



File 770

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FILE 770:82, the "really big Worldcon report" issue, is edited by Mike Glycer at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. As ever, the zine is available for strange innuendo, lascivious scandal, but mainly 5 issues for \$5. Others may get it for arranged trades (primarily with other news or clubzines), hot gossip, and scandalous long-distance phone calls (across 16 county lines is considered scandalous). The number here is (818) 787-5061. Finished October 19, 1989.

EDITORIAL NOTES: First I would like to thank the people who voted **File 770** its first Best Fanzine Hugo since 1985. Every bit as much I would like to thank those at Noreascon 3 who responded to my "mimeo in distress" signal.

While running off #81, a piece binding the two ends of the mimeo silkscreen fragmented and the silkscreen split, wedging itself under the drum while the motor gave off a faint burning smell. Now I own three mimeos, but that was the only one which was fully functional. So I needed some cash to get back into operation and the response at the

Noreascon 3 Fanzine Table was very gratifying.

Last issue's physical appearance proved that even after 20 years before the mimeo I am still learning what I can and cannot do. Besides bad repro blamed on a ruined mimeo and experiments to make two others work, many pages came out with fuzzy type because I had electrostenciled entire pages, not only the art. I used a new printer ribbon to get dark original copy, but it made the characters sufficiently large that the electrostencil did not pick up a sharp image. My apologies for the eyestrain.

OTHER NOTES: The art credits have been remiss the past couple of issues, being altogether absent from #80 (then published in #81) and missing a contributor in #81. Bill Ware of Dallas did the cartoon on page 4. Part of my confusion in properly crediting him resulted from having to change the layout on page 4 in the middle of publishing the issue, substituting Ware's cartoon for one that no longer fit.

SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE TOLL ON FANDOM UNKNOWN: This issue of **File 770** was in the final stages of publication when the Bay Area was struck by a powerful earthquake. At this writing phone circuits are still overloaded and inquiries difficult.

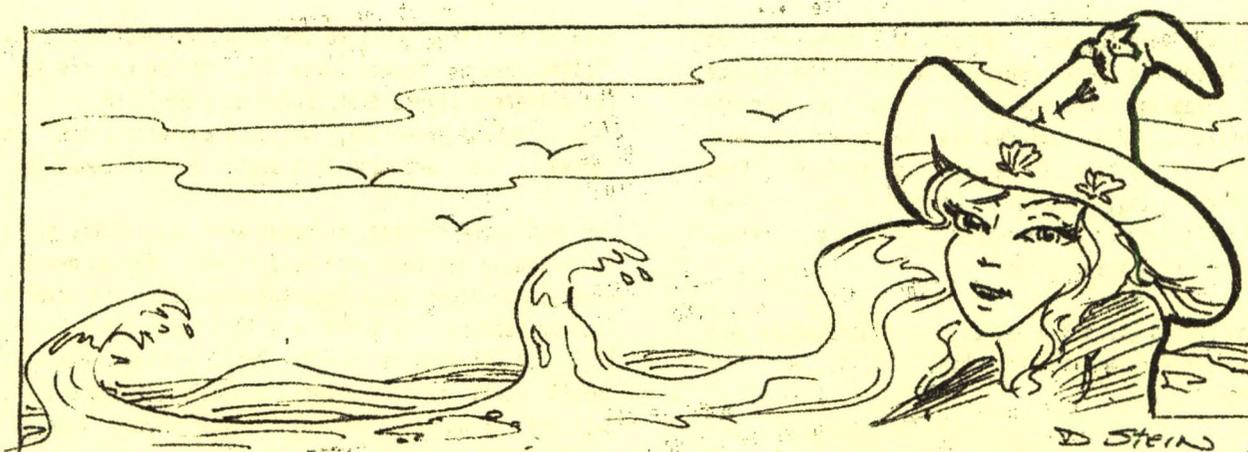
Janice Gelb, who moved to San Jose a few months ago, was in line to get into Candlestick Park to see the World Series game with a friend when the quake struck. She left me the following message on a computer bulletin board:

"Just thought I'd log on to let you know I'm okay, in case you were worried. There I was, waiting in line at Candlestick Park at the first and probably only world series game in my life, when the earthquake hits! It didn't feel bad in the stadium at all, as a matter of fact, most people started cheering and making jokes about it being a good omen for the Giants, but once I got back to my seat and saw the Bay Bridge collapse on the small TV of a friend of ours, I and many other people started realizing how bad it had been.

"It took us about 5 hours to get out of Candlestick and get home. Rich lost two chandeliers, lots of wine glasses and had a flood in his bathroom. I lost a framed poster and some glass pieces (including my unicorn glass dagger) but nothing serious. We both feel pretty lucky."

-----+++++::: [[[ART CREDITS]]] :::++++-----

Alan White: Cover
 Jim McLeod: 2
 Diana Stein: 3, 7, 11, 15
 Peggy Ranson: 5, 6, 9
 Alexis Gilliland: 12



NOREASCON THREE

MIKE
GLYER

Noreascon Three: Boston's renovated Hynes Convention Center has ceilings tall as the Tombs of Atuan, floors black as Kubrick's monolith, and walls as green as Tiffany enamel. The entry from Boylston Street looks like a stark glass and basalt-colored proscenium perhaps waiting for Leni Reifenstahl to jump out of a cab and demand to know who removed the swastikas, but just beyond are breathtakingly tall chrome escalators hurtling toward a promise of incredible activities.

Within, Noreascon's Extravaganzas Division marked the convention with unparalleled heart and understanding. Their events did not merely entertain, they touched the emotions of large numbers of fans. Ellen Franklin and Jill Eastlake's existed to stage the big events at Noreascon Three spectacularly. The 50th Anniversary Party (Thursday), SF Tonight! (Friday), Boxboro Fandom Party (Friday), Hugo Awards (Saturday), Masquerade (Sunday) and Closing Ceremonies and Retrospective (Monday) headlined hundreds of successful programs and events at the convention.

Mother of Invention: Some of the decisions forced upon the committee by necessity were so successful they will probably form part of the essential architecture of future Worldcons.

When the 1987 Boskone's crowd problems instigated the Sheraton to dishonor its agreements to host future science fiction conventions, Noreascon Three was forced to create attractions in the Convention Center to compensate for the loss of hotel facilities, or later when they regained the Sheraton through litigation to keep crowds in the Hynes

for the sake of peace with the hotel. A new idea, the Concourse, with the Huckster Room and the convention program and gave members ample reason to hang out in the Hynes. The ConCourse amalgamated fanhistory exhibits, convention information, the fanzine lounge, the daily newzine publishing area, convention bidding and Site Selection tables, and a Hynes-run snack bar in one place and layed it out as an indoor park. Fred Isaacs and Peggy Rae Pavlat led the development of the ConCourse and fans responded to it so positively we should see others like it in the future.

A second invention whose mother was necessity, **SF Tonight!** showcased the guests of honor in a talk show format hosted by Tappan King. Andre Norton in particular was not suited by health or preference to do her star turn in the form of a long stand-up speech. The interview format made a virtue of necessity, but the audience approval for **SF Tonight** is such that future committees should note how this format uses the guests of honor's interesting friends to illuminate the guest's career and personality.

The Virtual Trees: Noreascon Three attracted 7100 members, including 700 full-attending memberships at the door and 900 1- and 2-day passes. The largest one-day attendance was 6600 on Saturday. Over 1825 pre-registered members checked into the convention **Wednesday** before it started: probably to set up!

On Wednesday green-stickered set-up volunteers poured in to convert Hynes Convention Center Hall C to an artificial park with astroturf paths, benches, couches, and a gazebo adorned with laserprinted "virtual pigeons" -- white signs

containing the word "pigeon." Noreascon 3 Hynes liaison Joe Rico discovered fellow committee member Fred Isaacs also scotch-taping signs saying "tree" on the concrete support pillars. Joe reminded him the con's agreement forbade taping anything to a painted surface. Fred dismissed that saying, "These are virtual trees." Steam shot out Joe's ears as he announced, "Well I'm a virtual forester -- " *rip* *rip* *rip*

Amy Thomson passed among the set-up crew distributing jars of "100% Organic Apple-Ginger-Mint Jelly...Not For External Use."

National computer networks GEnie, BIX and CompuServe all had booth demonstrating their on-line services and special interest message bases. Free-lance journalist Francis Hamit checking out GEnie logged on to Jim Turner's board and found himself talking to Tom Clancy; Hamit wangled a phone interview out of it. While setting up her BIX booth Bjo Trimble spied me 20 yards away laboring over my fanzine tables and descended on me announcing: "Flash! The Trimbles have taken over Texas and are selling it to Panama -- write that down!" Critically inspecting an air bubble in Amy's jelly, Bjo said, "That looks like it's about gone -- it will ferment and blow up on the plane and get you arrested -- better drink it here!"

Bjo Trimble saw the yellow Ryder truck brought up in the freight elevator was disgorging heaps of cardboard boxes on pallets. She asked, "What's that van for?" I told her it the exhibit of the NESFA Displacement Authority.

Right on cue, Spike Parsons arrived to help me move cartons of my own, full of fanzines, from the truck pile to my exhibit. Spike said, "I told them I'd do anything as long as I didn't have to carry a radio."

Chef's Tour of the ConCourse: Hynes Hall C was dubbed the ConCourse at the suggestion of "Filthy Pierre", Erwin Strauss. The ConCourse was the con suite, although a Hynes snack bar and its satellite hot dog stand were the only sources of refreshments. The Hynes prices and Noreascon's budget didn't permit them to compete with the Atlanta (1986) or Baltimore (1983) con suites, nor did anyone really miss the spectacle of fans running on rugs full of broken Fritos in pursuit of the committee member setting out the last unopened carton of popcorn.

Green astroturf paths flanked by park benches created a unifying visual theme for the ConCourse. Two open spaces, carpeted with green astroturf and bordered by one-foot-high white picket fences, were designated Hyde Park and Jekyll Park.

All the convention information services and exhibits were in the ConCourse. Strauss set up an all-members message

area at the corner next to Sheraton, and beside it, rows of "Filthy Pierre boards" with their string holders for all the different flyers distributed at a Worldcon. Along the wall were Site Selection, worldcon membership and bidders tables. Also, any club that wanted a table could get one.

The ConCourse strategy involved more than static exhibits. Autographing sessions were held there. Myriad events and diversions occurred within the area under the heading of Passing Fancies. It might be a filk performance by Orion's Belt and Windbourne in Hyde Park, "Stfnal Pursuit" in Jekyll Park, belly dancing, origami, or the Gilbert and Sullivan singalong, but something strangely fannish and entertaining was going on all the time.

Gavin Claypool showed up at the September 7 LASFS meeting decorated with all kinds of Worldcon souvenirs including what Bruce Pelz termed "A large pink thing he got at Boston." Gavin, with an even pinker face, was brought up front to explain how he won a Passing Fancy ribbon. Gavin said while the trivia "pros" were off playing Stfnal Pursuit, he competed in a Trivia Bees and won a ribbon. He also won a Noreascon, worth 10 cents at the convention. "Trivia pros" Jerry Corrigan and Leo Doroschenko won Stfnal Pursuit.

