



File 770

MONEY MAD EDITOR SNEAKS STAGGERING RATE HIKE INTO WORLDCON NEWS ISSUE!!

Effective December 1, 1983, the subscription rate for FILE 770 will be: NORTH AMERICA (mailed first class) - 5 issues for \$4.00; OVERSEAS (sent printed matter - 5/\$4.00. (sent Air Printed Matter) - \$1.00 per copy.

The most fundamental reason is simply the opportunity to recoup my overhead -- the old price gives me a 3¢ per copy margin over the present cost of materials and postage. But what about all the expensive, long distance phone calls I get to make? Is F770 still worth it at the new cost? I'm sure the renewal statistics will let me know. With LOCUS at \$2.25 per single copy, and SF CHRONICLE at \$1.50 (12/\$18) an 80¢ rate isn't pretentious, in my opinion. Anyone who is distressed at the new price has over a month to re-up in whatever amount he or she desires. Overseas rates are somewhat postage-subsidized as my gesture towards the few fans outside North America who take the trouble to keep up with news on this side of the Pond, therefore the rate hike isn't consistently applied.

FILE 770:44 is edited and cranked by Mike Glycer at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. Old subscription rates: %/\$3 (US). Also available for arranged trades, submissions of news, hot stuff, printable or unprintable scandal, artwork, and the lustily-sought expensive (NOT COLLECT!) long-distance phone calls. (213) 787-5061. I will answer the phone, but I may not be here. Uh, get it? Issue delayed while I figure out how to fix my own mimeograph. See editorial notes anon.

RATTAIL FILE: Remember VOICE OF THE LOBSTER? Remember CONS AND SHELL GAMES? No? Well, anyway, L.A.Con II, the 1984 Worldcon, will launch its own letterzine providing a forum for discussion of subjects relevant to Worldcon operations, rules, programming, you name it. Mike Glycer (yes, the same) will edit and publish this quarterly publication. YOUR MATERIAL (that's you, George, and Greg, and Ross, and Yale, and Don, and Jack and the other 300 of you...) for the premiere issue needs to reach the editor by DECEMBER 1, 1983. Or maybe you thought everything at ConStellation went perfectly? On the other hand, could be you liked the way something was done at this year's con, or any year's con, and want to make sure we don't overlook it. RATTAIL FILE (hey, it sounds better than SQUEAK OF THE CHEESER!) will be published at the beginning of 1984 and appear quarterly thereafter. Copies will be distributed free to contributors of words and art, and to the old Associate Bidding Committee. The rest of the public may view the fracas from the comfort of their armchairs by subscribing \$2.00 for the life of the run. Send \$\$\$ to L.A.Con II, PO Box 8442, Van Nuys CA 91409; material for the first issue -- 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401.

NUMBER OF THE BEASTS

By virtue of 6404 attendees, the 1983 World Science Fiction Convention, held in Baltimore over Labor Day weekend, set a record as the largest to date.

Those who attempted to use the elevators in the party hotel already knew that thousands had attended... In fact, because the concom took over a month to figure out how many people had entered the convention, one may rightly worry if the concom has made certain everybody got out. Future worldcons blessed with huge attendance and cursed with typical hotel elevators may want to look to South Africa, where gold mines station a personnel counter at mineshaft elevators to guarantee everyone who went down has come up before blasting is permitted.

Jim Gilpatrick computed the ConStellation attendance figures shown below -- he cautions they are

unofficial, and will remain so until the committee says otherwise.

MEMBERSHIP TYPE

	FRI	SAT	SUN	MON
PREREGISTERED(cum.)	4482	4868	4873	4873
AT-THE-DOOR (cum.)	559	666	695	695
DAY MEMBERSHIPS	149	574	274	48
TOTAL	5190	6108	5842	5616

Says Gilpatrick, "Attendance figure of record computed using Noreascon II's method: 6404. Any way you slice it, the largest worldcon is history."

ROUNDFILINGS

MIKE
GLYER

AUGUST 31, 1983: THURSDAY: The train trip to Baltimore from Philadelphia is -- if nothing more -- short. For much of the way one's view consists of overgrown railroad gradings just high enough to prevent a view of the countryside from the window of a passenger car. This blur of green is violently interrupted at rare moments when opposite-bound trains pass within five feet of one's nose.



At intervals passengers are treated to views of bald tires stacked behind a garage, abandoned rolling stock, chemical storage tanks, or clumps of PRR workers in their alert orange flak vests, looking intently upward at the lone power linesman who is actually doing something constructive.

Approaching Baltimore, we crossed Chesapeake Bay, or a river, or something wide and wet which prevented the erection of further gradings to block our view. The scenery stretched for miles -- although the railroad had thoughtfully provided fans of urban blight a series of bridge pilings running parallel to the trestle we were on; flocks of pigeons stared back at us, hungrily. Exiting the Baltimore depot with armloads of baggage I encountered one of the delights of my whole trip -- an honest cab driver. Having paid for lessons in taking cabs during my visit to Boston, with the measure of my education being that it cost me \$4 less to return to the airport than it originally cost me to get from Logan to my hotel, my cynicism was ready, but it was disarmed when the cabbie took me

straight to the Baltimore Hilton for a reasonable price.

Seth Breidbart was meeting fans in the Hilton registration line when I checked in. He helped haul my bags to 1408 where we briefly discussed his intention to print two hoax issues of the daily newzine. Seth's courtesy was dual-edged -- I could hear, echoing from the future, Breidbart defending some faux pas connected with his hoax with the accurate statement, "I checked with Mike, and he said it was okay." I wondered what Seth could really publish -- even in a hoax -- that would upstage the con's own improvisations as summarized in the daily newzine.

Unpacking the copies of F770 and SCIENTIFRICTION I'd brought, and presenting F770:43 to Seth, I received his on-the-spot oral letter of comment. Most interesting to me was his recollection from Minicon that statements were made that the DUFF race was close; that Finder was one of the candidates who was close; and certain NY fans were told "you wouldn't like the current standings." All of this while the voting was still open, of course.

Because Seth and I started walking in the opposite (from correct) direction, it took us awhile to locate the Convention Center. We were set straight by a cop in a liquor store up the block from the Enoch Pratt Free Library. In a way, getting lost was beneficial, since this was the only "tour" I made of Baltimore, outside of Harborplace.

Arriving in the sauna-like atmosphere of the Convention Center, I learned that no arrangement had been made to turn the air conditioning on before the next day. Until that moment I did not realize I had been "fortunate" to spend the past five days in the 100% humidity of Merchantville, New Jersey -- since I had,

conditions in the Convention Center merely continued what I had become resigned to. The Center was a (sweaty) hive of activity. Jim Gilpatrick and I each called time-out from our rounds to discuss Atlanta in '86. Gilpatrick doubtless assumed I was toadying for a job, in the aftermath of Atlanta's sweep of the F770 poll. Carey Handfield wandered by. So did Jeff Schalles and Ed Benntt, who were responsible for the mimeo facilities, and therefore I glued myself to them until we were certain the Gestetner equipment would be delivered by 6 PM.

