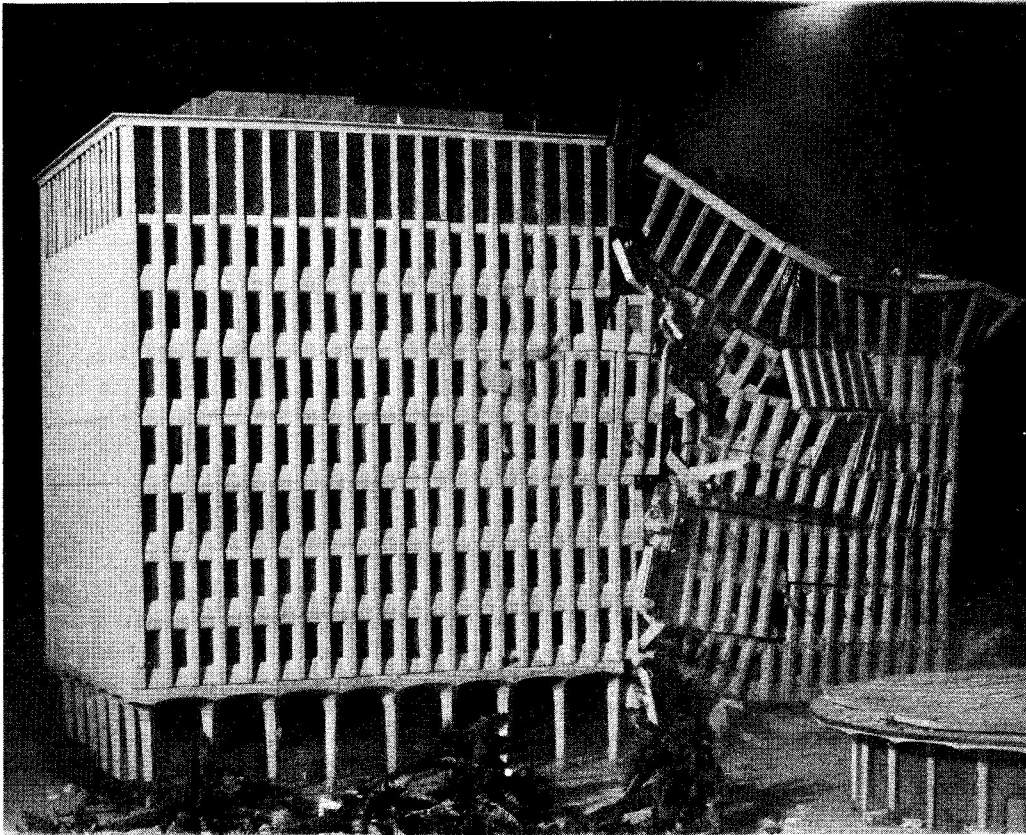


IGUANACON 2



PROGRESS REPORT 5

Iguanacon II Not Responsible for Hotel Damages in Phoenix

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THREE YEARS? THAT'S NOT TOO MANY...

Well, Binky, here it is 1981, three years after you made your fannish debut at IguanaCon. Remember IguanaCon? The convention held in 110° sunny weather in Phoenix, Arizona? The one at which you alienated all six of your car-mates? *That* IguanaCon—1978! Nearly a fannish generation ago—and high time for a concluding progress report, don't you think?

IguanaCon was held—rumors of doom and destruction to the contrary—August 30 to September 4, 1978 at the Hyatt Regency and Adams hotels, Phoenix, Arizona, with Bill Bowers and Harlan Ellison as Guests of Honor.

From the concom's point of view, IguanaCon lasted from September, 1976 to about September, 1980. In this final progress report, we're going to give you a short summary of the Four Ages of Iggy, maybe some excerpts from the *Secret Protocols of the Elders of Iguana*, and ... a financial statement.

I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW...

The 1978 worldcon bidding had a rather rocky career: Los Angeles fielded its bid in good time; there were rumors of a Hawaii bid which never materialized; and, as 1976 dawned, Los Angeles had a clear shot at the 1978 worldcon. But, in February, Phoenix announced a bid from out of the blue. Nobody took it seriously until Phoenix lost its Westercon bid, and Los Angeles was faced with the prospect of having to host two major conventions two months apart. Suddenly, things got

serious, and Phoenix became a major contender for the 1978 worldcon.

