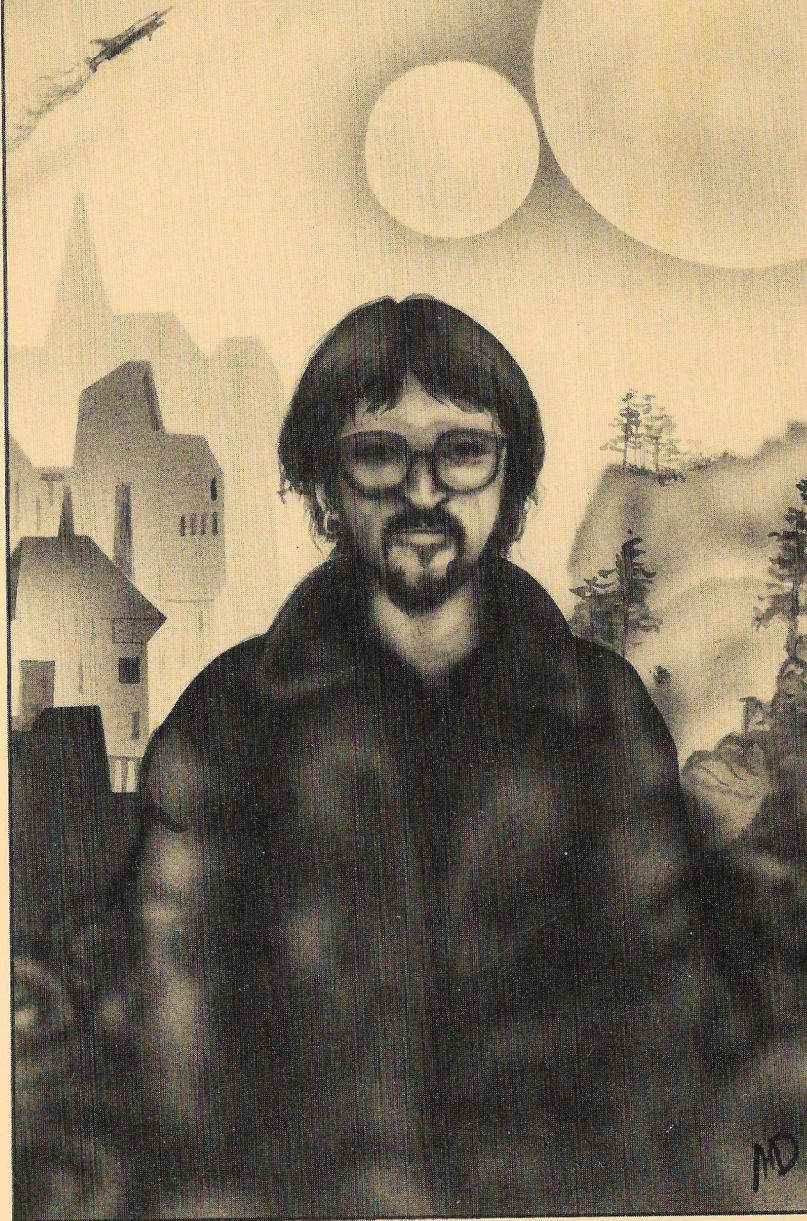


NOVACON

21

PROGRAMME BOOK





Guest of Honour

Colin Greenland

**Chair
(& Hotel Liaison)**

Nick Mills

Committee

**Treasurer
Membership
Operations
Publications**

***David T Cooper
Bernie Evans
Al Johnston
Alice Lawson
Steve Lawson
Chris Murphy***

Programme

Staff

**Creche
Artshow
Bookroom
Snooker Tournament**

***Vicky Evans
John Harrold
Mick Evans
Stephen Tudor***

***Friday 1st November to Sunday 3rd November 1991
Forte Post House at Birmingham Airport***

WHO'S WHO, WHAT'S WHAT

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General Certificate of Science Fiction Education

Vernon Brown's annual exam. The featured book this year is *Ringworld* by Larry Niven. Only the questions are published here - if you want to take part, please make sure that you have a separate Answer Paper. This should be in your programme pack, if you haven't got one, there are some spares at Registration

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Footsteps through the Spaghetti Timewarp - writings both seminal and silly from past Novacon programme books and specials. Collated and edited by Frances Dowd and Steve Lawson

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WHO'S WHO, WHAT'S WHAT

Boring But Useful

The facts, nothing but the facts - information gleaned from past programme books, databases and Bernie Evans' brain, including:

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Illustrations

Cover and logo by Dave Mooring, also the Birthday cartoons dotted about through the book, 'D' on page 34 and 'The Deadline' on this page

Cartoons by Tim Groome -

Pages 4, 5, 14, 37, 38, 42, 58 and 60

Cartoons by Pete Lyon

Pages 21 and 50

Photograph of Colin Greenland by Miriam Berkley

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Birmingham SF Group

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Illumination

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Harper Collins

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Dragon's World

Page 39

Critical Wave

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McDonald

Outside Back Cover

Credits

The Nova Awards are being administered this year by Harry Bond

The Chair of Novacon 22 is Helena Bowles

Design and production of the programme book by Dowd Family Publications Inc.

Printed by Roland Davis Ltd. of Sheffield

Sponsors

Harper Collins have sponsored the Fancy Dress Party on Friday night



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THE CHAIR SPEAKS

Welcome to the twenty-first Novacon. To those gallant few who have survived the preceding twenty, your ~~sheer~~ *stupidity* endurance is to be admired.

As usual I would like to thank my committee and other people who have worked so hard to make this Novacon succeed. But I also wish to acknowledge all the previous chairs and committees who have continued the Novacon tradition and thereby made this twenty-first Novacon a reality.

For those without the time to read and analyse the History of Novacon (page 57), I shall offer a few statistics. The 21 committees have had a total of 129 members, an average of just over 6.1 members per committee. Over 80% of committees have had five or six members but the average is boosted by a few larger ones, the largest being the nine person committee of Novacon 13. To make up these committees 67 people have served on an average of just over 1.9 committees each. But a mere ten people (15% of the total) have filled 50 committee posts, including 16 chairships, (39% of committee posts and 76% of the chairships) between them. The convention has been held at only six different venues, including ten times at the Royal Angus. In all, the official attendance figures admit to 6,329 members at an average of just over 301 per Novacon with the peak still being the 495 at Novacon 10 - that was a very crowded Royal Angus.

Enough of these statistics. Enjoy our celebration and think - it's only 10 years until the year 2001 and Novacon 31. What a party that could be!

Nick Mills

Next year Novacon 22 will be chaired by Helena Bowles. I am pleased to be able to tell you that the guest of honour is to be Storm Constantine.

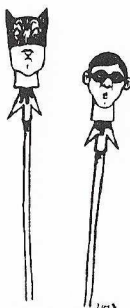
Novacon 22 hopes to be held on the first weekend in November 1992 and at the Forte Post House at Birmingham Airport. Dates and places will be confirmed at Novacon 21, at which time memberships will be taken.

There will be a special rate of £15:00 during Novacon 21 after which the membership rate will rise - to a figure that could well depend on just how many memberships are taken during this convention, so join now!!

Memberships, as usual, will be taken by Bernie Evans, either during the convention or afterwards at the Novacon 22 address:

121 Cape Hill,
Smethwick,
Warley,
West Midlands, B66 4SH.

Steve Lawson



"Somehow,
Batman, I
don't think
we're going
to get out
of this one!"

Programme Notes

Another year, another Novacon. This is of course the 21st, a reason to celebrate. Hence the *Harper Collins fancy-dress party* on Friday night. There is an opportunity to hear former Novacon chairpersons speak about their experiences. What were the early Novacons like? Which features have changed over the years and which remained the same? Now (we hope) it can be told.

One departure from tradition is that our Guest of Honour, **Colin Greenland**, is being interviewed instead of giving a speech. He will also be reading from his own work. Aspiring writers should attend the *How to get published* panel on Sunday. A number of regular Novacon attendees are now authors as well as fans - how about you?

With **Ian Stewart** to tell us about animal locomotion and **Ellen Pedersen** speaking on the Golem Legend, we are well served with

serious talks. Ian will be remembered for his item on Chaos Theory at Novacon 20. Ellen is a Danish writer and translator of SF.

Pam Wells is here to give an account of her recent TAFF trip. How do those American fans really behave at home? (And have you got your voting form for the 1992 ballot yet?) **Dave Cox**, the Judge Dredd of quizmasters, is running a game of *Galactic University Challenge*.

The usual auctions and ceremonies are taking place, and there is a film programme which is described elsewhere in this book (page 34). If you are reading this *after* the convention, you will know how all these things went. You may also know what got changed or added at the last minute, and why a particular video item is called *Digging For Cardboard*...

Chris Murphy



The Committee

David T Cooper

I am a civil engineer from Sheffield. I became interested in astronomy and space travel when I was six or seven, at the time of the first moon landings. I discovered science fiction a few years later, then fantasy a few years after that.

Much later, in 1987, I found fandom. My first convention was Albacon of that year. My first convention committee was (and still is) Illumination. I was drafted onto the Novacon committee after accidentally taking minutes for a couple of Novacon 20 committee meetings.

Greatest fannish achievement so far: The Astral Pole in less than five seconds.

Bernie Evans

I was born in Oldham, Lancs (not Manchester!) in 1946 and moved to Birmingham in December 1964. I have been interested in Science Fiction since Infant School, reading comics and watching 1950s 'B' movies. My early reading was mythology, Arthurian legends and Badger books. Authors I currently enjoy are Mike Resnick, Kevin O'Donnell Jr, Dean R Koontz, Bob Shaw, James White, Dann/Dozois anthologies and Storm Constantine, but especially James White. First convention ever was Novacon 11, chaired Fifteencon and Novacons 17 and 20, and I haven't learnt my lesson yet as I am also doing membership for Mexican V and I am mailing room overlord for Glasgow in 1995 Worldcon bid.

Likes: con committees, heavy metal music (plus rock and 60s stuff), knitting, doting on two grandchildren (with a third due shortly). I also like collecting unicorns (models) and cats (live ones, four at last count), but I really enjoy my new hobby of collecting daughters (three at

last count, but still hoping for a few more (only joking Mick, one more maybe!)).

Al Johnston

A quick committee-spotter's guide: I'm the large one. Now 27, I first discovered SF in my early teens at school, and came across SF fans and fandom at University (in between bouts of rowing, Monty Python, American football, RPG and the occasional bit of studying). I eventually got involved by joining the Brum group in 1988, just in time to miss Novacon 18. Bernie made sure I went to Novacon 19, and shortly afterward (no pun intended) made me an offer I couldn't refuse: "Be on the committee for Novacon 20." Twentycon was a bit of a break, as I was only in some programme items, but now I'm in deep again and this is still only my fourth convention. However, looking on the bright side, I've doubled my experience since last year! So, hasta la vista, chill out, and I'll be back, etc. ...

Alice Lawson

Since joining fandom in 1987, I have discovered something that frightens me. I actually enjoy working at conventions! Don't ask me why. Oh go on then - I'll tell you. I have discovered that it is a great way to get to meet people.

I first started by being personal gopher for Anne Page when she organises her masquerades. I still love doing that, probably because I love all the costumes, even if I don't have the ability to make one - perhaps someday. I have learned a lot from fandom including the fact that I can now mix with people without being self conscious (usually). I have made a lot of good friends through fandom - including my husband

WHO'S WHO, WHAT'S WHAT

Steve (I'll just buy one more comic) Lawson.

So in my four years in fandom I have moved home (from Glasgow to Sheffield), got married, adopted three cats (sorry, they adopted me), been on three committees and acquired a lot of good friends.

Not a bad deal for sticking my nose into an Albacon to see what all the fuss was about!

Steve Lawson

I am a 35 year old male, married with three cats. My hobbies are comics, conventions, comics, gadgets, comics, reading and I have been known to buy the occasional comic or 12.

This is my second Novacon committee and I am also on the Illumination Eastercon committee. I don't really know how I managed to get on three con committees, as I hate being organised or organising, but there you go. My other hate is writing about myself so I have got someone else to ghostwrite this piece. I hope they say something nice (*no chance - ghostwriter*).

Nick Mills

Having read SF throughout my teens, I was introduced to fandom by the SF group at Warwick University. I soon joined my first Novacon and have been a regular attendee ever since, serving as a committee member in 1986, 1989 and 1990.

My connections with Birmingham fandom date back to my membership of APA/B/The Organisation in the mid 1980s, and included a period of temporary residence at the Martin Tudor Home for Retired Duplicators at Cape Hill. Nowadays my fanac is mainly confined to con-running: I have been on the staff of two Worldcons and am currently serving on my first Eastercon Committee.

I have lived in Sheffield for many years but confuse the unwitting by frequently turning up wherever fans are gathered throughout the country. (Is there no distance I won't travel to go to a good party?)

I now live with several cuddly toys and a kitten.

Chris Murphy

Apart from fairy stories, I suppose my first exposure to anything like SF or fantasy came when my parents acquired a television set. The magic box was switched on and a strange vision assaulted my infant, impressionable mind. I watched enthralled as anarchic humanoids under the influence of a sentient plant ran riot amid the artifacts of a higher civilisation. Yes, *Bill* and *Ben* the *Flowerpot men* has a lot to answer for.

Later, I was an avid viewer of one of the old Flash Gordon serials when it had a TV run. Later still I discovered comic strips like Dan Dare in the *Eagle* and Captain Condor in the *Lion*. By my early teens I was working through the SF section in the local library.

At 18 I went to college, foolishly choosing one with no SF society. I found that the student body (there wasn't much of a student mind) venerated Tolkien and admired Heinlein, but it seemed to read only Marvel comics aside from the set books.

After leaving this rather limited cultural atmosphere I launched into a short and unsuccessful teaching career. My interest in SF lapsed for a time, but in 1977 I joined Six of One, the appreciation society for *The Prisoner*. Through meeting people in this organisation I heard about other forms of fandom, including something called the BSFG.

In 1979 I left my teaching job in Coventry and moved to Birmingham, where I worked in data processing (as I still do). The following year I attended Novacon 10, my first SF convention, and became a Brum Group member for a while. I rejoined in 1985 and was Secretary for two years from 1988. Next I got talked into being chairman. The story of my 12 months in the hot seat was told in the Twentycon programme book. You haven't got one? You didn't attend? Shame on you.

So here I am, fat, nearly 40 and doing the Novacon 21 programme. I read when I have the time. At the moment my favourite author is Greg Bear (if *Queen of Angels* doesn't win the Hugo there's no justice). But I still like *Bill* and *Ben* ...

