



An Improvisator's Drawing

B. Dalton Bookseller

3rd ANNUAL SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY FESTIVAL

MARCH 23-25

Featuring Discussions and Autographing
Sessions With Top Science-Fiction and
Fantasy Writers & Editors:

MON. MARCH 23rd.

1-2 PM

POCKET BOOKS PRESENTS: •David Hartwell (Editor) •Brian Aldiss

5:30-7:00 PM

DEL REY NIGHT: Featuring •Lester & Judy-Lynn del Rey (Editors)
•Frederik Pohl •Stephen R. Donaldson •James White

TUES. MARCH 24th.

1-2 PM

BERKLEY PUBLISHING PRESENTS: •Victoria Schochet (Editor)
•Charles Platt •Janet Morris •Norman Spinrad •Jill Bauman (Illustrator)

5:30-7:00 PM

AN EVENING WITH ISAAC ASIMOV:
"Science Fiction has a Future Too."

WED. MARCH 25th.

5:30-7:00 PM

DAW BOOKS PRESENTS: •Donald Wollheim (Editor) •Lin Carter
•Ron Goulart •C.J. Cherryh •Doris Piserchia •John Norman

The most recent publication of featured authors will be available for autographing at each event.

Call or visit B. Dalton for a complete schedule.

666 Fifth Ave. at 52nd Street
212-247-1740

B. Dalton

AMERICA'S FAVORITE BOOK SELLER

LUNACON '81

March 20-22, 1981

Writer Guest of Honor
JAMES WHITE

Artist Guest of Honor
JACK GAUGHAN



Sponsored by The New York Science Fiction Society - The Lunarians, Inc.

acknowledgements

LUNACON '81 would like to thank the following people and organizations without whose assistance this convention would not be possible:

The Sheraton Heights, Sam Clark, our Honored Guests, Peggy White, Vincent DiFate, Bob Shaw, Joe Orlando, LUNA Publications, certain office machines who have insisted on their anonymity in order to maintain their usefulness to The Cause, Ira Stoller, Roberta Rogow, The Brooklyn Public Library, Dale Hardman, Willie Wilson, Cynthia Levine, D.N.M.S.D., Freff, Oscar Whitfield, Connie Whitfield, Snoopy, Woodstock, Linus, Ruth Gottesman, Smudge, Josephine Sachter, Impi, David Sorell, Heather Nachman.

LUNACON '81 would like to thank the publishers of the following companies for the donation of books and subscriptions to the Book Exhibit and raffle:

Amazing Stories/Fantastic SF (Ultimate Publishing Co., Inc.); Harry N. Abrams, Inc.; *Analog Magazine* (Davis Publications); *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* (Davis Publications); Bantam Books, Inc.; Berkley Publishing Corp.; R.R. Bowker Company; DAW Books, Inc.; De La Ree Publications; Empire for the SF Writer; Everest House; *Cinefantastique*; Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc.; *Heavy Metal* (National Lampoon); Houghton Mifflin Company; Mayflower Books; William Morrow and Company, Inc.; O'Quinn Studios; Oswald Train, Publisher; Oxford University Press; *Pandora* (Sproing); Pantheon Books; Phantasia Press; Playboy Press; Pocket Books (A division of Simon & Schuster); Schocken Books; *Science Fiction Chronicle*; The Space Gamer; Space and Time; *Starship*; Taplinger Publishing Company, Inc.; Vantage Press (List incomplete).

Thanks also to Simulations Publications, Inc. (SPI) for the "Creature That Ate Sheboygan" tournament.

Special thanks to our assistants and staff.

Front cover illustration Copyright © 1980 Jack Gaughan

TFSHMC

LUNACON '81 Program Book is published by The New York Science Fiction Society—The Lunarians, Inc., P.O. Box 204, Brooklyn, NY 11230

Regina E. Gottesman — Editor
Allyson M. Whitfield — Graphics Coordinator

Copyright © 1981 The New York Science Fiction Society—The Lunarians, Inc. on behalf of the contributors. All rights reserved including right of reproduction in whole or in part.

Typesetting by LUNA Publications, 655 Orchard St., Oradell, NJ 07649
Printing by Rush Printing, 143 W. 29 St., New York, NY 10001

**Welcome to our
LUNACON friends on
the occasion of their
1981 Convention!**



The Sheraton Heights

660 TERRACE AVE., HASSBROUCK HEIGHTS, N.J. 07004

COMMITTEE & ASSISTANTS

- Linda N. Deneroff *Chairman*
- Teresa Carmen Elizabeth Miñambres Crimé de Gatón-Richiez *Vice Chairman, Hotel Liaison*
 Lawrence Carmody *Assistant to Vice Chairman*
 Dawn Nance *Assistant to Hotel Liaison*
- Elan Jane Litt *Book Exhibit*
 Sherlock Hoka *Assistant*
- Walter R. Cole *Registration*
- Louise Sachter *Art Show Director*
 Jan Howard Finder *Assistant*
 Wendy Lindboe *Assistant*
- Genny Dazzo *Staff, Security*
 Rondi Olsen *Assistant*
 Valerie Sussman *Assistant*
- Alina Chu *Program Coordinator*
 Sally Ann Steg *Assistant*
 Linda Varela *Assistant*
- Alan Deneroff *Film Coordinator*
 Kathleen Morrison *Assistant*
- Regina E. Gottesman *Publications Director*
 Allyson M. Whitfield *Graphics Coordinator*
- Ellen Braun *Treasurer, Budget Director*
- Michael Braun *Publicity Director*
- William R. Morrison *Wargaming Director*
 Ken Scher *Assistant*
 Robert Sacks *Assistant*
 Al Nofi *Assistant*
- Elyse S. Rosenstein *Dealers' Room Director*
 Madeline Morrison *Assistant Director*
- Deirdre Boardman *Con Suite Parties*

ROBERT HEINLEIN:


