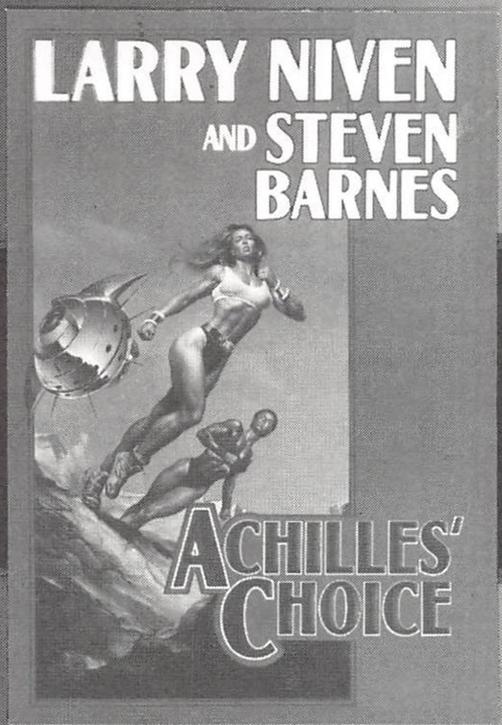


LUNACON 1991

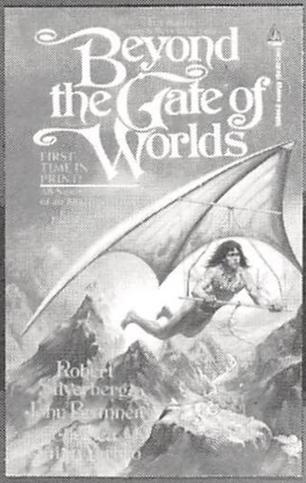




ACHILLES' CHOICE
LARRY NIVEN &
STEVEN BARNES

Cover and over a dozen
illustrations by Boris Vallejo
MARCH 1991 • 85099-9 • \$15.95

THE RED TAPE WAR
JACK CHALKER, MIKE RESNICK &
GEORGE ALEC EFFINGER
APRIL 1991 • 85151-0 • \$17.95



BEYOND THE GATE OF WORLDS
ROBERT SILVERBERG, JOHN BRUNNER, &
CHELSEA QUINN YARBRO
JANUARY 1991 • 55444-2 • \$3.95

TOR BOOKS 1991



OUR 10TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

Welcome TO LUNAICON 1991

A

As you will notice, there have been a few changes this year. The most obvious is our new location. Thanks to your continued

support, Lunacon has become successful enough to require a move to larger quarters. Our new facility provides both additional function space for convention activities, and additional accommodations for the attendees. All of our convention facilities are on one floor, which should make things more convenient for all of you.

We've attempted to put the additional space to good use. Our Art Show and Dealers Room are both expanded from previous years. We've added a few things not seen before at Lunacon, such as the Radio Room and the Fanzine Lounge. We are also trying to do some existing things differently, such as the "Saturday Afternoon at the Movies" film programming, and to make other things even better than before, like our popular and highly regarded Masquerade.

Programming is always a difficult task for any convention. The challenge of creating programming that is interesting, fun to attend, and sufficiently different from what has been done before is probably the greatest task facing a convention, and one we think we have met.

One focus this year is on Science in Science Fiction, starting with our Science Guest of Honor, Professor Gerald

Feinberg, who is both a top physicist and a long time SF fan. We are attempting to explore all phases of the field, with special highlights on areas of SF publishing that don't normally get discussed at conventions. We also have a strong Art programming track, with most of the

*"Thanks to
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top names in SF and Fantasy illustration joining us as program participants and exhibitors.

We are more than fortunate in that our Guests of Honor; John Brunner, Kelly Freas, Harry Stubbs, Ian and Betty

Ballantine, and Gerald Feinberg are all among the best in their respective professions, and we are honored that they chose to join us. They are also splendid people, who have been a joy to work with, and I suspect you will enjoy meeting them quite as much as I have enjoyed arranging to have them with us. In addition to our Guests of Honor, over 200 other people active in all phases of Science Fiction and Fantasy have consented to join us and provide insights into their own particular specialties.

None of this would be possible without the efforts of many people. First, our invited guests, who have kindly agreed to take time out of busy schedules to join us. Second, the staff of the Sheraton Stamford Hotel, who have worked with us to insure that all goes as smoothly as possible. Third, the members of the committee who have labored long and hard to make this the very best convention possible. And last, you, the attendees, whose continued support has made it possible to produce Lunacon for the 34th year. No words of mine are adequate thanks for your efforts and support.

I only hope that our efforts will be successful, and you will agree that this is the best Lunacon yet, and that you will continue to honor us with your attendance and support.

My special thanks to all of you!
Dennis McCunney
Chairman
Lunacon 1991

CONVENTION COMMITTEE

ADMINISTRATION

Chairman Dennis McCunney
 Secretary Kathleen Morrison
 Treasury William Morrison
 Ira Donewitz
 Seth Breidbart
 Davey Snyder

Hotel Liason

Sheraton Stamford Anthony Amendola
 Account Manager

FIXED FUNCTIONS

Art Show Stuart C. Hellinger
 Mark Richards
 Book Exhibit Eileen Madison
 John LaBarre
 Con Suite Perdita Boardman
 Cecilia Hatlestad
 Dealer's Room Devra Langsam
 Mary Otten
 Fanzine Lounge Vijay Bowen
 Vicki Rosenzweig
 Dave Stern
 Gaming Wendy Stern
 Robert Fenelon
 Japanese Animation

OPERATIONS

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 Wendy Stern
 Logistics John Vanible
 Mailroom Gloria Lucia Albasi
 Stuart Hellinger
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 Mary Rozza At-the-con
 Ray Heuer
 Faith Karp
 Sales Cecilia Hatlestad
 Carolyn Whitney
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 Technical Services Lee Orlando
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PROGRAMMING

Main Alan Rachlin
 Philip J. DeParto
 Ozzie Fontecchio
 Dave Stephens
 Science John Boardman, Ph.D.
 Charles Pellegrino, Ph.D.

Fan Vijay Bowen
 Films James LaBarre
 Green Room Mike Nelson
 Den Fox

Masquerade Paul Molina
 Richard Hill
 Susan DeGuardiola
 Origami Mark Kennedy
 Special Function Brian Burley
 Workshops Alan Zimmerman

PUBLICATIONS

Newsletter Brian Burley
 Bobbie Smith
 Progress Report Mark Blackman
 Cecilia Hatlestad
 Program Book Mike Hodge Editor
 Mark Blackman Asst. Editor
 Michael Pinto Art Director
 Douglas Ayen Advertising
 Tamara Hodge
 Paul Birnbaum
 Senior Advisor Marion Stensgard

LunaCon would like to thank these people for helping make this year's convention possible.

American Lawyer Media, L.P., Douglas Ayen,
 Rob Clayton, Art Coleman, Chip Hitchcock,
 Tamara Hodge, Alex Latsko, Doug Morea,
 Michael Morrison, NESFA, Mark Olson, Kelly
 Persons, David Schwartz, Technofandom Rev
 1.1, Monty Wells, Carl Zwanzig, Brian
 Cirulnick, Micropage, Sharon Fox, Kamara
 Lufkin, Robert Himmelsbach & Naomi Basner.

Con Suite

The Con Suite is the Convention-sponsored party where Lunacon attendees may meet, chat and relax. The Con Suite is in Celia's, located just off the downstairs lobby and is open:

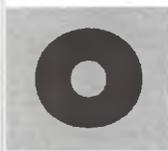
Friday: 8:30 p.m. - 4 a.m.
 Saturday: 11 a.m. - 6 p.m.
 Sunday: 11 a.m. - ?

Luggage may be stored at your own risk on Sunday afternoon, in designated areas only.

IN MEMORIAM

Robert Adams,
 Wendayne Ackerman,
 Arthur Thomson,
 Liz Pearce,
 Adrienne Fein,
 Lola Ann Center,
 Jim Henson,
 Ed Emshwiller,
 Donald A. Wollheim,
 Don C. Thompson

Films & Video

 ur Film Program this year is integrated into the mainstream of convention programming but at non-traditional hours. We are presenting Saturday morning cartoons (for children of all ages) and Saturday Afternoon at the Movies, com-

plete with a classic newsreel, cartoon and serial chapter. Lunacon is also featuring shorts by the Brothers Hildebrandt and that fan favorite, Star Wreck: Commotion Picture. Please check our posted schedules for a full listing of titles and presentation times.

Some of the movies being shown

this year are:

Things to Come: (1935) ,100m, Raymond Massey, Ralph Richardson. A preview of the future by H.G. Wells.

Quatermass Experiment: (1955), 78m. The sole survivor of a space rocket expedition slowly mutates into a monster. Based on the British TV SF serial.

Quatermass & The Pit: (1967) TV movie. Excavations for an extension for the London Underground uncovers a space ship. Mass insanity follows when the ship is reactivated.

Fifth Column Mouse: (1943) 7m. Mice, representing the free world, make the mistake of appeasing a barbarian cat.

And many more.

Japanimation

In the 1960s about a quarter of TV cartoons were Japanese (remember Speed Racer? Astro Boy? Kimba the White Lion? Gigantor?). There were more by the early 80s (Star Blazers, Voltron, Robotech), igniting a big Japanimation movement in fandom. In the late 80s, English translations of Japanese comics became the rage (Lum, Outlanders, Appleseed, etc.). Now in the 90s two new trends have appeared. First, industrious people use their Amiga computers to subtitle Japanimation. Secondly, corporations are subtitling and translating Japanimation for sale. This year, Lunacon's video program is proud to premier some commercially available Japanese animation tapes, including the following:

Zillion #1, 2: Inspired by popular video games, this TV series pits three champions against an endless horde of insectoid invaders. So what there's no real plot!

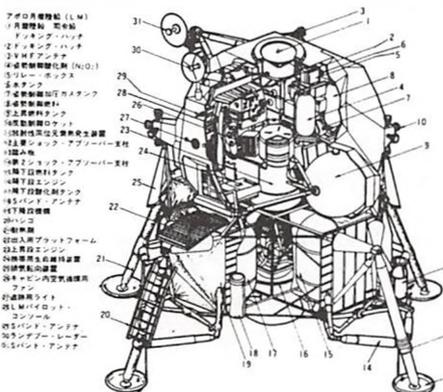
Riding Bean: The latest subtitled tape commercially available, this fast-paced high-tech car-chase combines the best of James Bond and the Blues Brothers.

Akira Production Report: Details the making of Akira, the biggest budgeted Japanese animated movie yet! The English translation of the film is making the rounds of art theaters.

The majority of our subtitled offerings were done by fans for fans. These include such popular offerings as:

Ranma 1/2: Gonzo martial arts/romance/comedy replete with ancient Chinese water curses.

Five Star Stories: Imperial intrigue! Secret identities! Bad character designs! Art-deco Giant Robots! And, what about Maomi?



Char's Counterattack: Rebellious L-5 colonies smash asteroids into Earth in this, the climax of the highly over-rated Mobile Suit Gundam series.

Quite a few recent Japanese animations have had a decidedly historical flavor. For your edification, we present:

Genji Monogatari: Animated version of the world's first novel - "The Tale of Genji."

Yoma: A tale of betrayal and friendship during a shadow war waged between ninja clans and demons set during the Shogun period.

Time Stranger: This bittersweet time travel romance yarn ranges from the far future to the court of Oda Nobunaga, "The George Washington of Japan."

Fire Tripper: Based on the manga by Rumiko Takahashi (Lum, Ranma) a young woman travels back into Japan's medieval period and encounters culture shock, (reverse) future shock and love shock all at once. Shocking, isn't it?

Romance of the Three Kingdoms: Now, across the ocean and back a few hundred centuries to the Chinese civil war. This epic follows the early career of the great warlord.

As in years past, we will be providing narration for stuff that's so new it hasn't had time to be subtitled yet. This time around, **Nadia** ("The Secret of Blue Water") is the hottest new TV series in Japan. **Lodoss Wars** ("The Japanese Dungeons & Dragons") cross the "language barrier" with ease. **Devilman** (parts I and II) is from Go Nagai, Japan's answer to Stephen King, Michael Moorcock, and Alan Moore, all wrapped up in one master of the macabre. **Godzilla vs. Biollante** is the latest live action monster romp 'n' stomp. "No more Mr. Nice Monster," comes up against Bio-lante, a lovecraftian horror of genetic engineering gone mad, set loose by an industrial espionage shadow war.

The Japanese Animation Room will be open these hours during the convention.

Friday: 7 p.m. - 1 a.m.

Saturday: 10 a.m. - 4 p.m.,

5 p.m. - 11 p.m. Midnight - 3 a.m.

Sunday: 10 a.m. - 4 p.m.

Radio Room

The Radio Room returns to Lunacon under the supervision of WBAI-FM's Jim Freund, who promises (and threatens) some unusual SF events from radio past. The Radio Room is located in Room 222.