NOVACON

is run annually by the

BIRMINGHAM SF GROUP

Honorary Presidents

Brian W Aldiss

and

Harry Harrison

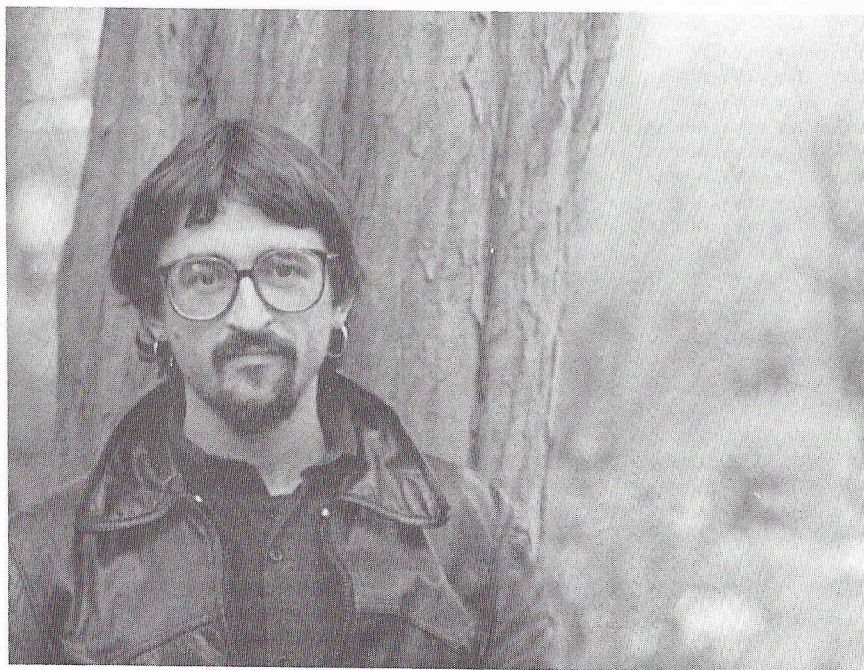
Talks, Authors' signing sessions, Newsletter and special events.

The BSFG meets on the third Friday of every month (unless otherwise notified) at the Australian Bar, Hurst Street, Birmingham at 7.45 pm.

For details contact Bernie Evans,
121 Cape Hill, Smethwick, Warley, West Midlands, B66 4SH
telephone 021 558 0997

GUEST of HONOUR

Colin Greenland



An Appreciation by Gwyneth Jones

I first met Colin, must have been in the autumn or winter of 1984 at a meeting of the SF Supper Club - a long defunct 'club' which took the form of an occasional gathering of various writers, publishing wage slaves and etceteras - to eat an execrable supper and natter in the upper

room of a pub in Holborn. I'd been invited (I think) on the strength of my first published adult novel. I was gawping helplessly at the crowds. I'd been getting children's novels published for years. But nothing, absolutely nothing like this had come back at me out of the void. I offered to buy Colin a large drink, on the stated grounds that he'd given my book a great review. He looked a little shocked. He pondered for a moment on the obscurely corrupt nature of my suggestion ... but only for a moment. Vodka and tonic. Goodness. How urban, how adult. He didn't look the type. Later, I discovered that Colin doesn't look the type he is. Don't trust the wizardly black cloak (which he was affecting at

GUEST of HONOUR

the time); the general dress and demeanour of a kind of hip, but definitely stoneground strayed denizen of elfland. Colin is not from Middle Earth. He's been there, seen that, but he's not coming from anywhere in particular, he's a genuine eclectic. He's the kind of person who attends Philip Glass opera and sips vodka and tonic in the interval. He's also the kind of person who remembers at 3am that he forgot to eat anything since consuming the end of last week's spinach lasagne for breakfast; prides himself away from the keys and the CRT; goes into the kitchen and mixes himself a cocktail out of two inches of Apricot Brandy, a large measure of Polish Spirit, half a cup of cold Stoly and the treakly remains of a five year old bottle of Christmas sherry. And a raw egg for nourishment, if there is one. Gaagh.

Whenever (not often) I brush shoulders with The Establishment Of British SF I'm aware of a huge gap, a whole majestic history that I don't share in any sense. But Colin was there. He's one of those walking encyclopedias you've heard about. I'd read his SF academic thesis, THE ENTROPY EXHIBITION, before I met him. I don't remember a word of it, but admire greatly his ability to dive into any lobe of the genre multiverse - past, present or future; and make sense and have fun. He's a scholar and a critic and a teacher and a experimental fantasist; and lately, belatedly, a writer of terrific popular SF. Of the later fantasies, THE HOUR OF THE THIN OX, OTHER VOICES, I've said elsewhere, it's like reading a distillation, an algorithm of genre fantasy. If you actually want the stuff, the medicine itself without eleven hundred pages of bland sugar syrup wrapped around it ... it's here. The first, DAYBREAK ON A DIFFERENT MOUNTAIN, isn't Colin's favourite reading nowadays. But when I read it, long ago, it made me twitchy. Here was someone, like myself, to whom storytelling was not a transparent, obvious business. Here was someone who kept noticing the cracks between the solid paving stones of narrative, stopping the quest-fantasy routine in its tracks while he stared into

that narrow abyss between the mind of the maker and the black squiggles on the page... Who is telling the story? Why? What is this ectoplasmic goop that keeps the end away from the beginning? What exactly is going on? Aha, I thought. Watch this space.

The space is at present filled by that engaging but seriously slippery character Tabitha Jute and the longsuffering Alice Liddell; and the uncertainty principle has gone into deep cover. But it's there. Someone once said - you have to trust Picasso because you know he can draw like Ingres if he likes ... I don't, actually, trust Picasso. But I trust Colin because, although in TAKE BACK PLENTY he made writing SF look easy, he knows about the other side of things. I call him my guru, which makes him laugh. It's true, he's only ever given me one piece of concrete tuition. "Gwyneth," he said, "Your problem is, you think too much." Like any self-respecting guru he teaches chiefly by example. TAKE BACK PLENTY is a koan that says to any aspiring SF writer: don't think about it. You've thought about it long enough. DO IT. Work less, play more. Good advice.

As GoH you'll find him deceptively amenable. Don't worry about imposing on him: he's smart as a cat at looking after himself. You can be sure that if he's talking to you, that's what he wants to be doing. Ask him about the time he used to live in the urban commune run by the Zen Buddhist disciplinarian. Keep him stoked with double chocolate profiteroles and obscure liquors, keep strange pollens at bay (shouldn't be hard, in Birmingham in November), and make sure he has access to the occasional late night fix of the other CRT in his life ... something obscure and time-disoriented, like a 4am b&w movie. But why am I telling you all this? I only joined the club (sort of) an eye-blink ago. You know Colin, you know him much better than I do. That's why you asked him to be your GoH. Have fun. I'm sure you will.

Gwyneth Jones

Publications and awards

- 1982 *Miss Otis Regrets* - 2nd prize, *The Fiction Magazine*/Faber & Faber short story competition
- 1983 *The Entropy Exhibition: Michael Moorcock and the British "New Wave" in Science Fiction* (Routledge) - J. Lloyd Eaton Award for S.F. Criticism, 1985
- 1984 *Daybreak on a Different Mountain* (novel - Allen & Unwin; Goldmann, 1986, as *Rückkehr im Morgenrot*)
A House of Straw and Paper (short story) *Imagine* magazine
Magnetic Storm: The Work of Roger and Martyn Dean (Dragon's World)
 Co-author: *Album Cover Album* vol. 3 (Dragon's World)
- 1985 Co-editor: *Interzone: The First Anthology* (J.M. Dent; St. Martin's Press, New York)
- 1986 Co-author: *The Freelance Writer's Handbook* (Ebury Press)
- 1987 *The Hour of the Thin Ox* (novel - Unwin Hyman)
The Living End (short story), *The Fiction Magazine*
 Co-editor: *Storm Warnings: S.F. Confronts the Future* (essay collection - S. Illinois University Press)
- 1988 *Other Voices* (novel - Unwin Hyman)
The Wish (short story)
Other Edens II (Unwin Hyman)
Off the Case and *The Disembodiment* (short stories)
The Drabble Project (Becon Publications)
 Video, ICA *Guardian Conversation with Michael Moorcock*
Review of Gregory Benford, Great Sky River, for Book Choice, Channel 4 TV

GUEST of HONOUR

- 1989 *The Traveller* (short story)
Zenith: The Best in New British S.F. (Sphere)
In My View (opinion article), *Sunday Times*, 10 September
- 1990 *Take Back Plenty* (novel - Unwin Hyman) - Arthur C. Clarke Award and B.S.F.A. Award for Best Novel, 1991
A Passion for Lord Pierrot (short story)
Zenith 2: The Best in New British S.F. (Sphere)
Best Friends (short story)
More Tales from The Forbidden Planet (Titan Books)
Science Fiction 1990 (supplement), *Sunday Times*, 9 September
The Carve-Up (short story), *Journal Wired*
- 1991 *Nothing Special* (short story), *Temps* (Penguin)
The Stone Face (short story), *Final Shadows* (New York: Doubleday)

Forthcoming publications

In the Garden (short story), *Novacorn* booklet
Going to the Black Bear (short story), *The Weerde* (Penguin)
Take Back Plenty (New York: Avon; München: Heyne; Portugal; Holland)
Death is No Obstacle: interviews with Michael Moorcock (Savoy Books)
Gaim (short story), *Rewired I* (Denver: WCS Books)
Seasonal Greetings from Bacup (short story), R.E.M.

Work in progress and under consideration

Harm's Way (novel)
Three Women (story sequence)
The Final Level, The Summer Visitors, Treasure, The Lodger, Temptations of Iron, Candy Comes Back, etc. (short stories)

Pros and Cons

by

Colin Greenland

For me, beetle-browed intellectual that I am, the most important element of any con is its programme. Well, the second most important, after knowing I've got a bed for the night, in a room I can flee to. The availability of solitude, especially in the midst of a multitude, is vital to me everywhere. You have to like solitude, if you write. You have to be able to carry on an engaging conversation with yourself. I have just found myself standing in the bathroom, talking to myself in the mirror. "Oh, I think we must admit the essential absurdity of science fiction," I told the mirror, suavely. "Along with the absurdity of fiction itself. Or no - as a special case, that's better, yes: as a special case of the absurdity of all fiction." When I feel pleased with myself, I imagine lecturing con audiences - PEN Club dinners - Booker Prize banquets - to wild huzzahs. Be that as it may. At SF conventions I can suddenly hear such grand inspiring thoughts being launched, scuppered, inflated, deflated and turned upside down, by other people, real people, in real time, as John Joyce puts it; up on stage where everyone can hear and see. The fact that only thirteen people are in the audience, three of them are discussing which Chinese to go to, two of the others are asleep and one is reading a dog-eared copy of *Martian Enterprise* by Clifford C. Reed, is beside the point. My only regret about con programmes is that so little ever gets written down. I imagine all that fine talk, those wonderful thoughts lucid or loony, boiling off into the atmosphere to be picked up only in five hundred years' time by inquisitive Betelgeusians looking for Kiss FM. (Disgusted alien: "It's the bloody Women in SF panel again, nothing but repeats these days.")

What I don't want at cons: costumes,

filk, role-playing, battle games, trinkets and tribbles. Nor do I want to sit and talk shop all the time. I don't like cons where the stars are lionized and the thrusting young newcomers shake their tail-feathers at the editors while the fans sit docilely in the lounge leafing through the special collectors' editions they've just paid an arm and a leg for. I don't like trade fairs. Still, I do like to see publishers at conventions. We're lucky these days to have a number of SF editors who think cons are important and care about them and even, sometimes, enjoy them. You can hardly expect publishers to give up their weekends to hang around some cavernous over-heated hotel with a bunch of weirdos who represent only a minute fraction of their market anyway, but I can't help thinking that if more people from publicity and marketing and sales departments got involved, not just as sponsors and distributors of sporadic largesse and Yugoslav Riesling, the results might be good for us and them and the literature.

Speaking of drink - oh, thanks, great, cheers - the amount we drink at these events, without smashing up the place, or each other, or ourselves, is quite remarkable. I am intrigued and amused by the convoluted etiquette, the social obliquities, the cult of desperate fun. Comrades, have we not all prowled restlessly in the tenacious grip of that illusion, nay, that certainity, that somewhere in this labyrinthine nexus of identical corridors, someone is having more fun than we?

Sometimes I have so much fun I almost forget to do the bookroom. A con bookroom is a good place to look at things that have come out recently that I haven't seen, not to mention copies of, well, of, oh look, they've got that, I haven't

GUEST of HONOUR

seen a copy of that for years, maybe I ought to buy it. In all probability it'll sit on the shelf for the rest of my life and never be opened, but you never know. A working author needs a working library, that's what I say. Why mine doesn't, in fact, work, but just sits there silently turning to dust while I am in the other room watching *Mr Benn*, I have not yet understood.

A dazed-looking Pam Wells said to me at the end of the last Mexican: "I used to go to cons to recover from the rest of my life. Now I think it's the other way around..." To some of us writers, especially full-time pros, cons are not and never were a glad break from humdrum reality. Cons are reality. Fast reality. A great, shapeless, slopping wedge out of the turbid ocean of daily life, crammed into a fish-tank, heated and stirred and starting to cook. In half an hour at a con I can see and talk to all the people I normally talk to on the phone in a month, all in one room. One, let's say, as it might be, for argument's sake, bar. All those people; plus all the people I never see except at cons; plus people I've never met before; plus numerous other people whose company I always find wonderfully convivial despite the fact I can't remember who the hell they are. Perhaps they're the people I talk to on the phone...

And that's the real point, of course. What other writers have the chance we have of meeting readers, not even necessarily our own readers, but SF readers, who are some of the most perceptive and articulate and demanding and deviant readers of all, and sitting down and talking with them, getting drunk with them, being trapped in a lift with them, trying to go out to dinner with them, only Mark said Alison and Dave wanted to come, but he didn't say if we had to wait for them or if they were going to meet us there, and now Mark's disappeared, and we have to wait for him because he's got Chris's key, and Chris is the only one who knows where the restaurant is. The time of departure, someone once said, is always delayed by the square of the number of people involved. What other writers have this funky, fecund, all-absorbing subcultural matrix? Poets, maybe. I don't know.

Michael Moorecock was in a hotel with a convention of optometrists once and he said it was exactly the same.

Colin Greenland is 37. This is his first Novacon.

Colin Greenland



"Premonition my arse! You're coming to Siberia with us, my lad!"

*From their dark enclaves, the Ten Invisible Masters sent forth their emissaries across the globe,
to spread the word,
to gather power,
to summon forth a mighty Eastercon!*

Illumination

UK National SF Convention 1992

GoHs include: Geoff Ryman
Paul McAuley

Fan GoH: Pam Wells

'A Convention in a Castle by the Sea'

17 - 20 April 1992

at the

Norbreck Castle Hotel, Blackpool, UK

£20 attending, £12 supporting until 5th Nov 1991, then £25 attending, £15 supporting
On the door: £30 for the whole convention, £10 per day; from:

Illumination
379 Myrtle Road
Sheffield
S2 3HQ

PAST GoH GREETINGS

NOVACON PAST GoHs SEND BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

1971 - NOVACON 1

JAMES WHITE

Science fiction cons are difficult things to send birthday greetings to because the fans responsible for them are invariably older, in my case much older, than the convention itself. I was there when Novacon was bom, a small, weak, struggling mite with extraordinarily friendly disposition, and I have watched it grow bigger and stronger and even more friendly over the years. At 18 it qualified for the vote, and voted to continue as before only better, and now it is an urbane, self-assured, mature but non-serious entity of 21. I am looking forward to the next big occasion, its 25th birthday, but am a little worried by thoughts of its 50th. At fifty the batteries begin to run down, irreversible physiological changes take place and people and things reach That Time Of Life. Still, Novacon has always been a truly unique entity and as such may not be subject to the usual menopausal troubles -- we'll have to consult Jack about that.

