made some posters out of a logo that wasn't keen on enlarging. Finally, all my minutes of careful preparation were set to naught when Gytha went down with the migraine to end all migraines. As the only other person who knew the hotel at all well, I had to stand up on stage and burble about it on half an hour's warning. Aaaaargh! Um, er, well it's got beds in it, and... Still, they seemed to like us. We were voted in with only token resistance from "Hold Over Funds" fans, and they had to get us to stop talking because we bumbled on so much. I still say it was the adrenaline high.

So now here's Illumination, hell-bent on lighting up the dark corners of sf. It's like walking down a path you know like the back of your hand and suddenly spotting a rare flower you've never seen before. It's like have a full set of fireworks go off in your head all at once. It's a surprise; a cliff-top where you can trip if you're not careful but the view is magnificent. It's a sudden break in the clouds, or the shy appearance of a rainbow. It's a large chunk of my diary. It's different. You'll be surprised.

Rhodri James

Guests of Honour

3

Paul McAuley

Paul McAuley is a fairly recent arrival on the British sf scene, but he has already managed to make a name for himself with a number of well-crafted short stories in both British and American sf magazines, and two novels. These latter are unfortunately taking an inordinately long time to come out in paperback—so don't be disconcerted if you haven't noticed them!

Four Hundred Billion Stars, his first novel, won the Philip K. Dick award (he was the first British author to receive it), clearly marking it as a work of hard sf. But McAuley's 'hard sf' bears little resemblance to the militaristic and over-technological, under-characterised style of many American examples of that genre. *Four Hundred Billion Stars* describes an expedition to investigate a recently-discovered earth-like world, which uncovers an awesome secret in the life-forms of the planet. The military/colonial aspects of the story bear some resemblance to (better) Niven, but the planet itself steals the show—it is teeming with diverse and complex life, which McAuley doesn't skimp on describing.

His second novel, here called *Secret Harmonies*, again has an underlying theme of secrets inextricably woven into the biosystem of the planet—with humans as a disturbance on top. Only here the world has been settled for a couple of centuries, and all would seem to be well with the human population (but it isn't, of course—read it and find out).

I think from these descriptions you might have guessed that Paul McAuley is a biologist—an expert on symbioses within cells, he was formerly at Oxford, where I encountered him in a practical (which I still haven't written up!), but has now moved northwards to St. Andrews. It is clear that his biological interests inform his stories: unlike many scientific sf writers he also pays considerable attention to the social and political aspects of future human societies. This produces a kind of hard sf which is quite different from much of that ilk—and which has been appreciated by audiences on both sides of the Atlantic.

Paul McAuley hints at several more novels in the pipeline—and with such an auspicious start it seems likely that there will be a lot to follow. Recently he's been branching out as a critic for *Interzone*, and who knows what is to come?

I've seen the 'science in science fiction', and for once it isn't astrophysics!

Paul Marrow

Geoff Ryman

At a dark and smoky party in a too-small flat many years ago, I muttered moodily about the problems I was having tasting the lead in my latest pornographic venture. Without a heartbeat of hesitation, my listeners turned and pointed to a tall, dark and elvishly handsome man on the other side of the room, crying unanimously, "You want him!"

This talented soul was dragged over forthwith and persuaded—or rather commanded—to take the starring role in my musical extravaganza, *Spock in Manacles*. He was indeed tailor-made for the part, being almost physically perfect for the pointy-eared title role, and able to act besides. And luckily for me, Geoff Ryman lives under one of the worst curses known to humankind—he's too nice ever to say no... The consequences of this were 6:00am rehearsals, melting green body paint and wearing a furry jockstrap in front of a large and appreciative audience armed with cameras... Geoff's performance in this masterpiece was, however, universally judged to be unforgettable, and though others have attempted the title role, none have matched his original.

Not that *Manacles* was Geoff's first dramatic venture. At the first Mexican, he adapted Philip K Dick's *The Transmigration of Timothy Archer* into a powerful stage play, which drove an emotional fist into the solar plexus of an audience unused to serious drama at conventions. More recently, he produced a dramatic rendition of the Gilgamesh epic for Novacon, returning to the mythology which pervades much of his writing. Although Geoff is best known as a writer these days, I've always been taken by his gifts as a dramatist: few people are able to adapt a text with sensitivity, direct and act as well—all brilliantly done as anyone who has seen one of Geoff's plays will agree.

