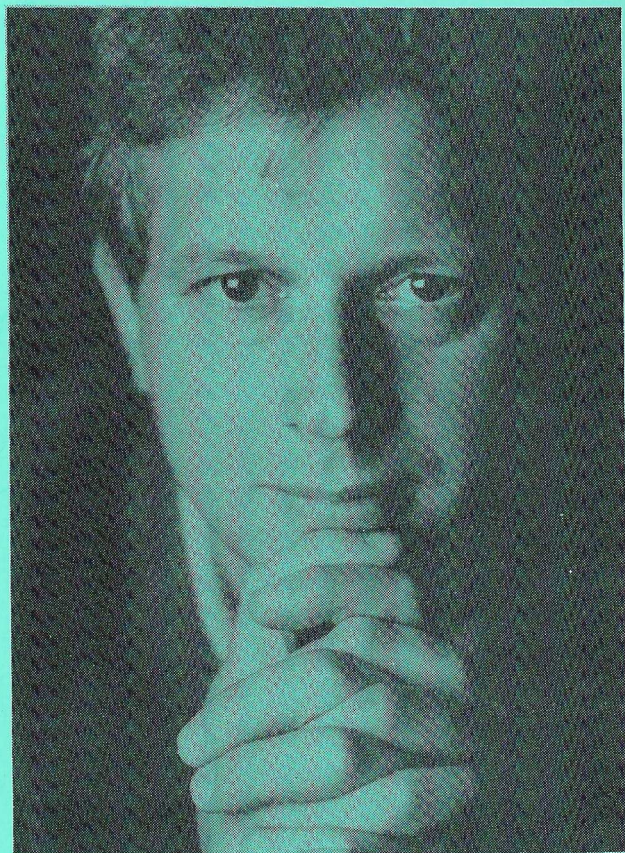


PROGRAMME BOOK



NOVACON 27

Novacon 27: 14th to 16th November 1997 at the Abbey Hotel, Great Malvern. Guest of Honour: Peter F Hamilton.

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Committee: Martin Tudor (Chairman & Publications), Carol Morton (Registrations & Hotel Liaison), Tony Morton (Treasurer), Chris Murphy (Operations) and Mike D Siddall (Programme).

Staff: Nic Farey (Tech Ops), Nigel Furlong (Book Room), John Harrold (Art Show), Al Johnston (Transport), Dave Lally (the Dave Lally Programme Room).

Thank You: to all the contributors - Tony Berry, Vernon Brown, Victor Gonzalez, Julian Headlong, Andy Hooper, Graham Joyce, Dave Mooring (for all interior artwork/cartoons), Ulrika O'Brien, Vicki Rosenzweig, Tom Sadler, Mike D Siddall; to Macmillan (for the photo & advert) and Forbidden Planet (for the advert and carrier bags); and to everyone who has worked on and at the convention! Finally, special thanks to my wife Helena for her love, patience and all the sub-editing she has done!

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“The Chairman Welcomes You...”

by Martin Tudor

If you are reading this on arrival at the con “Welcome to Novacon 27”, if (as seems more likely) you are reading it on your way home “Hope you enjoyed Novacon 27!”

In order to help celebrate the work of our Guest of Honour, Peter F Hamilton, the theme of the convention is “Alternate Futures”. This seemed appropriate given the fact that the two major pieces of work that Peter has produced to date feature very different worlds: the near-future, post-warming Britain of the Mandel novels and the far-distant, super-scientific universe of the Night's Dawn trilogy!

Thus, Friday night we have THE UTOPIA/DYSTOPIA GAME (20.30) and THE TONY BERRY EXPERIENCE (23.00 - believe me, you'll think you've entered an alternate *reality*, let alone future, if you attend *that* one!). On Saturday at 13.30 KIM Campbell presents her bizarre vision of a (hopefully) alternate future where Britain is foolish enough to bid for another Worldcon. *[NB: the opinions of the Novacon Chairman in this piece, do not necessarily represent the opinions of Novacon and/or the BSFG, - Ed.]* The TURKEY READING FOR TAFF at 16.30 presents another alternative view of life with Dr Jack Cohen's commentary on the UFOlogy text THE FIELD GUIDE TO EXTRATERRESTRIALS and the evening finishes with a view of an alternate future where Tim Stannard is a jobbing DJ rather than a successful lawyer and beer mat collector. Sunday sees FUTURE LAW where possible developments are considered at 14.30, followed by SECOND ENDINGS where alternate endings to books are supplied and the evening ends with the Bavarian Schunklers - what could be more “alternative” at a sf con than an oompah band?

The idea of alternate futures and realities has, it must be said, dominated more than the programme of the convention - it has filtered through every stage of our organisation and planning for the con. Carol Morton has had endless problems with room allocations as the numbers of twins, triples and double rooms in the Abbey kept changing.... While whole mailings of letters, flyers and Progress Reports disappeared into the postal system never to be seen again.

This last “disappearance” will explain a sense of *deja vu* some of you may experience whilst reading Julian Headlong's piece in this Programme Book. Originally this appeared in our third Progress Report - but as we have since discovered that around a third of those Progress Reports disappeared in the post we felt the people who had missed it then should get a chance to read it!

Anyway, I hope you enjoy this book and the con, have fun!

Programme Notes by Mike D Siddall

Friday 14th November

20:00 THE OPENING CEREMONY. ...the boys are back in town, oh, the boys are back in town. The Committee make it official, and welcome the Guest of Honour, Peter F Hamilton. (Not to mention launching the sale of the RNIB Raffle Tickets!)

20:30 THE UTOPIA/DYSTOPIA GAME. Well, what *do* the next few decades hold? Hosted by the debonair Mr Siddall, a team of purblind Optimists led by Mike Abbott and a bunch of miserable Pessimists prodded by Bernie Evans attempt to find out.

21:45 THE MUSIC QUIZ. Tim Stannard bravely attempts to answer that age-old question, what *do* fans know about music? Given the average fan's T-shirt collection it ought to be a lot but... well, we'll see.

23:00 THE TONY BERRY EXPERIENCE. Dave Hicks and fannish heart-throb Mike Siddall pay tribute to one of the Giants of modern Fandom. Using the medium of the comedy revue and a cast of thousands (most of whom will be small, covered in chocolate, and orange-flavoured) they will demonstrate that you too may achieve Berrydom, or at least have it thrust upon you.

[This could be followed by a People's Disco - if you have the tapes/CDs and the energy we have the equipment and Mr Siddall's butt!]

Saturday 15th November

10:00 DESERT ISLAND BOOKS. Ever been struck by the thought that Desert Island Disks is silly? Sod the music, what *books* couldn't you do without? Maureen Kincaid Speller finds out from her guests. Worth attending just to see Maureen in a life-or-death struggle with a drink with an umbrella in it.

11:30 BOOK AUCTION. As per tradition, forget all that caveat emptor rubbish and let your bibliophilic instincts run wild. The RNIB's Books for the Blind (who get 10% commission) want your money, and you want all those horrible gaps in your collection filled, perfect symmetry.

13:30 WORLDCON UPDATE. KIM Campbell brings you all the latest news on the nascent Worldcon bid. Be enthused, be inspired, be appalled if you like, but be there.

15:00 GUEST OF HONOUR INTERVIEW. Delight as the private thoughts and hidden agendas are cruelly torn from the breast of a poor, defenceless Guest of Honour (in this case Peter F Hamilton). Wallow as his innermost feelings are

ruthlessly exposed for the gratuitous gratification of the howling mob (that's you, that is).

16:30 TURKEY READING FOR TAFF. Yes it's an old favourite, but this time we have a secret weapon, **THE FIELD GUIDE TO EXTRATERRESTIALS** (with illustrations via OHP and expert analysis from Dr Jack Cohen). Plus all the usual chaos and ruthless mangling of deathless prose.

18:00 FLUKE. Hosted by the delectable Pam Wells (assisted by the delicious KIM Campbell). Using the device of a game-show based on the TV version, Ms Wells will demonstrate once and for all that the universe is not only cruel, but completely arbitrary.

19:00 TAFF HUSTINGS: EUROPE TO NORTH AMERICA 1998. If you can think of more fun than watching all those leading fannish luminaries standing for TAFF grovel shamelessly for the favour of little old you, then you should have submitted it as a programme item. Featuring the 1998 candidates: Chris Bell, Bridget "Bug" Hardcastle and Maureen Kincaid Speller, with the current (token male) European TAFF Administrator, Martin Tudor, moderating.

21:00 SF BLUES. Brian Aldiss, in association with the SF Theatre of Liverpool, presents an evening entertainment with a new version of this popular show. Please note that, as this *is* a stage production, you will not be allowed to wander in once it has started, so please make the effort to be on time. It will be worth it.

22:30 CEILIDH. 2Kon Bid Committee proudly presents the Amazing Travelling Ceilidh Tape™. Get up! Bounce around! Let your Celtic blood express itself! It's been six years since the ATCT™ was last at Novacon, but we'll help you out with any dances you don't know. (NB this being a Celtic thing, there's, sadly, little chance of seeing Mike Siddall's magnificent butt in motion).

23:30 'til late. TIM STANNARD'S DISCO. A chance not only to dance and party but also, should you be supremely fortunate, to see the Siddall butt in motion. You'll never forgive yourself if you miss it.

Sunday 16th November

10:00 FIGMENTS OF REALITY. Dr Jack Cohen and Ian Stewart discuss some of the ideas in their latest book, on the evolution of consciousness.

11:30 ART AUCTION. You've been admiring them in the Art Show, now's your chance to get in there and purchase some art for yourself.

13:30 SF DETECTIVES. Murder One, the specialist book-shop in London, has its entire basement devoted to SF. Should this surprise us? Or are the

detective novel and SF naturally compatible genres? Carol Morton moderates the discussion.

14:30 FUTURE LAW. The Law is always changing, but what's a good guess as to how present day developments will spin off onto future offences? Wendy Graham assembles a panel of lawyers to answer the question, and Tony Morton, our Treasurer, thanks God they're not charging us an hourly rate.

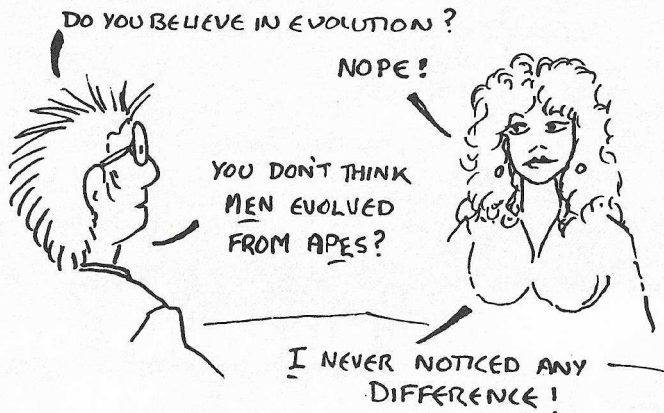
15:30 SECOND ENDINGS. Sponsored by ReConvene and chaired by Peter Wareham. You've just reached a crucial point in the book you're reading, when you find out the remaining pages are all blank. A discussion among the panellists who attempt to fill in the blanks.

