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43

Progress Report 2

" ...looked like something
from the depths of hell ...
smell was beyond
description ...
killed any bird or animal ...
and other, worse things ..."

*Among Others,
Jo Walton,
2010*

But she's
never even
been to a
Novacon
committee
barbecue...





Park Inn Hotel, Nottingham

8th–10th November 2013

Guest of Honour

Jo Walton

Membership Rates

Adults: £45

13-16 years: £12

12 years and under: free

Rates remain subject to review. Day rates will be available.

Hotel Rooms

Double or Twin: £43 pppn

Single: £61 pppn

Children under 5 years: free

Children 5-13 years: £5 pppn

(ages at the date of the convention)

Contact Details

See the website at <http://www.novacon.org.uk/> for more information.

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It's that time of year again. The sun, which visited us briefly and irregularly throughout the spring, appears to be here to stay. Barbecues have been lit, lit, and lit again; who knows, they may be ready to cook on in four, maybe five hours. And Novacon 43 PR2 has arrived, pausing before your eyes briefly on its journey from our printers to your recycling.

As joint publications supremo, it's my job to communicate to you some specific messages from the committee. Many such messages have been entrusted to me, several of them whilst I was full of beer, so the chances of me remembering them all are minimal. Always remember that everything that's good and sound about the committee's ability to communicate with the membership is due to the hard work and diligence of the rest of the committee, and whenever the publication team fails it's Julia's fault.

I am instructed to remind you:

- to book your hotel room, if you haven't done so already (your address label will tell you if your hotel is booked).
- to read all the good information on the Novacon website, Facebook page, and Twitter feed.
- to read fanzines, to write fanzines, and to vote in the Nova awards.

We're proud to present a special contribution remembering Iain [M] Banks, which you may wish to pull out and keep when you recycle the remainder of this document.

Finally, please endeavour to read this PR2 fully, carefully considering the contents and acting on them where relevant.

And I was joking about all the mistakes being Julia's fault.

Douglas Spencer

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The Chair's Bit

by Yvonne Rowse

So, yes, Novacon. Everything is going very well.

(Will that do? Oh. A whole page you say? Really? A whole page? Oh)

Erm. Yes. Jo seems very keen to be involved in all the programme items we've suggested to her and I think she will be a totally awesome guest. She has suggested food for the Sunday night. As Theresa says later, we have the programme grid sorted and are populating it. The difficult thing, I find, is leaving the guest some time to eat and sleep and talk to friends outside of the programme stream.

(Couldn't you just make the font really large? No?)

We have recently had the summer committee meeting and barbeque at Tony's and it didn't rain and we all had actions that Cat wrote down and we've pretty much done those actions and so everything is fine. And despite Alice being at the barbeque we didn't talk exclusively about Loncon for the entire evening. Why yes, there is a British worldcon next year. However, as I'm sure you all understand, Novacon is much more important. And sooner.

(There you are. No? It's a whole page. 16pt. Oh. I don't really have anything else to say. We're working on it; it'll be ready by November. What else is there? You could make the margins bigger as well. By the way, did you see the semi-colon? A level English, that is. See if you can put at least one semi-colon in each essay to show you know punctuation. Or at least that your laptop does, these days.)

Actually, there is one perfectly serious thing I have to say. Iain Banks, Novacon's favourite GoH, has died. He was taken from us far too soon and we are already missing him. Julian Headlong has written a piece about him for this PR. When I read it my scalp prickled and I cried. Thank you Julian.