Four-time Winner of
the Hugo Award for
Best Novel

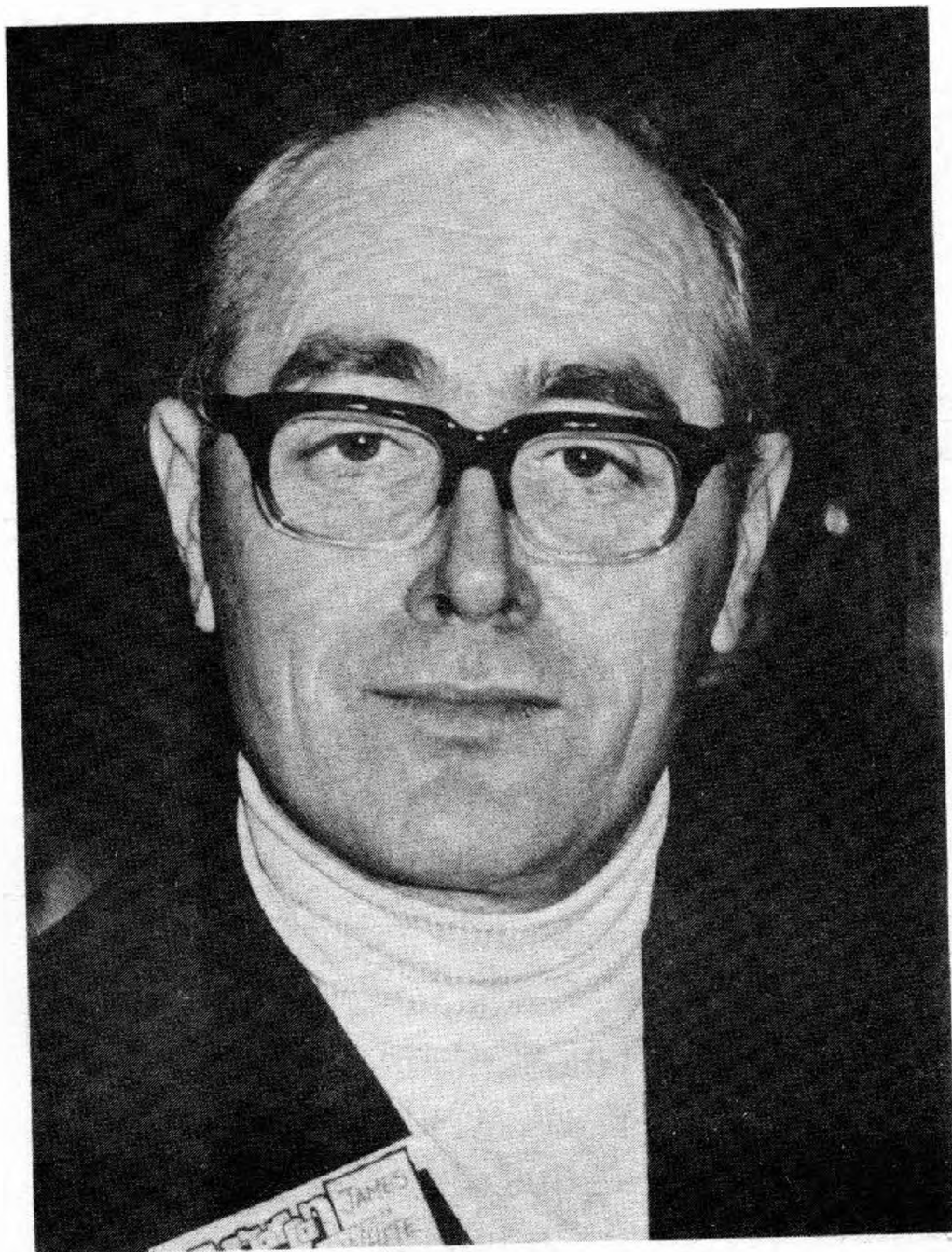
Winner of the First
Grand Master Nebula
Award

Author of the Current
Trade Bestseller
NUMBER OF THE
BEAST



Science Fiction's most distinguished author shares his wit, wisdom, uncommon sense and outrageous opinions in his ultimate personal statement.

TRADE PAPERBACK \$8.95  ACE SCIENCE FICTION



Photograph by Sandy Brown

James White: An Appreciation

To Whom It May Concern: This is to testify that James White, of Belfast, Northern Ireland, has been known to me for more than thirty years, and in that time I have found him to be honest, conscientious, industrious, polite and punctual, and I have no hesitation in recommending him for employment in any position of responsibility.

I don't know if I could recommend Ole Jim for the job of Guest of Honour at a science fiction convention, though. For one thing, he never seems to take this kind of work seriously enough. I've seen him in action as GoH at a number of conventions, and instead of going around impressing people and locking himself away in the pro authors' suite he has this habit of mingling with all and sundry and making jokes about science fiction and fandom and giving people the impression that conventions are put on for *fun*. On many an occasion I've seen him standing around in convention halls and room parties actually making people laugh. Personally, I could never understand exactly why the fans were laughing, because Jim is addicted to what he fondly believes are puns. I am, as most people know, a leading exponent of the witty and well-crafted play on words, so I know what I'm talking about when I say that there's something funny about Jim's jokes. Here's an example of what I mean: In Ireland we have a biscuit (cookie) manufacturer known as Scribbans Kemp. One night at a meeting of the Belfast SF group the host was handing around a plate of biscuits and apologising for the fact that there was a very limited selection.

"Oh, well," Jim said, "Scribbans Kemp be choosers."

There it is! You've been warned! That is the way Jim White's mind works, and he is quite likely to come out with that sort of thing at any time. (His vivacious wife, Peggy, I am sad to say, is nearly as bad. I still remember the time one of our friends installed a swanky new chandelier which featured two white hemispheres, and Peggy referred to it as a "candle-bra.")

Another thing about Jim is his delusion—inspired, no doubt, by the fact that he has had a lot of SF published in magazines like *Analog*—that he has a scientific mind. There was a fireworks night many years ago when I decided to improvise on the available pyrotechnics by tying a small banger on top of a rocket and was wondering if the whole assemblage would be able to leave the ground.

"You should be all right," Jim said, doing his best to look knowledgeable. "You've got a sixpenny rocket and a two-penny banger—and that gives you a three-to-one thrust-to-load ratio."

He has, however, some legitimate claims to fame. One of my favourite anecdotes about Jim is the one about how, when he worked for a large tailoring concern, he allowed a door-to-door encyclopedia salesman to talk his way into his home. The poor huckster, deceived by Jim's quiet manner, thought he was going to have an easy sale, but that wasn't the way things worked out. Jim refused to buy an encyclopedia, and added insult to injury by persuading the intruder to buy a suit! Jim is also the proud possessor of a complete set of *Astounding/Analog*, and it is rumoured that he is in almost the same position with regard to the British five-pound note.

There isn't much more to be said really. It's too late for your committee to back out of employing Jim as Guest of Honour now, so you'll just have to make the best of things. If you feed him regularly and manage to keep him off the tequila he'll probably behave in quite a reasonable way, provided there's no full moon during the weekend, and with any luck the effects of exposure to his sense of humour will wear off you in a month or two.

Above all, make sure to send him back to this side of the Atlantic in good working order—we need him for our conventions, you see.

Bob Shaw



Photograph by Jay Kay Klem

Jack Gaughan: An Appreciation

If you had been in fandom, say, ten or fifteen years ago, you would have known the heights to which Jack Gaughan had reached. Winner of three Hugos for Best Professional Artist and another for Best Fan Artist, he was only the second illustrator in history to have been a World Science Fiction Convention Guest of Honor. The other was the illustrious Frank R. Paul who was Guest of Honor at the first Worldcon ever, Nycon I, some forty-two years ago.

