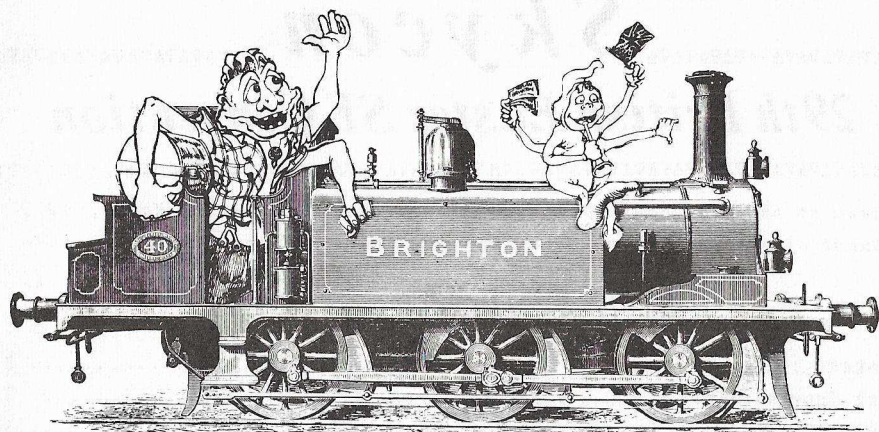


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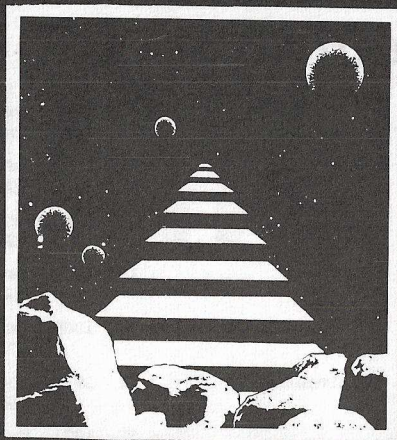
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Past Conventions

01	1937	Leeds			1965	London	Loncon II
02	1938	London					World Convention
03	1941	London			17	1966	Yarmouth Yarcon
04	1943	Leicester					(GoH: Ron Whiting)
05	1944	Manchester			18	1967	Bristol Briscon
							(GoH: John Brunner)
					19	1968	Buxton Thirdmancon
							(GoH: Ken Bulmer)
1	1948	London			20	1969	Oxford Galactic Fair
2	1949	London					(GoH: Judith Merrill)
3	1951	London	Festivention		21	1970	London Scicon '70
4	1952	London					(GoH: James Blish)
5	1953	London	Coroncon		22	1971	Worcester Eastercon 22
6	1954	Manchester	Supermancon				(GoH: Anne McCaffrey)
7	1955	Kettering	Cytricon				(Fan GoH: Ethel Lindsay)
8	1956	Kettering	Cytricon II		23	1972	Chester Chessmancon
	1957	London	Loncon				(GoH: Larry Niven)
			World Convention		24	1973	Bristol OMPacon
							(GoH: Samuel R. Delany)
9	1958	Kettering	Cytricon III		25	1974	Newcastle Tynecon
							(GoH: Bob Shaw)
10	1959	Birmingham					(FGoH: Peter Weston)
11	1960	London			26	1975	Coventry Seacon
							(GoH: Harry Harrison)
12	1961	Gloucester	LXIcon		27	1976	Manchester Mancon 5
			(GoH: Kingsley Amis)				(GoH: Robert Silverberg)
13	1962	Harrogate	Ronvention				(FGoH: Peter Roberts)
14	1963	Peterborough	Bullcon		28	1977	Coventry Eastercon '77
							(GoH: John Bush)
15	1964	Peterborough	Repetercon		29	1978	Heathrow Skycon
			(GoH: E.C. Tubb)				(GoH: Robert Sheckley)
16	1965	Birmingham	Brumcon 2				(FGoH: Leroy Kettle)
			(GoH: Harry Harrison)				

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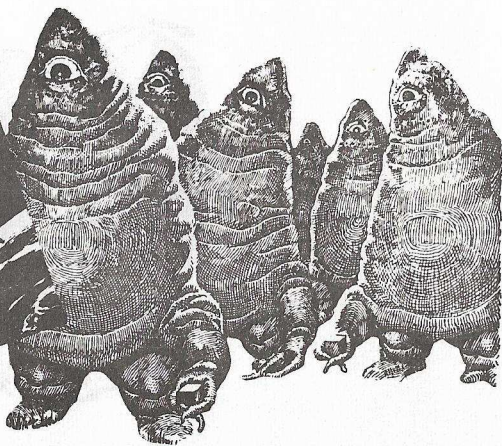
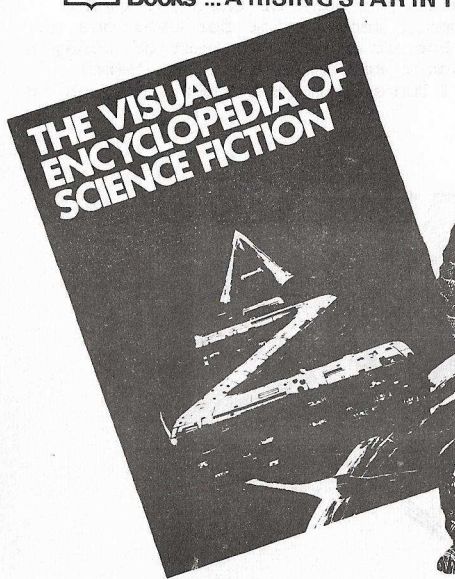
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The 29th Victim



Kevin Smith

Well, folks, it's here again---the annual festival of fun and frolics called the Eastercon. After being open and above board in 1977, this year it tried hard to disguise itself as something named *Skycon*, but no-one was fooled for a moment. It's an Eastercon, the twenty-ninth in a distinguished line, and that gives us---the committee---something to live up to. If it's a failure we'll be a long time living it down; fans have long memories. But then, we expect not to fail.

It's an Eastercon, and by one of those coincidences that have baffled people for whole seconds on end it's time, too, for the Chairman's Address. I would quite happily give it to you, but I'll be moving shortly and it hardly seems worth the effort. The thing has also been called the Chairman's Welcome. Now that I can do; that is no trouble at all.

"Welcome! Welcome, Robert Sheckley; welcome, Leroy Kettle; welcome to all of you!"

Well, if it's as easy as that I'll be chairman every year. What's that, Dave? Another *how many* pages to fill? You're---no, you're not joking. Ulp! Talk amongst yourselves for a while, pass me another beer; lock the door for a couple of days...

There are two sides to an Eastercon. One of them is, quite obviously, science fiction, the common denominator for everyone at the con. We have as our Guest of Honour one of the best of today's sf writers---Robert Sheckley. I won't say more about him here; people much better qualified than I have done just that later on in



this book. Read it. Our programme in the Con Hall consists of talks and panels on various aspects of sf, all of them worth listening to. In addition we have an excellent programme of sf films to be shown in the Con Hall in the evenings and in the York videotheatre all day Sunday. (Later on in the book John Harvey has given a brief review of each film we have booked; naturally we are now relying on the good natures of the film suppliers to get the films to us on time. Fingers crossed, then...) And of course, for sf in its basic form there is the book room, full of dealers wanting only to sell you all the books and magazines you desire, at prices they can afford. I haven't even mentioned the Art Show, and the new Art Show Awards, but there is a brief word about them (all together now) later on in the book.

The other side to an Eastercon is represented by the remaining section of the programme, that is, the Fandom Room. It isn't intuitively obvious why there is a fandom room, why we bother with a separate fandom room programme at all. Isn't the whole convention for sf fans, sf fandom? Well, it is and it isn't, but the apparent confusion arises only because of definitions.

In the widest sense, yes, the whole convention is for sf fandom. Everyone attending it is an sf fan, more or less. But there is another, narrower, meaning to the word *fandom*, and that is those active people who write for, write to and produce fanzines. They are in a minority at Skycon, but it is a large minority---150 people, perhaps. You'll find a variety of fanzines in the fandom room. Some of them will be purely about sf---reviews, criticism, comment and such-like---the *sercon* (serious and constructive) fanzines. More often than not, however, they will be about anything in the world the editor chooses, and particularly about other fans; these are the *fannish* fanzines, and the people who produce them fannish fans. It is fannish fandom that is represented in the fandom room, and it is for his contribution to fannish fandom that Leroy Kettle is our Fan Guest of Honour.

Both sides are important at a convention. Without sf there could be no fandom, fannish or otherwise, and without fannish fandom there would be no sf conventions. I feel quite confident of both statements, though the latter is much less self-evident. Think about it for a minute, though. It requires a great deal of enthusiasm and energy and application to see a convention through from beginning to end. Skycon, for example, has been on the go since May 1976. By the time we've collected from all our debtors and paid all our creditors we'll have spent well over two years on it. That's a long time, and the enthusiasm wears thin. The point is this, that it requires much more to run a convention than an interest in sf, no matter how strong, and that the qualities needed are much the same as those needed to run a fanzine for several years. The same people tend to do both. It's a logical proposition, and one that is also backed up by history.

Look at the people involved this year. From the committee, Dave, Liese and myself publish four fanzines between us, and Martin continually threatens one (though as yet we've been spared); Ian Maule, the fandom room organiser, has published dozens; and John and Eve Harvey, film procurers, also publish one. You can go back through the years and see the same sort of pattern.

The philosophy behind the fandom room and the fannish programme begins to emerge. Although there are a lot of fannish fans at the Eastercon, and although the organisers are in the main fannish fans

also, in recent years the majority of attendees have not been. Since we feel that the main programme should cater for the desires and wishes of the majority (and this we have tried to achieve) it means that the fannish side is excluded. We are, however, most unwilling to let it vanish completely, most unwilling indeed.

The fandom room provides a focal point for fannish fandom; it also provides a showcase for fannish fandom. It is a place where anyone can go to find out, if not what fannish fandom is, precisely (that can take a little while), then at least some of the things it does and some of the people who make it up. Fannish activity in its most tangible form---fanzines, fan writing and fan art---will be there; and the fannish programme---loose and flexible in its timing in typically fannish fashion---will give further insights into its nature. It is worth everyone's while to take a look at the fandom room; there is certainly no notice saying 'Fannish Fans Only' on the door. And it is right by the bar, after all.

We've had a lot of fun with Skycon, and our share of troubles and annoyances, too. At the time of writing [19th February] we are (still) at peak activity. All around me Dave is typing bits for the convention book and pasting them together with cures; other people use glue. In Pangbourne, scant miles away, Martin and Liese continue to process registrations and booking forms (cut-off date? What cut-off date?). Last week-end Dermot and Keith and a couple of friends came down to Pangbourne to collate and staple PR4. Just a moment ago Peter Weston telephoned Dave with a 'problem over Skycon'. He wanted to know if there was anyone suitable with whom he could share a room. "I have no idea," said Dave. "This is the province of Martin and Liese, and I interfere not." Troubles indeed.

We're sure that we've worked more than hard enough to produce a good Eastercon. We've had to arrange a place; we've arranged the best hotel ever for an Eastercon. We've had to arrange a programme; we've arranged (he says with fingers crossed) one that we like. We've had to make sure that you knew where it was happening and how to get there; if you don't know after all our Progress Reports then there is no hope left in the world and all is desolation. Only the date was given free to us, and no matter how big a computer we used, it stubbornly resisted change.

But after all that, it's up to you. We can't force you to enjoy yourselves (not that we haven't been working on it, mind; Dermot's Device was nearly ready, but he lost it amongst all the finished sledge-hammers on his electronics workbench.) There are hundreds of people at Skycon, all of whom know about, read and enjoy sf. Any two can talk to each other about it, whether they've known each other for thirty years or thirty seconds. For me, that's the most important aspect of a Con---not the talks, not the panels, not the films (good as they all are), but the chance it gives to meet new people. A lot of friendships, and some enmities, have grown out of fandom; there's time and opportunity for many more. Out of all the fans who attend there must be a few worth meeting, a few whom you will feel glad to have met.

In fact, as it so happens, we have a competition designed to facilitate just that. Everyone mentioned in the convention book, other than in the list of members, is a celebrity or other person worth knowing. We will give a prize to the person bringing to us the biggest list of signatures of those celebrities (just one signature from each, though). Now, we haven't asked the celebrities whether

they mind, and some of them might hate us for it, but that isn't going to stop us. Oh no! The deadline for submission of entries to us is 7.00 pm on Sunday; we need a little time to look at them before the Con ends. Entries should include the name of each celebrity in easy-to-read block letters, the page on which his name appears (or one of the pages), the signature of the celebrity and, of course, the name of the entrant. Have fun!

That's about it, then; I've not a lot left to say. The rest of this book is jam-packed with real good stuff, which may account for the sticky bits round the edges, so if you don't read it you'll be missing something. (Such as maybe a leg? No, no! We're *nice* committee members. Really we are.)

Have a good time at Skycon, people.

Acknowledgements

Hordes of people are involved in the putting-on of a convention, and it's impossible to list them all. One very important group consists of yourselves---the members of Skycon---as listed elsewhere in this very booklet. Our advertisers, without whom this souvenir book would be a sorry production indeed, are also listed, as are the contributors and artists who have laboured so mightily and so long. Our thanks to all.

But there are many others deserving of a specific mention. Marion Atkins and Pasquale Cacchioli, for example, who represent the Heathrow Hotel itself and have been most sympathetic to the uniquely perverse requirements of an SF convention. Then there's Marsha Jones, able organiser of the Art Show; Hazel Langford, who has sat behind registration desks beyond the call of duty; Janice Maule, trying her best to prop up Ian in the Fan Room; Mike Skelding, who has volunteered to help Dermot with "security", motivated by a simple love of justice and armed violence; Mary Burns, Eric Batard and Nellie Pardoel, our long-suffering USA, French and Dutch agents (respectively); Mike Gray and Krystyna Bula, remorseless putters of things into envelopes; Wendy Freeman, photocopier extraordinaire; Deb Rohan, designer of the Art Award certificates and artist of our very first flyer in '76; and the other artists of our past literature: Jon Langford (second flyer and PR2), D.West (PR1, PR4), Jocelyn Almond (PR2) and Brian Lewis (posters and PR4).

Season '79 gave us a very welcome plug in their first progress report---take heed of their ad in this book, and support Britain's biggest convention ever! Our thanks for further plugs to *Electronics Today*, the BSFA and fanzine editors too numerous to mention.

And then there were the *unusual* offers. James Baen (formerly the editor of *Galaxy* and now SF editor for Ace Books) offered samples of Ace titles as surprise banquet place-gifts; Cedric Chivers Ltd donated two books from their "forgotten SF and fantasy" range as edited by George Hay---*The Late Breakfasters* by Robert Aickman and *I Am Jonathan Scrivener* by Claude Houghton (£5.40 and £5.60 respectively. The firm offers these post-free to Skycon members... write to Cedric Chivers Ltd, Portway, Bath, BA1 3NF and quote your convention number); and Graham England was planning to set up a Viewdata terminal in his room for the edification of you all. Who knows what surprises we may have for you at Skycon itself?

