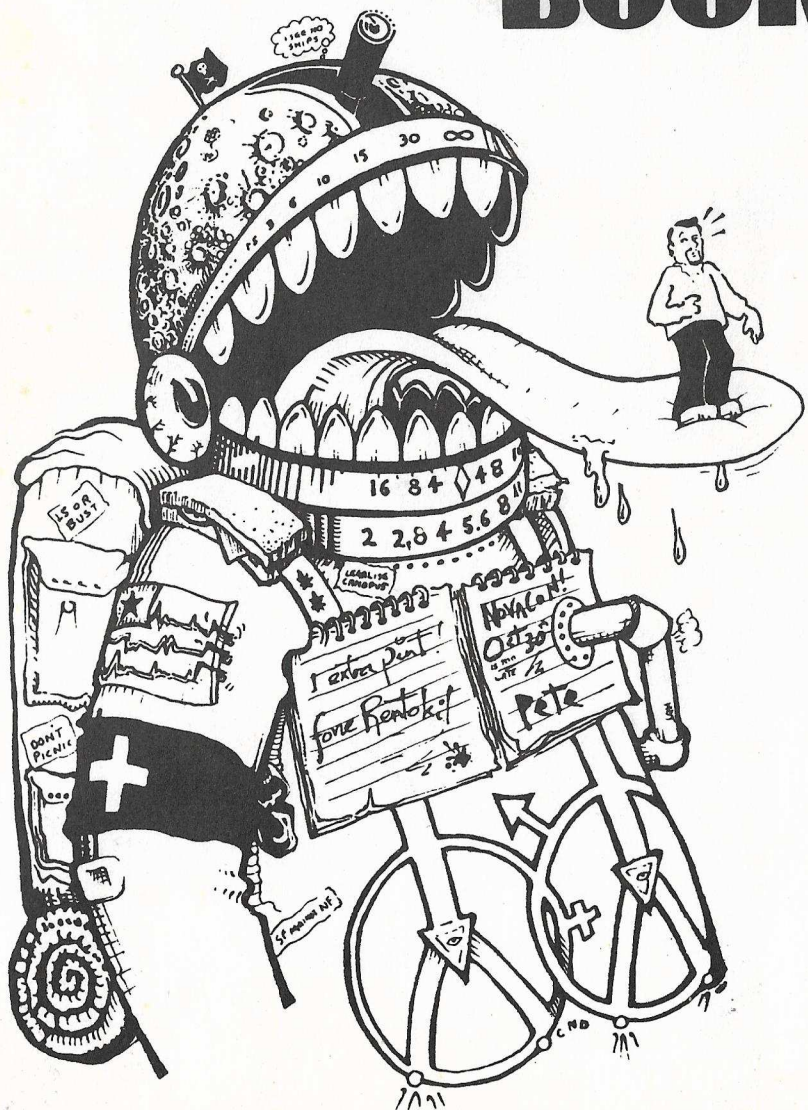


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BOB SHAW

.....

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STAN ELING

JOSEPH NICHOLAS

PHILL PROBERT

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This Programme Book was designed and produced by Paul Oldroyd. Cover and interior illustrations by Pete Lyon. Photographs of book covers on page 23 by Chris Morgan and Dave Hardy. Plan of Royal Angus by Phill Probert. Thanks to Kate Jeary for the typing. Contents copyright 1981 The Birmingham Science Fiction Group. Printed by Ipso Print Ltd, Leeds.

4



4



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5

The Novacon Committee

1

Paul Oldroyd (Chairman) became involved in fandom at the '77 Eastercon, which he attended after Rog Peyton had leaned over him in Andromeda one day and coerced him into forking out the registration fee. Thoroughly disillussioned with cons, he was eventually persuaded by Roger into attending Novacon 8. The rot set in, and after serving on committees of Novacon 9 & 10, was asked to be Chairman of Novacon 11.

2

Stan Eling (Treasurer) attended Novacon One, met Vernon Brown and has never recovered. During the past ten years he has done fifteen years of committee work, often serving on two and sometimes three committees simultaneously. Sadly all this has affected his brain so that occasionally these days he forgets that he is at a convention and starts talking about science fiction. Should you be unfortunate enough to witness one of these unfortunate attacks, we can advise you that the only remedy is to buy him a drink: this treatment can often arrest the condition for a whole ten minutes. Interests outside SF include Richard III, Lewis Carroll, Egyptology and many kinds of music.

3

Helen Eling (Registrations) first sat at the registration table at Novacon 3, although to many it must seem that she has been occupying that position since antediluvian times, not that we wish to suggest that there is anything aged about her appearance. Now a veteran of over thirty cons, she can usually be found knitting along with Janice Maule and Hazel Langford at the smaller cons, or bopping with Rog Peyton at the larger ones. The latter is sometimes quite impressive, especially if there is a disco playing at the time. Other activities, beside con going, include being a member of a physical culture class, swimming and major-domo for an incredibly voracious and moderately untidy family.

4

Joseph Nicholas (Advertising) is traditionally known as the hard-hearted hatchet man of the BSFA, mainly for his uncompromising reviews in Paperback Inferno. The reality is quite different -- although I doubt you'll find Joseph propping up a bar, elaborating on the merits of Robert Heinlein. However anyone talking to him will find that he's willing to discuss the merits (or demerits) of anyone else with you quite peaceably. He is Reviews Editor of Vector and editor and publisher of his own fanzine Napalm in the Morning. Novacon 11 is the fourth convention committee he has served on.

5

Phill Probert (Films) 'Mostly Harmless' (Extended entry by Eunice Pearson, the infamous legless fan of Unicon 2 -- literally) is a quiet, unassuming and dedicated science fiction fan. He involves himself in many aspects of science fiction, including attempting to chair the ill fated Babelcon, making unusual sculptures and lending his ears to young fans. He is this fledgling SF writer's best critic -- whom he met at last year's Novacon. By the way this Novacon sees our engagement.

The Chairman's Introduction

.....or "It's time to fix the sink, feed the cats, walk the dog and paper the bedroom. Oh yeah, and then there's the Programme Book."

Which just about sums up the order of things in the Oldroyd and Donaldson menage at present. If I had known last year that I would get married in August, buy a house in September and renovate it in October, the last thing on my mind would have been chairing a Novacon. However, it does give an ideal excuse for avoiding sinks, cats and dogs and allows me to sit down to watch Parkinson interviewing David Niven whilst appearing to be writing this.

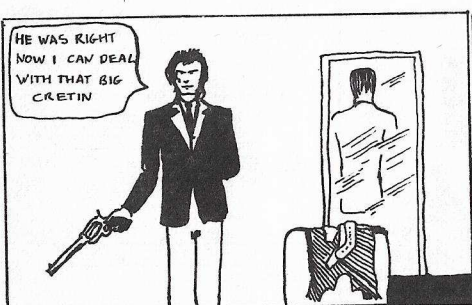
First of all, I must thank the rest of the committee for working relentlessly throughout the year to produce this year's Novacon. However, I must especially thank Helen Eling for taking over as Registrations Secretary a mere two months before the convention, and managing to sort out the sackfuls of letters which awaited her. Both she and Stan have proved indispensable in Birmingham, sorting out problems with the hotel, and liaising with the Brum Group committee. Joseph Nicholas has done his best to squeeze blood out of an increasingly dry store, and come up with a surprising amount of advertising for an industry in the grip of a recession. Phill Probert has come up with the usual Novacon flavour of film, of which The Big Bus, although not mentioned in the infamous book, must surely nearly qualify to be one of the fifty worst films ever made.

Our GoH this year is the somewhat infamous Bob Shaw, about whom so many superlatives have been written that anything typed would inevitably sound clichéd. However, for those attending their first con, Bob's first stories appeared in the early 50s in Nebula Science Fiction, and his first novel (Nightwalk) was published in 1967. He is described in The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction as being "one of the finest entertainers...in contemporary sf". Bob entered fandom at an early age whilst living in Northern Ireland, and has always been a very active fan writer. He is probably the most recognizable person in the convention bar, being surrounded by numerous fans whilst he recounts some totally outrageous tale in his Irish brogue (which he insists he has now "totally lost"). Buy him a drink and join the circle -- you will be guaranteed a good time.

The Programme is the usual Novacon mixture of old perennials mixed with newer items. 'Bollardes' has unfortunately had to be cancelled due to my home being burgled, and the VTR and tapes stolen. The delightful sight of D. West crawling out of a sewer growling and grunting will now never be unleashed upon fandom at large.

So, have a good con (it's your own fault if you don't!) !

ONE DAY AT THE CONVENTION.....