Nevertheless, Geoff is a remarkable writer. His novella *The Unconquered Country* (1984) is still my personal favourite: I could witter on about war allegory and phantasmagoria in an effort to explain the story, but that would be doing it a disservice—read it. *The Warrior Who Carried Life* (1985) does wonderful things with the Gilgamesh epic and should definitely *not* be judged by its shudderingly awful McCaffreyesque cover... In the first *Interzone* anthology, Geoff published the short story 'O Happy Day!', which was the weirdest of creatures: a misogynist outburst by a very feminist writer—I prefer to think it was written as a result of too much cheese before bedtime. Very well written, mind you, for Geoff couldn't put together a badly constructed story if he tried! Most recently he has written another novel, *The Child Garden*. And he continues...

If all this sounds too serious and respectable, think back to furry jockstraps, and try asking Geoff sometime

continued on page 5

GUESTS OF HONOUR

The Programme

"You didn't want it, and now you're not going to get it..."

Most convention PRIs, especially if they're coming out two years ahead of the convention on which they're reporting, are unable to say much about the programme except that it will, of course, be the usual mix of wonderful items plus maybe a couple of surprises. And no wonder: two years in advance it's simply not possible to arrange a programme, and it would be perverse to attempt to do so and then hold to it come hell or high water. So let me state right now that the Illumination programme will, of course, contain the usual mix of wonderful items plus maybe a couple of surprises. Happy now?

Well, I'm not. Illumination has, from the earliest discussions, been strongly committed to programming, and we certainly intend to do something a bit more interesting than the above. Exactly which of the ideas we have will work out, and what new ideas will come to light, it's impossible to guess. So no details yet. But I can tell you about the broad design of the Illumination programme, and its aims and methods.

The "usual mix of wonderful items and maybe a couple of surprises" that I promised above will provide the convention with its main and alternative programmes. The theme highlighted here, and throughout the convention programming, will be that of the fringes of sf: such border areas as horror, magic realism, science speculation and experimental fiction, and, we hope, a few firmly science-fictional but undeservedly obscure areas such as foreign-language sf. We'll be asking such questions as "what do these areas have to learn from sf, and vice versa?", "where do we draw the borders, and why draw them at all?" and "what does this ultimately have to do with science fiction anyway?"; not that we have any answers to these questions, of course, because we're hoping that you'll be able to produce them for us. Even if we aren't able to find such answers, we hope we'll have succeeded in shedding a little light into sf's darker corners: if Illumination persuades you to try out something a little different from your usual reading matter, then that's a success on some level at least.

Talking about the fringes of sf begs the question, of course, of what lies in the centre. Not that anyone really needs another "What Is SF?" panel: no-one seems to have produced a useful definition of the term yet and I for one doubt that anyone ever will. But, for those who do like their science fiction traditional, we will be looking at the various interests and ideas of the genre mainstream, but we'll be trying to give them a new twist by dreaming up formats more original and immediate than the usual panel one of "four talking heads overlooking the audience".

Although we'll be using this theme to give the programme some sort of shape, we won't be constricted

by it and we certainly won't be slaves to it. We've already thought of several items which sound worth doing but don't fit easily into any fringe of sf: well, if they're worth doing, they're worth doing; the purpose of a theme is to spark ideas, not to exclude them.

Even more important than the theme in the shaping of the programme, though, is the Illumination philosophy. We feel, from experience, that Eastercons are all too often terribly alienating to those who are not "on the inside". It is much easier to meet people at a small convention, much easier to find the courage to speak up when the audience is smaller; but more often than not it will be the Eastercon, the widely-publicised national convention, rather than a friendlier small con, which introduces a new fan to congoing if not to fandom itself. And at the Eastercon the new fan will probably be intimidated by the halls of hundreds of people all of whom can appear to know each other. It can be a very disheartening experience to see the "fannish community" so vividly and at the same time feel oneself completely left out. So Illumination intends, by hook or by crook, to get people talking to each other: not just to their friends in the bar, because you don't need us to help you with that, but to complete strangers.