Production of the first issue of SCUTTLEBUTT began in a room situated between Operations HQ and the Gopher Hole -- sort of the dead zone... Marty Gear had provided amazing FACIT typewriters with some word-processing capabilities for the committee's use. In the process of extemporizing my first issue I learned a cardinal principal of word-processors -- it does no good to have the capability to correct copy in advance of committing it to paper if you don't bother to use it... The number of typos we published in SCUTTLEBUTT seemed about the same as we printed in DALEY PLANET utilizing Selectric II's. SCUTTLEBUTT 1 started with virtually no news, but as word of its preparation spread, items were fed in. Lee Smoire came in reporting an urgent need to run some warnings about hotel corkage fees and the illegality of cooking appliances -- basically ass-covering statements intended to foster improved stealth when smuggling in party supplies.

By 6:45 the mimeo equipment was in place. Ed Benntt checked me out on the mimeo -- my annual rite of passage involving machines much more modern than the Gestetner 320 I own. We ran 2500 copies and stashed the print run in Ops until I could decide what distribution points to use.

Joining the NESFA crew, I dined in Harborplace where Ben Yalow guided us around, announcing the stalls and describing their cuisine. Rich Zellich, in the process or briefing me about St. Louis in '88, wondered if he could run items about a hoax St. Louis in '88 bid party in SCUTTLEBUTT. I steered him to Breidbart.

The waterfront walk around Harborplace offered a view of the frigate Constellation (sister ship to Old Ironsides). A water taxi scooted by in the dark harbor waters, solely announced by a rotating red light on its canopy. Tony & Suford Lewis, young Alice, and Ben Bova walked up to the congregation of mostly NESFans I had joined: Rick Katze, Chip Hitchcock, Louise Sachter, Larry Gelfand, Tom Galloway, Ann Broomhead, Alyson L. Abramowitz, and Rich Zellich. Tony Lewis disingenuously told his daughter Alice that I'd be happy to swing her -- though I actually was willing, and did so. Ann McCutchen, joined by Jay Kay Klein, offered criticism of my technique which they considered kinesilogically unsound. Jay Kay was on the verge of demonstrating the proper form with Ann, but decided he was wearing too much camera gear to get in the right position. Instead, the two of them compared notes on the sizes of their wristbones. "I have thick wrists," stated Jay Kay, unintentionally referencing a trait of Remo Williams, star of four dozen DESTROYER novels.

Among many other topics in the scintillating conversation... Ben Yalow and I agreed about the Byzantine complexity of Westercon site selection rules, and we both had the same problem remembering who had voted to approve that hodgepodge as all America had attempting to find the people who had voted for Nixon in 1972.

Back in Ops, I secured the daily newzine in a cardboard box, with the intention to distribute it in the morning. I didn't want to leave stacks throughout the Con Center overnight after an experience at the Hyatt in '82 where housekeeper



pitched part of a print run which I left out at 5 AM. Also in the Ops HQ room, Amy Thomson demanded an explanation for why I had given her the middle name "(*sigh*)" in F770:42. It was simply a tribute to her irresistibility, an explanation which must stand or fall alone, since there was certainly no reason for such foolishness.

Amy alerted Stu Hellinger to an item in the Pocket Program naming him as a participant. Stu had never been informed. Hellinger asked, "Mike, did you know you're on this panel, too?" Nope -- it was news to me. I enjoy being on convention programs, and barely found out in time that with ConStellation the feeling was mutual.

Strolling four blocks back to the Hilton from the Convention Center, I patiently waited among the mob at the elevator banks. Endlessly later, I reached the upper levels of the Hilton in time to attend a meeting of the

Ben Yalow Clone Society. Anton Chernoff, Doug Faunt, Alex Layton, Tom Galloway, Elst Weinstein and I all remarked on our remarkable similarity in appearance to Ben. I was one of several who had their Chicon IV photo ID's -- we complimented each other for our taste in bow ties. Eventually the party was joined by Ben Yalow, Mark Olson, Sharon Sbarsky, Wendell Ing, Rick Katze, George Flynn and Tony Lewis. I stayed at the party for quite awhile; the alternative was to wait for an elevator. *shudder*

SEPTEMBER 1, 1983: FRIDAY -- At 11 AM an elevator's reflexes are much swifter than mine -- I had not waited more than two minutes when an elevator opened; a nearly empty one, at that. Therefore I'd spent little time thinking whether to descend fourteen flights of stairs to the lobby, and even less time to flashback to the nightmare of waiting 10 minutes at an elevator bank on the upper floors, only to have a 13-passenger elevator squeeze open its doors to reveal 23 sneering fans in the early stages of asphyxia. It was hopeless trying to forget the previous evening's trials. Conversations were monopolized by fans topping one another with stories of how many flights of stairs they had climbed to reach a party. Later in the day Dana Siegel maxed out, claiming to have climbed 26 flights to the Austin in '85 party atop the South Tower. Even the committee dwelt on these gruesome memories, submitting items for the daily newzine that pleaded for clemency in fans' treatment of the Hilton elevators. Yet another item sternly warned fans the freight elevator was out of bounds, and that a guard was riding in it to refresh the memory of anyone who forgot.

When you edit the daily newzine, it consumes most of your day. Your relationship to events at the convention resembles a city editor waiting for his reporters

to phone in from the scene of a fire: events feel as though they are happening much farther away than is truly the case. For instance, Friday afternoon I heard third-hand that Bernadette Bosky had arrived at the convention with news of Arthur Hlavaty's hospitalization due to a severe attack of asthma. Arthur was expected out of the action for a week, and at the time was assisted in breathing by a tube stuck down his throat. Someone initiated a campaign for Arthur's friends to sign his Program Book, and many did. This took place in the fanzine display room. Arthur wrote me after the con to add, "A funny thing happened to me on the way to ConStellation. Many of you heard about that, but you may not have heard about the funny thing that happened on the way back. I was taken to the University of Maryland hospital in critical condition from an asthma attack Thursday night of the worldcon. I was recovering nicely, and would have gone home a day or two after the con, but the hospital took me off a couple of crucial medications. (It was one of those bureaucratic actions which are ordered by No One, but get done anyway.) This delayed my recovery for a few days, but I am now back home and healthy again. I found out the hard way how many good and caring people there are in fandom, and I'd like to thank those who expressed their support."

Friday afternoon, once Diana Pavlac had dynamited me out of the typewriter room to get to my panel, I joined her, Ross, Moshe Feder and Lise Eisenberg for dinner at the Oyster House. This restaurant had managed to achieve something unique in Baltimore -- it had run out of crab. We could have anything on the menu -- provided it had not the faintest trace of crabmeat in the recipe. I got linguine in clam suace -- not what I expected; it was clam noodle soup with the shells left in, for a mere \$10.50. The Oyster House was just another tourist trap and we'd been suckered in by a fannish recommendation. Other notables in the restaurant being fleeced were Linda and Ron Bushyager. Linda urged me to take up the torch and publish a new, updated edition of the NEOFAN's GUIDE. By the end of the con Marty Cantor and I had agreed to do it as a joint project.

Dinner conversation included the adventures of Diana Pavlac, rover, upon discovering that live pythons were being sold by a huckster at the con. Ross added, "They won't be selling them tomorrow -- they violate both weapons policy and the no-pet rule." I pondered, "How would you peacebond a python?" Lise Eisenberg knew how -- "Tie it in a knot."

