



Friday, September 3, 2004

Hynes Convention Center
Veterans Memorial Auditorium

Boston, Massachusetts · United States of America

“You must follow me carefully. I shall have to controvert one or two **ideas** that are almost universally accepted. There is no **difference** between Time and any of the three other dimensions of Space except that our **consciousness** moves along it. A civilized man should hope that **ultimately** he may be able to **stop** or accelerate his **drift** along the Time-Dimension, or even turn about and **travel** the other way. It would be remarkably **convenient...**”

—Excerpted from *The Time Machine* by H.G. Wells

And so we must do.

Welcome to “The Time Machine,” where we will celebrate our honored Guests and the best in Science Fiction and Fantasy from 1953. This is an evening at least 50 years in the making, or so it seems.

Please sit back and enjoy a crosstime experience with special host Bob Eggleton and our Guests for the convention—Terry Pratchett, William Tenn, Jack Speer, and Peter Weston. A finer group was never collected before in the history of Worldcon.

—Jill Eastlake, Director

Programme of Events

"The Champion Strut" performed by Susan de Guardiola & Jeff Poretsky.

Retro Hugos for 1953: Fan Awards

Best Fan Writer of 1953

Best Fanzine of 1953

Guest of Honor Interview of Jack Speer conducted by Peter Weston.

Retro Hugos for 1953: Professional Awards

Best Professional Artist of 1953

Best Professional Editor of 1953

Guest of Honor Interview of William Tenn conducted by Peter Weston.

Retro Hugos for 1953: Dramatic Presentation, Short Form

Guest of Honor Interview of Terry Pratchett conducted by Peter Weston.

Retro Hugos for 1953: Written Awards

Best Related Book of 1953

Best Short Story of 1953

Best Novelette of 1953

Best Novella of 1953

Guest of Honor Interview of Peter Weston conducted by Terry Pratchett.

Retro Hugos for 1953: Novel

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Retrospective Hugo Awards

Below are nominations in 10 categories for the best work of 1953. Three categories were dropped for insufficient nominees: Best Dramatic Presentation—Long Form, Best Semiprozine, and Best Fan Artist.

BEST FAN WRITER of 1953

Redd Boggs
Lee Hoffman
Bob Tucker
James White
Walter A. Willis

BEST FANZINE of 1953

Hyphen, ed. Chuck Harris & Walter Willis
Quandry, ed. Lee Hoffman
Science Fiction Newsletter, ed. Bob Tucker
Sky Hook, ed. Redd Boggs
Slant, ed. Walter Willis; art editor James White

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST of 1953

Chesley Bonestell
Ed Emshwiller
Virgil Finlay
Frank Kelly Freas
Richard Powers

BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR of 1953

Anthony Boucher
John W. Campbell, Jr.
H. L. Gold
Frederik Pohl
Donald A. Wollheim

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION, SHORT FORM, of 1953

The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms (Mutual Pictures/Warner Brothers). Directed by Eugène Lourié; screenplay by Louis Morheim and Fred Freiberger; based on the story by Ray Bradbury.

Duck Dodgers in the 24½th Century (Warner Brothers). Directed by Chuck Jones; written by Michael Maltese.

Invaders from Mars (National Pictures/20th Century Fox). Directed by William Cameron Menzies; screenplay by Richard Blake; story by John Tucker Battle.

It Came from Outer Space (Universal). Directed by Jack Arnold; screenplay by Harry Essex; story by Ray Bradbury.

The War of the Worlds (Paramount Pictures). Directed by Byron Haskin; screenplay by Barré Lyndon; based on the novel by H.G. Wells.

BEST RELATED BOOK of 1953

Conquest of the Moon—Wernher von Braun, Fred L. Whipple & Willy Ley (Viking Press)

Modern Science Fiction: Its Meaning and Its Future—Reginald Bretnor (Coward-McCann)

Science-Fiction Handbook
—L. Sprague de Camp (Hermitage)

BEST SHORT STORY of 1953

"Star Light, Star Bright"—Alfred Bester (*Fantasy & Science Fiction*, July 1953)

"It's a Good Life"—Jerome Bixby (*Star Science Fiction Stories #2*, Ballantine)

"The Nine Billion Names of God"
—Arthur C. Clarke (*Star Science Fiction Stories #1*, Ballantine)

"The Seventh Victim"—Robert Sheckley (*Galaxy*, April 1953)

"A Saucer of Loneliness"—Theodore Sturgeon (*Galaxy*, Feb. 1953)

BEST NOVELETTE of 1953

"Sam Hall"—Poul Anderson (*Astounding*, Aug. 1953)

"The Adventure of the Misplaced Hound"—Poul Anderson & Gordon R. Dickson (*Universe*, Dec. 1953)