16:30 AWARDS CEREMONY. Presentation of the Novas Awards, the raffle is drawn, thank-yous are said... but it's not over yet!

17.30 UNITED FAN FUNDS AUCTION. Alison Scott and her team of little elves pummel your poor, abused little wallets into submission. Don't worry, you will enjoy it... probably... possibly... look, just turn up.

20:00-23.00 THE BAVARIAN SCHUNKLERS. Beer and Sausages - can the world ever have seen two such complementary terms? With added Oompah band. Put it this way, the queue forms behind Mike Siddall (there you are, Last Chance to See Fandom's Finest Butt).

[Please note that the Programme continues before, after and between these scheduled items in Dave Lally's Programme Room - the Montgomery - see the flip chart by the door for details.]



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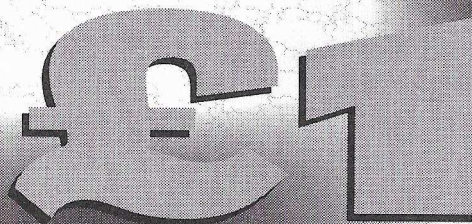
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NOVACON

Peter F Hamilton: Man of Rutland by Graham Joyce

While you are in the book room considering the logistics of haulage involved in taking home one of Peter F Hamilton's chunky, weighty epics you might spare a thought for the economy of Rutland. Twelve of Amos Briar's sheep died this year; and old Janet Brewer in the converted thatched post office said she's going to call it a day on bottling chutney next year, all in all representing a twenty per cent productivity drop for the county. How will they manage? Hopefully Peter F Hamilton will come to their aid again. If his books continue to sell in great numbers here and in the USA then he'll be able to spread largesse and geld-coin (they don't have any truck in Rutland with new-fangled concepts like the pound sterling) around the indigent villagers in equal measure.

He's done it before. When Rutland was struggling for independence from the Dark Empire we call Leicestershire, he rolled up his gingham sleeves, tightened the baling twine round the waist of his, stuck a sprig of grass between his teeth with the rest of the Rutland Liberation Army and hijacked a Leicestershire Council milk-float. It was during the long, watchful but admittedly uneventful days and nights as rear-oxwhipper on the modified armed milk-float that his Science Fiction epics began to take shape.

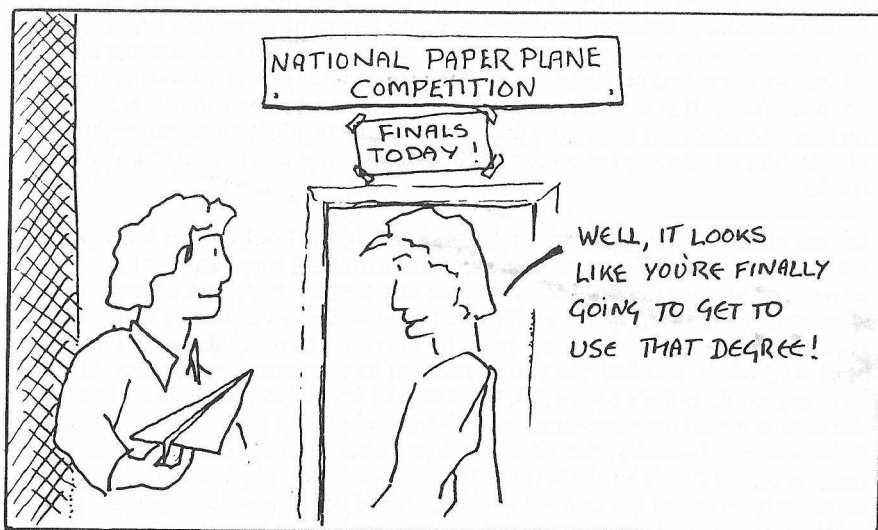
Frankly it's a mystery to everybody where he comes up with all that dizzying nano-technology, brilliant hardware and the foison of ideas-rich brain nutrients all while living in a place so devoid of event that a lamppost shadow falling on a crushed hedgehog is likely to dominate the early evening news. I'm not joking. If ever you're a guest of Pete's - and by the way, he is always a terrific and generous host - the only entertainment likely to be offered is that of standing on the hard shoulder of the A6 pointing hairdryers at oncoming traffic.

On the other hand, if you've actually read any of his books you'll know what I'm talking about. For a combination of breathtaking ideas and action adventure, science fiction does not come any better. Here's an author absolutely committed to storytelling but who somehow manages to squirt such technological wonderment into the narrative drive that... well, forget black and white, you feel like you're reading in gorgeous Technicolor. It's dazzling stuff, and it's a rare gift, but I think I know how he does it. Firstly, the man is a walking ideas-machine, which makes him such an interesting guy to be around. Secondly, the sweet hum you hear beneath the text when reading one of Pete's books is that of superb crafting. No-one I know is more conscientious about the craft of writing, and of narrative structure in particular. He can talk about it with the joy and love of a watch-maker. No reader is ever going to get short-changed in a Peter F Hamilton book by a weak

revelation or an unsatisfying resolution. It's not possible. He's served his time in the workshop: the wheels spin and the engines sing.

If you haven't read any of Pete's books yet, then it's time you got with the programme. What's more he's getting better and better. And because he's getting too damned good, I'm going to reveal the secret of the 'F' of his middle name, which I know he'd prefer me to keep quiet about. Fulbert. Yes, that's what I thought. Apparently on Old German name meaning 'bright one'. Well, that's fair enough, but I wouldn't mention it to him if I were you. I mean he's had to carry that particular cross all his life.

I've had the pleasure of collaborating on a couple of stories with Pete, and the richness of his input takes my breath away. We have this unspoken agreement: I encourage him to think my characterisation is better than his, and he lets me go on thinking he's thinking that; meanwhile, for the quid pro quo I'm supposed to admit his technology is superior to mine. Fact is I'm only ever in the slipstream of this collaborative work, because I'm so outpaced by his inventive abilities. Of course, I don't tell him that. I prefer to take the piss out of the place in which he lives.



The Mandel-Brat Set by Julian Headlong

...on a whisper of wind the nightblack Westland ghostwing carried the taut figure of Greg Mandel across the sky above Rutland Water.

Looking down, the green phosphene glow of his headup display painted bright streaks across his dropzone. The time display in the bottom corner of his photon amp image read 17:21:08. Greg twisted the arming switch on his Event Horizon targeting computer.

Seconds later a cloud of lethal antigen-specific toxin-coated titanium nanoparticles began to rain from the evening sky over the enemy below. He keyed the amp to infra red and upped the magnification. Within minutes the last target was dead, he could see them lying in windrows of twisted shapes across the fields, and already the toxin would be biodegrading into harmless catabolites, making the field safe for the next phase of this tricky operation.

He keyed the com unit with an English Telecom code.

'Thunderchild', he announced.

'How did it go?', a female voice asked.

'All sorted, no messing', he replied curtly.

The female voice went on hesitantly,

'If the rabbits are all dead, can we start planting the rest of the lemon trees this evening?'

'Time for a pint I reckon', said Greg...

Actually, Greg Mandel is not a nice man.

Not someone you would want to meet in a dark alleyway, or even a well lit mall, for that matter. He is a stone cold killer. A street fighter, a terrorist and all round thug. A trainer of children in the fine arts of murder and revolution. An assassin of sheep farmers in Kettering.

He is a hard-nosed private eye, a bio-engineered psychic, trained as a human lie detector, a military 'badcop' interrogator, an 'eidolonic' mental rapist, an empath who uses his powers for serial seductions. Not a nice man at all.

He is also a constant friend, a faithful husband, and a good father. Someone on whose shoulder a little girl, or an injured comrade, can cry. Someone who can rescue a maiden from a fate-worse-than-whatever, turn down a liaison with

the richest girl in the world, turn down a whole slew of non-executive directorships in various greedy mega-corps.

And turn down a free BMW.

A man of honour.

And a pretty damn good lemon farmer.

Julia Evans is not a nice girl.

She is the richest girl in the world. Heiress to the largest company in the world. Owner of vital energy monopolies, space colonies, and governments. She is the richest and bitchiest of rich bitches ever.

She is manipulative: she arranges for her best 'friend' to be seduced and kidnapped into sexual slavery by her most hated enemy, just to clear a path to her 'friends' lovers bed. She is amoral: she arranges the ruination of a gossip columnist who criticises her fashion sense. She is a murderer: she arranges to 'nuke' Wisbech just to get rid of a business rival.

She is also an abused child, a friendless nerd, an escapee from a sick Koresh-style religious commune, who hears 'voices' inside her head - including her grandfather's ghost.

She is also a generous friend, a faithful wife, and a good mother. Someone who attends her daughter's school prize giving (a local state school at that). Someone who rescues a medical disaster case, a blind quadra-amputee, criminal terrorist and computer hacker - and marries him! (after spending millions on medical research to fix him up). Someone who supports invention, space exploration, and voyages of discovery. Who has computer interface implants in her head (the voices), and her dead grandfather's personality in a convenient computer core (the ghost), and turns out to be the best all round financial genius ever.

A woman of substance.

And a pretty damn good computer hacker.

The most important thing about these people is that we care about them. We care about their problems, their struggles, their triumphs. They're also pretty cool.

And so is their world, in a metaphorical sense, that is. In reality it's not cool at all, in fact it's actually rather warm. Hot even. Runaway greenhouses careering around the world have led to global warming on a grand scale, citrus farms in surprising locations, sticky people, sticky roads, and sticky weather - England has a regular hurricane season. And the Warming has also led to the inundation of many important cities, towns, and villages, and Wisbech. And now the most important city in the world, the centre of finance, industry, shipping, and super-hi-tech research for Planet Earth, (with property values higher than downtown Tokyo)... is... is... Peterborough. Mind you, the spaceport is at Duxford.

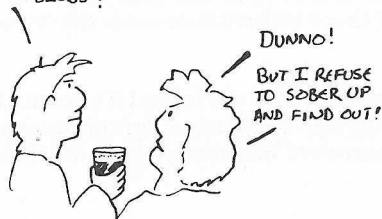
The tech is cool too. Really hot stuff. Sanger spaceplanes, cyborg panthers, gigawatt room temperature superconductors, artificial hormones for psychic time-travel, biotech, nanotech, and orbital cities (including the Crown Colony of New London - a sixteen kilometre long asteroid moved into near earth orbit). And gene engineered mer-people living in Rutland Water. And lemon farms.

