



Novacon 45 Progress Report 3



Guests of Honour: Stan and Anne Nicholls

Presenting Progress Report 3 for Novacon 45

I should explain why people should read PR3. Well, it's full of vital information. It tells you how to get to the convention hotel. It tells you what fun awaits you if you get there early enough on the Friday and why you should endeavour to do so. It tells you about what you need to take with you. It's all vital stuff.

As some of you will already know, D West is no longer with us, so we've asked our own artist-in-residence Dave Hicks to say a few words in his memory.

If you own any D West original artwork, read page 9 – we'd like to exhibit it.

We've also included two reviews here, one for a book by each of our guests.

Look at Friday night's programme and you'll see that I'm hosting a programme item where you can share some of those scurrilous stories about what's happened at conventions, stories that You Can't Tell Your Daughter. Perhaps you can have a think about some tale or other that you could bring to share with the rest of us during that item. We'll be thoroughly shocked, I promise.

Douglas Spencer

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Acknowledgements

Thanks to our contributors, as listed in the Table of Contents above.

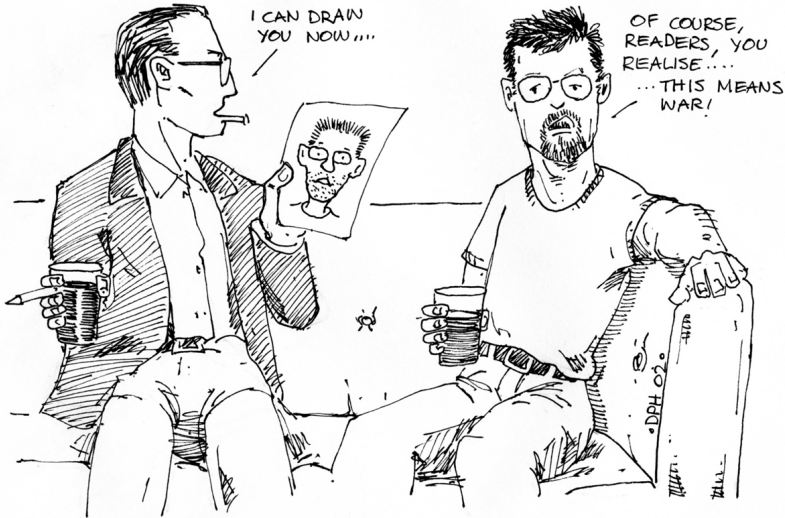
Illustrations by Dave Hicks (front cover, p4) and D West (p5, originally appearing on cover of "Quasiquote")

Colouring-in image on back cover from <http://www.supercoloring.com/>

D West

“Anybody who tells you fanzines are respectable is a fucking liar.”

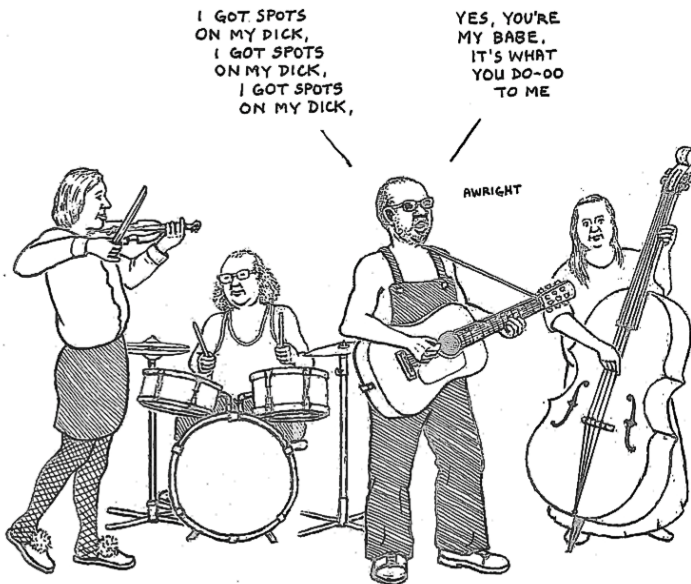
D West 1987.