JOHN COLLICK SAYS:

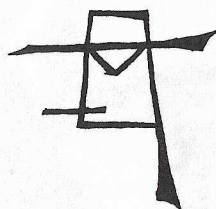
"People used to say that I looked like Worzel Gummidge. Then I discovered CLINT EASTWU, The Ancient Japanese Art of Clint Eastwood Impersonating. Now I can defeat enemies with a single squint, destroy Nuclear Power Stations with a sneer and dismiss tautologically unsound arguments by blowing the other person's head off with my trusty Magnum.

And I certainly don't look like Worzel Gummidge anymore."



CLINT

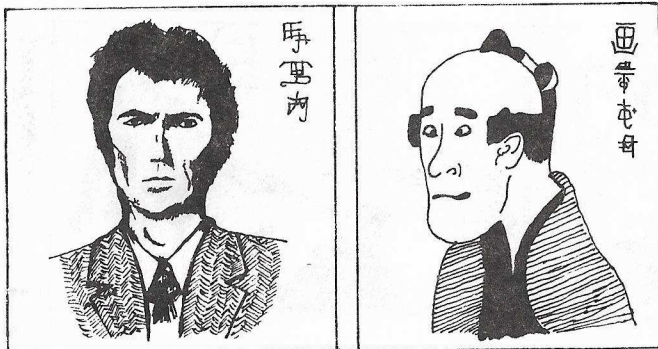
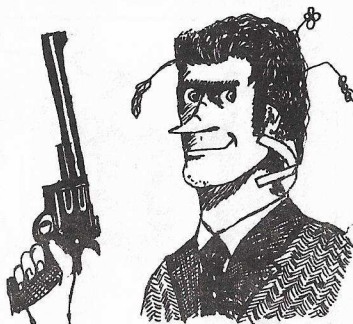
EASTWU



THE ANCIENT JAPANESE ART OF CLINT EASTWOOD
IMPERSONATING

As we all know, Clint Eastwood is God. He represents the Ultimate Perfection to which we strive. By worshipping Clint Eastwood it is possible to cure boils and make plants healthier than ever before. The Japanese have realised this for the past five hundred years and so, in order to establish the worship of Clint Eastwood as a deity they instigated the art of Clint Eastwood Impersonation.

This is none other than Clint Eastwū.



Clint Eastwū was first introduced into the Japanese Court in 763 AD by the Emperor Yoshistune (Pictured here doing the third Expression of the 1st Clinto of Clint Eastwū, next to a picture of HIM).

The Emperor Yoshistune and his God, Clint Eastwood.

Print by Toyonaga.

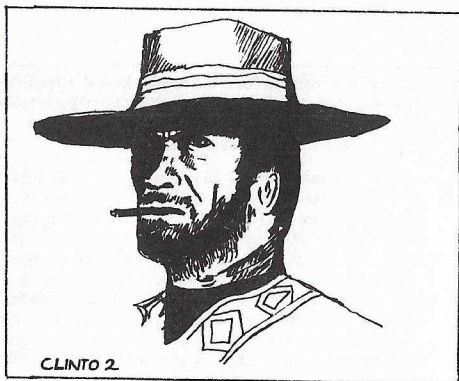
Early attempts to try to get Clint Eastwū established in Europe at this time were unsuccessful. Most people living in the West in the 8th Century had not actually seen any Clint Eastwood films (being heretics) and those who had were too busy fighting the Muslims and the Saxons to take any real interest. However, as we can see in the picture on the right, taken from the special Dirty version of Le Chanson de Roland, Charlemagne the Great did flirt briefly with the mystic art of impersonating Clint Eastwood.



However, things are different today in Europe. All of HIS films have at last been released in Western Cinemas. Now is the time to achieve a happier, fuller life by learning the philosophy and discipline of Clint Eastwū. As the MIGHTY ONE himself says,

"Do not despise the snake, for who is to say that though the Bear has the strength of ten men, the Cod is King of all the fish."

Left. Clint Eastwū is Fannish

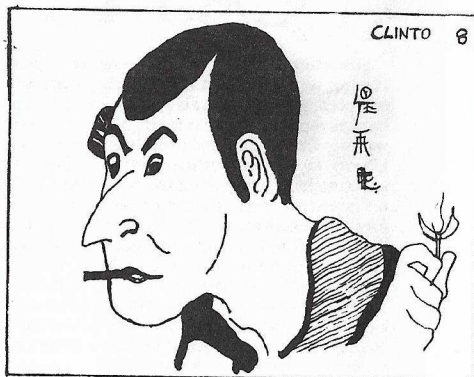


When you begin to learn the Ancient Japanese Art of Clint Eastwood Impersonating you must first wear the White Belt. This is the grade known as the "Punko". Then as you ascend the scale, you will be tested by a group of Experts. As you pass each test you are awarded a different coloured belt starting with Yellow (Known as the 1st Clinto) and finishing with Black (12th Clinto). There is a higher award, the Clinto With No Name. Only I possess that grade because it involves doing a Clint Eastwood movement with a Naked woman and I'm damned if I'm going to let a panel of Experts watch!

For each Clinto you have to perform a set number of ritual Expressions and Gestures. All in all there are 9 Expressions and 15 Gestures. When you have mastered all of them (except the dirty one) you are a Black Belt, 12th Clinto.

N.B. The purpose of Clint Eastwū is not to look like Clint Eastwood but to worship him by performing symbolic actions in HIS name.

Furthermore, all those who start to train in Clint Eastwū have to sign a form declaring that they will not use their knowledge of Clint Eastwū for any other purpose than SELF DEFENCE.



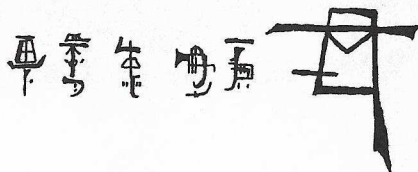
OH BOY MR COLLICK, I CAN'T WAIT TO IMPRESS MY FRIENDS WITH MY KNOWLEDGE OF CLINT EASTWU. I ENCLOSE A BLANK CHEQUE FOR YOUR OWN PERSONAL USE, BLESS YOU AND CLINT FOR BRINGING THIS TO THE ATTENTION OF THE UNIVERSE

Name,

Address,

.....

Zip,



ROBERT SILVERBERG LORD VALENTINE'S CASTLE

Silverberg said that he would never write again. Having retired in 1974 in his early forties after completing over 70 novels and 60 non-fiction books, he was reputed to have made a fortune from writing. In 1977, under pressure from Harlan Ellison, he tried to write a short story but couldn't get past the second sentence. But in April 1978, in his fabled garden one sunny afternoon, a brief idea for a book occurred to him. He scribbled the idea on the back of an envelope and got in touch with his American publishers, Harper & Row. After a frenetic publishers' auction, he had committed himself to write a special epic quite unlike anything he had produced before. Harpers gave him a six-figure advance. Forced amidst a great deal of publicity to complete the new book, he found that he couldn't even begin it. Then, on the afternoon of 31 October 1978, whilst once more he was pacing the fuchsia- and cacti-filled garden that had become his

overwhelming passion, he found himself writing, almost automatically, on another scrap of paper, the first sentence of a novel, almost like Coleridge waking to the first lines of *Kubla Khan*.

And then, after walking all day through a golden haze of humid warmth that gathered about him like a fine white fleece, Valentine came to a great ridge of outcropping white stone overlooking the city of Pidruud. It was the provincial capital, sprawling and splendid, the biggest city he had come upon since – since? – the biggest in a long while of wandering, at any rate. There he halted, finding a seat at the edge of the soft, crumbling white ridge digging his booted feet into the flaking ragged stone, and sat there staring down at Pidruud, blinking as though he were newly out of sleep. . . .

Lord Valentine's Castle is now published as a Pan paperback, a vast epic fantasy saga of usurped power and reclaimed fate. It is 'Spectacularly readable . . . it bears comparison with Frank Herbert's *Dune*' (*The Times*); 'A magnificent Behemoth of a fantasy . . . with all the narrative skills and imaginative brilliance that have made his recent science fiction so exceptional' (*Tribune*). 'Silverberg's invention is prodigious . . . a near-encyclopaedia of unnatural wonders and weird ecosystems. Silverberg, like a competent juggler, maintains his rhythm and suspense to the end.' (*Times Literary Supplement*).

Published 9 October 1981



**Pan
Books**



Bob Shaw: An Appreciation

Brian Aldiss

Just when it seemed as if it was no longer possible to earn a living writing science fiction, along came a kind offer from Joseph Nicholas, inviting me to concoct another article of commendation on Bob Shaw. I am happy to seize the opportunity, if only because Bob always pays so generously. A new career is opening up for me. I hope shortly to publish an anthology of Aldiss pieces, entitled EULOGEEWHIZZ or, A Hundred Best Fulsome Essays on Bob Shaw's Monopolisation of the Goh Spot at Terrestrial SF Conventions, 1971-81.

But enough of me.

