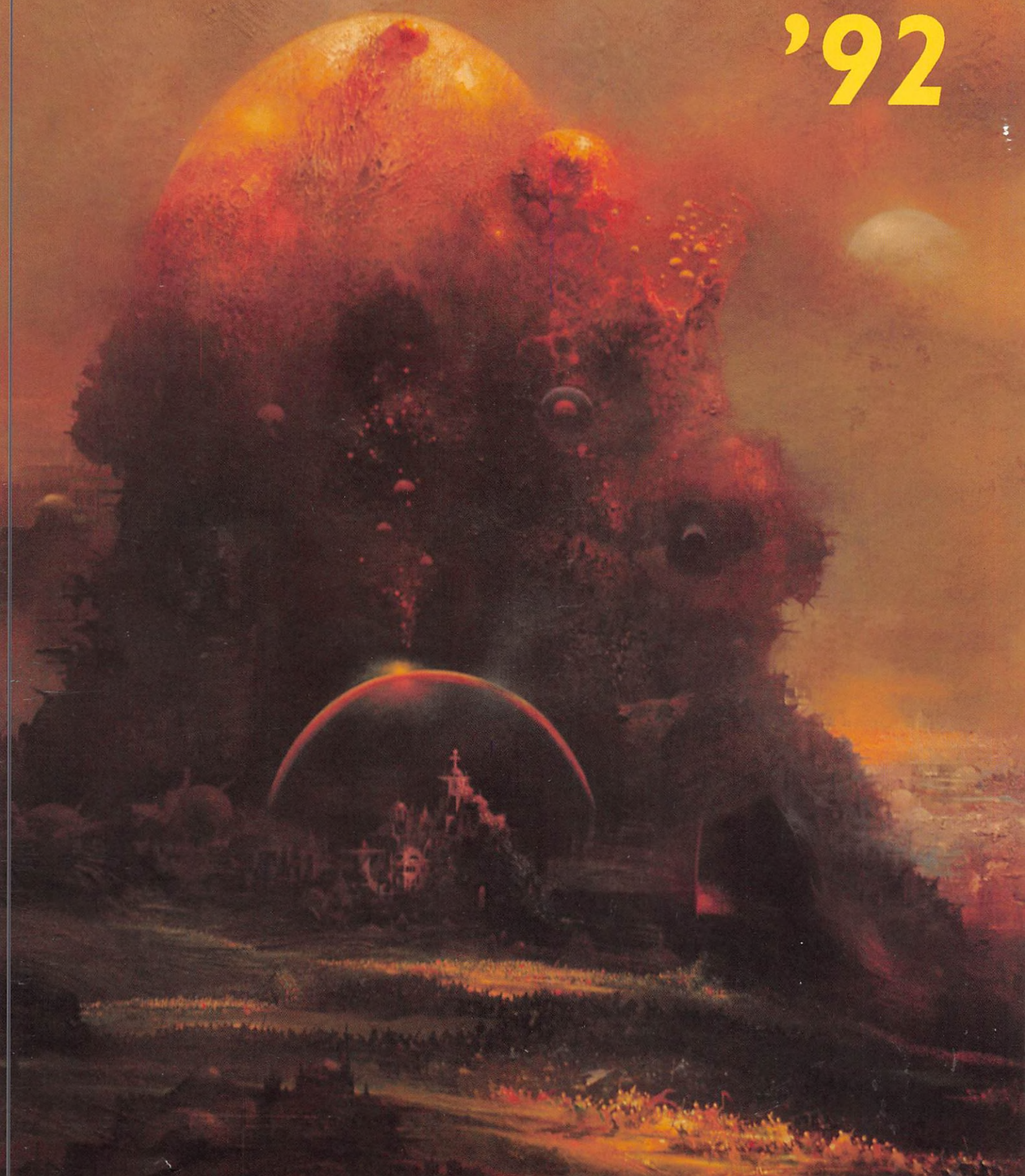


L u n a c o n

'92





# CAT-A-CLYSMIC!

There's nothing mousy about the new AMAZING® Stories: a full-size magazine format, with full-color artwork that will make you paws—and stories, reviews, and articles that will leave you feline good about what you've read.

Each monthly issue is 96 pages, packed with the best SF and fantasy short stories and other features.



For a copy of the most recent issue, send \$5.00 (\$3.95 cover price plus \$1.05 postage & handling) to the address below—or drop us a line, and we'll send you information on how to subscribe.

**AMAZING® Stories**  
P. O. Box 111  
Lake Geneva WI 53147

AMAZING is a registered trademark owned by TSR, Inc. Copyright ©1992 TSR, Inc. All rights reserved.



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

# ***Lunacon '92***

March 20 – 22, 1992  
The Rye Town Hilton  
Rye Brook, New York

***Writer Guest of Honor:***

Samuel R. Delany

***Artist Guest of Honor:***

Paul Lehr

***Fan Guest of Honor:***

Jon Singer

***Special Guest:***

Kristine Kathryn Rusch

***Featured Filkers:***

Bill and Brenda Sutton



# Table of Contents

Policies .....	2	Kristine Katherine Rusch,	
Acknowledgements .....	2	by Nina Kiriki Hoffman .....	28
Lunacon '92 Committee .....	4	An Appreciation of Bill and Brenda Sutton,	
Guest of Honor: Samuel R. Delany,		by Michael P. Kube-McDowell .....	31
by Donald G. Keller .....	7	Dust On My Feet, by Bill Sutton .....	32
Chip: The Wunderkind at Mid-Century,		The May Queen, by Brenda Sinclair Sutton .....	32
by David G. Hartwell .....	9	A Selected Bibliography	
Artist Guest of Honor: Paul Lehr,		of Samuel R. Delany .....	33
by Vincent Di Fate .....	13	A Selected Bibliography	
Jon Singer: An Appreciation, by Eli Cohen .....	21	of Kristine Katherine Rusch .....	34
Kristine Katherine Rusch: An Appreciation,		Penguin Love, by Kristine Katherine Rusch .....	36
by Dean Wesley Smith .....	25	Past Lunacons .....	40
Kristine Katherine Rusch – Real Writer or			
Imposter?, by Kevin J. Anderson .....	26		

## Lunacon Policies

**Weapons: NO WEAPONS OF ANY KIND ARE PERMITTED.** People with weapons will not be registered. Anyone found to be carrying a weapon during the convention will have his/her membership revoked without compensation. The use of a weapon as part of the Masquerade *must be approved by the Masquerade Director prior to the event.* Going to and from the Masquerade, they must be carried in an opaque carrying case (example: a paper bag).

The Convention Committee defines a weapon as anything that is classified as a weapon under New York State law, any object designed to cause bodily harm, or any replica of such object, and any other object the Committee determines to be dangerous. This includes toy weapons of **all** types. The Committee reserves the right to amend this definition of a weapon, depending upon each individual situation and the associated behavior. We also reserve the right to impound weapons for the duration of the convention. 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.

**Costumes:** Please cover any revealing costumes in the public areas of the hotel – the Bar, Lobby/ Reception Areas and the Restaurants.

**Smoking:** All function rooms at Lunacon '92 are non-smoking!!

**Drinking Age:** Please remember that New York State's legal drinking age is 21. The Hotel will be enforcing this law. 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 convention. A closed party is not advertised, is invitational in nature, and runs behind closed doors. **Please note:** All parties **must** be in designated party areas. Parties held in other areas will be closed down.

**Convention Badges:** Please wear your badge. You will need it to get into all convention activities.

We regret the severity of the above items, but past incidents have indicated the need for these policies. Please remember to use discretion and be considerate of other hotel guests. Thank you.

## Acknowledgements

We would like to express our thanks and appreciation to those people and organizations without whose assistance Lunacon '92 would not be possible: The Rye Town Hilton, Our Honored Guests, all the contributors to this book – **named and unnamed**, certain office machinery that – as usual – insisted upon its anonymity, Lee Thalblum, Larry St. Clair, Lowell Blackman, the publishers and others who have so generously supported our Book Exhibit and Raffle (and the Lunarians' Donald A. Wollheim Memorial Scholarship Fund), Andy Porter, Debra Lupien, numerous pets for allowing their owners to do this work, our old friend Midnight Mechanicals (*once again!*), and our fellow Committee members.

And a Special Thank You to all our volunteer staff.

## Advertisers

Amazing Stories .....	Second Cover	New York Science Fiction Society	
Del Rey Books .....	3	– the Lunarians, Inc. ....	20
Glasgow in '95 .....	5	Serconia Press .....	23
The New York Review of Science Fiction .....	6	Stonehouse Publications .....	23
DAW Books .....	11, Third Cover	ROC Books .....	24
World Fantasy Convention '92 .....	12	Eventide .....	29
NESFA Press .....	18	Baen Books .....	30
Michael Kube-McDowell .....	19	TOR Books .....	35

Lunacon '92 Program Book is published and ©1992 by the New York Science Fiction Society – the Lunarians, Inc., P.O. Box 338, New York, NY 10150-0338. Lunacon is the annual New York Metropolitan Area science fiction convention run by the New York Science Fiction Society – the Lunarians, Inc., a non-profit organization.

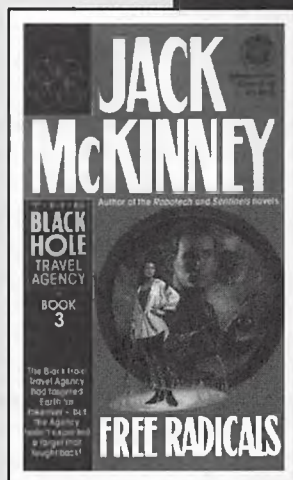
Cover Paintings © Paul Lehr. All bylined articles copyright © by their authors and printed here by permission. Cartoon of Jon Singer by Stu Shiffman. Cartoon of Bill and Brenda Sutton by Paul McCall. Used by permission.

All information in this publication is preliminary, and is subject to change without notice before, during, or after the convention.

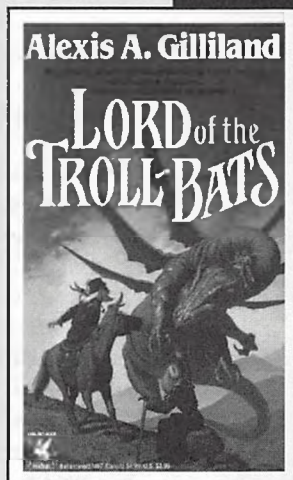
Mark L. Blackman - Editor      Nancy Thalblum - Layout and Design      Stuart C. Hellingner - Consultant      Printing by Science Press, Ephrata, PA.

MAY

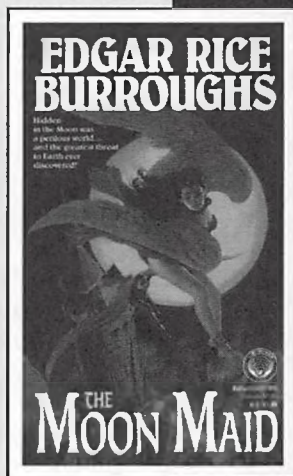
Lucky Junkowitz—rogue tour guide for the mysterious Black Hole Travel Agency—may be running out of luck as his interstellar exploits draw him even deeper into a maze of high-tech intrigue and low-down trouble. More off-the-wall, off-world adventure from the creator of the bestselling *Robotech* and *Sentinels* series!



The delightful sequel to *Wizenbeak* and *The Shadow Shaia* finds the crafty wizard Wizenbeak now king of his land, having defeated the witch-burning inquisition. But a battle royal is brewing as invading armies of troll-bats and dragons muster for a new attack...



