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# FIFTEENCON



1971-1986



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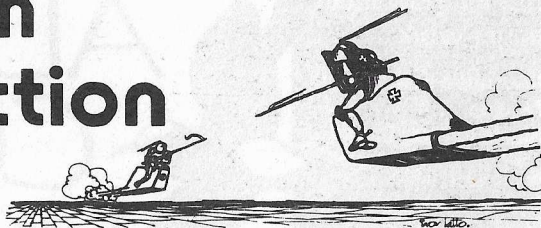
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# Birmingham Science Fiction Group

June 1971-June 1986



Honorary Presidents: BRIAN W ALDISS and HARRY HARRISON

## 15th ANNIVERSARY SOUVENIR BOOK

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This Souvenir Book designed and produced by Rog Peyton. Printed by DESIGNAPRINT LTD, Bloxwich, West Midlands. Contents ©1986 Birmingham Science Fiction Group. "Where have All the Groupies Gone?" ©1986 Helena Bowles.

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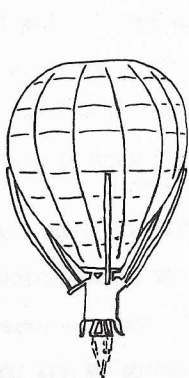
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Gollancz



# WELCOME...

Welcome to the Birmingham Science Fiction Group's 10th Anniversary Party.

That's how I started the Souvenir Book produced five years ago and now here I am, older and some would say certainly no wiser (wise people do *not* make the same mistake twice), once again Chairman of the BSFG, once again in charge of producing the Souvenir Book for this, our 15th Anniversary celebrations.

But this time, things are a little different - five years ago we had a Party here at the Royal Angus; now we've organised a full-blown convention for you giving it the extremely original title of FIFTEENCON (it took six people and at least thirty seconds of heated discussion to choose that name over A SUMMER NOVACON). Five years ago we started the Party after a large signing session in the wine bar next to ANDROMEDA's old premises in Summer Row - most attendees were drunk by the time they arrived at the Angus. This time ANDROMEDA are starting things off once again with a signing session - a mammoth affair with over twenty authors, here at the Angus (NOT at the shop), on the Friday night.

The format of this Souvenir Book follows that of our 10th Anniversary Book in that all articles are arranged chronologically (with slight overlaps) interspersed with short bits from yours truly. These editor's bits will be inserted in some very nice triangular brackets <>> that are on this word processor and which I don't get to use very often.

This Souvenir Book is my only participation in FIFTEENCON. For the event itself you must thank the Chairman, Bernie Evans, and her committee. Bernie is one of the most enthusiastic and capable people that have emerged in the Brum Group since our 10th Anniversary and I'm confident that she will make FIFTEENCON a success. Pauline Morgan has been responsible for Registrations, Hotel Bookings, etc., while Dave Packwood has been responsible for the programming. Chris Chivers has been responsible for the finances and for annoying the rest of the committee by smoking the most revolting-smelling pipe and by failing to say anything of use to anyone at all. That's probably unfair of me - there is one thing about Chris that is good and that I really admire about him - his girlfriend Tina.

Thank you to our honorary Presidents, Harry Harrison and Brian Aldiss who don't come to visit the Brum Group as often as we'd like and thank you - the members of the Group and the fans who support Novacon every year - for making this event possible.

Welcome to the Birmingham Science Fiction Group's 15th Anniversary Convention. Enjoy yourselves.

Rog Peyton  
BSFG Chairman

*This 15th Anniversary Souvenir Book is  
Dedicated to the Memory of*

**CHARLIE WINSTONE**

*who passed away after a short illness  
on 21st April 1984*



# ROLL-CALL OF THE GREATS

**BRIAN ALDISS**

*Helliconia Winter, September*

**RAMSEY CAMPBELL**

*Incarnate*

**SIMON IAN CHILDERS**

*Tendrils*

**HARRY HARRISON**

*Winter in Eden, September*

**ROBERT HOLDSTOCK**

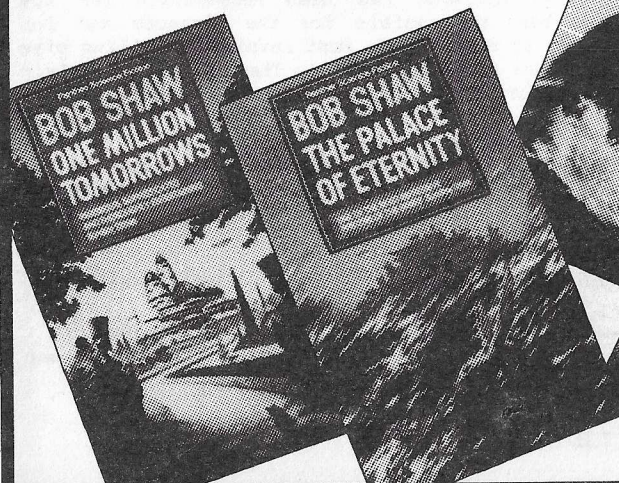
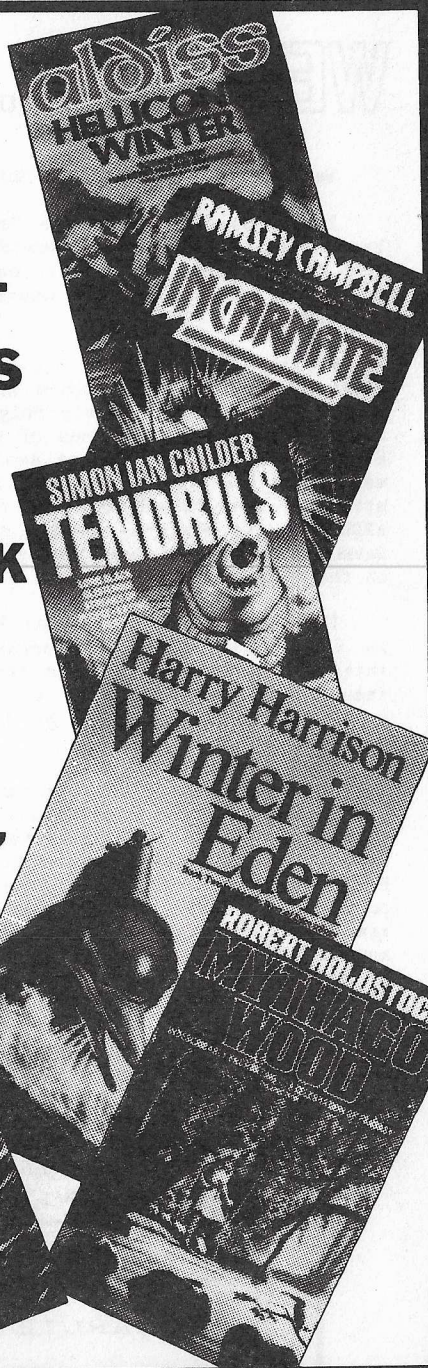
*Mythago Wood*

**BOB SHAW**

*The Palace of Eternity,  
One Million Tomorrows, September*

*all*

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# The Chairman's Bit

*Bernie Evans*

Yes, I know someone else has used that heading before but why waste a good idea just because it was someone else's?

When reading other chairman's introductions in con books I've often wondered why they don't just get on and say what they want instead of waffling on for half a page. Now I know why. I'm sitting in front of a blank computer screen and can't think of a damned thing. The same thing happened when I sat in front of blank paper in my typewriter, and before that in front of a blank page in my note-book. I've decided it isn't the medium I'm using that is blank - it's my mind.

How did I come to chair this con committee you may ask. Well, about two years ago I was talking with Rog at a Brum Group meeting, when he mentioned, sort of casual like, that certain committee posts would be open at the next AGM. Anyone who knows Rog will know how hard it is to say 'No' to him, how hard it is to say anything at all with one's arm up one's back! So a few months later I was elected Publicity Officer to the Brum Group.

About a year after that I was talking to Rog at a Brum Group Committee meeting when he mentioned, sort of casual like, that a 15th Anniversary Party should be organised and...

It's quite fitting that my first convention chairmanship (in fact my first time on a con committee) should be Fifteencon as the first convention-type gathering I ever went to was the Brum Group's 10th Anniversary Party. It was in that Souvenir Book that I read about Gillon Field's connection with the Group and, with shock, of her death.

