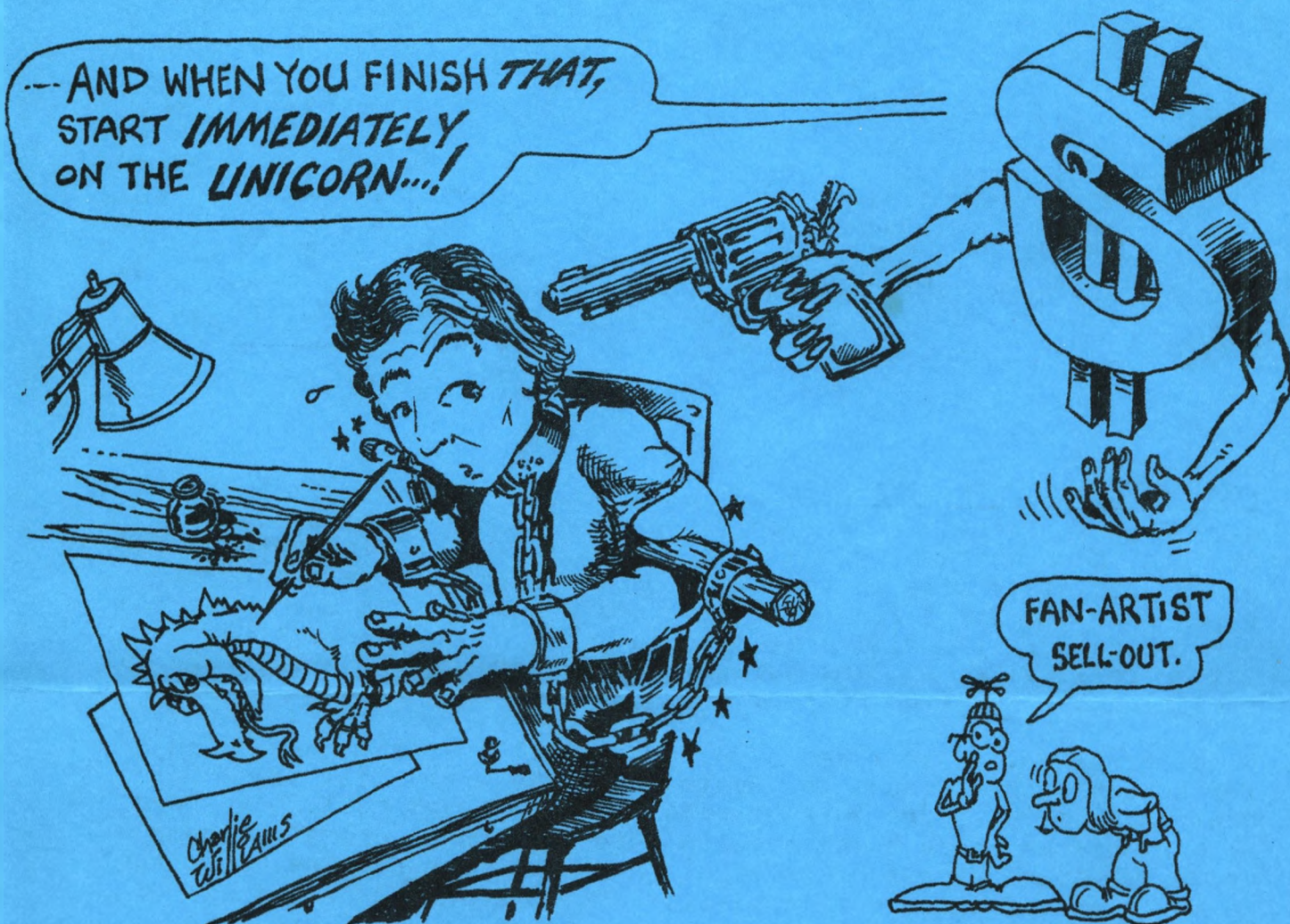


FILE 770:36 - CHICON IV WORLDCON REPORT



FILE 770:35 is edited by Mike Glycer within the confines of 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. This publication of fannish news, eclectic rumor, useful data about fandom, and speculative gossip, appears about once every six weeks, less often if the editor is getting any. It is available for news, rumor, whim, artwork, arranged trades (particularly with clubzines and other newzines where I have a prospect of lifting material), but most preferably, for coin of the realm -- 5 issues for \$3 (US). This same rate applies to overseas subs sent by slowboat; air printed matter service to the Beyond may be obtained for \$1 per issue. The editor also rewards expensive, long-distance noncollect phone calls bearing news when made to him at (213) 787-5061. A wide assortment of back issues is available, and doubtless of more use to you who have not read them than they are to me. This issue dated September 19, 1982.

::Special thanks to Anne Hansen for collating help on issue 35::



1982 WORLDCON SELF-ADMINISTERED OPINION POLL: Late in the convention, Gary Farber stopped me in Operations HQ (infamous room 272) to collect my opinion on whether Chicon IV had been a good convention. Having spent most of my time in the Mimeo Room turning little scraps of paper into THE DALEY PLANET, I realized I hadn't seen enough of the con to feel truly entitled to pass judgment on the convention. But on reflection, sitting here at home, there was a certain special something missing from Chicon.

Hotel problems. I searched high and low all over the convention for horror stories about the Hyatt -- nobody would tell me. Not that this proves there were no hotel problems, but hell, I've been to conventions where hotel hassles were the single unifying theme and major source of party conversation. I've even had the misfortune to be on one of those committees... The unfathomed secret of Chicon IV was how Larry, Ross, not to mention Tom Veal and Mike Miller, expected to keep fans occupied for five days without the intervention of the Hyatt? The nearest thing I heard to a hotel anecdote was how Mike Resnick endeared himself permanently to the committee by moving into a lower-floor room previously blocked for Artist GoH Kelly Freas, the latter winding up in the clouds on the 24th floor. Certainly as a physical setting for the Worldcon, the Hyatt proved to be both spacious and beautiful in appearance. As head of Programming, Yale Edeiken might be accused of bias in his passing comment on the beauty of the Hyatt, but as we stood on the Skyway level near hotel registration overlooking the lagoon, Scampi's (restaurant - open atrium), the green-carpeted bars and the decorative trees, he merely seemed to have made an objective statement.

Now unions you can depend on for grief, right? Evidently there was at least one union problem when a program participant was caught red-handed operating his own slide projector. On the other hand, Edeiken was complimentary of some of the union help mandated by the Chicago hotel situation, so that must have compensated for any grief.

CHICON IV WARM BODY COUNT

	<u>Wed</u>	<u>Thur</u>	<u>Fri</u>	<u>Sat</u>	<u>Sun</u>
PRE-REG	383	2167	817	199	39
CONVERT/NEW	-	312	128	141	109
CUMULATIVE	383	2862	3807	4147	4296

This included over 400 memberships purchased at the at-the-door rate, far surpassing the 220 or so necessary for the convention to reach its nominal breakeven point financially. Note: "Convert" means those Supporting memberships converted to Attending by paying the difference at the door. The figures above represent stats at the close of business Sunday. The final official count may be slightly higher, depending on what they hustled up Monday.

So when you review a convention which attracted over 4200 fans, boasted 17 programs and exhibits going simultaneously at its peak Sunday afternoon, contended successfully with hotels and unions, featured the finest of the five WorldCon Masquerades I've eye-witnessed, and exhibited (by what I heard) the finest Art Show in years, the clear conclusion is that Chicon accomplished its very ambitious aims as host of science fiction's annual open house.

Those several areas where the convention's managing skills appeared visibly overtaxed occurred when it was coping with the largest movements of people: at Registration; the Saturday morning line for Masquerade tickets; the Siegfried line to get into the Masquerade. I, personally, found the Registration lines so awesome that I didn't bother to pick up my packet 'til Sunday. (Sufficient foresight had been used to establish separate Staff registration, at least for badges.) The line for Masquerade tickets was a necessary sin, given that the con had 1600 more attendees than seats for the Masquerade. The evening line waiting to get into the Masquerade while understandable was still a disgusting sight, a function of the psychology inherent in rationing out tickets (I've got to get in line to get a decent seat) and the 40+ minute delay in opening the doors to the public after the announced opening of 7:30 PM. Cliff Biggers and I set out to find the end of the line, and followed its serpentine windings through the maze of shop and hotel corridors running through the Hyatt and Illinois Centers. I never got to the end of the line (running the daily newzine made me a department head worthy of a white badge, outranking yellow and green badge-wearers in this hierarchy, so I was passed through the guards). Gary Farber later offered to map out where he'd run the line, ultimately out of the hotel and up Michigan Avenue...