At the corner of Warp Drive and Alice Way (names given to two of the astroturf paths) was the History of Costuming Exhibit. Dressmaker forms were used to display a variety of prizewinning Worldcon masquerade costumes. On Sunday the convention arranged a guided, tactile viewing for vision-impaired fans. Exhibit organizers Gary and Janet Wilson Anderson described details of the costumes.

Behind that was the Alice Exhibit of costumes and paraphenalia worn by the Noreascon bid committee in a past masquerade. Beside it was Joe Siclari's exhibit of Worldcon bidding artifacts, including a wall of t-shirts (such as the glow-in-the-dark zebra shirt sold by LA in '90.) Next to Pigeon Park (so named by fans because of its "virtual piegons") was a bulletin board of Mundane News containing the front page from a daily paper, coverage of the con, and weather reports from the world outside the Hynes.

Nancy Atherton arranged the History of Fanzines, which displayed rarities from the 1930s-1960s on vertical boards secured with plexiglass. It was a breathtaking array of important zines, mainly from the collection of Peggy Rae Pavlat. The exhibit stirred up nostalgic memories for many fans of their early days in fandom, once again making an emotional connection that will distinguish memories of Noreascon Three from other conventions.

I heard all the comments about Nancy's exhibit while at the fanzine sales table in my Contemporary Fanzine Exhibit.

Fans purchased about \$1500 worth of zines (including about \$230 worth of media zines going for \$9 a pop). The sales table ran with tremendous help from Linda Nelson, Dick Lynch, Hawk, Spike, Tony Ubelhor, Teddy Harvia, Marty Helgesen, and Nancy Rauban. I also set up eight tables full of recent vintage fanzines for fans to read. Even though it was an unsecured exhibit open at all hours it appears few zines disappeared, and a number of fans were observed reading and enjoying.



Bruce Pelz assembled the History of Worldcons exhibit. It included program books, banquet photographs, unique Worldcon sales items and press clippings. Most impressive were the sealed exhibit cases displaying 31 of 35 years' worth of Hugos. Poul Anderson loaned 7, Larry Niven 4, Mike Glyer 4, ASF 5, Richard Geis 5, Carol Carr several, and one each came from Longyear, Whelan, Scithers, Kelly Freas, Virginia Heinlein, and F&SF.

The ostensible 1958 Hugo loaned by Kelly Freas was merely a brass plaque mounted on wood. After the con Bruce asked Len Moffatt, who remembers Solacon well, whether they gave out rockets at South Gate in '58. Len Moffatt insisted there were rockets and that Rog Phillips manufactured each individual handmade base. Moffatt remembered in the 1960s Avram Davidson complained he took his 1958 Hugo to Mexico and it fell apart.

A like fate befell my 1984 Hugo with the ceramic LAcon II rat base. The metal rocket battered apart the ceramic base during shipment to Noreascon. Fortunately veteran costumer Kathy Sanders came to the con prepared with all kinds of quick-fix tools and glue, and reassembled the base well enough to be displayed. (There happened to be spare rat bases back in LA, so no harm done.)

Distressed by the deteriorating condition of the bases or

metal in some of the Hugo rockets he was loaned for his exhibit at the convention, as well as concerned about the advancing age of some winners and a prospect that their Hugos may vanish in the same junkheap with the fanzines and old pulps, Bruce Pelz asked the meeting to create a Hugo Preservation Study Committee to address both problems. The members so far are Bruce, Ben Yalow, Colin Fine, Peggy Rae Pavlat and Debbie Notkin.

Some of the exhibits will continue on to Holland, but the Hugo Awards were returned to the individual owners. Maybe in a few years somebody will find an excuse to do it again.

Thursday Night: The Bay-to-Breakers is an annual 10K run across the Golden Gate Bridge. Its exotic entries include "centipedes", eight runners in tandem, usually in silly theme costumes. The knots of fans surging towards dinner on Boylston Street looked a little like that. I know, because I was in Ross Pavlac's centipede on its way to Legal Seafood with Spike, Bill Bodden, Tasmanian Robin Johnson, Dick Russell, pediatrician Elst Weinstein, Rick, Jaice and little Connor Foss.

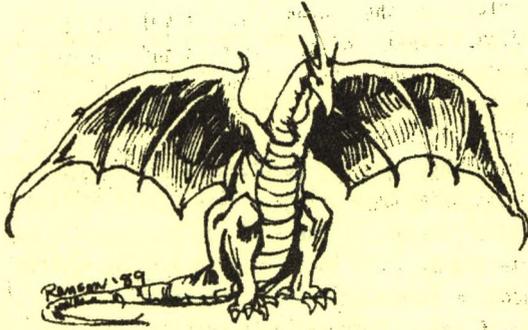
Walking in the door we found the waiting room so crowded that several of the fans with us despaired and were on the verge of bailing out in the direction of an Italian restaurant. If this had been the International House of Pancakes they might have been right to expect an hour wait for a table, but I had been here several times before and knew they moved people surprisingly quickly, and actually preferred serving large parties. Adding that to the fact this was Ross Pavlac's expedition, I started giving odds against our waiting longer than 15 minutes. Wisely, nobody took my action for by agreeing to sit in the smoking section the "Aardvark, party of nine" was seated within 10 minutes,

Poring over the menu, I saw out of the corner of my eye Robin Johnson pointing emphatically at his paunch. No, he wasn't having an attack. He was illustrating a point about his travels with the diagram of the Moscow subway system on his t-shirt.

The meek at the table ordered shrimp nachos, while others encouraged by Rick Foss savored fried squid rings. It gave Foss his opening to repeat a favorite story about the squid burritos he made one night, and how the next morning used the leftovers for a squid tentacle omelet. He thought the grey squid bits needed more color and reached into the pantry for some blue food coloring. Right about then his neighbor, Indian Mike, dropped in. Rick waved the beastly-looking omelet under his nose: "Want some breakfast?" Rick admits, "I didn't know he was on acid at the time." Foss says it took 2 years for Mike to get up the nerve to ask whether what had been stuck under his nose was blue with tentacles. Rick moralized, "It must be awful when reality

is worse than your hallucinations."

I had to leave in the middle of dinner to attend the SF Tonight brainstorming session. Later, I caught up with part of our group and other fanzine fans in the ConCourse. When the subject of restaurants came up, Stu Shiffman



explained where Legal Seafood got its name while Gary Farber did an interpretive dance behind him.

Spike was engaged in conversation with Gary, explaining her job in Program Ops: "I'm Fred Duarte when he's not there -- and you thought being Jeanne Somoll was a hard job."

Somebody updated Gary on the Anne Laurie Logan's fannish reappearance at Noreascon. Anne Laurie spent the intervening years in AKC dog-breeding fandom. Picture Anne Laurie Logan comparing dog shows to conventions for Spike and Catherine Crockett, and the chaos that ensued when she started a sentence, "When I went with my breeder to --" It didn't help when she explained, "I'm not into the breeding end, I'm into obedience."

Gary Farber joked, "Didn't you get the publication last week listing everyone's sexual orientation?" Spike: "I must have been on the road."

Anne Laurie Logan had one killer line, "The Midwest will become a fan publishing empire when the learn how to fax a sexually transmitted disease."

Tom Hanlon, of New Orleans, was my connection to buy a "NOLAcon II Expeditionary Force" t-shirt showing a weary harlequin slumped over -- no, not a crescent moon for the Crescent City, but a banana. These were hot items among fans who worked NOLAcon.

SF Tonight: Pam Fremon, Ellen Franklin and Tappan King created a format where Norton and the other guests were seconded by their closest friends in sf and presented to a large audience in a warm and personal way. In that atmosphere the intended homage was paid to each guest, and

these charming but delicate individuals were not tossed into a den of 2000 couch potatoes demanding to be entertained.

There was a minute-by-minute timeline for the show -- this was Noreascon after all -- but with 36 hours to go the script wasn't done. Tappan King, host and headwriter, confessed, "I've been working at Tor the last two weeks and invisible brain weasels have been eating the gray matter."

My job was to play Ed McMahon to Tappan's Carson; I loved my role in Tappan's outline and existing script, but welcomed even more an opportunity to brainstorm and help improvise the rest of the business.

The major brainstorming session was Thursday night at 10 PM. I had fed my brain at Legal Seafood: squid, scrod and a brew. Trotting six blocks back to the Hynes I was a little late. Already at work, and on the verge of finishing "10 Reasons Not To Leave Fandom" were Tappan King, Heather Wood (also of Tor, our kazoo-playing answer to Doc Severinsen), Priscilla Pollner, Tom Whitmore, Ellen Franklin, Deb Geisler and some others (wish I'd made a list!) Thinking up the between-guests business and the pseudo-announcements was a lot of fun. The only thing were barred by the management from doing was jokes about ballot-stuffing.

Friday afternoon was the technical rehearsal of SF Tonight. (Somehow that phrase entangles in my mind with "...technical readout of the DeathStar...") The tech crew efficiently set the microphone levels and coordinated the stage lighting with Hynes electricians. Tom Whitmore and Tamzen Cannoy led the talent in setting the stage, placing furniture and checking sightlines.

Ellen Franklin, part of Hasbro's management, had borrowed some toy fair backdrop scenery, swatches of Martian desert painted on sheets of canvas that were hung at the back of the stage.

At 8:30 PM 2000 people were in the auditorium. I got my cue and stepped into the spotlight: "And now -- live! -- from the John B. Hynes (after whom the sloop was named) Convention Center in downtown Boston Massachusetts, it's SF Tonight -- brought to you by First Fandom, purveyors of used parts, the Permanent Floating Worldcon Committee and SFWA Chewable Vitamins. Now here is your host -- TAPPAN KING!"

Tappan led into our Letterman-inspired "Ten Reasons Not To Leave SF," then he talked to the guests.

Andre Norton was preceded by two friends, Susan Schwartz,

and Tom Dougherty of Tor Books. Dougherty told Tappan that one of his first acts as head of Tor was to fly down to visit Andre Norton because he'd heard she was dissatisfied with her publisher and he regarded her books as very important to the company. An extra benefit of having Dougherty present was the assurance of a strong arm to escort Andre Norton to the sofa, (given that she moved around the convention mainly by wheelchair). Tappan and Andre Norton had a good exchange, and the audience reacted very enthusiastically to Norton.

Fred Pohl started the second set telling about the Ballantines. Richard Powers, well-remembered as a Ballantine Books cover artist, joined Pohl and answered questions about his career. Then Betty and Ian Ballantine were ushered in. Before the Tappan King told us, "These people are my ghods!" and although visibly moved, Tappan got through the questions without a hitch.

Between guests I stepped over to the podium and read some of our concocted announcements chronically interrupted by the "Marseilles" howled on kazoos.

In a third segment Art Widner and Hal Clement of the Strangers Club related that Widner got the name from a series of sf stories he's never actually read. The club's legacy included Louis Chauvenet's invention of the term "fanzine". Among the Strangers' most memorable meetings was one attended by John W. Campbell and L. Ron Hubbard, and Art told what it was like to be around those two lions of sf in their prime.