I knew Gillon about 20 years ago, having met her in a second-hand bookshop that used to be in Digbeth. She was, at the time, a seemingly very successful career woman, a company secretary, and I was an unmarried teenager with a small child. In those days, to be an unmarried mother was not the socially acceptable thing it is now. To add to the ostracism I frequently encountered in the various offices I worked in as a temp, I had a one room bed-sit to live in, and knew hardly anyone in Birmingham. Gillon learned all this during frequent conversations in the bookshop: it had become a habit for us both to be in there on Friday evenings. Slowly, she took me under her wing. Never one for the social conventions of the day, she seemed to delight in my pleasure when she took me for 'a coffee' and it turned into a meal, or when she brought along 'a small gift for the baby'. We only ever met in the bookshop, except once when she told me to go to her firm. It was on that occasion that she gave me a collage she had made to brighten up my room. I wish I could say it is now a treasured possession but it isn't. I sold it when particularly short some time after but I do wish I still had it. We eventually began to see each other less often - as a temp I was often working on the other side of the city - and in the end lost touch completely.

The 10th Anniversary Souvenir Book was dedicated to the memory of Gillon Field in her persona as a Brum Group Personage. This piece is dedicated to my memory of Gillon Field as a very warm human being, the best friend I had at a time I really needed one.

Bernie Evans  
FIFTEENCON Chairman





# THE HISTORY OF THE B.S.F.G.



BEING THE SECOND PART OF A SHORT, INCOMPLETE AND INFORMAL HISTORY OF THE  
BIRMINGHAM SCIENCE FICTION GROUP AS SEEN THROUGH THE BIASED AND  
NOSTALGIC EYES OF VARIOUS BSFG MEMBERS.

<<<Darroll Pardoe was one of the first fans I met way back at the start of the old BSFG. A member of that original Group, Darroll never joined the current Group as he'd moved away from Birmingham. Now, 25 years later, Darroll is on the committee for this year's Novacon, and again a member of the Brummies. So who better to start this 'history'...>>>

## **SADO AND THE BSFG**

## ***Darroll Pardoe***

Towards the end of 1964 I started working for a PhD at Birmingham University and since this meant I was in Birmingham on a daily basis I became for the first time an active member of the BSFG - the original Birmingham Group, the Ancient Brummies. At the time the Group used to meet in Charlie Winstone's house in Erdington, where we crammed into the front room to play chess, read the latest fanzines and back issues of PLAYBOY, and plot the destiny of fandom. We used to pay sixpence a meeting in subs to Charlie's mum for tea and biscuits. It all sounds rather homely, but in truth this was an organisation at the very centre of fandom in Britain. It was organising an Eastercon, and had taken over the direction both of the BSFA and of the only indigenous APA of those days, OMPA. I'd seen the rise to greatness of the BSFG

only from a distance and by the time I came to participate in person the Group was beginning its slow but inexorable decline, later hastened by the decision (which at the time seemed reasonable enough) to meet in a pub, the Old Contemptibles by Snow Hill Station. It all ended at a final meeting in 1967, attended only by Martin Pitt and myself, where we formally declared the BSFG extinct.

So there I was at the death, but in a way I saw how it all started too. To explain that I need to talk about SADO, the Stourbridge & District Science Fiction Circle. You wouldn't expect a little place like Stourbridge to have a thriving and dynamic SF group, and indeed there were never more than a handful of members - the formal existence of the organisation spanned only a couple of years. But SADO had an influence on the development of fandom in this country strangely disproportionate to its size. In the beginning it consisted of Ken Cheslin and a couple of his friends who'd walked into the 1959 Eastercon, which was held in the Imperial Hotel in Birmingham, a venue which in later years became all too familiar to fandom at large, but which in 1959 was hosting its first convention. Ken and his mates became wildly enthusiastic about fandom and forthwith constituted themselves a local group and began to plan a fanzine. Nothing unusual so far, but in an attempt to broaden the membership Ken placed a small-ad in a prozine, NEW WORLDS, which trawled in Dave Hale and myself. At that time Dave and I were eager devourers of all the SF we could lay our hands on, Badger Books and all, but in no way could we be called fans. So imagine our surprise when we opened up the new issue of NEW WORLDS and saw Ken's ad. An SF group on our doorstep! (Ken lived, in fact, a mere half mile from Dave and I).

I can't remember what sort of animal we expected a science fiction circle to be - a kind of small-scale learned society, perhaps - but we got in touch with Ken and were immediately sucked into the mad world of fandom. In 1961 I went off to university and for the next three years played only a small role in Stourbridge activities, but as SADO faded the publishing team of Hale and Cheslin rose to prominence with LES SPINGE, a blockbuster fanzine whose climb to glory culminated in the massive 'Black SPINGE', for which staples were quite inadequate: Ken Cheslin's Black & Decker was requisitioned to drill holes in the copies for heavy duty clamps! That last SPINGE was a roll-call of British fandom - practically everyone who was then active could be found within its pages, and it finished Dave. He married soon after and disappeared from fandom for ever. But for four years or so, Stourbridge and Dave Hale were familiar names in fandom at large, and this was one way in which the old SADO had achieved a more than local significance, albeit mostly after its formal demise.

But I think there was a second and more important way in which Stourbridge fandom influenced the development and destiny of fandom in general. In the early sixties we in Stourbridge started to get visits from Birmingham people - people like Rog Peyton and Peter Weston, who nowadays are pretty well-known but then were fresh-faced young lads in their first encounter with fandom. The SADO firework party of November 1960 was a particularly seminal occasion. In no time at all, it seemed, the Brummies had gone off and done their own thing in the shape of the Birmingham Science Fiction Group. SADO was the seed which sparked the greater Brum Group into being, and helped it along by continuity and guidance in the shape of Ken Cheslin, who became a sort of father-confessor or guru to the new organisation. For a while, the BSFG was where it was all happening. Members came in to meetings from as far away as Banbury and Lincolnshire; the Group maintained a regular presence at the Globe; its members ran the BSFA, OMPA and eventually the Eastercon. But of course it couldn't last.



The new BSFG of the seventies was a different animal, with its formal meetings and city-centre meeting places, its guest speakers and its subscriptions. Not at all the happy anarchy of the Ancient Brummies, the half-dozen fans squeezed into the front room of a terraced house in Erdington. How things have changed!

Darroll Pardoe

<<<Are you sure, Darroll, that the firework party was 1960? I'd always thought it was 1961. How can we check?>>>

## YOU LOOK AWFUL!

**Rog Peyton**

We pick up this second part of the BSFG history where we left off - our 10th Anniversary party. My memory of that weekend is very patchy - I remember clearly the ANDROMEDA signing session in the wine bar where a good time was had by all before we all moved over to the Angus. Memories of a very drunken Malcolm Edwards and John Brosnan, well oiled and 'happy', leaning against each other in the bar - not particularly out of any friendship for each other - but without each other's support they would have certainly finished up flat on the floor! You may well be forgiven for thinking that I was in the same state as I have admitted my memory of that day is sketchy. Not so. In fact, I hadn't touched any alcohol at all that day. For several weeks before the event I had been waking each morning with a pain along my lower ribs - it felt as if someone had been kicking me all night. The pain was getting worse every day but stupidly I refused to visit a doctor. I'd been having several late nights working till the early hours on the Souvenir Book which I'd left till the last possible moment. (If that one was late, *this* one is even later - as I write this it's only 10 days to the event! I never learn).

Arriving at the Angus, I bumped into Ian Williams.

"Hi, Rog. You look awful. Is anything wrong?"

A few minutes later Krystyna Oborn says hello and tells me I'm looking terrible. The pattern was the same the rest of the afternoon every time I got chatting to someone. When Dave Holmes and I did the sketch with Harry and Brian, set in the year 2000, and Dave pushed me in to the Con Hall in a wheelchair, I was feeling worse - but thankful for the chair! The rest of that weekend I don't remember.

Of course, immediately after the weekend I hotfooted it round to the doctor who sent me for blood tests and X-rays the result of which I found myself in hospital for a couple of weeks while I was tested for everything in the medical encyclopedia. At least I got to rest and read a few dozen books.

