

Conventions are traumatic experiences if you give them a chance. You're never quite the same afterwards, even if only poorer. Some people go straight in head-first to a horrific doom, but to help the wise and the innocents to get through this one with your minds intact and hit the true fannish path without wasting any time we have made this useful pamphlet available for the second year.

A scientifiction convention is a gathering together in some remarkably unlikely place of some two or three hundred remarkably unlikely people. Drink is often the only common bond, though having read science fiction is a childhood failing among most. These people get together at vast personal expense for a weekend of behaviour most will forever keep to themselves for various legal social or physical reasons.

Included are a list of essentials (some of which may even be available) a guide to pros (people who write for other peoples money instead of other peoples pleasure) and fans and there is a handy-dandy phrase book of fannish language all printed on strong absorbent non-running paper.

ESSENTIALS

MONEY

The only essential besides a sound constitution. Seemingly plentiful unless wanted money is spent on three things - alcohol, science fiction, and food. It comes in two forms - colorful, easy to carry paper, and heavy, jangly metal discs that you can fling down on the bar to show people how much of it you have got. And it ain't much. Wise ones don't fling notes down on the bar, but if you see someone do so don't hesitate to become their friend for life. Whilst money is usually freely interchangeable for any of the aforementioned commodities the situation usually depends on the availability of such. Alcohol is hard to come by at four a.m. - which is when it's most urgently needed.

FOOD

Food is hell. There is no such thing as hotel food. Hotel food is handfuls of money and is poorly prepared at that. There are alternatives, none of them palatable. It is possible to live for three days on alcohol and peanut peanuts with the occasional welcome but risky Brian Burgess pie: you can be racked with terminal indigestion after eating a Wimpy: you can be starving again ten minutes after a Chinese meal; or you can buy a really good cheap meal somewhere somewhere. This last is the most tempting choice but is a fools dream considering the vagaries of Easter opening times and the consortium headed by a Chinese Wimpy addict that planned the town center.

CONVENTION COMMITTEE

Keep an eye on this shifty, weaselly bunch. They are there to blame even if nothing goes wrong. If nothing goes wrong you are at the wrong convention.

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PAID ADVERT: John Brunner would like the German edition and Braille transcript of his letter to the radio times, 24th June 1971

RANDOM FANDOM

Unfortunately for those seriously concerned with science fiction as a valid, dynamic, literary art form, some people have still not got the hint and persist in showing up at conventions.

FANS TO AVOID: All of them

PLUMP BEARDED FANS: Archie Mercer, Brian Hampton and John Brunner. (Except for John Brunner who is no fan at all and Brian Hampton who hasn't got a beard)

SMALL FANS: Bob Rickard, Greg Pickersgill and Ian Williams (They can usually be found sharing the same barstool and taking it in turn at the top. Vouch for their age if anyone starts playing tough)

ORGASMIC FANS: R. Idwal Gilbert B.P.I. and John Notwithawhimper Hall (the sexual exploits of whom are only outweighed by the alarming lack of evidence for same).

INTELLECTUAL FANS: Peter Roberts (can converse fluidly in any bar, but has unfortunately been inebriated from a very early age) Malcolm 'Pretty Boy Floyd' Edwards (deep but not too deep, psychogenetic but not too psychogenetic anthropomorphic to a fault, the working mans Glibert Harding) and 1/2R Cruttenden who's very easy about sarcasm.

PARDOE FANS: Darroll and Rosemary for the second year running.

WELSH FANS: Brynly G. Fortey, who mixes easily with fans and pros alike and is indistinguishable from either. Greg Pickersgill (who isn't really big enough for two categories) and David Redd (who isn't a fan but once went to a convention hoping people would praise his fiction but no one had ever heard of him there either)

FEMALE FANS: Audreary Walton and L'il Malcum

GAY LIB FANS: Mr. and Mrs. Edwards of Wembley

FANS FROM THE BLACK LAGOON: Howard Rosenblum (who produces the only fanzine that is kosher, boring and stains your fingers) Nigel Haslock, SF's failed groupie, and Leroy Kettle of whom it better not be said.