It is a sobering thought - an antidote in short supply at Novacons - that, amid the euphoria evoked by Shaw's mere presence, we are apt to forget that he is a novelist of stature. In novel after novel, he maintains a flow of ideas and a smooth literary style in which the excitement is conveyed through unobtrusive characterisation. Yet other writers don't hate him for it.

Every reader will have their favourite Shaw novel, with Other Days, Other Eyes and Orbitsville ranking fairly high on most lists. My favourite is possibly A Wreath of Stars, with its plausible picture of an emergent African state, but here I would like to expound the cause of In Memory of Oraflane. In Memory of Oraflane has been neglected by British fandom, probably because the novel, through the vagaries of international publishing, has only seen light of day in the United States.

Without giving away too much, let's say that Oraflane appears at the beginning of the story as a sort of Leonardo Da Vinci, preoccupied by the perfection of man, obsessed with the idea of a flood which will sweep away the world. He has some problems with his wife, beautiful Drandina, who sees humanity as an unsuccessful experiment; in particular Drandina claims that whoever created mankind did not think the situation through clearly. Since one man can impregnate many women without dying, it would be more fitting to have one man to every ten or even one hundred women, thus greatly reducing the biomass of the planet.

This argument is deployed interestingly - Shaw's dialogue as crisp as ever - and we see that Drandina's interest in the question is personal as well as abstract; Oraflane, from his olympian detachment, sometimes descends to pursue and win numerous young girls who live in the mountain villages thereabouts.

At the same time, Shaw reveals to us in an extraordinary scene that we are not on Earth at all. Oraflane and Drandina are threatened by a wasp-like species with a hive intelligence, whose characteristics are that they have only one woman to every hundred males.

It is a considerable shock when Oraflane dies in the arms of one of his young lovers. So far, we have lived within the Shaw convention of an ingeniously deployed plot told with touches of humour and some sense of the underlying sadness of the human condition. The death of the hero comes as a blow, rather similar to the death in

FAIRCON '82



Faircon '82 is Glasgow's sixth SF Convention. It takes place over the weekend of July 23 - 26 1982 in the city centre's Central Hotel, and will have as Guest of Honour Harry Harrison.

Faircons traditionally offer a wide Programme with events of interest to not only the jaded palates of the regular Convention-goer, but also the absolute novice at Cons too! We'll have a Main Programme, Alternative Programme, Video Room, Computer Room, Art Show, Wargaming Room and - for the first time at a Faircon - a Fan Room. The Central's facilities are more than adequate to cope with as many folk as care to turn up, and we intend to make Faircon in 1982 a Con to remember.

Faircon is run by members of Glasgow's SF Fan Group, the Friends of Kilgore Trout, and boasts a Committee with a variety of talents that will bring both new ideas and past experience to bear on the problem of making Faircon a good Con. We have Committee Members for whom Faircon is but the latest in a long line of Conventions, and others for whom Faircon is an as yet unrealised challenge; between us we hope to cater to as wide and differing variants on Convention-going as possible.

Memberships for Faircon '82 have been held at, or below, the 1981 rates due to economies in Hotel etc expenses, and offer excellent value for money. We publish three well-produced PRs and a Programme Book (plus other odds and ends) and these alone make *Supporting Membership* a good deal.

Our Membership rates are:

	Supporting	Full Attending
To Nov 15th	£2.00	£7.00
To April 15th	£3.00	£8.00
Thereafter	£4.00	£9.00

Hotel rates are specially reduced for Faircon Members, and are:

Single Room	with bathroom £17.00 per night without bathroom £15.00 per night
Twin Room	with bathroom £14.50 each per night without bathroom £12.00 each per night

These rates are fully inclusive of VAT, Service and Breakfast.

For more details of Faircon write to the address below enclosing an SAE.

ALBACON II



Albacon II will, we hope, be the 1983 national UK SF Convention. The organising Committee propose to provide an Eastercon that will suit the needs of all branches of fandom, ranging from the total newcomer up to the hardened veterans of past Eastercons.

We have a team that is proven, with experience of many past Cons, but also with a sprinkling of fresh talent. We intend to put on a lively and enjoyable weekend, with much to offer.

Our chosen site is the Central Hotel, Glasgow, where Faircon '82 is also taking place. Unlike Faircon, we will use the whole range of the Hotel's facilities. With a Main Con Hall capable of seating 600, and a Fan Room (with adjacent Bar) with seating for 100 (plus large Alternative Programme and Video Rooms, Art Show, Computer Room, Wargaming Room, and whatever else we can think of) we have a Hotel of sufficient size to cater for Britain's premier Convention. Add only good Scottish Beer, and our Bid hardly needs more to recommend it!

Albacon II will publish three Progress Reports of a standard similar to the Faircon PRs, plus a Programme Book and various other items. We'll organise a cheap rail deal, and generally provide value for money.

Hotel rates (for April 1983) will be:

Single Room	with bathroom £20.00 per night without bathroom £17.00 per night
Twin Room	with bathroom £17.50 each per night without bathroom £15.00 each per night

These rates are FULLY INCLUSIVE of VAT, Service and Breakfast.

Pre-Supporting Membership is now available. It costs only £1.00 and will be deducted from your eventual Membership when we win the Bid. To show your Support for Albacon II we need *Pre-Supporting Members* and your presence at the 1982 Eastercon, Channelcon, to vote for us.

We're publishing two Bid Reports, and these are available from the address below. Albacon needs help in many fields of expertise, and if you think you can make a contribution then let us know - we welcome aid.

Come to Glasgow in 1983 - we'll give you a great Convention!

Albacon II/Faircon '82 c/o 1/r 39 Partickhill Road, Glasgow G11 5BY.

The Palace of Eternity.

However, Oraflane is not what he seems. We have merely been dealing with a computer simulation of a real Oraflane, place in a computer simulation of a world in which questions of reproduction had to be argued out.

He wakes. We understand that the 'real' Oraflane is a survivor of a destroyed Earth. He now has to deal with the 'real' wasp-like race, in order to retrieve from it what is left of our world. The question is one of territoriality and aggression. This second section of the book is absorbingly worked out, and fast paced, though one misses Drandina. At the end of it, with another cunning Shaw twist, we see that we have been mistaken again. It is a second simulation who has resolved the problems of violence, aggression, and, incidentally, race.

All that remains of Earth is - Oraflane himself, his body resting with the elder race who once created Earth. In Oraflane's memory rests all that remains of our imperfect world. Now, after the learning processes to which the earlier parts of the novel are devoted, Oraflane is roused to consciousness. He is given godlike powers, and must recreate Earth according to his memories and his new learning.

We see him, in the last section of the book, on the world of his own designing. Drandina is with him. And again Shaw springs upon us, with that seemingly effortless Shavian sleight of hand, a series of surprises. Oraflane's world, where our present problems of sexuality and aggression have been resolved, is a wonderful creation, astonishing yet following logically from all that has gone before, mirthful, philosophically right, and profoundly moving. One closes the novel with a sense of loss, realising that, as G. B. Shaw said, perfection is achieved only on paper.

Let's hope that Gollancz bring out In Memory of Oraflane soon. Meanwhile, we're lucky that there are so many other excellent Shaw novels to get our teeth and funny-bones into.

Christopher Priest

Being asked to introduce Bob Shaw at a British science fiction convention is a bit like being asked to introduce kidney to steak - the combination is already known to virtually everyone, to the point where it's difficult to imagine one without the other. Bob's presence at a con is really only newsworthy when it's an absence, and then you hear rumours. "I went to a con last week, and Bob Shaw wasn't there." "My God, what was it like? What did you do? Was the bar closed? Are you sure it was a con?". and so on.

A close relative of Bob's who has also made a bit of a name for himself by writing, George Bernard Shaw, once described his work as being something that tasted like water: if he tried to do anything else - music or paint, say - then it had a noticeable flavour. Only writing came naturally, only writing tasted of nothing. And so it is with his more famous cousin, Bob Shaw: his presence at a con is like drinking water.

Well, not exactly. More like drinking beer, come to think of it.

But every convention is the first one for someone, and so it falls to people like me to write helpful articles in the programme book, and try to sum up our guest of honour. I'm here to help you get along with Bob at this convention: how to spot him, for instance, and how to strike up a conversation with him.

First of all then, what does he look like? George Bob Shaw is above all extremely old, a fact you would do well to remember when approaching him. He has a high forehead, betokening a terrific amount of brain underneath, his ears stick out, his nose is quite long and he has a bushy white beard. He is pedantic, argumentative and very longwinded. He is rather deaf, and needs to be shouted at. Don't worry about the stick he carries.

Now for a few conversational gambits with which to start him off on one of his famous, if interminable, monologues. You could try his opinions on modern science fiction: "Mr Shaw, I wonder if you have ever come across the works of Captain S. P. Meek?" or his views on television: "Would you like to be guest of honour at the next Star Trek convention, Mr Shaw?" Or even his views on serious scientific matters: "Would you like to come to a party in Room xxx?"