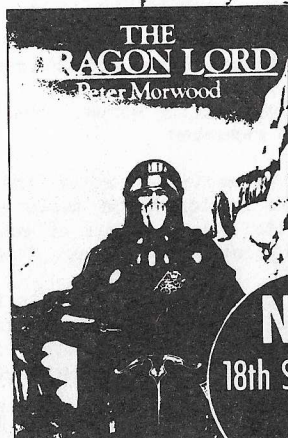
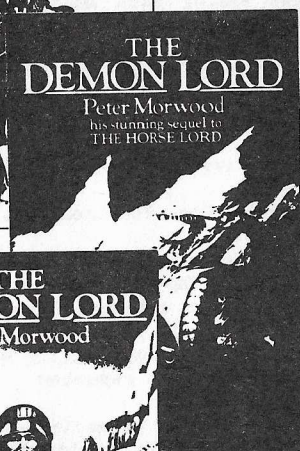
At the end of August we severed relations with the Brum Group Film Society - what else can one do when it's discovered that the chairman of that society had signed a contract with the hotel for a film convention, agreeing to a £500 per day penalty clause in the BSFG's name without informing the BSFG!

The October meeting gave us the light relief we needed. A speaker from the Aetherius Society came and told us about these 7 foot giants controlling our lives from Venus (or was it Jupiter?). For us it was a wonderfully light-hearted meeting where several of our members had fun, particularly our own vicar Bob Vernon, arguing with their speaker. I don't think their speaker enjoyed it anywhere near as much.

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At the end of the year I decided to quit as Chairman and have a year's rest. But fate decreed otherwise. No-one had volunteered to run the following year's Novacon.... I never learn.

Rog Peyton  
BSFG Chairman 1981

<<<That year Novacon was chaired by a young, keen and fresh-faced fan who had already served his apprenticeship by being on the committees of both NOVAcon 9 and 10. Unfortunately he then moved away from Brum (escaped?) but here reminisces about his days in the Group.>>>

## REMINISCING

**Paul Oldroyd**

"Reminisce," he said. "You know, tell them all the stuff that nobody else dares to tell." He was, of course, completely off his tree. Everyone knows I never write anything: I can't stand the thought of having to read something I'd written five years later. In any case, the NOVAcon 11 registration list vanishing off the face of Birmingham the day before Chris and I got married is hardly front page NEWS OF THE WORLD material. Rog is, however, nothing if not persuasive.

"I can't write," I told him.

"I'll edit it."

"I haven't got anything to write about."

"Make it up."

"I just can't do it."

...And then he smiled that Rog 'It's a bloody good book, and you're going to buy it, aren't you?' Peyton smile, and leaned over me. Oh God. I've never been able to resist the Peyton Smile and Lean combined. It's what got me into all this stuff in the first place, back in the days when you were studiously ignored upon leaving Summer Row with a pile of books in plain brown paper wrapping. This particular day I didn't have to be especially furtive; I emerged from ANDROMEDA not with books, but with a ticket to what the Smile and Lean had convinced me would change my life. It was a 'ticket' for an Eastercon - and, of course, it did.

Not that this was tremendously evident immediately, mind you. That first con was something of a personal disaster. It included such cracking gaffs as telling Anne McCaffrey that she looked much older than I expected her to, and spilling beer over Chris Priest. The only redeeming factor was that they screened THE DALEK INVASION OF EARTH: even then some American idiot kept on trying to chat me up whilst I was trying to watch it. So I went back to watching Villa lose every other Saturday, going to parties of an incriminating nature most nights, and generally hanging about doing anything except study Medicine.

Naturally, this state of affairs couldn't last. The next time round I went to a Novacon, fell into a swimming pool inconveniently situated next to the bar, and was Smile and Leaned into being on the following year's committee. And the year after. And the year... For one dreadful year I was even Chairman (not that I mind all the wonderful power that goes with this. I just hate public speaking even more than I hate committing myself in print).

At any rate, I soon found myself becoming a fully-fledged conrunner, an activity which proved to be quite unexpectedly addictive. This has caused several people to doubt my sanity: at least addiction to food or alcohol is somewhat acceptable - wanting to work in my spare time appears to indicate some strange sort of perversity. Of course, work has little to do with any reason for running conventions, apart from there being a small correlation between the amount you put in and the satisfaction you come away with. What's more important is getting together with a group of like-minded people every other week, and having a party, which can always be justified by going over some convention business late on in the evening. One particular Novacon involved committee meetings being held at the Tun between closing time at lunch and opening time in the evening on the first Thursday of the month. Dreadful and unspeakable things usually happened on the night train back to Birmingham afterwards, which I'm sure nobody's going to mention after all this time.

Soon my life became full of people who went to conventions, people who organised conventions, and the odd couple of people who produced fanzines. Nobody appeared to read SF any more (aside from those who did it for a living and kept the rest of us informed about What Was Going On), but this didn't seem to matter too much. Fandom simply became the equivalent of nipping round to the local club. Well, not quite. Last year it involved me in going to Australia to help bid for the British Worldcon; this year I'll be going to America to help publicise it. It's a big club.

Beware the Smile and Lean. It doesn't just sell you books.

Paul Oldroyd  
Chairman NOVACON 11

<<<...Er...Paul...I'll see you at FIFTEENCON...

Meanwhile, back in the Brum Group, you'll remember we were looking for a new Chairman...>>>

## 1982 IMPRESSIONS

**Vernon Brown**

It is said that one volunteer is worth a dozen pressed men, but I'm not quite sure where that leaves someone who is pressed into volunteering!

With Roger ill and unable to stand again for Chairman, and everyone in the Group except the Committee so eager to serve that they couldn't be seen for dust, a certain amount of leverage was applied to get me to stand for the office, although I hadn't been on the committee for several years, had just married, bought a house and generally gaffiated. But, perhaps, if... And so I became the 1982 Chairman.

The year had the usual mixture of social/panel events and speakers, the latter ranging from pure talks such as those by Brian Aldiss and Fred Pohl (we had to use the Holiday Inn for that Special Meeting) to the video/slide/computer-graphics of Anne Page and Kevin Davis. Somewhere between the extremes of speakers we had Colin Kapp talking about his *Cageworld* series and offering to read us a short story he had just written. However, as this ran to some 15,000 words we regretfully had to decline his suggestion. Colin was still only half-way through his talk when we were thrown out of the pub at closing time.

As far as I was concerned the main event of the year was the Group's (i.e. a few dedicated fans) involvement in the Lord Mayor's Procession that May. The



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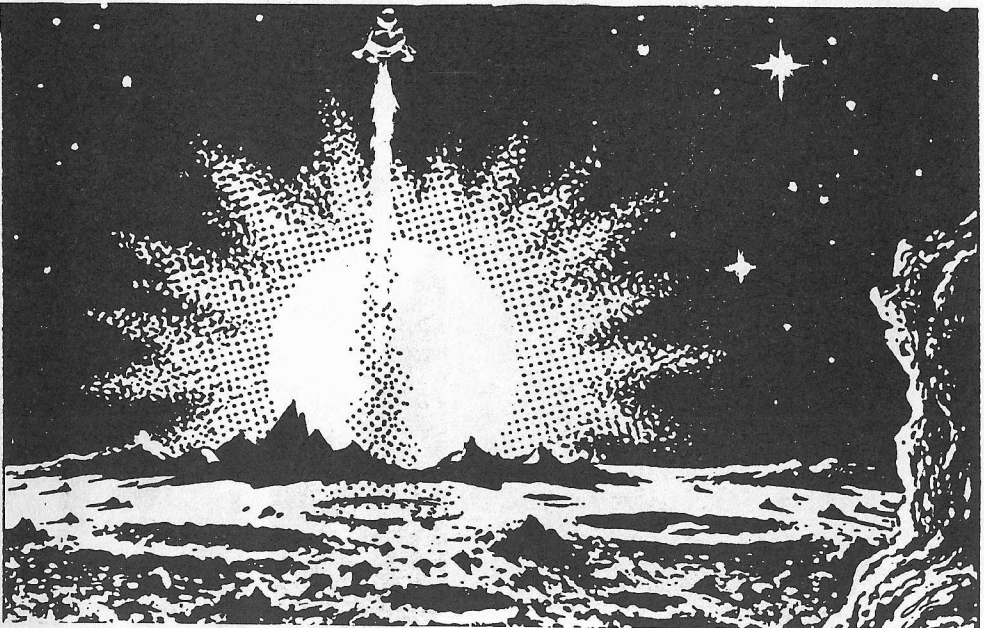
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## LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION

