

NOVACON 3E NOVACON

Progress Report One: April 2003

Guest of Honour
Jon Courtenay Grimwood

Quality Hotel, Walsall
7-9 November, 2003

Membership Rates Held For Third Year Running

Room Rates Now Lower Than 1998 Prices

See Page Two

Novacon 33: The Vital Statistics

Novacon 33 will be held on 7-9 November, 2003, at the Quality Hotel, Walsall, located immediately off Junction 10 of the M6. Our guest of honour is the British sf author Jon Courtenay Grimwood.

The main programme will open on Friday evening and continue until early in the Sunday evening. It's followed by our traditional "dead dog party", and we strongly recommend members stay until the Monday morning if they can).

Attending membership costs £32.00 until Sunday, 27 April, when it rises to £35.00 by post (postal applications must be received by Sunday, 19 October). Membership on the door costs £40.00. Day memberships are available: Friday, £10.00; Saturday, £20.00; Sunday, £15.00. Supporting membership costs £15.00 and entitles the holder to copies of all convention publications, including the limited-edition souvenir booklet; it can be converted to attending membership at any time, by paying the difference in rates.

Please make cheques or postal orders payable to "Novacon 32" and forward, together with your completed registration form, to:
Novacon 33, 379 Myrtle Road, Sheffield, S2 3HQ.

A downloadable version of this form is available from the Novacon website: <www.novacon.org.uk>.

Accommodation at the Quality Hotel costs £32.00 per person per night for twin or double rooms*, or £45.00 pppn for a single room (please note that we have a limited number of single rooms and recommend you book immediately if you require one). A deposit of one night's charge is required, payable to "The Quality Hotel". (*This is the third year running we've managed to secure these room rates, which are actually 15% lower than those announced by Novacon 29 in 1998. Please reward the hotel by booking early.)

Full contact information for committee members appears on page seven. Dealers' room and advertising details appear on page eight.

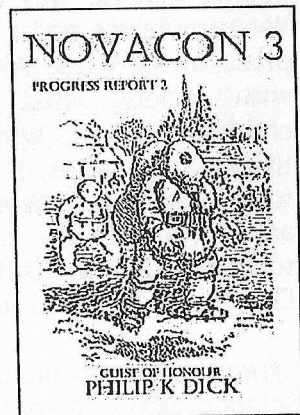
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Introduction

Martin Tudor, *Novacon 33 Chair*

I have been a big fan of "alternate history" (or "alternate world") stories for as long as I can remember. I used to love those *What If...?* stories from Marvel Comics: "What if Gwen Stacey didn't die?", "What if someone else became Thor?", "What if Conan the Barbarian strode the streets of New York?", etc. Later, I was delighted to discover such works as L Sprague de Camp's *Lest Darkness Fall*, Ward Moore's *Bring the Jubilee*, Harry Harrison's *A Transatlantic Tunnel, Hurrah!*, Harry Turtledove's *Agent of Byzantium* and, of course, Philip K Dick's mind-blowing *The Man in the High Castle*.

In fact, so infatuated was I with the whole sub-genre, that I spent many years *talking about* writing an alternate history novel myself: "What if Alexander the Great had lived longer?" Eventually, after several years of drunken conversation, I'd decided that I wanted to tell the story from a point several centuries after Alexander's delayed death. But being an ace prevaricator, I never got around to actually *writing* it...



So when Dave Hicks mentioned, during one of our *serious and constructive* post-Novacon discussions in the pub, that there was this guy writing amazing alternate history novels where the story took place long after the point of change from *our* history, effectively "alternate future" novels, I was intrigued. At the next opportunity, I popped into the Wolverhampton branch of Waterstones and picked up copies of *Pashazade: the First Arabesk* and *reMix*; in no time at all, I was hooked.