Before this goes any further, let me confess that simply because Bob is so well known to fandom and conventions, it is virtually impossible to find something original to say about him. Dredging my memory for anecdotes about the great man I find only one, and I flogged that one to death years ago. The trouble is that when you become a friend of someone like Bob, you no longer see him as a source of anecdotes to pass on. I know Bob pretty well these days, and I like him a lot, but the paradox of him is that his image as all-round comic, raconteur and boozier is belied by the reality of his company in private. At such times I have often found him thoughtful and observant, witty rather than funny, more concerned with the excellence of his writing than his self-mocking talks would suggest. He's a good friend, one I value immensely, and He's a respected professional colleague. But above all, essential to an understanding of both the private and the public Bob Shaw, he's still a committed fan, in the oldest and best and most personal sense of the word. Bob is a popular and prolific novelist, publishing his work all over the world, and reaching an audience of millions. Yet the two Hugos he has won are for his fan writing ... an irony enjoyed by Bob as much as by anyone who knows his fannish work.

Well, for the last few years, British sf conventions have always been slightly dominated by the speeches of Bob von Shaw, Bob C. Shaw and even George Bob Shaw, usually upstaging the real guests of honour. This time he has the place to himself, and well deserved too.

James White

As I cannot at the moment see my way to attending Novacon 11 it is possible to write the kind of introduction to the Guest of Honour which would otherwise be contra-indicated, not to say physically unsafe. Normally one would not reveal such things about a friend when he will not be in a position to retaliate, but so much has already been published about Bob Shaw that it is difficult to dig up fresh dirt from a field which has been so thoroughly ploughed over. For this reason I shall not discuss his past and present reputation as a fan writer and humourist of the first rank, or his professional work, which is among the most thoughtful and original in the genre, but consider instead his early concerns as a fan artist and the far-reaching effects they had on both of us.

Bob had discovered science fiction, eventually, in a dirty bookshop in Belfast and was already an addict when he joined Irish Fandom. He was enthusiastic, able, dedicated, hungry and great fun to work with, but almost immediately there was conflict between Bob and I regarding the Slant art editorial policy. The disagreement was basic and it bubbled away under the surface for many years before it was resolved.

It was not that as Slant's art editor I did not want to share the illustrating egoboo with another artist. It was not that he was a callow youth at least four years younger than myself (and still is) getting notions above his station. Neither was it that he always seemed to get ideas faster than I did, or that he was a much better artist. No, it was none of these things. The awful, sordid truth was that where artwork was concerned Bob Shaw was, How can I best describe it, depraved.

He wanted to draw women instead of spaceships.

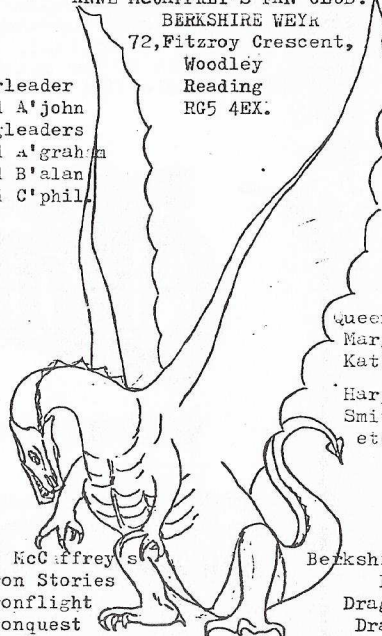
For a long time I had been producing linocut illustrations of slim, aesthetically beautiful, ball-point spaceships like those of my artist hero of the time, Hubert Rogers. Bob, on the other hand, insisted on drawing pictures of human beings of the female gender which, although tastefully executed and visually pleasing, were full of bumps and hollows which rendered them aerodynamically unsuited to high-speed manoeuvring in a planetary atmosphere. In spite of repeated attempts at mediation by Walt Willis and George Charters, we both knew we were right and no compromise was possible.

Bob went to extravagant lengths to re-educate me, and it became increasingly difficult to refute his arguments. He scored heavily, and unfairly, I thought, by becoming engaged to Sadie and then marrying her. Then just to drive the point home he began begetting little Shaws. I and my ascetic Rogers' spaceships were on the ropes and ready to go down. Then one evening when I wasn't typesetting or linocutting for Slant I met Peggy, and discovered that Bob had been right all along. He is still a fine artist who works these days in stained glass instead of stencil. For in far-off, exotic Ulverston his latest hobby is converting the windows of his house to stained-glass reproductions of old Astounding covers -- not realising that he will be viewing the beauties of Cumbria, not through a tastefully undraped female (ASF didn't use 'em) but between the clean aesthetic lines of a Rogers' blue spaceship. Sometimes I wonder who really won this argument.

ANNE McCaffREY'S FAN CLUB.
BERKSHIRE WEYR
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Woodley
Reading
RG5 4EX.

Weyrleader
Lord A'john
Wingleaders
Lord A'grahm
Lord B'alan
Lord C'phil.

Queen Riders
Margaret
Kathryn.
Harpers
Smiths
etc.



Anne McCaffrey's
Dragon Stories
Dragonflight
Dragonquest
Dragonsong
Dragonsinger
The White Dragon
Dragon drums
Dragonlady

Berkshire Weyr
Fanzines
Dragonmusic
Dragonhunt
Dragon Smith
Dragonchild
The Black Dragon
Dragonfire
Harper Tales

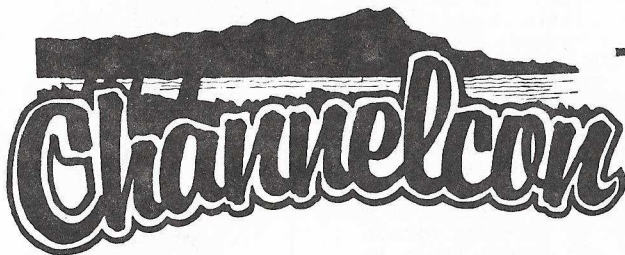
The Lyon's Share

People used to tell me that I was the Harry Bell of the Seventies, and if that's true, then I suppose that Pete Lyon, God help him, must be the Jim Barker of the Eighties, and that's a curse I wouldn't place on my worst enemy, much less a good guy like Pete. I first noticed his work early last year in SECOND HAND WAVE. There were all these cartoons y'see, signed "Pete", very well drawn and exceptionally funny. I particularly relished an ALBACON report he did as a parody of my CAPTIVE strip and a fillo he did to accompany a Noreascon trip report, which showed Harry and I as Tweedledum and Tweedledee. So much so that I bought the original when Pete displayed it at the Yoron Art Show. This shows his genius, as persuading me to part voluntarily with money is no easy task.

It didn't take long for the more discerning fans to recognise Pete's talent and he's carved himself quite a reputation with his cartoons in places like MATRIX, ANSIBLE and the YORCON programme book. Indeed, these days it's hard to find a fanzine without some of Pete's superb illos. And in the rest of his spare time he's busy turning out the excellent paintings and drawings which have become so much a fixture of recent art shows. We old, tired, jaded hacks can only marvel at the man's energy, and jealously hope that one day he'll burn himself out. Happily, there seems to be no sign of that happening just yet and Pete's popularity continues to grow, as was proved earlier this year when he topped the Fanartist section of the Checkpoint/Ansible fan poll.

Now, brave man that he is, he's decided to see the art show from the other side, as organiser of Novacon's art room. So, pop in and admire the displays, buy some artwork if you can. But don't forget to say "Hello" to the tall, thin, bearded chap sitting in the corner biting his nails to the quick. That's Pete Lyon, and I'll bet he'll be doing a first-class job.

Jim Barker.



wishes you a good Novacon

Channelcon, next year's Eastercon, is at the Metropole Hotel, Brighton from April 9-12. Joint Guests of Honour are:

ANGELA CARTER and **JOHN SLADEK**

For more details, join Channelcon here, or write to: Channelcon, 4 Fletcher Rd., Chiswick, London W4 5AY. Cheques etc. payable to Channelcon. Membership is £6.00 attending or £3.00 supporting, but rates go up on December 1st, so join now! Presupporting members get £1.00 discount.

A Pete Lyon Portfolio: 'Orbitsville'



page 18

'Their ruptured hulls, silent, brooding over gashes filled with the black blood of shadow, could have been organic remains, preserved by the chill of space, contorted by ancient agonies.'

