



FILE 770:59 is the SUMMER BONANZA ISSUE featuring last summer's worldcon report. An earlier version of this report appeared in Science Fiction Chronicle; the current version is more detailed and takes advantage of some facts not generally known immediately after Aussiecon. // FILE 770 is published more often than not... every other month seems the recent schedule. It is available for hot news, juicy gossip and expensive long-distance phone calls (on your dime) to (818) 787-5061. Primarily the zine is sold by subscription to willing fans, five issues for \$4, mailed first class in North America and printed matter rate overseas. Air printed matter rate overseas is available for \$1.25 per copy. (gasp -- a price raise!) Arranged trades, mainly with clubzines and newzines, are acceptable too. Contact the editor at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. LAST STENCIL TYPED 6-12-86

TRY AND CONTROL YOUR EXCITEMENT: Sydney's Jack Herman reports he has filed the necessary papers with the Atlanta Worldcon committee to qualify his write-in bid for "Sydney Cove in '88". The bid would convene its convention at the Shore Hotel and Convention Center in Atarmon, Australia.

Herman asserts that the bid is "not just a clone of an American bid but a unique word of mouth campaign aimed at those fans dissatisfied with the four current bids. Similarly, the Convention, should it win, will not be another pale copy of previous Cons. The emphasis will not be on panels as the default programme item, but on a series of talks aimed at serious discussion of the scientific and social issues that underlie SF and a number of items aimed at encouraging performance and participation by all members of the con. Sydney Cove in '88 looks forward to enormous US support for this innovative (and cheap) bid." Herman can be contacted at Box 272, Wentworth Building, University of Sydney, 2006 Australia.

NO DC IN '92: At Disclave (Memorial Day weekend) it was widely discussed that the convention facility relied on by DC in '92 bidders had been booked by a business convention for Labor Day 1992. Consequently the DC bid has gone away. If true, this vacates the year originally sought by Perth in '92 bidders (see Aussiecon report). Lee Smoire, confidant of the Perth group, believes they would shift back to '92 if the Netherlands failed to win a 1990 bid.

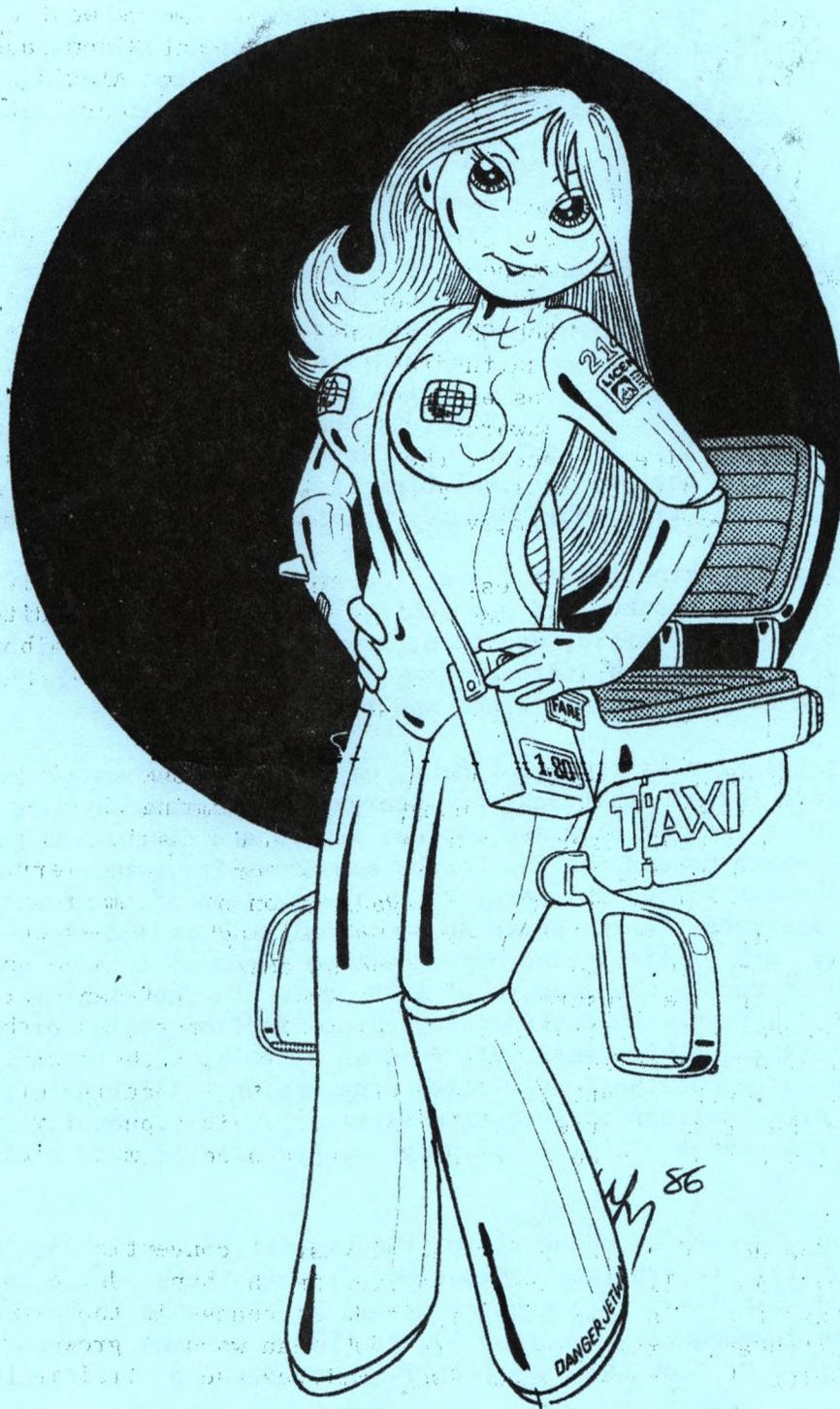
PHOENIX 1987 NASFiC BEING RUN FOR PROFIT: At the April 5 meeting of FACT (Austin NASFiC) conducted at Aggiecon, Willie Siros, chairman, recommended against making a \$1000 pass-on to the Phoenix NASFiC until it became clear how the con was being run. The Austin crew, remembering their dire straits when they started out, had tentatively agreed to send \$1000 of the 1985 NASFiC profits to Phoenix. But Siros reported, "They are running the NASFiC for profit, in a certain sense, the way they ran the World Fantasy Convention for profit. And ex-members of the CASFS (Central Arizona SF Society) board who are not current members of the CASFS board are contracted to do the convention and receive funds for doing so."

World Fantasy Con is enfranchised by a group of directors, and run for profit. Austin NASFiC committee members reacted to Siros explanation with sarcastic disapproval, clamoring to donate some petrified Fritos to the Phoenix committee, instead.

Phoenix NASFiC chairman Bruce Farr, reached at home, agreed, "This is not a non-profit convention." Asked who would retain NASFiC profits, Farr answered, "Me." Farr added, "We're not out to make bucks on fans, we're out to run a damn good con." He asserted that anyone who knows his committee knows they aren't cheap, and that they will put on the best possible con, spending money in areas needed, spending it wisely and well. He said that the con's budget was around \$112,000, based on a projected attendance between 3000-5000. When they exceeded breakeven, features

(cont'd back page)

MIKE GLYER'S "NEW ENOUGH FOR FANHISTORY" AUSSIECON TWO REPORT



AUSSIECON TWO: August 22-26, 1985

When the last daily membership squeezed through the doors, Aussiecon II had broken the 1600 attendance barrier. Among the visitors to Melbourne's Southern Cross Hotel were 400 overseas fans, primarily from the United States. "This almost looks like Disclave," said Jack Chalker as we stood in the registration area on Thursday. Lee Smoire went about in her radio headset, Kent Bloom sauntered in the other direction, and Alexis Gilliland held forth with other East Coast fans.

Aussiecon drew a limited list of pros, as expected. Gene Wolfe and Ted White were respectively pro and fan guests of honor -- how much honor was hotly debated. Ireland's Bob Shaw attended the con due to a successful fan fundraising effort. Anne McCaffrey was also on hand from Ireland. Malcolm Edwards, Gollancz editor and fanzine fan was

the lone British pro of sorts. The balance of the US contingent included David Brin, Forrest J. Ackerman, Lou Aronica, Hal Clement, Jack Chalker, Alexis Gilliland, Frank Herbert, Larry Niven, Fred Pohl, Stanley Schmidt and Robert Silverberg.

The apple of Australian fanzine critics' eyes, George Turner, was constantly employed on the program with other pro and semipro writers, artists and editors, such as Russell and Jenny Blackford, Van Ikin, Bruce Gillespie, Norman Talbot, Marilyn Pride, Lewis Morley, Nick Stathopolous, Charlene Taylor, Barry Radburn, Damien Broderick, Lee Harding, Leanne Frahm and Terry Dowling.

Through energetic juggling of a limited lineup, or possibly the use of mirrors, Aussiecon II sustained three main tracks of interesting programming about pro science fiction, plus a track of mixed topics, panels and discussion groups in the outlying hotels which housed the Fan Lounge and areas for gamers. Terry Carr's unexpected absence forced an emergency reorganization of the many programs to which he'd been assigned, taking quite an emotional toll behind-the-scenes of programming co-chief Cath Ortlieb. The effort was so successful as to go unnoticed by attendees, which is surely the measure of such matters. The fifteen overseas pros were alternately merged with Australia's science fiction stars, or gathered in a daily blockbuster panel of big names, all done so artfully that the average observer felt there was a wealth of attractive programming. All panels were well-attended, and some drew hundreds of attentive listeners. Their popularity startled American fans, whose avoidance of programs has matured from a cliché into a law of nature.

OPERATIONAL CRITIQUE: How do you rehearse for the biggest SF convention in the history of your country? Australia's conventions draw in the hundreds, but experience has shown that there is a greater magnitude of change in the demands on a con committee when attendance grows from 500 to 1500 than when it grows from 3500 to 8500. Considering that the Aussiecon Two committee had no training ground



I expects to be busy.

to test its organization, a fair evaluation would emphasize that they did many things well, and crises were generally handled out of sight of attendees. But surprisingly many of the problems encountered by the con had less to do with experience than with basic planning errors or fundamental bad manners. Even the heroes of the con came away describing their experiences running the con as bitter ones, while the rest of the committee has lapsed into stunned silence.

Multi-track programming had to be repeatedly amended and rescheduled early in the con due to absences or the participants' whims. The program sub-committee shone in this department. Substitute moderators like Jack Herman and Norman Talbot were enthusiastic and skillful. The combination of Leigh Edmonds' daily newzine and Robin Johnson's PC-linked monitor in the registration area, plus notes on official bulletin boards, all kept attendees fully informed of any deviation from the Program Guide. Aussiecon II had a greater philosophical commitment to effectively communicating its program changes, and did a better job at it, than most previous Worldcons. Retrospectively, one would have supposed that cons with 17-track programs would show more initiative at publicizing their updates -- but Aussiecon was better.

Another impressive example of planning was the excellent sound system provided for programs. Four very large speakers, paired on either side of the platform, made voices audible everywhere in the ballrooms. Microphones on long inverted-L shaped booms were aimed at each panelist: no chance was allowed for them to speak at any but just the right distance from the mike. Everyone had a mike: no passing two mikes between five panelists, as at US conventions.

In contrast, some preplanning was just plain wrong. No green room was provided for assembling panelists. The theory that moderators would round up their panelists and march a block to the Pancake House bearing their chits for a free cup of cocoa and a pancake was clearly defective. Another problem: the operations crew had a lone pair of walkie-talkies, with no base station. Note that the deficiency is having no base station once the concomm decided to use hand-held radios -- my observation is: radios are 95% status symbols and 5% makework for insomniacs. Beepers and house phones carry the load of true emergency communications.

Every major event was delayed and hampered by the semipro technical staff's inability to solve problems timely. Opening ceremonies, the Hugos, and the Masquerade were delayed up to 50 minutes, and attempted technical effects were often miscued. With the gift of hindsight, I think if they had thrown away the technology, the sheer excellence in the showmanship of Hugo and banquet MC Marc Ortlieb, and masquerade announcer John Maiself, would have been remembered as seldom rivalled at a Worldcon. Certainly Business Meeting Chairman Jack Herman proved magnificently quickwitted in running his show, the finest effort I've ever witnessed: he was lucky not to be handicapped by any special effects.