As hinted above, an important part of this is the idea that "small is beautiful". This doesn't mean we aren't hoping for a vast flood of members, just that we will be providing a number of smaller streams to accompany the main and alternative programmes. These streams will be workshop and discussion group oriented, aiming to give their participants a sense of involvement, of doing something. Somehow this seems a lot more satisfying than being in a panel audience, even if it does demand rather more effort and input. And in a 20-person discussion, it's much easier to get talking to someone than if you're just sitting in a 200-person audience. So you'll find the Illumination programme unusually biased towards small, participatory items. Even the larger panel-type items will, if all goes well, be redesigned to encourage involvement on the part of the audience.

Even in small groups, though, insularity can rear its ugly head. The number of times I've walked into the fan room and found everybody so wrapped up in their own impenetrable arguments that I've felt utterly excluded is—well, far too high. Filk fandom—a group which tries (laudably) to be as participatory and as welcoming as you can get—can still be frustratingly insular to those who are untalented and unwilling to devote a large slice of time to it. Workshops on how to run Worldcons may thrill conrunners to pieces but will simply confuse and alienate novices. That isn't to say that such things don't have their place, but it emphasises that there must be entry-level, welcoming items as well as specialist ones.

And we hope that this philosophy will feed back into the usual mix of wonderful items (plus maybe a couple of surprises), encouraging people to take part rather than sit back, or, say, enabling them to have their opinions heard via the representative of a discussion

group appearing on a panel. Two years ahead, we don't know what the details are going to be. But if you keep your eyes out at some of the smaller cons between now and 1992, you may come across a few ideas being tried out and tinkered with. (Hey... recycling is trendy in these ecology-conscious days. We're just trying to get in on the act.)

The fan room, which is being run by Anne Page, will pursue the objective of welcoming new fans, a task for which Anne has indicated the greatest enthusiasm, and which she'll undoubtedly pursue with originality and boundless energy. Within 24 hours of Illumination having been voted the 1992 Eastercon, Anne and our Fan Guest of Honour Pam Wells were already claiming to have come up with 19 pages of ideas. So expect a fan room that will

genuinely be about fandom--not the all-too-common image of fannish cliques, quite content to talk amongst themselves and so alienating that many people feel discouraged where they ought to be welcome. No doubt Anne has a lot of other plans for the fan room too, which will be brought to light in her own good time, but which will undoubtedly involve the usual mix of wonderful items (plus maybe a couple of surprises).

So there it is. If all goes as planned, the Illumination programme will be novel, exciting, informative and involving. If it doesn't... well, you'll have to console yourself with the usual mix of wonderful items, plus maybe a couple of surprises.

Ivan Towlson

Fan Guest of Honour

Pam Wells

I first met Pam Wells at Conspiracy in 1987. As a new fan at my first convention, I was very shy about speaking to all these people who obviously knew each other well. Pam was not about to let me off that easily, though. "Have a fruit gum" she said, and that was the start of our friendship. How can you not like someone who thinks everyone in the world is nice?

Being in Pam's company is a very pleasant pastime, but nothing she has ever said or done has made me laugh as much as when she was first asked to be our fan guest. "Why me?" she squeaked. "I've not done anything," I replied, "Well, why don't you tell me what you have done?" The following is a list only of what she remembers.

As well as being a founding member of The Women's Periodical, she has written for various APAs. She has produced her own fanzines, Nutz and Stumpet among others. At Conspiracy she produced a fanzine

called Six Shooter with Linda Pickersgill and TAFF winner Jeanne Gomoll.

Pam has also served on various convention committees, including handling fan liaison at Conspiracy, both treasurer and membership secretary for Mexican 2, and publications for Novacon 19. She is also the administrator for the Nova fanzine awards, for what is now the third year running. She also finds time to help as and when required at various other conventions, including running her famous and popular Pop Quizzes: if you've ever seen one of these, you'll know the amount of work she puts into them. Rumour also has it that she is somewhat involved with cuddly toys, but that's another story.

