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Avon Books is the proud publisher in paperback of Roger Zelazny's acclaimed, classic *AMBER* series, as well as other outstanding novels.

Illustration by Tim White for Roger Zelazny's *Blood of Amber*.

The New York Science Fiction Society, The Lunarians, Inc.TM
presents:

LUNACON 1989

Writer GOH: **Roger Zelazny**
Artist GOH: **Ron Walotsky**

Editor GOH: **David G. Hartwell**
Fan GOH: **David A. Kyle**

Policies:

Weapons

NO. None. Weapons are absolutely prohibited. People with weapons will not be registered. Weapons are defined as anything that is classified as a weapon by law, or anything that is intended to represent a weapon in any way. This includes toy weapons of all types.

Masquerade exception: If a weapon is a necessary part of your costume, it may be worn in the Masquerade only. Going to and from the Masquerade, it may be carried in an opaque carrying case (a paper bag is sufficient.)

We are sorry for the stiffness of this policy, but past incidents require that we do so.

Please cover revealing costumes in the public areas of the hotel. i.e. THE BAR, The LOBBY-RECEPTION AREA, and THE RESTAURANTS.

(People please use discretion).

Thank You. Your Con Com.

Acknowledgements:

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Centerspread: *'Ghost'* © 1986 Ron Walotsky for Avon Publishing

Backcover: *'Compass Rose'* is previously unpublished.

Pro buttons courtesy of The Button Factory.

Many thanks to John André of Scitex for his help in getting our color separations done.

The editor's special thanks go to Ron Ontell, Andy Porter, Elan Jane Litt, Jerry Gold and Val Sussman Ontell without whose help this book would have been impossible.

Printing by Gold Printing of Maplewood, N.J.

Special thanks to Alan Lesnick, get well soon.
Paul Sullivan

Best wishes to Judy Stern and Michael Schultz

Our gratitude, & without whom, et al. Don Cook, Merideth Rosenbaum, Richard J. Orlando

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Don, Elsie, and Betsy Wollheim,
Sheila Gilbert and the entire staff of*

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WELCOME TO LUNACON '89!

The goal of this convention is twofold: to encourage interest in SF, Fantasy, Science and related fields; and to provide an enjoyable experience for our attendees. Whether we have achieved these goals is something you will decide.

No convention runs without a lot of people putting in a lot of time. There is no way to thank each one individually, but there are a few who rate special mention. First, our guests: Roger Zelazny, Ron Walotsky, Dave Kyle, and Dave Hartwell. They have been wonderfully cooperative and a pleasure to work with. Next, the people from the Westchester Marriott; this is our fourth year at the hotel and I can truly say that we've never been in a nicer place nor worked with nicer people. My special thanks to Richie Orlando for letting us have Lee for the last three years. She is one of the reasons for our great relationship with the hotel. To my Committee and Assistants (listed elsewhere in this book): Thanks, people -- even though thanks is not enough. Thanks also to all those volunteers who make up our at-con staff. We could not run the con without you.

One special thank you: To my husband, Ron Ontell, who has now put up with all this insanity twice in the last four years, and not only contributed mightily to the overall effort but also saw fit to marry me last July.

One last thank you -- to you, our attendees. You are the reason we do all this and our reward when you let us know you have enjoyed the results of our efforts.

I wish I could meet each and every one of you but one must be realistic. So if you see me at the con, don't hesitate to stop and say "hi."

Enjoy!

*Val Sussman Ontell
Chairperson, Lunacon '89*

P.S. One of the giants in SF died during the past year. Robert A. Heinlein stood above all others for most of us. It is no secret that he had very strong views about the donation of blood and encouraged this practice at every convention at which he was a guest. In these days of dwindling blood supplies, his devotion to such an idea is even more important. Therefore, if you can, please go to your local blood bank or Red Cross and donate blood in the name of Robert Heinlein. It is the best memorial I can think of.

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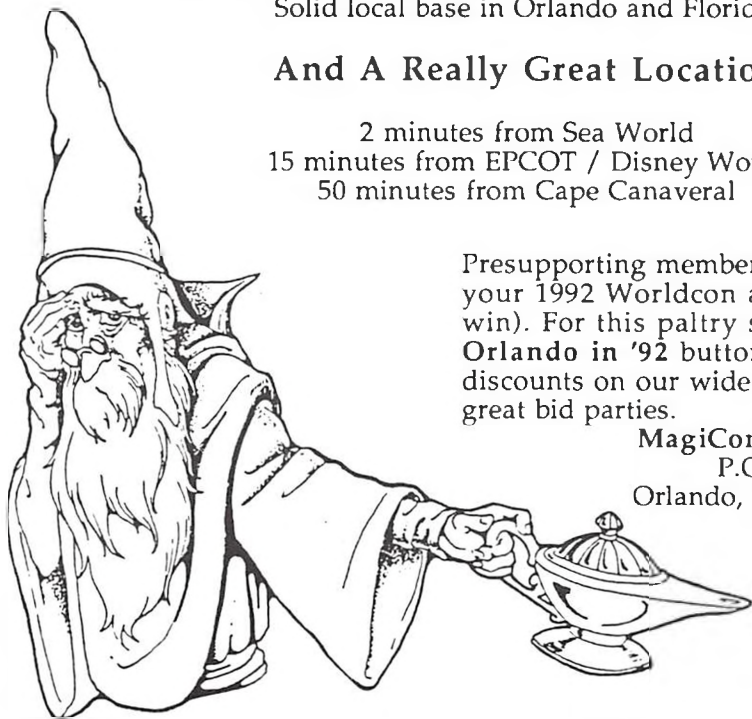
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LUNACON '89 Program Participants

As of the date this book went to press, the following writers, artists, editors, and fans are confirmed participants in Lunacon '89. We thank them all for making the con a more interesting and enjoyable event.

Roger McBride Allen	Peter Heck	Val Sussman Ontell
Ellen Asher	Stuart C. Hellinger	Lee Orlando
Wayne Barlow	Richard Hill	Susan Palwick
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David Harris	Teresa Nielsen Hayden	Roger Zelazny
David Hartwell	Jody Lynn Nye	

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can save a Wizard World!*

*The saga of a Changeling
who became a Madwand*



WIZARD WORLD
ROGER ZELAZNY

COMING IN OCTOBER 1989 FROM



Cover art by David Mattingly

Roger Zelazny

by Theodore Krulik

I first met Roger Zelazny when he was guest of honor at UR Con I at the University of Rochester in Rochester, New York in 1979. I was just a fan, and I spoke to him briefly about his novel *Doorways in the Sand*. In the novel, there is a reference to a building on the college campus called Jefferson Hall. I asked Roger about the source of that name because there is a Jefferson Hall on the campus of Queens College in Flushing, New York. "Sorry," he told me, "but the name Jefferson Hall comes from another campus. It is, after all, a common name for a building at a college." Although it was our first meeting, Roger was cordial and friendly. It is characteristic of him to speak openly with his fans without any indication of impatience.

I didn't meet Roger again until 1982, and the circumstances were quite different, even unique. We had corresponded by mail, and he had given me permission to interview him in his home for a book I was writing for Frederick Ungar Publishers (since renamed Crossroad/Ungar/Continuum). We spent five days together, two hours a day, discussing all of his major works. He answered several complex questions that I had put to him with complete affability. Although he certainly could have, he never once said anything like, "I'd rather not answer that question." His patience and courtesy were much apparent.

We have continued a friendly correspondence ever since that series of interviews, and I feel we have become friends. I like to think that we are friends. I like to think that we are similar in some ways. We have both studied English in college; lost a parent; and gone through a divorce. Otherwise, though, we are very much opposites. I don't think I could ever attain his courtliness of manners and his sense for knowing just what to say in any situation. As a native New Yorker, I am more direct in blurting out what I am thinking; I am volatile and easily given to shouting; and I am impatient of other people, especially when they interfere with what I am doing. Once, when he was a guest of honor at a convention in Tampa, Florida, Roger was hurrying with my wife and me to have lunch. A young, male college student stopped him to ask for his autograph on several books. It was getting late in the afternoon and we were quite hungry, but Roger stopped, resting the books awkwardly on his knee as he signed

them, and listened with interest to the young man. His wonderfully calm and courteous manner is something I would like very much to cultivate, even though that may be beyond my temperament.

As a teacher of English, I've always been interested in the authors of books, wanting to know how close they are to the characters they create. In my studies of Roger's novels and short stories, I couldn't help finding pieces of his personality in his fiction. Roger himself played with the idea that he sees himself in the protagonists he puts down on paper. At one point in *The Chronicles of Amber*, Prince Corwin talks to a guard in the palace dungeons, guarding the way to the Pattern:

"Good evening, Lord Corwin," said the lean cadaverous figure who rested against a storage rack, smoking his pipe, grinning around it.

"Good evening, Roger. How are things in the nether world?"

"A rat, a bat, a spider. Nothing much else astir. Peaceful."

"You enjoy this duty?"