So our guest of honour this year is Jon Courtenay Grimwood, author of *NeoAddix* (1997), *Lucifer's Dragon* (1998), *reMix* (1999) and *redRobe* (2000), which have been described as post-Napoleonic cyberpunk set in the 22nd century. The point of change for these first four books is the Franco-Prussian War of 1870: in Jon's

version, France under Napoleon III defeats the Prussians, meaning the German Empire never forms and the second Napoleonic Empire doesn't collapse.

More recently, Jon has produced the "Arabesk" novels: *Pashazade* (2001), *Effendi* (2002) and *Felaheen* (2003). The turning point here is 1915, when the US President successfully brokers a peace between London and Berlin so that what is known in our reality as the First World War remains the Third Balkan Conflict. But again the story takes place later - about 40 years from *now*. In a recent interview for *Strange Horizons*¹, Jon described this series as "crime novels set in a 21st Century liberal Islamic Ottoman North Africa", adding that he was attempting to look at "what happens when Western values and a liberal Islamic society cross, and what takes place in the gaps. What happens with the politics, what happens with society, what happens with civil rights, sexual rights, children's rights?" While there is still hardline Islam in the world of the Arabesk series, it is south of the Sahara and causes problems for the essentially Westernized communities of El Iskandryia, Tunis and Libya. ("In the same way there are fundamentalist Christian societies, liberal Christian societies and pretty much agnostic, Christian-influenced societies in our world.")

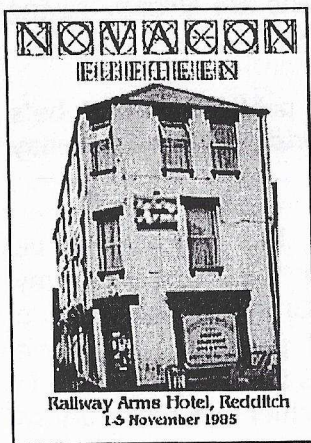
Effendi has been nominated for "best novel" in this year's British Science Fiction Association Awards (the winners of which will be announced at Seacon '03 on 20 April). Jon's in good company there, as the other nominees are Christopher Priest (guest of honour at Novacons 9 and 30), Gwyneth Jones (guest of honour, Novacon 31), M John Harrison, Kim Stanley Robinson and China Mieville.

But who is Jon Courtenay Grimwood?

Jon was born into a naval family in Malta where, depending on which source you believe, he was either christened "in the upturned bell of a ship"², "in the upturned bell of his uncle's destroyer"³, or "in the upturned bell of a submarine"⁴.

The alternate histories of Jon Courtenay Grimwood, eh?

But, as Jon himself has stated elsewhere, "I was born in Malta, in Valletta, several weeks early as my mother had a water-skiing accident. Nuns looked after me for the first few days of my life as it was thought I might not live. A year or so later I went to England for a bit, but returned to Malta when I was about four. We lived there for a couple of years and I had a Maltese nanny called Carmen who spoke Malti, a form of Arabic. She used to take me through the back streets to visit her family. Carmen was the first major influence on my life. After another spell in England, my family moved to the Far East and I would fly back and forth to England for boarding school. While in Jahore I was looked after by an *amah* called Zinab, who was the second great influence."¹



As you might imagine, things didn't exactly settle down for Jon after that. As a child, travelling the world, he got lost in Karachi, wandered markets in Jahore Baru, visited an opium den and went to see the rock paintings in a Buddhist cave. He visited Hindu temples, ate food cooked on oil drums by the roadside and waited for a week to see if his father would survive a scorpion bite.

As Jon told the twbooks website³: "I met a fakir, swam in ice cold jungle pools and surfed without a board, hanging from a rope attached to the back of a boat. And I saw staggering poverty, slums, children in rags, dogs being slowly strangled from coat-hanger collars that had grown too tight, blank-eyed barely pubescent girls being married to boys they'd only just met. Living that life gave me my politics and my outlook."

Jon grew up in Malta, England, the Far East and Norway, flying to boarding school from wherever his parents were living. Told at the age of ten that he was dyslexic, he was warned that he would never be able to do more than read the headlines on a tabloid. It was this that led Jon to pursue a career as an editor, publisher and journalist, before finally becoming a writer.