GUEST WITHOUT HONOR: Regrettably, Aussiecon Two was a textbook of atrocious guest relations techniques. The committee, which put Gene Wolfe and Ted White under the illusion that they thought a lot of them by naming them worldcon guests of honor, failed to set up their guests' hotel room accounts in advance, and tried to balance the con's budget on the backs on their GoHs. Wolfe's experience was so bitter that he complained at length in the SFWA BULLETIN (Fall '85). Having set no other historic precedent, Aussiecon Two provoked the pro GoH to complain to his union!

A worldcon guest of honor's room and meal expenses are normally charged to the

DEFEAT IS NOT BITTER IF YOU DON'T SWALLOW IT.—BUT IT DOES TEND TO DRIBBLE DOWN YOUR CHIN.



committee's master account with the hotel. Since the writer (and spouse) are guests, a committee prearranges payment so that they don't have to post deposits to get into the hotel, and so they can sign meals to their room accounts.

Oops! Gene Wolfe, Rosemary Wolfe, and Ted White arrived with the "official" Aussiecon tour (led by Lee Smoire) at the Southern Cross on August 21. Registering at the desk, they were asked, "How do you plan to pay for your room?" They soon caught their breath. Lee Smoire straightened out the committee, who finally sent word to Gene that \$A500 (\$355 US) had been deposited to his room account.

According to Wolfe, Chairman David Grigg took the guests of the con to dinner that night and apologized for the trouble at the desk. Yet four days later, Wolfe says "I was stopped in the registration area by the con chairman and a committee member /Peter Darling, according to a fan at the scene/. They informed me they had deposited an additional \$A50 with the hotel, and that the con would not be

responsible for my hotel charge when it was spent. I protested -- the con had pledged to pay my hotel bill, and Rosemary and I had not charged entertainment, or even all our meals, to our room. They refused to discuss any obligation, saying that the Worldcon could not pay and would not pay. All this took place in the middle of a crowd of fans; it was, quite frankly, one of the most embarrassing moments of my life." If it could be made any worse, Wolfe also felt his intelligence was being insulted because a day earlier someone privately assured him that the convention had passed its breakeven membership figure.

Indeed, Monday (August 26) Darling found the Wolfes before lunch and told them "that the con had made money after all and would pay the entire bill. The committee's understanding, he said, had been that it would pay only the rent." Darling's magnanimous announcement only succeeded in widening the communications gap -- Wolfe had never heard of this "rent only" condition. It was never mentioned during the argument in the crowd on Sunday, and appeared belied by the size of the original \$A500 deposit (\$A125 in excess of the "room rent".) Yet from a neutral perspective Grigg's approach to Wolfe on Sunday makes more sense if he thought the deal was room only, and discovered his 'prodigal' guest had also billed food to the account. Even coffee shop prices were astronomical at the Southern Cross.

Aussiecon Two succeeded in blacking the eye of every worldcon committee. Wolfe tells the Science Fiction Writers of America that he loved the trip, he loved the people, "But if I didn't warn you, I wouldn't be doing the job for you who will be Worldcon guests of honor in the future. No one warned me."

I'm not excited by everything Gene Wolfe says about fandom -- he reports some

It's Been Nice Having You

And Been Nice Being Had

misinformation about the business meeting in the same article -- but Gene is surely qualified to describe his own feelings. Aussiecon's gaffes undo years of faithful work by other committees who prepared diligently to honor their guests. You readers who have not already been initiated to running worldcons, hear this. When you invite somebody to be worldcon guest of honor, your convention pays their airfare, transportation, room and meals. (Presumably you will have the sense not to invite any of the several pros who take the SFWA out for drinks on your tab.) If the con has financial problems, you don't make them up by skinning the guest for a couple hundred dollars worth of meals!

A past worldcon chairman himself, Ted White took the financial woes in stride. It remained for the Southern Cross itself to produce an atrocity against the Fan Guest of Honor. Ted White left a dead dog party on the ninth floor of the hotel late Monday night. Ted waited by the elevator bank with Peter Toluzzi, Toluzzi's girl friend, Eric Lindsay, and Zebee (of the con's security crew). The night manager emerged from the first elevator car to arrive. He accosted all of the fans for room keys, and peremptorily told the two registered in the Victoria to "Get out!" Ted's assertion that the two were his guests merely cued the manager to add, "We can check you out." The manager escorted them down to the lobby and showed them all out the door. Thereby Ted White became the first Worldcon guest of honor to be thrown out of his hotel.



THE OPENING CEREMONIES: Foreshadowing the convention's pattern, its Opening Ceremonies began half an hour late. The crowd of waiting fans was not even admitted to the Australian Ballroom before the scheduled starting time. After a stampede to the seats, bored photographers subjected the audience to a fusillade of snapshots. An eerie, high-pitched cheeping filled the cavernous rose-wallpapered ballroom. I looked about for bats, and found it was the noise of dozens of flash units automatically recharging.

Chairman David Grigg introduced the con's thematic "audiovisual presentation" by the Brainworks group. To me an audiovisual is still a synchronized filmstrip and record, the leading edge of educational technology contemporary with Sputnik. Aussiecon II opened with a more nearly state-of-the-art presentation. On the wide

screen flashed stills of Michael Whelan cover art intercut with trailer footage from RETURN OF THE JEDI and 2010, and computer graphics by Digital Productions. Periodically the title card "aussiecon two" leaped on the screen in black and white. Pouring from the sound system was synthesized music, and audio special effects that might have been captured as easily on microphones at the Taronga Park Zoo as from a high-tech keyboard. After two minutes of intense stimulation, the audience saluted the end of the film with thunderous applause. The only fans stinting in their admiration were veterans of Aussiecon One who will never forget the first time this concept was presented.

Chairman Grigg introduced guests, dignitaries, and fan fund winners seated on the platform. Renowned herbalist Ted White looked remarkably cool sitting next to the Minister for Arts, Police and Emergency Services, Race Mathews. Perhaps that was because any alternative seating arrangement would have placed him alongside Marty Cantor. Ted and Marty (and Robbie) had sufficient good manners not to pursue their heated feud to the extent of publically attacking one another at the con. But they didn't have quite enough maturity to put it out of mind -- I was among many that they made a daily report to of how they had artfully cold-shouldered each other. My notes show that unlike the Cantors, Ted applauded his rivals' introduction at the Opening Ceremonies politely. Voters should remember this in selecting Best Fan Actor of 1985.

Race Mathews superb opening speech has just been reprinted here. Afterwards, Grigg finished business by leading a round of applause for John Foyster, the con's original chairman who had been prevented from serving by family matters.

PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS AND LOWLIGHTS: Even before Gene Wolfe was brutalized by Aussiecon tightwads, the seeds of doubt that this was an "honor" must have been planted by some of the boneheaded programming he was asked to join. Consider "The Gene Wolfe Panel". Gene Wolfe is a highly intelligent man interested in many things, but criticism of his work is not one of them. There may be justification for his attitude; for all of Wolfe's being guest of honor and that his books were prominently discussed on the program, one could hardly find a panelist equal to Gene's work. Here it was mutually embarrassing. Wolfe, from the beginning, deflected all possible serious criticism with remarks like, "Call this the club sandwich school of writing, with the ham up here and the turkey down here, and I'm the turkey down here." Panelists Jenny Blackford, Judith Hanna, Norman Talbot and George Turner had been ordered to take their best shot at Gene's fiction; the design plainly was to have Wolfe defend his excellent work. They evidently had Wolfe confused with Harlan Ellison, and this format failed on both sides. My years of reading SF COMMENTARY gave me high expectations for George Turner. But it appeared that George was also impressed by SFC, and that his preparation for the panel consisted almost entirely of rereading SFC's reviews of Wolfe's novels. None of the rest sounded any better prepared, and their reluctance to actually criticize the guest of honor's work, reinforced by Wolfe's own signals that he was unreceptive to criticism, doomed the panel. The real crime is any thinking person could have predicted the outcome.

The following afternoon Wolfe delivered his guest of honor speech to a full audience, spared too late a start because they abandoned the plan to rerun the audiovisual after encountering technical problems. Even after reading the text of the speech in SF CHRONICLE I still find it to have a distressing unclarity of purpose, and as a member of the *audience* at the time I sought out others from the crowd, like Ted White, to see if I had gotten it so utterly wrong after all.

At one end Wolfe attacked the "closet mundanes" in fandom, the bad attitude of academics towards sf, New York publishers, the media, and every other group responsible for conferring the trappings of success on creative writers who had withheld those honors from science fiction and fantasy writers. At the other end, Wolfe attacked the sf writers who adapted their fiction to the vaster marketplace of commercial best sellers. In between Wolfe recited a catalog of those ringing Populist pejoratives that American audiences love to interrupt with applause -- anti-intellectual canards about "the New York literary establishment", and the NEW YORKER, which only acknowledges such genre writers as Stanislaw Lem under "the long-held theory that Continental Europeans can do no wrong." Wolfe was careful to repeatedly insult school teachers (read: organized education) -- such phrases as "the scholars gorging on our decay", "the careful past of the tenured professor," and extensive comments on the poor reading skills transmitted to a generation of Americans. Indeed, given the attacks on Europe and America, Wolfe might have expected as elated response from Australians as he would if he delivered this speech in Cincinnati or Kansas City. And he did get a good round of applause. However, I was disappointed by such a resentful polemic from a man who is at the peak of his literary powers and popular acceptance.



Ted White's fan guest of honor speech was equal to the occasion. Ted made average material work above its potential by his excellent speaking skills. His delivery seemed impromptu, and conversational, nor did he refer to notes, even though his talk had been carefully written beforehand. Earlier, Ted admitted there was pressure on the Worldcon guest of honor to say something important, and he achieved that when he concluded, "We know that wherever we go, at least in the English-speaking world, we have friends, even if we haven't already met them."

"A Celebration of Australian Science Fiction" opened a track of programming by presenting the publishers, editors and writers of several books released at Aussiecon Two. URBAN FANTASIES, edited by David King and Russell Blackford, was published by Russell and Jenny Blackford's Ebony Books. The Blackfords were omnipresent on the program, representing the quixotic dream of commercial publishing in Australia. In the course of several panels it became clear that the *sine qua non* was a government grant, and that a small publisher was doomed if his book

failed to secure one. If the US market reality in ten words or less is *libertarian fantasy and bookcovers of dairy queens under attack by hyperthyroid lizards*, in Australia it is *fiction pegged to James Joyce by a very long tether*, with something a career academic can point to as literary value. (In fact, if Gene Wolfe ever went into WaldenBooks and saw the impressive share of space sf already commands in the marketplace, and looked at what was on those shelves, he wouldn't have to ask why career literateurs shun the genre. Fandom fortunately has room enough for readers who like all of it, and readers who will patiently search for excellence.)

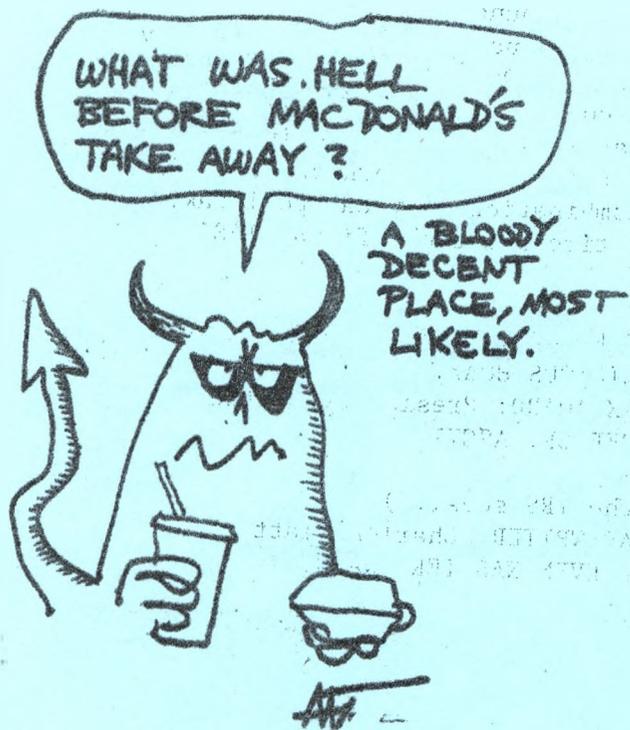
During the "Small Publishers Panel" Jack Chalker, wearing his Mirage Press hat, saluted the Bruce Gillespie-Carey Handfield-Rob Gerrand Norstrilia Press for being among the top small SF publishers in the world. Chalker launched into a 20-minute history of the specialty press field. The rest of the panel wondered when they'd ever get to speak. Fortunately, Jack was very interesting, emphasizing that many terrible things happened to the early small press owners, but "Nobody went into it planning to lose money." Jenny Blackford answered, "We did," succinctly contrasting US entrepreneurs and Australian amateurs. The state of Victoria Arts Council had trimmed its budget, and Ebony Press suffered accordingly. "Ebony is strongly considering going into recess," she said, attaching a mournful note to her book's weekend premiere.