Quite coincidentally, Jack and I met for the first time at a Lunacon, just one decade ago this year. In ten years' time we've not seen very much of each other, even though we've walked many of the same paths, attended conventions together, felt similar agonies and even shared a few common triumphs. Although our relationship has been a cordial one, we've avoided establishing any serious friendship between us. I, of course, value what relationship we do have, for Jack is a mellow and amiable sort and has never been reluctant to help me out when I needed him. This lack of closeness, however, gives me a unique advantage, as few would attribute my praise of him to some act of idle patronage. Jack Gaughan is a giant, not merely for who he is or what he does, but for the great influence he continues to have over the look and direction of modern science fiction. So, this will not be praise for the sake of friendship, but rather, praise for true accomplishment. And although I have great affection for this highly personable man and the highest regard for his work, I've always felt that one should not become too chummy with one's idols.

Jack Gaughan, the artist, has always been so individual in his approach that he is difficult to classify in terms of the broad pictorial trends which make up contemporary SF illustration. He's not a gadget painter, though he paints machines well; he's not a surrealist, though symbolism is a continuous thread in the complex tapestry of his work. Mostly he's fostered trends, rather than followed them. If we were to look carefully at what he's done and then look at what went before, perhaps some vague connections could be made with the works of Richard Powers and Frank R. Paul, but for whatever influences there are, there are as many new directions in which Jack Gaughan has traveled. Certainly for the length of his free-lance career he has been as prolific as both of these artists, and as much in demand. His longevity, however, is unique in the world of commercial art. Few artists ever sustain an entire career working within a single specialty, especially when that field of activity is as chaotic a one as science fiction. So great is his love for this genre, that Jack would care to do nothing more than devote his efforts to creating SF, be it with words or pictures. And therein lies yet another of his talents, for not only is he a maker of images, but an architect of ideas as well. After nearly twenty years as one of SF's greatest picture-makers, he has begun to write short fiction, too, proving that he has in no way yet reached the limits of what he can do.

A Gaughan painting is invariably a grabber. His work is always striking and is frequently very graphic in flavor. One thinks of his paintings as posters and like the legendary Frank R. Paul, he uses bright primary colors without trepidation. Though outwardly bold and explicit in his approach, there is also great subtlety to what he does. Within the strong graphic flavor which characterizes his work, there is much flexibility and range. He can paint with equal skill, works of subtle variation in hues and values as well as those of apparently poster-like simplicity. And therein is the artist's deception, for the best pictorial ideas are the simplest ones, yet in the complex realm of illusions, nothing is ever simple. A painting by Gaughan is always full of surprises, yet so distinctive that it can surely never be mistaken for the work of another.

And he is a virtuoso in black and white, too, a skill often regarded as unique for so accomplished a colorist. Yet some of the best black and white SF art ever has been done by Jack Gaughan. Indeed, the work which first brought him to the attention of science fiction readers, were the interior illustrations for Jack Vance's *The Dragon Masters* which appeared in the August 1962 issue of *Galaxy Magazine*. Not only do they demonstrate Jack's remarkable skill at creating convincing alien creatures, but they are a veritable tour de force of pen and ink technique.

More than its bright colors and masterful technique, what makes Jack Gaughan's work so beloved by those of us who care about science fiction is its soul. What marks the difference between an artist and a technician is the artist's ability to reach inside himself and bring forth an image or an idea which touches us in a way which tells us of a truth far beyond mere illusion.

Jack Gaughan: artist, writer, art director, artists' spokesman and friend. He is a pioneer in the realm of possible tomorrows. Let us show him the affection we feel for him for what he has given us is a gift which few others can give. He has shown us his personal vision of the vast, wheeling cosmos and of the future yet to come. And in those future times and far away worlds, he has shown us the perseverance of the human heart.

Vincent Di Fate

**TWO
MASTER-
PIECES
OF
THE
MACABRE**
edited by
**CHARLES
L. GRANT**



PLAYBOY PAPERBACKS
747 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Wally Wood: An Appreciation



Wally Wood is one of the greatest cartoonists this country has produced. His work has appeared in national magazines, syndicated strips, and thousands of comic books. His first love was the comic book, and it is in this medium that he has produced his greatest work. His art has influenced countless other artists and will continue to do so for many years to come.

I first met Wally in 1959, and I was astounded by his sketch books, filled with pages upon pages of imaginative drawings that he had been doing since he was in grade school. Wally's drawings were filled with fantastic little people, wild looking giants, sexy ladies, and handsome heroes. Whether these early fantasies were set within strange landscapes or forbidding castles, they already had the "Woody" touch.

Over the years those original visual fantasies have remained in Wally's work and he returns to them often—they are his genius, and they are "Woody." He always had the ability to take countless things, put them all in one composition and make them into a beautiful drawing. To watch Wally ink over a few pencil lines and create a complicated "Woody" panel was pure magic, and a humbling experience.

Wally was a man ahead of his time. In 1950 he was a country music fan while the rest of us were listening to Sinatra. He wore jeans when only cowboys wore them. Speaking of jeans—he was outfitting his heroines with tight fitting jeans before women dared to wear them.

I remember his wife Tatjana dragging him down to Bloomingdale's to get him to buy his first navy blue suit for a "Bill Gaines EC Party." Wally insisted on wearing the jacket over his jeans with his favorite red-plaid cotton shirt. If there ever was a country boy it's Wally, right down to the soles of his work boots, and proud of it.

Over the years Wally has given us all great pleasure with his work, and his art will delight and influence future generations.

So at this point it's only fitting to say "Thanks Wally" from all of us.

Joe Orlando



Hello!
Having a
fabulous time
at Nycon IV.
Wish you
were here.
J. Phan

NEW YORK, NY 100
PM
2 MAR
1981



N.Y. in '86
GPO Box 2586
B'klyn, N.Y. 11202

A Tralthan By Tail

The trouble with simple ideas is that they sometimes grow in unexpected directions and produce strange off-shoots, but the problem with the Sector General idea was that it grew not only tentacles, tendrils, pincers and assorted other ambulatory and manipulatory appendages—it also grew a tail of which it has been impossible to let go.

From my earliest years as a reader and writer of SF I have had a strong preference for medics or extraterrestrials as the chief characters in the stories, and frequently I found myself writing both types into the same story. So it was inevitable that a story which dealt with the problems inherent in Earth-human beings treating large numbers of e-ts in hospital conditions, and aliens similarly treating humans, would evolve.

The long novelette "Sector General," published in 1957 in the British SF mag *New Worlds*, was supposed to be a once-only use of this idea. But the story had flaws, the editor, Ted Carnell, said. Doctor Conway simply drifted into and out of medical situations without solving his main problem, the ethical conflict in his mind between the militaristic Monitor Corps who maintain the hospital and the intensely pacifist medical staff, and I had spelt "efficient" two different ways in the typescript, both of which were wrong. He liked the interstellar hospital background, however, and suggested I do a sequel.

For a great many years I have had a fondness for big, scaley, tentacular extraterrestrials (well, we all have our hang-ups) and "Trouble with Emily" had Dr. Conway, carrying a pint-size e-t medic with psi powers on his shoulder instead of a large chip, and a party of Corpsmen all cooperating in the treatment of an extraterrestrial brontosaurus-like patient called Emily (because one of the Monitor Corps officers had a liking for the works of the Bronte sisters). Ted liked the story but was unhappy with a character called Emily Brontosaurus and promised to do unthinkable things to me if I ever did such a thing again.