As a journalist, Jon's written for *The Guardian*, *The Independent*, *Maxim*, *Minx*, *Zest*, and *Focus*. He was men's editor for *New Woman* and currently writes for the *Guardian* (producing a regular sf review column), *Esquire* and *Company*.

Amongst his non-sf publications are the best-selling *Thatcher Bedside Book*, *The Royal Bedside Book* and *The Election Bedside Book*. Of these he has said: "All of them were mildly satirical and utterly disposable but the real problem, in the end, was no matter how mad, selfish or amoral I made Mrs T, or how dysfunctional and ruthless I portrayed the royals, they could always be relied on to go one better. It's hard to satirise people who are already raving clichés of themselves."

Novelist, satirist, journalist, editor, critic, publisher - and he's even worked in a kitchen: the alternate worlds of Jon Courtenay Grimwood...

Along with our fascinating guest of honour, I'm delighted to be able to present another strong committee this year, with my former partner from *Critical Wave*, Steve Green, on convention publications; Dave Hicks back in charge of programming; Steve Lawson continuing his bid to run registrations for every sf event in Britain; Cat Coast doubling up as operations chief and secretary so she can make snide jokes in the minutes about our requests for extra tech; Alice Lawson gets lots of practice saying "No!" as she moves from ops to become our treasurer.

To complete the set, we have our perfect venue, the Quality Hotel, who are delighted to have us back again - so delighted that they've held the room rates for a third year! Which seems a good point to mention you will find a hotel booking form enclosed with this progress report. I implore you to complete and return it immediately to Steve Lawson, 379 Myrtle Road, Sheffield, S2 3HQ.

As you are aware, although we have an abundance of twin and double rooms, we have an allotment of just 30 single rooms, so if you want one of these, book now! We will be date-stamping forms

upon receipt, and requests for singles will be dealt with on a strict first-come, first-served basis!) Again, we urge anyone who would normally request a single to consider sharing a twin. We have again arranged with the Quality Hotel for everyone sharing to have a key each on request.

Finally, if you have any comments on how we can improve the convention, please let me have your comments as soon as possible. My contact details appear below.

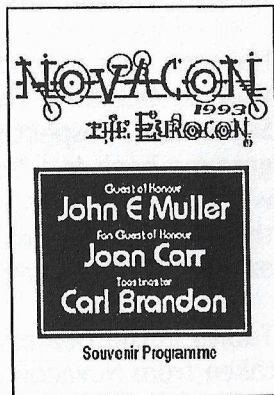
Acknowledgements

¹ From an interview for *Strange Horizons* by Cheryl Morgan, conducted at the British National Science Fiction Convention (Eastercon), April 2002

² The interior blurb from *Earthlight*'s paperback edition of *re:Mix* (1999)

³ From <www.twbooks.co.uk>

⁴ *Infinity Plus* profile <www.infinityplus.co.uk>



Novacon 33 Contacts

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Treasurer: Alice Lawson <fab@zoom.co.uk>
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Noticeboard

First held in 1971, Novacon has been organised by the Birmingham Science Fiction Group since 1972. The BSFG now meets at the Old Joint Stock, Temple Row, on the second Friday of each month. The group website is located at <www.bsfg.freesevers.com>.

Novacon chair Martin Tudor points out the BBC is currently running its own series of alternative histories, *What If?*, Thursdays on R4.

Novacon 33's second progress report will appear in July, and the third in October. The deadlines for advertising are 1 June and 1 September, respectively; the deadline for advertising in the programme book is 1 September. A full page in the progress reports will cost £40.00 (£15.00 for fannish organisations), whilst a page in the programme book costs £80.00 (£35.00 for fans). We'll consider exchange advertising; please contact the address on page two.

Tables in the Dealers' Room cost £15.00 and bookings will only be taken from Novacon members; please contact the address on page two to specify how many tables you need. Details of facilities for children will be announced in the next progress report.