We returned to the Hilton for the Chicon IV Thank You Party, combined with a remembrance of Larry Propp. The party was a culinary paradise -- zillions of bagels and endless varieties of deli meat; cream cheese; macadamia nuts; A&W Root Beer -- The Right Stuff! As we arrived, Bob Hillis was talking about Propp for a small audience, relating his history of initially mixed feelings for Propp. Hill exemplified the generally healthy attitude of fandom towards Propp's memory -- there are plenty of good things to remember, and no need to retroactively censor any critical thought we had for the man. (I could contrast this situation to another fan's demise, a person who had some tragic overtones, which one could never again discuss objectively without risking a charge of defaming the individual's memory. As a consequence of not being able to freely speak about the person, fans tend not to speak about the person at all.) I missed Propp at the worldcon. I know Ross missed him -- the next day Ross took a spill in Harborplace, winding up with his arm in a sling, and was sufficiently incensed about safety conditions there to talk about filing a personal injury suit. Attorney Propp could have handled the case.

At the Chicon party Marie Bartlett, Mike Glicksohn, his friend Donna, and I

began what evolved into the most comical conversation I joined at the convention. Donna, about to embark on the sacred state of roommatehood with the bushy Canuck, described her job. She works at a clinic dealing with specimens of human semen. Occasionally she encounters the donors, who inevitably make a pass at her. Donna couldn't understand why. I suggested, "Your job makes you a fertility goddess." Donna laughed, and took off with the idea, adding a self-description including holding cornstalks in either hand (marked "Dekalb"). The humor caught me at a critical point in the attempt to swallow a sip of Diet Pepsi -- I laughed and sprayed Mike and Donna. Utterly embarrassed but still laughing, I hastened to the bathroom, rid myself of the remaining Pepsi, and returned with towels to mop down the happy couple... Glicksohn said something about having come 2000 miles to be spit on by Mike Glycer. Probably not the fannish baptism Donna had in mind, either.

Fortunately there remained many parties where I was comparatively anonymous.... At Nancy Tucker's GENUINE CONFUSION PARTY I sat in the hall with Marie Bartlett, and Amy Thomson. Amy, in black evening dress, red boa, and rover radio, tuned into her fellow rovers' bogus check-in transmissions, since it was clear the whole shift was troubleshooting the ice supply in party bathtubs. Later, between episodes of Tucker "Smoooooth"-ing, there was commotion as women pressed against the hotel room windows and eyeballed men stripping in a room in the opposite tower -- sighting assisted by the same rovers who had been hiding out in the party tower. As we listened to the Genuine Confusion Party -- rather than try and shove through the press of sweaty bodies -- Paula Ann Anthony hobbled towards us on crutches. She had done in her ankle in the airport parking lot on the way to Baltimore. Paula Ann knows how discreet I am -- when asked -- but never got around to asking me, I guess, to omit mention of her in my fanzine as she did with a certain midwestern fanzine editor. Oops! (Also -- so what?)

Highest party in the Hilton, in more than one sense, the Austin in '85 bidding party was going very strong at 2 AM. Among the attractions was a computer game (being run on two terminals, upstairs and down in the bid's two-story suite). The Dating Game ran a series of questions, matching participants with anyone already in the data bank -- especially femmes on the Austin concomm. Everybody who avoided the nerdish answers included with the multiple-choices seemed to match with someone named Mary Kay. Dana Siegel later told me a fan had been given Mary Kay's room number in the Hyatt and was very upset when he found nobody to home...

When I arrived at the Philly in '86 party, about 3 AM, I flashed on a scene evocative of the beginning of Niven and Pournelle's INFERNO -- some cretin had gone out the window of this room on the 26th floor, onto the ledge, and was just clambering back through the window as I looked in. Party host Feldbaum seemed oblivious to these events, and hastened to fill my hands with the latest propaganda leaflets.

The last party I hit that night was on the way back to my room. Boston in '89 was wall-to-wall with NESFANS in the t-shirt of the day, green Noreascon 3 shirts. John Brunner was signing books, using Seth Breidbart's back as a stable surface.

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TELEPORTATION

Diane Ball 3208 York St., Wichita Falls TX
Mike Ward & Barbara Clifford, 1181 Martin Ave., San Jose CA 95126
Dennis Virzi PO Box 30062, San Antonio TX 78285

MARJ ELLERS

Not being in the Masquerade this year for business reasons (even landladies have to spend time earning their living) I volunteered to be the one who writes up the Masquerade. Marty Gear /in charge of the Masquerade/ dubbed me the 'Official Boswell' and gave me one of the special buttons admitting me to the dressing rooms and a very good seat, in front of Ian Ballantine and Behind Isaac Asimov and Janet Jeppson.



One hundred and thirty-two costumes should have taken about two-and-a-half hours, with another half hour for judging and awards. Beginning promptly at 8 PM, we should have completed the show at 11 PM. Why did it last until 1:21 AM the next morning? There were: delays in starting; a pause to permit the young contestants to receive their calligraphed awards; and general slowness during the first part. Having the entire Master Division at the end of the parade was a mistake, as Marty himself /later/ perceived. Perhaps there is no good way to go; we just cannot handle that many costume groups. If fewer and better is the goal, then the hall contest is vital to all of us. Novice trying out their first costume ideas on a modest scale can get the recognition and encouragement they need without entering the masquerade, where a display costume is something to work one's way toward.

Backstage, everyone told me that the system set up by Marty Gear and George Paczolt to have a "den mother" for every ten costumers, to keep the blood sugar up and bring sips of refreshing liquid to the thirsty, was a wonderful idea, and carries on the humanitarian concern for the contestants pioneered by Joni Stopa and Bjo Trimble.

Onstage, the yellow fluorescent tape outlined by black tape to mark the path across the stage, down the runway, and all the way to the photo area, was gratefully praised, as were the miniature Christmas tree lights on both sides of the runway, and the spotters to help contestants on and off.

Have you heard the forklift story? Marty and George arranged for the rental of one to get the more awkward costumes on stage. The fire regs prohibited the use of nasty gasoline engines inside of a building. Confronted with two very distraught masquerade directors, the hotel /sic/ hastily lent them its own electric-motored forklift, rather than be responsible for causing further stress in two so near the breaking point.

How the costume got offstage did not matter so much: the judges were too busy with the next costume to watch: they missed some well-padded monsters rolling down

the steps in spite of the spotters' best efforts. The Master costumers all got on and off with grace and dignity, of course.

Dr. Margaret (Peggy) Kennedy worked backstage to examine and give awards to costumers who deserved recognition for the workmanship on their costumes, while her husband Pat worked out in front to be a top-notch MC. There are only a few really good ones, but he is one of them.

THE EDITOR RESUMES: As Marjii mentioned in her concluding paragraph, Peggy Kennedy judged workmanship backstage at the masquerade. She was also among the self-appointed judges of Hall Costumes. Incensed by the concommittee's decision not to provide awards in recognition of superior Hall Costumes, members of the Fantasy Costumer's Guild (San Diego) and Fantasy Costumer's Workshop (Toronto) created their own red rosettes. They commissioned a number of judges to prowls the convention and award ribbons on the spot to meritorious costumes. About two dozen winners' names were submitted to the daily newzine.

The full list of Masquerade and Hall Costume award winners would literally fill two single-spaced pages; space I do not have available. Two criteria formed the basis for my decision -- (1) telephone-book-sized lists are intrinsically dull, and (2) virtually none of the winners receive, let alone subscribe, to this estimable rag. Therefore I will confine this winners' list to the full Master Division, and the Best in Class of the other divisions.