In the next and supposedly the last story in the series, "Visitor at Large," there appeared for the first time the insectile, incredibly fragile and emotion-sensitive Dr. Prilicla, who later became the most popular character in the series, and the patient which Conway and Prilicla were treating was physically incapable of taking sick—though it was suffering from a severe psychological disturbance which was literally turning it to water.

The solution (sorry about that) to their problem formed a fitting climax and conclusion to the series, but Ted did not agree. He wanted two more stories so that the series could be sold as a complete Sector General book.

There could be good money in it, he said.

In the next story there was a jump backwards in time to the building of the hospital, and the central character was O'Mara, who was later to become its Chief Psychologist. This story was followed by the one which introduced the silver-furred, caterpillar-like Kelgian nurse, Naydrad. They were entitled "Medic" and "Outpatient." All five of the Sector General stories written up to that time were published by Ballantine as *Hospital Station*, and the series was ended.

Hah.

At about this time the 100th issue of *New Worlds* was coming up and Ted was insistent that it should include a Sector General story. He had a hole 7,000 words long in number 100 and could I fill it with a short SG, in three weeks?

Now I badly wanted to get into that issue with its line-up of top UK authors, but I didn't have a single alien ailment in my head. In desperation I built a story around an Earth-human disease which might have an extraterrestrial equivalent, diabetes—an ailment of which I had first-hand experience. This was the plot-line for "Countercharm," which dropped neatly into Ted's 7,000-word hole, and the series was resurrected again.

Hal Clement was responsible for the next story. I had been re-re-reading *Needle* when it occurred to me that a very important extraterrestrial might have as its personal physician an intelligent organised virus life-form who actually worked *inside* its patient. The story was called, inevitably, "Resident Physician," which made Ted unhappy because he thought I'd

Just Published

ADVENTURES IN A FABLED UNDERGROUND WORLD.



HUOK OF THE STONE AGE
Lin Carter

In the land of Zanthodon, beneath the vast Sahara, Eric Carstairs encountered the last of the Cro-magnons and their rivals the Neanderthals.

Hurok, the Neanderthal, having learned the meaning of friendship from Carstairs, would lead a rescue expedition to the dinosaur guarded city of Zar, where Carstairs was being held captive by a sadistic queen and her scheming advisers.

HUROK OF THE STONE AGE is the third novel in the tremendous adventure series that began with Lin Carter's JOURNEY TO THE UNDERGROUND WORLD and ZANTHODON. Illustrated.

DAW ORIGINAL/UE 1597/\$1.75
(\$1.95 in Canada)

DAW 30

Our tenth year
celebrating the 30th
The Exclusive Science Fiction and
Fantasy Line
Selected by DONALD A. WOLFFHEIM

NAL

Distributed by NEW AMERICAN LIBRARY
633 Broadway, New York, New York 10019

Coming in June

A TRIP WITH A TIME-TRAVELING ROBOT.



THE ROBOT IN THE CLOSET
Ron Goulart

Sara Tenbrook wanted to shake down her family tree to find a fortune lost somewhere among the centuries past. So she rented a time machine and invited her boyfriend along.

The time machine was a robot. It could climb down to any branch of the old Tenbrook family tree and take them with it.

But it could also talk, and take on disguises. And it had an ego bigger than all creation!

Discover the craziest family tree in history—with Ron Goulart's sensational new novel.

DAW ORIGINAL/UJ1626/\$1.95
(\$2.25 in Canada)

DAW 30

Our tenth year
celebrating the 30th
The Exclusive Science Fiction and
Fantasy Line
Selected by DONALD A. WOLFFHEIM

NAL

Distributed by NEW AMERICAN LIBRARY
633 Broadway, New York, New York 10019

pulled another Emily Brontosaurus on him. But the patient turned out to be such an unusual character that it set me off on the plot for the first Sector General novel, *Field Hospital*. These two stories were later published together as *Star Surgeon*.

During the ensuing four years it began to look as if the series was finally laid to rest, and this would have been the case if it had not been for my strange and continuing craving for bigger sick aliens. The newest one covered half a planet and required an army of doctors to treat it. Sector General hospital was ready and waiting. The result was five novelettes which were planned from the start to build progressively into a book, *Major Operation*. It had a slam-bang ending, with a whole Sector sub-fleet of the Monitor Corps performing the necessary surgery under Conway's direction, and that was it.

I could now discuss my Sector General *trilogy* at conventions and fan-gatherings, and it had a fine, solid, final sound to it. I was free.

For a long time there had been in my notebook an idea for an organic spaceship, but I could not see a way of using it until I could think up a method of boosting the creature to escape velocity. Then at one of the cons I mentioned my problem to Jack Cohen. Jack, who lectures in zoology at the University of Birmingham in England, is a stickler for xenobiological verisimilitude. (You should hear what goes on when Jack, Larry Niven and I get together to discuss aliens.) Jack immediately suggested bombardier beetles, a small European insect which, when threatened by natural enemies, expells and ignites gas from its rear so violently that it lands several inches away.

When the story "Spacebird" came to be written, the launch was from a Mesklin-type planet with high centrifugal force and relatively low gravity at the equator, with billions of outside bombardier beetles forming the multi-staging sequences, all blasting away and heaving the bird into space.

Ah, the sweet (?) smell of success.

Naturally, when the organic spaceship got into trouble Sector General was only a stone's-throw (or would you believe a couple of thousand lightyears?) away.

It was shortly after this that I did a near-future novel which was not liked by the US publishers, although it eventually appeared in the UK, Germany and Italy. It was based largely on personal experience and feelings about the stupidity of the current troubles in Belfast and on my wife's work in the local hospital's intensive care unit, which saw the end-result of the violence. This was a terrible story in the real sense of the word, I was told, and not the type of story they expected from James White. Would I therefore forget about all this nastiness and write a nice, clean-cut, thought- instead of nightmare-provoking, optimistic book like I used to do?

About Sector General?

The notebook held a few ideas for aliens—which Jack had pronounced weird even for me, but xenobiologically workable—and an aspect of Sector General which had never been properly developed, its ambulance service. From this alien stewpot emerged the three long novelettes which comprised *Ambulance Ship*, the last (or do I mean the latest?) SG book.

The trouble is that the series has developed a life of its own these days. People come up to me at cons with suggestions like "Why don't you use a doctor who really is a leech?" or "Why doesn't Prilicla go berserk and beat everybody up?" (Eh?) or "Why don't you write about all the human and e-t doctors and nurses doing naughty things together so you could have a General Sexter story?" or "Why don't you discuss the Galactic Federation's drink problems by having an alcoholics ward full of elephantine Tralthans who see pink human beings . . .?"