From the bestselling author of the *Tarzan*, *Pellucidar*, and *Mars* novels—another classic of sf adventure, in a dazzling new package! Waylaid on the Moon, the first Earth expedition bound for Mars discovers shocking new forms of life—and perhaps death—lurking beneath the lunar surface.



A SECRET  
AGENT, A  
SOVEREIGN  
SORCERER  
AND A  
SURPRISE IN  
SPACE—  
FROM THE  
FIRST NAME  
IN  
IMAGINATION...



#1 in Science Fiction and Fantasy  
Published by Ballantine Books

# LUNACON '92 COMMITTEE

**Chair:** Stuart C. Hellinger

*Assistant:* John Lorentz

**Art Show:** Mark W. Richards

*Assistants:* Cecelia Hatlestad, Stephen T. Whitmore

**Art Show Sales:** Gay Ellen Dennett

**Auctioneer:** Tony Lewis

**Paperwork Reconciliation:** Stuart C. Hellinger,  
Mark W. Richards

**Staff:** Robert Ashton, Bonnie Atwood, Deb Atwood,  
Ted Atwood, Mordecai Housman, 'Zanne Labonville,  
Dan Lieberman, Sally Mayer

**Technical:** Chip Hitchcock, Kurt C. Siegel

**Book Exhibit:** Faith Heuer

*Assistant:* Ray Heuer, Ronnie Oberg

**Child Care:** Joni Dashoff

**Convention Office/Hotel Liaison:** Davey Snyder

*Assistants:* Gary Feldbaum, Rich Ferree, Sue Hammond,  
Laura Syms

**Staff:** Todd Dashoff, Barbara Higgins, Rob Himmelsbach,  
Alexis Layton, Donna Smith, Jennifer Thornton

**Dealers' Room:** Devra Langsam, Mary Otten

**Fanzine Lounge:** Vicki Rosenzweig

*Assistant:* Alexis Shorter

**Gaming:** Dave Stern

*Assistant:* Wendy Stern

**LRPG Coordinator:** Peter Cassidy

*Assistant:* Ivan Matetic

**Hospitality Suite:** Sharane McCurry

*Assistant:* Joanne Belton

**Japanese Animation:** Robert Fenelon

*Assistant:* Richard Moriarty

**Staff:** John Carr, James Doros, Phil Lipari

**Logistics:** Paul Birnbaum

**Member Services:** Alan Rachlin

*Assistant:* Sharon Lasher

**Program Division:** Ruth L. Sachter

*Assistants:* John Lorentz, Marie Parsons, Charles Seelig  
**Staff:** James La Barre, Laurie Mann, Ben Moskowitz,  
Priscilla Olson

**Filking:** J. Spencer Love

**Films:** James La Barre

**Program Division (continued):**

**Green Room:** Den Fox, Mike Nelson

*Assistant:* Sharon Fox

**Masquerade Director:** Susan de Guardiola

**Producer:** Lee Orlando

**Stage Manager:** Alan Wexelblat

**Technical Director:** Sue Kulinyi

**Board Operator:** Chrism Kronick

**Audio Director:** Carl Zwanzig

**Mistress of Ceremonies:** Denise Girardeau

**Clerk:** Marie Parsons

**Certificate Art and Calligraphy:** Deirdre McLoughlin

**Halftime Entertainment:** R.J. Lewis

**Green Room:** Byron Connell

**Repair Table:** Elaine Mami

**Photographer:** Eyvonne Baker

**Head Judge:** Bobby Gear

**Judges:** Rob Himmelsbach, Susan Toker, Paul Lehr

**Senior Advisor:** Richard Hill

**Regency Dance Coordinator:** John Hertz

**Publications Division:** Mark Blackman

*Assistant:* Edward Paul Molina

**Newsletter Editor:** Rick Katze

**"Ace Reporter":** Robert Sacks

**Pocket Program:** Paul Birnbaum

**Progress Report Editor:** Mark Blackman

**Program Book Editor:** Mark Blackman

**Program Book Designer:** Nancy Thalblum

**Consultant:** Stuart C. Hellinger

**Program Book Ad Sales:** Mark Blackman,  
Edward Paul Molina

**Restaurant Guide:** James La Barre, Alan Rachlin

**Registration:** Ira Donewitz, Mary Rozza

*Assistants:* Steve Antell, Erica Faigman, Larry Gelfand

**Data Base Consultant:** Elan Jane Litt

**Sales:** Ron Ontell

*Assistant:* Val Ontell

**Staff Den:** Samuel J. Kopel, Sharon Sbarsky

*Assistants:* Gay Ellen Dennett, Elizabeth Santiago

**Treasury:** Thom Anderson

*Assistant:* Ray Heuer

**Budget Consultant:** Ben Yalow

**Volunteers:** William R. Morrison

*Assistant:* Susan Kahn



# Experience the magic of Scotland!



Well maybe not exactly the kind conjured up by the gentleman on the left. But a World Con in Glasgow will certainly give you the opportunity to visit a country rich in history and cultural heritage.

We will be aiming to offer a World Con that's innovative and truly international. Scotland is easily accessible from both the US and Europe so we anticipate a mixing of fans in a way that may have some interesting effects.

If you've some specific questions to ask us about our bid, or wish to presupport, then please contact us at either of the addresses below.

Glasgow in '95  
121 Cape Hill,  
Smethwick, Warley,  
West Midlands.  
B66 4SH UK

Glasgow in '95  
P.O. Box 15430  
Washington, DC  
20003-0430  
USA

# The New York Review of Science Fiction

## FEATURES BY

Arthur Byron Cover • John Crowley • Samuel R. Delany • Gwyneth Jones • Brooks Landon  
Dave Langford • Ursula K. Le Guin • Barry N. Malzberg • Susan Palwick • Alexei and Cory Panshin  
Frederik Pohl • Charles Platt • Jessica Amanda Salmonson • Joan Slonczewski • Brian Stableford

## REVIEWS BY

John Clute • Greg Cox • John G. Cramer • Tony Daniel • John M. Ford • Karen Joy Fowler  
Glenn Grant • Richard A. Lupoff • L. E. Modesitt, Jr. • Paul Preuss • Leonard Rysdyk  
Delia Sherman • Bruce Sterling • Jennifer K. Stevenson • Michael Swanwick • Richard Terra

## PLUS

Reading Lists by: James P. Blaylock • Nancy A. Collins • Thomas Ligotti • Dan Simmons • Jack Womack

Staff: Kathryn Cramer • Shira Daemon • Samuel R. Delany • David G. Hartwell  
Kevin Helfenbein • Kenneth L. Houghton • Donald G. Keller • Robert Killheffer • Gordon Van Gelder



Art by Daniel M. Pinkwater

**You didn't start reading SF out of fascination with the trivia of a packaging and marketing industry.  
You started reading SF because what excited you was SF.  
*The New York Review of Science Fiction* is still excited.**

Please begin my subscription for one year of monthly issues of *The New York Review of Science Fiction*.  
I enclose \$25. (\$29 Canada; \$33 First Class; overseas, \$37 (via Air Printed Matter). Back issues available.

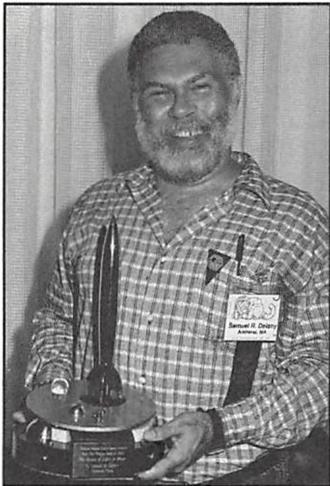
Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Please make all checks, etc., payable to Dragon Press. P.O. Box 78, Pleasantville, NY 10570.



# Guest of Honor: Samuel R. Delany by Donald G. Keller



Photograph courtesy of and © 1989 by Jay Kay Klein

Samuel R. Delany was born on April 1, 1942 in New York City. His experiences and later writings were contoured by two very different environments: that of the most crowded section of Harlem where he grew up, and the privileged position of being the son of a well-to-do undertaker, which brought with it an unorthodox education at the fashionable and progressive Dalton Elementary School and the Bronx High School of Science. Another factor was his dyslexia, because of which, as he puts it, "I was in a remedial reading class in elementary school; reading for me has always been hard work. I want a lot out of it because I don't do it easily." He writes for the same kind of reader, one willing to work hard in order to get a lot out.

Delany's career as a published author began in 1962, about a year after he and poet Marilyn Hacker were married. Like four out of his five subsequent books, **The Jewels of Apor** was half of an Ace Double, a circumstance that rendered him effectively invisible for much of his early career. (A later edition, with some material originally cut added back in, appeared in 1968.) **Jewels** is very much a writer's first book, somewhat incoherent and falling between the poles of science fiction and fantasy, but full of – in embryo – the color and extravagance and unusual ideas that were and are his hallmarks.

He next embarked upon a trilogy, **The Fall of the Towers**. It was an impossibly ambitious project for so young a writer, and doomed to failure; but like its predecessor it is still well worth reading for what virtues it does have, particularly in the revised edition published in 1970.

Delany's next two publications, though barely more than novellas, were noticeably more successful artistically (perhaps because of their more modest ambition). **The Ballad of Beta 2** (1965, but written during a dry spell in the second volume of his trilogy), concerning a graduate student assigned to discover the original meaning of a spacefaring ballad, is more accessible to certain readers than most Delany because of its etymological and mystery story elements.

**Empire Star** (1966) was originally slated to be one-half of an all-Delany double with **Babel-17** (also 1966, actually written first; there are a few cross-references between the two works), but was ultimately otherwise coupled. As prismatic and multifaceted as the jewel that is one of its characters, **Empire Star** is an almost Heinleinian tour de force of timelooping.

**Babel-17** ended up being published alone, and deservedly winning Delany a Nebula. (I was probably not the only person to first notice him as a result of that award.) Though it is more ambitious and thus not quite as polished as **Empire Star**, its combination of exciting space adventure and fascinating speculative linguistics has not dimmed in a quarter century.

Delany spent most of 1966 in Europe, principally Greece, an experience reflected in his next (also Nebula-winning) novel, **The Einstein Intersection** (1967). His first really "difficult" book, it is written at a pitch of prose very near poetry, and resolutely does not explicitly tell you what is happening; the meaning of the novel lies in its wealth of mythological and literary allusions, in which the epigraphs to each chapter play an important role

Almost immediately after finishing **The Einstein Intersection**, Delany began to write short fiction for the first time; in bursts over the next three years he wrote the series of stories collected in **Driftglass** (1971). Notable among them were "The Star-Pit", a novella about barriers of many different kinds (the web of imagery is brilliant); the award-winning "Aye, and Gomorrah" (concerning neutered future astronauts and their "groupies"); and "Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones" (depicting a richly-detailed "underground" society), another award-winner. It was also about this time that Delany began writing the theoretical essays which would constitute **The Jewel-Hinged Jaw**.

**Nova** (1968) might well have won another award, had it not been published in one of the richest years in the history of science fiction; it had many claims to being his finest novel yet. The mythological references had, if anything, increased, but instead of – in essence – constituting the novel, they were welded to a high-powered plot (an amalgam of the Grail quest and **Moby Dick**) and one of the most fully-realized and thought-out interstellar societies in the literature; the novel also incorporates much interesting discussion of the nature of the novel and of writing (it's a very self-conscious book, in the best sense).