In fact, Phoenix won the bid at MidAmeriCon and the pre-convention process began almost at once; the Phoenix Bidding Committee settled into a long process of acquiring a structure and sufficient personnel for the job.

THE STRUCTURE

In September, 1976, the erstwhile bidding committee incorporated as Arizona Convention Phandom, Inc., a 501(c)(3) (nonprofit) corporation. The bidding committee became the board of directors of ACP and also the IguanaCon Steering Committee, the heart of the concom. These people were: Greg Brown (chair), Jim Corrick, Carol DePriest, Tim Kyger, Bill Patterson, and Curt Stubbs—the "Secret Six." These are the people to blame for Iggy: the egoboo buck stops here. From September, 1976 to August, 1978, the committee grew from six to about sixty people holding various offices. The concom was organized something like the Temple of Solomon: there was an outer committee—the independent functionaries who had little contact with the day-to-day operations and organization of the committee—an inner committee, composed mostly of locals who were involved in the day-to-day operations of the committee, and, at the center of it all, the Secret Six. I don't think we had anything comparable to the Ark of the Covenant; perhaps we should have.

In theory, the entirety of the committee acted in an advisory position to the Steering Committee, which held sole executive authority. In the beginning, we had a kind of “consensus government” arrangement, which we outgrew — painfully — at the beginning of 1978, when the concom attained its full growth.

THE PEOPLE

Together, the concom and staff for the convention added up to something like 250 people. As much as we would like to acknowledge every signal service we received over the course of four years, the compilation of such a list would be a major undertaking. If you worked with IguanaCon — you know who you are, and we thank you. Wear a button saying “I survived IguanaCon” to the next convention, and maybe a grateful conommer emeritus will kiss you on both cheeks, or something.

This does not, however, excuse us from having to explain the major functionaries. The Secret Six each took a major area of responsibility: Greg Brown took chair, operations, hotel regulations, and contracts; Jim Corrick was responsible for programming, Hugo Awards, and site selection; Carol Hoag was Memberships and Registration; Tim Kyger and Bill Patterson took joint responsibility for publications; and Curt Stubbs, vice-chair of the bidding committee, moved from programming into hotel relations. Our first volunteers from outside the Secret Six were Jim and Doreen Webbert, Treasurers.

Other major areas of responsibility were filled by Ken and Lou Moore (Art Show and Auction), Ellen Franklin (Masquerade), Jim Kennedy (Film Program), Gary Farber and Kate Schaefer (Operations), Ted Pauls (Huckster’s Room), and M. R. Hildebrand (“A Place of Our Own”). These are only the most public of those who Put It All Together. For a semi-complete list of everybody who got into the act, see the program book and pocket program.

For awhile in early 1978, it began to look like musical concoms, although the on-site staff was fundamentally the same one we started with in 1976.

It was all a little complicated, and you probably missed it if you weren’t following the programme. In brief, Greg Brown resigned as Chair of Iggy at the end of January, 1978 and from the Board of Directors of ACP, Inc. in March, thereby making the Secret Six into the Furtive Five. Tim Kyger replaced Greg as Chair. In March, Jim and Doreen Webbert asked to be relieved of Treasury, citing reasons of health, and Mary Williams became Treasurer until Sharon Maples took over the job, becoming the realio-trulio treasurer of IguanaCon. She and loyal (unpaid) accountant Bruce Farr have prepared a very nice financial report for later in the PR, and they deserve a *big* hand. In June, Patrick Nielsen Hayden joined the Furtive Five as Programmer-in-Chief, since Jim Corrick was having to deal with extra pressure from his Doctoral committee. In July, Kate Schaefer and Gary Farber joined the concom. Operations had had a particularly rocky career during preplanning: we started with Larry Smith, went through Rusty Hevelin, and wound up with Gary and Kate for operations on site. Gary Farber also served as Vice-Chair.

There were, in total, two resignations from the steering committee — Greg Brown and Curt Stubbs — and a total of nine resignations from 1976 to the convention, from a total of about sixty people. These resignations were filled by people who had been with us since the bid. This means that we had a turnover of about twelve percent — or a little less than an eighth. Not bad, overall.

THE GUESTS OF HONOR

Bill Bowers and Harlan Ellison were IguanaCon’s Guests of Honor — both gentlemen who have put in long and signal service to our community. We are particularly proud of them

both and congratulate ourselves frequently on our good taste in honoring them.