Some of these suggestions merited serious consideration. But I still have this fascination for big aliens (yes, they like me, too) and the one I now have in mind is about four miles long, much too large to be treated in the hospital so that the ambulance ship has to call for Monitor Corps assistance, say one, or maybe two Emperor-class capital ships and a fleet of smaller stuff. Oh, yes, there would be a communications problem, too, which would require Conway and Prilicla to insinuate themselves into . . . And, of course, O'Mara would have to psycho-analyse a Midgard Serpent and . . . the story will probably be nothing at all like that.

I tell you, one of these years it has got to *stop*.

James White

**IN THE
VASTNESS OF
DEEP SPACE,
ONLY ONE
HOSPITAL
WAS NEEDED:**



**JAMES WHITE'S
SECTOR GENERAL—SCIENCE FICTION'S
MOST POPULAR INTERGALACTIC HOSPITAL!**

AMBULANCE SHIP

\$1.95

A gripping novel of a futuristic hospital's battle to contain a potentially deadly epidemic.

HOSPITAL STATION

\$2.25

The toughest orphan in the universe? An incomprehensible alien that seems to be eating itself? All in a day's work for the medics of Sector General!

STAR SURGEON

\$1.95

Could Conway and the medics save their patients when Sector General became the target of an interstellar war?

THE ALIENS AMONG US

\$2.25

In a futuristic hospital or on very distant battlegrounds, human/alien intrigue that only James White can conjure!

MAJOR OPERATION

\$2.25

An invisible life form, having an hallucinatory effect on others, poses new challenges for Sector General!

On Sale Now!

**DEL
REY**

Del Rey Books

**#1 Publisher of Science Fiction and Fantasy
Published by Ballantine**

Give Us An 'OWW!', Moriarty

When one is more accustomed to sullyng innocent sheets of paper with smears and smudges and scrawls rather than words, the task of providing written biographical information is difficult indeed. I was produced in the usual way and introduced to the world in Springfield, Ohio, September 24, 1930. My father was a pressman, which doubtless had some influence on my desire to cover white, flat areas with markings of whatever kind. My mother was a democrat until FDR's death. She has been, and is now, a Republican.

My childhood, however, was devoid of any artistic leanings or influences save those in the "funny papers" and the annual chore of coloring with crayons innumerable printed turkeys and barns and trees and skies. It wasn't until after a few years of a not unpleasant childhood that I was disabused of the idea that turkeys were brown, barns red, grass green, and skies blue.

There were no art classes as such in either St. Raphael's Elementary School nor in Catholic Central High. However several nuns (whom I often think were misnamed "Sisters of Charity") may have had some influence on me and where I might go. One taught her "boys" to visualize what they read. We were drilled in such exercises as reading about a man disembarking from a rowboat onto a dock and walking the dock's length to a gravel path lined by trees and all of this on a moonlit night; but we were to conjure up the water's slap on the dock's pilings as the wooden craft thunked hollowly against them. To imagine the creak of an unmentioned ladder as it protested the weight of the climbing man who then produced the sounds of shoes walking on wooden slats . . . then the crunch of the gravel and the play of the trees' shadows as the moon shone through their wind-tossed leaves. To this day pictures march through my head at the slightest literary provocation. You might say at that point I had little choice but to go and realize those pictures. However I displayed no talent and less inclination to work. One day as punishment for some long-forgotten trespass I was set to the task of copying Gustave Dore's illustrations for Dante's *Inferno*. This was in high school and no doubt I'd been drawing mustaches on pictures of Julius Caesar in my Latin books—so if he was going to alter or fool with pictures in books, why not let the skinny little clod do it up right. Well, it beat trigonometry and the *Inferno* was full of naked ladies . . . even more than in the magazines in the barbershop.

About this time I developed a rather severe case of asthma and was to all intents and purposes housebound and what-the-hell-it-was-something-to-do. So I drew. It became clear that because of the asthma and an indescribable case of the most terrible shyness I would do little else, and I was perforce packed off to art school. It beat working.

And there, of course, the blinkin' world opened up quicker than one of those time-lapse blossom shots in an old Disney movie. It wasn't easy, it was work; but it wasn't labor. My little scribbles could say things I had always been too timid to say. And people "listened" . . . perhaps through interest or through pity but I had a by-golly audience and there was enough inherited ham in me to be seduced by the applause. (My grandfather, Peter Gaughan, had been a vaudeville comedian and I only recently learned that Grandmother—whom I didn't know—could do the splits!)

The Dayton Art Institute still stands though its school, which I attended, has closed. I like to say that when Jonathan Winters and I left the school it closed. This, of course, was not the case. It was a good school, full of good people. It did not teach so much as it made one desire to learn and it made that learning available.

Nobody fell in a swoon over my slightest pen-stroke but I had the beginnings of a trade. At the invitation of Harry Truman I spent two years in Virginia making that state safe from North Koreans. I was so slight at the time and so easily winded that they gave up on making a fighting machine (or a truck driver) of me and eventually set me to work designing murals for the mess hall. My first design was one of blood and guts and blast and boom as the Transportation Corps dauntlessly delivered bathroom tissue to the front lines. The Major thought that all this drama and violence was a bit inappropriate for a room devoted to the peaceful ingesting of nutrients and suggested a more pastoral subject. So I did two huge Maxfield Parrish-type murals but in the trees I hid monkeys with sergeant's stripes and in the mirror-lakes were sharks devouring second lieutenants.

Upon separation from the Army I returned to the school at Dayton and eventually at about the age of twenty-five ran away from home to Philadelphia, where I illustrated a school textbook on Pennsylvania history, and thence to New York where, with the help of the late Hannes Bok, I was set up with living quarters and applied for G.I. unemployment.

In order to collect this twenty-nine dollars for twenty-nine weeks one had to report weekly to the unemployment office with a list of places one had been seeking work and one's portfolio of sample artwork. At that time most of us had a rather neat working list of places which weren't hiring ANYBODY and we traded our lists off week by week but I outsmarted myself. I remembered in the army some rude, not to say vulgar, cartoons about maintaining machinery. They were done by Will Eisner and though he was in my eyes an excellent draughtsman and storyteller in his *The Spirit* comic strip, these greasy G.I. cartoons could have had no imaginable civilian market. As it happened, a small studio to whom Eisner farmed out work was looking for a simple soul who could do Eisner imitations and I was forced to go to work or lose the unemployment check.

A few years of rubber cement and innumerable cartoons, an art director's job in a sleazy agency, then a few more years art-directing for companies who did filmstrips and slides and commercial films gave me enough tools to work with so that when (as often happened in films) I was laid-off my wife, Phoebe, on whom I had managed to inflict myself by that time . . . well, she suggested I do what I wanted to do. Briefly, that was science fiction. I had been doing an odd job now and again for *Galaxy* and a few others but this was my first shot at full time free-lancing. Doing things with my name on them—not just thousands of anonymous drawings and designs but things which proclaimed that *I* did them. After teaching myself to paint (badly)—I was always more of a pen and ink draughtsman and designer than painter—I happened to be at the right place at the right time (if there is a secret to this business, that's it) and the results a good many of you have seen. One hopes you approved.

