

THE P°RK AUTH°RITY

ISSUE ONE

STARTS AND BEGINNINGS

Welcome
to Our World-
Con!!!

I'm not at WorldCon, and I'm not happy about it. All the goings on without me, fanzines being passed around like a Hong Kong Flu, Scottish food...man, I chose a bad year to skip the festivities. So, as a way of making myself feel better, I decided that I'd do a special zine strictly to dispel all the rumors and innuendo with my own personal brand of rumor and innuendo! Luckily, I was joined by the magical Cheryl Morgan, who wasn't going to be able to make Interaction either. So, this is the fruit of our labour, THE P°RK AUTH°RITY, the unknown story of what's really happening at WorldCon. I've gathered a large network of snoops and spies to make it happen, and these are the reports they've fed me.

Third Row Fandom Launches Bold Assault on Opening Ceremonies

By
Unnamed Sources

In their most daring raid to date, Third Row fandom has conquered the opening ceremonies for Interaction, the 63rd Annual World Science Fiction Convention. While details are still sketchy, there is word that an assault team, perhaps led by Niall 'Hang 'em High' Harrison, conquered the stage shortly before chairman Vincent Docherty announced the con to be well and truly open.

There are reports of resistance, specifically in the form of Greg Pickersgill not wishing to leave the stage. As he had not brought his Shield of Umor, he was removed as Geneva Melzack was ushered onto stage and announced herself as the only Guest of Honour for Interaction, replacing all of the announced GoHs. This was greeted with confusion, though people seemed to come around as she announced her

rules.

The first guideline is that anyone caught speaking the malicious lie that she is merely a hoax perpetrated by

Claire Brialey shall be excommunicated from fandom, and upon second offense, will be forced to chair the WSFS Business meeting. This sent a hush over the crowd and various International authorities are looking into whether or not the punishment constitutes cruel and unusual punishment.

Miss Brialey was not in attendance at the opening, nor could she be reached for comment.

Glasgow Dining Recommendation

By
A Guy Who Should Know

Take Whatever's on hand. Deep Fry it. Repeat and Enjoy.

Unnamed Fan Writer Troubled that Glasgow NOT in Ireland

An unidentified Northern California Fan was quite disheartened to learn that Glasgow was in Scotland instead of Ireland as he had supposed.

"I looked all over my map of Ireland and couldn't find it." He noted, stroking his red beard. "Then I chanced a glance at a map of the UK and there it was."

Dismayed at having spent several weeks developing Irish Jokes to use in a series of Hoax WorldCon newsletters, the unknown Fan Writer felt betrayed.

"The Irish are hilarious. You can't do comedy about the Scots. Scotsmen aren't funny. Scotsmen are dangerous."

Though his jokes will not work for Interaction, he has saved them in a notebook.

"You never know, Cardiff or Leeds might bid someday. I'll have a whole slew of Irish jokes ready for that day!"

FROM THE G°D PEOPLE WH° BRING Y°U EMERALD CITY AND THE DRINK TANK

Staff Captain's Log

Earthdate 2005.8.4.15.00



Being the journal of Cheryl Morgan, Staff Captain, WSFS Armadillo

Status

Well, the Armadillo is docked at Spaceport Glasgow awaiting launch. Meanwhile I am stuck out here near the orbit of Saturn on solo patrol. EarthGov Intelligence Services, whose word we are not allowed to ignore, are convinced that the system is about to suffer an incursion of Space Pirates, and WSFS has sent me out here to look for them. Thankfully I can keep an eye on happenings in Glasgow using remote drones.

Administrative

A new directive from Sir Colin Harris mandates that as an efficiency measure all WSFS liners will henceforth only be allowed to buy fuel from Shell Galactic Dilithium Ltd. under a specially negotiated contract. As Shell only have refueling stations inside the Sol system this will pose some interesting logistical challenges. Ah well, ours is not to reason why.

Meanwhile poor Dave in PR is going frantic fielding calls from journos asking about Commodore Docherty's directorship of Shell. Glad I'm up here.

