

*World
Science Fiction
Convention*

1939 RETRO HUGO AWARDS



1939 Retro Hugo Awards Ceremony Programme

Contributions:

The Retro Hugo Awards Ceremony - Helen Montgomery & John Brown

The Brideshead Ballroom Stompers - Helen Montgomery

1938: The Year Everything Got Different - Frederik Pohl

First Fandom Recalls the 1939 World Science Fiction Convention -
article edited by John L. Coker, III

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Centerfold artwork by Frank R. Paul

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The 1939 Retro Hugo Awards Ceremony

Welcome to the first of two fantastic Hugo Award events that will be hosted by Loncon 3. The Retro Hugo Awards Ceremony celebrates the science fiction that attendees would have known at the time of the very first Worldcon held in New York 75 years ago. The Hugo Awards have been presented at Worldcons since 1953, but that means that a lot of earlier works - some by very famous names - have not had their chance to be awarded this prestigious honour. The Retro Hugo Awards seeks to redress that balance and showcase the wealth of talent on show at the time.

And we intend to have some fun whilst doing it!

Tonight, we will try and take you back to 1939, complete with period costumes, retro-futuristic stylings, and live music from the Brideshead Ballroom Stompers. Your hosts for the evening reflect the transatlantic nature of this affair with Mary Robinette Kowal and Rob Shearman representing their respective countries and creating a memorable New York / London fusion.

There will be surprises throughout and - should you wish to stay on - the evening will culminate in a swing dance that will go on into the small hours!

The Brideshead Ballroom Stompers

Specialising in the Jazz Age music of the 1920s and the swing music of the 1930s, the Brideshead Ballroom Stompers also provide all the elegance and humour of that era. This 10-piece band came together for the 2008 movie adaptation of *Brideshead Revisited*, when they re-created the famous ballroom scene filmed at Castle Howard. Using musicians from the Glenn Miller Orchestra (UK), Syd Lawrence Orchestra, and the Pasadena Roof Orchestra, and under the musical direction of Matt Ball, the Brideshead Ballroom Stompers are in great demand and we are very pleased to have them at the 1939 Retro Hugo Awards.

After the ceremony, the Stompers will be providing music for a swing dance here in the Auditorium. Take a short break, change into your dancing shoes, and come back to join us for the first official dance of Loncon 3!



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1938: The Year When Everything Got Different

Frederik Pohl

I was meditating on the subject of why some years seem to bring in a new geological age while others seem only to prolong a status quo, when I suddenly realized that there was one particular year in my own lifespan when the change of the calendar changed all our worlds at once. I can see the working of that phenomenon most clearly in the case of that revolutionary twelve-month 1938. My dear friend Isaac Asimov and I had long before decided that that year, or one nearby, would be the time when both he and I cast off our fannish plumage and revealed ourselves as SF pros assoluto.

“Writer” had a lilting beauty as descriptor of our futures. “Editor” conveyed... a certain majesty. “Publisher” was more majestic still, although our specific dreams were clouded by the fact that neither of us had ever met a publisher nor found any clue to what high-level activity such a person might perform to earn his no-doubt-sizable weekly paycheck. “Artist”? Glamorous but too confining. “Book reviewer”? “Editorial writer”? Of course not. Those people never got their names on the cover.

Then genius spoke, and one of us said to the other. “There are all these pros right across the river. Let’s ask them!” Why not? Why otherwise would fate have placed them on the planet with the most SF professionals in the universe?



Fred Pohl – photo © Andrea Bauer

And they all answered — construing “they” to mean almost anyone on the payroll before 1938 changed their lives. Isaac picked John Campbell to query, having thought to write a story to show the manuscript to the editor to start the ball rolling. John detected the ms. in John’s hand, read it swiftly, and rejected it with a 45-minute lecture on how not to write SF. Isaac then wrote another story, which produced the same experience. The third one, however, Campbell bought, thus quickly promoting Isaac to the status of professional writer.