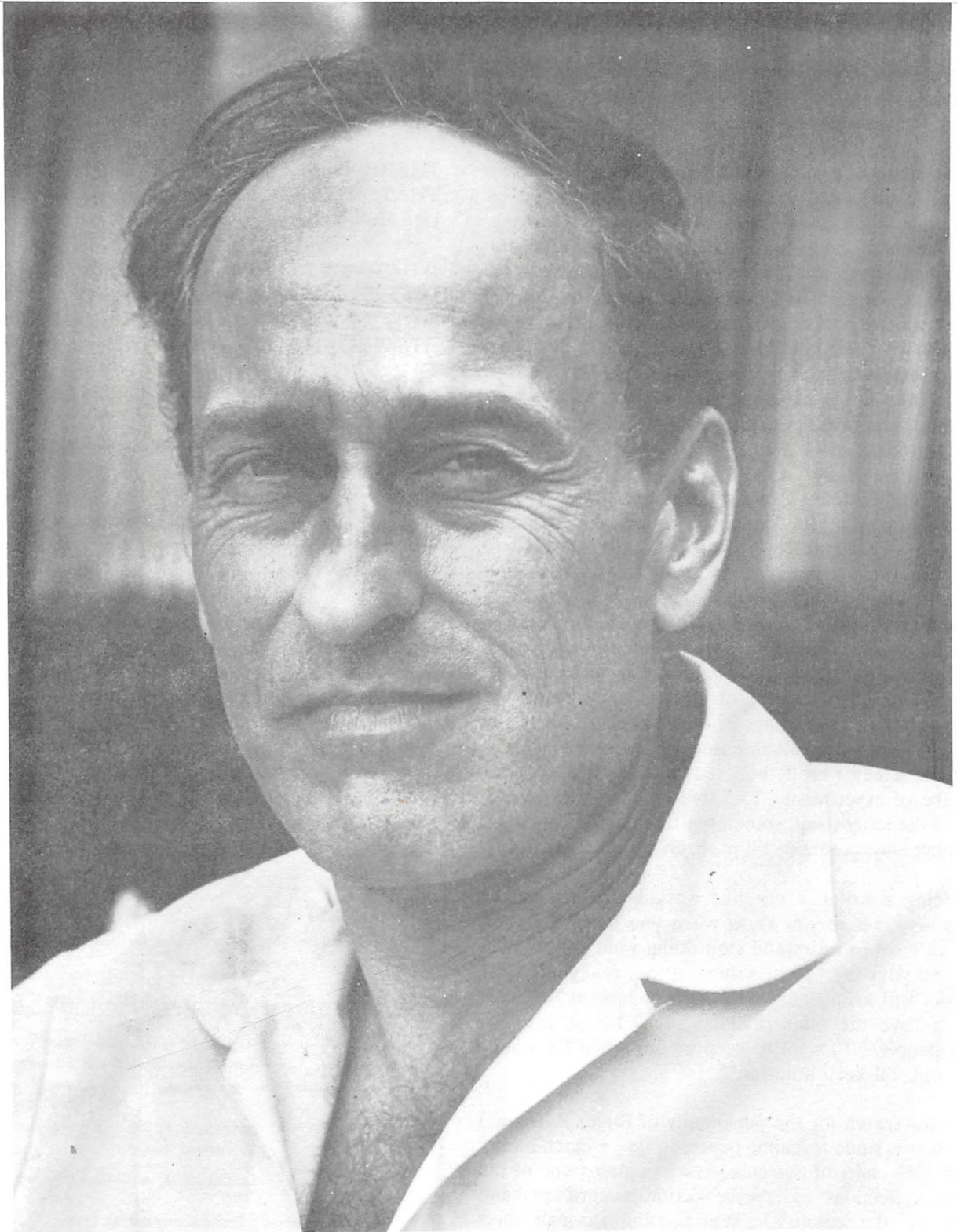
He nodded.

"I am writing a philosophical romance shot through with elements of horror and morbidity. I work on those parts down here."

[from *The Hand of Oberon*.]

When I asked Roger about it in an interview in 1985, he said, "I liked being a character in the book myself. I don't know that I'll enter again at any point. It was just a fun thing to do."

Doing fun things--that's an important part of Roger's personality that comes across in his writing. Much of his fiction contains a wealth of good humor; Roger is fond of puns, witticisms, quirky behavior, and comedy of the absurd. These things show up in stories and novels, usually at the oddest moments. In his complex mythological novel *Lord of Light*, for all intents



Roger Zelazny

and purposes a serious work, Roger tossed in a tale about the shan of a foreign country who takes the place of the protagonist to undergo a transformation that the main character believed had been a set-up. The protagonist is proven right when the shan returns and suddenly goes into a violent seizure. As the narrative tells us: "That was when the fit really hit the shan."

This sense of humor is very much a part of Roger's personal life. In my 1985 interview with him, he talked about how much his children know about his writing. He spoke about his little daughter, Shannon: "Someone once asked Shannon if she knew where I got my ideas. She said, 'George R. R. Martin gives them to him.' He's another science fiction writer in town. I was working on a project with him, and he'd given me some papers on it. She had asked me what they were. I said, 'These are some ideas George has given me.' So she knows I do something that involves writing, and that I associate with other writers."

Fans and critics of Roger's work have always thought of him as a youthful experimenter, someone who is willing to take chances in his writing. Now that he is in his fifties, I've wondered if his attitudes about life and about literature would have changed. I had asked him these things in 1985, when he was approaching the age of fifty: "I have changed, but I don't think I'll ever completely lose my fascination for the mechanics of writing, and the structure of stories, and having the desire to try different ways of manipulating them. I'm kind of fascinated by all the processes of putting stories together. I never really believed in experiment just for the sake of experiment. I wanted it to be a significant part of the story itself, something that couldn't be done any other way, perhaps. I'll probably always be that way."

"Being a writer is not like working for a company somewhere, where you know when you reach a certain age you have to retire and stop doing what you've been doing all your life. Most writers, if they really like what they do, will keep right on doing it as long as they can. I don't have the same rhythms in my life as a lot of other people. If I want to keep writing when I'm ninety years old, I'll keep doing it."

In my search for the personality of Roger Zelazny, I came across some revealing papers in the research library of the University of Syracuse, which contains one of the largest collections of science fiction manuscripts and letters in the country. While going through their Zelazny collection, I made a remarkable discovery, one that I am uncertain anyone else has ever noticed. I was looking through the original typed manuscript of Roger's

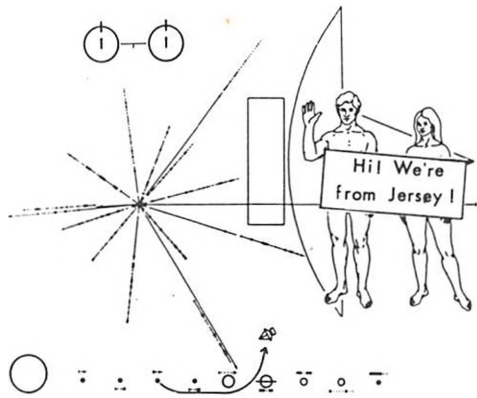
short story "The Graveyard Heart." Its original title was "Party Set." Typed in capitals on the back of page 38 of the manuscript was a credo that Roger had copied from another famous writer, a credo that, I believe, Roger has followed all his literary life. This is what was typed on the back of the manuscript page:

THERE IS NO USE WRITING ANYTHING
THAT HAS BEEN WRITTEN BEFORE
UNLESS YOU CAN BEAT IT.

WHAT A WRITER IN OUR TIME HAS TO
DO IS WRITE WHAT HASN'T BEEN
WRITTEN BEFORE OR BEAT DEAD MEN
AT WHAT THEY HAVE DONE.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

1936



Plaque attached to Pioneer 10, first manmade object to leave the solar system.

New Jersey Science Fiction Society

We usually meet on the third saturday of every month at 7:30 in the Masonic Temple at 126 Joralemon St. in Belleville, NJ to hear guest speakers and to socialize.

SPECIAL EVENTS: Barbecon X in July, our annual picnic & weekend campout.
ConCoction IX in October, our one-day con.

