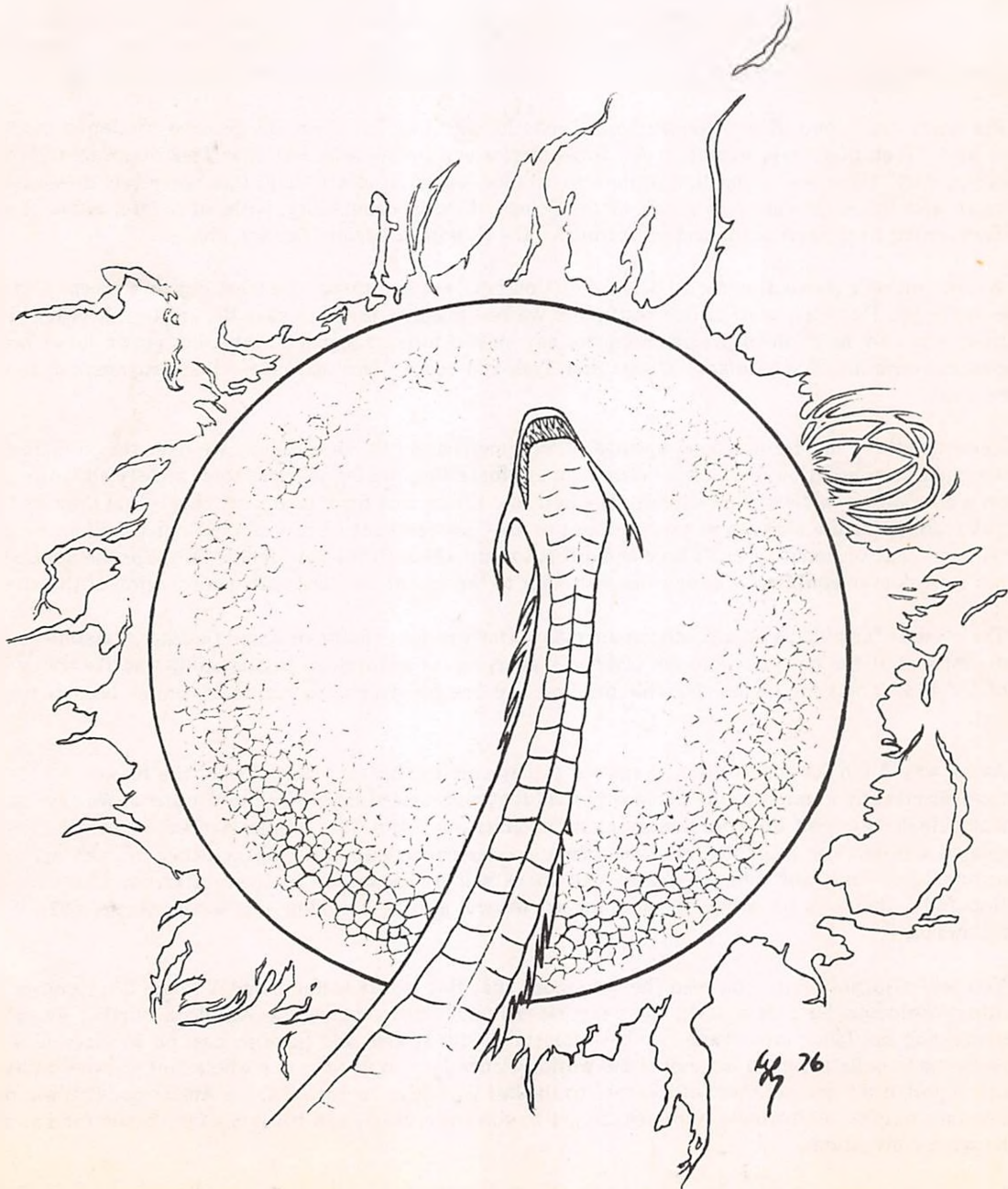


THIRTY FIFTH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION

SUNCON



CONVENTION JOURNAL 1

SunCon

thirty fifth world science fiction convention

FROM THE CHAIRMAN:

The opportunity to build a Worldcon from the beginning to the final conclusion is, at first glance, an exhilarating experience. Then reality sets in, and the realization of just how large a task it is finally settles on you.

In this case, there seem to have been more than the usual number of disappointments and frustrations. But at this writing, we feel that the problems that have been encountered are on their way to resolution. Our key problem has been the hotel initially selected for the convention. This is discussed elsewhere (see page 4). Other problems have been successfully resolved and our committee is now working towards a resounding convention.

For some time, one of my concerns has been the direction in which the Science Fiction community has been headed. When Star Trek became such a huge success and people who like Star Trek discovered the Science Fiction community, there was a reaction against these new 'upstarts.' Since then, this 'we versus them' attitude has died down and those fans are now a part of the Science Fiction community, with, of course, a special interest in Star Trek similar to the special interest in Burroughs, the Hyborean Legion, fantasy, etc.

We will put on a convention for all Science Fiction fans, not just those who meet our own special definition for what is really SF. However, there is one restriction we feel must be made to have the greatest diversity in programming: there will only be minimal programming for any special interest segment which has grown large enough to hold its own conventions. This primarily affects Star Trek and comics fans and means that programming in these areas will be small.

Recently, there has been a large upsurge of 'commercialism' in conventions. We have the story in the Wall Street Journal of a convention in Chicago netting the producer \$90,000.00. We have some self-styled 'professionals' putting on a convention in New York shortly. The best that can be said for this sort of thing is that they are either out for a quick dollar (at the expense of you and me) or they are ignorant of one of the finer traditions of Science Fiction fandom—that of donating one's time and effort toward a benefit for your fellow fans. For the SunCon, we intend to run a break-even convention using volunteer labor to the extent practical with a convention of this size.

The reasons for putting on a Worldcon are many. One previous chairman stated (jestingly) that he did it all to have a decent seat at the banquet. Another claimed that trying for a Worldcon chairmanship was like trying to be President of the U.S. It was the highest possible position and one for which you had to try simply because it represented the top.

As to why I ran for the position, I am not totally sure to this very day. One of the reasons was to try and work towards creating a more lasting SF society than that represented simply by the Worldcon. We have started on this in many small ways and will continue trying to integrate the World Conventions into a more continuous body than has existed before. For example, we have made arrangements with the MidAmeriCon to exchange mailing address information. Now, any address change sent to us will be forwarded to them after our files have been updated. Hopefully, they will be doing the same for us. We will also be providing this service to the 1978 Worldcon which follows us.

You will also notice (if you read the colophon) that this report is numbered Volume 35, Number 1. In the past, other Worldcons have designated their reports Volume xx, to match the Worldcon number. In recent years, this numbering has fallen into disuse. We have reinstated this system and hope to pass on to succeeding conventions a ready-made bulletin which represents the World Science Fiction Society as a whole, not just one convention. In fact, this report itself devotes most of its space to the last Worldcon in Australia, the Aussiecon. This was done since very few fans outside of Australia were able to get to the convention, and because of the desire for a greater continuity between conventions.

In summary, we are trying to respond to your desires. If you disagree, or have some points you want considered, write us. The mailbox is always open.

Donald Lundry

SUNCON

THIRTY FIFTH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION
SEPTEMBER 2-5, 1977
THE FONTAINEBLEAU
MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

GUEST OF HONOR

Jack Williamson

FAN GUEST OF HONOR

Robert A. Madle

TOASTMASTER

Robert Silverberg

CONVENTION COMMITTEE

Chairman	Donald Lundry
Administrative Services	Grace Lundry
Art Show Director	Perdita Boardman
Art Show Bookkeeper	John Boardman
Auction Coordinator	Hank Davis
Auctioneer	Jack Chalker
Baby Sitting Service	Faye Ringel
Con Artists	Vincent DiFate
	Wendy Lindboe
	Stuart Shiffman
Daily Programming	Karina Girsdansky
Fanzine Coordinator	Gary Farber
Launch Trip Coordinator	Pat Kelly, Jr.
Programming & Publications	Joe Siclari
Registration: Pre-Con	Bruce Newrock
	Flo Newrock
Secretary	Suzle Tompkins
SFWA Liaison	Ginjer Buchanan
Special Functions	Elliot Shorter
	Joan Serrano
Special Interest Groups	Selina Lovett
Executive Committee	Donald Lundry
	Grace Lundry
	Elliot Shorter
	Joe Siclari

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SUNCON

INFORMATION

WHY MIAMI BEACH?

Many of you are probably aware by now that it has become necessary to move the Worldcon site from its original, planned location at the Sheraton Towers Hotel in Orlando to the Hotel Fontainebleau in Miami Beach. This has come about because of severe problems with the original hotel.

Shortly after winning the right to put on the 35th World Science Fiction Convention, our hotel let us know that they were currently in Chapter 11 bankruptcy, and that we would have to renegotiate all our previous agreements and understandings. Then, two months later, they dropped another bombshell on us; there was another convention just after ours, which required us to clear the exhibit hall by Sunday noon, instead of Monday evening. Needless to say, we on the committee were quite annoyed by these problems and have spent a great deal of time discussing them, coming up with alternate solutions, and soliciting advice. After a great deal of talk, endless review of hotel plans, and many phone calls, we made the decision to move to another hotel site.

☆☆☆☆

Our discussions and letters to the Sheraton Towers go back to 1973 when they were still building. Since that time, we have talked over in detail our requirements and they have made various commitments to us. However, the hotel bankruptcy in October forced major revisions on their whole operation. We found ourselves with new, higher room rates and miscellaneous charges on items which were promised to us before at no charge. Since we had announced the earlier promised rates to the fans, we had to negotiate them back down, or consider another hotel. We tried talking first.

In calling back and forth to the hotel, it became apparent that they were understaffed in the sales area. Letters we wrote were unanswered. Response to requests for information were delayed. Only with phone calls was it possible to get any definite information. However,

sales talk (or 'puffing' to the legal people) is not considered binding. Not only could we get no realistic commitment on room rates and charges, but the rates we got verbally kept increasing as they realized just how bleak their financial problems were. We checked other hotels in the Orlando area, but none had even a hope of handling a Worldcon. The next biggest site (which was still not adequate) was in Disneyworld, where the convention rate for singles start at over \$40. a night.