Chicon certainly had some aesthetic things in its favor, so far as a couple of us from LA were concerned. There seemed to be rather fewer of the scungily-dressed types we're used to seeing around cons. Nor were the elevators nearly as bad as I anticipated at moving the crowds about, after having experienced them at Windycon. However the elevators were subjected to vandalism of their emergency phones relatively often during the con, to judge by reports I overheard in Operations HQ.

While I started off implying that I was buried in the Mimeo Room, because that room also housed the Fanzine Lounge, I probably got to see more of the people I wanted to see, and spend more time with a number of them, than I ever did at any other worldcon. I actually got to meet Lee Hoffman, who sort of made the Lounge her field headquarters. Moshe Feder, Avedon Carol, Kev Smith (TAFF delegate), Peter Toluzzi (DUFF delegate), Mike Glicksohn, Marty Cantor, Richard Russell, and Gary Farber caucused over proposed Fanzine Hugo changes. Jeanne Gomoll attended, looking fantastic; about 12 hours after I had passed her semi-knowingly in the corridors thinking "gee, that's what Jeanne Gomoll would look like if she lost a lot of weight." Lee Smoire visited with me as I batted out a stencil for THE DALEY PLANET, so as a bonus I got introduced to Steve Stiles, eminent fancartoonist, whom I erroneously believed I could have recognized from his self-caricatures. Leah Zeldes looked me up to relate her account of conbidding in southern Michigan fandom, and Larry Tucker was persuaded to part with a complete run of UNCLE ALBERT'S ELECTRIC TALKING FANZINE (four cassettes). Cliff Biggers, Susan, Iris Brown, Ward Batty, Gary Eissner, and Randy Satterfield offered a hand to the DP. Fran Skene finally had a place I could be found in -- in contrast to the Westercon room party grapevine, which was about as timely as the astronauts in that Bradbury story who kept turning up on planet after planet minutes after Christ was executed. The Mimeo Room even provided the setting where between 4 and 5 AM Monday morning Candice Massey followed up with her narrative on fannish life in southern Michigan. Candice was part of that short list of people I've been passing in con hotel corridors for years, and hearing about secondhand, whom I wanted to have a conversation with eventually so I'd have some firsthand insight to use in sorting out the news/rumors/legends. However my experience with Susan Wood proved that that day never actually had to arrive. And even when I've

actively sought out the encounter there've been long delays. I tried to meet Jerry Kaufman at LACon, only catching up to him two years later at his Discon room party.

The Fanzine Lounge, to Marty Cantor's astonishment, proved a bonanza for sales of ENERGUMEN, fanhistorical reprints, etc. etc. Cantor moved \$1076 worth of True Fanzines.

Meantime, Houston's Johnny Lee had induced Gestetner to loan him 3 top-of-the-line mimeos, two electrostencilers, and a collator. This led to some slightly embarrassing results with early editions of the DALEY PLANET -- you see, none of us can afford a Gestetner mimeo that's less than 15 years old. Even though the new mimeos are not all that different, mechanic-

DID CLARK KENT START LIKE THIS?



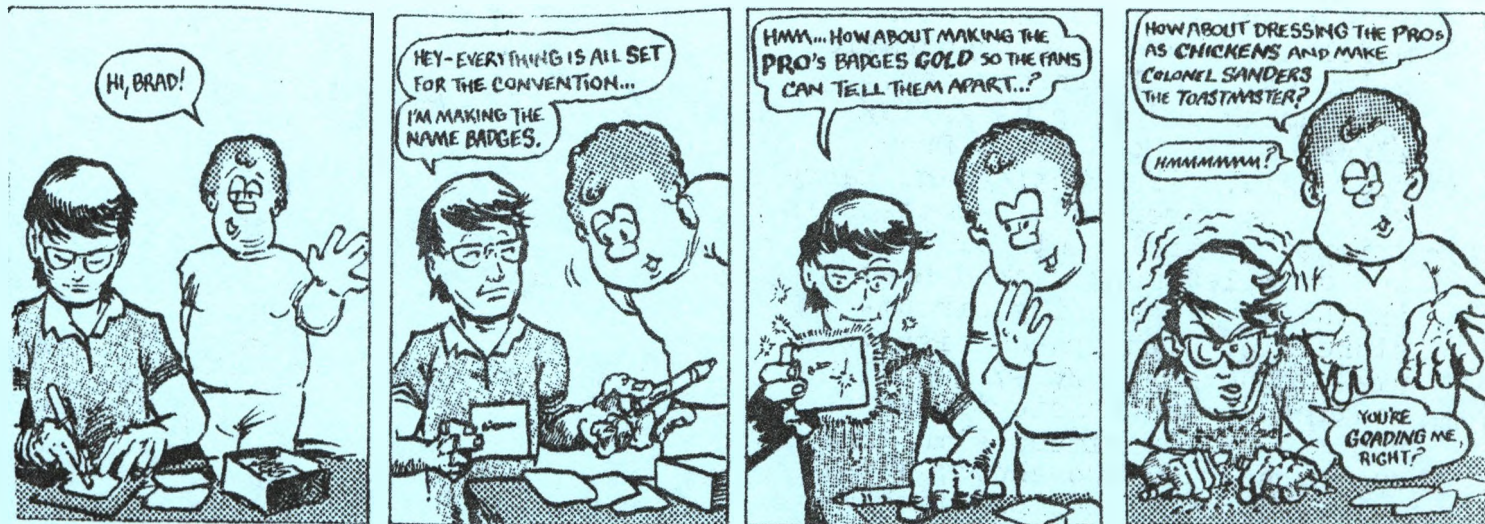
ally, from their predecessors, it's simply a fact that each model has its own idiosyncratic glitches. In learning them, Dick Smith and I, plus ~~gally~~ ~~slaves~~ Mimeo Room staff Drew MacDonald, Mike Bentley and Larry Nicholas, shredded a few stencils, dripped several pints of ink, and crumpled many a crudsheet in the very demanding circumstances of high-speed, high-volume production. By #7 I had the routine down sufficiently to run two of the mimeos simultaneously, solo. Throughout, I felt relieved any time Dick Smith was on duty, because whenever he walked into the room, the machines quit fucking up. We wondered why; I asked Dick, and he didn't even believe it...

Due to these production difficulties, it took me 5 hours on Thursday to get out DP#2, and I was in no mood to tackle a second edition of the day. But thereafter it was two a day, and one more in the wee hours Monday. I secreted a small pile of every issue, so if you're missing part of a run, let me know, I'll see what can be done. #1 is very limited, but I have a lot of #10. Dalroy Ward lured me into agreeing to run the 1983 worldcon daily newzine with the promise that Larry Ruh would be charged with its physical production, as he was in 1980. It's far too taxing to try and be responsible for both editing and publishing. As it was, I found the editorial assistance of Frank Nitte, who volunteered at the con, to be indispensable. Dana Siegel even donned her Hedda Hopper outfit to live her role as Party Editor... Now, are you ready to hear the real reason for doing all this nonsense at a con? It's for that moment when an issue "hits the streets" and as far as I can see, there are people reading my fanzine.

Certain there was life after mimeography, on Thursday afternoon I checked with Marie Bartlett about dinner, an idea that had seemed impractical nine months earlier at Windycon when she was running the program, so don't ask me why it seemed so much more likely when she was helping run the program of a con merely five times as large. We agreed to do this thing the following night at six, and she explained that she ate vegetarian dishes.

Having been to enough Worldcons, I started my search pattern Friday about 5:15 after I failed to find either Marie or her identical cousin Groucho Marx in Programming HQ, Up in Ops HQ at the other end of the Hyatt, I even had the audacity to have her beeped, but





no answer. Of course, Marie was at her table in Programming HQ by the time I recrossed the hotel, where she, Edeiken, Pavlac and others were about to powwow. I sat on the sidelines with Diana Pavlac, who was starting to think about dinner while her hands were occupied giving me the backrub of a lifetime. Diana suddenly realized that once Chicon was over, not only would Ross be likely to show up at their apartment in broad daylight -- he'd even be there for dinner. Diana claimed she had never cooked dinner for Ross before. What would she do? T'was a puzzlement.