MASTER DIVISION AWARDS: BEST IN CLASS: Barb Schofield, Martin Miller, Caroline Julian, Richard Hill, Barb Dixon, Serge Mailloux, Byron Connell, Elysia Garver, David E. Schnyer for "The Demon Lords of Darkness." MOST BEAUTIFUL AND INVENTIVE: Kathryn Mayer, Patti & Philip Mercier for "The Time Tripper." MOST GRAPHIC: Kathy & Drew Sanders, "King & Queen of Wands." MOST BEAUTIFUL PRESENTATION: Karen & Kelly Turner, David & Mary Ann Meyers, Dianne and Rusty Dawe, Brian Mix & Nathalia Quirk, for "Turn of a Friendly Card." MOST BEAUTIFUL SOLO: Janet M. Wilson for "Sunrise on Mercury."

RE-CREATION DIVISION, BEST IN CLASS: Matthew Brady for "Godzilla"

JOURNEYMAN DIVISION, BEST IN CLASS: John & Dorsey Flynn, John Garrity, Daniel Coggins for "Forbidden Rendezvous."

NOVICE DIVISION, BEST IN CLASS: Julie Zetterberg for "The Empress of the Universe." WORKMANSHIP AWARDS, BEST IN SHOW: John Jordan for the leatherwork in "The Female Warrior."

CONTESTANTS' CHOICE AWARD: "The Turn of the Friendly Cards," K. Turner & Co.

Overall, 98 Masquerade entrants received awards or honorable mentions. Marty Gear deserves commendation for generating a complete list of winners the morning after the masquerade -- a mark of his dedication, and a boon to participants and reporters. (Whether the Masquerade ought to be handing out recognitions to such a high proportion of its entrants is a topic for another time.)

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Dick Smith 2007 Howard St. #3D, Evanston IL 60202 (312) 475-8863
Morris & Margaret Middleton 29 Birdie Dr., Mountain Home AR 72653
Amy L. Thomson 2648 14th Ave. W Apt. 4, Seattle WA 98119 (206) 286-4526
Guy H. Lillian III, 1290 Park Blvd. #114, Baton Rouge LA 70806 (504) 344-2778
Randy Reichardt, 1-10250 122 Street, Edmonton ALTA t5N 1L9 CANADA (403) 482-3672
Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden 22 Albert Franck Pl., Toronto ONT M5A 4B4 CANADA
Douglas A. Kaufman 330 Vassar Ave., Kensington CA 94708
Greg Thokar PO Box 178, Newton MA 02161
Sharon Sbarsky 213 Webster St., Needham MA 02194

HUGOS

After fandom's exercise in gluttony, the Crab Feast, Toastmaster Jack Chalker heralded these Hugo winners over the belches of the audience --

BEST NOVEL: FOUNDATION'S EDGE, Isaac Asimov

BEST NOVELLA: Souls, Joanna Russ

BEST NOVELETTE: Fire Watch, Connie Willis

BEST SHORT STORY: "Melancholy Elephants," Spider Robinson

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: Michael Whelan

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: BLADERUNNER

BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR: Edward L. Ferman

BEST FANZINE: LOCUS

BEST FAN WRITER: Richard E. Geis

BEST FAN ARTIST: Alexis Gilliland

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD (BEST NEW WRITER):
Paul O. Williams

On the succeeding pages those who have the patience to seek will find the placements and runoff tallies used by Bill Evans (and his trusty computer) to determine the winners of the 1983 Hugos. There is a credit to LOCUS at the end; it's nice that I can rely on Charlie Brown for some help in getting the news, considering how useless the committee has been for that purpose -- even though the committee had a number of copies of the Hugo runoff on the premises of ConStellation! I braced Scott Dennis for a copy Sunday night of the con, and received the lamest of excuses for not being given one: Scott feigned concern that the data would be published within a couple days of the convention.

(Dennis falsely asserted that there would be anything wrong if that happened; while also disregarding the physical impossibility of an editor publishing that much data in so short a time-- in my opinion. It is the intention of the existing rules to publish this information. After doing 11 issues of their daily newzine, I found Dennis' attitude utterly lacking any reciprocal courtesy. The committee's attitude did not evidently improve later, since they compelled LOCUS to pay for a 2½ hour phone call to secure the information.)

		CAMPBELL AWARD (921 votes)			
		BEST FANARTIST (858 votes)			
		First Place	Second Place	Third Place	Fourth Place
Alexis Gilliland	222	234	276	280	397
William Rotsler	155	173	192	199	
Joan Hanke-Woods	183	190	231	240	281
Stu Shiffman	96	119			
Dan Steffan	67				
No Award	135	137	146		
		CAMPBELL AWARD (921 votes)			
Paul O. Williams	210	228	229	245	301
Lisa Goldstein	136	145	148	198	221
David R. Palmer	143	148	150	160	
Joseph H. Delaney	144	151	156	180	239
Sandra Miesel	117	124	129		317
Warren G. Norwood	62				
No Award	109	117			
		CAMPBELL AWARD (921 votes)			
Paul O. Williams	169	184	187	257	331
Lisa Goldstein	208	222	231	253	331
David R. Palmer	165	176	183	222	
Joseph H. Delaney	152	165	170		288
Sandra Miesel	83				327
Warren G. Norwood	121	134			340
No Award					362
		CAMPBELL AWARD (921 votes)			
Paul O. Williams	256	303	322		476
Lisa Goldstein	130				
David R. Palmer	152	173			
Joseph H. Delaney					180
Sandra Miesel					195
Warren G. Norwood					222
No Award					

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION (1283 votes)					Second Place	Third Place	Fourth Place							
BLADE RUNNER	394	402	428	503	644	419	424	482	616	561	579	727	578	610
STAR TREK II	307	308	336	369		395	405	457	553	295	306		459	483
E.T.	303	310	342	376	563	172	175			310	326	424		
DARK CRYSTAL	107	107				232	242	284		80			129	
THE ROAD WARRIOR	140	144	154			45								
NO AWARD	32													

BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR (1070 votes)														
Edward L. Ferman	234	239	275	349	516	247	255	330	496	302	307	475	422	438
Terry Carr	189	193	239			245	247	345	427	281	292		416	429
Stanley Schmidt	183	183				228	235			346	355	418		
George Scithers	187	191	247	308	368	265	267	297		99			132	
David Hartwell	220	221	243	291		70								
NO AWARD	58													

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST (1103 votes)														
Michael Whelan	396	419	421	456	527	370	379	397	437	540	359	368	403	456
Kelly Freas	230	238	245	253	289	248	250	275	308	413	247	253	292	367
Rowena Morrill	153	163	164	182	226	180	182	207	240		149	151	178	349
Don Maltz	130	136	138	160		104	105	121			127	128		359
Darrell Sweet	56					96	97			105				254
Barclay Shaw	82	88	89			71								262
NO AWARD	56	57												309
														165
														139

BEST FANZINE (1005 votes)														
LOCUS	372	393	420	511		206	244	255	353	252	328	344	318	342
SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE	115	128	154			175	211	222		242	300	318	275	291
SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW	104	117				209	240	252	305	196				
FILE 770	183	201	224	269		145				198	227		233	
FANTASY NEWSLETTER	79					180	199							
NO AWARD	152	159	166	183										