So, we have interesting people, living in an interesting world, with interesting toys to play with. So what do they actually do. Very well, actually. Each of the books tells a story of murder mystery, space adventure, military action, technological discovery, political chicanery, boardroom skulduggery, sundry romantic entanglements, and lemon farming.

Every popular form of fiction is represented except the kitchen sink drama, (OK, he also left out the western, space opera and horror novel... so you need to read *THE REALITY DYSFUNCTION* - where the scenes of Starship Troopers versus the Demon Hordes of Hell in an Old West Township are amongst the finest examples of this little known genre ever written). Actually, the stories do include the kitchen sink. The characters do so many things, have so many problems, and so many choices to make, they do occasionally sit around in kitchens and moan about life. But then they get up, go out, get in their hypersonic, vtol, orbit capable spaceplane, and damned well do something about it.

Pity about what happened to New Labour though...

DO YOU THINK WE HAVE A RIGHT
TO REMAIN DRUNKEN, IGNORANT,
SLOBS ?



THE NEUTRONIUM ALCHEMIST

Second of the Night's Dawn Trilogy

- A Review by Mike D Siddall

Ah, the ineffable power that is the Novacon Progress Report. No sooner does one bawl, hold one's breath and drum one's feet on the carpet demanding the sequel to THE REALITY DYSFUNCTION *now*, dammit, than out it pops, hot off the presses. Rather foolish of the author I can't help thinking, since he's now going to find himself being followed around all Novacon by some twerp pestering him to hurry up and get the final part out.

Rather admirable of the author to get his next instalment out so promptly, since I suspect the middle segment of a trilogy must be a real swine to write. Consider the problem, he can't finish the story, and the reader knows it. Therefore we all know before we even pick up the book that the story isn't going to reach the big climax, and that it will inevitably end in a cliff-hanger. Middle segments are also robbed of much of the gosh-wow factor that we're all so fond of in good space opera, of course you *could* carry on piling Ossa upon Pellion by way of what we might call special effects (tech, ever bigger space-ships etc), but I did say *good* space opera so we can rule that option out. In my opinion there are two main traps the middle part of a trilogy can fall into:

- 1) The Nothing Really Happening Scenario. The book has no real life of its own, being merely Vol 1 by other means, or simply marking time until all the good stuff happens in Vol 3.
- 2) Peaking Too Early. Meaning the story leaves Vol 3 either merely tying up loose ends, or giving away so much that the reader has no trouble guessing what comes next.

Peter Hamilton has managed to avoid these traps, and in THE NEUTRONIUM ALCHEMIST has produced both an entirely worthy successor to THE REALITY DYSFUNCTION and a real appetiser for Vol 3 which I will be expecting out within the next month or so (no pressure). Before we go on to consider how he pulls off this trick, herewith the Usual Warning.

PLOT DISCUSSION IMMINENT, PROCEED AT YOUR OWN PERIL.

Despite my aversion to giving stuff away in reviews it's pointless to try and discuss Vol 2 without reference to what has gone before, and I don't intend to try. Should you be one of those unfortunate souls who've not yet read Vol 1, you have been warned.

TNA picks up exactly where TRD left off, indeed it's remarkable to think that at the end of both novels (with the exception of one or two scene-setters) the massively action-packed narrative has covered no more than a few weeks. To

recap; the dead are returning from the hideous after-life to which many of them have been exiled, their method being the Possession of the living, and are seeking to conquer worlds and remove them from the universe to a place where they can escape the endless sensory deprivation of the after-life. The various worlds, empires etc of the Confederation are resisting with varying degrees of success, with only the Edenist's living habitats seeming to be relatively immune to the menace. The two alien races in contact with humanity offer differing responses. The Tyrathca, appalled to learn that humans can host their own dead, withdraw all contact with humanity and go to prepare their response (it's hinted that this may be drastic). The highly advanced Kiint, while sympathising with humanity and revealing that they themselves survived a similar crisis, decline to help. It seems that all races face the same dilemma at some point, and that the solution for each race (even if it entails mass-suicide as with the now extinct Laymill) is different in each case and can only be discovered and applied by the affected species.

This is one of the themes, rather glossed over in TRD, that begins to be explored in TNA. What are the implications when the dead return? Fine, there's an after-life, but it's horrible beyond words, so what does that do to people, to their societies, their hopes and dreams, their religions, the list is endless. Hamilton only begins to explore these issues. But given the very tight time-scale of his drama this seems reasonable enough since the implications will only be beginning to sink in. I presume that the final instalment will, as they say, Reveal All. Indeed as Hamilton hints that in the end the dead cannot successfully be fought but must be *solved*, I'm sure of it. I'm also happy to say that I haven't the first idea of how he plans to pull it off, just think how boring reading must be for those clever buggers who always guess the end after a couple of chapters.

Given the large number of intricate conundrums Hamilton seems to be setting up, one starts to fear a hefty dose of *dei ex machina* looming on the horizon. All I can say is that the watch-maker standard of the plotting so far gives me every confidence that this is one author who doesn't need to resort to such cheap tricks. Consider Joshua Calvert, the adventurer/pilot hero of Vol 1. He continues his adventures here, and it's true that he does get into a lot of scrapes where his escape is a bit reminiscent of the with-one-bound-he-was-free variety. However, none of his escapes involve the old reverse-polarity-Jim trick, this is a sonic-screwdriver free zone. For instance, in Vol 1, he's stuck in the gravity well of a planet, unable to Jump, and with hostiles above him. So, in a feat of near-impossible skill, he Jumps just as his ship hits the Lagrange point between the planet and one of it's moons. Now, this may seem implausible, even to his crew, but it's been well-flagged in advance that Joshua is an extraordinary pilot, so his escape excites rather than jars.

This applies to all Hamiltons coup de graces, if you check, there's always advance warning. You may not have noticed at the time, but it was there at the time, Hamilton can't be accused of making it up as he goes along, what's more....

Oh, dear, I seem to have wandered off yet again into a paean of praise to Hamilton's plotting skills, sorry about that, but I'm really impressed and I can't help letting it show. But to amble circuitously back to my original paragraphs, somewhere at the top of the page.

All right, you can't have *the* climax, but this story ends with a big enough bang that you honestly don't miss it, and the cliff-hanger is a real doozy that left me berating myself for not seeing *that* one coming. Sickening isn't it? Read as much as you like and these bastard authors can still outwit you. Given that I criticised TRD for finishing at an unnaturally abrupt point, I should say that this time the point at which the story breaks off is spot on.

Hamilton also avoids the temptation of going over the top with what I referred to earlier as "special effects". Instead of making them flashier, he plays with them, twisting and turning the concepts of Vol 1 to flesh out TNA. Imagine the fun as he picks and chooses which of the dead to return, in Vol 1 they were mostly anonymous figures, this time he brings back Al Capone as the... well, the Al Capone of the dead, and don't even ask about Elvis... There *are* new elements, but kept to a necessary minimum.

Let's sum up by looking at the two traps I mentioned earlier:

1) The Nothing Really Happening Scenario. While much of the action follows directly on from Vol 1, a spine to the story is provided with, among others, Joshua Calvert searching for Alkad Mzu, the escaped inventor of the Alchemist, a star-killing doomsday device. Add in entertaining side trips, the pace at which the narrative proceeds, and Nothing Really Happening is not a charge that can be levelled at this novel.

2) Peaking Too Early. Also a charge to which the author can also resoundingly plead Not Guilty (although must hope he's not stuck with an American jury), I for one was left panting for the resolution, and since we're on the subject....

Peter Hamilton is Guest Honour at this year's Novacon, so I figure that gives us a priceless opportunity. Just as he's coming out of the GoH interview, five or six of us jump him, drag him down to a basement and lock him in. Then we trade food, drink, trips to the bathroom etc for completed chapters. I figure we can have the completed opus by the middle of December, hell, it worked for Annie in MISERY. You bring the sledgehammer, I'll get the wooden blocks.

The observant among you will have noticed that this review consists entirely of praise; GoH or not, I don't like doing this, it smacks of hagiography, and no book is perfect. Somehow I've got to find something negative to say, hmmm,

What kind of demented puritan invents a planet dedicated to the production of the finest booze in all the galaxy, and then wipes it out? Granted it's logical,

true it's necessary to the development of one of the characters, what's that got to do with anything? The author is an unmitigated bastard, a swine of the first order... there, that's my integrity preserved.

If you think that's a pretty pathetic criticism, then read THE NEUTRONIUM ALCHEMIST and see if you can do any better. I'll be astonished if you can.

PETER F HAMILTON: A Bibliography

Short stories

(Magazines)

Deathday: FEAR, Feb 1991

Sonnie's Edge: NEW MOON, Sept 1991

Double Year Lost: FAR POINT, March 1992

Adam's Gene: INTERZONE, Sept 1993

Eat Reecebread: INTERZONE, Aug 1994 (with G. Joyce), nominated for the Tiptree award

(Anthologies)

Candy Buds: NEW WORLDS 2

Spare Capacity: NEW WORLDS 3

Starlight Dreamer: NEW WORLDS 4

Falling Stones: IN DREAMS

The White Stuff: NEW WORLDS (with G. Joyce) Aug 1997

Novels

Greg Mandel

MINDSTAR RISING, Pan 1993

(American publication Aug 1996, Tor)

A QUANTUM MURDER, Pan 1994

(American publication Nov 1997, Tor)

THE NANO FLOWER, Pan 1995

(American publication 1998?, Tor)

Night's Dawn Trilogy

THE REALITY DYSFUNCTION, Macmillan, hardback 1996,

(American publication in two parts, July & Aug 1997, Warner)

THE NEUTRONIUM ALCHEMIST, Macmillan, Oct 1997

A SECOND CHANCE AT EDEN, Macmillan, due 1998 (novella + collected shorts)

THE NAKED GOD, Macmillan, due 1999

LIGHTSTORM, Part 5 of The Web series, Orion Children's Books, due 1998

The Committee Bibliographies: a Fairy Tale by Mike D Siddall

Once upon a time in a village far to the North, lived a hero bold and handsome. His name was Michael of Askam, and he was known far and wide as most virtuous of the noble, fairest of the fair, his open, honest countenance bringing hope and justice to the downtrodden wherever they dwelt.

All this being so, it was no surprise that Michael should have been chosen by the Forces of Light to undertake a quest most perilous, one in which the danger to his clean-limbed body would be outweighed only by the dire threat to his previously unblemished soul.

"We want you to investigate the Novacon Committee," intoned Langford the Grey, Chief Sysup of the Holy Ones, and smiled benevolently as he saw the brave hero before him was not daunted, "We need to know what they're up to, but none of our agents have ever returned. We can tell you little of what you must face, save only that they are to be found in the Dark Kingdom of Brum and that they are said to be led by the Tudor himself. Be warned, the Tudor is said to have mastered the Magic of the Minutes and thus is able to fracture the very nature of reality itself, he is a most fell opponent." With this final pronouncement the Holy Ones faded from view, returning to their spiritual home in the realm of dreams, fabled Croydon.