Once the day's vivisection of Programming was done, Marie was in the market for about 2 hours' sleep, after which I was expected to call. So I traipsed after Ross, Diana and Yale to Scampi's, the restaurant in the hotel. Scampi's was exceptional -- a con hotel restaurant I actually looked forward to eating in; reasonable prices, good food, big portions, good service usually. More remarkably, despite five days' exposure to fannish feeding habits, none of the waiters had to be committed.

At dinner Ross asked me for the 473rd time when I was moving to Chicago, and for once I was tempted. It might even be safe, now that Chicon was finally unfolding. As Ross was required to be on the dais for the Guests of Honor's speeches, dinner was abbreviated. I looked at my watch, decided that anybody who needed 2 hours sleep could probably use 3 just as well, and helped Diana claim a good seat, third row, center, to witness the speeches. Marta Randall, MC, began. Howard DeVore briefly introduced Fan GoH Lee Hoffman, who only took 30 seconds to wrap up her own remarks. Robert Aspirin -- wed to Lynn Abbey on August 31 -- effervesced about Kelly Freas. Freas got going on a serious but articulate review of science fiction art.

Right about then somebody's beeper started going off. At least sixty people on staff had them, many in the room, even me. Uh, yeah. I grabbed my left side like I'd been shot, and started wishing I'd paid more attention when they versed me on how to shut the damn things off. By the time I wrestled the thing off, I was doubled over with

my head on Diana's knee, and from the corner of my eye looking to see whether Freas was trying to spot the offender in the audience. These antics prompted Diana to tell me the next day, "No matter how much weight you lose, Mike, you're never going to be small enough to hide under me."

Yes, I had underestimated Marie, who really meant two hours when she said it, and it was now, no shit, dinner time. So Glycer, with an instant recall that stands still long enough for Carbon-14 dating, took her off to Stetson's, a place that served prime rib, steak,

LONG BEACH (CAL) PRESS-TELEGRAM AUGUST 30, 1982 C-9

Mother seeking right to nurse tot in public

OWINGS MILLS, Md. (AP) — A woman who was ejected from a restaurant for suckling her infant son has asked the Maryland Human Relations Commission to affirm the right of mothers to nurse in public.

"Breast-feeding is a natural, normal, medically recommended way of feeding infants and there is no reason to be a prisoner of one's own home," says Eva Whitley, 27, of Manchester.

She says she is discreet when she nurses in public, but insists on her right to breast-feed at the table when dining out.

"You wouldn't want to eat your dinner in the restroom, why should my baby have to?" Ms. Whitley said.

Jean Sanders, part-owner and hostess of CJ's Restaurant, said she asked Ms. Whitley to leave the restaurant one day last March because she feared that other pa-

trons might be offended.

"We've had women in here nursing and they were covered and you couldn't tell it," Mrs. Sanders said. "This woman didn't cover up."

"We have customers in here who I know would object to it," she added.

Ms. Whitley said she didn't expose her breast while feeding her son. She quoted Mrs. Sanders as telling her: "I know that's the natural thing, but you can't do that in here. This is a family restaurant."

"You worry about hurting her feelings, but you also worry about the 20 other people around her," said Jeff Sanders, the restaurant's manager, who disputed Ms. Whitley's contention she was a victim of sex discrimination.

"It's not so much her being female, it has more to do with indecent exposure," Sanders said.



filet -- whose only connection to vegetarianism was by courtesy of the cow.

I think she forgave me. The alternative would be too dreadful -- to be spoken of as Janice Gelb spoke of a dinner party she joined who failed to the last person to produce anyone who would split a vegetarian pizza with her. The bloody barbarians! (The strange part was, that group included fans who knew Janice from her Atlanta days, when such situations were usually resolved routinely.)

Thereafter, Marie and I trooped to the Con Suite on the same level as the Mimeo Room (a location that was one of the consequences of asking the Hyatt to move Certain delicate vases, and a piano, from its luxury suite previously slated to serve as con suite; they reasoned it was easier to move the fans somewhere where they'd do less damage). Staff were dispensing beer and Coke across the bar, and industrial-strength-size boxes of potato chips and pretzels were on tables around the room. This provided the setting where I had my first historic encounter with "Madman" Riley, the North Dakota fan, whose conversational abilities seemed greatly enhanced with Sherry Katz on his lap. Riley explained to those assembled the meaning of his new button, "Give Me Shame." He contended that at Wilcon he had figured out what separated him from the rest of the human race was that he had no shame. So he tried asking for the loan of some... "Give Me Shame." At some point in the evening Riley left his urban cowboy hat with the feathered band with Katz for safekeeping, and forgot to come back for it. Fortunately, his head was permanently attached to his neck... Just to make the evening more Joycean, my beeper went off about 12:30 AM, and I vanished from the con suite to answer the call.

MASQUERADE

Two standards of judgment apply to a Masquerade: the enjoyment of the audience and the enjoyment of the participants. I was in the audience, and this was the fifth WorldCon Masquerade I'd seen, and the most beautiful. There were more very high quality costumes assembled at one time than in the others. This was the only one of the five where the sound system actually worked in coordination with the presentations. Even though it was only due to the staff's inability to find the proper control board, the house lights were on for most of the masquerade, which made it easy to see the rich detail of the costumes -- something often hampered when one's eyes must constantly readjust to varying intensities of spot and house lighting. The MC, Al Frank, used his superb showman's voice to great effect introducing each masquerade entry. The staging was so arranged that people in presentations were not confined to moving in one direction -- ie, several groups moved onto stage from both sides, for a multidimensional effect. This was the most successful WorldCon Masquerade, of the five I've seen, in terms of letting the audience enjoy the sight and sound of highly creative costumes.

I've already mentioned the debacle of trying to get seated in the masquerade. The bottom line on that was that sufficient empty seats remained that Chicon staff cancelled its plans to control the following night's crowd by issuing tickets for the Hugo ceremony. Seated, and waiting for the Masquerade to begin, I watched staffers clearing the stage of a giant mockup of L.Ron Hubbard's BATTLEFIELD EARTH -- a mutant hardcover about six-feet tall, with pages, requiring seven men to tip it off stage, reminiscent of the poses struck when the Marines raised the flag on Iwo Jima.

The fan panel of judges included Mike Resnick, Carol Resnick, Ann Layman Chancellor, Marjii Eilers, Hal Clement. There was also a "media panel" of judges chaired by Maureen Garrett (Official Star Wars Fan Club) which included two executives from RAIDERS. They

each decreed a variety of winners.

BEST IN SHOW: "Pyrogenesis" - Dave Meyers, Kelly Turner, Karen Schnaubelt, Diane Dawe, Susan Lanoue. With house lights lowered, this entrant was preceded onto stage by a standard-bearer whose shield-on-a-stick contained a panel of LEDs (like a mini-scoreboard) that animated the title of the group, followed by a sheet of flame. The main costume involved three people, two holding up the metallic-feathered wings of flame colored material on either side of a central costume which ultimately walked free to erect its own set of diaphanous lime-green wings. I'm told this was the first costume in the history of the Masquerade to come complete with roadies -- two stagehands in Pyrogenesis T-shirts.

MOST BEAUTIFUL: "Jherek Carnelian and the Iron Orchid" - Sally Fink and George Paczolt. George strolled out in what appeared to be a tuxedo of turquoise sequins, and a top hat and cane, followed by Sally in a richly-decorated gown of metallic-colored purple, lilac and silver, with a high headress. This was the costume most enthusiastically received by the audience, and my personal choice for Best in Show. There's just something about wings that judges love, I guess.

MOST SPECTACULAR: "Fantasy and Science Fiction" - Kathy and Drew Sanders. Making the maximum of le minimum, Kathy shed her wrapper and danced for the edification of Drew in roboid attire of turquoise and silver.

JUDGES' CHOICE: "Miss Rose Thompson" - Peggy Kennedy. This was Peggy as Queen Elizabeth I from "That Sweet Little Old Lady", abetted on stage by Pat Kennedy (a non-official entrant) also in Elizabethan jodphurs.