Alexis Gilliland moderated a panel of Australian participants discussing "The Art of Science Fiction." B. DeGabriele, Charlene Taylor, and the trio who eventually won the 1986 TAFF ræ, Lewis Morley, Nick Stathopolous and Marilyn Pride talked about their pro work. Gilliland was staggered by Marilyn Pride's account of how manuscripts are treated at a children's publisher. Partway through illustrating a book about dinosaurs, Pride's publisher handed her yet another manuscript to illustrate "when she got around to it." Said Alexis, "The writer must have the patience of Job." On the contrary, said Pride, most of the writers of children's books never really expected to get published anyway. Alexis was appalled.

"Editing: Art, Science or Butchery?" was kept lively by Charlie Brown's moderation, holding Stanley Schmidt, Malcolm Edwards, Lou Aronica and Ted White to the point. Ted remembered how, as an assistant editor at FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION he agonized over cutting 15,000 words from Zelazny's "And Call Me Conrad", even though Zelazny had agreed to it. "Any time I took anything out I felt I was doing something I shouldn't be doing." Just as soon as White sweated out his task and turned over the manuscript, Ed Ferman slashed another 5,000 words out of it.

David Brin attracted a capacity crowd for his slideshow and talk titled "The Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence," actually a description of ideas for industrializing space with five minutes at the end about the prospect of life on other worlds. Attendees were attentive and thoughtful. Once again, I think Brin, like Wolfe, had been conditioned by American audiences to be automatically applauded for saying certain things, but in Brin's case his depth of technical knowledge won respect more than his effusive enthusiasm about the subject.

THE BANQUET: For \$26 Australian you ought to eat and drink well, so we did. The Ashbys' distress that Carey Handfield had put minestrone on the menu instead of the pumpkin soup was politely concealed, and who could be unhappy when waitresses endlessly refilled one's glass of riesling? So much beer and wine had been consumed at every table that what people supposed were quiet comments to themselves during Bob Shaw's talk inevitably stepped square on one of his punchlines, leaving one at a loss to understand the gales of laughter from listeners at the



front of the hall. Shaw, acknowledging Race Mathews' speech, talked about his own earlier SF reading experiences. Mentioning that first sf story Shaw read 40 years ago, he said: "It's worse than LSD. I've never had LSD, but I understand it wears off." Shaw seemed unimpressed by his education: following matriculation, he was assigned to design a building so that the roof wouldn't collapse on people...quite a responsibility for a person whose training consisted of reading PLANET STORIES.

At my table Rick Foss related the day's gossip from con headquarters, including the discovery that the Malaysian national airline's phone number was only one digit off the Aussiecon private phone number. Foss had received misdialled calls trying to book flights to Kuala Lumpur -- Foss said he could book them as far as koala, but they'd have to walk to lumpur...

THE RANQUET: On the Bourne St. side of the Southern Cross were all kinds of movie houses and culinary death traps -- Darrel Lea's (a chocolate candied abyss), a Neapolitan pizza house, an endless range of fast food (the heavy odor of grease wafting into the street), and a three-story McDonald's. Mobs of schoolboys in navy blue caps and uniforms were always about (except in the used bookstores) -- signalling the quality of the district's attractions, just as a certain stratum of US travellers "look for where all the truckers eat." Elst Weinstein, pediatrician, recognized all these symptoms, and promptly arranged with the McDonalds for our Ranquet to be held on its third floor. Real estate has been finely subdivided in the downtown section of Melbourne, so the McDonalds was a bit narrow, and forced up to accomodate a reasonable number of customers. The place was a major success: I've always heard that it's company doctrine to throw away burgers that have been out on the rack for seven minutes, but this was the first time I'd actually witnessed it happening. And who said it was impossible to transplant values that barely work in the US...Halberstam, actually, but he was talking about government, not cold hamburgers.

I do admire Elst. He has just the right absence of inhibition to achieve what the rest of us only dream about. In 1973 he handed Norman Spinrad his "Brown Hole" award. But now he's gone legit, and at Aussiecon scored the coup of securing Bob Shaw as toastmaster of the Ranquet. The thing that clinched the deal was Elst promising Bob that he wouldn't have to make a speech -- because Bob proceeded to tell Elst his opinion of a group that had called on him for a speech with no notice, saying it would be okay 'f he just read aloud a copy of one of his old ones they had on hand in a fanzine...

Three dozen fans gathered for the traditional Run for the Ranquet. Among them, a diminutive man in an archaic midshipman's uniform whom Elst called "Admiral Half-Nelson", served as a human loudspeaker. A few curious souls straggled along just to see what the noise was about but many others were veteran ranqueteers.

The McDonalds third story consisted of eating booths around the perimeter of a glassed-in staircase. The decor was chrome and plastic and movie posters -- they had the name and the game: "American junk food chic." Due to the rectangular layout, those nearest the table I shared with Elst could hear fine; those in the two distant bends of the square heard rumors of what was going on. We introduced and fed Shaw as the first order of business. Then Elst went to work on our prime entertainment: determining the winners through a combination of vocal poll-taking and bidding-contract-bribery. Here for the first time are the official 1985 HOGU and BLACKHOLE winners.

THE DEROACH AWARD: Chaunticleer FANDOM'S BIGGEST TURKEY: Kevin Duane
THE ARISTOTLE AWARD: Rambo BEST RELIGIOUS HOAX: Rajneeshi's
BEST NEW FEUD: Trans Atlantic Fan Feud BEST HOAX AWARD: Presidency of the US
BEST TRAUMATIC PRESENTATION: New Coke BEST TYPEFACE: ASCII
BEST PROFESSIONAL HOAX: Bill Cosby (Coke Are It)
BEST FAN HOAX: LACON II Profit Report (the one the IRS sees...)
WORST FANZINE TITLE: RUDE BITCH BEST DEAD WRITER: Charles Platt
NASTY FANZINE PARODY WE WOULD HAVE LOVED TO MAKE EVEN NASTIER AWARD:
Aunt Leah's Big Thing (Automatic Winner)
BEST HOAX CONVENTION: The Bermuda Triangulum
BEST PSEUDONYM: Jeff Cochran
SPECIAL BAGELBASH AWARD: Pet Rock Sematary
DEVO AWARD: Ted White
BEST HAS-BEEN: Ross Pavlac
FREE FOR ALL: "Use Union matches -- they strike and then go out."
MOST DESIRED GAFIATION: Dick Smith
MOST DISGUSTING CHILDREN'S CEREAL: "Too disgusting to vote on."
MOST PUTRID SCENE FROM STAR WARS #4: "Use the Forceps, Luke."
MOST BIZARRE NEW VIDEO GAME: Yuppie Hunt
DUNE: BIGGER DISASTER ON SCREEN OR OFF? -- "Looney Dunes"
MIXED MEDIA: Nazi Lizards from HELL...
CLOSEST ENCOUNTER OF THE FOURTH KIND: Mr. & Mrs. Smith
WORST VANITY PLATE: 9 INCH
STANDARD BLACKHOLE (Vote for 4): Sylvester Stallone, Jerry Falwell, Joe Bob Briggs,
Sir Joh Bjelke Petersen
INVISIBILITY AWARD: Last Dangerous Visions
INCOMPETENCE AWARD: Senator Proxmire
PUBLISHERS AWARD: DAW Books
GREED AWARD: SCIFI Inc.
HALFASSED CON OFFICIOUSNESS: Capricorn
BROWN HOLE AWARD FOR OUTSTANDING PROFESSIONALISM: Charles Platt

At critical moments of the bidding, er voting, Elst goosed participation by announcing his opinion of the standings (his opinion being the final arbiter.) "Boy George is pulling ahead!" shouted Elst. The audience answered, "Whose?" Someone else asked, "Do you have change?" Elst replied, "Yeah, all of it." Individuals cast decisive ballots, as Scott Dennis did, his \$5US securing the 'write in' victory of Ross Pavlac in a category. The management denied responsibility for all winners, including the ones it engineered for Dick Smith. The management likes Ross. And pictures of Abraham Lincoln printed in dark green.

HUGO AWARDS CEREMONIES: Having learned nothing from its earlier lessons at the con, on Sunday night the technical crew was still loading slides into carousels as fans were admitted to take their seats. Mannheim Steam Roller played over the sound system, described at another time by Charlie Ellis to be "Hard rock elevator music." David Grigg came out to apologize for delaying the awards, explaining,

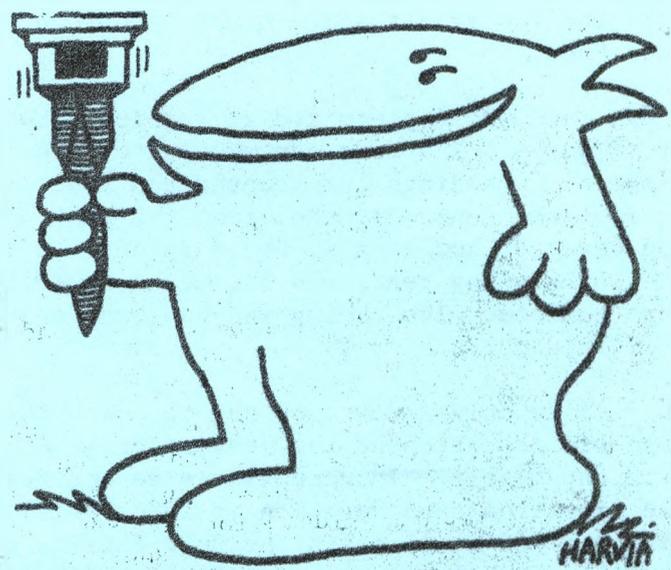
"they're doing something different with the Hugos" and had a technical problem. Jack Chalker in the audience next to me said, "Yeah. This year they're going to launch them at the winners," like cruise missiles. Chalker kept referring to his watch, and cheerleading the delay with hopes it would exceed the record for stalled-out ceremonies set during the ConStellation awards program where Jack officiated. Aussiecon fell shy of the record by six minutes when Marc Ortlieb set things in motion.

Aristocratic in white tie and black tails, Ortlieb introduced the Hugos: "They are democratic awards -- anyone who has enough money can vote..." As a hoax edition of the daily newzine summarized his performance, "We applaud Comrade M A Ortlieb for his sterling courage in the teeth of capitalist inspired adversity by exposing the fundamentally anti-democratic nature of the little silver rocket ships while he was forced to adopt the garb of a running dog wine steward (who failed to deliver the services repeatedly demanded of him)."

The "capitalist-inspired adversity" that plagued Ortlieb's potentially brilliant performance came from the latest disastrous attempt to turn the Hugo presentation into a multimedia extravaganza. It has been repeatedly noted that compared to the average high school graduation, the theatrical sense of the Hugo ceremony is seriously deficient. Unfortunately, the same fandom that boasts all the \$35,000 a-year computer programmers cannot yield up people to aim a stage light in the right direction and load a slide carousel in the correct order. Aussiecon dedicated five carousel slide projectors, other movie projectors, lighting and sound systems, music, and live actors to the event. Inadequate preparation and rehearsal, together with certain defects in communicating concepts to the audience, created an embarrassing mess.

The five carousel slide projectors were to flash titles of nominees and their photos or pictures of their work on a cinemascope screen at center stage, while Ortlieb read the names and titles aloud. The slides never came up in the order written in Ortlieb's cue cards. Before long, the ghastly moment arrived that an award winner was shown before the nominees had been completely read off: Lucius Shepard, the John W. Campbell Award winner. Two slides typoed names: Best Fan Writer nominee "richard e. geiss", and Best Novella title "pless enter .". However I admired Ortlieb's coolness in the face of disaster, and for the nominees benefit he preserved the dignity of the occasion to whatever extent that was still possible.