One of the nicest things about Pam is her willingness to put new fans at their ease, taking time to find out what their interests are, and helping them find their way: something I hope she'll be doing at Illumination.

So, as I said at the beginning: when the lady said, "I haven't done anything," what else could I do but laugh?

Alice Lawson

Illumination Progress Report 1, "Verwirrung", was edited by Ivan Towlson on behalf of Dave Clements (absent presumed writing up his thesis). Cover artwork by Colin Johnson; typesetting and graphics produced by the usual enormous amounts of technology; printed by the Imperial College print shop. Thanks to: all the contributors; Dave, Amanda and Matt Bishop for comments; Simon Spero for the plentiful supply of twiglets; the UCNW School of Mathematics for turning a blind eye; and Tim Illingworth and Caroline Mullan, without whom none of this would have been possible, let alone necessary.

continued from page 3

just what he did to scandalise the passengers on the train to Liverpool a few years back... And enquire about *Kaybusters* while you're at it... Geoff's easy to spot at conventions: as I said before, he's tall--very--dark and handsome, and is generally surrounded by a circle of very much shorter groupies of both sexes, rather like Morris dancers capering around a maypole. For Geoff, poor soul, suffers badly from *charisma*, and is endlessly pursued by the results. Most people would be driven to the Harlan

Ellison solution to this, but as mentioned earlier, Geoff is too fundamentally nice to ever tell someone to "piss off!" At heart I guess he really likes people, so say hello and buy him a drink. If you're under five foot five, though, *make him sit down* before you start nattering, or you'll be nursing an aching neck for the rest of the convention...

Kate Solomon

The Norbreck Castle Hotel

"In a castle by the sea..."

Blackpool? Why on Earth would anyone put on a convention in Blackpool? I mean, it's full of tourists, isn't it?

Well, obviously we are (how could we turn up a pun like "Illumination" once offered?), and obviously we don't plan on being overrun by tourists, and this is due to finding ourselves the Norbreck Castle Hotel.

Where? The Norb... look, why don't I just tell you about it? It's a large seafront hotel on Blackpool's North Shore, literally a stone's throw from the beach. It's got a swimming pool, snooker tables and table tennis tables, and a lot of bars. It's got a tram stop just outside if you want to go and see the rest of Blackpool in style. And it's very friendly. Several of us had the chance to see it in action at Frontiers back in May, and this is what we saw.

The hotel itself is designed in a similar way to the de France in Jersey, for those of you who went to Contrivance. There are two big function rooms (really big; I'll get back to them in a minute, honest) at one end of the building and a clump of smaller rooms at the other end, connected by a wide corridor. Although the corridor (which the hotel calls the "Sun Lounge") doesn't have shops on it like the de France, it does have a lot of comfy chairs (and, needless to say, a bar) and is definitely a good place to sit, contemplate infinity and/or natter. At least, people did this a lot at Frontiers, and generally agreed that it was a Good Thing, a bit like the Adelphi's Main Lounge only narrower.

The function rooms are something else entirely. The biggest one, the Norcalympia, was used by Frontiers as its main programme room, and sort-of worked because most people go to most programme items at a Trek con. For us it is far too big—it's rated to hold two and a half thousand people, for heaven's sake!—so we're thinking of other things to do with it. Most likely at the moment is that "RAF Blackpool" (as people have begun to christen it, due to its resemblance to an aircraft hangar) will hold the Dealers and the Art Show, and probably a few other things as well ("stout yeomen roasting juicy hams over an open fire," proposes Simon Spero). Yes, this time you will have room to move in the Dealers Room!

The Norbreck Room is the one we are planning to use as our main programme room. This is more of a normal size of room for an Eastercon, although the bar at the back is a little unusual (I told you there were bars all over the place!). This was the Dealers Room at Frontiers, so I have no idea how it will work for us, especially with Ivan being "different" all over the programme. (*And anything else they let me get my hands on. --ed.*) At any rate, its layout is quite flexible with a raised stage at one end and the possibility of putting staging in the centre as well. We shall see.

