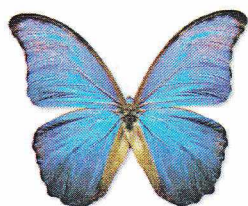


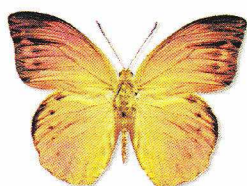
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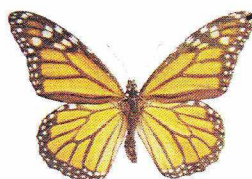
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*Common -
Irish
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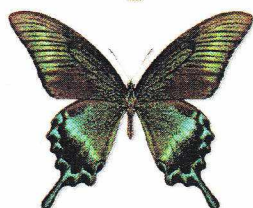
*Greater
Amberjacklet*



*Channel
Islands
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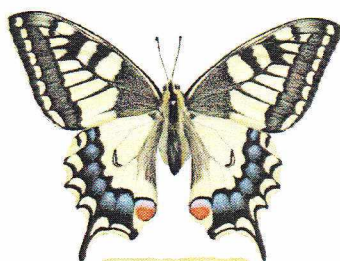
*Half-Harbored
Tutor Moth*



*Lowville
Hoodless
Butterfly*



*Knickerbocker
Spiller's
Moth*



*Lower
Spotted
Abigail*

*Chocolate
Tipped
Bridget*

Collect the Set!



“Bridget! You’re impossible!”

Tony Keen

I’ve known Bridget for longer than most of you. I knew her when she was Bridget Hardcastle. I knew her before she was Bug (and have never got used to calling her that). Before she went to her first con. I knew her when she first appeared at WARPED, the Manchester University SF Society, a teenager with a liking for hats with mirrors on them, and full of bounce and enthusiasm. She wanted to be president of WARPED – foolishly, we elected someone in her place who we never saw again, and Bridget ended up running things anyway.

We corrupted her, me, Steve Mowbray and Neal Tringham, and the rest. Steve got her going to cons. I got her into her first APA (a now-defunct comics APA). Imperial College did the rest, and before we knew it, our little protégé had become a leading light in British fandom.

And it’s thanks to her that I got more deeply into fandom. First of all I wrote for Squiggledy Hoy. Then I went to cons Bridget and Simon were organizing, and had to talk to other people, since Bridget and Simon were busy organizing the con. So blame her. (This is a bit like the end of Tim Burton’s *Batman*, where Bats and the Joker yell at each other: “You made me!” “But before I made you, you made me!”)

It’s been a real privilege going through Bridget’s writing in order to select the best of it for this fanzine. It’s almost like getting to know her all over again, following her enthusiasm for her Ph.D., and the travails with her back, before things got sorted out, first with the appearance of Simon, and then the improvement in her health. And so much of it is so good. It was really hard to pick out a small selection, and it’s a shame she doesn’t write much any more. Of late, she’s become tied up in con-running and, until running for TAFF made her give it up, the administration of the League of Fan Funds.

So why should you vote for Bridget for TAFF? Because she deserves it, having spent the last few months not campaigning, but helping to deliver one of the best Eastercons for ages. Because she’ll be an excellent administrator of the fund. Because she’ll write a terrific trip report. And above all, because she’s fun, friendly, and the Americans will love her to bits.

Welcome to my world

Bridget (Squiggledy Hoy #1, August 1997)

I've been putting off doing this fanzine for long enough, it's time to get down and finish it. I'm armed with some serious drugs to see me through the night (two litres of Diet Coke and a Mega Mars Bar to slice into thin slivers), and given the effect this amount of caffeine often has on me I plan to finish this fanzine in the best traditions of gonzo fanwriting as popularised recently by Will Self. I then brought myself up short, when I realised I didn't know what "gonzo" actually meant. I tried the dictionary, but it went straight from "gonorrhoea" to "goo" (and the thesaurus went straight from "venereal disease" to "viscosity" in an uncommon demonstration of aptness). Maybe it's something to do with that small, long nosed, purple creature from the muppets (in which case, did Will Self have someone's hand up his bum while he was on the Prime Minister's campaign plane? That would be a different kettle of illegal activities entirely, but it does suggest another way of getting into the Mile High club).