BEST FANWRITER (804 votes)														
Richard E. Gels	220	239	287	301		232	277	293		288	410		347	
Mike Glyer	169	194	257	294		198	234	248		174			316	
Dave Langford	152	171				113				240	262			
Arthur Hlavaty	85					205	218							
NO AWARD	176	186	236											

BEST FANARTIST (858 votes)														
Alexis Gilliland	222	234	276	280	397	238	265	273	326	275	310	322		
William Rotsler	155	173	192	199		216	234	241	320					
Joan Hanke-Woods	183	190	231	240	281									

BEST NOVEL (1247 votes)				
	First Place			
FOUNDATION'S EDGE, Asimov	214	218	302	339
PRIDE OF CHANUR, Cherryh	234	236	255	300
2010, Clarke	167	169		
FRIDAY, Heinlein	208	209	240	272
COURTSHIP RITE, Kingsbury	212	217	230	286
SWORD OF THE LICTOR, Wolfe	179	182	193	
NO AWARD	33			
	Second Place			
	262	265	313	402
	251	255	298	412
	259	260	288	
	233	238	293	339
	194	197		
NO AWARD	35			
	Third Place			
	305	311	379	582
	318	319	364	
	297	305	403	493
	247	251		
NO AWARD	48			
	Fourth Place			
	459	467	565	
	343	353	493	
	292	300		
NO AWARD	78			

BEST NOVELLA (1015 votes)				
Souls, Russ	232	247	254	279
Postman, Brin	208	222	226	254
Unsound Variations, Martin	193	202	206	237
Brainchild, Delaney	133	144	147	164
To Leave A Mark, Robinson	65			
Another Orphan, Kessel	105	119	121	
NO AWARD	79	80		
	242	248	277	322
	241	247	265	316
	167	172	198	225
	112	115		
	126	129	164	
NO AWARD	95			
	288	301	346	405
	249	256	287	377
	151	156	201	
	147	151		
NO AWARD	113			
	334	349	414	
	219	232	321	
	199	207		
NO AWARD	151			

BEST NOVELETTE (1033 votes)				
Fire Watch, Phillips	224	230	271	332
Nightlife, Eisenstein	184	188	227	231
Pawn's Gambit, Zahn	219	223	245	299
Aquila, Sucharitkul	190	194	217	
Swarm, Sterling	141	142		
NO AWARD	75			
	247	254	331	440
	271	278	318	421
	236	240	281	
	185	189		
NO AWARD	80			
	347	359	461	
	293	299	393	
	250	258		
NO AWARD	101			
	415	427		
	384	410		
NO AWARD	133			

BEST SHORT STORY (1017 votes)				
Melancholy Elephants, Rob'n	280	284	304	358
Sur, Leguin	220	225	238	286
Boy Who Waterskied, Tiptree	173	184	213	263
Spider Rose, Sterling	146	154	181	
Ike at the Mike, Waldrop	102	102		
NO AWARD	96			
	290	298	322	410
	238	249	290	398
	204	216	256	
	128	131		
NO AWARD	121			
	360	375	439	
	283	300	366	
	164	169		
NO AWARD	140			
	442			
	245			
NO AWARD	180			

BEST NON-FICTION (958 votes)				
ISAAC ASIMOV, Gunn	210	244	254	305
WORLD OF DARK CRYSTAL	226	253	258	302
GUIDE TO FANTASY, Searles	122	144	153	
ENGINES OF NIGHT, Malz'o'g	177	183	190	221
FEAR ITSELF, Underwood/M.	108			
NO AWARD	115	125		
	296	342	356	442
	169	202	214	
	218	238	250	320
	125			
NO AWARD	131	142		
	256	270	352	
	281	295	350	
	182	192		
NO AWARD	165			
	377	402		
	247	267		
NO AWARD	203			

The typographical format of this runoff is used with permission of the editors of LOCUS, who took the trouble to phone in advance for the information, and sent me a copy of their translation of the computer printout used by Bill Evans to tally Hugo ballots. Constellation later sent me a xerox of the same info, which I have used to spot check the numbers picked up by LOCUS.



Rick Katze drew me aside to say that Susan Hammond (the Cookie Monster) had been hospitalized. This was turning into Blue Cross Con more than anything else! I was highly disturbed to hear about Sue, as she was one of the several NESFans who most went out of their way to brighten my visit to Boston, weeks before. As if the casualty list wasn't long enough, Baltimore-area fanartist Helen Struven was spending the con in hospital, recovering from cataract surgery, and a fractured femur.

SATURDAY, September 3, 1983

BUSINESS MEETING

When you're a Jet, you're a Jet all the way, and when you're a Fanzine Fan, you come to the business meeting when the call goes out -- even if you're not sure you want the legislation passed that has prompted the call! Saturday morning's Worldcon business meeting considered ratification of the WSFS constitutional amendment passed in Chicago to divide the Fanzine Hugo into separate "Fanzine" and "Semiprozine" categories. Notwithstanding Ben Yalow's motion to amend the change by delation, the item was ratified. (What literally

took place -- in the convoluted procedures of Robert's -- the Three Laws of Robertics? -- the chair ruled that Yalow's motion was in order; and on appeal by Robert Sacks the meeting voted to overrule chairman Bloom, and thereby disregard Yalow's motion.)

Other pass-ons from Chicago which were ratified set up a standing committee to protect the service marks used by WSFS ("Worldcon", "Hugo Award"); defined the terms of other WSFS committees; and substituted nonsexist language in certain rules. Incidentally, I left the Business Meeting right after the fanzine Hugo vote, in order to attend the Hugu Ranquet. The balance of this account paraphrases George Flynn's report in SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE. (Always to call it -- research...)

Constitutional amendments passed for the first time made recommendations as follows. (1) Select Worldcon sites three years in advance, rather than the current two years. The effect on existing bids for 1989, and the possibility of a Site Selection being voted on at a site that was bidding to repeat (since the bidding cycle and zonal rotation might be in phase), triggered debate that was resolved by the appointment of a study committee to report at LACon. Members: Stu Hellinger (chair), Mark Evans, Ben Yalow, Craig Miller. (2) Define NASFiC site selection procedures. (3) Set deadlines for filing of Worldcon and NASFiC bids (by the end of the previous worldcon; and December 31, respectively) in order to appear on the ballot. Both motions (2) and (3) were made by Mark Evans and Candice Massey.

The meeting adopted a Standing Rule to provide for election of the WSFS Standing

Committee. The following nine were elected by preferential ballot: (3 year term) Don Eastlake, Leslie Turek, George Flynn; (2 year term) Ben Yalow, Jim Gilpatrick, Kent Bloom; (1 year term) Craig Miller, Willie Siros, Rick Katze. The committee will be filled out by one member each appointed by the Chicon, ConStellation, L.A.Con II and Aussiecon II committees.

THE HOGU RANQUET

Following a prescribed course of nutrition suggested by Elst Weinstein, MD, several dozen fans trudged from the convention center to a nearby McDonalds, to conduct the annual Hogu Ranquet. Steve Barnes, pro guest of honor, and Ross Pavlac, fan guest of honor, made brief and humorous remarks. Barnes had brought along his newest paperback. As he sat at the table behind me, I looked around, and tried to read upside-down the title of his newest work. Why would anybody name a book streetle-thal? I wondered. "Street-lethal," pronounced Barnes. Oh...