POLICIES AND RULES

Weapons Policy: No Weapons of any kind are permitted. Masqueraders, please note our guidelines, under "Masquerade," regarding a limited exemption to this policy. Violators will have their memberships revoked without compensation. Lunacon reserves the right to determine what constitutes a weapon. Actions or behavior which interfere with the enjoyment of the Convention by other attendees will also result in revocation of membership without compensation. Please remember, if in doubt, ask us.

Filking: Please cover any revealing costumes in the public areas of the hotel - the Lobby/Registration areas, the Bar and Restaurants.

Drinking: Please Note: Connecticut's legal drinking age is 21. The hotel's restaurant's will check IDs. Alcohol may not be served at open parties - and you will be asked to close down if it is. An open party is one that is open to all Convention members and is advertised openly at the Con. A closed party is not advertised, is invitational in nature and runs behind closed doors.

Convention Badges: You must wear your Lunacon badge to all Convention activities.

And, of course, always be considerate of your fellow attendees and other hotel guests.

Thank you.

Dealer's Room & Dealer's Row

Once again, we have dealers in two locations. our Dealers Room (Rainbow) is several tables larger than last year's, filled with books (new and used), comics, posters, jewelry and more. Dealers Row is on the second floor, rooms 221/223/225.

The hours for the Dealers Room are:

Friday: 7 p.m. - 8:30 p.m.

Saturday: 10 a.m. - 6 p.m.

Sunday: 10 a.m. - 3 p.m.

The dealers in Dealers' Row set their own hours. Please remember to visit all of our "fealthy" hucksters.

PROGRAM

Lunacon '91 will present several tracks of programming featuring our Guests of Honor - John Brunner, Kelly Freas, Ian and Betty Ballantine, Harry Stubbs (better known as Hal Clement) and Dr. Gerald Feinberg - and a host of others. There are lots of familiar faces, new faces and friends we haven't seen at Lunacon for many years.

Our Program this year is especially varied, with something for every fannish interest. Highlights include our ever-popular "Midnight Horror Panel," a "Midnight Humor Panel" (and no, they're not always the same thing), performances of three original SF plays, a three-hour marathon reading from works by R.A. Lafferty (Saturday 2-5 p.m.), a tribute to the late Donald A. Wollheim (Saturday, 2-3 p.m.), and SF salutes to New York and Connecticut. You'll find panels on comics and costuming, romance and religion, the Middle Ages and both generations of Star Trek. In addition, there will be two dozen artists panels, slide presentations, a sketch off, art workshops and demonstrations. Main programming will be in the Commodore Ballroom (old-time Lunacon attendees may smile nostalgically at the name), the Enterprise Room (but none of our Trek programming... most illogical), the America Room, the Freedom Prefunction Room, and Rooms 231 and 233/235. Check the Pocket Program for scheduling.

Science: For the first time, Lunacon is

featuring a science track of programming. Our special Science Speaker is Prof. Gerald Feinberg from Columbia University, a leading light in particle physics and a fan from way back. (As a student at Bronx High School of Science in the '40s, he and two friends put out a fanzine. They went on to win a Nobel Prize in Physics, while Dr. Feinberg has gone on to be Lunacon '91's Science Speaker.) Also on our science schedule is a presentation on stargazing with Hal Clement, as well as talks on Supernovae and "Sports on Mars."

Special Interests: Representatives from a variety of SF fan groups and organizations of interest to SF fans have set up information tables on the second floor

Registration

Registration is in the second floor lobby area. Hours are:

Friday: 3 p.m. - 9 p.m.

Saturday: 9 a.m. - 6 p.m.

Sunday: 9:30 a.m. - 1 p.m.

Lost Badges: If you lose your badge:

1) Check with Member Services to see if it has been turned in there.

2) If it has not been turned in at Member Services, check with Registration. If the badge was not turned in, a replacement will cost \$5. (There is no badge replacement on Friday. Your first opportunity to obtain a replacement badge will be 9 a.m. Saturday. This means that if you lose your badge Friday, you won't be able to attend any convention activities on Friday night.)

3) If you lose your badge a second time, you will be charged \$10 for your final replacement badge. You will not receive a third replacement badge.

If you find a lost badge, please turn it in to Member Services or Registration. You'll make someone very happy.

balcony, and will be happy to talk with you about their groups. Please check the Convention newszine for a list of groups present and their schedules.

Book Exhibit & Raffle

This year's Book Exhibit will again feature books by prominent SF and Fantasy authors, as well as free magazine subscriptions, games and computer software, and a painting donated by Eileen Madison. Find out why some

attendees consider our Book Raffle to be one of the highlights of Lunacon and what the rallying cry "Kill Seth!" is all about. Raffle tickets are fifty cents each, five for \$2 or 250 for \$100, and are available at the Book Exhibit and at member Services. The Book Exhibit is located in the Columbia Room, and its hours are from:

Friday: 7 p.m. - 8:30 p.m.

Saturday: 9 a.m. - 9 p.m.

Sunday: 9 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.

The Raffle drawing will begin after 2 p.m., Sunday in the Commodore Stevens/Vanderbilt Ballrooms.

Art Show & PRINT SHOP

Over the last few years, Lunacon's Art Show has become one of the highest quality SF Convention Art Shows in the Northeast. Our expanded art show is in the Freedom Ballroom. Our new location enables us to display more works by many professional and amateur artists than ever before. There are approximately 110 panels of original artwork, 10 tables for 3-D art, and a larger Print Shop.

Attendees will be able to place bids on most artwork in the Art Show. (Pieces not for sale are marked "NFS.") The Art Auction will take place Sunday, from noon to 2 p.m., in the Commodore Stevens/Vanderbilt Ballrooms. Before Bidding, either at the Auction or by written bid, you must have a bidder number. To obtain one, fill out a bidder registration form at the Art Show desk. You will be given a copy of the bidding rules for the Art Show. Sale of original art is normally by written bid. Bidding will end at 11am Sunday and those pieces receiving seven written bids will go to auction. All purchases must be picked up no later than 4 p.m. Sunday. Checks, MasterCard and Visa (with proper ID), along with the always-popular cash, will be accepted for purchases. However,

we cannot accept foreign checks.

The Print Shop: Multiple copies of SF art reproductions will be offered for sale at the Print Shop at fixed prices. Less expensive copies of some pieces of original art, pieces marked "NFS" or pieces whose originals are not displayed can usually be found for sale in the Print Shop. The Print Shop will be open the same hours as the Art show.

Photography: To protect the artists' rights, no photography will be permitted in the Art Show, except for supervised press photography. You will not be allowed to bring a camera into the Art Show unless it is sealed in a bag.

Awards: All Convention attendees are eligible to vote for the Best Professional Artist and Best Amateur Artist Awards. Ballots are available at the art show desk and must be turned in by 8 pm on Saturday. Other awards will be chosen by a panel of judges.

Hours: Friday: 8 p.m. - 10 p.m.

Saturday: 10 a.m. - 10 p.m.

Sunday: 9 a.m. - 11 a.m.

Noon - 2 p.m. Auction (Commodore Stevens/Vanderbilt Ballrooms)

12:30 p.m. - 3 p.m. Art Show Sales and Print Shop

FANZINE LOUNGE

Before there were SF Conventions, and before there were computer nets, there were fanzines...and there still are. For the first time, Lunacon is sponsoring a Fanzine Lounge. It's in Room 226.

Take a look at fanzines and APAs of the past and present. Hang out and socialize with fanzine fans and writers. (Dave Kyle says you can sit there.) Find out who sawed Courtney's boat.



Filksinging

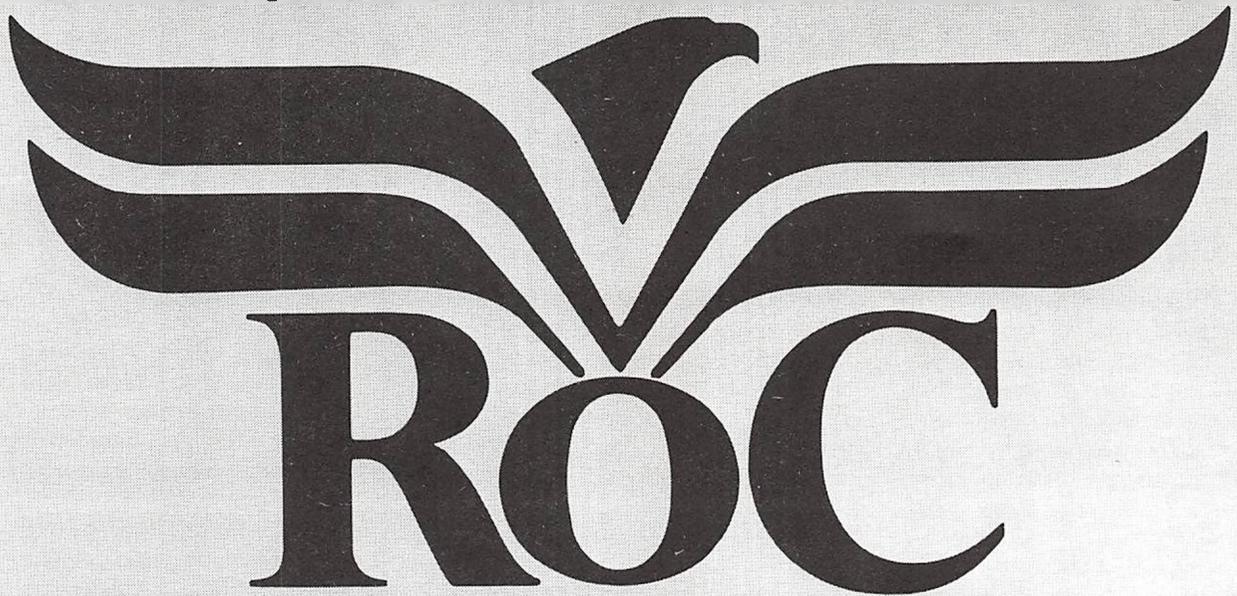
Filksinging, a form of science fiction and fantasy-based folk singing, is scheduled to begin Friday night in the America Room after 11 p.m., and will continue all day (and night) Saturday and Sunday in the Filksinging Lounge, Room 209. Filksong collections and tapes are available in the Dealers' Room.

Autographs & Meet the Pros Party!

This year it's even easier to meet your favorite pros. Autographing by program participants is in the second floor lobby area. There will be two autograph sessions with Guest of Honor John Brunner, one on Saturday the other Sunday. Check the Con Newszine for

the schedule of autograph sessions. Or bring your books to the Friday night "Meet the Program Participants" extravaganza. Our theme is the alternate world of the Sovereign Republic of Connecticut. Your Lunacon badge is your passport.

The most powerful name in SF & F takes wing!



ROBERT ADAMS
BRIAN ALDISS
KEVIN J. ANDERSON
POUL ANDERSON
ISAAC ASIMOV
ROBIN BAILEY
NEIL BARRETT, JR.
BATTLETECH
GAEL BAUDINO
PETER BEAGLE
THE BEST OF TREK
PIERRE BOULLE
ARTHUR C. CLARKE
MICHAEL GREATREX CONEY
GLEN COOK
HUGH COOK
MATTHEW COSTELLO
JOHN DEAKINS
SAMUEL R. DELANY
CHARLES DeLINT
EMILY DEVENPORT
WILLIAM C. DIETZ
GEORGE ALEC EFFINGER
PHYLLIS EISENSTEIN
HARLAN ELLISON
BILL FAWCETT
WILLIAM FORSTCHEN
ESTHER M. FRIESNER
MARY GENTLE

MEL GILDEN
SHEILA GILLULY
GREER ILENE GILMAN
STEPHEN GOLDIN
& MARY MASON
ROLAND J. GREEN
SIMON GREEN
ELYSE GUTTENBERG
ROBERT A. HEINLEIN
BRIAN HERBERT &
MARIE LANDIS
CHRISTOPHER HINZ
JACK HOLLAND
K.W. JETER
GUY GAVRIEL KAY
M. BRADLEY KELLOGG
PATRICIA KENNEALY
URSULA K. LeGUIN
STEPHEN LEIGH
BARRY B. LONGYEAR
DAN McGIRT
DENNIS L. McKIERNAN
R.M. MELUCH
ROBERT METZGER
EDWARD MEYERS
A.A. MILNE
JANET & CHRIS MORRIS
SHIRLEY ROUSSEAU
MURPHY
ANDRÉ NORTON

KEVIN O'DONNELL, JR.
MICHAEL PEAK
TERRY PRATCHETT
W.T. QUICK
GAR & JUDY REEVES-STEVENS
JOEL ROSENBERG
KRISTINE KATHRYN RUSCH
R.A.V. SALSITZ
R.A. SALVATORE
SHADOWRUN
ROBERT SHECKLEY
RICK SHELLEY
ROBERT SILVERBERG
MICHELE SLUNG
MICHAEL STACKPOLE
JIM STARLIN & DAINA GRAZIUNAS
JOHN STEAKLEY
BRAD STRICKLAND
THEODORE STURGEON
BORIS & DORIS VALLEJO
JULES VERNE
JOAN D. VINGE
LAWRENCE WATT-EVANS
H.G. WELLS
T.H. WHITE
ROBERT ANTON WILSON
WILLIAM WU
JANNY WURTS
LAWRENCE YEP
ROGER ZELAZNY



SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

Staff

Lunacon is run entirely by volunteers. We need help in running most areas of the Convention, including the Art Show, Con Suite, Registration, Logistics and Member Services. We particularly need help Sunday night for the Art Show tear-down and Convention move-out. Staff

members who work at least 8 hours (anyone who helps out Thursday or Sunday evenings will receive additional time credit) will be given a Convention t-shirt, featuring a design by our Artist Guest of Honor, Kelly Freas. If you want to help, please come to our staff room in Room 234. It's open:

Friday: 3 p.m. - Midnight

Saturday: 8 a.m. - Midnight

Sunday: 8 a.m. - 5 p.m.