STÜRM UND DRANG

The outside world intruded itself into our microcosm in late 1977 when the National Organization for Women announced a nationwide boycott of states which had not yet ratified the Equal Rights Amendment. In another state, this might not have had much impact on the worldcon, but Arizona had not — and has not — ratified the ERA.

The response from fandom at large was both irritating and gratifying to the concom — irritating because we had a whole new set of logistical problems to solve, since it was far too late to seek another site — and gratifying because seeing a strong sense of moral responsibility in operation is always uplifting. We may have our greeps and foibles, by gum, but we know where we stand on the *important* issues...

The IguanaCon committee worked with the Arizona NOW chapter and achieved a kind of compromise for attendees and Guests of Honor. They set up a network of people who would offer crash space, and people would bring food from ERA states for the duration of the con, and it all worked out well, *selah*.

During the working-out of the arrangements, fandom began taking sides on an ancillary issue: the “politicising” of the worldcon, with some fans feeling that the occasion should not be used to advocate a political position and others feeling the issue to be important enough that it ought not to be ignored. The worldcon committee was caught square in the middle — a dilemma solved by benign inaction. We neither advocated nor endorsed either position, simply providing information to those who wished to honor the boycott while at the convention. I’m afraid this solution was not good enough for some: although the bulk of the mail we received was supportive, we did also receive a few letters calling us NAZIS, by which we were seriously grieved... but not seriously enough to censor or muzzle *either* Guest of Honor.

PUBLICATIONS

IguanaCon put out six publications — seven if you count the pocket program. They are, in order of appearance, the Bulletin (October, 1976), PR 1 (January, 1978), PR 2 (July, 1977), PR 3 (March, 1978), PR 4 (June, 1978), the Program Book, and Pocket Program (August, 1978). This concluding PR 5 is to be distributed at Denvention (August, 1981) and that will be The End.

The IguanaCon publications had been, from the very beginning, beset with difficulties. Arrangements with printers and typesetters fell through under the most trying circumstances imaginable, and communications among the staff became much more difficult (and expensive) in 1977, when Bill Patterson moved to San Francisco and Tim Kyger temporarily relocated to Dayton. The ERA boycott and subsequent to-ings and fro-ings caught us completely unprepared during the makeup of PR 3, and it had to be redone *three* times to accommodate the changes precipitated by the political crisis, putting it nearly two months off schedule.

IguanaCon’s perennial financial crisis also had a big impact on publications, and it looked for a while, in the summer of 1978, as if we wouldn’t have a program book. The ad rates, set in 1976, barely paid for the pages the ads appeared on, so subsidies for the publications were enormous, as is evident from our financial statement. The situation was further complicated by the slow — very slow — payment for professional ads... some of which are still outstanding.

It became evident that the large PRs were largely a waste of time. They absorbed the creative energy of two people on a

full-time basis for two years — and that energy could have been put to better use in other aspects of the preconvention work. They also absorbed a great deal of money which could have been used elsewhere. The publications budget was the largest aspect of IguanaCon's finances ... and it didn't have to be. Both Tim Kyger and Bill Patterson now agree that if they had it to do over again, they would have taken the Webberts' advice and issued eight-page information sheets, instead. The large PR, although very nice, is *not* worth the effort it takes to produce it.

PROGRAMMING

Nothing happened in programming for nearly two years. Then, overnight, we had a complete program.

Zowie!

We had put up a good front in publications ... but exactly how much of an sf convention *can* you program more than six months in advance?

Not much.

It came down to nail-biting time six months before the convention. Curt Stubbs had earlier moved out of programming to fill the hotel liaison hole Greg's resignation had left, and Jim Corrick was coming under pressure from his doctoral committee to finish his dissertation. Most of the pro-oriented programming had already been set up, and M. R. Hildebrand had put together a dynamite specialty-program for a room in the Adams to be called "A Place of Our Own." But the bulk of the programming had yet to be done. So agonies of despair went out over the transcontinental wires, and Patrick Nielsen Hayden agreed to put the remainder together for us, coming out to Phoenix in June.

By June, the pro-oriented program appeared to be well in hand, Gay Miller had good control of the Green Room preparations, and M. R. Hildebrand's feminist program-track was locked down tight. But where was the rest of the program? Omniscient Patrick Nielsen Hayden patted our collective heads and assured us it would happen, as if by magic. And it did. Except that we were there and saw how the magic works. It goes like this:

For nigh unto two years, the programmers sit on their behinds and smile benevolently while collecting suggestions, looking over past convention programs, and occasionally doodling something that looks as if it might grow into a salt crystal someday.

