

FILE 770

100



File 770:100 is edited by Mike Glycer at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. *File 770* is available for news, artwork, arranged trades (primarily with other newzines and clubzines), boxtops, Confederate bonds or by subscription. Subscriptions cost \$8.00 for 5 issues mailed first class in North America or surface mail rates overseas. Air printed matter service is available for \$2.50 per issue. Telephone (818) 787-5061.

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO THIS MONTH, AND -- YOU'RE GLAD YOU AREN'T THERE

Mike Resnick's Reminiscences of Baycon, the 1968 Worldcon held in Berkeley, CA

Well, to begin with, there was The Heat. It was in the high 90s, and back then none of the hotels had air conditioning.

Then there were The Facilities. The Claremont (since known in fannish legend as the Transylvania Hilton) held about 200 bodies, but the con drew maybe 800 or so, and all the rest of us got to stay four miles away in sleazy downtown Berkeley hotels. (At the time, there were no UNsleazy downtown Berkeley hotels.)

Then there was The Situation. The 1968 Democratic Convention was running simultaneously in Chicago -- and to protest Chicago police brutality, the locals went out and shot a Berkeley cop. All the hotels were immediately placed under a police cordon, and it took about two hours to get out of your parking lot (and two more to get back in) for the rest of the con.

Then there was The Banquet -- the most infamous in worldcon history. It began at 6:00 PM, and by 8:00 PM the room felt like a steambath and smelled like a pigpen. Then Phil Farmer got up to give his speech -- and the waiters had been told not to be a distraction, so the food just sat and rotted on the tables while Phil spoke...and spoke...and spoke. To this day, nobody really knows what the subject of his GOH speech was...but when he paused for a drink of water more than 2 hours into it, we all gave him a standing ovation in the hope it would convince him he was through. It didn't. He finished after 10:30. Time for the Hugos, right? Wrong. Randy Garrett gets up, takes the mike away from Toastmaster Bob Silverberg, and sings about 50 verses of "Three Brave Hearts and Three Bold Lions." Finally, approaching 11:15, Silverberg gets up to hand out the Hugos. All this in 95-degree heat with no air-conditioning and no ventilation.

Then there was The Masquerade. No stage, just a very shaky ramp through a darkened room. No spotlights. But we did have one thing: three acid rock bands that refused to stop playing even when the committee asked them to, even when the committee paid them off and told them to go home. Small room. Great amplifiers.

Then there was The Tournament. This was the worldcon where SCA discovered us, and the main programming event of the last day -- Labor Day -- was a joust on the lawn of the Claremont. It awoke about 20,000 bees that immediately invaded the hotel through all the open doors and windows.

There was The Water That Wouldn't Die. The drains at the Claremont were something less than efficient. One friend -- I think it was Joni Stopa -- took a bath on Thursday night. Her tub still hadn't drained when she left on Monday.

Need I go on?

ISSUE ONE HUNDRED!



1993 HUGO AWARD WINNERS

Best Novel (tie)

A Fire Upon the Deep by Vernor Vinge (Tor)
Doomsday Book by Connie Willis (Bantam)

Best Novella

"Barnacle Bill the Spacer" by Lucius Shepard
(Asimov's, July 1992)

Best Novelette

"The Nutcracker Coup" by Janet Kagan
(Asimov's, December 1992)

Best Short Story

"Even the Queen" by Connie Willis
(Asimov's, April 1992)

Best Non-Fiction Book

*A Wealth of Fable: An informal history
of science fiction fandom in the 1950s*
by Harry Warner, Jr. (SCIFI Press)

Best Dramatic Presentation

"The Inner Light" (Star Trek: The Next
Generation) (Paramount Television)

Best Professional Editor

Gardner Dozois

Best Professional Artist

Don Maitz

Best Original Artwork

Dinotopia by James Gurney (Turner)

Best Semi-Prozine

Science Fiction Chronicle, edited by
Andrew Porter

Best Fanzine

Mimosa, edited by Dick and Nicki Lynch

Best Fan Writer
Dave Langford

Best Fan Artist
Peggy Ranson

John W. Campbell Award for Best New
Science Fiction Writer of 1991-1992
Laura Resnick

Special Committee Award
Takumi Shibano
"For building bridges between cultures
and nations to advance science fiction
and fantasy"

ConFrancisco received 841 valid ballots for the awards. They were counted and verified by the ConFrancisco Hugo Administrators, David Bratman and Seth Goldberg, with the assistance of a computer program developed by Jeffrey L. Copeland.

TIME TO PICK THE HEADLINE STORY ON HUGO NIGHT!

Hey, cub reporters, what's *your* Hugo headline? Women winning in three out of four fiction categories? A tie for best novel? Close votes in so many categories? Nope, you're getting colder...

Said Mike Resnick, "I've been attending worldcons since 1963, and by far the loudest ovation I've ever heard at one was when the semi-prozine winner was announced." In fact, *Science Fiction Chronicle* won by a margin of a single vote.

Ray Pettis told about the impact of *Chronicle's* win: "When I was riding up in the elevator at the ANA [hotel] after the ceremony, someone got on at the Filk floor -- I assume he saw the high proportion of fancy dress -- and said, 'Hugo's over?' <'yes'> 'Any news?' Robert Silverberg's first comment from the back of the elevator was 'Andy Porter won; Locus didn't.' On a night when there was a tie for Best Novel, and ST:TNG won a Hugo,

and women writers dominated the wins, the first comment is 'Andy Porter won.'"

Schrodinger's Tie: In an ordinary year *Locus* would have won and the most exciting to happen at the Hugo Awards would have been the tie for Best Novel. This is tenth time there has been a tie, but just the second time in the last 16 years:

YEAR	CATEGORY	WINNERS
1956	Fanzine	<i>Inside</i> and <i>SF Times</i>
1966	Novel	<i>And Call Me Conrad</i> by Roger Zelazny and <i>Dune</i> by Frank Herbert
1968	Novella	"Weyr Search" by Anne McCaffrey and "Riders of the Purple Wage" by Philip Jose Farmer.
1973	Short Story	"Eurema's Dam" by R.A. Lafferty and "The Meeting" by Frederik Pohl and C.M. Kornbluth
1974	Fanzine	<i>Algol</i> and <i>The Alien Critic</i>
	Campbell	Spider Robinson and Lisa Tuttle
1977	Novella	"By Any Other Name" by Spider Robinson and "Houston, Houston, Do You Read?" by James Tiptree Jr.
	Fan Writer	Susan Wood and Richard Geis
1989	Fan Artist	Brad Foster and Diana Gallagher Wu
1993	Novel	<i>A Fire Upon the Deep</i> by Vernor Vinge and <i>Doomsday Book</i> by Connie Willis

Six out of the nine ties happened in a ten-year period before 1978. That eleven-year gap before the next tie for any Hugo began the same year that committees adopted a new tradition of releasing voting information, and is more than a coincidence. After I picked up *The Alien Critic's* 1974 Hugo on behalf of Dick Geis, Jack Chalker told me he had

counted the votes and he'd decided there should be a tie because *TAC* and *Algol* had been so close in the runoffs. I suspect any number of pre-1978 ties were decided the same way.

Early in the 1980's I co-authored a rules change with George Flynn to require Worldcons to release Hugo voting numbers. All ties since then have been mathematical. (We wanted this change so the Business Meeting would have hard information to use in administering the Hugos, and not need to rely on popular misconceptions.) Fans in the 1968-1978 era voiced no complaint about ties at the time, but it is interesting how often ties happened before the numbers became public property.

One More Try: Can you guess the *second* most-talked about event on Hugo night? Did you guess the "Hugo Losers Party" (a.k.a., Hugo Nominees Reception)? What a stink, when the hosts from Winnipeg screened out members of the floating worldcon committee from this invitational event. Score extra points for identifying the host smof credited with coining the catchphrase, "NESFA scum."

Even ConFrancisco guest of honor Jan Howard Finder got the bum's rush. "At the door I was treated with a rather large amount of disrespect," Finder complained to the media. "I found the attitude of the 'Door Wardens' to be very low rent." He wrote to Conadian, "I do hope...you treat your Honoured Guests much better than you treated me and ConFrancisco's Guests."

Voters Endorse L.A.con III

L.A.con III will be held August 29-September 2, 1996 in Anaheim, Ca., using the Anaheim Convention Center, Anaheim Hilton and Anaheim Marriott. Guests of honor will be: James White, Writer Guest of Honor; Roger Corman, Media Guest of Honor; Takumi and Sachiko Shibano, Fan Guests of Honor; Connie Willis, Toastmaster; Elsie Wollheim, Special Guest. The chairman is Mike Glyer.

Attending membership rates, valid until next August 15, are \$75 (if you are not qualified for any discounts). Supporting memberships will cost \$30 throughout; voters automatically become supporting members.

1996 Site Selection Vote Tally

	By Mail	At Con	
LA in '96	206	926	1132
Write-ins:			
Hawaii	1	18	19
Mpls. in '73	0	3	3
La-La Land	0	2	2
I-6 in '96	0	2	2
Other (1 each)*	1	10	11
None of the Above	11	50	61
Illegal/invalid	1	0	1
Total expressing a preference	220	1011	1231
No preference or blank	23	43	55
Total ballots	232	1054	1286

(*) Zagreb in '94; Austin, Tx.; Rottneist Island, Wa.; Prudhoe Bay, Ak.; Hold Over Funds; Timbuktu, R'lyeh in '96, Ougadougou, Reykjuvik [sic] Iceland, L-5 in '95, Spuzzum, B.C.

The following rates pertain to LA in '96 presupporters, through August 15, 1994:

Presupporters who voted - cost to convert to attending: \$35.
Non-presupporters who voted, cost to convert to attending: \$40.

Presupporters who voted and have a sticker book with 20 stickers: No cost to convert to attending, book must be "ratified" by 8/15/94.

Presupporters who voted and have more than 5 stickers but less than 20: subtract \$1 for

each sticker from the \$40 conversion fee.

Children's memberships. Child in tow, age 3-12 at the time of the con: \$35. Such memberships do not receive pubs and are not transferable.