Security Report

A Mr. Rennie of Glasgow Spaceport Authority was found drunk and asleep last night in the main bar of the Armadillo.

Security officers removed him to the docking bay.

Lost and Found

Passenger Geisler of Earth reports a lost Worldcon. She knows she had it in Boston last year, but hasn't seen it since. I suggested that she discuss the matter with Sir Colin Harris and Commodore Docherty who may have more Worldcons than they need.

Rumor Mill

Galactopol reports that the notorious interstellar criminal, Dr. Plokta, has been seen in Glasgow at the Argyll Cantina. Their theory is that he plans to steal the Armadillo's revolutionary new engines. If he can carry them, good luck to him. I suspect that he has something much more nefarious in mind.

Today's Crisis

Concerned citizens from the religious colony world, Texas, have filed a lawsuit objecting to the Armadillo's proposed visit to the planet Lubricia, which they (correctly) claim is inhabited by demons. Marketing reports a surge in applications for standby tickets. IT reports a surge in passenger accesses to eBay.

THE PARK AUTHORITY

ISSUE TWO

OFF AND RUNNING

**Burners
Attend WorldCon
in Tragic Ticketing Error
by
The Usual**

In the days prior to Interaction, a group of regular attendees of the Burning Man festival ended up with WorldCon memberships instead of Burning Man tickets.

The group, first seen walking the floor of the SECC, are peaceful, though may cause increased incidence of Patchoulli stank and tend to eat any Twinkie, Cheeto or Curry substance within reach.

"They just slowed up looking rather dazed" noted one Interaction member, "They were very dusty and seemed very disheveled, even among the fen!"

When approached, the Burners managed to elude capture. They were next spotted in one of the programme rooms.

"I had to throw them out of the panel," noted Frank Wu, moderator of the Things I Wish I Knew panel where they appeared. "They kept asking if I knew where their keys were."

While they are not dangerous, the group was spooked when they came across a gentleman dressed as a Star Trek alien.

"Man, I did way too much last night." Their leader said as he fled from him, dragging the young lady who had been spinning in ecstatic circles beside him.

**The WSFS
Mieville Reader
to Accept 7th Class
Passengers**

With the launch of the WSFS Armadillo completely booked, the Commodore of the WSFS line has decided to call in the WSFS Mieville to fill the need for carrying 7th, 8th and 9th class passengers.

The Mieville, a Crobuzon class spaceship, is smaller than the Armadillo, but more baroque in design. The design of the Mieville allows for a great many small alleys and dark nooks. This has made the Mieville a favourite for sneak thieves and all brand of stronge passengers.

Passage on the Mieville is much cheaper than on the Armadillo, with approximately 50% of the travelers being sentenced to flying on the Mieville. Any winged creature is allowed free passage so long as they agree to help with launch of the ship, which has been known to fail on lift-off.

The Mieville's crew includes some three hundred constructs, many of which have caught a Unionization virus which threatened the launch table for the Mieville several times.

The Mieville has been alternately described as rustic and gamey, particularly in the area of smell. Lighting is non-existent on many parts of the ship and a few areas are ankle deep with muck. Still, the Mieville is a favourite of practitioners of evil, unholy creatures and Goths.

The first launch of the Mieville was delayed when the Khepri spit tiles on the underside were found to be chipped. A sterner brand of Khepri was found, and utilizing their spit mixed with colourberry, were able to make a stronger and more attractive Mieville.

**Warning: This space merely Filler.
Real Articles to Follow.
The Management**

FROM THE GOOD PEOPLE WHO BRING YOU EMERALD CITY AND THE DRINK TANK

Staff Captain's Log

Earthdate 3005.8.5.12.00



Being the journal of Cheryl Morgan, Staff Captain, WSFS Armadillo

Status

Currently no sign of Space Pirates anywhere near Saturn. EarthGov Intelligence has requested that I widen the search. Have avoided making wisecracks involving planets whose names begin with "U". Meanwhile I have a request from a bunch of astronomers in California that I look for new planets while I am out here. Don't they think I have anything better to do? How did they know I'm out here anyway?