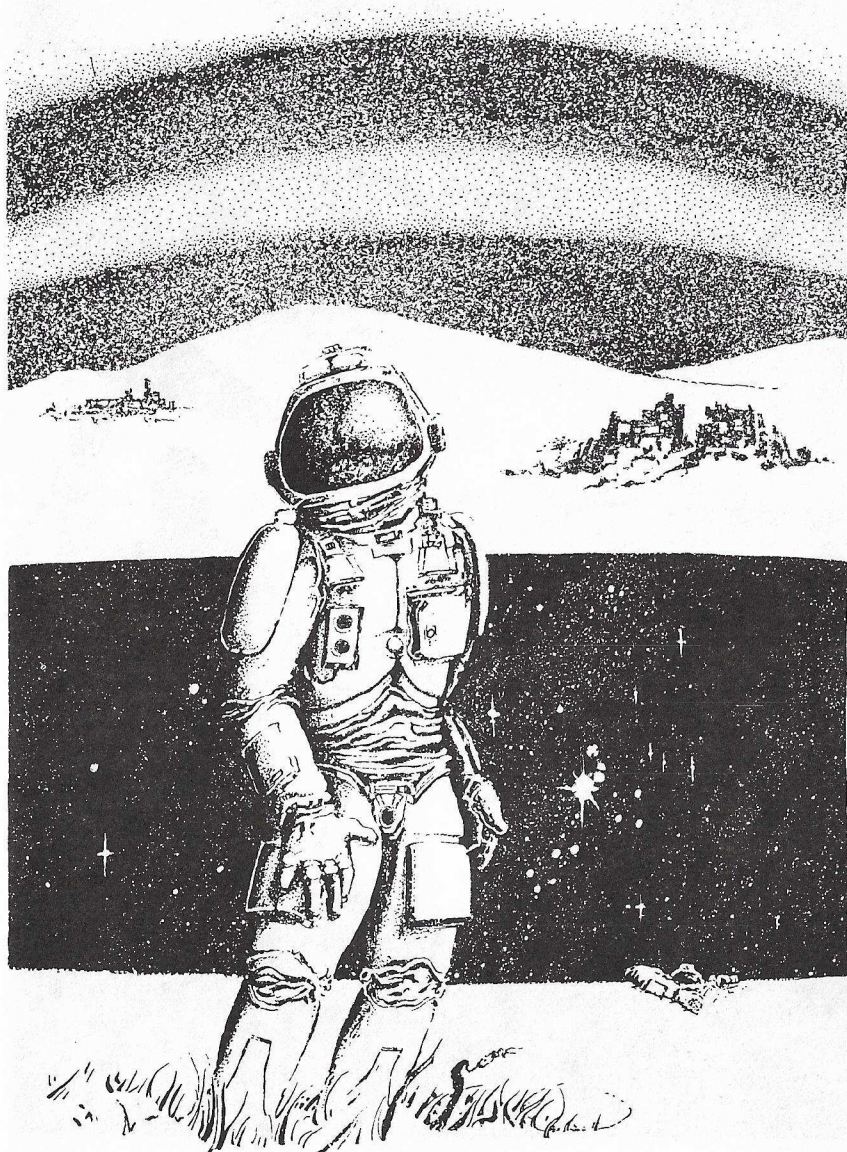
page 19

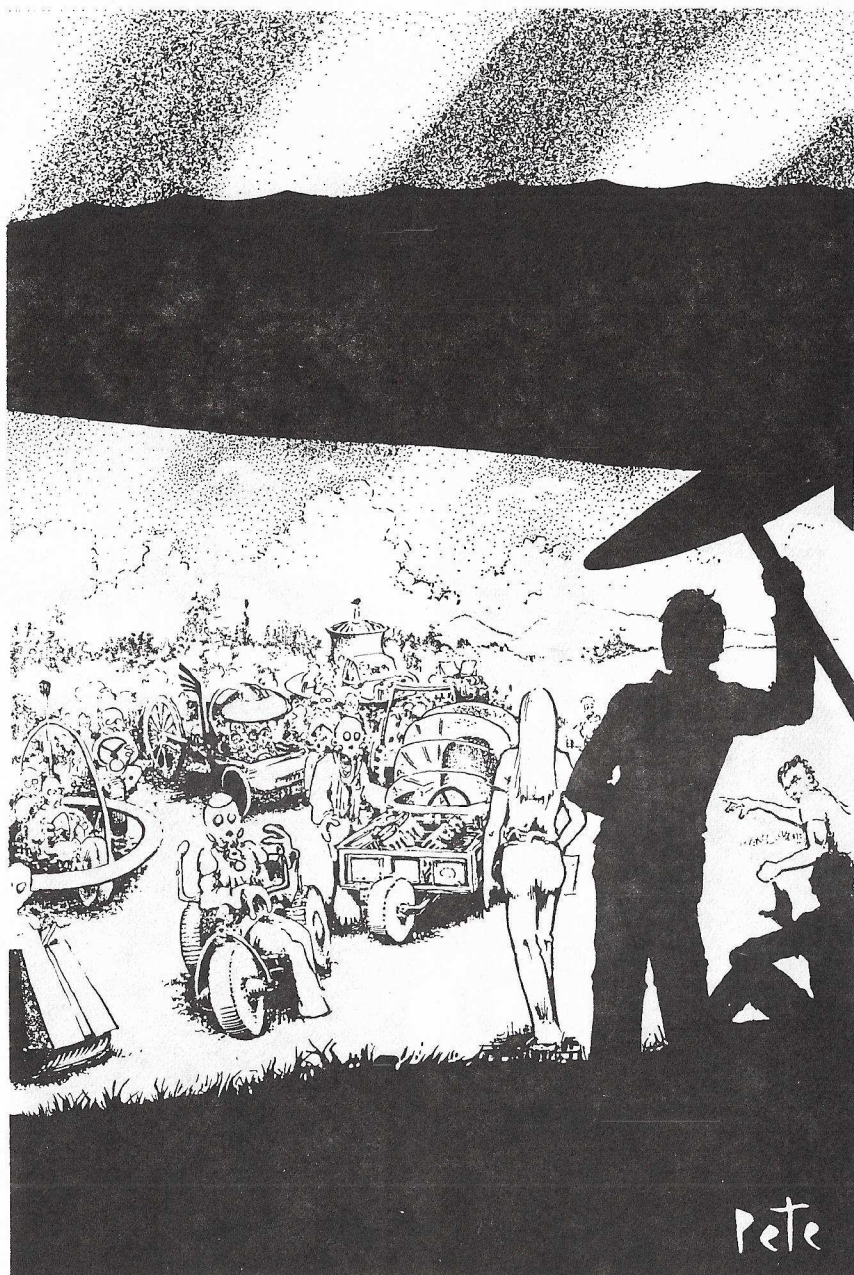
'And there -- on the edge of a circular lake of stars, suited and armoured to withstand the lethal vacuum of interplanetary space -- Garamond had his first look at the green and infinite meadows of Orbitsville.'

page 20

'He turned and saw a fantastic cavalcade approaching the aircraft from the direction of the city.'







Who Knows Where The Time Goes?

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 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 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 headgear. 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.

Alan Dorey.

SUPPORT GUFF

First the bad news: GUFF, the administrators (John Foyster and I) have decided, will not now be bringing an Australian fan to Britain until 1983 -- we had some people interested in standing for 1982, but there isn't enough time between now and Channelcon to run an effective campaign, stirring up the appropriate amount of interest and publicity and inflating the fund's coffers to staggering wealth proportions. (Besides, Sydney having lost its 1983 Worldcon bid, there's now no pressure on us to send someone south until 1985 -- support Melbourne's bid for then, folks!)

And now the good news: by the time you read this (on the way home from the convention, no doubt), I should have completed the first draft of my GUFF trip report, estimated to weigh in at around (you'll never believe this) a quarter of a million words -- physically and economically unpublishable in that form, of course, but after a suitable period of heroic editing work by yours truly, I should be offering you something about 100 pages long (A4, duplicated). The hoped-for publication date is Christmas, at a price of £1.50; so you could always rush your orders to me now, like....

In the meantime, I'm offering for sale on behalf of the fund By British, the fanthology of the best British fanwriting of the seventies edited by myself and Ian Maule and published for Seacon 79: £1.50 for 80 pages of excellent stuff by Kettle, Shaw, Brosnan, Priest, Holdstock, Charnock, Langford, Roberts, Smith, Piggott, Stephenson and Hansen. And, if you've still got some money left, be sure to attend Novacon's auction, which will also be offering various things for sale on behalf of the fund.

Have a good con!

Joseph Nicholas



Bob Shaw

~A Bibliography

Compiled by Dave Holmes. 1st edition only listed unless there is a paperback subsequently followed by hardback. Listed in alphabetical order.

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Cosmic Kaleidoscope (Gollancz, 1976) Collection. U.S. edition drops 'The Brink' and adds 'Element of Change' and 'Deflation 2001'. (Doubleday, 1977)

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Galactic Tours (Proteus, 1981) Artwork by David Hardy, travelogue by Bob Shaw.

Ground Zero Man (Avon, 1971) Novel. Never published in U.K.

In Memory of Oraflane (BWA, 1981) Novel. Never published in U.K.

Medusa's Children (Gollancz, 1977) Novel.