L.A.con III will have tables at such cons as Philcon, Windycon, Lunacon, Boskone, Baycon, etc. for local membership conversions and sales between now and August 15, 1994. Or contact: L.A.con III, P.O. Box 8442, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

Hogu and Black Hole Award Winners

The Deroach Award for Putridity in Everyday Life: Barney the Dinosaur

The Aristotle Award for Grandmaster Achievement in Putridity: Geraldo Rivera
Best New Feud: Sacks vs Stockton vs Con-Francisco*

Best Traumatic Presentation: The Masquerade that never ended, part deux

Best Religious Hoax: "Pro-Lifer's" killing doctors

Best Hoax Awards: The Confrancisco Hogu ribbons*

Best Type Face: Confrancisco Dingbats*

Best Professional Hoax: Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco & Firearms*

Fandom's Biggest Turkey: Chris Carrier*

Worst Fanzine Title: No award

Best Dead Writer (must be living to qualify): William Shatner

Best Hoax Convention: I-95 in '95

Best Pseudonym: No award

Devo award (To who has done the most to HARM Science Fiction): William Shatner*

Best Has Been: Chief Daryl Gates

Best Fan Hoax: any and all NY WorldCon Bids*

Cuisinart Award (Worst Editing TV, movies, fiction, etc.): Babylon 5

Special Grand Bastard Award: Bill Gates*

Most Desired GAFIATION: Chris Carrier*

Free For All (must have been seen on a bumper sticker): Impeach Clinton, and Her Husband Too

Special Bagelbash Award: Poultry Geis

Best New Disease: Conchair sudden death syndrome*

Most Bizarre Hall Costume: Miss Catonic

Best Alien Music Video: "We Didn't Start the Fire" by the Koresh family

Mixed Media: The Amy Fisher Story - times three

Closest Encounter of the Fourth Kind:

Gay Elves in Bondage

Space Geek of the Year award: Evelyn C. Leeper

Traffic Jams, Jellies & Preserves: Parc 55 elevators*

Banger award (most inappropriate con Guest of Honor): Bill Clinton*

Most Erotic Line from ST:DS9: "The spots don't go all the way down, Julian."

The Blackhole awards:

Standard Blackhole: Jesse Helms, Rush Limbaugh, Pat Robinson, and Prince Charles

Invisibility award: Mars Observer*

Incompetence award: Janet Reno and ATF squad

Publishers award: Bridge Publications

Greed Award: Creation Cons

Half-assed Con Officiousness: Confrancisco

Brown Hole for Outstanding Professionalism: Chris Carrier*

(Winners marked with "*" were nominated from the floor at the Ranquet.)

The Hogu nominee ribbons: Confrancisco had printed Hogu nominee ribbons and was selling them to the general con membership. When Hogu administrator Elst Weinstein found out he convinced the convention to discontinue sales and give him the remaining ribbons, which were provided to the Hogu attendees.

ConFrancisco: The 1993 Worldcon

Report by Mike Glycer

Booing Pavarotti: Sports fans can name the cities where crowds are always tough, knowledgeable and critical, prone to boo any mistake; so can opera buffs and bullfight aficionados. The worldcon is similar, except that the tough crowd will go anywhere the con is held.

The comparison comes to mind because I have heard unwarranted grumbling and sniping about ConFrancisco, criticism quite out of proportion to what I felt was the actual quality of the convention. This was a good, competently-run worldcon which nevertheless had areas that could have worked a lot better by adopting the crowd-handling tactics of Magicon. Unfortunately, one of them was registration, and that made a poor first impression on many fans. Once fans were past the opening hurdles they discovered that ConFrancisco contained all the richness and variety expected of a worldcon.

The Longest One-Liner Town: On a clear, blue San Francisco day I pressed through the crowds lined up at the Powell Street cable car turntable and headed for the Moscone Convention Center, smugly grateful not to be in line for some tourist trap.

I crossed Market Street and in the next block saw a hole the size of an asteroid crater, full



of scaffolding and concrete forms. The Moscone expansion proceeded on all sides, fortunately involving none of the interior space assigned to ConFrancisco. Taller than the catwalks, two ranks of international flags marked the entrance on the side away from me. Rounding the corner, I found the entrance was also marked by one of the longest lines in worldcon history.

Most of my time in line was spent alongside Mike Resnick, so I enjoyed it a lot more than most, bantering about the delay. I was bemused to see Gardner Dozois and Kristine Kathryn Rusch covertly offering him the use of their green "SET UP" passes for immediate admission to the Moscone. Resnick declined and kept pointing out that a set-up pass got you inside but didn't get you ahead in the registration line: without a membership badge, where could you go?

Bill Warren, the L.A. film critic, wondered why crowd handling at the worldcon didn't measure up to the San Diego Comic Con which deals with three times as many attendees. "You never had to wait more than five minutes in line in San Diego -- but ConFrancisco seemed to *thrive* on lines." Thursday's incredible lines happened because ConFrancisco did no registration on Wednesday evening, despite the example of Chicon V and Magicon, which registered over 2,000 members on Wednesday night. Instead, ConFran-

cisco wound up registering 3,500 members on Thursday. Waiting time obviously could have been reduced if they'd used early registration to split the crowd.

"Registration," said Sharon Sbarsky, who worked the area at Noreascon 3, "is one of those areas that gets fixed and broken over and over again." ConFrancisco's Wilma Meier, chief of the division handling Registration, said informal plans to register on Wednesday were dropped because the computers didn't get set up in time. "We were not ready to handle any transfers or special paperwork that might have come in that evening."

But Sharon Sbarsky, who worked registration at Noreascon 3, pointed to their example of allowing pre-registered staff to check in on Tuesday and opening full registration on Wednesday. Computers were not required for the early stages of that process, and Sbarsky felt there was no reason to delay the majority of ConFrancisco members who were ready on



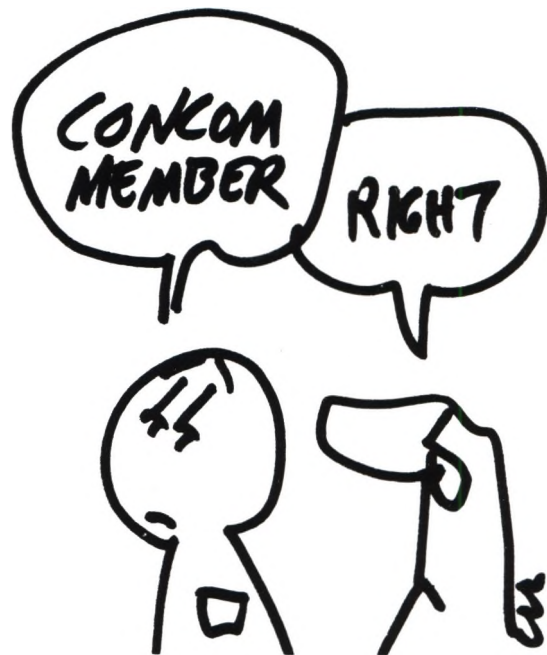


Wednesday simply because computers weren't online for transfers. The minority of people with special needs could have been asked to return Thursday when the system was fully in place.

Meier minimized the inconvenience, claiming, "Once the doors opened at 9 a.m. the longest anyone had to wait from end-of-line to getting their badge was approximately one hour." I disagree: I got in line around 9:45 a.m. and was not fully processed until after 11:30 a.m. Not counting my time in the "Solutions" line, I waited 70 minutes. I spent my last 45 minutes in line at the "Solutions" table waiting to transfer a membership.

When I reached the final gate I got my badge, pocket program and a blue ticket for the Souvenir Book. I went to find out what I could do with them.

What Has It Got In Its Pocketses? Pocket programs are sometimes unwieldy and user-



hostile, prone to be dismissed with the complaint, "It doesn't even fit in your pocket!" ConFrancisco proved that if a program guide is easy-to-use, accurate and lightweight, people recognize that's a lot more important than whether it fits in a man's shirt pocket. (Half the fans never felt that was a necessity in the first place...)

ConFrancisco's *Quick Reference Guide* received more compliments than any similar publication in Worldcon history. Thanks go to Gail Sanders, designer, and Tom Becker, computer programmer, for innovating the sturdy, 7 x 4 spiral-bound booklet. If future committees are sensible, the *Quick Reference Guide* will be widely imitated.

The Incredible Shrinking Name: On the other hand, the badges are an example of what to avoid. Though David Bratman didn't write it as a criticism, I think his description of people trying to read the badges at the GENie party sums up the situation. "Never have I

Opening Ceremonies

by Robert Sacks, from *The Norton Reader* #2

[Thursday night:] After a long wait on a line stretching three times around the Moscone South Lobby, the audience was allowed into the Esplanade Ballroom to wait.

At 8:52 the Opening Ceremonies finally began with a video and the song "I Left My Heart in San Francisco." With 'fog' rising in the background, a model of the Golden Gate Bridge was rolled on stage and lit up. The crowd was easily pleased. The audience was invited to give a big California welcome to the many worlds of fandom. After some musical numbers, the Magicon Chair, Joe

Siclari, was called upon to pass over the gavel, a golf club from Magicon's miniature golf course, to ConFrancisco chair Dave Clark; in addition he presented a chairman's badge, estimated to have ribbons at least 6 feet long, in the Chair's favorite colors, dalmatian. Breaking ConFrancisco's gavel, a loaf of sourdough bread, the Chair declared the convention off and running. The several honored guests were interviewed on video. Toastmaster/Master of Ceremonies Guy Gavriel Kay introduced His Imperial Majesty Norton I, who entered and evicted Chairman Clark from the central chair of honor. The Toastmaster gave a brief history of the bid and convention, and announced the

special guests from the Czech Republic. Larry Niven stated he was greatly honored and questioned why it took so long. Alicia Austin explained how she enjoyed people enjoying her artwork. Tom Digby, a suspected alien lifeform, blew soap bubbles. Wombat, jan howard finder, promoted backrubs.... After the ConFrancisco anthem was sung to kazoo music provided by the LA Filkharmonic, Emperor Norton ordered the attendees to go forth and have a great time at ConFrancisco. After the ceremonies ended at 9:31, the Delta Clipper launch video was shown.

been to such a large party where so many of the attendees walked around hunched over, peering at each other's nametags and periodically exclaiming, 'Oh, so *you're* so-and-so!'"