At LonCon I had my first conversation with Malcolm Edwards in about twenty years. We talked about how much harder it had been for him to edit *D West* than the hundreds of professionals he had worked with since. For those of you familiar only with D as cartoonist, it's worth remembering his awesome body of writing about what it meant to be a fan, including his massive essay *Performance* which he sent in instalments to Malcolm for publication in *Tappen* in the early 80s.

As much as anybody in British SF fandom West wrote, drew and performed with the understanding that being a science fiction fan wasn't about aping something else, something "proper", whether that object of fascination was professional writing or illustrating, publishing or event organising. He thought of the bland compliment, handed to a number of fan writers and artists over the years, that the work was "good enough to appear professionally" as an insult. In his collected works like *Fanzines In Theory And Practice* and *Deliverance* (beg, steal or borrow) he argued fiercely and with brilliant wit that our fan culture was its own thing with its own values and its own merits; that there was real fulfilment to be had from producing work of genuine worth that was just as valid even if it had a small audience. He even argued that sometimes we might take what we do, "coff, coff, seriously".

That said, he was a master at taking the piss, and clever enough to realise this did not contradict a more serious side at other times. A natural line artist and gifted far more than some fan artists. (oh all right – me) at capturing a likeness, his cartoons over five decades mercilessly took the piss out of the big name fans of the day, with backgrounds of the shambling mass of real-ale chugging, slightly podgy wearers of novelty T-shirts (oh all right – me) and those who overreached themselves (oh, you get the picture).



*** NEW RELEASE ***

SPOTTED DICK BLUES

(TRAD., ARR. R.BERGERON)

COUNTRY GRAY CHARNOCK & THE FISHNETS

GUITAR & VOCALS: COUNTRY GRAY CHARNOCK; VIOLIN & KAZOO: JOSEPH BOOTS NICHOLAS; BASS: CLAIRE BOJANGLES BRIALEY; DRUMS: RAMBLIN' MARK PLUMMER

The last time I met him was at the 2009 Bradford Eastercon. He sidled inside my personal space as only he could and I bought him his first drink of the year (really!). For whatever reasons, he didn't get out as much in recent years but remained productive, relying on memory to capture a likeness. The editors of *Banana Wings*, who he'd just drawn for a cover [above] of Sandra Bond's *Quasiquote* strolled by, the one having just lost weight and the other having just cut off most of his hair. "Ooooooh shit," he said.

Dave Hicks

Chairman's Bit and Hotel Paragraphs

When you get this PR, the convention will be almost upon us, so we'd better start work on the Programme. Kidding. This year we have not one, not two, but three science talks because we know you like to exercise your little grey cells. Then there are the usual panel items, book launches and a big pub quiz on Saturday night. Fantastic prizes. Maybe. There will be the usual artshow and auction, though this year, due to circumstances beyond our control, not in the usual room downstairs. Instead it will be in the two rooms at the end of the corridor. Of course the book auction will still be a major feature in the downstairs bar, probably at some outrageous time on Saturday night when everybody has drunk too much and so will pay hundreds of pounds for a Perry Rhodan novel. We need books! So empty out all those cardboard boxes full of yours and bring them along.

As usual we will be selling raffle tickets during the con with proceeds going to the RNIB's Talking Book Service, so buy often and many. The SFGCSE will make its usual appearance with a prize for the highest score. On Sunday evening the famous beer-tasting will take place, along with a buffet meal. If you want to come to the beer-tasting you need to bring along at least three bottles/cans of beer, the more interesting the better, and receive a badge, or you can buy a badge for £6 from registration during the con. However if you want to take part in the buffet meal you **MUST** buy a ticket from registration by Saturday lunchtime so we can give the numbers to the hotel. This year the food, as chosen by our Guests of Honour, has an Italian flavour. A selection of soft drinks will be available which are free to anyone.