BEST SCIENCE FICTION: "Man Plus" - Philip Mercier. In skintight gold from head to foot, with bulbous red lights for eyes, Mercier had large black extensible wings (solar panels, if I recall the story).

BEST ADAPTATION: "The Searcher and the Priest" - Janet Wilson and Walt Baric. While a beautiful costume, and one of the classier entrants in the Westercon masquerade, I personally rated others higher.

BEST MYTHOLOGY: "Pan the Satyr" - George Wisser Jr. There's just something awesome about seeing this fellow cavort about on hooves (something in between stilts and elevator shoes, perhaps), as naturally as the creature he's portraying, never breaking his ankles...

MOST HUMOROUS: "The Barbarian and the Dragon Lady" - Curtis & Robbi Dyer. The Dragon Lady was definitely meritorious -- a large green-sequined head, and multicolored cape.

BEST FANTASY: "Warrior Tylissai and her Battle Comrade Thera the Centaur" - Carol Salemi and Kelly Harkins. Quite impressively the pair simulated a four-legged creature (the Centaur) with a rider. This was done so technically convincingly that one could not immediately be sure which four of the six legs required were connected to the actors.

CHICON MASQUERADE ENTRIES HONORED FOR EXCELLENCE:

"Arienhod, The Snow Queen" - Jacqueline M. War. A white satin dress and cape, with a silver mantle, halo and sceptre.
"Indiana Joan" - Joan Rapkin. Her RAIDERS-esque leather ensemble was described in fashion designer jargon in Al Frank's best game-show announcer voice, as Joan modeled the outfit's components.
"Ambassador to kutath" - Julian & Barb Schofield. And about ten other people, at least one of whom was Jan Howard Finder.
"Damnation" - Keryl Kris Reinke. She played a succubus, with horns of lighted beeswax candles, and a great pair of tits, not of beeswax.
"A Young Chinger Lady" - unnamed. From BILL THE GALACTIC HERO, asking the traditional question, "Would you want your sister to marry one?"
"A Big Fuzzy" - Susan Hammond.
"Royal Canadian Mounted Starfleet" - Yvonne Robert, Lloyd Penney, Danny Lozinski, Larry Telewsky. They blew the audience away with their Trekkish interpretation of Monty Python's "Lumberjack" tune.
"Announcer" - Al Frank.

The following winners were selected, in order shown, by the "media panel" of judges: (1) "Indiana Jones" - Bob Griffith, Chris Callaghan, Mario Brathwaite, Ann Weinstein, Greg Ramondous. In fact, this was a presentation introduced on stage as "Not Just Another Indiana Jones Action Stunt Team" and proceeded to deliver some quality stunt fist-fighting with a humorous ending. (2) "Royal Canadian Mounted Starfleet." (3) "Bob Fett" - Don Yates Jr. (4) "Sark, Chief Warrior of the MCP" - Melody Womack. (5) "Princess Leibacca" - Tamara Vermande. Her costume was announced "This is what happens when you let the Wookies win", and amounted to a wookie head on a Princess Leia gown. (6) "Indiana Joan". (7) "Momantha" - Cyndi Dressel. This was a character from REVENGE OF THE JEDI, and except for that novelty, seemed no more difficult than a Princess Leia costume. (8) "Freeks in Space!" - Robert Beech, Bob Courtier. There was a third Fabulous Furry Freak Brother in space garb, but his name didn't make it to the entry form. (9) "Illegal Alien" - Arlan Keith Andrews Sr. (10) (tie) "Tie Fighter Pilot" - Kevin Maguire. "Bulbus of Tatooine", - Pat Nolan.

Also noteworthy was a "savage punk elf" who boogied across stage; "Elves in Bondage -- or never play poker with a lucky orc"; Elric of Melnibone, which involved some fantastically complex black metal armor, interpreted from one of the DAW bookcovers; the Cantina Card Shark (ala Star Wars' bar scene); a costume preceded by the comment "In the Middle Ages, dragons were real -- and so were frogs!" titled "Frogslayer" that included two dead frogs on a belt; Strika (sp?) the snow leopard, an abbreviated costume worn by a reasonably attractive young woman who seemed momentarily ready to walk out of it, prompting a cheer from the audience of "Go, gravity!"; "The Were-Tiger" which was an epic of body makeup; and "The Warrior of the Crystal Sword", involving a fantastic claymore-sized fiberglass sword, and clear shield, with a gold unicorned helmet. Regretfully I could not get the names of these participants, and know better than to try and guess at the spellings of their names as announced.

Way at the beginning of this segment I mentioned that the second standard by which the Masquerade is judged is the enjoyment had by the participants. In this aspect the Masquerade suffered several

defects. Foremost, the entire slate of "media winners" was nearly forgotten, and their announcement was tacked onto the end of the other list of introductions just in the nick of time, before the audience was dismissed.

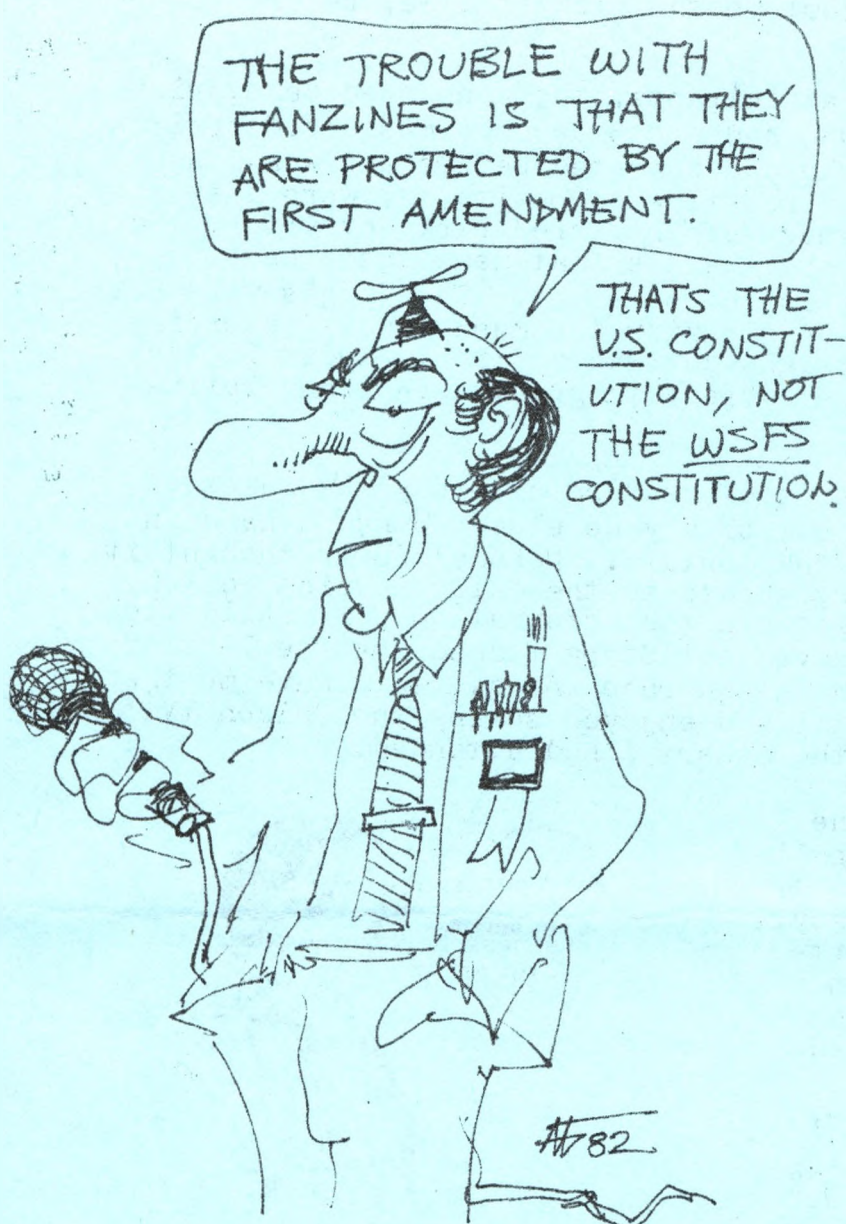
Almost as traumatic for the participants, the announced categories for competition of Masters (who had won 3 or more masquerade prizes at a worldcon), journeymen (who had competed before and won less than 3 prizes), and novices (first time competitors), were lost in the shuffle. Because the segment of the three-part entry form that was passed to the judges was not the one that mentioned these categories, everyone wound up in the same pot. The judges were not made aware of the categories until after the masquerade, according to Carol Resnick. This oversight carried an ironic twist in that the use of categories had been subject to great debate and refinement before the con.