There's more. Some of it good, a bit of it bad, but that's the essential biography. It leaves out, however, the biggest attraction in science fiction—Lord knows it wasn't the money—and that is *you*, the fan, the reader and what a great and vocal audience you have been. I seem to remember that's WHY we have these affairs, these conventions and, while they're getting too big for me, I love them and I can't thank you enough.

And now, "Around the corner for the old brandy!" (Music, "Old Comrades March," up and out.)

Jack Gaughan

James White Biography

James White's first fannish act was in 1947 when he wrote a letter of comment to a British SF magazine. This resulted in a meeting shortly afterwards with fellow Belfastian and BNF-to-be Walter Willis and to the eventual formation of the fan-group which was to become known as Irish Fandom.

When the group's printed, hand-set fanzine *Slant* was published he was its art editor, producing large numbers of woodcuts and linocuts to fill the empty spaces on the pages occasioned by the fact that, during the first few issues, they could not afford enough type to fill the pages with text. His ambition at that time was to be a science-fiction illustrator, but he had to give up the idea for two reasons—astigmatism and the high quality of the local competition. During the production of linocuts his nose and the razor blade he used were beginning to occupy the same space at the same time; noted *New Worlds* illustrator Gerard Quinn lived nearby, fellow fan Bob Shaw was himself a fine artist and even Walt Willis could draw a recognisable egg, especially when he was trying to draw a circle.

When the printed and time-consuming *Slant* gave way to the duplicated *Hyphen*, James began contributing articles, usually con reports, as well as illos.

Typical of his fan pieces was the Beacon report of 1954. An entire issue of *Hyphen* was devoted—as was James himself at the time—to the then *Other Worlds* editor Bea Mahaffey and her visit to Ireland and to that year's UK convention, to such an extent that on the train to the con site he asked the conductor if the engine-driver, like the captain of a ship at sea, was empowered to marry people.

A regular con-goer since the UK Festival Convention of 1951, it is alleged that he was responsible for introducing the water-pistol into British fandom, and some twenty years later in spite of this heinous offence, or perhaps because of it, he was elected a Knight of St. Fantasy.

Peggy, his wife of 25 years (that's how long they've been married, not her age, which has for a number of years been 29) is a convert from Gilbert and Sullivan fandom, and frequently has relapses. In her time with James she has read and corrected typescripts (67), produced exceptionally fine lemon meringue pies (1,257), children (3) and, according to Walt Willis, the second-worst pun in Irish Fandom.

James made his first professional sale to the British SF magazine *New Worlds* in 1953. He has since produced more than 60 stories of various lengths including 11 novels and five short story collections which have seen book and magazine publication or have been anthologised in Europe, North and South America and in Japan.

Books already published on both sides of the Atlantic include *The Secret Visitors*, *Second Ending*, *Deadly Litter*, *Open Prison* (*The Escape Orbit* in the US), *The Aliens Among Us*, *The Watch Below*, *Monsters and Medics*, *All Judgment Fled*, which won the Europa Award as the best SF novel in the English language written in the preceding three years, *Tomorrow Is Too Far*, *Dark Inferno* (*Lifeboat* in the US), *The Dream Millennium* and his latest novel, *Underkill*.

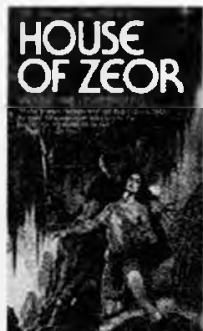
He is perhaps best known for his Sector General series of stories which have been collected in the books *Hospital Station*, *Star Surgeon*, *Major Operation* and *Ambulance Ship*, which deals in considerable, and often humorous detail with the medical and psychological problems occurring in a hospital in space whose staff has to diagnose and treat extraterrestrial patients of all shapes and sizes.

Born in 1928 in Belfast, Northern Ireland, where he still lives with Peggy and their three children, he writes SF in his spare time—in real life he is publicity officer with Shorts, the local aircraft company, where he has worked for the past fifteen years.

This is his very first US convention. He was Guest of Honour at the first Novacon in England in 1971; at Sfancon 5 in Bruges, Belgium in 1975; at the first Scottish convention, Faircon '78, and he will be GoH later this year at the Italian convention in Ferrara.

STILL MORE FABULOUS FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION FROM PLAYBOY PAPERBACKS

THREE IN THE SIME/GEN SERIES



HOUSE OF ZEOR, Jacqueline Lichtenberg

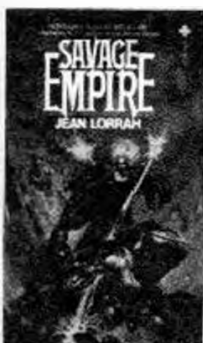
Introducing a fabulous world of the future where earth is divided between Sime and Gen, warring races locked in a deadly vampiric dependence. \$2.25

UNTO ZEOR, FOREVER, Jacqueline Lichtenberg

Winner of the Galaxy Award for best novel of the year and the powerful sequel to *House of Zeor*. Science fiction in the grand manner... absolutely fresh and compelling."—*New York Times Book Review*. \$2.25

FIRST CHANNEL, Jean Lorrh & Jacqueline Lichtenberg

Book three and "the best crafted" (*Library Journal*) of the *Sime/Gen* Series. A book that *Kirkus Reviews* called "powerful and quite intriguing." \$2.50



SAVAGE EMPIRE, Jean Lorrh

Alien cultures with awesome parapsychological powers run wild on an alternative universe in this new sci/fantasy tale by "a rousing good storyteller."
—Katherine Kuriz, author of the *Deryni* Series. \$2.25

SAMARKAND DAWN, Graham Diamond

A dazzling fantasy sequel to *Samarkand* following the adventures of Princess Sharon through a fierce and bloody revenge. By the author of *The Haven* Series. \$2.25

THE BEASTS OF HADES, Graham Diamond

The newest addition to the best-selling *Haven* Series that includes *The Haven*, *Lady of the Haven*, *Dungeons of Kuba* and *Falcon of Eden*. "A wonderful experience."—Andre Norton. \$2.25



WAR GAMES, Karl Hansen

A brilliant and mind-blowing novel of a future war set in a hybrid universe.

"Rousing and evocative... Readers will remember it long after they put the book down."

—George R. R. Martin

"Makes Heinlein's *Starship Troopers* look like a pack of cub scouts."—Edward Bryant, twice winner of the Nebula Award

"More real than life, more painful, and, in the end, more beautiful. Hansen really goes for the jugular!"

—Orson Scott Card,
author of *A Planet Called Treason*

\$2.50

 **PLAYBOY PAPERBACKS**
1633 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019

a james white BIBLIOGRAPHY

ALL JUDGMENT FLED

If, Dec. 67-Feb. 68. [Rapp & Whiting 1968; Corgi 1969; Walker 1969; Walker (large type) 1969; Ballantine 1970]

AMBULANCE SHIP (novel)

Ballantine 1979; Corgi 1980.