At this point Delany's critical reputation was at its high point, with a critic as perceptive as Algis

---

Budrys calling him “the best science fiction writer in the world”. But just as his major rival for acclaim, Roger Zelazny, was signing a multi-book contract, Delany effectively disappeared from view: after *Nova* he was silent, with very few exceptions, for seven years. The major exception was his pornographic novel *The Tides of Lust* (1973), an intriguing experiment of doubtful achievement; curiously, it has had two editions widely spaced in time, both of which became essentially unavailable very shortly after publication.

Not that Delany was unproductive; while they were living in San Francisco, he and Marilyn Hacker edited the avant-garde quarterly *Quark/*, which lamentably folded after only four provocative issues. Delany followed Hacker to London in 1973, where they lived for two years (their daughter Iva was born there in 1974). And Delany continued to write essays, and work on a new novel.

When it finally appeared after years of rumors, *Dhalgren* (1975) proved to be the fulcrum of Delany’s career. An 879-page behemoth (almost exactly the length – and the density and difficulty – of Thomas Pynchon’s equally-epochal, then-recent *Gravity’s Rainbow*), science fiction only by the most strenuous of special pleading, its self-consciousness was closer to Joyce than to *Nova*. The wanderings of a nameless young man through a city after some unspecified disaster is merely the hook on which to hang a far-reaching series of literary experiments. It polarized readers to an astonishing degree: the science fiction establishment essentially wrote Delany off (his reputation has, in some quarters, never recovered), while in the literary community at large it became, rather surprisingly, a huge bestseller, and created a whole new generation of Delany readers. Examination of the text proved that Delany had lost none of his skills as a depicter of unusual societies (however comparatively more mundane this one might be), nor as a prose writer, either. Probably the work’s largest stumbling block is that it is so large that its structure is invisible to the reader while reading.

If nothing else, Delany learned an enormous amount of sheer technique from writing *Dhalgren*, a fact that became obvious with *Triton* (1976), possibly the most sophisticated science fiction novel ever published, an incredibly densely-written space-opera (about an interplanetary war) crammed with philosophy, mathematics, sexual and other kinds of politics.

By this time Delany had returned to New York after separating from Marilyn Hacker, shortly after she had won the National Book Award for poetry in 1974. On the heels of his collected essays *The Jewel-Hinged Jaw* (1977), he published a 200-page essay on a 20 page Thomas Disch story (“Angouleme” from 334). *The American Shore* demonstrates the new critical aesthetic he had built up for science fiction, incorporating many ideas from French literary theory. Although difficult reading (partly because he is neologizing his vocabulary as he goes), the two books of essays amply reward the patient reader.

A lighter, not-quite-autobiographical essay (concerning the Winter of Love, 1967) entitled *Heavenly Breakfast* was published simultaneously with a new book of fiction, *Tales of Neveryon*, in 1979. The latter is a deceptively leisurely series of “sword and sorcery” tales that not surprisingly prove to have a substructure of complex interrelationships, the appendix playing a strong part in the unity. The conceit was further explored at novel length in *Neveryóna* (1983).

His third essay collection, *Starboard Wine* (1984) solidified his critical stance on the science fiction field, particularly regarding methods of teaching it. And the end of the year saw the publication of a major novel, *Stars in My Pocket Like Grains of Sand*.

A return to the space-opera mode of *Triton*, *Stars in My Pocket* is a work of staggering sociological complexity, even in portraying a mere cross-section of the 6,000 cultures of his galactic future. It stands as one of his finest works.

There subsequently appeared two more volumes of Neveryon stories. *Flight from Neveryon* (1985) contained three tales and two appendices – or two tales and three appendices, depending on your point of view. The ambiguous item, the novella-length “Tale of Plagues and Carnival”, harrowingly counterpoints fantastic Neveryon with contemporary New York; it was one of the first American works of fiction concerning AIDS. *The Bridge of Lost Desire* has two more new



---

stories and a reprint of the very first, "The Tale of Gorgik", to bring the series full cycle. The Nevèryon stories occupy an interesting midpoint between pure story-telling and pure essay.

The following year saw the publication of Delany's autobiographical volume **The Motion of Light and Water**. (An augmented edition appeared in Britain in 1990.) Covering the early part of his life until his departure for Europe in 1966, it is a fascinating meditation on the experiences (including homosexuality, mental illness, the beginnings of performance art, and his relationship with Marilyn Hacker) that fed into his writing. It subsequently won the Hugo Award for Best Nonfiction. Also in 1988 appeared a curious little chapbook entitled **Wagner/Artaud**, which compared and contrasted the major theorists of the theater in their respective centuries

In fall of 1988 Delany accepted an appointment as Distinguished Professor of Contemporary Literature at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, a position he still holds. The next year brought a fourth essay collection, **The Straits of Messina**, devoted to his own work. He continues to write essays and the occasional short story, and is currently at work on a book-length critical work on historian of science and culture critic Donna Haraway, entitled **Twilight in the Rue Morgue**.

Delany has progressed from an obscure beginner to the toast of the field, and then through controversy and bestsellerdom to a kind of cult figure. But he has never lost his integrity nor his desire – and ability – to write, and the discerning reader is sure to find in any of his works a depth of thought and an excitement of ideas that will make the reading a memorable experience.

---

## Chip: The Wunderkind at Mid-Century

by David G. Hartwell

It has come to my attention that Delany is a mysterious and formidable figure to many, so I propose to engage in a bit of demystification to make it easier for you to attend this convention in his presence. Samuel R. Delany is one of the great living science fiction writers and so he has been made Guest of Honor at this *Lunacon*. This is a case of a man who needs an introduction, however, because his life has been so varied and complex and unusual and just plain different from the lives of nearly everyone else you know. Anyone who has read his writing knows he's a writer of greatness in our genre. Anyone who has read widely outside our genre knows that he is a candidate for greatness among all writers today. So much for the man of mystery. Most of you are not fortunate enough ever to have met the man or heard him speak. You can remedy this now. I want to encourage you to set aside other plans for the weekend and do so.

Samuel R. Delany made up the nickname Chip on the spur of the moment as a kid at summer camp and it stuck to him to this day. Chip is going to be fifty on April Fool's Day this year and is now the mature version of the young genius of the 1960's who won Hugos and Nebulas and the avant-garde writer of the seventies who outsold **Gravity's Rainbow** with **Dhalgren**, and rose to the forefront of the postmoderns. His work is rich and dense and complex, a banquet for readers from aperitif to dessert. A lot of people are waiting for his next book, whatever it is, fiction or criticism or autobiography.

Now Chip is a far-out writer who currently lives in Amherst, Massachusetts, and, because he doesn't like to say no, is serving time as the Chairman of the Department of Comparative Literature at the University of Massachusetts. He would prefer to be teaching and writing, but life keeps getting in the way. He still maintains an apartment on West 82nd Street in Manhattan because no matter where else he lives, he's a New Yorker and always returns. Those of you who have read **Dhalgren** will recognize in it Chip's vision of New York as an interesting and hospitable place. He feels safe there, in the city that makes everyone else anxious or downright scared. And so he is. It's so seductive for him that it often distracts him from writing. So he tries very hard to get up very early in the morning and write until midday, when he gives in to distractions, and not stay up too late too often. But he likes pleasure. He's fun-loving. He likes people. And he hates to say no.

I have had the pleasure of his friendship off and on for nearly twenty-five years, and have read his fiction for longer. I met him right after the era of his life that he chronicles in **Heavenly Breakfast** (that was the year or so he spent living on communes in the late sixties). We got along immedi-

---

ately. I liked his writing, he liked my editing, we both like science fiction, literary criticism, teaching, playing guitar, singing, publishing, poetry, and a bunch of other things. Now we both have daughters who are seniors in high school, who have provided much topical conversation between us over the years.

He's one of a very few people who is so kind and intellectually stimulating and amusing and talented and quirky that everyone I know who knows Chip values him, values his presence, wants to spend time with him. Big bearded Chip, depending upon how he chooses to dress, looks like a banker, or a jolly black Santa Claus, or a well-dressed janitor. In whatever guise, he's the same Chip, affable, sincerely interested in whatever is happening around him, and in you, if you are talking to him. Go up and introduce yourself, listen to him speak in public, be pleasant and polite and he will be happy to see you. He's the kind of person who laughs at everybody's jokes.

But hey, what's really startling about him is that in the middle of a perfectly ordinary conversation about movies, or books, or politics, or whatever, he will regularly make some casual observation that is illuminating and insightful. Often, you won't quite see how penetrating and rich the insight is until later, when you think back. But let me tell you there is a first-class mind operating all the time behind what is often a rather ordinary facade of pleasantness and sincere good will. He is of course an excellent teacher. He knows many things, and how to explain them charmingly. He can tell you the reason for things, and often surprise you. This is a kind of greatness you do not often encounter and Chip is a great person in this way.

If you want to know all about his early life, read **The Motion of Light in Water**, his Hugo-winning autobiography. Now that he is grown-up and has a job and a reputation and unfulfilled novel contracts and is clearly a larger literary figure than anyone ever to grace the science fiction field (well, there's J.G. Ballard and Ursula K. Le Guin and Thomas M. Disch and Gene Wolfe...but permit me the indulgence for the sake of this little essay), he can write anything he damn well pleases and serious readers everywhere pay attention. He's the best living critic of science fiction who is still writing regularly, his novels and stories have been more influential on readers and on other writers since the sixties than any but two or three other sf writers, but for me the most fun has always been just to talk with him.