"But what about me, you ask?" There was only one John Campbell. It wouldn't have been fair for me to copy Isaac's gambit. So I didn't. Instead I visited four or five other editors — of *Thrilling Wonder*, *Weird Tales* and others—and I asked all of them the same question: "I see you spending most of your time reading SF stories. I do the same thing, only I don't become a professional because I don't get paid for it. Would you like to hire me as your assistant so I could be a professional too?" And each one of them gave me the same answer: "Oh, if we only could! But there's no budget for an assistant, so we're both out of luck."

Pretty dejected, I turned to leave. But then that last editor, whose name was Robert Erisman, said, "Wait a minute. There is a rumour that Harry Steeger, way down at the other end of 42d Street, is going to bring out a bunch of low-paying pulps. Why don't you go see Harry and ask if he'd like to give one of them to you to edit?"

That sounded like the best idea I have ever heard, so I did. And Mr. Steeger said, "Why not"? And so that was how 1938 became the year when both Isaac and I changed over from fans to pros.

Article © Frederik Pohl 2013



Members of First Fandom Recall the 1939 World Science Fiction Convention

Comments edited by John L. Coker, III

Forrest J Ackerman

When I started off for the first World Science Fiction Convention, I was 22 years old. I was a shy, tongue-tied, introverted kid. I got as far as Chicago, where we had a two-hour delay before going on to New York. I had quite a tussle with myself. I thought "I just don't know. Do I really dare go on?" I might be sitting in a little crowd and somebody might notice me, and they might say "Ladies and gentlemen, yes, it's Forrest Ackerman. Won't you stand, Mr. Ackerman?" I would be paralyzed. I was so anxious to attend the first of all World Science Fiction Conventions that I mustered up my courage and went on.

At the end of the line in New York, I got off and there was a little group of fans, the late Donald A. Wollheim among them. And one fifteen-year-old kid who was dribbling cigarette ashes down his paunch looked me up and down disdainfully and said, "So you're the Forrest Ackerman who's been writing all

of those ridiculous letters to the science fiction magazines." And the man who was to collaborate with Fred Pohl on *The Space Merchants*—Cyril Kornbluth—punched me in the stomach. Welcome to fun city.

For this I came 3,000 miles.

It had never occurred to me that at a first World Science Fiction Convention everybody wouldn't come as future men from Frank R. Paul paintings or as vampires or something. The science fiction lady fan of the day named Myrtle Douglas, who used the name "Morojo" in Esperanto, made a futuristic costume for me. It was sort of like Clark Kent when he steps into the telephone booth and comes out with a Superman suit. When I got into that costume, I walked the streets of New York with little children crying out that it was Flash Gordon or Buck Rogers.

I went to the aftermath convention where the excluded half a dozen fans participated

45] Ackerman (New York, July 2, 1939) (Photograph by Charles D. Hornig)



and I met Isaac Asimov for the first time. What I remember particularly about that little rump convention was the very seriousness of the fans. They said that if you consider that this convention that was just held was meant for socializing and getting autographs, for shaking hands and meeting fellow fans and authors, then you can say that it was a success. But if you feel that the first time that nearly 200 science fiction individuals got together there should have been some kind of motions made that we go on record as being against war or for space or something, you could say that it was a failure. They left it up to those who were considering the convention whether it was a success or a failure.

I went out to the World's Fair, and I had never spoken on a microphone, particularly in public. But, there was a platform and they were inviting people - from Scandinavia and Russia and China, wherever they had come from - to address the world in their native language. I had a quixotic notion. I had learned Esperanto, so I went up to the microphone and in Esperanto I explained that I was a time traveller from the future, where we all spoke this international language. As long as I was in that futuristic costume I had enough nerve to perform.