Solutions to the worldcon's routine problems seem to get lost quicker than the secret of Damascus steel. Four years ago Noreascon pleased everyone by laser-printing headline-sized names on extra large badges. For some bizarre reason, the last two worldcons continued the large badge size while printing the names in smaller, hard-to-read typefaces.

The Bottom Line: The entrance hall used for registration was all glass and aluminum, reminiscent of the Crystal Cathedral. Access to the escalators involved a concealed sightline that surprised visitors at the last moment with a breathtaking, twenty-five foot descent into the exhibit hall. Or on Thursday morning, stunned them with the sudden realization that below was another huge line, snaking away from the program book distribution table.

Eric Watts heard that the reason Souvenir Books were distributed separately is that they weren't ready when registration opened. However, another report said this arrangement for distributing program books was designed to reassure the publisher furnishing thousands of free copies of a new Niven/Barnes paperback that the books couldn't pilfered by someone who'd tear off covers for returns. At the same time that fans picked up their program books they collected numerous other free books and souvenirs.

The Hall D Concourse: ConFrancisco's Concourse, simply called Hall D, worked very well. If the committee did not devise anything like MagiCon's golf course to systematically lure people through the exhibits, their creativity shone through in other ways.

Two visual signatures energized the ordinarily dead space above Hall D. A colorful balloon sculpture of a 20-foot-long Chinese dragon strutted midair. A second balloon sculpture,

all gray and meant to symbolize a bridge, hung at the back of the hall. The bridge was less successful, merely looking like a garland until viewed end-on, when the cross-braces became visible.

Hall D's layout was roughly like a rectangle divided into six blocks. The blocks contained, in clockwise order starting from the upper left, (1) Historical exhibits; (2) Local color exhibits; (3) & (4) the Dealer's Room; (5) sales, volunteers, bid tables and the fan lounge; (6) the Art Show.

Gary Louie did his usual outstanding job with



the Hugo Awards exhibit, showing Hugos won by Kelly Freas, Robert Silverberg and others, and copies of award-winning novels. Gary also had his hand in the guest of honor exhibits. Did you notice two bogus items in the Larry Niven display, *Niven's Hollywood* (by that other Niven), and *The Hindmost*, a non-sf book coincidentally named the same

as the Puppeteer leader?

The Local Color exhibit had an appealingly cryptic geography. One day the newzine invited readers to find the exhibit "at the SF Abridged area, just this side of the Doggie Diner head, near the corner of El Camino Real and Emperor Norton Boulevard." It's quite possible everyone immediately understood the directions since they referred to the eight-foot-tall, torsoless head of that paper-mache hound from heck, M. Barkadero. His day job is advertising The Doggie Diner. He spent the weekend at ConFrancisco overseeing exhibits about the Bay Area: rock concert art from the Fillmore Presents collection, a government display about quakes, and vibrators from the Good Vibrations museum.

Just one block (or carpet square) away was the Speaker's Corner, offering passing fans a platform where they could try and attract an audience for whatever was on their minds. Fanzine fans borrowed it Saturday afternoon to perform Andy Hooper's latest faanish movie parody, *The Last Ghurrah*. Hooper was a riot in the Spencer Tracy role of a fan political hack at the end of his career, helped by a dozen players including Jeff Schalles and Jerry Kaufman.

Hooper also organized the Fan Lounge adjacent to the Local Color area. The Lounge was an oasis made of pipe and drape, opening onto an area containing eight round tables where customers of the espresso bar munched on muffins and footweary passersby alighted to rest and study the *Quick Reference Guide*. Andy Hooper supervised fanzine sales, and gave the evil eye to the overflow breakfast crowd poaching seats in his Lounge.

The owner of the espresso concession complained how little business he was doing after I commented about the new plastic antennae he sprouted on the con's second day, his own attempt at "local color." I didn't have a chance to ask him how business went the rest of the weekend because I couldn't get

through the line around his stand...

The refreshment area served a valuable purpose as someplace people could run into friends, because it was beside the heavily-traveled intersection of two paths leading to the Dealer's Room or the Art Show.

Numbers: Fans were amazed to hear the con sold 8,228 memberships of all types, and waited for the final word about how closely ConFrancisco approached L.A.con II's record of 8,365 attending members.

The committee's tentative figure for attendance is 7,455, the sum of full attending memberships, childrens', press and complimentary memberships, plus one-third of the daily memberships (their equivalence to full attending memberships). ConFrancisco ranks as the third-largest worldcon in history, just behind Noreascon 3's 7700 attendees.

The Three Hundred Thirty-Nine Steps: Before the con, Kevin Standlee paced off the distance between facilities and published his findings: it is 968 "Standlees" from where I stayed in the Parc 55 Hotel to the door of the Moscone Convention Center, much of it along San Francisco's derelict-infested Market Street. The daily run past throngs of homeless beggars, alcoholics and others scuffling to survive made a powerful impression on fans.

Two emotional responses were alloyed together, one of pity for the people's desperate condition, the other of wariness for danger on the streets. In a four block walk to the Moscone a person could see forty people camping inside doorways and construction scaffolding, be asked for money three or four times, and see several men sprawled on the sidewalk and know from their beet-red, dirty faces that they were passed-out drunk.

Eric Watts summed up the experience when he wrote, "The oddest feeling I had during ConFrancisco was when I was dining at the Parc's Veranda restaurant with friends I hadn't

seen in several years, treating myself to what was, for me, a very expensive meal. We were seated next to the plate glass window, through which we all could see a homeless person lying under a blanket on the sidewalk against a building across the street. Another man walked past him, stopped and turned around, scouted the area briefly, bent over and took a box of food that apparently belonged to the vagrant, walked a few feet down the sidewalk and proceeded to eat whatever was inside. Everyone seated at my dinner table saw the incident, and we were all left speechless, silently outraged at the crime and silently disgusted at the sight of poverty, hunger and homelessness while we dined on fancy entrees with fine wine and cloth napkins. It was an uncomfortable and awkward moment."

There was something to dislike about the neighborhood of the Moscone because of all the signs triggering a watchfulness for danger, whether or not danger was immediately present. I said so and found a few San Francisco apologists who blamed me for anti-homeless bigotry. They probably didn't know the following story.

When Robbie Cantor turned up on the first day of the con with three broken ribs, two black eyes and other bruises it wasn't from a fall down a flight of stairs, as people were told at the time. Robbie, commenting that she violated her own rule, went unescorted at 1:30 a.m. from the Moscone to the ANA Hotel. She was accosted by a bum who hit her across the face with a plastic bag full of something, and they wound up in a street fight. In an exhausted standoff, they retreated toward the ANA. Robbie went inside and the bum took off before police arrived. In the end, a police artist made a sketch of the assailant from Robbie's description for distribution to officers.

Robbie, part of ConFrancisco's operations staff, reports con members suffered three wallet or purse snatchings and another less se

vere mugging. Kurt Siegel pointed out that the number of crime incidents were lower than those he heard about at a computer-related symposium he attended in New York last February. But more fans were victims of crime, including violent crime, during this Worldcon than any other I know about, most of which never had any reports of street attacks and robberies.

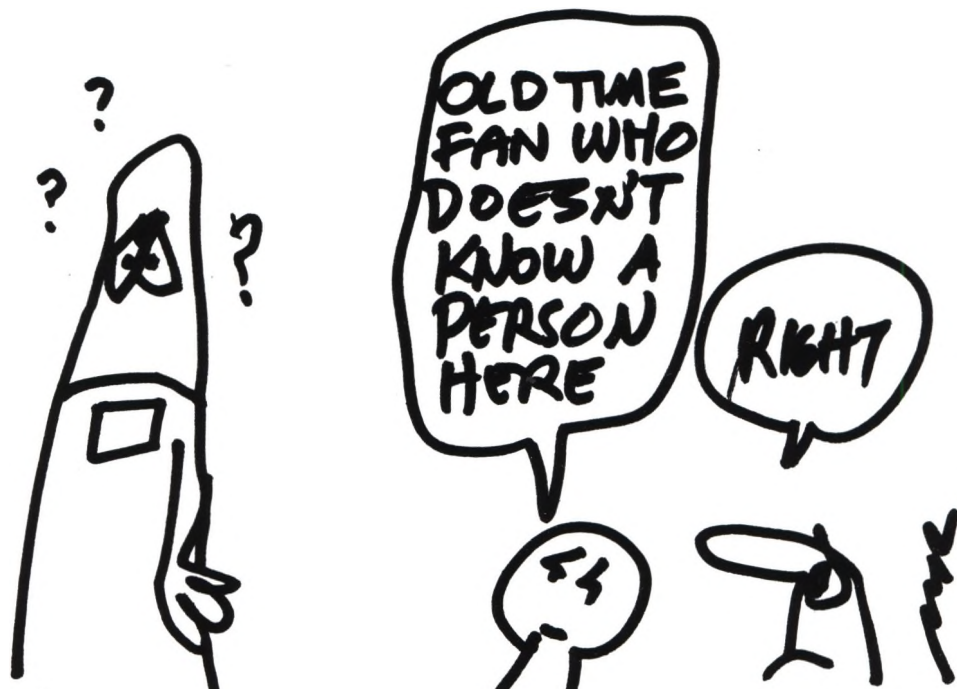
Day-to-day encounters with street people profoundly colored people's experience of ConFrancisco, although some fans, like Eve Ackerman, managed to handle them cheerfully: "My favorite was the man selling newspapers produced by the homeless. He asked my husband to buy one as we walked to Union Square. 'No thanks,' Howard said and we kept walking. 'How about one for your lovely daughter then,' he yelled out. I did a 180, gave him a dollar and took a paper. I admire free enterprise."

Friday in the Parc with Norton: The plague of homelessness being on everyone's mind it became unintentionally appropriate that an

actor spent the weekend playing San Francisco's most celebrated derelict, Emperor Norton. The original roamed 19th century San Francisco's streets with his dogs Bummer and Lazarus.

The bathed and regally costumed impostor participated in Opening and Closing Ceremonies, cut the ribbon to officially open Hall D, attended the Hugu Ranquet, and convened ConFrancisco's version of the meet-the-pros on Friday night at the Parc 55 Hotel. He decreed, "His Imperial Majesty, Norton I, Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico invites all his loyal subjects -- and all the disloyal ones as well -- to the Imperial Reception in honor of ConFrancisco's Honored Guests and Hugo and Campbell nominees."