"Earthman, Come Home"—James Blish (*Astounding*, Nov. 1953)

"The Wall Around the World"
—Theodore Cogswell (*Beyond Fantasy Fiction*, Sept. 1953)

"Second Variety"—Philip K. Dick (*Space Science Fiction*, May 1953)

BEST NOVELLA of 1953

"Three Hearts and Three Lions"
—Poul Anderson (*Fantasy & Science Fiction*, Sept.–Oct. 1953)

"Un-Man"—Poul Anderson (*Astounding*, Jan. 1953)

"A Case of Conscience"—James Blish (*If*, Sept. 1953)

"The Rose"—Charles L. Harness (*Authentic Science Fiction Monthly*, March 1953)

"...And My Fear is Great..."
—Theodore Sturgeon (*Beyond Fantasy Fiction*, July 1953)

BEST NOVEL of 1953

The Caves of Steel—Isaac Asimov (*Galaxy*, Oct.–Dec. 1953)

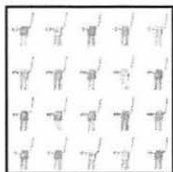
Fahrenheit 451—Ray Bradbury (Ballantine)

Childhood's End—Arthur C. Clarke (Ballantine)

Mission of Gravity—Hal Clement (*Astounding*, April–July 1953)

More than Human—Theodore Sturgeon (Ballantine)

ONE THEREMIN?! P'SHAW!!



TWO THEREMINS!

THREE THEREMINS!!



FOUR THEREMINS!!!

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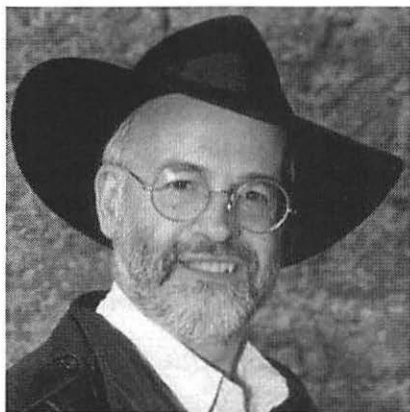
Noreascon 4 Guests of Honor

The full text of these excerpted Appreciations may be found in the *Souvenir Book*.

Excerpted from
TERRY PRATCHETT: An Appreciation

by Neil Gaiman

In the early days the reviewers compared him to the late Douglas Adams, but then Terry went on to write books as enthusiastically as Douglas avoided writing them, and now, if there is any comparison to be made of anything from the formal rules of a Pratchett novel to the sheer prolific fecundity of the man, it might be to P. G. Wodehouse. But mostly newspapers, magazines and critics do not compare him to anyone. He exists in a blind spot, with two strikes against him: he writes funny books, in a world in which funny is synonymous with trivial, and they are fantasies—or more precisely, they are set on the Discworld, a flat world, which rests on the back of four elephants, who in turn stand on the back of a turtle, heading off through space. It's a location in which Terry Pratchett can write anything, from hard-bitten crime dramas to vampiric political parodies to children's books. And those children's books have changed things. After all, Terry won the prestigious Carnegie Medal for his piper tale *The Amazing Maurice and His Educated Rodents*, awarded by the librarians of the UK, and the Carnegie is an award that even newspapers have to



respect. (Even so, the newspapers had their revenge, cheerfully misunderstanding Terry's acceptance speech and accusing him of bashing J. K. Rowling and J. R. R. Tolkien and fantasy, in a speech about the real magic of fantastic fiction.)

The most recent books have shown Terry in a new mode—books like *Night Watch* and *A Monstrous Regiment* are darker, deeper, more outraged at what people can do to people, while prouder of what people can do for each other. And yes, the books are still funny, but they no longer follow the jokes: now the books follow the story and the people. *Satire* is a word that is often used to mean that there aren't any people in the fiction, and for that reason I'm uncomfortable calling Terry a satirist. What he is, is A Writer, and there are few enough of those around. There are lots of people who call themselves writers, mind you. But it's not the same thing at all.

In person, Terry is genial, driven, funny. Practical. He likes writing, and he likes writ-

ing fiction. That he became a best-selling author is a good thing: it allows him to write as much as he wishes. He's Guest of Honor at the World Science Fiction Convention—in many ways the ultimate accolade that the world of speculative fiction can bestow on those who have given it much—and he'll still be writing, between panels, before breakfast, here and there. He'll probably write as much in a day at Worldcon as most other authors will manage on a quiet day when there aren't any DVDs that haven't been watched and the weather precludes spending time in the garden and the phone's out of order—and Terry will do this while doing his proper Guest of Honor share of panels and readings and socializing and drinking exotic drinks of an evening.