Before you may work on the Convention, you need to sign the Legal Release form. If you are under 18, a parent or legal guardian must sign.

Member Services Information & Sales

Member Services: Anyone who needs help or information at the Convention will find it available at the Member Services desk in the hallway near Registration. Please remember: Member Services is not Registration. Member Services is the place to leave messages on our Message Board, turn in or reclaim lost property, place party announcements or other items in our newsletter, request start-up supplies (seeding) for parties, check AmTrak and Metro-North train schedules, pick up a copy of our Restaurant Guide, or coordinate handicapped services.

Sales: For attendees who would like to purchase Book Raffle tickets or a Lunacon '91 t-shirt, or various t-shirts and jerseys from past Lunacons, the Sales office is located in the Coat Room.

Masquerade

The Masquerade is one of the most popular events at Lunacon. This year's



Masquerade will be held on Saturday night, beginning at approximately 10 p.m., immediately following John Brunner's Guest of Honor speech in the Commodore Douglas/Stevens/Vanderbilt ballrooms. It will be run according to the guidelines of the International Costumers Guild. We will have lighting and sound systems available; no microphones will be used on stage. If a weapon is a necessary part of a costume, it may be worn in the Masquerade only.

There will be two photo areas - one lighted for tungsten film with a neutral gray backdrop and one for flash with a sky blue backdrop.

This year, Lunacon welcomes hall costumes and will be awarding Ribbons for Outstanding Hall Costumes.

Also, consult the Pocket Program for the times and locations of panels and workshops on costume creation and presentation.

NewsZine

All open parties registered with Member Services, along with program changes and other information of note, will be listed in our on-site newszine, tentatively called LunaConn.Man. Items for the newszine may be left with Member Services or with the editor, Brian Burley in room 230. Copies will be available at spots throughout the convention.



Gaming



Our two gaming rooms (Mayflower I and II) will offer a wide variety of SF and Fantasy board games and role-playing games.

Lunacon will again hold a RPGA-sanctioned tournament. Also featured is a D&D-type game called Barroom Brawl. Other games likely to be held are Battletech, Car Wars and board games like Nuclear War. Sign-up is on a first come first served basis with no registration fee. Regular gaming will run 24 hours a day, starting at 3 p.m. Friday and ending Sunday evening.

Please note that due to a scheduling conflict, Dreamport, the live fantasy role-playing game previously announced, will not be run.)

Ian & Betty Ballantine

BY TOM DOHERTY

They are giants, these two. More than anyone else, they have made reading accessible to the general public.

When they started American Penguin in 1939, there were about 2,000 retail

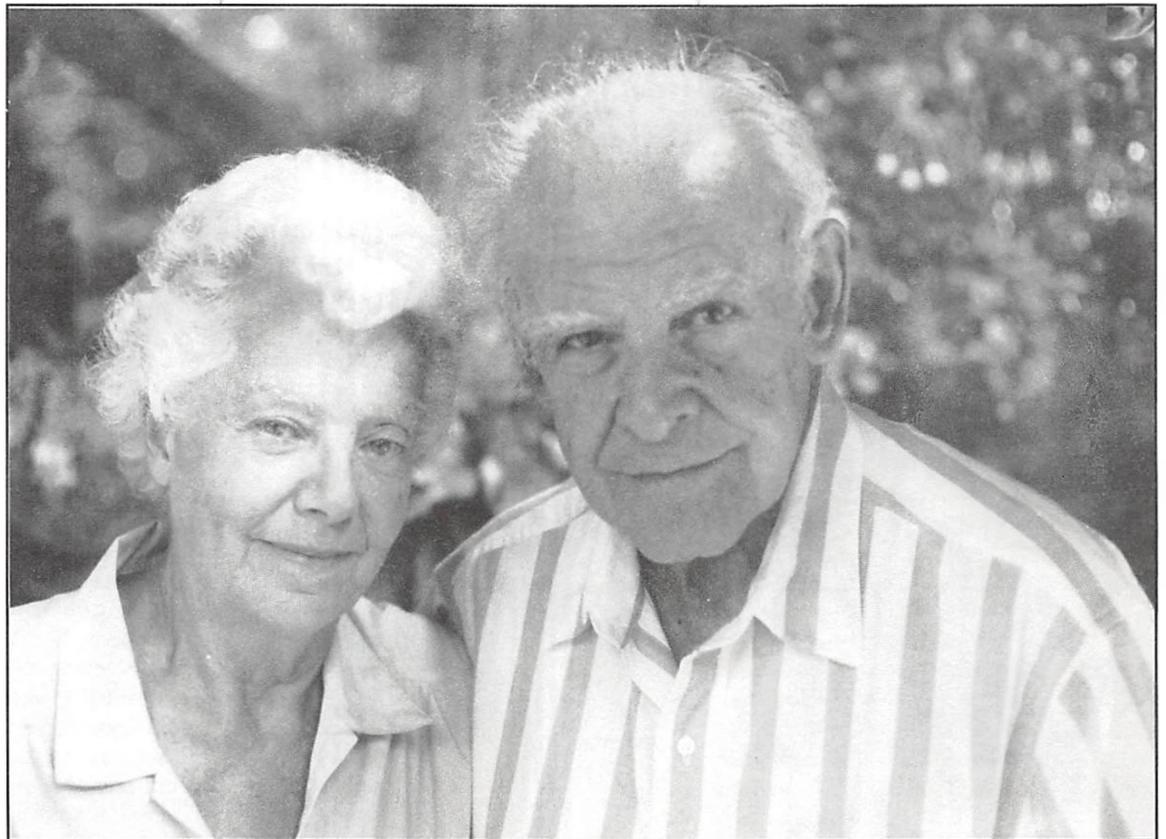
establishments carrying books in this country. Perhaps 500 of them could regularly pay their bills. If you wanted a book, you went downtown, and the town had to be either one of some size or some wealth. Now, books are everywhere. More than 100,000 retailers display them. The Ballantines shipped their first books a month after Pocket, in 1939. Before then, the mass-market paperback did not exist. In 1939, less than twelve million Americans regularly read books. The figure now approaches one hundred million.

I have heard the Ballantines praised

for their pioneering work in mass-market paperbacks, and this is of course true. But I suggest to you that this is a very narrow view. They are publishers who brought the finest authors of their time to the widest possible audience. The American Penguin the Ballantines created spun off New American Library, which years later would recombine with

its parent. Ian and Betty would go on to found the biggest of all mass-market publishers, Bantam, and then of course Ballantine. There they would begin in the country's most important science fiction program.

I first met Ian in a warehouse in Philadelphia. I was checking stock for a competing publisher, and he stopped to



talk to me. I was a young kid salesman, and he was already a legend, but he found time to take me to lunch. The conversation was fascinating. He made me think in ways that would not have occurred to me. I don't think Ian remembers it, but for me it was a milestone.

Years later, I would have a chance to work for him on a regular basis. I was Field Sales Manager for Pocket Books, and we distributed Ballantine at the time. The line was a delight. Already dominant in such contrasting fields as modern history and science fiction, they were the first to see fantasy as a major category for adults. Only a few fantasy titles were published in a year. When we went out to sell it as a continuing program, most customers thought we were crazy. Then Tolkien sold seven million copies. It was the most innovative program in publishing. Strong novels, sure, but other publishers did strong novels. Ian took the big risk, and often won big.

He did non-fiction on subjects of international concern, mass-market paperbacks like "The Population Bomb," and, perhaps the biggest risk of all, the Sierra Club exhibit format (trade paperback) series, wonderful books like "In Wilderness is the Preservation of the World," with full color on almost every page. If I remember correctly, we shipped over a quarter-million copies of that first book in the series. It was an unbelievable gamble. If you took heavy returns on something so expensive to produce, it could cost you a fortune. But they believed in the book, and they believed in the public who would buy such books.

This is one of the great things about Ian and Betty Ballantine: they believe on a grand scale, and they make it work. They paid authors double the prevailing rate from the beginning. They invented the hard/soft deal, and used it regularly, twenty years before the rest of the industry. (In a hard/soft deal, the author makes full royalty from both the hardcover and paperback editions, rather than splitting the paperback royalty with the hardcover publisher.) They believed there was a market for books well beyond what was accepted by ninety-nine out of a hundred of their contemporaries. They believed in sales and marketing, and in the people who did the sales and marketing. My friend Ralph Arnote likes to tell the story of how Ian created Beagle Books, a company that saved a sales force, published some

darn fine books, and operated successfully for many years until finally being folded back into Ballantine when Random House acquired the company.

My fondest memory of Ian Ballantine goes back to a sweltering hot day at a Washington, D.C. A.B.A. Convention in the early '70s. The book division of our company had two major publishers that were distributed. Through a merger, we lost both distribution contracts within a matter of weeks. This left me with a twenty-rep field force and no books to distribute. I was in the process of drown-

months, we shipped over eight hundred thousand copies of Beagle Books, which was a forerunner of today's romance imprints. It was a highly successful venture for a number of years - all conceived by Ian on a sweltering afternoon at the A.B.A.

Now this just boggles my mind! I can't imagine anybody envisaging, creating, contracting for, selling, and shipping an entire new line in so short a period. Certainly, nobody I've ever know but the Ballantines would even attempt it. but for them it's always something new, and the

I have heard the Ballantines praised for their pioneering work in mass-market paperbacks, and this is of course true. But I suggest to you that this is a very narrow view. They are publishers who brought the finest authors of their time to the widest possible audience.



ing my sorrows in several bottles of icy Heineken at a sidewalk cafe in D.C. when up walked Ian Ballantine, a man I hardly knew at that time.

I poured out all of my misery to Ian, who joined me in the Heinekens. After I had explained my predicament to him, he said, with that famous Ballantine wink, that I had in my predicament an incredible opportunity. Then, in a few more Heinekens' time, he convinced me that within three months, my company could be shipping one hundred thousand to four hundred thousand copies of each of six titles in a brand new book line. He immediately gave his dream the name of Beagle Books.

The next day, we confirmed our conversation of the long night before, and, sure enough, Ian was dead serious.

He made a couple of trips to Britain to secure books and cover material. In four

question is never "Can it be done?" - it's "If it's worth doing, what's the best way to do it?" Whether it is Betty editing bestsellers by Shirley McLaine or writing the text of art books by Charles Wysacki, whether it's the pair of them working together on "Understanding Cancer" or Yaeger's autobiography, or Ian's asking Fred Pohl to do the definitive book on Chernobyl, or the new Air & Space series, or the unbelievable success of their Bev Doolittle project.

To know the Ballantines has been a series of amazements and delights, a rare privilege, and an unending education.

Tom Doherty is Publisher at Tor Books based in New York City. He was Lunacon's Publisher Guest of Honor last year.

John Brunner

BY SAMUEL R. DELANY

An anecdote to give you just a bit about him:

On one of his too-rare trips to this country, John did a reading of one of his science fiction short stories over WBAI-FM in New York City. "But do you know," the astonished producer told me, a few days later, "he read for forty-five minutes and didn't make one mistake—not one cough, not a stutter, not a missed word or false start from the beginning to the end? Now everybody makes mistakes when they read for more than five or ten minutes. Everybody! I mean, that's why we record these things—so we can edit out the glitches. But with John, there weren't any! We could have gone directly on the air live!"

And here's another:

When I first met John in 1966 in London, I knew him only through a handful of the novels he'd published as Keith Woodcott—and a single, very nice note he'd sent me about one of my own books. I hadn't actually answered his letter.

What I did—one blowy, late-March afternoon, after two days on the Orient Express, another hitch-hiking, and a night on the couch of a friend of a friend—was ring the bell of John's ground floor London flat.

"Hello. My name is Chip; and you don't really know me, but . . ." But I was welcomed warmly by John and his wife and plied with sherry, peanuts, and biscuits. There hadn't been much opportunity for washing in the previous week, and a few minutes later I was invited in the most unassuming and friendly way to use their shower, if I wanted to.

And I did.

And a bit after that, I recall us all sitting in a smoky London folk club, upstairs from a pleasant pub, while John sang out with everyone else—

Thunder and lightening is no lark
When Dublin City is in the dark.