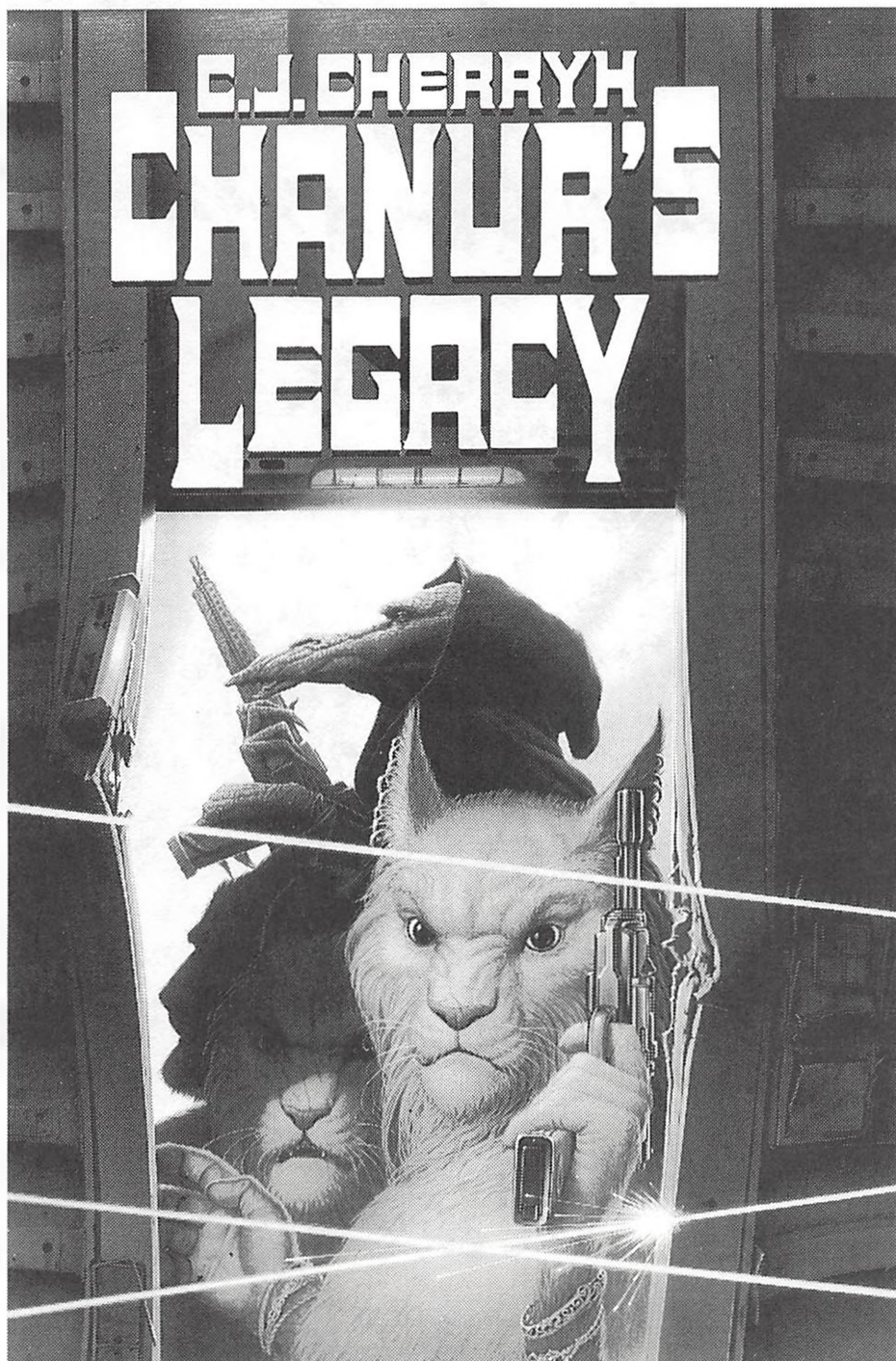
A bunch of us used to edit a little magazine (*The Little Magazine*) and Chip was for years an enthusiastic supporter, and in the mid-1980's for a time one of the editors (as at different times were Carol Emshwiller, Tom Disch, Marilyn Hacker, and a host of others over the years). I recall the weekly editorial dinners/drinks as wonderfully energizing events, champagne living on a beer budget. We would spend two or three hours, often in Chip's five-floor walkup, reading poetry and discussing it, then would adjourn to a local bar or restaurant for a couple of hours of conversation. These were actual literary conversations, the kind that one believes grown-ups have when you are in school and then can never find later. We made them happen. And when we decided to stop publishing *The Little Magazine* and be re-born as *The New York Review of Science Fiction*, ironically just at the moment when Chip was leaving New York to teach at U-Mass, he stuck with us (and has to this day), as a regular contributing editor.

This is a science fiction convention weekend and you are in his presence. If you want to talk to him, get someone to introduce you. You don't have to prepare something especially intelligent to say. He'll be interested in who you are and what you do. He can talk about the weather. Don't skip any of his program items or you will be poorer for it. And perhaps never know what you are missing.





*The CHANUR Saga Continues!  
Don't Miss—*



*Coming in Hardcover  
in August 1992  
from DAW Books*



# World Fantasy Convention '92



October 29 - November 1, 1992

Callaway Gardens Resort at Pine Mountain, Georgia

**Michael Bishop**

**John Farris**

**Martin H. Greenberg**

**Anne McCaffrey**

World Fantasy Convention '92

Post Office Box 148

Clarkston, GA 30021

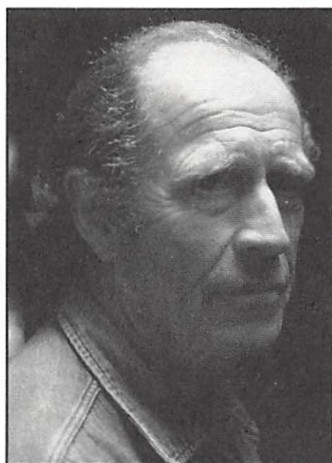
Attending Memberships: \$100

Supporting Memberships: \$50



# Artist Guest of Honor: Paul Lehr

by Vincent Di Fate



Photograph courtesy of Paul Lehr.

When I was first asked to write a little something for the *Lunacon '92* Program Book about Paul Lehr, I thought, well this'll be a cinch – I can just jot down something off the top of my head. Lord knows, I've written enough about the man over the last two decades to handily fill a few reams of paper. But the fact is that I'm just not the man I was a few short years ago. As I advance kicking and screaming into *middle-middle* age, I find myself reading the newspaper at arm's length, taking *shorter* short walks for recreation and having to write notes to myself to keep in mind the things which need to get done. All those great facts which I could once rattle off with encyclopedic accuracy to the envy of friends and the amusement of the masses, simply aren't in my head anymore.

Forced to research my subject for a change, I came across the following, an interview I'd done with Paul more than a decade ago. It said, in Paul's own words, more relevant things about the man and his art than all of those countless pages I've written about him during the long interval since we had that conversation. If I had anything to add or to amend in what you're about to read it would be this:

(1) the greatest failing of my early writing is that I tried a bit too mightily to maintain an outward tone of objectivity with regard to the subjects I wrote about. While my opening remarks say many glowing things about Paul's art, I never did say that I thought he was easily one of the best artists ever to work in the science fiction field. He is that, indeed – possibly the best; certainly among the top half dozen at the very least.

(2) it's a sin – and a loss to the field of inestimable value – that we've seen so little of his work in the genre since this interview was first published, some twelve years ago...

We see before us the tortured contour of an alien landscape, desolate and uninviting with its many shadow-shrouded craters and deep, dark canyons. To the far west, the last bright, blue-green rays of a strange and foreign sun shimmer through the craggy peaks of the distant mountains. Across the surface of this world, scurry the phantom shadows of men who are not quite human. The terror in their effusive gestures clearly indicates the imminence of some dark and dreadful event. Secure though we are in the safety of our remote viewing place, the fear pervades every corner and crevice of conscious reality and we are locked in the grip of a horror as yet unseen.

And then, breaking the twisted outline of the distant horizon something long and slender rises into the blue-green half light with rapid insectile agility. An antenna, perhaps, or a tentacle; some slithering appendage of a beast no man has ever seen or dreamed of before, writhes miles high into the descending darkness of the alien night. We ask, in the final moments before panic overwhelms us, what manner of mind could conceive of such a place, or of such strange beings which once seen, will haunt us forever.

That mind, of course, belongs to artist Paul Lehr, and it is a most inventive and resourceful one to say the least. But the worlds which Paul has created over the past twenty-odd years have two dramatically different aspects to them. The early Lehr, still under the wing of master artist, Stanley Meltzoff, is a more somber, methodical individual with a distinct preoccupation for technical excellence. His works are naturalistically colored and they abound in complex, finely rendered details. The more mature Lehr is totally confident and independent, however, and although the high level of craft is still apparent in his paintings, the focus has shifted and ideas have now become the most prominent feature of them. Details, once long labored over, are now merely hinted at and the artist, through the careful manipulation of color hues and values, sweeps us into far distant places and other dimensions in a way that no talent, save Powers, has ever done.

The following interview was conducted in June 1979, by telephone and I freely admit that it provides few insights into the mind and talents of Paul Lehr, and is no real measure of this remarkable man. Paul is not a talker, but a thinker and doer. He lives not so much for science

---

fiction, but for his other art; his landscape paintings and his sculpture. He, like Schoenherr his former classmate, is a humble man who lives in harmony with nature and longs for little more than to live with and study the beauty around him.

I wonder if, after all, what draws us to science fiction is not so much the desire to explore other worlds, but rather how that exploration makes us better appreciate our own.

• • • • •

**DI FATE:** In the beginning you were painting in oils, if I'm not mistaken. I suspect your early method was a glaze technique with an underpainting, because of the way they generally tend to reproduce. I had started using a glaze technique myself and found out that most of the wonderful subtlety of it became invisible in reproduction.

**LEHR:** The reproductions were pretty bad. They were oils but I developed a way of using oils on top of casein.

**DI FATE:** So your underpaintings were in casein. Were they fixed in any way?

**LEHR:** Well, the underpainting was done in casein, was then sprayed with Krylon, and oil-glazed and then impastos were put over that.

**DI FATE:** What induced you to change? Obviously you're not working that way now.

**LEHR:** There were a number of things. First of all, the time involved in producing a painting, and secondly I'd done a painting for a magazine called *Stag* at one time, and I sent it in to New York and it was received all stuck together to the package. And so I had to make a special trip into New York to repaint the whole thing up at their office. After that happened, I started to experiment with various kinds of paints and it all seemed rather unsatisfactory to me.

**DI FATE:** When did you start changing, and what did you change to?

**LEHR:** In the early '60s, I was working for Berkley Books. I started to do the paintings smaller and I discovered designers' colors. Designers' colors had some rather interesting and very brilliant pigments and I started using them as washes, and then painted into the washes. It just seemed to work very nicely for what I wanted to do at the time, and I worked that way for a few years.

**DI FATE:** So, looking over the body of your work, I see in the early stages--works which are done in oils, which are slightly more somber, not because they aren't brightly painted, but simply for the fact that they were not being reproduced well.

**LEHR:** Also, I think they were more somber. I tend to paint that way in oils. I don't paint in oils any more, but looking back over many of the oil paintings I've done, both commercially and otherwise, they tend to have that kind of a quality about them.

**DI FATE:** I remember when I arranged with Stanley Meltzoff to include his work in a portfolio he sent me a two and a quarter inch transparency of *The Green Hills of Earth*, a painting with which I've been familiar for years, but only as a paperback cover. What surprised me about the painting, seeing it in transparency form, was the brilliance of it. It had come across so somber in the reproductions, and I imagine back in those days, most paperback covers were done in a letterpress method, in which the art appeared more somber anyway. I remember your mentioning that you studied under Meltzoff. Did he usually require you to construct models?

**LEHR:** That came about through still-life painting. When Stanley taught at Pratt, his class was primarily a still-life painting class. And we all studied still-life for the year or two we were with him, and then I went down to Red Bank with him, after I got out of school. That's the way that I really learned how to paint. The models were another way of painting still-life, you see. I'd construct a model and place it in a certain light. It became another still-life, only the content changed in terms of trying to make a picture.

**DI FATE:** These constructions were usually of household articles?

**LEHR:** Household articles; sometimes I'd buy model airplanes at a toy shop, and I'd construct the models. Not the way they were supposed to be constructed, I'd take parts from one and parts from another and put them together in strange ways.

**DI FATE:** Did you use models of any sort for covers such as *The Deep Range*?

**LEHR:** *The Deep Range* was done that way; that was made from airplane and boat model parts. I think *The Deep Range* was the first cover I did for New American Library.

**DI FATE:** Do you remember your very first published work?

**LEHR:** It was a sample that I had made -- through this still-life painting I was doing, and it was one that I made out of toilet paper rolls, painted silver, with a ping pong ball stuck on it. Stanley brought his agent down to visit one time and he saw this painting and took it back to New York



---

with him. And I think it was a couple of months later I got a call that he had sold the rights to print it to Bantam Books. That was for a book called *Satellite E-1*.

**DI FATE:** In your cover painting for Blish's *The Seedling Stars* is that your wife Paula in the painting?

**LEHR:** That's Paula, and — I'm not sure whether that's me in there, or a friend of mine.

**DI FATE:** Where were you born?

**LEHR:** I was born in White Plains and grew up in Armonk, New York.

**DI FATE:** I would imagine that was probably fairly rural then.

**LEHR:** Yes, it was a rural country town in those days; I think it had fourteen gin-mills in it and a lot of farms and an old airport. My father ran an old — oh, it wasn't a tavern; it was like a hamburger place across from the airport, and I remember they had parachute jumps on Sunday and everybody'd come up from New York, and the hamburger joint was always full. I went away to college when I was 16.