The hotel will be flogging food in the main bar with a fixed-price carvery on Friday evening only to speed things up a bit. If you want something more substantial the restaurant will still have its standard menu available. We also hope to open the downstairs bar on Friday evening to take the pressure off the main bar. Do make use of this for lounge space during the weekend.

If you haven't booked your room yet you may be too late, but send the form to Steve and he'll try and shoehorn you in. If you intend to arrive at the hotel after 4pm on Friday, ring direct on 0115-935-9988 and let them know.

That's about it, so I'll see you in a couple of weeks.

Tony Berry

Bring Beer! Eat Food!

Tony's already told you all this on the opposite page, but since I'm so *very* fond of beer and food, I thought it was worth mentioning it all again before we moved on to the Programme page. I don't know about you, but I always spend the entire programme at Novacons thinking about beer and food.

On Sunday evening, after the handover to the Novacon 46 team, there is the traditional Novacon beer tasting festival and banquet.

In order to gain access to the beer tasting, you'll need a beer badge, which you can obtain from registration in exchange for three bottles of interesting beer. Alternatively, you can purchase a beer badge for the modest sum of six quid.

The style of food made available during the banquet is chosen by our guest(s): This year Stan and Anne have asked us to provide Italian food, so that's what we're getting, and you can obtain a food ticket for the banquet at the registration desk for an entirely reasonable sum (which is yet to be fixed).

Answers to Doug S's Fun Page (back cover)

You shouldn't be looking at the answers until you've tried to solve it yourself. If you need more space, there's some here:

Everyone was drinking beer. Alice was sat on the table; Cat was stood up. Steve was sat in a chair and Dave was sat on the floor. Apparently I was lying on the floor, but I don't remember any of this.

Programme Bit

Well, here we are! Just over a month until Novacon 45 and I have to say, having finalised the programme I'm getting excited. So, to whet your appetite below you'll find the Fri night programme followed by a few titbits about the rest of the weekend.

Friday

18:00	Opening Ceremony	The Committee kicks things off. Let's get this party started!
18:45	Desert Island Discs	Guests of Honour Stan and Anne Nicholls choose nine songs and one book for their stay. Claire Brialey hosts.
20:00	Urban Fantasy: She Who Kicks Ass	We discuss whether Urban Fantasy is a one-trick pony featuring leather-clad kick ass women with sarcasm and a gun. Theresa Derwin moderates, with Jacey Bedford, S. G. Mulholland, Tej Turner
21:00	Break for changeover	
21:30	Double Book launch	Two collections of short stories: Anne Nicholls: Music from the Fifth Planet [The Alchemy Press] Stan Nicholls: Orcs: Tales of Maras-Dantia [Newcon Press] Free wine and nibbles. Wine, do you hear me?
22:30	Fannish Stories You Can't Tell Your Daughter	Doug Spencer hosts this informal item where we hear unsuitable stories of Fandom as our very own Jeremy Kyle joins the foray. Expect audience participation.

So, now I've got you excited, what else can you expect from this year's programme?

For starters, there are three book launches on the off piste programme down in the bar with drinkie-poops. Speaking of alcohol, join a host of publishers and writers, again in the downstairs bar Saturday evening and have a free glass of wine as you hear a variety of readings.

As well as our regular science talks we have a bit more science on the menu this year, with an audience participation workshop from Helen Gould and a talk on Spaceships in Science Fiction from the Institute of Interstellar Studies.

Pasgon are offering tea and cake and Caroline Mullan will be hosting a discussion on the future of Eastercon.

And if that's not enough, there's a whole host of panel items ranging from comic books, to modern SF, to Urban Fantasy and Surviving the End of the World. So get your pen and paper, plus your ears and voices ready for the exciting programme we've laid on for you.

Theresa Derwin

Art Show and Art Auction

It's almost that time of the year again and as always there will be an Art Show. We're a very welcoming art show whether you want to display your own art and join in or spend time admiring what's on display. We usually aim to open earlier than programmed (9am) and our evening closing is flexible too; we want everyone to have an opportunity to visit.

