

Plokteur



Édition français du journal d'Anticipation
Issue 8: Sans pagaie flottant dans un ruisseau de merde
At least 25% funnier than any competing newsletter

Maintenant avec la traduction Française!

Unlike certain other newsletters, we have managed to arrange for a French translation from a local fan, who assures us that he's managed an exact but idiomatic translation of all of the article titles. Please bear with us while we get some of the bugs out of running a newsletter in three languages simultaneously; English, French & Bollocks.

Why is This Newsletter Called Plokteur?/Recherche d'un bon moment, matelot?

Because if we called it *Plokta* we'd have to worry about what it does to our Hugo eligibility next year.

Special Newsletter Award/Le Prix Métropole

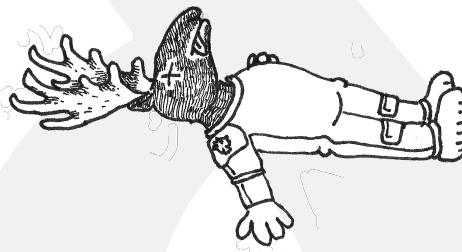
I would like to nominate the management of the Delta for the Fred Hutchings Memorial Award for Worldcon hotel management. Last night the travails of the previous evening continued with the hotel restricting the number of people who could get to the party floors. Once we arrived at the parties we discovered the rooms were nowhere near full—in fact there was plenty of space and the 28th floor seemed at less than 50% capacity.

—Not A Member Of The Committee At All. Nope.

In Memoriam/Je me souviens

We are sad to announce the death of the Anticipation mascot, Antoine the space-moose, a week before the convention.

Antoine successfully recruited numerous members for Anticipation with his drunken antics at bid parties, culminating in the unfortunate "poutine incident" that so dramatically increased the convention's dry-cleaning bill. Unfortunately, his antlers became jammed in the lift doors at the Delta and he was accidentally decapitated following strenuous efforts by the committee to wedge him in further.



WSFS Business Meeting Agenda/Mortel ennui pour les nuls

The agenda for Tuesday's meeting has just been published.

1. Motion to rename the Nit-Picking and Fly-Specking Committee to the Fly-Picking and Nit-Specking Committee. Time for debate: two hours.
2. Motion to require every Hugo shortlist to include at least one funny animal. Strongly supported by George R. R. Pine Marten, Connie Walrus and Neil Caiman, and by the editors of *Ethel the Aardvark*.
3. Proposal to acknowledge reality and use *Principia Discordia* instead of *Robert's Rules of Order* as the rules for governance of the WSFS Business meeting.

Important Notice (Air)/Pas très important, vraiment

Could whoever stole the helium from the balloons in the Reno suite please return it? We need it to make our voices squeaky. Also, our balloons are droopy.

Important Notice (Earth)/Pas très important aussi

Note that inviting zombie moose to room parties tends to cause staining to carpets as bits of soil drop off them. The convention will be billed for these cleaning costs! Please consider people in the room below when re-interring your undead.

Programme Changes/Croissant Mornington!

The Pocket Programme Convention Guide is the definitive source for programme items that were added to the programme database on Tuesdays or on Friday mornings, and the first edition of the programme grid is authoritative for the Moose-Baiting and Franglais-Language programme streams, while the daily pink sheets will let you find the items that have been relocated to an alternative space-time continuum, that other newsletter that doesn't exist will include all the programme changes that are now too late to be any use, the second edition of the programme grid is 23.2% more accurate than the first edition, and the bits of paper stuck to the walls will tell you how to avoid the filk, children's and WSFS programming. Except that the Victoria line is now closed at weekends, so if you're in knip you must reverse all of the above

instructions until you've passed Finchley Central. We trust that this is all clear.

Where's Our Cutlery?/Ou se trouve le coutelet?

We are disturbed to observe that the great North American cutlery shortage extends to Canada, with Montreal restaurants expecting you to use the same knife to butter your bread, eat your starter and eat your main course. We're sure that the Sheffield steel industry would be happy to increase UK exports, so that your restaurants could discover the concept of the butter knife.