The next morning, Michael set off South on his trusty steed Astra. Leaving behind the peaceful, sunlit glades of Furness, he followed all the darkest roads knowing they would lead to Brum. Many were the dangers he faced and overcame on that perilous road. He crossed the blasted wasteland of Wolverhampton, whose twisted inhabitants speak a tongue no human throat can pronounce. Onward and onward until, under a grey and lowering sky shot through with ominous threads of scarlet, he reached the borders of Oldbury where he was to encounter the first of the minions of the Committee. Cackling evilly, a gangling mis-shapen figure leapt upon him from ambush. Before he could defend himself, the demon had wound him thrice around with chains of tempered steel, secured by locks which Michael could see were unpickable by any human artifice. The creature gloated over his helpless captive, its hideous features distorted by glee, then held up a bunch of keys and spoke,

"I am Berry the Novabod. Answer my questions correctly and I must set you free, fail and I shall cast you into the Outer Wilderness." The Novabod pointed in the direction of Willenhall. Seeing that he had no choice, Michael agreed,

"Right, first question. Ever pubbed an ish?" With some relief, Michael said that he had. "Damn." muttered the demon, and unlocked the first of the chains, "Next question, recently?"

"Yes." With further oaths, and tearing of quite the uncoolest T-shirt Michael had ever seen, the Novabod unlocked the second chain.

"Last question. Did this ish have any mention of... Croydon ?" and as Michael hesitated, racking his memory, the demon's eyes began to glow in anticipation. But his triumph was short-lived, his fell intent foundering on the impenetrable purity of the Askamite,

"Nope, not so much as a vampire banana." With howls of rage, unable to believe that this final stratagem had failed, the Novabod freed our hero and allowed him on his way.

Michael forged on, ever deeper into the evil heart of Brum he roamed, wandering apparently endless concrete canyons in a seemingly futile quest for the faintest sign of humanity. Passing yet another ostensibly faceless dwelling, Michael paused as his keen ears discovered the sounds of movement behind the blank facade. Moving closer he saw that the wall was not blank, cunningly disguised as it was, he could make out the outline of a hatch. A suspicion began to form, he'd heard of this sort of thing before. Taking a firm stance, he began to hammer on the hatch, shouting as he did so,

"Come on, open up in there. Bona fide con member with a query, open up. It's no use hiding, I know this is Ops, open up." There was no reaction, even the scuttling sounds had ceased. Undeterred, Michael hammered even harder with the help of a convenient brick. This brought a response, a small neon sign above the hatch lit up, bearing the legend "TEA BREAK, BACK REAL SOON NOW". Michael stepped back, force having failed, he'd have to try something a little different,

"Free Beer, get your Free Beer here!" With a thunderous crash, the hatch flew open and a cuddly bearded man, dressed in an amazingly loud woolly jumper, leapt through and began to anxiously scan the horizon in all directions,

"My God," exclaimed Michael, "Chris Murphy! What are you doing here in this fell land. Surely you're not...."

"Yes, I'm afraid it's true," said a shame-faced Chris, "I've fallen Mike, I'm with the Committee, they got me for Ops, there was nothing I could do. I know it's a shock to an innocent like you that I could have fallen so far into depravity, but..."

"....it's the Tudor," he resumed after a tear-filled pause, and laying a palsied hand upon our hero's arm he tried to warn him. "He has Powers beyond the ken of mere mortals. As you value your immortal soul, stay clear of him Mike, you don't want to end up like me."

"Nevertheless, I must seek him out, it's my destiny," although with weary heart, Michael strode determinedly on, Chris's final warning ringing in his ears.

"Destiny? Destiny? Who do you bloody well think you are, Deleem? You'll sing a different tune when the Mortons get hold of you."

Weary beyond measure, Michael sought a place to rest before he would have to face the Tudor. Luckily, he soon found a hotel, but before he could enter a woman barred his way,

"No entry, without paying the price, and have you filled in your form? I thought not, and what about your sharer, hmm?" Michael wilted somewhat in the face of this implacable barrage. He soon realised he was dealing with one of the dreaded Mortons, in this case the more deadly Carol. She was completely obdurate to his protestations of exhaustion, unmoved by his explanations of forms lost in the post. The final horror came when he asked her what her price was,

"Well, outrageous flattery, wheedling for hours on end usually gets you a room, although it better be *really* outrageous flattery, or you'll end up sharing with Mike Abbott. But we'll start with a big hug," and she opened her arms wide. Appalled, Michael began to back-pedal,

"As you must know, I am a Northern Man. I cannot grant your request, lest I be thought a sissy."

"Right," she screamed, slamming the door, "it's the overflow for you, if you can find it." Near exhaustion, Michael forged on, desperately in need of rest and sustenance.

Travelling ever further inward, our hero heard a faint clinking sound and decided to follow it. Rounding a corner, he came upon a man crouched on the pavement beside a large pile of coins, which he was laboriously counting out. Moving closer, he could hear him muttering to himself, a constant refrain of "Can't afford it, can't afford it, can't afford it."

"Hello," said Michael in a friendly tone, "I was wondering if you might know where I could find a drink?" This simple enquiry produced a disproportionate effect, the man leapt to his feet and began to run in circles screaming,

"No drinks budget! No drinks budget! What do you think this is about, fun? It all has to be paid for you know, I'm Tony Morton you know, not Richard Bloody Branson."

"Perhaps you could..."

"No, can't afford it."

"But, what about..."

"Not on our budget."

"All I want is...."

"No money. No money." Michael almost withered in the face of this monetary onslaught, but drew deep on his considerable inner resources. Abandoning the polite approach, he grasped the demented Morton firmly by the collar and drew him close,

"Now then one more word out of you, and I'll make you do Bernie Evans's housekeeping for a year, understand? That's right, just nod your head... good... now, what I want won't cost a penny, not a farthing, not a sou, understand? Now, are you going to give it to me? It's alright you can talk now.

"You sure it won't cost anything ? OK, OK, God, no, not the vacuuming, anything but that. What do you want ?"

"I want to know where, in this benighted wasteland, I can find the Novacon Committee."

"Well, there's really no such thing as the Committee... no, wait, I'm not lying, please no, not the oven cleaner... there's not really a Committee because we're all just helpless thralls to Tudor, the Beardy One. You don't want to go near him, you really don't."

Despite these terrible warnings, the stout heart of our hero would not be gainsaid, and, with a vivid description of the joys of dusting, he compelled directions out of the pathetic wreck of a man before him. Armed with these, Michael set forth with renewed purpose, sensing that his quest was approaching its climax.

Shortly, he saw what he most needed, a pub. It was the fabled Tap & Spile, and Michael eagerly entered in search of refreshment. Just as he was about to wrap his incomparably beautiful face around a pint, he heard a voice behind him.

"Ah, you're here, well done. Most people never make it past the Mortons." Michael turned to see a man behind him, an ordinary enough appearance, but the man radiated a black aura of ancient evil. The face was obscured beneath an excessive amount of face-foliage, and Michael realised he was face to face with the Beardy One himself. The Tudor himself. Even the obdurate heart of the Askamite felt the clammy fingers of fear tighten around it.

"This will never do," said the Tudor, gesturing around the bar, "far too public, we'll have to go somewhere more private." So saying, he pulled out a small notebook and began to scribble furiously, all the while muttering under his breath. Without warning, the bar around them disappeared, and they were floating in a featureless void.

"Where are we?"

"Oh, this is M-Space." At Michael's puzzled look, the Tudor explained, "Minutes-Space, the intersection between perceptual reality and Official reality. You see, the past has no true reality, to an adept, until it has been entered in the Minutes. So, as Committee Chairman I, and I alone, wield supreme power. Now, where was I? Ah, yes.... the meeting took place in the Tudor's mighty fortress of Raven's Born, where Michael of Askam found himself chained to a wall in the deepest dungeon..."

And so it proved. After all his adventures, the hero found himself helpless under the mocking gaze of the warlock. However, the Bearded One had no intention of harming Michael's magnificent, sexy body, his soul however...

"Now, Michael, I'm sure you've heard all sort of tales from that Croydon mob about what dreadful folk we Brummies are, but did they ever tell you what we can offer? All you have to do is agree to serve us, and we can offer you an equal share of all this... behold!" And with a wide sweep of his arm, the Tudor pointed to the room behind him. Michael gasped in astonishment. The dazzling hoard before him could have taken anyone's breath away; gold doubloons, diamonds, sapphires, rubies, precious work of art, all seemed to fight for his gaze as they spread in refulgent splendour before him. He realised that this was the fabled Novacon Profits, said in legend only to be exceeded by Pete Weston's petty cash box. Michael felt the weakening of his integrity as an almost physical sensation, at the thought of riches beyond counting. But, once again, he summoned his inner resources, and fought back.

"No, I'll not betray the Holy Ones for even riches such as these. You lose Tudor." But the Tudor merely shook his head at such naiveté; a warlock as powerful as the Tudor could perceive a weakness with almost telepathic accuracy.

"Oh, I'm sure we can offer more than just wealth... let's see now... ah, yes, tell me Michael, when did you last have a date?" Michael groaned, was there no hiding from this devil? How could he know that women, intimidated by the near-perfection of his features, fought shy of dating such an Adonis lest they lose all control of themselves?

"It's been awhile," he admitted. Laughing cruelly, the Committee Chairman seemed to blaze with insidious persuasiveness as he moved in for the kill,

"Well, what do you say to my offer? An equal share of the Novacon Profits and a date with... hmmm, let me see... Alison Weston?"

And Michael of Askam, purest of the pure, noblest of the noble, cracked. Do not, my children, judge him too harshly, after all it had been *quite* a while, and Alison Weston... well, we're all only human.

"I think we'll start you off on programme," said the Tudor, unlocking Michael's shackles, "now go and claim your share of our wealth." Michael rushed for the hoard, only to stare in disbelief as it vanished before his eyes. The Tudor smiled as he switched off the holographic projector, then handed Michael a bankbook,

"As promised, an equal share in our overdraft. You really should check the small print."

"At least I've still got my date to look forward to...." Michael's voice trailed away, as he saw the Beardy One busily scribbling in his notebook.

"I told you nothing was real until it had been properly entered in the Minutes. I'm afraid I can't recall any mention of Alison Weston. Still, you will be going on a date, even if it not be with the sultry beauty you were expecting." It dawned on Michael, as the Tudor smugly displayed the entry he was making, that this was malevolence beyond anything even Langford the Grey could have anticipated.