In the meantime HAPPY 21ST!

James White

1972 - NOVACON 2

DOREEN ROGERS

21 Years - a lifetime away.

I was a single parent when they were a rarity, and I thought we would all live forever in some sort of time capsule. But this isn't the plot of a science fiction story, but real life, and, sadly, there are those whose like we shall not see again; and others that are left are not the same as we were 21 years ago.

And yet, and yet, when I look around, there are those who were at the start who have changed little and to whom life is still full of joy and anticipation - and behind them a new generation with the same fears and joys we had, and more especially, with the will to see NOVACON celebrate its 50th anniversary. And when it does, those of you that are left, raise your glasses to those of the BSG who started NOVACON 21 years ago. See you there.

Doreen Rogers, aka Doreen Parker

PAST GoH GREETINGS

1973 - NOVACON 3

KEN BULMER

When the vast cool intellects in Birmingham launched Novacon upon an unsuspecting fandom nothing was ever the same again. "What," cried the massed ranks of Astounded fen: "TWO cons a year! Amazing! Fantastic! New Worlds have dawned!" And so it proved. Success followed success. Novacon's convention philosophy worked triumphantly and the lonely days of Eastercons were Con With The Wind. Mind you, the Birmingham master minds did not Con fandom. Novacon provided a welcome difference from Eastercons and all the different fen who have run the cons over these twenty one years deserve our thanks. I am given to understand that there are very many various cons these latter days; but Novacon will always remain Unique and the Authentic alternative venue, no impermanent nova, here one millennium, gone the next, but a Nebula shining for all to enjoy. May the key to the Universe celebrations long continue.

Ken Bulmer

1974 - NOVACON 4

KEN SLATER

A Few Unwise Words ...

In Glasgow, at ALBACON 91, I was reminded that I had made a promise to write something for the NOVACON programme book. Now, I had not forgotten this but the promise had been made in a quiet moment, and anytime I make a promise life stops being quiet. I have only to commit myself to doing something by a certain date and "them up there" give a snide grin and start throwing every conceivable obstacle in my path; somehow or other "they" manage to otherwise occupy my every waking moment, and do their damndest to prevent me getting any sleeping ones.

I repeated the promise at ALBACON '91, and actually got some notes down on paper - but something always interrupted me, and when I came to look at my notes again I found they did not convey anything to me, or appear to have any connection with NOVACONS, past or present. What, for example, could the scrawled "Fridaybridge - Iceni team with portable bridge located there on Friday each week - but where is Mondaybridge, Tuesdaybridge, or what-ever?" mean? Now, in my mind "Fridaybridge" does have a connection with fandom, science fantasy, and the like, for it was the place where I was when I first made renewed contact with British fandom/science fiction in 1945, and where "Operation Fantast" was started (1947). But the connection with NOVACON is so remote as to be effectually non-extant.

Another note on the next sheet has the cryptic words "Not born then - NOVACON". This does actually have some meaning to me - a short conversation with someone down at WINCON II or MABINOGICON when I was muttering about past cons and saying that I'd missed the first few NOVACONS, and had anyone in the group been to them? I was asked when the first one was and said "About 1970" and at least three of the folk in the group had not actually been around at the time - and two others would have been (I've been waiting for yonks to use this term!) described by my immediate elders as "still in long clothes". This sort of conversation is pretty standard for me; I repeatedly overlook the differences of that nature. It just doesn't seem possible that there are people

PAST GoH GREETINGS

around attending conventions who hadn't been born when the first NOVACON occurred; I mean, it seems to me such a recent event since I went to my first NOVACON.

I don't know quite how it came about, but for some reason partly connected with health (mine) I stopped going to conventions after one at Bristol - I had been advised to lead a more active life, and get more fresh air, and all the usual advice the doctor hands out when he has nothing else to say. So I got deeply involved with the local riding club, and whilst still continuing most other fannish/SF practices stayed away from smoke-filled rooms and conventions. I had plenty of exercise, plenty of fresh air, and as Easter was an important date on the W.R.C. calendar each year, I missed out on conventions until Joyce and I went to a wedding. That of Phil and Doreen Rogers - attended by a large number of fans, and after the serious business, it bore considerable resemblance to a convention. It was during this that I fell into a state of grace (or disgrace, depending on viewpoint) and accepted the invitation to attend my first NOVACON.

With regret, I have not attended every NOVACON since then, but I've managed most of them. And - despite various disagreements, changes, palace revolutions, and the like - enjoyed them all. But I have a problem - when I started there was only the Eastercon (I didn't make Whitecon - I just published the post-con report; the army felt it couldn't let me out of Germany that time) and when I returned after my lapse there were only the Eastercons and the NOVACON. Then somehow cons accrued. I find that one year Joyce and I appear to have attended sixteen conventions! I find it hard to believe, and feel that there must be some mistake. Some time soon I shall demand a recount. But there's no mistake about this being the twenty-first NOVACON, so by traditional reckoning it now comes of age, and you are now able to do all kinds of adult things at NOVACON; (not that you haven't all been doing all sorts of adult - and juvenile - things at NOVACONS all along). Another tradition at coming-of-age affairs is that some tribal elder gets the ear of the newly-adult and pours into it a lot of unwanted and possibly sage counsel. As I'm not likely to get the ear of NOVACON 21, I'll just offer you a bit of counsel - sage or otherwise - go out there and enjoy it! Don't take SF so damn seriously ...

Ken Slater

1975 - NOVACON 5

DAN MORGAN

1976 - NOVACON 6

DAVE KYLE

We couldn't track down Dan and Dave - if anyone knows where they are, please say Hello for us, and wish them a Happy Novacon Birthday - SL

PAST GcH GREETINGS

1977 - NOVACON 7

JOHN BRUNNER

Sound trumpets and bang on the dirmingham !
Let banjos and mandolins stirmingham !
Leave crust, feast on cimingham,
Drink coke mixed with rirmingham -
Toast the 21st Novacon, Birmingham !

John Brunner

1978 - NOVACON 8

ANNE McCAFFREY

Let here be known and understood by all those present that Novacons have ever been my favourite conventions, attended or unfortunately unattended.

I am delighted to join with others to wish Novacon even greater success now that it has reached its Majority and Speaks with adult Maturity, Confidence and Wisdom - not that it hasn't ALWAYS had these qualities: but not, at the grand and glorious age of 21, Novacons MUST be recognized by all and sundry for their unique quality and the space they fill in our otherwise mundane existences.

Hip! Hip! Hurray!

Hip! Hip! Hurray!

Hip! Hip! Hurray!

*Anne McCaffrey
The Dragon Lady of Wicklow County*

1979 - NOVACON 9

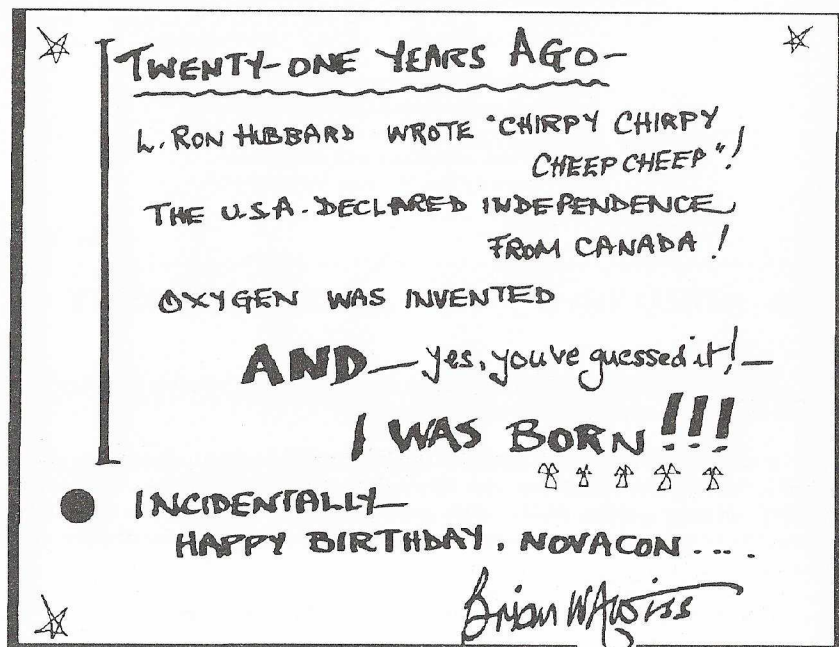
CHRISTOPHER PRIEST

Happy Birthday, Novacon! I missed the first one (life at home was distracting), but I caught the second one and all the others that followed, until the mid-1980s. The size is right, as is the locality. When I went to my first conventions, in the 1960s, they were all roughly the same size as Novacon is today, and were usually held somewhere in the Midlands. Early experience sets our standards. While Eastercons have been fleeing to the extremities, the South Coast, the Channel Islands, the wilds of Scotland, Novacon has remained small(ish) and centralized. Some of the best times I ever had at conventions were there. Now life at home is again a bit of a preoccupation, although for different reasons, and I'm sorry I can't be with you this year to join in the fun.

Chris Priest

PAST GoH GREETINGS

1980 - NOVACON 10 BRIAN W ALDISS



1981- NOVACON 11

BOB SHAW

I have missed only two Novacons. The first was when I was guest of honour at Novacon West in the USA. That convention was deliberately held on the same weekend as the pukka Novacon, so in a way I wasn't really absent. The second was when I was GoH at a con in Belfast. The event had been advertised before I realised it also clashed with Novacon -- otherwise, honestly, I would have declined the honour. That's how much I like Novacon -- my favourite convention.

My love affair with it began within seconds of my setting eyes on the Imperial Hotel. Jim White and I were nearing the entrance when a nice lady approached us and showed me a piece of paper on which were written the words: *Lager, Stout, Bitter, Mild, Cider*.

She said, "Have you drunk one of these in the past fortnight?"

"Madam," I replied, "I have drunk all of these in the past fortnight."

"Excellent," she said. "Would you care for some free Guinness?"

PAST G&H GREETINGS



PAST GoH GREETINGS

Bemused and deeply impressed with the way the Brum group organised reception, I followed her into a small room off the lobby. She sat me at a table on which were six small glasses of stout.

"Try those and tell me what you think of them," she said, making ready with a clipboard and a pen.

I dutifully worked along the line, enjoying myself tremendously, until -- as in a Ramsey Campbell novel -- I came to a concealed horror. The stout in one of the glasses was chilled! Clutching my desecrated throat in dismay, I told the woman my pedigree as an Irish tippler, explained that chilled Guinness violated centuries of hallowed tradition, that it was an obscenity, that it numbed the taste buds and completely ruined the connoisseur's enjoyment of the complex flavours, and that it was her duty to inform her employers that it should on no account be allowed on the market because it would lead to violent revolution among all discerning drinkers.

A few months later every pub in the country began chilling the Guinness.

So much for market research! Since then I have boycotted what used to be my favourite drink, but -- even though the grim incident is permanently associated in my mind with the first Novacon -- I still love this special weekend. Does anybody know where I could get a small immersion heater which would fit into a pint glass?

Bob Shaw

1982 - NOVAcon 12 HARRY HARRISON

Have you ever wondered why Brum has the largest, best, busiest fan group in the British Isles? Of course you have. And NOW the secret can be revealed. It is obvious when you think about it...

Birmingham is not a city -- it is a SCIENCE FICTION STORY! A cross between Surgeon's *Jesting Pilot* and Heinlein's *The Roads Must Roll*. Look at the city centre road system. It is not realistic, sensible or workable. It has to be a bad science fiction story. I once took a cab to the old Andromeda -- and the cabby couldn't get there. He finally stopped close by and pointed so I could walk there. When I drove to the last con I could see the hotel -- but couldn't reach it. In the end I drove into the pedestrian precinct and, in my best American accent, sought help from two rozzers. They led me there in their Panda -- but they couldn't find the entrance! Now doesn't that remind you of a crappy SF story by someone like Ted White or Ian Watson?

That explains the Brum group. Living in an SF story has forced them to organize an SF group for their own protection and sanity. All the other Brummies are mad or emigrating. The only sanity in this fine city is in the fan group.

The flanglish expression "It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan" is really true. But keep it a secret or the rest of the citizens will want to join too. Or if you suffer from fannish megalomania

PAST GoH GREETINGS

publish this letter in the newspaper. Soon your membership will be in the millions and you will be elected and take over the administration. Rog for Mayor!

His first act will be of course to tear up the ring roads and dynamite Spaghetti Junction to keep invading Scots fans out.

Fandom lives, OK!

Harry Harrison

1983 - NOVACON 13 LISA TUTTLE

Novacon is Twenty-One
Nevertheless it's lots of fun.
Sorry I can't be there today
But Happy Birthday anyway !

With all best wishes for many happy returns from

Lisa ("I woz 13") Tuttle

1984 - NOVACON 14 ROB HOLDSTOCK

So much gets forgotten; so much fades; so many wonderful moments condense, with time, into a sort of SuperNovacon. But this vast 'mono-memory', for someone like myself who attended the first Novacon, is now a part of the mindset, and not just for reasons of nostalgia. It encompasses and reaffirms. It is tradition.

It's funny what memories remain of long-ago conventions. I wonder by what process our unconscious makes the selection? I suspect we remember moments that were dangerous.

I remember frantically re-writing the 'serious bit' for my Novacon 14 speech in my hotel room during the morning of the day of my presentation, (nothing has changed, by the way). I'd been reading too much Joseph Campbell. My notebook from weeks before contained the confident statement that the 'divided Arthur' in mythology represented the Jungian 'divided dream'. Weeks before, I'd probably known what I meant. Now, not even mirror reading could clarify the lost process of thought. "Divided Arthur? What does that mean?" I raved in lunatic frenzy to Sarah. "What does that mean? Divided where? How? Vertically? Horizontally? By whom? Using what? What does it mean?" "Calm down and write about dreams," she said, starting me on a four hour essay, "and mention Merlin. You're good on old frauds."

Yet that fragmentary, allusory, hinting, teasing (underprepared and frantic) 'serious bit' actually tantalised -- not just the audience, but me as well, and the allusory style of LAVONDYSS was affirmed for me at that moment. A Great Convention for creativity! (Though I still have no idea

PAST GoH GREETINGS

what I was talking about: oh the joy of a divided brain!)

My convention ended with a Strippagram gyrating before me on the stage as I sat, immobilised by shock, distaste, and confusion as to the proprieties, holding the ice-cold pewter tankard, that had been presented to me by the committee, as a sort of defensive shield, prodding forward whenever the perfumed flesh weaved alarmingly close to me. This certainly added to the animation of her dance. And I note that I smiled for the polaroid!