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EST. 1973

Roger Zelazny: A Partial Bibliography

- This Immortal* (Ace paperback, 1966).
- **The Dream Master* (Ace paperback, 1966).
- Four for Tomorrow* (Ace paperback, 1967).
- **Lord of Light* (Doubleday hardcover, 1967; Avon paperback, 1969).
- Nebula Award Stories Three*, editor (Doubleday hardcover, 1968; Pocket Books paperback, 1970).
- **Isle of the Dead* (Ace paperback, 1969).
- **Creatures of Light and Darkness* (Doubleday hardcover, 1969; Avon paperback, 1970).
- **Damnation Alley* (Putnam hardcover, 1969; Berkley paperback, 1970; Tor paperback, 1984).
- **Nine Princes in Amber* (Doubleday hardcover, 1969; Avon paperback, 1972).
- **The Doors of His Face, The Lamps of His Mouth, and Other Stories* (collection; Doubleday hardcover, 1971; Avon paperback, 1974).
- **Jack of Shadows* (Walker hardcover, 1971; Signet paperback, 1972).
- **The Guns of Avalon* (Doubleday hardcover, 1972; Avon paperback, 1974).
- **Today We Choose Faces* (Signet paperback, 1973).
- **To Die in Italbar* (Doubleday hardcover, 1973; DAW paperback, 1974).
- **Sign of the Unicorn* (Doubleday hardcover, 1975; Avon paperback, 1976).
- **Doorways in the Sand* (Harper & Row hardcover, 1976; Avon paperback, 1977).
- **My Name is Legion* (Ballantine paperback, 1976).
- **The Hand of Oberon* (Doubleday hardcover, 1976; Avon paperback, 1977).
- Bridge of Ashes* (Signet paperback, 1976).
- Deus Irae* (with Philip K. Dick; Doubleday hardcover, 1976; Dell paperback, 1977; DAW paperback, 1983).
- The Illustrated Roger Zelazny* (Baronet, 1978; Ace paperback, 1979).
- **The Courts of Chaos* (Doubleday hardcover, 1978; Avon paperback, 1979).
- The Chronicles of Amber* (2 vol.; Doubleday hardcover, 1979).
- **Roadmarks* (Del Rey/Ballantine hardcover, 1979; Ballantine paperback, 1980).
- The Last Defender of Camelot* (paperbound, edition of 275 copies, Underwood-Miller, 1980).
- For a Breath I Tarry* (edition of 600 copies, 200 clothbound, 400 paperbound, Underwood-Miller, 1980).
- **Changeling* (Ace trade paperback, 1980; Ace paperback, 1981).
- When Pussywillows Last in the Catyard Bloomed* (poetry; edition of 1,000 copies, 200 hardbound, 800 paperbound, Norstrilia Press, 1980).
- **The Last Defender of Camelot* (collection; Pocket Books paperback, 1980; Underwood-Miller hardcover, 1981).
- **The Changing Land* (Ballantine paperback, 1981; Underwood-Miller hardcover, 1981).
- **Madwand* (Phantasia Press hardcover, 1981; Ace trade paperback, 1981; Ace paperback, 1982).
- A Rhapsody in Amber* (Chapbook; Cheap Street, 1981).
- To Spin is Miracle Cat* (poetry; Underwood-Miller hardcover, 1981).
- **Coils* (with Fred Saberhagen; Simon & Schuster Wallaby trade paperback, 1982; Tor paperback, 1982).
- **Eye of Cat* (Timescape, Simon & Schuster hardcover, 1982; Underwood-Miller hardcover collectors' edition, 1982; Timescape Pocket Books paperback, 1982).
- **Dilvish, the Damned* (Ballantine paperback, 1982; Underwood-Miller hardcover, 1983).
- **Unicorn Variations* (collection; Timescape, Simon & Schuster hardcover, 1983; Avon paperback, 1987).
- **Trumps of Doom* (Arbor House hardcover, 1985; Underwood-Miller hardcover collectors' edition, 1985; Avon paperback, 1986).
- **Blood of Amber* (Arbor House hardcover, 1986; Underwood-Miller hardcover collectors' edition, 1986; Avon paperback, 1987).
- A Dark Traveling* (Walker hardcover, 1987).
- **Sign of Chaos* (Arbor House hardcover, 1987):
- **Roger Zelazny's Visual Guide to Castle Amber* (with Neil Randall & illustrated by Todd Cameron Hamilton; Avon trade paperback, 1988).

Damnation Alley was filmed by 20th Century-Fox under the direction of Jack Smight, with a cast headed by Jan-Michael Vincent, George Peppard and Dominique Sanda. It was released in October, 1977. It bears very little resemblance to the book.

The Last Defender of Camelot was scripted as a "Twilight Zone" episode by George R. R. Martin, starring Richard Kiley, Jenny Agutter, Norman Lloyd and Cameron Mitchell. It was directed by Jeannot Szwarc. It was telecast on April 11, 1986.

Film rights have been sold on *Lord of Light*. No production details available at present.

Doorways in the Sand is currently under film option.

*Nine Princes in Amber*TM -- a computer game based on the first two novels in the Amber series -- has been produced by the Telarium Corporation (1985).

AWARDS

The Science Fiction Achievement Award ("Hugo"), six times -- 1966, 1968, 1976, 1982, 1986 and 1987 -- for *...And Call Me Conrad* (novel), *Lord of Light* (novel), "Home is the Hangman" (novella), "Unicorn Variation" (novelette), "24 Views of Mt. Fuji, by Hokusai" (novella) and "Permafrost" (novelette).

The Science Fiction Writers of America Nebula Award, three times -- twice in 1966 and once in 1976 -- for "He Who Shapes" (novella), "The Doors of His Face, The Lamps of His Mouth" (novelette) and "Home is the Hangman" (novella).

Prix Apollo, 1972, for the French edition of *Isie of the Dead*.

Doorways in the Sand was selected by the American Library Association as one of the Best Books for Young Adults published in 1976.

Balrog Award, twice -- 1980 and 1984 -- for "The Last Defender of Camelot" (Short Fiction Category) and *Unicorn Variations* (Best Collection Category).

Daicon Award, 1984, for the Japanese translation of "Unicorn Variation."

Locus Award, 1986, for Best Fantasy Novel (for *Trumps of Doom*).

Guest of Honor, 1974 World Science Fiction Convention, Washington, D. C.

Guest of Honor, 1978 Australian National Science Fiction Convention, Melbourne, Australia

U.S. Guest of Honor, 1984 European Science Fiction Convention (SEACON), Brighton, England.

Guest of Honor at various regional science fiction conventions over the years, such as Ozarkon, Disclave, Marcon, Detroit Triple Fan Fair, Balticon, Toronto Triple Fan Fair, Roc*Kon, Icon, Leprecon, MileHiCon, Wunderfest, Urcon, Amercon, Apricon, V-Con, Westercon, Rivercon, Bubonicon, Congestion, Aggiecon, Octocon, Necronomicon, Ad Astra, Fourth Street Fantasy Fair . . .

* Titles currently in print

This is a partial list

Aliens Turn Victim into Science Fiction Artist!

Noted book illustrator Ron Walotsky reveals in a shocking interview how aliens from a distant galaxy performed brain control experiments upon his head and body. The result has turned a well-behaved individual into a rampant artist. In a candid report to an inquisitive colleague, Walotsky admitted to neuro-kinetic impulses which travel lightyears across space to invisibly implanted receivers left by aliens in the right side of his brain.

This reporter suspected strange forces at work since his first meeting with Ron Walotsky at Noreascon Science Fiction Convention in Boston, MA. He (Walotsky) seemed too cheerful and relaxed. His confident and well-mannered personality had to be a ruse of some kind, because the paintings produced by this artist are too unique, well-conceived, and competently executed to have come from an ordinary earthly intelligence.

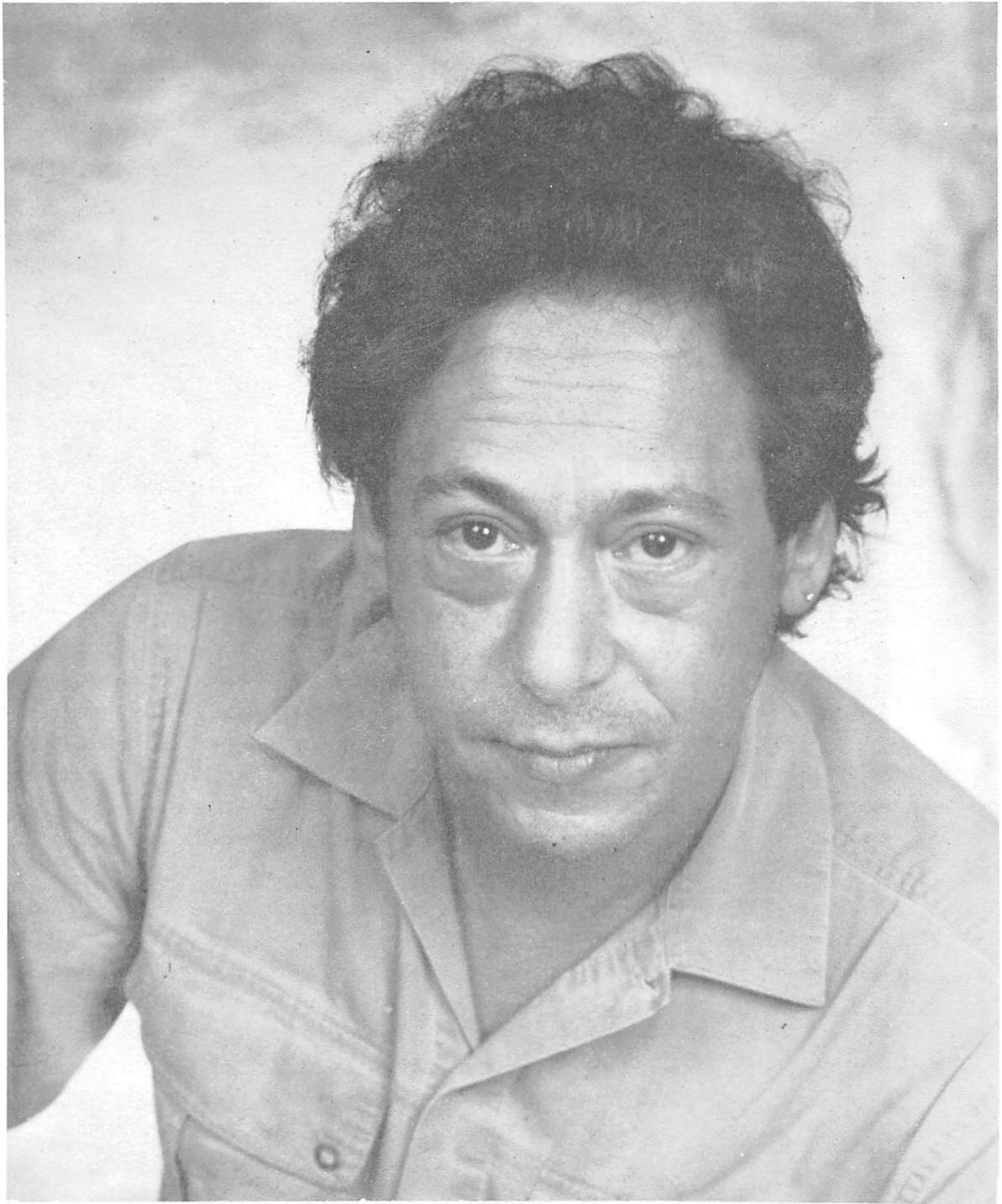
Works exhibited by Mr. Walotsky show an almost first-hand knowledge of space travel, alien life forms, and realms deep beyond the visible world; the astral and metaphysical planes. There is a sense of enlightened imagination coupled with convincing believability exhibited in the painted images. The incongruity of Walotsky's apparently easy-going nature, coupled with what seem supernatural talents and intact knowledge of all the workings of the universe as yet

undiscovered by science, made this reporter chose to pry into the artist's past.