"Now Mike, don't carry on so, it's not that bad. Your date is putting on a sexy little black dress even as we speak and I think you'll find that, provided you don't wear your best shoes, Steve Green can show you a pretty good time.."

So there it is , my children. Take heed of the sad tale of Michael of Askam, and do not set yourself against the Committee. As you value your soul, obey them in all things. For however brave you might be in the face of the Mortons, or Murphy or Berry, always behind them is the menace of the Tudor and his Magic of the Minutes.

You have been warned.

General Certificate of Science-fiction Education by Vernon Brown

[With thanks to everyone who helped with suggestions about the Quiz.]

On the next few pages you will find a GCSE Question Paper. You should also find a loose A4 sized Answer Paper. If you don't have one, please check with Registration.

Most questions in this Quiz require a short answer, but for various reasons this cannot be a written one. So each question has been given several "outline answers" which can be in full or abbreviated. The idea is that you match your

answer to one of the "outline" ones. It's a bit like being given specifications for making a key, together with five different locks. If the key is made correctly, it will fit one of the locks, if it is not, it won't. However, to make the instructions simpler, the terms "question" and "answer" are used, although, strictly speaking, these terms are incorrect.

Instructions

1. Each question on the Paper has several answers.
2. Mark the answer that you think is correct. Each correctly answered question is worth one mark. Many answers are given as acronyms, ie initials of words (eg VB = Vernon Brown). This is because giving answers in full often makes things much too easy.
3. Now choose which answers you will submit for marking. There are three sections - Section B is easy, Section A is medium and Section C has harder questions. You have to submit two sections which must include Section A. If you submit Sections A and B you will obtain a GCSE Ordinary Certificate if you pass, if you submit Section A and C you will gain a GCSE Advanced Certificate if you pass. Pass mark is 40%. Depending on how well you do, you will obtain a Pass or Credit at "O" level, or Pass, Credit or Distinction at "A" level.
4. Having decided which two Sections to submit ignore the other.
5. The Answer Paper has numbered and lettered squares corresponding to the questions and answers in your Question Paper. The idea is that you carefully **block out** with blue or black ink, biro or felt tip the squares corresponding to the answers you think are correct. Do not circle or cross the squares or do anything else, or use pencil, as your paper will not be marked if you do. This is because marking will be done by placing a card mark over your Answer Paper with holes cut in it corresponding with the correct answer square. Squares that show through are correctly answered. Signs, pencils, etc, are unsuitable for this type of parking. If you make a mistake put a large X through the incorrect square.
6. Now complete your Answer Paper. Block out the square corresponding to the Sections you have submitted, ie A and B or A and C, and print your name and address, which we will use as an address label to send you your certificate if you are unable to collect it on the Sunday of the convention.
7. Check that all is completed properly and post your Answer paper only in the box at Registration. Please only fold it once. Make sure that it is posted by 6pm on the Saturday of the convention.
8. As an incentive, all Answer Papers submitted will be entered in a free prize draw.

9. I will have certificates with me on the Sunday - please contact me for them and find out whether you have a prize as well.
10. Finally, no one else will know how well you have done unless you tell them, so please have a go; you may do better than you think.

Section A

1. In H.H's WEST OF EDEN what are the dominant species?
a/ Birds b/ Dinosaurs c/ Insects d/ Mammals e/ Squid
2. In J. White's stories what is Sector General?
a/ Dictator b/ Headquarters c/ Hospital d/ Hunting area e/ Wilderness
3. Which tv series has a Soup Dragon?
a/ B5 b/ BR c/ ST d/ TA e/ TC
4. Who wrote the novel A CASE OF CONSCIENCE?
a/ JB b/ JC c/ SD d/ HH e/ JW
5. What is R.L. Forward's DRAGON'S EGG?
a/ Black Hole b/ Brown Star c/ Nebula d/ Neutron Star
e/ White Dwarf
6. What could Gully Foyle do?
a/ Block b/ Jaunt c/ Levitate d/ Path e/ Scan
7. Who wrote about a Little Fuzzy?
a/ CMK b/ EFR c/ HBP d/ HE e/ TMD
8. Who wrote BEHOLD THE MAN?
a/ AA b/ HH c/ MM d/ RR e/ TT
9. Slippery Jim Digriz is better known as?
a/ BNF b/ FIAWOL c/ TANSTAAFL d/ TSSR e/ USSR
10. On which Shakespearian play was the film FORBIDDEN PLANET based?
a/ AMND b/ O c/ RAJ d/ TMOV e/ TT
11. What is the outward sign of a Slan?
a/ Claws b/ Colour c/ Fins d/ Scales e/ Tendrils
12. In DRAKON (Stirling) what is the Draka quantum foam hole called?
a/ Black hole b/ Mole hole c/ Mouse hole d/ Pinhole
e/ Rabbit hole

13. When was the word "robot" invented?
a/ 1890's b/ 1900's c/ 1910's d/ 1920's e/ 1930's
14. Which author predicted the geosynchronous communications satellite?
a/ IA b/ JB c/ ACC d/ JWC e/ OS
15. In BRING THE JUBILEE (Moore) which wars outcome is changed?
a/ English Civil war b/ American Civil war c/ Boer war d/ WWI
e/ WWII
16. When was THE TIME MACHINE published?
a/ 1870's b/ 1880's c/ 1890's d/ 1900's e/ 1910's
17. When was the film METROPOLIS first released?
a/ 1920 b/ 1922 c/ 1924 d/ 1926 e/ 1928

Section B

18. According to THE HITCH-HIKERS GUIDE TO THE GALAXY what should one not do?
a/ Jump b/ Laugh c/ Panic d/ Titter e/ Worry
19. What is the name of the submarine in the novel 20, 000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA?
a/ Avenger b/ Challenger c/ Enterprise d/ Nautilus e/ Trident
20. In the novel, how does a triffid kill?
a/ Perfume b/ Poison c/ Smother d/ Stab e/ Strangle
21. Who organised the first Novacon?
a/ ASF b/ ASFG c/ BFS d/ BSFA e/ BSFG
22. How many Laws of Robotics did Asimov originally create?
a/ 2 b/ 3 c/ 4 d/ 5 e/ 6
23. What colour is Mr Spock's blood?
a/ Blue b/ Green c/ Red d/ White e/ Yellow
24. Roughly how far, in light years, is the nearest extra solar star?
a/ 2 b/ 4 c/ 6 d/ 8 e/ 10
25. In Wells WAR OF THE WORLDS where do the aliens come from?
a/ Mercury b/ Venus c/ Mars d/ Jupiter e/ Saturn
26. In which comic did Dan Dare first appear?
a/ BOYS OWN b/ EAGLE c/ LION d/ TIGER e/ UNKNOWN

27. Who is often called "The Father of Science Fiction"?
a/ Aldiss b/ Gernsback c/ Gollancz d/ Lang e/ Vogt
28. When was the tv series STAR TREK first screened?
a/ 1960 b/ 1962 c/ 1964 d/ 1966 e/ 1968
29. When was 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY released?
a/ 1964 b/ 1966 c/ 1968 d/ 1970 e/ 1972
30. Who wrote ON THE BEACH and IN THE WET?
a/ Brunner b/ Miller c/ Shute d/ Simak e/ Vance
31. In which novel do firemen burn books?
a/ BURN, WITCH, BURN b/ EMBERS c/ F451 d/ FIRE e/ FIRE WATCH
32. What is Babylon 5?
a/ Planet b/ Sect c/ Spaceship d/ Spacestation e/ Star
33. Which writer invented Slow Glass?
a/ Harrison b/ Kornbluth c/ Pohl d/ Shaw e/ Smith

Section C

18. What is Robert A. Heinlein's middle name?
a/ Absolem b/ Albert c/ Anson d/ Arthur e/ Aspen
19. Which of the following dates is unconnected with Orwell's 1984?
a/ 1939 b/ 1949 c/ 1955 d/ 1984
20. What was the first novel to win a Hugo?
a/ ACOC b/ DS c/ TBT d/ TDM e/ TRBR
21. FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON (DK) was made into which play?
a/ A b/ C c/ R d/ TF e/ TMD
22. In UNDER THE YOKE (Stirling) what is the wine area at the north of Shrankenbergs plantation called?
a/ Bourgueil b/ Chateau Retour c/ Port-Boulet d/ Solange e/ Touraine
23. In what year does B5 "defeat" the Vorlons and Shadows?
a/ 2250 b/ 2261 c/ 2275 d/ 2291 e/ 2299
24. Who wrote AELITA (1922)?
a/ Adler b/ Lang c/ Stalin d/ Tolstoy e/ Trotsky

25. Which film invented the countdown (10, 9, 8 - zero)?
a/ DFIM b/ DM c/ TCOS d/ TTC e/ WWC
26. In the film THE TIME MACHINE (1960) with what does the Traveller return to the future?
a/ Books b/ Computers c/ Films d/ Medicines e/ Weapons
27. A SUBWAY NAMED ? (Deutsch) had odd spatial properties.
a/ Desire b/ Einstein c/ Metro d/ Mobius e/ Quantum
28. In which newspaper was JEFF HAWKE originally published?
a/ DE b/ DM c/ DT d/ DS e/ TT
29. Which are the two "odd men out" of the following?
a/ BIT b/ GUL c/ NEQ d/ SOS e/ VAR
30. In A LOGICAL MAGICIAN (Weinberg) what pre-Christian god did Roger summon by mistake? (Acronym)
a/ IDL b/ PTA c/ TA d/ TCO e/ TDB
31. Who was Fafhrd's companion?
a/ TATD b/ TDM c/ TGM d/ TMAY e/ TSR
32. In the film IT HAPPENED HERE (1966) who invaded the UK?
a/ France b/ Germany c/ Luxemburg d/ Russia e/ Spain
33. In THE TWO GEORGES (Dreyfuss and Turtledove) what object are the heroes hunting for?
a/ Book b/ Disc c/ Painting d/ Photograph e/ Tape

The History of Novacon

NOVACON HOTEL & YEAR	GUEST(S) OF HONOUR	CHAIR
1 1971 (144)	Imperial Centre Committee: Ray Bradbury, Alan Denham, Alan Donnelly, Pauline Dungate.	James White Vernon Brown
2 1972 (144)	Imperial Centre Committee: Stan Eling, Jeffrey Hacker, Richard Newnham, Meg Palmer, Hazel Reynolds.	Doreen Rogers Pauline Dungate
3 1973 (146)	Imperial Centre Committee: Stan Eling, Gillon Field, Meg Palmer, Geoff Winterman.	Ken Bulmer Hazel Reynolds