The Programme Bit

by Theresa Derwin
and Yvonne Rowse

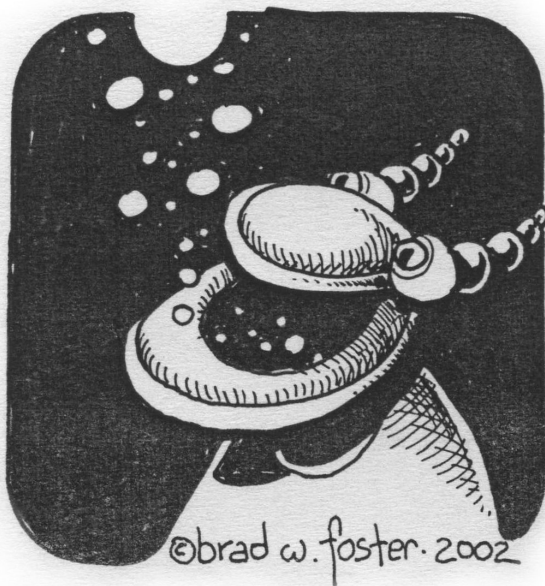
On 8th June your Novacon 43 committee met to discuss all things Novacon (beer was quaffed) and we chatted about some programme items. The programme is in its early stages at the moment so isn't fully confirmed, but we do have an idea of some of the exciting items we'll be putting on for you.

The night will start as usual with the Opening Ceremony on Fri 8th Nov 2013 at 19:30 as your Committee welcome Guest of Honour Jo Walton. This will be followed by Steve Green in his interrogation role (sorry, I meant his interviewer role) chatting to Jo in Room 101. Friday night is the start of the event and, although the evening's programme is short, it's essential to catch it as that's when the party gets started.

The programme this year will be varied and engaging, with science talks starting off the Saturday and Sunday, and a whole host of panels, talks and book launches to get you involved. As you know, Jo Walton is herself a poet, so this year we'll be looking at SF poetry on a panel with Jo and Chris Morgan. And how could we end 2013 without talking about . . . Dr Who? Yes, as Whovians, or anyone who isn't allergic to television, will know, this year on 23rd November the 50th anniversary episode of Dr Who airs. So in recognition of this event you can expect just a little Dr Who madness in the air!

Of course, where would Novacon be without the ever energetic Rog Peyton flogging you books you don't want, can't afford and don't need? This year we have promised that only genre books will be sold so that he knows what they are and can have some fun with them. Strictly no chick lit! As well as the genre book auction there will be our regular art auction for the art aficionados out there.

We won't give away any more, but trust me, you have to be there to experience it!



The Hotel Bit

by Tony Berry

OK, so the hotel hasn't burned down yet or been bulldozed to make way for a Macdonald's. Time to make your reservation if you haven't already: there are 170 rooms which should be sufficient, but I would advise those wanting a single room to book early. Although the hotel has two bars there are not sufficient numbers to keep them both open. The main bar is on the ground floor, which is where the real ale and food are served (very important) and the downstairs bar will be open on Friday evening as an overflow, and is available after that as lounge space or as a venue for things like book-launches (hint...). We'll probably hold the book auction in there again as it went well last year. There is also a spare meeting room downstairs which can be used by members, so let us know if you have anything in mind.

Fanzines

by James Bacon

I enjoy Fanzines as much as I like putting them together. To see the fruition of people's work, read their thoughts and learn new things, especially about Science Fiction, is a nice way to pass the time. I have come to realise that we are on earth, and everyone is going to die, and between birth and death, each individual has a variety of things they like to do. To pass this time. Their life Time.

Fanzines freeze time for me. I can pick up a Fanzine such as Banana Wings, and much of it can be timeless, but some will be of the moment, of the now, of political or popular prominence and make me think. Respond. Enagage. I also realise that people like things. Lots and lots of stupid things, from Vauxhall Mantas to war books, people like stuff. And a Fanzine is stuff. They are not nonsense, they are a physical thing, I can hit print if it is electronic and, by magic, it becomes non-virtual.

Most of all fanzines are effort. Some efforts are appreciated, others are not, some are not enough, but generally in a world where receiving something by mail is a pleasure, seeing artistic endeavour, reading well thought out argument or comment, layouts and skilled desk top publishing, is all a lovely thing.

Fanzines

by Jim Mowatt

In some walks of life it's our family gatherings that bind us together. We meet and talk of drunken Uncle Stanley who caused a major incident at Grandma's funeral when he tried to grope the waitress and ended up wearing the canapés. In other communities it is the shared experience of the local pub, the football team or a book club. For the fanzine fan it is our publications that create the shared experience. They give a reference point, a means of expression and a community that loves, hates and shares its own creativity, petty rivalries and useful and interesting studies of the font that is Comic Sans. The decades pass, the zines change and sometimes so do the fonts. Whatever passes and wherever fanzine fandom may go, there will always be room for misunderstanding, pedantry and grammar wars. May it ever be thus.