If you've got any money, go up to the

Park

And view the Zoological Gardens . . .

And just one more:

After that first meeting with John in London, when I'd returned to the States and—a couple of months later—I'd been away from my New York apartment a day or so, as I was returning home, coming back up the street, I noticed a vaguely familiar man crossing over, wearing a yellow short-sleeved shirt and carrying a tan suitcase.

I was walking, watching, when he saw me and hallood—in an English accent.

I frowned.

"Hello!" he called again. "That's you, Chip—isn't it?"

"John . . . ?" I called.

It looked like . . . John Brunner. Then, stirring in the nether mists of memory, I began to recall a letter, from sometime in the previous two weeks, mentioning that he'd be coming over for World Con and the Milford SF Writers Conference—and asking could he stay with me for his few days in New York, be-

fore he went out to Cleveland, where the worldcon (Tricon) was being held that year.

But in the general confusion of my hectic life just then, all dates and plans had fled my head—and I'd forgotten!

As I walked up to him, I said: "John, I'm so glad I caught you! I didn't remember what time you were coming. How long have you been here?"

John put his suitcase down on the sidewalk. "Since last night, at about five—actually." But he was smiling.

"You mean you had to go to a hotel for the night? Oh John!" I was mortified.

"No," he said. "Actually, I stayed right here."

Now I was bewildered.

But he laughed, explaining to me, as I picked up his bag and carried it back with him toward my apartment: "When I got here last night and you weren't answering your door (your superintendent let me in, so I could go up to your flat—that very nice Polish woman), I confess, I got a little worried. I thought about waiting for you—so I went down and sat on your stoop. And while I was sitting there, this young man came down the street, over there, saw me, and asked me what I was doing. So I told him I was waiting for you. He had the longest, very blond hair—do you know him?"

"I don't think so," I said.

"Well, he lives right over there." We'd stopped on my stoop, and John nodded across the street. "He was very kind—and told me that I could stay at his place. We finally arranged it that I'd wait for you another hour, and if you didn't show up, he'd come back and get me. And you didn't. And he did. So I spent the night right over there, on a mattress in a second floor flat." He nodded at another tenement across the street. "You probably know him."

"I probably do," I said, "at least by



sight." Only I never did learn who John's good Samaritan was. The moment is still one of my greatest embarrassments with John; that he was so generous in forgiving me for it makes him a compassionate man, indeed!

But enough of anecdotes for the nonce—though if I conclude by saying that John is a precise and warm-hearted man, you'll understand that, even though these are traits that don't usually go together, in John they dovetail beautifully.

But what of John the writer?

Certainly in his early-sixties SF novel *The Whole Man* took the idea of "advanced powers" and gave it the most mature treatment it had ever yet received in science fiction. It was followed by a

whole series of big, ambitious novels—Stand on Zanzibar, The Jagged Orbit, The Sheep Look Up, and Shock Wave Rider—that took hold of big, ambitious themes and wrested from them powerful and pointed statements, placing them in powerful and moving dialogue with the most pressing problems of our time. And John's novel [it]Quicksand,[ro] soon after, is still the most deeply haunting tale of time-travel to appear in the range of science fiction.

John was the first person to tell me that fandom even existed; back in that first trip to London, he took me to one of the Thursday night fannish gatherings at the old Globe Pub. And he told me about science fiction conventions here in the States and urged me to attend one.

Here's something that, I believe, does reflect on John Brunner the writer. Talking about the smartest person you've ever met is something kids do and, given the range of human cultures, always a culture-bound phenomenon—and thus just not that smart. Nevertheless, John is one of the three or four most widely informed people about the widest range of topics that I have ever run into in what's getting on to fifty years, now. That breadth of information again and again informs his work, right through his most recent novels, with weight, interest, and resonance.

Well, I do have one more story:

A few weeks after we almost missed each other on his visit to New York, when we were both attending the Milford Science Fiction Writers Conference down at the wonderfully baroque house of Damon Knight, John took a short story I'd just completed and pointed out that the term I'd used for my central characters—"froiks"—was almost unpronounceable, and muddled further by the fact that some of the characters were French and, in French, "oi" gets pronounced like a "w." It would simply distract, if not mystify, any reader with the faintest knowledge of the Gallic language. Why not use "frelk?" suggested John. Then he proceeded to go over the rest of the story, word by word, suggesting that I cut, rearrange, or replace a good number of them—all of which suggestions were clearly right and which I took. A year or so later when the same story won a Nebula Award from the Science Fiction Writers of America for Best SF Short Story, I couldn't help thinking that a few cubic inches in that beautiful block of crystal-shot lucits (which is the award

itself) really belonged to John.

An amazing mind, an amazing man.

I'm honored—and warmly happy—to be able to write a few words about a writer and friend who's meant so much

to me. It pleases me terribly that all of you here at Lunacon '91 will get to know him a bit better, not just from his always entertaining and provocative books—but from the whole man himself.

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The Magic of **SCIENCE FICTION** **ART**

An Appreciation of Frank Kelly Freas by Teresa C. Miñambres

I first met Frank Kelly Freas in a relaxed con in Toronto in the late 1970's. At the time, I was fairly new in the Science Fiction Community and had not yet associated the artists with their work. Therefore, when I met him and his wife Polly, I had no idea how celebrated he was. All I got from that first meeting was that here were two very giving and friendly people. However, it was not long before I was told just who Kelly Freas was and realized that I had admired his art for years.

Kelly has a very distinctive style. His art has a sense of movement and depth, coupled with a sensuality that is uniquely his trademark. It is these qualities that make his artwork timeless.

As a young man, Kelly studied engineering and medicine before becoming an artist. He brought a wealth of knowledge and experience to the science fiction field. His talent and background have enabled Kelly to excel in different genres. Kelly has done photography, advertising, industrial illustration, religious paintings (500 portraits of saints for the Franciscans), cartoons (Alfred E. Neuman for MAD magazine), beautiful women on the noses of

bombers while in the Army Air Corps, designed the crew insignia for Skylab One and was NASA artist for Apollo-Soyuz, many covers for Ace doubles, cover art for Daw, Signet, Ballantine, Avon, all 67 Laser Books, and many other publishers. He was also editor and artist for the Donning/Starblaze Editions.

This background and his innate sense of adventure are readily seen in Kelly Freas's work. His work appeals to the heart of the viewer. He creates a world which is always calling to us. His paintings make us stop and view and review.

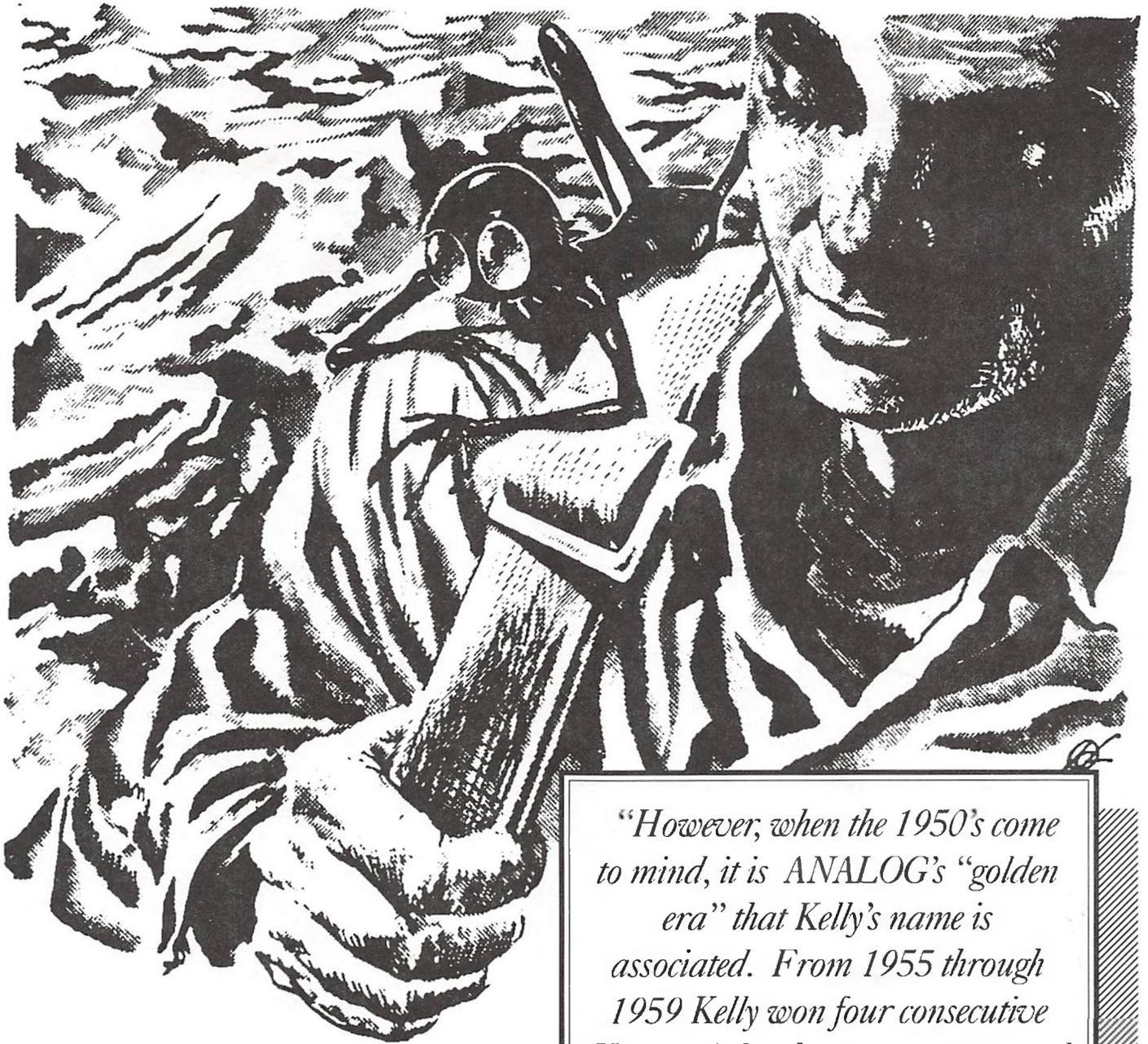
In November of 1950, Frank Kelly Freas' artwork was introduced to the Science Fiction community when WEIRD TALES magazine appeared with one of his works as its cover. However, when the 1950's come to mind, it is with the legendary editor, John W. Campbell, and ANALOG's "golden era" that Kelly's name is associated. From 1955 through 1959 Kelly won four consecutive Hugos. A feat he was to repeat and surpass several years later.

Over the years, Kelly has become the recipient of many prestigious awards.

In total he has received ten Hugos, a Frank R. Paul Award, Boston's Skylark, Moscon's Lensman, the Phoenix Award for DeepSouthCon (1982), the Inkpot Award, the Rova, the Daedalus Award and many others. .

Frank Kelly Freas has also been named





"However, when the 1950's come to mind, it is ANALOG's "golden era" that Kelly's name is associated. From 1955 through 1959 Kelly won four consecutive Hugos. A feat he was to repeat and surpass several years later."

Dean Of Science Fiction Artists. This title fits him particularly well, since as a science fiction artist, Kelly has no peers. For over forty years, his work has influenced fellow artists and been the inspiration for aspiring artists in the science fiction field. If imitation is the highest form of praise, then Kelly has been praised over and over and over again. However, no one has ever duplicated the fire and soul in his work.