Then there's all the little rooms and suites that the daring programming team have already laid claim to for

films, workshops, discussions, more workshops and all sorts of neat ideas. These are plentiful and near the main bar, an important thing for any true fan to note.

The hotel staff were very helpful, and they deserve plenty of praise. Once they got the hang of what a con was, they rapidly worked out that people were more concerned with having a good time than with getting obsequious service, and suddenly became human. Every now and then you'd see staff wandering around the back of programme items, "finding things to do." Whenever anyone had a room they didn't like (some unrenovated rooms had been pressed into service because there were no no-shows at Frontiers), a better room was found. Whenever the con committee needed help to get something done, it was there. By the Sunday, the General Manager had swapped his suit and tie for an open-necked shirt and slacks. All in all, you couldn't ask for better. (True, someone did complain about the behaviour of the staff in the Business Meeting, but no one else believed him.)

To sum up, the Norbreck is a nice place and should make an interesting Eastercon hotel. The infamous North Wing rooms will be completely renovated by Easter '92, and some of the main wing ones that the management aren't happy with too, so no problems there. Please?

Rhodri James

"A convention's home is its castle..."

The Norbreck Castle Hotel, the site of Illumination, is situated on the sea front overlooking Blackpool's North Shore. Located in a seaside resort, the hotel caters for family holidays as much as for conference business. It has 158 twin rooms, 78 doubles, 55 singles and 45 family rooms (mostly one double and one single, but also other combinations). It offers recreational facilities including swimming pool, snooker and table tennis tables. Access to and from the town centre is provided by the frequent tram service, while for those coming by car there is ample parking.

The hotel has a wide variety of function space and several bars. In addition to the vast exhibition hall there is one large room, seating 500, which will accommodate our main programme, and three smaller rooms which will take 150-200 people. There are also many small suites available in which we will be running workshops and other small-scale events. In addition to the hotel's cocktail bar and a bar serving the lounge, four of the function rooms have bar facilities.

Several of the committee were able to see the hotel in action during a recent Star Trek convention (Frontiers). The lounge, running the length of the main part of the hotel, proved a very congenial place to sit and chat. The hotel provided a barbecue on the Saturday evening, which proved most popular!

At the time of writing we are still negotiating to obtain the best possible room rates from the Norbreck—Anne Page will be taking over this job just as soon as she has settled into her new house in Rotherham. Alternative accommodation is offered by a number of small hotels in the vicinity. I was able to obtain a room in one of these, without pre-booking, on a bank holiday weekend for only £12—the room was comfortable and the breakfast excellent.

Nick Mills

The Editor Speaks

(except that he doesn't)

Hello everybody out there: I hope you've enjoyed this first PR for Illumination, the wonderful Eastercon for 1992 (but you know all that already). This is the bit where the guy who put all the hard work into the production of this great tome can say more or less what he likes. Well, not really actually... I wasn't really responsible for this one, apart from some general discussions over layouts and design. The truemegahero behind this edition is Ivan, who says his piece in the programming section. He has put in many hours of sterling service while I've been similarly slaving over a hot word processor, trying to finish my Ph.D. thesis. (I'm sure no work of science fiction was as difficult to write. The problem I have is that I'm not allowed to make any of it up!) Anyway, that's enough of my worries, and it's time to get back to the PR...

It seems only a few days ago that we were on stage at Eastcon, trying to persuade a room full of people to trust us with the '92 Eastercon. If you were at the bid session, then you'll know that right from the start (and even before the start if truth be known) we have emphasised one major element in the Illumination scheme: participation. We want more people than ever before to play some major role in the convention and the convention programme—and we don't just mean as gophers! This idea is not confined to the convention itself. In the PRs too we aim to put you in the hot seat, and to get you communicating and interacting with us (the committee) and with each other. To this end, there'll be a few extras in these PRs that will be somewhat unusual. Firstly, I intend to run a letters column. This can be connected with things that the convention is up to (complaining, suggesting or possibly even congratulating), or about larger issues involving sf and fandom generally. Secondly, we will specifically ask you questions about things we are thinking of doing and wish to get as much feedback on as possible. Obviously we will also ask round all the people we know (and maybe some we don't) but the more opinions we get the better. One example of this is the idea of having some short term dealers tables. These would allow small dealers to hire a table for only a day, rather than for the whole con. We think this would give added flexibility to small dealers, or independent fan groups, who may not be able to sell enough to cover the costs of a table for the whole con. Well, what do you think? Write to us and let us know.