The attempted effects are a further example of bad planning that the committee cannot be excused from, since it had nothing to do with the size of the con. While a good job was done of acquiring and showing the trailers for Best Dramatic



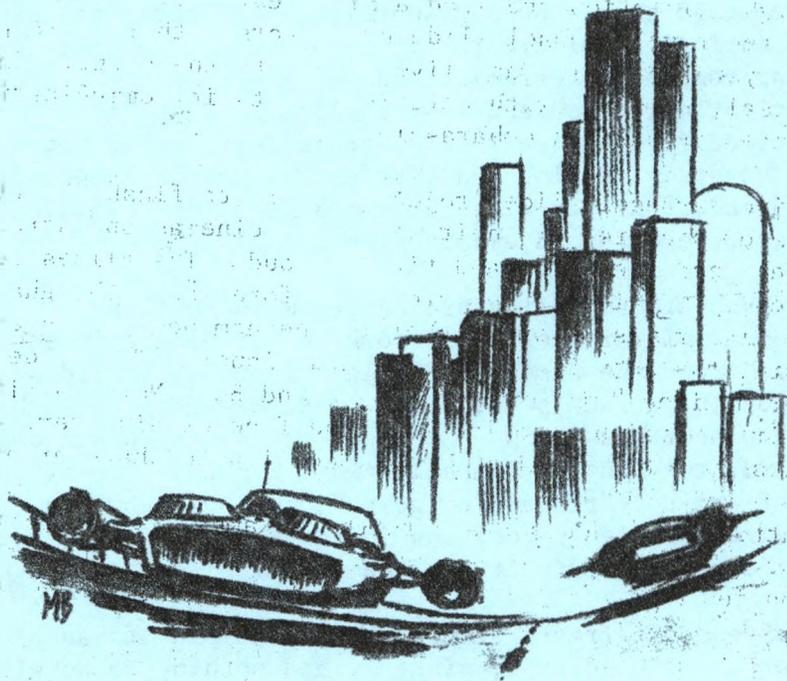
**I really like the feel of this Hugo.
It's great for self-defense.**

Presentation nominees, (and sitting behind the late Frank Herbert, I bit my tongue despite the urge to make a Dunegate joke to Jack), there were other strange gaps. Only some artist nominees were represented by slides of their work, when pros and fanartists alike ought to have been readily sampled from material Down Under.

A new idea was implemented at Aussiecon Two. Live actors gave dramatic readings of sf works. The idea was exquisite. The execution was hideous. Fifteen minutes of readings interrupted the middle of the award presentation, which was hard on the nominees, who, like the rest of the audience, were not informed what had begun or how long it would go on. No identification was made at any time of the works being read, who the authors were, or whether the text came from a current Hugo nominee. The timing was bad, and the relevance of the whole performance was left in doubt.

In reality only a few pros had to reach for their heart medicine, since merely four Hugo winners attended the convention -- Charlie Brown, Alexis Gilliland, David Brin and myself. In accepting a second Best Fanzine Hugo for FILE 770, I withdrew the zine from consideration in 1986 (only) because it is a tremendous feeling to win one, and at least in the Best Fanzine category, that opportunity should be shared. Though not necessarily with THE GREATER COLUMBIA COSTUMERS GUILD NEWSLETTER... After taking great pains to phrase my statement carefully, Alexis Gilliland stuck his foot in my mouth. Accepting his Best Fan Artist Hugo, Alexis vowed that he was not ashamed to win, and would accept all of these Hugos anyone wanted to give him.

THE BUSINESS MEETING: At Friday's preliminary World Science Fiction Society business meeting, chairman Jack Herman described the ground rules. Americans could follow Robert's Rules. He told Aussies, "Please try to follow usual Australian meeting rules without being too obstreporous about it. Those of you from Britain, I don't know what you're going to do. Just assume we're all gentlemen and ladies here, and that all viewpoints will have a hearing." Over several days' meetings, in moments of stress and moments of levity, Jack performed extraordinary work. I've seen many meeting chairs who maintained control of the unruly mob, but Jack actually seemed to be ahead of them, and a bit sharper than them. For example, Phoenix's Bruce Farr, antsy to get his city NASFiC, brought up as first point of business a question about NASFiC voting which Herman sloughed off "because, at the moment, there is no need for a NASFiC." (After Britain in '87 officially won on Sunday, that would change.)





Two major items of business stood out from the whole tangle of rules proposed at the Aussiecon Two Business Meeting, and both of them illuminated the regional factionalism that strongly affected decisions made in 1985.

The first was the report of the special committee on site selection. The second was Fred Pohl's personal appearance to dispute WSFS' copyright protection efforts affecting World SF.

The 1984 business meeting, after failing to conclude an agreement to change site selection and rotation,

delegated development of ideas to a special committee. 1984 Business Meeting chairman Ross Pavlac appointed himself to the head of the special committee. Others credited in the year-end report include: Ben Yalow, Bob Hillis, Jack Herman, Ray Nelson, Victoria Smith, Lew Wolkoff, Leslie Turek, Alan Rachlin, Gail Kaufman, Gary Farber, Richard Zellich, Yale Edeiken, Scott Dennis and Larry Smith. Of the lot, Dennis, Yalow and Herman were in Australia. Bruce Pelz delivered the report on behalf of Pavlac.

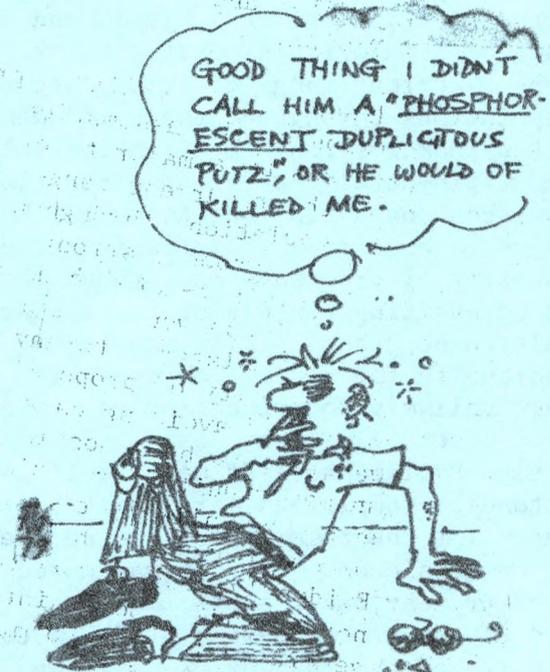
Indicative of the little progress made, the committee report was no more than a catalog of the assumptions, biases and demographic factors accepted as working premises by a majority of participants. North American worldcons were predicted to keep their current range of sizes, between 5000-10,000, while the proportion of fan populations throughout the world was expected to stay the same as now. The committee took a strong American control over Worldcons for granted. They asserted that multiple-hotel cons using convention centers will be the norm. They assumed the worldcon would continue to be run by amateur committees, and there would be strong resistance to any professionalization of the convention staff. Judging by the quantity of proposals made about the question, the committee sought a technical method of avoiding capture of the worldcon by the east coast and Los Angeles, which was felt to be a possibility now that three-year-in-advance site selection created an opportunity for a city to vote its own bid in (previously not possible, though even now unlikely to arise from any foreseeable circumstances). The politicking that followed upset me because Pavlac's performance did not seem the true cause of his firing. Evidently, Pavlac had left hard feelings at the prior year's meeting (which I did not attend). Complaints were made about the small amount of correspondence he had generated for the committee: some people had not received a copy of the committee's report to Aussiecon. It was moved that the committee be returned to its work for another year, under a new chairman. Bill Vaughn and I attempted rearguard actions. I tried to get either Herman or Yalow to comment on the chairman's performance for the benefit of the rest of us, but they had no need to do so, seeing that Pavlac's ouster was a foregone conclusion. So Pavlac was canned, and later Ben Yalow was named his replacement.

The committee's biased premises stemmed from a pathetic faith in the status quo, and from an incomplete vision of the issues pulling the committee to pieces. When international fandom was rarely capable of mounting a bid, there existed little competitive pressure to upset a superficial agreement that overseas cons should be enfranchised whenever they bid. A majority of fans would prefer no change in the existing system, either -- witness the F770 POLL results last issue. So the provision for a committee to revise the present system is purely an outgrowth of Business Meeting politics. The shape of the discussion suggests that the would-be rotation revisionists have two objectives. First, they would like to make it as easy and fair as possible for overseas bidders to secure Worldcons as infrequently as they now do. But if international fandom becomes more assertive anyway, their secondary objective is to assure that the Eastern zone continues to get at least 1/3 of the Worldcons, regardless.

We are alive in the Golden Era of eastern fandiplomacy, for the eastern zone has not been displaced by an overseas bid in over twenty years. Let's note the facts: In 1970 the con was in Germany, an eastern zone year. At that time the rules did not permit a zone to be passed over, so 1971 became the next eastern zone year. Afterwards the rules were changed to skip a zone if there was an overseas con in its year, because the juggling act made worldcons less competitive for facilities, since they could not predict matters in advance. Since then four overseas cons have been selected, two in west zone years, two in central zone years. In 1983 Australia and Copenhagen took on the eastern zone, and Baltimore knocked them off. While the 1990 Netherlands bid (opposing western zone site LA) has a Dutch executive, its visible campaign force is New York fans and associates. Further, when Perth (Australia) fans became excited by the idea of hosting a worldcon, and announced Perth in '92 on a poster in the Southern Cross, Balti-Wash fans landed on them with both feet ('92 being an eastern zone year) and the next day Perth was bidding for '94, a central zone year. History shows that the eastern fans are committed to internationalizing the worldcon: at anyone's expense but their own.

In such a light, committee suggestions to alter the current system of three zones in favor of either (1) two zones dividing the world at the Mississippi River, or (2) the elimination of zones in favor of a time restriction on the re-selection of a metropolitan area, would reduce competition among eastern cities by multiplying their opportunities to bid, at the expense of western and central zones which are perceived to have fewer viable bid sites. (And when the Bermuda Triangle bid commands more vocal support among midwesterners than three cities located in the zone, no wonder!)

The game of diplomacy is not confined to east vs. west -- at the Aussiecon business meeting, eastern factions would sometimes ally with other region's fans if that afforded an opportunity to.



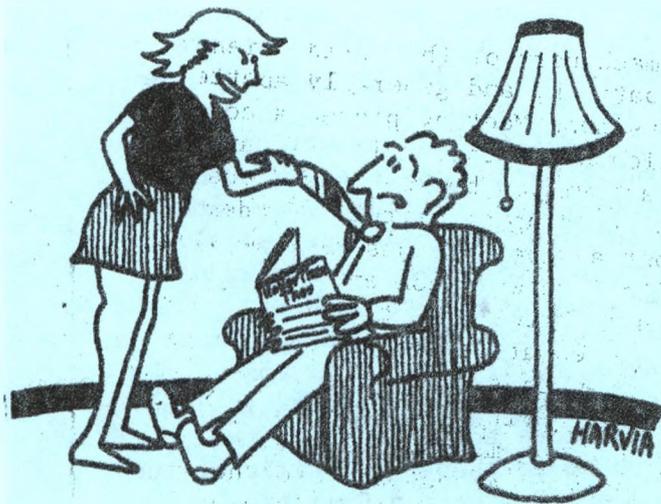
diminish the control Boston fans exert over the machinery of the World Science Fiction Society. Led by Scot Dennis and Jim Gilpatrick, and generally abetted by central and western fans, the Aussiecon Two Business Meeting passed a couple of anti-Boston measures, and prevented ratification of another rule. If anti-Boston is too strong, let us be specific. WSFS activities between worldcons are continued by the Standing Committee. Trademark protection is the area the committee has been most active. It has nine members, several of them NESFANS (all individuals of meritorious worldcon experience). The business meeting passed a rule that would restrict to three the number of Standing Committee members from the same zone -- aimed at deterring NESFA from expanding its representation. Persisting in the view that the Standing Committee had the potential to become an unintended central authority over worldcons, the meeting refused to ratify an automatic committee funding measure passed in 1984 -- poor committees are weak committees, obviously, and more accountable to the business meeting. In the same vein, a majority voted to change the title of the Standing Committee to the "Trademark Registration and Protection Committee." (Gilpatrick and Dennis made the motion, while NESFANS Skip Morris and Greg Thokar failed in their effort to get the motion objected to consideration.) One can see that despite the absence of any legal tie between NESFA and WSFS, the prestige of NESFANS has to some extent become identified with the WSFS central machinery and their control over it, in the minds of some eastern fans.