There is a great mix of artists lined up for Novacon 45 but it's not too late to request space, just let me know you're interested.

Still in the basement, the Art Show will have not one but two rooms and this gives us the opportunity to change our usual format. Don't leave us down there by ourselves, come and visit and enjoy the display, consider bidding on some art and head for refreshment in the bar – we've got the lot downstairs!

Not so long ago we heard the sad news of the passing of fan artist D. West. His art awards "CV" is impressive and amongst others he was awarded eleven Nova awards for best fan artist and one for best fan writer.

We'd like to host a tribute to D as a part of the art show.

Do you have any original artwork of his that we could borrow for display?

Please e-mail serena@ravensquill.org so I can make appropriate plans.

Looking forward to seeing you all soon.

Serena Culfeather

Book Auction

Late Saturday evening in the "off-piste" programme area (the downstairs bar) you can find the Novacon book auction. Bring some genre books with you and let Rog Peyton sell them on your behalf. As usual the convention takes a small cut from the items it auctions, but if you're so inclined you can direct us to put the proceeds of your sales towards the RNIB Talking Books fund.

Douglas Spencer

Review: *Quicksilver Rising* by Stan Nicholls

Quicksilver Rising, the first instalment of the *Quicksilver* trilogy (or *Dreamtime* trilogy in the US), was first published in 2003. Set in a world where magic is the driving force behind the structure and economy of everyone's lives, the action takes place against a backdrop of political tensions. Rival empires Rintarah and Gath Tampoor jostle for control over the civilised lands while keeping their subjects in check and worrying over the barbarous lands to the North, where warlord Zerreiss seems to be amassing an army.

From the midst of these power games has sprung the Resistance, a covert movement spanning both empires that wants nothing to do with either of them. The Resistance is the catalyst that brings together the main characters – a cast of unlikely allies and even unlikelier heroes. At times the story can't seem to make up its mind whether it's a sprawling *Game of Thrones*-esque ensemble tale or a focussed action adventure: separate story lines converge rather abruptly and other characters get no more than a single appearance (it is obvious that these scenes are laying the foundations for the rest of the trilogy but so unconnected from the main arc their inclusion is sometimes jarring). However, the narrative also doesn't play favourites. Each thread is equally engaging and each character stands by their own merits – there's no temptation to skim any sections or ignore any one character.

Such a wide variety of characters means that every reader will find someone to root for: Reeth Caldason is one of the few surviving members of a warrior race slaughtered long ago, who now wanders the world alone in search of a cure for a mysterious curse that subjects him to fits of rage and visions. Serrah Ardacris is a Gath Tampoorian soldier of an elite faction until she is made to take the fall for the death of a nobleman's son and has to go on the run. Kutch Pirathon is a young apprentice to a murdered magician, struggling to master the art but more powerful than he realises. Dulkan Karr is one of the leaders of the Resistance and double agent within the government with utopian ideals. Kinsel Rukanis is an operatic singer and pacifist veteran of the resistance. Tanalvah Lahn is a prostitute forced to flee her home with her best friend's children after killing her friend's murderer. The Resistance serves the narrative well here as a central point on which all the characters converge, sparing us the incredulity of so many different people all randomly running across each other. Every character has a clearly defined endgame, be it redemption, revenge, or simply finding a purpose in life. This leaves every character with believable motivation for taking up with the resistance as well as providing them all with a sense of realism – for the most part, everyone is out to serve themselves and even those who cite building a better society have a high

personal stake in their missions. No one is a classically heroic character and it makes the story feel all the more fleshed out because of it.

It has to be said, however, that making every character so realistic belies many of their actions before joining the resistance in regards to helping each other. For example, Reeth continuing to keep Kutch around even after he discovers his master is dead, and then bringing him along when he leaves the village, acts in counterpoint to his determination to work alone and owe nothing to anybody. As well, Serrah's actions in defence of Talvanah and Kinsel the first time they run each other are frankly baffling after she has spent so much of the novel keeping her head down and trying to pass unnoticed due to the hefty price on her head.