We are also planning a sort of 'colour supplement' (inglorious technomochrome) where we will have articles on subjects not directly related to Illumination. These PRs, then, would have some intrinsic interest value beyond letting you know how Illumination is doing. This is a little similar to an idea tried out by Reconnaissance, which we all rather liked.

I think that's really about it for now. Stay tuned for the next instalment, featuring such intriguing items as the Permanent Floating Electronic ConCom, and other edifying delicacies. Until then, keep those lights shining in the dark corners!

Dave Clements

Rates

Until 27.8.90

Attending £15

Supporting £10

After 27.8.90

Attending £20

Supporting £12

Conversion from supporting to attending membership is always at the current difference in rates. Child members (aged 9-14 at the convention) pay half the attending rate; infants (under 9) pay £1. Toys pay £1 per head (Beeblebeers, this means you). Presupporters receive £1 discount when converting to supporting or attending.

Advertising in the Progress Reports costs £30 per page for professionals and £16 for fans, reduced pro rata for ads less than a full page: a half-page is £15 pro/£8 fan, a quarter page £7.50/£4. Ads should be camera-ready on A4 for reduction to A5. People who book space ahead of time will receive gratitude!

But Why Me?

You're receiving this because either you're already Illuminated (in which case sit back and watch the pretty lights: you need do nothing more), or because you are a presupporter of Illumination or a member of Eastcon (in which case this is the last Illumination PR you will receive: *hint*).

Or maybe we just gave it to you on a whim. Don't ask me.

Who Are The Ten Invisible Masters?

Amanda Baker, Minister for Propaganda, will be delighted to tell you the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and at extremely reasonable rates too.

Dave Clements, Master of Disinformation, is in charge of publications (except this one), and is about to qualify as a Doctor of Disinformation—one shudders to think, one really does...

David Cooper, Gnome of Zurich, is cuddling the money, making silly comments and generally being his usual pixie-like self. Rhodri James, Illuminatus Primus, is gonna get lynched eventually.

Steve and Alice Lawson, who number the Computer among their friends, have files on *everybody*.

Nick Mills, Prime Mover (of tables, PA systems and so forth), is charged with bringing order out of chaos, and is therefore ideologically unsound.

Anne Page, Secret Master of Fandom—no, of course you didn't know, that's why it's a secret—has been known to talk to hotels.

Jason Stevens, the Man With No Biro, No Horse, And No Moustache, is therefore forced to use more cunning means of taking the minutes.

Ivan Towilson, self-styled Fluffy Yog, is the acceptable face of the Cthulhu Mythos, but gets to create the programme in his own image anyway.

Illumination membership list at 8 July 1990

a=attending; g=guest;
s=supporting; c=child;
i=infant; t=toy;
p=presupporting

148a Michael Abbott
196a Andrew Adams
126p Phillip Allcock
138a Brian Ameringen
21p Margaret Austin
200a G.W. B?????
127p Amanda Baker
91p Henry Balen
180a Iain Banks
190a John Bark
151a Bazooka
27a Chris Bell
175a David Bell
105p Iain Bell
28c Kenneth Bell
95p Philip Bell
134a Michael J. Bernardi
45p Brian Biddle
88p Matt Bishop
179a B.A. Blackburn
107p Alan Blackley
146s Ians Boettcher
170a Susan Booth
199a Kjell Borgstrom
187a Jill Bradley
186a Phil Bradley
133p Simon Bradshaw
150a Michael Braithwaite
109a John Bray
25p Jon Brewis
46p Tim Broadribb
47a Ben Brown
102p Denzil Brown
194a Pat Brown
191a Saul A. Bura
116a Mary Burns
117a Bill Burns
131p Chris Butterworth
111p KIM Campbell
36p Mike Cheater
13p Dave Clements
87p Jack Cohen
98p Malcolm Cohen