**DI FATE:** And that was Wittenberg?

**LEHR:** Yes. After Wittenberg, I went into the Air National Guard, and I was in for two years. After that I went to work in the automobile plant over in Tarrytown, the Chevrolet plant. And I worked there for a few months and then I went to Pratt. At Pratt, Stanley Meltzoff was a teacher I was totally sympathetic with. He was a very, very excellent teacher. And I shared many of the views that he did toward painting and admired his work very much. He was very generous. I remember him taking the whole class to the museum one day and paying all our way in, it was a show of still life paintings, at the Metropolitan. We became friends. There were several students that he liked and worked with, who responded to the things he had to offer. Prior to graduation, several of us from the class were asked to come down to Red Bank. I worked as a gardener for a couple of days a week out in the country just to make enough money to pay my rent, eat and so forth, and occasionally I would work for Stanley. I'd clean out a garage or wash windows. Really, I don't know whether he made the work for me, just to help me out a little bit. I also worked in New York part time, tearing down the insides of brownstone buildings.

**DI FATE:** Certainly not suitable work for an artist, that's for sure.

**LEHR:** Well, actually I think it was quite suitable in the sense that anything that you do in life helps you form your thoughts about things, and I've had plenty of different kinds of jobs in my life. I can't even begin to tell you how many. I look back upon those days now, with great understanding as to how they helped form the way I feel and think. In the middle '60s I started to teach but it really didn't amount to much. Jim Avati was a pioneer of paperback book art — I met him through Stanley. I don't know how it came up, but somewhere along the line we decided to open up a little local artist's workshop for anybody who might want to study basic painting. It didn't last long; I don't think it lasted a year.

**DI FATE:** When did you become aware of SF?

**LEHR:** I was aware of Powers, of course. Outside of Powers, when I started, I don't believe there was any significant work being done — that I knew of.

**DI FATE:** Well certainly there was not really enough SF around at that time for it to support more than just a few artists.

**LEHR:** That's right. In fact, almost all the books were done by Powers at that time.

**DI FATE:** As I recall, probably your most active period in the paperback market was in the middle and late '60s. When I came into the business in the late '60s, you were very much in evidence on the paperback racks.

**LEHR:** The late '60s were very lucrative for me. But it was mostly through the one publisher, Berkley. Berkley was in downtown New York; I think it was 23rd Street. I had complete freedom; more than I'd had in all my commercial art experience. I never had a better relationship with a company, and a nicer way of working. It was almost totally left up to me to do whatever I wanted; you know, no artist can ask for more than that.

**DI FATE:** I hope I don't embarrass you by saying this, you were in fact one of my early heroes. I had been, of course, fond of Powers. At the time, as a kid, I didn't really know enough — was not perceptive enough about artistic styles to isolate his work as being the work of the same man, but I responded to his covers in a consistent way. And of course in those days, they cropped names off, so there was seldom even a signature on the art. By the time I began my professional career, the person who was most prominent in the field was you, and I was really fond of the things that you were doing, because you had a way of creating a mood in your paintings which transcended its being mere illustration. That has been one of your greatest virtues, I think, as a science

fiction illustrator.

**LEHR:** Well, I've never considered myself a good illustrator. I've always considered myself an artist.

**DI FATE:** Ah ha. That's good. I'd like you to define that a little bit more for me. There is this running dialogue among fine artists and illustrators as to the relative virtues of each.

**LEHR:** Well, fine art, commercial art, I just call it art, and I think one must be an artist first. You have to have something to say in a philosophical sense; strong feelings and personal observations, and if you don't have that, the work's nothing but technique. With technique you have a rather common blandness. In other words, you can't tell who did what, the work takes on a sameness.

**DI FATE:** Are you fond of science fiction? It's something that you've been identified with. Do you feel comfortable with it?

**LEHR:** Yes, I like it. I like to do it. I like to do paintings for it because of the creativeness that goes with it; the freedom that I think should go with it. There's an imagination you can project into it, whereas with some other types of illustration, I don't have that feeling. For instance, for me to do a western would be outrageous. I could care less. You know? Not that I wouldn't like to paint a landscape, but if I want to paint a landscape, it'll either be a landscape that's in my mind and imagination, or it'll be one that I live with, around me.

**DI FATE:** There has always been something rather challenging about making something that doesn't exist look like it does that has given science fiction that special quality.

**LEHR:** Also the opportunity to invent symbols, and invent moods, and invent little aesthetic excitements that don't really exist in other forms of illustration.

**DI FATE:** And you are one artist who relies heavily on a schematic vocabulary. The shadow figures and the lumpy buildings which are so characteristic of the things that you do: the all-seeing eyes and –

**LEHR:** Yes, those are all symbols that mean something to me.

**DI FATE:** I had made the observation in my column about the peculiarly paranoiac vision that comes across in your paintings of technology; in that many of your machines are insectile or have all-seeing eyes attached to them. Is this a philosophical statement, Paul?

**LEHR:** You're damn right. Let me tell you. Machines drive me up the wall. Machines are cantankerous; they have personalities; they skin your knuckles when you try to fix them. I was changing the oil in my car a couple of weeks ago, and I banged my head; got a black eye for two weeks. Although I'm a user of machines, like almost everybody else in our society, I have mixed feelings about them. There is something perverse about them at the same time that their use is so important.

**DI FATE:** I tend to see this all-seeing eye as a symbol of the depersonalization that comes with advanced technology, and the invasion of personal privacy. I must say probably one of the finest science fiction paintings I've ever seen is your spidery machine from *The Starship Troopers*. You are such a fine colorist and you utilize color as a major factor in creating mood.

**LEHR:** I think you understand that from what I've read of yours. Basically, pastel shades show a certain feeling, a softness, and a femininity and more violent values and harsh colors denote a more savage content.

**DI FATE:** You use a variegation in your paint field; I assume you use sponge work and a spatter technique.

**LEHR:** I used to use spatter a lot, but I cut all that out; now I use acrylics and just dash in with a big brush. Lately, the last couple of years, I've been using acrylics.

**DI FATE:** There was a period when you were using very highly saturated colors, like day-glo colors.

**LEHR:** I only did that for really a short period to try them out, and I got into trouble with reproduction, so I stopped doing it. Occasionally I'll put a little speck of day-glo here and there. Normally I'll lay down an analogous color scheme and then draw into it other values, establish space, foreground, background, figures or whatever. But when I do the finish, I usually have an approved sketch. I'll do about 20 or 30 minutes of frenzied work, and I'll approximate that sketch in a much larger size. And from then on it's just sheer labor.

**DI FATE:** You don't isolate specific areas? So you work fairly opaquely these days?

**LEHR:** I used to do things like that. Now I just strictly paint the thing. Unless, for instance, there'd be a real bright hot spot or something that I want then I'll plan for that; you know, where I need a real brilliant touch. And I'll try and bring that through from underneath, but that's about the only time.



**DI FATE:** I have favorite Paul Lehr paintings that stand vividly in my mind. Are there paintings of yours – and I'm talking now mostly about your SF work – which stand out in your mind as really capturing what you intended to capture?

**LEHR:** Commercial paintings?

**DI FATE:** Yes. I'll give you the examples of what I have in mind. For instance, *The Door into Summer*, to me, is a pioneering effort. And it's so consistent with what Meltzoff had done in the Heinlein series for New American Library, and yet it's so uniquely your own. I see that in the painting, *Grimms World*; I see that in the painting for *The Starship Troopers*. These paintings all represent various different aspects of your work.

**LEHR:** Yes, they have a different identity. *The Door into Summer*, that period was heavily influenced by Meltzoff, but when I got into the sixties working for Berkley, those paintings, I think, got totally away from his.

**DI FATE:** Do you recognize these works as more outstanding works of yours?

**LEHR:** Well, Vin, I don't know – I don't have the paintings in front of me. I don't even have a proof or the book in front of me with what I've done. It's real hard for me to think of particularly favorite ones now. If I were to look through a book of them, I could probably pick them out, but I – very truthfully – always did them as you know, and then forgot them. I didn't even bother to pick up the originals for years. And I just felt that I had done the job and that was the end of it. I was busy doing other paintings of my friends, and people around me, and landscapes and other things that I was interested in, and I had started to get into sculpture, and these things really occupied my mind, whereas the commercial things, the science fiction things were my livelihood, and I just approached them as a job to be done, and my interest was there while I did them, but then disappeared when they were done. I've never spent that much time thinking about whether this one was important, or whether that one was...I did have favorites, I guess. *Starship Troopers* and some of those I liked...but it's very difficult for me to talk about them in that sense.

**DI FATE:** When you began to break away from the influence of Meltzoff and develop your own identity, there were certain elements in your paintings which had a surrealistic flavor. Generally, when I speak of your work, it's usually in reference to this unique section of science fiction art, which is surrealist-inspired. The elements which I see as being surrealistic are the use of schematics, the intense mood qualities of your paintings, and most especially, the amorphous shapes which dominate the landscapes of your paintings. Were you influenced by or at least aware of the surrealist painters who were active during the early part of your career?

**LEHR:** I – probably was aware – I mean, I know fine art, people like Dali, and so on, but I did not work consciously from their ideas. I think those are all just symbols of mine that I projected from my own feelings, really; from things that I've seen in real life.

**DI FATE:** The surrealist painter who has had the most profound influence on people working in our genre, and I mean specifically people like Powers and Jack Schoenherr, and I would even think yourself, was Yves Tanguy.

**LEHR:** No, absolutely not for me. I never even really cared for his work, frankly.

**DI FATE:** That's remarkable, because there is a similarity. I don't believe that what you do is derivative of it, but there is a similarity in the usage of amorphous shapes, of these sometimes almost architecturally-impossible forms which contribute to that mood of other-worldliness in your paintings.

**LEHR:** Yes, well, I think possibly – I know they come from my observance of natural forms. In other words, it just would never occur to me to look at any of Tanguy's work, in terms of doing a science fiction painting. Science fiction really is a projection of reality, of the world we live in. I see science fiction all around me, out when I walk in the woods, look in the sky, or look at old buildings or cars or animals. There are parts of things; there are whole entities that inspire a science fiction form to me; if I could call it a science fiction form. I know, even with my sculpture – I don't look upon that in the science fiction sense at all, but the forms are – a projection of things that I have observed.

**DI FATE:** Tell me about your sculpture, Paul. When did you become interested?

**LEHR:** It started in the middle '60s, with plaster and clay. I did large figures that were very rough, not finely done, not detailed, but very rough, with great gestures – they all had an attitude to them. I got into wood-carving and stone-carving when I moved out here. That was in '68. I really started carving in '70.

**DI FATE:** I remember once meeting you and you had just purchased an apple orchard.

**LEHR:** Yes, and boy oh boy was that great! For twenty bucks I got enough wood to last me for

---

about five years. I made probably 25 or 30 large sculptures out of that apple orchard. And that was one of the best investments I ever made in my life.