Fanzines

by Yvonne Rowse

Fanzines were my entry to fandom. I'd hung around the edges a bit but hadn't connected. Then I read some fanzines. Then I wrote a fanzine. Then I was a fan.

Most fans are readers and a great many of them, me included, find the worlds in books, accessed through black marks on paper, more realistic than the so-called real world. The same magic transfers through fanzines too. Hanging around conventions make you fannish scenery, writing a fanzine makes you a person.

There are people I would not know if not for fanzines. John Berry, for example, whose marvellous writings about Northern Irish fandom introduced me to Bob Shaw and James White in ways that their own books didn't. Sue Jones and Siberia who are rather shy in person. Ian Sorensen - well no, I'd probably have come across him sooner or later anyway.

Of course the populations living within fanzines are not real, no more than Gully Foyle or Johnnie Rico are, but generally they are an interesting introduction to their shadowy 'real-life' alter egos. Really you have to have a pretty big personality to impinge on my consciousness without that written introduction.

2013 Nova Awards: Update

by Steve Green

By the time we publish our third and final progress report, voting will already have opened for this year's Nova Awards. If you're resident in the UK or Eire, all you need do is read six eligible fanzines – most of which are available online at eFanzines.com – and fill out the electronic ballot form we'll be launching at the Novacon 43 website in September. You needn't be a member of the convention, so why not tell your friends?

A full 'longlist' will be posted at the Novacon website in due course, but here are a few of those we already know about:

Unreliable Narrator #2 (Doug Bell)

Motorway Dreamer #8 (John Hall)

The Little Book of 42 (Jim Mowatt)

*Quantum B*llocks* #10 (Jinnie Cracknell)

Andromeda's Offspring #6 (Theresa Derwin)

Theresa For TAFF #1, #2, #3 (Theresa Derwin)

A Meara For Observers #13, #14 (Mike Meara)

Gross Encounters #22 (Alan Dorey)

Tiny TAFFzine #1, #2, #3 (Jim Mowatt)

Banksoniain #19 (David Haddock)

Beam #5 (Nic Farey, Jim Mowatt)

Eric the Mole #4 (Ron Gemmell)

Nowhere Fan #1 (Christina Lake)

Pips #9 (Jim Mowatt)

Exhibition Hall #22, #23 (James Bacon, Chris Garcia)

Head #11.5 (Doug Bell, Christina Lake)

Concatenation (Jan 2013) (Jonathan Cowie)

The FFix (formerly *The Fortnightly Fix*) #28, #29, #30 (Steve Green)

Banana Wings #51 (Claire Brialey, Mark Plummer)

Ansible #304, #305, #306, #307; #308; #309; #310; #311 (Dave Langford)

Inca #9 (Rob Jackson)

Journey Planet #14 (James Bacon, Chris Garcia)

Boomchickawahwah! (Graham Charnock).

And if you produce a fanzine yourself (the full rules regarding eligibility are available on the Novacon website), please spread the word among your readers that voting opens on 1 September. Personal campaigning is not only allowed, but encouraged.

Consider Iain

by Julian Headlong

On the Garbadale Orbital in the shadow of the fourth of the mile-high bridges that spanned the structure's width from one Edge to the other, Rasd-Codurursa Diziet Embless Sma da'Marenhide – who usually went by 'Sma', for obvious reasons – was sitting at a table in the open air, sipping a rather sour, plummy drink. Something not quite a tiny paper umbrella was lying discarded on the table.

She suddenly dropped the glass and was already crouching down rapidly as a voice in her head spoke, just a little too loudly for comfort:

“Assume minimum radius position...snap displacement in three...two...one...”

Sma was in a foetal position beside the table as the count reached ‘one’ and was not surprised by the scenery change to the gently glowing interior of a shipside displacement reception chamber. She was rather more surprised by the only other occupant. She straightened up and spoke to the seemingly old-fashioned drone floating near the room’s entrance:

“Skaffen-Amtiskaw...”

“Yes, Sma, it is I”, it said.