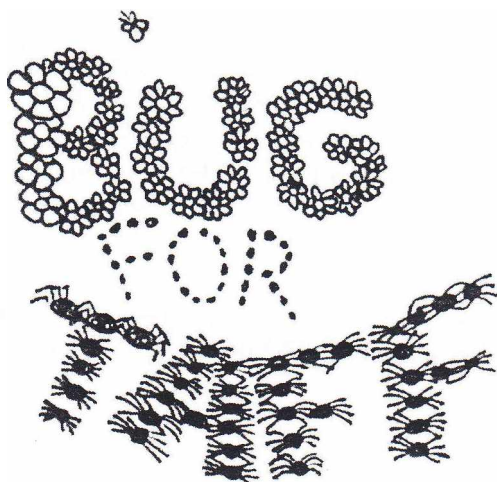
Well, that's the introduction I was going to use when I first started finishing this fanzine back in April - I guess it's a little less topical now (as is much of the contents here). I can hardly believe it's been over two years since I last put out a proper fanzine! If it weren't that I knew otherwise, I'd assume I'd cut myself from my mailing list it's been that long. Since *Obsessions* #4 I've been pretty busy in various ways; I've been trying to finish my PhD thesis while working around my continuing back problems (it's looking like a thesis now, and I hope to finish it in November), and I've still managed to fit in some fanac. I enjoyed (in a somewhat exhausting way) Intersection,

for which I produced a *Guide to UK Fandom* aimed at first-time congoers (who didn't buy it in their droves – it was much more popular among active fans, who wanted to see what had been written about them!), and I chaired (in a somewhat exhausting way) Evolution, the 1996 British Eastercon. That was definitely a learning experience, but it's not put me off conrunning and I'm now on Pam Wells' Easter 2000 bid committee! And I've done some APAzines and con stuff, and had fun helping produce the *I-Spy Book of Gary Farber* and fundraising for TAFF and the FarberFund. I'm now training to swim a sponsored mile to buy a wheelchair for the local Red Cross. I've also been writing my CV in preparation for some job hunting, which may be why this reads like a résumé...

[...]

S'Hoy #1 follows an evening with friends where we talked fandom and looked up at the night sky. We saw the Moon and Jupiter and as our eyes became accustomed to the dark we started to see other moving lights, satellites and meteors, and a very bright, low orbit object - the Mir space station. It really engaged our Senses of Wonder to see it cross the sky, followed by one of its supply pods, before winking out in the Earth's shadow. I was left enthusiastic and galvanised into fannish action!





Annals of TAFF Administration

Dave Langford

I'd like to point out that without having administered the fund, Bridget Bradshaw is already an unsung hero of TAFF. She madly volunteered to rekey one chapter of a particularly voluminous TAFF report – my own account of the 1980 trip, in fact – for the website at taff.org.uk. Then she came back for another section. And another. In the end, Bridget heroically transcribed six long chapters of verbiage which I personally now find boring to the point of madness. After which, she nonchalantly went on to rekey an ancient issue of *Checkpoint* for another archive project (checkpoint.ansible.co.uk). I think we can rely on her to work hard as a TAFF administrator!

The Worst Drink I Ever Had

(Obsessions #2, November 1993)

Those of you who know me or were at Mexican V may wish to skip this bit, as you will undoubtedly have heard this before. Did I ever mention how I often repeat myself?

Picture the scene: you're in the bar at a science fiction convention. It claims to be a cocktail bar. Bottles full to varying degrees of brightly coloured liquids are in rows on the glass shelves, visible over the cocktail list. The convention is called Mexican. Now, you might think that with all these factors present you might be able to splash out, in your hedonistic Friday-night congoing mood, and purchase a decent Tequila Sunrise from the bar? Possibly with a fruit garnish and one of those tacky paper umbrellas that never work and go soggy so the dye leaks into your drink? Hah! Think again, matey.

I asked the barman for a Tequila Sunrise. He said "A what?" I said "A Tequila Sunrise." Off he went, looking rather confused, then came back after searching the Book Of Cocktails to ask me what was in it. I told him "One measure of tequila, orange juice and a splash of grenadine." Off he went again. Into the half pint glass went the tequila (a tiny wee amount but then he used a proper measure so that was to be expected). Into the glass went the mini bottle of orange juice. Not too much to quibble with so far (only a lack of ice and shaker). Off he went, searching the shelves. "Urm, we've not got any grenadine, would blackcurrant cordial do instead?" he says. "Ooohkay..." say I, dubiously, thinking a little dash of blackcurrant in the bottom of the glass to add colour isn't going to do too much damage to the drink, so in it goes. Just to make sure I get my money's worth he tops the drink up to a full half pint with the cordial. And stirs it. And hands it to me with a smile whilst asking me to pay. Luckily my jaw was so low at that pint that it couldn't drop any further. Still, it was my own fault for agreeing to the blackcurrant. Bleurgh! Horrid!