ANSWER CAME THERE NONE

Galaxy, Jan. 74

APPRENTICE, THE

New Worlds 99, Oct. 60 [*Out of This World 3*, ed. A. Williams-Ellis & M. Owen, Blackie 1962; *Out of This World*, ed. A. Williams-Ellis & M. Owen, Blackie 1971.]

ASSISTED PASSAGE

New Worlds 19, Jan. 53 [*Gateway to the Stars*, ed. J. Carnell, Museum Press 1955.]

BLOOD BROTHER

New Writings in SF-14, ed. J. Carnell, Dobson 1969; Corgi 1969.

BOARDING PARTY

New Worlds 37, July 55.

CHRISTMAS TREASON

F&SF, Jan. 62 [*8th Annual of the Year's Best SF*, ed. J. Merril, Simon & Schuster 1963; Dell 1964; *Space 1*, ed. R. Davis, Abelard-Schuman 1973]

COMMUTER

New Writings in SF-21, ed. J. Carnell, Sidgwick & Jackson 1972; Corgi 1973; *New Writings in SF Special 1* Sidgwick & Jackson 1975]

CONSPIRATORS, THE

New Worlds 24, June 54. [*The Aliens Among Us* (entry). *Science Fiction Adventures in Mutation*, ed. G. Conklin, Vanguard 1955; Berkley 1965. *Strange Universe*, ed. A. Williams-Ellis & M. Pearson, Blackie 1974.]

COUNTER SECURITY

F&SF, Feb. 63; *Venture* (UK) No. 1, Sep. 63 [*13 Against the Night*, ed. G. Conklin, Dell 1965. *Monsters & Medics* (entry).]

COUNTERCHARM

New Worlds 100, Nov. 60 [*The Aliens Among Us* (entry).]

CROSSFIRE

New Worlds 21, June 53 [*The Best from New Worlds*, ed. J. Carnell, T.V. Boardman 1955.]

CURTAIN CALL

Nebula, Aug. 54

CUSTOM FITTING

Stellar 2

DARK INFERNO

Galaxy, Jan.-Mar. 72 [M. Joseph 1972]

DARK TALISMAN

Nebula, Oct. 58

DEADLY LITTER

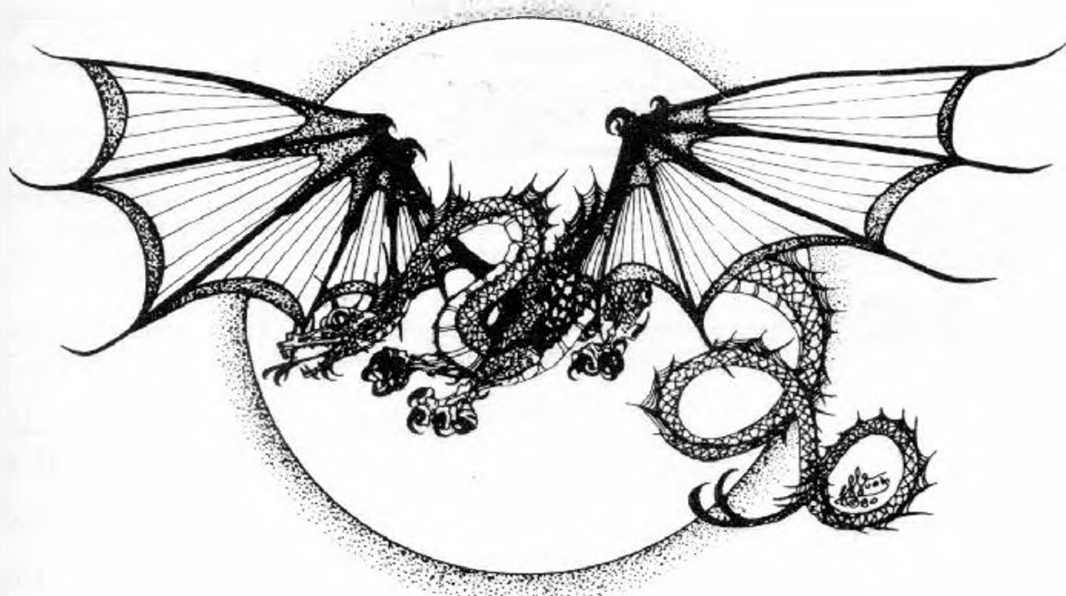
SF Adventures, Feb/Mar. 60 [*Deadly Litter* (entry).]

DOGFIGHT

New Worlds 81, Mar. 59; *New Worlds* 2 (US), Apr. 60 [*Monsters & Medics* (entry).]

DREAM MILLENIUM

Galaxy, Oct.-Dec. 73 [M. Joseph 1974; Ballantine 1974; Corgi 1976]



THE BID

Wilma Fisher – Chairman

Neil Harris – Vice-Chairman

Larry Gelland – Liaison

Lynn Cohen – Secretary

Randi Millstein – Treasurer

Berta Attiya – Bookkeeper

Gary Feldbaum – Counsel

THE COMMITTEE

Joann Lawler • Yoel Attiya • Mark Trebing • P. B. McGrath • Dorothy Amlin • Fred Even • Jason Keehn • Janny Wurts
Rob Heard • J. B. Post • Wall Rittenhouse

1986

PHILADELPHIA

CELEBRATE FIFTY YEARS OF CONVENTION FANDOM
IN THE CITY WHERE IT ALL BEGAN

CONTACT ADDRESS Wilma Fisher, 520 Hamilton Road Merion Station, PA 19066



WE'RE SLASHING PRICES ----- YES, IT'S TRUE. EXCALIBRE GAMES INC IS NOW UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT, AND WE INTEND TO BRING YOU THE BEST GAME BARGAINS AVAILABLE. CHECK THE PRICES ON THIS LIST --- WE THINK YOU'LL BE AMAZED!

ALL GAMES SHIPPED POSTPAID--MAKE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PAYABLE TO EXCALIBRE GAMES, INC. BOX 29171, BROOKLYN CENTER, MN 55429
10% DISCOUNT ON ORDERS OVER \$30.00

<u>CURRENTLY AVAILABLE</u>	<u>WAS</u>	<u>IS</u>
CAEN - 1944 WWII - 100 die cut counters	\$6.00	\$5.00
CASSINO - 1944 WWII - 100 die cut counters	6.00	5.00
CRIMEA - 1941-42 WWII - 100 die cut counters	6.00	5.00
SIDI REZEGH - 1941 WWII - 110 die cut counters	6.00	5.00
TOTAL WAR - 1939 WWII - 210 die cut counters, 2 color map	6.95	5.00
GOLDEN HORDE - Medieval 1205-1241 AD - 210 die cut counters, 2 color playing map	6.95	5.00
CYBORG - The Ultimate Adventure - includes a one-to-one combat system, 240 die cut counters, large playing map	8.95	6.00
ANCIENT CONQUEST II - Follows the basic historical objective system of Ancient Conquest but with many new rules and innovations. AC II covers the period 550 BC to 323 BC. Includes 420 die cut counters, numerous charts and four color map of the Ancient World	9.95	8.00
QUAZAR - Science Fantasy Wargame - 840 die cut counters, 4 large map sections, numerous game charts	12.00	10.00
MALAYA - 1941-42 WWII - 420 die cut counters, 4 color map	14.95	10.00
HEAVYWEIGHT BOXING - Two player game of professional boxing strategy. Includes rating cards for 40 top contemporary and all-time great heavyweight boxers	12.00	10.00
<u>ALSO AVAILABLE - THESE FINE BOXED GAMES BY C IN C</u>		
STALK I - Early WWII - complete with 10 C in C 1/285 armor miniatures	15.00	13.00
NORTH CAPE - 1939-43 WWII - naval combat complete with 21 C in C 1/4800 miniatures	17.00	15.00