Sam Moskowitz

I think that I should give a little background on the origin of the Convention and the so-called Exclusion Act. There was a one-day convention held in New York in February 1937, sponsored by the International Scientific Association (ISA), which had among its members Donald A. Wollheim, Frederik Pohl, Robert Lowndes, Jack Gillespie, Richard Wilson, and others in the group that later became the Futurians. They had about 40 people there, and it was very successful from the standpoint that there were quite a few authors who showed up. They realized that putting on a convention was possible. They voted to form a committee to investigate the possibility of putting on a world convention, but it never held a meeting.

Early in 1938, the ISA was dissolved by Wollheim, Pohl, and Cyril Kornbluth, and they also dissolved the committee that was supposed to investigate the World Science Fiction Convention. In May 1938, together with Will Sykora, I put on what was to be the first National Science Fiction Convention. In other words, we were trying to get people from a distance to come in to Newark, New Jersey. We got 125 people there, and we figured that it was such a phenomenal success that maybe we would go on for a world convention.

Since the World Convention committee had been dissolved when the ISA was broken up, we formed a new one. The Futurians were very annoyed because their members were not appointed to the committee. They claimed prior right to the World Convention, and wanted to usurp the convention committee. So, I did something very quickly.



1939 RETRO HUGO

BEST NOVEL (208 ballots)

- Carson of Venus by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Argosy, February 1938)
- Galactic Patrol by E. E. Smith (Astounding Stories, February 1938)
- The Legion of Time by Jack Williamson (Astounding Science-Fiction, July 1938)
- Out of the Silent Planet by C. S. Lewis (The Bodley Head)
- The Sword in the Stone by T. H. White (Collins)

BEST NOVELLA (125 ballots)

- Anthem by Ayn Rand (Cassell)
- "A Matter of Form" by H. L. Gold (Astounding Science-Fiction, December 1938)
- "Sleepers of Mars" by John Beynon [John Wyndham] (Tales of Wonder, March 1938)
- "The Time Trap" by Henry Kuttner (Marvel Science Stories, November 1938)
- "Who Goes There?" by Don A. Stuart [John W. Campbell] (Astounding Science-Fiction, August 1938)

BEST NOVELETTE (80 ballots)

- "Dead Knowledge" by Don A. Stuart [John W. Campbell] (Astounding Stories, January 1938)
- "Hollywood on the Moon" by Henry Kuttner (Thrilling Wonder Stories, April 1938)
- "Pigeons From Hell" by Robert E. Howard (Weird Tales, May 1938)
- "Rule 18" by Clifford D. Simak (Astounding Science-Fiction, July 1938)
- "Werewoman" by C. L. Moore (Leaves #2, Winter 1938)

BEST SHORT STORY (108 ballots)

- "The Faithful" by Lester del Rey (Astounding Science-Fiction, April 1938)
- "Helen O'Loy" by Lester del Rey (Astounding Science-Fiction, December 1938)
- "Hollerbochen's Dilemma" by Ray Bradbury (Imagination!, January 1938)
- "How We Went to Mars" by Arthur C. Clarke (Amateur Science Stories, March 1938)
- "Hyperpilosity" by L. Sprague de Camp (Astounding Science-Fiction, April 1938)

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION (SHORT FORM) (137 ballots)

- Around the World in Eighty Days by Jules Verne. Written & directed by Orson Welles (The Mercury Theater on the Air, CBS)



AWARD NOMINEES

- A Christmas Carol by Charles Dickens. Written & directed by Orson Welles (The Campbell Playhouse, CBS)
- Dracula by Bram Stoker. Written by Orson Welles and John Houseman, directed by Orson Welles (The Mercury Theater on the Air, CBS)
- R. U. R. by Karel Čapek. Produced by Jan Bussell (BBC)
- The War of the Worlds by H. G. Wells. Written by Howard Koch & Anne Froelick, directed by Orson Welles (The Mercury Theater on the Air, CBS)

BEST EDITOR - SHORT FORM (99 ballots)

- John W. Campbell
- Walter H. Gillings
- Raymond A. Palmer
- Mort Weisinger
- Farnsworth Wright

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST (86 ballots)