I had so much fun I couldn't possibly be objective and went looking for people to ask about the show. All my friends being too cool to go to programming had gone off to baseball games and seafood restaurants so I'm still looking, but Chairman Mark Olson noted later, "I saw half of SF Tonight when it happened and most of the rest of it looking at the mixdown video tape. I enjoyed it and have heard that we're getting good reviews on it. (Certainly Andre Norton was delighted with her part in it.)"

A Nation of Ribbon Clerks: After "SF Tonight" I wandered up to Program Ops to check on the night shift, who looked remarkably like the day shift, Priscilla Olson, Ben Yalow, and Fred Duarte. A bonus was getting my Hugo nominee pin:

Noreascon gave each nominee a 1 1/2-inch replica of the Hugo rocket. I attached mine to my membership badge which by then was looking satisfyingly like the fruit salad on the uniform blouse of a commandante in the Bolivian Coast Guard.

The Noreascon Three membership badge was a great big laminated square with your name and town in LARGE laser-printed letters under a blue line-drawing of a Cheshire

cat in a space suit. The cat grinned through its fishbowl-shaped space helmet and held a party horn in one paw (which didn't seem like good science and I was sure Hal Clement would criticize...)

Attached to my badge with duct tape was a "gizmo" identifying me as part of the Program Division. Staff wore them to be readily accessible to members. Some gizmos were special. Seth Breidbart had a flock of them hanging down from his badge including "Hoax Division" and "This Space Intentionally Left Blank". Sue Hammond's gizmo said, "Ice Princess": Sue was in charge of giving away the tons of party ice on the Sheraton loading dock.

I had five ribbons pinned to my gizmo, out of many printed for Noreascon Three participants. I had a green Committee ribbon, a maroon Program Participant ribbon, an orange Hugo Award Nominee ribbon, a black Exhibitor ribbon, and one of Seth's yellow Hoax ribbons. I'd have made it into the

Guinness Book of Records if I'd found the time to claim my sixth ribbon, the half-white half-red one given to the Press.

After I got my Hugo pin, Tony Lewis wanted to show off Boston's Hugo Award base. He convoyed me to another inner sanctum of the Hynes where Jill Eastlake allowed me to gaze from a discreet distance at the beautiful art deco bases. Taking inspiration from the 1939 World's Fair Trilon and Perisphere, the circular black base was stepped with a smaller-radius granite base. The chrome rocket appeared to have landed on the granite, bulls-eyeing a circular green ellipsis inset with small chrome and glass orbs, and sprinkled with tiny brass knobs and doohickeys.

Louis Wu's Birthday Party: Leaving Tony, a plan to drop off my coat and tie in my ninth floor room failed to survive contact with the mobs at the elevator bank. But I hadn't wandered more than ten feet when a new plan took shape: Scott Welch in a fivesome from Bridge Publications was on his way to the biggest bash of the night, Louis Wu's Birthday Party. Boxboro Fandom's farewell blowout cost a rumored \$17,000.

The Boxboro party was in the Marriott and everyone knew



there was a line around the corner waiting to get in because the hotel would admit only about 545 individuals at once (blaming it on that bogeyman, the fire marshal). However, the "Scott Welch Party" had passports and blue tickets certifying them as "Special Guests of Louis Wu" that allowed us to jump the line -- we replaced the next five people out the door. Scott's party would have graced any occasion for it included Edgar Winter, a performer so renowned that jaded fans scrambled from all corners of the party when he took the stage in the Mardi Gras room.

Inspired by the birthday bash in Niven's Ringworld, Boxboro encouraged fans as they walked around the party to imagine they were being transported to these (and sometimes improbable) locations.

From the top of the top of the stairs partiers were attracted by the hot jazz trombones and cornets blaring in the Mardi Gras Room as the band set a frenetic pace for a score of dancers, including Julie Schwartz and his well-endowed date. ("They always are," said Craig Miller.) Joey Grilliot, everyone's favorite New Orleans fan, sang along with "Mack the Knife." Though he never hit a single note Joey scored points for enthusiasm.

The Mardi Gras room was reached by way of the Puppeteer world, notable for the cardboard circles on the floor simulating stepping-disk sidewalks. The warm pastel yellows of the puppeteer room were in stark contrast to the roulette red-and-black of the Mardi Gras room. With Edgar Winter in tow the Scott Welch party made a beeline for the sound of Bourbon Street.

Eyes adapted to dim night-club-style lighting could read the signs on the walls naming the party's sponsors, reporting that the band was the Hi-Tops, and noting this particular night spot was "The Silent Club." A picture of a large bludgeon with golden spikes driven through the meat end stated: "You never hear a silent club coming...until it's too late!"

When he introduced Edgar Winter, Scott flashed the "Mission Earth" album cover. Winter performs Hubbard's score on the record. At the party Edgar Winter laid them in the aisles with two incredible blues numbers. Winter even played the sax. Photographers sprawled at his feet on the dance floor. Fans jammed the perimeter either listening raptly, or like Ellen Franklin, rocking and clapping in time.

Robert Neagle of New Orleans, looked right at home in The Silent Club wearing a white shirt captioned "Porno Patrol" in scarlet letters. Neagle was plainly avestruck by Edgar Winter.

After Winter finished his set I prowled the party looking

where its rumored \$17,000 budget had gone, which obviously wasn't for the snacks in the Mardi Gras room: they were pretty funky. There were bowls full of oblong pretzel droppings and at the rate fans were consuming them each bowl would be a lifetime supply. Normally locust-like fans were able to resist several kinds of generic chips. A lot of this stuff probably sounded tasty when the hosts were compelled to order it from Marriott catering, but snacks delivered in 5-gallon cardboard boxes inevitably have a certain industrial toughness.

Next door, the Nippon Room featured a hi-tech, Japanese theme. In front, rock music provided by "Crime of Fashion" accompanied the laser show playing on the ceiling. A sushi bar occupied the far wall. To the right was a simulated video wall with four big-screen monitors playing a Japanese rock video while people danced to the music. My path was momentarily blocked by a Japanese fan taking his friends' photo, which seemed completely appropriate and may even have been genuine.

Attached to the wall behind the sushi bar was some ominous plumbing variously labeled "Dani Trap", "Detoxification Filter", "Blasting Agent", "Corrosive Liquid", "Cyclohexanone" and "Specialized Activated Carbon" which may have been the recipe for Kzin deodorant or the plot for Greg Bear's next novel. Hopefully it wasn't the ingredients for the Mad Tea Party next door.

There were 40 fans lined up at the Mad Tea Party behind ropes and stanchions, and I couldn't believe it was merely for tea and cake. In fact they were waiting their turn to take a wooden pink flamingo mallet in hand and play through the croquet course laid out in the next room.

Thanks to transporter booths the Kzin embassy and the Ringworld map room were just around the corner from Wonderland. Color monitors showed computer graphics vaguely suggestive of celestial navigation. A slide carousel projected quotes from "Ringworld". There were life-sized Kzin and puppeteer mannequins (alienquins?). Costumer Drew Sanders stalked around the party in a furry and incredibly hot Kzin outfit.

These rooms boasted a more aggressive range of munchies including fruit and vegetables, and of all were the chefs carving huge joints of meat in the Kzin embassy. (Where else?)

Francis Hamit said Louis Wu's Birthday Party reminded him of Universal Studios: five attractions and a lot of standing in line. But it was a hell of a party.



Lights, Camera, Inaction! Fire marshals threw a large monkey wrench into plans for opening the Art Show when they disapproved a lighting setup that had passed muster at other conventions. According to Chip Hitchcock in Instant Message 464: "At about 11 AM Thursday the hotel electrician and other people visited us and told us a lot of our things were unacceptable. One of the main concerns

new city ordinance prohibiting unshielded bulbs, which might break if a 9-foot-tall fan bumped into them."

Chairman Mark Olson explained, "The hotel did have concerns about fires; there was a genuine hotel room fire in a room in the South Tower [of the Sheraton] Wednesday morning, believed to have been caused by a TV set."

Hitchcock continued, "The fire marshal arrived around 2 PM and questioned our fireworthiness. He wanted to see our hangings' flameproofing certificate....Anton Chernoff thought he had it; went home and fortunately found it." When the word went out the con found other help. "Teresa Renner remembered a gopher in Registration who was a fireman: Kurt Siegel of the Schenectady Fire Department, who talked fire departmentese to them and saved us a lot of time. He also went across the street to the fire house and talked to the station master, getting his okay to open the show if we didn't turn on our lights."

To obtain reflectors to cover the bulbs the committee searched from Back Bay to San Francisco Bay. Said Hitchcock: "With the help of Tom Whitmore, Gary Feldbaum and I tracked down suppliers in the San Francisco area. At one point we had Frank Richards in a warehouse in Woburn and Monty in the office in South Boston waving money at a wholesaler, finally convincing them it was OK to give the stuff at the warehouse to Frank." It was early Saturday when the lights were completely ready.

When the lights went on the Art Show award winners were:

Popular Choice:

Best Artist (Professional): Michael Whelan

Best Artist (Professional) Honorable Mention: James Gurney

Best Artist (Amateur): Nevenah Smith

Best Artist (Amateur) Honorable Mention: Dean Rayyan

Chairman's Choice: Michael Whelan, "Passage: The Red Step"
Honorable Mention: Tom Kidd, "Winsor McCay City"

Directors' Choice: C. Anderson: Paul Chadwick, "Storming Heaven"; D. Anderson: Bob Eggleton, "Horsehead Nebula"

Art Show Staff Choice:

Bonnie Atwood, "Water Dance"

David A. Cherry, "A Stitch In Time"

Ruth Sanderson, "A Tale of Two Cities"

Honorable Mentions:

Barclay Shaw, "Euridice"

Arlin Robins, "Sea Dreams (Study)"

Vincent DiFate: "Popular Science (sketch - Voyager and Saturn)"

PROGRAM

Take Me To The Captain of the Starship: Self-effacing, the Program Operation staff dubbed itself "Program Oops." Priscilla Olson and Ben Yalow, who had spearheaded work in creating the Noreascon Three program joined operations staff Fred Duarte, Karen Meschke and others to implement it smoothly. This included hearing people's last-minute pitches to be added to existing programs. "The only fan from Iceland" asked could he please have a free membership, in return for which he would be willing to talk about an ever-increasing list of topics. He grabbed passerby Fred Patten to intercede, who was counter-recruited to take "the only fan from Iceland" off and lose him. (However, other reports say the Icelandic fan appeared on the "Sherlock Holmes and SF" panel.)

Her diplomatic handling of Paul Edwards' effort to assert himself onto already-full panels initiated one staffer into a peculiar Noreascon ritual. Chief of the Program Division, Priscilla Olson, declared, "You deserve a blue dot." Priscilla pointed to her own badge which had nine tiny adhesive blue dots affixed. "Three of those are for Edwards," she said. Called "Lichtenberg dots", Seth Breidbart received the first one after contending with Jacqueline Lichtenberg's tarot reading setup.