“You told me you never wanted to see me again”

“Circumstances...are somewhat special, things change, the ship – “

“Which is?”

“Sorry, welcome aboard the demilitarised ROU Raw Spirit,” said a voice apparently from the ceiling.

“Hello, why have I been brought aboard in such an abrupt fashion?”, asked Sma, frowning slightly.

“We are under some quite tight time constraints, I apologise for the sudden transition, the approach vector was quite steep...and there are reasons for haste. We are continuing to move at maximum sustainable speed towards –“

“Wait, you were moving when you displaced me aboard?”

“Yes, again I apologise for the increased risk, but time was of the essence, may I continue?”

“Please do, oh – and while the matter of our destination may be interesting could you give the background briefing first?”

“Very well. Two hours ago – “

“Two hours, seven minutes and forty two seconds ago”, said the drone.

“Two hours ago, or thereabouts, the GSV State of the Art reported an LHU.”

“Sorry”, said Sma, “what?”

“A Laughably High Unexpectancy...an event or problem outside our usual context, in other words something rather odd happened aboard the GCU Arbitrary, currently docked inside the GSV State of the Art – the GCU reported a stowaway”

“Uh, how would that be possible”

“It wouldn’t, hence the rapid response team being sent to investigate these special circumstances”

“Which would be?”

“Yourself, and Skaffen-Amtiskaw here”

“Why?”

“Because we think you might know the stowaway”

“...”

It was 1984. A rather good year despite its literary reputation. We still worried about Armageddon, and didn’t really think too much about global warming – Nuclear Winter was the nightmare du nuit rather than too much carbon dioxide. So the background chatter at the Tun was all about the next British Worldcon and the bloody Tories – so no change there then.

My conversation with Iain was also fairly typical. As usual we weren’t talking about SF. In fact I don’t think I ever did have a conversation with Iain about SF, or fantasy, or any bookish subject – there were always too many other things to talk about. I remember we were talking cars. Specifically Iain’s car. Iain was giving a full-on, arm-waving description of how German engineering had saved his life – he had just driven his BMW at quite high speed into a much slower brick wall and emerged without a scratch. The wall too, the car - not so much. It almost sounded like fun the way Iain described it, something one might want to do again, just for the thrill of it. But that was Iain, he could make almost anything sound exciting, fun even. Even a car crash.

I would only see Iain at the Tun, or SF conventions, once or twice in Forbidden Planet, or at the Fringe, but we always took the time to have a drink or two and a chat – about anything and everything. But not SF. I don’t know why, but it just never seemed to come up.

(GCU Arbitrary signal sequence file #n428857/119)
[local transmission, deep fractal encoding, M16.4, received @
n4.28.857.3644]

xGSV State of the Art

oGCU Arbitrary

Take a look at this:

<Identity pattern encode, partial activation in virtual substrate style
bland congenial 343>

[local transmission, deep fractal encoding, M16.4, received @
n4.28.857.3652]

xGCU Arbitrary

oGSV State of the Art

Where did you find that?

[local transmission, deep fractal encoding, M16.4, received @
n4.28.857.3648]

xGSV State of the Art

oGCU Arbitrary

One-time, one-way emergency-entanglement immaterialisation in my
deep storage virtuality, zero passalong documentation and no context
material beyond basic language conversion.

[local transmission, deep fractal encoding, M16.4, received @
n4.28.857.3655]

xGCU Arbitrary

oGSV State of the Art

Where did it come from?

[local transmission, deep fractal encoding, M16.4, received @
n4.28.857.3657]

xGSV State of the Art

oGCU Arbitrary

I don't know.

[local transmission, deep fractal encoding, M16.4, received @
n4.28.857.3659]

xGCU Arbitrary

oGSV State of the Art

...

I like the Fringe.

It's like a month-long SF convention, but one where every programme item costs £10 to attend, the bar's open all the time and the food is really good. Costs a bit more than a con though, so free events are something to cherish. Like tickets to BBC shows – free but you have to queue a lot.