Bridget: The Unauthorized Interview

Tom Becker

Who is Bug, also known as Bridget Bradshaw, Bridget Hardcastle, and Bugshaw? What is she like? Why is she standing for TAFF? The public deserves to know. Bridget's excuses of "doing the Programme Book and ReadMe and Guest Liaison for Eastercon" were only minor obstacles. Our staff of elite professional research librarians and software engineers used technical and other means to obtain the answers. None of this interview was authorized or approved by Bridget, but all of the words are her own.

Should you win, how much time would you spend in North America?

TAFF isn't just about getting a free trip to a foreign convention; it's about meeting fans in their natural habitat, seeing the fannish sights, meeting up with people in a more relaxed setting than Worldcon or Eastercon (as unfortunately these cons are not national nexuses that all fans attend), the thrill of First Contact and the chill of alien landscapes (like the Grand Canyon, or Death Valley). It's the combination of all this into the powerful image of an epic road trip experience, it's that you don't get by doing a cheap weekend deal to Boston/DC/wherever, and it's that that I will continue to contemplate wistfully. And the admin. I *love* admin.

Could you be more specific?

Readercon to LAconIV. I work in a University, and get a long summer vacation!

You have been to many science fiction conventions in the UK, and worked on conventions, including chairing an Eastercon. Could you describe how you became a convention fan?

Novacon 20 was my third convention and my first Novacon, and memorable (for me) as the first con where I really discovered 'the bar', and 'talking to people', and it tipped the balance between me becoming a con goer or slipping into some other form of hobby, so I hold it in fond regard.

Novacon 20 also provided my first con report, which I cunningly wrote very little of myself, instead getting people to write things down during the con, and photocopying it five years later.

You have written for fanzines and published *Obsession*, *Squiggledy Hoy*, and *ABV*. Could you describe how you became a fanzine fan?

Pulp #16 is the fanzine that made me a fanzine fan. It was a funny size (quarto), and green, with a cute cartoon on the cover, and it was lying around on the fanzine table at a Novacon where I picked it up. I could not foresee at the time quite what effect it was going to have on me so I forget at which Novacon I got it, but it was well after the fanzine's March 1990 publication date and, as I found out later, after it ceased publication in the summer of 1991.

You also have a reputation as a fan with a serious interest in science fiction as literature. Could you share with us some of your thoughts on the current state of the field?

I read a lot of science fiction and I am constantly amazed by the absence of chocolate in the 'future', especially considering the present-day popularity of chocolate bars with names like Mars, Milky Way and Galaxy. I read books with purportedly 'believable' female characters - except there never is any mention of chocolate in the book. The only time I remember chocolate being a part of sf is in Star Trek, where they can synthesize chocolate ice cream any time they like. And coincidentally, Star Trek is often praised for its enduring characters.

Thank you.



Bracken Hill

John Hardcastle (Squiggledy Hoy #2, December 1997)

My grandmother, Evelyn Duguid, moved here in 1929 with her mother, her daughter Kitty (my mother) and her son John and the family nanny, Alice Mustoe. Her other son, Julian (known as Tom), lived with his wife and daughter on the South Coast, but were frequent visitors, and during this time he wrote much of his first book, *Green Hell*, about his trip through the Gran Chaco in South America. When my grandmother, at the age of 70, left the house temporarily to take a leisurely trip round the world, my mother and Nanny moved to the Vale of Health, and the house was let to a New Zealand family. My Uncle John had settled in Chile to further his career as an artist, and as my grandmother's arrival in Chile coincided with a visit my mother and my Uncle Tom made to Argentina, a family reunion was organised in La Paz of all places. My mother and Uncle Tom returned home safely, but World War II prevented my grandmother and Uncle John from returning till the mid 40s.