Alexis Gilliland opined that "The SFWA suite had all the warmth and intimacy of a zeppelin hangar." However, the Green Room in a corner alcove of the Hynes was graced by 30-foot-tall windows with an outstanding view of the city.

On the Stage and in the Audience: "The Closing of the American Mind" included panelists Greg Benford and David Brin. Francis Hamit attended, and reports "At one point Neil Rest and others in back started booing and yelling at Brin for reasons I could not discern."

The audience for Saturday's 10 AM running of Orson Scott Card's "1000 Ideas An Hour" included Janice Gelb who

reports: "[During] the first half of the panel he created a believable story with help from the audience, and explained why suggestions do or don't work." Card determined for the last half whether to concentrate on science fiction or fantasy depending on a vote of the audience. Out of about 80 fans present, only 12 voted for fantasy, prompting Card to joke, "I should have known; the fantasy people can't get up this early. They've got to stay up until after midnight to check mirrors for reflections!" For the balance of the program he collaborated with the audience to create a believable alien. The group invented two symbiotic animals. One runs fast (after a joke someone made about alien cannibals doing it to get an endorphin fix) and the second mates on the other's back and lives there.

Gelb also reported that "The 60-Hour Grind" was theoretically about how to handle your full-time job and develop creative talent in your spare time. "Pat Cadigan had quit her job a few years before, and one other panelist had been unemployed for some time. Despite these anomalies the panel went fairly well, with members of the audience chiming in with their own horror stories. One panelist explain[ed] that the idea for the first story he ever sold came to him while he was a naval officer and was enduring Prisoner of War simulation!"

Sitting in the front row of the audience at the "Worldcons -- Should We Kill Them Before They Kill Us?" panel was Gene Wolfe. When moderator Priscilla Olson was harangued by Linda Bushyager for having too much programming at Noreascon (over 600 items), Wolfe interceded to say he likes the redundancy of items with similar topics so that when he's forced to choose one program over another he may still have a chance to hear discussion of what he missed later on.

Doug Crepeau, one of Mike Jittlov's publicists, fished for some good response to the showing of Wizard of Speed and Time at the con. However, Gavin Claypool reported the Sunday showing was cancelled. We learned later it was not because of poor attendance or the lukewarm review in a Boston paper. A local distributor rented the print to replace another film doing poorly in one of his movie houses and Wizard ran successfully for three weeks.

"All Our Children" featured discussion on fringe fandoms between Fred Patten, knowledgeable about comics and Japanimation fandoms, and Lois Mangan, a media fan. Janice Gelb moderated, terming the program "mainly a defense by media fans ("We do so read") and some historical background on various fannish schisms by [Patten]."

Mr. Yalow Meet Mr. Murphy: Things ran smoothly enough that Fred Duarte was hard-pressed to think of any problems handled by Program Operations -- oh, except one. It seems at one program they'd furnished an insufficiently powerful

slide projector to penetrate the smoked glass in the projection booth window. They scrounged up another one and the panel started 20 minutes late. Division head Ben Yalow himself took this problem in hand. After all, the speaker was a famous scientist -- Dr. Rosalyn Yalow.

Saturday Night's All Right For Fightin': Unlikely as it seems that George Alec Effinger would need to stray very far from his home in New Orleans' French Quarter in search of exotic pleasure, and even more unlikely that he would find it in Boston, he found his heart's desire at a Boston Red Sox game. His friend Debbie Hodgkinson mentioned they got into a tiff: "George is off in baseball land. He got mad when I called it Fenwick."

Effinger was even more emotional about the reception for his 1988 Hugo-nominated novel, When Gravity Fails: he is thoroughly outraged by the lack of promotion for his books. Said George, "People keep coming up to me asking when the sequel to Gravity is going to be out -- and it's been out for THREE MONTHS!!"

Effinger was soothed to learn the sequel, A Fire In The Sun, was featured in the window of a nearby bookstore. George's calm was short-lived, though, for a passing fan asked him if the Hugo in his arms was bought in the Art Show.

Another Episode of Elst Weinstein's Lobster Surgical Theater: Saturday night after I closed the fanzine sales table with the help of Tony Ubelhor, I joined the Ross Pavlac expedition to the No Name Restaurant accompanied by Elst, Hope Leibovitz, Tom Veal, Becky Thomson and another couple. As Becky was a convention official at the information table it was yeoman work getting her away from a swarm of folk in search of her advice and orders. Even as Ross dragged Becky away bodily she obviously continued calling out instructions to someone, "You can call me on my beeper --", at which point her beeper vanished and Pavlac's hand went over her mouth. Getting Becky down to the cab to go to the restaurant was at least as much work for Ross as kidnapping Candice Bergen was for Sean Connery in The Wind and The Lion.

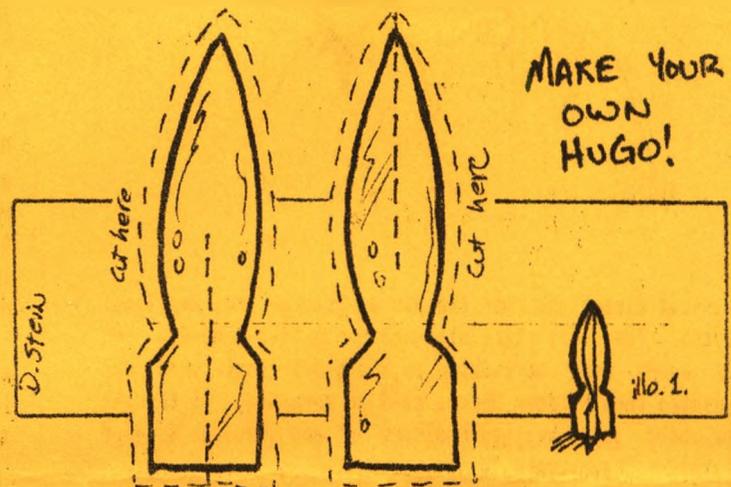
There was heated discussion over the menu of this famous Boston seafood restaurant, opened in 1917, and Elst Weinstein told Hope, "Get scrod."

Ignoring Elst, several people ordered lobster and even persuaded the good doctor (Weinstein, not Asimov) to give them surgical tips for getting out the meat.

During dinner I learned that the business meeting approved Bruce Pelz' Hugo preservation committee. With

northeastern fans always full of ideas for how profitable Worldcons should spend their money, I said I was surprised they stopped at just funding a study committee. They could just as well have gotten a grant from Worldcon Atlanta Inc. to send the winners themselves to a taxidermist. Elst rejoined, "First we stuffed the ballots: now we'll stuff the winners!"

Filled with wonderful seafood, we helled back to the Sheraton in taxis: I had to get to the Hugo ceremony!



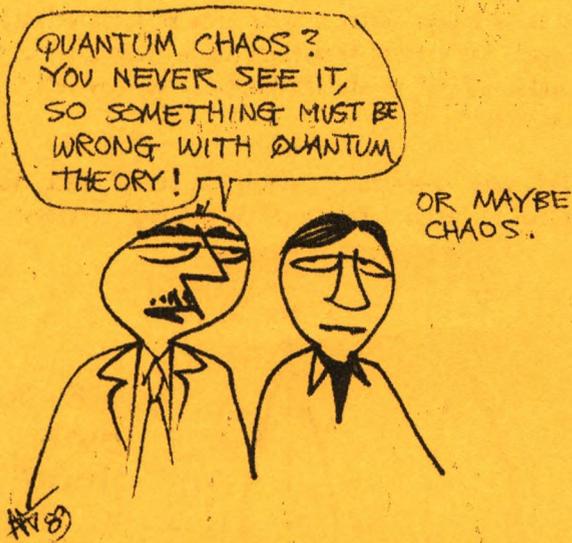
HUGOS

Ghod Blesh Saint Fantony: Noreascon's novel Hugo ceremony required the all nominees to meet beforehand in Hynes 200, the function room near the stage entrance to the auditorium.

Hugo nominees, in case they won, received a laserprinted diagram of how to approach the stage, where Fred Pohl would hand them the award, where to pause at midstage for photographers and where to find the steps at the far side of the stage. It looked like Minnesota Fats' bank shot, or Stephen Hawking's line drawing of the Big Bang. I still haven't figured out the stage diagram. Or the Big Bang.

The ceremonies started with a procession of the nominees grouped by award category and led in by a knight of St. Fantony bearing a Hugo rocket. How much time did the nominees have to absorb these directions? Remember the old Xerox commercial where the coach sends Kolodny in with copies of a last-minute play? We had about that much time.

A member of the committee in a tangerine evening gown tried



to shout directions over the din of gossipy pros and fans. Saying, "We will start with the Fan Artist nominees --" her words were so twisted in the babel that when she repeated them Gardner Dozois said in surprise, "I thought you said faint-hearted nominees --" and Lucius Shepard claimed to have heard "wannabees."

While we were backstage being herded together in categories, Jill Eastlake was onstage explaining the tradition of the Knights of St. Fantasy; we couldn't make out word one but the muffled tones sounded quite reverent.

I marched in with the fanwriters, and don't let them tell you it's not a small world for there I was walking beside none other than NOLAcon's Justin Winston, seconding the absent Guy Lillian III. Dick Eney in his knightly pastel green garb and brass headband led us. Dick showed his knightly virtue by not asking me where in heck is Fancylopedia 3 anyway.

For me, the pretention level of the ceremony had already crossed the redline and I just lost it when I got to the door and heard our the processional music was "March of the Gladiators" from Spartacus, or something similar with brassy flourishes and rhythms suited to the stride of captured war elephants.

We walked circuitously through the auditorium like extras in a Hercules movie. Nominees in the professional categories marched at the end. Gardner Dozois basked in the applause, flashing a V-sign at the crowd like Winston Churchill on V-E Day. In his white tuxedo George Alec Effinger looked like he'd gotten lost on his way to the top layer of a wedding cake.

Donald Eastlake III came last in line carrying a purple banner: GHOD BLESSE SAINT FANTONY. He stood it beside the larger St. Fantasy and Noreascon Three banners already on stage.

Master of ceremonies Fred Pohl began by explaining that he was standing in for the Ballantines, because Ian's health difficulties a few months earlier militated against them continuing as emcees. When Pohl mentioned the Ballantines 2,000 fans and writers applauded loudly. Pohl replied, "You can applaud some more because I'm going to say some more nice things about them." He reviewed their mid-1940's groundbreaking efforts in the science fiction paperback field, ascribing their efforts to drive and talent, and "one other essential ingredient: they paid more than anybody else."

Noreascon Three presented two Special Awards. One went to artist Alex Schoenburg and was accepted by his granddaughter who read the artist's letter of thanks. The other went to the computer-based service SF Lovers Digest, accepted by its current moderator Saul Jaffe. Jaffe thanked Rutgers University for its facilities.

Appropos of the 50th Anniversary Worldcon, Fred Pohl introduced the Big Heart presenter, Forrest J Ackerman, as "the first fan to wear a costume, outside a secure institution, anyway." Forry presented the Big Heart Award to Art Widner.