I've missed only two Novacons. I share a feeling, widespread in fandom, that they're better than Easter Conventions -- for me because they're cosier and almost invariably in Birmingham, and I like both of these things. I will always have a place in my heart for the Royal Angus. What larks in years gone by. What larks!

At Novacon 3 John Jarrold became infatuated with my partner's feet. In fact, after midnight he stroked and kissed them with increasing desperation, finally asking her if he might borrow them for a week or so. Now, eighteen years on, he buys Dark Fantasy novels from me for Orbit and gives me lunches that start at noon and end the following Tuesday. Feet count in a career, even if they're not your own.

My most paranoia-inducing moment at a Novacon was arriving in the main hall a few minutes after Brian Aldiss had started to talk. Brian burst out laughing, the audience looked towards me and also roared with laughter, and as I crept to a seat at the back of the room heads turned, following me, still laughing. Later I learned that he'd just told an anecdote about his son and one of my pieces of shorter fiction, a funny, self-effacing, and very flattering anecdote. I'd walked in just as he'd finished. But at the time I spent long minutes ensuring that my flies were closed.

One of my GoH speech's 'jokes' concerned Angus Wells' map of our shared fantasy world (Raven, Swordsmistress of Solihull). Angus had drawn six mountain peaks in a straight line and was about to label them "The Paps of Danu". I pointed out that 'Paps' tended to come in twos, not sixes. He stared at the map for a moment, thinking hard, then smiled and wrote "The Paps of Danu. And her two younger sisters!". Sitting in the audience was a brilliant joke-machine by name of Pratchat T. He gleefully informed me that he was nicking the joke for one of his tomes. I gladly gave permission, partly out of a sense of assuagance of guilt since another part of my routine had had Angus (he'll kill me for this) finishing the map -- Great Sea, Craggy Coastline, Frozen North, Hot South, City States, Barren Wastes etc. -- by drawing in 'Fabulous Beasts', in the sea and on the land. "Don't get too detailed," I'd said to him, before going off to the guest room of his house. "Perfection knows no limits," he'd muttered in reply, working feverishly. At midnight I heard a funny sound and found him bent over the map by lamplight, tapping a pencil rapidly over the drawing. "What the hell are you doing?" I asked.

"Just ... dotting in their eyes ..." he said with great concentration.

That's a straight steal from Charles Schultz's *Peanuts*, so who am I to complain?

Happy Anniversary to SuperNovacon. And thanks.

Rob Holdstock

PAST GoH GREETINGS

1985 - NOVACON 15

JAMES WHITE &
DAVE LANGFORD

Philosophical fans have often debated the very Borgesian notion that there is only one Novacon, elaborately folded through the structure of spatio-temporal thingy to appear as regular, annual nodes on the calendar. This would be the place for a true fan to say "chronosynclastic infundibulum", except that part of the magical essence of Novacons is that true fans rapidly become unable to pronounce lengthy phrases like that, or "Rog Peyton", or "leg". But I digress.

My first convention ever was Novacon 3, where (to the later regret of millions) Stan Eling and then a long-haired and denim-clad Chris Priest encouraged me. At Novacon 4 I entered the fancy dress, and desperately hope no one remembers that. Novacon 6 was the first that I wrote up for a fanzine, faithfully recording the circular polarization of D West and the hymns sung by the Astral Leauge [sic] Male Voice Choir at all too many room parties:

When dinosaurs did rule the earth
The Leauge was yet to be,
But now we stretch from pole to pole
In cosmic harmoneeee!

Novacon 7 ... blimey, that was the one where I was actually on the committee and produced the programme book -- and rewrote the Nova Award rules and to my embarrassment immediately won the bloody thing. Novacon 8 was the Holiday Inn in its old nautical guise, full of rooms called the Back Splice and Granny Knot, hung with an amazing variety of ropes, cords and exotic knots a-dangle, bringing tears to the eyes of bondage freaks.

By this point the Novacons start to blur together, especially the two hundred or so held in the Royal Angus Hotel. Novacon 15 is remembered with special fondness, but only by me, since that year I was a guest (together with James White) with the traditional perks of unlimited free champagne,

droit du seigneur over the more nubile committee members, and the right to remain silent when interviewed by Steve Green. Novacon 19 was, sadly the first one I had to miss through being a guest elsewhere, on the far side of America: you truly know you're alienated and far from home when you find yourself yearning nostalgically for the voice of Peter Weston. At Novacon 20 the kindly masses gave me another Nova Award. "As if your ego needed any more help," said several tactful friends.



HAPPY BEARDAAY

And now it's almost Novacon 21 and I have this letter from Steve Lawson explaining that unless I write a birthday greeting my goolies will drop off. Ha, they can't intimidate me like that, but just to be on the safe side ... Happy Birthday Novacon.

Dave Langford

PAST GoH GREETINGS

1986 - NOVACON 16 E C TUBB & CHRIS EVANS

ONCE IS NEVER ENOUGH

by

Ted Tubb

He was dead and had gone to heaven.

He recognised it at once, a giant, sleazy hotel with weathered walls and enigmatic windows a door and something standing before it. A Bug Eyed Monster made familiar by countless depictions on the covers of as many pulps. Not Saint Peter, but doing the same job.

"Hold it, pal," it snapped. "Not so fast."

"I want to get in."

"Who doesn't?" A claw rasped over the fanged mouth while the snail-like eyes studied the computerised clip-board carried in the other paw. "But things have to be done right. Name?" The BEM grunted at the answer. "Yeah, well, I've got you down and guess you're in the right place, but -"

"No buts. I want in."

To pass through the door and into the hallowed interior to breathe again the delectable air he had inhaled so often before. There would be a host of intimate bars with dim illumination enhancing the shining splendour of ranked bottles and giving a mystical attraction to the charms of any ladies present. There would be drifting streamers of pungent smoke and an assortment of delicacies to gnaw and exciting combinations of alcoholic beverages and real ale and all the good things he had known and enjoyed in times past.

There would be small gatherings of people deep in conversation and others sitting as they tested their skill at games of chance. There would be bright restaurants and a plethora of food. Talks, panels, games, films, mounds of rare and precious things. There would be room parties and smiling maidens. Assignations, romance, friendship, the company of his own kind. All to be enjoyed in his restored youth and vigour. An eternity of unendurable pleasure indefinitely prolonged!

He drooled in anticipation.

"Steady!" The clawed paw on his chest was a scaled wall halting his progress towards the door. "I haven't cleared you for entry yet."

"You can't refuse me! I've the right. I belong! As a reader, writer, fan, conventioneer - damn it, I've earned my place! You can't deny it!"

PAST GoH GREETINGS

"I'm not but - " The BEM sucked at its fangs as it studied the clip-board. "There was that little incident in 47, remember? The Con Committee all stoned. And 54? The watered booze?"

"An emergency. We had to stretch the supplies."

"57? 61? 65? 71? 79? 83?"

"Trifles. Mistakes which could happen to anyone. Hell, conventions were getting so big you had no way of telling who was who, who was with whom, or who was what."

"It doesn't happen now," said the BEM. "Memories are perfect and there's a long time to get to know people. It's just that - " He paused, betraying a faint embarrassment.

"You remember 86?"

"Coventry? Novacon 16? Of course. How could I ever forget." Impatiently he added, "What's that got to do with me getting inside?"

"Well it puts you in a special category. We do our best to treat everyone the same. But - " Again the BEM hesitated. Then, with a rush, it said, "It's all a matter of space. We haven't got it. The place isn't big enough to hold everyone entitled to get in. It'll be alright after the extensions are built, but, until then - "

"No room at the Inn, uh?"

"Not for you. Not for a while yet. Sorry, but it's only fair - you can see that."

Too well, and he cursed the giant Cons which had inflated fandom. But the BEM was right. Everyone had to take their turn and anyone who had been a Guest of Honour at a Novacon had already been to Heaven.

Ted Tubb

Chris Evans couldn't get a piece to us, but says to say Happy Birthday - SL



PAST GoH GREETINGS

1987 - NOVACON 17 IAIN BANKS

Iain has been away on holiday, and couldn't write a piece for us, but he did send us his congratulations and best wishes - SL

1988 - NOVACON 18 GARRY KILWORTH

Garry is another one we couldn't find - we believe that he's in Hong Kong, but we didn't fancy trawling through HK Directory Enquiries trying to get ahold of him. If anyone knows his whereabouts, please say Hello - SL

1989 - NOVACON 19 GEOFF RYMAN

I'm very grateful to Novacon - it gave me a chance to fulfil one of my ambitions - to do a stage version of The Epic of Gilgamesh. It never would have happened otherwise! Through Novacon I met a number of people who have stayed friends and who have helped with other projects as well. Also Novacon always comes to cheer people up as the dark time of the year advances. Many thanks to everyone concerned with Novacon and keep up the good work.

Geoff Ryman

1990 - NOVACON 20 JACK COHEN

My first SF con ever was a strange affair in London, just off Tottenham Court Road as I recall; it was run by George Hay, late 60s I think. I remember Peter Weston, a bad influence as ever, encouraging me to gatecrash it on a visit to the M'trollopiss on biology-business. I met Jim Blish - Wow!!! I was all for more of that! Then came the memorable EasterCon at Worcester, which was brilliant, miraculous: Niven, Gerrold, McCaffrey, White ... Wow² - I actually had real conversations with all these wonderful Authors who'd given me so much pleasure! Cons were a Good Thing.

Then the B'ham gang (I recall Vernon Brown, Peter Weston) asked me to talk at this strange new Con in November, to be called Novacon. Peter was on about "putting SF back in the gutter, where it belongs!" - and I seem to recall that that first one was very appropriately in the old Imperial Centre Hotel! The intention had been to provide a kind of light-weight, more fannish Con at the other end of the year from EasterCons, which a lot of fans thought had become too big, impersonal ... they sometimes had 350 people attending! At that first Novacon I talked about the "Successors to Man" (shades of Dougal Dixon ...); I only discovered that when I found the original programme, in the course of writing this (any offers? If not, I'll let it accrue in value here). In later Novacons I became better known for going on ... and on ... about aliens, sex, aliens, sex ... !

PAST GoH GREETINGS

In 1974 I was ~~misguided enough~~ honoured by being asked to be Chairman of Novacon 4. One of the real pleasures that year was working with Gillon Field, our Committee Secretary - taught me a lot (especially when she took that particular way out of being Sec to my Chair ... and out of her other responsibilities, and out of life). She taught us all a lot about freedom and responsibility, real meanings thereof ... and pretences. It was a good Novacon, too.

Over the years Novacons have aggregated a family of us - Bernie, I suppose, is the current cult-mother, and Roger Peyton the Perpetual Uncle. I have other families, as we all do, but it is from - with - this group that I achieve the least demanding joys. It is proper, then, that I take this public opportunity to say "Thank You" to the Novacon family for being so nice, so cuddly, so rewarding to me over the years. Sorry to miss the gathering this year (but you'd all have made the same choice! And I guess you're thinking of me ...). May we go on for a long time, giving cheer, excitement - fannishness - year after year.

Jack Cohen

1991 - NOVACON 21 COLIN GREENLAND



COLIN GREENLAND TAKE BACK PLENTY

The only winner of both the Arthur C. Clarke and BSFA Awards

**It's a fabulous book: but
don't take our word for it:**

'A masterpiece' *Interzone*

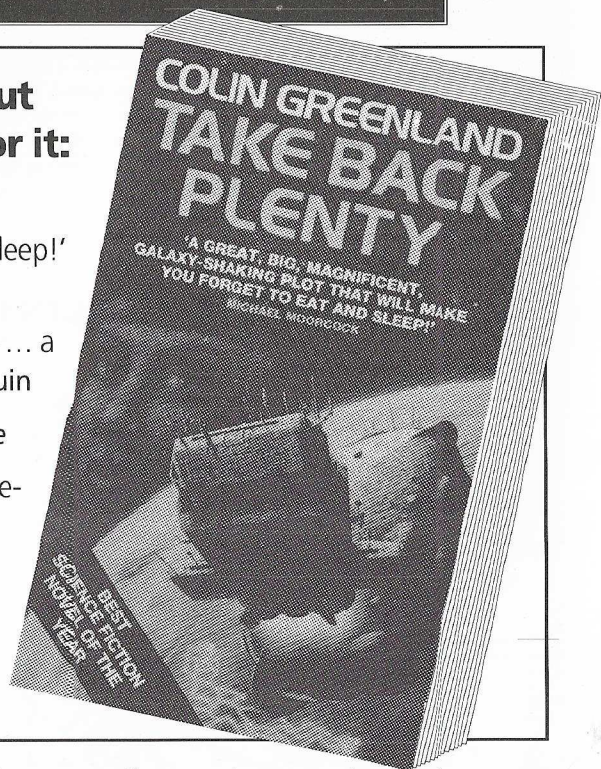
'Will make you forget to eat and sleep!'
Michael Moorcock

'Fast-moving, funny and inventive ... a
rousing good read' Ursula K. Le Guin

'Hysterically funny' *Rem Magazine*

'One of the most compulsive space-
spectaculars in years' *The Times*

'A wild ride through a strange
universe. and at the end you will
surely agree that the ride was
worth the price' *Analog*



'Tabitha Jute....a cussed, cantankerous, self-centred Han Solo – who saves the world regularly, pulls all the sexy guys, and still ends up all alone in the laundrette of life, watching her socks go round'

Gwyneth Jones, *New York Review Of Science Fiction*

'A raid on traditional space opera, a coup at the galactic palace'
Science Fiction Eye

'The most delightful, non-stop, all-action, run-round, shoot-em-up adventure yarn I've read in a decade or more' Neil Gaiman

**Buy *Take Back Plenty* now and get your Guest of Honour to sign it for
you: a classic novel in years to come!**

PROGRAMME GUIDE

A brief guide, correct at time of going to press.
See Read-Me for the latest information.

Friday

17.30 Film: The Abyss

**19.00 Video Special: Digging for
Cardboard**

**19.30 Opening Ceremony -
Welcome to Novacon 21**

**21.30 Fancy Dress
Party**

00.00 Film: Android

PROGRAMME

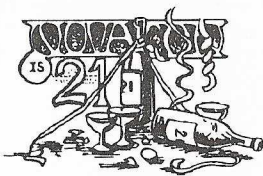
Saturday

- 10.30** Ian Stewart "The Pattern of Tiny Feet"
- 11.30** Galactic University Challenge
- 12.30** Book Auction
- 14.00** Panel: The History of Novacon
- 15.00** Colin Greenland (Interview by Chris Morgan)
- 17.00** **Film:** It Conquered the World
- 20.00** TAFF Auction
- 22.00** Disco
- 2.00** **Films:** Ghost
Frankenstein Unbound
Total Recall

PROGRAMME

Sunday

- 9.00 Friends of Foundation AGM
- 10.00 **Film: Erik the Viking**
- 11.30 **Galactic University Challenge
(Final)**
- 12.30 **Art Auction**
- 14.00 **Ellen M Pedersen "A Rabbi
Dropped an Android on the Road to
Science Fiction"**
- 15.00 **Panel: How to Get Published**
- 16.30 **Pam Wells' TAFF Trip Report**
- 17.30 **Awards Ceremony**



PROGRAMME

FILM NOTES

THE ABYSS

Underwater researchers are menaced by a bizarre alien. This sounds like a *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* episode, but it is actually an effective variation on the "put a few people in an isolated situation and throw something nasty at them" formula the movies have exploited since they were invented.