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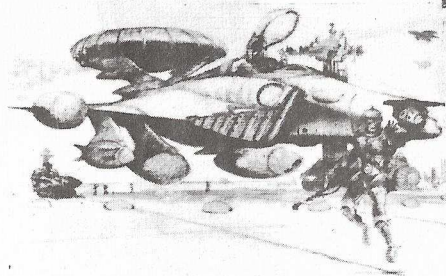
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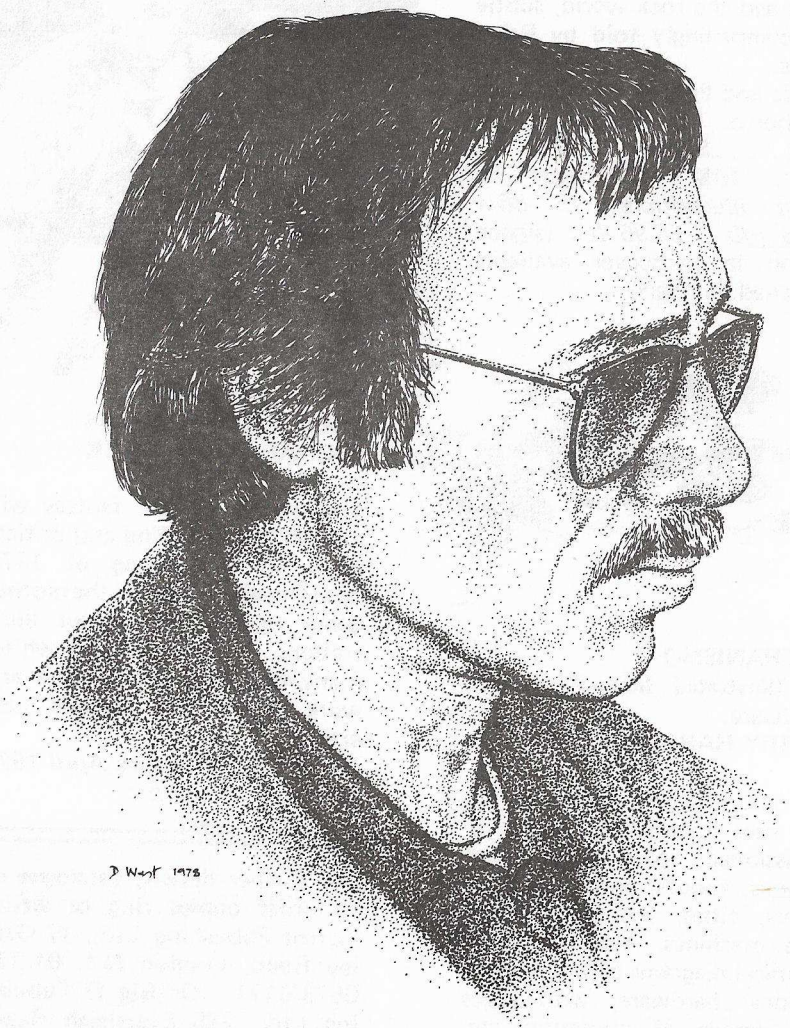


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ROBERT SHECKLEY

Guest of Honour

The best approach to Robert Sheckley is quite simply to read his many excellent books. Since for technical reasons we are unable to reprint his Complete Works in this Convention Book, we offer instead the sage comments of a few other Famous Names of science fiction...

Christopher Priest

One of the first science fiction books I ever read was a novel by Robert Sheckley called *PILGRIMAGE TO EARTH*. I had great difficulty in understanding the plot.

Chapter 1, called *Pilgrimage to Earth*, was about an innocent young man called Alfred Simon travelling to Earth to discover love. Chapter 2, called *All the Things You Are*, dealt with a completely different group of characters landing on an alien planet; Alfred Simon, whom I had grown to like and was worried about, was not even referred to in passing. Chapter 3, called *Trap*, was about a sort of trap that appears outside a cabin somewhere in the backwoods, and in which a variety of strange alien beasts keep appearing; still no sign of what had happened to Alfred. I read on, growing steadily more confused, but equally determined to see this thing through. The plot became ever more complex; the next chapter was about a man being turned into a dog. Not only had Alfred vanished from the story, but the spacemen in Chapter 2 had never reappeared, and at the end of Chapter 3 one of the characters had fallen into the trap, and I wanted to know what happened to *him*.

I was about halfway through the novel before I realised what now seems obvious. I was very young in those days, but I was also rather dim.

Some months later, when I had read every Sheckley book I could lay my hands on (because in spite of thinking it was a very advanced example of the avant-garde, I thought the individual "chapters" were some of the best and funniest writing I had ever read), I realised that I had been behaving like a character in a Sheckley story: a none-too-bright young man, very resourceful, very determined, but with a paranoid hunch that someone in the universe was out to get him.

So from the beginning, Bob Sheckley's stories have always been special to me. For a long time, my notion of a good SF short story was in seeing how close it came to Sheckley's standard. Today, when I find most of the SF I discovered in the same period to be almost

unreadable, Sheckley is still one of my four or five favourite writers. Any book or magazine that includes one of his stories gets a guaranteed sale of at least one copy.

And don't forget his novels, the ones that really are novels. DIMENSION OF MIRACLES, IMMORTALITY INC, THE STATUS CIVILIZATION, JOURNEY BEYOND TOMORROW... they're all quintessential Sheckley. And there's one not many people have read, and it's one of his very best. It's called THE MAN IN THE WATER, and it has been out of print since the early 1960's. Any publisher in his right mind would snap it up today. (I've got a copy, and it's a first edition, and it's *autographed*, and I would not part with it for a thousand pounds.)

There's a new novel, just out: THE ALCHEMICAL MARRIAGE OF ALIS-TAIR CROMPTON. Buy it now, while Bob's here to sign it for you.

I know as a fact that I'm not the only fan of Bob's writing; he is easily one of the most popular SF writers in the world. (In 1976, I was at a con with Bob in Metz, France. There was a book-signing session laid on in one of the shopping-streets. A whole row of science fiction writers sat at trestle-tables: Bob Sheckley, Harry Harrison, Theodore Sturgeon, Philip José Farmer and me. I sat for an hour, picking my nose and watching the girls walk by; Harrison, Sturgeon and Farmer did a respectable trade; the queue for Bob Sheckley stretched all the way round the cathedral and back again.) But here's a paradox for you: how many Hugos or Nebulas has he won? The answer, in short, is none. Search your conscience on this! Could it be that his books are so enjoyable they can't possibly be *good*? If that's so, then it's a grave miscarriage of justice, and none of those prizes are worth a damn. What I think actually happens is this: his books are overlooked because people take excellence for granted, and after the Hugo or whatever has gone to someone else, they kick themselves all round the room for not voting for him.

But the writing is only one side of Sheckley, and for a long time it was the only side I knew. Then, in 1975---fifteen years after I read some stories in a book and thought they were the first chapters of a novel---I met Bob for the first time. Now I'm proud to say he's become a friend.

This is what he is like: he is gentle and genial, and *very* shy. If you want to meet Bob at this convention, the best place to look is behind pillars or under sofas. Then you'll see a craggy smile and crinkly eyes peering amiably towards you, and you will have found our Guest of Honour.

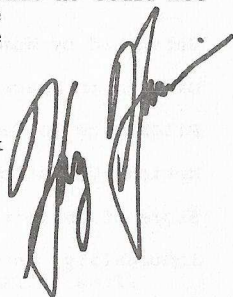
This convention is the first *ever* in Britain or America to honour him in this way. Not, if I may say so, before time. After enjoying some of the most inventive, witty and original science fiction for a quarter of a century, let's give a loud and hearty cheer for that!

Harry Harrison

What can one possibly say about Robert Sheckley? A lot if one believes the mewling cries of 17 ex-wives and the groans of investors who lost their all in AAA Ace Interstellar Investments. But investors ---financial or marital---take their chances in the marketplace of life, so who is to blame this handsome, cold-eyed, scathingly witty



genius of the pen? Not I, for who can blame a writer who still uses a pen in these days---not to mention a high stool, plastic shirtcuffs and a green eyeshade. If Sheckley seems a bit old-fashioned for an SF writer he is not to blame, for he has one of the finest minds of the thirteenth century. Yes, that is his secret. Longevity. Born in 1427, he has been writing ever since. It is not his fault that he could not sell until the middle of the twentieth century. Blame the foolish editors. But now the world and the future is his! Watch the words spluttering from his facile pen, as many as one or two a minute. Watch the books roll out---often one a century! Oh what joys the readers of 2178 have in store! As one who is old enough to be his father (I have my secrets too) I ask all at the Skycon to hail this genius of a writer, and wish him the best of many books to come.



Kingsley Amis

I once called Robert Sheckley "science-fiction's premier gadfly" and this was rightly taken as indicating strong approval, but I don't think I had quite the word I wanted. A gadfly is a force that provokes you into doing something, whereas all Sheckley provokes you into doing is reading more Sheckley. What I was after was a way of conveying that quality of his by which he shakes you up, makes you revise your ideas of what's possible in science fiction, in literature as a whole and in the universe. Where other writers will do different things in different stories, Sheckley will do them in the same story. It must be over twenty years since I first read it, but I shall never forget the delightful shock of *Specialist*, which made me see that it's possible for a story to be ingenious, funny, touching, tense and powered by an idea that is squarely in the tradition of SF and at the same time completely original. Hail, master!

Kingsley Amis

Brian Aldiss

...As for Sheckley, the man is eccentric, to say the least. I can recall an occasion when I happened to be in his room in a hotel in Rio de Janeiro, and saw to my horror that he was pouring water from a bucket out of the window. Going over to the window, I helped him steady the vessel and leaned out to see what was happening. Various writers of a dubious bohemian persuasion were standing below---or I should say hanging about below---among them J.G. Ballard and H. Harrison. Although I tried to wrestle the vessel from Sheckley's grasp, more water poured down on the scribblers below. They looked up and saw me, since when I don't question they think I have a lot to answer for. It was all Sheckley's fault.

However, when you are toasting that wolf-in-sheep's-clothing as GoH at Skycon, I, since toasted wolf is hardly my meat, will be Down Under at the Aussiecon. So I would like to contribute something, if only to get a copy of the programme as souvenir... Sheckley is part of history now; he deserves all he gets.

Brian W. Aldiss

Bibliography

TITLE	ORIGINAL PUBLISHER	DATE	UK PAPERBACK
Untouched by Human Hands †	Ballantine	1954	NEL
Citizen in Space †	Ballantine	1955	NEL
Pilgrimage to Earth †	Bantam	1957	Corgi
Notions Unlimited †	Bantam	1960	
Store of Infinity †	Bantam	1960	
Immortality, Inc. (<i>Time Killer</i>)	Avalon	1960	Penguin
The Status Civilisation (<i>Omega</i>)	Signet	1961	NEL
Calibre *	Bantam	1961	
Dead Run *	Bantam	1961	
The Man in the Water *	Regency	1962	
Shards of Space †	Bantam	1962	Corgi
Live Gold *	Bantam	1962	
Journey Beyond Tomorrow (<i>The Journey of Joenes</i>)	Signet	1963	Corgi
White Death *	Bantam	1963	
The Game of X *	Delacorte	1965	Panther
The Tenth Victim	Ballantine	1965	Mayflower
Mindswap	Dell	1966	Mayflower
Time Limit *	Bantam	1967	
Dimension of Miracles	Dell	1968	Mayflower
The People Trap †	Bantam	1968	Pan
Can You Feel Anything When I Do This? † (<i>The Same To You Doubled</i>)	Doubleday	1971	Pan
The Robert Sheckley Omnibus (<i>includes Immortality, Inc.</i>)	Gollancz	1973	Penguin
Options	Pyramid	1975	Pan
The Alchemical Marriage of Alistair Crompton	Michael Joseph	1978	(Sphere)
* not science fiction	† short stories		

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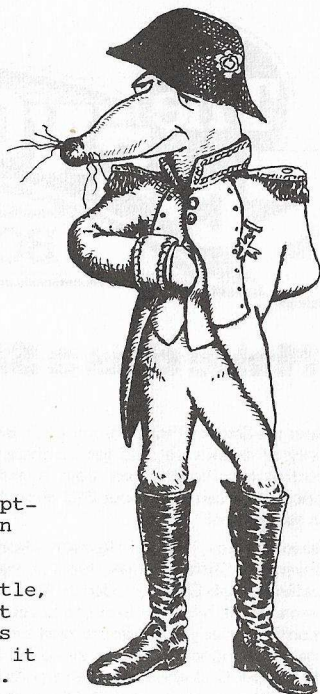
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Roy Kettle



Peter Roberts



I'm sitting here on my own, down in Devon and with the bleak moorland winds howling through the night, bravely attempting to conjure up some sort of convention spirit by drinking whisky with my Mickey Mouse hat on. If I succeed you'll get to hear something interesting about Roy Kettle, and why Skycon has made him its Fan Guest Of Honour; if I fail then the evil Thargs will triumph and civilisation as we know it will collapse. You better hope I succeed.

Ok then. Roy Kettle first amazed and delighted us back in 1969 at a strange Eastercon in Oxford called "Galactic Fair". We were all fairly earnest and serious then; Roy was a Warwick University engineering student writing filler material for a local fanzine and amassing huge amounts of knowledge about SF---enough for him to win the Cosmic Quiz in fact. It's a knowledge he's never let slip, and he's still a fund of information and a repository of SF lore, unlike some of us who are complete fakefans and can only just bluff our way through an SF conversation by mumbling a lot and changing the subject.

A few years later, and Roy was down in London, a city banker turning up at The Globe in immaculate business suits and able to afford that ultimate luxury, a colour TV. Success in the mundane world, however, had not stunted his fannish growth and he was producing, together with Greg Pickersgill, the excellent, iconoclastic, and animated fanzine, *Fouler*, as well as a remarkable series of egregious convention guides that provided far better reading than the official programme books.

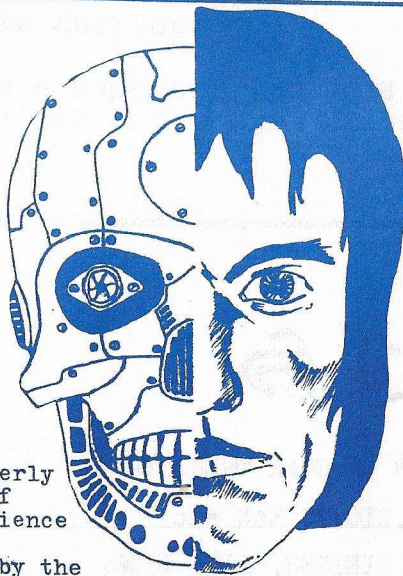
Banking, money and the good life weren't everything, however, and Roy eventually gave up the ulcer-ridden existence of the young executive in exchange for the quiet backwaters of the civil service. In between times he made a gallant attempt to become a professional writer---an endeavour marred by an attack of Evil Eye, causing magazines that had bought his stories to fold before publication. Fannishly he was more productive, starting his own entertaining and eccentric fanzine, *True Rat*, and producing numerous other fine pieces of anecdotal and autobiographical writing for other fanzines.

And that just about brings us up to date. *True Rat* flourishes with nine issues published so far; a couple of years ago it was voted Best British Fanzine in the *Checkpoint* fan poll. Roy also continues writing and *Checkpoint* readers have voted him Best British Fanwriter for three years running (1975-77); he's also been voted one of the top four fanwriters in the international Fan Activity Achievement Awards (1977). That doesn't tell you too much about Roy's fan writing other than the bare fact that it's very good. As it happens it's witty, skilful, and vastly amusing, whether he's retelling a true incident or indulging in some crazy-minded fantasy. He has an eye for parody, an ear for the bon mot, and a tongue for the ready quip (though we haven't yet figured out what his nose is for).