For those unable to stay until the closing moments of Novacon 32, the winners of the Nova Awards were: *Plokta*, best fanzine; Claire Brialey, best fanwriter; Dave Hicks, best fan artist. Well done to all three, and to all those nominated.

Congratulations to artists David Hardy and Sue Mason: David's just had an asteroid named after him, whilst Sue has a self-portrait on display in the National Portrait Gallery until 22 June, at which point the exhibition goes on tour.

Commiserations to Ben Jeapes, who is winding down his small press imprint Big Engine to concentrate on writing. The magazine *3SF*, launched at Novacon 32, will also be suspended until a new backer can be found. Ben can be contacted at <ben@bigengine.co.uk>.

Our Guest of Honour: Jon Courtenay Grimwood

What is your idea of perfect happiness?

Finally working out who did what in something I'm writing / walking through any city at night / too illegal to mention in print.

What is your greatest fear?

Dying...

1) then discovering that there really is a God after all and some grotty third assistant cherub has been keeping track of all the stuff I've been doing / thinking / lying about

2) leaving behind a half finished novel. So someone gets to see just how bloody awful the first drafts are.

Which living person do you most admire?

Nelson Mandela. Proof that opposing a corrupt / iniquitous government doesn't automatically make you a terrorist.

Which living person do you most despise?

Margaret Thatcher, because I'm old enough to remember what she did to the soul of this country.

With which figure, real or fictional, do you most identify?

I've lost the book so I don't know his name. But there's a guy with a machine gun, about fifteen minutes to live and an acute awareness of the futility of everything except the meaning that we, individually, give to life.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?

Being an answer on *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire* (unfortunately, I was the wrong answer).

In a household fire, which three items would you rescue?

My laptop, an antique cup inlaid in silver with quotations from the Qur'an and a jade Buddha, the last two being presents from my parents. This assumes my son, my partner and the cat are able to walk out of the building by themselves.

What is your most unappealing habit?

I don't have one...

Why science fiction?

Because you get to fuck with reality and research is so much easier if you can just make it up. Plus literary fiction in this country has tuned into a self-regarding ghetto and I actually set out to write crime novels anyway, but they all kept happening in the 22nd Century.

If you had to choose a new profession, what would it be?

This is what I do and I can't imagine doing anything else, plus I'm probably now unemployed...

What's the best advice you've ever received?

Just do it.

How would you prefer to die?

I would prefer not to. At least not for several hundred years. Failing this, in a small palace in Marrakech surrounded by ecstatic reviews for my 94th novel. Alternately, extremely swiftly in an accident involving a flat-out Ducatti 900 and the sudden appearance of a meteorite on the M3.

How would you wish to be remembered?

I'm not too bothered about being remembered, but I'd like to be read. So, by staying in print would be good. Assuming I get round to writing something worth keeping in print.

Which question are you relieved we didn't ask?

Where do you get your ideas?

What would your answer have been?

I can't believe you just asked such a bloody stupid question / from Ideas 'R' Us like everybody else.

Programme Notes

Dave Hicks

"So, how many programme streams do you run at Novacon?" asked an American new to the event last November, more used, perhaps, to colossal, US-style multi-stranded scheduling.

"Um, er..." replied various committee members when they'd recovered their voices.

Actually, after a moment to gather our thoughts, we said: "Just one, and that's more than enough. You'll see."

Meanwhile at a convention in the summer, someone who'd been around fandom for several decades opined that he'd been to one Novacon in the Seventies and never gone back because it was "too fannish". Which convention were we at? *Ploktacon*, for heaven's sake, the highlights of which included a three-legged race and con chair Alison Scott being dunked in a giant tank of water.

It seems science fiction fandom is just as prey to the curse of "accepted wisdom" as everywhere else. The bizarre picture of the Novacon programme as something lightweight and frivolous never seems to go away, even though two years ago someone was heard to opine: "It's a bit *highbrow*, isn't it?" Ironically, the only complaints we ever get about featuring a beer tasting is by people who have to leave on Sunday night and can't stay to get pissed. Go figure.