During the War, the authorities requisitioned the house, converted it into four flats, and let it to families from bombed out properties, which effectively prevented my grandmother from ever returning to her home. In 1960, five years after my grandmother's death and hostilities having ceased, the house was de-requisitioned and returned to the family. My Uncle John arranged re-letting the property, and two of the tenants are still here 37 years later. I lived here while a student for two years in the mid 60s and returned with my first wife in 1968, making the term of my residence 29 years, so, between us, the current residents have occupied the premises for 103 years, and that is not allowing for the tenants who vacated the 1st floor flat in January! During my stay here, my children (Bridget and Sarah) have been born, grown up and left home (more or less!) and Sarah's son Vincent has lived here for two short periods while Sarah was unwell, making 6 generations who have made this house their home in the last 68 years.

On a recent visit, I offered my cousin the opportunity to use the 1st floor bathroom as the flat was vacant, and was a bit surprised that she should have remembered the bath taps and the venetian glass tiles from the last time she took a bath here some 60 years ago. She also remembered an

occasion when her mother had arranged a birthday party here for her and one of the other children (Unity Spencer) wore an identical dress. We met Unity and her sister Shirin quite by chance in Heath Street on one of my cousin's recent visits here, and Unity recalled the party as clearly as did my cousin.

In the 30s Lindfield Gardens boasted a number of musical families. The Cotlebys were at No 15 and the Drake-Brockmans at No. 11. My mother was studying the piano and composition in Geneva and Uncle John was an accomplished pianist, so informal musical soirees were a common occurrence. At this time, all but one of the houses in the road were still occupied as single family dwellings.

During the same period, Uncle John was studying art at Oxford and subsequently at the Bauhaus in Dessau. Through these connections, he became closely involved with Dick Carline and his sister and brother-in-law Stanley Spencer. My grandmother and Mrs Carline became firm friends and both took up painting in their late 60s, producing some charming work in the naive style. My Uncle John, having settled in Fellows Road on his return from Chile, became involved with the Carlines again as well as other local artists and was among the group of artists who initiated the setting up of the Camden Arts Centre and the Hampstead Artists Council.

I often wonder whether I will ever leave here, but where else could one find such extensive views (at least from the top floors), good public transport and convenient parking, shops, open spaces and generally pleasant environment within 4 miles of Oxford Circus?

And on a different note...

A few days ago, as I was returning from my morning newspaper round, I passed what I thought was a £1 note lying on the ground. As I bent down to pick it up, a man came up from behind me and said, 'Excuse me, but that's mine.' I handed it to him. You should have seen his face – and mine – when he realised it was only a mint chocolate bar wrapper!

Miss BH(14), Hampstead



Muriel's Wedding

Bridget (TWP #125, August 1998)

Should I have titled this APAzine "I Married An Alien"?

As you can see from the photo above (my contribution to this rainbow *TWP*, courtesy of a wedding-present scanner!). Simon and I got married. Several people took candid photos while the official photographer was doing his stuff and were kind enough to send us extra sets of their snaps! This is "friends and fans" lining up for the official photo as John Bray worries about Marianne weeing on his head. I like it because we're laughing for a change!

It was a lovely day; the only rain came when I opened my mouth to say my vows and there was a "crack-boom" noise and a drumming of rain hard against the church roof. I'm glad it didn't happen a few minutes earlier, when the padre asked if anyone knew of any just cause or impediment... We'd already had to stop hoping the wedding would go romantically smoothly when I walked up the aisle and it looked like Simon would be staying in his pew. I knew my years of practising stage whispers would come in handy! Later, when we paused on the way out for photos, the photographer motioned to us to stop, and dashed off while we stood around, confused. What was going on? Seconds later he reappeared with my forgotten bouquet. Annie, I hope this doesn't worry you!

L-R standing: Nigel and Sabine Furlong, Dave Clements, Bridget and Simon Bradshaw, Amanda Baker, Steven Cain, Alison Scott, Sandra Baxter (back of head), Gordon, Pam Wells visible only as a small tendril of hair linking Gordon's beard to the nose of Caroline Mullan, John Dallman

L-R seated: Pat McMurray, Stephen Baxter, John Bray, Marianne Cain (on John's shoulders), Brian Ameringen

We left the church to burgeoning sunshine and an only slightly rained-on guard of honour, a few minutes alone while the limo (1930s Daimler, lovely, ivory and dark blue) drove us round Henlow, then more photos in the garden at the officers' mess in so much sunshine I ended up with a rather pink chest!