The nice thing is that this isn't just a paper personality; it's all genuine. Roy is a great bloke to meet at any convention and a pleasure to talk to: a man of wit tempered by buffoonery, an active and enthusiastic SF fan, an ace writer, a lover of beer and kittens, and an all round good fellow. There you have it: that's why Roy Kettle is Skycon's Fan Guest Of Honour. The evil Thargs are thus vanquished and we can all move off to the bar to celebrate.

Have a good convention, Roy. And the rest of you too. ◀

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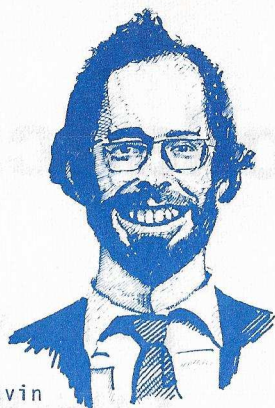
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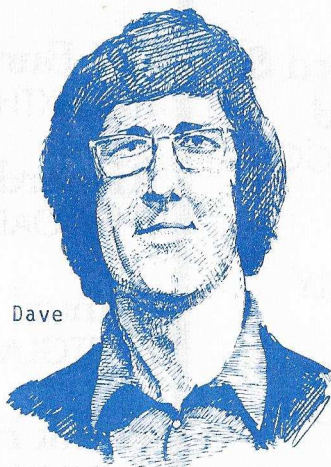
Kevin



Martin



Liese



Dave



Dermot



Keith



Stan

The Committee

Kevin Smith combines behind a single beard the exalted offices of Chairman and Treasurer. As with so many of us, it was in the Oxford University Speculative Fiction Group (OUSFG---pronounced "Oosfg", of course) that he began his decline into fandom and megalomania by editing the group's fiction fanzine *Sfinx*. The ruthless urge to dominate and overmaster is now evident from his chosen profession of accountancy and his savage hobby of Indian Wrestling...

[Simone Walsh] can also beat Rob Hansen at Indian Wrestling stretched out on the floor. Andrew [Stephenson] says it is more fun with live tarantulas, but he makes no effort to provide the tarantulas. King Kettle beats Simone, then I have a titanic struggle with the King which lasts for hours while the spectators say it is like watching cricket since nothing happens. The King and I smile feebly at this as the sweat flows off us and forms small oceans on the carpet. Finally I force his arm to the floor. We stand up and I think it is a little silly to shake hands after such a contest. Besides which, my arm is still lying on the floor.

Thus Kev's fanzine *Dot*, of which it has been said by so many irate people. He also co-edits the extremely occasional *Drilkjis*, drinks single malt whisky (he does! Force some on him and see), and should be a published SF writer Real Soon Now---just as soon as he overcomes this habit of double-entering his stories on sixteen column analysis paper.

Dave Langford has been described as a slightly grimy semi-pro; he is plagued with an uncanny ability to sell things to Peter Weston. Such is his modesty, though, that he ran Skycon publicity solely in order to dissuade publishers from dropping his name in their ads (forgive his occasional failure). A man whose deafness is an inaudible byword in fandom, he too emerged from the depths of OUSFG after doing time as President and marrying the subsequent President on the rebound, as it were.* His pyrotechnic career has since taken him via regrettable paths to a bit of the Civil Service one mustn't talk about (the Bruners used to march on it). Though another co-editor of the startlingly infrequent *Drilkjis*, he has wasted most of his fannish energies in producing *Twll-Ddu*, the fanzine which Tells It All irrespective of whether or not It has actually happened...

...very soon I was telling Kev Smith all about [my house], on a commuter train. "The study," I said, "is merely DayGlo pink and orange. But the dining room...oh dear. The walls are covered with virulent pink and purple blossoms, carnivorous orchids!" A woman nearby was leaning towards us in fascination. "They writhe and squirm on the walls, and reach out with numberless tentacles to entwine their doomed victim. Slowly the disgusting fleshy petals draw him in, dribbling a hot froth of digestive juices---"

The woman suddenly decided to sit elsewhere.

Your safest course is to buy him two drinks: with both hands full, he'll be unable to jot down nonexistent scandal about you and yours (but especially not-yours)---nor can he spoil your copies of *Andromeda*, *New Writings* etc. with his messy little autographs.

* Hazel Langford, an amazing lady who deserves an entry of her own. Despite much behind-the-scenes work for Skycon, she prefers not to share the glory...

Martin Hoare, the computer expert with the bionic paunch, somehow idled away three years at Oxford *without* joining OUSFG---despite the recruiting efforts of one Langford who shall remain nameless. Instead he turned his enthusiasm to ale, and has spent many an evangelical hour attempting to convert the Heathrow bar-staff from the pernicious heresy of fizzy beer. (Did he succeed? At the time of writing we can only hope.) He is prone to attacks of epigrammitis every five years or so, as evinced by his celebrated saying "*To make a shandy is a waste of good beer. To make a Watneys shandy is a waste of good lemonade*". Where computers are concerned, Martin wields incredible power, as will be realised by all who've been reduced to mere ciphers in the mazelike automatic registration system shared by Novacon 7, Skycon and Seacon '79---a system comprehensible to Martin and Liese alone. Ask him to explain it to you if you've a week or so to spare; Martin will normally be found at the bar studying a flowchart which reads:

Start; does glass contain beer? if so, sip and return to start;
if glass is empty, place on bar; is someone buying? if so, accept drink and return to start; if not...

and so on down through the most unthinkable contingencies. We know you'll help keep his programme running smoothly.

Liese Hoare has been titled *Secretary* in all our literature, but it might just as well have been *Registrations*. She and Martin have struggled together against the fearful mass of booking forms (without names on), registrations (with illegible signatures and no addresses), cheques (for the wrong amount and payable to the wrong people) and computer print-outs (which inconsiderately change people's convention numbers from one to the next). The amount of effort needed to keep Martin struggling is just one indication of Liese's startling will-power. Moreover, she has almost tamed the savage fanged hamster of 5 Aston Close, a beast which has twice tasted blood. (This is true.) Her own fanzine *The Southern Vole* has been temporarily eclipsed by Skycon work, but we are sure that before long it will reappear, dispensing insults with a liberal hand; Liese is one of those people who are not afraid to state their opinions, which is all splendid and laudable unless you find you're the subject of a particularly violent opinion... Try buying her a drink and chatting about Women's Lib, but don't stand too close.

Dermot Dobson is huge but quite gentle until severely provoked---as those failing to buy him a drink will discover. He is yet another pillar of OUSFG, besides being a Secret Master of electronics and proprietor of his own disco. Speaking of this disco, Dermot is busy constructing a 5000-watt amplifier for Skycon in the hope that passing Concorde passengers will complain of the noise. For the rest of the con he will be ceaselessly a-prowl, encouraging members (with a few deft gestures of his knout) to donate auction material, or dropping hints and other things for the benefit of those who decline to wear their badges... No, seriously, Dermot is really gentle and nice provided you avoid all mention of such unfortunate keywords as "Teetotalism" or "Unregistered Attendee" or "Superintendent Fairweather of the Thames Valley Police". He and his lady friend Perdita intend (at the time of writing) to get married in the week before Skycon: congratulations to the honeymoon couple will be quite in order, as will lavish wedding gifts---please deliver the latter via our Treasurer so that Skycon may deduct its 10%.

DAVID & CHARLES

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September 1978 224 pages 248 x 171mm (9½ x 6½in)

ALIEN INTELLIGENCE by STUART HOLROYD

The evidence — or lack of it — for non-human intelligence. Taking in the whole field of paranormal studies, lifeforms on Earth, UFOs and those who claim to have made contact with an alien intelligence, this fascinating and objective book even speculates on the intelligence of God and poses the question: could Man ultimately transcend the comprehension and control of his maker?

April 1979 192 pages 234 x 156mm (9¼ x 6in)

WAR IN 2080. The Future of Military Technology by DAVID LANGFORD

An absorbing book that investigates the 'science-fiction' military technologies that are being developed today, the gruesome wonders that Man will probably develop in the century to come, and the cataclysmic effects of war on an interplanetary or interstellar scale in the distant future.

April 1979 232 pages 216 x 138mm (8½ x 5½in)

EXTRATERRESTRIAL ENCOUNTER by CHRIS BOYCE

A serious study of the foreseeable frames in which CETI could take place and of the possible consequences of encounter; would it be disastrous or would it be a superadaptive leap for humankind? Will Man react with xenophobic hostility or accept CETI as the best thing that has ever happened to him? These are only a few of the topics discussed in this erudite and entertaining excursion.

April 1979 152 pages 216 x 138mm (8½ x 5½in)

THE EVOLVING BRAIN by TONY BUZAN and TERENCE DIXON

Far-reaching in its scope and implications, this book sheds new light on the direction in which brain research is now heading. The authors, who have interviewed many of the world's leading researchers, show how the untapped potential of the brain can be applied now and may be applied in the future. The text is amplified with many colour and black-and-white illustrations.

October 1978 168 pages 248 x 171mm (9½ x 6½in)

Also: **NIGHTMARE** by Sandra Shulman, with sixty superb lithographs by John Spencer, a 'celebration' of the nightmare from psychological, literary, occult and parapsychological angles (April 1979, 208 pages, 248 x 171mm); and **THE QUEST FOR THE GRAIL** by Sheila Grattidge, an engrossing book tracing the Christian and pre-Christian ideals of the Grail and discussing the real (and very modern) meaning of this universal symbol (April 1979, 208 pages, 216 x 138mm). **UNDERSTANDING HOLOGRAPHY** by Michael Wenyon, (October 1978, 176 pages, 216 x 138mm) will make you wonder if this is *really* your SKYCON programme book . . .

David & Charles will be represented at SKYCON by Paul Barnett.

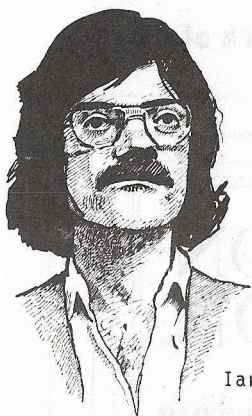
DAVID & CHARLES
Newton Abbot, Devon

Dermot, by the way, is the man who started all this by discovering the Heathrow Hotel one day in '76. (Others may have discovered it before, but they don't count---any more than it counted that local natives may have discovered the sources of the Nile...) Dermot, therefore, is the man to blame.

"Never again," Stan Eling is reputed to have said after his agony and ecstasy upon the committee of Novacon 2. "Never again," he surely repeated when the drudgery of Novacon 3 was behind him; and after a stint on Novacon 4, it can hardly be doubted that Stan sank a grateful pint of beer and said *really firmly* "Never again!". Those cunning fiends of the Birmingham SF Group then stooped to base and deceitful wiles, and it was as Chairman that our hero gave his all to Novacon 6, following which there came another desperate wail of "Never again" as he found himself in the chair of Novacon 7, whose intractable committee included the Maules, the Hoares, that Langford and that computer. Small wonder that the magic words sprang once more to Stan's lips when the seventh Novacon was past; but already he was deep in the toils of Skycon, showering his thrice-distilled wisdom upon the unwashed masses, who strove in vain to counter with a contrived joke about Eling Broadway which just *would not* fit in anywhere. We are very confident of the words Stan will utter when Skycon is over.

Keith Oborn is the fourth OUSFGrouper on the committee, and was the second person to discover *Skycon*; he was closest to hand on that fateful day when Dermot went home and said, "I've found a great con hotel and opened negotiations with the chief salesperson." Keith has laboured long and hard not to look like John Brunner, and his efforts have at last proven fruitful. If John Brunner wears an eye-patch you can definitely tell them apart. Like Dermot, Keith---in his daily life---facilitates the perpetration of unmentionable medical horrors upon the unfortunates forced into the clutches of Oxford hospitals, though he does it differently. His special responsibilities for *Skycon* include tracking down little moving blot machines, ascertaining the whereabouts of local restaurants (in Hounslow and other wildernesses) and officiating in the swimming pool. He shares with many other committee members the somewhat predictable trait of accepting any drinks offered to him, but only if compelled by such drastic measures as asking, "Would you like a drink, John?"

Ian Maule has been dignified, by no less a personage than Greg Pickersgill, with the description "wishy-washy". We would very much like to refute this base comment, but can't think how. Ian's fannish career goes right back to the distant past of nineteen sixty-something; he has toyed with editing various fanzines, including some issues of *Maya* (now in Rob Jackson's hands) and some more of *Checkpoint* (now reclaimed by Peter Roberts, who deplored "Ian Maule's miserable scheme to turn *Checkpoint* into an annual one-page listing of recent Perry Rhodan reprints"), not to mention his own *Paranoid* (then) and *Nabu* (now). Ian is the only member of this committee to have previously chaired an Eastercon---Tynecon '74---so we're stowing him carefully away in the Fan Room lest he start telling the rest of us how to run things. Janice, *Nabu*'s co-editor and Ian's wife, will of course be telling him how to run the Fan Room.



Ian

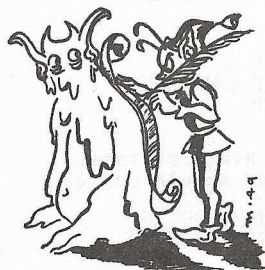


Eve

Eve and John Harvey started the Leeds University sf group, then came south. Almost instantly they put together a bid for Easter 1978 and might well have been running the whole of this year's convention, instead of just the films. As it is, Eve is now handling registrations for the 1979 Worldcon with what even Peter Weston admits is incredible efficiency. She does this with one hand while the other types stencils for their fanzine *Ghas*. Meanwhile, John cranks the duplicator with both feet and orders *Skycon* films single-handed. (The other hand is holding a pint of beer.) By way of relaxation, they change places. Fandom can be a very involving way of life.

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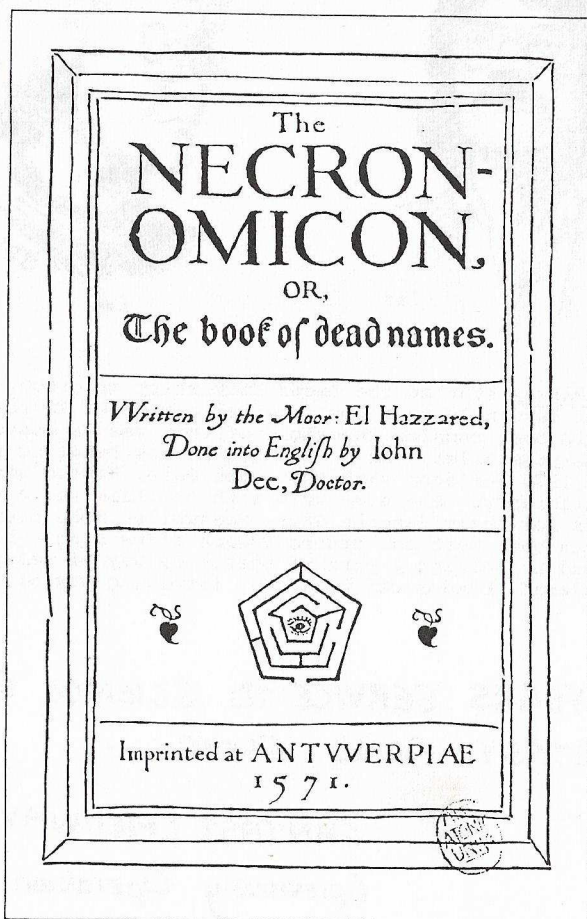
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Films

Big John Harvey is a tough man with a film review. "You put my picture at the top of the column and I'll give you high-class reviews like what they have in the Radio Times," he said. We think that John read too many of Philip Jenkinson's RT reviews before sitting down to compile these lightning notes on the films we hope to show at Skycon...