ANDROID

Fugitives in space confront a humanoid robot and a scientist who is building his ideal woman. A neatly executed film with good performances, regarded by some as a minor classic.

ERIK THE VIKING

A daft fantasy epic from ex-members of the Monty Python team. Kirk Douglas never got up to anything like this.

FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND

An adaptation of the novel by Brian W Aldiss, which received too little attention when first released.

GHOST

Boy meets girl. Boy gets killed, so loses girl - or does he? A second chance to see this soft-centred tale of the supernatural.

IT CONQUERED THE WORLD

"It" is a cone-shaped Venusian with big ambitions. "Every man its prisoner...every woman its slave!" proclaimed the publicity posters back in 1956. They don't make them quite like that anymore.

TOTAL RECALL

Schwarzenegger plays yet another heavy with a mission. This time he's searching for his stolen memory. The script was based on a story by Philip K Dick, but as with *Bladerunner* Dick's subtleties are abandoned in favour of violent action. The film works well on its own terms, and features some striking special effects.

W

Chris Murphy

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SCIENCE FICTION EDUCATION

INSTRUCTIONS

1. On the next few pages you will find a Question Paper. You should also find a loose Answer Paper. If you don't have one, please check with reception.
2. Each question on the question paper has several answers. Note: the last questions in each section are based on the set book "*Ringworld*" by Larry Niven.
3. Mark the answer that you think is correct. Each correctly answered question is worth one mark. Many answers are given as Acronyms i.e. initials of words (e.g. VB = Vernon Brown). This is because giving answers in full often makes things much too easy. Also IWS in the question means In Which Story, of any length - short, medium or novel.
4. 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 Sections A and C you will get a GCSE Advanced Certificate if you pass. Pass mark is 12 correct answers. Depending on how well you do, you will obtain a Pass or Credit at "O" level, or Pass, Credit or Distinction at "A" level.
5. Having decided which sections to submit, cross out the other one to prevent mistakes.
6. The Answer Paper has numbered and lettered squares corresponding to the questions and answers on 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 mask over your Answer Paper with holes cut in it corresponding with correct answer square. Squares that show through are correctly answered. Signs, pencils, etc., are unsuitable for this type of marking. If you make a mistake, put a large X through the incorrect square.
7. Now complete your Answer Paper. Block out the square corresponding to the sections you have submitted, i.e. A & B or A & C and print your name and address, which we will use as an address label to send you your certificate if you don't collect it on Sunday.
8. Check that all is completed properly and post your answer paper only in the box by reception. Please only fold it once. Make sure that it is posted by 5.00 p.m. on NOVACON Saturday.
9. I will have certificates with me on Sunday - please contact me for them and find out whether you have a prize as well.
10. As an incentive, all Answer Papers submitted will be entered in a free prize draw.
11. 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.

Question Paper

Please read instructions first

Section A

Questions 1 to 6 describe artifacts. IWS did they appear?

1. A combination pistol, knife and knuckleduster

a/AA b/TH38 c/TT d/TDM e/TGG

2. Two feet long, muzzle loading, quarter wheel lock pistol

a/GG b/JWS c/PQD d/WW e/TF

3. Four black cubes, four white cubes, to ward off danger

a/BA b/DR c/RUR d/M e/VH

4. Spring powered rifle that shoots razor edged discs

a/TKW b/FV c/TDOTT d/IHNM e/S

5. A timepiece with two independent dials

a/BTJ b/TTM c/C d/FWTBT e/EOE

6. A singlejack hammer with a foot long handle

a/BA b/TT c/UTW d/EA e/TM

7. 'A Transatlantic Tunnel, Hurrah' is also known as

a/UT b/TT c/TTTD d/TT e/AW

8. 'Phules Company' was written by

a/FL b/RH c/RA d/LDR e/RD

9. What does the R stand for in R Dancel Olivaw

a/Ralph b/Robert c/Robot d/Royal e/Doctor

10. Who wrote the 'Horseclans' series

a/RH b/RA c/FL d/TT e/AW

11. In Alan Dean Foster's Flinx series, Flinx's pet is a

a/Minotaur b/Minidrag c/Hoka d/Draco e/Cat

12. 'A Study in Sorcery', a Lord Darcy novel is written by

a/RG b/MK c/RH d/FL e/JB

13. In 'The Death of Grass' what is the grass killing virus called

a/Chung-Li b/Duprès c/Pucha d/Wilsons e/T40

14. In what decade was the term 'robot' coined

a/1900's b/1910's c/1920's d/1930's e/1940's

Questions 15 to 20 are based on the set book 'Ringworld'

15. What award did Ringworld win in 1970

a/Hugo b/Nebula c/Jupiter d/Nova

16. How old was Louis Wu

a/50 b/100 c/150 d/200 e/250

17. How many children, on average, may a couple have

a/1 b/2 c/3 d/4 e/5

18. How many types of General Products hulls are there

a/1 b/2 c/3 d/4 e/5

19. What did Nessus do to a Kzin to recruit him

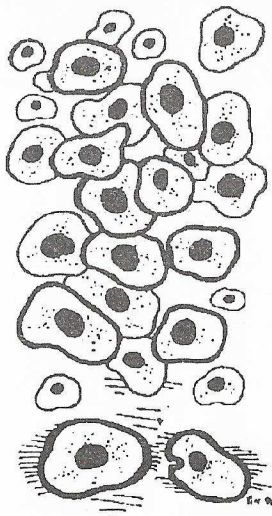
a/Flatter b/Insult c/Attack d/Trip e/Arrest

20. A General Products hull can be damaged by

a/Radiation b/Nuclear bomb c/Antimatter d/None of these

Section B

21. 'Thunderbirds' is currently being shown on TV on
a/Monday b/Tuesday c/Wednesday d/Thursday e/Friday
22. How many Laws of Robotics (Asimov) are there
a/1 b/2 c/3 d/4 e/5
23. Who invented the term Science Fiction
a/HGW b/HG c/JV d/IA e/RH
24. How many names has God
a/1 Million b/9 Million c/1 Billion d/9 Billion e/90 Billion
25. What is the temperature at which book paper catches fire
a/273K b/100C c/451F d/212F e/80R
26. Which author created Slow Glass
a/JW b/BS c/JB d/FL e/HH
27. Astounding Science Fiction later became
a/Analog b/F&SF c/G d/If e/A
28. In 'War of the Worlds' how did the Martian spaceship airlock "door" operate
a/Hinged b/Diaphragm c/Screw Thread d/Slide
29. Who was the first Novacon Guest of Honour
a/JW b/DR c/KB d/KS e/DM
30. Which of the following series of novels did Edgar Rice Burroughs write
a/Barsoom b/Pellucidar c/Caspak d/All of these e/None of these
31. How many legs has a puppeteer
a/1 b/2 c/3 d/4 e/5
32. Is a Kzin
a/Vegetarian b/Carnivore c/Omnivore d/Herbivore
33. What did the puppeteers breed for in humans
a/IQ b/Luck c/Placidity d/Colour e/Size
34. What colour is a Kzin
a/Red b/Orange c/Yellow d/Green e/Blue
35. What building attracted and trapped Louis and Speaker's flycyles
a/Police Station b/Firestation c/Railway Station d/Reactor



"Sorry - I thought you were someone else."

Section C

21. Who, or what, was Virgil Finlay

a/Author b/Illustrator c/Director d/Publisher

22. What is the name of the robot in Metropolis

a/HAL b/Rotwang c/K9 d/Maria
c/None of these

23. In 'The Watch Below' (J. White) what powered the underwater ship

a/Nuclear reactor b/Bicycle c/Sails
d/Steam engine e/Oars

24. A Slan has

a/Tentacles b/Extra digit c/Tendrils d/Scales
e/Fur

25. In Blish's 'Beep' what is the Transmitter called

a/Unimac b/Dirac c/UFO d/Skyhook e/TMX

26. 'Fuzzy Bones' was written by

a/WT b/HBP c/RAH d/JW e/FH

27. 'In the Wet' by Nevil Shute mentions multiple votes. What is the maximum number possible

a/3 b/5 c/7 d/9

28. When did ERB write 'Dejah Thoris A Princess of Mars'

a/1870/90 b/1891/1910 c/1911/30 d/1931/50

29. Who wrote a story about a beer propelled spaceship

a/PA b/JW c/SLH d/SK e/CK

30. Who wrote the following quotation
The fountains are dusty in the Graveyard of Dreams,
The hinges are rusty, and swing with tiny screams'

a/HBP b/FL c/AN d/KK e/AM

Questions 31 to 35 are based on 'Ringworld'

31. A cziltang brone is a type of what

a/Food b/Vehicle c/Airlock d/Spaceship
e/Weapon

32. What destroyed the Ringworld civilisation

a/War b/Mould c/Disease d/Nuclear disaster

33. How tall is a Kzin, in feet

a/5 b/6 c/7 d/8 e/9

34. A Starseed lure acts on

a/Starseeds b/Suns c/Spaceships d/Spacetime
e/Species

35. What contraceptive device do humans use

a/Implant b/Pill c/IUD d/Barrier device
e/Tube tying



Vernon Brown

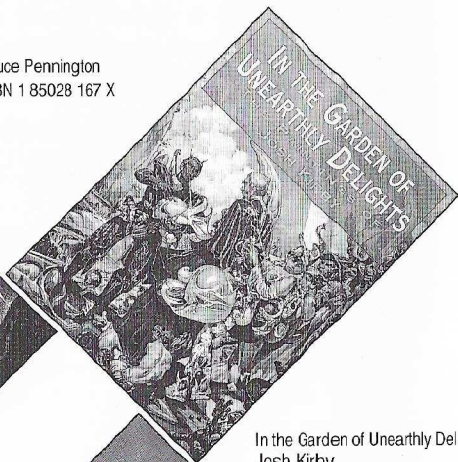
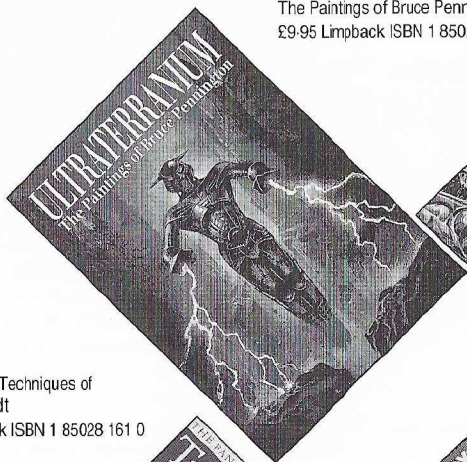
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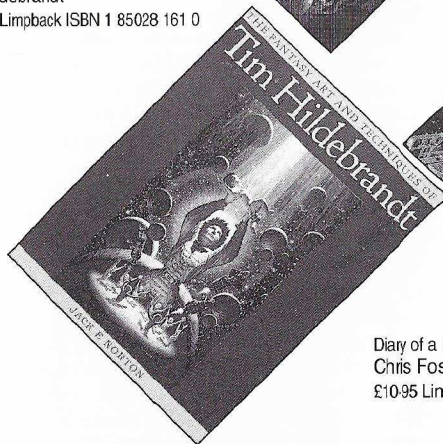
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Footsteps in the Spaghetti Timewarp

"There exists a small universe, just a quick twist of the space-time co-ordinates away from ours, at the nexus of several spaghetti-like roadways, where a party is constantly in progress..."

...wrote Paul Vincent in the programme book for Novacon 13. Every so often, Novacon has slipped into a mildly introspective mood, and popped outside for a while. A smoke, a quiet gaze at the stars, and some vague deep stirrings which it can't quite express by itself. In the nature of permanent partygoers, Novacon isn't that good at speaking coherently, but it has friends that understand it, and interpret its needs and desires.

In moments of quiet time, they jot down their interpretations, and we've dug up some of the musings of the past two decades. Here they are, presented for your delight, edification and embarrassment. Here's the rest of Paul's article - were you the girl in the gold bikini, and if not, do you still have the photographs?...

...The inhabitants of this continuum, some five hundred of them, belong to the ephemeral race of the Fenni. Every three days or

so there is a brief flickering of the ether during which several Fenni wink out of existence as scores of newly-hatched Fenni (or Neofenni) pop simultaneously into being and join the ongoing party. The inhabitants refer to these continuous cycles as Novacons, and have recently entered their thirteenth such cycle, a number of great arcane significance.

Or that's how it seems sometimes! One of the most commented-on features of Novacons is their tendency to blur around the edges into a single, pleasantly interminable, Meta-Novacon to which the latest instalment will add three more days. Days thirty-seven to thirty-nine, to be precise. Placing all these days end to end gives a prospect as frightening as it is fascinating -- the five-and-a-half week convention! It'd be an interesting experience (to say the least) undergoing the standard convention sleep-deprivation for such a timespan, but not one which the resulting basket-cases would be likely to repeat. The room parties alone would take a dreadful toll. Perhaps it's just as well there are short breaks, between each visit to the depths of Birmingham's one-way traffic system, for convalescence.

The whole 'non-stop Novacon' effect is probably due to the unshifting venue of the Royal Angus Hotel, which has accommodated eight of the last nine Novacons, a one-off switch to the Holiday Inn for Novacon 8 being the only interruption in an otherwise unbroken run. As you walk up those steps on the second floor to the sinisterly octagonal registration area, it's difficult not to feel the shivers of déjà-vu: is it really a whole year since Novacon 12, or have you merely timewarped back to the start of the

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same con? You'll never know! Only the inevitable rise in beer prices can give the game away.

Not everything has remained static in the world of Novacons. Looking back at Novacon 6, for instance, provides some instant nostalgia. You remember, back in the good ol' days before the blinding white light of hi-tech produced that miracle of modern science called 'The Badge Machine'. No glossy metal badges in 1976, oh no. Instead we had the amazing fannish cardboard badge (components: cardboard, sellotape, safety pin -- no artificial preservatives) which was guaranteed to be a crumpled, beer-stained ruin by Sunday. No way would anyone be tasteless enough to keep that as a souvenir of their first con (so why have I still got mine?).