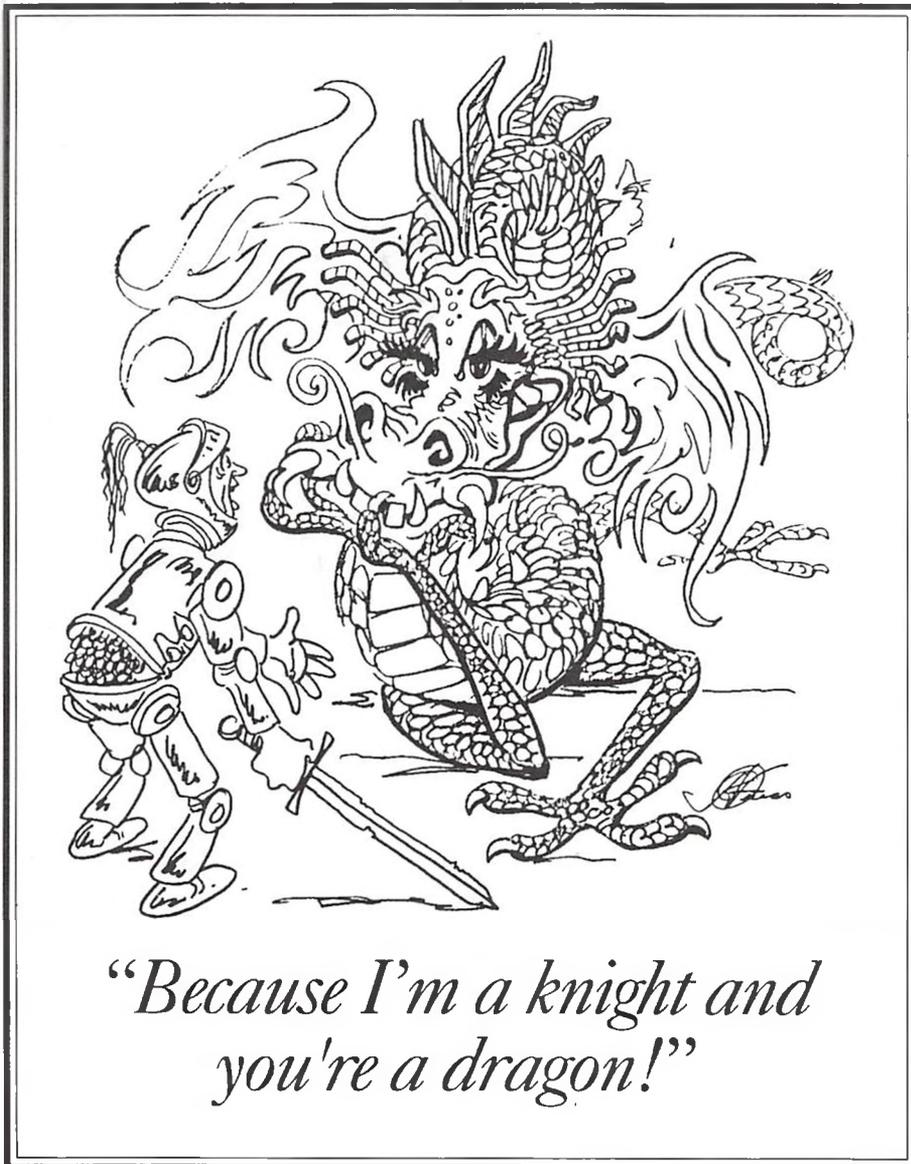
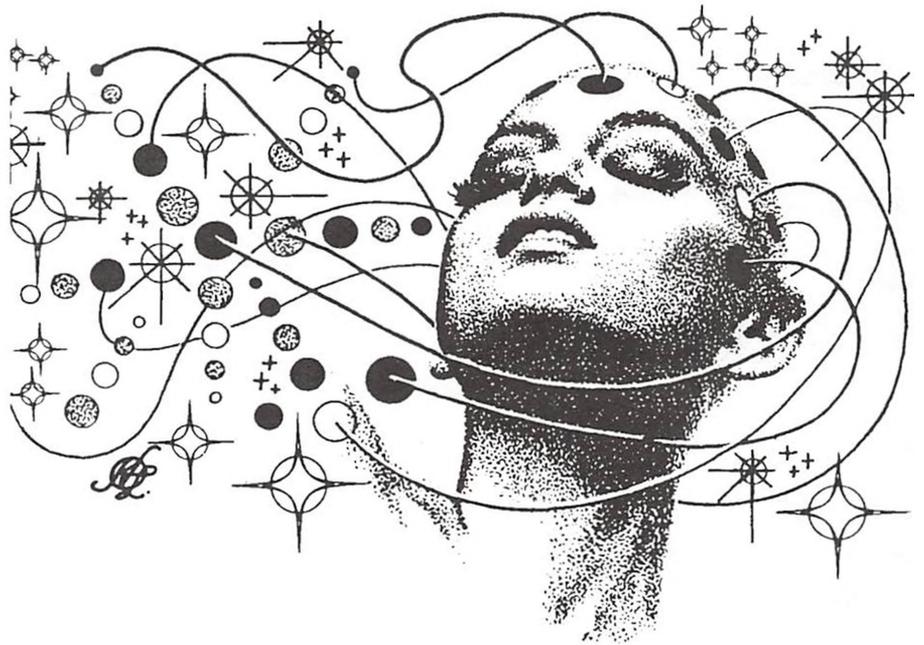
As so many of his paintings have proven, Frank Kelly Freas is (to coin a phrase) an artist for all seasons. In 1953 at the WORLDCON in Philadelphia, there was mention of a "new artist" who was doing work "in a new style" The new artist mentioned was Frank Kelly

Freas; the new style was his famous robot painting. In this painting of a robot that does not understand the physical frailty of man, we see one of Kelly's signature pieces. The robot, raising questioning eyes while holding the dying soldier in his bloodied hand, displays human feelings. He is confused, worried and a bit frightened; all this from a machine. To date, this painting has remained "new". In the past four decades it has again and again graced the covers of books, magazines and record albums. In the

early 70s, it was also picked as the cover for the CAMPBELL ASTOUNDING MEMORIAL ANTHOLOGY. The painting was so admired by some British fans of Kelly's that they requested a new version be done for an album they were producing. The album was NEWS OF THE WORLD (1977) and the group was QUEEN. The robot in this instance had two renditions, an outside cover and an interior spread. Later, in the early 80's,

it would become the cover for the NEW REPUBLIC magazine.

Kelly Freas' love of life, the universe and science fiction is clearly depicted in his art. In the book THE ART OF SCIENCE FICTION, Kelly sums up his feelings in the following words: "Science fiction really does have a message to convey, and that is simply the fact that it is a very big and withal a very beautiful universe, however often the beauty may be obscured by real, present ugliness. And there will always be a need for artists to putter around the edges of reality and point out their perception of its beauty and its wonder. The universe, like a lovely woman, needs comprehension, not conquest: both can be best enjoyed by being understood. So enjoy. And remember that enjoying art is part of enjoying life. Remember too, that the verb 'to enjoy' means 'to put joy into'."

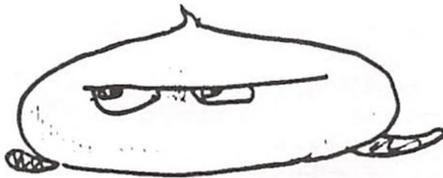


*"Because I'm a knight and
you're a dragon!"*

Kelly has "put joy into" not only his life but the lives of those who he befriends. He is always eager to discover new talent and to help them make a name for themselves in a very tough and demanding field. Kelly is not only a great artist he is a great person. I have never known him to turn away a friend in need and to this I can personally attest. When my aunt was stricken with cancer, it was Polly and Kelly who called me to offer advice and a shoulder to lean on. Polly herself was carrying around the same time bomb. They still found the time and strength to help me and to lend me their strength.

After my aunt passed away, Kelly helped push me out of the doldrums and told me to look into myself for the strength to go forward. Very soon after that advice was given, Polly passed on and Kelly had to look into himself and go forward. He is a remarkably strong man and rather than consoling himself with his friends, Kelly went forward to put joy into his life. It was this strength and resolve that led Kelly to a new life and a new bride. Laura Brodian Kelly-Freas has brought new joy into Kelly's life and is his artistic partner as well as his life's partner.

Since 1950 Kelly has touched the minds and hearts of science fiction fans everywhere, and it is fitting that we take the time to honor him and thank him for all the beauty he has brought into our world. Whenever possible in the past, Kelly has given his support and exhibited at Lunacon. It is fitting that now Lunacon and the Lunarians take this year



to honor him and thank him for all those years. For myself, I would like to add my thanks for all the years of friendship, help, laughter and love which he has so generously and freely given.

Congratulations, Kelly! And thanks for creating so much beauty that you ensured your public would "put joy into" their lives yesterday, today and tomorrow.

Teresa Minambres is a New York City-based fan; member of ASFA, the Horror Writers of America, and the Dorsaii Irregulars. She was chairman of LunaCon in 1985.

Editor's Note: Frank Kelly Freas is presently directing the illustration of the L. Ron Hubbard "Writers of the Future" anthologies. He also is Coordinating Judge of the L. Ron Hubbard "Illustrators of the Future" contest which offers quarterly prizes and an opportunity to illustrate an upcoming volume of "Writers of the Future." He is, of course, always on the lookout for potential illustrators displaying in science fiction convention art shows.

Author and illustrator of the books "The Astounding Fifties," "Frank Kelly Freas: The Art of Science Fiction," and "A Separate Star," as well as a number of magazine articles, Kelly now resides in Los Angeles.



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The Secret Life OF A SCIENCE FICTION FAN

An Appreciation of Harry C. Stubbs by Poul Anderson

It is no secret that in everyday life Hal Clement is Harry C. Stubbs. I don't know whether he is descended from the eighteenth century British painter George Stubbs, but it would be appropriate. That artist, who specialized in horsey scenes, portrayed the first zebra ever brought to England. Hal Clement has done considerably better than this, of course, creating all sorts of wonderfully exotic creatures and their worlds. He's been doing it for half a century, too, since his short story "Proof" presented intelligent beings living in the stars and traveling among them without any idea that any such thing as solid matter exists.

Admittedly the concept was a bit far-fetched, but it was brilliantly developed. The author went on to works using straightforward, proven science, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology.

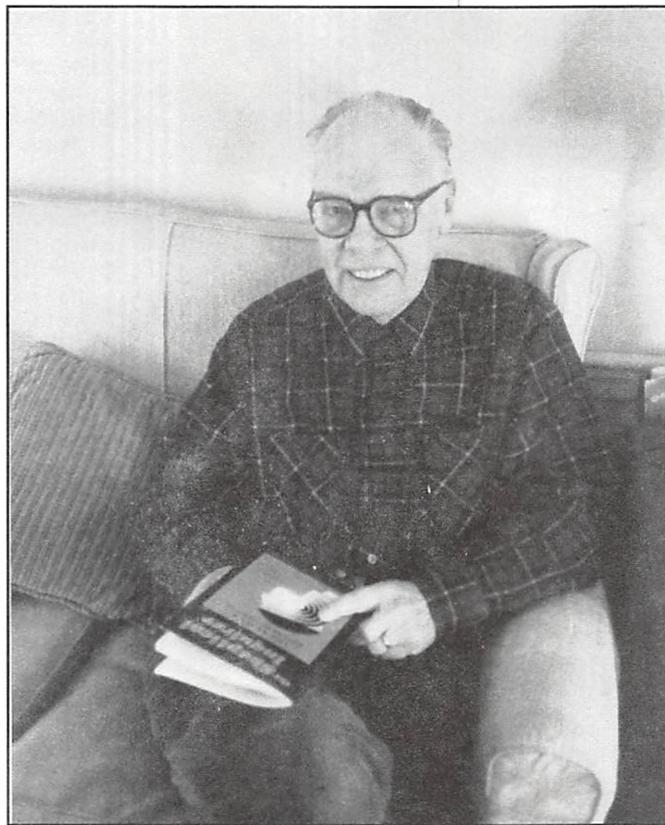
He varied the parameters in quite plausible ways, too. Then he proceeded to show what astonishing consequences even a small-looking change in some such quantity as mass or temperature

honorably, and kindly, like the author himself.

Hey! Why am I using the past tense? Hal Clement is still going strong. He is still in the forefront of science fiction, the master worldsmith of us all.

Nor is he confined to that sort of narrative. Although he is most famous for his nonhumans and their environments, he's done his share of tales with only Earthlings in them, some set in the near future. In these, his track record as a foreseer of real developments matches that of Robert Heinlein. Moreover, he has written at least one purely historical novel, about early Phoenician exploration along the coasts of Africa.

Indeed, he's a versatile fellow all



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might well have.

The space program revealed this to everybody. I found I could make one absolutely certain prediction in advance of each planetary encounter, and only one: "We are going to be surprised." But Hal Clement was exploring the whole universe, in his mind, decades before the fact. He gave us his discoveries in the form of exciting stories whose characters, both human and alien, came vividly to life. Readers rooted for them, because they were usually good people, in terms of their species and cultures - competent,

around. He has produced a number of excellent astronomical paintings (and quite likely other kinds). When these were exhibited at convention art shows, he used a pseudonym, because he wanted them to be judged strictly on their own merits. They won praise and purchasers. To make room for this and other hobbies, he built a cabin behind his house. I've seen it, a very nice job of carpentry.

His biography reveals a similar range of talents. In World War Two he broke off his study of astronomy to join what

was then the Army Air Force. Serving in Europe, he became one of the few men ever to fly a heavy bomber on a rooftop mission.

He didn't learn to drive a car till after his return to civilian life. John Campbell, the editor under whose aegis Hal's writing career began, related how he was once a passenger about this time. He got a little alarmed at seeing Hal, who needed to pass another vehicle, pull back on the steering wheel. Cars really can't fly over other cars! Luckily, nothing untoward happened. Rather, Hal became a better than average driver, for he is a sober and responsible man as well as a genial one.

He remained an officer in the Air Force Reserve until retirement age. Meanwhile he taught science at a prestigious prep school, acquired a family, and wrote his marvelous stories.

Once he delivered a speech in absentia. He couldn't make the 1953 Disclave, but was good enough to send a talk which was read aloud. The incident sticks in my mind because Willy Ley and I did the same. The lady in charge of programming was a persuasive sort. I know - I married her.