Plan 9 from Outer Space (1958)

In its ninth attempt to conquer the world, a flying saucer lands on earth. Will the staggering zombies they resurrect succeed? Can you sleep safely in your bed tonight? the promoters ask. I cannot comment on safety, but it will cure insomnia! The film does have one redeeming feature in that it contains Bela Lugosi's last screen appearance.

Isle of the Dead (1945)

Yet more horror in this Val Lewton production, but with perhaps a little more realism? Another giant of the horror movie, Boris Karloff, can be seen here as a Greek general during the 1912 Balkan War. He and his men take refuge on an island, and find themselves involved in vampirism and madness.

Young Frankenstein (1974)

What, another horror film? Well, hardly, as Mel Brooks combines Mary Shelley with *Blazing Saddles* to spawn this Hugo-winning send-up. Gene Wilder and Marty Feldman ably do battle with Peter Boyle's all-singing, all-dancing monster!

Phantom of the Paradise (1974)

Take a dash of *Phantom of the Opera*, add a pinch of *Faust*, stir in Paul Williams's rock m music and out comes this excellent horror parody. Yes, the moral



John Harvey

is that 1974 was a good year for spoof remakes.

La Jetée (1964)

Well, we've gotta give ya some Art 'aven't we? Don't worry, it only lasts 30 minutes and J.G. Ballard did say of this time travel story "it triumphantly succeeds where science fiction invariably fails". Chris Marker's compilation of stills forming an excellent photomontage is a must for those with taste, or those who pretend to it.

Rollerball (1975)

Plenty of blood and guts and finger-lickin' violence as James Caan rollerskates to victory. (Watch for skateboards in the remake!) Norman Jewison must have swelled United Artists' bank-balance with this money-spinner, one of a large crop aimed at keeping the accountants happy.

Silent Running (1971)

At last we are in outer space--- I thought this was an SF con!--- with Bruce Dern attempting to save the plant life of Earth in this futuristic ecodrama. Director Douglas Trumbull was one of

the special effects team in *2001*, so it is little wonder that *Silent Running*, again set in a space station in 2001, is visually stunning. The film is so intriguing, you will be carried into other worlds of wonderment.

Barbarella (1967)

Still in space, but what a difference! Here's one for all red-blooded sci-fi males. Jane Fonda lets it all go as she becomes the sexy heroine in Roger Vadim's version of the naughty French strip-cartoon. As Herbert Stubbs (set cleaner) said, "Cor what a cracker!"

Freaks (1932)

Cool down again with a slice of vintage horror in what is perhaps the weirdest film ever to come out of Hollywood. It was subject to restrictions and censorship when first released, and was in fact banned in the UK for thirty years. For this story of a circus sideshow, Browning ass-

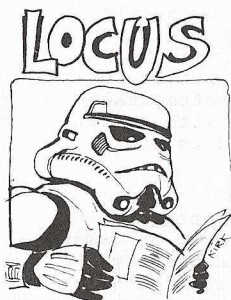
embled real dwarfs and an array of deformed humans to play the parts. People ran from the cinema at the film's preview! The kids will love it.

Charly (1968)

This ABC Pictures release, directed by Ralph Nelson and starring Cliff Robertson and Clair Bloom, is a film version of Daniel Keyes's story *Flowers for Algernon*. Cliff Robertson plays the 30-year-old subnormal who is made a genius and expected to find a place in a world that is seldom distinguished by its intelligent behaviour. A sensitive film.

Danger: Diabolic (1967)

As with *Barbarella*, a comic-strip type film which features John Phillip Law (Jane Fonda's innocent angel) as the super-villain Diabolic. Plenty of James Bond action here and a familiar Fleming-type ironical ending.



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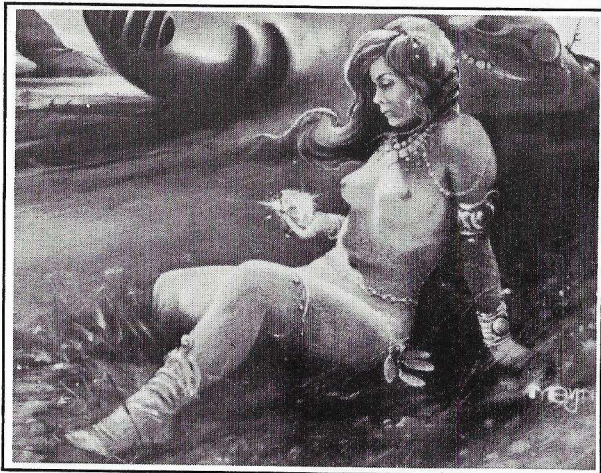
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Darkover Landfall

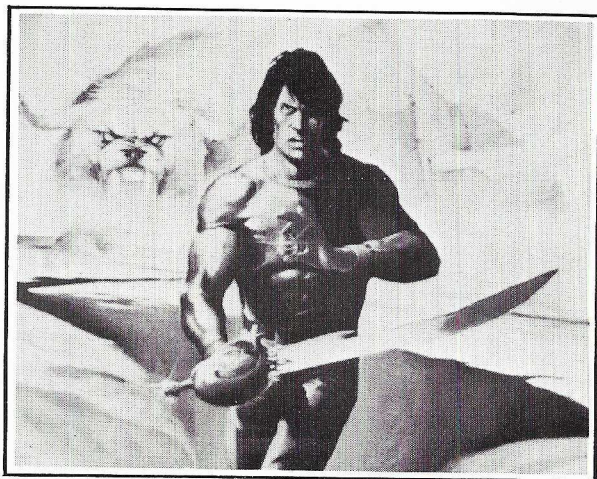


**Marion
Zimmer
Bradley**

March is the publication month of the first two titles in Marion Zimmer Bradley's classic Darkover science fantasy series to be published for the first time in the UK.

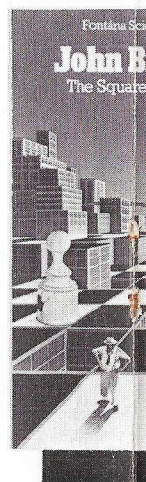
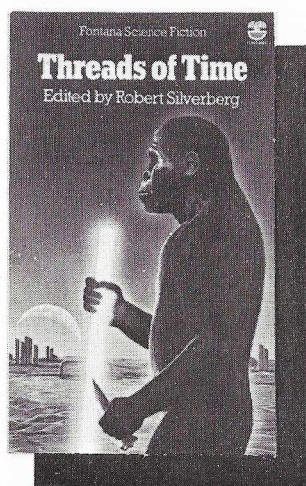
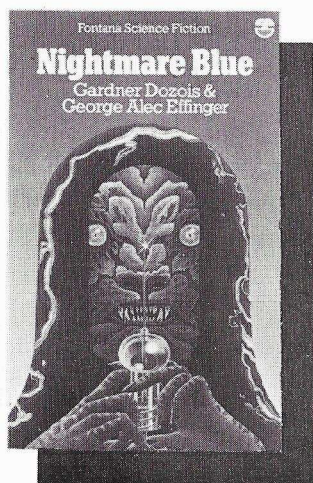
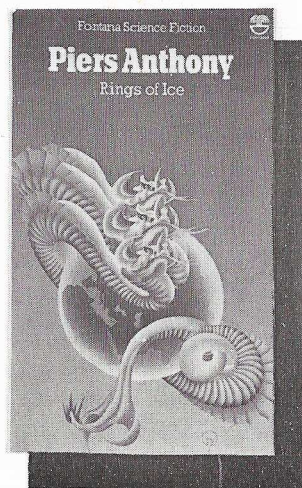
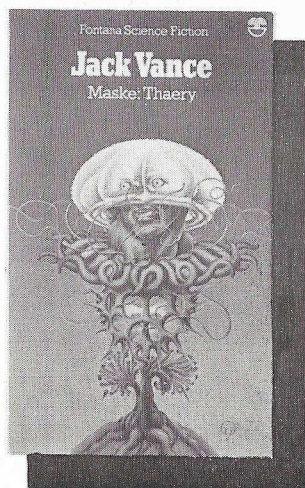
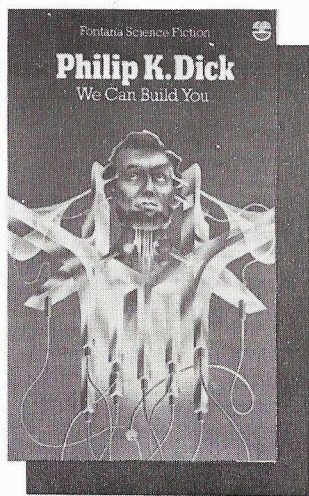
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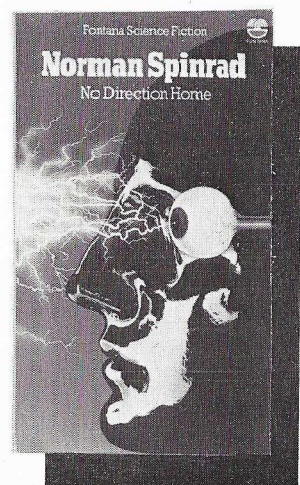
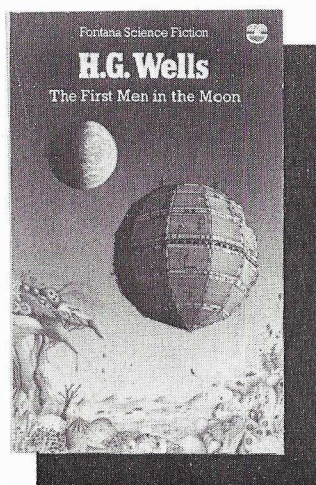
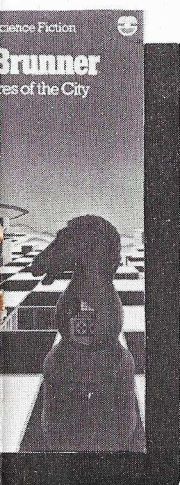
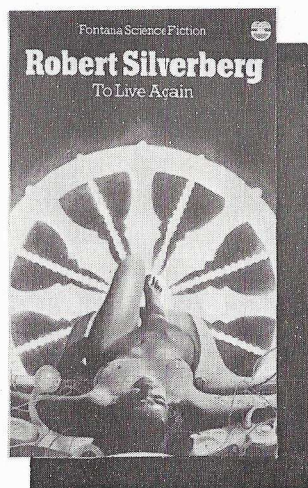
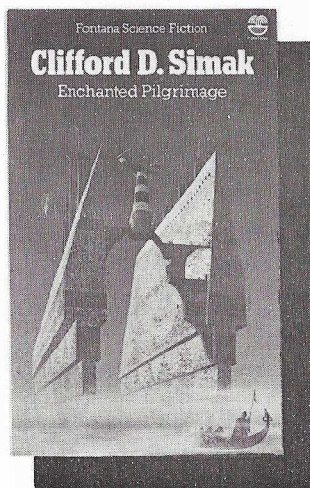


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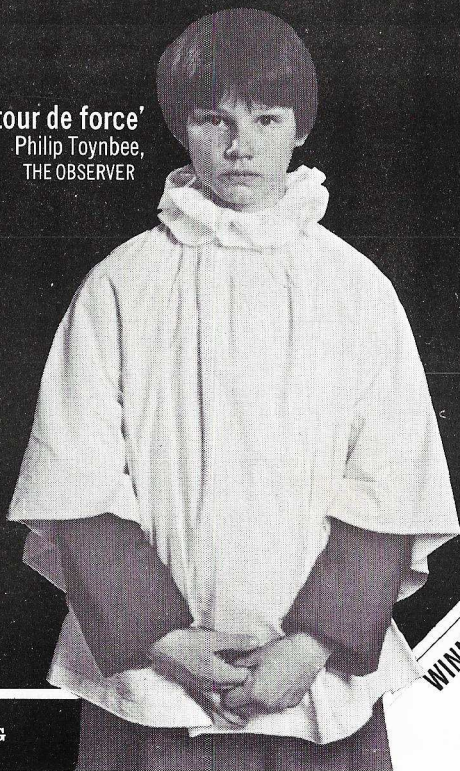


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Don't Blame Me

Leroy
Kettle



MR KETTLE COMPOSING ONE
OF HIS FAMOUS SENTENCES

Graham Charnock said, "Change the names and this could almost be a serious convention bid."

It was Newcastle 1974. He held in his hand the flyer put out by the Manchester and District (MaD) Group (Gruop) for their bid for the 1975 convention. He was looking at it without smiling. He was drunk.

The flyer read: *Peter Presdorf*---*Debaacle Organiser*.

"You could do that," he said to Malcolm Edwards, longtime boy wonder of science fiction fandom.

Paul Skelton---*Hovel Liaison*; *Brian Robinson*---*Catering Ignorer*; *A. Nonentity*---*Optimism and Gall*.

"You could do those too. The rest of us," he casually splashed beer over the bored and sleeping figures around him, "could have titles like Treasurer or Secretary or Vice Chairman and watch Malcolm get a heart attack."

And so, in an alcoholic haze of regrettable proportions, we decided to bid for the 1975 convention ourselves, because we weren't particularly happy with the MaD Gruop's idea of a con. That was how we ended up with a convention to run and a bunch of irate Mancunians who paid us back by sabotaging the 1976 convention despite every effort by the organisers to make it merely boring.

Anyway, now that the great fannish tradition of being extraordinarily and completely justifiably rude to the MaD Gruop is over for

a few words, I must confess that even relatively sane fans can find running a convention difficult. We did. I'm sure Dave and Kev and the others have too.

Inevitably someone complains that Brian Parker's boil has burst into their custard---and they hadn't even *ordered* custard. The film breaks down. The bar staff aren't hysterically amused by Ian Maule vomiting over the lager pump at three in the morning, then asking for a pint of Skol as though nothing had happened. Inevitably some old lady, who probably spends every Easter doing this sort of thing, complains about the noise coming from John Piggott's room that sounds like an electric toothbrush being used deep into the night if nothing else. The film breaks down. Long-haired, blond, effeminate fans mince around upsetting Peter Weston and tall, dark-haired, over-sexed up-and-coming SF writers crash around upsetting chairs and Peter Roberts. D.Wingrove gets upset because he finds a boggy in his glass. D.West gets upset because he's lost one. The film breaks down. The bar closes seconds before the audience comes out of the early morning film desperate for his pint of beer. Graham Poole walks into a wall. Brian Burgess walks through one. The film breaks down. The manager breaks down. The committee breaks up.

Strangely, I can't remember anything specific going wrong in 1975, except some people thought it was a bit bland and the Guest of Honour (one Michael Moorcock who's made a lot of money out of SF and fantasy) backed out. Things did go wrong, but apparently nothing memorable. That might be why it was bland. Still, this would be a longer article if I'd been on the Mancon committee.

No, to be fair, a convention is run by a handful of, well, dedicated people who really get no reward for the work they put in, and if---when---things go wrong, on whatever scale and in whoever's opinion, it's not normally through any lack of good intention. Bloody hell, there're over four hundred people here who are relying for a good time on the inevitably undervalued efforts of this committee and most of them take it all for granted.