In late December, the hotel informed us that they had booked another convention to start after us and they would need the exhibit hall Sunday to start setting up their displays. While this was, to say the least, unethical of them, there was not much we could do short of a lawsuit. And suing a bankrupt business is an exercise in futility.

It came down to two alternatives: 1) move the convention to another hotel or 2) accept whatever they did and try to plan around it. We felt that passive acceptance of the hotel's decisions would, in the long run, prove disastrous. They had already shown a total lack of good faith. We also ran the risk of their shutting down completely when there would be no lead time to switch to another hotel. That is, assuming another hotel would have the space available on such a short notice. So the choice of staying was not very realistic and would subject us to further problems from the hotel.

So we would have to move—and probably out of the area because of the size of the facilities the Worldcon requires. We had already reviewed hotel facilities in the Orlando area and come to the tentative conclusion they would not meet our requirements. Many fans were then sounded out, and we discussed our problems quite candidly with anyone who would listen. The general consensus was that we would have to move and the most preferred spot would be the Miami area.

In February, three of the five executive committee members went to Miami

Beach and Orlando to review in person the entire situation. We had already reviewed floor plans of Miami area hotels and selected those we wanted to visit in person. We had solicited advice on the layouts, requested a list of items we should check out, and in general prepared extensively for the visit. The preparation paid off since we were able to obtain a tentative commitment from the Fontainebleau Hotel which included all the items we felt were an absolute requirement for a successful Worldcon.

Now that we had a viable alternative, we visited the Orlando site and reviewed their operation. What we found was not encouraging. They had cut back their staff extensively, raised room rates, and were not doing the amount of business they should have been doing at that time of year. Furthermore, the Court of Flags resort motels had been taken over by the bank, and were now being run by a separate management. This had the effect of cutting the rooms they could commit by themselves from 1500 to 700 or so. We would now have to make separate arrangements with the other hotels in the resort area.

When we sat down with the salesman, we found that, once again, the room rates had gone up and they would *still* only make them "subject to confirmation 12 months in advance of the convention." The room rates now mentioned were \$26. single and \$32. double, with no firm commitment that they wouldn't change again. We had, at that time, a rate from the Miami Beach Fontainebleau, of \$27. single and \$31 double which was guaranteed in writing for 1977.

Upon return, all five executive committee members reviewed the latest information. Comparison of the two sites proved interesting. The Fontainebleau will commit 1100 rooms in the main hotel; the Sheraton Towers 700. The Fontainebleau automatically keeps their coffee shop open all night whenever there is a large convention in the hotel; the Sheraton Towers felt it "might be possible." The Fontainebleau has a ballroom of 17,489 sq. ft., with

extensions that open it up to a total of 27,045; the Towers has a ballroom of 15,158 sq. ft. While the Fontainebleau did not always compare as well against the Towers, the only major drawback we could find was in the \$3. a day charge for parking in the hotel garage, against the Towers lack of a charge.

Putting all the facts together, along with the feedback we had from various fans, it was clear that we had no alternative but to move to the Fontainebleau Hotel. Hopefully, after reading this you will agree also. But on the chance that you may not wish to attend the convention in its new (and better) location, we will refund the registration of any SunCon member who desires and writes requesting this within the next six months.

The Fontainebleau

Each room at the Fontainebleau contains two double beds, air conditioning, color television, direct dial telephone, and each room is sound-proofed.

The room rates for the convention are:

Single	\$27.00
Double	31.00
Triple	35.00
Quad	39.00

Rollaway beds are \$9.00 additional.

Minors under 12, staying in the same room as their parents may do so at no additional charge unless a rollaway bed is needed.

The Fontainebleau will be handling reservations including those for the overflow hotel, the Eden Rock, right next door. Reservation cards will be sent out with Convention Journal #3.

Bowling, billiards, ice skating, and a pool are all free and located within the hotel. The Fontainebleau also has a private beach. Hotel guests will also receive free green fees at the Country Club golf course.

The hotel coffee shop will be open 24 hours and all elevators will be manned at all times throughout the Convention.

The convention space for meetings and exhibits totals over 120,000 square feet. This includes a 32,000 square foot huckster room and a Grand Ballroom that holds 5,000 people theatre-style or 3,000 people banquet-style.

REGISTRATION:

The membership rates for the SunCon are:

	Attending	Supporting
Jan. 1 to May 31, 1976	\$7.50	\$5.00
June 1 to Sept. 30, 1976	10.00	7.50
Oct. 1 to Dec. 31, 1976	15.00	7.50

As of January 1, 1977 the rates for membership *will* be going up, so mail your memberships in early. Send check or money order (made out to SunCon) to:

SunCon:
35th World Science Fiction Convention
Box 3427
Cherry Hill NJ 08034

The above dates refer to the postmark on your envelope. If it arrives after the deadline it will be accepted so long as it is *postmarked before the deadline*.

You may convert your membership from supporting to attending anytime you so desire. To do this you must pay the difference between the supporting rate *at the time you paid* and the attending rate *at the time you wish to convert*. For instance, if you paid the \$3.00 for supporting last fall and wanted to convert on August 15, 1976, to attending you would have to pay \$7.00.

If you were a pre-supporting member of the SunCon and you paid your \$3.00 to vote at Aussiecon, then you are a full-fledged attending member and do not have to pay any more.

If you have a child under 12 at the time of the convention and wish to bring him to the convention, you may do so without paying an additional membership fee. The child (or children) must have been born on or after September 1, 1965. He must be attending with his parent or legal guardian, who must be a paid member of the SunCon. The child will receive a special children's card entitling them to admission to the convention facilities but it does not

entitle them to vote in any election.

VOLUNTEERS AND IDEAS

We are very interested in your ideas and opinions. If you have suggestions, write to us. The more we hear from you, the more variety we can put into the con.

If you would like to help in the work of the SunCon, send your name to Grace Lundry and tell her what you are willing to do.

Remember the SunCon Post Office Box is always open.

P.O. Box 3427
Cherry Hill NJ 08034

Relocating a convention to a different site is no fun for the committee concerned. All the arrangements and planning previously laid out must be scrapped and done over in light of the opportunities of the new site. Worse yet, is the requirement of putting aside all current con work until the hotel problems are resolved. The processing of memberships, replying to queries, and disseminating information on the con have had to wait. So we apologize for the delays but feel you will agree the hotel problem had first priority.

You can appreciate that it has not been easy on us. We are slowly picking up on our planning. We've got a fantastic area, more function space than originally anticipated, and a high quality hotel. Ask any of the committee for full details and don't rely on rumor and hearsay. Their names are listed in the front of this bulletin. We are at most regional cons. Talk to us; let us know your desires. Your thoughts are always welcome.



The Stone Ax and the Muskoxen

Guest of Honor Speech, 33rd World Science Fiction Convention, the Aussiecon.

I want to thank you all for having me here—specifically, I want to thank the Literature Board of the Australian Arts Council for bringing me here, and the workshop and Robin and the rest of the con-committee for looking after me—and, most of all, John Bangsund, for thinking of the whole silly idea in the first place.

I have a question, a serious question to ask you. What on earth are we all doing here?

Well, I think we have come here to celebrate. This is a celebration; this is what the word means—the coming together of many people, from all kinds of weird places, away from their customary life and ways, often at some trouble and expense, maybe not knowing very precisely why they come, but moved to come, to meet together, in one place, to celebrate.

And a celebration needs no cerebration, no excuses or rationalization. A celebration is its own reason for being, as you find out once you get there. The heart has its reasons which reason doesn't know, and a celebration such as this has its own reasons, its own strange laws and lifespan; it is a real thing, an event, an entity, and we here, long after, in our separate ways and places, will look back on it and recall it as a whole. And if there were bad moments in it, if some of us got drunk and some of us got

angry, and some of us had to make speeches, and others of us got horribly bored by the speeches—still I think the chances are that we'll look back on it with some contentment, because the essential element of a celebration is praise; and praise rises out of joy. When you come right down to it, we've all come here to enjoy ourselves.

We aren't going to accomplish anything, you know, or establish anything, or sell anything. We're not here in order to make a new law, or declare a war, or fix the price per barrel of crude oil. No, and thank God we're not. There are enough people involved in that sort of rubbish.

We are here, I think, simply to meet each other, in hopes, and some confidence, that we'll like each other. We're here to enjoy ourselves, which means we are practicing the most essentially human of all undertakings, the search for joy. Not the pursuit of pleasure—any hamster can do that—but the search for joy. And may I wish to you all here that you find it.

But what is it that brings us, this particular us, these particular peculiar individuals from unearthly places like Canberra and Oregon, together here, all standing on our heads in Melbourne? What is it that we're here to celebrate? "Joy" is a bit vague, after all; we have to specify, and narrow it down, and put our finger on it. I put out my finger,

here, tonight, and what is it that I touch?

Science Fiction, of course. That's what brought us here. It does seem a rather bizarre motive, but it's certainly no odder than the motive that brings together International Conventions of Manufacturers of Plumbers' Supplies, or Summit Conferences of Heads of State discussing how to achieve parity in overkill. Science Fiction is the motive and the subject of our celebration. That's the one point where all our different minds and souls touch, though on every other subject they may be utterly different, lightyears apart. Each of us here has a button somewhere in his soul, like a bellybutton, but a soulbutton, and it is labelled Science Fiction. Many people do not have a soulbutton, they only have bellybuttons, but each of us does. And if you put your finger out and touch that button, the whole spiritual console lights up and goes Zzzzzt Blink All Systems Go, All Systems Go.

I am your guest of honor, and deeply honored to be so. As such, I think I am to speak not only to you, but for you: to be the Oracle, the Leader of the Celebration, the Priestess of the Cult. When the last orgy is over, I understand I am to be led forth and thrown into the nearest volcano, to propitiate the Fertility Gods of Melbourne. But never mind that. So long as I'm here, my job



Ursula K. Le Guin

is to speak for you. To celebrate what we are celebrating. To speak in praise of Science Fiction.