Rebuilding the Worldcon/Monsieur Standlee est le premier contre le mur

The newly selected NASFiC and Worldcon are called ReConStruction and Renovation respectively. There's clearly a mood for change, and we look forward to attending ReorGanisAtion (72 consecutive hours of WSFS Business Meeting), **Restoration** (17th century costume is mandatory) and ReHABILItaTion (the past Worldcon chairs' retirement facility).

« Disclameur sans les guillemots »/"No Shagging Disclaimer"

Nobody working on the newsletter has been shagging anybody this weekend, because we have all been far too busy.

Programme Change/Mon Dieu! Encore une change!

The renowned Canadian mathematician Ascenseur Immobile will deliver a lecture series on queueing theory in the lobby of the Delta at 22:00 on Monday night.

Masquerade/Le fancy dress

We have been asked to print the full list of the masquerade awards, instead of the very abbreviated version appearing elsewhere, and will be putting in a request to Ops for another 50,000 sheets of paper. Meanwhile, inquisitive readers

should talk to the judges, although we recommend arranging for a supply of strong coffee beforehand. The French translation of the awards is expected to be made available sometime before the end of the 2011 Worldcon.

Our Congratulations to the Bride!/Félicitations à la monstre!

One unexpected joy of being in the Delta has been the sheer variety of events taking place there this weekend. At least two weddings, plus a selection of other conferences has led Anticipation to have a highly eclectic set of programming. Anyone who missed grand-oncle Jean-Pierre's drunken speech in Regence B missed one of the highlights of the weekend. We also seem to have learned things about French-Canadian plumbing and phototropic prokaryotes that we never expected to learn at a Worldcon.

Bar! Bar!/Ces anglais sont tous des ivrognes

We've been missing an actual convention bar all weekend, as it means that we can't actually find anyone. The Delta has quite a nice bar, but the combination of the rules against taking children in or alcohol out has proved an insuperable obstacle for the Cabal.

Volunteer Raffle/Sacre bleu! L'Aile de la Victoire de Samothrace!

Winners please drop by the Volunteer Lounge to pick up whichever volunteer you have won. Don't forget that if you've worked at least 17.3 hours (or 19.2 Canadian heures) you should be eligible for a convention volunteer beret. Hours worked during set-up or teardown should have 5% added for GST. US citizens should also add 3.5% import duty unless you had your carnet stamped by Customs before boarding the convention.

Gripe Session/La Grippe Porcine

Rescheduled to 22:00 on Monday evening on the 28th floor of the Delta. You will need a ticket, which must have

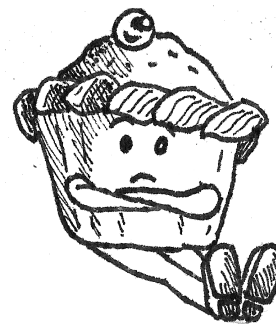
been obtained from the Palais Room 210R at 09:00 on Friday morning. No more than two gripes per person, and no re-entry to the session. René and Robbie will not pose for photos.

Party News/Une grande gin et tonique, s'il vous plaît

We regret to report that the Hugo Losers' party has been closed down because the phototropic prokaryotes in the Delta basement complained about the noise. We blame grand-oncle Jean-Pierre, who we later found with John Stewart sleeping under a table in the con office.

Rumour Control/Ou sont nos petits gateaux glacés?

It is true that the RCMP have discovered a Reese's peanut-butter cup on Rue Sainte-Catherine, a mere 700 metres from the Palais des Congrès. However, the area has been cordoned off and we are assured that there is no need for alarm.



Not a Lot of People Know That/ Ce que les idiots crédules!

We are informed by our translator, who used to be in the Canadian Navy (motto "À l'eau! C'est l'heure!"), that we have been seriously misled by the Anticipation committee. The true dish of Quebec is neither poutine or smoked meat, but actually polar bear lasagne.

Aussiecon 4 News/Puis-je rentrer à la maison maintenant?

Following the success of the Anticipation pocket programme, Aussiecon 4 have decided that theirs will be carved into granite tablets. The pink sheets will be sandblasted into chunks of Uluru.

No one is prepared to admit to working on this newsletter, we fear. But we still don't have any cupcakes, although we do have a hot lead. Sod the usual, this fanzine is available in exchange for eight tickets to the Hugo Losers' party.