So, will we be offering up one meagre stream of fannish programming? You know the sort of thing: fart jokes, personal abuse, the stuff you can't keep Iain Banks off.

Indeed not. Or, at least, not *all* the time. We've got the literate and insightful Jon Courtenay Grimwood as guest of honour this year, which was the main reason I was so keen to do programme again. Sf is traditionally the literature of what might be, but increasingly has also become about what might *have been*. Grimwood's stylishly imagined alternate Earth of *Pashazade* and

Effendi, rooted in Islam and the Middle East, covering politics, corruption (not necessarily synonyms) and cultural estrangement, couldn't be more relevant to the times we're in now, while opening up possibilities of how else we could be living.

You'll see people buying and reading books all weekend at a convention, but the range and diversity of sf is now so vast that I'm curious as to what works we have in common any more. What we do increasingly have in common is the film and tv material; but are they making films and series out of the *right* books?

We'll be looking for exciting and engaging science programming to live up to the last two years' guests, Inge Heyer of NASA and the controversial Professor Kevin Warwick. We'll be asking what issues in sf fandom people want to ~~shout at each other about~~ debate, like the coming worldcon or changes to the Nova rules. We'll be making the best use of the splendid, integrated venue that is the Quality Hotel, where the space means the whole event hangs together and the management actually wants us there.

And naturally, your suggestions and ideas are most welcome. I hope to put up a programme full of talented, witty and insightful people. Where will I find them? Well, they're *you*.

"[Novacon 32] was the first con where I've had an issue of *Tortoise* to distribute. I was pleased that I had it with me, not merely because of the saving in postage. I enjoyed being able to hand over a zine in exchange for those I received - and it was a very good con for zines.

"Sitting in the lounge one evening, discussing this, Michael Abbott said 'There's something of a Fanzine Renaissance at the moment.'

"We all nodded safely, until another voice - it was Tracy Benton, I think - said: 'Why does it always have to be a 'Fanzine Renaissance'? Why not a 'Fanzine Regency' or a 'Fanzine Restoration?'"

"Moments later, we had unanimously cast Miss Sue Mason as Fandom's Nell Gwynne and were busy pondering who ought to be Charles the Second."

- Sue Jones, *Tortoise* #16

For those who weren't able to join us at Novacon 32, the following three reminiscences will hopefully provide a flavour of the event...

The 'C' Word

Ian McDonald, Novacon 32 Guest of Honour

Novacon 32. First thing, don't mention the 'C' word. The hotel location just off junction 10 of the M6, the over-emphatic landscaping (it will part to reveal Saddam's hidden arsenal, aimed straight at London), the open plan bar-greeting-conversation pit and informal dining zones, the health club *and* spa pool, the slight brassiness of the staff might tempt the cynic to say, wow, this is just like... No. Restrain yourself. You don't mention the 'C' word, not here. Well look, mucker, I'm from Belfast. Midlands culture is exotic to us.

That's why it was such a thrill to hear Noddy Holder's voice in the lifts in the spanky chrome Walsall art gallery, (IMHO, if the BBC ever recommission *Dr Who*; Noddy's the man), or get three baltis and a naan the size of a duvet for under twenty quid in a splendidly scuzzy restaurant, or our pilgrimage with Mr Mike Copley to a legendary Heavy Metal record shop high on a hill in Dudley. My main regret is I didn't get to do a couple of gleeful orbits of Gravelly Hill Interchange.

Okay, I've fessed up, I'm a big fan of what some commentators call exurbia, but what of the con? Mere snippets -that's all my ragged neurons will hold.

There was food. Jesus, was there food. At all times and of all nations. The toast feeding frenzy on Sunday morning was like something from *The Blue Planet*.

I don't know about you, but the cider left me with what I can only call an existential hangover: you feel really depressed and angst ridden. Is it me?

I really, really wish now I'd done my talk standing up and now sitting in a throne like a cross between Ronnie Corbett and Roald Dahl introducing *Tales of the Unexpected* (Tales of the Just What We Expected).