Together we heard a considerably more important talk given by Hal in person in Denver, 1961. This was at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and concerned various possible extra-terrestrial life forms that had appeared in science fiction. It was surely the first time the scientific establishment gave our literature a serious hearing, and I am not aware of anything comparable since.

I owe him thanks for another matter at that same gathering. In those days, AAAS met between Christmas and New Year's. Denver in December is not only cold, it's bone-dry. Walking through the hotel corridors, I'd build up such a static charge that my arm got numb to the elbow from repeated shocks. Hal taught me the trick of touching my room key to doorknobs along the way.

He's like that, always friendly and helpful. Karen and I regret that geographical separation keeps us from seeing him and his lovely wife often. When we do, it is an enjoyable and memorable occasion. You're in for a similar treat this weekend.

Poul Anderson has been writing science fiction for over fifty years. He lives in the San Francisco area with his wife Karen.

Hal Clement

Hal Clement (Harry Clement Stubbs) was born in Somerville, Massachusetts on May 30, 1922, to Harry Clarence Stubbs and Marjorie (White) Stubbs. He grew up in various Greater Boston Communities, attending school in Arlington and Cambridge, finishing high school (Rindge Tech) in Cambridge in 1939.

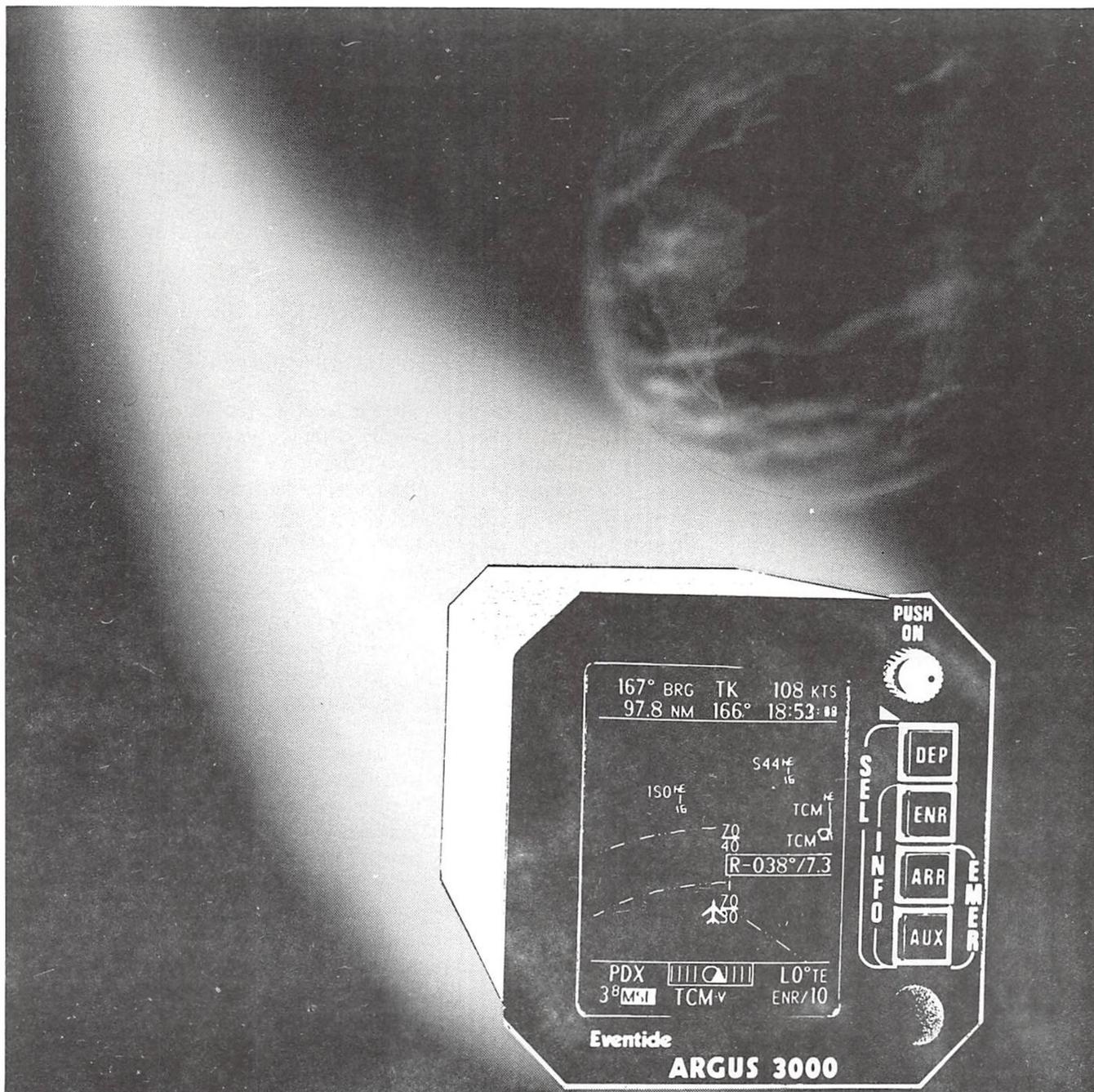
He majored in astronomy at Harvard, receiving his B.S. in 1943; later degrees are an M. Ed from Boston University in 1946 and an M.S. in chemistry from Simmons College in 1963.

Upon graduating from Harvard he entered the Army Air Corps Reserve, going through the Eastern Flying Training Command and receiving pilot wings and a second lieutenant's commission at Stewart Field, New York, in March, 1944. He flew 35 combat missions as copilot and pilot in Liberator (B-24) bombers with the 8th Air Force in Europe. His reserve unit was recalled to active duty in 1951; he spent eight months as a squadron executive office at Bolling Air Force Base near D.C., and sixteen months as a technical instructor at the Armed Forces Special Weapons School at Sandia Base, New Mexico. He retired from the Air Force Reserve as a full colonel in 1976.

His interest in both science and science fiction started in 1930, when he saw a Buck Rogers comic strip featuring a space ship on its way to mars. His father, an accountant unable to answer young Harry's scientific questions, took him to the local (Arlington) public library; he returned with an astronomy book under one arm and Jules Verne's "Trip to the Moon" under the other. His first story, "Proof," appeared in the June, 1942, issue of Astounding Science Fiction (now Analog) Magazine. His first novel, "Needle," was serialized in the same publication in 1949. His best known one, "Mission of Gravity," appeared in 1953, and has been in print most of the time since. Other well known novels are "Iceworld," "Close to Critical," "Star Light," and, most recently, "Still River." (DelRey, June '87; paperback edition February '89) A sequel to the last, tentatively entitled "Outspread," is currently in preparation.

Mr. Stubbs married Mary Elizabeth Myers in 1952. They have two sons, George Clement and Richard Myers, and a daughter, Christine (Mrs. David O. Hensel of Columbus, Ohio). A grandson, Jackson Clement Stubbs, has recently (April 29, 1988) appeared on the family tree.

Hal worked on the board of directors of the local Red Cross chapter, and has started his eighteenth gallon as a blood donor. His main occupation for forty years was high school science teaching, two years in a public school and thirty-eight at Milton Academy, from which he retired in 1987. He served for two years as president of the New England Association of Chemistry Teachers, has also been a Division Chairman, and worked at such tasks as Registrar, Speaker Hospitality, Exhibits, and Arrangements with the Association's regular Summer conference. He is an honorary member of the organization. He was recently elected to Aula Laudis, an honor organization of high school teachers, by the Northeastern Section of the American Chemical Society.



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I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing...

BUT ALL I KNOW IS A LOT OF PHYSICS

An Appreciation of Gerald Feinberg by Jeremy Bernstein

To the best of my recollection, the first time I actually met Gerald Feinberg (Gary) was at a physics conference that was being held in the mountains of Tennessee, at Gatlinburg, in 1959. He was already somewhat legendary as being one of the brightest physics students Columbia had ever produced. He was one of the few students that the Nobelist T.D. Lee had taken on. The impression I had of Gary then, is the one that I still have. He was tall, thin, kindly looking and had an infectious laugh. Among physicists Gary has one of the better laughs. I would give it 0.9 Rabi's. the late I.I. Rabi had, as far as I am concerned, the best laugh in physics. If I remember correctly, Gary gave a talk at Gatlinburg, which was, in itself, quite a distinction, since he was then twenty six. He graduated from Columbia at age twenty. My next recollection of Gary was a year later when I gave a talk at the Brookhaven National Laboratory where Gary was working. Indeed, when he left Brookhaven for Columbia in 1959 I took what had been his job. I am sure that my getting his job was not a consequence of my talk since Gary all but derailed it with a question I couldn't answer very sensibly. But, I realized something that others had known for quite awhile, just how clearly Gary thought about physics.

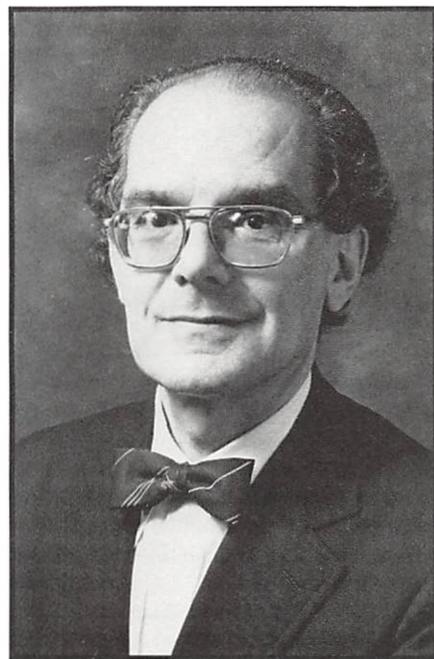
There are several kinds of intelligence in physics. Some physicists, whom you know by their work to be very competent physicists, strike you when you talk to them as being extremely befuddled. One wonders how they see through the maze that appears to be lodged in their minds to produce anything. In talking to Gary, one has just the opposite sense. He seems to have such a clear grasp of the subject that one wonders if there is anything he fails to understand. This is coupled with an apparently unrelated skill; the ability to do mental arithmetic. Gary is not as good at

this as was the late William Klein of CERN who could tell you the thirteenth root of a ten digit number about as quickly as you could tell him the number, but he is plenty good enough. This gives him the capacity to see through ideas extremely quickly. His clarity allows him to see what is essential in an idea and his numerical ability allows him to see if the idea has consequences that make it worth pursuing in more detail. This is an asset of inestimable importance since it is possible to waste vast amounts of time and energy on problems which a better pre-analysis would show were not worth doing. Incidentally, Gary's numerical abilities are usefully employed at large departmental lunches, where he is given the check to divide in his head with numbers like seventeen so that the bill can be fairly divided.

I hope I have not made Gary sound too robotic. This would leave out a very important part of what makes Gary, Gary; his sense of fantasy and playfulness. Many of the scientific ideas that Gary enjoys "playing" with come very close to science fiction. They involve improbable scenarios which push the envelop of existing ideas. What makes them different from science fiction is that they have - at least in principle - a quantitative verifiability. One does not demand that fiction - scientific or otherwise - lead to numerical predictions. One demands that it be interesting, moving, deep. In the case of science fiction - at least the kind that interests me - one also demands that it does not disobey the laws of science. Otherwise, as Frost said about blank verse, you are playing tennis without a net. But a far out idea in science asks more. It must lead to numbers. What saved Kepler, who wrote one of the first science fiction stories and who was a religious mystic of the deepest dye, from being a mere crank was his obsession with the quantitative. he nearly went mad trying to fit the Martian orbit to a circle when he had a flash of genius that suggested to him that it might

be an ellipse. When he functioned as a scientist he understood that he was a prisoner of the data. It's this sort of game that Gary enjoys playing. It's a bit like riding a bicycle on a high-wire suspended over a chasm - exhilarating but not for the faint of heart.

Gary's temperament and his grasp of physics make him a marvelous teacher at every level. Columbia recognized this when it presented him with a Great Teacher award. Niels Bohr used to caution about not speaking more clearly than one thought. I have had several teachers whose lectures seemed to have more apparent clarity than one felt they were entitled to. Gary's lectures are very clear, but not clearer than they should be. That, in my view, is one of the hallmarks of a great teacher. Another is a good deal of patience. Gary has never begrudged me the time when I have asked him - and I often do - to explain something to me. He is willing to entertain questions that must seem to him very bizarre. That is also the hallmark of a great teacher. Oppenheimer once said about the Institute for Advanced Study that "what we don't understand we explain to each other." I always thought that this gave too rosy a view of what actually happened at the Institute, but it does not give too rosy a view of what discussions with Gary are like. I have spent some thirty years having these discussions with Gary. They have become part of my intellectual furniture. I have always felt very fortunate to have Gary as a wise friend and intellectual guide. As one gets older these become fewer and fewer and more and more precious.



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THE DEAD MAN

An Exercise in the manner of Borges

by John Brunner

It was beyond the Rio Falaz, there where the pampa lies like a dirty brown blanket spread by a sleepy gaucho with hares leaping on it in place of fleas, that I first heard rumours of the man who though he walked and breathed was surely dead. His name was variously Enero or Anaquel, Retrato or Rosario, but I sensed as the story was recounted in one farm-kitchen, one grimy cantino, after another, that my interlocutors knew what he should properly be called, only they feared to let the syllables pass their lips.