The audience did get the benefit of hearing not only the names of those who wore the costumes, but of anyone else who had a hand in the design or manufacture of the costume. Nobody's ever thought it a great idea to hand the entry sheets to the daily newzine editor, or anyone else, so I didn't get all the information for publication, but I was very fortunate to have Joni Stopa transcribe the list of winners for me right after the masquerade ended. This gave me the chance, too, to tell her that I had enjoyed seeing the Chicon IV masquerade more than any of the others I had attended.

No little part of that was the phenomenal Cosmos & Chaos juggling act performed at intermission by Stephen Leigh and Ro Lutz-Nagey. Assisted with deliberate ineptness by Frank Johnson and Ben Zuhl, who fumbled the props on stage like zombies, Cosmos and Chaos juggled such disparate objects as a twenty-sided die, rubber ball and bowling ball, then progressed to three bowling balls, and finally to cleavers, hatchets, and lighted torches. It was all tied together with humor and showmanship that so impressed the audience that when the hat was passed for TAFF/DUFF, they took in \$1026.02, five pinball tokens and \$6 Canadian.



BUSINESS REVIEW: It was a great con for fanpublishers, in addition to those selling at Cantor's table. Joe Siclari (4599 NW 5th Ave., Boca Raton FL 33431) was moving copies of volume 1 of THE COMPLETE QUANDRY, Lee Hoffman's fmz, for \$5 (plus \$1 postage if ordered by mail. Rick katze reported that the Chandler/Hoffman double book produced for sale at Chicon by NESFA had sold between 550-600 copies of its 1800 print run. UP TO THE SKY IN SHIPS/IN AND OUT OF QUANDRY, with Freas covers, will be available from Nesfa at a price to be announced.



THAT'S THE
BIZ, (MEETING)
SWEETHEART

Proposing legislation to reform the Best Fanzine Hugo category proved to be such a trendy pasttime that by the time Saturday afternoon that a panel on the subject assembled, there were more motion-writers in the audience than on the panel. Edeiken had assembled Marty Cantor and Mike Glicksohn, who got into the game early, with Alexis Gilliland (who had his opinions about the topic put into print by Avedon Carol), me, Andy Porter, and (according to Gary) Gary Farber. That only left latebloomers Richard Russell, Louis Epstein and Moshe Feder sitting in the audience clamoring for attention. This consciousness raising session inspired Alexis Gilliland's cartoon at left, and set the stage for the following morning's Business Meeting.

Don Eastlake (the Elder) chaired the meeting, with sound system provided by Paula Lieberman, the born-again Sgt.-at-Arms. A member of the audience explained to me the wedding ring Paula was wearing by saying it was supposed to deter propositions. (No, I don't know what Paula did if she then discovered that segment of fandom which prefers to proposition married women...) (So that's Mrs. Belker.)

The meeting filled up with fanzine fans, each of whom was provided a schematic of about 10 subtopics up for consideration. Moshe Feder, Ted White and Linda Bushyager had simply moved to delete the Fan Hugos. Gary Farber and Craig Miller moved to establish a Best Semi-Professional Publication category that

included any publication devoted to sf & fantasy with a circulation between 1000 and 10,000. Marty Cantor and Mike Glicksohn had been discussing in print for months their proposal to create a Semi-Prozine category in addition to the Fanzine category, entries in the former picked for paying their staff or contributors, or providing a substantial portion of the editors' income. Richard Russell submitted a package of motions, centerpiece among them being his version of the Semipro/Fanzine category split. Despite its being the most complex, Russell's motion, as amended, was the ultimate victor.

George Flynn, secretary of the business meeting, recorded this final version of Russell's amendment: "BEST SEMIPROZINE: Any generally available non-professional publication devoted to science fiction or fantasy which has published at least four (4) issues, at least one (1) of which has appeared in the previous calendar year, and which meets at least two (2) of the following criteria: (1) had an average press run of at least one thousand (1000) copies per issue, (2) paid its contributors and/or staff in other than copies of the publication, (3) provided at least half the income of any one person, (4) had at least fifteen percent (15%) of its total space occupied by advertising, or (5) announced itself to be a semiprozine."

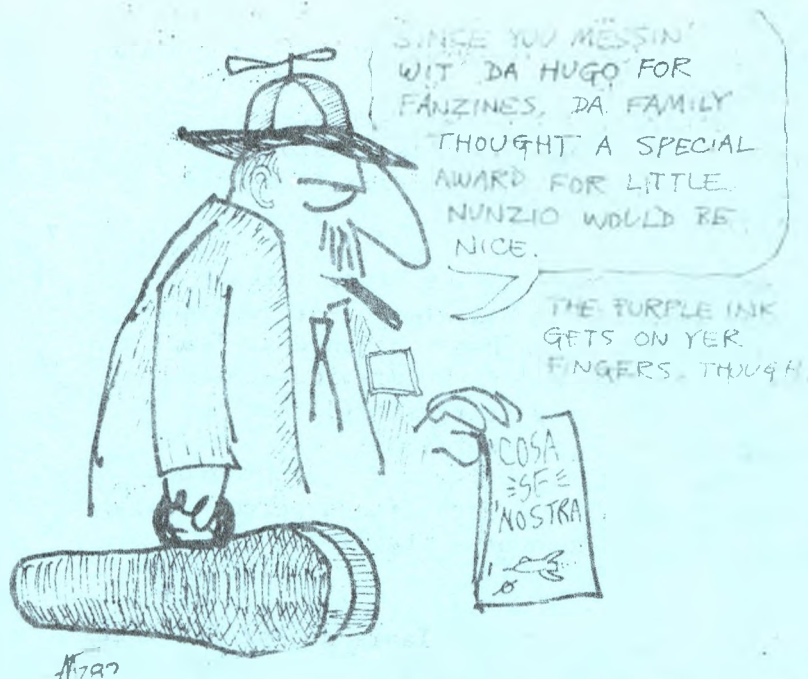
The category of BEST FANZINE was amended, "Any generally available non-professional publication devoted to science fiction, fantasy or related subjects which has published four (4) or more issues, at least one (1) of which appeared in the previous calendar year, and which does not qualify as a semiprozine." Russell also caused changes to be made in the BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR category to define professional publication as one that had at least an average press run of 10,000 copies per issue; and BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST was redefined as "An illustrator whose work has appeared in a professional publication in the field of science fiction or fantasy during the previous calendar year."

If these changes are ratified at the 1983 WorldCon Business Meeting in Baltimore, they would be implemented at the 1984 Hugos.

The Chicon IV Business Meeting ratified some changes to the WSFS Constitution proposed at Denver. (1) Empowered the Business Meeting to vote extended Hugo eligibility to a nominee which received extremely limited distribution in its first year of publication/presentation; (2) Required changes to the WSFS Constitution to take effect at the end of the Worldcon where they are ratified, while exempting committees already selected at that point from any changes that would entail additional costs; (3) Change to the Standing Rules, established the mechanics of site selection for a NASFiC during the WorldCon Business Meeting.

Chicon IV passed proposals of its own, that ConStellation may ratify (or not): (1) They created a Standing Committee of the Society to be responsible for the registration and protection of the marks used by the WSFS; (2) They legislated that any committee or position created by a Business Meeting shall lapse at the end of the next following Business Meeting, unless constitutionally provided for to the contrary; (3) They constitutionalized the right of an author to withdraw his/her work from Hugo consideration; (4) They rewrote a Hugo category to read: "BEST NOVEL: A science fiction or fantasy story of forty thousand (40,000) words or more appearing for the first time during the previous calendar year in English. A work originally appearing in a language other than English shall also be eligible in the year in which it is first issued in that language, provided such publication precedes the English-language publication."