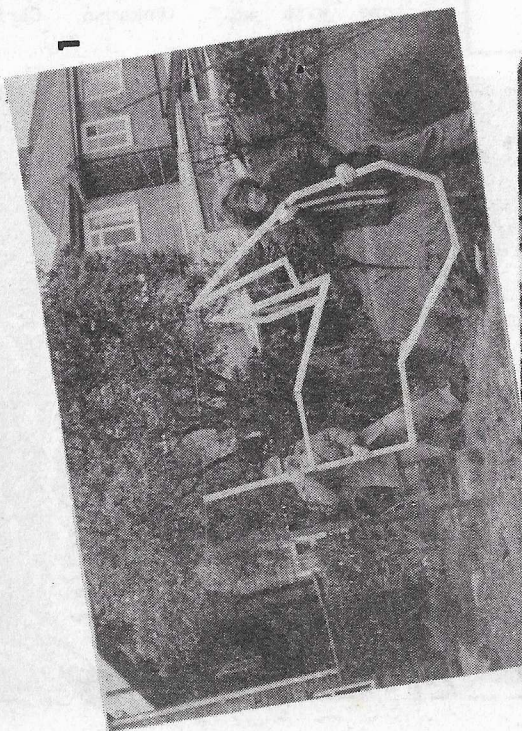
### KEY TO PHOTOS

(Pgs 16 & 17)

- 1 "Skeleton Workforce." (Vernon & Chris)
- 2 "But I only hit it once!" (Anne)
- 3 "I don't care what the chemist said - I need that solvent!" (Alan)
- 4 "Well, it was there a minute ago." (Vernon, Richard, Alan)
- 5 "If Frankenstein could do it then so can I." (Vernon)
- 6 "Look, I've been here half an hour - get it it fixed!" (Peter)
- 7 "Hey! I like that - I collect tropical fish." (Unknown, Chris, Pauline)
- 8 "No! We found it and it's coming home with us." (Unknown, Chris, Pauline)

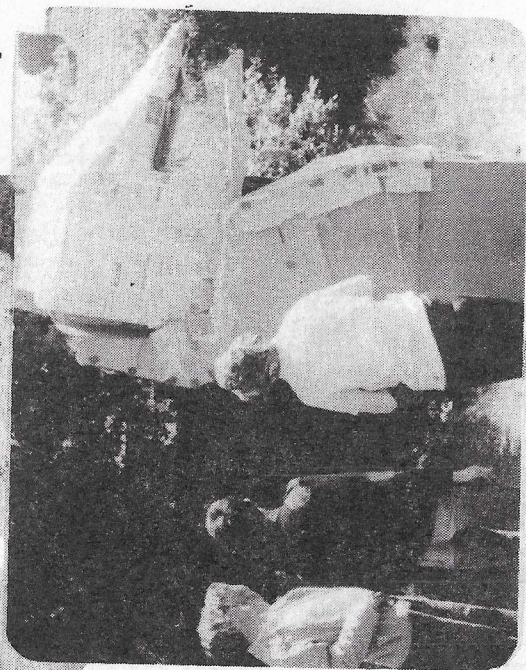








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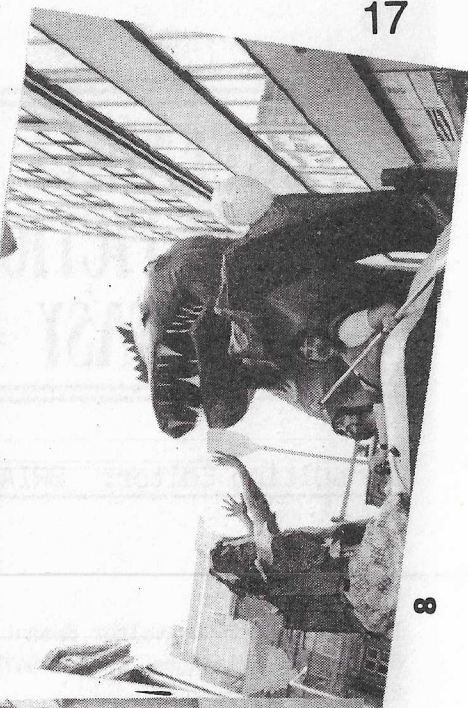
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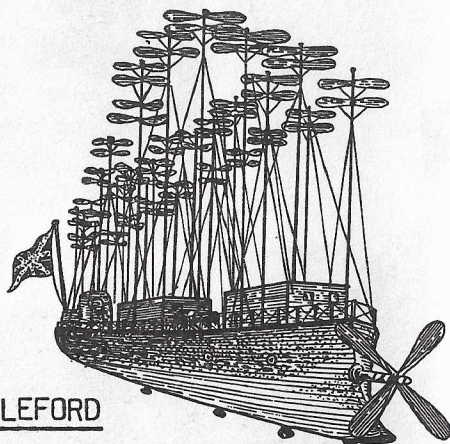
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theme for the floats was to be 'maritime' and after Alan Cash, our Publicity Officer that year, had enrolled us the fun began. I'm not sure that Anne Gaye knew just what she was letting herself in for, but for several weeks the garage at the bottom of her garden was taken over for the construction of a sea-monster by a group of enthusiasts including Anne herself, Alan, Chris Suslowicz, my wife Pat, Richard Johnson (a keen young fan whose enthusiasm was a match for Alan's and whose father plus car was pressed into service more than once) and myself.

The neighbours were also very forbearing because the monster was soon too large to be worked on in the garage and had to be dragged out into the service road at the beginning of each evening's session, with the result that every time someone wanted to get to or from their garage, a *pas de deux* for monster and car had to be performed. But the weather was more or less fine and the creature was ready in time - just!

Late on the Friday night the thing was mounted on a lorry and finishing touches made before being driven by Peter Weston through the suburbs of Brum to spend the night in his front garden, leaving some bemused spectators behind us on the way, probably because it had just gone closing-time!

Unfortunately we didn't win a prize on the day but it was all great fun wandering round the Procession course, dodging the pennies, especially for Chris and Pauline Morgan, who were 'shipwrecked' under the monster's jaws and had little room to maneuver. After all that effort we couldn't even keep the monster for a mascot or anything and I believe that it was last seen at someone else's fete.

But everything comes to an end sooner or later, and after the 1982 Christmas Party came the 1983 AGM when Peter Weston, standing on a platform of 'make the Group much more fannish', became the next Chairman and my stint finished.

Vernon Brown  
BSFG Chairman 1982

<<<Yes, I remember well our meeting with Colin Kapp. In the Lychee Garden before the start of the meeting, Colin had told me that he would be reading this 15,000 word story. At my obvious astonishment, he assured me that it would only take 15-20 minutes to read it aloud!!

NOVACON 12 arrived far too soon with one committee member, David Hardy, in Germany working on a film, leaving four of us to organise everything at the last minute. My fault entirely. Having chaired three previous Novacon's and being on the committee of two others I was sure I could do it standing on my head and left everything till the last moment. Despite a lot of work going into forming a programme - Eunice wrote to 43 fans for one programme item and only received one reply - the result was a patched-up programme, the cracks very evident. Steve Green was very vocal about how bad NOVACON 12 was, telling me at one Brum Group meeting that it was considered by fandom in general as the worst convention ever held in the UK. I hope that this was the usual Steve Green level of reporting - while I'll be the first to admit it was not up to standard, I'd hate to think that people thought it was that bad.>>>

## **TIME CONSIDERED AS A DOWNHILL STARSHIP RACE**

**Peter Weston**

Fifteen years since we began; five years since our last anniversary celebration when, as now, I sat here trying to summarise what the BSFG is

actually all about. This almost feels like one of those stories of a Slower-than-light starship voyage, in which the author writes a few paragraphs to show the changing attitudes of the characters as the years progress, and as their original values become gradually less and less meaningful.

I was thinking of Fred Pohl's *GOLD AT THE STARBOW'S END*, although in that one the crew advanced to genius-level during their journey. More recent, and possibly more apt, might be Bob Forward's *FLIGHT OF THE DRAGONFLY* in which the travellers regress to idiots!

But, to carry the analogy a little further, at least they knew where they were going. Do we?