Arguably every story is owed a little suspension of disbelief though, and the attention paid to both the grand and small scale world building means that there is plenty of disbelief left to suspend. The complex back-and-forth of the rivalling empires is revealed gradually throughout the book, so by the final chapter we have a sense of the rich and dangerous history of the world, as well as being left with plenty of burning questions to carry over into the following instalments. Most engaging of all is the way magic has been woven into every facet of society, where spells (or “glamours”) are taken for granted as part of everyday life – the wealthier classes have access to high-quality glamours that are indistinguishable from genuine articles, while the poor have to make do with the cheap and unconvincing. The magic of this world is fully realised, inextricably linked with every separate plot line and driving the narrative as well as the world it runs (it also never once becomes a *deus ex machina* to solve everyone's problems, which would have been a very easy – and lazy – short cut).

Quicksilver Rising solidly kicks off the trilogy as both an exciting adventure and a tantalising introduction to machinations set to play out over the next two books. Players range from unsettling to delightfully ridiculous and all shades in between (Prince Melyobar and his flying castle deserves his own mention as someone who will undoubtedly become much more of a threat later on). It opens the door to a fascinating and colourful world and, while a little too reliant on exposition to build detail, it shapes up to sustain itself well beyond the close of the trilogy.

Magdalen Standage-Bowles

Review: *Dancing on the Volcano* by Anne Gay

Irona is a warden: a theocratic observer for the Matriarchal religious government, the Synod. Her job is to observe and police the behaviour and emotional state of the population, most of whom are “sleepers”. Sleepers are content, incurious and biddable but sometimes a “wakening” happens when one or more members of the population become more aware, rebellious and discontented. Irona watches for these and other malcontents via her “eyes”, mobile surveillance drones that can read hormone levels and emotional excitement as well as visuals. When petty discord appears Irona orders the perpetrators dealt with by security drones called “arms”. Those picked up may be put into a real deep sleep or in severe/persistent cases they may be “wormed” – a forcible and physical restructuring of their brain.

The Synod enforces laws of modesty and chastity but some of Irona’s colleagues cheat the system in their own way. Irona is seen as pious but even she has a secret. There’s a young man she watches out at night without reporting or dealing with. He’s handsome and daring, and likes to enter the public parks at night to get close to the animals. She watches him quietly, envying him his bravery and freedom, until disaster strikes and he is discovered. Risking her own life Irona tries to save Twiss, nearly dying and being saved herself by the strange electronically-adept Regen.

There is a lot of rather Borgia-esque plotting that is unknown to Irona happening, as it does, at the highest reaches of the Synod. Because of this Irona, Twiss and Regen find themselves exiled from Earth to the colony planet Harith. The 300 “sleeper” colonists with them have been promised new lives and rich farm land on the slopes of Harith’s volcano next to beautiful coastline but when they land they discover the first wave colonists are less than happy to see them. It is up to Irona, Twiss and Regen to pull the colonists together and carve out space for themselves as Harith turns out to be less than hospitable in many ways. Tensions with the First Wave colonists increase and conflict changes everything they have ever understood about the world and themselves.

This could almost be the outline for a modern YA novel and there are many plot threads and themes that are common to the current frequently excellent crop of YA genre stories. *Dancing on the Volcano* would almost certainly be marketed as YA if published today though its prose is a lot denser than the (often deceptively) simple prose of contemporary YA.

There are significant differences though. Twiss should be the young hero but, while he is good-looking and has the kind of charisma that makes people follow him, he is also not very bright, reluctantly needing Irona to steer him, sometimes callous, needing Irona to smooth things over, sometimes selfish and occasionally cruel – which is usually aimed at Irona. Their relationship is as much one of necessity as romance. Between them they become the “King and Queen” of the colonists or, rather, Twiss becomes King with Irona as his almost invisible consort. She isn’t entirely happy but the two of them are needed to keep a lid on everything and to make sure things get done. It’s something that makes this a rather melancholy book. Nobody, it seems, is happy. Not Irona, whether obeying or rebelling or just getting on with what must be done. Not Twiss, who relishes the command he is suited for only by force of personality, not talent or intelligence. Not the scheming Matriarchs of the Synod and not the first or second wave colonists.