- DYNASTY OF ONE
Science Fantasy 15, Sep. 55
- ESCAPE ORBIT, THE (aka OPEN PRISON)
Ace, 1965
- FALSE ALARM
New Worlds 61, July 57
- FAST TRIP
F&SF, Apr. 63 [*Out of This World* 6, ed. A. Williams-Ellis & M. Owen, Blackie 1967]
- FEDERATION WORLD
Analog, Aug. 80
- FIELD HOSPITAL
New Worlds 114-116, Jan.-Mar. 62 [as "Star Surgeon" (entry).]
- GRAPELINER
New Worlds 88, Nov. 59; *New Worlds* 4 (US), Jun. 60 [*Deadly Litter* (entry).]
- HIGH ROAD
New Worlds 3 (US), May 60
- IDEAL CAPTAIN, THE
New Worlds 74, Aug. 58 [*Deadly Litter* (entry).]
- IN LOVING MEMORY
Nebula, Jan. 56 [*Monsters & Medics* (entry).]
- INVADER
New Writings in SF-7, ed. J. Carnell, Dobson, 1965; Corgi; not in Bantam edition
- LIFEBOAT (aka DARK INFERNO)
 Ballantine 1972
- LIGHTS OUTSIDE THE WINDOWS, THE
New Worlds 56, Feb. 57 [*Deadly Litter* (entry).]
- MAJOR OPERATION (short story)
New Writings in SF-18, ed. J. Carnell, Dobson 1971; Corgi 1971.
- MEATBALL
New Writings in SF-16, ed. J. Carnell, Dobson 1969; Corgi 1970.
- MEDIC (aka O'MARA'S ORPHAN)
Hospital Station (entry).
- NUISANCE VALUE
Analog, Oct. 75 [*Monsters & Medics* (entry).]
- OCCUPATION: WARRIOR
SF Adventures, Mar. 59 [*The Aliens Among Us* (entry).]
- O'MARA'S ORPHAN (aka MEDIC)
New Worlds 90, Jan. 60 [*Worlds Apart*, ed. A. Williams-Ellis & M. Owen, Blackie 1966]
- OPEN PRISON (aka THE ESCAPE ORBIT)
New Worlds 139-141, Feb.-Apr. 64 [NEL (4 Square), 1965; Corgi 1970]
- OUT-PATIENT
New Worlds 95, June 60 [*Hospital Station* (entry).]
- PATROL
New Worlds 55, Jan. 57
- PUSHOVER PLANET
Nebula, Nov. 55
- QUESTION OF CRUELTY
New Worlds 44, Feb. 56
- RED ALERT
New Worlds 43, Jan. 56 [*The Aliens Among Us* (entry).]
- RESIDENT PHYSICIAN
New Worlds 110, Oct. 61 [*Galactic Empires* Vol. 1, ed. B. Aldiss, Futura 1976]
- SCAVENGERS, THE
Astounding, Oct. 53 (US); *Astounding*, Mar. 54 (UK) [*The Aliens Among Us* (entry).]

SECOND ENDING

Fantastic, Jun/July 61 [Ace 1963; *Monsters & Medics* (entry).]

SECOND ENDING (short version)

Out of This World 8, ed. A. Williams-Ellis & M. Owen, Blackie 1970.

SECRET VISITORS, THE (aka TOURIST PLANET)

Ace 1957; Digit 1961; NEL 1971; White Lion 1974.

SECTOR GENERAL

New Worlds 65, Nov. 57 [*Hospital Station* (entry).]

SPACEBIRD

New Writings in SF-22, ed. K. Bulmer, Sidgwick & Jackson 1973; *New Writings in SF Special 1*, Sidgwick & Jackson 1975.

STAR SURGEON

FIELD HOSPITAL (entry) [Ballantine 1963; Corgi 1967]

STAR WALK, THE

New Worlds 33, Mar. 55

STARVATION ORBIT

New Worlds 25, July 54

TABLEAU

New Worlds 71, May 58 [*The Aliens Among Us* (entry); *The Best of New Worlds*, ed. M. Moorcock, Compact 1965]

TO KILL OR CURE

New Worlds 58, Apr. 57 [*The Aliens Among Us* (entry).]

TOMORROW IS TOO FAR

Ballantine 1971; M. Joseph 1971; Corgi 1973.

TOURIST PLANET

New Worlds 52-54, Oct.-Dec. 56 [as SECRET VISITORS (entry).]

TROUBLE WITH EMILY

New Worlds 77, Nov. 58 [*Hospital Station* (entry); *Out of This World* 2, ed. A. Williams-Ellis & M. Owen, Blackie 1961]

UNDERKILL (novel)

Corgi 1979

VERTIGO

New Writings in SF-12, ed. J. Carnell, Dobson 1968; Corgi 1968.

VISITOR AT LARGE

New Worlds 84, June 59; *New Worlds* 1 (US), Mar. 60 [*Hospital Station* (entry).]

WATCH BELOW, THE

Whiting & Wheaton 1966; Ballantine 1966; Corgi 1967; Walker 1969.

COLLECTIONS

THE ALIENS AMONG US – Corgi 1970; Ballantine 1969; Ian Henry 1979

(Countercharm; To Kill or Cure; Red Alert; Tableau; The Conspirators; The Scavengers; Occupation: Warrior)

DEADLY LITTER – Corgi 1968; Ballantine 1970.

(Deadly Litter, Grapeliner; The Ideal Captain; The Lights Outside the Window)

HOSPITAL STATION – Ballantine 1962; Corgi 1967.

(Medic; Sector General; Trouble with Emily; Visitor at Large; Out-Patient)

MAJOR OPERATION – Ballantine 1971.

(Invader; Blood Brother; Vertigo; Meatball; Major Operation)

MONSTERS AND MEDICS – Corgi 1977; Ballantine 1977.

Second Ending; Counter Security; Dogfight; Nuisance Value; In Loving Memory)

Gordon Johnson

with a little help from James White

BARRY R. LEVIN
SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY LITERATURE



2253 WESTWOOD BLVD.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90064
(213) 474-5611



**RARE & FIRST EDITIONS OF
SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY,
17TH THROUGH 20TH CENTURIES**

—CATALOGUES ISSUED—

If you would like to see one of the finest stocks
of Science Fiction & Fantasy in the country,
please visit our store.

autographs