

THE PIGEON POST

Issue 13: Monday Dead Dog

newsletter@loncon3.org

@Loncon3

#PigeonPost

A Message From The Consuls

The co-consuls of Londinicon III, Stephanus Cooperii and Ælys Lawsonii, took a few moments to speak with The Pigeon Post.

“We are thrilled by all the fans coming to Londinicon. The Londinium in CCXIV bid was fantastic. They travelled to so many towns and cities promoting the bid, including isles to the west that are not on any maps. We knew that a location south of Hadrian’s wall would make it easier for more fans to attend, but the response has been simply amazing.”

“The fields and stadia built for the recent Olympic games provided us with a good space. People think of the area east of Londinium as an uninhabited marshland, but our camp is quite comfortable, only a few hours walk from the City, and much less expensive than staying within the city walls.”

“If you have good tents and bring in sausages and plenty of ale, fans are quite happy. They just want a chance to talk about the latest epics and dramas, and maybe to pick up a scroll or two with some new stories.”

“To put on any convention of this scale you have to make sacrifices, but fortunately King Bassianus and the gods have found ours pleasing.”

“Just remember our Code of Conduct: During the Peace declared for Londinicon, no taking of Picts without their permission.”

—Tom Becker

How To Design Your Worldcon Bid Logo

Look at your city. Does it have a phallic monument or building? The bigger and pointier and generally manlier the better. Use that. Now draw a rocket ship flying round it. Congratulations, Paris! You’re done.

WSFS News

Following Loncon 3’s failure to achieve the WSFS-mandated minimum beer consumption, and the convention’s subsequent appeal, the WSFS Sukimisen ja Pilkunnussinnan Komitea has ordered the creation of a sub-committee to investigate the issue of whether Imperial Pints or US Pints should be used. A motion from Kevin Standlee to use Litres was ruled by the Chair to be out of order.

Lunchmakers

It was a tad irksome to find myself seated behind a woman making sandwiches during one of the panels.

She ate them once they were made too, of course, but that

didn’t bother me in the least; with a busy schedule, sometimes that’s the only reasonable option. No, it was the rustle, rustle, rustle as she delved into her plastic bags for the sandwich makings, painstakingly constructing each sandwich and—the coup de grâce—the click-squirt-click as she flicked open the ketchup bottle that was occupying the seat next to her, put a liberal amount of sauce on her sandwich, and then flicked the lid down again.

It was almost amusing. Almost.

—Jeff Wooliscroft

Irate Letters From Staff

I just saw the header on Issue 12. While the prospect of having another go-around in order to attend missed programme items is intriguing (if transtemporally problematic), I must warn you than neither I, Zoe or Kath will accept another run of eight hour days. Not even if Isaac Asimov himself rises from the dead to ask us personally.

—Misha from Info Desk

Royal Victoria Docks,
Friday

Dear Mr. Flick,

I read with interest your convention newspaper. Truly we live in an age of marvels!

I fear that I must take issue with one thing: your suggestion that a letter of comment would not arrive until after the convention was over.

In today’s great cities such as London, Paris, or your own lovely New York, the postal service offers many collections per day. Thus, there is ample opportunity for letters to travel between New York addresses, even during the weekend.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,
Steven Cain (Mrs.)

Dead Dog Party Report

"I need a reporter," the Editor said, as she drained the last dregs from her glass, "an erudite fellow, a wordsmith, well-read. Do you think you've the requisite class?" The old man sighed deep, raised his pint, took a sup. She asked him again, with a smile. At last he gave in, just to shut the girl up: "If you need me, I'll give it a trial." "I'll need it by nine," said the Editor, "please, so we'll have it in time to include." The old man looked up with a terrified wheeze. "And not have a lie-in? How rude!" The editor sighed with a shake of her head. "But you could write the thing in advance, just tweak it a bit as you're going to bed. That, at least, might just give you a chance." "I will show her," he thought as she left for the bar, "I'll do what she asks and far more; I will write in a style that is weirder by far than she's had in her inbox before." So the poor aged man went to parties all night, and he drank all the free booze he could, and then stayed up till two while attempting to write with the skill that he felt that he should. The Editor peered at her inbox each day as his work from the parties rolled in. When she read what he'd written, her shock and dismay drove her back to her tonic and gin. While his work was bizarrely, uniquely expressive (unseen heretofore in an amateur), he'd written his exploits in weirdly obsessive cross-rhymed anapaestic heptameter. She could do without any more pressure and stress. It was clear that the man was deranged but the deadline was close, it was time to roll press. "What the fuck," she said, "run it unchanged."

Probably A Bad Idea

Doug S has indicated his willingness to be convinced to do a live reading of his collected party reports in the Bandstand this evening, if provided with beer.

Fire Sale

There will be a fire sale of unwanted and abandoned items at 8pm on the Green this evening. The highlight of the sale will be our fabulous collection of small children, gathered each evening by Ops in our "Can You Point" sweeps.

The available selection includes some lovely babies (too young to point), a delightful pair of 6-year-old Finnish twins (who did not understand the question) and a hormonal teenaged boy who has spent the entire weekend asleep in the Teen Lounge.

The Word From Ops

It turns out that TARDISES don't actually move by themselves. If you are over the age of 25 and have a current clean TARDIS licence (note that you need both parts of it for the insurance!) then please report to Ops.

The League of Fan Printers

After complains about the abuse and overheating of the newsletter printers, the Newsletter team wishes to apologise to the poor printers involved. We also appreciate the dutiful continuation of service without too much rattling of cogs and only minor eating of paper sheets.

Speak Into My Chest

Following the Retro and Hugo Ceremonies, we have a great joke about lapel microphones. Ask us in the bar later.

The Serious Box

Beer Glasses

We still have beer glasses! They're £2, or two groats, and you can get them in the Fan Village.

Fan Funds

Thank you to everyone who has helped out with and donated to the Fan Funds this weekend. A total of £2,100 has been raised, including £1,700 from the auction and £420 from the Casino. In the Art Show, the late Dave Cox's artwork also raised a substantial sum for TAFF, but we're awaiting the final total.

Reports that current and former administrators have been rolling in the cash would be completely made up. With lots of auction stock left over and doubtless more to come, though, some of the team are looking forward to further fundraising next weekend at Shamrokon, so they've still got time for that.

Ken Brown

Long-time fan Ken Brown sadly passed away recently. His daughter, Abi, will be raising a glass in his honour at the Lit Beers table from 6pm this evening in the Fan Village. Please join her to remember her Dad.

First Thursday Pub Meet

London SF fans meet on the first Thursday of each month at the Melton Mowbray pub on Holborn. If you've enjoyed the convention and want to socialise some more, please come along. Special meeting on this coming Thursday for all you visiting fans.

This issue was produced by Flick, with help from Jan van 't Ent and Alison Scott. Masthead by Jeanne Gomoll. Apparently, it's Bad Poetry Day. Such a shame that this is the final issue and so we won't have a chance to include any further Vogon-worthy contributions. We've been asked to apologise for the use of the word 'fuck' in this newsletter.