SILENCE WHEN YOU'RE SPEAKING TO ME FAN: Roje Gilbert.

AMERICAN FANS: Sam Long (an undistinguished member of an undistinguished group) Luise White (the well known anthropologist, you know, LUISE WHITE. L-U-I-S- oh forget it)

CONTINENTAL FANS: Yogs Thorickson (all continental fans are called Yogs Bollockson except for Gunnar Lindblom who is a character in every Poul Anderson story)

GOOD FOR A LAUGH FANDOM: Tricky Mickey Fox, nee The Joker, nee Loki Thorshammer (will discuss his work with you any time before he falls over) George Hammond (didn't put the T in Britain but puts a personal appearance in Scunthorpe) Thom Penman (candidate for intellectual fandom until someone actually met him).

HAIR TODAY GONE TOMORROW FAN: Lisaconesa (episode six in which Lisa gets her Phil).

DOESN'T LIKE TO BE CALLED A FAN FAN: Graham (boop boop be doop) Charnock (Malcum Edwards in a plastic skin)

LONG-HAIRED HIPPI WIERDO FAN: Pete (S.S.) Weston.

UNCATEGORISABLE FANS: Andrew (Pens) Stephenson, Jerry Zolton Taylor, Ritchie 'I'll get to a con one of these days' Smith, Gray (and Balding) Bowak.

GIVE US A KISS AND I'LL GIVE YOU A MACROCOSM FANS: Rob Paranoia Kid Holdstock

PARANOIC FANS: All of them (who said that!)

The names are real, only the people have been changed to protect the innocent

FOR SALE: Complete set of the Knights of St. Fantasy. Cellotaped Spines, yellowing round the edges. Good for a laugh when its raining.

There are also some people who goto cons for the purpose of self agrandisement. These are called professional science fiction ~~hack~~ writers or pros. Here is a list of the more ubiquitous.

Christopher Priest (Tall, lovely, arsthetic, brilliant. Just ask him)
Charles Platt (The earthly remains of Michael Moorcock. Vole fetishist)
John Brunner (It's hell dodging the lightning bolts when you forget who goes at the top of the list)

Tedd Tubb (Tall greying, romantic, a larfing twinkle in his eyes and another Ace double bubbling over in his mind.)

Kenneth Bulmer (Looks just like Teddy Tubb except shorter, dark hair different features and build and glasses. Has been known to talk to anyone)

Bob Shaw (A visible Irish accent, remarkably talented wockey player. Beginning to be well known in award winning circles.)(creepy)

Hames White (probably the tallest person at the con. Useful knowledge of first aid if you caseous necrotic cellular infiltration of the tentacle (see Boaks anatomy).

Larry Niven (an uncommon face at British SF cinventions. Only apparent fault is that he knows David Gerrold (wanna hear a story 'bout Harlan?'))

Robert P. Holdstock?? Tall Dark and Handsome, A Gay Dog. A Mad Thing. Eats like a professional, writes like a horse.

Brian (Clive) Aldiss. Reputedly in China, recovering from Bubonic plague, but then again maybe not. Used to write SF.

Harry Harrison. A transatlantic Jules Verne. Hoorah?

Sugar Jimmy Ballard (Please do not send me a copy of this egregious guide)

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Pretend you're a real phan handy dandy phrase list

(do not exceed recommended dose)