These parliamentary battles set the stage for the other circus act in 1985's business meeting, when Frederik Pohl personally replied to some Standing Committee actions affecting his pet organization, World SF.

NESFAN Don Eastlake III, chairman of the Standing Committee, has faithfully labored for several years and succeeded in obtaining service mark registration for most WSFS terms: "The Hugo Award", "Science Fiction Achievement Award", "World Science Fiction Society", "WSFS", "World Science Fiction Convention", and "Worldcon." Hugo Awards, and the Worldcon franchise, have demonstrable economic value, which could tempt a dishonest person to make fraudulent use of the terms. Fandom secured its legal rights to these historic terms -- at least in America -- by registering them at the US Patent and Trademark Office. ("Science Fiction Achievement Award" has not been accepted for registration; the others have.)

One's continued ownership of a service mark depends on one's defense of it against infringement. Selective defense is the same as inadequate defense. Two infringers were named at the 1984 business meeting, a Chicago film festival which awards "Hugos" (after Victor), and the pro writer's international group, World SF. The 1984 Business Meeting voted Eastlake to correspond with both infringers and see what could be done before fans contemplated court action. Unfortunately, Eastlake didn't write to World SF (in the form of its officers Sam Lundwall and Fred Pohl) until two weeks before Aussiecon II. No matter how nice the letter, Pohl didn't have time to get over being mad before he'd have a chance to bawl out the Business Meeting.

World SF was not judged to have any ulterior motive, but its name coincided with the World Science Fiction Society's name, and passive tolerance of the situation could jeopardize defense of the service mark against real predators. I've read Eastlake's message to World SF: a polite, let's-get-together-and-work-this-out note that carefully explained the legalities and fandom's motives in defending their service mark. But Don had wasted a year of cooling-off time which could have been used for negotiation, and at 9AM in the morning a furious Fred Pohl stood up to complain about Eastlake's "ugly little lawyer letter."



Vital to any relationship is the ability to listen... so listen up!

Pohl had persuaded his wife, Elizabeth Anne Hull, and Gene Wolfe, Forry Ackerman, and Alexis Gilliland to join his cheering section. God knows what he told them, and if it's what Wolfe reports in SFWA BULLETIN you must marvel at their naivete. For example -- World SF had been around since the mid-70s, so it had a prior claim on WSFS' name? I know Fred hasn't spent too much time in worldcon business meetings, but he's not a stranger to 30 years of WSFS history either.

Pohl arrogantly castigated Eastlake, utterly mischaracterizing the contents of the letter. Seconded by his wife, Pohl moved that the WSFS Standing Committee be directed to "cease and desist interfering with World SF." He demanded it -- and Fred, who has not come as far from his rough-and-tumble New York Futurian days as you might suppose, accused WSFS of trying to start a fan feud. I

knew right away that Fred remembered how to conduct fan feuds, as I listened to him drag a red herring all the way from Melbourne to Perth. In Perth, The Space Merchants bookstore specializes in selling sf, under the banner of a Pohl/Kornbluth title. Of course, Fred wouldn't *like* to be forced to defend his title in court against exploitation by *fan* booksellers, but he just might. Fred did not even blush as he made the spurious threat (titles are not protected under law).

Seated beside Herman on the platform, Eastlake took all of Pohl's guff stoically, which earned Don my respect. Of course, Don had blundered by his delay in sending the letter, and plenty of people in the meeting were divided between their enjoyment of Don's predicament, and their own stake in having the service marks protected. While they had voted Don the task of writing the letter, they allowed Pohl to address Eastlake as the sole author of this nightmare -- and Don, bless him, never tried to implicate his accomplices during the interrogation. Through refinement Pohl's motion became: "Resolved that it is the sense of the Business Meeting that World SF does not infringe on any proper trademark of WSFS." Even though Pohl was outraged by the idea that WSFS simply vote World SF permission to use the name, and he declared World SF would not accept a license for the use of its own title, any sensible person could see that was a legally satisfying move that cost neither party a thing. Jack Herman called for an amendment granting such a license, observing that WSFS could do it and "World SF doesn't have to be happy with that condescending grant." Unfortunately, the amendment failed 20-24, and soon after Pohl's main motion passed by an uncontested show of hands. In short, on its own turf the Business Meeting had allowed a writer to come in, threaten its Standing Committee chairman and innocent book dealers, make misstatements about history, then intimidate the majority into abandoning their responsibility to protect a service mark they'd previously considered worth years of work and no small expense to obtain.

Unfortunately, this disgraceful performance cannot be swept aside. Atlanta business meeting voters need to take up Herman's suggestion, and make World SF's use of the name a fact we have licensed by vote. Otherwise, we leave faulty groundwork in place should the day arrive that real ripoff artists try and masquerade as WSFS.

HUCKSTERS: Looking like a fuzzy blonde teddy bear, but much more assertive, Hucksters department head Justin Ackroyd presided over fifty tables spread throughout three rooms on the Southern Cross' mezzanine level. The space was sufficient to house prominent displays from Australia's major sf bookshops, Minotaur, Space Age (since defunct) and Galaxy. Semipro publisher Norstrilia offered hardcovers, including the Hugo-nominee IN THE HEART OR IN THE HEAD by George Turner.

To find the huckster room, you need only wait until midmorning, then follow a long line of fans marking time until Silverberg, McCaffrey or others signed their books. Anne McCaffrey autograph-seekers lined up for a hundred yards down a corridor and into the registration area.

American Mark Marmor imported cartons of celebrity photos for sale at Aussiecon. Running the gauntlet of customs officials, he discovered that a convoluted sales tax computation could assess him somewhere between \$600 to \$3200 per carton. Marmor had planned on paying only a 2% duty charged against art photographs, and no sales tax at all. Three days of negotiation settled on \$1150 for the four cartons, total. Faithful to the hucksters' code, Marmor cried poor after the convention, but he didn't claim to have lost money -- something hucksters are less shy about revealing than the profits they turn.

Without the same customs problems, Scott and Jane Dennis set up two tables full of buttons, t-shirts and stationery. "Samples," Scott archly explained.

ART SHOW: Despite being relegated to a well-hidden room under the Victoria Hotel, the Aussiecon Two Art Show grossed \$10,661. (All amounts are in Australian dollars, worth \$0.70 US at the time). The concom's percentage was unexpected income, for in their inexperience they had anticipated no income from art show sales. Thirty-two artists showed 250 pieces (32 not-for-sale). The top price paid for any of 119 pieces sold was \$400. According to Art Show aide Elayne Pelz, the 47 pieces bid into the auction earned \$4865 of the total sales.

Dexter Dickinson's astronomical and spaceship-action pictures, brought from America, were among the best in the show. However, they still smelled very strongly of wet oil paint. Aussie Christopher Johnson showed half-a-dozen ink-and-watercolor fantasy cartoons. The best was "Dragon Riders", where a vast dragon saddled by an observation deck is proudly displayed to gawking villagers by a topless madam, while shielded from sight by the dragon's bulk, well-endowed women bathe in a stream. I guess.

Rowena Cory's paintings were also good, also fantasy, but more naturalistic in style. Other than some of the not-for-sale pieces, the show's overall quality was high-schoolish, no different from the average US regional's dozens of adolescent homages to Mr. Spock, Dr. Who and Harrison Ford.



Two unique specimens of three-dimensional art were Bob Shaw's leaded glass, and Marilyn Pride's colorfully-painted small stones portraying fantasy creatures. They were very popular among bidders. LA fans Lex Nakashima even interrupted his effort to buy every opal in Melbourne to bid on Marilyn's stones.

MASQUERADE: Symptomatic of Aussiecon's inexperienced technical staff, the Masquerade starting time was turned back from 8 to 9PM. Even with the time concession, audience seating, announced by the daily newzine to begin at 8:15 PM, was prevented until the doors opened at 8:55. The waiting crowd surged into ballroom, and occupied itself until the show began. Aussie pro Lee Harding, passing through the row in front of me, was asked, "What size panty hose do you wear?" Lee replied, "Size 34, small gentleman's." He seemed quite ready to let the femmefan who inquired personally measure him: something to do with a string.

Introductory and masquerade halftime entertainment was furnished by the six members of "Slippery Jim and the Ratettes." Of their three opening numbers, "Everybody's Single at Conventions" was the best although the band's repeated choruses rubbed the whole joke down to the wear bars. Ian Nicholls as Slippery Jim was an effective rock singer. His vocals carried the band, and he was baldy missed in any number where he was not the featured performer. His sidekicks' raggedy costumes would have been chic at the midnight showing of ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW. In fact, the band's intermission rendering of "Sweet Transvestite" was the audience's first clue why anyone thought the band was good enough to use at the Worldcon. The competence of the instrumentalists was *not* -- as the saying goes -- close enough for jazz. They still gave the audience a good time.

Masquerade emcee John Maiself performed heroically under absurd handicaps. He was illuminated for the audience by a bright spot, which also blinded him from reading the entry cards until somebody produced a flashlight. "I get to narrate another long piece of small writing in the dark," he complained before a mob of Elfquest costumers crossed the stage.

With 32 entries, the Aussiecon Two Masquerade was tiny by Worldcon standards, but long enough to satisfy the audience. The overall quality of costumes was good, and four of them would have been competetive for awards at any worldcon.

Winning the Workmanship Award, and declared Best of Show, Lewis P. Morley's "Demon Creature" stood nine feet tall from talons to wingtips. Illuminated yellow eyesockets were set in a goat's-head-shaped skull, under a pair of horns. Vast bats' wings were draped across powerful-looking wide shoulders. Bony claws and a hungry expression made an intimidating creature. It all belied the wearer's helplessness. Morley needed an air traffic controller in the form of Elayne Pelz to warn him when to stoop low enough so his wings could clear the passage to the stage.

Judges' Choice was Barbara de la Hunty as "Pyanfar Chanur", from a CJ Cherryh novel. The particularly convincing naturalness of the leonine mask and mane impressed judges and photographed well, but it was lost on fans deep in the audience (like me), so at the time of the walk-over we weren't convinced her Chanur was any better than another well-done Chanur that received no mention at all.

Best Science Fiction went to the last costume on stage, Nick Stathopoulos as "Famulimus" from Wolfe's SWORD OF THE LICTOR. At first this looked like nothing special to judges Gene Wolfe, Bruce Pelz, Maureen Garrett and Margery Linéhan. A very large, bland-looking human face mask projected from a bulky white habit.

"So what," though Bruce Pelz, and marked down a score on the tally sheet Gene Wolfe had already passed him. However, Stathopoulos was standing there, delaying his presentation until the technical crew succeeded in airing a pretaped reading from the appropriate passage in SWORD OF THE LICTOR, and its narrative progressed to where he should drop the hood of his robe and remove the outer face mask. Beneath it was a purplish mask of a hideously distorted humanoid face. That in turn was discarded, and the robe was opened, revealing the body of a bare-breasted female, and a very handsome humanoid head, heavily made-up, under a skunk-white mohawk of hair. While the audience cheered wildly, Pelz snatched back the ballot, rescored it, and returned it to Wolfe for the same purpose.

Best Fantasy was awarded to a quartet from Perth, Bill McConnell (Elric), Mike Bell (Yrkoon), Jo Toohey (Cymonil) and Hing Wing Chung (Moonglum). The excellent workmanship on Elric's black helmet and both men's six-foot black swords singled them out from the many costumes which seemed to start with the same black slacks and white dress shirts. I wondered if Aussie department stores all have an SCA Shop?

Best Presentation involved Philip Mercier and Kathy Sanders gorgeously attired as cats, dancing and lip-synching a number from "Cats". Mercier looked like an ermine-coated black tomcat as "Rum Tum Tugger." Sanders vamped outrageously in orange hair, and orange, white and black patterned fur around a snow-white abdomen, as "Bombalulina."

Best of Humor was certainly also "Most Slapstick." Preceded by a stagehand who dropped a tribble at center stage, out strutted John Clark in motorcycle helmet, camouflage t-shirt and utility belt, toting a giant mallet. The "Klingon Mercenary Tribble Hunter" stalked his prey in the great ham actor tradition, then whomped it repeatedly in a frenzy of bloodshed. Or whatever tribbles shed. Hair, no doubt. The title "Tribble Busters" was stencilled on the back of his shirt.