Elst had exceptionally good results soliciting bribes to affect the outcome of the Hogu voting. Hogus are rigorously screened through a series of processes in which the actual tabulation of votes is merely a step. After the dust cleared, the winners:

BEST HOAX AWARD: Golden Fleece Awards

BEST TYPEFACE: Governmental Elite

THE DEROACH AWARD: Margaret Thatcher

THE ARISTOTLE AWARD: Reader's Digest Bible

BEST NEW FEUD: Ann Arbor SFA v. The Stilyagi Air Corps

BEST TRAUMATIC PRESENTATION: Twilight Zone Actor Retirement Package

FANDOM'S BIGGEST TURKEY: (Tie; voters suggested the co-winners be handcuffed together) -- Bill Bridget and Kevin Duane

BEST RELIGIOUS HOAX: "Inchon"

BEST PROFESSIONAL HOAX: Hitler's Diaries

BEST FAN HOAX: (In keeping with ConStellation's announced policy that any Hugo contenders whose final vote tallies were sufficiently close would be declared a tie, the Hogu Ranquet Commission declared that a tie existed between nominees who had respectively received 20 and 34 votes):

INSTANT MASSAGE #327 by "Ben Yallow" and Trimble's Battlefield Earth Fan Club

WORST FANZINE TITLE: RATS ON FIRE

BEST HOAX CONVENTION: Archon at the end of Miss Universe

BEST DEAD WRITER: L. Ron Hubbard

SPECIAL BAGELBASH AWARD: Klaus Barbie Dolls

BEST PSEUDONYM: Freeda Slaves

DEVO AWARD: John Norman.

BEST HAS-BEEN: Jane Byrne

FREE FOR ALL: "I Brake For Hallucinations"

MOST DESIRED GAFIATION: Trimble's

BEST RECIPE USING SMURFS: Smurf McNuggets

MOST PUTRID SCENE FROM STAR WARS III: Jabba the Pizza Hutt

MOST DISGUSTINGLY COMMERCIAL ET RIPOFF: ET's Favourite Cola Flavoured Cream Biscuits

MOST BIZARRE NEW VIDEO GAME: Karen Carpenter

MIXED MEDIA: "Space Rabbi"

CLOSEST ENCOUNTER OF THE FOURTH KIND: Paula Lieberman & Kevin Duane

STANDARD BLACKHOLE: Harlan Ellison, The US Supreme Court, Ariel Sharon, Noah Ward

(BLACKHOLE) INVISIBILITY AWARD: Denys Howard's SOUTH OF THE MOON

(BLACKHOLE) INCOMPETENCE: James Watt

(BLACKHOLE) PUBLISHER'S AWARD: Timescape

(BLACKHOLE) GREED AWARD: The People Who Run The Hogus

(BLACKHOLE) HALF-ASSED CON OFFICIOUSNESS: Chicon IV

BROWN HOLE AWARD FOR OUTSTANDING PROFESSIONALISM: Phyllis Schlafly -- whose name goes down on the roll of history (which is perforated for easy tearing).

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CON: After the Ranquet I went to work in earnest on the first SCUTTLEBUTT of the day. Everyone working in the room contributed to the generally high spirits, including Lawrence Ruh, Jill Eastlake, and Marty Gear, who was marshalling his forces for the masquerade. Susan Rothman prepared page 2 of this issue at the typewriter next to me. Sharon Maples administered a shoulder rub. On other occasions Pat Mueller generated all or part of an issue -- she had been brought in as my replacement at a time when a chain reaction of misinformation made the concom think they needed one. Pat had even come up with a title -- CRABLOID -- that was better than mine. She had also phototypeset some generic headlines which enhanced the graphic attractiveness of the newzine.

Each time we completed an issue of SCUTTLEBUTT, we had to forward it to the Mimeo Room at the far end of the Convention Center's third level from where our work area was situated. On Wednesday, before the CC officially opened, this involved a brisk 45-second walk. On any other day, the trip involved a solid five minutes of broken-field running between throngs of chatting fans.

In the mimeo room Jeff Schalles, assisted by John Sulak and others in cameo appearances, did a tremendous job of publishing the newzine as quickly as possible. Our print runs averaged 3000, with 2 or 3 mimeos operating simultaneously.

The gratification for all this work came during delivery of the newzine to drop points, or thrusting it into the hands of anyone who walked within arm's reach. My paper route began at the Fan Lounge, one room up from the Mimeo Room on the third level. This distant corridor also housed the Business Meetings, and another room usually arranged like a bad Italian restaurant -- tables shaped like telephone cable drums, covered with red checkered table cloths that looked like markers for supply drop zones in Lebanon. Presumably some cozy track of programming took place there, but as a Trufan, I Never Attend The Program. (Enunciated in the same tone of voice as Dracula's "I never drink -- wine...")

The Fan Rooms were two standard-sized meeting rooms, one given over to tables displaying old fanzines selected by Gary Farber. Also, Marty Cantor and his ~~four assistants~~ assistants sold mountains of new fanzines to the public from their tables in the back of the room. Cantor reports 129 different zines were offered for sale, and grossed around \$1113 for their editors. I inspected Farber's selection of fanzines very closely -- for the sole purpose of determining whether anything I'd done was represented. After scanning about 200 titles, including LOCUS, SFC, and the World Pong Headquarters Library of recommended reading, I did find that I had done a zine which merited display -- a 1974 issue of PREHENSILE.

The second fan room had more of those small, circular tables, lacking the supply drop markers, used as roosts throughout the convention. On any given day one might meet Malcolm Edwards, Martin Tudor, Ted White, Avedon Carol, Terry Carr, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Marty Cantor, Mel White, Taral, Joyce Scrivner, Jeanne Gomoll, and many others worth meeting (but not apparently worth listing as I've run out of names in my scribbled notes.) Saturday afternoon when I left a stack of SCUTTLEBUTT in the Fan Lounge, Amy Thomson was there again, with her walkie-talkie. She was guarding the fanzines, or as she put it, "I'm a two-hour paperweight."

Daily newzine delivery continued past the Fan Rooms onto a broad walkway running the length of the third level from the city- to the harbor-side of the Center. I carried about 1000 copies of SCUTTLEBUTT in a cardboard box. I handed out copies to some of the fans jammed around Don Bluth's animated arcade game DRAGON'S

LAIR -- a crowd that played the game constantly for 50¢ a crack at least 18 hours a day. (I went by it at 5AM one morning, and there was nobody playing it -- for about two minutes.) Just a few yards away fans milled and munched in the Con Suite. In an open area of the third level the con had set up a drink dispenser, and tables that theoretically held bottomless bowls of popcorn, Fritos, potato chips, and other foods not recommended by the American Heart Association. A single table without food was collecting odds and ends of flyers -- and here I plopped a ream of the daily newzine. Greasy-fingered fans fell upon it ravenously.



The "con suite", with adjacent cash bar, was one of the committee's brilliant innovations. Except for its tendency to run out of cups, the suite was a great success, both for the quality of junk food provided, and for its accessibility (no need to return to the hotels).

Continuing along the walkway, I passed knots of fans seated at more of the ubiquitous round tables. Meade Frierson III and Cliff Amos could often be found here, practicing the advice set forth by Robert Sheckley in MINDSWAP -- to wit, there are two ways to search for someone, and the quicker was to stay right where you were and the person would eventually go past. Although the pair was about as mobile as the Muppet exhibit on the same level, fans could readily distinguish Frierson and Amos from the Muppets -- the Muppets were supporting New York in '86.