So we queued up and waited. Ian Sorensen had got us the tickets, so that was one queue I'd skipped; this one made up for it. After more waiting we were ushered in to a temporary looking sound stage or whatever they call it – they were taping a show for one of the new BBC offshoots – BBC3 or BBC4 or somesuch thing. It turned out to be a chat show, the host was no-one I'd ever heard of and the first two guests were equally well-known. Then the third guest was announced – yes, it was Iain. How I laughed. All the way to the Fringe and the only guest I'd heard of was someone I could chat with at any random con. Oh well. At least he would be funny.

And he was.

The recording went well I thought, but they didn't ask my opinion, so there were re-takes – it's hard to laugh spontaneously at a joke you'd just heard a few minutes before, but we did our best. In between re-positioning cameras and such, Iain was looking around the studio. Suddenly he starts waving and pointing "Hey, look it's Julian!", he goes, then grins some more while waving his arms again. I go very red, I wave back in a rather more subdued fashion, then this chap with a clipboard rushes up and wants to know who I am. "Hey, Iain's just this friend of mine, okay?". "Ah", he says. Then he goes away.

Oh, the embarrassment.

Skaffen-Amtiskaw bobbed up and down in fashion you might have considered nervous if you didn't know the Drone. "Earth", it said. "It's from Earth".

It was thirty-five years since the GCU Arbitrary had left Earth orbit for the last time. It was only recently that Sma had found it possible to think of her time spent on that primitive world without regret shading into pain. To think about Linter. Or Iain. Or all the other things that she had left behind on that dark back-grounded world. Including the neural-lace seed.

"...", she said.

I am going to miss Iain. I'm going to miss our chats, his jokes, his books. I'm going to miss him.

Where am I?

Welcome aboard the GCU Arbitrary, Mr. Banks

The following piece was originally written for Boskone in 2009, and subsequently expanded and updated for Wiscon earlier this year.

Jo Walton

by Patrick Nielsen Hayden

When I first met Jo Walton, she was monospaced type on a terminal screen.

It was the mid-to-late 1990s, after the GEnie SFRT but before blogs—that period of a few years during which the Usenet rec.arts.sf.* hierarchy seemed like the online place to be. And one of the ornaments of those newsgroups was this person I didn’t know, who seemed to be in every thread, making every conversation smarter. She knew contemporary SF and fantasy, she knew the field’s history, she seemed to read roughly a book a day, and she talked about it all with energy and insight and joy.

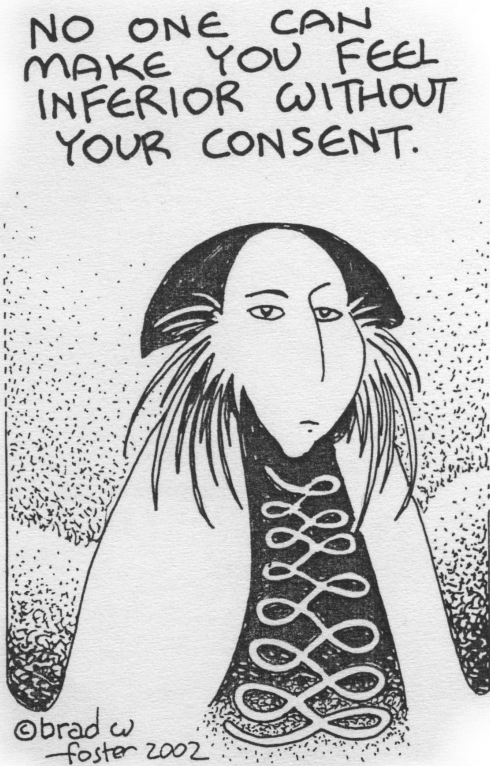
In her .sig file was a URL. I eventually got curious and pasted in into my Web browser. It went to a personal site. Oh dear, I said to myself, poetry. Then: Oh my goodness. Good poetry.

I did that thing fiction editors supposedly never do—I wrote to her, saying, “Do you write fiction? Do you have anything I can see?”