And it was so kind of you all to arrange a little midnight fire evacuation for us. Made me feel right at home. (Incidentally, amateurs, you stand as far back as possible; you'd be amazed the distance glass can fly). And to site an elegant woman in a purple latex dress in my eyeline as I drank brandy and talked bollocks until God knows when.

For those entering the quiz next year, here are the only answers you need to know: *Seaquest DSV*, the Gallisphere and The Axons.

Meeting the man (a fellow Ulsterman) responsible for the Numskulls. (True greatness). Also Red Rory of the Eagles and Black Bob (alas, not Black Bag.)

More food. More beer. Even more beer. Damn fine beer.

Thanks for recommending that astounding Art Deco Indian restaurant: I could imagine the whole slot sliding at an angle into the North Atlantic while the dance band played *Vande Mataram* and we floated away clinging to their airy puris.

Still more beer.

Is it me, or did everyone find Kevin Warwick ever so slightly spooky? As well as being the best science guest I have ever heard. I mean, the bit where he was taking about the chip being overlain with a web of nerves.

Nice people nice committee nice place nice con.

Anyway, me and Enid had a cracking time, and our thanks to you all for the invitation. And it was nothing like *Crossroads* at all, really.

The James White Award 2002

James Bacon, Administrator

Presenting the James White Award at Novacon 32 was nothing short of an inspired idea, what with the shared history between James and the convention, it was a most suitable venue, and turned out to be a wonderful occasion.

Ian McDonald was a very good friend of James White's and had been a judge for the 2001 award. His presence as guest of honour was sheer coincidence, but he added greatly to the presentation, as he spoke with such feeling about James.

The reaction from those present was brilliant; it was obvious that most present had known James. The atmosphere was somewhat electric. The winner, Julian West, said afterwards that he was quite awestruck by the huge crowd present and their enthusiasm.

Of course, some close footwork with the Novacon committee was required to pull off such a presentation, and timing being everything, their accommodating approach benefited the award no end.

Cyborg Memories

Kevin Warwick, Novacon 32 Science Guest

What the hell are a bunch of science fiction bods going to make of my presentation ?

This was very much playing on my mind as I drove to Walsall on a cold November morning to talk about my work at Novacon 32. For scientific reasons, I had had an implant linking my nervous system to a computer in place for over three months earlier in the year, but that was science, not science fiction.

In truth, I guess any scientists interested in research are really mini sf people, in that we have to look a year or two into the

future and then investigate whether things are possible or not. With sf, it's usually much further into the future, but there is bound to be an overlap, and I suppose my research into cyborgs had pushed the science elements to the limits so as to become interesting in the science fiction world.

So I described my implant, the operation, how my nervous system interacted with the computer and all the things that were now science - such as extra sensory (ultrasonic) input, controlling robot hands over the internet from brain signals, driving a wheelchair just by thinking about it and communicating nervous system to nervous system. It gave me a perfect chance to shamelessly plug my book *I, Cyborg*, where I wrote all about the experiment (I will not plug the book again here!).

Actually, the talk seemed to go down very well. These sf bods were not so bad after all. Some questions were quite technical, finding out how the implant worked in practice. Others wanted to discuss how it linked in with some of the more classical science fiction such as *The Matrix* or the novels of Isaac Asimov.

And in fact, I enjoyed it immensely. I felt that I got away with it. No one discovered that I was an imposter. Not a single individual realised that I was ... not of their world!

"I don't think I've ever seen a more pleasant bar and lounge area in a hotel.. perfect for a British con..

"As I left Walsall.. it occurred to me that [Novacon 32] had been just my kind of convention: friendly people, lots of comfortable places to sit and talk, a little programming, a few running gags, and a lot of fanzines. Honestly, it was only lacking a totally disastrous dining experience in order to be my most memorable convention."