Walotsky has produced an enormous and varied body of work, including the most famed, Roger Zelazny's Amber series covers, to Piers Anthony, to sf for Robert Silverberg books. Such virtuosity in itself seemed suspicious, and led this reporter to delve deeper into the story of Walotsky's career.

It quickly became apparent that Ron tries to hide his mind contact with the extraterrestrials by doing work that one would not normally suspect him of. Besides his over 100 book covers within the science fiction field, Walotsky has provided artwork that was designed into apparel, artwork that became backdrop for a Billy Joel video, not to mention record album jackets, art for the *New York Times* Sunday edition, *Penthouse* magazine, covers for Norman Mailer's *The Presidential Papers*, and in a brilliant move to integrate his acquired talent upon the unsuspecting world, he had a one-man exhibit in SOHO. This show consisted of many large interpretive abstracts that, although different from his illustration work, still could not disguise the alien creative workings that guide this artist's inspiration. In fact, over a dozen exhibitions located in such prestigious art centers as New York and Paris, as well as countless science

by Don Maitz



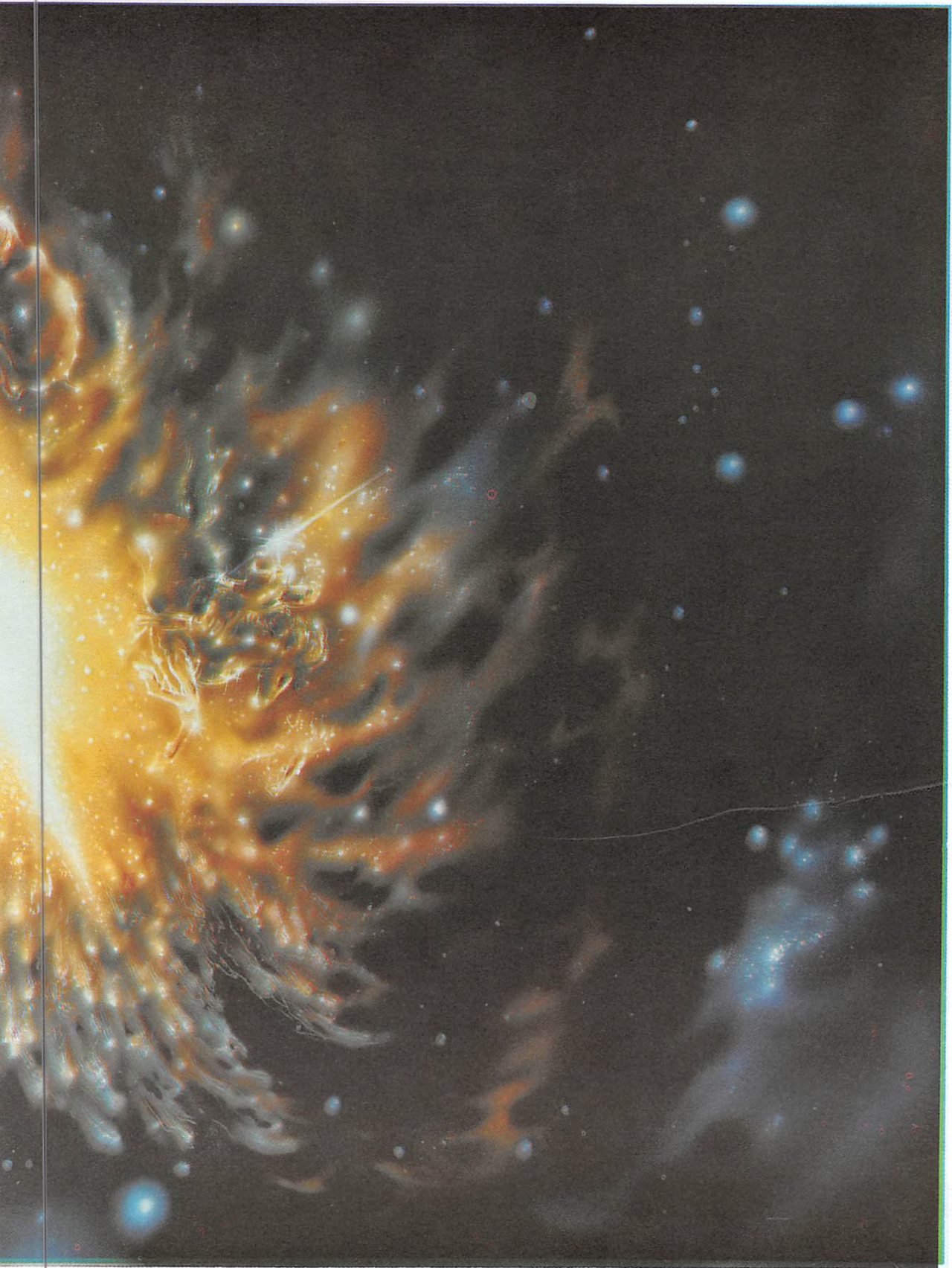
Ron Walotsky

11/50

ADRIAN

Mr. Anderson





fiction conventions have been undertaken to merge his otherworldly abilities into our society. However these ploys cannot guarantee his secret indefinitely. As the convention-going public is well aware of the existence of alien life, it is just a matter of time before the brain control situation is recognized and more artists try to acquire implants of their own.

For if one looks far enough into Walotsky's past, it is apparent that he had an ordinary boyhood. Born in Brooklyn, raised in Ohio and then brought back to Brooklyn by his truck driving mom, he admits he wasn't an outstanding student. Art being his ambition, he received a very normal education at the School of Visual Arts in New York.

But after giving up a promising career in advertising, neighbors began to report strange noises and queer lights in the vicinity of Walotsky's studio. These unbiased testimonies established the truth of Ron's admission of strange dreams involving flashing spectrums and gnarly creatures with powerful hypno-transducers which caused his mind to receive images from other universes. These scenes of strange and compelling beauty are a familiar sight to fans who read Ed Ferman's magazine, *Fantasy and Science Fiction*, since the strength of these first paintings earned Walotsky his start as an illustrator.

The fact that Walotsky has made a success of his communication with alien life is established fact. The particulars of his technique were revealed when this reporter

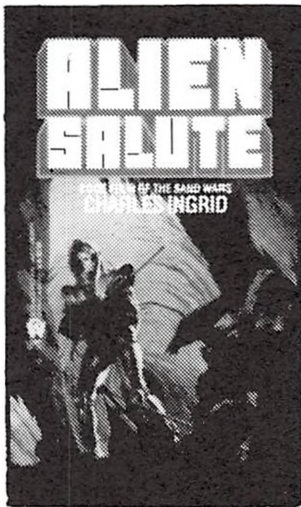
tracked the artist home to his beach side house in Long Island and observed through the studio window. On assignment, Ron is observed to read entire manuscripts at a glance, with eyes flashing in an unblinking stare. Next he tilts his head as if listening; then with two quick raps to the skull above his right temporal lobe, his airbrush compressor turns on automatically!!! Pencils levitate fluidly to his hand, and they glow purple and green at his touch. He looks down at the graphite, and beams of light like lasers burn the point to surgical sharpness in a micro-second. Then, with robot-like precision his illustration board begins to receive the intricate layers of pigment that have become the envy of his peers.

Late, late into the night, the air compressor stops by itself. The obsessed look fades from Walotsky's stare. Slowly he rubs his eyes and turns away to retire. In the morning, coffee cup in hand, he enters the studio -- shock and surprise cross his face as he sees what he has created under influence of alien impulses.

Some might suggest that this report is laced with exaggerated, unsubstantiated rumor, and yes, the facts may be hard to believe and to corroborate. However, the proof of these allegations is visible for all to see in Lunacon's artshow. No right-thinking American SF fan who takes time to look at Ron Walotsky's paintings can deny they are singularly unique other-worldly.