There are never more than two bids for an Eastercon. That's about twenty involved people out of four or five hundred. And over a short period of years the same few dozen faces keep appearing. Recently, in fact, Eastercons have been almost solely run by fanzine fans, without whom it can be safely said (because I'm here and you're there) that Eastercons wouldn't have been continuing on such a generally impressive level.

This isn't meant to knock earlier committees. Any Convention owes a great deal to all previous ones. But active fandom at the moment is mostly young people who are interested in fanzines. Soon it may be teenagers who like reading Edmund Cooper and join the BSFA to read long tedious reviews of his books by Brian Stableford, or alternatively who like Brian Stableford and buy the Sunday Times to read short tedious reviews of his books by Edmund Cooper. It would be good, in view of the present fannish activity, if there could be more attempts to bid for conventions, more competition. So long as they're run on fairly traditional lines I couldn't care less who has a go. Without wishing to sound reactionary (and inevitably doing so) I can do without an excess of comics, fantasy, Dr Who or Star Trek. I think most people want SF and fandom at Eastercons. There are specialist conventions for anyone who wants them. You could probably find one if you like your books bound with rubber (know what I mean). I'll check that with Joseph Nicholas.

Running a con really does start with the most unlikely, though usually drunken, happenings. Seacon '75 began, as I said, when the man whose mother was hip enough to fasten his nappies with ear-rings, Graham Charnock, made a little joke. This one you're now at started when Kev Smith said "I feel sick." to Dave Langford, and Dave, valiantly cupping his ear, replied "Run a convention? What a great idea." Two years later, here we are. Kev Smith's still feeling sick and Dave's had his hearing aid switched off and been put in charge of complaints. Except for Kev, I hope you don't have any.

See you at the bar.

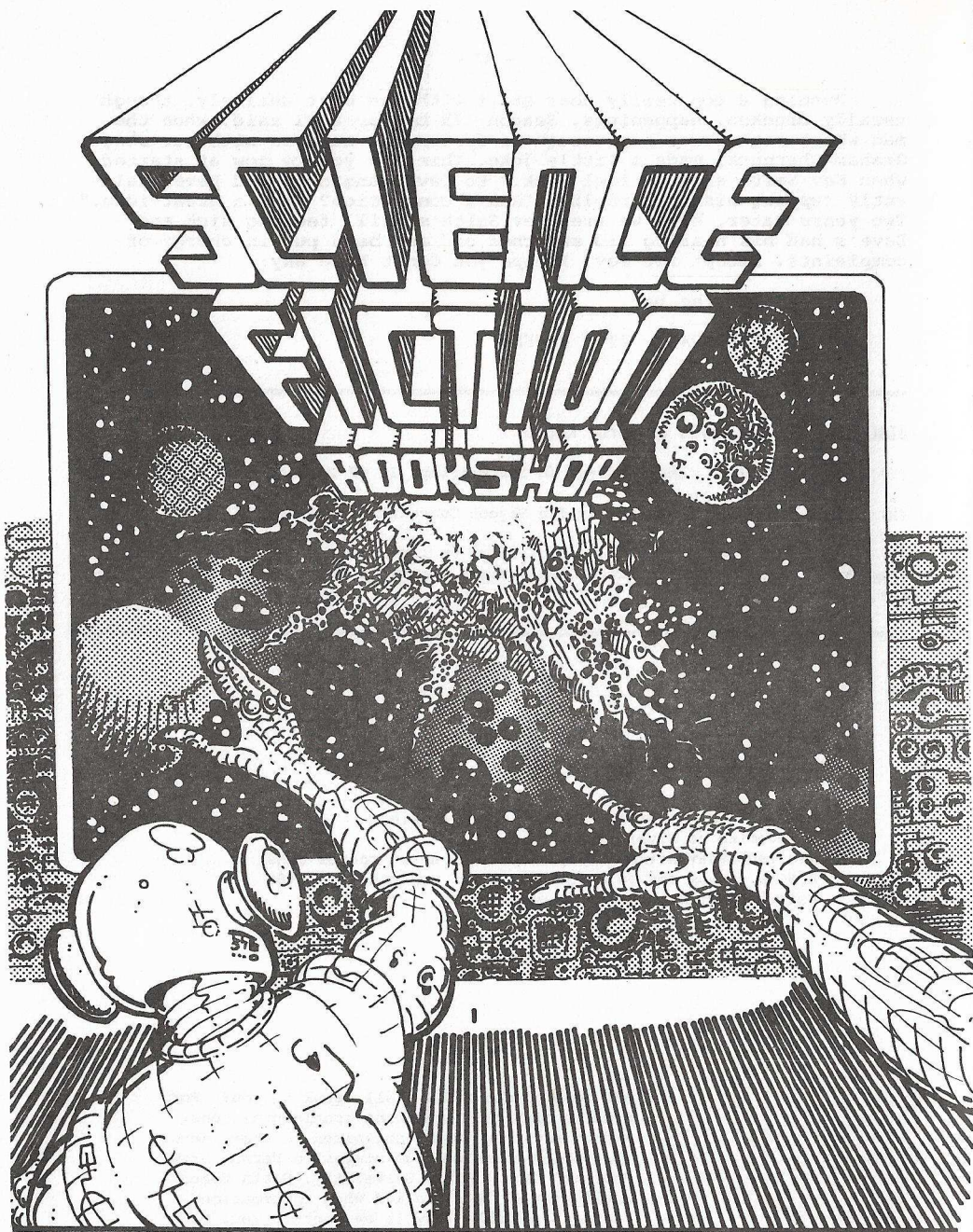
BLOODY HELL DAVE, IT'S CLOSED.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: The Works of Leroy Kettle

- (1) "The Great Plan" (short story) in New Writings In SF 28, ed. Ken Bulmer.(1976)
 - (2) "Don't Blame Me" (article) in The Skycon Convention Booklet (1978)
 - (3) Various articles in fanzines, including, in alphabetical order, Xenium, Mota, True Rat, Foulter, Parker's Patch, Maya, Zimri, Wrinkled Shrew, Inverted Ear Trum-pet, Macrocosm...
-

Μολονοτι δεν ειναί πια λογος για περηφανεια,
η μοναδικο να ειναί κανεις θαυμαστης,
για τους πραγματικους θαυμαστες ειναί ακουη τροπος ζωης.
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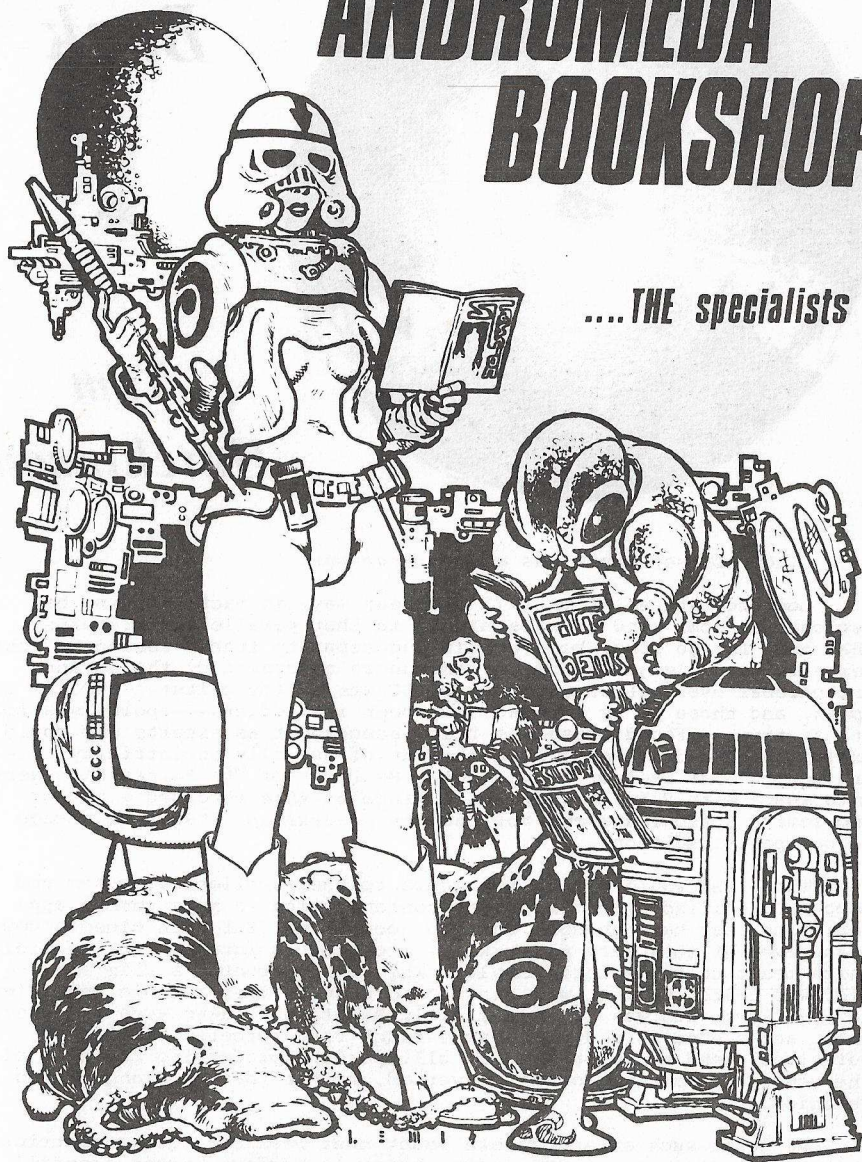
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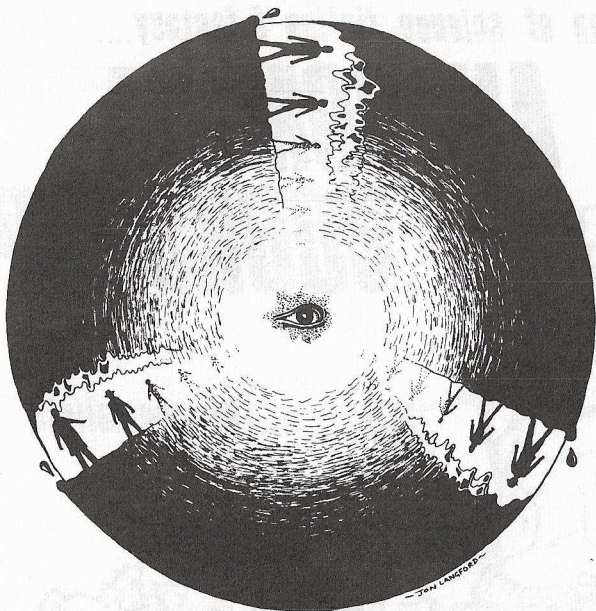
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Look- Back



Tom
Hutchinson

...Of course, there was always *Star Wars*.

Looking back at SF in 1977 the year may, in fact, in time be reckoned as some kind of watershed---in that parallel literatures that had, for so long, been running on separate tracks seemed to converge in acknowledgement of an atmosphere generated by the advance promotional overkill of that movie. SF was in the cultural air, so to speak, and those of us who had long been its addicts---apologists for it, at times---found ourselves being sought out as experts who could explain what had hitherto been thought of as jolly eccentricity restricted to *Star Trek* or *Dr Who* (even Ms Piggy of *The Muppet Show* went into space with *Swine-Trek*); while Kingsley Amis received a proper and loving acknowledgement for his *The Alteration*, itself an homage to our past traditions.

Those who would clutch the genre to their collective bosom and keep it unsullied from mainstream contamination, a more common appreciation, may have thought this no good thing. But such close encounters, even of this very first kind, promoted an interest in the field which meant that one could explain why John Carpenter's film *Dark Star* was nearer to what was considered good SF than a whole spacefleet of *Star Wars*; big was not necessarily beautiful. Ideas were in general orbit and seemed poised to break through that forcefield which we, ourselves, tend to put around it all, perhaps preferring the cult of the converted talking to the converted, rather than an evangelising religion.

At least such an atmosphere meant that *Dark Star* got a distributor, and a screening on BBC, after being in Wardour-Street freefall for so long. But, cinematically, all I can remember of the year is a tedious translation to the screen of *The Island of Doctor Moreau*, with

Burt Lancaster playing the good doctor with a rictus-grin and sincere expression; a brutalisation of the theme as unpleasant as any imposed upon those creatures in the House of Pain, although I did get to meet the actress who played the Panther Lady (or whatever they called her) which was some consolation.

In terms of books the year started off for me with a bang, a detonation from an imagination I had long thought buried beneath veneration and respect for what it has already done for science fiction: Frederik Pohl's *Man Plus*. Pohl looked at the spiritual consequences of the creation of a bionic human being---the Billion Dollar Babies were around on TV at the same time---and came up with some scarifying and (because he is Pohl) profound thoughts on what it would all entail if Man became a kind of machine.

After which it seemed entirely presumptuous to find that Edward de Bono was riding in on the bandwagon with his collection of George Hay-picked short stories, assuring us via this compilation from other authors that science fiction was "provocation and fantasy". It was all, you see, to do with his lateral thinking concept: my reaction was to flip a vertical duo-digital gesture in the direction of that kind of patronising.

Penguin Books came out, more shrewdly and helpfully, with *The Science Fiction of Edgar Allan Poe* and it was fascinating to find in Harold Beaver's graceful commentary that Poe's literary hoaxes contained---as against the entombed agony of much of his work---"a kind of bashful obscenity". There was exactly that in *The Unparalleled Adventure of One Hans Pfall*, although that macabre tale of M.Valdemar still has the power to ice the smile on the face, as the stench of putrefaction seems to rise from the page.

Ian Watson came out with *The Martian Inca*, which was about the Messianic brainstorms blown up in the minds of primitives by a kind of star-dust; a god-head in the genes. He made it his own multi-layered statement about the Universe's contradictions. As always, there were the usual clutches of short stories: from the Nebulas to the Universes to the Novas. I myself wrote around this time that "The short story is alive and well and living in SF.". I see no reason to alter that opinion.

I was however disappointed, in the main, with Ray Bradbury's collection *Long After Midnight*, which contained writing of the deepest indigo, specifically inclined towards the glossy magazines of the *Playboy* variety, although the tales *A Piece of Wood* and *The Messiah* leached off the empurpling "fine" writing to produce two starkly poetic pieces. Was the old master now distinctly proven to have feet of fey? Not really. It was just that the disciplines needed to keep his whimsy in check had faltered. And we still had heard nothing about that Space Cantata he promised all those years ago---the one in which Christ is crucified in different forms throughout the galaxy... Thus, what might have been. What was, for me, a turnabout of thinking was that I was converted to Michael Moorcock. Having been given the job of reading all about Jerry Cornelius---"Stay behind and write a few thousand words on the subject"---I found myself mind-staggered into enjoyment, realising that Cornelius lives in an Apocalypse that has already happened without our realisation. I woke up screaming---but blissful.

J.G. Ballard emerged with a paperback containing some of his best short fiction and also some interrupting introductions which, while less chatty than Isaac Asimov's---*The Foundation Trilogy* got the electronic treatment on radio---were revealing about the man who was born in Shanghai of English parents and who was interned by the Japanese in a civilian prison camp for two and a half years. He wrote about *The Day of Forever*:

Perhaps the young man running around those abandoned hotels reminds me of my own adolescence... as a child among the Japanese military one had an extraordinary immunity, we moved like pilot fish in front of them as they wandered through empty apartment blocks and disused seaplane bases...