Dancing on the Volcano is the practice of the young and restless of Harith. They dance upon the thinnest skin of solidified lava in the volcano’s caldera knowing that one false step may plunge them into the magma beneath. In the story this seems to be a metaphor for the life that Irona and Twiss are living. Blaming the first wave colonists for the deaths of many of the second wave they are forced into a battle of wits where one false step will leave them enslaved or dead. It also seems to reference the position of the Synod – elevated above the many levels of sleepers who could erupt in a mass waking as they dance a careful political dance.

The actions of both sets of colonists become more and more extreme until finally there is one act that ends the overt conflict once and for all. It’s an appalling act that no one believes will actually be carried out but when it is all, including Irona, must accept and acknowledge their own complicity in the act. By believing it couldn’t happen they have allowed it to happen and nothing can ever be the same again. Irona throws herself into the work of the settlement as a way of atoning, constantly ignoring her own needs and her own happiness, shutting her eyes to what Twiss is doing, allowing her sense of herself to sleep, until she almost loses herself. It takes a symbolic rebirth after a personal disaster to reawaken her.

This is complex and frequently uncomfortable novel. Irona is often far more passive and accepting than we expect heroines to be today. The masculine power represented by Twiss is critiqued by the novel itself but not by any of the characters. Irona's relationship with Twiss is not one of equals, though she is far more intelligent than he is, but one where Twiss considers her and her needs as completely secondary. And yet Irona does not rebel but continues to serve continually placing Twiss and the community ahead of herself.

Responsibility is one of the main themes of the novel: how far are we responsible for policing others behaviour? Are the Matriarch's right to assume power over people's actions and feelings? If not why do we feel that Irona should influence and control Twiss more? Should all the First Wave Colonists be held accountable for the perceived actions of a few? Are citizens responsible for the actions of their government? Communication is the other major theme with a hidden ansible awaiting Irona's discovery – instant communication with Earth. Failures of communication are present at all levels of society right down to Twiss and Irona never really understanding each other or being able to exchange ideas. The Second and First Wave colonists can't communicate leading to an escalation of hostilities as each side are blamed for what they may not have done.

There are several plot strands not dealt with which are presumably picked up in the next book, *To Bathe in Lightning* which may end on a more hopeful note. Overall this is an excellent, complex and thought provoking read. Though you may want something cheerful afterwards.