Norton's party belied the proverb that there is no such thing as a free lunch. *Science Fiction Age* donated a huge cake. Other free snacks included a freeze-dried "ice cream of the future," and someone who'd had several servings drank up everything in sight at the LA



party, warning that the ice-cream of the future sucked liquid out him equal to its weight.

Reception organizer Eve Ackerman, the power behind the throne, credited Glasgow '95 worldcon committee for making the evening by staging a ceilidh, a Celtic dance party.

Mike Glycer, Party Animal...Not: Friday began an entire weekend of large-scale open parties. Fans trying to get upstairs in the party hotel, the Parc 55, were delayed by spastic elevators that lit up like a keno board every time they reached the top or bottom floor, activating a dozen random floor buttons. The return trip became a halting, time-consuming pilgrimage. Kent Bloom heard that the elevator problems happened when the motherboard in the control computer overheated. Operations only returned to normal when a replacement was brought in about 1 a.m. Saturday.

I missed nearly every party, including the L.A. parties I supplied and helped set up, to run other errands. The few parties I did attend still produced their quota of memorable moments. When Rick Katze told me, "Chip Hitchcock isn't at the con, he broke his ankle skydiving," the image so took me by surprise I could only respond, "Was his Elvis suit too long?"

Outside the Baltimore in '98 party I was talking with Ben Yalow, and we were joined by Dick Lynch and Teddy Harvia. Dick's description of the latest *Mimosa* led to a spirited discussion of what a great fanwriter Dave Langford is that waxed so enthusiastic Teddy whispered consolingly, "I voted for you."

Class Nine Climb: Genuine party animals Kurt Baty and Scott Bobo cruised until dawn gathering material for their excellent (perhaps that should be, "excellent, dude") coverage in the daily newzine. They walked up 32 floors in the Park 55, on Friday night, to bypass the wonky elevators. Something they noticed *en route* was, "Our Russian friends were slowing down...but perked up when they noticed the video monitor on the 31st floor was showing

adult videos. Kurt says this was the best 'hack' of the night."

Copy! Kurt and Scott filed daily party reports in ConFrancisco's very useful newzine, *The Norton Reader*. Alan Winston edited the *Reader*, helped by Chas Baden, Vanessa Schnatmeier and Jeremy Bloom. Robert Sacks also made a solid contribution, covering WSFS business meetings, and special events. Party reporters Baty and Bobo received Winston's thanks because they "livened things up by laughing hysterically over their own reports." You will, too: read their report of Saturday's parties in the next column.

Film Program: Assistant division chief John Sapienza readied six departments cross-country from his home in Maryland, including the film program. The film program department head, a fan from Sacramento, resigned at literally the last minute because of his father's serious illness. Sapienza took over the department at the con. That's when John discovered that the Sacramento fan, despite earlier assurances, had not obtained licensing for Con-Francisco to show tapes of the movies announced in the program.

As John Pomeranz tells the rest of the story, "[Sapienza] jumped in and spent the last day before the convention arranging the necessary legal permissions for as much of the program as he could. The miracle of it is that he largely succeeded. Although the program schedule bore no resemblance to the one printed in the pocket program, there was a varied and interesting program, and those who attended apparently enjoyed themselves. John is one of the great problem solvers of fandom, and he never gets enough credit for the excellent work he does because he is also one of the most self-effacing men I know."

John Sapienza illustrates my personal definition of heroism in the context of the Worldcon, someone taking responsibility to get the job done in spite of any difficulty. It's most dramatic in a last-minute crisis, and there are

PARTY ETC

Kurt Baty & Scott Bobo. Excepted from *The Norton Reader* #8

Round 3! And we were greeted in the San Antonio in '97 suite by a Brad Foster party announcement drawn on eraseable (!) board; we thought this primo in party decor.

Our now sizable entourage trooped to the top of the Parc to bridge the Bridge Publications party, where we watched Wanna the temple slave dance teasingly before the heroic proportion of the *Battlefield Earth* cutout. She was a hall costume winner, and celebrating.

Now in a prehistoric mood, we entered the Westercon '94/'95 suite and admired the in-progress Crayola crayon wall mural ala early "Con"ozoic.

In Atlanta in '98 we found a punch packed with peach, both with and without C_2H_5OH (as they put it). Now in a jolly roger mood, we decided to pirate some rum and Coke from the friendly Baltimore in '98 crew. Yo-ho-ho.

Fans must have been hungry last night, as St. Louis in '97 set out a new set of bittersweet, milk and white chocolate bars (has it been 60 pounds already? Watch those hips! Morning Aerobics, anyone?) Healthniks who were able to look beyond the chocolate agreed their veggie plate balanced the caloric orgy.

We backtracked to the Winnipeg/Glasgow Presi-

dential suite for a fabulous blowout. Our fave fish cheeks chef, Hans Schweitzer (he's all the rage now, you know, and a veritable fixture at World-cons), sauted cheeks (fish) for us. We consequently awarded him one of our Bheer pins for his chef's sash. We satisfied our thirst with Glasgow's inimitable and very Smoooooth whiskeys.

We discovered smoked buffalo in the Coenobium party at Sophie's urging. It was totally bison -- and that's no beef. We chilled out at the Cryonics party while discussing whole-body vs. head options. Really. Frankly, we're partial to feet when it comes to party-hopping. Fetish, anyone?

The Space Access group gave us some space to breathe while we took a moment to catch our breath. In Norway (the party) we tested the varieties of aquavit (both above and below the equator) and were assured that a real Norwegian can tell the difference. Ja, sure.

By this time, we had worked up a sweat so were delighted to discover the Sno-Cone machine in the Silicon party, festooned with blue and orange crepe paper and balloons. We wandered over to the midnight Cult seance, but the only spirits we saw being raised were alcoholic.

By 2:30, the AussieCon bid party was still strong; we took a moment to admire their edible monster table decorations. Amazing what can be done with a cantaloupe...and a little wax. Norway and australia both performed admirably, but we decided to award the now well-experienced hosts of Winnipeg/Glasgow the Saturday "Party of the Night" Award. (Polite applause, please.)

even a few people who seem to prefer working in crisis because of the emotional payoff, but I saw no less magnificence in Gary Anderson's solution to building the bridge simply because it was carefully planned, or in Elayne Pelz' stepping in to run the Art Show simply because she started months before the con.

ConFrancisco announced its own pantheon of superheroes and heroes at Closing Ceremonies. SuperHeroes of ConFrancisco were Doug Houseman, Richard Ney, Spike Parsons and Gail Sanders; on the roll of Heroes were

Shawn Blanchette, Shelia Bostick, Robbie Cantor, Todd Dashoff, Kathryn Daugherty, Kerry Ellis, Cindy Fulton, Rob Himmelsbach, Jean Hortman, Richard Lawrence, Gary Louie, Ellie Miller, Kathy Nerat, Jerry Pournelle, Joey Shoji, Sharon Pierce, John Sapienza, Donya White, Dianne Wickes and Jacob Wright.

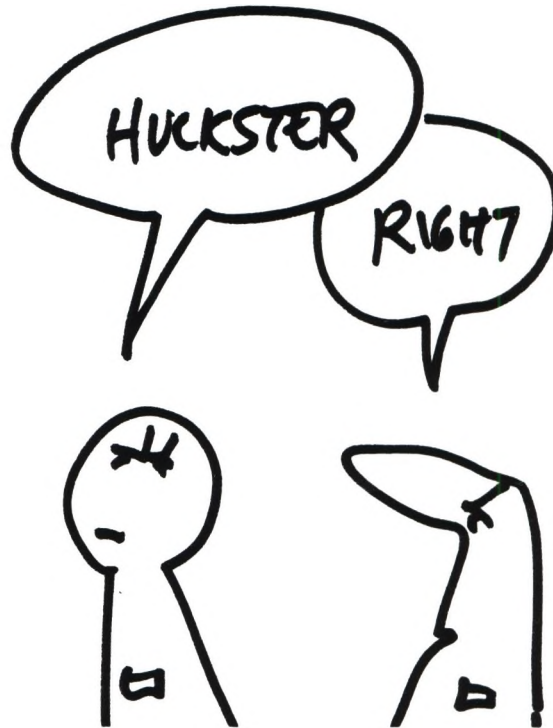
Tending to be overlooked on such lists, which are job-oriented, yet gratefully acknowledged by their co-workers, are people who sustain the spirits of those around them. T. R. Smith told me, "I'm contemplating enrolling in the



Peggy Rae Pavlat School of Serenity and Politeness." T. R. greatly admired Peggy Rae's calming influence on everyone she worked with.

Art Show: Art Show director Elayne Pelz preferred to use her large area within Hall D by creating 15-foot aisles than by filling it with the maximum possible number of hangings. This decision became controversial as people tried to explain their subjective dissatisfaction about the average quality of the artists' entries.

Mike Kennedy, in *The NASFA Shuttle*, thought, "The quality was more uneven than I recall from past shows. There seemed to be a noticeable proportion of mediocre fan art and there was certainly a lot of media-oriented art (mostly *Trek* of various varieties.) The good stuff that was there was very, very good." Many shared Stu Hellinger's view: "There was less really memorable art at this con than any worldcon I've seen in years." Unlike Hellinger, the others blamed their frustration on the vacant space in the display area. John Pomeranz commented, "I was disappointed to see



how under-utilized the art show space was given the number of excellent artists who were turned away."

Elayne agreed that ConFrancisco's art show with 280 panels was smaller than Magicon's show of 320 panels, but added that was a deliberate decision. She fixed the size of the show at 280 to preserve a certain ratio between the number of panels and projected attendance, to give the artists a decent chance to make some money. This was a controversial policy in 1993 because attendance at ConFrancisco was projected to be much lower than at Magicon, so Elayne's ratio dictated significantly fewer panels. Fifty artists who wanted to show work could not get panels under to this policy.

John Lorentz, past Westercon chair, responded, "Yes, there was room for more panels -- but that doesn't necessarily mean that we'd have seen more **good** art, nor that the individual artists would have sold as many pieces. ...Many cons limit the number of dealer tables sold for the same reason."