Three months before the convention, they begin to earn their egoboo. They go to daily meetings with the hotel staff; charts bloom on the walls; gridworks detailing every available foot of space and every available minute of programming time. Day by day, the blanks are filled in. A notebook of seating capacities, set-up instructions for the hotel staff, panelists, and performers grows to mammoth proportions. And finally, a month before the convention, Patrick handed the typesetter this mammoth book and said "there's the program. Set it." Dismay. *That* much? There would be changes during the month — last minute decisions to come or stay away — which altered the program in detail. Patrick smiled benevolently. None of this mattered. We received a collective head pat. Our telephone bill for the month skyrockets to \$4000. We did not see Patrick for three weeks. He had been almost living at the hotel, creeping in, exhausted, in the wee hours. Mysterious telephone calls and letters begin arriving — from the most unlikely people...

And, suddenly, it's *show* time. The black-filled charts disappear along with Patrick — again. He is seen occasionally during the convention, darting from room to room, personally checking each set-up. Gay Miller's charm is working overtime in the Green Room. And Jim Corrick benignly super-

vises his portion — the pro-oriented program. All locked down and staying that way. The FanCabaret gets underway. We catch Patrick on the run. He smiles benevolently. "I told you so," he says, but does not pat collectively, as we snarl at him. Such Godlike wisdom. Such sweat.

So *that's* what programming is like...

We did receive the traditional groans about multi-track programming fairly early in the game, but we ultimately decided, as Patrick put it, to "err on the side of overprogramming, rather than underprogramming," and to try to provide Something for Everyone. We tried to avoid scheduling programs of similar interest opposite each other, but it was a big program — and sometimes the exigencies of time and space won out over grit and determination.

Patrick wishes to note in particular that the "dialogue" format of programming had not previously been used since NY-Con 2, and that the three dialogues at Iggy seemed to work out particularly well.

ON THE OTHER HAND...MEMBERSHIPS

Memberships and Registration is one of those Thankless Tasks That Must Be Done but that reap little in the way of glory, recognition or general egoboo. Carol DePriest is one of the most put-upon people on the Iggy concom. For two long years, she had received the fevered scribbblings of attendees and concom and patiently created Order Out Of Chaos. The membership numbers mounted. A thousand to start with; then two thousand ... three thousand ... four thousand ... a look of quietly-desperate exhaustion appeared on her face ... *Six thousand members?* Argh! It's a thankless job. Carol don't get *no respect!*

The job of registration began on Monday, two days before the con opened. Carol checked into the hotel early and began coordinating with the on-site treasury operations, while Unindicted Co-Conspirator Allen Bostick played sorcerer's apprentice with twenty or thirty incipient gophers and got the membership packets stuffed.

And then tables went up. Fortunately, we had the help of several little old ladies from the Phoenix Convention Bureau and the very able assistance of Lee Smoire and Lynne Aronson.

IguanaCon registration was a tiring and complicated business. By the time it was over, including nearly a thousand one-day memberships, the registration rolls came damn-near *seven thousand members* — 6,998 was the *unofficial* count on Saturday night. In the chaos following the convention, some of the documentation was lost, so there are *no* "official" figures, alas. In any case, Iggy was the largest worldcon to 1978. That meant a terrific workload for Carol, and we all appreciate the signal service she gave.

You should never take the support services for granted again ...

TREASURY

Treasury is one of the most sensitive functions of the convention, and, in a sense, the internal organization of the on-site operations is built around the needs of Treasury. Sharon Alban Maples became IguanaCon's Treasurer and She Who Must Be Obeyed in late July, 1978, and began the difficult work of setting up for the convention almost immediately. She had inherited a mess, since we were in the process of switching over to a cost-center, multiple-entry accounting system when she took office, and the work was only partially completed. Arrangements for the on-site Treasury operations were non-existent.

Sharon was more than equal to the task. Within a week, she had located the necessary help in a resourceful and dedi-

cated local accountant, Bruce Farr, who was to become Sharon's Main Man at and after the convention, and Elder Statesman Joe Lattin, who gave much good advice before the convention and helped with set-up on-site.