- Margaret Brundage
- Virgil Finlay
- Frank R. Paul
- Alex Schomburg
- H. W. Wesso

BEST FANZINE (42 ballots)

- Fantascience Digest edited by Robert A. Madle
- Fantasy News edited by James V. Taurasi
- Imagination! edited by Forrest J Ackerman, Morojo, and T. Bruce Yerke
- Novae Terrae edited by Maurice K. Hanson
- Tomorrow edited by Douglas W. F. Mayer

BEST FAN WRITER (50 ballots)

- Forrest J Ackerman
- Ray Bradbury
- Arthur Wilson "Bob" Tucker
- Harry Warner, Jr.
- Donald A. Wollheim

I had published a fan magazine called *Helios*, and had a manuscript bureau in which I provided manuscripts free of charge to fan magazines that couldn't get material. I was offered the Science Fiction Advancement Association (SFAA), which had been formed about two years earlier by C. Hamilton Bloomer out on the West Coast. I took it over and combined all of the materials, then went to the editors and told them that we had an official association of about 90 members that had been in business for two years. This was the coup de grâce: included in our membership were all of the Futurians who had been members of the SFAA. I said that there was no problem, we were all united on this. So the editors threw their full support behind us.

The main objective of the Futurians was to have speeches about Communism made at the Convention. They wanted the Convention to have as its motive the sponsorship of a better world under Communism, but we didn't want anything to do with this Communist aspect. So, they immediately began a campaign against us, sending out a circular claiming that we had rented the *Metropolis* film from Nazi Germany; therefore, we were Fascists, and no one should support the Convention. Actually, we obtained the movie from the Museum of Modern Art in New York City, and the film's director, Fritz Lang, who was a Jew, had to flee Germany so as not to be killed by the Nazis. Donald A. Wollheim wrote letters to every science fiction magazine saying that they should not support the Convention in any manner by donating artwork or attending or speaking. These letters were printed in the professional magazines.

By this time, we had a hint that they were antagonistic toward the Convention. When it opened, we had no intention of keeping them out of the Convention, but David A. Kyle showed up with a booklet called *The Warning*, which said that all members of the Convention committee were Fascists and that there would be no democratic procedures at the Convention.



When I arrived there, the Futurians had tried to get in but because of this booklet and the former problems, Taurasi and Sykora had not permitted them entrance. I went downstairs to talk to them and found under a radiator six booklets of Communistic literature, which I appropriated. I told the Futurians that if they would

First National Science Fiction Convention (Newark, 1938)

L-R: Otis Adelbert Kline, Frank Belknap Long, R. D. Swisher, John W. Campbell, Jr., Otto Binder, L. Sprague de Camp, Dr. John D. Clark, Manly Wade Wellman (Photograph provided by Robert A. Madle)

promise not to disrupt the Convention, I would let them in. They said that they would make no such promise. I said that I would let in anyone willing to make the promise. Isaac Asimov, David A. Kyle, and Leslie Perri made the promise, so we permitted them all in. We would have permitted everyone in, but not if they were going to break up the Convention with Communist propaganda.

I made friends later with most of them. I defended Donald A. Wollheim when he put out *The Pocket Book of Science Fiction*. Everybody ripped it to shreds, but I came to his defence, saying that it was a very worthwhile effort and printed a defence in *Fantasy Commentator*. Fred Pohl bought articles from me for *Worlds of Tomorrow* and *If Magazine*. Lowndes bought material from me, and when Lowndes was unemployed and unable to get a job, I got him a job with Hugo Gernsback, which he kept until his retirement. But there are darts and bits of acrimony that have still been fired, up to the present time. Of course, they do not give you the background that I gave you, and what led up to this thing. A person doesn't suddenly stand in a doorway and say that you can't come in. There has to be a reason for it.