Ron Walotsky: Selected Works

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>TITLE</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>PUBLISHER</u>
Anthony, Piers	Ghost	9/86	Tor
Anthony, Piers	Vale of the Vole	1/88	Avon
Cook, Robin	Sphinx		Putnam
Dickson, Gordon R.	The Man the Worlds Rejected	8/86	Tor
Harrison, Harry	Return to Eden	FA/88	SFBC
Niven, Larry	Limits	2/85	DelRey SFBC
Sheckley, Robert	Options	6/75	Pyramid
Silverberg, Robert	Lord Valentine's Castle	4/80	Harper & Row
Zelazny, Roger	Creatures of Light and Darkness	1970, 1975, 1976, 1978	Avon
Zelazny, Roger	Doorways in the Sand	1977	Avon
Zelazny, Roger	Lord of Light	1969, 1975, 1977, 1979, 1980	Avon
Zelazny, Roger	Nine Princes in Amber	1978, 1878, 1980, 1982	Avon
Zelazny, Roger	Sign of the Unicorn	1976, 1981, 1982, 1984	Avon
Zelazny, Roger	The Courts of Chaos	1979, 1981, 1983, 1985	Avon
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Zelazny, Roger	The Hand of Oberon	1977, 1979, 1981, 1981	Avon



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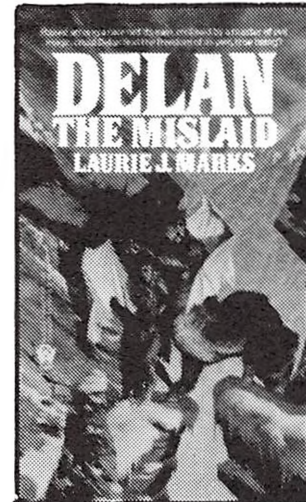
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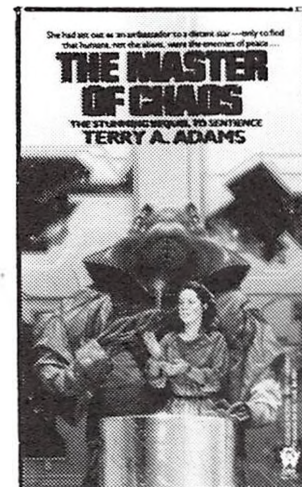
When magic calls, not even Brann, the Drinker of Souls, can resist. And now the Chained God must obtain six talismans of power to break free from an energy-draining trap which is driving him into total dissolution. Drawing on every spell at his command, the Chained God will use Brann and the demon children, the sorcerer Maksim, and all their former allies—as well as deadly predators from another dimension—as pawns in a desperate campaign to steal the magical orbs. And should they fail, not only will the Chained God's doom be sealed, but a new and all-consuming evil will be released.

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The Bands of Titan

by Roger Zelazny

It was like a midnight rainbow -- the sunside half of Saturn's rings as viewed from our position above the golden planet's pole. It also sort of reminded me of something else, but metaphors are not my forte and the rainbow had just exhausted my abilities along these lines for a time.

As the great grooved plate with its dark subdivisions rotated beneath our observation vessel and a black band swam through the northern hemisphere of the world below, I heard Sorensen say, above the eerie sounds from the receiver, "We've pinpointed the source now, sir."

I turned and regard him -- young, light-haired, enthusiastic -- as he manipulated a paper accordion decorated with machine graffiti.

"Where is it located?" I asked him.

"Near to the inner edge of the C Ring," he stated, "and it's rather small."

"Hm," I observed. "Still no idea what it is, though?"

He shook his head.

"Nope."

There was a kind of strange asynchronous beat behind the wailing, stringy effect coming in over the receiver, and an occasional burst which sounded like a French Horn being played in a cave. It was broadcast at an odd frequency, too. In fact, we'd only caught it accidentally, when a micrometeoroid striking an unmanned flyby had thrown the machine's receiver out of whack for a time. Later, we tuned for it. We'd been picking up the sequences for years since then and we were never able to correlate them with any natural phenomena in the vicinity. Running down their source, therefore, had been added to the already lengthy list of experiments and investigations to be conducted on this, the first manned visit to the area.

"McCarthy." I called to the navigator -- a short, dark-haired, unenthusiastic man. "Find us an orbit that will take us close enough to this thing to get a good camera fix on it."

"Aye, aye, captain," he said, accepting the papers.

Later, as we jockeyed for the proper plane and accelerated toward the necessary velocity, Sorensen remarked, "Some sort of disturbance on Titan, sir."

"Storm? Ice volcano?" I asked.

"Hard to say," he answered. "I'm only picking it up on visuals. A strong focus of atmospheric turbulence."

I shrugged.

"Storm, probably. Check on it periodically. Let me know if it turns into anything really interesting."

It was the source of the sounds we were tracking which proved the next interesting item we encountered, however. I was dozing on my couch after checking the crew's alcohol rations for spoilage when McCarthy shook me awake.

"You'd better come and take a look at this, captain," he told me.

"What is it?" I mumbled.

"We seem to have located a genuine alien artifact," he said.

I got to my feet and crossed to the view-screen, where I beheld the thing in full focus. I had no idea as to the scale, but it was a dark metallic satellite; it looked like two squat cones joined together at their bases. It hovered above the ring plane and its nether vertex glowed with a brilliant light which flashed downward into the ring itself.

"What the hell do you make of it?" I asked him,

"I don't know," he answered. "It's in synchronous orbit -- we're matching it now -- and that's coherent light shining out of it. It is definitely the source of the broadcast."

I listened again to the sounds, which seemed to be rising to some sort of crescendo.

"Captain!" Sorensen called. "There's more activity on Titan. It's in the upper atmosphere now and--"

"Screw Titan!" I said. "Are you taping *this* thing?"

"Yes, but --"

"Are you monitoring everything that can be monitored concerning it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. We'll talk about Titan later. An alien artifact is infinitely more important than a methane storm."

"Very good, sir."

We watched for hours, and our diligence was rewarded by our witnessing a sudden peculiar maneuver on the part of the device. It was preceded by an abrupt cessation of all broadcast sounds. I had had the stuff pumped into the control room for days, hoping that immersion might stimulate some ideas as to its nature; also, it was not unpleasant in its rising and falling, its unexpected runs and glissando. When it stopped I was momentarily overwhelmed by the silence. My attention was quickly taken elsewhere, however, as the light beneath the satellite -- which had now advanced itself within the orbit of the C Ring -- was suddenly extinguished.

Simultaneous with our remarking upon this, the satellite shot upward -- that is, it accelerated in a direction perpendicular to the ring plane.

"Keep a fix on it!" I shouted. "We can't let it get away!"

McCarthy and Sorensen rushed to comply.

Could we ourselves have triggered some damned warning device in it? I wondered.

"It's changing course, sir!" Sorensen yelled.

"Don't lose it, for God's sake!" I cried.

"It seems to be heading in-system," he said later.

"That's something, anyway," I replied. "Once you've established its course, plot one of our own to follow it."

"Right, captain. By the way, Titan--"

"Shove Titan! Follow that satellite!"

This proved less difficult than we had feared, for once the device had crossed the ring-system it set itself into a new synchronous orbit just beyond the tenuous, braided F Ring. As we tracked and followed, I finally turned to Sorensen and said, "All right. What's the story on Titan?"

He smiled.

"Something in the nature of a large vessel rose above its atmosphere some time ago, sir," he told me. "It is even now headed inward toward Saturn's northern hemisphere."

"What?"

"...Further," he continued, "it appears to be towing a large, flat, circular object of a metallic nature."

"You have a fix on it?"

"Oh, yes. I've been monitoring it, also I'm on the auxiliaries."

"Let's have a look."

He moved to a sidescreen and began typing at its keyboard.

"There's a particularly good sequence along about -- here!" he said, as images swam by. He jabbed a key suddenly and the blur settled into normal time. "There."

I saw the wedge-shaped ship above the streaked and mottled gold of the planet. Behind it was the enormous disc of which Sorensen had spoken, turning slowly. Several seconds later, the light fell upon it so as to reveal--

Sorensen's finger stabbed again and the picture froze.

There was an image on the disc. It was that of a gigantic four-eyed face, a pair of short antennae jutting from its high forehead.

I shook my head.

"What is it doing right now?" I asked him.

He switched from the tape to the vessel's real-time position, spiralling in, far nearer to the planet now.

We waited for a long while, as it fitted itself into the proper orbit, achieved the altitude it apparently desired. We waited. It waited.

Much later McCarthy announced, "Something's happening!"

A fresh surge of adrenalin drove us near to the screen again. The disc had been disengaged from the ship and as it drifted planetward the vessel accelerated. Fascinated, we monitored its progress as the disc descended in such a fashion as to disappear entirely into the dark band we had noted earlier. The band narrowed and vanished shortly after that, and the vessel orbited the planet and later cut a course back toward Titan.

"Captain!" McCarthy said. "The artifact!"

"What about it?" I asked, moving to the screen which held its image.

But he did not reply, as I could see it for myself. The device had begun moving once again, crossing the F Ring. After a time it descended to hover above the outermost edge of the A Ring. With a bright flash the laser came on focused downward into the grove. The one long-silent receiver still set for the thing's frequency came suddenly alive; its hookup to the ship's speaker system had not been broken when the satellite when silent. Abruptly now, the speakers brought us the wailing, the crashes, the blaring, the beat.

#####

Later, when we sent a probe far beneath the murky skies of Titan near to the area from which the wedge-shaped vessel had come and to which it had returned, it sent back pictures: Beneath red clouds, through haze, on the shores of a methane sea, cyclopean figures swayed and spun; blizzards of fiery flakes fell like confetti about them.

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The Labyrinth, The Stone, and the World

I. The Labyrinth

David G. Hartwell's convention persona is one that many of you are familiar with. He is a successful and distinguished science fiction editor and fan known for his good parties, loud pants, loud ties, and his renditions of "Teen Angel" come 3AM.

His slim, blonde wife Pat is a cheerful doctor who loves horseback riding and is a deacon at the local Congregational church. They have two children: Alison, recently become a teenager, has brown hair and loves riding, like her mother; and Geoffrey who is twelve has blond hair and is real good on the electric guitar. The family lives in a book-cluttered house in Pleasantville, New York where they have lived all of Geoffrey's life.

