

All those of you who were here last term must surely have heard of Conine. Those of you who weren't here missed a chance to see what happens if you let Ivan and Maria run an SF convention. Three days of programming with a lack of almost any apparent organisation at all is what happens. Amazingly, it worked, and even made a profit (in fact the only reason I bothered to write this at all was John's threat to publish the accounts if I didn't).

The first night (Friday August 5th, not that it matters much) has been largely blotted out of my memory. I remember an opening ceremony in which Dave Lally, one of the guests of honour, started out as a woman and ended up as a man in a silly hat. I remember the OUSFG and ICSF teams getting wiped out by the "professional" team at charades. Most of all I remember a lot of people coming round to my house and getting blotto on vodka. Adrian and Jason do not remember this very well. Adrian agreed to take his trousers off in the name of art. Jason woke up on a pavement after dawn the next morning.

Things calmed down a little on Saturday. There was serious programming, including lots of "Prisoner" items from Mr Lally, and Mel's interview with Terry Pratchett, our other GoH. There were silly games as well, of course. In the evening were Conine's two most original events, the one carefully timed to obliterate memory of the other. First "Fundament! What else need I say? If you must make the Foundation trilogy into a musical, you must also be prepared to see Jason climbing into bed with Colin, watch Tom Yates of ICSF wearing a false nose and singing a Wagnerian death aria, and so on. "And so on" includes Ivan, in a fetching green dress, sellotaping Adrian (sans trousers) to a table, and getting out his whip; an image which I am unfortunately going to have to live with for the rest of my life.

The Cocktails Workshop was a good opportunity to lose all memory of Fundament. Pretty and deadly cocktails such as Grendels and White Lightnings circulated, followed swiftly by undrinkable Swamp Things and C5s. See Marina for recipes. And what happens when SF fans get drunk? Well, if you're Tonmy you end up running away from the police. Normal people (!) end up filking (science-fictional folksinging, should you be interested) until the early hours in Hugh Mascetti's kitchen. Nothing strange about us, guv, honest.

Sunday brought about such horrors as KAOS in the park, the Massage Workshop (more fun than you can stand... bring a camera and get lots of photos of people grinning uncontrollably...) and Neal Tringham reading excerpts from "A Woman In Space". The less said about this, the better. The committee then collapsed in a small heap.

Conine was brought to you by Ivan Towlson, Maria Hamilton, Dave Bate, John Bray, and Paul Cray. '

More worryingly, Conine II - also known as Spawn Of Conine " will be brought to you, if we win the bid for Unicon 11, by Ivan Towlson, Matt Bishop, Adrian Cox, Penny Heal, John Bray and Paul Cray. Plus probably a few others. Presupporting memberships available now! Only £1! No, I'm not advertising. No, John, please. Not the accounts. No. NO! Aargh...