**DI FATE:** Obviously you have a philosophy toward what you do.

**LEHR:** Well, I – don't know how to put it, simply because we're really talking about something here that's so complex that we could really talk about it for a week or a month, you know. But basically I think it's that I trust my own thoughts and feelings, my own viewpoints on things. I trust. I don't worry about whether anybody else agrees or likes or not, you see. And I form the things into symbols, and my carvings are really symbols of me, symbols of my attitudes, symbols of what life means to me. You know, this sounds sort of pontifical, I guess, but I don't really know how to put it. Simply put, I trust my feelings, and I work hard to see that they come through truthfully.

**DI FATE:** I think people are astute enough these days to recognize that there are levels of complexity below the surface in almost anything they look at. I would think the evolution that's occurred in film in the sense that it's now being recognized as an art form, has educated the average man to the fact that there are levels of manipulation going on in film.

**LEHR:** Also, there's the whole world of the subconscious. Yes, and I'm not the kind of artist that likes to plan things down to the last move; in other words, there's got to be adventure all through the creation of the piece. There's got to be uncertainty, and there's got to be unknowing quality. I think art that you can describe in an intellectual way, in a verbal way, loses an awful lot. It's not as strong an art as the art that leaves many questions.

**DI FATE:** Are there any final comments you'd like to make?

**LEHR:** Well, Vinnie, I guess that – we've said it all; there's nothing really that I could add, unless you had something specific. We all just do what we do and try to do our best. We don't really often know what we're doing. Other people pick it out for us.

*to be continued during the Lunacon '92 Program.*

The above interview originally appeared in *Starship*, Summer 1980 issue, © 1980 Starship Magazine. Reprinted by permission of the author and publisher.

---



New from the NESFA Press



Available at Our Table in the Hucksters Room

*Storyteller* by Jane Yolen

The Boskone XXIX Book

---

*Let's Hear It for the Deaf Man*  
by Dave Langford

A Humorous Collection of the Works of the  
Boskone XXIX Fan Guest of Honor

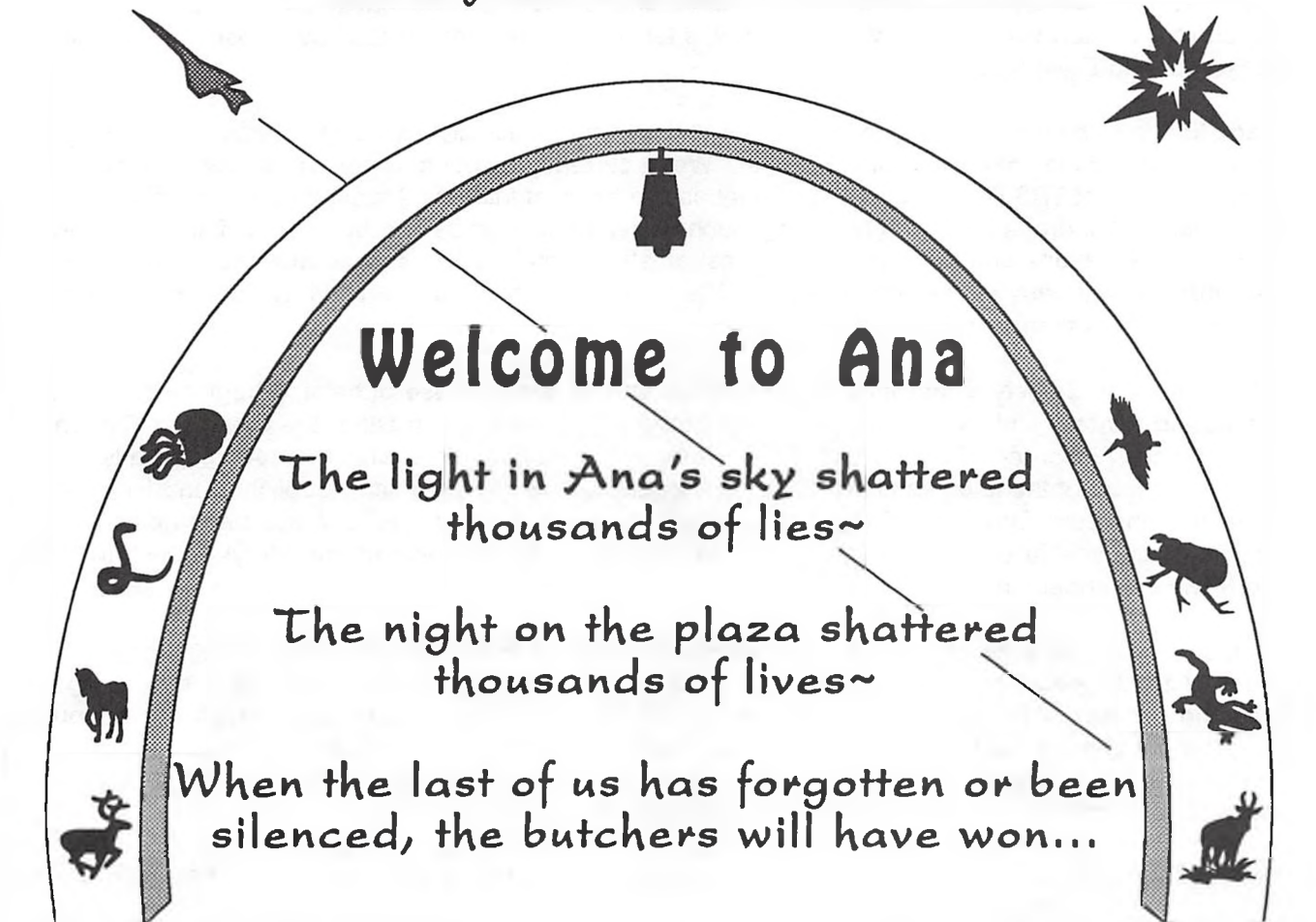


# EXILE

A Novel by

**MICHAEL P. KUBE-McDOWELL**

Author of the Philip K. Dick Award finalist *EMPRJSE*  
and the Hugo Award nominee *THE QUIET POOLS*



AN ACE HARDCOVER, MAY 1992

\$17.95

ISBN 0-441-22211-0



## NEW YORK SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY — *The Lunarians, Inc.*

The New York Science Fiction Society — the Lunarians, Inc., a recognized non-profit educational organization, is the sponsoring organization of *Lunacon* and is one of the New York Metropolitan Area's oldest and largest science fiction and fantasy clubs. The Lunarians was formed in November 1956. The first *Lunacon* was held in May 1957, and one has been held every year since (with the exception of 1964, due to the World's Fair), making *Lunacon '92* our 35th almost annual convention, a feat very few other groups can claim.

The Lunarians has a long and rich tradition in New York Fandom. Over the years, members of the Society have included many well known people — including Dave Kyle, Sam Moskowitz (two of our founding members), Donald A. Wollheim, Art Saha, Charles N. Brown, Jack L. Chalker, and Andy Porter. The Society's logo of a spaceman reading a book while sitting in a crescent moon (see above), is often used in conjunction with *Lunacon*, and is known affectionately as "Little Loonie". The current version was drawn by Wally Wood, after original designs created by Christine Haycock Moskowitz and Dave Kyle.

In addition to *Lunacon*, the Lunarians hold monthly meetings, usually on the third Saturday evening or, occasionally, Sunday afternoon of the month. We're currently meeting in one of the comfortable meeting rooms at TRS, Inc., 7 East 30th Street, in the heart of Midtown Manhattan. At some of our meetings, we feature special programming, such as readings/discussions by guest writers or editors or slide presentations and discussions by guest artists. There are two special meetings during the year: our Holiday party in December and our Summer Picnic in August, which have become fixtures on the New York fannish scene.

In late 1989, the Society established a scholarship fund for the purpose of helping beginning Science Fiction and Fantasy writers from the New York Metropolitan area attend either the Clarion or Clarion West Science Fiction and Fantasy writers workshops. This scholarship fund was renamed early in 1991 in memory of the late Donald A. Wollheim, legendary fan, writer, editor, publisher and Honorary Member of the Lunarians. *The Donald A. Wollheim Memorial Scholarship Fund*, has been able to provide partial scholarships to Graham P. Collins, Alexandra E. Honigsberg and Meryl Yourish in 1990, and Kevin Helfenbein in 1991.

It's easy to become a member. There are three categories of memberships: Subscribing Membership, currently \$10.00/year which entitles you to receive all our mailings and notices of what we're doing, including minutes of the last meeting; General Membership, currently \$15.00/year, which allows you to serve on our various Society committees, among other things; and Regular Membership, currently \$20.00 year, which besides allowing you to serve on the committees, additionally allows you to establish policies and become/elect our officers (including *Lunacon* Chair).

If you're interested in learning more about becoming a member, attending one of our meetings, or any of our other activities, please write to:

***New York Science Fiction Society — the Lunarians, Inc.***

Post Office Box 338

New York, NY 10150-0338



# Jon Singer: An Appreciation

by Eli Cohen

He is known by many names: Coyote, Trickster, Yarik P. Thrip, Jon Singer. The fen tell stories of him when they gather at their sacred places. These are some of my stories.

## How Jon Singer Entered Fandom

Many years ago, before men had walked on the moon, I was a student at Stuyvesant High School with Jon Singer. I had at this time a possession of which I was inordinately proud, a complete ten-year collection of *Astounding/Analog* that stretched back to 1955. In the virtual center of this collection was the June 1960 issue of *Astounding*, which featured an article on something called the "Dean Drive", a purported reactionless space drive. (This would have revolutionized the world if only it had worked, which it didn't. But that's another story.) Jon decided this would be the perfect topic for a physics class paper, and asked me if he could borrow the issue.

I let him.

Over the next few months, from time to time, I would remind him about the borrowed issue, and he would promise to return it. Seasons changed, we became seniors, we graduated high school, and still the hole remained in my collection. Jon went off to Shimer College somewhere in the midwest, and I went off to Columbia College and discovered fandom. When the conversation turned to SF magazines or collecting, I would mention my complete run of *Astounding/Analog*—except for the June 1960 issue. Time passed. Fred Lerner founded the Fantasy and Science Fiction Society of Columbia University (FSFSCU), which I joined, providing me with still more opportunities to dwell on my broken ASF collection.

More time passed. It was the fall of 1969; I was a senior in college, president of FSFSCU, and co-editor, with Janet Kagan, of the club fanzine *AKOS*. Sometime during the preceding years I had replaced the infamous June 1960 magazine. Jon Singer was a dim memory. I was on my way downtown, late for an appointment, racing down the stairs of the 116th St. IRT subway station. Unbeknownst to me, Jon had transferred from Shimer to CCNY, seen a notice about Tom Gold lecturing on pulsars at Columbia *that very afternoon*, jumped on the

downtown IRT at 137th St., hopped off two stops later, raced up the stairs of the 116th St. IRT subway station...

As I raced down the stairs, a vaguely familiar figure raced past me. I stopped. I turned. A few steps above me, he had stopped. He turned. "Jon?", I said, disbelievingly. "Eli?", he said, in the same tone. "I WANT MY MAGAZINE BACK!", I yelled.

Then I sold him a copy of *AKOS 2* and a membership in FSFSCU. The Rest, as they say, Is History. A few weeks later, he even returned my magazine.

## Jon Singer and the Pinholes

*AKOS 3* was run off on a Gestetner 120 on the floor of my dorm room in Furnald Hall. Even in those ancient days, before desktop publishing was invented, there were more advanced machines; but the Gestetner 120 was what we had, a relic from an even more primitive era, dredged up by Janet Kagan. Jon had appointed himself Chief Crank and dictator in charge of reproduction. He did heroic work, sitting on the floor cranking for hours on end, as we frantically tried to finish in time for the 1970 *Lunacon*. (This was so long ago, *Lunacons* were still held in New York City, if you can imagine such a thing!) But despite the time pressure, Jon refused to compromise on



---

quality. In particular, he took upon himself the task of dealing with the pinholes.