Well, that's something I don't mind doing a bit. I like Science Fiction. And I have reason to be grateful to it. For the past dozen years or so, SF has added money to the family pocket, and confusion to the family income-tax returns, and books to the family bookshelf, and a whole sort of Parallel Universe dimension to the family life.—“Where's Ma going this month?”—“Australia.”—“You mean I have to wash the dishes for a *week*?”—“No, we get to come along.”—“Can I have a pet Koala, can I? I promise I'll feed it myself!”

Do you people realize, by the way, that to my three children Science Fiction is not a low form of literature involving small green men and written by small contemptible hacks, but an absolutely ordinary, respectable, square profession—the kind of thing your own *mother* does? We, you and I, most of us, those over 25 anyhow, read SF when young, and hid our copy of *Galaxy* inside a copy of *Intermediate Algebra*, in order to appear respectably occupied. We asked children's librarians for SF and they said “O, we do not allow children to read escapist literature.” We asked adults' librarians for it and they said “O, we do not carry children's books on this side of the building.” We had to put the books down face down because of the

cover, which showed a purple squid carrying off a fainting maiden in a large bronze bra. We had the difficulty and the pleasure of doing something which, if not actually illicit, was sneaky, eccentric, addictive, and splendidly disreputable.

Now, you know, our kids—not just my kids, but all our kids, and everybody here that's too young to have any business having any kids yet—the rising generation, shall I say, is almost entirely missing this experience? The poor things have nothing disreputable left but sex and marijuana, and sex is getting respectable all too fast. They're getting *taught* SF in the *schools*. Some of them for all I know may be hiding their copy of *Intermediate Algebra* inside a copy of *Again, Dangerous Visions*, and solving marvelous irrelevant equations in secret while Teacher thinks they're reading Meaningful Literature.

I gather this co-option of SF into the curriculum is less usual in the Commonwealth than in America; but I was in England earlier this year, and got stuck on a tele spot with five beautiful Cockney kids from a Marylebone school, who had read more SF than I had, and done a whole school session reading and writing it. So it's coming, fans. In the States, it's come; and from St. Pancras Station to the farthest sheep-station, it's coming. Science Fiction is being taught, by teachers and

professors, in schools and colleges. Science Fiction is being seriously discussed, by futurologists with computers and by literary critics with PhDs. Science Fiction is being written by people who don't know Warp Five from a Dyson Sphere, and being read by people who don't read Science Fiction. I am here to proclaim unto the assembled faithful that the walls are down. The walls are down, we're free at last. And you know what? It's a big, cold world outside there.

I can't really blame those of my generation and older who don't want to see the walls come atumbling down, and who cling to their ghetto status as if it were a precious thing, making a religion of SF, which the touch of the uninitiated will profane. They were forced into that attitude by the attitude of respectable society, intellectual and literary, towards their particular interest; and it was perfectly natural for them, like any persecuted group, to make a virtue of their necessity. I can't blame them, but neither can I agree with them. To cling to the posture of evasion and defense, once persecution and contempt has ceased, is to be not a rebel, but a cripple. And what I want is to see SF continue to rebel. I want to see SF evade, not those who despise it, but those who want it to be just what it was 30 years ago. I want to see SF step over the old, fallen walls, and head right into the next wall, and start to break it

down too.

One of those walls is the labelling of books by publishers as SF—labelling, packaging, and distributing. At the moment this is pretty much a necessity of the publishing trade. It is sensible, and I don't expect an immediate rejection of the practice. Public librarians, school librarians, and booksellers want to shelve and display SF so that those who want it can find it. It's convenient for us addicts, and profitable to the booksellers and publishers. But the practice does considerable wrong to the innocent non-addict, who is prevented from picking up an SF book by chance; he has to go to Shelf 63, between the Gothics and the Soft Core Porn, and look for it. And of course the SF label perpetuates a dichotomy that no longer exists, between SF and Mainstream. There is a spectrum, now, not a chasm. The SF label is a remnant of the ghetto wall, and I'll be very glad to see it go. For the day when I can go into any library and find *The Man in the High Castle*, not shelved next to *Barf the Barbarian* by Elmer T. Hack, but by author's name, Philip K. Dick, right next to Charles Dickens—where it belongs.

And another day. The day when the *Times Literary Supplement*, or the *New York Times Book Review*, or the *East Grong-Grong Sheep Rancher's Weekly*, review a major new SF novel along with the other novels, not in a little column set apart and headed Sci Fi or Spec Fic or what have you. In which columns, by the existence of which columns, it is implied that however highly praised the work reviewed may be, it's not to be placed in the same category, of course, as the other novels reviewed throughout the paper—the *real* ones.

There's lots of walls yet, you see, to be reduced to rubble.

But all this is a bit external. The worst walls are never the ones you find in your way. The worst walls are the ones you put there—you build yourself. Those are the high ones, the thick ones, the ones with no doors in.

See, here we stand, Science Fiction, a noble figure among the ruined walls, chains dropping from our giant limbs, facing the future with eagle eyes, and all that. But actually, who are we? And exactly what future are we facing with our eagle eyes? Now that we're free, where are we going?

From here on I have to speak as a writer. I've been trying to speak for the community of SF writers-and-fans, and

enjoying it, but I can't keep it up. I'm faking. I'm not a fan. As you know, many SF writers are, or were; they started as fans. It was a phenomenon of the ghetto which is now called the Golden Age of Science Fiction.

Well, I came along just late enough to miss the Golden Ghetto, in ignorance that it even existed. I read SF as a kid, but knew nothing about fandom. I wrote SF first, and discovered that it was SF second, when the publishers told me so, and then finally, third, I discovered the existence of fandom. That was in Oakland in 1964, the first big Worldcon, I guess. I heard there was this Science Fiction meeting going on, and I'd published three or four SF stories and was crazy about Phil Dick and Cordwainer Smith, and so I went down to Oakland to see what was going on. And there were about 5000 people who all knew each other and absolutely everything about SF since 1926. And the only one I met was Barbara Silverberg, who was so incredibly gorgeous that I instantly went home and put my head in a paper bag for a week.

That was the last Worldcon I attended. Until now. You see, I am an outsider, an alien, for all you know I come from a whole different galaxy and am planning the overthrow of the entire Australian Ballot System. But all the same, I do write SF. And that's why you asked me here. And so I think it would make sense if I went on and spoke as what I am; a writer. A writer of SF. A woman writer of SF.

Do you know that I am a very rare creature? My species was at first believed to be mythological, like the tribble and the unicorn. Members of it survived only by protective coloration and mimetic adaptation—they used male pen-names. Slowly, timorously, they began to come out of hiding. Looking around warily for predators. I myself was forced into hiding just once, by an editor of *Playboy*, who reduced me to a simple, unthreatening, slightly enigmatic shape—a U. Not Ursula, but U. I have felt a little bent, a little bit U-shaped, ever since. But we kept creeping out; it took a while, and there were setbacks, but gradually my species took courage and appeared in full mating plumage: Anne, Kate, Joanna, Vonda, Suzy, and the rest. But when I say "the rest," please don't get alarmed, don't feel threatened, or anything. There are very few of us. Maybe one out of 30 SF writers is a woman. That statistic is supplied by my agent, Virginia Kidd, a very beautiful member of my species; the ratio is a guess, but an educated one. Do you find it a rather startling ratio? I

do. I am extremely puzzled, even embarrassed, at my own rarity. Are they going to have to lock me up in pens, like the Whooping Cranes and Duckbilled Platypuses and other species threatened with extinction, and watch eagerly to see if I lay an egg?

Why are women so scarce in SF—in the literature, among the fans, and most of all among the writers? A good many historical reasons come to mind—American SF as action pulp fiction during the 30's, Campbellian SF written for adolescent engineers, etc.—but all of them are circular. Why was Golden Ghetto SF a males-only club? Is there really something in the nature of the literature that doesn't appeal generally to women?

Not that I can see. *Analog* and its school did certainly follow one minor element within SF to the extreme, to a point where only those who enjoy either wars or wiring diagrams—preferably both at once—can enjoy it much. Most women in our culture are brought up to be rather indifferent towards military heroics and wiring diagrams, so they're likely to be bored or irritated. They're used to this; juvenile males in almost all cultures tend to be afraid of women, and to form clubs that cut them out, exclude them. And similarly a good deal of sword and sorcery leaves most women cold, because it consists so largely of male heroics and male fantasies of sexual prowess, often intensely sadistic. But those two minor provinces set aside for Boy Scouts only, all the rest is left—all the broad, beautiful countryside of grown-up SF, where anything can happen, and usually does. Why have more women not moved in and made themselves at home?


I don't know. My trouble is, I was born here, I didn't move in, so I can't figure out what the problem is. Year by year I see more members of my species, young ones mostly, coming and building temporary nests, or boldly trying out their wings above the mountains. But still not enough. 20 or 30 males to one female is not a good ratio for species preservation. Among domestic fowls; in fact, it goes quite the other way, half a dozen hens to one rooster; but never mind that.

I just want to ask the men here to consider idly, in some spare moment, whether by any chance they have been building any walls to keep the women out, or to keep them "in their place," and what they may have lost by doing so.

And to ask the women here to consider,




BOSTON IN 1980



We are bidding to have the 1980 World Science Fiction
Convention in Boston, Massachusetts:

Suford Lewis [secretary] Jill Eastlake [treasurer]
Harry Stubbs Kris Jim Hudson Leslie Turek
Kathie Horne Donald Eastlake Ann McCutchen
Tony Lewis ◦ Amy Brownstein ◦ Bill Carton ◦ David Stever
Ellen Franklin ◦ R. Terry McCutchen ◦ Stewart Brownstein
Spike MacPhee John Houghton Jim Saklad
Paula Lieberman Seth Breidbart

[[[[[[[[[POST OFFICE BOX 714, BOSTON, MA 02102]]]]]]]]]]



Sheraton ~ Boston Hotel

idly or not idly at all, why are there so few of us? We can't blame it on prejudice, because SF publishing is in general a quite un-sex-biased field. Have women walled themselves out, through laziness of mind, fear of being seen using the intellect in public, fear of science and technology, fear of letting their imaginations loose—and above all, perhaps, fear of competing with men? That, as we all know, is an unladylike thing to do.