NOVACON HOTEL & YEAR	GUEST(S) OF HONOUR	CHAIR
4 1974 (211)	Imperial Centre Ken Slater Committee: Pauline Dungate, Stan Eling, Gillon Field, Robert Hoffman, Arline Peyton, Rog Peyton, Hazel Reynolds.	Dr Jack Cohen
5 1975 (272)	Royal Angus Dan Morgan Committee: Ray Bradbury, Pauline Dungate, Robert Hoffman, Laurence Miller, Arline Peyton.	Rog Peyton
6 1976 (317)	Royal Angus David Kyle Committee: Helen Eling, Laurence Miller, Arline Peyton, Rog Peyton.	Stan Eling
7 1977 (278)	Royal Angus John Brunner Committee: Liese Hoare, Martin Hoare, Ian Maule, Janice Maule, Dave Langford.	Stan Eling
8 1978 (309)	Holiday Inn Anne McCaffrey Committee: Dave Holmes, Kathy Holmes, Chris Walton, Jackie Wright.	Laurence Miller
9 1979 (290)	Royal Angus Christopher Priest Committee: Helen Eling, Stan Eling, Chris Morgan, Pauline Morgan, Paul Oldroyd.	Rog Peyton
10 1980 (495)	Royal Angus Brian W Aldiss Committee: Joseph Nicholas, Keith Oborn, Krystyna Oborn, Paul Oldroyd, Chris Walton.	Rog Peyton
11 1981 (362)	Royal Angus Bob Shaw Committee: Helen Eling, Stan Eling, Joseph Nicholas, Phil Probert.	Paul Oldroyd
12 1982 (373)	Royal Angus Harry Harrison Committee: Chris Baker, Dave Hardy, Eunice Pearson, Phil Probert.	Rog Peyton
13 1983 (339)	Royal Angus Lisa Tuttle Committee: Chris Donaldson, Steve Green, Dave Haden, Jan Huxley, Paul Oldroyd, Eunice Pearson, Paul Vincent, John Wilkes.	Phil Probert
14 1984 (333)	Grand Rob Holdstock Committee: Kevin Clarke, Ann Green, Dave Haden, Eunice Pearson, Phil Probert, Martin Tudor, Paul Vincent.	Steve Green

NOVACON HOTEL & YEAR	GUEST(S) OF HONOUR	CHAIR
15 1985 (340)	De Vere (Coventry) Committee: Tony Berry, Carol Pearson, Eunice Pearson, Graham Poole, Martin Tudor.	James White Phil Probert Dave Langford
16 1986 (257)	De Vere (Coventry) Committee: Nick Mills, Darroll Pardoe, Rosemary Pardoe, Graham Poole, Maureen Porter.	E C Tubb Chris Evans Tony Berry
17 1987 (315)	Royal Angus Committee: Mick Evans, Dave Hardy, Graham Poole, Stephen Rogers, Geoff Williams.	Iain Banks Bernie Evans
18 1988 (336)	Royal Angus Committee: Bernie Evans, Rog Peyton, Greg Pickersgill, Linda Pickersgill, Martin Tudor.	Garry Kilworth Tony Berry
19 1989 (426)	The Excelsior Committee: Tony Berry, Helena Bowles, Bernie Evans, Nick Mills, Pam Wells.	Geoff Ryman Martin Tudor
20 1990 (330)	The Excelsior Committee: Al Johnston, Alice Lawson, Steve Lawson, Nick Mills, Richard Standage.	Dr Jack Cohen Bernie Evans
21 1991 (200)	Forte Post House (ex-Excelsior) Committee: David T Cooper, Bernie Evans, Al Johnston, Alice Lawson, Steve Lawson, Chris Murphy.	Colin Greenland Nick Mills
22 1992 (300)	Royal Angus Committee: Tony Berry, Bernie Evans, Jenny Glover, Steve Glover, Carol Morton, Richard Standage.	Storm Constantine Helena Bowles
23 1993 (350)	Royal Angus Committee: Helena Bowles, Bernie Evans, Tony Morton, Richard Standage.	Stephen Baxter Carol Morton
24 1994 (214)	Royal Angus Committee: Helena Bowles, Sarah Freakley, Carol Morton, Tony Morton, Chris Murphy, Martin Tudor.	Graham Joyce Richard Standage

NOVACON HOTEL & YEAR	GUEST(S) OF HONOUR	CHAIR
25 1995 (338)	The Chamberlain Brian W Aldiss Harry Harrison Bob Shaw (Special Guest: Iain M Banks)	Tony Morton
	Committee: Tony Berry, Carol Morton, Chris Murphy, Richard Standage, Martin Tudor.	
26 1996 (281)	The Ibis David Gemmell	Carol Morton
	Committee: Sarah Freakley, Tony Morton, Chris Murphy, Richard Standage, Martin Tudor.	
27 1997 (277)	The Abbey (Great Malvern)	Peter F Hamilton Martin Tudor
	Committee: Carol & Tony Morton, Chris Murphy, Mike D Siddall.	

* * * * *

Please note that hotels were in Birmingham unless otherwise stated and that the attendance figures above (the number in brackets under each year) have, in the majority of cases, been taken from the members listed when each Programme Book went to press. They are not final totals of the attendees at each of the Novacons. For example the final membership at Novacon 17 was 352 (not 315) and at Novacon 18 was 411 (not 336).

The Nova Awards by Tony Berry

Created in 1973 by the late Gillon Field, the Nova Awards are presented annually by the Birmingham Science Fiction Group for work in fanzines. At first chosen by committee, the awards are now voted on by "informed fans". Until 1981 there was only one award for Best Fanzine, but since then the categories Best Fanwriter and Best Fanartist have been added.

For a fanzine to qualify, one or more issues must have been published between 1st October 1996 and 30th September 1997. For fanartists and fanwriters to qualify, a piece of their work must have been published for the first time between those dates. A "Fanzine" is defined as an amateur publication which is concerned with sf/fantasy, sf and fantasy fans and/or related subjects, copies of which can be obtained in exchange for other amateur publications or for letters of comment.

The Novas are awarded by informed vote. Informed votes come from informed voters, who are defined as Novacon members (or supporting members) who

have received six or more fanzines during the relevant year. These must be different publications, not different issues of the same publication. The various official organs of a society or group do not count as different fanzines.

Finally, a Serious Omission has come to light! For several years, dark mutterings have been heard to emanate from a certain well-known Australian in the bar at midnight, along the lines of "...bastards...left out...Nova...what about me...bastards..." I can now reveal that although the 1974 Nova was a tie between Lisa Conesa and John Brosnan, since Novacon 21, John's name has been missed off the list. Not my fault, honest. This has now been corrected. Sorry.

The Nova Awards: Previous Winners

1973: SPECULATION ed. Peter Weston
 1974: ZIMRI ed. Lisa Conesa tied with BIG SCAB ed. John Brosnan
 1975: MAYA ed. Rob Jackson
 1976: MAYA ed. Rob Jackson
 1977: TWILL-DDU ed. Dave Langford
 1978: GROSS ENCOUNTERS ed. Alan Dorey
 1979: SEAMONSTERS ed. Simone Walsh
 1980: ONE-OFF ed. Dave Bridges.

YEAR	BEST FANZINE	BEST WRITER	BEST ARTIST
1981	TAPPEN ed. Malcolm Edwards	Chris Atkinson	Pete Lyon
1982	EPSILON ed. Rob Hansen	Chris Atkinson	Rob Hansen
1983	A COOL HEAD ed. Dave Bridges	Dave Bridges	Margaret Welbank
1984	XYSTER ed. Dave Wood	Anne Hammill	D. West
1985	PREVERT ed. John Jarrold	Abi Frost	Ros Calverly
1986	PINK BEDSOCKS ed. Owen Whiteoak	Owen Whiteoak	ATom
1987	LIP ed. Hazel Ashworth	D. West	D. West

YEAR	BEST FANZINE	BEST WRITER	BEST ARTIST
1988	LIP ed. Hazel Ashworth	Michael Ashley	D. West
1989	VSOP ed. Jan Orys	Simon Polley	Dave Mooring
1990	FTT ed. Joseph Nicholas & Judith Hanna	Dave Langford	Dave Mooring
1991	SALIROMANIA ed. Michael Ashley	Michael Ashley	D. West
1992	BOB? ed. Ian Sorensen	Michael Ashley	Dave Mooring
1993	LAGOON ed. Simon Ounsley	Simon Ounsley	Dave Mooring
1994	RASTUS JOHNSON'S CAKEWALK ed. Greg Pickersgill	Greg Pickersgill	D. West
1995	ATTITUDE ed. Michael Abbott, John Dallman & Pam Wells	Simon Ounsley	D. West
1996	WAXEN WINGS & BANANA SKINS ed. Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer	Alison Freebairn	D. West

TAFF: the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund by Martin Tudor

The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund was created in 1953 for the purpose of providing funds to bring well-known and popular fans familiar to those on both sides of the ocean across the Atlantic. Since that time TAFF has regularly brought North American fans to European conventions and European fans to North American conventions. TAFF exists solely through the support of fandom. The candidates are voted on by interested fans all over the world, and each

vote is accompanied by a donation of not less than \$2 or £1. These votes, and the continued generosity of fandom, are what make TAFF possible.

This year for a brief period, 1st November to 13 December, two races are running concurrently!

Victor M Gonzalez, Ulrika O'Brien, Vicki Rosenzweig and Tom Sadler are competing to represent North America at the 1998 British National convention at Easter in 1998. Voting closes midnight on 13th December 1997.

Meanwhile voting opened on the 1st November for the 1998 Europe to North America race, where Chris Bell, Bridget "Bug" Hardcastle and Maureen Kincaid Speller are vying for the right to represent Europe at the 1998 World SF Convention in August 1998. All three have graciously agreed to appear on a TAFF HUSTINGS panel at Novacon (7pm on Saturday, in the Elgar) - to enable you to quiz them about their intentions, to help you to decide who to vote for before the voting deadline of 25th April 1998.

More urgently, to help you decide who to vote for in the North America to Europe race Andy Hooper asked each of the four candidates to write 500-750 words about themselves and their careers in fandom, which he published in his fanzine THE JEZAIL in August, and has given permission for us to reproduce here. (THE JEZAIL is available from Andy Hooper, The Starliter Building, 4228 Francis Ave. N. #103, Seattle, WA 98103, USA for the usual, or by subscription, £12.00 pa, from Martin Tudor, 24 Ravensbourne Grove, Willenhall, WV13 1HX.

You should find ballots for each race in your programme pack - don't forget to vote in both! I'll be happy to take your ballots (and money) at Novacon. You'll find me at my table in the dealer's room (when it is open) or in the bar!

TAFF "Hustings": North America to Europe by the Candidates

The Short, Unhappy Life of Roscoe McComber by Victor M Gonzalez

I first found fandom at age 18 as I grew bored with college. Former Seattle fan Tom Weber encouraged me to join the Amateur Long Playing Society, a music apa, and also to attend Vanguard parties, which I've done religiously except when I haven't lived in the Pacific Northwest. It was a time drenched in alternative music, Cyberpunk and long-lasting psychotomimetic cocktails.