Lucasfilm's award for Re-Creation Costumes went to Gary Armstrong, who had done an outstanding job crafting the rubber mask that made him a double for "Admiral Akbar," alien rebel commander in RETURN OF THE JEDI.

Australians won all the awards except Best Presentation -- in a rare opportunity for fans down under to show off to an international audience of veteran worldcon attendees.



ALTERNATE HISTORY: While we could spend the rest of our lives discussing the many minor differences of life and attitude between America and Australia, the most bizarre that I personally encountered began as innocent little discussions of history and geography. Waiting for the Masquerade to open up, Elst Weinstein and I engaged security staffer Simon Duncan in a ranging political discussion. By the time Cary Linehan, also in security, showed up, we were discussing WW2 and nations' armies. I knew better than to think I'd find anybody in Australia who shared Douglas MacArthur's opinion of himself, but Simon and Cary reached far, far beyond mere differences in perception. Simon lectured us that the Australians had already beaten Japan. Added Cary, "The US never gets into the war until it's

already been won." He denigrated US soldiers at great length. I tried to defuse the situation with humor: "Why didn't you tell us you had won the war ---"

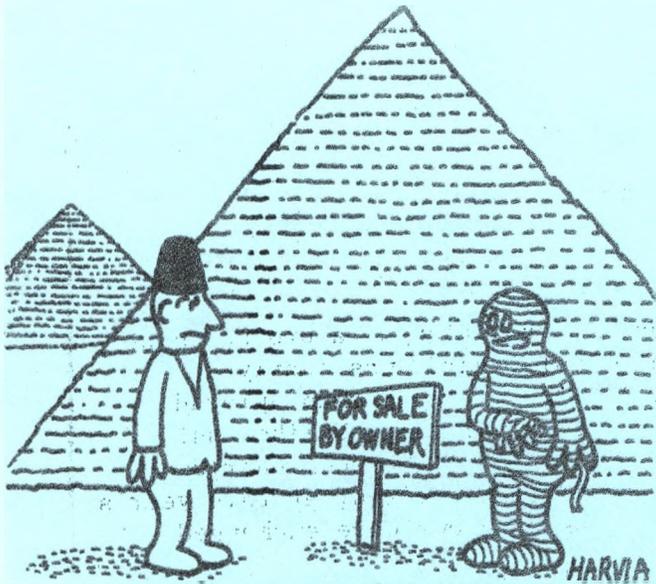
there are a lot of dead people who would have been perfectly willing to stay home." The really strange thing was this did not stay an isolated incident. At 5AM after I finally reached my father to tell him I'd won my Hugo, a bunch of fans collected me to go with them to breakfast at the Pancake House. Gordon Lingaard recognized me, and the party also included red-shirted security staffers Larry and Zebee, and one or two others. During the conversation I mentioned a history of Britain's Special Boat Service that I'd been reading (bought at the Australian War Museum) and that it largely consisted of SBS operatives being killed off in botched raids. Though in the flow of topics at the moment, this evidently sparked something in Larry's mentality. I hardly noticed as the conversation degenerated into Larry's strident description of Australia's military might, little-publicized nuclear capability ("since 1964"), and the very low regard Australian soldiers have for American soldiers and how the latter do their job. Reaching a level of frenzied emotion Larry declared, "If we're ever invaded, we hope it's by the Americans!" After awhile when Larry's diatribe showed no sign of concluding, I walked out of the Pancake House and went back to write notes on this weird demonstration.

I suppose it is instructive to hear from people like Cary and Larry who've served in the Australian military that they harbor an active hostility to Americans. Also, because this is the only country I've visited outside North America, I came away with a new appreciation that if these are our allies, we'd better keep as large a military establishment as possible, because one can imagine the ferocity of our enemies ! Then again, all three of the fans who afflicted me with their bush jingoism were working convention security. In America, fans associated with convention security have a well-earned image as frustrated, officious, committee-climbing clowns more or less relegated to a position of harmlessness. Near the end of the con's closing ceremony, chairman David Grigg singled out Linehan and his security staff for praise. Reaching the elevator bank with the departing crowd, I saw Larry again, and heard him thinking out loud (at the top of his lungs), "Now that we've got this organized, we could hire out to do it for other conventions. Where's Atlanta?" *In Montana*, I wanted to say.

In retrospect, it is fascinating to encounter the Australian military ideology that the US entered the Pacific War after someone else (say, the Australians) had already won it. Personally, I had never visualized the Australian army as large enough, or having the fleet and logistical support, or even having as its strategic objective, to liberate all Japanese-held territory and invade the home islands. Left on their own, the Australians neutralized the Japanese advance through New Guinea. But Mountbatten's Allied command had only the smaller ambition of recovering Singapore in early 1946 after the release of European theater forces to the Pacific. The need for this campaign was eliminated by the Japanese surrender in August 1945. The Western alliance contemplated a million casualties for their planned attack on the home islands, as we know from histories of the decision to drop the atomic bomb. Island fighting in the Pacific demonstrated Japanese resistance to surrender at all costs. So however expert and courageous one imagines the Australian army, only an idiot would suggest they had that war won.

Anybody conversant with military history is aware of the significant role of the Australians in this century. But it's quite different if you think that's the only role there was.

PARTYING WITH AUSTRALIA'S PROS: There were parties enough at Aussiecon. In a large suite rented for the con out of LACon II profits a multi-host party was run every night, but never developed a character of its own. On the other hand, the first



No one ever told me
pyramid sales were illegal.

night of the convention, Elst and I found an interesting little reception on an upper floor of the hotel. Two Aussie sf anthologies were released at the con. One's co-publisher, Jenny Blackford, subtly hawked books to everyone in the room. As Elst and I came through the open door we saw a dozen people sipping little plastic cups of claret dispensed from a cardboard container. Here were the anthology's contributors celebrating, and we were much more warmly welcomed after we'd each bought a copy. In one corner Russell Blackford and Damien Broderick held forth. But one of the others actually sought us out for conversation.

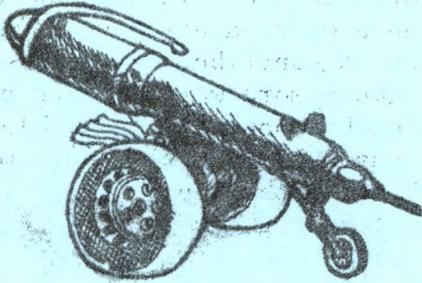
Norman Talbot held forth in high spirits like that passenger from first class who belts down a handful of liquor miniatures and wanders around the plane. Talbot, red-faced, balding, was in his 40s. I supposed he and Shakespeare shared hair stylists, for Norman also wore his remaining gray-blond hair flowing behind a receding hairline. That night he wore a red turtleneck, which contributed to his vaguely Elizabethan appearance. Talbot's most sympathetic trait was the way he approached the world as a limitless class of students in whom he must take a pedantic interest. Talbot engaged me in a Socratic interrogation about what writers "really get to you", who I thought the best new sf writers were... He relentlessly followed-up any soft answers with a mildly sarcastic cross-examination. When I dropped the name of Chandler as a writer who'd really affected my views, along with Mark Twain, Talbot patronized that answer until we returned to it and clarified that I wasn't talking about Bert, but Raymond.

On another night we ran a well-attended LA in '90 Party. To publicize it, Bruce Pelz had me tape a party announcement next to the elevator on every floor of the Southern Cross, which I did about 3:30 Sunday afternoon. By 5 PM I noticed that the flyer on the main convention level had disappeared. Yet several nearby Britain in '87 posters remained, untouched for over two days. I suspected sabotage. In time, we discovered that because our flyers had made the lethal mistake of advertising wine, housekeeping had torn them all down. You all remember where you're supposed to get wine, right?

During my run posting announcements, I found a tiny advertisement next to the mezzanine elevator. Lee Smoire announced her desire to marry an Australian man, and listed her attractive qualities. The last sentence was highlighted in pink: "This is a serious request." When they heard, American fans spilled out of headquarters to read it for themselves.

A SWIFT CONCLUSION: Skimming over my notes, I realize this report could run another twenty pages. Yet if it did, it would not be as vivid or interesting as a report such as this, confined to the topics that are most compelling of attention. So we'll have other stories for other times: Did Aussiecon Two break even? Why did committee members and fanzine fans Jack Herman, Marc Ortlieb, Leigh Edmonds, and others so bitterly criticize the con? Will anyone adhere to the Standing Committee's "Service Mark Usage Guide"? Who will inherit WSFS Inc. from Fred Prophet? Stay tuned.

SEA BASS, SEE NORMAN



The annual tradition of a pro punchout at the Nebula Awards was nearly renewed this year by Norman Spinrad and Robert Silverberg. Unlike last year's grudge match between Charles Platt and Harlan Ellison, at this year's contretemps no blows were exchanged.

As one young writer related, it all began with the banquet menu of three choices: blackened steak, rubber chicken and cashews, and sea bass. Evidently bass were hard to catch that day because everyone who ordered the dish was served an hour behind the rest of the diners. This included Norman Spinrad and his date. Becoming exasperated, Spinrad cornered a waiter and

shouted at the man to immediately bring him his fish, and he further thought the hotel ought to give him a couple of complimentary bottles of house wine for the delay. MC Robert Silverberg intervened in the commotion, trying to say various calming things to Norman, but in the heat of the moment he went off on a tangent you'd hardly expect from anyone who's known Norman for 15 years, concluding, "It would be too bad if you had to be thrown out of this event." Spinrad shouted, "Who are you to try and throw me out!" and while carrying on like Donald Duck doing an imitation of Vesuvius, he shook Silverberg by the shoulders, /At this point our eyewitness proceeded to the ladies room where she'd originally been headed./ Although more words were exchanged, the two writers did not become physically violent. Spinrad went back and ate his sea bass. And drank the two bottles of house wine that the hotel ignominiously gave to him.

Norwescon attendee Tom Galloway, hearing this account, advised anyone having both a banquet and Norman Spinrad at their convention to beware offering fish as a selection. When the hotel tried to substitute a cheeseburger for the fish that Spinrad ordered during the Norwescon banquet, he allegedly threw a glass of water in the waitress' face, screaming, "Gimme my goddam fish!", instantly becoming the focus of every security guard and committee member in the room. Since Norman got his fish inside thirty seconds, he may have felt the success of this technique was worth repeating in Oakland.

Certainly Bob Silverberg would never do anything like that... Yes, Silverberg had also ordered the sea bass. In a contrast of style, Silverberg quietly cornered a waiter, told him he had arranged the banquet, and added, "If you expect to be paid, you had better serve my table." The Nebula Awards ceremony itself did nothing to improve the writers' digestion; indeed, the fireworks had been planned in advance.

Under the rules determining nominees for the Nebula Award, writers may submit their recommendations throughout the year. The NEBULA AWARDS REPORT, issued quarterly, informs SFWA members of the cumulative stories suggested. In time a preliminary ballot of these recommendations is circulated, counted by the editor, and five finalists in each length are put on the final ballot.

Editing the quarterly reports has been Orson Scott Card. Further, Card's own return address was the destination of writers' preliminary ballots. SFWA was assured that Card happened to be out of town when the ballots came in, and others did the counting, but Card's novel ENDER'S GAME made the final ballot in any event, focusing new discontent on Nebula voting procedures that have often in the past likewise seemed to lack integrity.

After the preliminary ballot selects a number of finalists in each category, a Nebula Awards jury may add other nominees. The jury added Bruce Sterling's novel SCHISMATRIX. It did not add Norman Spinrad's CHILD OF THE FUTURE, or Jerry Pournelle's co-authorship (with

Larry Niven) FOOTFALL as each man felt his own book ought to have been added. Ever since, both men have been extremely vocal in questioning the integrity of the nomination process, and Card personally. (Note: unlike the preliminaries, the final votes are tabulated by an independent accountant or lawyer.) Although many fans have remarked that anything Norman and Jerry agree on must be so, because of their very different views, what better time to quote the French critic Gerard Cordesse: "Spinrad has the gift of making enemies, on both the right and the left, so well that even the enemies of his enemies are not his friends." (translated by John D. Berry, WING WINDOW #9) Despite their influence as past Presidents of SFWA, and dissatisfaction with the Nebulas, neither man, but Marta Randall, stood in the SFWA Business Meeting to propose abolishing the Nebulas. However, the proposal did not pass. As George R.R. Martin replied, "There's a fuss with every award, why should the Nebulas be different?" (Business Meeting observer, Bill Warren.)