Several worthy ideals conflicted in this case. An average fan wants the largest and most visually interesting art show possible, and cannot conceive of any reason for limiting it apart from laws of Newton and the fire marshal. Artists, like dealers, want equal access to the Worldcon marketplace for business reasons: prior to the con they may claim they don't care how many other panels or tables there will be, as long as they get in. Afterwards, both artists and dealers are prone to complain that so-and-so was a bad con if they don't make very much money. For years a couple of dealers have told me that having 300 tables at L.A.con II was a bad policy because the people in the back of the room "didn't make any money." Yet nondealers tell me it was the best dealer's room ever.

As to what was noteworthy in the show, I really enjoyed the exhibit of work by Hugo nominated artists, including James Gurney's *Dinotopia* and the Teddy Harvia-Peggy Ranson black-and-white cover for *File 770's* 100th issue. Michael Whelan's section included a black-and-white oil preliminary for the cover of Mike Resnick's novel, *Ivory*, that the author said he liked much better than the version that finally appeared.

A very humorous artwork, Diana Pavlac's favorite piece, was a model of alien beings walking through an sf convention art show. The dollhouse-scale artworks mimicked the range of subjects and styles at a real worldcon, and of course the alien observers were pleasingly bizarre and colorful.

Kathryn Daugherty believes, "[The] real thrill of a **worldcon** art show is to see cover art; upclose, personal, and live. If you compare art reproduction to the original image, there is nothing like the real thing. Plus the fascination of seeing more than one piece by a professional artist at one time. I like Jim Burns' work and I thought it was wonderful that he had so many pieces in the show, some from quite a long time ago and some recent. ...Obviously this is a contrarian opinion, but since

the number of interesting pieces (and even the number that sold) is higher than the expected rate if you strictly followed Sturgeon's Law, I'll stand by my opinion that this was a good art show."

It was also a financial success, with \$113,000 in sales, compared to \$96,000 at Magicon. The record is still \$125,000, set at L.A.con II in 1984. (Art Show statistics don't count income from ASFA Print Shop sales or panels used for non-sale displays.)

Turning Klingonese: Klingon hall costumes were everywhere. Sam Pierce said there was even a Klingon highlight in the Art Show Auction: "Late in the auction, a small dragonish drawing came up for bid. After a young woman up front offered \$25, a brash young fellow from the back said, 'I refuse to be outbid by a woman who hums Barney tunes.' The race was on and, in five dollar increments, we were soon up to \$150. Brash spoke up again with some equally antagonistic comment. She replied with a string of Klingon that was obviously an oath of sufficient power to peel paint. The bidding continued to \$225, when the fellow finally realized that he had so antagonized her that she'd have reached *really* deep to keep him from getting the piece. To our cries of 'Wimp-!' he conceded the drawing."

The masquerade boasted at least three Klingon entries, such as the award-winning "A 'quiet' Klingon Night at Home" performed to the tune of "The Masochism Tango." Roy Pettis counted so many Klingon costumes and events at ConFrancisco he said, "I don't think I have seen such a common costume theme since the summer after Star Wars when I went to Balticon and was overwhelmed by Princesses in white robes and rum-raisin-bun hair-styles."

The Klingon Assault Group hosted several program items, but reportedly when they didn't show up to run the "Klingon Dating Game" the standing-room-only audience spo-

ntaneously generated the program. Andrew Bustamante told me a volunteer moderator, in Federation dress, selected contestants from the audience who also wore appropriate hall costumes. Bustamante said questions included: "What is your idea of a perfect date?" "What is your favorite fetish?"

He continued, "A Bajoran woman had to pull her phaser on a Klingon contestant: 'I hear Bajoran women are easy.' 'Try it and see what I light up!' A demonstration of Klingon smash and grab carry-off techniques by the male volunteers was interrupted by a silver-haired blonde in a silver, skintight suit with cape who picked up a Klingon male as if he were a small child, threw him over her shoulder and marched out of the room with him looking very confused. After a few moments of the audience roaring, he tried to carry her back and almost made it to the stage with her."

Program Notes: *Does Fandom Need a 12-Step Program?* Just in case it does, Eve Ackerman came up with these twelve steps: "(1) We admitted we were powerless over fandom -- that our lives had become unmanageable. (2) Came to believe that gafiating could restore us to sanity. (3) Made a decision to turn our lives over to the care of people who had no idea what 'SMOF' meant. (4) Made a searching and fearless inventory of our fanac. Cleaned out the spare bedroom taken over by zines and back issues of *F&SF*. (5) Admitted to all our various con comms and OE's the exact nature of our wrongs. Told them firmly that we wouldn't run the huckster room again.

"(6) Were entirely ready to admit that FIJ-AGDH. (7) Humbly asked our bosses not to fire us for using the office photocopier, fax machines and express mail envelopes for our zines. (8) Made a list of all persons we had harmed through fanac and became willing to make amends RSN, providing that it doesn't embroil us in more fan feuds. (9) Made direct amends to such people wherever possible,

understanding that our chances of becoming TAFF or DUFF winner were now really remote. (10) Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly moved away from the keyboard so we wouldn't write about it and e-mail it out. (11) Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with non-fen. Read the *Wall Street Journal*, *People* and the *National Enquirer* so we'd have something to talk about. (12) Having a spiritual awakening as a result of these Steps, we tried to carry this message to others (insofar as it doesn't involve BBS e-mail, apas, fanzines or cons) and to practice these principles in all our affairs."

Nanotech: Nanotech prophet Eric Drexler spoke at ConFrancisco. Elton Elliot, that round mound of the profound, asked me if I'd heard nanotechnology might be applied to rid the body of excess fat. "I expect to see many people of the avoirdupois persuasion in the audience," said Elton.

Professional Ethics for the Amateur: Editors David Hartwell and Rachel Holmen, and artist Teddy Harvia addressed the topic from two viewpoints, how amateurs should interact with editors for the benefit of their future in the business, and how fans should function ethically within the realm of fannish publishing.

Hartwell began by admitting amateurs' manuscripts are held to a higher standard of simple neatness, because if Heinlein or Delany submit sloppy manuscripts -- as Delany may, due to his dyslexia -- the editors already know they want to read the stories very carefully.

Rachel Holmen said that simultaneous submission of stories to several publishers can cause a real headache because amateurs don't know the rules. Foremost, the writer must tell a publisher they are receiving a simultaneous submission. This avoids a real nightmare of having an editor, who has already sent a manuscript to press, discovering

the same story in another magazine on the stands.

Teddy Harvia warned against unethical fanzine practices. He's seen it all, in his 15 years as a fanartist. When a fan traced one of his cartoons onto mimeo stencil, Teddy considered it a misrepresentation of his art and refused to let the fan publish any of the others Teddy had submitted. The fan replied that he had the cartoons, he had the rights to them, and would do as he pleased. In an unusual move, Harvia engaged a lawyer to write a letter to the fan demanding attorney fees and a fine of \$50. Apparently he scared the hell out of the kid, who sent the money.

Smoke-Filled Back Room: Among the GoH programming was a panel moderated by Jan Howard Finder, who took the role of a presidential candidate surrounded by a cabinet composed of pros and fans called to answer the question: "What would be your initial program to get the country moving in the right direction which involves the space program and space?" His romantic call for renewed space exploration came paired with a practical understanding that voters would need to be motivated to pay for any proposal.

The idea never really worked because Finder did nothing to keep the majority of panelists, Steve Gillett, Ben Bova, Brad Lyau, and Hugh Gregory, from changing ground to something they knew about. The panel became a 2-hour symposium on SSTO spacecraft. Two other writers made worthy but futile attempts to pull the others back on track, Arlan Andrews, possibly the only panelist who had worked for a presidential administration, and Charles Sheffield, who illustrated his remarkable insights with cleverly expressed lines like: "The soil conservation bureau long ago realized that mud is a national treasure."

Thank You For Your Support: The lifeblood of the con, its volunteers and staff, earned the right to wear official t-shirts, each with a unique Teddy Harvia cartoon. The staff's

white t-shirts had red cartoons of a bridge, with three characters having this exchange: The Sun asked, "Think anyone'll notice all the work we put into the bridge?" A rocket in flight answered, "With thousands crossing it, someone'll notice." A giant squid wrapped around the bridge agreed, "Wow! Look at all the work someone put into this bridge!"

The Blue Riband: Sharon Sbarsky ordered 41 types of standard ribbons, the kind with double-sided tape for attaching to membership badges. They ranged in purpose from simple descriptions like "Committee", "Staff" and "Hugo Award Nominee" to the truly whimsical: "Jumping Thing Contest", "Hoax", "Anti-Ribbon", "Generic" and "Set Completer".

"Set Completer" hints at the ferocious competition to accumulate the widest variety of ribbons. One aspirant for the title at ConFrancisco, Kevin Standlee, put it this way: "I'm Bruce [Pelz] this year. Bruce was Tim Illingworth last year."

Bruce Pelz' passion to be a completist collector of things ranging from fanzines to worldcon paraphernalia has inspired several affectionate and humorous efforts to frustrate him. Years ago the Lupoffs published an anticlimactic issue of their fanzine *Xero* containing a satirical prediction that Pelz would be shattered to see another issue appear after he'd sent his run of *Xero* to the bindery. When Bruce supervised the History of Worldcons exhibit for Noreascon 3, collecting committee ribbons for the display became his latest crusade, and inventing one-of-a-kind, unattainable ribbons became a game for Bruce's friends.

ConFrancisco escalated the absurdity to new levels by authorizing a horse-collar-sized blue ribbon stamped "The ribbon Bruce Pelz doesn't have" to be worn by a succession of fans including Rick Katze on Saturday night and Danny Siclari on Monday afternoon. Bruce Pelz said he finally got possession of it Monday night in a ceremony where he assumed



the identity of its last wearer, Dave Kyle.

Not According To Hoyle: Bruce's other passions include playing bridge, and Gary Anderson attempted to give Bruce the biggest bridge he'd ever played with: the 24-foot-long replica Golden Gate bridge that was on the Esplanade Ballroom stage all weekend to symbolize ConFrancisco's "Building Bridges" theme.

"The thought of the look on Bruce Pelz's face when informed, especially in some ceremonial manner, that we were now bequeathing it to him for the Worldcon Exhibit was a point of much humorous discussion among the bridge building crew. Gary Louie had seen it and looked properly horrified when he was over here working on the 40 Years of Hugos show, precon."