Security Report

A Mr. Rennie of Glasgow Spaceport Authority was found drunk and asleep last night in the engine room of the Armadillo. Security officers delivered him to the spaceport police who apparently knew him well.

Lost and Found

Passenger Vandermeer of Ambergris claims to have found mushrooms growing in his cabin. The area full fully inspected, pronounced clear, cleaned just in case, and fully disinfected. Mr. Vandermeer claimed that the mushrooms came back the following night. Closed circuit television was installed, but mysteriously failed to work. Security is investigating.

Rumor Mill

Latest news from Galactopol suggests that Dr. Plokta is planning to steal the River Clyde. This is much more like his style. However, given that a number of local criminals who have crossed Plokta are suspected to now be residing somewhere on the riverbed, I suspect he would not wish to see it disappear.

Today's Crisis

Sir Colin Harris has ordered an emergency re-design of the Great Old Ones Deck. Apparently he's decided that the original design did not adequately specify the precise number of Spawn of Cthulhu that can hatch for a single egg, and consequently we may not be able to provide cots for all of the little darlings should any be born during our flight. Hopefully no one will tell him just how many eggs Cthuloids are capable of laying at any one time.

Administrative

Professor Brynne, our Uplift specialist, complains about the number of cats passengers have registered for his services. He says it is boring working on the same type of animal all the time, and in any case cats are far too smart to need Uplifting. I suggested that he try talking to Mr. Vandermeer's mushrooms.

THE PORK AUTHORITY

ISSUE THREE

MU'ING AND SHAKING

**Third
Row
Fandom Hires
Bouncers
By
The Powers That Be**

As a part of the New Cruelty, Third Row fandom has decided to hire bouncers to protect their seats in the Third Row of all Interaction events. The move has prompted crowding in other rows and disquiet among attendees.

The Third Row, wishing to hasten the coming of its reign over UK fandom, has been known to make their own rules and has been accused of what many British fen believe are atrocities, including participating in on-line fandom and reading eFanzines.

"They don't NEED the entire Third Row!" said one attendee who wished to remain nameless. "They could do with a few seats on the aisle, surely"

This attitude is shared by many, but few are willing to speak against it due to the Third Row's penchant for wicked doing. Many fear that the Third Row's combination of youth and intellect will allow them to run rough-shod over fandom, and possibly control the minds of a new generation. Many also fear the potential annexation of the second or fourth rows.

"I want to sit here!" cried one fan who could not be identified. The speaker was then removed by Blazer, who is the second in command of the bouncer squad. Some claim that the Third Row may be acting on orders of Claire Brialey...I mean Geneva Melzack.

While no one is certain who leads the squadron, there are unconfirmed reports of an unholy alliance between Third Row Fandom and First Fandom. No names have been confirmed, one source claims that TED White was asked to leave his third row aisle seat and was told "Dave Kyle says you can't sit there."

**Hugo
Awards to
be renamed The
Langfords
By Those Close to the Situation**

In a stunning move, the Hugo Awards have officially been renamed the Langfords. While details are still sketchy, it is believed that Dave Langford himself suggested it as a measure to save money by no longer having to have his name inscribed on one every year. This cost cutting measure will only save a fraction a year, though over all the years that Dave will keep winning Hugos, it will likely add up to a savings of billions of dollars for various committees.

The Business Meeting, run by one of those who maintained that Claire Brialey and Geneva Melzack were one and the same, enthusiastically endorsed the move, saying that no one should have an award named after them unless they themselves had won a boatload of them as well, something that Hugo Grensback never managed due to poor planning on his part.

Charles Brown, publisher of Locus, attempted to bring up that no one has more than he, but he was shouted down by the Brits in the room.