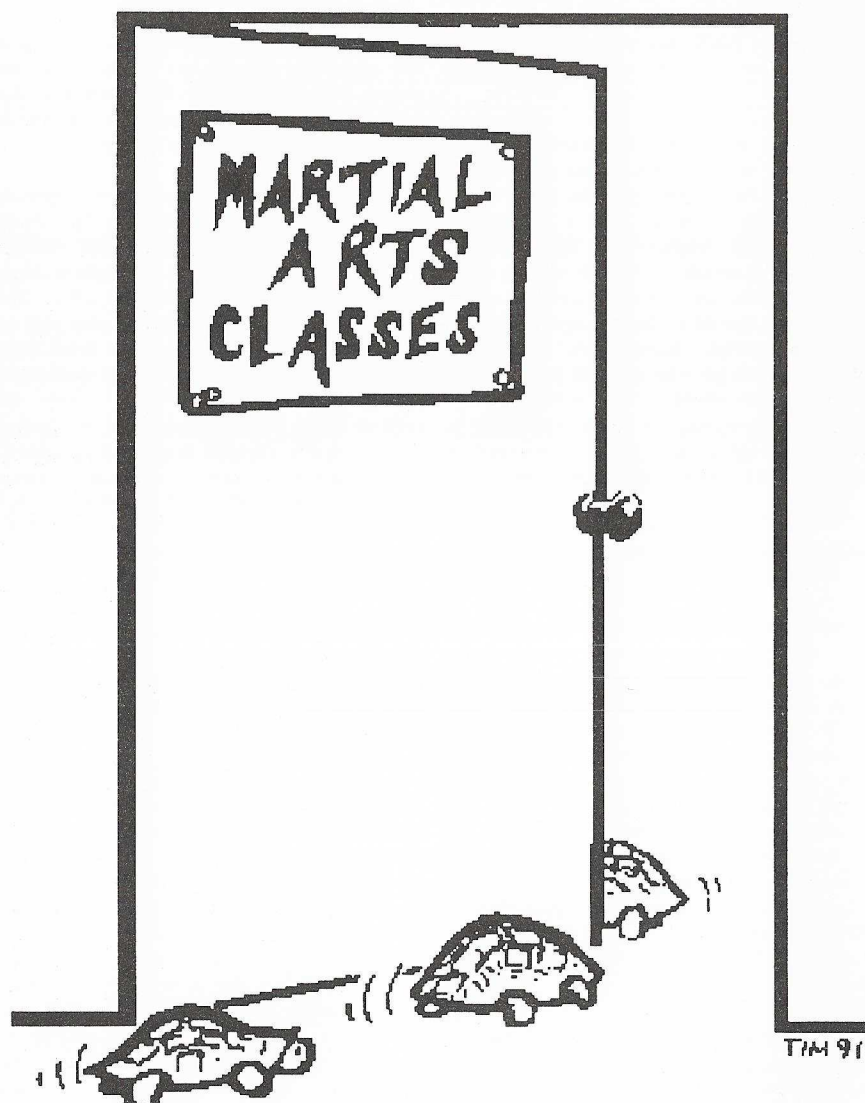
Let's keep flipping through this pile of Novacon 6 progress reports and see what turns up. Ah, here's my hotel bill: two nights at £5.75 per night. WHAT?? Suddenly the effects of inflation become horribly visible. The same sum will probably just about pay for a round of drinks at this year's con. The bill also states 'continental breakfast included'. I remember it so well -- that was the year we all got served breakfast in bed by the chambermaids. Picture the scene as some poor unsuspecting chambermaid -- fresh out of school -- innocently enters a single room, tray balanced precariously, only to encounter the fannish tradition of 'sharing floorspace'. The miasma of a dozen sweaty fan-bodies rises up as a dozen hungry mouths chant in unison "FOOD, FOOD!" from a nest of sleeping bags. Exit one chambermaid. No more breakfast-in-bed deals. Shame.

Other changes are abundant. For a start the progress reports were more like letters, on loose sheets of paper rather than the spiffy booklets we see nowadays. They went out to

fewer people, too. The first Novacon had a mere 144 attendees: a gross (no reflection on the punters concerned I hope). Then there were the banquets. Whatever happened to the Novacon Banquet? Died of food poisoning, I guess.

It would be futile trying to catalogue all the memorable incidents from the last seven Novacons, but one or two spring to mind. Such as the dubious venue of the Saturday night disco at Novacon 8. Most discos have a dance floor, but not this one! Oh no, it had a swimming pool in lieu of a dance floor, with a few brave fans bopping gingerly not too close to the pool edge. Incongruously, there were also a brace of exercise cycles near the DJ console, on which a new and highly energetic dance was developed. This consisted of trying to clock up as many 'miles' as possible before the record ended. No coronaries ensued, fortunately. The highest coronary risk that evening was reserved for the salivating lechers who crowded the poolside when a certain female fan, wearing only a gold foil bikini, plunged into the pool. The water promptly disintegrated the flimsy costume, leaving only the distorting effect of the water to cover her as the more photographically-orientated voyeurs clicked away.

Then there were the impromptu 'messes' -- Novacon 10 saw a paper-aeroplane war in the bar which rapidly escalated from A5-sized darts to massive two-seater gliders constructed from whole copies of The Sunday Times, much to the ire of the Angus manager who was faced with whole piles of newsprint to clear away. Not to be outdone, Novacon 12 found a large group of fans, playing football in the main bar with a large cabbage, which proceeded to shrink smaller ... and smaller ... until the floor was covered in shredded cabbage. Only the lack of suitable quantities of mayonnaise prevented an instant coleslaw supper.



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Novacons are very close to my heart. Novacon 6 was my first-ever glimpse of fandom, and I kept going back for another fix. This year brings a few organisational changes -- no more hiding the art show in the cellar like a guilty secret for one thing -- but what counts is that the party is still in full swing, and likely to continue for years to come. Anyone for Novacon 30 in the year 2000?

As Paul says, he only has a personal memory going back to Novacon 6. To discover the very roots of Novacon itself, and the secret magical name of the Creator, we must delve into the Book - the first programme book, for the first Novacon, and Vernon Brown's article.

Vernon started a great tradition of the 'Chairman's Bit', beloved of all programme book producers for its tardiness and similarity to other 'Chair's Bits' - mainly the spindly legs and overstuffed seats.

We were going to feature many of the wittiest and most charming Bits in this retrospective, but we discovered that for the past twenty years most of them have just slightly rewritten the one before. So read this piece by Vernon FirstChair, then turn to page 4 and read Nick TwentyFirstChair's Bit. Think of them as opposite ends of the world-circling serpent and you will then have read all the others...

Five years ago it was inconceivable, two years ago highly improbable, today it is happening. I refer, of course, to the fact that not only am I writing an article which will be read by a fair proportion of British Science Fiction Fandom, but I am doing so in my capacity as the Chairman of a Convention.

To use an oftspoken phrase, little did I realise those many seasons ago when I first met other fans just what I was letting myself in for. I was in my very early teens when I first found SF, but it was '65 before I had my first brush with fandom - a very light brush, as I could not, in my keenness, imagine an SF gathering of any description discussing or doing anything but SF. In '67 I joined the Aston SF group and in '69 attended my first convention - the Galactic Fair at Oxford.

Sheer admiration at this juxtaposition of hitherto unknown social events and science fiction fired the minds of all the ASFG members who attended and with great enthusiasm we attended a number of regional fantasy/SF minicons.

The idea of running our own con took root, but like many great ideas, did not grow until one fateful evening when members of the group were collating *Speculation* somewhere in the depths of the Pharmacy Department. Suddenly, amid the mutter of voices and the rustle of paper, Peter Weston's voice echoed "*so why not run a con?*" and in a suddenly released rush of enthusiasm a committee was formed, a title chosen and a hotel and GoH decided upon.

Several of us were already involved to greater or lesser degrees with Eastercon 22 and it was not until Easter was over that NOVACON began to really gain impetus. However, at this point examinations loomed ahead for three-fifths of the committee and soon one member was in the far northern wilds of Scotland, one was in Enfield and one was busy feeding a ravenous computer with strange data concerning rocks at all hours of the day and night.

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Progress Reports began to appear as authors and others accepted invitations to speak at the con. After a time of much frantic activity we sent out booking forms and awaited with trepidation their return. The response was not long in coming and the long nights of recording people's wants began. As people were still enquiring about NOVACON and this period coincided with the start of university term the postmidnight electricity flowed on many occasions.

The decision in September to issue a specially handstamped Commemorative Cover meant more work still in the form of artwork production etc, but the resultant GPO publicity offset much of this.

With but a week or so before the con weekend the programme is finalised, the films ordered and fingers are crossed in all directions. I now understand just what Peter meant at Eastercon when he declared that never again would he organise a convention!

But, as the chap said when he was asked why he was beating his head against a wall "It feels so good when I stop". He was right - the mere thought of the 15th is intoxicating. And after all these months of preparation I doubt that I will have time to see the programme!

But you will, and the Committee and I hope you will enjoy it as much as we have enjoyed producing it.

So now we know whose fault it all is. But from such casual beginnings (though I suspect that the portents of flaming comets, two-headed pigs and screaming white owls that accompanied our own conceptions were just as

conspicuous), how has Novacon grown to adulthood? What pre-pubescent events coloured its very soul? What were the secret wetdreams of its dark and stormy adolescence? Why didn't it leave home?

For that there may be an answer. I don't know if Novacon 17 seriously considered leaving the nest, but it certainly decided to take a long hard look at the world around it. Ian Watson and Lionel Fanthorpe were both asked to consider the magnetism of Birmingham ...

The first time I ever heard about Birmingham, wrote Ian, was when I was at school many long years ago, and the news hit the headlines that a dinosaur had been dug up there. A poem appeared in Punch or somewhere:

In Brum
spake the drum
of the Triceratops.....

Triceratops! The three-horned-face monster lizard! Herds used to graze Birmingham. And indeed there's still one there in effigy. Who, scrutinising the emblem in the Bull Ring, can believe that it is a mere modern male cow? Obviously it is a Triceratops - and that the heart of Brum should rightly be known as The Triceratops Ring.

Brum is not a mere product of the industrial revolution, a giant junior among cities. It has a more ancient, primeval, secret history going back to the Cretaceous Era. It has its own dinosaurian elder gods, like something out of Lovecraft.

Just as Trekkie fans campaigned to have a space shuttle christened Enterprise, so should

RETROSPECTIVE

the SF fans of Brum be campaigning to have the Bull Ring renamed The Triceratops Ring. Just as Glasgow has Cretin Fandom, so should Brum have Cretaceous Fandom.

Organize! Campaign! Wear horns! Munch leaves! Make the sign of the three horns when you meet each other!

Lionel, on the other hand, was a little more rational ...

So you want an article, do you? And you dare to disturb the sleeping Wizard to get one, dare you? and Oh, rash and intrepid mortal, you think that because I have the pleasure of having made your acquaintance in the past, and finding you a good and pleasant companion, that I shall instantly ingredientate you in my seething cauldron, do you? You are, of course, absolutely correct. I shall try to write an article for you and

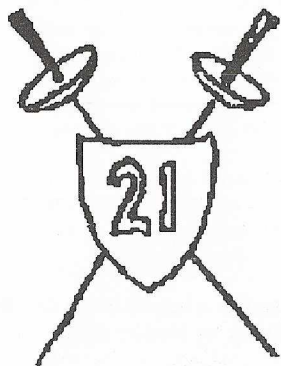
include Birmingham. Alas, I am well past the age when a man can be witty, and I know nothing about contemporary Fandom save that it has forgotten me: but one out of three isn't bad for a geriatric schoolmaster with acute nostalgia and incipient senility. I hesitate to suggest it, but are not those who remember me now getting old, too? (Bronchial cackles!!!)

Very well, then: publish if you dare.

Alan told me in his editorial blurb that I had to mention Birmingham. Here then are the mandatory Bimblings: the one in England lies 108 miles NW of London by road and 112 by rail. In 1961 it had a population of 1,105,651 and is said to be England's largest provincial city. Beware of the dreaded 'said to be'. I was once said to be the world's most prolific SF and Fantasy author, but it brought precious little in the way of fame and fortune. However, we press on!

The British Birmingham stands in the middle of an upland plateau, isolated (like Professor Challenger's Lost World) by the valleys of the Trent, the Avon and the Severn. There are also some lesser streams, the Tame, the Vole, and the Rea, which drain rather inconsequentially into the Trent. Can we have the next slide please? Birmingham stands upon an undulating site (which I suspect, undulates more than most during tankard filling time at Novacon). It is 267 feet above sea level in the east and 736 feet above sea level in the west, excelling itself in the south where the Lickey Hills actually make it above the 1,000 foot line. Wow!!

The other, and far more important, Birmingham, as far as our tale goes, is the one in Alabama, which was founded on a cotton field in



EPÉE BIRTHDAY

1870 and had a population of 340,887 in 1960, or 634,864 if we include Jefferson County, Bessemer and Fairfield. Birmingham is a steel town, and there stands upon the summit of red Mountain - as if any proof was needed - what purports to be a huge iron statue of Vulcan, the Roman Fire God. Or is it? Let the science fiction commence; let the tide of fantasy roll!!



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

I have it on no less reliable an authority than one of the men who gave the Rennes-le-Chateau story to Henry Lincoln one night in the sewers of Vienna while playing the unfinished symphony on a zither, and from several inebriated authors of books about the Bermuda Triangle, Lemuria and Atlantis, that the so-called statue of Vulcan is an alien artifact. (Pause for effect while glasses are de-steamed or refilled).

The apparent iron of which the statue is said to be made is not iron at all, but some curious non-terrestrial organic-ferroid material....

Before his last submergence in the Viennese sewers our informant is said to have blurted out the unbelievable truth: what seemed to be a statue of Vulcan on Red Mountain, Birmingham, Alabama is really....

(Editorial note) unfortunately, at this point the manuscript is torn and burnt, as though it had been wrested from someone's grasp by a huge, glowing, iron hand. The committee, or more specifically your Editor, the genial and persuasive Alan Cash will buy a pint of real ale for the best ending supplied by the end of Novacon.

Did anyone claim Alan's pint? And has anyone seen Lionel since? By this point Novacon must have decided that at 17 it was probably better off considering its own essential character - who it was rather than where it was. After all, how can you place yourself in the space-time continuum if you don't know your own dimensions and capabilities yet? So, like every adolescent, it started to look around for some ideals to latch onto. The easiest way to analyse your identity is to get someone else to do it for you. Anne Gay presented her ideas to Novacon 17 in an article called 'Paper Dreams'...

The world is my lobster - but I keep finding the claws. They seem to like the softer parts of my anatomy, which is where I keep finding them - the claws, I mean.

I am not in control of my life. When I pull my tights on, my knickers bite me.

The exhaust pipe fell off my car: the police car behind ran over it. "Er... good evening, officer. Let me explain...."

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And coming to a T-junction at the bottom of a hill, my throttle jammed full on just behind a shiny new Jag. At the same time my fan belt went. The Jag escaped, abandoned me in fact in the middle of the country in the middle of winter, but I knew just what to do. I ripped my woolly tights in half.

"Aha!" I thought. "All my life I've waited for this to show I can cope really."

The fluff on my winter tights clogged the carburettor as my legs turned blue.

Acc! Murphy's Law vindicated. Jam applied to toast imparts a lateral spin and strong gravitic attraction that scientists really ought to explore. But you knew that. You've cleaned carpets too.

And that's just in the battle with inanimate objects. (Have you ever noticed how they outnumber us?)

Recalcitrant people: now that's something else again.

So what's all this got to do with the price of a Novacon Ticket?