1. I got this scar when I fell down the stairs, stoned, at Oxford, this when I got caught in the lift stoned, at Buxton, this when I broke a glass, stoned, at London.... (adaptable)
2. Well, Mensa may have its advantages Beryl, but personally I prefer wrestling on the TV
3. You say John Halls throiwing a party? I'd better get a straw.
4. Q. No, not THE Frank Herbert? A. No, not the Frank Herbert
5. Great punch Ted (pause) hang on and I'll ring out the mop.
6. Wanna come to a long haired drug fiends mass orgy rape? your choice
7. Care for a room party?
8. I paid 30 bob for this magazine, I'm broke and I'm not letting it go for less. Oh, all right... half a pint and it's yours.
9. Meat Pies! Meat Pies! (Use of this requires a mastery of disguise)
10. See you next year (very optional).
11. Guess who I laid last night (For use by Roje "Chicken Little" Gilbert imitators)

FANDOMS: Dozens of these 'adult' counterparts of the bash street kids are in existance, many with no more than one member. Examples are:

Ompafandom: typical specimen, misses most of the keys when typing and doesn't know a good joke when it stares at him from the mirror.

Ratfandom: The only people who really know how to use their loaf (and very rude joke for initiates)

Wombatfandom: silly silly silly silly.

Aardvark fandom: sillier sillier sillier sillier

Pardoe fandom:

Boring ways of filling in the bottom of the pages fandom: (sorry fokes, can't be funny allthe time. Any other time?)

AWARDS

Every year the egregious guide awards prizes (mostly non existant) to people (mostly non existent) we feel deserve a little extra mention if they have had one at all.

1. The Peter Roberts Hard Boiled Prestige Drinker of the Year Award. To John Guinness Brosnan who is definitely NOT responsible for the cover
2. The John Brunner Self Sustaining Ego Trip Bucket Awarded hourly by John Brunner to John Brunner.
3. The Ambrose Bierce/Bunny Lake Award to Philip J. Hardbottle (come oot come oot wherever you are)
4. Adulterer of the Year Award to John Notonyourwifeyet Hall (not at the Con yet but probably on the verge of coming nevertheßess)
5. The Inky Dick Award for most duplicated fanzine to..... FOULER. With consolation prizes to its imitators.
6. The Merry Read Crapbabbie Sock, to Phil Mußdowney for his editorial in Zimri 1.
7. The Egregios nonsense of the Second award to Rambling Jake, every second.
8. The Vision of Tomorrow Existance Without Substance Award... held over.
9. Mouth of the Convention and Foot in every Pie Award to whobut George (tara-r ratara) Hay.
10. The Joke in the Worst (literally) taste of the decade Award; coupled with the Kellogs Corn without Flakes Prize to Harry Warner Senior for the following gem: If a man with a hare lip has oral sex with a short sighted woman, what does she call it?
Answer time: Bunnylingus.

Caveat Emptor

Books: If you don't want it don't buy it.

If you do want it, have second thoughts.

Most books on sale are those bought in job lots for sixpence from last years auction with fresh cellotape on the spines. Don't forget, anything you do buy you're expected to pay real on-the-spot money for and you have to carry home from out of the way deepest Cheshire.

Fanzines: Some misguided Holdstock will try to sell you a fanzine. Don't bother buying it. If you are not well known enough to get one free then wait until later and pick up someone elses copy when they're drunk. Or wait until the editor gets sick of carrying hundreds of copies around.

If the magazine is called FOULER it is a good investment to purchase several copies beside giving you a larf and a frill. Unfortunatly this dynamic literate shit stirring magazine will not be appearing at this convention as silly Gregory Frederick Pickersgill bought a cocked up duplicator.

Quote cards: Don't listen to them. Unsubtle propaganda. Bad spelling. Not funny. What some people won't do for attention.

Con Registration: If next years con should happen to be in John O'Groats or Wogga Wogga, be wary of paying your sixty pee or three oxen or two and a quarter rupees to join. However, join immediately lots of times, exhorting all your friends to do the same should the Con be in London. Not that we live there, of course.

That's all fokes.

A Foulter put-out.

STOP PRESS: Late Balling results: John Hall 2

very Late Newsflash: Hugo Gernsback is dead.

Charles Platt consumed alive by angry Voles. He is reported to have said afterwards: this will not affect my writing warreer in any way.