Robert Madle tried to present three First Fandom Awards to L. Sprague De Camp, Don Grant and Fred Pohl. but found he didn't have the award plaques because he neglected to call on three other First Fandomites holding the winners' plaques, Art Saha, Isaac Asimov and Lloyd Arthur Eshbach. When that was corrected, to much huffing by Art Saha, the presentations were made. Isaac Asimov introduced De Camp's award. He teased that the "requirements" of First Fandom, "great age, a withered appearance and miserable habits. We keep Fred Pohl around as an example."

Not to be surpassed even by the great Asimov, Pohl told the story of being at a conference with Asimov when a young woman walked up, looked at Isaac's badge, and twinkled, "Oh: you're Isaac Asimov.... What do you do?" Pohl gazed at Asimov, "Don't get me started. I know more Isaac Asimov stories than Harlan Ellison stories." The audience gasped to think there could be that much material...

Takumi Shibano introduced colleagues from Japan who gave out two Seiun Awards to North American winners not present at the Japanese national convention. Winner of the Best Novel translated into Japanese was Footfall by Niven and Pournelle. Winner of the Best Short Story translated into Japanese was "Eye For Eye" by Orson Scott Card. The physical Seiun award is something uniquely designed by each

year's committee. This year it appeared to be a small white urn, and Shibano confessed he didn't know the significance himself.

Andre Norton received thunderous applause when she came onstage to present an award she created and funded. The Gryphon Award goes to the best unpublished fantasy by a woman. The physical award is a white gryphon embedded in a hefty lucite block, and its winner was Elizabeth Waters. There is also an honor book award, which went to Lee Barwood.

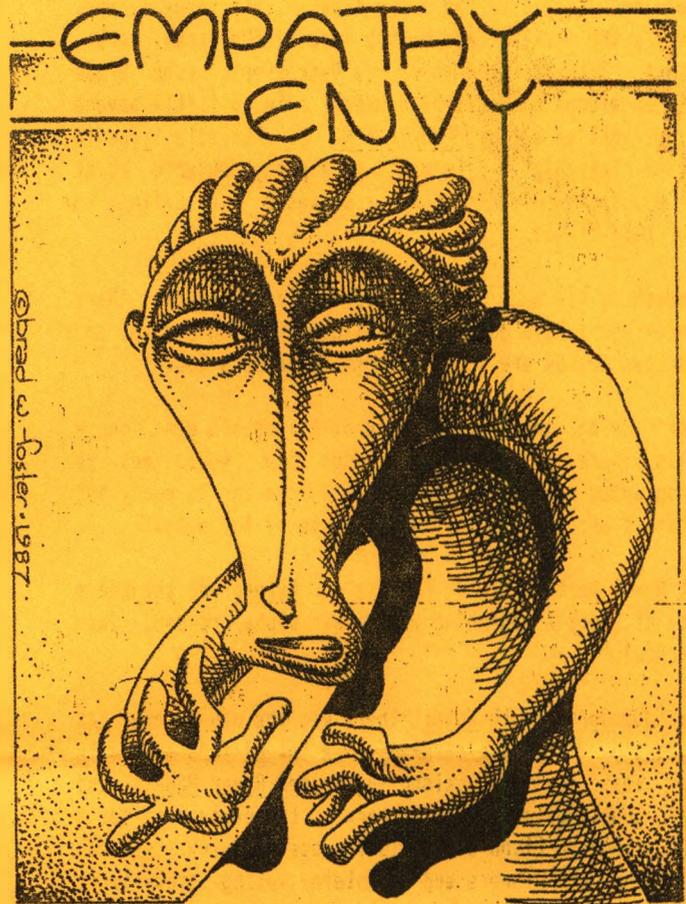
Analog editor Stanley Schmidt presented the John W. Campbell Award for best new writer to Michaela Roessner. Then Fred Pohl began handing out Hugo Awards.

Best Fanartist was shared by Brad Foster and Diana Gallagher Wu, who tied with 201 votes apiece. Dave Langford won Best Fanwriter, his acceptance speech (read by Martin Hoare) saying, "Now I can die happy once I've been asked to contribute to Last Dangerous Visions."

To my surprise and delight File 770 won Best Fanzine. Hearing Fred Pohl introduce the category with comments about the fanzine exhibit, including the fanzine reading area I arranged, I decided to use the opportunity to ask people to come see it. Regrettably I phrased things so broadly that I seemed to be strongarming the credit for the whole area and ignoring Nancy Atherton's organization of historic fanzine exhibit. I'm told at that moment all right-thinking people in the balcony simultaneously muttered, "You asshole!" particularly Debbie Notkin and Spike Parsons who looked me up the next day to tell me so. I apologized to Nancy and inserted a correction in the daily newzine.

Best Semiprozine went to Locus. I wondered whether Charlie ever does any maintenance on all his Hugos. It never occurred to me they needed any until British fan Peter Weston, whose company has been manufacturing the Hugo rockets since 1984, took me aside. He had seen my Hugos in Bruce Pelz' historic display and complained they were getting tarnished and ought to be polished. I told him that's all I needed was to have some friends drop in and catch me polishing my Hugos!

After Michael Whelan accepted the Best Professional Artist Hugo Fred Pohl told a story about the 1966 Worldcon in Cleveland. They shared the convention hotel with a group of World War 2 veterans. Pohl got stuck in an elevator with 15 people: the vets sobbed and pounded on the walls



shouting, "For the love of God, Montresor!" while the fans just said, "Let's do some filk!" The hotel got them out by bringing the other elevator car alongside, taking out the walls and inviting them step across eight stories of empty space.

Gardner Dozois accepted the Best Professional Editor Hugo Producer Frank Marshall was on hand to pick up the Best Dramatic Presentation rocket for Who Framed Roger Rabbit. Samuel Delany delightedly received the Best Nonfiction Book Hugo for The Motion of Light in Water. A happy Mike Resnick was stunned into uncharacteristic speechlessness by his first Hugo, for his short story "Kirinyaga".

Not even the finest novel of his career and a home-town Worldcon could swing a Hugo for George in 1988, but in Boston George Alec Effinger was not only summoned to accept the Best Novelette Hugo for "Schrodinger's Kitten", he outpolled his friend Harlan Ellison's story in the bargain.

In his white tuxedo Effinger fell somewhere in the spectrum between Mark Twain and John Travolta, yet his acceptance sounded peculiarly like Gary Cooper's lines from a famous movie, complete with faked mike reverb: "Some folks say I've had a bad break. But today I feel like I'm the luckiest man on the face of the earth, earth, earth." Sitting next to me was Vancouver's Fran Skene whose knowledge of American baseball extends little beyond her delight as a librarian that W. P. Kinsella lives in British Columbia. I told her in a pithy sentence about Lou Gehrig and Fran's scowl of distaste for Effinger's humor said it all.

Brandishing his Hugo Effinger had one last remark: "Mike Resnick and I have just begun collaborating on a novel and these two awards are going to cost somebody a lot."

After seeing the Locus picture of her Nebula win Connie Willis swore if she won a Hugo she "would not be photographed smiling like a chipmunk from ear to ear", but abandoned her resolve in the happiness of the moment.

Best Novel went to C. J. Cherryh for Cyteen who thanked a list of people beginning with "my alpha reader, Jane [Fancher]."

The Legendary Keith Kato: There was the usual orgy of photography after the ceremony. A lot of fans stayed in their seats for the promised Who Framed Roger Rabbit and Batman double-bill. I circled back to the press area for a copy of George Flynn's excellent press kit with releases about the pro winners and complete voting statistics. Then I found an elevator bound for Keith Kato's chili party.

Once upon a time Keith Kato was a physics student and science fiction fan who discovered this natural law: if you feed Robert Silverberg sufficiently good chili, he will attend all your parties. In fact the young Kato spent years perfecting his "Silverberg grade" hot chili and in the process met any number of sf writers including Gregory Benford who became an advisor on Kato's Ph.D. committee.

For years Kato hauled his cooking pots and hot plates around the country and spent Hugo day in his room cooking meat and simmering chili, oblivious to the smell of hot oil wafting down the entire corridor as far as the elevators, and hoping Housekeeping was the same. Keith tried to retire once mainly because of the un-kissed toads who crashed his parties and never even thanked him.

Fortunately he came back. Before I started to actually win the things, the best part of Hugo night was to be invited to Kato's party, eat chili, listen to writers' shop talk, and meet an eclectic mix of international fans

from Japan to Norway and everywhere in between. I have been going to them long enough that it was fated I should learn the inner secrets of Kato's process. First, I ran into Keith at a market next to the convention center filling a shopping cart with cheese and vegetables. "I'm buying all the perishables," he explained, and I confess it bothered me to discover there were nonperishable ingredients in his chili. At the party as I hovered over the bathtub, shoving aside the ice-cold imported beer in search of a Diet Pepsi, I heard Kato explaining to Ashley Grayson, "Nobody realizes I cook chili in my swimming trunks." Without expression Ashley replied, "How do you keep it from running out?"

Jan Howard Finder came in with word that Kees Van Toorn's noisy Confiction party had just been closed down by Sheraton management. Finder took the opportunity to report on the success of several benefit auctions run at Noreascon Three. He said the ASFA auction pulled in over \$1000, while the Robert Adams benefit auction yielded \$3500 from the sale of 285 items. Jan sounded breathless from having run 172 items in the first two hours at the Adams auction.

The daily newzine reported the Confiction party was "partially evacuated twice by hotel staff due to the vast numbers of enthusiastic supporters who came to enjoy real Dutch hospitality and a great bar, featuring 160-proof double-distilled rum known as Stroh." The rum was available by the glass or in a vanilla/praline cake prepared by Carol Shetler and Larry van der Putte. In spite of the Sheraton, Larry kept the party running until 5 AM in the morning.

Tom Hanlon reported pros complained the Bantam Books party was cordoned off by hotel security. They were eventually moved to a larger and cooler room on a non-sleeping-room floor.

Chairman Mark Olson said Sunday night, "We were very, very happy with the treatment we received from the Hynes and the Sheraton." Compared to the specter of Hotel Hostility raised when the Sheraton Boston originally tried to kick out the Worldcon, the degree of cooperation showed by the hotel was apparently very satisfactory. Despite that, a number of parties were closed.

The committee relied heavily on volunteer elevator monitors to prevent overcrowding. The recruiting pitch in the daily newzine asked, "Do you like standing in small rooms with total strangers? If so, you're just the person we're looking for." For once the newzine's black humor was exceeded by an even grimmer reality. Monitors took a lot of mindless abuse: I heard it, and it was disgusting. The worst case I saw involved one idiot who not merely insisted on riding an elevator that a monitor warned had jammed

earlier, but loudly abused the monitor and dragged the nearest person to the door to ride with him in an assertion of "hotel customers' rights."