But no art is ladylike. Nor is any art gentlemanly. Nor is it masculine or feminine. The reading of a book and the writing of a book is not an act dependent in any way upon one's gender. (In fact very few human acts are, other than procreation, gestation, and lactation.)

When you undertake to make a work of art—a novel or a clay pot—you're not competing with anybody, except yourself and God. Can I do it better this time? Once you have realized that that is the only question, once you have faced the empty page or the lump of clay in that solitude, without anyone to blame for failure but yourself, and known that fear and that challenge, you aren't going to care very much about being ladylike, or about your so-called competition, male or female. The practice of an art is, in its absolute discipline, the experience of absolute freedom. And that, above all, is why I'd like to see more of my sisters trying out their wings above the mountains. Because freedom is not always an easy thing for women to find.

Well, all right, so we've established one

fact about who and what Science Fiction is. It's very largely male, but seems to be tending always a little more towards androgyny—at least I hope so. And what else is it?

As one Theodore Sturgeon once remarked, it's 95% trash—like everything else.

I'm in an heretical mood. I dare to question Sturgeon's Law. Is 95% of everything trash? Really? Is 95% of a forest trash? Is 95% of the ocean trash? It soon will be if we go on polluting it, but it wasn't to start with. Is 95% of humanity trash? Any dictator would agree, but I don't agree with him. Is 95% of literature trash?

Well—yes. It probably is. Of the books now published in the world in a year, 95% probably aren't even trash, they're just noise.

But I revert to my speaking as a writer, not as a reader, and inquire, how many books, *while they are being written*, are conceived of by their author as trash?

It's really an interesting question. I have no idea of the answer. It's not 0%—far from it. There are many many authors who deliberately write junk for money, and I have met others who, though less cynical, spoke of their own works as “moneymakers” or as “mere entertainment”—a little defensively, to be sure, because the ego is always involved in the work, but also honestly, realistically, in the full knowledge that they had not done, and had not tried to do, the best work they could do. And in art, from the artist's point of view, there

are only two alternatives: the best you can do—or trash. It's a binary system. On/Off. Yes/No. But not from the reader's point of view, of course. From there, there are infinite gradations between the best and the worst, all degrees of genius, talent, and achievement between Shakespeare and the hack, and also within each work, even Shakespeare's. But from the writer's point of view, while writing, there are just two ways to go: to push towards the limit of your capacity, or to sit back and emit garbage. And the really unfair thing is that the intent, however good, guarantees nothing. You can try your heart out, work like a slave, and write drivel. But the opposite intent does carry its own guarantee. No artist ever set out to do less than his best and did something good by accident. You head for Perfection and you may very well get trash. But you head towards trash, and by gum, you always get it. The Quest for Perfection fails at least 95% of the time, but the Search for Garbage never fails.

I find this repetition of the trashiness of most SF too easy—both defensive, and destructive. Defensive: “Don't hit me, folks, I'm down already.” That's the old, ingratiating, self-protective, ghetto posture. And destructive: because it is cynical, it sets limits and builds walls. It says to the SF writer, of all people, Why shoot for the moon? The chances are 19 to 1 that you won't get there. Only a tiny elite gets there, and we all know that elite people are snobs anyhow. Keep your feet on the ground, kid; work for money, not for dreams; write it like the editor says he wants it; don't waste time revising and polishing; sell it quick and grind out the next one. What the hell, it's a living isn't it? And so what if it's not art, at least it's entertainment.

That “entertainment” bit really burns me. It hides a big lie behind an obvious truth. Of course an SF story is entertainment. *All* art is entertainment. That's so clear it's fatuous to repeat it. If Handel's *Messiah* were boring, not entertaining, would thousands of people go listen to it year after year? If the Sistine Ceiling were dull, would the tourists troop there endlessly to get cricks in their necks? If *Oedipus Rex* weren't a smashing good show, would it be in the repertory after 2500 years? If *The First Circle* weren't a gripping, powerful, highly entertaining story, would the Soviet Government be so terrified of Alexandr Solzhenitsyn? No! If he was a dull hack, they'd love him. He'd be writing just what they want, writing to the editor's specifications, weak tea, perfectly safe. He'd probably be a People's Artist by now.



Of course some art is immediately attractive, and some is difficult, demanding intense response and involvement from its audience. The art of one's own time tends to be formidable, in a time of change like ours, because we have to learn how and where to take hold of it, what response is being asked of us, before we can get involved. It's truly new, and therefore truly a bit frightening.

I'm easily frightened myself; I was afraid of the Beatles, at first. People are easily frightened, but also brave and stubborn. They want that entertainment that only art can give them, that peculiar, solid satisfaction, and so they do keep listening to the weirdest electronic music, and staring at big ugly paintings of blobs, and reading queer difficult books about people on another world 20,000 years from now, and they say, I don't really like it, it's unsettling, it's painful, it's crazy . . . but you know I kind of liked that one bit where something went *eeeeoooooo-bwangg!*—it really got to me, you know?

That's all art wants to do. It wants to get to you. To break down the walls between us, for a moment. To bring us together in a celebration, a ceremony, an entertainment—a mutual affirmation of understanding, or of suffering, or of joy.

Therefore I totally oppose the notion that you can put Art over here on a pedestal, and Entertainment down here in a clown suit. Art and Entertainment are the same thing, in that the more deeply and genuinely entertaining a work is, the better art it is. To imply that Art is something heavy and solemn and dull, and Entertainment is modest but jolly and popular, is neo-Victorian idiocy at its worst.

Every artist is deeply serious and passionate about his work, and every artist also wears a clown suit and capers in public for pennies. The fellows who put on the clown suit and the painted grin, but who don't care about performing well, are neither entertainers nor artists; they're fakes. They know it, and we know it, and though they may indeed be briefly and immensely popular, because they never frighten anyone, or move anyone, or make anyone really laugh or cry, but just reassure people by lying to them—all the same, that popularity is meaningless. The name dies, the work's forgotten, and what's left? A hollow place. A sense of waste. A realization that where something real might have been done—a good handsome clay pot, or a really entertaining story—the chance was lost. We lost it. We accepted the fake, the

plastic throwaway, when we could have held out for the real thing.

I'm not one of these antique-lovers, but do you know how moving it can be to use, or just to handle, some object—a piece of pottery, or a tool—that has been used by several generations of people, all strangers, all dead now? I keep a stone ax on my desk at home—not for self-defense, but for pleasure. My father used to keep it on his desk. It makes a good paperweight. It's New Stone Age, but I don't know how old, anything from a few centuries to 22,000 years. It's partly polished and partly left rough, though finely shaped. It is well made. You think of the human hands patiently polishing that granite. There's a sense of solidity, and of community, in the touch, the feel, of that ax, to me. There's nothing sentimental about it, quite the opposite; it is a real experience, a rare intimation, of *time*, our most inward dimension, which is so difficult to experience consciously, but without which we are utterly disoriented and astray in the seemingly so familiar external dimensions of space. Well, that's what I mean about the real work of art. Like a stone ax, it's *there*. It stays there. It's solid, and it involves the inward dimension. It may be wonderfully beautiful, or quite commonplace and humble, but it's made to be used, and to last.

Hack work is not made to be used, but to be sold; and not made to last, but to wear out at once and be replaced. And that's the difference, I believe, between art-and-entertainment on the one hand, and trash on the other.

Ted Sturgeon, when he made his Law up, was simply responding to contemptuous and ignorant critics of SF, who scarcely deserved so clever an answer. But his Law has since been used as a defense and an excuse and a cop-out, and I suggest that we in SF stop quoting it for a bit, at least if we're using it in a resigned and cynical fashion. I'd like us not to be resigned, but rebellious; not cynical, but critical, intransigent, and idealistic. I'd like us to say, 95% of SF is trash—Yecchh! Let's get rid of the stuff! Let's open the windows and get rid of this garbage! Here we have Science Fiction, the most flexible, adaptable, broad-range, imaginative, crazy form prose fiction has ever attained—and we're going to let it be used for making toy plastic rayguns that break when you play *with them, and pre-packaged, pre-cooked, pre-digested indigestible, flavorless TV dinners, and big inflated rubber balloons containing nothing but hot air?* The hell we are, I say!

You know what our statue of Science



Fiction needs to do? He needs to use his eagle eyes to look at himself. A long, thoughtful look. A critical look. We don't have to be defensive any more. We aren't children, or untouchables, or cripples, any more. Like it or lump it, we are now adult active members of society. And as such we have a challenge to meet. *Noblesse oblige.*

We've got to stop skulking around playing by ourselves, like the kid everybody picks on. When an SF book is reviewed, in a fanzine or a literary review, it should be compared with the rest of current literature like any other book, and placed among the rest on its own individual merits. When an SF book is criticized, in print or in a class, it should be criticized as hard as any other book, as demandingly, with the same expectations of literacy, solidity, complexity, craftsmanship. When an SF book is read, it should be read as a novel

or a short story—that is, a work in the traditions also employed by Dickens and Chekhov—not as an artifact from the Pulp Factory.

The reader should expect to be entertained, but he should also expect to find himself on unfamiliar ground; if he finds experimentation, innovation, irreverence, complexity, and passion he should rejoice in them, and not run away whimpering “But it wasn’t like this in 1937!” And finally when an SF book is written, the writer really should be aware that he or she is in an extraordinary, enviable position: an inheritor of the least rigid, freest, youngest of all literary traditions: and therefore should do the job just as well, as seriously and entertainingly, as intelligently and passionately, as ever it can be done. That’s the least we can ask of our writers—and the most. You can’t demand of an artist that he produce masterpieces. You can ask that he try.