I fell in love with humour in fanzines like TAPPEN, PONG, MAINSTREAM, FAST AND LOOSE, IZZARD and others, most read years after they were published. I yearned to become involved.

Stu Shiffman was the first to note my entry when he demanded to talk to me during a phone call from New York to a 1984 Vanguard. New York fandom had decided I must be a hoax, calculated to counter Cesar Ignacio Ramos, the then new and still unverified golden boy of a certain Puerto Rican-based BNF.

Stu, to his credit, believed I must exist after I introduced myself from the living room at "The Birthplace", the fannish household that had the Vanguard franchise at the time.

In those days I was surrounded by helpful fen: Jerry Kaufman, Jane Hawkins, Gary Farber, Karrie Dunning, Alan Bostick and Steven Brian Bieler were among the fans who introduced the Big Concepts, and I published my first genzine, TOTALLY WIRED. But Stu was a prophet; Topic A exploded, and my first big con, the '84 LACon, was subsumed in arguments and well-scoured reams of correspondence. I recall being paralysed in the smoke-filled rooms, staring blankly at a three-inch stack of DNQ letters lying on fake veneer, barely a foot from the complimentary Bible in the drawer below.

By then I had discovered a basic division in fanzine fandom: the line between those who view fanzines as a conduit of communication, to be valued for the ability to bond with others, and those who see fanzines as a craft, a combination of writing, art and layout to be perfected and explored.

This division is still the source of many rough edges in the fannish discourse. One person criticizes a fannish work; the other declaims the criticism as ignorant of the purpose, which was to reinforce the social bond. But surely the critics respect the social bond - I know it's been important for me - and surely those who put the social bond in a pre-eminent position also respect the craft of a well-done fanzine.

Can we not be critical without being offensive? That is an important question to me.

I returned from LACon a fan included, but Topic A colored fandom until I gafiated in 1987. Between '84 and '87, I also published three issues of INSTANT GRATIFICATION with Jerry, an issue of PARASITE with Tom, and an issue of SANS SERIE, which was to have been my new genzine.

But - to simplify a great deal - personal tragedy combined with some personal problems made me a far less productive person, and besides going to the occasional convention, and still meeting with fans, I went away for a while.

By 1989 I was back in control, but my focus was on myself, as I went back to school, moved to New York City, and began a career as a journalist. For years I considered coming back, but all I really did was contribute to THE NEW YORK REVIEW OF SCIENCE FICTION a few times, and work as a temporary underpaid flunky at Tor Books - a common malady, I am assured by Geoff Hartwell.

Andy Hooper sent me SPENT BRASS, and then APPARATCHIK, and by the time I returned to Seattle and started working for the local papers I was ready to contribute. It started with a regular column, and Hooper made me a co-editor in issue #46. I helped out until issue #80, when the zine shut down.

APAK was a lot of fun, and despite what it can do to interpersonal relationships, I'm surprised more fans don't find a couple buddies and crank out the stuff like we did. It is truly amazing how a division of fanzine-making labors can work. Grab a friend and do a fanzine. It works in Fabulous Seattle Fandom.

Now, I'm about to publish the first issue of my new fanzine, SQUIB, and I'm running for TAFF. I would be honored to represent American fandom, but I don't really think I'm deserving. TAFF is surely the greatest honor, a popular vote and a meaningful prize. Where is Arnie Katz, or Joyce? Where is Hooper? Surely there are a half-dozen fans, some old-and-tired, but all far more deserving than me or any of the other candidates in this year's race.

But if I win, I promise a trip, with a full report, and I'll do my damndest to have a good time. And I will meet D. West.

Put down that fine Bavarian firearm, dear. Please.

Well, How Did I Get Here? by Ulrika O'Brien

First, an anchor point. A beginning: I think it was in Mr. Isaaksen's biology lab, of the cracked dissecting pans, pickled creatures in yellowed glass jars, and reeking of formaldehyde, that I slugged Lex Nakashima in the clavicle. (I cannot now recall quite why, but I feel certain I Was Provoked.) He was in ninth grade, in eighth. As you may imagine, it's been a prickly, barbed sort of friendship ever since - he lobs me time-delayed exploding gotchas, and I protect my sorry self as best I can with the patented, three-handled family heirloom Withering Glare - but we're united by our mutual fondness for sf and the uneasy solidarity that comes of being the sort of nerds who hang out in science labs in their spare time. I hardly ever hit him, anymore.

As fannish origin stories go, it's a little inauspicious. Nonetheless, it was thanks to Lex and our inexplicable friendship that I found fandom. About five years after the blow fell, in 1980, we were both undergrads at UCLA when Lex finally got tired of telling me I should try going to the LASFS, and just took me there instead. Wotta revelation. In one night I got the complete, almighty treatment: Mike Jittlov, giving no sign that he ever unzips, let alone removes, the trademark lime green windbreaker, showing home movies; me falling madly for Mike Walsh (not the Baltimore one); getting handed a wad of intriguing if mysterious APA-Ls; being the flattered object of the New Femme Fan Glom; and finally getting cheerfully swept along into the mad uproar of an aftermeeting in full cry, all greasy, cheap food, pink-capped lumpen waitresses,

and utterly unexpected conversations. A quick one-two sucker punch: welcome to the swirl of club fandom and apa-hacking in one easy lesson, death will not release you.

One might have guessed from the outset I was destined for fandom. My memories of my first beer are a bit hazy; as far as I can calculate, I must have been about three at the time. Sun and wind in the birches, the crunch of the gravel drive, and the hum of bees in the briar rose hedge: it must have been summer, and my grandfather gave me a tiny sip of his (weak Swedish near beer) lager. I liked it. For that lifelong favor I repaid him by pouring suntan oil in his rosewood pipe while playing Junior Chemist. After thirty-two years he still has that pipe, and it still tastes of suntan oil, and I'm still drinking beer. (Obviously, my finely tuned philosophical sense of justice was not an inborn thing, or perhaps is better kept in the breach than in the observation.) About the same time my favorite reading was KALLE ANKA (Donald Duck, in Swedish) comics, so between the bheer and the funny books I made a fine fannish start.

An auspicious launch hasn't made for a stellar career. Not that I ever thought of myself as laboring in obscurity; I see fandom as another instance of Greg Chalfin's "it's just guys doing stuff". But considering the signs of my passage through fandom, the ones that please me most aren't big league stuff. I've been President of MYRIAD a couple of times, which means I scored high on the annual egoboo poll, and the good opinion of that particular tribe of apahacks is something I'm proud of. These days They (you know, 'Them') let me DJ a convention rock dance now and again, and it's a terrific rush to get to please myself and pull a response out of the dancers. (Fandom is about communication, I think - it's a kick to get up to my elbows in the nonverbal kinds now and again.) I have one of the green "Stage Leftist" T-shirts from Confederation, earned helping sound tech the masquerade; I'm damn proud of that T-shirt. And I've met and won the friendship of some beaucoups cool folks over the years, which is my pride, my joy, and the whole point of fandom as I know it.

So when I think about it, there's nothin' to tell really. Just the simple peacetime dialectic of ordinary social colloquy. Just guys doin' stuff. What was the question again?

My Fannish Life in 750 words by Vicki Rosenzweig

Our esteemed editor is asking the impossible of the TAFF candidates: to sum up half a lifetime in 750 words. Maybe he figures that, after this, making the trip and administering the fund will be easy.

The first step is to acknowledge that the task, as stated, is impossible: there's just too much to tell, for anyone who's likely to be running for TAFF. I've been in fandom half my life. I'm 33, I'll be 34 by the time the race is over, and I've

been involved in fandom since I was 17 - an apa writer first, a convention-goer (and gopher) almost as soon, editor of two fanzines (in series, not at the same time), a letterhack and sometime writer of articles for other people's zines, occasional panel participant (the first time on one minute's notice, when I walked into a panel that looked interesting and Jenny Glover drafted me), and member of the [not so] Secret Feminist Cabal. With all that, I still read science fiction, and sometimes run into fans who want to talk about the same books I do.

My first attempt to tell The Story of My Fannish Life got me all the way to 1983 in the first 600 words. First times are interesting and sometimes even revealing - my first apa (started by Joe Braman for people at my high school, which was soon followed by more fannish apas, and mailing comments to people I hadn't met), my first con (sleeping on the floor of the film room, back in the days when all-night film rooms were an unofficial way of providing minimal crash space, free, for the impecunious and the disorganized), my first Worldcon (Constellation - glass elevators, walking too much, dinner with new friends who couldn't afford the banquet either, helping a friend huckster for \$5 an hour and the chance to sit someplace where people could find me).

In some ways, I grew up in fandom. My parents aren't fans, though they do read some sf, but I found fandom at the same time as I finished high school; I was ready for some people who would let me be a grown-up. And I owe you all a debt of thanks, for giving me something better to do my freshman year of college than attend parties full of drunken strangers. For all the fanzines and letters and conversations. I remember, some years ago, looking at the day's mail, and putting aside the card from my brother because I had a letter from Walt Willis. Fans aren't necessarily family, but when they write to me they have something interesting to say. Even in these days of e-mail and international direct dial, there's a romantic thrill in a letter from Argentina or a zine from Austria. And something more than romantic in all the words that connect me to British fandom.

Last night, at the monthly get-together for New York area fans who read rec.arts.sf.fandom, someone was asking about fanzines. He asked who does them. "Anyone who wants to," I told him. And why. "Because it's fun." Sometimes fun comes in complicated and non-obvious packages. Sometimes it can look like work. Sometimes it is work: making morning coffee in the con suite, collating fanzines, running the Fan Lounge at a local convention. But it's worthwhile, and often still fun, so I'll do things free that you probably couldn't hire me for.

I've done a lot of things in fandom because they came to me and seemed worth doing. I'm Official Editor of A WOMEN'S APA because the previous OE had to quit, and I felt that I owed it, in some odd way, not only to AWA but to everyone who'd done the work for other apas I was in. I've worked as a cashier at Lunacon Art Shows because I was there and someone remembered that I can handle numbers. When people ask me for articles, I write them - even if it's My

Fannish Life in 750 words. (When nobody asks, I write articles and put them in my own fanzine.) I was asked to run for TAFF; but that isn't why I'm doing it: all these requests are really offers, chances to do things with and for fandom.

A Brief Bio of Tom Sadler by Tom Sadler

I was born in a tiny log cabin deep in the wilds of - No, no, that's not right. I was born in 1946, in a house rather than a hospital, and spent the next several years of my life unexceptionally. Somewhere in that dimly remembered past I discovered science fiction and was hooked for life. Not long after, I acquired my first library card to the children's section of the local public library. I quickly went through the limited sf section on the children's section, devouring all those books with the rocket on the spine. With great impatience I looked forward to the day when I could get a card to allow me access to the adult section and the riches I imagined lay there.