It's all a question of control. One of the reasons we read SF or fantasy is to escape to a world where we can be in control. As a reader we can say, "Oh, I wouldn't do that. I'd do this..." We can arrange the features of the hero or heroine to suit ourselves - which is one reason cover illos are often so irritating. We think "That's not what they look like. The artist's got it wrong again..."

Better still, at Novacon there are walking embodiments of another escape route:

real live authors. Many SF fans dream of writing one day; some make a few starts; even fewer stand the long slog to the end of their first or second novel. It's a hope, an idyll: no more 9 to 5, and to hell with the boss. We don't have to straighten paperclips any more. Let all our unrecognised genius be acknowledged at last! We can finally put our argument across in its entirety without interruptions and (on paper at least) win the day. The perfect life-style is in our grasp, if only editors knew what's good for them. If these author-persons can do it, so can we.

It's inevitable, though, that these dream-machines have problems of their own. I mean, that's life, doesn't one? Rejections, editorial cuts, Vatman and Robbin', deadlines, death threats, not to mention jet lagged lecture tours for the megastars among us. Then there's rows with the dog and bites from the beloved....

What better escape than a three day party with no-washing up? And you can choose who you talk to, what form of stimulation you fancy at any given moment...

For a while, there, you might actually be in control.

What do you mean - how dare I prefer my version of Novacon to yours?

Perhaps the Guests of Honour had the arcane secrets of the nature of Novacon. After all, they were the cream of the crop, the greatest minds in SF. Not only could they invent universes and mythologies peopled (or aliened) with characters that held a wealth of knowledge and experience, but they could describe them to us with skill and clarity - surely these Tribal Elders could help? If each of them were to be asked,

RETROSPECTIVE

say, twenty questions, surely in just a few years a multiversal truth would emerge? That would explain Novacon's identity and very existence?

The questions were asked. The analysis was done. The questions stopped. What Novacon learned we may never know - it has passed into adulthood by sheer force of years. Whatever traumas beset its first twenty years are the ones that we all share, and those of us that are entering our third decade know whether there are answers, and have an idea of what they might be. But not all of us are that old. Some of us still need to put the questions. Even if Novacon isn't doing it anymore. So we found the age-old questions, and we asked them again...

1 *Have you got a nickname?*

No. And I really don't like people calling me Col.

2 *What is your greatest extravagance?*

Wasting time.

3 *What do your slippers look like?*

A grey suede moccasin with matching tubular shoelace bow trim, navy and white check lining in cool refreshing cotton, no sole. Easily available from all branches of Freeman Hardy Willis, these slippers are smart but relaxing, a generous fit, and so-o-o flexible. Ideal for chilly mornings, evenings in front of the fire, or just any time when feet are in need of comfort! Unisex style, too, perfect for all the family.

4 *Do you believe in love at first sight?*

Yes, I'm certain that it happens all the time. I fell in love with my slippers, for instance.

5 *Do you believe in life after death?*

No. I don't even believe in life after marriage.

6 *What do you feel about dying?*

Hope it's quick, painless, and preferably a surprise. Sooner too, rather than later.



HAPPY BEERDAY

7 *Do you think there is life on other worlds?*

Af-firm-a-tive.

8 *If there is a heaven, what do you think it is like?*

Much like Edinburgh, in the mountains of Colorado, with warm spring sunshine six days a week and a surprise selection of interesting weather on the seventh, electric trams for the hills, shady canals, secret beaches, free hot-air balloon rides, free Laphroaig, free chilli, zipless sex, perfect slippers, no dust, no deadlines.

RETROSPECTIVE

9 Would you like to have been born female?

All this and menstruation too? No.

10 What is your favourite piece of music?

Our Lips are Sealed by the Go-Gos.

11 What is your favourite piece of art?

Maybe Giorgione's *Tempesta*.

12 What is your favourite book or story?

Divine Endurance by Gwyneth Jones.

13 Do you prefer cats or dogs?

Cats. I can't stand having anyone dependent on me.

14 If you could go back in time, which era would you choose?

I'm not sure when it was, exactly, but there were oceans of light and cities in the skies and wild flying beasts of bronze. There were shrill, viridian things that haunted bleak rivers. Um, and, oh, these, you know, big red sort of cows they were really, I suppose. Then.

15 If you could change one aspect of yourself, which would it be?

My skin. It doesn't work.

16 If you could change places with anyone, who would it be?

Rupert Bear.

17 What is your favourite soap opera?

Twin Peaks. Previously I despised the genre. I still find it tiresome, a dynamic structure that is merely a concatenation of crises, a sort of systematic irritation of the speculative faculties, three-quarters of the time without satisfactory resolution. But *Twin Peaks* was damn fine.

18 What do you think of Christmas?

The inconvenience, the expense, the exclusivity, the monomania, the sanctimony, the weather, the bloody retrospectives - I hate everything about it; yet I wonder whether without a general public festival sitting like a lump at the end of December all the years might not just blur together. They do anyway. I worked straight through Xmas 1989 finishing *Plenty* and I can see myself doing the same this year for *Harm's Way*.

19 What was the first SF book you read, and when?

I don't remember. I read continuously when I was a little boy, I liked books about magic, conjuring tricks as well as *Carbonel*. I do know when I was seven or so, 1961 say, my teacher Miss Thick gave me the *Daily Express Boys' & Girls' Book for 1938*, with a story in called *The Linking Ray*. ("In 1949 they will find the LINKING RAY. A Peep into the Future by Shaun Cavanagh.") The new ray is fifty times stronger than electricity! I thought it was all terribly technical and rather confusing, but I loved the pictures. "Giant 'Strataplanes' were flying from their rock tunnels." And boys in flying helmets with televisior boxes on their chests, attacking each other in a basement.

RETROSPECTIVE



RETROSPECTIVE

20 *Have you ever wanted to commit an illegal act?*

Never! But ah me, it is my cruel destiny.

Thanks to Colin Greenland for contributing his part to the knowledge of the multiverse. Like all celebrants of rites of passage, Novacon collects anecdotes and experiences from previous travellers, to light the way and point out the pit- and pratfalls. Novacon 13 was understandably apprehensive. It amassed a series of disaster tales from its friends, in the hope of warding off bad luck for itself. This was Bob Shaw's contribution...

My biggest disaster in recent years was the time I fell off a castle.

It happened during my metal detector craze which lasted for about three years, on and off. People who buy metal detectors always assure you that they are not trying to find buried treasure. What they are doing, they always say, is indulging in a practical interest in the past, and the idea of turning up treasure trove is far from their minds. They are, of course, telling lies.

I'm as interested in the past as anybody else, and I can also recommend metal detecting in a rural area as a lovely relaxing way to spend a few hours. Dry land fishing is the term I invented for it. There is a strange, ineffable thrill - vaguely science fictional and fannish in nature - in lifting a grassy clod and gradually breaking it apart, checking each fragment with your detector, knowing that somewhere inside it is a metal object which may have been there for hundreds of years, and that you are going to be the first to

see it in all that time. But, at the same time, only an absolute prune would try to claim that he would be just as happy to uncover a 1930s Boy Scout badge as an 1830s gold coin.

The only thing I ever found which could vaguely be classed as historical was a musket ball, which I detected in my own front garden in Ulverston. People who have never done any metal detecting may be surprised to learn that there were two classes of object which I turned up every time I went out on the prowl. The first one is money. The entire country is seeded with low value coinage of fairly recent manufacture. The second class of object was used cartridges. Perhaps that says a lot about the chief preoccupations of the human race.

Anyway, I eventually managed to found a little club in the Ulverston area so that I wouldn't feel so conspicuous when out alone with my detector. That was another difficulty - I hated being seen with the damned instrument. Groups of urchins would follow me around, the bleeping of the detector would often attract crows from miles away, and every casual passer-by would go hundreds of yards out of his way to ask what I was turning up. Oddly enough, this embarrassment factor has resulted in a weird phenomenon. People who do find treasure are often making their first sortie with a brand new detector - and this annoys the real pros in much the same way as expert pools investors get upset when fortunes are scooped by old ladies with their first entry.

The explanation is that the metal detector neofan is highly embarrassed at making a spectacle of himself, so he racks his brain to think of a private spot, near at hand, where he can operate unseen. And this is exactly the same kind

RETROSPECTIVE

of thinking employed by somebody who has some loot that he wants to put away and yet have easy access to.

My metal detector club did not fare very well. It turned out that MD fans are every bit as hard to regulate as SF fans. When a bunch of us went out on a group search we would solemnly vow to proceed exactly line abreast at a fixed pace and to pool all our finds for equal division later on. What always happened was that two or three would scurry ahead, and you would hear their bleeps in the distance and look up to see them cramming stuff into their pockets. And, when asked what it was, they always claimed it was nails or barbed wire they wanted to remove from the land in case some sheep got choked. Hah!

That kind of inconsiderate behaviour had shrunk the club to two by the time we got around to trying our luck at Stank Castle, near Barrow. Joe and I poked around the ruins for a while without any success. The castle was part of a farmer's land, and farming land is very bad for metal detecting, mainly because agricultural machines keep shedding bits of themselves all over the place and giving useless signals.

After a while I got fed up and was thinking of heading to the nearest boozier for a few pints of bitter - then I got one of my brainwaves. About twenty feet up a in a ruined wall was a little window. I got this vision of a distraught maiden up there, when the wooden floors still existed, watching her lover go off to battle and getting so agitated that she didn't even notice showering gold rings, necklaces, earrings and so forth all over the window sill.

This is it, I thought. I clambered over a pile of sharp-edged boulders beneath the window and climbed up the wall like Dracula in heat, finding a toe hold on every little projection. When I got to the window I checked it out - and there was nothing. Puffing reflectively on my pipe, I began to edge down the wall again - but the very first stone I entrusted my weight to flipped itself out of the wall in something like a billionth of a second.

There was no time to react. I felt that twenty feet in a kind of slow-motion consciousness, fully aware that life or death depended on the disposition of the rocks I had clambered over on the way up. Strangely, I felt no fear - only sick rage over having put my one and only life at risk in such trivial circumstances. I'm glad I didn't get killed, because the sort of language I was using when I hit the rocks would have almost certainly offended St. Peter. I smashed into the boulders on my back, bounced a couple of times and rolled down on to the grass. The metal detector, following a different trajectory, somehow managed to land on top of me, inflicting further bruises - but, miracle of miracles, I was still smoking my pipe and it was undamaged.

It took weeks for me to get over that fall. My back, shoulders, arms and legs were covered with huge contusions which went through the strangest colour combinations - yellow, green, black, magenta, brown, purple ... if I hadn't managed to get to a pub with Joe and down six pints of Hartley's best bitter within the hour it is quite possible that I would have died.

That was the main part of the disaster, but there was more to come. The salt had not yet been rubbed into the wounds.

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A few days later I heard from another bloke in metal detector fandom who lived a bit further south. He had just bought his first instrument and had been trying to think of a place to try it out. He remembered seeing some ground near where he lived which was plentifully seeded with old broken red tiles. Somebody had told him that was a sign there had been Roman villas on the spot. So he went there, and while he was tuning up his detector he happened to glance down at his feet - and he found three Roman coins. They had been lying there, on the bloody surface, for almost twenty bloody centuries, and he got them - without even giving one wave of his detector.

That was me finished! I flogged my metal detector soon afterwards and am now devoting my time to much more profitable pastimes.

Finding the Loch Ness monster is going to make me rich and famous.

What of the future? What sort of adulthood is Novacon going to have? Do we really care or is this going to turn into a 'Whither Fandom' piece? Well, be fair, we couldn't leave it out, could we? So here, to finish our timewarped blast from the past, is a classic of the genre: 'Who Knows Where the Time Goes?' by Alan Dorey, which first appeared in the programme book for Novacon 11 ...

Fandom is what you do while all your non work-colleagues grow older. They'll work their forty odd years, have the requisite number of children, worry about ulcers, mortgages, and the menopause, and reach retirement wondering what they've been doing with their lives. The grim conclusion is not a lot.

Now fans don't escape the ageing process physically, but mentally it's another story. You see, how many of you at conventions actually consider yourselves to be an adult? I don't mean that you've got hair on your chest or have a 36 inch bust, but deep down, in your mind, do you feel grown up? Doesn't everyone else that you look at appear adult, while you just feel that it's a masquerade and that you mustn't become stereotyped by it all? Being of such a mind myself, it really is a tremendous bonus at conventions. You can boogie around, do whatever you like and not feel guilty about it, because all the other fans there are of 'consensus ad idem' (of alike minds). Your being ages, occasionally malfunctions, but at cons, (especially Novacons) it's as if your attitudes, personality and behavioural traits are put through the Fountain of Youth. For four magic days each year, you shed your shackles and exist outside of the tedious treadmill known as work.

Fandom can be a time-trap too. It's five years since my first convention, and yet, apart from a calendar with whole months scrubbed out, the whole experience dissolves into one continuous extravaganza. Using the same hotels each year at Novacon bolsters this feeling. Was it yesterday or last year that you saw Dave Pringle crawling around under a table looking for Paul Oldroyd? How come the drink prices seem to go up each day? Is it really three years since beer went through the 50p mark? And why does Rog Peyton look younger now than in 1965?

Following on from the Yorcon II 'Dupers for Poland' item, I can see how Novacon 50 in 2020 will turn out. There'll be the usual problems and the usual panels 'Whither Science Fiction?', 'What is SF?', and 'Why is Chris Priest still called one of our promising younger writers

RETROSPECTIVE

on hardcover dustjackets?'. There'll be the revised Dupers' panel. D. West, Greg Pickersgill, Joe Nicholas and Dave Langford sitting up on the stage, each wrinkled, wizened, old, decrepit and incontinent, each holding hands to ears and resting sagging chins on the table top. Their heads are wired by a fiendish array of electrodes to a clapometer machine suspended high on the back wall. Instead of reading portions of books and being paid to keep quiet when the going gets awful, the panel are fighting for their lives. They each have to write (and then read out loud) a



complete novel, and the one who receives the most applause is instantly released from life's mortal coil by a sixteen inch steel bolt which shoots out of the electrode head-gear. All the action is controlled by the clapometer, it's harmless, almost painless and raises a laugh.

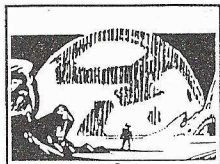
But I digress. Conventions and fandom are certainly great times for all participants. Even the Fan GoH, who, generally, rather than being honoured by his peers, is selected by a con committee to take on this role and is then promptly ignored by the vast majority of attendees. Only friends talk to the poor person, but at least free drinks are bought. The attractions of cons, other than (in theory) the ever-open bars and a chance to meet friends from all parts of the country at the same time, are the mix of people there. There's always someone you can fall out

with, or someone new and interesting to talk to. The same old incidents happen at room parties, but the best part is, they happen in different rooms and to different combinations of people and get written up in many different ways.