It seems to me that SF is standing, these days, in a doorway. The door is open, wide open. Are we going to just stand here, waiting for the applause of the multitudes? It won’t come; we haven’t earned it, yet. Are we going to cringe back into the old safe ghetto room and pretend there isn’t any big bad multitude out there? If so, our good writers will leave us in despair, and there will not be another generation of them. Or are we going to walk on through the doorway and join the rest of the city? I hope so. I know we can, and I hope we do, because we have a great deal to offer—to art, which needs new forms like ours, and to critics who are sick of chewing over the same old works, and above all to the readers of books, who want and deserve better novels than they mostly get. But it will take not only courage for SF to join the community of literature, but strength, self respect, the will not to settle for the second-rate. It will take genuine self-criticism. And it will include genuine praise.

If you think, secretly or openly, that you’re second-rate, that you’re 95% trash, then however much you praise yourself it won’t mean much—to you, or to others. That’s like adolescent boasting, which so often reveals a terrible sense of worthlessness and weakness.

SF is pretty well grown up now. We’ve been through our illiterate stage, and our latent or non-sexual stage, and the stage when you can’t think of anything *but* sex, and the other stages, and we really do seem to be on the verge of maturity now.

When I say I’d like SF to be self-critical,

I don’t mean pedantic or destructively perfectionist; I mean I’d like to see more SF readers judging soundly, dismissing the failures quietly, in order to praise the successes joyfully—and to go on from them, to build upon them. That is maturity, isn’t it?—a just assessment of your capacities, and the will to fulfill them. We have plenty to praise, you know. I do think SF during the past ten years has produced some books and stories that will last, that will be meaningful and beautiful many years from now.

It seems to me that we can grow and change, and welcome growth and change, without losing our solidarity.

The solidarity of the SF community is a really extraordinary thing. It makes the lives of fans much richer and a great deal more complicated, and for the writers, it can be an incredible boon—the support, the response an SF writer gets from his readers, is unique. Most novelists get nothing like that; they are quite isolated. Their response comes mainly from the paid reviewers of the review services and journals. If they are best sellers, they’re totally isolated from genuine response by the enormous mechanisms of salesmanship and publicity and success. What fandom, the SF community, gives the SF writer, or at

least this is my own personal experience, is the best modern equivalent of the old smallscale community, city-state or the like, within which most of the finest artforms developed and flourished: a community of intensely interested people, a ready audience, ready to discuss and defend and attack and argue with each other and the artist, to the irritation and entertainment and benefit of all.

When I say the ghetto walls are down and it behooves us to step over them and be free, I don’t mean that the community of SF is breaking up, or should break up. I hope it doesn’t; I think it won’t; I don’t see why it should. The essential lunacy that unites us will continue to unite us. The one thing that’s changed is that we’re no longer *forced* together in a mutually defensive posture—like a circle of muskoxen on the Arctic snow, attacked by wolves—by the contempt and arrogance of literary reactionaries. If we meet now and in the future, we writers and readers of SF, to give each other prizes and see each other’s faces and renew old feuds and discuss new books and hold our celebration, it will be in entire freedom—because we choose to do so—because, to put it simply, we like each other. ■

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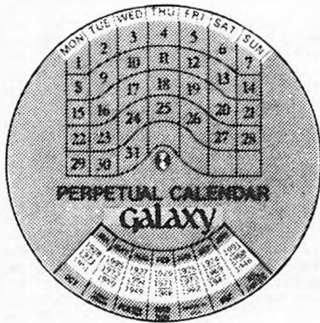
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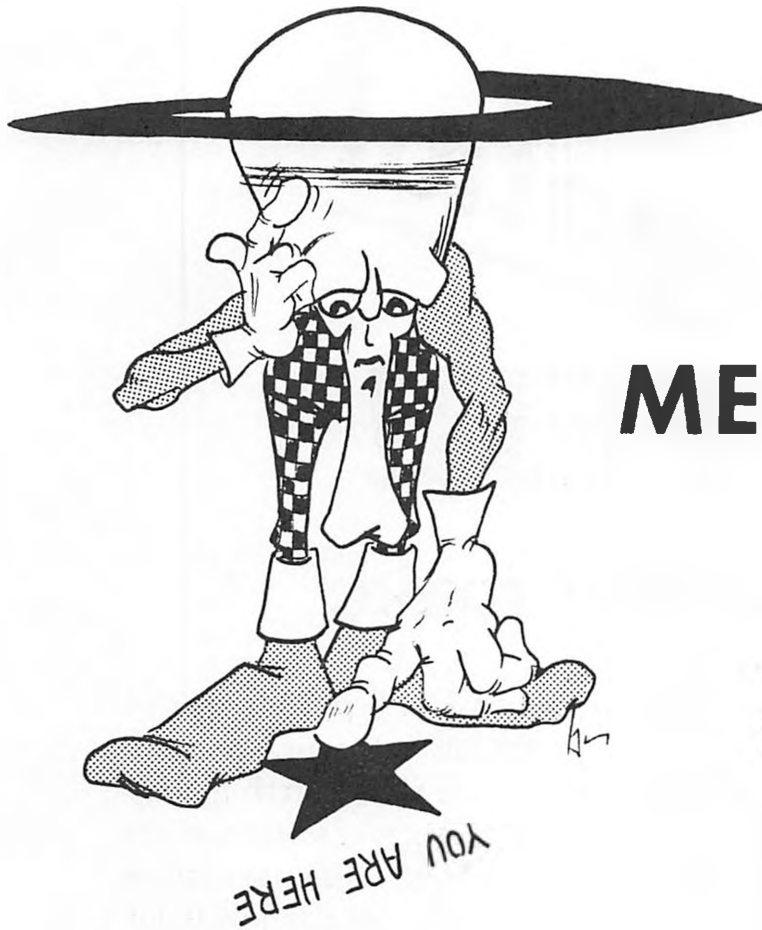
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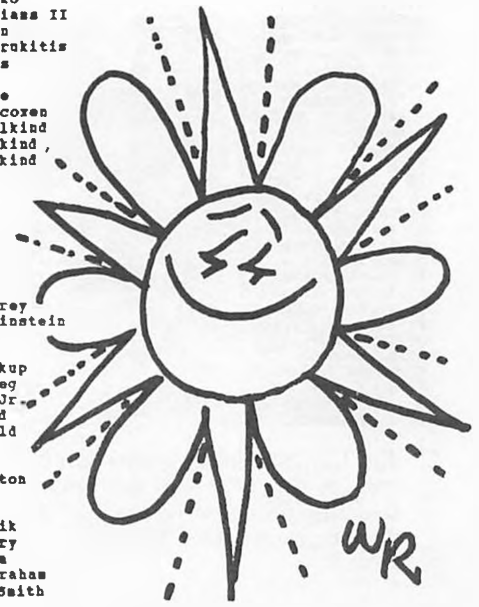
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 631 Tatiana Rose
 632 Jud Cole
 633 Mitchell Lee Botwin
 634 Peter Rosanchuk Jr
 635 Michael Drew
 636 Hank Davis
 637 Allen Evans
 638 Frank Olynk
 639 S. 'Joe' Czysnaki
 640 Ken Ford
 641 Norma Green
 642 Gary Hoff
 643 David Yarwood
 644 Bob Ellis
 645 Ian Ellis
 646 Alexander Waskiew
 647 W. A. (Bill) Huxham
 648 Graeme B. Dodd
 649 Grant L. Stone
 650 Rick Saltzman
 651 Harry J. Indruschak
 652 Lewis H. Volkoff
 653 Ken Josenhans
 654 Judy Krupp
 655 Donald E. Ayres
 656 Marc S. Glasser
 657 Kenneth Scher
 658 Frank H. Fliersiack
 659 Mike Deckinger
 660 Sandra Deckinger
 661 Leonard Krietz
 662 David H. Taylor
 663 David L. Travis
 664 David L. Emerson
 665 Guy H. Lillian III
 666 Ronald H. Salomon
 667 Steven Beatty
 668 Sandi Lopez
 669 Johnny H. Lee
 670 Sylvia Trinberg
 671 Tom Reany
 672 Sally #1 Albaugh
 673 Sally #2 Albaugh
 674 Sally #3 Albaugh
 675 Jane Fisher
 676 Judy P. Kurman
 677 Michael D. Kurman
 678 Richard Newsome
 679 Alan J. Zimmerman
 680 Patricia Zimmerman
 681 Robert L. Hillis
 682 Leo Doroschenko
 683 David J. Williams II
 684 Larry W. Mason
 685 Ronald J. Andrukitis
 686 Steven Francis
 687 Sue Francis
 690 Steve #2 Larue
 691 Joseph K. Wilcoxon
 692 XI L'Shaya Salkind
 693 Edward E. Salkind
 694 Huriel E. Salkind
 695 Robert Hamlin
 696 Cliff Kranish
 697 Mike Bailey
 698 William Dixon
 699 Alice Dixon
 700 Laurine White
 701 James E. Grov
 702 India B. Grov
 703 David D. Winfrey
 704 Richard S. Weinstein
 705 Frank W. Doss
 706 Keith G. Kato
 707 Hartha C. Soukup
 708 Edward J. Krieg
 709 Robert Pratt Jr
 710 John Hansfield
 711 Hazel Hansfield
 712 Brian Lombard
 713 Jenny Lombard
 714 Grant Carrington
 715 Lin Albin
 716 John R. Isaac
 717 Ronald P. Holik
 718 Jeremy A. Barry
 719 Robert Sabella
 720 Louis Allen Graham
 721 Bobbie Marie Smith
 722 J. Lichtenberg
 723 Salomon Lichtenberg
 724 Stanleigh B. Vinson
 725 Carol Stafford
 726 Richard D. Stafford
 727 William Jamboursky
 728 Lila Jean Jamboursky
 729 William B. Bachrach
 730 Norman D. Hollyn
 731 Lynn Hollyn
 732 Kevin C. Murphy
 733 Glenn Iwahashi
 734 Gary S. Hattingly
 735 Denise M. Hattingly
 736 David D. Mc Girr
 737 James E. Hanson, Jr.
 738 Valerie Hanson
 739 A. Van Swearingen
 740 Ben Jason
 741 Nathan B. Gavarin
 742 Glenn A. Hochberg
 743 Lise Eisenberg
 744 Gary P. Cobb
 745 Guy Weathersby
 746 Joe Perry
 747 Helen G. O'Brien
 748 John H. Guidry
 749 George Price
 750 Victoria Wayne
 751 Pauline Procopy
 752 Phil Taterczynski
 753 David E. Ross
 754 Carole C. Pflock
 755 Cyndi Pflock
 756 Kurt Pflock
 757 James Cunningham
 758 Kathleen Cunningham
 759 Phyllis B. Alvis
 760 Mike Farinell
 761 Douglas Faunt, Jr
 762 Mike Timreck
 763 Gerry Wassenaar
 764 Rene Gobeys, Jr.
 765 Carol Gobeys
 766 Edwanda B. Hanley
 767 Wendy Goldstein
 768 Robert Dougherty
 769 John Howard
 770 Robert Howard, Jr.
 771 Michael Dean Tipples
 772 Roberta D. C. Corey
 773 Charles E. H. Taylor
 774 Avedon Carol
 775 Alan Lankin
 776 Howard Elliott
 777 Howard Devore
 778 Banks R. Sebane
 779 R. W. Sproul
 780 Alan L. Bostick
 781 Ross R. Pavlac
 782 Ross #2 Pavlac
 783 Kenneth Moore
 784 Lou Moore
 785 Kenneth #2 Moore
 786 Kenneth #3 Moore
 787 Kenneth #4 Moore
 788 Kenneth #5 Moore
 789 Kenneth #6 Moore
 790 Jeffrey W. Appelbaum
 791 Barry Hunter
 792 Edward C. Conner
 793 D. Whetstone