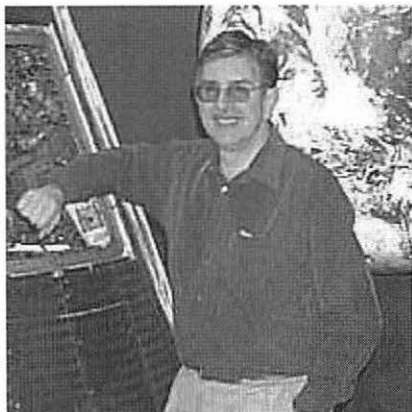
Excerpted from

**PETER WESTON: Cigars,
Doorknobs, and Fandom**

by Victor Gonzalez

I can think of no more deserving Brit to be a fan guest of honor at any Worldcon than Peter Weston. Sure, it's been four decades since he started *Speculation*, three since he won TAFF, and two since he chaired the British Worldcon, but he's still around at conventions, he still smokes and drinks while wearing a waistcoat, and he still writes the occasional article—or full-length book. I can't imagine a fan who could rest in more confident comfort atop his laurels.

To understand Peter, you must see that he really cares about science fiction as a genre, and he really believes in the great fannish art of Talking About It. Once while I was staying at his mansion north of Birmingham, he sat me down and, with great pride, thumbed through a scrapbook



containing all the numbers of *Speculation* he had produced. I listened as he described the changes the fanzine went through from issue to issue, the writers he had managed to get aboard, the controversies between people who had been then but aspiring fans, and are now well-known names. It was the sort of fascinating personal tour that one is rarely lucky enough to take; still, it was a mass of information, and as time passed, my eyes began to glaze over. Finally, as he got past the mid-1960s, I leaned over and pointed at the date on that issue: "That's the year I was born."

The point being that history is history: it's enjoyed by those with a penchant for it—but, to those who didn't experience it themselves, it's not always relevant. Fandom is, after all, an internal state of mind as much as anything else. While his accomplishments might seem distant to many people attending this convention, Peter Weston's effect has never ebbed. He has continued to be a raconteur, a facilitator, and a generally encouraging and spirited supporter of what is best about British fandom, from its strong tradition of science fiction criticism, to its silly rituals, such as the Hum & Sway or knurdling.

It is difficult to imagine what Peter was like before he was married. His lovely wife Eileen and their daughters are as much a presence as Peter himself. On the other hand, it is easy to see that he puts the same kind of energy into his family as he does into his fanac: serious, but not humorless; witty, but never offensive.

Excerpted from

WILLIAM TENN: A Touch of Klass

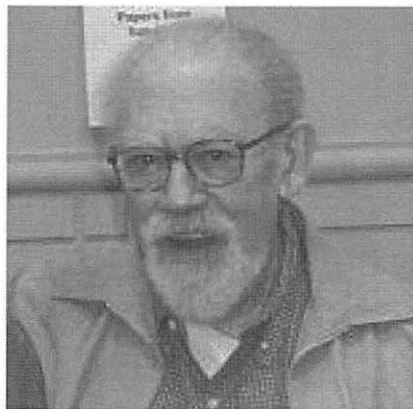
by Fruma Klass

Editor's Note: William Tenn is the pen name of London-born Philip Klass.

Twoscore and seven years ago...no, no, that won't work. I think I'll just do it straight.

I met Phil Klass in April 1956 and married him in March 1957. That was over forty-seven years ago, and we're still married.

When we got married, most of the people alive today were not even born. And the next largest slice of the world's population consisted of small children. That means there are very few people around who really remember the world in which Phil and I fell in love and got married.



Oh, people know a couple of code words—like “McCarthyism” (that’s Joe, not Gene), or “Folk Songs” (not filk!), or “Ladies” (as in “women who wear hats and white gloves in the summer”)—but they don’t really know what the words meant. They cannot conceive of a time in which there were no blue jeans, only dungarees (which, by the way, were exactly the same thing); or in which every character in the movies except for villains and comic figures was a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant, though Catholics were okay as long as there was a priest within sight. (This one isn’t really true—the war had made a certain amount of ethnicity okay, as long as the ethnics were in the U.S. Army.) And, of course, television was just beginning to raise its alluring head, mostly in store windows and in the living rooms of people you didn’t really like much.

Most of all, what I keep calling today’s young people—baby boomers and, actually, anyone born after World War II began—are under the peculiar misapprehension that they invented sex. Of course they didn’t. We did.

When Phil told me, with some trepidation, that he wrote science fiction, I was delighted. I read science fiction. I read everything, including the backs of cereal boxes, though most of the time I couldn’t remember writers’ names. But I did know the name “William Tenn.” I had loved the only story I could remember under that byline, and I told him so. “I loved your story ‘In Hiding,’” I told him.

There was a silence. Then he said morosely, “I didn’t write that. That was Wilmar H. Shiras.”

“Oh,” I said. There was another silence. It wasn’t a really good way to start off on a relationship.