- Tracy Benton, *Wabe #6*

Nova Awards 2003

Steve Green, Administrator

The following fanzines were published between 1 October, 2002, and 24 March, 2003; all are eligible under the newly revised Nova Award rules, a copy of which will very shortly be posted at the Novacon 33 website <www.novacon.org>. Hardcopies are available for three second-class stamps and a self-addressed envelope from myself at the address on page seven.

- *Album*, CD-Rom, John Dallman, 92 Lichfield Road, Cambridge, CB1 3TR.
- *Ansible* #183 (Oct 2002), #184 (Nov), #185 (Dec), #186 (Jan 2003), #187 (Feb), all A4, all 2pp, Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, RG1 5AU (also available in downloadable electronic format from <www.ansible.co.uk>).
- *Banana Wings* #18, A4, 48pp, Claire Brialey, 26 Northampton Road, Croydon, CR0 7HA, and Mark Plummer, 14 Northway Road, Croydon, CR0 6JE. (Two copies in trade.)
- *Bogus* #6, A4, 8pp, Sandra Bond, 7 Granville Road, London, N13 4RR.
- *Brum Group News* #373 (Oct 2002), #378 (Mar 2003), both A5, both 12pp, Rog Peyton (for the Birmingham SF Group), 19 Eaves Croft, Bartley Green, Birmingham, B32 3QL.
- *Convers[at]ions* #1, A5, 8pp, Douglas Spencer, 51 Fountains Garth, Wildridings, Bracknell, RG12 7RH.
- *The Convertible Bus* #12, A4, 2pp, Tony Keen, see CoA below.
- *Earisheen* #1, A5, 28pp, James Bacon, 123 Carnlough Road, Cabra, Dublin 7, Eire.
- *Erg* #159 (Oct 2002), #160 (Jan 2003), #161 (Apr), all A5, all 16pp, Terry Jeeves, 56 Red Scar Drive, Scarborough, YO12 5RQ.
- *Gnat's Testicles*, A4, 4pp, Max, 20 Bakers Lane, Peterborough, PE2 9QW, & Ang Rosin, 26 Hermitage Grove, Merseyside, L20 6DR. (Two copies in trade.)
- *Floss!* #3, A4, 48pp, Lilian Edwards, 39 Viewforth, Edinburgh, EH10 4JE.
- *Joie de Vivre* #3, A4, 10pp, Yvonne Rowse, Evergreen, Halls Farm Lane, Trimpey, DY12 1NP.

- *Head #5*, A4, 26pp, Doug Bell & Christina Lake, 12 Hatherley Road, Bishopston, Bristol, BS7 8QA.
- *No Sin But Ignorance #45: Return to Oz*, A4, 22pp, Claire Brialey, address above.
- *Once More With Fanfunds*, A5, 12pp, Ian Sorensen, 7 Woodside Walk, Hamilton, ML3 7HY.
- *Plokta #28*, A4, 14pp, Steve Davies & Alison Scott & Mike Scott, 24 St Mary Road, Walthamstow, London, E17 9RG.
- *Snapshot #2*, A4, 2pp, Ian Sorensen, 7 Woodside Walk, Hamilton, ML3 7HY.
- *Swiss Tony Speaks to the Nation: A Fanzine Opposed to the War Against Iraq*, A4, 12pp, Tony Keen, 48 Priory Street, Tonbridge, TN9 2AN (also available in downloadable electronic format from <www.geocities.com/keentonyuk/>).
- *The Tiptree Comes to Britain*, A4, 7pp, Maureen Kincaid Speller, 60 Bournemouth Road, Folkestone, CT19 5AZ.
- *They Made Us Do It*, A4, 10pp, Max, 20 Bakers Lane, Woodston, Peterborough, PE2 9QW.
- *Tommyworld #61*, all A4, 3pp hardcopy, #62, 2pp hc, #63, 3pp hc, #64 (misnumbered as #63), 4pp hc, 30 Ava Park, Belfast (primarily available in downloadable electronic format from <www.tommyworld.net>).
- *Tortoise #15*, A4, 20pp, #16, A4, 19pp, Sue Jones, Flat 5, 32 / 33 Castle Street, Shrewsbury, SY1 2BQ.
- *Zoo Nation #2*, A5, 20pp, #2.1, A4, 2pp, Pete Young, 62 Walmer Road, Woodley, RG5 4PN.