On the third level walkway was a series of large meeting rooms. One of the committee's opposite-of-brilliant innovations had been to designate one large room for housing Programming Ops. Therefore it was generally empty, except for people having anxiety attacks. Those Program Ops department heads who hadn't deserted (a complaint of Johnny Lee's) were off working their respective program items. My index to the usefulness of this room was that it never had very many people to give SCUTTLEBUTTs. However there were many live customers around the corner in the Gopher Hole, and Operations Headquarters. In Ops HQ I painstakingly crammed a copy of SCUTTLEBUTT into each committee mailing pigeonhole; even though they had been ineptly engineered so that most could not fit a flat letter-sized piece of paper. Ops HQ was truly wonderful (actually, this was called Communications, but we all knew what was really going on). Gail Higgins had furnished a robe of office for Communications Shift Supervisors, patterned with a dozen phrases all starting with the word "fuck", and early one AM I witnessed Gary Farber in the robe as he directed uniformed Baltimore city police in their guard duties around the convention center.

Downstairs, the second level had a wall of pegboards receiving flyers and handouts. Once every slot had been filled up I could no longer leave SCUTTLEBUTTs there, instead putting small stacks next to the potted plants by the sofas used by fans to rest up from taking copies of the handouts. One fan reported to me he'd received 285 flyers at the convention.

ED BUCHMAN ENDORSES SCI-FIC FANZINES!



I DON'T READ 'EM, Y'KNOW,
I JUST ENDORSE 'EM!

The same level had a row of tables for City Tour bus tickets, and to arrange wargaming. One could overlook the large first-level registration area from here, and descend to it on a long escalator. At the bottom of the escalator, to the right, was the worldcon site selection and membership sales table manned by bidders for various things, and by the L.A.Con II committee. The middle of this level was roped off and organized to funnel people into the Registration desks. At the far end, by the entrance to the huckster's hall, was convention information, and the hotel liaison desk, womanned by Lee Smoire and her staff.

SUNDAY, September 4, 1983

After Melbourne was crowned 1985 Worldcon host at the day's business meeting, NASFiC bidders were unleashed to take in voting memberships. Otherwise, Sunday's activities were a preamble to the Crab Feast and Hugo Ceremonies. One thing

Seth Breidbart had inserted in his HOAX SCUTTLEBUTT (which looked a lot like the regular ones) was an announcement cancelling the Crab Feast. Stories were circulated claiming fans had ripped up their Crab Feast tickets after reading the hoax, but I considered such tales apocryphal -- who would forego the refund promised in the same hoax story?

Crab Feast attendees received illustrated instructions on how to eat their prey, words by Chalker cartoons by Stiles. I discovered that all the work involved to get at the crabmeat wasn't worth the payoff. After one crab, I stuck to the chicken, hot dogs, corn on the cob, and other items provided. Yes, they made a handsome profit from my admission ticket. Other fans tried to counter-balance my lack of enthusiasm for crab -- at our table, Elan Jane Litt demolished 36 crabs personally. Not a pretty sight... Each crab feaster received a mallet, and after the feeding frenzy passed, people used their mallets to create an obnoxious noise that resembled a cross between Bat Night and Ten Cent Beer Night in Cleveland Municipal Stadium. Dr. Pournelle found he could not talk over the racket, and walked out. I decided L.A.Con needed Rule #5 -- No Mallets. My ears hadn't received so much damage since I sat in the front row of the movie TOMMY in Toledo, Ohio.

The Hugo Ceremonies were led by Toastmaster Jack Chalker. Mustachioed Chalker, when in a tux, proved to be indistinguishable from Captain Kangaroo. His onstage actions were magnified on a large Diamond Vision screen for the benefit of people many yards back in this immense convention hall. The efforts to project pictures of the Hugo nominees on Diamond Vision amounted to a good idea not carried out with technical skill. Running Hugo nominated movie trailers on another movie screen worked very well. Notable event of the ceremonies, to me, was finding that Geis had secured a proxy to accept his Hugo -- Barry Malzberg, who made a very classy acceptance speech.

MONDAY, September 5: (Running out of room here...) Candice Massey and I repeated our Monday AM ritual of putting out the last daily newzine. I crashed for 4 hours, and among my last actions at the Con was joining the series of West Coast fans begging Malcolm Edwards to instigate a Britain in '87 bid. (More next issue).

WORLDCON: MELBOURNE

Unopposed, Melbourne, Australia, won the right to host the 1985 Worldcon. Styled AUSSIECON TWO, the 43rd Worldcon will occur August 22-26, 1985 at the Southern Cross hotel. PRO GUEST OF HONOR: Gene Wolfe. FAN GUEST OF HONOR: Ted White. (The Aussie newzine THYME points out this selection was made before Ted's lengthy critical article on Aussie fanzines was published in Hirsch's SIKANDER.)

Those who voted in the 1985 Worldcon site selection are already supporting members, and may convert to full attending membership for another \$15(US). Those who did not vote may join through December 31 for \$40(US) attending, \$25(US) supporting. Contact address for the con is: Aussiecon Two, GPO Box 2253U, Melbourne VIC 3001 AUSTRALIA.

Site selection: Total mail ballots: 342. Total on-site ballots: 383. Total ballots cast: 725.

	Mail	On-Site	Total
Australia	285	357	642
None of the Above	14	3	17
No Preference	32	14	46
Other	11	9	20
Spoiled	4	0	4

"Other" ballots were divided among
Bloomington IN, Woolloomooloo College of
the Arts, Columbus OH, Auckland NZ, Rottneest
Island, Wilmot Mountain, Austin TX,
Detroit MI, Nicosia (Cyprus), Spuzzum BC,
NYC, NY, Kent NY, Australia in '83,
Atlanta GA, Highmore SD, Sidney Cove

in '88 (sic), and Bingley UK, with Austin receiving the highest number of write-ins, 3.

BOB SHAW FUND: In order to bring Bob Shaw to Aussiecon, Administrators Marc Ortlieb and Justin Ackroyd have initiated the Shaw Fund. (c/o GPO Box 2708X, Melbourne VIC 3001 AUSTRALIA). Auctions, a t-shirt, and other gimmicks will be trotted out to raise the necessary cash.

NASFIC: AUSTIN

The announcement that Melbourne had won the 1985 Worldcon, made officially Sunday afternoon at Constellation, marked the official start of NASFIC Site Selection balloting.

AUSTIN TX	393
DETROIT MI	132
COLUMBUS OH	69

The NASFIC's full name will be "The First Occasional Lone Star Science Fiction Convention and Chili Cook-Off", used possibly for the first and last time in their victory announcement. PRO GUESTS OF HONOR: Jack Vance and Richard Powers. FAN GUEST OF HONOR: Joanne Burger; TOASTMASTER: Chad Oliver. (To our knowledge, Joanne has not recently written any lengthy analyses of Texas fanzines.)

Voters were granted a full attending membership, while the rest of the world has until the end of the year to buy a membership as cheaply as \$20.

MIKE WOOD

Mike Wood, Minneapolis-area fan, was found dead in his apartment October 3, the day after his 35th birthday. Wood had apparently died of natural causes -- perhaps insulin shock -- several days earlier. Instigated by Wood's supervisor at work who had missed him since September 29, several fans accompanied by the police and the apartment caretaker entered Wood's apartment and made the discovery. (Fans present were Susan Grandys, Matthew Tepper, Virginia Nelson, and arriving ten minutes after the others, Dean Gahlon.) The determination of natural cause of death was made by the Hennepin County Medical Examiner.