Inside the mess we were served a lovely meal (they are well practised at this sort of thing) and our guests detected The Hand Of Bridget in the dessert. I don't know why they would think to associate me with "a choux pastry bun in the shape of a swan, filled with chantilly cream and floated on a lake of chocolate sauce". The cake was decorated by Simon's semi-pro Mum, and we would have saved the top tier for the christening of our first child, but it was made of chocolate and disappeared with extreme rapidity!

All too soon it was time for speeches (I never knew how proud my Dad was of me for failing to get into Cambridge University. He failed to get into Oxford, I guess it runs in the family) and then those people that weren't staying for the evening partying started going home. I felt a bit bad about not getting to talk to everyone there, but as Simon pointed out, if we'd spoken to everyone for ten minutes we'd have been there for 12 hours! The cheap bar was a hit (60p a pint!) and Simon got the drunkest I've ever seen him. Luckily, the miracle of engineering that was my dress kept me up well enough to walk back to our room while he galumphed along and keranged the wheelchair down the corridors. And we shagged on Thursday.

One Day

Bridget (ABV #2, April 2000)

My Dad was very interested in family history, contributing stories (both written and spoken) to the family tree my Great Aunt is compiling. I did not think the time would come so soon when I would be writing about him in that same fashion. He died this Christmas Eve, after a few months in and out of hospital with lung infections.

He was a great teller of anecdotes; he knew stories about every member of the family and kept a "museum" display cabinet, where most of the items had some tale to tell, whether a bit of wood from the ship his uncle sailed in to South America, his father's silver christening mug or an 18th-century penny he found in the garden. He cunningly contrived to avoid being the subject of anecdote himself, though in all emergency he would step into the breach, such as on a holiday he, my sister, and I went on when young, when not only did he teach us to ride bicycles, but he bravely waded for a mile down a stream to retrieve my dropped flip-flop (it floated really well).

He was also keen on games, playing patience or Scrabble with himself, and was an avid watcher of *Countdown*, trying to beat the players' scores. He was a great one for "Improving" games, tweaking the rules slightly or adding new ones to make the game play more exciting or interesting: this has caused me no end of embarrassment in later life, playing these games with friends, discovering (as I sweep in to pounce on a blank Scrabble tile on the board, or deal out a couple of properties to my fellow Monopoly players, or claim £500 for landing on "Go") that these rules I'd been brought up with are not to be found in any standard rule book.

He liked tweaking buildings too, in his work as an architect. Why design a housing block for 20 when you could shift the rooms around to create 22 flats, with no loss of floor area, and four extra car parking spaces, and more interesting corridor angles, and, and, and all sorts of other cunning features?!

His involvement with fandom was minimal but very helpful, providing a venue for numerous Evolution committee meetings and for the Farberday Garden Fete. As a puzzle fan he would also help out when I got stuck on the *Matrix* crossword. "I think 13 across is 'intersection', but I can't see

what that has to do with science fiction,” he said in the fateful year of 1995 (when the World Science Fiction Convention would actually be held in the UK, and was named Intersection).

My Dad was very involved with the Church throughout his life, and his funeral was the most spectacular I have seen – I wish he could have been there to see it! When his clergy friends were invited, they were asked whether they wanted to attend in mufti, or co-celebrate it. They all wanted to co-celebrate, and we ended up with six priests and a bishop at the altar. I had noticed priests’ hand movements at previous church services, but had assumed they were gesticulations for emphasis, like people normally wave their hands around while speaking. During this service, I realised it must be scripted. It was strange, almost like synchronised swimming, the way they arranged themselves in flanks and simultaneously lifted their arms, or gestured towards the chalice, all doing the same movement but at slightly different angles to create a nice graduated effect. There was a choir brought in to sing the mass, and the music was lovely.

I feel I’ve said goodbye to him so many times now, the last time I saw him at the hospital, at the funeral parlour, and at the funeral service. Sometime in the Summer I get to do it again, when his ashes are taken to be scattered at Happisburgh, at my grandma’s cottage on the Norfolk coast. I still wish he wasn’t gone.

My Favourite Obsession

(Obsessions #4, April 1995)

Chocolate? Sure, I like it well enough but it's not what I'd call an obsession...