All the above are available upon request for return postage, your own fanzine in trade (a copy for each editor is customary) or a promise to respond with a substantial letter of comment. In certain quarters, this is known as "The Usual". Electronic fanzines are only listed if the editors are willing to supply a hardcopy.

Finally, I'd like to thank Tony Berry for his sterling efforts running the Novas for more years than either of us cares to contemplate. I still can't work out how he managed to volunteer me in his place...

Novacon Membership

as at 27 March

- | | | | |
|----|----------------------------|----|-------------------------|
| 1 | Jon Courtenay Grimwood [H] | 44 | Douglas Spencer |
| 2 | Martin Tudor | 45 | Ian Sorensen |
| 3 | Cat Coast [H] | 46 | David T Cooper |
| 4 | Dave Hicks [H] | 47 | Jane Cooper |
| 5 | Alice Lawson [H] | 48 | Neil Summerfield [H] |
| 6 | Steve Lawson [H] | 49 | Sue Mason |
| 7 | Steve Green [H] | 50 | Eve Harvey |
| 8 | Ann Green [H] | 51 | John Harvey |
| 9 | Marcus Rowland | 52 | Paul Kincaid |
| 10 | Barbara-Jane | 53 | Maureen Kincaid Speller |
| 11 | Susan Francis [H] | 54 | Anne Woodford |
| 12 | Sue Jones | 55 | Alan Woodford |
| 13 | Wendy Graham [H] | 56 | Gwen Funnell |
| 14 | Vincent Docherty [H] | 57 | Peter Wareham |
| 15 | Michael Abbott | 58 | Julian Headlong [H] |
| 16 | Anne Wilson | 59 | Tony Rogers |
| 17 | Gerry Webb [H] | 60 | Tim Stannard |
| 18 | Mali Perera [H] | 61 | Stephen Dunn [H] |
| 19 | Alan Webb | 62 | Paul Oldroyd [H] |
| 20 | David Thomas | 63 | Chris Donaldson [H] |
| 21 | Margaret Austin [H] | 64 | Claire Brialey [H] |
| 22 | Martin Easterbrook [H] | 65 | Mark Plummer [H] |
| 23 | Chris O'Shea | 66 | Niall Gordon [H] |
| 24 | Ken Slater | 67 | Yvonne Rowse |
| 25 | Steve Cooper [H] | 68 | Ina Shorrock [H] |
| 26 | Giulia De Cesare | 69 | Gavin Shorrock [H] |
| 27 | Steve Davies | 70 | Mike Scott [H] |
| 28 | Arthur Cruttenden [H] | 71 | Pauline Morgan |
| 29 | Brian Ameringen [H] | 72 | Chris Morgan |
| 30 | Caroline Mullan [H] | 73 | Peter Day |
| 31 | Meriol Ameringen | 74 | Erhard Leder |
| 32 | Andrew A Adams | 75 | Stuart Capewell |
| 33 | Roger Robinson [H] | 76 | Diane Capewell |
| 34 | Andrew Hobson | 77 | Tara Dowling-Hussey |
| 35 | Sue Hobson | 78 | Brian Stovold [H] |
| 36 | Chris Murphy | 79 | Fiona Stovold [H] |
| 37 | Teresa Davies | 80 | Andrew Stovold |
| 38 | Paul Dormer [H] | 81 | Heather Stovold |
| 39 | Caroline Loveridge | 82 | Colin Harris |
| 40 | Gavin Long | 83 | Julia Daly [H] |
| 41 | Dave Tompkins | 84 | Adrian Snowdon |
| 42 | Carol Morton | 85 | Pete Young |
| 43 | Tony Morton | 86 | Laura Wheatly |

[H] = Hotel booking received.

Have you booked yet?

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