This past year, David won two World Fantasy Awards, one for his anthology, *The Dark Descent*, and the other a Special Professional Award for his achievements in the fantasy/horror field during the award year. He had been nominated for the Special Professional Award a number of times, but had never won before. He's also a frequent Hugo nominee for Best Editor, but has never won. (Book editors tend not to win unless they have recently passed away.) In 1985, the readers of *Science Fiction Chronicle* voted him "Most Attractive Male Editor."

To help those who've never met him before, he's about six feet tall, often wears wire-framed glasses, and has hair of roughly the same color as the silvery beach grass of his native Massachusetts. You'll recognize him when you see him.

He is an easy man to know, a difficult man to know well.

In America, the typical narrative of a successful career has a linear quality about it: a series of achievements, each greater than the last, cumulating in death or retirement. (Think actors and presidents.)

David is, by some measures, one of the most successful editors in science fiction. Yet the narrative of his career is of a more labyrinthine character. He was the first editor to set out to have a career in science fiction book publishing and so he has had to make his own way.

Since his departure from Simon & Schuster in 1983, he has not had a full-time job. Rather the arrangement with publishers for whom he edits is that he is a consultant. Currently, he is a consultant with both William Morrow & Co. and Tor Books. He is also an essayist (look for his book on science fiction, *Age of Wonders*, in the dealers' room); a reviewer (he reviewed for *Crawdaddy* and *Locus* before becoming a full-time editor, and now reviews occasionally for *The New York Times*, and *The New York Review of Science Fiction*); a poetry editor (editing *The Little Magazine* for twenty-odd years, and occasionally publishing a book of poetry in his capacity as a book editor); a book collector with one of the best collections of sf in the country; a book dealer (For a number of years he was Lloyd Currey's business partner. Now he maintains his book dealing as a way to clear excess books out of the house); an anthologist (anthologies published to date are: *The Dark Descent*, *Christmas Ghosts* [co-edited with Kathryn Cramer] *Masterpieces of Fantasy and Enchantment*, and *The World Treasury of Science Fiction*, all excellent anthologies.); an administrator of conventions (he is one of the powers-that-be behind both the World Fantasy Con and Sercon); a teacher (he is teaching a course at Harvard Summer School on introductory science fiction writing this summer; he'll be glad to tell you how to sign up); a Ph.D. (in comparative Medieval literature); and both Publisher and Review Editor of *The New York Review of Science Fiction* (to which you can subscribe by giving him a \$24.00 check made out to Dragon Press). If you've never met him before, ask him about something on this list, and he's sure to say something interesting.

But what does he really do? All of these labels, these projects, don't resolve into the shape of biographical narrative that one might expect. They confuse some people.

Their easy interpretation, is that the distinction between David and all the other sf editors is that he is more "literary," whatever that means. The term means different things to the various people I've heard say it. Indeed, because he publishes a significant percentage of the most interesting stuff, the consensus (such as it is) of what constitutes literary sf, fantasy, and horror is transformed. A quieter but pervasive facet of David's public persona is that he stands for literary quality. But who is this man, and what does he really do?

An Introduction to David G. Hartwell

by Kathryn Cramer



David G. Hartwell

II. The Stone

People choose their own myths. When David Hartwell taught my Clarion class (Clarion West, '84), he assigned us all to write a story based on a myth. The myth he chose was that of Sisyphus, who was doomed to roll the same stone up hill over and over again, only to have it roll down each time.

Several times since I have known him, he has brought up that myth in conversation during times of great frustration. There is a Sisyphean aspect to his accomplishments: He founded Timescape, perhaps the best science fiction publishing program the world has ever known, only to have it cancelled by Dick Snyder, president of Simon & Schuster. (Then he had to start the stone at the bottom of the hill again.) He edited the sf magazine *Cosmos*, only to have its financial support swept away after four issues. In the late '60s, he helped found a poetry magazine, *The Little Magazine*, which he kept alive and publishing--slowly losing money and going out of business--until 1988. As soon as we put to bed that final issue of *The Little Magazine*, along with myself, Susan Palwick, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Tom Weber, and Samuel R. Delany, he started the next uphill push; we founded *The New York Review of Science Fiction*. He actually trains his assistants, something pitifully rare in publishing. This means that the good ones are quickly ready to ascend into more exalted positions at another company. So of course, he must start over, training the next one from scratch.

The crucial difference between David's strategy and a more linear one involving higher pay and promotions is that to rise linearly, one has to fall into line. (Administration takes you away from editing any books except best-seller material, but then success has its sacrifices. or You brought in a best-seller for last season. Where's yours for this season? Losing your touch? etc.) David has other ideas, other projects.

Because he takes on projects that are worth having done, his life is not truly Sisyphean. The training he gives his assistants, the books he publishes, the science fiction lines he founds or upgrades... these things make a difference, and the difference is cumulative and permanent. A publishing line like Timescape can be cancelled, but its having existed will affect sf forever. David Hartwell chooses not to fall into line because he'd rather change the world.

III. The World

A few months ago, the *New York Review of Science Fiction* staff was at the Hartwell house putting together

an issue of the magazine. Various of us on the editorial board were sitting around discussing general principles. David made a comment about changing the world; and Susan Palwick said that while she liked what we were doing with the magazine, she distrusted inflated rhetoric. As I recall, I replied that he wasn't using inflated rhetoric. He meant what he said.

What does David really do? Every time he takes on a new project--a new consulting job, a commission to do a new anthology, a new magazine--he sets out to change the world. Sometimes it works.

David was the editor of the first sf best-seller, *Children of Dune*. When Simon & Schuster gave him the Star Trek novels to edit, he rethought the program and created the contemporary Star Trek novel. Now Star Trek novels regularly make the best-seller list.

Books that might never have been published without him include *The Book of the Beast* by Robert Stallman, *The Motion of Light in Water* by Samuel R. Delany, *A Double Shadow* by Frederick Turner, *The Blind Man and the Elephant* by Russell Griffin, *The Stars in Shroud* by Gregory Benford, *The Model* by Robert Aickman, *The Jewel-Hinged Jaw* by Samuel R. Delany, and *Motherlines* by Suzy McKee Charnas. As Joanna Russ has pointed out, in the 1970s, David published more feminist sf than any of the other editors. He bought and published the works of Elizabeth Lynn, Joanna Russ, Suzy McKee Charnas, James Tiptree, Jr., and others.

At the time Hartwell became an sf editor, sf editors were either writers like Don Wollheim or Fred Pohl who would occasionally take an editorial job, or they were young, upwardly mobile editors who had in mind to ascend from editing sf into editing something "better." (The closest there was to someone who looked like he might become a career sf editor was Terry Carr, who got fired and moved out of New York just about the same time as David took his first editorial job.) This has changed. Although David was the first career sf book editor, this is now the norm, and many of these career sf editors are his former assistants; John Silber-sack (NAL/Signet), Susan Allison (Berkley), and John Douglas (Avon), among others.

His anthologies, intended as a variety of revisionist history, changing the way we think about fantasy, horror, etc., have all been commercially successful, several of them hypertropically so. *The Dark Descent* was a main selection of the Quality Paperback Book Club. *The World Treasury of Science Fiction* was a main selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. This was the first time that science fiction had been a main selection by the

Book-of-the-Month-Club. David is the first author in the history of the Book-of-the-Month Club to have main selections in both Clubs in the same year.

He is particularly proud of having edited the Gregg Press series which published about 200 good science fiction books that had been paperback originals. The Gregg Press series put the books into libraries, and thus saved them from the kind of extinction that awaits books published only in paperback and never reprinted. It also introduced 200 critical essays of high quality on individual sf books into the discussion of sf.

David also has this tendency to be a catalyst for other people's projects. Paul Williams, who is credited with having invented rock journalism, founded the magazine *Crawdaddy* on the Hartwell typewriter while David gave him moral support and fed him peanut butter (they were both broke and couldn't afford anything else). *Crawdaddy* was the precursor of *Rolling Stone*. He was certainly the catalyst for *The Architecture of Fear*, an anthology that I co-edited with Peter D. Pautz which tied with *The Dark Descent* for the 1988 World Fantasy Award. The World Fantasy convention and the World Fantasy Awards, which David founded along with Kirby McCauley and others, have been the nexus for the creation of the fantasy field as a social entity, and simultaneously have given rise to a British-American horror movement which has created an impressive body of high-quality horror literature. Then there are all those books he's published, each taken individually, and what each author achieves with each book.

What David Hartwell does is build Utopia, one brick at a time.

As Lunacon's guest, David Hartwell is at your disposal for the weekend. There are some things he is going to want to talk to you about.

David will, of course, want to talk to you about his current books. On his current season's list at William Morrow & Co. are *Knight and Knave of Swords* by Fritz Leiber, *Blood is Not Enough* edited by Ellen Datlow, *Twistor* by John Cramer (This is a book that probably would not have been written without David. It is a result of a conversation David had with my father, the author, during David's week at my Clarion.), and *Frost and Fire* by Roger Zelazny. At Tor, he is publishing *Wheel of the Winds* by M. J. Engh, *Arslan* by M. J. Engh. *There are Doors* by Gene Wolfe, and later this year, *The Tower of Fear* by Glen Cook, *Endangered Species* by Gene Wolfe, and *The Boat of a Million Years* by Poul Anderson.

Then there is *The New York Review of Science Fiction*. In order that the magazine have a long life-span (in order that this stone not roll downhill before its time), it must break even. So he will probably try to sell you a subscription.