Unconfirmed Report: Sasquatch in Glasgow

There have been several reports of Sasquatch, the North American Giant Ape, attending Interaction. While it is not 100% certain, it was taped walking across the Exhibition Hall, pausing momentarily to look at the camera.

"I saw it! It was giant and furry and strange!" said one eye witness.

There have been many previous sightings at WorldCons, but all have turned out to either be pranks played by young fen, or misunderstandings when a particularly scruffy fan walks by.

FROM THE GOOD PEOPLE WHO BRING YOU EMERALD CITY AND THE DRINK TANK

Staff Captain's Log

Earthdate 3005.8.6.12.00



Being the journal of Cheryl Morgan, Staff Captain, WSFS Armadillo

Status

Still no sign of Space Pirates. Getting very bored. May decide to look for new planets after all.

Lost and Found

Passenger Fluff Cthulhu reports the loss of a minion. He last saw Mr. Stross, a human, while he was enjoying a few drinks with a gentleman called Rennie in the Spaceport lounge. Having lost a drinking contest (for the first time in his multi-millennia lifetime) Mr. Cthulhu cannot remember what happened later that evening. Clothing belonging to Mr. Stross has since been found in the Armadillo's garbage disposal system.

Today's Crisis

Viscount Dastardly, a minor Dark Lord from Phantasy-Clichay, complains that a Scotsman called MacLeod has been subverting his orkish servants. At MacLeod's instigation, the orcs have not only started a Trade Union, they have also begun a business offering tourist tours of Viscount Dastardly's castle, and are considering opening a chain of fast food restaurants selling Hobbitburgers. MacLeod apparently declined an offer to name the restaurants after him, but suggested a different Scottish name instead.

Rumor Mill

Galactopol has a new and engaging theory. Apparently Dr. Plokta is planning to steal the bar from the Argyll Cantina. This has a definite ring of plausibility to it. However, given there is no more wretched hive of scum and villainy in the whole of the Sol System, one has to wonder where Plokta would hire thugs from if the Argyll Cantina went out of business.

Administrative

Sir Colin Harris has ordered that an extensive inventory be made of the use of paper clips by Armadillo crew. Apparently savings of at least 17 picoEuros could be made if we were more efficient in our use of these important pieces of equipment. I currently have 12 crewmen busy trying to find anyone on board who actually knows what a paper clip is.

Security Report

A Mr. Rennie of Glasgow Spaceport Authority was found drunk and asleep last night on the holodeck of the Armadillo following a Roman Orgy entertainment. Security officers initially refused to move him due to possible risks to the cleanliness of their uniforms, but were finally persuaded to dump him in the Argyll Cantina. Reprisals have been threatened.

THE PORK AUTHORITY

ISSUE FOUR

STARTING T° TIRE

Two
Delegates
Enter, One
Delegate Leaves: GUFF
and TAFF Delegates Do Battle

Zombies
Fighting NOT
Credible

As is tradition, the selected delegates for the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund and the Getting-Up-and-over Fan Fund met in the structure built outside the SECC in an area many are referring to as BorderTown. The 'Thunderdome' construct, where cries of 'Who runs BorderTown?' are greeted with the response 'Ben Yalow', is a giant metal arena structure thirty feet high with a base diameter of 50 feet and is made from hammered steel and scavenged cyclone fencing. Battle within the Thunderdome is governed by a long series of rules that are somewhat malleable in the name of achieving the greatest level of entertainment for the masses which gather at its edges.

The BorderTown area is being used for the first time to settle the war between the delegates. This rivalry, dating back to the earliest days of GUFF's existence, has to be continued, and forgoing the traditional pistols at ten paces, the Thunderdome, with its bungee cord fighting harnesses and methane jets, was deemed appropriate for settling this feud.

TAFF delegate Suzanne 'Suzle' Tompkins was concerned with the fact that she was facing TWO combatants, GUFF delegates Damien Warman and Juliette Woods, in the ritualistic battle. Wagering on the fight was brisk, though no where near the levels when, in 1999, when GUFF's Paul Kincaid did defeat DUFF delegate Janice Gelb in a fight that lasted several days.