"Well, at least you're not an organized fan, are you?" and he looked at me suspiciously.

I stared right back at him. "What's an organized fan?" I asked.

And so began my education. All too soon I was to find out what organized science-fiction fans were, and science fiction writers too.

That same year we attended my first Worldcon. It was in New York, and much, much wilder than Worldcons have since become. For example, I witnessed the violent breakup of two SF marriages. "It always happens," Phil said. But the Worldcon itself was fascinating. It had a costume ball, a banquet, all those colorful activities that really should have graced the pages of *National Geographic*. (No naked women, though, at least not in the program rooms, and the belly dancers didn't come along until later cons.)

Well, if this was the world of my beloved, this was the world I would inhabit. So here I am.

I've been asked what it's like to be married to a man with two names. I think that's a pretty silly question. As Alfred Korzybski put it, "The map is not the territory." Shakespeare put it this way: "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." As far as I am concerned, William Tenn and Philip Klass smell as sweet. There were some years, I think, when the two of them had somewhat different personalities and personas, but Time, the great leveler, has been doing his work and the two of them have pretty much merged. When we tuck in for the night, especially on a chilly night, I can't tell the difference.

Excerpted from

JACK SPEER: A Fan to Appreciate

by F.M. Busby

I first met Jack here in Seattle at a Nameless Ones meeting. By 1950 he was already a fannish icon of long standing. From the wilds of Oklahoma he entered active fandom at age 15, and plunged into the fannish debates of the time with vigor. Then, as later, he showed a knack for lining up on the side of common sense.

A landmark of Jack's activity in fandom was his writing and compilation, in 1944, of *Fancylopedia*, a definitive reference work covering a great many facets of the fannish microcosm. Noteworthy among its entries was his hypothesis of numbered fandoms, eras defined by the prevailing interests and emphases of the fannish community over a given period of time, with transition periods when these factors changed. As of 1944 he listed and defined First through Third Fandoms, along with their intervening transitions. The progression continued for two more decades, until fandom was fragmented by sheer size.

In the arena of FAPA, the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, Jack earned a



reputation for penetrating, insightful comments, and impatience with lack of clarity. He liked to dig at the bones of a comment, see if there was any meat to it. He still does.

Jack also favored an economy of style that often left his target wondering just which item was under discussion. One commentator contended that the archetypical "speercomment" would be, "On the other hand, it may have been triangular." Face to face, there is no such confusion. Blessed with an inquiring mind, Jack digs for the meanings cloaked in general statements. This is more fun than it might sound; he has a gift for dry humor and isn't stingy with it.

Of course life contains more things than fandom (you didn't know?). Toward the end of the 1950s Jack was practicing law in North Bend, about halfway between Seattle and the spine of the Cascades. A pleasant area. I remember a summer day when he and his wife Ruth hosted a party in honor of some visiting L.A. fans. Fun times.

A bit later, Jack was nominated for and elected to a seat in our state legislature. At one point during his tenure, he ran head-on into a misconception. Needing to do a lot of legislative consultation in downtown Seattle, where parking was (then, as now) evil, it would seem he took someone's word that our state's representatives had immunity on parking tickets. His confidence was misplaced; he got lumbered with a veritable stack of citations. The papers reported his predicament, but never did say how it turned out. (No, I did not ask.)

In the essentials, he doesn't change much. Jack Speer—a good fan, a good friend, a good man.

Credits

Director, Writer: Jill Eastlake

Deputy: Carsten Turner

Guest of Honor MC: Peter Weston

Time Travel MC: Bob Eggleton

Escort Lead: Susan de Guardiola

Escorts: Raymond Cyrus, Donald E. Eastlake III, Laurel Cunningham Hill, Janet Johnston, Warren Mayer, Jeff Poretsky, Persis Thorndike, Robin Trei, Irene Urban, Victoria Warren

Film Clip Production: Janet Max Stickle

House Management: Sean Keaney, Sue Keaney and friends

Hugo Administrator: Rick Katze

Hugo Base Design: Patrick J. & Leah O'Connor

Hugo Rocket Casting: Peter Weston

Hugo Tallying Software: Jeffrey Copeland

Programme Production: Erica Schultz

Research: Rich Lynch, Laurie Mann, Joe Siclari

Set Construction Team: Donald E. Eastlake III, Ariel Franklin-Hudson, Hobbit, Liz Orenstein, Kelly Sanders, Penelope Stowe, Carsten Turner, Dan Zimmerman

Set Design: Hobbit, Carsten Turner, Dan Zimmerman

Slide Production: Bridget Boyle

Stage Manager: Ariel Franklin-Hudson

Tech Liaison: Paul Kraus, Liz Orenstein

Tech Services: a host of clever people

Voice of Ghod: Marty Gear



Noreascon 4