At about the time I finally got my library card (when I was in what used to be called Junior High School), I also began buying paperback books thus beginning my own personal library. The first paperback I clearly remember purchasing was Murray Leinster's *FOUR FROM PLANET FIVE* which I still have (along with a few hundred other paperbacks and an equal number of hardback books). Over the next few decades sf has been my main reading focus although not my sole one.

During those decades I also married and helped raise four children, two sons and two daughters. Our oldest, a son, will be 28 later this year; our youngest, a daughter, recently turned 21. My wife and I also have two grandchildren, a grandson by our younger daughter and a granddaughter by our eldest daughter. So far, neither of my sons has seen fit to provide us with any more grandchildren.

I continued to read sf but my knowledge of fandom and fanzines was very hazy and, so far as I knew, conventions were few and far between and too distant for me to attend. (That shows how extensive my ignorance of such things was; there had been conventions in Detroit, Cleveland, and Chicago, places not that far off.) Especially with small children to consider. It never occurred to me to take them along. Even so, the only cons I knew about were the Worldcons and those seemed to come at an inconvenient time of year.

Sometime in 1986 I got seriously intent on writing sf for publication. That decision led me, indirectly, into fandom when I heard about and attended my first convention, the World Fantasy Convention held in Nashville, Tennessee in 1987. Even then, I went mainly to meet a fellow writer I had come to know and also established authors, editors and publishers. After experiencing and enjoying that convention, I wanted more. I did some checking, and found a few of interest relatively close by (well, one turned out to be not in Columbus, Ohio, but in Columbus, Georgia...).

I attended several cons but soon decided I wanted more from the cons than mere entertainment. So I began volunteering for panels. That only got me deeper into fandom. I have been on panels mostly at the midwestern cons nearest me: Millenicon, Context, InConjunction, a couple of Confusions, Marcons, and the first and only Worldcon I've attended, Chicon V.

Concurrently with my interest in cons I developed an even stronger interest in fanzines. The interest quickly grew to the point where I launched my own fanzine, THE RELUCTANT FAMULUS, soon to see its 50th issue and mark its ninth birthday at the end of 1997. By way of TRF I have acquired lots of other contemporary fanzines and few older ones as well, lots of fannish acquaintances, and even a few friends. I enjoy the cons but the fanzine aspect has proven to be far more satisfying to me.

So far, however, my fanac in both cons and fanzines has been limited to the US. Now in my 10th year in fandom and looking forward to the 10th year of fanzine publishing, I decided to go a little farther afield, as it were, to a place that so far only my fanzines have been and meet in person a whole bunch of interesting fans. After that, I look forward to a few more decades in fandom, if I'm fortunate enough, because as far as I'm concerned, my fannish life has only just begun and there is lots more to see and do.

[Further information regarding TAFF and supplies of ballot forms are available from Martin Tudor, 24 Ravensbourne Grove, Willenhall, WV13 1HX., e-mail martin@empties.demon.co.uk.]

An Announcement from Martin Tudor, Chairman Novacon 28

Novacon 28 will be held over the weekend 13-15 November 1998, and I am delighted to announce that our Guest of Honour is Paul J McAuley.

Attending membership costs just £25.00 at Novacon 27, rising to £28.00 after the con and probably rising again after Easter 1998.

Currently we are still negotiating with several hotels in the Midlands area and we hope to announce our venue in Progress Report #1 later this year. For further details consult the flyer in your programme package.



Novacon 27 Membership

200 Michael Abbott	177 Felix Cohen	069 Niall M Gordon
266 Justin Ackroyd	148 Jack Cohen	103 Wendy Graham
026 Brian Ameringen	053 Noel Collyer	056 Ann Green
261 David Angus	231 Alison Cook	055 Steve Green
105 Margaret Austin	140s EM Costelloe	268 Phil Greenaway
179 Amanda Baker	024 Dave Cox	001 Peter F Hamilton
169 Chris Baker	028 Arthur Cruttenden	123 Bridget Hardcastle
170 Rachel Baker	030 John Dallman	106 Dave Hardy
017 Julia Barnsley	240 Julia Daly	072 John Harold
018 Simon Barnsley	265 Chris Davenport	075 Colin Harris
256 Alam Baum	172 Brian Davies	115 Sue Harrison
084 Chris Bell	214 Malcolm Davies	077 Eve Harvey
173 Austin Benson	094 Stephen Davies	076 John Harvey
132 Tony Berry	032 Guy Dawson	219 Susie Haynes
249 Elizabeth Billinger	031 Susan Dawson	257 Donya Hazard White
248 Paul Billinger	095 Giulia de Cesare	276 Graham Head
207 John Bilton	049 Simon Dearn	016 Julian Headlong
197 Simon Bisson	228 Jane Del-Pizzo	198 Dave Hicks
187 Paul Blair	111 Sarah Dibb	235 Chris Hill
130 Helena Bowles	079 Christine Donaldson	236 Penny Hill
131 Ray Bradbury	255 Rochelle Dorey	039 Simon A Hovell
222 Simon Bradshaw	048 Paul Dormer	263 Graham Howard
196 Mary Branscombe	203 Frances Dowd	163 Rhodri James
243 John Bray	202 John F Dowd	251 Steve Jefferey
052 Claire Briarley	100 Tara Dowling-Hussey	254 Al Johnston
178 Gordon Brignal	107 Peter Dunn	138 Christine Jones
277 Keith Brooke	146 Susan Dye	137 Michael Jones
224 Barbara Brooks	008 Roger Earnshaw	195 Rob Jones
270 Chris Brooks	104 Martin Easterbrook	096 Steve Jones
223 Ian Brooks	162 Cathryn Easthope	081 Sue Jones
098 Ben Brown	160 Lillian Edwards	258 Debra Kerr
037 Pat Brown	071 Lynn Edwards	269 Matt Kiessling
108 Tanya Brown	020 Helen Eling	057 Paul Kincaid
036 Vernon Brown	021 Stan Eling	058 Maureen Kincaid Speller
205 Roger Burton West	102 Bernie Evans	154 David Laight
125 Stephen Cain	230 Mick Evans	242 Christina Lake
054 Kim Campbell	085 Nic Farey	143 Dave Lally
101 John Campbell Rees	192 Janet Figg	080 Dave Langford
073 Robbie Cantor	191 Mike Figg	093 Alice Lawson
152 Stuart Capewell	097 Felicity Fletcher	092 Steve Lawson
273 Dave Clements	153 Mike Ford	271 Adam Leci
199 Cat Coast	116 Jon Fowler	226 Paul Lewis
190 Elaine Coates	250 Vikki Lee France	210 Mike Llewellyn
168 David Cochrane	193 Susan Francis	227 Steve Lockley
	211 Dave French	252 Karen Lukawski
	212 Shirley French	063 Peter Maby
	015 Gwen Funnell	216 Ken MacLeod
	133 Nigel Furlong	120 Sarah Main
	134 Sabine Furlong	

150	Sue Mason	241	Ceri Pritchard	041	David Thomas
260	Laurence Matthews	109	Liam Proven	238	David G Thomas
127	Catherine McAulay	135	Tina Rath	194	Linda-Claire Toal
215	Alison McCann	136	Tony Rath	047	Alison Tomkinson
267	Pat McGowan	182	A Richards	046	Neil Tomkinson
246	Alex McIntock	022	John D Rickett	099	Barry Traish
070	John McMorrine	244	Julie Rigby	164	Paul Treadway
155	Pat McMurray	027	Roger Robinson	050	Nancy Tucker Shaw
233	John Meaney	065	Doreen Rogers	033	Helena Tudor
234	Yvonne Meaney	275	Jane Rogers	002	Martin Tudor
166	David Merry	066	Phil Rogers	142	Madeleine Tyrell
167	John Merry	088	Tony Rogers	141	Nick Tyrell
188	Judy Miller	147	John Rowbotham	161	T C Valois
184	Jo Mills	013	Marcus L Rowland	221	John L Waggott
183	Nick Mills	218	Yvonne Rowse	232	Phil Wain
122	Rod Milner	225	Lee Russ	145	Ashley Walker
119	Debby Moir	259	Ian Sales	040	Huw Walters
118	Mike Moir	272	Jeffrey Sanda	060	Christine Ward
110	Dave Mooring	124	Alan Scott	059	Edward Ward
090	Chris Morgan	038	Mike Scott	171	Lesley Ward
253	Darren Morgan	051	Ian Shaw	019	Peter Wareham
089	Pauline Morgan	208	Maira Shearman	209	Freda Warrington
149	Tim Morley	157	Anthony J Shepherd	206	Caroline Watsham
004	Carol Morton	165	DM Sherwood	112	Gerry Webb
003	Tony Morton	011	Ina Shorrock	010	Pam Wells
217	Miriam Moss	012	Norman Shorrock	035	Eileen Weston
245	John Mowatt	005	Mike Siddall	034	Peter Weston
044	Steve Mowbray	151	Mark Simmons	274	Eve Westwood
144	Wendy Moylan	159	M J Simpson	181	Laura Wheatly
025	Caroline Mullan	082	Ken F Slater	220	David Wilgress
006	Chris Murphy	189	Mark Slater	029	Janet Wilkins
204	Carol Murtha Irving	128	M A Smith	045	Bridget Wilkinson
237	Lisanne Norman	264	Marcus Smith	201	Anne Wilson
139s	J O'Dell	175	Dan Smithers	174	Caroline Wilson
229	Mike O'Driscoll	176	Lucy Smithers	087	Alan Woodford
023	Chris O'Shea	180	Robert Sneddon	086	Anne Woodford
156	Krystyna Oborn	083	Adrian Snowdon	091	Diana Wynne Jones
078	Paul Oldroyd	213	Kate Solomon		
262	Sue Oliver	042	Ian Sorensen		
247	Darrol Pardoe	129	Richard Standage		
186	David Peak	117	Tim Stannard		
185	Susan Peak	014	Helen Steele		
113	Mali Perera	062	Ian Stewart		
121	Rog Peyton	239	Billy Stirling		
126	Greg Pickersgill	064	Chris Stocks		
061	Mark Plummer	158	Mike Stone		
068	Jean Porter	114	Neil Summerfield		
067	Jim Porter	043	Lesley Swan		
009	Sherrie Powell	074	Nadja Tegen		

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Robert Jordan, Graham Joyce, Gary Kilworth,
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Terry Pratchett, Robert Rankin, Kim Stanley Robinson,
Michael Scott Rohan, Dan Simmons, Sheri S Tepper,
Patrick Tilley, Freda Warrington, Ian Watson,
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