You see, despite the ancient mimeograph we were using, we also had access to what was then state-of-the-art technology, an electronic stencilling machine. Most of the fanzine pages were e-stencilled. The problem with electrostencilling is that any stray flecks of dirt or imperfections are detected by the machine, which then carefully burns correspondingly tiny pinholes into the stencil. Through these pinholes great gobs of ink are forced by the mimeograph, giving your fanzine a bad case of acne. The solution to pinholes is corflu (stencil correction fluid). Jon would drape each stencil over the lamp shade, and then attack the little extraneous points of light with corflu until they were all blotted out. Then we could mount the stencil, hand-ink the roller, hand-crank 300 copies carefully placing a slipsheet on each successive piece of paper (*everything* about the Gestetner 120 was manual), scream at Jon to stop fussing over the next page, and do it all over again. 32 times.

We were all pretty spaced out after a few days of this, but we got the magazine done on time and down to the convention for distribution. Jon even had time to put together 10 "special" copies, where each page was perfect and even the staples were precisely placed on our glossy black and red Judy Mitchell cover. We had a great time that night (except possibly the moment after Jon handed Isaac Asimov one of the "specials", and he promptly folded it in half crosswise and stuck it under his arm). It must have been around 3 AM when Jon and I headed for home. We walked out of the hotel. Jon looked up at the crystal clear sky, ablaze with stars. "GACK!", he screamed. "PINHOLES! Get the corflu!"

### **Jon Singer and the Pit**

Jon has always been enthusiastic about food (actually, Jon is enthusiastic about everything). I remember one cold, rainy Sunday morning when he pounded on my dormitory door at an absurdly early hour, to drag me and Maggie Flinn down to Chinatown for "something wonderful". As we shiveringly followed him through the drizzle, in and out of Chinatown alleys towards Bobo's, he extolled the virtues of winter melon soup, a nectar of the gods he had discovered. We entered Bobo's. We ordered. I tasted.

"Is it not exquisite?", he burred.

"Jon, this tastes like dishwater. Bland dishwater."

"Feh, Cohen. Your palate has been destroyed by too much Szechuan pepper. The soup is *subtly* flavored."

It was subtly flavored dishwater, is what it was. At various other times, Jon has gotten me to try grass jello (which tastes, alas, exactly how you'd expect it to), quail eggs (which taste like, well, eggs), cherry silver fungus soup (a sickeningly sweet concoction of cold, pink, sugar water with gelatinous white lumps in it)...I could go on. Since he wasn't there at the Chinese restaurant in Heidelberg after Heicon, none of the dozen-or-so fans present ordered the trailing arbutus in syrup, an act of cowardice for which he has still not forgiven us.

I don't mean to imply that all my Jon Singer food experiences were disasters. He introduced me to the exquisite scallion pancakes at the Dumpling House, and caviar and cream cheese on toast, and of course avocados. The avocados were not primarily a food experience, to tell the truth. Jon has always been enthusiastic about growing things (actually, Jon is enthusiastic about every...oh, I said that already). We used to speculate that one day he would combine his green thumb with his technical wizardry and grow asparagus lasers. And then there was his perverse romance with slime molds. But I digress. The point about the avocados was the ritual of the pit.

From Jon's perspective, throwing out an avocado pit was tantamount to infanticide. He taught me to wash the pit, insert three toothpicks at strategic intervals, and put the pit in a glass of water (supported on the rim of the glass by the toothpicks, with just the pit's bottom in the water). Left to itself in a dark corner for a few weeks, a pit thus prepared produced roots and a stalk, and could



be planted and grow into an avocado tree. My first avocado tree, named Yarik, grew under Jon's tutelage to a height of seven feet and a wingspan of almost four feet. It followed me from Furnald Hall to my graduate dormitory, and thence to an apartment near Columbia, where I was joined by David Emerson and Jerry Kaufman.

So there we were, sitting in the living room under Yarik's broad green leaves, casting about for a name for the apartment. What could we call it? And the answer appeared. To quote a later Jon Singer fanzine article:

"...I took the liberty of introducing Eli to avocados, to my immense and permanent regret: he called his apartment the Avocado Pit, thus stealing the best apartment name I have yet seen. Lousy ingrate."

I haven't had much personal contact with Jon over the past few years. But his presence in fandom is unique and inescapable. Last March I had the good fortune to attend JaneCon, Jane Hawkins' 40th birthday party (and, as it turned out, wedding). Jon, unfortunately, couldn't make it. But during the con, a benefit auction was held for NY fan Gary Farber, who had recently been burned out of his apartment by a fire. One of the more dubious items being auctioned off (part of a series of Japanese Terror Objects) was a package of Teriyaki Crickets. The bidding was, to say the least, anemic. And then someone said "I'll give you a dollar if you send them to Jon Singer." Wild laughter and applause, a chorus seconds, and when the dust settled, \$34.99 had been raised to give the crickets to Jon.

(The presentation was made at Minicon. Reportedly, Jon looked at the crickets and said "I've had these!". Then he opened the box, said "No I haven't - I thought these were grasshoppers!", ate one, and shared the rest with the audience.)

My *Astounding/Analog* collection ends in 1973; it has two copies of the June, 1960 *Astounding*. There is only one Jon Singer: May he go on forever. Please welcome him as your Fan Guest of Honor.



The Straits  
of  
Messina  
  
Samuel  
R.  
Delany

Take A  
Dangerous  
Voyage  
with  
Samuel R.  
Delany...

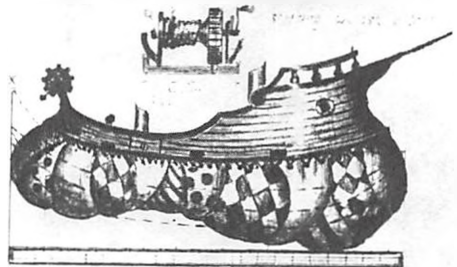
Lunacon Writer Guest of Honor  
Hugo-Winner for *The Motion of Light and Water*  
These essays (with his alter ego "K. Leslie Steiner") explore Delany's own work: the inner and outer dynamic of *Dhalgren*, the unpublished *Hogg*, etc. Delight for the casual; insight for the dedicated  
Hardcover \$19.95 • Please add \$2.00 postage & handling

Also Available:

WAGNER/ARTAUD • Samuel R. Delany  
Chapbook \$12.00 • Formerly from Ansatz Press  
STROKES • John Clute • Hardcover \$16.95  
Winner of the Readercon Small Press Award

SERCONIA PRESS • P.O. BOX 1786  
SEATTLE WA 98111 • (206) 526-5932

THE SANDMAN  
IS IN THE WORKS!



KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN...  
for a new full-color print (not shown) of  
Dean Morrissey's award winning painting  
**THE SANDMAN**. Premiere signing party at  
Lunacon, Saturday night.

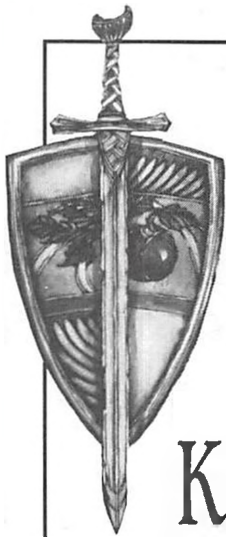
For more info, or to order this or other  
prints by Dean Morrissey contact:

Stonehouse Publications  
(508) 295-3410  
or

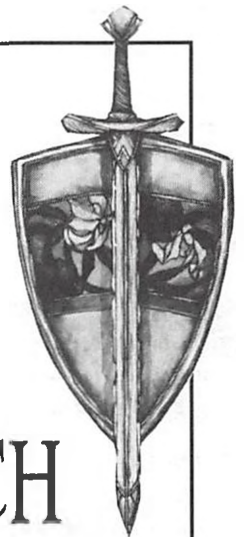
Worlds of Wonder™  
(202) 298-7889.

Check, Money Order, VISA or MC accepted.

**DEAN MORRISSEY**



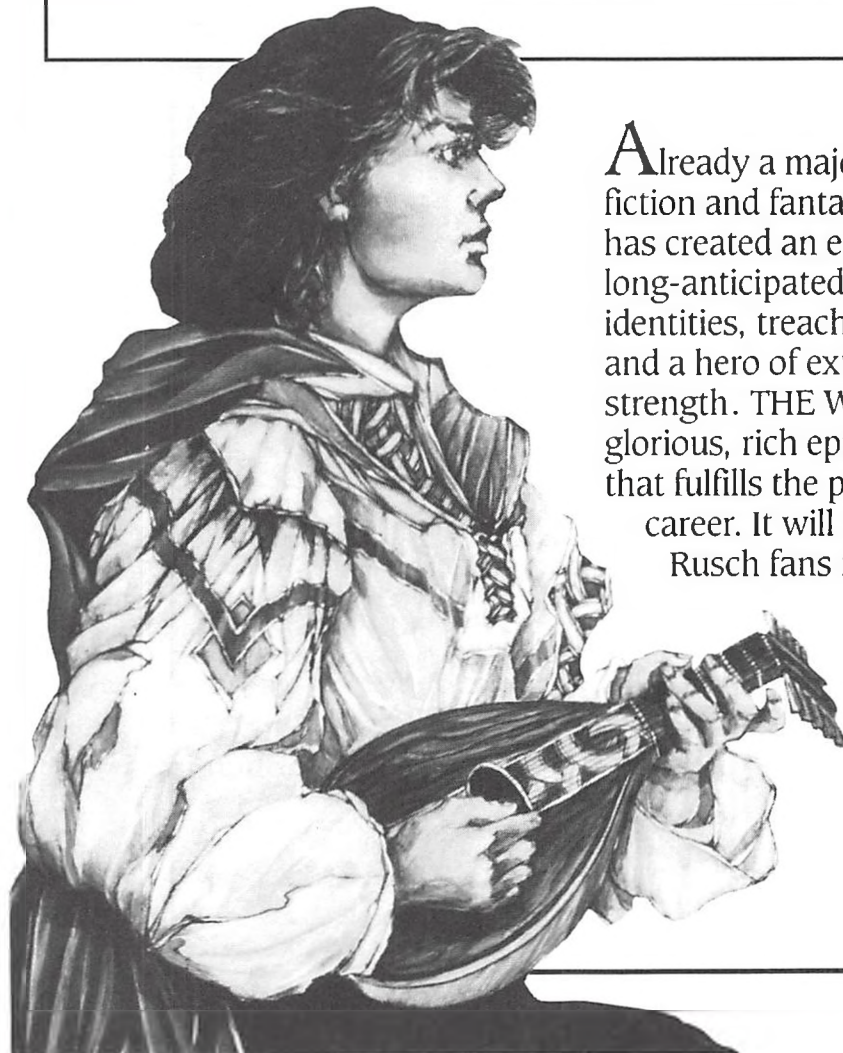
A stunning fantasy debut  
by the winner of the  
JOHN W. CAMPBELL and  
WORLD FANTASY Awards



KRISTINE KATHRYN RUSCH

---

THE WHITE MISTS  
OF POWER



Already a major presence in the science fiction and fantasy scene, Kristine Rusch has created an enchanting masterpiece—a long-anticipated debut novel of mistaken identities, treacherous journeys, close escapes, and a hero of extraordinary charisma and strength. *THE WHITE MISTS OF POWER* is a glorious, rich epic of romance and intrigue that fulfills the promise of a soaring fantasy career. It will no doubt establish a legion of Rusch fans for generations to come.