Non-constitutional resolutions and business included, (1) Dismissal of the WSFS Constitution Drafting Committee, which had been lingering since 1976; (2) a resolution



to continue the WSFS Mark Registration Committee (3) a resolution specifying "the following organizations are considered by the World Science Fiction Society to be among those worthy to receive donations: (a) Recognized fan charities such as TAFF, DUFF, GUFF, TOFF and the FAAn Awards; (b) Established national fan organizations, such as the NFFF and the Fantasy Artists' Network; (c) PBS, NPR, and their local affiliates, for the production and/or sponsorship of science fiction programming; (d) Future Worldcon Committees."

In an Open Letter sent along with George Flynn's synopsis of the Business Meeting, he proposed that ConStellation exercise its right to create a special Hugo category by running BEST AMATEUR FANZINE under the rules of Russell's amendment above, in order to provide some practical results on the category's performance before it comes up for ratification in 1983.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY

The Illinois Center adjacent to the Hyatt was blessed with a McDonald's that was open Sunday -- therefore it became the noontime site of the TENTH ANNIVERSARY RANQUET. In 1972 at LACon, Elst Weinstein and I were unwilling to part with the price of a Banquet ticket. Abetted by Jack Harness, Norm Hochberg, and about four others, we drove over to the nearest McDonald's for dinner, and the ceremonial announcing of the Hugu Awards, then solely a function of APA-H, the Hoax Apa. In 1982 Elst and I reunited to MC the event, which drew a crowd of about 40. Albuquerque pro Vic Milan was our GoH. And the Hogus/Blackholes were announced (the envelope, please):

WORST FANZINE TITLE: Uncle Dick's Little Thing

THE DeROACH AWARD: Phil Foglio

THE ARISTOTLE AWARD: US Postal Disservice

BEST NEW FEUD: Chicon IV vs. The World

BEST TRAUMATIC PRESENTATION: Air Florida's 14th Street Special

FANDOM'S BIGGEST TURKEY: CLASS ONE, PROFESSIONAL: Purdue University Sociology Dept.
CLASS TWO, AMATEUR: (tie) Bill Bridget, HJN Andruschak

BEST HOAX AWARDS: Fanzine Hugos

BEST TYPEFACE: Illuminatus Illuminated

BEST RELIGIOUS HOAX: D&D As Devil Worship

BEST PROFESSIONAL RELIGIOUS HOAX: Proctor & Gamble

BEST PROFESSIONAL HOAX: Carl Sagan

BEST FAN HOAX: The SCA (Society for Creative Anachronism)

BEST HOAX CONVENTION: Columbus in '85

BEST DEAD WRITER: Barbara Cartland

BEST PSEUDONYM: No Award
SPECIAL BAGELBASH AWARD: Facehugger Jeans
BEST HAS-BEEN: Margaret Trudeau
FREE FOR ALL: "Kill A Preppy for Christ"
MOST DESIRED GAFIATION: Filthy Pierre
SPECIAL HOGBUTCHER TO THE WORLDCON AWARD:

No Award

SPECIAL DEVO AWARD: John Norman

MOST PUTRID SCENE FROM STAR WARS III:

Leia: "Use the force, Luke. Oh,oh,oh!!!"

TIME OUTS FROM TIME BANDITS:

"Hey, Kenny, stand up!"

WORST PUN BASED ON RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK:

Raiders on Golden Pond: "Suckface!"

Why did it have to be Suckface?"

MIXED MEDIA: Superman III: Krypto

dissolving a fire hydrant

CLOSEST ENCOUNTER OF THE FOURTH KIND:

Gov.Moonbeam and the Medflies

from Outer Space.

STANDARD BLACKHOLE (4 winners):

Chicon IV Concom

James Watt

E. Gary Gyga

Phyllis Schlafly

INVISIBILITY AWARD:

Worldcon Financial Reports

INCOMPETENCE AWARD:

Sen. Proxmire

(Mayor Jane Byrne, Honorable Mention)

PUBLISHERS' AWARD:

TSR buying out AMAZING

GREED AWARD:

\$3.50 paperbacks and "trade editions"

HALFASSED CON OFFICIOUSNESS:

Chicons

BROWN HOLE AWARD FOR OUTSTANDING

PROFESSIONALISM: E. Gary Gyga

JOHN-HENRI HOLMBERG'S HELPFUL HINTS

Swedish fan John-Henri Holmberg sat down in the Mimeo Room and batted out this mini-article for THE DALEY PLANET -- and having lacked the room to run it there, I've included it as part of this WorldCon Report:

"Being a foreigner at an American convention is not always sweetness and light only; assumedly, knowing what to say to foreigners at American conventions if you happen to be an American is however also less than an inherited instinct. This two-sided problem can possibly be solved in one brilliant stroke; necessary to such a solution would be a realization on the part of the native fan that the foreign ones are not substantially or generically different from Americans, and on the part of the foreign fan that Americans usually do not respond to being spoken to by mugging, raping, or murdering the speaker. The latter realization does not come easily to, for instance, Europeans, brought up on lurid newspaper accounts of the mass murders continuously occurring in New York and points west. For fundamental cultural reasons, native Europeans, or at least Northern Europeans, do not talk to strangers and this habit is further enforced by their general suspiciousness towards Americans, who are generally viewed in Europe as slobs, ignorants and professional killers.

Even bearing these obstacles in mind, however, there are many signs that a form of shyness still dampens the free and easy intercourse between native and foreign fans at conventions. The foreign fan will be able to hide behind hotel pillars or possibly potted plants and hear the natives exchange joyful and happy greetings on the order of "Hi, Darth, what's new on Deathstar?" or "Isn't Harlan a rat?", but when himself confronted with these same natives will best be noted with an uncertain stare or a comment on the order of, "Hope you didn't swim here," which, although of course brilliant in its understated humor, will at fifteenth repeat still sag slightly.

CHICCON IV HUGO AWARDS

HUGO AWARDS CEREMONY: Sunday night of the convention, MC Marta Randall took to heart the question, "Haven't these things been running too long?" and managed the theatrical feat of presenting an entire circus full of awards and about eight bits of side business in less than 90 minutes.

Along the way she set a new world record by rendering Wilson Tucker speechless for nearly two minutes. She accomplished this by passing behind Tucker when he took the dais to award Best Fanwriter, grabbing a handful of his ass, declaring "Smoooooth!" and strolling away.

Tucker, gasping in disbelief, incurred a severe attack of the giggles. Randall also took on another traditional convention MC, Robert Silverberg, by lavishly

complimenting him for wearing shoes in her presence for the first time since she'd met him. Silverberg claimed he was merely uncertain how early winter set in on Chicago...



BEST NOVEL: DOWNBELOW STATION - C. J. Cherryh
BEST NOVELLA: "The Saturn Game" - Poul Anderson
BEST NOVELETTE: "Unicorn Variations" - Roger Zelazny
BEST SHORT STORY: "The Pusher" - John Varley
BEST NONFICTION BOOK: DANSE MACABRE - Stephen King
BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK
BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR: Edward Ferman
BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: Michael Whelan
BEST FANZINE: LOCUS, Charles N. Brown editor
BEST FAN WRITER: Richard Geis
BEST FAN ARTIST: Victoria Poyser

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD: Alexis Gilliland

SPECIAL COMMITTEE AWARD: Mike Glyer ("For keeping the Fan in Fanzine Publishing.")

FIRST FANDOM AWARD: Bill Crawford

FAT TERRY AWARD: Randall Garrett

During the ceremony, the opportunity was taken to relay two sets of overseas awards to their American winners. Takumi Shibano and wife in traditional Japanese attire announced Japanese Hugos for the Best Foreign Short Story translated into Japanese - "The Brave Little Toaster" by Disch. A similar category award for novel was made to GENESIS MACHINE by James Hogan. On behalf of the British Science Fiction Association, TAFF Delegate Kev Smith came up and handed out

awards to the short story "The Brave Little Toaster", and the novel THE SHADOW OF THE TORTURER by Gene Wolfe. Spinrad was prevailed on to accept Disch's BSFA Award, implying that Disch would take no little relish in the British recognizing what the Hugo voters had overlooked.