Early indications are that neither Suzle nor Woods and the aptly named Warman scored a clean victory, though more than one passer-by noted that no combatant had lost more than one limb and that fighting should continue.

Reports of zombies wandering the halls of various hotels this morning have been debunked as merely Late Night Partiers returning to their rooms after over-enjoying themselves. While it is certain that the walking sleepy are not zombies, no one is sure why they keep chanting "brains!" as they shuffle off to look for a place to sleep.

Plokta Creators Sued For Trademark Infringement

Well-Known Mexican television personality Plokta Cabral has filed suit against the group calling themselves the Plokta Cabal for use of the name. Mr. Cabral, best known for his Televisa programme *El Show con Padre Papaya* says that the group has caused serious confusion among his fanbase.

"Mr. Cabral can no longer do his brand of comedy and get the same results." said Mr. Cabral's lawyer at a Neuvo Loreda press conference. "Plokta the fanzine has exposed much of the audience to a higher form of comedy and Mr. Cabral no longer gets laughs for his sketches such as Sr. Belota contro Padre Papaya or Pepito: The Biggest Cat in the Whole Wide World. Irreparable harm has been done."

No date has been set for a hearing.

Following his lawyer's statements, Mr. Cabral did a ten minute set as Miguel, the yarn-haired boy.

Fan Writer Running out of Jokes

One Northern California Fan Writer...let's call him Chris G, no wait, C Garcia. Yeah, that's better, has run out of gags while trying to write a joke newsletter. Sadly, he keeps writing...

FROM THE G°D PEOPLE WH° BRING Y°U EMERALD CITY AND THE DRINK TANK

Staff Captain's Log

Earthdate 3005.8.7.12.00



Being the journal of Cheryl Morgan, Staff Captain, WSFS Armadillo

Status

Hmm, there really shouldn't be a planet out here. Especially not one that appears to be the right mass for a ball of rock, but which shows up on my scanners as hollow with a whole lot of highly exotic metals floating around inside. I have a bad feeling about this.

Today's Crisis

Sir Colin Harris has ordered an emergency re-write of the Armadillo's Flight Manual on the grounds that, after having read it, he still doesn't know how to fly the ship. Captain Standlee and Mr. Veal did point out that a 5-year training course at Flight Academy is required for all WSFS pilots, not to mention a recommended period in the Space Cadets, but to no avail. Sir Colin says that he won't allow the ship to depart until he has a thorough understanding of every aspect of its operation.

Administrative

A colony of Ambergris Mushroom People has been found living on the hydroponics deck. As they seem to be doing a great job managing our crops, I'm offering them all temporary crew membership until we get to their homeworld. Captain Standlee is a little worried about security, but if they get out of hand I'll just set Chef Carlucci on them. He can't wait to find out how

they taste sautéed, preferably with calamari.

Lost and Found

Passenger Brialey of Earth reports a lost pseudonym. The personality construct, known as Geneva Melzack, began behaving strangely on Thursday and has now declared herself to be an independent intelligent being. Melzack has even managed to recruit the well-known civil rights lawyer, Cory Doctorow, to represent her. Ms. Brialey commented, "I don't know what the world is coming to. Software used to do what it was told. It isn't so bad for me, but what about people like Harry Turtledove? They could lose much of their income. SFWA should do something."

Security Report

Mr. Rennie of the Glasgow Spaceport Authority was found drunk and asleep last night on the steps of the Armadillo. A note pinned to his chest, purportedly from the Argyll Cantina said, "he's drunk us out of real ale, please keep him away!"

Rumor Mill

According to Galactopol, Dr. Plokta intends to steal a Hugo Award. You know, I think they might be right this time.

THE P°RK AUTH°RITY

ISSUE FIVE

ENDING AT THE FINISH

**Interaction
Concludes Chairman
Insists Membership Go Buck
Wild!**

Interaction Chairman Vincent Docherty closed the 63rd World Science Fiction Convention today by commanding that all participants go nuts and destroy Glasgow.