Fifteen years ago I thought I knew; so did Rog, Vernon and some of the other founding members. We each saw things a little differently, but I think we had a dream, a vision of a collective entity having shared values and interests, one which would enrich our lives a great deal more than by just talking about science fiction once a month.

Looking back at the 1981 Anniversary book I see that I painted a fairly glowing picture of achievement, in a material sense, with Larry Niven, Isaac Asimov and all the rest. But I also said that "I hoped we had set up a sort of training programme for fandom" and at the end of my article asked, "have we succeeded?"

Well, I hedged then, but knew the answer was 'probably not'. For throughout the first ten years of its existence the BSFG was almost entirely absent from most of the interesting things which happened in SF fandom, one of the most active and creative periods culminating in the 'Golden Age' of British fanzine fandom in 1975-77.

For most of that decade the Group was the archetypal *Circle of Lassitude*, and the fact that probably no more than 3 members recognise the allusion only serves to prove my point.

So, by the time of our 10th Anniversary I was on the way out, fast losing interest and submerging in pressures of business. The Group was carried by a few stalwarts until, on a fateful New Year's Day, 1983, Rog persuaded me to come back from retirement and stand as Chairman once again.

I entered the year with a surprising amount of enthusiasm, to find a hot controversy blowing over our annual Novacon convention. The general feeling in British fandom seemed to be that the BSFG hadn't been putting much effort into the convention, but was drawing off a disproportionately large amount of cash.

My answer was to hold onto the convention constitutionally, try to bring more life into that year, and to re-structure the Group's financial affairs so that we would positively and obviously put something back into fandom; money, donated to parties at major conventions, and effort, activity, new fannish faces.

Well, I think we had some successes. We created a lot of goodwill with our BSFG party at the 1983 Glasgow Eastercon, organised by Steve Green with Real Beer, music and wild dancing into the small hours. We launched a publishing project (originally APA-B) which still exists in changed form, there was a summer barbecue and Chris Suslowicz's firework display at Beccon.

My fondest memories are of our Christmas Party, with Bob and Sadie Shaw as our guests, roast suckling sandworm on the menu, and during which I appeared in Santa Claus costume to give out gift-wrapped paperbacks. And people met in



pubs (the 'informal' meetings), wrote letters, argued on the telephone, plotted and persuaded.

I'd like to think that some of us, for a short time, created a real fan-group within the shell of the BSFG; fulfilled the objective which (for me at least) had been the original reason for its existence.

But time goes on, and where are we now?

Perhaps I can return to my earlier starship analogy; maybe we arrived at the target planet in 1983 and some of us got off. The rest are on the return trip, and if you will look now at Brian Aldiss's epic NON-STOP, you'll see the fate of those degenerate crew-members who long ago forgot who they were and where they were going.

Unkind! Unkind! Blast on to 1991!

Peter Weston  
BSFG Chairman 1983-84

## A POSITIVE ATTITUDE

**Rog Peyton**

At the beginning of 1984, Pete Weston bought the company he worked for and had less time to devote to the Brum Group and because of 'difficulties' with that year's committee he decided to resign in September, pulling me out of retirement to take over where he left off. I found it hard to believe all the difficulties Pete described but on taking over I found he'd underestimated if anything. It was the worst committee I've ever had the misfortune to work with. Stan Eling had tried to warn me. Meetings arranged and only two members turning up was just one of the items. Simon Norburn, like his predecessor, had completely failed to do *anything* - two years without any publicity; no wonder the membership was falling! Other committee members were doing their own individual jobs but trying to get them to work as a team seemed an impossible task. Personalities clashed over every minor item resulting in a totally negative attitude.

I wrote a letter to each committee member, stressing the need for a positive attitude and asking for their support for the last few months of that year. It worked. Up to a point. It stemmed the flow of attacks on the Group and on certain persons in the Group but it was still impossible to get them to work as a team.

When the AGM arrived in January 1985, it was with relief that I found myself with a new committee. Unfortunately, the previous year produced a casualty. Stan refused to continue and has vowed never to stand again. Events of the previous year had soured his love of BSFG committees even to the point of threatening to give up attending the Group itself. Thankfully time heals and he is still attending the Group. Next year, Stan?

The new committee were superb. With slight variations, I have the same committee this year. NOVACON 16 promises to be the best Novacon for many years, chaired by Tony Berry who coped magnificently at NOVACON 15 when the Chairman Phill Probert walked out in the middle of the closing ceremony, rudely leaving his committee and Guests of Honour with open mouths. Tony also has a superb committee. Bernie Evans and her committee have done an excellent job in organising FIFTEENCON. I hope I'm not premature in saying that I think the BSFG is back on the right tracks again.

Rog Peyton  
BSFG Chairman 1984-86

# FANTASYCON XI

26TH - 28TH SEPTEMBER 1986

## DENNIS ETCHISON

GUEST OF HONOUR

## SAMANTHA LEE

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

## JODY SCOTT

SPECIAL GUEST

Fantasycon XI takes place at the Midland Hotel, New Street, Birmingham over the weekend of 26th - 28th September, 1986. The Guest of Honour is Dennis Etchison, author of two Scream/Press collections, THE DARK COUNTRY and RED DREAMS, the forthcoming novel DARKSIDE, and numerous movie novelisations including VIDEODROME and THE FOG. Samantha Lee's varied career spans publications from OVER 21 to WORKOUT MAGAZINE to FANTASY TALES. Her genre work includes 'The Lightbringer Trilogy' - a series for younger readers, and many science fiction and horror anthologies. She is currently working on an adaptation of DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE for Beaver Books. Jody Scott's visit coincides with the first British publication of I, VAMPIRE by The Women's Press. Her other novels include PASSING FOR HUMAN (also published by The Women's Press), STARMASTERS, and CURE IT WITH HONEY, an MWA award-winning mystery.

Other guests already booked or who have indicated interest in attending include: Clive Barker, Jean Daniel Breque, Ken Bulmer, Ramsey Campbell, Adrian Cole, John M. Ford, Neil Gaiman, Steve Gallagher, Charles L. Grant, Colin Greenland, M. John Harrison, Roger Johnson, Diana Wynne Jones, Guy Gavriel Kay, Patrick Marcel, Kim Newman, Terry Pratchett, Noel Scanlon, Guy N. Smith, Lisa Tuttle, Karl E. Wagner.

Talks, films & videos, panel discussions, and of course a wide selection of fantasy merchandise available in the dealers room all make for a varied convention which is highlighted by the Awards Banquet and the presentation of the BFS awards on Sunday.

Room rates at the four star Midland Hotel are only £18.50 per person per night - inclusive of full English breakfast and VAT.

Full attending membership is £10.00 (£9.00 for BFS members). Supporting membership is £2.00 only. Register early! Send your cheques/money orders (payable to FANTASYCON) to:

**FANTASYCON XI**  
**15 Stanley Road,**  
**Morden,**  
**Surrey,**  
**SM4 5DE.**

## The BRITISH FANTASY Society

The British Fantasy Society was formed in 1971 to provide the discerning reader with a greater coverage of the fantasy, SF and horror fields. To achieve this, the society publishes a regular *Newsletter*, packed with information and reviews of the many new books and films that confront the fan, *Dark Horizons*, a magazine that contains fiction and articles, plus several other magazines on subjects designed to interest the Society's membership. Besides magazines, the BFS organises an annual **Fantasy Conference** which attracts some of the top names in the field. At these events the **British Fantasy Awards** are presented for categories such as Best Novel and Best Short Story. Amongst those who have enjoyed the benefits of the Society are:

Piers Anthony, Clive Barker, Ken Bulmer, Ramsey Campbell, Stephen Donaldson, Charles L. Grant, Robert Holdstock, Stephen King, Dean R. Koontz, David Langford, Tanith Lee, Fritz Leiber, Brian Lumley, Michael Moorcock, Peter Straub, Peter Tremayne, Lisa Tuttle, Karl Edward Wagner, Manly Wade Wellman, Gene Wolfe...

It costs only £8.00 to subscribe for a year. Send your cheques or postal order to the Society's secretary (or send an s.a.e. for further details):  
 Di Wathen, 15 Stanley Road, Morden, Surrey, SM4 5DE, U.K.