AUSSIECON

PHOTO REPORT

Text by Grace Lundry
Photos by Ben Yalow

Guest of Honor: Ursula K. Le Guin
Fan Guests of Honor:

Susan Wood and Mike Glicksohn
Chairman: Robin Johnson

On Saturday evening, August 8, 1975, sixty American and Canadian science-fiction fans boarded a DC-10 in Los Angeles for the long flight to Australia for the 33rd World Science Fiction Convention, also known as Aussiecon (see photo 1).



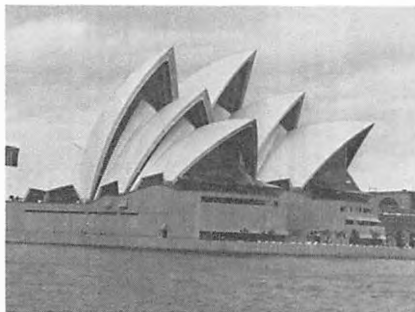
1) The fun starts on the group flight to Aussiecon, (l. to r.) Susan Wood, Don Lundry, John Langner.

The flight was made more pleasant by the frequent serving of fruit juices (especially orange juice) and good food. Throughout the flight fans entertained themselves as only fans can. Fortunately, some of the group members had typewriters and stencils, making it easier for them to do a fanzine (photo 2).



2) Jim Landau typing Aussiecon Flyer #8, the first of at least five issues of that title produced on the trip. Don C. Thompson behind Landau.

The group flight landed in Sydney where the imposing Opera House welcomed the group (photo 3). And it did not take people long to discover that Sydney does indeed have one of the most beautiful and fascinating harbors in the world. The fans made many boat rides on the harbor and one group, taking one of the boat tours, was delighted to have author A. Bertram Chandler giving them his own personal commentary. But the con was in Melbourne, so the harbor was reluctantly left behind as people made their way south. One group of approximately thirty fans travelled on Australia's deluxe overnight train, the Southern Aurora. After taking over one-third of the club car, the fans declared Traincon 1. The absence of the typewriters and stencils did not deter this group from doing another fanzine.



3) The spectacular Sydney Opera House on Bennelong Point in Sydney Harbor.

From the opening ceremonies through to the closing ceremonies, Aussiecon was well-planned, well-organized, and great fun. At the opening ceremonies, Race Matthews, a Member of Par-



4) The dais at the Aussiecon Opening Ceremony, (l. to r.) Susan Wood, Rusty Hevelin, Robin Johnson, Ursula K. Le Guin, Race Matthews, M.P., Mike Glicksohn.

liament, introduced the special guests, including Chairman Robin Johnson, Guests of Honor Ursula K. Le Guin, Susan Wood, and Mike Glicksohn, and DUFF winner Rusty Hevelin (photo 4). DUFF stands for the Down Under Fan Fund financed by donations from fans which each year brings a fan from the United States to Australia or from Australia to the United States, to promote the brotherhood of international fandom.

Ursula Le Guin was a very charming Guest of Honor. Her speech was fascinating and was certainly one of the high points of the con (photo 5). The complete text of the speech is printed in this Convention Journal starting on page 6.



5) Ursula K. Le Guin giving her Guest of Honor speech.

Another fun program item was Susan Wood interviewing Bob Tucker (photo 6). Bob Tucker is one of the immortals



6) "The Tucker Bag" — Susan Wood interviewing Bob Tucker about his notorious past.

of fannish history. This year a special fund, the Tucker Fund, was financed by Bob's fannish friends to send him to the Aussiecon. His reminiscences of fandom past titillated and entertained the convention. Bob, also known as author Wilson Tucker, has started many fan traditions and he and Susan gave this interview a very smooth ending (photo 7).



- 7) Tucker introduces the "smoooooth" tradition of drinking to Australia.

No matter where in the world Worldcons are held some things never change, such as parties every night (photo 8)



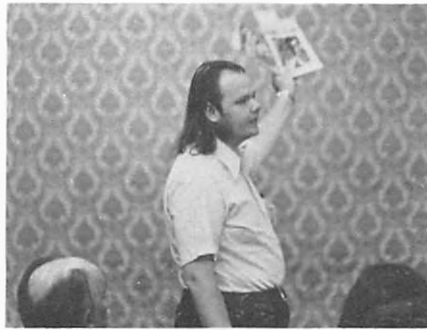
- 8) Parties are an essential part of conventions, Susan Wood at one on Friday night.

and people resting and relaxing whenever and wherever the opportunity (or necessity) arise (photo 9). And every



- 9) However, Aussiecon attendees did have to rest sometime, Alan Huff and Shayne McCormack.

Worldcon must have its auction of rare and wonderful art and magazines (photo 10).



- 10) The Aussiecon auction where prices were high, Jack Chalker, Auctioneer.

The costume ball was small in comparison to the Worldcons in North America but the quality of costumes was excellent and everyone enjoyed themselves (photos 11 & 12). While the attendance at the banquet was certainly a lot smaller than at North American Worldcons, the food was good and well served.



- 11) The masquerade is always one of the most spectacular events of a Worldcon. The Winner of the BEST GROUP award included John Breden as Yama, Anne Sydenham as Kali, and Ken Ford as Agni (not shown).

John Bangsund was an excellent toastmaster (photo 13) and the usual awards were presented. However, other Worldcons are not usually interrupted by a mass singing of "Waltzing Matilda" and mass demonstrations of balloons and confetti (photo 14).



- 12) A. Bertram Chandler entered the masquerade as a character from a Science Fiction book where Commodore Grimes meets his author.



- 13) Toastmaster John Bangsund at the Hugo Banquet.



- 14) As Toastmaster Bangsund announced, "And now, the Hugos," pandemonium broke loose, (l. to r.) Grace Lundry, Don Lundry, Peter Darling, Susan Wood, Christine McGowan, and John Berry.

The Hugo winners were: BEST NOVEL — THE DISPOSSESSED by Ursula K. Le Guin; BEST NOVELLA — "A Song for Lya" by George R.R. Martin; BEST NOVELETTE — "Adrift Just Off the Islets of Langerhans" by Harlan Ellison; BEST SHORT STORY — "The Hole Man" by Larry Niven; BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR — Ben Bova;

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST — Kelly Freas; **BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION** — “Young Frankenstein”; **BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE** — “The Alien Critic”; **BEST FAN WRITER** — Richard E. Geis; **BEST FAN ARTIST** — Bill Rotsler. The big disappointment was Ursula Le Guin’s absence when her winning Hugo was announced. Unfortunately, she had become ill and had to leave the banquet. Robert Silverberg presented a special award, “The Invisible Man” Award, to A. Bertram Chandler for his contribution to Science Fiction (photo 15).



17) Robin Johnson closing the convention.

After the convention, the sixty members of the group flight went their separate ways to explore the various parts of Australia. Such places as Canberra (photo 20), Adelaide, and



20) Mountaintop view of Canberra, Australia’s capital.



15) Robert Silverberg (l.) presenting “The Invisible Man” award to A. Bertram Chandler.



18) Bob Tucker, Robin Johnson, Rusty Hevelin.

Cairns were visited by the group flight members as they travelled by car, bus, train, plane, etc. Some people, masquerading as Canadian botanists, explored Tasmania. Others travelled to the outback to visit Alice Springs and Ayers Rock (photo 21). On each trip another fanzine was done.



21) Ayers Rock, the world’s largest monolith (1,143 ft. high and four miles long) and one of the giant tors in southwestern Northern Territory.

After such a great con, everyone was sorry to see it end. But the closing ceremony was as impressive as the opening. Each of the Guests received a small glass kangaroo as a memento (photo 16) and Chairman Robin Johnson rayed down all opposition to ending the convention (photo 17). Bob Tucker was so touched by all this magnificence that he gave a special thank you to the chairman (photo 18).

Many con attendees stayed the day after the con for a group tour of Ballarat, a restored gold mining town (photo 19). Approximately eighty people took the chartered 1910 Victoria train (Sherlock Holmes MUST have been on it somewhere). Wooden seats, cold fingers, and an absence of typewriter and stencils did not deter this pioneering group as they did another fanzine.