"WorldCon is over, so tear her down!" he was heard to say.

The city of Glasgow was seen an superfluous and over the next several hours, the city was brought to the ground and destroyed. The pillaging and looting brought this once proud city to the ground.

"Woohoo! I got me a new kilt!" yelled Andy Trembley as he ran from a shop that was burned shortly thereafter. "And I think it's my clan's tartan too!"

After the riots ceased, Docherty ordered his men to salt the Earth so nothing would grow again and so the odds of his having to chair another WorldCon would decrease.

All Brits Win Hugos

As a part of the 'All British Subjects Win Awards' programme, the Hugos that were given out yeasterday were awarded to all British subjects living on the isles.

A special business meeting was called, saying that future WorldCons need not print all the winners from 2005.

**Last
Minute
Shoppers Get
Deal on Dealer's Room**

Last minute shoppers were treated to a great bargain in the final minutes of Interaction. For Three pounds fifty, Mr. James Stanley Daugherty purchased the entire dealer's room.

"I just wanted to buy a tiki clock that one of them had and they kept adding things on and the price kept going down." James noted.

This is the first time an entire Dealer's Room has been purchased, but Mr. Daugherty has plenty of space for it in his Henderson, Nevada home which is rumoured to spread across 13 states.

WorldCon Takes on World Crime League

After having defeated Buckaroo Bonzai's Hong Kong Cavaliers, The World Crime League set their sights on WorldCon's members.

Though no one has seen Dr. Hanoi Xan, many believe that he may have infiltrated the Armadillo in the form of Capt. Kevin Standlee. While these are unconfirmed reports, no one seems to remember Kevin having a goatee to stroke before Interaction started.

**And I'm Finished! Thanks to Cheryl and
all the readers around the world. I
hope y'all enjoyed WorldCon!**

FROM THE G°D PEOPLE WH° BRING Y°U EMERALD CITY AND THE DRINK TANK

Staff Captain's Log

Earthdate 2005.8.8.17.00



Being the journal of Cheryl Morgan, Staff Captain, WSFS Armadillo

Status

Sorry this is late. Have spent most of the day tracking the pirate fleet as it approaches Earth, and reporting back to Admiral McGuire in Glasgow. Three engagements with the enemy. Down to my last photon torpedo. Thank goodness for Space Cadet training.

Today's Crisis

You should all know by now.

For those of you still worried about developments, I can report that I attended Space Cadet Academy in Anaheim in 1996 and had a great time there. Captain Standlee was there in 1984, and returned for a refresher course in 1996. Rumors that rookie cadets are required to spend time working as costumed tour guides in nearby Mouseworld are entirely unfounded.

Administrative

Sir Colin Harris has issued an edict insisting that no White Star staff may leave to take up temporary assignments with the Space Cadets until they have submitted properly completed and correct timesheets for all of their time with WSFS. I have referred him to Admiral McGuire.

Lost and Found

Several persons are reporting lost Hugo Awards. Being something of an expert in this subject I have been able to deal with them quickly. Allegations that the entire Hugo slate had been hijacked by a small-time crook from England known as "Ears" Langford are being strenuously denied.

Security Report

This morning I asked Professor Bradshaw in our science labs to conduct an analysis of the blood of Mr. Rennie (who is still drunk and asleep thanks to a little medical intervention). The results were quite remarkable. As a result Admiral McGuire immediately granted Rennie an honorary commission in the Space Cadets and volunteered him for a mission to infiltrate the pirate space fleet. By the time he wakes up he should be well on his way to rendezvous with them. With any luck this new "secret weapon" will result in a rapid end to hostilities. I trust Rennie will appreciate this unique opportunity to save the Earth. I'm sure he'll get a medal.

Rumor Mill

Galactopol informs me that Dr. Plokta intends to kidnap Sir Colin Harris. I have re-assigned all security staff to off-Earth duty.