## FIFTEENCON SHORT STORY COMPETITION

<<<Rules for the competition were that the story should be no more than 1500 words and incorporate the theme of Fifteen>>>

## THE WINNING ENTRY

# "Where have all the groupies gone?"

## HELENA BOWLES

The tapping was first heard by Paula Milton. However, it took her several moments to locate its source as the Connaught Room of the New Imperial Hotel is on the second floor and people are not, in the natural course of events, found rapping at window panes fifteen feet from ground level.

She had been standing near the window taking a quick preview of the items 'kindly' donated for the latest of Roy Paget's infamous auctions. Bending down she lifted the green cloth covering the long trestle table to reveal two large cardboard boxes. Having satisfied herself as to their contents she turned to Roy, who was leaning against the table nearby.

"Even you won't sell those."

He shrugged. "I said I could sell anything so someone decided to test me. I..."

She held up a hand. "Listen."

"What?" All Roy could hear was Bronwen Jones and Cassandra Darwin arguing about whether Bronski Beat or the Beatles were the pop group most worthy of adoration. "I can't hear anything..."

"At the window," Paula moved across to the heavy curtains. "I can hear tapping."

"Don't be ridiculous," Roy began. "We're on the - Good God!"

The comment was not without justification. The man outside was hanging by both hands from a rope which was secured around a rather hairy left ankle. As they watched he waved at them with one hand and made a Churchillian V-sign with the other. Unsurprisingly he fell sideways, inscribing a 180° arc and was left swinging from one ankle, like the pendulum of a nightmarish Swiss cuckoo clock.

By this time the attention of other Birmingham SF Group members had been secured. Carl Milton and Terry Masters hauled the apparition through the window. He sank to the floor and sat cross-legged staring at them beatifically.

"What the hell were you doing out there?" Carl panted - the visitor was not the lightest of weights.

"Getting your attention, man," he said as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"Out there?" Terry asked, running a hand over his curly hair. "What are you - an acrobat?"

"No," the man said. "I'm an alien."

There was a pause.

"An alien?" Roy asked finally, with not a little sarcasm. "As in illegal or outer space?"

"Dig the ears, man." The visitor flipped back greasy brown hair to reveal a Neil look-alike visage and elfin ears beyond the dreams of Gene Roddenberry.

"Y'know," Bronwen Jones commented, "If he's an alien, there's something very odd about him."

Cassandra chewed the end of her hair.

"You mean the beard, the CND earrings, the psychedelic robe and the raffia sandals? Yes, I noticed that."

At that moment, the door was pushed open and an excited voice said: "Hey! There's just been a newsflash you might be interested in. There's been a real UFO spotted over Birmingham. It took the top off the Post Office Tower. They think it's heading this way!" The face disappeared.

The alien stared up at the faces that registered varying degrees of disapproval and shock.

"Like it wasn't my fault!" he said defensively. "I ran out of fuel between dimensions and the computer dropped me out into *this* dimension with this bloody great tower flashing lights in front of me."

"Dimensions?" Paula asked.

"Yeah, I was on my way to the Fifteenth Woodstock Memorial Festival in the SMLFC dimension." He began a very off-key rendering of *Mr Tambourine Man*.

"I do not believe this!" Bronwen muttered. "Cassandra - what on earth do you think you are doing?"

It was a reasonable question as her friend was in the process of hitching up her skirt and joining the aesthetic abomination sitting on the floor.

"Establishing human-alien relations," Cassandra replied. "We have common interests." She began singing in a voice that was, if possible, worse than the alien's. "...sleepy, and there is no place I'm..."

Everyone winced as the two voices clashed for several teeth-grinding bars.

"Can we go back to basics?" Paula asked plaintively. "What's the...ah...SMLFC?"

The alien stopped singing, leaving Cassandra summoning torrential rain solo for several seconds before she noticed.

"SMLFC," he corrected her. "Sixties Music Lovers Fan Club." He displayed a badge from beneath his beard. "We've had the festival every year since the dimension was created."

"Created?"



"Yeah. Y'know, most dimensions are pretty similar unless you let some DE's - Dimension Engineers - loose on the space time continuum. You send saucers as well to..."

"Saucers?" Roy asked, wondering if he knew anyone rich enough or daft enough to vandalise the Post Office Tower as part of a practical joke.

"Interdimensional Scout and Recovery Ships really, but some weirdo thought they looked like saucers so they got called that." He sniffed. "Pretty stupid really. Anyway, we collected all sorts of pre-dimensional time culture, mainly from 1947 onwards - your time that is. Then we collected all the music from about 1957 to 1972. We've even got some of the original artists." He waved a six-fingered hand, enthusiastically. "Where do you think Buddy Holly is now? Why was John Lennon shot? Jim Morrison's alive and well and so is Janis Joplin. And why do you think no-one's heard of Leonard Cohen for so many years?"

"Mind you," he added conspiratorially. "You lot are *really* dangerous. I can't count the number of near misses we had with aeroplanes and things, y'know. Incredible! We had to locate the inter-dimensional transfer triangle wa...ay out to sea - but *still* you lot kept wandering into it!"

"What do you use for fuel?" Paula asked, pulling a notebook out of her handbag. "Plutonium, nuclear fuels? Something more advanced?"

"Far beyond that," he said. "The Generator uses cellulose - real or refined. But this dimension wouldn't have any..."

She looked dazed. "Cellulose!"

"What's the matter? Cassandra asked her. "We can get cellulose, can't we? I mean, paper's a form of cellulose - isn't it?" she ended doubtfully.

"It certainly is," Paula said briskly, coming to life. "I take it your...er...saucer?" He nodded. "...is parked on the roof? Good." She pulled one of the large cardboard boxes from under the table. "Here - take this up to the roof. Cassandra - take the other one. Straight up the stairs."

"OK." the girl took the box. "C'mon then." She led the way up several flights of stairs.

The roof was cold and grey. The garishly coloured illustration from a *Starblazers* comic book looked more than a little out of place. It was approximately the size of a Mini, painted in the same psychedelic swirl of colours with large white daisies plastered all over it.

"Ye Gods!" said Roy, every single aesthetic sense in revolt.

The alien pressed the centre of one of the daisies with his palm. As he did this the plastic dome on top slid back and a hatch opened in the side, all accompanied by five musical notes that started at the G above middle C, rose to A, dropped to the F below G, then dropped an octave to the F below middle C, then rose again to C. With Cassandra's help the alien began transferring green jacketed paperbacks from the cardboard boxes into the hatch. As there was a significant number this took quite a while. When they had finished the alien stepped back and turned to face Roy and Paula.

"This is great, y'know," he said, "With this I'll make it to the next interdimensional service station and if I make it there I'll have enough

tokens to get a free diamond decanter." He scratched his beard. "Thanks, I'm grateful, I - er - thanks."

He started to climb into the saucer but was stopped by an unexpected sight.

"What are you doing?" he asked Cassandra who was sitting in what might loosely be termed the passenger seat.

"Coming with you," she said, examining the seat restraints. "How do these things work?"

The alien hesitated, then shrugged.

"OK," he said, leaning across and fastening the belt. "If you like Dylan, you must be alright." He sat down and fiddled with his own straps. "Stand back," he warned.

Everyone stood back,

The dome closed to musical accompaniment. The saucer wobbled. Steam shot out of the joints and seams. The hum became a whine. It shot upwards.

Everyone watched the varicoloured circle against the night sky before it disappeared with a sort of folding movement.

"Well," said Bronwen. "What do you think of that?"

"I'm not sure," Paula said slowly. She grinned. "But I knew there had to be some use for a book like BATTLEFIELD EARTH."

"Just as well, really," said Roy. "Even I'd never have auctioned that many."