Nightwalk (Banner, 1967) Novel.
(Gollancz, 1976) 1st hardback.

One Million Tomorrows (Ace, 1970) Novel.
(Gollancz, 1971) 1st hardback.

Orbitsville (Gollancz, 1975) Novel.

Other Days, Other Eyes (Gollancz, 1972) Novel.

The Palace of Eternity (Ace, 1969) Novel.
(Gollancz, 1970)

Shadow of Heaven (Avon, 1969) Novel.
(NEL, 1970) U.K. edition abridged.

Ship of Strangers (Gollancz, 1978) Novel.

Tomorrow Lies in Ambush (Gollancz and Ace, 1973)
Published simultaneously. Collection. The Ace edition adds 'Element of Chance' and 'Stormseeker'.

The Two-Timers (Ace, 1968) Novel.
(Gollancz, 1969) 1st hardcover.

Vertigo (Gollancz, 1978) Novel.

Who Goes Here? (Gollancz, 1977) Novel.

A Wreath of Stars (Gollancz, 1976) Novel.

The History of Novacon

<u>NOVACON</u>	<u>HOTEL</u>	<u>GUEST OF HONOUR</u>	<u>CHAIRMAN</u>	<u>ATTENDANCE</u> ⁺
1 (Committee: Ray Bradbury, Alan Denham, Alan Donnelly, Pauline Dungate)	Imperial Centre	James White	Vernon Brown	144
2 (Committee: Stan Eling, Jeffrey Hacker, Richard Newnham, Meg Palmer, Hazel Reynolds)	Imperial Centre	Doreen Rogers	Pauline Dungate	144
3 (Committee: Stan Eling, Gillon Field, Meg Palmer, Geoff Winterman)	Imperial Centre	Ken Bulmer	Hazel Reynolds	146
4 (Committee: Pauline Dungate, Stan Eling, Gillon Field, Robert Hoffman, Arline Peyton, Rog Peyton, Hazel Reynolds)	Imperial Centre	Ken Slater	Dr Jack Cohen	211
5 (Committee: Ray Bradbury, Pauline Dungate, Robert Hoffman, Laurence Miller, Arline Peyton)	Royal Angus	Dan Morgan	Rog Peyton	272
6 (Committee: Helen Eling, Laurence Miller, Arline Peyton, Rog Peyton)	Royal Angus	Dave Kyle	Stan Eling	317
7 (Committee: Liese Hoare, Martin Hoare, Ian Maule, Janice Maule, Dave Langford)	Royal Angus	John Brunner	Stan Eling	278
8 (Committee: Dave Holmes, Kathy Holmes, Chris Walton, Jackie Wright)	Holiday Inn	Anne McCaffrey	Laurence Miller	309
9 (Committee: Helen Eling, Stan Eling, Chris Morgan, Pauline Morgan, Paul Oldroyd)	Royal Angus	Christopher Priest	Rog Peyton	290
10 (Committee: Joseph Nicholas, Keith Oborn, Krystyna Oborn, Paul Oldroyd)	Royal Angus	Brian W Aldiss	Rog Peyton	495
11 (Committee: Stan Eling, Helen Eling, Phill Probert, Joseph Nicholas)	Royal Angus	Bob Shaw	Paul Oldroyd	

⁺ This figure taken from Con Members listed in Programme Book

The Nova Award

The NOVA Award is presented annually by the Birmingham SF Group to the editor of the fanzine voted 'Best of the Year'. The Award was started in 1973 by the late Gillon Field and past winners are:-

1973	Peter Weston for SPECULATION
1974	(tie) John Brosnan for BIG SCAB and Lisa Conesa for ZIMRI
1975	Rob Jackson for MAYA
1976	Rob Jackson for MAYA
1977	Dave Langford for TWLL-DDU
1978	Alan Dorey for GROSS ENCOUNTERS
1979	Simone Walsh for SEAMONSTERS
1980	Dave Bridges for ONE-OFF

Convention Members

- | | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 Bob Shaw | 60 Tim Groome | 119 John Wilkes |
| 2 Sadie Shaw | 61 Ken Slater | 120 Julian Headlong |
| 3 Paul Oldroyd | 63 Martin Stallard | 121 Timothy Headlong |
| 4 Joe Nicholas | 64 Joyce Cluett | 122 Jim Darroch |
| 5 Phill Probert | 65 David Cluett | 123 Stephen Bakewell |
| 6 Stan Eling | 66 Su Worrall | 124 Keith Pugh |
| 7 Helen Eling | 67 Ken Worrall | 125 Peter Wareham |
| 8 | 68 Roy Arblaster | 126 Glenn Pugh |
| 9 | 69 Ian Warner | 127 Mike Hamilton |
| 10 Roger Robinson | 70 T J Furniss | 128 Paul Foster |
| 11 John Stewart | 71 Chris Walton | 129 Linda Ternant |
| 12 Jenny Southern | 72 Jean Sheward | 130 George Ternant |
| 13 Chris Southern | 73 Greg Pickersgill | 131 Colin Fine |
| 14 Marcus Rowland | 74 Linda Pickersgill | 132 Andrew Hall |
| 15 Owen Whiteoak | 75 Rob Hansen | 133 Durham USFS |
| 16 Fay Symes | 76 Margaret Austin | 134 Paul Schofield |
| 17 Dave Symes | 77 Bob Day | 135 Paul Wilson |
| 18 Mike Damsick | 78 Pat Brown | 136 Tony Cullen |
| 19 Coral Jackson | 79 Vernon Brown | 137 Roger Perkins |
| 20 Rob Jackson | 80 Dave Cox | 138 Chris Lewis |
| 21 John Owen | 81 Gary Stratman | 139 William Goodall |
| 22 Hazel Faulkner | 82 Sue Tonkin | 149 Dave Thomas |
| 23 Neil Faulkner | 83 Martin Easterbrook | 141 Kan Williams |
| 24 Marxha Jones | 84 Bernard Earp | 142 Ina Shorrock |
| 25 Eddie Jones | 85 Rob Welbourn | 143 Norman Shorrock |
| 26 Phillip Greenaway | 86 Andrew Stephenson | 144 Dave Holmes |
| 27 David Breen | 87 Chris Evans | 145 Murray Lyles |
| 28 1/2 R Cruttenden | 88 Trevor Mendham | 146 Phil Palmer |
| 29 Wendy Cruttenden | 89 Jerry Elsmore | 147 |
| 30 Steve Green | 90 Joy Hibbert | 148 John Bark |
| 31 Sue Williams | 91 Dave Rowley | 149 Wayne Morgan |
| 32 Kev Williams | 92 Eve Harvey | 150 Mary Gray |
| 33 Phil Dawson | 93 John Harvey | 151 Mike Gray |
| 34 Pat Meara | 94 Allan Simmons | 152 Mark Craske |
| 35 Mike Meara | 95 Steve Davies | 153 Steve Devaney |
| 36 Rory McLean | 96 Florence Russell | 154 Caroline Mullan |
| 37 Trish Hall | 97 Jim Barker | 155 Richard Hughes |
| 38 Chris Hall | 98 Peter Thompson | 156 Debbie Jelphs |
| 39 Alun Harries | 99 Paul Vincent | 157 Paul Berry |
| 40 Tim Broadribb | 100 Chris Murphy | 158 Mike Scantlebury |
| 41 Judy Mortimore | 101 Anthony Heathcote | 159 Joe Nevin |
| 42 Martin Hoare | 102 Yvonne Jenkins | 160 Tony Ibbs |
| 43 Kate Macauley | 103 John Meaney | 161 Martin Reed |
| 44 Howard Rosenblum | 104 Jonathan Coxhead | 162 Linda Hutchinson |
| 45 John Lowe | 105 Maureen Porter | 163 Mike Hutchinson |
| 46 John Stewart | 106 Julia Matheson | 164 Charles Mawdsley |
| 47 Paul Kincaid | 107 Celia Parsons | 165 June McGaw |
| 48 Rochelle Reynolds | 108 Naveed Khan | 166 Peter Tyers |
| 49 Alan Dorey | 109 Sandy Brown | 167 Dave Ellis |
| 50 Brian Hennigan | 110 Lawrence Lambourne | 168 Bruce Saville |
| 51 Lord A John | 111 Paul Russell | 169 Tony Berry |
| 52 Lord A Graham | 112 Harry Bell | 170 John Brunner |
| 53 Janice Maule | 113 Peter Worrall | 171 Joe Gibbons |
| 54 Ian Maule | 114 Brian Smith | 172 Milton Strain |
| 55 John Dallman | 115 Tim Illingworth | 173 Trev Biggs |
| 56 Kathy Westhead | 116 Martin Tudor | 174 Cliff Healey |
| 57 Mike Westhead | 117 Philip Barnard | 175 Mickey Poland |
| 58 Geoff Boswell | 118 Neil Talbot | 176 Neil Hepple |
| 59 Dave Haden | | |