Experience fuels and is not the only arbiter of the work of such a writer, but his definition of what we are all about is surely worth close consideration:

Science Fiction talks to the late twentieth century in its own language... If the Space Age had arrived for the rest of the world, for the science fiction writer it was over.

That direction was echoed by Christopher Priest, whose progressively powerful work swerved into time-unravelling with *A Dream of Wessex*, concerned as much with human relationships as with any technology; while Brian Aldiss gave us a short masterpiece with *Last Orders*: a wry, moving account of a boozing trio at the moment before Creation calls "Time, humanity, please; have you no souls to go to?"

So, into the Deep Space of the mind? Outside was all the promotional hardware of *Star Wars*, cannibalising SF and cinematic mythologies, ensuring a whole new slip-stream of sequels (I have not noted *Star Whores*, though). A fertile atmosphere. But feeling beleaguered dies hard and is so cosy. Editor Terry Carr's introduction to his *Best Science Fiction of the Year 6* elevated SF to a kind of mystical plateau from which those "people [who] prefer to have their thinking done for them by the authors" seemed to be excluded. His book was:

in fact, a treasury of new thoughts, a cornucopia of speculation. Every story invites your participation as an intelligent human being and will reward it. How many other forms of entertainment even try to involve so much of you?

In other words: KEEP OUT. BEWARE OF THE FOG. THIS LAND IS OURS. You might think that just because of the general SF excitement you can wander in and just enjoy yourself as you please. ONLY INTELLIGENT HUMAN BEINGS WANTED.

That I can have hope for SF is because such apartheid is being eroded whether we like it or not by external pressures. Not that I can intellectually be happy about some of those pressures, especially the big blockbuster. But in terms of what it can do for us---

...of course, there is always *Star Wars*. ◀

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Peter Roberts

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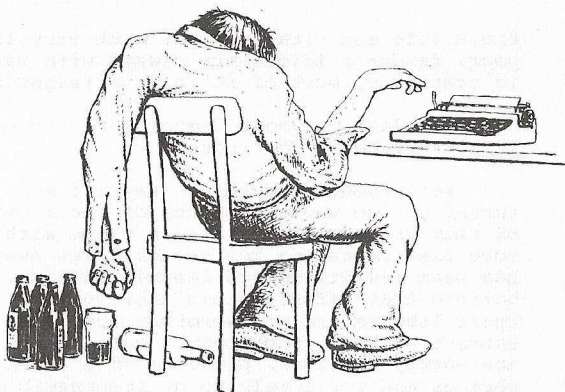
The earth teemed with life of all kinds and many besides man had intelligence and the gift of speech. But chaos rules. And violence. And despair. Then in the Valley of the Dead, Sheen first entered the world and all of the world would bend to the might of the Supreme One, the irresistible force.

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Fandom & Fanzines



D. West



Once upon a time, dedicated researchers uncovered the following variation on Sturgeon's Law: "Ninety per cent of writers secretly think they are geniuses; the rest admit it openly".

Ever hopeful, fandom follows suit, and the belief that SF enthusiasts are generally more intelligent than the unenlightened dolts who have never watched Dr Who or read a Perry Rhodan paperback is surprisingly widespread. Occasionally even the most sanguine supporters of this theory may experience twinges of doubt when meeting the author of yet another article on the joys of *Space 1999* bubblegum cards, but---as everyone knows---it's the exceptions that prove the rule.

A second common fantasy is that SF fans have a liberal and open-minded attitude towards new and radical ideas. This notion is perhaps based on the mistake of equating novelty with originality. SF enthusiasts enjoy the gaudy glitter of surface strangeness, but they do not really relish the prospect of fundamental changes in the familiar and conventional. In fact, they read SF not so much for the mental stimulation as to run a continuous check on the horrible things *They* may be planning as part of their Conspiracy of the Future. SF writers hop round the edges of paranoia, but SF fans take a running jump right into the middle depths.

1977 was another year in which the fans congratulated themselves ---and a few friends---on their intelligence, discernment, discrimination and superior natural talents. They then proceeded to develop selective blindness, deafness, and (total) dumbness when crude and irreverent persons screaming vulgar abuse were ill-bred enough to a attempt to introduce a note of doubt. Fortunately, in the face of a sort of catatonic complacency even the most ravening and rabid of mad-dog fanzine reviewers---accustomed to chew up the average simple-minded fanzine with all the tact and delicacy of a hungry werewolf---tended to grow weary and discouraged. The communication gap was unbridgeable. Argument and insult were not met with rebuttal and counter-jibe, but with the whining complaints of uncomprehending dullards whose dignity had been offended.

In short: an average year, in which fandom marked time in its sideways shuffle towards the millennium (whatever *that* might be) and perhaps even slipped back a pace or two. Efforts were made to inject

fresh life and vitality, but with very limited success. Like the poor, fandom's idiots are always with us, and however wide the seed is scattered, most of it falls straight into a stony silence.

The last and most damaging of the delusions of fandom is this: It's the thought that counts.

Well enough, you might say, if some of the people concerned ever turned up two whole thoughts of their own to rub together. But most of them are trying to raise a flame with the sort of wet rubbish that more discriminating boy scouts threw away years ago. Bubblegum fandom has seen everything and learned nothing. There are still those who believe that effort equals achievement, and that the scanty fruits of their labours are praiseworthy solely on account of the minimal investment of toil. Such people continue to produce dull fanzines. Some are worthy but dull, products of a dismal Calvinism that holds the serious and the lively to be incompatible; others are merely worthless but dull, the result of muddy perceptions unable to distinguish between silliness and wit.

Fanzines in 1977 ranged from the excellent to the extremely awful. Lack of space luckily permits only a brief mention of a few titles. Dave Langford's *Twll-Ddu* had a well-deserved success in the Nova Award. Probably largely incomprehensible to the uninitiated, *Twll-Ddu* might possibly tempt an outsider into closer investigation by the very flourish and style of its ingenious jokes and elaborate witticisms. *Stop Breaking Down* (Greg Pickersgill and Simone Walsh) and *Maya* (Rob Jackson) were *Twll-Ddu*'s leading rivals, though *Wrinkled Shrew* (Pat Charnock) and *True Rat* (Roy Kettle) would have figured prominently in the reckoning had they published more than an issue apiece in the relevant period. Below these giants of the fannish microcosm some ten or a dozen fanzines of more modest fame challenged for attention. Among those that come to mind are *Dot* (Kevin Smith), *Epsilon* (Rob Hansen), *One-Off* (Dave Bridges), *Triode* (Eric Bentcliffe), *Checkpoint* (Peter Roberts), *A Bit Of The Other One* (Brian Parker) and *Vibrator* (Graham Charnock).

All the above are fannish fanzines---that is, fanzines devoted to personalities rather than the wholly serious study of SF. A number of other titles attempted to combine fannish and serious material, often a rather queasy mixture. Only Geoff Rippington's *SF Arena* (formerly *Titan*) eschewed fannishness altogether and swung entirely in favour of hardline SF criticism; *Drilkj's* (Dave Langford and Kevin Smith), *Ghas* (Carol Gregory and John & Eve Harvey), *Bar Trek* (Lee Montgomerie and Mike Dickinson) and even the Leeds University SF Society's *Black Hole* (Alan Dorey) seemed to want to keep a foot in both camps, a difficult balancing feat which led to a few falls. (Perhaps Rob Jackson might feel that his *Maya* should be included in this division, though after an initial period of vacillation the contents seem to have taken on a definite bias towards the fannish, albeit with articles written by professionals. Still, the classification isn't important---good is good, and *Maya* is excellent, a fact reflected in the several triumphs the fanzine and its contributors scored in the Fanzine Activity Achievement awards, despite the preponderance of American voters. But those wins are not so surprising when one considers the terminal constipation of the US fanzine scene: anything hot they may have is being well held in.)

There were many other fanzines. Some had their good points, some were inoffensive but forgettable, and some were so extremely bad they are best forgotten. Yes---far, far below the deepest delvings of the

critics, the world is gnawed by nameless things. Even Brian Burgess knows them not. They are older than he. Now I have walked there, but I will bring no report to darken the light of day... Besides, the Tolkien zines weren't much good, either.

SF criticism is fairly simple to write badly and very difficult to write well. The objection to the use of criticism in fanzines is not that it is done at all, but that it is nearly always done poorly. Poul Anderson once remarked that the SF writer is competing for the reader's beer-money. The flesh is weak, and the SF critic cannot rely on his reader's stern devotion to duty; he has to make an effort to drag the fan's attention away from new and ingeniously libellous accounts of who recently got drunk and groped the wrong wife. In other words, if you want to write criticism---it'd better be good.

Sometimes it *is* good. *Foundation*, the eponymous journal of the North East London Polytechnic's SF Foundation, is not strictly speaking a fanzine (though almost all its contributors are SF fans or professionals) but it is certainly the best magazine of SF criticism in the world, and living proof that seriousness without stupefaction is possible. Peter Nicholls has now relinquished the post of Foundation Administrator to Malcolm Edwards (formerly of Victor Gollancz Ltd, and a one-time *Vector* editor), who has the experience and talents to maintain this high standard, particularly since he will be assisted by the newly appointed Research Fellow, David Pringle, and by such other regular contributors as Christopher Priest and Ian Watson.

Foundation's less distinguished rival, the BSFA's *Vector*, has had been much more erratic. Editing *Vector* is a thankless task, and a good case could be made for turning the job into a paid position. The work is considerable, and the armour of cash---or an ironclad ego---is needed to withstand the impact of continual conflicting criticisms from a large and varied readership. There are plenty of bruises and very few bouquets. By the end of 1977 Chris Fowler had had enough and he yielded the place to David Wingrove.

The main achievements during Chris Fowler's reign were the increases in size and frequency. If the editor was overworked it was often his own fault: little or no control seemed to be exercised over length, relevance or placing in context of work used. Many individual items of merit were published, but the magazine as a whole suffered from an almost complete lack of editing, and too many contributors were given the latitude to turn what could have been a good short review into a long mediocre article. The overall impression was that of a hopeful marksman loosing off a very large blunderbuss in the general direction of a very small target: a few silver bullets hit the spot, but most of the junk went whistling past.

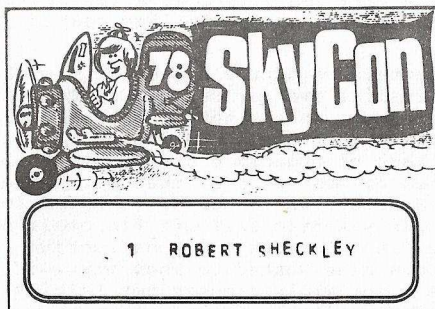
A similar scattershot approach seemed to characterise the year's conventions. The smaller events, Faancon in February and Silicon in August, were really more in the nature of semi-private parties (Faancon was so private that little or no report has reached the outside world) and their lack of organised structure was both intentional and accepted. (Accepted by most people, that is. There was the now-legendary encounter at Silicon, where certain soberminded attendees were horrified to see Leroy Kettle fall off his chair several times during what they assumed was a Serious and Constructive panel discussion. The shocked visitors also wanted to know why---in the words of Dave Langford---people spent whole minutes not talking about SF. They were told, but they didn't believe it.)

However, the main event of the year, the Coventry Eastercon, was overshadowed by a certain feeling of aimlessness and anticlimax. A comment heard several times was that the Eastercon was simply the Novacon writ small---a reversal of the natural order of importance. In fact, when it came, the Novacon proved to be more enjoyable on all levels. This was partly due to the more compact layout of the hotel, which promoted a sense of cosy intimacy altogether absent from the Eastercon. The bar, bookroom, con hall, art show and fan room at the De Vere Hotel all seemed to be situated in the farflung corners of a maze of corridors, with the result that too much time was spent wandering round looking for friends lost an hour or two before. There were many enjoyable moments, but the convention tantalised rather than satisfied, hinting at an excellence that was intended but never quite achieved.

A convention calls for a great deal of work on the part of the organisers. In theory, this selfless dedication is wholly admirable, but in practice there are several drawbacks. The primary difference between amateur and professional lies in the degree of *commitment*. A professional knows he *has* to get it right---for the sake of earnings, for the sake of reputation---whereas to the amateur a triumph would be nice but anything better than a total flop will do. This attitude ---entirely natural and understandable in the circumstances---inevitably leads to a dilution of the drive towards success at whatever cost in time and effort. The unpaid convention worker simply cannot afford to break his back for the purely notional rewards of fannish prestige. He can't afford to assume financial responsibility either, and the result is often the use of shortsighted and false economies negating the good effects of larger sums spent elsewhere.

Much of the work that goes into fandom---whether producing fanzines or organising conventions---is time-consuming labour which is not in itself rewarding. On a small scale such work is bearable, but fandom has grown. The doctrinaire insistence on total amateurism has become a sacred cow impeding progress. The past history of the BSFA indicates what is likely to follow: a wildly erratic cycle of boom-or-bust, up or down, as key figures grow weary and drop out, or new young meteors flash briefly across the scene.

Still, that's the way of fandom. It's a small world, and individuals have such a great power to influence the course of events that prediction is almost impossible. All that can be said about the next year is that it promises to be interesting. ◀



WORDSHOP x WORLD BRAIN



Among the items scheduled are:-

Mary Shelley's LAST MAN (1826)

Glaude Houghton's THE KINGDOMS OF
THE SPIRIT (1924)

Olaf Stapledon's A MAN DIVIDED

and a new work by

Peter Dagnar STARGRAIL (1977)

Are you an unpublished author ?

Do you know of an out-of-print book
which should be re-printed?

The H.G.Wells Society wishes to facilitate
the re-issue of OUT-OF-PRINT Books and
material; and also aims to enable
Authors to distribute unpublished new work.

Both of these would be on the basis of Supplying
Copies According to Demand (i.e. from ONE copy
upwards....)

Under the title of World Brain (coined by Wells), a first
list of items to be made available is in preparation.

(If you have written a story or book you may be interested in
distribution by this method or you may wish to suggest a
notable out-of-print work for inclusion).

WORD SHOP

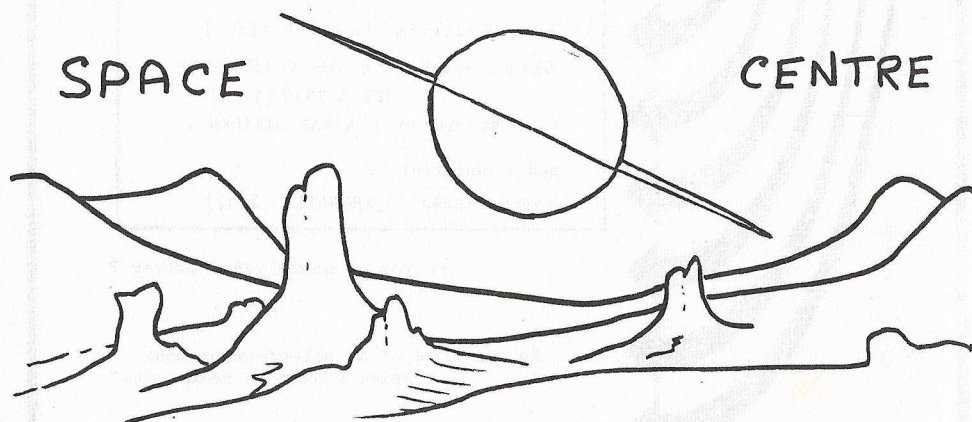
BLASTOFF next month

Send S.A.E. for full details of
this project to:

George Hay, "World Brain", H.G.Wells
Society, c/o 17 Anson Road, London W7 0RB



SHEFFIELD



PETER HAMMERTON

485, LONDON ROAD, HEELEY,

SHEFFIELD . S2 4HL.