We've mentioned before the financial constraints on the IguanaCon committee, but only those who attended the con-com meetings in the summer of 1978 are fully aware how serious that crisis was. In fact, there was one dread moment in July when our best projections turned negative, and it looked as if we would be thousands of dollars short of the necessary funds to open the convention. Fortunately — or unfortunately, depending on how you look at it — our first treasurers had ratholed several thousands of dollars without telling anyone. When we found the several thousands of dollars in unaccounted-for funds, there was truly joy in Mudville.

The surplus was sorely needed: we were spending money like water in the last weeks before the con, and at the con, itself.

In part, the underfunding of Iggy was accident; in part it was the result of poor planning. It is traditional for the site-selection membership rates to be set rather low — in 1976, they were \$5.00 — to encourage voting. The fact that the bid was so hotly contested at MidAmeriCon meant that we had sold a whopping 30% of our originally-expected memberships — almost a thousand — at something like \$10.50 a head net *loss*. In order to encourage early memberships, the con-com — over Carol's strenuous objections — extended the \$7.50 membership rate for something like four months. The encouragement seems to have worked: we sold more than a thousand more at a break-even price. When the rates went up to \$15 in April, 1977, we were still in the theoretical hole. A third factor contributing to the shortfall was the enormous subsidies for publications — which were completely unplanned-for. Advertising for the progress reports does not, contrary to expectations, fall into the con-com's hands. There are, we realized at the time, vast and untapped sources for ad revenues — but going after those sources is a major undertaking; no one could spare the time and attention to do it properly. And the advertising — particularly the professional advertising for the program book — was very slow in paying for the ads.

Most of the outstanding advertising accounts receivable were not cleared up until last year — a contributing factor among the many reasons we did not issue this report for Sea-Con or Noreascon.

Furthermore, our ad rates were set unrealistically low; they were planned so that the fan ads would pay for the printing of the page they were on, while the professional ads would pay for one other page. But the shifting-around of printing contracts meant we had higher — much higher — printing costs in 1978 than in 1976, when our first contract was signed, and we wound up subsidising fan advertising. And we won't even mention may-she-rot-in-Hell-forever Diane Nobel. Unfortunately, cheeseparing makes one more susceptible to lowlifes. Never trust the low-bid method. Look where it's gotten the U.S. government...

We could go on and on, but the sum of it is simple: things were *really* tight coming down to the wire. After the convention, of course, money poured in, and we've had a lot of fun passing it along to the usual — and some unusual — fannish charities.

Sharon has presided over all this fooforaw with grace and not a little patience, and despite the fact that she is One of Us, we want to give her special thanks and good luck relocating this year in Florida. Any of you who worked for IguanaCon and received a rebate of your membership owe it to Sharon's diligence, so give her a good strong kiss. She deserves it — and encourages the kisses.

OPERATIONS

IguanaCon was very fortunate — perhaps undeservedly fortunate — to have two very capable people running operations: Gary Farber and Kate Schaefer. The committee owes particular gratitude to them for pulling our chestnuts out of the fire in early August, when we had to replace Rusty Hevelin. It is thanks to their good offices and connections that Iggy had an operations staff.

Operations is one of those hard-to-define but absolutely essential support services which do not receive sufficient public attention. In outline, the job is simplicity itself: see that everything goes according to plan, or close enough that it doesn't matter. In detail, the job is overwhelmingly complicated, involving coordinating a cadre of troubleshooters, both fixed and floating, a radio network, and every aspect of the convention's activity with Security, Programming, Personnel, and Treasury. The heart of the operation is the Shift Supervisor — the person in charge — who has to keep all the eggs in the air and be able to pinpoint every administrator and troubleshooter at any given moment. It's a wearing and confusing job — frustrating because it *can't* be done as thoroughly as it should be done.

Looking over the Operations Log is always an adventure, because we're always finding out about things that happened which we didn't know about, because they were taken care of with efficiency and dispatch *before* they could become major problems. The program book and pocket program don't tell half the story of What Happened at Iggy. The Operations viewpoint of the highlights of the convention goes something like this:

TUESDAY

The convention hasn't even opened yet when the first problem occurs: an infamous east-coast fan signs a restaurant check in the name of a visiting overseas fan who, when located, declines to honor the check signed by the infamous east-coast fan. The matter is resolved by showing the infamous east-coast fan the door, and booting him out of it. The hotel agrees to absorb the debt charged by the IECF. An elegantly-drawn graffiti appears on men's room doors in the Convention Center. The Convention Center *loves* the art — but charges us to have it removed, anyway.