On an evening when a storm was about to break I came to a drab town whose name I will not here write down. Its priest gave me shelter. An elderly woman - silent, brown, gap-toothed - served us tortillas, charred beef and hard undercooked beans washed down with sour beer. Afterwards the priest said as he bent to light one of my last three cigars at the chimney of an oil-lamp with a tarnished brass reservoir, "You will have come because of our Lazarus."

"What makes you say so?" I riposted, even as I mastered my relief at finally hearing the right name.

"Because no one visits us for any other reason, save those who are weary of the pampa and a few travelling salesmen. You are neither. In the morning you can meet him, if you like. Do you wish to hear his story?"

"Is he truly called Lazarus?"

"Of course not."

"Please continue."

He certainly had a name once - he was baptised - but no one speaks it any more. He does not even utter it himself. His mother died in bearing him; his father expired from fever some years after; a cousin took him in. He grew up like any other boy in our part of the country, learning to ride almost before he could walk, knowing more of cattle than of humankind.

The cousin having sons of his own, he must endure subordinate status, espe-

cially with respect to the oldest son Luis who was the same age. He became taller and stronger and - no question - more intelligent, but until he was seventeen he contained his resentment, as though within him a power-train were burning under a disguise of dust.

Then, his cousin and adoptive father considered him of an age to accompany the other men from the estancia into town, to drink and dance, to boast and maybe fish. It is the custom in this region.

"We had
witnessed enough
bloodshed in
two wars. We
were only
glad that now
they laughed...."

There are few distractions.

Within months he was notorious. In the unfamiliar environment of the town he revealed his true self. He invented fouler insults than any, yet delivered them in such a calm and slumbrous tone it was hard to take them seriously. Soon it was a point of honour among his companions to jeer at anyone who could not treat them as a joke. And that included Luis. It made no odds that occasionally when he and they departed items of value were found to be missing, and now and then something remarkably similar was seen on that man's belt, that horse's

bridle... We had witnessed enough bloodshed in two wars. We were only glad that now they laughed, albeit with a vinegar mouth, instead of slashing one another with their eager knives.

That was before Incarnación.

Yes, it is an ancient tale. Luis and he became rivals for the same girl. It was said, it was probable, that she accorded them equally generous favours - she was an orphan too, she had no real alternative - but somehow, for quite a long while, each remained ignorant of what she meant to the other.

In the end the secret came to light, and having proved he was not only taller and stronger but also faster he left Luis lying in the dirt and rode away.

After that nothing was heard of him for three years. We learned that a bandit had recruited disaffected men in the country to the north and his gang was raiding lonely farms, rustling cattle, attacking coaches and even the railway. Also they used women with brutality. But we had no proof that their leader was the man we had known.

During early Mass Incarnación, wearing only a nightgown, rushed screaming into the church to announce his return. I made haste to conclude the ceremony and ran outside without removing my vestments. It was true. On a galled lame horse he was riding down the street, rigidly upright in his saddle. As it drew level with the church the poor beast stumbled to a halt, and I saw that in its rider's chest, exactly at the level of his heart, there was a silver-hafted knife.

I recognised it. It had been stolen from this house.

He stared straight ahead and said nothing. I laid my hand on his and found it cold yet moist with sweat, like a new-caught fish. I felt for the pulse in his wrist.

There was none. To my dying day I

shall maintain he had no pulse. Also his eyes were frozen and saw nothing.

Other people, roused, had started to assemble, but neither they nor I were quick enough to stop Incarnación. She cried out and snatched at the knife, and within a breath had turned it on herself. I had not imagined that she loved him. Sometimes I suspect she did not, but had loved Luis, and now hated him who by being dead had cheated her hoped-for vengeance. At all events she fell to the ground and he fell too, upon the neck of his horse.

But she fell dead, and he fell alive. Moments later his blood began to flow.

There is no doctor here, but I have some medical knowledge and there are curanderas, old women like my housekeeper who understand the use of herbs. A few days later he was on his feet. He remained pale, and said little. He made confession and spoke of evil deeds - I do not break the seal by saying this, for he has admitted them to others - and went away changed. Now he works meekly and very hard; what he is paid he gives to the poor and the old; he eats what he gets and sleeps where he may. If he spends on anything he buys flowers for Incarnación's grave. There is no pride in him and no more lust or anger. Indeed some may say in death he went to paradise, and has returned an angel in the body of a man. But this I doubt.

The cigar burned to a stub. The priest crushed it, rising.

"In the morning," he said, "you may meet him, and decide for yourself about angels."

I found him as he had been described: clad in castoff garments and barefoot, very pale, reluctant to interrupt his work of carrying water in two wooden buckets. Perhaps he sensed I was a little different from the ordinary run of sensation-seekers who had come to view this prodigy. Perhaps he regarded me as scholarly, and for that forgave my inquisitiveness. Who knows? All that matters is that after the offer of my last cigar - declined - he took me aside to where we might sit down and said without further preamble, "Do you know what it is like to be dead?"

I shook my head.

"I cannot speak for those who die in peace," he said. His voice was thready but his pronunciation was that of an

educated man, which I had not expected. "I can only tell you how it is for one who dies by violence."

"Everything stops when it is worst. The moment when you realise what is happening. The moment when the pain of the wound becomes intolerable. Above, all, the moment when you remember all the mistakes that led you to this death: not just the way you were misled by your killer's feint, so that you took your eye off his knife, but every error since you learned to talk - every lie and deception,

"It is a
god that
wants to
feel us suffer,
and will
never cease
to invent new
ways of
doing so."

every cruel act and mocking laugh, every deed that made another person hate you. Or mistrust you: that's as bad.

"And there, at the crux of this agony, everything, as I said, stops. Except thinking. Thinking goes on. It will go on for all eternity. It is a very cruel god that made our world. It is a god that wants to feel us suffer, and will never cease to invent new ways of doing so. Now you're a victim too, like the priest. I told him what I've just told you, and he claimed not to believe me. How, he said, if God is evil, could I have been transformed from such a

wicked man - a bandit, a murderer, a rapist - into the virtuous person that you see before you?"

I had been wondering the same, for in those days I retained some vestige of religious faith.

"It is to make you suffer as well," he said after a pause, making to rise. "Not that I think of it in that way. For me, what is important is this. By dying I have experienced the total vileness that only our creator can command. What point in petty sins and crimes that are so pale a shadow of the real thing?"

He turned to retrieve his water-buckets.

"Wait!" I cried, almost reaching out to catch his arm, but suddenly afraid of physical contact with him.

Pausing, he gazed at me with eyes as empty as the priest said they had been when he returned.

"How is this - this fable supposed to make me suffer?" I demanded.

"Why! Because for the rest of your life you will never be quite sure whether or not to believe me. But I have, after all, been dead."

He picked up the pails and trudged away.

That was thirty-four years ago, when I was young. Ever since I have devoted myself to the study of folklore and the exegesis of the Bible. A thousand times, a hundred thousand, I have read about the resurrection, most frequently - of course - the tale of Jesus and Lazarus. Nowhere have I found comfort. It has all turned out as the dead man predicted.

Now in my seventy-third year, I know I cannot for much longer postpone my encounter with the truth. In failing health, I must decide. He said he could only speak for those who die by violence. I have purchased a bottle of poison. Its effect is said to be gentle, and fatal only in deep sleep. If truly we are fixed in the final instant of life, whereafter nothing changes save for thought, I wish not even to be thinking at the last.

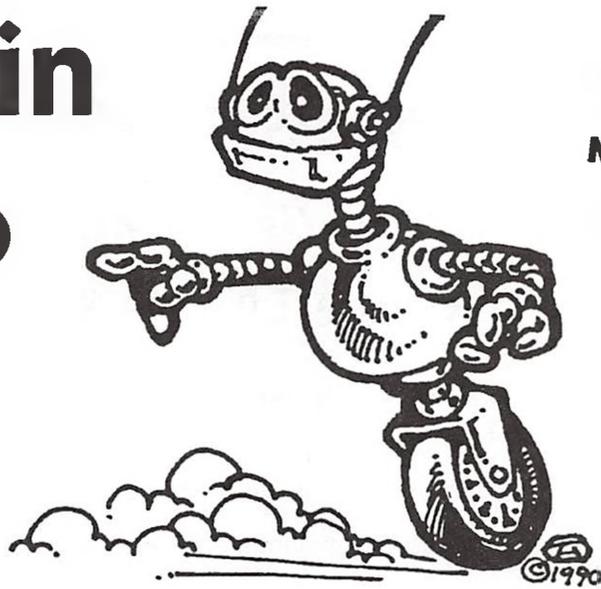
I shall blot this page and set this memoir where it will be found. A tumbler stands ready next to the bottle. I have a fire, for it is cold tonight. The flames flicker on the shiny surface of the glass and make me think of Hell.

Is it not, in the last analysis, unspeakably and inconceivably cruel that our Creator should have permitted His creation awareness of inevitable death?

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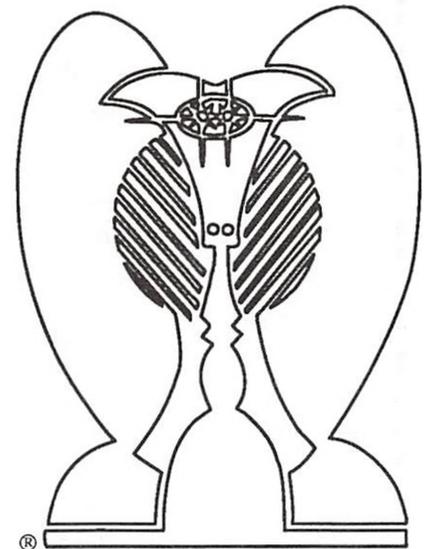
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LIFE BEYOND EARTH:

FABLE 3

BY GERALD FEINBERG

The Results of the fifth space probe of minor planetoid three were being described at the Jovian Conference on Space Research. Sarpedon, the chief scientist in charge of the probe, reported on it:

The probe passed through the thin atmosphere of planetoid three successfully. From the experience that we gained by previous unsuccessful probes, we were able to construct this probe out of special materials that could resist the extreme environment at the gas-liquid interface of the planetoid. The highly oxidized outer coating of the probe enabled it to avoid the fate of probes number one through four, which rapidly combined with a toxic gas in the planetoid's atmosphere. When the probe reached the interface, it was subjected to the chemical action of the hydrogen-oxygen liquid compound that forms the main component of the interface. This gradually removed the oxidized protective coating of the probe and so exposed the inner machinery to the toxic atmosphere. As a result, only seventy-two minutes of data were obtained. But this data is enough to confirm the previous opinion of the best scientists - that life is impossible on such planetoids.

If the toxic atmosphere and liquid surface were not enough to show this, an immense flux of deadly radiation of optical light was detected at the surface, which was hardly screened by the thin atmosphere. This radiation can dissociate many chemical compounds that are essential to life, and is more intense at interface of planetoid three even than in outer space near our planet. Also, the temperature of the interface is as low as that in the uppermost levels of our planet. This means that chemical reactions proceed very slowly, and life processes would be extremely sluggish, if indeed there had been time enough for life to

evolve there. Finally, none of the complex molecules with which we associate life could be detected at the interface. A sample of the liquid region showed the overwhelming part of its composition to be oxide of hydrogen, with small amounts of dissolved sodium chloride

**Finally,
none of the
complex
molecules
with which
we associate
life could be
detected at
the interface.**

and other metallic salts. There are minor traces of dissolved oxide of carbon, as well as traces of volatile carbon compounds of a type not known on Jupiter. One mobile subprobe was lost in an unknown way, apparently falling into a floating mixture of hydrogen oxide with solidified and nitrogenized carbon compounds. The high temperature of the

probe eventually melted this mixture, but not until the probe had been dissolved and oxidized. Small amounts of solid material from the interface were recovered by another subprobe and placed in a nutrient solution containing essentials of life such as hydrogen cyanide, at an absolute temperature twice the normal value at the interface. At first, the solid material reacted chemically with the nutrients, liberating various gases. But after a short time, the reactions stopped and no further activity was observed. The unwillingness of any hypothetical organism to use rich nutrients is a serious blow to the belief that planetoid three is a home of life.

On the basis of these results, it appears safe to conclude that planetoid three is not a place where life can exist, and no further biological probes of that planetoid are warranted. Our future studies of the minor planetoids should concentrate on planetoid two, whose thick atmosphere and high temperature at the interface make conditions there much more similar to those on our own world, the only one that we know is hospitable to life. Perhaps life, as we know it, can exist (if only in an attenuated form) on the second planetoid from the central star, but surely not in the wholly alien conditions of the third planetoid.