Helena Bowles

Organised by the Birmingham Science Fiction Group

**NOVACON**

**16**

**31st oct - 2nd nov 1986  
de vere hotel coventry.  
guest of honour: ted tubb  
special guest: chris evans**

Details from:  
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## ANNOUNCING THE BIRTH OF A NEW SF IMPRINT

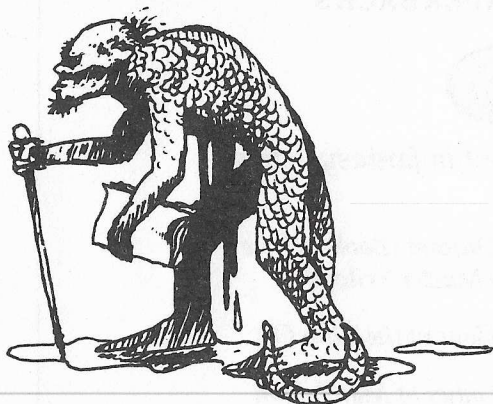
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| Cherry Wilder   | <i>Second Nature</i>          |

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## THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE B.S.F.G. MEETS



BEING AN EXACT ALBEIT BRIEF  
ACCOUNT OF ITS DOINGS FROM  
THE TIME OF THE TENTH  
ANNIVERSARY TO THE TIME OF  
THE FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY,  
BY THE PEN OF A HUMBLE  
ARCHIVIST.

### STAN ELING

*Abbreviations:-* [S] - Guest Speaker, [SM] - Special Meeting, [Ch] - Chairmann, Months are denoted by number (1 is Jan, 2 is Feb, etc).

#### 1981

- 7 Tenth Anniversary Party.
- 7 Panel discussion on SF & Fantasy. Dave Holmes, Chris Morgan, Stan Eling and with Peter Weston [Ch].
- 8 Extraordinary General Meeting. The BSFG severs all relationships with the Birmingham SF Film Society, followed by...  
[S] Diana Reed - SF on the radio.
- 9 [S] Bob Shaw and Dave Hardy - THOMAS COOK'S GALACTIC TOURS.
- 10 [S] Stephen Orton of the Aetherius Society.
- 11 [S] Richard Evans, SF editor at Arrow Books.
- 12 Christmas Party at the Ivy Bush - good food, bheer, silliness and charades.

#### 1982

- 1 Annual General Meeting and Auction.
- 2 [S] Brian Aldiss talked about his new novel, HELLICONIA SPRING.

- 3 [S] Colin Kapp on how he came to write the Cageworld series.
- 4 [S] Anne Page - promotional talk on BLADERUNNER aided by video and slides.
- 5 Quiz with Chris Morgan as the questionmaster. Winning team captained by Rog Peyton.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION.

BSFG enters a float - sea-monster threatening the occupants of an inflatable dingy.  
Masterminded by Alan Cash

\*\*\*\*\*

- 6 [S] Dave Langford talked about THE SPACE EATER and read a fairy story.
- 7 Bheer and skittles at the White Swan, Harborne.
- 8 [S] Brian Stableford.
- 9 [S] Kevin Davies - computer graphics for the TV series of THE HITCH HIKERS GUIDE TO THE GALAXY.
- 10 [SM][S] Frederik Pohl - at the Holiday Inn.
- 10 [S] Eddie Jones - a personal view of SF Art.
- 11 BSFA Mastermind - Regional heat. Contestants Alan Cash, Dave Holmes, Michael Jones, Rog Peyton and Peter Weston. Rog Peyton wins but is still (4 years later!) waiting for the final to be held. Followed by [S] Dave Hardy talking about his recent adventures in Germany working on the fantasy film THE NEVERENDING STORY plus slides from his new book ATLAS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.
- 12 Christmas Party at the Ivy Bush - excellent food, presents, paper hats, balloons and a raffle.

#### 1983

- 1 Annual General Meeting followed by Alan Cash Slide Show.
- 2 [S] John Sladek.
- 3 Extraordinary General Meeting. Appointment of 2 ordinary committee members by ballot and constitutional amendments.
- 3 Rog Peyton and Peter Weston discussing their opposing views of the evolution of SF.
- 4 [S] Toby Roxburgh, SF editor at Futura.
- 5 Question Time with Lawrence 'Robin Day' Miller [Ch]. Team consisted of Margaret Thorpe, Simon Norburn, Bob Vernon and Stan Eling.
- 6 [S] Barrington J Bayley.
- 7 [S] Pete Lyon - fan and artist - talk aided by slides.
- 7 Barbeque somewhere in the Malvern Hills.
- 8 A Shuttle debate - hapless trio in space trouble and only one spacesuit. Phill Probert is the starship captain.
- 9 [S] Bob Shaw talks about his new novel, ORBITSVILLE DEPARTURE.
- 10 [S] Shaun Hutson talks about writing over-the-top horror.



\*\*\*\*\*

BSFG moves back to the Imperial Hotel

\*\*\*\*\*

- 11 [S] Alan Moore, comic book writer.
- 12 Christmas Party. Sit-down meal with Top Secret menus. Special guests - Bob and Sadie Shaw.

## 1984

- 1 Annual General Meeting and Auction.
- 2 [S] Malcolm Edwards - fan and SF editor at Gollancz.
- 3 Question Time with Ray Bradbury [Ch]. Team consisted of Alan Buckingham, Vernon Brown, Simon Norburn and Rog Peyton. Followed by Auction.
- 4 Video evening - TIME OUT OF MIND - BBC programmes on the 1979 Brighton WorldCon together with amusing tales of the convention related by WorldCon Chairman Peter Weston.

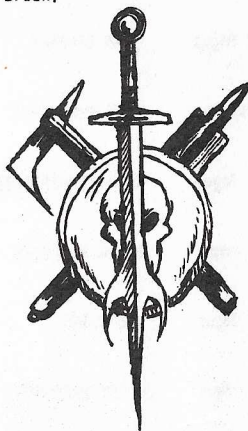


- 5 [S] Douglas Hill on writing SF for the 'juvenile' market.
- 6 [S] Jack Cohen talks about his part in the writing of Harry Harrison's WEST OF EDEN.
- 7 Quiz with Vernon Brown as the quizmaster. Winning team captained by Chris Morgan.
- 8 [S] Harry Harrison talks about his new novel, WEST OF EDEN.
- 9 [S] Tom Shippey talks about garbled thinking and speaking, doublethink and language in SF and the real world.
- 10 [S] Christopher Priest on the 'SF Ghetto'.
- 11 Does the Team Think? Rog Peyton [Ch] with team members Pauline Morgan, Paul Brantingham, Chris Chivers and Steve Green answering questions from the audience about SF.
- 12 Christmas Party back at the Ivy Bush. Special guests Dave and Hazel Langford.

## 1985

- 1 Annual General Meeting and Auction.
- 2 [SM] Anne McCaffrey talking about DINOSAUR PLANET 2
- 2 [S] Robert Rankin talks about Brentford - the 8th Wonder of the World!!!
- 3 [SM] - trip to the Crescent Theatre to see an amateur stage presentation of THE HITCHHIKERS GUIDE TO THE GALAXY.

- 3 [S] Frank Herbert. Late-night talk on elections and governments.
- 4 [S] Brian Aldiss on HELLICONIA WINTER - the end of seven years' work plus amusing anecdotes and some autobiography.
- 5 [S] Maxim Jakubowski talks about his life in the SF field.
- 6 [S] Ramsey Campbell on unintentionally funny lines in horror books and movies.
- 7 [S] Dr John Davies, astronomer and aerospace engineer.
- 8 [S] Mat Irvine on special effects in BBC SF programmes.
- 9 [S] Josephine Saxton talks about SF, feminism and her return to the SF field with her new collection, THE POWER OF TIME.
- 10 [S] Snoo Wilson promotes his new novel INSIDE BABEL.
- 11 Debate: BSFG vs Birmingham University SF Society. Tim Stannard [Ch]. BUSFS proposed the motion 'This house believes that Sci-Fi movies and TV of the eighties are more harmful to the image of the SF genre than the films and pulps of the fifties.' Motion defeated.
- 12 Christmas Party at Bacro's Restaurant, Marston Green.



## 1986

- 1 Annual General Meeting and Auction.
- 2 [S] Anne McCaffrey. Meeting held at the Royal Angus Hotel.
- 3 [S] Richard Evans, SF editor at Futura. "SF should get back into the Ghetto."
- 4 [S] Michael Scott Rohan on Fantasy - good and bad.
- 5 BSFG committee discuss the future of the Group and answer members' questions. Followed by Charades - the Members vs the Committee. The Members won.
- 6 [SM] Visit to Bass Charrington Brewery at Burton-on-Trent.
- 6 [S] Kim Stanley Robinson.