Elevator monitors address a real problem, but as Joe Rico summed up: "Without elevator management, elevators are slow, crowded and inefficient. With elevator management, elevators are slow, crowded and inefficient, but at least somebody notes it in the Ops log."

aisle was Staff Sergeant Theresa Renner, librarian of the US Marine Band. Theresa wielded her mace, explaining the mace is always symbolic and never used, then set the can of spice next to her on a chair. When a passing snaf threw Theresa a salute, Joe Rico prompted, "Tell him not to salute you -- you work for a living."

At Saturday's Main Business Meeting the 120 or so fans



Stupidity Is Also A Crime: Four huckster tables were hit by thieves during Noreascon Three, taking two copies of a limited edition of Stephen King's Gunslinger, two other King rarities (one a British edition), and a signed limited edition Batman worth over \$2,000.

One of the victimized dealers has a shop in the city. A man walked in and asked the employee at the counter would he be interested in buying one of the rarities at a good price. Aware of the theft, the employee said sure, they probably wanted to buy the book but he needed the manager's approval. A time was set for the fan to return to transact the sale. While Boston police were still jumping all over the first fan two others walked in with more stolen collectibles for sale saying, "Say, I understand you bought some stuff like this from my friend..."

BUSINESS MEETING

WSFS Business Meeting: Business meeting chairman Don Eastlake III lightened the usually pompous tone of the Business Meeting by appointing as his Sergeant-at-Arms a real sergeant. Standing in uniform astride the center

present were given a lot of individual items to deal with, but tended to dispose of them rather expeditiously with the guidance of Eastlake and his timekeeper Rick Katze.

Three amendments to the WSFS Constitution passed at NOLAcon II were presented for ratification by the Noreascon Three Business Meeting. The voters rejected an expanded definition of WSFS membership. They defeated the rule which would have prevented a North American Worldcon zone from being passed over successively (as the Western zone is in 1987 and 1990). They approved technical language expressing the term of office for members of the Mark Registration Committee.

New amendments fared poorly. Two new Hugo categories were promptly disposed of (known in shorthand as the "otherwise ineligible materials" Hugo, and the "Worldcon rescuers" Hugo). Also failing was the proposal to expand the existing Best Nonfiction Hugo to cover "science or natural philosophy" as well as science fiction, inspired by Noreascon's decision not to allow Stephen Hawking's A Brief History of Time as a nominee. A motion to extend the lead time for Site Selection voting from three to four years failed 55-63.

Advocates like Mike Wallis were disappointed that proposed changes to the Best Professional Artist Hugo were not

enacted. Nor were they rejected, but the amendment was weakened to a resolution, and Jo Thomas' offer to run the new category as the one-shot Hugo 1990's ConFiction as permitted by the constitution could clash with other plans of the Dutch committee. The original scheme would have replaced Best Pro Artist with three Hugos for Best Book Cover, Best Magazine Cover and Best Interior Illustration. Some fans persisted in searching for a nonexistent role for convention art show entries in this amendment, helping to cloud the issue.

Don Eastlake committed the blooper of the weekend trying to explain NASFiC by-mail voting procedures when he uttered, "...at that point the ballots are fixed..." The Business Meeting howled at this bit of in-humor.

The Mark Registration Committee terms of Bruce Pelz, Fran Skene and Tim Illingworth expired this year. They ran against Martin Hoare, Craig Miller, and Bruce Farr: all three were re-elected.

Sunday. Bloody Sunday: The Sunday Business Meeting announced the results of the site selection -- letting the cat out of the cellophane bag.

Orlando having finished the race uncontested, when Joe Siclari came up to announce MagiCon's information there was a momentary sense of anticlimax until parliamentarian Kent Bloom gave the cue for a last bit of business by the DC in '92 committee. Bloom, a member of the withdrawn bid, looked down from the dais and said with a big smile, "We would like to formally tender our surrender."

At the same time Robert J. McIntyre, on bended knee, presented Siclari with some triangular-folded red, white and blue bunting salvaged from the Republican convention in New Orleans that had decorated DC parties. Shutterbugs made them re-enact the moment quite as the Marine flag-raising at Iwo Jima was restaged for photographers.

MagiCon is September 3-7, 1992 in Orlando, Florida at the Orange County Civic & Convention Center, and two nearby hotels, the Peabody-Orlando and Clarion Plaza.

Pro Guests of Honor will be Jack Vance and Vincent DiFate. Fan Guest of Honor will be Walter A. Willis, of Slant and Hyphen. Spider Robinson will be Toastmaster. Co-chairmen of the convention are Joe Siclari, Becky Thomson and Tom Veal.

Site selection voters may convert their memberships for \$20, or new attending memberships may be purchases for \$50, through January 31, 1990. All MagiCon presupporters will get \$5 credit towards conversion to attending membership. The convention address is MagiCon, PO Box 621992, Orlando FL 32862.

	<u>Mail</u>	<u>At-Con</u>	<u>Total</u>
Orlando	355	1030	1385
Washington DC	37	75	112
No Preference	29	71	100
None of the Above	6	10	16
Write-Ins	9	14	23
Total	<u>436</u>	<u>1200</u>	<u>1636</u>
Invalid ballots	21	7	28

Write-in sites were: Not Dundalk, SS Norway, Hoboken NJ, Tallinn Estonia, "anywhere near DC", Cardiff Wales, Discon II, Highmore SD, Hoaxcon/Seth Breidbart, Hold Over Funds, Minneapolis in '73, Rottnest Island WA, Spuzzum BC, Van Demon's Land [sic].

Sunday was "question time" for representatives of next year's Worldcon (ConFiction). Someone asked about progress report mail delivery problems. A NESFAN who'd helped mail the Dutch PR's, which arrived as a bulk shipment at Logan

Airport said some of the packages were received waterstained: "I can't imagine how that happened on an airplane, and I don't want to think about it."

SUNDAY

Breakfast With The Timebinders: Watching Noreascon's Sunday brunch unfold I thought: there may be other days like this but there won't be many, and the ones we do have are to be cherished.

Isaac Asimov, an appropriate "first speaker", set the theme: "This is the fiftieth anniversary [of the first Worldcon] so this is a nostalgia brunch." Asimov attended the first one and sounded less embarrassed than proud that he had not been turned back at the door with six other Futurian rabble-rousers. Indeed, Asimov told the 1939 audience "I was the worst science fiction writer unhung." Asimov refreshed his memory of 1939 writing The World Beyond The Hill, a forthcoming book, that chronicles the ascendancy of Campbell (and presumably Asimov) in the golden age of Astounding.

With the house lights down and Asimov standing in a spotlight, the barrage of flash photography may have helped record the golden moment for some at the expense of others seeing it at all. Though slow to come, an emphatic order against flashes was crucial to the precious moments that followed. For the rest of the program attention moved around the room as spotlights focused on speakers at different tables, building emotional momentum as long-time pros and fans spoke about the impact of science fiction and

its Worldcons on their lives.

Asimov's spotlight flicked off and a second one found Dave Kyle at a nearby table. Said Kyle, "Science fiction has not changed my life -- science fiction is my life." Kyle credited Forry Ackerman for his introduction to science fiction. As a 16-year-old Kyle sold his first sf story to Charles Hornig, who was at the moment seated at Dave's table. (Hornig's magazine folded before it saw print.) Kyle said like Asimov he was also admitted to the first Worldcon only because Sam Moskowitz didn't recognize that the Futurians' controversial publication had been printed by Dave. When he married, Dave bragged he had 53 people on his honeymoon -- a charter flight to the first Worldcon in London.

Betty Ballantine remembered as a child reading Dracula late at night in the jungle of India by lantern light with jackals howling and birds making weird sounds. As an adult she remembered the friendships she made in sf, working with the people she most admired.

Jack Williamson recalled, "In 1926 I was 18, had gotten out of a country high school with actually six years of schooling, had no job," but in 1926 he saw Gernsback's Amazing Stories and can still recite its table of contents. "I read that and I was born again." With a borrowed typewriter he started writing his own sf, and next year Gernsback began buying it.

Terry Pratchett recalled that at newsstands in Britain the good magazines were on the top shelf and sf was on the bottom shelf from which he argued the shortness of old British sf fans was a matter of natural selection. More seriously, Pratchett said he learned from sf that mathematics was actually interesting, which no one else was telling him. "Good old sf -- whenever I've needed you, you've always been there."

Andre Norton was wheeled from the brunch to a standing ovation. Then the spotlight picked out Kees Van Toorn, 30-ish chairman of the 1990 Worldcon in Holland. Kees invoked the name of Mario Bosnyak, who brought the Worldcon to Heidelberg, its first and only time in mainland Europe, and Kees own first Worldcon.

Gregory Benford also went to his first convention in Germany, but 14 years earlier in 1956. Benford's father was in the Army and stationed there. Benford and his brother both had to learn a foreign language. "I had to learn English -- because I'm from Alabama." Greg's first Worldcon was BayCon: "It's aptly been said that if you remember BayCon you weren't there." BayCon was held in the Leamington "where the rooms were so small we were told not to complain to the hotel management but to the humane society." A professor of physics, Benford said, "It's

impossible to convey what it's like to do science and write science fiction -- great freedom of movement."

Jane Yolen cast her remarks in rhyming doggerel, one a couplet expressing her wish that "A fantasy book would at last win the Hugo." Her wish was loudly applauded by everyone who has forgotten Jack Vance's Hugo for The Last Castle.

Forrest J Ackerman began to recount his life in science fiction at sufficient length and with so many examples present time seemed to have lost all meaning for him, until with a gleam in his eye Forry concluded, "You can see in my 50 years of science fiction I've accomplished about as much as in a lazy afternoon for Isaac Asimov."

Mike Resnick's implied comparison between the community he and Carol found at the 1963 Worldcon and the present was like a bolt of lightning. Attendance at Discon I was 600. Rooms were \$8 apiece. The banquet was held in the afternoon because nobody could afford the evening rates, and even so the \$3 charge almost caused a riot. The most expensive piece sold in the Art Show was a cover by Frazetta that went for \$70, a price so high fans doubted it would ever be equalled. The pros wrote and performed a play for the benefit of the fans. Writers thought they could make \$7500 a year -- if Robert Silverberg ever stopped selling 30 stories a month. The huckster room sold only books and magazines. Fans who read sf outnumbered those who didn't. Resnick said that now he comes to the Worldcon mostly for business, but there is still that sense of community he found in 1963.

Japan's Takumi Shibano published the fanzine Uchujin, credited with the birth of Japanese fandom. He stated, "Nationality doesn't matter now, I just think of myself as a fan." In 1939 when he read H. G. Wells' War of the Worlds it reconstructed his view of the world. "The idea that humanity might not be the lords of creation shocked this junior high school boy."

Hal Clement was a fan who became a science teacher and aspired to write an sf story with no science errors. He's been trying for 48 years, just like for 40 years he tried to write a chemistry test where all the students would interpret every question as he meant it.

Artist Richard Powers introduced himself tongue-in-cheek as "one of Betty Ballantine's more recent inventions." Powers styled himself a veteran of the "rack space wars" who worked at Hearst "wielding a baseball bat" when Ian Ballantine brought him over to their team of ruffians to work with Fred Pohl "who favored a length of lead pipe."