Fandom is something you can't explain. You can't study 'fandom' and pass an 'O' level in it. It's a feeling, a state of being. You know you're a fan when you feel you are. Conversely, if you spend hours wrestling with your mind and pondering over the popular myth 'Gosh isn't fandom tough to get into', then you're not a fan. And if you're not a fan, why spend vast quantities of energy desperately trying to get accepted? Isn't it because people are envious, or because they feel the need to create a barrier to entry simply to confirm their vague impressions of fannish elitism? The harder you work at gaining acceptance, the less rewarding it will be. Work is effort with a degree of recompense in mind. Many fans drift in, or by force of personality or interest are the sort of folk other fans want to talk to. There is no twelve-point list of rules of how to be acceptable. Fandom's not like that. Fandom simply is.

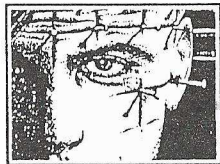
One day, at your second or third con, or after your first fanzine or your contact with other fans outside of cons has lasted more than a month or so, you'll wake up and proclaim yourself a fan. It'll be that straightforward. You'll know when that moment is; you can't fool yourself by being premature about it, but when it comes to pass, you too will want to know where the time went.

And for fandom, well, I'm grateful. It's not a collection of social misfits. It's an enhancement of normal life. And now, I must go and experience higher consciousness by having a drink. Enjoy the convention.



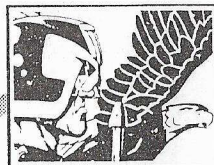
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PAST NOVA AWARD WINNERS

1973	Peter Weston for <i>Speculation</i>	
1974	Lisa Conesa for <i>Zimri</i>	
1975	Rob Jackson for <i>Maya</i>	
1976	Rob Jackson for <i>Maya</i>	
1977	Dave Langford for <i>TWLL-DDU</i>	
1978	Alan Dorey for <i>Gross Encounters</i>	
1979	Simone Walsh for <i>Seamonsters</i>	
1980	Dave Bridges for <i>One-Off</i>	
1981	Best Fanzine	Malcolm Edwards for <i>Tappen</i>
	Best Fan Writer	Chris Atkinson
	Best Fan Artist	Pete Lyon
1982	Best Fanzine	Rob Hansen for <i>Epsilon</i>
	Best Fan Writer	Chris Atkinson
	Best Fan Artist	Rob Hansen
1983	Best Fanzine	Dave Bridges for <i>A Cool Head</i>
	Best Fan Writer	Dave Bridges
	Best Fan Artist	Margaret Welbank
1984	Best Fanzine	Dave Wood for <i>Xyster</i>
	Best Fan Writer	Anne Hamill Warren
	Best Fan Artist	D West
1985	Best Fanzine	John Jarrold for <i>Prevert</i>
	Best Fan Writer	Abi Frost
	Best Fan Artist	Ros Calverley
1986	Best Fanzine	Owen Whiteoak for <i>Pink Fluffy Bedsocks Publications</i>
	Best Fan Writer	Owen Whiteoak
	Best Fan Artist	Arthur "Atom" Thomson
1987	Best Fanzine	Hazel Ashworth for <i>Lip</i>
	Best Fan Writer	D West
	Best Fan Artist	D West
1988	Best Fanzine	Hazel Ashworth For <i>Lip</i>
	Best Fan Writer	Michael Ashley
	Best Fan Artist	D West
1989	Best Fanzine	Jan Orys for <i>VSOP</i>
	Best Fan Writer	Simon Polley
	Best Fan Artist	Dave Mooring
1990	Best Fanzine	Joseph Nicholas & Judith Hanna for <i>FTT</i>
	Best Fan Writer	Dave Langford
	Best Fan Artist	Dave Mooring

BORING BUT USEFUL

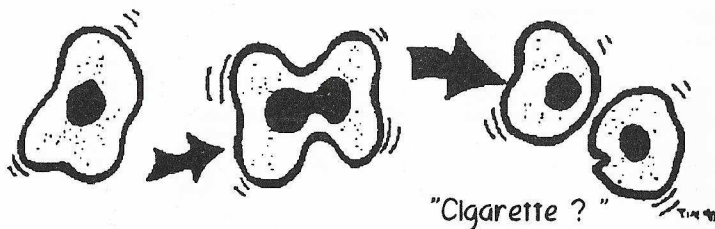
HISTORY OF NOVACON

Hotel	Guest of Honour	Chair	Attendance
1. Imperial Centre	James White (committee: Ray Bradbury, Alan Denham, Alan Donnelly, Pauline Dungate)	Vernon Brown	144
2. Imperial Centre	Doreen Rogers (committee: Stan Eling, Jeffrey Hacker, Richard Newnham, Meg Palmer, Hazel Reynolds)	Pauline Dungate	144
3. Imperial Centre	Ken Bulmer (committee: Stan Eling, Gillon Field, Meg Palmer, Geoff Winterman)	Hazel Reynolds	146
4. Imperial Centre	Ken Slater (committee: Pauline Dungate, Stan Eling, Gillon Field, Robert Hoffman, Arline Peyton, Rog Peyton, Hazel Reynolds)	Dr Jack Cohen	211
5. Royal Angus	Dan Morgan (committee: Ray Bradbury, Pauline Dungate, Robert Hoffman, Laurence Miller, Arline Peyton)	Rog Peyton	272
6. Royal Angus	Dave Kyle (committee: Helen Eling, Laurence Miller, Arline Peyton, Rog Peyton)	Stan Eling	317
7. Royal Angus	John Brunner (committee: Liese Hoare, Martin Hoare, Ian Maule, Janice Maule, Dave Langford)	Stan Eling	278
8. Holiday Inn	Anne McCaffrey (committee: Dave Holmes, Kathy Holmes, Chris Walton, Jackie Wright)	Laurence Miller	309
9. Royal Angus	Christopher Priest (committee: Helen Eling, Stan Eling, Chris Morgan, Pauline Morgan, Paul Olroyd)	Rog Peyton	290
10. Royal Angus	Brian W. Aldiss (committee: Joseph Nicholas, Keith Oborn, Krystyna Oborn, Paul Olroyd, Chris Walton)	Rog Peyton	495
11. Royal Angus	Bob Shaw (committee: Helen Eling, Stan Eling, Joseph Nicholas, Phill Probert)	Paul Olroyd	362
12. Royal Angus	Harry Harrison (committee: Chris Baker, Dave Hardy, Eunice Pearson, Phill Probert)	Rog Peyton	373

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- | | | | |
|---|-----------------------------|------------------------|----------------|
| 13. Royal Angus | Lisa Tuttle | Phil Probert | 339 |
| (committee: Chris Donaldson, Steve Green, Dave Haden, Jan Huxley, Paul Olroyd, Eunice Pearson, Paul Vincent, John Wilkes) | | | |
| 14. Grand | Rob Holdstock | Steve Green | 333 |
| (committee: Kevin Clarke, Ann Green, Dave Haden, Eunice Pearson, Phil Probert, Martin Tudor, Paul Vincent) | | | |
| 15. De Vere, Coventry | James White & Dave Langford | Phill Probert | 340 |
| (committee: Tony Berry, Carol Pearson, Eunice Pearson, Graham Poole, Martin Tudor) | | | |
| 16. De Vere, Coventry | | E C Tubb & Chris Evans | Tony Berry 257 |
| (committee: Nick Mills, Darroll Pardoe, Rosemary Pardoe, Graham Poole, Maureen Porter) | | | |
| 17. Royal Angus | Iain Banks | Bernie Evans | 352 |
| (committee: Mick Evans, Dave Hardy, Graham Poole, Stephen Rogers, Geoff Williams) | | | |
| 18. Royal Angus | Gary Kilworth | Tony Berry | 411 |
| (committee: Bernie Evans, Rog Peyton, Greg Pickersgill, Linda Pickersgill, Martin Tudor) | | | |
| 19. The Excelsior | Geoff Ryman | Martin Tudor | 426 |
| (committee: Tony Berry, Helena Bowles, Bernie Evans, Nick Mills, Pam Wells) | | | |
| 20. The Excelsior | Dr Jack Cohen | Bernie Evans | 330 |
| (committee: Al Johnston, Alice Lawson, Steve Lawson, Nick Mills Richard Standage) | | | |
| 21. Forte Post House | | Colin Greenland | Nick Mills |
| (committee: David T Cooper, Bernie Evans Al Johnston, Alice Lawson, Steve Lawson, Chris Murphy) | | | |

The attendance figures are taken from the members listed in the programme book, and NOT the complete total of attendees.



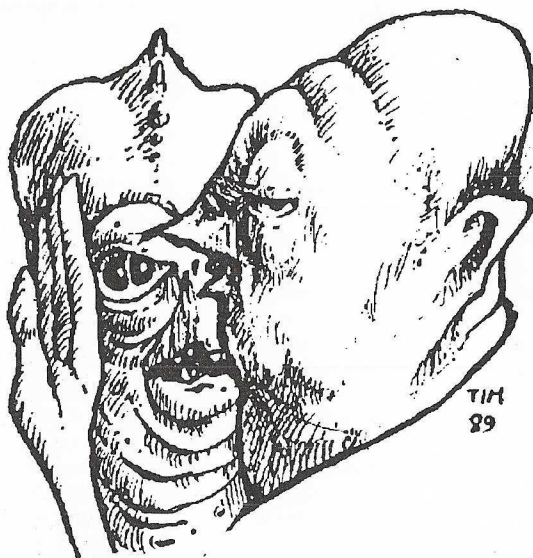
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Membership list

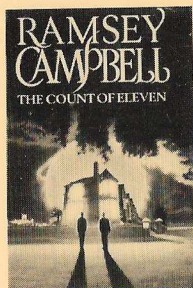
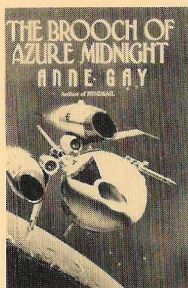
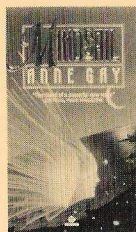
001 Colin Greenland	045 Kate Solomon	089 Colin Langeveld
002 Ellen M Pedersen	046 Caroline Mullan	090 Sue Mason
003 Nick Mills	047 Jim Samuel	091 Bridget Wilkinson
004 Bernie Evans	048 Larry Van Der Putte	092 Rafe Culpin
005 David T Cooper	049 Pat Brown	093 Karen Heenan
006 Steve Lawson	050 Brian Ameringen	094 Rob Meades
007 Alice Lawson	051 D M Sherwood	095 Alice Kohler
008 Al Johnston	052 Martin Hoare	096 Dave French
009 Chris Murphy	053 John Harold	097 Shirley French
010 Vicky Evans	054 Tim Illingworth	098 Linda Parkin
011 Ray Bradbury	055 Geoff Cook	099 John West
012 Vernon Brown	056 Stephen Davies	100 Steve Grover
013 Brian Burgess	057 Giulia de Cesare	101 Dave Hardy
014 Stan Eling	058 Sue Harrison	102 Kathy Westhead
015 Chris Morgan	059 Dave Thomas	103 Mike Westhead
016 Pauline Morgan	060 Ina Shorrocks	104 Kevin Joyce
017 Rog Peyton	061 Trish Rogers	105 Gill Alderman
018 Greg Pickersgill	062 Dave Mooring	106 John Brunner
019 Tim Stannard	063 Sarah Dibb	107 Robert Day
020 Pete Weston	064 Adrian Snowdon	108 John Steward
021 Roger Robinson	065 Patrick Curzon	109 Richard James
022 Tim Broadribb	066 Melinda Young	110 Jacky Andrew
023 Andy Morris	067 Neale Mittenshaw-Hodge	111 David Cochrane
024 Paul Brazier	068 Niall M Gordon	112 William Armitage
025 Juliet Eyeions	069 Rod Milner	113 Alastair WheelerReid
026 Kay Allan	070 Nic Farey	114 Andrew Stephenson
027 Ian Sorensen	071 Paul Domer	115 Joyce Slater
028 1/2r Cruttenden	072 Ann Green	116 Ken Slater
029 Christopher F O'Shea11	073 Steve Green	117 Neil Curry
030 Howard A Rosenblum	074 Pete Wright	118 Iain Banks
031 June Rosenblum	075 Anne-Marie Wright	119 B A Blackburn
032 Helen Eling	076 Mark Savage	120 Jenny Glover
033 Marcus L Rowland	077 David Baldwin	121 Chris Amies
034 William McCabe	078 Kati Wright	122 P F Hamilton
035 Steve Jones	079 Peter Mabey	123 John Trasler
036 Martin Tudor	080 Philip Bell	124 Karen Trasler
037 Pam Wells	081 Rhodri James	125 Peter Day
038 Dave Ellis	082 Brett Cockrell	126 James White
039 Michael Abbott	083 James Steel	127 Peggy White
040 Mike Stone	084 Chris Bell	128 Mark Reynolds
041 Mike Ford	085 Ian Brooks	129 J Baker
042 Jack Cohen	086 Barbara Kershaw	130 Terry Pratchett
043 Alison Tomkinson	087 Chris Brooks	131 George F Tement
044 Neil Tomkinson	088 Dave Cox	132 Linda Tement

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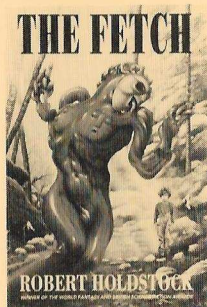
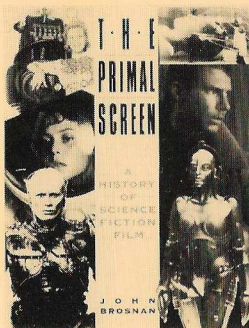
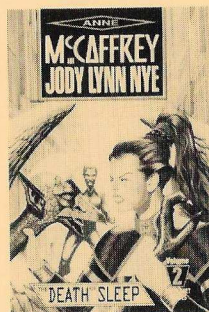
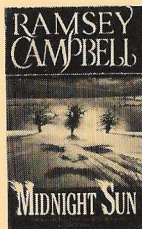
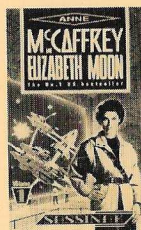
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| 134 Valerie R Housden | 156 Sue Edwards | 178 Richard the Rampant |
| 135 Anne Page | 157 Brian Stovold | 179 Mick Evans |
| 136 Ethel Lindsay | 158 Jean Maudsley | 182 Doreen Rogers |
| 137 Jeffrey T Rolfe | 159 Elaine Coates | 183 Chris Baker |
| 138 Ken Cheslin | 160 Mark Slater | 184 Rachel Baker |
| 139 Nigel Robson | 161 Norman Shorrocks | 185 Margaret Austin |
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| 148 Claire Brialey | 170 Chris Stocks | 194 Neil Summerfield |
| 149 Noel Collyer | 171 Christine Jennings | 196 Rob Hanson |
| 150 Jason Grant | 172 John Perry | 197 Keith Brooke |
| 151 Debby Moir | 173 Ivan Towlsen | 198 Bridget Hardcastle |
| 152 Mike Moir | 174 Julia Smith | 199 John Dowd |
| 153 Mrs S A Melia-Powell | 175 Mark Smith | 200 Frances Dowd |
| 154 Linda Krawecka | 176 Helena Bowles | |



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