Anderson snickered, "I mean, here is this bridge, a tiny bit of fannish experience. How could anyone turn it down for exhibit purposes? It loomed over several events of memorable fannish history: Andy Porter's Hugo, the 40 Years of Hugos show, a nice Masquerade,

really pizzazz opening and closing ceremonies. Obviously it should be in the exhibit! There were only a couple of minor logistical details: we finished assembly on the thing inside the Esplanade, and it wouldn't fit out any of the doors. We did it with hot glue, and try as one might, it would not fit back in the box. And then, space for the ride home, not to mention the virtual entirety of someone's garage in perpetuity...."

Anderson's team did a first-rate job building a replica of the trademark bridge, and did it quite cheaply. "Materials cost about \$330, all told, plus about \$70 worth of flameproofing.... We did it ourselves, with the Fabrication Bridge Crew (in our back yard) and the Assembly Bridge Crew (at the con). We had the thing flameproofed to the point where we were hoping the fire marshal would run the flame test on it - 20 seconds with a butane torch never even touched it."

Masquerade: Mike Kennedy reported in *The NASFA Shuttle*, September issue, "When I got there the line was already snaked around several times inside and wrapped one-third of

the way around the *big* block. ...Some people doubtless saw the line and decided not to go to the masquerade at all and some people were apparently turned away. ...Uncle Timmy [Bolgeo], who was one of the last people they let in, found an empty seat right in the middle on the fourth row. I didn't have to tell him he was slime since several people had beat me to it."

The crowd was admitted slowly, at first, because the slick marble floor in the Esplanade lobby posed a safety hazard. The line quite outnumbered the Esplanade Ballroom's 2,914 seats, so even more time was also devoted to finding and filling individual empty seats. The fire marshal permitted no standing room: no one could be allowed in unless they'd have a seat.

Though starting time was announced for 8 p.m., the first costume came onstage at 8:55 p.m. Janet Wilson Anderson, Mistress of Grand Guignol, that is to say division chief overseeing the Masquerade, defended: "Why did the Masquerade start late? Don't blame the costumers or the crew. They were ready at 7:30 p.m. I had the judges backstage, had loaded in the limited mobility and vision folks and was standing at the main doors ready to open them when the Floor Manager stopped me. He advised me of a potential safety problem. It took 28 minutes to resolve. As soon as the problem was cleared up, I opened the doors -- at 7:58. Load-in took 52 minutes longer than anticipated, mostly due to the worry over a mad rush on that slippery atrium floor. I'd had a couple of incidents with the floor already during the day, so we elected to slow people down."

The Mistress of Grand Guignol commented more than once on the priority given to safety, begging the question of why, after her crew had been sliding around the Esplanade lobby floor all afternoon ("I'd had a couple of incidents with the floor already") no one but the Floor Manager thought anything should be done about it. And why didn't the Floor

Manager deal with it before 7:30 p.m., when there was still time to inquire about floor covering (runners)?

"The remainder of the delay," continued Wilson Anderson, "came from people refusing to relinquish the seats they'd saved for their friends over half an hour after putative start time. Guess I could have told the 'ushers' to be nasty about it, but it seemed impolitic to do so."

Despite rumors, Kent Bloom was sure, "We didn't turn away 1000 from the Masquerade. The ushers and line monitors I talked to said that they turned away 100 or so, and that no one who arrived before 8 p.m. (the scheduled starting time) was turned away. It always hurts to turn anyone away. We'll try to do better next year."

The start of the Masquerade loosed a completely unexpected problem, wonky stage lighting software. Mike Kennedy reported, "The Moscone's computer, starting at about the intermission between entries 25 and 26, kept cycling on the lights in a 'fail-safe' mode. As things went along, the crew got faster and faster in shutting them back off so that it became a nuisance rather than disruptive." Gary Anderson said the tech crews "Virtually [had to] tell the Moscone building engineer what to do about it, actively stand with a tech's finger on the switch to reset the lights when they went wild, and spend what were supposed to be off-hours the next day checking out the software reload." Upon investigation, said Anderson, "We found out that there had been bugs all through the system, and that it had just been reloaded (but not thoroughly tested) before our arrival."

Overcoming all problems, the ConFrancisco Masquerade offered 50 entries (12 Masters, 18 Journeyman, 20 Novices), consisting of 37 Original entries and 13 Recreations, totalling 115 participants on stage.

Parting Shot: Janet Wilson Anderson's feels, "I

have relatively little patience for those who grouse that they had to wait a bit, when literally hundreds of folks have put in such incredible effort to provide them with a show that can be seen in no other venue."

ConFrancisco Masquerade tapes in VHS format are available for \$20.00 each plus \$3.00 shipping in the USA, \$5.00 to Canada. Make checks or money orders payable in US Dollars to Janet Wilson Anderson, and send to: ConFrancisco Tapes c/o Andersons, 3216 Villa Knolls Dr., Pasadena, CA 91107.

Missing in Action: As co-chair of the LA in '96 bid I spent most of my time over the weekend either arranging parties or taking votes and money at the Site Selection table. It surprises me to have this much material for a Worldcon report.

While others attended the masquerade on Saturday night, I counted votes with convention officials Kevin Standlee and George Brickner. Los Angeles was the only bid, so the winner was never in doubt, just the numbers. Los Angeles received 1,132 of the 1,286 votes cast.

Kevin told stories as we counted. He gave us the entire history of ConFrancisco, including the odd twists of fate that cost them the Marriott, a very large hotel just across the street from the Moscone originally intended to be ConFrancisco's headquarters.

Just before the San Francisco bid won, in 1990, Ford Motor Company booked the Marriott for midweek dates that ruled out using it for the Worldcon. The committee scrambled to book more space in the Moscone and pick a new headquarters. Standlee says that after shouldering ConFrancisco out of the picture, Ford jilted the Marriott by moving its event to San Diego, but the Marriott never came back looking for ConFrancisco's business.

ConFrancisco returned the favor by leaving the hotel, a rather sizable landmark, entirely

off the street map in *The Quick Reference Guide*. Rumors also persisted that the hotel had no business other than 75 rooms taken by fans, but Mike Resnick, who stayed there, denied that it was any kind of ghost town: "At the last minute they booked an Esso convention; they were totally sold out on Saturday night, I know that."

I'm Spartacus! No, I'm Spartacus! Hugo nominees, presenters and guests were invited to a 7:00 p.m. Sunday reception behind the stage in the Esplanade Ballroom, and cautioned to arrive by 7:30 with an eye to an 8:00 starting time for the ceremony. Everyone who cooperated was rewarded with an extra wait of 45 minutes for a late start. There was time for many conspiracies to hatch while the nominees grew restless, munching cheese cubes and gourmet crackers. We began improvising our own amusements.

Andy Hooper noticed Martin Hoare, Langford's perennial Hugo acceptor, and suggested if Langford won, "Let's all stand up and yell, 'I'm Dave Langford! I'm Dave Langford!'"

Dick and Nicki Lynch, Lan Laskowski, Leah and Dick Smith and I also pretended to agree that no matter who they announced for Best Fanzine we would stand in unison and ask, "Are you sure?"

Hugo nominees had been asked by the committee to come in formal attire. I chafed at the suggestion, but division chief Janet Wilson Anderson swayed me with her clever reply to my complaint: "We do want a certain 'air' for the Hugos. Tuxes by all means for those who like 'em. Fannish Formal is perfectly appropriate, however, for those 'tux-phobic.' I attended the Confederation Hugos as a representative of a Hugo nominee dressed in Irulan's gold gown from the movie *Dune*, and at Chicon wore my Napoleonic Court gown. Such garb would also be fine here (though it probably isn't quite your style.) Gary [Anderson] wore the Padishah Emperor's Uniform and looked quite formal."

Diana Pavlac eventually convinced me Denise Fraser issued the "black tie" advisory out of a gracious sense of wanting to let people know what is appropriate rather than letting it come as a surprise that many nominees do, indeed, dress to the teeth.

So, Diana and I took a few moments before the awards to see how people responded to the committee's advice. Many did dress formally. Those who dared to be different did it with flair, like Andy Porter in the robes of an Oxford University Doctor of Divinity. Joe Haldeman thanked the committee for allowing him to present Hugos in two categories and giving his tux the extra exposure.

When the guests were dispatched to reserved seats in the VIP section, Fraser was ready to set the wheels in motion. Kevin Standlee perched on a chair and relayed her briefing to the nominees about their order of march. Kevin's many colorful ribbons covered him like the high priest's breastplate.

Hugo base artist Arlin Robins was introduced, and waved a sample of her 1993 Hugo overhead. Robins' octagonal Hugo base was decorated with pewter castings, a compass rose on top and reliefs of well-known SF figures on several sides, including Hugo Gernsback. The craftsmanship was not equal to the idea, for the metal did not take the facial features very well and the identities of the figures weren't apparent without reading the names underneath.

At last, the nominees were formed up and paraded to their seats.

In the dusk at the edge of the stage I recognized Val Ontell's voice. She asked if I could see her husband, Ron, standing beside the last seat on the far side and said to walk to him. Ron picked that very moment to leave, and not knowing whether it was part of the plan I kept after him like a runaway steer until Marjii Ellers circled in front of me and aimed me at my seat. For all the jokes I made about

Noreascon 3, I wish I could march in to the gladiator's theme from *Ben-Hur* once more...

Several pros, most notably, Patrick Nielsen Hayden (on GENIE), accused ConFrancisco of poor hospitality toward program participants in general and Hugo nominees in particular. "I have to wonder at ConFrancisco's many 'anti-perks.' Program participants had the extra-special excitement of additional lines and complications to chase down. Hugo nominees were honored even more by being made to stand up in the wings for forty-five minutes, and made to miss the cool Delta Clipper video.

"In general, I think we could stand to lose this whole procession-of-nominees thing. It was goofy and embarrassing when Noreascon did it, but at least they pulled it off with organization and dispatch. ...At ConFrancisco, we had the spectacle of nominees' spouses standing around looking puzzled and out-of-sorts while their significant others were held captive in the wings. Further, nominees and their spouses had the even more extra-special honor of being unable to pick where they sat, or who they sat with.