# The History of NOVACON

|    | HOTEL                | GUEST OF HONOUR              | CHAIRMAN        | COMMITTEE  | ATTENDANCE* |
|----|----------------------|------------------------------|-----------------|--|-------------|
| 1  | Imperial Centre      | JAMES WHITE                  | Vernon Brown    | Ray Bradbury, Alan Denham,<br>Alan Donnelly, Pauline Dungate.  | 144         |
| 2  | Imperial Centre      | DOREEN ROGERS                | Pauline Dungate | Stan Eling, Jeffrey Hacker<br>Richard Newnham, Meg Palmer.   | 144         |
| 3  | Imperial Centre      | KEN BULMER                   | Hazel Reynolds  | Stan Eling, Gillon Field,<br>Meg Palmer, Geoff Winterman.  | 146         |
| 4  | Imperial Centre      | KEN SLATER                   | Dr Jack Cohen   | Pauline Dungate, Stan Eling, Gillon<br>Field, Robert Hoffman, Arline Peyton,<br>Rog Peyton, Hazel Reynolds.          | 211         |
| 5  | Royal Angus          | DAN MORGAN                   | Rog Peyton      | Ray Bradbury, Pauline Dungate, Robert<br>Hoffman, Laurence Miller, Arline Peyton.                                    | 272         |
| 6  | Royal Angus          | DAVE KYLE                    | Stan Eling      | Helen Eling, Laurence Miller,<br>Arline Peyton, Rog Peyton.  | 317         |
| 7  | Royal Angus          | JOHN BRUNNER                 | Stan Eling      | Liese Hoare, Martin Hoare, Ian Maule,<br>Janice Maule, Dave Langford.  | 278         |
| 8  | Holiday Inn          | ANNE McCAFFREY               | Laurence Miller | Dave Holmes, Kathy Holmes,<br>Chris Walton, Jackie Wright.   | 309         |
| 9  | Royal Angus          | CHRISTOPHER PRIEST           | Rog Peyton      | Helen Eling, Stan Eling, Chris Morgan,<br>Pauline Morgan, Paul Oldroyd   | 290         |
| 10 | Royal Angus          | BRIAN W ALDISS               | Rog Peyton      | Joseph Nicholas, Keith Oborn, Krystyna<br>Oborn, Paul Oldroyd, Chris Walton.   | 495         |
| 11 | Royal Angus          | BOB SHAW                     | Paul Oldroyd    | Helen Eling, Stan Eling,<br>Joseph Nicholas, Phill Probert.  | 362         |
| 12 | Royal Angus          | HARRY HARRISON               | Rog Peyton      | Chris Baker, David Hardy,<br>Eunice Pearson, Phill Probert.  | 373         |
| 13 | Royal Angus          | LISA TUTTLE                  | Phill Probert   | Chris Donaldson, Steve Green, Dave<br>Haden, Jan Huxley, Paul Oldroyd, Eunice<br>Pearson, Paul Vincent, John Wilkes. | 339         |
| 14 | Grand                | ROB HOLDSTOCK                | Steve Green     | Kevin Clarke, Ann Green, Dave Haden,<br>Eunice Pearson, Phill Probert, Martin<br>Tudor, Paul Vincent.                | 333         |
| 15 | De Vere,<br>Coventry | JAMES WHITE<br>DAVE LANGFORD | Phill Probert   | Tony Berry, Carol Pearson, Eunice<br>Pearson, Graham Poole, Martin Tudor.  | 340         |

\* This attendance figure taken from Con Members listed in Programme Book and is NOT the complete total.



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| YEAR | CHAIRMAN   | TREASURER   | SECRETARY        | NEWSLETTER<br>EDITOR                                       | PUBLICITY  | NOVACON<br>CHAIRMAN | OTHER POSITIONS   |
|------|--|---|------------------|--|--|---------------------|---|
| 1971 | PETER WESTON   | VERNON BROWN  | -                | PETER WESTON   | ROG PEYTON   | VERNON BROWN        | ROG PEYTON (VC)   |
| 1972 | PETER WESTON   | GEOFF WINTERMAN   | -                | PETER WESTON<br>(Jan-Apr)<br>VERNON BROWN<br>(May-Dec)     | KEN EADIE  | PAULINE DUNGATE     | VERNON BROWN (VC)<br>TIM STANNARD<br>(Special Projects)<br>GILLON FIELD (ANE) |
| 1973 | PETER WESTON   | GEOFF WINTERMAN<br>(Jan-Sep)<br>STAN ELING<br>(Oct-Dec) | PAULINE DUNGATE  | VERNON BROWN   | MICK ROWLEY  | HAZEL REYNOLDS      | ROG PEYTON (VC)<br>(Oct-Dec)<br>GILLON FIELD (ANE)                            |
| 1974 | ROG PEYTON   | STAN ELING  | HAZEL REYNOLDS   | VERNON BROWN   | PETER WESTON   | JACK COHEN          | -   |
| 1975 | HAZEL REYNOLDS                                       | STAN ELING  | CHRIS WALTON     | VERNON BROWN   | RAY BRADBURY   | ROG PEYTON          | -   |
| 1976 | ROG PEYTON   | CHRIS WALTON  | ELAINE MILLER    | VERNON BROWN   | DAVID HARDY  | STAN ELING          | -   |
| 1977 | ROG PEYTON   | LAURENCE MILLER   | LOIS WOODWARD    | VERNON BROWN   | DAVID HARDY  | STAN ELING          | -   |
| 1978 | DAVID HARDY  | DAVE COX  | ARLINE PEYTON    | ROG PEYTON   | STAN ELING   | LAURENCE MILLER     | STEVE GREEN (ANE)   |
| 1979 | DAVID HARDY  | DAVE HOLMES   | ARLINE PEYTON    | STEVE GREEN<br>(Jan-Jun)<br>IAN WARNER<br>(Jul-Dec)        | IAN WARNER<br>(Jan-Jun)<br>EDDIE STACHELSKI<br>(Jul-Dec) | ROG PEYTON          | EDDIE STACHELSKI<br>(ANE)   |
| 1980 | DAVID HARDY  | MARGARET THORPE   | ARLINE PEYTON    | CHRIS MORGAN   | PAULINE MORGAN   | ROG PEYTON          | CHRIS SMITH (Film Soc)<br>PAULINE MORGAN (ANE)                                |
| 1981 | ROG PEYTON   | MARGARET THORPE   | ARLINE PEYTON    | CHRIS MORGAN   | DAVID HARDY  | PAUL OLDROYD        | CHRIS SMITH (Film Soc)<br>PAULINE MORGAN<br>(10th Anniv, Officer)             |
| 1982 | VERNON BROWN   | MARGARET THORPE   | CHRIS SUSLOWICZ  | PAULINE MORGAN   | ALAN CASH  | ROG PEYTON          | -   |
| 1983 | PETER WESTON   | MARGARET THORPE   | CHRIS SUSLOWICZ  | PAULINE MORGAN<br>(Jan-Mar)<br>EUNICE PEARSON<br>(Apr-Dec) | DEAN BISSEKER  | PHILL PROBERT       | EUNICE PEARSON (ANE)<br>(Jan-Mar)<br>STEVE GREEN (OCM)<br>MIKE MILLWARD (OCM) |
| 1984 | PETER WESTON<br>(Jan-Sep)<br>ROG PEYTON<br>(Sep-Dec) | GRAHAM POOLE<br>(Jan-Feb)<br>STAN ELING<br>(Mar-Dec)    | PAUL BRANTINGHAM | EUNICE PEARSON<br>(Jan-Feb)<br>GRAHAM POOLE<br>(Mar-Dec)   | SIMON NORBURN  | STEVE GREEN         | PHILL PROBERT (OCM)<br>(Jan-Feb)<br>MARTIN TUDOR (OCM)                        |
| 1985 | ROG PEYTON   | CHRIS CHIVERS   | DAVID HARDY      | MARTIN TUDOR   | BERNIE EVANS   | PHILL PROBERT       | EUNICE PEARSON (OCM)<br>(Jan-Jun)   |
| 1986 | ROG PEYTON   | CHRIS CHIVERS   | DAVID HARDY      | CAROL MORTON   | BERNIE EVANS   | TONY BERRY          | TONY MORTON (ANE)<br>BERNIE EVANS<br>(15th Anniv, Officer)                    |

In addition TIM STANNARD has been the Group's Legal Advisor from 1973-86 inclusive,  
ANE - Assistant Newsletter Editor, OCM - Ordinary Committee Member,

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