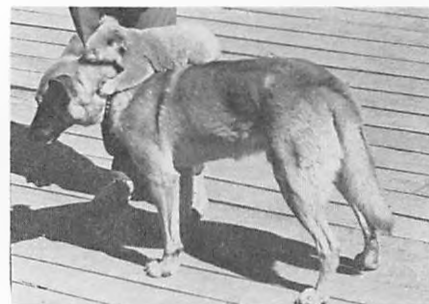
Australia really has koala bears (photo 22). Although one fan saw six, he could not even tell they were breathing—all they did was sleep. Wild Kangaroos were difficult to photograph although many



16) Susan Wood with her Aussiecon Guest of Honor gift.



19) On the Ballarat trip, fans toured a reconstruction of an Australian gold rush town on Sovereign Hill, Genie DiModica.



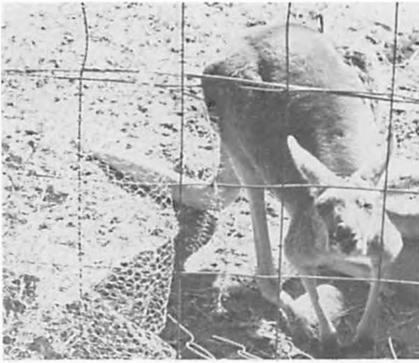
22) What would a trip to Australia be without koalas. . . .

NEW YORK

IN

80!

were seen, including mothers with joeys in their pouches. However some places had some tame ones (photo 23).



23) and kangaroos?

The night before the flight to New Zealand, the group met in Sydney, and one last party with the Australian fans was held (photos 24, 25, 26 & 27).



24) Back in Sydney the night before leaving for New Zealand, another party, (l. to r.) John Berry, Shayne McCormack, Mike Glicksohn, the Orange Bird, and Jan Howard finder.



25) A party can definitely tire even a fan, Rusty Hevelin and Jackie Simpson.

After two weeks of conventioning, travelling, visiting, talking, partying, etc., everyone was tired (photo 25) . . . including the Aussiecon Chairman (photo 26). And after all the hours spent in cars, trains, planes, buses, etc. a backrub felt absolutely great (photo 27).



26) Ever alert Chairman Robin Johnson.



27) A good massage will always wake up a party, (l. to r.) Alan Frisbie, Jackie Simpson, Don Lundry, Joan Serrano, Roger Sims.



28) When leaving for New Zealand, Shayne McCormack showed up at the airport with daffodils for everybody; they made great boarding passes.

Shayne McCormack reminded the North Americans that Spring was beginning to arrive in Australia by presenting each one with a daffodil (photo 28). Of course, Bob Tucker found an alternative to wearing it in his lapel (photo 29).



29) Bob Tucker and Daffodil.

Before returning to Los Angeles there was a three day group tour of the northern island of New Zealand, a fascinating land with a fascinating people, the Maori. Attending a concert of Maori music and dancing was one of the highlights of this part of the trip (photo 30).



30) This Maori dance told the story of the ancient Maori trip to New Zealand from the central Pacific islands.

The sheep in New Zealand outnumber the people by about five to one so a visit to a sheep show was in order and quite an eye opener for the members of the group flight.

Many sheepskin rugs and various other sheep items as well as Maori carvings found their way to North America as a result of this trip.

For the Americans who attended, the Aussiecon did not end until after they arrived home. As recently as February 14, 1976, when at the Boskone some met again at a reunion, the Aussiecon lived.

CONVENTION RUNDOWN

Although the Worldcon is the largest general SF convention of the year, it is not the only convention of its type. This list is intended for those who want to know about other conventions. There are conventions almost everywhere there are fans, so you can look for one near you. We will print all the information we receive. To register and for more information, write to the address listed after each con.

Note to Convention-givers: this listing is free to you. Send all information to: Joe Siclari, SunCon, P.O. Box 1343, Radio City Station, New York NY 10019.

- May 21-23 V-CON 5, Gage Convention Center, University of British Columbia. GoH: Larry Niven. Special Guest: Terry Carr. Memberships \$7.00 before April 1, \$9.00 after. Room rates available from committee. Write: V-CON 5, Box 48701 Bentall Sta., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V7X 1A6.
- May 28-31 AUTOCLAVE, Detroit, Michigan. GoH: Gene Wolfe (pro), Donn Brazier (fan). Memberships \$5.00 until May 1, \$6.00 until May 27, \$7.00 at the door. Howard Johnson's New Center Motor Lodge. Rates: \$20-single, \$25-double, \$33-triple, \$36-quad. Banquet. Chairfen: Gary Mattingly, Joe Wesson, Leah Zeldes. Write: Autoclave, P.O. Box 04097, Detroit, Mich. 48204.
- May 28-31 Disclave '76, Washington D.C. GoH: Philip Klass (William Tenn). Chairman: Alexis Gilliland. Memberships: \$3.00 until May 21, \$5.00 thereafter. Sheraton Park Hotel. Rates: \$20-single, \$27-twin, \$34-triple, \$36-quad. Write: Alexis A. Gilliland, 4030 8th St. South, Arlington, Va. 22204.
- June 4-6 KUBLA KHWANDRY, Nashville, Tennessee. GoH: Don Wollheim. M.C.: andy offutt. Memberships: \$7.50 advance, \$8.50 at the door. Music City Rodeway Inn. Write: Ken Moore, 647 Devon Dr., Nashville, Tenn. 37220.
- June 4-6 ScanCon 76, Stockholm, Sweden. GoH: Jack Vance. Chairfen: John-Henri Holmberg, Per Insulander. Memberships: Attending-Scandinavians 45 Swedish Crowns, other \$10 U.S. Stockholm Institute of Technology Student Corporation building. Room rates range from \$6US (student dorm) to \$40US (Stockholm Sheraton). Banquet. Write: ScanCon 76, P.O. Box 3273, S-103 65 Stockholm, Sweden.
- June 11-14 D-CON 76, Dallas, Texas. GoH: Robert Silverberg. Chairfan: Bob Wayne. Memberships: \$10.00 until June 1, \$12.00 thereafter. Sheraton-Dallas Hotel. Rates: \$21-single, \$29-double. D-Con 76, 2515 Perkins St., Fort Worth, Tex. 76103.
- June 13-15 SFIR 76, Ferrara, Italy. Hotel de la Ville. Write: Altair-4, SF Hobbit Club. Via Boccaleone 26, Ferrara, Italy.
- June 18-20 SflaggCon, New York, New York. Chairfen: Gerry Tishman, Patia Sandra von Sternberg. Memberships: \$5.00 until May 31, \$6.00 at the door. Hotel Commodore. Rates: \$26-single, \$30-double, \$34-twin, \$36-triple, \$40-quad. Write: Gerry Tishman, 37-06 80th St., Jackson Hts, N.Y. 11372.
- June 18-20 1976 ANNUAL SFRA CONFERENCE, University of Montana. Memberships: \$20.00. Write: Professor Michael McClintock, Dept. of English, Univ. of Montana, Missoula, Mont. 59801.
- June 25-27 MIDWESTCON 27, Cincinnati, Ohio. Memberships: \$3.00. Quality Inn Central. Rates: \$18-single, \$26-double. Banquet. Write: Lou Tabakow, 3953 St. Johns Terrace, Cincinnati, Ohio 45236.
- June 25-29 SF EXPO 76, New York, New York. Toastmaster: Isaac Asimov. Memberships: \$18.50 attending, \$10.00 supporting. Write: Science Fiction Services, 2 Church St., Montclair, N.J. 07042.
- July 2-5 WESTERCON 29, Los Angeles, California. GoH: Horace L. Gold (pro); Gregg Calkins (fan). Toastmaster: Robert Silverberg. Chairfan: Bruce Pelz. Memberships: \$5.00 until May 31, \$6.00 thereafter. Hyatt House Hotel. Rates: \$19-single, \$23-double. Masquerade. Write: Westercon 29, P.O. Box 5384, Mission Hills, Calif. 91345.
- July 9-11 UNICON 2, Washington, D.C. Leonardtown Dormitory, Univ. of Maryland. Rates: \$9.00. Write: Steven L. Goldstein, 13036 Old Stagecoach, Laurel, Md. 20811.
- July 30-Aug. 1 Rivercon II, Louisville, Kentucky. Memberships: \$7.00. Write: FOSFA, Box 8251, Louisville, Ky. 40208.
- Aug. 13-14 Intercon, Salt Lake City, Utah. Memberships: \$9.00 until May 1, \$12.00 after. Tri Arc Travelodge. Write: Intercon, Box 11507, Salt Lake City, Utah 84147.
- Aug. 17-19 BUBONICON 7, Albuquerque, New Mexico. GoH: Bill Rotsler. Memberships: \$4.00 until July 31, \$5.00 after. Ramada Inn. Write: Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd. N.W., Albuquerque, N. M. 87107.
- Aug. 27-29 DEEPSOUTHCON XIV, Atlanta, Georgia. Membership: \$7.00. Write: Steve Hughes, 5831 Hillside Dr., Doraville, Ga. 30040.
- Sept. 2-6 MIDAMERICAN, Kansas City, Missouri. GoH: Robert A. Heinlein (pro); George Barr (fan). Toastmaster: Bob Tucker. Chairfan: Ken Keller. Memberships: \$20.00 until April 30, \$25.00 until July 31, \$50.00 thereafter. Hotel Muehlebach. Rates: \$22-single, \$28-double, \$36-triple, \$42-quad. Banquet. Masquerade. Write: P.O. Box 221, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.
- Sept. 24-26 PGLHANGE VIII, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. GoH: Joe Haldeman. Memberships: \$4.00 in advance, \$5.00 at the door. Viking Motel. Rates: \$17-single, \$19-double. Banquet: \$7.50. Banquet and early membership: \$11.00 (save 50c). Write: Barbara Geraud, 1202 Benedum-Trees Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222.
- Oct. 15-17 WINDYCON III, Chicago, Illinois. GoH: A.J. Budrys (pro), Bev Swanson (fan). Write: Mark & Lynn Aronson, 5803 North Ridge Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60660.
- Oct. 1-3 Bouchercon. Culver City, California. Memberships: \$4.00. Write: Len & June Moffatt, Box 4456, Downey, Calif. 90241.
- Oct. 22-24 ANONYCON 2, Buffalo, New York. GoH: Samuel R. Delany. Memberships: \$5.00 until Sept. 1, \$8.00 thereafter. Airport Holiday Inn. Banquet: \$6.50. Write: Karen Klinck, 142 Snug-haven Ct., Tonawanda, N.Y. 14150.