When Card's novel, ENDER'S GAME, actually won the Nebula, Spinrad heckled Card's acceptance speech from the audience. Then in the new issue of the SFWA BULLETIN Spinrad bought a page of advertising space to criticize the nominating process, and to withdraw his work from future consideration for the award. He said that the nomination of Card's novel, and certain kinds of popular work in other years, at the same time that literary sf works were nominated, showed (1) the absence of a consistent standard, and (2) in any case, a standard that so deviated from his own tastes and the fiction Spinrad writes that the award, even if he won it, would be meaningless for him. Spinrad conceded that a certain amount of pique was involved in his decision, and he did not resign from SFWA or his office in it.

As the pros' fanzine the SFWA BULLETIN definitely stole a march on SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. Richard Geis should have thought, years ago, of selling the writers space to feud in his zine. Incidentally, Spinrad's ad also harped on his oft-repeated frustration over sf's poor reputation among serious literary people. I was reminded of an article about him in a January 1981 PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY: "Spinrad says in part to blame for the frivolous label attached to SF are the egregiously visible bands of fans...These are the groups done up in bizarre attire and behavior that cluster together in frequent cons...They're largely responsible for whatever weirdness lingers around science fiction." Yes, Fans and Sea Bass.

NEBULA WINNERS

BEST NOVEL

ENDER'S GAME
Orson Scott Card

BEST NOVELLA

Sailing to Byzantium
Robert Silverberg

BEST NOVELETTE

"Portraits of His Children"
George R.R. Martin

BEST SHORT STORY

"Out of All Them Bright Stars"
Nancy Kress

 CHANGES OF ADDRESS

David Weiner 5440 Vantage Ave., North Hollywood CA 91607
 G. Chen PO Box 1286, New York NY 10013
 Brian And Denise Brown 11675 Beaconsfield, Detroit MI 48224
 David Wolff 6 Durkee Rd., Acton MA 01720
 Douglas Booze 3622 Greenwood Ave., N. Apt. 1, Seattle WA 98103
 Ken Josenhans PO Box 6610, East Lansing MI 48823
 Elizabeth A. Osborne 1385 Carnage Hill Ln., Hamilton OH 45011
 James Bishop 1042 Patton NW, Grand Rapids MI 49504-3941
 Filthy Pierre Strauss 4271 Duke St. #D10, Alexandria VA 22304
 Angeles & Rich Howell 4904 Maurice Dr., Lilburn GA 30247
 Tom Perry PO Box E, Sugar Loaf NY 10981
 Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden 75 Farview #2D, NY NY 10040
 Georges Giguere 9645-84 Ave., Edmonton ALTA T6C 1E7 CANADA
 Tom Galloway 11916 Courtleigh Dr. #3, Los Angeles CA 90066
 Michael Hall 301, 11010-82 St. NW, Edmonton AB T5H 1L9 CANADA

DOWN UNDER FAN FUND RESULTS FOR THE RECORD: Voters in the DUFF race have long ago received the administrators' official report, but for anyone else interested these are the tallies which led to the selection of DUFF winners Lewis Morley, Marilyn Pride and Nick Stathopoulos (a tag team). The preferential ballot required six runoffs to reach a majority winner. Runoffs are shown, then total votes, then a breakdown of votes by geographical region indicating each candidate's top tally prior to elimination.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	TOTAL	NA	AUSTR	ROUND ELIM
MORLEY/PRIDE/STATHOPOULOS	54	9	1	1	3	1	72	28	44	-
TERRY FROST	30	12	0	7	15	1	67	60	7	-
SALLY BEASLEY	39	X					39	37	2	2
NO PREFERENCE	13	10	0	5	3	X	31	29	2	6
LONEY/MUYSERT	19	7	X				26	20	6	3
HOLD OVER FUNDS	10	1	2	X			13	13	0	4
BANGSUND*	2	X					2	2	0	2
WAL'FOOTROT*	1	X					1	1	0	2

(* write-in)

North American DUFF administrators Marty and Robbie Cantor announced the results last February 28. 115 North Americans cast ballots, 53 fans cast ballots with the Australian administrator, for a total of 168 participants. Various unlisted write-in votes were cast but not in first place on anyone's ballot. Sally Beasley made a strong showing despite having withdrawn from the race, however, this was not well publicized. The DUFF bank account contained \$4163.61 at the time of the report.

Nominations for the next DUFF race will be accepted through August 31, 1986. To run, one must post a \$10 nonrefundable bond, provide written nominations from 3 North American fans and 2 Australasian fans, a written platform of not over 100 words, and a promise (barring Acts of God) to travel to the 1987 Australian National Convention. In cases of multiple candidacies, DUFF pays for one set of fares, accommodations, and expenses only. Winners become administrators and chief fundraisers, in addition to the more glamorous role of trip-taker.



number six is the May 1986 issue of the newsletter of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund, North American branch, and comes to you from Western Division administrators Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden at 75 Fairview #2D New York NY 10040 212-942-6832. Details on the new Eastern Division honcho follow.

Greg Pickersgill wins TAFF

Voting has been tabulated in the 1986 TAFF race, and the results are as follows.

FIRST BALLOT:

	Simon Ounsley	Judith Hanna	Greg Pickersgill	Hold Over Funds	Write-in
Australia (total 9):	3	5	1		
Europe (total 104):	37	18	48	2	1 *
North America (total 138):	44	40	49		3 **
<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total (249 votes):	84	61	98	2	4

(*) 1 vote for Woofie Bear

(**) 1 vote each for Ken Slater, Terry Jeeves, and the Yorkshire Ripper

Since no candidate obtained an overall majority, counting proceeded to a second ballot. The write-in candidates were eliminated for having received the fewest votes, and Judith Hanna was eliminated for having failed to obtain 20% of the 104 votes cast in Europe. All ballots voting for these candidates were redistributed among the remaining candidates according to their next preference. The second (and final) ballot results were:

SECOND BALLOT:

	Simon Ounsley	Greg Pickersgill	Hold Over Funds	(No Preference)
Australia	6	3		
Europe	46	52	5	(1)
North America	62	70	2	(2)
<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total	114	125	7	(3)

Thus GREG PICKERSGILL received an overall majority on the second ballot, after leading with pluralities on both sides of the Atlantic on the first ballot, and will be the TAFF delegate to the World Science Fiction Convention in Atlanta over Labor Day Weekend, 1986. Congratulations, Greg! And thanks very much to the other candidates for helping to make this one of the most enthusiastically-followed TAFF races in years. It's our hope that both Judith and Simon will consider visiting North American fandom on their own steam, or running for TAFF again; more than a few voters wailed to us their distress at being unable to vote for all three candidates at once.

Ballot counting in North America was accomplished with the aid of IRS-trained Bill "Honest" Wagner; two ballots were disallowed for failure to enclose the minimum donation, and two people accidentally voted twice. Rob Hansen will publish the list of European voters in TAFF-ETA #3, available for a postal reply coupon from him; meanwhile, the North American and Australian voters were Alyson Abramowitz, Justin Ackroyd, David Axler, S. O. Berrerra, Bryan Barrett, Chris Bates, Allen Baum, Richard Bergeron, Ruth Berman, John D. Berry, Steve Bieler, Paul Birnbaum, Linda Blanchard, Velma Bowen, Bill Bowers, Jeanne Bowman, Brian Earl Brown, rich brown, Valma Brown, Dave Bridges, Charles Burbee, Allan D. Burrows, Bill Burns, Mary Burns, Allyn Cadogan, Marty Cantor, Robbie Cantor, Jackie Causgrove, William Cavin, David W. Clark, Cy Chauvin, Rich Coed, Eli Cohen, Sandy Cohen, Wendy Council, Catherine Crockett, Hal Davis, M. K. Digre, Michael Dobson, Cathy Doyle, Michael DuCharme, Shelley Dutton, Leigh Edmonds, Gary Farber, Bruce Farr, Doug Faunt, Moshe Feder, Donald Franson, Terry A. Garey, Linda Gerstein, Richard Gilliam, Alexis Gilliland, Mike Glicksohn, Diane Goldman, Jeanne Gomoll, Victor Gonzalez, Gay Haldeman, Joe W. Haldeman, Christopher Hatton, Jack Herman, David Herrington, Irwin Hirsch, Kim Huett, Terry Hughes, Lucy Huntzinger, Olivia Jason, Jane Jewell, Ken Josephans, Neil Kaden, Jerry Kaufman, Jay Kinney, Richard Labonte, George Laskowski, Roy Lavender, Robert Lichtman, Dennis Lien, Eric Lindsey, Dave Locke, Anne Laurie Logen, Lesleigh Luttrell, Candice Massey, Gary Mattingly, Marie Mayer, Richard McAllister, Craig Miller,

John Mitchell, Janice Murray, Debbie Notkin, Spike Parsons, Tom Perry, Patty Peters, Curt Phillips, D Potter, Andy Porter, Sarah Prince, Robert Reedy, Mark W. Richards, Joseph J. Rico, Dave Rike, Peter Roberts, Carol Root, Alan Rosenthal, Richard S. Russell, Louise Sachter, Ron Salomon, Jeff Schalles, Diedre Schardt, Stacy Scott, Joyce Scrivner, Stu Shiffman, Michael Sinclair, David Singer, Al Sirois, Rick Smeary, Laura Spiess, Dan Steffen, Elaine Stiles, Steve Stiles, Geri Sullivan, Pascal Thomas, Amy Thomson, Peter Toluzzi, Suzanne Tompkins, Philip N. Tortorici, Bruce Townley, Karen Trego, R. Laurraine Tutihasi, Edd Vick, Dennis Virzi, Harry Warner Jr., Jean Weber, Tom Weber, Roger Weddell, George H. Wells, Donya Hazard White, Ted White, Tom Whitmore, Art Widner, Marc Willner, Paul Williams, Walter K. Willis, Martin Morse Worcester, Richard Wright, Ben Yelow, and Rich Zellich. Doubtless some ballots will trail in late, but since this is being typed immediately following the deadline, we don't know who they'll be from; we'll list them next time.

Ballot donations in North America and Australia totalled \$556.35; from 145 voters, that's just under \$4 per ballot, which is a very generous average. In particular we'd like to single out Hal Davis and Richard Russell, each of whom donated \$35 with their ballots. But many other voters enclosed \$5, \$10, \$15 and so forth, and we thank them too.

A final electoral detail. As some of you noticed, in the last two weeks of voting some ballots appeared in circulation which omitted the customary space to check off "Hold Over Funds" on the voting side. These were produced by ex-TAFF administrator Terry Hughes and distributed with the second issue of the fanzine FUCK THE TORIES. We have spoken with Mr. Hughes and he promises to appear at the next five cons he attends with his head in a paper sack. Meanwhile, all the voters who used those defective ballots have been contacted, and they all tell us they were aware that Hold Over Funds was among their choices. We think this is adequate, and have counted all those votes as valid. (Still, next time you see Terry at a con, give his sack a rustle for us.)

In other news, since our last issue TAFF has become indebted for gratuitous donations and logistical help to Fred Haskell, Georges Giguere, and Dave Langford, and to Confederation (for arranging to provide the TAFF winner with a free membership) and to Minn-Stf and DeepSouthCon 23 (for donations of \$50 apiece). Thanks very much, again. Langford's donation this time is a bound facsimile volume of TULL-DOU, his great fanzine of the 1970s that no one in North America ever saw, and we'll be offering it up for auction in our next issue.

And speaking of auctions: Last issue was so late that this one is being produced less than a month after most of you received it. As a result, we've received very few bids in the current postal auction so far; in particular, the mighty Kim Huett has yet to be heard from, so the rest of you still have a chance. We haven't got room to reproduce all the listings we posted in last month's issue, so the best we can do is suggest that you dig out your copy and bid, bid, bid! Some prime items are going begging. Revised (and final) deadline for that cycle of auction bids will be August 1, 1986, which is when we expect to do the next issue of this newsletter.