WEDNESDAY

The convention opens rather smoothly, and on time, too. The Art Show hangings are found not to fit together properly. A deputation is sent out to buy more pipe and fittings; they return to find out the fittings *do* fit together properly. The Art Show hangings are set up. The Fire Marshall comes in to take a look. The Art Show hangings are set down. Opening time for the Art Show arrives — and passes. The Huckster's Room opens on time. Everyone is amazed. A woman walks through a plate glass door, slashing her face. The hotel agrees that we are not responsible. Harlan arrives very late and parks way the hell and gone across the convention center from the hotel, where he'll be a much harder to find target for sharpshooters.

THURSDAY

Flurry of activity getting Harlan set up in the Hyatt Atrium in his tent. Frantic calls are made to

the Mayor's office to get a Special Dispensation for Harlan's RV to park on the street by the Hyatt in a pay parking zone. The mayor, whose kids read SF, and who is an ardent ERA supporter, agrees. She sends over the Police to put a paper bag over the parking meter. Water balloons, paper airplanes, and a chair are dropped from the top of the Hyatt Atrium to the floor below.

FRIDAY

Harlan catches two kids blowing smoke at the Hyatt elevator fire detectors. The kids live. A major drug bust is resolved.

SATURDAY

All hell breaks loose. A gun is confiscated from an overzealous convention Security person. The gun gets locked in the Treasury safe; this makes Sharon Maples feel *real* good. A large portion of the security staff walks off the job, and are then talked back *into* the job. This makes Sharon feel real, real good. During the evening, reports of serious vandalism in the Hyatt come into convention HQ. The gopher staff gets up a ransom fund for Tim Kyger's cat; the cat is being held a political prisoner by Curt Stubbs.

SUNDAY

Staff meeting with the Hyatt Hotel management over the vandalism in the Hyatt on Saturday night. The vandalism has been extensive. We point out to the hotel that their security logs show that many non-convention attendees were in the hotel that night, and that such vandalism that had happened was highly unusual for sf convention attendees. They were asked to look that fact up. The hotel intends to stick us with charges for the damages, anyway.

MONDAY

Convention almost over. Chairman is thrown into the Hyatt pool — twice.

TUESDAY

The convention is over, but there are still hundreds of fans in the hotels. Everything is hauled down and deposited helter-skelter on the lawn of the Garrett. Pat Mueller single-handedly directs and organizes the tear-down of the convention.

A NOTE ABOUT THE HOTELS

For the Adams Hotel we have nothing but high regard. Their courtesy and cooperation, filtered through their Most Excellent representative Rose Angulo, was of the utmost help, before, after, and especially *during* the convention.

Jayann Kelley of the Hyatt was also helpful and cooperative, occasionally dragging one of us away to feed us, responding to emergency requests and last-minute changes with grace and calm.

PATRICK NIELSEN HAYDEN WOULD LIKE IT KNOWN ...

...that Jim Corrick is responsible for the major portion of IguanaCon's program. Jim's Doctoral Committee, in early 1978, let Jim know that they'd rather see a finished thesis out of Jim than to see a finished IguanaCon program. Jim handed the program, then about three quarters completed, to Patrick. All Patrick did, says Patrick, was to "fill in the holes." Jim retained control of much of the program, and he and Gay Miller consti-

tuted the IguanaCon Hugo Awards Subcommittee. In other words, Jim Corrick worked his ass off for IguanaCon — and he doesn't get much credit for it.

Here, in this final PR, Jim *will* get credit. Thank you, Jim, for a fine job.

MISCELLANEOUS ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

IguanaCon would like to thank NBC and Columbia Pictures for the PR5 cover photograph. The IguanaCon Convention Committee would like to single out a few people for an extra helping of egoboo for Service Above and Beyond the Call. We speak of: Bill Patterson, Sharon Maples, Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Gary Farber, and Kate Schaefer.

We would also like to acknowledge with gratitude the special contributions of (in no special order) Glen Blankenship, who actually brought off the FanCabaret, to everyone's surprise; Ben Yalow, for his cool head; Willie Siros, for dedication to the film program; Phil Paine, for services too varied and useful to be believed, let alone detailed; Bruce Farr, for countless accounting hours; John Singer, Lise Eisenberg, and Suzanne Tompkins for allowing themselves to be hoodwinked into helping in the Mimeo Room; and Brian Earl Brown for taking over the daily newsletter, *Fewmets*.