SUNCON JOURNAL

ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Advertising in the SunCon Convention Journals and Program Book will be seen by more people than in any previous Worldcon publications. Distribution by subscription to libraries will present the SF field to readers never before reached by advertising in Convention publication.

The SunCon Convention Journals and Program Book will be printed 8½" x 11½" and the text will be laid out in three columns. We can offer a wide assortment of ad sizes and prices.

ADVERTISING DEADLINES:

Convention Journal #2: July 15, 1976
 Convention Journal #3: Dec. 15, 1976
 Convention Journal #4: Apr. 15, 1977
 Program Book June 1, 1977
 Convention Journal #5: Oct. 15, 1977

MECHANICAL REQUIREMENTS:

Please read carefully. You may submit camera-ready originals, photostats, or negatives.

Size requirements

Negatives must be submitted in final printed size. Photostats and camera-ready originals (except full pages) must be submitted final printed size and must *not* be mounted on board. Full pages, however, may be submitted any size as long as they are proportioned to be reduced to the size listed below:

Full page	7 1/4" x 9 3/4"
Half page	7 1/4" x 4 7/8"
Two column/full page	4 3/4" x 9 3/4"
Two column/half page	4 3/4" x 4 7/8"
One column/full page	2 1/4" x 9 3/4"
One column/half page	2 1/4" x 4 7/8"

AD LAYOUT AND DESIGN:

If you have non-camera ready copy and would like an ad made for you, send all information and we will quote a price. Deadlines for this service are one month earlier than those listed above. This service takes a good deal of our time so write early.

BLEEDS, INSERTS and COLOR:

Write for prices.

ADVERTISING RATES :

Rates are for Convention Journals only. Program Book rates will be published at a later date.

	PRO	FAN
Back cover	\$75.00	\$75.00
Inside front/ inside back cover	70.00	70.00
Centerfold	120.00	75.00
Two pages	105.00	65.00
Full page	60.00	35.00
Two columns/full page	45.00	25.00
Half page	35.00	20.00
Two columns/half page	25.00	15.00
One column/full page	25.00	15.00
One column/half page	15.00	10.00

For particular placement, other than listed, add 10%.

DISCOUNTS:

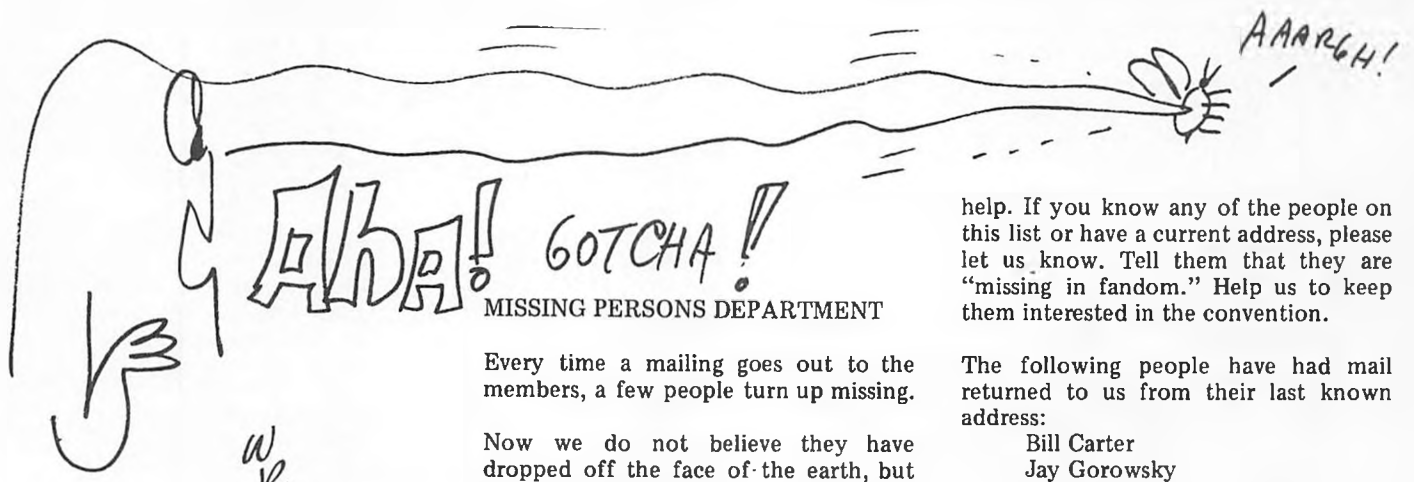
- 10% discount for all advertisers who place an ad in at least four Journals and submit payment in advance. This discount will also apply to Program Book rates when they are released. (The ads may be different in each Journal.)
- 10% discount for all advertisers who place an ad in at least four Journals and submit payment as each comes due. The first three ads must be paid at the full price and the total discount deducted from the price of the fourth ad. This discount will *not* apply to the Program Book. (The ads may be different.)
- 5% discount for all advertisers who repeat the same ad and pay in advance. This discount does not apply to the Program Book and cannot be used in addition to discounts *a* or *b* above.

PAYMENT:

Full remittance must accompany all ads. Make all checks out to SunCon.

MAILING INSTRUCTIONS:

Pack ad copy carefully with cardboard coverings to prevent damage in mailing. Send ad with payment to: SunCon, P.O. Box 1343, Radio City Station, New York NY 10019. Ads will not be returned unless sufficient postage is included.



MISSING PERSONS DEPARTMENT

Every time a mailing goes out to the members, a few people turn up missing.

Now we do not believe they have dropped off the face of the earth, but the Post Office thinks so. Since we cannot write them and ask for their latest address, we would appreciate your

help. If you know any of the people on this list or have a current address, please let us know. Tell them that they are "missing in fandom." Help us to keep them interested in the convention.

The following people have had mail returned to us from their last known address:

- Bill Carter
- Jay Gorowsky
- Anthony Lorango
- Debbie Notkin
- David Wiebel

D-CON '76

JUNE 11-14, 1976

DALLAS, TEXAS

D-CON '76 is four days of Texan-style social disorder, on June 11-14, 1976, at the Sheraton-Dallas Hotel. D-CON '76 will have panels, art shows, readings, speeches, auction, films, hucksters, and most of all... parties!

GUESTS

ROBERT SILVERBERG - GoH, Hugo and Nebula winning author of "Born With the Dead," TOWER OF GLASS, DYING INSIDE, and of numerous other works; and the editor of many anthologies, including the NEW DIMENSIONS and ALPHA series.

ROY THOMAS - GoH, award winning scripter and editor of THE SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN, UNKNOWN WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION, KULL THE DESTROYER, CONAN THE BARBARIAN, and the series of comics versions of the OZ books.



Also at D-CON '76 will be:

NEAL BARRETT, JR. - author of KELWIN, STRESS PATTERN, THE GATES OF TIME, HIGHWOOD, and other novels and stories.

FRANK BRUNNER - artist of HOWARD THE DUCK and DR. STRANGE, and sf and fantasy illustrator.

MIKE FRIEDRICH - publisher of STAR*REACH, and writer of many comic book series for Marvel and National.

H.H. HOLLIS - sf author, and co-host of sf radio presentations on Houston's Pacifica station.

andrew j. offutt - author of SWORD OF THE GAEL, ARDOR ON AROS, THE CASTLE KEEPS, and many other novels.

MIKE PRESLEY - cover illustrator for the Avon SF Rediscovery series, and artist for the NATIONAL LAMPOON.

GEO. W. PROCTOR - author, co-editor of CITADEL, and co-editor of the forthcoming LONE STAR UNIVERSE anthology.



JOSEPH PUMILLA - author of "Willowisp," and other stories, and a co-creator of the musical MY FAIR RIPPER.

DON IVAN PUNCHATZ - cover illustrator for many sf books, artist for PLAYBOY, ROLLING STONE, LAMPOON, et al.

TOM REAMY - publisher of TRUMPET and NICKELODEON, author of "Twillia" and "San Diego Lightfoot Sue."

JAMES SALLIS - author of the collection A FEW LAST WORDS, has appeared in ORBIT, AGAIN DANGEROUS VISIONS, and QUARK.

BUDDY SAUNDERS - co-author of THE TEXAS-ISRAELI WAR, 1999, has appeared in GALAXY, COVEN 13, and VERTEX.

KENNETH SMITH - former cover illustrator for Ace and Lancer books, publisher and creator of PHANTASMAGORIA.

ROGER STINE - cover illustrator for various paperbacks, and artist for fan publications.

LISA TUTTLE - winner of the John W. Campbell Award for 1974, co-author of "The Storms of Windhaven."

STEVEN UTLEY - author, has appeared in GALAXY, NEW DIMENSIONS, AMAZING, and the co-editor of LONE STAR UNIVERSE.

BOB VARDEMAN - author, fan, editor of the New Mexico fanzine SANDWORM.

HOWARD WALDROP - author, has appeared in ANALOG, GALAXY, UNIVERSE, CRAWDADDY, and co-author of THE TEXAS-ISRAELI WAR.

TICKETS

Full four day memberships for D-CON '76 are \$7.00 until March 1, 1976. After March 1, memberships are \$10.00, and \$12.00 at the door. Write to us for huckster rates.



D-CON '76 is a non-profit project of the membership of The Dallas Area Science Fantasy Society, Inc.

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at the New York Hilton



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Ben Bova	James Gunn	Fred Saberhagen
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