The awards ceremony was arranged so that things were approximately given out in reverse order of importance -- meaning the Fan Hugos were disposed of in the first half, prior to a 10-minute intermission. Early Sunday afternoon, after Janice Gelb and I had taken a turn through the Huckster Room in search of a T-shirt maker, with no luck, Janice offered to head out on the bus to a location she knew would be open and have an idea of mine translated into a T-shirt. Therefore, after Geis and LOCUS divided up the Hugos in the two categories I'd been nominated for, I took advantage of intermission to peel off my outer dress shirt to reveal the T-shirt which proclaimed "SIX-TIME HUGO LOSER." Most of the people I wanted to show it off to happened to be sitting nearby, especially George RR Martin, who was responsible for my admission to the Hugo-Losers Party in 1976 -- years before I was even nominated.

The ceremony resumed after intermission, with first item on the agenda being Special Committee Award, as presented by Ross Pavlac and Larry Propp. They explained to each other that each WorldCon committee has the opportunity to make special awards, although the rules now bar them from giving them in the form of a Hugo rocket. They'd been through the Art Show and seen a very beautiful statuette of a dragon -- which they mounted on the same pedestal as the Hugos for purposes of making a special award -- to Mike Glycer "for keeping the fan in fanzine publishing." (Propp corrected me after I got the phrase wrong in the daily newzine...) I was astonished -- and finally aware why Pavlac had taken such an interest in my suggestion at dinner two nights before that since I expected Geis and Brown to win, I could skip the ceremonies and see BLADERUNNER, which Chicon had programmed opposite the Hugos to hold down the crowd.

When I got to the dais I embraced Pavlac, flashed my shirt to the audience, and commented, "I guess you're right, Ross, I didn't really want to see BLADERUNNER." I'm told I got a standing ovation, by Glicksohn and Brad Linaweaver (but I assume they didn't do it by themselves...) except I was too stunned to comprehend anything going on farther away than three feet from me. Ross and Larry steered me backstage where we took some photos that I eventually expect to receive a \$5000 request to pay for the negatives...

The ceremony's closing piece of business involved Marta Randall and her three serving lads (two of whom were Tom Whitmore and George Paczolt) who had been serving her champagne, and lighting her cigars, and assisting in the distribution of awards. The moment Joan Vinge was announced as presenter of the Best Novel Hugo, Randall found herself abandoned onstage, minus champagne, as the three lads dashed off to greet Vinge. This business had no sooner had a chance to subside, though, when C. J. Cherryh was proclaimed Best Novel winner, and there was a mad rush across the dais and down the steps, where escort Dick Smith had to fend off Paczolt for the right to escort Cherryh to the stage.

Thereupon, Marta Randall noted the whole thing had taken under 90 minutes, and had a laugh on party hosts who didn't expect us for 2 hours.

NOVEL:	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	FOURTH	FIFTH	SIXTH
(1) Cherryh	265 268 282 312 383	-	-	-	-	-
(2) Wolfe	240 240 292 310 355	289 289 359 403	-	-	-	-
(3) May	163 163 172 187	206 206 225 272	272 274 363	-	-	-
(4) Simak	118 119 122	161 161 174	232 237 270	338	-	-
(5) Crowley	98 98	120 121	171 175	230	364	-
(6) No Award	51	63 63	76	92	142	288

NOVELETTE:	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	FOURTH	FIFTH	SIXTH
(1) Zelazny	271 272 283 305 350	-	-	-	-	-
(2) Martin	222 222 239 268 334	299 300 329 386	-	-	-	-
(3) Bryant	123 125 142 168	156 158 179 231	212 219 281	-	-	-
(4) Godwin	100 100 116	133 135 156	187 189 229	263 272	-	-
(5) Bishop	73 75	85 87	124 127	175 180	295	-
(6) No Award	65	75	97	109	140	247

NOVELLA:	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	FOURTH	FIFTH	SIXTH	SEV
(1) Anderson	157 158 192 223 258 320	-	-	-	-	-	-
(2) Eisenstein	153 153 169 191 224 300	177 177 206 244 309	-	-	-	-	-
(3) Varley	141 142 156 184 209	162 163 184 220 260	192 193 224 285	-	-	-	-
(4) Wilhelm	136 136 147 165	149 150 179 206	178 179 223 276	228 230 299	-	-	-
(5) Vinge	126 126 136	137 137 152	-	163 165 185	220 222 263	267 272	-
(6) Palmer	116 116	136 136	-	153 154	178 181	226 233	366
(7) No Award	46	51	-	53	64	86	114 238

SHORT STORY	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	FOURTH	FIFTH
(1) Varley	289 296 315 384	-	-	-	-
(2) Wolfe	224 228 237 298	292 298 329	-	-	-
(3) Suchartkul	181 185 197	262 271 313	348	-	-
(4) Guthridge	83 85	125 132	181 341	-	-
(5) No Award	81	133	182	273	-

NONFICTION:	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	FOURTH	FIFTH	SIXTH
(1) King	213 225 225 258 301	-	-	-	-	-
(2) Preiss	115 131 131	143 175 175 213	-	-	-	-
(3) Miller	118 130 135 158	143 160 166	170 177 221	-	-	-
(4) Dixon	124 130 134 159 193	150 161 166 206	173 175 212	213 219	-	-
(5) Barron	90	116	153 158	193 206	-	-
(6) No Award	111 113	119 123	127	140	161	269

TOTAL HUGO VOTES: 1071

FANZINE	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	FOURTH	FIFTH
(1) LOCUS	286 322 371 378	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -
(2) SFR	129 141 - -	190 239 248	- - -	- - -	- - -
(3) F770	174 186 222 240	188 218 237	227 244	- - -	- - -
(4) SFC	105 - - -	154 - -	206 220	279	- - -
(5) No Award	149 156 161 -	165 179 -	182 -	274	357

FANWRITER	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	FOURTH	FIFTH
(1) Gels	192 208 226 235	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -
(2) Glyer	136 148 203 217	175 198 284	- - -	- - -	- - -
(3) Langford	100 125 - -	119 150 -	175 254	- - -	- - -
(4) No Award	163 163 193 -	173 175 210	190 196	225	- - -
(5) Hlavaty	68 - - -	76 - -	116 -	218	251

FANARTIST	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	FOURTH	FIFTH	SIXTH
(1) Poyser	197 201 201 219 277	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -
(2) Hanke-Woods	158 172 177 188 -	222 241 246 267	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -
(3) Gilliland	146 170 172 208 269	168 199 201 257	231 284 293	- - -	- - -	- - -
(4) Rotsler	121 123 124 -	141 146 147 -	175 200 207	259 263	- - -	- - -
(5) Shiffman	60 100 - -	74 - -	110 - -	166 173	295	- - -
(6) No Award	96 - - -	107 114 -	120 135 -	132 -	147	276

DRAMATIC	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	FOURTH	FIFTH	SIXTH
(1) Raiders	551	-- -- --	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -
(2) Time Bandits	139	248 254 289 362	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -
(3) Excalibur	117	200 205 234 320	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -
(4) Dragonslayer	107	204 205 229 -	263 268 320	380	- - -	- - -
(5) Outland	59	115 118 -	147 153 -	219	414	- - -
(6) No Award	44	59 - -	84 - -	109	182	335

J. W. CAMPBELL	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	FOURTH	FIFTH	SIXTH
(1) Gilliland	159 164 190 193 219	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -
(2) Stallman	115 139 159 163 195	139 171 205 213	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -
(3) David Brin	118 126 138 143 -	125 137 167 175	152 199 207	- - -	- - -	- - -
(4) Williams	100 107 - -	129 136 -	145 172 178	171 261	- - -	- - -
(5) Swanwick	69 - - -	78 - -	110 - -	145 -	215	- - -
(6) No Award	125 126 129 -	141 142 151 -	153 157 -	168 177	185	256

PRO EDITOR	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	FOURTH	FIFTH	SIXTH
(1) Ferman	221 221 249 291 358	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -
(2) Carr	173 175 192 236 287	227 229 261 372	- - -	- - -	- - -	- - -
(3) Scithers	160 160 189 207 -	192 192 242 288	225 226 306	- - -	- - -	- - -
(4) Schmidt	136 138 - -	175 177 - -	206 209 -	303 307	- - -	- - -
					(5) Hartwell 395	(6) No Award 108 259

PRO ARTIST:	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	FOURTH	FIFTH	SIXTH
(1) Whelan	324 324 347 401	- - - -	- - -	- - -	-	-
(2) DiFate	142 144 153 168	218 221 256 330	- - -	- - -	-	-
(3) Morill	149 149 167 201	196 197 228 296	244 246 299	- - -	-	-
(4) Maitz	125 126 133 -	170 171 189 -	207 209 255	270 273	-	-
(5) Lundgren	79 79 - -	112 112 - -	146 148 -	217 223	404	-
(6) No Award	43 - - -	51 - - -	63 - -	81 -	97	239

NOTE: (1) These figures were tabulated by Bill Evans. They were provided to me in the form of a computer printout which showed each step of the Australian runoff method -- and in a form that wasn't nearly self-explanatory. But I believe I've cracked the format, with the aid of Alan Frisbie, and properly translated it as shown above.