One more announcement and we'll fall off the page. In TAFFLUVIA #2, last September, we set a schedule for the next North-America-to-Europe race; this schedule was predicated on the assumption that the winner would travel to the 1987 Eastercon in April of next year. Since then, in view of the way that Eastercon and the British Worldcon later in the year are respectively shaping up, all of the currently announced candidates in that race have expressed a strong preference for attending the Worldcon instead. As a result, that old schedule is now pronounced defunct; a new one will have to wait until we can consult in detail with the new European administrator, Greg Pickersgill, but it'll probably amount to pushing all the dates forward by at least a couple of months. Watch this space. As for Greg's plans and travel itinerary later this year, we'll do our best to keep everyone informed, but if you're curious (or want to invite him to your city), he can be reached at 7A Lawrence Road, South Ealing, London W5 4XJ UK. Which concludes this minimalist, no-frills issue of TAFFLUVIA. Good on you all.

TAFFLUVIA #6
p & t rh
75 Fairview #20
New York NY 10040
USA

POSTSCRIPT: Timeframes for the next TAFF race are as follows:

NOMINATIONS OPEN - September 15, 1986
NOMINATIONS CLOSE - October 31, 1986
Ballots Available - November 7, 1986
Voting Deadline - March 14, 1987

FIRST CLASS MAIL

All nominations, candidate platforms, bonds etc. must go to the Nielsen Haydens, NOT to the British Administrators, says Patriok.

FAN MAIL

STEVE FRANCIS
ConFederation Dealers' Room Manager
5503 Matterhorn Dr.
Louisville KY

This letter is in response to the article covering the dealers' room at ConFederation printed in FILE 770:57. A \$50 deposit per table was established to reserve tables in the ConFederation Dealers' Room for two reasons. First; full price of the tables had not yet been established by the executive committee at the time of the 1984 Worldcon in Los Angeles. I felt that a \$50 deposit would be approximately one-half of the final table price. Had we charged a \$100 deposit, we would have found ourselves in the position of potentially having to either make a refund if the final price was less than \$100 or ask for more money if the price was set higher than \$100. The ConFederation preliminary flyer that was distributed at LAcon stated that maximum price that might be charged for table would be \$125. As it happened, I was able to convince the committee to set the final price per table at \$100 and \$250 per booth.

Second; the \$50 deposit was established because we felt that it was unreasonable to expect 125 dealers to tie up the full price of their tables for a period beginning two full years in advance of the convention. As it is, a dealer will only have the full price of his dealers space tied up for a period of eight months before the convention. *((Since ConFederation was able to refund over \$20,000 of bid expenses and \$15,000 of bid travel expenses after winning, it would be futile for me to suggest that it made the slightest difference when the con got dealers' money. But in the past, and possibly in the future, a con's need for cash early in the game strikes me as far outweighing the merits of letting a dealer pay \$50 less deposit on a table. When that is possible, as in your case, I'm sure the dealers appreciate the beneficial effect on their own cash flow.--))*

The final payment due date of Jan. 2, 1986 was selected so that I would have time to work through the waiting list after the date. There were a number of cancellations both before and after Jan. 2. All dealers who have cancelled tables or a booth either have received or will receive a full refund of all monies paid for Dealers' Room space with no exceptions.

The letter which was sent to all dealers in October of 1985 was NOT intended as a dun (especially when it was sent out 2½ months before the due date) but as a reminder to dealers that the final payment was due in January. This letter also stated the priority number and the number of tables reserved. If there was any error in my records this letter was intended to call attention to it so that the dealer would have an opportunity to question my records and have the appropriate corrections made. As it happened there were no corrections required. It is a known fact that many fans, like anyone else, (myself included) have been known to forget dates. Therefore, the reminder was sent out.

The statement of "consequences" for nonpayment was put forth not as a threat but as a statement of procedure in the event of late or non-payments. Several dealers asked me how late payments would be handled, so I established the procedure in an attempt to answer all potential questions in advance.

Only one dealer out of over 125 did not have his final payment in by the end of January and was subsequently called by me. He has steadfastly ignored all correspondence sent to him. I did not officially cancel his table until the end of the first week in February, which made allowance for the possibility that he sent payment postmarked Jan. 31, 1986. He will also receive a full refund of his table deposit. *((As I said previously, the informational material you distributed to dealers did an excellent job of informing them of all the options and deadlines they were governed by. The genesis of the article was an individual dealer's complaint, and I included editorial observations that I thought a couple of your policy choices required administrative arrangements more complex than -- at least in my opinion -- seemed worthwhile. That you have made those choices work so well does you credit.))*

DICK SPELMAN
PO Box 2079
Chicago IL 60690

I have read your article "Dealers Told To Pay Up" in F770:57, and feel that you have covered only one aspect of the problem. On behalf of the ConStellation Dealers' Room Staff, I would like to respond

to another aspect of the problem. It is true that the dealer's complaint over the restricted return of his deposit would not have occurred if the ConStellation Dealers' Room had required full payment of the table fees in 1984. *((Do you mean ConFederation, Dick?))* Instead, we would have had dealer complaints on having to pay the full \$100 per table almost two years in advance of the convention. Since we fully expected the entire room to sell out, the only loss to ConStellation by accepting deposits was the interest it would have earned on the difference between the full payment and the \$50 deposits for approximately one year. ...As a dealer, I am grateful to any convention committee that permits me to reserve space by paying a deposit rather than sending payment in full well over a year in advance; even for me, cash flow is a problem.

DORA AUVIL
1030 Cherry St.
Wenatchee WA 98801

I have started a campaign that will involve petitions at NORWESCON to get the Worldcon people to start a new membership category at \$5 for Hugo voting rights only. No progress reports or anything else except

the nomination and final ballots for the Hugo.... I think it is vital that we get the majority of fans to vote and with Worldcon prices the way they are it is impossible to pay that price just to be able to vote. Any support or suggestions are welcome.

((I believe that a giveaway price for Hugo voting would have two negative effects. The minor one is, not every worldcon, and certainly not overseas worldcons, can afford to lose the memberships who may be attracted by Hugo voting privileges. -- How many fans that affects I can't guess. The major drawback to cheaper voting memberships is its greater inducement to manipulate the results. Your premise is to explicitly recruit more voters into the system. I am dubious that we would increase the quality of participation merely by increasing the quantity. Meantime we would be making it inexpensive for cliques to affect the outcome. Since the Hugo ballot really has no safeguard against fraud, our general good luck to date has been the result of limiting participation to those who are informed enough to find out how to join a worldcon, and membership prices high enough to deter impulsive bloc voting. If the Hugos are nothing more than a popularity poll, at least they are overall conducted in good faith. Next issue, I will devote some attention to the exceptions, and discuss if any method exists of protecting against Hugo vote fraud.))

SYDNEY IN '91 BID: Or maybe say what? Before Jack Herman launched his Sydney bid reported on page two, I had received a flyer through Joyce Scriver describing a bid for the city in 1991. The literature says their first bid meeting was held September, 1985. The contact address is PO Box 2, Bexley North NSW 2207, Australia. Who's running it? Kevin and Karen. Their last names have been left as an exercise for the reader. At least, they weren't included on the three pages I got.

BOSTON IN '89 NAMES ITS CHAIR: Since it looks increasingly unlikely that Myles Bos' House will overcome Boston's lead, no matter how many goats Myles has, Massachusetts Convention Fandom Inc. has announced the following officers expected to serve through the 1989 Worldcon: CHAIRMAN, Mark Olson; TREASURER, Ann Broomhead; SECRETARY, Jim Mann.

The press release sets the con dates as August 31 through September 4, 1989. The Sheraton Boston Hotel will be the headquarters, and they will use the adjacent Hynes Convention Center. The Hynes is nearing completion of renovations which will leave it appreciably larger than it was in 1980. The Sheraton has over 1300 rooms, and within two blocks are 3000 rooms. The membership rates will be:

		NON-	ALL
	SITE SELECTION	VOTERS	2-16-87 -
	VOTERS (til 2/15)	(til 2-15)	9-7-87
NEW SUPPORTING MEMBERSHIP	--	\$20	\$20
CONVERSION FROM SUPPORT- ING TO ATTENDING	\$15	\$20	\$30
NEW ATTENDING MEMBERSHIP	--	\$40	\$50

Boston says there could be a delay in announcing the 1989 Worldcon's guests of honor because they have agreed to yield priority to the 1988 Worldcon. If the 1988 concom duplicates one of Boston's choices, they would delay until a new GoH was picked.

SMOF TROTH PLIGHTED: Craig Miller and Genny Dazzo have announced Sunday, October 19, 1986 as their wedding date. Genny moved to Los Angeles in 1984, where the pair purchased a home together. The wedding will be officiated over by "rabbinic Los Angeles fan and Universal Life Church minister, Allan Rothstein." The ceremony will be conducted in English, Hebrew and Latin. Rothstein married Marty and Robbie Cantor in 1983. Well, Robbie and Marty got married, and Allan... Just don't ask...

ROAST OF ELLISON ON MENU: Attempting to build a war chest which will be used to defray his legal defense costs in a drawn-out lawsuit "over freedom of the press issues", Harlan Ellison will be roasted July 12, 1986. Roasters include Robin Williams, Phil De Guere, Paul Krassner, Robert Bloch, Ray Bradbury, David Gerrold, Stan Lee, William Rotsler, Silverberg, and lawyer Henry Holmes, Jr. Tickets are \$25. Site is the Los Angeles Press Club. For information call (213)559-1622. Tickets are available from Dangerous Visions Bookstore, 13603 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks CA 91423. (818) 986-6963. SASE appreciated. Make checks payable to "The Harlan Ellison Roast."

RAY CAPELLA BOOK: Louisiana's new Celt Press has just published Ray (Raul Garcia) Capella's THE LEOPARD OF POITAIN. It's a collection of five short stories, a novelette and a final novella about "Arquel of Argos", a Hyborean Age character Ray created in George Scithers' AMRA when epic fantasy was barely gaining momentum in the early '60s. The shorter pieces were anthologized, or saw subsequent magazine publication; the novella is previously unpublished work. LEOPARD has an introduction by George Scithers, and is a limited edition, available from specialty bookstores or by sending \$18 (includes postage and handling) to Celt Press, 3820 Lake Trail Dr., Kenner LA 70065.

1987 NASFiC FOR PROFIT: Cont'd from page 2: would be added to improve the convention. Farr said they had already budget such frills as air conditioned buses between the hotel and convention center, replying to complaints about previous Phoenix cons and "The Anvil of God". Farr said as an earnest of their good intent, NASFiC had already donated \$500 to the WSFS Standing Committee, which needs expense money. At one point, Farr drew a distinction, saying they were not paying people to work the con; rather they were advancing costs/reimbursing certain committee members to go to cons where they need to have representatives for publicity or other business. Farr also said that he was running the con as a sole proprietorship to avoid losing certain tax deductions, though he was unable to persuade me to accept his interpretation of the law. In any case, Farr said he had no reason to keep the forgoing facts a secret, and he was willing to discuss it with anyone quite candidly.

Did Farr think he would have won the NASFiC franchise, voted at the 1985 Worldcon, if his status was general knowledge? Farr thought the question wasn't a really important issue because he knew they weren't going to skimp on the con. He said that his committee knew beforehand, and so did 180 volunteer workers. Past controversies over profit-taking conventions, such as the disastrous SF EXPO of 1976, suggest that if Farr's plan had been general knowledge, the issue would not have gone unmentioned upon. Farr was also questioned, since the economics of his NASFiC depend on a large, unpaid staff of volunteers, did he think the release of this news would adversely effect his ability to get free help? Farr believed he would not have a problem, just as he had never been disturbed that surpluses from cons he'd worked had been held by the groups that ran them (several worldcons and Westercons, for instance.) Farr said passions would be made to the worldcon, any other NASFiC, local clubs, cons, etc. He added, if there was enough rabid opposition to his plan he could still fall back on a plan to run the con through CASFS, a nonprofit corporation. If you have comments, I would be interested in seeing them.

ART CREDITS: *Tara:* Cover, 3.
Harvia: 4, 13, 18, 23; *Jim McLeod:* 19, 24, 32
Brad Foster: 6; *Ray Capella:* 9
Jim Shull: 7; *Alexis Gilliland:* 11, 15, 16,
21.



FILE 770:59
Mike Glycer
5828 Woodman Ave. #2
Van Nuys CA 91401

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