Rather than a spotlight for Arthur C. Clarke there was a slide of his image beamed out at a large screen in front of

the hall as he spoke in a recorded phone call from Sri Lanka, began: "Science fiction didn't affect my life, it created my life." Clarke spoke fondly of the genre, but didn't forget to needle Isaac Asimov.

Michael Whelan's painful shyness and self-effacement hindered his start in the genre. He would never have approached a Frazetta or a Freas for an appraisal of his work "Even though it's exactly what I needed at the time." He didn't respect the opinion of those "outside the business" while at the same time he assumed those in the business of fantasy art would be too busy, or his work would be too embarrassing. In 1974, Whelan's casual discovery of a San Diego ComiCon flyer moved him to show his work. When he came back at the end of the weekend he was amazed to find all his work had sold -- of course, the asking price was \$15. A volunteer agented his artwork at the 1974 Worldcon. Anxiously he waited for the results and learned over the phone one painting had won Best SF -- in the professional division! He soon had his first paperback cover assignment from DAW. It all happened in the space of a month-and-a-half.

Samuel Delany went by Greyhound to his first Worldcon in 1966, only \$36 in his pocket to get him through an entire weekend in Cleveland. He wound up in a room for \$4.50 a night. Delany remembers 3000 people at the con (the records shows 850) emphasizing how lonely he felt among a crowd of people he didn't know and didn't know him. A 15-year-old who'd been to three cons took him in hand and introduced him to lots of folks. After 4 hours the kid asked Delany what he did for a living. "I write sf." The kid was delighted, "Wow -- you're a pro! And here I am shoving you around the convention!" Just last year the kid published Delany's Hugo-winning nonfiction book. (Delany didn't drop his name, but legend tells us the kid was Jerry Kaufman.)

Frederik Pohl said, "Science fiction changed my life...It gave me a profession. The best kind. I do all the things I like, that I would do for nothing -- and people give me money for it." As Pohl waxed nostalgic about the 1939 Worldcon one began to wonder which Futurians actually got excluded from the con. Pohl claimed even he got in -- at least until Wil Sykora saw him and threw him out. Pohl claims that was no great loss. He went to the bar next door and found all the pros in there.

Emma Bull remembered as a college student she passed her time in a clinic waiting room by reading Foundation. Another girl asked, "Is that good? My boyfriend has been trying to get me to read it." Emma knew, "She was really asking, 'Is my boyfriend okay?'" Looking straight at Isaac Asimov Emma repeated her answer, "I allowed as how the Foundation Trilogy was pretty good." The audience gasped with laughter. The girl and her boyfriend visited

Emma that very night. The boyfriend sat with Emma in front of the bookshelf comparing notes on what they'd read. The boyfriend was Will Shetterly, and borrowing a line Emma concluded, "Reader -- I married him!"

Said Art Widner, "Like so many fen, I was the Old Weird Harold on my block, carrying home those lurid pulp magazines with nubile bimbos on the cover wearing VW hubcap bras -- which was remarkable because Volkswagens hadn't been invented yet." Widner said like Voyager 2 after 10 years he had explored the local system, science fiction fandom, and went out to see what lay beyond. "Thirty-nine years later I came back to report: it's pretty lonely out there." He returned to fandom as an "eo-neo" and bumped into Patrick and Teresa Neilsen Hayden "who knew who I was -- or rather, had been."

The spotlight found the last speaker in the center aisle, diminutive Anita Raj who told her story. "This is my first Worldcon. A month ago I was a simple mundane and wandered into a work session for this convention." She collated, stapled and mailed, and wound up with a radio and a beeper in charge of a gang of teamsters during Hynes set-up. "Don't even try, because you can't get rid of me now."

Fans with longer memories than mine had probably identified with and been moved by all that had gone before but for me it was Anita Raj who put the exclamation point at the end of the story and brought some tears to my eyes.

Tears were probably also in Isaac Asimov's eyes for having to wait so long to top Arthur C. Clarke's dig at him. Payback time came during Asimov's closing remarks:

"About six weeks ago there was an airplane crash in an Iowa cornfield which a hundred people survived. Others unfortunately died. Newspapers reported that one of the survivors was reading an Arthur C. Clarke novel before the crash. When Arthur saw that he immediately had 750 copies made, which he mailed to 750 friends, acquaintances and strangers." As a postscript to Asimov's copy Clarke wrote, "He should have been reading an Asimov novel: he would have slept through the whole thing." Asimov huffed, "I wrote back to Arthur that the reason he was reading a Clarke novel was so that if the plane crashed it would be a blessed relief!"

Prints of the City: Taking in the attractions of the host city is a high priority for convention attendees. Any number of fans passed up one of the Noreascon evening events for a different extravaganza, night baseball in Fenway. Janice Gelb says one Bay Area attendee was impressed that the first ball was thrown out by the Prime Minister of Japan, unlike Giant games where it is more likely to be the head of regional Mary Kay Cosmetics.

For some fans getting around Boston was a genuine challenge. Doug Friauf took a spill from his motorized wheelchair while negotiating a curb cut at an intersection. He blew it off saying, "Like a typical Boston driver I've already managed to run into a parked car."

Unlike the city, Noreascon served handicapped fans in a variety of ways. There was the guided tactile tour of the costume exhibit, Noreascon offered some other services to handicapped fans. They had a Kurzweil reading machine available in the afternoon (it reads printed matter aloud using a voice synthesizer). Also, fans who requested it could obtain their Program Book in large print or braille, to be mailed after the con.

Sunday In The Park With George: As I set up the Fanzine Sales Table Sunday morning in the concourse a bearded fan sauntered past with his hands clasped behind him and his chin thrust out, loudly whistling assorted birdcalls. I lost sight of him behind a virtual tree in Jekyll Park...

Because of my work schedule Sunday was my last day at the con and I spent most of it in the fanzine area except during the convention brunch. Fortunately I had lots of help all weekend, like Dick Lynch, Nancy Rauban (sp?) and Hawk who took several shifts at the table.

Tony Ubelhor and I were at the table after brunch when an unfamiliar fan sidled up to the exhibit, standing half hidden behind a pillar by the corner table. "Is SF Randomly still being published?" he asked nervously. We said yes, pointing at the issues for sale. With prodding, the fan explained, "I was supposed to send them an article, but I haven't done it. Are the editors around?" We told him they had been here and would be back soon -- but showing all the disappointment of a man who was out when the collection agency called he slipped back into the crowd and was not seen again.

When Steve Antczak, editor of SF Randomly, returned Tony couldn't resist yanking his chain: "Some Arizona fan asked us if SF Randomly was still publishing. We didn't have the heart to tell him it folded." Antczak yelped excitedly, "We're still publishing!"

Martin Morse Wooster came by the table after his "lightning inspection" of the Moscow in '95 bid party. Moscow, as in Russia, Red Square and Gorby, is Michael Sinclair's brainchild. They had flyers all over the convention. Wooster said he found nobody from the ostensible committee at the part. Martin pieced together the rumors, "Apparently when asked, Intourist said 'Swell' and the mayor of Moscow said 'We need the cash'. They haven't talked to any Soviet writers and publishers." Wooster smiled his Evil Commissar smile and in a bad

accent said of fans who might go to a Moscow Worldcon, "These are rich people -- they deserve the best!"

At 2:30 Sunday afternoon the ARA snackbar was overflowing with burger smoke sufficient to fill its corner of Hall C and begin to drift through the hall. It was like having an exhibit behind a bus. Rick Foss accused Seth Bredbart of arranging a barbecue in an enclosed room with smoke alarms, but Seth denied it was part of the Hoax Division program. We nervously observed that no smoke alarms had been triggered by the dense pall of smoke. Theresa Renner noted her appreciation, "As a vegetarian if there's one thing I really like it's being in a room full of burning animal fat."

Maia Cowan came by wearing the best button seen at Noreascon Three: "HELLO -- MY NAME IS BATMAN. YOU KILLED MY FATHER. PREPARE TO DIE."

COSTUMERS

The Masquerade: Noreascon's masquerade emcee was the feisty Pat Kennedy. Among his announcements he said, "We have no smoking: if I can quit, you can quit."

There were 55 entries in the masquerade. The panel of judges was Mike Symes, D. Jeanette Holloman, Patricia Mercier Gill, Janet Wilson Anderson and Ann Layman Chancellor. Workmanship judge was Peggy Kennedy.

Some of the humorous entries are most prominent in memory. "The Gravity Research Institute" came on stage about eight strong wearing utilitymen's orange coveralls draped with elaborate electronic apparatus and carrying tricorders and other gadgets. One of the party dropped a yellow-striped brick on the ground. The researchers stared significantly as it struck the stage and rolled over, scribbled notes, and hurried on to their next test.

Darth Vagrant lumbered on stage to the "Empire Strikes Back" theme, black helmeted but carrying a hefty bag. When the music changed to the "Batman" theme, though, he plucked off his helmet to reveal the purple cowl beneath, and ran offstage to fight crime.

Takayana, the Costumer from Hell wore clashing colors and examples of every masquerade cliché, one leg in gartered stocking, a green fur hindleg, a sequined ruff, a wig, and so on.

The "Mermaid With A Vengeance" was said to be "seeking diplomatic exchange" with the Exxon Corporation: she

balanced on her green tail, brandishing a bow and arrow.

Best In Show went to Deborah K. Jones' "Dread Warrior" inspired by the ceramic sculpture "Streamline Robot" by Toby Buonagurio.

SELECTED AWARD WINNERS:

MASTER:

BEST IN SHOW: "Dread Warrior", Deborah K. Jones
 BEST IN CLASS: "The Court of the Peacock King", Kathy & Drew Sanders, Caroline Julian, Barb Schofield, Martin Miller, David Graham, Reg Schofield
 BEST RECREATION: "Beneath the Opera House", Julie Zetterberg, Gregory Sardo

JOURNEYMAN:

BEST IN CLASS: "Theater of the Vampires", Anya Martin, Cynthia Linaveaver, Shawn Carter, Ginger Bickett, John Baker, Paul Marshall
 BEST PERFORMANCE: "Beauty and the Beast: the Final Chapter", Selina & Mark Harju, Scott Rivard, Marita Acker, Kathleen Gibson, Thomas Atkinson
 MOST ORIGINAL: "The Lamentable Tale of Prince Samisen & Lady Ritsuneko", Fiona K. Leonard, Phil Gilliam, David Cook
 MOST EXQUISITE DETAIL: "The Dragon Lord's Daughter and Her Handmaiden", Cary A. Conder, Marla Bycar

NOVICE:

BEST IN CLASS: "Mock Taa Dragon", Diane & Clark Van Hekken
 JUDGES' CHOICE: "Tackyana, the Costumer From Hell", Susan Lynn Toker
 BEST RECREATION: "Taarna", Shane Russell, Leslie Culton
 MOST BEAUTIFUL: "Poseidon & His Bride Madame Tsunami, Creator of the Waves", Nancy Lee Rogers, William Rogers
 MOST HUMOROUS RECREATION: "Darth Vader's Nemesis", Rene Whitney-Simonson, Season Irwin, Joe DePaula
 MOST ELEGANT: "Azhiraz, Night's Daughter", Penny Lipman

WORKMANSHIP AWARD WINNERS:

BEST NOVICE: "Mock Taa Dragon", Diane L. VanHekken
 BEST HIGH TECH: "The Gravity Research Institute", Duncan McCulloch, Gavin McCulloch, Walter Ginoza
 BEST PATCHWORK: "Scraps, the Patchwork Girl From Oz", Deidre M. Rittenhouse
 BEST DECORATION: "Azhiriaz, Night's Daughter", Penny Hipman
 BEST JOURNEYMAN: "The Dragon Lord's Daughter and Her Handmaiden", Cary Conder
 BEST EMBROIDERY: "The Art Show" Roberta Rogov
 BEST BEADING: "The Matching", Capucine Plourde
 BEST METAL WORK: "The Sacrifice", Heidi Hooper with Debbie

& Craig Walton & Mike Ventrella

BEST MASTER: "The Music Box", Wendy Ross
 BEST FABRIC PAINTING: "Tribute", Animal X
 BEST STRUCTURE: "Dread Warrior", Deborah K. Jones

The Masquerade photo area was a designated corner of the ConCourse, and a large number of photographers could be accommodated, even those who did not register in advance.