"One suspects the whole thing is designed to lather the egos of the people stage-managing the spectacle, rather than to honor anyone or make it an entertaining experience for the audience."

My personal reaction was quite different and completely subjective. The rest of my weekend was so hectic that I regarded the nominees' reception to be an oasis of relaxation. I welcomed the opportunity to talk to long-time friends, including Martha Beck, who I otherwise have missed altogether.

I Never Wrote SF for My Father: Toastmaster Guy Gavriel Kay engaged in byplay with the tech crew and confidently assured everyone he had things under control: there would be no repeat of last night's problems because he had -- a tv remote control. Out of Kay's sight

his every comment was sarcastically denied by verbal slides projected on a screen at the left of the stage.

Three non-Hugo awards were presented first.

The Japanese national convention's Seiun Awards were presented by Masamichi Osako, Takumi Shibano and Nozomi Tashiwaya to American winners. Best Novel went to Poul Anderson for *Tau Zero* in translation. Poul was the only winner present; two other winners were R.A. Lafferty, for a short story, and Daniel Keyes for a nonfiction book.

Forry Ackerman presented a richly-deserved Big Heart Award to Marjii Ellers.

Dave Kyle came out and introduced Catherine Crook DeCamp, who presented the First Fandom Award to Ray Beam, turning the tables on the man who has given out that award so many times. Beam's remarks closed, "Remember: if it wasn't for our efforts, you wouldn't be here tonight."

Chairman Dave Clark announced ConFrancisco had designated a Special Award based on its central theme of building international bridges, to Takumi Shibano. It was a big weekend for Takumi, also selected (together with his wife, Sachiko) as Fan Guest of Honor for L.A.con III in 1996.

Then Janet Wilson Anderson narrated an excellent retrospective of the Hugos composed of slides of old photos taken by Jay Kay Klein, trivia questions spanning the entire history of the award, and chronologically-ordered pictures of books or magazines containing Hugo-winning fiction. Janet and company's lively and innovative approach made one forget that retrospectives have been done at the past several Hugo ceremonies.

Kevin Standlee, whose responsibilities included supervising Hugo administrators Seth Goldberg and Dave Bratman, engaged in a comic moment by declaring ConFrancisco had gone

beyond Price Waterhouse to insure the secrecy of the results. "Security to the bridge," ordered Kevin and a pair of Klingons came out carrying the award envelopes.

Between the delay and the time devoted to other awards, the first of the official awards, the John W. Campbell Award, was given at 9:47 p.m. The Campbell was won by Laura Resnick. As she was somewhere in the Kalahari region of Africa, her father accepted the plaque for her. Laura had already conquered the romance genre by the time she turned to science fiction: she also won an award for Best Romance Novel of the Year in 1993. Mike Resnick announced later, "My stud fee just doubled!"

In a departure from the usual, each Hugo presenter announced two winners. TAFF delegate Abi Frost gave out the Best Fanartist Hugo to Peggy Ranson, and the Best Fanwriter Hugo to Dave Langford's proxy, Martin Hoare. Martin was sure when he phoned Dave in London a little later, Dave would answer, "You bastard, you woke me up this time last year, too!"

One of the con's guests of honor, Jan Howard Finder, presented the Best Fanzine Hugo to *Mimosa*, which won for the second year in a row. Amid the applause I heard Stu Shiffman yell out, "Bring back Nicki Lynch!" to compensate for my attributing that quote to him in my Magicon report when he'd actually been in Seattle at the time. And who says fans aren't timebinders... Then at the end of the ceremony Jay Kay Klein asked for his subscription check back, "So I can give it to the fanzine that won."

Finder also got to unleash the surprise of the night. When the Best Semiprozine Hugo went to *Science Fiction Chronicle*, Andy Porter practically flew to the stage with his doctoral robes fluttering like wings. A quarter of the audience gave a standing ovation. *Locus* had won the category the nine other years it had been given, and four consecutive years before

that had won as Best Fanzine. Andy Hooper asked, "Do you think Andy will have the new masthead cut by tonight?"

Winners received the announcement cards along with their Hugos. Jeremy Bloom, of the daily newzine staff, reported the card listing *SF Chronicle* as Best Semiprozine added underneath in parentheses, "Really. Not Locus. No Kidding."

Tom Digby, also a con GoH, delivered the Best Nonfiction Book Hugo won by Harry Warner's *A Wealth of Fable*, edited by Dick Lynch, to the publisher's representative, Bruce Pelz. (The book had been published by SCIFI, the group responsible for L.A.cons II and III.)

Gardner Dozois, looking spiffy in his salt-and-pepper jacket, gray slacks and shoes of a color that instantly brought Ricardo Montalban to mind, took away another Best Pro Editor Hugo. GoH Alicia Austin handed out the two artist Hugos, to James Gurney for "Dinotopia" and to Don Maitz. Dead guest of honor, Mark Twain, bestowed a Hugo on "The Inner Light" episode of *ST:TNG*, accepted by Peter Lauritsen.

Presenter Joe Haldeman saddened to suddenly remember that, 25 years before, his wife had been here in California while he was in the battlefields of Vietnam with two weeks to go until their R&R rendezvous, one he never kept because he was seriously wounded and hospitalized. Joe recovered and made jokes about his tux, and handed out the first of Connie Willis' two Hugos. He delivered another to Janet Kagan who emotionally thanked her mom "for reading me science fiction before I could read it for myself."

GoH Larry Niven announced the final two Hugos. Lucius Shepard's Best Novella was accepted by Gardner Dozois who admitted, "I'm not Lucius Shepard, but I play him on tv." Then came the tie for Best Novel between Connie Willis' *Doomsday Book* and Vernor Vinge's *A Fire Upon the Deep*. In the past

there have been nine ties for Hugo or Campbell awards, and this was the first tie in the Best Novel category since 1966, when Herbert's *Dune* and Zelazny's *...And Call Me Conrad* shared the Hugo.

Ray Pettis told this story showing how *Chronicle's* win overshadowed every other result: "When I was riding up in the elevator at the Ana after the ceremony, someone got on at the Filk floor -- I assume he saw the high proportion of fancy dress -- and said, 'Hugo's over?' <'yes'> 'Any news?' Robert Silverberg's first comment from the back of the elevator was 'Andy Porter won; Locus didn't.' On a night when there was a tie for Best Novel, and *Star Trek: The Next Generation* won a Hugo, and women writers dominated the wins, the first comment is 'Andy Porter won.'"

Closing Ceremonies: Fans taking their seats for Closing Ceremonies found a lyric sheet for the closing chorus of "ConFrancisco, Here We Come", and a piece of chocolate candy bribing them to sing it.

This was my first chance to see the parade of flag-waving fans, or the ceremonial entrance of Emperor Norton who walked ahead of a giant yellow banned monogrammed with a blue "N". Guests of honor followed in, with Tom Digby blowing bubbles at the audience.

After many thank-you's came the most wonderful practical joke ever pulled at a world-con. Obsessive ribbon collector Kevin Standlee was introduced, then a team of fans carried out a giant replica name badge and tried to give it to him. The badge would have been too large for anyone but the Statue of Liberty, and Kevin pretended to stumble backwards, crushed under its mass, while the audience yelled, "Put it on! Put it on!"

Adding a classy touch to the list of thank-you's, chairman Dave Clark and his division chiefs recognized people who'd worked heroically by awarding them "Golden Bear" medallions. (These were white enamel medals

similar to the "Hero of Magicon" design.) The list of winners unexpectedly included Jerry Pournelle, who was named as an expression of thanks for his graciousness in the face of a series of mishaps affecting his appearances at the con.

Dave Clark passed the gavel to John Mansfield, chairman of Conadian, the 1994 worldcon in Winnipeg. The Winnipeg committee made a very showmanlike introduction of its staff, and officials from their hotel and convention center. One of the officials scored minus points with locals by harping on the comparative safety of downtown Winnipeg, not to say fans aren't happy that it's so.

Mansfield told everyone that Winnipeg attendees will get a visa booklet for collecting the souvenir stamps that they'll distribute throughout Conadian. The very first stamp was distributed by his crew as people left ConFrancisco's closing ceremonies.

Critique: When workmen rolled up the blue carpet that had been the intersection of El Camino Real and Emperor Norton Boulevard, I saluted con's ending with a mock complaint, "Some town this is, they roll up the sidewalks at 3 p.m."

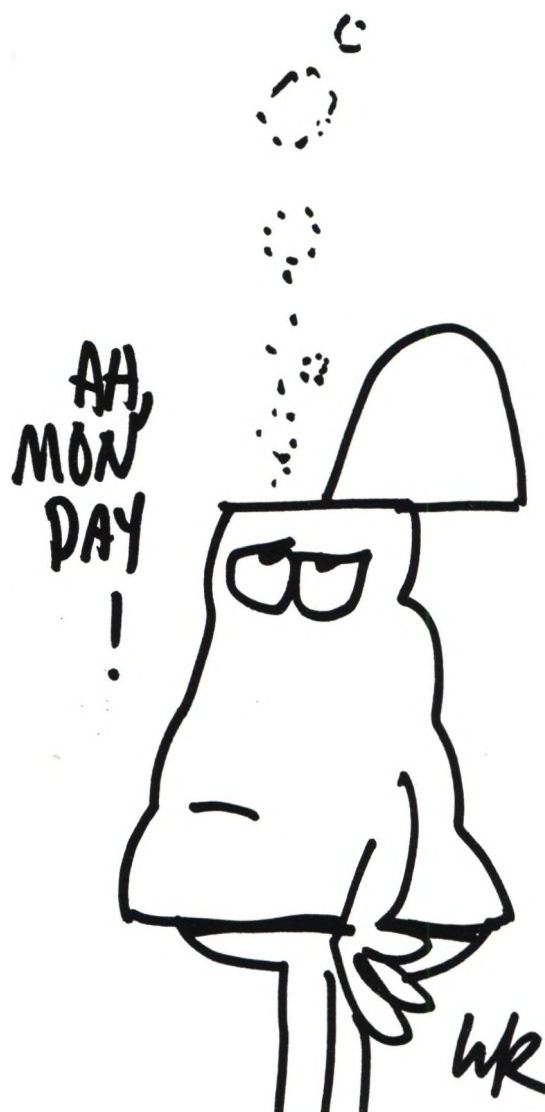
Truthfully, ConFrancisco ran around the clock -- if you count the fuzzy sunrise hour when people returning to their beds after partying 'til dawn pass early-rising committee workers on the way to reopen the convention. Beyond any individual's ability to sustain the pace, the 1993 worldcon was also too multifaceted for any individual to enter into all its experiences.

