

Issue Ω – Can We Go Home Now?

- Long-term character development in the works of George RR Martin (6pm Wednesday in Boardroom 3).
- Feminist subtext in the works of EE “Doc” Smith (noon Wednesday in Liffey B).
- Critical path analysis in the collected works of JRR Tolkien (11am Wednesday in Odeon Screen 1).

Party Reports



celebrations were in order as we went along to a few parties last night. First along the corridor was Trantor in 2274, which seemed very well planned but was rather crowded.

More sparsely populated was Arrakis in 3856: who thought that it was a good idea to have a dry party at a European Worldcon?

Sadly, the Alderaan in 3137 bid has been cancelled due to problems with the venue.



Things We Know Now That We Didn't Know On Thursday Morning

"LUAS" is not an acronym.

Bees don't like the smell of bananas (it's similar to their swarming pheromone).

"Hauntology" is a real word.

The early versions of the scarabs in the 1999 film *The Mummy* levitated rather than swarming over their victims.

The Salmon of Knowledge makes excellent sashimi. Yum.

Glitterati

Following a successful trial in Martin's Bar last night, future Worldcons will be replacing area ribbons with patterns of facial glitter in many different colours.

The Duplicator of Enchantment

Fadó Fadó in Prosaic in the land of Mundein lived a man by the name of Jophan. Now the heart of Jophan was filled with melancholy for there was none in the land to whom he could speak of the strange things that filled his mind. He listened to strange tales, he read peculiar books and longed to climb the mighty mountains that surrounded his country.

A day came, while dreaming in a cornfield, Jophan saw a beautiful woman who shone like the midday sun. She spoke to him, calling him to follow her to the land of Fandom that lies over the mountains, and telling him of the greatness of that country. She promised to gift him with a shining shield named Umor that would protect him on his journey to that place.

Jophan sprang up transfixed. He swore a great oath that he would climb the mountains, reach the land of Fandom and publish the perfect fanzine on the enchanted duplicator, becoming a true fan. He awoke from his dream and found that on his arm he held the shield of Umor promised by the maiden, and by this token he knew he must follow her. Saying farewell to his parents and his comrades, he set out.

Many are the tales told of Jophan and his quest for the enchanted duplicator. He avoided the temptations of the letterpress railroad. He was lost in the Circle of Lassitude for many days and avoided the swamp of Hekto before crossing the bridge of moderation. He drank from the egg of Bu and crossed the desert of indifference, but these are tales for another time.

After many years, he came to the land of Trufandom and climbed the white tower at the centre of that land. The top of that tower was of gold, yet on the very tip of the spire was a broken and rusty wreck of a mimeo. Jophan gazed with horror on the ruin, for he desired Fandom with all his heart. Aghast, he put his hand on the machine and to his amazement he felt a great rush and his eyes shone with knowledge. He heard the voice of the maiden saying "your trials have made you a true fan, and now this is indeed The Magic Mimeograph, and it will produce The Perfect Fanzine, for the real magic mimeograph is the one with a true fan at the handle."

—Steve Davies, with apologies to Walt Willis and Bob Shaw

Fans Wanted for Hazardous Project

Hilarious team of bright young editors needed by CoNZeland for convention newsletter. Small wages (in groats), bitter cold, long months of complete darkness, constant danger, safe return doubtful. Honour and recognition equally doubtful.

Extra Volunteer Rewards

5 hours: you now have enough groats for a drink from the bar.

300 hours: you will be automatically entered into the draw to be Chair of the next Irish Worldcon.

500 hours: you win a trip in the DeLorean back to the opening ceremony so you can attend the convention.

1000 hours: you win a trip in the DeLorean back to the point where you volunteered, so that you can change your mind.

Update to Age Restrictions

Under-50s in the WSFS Business Meeting must be accompanied by an adult at all times.

What's With All the Salmon Anyway?

Being slapped around the face with a wet fish is a traditional folk remedy for volunteering to run a Worldcon.

Last Minute Meet-Up

At two minutes before the deadline in Martin's Bar, there will be a meet-up of newsletter editors desperate to find some more material for their spoof issue.

And Finally...

Phew! We managed to get through the whole convention without once mentioning leprechauns. Oh, bugger.

Thanks to printer-wallah Jan van Tench, our editors, Steve Dace, Pike Scott, James Shark, 'Alibut Scott and Flickleback, and our special assistant Diarmuid Finning. Sorry, we couldn't think of fish jokes for Dave Haddock or Finn Murphy. Illuminated letters by Sue Mason, raven by Ulrika O'Brien. Passed by the official censor: Vanessa Ray. *The Salmon of Knowledge* was actually the second salmon-based fanzine produced by the *Plokta* Cabal (damn! We also mentioned *Plokta*. Sorry James. Waah, we're carp.)

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