- | | | |
|------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 177 Sue Richardson | 236 Terry Summerskill | 295 Alan Ferguson |
| 178 Chris Jennings | 237 Stan Nuttall | 296 Shunkichi Maki J |
| 179 Paul Dormer | 238 Margaret Skerington-Gunn | 297 Kumiko Maki J |
| 180 Mike Walshe | 239 Karen Rawes | 298 Alyson Abramowitz
USA |
| 181 Brian Ameringen | 240 John Butcher | 299 Phil Wain |
| 182 David Row | 241 Rune Forsgren S | 300 Ashley Walker |
| 183 Linda James | 242 Jimmy Robertson | 301 Hugh Mascetti |
| 184 Graham James | 243 Barbara Rudyk | 302 Harry Harrison USA |
| 185 Ro Pardoe | 244 Simon Rudyk | 303 Todd Harrison USA |
| 186 Darroll Pardoe | 245 Adrian Snowdon | 304 Mady Dakin |
| 187 Roy Macinski | 246 Chris Mayers | 305 Pete Lyon |
| 188 Nick Trant | 247 Keith Freeman | 306 Richard Smith |
| 189 Stephen Coffin | 248 Jan Huxley | 307 C/o Richard Smith |
| 190 Alison Cook | 249 Chris Hughes | 308 Lilian Edwards |
| 191 Lawrence Dean | 250 Martyn Taylor | 309 Marjerie Sachs |
| 192 Brian Wilson | 251 Rod Milner | 310 Richard Cooper |
| 193 Sue Wilson | 252 Bonny Milner | 311 Malcolm Edward |
| 194 Chrissie Donaldson | 253 John Brosnan | 312 Chris Atkinson |
| 195 Graham Charnock | 254 Le Roy Kettle | 313 Graham Head |
| 196 Lisanne Norman | 255 Jan Howard Finder USA | 314 Henry Newton |
| 197 Stuart Andrews | 256 J P Leahy | 315 Cherry Newton |
| 198 Gerry Webb | 257 Kevin Anderson | 316 Chris Jones |
| 199 Chrissie Pearson | 258 Lin Anderson | 317 Kevin Smith |
| 200 Pauline Morgan | 259 Lee Owers | 318 Dave Montgomery |
| 201 Chris Morgan | 260 Heather Hillsden | 319 Jonathan Cowie |
| 202 Colin Langeveld | 261 Sue Hillsden | 320 D Plant |
| 203 Edward Ward | 262 Margaret Thorpe | 321 Dave Holmes |
| 204 Peter Mabey | 263 Mal Thorpe | 322 Perdy Dobson |
| 205 Ye Gerbish | 264 Rog Peyton | 323 Dermot Dobson |
| 206 Simon Beresford | 265 Arline Peyton | 324 Dave Raggett |
| 207 Malcolm Davies | 266 William Bains | 325 Bob Shaw |
| 208 Kate Davies | 267 Chris Priest | 326 Neil Craig |
| 209 Jeff Suter | 268 Lisa Tuttle | 327 Mike Dickinson |
| 210 Laura Wheatley | 269 George RR Martin USA | 328 Jacqueline Gresham |
| 211 Nick Mills | 270 Laurance Miller | 329 Chris Baker |
| 212 Christina Lake | 271 Jackie Miller | 330 Dave Langford |
| 213 Chris Bursey | 272 Phil Rogers | 331 Hazel Langford |
| 214 Simone Walsh | 273 Doreen Rogers | 332 Les Flood |
| 215 Steven Lawson | 274 Dave Hardy | 333 Helen Starkey |
| 216 Joan Paterson | 275 Kees Van Toorn H | 334 Eunice Pearson |
| 217 Richard Allen | 276 Angelique Van Toorn H | 345 G Kemp |
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| 219 Phil James | 278 Dave Hicks | 347 G Clarke |
| 220 Geoff Kelsall | 279 Pete Wright | 348 Tim Stannard |
| 221 Aidan Woodger | 280 Anthony Johnston | 349 Geraldine
Amarasinghe |
| 222 Tricia Gardener | 281 Dave Shotton | 350 C/o Geraldine A. |
| 223 Mike Cheater | 282 Ken Cheslin | 351 --ditto-- |
| 224 John Fairey | 283 Susan Booth | 352 --ditto-- |
| 225 Dave Hibbert | 284 Mike Gadd | 353 Andie Burland |
| 226 Carol Willcocks | 285 Sue Gadd | 354 Brian Parker |
| 227 Allen Boyd-Newton | 286 Alan Cash | 355 Terry Clifton |
| 228 Eric Bentcliffe | 287 Ian Sorensen | 356 Henry Balen |
| 229 Dai Price | 288 Arnold Akien | 357 Alan Gordon |
| 230 Nigel Wheeler | 289 Sam J Lundwall S | 358 Mechael Melley |
| 231 Bob Whitaker | 290 Karen Maund | 359 Clive Howe |
| 232 John Whittton | 291 David Pringle | 360 Michael Day |
| 233 Steve Gallagher | 292 Colin Hand | 361 Toby English |
| 234 Tom Taylor | 293 Tony Rogers | 362 Jack Cohen |
| 235 Cameron Mitchell | 294 Nigel Robson | |

Biographies of Programme Personalities

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CHRIS BAKER ... describes himself as a 'little coloured geezer running around at Novacon sometimes'. An artist of some repute, he is otherwise known as 'Fangorn'. He is an advertising designer and lives in Birmingham.

DR JACK COHEN ... is a Senior Lecturer in Embryology at Birmingham University, and has done research into contraception for the World Health organization. He is an expert on xenobiology.

JOHN COLLUICK ... is currently studying something esoteric at the University of Sussex. He got his start in fandom at the age of fourteen with the appallingly bad fanzine Procyon, which got better as it went along. He has also published 101 Ballooning Adventures that Thrilled the World and For a Few Fanzines More. He is rumoured to be working on a novel set in the aftermath of the American Civil War, a particular obsession of his. He is known to be a fan of spaghetti westerns and a follower of Clint Eastwood in his 'Man with No Name' phase.

MALCOLM EDWARDS ... worked as SF editor for Gollancz 1976-7, and became Administrator of the Science Fiction Foundation in 1978. He was editor of the academic journal Foundation until he resigned his post in April 1980 to become a freelance writer. He has collaborated with Rob Holdstock on Tour of the Universe and with Harry Harrison on Spaceships in Fact and Fiction. He has recently joined the great fanzine extravaganza with the issue of Tappen. He is also a member of the Interzone collective. He lives in London.

JAN HOWARD FINDER ... is a US fan and chairman of Novacons 9 and 10 (West), held in New York at the same time as the real ones here. He used to edit the fanzine Spang Blah and lived in West Germany for a while.

ROZ KAVENEY ... is a former civil servant (working on the health administration side of the DHSS), now freelancing as a reader for Sphere and as an occasional critic for The Sunday Times and other publications. She also writes for Foundation and the BSFA's Vector. She is a member of the Interzone collective. She read English Literature at Oxford and lives in London.

DAVE LANGFORD ... was formerly a physicist, working for the MoD at Aldermaston, now a freelance author (with Chris Morgan, Facts and Fallacies: A Book of Definite Mistakes and Misguided Predictions; his first novel, The Space Eater, is due from Arrow sometime soon). He is editor of the fanzine Twill-Ddu, nominated for a Hugo in 1979; he co-edits Drilkjis with Kevin Smith, also the newsletter Ancible. He was nominated for a Hugo as best fanwriter in 1979 and 1980. He reviews for the BSFA's Vector. He lives in Reading with his wife Hazel and a large collection of James Branch Cabell first editions.

GEORGE R.R. MARTIN ... is an American author, originally a college instructor in journalism but now freelancing. His short story 'A Song for Lya' won a Hugo in 1974, and 'Sandkings' won the novelette category in both the Hugo and the Nebula Awards for 1980. 'The Way of Cross and Dragon' also won the Hugo short story category in that year. He has produced two collections of short stories, A Song for Lya and Songs of Stars and Shadows, and a novel, Dying of the Light. His new novel, Fevre Dream, is due shortly from Pocket Books in the USA. He has also co-authored, with Lisa Tuttle, Windhaven, expanded from the 1975 novella 'Storms of Windhaven'.

CHRIS MORGAN ... is a former management executive for British Leyland, and now a freelance author (Future Man, The Shape of Futures Past and, with Dave Langford, Facts and Fallacies). The current editor of the Birmingham SF Group's Newsletter, he reviews for both that and the BSFA's Vector.

PAULINE MORGAN ... is married to Chris and an English teacher. She was chairperson of the 1977 Eastercon, Novacon 2 and a committee member of Novacon 10.