I'll tell you a little about the Convention. Initially, we were going to hold it on the grounds of the World's Fair. In fact, that was why we wanted a World Convention in 1939, because the World's Fair was being held in New York in Flushing Meadows, and we thought that this would be a great attraction, not only for the general public, but for the fans to come to the Convention. We approached the [management of the] World's Fair, and they were very amenable. But, they said that anyone who was going to attend the Convention [at the World's Fair] would have to pay admission for each day that they attended the Convention. The admission was 75 cents, which we found was going to be impossible. Where could fans dig up 75 cents a day for three days? Reluctantly, we decided we would rent a separate hall. We had not thought of charging admission, and if we had, it would never have been as high as 75 cents.

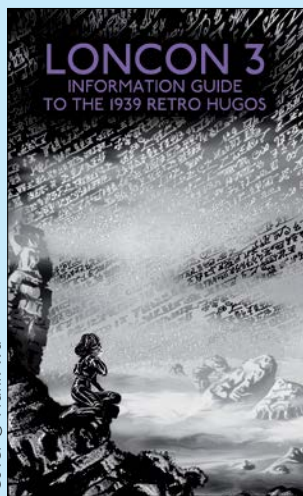
We rented a hall opposite the Plaza Hotel in New York, off Fifth Avenue. The hall was located on the second floor, and some sort of mystical group used to meet there. I think we paid about \$20 a day, or something like that. We had no hotel; we had never conceived of the idea of people coming and staying at a hotel. If they couldn't pay 75 cents to get into the World's Fair, how were they going to pay two or three dollars to stay at a hotel? What most of the fans did when they came was to stay in the homes of other fans living in the region.

We decided not to charge any admission, because the idea was to advance science fiction and get as many people to come to the Convention as we could. We had a program booklet, printed by Conrad H. Ruppert, and we sold ads for ten dollars a page. We sold booster ads for a dollar apiece. Connie charged us

\$60 to print this, with a gold leaf cover and two-colour illustrations on quality paper. I thought it was too much money, and refused to have anything to do with it. But then Julie Schwartz came up to me (he was a very good friend of Connie Ruppert's) and said that if I would give Connie the order, he would sell the \$60 worth of ads for us. So, I said that I couldn't lose with that deal, and backtracked pretty quickly. I went around with Julie to the various editors, and I think on the first day together we sold the \$60 worth of ads, and everything else we got was gravy. A. Merritt bought a full-page ad for \$10, that said, "To all of my fans, whether they like me or not". I think that Ralph Milne Farley bought a \$10 ad, and Ray Palmer as well. Some of the pages featured photos of the various authors. The program was given out free. I would say that about 300 copies were printed (we only needed 200). In addition to permitting free admission, we gave everyone a free sandwich, and a free soda. However, if you wanted water, you had to put a penny in a slot for the cup.

In order to pay for the Convention, in addition to the program booklet, we held an auction. The editors all donated artwork, original manuscripts, and science fiction magazines. I was the auctioneer, and we had so much stuff, it took two days to auction it all off. To give you an idea of the times, the highest price that any item got at the auction was for a Frank R. Paul cover from *Science Fiction*; we got \$8 for it. And, last week, the same cover was auctioned off at Sotheby's for \$8,000. And, it's not a very good cover. We could only get \$2 apiece for the Finlays, and these were bought by the manager of the hall out of pity for us, trying to raise the money. I don't think we paid him anything. I think out of the \$20 a day we paid for the hall, the hall paid him something, Heaven knows what.

Another way that we raised money for the Convention was by having volunteers publish fan magazines just for the Convention (hectograph, mimeograph, and even printed). Everybody who donated a fan magazine to the Convention would get a copy of every other fan magazine donated. A total of 17 magazines were done just for that Convention, and these were sold no place else. Since everyone printed at least 50 copies, after we deducted the 17 copies, we sold the others for a nickel or a dime, depending on how elaborate they were.



Cover © Frank Wu

The programs were arranged in an interesting way. We would size up the audience to see which famous authors and artists were there, and we'd go up to them and ask them if they would mind giving a speech. We had Mort Weisinger and John

W. Campbell give speeches, and they didn't prepare a line; they just winged it. The first announcement anywhere in the world about the publication of Lovecraft's *The Outsider* was made by Kenneth Sterling at the Convention.