All of which ultimately led to the publication of Jo’s first novel, *The King’s Peace*, in 2000. Since then she’s published a sequel (*The King’s Name*, 2001), won the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer, published a novel distantly related to the first two (*The Prize in the Game*, 2002), published an “Anthony Trollope novel about dragons” (*Tooth and Claw*, 2003, which won the World Fantasy Award), moved from Wales to Montreal, written the brilliant “dark cozy” alternate-history *Farthing* (2006) in “six weeks of white-hot political rage,” followed it with two amazing sequels, *Ha’penny* (2007, and winner of the Prometheus Award) and *Half a Crown* (2008), published an experimental fantasy novel (*Lifelode*, 2009) as her Boskone book, and in 2011 published *Among Others*, a remarkable fantasy novel about, among other things, the ability of science fiction to rewire a young mind. The last of which won her the Hugo, Nebula, and British Fantasy Awards and a vastly expanded audience. And yet while doing all of this, Jo has continued to write online, these days mostly on her LiveJournal and at Tor.com, hosting an endless series of interesting conversations in both venues.

That talent for conversation isn’t incidental to what Jo Walton is. She’s a terrific writer, but she’s also an even rarer thing, a truly gifted salonnière, someone who starts conversations that other people want to join, and makes it all seem as easy as breathing. In person or online, where there’s Jo Walton, there’s good talk, often between people who would never have otherwise known or appreciated one another. Jo is herself a great appreciator and a

tabulator of who ought to get to know whom. In the best sense of the word, she is the most naturally fannish professional writer I have ever known.



If there's a single preoccupation that ties together Jo-Walton-the-storyteller and Jo-Walton-the-fan, it's civilization: how we build it, what it costs, what it takes to maintain it, how easily it's lost. That's what connects the author of *The King's Peace* to the woman who once, in conversation with me and Teresa, referred to the Romano-Britons as "we." (If I recall correctly, she was being outraged that a Welsh country church she wanted to show us was locked. "We didn't lock our churches when the Vikings came!" Point.) It's what connects that fantasist to the social satirist who wrote what was, at least until *Among Others*, perhaps Jo's most widely-read work, the Usenet song "The Lurkers Support Me in Email." And it's what connects all of these to the author of the brilliant social comedy of *Tooth and Claw* and to the incandescent political passion of *Farthing* and its sequels.

Many years ago, Jerry Pournelle said (in *West of Honor*) that "We say we love peace, but it doesn't excite us. Even pacifists talk more about the horrors of war than the glories of peace."

Jo responded on LiveJournal (in April 2003—a fraught historical moment; you can look it up):

"He's right too, because the glories of peace are so totally taken for granted and hard to see, until they're gone, and they're self-evident rather than exciting, not that way, often not in story ways.

"So here's an impressionistic stream of consciousness list of some of the glories of peace as they occur to me this afternoon:

“Libraries, museums, travelling exhibits in museums that go to different countries. The post office, which delivers mail safely for anyone all over the world. Banking, especially international banking. Pacifists—people who can actually live their whole lives unwilling and unable to fight, and die natural deaths. Bonsai trees. People who make a living by providing entertainment for other people. People who make a living doing pure scientific research. Streetlights. Paved streets. Railways. Bookstores with chairs and bathrooms and huge selections of books. Used bookstores with cats. Science fiction fandom. Sushi. ‘Maneki Neko.’ Communities on the internet—yes, it was military research. Military research that sprouts unexpected tendrils and blossoms into glorious unpredictable flowers for everyone to use. The space program. Voyager II. Galileo. Sojourner and Pathfinder. The model of Sojourner in the science museum. Marriage. Civil Union between people of any gender. Window boxes with flowers. Children playing safely in the neighbourhood. Schools. Universities. Liberal Arts degrees. Pure science degrees. Neato state of the art computers running silly games. Welltris. Weekends. Forty hour weeks. Holidays—the whole assumption that people have time when they are not working. Palm Pilots. Psions. Gameboys. Digital watches. Radio 4. Laws against fraud and corruption and theft that are enforced. Corporations that obey the law. Armies that obey the law. Buses that run on time. Metro / Underground / subways in cities. Public transport in the countryside. The Open Source movement. Being able to make plans for tomorrow, next week, next year. Being unafraid. Bored soldiers. Old soldiers. Fusion cuisines. Long complex meals with wine. Chocolate. Bananas. The confidence that chocolate and bananas and tangerines and cream and fresh meat will be there in continuing time. Bach. Falling in love. Seeing the full moon without fear. People going to the moon. A health service. A loyal opposition. Routine changes of government. Complaining about how dull politics is. Satire. Freedom. Hope. Chances for happiness to happen.”