Finally, the Concom owes an inestimable debt of gratitude to Teresa Nielsen Hayden for innumerable support services performed from 1976 all the way through the convention, but especially during That Summer; and to Anna Vargo we award the Order of Hero of the Garrett, with clusters of lentils and rice. Thanks also to Victor and Barbara Nielsen, who donated their car for the committee's use the whole summer of 1978, a not-inconsiderable favor, okay? We put thousands of miles on the Flying Bathtub, and they deserve some credit.

And — if you worked at IguanaCon — *Thank you!*

AFTER THE CONVENTION

Major work commenced again after the convention was over, with Pat Mueller doing most of the work in Phoenix. Pat had served at Iggy as Office Manager — a frustrating, confusing, demanding, and unrewarding job, and she is responsible for our being organized after the convention. The Convention Committee owes Pat Mueller a *tremendous* debt of gratitude. C'mon, now; if you meet her at a convention, *thank* her — and they buy her a Tab.

Sharon and Bruce Farr got IguanaCon's books together after the convention in a series of marathon sessions and we finally had a chance to see where we were financially at the Board of Directors meeting held at WesterCon in July, 1979. At that time, the B of D started to make decision about what IguanaCon money would be dispersed and to whom. Please see the financial statement. And that brings us, in time, around to Denvention and this final PR.

IGUANACON II FINANCIAL REPORT

Sharon Alban Maples, the IguanaCon II Treasurer, has this to say about the financial report:

The main thing to consider about the IguanaCon books are that until July of 1978 — they just plain didn't exist at all. Before July 1978 the only "books" that existed were a check register, a box of unsorted and unnotated receipts, and various bank records. As a result of this, our books took forever to compile — and are not guaranteed to be accurate before July 1978.

The figures given for membership breakdown are only *approximate*. No records for accounting purposes were kept prior to July 1978. The membership breakdown is, however, not *that* far off the mark.

Finally, our Convention Accountant, Bruce Farr, must be singled out for praise. Bruce has put in many long and arduous hours. We hereby award him the Zero Mostel Creative Accounting Award. Bruce deserves a pat on the head from IguanaCon. Pat, pat. If you meet him at a convention, buy him a blank videotape.

A more detailed financial report is available from Sharon Maples.

And now, the *dry* figures ...

INCOME

Memberships	\$76,222.00	
Ad Revenues	7,857.07	
Art Auction Revenue	6,237.12	
Huckster's Room Revenues	5,822.50	
Roast Revenue	15,022.84	
Savings Interest	<u>1,071.07</u>	
<i>Gross Income</i>		\$111,966.60

EXPENSES

General Convention Support	\$15,675.79	
Memberships	8,814.55	
Publications	24,456.20	
Programming	9,964.98	
Independent Functions	28,074.26	
Operations	<u>19,676.58</u>	
<i>Total Expenses</i>		\$106,662.36

NET INCOME

\$ 5,304.24

MEMBERSHIP BREAKDOWN

(all non-money figures, alas, are *approximate*.)

Type	Amount	Quantity	Revenue
Full, presupporting	\$ 4.00	68	\$ 272
Full	5.00	1,217	6,085
Full	7.50	494	3,705
Full	15.00	933	13,995
Full	20.00	1,173	23,460
Full (at door)	25.00	800	20,000
One-days	7.50	860	6,450
Supporting	7.00	<u>311</u>	<u>2,177</u>
Total accounted for		5,856	\$76,144
Total revenue			\$76,222
Unaccounted for			\$ 78

ART AUCTION

Total Sales (includes registration fees)	\$32,955.63
Less: Artist's commissions	24,956.85
Administration	<u>1,761.66</u>
Art Auction Revenue	6,237.12
Art Show Expenses	<u>4,419.49</u>
<i>Net Result (net of auction and art show)</i>	\$ 1,187.63

ROAST

Gross Income	\$15,022.84
Less: Hyatt charges	14,321.29
Donation — National Organisation for Women	313.62
Donation — <i>Unearth Magazine</i> Administration	313.62
	<u>74.31</u>
<i>Net Result</i>	<u>- 0 -</u>

DISBURSEMENTS

Note: Not all of the post-IguanaCon disbursements are listed here. We wanted to get this report *out* — so we didn't wait to get the necessary accounting information together for this section of the final PR. Sharon Maples is in the process of moving to Florida, and, alas, she packed up all the records, and sent them to her new home.