The current group dynamic encourages people to frame individual disappointments and complaints as across-the-board conclusions about the con, however unjustified. This dynamic grew out of ConFrancisco's hard-luck history: their bid was ridiculed by the Hawaii in '93 write-in campaign; they lost their headquarters hotel; Sue Stone and Terry Biffel, two

ConFrancisco chairmen, died. When people start expecting bad things, anything that assists the self-fulfilling prophecy is likely to be plucked out of context and made part of the illusory mosaic of disaster.

More likely to be typical attendee opinions of ConFrancisco were the conversations overheard by the ANA's convention manager and related to Crickett Fox, such as "Isn't this convention well organized" and a variant, "You know, this con is so well organized that it's not even like a Worldcon!"

ConFrancisco fulfilled the international vision of the late Terry Biffel, and surely has sown the seeds of an entire new generation of Bay Area fandom.



1993 HUGO AWARDS COMPLETE VOTING STATISTICS

Nom.	BEST NOVEL: 702 ballots	first place:	third place:	fourth place:	fifth place:	
81	A Fire Upon the Deep (Vernor Vinge)	196 196 214 242 311				
76	Doomsday Book (Connie Willis)	185 186 203 248 311				
58	Red Mars (Kim Stanley Robinson)		246 247 315			
49	China Mountain Zhang (M. McHugh)		209 209 262	290 293		
45	Steel Beach (John Varley)	80 80	164 165	270 273	428	
	No Award	13	23	36	57	
Nom.	BEST NOVELLA: 570 ballots	first place:	second place:	third place:	fourth:	fifth:
48	Barnacle Bill the Spacer (L. Shepard)	166 167 181 201 275				
33	Stopping at Slowyear (Frederik Pohl)	133 134 143 169 213	170 171 189 244			
35	Protection (Maureen F. McHugh)	111 111 122 146	151 152 167 210	195 197 228		
30	Uh-Oh City (Jonathan Carroll)	63 66 85	93 96 127	129 134 184	198 205	313
36	The Territory (Bradley Denton)	65 65	83 83	108 109	170 175	75
	No Award	32	36	49	54	
Nom.	BEST NOVELETTE: 575 ballots	first place:	second place:	third place:	fourth:	fifth:
21	The Nutcracker Coup (Janet Kagan)	138 139 151 176 231				
31	Danny Goes to Mars (P. Sargent)	130 131 140 169 221	180 181 200 253			
22	True Faces (Pat Cadigan)	114 115 126 152	152 153 167 220	201 203 236		
30	Suppose They Gave a Peace (Shwartz)	106 107 125	134 136 164	186 190 229	257	
16	In the Stone House (B. Malzberg)	56 57	68 69	84 85	130	267
	No Award	31	33	43	54	80
Nom.	BEST SHORT STORY: 606 ballots	first place:	second place:	third place:	fourth:	fifth:
65	Even the Queen (Connie Willis)	195 196 221 249 292				
29	The Mountain to Mohammed (N. Kress)	122 122 138 165 204	198 198 230 296			
31	The Winterberry (Nicholas DiChario)	88 91 105 125	104 107	139 143	194 200	325
33	The Lotus and the Spear (Resnick)	89 90 99	112 114 144 176	177 179 233		
27	Arbitrary Placement of Walls (Soukup)	73 74	113 116 130	171 174 217	242 246	
	No Award	39	46	52	58	71
Nom.	BEST NON-FICTION BOOK: 474 ballots	first place:	second place:	third place:		
32	A Wealth of Fable (Harry Warner Jr)	139 141 142 160 203				
23	The Costumemaker's Art (ed T. Boswell)	86 86 87 95 100	91 92 93 110	101 107 111		
12	Enterprising Women (C. Bacon-Smith)	78 79 79 83 89	87 88 88	105 111 112 141		
19	Let's HearIt For the Deaf Man(Langford)	60 66 66 78	110 122 125 144 155			
13	Virgil Finlay's Women of the Ages	59 66 66	82 92 92 111 139	105 123 128 153		
	No Award	28 29	40 42	54 62		
12	Monad Number Two (ed Damon Knight)	24	34	50		
					fifth place:	sixth place:
	The Costumemaker's Art	117 119 148			159 165	
	Enterprising Women	118 121 140			91 100	155
	Monad Number Two	77 86			74	85
	No Award	65				

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: 760 ballots					
Nom.	29	The Inner Light (ST:TNG)	first place:	second place:	third place:
100	Aladdin	285 294 308	310 359	319 333 341	251 290 304
66	Bram Stoker's Dracula	205 213 230	237 288	164 189 193	129 139 163
	No Award	112 127 139	141	88 92	185 206
41	Batman Returns	66 66 69		83 94 102	163 185 206
26	Alien 3	50 53	41	63	161 161 292
BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR: 579 ballots					
Nom.	99	Gardner Dozois	first place:	second place:	third place:
78	Kristine Kathryn Rusch	168 169 197	233 285	156 156 188	238
43	Beth Meacham	104 104 125	151 187	118 121	140 143
54	Stanley Schmidt	98 100 113	125	125 125 144	160 162 200
51	Ellen Datlow	97 97 98		127 127 168	190 190 262
	No Award	80 80	31	31	34 44 69
BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: 569 ballots					
Nom.	58	Don Maitz	first place:	second place:	third place:
52	Thomas Canty	127 127 152	185 265	146 146 163	186 186 228
61	Bob Eggleton	121 121 132	160 200	130 130 166	171 171 224
47	David A. Cherry	108 108 131	149	141 141 172	128 129
47	James Gurney	93 93 106		106 107	33 37
	No Award	88 89	32		201 202 353
BEST ORIGINAL ARTWORK: 625 ballots					
Nom.	47	Dinotopia (James Gurney)	first place:	second place:	third place:
11	Cover, Asimov's, Nov 1992 (M. Whelan)	127 127 152	185 265	146 146 163	186 186 228
9	Cover, F&SF, Oct-Nov 1992 (R. Walotsky)	121 121 132	160 200	130 130 166	171 171 224
12	Cover, Aristoi (Jim Burns)	108 108 131	149	141 141 172	128 129
9	Cover, Illusion (Michael Whelan)	93 93 106		106 107	33 37
	No Award	88 89	32		201 202 353
BEST SEMI-PROZINE: 623 ballots					
Nom.	99	Science Fiction Chronicle	first place:	second place:	third place:
85	Locus	167 168 182	206 274	215 215 237	179 182 246
49	Interzone	183 183 195	214 273	131 133 179	149 150 189
46	Pulphouse	105 106 127	161	110 110 132	148 150
24	The NY Review of Science Fiction	79 79 90		105 107	34 44
	No Award	69 69	19	30	205 207 332
BEST FANZINE: 369 ballots					
Nom.	47	Mimosa	first place:	second place:	third place:
21	File 770	93 104 106	140 171	99 107 107	123 142 142
42	Lan's Lantern	83 87 87	97 124	93 104 104	115 123 126
32	Stet	72 76 76	84	95 102 104	48 52
	No Award	56 58 59		40 43	62 87 88
22	FOSFAX	38 40	27	33	101 166
BEST FAN WRITER: 386 ballots					
Nom.	18	Dave Langford	first place:	second place:	third place:
12	Harry Warner Jr.	101 101 116	129 167	107 107 129	146 150 186
13	Mike Glyer	81 81 92	101 134	104 104 119	79 81 95
23	Evelyn C. Leeper	82 82 90	100	61 62 69	122 125
13	Andy Hooper	46 46 48		51 53	106 110
	No Award	39 41	37	41	65 87

Nom. BEST FAN ARTIST: 361 ballots

	first place:	second place:	third place:
38 Peggy Ranson	64 76 76	91 111 135	
33 Teddy Harvia	70 73 74	82 95 133	
19 Stu Shiffman	57 63 66	72 84	
26 Diana Harlan Stein	44 51 52	61	90 93 111 138
29 Linda Michaels	46 50 50	58 69 69	71 71 87 118
19 No Award	43 44	44 45	71 71 85
19 Merle Insinga	37	43	46 56 57

fourth place: fifth: sixth:

Diana Harlan Stein	93 95 120		
Linda Michaels	87 87 116	123 124	
Merle Insinga	71 72 106	109 174	
No Award	52 54	68	

Nom. JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD: 429 ballots

	first place:	second place:	third place:
18 Laura Resnick	113 114 133	135 153 186	
29 Nicholas A. Dichario	86 91 97	98 109 129	
15 Holly Lisle	57 65 68	71 85	
12 Michelle Sagara	52 55 62	62	75 88 90 109
29 No Award	51 54 56	57 60	80 88 89
29 Barbara Delaplace	38 43	68 73 75	57 62
12 Carrie Richerson	32	34	120 92 103 105 142

fourth place: fifth: sixth:

Michelle Sagara	123 136 142		
Holly Lisle	89 107 110	136 139	
No Award	63 70	73 88	76

Bratman and Goldberg's press release adds: "A number of statistical points about this year's Hugo results may be noted. The number of voters has decreased since last year. This is to be regretted, as this year's Hugo results, more than most, prove the truth of the old saw that a single vote can swing an election under the right circumstances. With one tie (Best Novel), one margin of a single vote (Best Semiprozine), and one margin of two votes (Best Fan Artist), the closeness of this year's results will perhaps persuade more Worldcon members to participate next year. Note that in both close categories, the winner was not the nominee with the most first-place votes, so additional votes transferred from lower-ranking nominees can also make a difference.

This is the second occasion in recent years that Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine has swept the short fiction and Best Editor categories; the magazine achieved the same distinction in 1991.

With its win for "The Inner Light", Star Trek: The Next Generation becomes the second television series to achieve Hugo recognition since the rule requiring individual episodes to be nominated was established in the mid 1960s: its predecessor was, of course, Star Trek (The Original Show).