178a Barbara Cooper
197a Chris Cooper
10a David T. Cooper
143a Erik Coune
167a Frank Coune
144a Count
17a Jonathan Cowie
48p Adrian Cox
128p Jonathan Coxhead
90p Mark Craske
37a Paul Cray
53a Arthur Cruttenden
85p Cuddles
49a Rafe Culpin
34p John Dallman
50p Malcolm Davies
56p Steve Davies
44p Lawrence Dean
122p Sarah Dibb
77a Iain Dickson
168a Paul Dormer
185a Diane Duane
147a Roger Earnshaw
20p Martin Easterbrook
52p John English
192a Bernie Evans
141a Mike Figg
176a Colin Fine
195a Mike Ford
57a Gwen Funnell
153a Jim Gallagher
30a Jenny Glover
156i Robert Glover
29a Steve Glover
155c Tara Glover
59p Oliver Gruter
41p Guinness
182a Alan Gunn
110a Urban Gunnarsson
106a Colin Harris
76p John Harvey
97p Penny Heal
96a Martin Hoare
152a Marina Holroyd
99p Derek Holt
201a Valerie Housden
19a Tim Illingworth
8p Rhodri James
55p Chris Jennings
73p Colin A. Johnson
60p Colin Johnson
198a Kevin R. Joyce

120p Christina Kinsella
81p Alice Kohler
181a Pompino The Kregoyne
118a David Lally
94p Nick Larter
193a Adrian Last
11p Alice Lawson
12p Steve Lawson
61p Bill Longley
149a I Loose
101p Alan Lord
89p Heidi Lyshol
166a Peter Mabey
129p Nicholas Mahoney
62p Paul Marrow
16p Hugh Mascetti
124a Robert Maughan
132s Krsto Mazuranic
1g Paul McAuley
79p Rory O McLean
63p Rob Meades
80p Mark Meenan
9a Nick Mills
142a A.N.G. Mittenshaw-
Hodge
121p Dave Mooring
64p Andy Morris
184a Peter Morwood
100a Caroline Mullan
65p Penny Myles
138a Harry Nadler
137a Steven Nadler
33p Karen Naylor
86a Andrew Norcross
74p Lisanne Norman
42a Gytha North
113p Andrew O'Donnell
23a Chris O'Shea
24t T. D. O'Shea
26p Omega
84a Anne Page
66p Harry Payne
32p Jon Peatfield
35a Bernie Peck
103a PPOG Penguin
31p Roger Perkins
54p John Perry
67p Jerome Peters
183s Phil Plumbly
188a Andrew Ramage
189a Deborah Ramage
43a Richard the Rampant

39p Ian Robinson
68a Roger Robinson
69p Tony Rogers
139a Howard Rosenblum
140a June Rosenblum
202a Steve Rothman
162a David Row
173a Marcus L. Rowland
125p Katie Runciman
3g Geoff Ryman
114a Bruce Saville
159s Chris Seller
160s Gill Seller
169a Jean Sheward
130p Alice Smith
70p Tony Smith
112p Frank R. Smith
157s Robert J. Sneddon
22p Robert (Nojay) Sneddon
51p Kate Solomon
92p Chris Southern
93p Jenny Southern
115p Simon Spere
71a James Steel
15p Jason Stevens
172a Paul A. Stewart
174a John Stewart
154a Lars Strandberg
104a Marcus Streets
82p Donald Thompson
83p Peter-Fred Thompson
14a Ivan Towlson
75p Chris Tregenza
123p Neal Tringham
171a Mark Tucker
119p Nigel Walker
145a Edward Ward
161a Christine Ward
58a Peter Wareham
78p Gerry Webb
2g Pam Wells
136i Karen Westhead
18a Kathy Westhead
17a Mike Westhead
135c Peter Westhead
72p Mike Whitaker
38p Colin Wilkinson
40p Chris Williamson
163a Kees van Toorn
165a Angelique van Toorn
164i Lennart van Toorn
108a Larry van der Putte

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