TELEPHONE TO BE INSTALLED.

OPENING CEREMONY:- 6 MAY BY DAVID A. HARDY.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, STAMPS, SLIDES OF
ASTRONOMY, SPACE TRAVEL, UFO.s,
SCIENCE-FICTION

SPACE-ART :- OUR SPECIALITY.

POSTERS, CARDS AND ORIGINAL ART-WORK

↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓
 BEST COSTUME
 SILLIEST COSTUME
 BEST GROUP
 LEAST COSTUME
 ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑

Well, there's the great "Collect the Signatures of Everyone Mentioned In This Booklet" competition, as described by Kevin earlier; there will, we hope, be something going in the Swimming Pool (depending on the availability of heavy water, Lime Jell-O, piranha etc.)---and there's the fearful Caption Competition. This is traditionally run to give people something to occupy them at the Banquet when stunned into total inarticulacy by the exquisite cuisine... We simply distribute innumerable cartoons (see right for example, courtesy of Novacon 7); add your scintillant caption and write your name on the back. The funniest wins---something---for its author. Besides being distributed at the Banquet, the cartoons will also appear in the bar at about the same time.

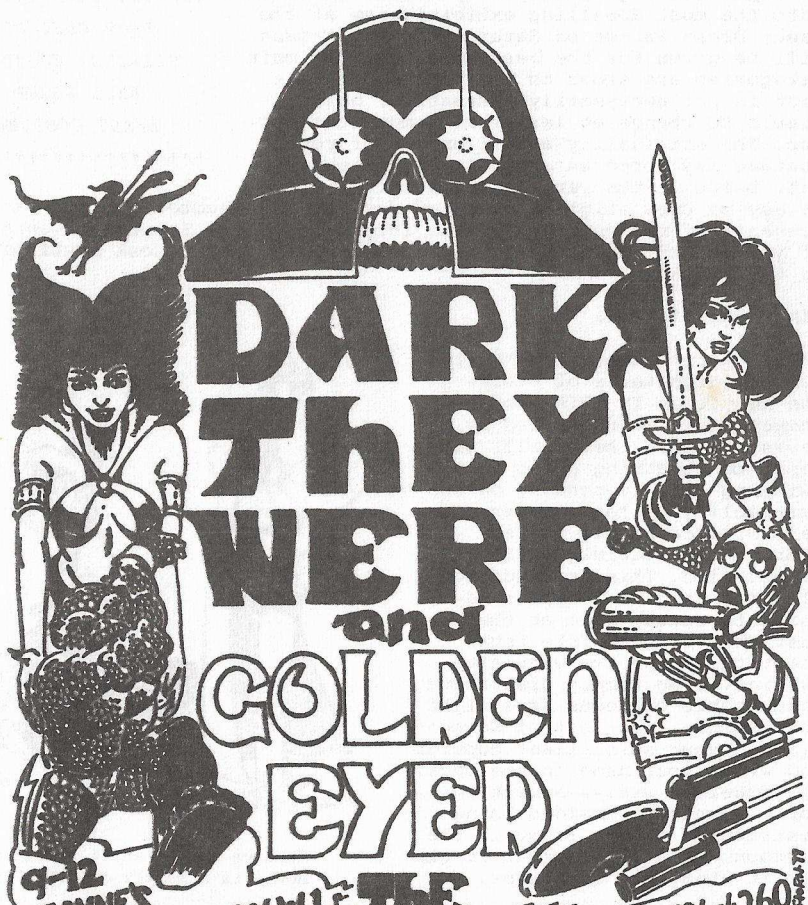


"You've got to admit it---Martin Hoare is a master of disguise."

Drinks:

A cartoon by Austin. A man with a sad expression is looking at a bottle and a glass of wine. The word "PRONK" is written above the glass.

**CORKAGE: What a licensed restaurant will quite properly charge you if they have a good wine list and you insist on bringing your own bottle... A man who would do that, they feel, would take his own girl to a brothel. ("Plonk & Super-Plonk" by John Baldwinson)*



**DARK
THEY
WERE**
and

**GOLDEN
EYED**

9-12

ST. ANNE'S
COURT, LONDON, W.1.

(OFF
WARDOUR ST.)

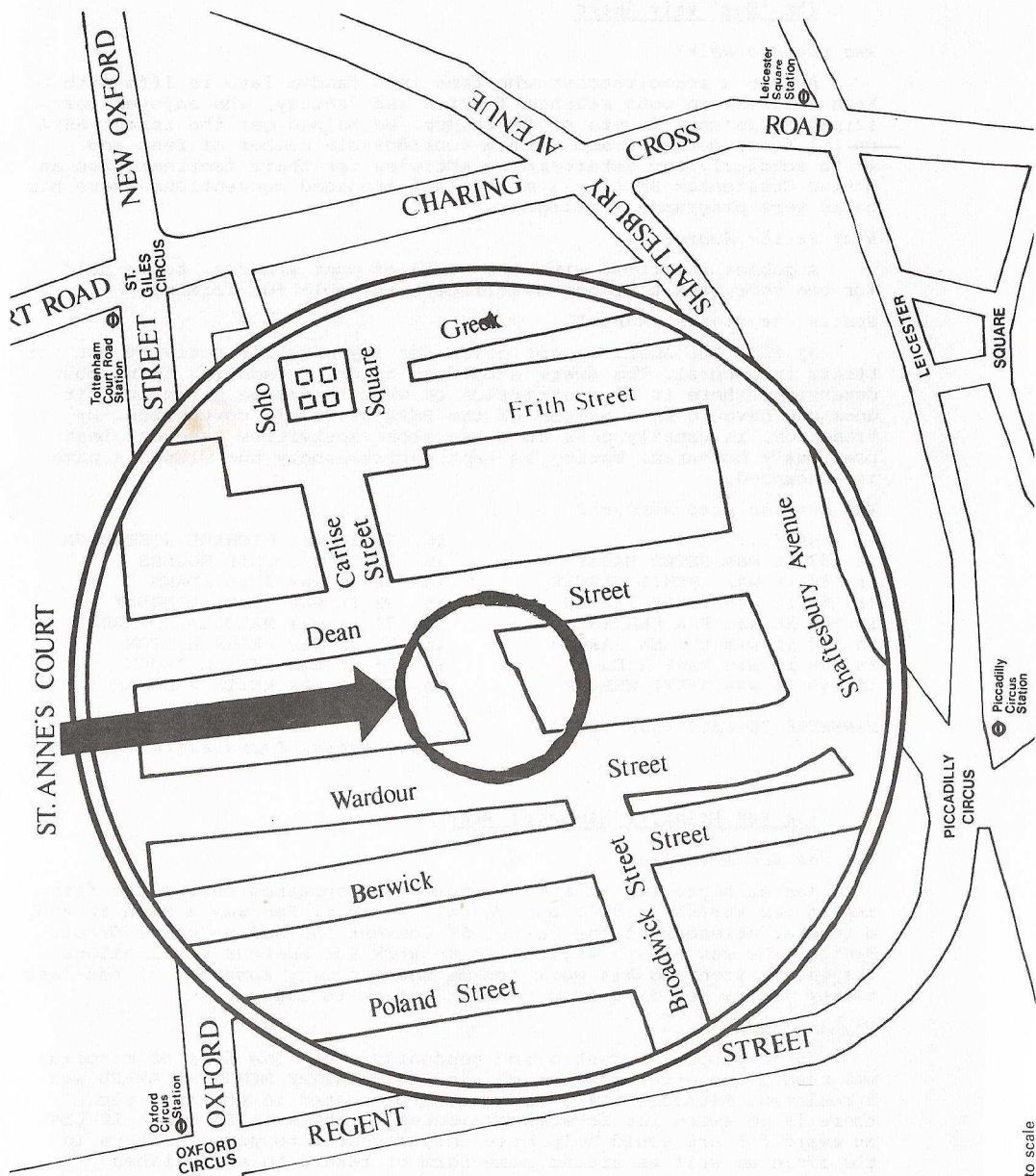
**THE
LARGEST**

PHONE: 01-734-4260

SF BOOKSHOP IN THE WORLD

J. C. WATKINS 77

"Dark They Were and Golden-Eyed"



Award Rules

The 'Doc' Weir Award

Who was Doc Weir?

A fan; a schoolteacher who came into fandom late in life with a keen interest in both science fiction and fantasy, who enjoyed participating in many facets of SF fandom. He helped get the infant BSFA on its feet, corresponded with a considerable number of fans and wrote scholarly and entertaining articles for their fanzines. Was an active Cheltenham SF Circle member and attended conventions where his talks were programme highlights.

What is the Award?

A goblet inscribed with the names of past winners, to be held for one year, and a signed certificate suitable for framing.

How is the winner chosen?

By YOU. The Award is not given for any specific activity but for things in general. The Award should go to the person you think most deserving. There is no restriction on whom it may be given to---it does not have to be a member of the BSFA or of the convention. By tradition, it usually goes to a fan whose activities have not been previously honoured. Voting is kept secret---only the winner's name is announced.

Who are the past winners?

Well....	in '70 it was MICHAEL ROSENBLUM
in '63 it was PETER MABEY	in '71 it was PHIL ROGERS
in '64 it was ARCHIE MERCER	in '72 it was JILL ADAMS
in '65 it was TERRY JEEVES	in '73 it was ETHEL LINDSAY
in '66 it was KEN SLATER	in '74 it was MALCOLM EDWARDS
in '67 it was DOREEN PARKER	in '75 it was PETER WESTON
in '68 it was MARY REED	in '76 it was INA SHORROCK
in '69 it was BERYL MERCER	in '77 it was KEITH FREEMAN

REMEMBER TO CAST YOUR VOTE!

Peter Mabey, Award Administrator

The Ken McIntyre Memorial Award

Who was Ken McIntyre?

Ken McIntyre was an artist whose work appeared during the fifties in *New Worlds*, *Nebula* and *Science Fantasy*. Ken was a keen SF fan, a regular attendee of the Easter SF Conventions and a Knight of St. Fantasy. He was always willing to do work for amateur publications completely free and his work can be seen in many fanzines of the last twenty years. Ken died from a heart attack in 1968.

Why an award?

Three people suggested independently that some form of memorial was needed and after discussion the KEN MCINTYRE MEMORIAL AWARD was formulated. Although there are awards presented in the SF field, there is no award for artwork presented in Britain. It was felt that an award for art would help give encouragement to young artists in the field as well as giving some form of reward to established artists.

Rules for Entry

- (1) The Ken McIntyre Memorial Award will be presented annually. Each year it will be presented to the artist who, in the opinion of the judges, submits the most deserving piece of artwork.
- (2) The artist must be resident in the UK.
- (3) The piece of artwork must have appeared in an amateur publication during the twelve months January to December preceding the Easter at which the Award is made.
- (4) The piece of artwork must be accompanied by a copy of the publication in which it appeared.
- (5) The subject matter of the piece of artwork must, in the opinion of the judges, be fantasy or science fiction.
- (6) The judges shall be: Roger G. Peyton, Jim Marshall, Keith Freeman (or other Knight of St. Pantony), J. Michael Rosenblum (or other BSFA representative) and the Chairman of the Convention.

How to Enter

The piece of artwork may be submitted by the artist himself or by the editor of the publication in which it appeared. The original, together with a copy of the publication, must be handed to one of the judges or to the registration desk by 4.00pm on the Saturday of the convention. If for any reason it cannot be handed in by this time, one of the judges should be notified in writing prior to the convention. The entries submitted will be displayed in the Art Room and the Award presented at the Banquet.

These are the rules that will apply for the presentation at the 1978 Easter Convention.

Roger G. Peyton, Award Administrator

The Art Show Awards

That's funny---I didn't think there was an Art Show Award?

Well, to be utterly frank, there wasn't. But this Committee, aided and abetted by Marsha Jones, rather thought there should be: we have said the necessary incantations, and lo! there is. In fact, there are, in four different categories.

Four categories? Let me guess. Best Nude? Best Pre-Raphaelite?

I hate to disappoint you, but Marsha suggested SF, FANTASY, HUMOROUS and ASTRONOMICAL. That sounds OK to the rest of us.

And who decides the winner? Not you lot, I hope?

The People decide. The Man in the Street---or in this case, The Person in the Bar. Among others, *you*. You have only to fill in the easy-to-read ballot forms which will be somewhere in the Art Room. Some tiny token (at the time of writing we know not what) will be presented to the winners.

At the Banquet?

After the Banquet, in fact, when all the other awards are being presented. You can't have any more questions...? Oh yes---any piece of art produced since last Easter will be eligible. OK?

Just one thing. Which committee members are going to win?

Do be quiet. Cynicism does not become you.



~~~~~  
 TWLL-DDU is a fanzine of which many things have been said. It is esoteric and weird. I can't recommend it at all... But in every generation there are the foolhardy few who do things "because it's there". To persons of such a kidney, TWLL-DDU is available for a nominal 20p (plus 7p postage & packing for mail orders). This sum is charged to discourage the faint of heart. In the unlikely event of anyone purchasing a copy, the proceeds will be diverted to GUFF, that Worthy Cause alluded to elsewhere in this convention booklet. It only remains to mention my address---and indeed, my name---Dave Langford, 22 Northumberland Avenue, Reading, Berks---then I can sit back and await the enormous lack of response which this advert is bound to produce... *Technydd da!!*  
 ~~~~~



AT LAST!

SECRETS ENTRUSTED
TO A FEW



The Unpublished Facts of Life

THERE are some things that can not be generally told—*things you ought to know*. Great truths are dangerous to some—but factors for personal power and accomplishment in the hands of those who understand them. Behind the tales of the miracles and mysteries of the ancients, lie centuries of their secret probing into nature's laws—their amazing discoveries of the hidden processes of man's mind, and the mastery of life's problems. Once shrouded in mystery to avoid their destruction by mass fear and ignorance, these facts remain a useful heritage for the thousands of men and women who privately use them in their homes today.

TWLL DDU

**WILL HELP YOU FIND
A HEALTHIER
AND HAPPIER LIFE**

Awards '77

NEBULA AWARDS

Novel: *Man Plus* by Frederik Pohl
Novella: *Houston, Houston, Do You Read?* by James Tiptree Jr.
Novelette: *The Bicentennial Man* by Isaac Asimov
Short Story: *A Crowd of Shadows* by Charles L. Grant
Dramatic Presentation: No award
Grand Master Award: Clifford D. Simak

HUGO AWARDS

Novel: *Where Late The Sweet Birds Sang* by Kate Wilhelm
Novella (tie): { *By Any Other Name* by Spider Robinson
Houston, Houston, Do You Read? by James Tiptree Jr.
Novelette: *The Bicentennial Man* by Isaac Asimov
Short Story: *Tricentennial* by Joe Haldeman
Professional Editor: Ben Bova of *ANALOG Science Fact / Science Fiction*
Professional Artist: Rick Sternbach
Fanzine: *Science Fiction Review* (once *The Alien Critic*) ed. Dick Geis
Fan Writer (tie): Susan Wood and Dick Geis
Fan Artist: Phil Foglio

John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer: C.J. Cherryh

J.R.R. Tolkien Award ("Gandalf"): Andre Norton

FAN ACTIVITY ACHIEVEMENT (FAAN) AWARDS

Fan Editor: Rob Jackson of *Maya*
Fan Writer: Bob Shaw
Fan Artist (Humorous): Harry Bell
(Serious): James Shull
Letter-of-Comment Writer: Mike Glicksohn
Single Issue of Fanzine (tie): *Maya 11* and *Spanish Inquisition 7/8*

CHECKPOINT FAN POLL

British Fanzine: *Wrinkled Shrew* ed. Pat Charnock
British Fanwriter: Leroy Kettle
British Fan Artist: Harry Bell

And the rest...