(2) Kennedy Poyser phoned me after the convention with word that Victoria Poyser would decline further Fan Artist nominations. She didn't consider herself to have done much fan art in 1982. However she deeply appreciated the honors she received for her fan work in prior years.

SURPRISE! IT'S LOS ANGELES IN 1984

One of the little trade secrets of LA fandom is that no LA worldcon bid has ever won against opposition. So when the mail ballot came and went without announced competition for the 1984 worldcon rights, the picture started to look rosier. The only remaining question was -- could LA overcome stiff rivalry from None of the Above?

	Los Angeles	No Preference	None of the Above	Write-Ins	No Vote	Total
Mail	406	37	29	29	--	501*
At Con	508	34	39	37	44	662
Total	914	71	68	66+	44**	1163

(*) There were 4 invalid mail ballots, for a total of 505 mail ballots actually turned over for counting; however, the money received corresponded to 515 ballots.

(+) Write-in votes were received for a total of 33 locations/entities.

(**) The "No Vote" ballots were payments received from nonmembers of Chicon IV.

L.A.con II announced that its Pro Guest of Honor would be Gordon Dickson. The Fan Guest of Honor would be Dick Eney. Craig Miller and Milton F. Stevens shall serve as co-chairmen of the convention.

EDITORIAL COMMENTARY RESUMES HERE: As if you couldn't tell... One of the signal events of Chicon occurred after the Hugos -- that was DOCTOR Keith Kato's "Second (Annual?) Farewell Chili Party. Kato, purveyor of Silverberg-grade chili, was celebrating the document he had turned in to his dissertation chairman, Gregory A. Benford, titled "High Power, Very Broad Band Microwave Radiation from the Interaction of a Relativistic Electron Beam with Plasmas in the Low Magnetic Field Regime, with Application to Type III Solar Burst Phenomenon." Doo-dah doo-dah.

Elsewhere the same night was the Hugo-losers party. Typifying the party's spirit, Mike Glicksohn wore his T-shirt showing two inverted and one upright Hugo (having won once out of three times nominated). At the party I was able to sit and talk with Rachel Holmen, who does a lot of the work for LOCUS. I wanted to comment on the insensitivity several fans seemed to show in the process of congratulating me for my award, when they went on to express it as some kind of up-yours to LOCUS. Rachel, who had collected LOCUS' Hugo, had certainly earned that egoboo. The quality and popularity of LOCUS ought not to be obscured by the quarrel over how to recognize amateur publications. Why make common courtesy the first casualty?

CLOSING CEREMONIES: On the last afternoon of the con (Monday) I opened the closed door to Ops HQ and found gathered such major staff as Ross and Diana, Gary Farber, Ben Ylow, and the shift on duty, as quietly as if they were waiting for Arnold Palmer to sink a putt. I gathered that someone had been phoning in a bomb threat, and the quiet was for the benefit of whoever answered the phone. Since the staff was in no hurry to spread this alarm to the corners of the convention, the door was left shut.

I checked my mailbox for the last time, and found a rather more amusing threat therein. "My name is Milan, and a few days ago I left a brown envelope in your submissions box with the specific message that if my material was not going to be used that it was going to be left in the box. It was not, I can't find the envelope with my photos, I hope you have these please send to /address/. /If/ I don't get my artwork back I'm going to bring this to the attention of this year's coordinators and next year's Constellation." Right. I saved Milan the trouble, and immediately brought it to the attention of Pavlac, who also said, "Right." Mr. Milan had apparently thought his 5 x 7 photos of drab weirdness would suitably adorn my 8½ x 11 mimeo publication, and dropped them off without contacting me. Fortunately he provided his address, so I could return the stuff in an envelope marked "Please don't bend, (alleged) artwork enclosed."

Gary Farber took the opportunity to say "Thank you for keeping the fan in fanzines" in a tone that was intended to remind me that maybe two or three other people were still publishing fannishly...

Part of the afternoon was absorbed in trailing after Bob Hillis to obtain the promised printout of Hugo voting statistics. The committee had decided to release them after the last issue of the DALEY PLANET was long gone. But after the convention's closing ceremony, Hillis was on his way to another hotel to retrieve a \$250 charge made to his credit card on behalf of the con. He had Larry Smith lead me up to root through his hotel room, and indeed Larry found them.

Jim Gilpatrick and Mary Anne Mueller wanted an opportunity to bend my ear about Atlanta in '86, which was a nice change from being shown the knife scars in the backs of various southern Michigan fans. Jim was torn between his appreciation for all the space the Atlanta bid had been getting in F770, and his horror at what had been appearing in that space. For myself, I thought it was a well-timed discussion, seeing as all my inside sources were now outside the bid committee.

That took me up to time to catch the bus for O'Hare, which coincidentally was the first time I'd been out of the Hyatt in six days. A number of LA fans timed their departure for that bus, because we all had the same flight home. But none of us had timed it as closely as Avedon Carol, who was last seen sprinting away from the bus like O.J. Simpson.

On the road to O'Hare, we passed the billboard for BATTLEFIELD EARTH -- and in the twilight, the muscular blonde lad was raying the evening commuters, as two red neon streaks diverged from the barrel of his handgun. That would have been sufficient sendoff to the fans leaving Chicon. But there was one final irony ahead.

The flight home featured a movie. And we all shelled out \$3 for headphones, tongue-in-cheek, to watch -- STAR WARS.

ART CREDITS: Charlie Williams: 1. Charlie Williams & Ward Batty: 6. Brian Pavlac: 4.
Joan Hanke-Woods: 5. Stu Shiffman: 7, 11. Alexis Gilliland: 12, 14. Jim McLeod: 16.
Bill Kunkel: 22.

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1982 WORLD FANTASY AWARDS FINAL BALLOT: LIFE ACHIEVEMENT, Italo Calvino, L. Sprague DeCamp, Andre Norton, Jack Vance. BEST NOVEL: THE CLAW OF THE CONCILIATOR, Wolfe, LITTLE, BIG, Crowley, THE NAMELESS, Ramsey Campbell, THE WAR HOUND AND THE WORLD'S PAIN, Moorcock, THE WHITE HOTEL, D.M. Thomas. BEST NOVELLA, "Ealdwood", Cherryh, "The Fire When It Comes" Godwin, "Mythago Wood" Holdstock, "The River of Night's Dreaming", Wagner. BEST SHORT FICTION: "Coin of the Realm", Grant, "The Dark Country", Etchison, "Do The Dead Sing?" King, "Fairy Tale", Dann. BEST ANTHOLOGY-COLLECTION: ELSEWHERE (ed. Windling/Arnold), FANTASY ANNUAL IV (ed. Carr), SHADOWS 4 (ed. Grant), TALES FROM THE NIGHTSIDE (ed. Grant), WHISPERS III (ed. Schiff). BEST ARTIST: Austin, Bauman, Canty, Maitz, Morrill, Whelan. SPECIAL AWARD (PRO): Ferman, D.Grant, Hartwell, Klein, Underwood/Miller. SPECIAL AWARD(NON-PRO): P.Allen, Collins, Ganley, Jones/Sutton, Keller.

LATE ADD, BREAST-FEEDING: Harry Warner Jr. clipped a follow-up item: "An international group that promotes breast-feeding is backing the discrimination complaint of a Maryland woman who says she should not have been ejected from a restaurant for suckling her baby. La Leche League International has encouraged Eva Whitley to pursue a complaint she filed with the state Human Relations Commission against CJ's Restaurant in Owings Mills...."



Mark L. Olson (49)
1000 Lexington St. #22
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FILE 770:36
Mike Glyer
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