



Jim Mowatt

Monday 13th April

Eastercon LX2009

My Convention

We're bumping up against the end of the convention here. Greetings to Monday. You're looking kinda grey and misty at the moment, but this is Bradford. I suppose you always look like that. It helps with the grim up North pose in which you revel. As usual, Eastercon is a bit of an emotional roller coaster ride. I'm feeling quite upbeat now as compared to down last night and quite manic on Friday. I've talked to many people about this and I'm assured it's quite normal.

You're not going crazy Jim. Eastercon does this to all of us.

The danger here is that you lot will all write back to me and say, actually you are completely mad Jim and Eastercon should just make you happy. All this up and down rubbish is just crazy talk.

And you could have a point.

F'rinstance I look back at my notes for the Friday night and they are manic indeed:

Manic Jim

Lxcon has begun and I'm assaulted by a cortege of sounds and situations wearing coats of many coloured hue. Steve Green talks to me of pornography, Michael Moorcock and D.West. Apparently he's edited 2 of these and Avedon Carol has edited the other. Malcolm talks to me of something called Mecon and P-con and whatever else it was con and they're all in Ireland. I've heard of Ireland. I must go there sometime and have a look at it. I'm getting a little drunk now. I feel it's too early really to be quite this drunk so I go to grab some food. Christina Lake and Doug Bell are in the food eatery place and they give me Head. This is good as is the food which is cheap and edible. The ideal combination for con food.

And so you can see there's a breathless goshwowohboyohboy thing going on there. I have arrived at the con and am running around all excited an' stuff drinking too much, eating too much and talking too much wibble. I did manage to squeeze in a couple of programme items so I must have shut up a bit now and again so the panelists could do a bit of



talking. The panel is called 'Continuing the Classics' and contains several people who have done just that. Kim Newman is one of these people and when asked about when it's good and relevant to continue a classic he suggests that it is so if you leap upon it and wrangle the thing thoroughly so your rendition will criticise and subvert the original. Then when you have given it such a thorough seeing to, you can consider you've added something significant and of value to the original. Those are my words of course and I was quite drunk but it's probably something like what he said.

I decided I wasn't quite drunk enough tho' so went to purchase more beer and seek out the fan room. This fan room contains the fan guests of honour who are telling us stories and I'm particularly interested in how they manage to operate as a couple at a convention. Carrie (my partner) and I are still coming to terms with how to handle this. We have more or less decided to follow a similar path to Bill and Mary Burns and just do our own thing, arranging to meet up from time to time.

I'm still feeling wired by the end of the night but aware enough to realise the last bus for my hotel is leaving. I race out to the bus, climb aboard and then it's as if I'm a budgie in a cage. The dark and sound dampened environs of the bus completely subdue me and everyone else on there. We're all staring into space gently swaying from side to side as the bus dashes through the night – no one saying a word or showing any reaction to their surroundings. The bus arrives at the Midland hotel – we're emptied out onto the pavement and suddenly we're moving and reacting once more. Most odd!

So, as you can see – I'm in manic, quite drunk phase for Friday night.

Saturday – I'm still bouncy and quite bright and can get my teeth into the convention more as there's my duty to be done in the dealers room. ZZ9 Plural Z Alpha have a fine array of Beeblebears which must be connected up with those people in need of a three armed, two headed furry thing. I always enjoy this. People come around to the table and tell us stories of ZZ9 back in the day and Beeblebears they've known and loved and some they've just dallied with a while and it's all quite jolly. There's some filming and recording to be done of the Eoin Colfer panel (as soon as we've got approval from Penguin we should

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be able to make that available) (watch the ZZ9 website www.zz9.org) and then there's the Beeblebear picnic. It's a hectic time but all seems to run smoothly and efficiently (I know that's not entirely traditional for ZZ9). I nip back to the hotel to print out my zine for the day and then back to the con for more drinking and socialising.

Mood – still quite manic and getting drunker and drunker. I meet up with Tobes, yay, Eastercon wouldn't seem quite right without Tobes slightly quizzical expression in there staring out of it.

Sunday – Sunday is weird. I've smashed into a bit of a depression for no apparent reason. I'm sure this has happened before in previous Eastercons but maybe this is the bit I always blot from my memory. I feel disconnected, tired, irritable and definitely unsociable. I really shouldn't be here. My favourite bit of most of Sunday is when I go back to my hotel to work on my zine for the day. There's an Indian wedding there. The display looks incredible. The females are dressed in wonderful brightly coloured clothes looking deliciously exotic with the effect trampled all over by the harsh Bradford accent and the large grey buildings.

I suffer the despondency malaise most of the day and only cheer slightly while watching the fan fund auctions at the end of the night. There's a manic chaos to the proceedings which holds me enrapt. Alison Scott, Claire Brialey and Flick soon turn it into some mad hen party as they strip John Coxon to the waist and strap him into a corset. Then they ask us to pay money either to look at him or not look at him or take pictures of him or something. I'm not sure but much hilarity ensued etc etc etc.

We've now got to Monday and suddenly I feel much brighter. OK, I haven't got to the con yet but I don't think this is it. I think it takes around 3 or 4 days to become acclimatised to a convention and now I can relax because I feel comfortable in my environs. This is more than a little unfortunate.

Anyway – time to book out now – I shall have a little weird blank space as I've run out of time but that can't be helped. We must get out of the room and up to the convention.

Just before I go, in case you haven't spotted it; The Witter I've been lacing at the end of these zines is a clip from the diary entries in *Diary of a Nobody*. I've taken the same dates as the convention and used those. The Laurels is, of course, his house name, hence TweetLaurels.

Feedback given orally to this zine: "I must send you a picture of my breakfast" – everyone at the Odyssey desk.

"That's shit!" James Bacon who glanced at the zine and then handed it back

"I preferred you when you were Jim Trash – your writing was better" – from Ian Sorensen.

No offence future man



Here's my breakfast



Until next year ...

witter



Pooter

Carrie recognised a woman who used to work years ago for my old aunt at Clapham. It only shows how small the world is.

12.00 PM Apr 13th from TweetLaurels

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