Ken McIntyre Award for Fanzine Art: Jon Langford (*Drilkjis 2* cover)

Doc Weir Award: Keith Freeman

SF Foundation Award for Excellence in Criticism: Brian Aldiss

Nova Award for British Fanzines: *Twill-Ddu* ed. Dave Langford

BSFA Novel Award: *Brontomek!* by Michael Coney

John W. Campbell Memorial Award: *The Alteration* by Kingsley Amis

TAFF Poll: Peter Roberts (who was thus awarded a trip to the 1977 Worldcon. See TAFF advert elsewhere for the sordid details.)

Eastercon '77

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

	£	£
INCOME		
Registrations	483.00	
Attendances, banquet, etc.	1,135.42	
Art auction commission	73.00	
Advertising	180.00	
Dealers' book room tables	150.00	
Electronic games machines	<u>140.00</u>	
TOTAL INCOME		2,161.42
EXPENDITURE		
Printing and postage:		
Progress reports, forms, etc.	380.43	
Convention Book	340.19	
Films	74.96	
P.A. system, screen, slide projector	69.12	
Hire of electronic games machines	40.00	
Insurance	25.00	
Banquet (Note 1)	793.50	
Miscellaneous (Note 2)	<u>293.15</u>	
TOTAL EXPENDITURE		2,016.35
EXCESS OF INCOME OVER EXPENDITURE		<u>£ 145.07</u>

Notes

1. The banquet expenditure includes the subsidy.
2. Miscellaneous expenditure includes the expenses of the Guest of Honour and the projectionist, a gratuity for the hotel staff, and minor expenses.

This account was presented to us by Laurence Miller as Treasurer of the Eastercon '77 committee.



GUFF is the "Get Up-and-Over Fan Fund" ---founder and patron, Chris Priest--- set up to bring an Australian fan over here for Seacon '79. As with TAFF, the choice is made by popular poll: anyone who's been in fandom for a year or two can vote. The candidates will be named and their secret lives unveiled in the near future. Donations to this fannish charity will help GUFF and your karma!

WATCH OUT FOR THE SURPRISE GUFF ESOTERICA AUCTION AT SKYCON! Or contact:
Leigh Edmonds (Oz Administrator), P.O. Box 103, Brunswick, Victoria 3056
Dave Langford (UK Administrator), 22 Northumberland Ave, Reading, Berks.

Convention Members

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 1 Robert Sheckley | 56 Howard Rosenblum | 111 J. Phil Rogers |
| 2 Abby Sheckley | 57 Dai Price | 112 Dave Cox |
| 3 Leroy Kettle | 58 Paul Dormer | 113 Pandora Perkins |
| 4 Kevin Smith | 59 Alan Blackley | 114 Roger Perkins |
| 5 Dave Langford | 60 Russ Shallcross | 115 Keith Plunkett |
| 6 Hazel Langford | 61 Derek Atkins | 116 Graham Poole |
| 7 Martin Hoare | 62 Derek Holt | 117 Linda Williams |
| 8 Liese Hoare | 63 Ian Williams | 118 David Flint |
| 9 Janice Maule | 64 Lisa Conesa | 119 Peter Bell |
| 10 Ian Maule | 65 Per Osterman | 120 Ian Robinson |
| 11 Dermot Dobson | 66 Roger Peyton | 121 Jon Langford |
| 12 Stan Eling | 67 Arline Peyton | 122 Pauline Dungate |
| 13 Helen Eling | 68 Jose Bernard | 123 Duncan Steel |
| 14 Keith Oborn | 69 Colin Lester | 124 Ted Ball |
| 15 Selina Lovett | 70 Lars Strandberg | 125 David Gibson |
| 16 Eve Harvey | 71 Waldemar Kumming | 126 Andy Ellesmore |
| 17 John Harvey | 72 D. West | 127 Rory Owen McLean |
| 18 Penny Jackson | 73 Michel Feron | 128 Brian Ameringen |
| 19 Perdita Dobson | 74 Kevin Dixon | 129 Peter Nicholls |
| 20 Graham England | 75 Ken Bulmer | 130 Ron Bennett |
| 21 Simone Walsh | 76 Pam Bulmer | 131 Pat Charnock |
| 22 Greg Pickersgill | 77 Ian Moor | 132 Graham Charnock |
| 23 David Griffin | 78 Peter Clark | 133 Rob King |
| 24 Mary Burns | 79 Roger Bean | 134 ---Assistant 1 |
| 25 Bill Burns | 80 Tel Hudson | 135 ---Assistant 2 |
| 26 Brian Hampton | 81 Chris Chivers | 136 John Lowe |
| 27 Vernon Brown | 82 Gerald Lawrence | 137 Krystyna Bula |
| 28 Pat Baxter | 83 John Steward | 138 John Brunner |
| 29 Tony Rogers | 84 Ewa Sejby | 139 Marjorie Brunner |
| 30 Vera Johnson | 85 Norman Shorrocks | 140 Roy Hill |
| 31 Joseph Nicholas | 86 Ina Shorrocks | 141 A. Richardson |
| 32 Richard Wheatcroft | 87 David Webb | 142 Philip James |
| 33 David Hill | 88 Alan Morris | 143 Jim Linwood |
| 34 Jan Howard Finder | 89 Rod Milner | 144 Marion Linwood |
| 35 Nellie Pardoel | 90 Bonny Milner | 145 Gareth Lewis |
| 36 Dewi Williams | 91 Urban Gunnarsson | 146 Peter Ellis |
| 37 James Burnett | 92 Coral Clarke | 147 Adam Gray |
| 38 Eddie Jones | 93 Bruce Healey | 148 Chris Walton |
| 39 Marsha Jones | 94 Celia Parsons | 149 L. Hutchinson |
| 40 Mike Gray | 95 Jim Barker | 150 David Thomas |
| 41 Chris Jones | 96 David J. Kemper | 151 Kr Cruttenden |
| 42 Dave Upton | 97 Peter Berg | 152 Wendy Cruttenden |
| 43 Al Debettencourt | 98 Dave Lermitt | 153 Jocelyn Almond |
| 44 John Piggott | 99 Mike Damesick | 154 Keith Seddon |
| 45 Ken Slater | 100 Keith Freeman | 155 John Bush |
| 46 Joyce Slater | 101 Wendy Freeman | 156 Julia Felton |
| 47 Merf Adamson | 102 Thomas Schluek | 157 Marcus Rowland |
| 48 Rob Jackson | 103 Eva-Maria Schluek | 158 Rob Carter |
| 49 Colin Crooks | 104 Ramsey Campbell | 159 Bill Bains |
| 50 Chris Southern | 105 Jenny Campbell | 160 T.J.P. Illingworth |
| 51 Hazel Faulkner | 106 Hans Loose | 161 Margaret Austin |
| 52 John Egging | 107 Richard Hughes | 162 Harry Bell |
| 53 Judy Mansfield | 108 Jim Marshall | 163 Richard McMahon |
| 54 Colin Fine | 109 Peter Mabey | 164 T. Pickard |
| 55 R. Earnshaw | 110 Andrew Stephenson | 165 Josh Kirby |

Convention Members---Continued

166 Paul Kincaid	225 Anders Reutersward	284 Peter Thomson
167 John Brosnan	226 Richard Brandshaft	285 Peter Pinto
168 Jorgen Forsberg	227 Pamela Boal	286 Simon Berisford
169 David A. Symes	228 Derek Boal	287 Katie Chafen
170 Fay Symes	229 David Boal	288 Malcolm Davies
171 Douglas Hill	230 Ake Jonsson	289 Dave Kyle
172 Michael Hill	231 Dave Raggett	290 Ye Gerbish
173 Norman Weedall	232 Milton Strain	291 David Pringle
174 Kevin Easthope	233 Charley Radley	292 Michael Walshe
175 Martin Stallard	234 Mark Knight	293 Martin Tee
176 Mark Woodward	235 I. Newman	294 E.J. Ward
177 Maxim Jakubowski	236 Norman Firley	295 Al Scott
178 Andrew Richards	237 Gabriel Stein	296 R. van der Voort
179 Trevor Denton	238 Henry Skoglund	297 Brian Smith
180 Cherry Wilder	239 Ylva Spangberg	298 Alan Dorey
181 Paul Paolini	240 Don Rogers	299 Hartley Patterson
182 Stephen Gould	241 Mic Rogers	300 Pat Lennon
183 Jennifer Marsh	242 Steve Lovett	301 Leslie Flood
184 J.E. Haigh	243 Pete Weston	302 Mike Scott Rohan
185 Paul Williams	244 Chris Jordan	303 Deborah H. Rohan
186 Louise Barry	245 Brenda Piper	304 Rob Holdstock
187 Ethel Lindsay	246 David Williams	305 Beth Hallam
188 Ella Parker	247 Elric Williams	306 Anne Looker
189 Guido Eekhaut	248 Dave Wilkinson	307 David Todd
190 Josiane Cortoos	249 Alison Lowe	308 Allen Boyd-Newton
191 Joyce Cluett	250 Jackie Wright	309 E. Nightingale
192 Dave Cluett	251 Harry Harrison	310 Janet Hunt
193 Edgar Belka	252 Charlotte Bulmer	311 Michael Sinclair
194 Fred Hemmings	253 David Holmes	312 Oliver King
195 Roy Mortimore	254 Kathy Knight	313 George Hay
196 Daphne Mortimore	255 P.F. Olroyd	314 M.D. Hutchinson
197 Paul Parsons	256 Martin Easterbrook	315 J. Stewart
198 Louise Talbott	257 Marion Atkins	316 Peter Wareham
199 Mike Skelding	258 Malcolm Edwards	317 Paul Wharrier
200 Heather Woodeson	259 Graham Dresch	318 Nick Lowe
201 Margaret Draper	260 Chris Atkinson	319 Jenny Rigby
202 S.C. Hatch	261 Martin Crompton	320 Brian Burgess
203 Judy Blish	262 Bill Little	321 Garry Kilworth
204 Takis Nikolaou	263 Mike Meara	322 Annette Kilworth
205 J.C.G. Lesurf	264 Pat Meara	323 David Strahan
206 Derek Hepburn	265 Alan Frost	324 P.J. Hanmore
207 T.R. Robinson	266 Rob Hansen	325 Ken Mann
208 Alan Farmer	267 Anne Finlay	326 Gerald Pollinger
209 Andrew Chapman	268 Andrew May	327 Graham Andrews
210 Florence Russell	269 Robert Day	328 David Garnett
211 P.A. Thomas	270 Kevin Lee	329 Tony Richards
212 Tim Broadribb	271 Adrian Burch	330 Louise Richards
213 Samantha Broadribb	272 Mark Chillingworth	331 Karel Thole
214 Don Wollheim	273 Tom A. Jones	332 Paul Barnett
215 Elsie Wollheim	274 Pam Barnes	333 S.N. Walker
216 Marion Z. Bradley	275 Stephen Jones	334 Helen Walker
217 Neil Thompson	276 James Corby	335 Bob Shaw
218 Katherine Sterry	277 Dave French	336 Sonya Porter
219 Richard J. Smith	278 Chris Morgan	337 Paul Begg
220 Pete Hammerton	279 Brian M. Lewis	338 Judy Crowther
221 Anthony Watkins	280 Robert Swan	339 Ian Watson
222 Ian Barber	281 Laurence Miller	340 John Hunt
223 Ethel T. Buzzard	282 Sally Underwood	341 Nick Webb
224 Stephen Wilson	283 Joan Fine	342 Robin Hill

Convention Members---Concluded

343 John Mitchell	376 Chris Umpleby	409 Joy Hibbert
344 George Bondar	377 Lester Hannington	410 Mandy Dakin
345 L. Sutherland	378 D.I. Lischka	411 Christopher Barlow
346 Paul Ellis	379 Trevor Briggs	412 L. Atkinson
347 Judy Mortimore	380 Sharon Stump	413 Alexandra Daly
348 Tuija Farmer	381 Hugh Creswell	414 Miri Rana
349 Jim Lush	382 Paul Lyle	415 Joyce Scrivner
350 Nigel Page	383 Paul Fraser	416 Anne Keylock
351 Fiona Steere	384 H. Coates	417 Gerry Webb
352 Lenise Cartwright	385 Pam Baddely	418 Torun Lidfeldt
353 Peter Roberts	386 David E. Bridges	419 Ellen Purman
354 Richard Slaughter	387 Jacki Smith	420 Gary Ireland
355 Margaret Wellbank	388 John C. Kerr	421 Ken Murphy
356 Charles Partington	389 Helen McCarthy	422 Mike Dickson
357 Harry Nadler	390 Barbara Kitson	423 Andy Strangeways
358 Marie Nadler	391 Peter Tyers	424 Dave Bell
359 Ashley Watkins	392 Roger Robinson	425 John Newman
360 K. Ham	393 Chris Lewis	426 Joan Newman
361 Rob Whitaker	394 Immo Huneke	427 Marianne Leconte
362 Kevin Williams	395 Lesley Ward	428 Lester Simons
363 Susan Williams	396 Anna Lieff	429 Martin Pay
364 Jean Maudsley	397 Sue Weil	430 G. Mayhew
365 Betty McLean	398 John Williams	431 Mark Wilson
366 Simon Pouard	399 John Claxton	432 Paul Lynch
367 Tina Anghelatos	400 Dr R.I. Gilbert	433 Emma Glaisher
368 Roy Marcus	401 A.R. Stephens	434 Stuart Ridley
369 Colin Langeveld	402 Stuart Andrews	435 Kathy Flint
370 Joan Langeveld	403 Susan Winn	436 Jim Cawthorn
371 Martin Mounsey	404 Holgel Muller	437 Stephen Olsen
372 Patrick Place	405 Anders Hedenlund	
373 Al Fitzpatrick	406 Tony Rogerson	
374 Duane Harwood	407 Robin Hughes	
375 Martin Hatfield	408 S.G. Armstrong	

(This listing is complete to February 19th 1978.)

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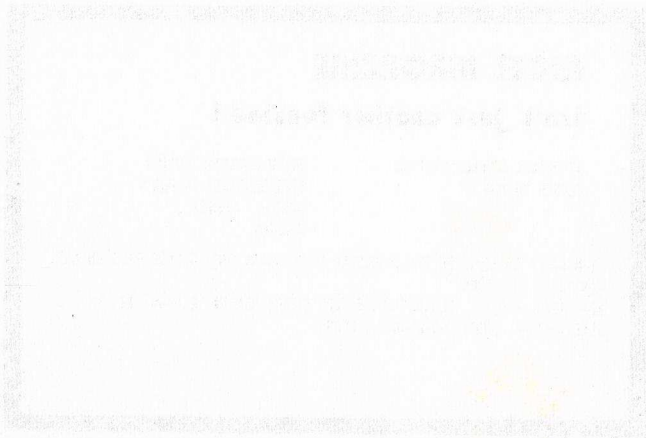
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