To which I would add another of the “glories of peace”: Jo Walton. One of the ultimate benefits of settled civilization is the opportunity to enjoy people like her. Hooray, therefore, for civilization.

Fond of Fanzines

by Jacq Monahan

They are the literary jewels that come in the mail or through cyberspace. They are labors of love, passionate manifestos, shared stories, anecdotes, and little-known history lessons. They are a zeitgeist of current events for a group that shares similar interests, an opinion, a rant, an attempt to enlighten or enrage.

They are fanzines and they are always worth the effort.

My hat is off to anyone who “pubs an ish” on a regular basis. It allows the publisher a platform and the reader an opportunity to chime in or take aim. A genzine is like a boat with many rowers. A perzine offers insight into its creator.

Both keep fanac alive, and it’s a treat (and sometimes a surprise) to find out who is LoCcing and who got “Boo’d” (in a good way).

I discovered fanzines through a small collection that Arnie Katz gave me from his own personal stash. Later, Nic Farey added another dozen or so (all paper) to MY stash, which has now grown (thanks to Jeanne Bowman) to more than two Bankers Boxes stuffed full of ideas, illustrations, and personal research. That doesn’t even include the terabytes of artwork and information on sites like eFanzines. Talk about amazing stories.



Fans think. Fans create. Fans write. They create time machine archives and achieve, in the process, a tiny slice of immortality. We are still reading Willis; we are still encountering Rotsler.

That says it all, until the next issue of Trap Door, or Beam, or Broken Toys, or Banana Wings, or Askance, or Chunga, or Drink Tank, or Procrastinations, or Orpheum, or Griff, or A Meara for Observers shows up to start the conversation all over again.

Fanzines

by John Coxon

Fanzines, to me, mean a clique that I joined in my early days of fandom, spurred on by the knowledge that not producing a fanzine meant I wouldn't be part of a niche that others were enthusiastic about and involved with. I attained membership with the first issue of Procrastinations, which I distributed at <plokta.con> π – also my first taste of convention attendance, and another community to add to my CV.

Since then I've been introduced to fanzine fandom on many stages, and in all of them it seems to be a fandom primarily defined by its reaction to change. The reaction of one fanzine-oriented Facebook group I frequent to fanzines distributed in Kindle-friendly formats was hilarious in its conservatism. The health of the Hugo Awards for fanac is offensive to the fanzine fans that presumably think they should be closer to the complete lack of interest in the Nova Awards; the idea that people might want to campaign for the Nova Awards and thus actually preserve them as a fannish institution is (naturally) anathema. In this sense, I think fanzine fans should be learning from the fan funds; the willingness and ability of candidates to campaign is what has kept the fan funds alive and relevant and vibrant in the 21st century, and the Nova Awards are fast losing that battle.

When I wanted to join convention-going fandom, I was made to feel instantly welcome by the people around me. In contrast, when I wanted to join fanzine fandom, that summer, I felt like I had to try to conform in order to be accepted. I wrote Procrastinations #1 to achieve that goal, because I was an insecure teenager who wanted to be part of something. Perhaps my experience was the luck of the draw – Novacon feels welcoming to me, for instance, although I suppose whether Novacon more represents fanzine fandom or convention fandom is an open question. Either way, it's food for thought.

Acknowledgements

Thanks to our contributors:

James Bacon, Tony Berry, John Coxon, Theresa Derwin, Steve Green, Julian Headlong, Jacq Monahan, Jim Mowatt, Patrick Nielsen Hayden and Yvonne Rowse.

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Novacon 43 Members as at 2nd July 2013

1 Jo Walton	61 Martin Easterbrook
28 ½r	71 Janet Edwards
100 Michael Abbott	72 John Edwards
133 Dawn Abigail	35 Sue Edwards
6 Brian Aldiss	2 Jaine Fenn
38 Brian Ameringen	88 Flick
39 Emjay Ameringen	78 Gwen Funnell
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95 Vernon Brown	116 Martin Hoare
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