Helena Bowles

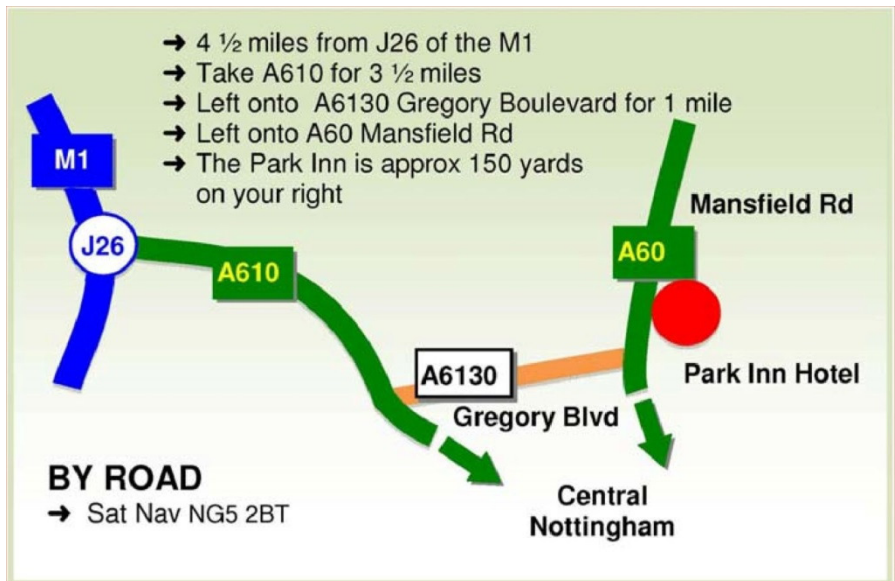
How to Get There By Car

<http://www.parkinn.co.uk/hotel-nottingham/location>

CAR USERS will need to leave the M1 at Junction 26 (if you're not using the M1 then your route is left as an exercise for the reader). You might think, if you're coming from the south, that you'll have a better chance with a lower-numbered junction, but trust me, you'll want to stay on the motorway until J26.

Take the A610 towards Nottingham. Stick with it until after you've slalomed across the ring road and then gone past a Tesco Express on your right, then at the next traffic lights turn left into the poorly-signposted A6130 Gregory Boulevard. If you pass a Carphone Warehouse on your right, you've just missed your left turn – you should have turned left a few yards earlier.

At the end of Gregory Boulevard, you'll find two roundabouts in succession. Turn left at the second, onto the A60, and the hotel is 150 yards along on the right.



If you've put a vehicle in the hotel car park, be sure to register it with the hotel when you arrive, to avoid being sent a large and unexpected penalty charge after the convention.

Reception staff will be happy to show you what you need to do.

How to Get There By Public Transport

Take a Cab

If you're coming to Nottingham by public transport, you're likely to arrive in Nottingham at either the railway station or the coach station. Take a cab from there. Seriously, that's the best way. Take a cab. It's likely to be less than a tenner. Take a cab. Really.

But I Don't Want to Take a Cab.

If you have a principled objection to cabs, there are other ways of getting there. We used to have a long description here describing a fifteen-minute walk through town from the rail or coach stations over to the bus stops in Upper Parliament Street, but we've since been told the trams are better.

By Tram, With a Bit of a Walk

The tram you need passes through the railway station; If you're at the Coach Station, that's still your nearest stop, so go to the railway station.

Find the Nottingham Station tram stop.

This might be more complicated than it used to be. The station is in a state of flux at the moment, and the Station Road tram stop, out of the side entrance of the station, is no more. Follow the signs from the railway platforms to the tram, and they'll take you to the new tram stop in the station itself.

Go to the platform which provides trams "towards Hucknall or Phoenix Park", and get one of those. You'll want to get off the tram at The Forest tram stop. There will be announcements so listen out for your stop. You'll see an enormous open green area on your right, and it's at this point you should get off the tram.

When you're off the tram, keep that large green area (the Forest Recreation Ground) on your right as you walk a few yards in the direction the tram from which you've just alighted was travelling, and turn right onto Gregory Boulevard. Towards the end of Gregory Boulevard, when the park on your right runs out, you'll find two roundabouts in quick succession; head straight across the first roundabout and left at the second one; you'll find the hotel on the opposite side of the main road a hundred and fifty yards later. That walk is between ten and fifteen minutes, but almost all of it is on the level.

By Tram and Bus, With Much Less Walking Than The Opposite Page

If you want to avoid almost all of the walking but you still don't want to use a cab, there is yet a third method.

Seek out the tram using the directions opposite. Once again you'll need a tram heading towards Hucknall or Phoenix Park, but you can shorten your walk considerably by transferring to a bus part-way through your journey.

Get a combined bus/tram ticket from the tram conductor, and get off the tram at The Royal Centre tram stop.

When you've got off the tram and the tram has moved out of the way, cross the tracks and continue past the Theatre Royal (a large white building fronted by six pillars) and head into Upper Parliament street, passing the Turf Tavern on your left. Look for bus stops in the "P" zone, it'll be two or three minutes' walk from the tram stop.

Take the Lime Line (number 58 from stop P2; numbers 56 or 59 from stop P3) or the Purple Line (numbers 87 or 88 from stop P4; number 89 from stop P5).