The second day of the Convention was sort of a science day. We ran a picture on Einstein's Theory of Relativity, and we paid a man named Ruoy Sibley (who was supposed to be some sort of a prominent figure) \$15 for a lecture. I objected to it because we could have gotten Willy Ley to do it for nothing, and it probably would have been a better lecture. We ran the film *Metropolis*, also A. Conan Doyle's *The Lost World*, a silent picture that we had to stop part way through. *Metropolis* went over well, and showing it was considered a coup.

On the third day, we thought that we should have some entertainment, so we had a softball game. It was held out in Flushing Flats so that anyone who wanted to go to the World's Fair after the game would be only a few blocks away. We lined up teams from New York and Philadelphia ("The Queens Cometeers" and "The Philadelphia Panthers"). New York won in a pitchers' duel, 23 to 11.

One of the most memorable moments of the weekend was when Mort Weisinger took all of the members of the Convention committee and some of the prominent outside guests like Ackerman, Bradbury, and Hornig out to lunch. We had never been taken to lunch by someone rich enough to pick up a check. I still remember that I had an elaborate fruit salad, since it was summertime. After the Convention, there were sidewalk conferences for a while, which finally broke up with the golden glow.

However, the high point of the Convention was when *TIME* magazine gave us two columns, even though they were a little bit snide. Just the idea of getting a write-up in *TIME* was considered unusual. Overall, the coverage that the Convention received was fairly good, but most write-ups condemned us for keeping the Futurians out, which was the emphasis and not so much on the achievement of the Convention itself. I wrote an account of it, and so did the Futurians. I even read some English magazines that had kept three fans out of their Convention, and they condemned us for keeping the fans out.

One thing that happened at the Convention, though in retrospect I don't know if it was that great, was when Leo Margulies became so enthusiastic about the crowd that turned up that he went into a conference with Mort Weisinger in the back of the convention hall. They came up with a new science fiction

magazine: *Captain Future*. That's where it originated, right at the Convention. Edmond Hamilton was at the Convention so they probably appointed him the writer of the series.

We had a banquet following the Convention, with 32 people present. One of them was the Guest of Honour, Frank R. Paul, whose meal we paid for, but we had two deadbeats and we never found out who they were. It was a dollar apiece, and we got salad, bread and butter, lamb chops, peas, and French fries, with coffee and sherbet for dessert. It was at the Wyndham Restaurant, which to this very day is one of the fanciest restaurants in New York. How we ever swung that, I'll never know. In fact, when I arrived at the restaurant, there was a gigantic red carpet extending toward the hall, and I thought that I was in the wrong place and started to walk away. But the majordomo asked if I wanted the science fiction dinner, and said that it was in here. For the \$32 we paid, they provided a waiter, a cook, a majordomo and a manager. They had to buy the food, so how the hell did they make any money?

The Guest of Honour at the World Convention was an artist, Frank R. Paul. It is unusual, when you stop to think about it, that of all the famous authors alive at that time we selected an artist as the Guest of Honour. It was unanimous; I don't think that anybody else was considered. Frank R. Paul epitomized everything about *science fiction*.

Robert A. Madle

History records that the first science fiction convention took place in Philadelphia on October 22, 1936. On this date, a group of New York fans, representing the International Scientific Association, met with members of the Philadelphia Science Fiction League. Although only 15 were present, Donald A. Wollheim's suggestion "officially" designated this meeting as the First Convention. Furthermore, before the meeting was over, it had been decided to hold a "World Convention" in conjunction with the 1939 World's Fair.

During the next 2½ years some of the greatest events in the history of fandom occurred. Briefly, factions and feuds developed among the sponsoring groups, and fandom was rocked to its very foundations on many occasions. (These years are covered in incredible detail by Sam Moskowitz in his *The Immortal Storm* in my opinion the most important fan document ever written.) The First World Science Fiction Convention did materialize, despite everything.