But transcending the commercial, he has founded this magazine because the '80s have been the decade when marketing took over sf, the decade when books began to become awkward appendages of the marketing hook, rather than the main reason for going through the troublesome rituals of publishing. As a corollary, the sf media has become concerned with sf marketing and packaging at the expense of the books themselves. *The New York Review of Science Fiction* is intended as an antidote for this.

Beyond damage prevention and repair, though, the goals of the magazine, and indeed, the goals of David Hartwell are open-ended and catalytic--utopian, in fact, Utopia is not a place, but a state of grace. David is pushing upward, to the next Utopia.

Arthur C. Clarke recalls the days of Dave Kyle*

It is (gulp) 37 years since I first encountered Dave Kyle, and the proof is in front of me at the moment -- a photo I took on 4 May 1952 at a fan club meeting in Newark of Dave, Sam Moskowitz, and Martin Greenberg. (The *original* Marty Greenberg--not to be confused with later imitations of the same name.)

As one-half of Gnome Press, Dave designed my first hardcover editions (*The Sands of Mars*, *Against the Fall of Night*, and *Prelude to Space*). On one occasion I remember acting as volunteer shipping clerk for Gnome, helping to wrap books and carry them to the Post Office. If we'd known what Gnome Press First Editions would be worth a few decades later, we'd have taken them straight to the bank....

And I wonder if Dave himself remembers conscripting me to mail out campaign propaganda on behalf of a candidate he favored? No--it wasn't for anything as important as the Presidency of the SFWA. It was for a guy named Eisenhower.

So Dave is irradicably associated with my earliest memories of the U.S. SF scene -- especially the Indian Lake Convention at Beatley's Hotel, Bellefontaine, Ohio in 1952 where I met so many people who up to that time had been only names. Going through my photos of the convention has been an exercise of nostalgia; here's old "Doc" E. E. Smith, Mack Reynolds, Bob Tucker, Lloyd Eshback, Lee Hoffman, Bea Mahaffey, Randy Garrett -- and believe it or not, Bob Bloch with *Psycho* still seven years ahead of him, but looking exactly the same as he did when we met in Los Angeles only a few months ago. (Bob--one day the smooth-talking gentlemen who sold you that eternal youth contract is going to collect...)

And I've just found an interesting juxtaposition in this volume of faded photos. Here's "Doc" Smith, hands on the tablecloth, addressing the massed fandom at one of the Indian Lake get-togethers--and listening with an air of extreme skepticism is Dave, flanked by Bob Tucker and Mack Reynolds (who, incidentally, I met for the last time walking

down a Columbo street). Little could Dave have known that one day he would inherit the "Lensman" series, continuing it with more success than I would have believed possible.

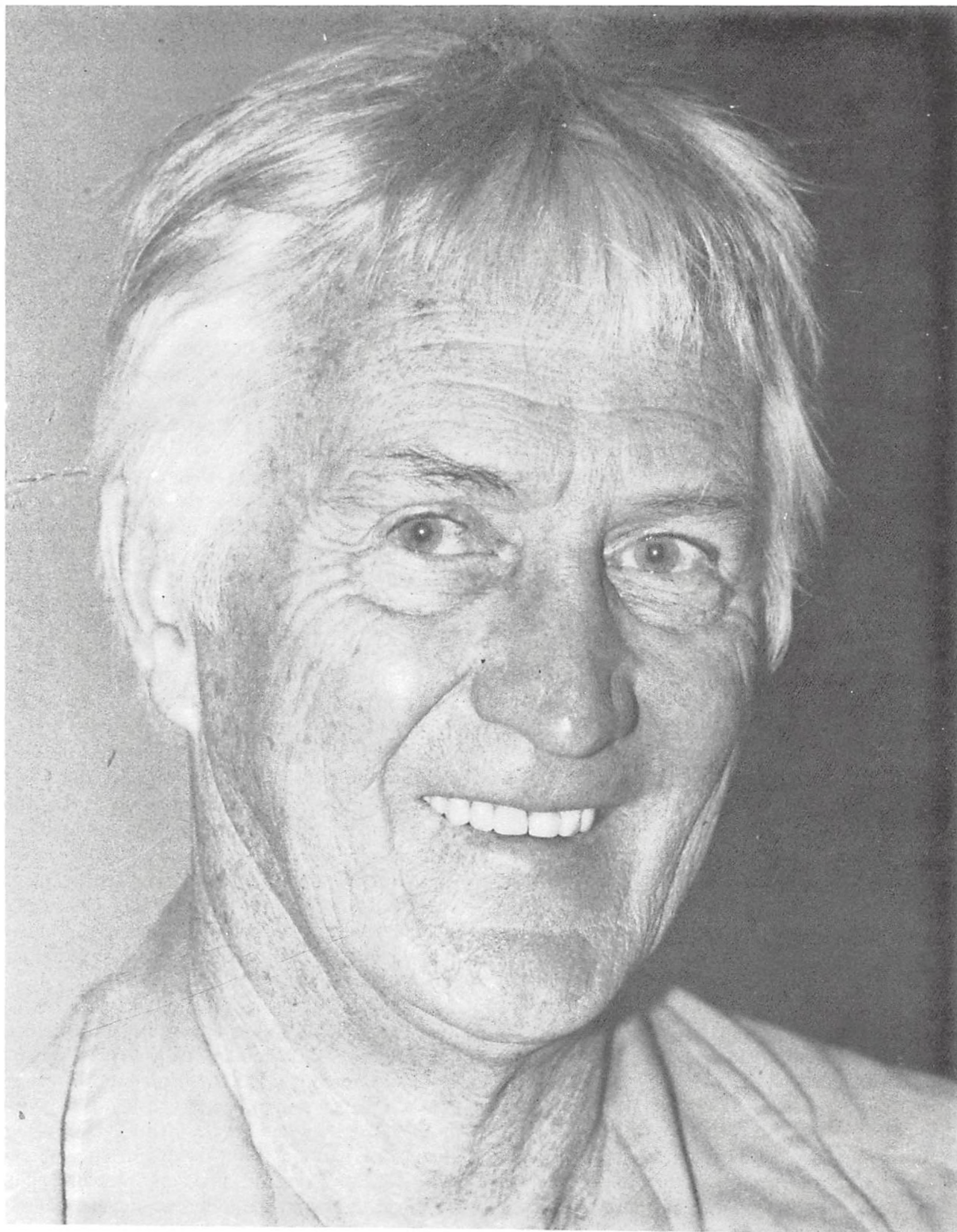
My next memorable meeting with Dave (ignoring my wedding reception in 1953, which is just what I would prefer to do) was at the 1956 World Convention in New York. He was then chairman (with his wife Ruth as Secretary) and I had by then settled in Ceylon after my second underwater expedition, following one to the Great Barrier Reef the previous year. Dave has reminded me that I was the first non-American--should I say alien?--to be Guest of Honor at a Worldcon, and I note from my records that I produced a 5,500 word speech for the occasion. Far too long, nearing midnight, after witty addresses by Bob Bloch and Al Capp; I hope I had the sense to cut it short.

(In the small hours of that same night, long after I'd retired but my diving partner Mike Wilson hadn't, there was a knock on my door. As I blearily opened it, I looked down on the forlorn figure of an already well-known and soon-to-be famous writer. "I wish, Arthur," he said disconsolately, "that you'd ask Mike to leave my girl alone." A lot happens at conventions that isn't on the program.)

Since those far-off days, Dave and I have met on innumerable occasions (the 2001 set, the Apollo 11 launch, the Hotel Chelsea, my North London home...), and I only wish we could have made another rendezvous at the 1983 World Convention in Baltimore, where Dave was Fan Guest of Honor. And here he is Fan Guest again, this time at Lunacon which he helped organize so many long years ago. Once again a failed rendezvous. Dave and Ruth are not only the Ultimate Fans--they are also very nice people.

For who else would have christened their son Arthur C.

*[Dave has asked that this pleasant recollection, first used in 1983, be reprinted for Lunacon as the traditional annual song of glory.--Editor]



Dave Kyle

Robert A. Heinlein -- Not Just a Writer But A Fan

by David Kyle

"Science Fiction is preparing our youngsters to be mature citizens of the galaxy... as indeed they will have to be." So said Robert A. Heinlein over thirty years ago in a lecture at The University of Chicago.

This claim is, in my own belief, at the heart of science fiction fandom. A "fan" is an activist, seeking to become a "mature citizen of the galaxy." I'm proud to be a fan and honored as such. Thus, it's a privilege to be asked to write a few words of tribute about the late Bob Heinlein with a special emphasis. I write, not of Robert A. Heinlein the Grand Master of SF Writers, but of Bob Heinlein the Fan.

Generally, fans are extremely gregarious. Fans form groups and organize clubs. They write letters. Fans publish fanzines. Or write and draw for them. Or at least read and sound off. Fans have parties called "cons." Fans hero worship their favorite writers and inundate them with attention. Fans thrive on extraordinarily intimate action. All fans hope to become "pros." Some of them do. Always, fandom is a great big social relationship.

Strange then, isn't it, that Bob Heinlein wasn't really that way-- and yet he was a fan? Bob was a private person, almost retiring with a controlled shyness. He was idolized and he never really understood why. He tried to keep his distance from fandom because that "extraordinary intimate fannish action" (my description) drew more energy from him than it gave to him, an enormous tide, ebbing and flowing.