ROG PEYTON ... is a familiar sight at British conventions as an auctioneer of books and artwork (specializing in extracting ludicrously high prices for absolute rubbish from fans stunned into catatonia by his .. er .. 'vigorous' approach to the job) and runs his own specialist bookshop, Andromeda, in Birmingham. He once edited Vector in the mid sixties. He is a current TAFF candidate for a trip to the 1982 Worldcon in Chicago.

DAVE PRINGLE ... worked as Research Fellow at the Science Fiction Foundation in London from January 1978 until 1979. He took over the editorship of Foundation in 1980 and is the author of Earth is the Alien Planet: J. G. Ballard. Also a member of the Interzone collective, he is currently at work on a bibliography of J. G. Ballard whilst recuperating from the onset of his fourth decade. He lives in Leeds.

Mr J. F. YOUNG ... of the Robotics Laboratory at Aston University is renowned worldwide for his work on various types of self-directing mechanisms.

LEXICON

GUEST OF HONOUR

BOB SHAW

28-31 MAY 1982

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NAZON

programme



↑
group scene at the lon bar!!

— (everyone having a good time...)

All Programme items will take place in the Wroxton Suite.

Friday

- 8.00 p.m. Chairman's Introduction, followed by:
The Novacon Chat Show, in which Malcolm Edwards will introduce our GoH, Bob Shaw, and reveal all concerning his past life.
- 9.00 p.m. The Novacon SF "University Challenge", won for the past two years by the "Surrey Limpwrist". Based on the TV version, with quizmaster Chris Morgan, assisted by his wife, Pauline. The first semi-final.
- 9.45 p.m. Film... ZARDOZ

Saturday

- 10.00 a.m. Robotics - a talk by Mr J.F. Young of Aston University.
- 11.00 a.m. Mr and Mrs - Based on the (in)famous TV quiz of the same name. Quizmaster will be Chris Baker, participants will be Bob and Sadie Shaw, Stan and Helen Eling, and Paul Oldroyd and Chris Donaldson.
- 12 noon Novacon SF "University Challenge" - The second semi-final.
- 2.00 p.m. Jan Finder introduces Bob Shaw with a short speech.
- 2.20 p.m. The Guest of Honour Speech by Bob Shaw
- 3.15 p.m. Book Auction In which Rog Peyton, in his own inimitable fashion, proves that he can sell anything to anybody - even old apples from the tree in the Langfords' back garden.
- 4.30 p.m. Film ... THE BIG BUS
- 9.00 p.m. Disco There will be NO fancy dress this year, although, of course, anyone is welcome to wear costumes if they so wish.

Sunday

- 10.00 a.m. Sex Pirates of the Blood Asteroids - Dave Langford and John Collick present an updated version of "Sex Pirates" which was originally shown last Easter at Yorcon.
- 11.00 a.m. Any Questions? Joseph Nicholas chairs a panel including George RR Martin & Roz Kaveney, who will be pleased to prevaricate upon any questions on SF you may toss at them.
- 12 noon Interzone David Pringle, Malcolm Edwards and others present the major new British SF magazine due to be launched in February 1982.

- 12.30 p.m. Worldcon '84 Malcolm Edwards (again!), Chris Atkinson, Alan Dorey, Dave Langford, Kev Smith, Leroy Kettle and Williams (K) unveil the British bid for "Worldcon '84". They will be glad to answer any queries you may have, and relieve you of pre-supporting membership monies.
- 2.00 p.m. Novacon SF "University Challenge" - The Final
- 3.00 p.m. The Future of the Real World - A panel discussion involving John Brunner, Jack Cohen, George R R Martin and most important of all, the audience.
- 4.00 p.m. The Harry Harrison Slide Show. Harry and Joan Harrison will be showing slides of 'Fandom Through The Ages'.
- 5.00 p.m. Art Auction The annual autumn spree where you buy Christmas presents for those "difficult" people. Auctioneer will be Jan Finder.
- 9.00 p.m. Award Ceremony - At which the odd bottle, tankard and Nova Award are presented, and the final speeches are made. Followed by:

Film... THE WICKER MAN

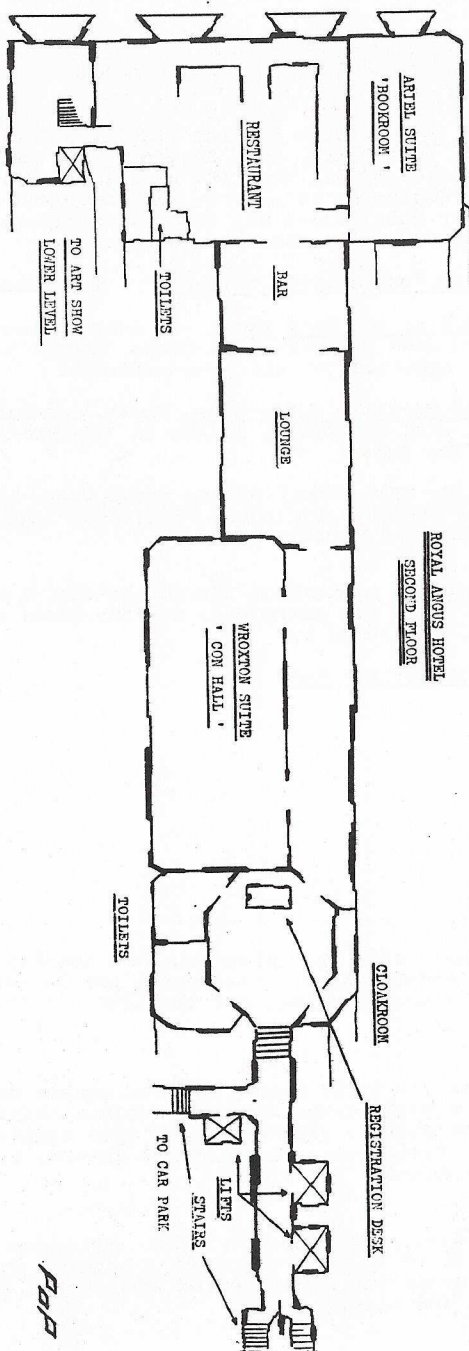
Films

by Phill Probert

ZARDOZ: John Boorman's 1973 film starring Sean Connery. Set in 2293, Zed, one of the elite exterminators, challenges the law of 'Godhead', which is an enigmatic stone face that has provided all their needs for many years. (104 mins.)

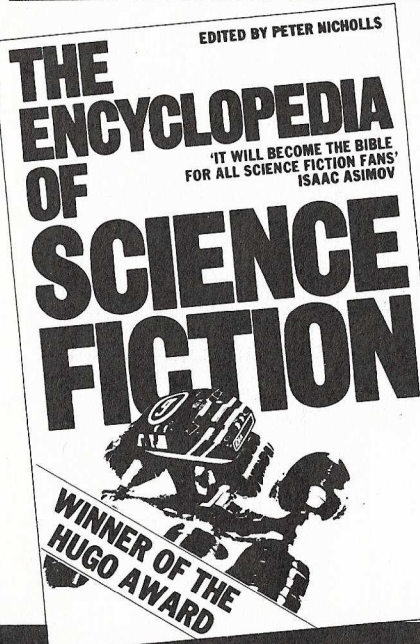
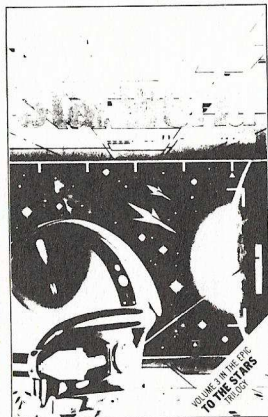
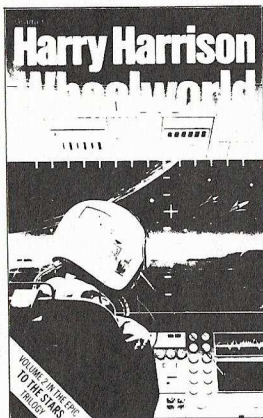
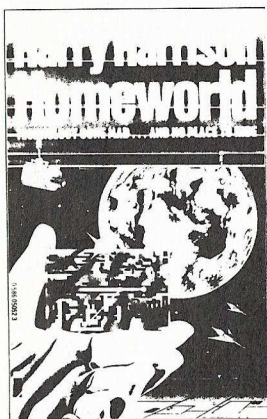
THE BIG BUS: The world's first Atomic powered double decker bus embarks on its maiden voyage across America. With a driver who is on the 'skids', a co-pilot who has black-outs and your typical Americans who turn up in events like these; Nuns, broken lovers, criminals, terrorists and nymphomaniacs. (89 mins.)

THE WICKER MAN: The classic 1973 horror film. Policeman Neil Howie (Edward Woodward) is called in to investigate a missing child on a Scottish island, only to become entwined with the mysterious pagan beliefs of the island. (86 mins.)



P.O.P.

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