Ray Bradbury

I was in high school when I joined the Science Fiction League in October 1937. I remember poking my head into the little brown room in Clifton's Cafeteria. Forry invited me in and immediately gave me a job writing for his fan magazine

Imagination. I had heard of the convention coming up, and I saved up my money. By the end of the year I had about \$90. I went to Forry and said I'd love to go to that convention and meet all of those famous people, but I can't afford the Greyhound bus. I hadn't published anything at that time. You could do a tour across the USA and back for ninety bucks on the bus. So, Forry loaned me the \$90 and I headed out for New York.



I travelled on that bus for four days and four nights cross-country with no air conditioning and no toilets. I arrived in New York City as a large gelatinous ball of gum, where I stayed at the YMCA for \$5 a week. It took me a year and a half to pay back the money that Forry had lent me, at \$2 or \$5 a week. Being at the Convention was tremendously exciting. I got to meet Edmond Hamilton, Jack Williamson, and Mort Weisinger (who bought my second story) and John W. Campbell, who was making *Astounding* more important than it had been before.

Before the Convention, I had discovered the work of a young artist named Hannes Bok who had lived for a while in Los Angeles. I was very excited when he showed me his artwork. I played chess with him and got to know him, and before he moved to Seattle he left a lot of sketchings, drawings, and paintings with me. I thought they were gorgeous. I had promised to represent him as an agent, and took the artwork with me on the bus to New York, where I showed the artwork to various editors in attendance at the con. No one wanted to hire him except for Farnsworth Wright of *Weird Tales*, who wanted him to provide cover art for \$40 or \$50 and interior illustrations for 8 bucks. I didn't telephone Hannes or send a telegraph — I couldn't afford that.

But I had this ticket back to the West Coast, so I went to Seattle and told Hannes that he had to move to New York because he was going to be a famous artist. Afterwards he packed up and left for New York City. I'm very proud to say that I got Hannes started, even though it would be two more years before my own first professional appearance...

John L. Coker, III, has collected the memoirs and thoughts of actual visitors to the 1939 World Science Fiction Convention in New York. As president of First Fandom, John is responsible for maintaining the historic archive and Loncon 3 is most grateful to him for submitting this material to us - and his permission to use it for this 1939 Retro Hugo Ceremony Programme.

Retro Hugo Awards Ceremony

Staff & Credits

Division Head for Events:	Helen Montgomery
Retro Hugo Awards Ceremony Director:	John Brown
Nominee Attendants:	Megan Frank, Paul Raj Khangure, Keri O'Brien, Jesi Pershing, Pablo Vasquez
Technical Director:	Keith Smith Sarah Stock
Deputy Technical Director:	Norman Cates
Auditorium Tech Manager:	Lia Olsborg. Andrew Suffield,
Tech Staff:	Rick Kovalcik, John Stewart, Syd Weinstein, Nene, z!, Bodo Bellut, Smurf, Ian Worrall, Simon Waldeman
Stage Manager:	Christina O'Halloran
Backstage Crew:	Jeff Fuller, Terhi Nurmikko-Fuller, Michelle Weinstein, Lisa Macklem,
House Managers:	Ariel Franklin-Hudson, Kelly Roche, Pip Downs
Hosts:	Mary Robinette Kowal, Robert Shearman Guy Masterson - Guy Masterson appears as himself, courtesy of Radio LNCN3
First Fandom Awards:	Presented by Steve Francis
Big Heart Award:	Presented by David Kyle
Retro Hugo Award:	Designed by Marina Gelineau
Official Photographer:	John O'Halloran
Hugo Administrator:	Dave McCarty
Hugo Administrative Staff:	Vince Docherty, David Gallaher, Ben Yalow
Retro Hugo Voter Packet:	Will Frank, Beth Welsh
Hugo PIN Assistance:	Leane Verhulst
Retro Hugo Awards Ceremony Programme Booklet:	Kees van Toorn
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