Wooden Shoes: Kees Van Toorn and Jo Thomas brought over a group of their committee members to gain additional Worldcon running experience. Fans can look forward to next year's Worldcon not merely because it will be in a fascinating different locale, the Netherlands, but because its committee has done everything they possibly can to world alongside other committees and draw on their experience. There is general agreement they couldn't start with a finer model of planning and ability to celebrate the essence of fandom than Noreascon Three.

Rainy Days and Mondays: With a cup of coffee in front of me I might have been any commuter, but Laura and Kelly Freas hesitated, decided they knew a Hugo when they saw one, and joined me at my table beside the jetway snack stand. Once he recovered from Laura's discovery that the stand wasn't licensed to sell any of the beer visible in a refrigerated display case until 8:00 AM, and in fact was doing a land office business in muffins, Kelly and I traded pleasantries about Hugos. Kelly remembered being offended by the shoddy 1970 Hugo base ("looked like scraps from someone's barn door"), unexplainably bad woodwork from the same country responsible for Black Forest cuckoo clocks. When Freas got home he chucked the committee's base and made his own. Bruce Pelz says the 1970 Hugo bases truly were cobbled together from an old door by Mario Bosnyak when the real bases failed to arrive.

-----+++++[[[CHANGES OF ADDRESS]]]++++-----

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READY 4'90

The ConFiction committee, hosting the 1990 Worldcon in the Netherlands, made an extensive progress report to the Noreascon Three business meeting.

A formal contract with the Congress Gebouw now replaces the temporary agreement the parties had. The original agreement reserved the entire facility for the convention. In 1988 there was extensive rebuilding and the addition of new segments to the Congress Gebouw, and the committee has now decided not to exercise its option to take the main exhibition hall because it is too expensive and too large. ConFiction has taken all the other function space and available office space. The committee says, "The exhibition hall has its own entrance and will be sealed off if rented out to another group (which seems rather unlikely, in which case we will be able to use both its restaurant and offices.)"

To assure the timely arrival of the Hugo and Site Selection ballots, and hotel information, ConFiction will send them all with PR #4 at the end of October. That information along with booking forms was also distributed to interested persons at Noreascon Three.

The first draft of the convention program has been made. Jo Thomas has prepared a mailing to prospective participants intended to go out soon after Noreascon Three.

The departure of ConFiction's head of Operations created a vacancy filled by Dutch fan Bert Visser and British fan Martin Hoare.

ConFiction will have 210 dealer's tables, and 200 panels in the Art Show. In his letter to artists, Art Show Director Len de Vries plans a limit of "three (3) tables per artist", but one assumes tables should have been translated as panels. He states that because most artists will have the burden of paying import duty or VAT the convention will not take a commission. They hope this will encourage more international entries. The Art Show will be set up Wednesday through Thursday morning preceding the convention, and be open to fans Thursday from 3 PM to 6 PM, then from 10 AM to 6 PM on all other days but Monday when it closes at 3 PM. There will be auctions on Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

The committee has extensively researched the tricky matter of getting artwork into the Netherlands, which de Vries assures, "is more complicated than stuffing some paintings or books in your suitcase and walking innocently past

customs while whistling the theme of Star Wars." Detailed step-by-step instructions are available from the committee (PO Box 95370, 2509 CJ Den Haag, The Netherlands). Among the several possibilities available is to follow instructions for using the convention's forwarder and have materials delivered to and from the Congress Gebouw, a duty free zone, without paying a tariff in advance of sale (certain taxes are levied on sales).

De Vries warns against a third course, wherein "You put everything in your suitcase, walk past customs and pretend not to have anything to declare. In this case we will not rent you a table or a panel at ConFiction as this would jeopardize the concept of a duty free zone in the convention center. The convention center will have people from the official forwarder and the Dutch customs department on duty in order to avoid problems." They will only rent tables and panels to people who can establish they have deposited tax at customs or made arrangements with the forwarder. Illegal import of untaxed goods may be penalized up to 100% of value or the merchandise may be impounded.

According to ConFiction there is no import duty on new or used books or original paintings. There is a 5.8% duty on prints, and a 14% duty on t-shirts or garments from non-E.E.C. countries. The VAT on original paintings is 6%, and 18.5% on books, prints or garments.

POURNELLE

JERRY POURNELLE, YOUR TV GUIDE: If you watched the first episode of the new CBS series "Snoops" you may be interested to know the murder took place in Jerry Pournelle's front room.

Tim Reid and Daphne Maxwell, married in real life, are also paired in this series as free lance crime-solvers in Washington DC, ala Mr. & Mrs. North.

Location scouts driving through Studio City found a nice brick house that reminded them of Georgetown and stopped by to strike a deal with the owners -- Jerry and Roberta Pournelle. The initial deal was to film the exterior of the house and pay \$2000. Told it would take about four hours, Jerry said yes. By the time they built a false front door and changed some other stuff Jerry wondered why they wanted his house.

The interior was meant to be filmed in another home but the production company said the owners, Seventh Day Adventists, had thrown them out of the house at the stroke of sundown on the Sabbath. Could they please shoot the interior scene in Jerry's living room? Jerry directed them to Roberta who

extracted another \$1500 for the privilege of using the Pournelle living room as the scene of the crime.

Hearing the story at LASFS, Charlie Jackson 2 asked Dr. P., "Is the \$2000 you got for saying 'Yes' your highest word rate?"

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT: That's the title of Jack Herman's new Aussie fan news and film review zine whose May issue recently washed up on these shores. "Americans Hijack WorldCon" and "Harlan Wrong" are two lead articles.

Perhaps of more enduring value is such news as: Wendy and Irwin Hirsh lost their three-day-old son, Jared, last May 10. More fortunate parents are Aussie fans Cath and Marc Ortlieb, with newborn son Michael David, and Sharon Brien and Ray Gleeson, with daughter Justine.

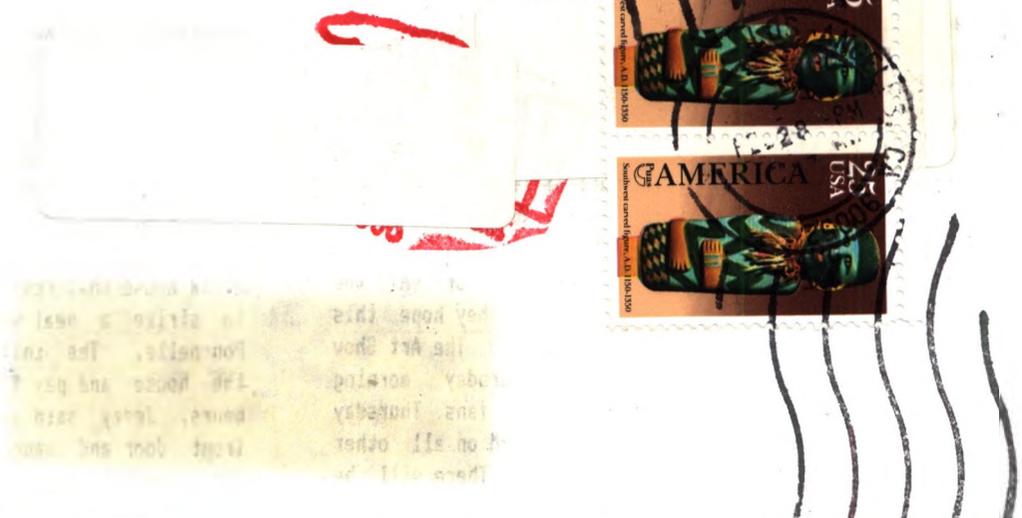
MYTHOPOEIC SOCIETY AWARDS ANNOUNCED: Michael Bishop's novel Unicorn Mountain has won the 1989 Mythopoeic Fantasy Award, while The Return of the Shadow, volume edited by Christopher Tolkien, has won the companion Mythopoeic Scholarship Award. Both awards are given for achievement in fantasy.

PETREY SCHOLARSHIP WINNER NAMED: The 1989 Susan C. Petrey Clarion Scholarship has been awarded to Diana Maria Castro of Arcata, CA. This is the eighth time the scholarship has been awarded. The \$1,200 will help Diana attend the Clarion West Writer's Workshop in Seattle, a six week

course. The fund is sponsored by Oregon Science Fiction Conventions, Inc., and is administered by Debbie Cross and Paul M. Wrigley.

READERCON SMALL PRESS AWARDS: Fred Lerner passed on the following list of award winners for 1988 small press publications:

- Best Novel (first publication): Matt Ruff, Fool On The Hill (Atlantic Monthly Press)
 - Best Single-Author Collection: Robert Frazier, Co-Orbital Moons (Oceanview Press)
 - Best Anthology: Douglas Winter, ed., Night Visions #6 (Dark Harvest)
 - Best Short Work (Chapbook, etc): Charles De Lint, The Drowned Man's Reel (Triskell Press)
 - Best Nonfiction/Criticism: John Clute, Strokes: Essays and Reviews 1966-1986 (Serfonia Press)
 - Best Nonfiction/Refererence-Bibliography: Adam Parfrey, ed., Apocalypse Culture (Amok Press)
 - Best Jacket Illustration: Don Maitz, First Maitz (Ursus)
 - Best Interior Illustration: Thea Von Harbou, Metropolis (Donning Starblaze, illus. Michael W. Kaluta)
 - Best Value in Bookcraft: Chris Drumm booklets (as a series) (Chris Drumm)
 - Best Re-Issue (any category): Philip K. Dick, Valis (Kerosina Books)
- Magazines
- Best Fiction/Poetry: Interzone, (David Pringle, ed.)
 - Best Review/Criticism: Mystery Scene, and NY Review of SF
 - Best Magazine Design: Midnight Graffiti



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