"Mike Wood's most enduring legacy will probably be MINNEAPA," comments Dan Goodman, editor of the Minn-Stf newzine EINBLATT. "MINNEAPA began on July 12, 1972, and has been collated at intervals of two to five weeks since then.... Mike ran MINNEAPA continuously, except for two collations when unexpected circumstances required him to turn it over to an emergency editor."

Matthew Tepper has assumed the reins of MINNEAPA, and designated #175, deadline November 19, as a Mike Wood memorial. Copy count is 80, and contributions should be sent to Tepper at 125 Oak Grove #41, Minneapolis MN 55403. Cards may be sent to Mike's parents: Henry and Jean Wood, 488 Milbeth Dr., Pittsburgh PA 15228. ((Sources: anything that wasn't in EINBLATT was obtained from Matthew Tepper.))

HOSPITAL CALL: "Jackie Causgrove is finally going into the hospital for a laminectomy (sp?) to straighten her spine after a year-and-a-half wait. She will enter the hospital October 28, the operation is scheduled for October 31, and she will be in the hospital for approximately 3 weeks after the operation." (Jonl Stopa)

VITAL STATISTICS: Michael Harper of Toronto will marry Sue Levy of Minneapolis in her home town, at her parents' house, on October 29. // Barry and Marcy Lyn Waitsman of Chicago are expecting to become parents in 1984. // John & Becky Thomson announced the adoption of Sean Seth Thomson -- born 8/1/83, "arrived" 10/7/83.

L.A.CON II DATA: As of the November 6 committee meeting, memberships totalled 2830, planting the con midway between Boston and Baltimore membership levels at the same stage. Of 300 huckster tables, 127 have been sold. // Hotel reservation forms will be released with Progress Report II, likely to be mailed in very late November. Rates for the Anaheim Hilton are \$53/sgl, \$63/dbl. The Hilton at the Park runs \$50/sgl, \$60/dbl. // The con will feature each of the 3 Star Wars movies at a noon showing on 3 successive days. There will also be a midnight marathon to show the films consecutively. // The committee has undertaken two projects for the con GoH's recognition. A NESFA-style book of Gordon Dickson-written material will be issued -- probably by the NESFA (surprise!) The concom itself will edit and publish FANCYCLOPEDIA III, that compendium of fannish knowledge last fully updated by Fan GoH Richard Eney in 1959.

1984 OLYMPICS: Fred Patten's research has determined that the Los Angeles Olympics will begin July 28, and end August 12. L.A.Con II begins August 30, and ends September 3.

A COUPLE MORE COAS: Steve Fox, 239 Buckingham Place, Philadelphia PA 19104
Elst Weinstein, MD, 859 N. Mountain Ave. #18-G, Upland CA 91786

BIGGEST WORLDCON GOES INTO BIGGEST HOLE

Despite record Worldcon attendance, 1983's ConStellation committee has overspent its budget to the extent it has appealed to fandom for a bail-out.

Fandom first became generally aware of the situation when Mark Olson, treasurer of Massachusetts Convention Fandom Inc. (Noreascon II) circulated copies of his letter to ConStellation chairman Mike Walsh. The October 21 letter inquired about the information received through "informal channels" that the '83 Worldcon might be \$40,000 in the red. MCFI wanted to help, but needed definite information and a concrete proposal from Walsh, which they hoped to have in hand by their next meeting, December 14.

Walsh issued a letter on ConStellation letterhead to "Fandom" on November 4, stating, "We have most of the bills in now, and we think we're about \$35,000 to \$40,000 short at this time. Now, having dropped jaws throughout the fannish world, let me hasten to add that we do not think ConStellation will go bankrupt." ConStellation has some assets convertible to cash, and Walsh outlined a nine-item plan for fundraising the most promising of which involves collection of \$10,000 advertising revenue still owed by Program Book advertisers.

How did the deficit come about? Walsh said the three major reasons were, "(1) We did not get the additional at-the-door attendance we expected (local walk-ins and one-days). (2) We just did not pay enough attention to our treasurer's insistence on staying within department budgets before the con. (3) There were several large unexpected expenses at the last minute."

Several of the convention's extravagances have become generally known. The Diamond Vision video screen used at the masquerade and Hugo ceremonies rented for about \$15,000. Although less than 8000 Program Books/membership packets would ultimately be distributed, the convention had ordered 28,000 plastic handsacks convertible to mailers. Many individual departments exceeded their budgets up to 95%. However, these extravagances reflected the committee's effort to plow back into the con all the money they could. These overages would have been absorbed by only another thousand members. The real question is: what revenue base was the convention using to plan with -- what made them think they were going to get so many more attendees than they actually did?

Although Walsh cites a shortfall in at-the-door attendance, the fact remains that ConStellation generated record setting at-the-door attendance -- see the following comparison:

	<u>AT-DOOR</u>	<u>DAILIES</u>	
DENVER	472	663	
CHICAGO	400+	290-*	*represents conversions only
BALTIMORE	695	1045	

At Baltimore's rates, their at-the-door memberships brought them \$38,225, and the dailies should have yielded a minimum of \$3135 and a maximum of \$10,450. (cont'd)

The committee had a limited distribution of a couple of its tentative budgets. The earliest one outlined revenue and expense for three attendance plateaus; the later example used 10,000 members as its statistical base. Even when ConStellation was discussing an attendance level of 6500 this anticipated 1000 at-the-door members, 125 conversions at the door from supporting to attending and 1500 dailies (1000 at \$10, 500 huckster room passes at \$3). Multiplying each figure by the appropriate rate, one discovers that ConStellation relied on \$80,000+ income at the door. Whether this reconstruction of the concommittee's mindset is accurate, it remains clear that their most 'conservative' plans relied on levels of at-the-door membership without historical precedent.

FLASH FROM THE PAST: Remember the Worldcon Emergency Fund? Remember MAC, and fandom's amazement that they got as many as 50 suckers to buy at-the-door memberships for \$50? Remember Atwater-Kent radios...?

TAFF BLURB: Dave Langford claims, "I have in my hands a SIGNED LETTER from D. West announcing his decision, either in the face of overwhelming public support or to annoy Mike Glyer, to stand for TAFF after all. His campaign, he explains, will involve his assuming a pose which is 'slothfully enigmatic'. So what's new? If I do him certain favours not at present to be explained to the world, he promises to vote for R. Hansen."

WEDDING BELLS: Langford also lets slip the news, "19 Nov: Joe Nicholas and Judith Hanna Get Married! Not to be printed in any publication liable to reach these shores before then, as they have requested a discreet silence, possibly in the fear that various people will converge in vast hordes on the registry office and say loud things when invited to think of any just cause and impediment why these two should not be etc."

ART CREDITS: Linda Mayfield (CODY): Cover, 6, 14; Tim Marion (calligraphy) 2; Bill Kunkel: 3, 22; Alexis Gilliland: 4; Charles Lee Jackson III: 9, 10; Stu Shiffman: 17



Mark L. Olson (49)
1000 Lexington St. #22
Waltham MA 02154

FILE 770:44
Mike Glyer
5828 Woodman Ave. #2
Van Nuys CA 91401

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