If he restrained himself amidst the whirlwinds of fandom, he nevertheless participated. He had the instincts of a fan. Lloyd Arthur Eshbach, whose life spans Bob Heinlein's, told me the other week of an incident concerning Fantasy Press. Lloyd planned to publish a symposium, the first ever in the sf genre, for which Bob and the other six writers would only get a flat \$25 apiece. They all accepted. "If that isn't an indication of fan mentality," Lloyd says, "I don't know what is. Certainly none of the writers wrote his article for money. All were fans, including Heinlein."

I remember him vividly at his moments of glory when he accepted his Hugos at certain worldcons. There was that dramatic moment when he suddenly appeared (confirming the swift rumors) before the assemblage in his dazzling white suit. I remember him at Seacon (1961 Seattle) when he was Guest of Honor. He opened his pool-side suite to all and visited uninhibitedly during

endless evening hours. Towards the end of the convention he was quite ill. Ginny Heinlein, his wonderfully helpful and loving wife, tells me, concerning the huge emotional drain upon him in that situation. "I worried about Robert's health... I had to get him home to get him better." Ginny says that "Robert was always a modest man, and the honors heaped on him always surprised him. One of the sounds I used to listen for was the triumphant tap-tap-tap (The End), which meant the ending of a story." That willingness to share himself with fans, which both he and Ginny recognized as too exhausting, made him a favorite celebrity but somewhat of a mystery. E.E. "Doc" Smith, Bob's close personal friend, was different with fans, having the stamina to stand up under a convention's weekend of pressure, but Doc, too, had not grown up with typical sophomoric activities of early fandom. Verna Trestrail, Doc's daughter, tells of the "tall, dark, handsome stranger from out West" who became so close to her family. "He was unfailingly polite and thoughtful always," Verna says. "His tenderness and sensitivity were so much a part of him, and in everything he did. With his passing, the world has become a darker place and more desolate. We have lost not only a gentleman and a scholar, but the dearest of friends."

I cannot end this tribute without reiterating what seems so obvious. Nevertheless it should be said. Robert A. Heinlein was the giant of our field. In my book, *Pictorial History of Science Fiction*, I wrote. "Perhaps the best-known sf writer alive today is Arthur C. Clarke, a title which is often given to Ray Bradbury despite his writing being fantasy and his thinking anti-science... Perhaps the best sf writer alive today is Robert A. Heinlein, uniquely honored by the SFWA with the title of Grand Master. He possesses to the full the two creative powers needed to be outstanding in sf: as a storyteller he is extremely talented and as a generator of ideas he is exceptionally gifted..." Note that Arthur Clarke was truly a fan; he attended as a youth the famous British "convention" in 1937, second only to the 1936 American "convention" recognized as the first. Note also that Ray Bradbury was truly a fan; he was a teenager in attendance, at the first "Worldcon" in 1939. Arthur and Ray are still at heart, if not by attendance, real fans. But they were kids in 1939 when they read Bob Heinlein's first story which was published that year. He missed out on the early days while fandom coalesced and developed its traditions. But his heart was always with us. And our hearts will always have him, not just as a superb writer but as an idealistic fan, a citizen of our galaxy.

Past Lunacons

Past Lunacons

Year	Date	Guest(s) of Honor	Attendance
1957	May 12	--	65
1958	April 13	Frank R. Paul	85
1959	April 12	Lester Del Rey	80
1960	April 10	Ed Emsh	75
1961	April 9	Willy Ley	105
1962	April 29	Frederik Pohl	105
1963	April 21	Judith Merril	115
1964		NO LUNACON -- NY WORLD'S FAIR	
1965	April 24	Hal Clement	135
1966	April 16-17	Isaac Asimov	235
1967	April 29-30	James Blish	275
1968	April 20-21	Donald A. Wollheim	410
1969	April 12-13	Robert A. W. Lowndes	585
1970	April 11-12	Larry T. Shaw	735
1971	April 16-18	Pro: John W. Campbell Fan: Howard De Vore	900
1972	March 31-April 2	Theodore Sturgeon	1200
1973	April 20-22	Harlan Ellison	1600
1974	April 12-14	Forrest J. Ackerman	1400
1975	April 18-20	Brian Aldiss	1100
1976	April 9-11	Amazing/Fantastic magazines	1000
1977	April 8-10	L. Sprague & Catherine de Camp	900
1978	February 24-26	Writer: Robert Bloch Special Guest: Dr. Rosalyn S. Yalow	450
1979	March 30-April 1	Writer: Ron Goulart Artist: Gahan Wilson	650
1980	March 14-16	Writer: Larry Niven Artist: Vincent DiFate	750
1981	March 20-22	Writer: James White Artist: Jack Gaughan	875
1982	March 19-21	Writer: Fred Saberhagen Artist: John Schoenherr Fan: Steve Stiles	1100
1983	March 18-20	Writer: Anne McCaffrey Artist: Barbi Johnson Fan: Donald & Elsie Wollheim	1500
1984	March 16-18	Writer: Terry Carr Artist: Tom Kidd Fan: Cy Chauvin	1400
1985	March 15-17	Writer: Gordon R. Dickson Artist: Don Maitz Fan: Curt Clemmer, D.I.	800
1986	March 7-9	Writer: Marta Randall Artist: Dawn Wilson Fan: Art Saha	1100
1987	March 20-22	Special Guest: Madeleine L'Engle Writer: Jack Williamson Artist: Darrell Sweet Fan: Jack L. Chalker	1200
1988	March 11-13	Toastmaster: Mike Resnick Writer: Harry Harrison Artist: N. Taylor Blanchard Fan: Pat Mueller Toastmaster: Wilson Tucker	1250



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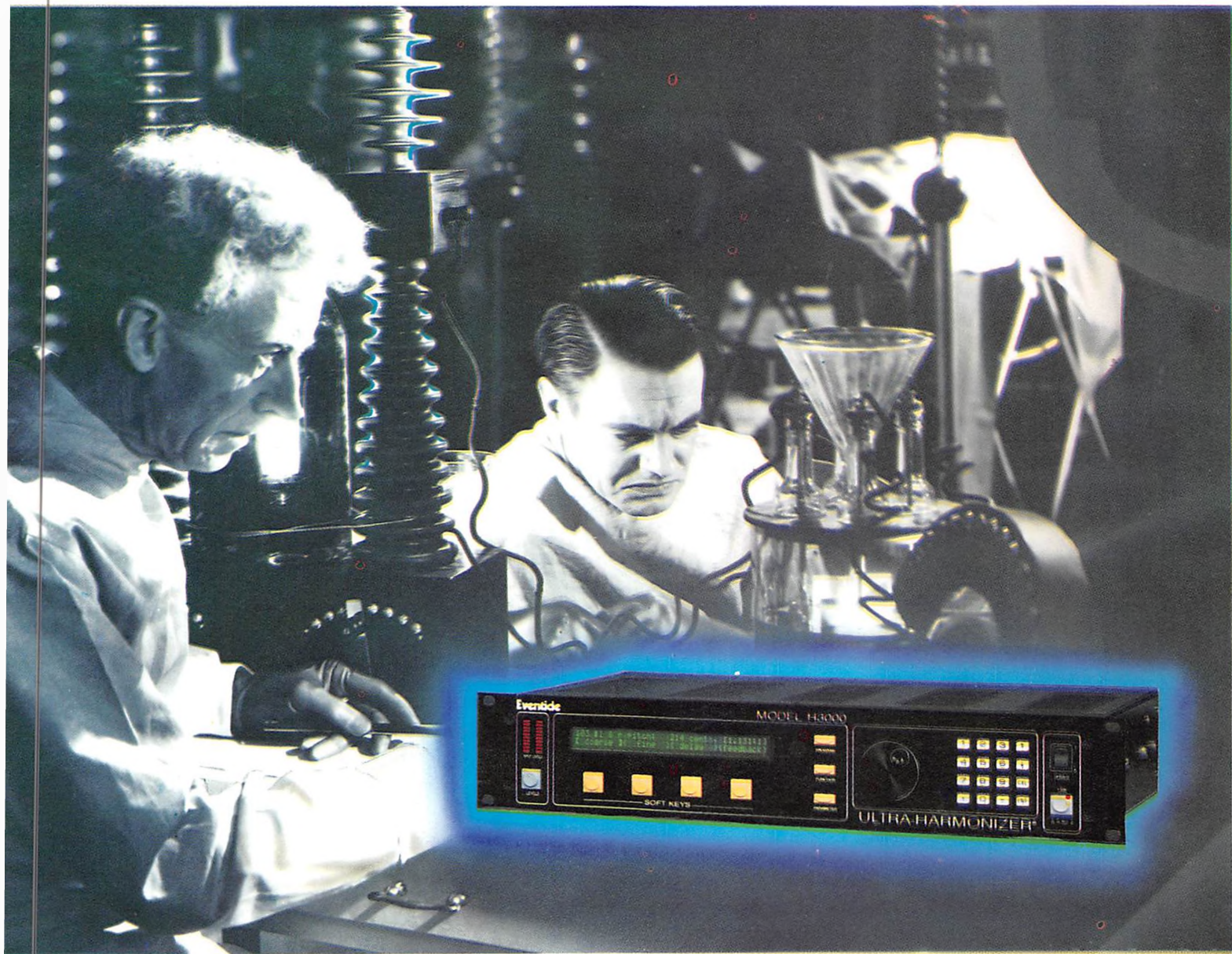
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