Sarpedon stopped burping spurts of hydrogen sulfide, which was his method of communicating with his fellow scientists. They, in turn, signaled their approval of his conclusions by producing small pulses of heat, intense enough to boil some of the magnesium chloride crystals contained in parts of their bodies. The result was a small train of bubbles in the dense hydrogen surrounding them all, forming a beautiful but transient pattern pleasing to the speaker and audience alike.

On planetoid three, known to a few of its inhabitants as Earth, countless living things were being born, existing, and dying every second, unaware of the negative verdict about their possible existence which had been rendered by Jupiter's leading scientists.

Excerpt from Life Beyond Earth: The Intelligent Earthling's Guide to Life in the Universe by Gerald Feinberg and Robert Shapiro. William Morrow and Company, Inc. New York 1980 Copyright 1980 by Gerald Feinberg and Robert Shapiro

CROSSWORD FOR LUNACON

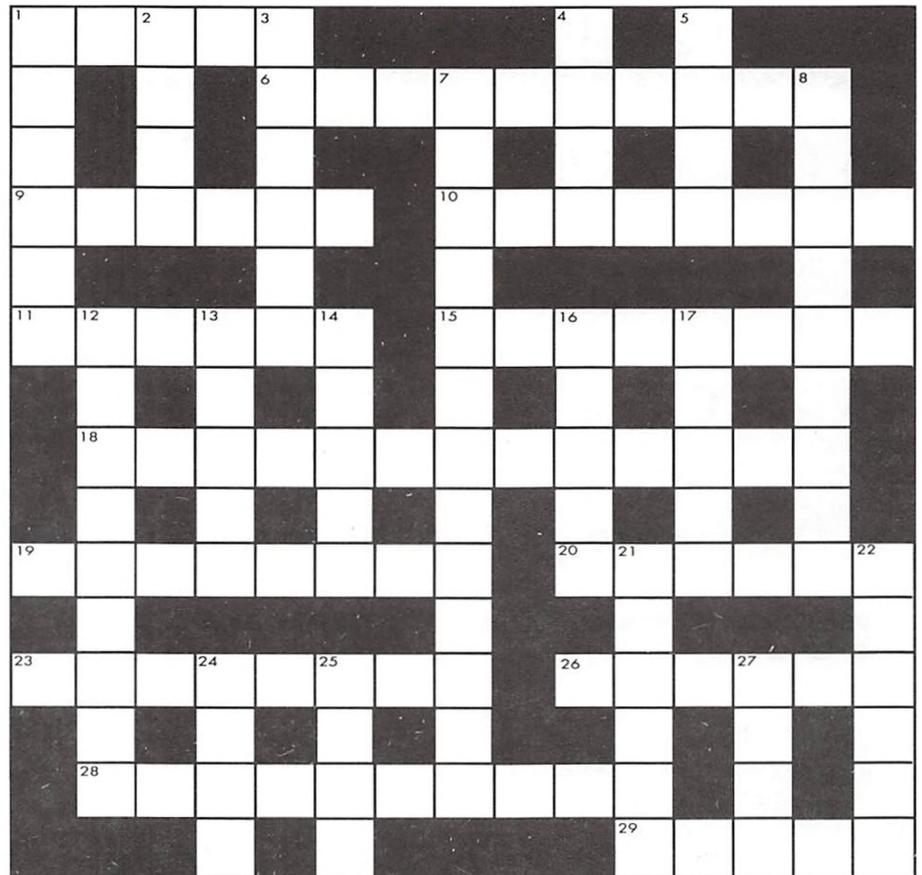
DEvised BY JOHN BRUNNER

Clues Across

- 1 Girl with little gravity made slow but sure by Shaw (5)
- 6 It looks like an other-worldly song can create heavenly patterns (10)
- 9 Spanish saint holding baulk of wood corrupted version of Gaelic war-cry (6)
- 10 Change (by magic?) into a piece of furniture that's not foreordained to win (8)
- 11 Part taken from an autopsy chosen by Robert Bloch (6)
- 15 Make room for scientists before what betrayed Challenger - it's very hard work (8)
- 18 The only two ancient elements that fit (5,3,5)
- 19 How Kepler's voyager travelled to the Moon (2,1,5)
- 20 Returns to original state beginning with first part of Hubbard pseudonym (6)
- 23 19th-century medium's play on words is rather coarse stuff (8)
- 26 Lamented author even more than outstandingly good (6)
- 28 Confused fear enters someone to be put through a matter transmitter, perhaps? (10)
- 29 Old name for radon, back number after Element 50 went the same way (5)

Clues Down

- 1 Casual chat with rude policeman who's turned up about the CIA's predecessor (6)
- 2 A hundred short of a load for this famous ancient ship (4)
- 3 Half burned remains, two-thirds part of a whip, made by a spacecraft coming down on water (5)
- 4 One of the classical entries to the Underworld, found in a wet nasty place... (4)
- 5 ...while this type of marine mammal can no doubt be found on the Deep Range (4)
- 7 A successful SF writer: otherwise does one mean nubile? (6,7)
- 8 "With silver bells and cockle shells and pretty maids — — —" (traditional, 3,2,1,3)
- 12 It's a severe and unrelenting job to



hold the after part of a ship together (9)

- 13 Successfully treated at Sector General? (5)
- 14 Move round from middle of dull task to start creating pigment (5)
- 16 Make obeisance before British Queen, initially - get a shady arbour thereby (5)
- 17 Extract of buckwheat claimed to strengthen minor blood-vessels (5)
- 21 The number of Lester Del Rey's extra commandment (6)
- 22 Assyrian king largely made of inert gas (6)
- 24 Dutch cheese manufactured in reverse time-flow? (4)
- 25 What's gone before reads one letter in guise of another... (4)
- 27 ...while this collection of letters suggests one of them has given up being itself (4)

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SOLUTION TO JOHN BRUNNER'S CROSSWORD

Across

1 G-loss
6 Planetaria
9 S-logan
10 Be-odible
11 Psycho
15 Lab-o-ring
18 Earth and
19 In a dream
20 Renew's [cf.
Rene [accent
over the last 'e']
latayette)
23 Homes-pun
26 Bester
28 Transeree
(ang.)

Down

1 G-OSS-ip
2 [c]Argo
3 Sp-lash
4 Etha
5 Orca
7 Nebula nominee
(ang.)
8 All in a row
12 Stern-post
13 Cured
14 Ochre
16 Bow-ER
17 Ruffin
21 Eleven
22 S-argon
24 Edam [made
backwards)
25 Pas-1
27 Tex-1

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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 Merrill	115
1964		No Lunacon - New York 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	Editor: John W. Campbell Fan: Howard DeVore	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: Don & 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 Special Guest: Madeline L'Engle	1100
1987	March 20-22	Writer: Jack Williamson Artist: Darrell Sweet Fan: Jack Chalker Toastmaster: Mike Resnick	1200
1988	March 11-13	Writer: Harry Harrison Artist: N. Taylor Blanchard Fan: Pat Mueller Toastmaster: Wilson Tucker	1250
1989	March 10-12	Writer: Roger Zelazney Artist: Ron Walotsky Fan: Dave Kyle Editor: David Hartwell	1450
1990	March 16-18	Writer: Katherine Kurtz Artist: Thomas Canty Publisher: Tom Doherty	1500
1991	March 8-10	Writer: John Brunner Artist: Kelly Freas Fan: Harry Stubbs Publishers: Ian & Betty Ballantine Science: Prof. Gerald Feinberg	????

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Three immortal wizards had reversed the flow of time to set the Taormin matrix in its proper place, reopening a long-sealed time-space portal to the science-ruled universe of Network. Could one young wizard with a reputation for taking too many risks evade the traps of a computer-controlled society, or would he and his entire world fall prey to forces which even magic could not defeat?

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RENUNCIATES OF DARKOVER

by Marion Zimmer Bradley with *The Friends of Darkover*

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BLOOD PRICE by Tanya Huff

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HELLFLOWER by Eluki bes Shahar

Butterfly St. Cyr had a well-deserved reputation as an honest and dependable smuggler. But when she and her partner, a highly illegal artificial intelligence, rescued Tiggy, the son and heir to one of the most powerful of the hellflower mercenary leaders, it looked like they'd finally taken more than they could handle. For his father's enemies had sworn to see that Tiggy and Butterfly never reached his home alive....

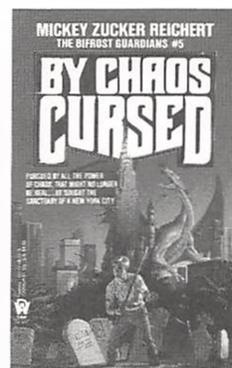
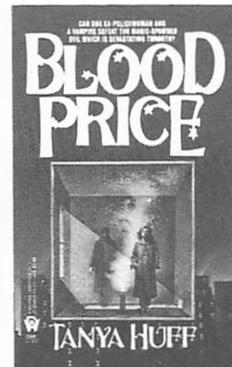
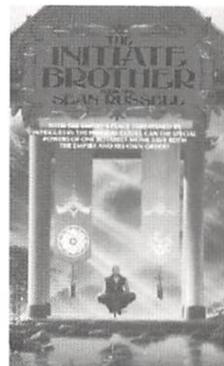
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by Mickey Zucker Reichert

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0-88677-474-8 Fantasy/Original \$4.50 (\$4.99 in Canada) Jun. '91



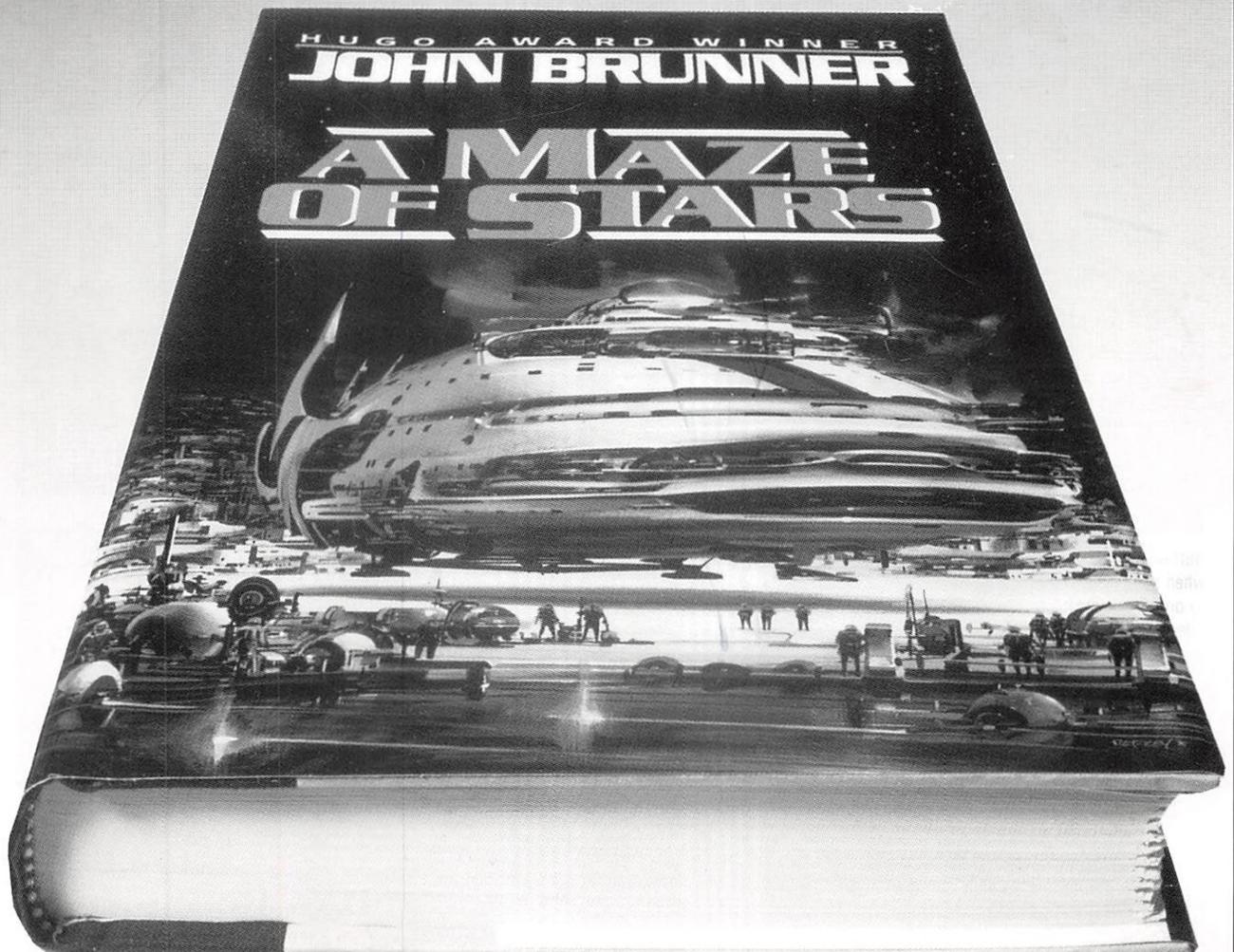
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