SASFFA	\$300	Membership reimbursements to
PhringeCon	\$200	people who worked on IguanaCon
NoreasCon II	\$500	or who were on the program
NASFiC	\$500	PR5
SeaCon '79	\$500	Party at NoreasCon II
FAAn Awards	\$200	Audio tapes of IguanaCon for the
DUFF	\$200	SF Aural History Association
TAFF	\$200	
GUFF	\$200	

AFTERTHOUGHTS AND BEARDMUTTERINGS

It's been a long, hard haul from February, 1976 to September 1980, but it's also been well worth the effort, we think. We started out green as grass, offended lots of people needlessly, and wound up reinventing the wheel again and again. But now that the IguanaCon Committee has gone through the Trial by Combat of a World Science Fiction Convention, we'd like to make a few reflections on the state of the curious thing known as a WorldCon.

In most respects, IguanaCon was typical of the large-scale worldcon as it has evolved over the last ten years or so. We *tried* to be innovative — but there is a tremendous inertia in the worldcon. The worldcon is become an institution encrusted with special interests, power blocs, and Tradition — the most inertia-laden millstone of all.

One thing is certain: the organising and operations work of the present-day worldcon is *much* too hard on the staff. The length of the program and the volume of the membership has produced a work-load far beyond spare-time capacity; it has grown into a full-time job without pay. Larger fandoms than Phoenix's can divide the work into smaller increments among many more people — but this is a stop-gap measure. It *must* be viewed as a stop-gap measure, because otherwise this process assures that only the largest fandoms (such as, say, New York's or Chicago's) may thus hold a worldcon — even though there may be many other cities with smaller fandoms with adequate convention facilities to field a world science fiction convention. Something *can* be done about this work-load growth. It is a procedure that we considered, but we were hampered by the lack of preconvention money. The clerical workload of a world science fiction convention should be farmed out to a paid full time clerical employee of the convention. A full time clerical worker could immensely reduce the load of drudgework which

otherwise must be undertaken by the people on the con committee, who could be doing something else.

We are not here to advocate or even recommend this course of action, but we *would* like to suggest that it, and other related topics be *discussed*. The worldcon has a reputation for splitting up marriages and friendships, burning up its staff, and driving the people who work on worldcons into gafiation. The IguanaCon Committee has not been free from these effects. There is no reason that the worldcon should continue to burn up and throw away fandom's best people.

As a second point for debate, we'd like to suggest that the WorldCon has outgrown its original fee structure. A simple division of the outgo figures in the IguanaCon financial statement by the rough number of members of IguanaCon (yes we know that the membership figures are only approximate) indicates that the average cost to IguanaCon per convention member was in the area of \$15.00. It is absurd that the rate should escalate from \$5.00 to \$50.00 over the course of two years. Every early member under a convention's break even membership fee is a net liability to that worldcon.

This is not what we would call sound financial structure. Worldcons are now in the absurd position of eking out pre-convention expenses on a hand to mouth basis, and *then* being deluged with money. The ConCom, after the convention is over, must account for and dispose of all this excess cash. This is not fair to anybody, especially those people who paid in that excess cash at the door of the convention, or in the last few months before the convention.

The obvious solution is to abolish the exalating member-

ship fee and operate on a uniform fee-per-member basis, as all conventions outside our insular microcosm operate. We are sure that there must be many practical problems to be worked out — but the worldcon *must* begin to operate on a less haphazard basis in order to survive as a viable institution in the future. WorldCons with 7,000 attendees or more cannot be run on any other basis than as a small business.

**THE WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION
HAS BECOME ONE OF THE LARGEST
ANNUAL CONVENTIONS IN THE WORLD.**

SCHWANNENGESANG

We did this final PR mostly to encourage the issuance of post-con PR's in the future. We hope that NoreasCon II and Denvention will continue this practice (but hopefully on a more timely basis than we have managed).

In any case, Iggy was one hell of an experience. We're glad it's over. In the words of Martin Mull — "So long — it's been real."

**"...Some got wiser, but you just got older.
It doesn't matter anyway — and that's the hell of it.
...you're better off dead. Goodbye! Goodbye!"**

—Paul Williams
"The Hell of It"
Phantom of the Paradise

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- open vehicles, installations and habitats to search by any Earth government of the international space regime

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