Once you've been on the bus heading out of Nottingham for a few minutes (about 2 miles), look out on the left and you'll see a cemetery while going down a hill. The bus will cross a large roundabout with flowerbeds; you need the very next stop, which is called Clarendon College. Get off here. There's a Pelican crossing 20 yards further along the road, and the Park Inn Hotel will be clearly in view another 80 yards further away.

If you go past a pub called The Grosvenor, you've gone too far. Get off the bus at the earliest opportunity and walk back.

Hah, We Have No Need Of Cabs, Trams Or Buses.

Of course if you're feeling particularly robust and energetic, you can walk from the railway or coach stations to the hotel in a half to three quarters of an hour, but we're leaving directions to the reader.

Seriously, Get a Cab From The Station.

Seriously, you're probably better taking a cab from the station to the hotel.

Oh, and ...

If you're local and would like to completely re-write these pages, talk to me.

Douglas Spencer

Novacon 45 Members as at 7th October 2015 (172)

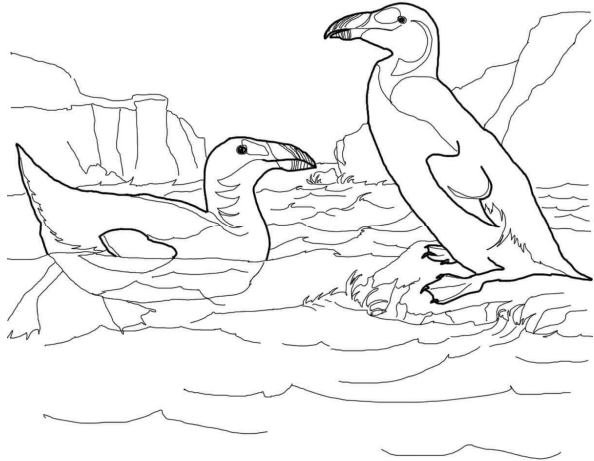
1 Stan Nicholls	55 Paul Dormer
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172	Sanem Ozdural	89	Tobes Valois
138	Charles Partington	56	Jim Walker
48	Hal Payne	75	Peter Wareham
47	Murphy's Lawyer	145	Ian Warner
49	Jodie Payne	35	Alan Webb
36	Mali Perera	34	Gerry Webb
106	Rog Peyton	114	Ian Whates
107	Catherine Pickersgill	120	Laura Wheatly
108	Greg Pickersgill	88	Gary S Wilkinson
24	Mark Plummer	169	Peter Wilkinson
171	Pete Randall	67	Anne Wilson
45	Roger Robinson	80	Caro
98	Tony Rogers	19	John Wilson
94	Steve Rogerson	157	Jonas Wissting
72	Marcus Rowland	29	Alan Woodford
76	Sally Rowse	30	Anne Woodford
77	Yvonne Rowse		
59	Alison Scott		

Doug S's Fun Page

I don't usually pay much attention in Novacon committee meetings, but I seem to recall that one or other of our guests sometimes writes about auks.

Here are some great ones. Why not colour them in?



Logic Puzzle

Tony has gone to the bar to buy some of the committee a drink each.

From the clues provided, can you work out how each person is sitting and what each person wants to drink?

Use the grid to help you solve the puzzle.

1. Alice and Cat are looking down on everyone else.
2. Steve went and swapped the thing he's sitting on for one that has arms.
3. Dave got to the hotel bar after all the chairs had been taken. But he doesn't mind. Good man, Dave.
4. Cat isn't allowed on the furniture. Tee hee. Ahem.
5. I can't remember what the last clue was. Why does my face taste of carpet?

	Stood up	Sat on the table	Sat on a chair	Sat on the floor	Lying on the floor	Steve	Alice	Dave	Cat	Doug
Beer										
Beer										
Beer										
Beer										
Beer										
Steve										
Alice										
Dave										
Cat										
Doug										