I wouldn't call Rocky Horror an obsession of mine either but people keep saying it is, which got me thinking. So I've been to see the same film every Friday night for three years. So I know all the words to it – and the movements the characters make on screen. So I've made replicas of most of the costumes in the film, often at great cost and certainly a huge amount of time – searching for material just that right colour and texture, looking for shoes of a particular design, sewing and sewing and sewing sequins. So I act it out down in front of the screen every week, when I'm tired after a week's work and sometimes in pain. So I spend the odd Sunday morning rehearsing with the rest of the cast. I spend hours working on the programme, stuffing prop bags, dealing with preshow. I arrange my weekend social life around Rocky Horror (to the extent of missing the odd Friday night at a SF con – ghasp!). I carry a huge bag with at least six changes of costume. I go on the odd tour date (traipsing across the country in the dead of night to somewhere like Eastbourne or Leicester that wants us to do a show on a Saturday night). I keep going even through times of cast strife and long and involved phone calls, times of cast lethargy, times of angst, infighting and despair, times of being messed around at short notice, time after time of waiting for the night bus and not getting home till 3 am. I spend lots of time and money on it, I work my life around it. Am I obsessed? Is RHAWOL?

Sometimes crap happens – we've arrived at tour venues to find there is no changing area near the stage, or been given a room with a glass door, next to the Gents toilet, and all the gents stare in at us between rounds of Bingo in the nextdoor room. We've performed to a film running a television speed (and yes, it does make a difference, especially in the quick costume changes), and a film with huge cuts in it, making us leap across the stage. We've played at the Prince Charles for weeks with no carpet, just a concrete floor with nails sticking out of it, and with a big blue plastic car in the corner of the stage area. We've had cast members leave giving no

notice, taking their and other people's costumes with them and we've had troubles from cinema management and irate parents.

So why do I do it? When it's good it's very very good. It's showbiz fantasy fulfilment – you too can be Steve Martin, ABBA or the MC from 'Cabaret' in preshows without ever having to sing a note. (Am I a frustrated drag artiste?) You get to dress up as a character and behave abnormally. Everyone knows the form, and what you're doing, so you can dance with strangers in the audience, eat from their hands, sit on their laps, without it getting nasty or people getting the wrong idea. You can shout in the cinema, in union with everyone else for a particular line or yelling out some topical joke in a quiet moment to crack up the audience. The participation script is always changing as we adopt new, funnier lines to replace things that were topical five years ago. When you've been a part of helping the audience to really enjoy their night out it gives you a real sense of achievement.

I like the social aspect of it when the cast and audience are like a family, with the family in jokes in the participation and shared cultural references. You can say things there (like making jokes about Audrey in *Little Shop Of Horrors*) and they will understand you. The cast pulls together to make the show work and you feel you've done something worthwhile with your evening.

I've found doing Rocky Horror has helped my self-confidence a great deal (surprise, surprise). The thinking on your feet and behaving foolishly in front of large numbers of people. How can I ever be embarrassed again after this? And it's very liberating to shout rude words in a public place and not offend anyone (though if we're not offending anyone surely we must be doing something wrong?)

I used to put up with all kinds of crap like short or no notice because it was nice to be wanted. They could count on me as someone who could learn a part in two days and get a costume together, and I liked being able to help out. Ah, the adrenaline! Working under pressure! I love it!

But now I'll come clean about why I come to Rocky – it's just an excuse to wear women's underwear!

The Gastric Bladder



FOR TAT

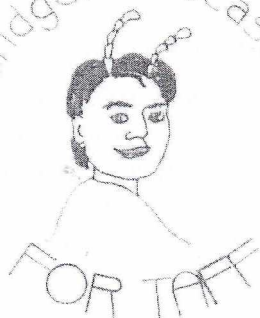
Gerbils Traded Chat



Grr The Disabled Cat



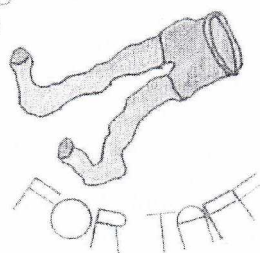
Bridget Hardcastle



Delighted Crab Star



Declare Drab Tights





Bug for TAFF 2006 #1

Cover by Alison Scott. Bug for TAFF drawings by Sue Mason. Bug-eyed monster drawing by Sue Mason. Anagram for TAFF badges by Bridget Hardcastle. R-101 photo by Steve Green.

Edited and published by Tony Keen and Tom Becker:

Tony Keen
48 Priory Street
Tonbridge, Kent, TN9 2AN

Tom Becker
2034 San Luis Ave. #1
Mountain View, CA 94043

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