“Her prose style  
is a joy of clarity and  
lyricism.”

—Charles de Lint,  
author of *Other Realms*

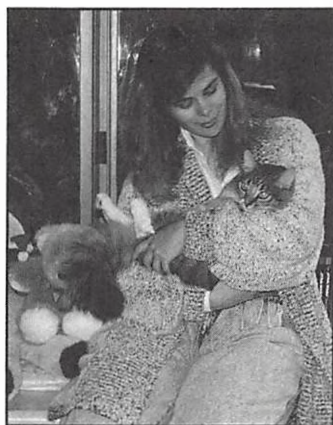
\$3.99



Penguin USA



# Kristine Kathryn Rusch: An Appreciation by Dean Wesley Smith



Photograph courtesy of and © 1992 by  
N.K. Hoffman

The fine folks in charge of *Lunacon* this year have asked me to talk a little about Kristine Kathryn Rusch. Now you would think, since I live with Kris and have been her partner in Pulphouse Publishing and in many other ventures, this would be an easy task. But it ain't.

Kris is a very complex person who does many, many things. Just trying to figure out where to start this appreciation stopped me for two full days. Finally I decided to just start at the beginning, which I assumed was around the time she met me. (Just kidding, Kris.)

Actually, Kris and I met six years ago at a workshop in Taos, New Mexico. There were twelve invited new "hot" writers and four instructors: Algis Budrys, Gene Wolfe, Frederik Pohl, and Jack Williamson. It was a wonderful week and Kris and I have been partners ever since.

But the reason Kris had gotten invited to that workshop was because she had done many, many things before. She had worked full time as a news director for a radio station, finished a degree from the University of Wisconsin, written radio plays, attended Clarion East, and worked for more than two years as a full-time nonfiction writer, selling articles to almost every national market imaginable. And she had just started to sell short fiction.

After the Taos workshop, Kris and I moved to Eugene, Oregon, where Kris got a part-time job as a secretary and turned her full writing attention to fiction. Within two years she was selling short stories to all the major science fiction markets and mystery markets and even such places as *Boy's Life Magazine*.

Then in 1987 we decided to start Pulphouse Publishing, kicking off with **Pulphouse: A Hardback Magazine**. Kris was the editor and within a short time had attracted such names as Harlan Ellison, Edward Bryant, Kate Wilhelm, and Charles de Lint for the first issue. The magazine was an instant hit and Kris's editing was praised for its high professional level.

The next fall she and I won the World Fantasy Award for our work that first year on **Pulphouse**. For the next two years Kris continued to edit all the growing lines of books for Pulphouse and write fiction. In that period she sold five novels and this last year, before her first novel had even come out, sold two more.

While Kris was writing and selling the novels, she also continued to write and publish short fiction. And for all that short fiction, at the Worldcon in the Netherlands, Kris won the Campbell Award for best new writer of 1989. Her short stories have also made the final Nebula ballot for three straight years and have been picked up for the "Best of the Year" anthologies numbers of times.

Then, in the fall of 1990, Kris was approached by Edward Ferman, publisher and editor of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, to take over his duties as editor. On January 2nd of 1991, Kris accepted the job and became the first woman editor, and only the fifth editor in the long history of *F&SF*.

So, for the entire year of 1991, Kris handled three jobs. She wrote novels and short fiction full time, edited all the books coming from Pulphouse Publishing, and edited *F&SF*. She was one very, very busy person. And in 1991 for her editorial work at Pulphouse she was on the Hugo ballot for best professional editor.

Now, as we roll into 1992, Kris has again shifted her focus slightly. For this year she is speeding up her fiction writing and focusing on the editing of *F&SF*. She has handed over the reigns of the book editing of Pulphouse Publishing to another hot new writer, Mark Budz, and has stepped up into an advisory role at Pulphouse Publishing.

As I write this, Kris's first novel, **The White Mists of Power**, has finally appeared and is getting great reviews. A dark fantasy novel she wrote with Kevin J. Anderson will be out this summer and her first horror novel and her next fantasy novel will be out in 1993.

---

So now I have worked this appreciation of what Kris has done from the beginning of her writing and editing to the present. I hope it fills in some details not known.

On the personal side, Kris has made the last six years the best six years of my life. I hope you get a chance this *Lunacon* weekend to meet and talk to her. You will find her friendly and open. And if you don't feel right just going up and meeting her, come talk to me. I'll wrangle you an introduction. She can't turn me down.

After all, I know where she lives.

---

## Kristine Kathryn Rusch – Real Writer or Imposter?

In 1982, Kristine Kathryn Rusch, a creative writing student, assured me that she did not write science fiction or fantasy because her stuff was serious fiction, with real characters! I proceeded to surprise (and probably annoy) her by pointing out that most of the stories she had turned in for critique were indeed – \*gasp!\* – SF or fantasy. You see, I was in the same creative writing class, unabashedly writing genre fiction and taking my lumps from the English majors during every critique.

Of all the stories turned in by other students, Kris's were about the only interesting things I read. The other class members, trying to impress the instructor, kept turning in dreadfully boring, pretentious (and plotless!) manuscripts that consisted of conversations over the breakfast dishes or anguished relationships breaking up, with the poor author trying to wring *more angst!* out of every paragraph.

But, dammit, Kris's stuff was good! I had to corrupt her as soon as possible.

We stayed in touch long after the class ended, continuing to write, critiquing each other's stuff. A year or so later I made my very first professional sale to *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*...the magazine which, ironically, Kris herself now edits. Gee, who would have thought?

Kris also has an absurdly impressive stack of credits, a handful of novels sold (which will grace your bookstore shelves in the near future), innumerable short stories, and enough awards to break the average fireplace mantel.

But is she a real writer? The kind of author we all know and expect from stereotypes perpetuated in the movies? She might have fooled the rest of you guys, but I know the *real* Kristine Kathryn Rusch. Let's apply a few simple criteria – characteristics that we all expect from any serious writer – to determine just how much of a writer she really is. You might be very surprised.

***Real writers have a particular "appearance" – they all have beards, they all wear cable-knit sweaters, and they all smoke pipes.***

Obviously, Kris fails in this category. She has no beard, not even a neatly trimmed one, and doesn't smoke a pipe (or anything else for that matter), although I have seen her wear a sweater at times. You see, Kris Rusch is far too beautiful to be a real writer – maybe if you meet her at the con, you'll see what I mean. Just by looking at her, you would more likely expect her to be some airheaded bimbo (because intelligent people are supposed to look like nerds and incredibly talented people are supposed to be socially maladjusted, totally unaware of their appearance, and live anguished lives)...but Kris doesn't fit that mold either.

By contrast, our old creative writing instructor did this part exactly right, though he smoked a smelly cigar instead of a pipe... the only thing he couldn't manage was to actually *write* more than a novel every decade or so.

Not too long ago there was the lounge lizard from hell who, smitten with Kris after seeing her photos (no, not those photos; I mean the ones in *Locus*), wanted to fly cross country just to take



---

her to dinner; but gave up after seeing another photo of Kris and me hugging (or was it strangling?) each other just after we had sold our second collaborative novel.

Though this misunderstanding proved to be helpful in our particular instance, we are both quick to point out that we have known each other so long that we're much more like sister and brother...and Kris was, after all, the Best Man at my wedding. (Oh, did I mention that writers are supposed to be nontraditional, too?)

***Writers are supposed to be ultrasensitive to every reviewer's comment and devastated by criticism, since their careers hang entirely on awards.***

Kris is bullet-proof. I think she reads the reviews of her work, but it doesn't mean anything to her. If her story gets picked apart in a writer's workshop, she shrugs, fixes it if she feels the comments are valid, ignores the comments if she doesn't agree with them, and sends out the story anyway. Obviously, if you look at her list of credits, this sort of thing works for her.

Actually, Kris has been nominated for so many awards by now that when she calls to make the announcement, I am required to act ho-hum and ask in a bored voice, "So what are you nominated for *now*, sigh?" (all the while jumping up and down inside, of course). She has a very clear opinion about what is particularly outstanding and what is of lesser quality in her own writing...but ironically the awards people and the fans don't always hold the same opinions. Neither Kris nor I could determine why everybody was so excited about one of her most popular stories, since we both considered it a relatively minor work, but Dean Wesley Smith still insists that it is one of her best stories. On the other hand, some things that I really enjoy – such as her superb short story "Stained Black," for instance – don't make nearly the ripples they should. (Luckily, you'll be able to listen to an audio adaptation of "Stained Black" and some of her other dark stories on two audio cassettes just released from Spine-Tingling Press.)

Kris's only genuine vulnerability seems to be her ticklish knees...but she's learning how to overcome even that (to my immense frustration!).

***Writers are filled with the knowledge of the world, and always act respectable.***

It was the day before Christmas Eve, and Kris decided she needed a bunch of new bookshelves, since the local discount store was having a sale. It was late at night, too, and the store was closing, so Kris, Dean, and I had to zip down there in Dean's white Trans Am (which he had christened "Dream Cookie" or some such thing straight out of the Sixties (did I mention that real writers are supposed to name their vehicles? Kris's old Le Car, may it rest in peace, was named Dartagnan). Empty shopping carts in hand, we cruised the deserted aisles of the store, searching for the on-sale bookshelves, with the empty, echoing place reminding me all the while of George Romero's shopping mall in **DAWN OF THE DEAD**. We got the bookshelves, about five of them I think, and hauled them out to the car just as the store closed – only to realize that we should have determined ahead of time whether all of these bookshelves would actually *fit* inside Dream Cookie with enough room left over for three humans.

Did you ever try to put together one of those nervous-breakdown-causing wooden puzzles where all the pieces fit in *just one way*? Bookshelves protruded from the Trans Am's windows, sprawled over the back seat, extended over the front passenger seat. All the windows were down (it was winter, remember!); Kris managed to wedge herself in a tiny corner on the back seat; and I had to lie down on the floor, stuffed in the tiny space between the back of the front seats and the front of the back seats. Then Dean drove off toward home.

That was when, in all seriousness, the two of them decided it was a good time to critique my novel **LIFELINE** – and so we discussed characters and motivations and plot nuances, Kris squeaking in the corner as she fought against many pounds of assemble-it-yourself wood composite, Dean trying to handle a car with shifting cargo that could crush any of us in an instant.

---

Watch a movie – is that the way real writers operate?

*Writers spend most of their time waiting for the muse to strike, talking to victims at cocktail parties about the books they are GOING to write, but never much doing anything.*

Kris is an absolute fiend at writing. She and others of the Eugene, Oregon, enclave of writers regularly offer each other impossible challenges (say, write a story that encompasses bowling balls, time travel, Armenian refugees, and Barry Manilow songs) – and she does it...and usually gets nominated for some award!

When Kris and I collaborated on our second novel, **AFTERSHOCK**, we spent a day or two plotting the book over the phone, then finally got together, each with our own computer, and cranked out the entire book in a three-day weekend. Our first novel, **AFTERIMAGE** (which will be published this August), was written in much the same way.

This is sort of a creative version of Russian roulette, but Kris never chokes. She is bursting with ideas, not just for her own writing, but for her editing chores, and for numerous Pulphouse Publishing projects. One friend, upon hearing another round of upcoming Pulphouse writing schemes, asked in dismay, “What do those people do, eat adrenaline?!”

*Writers are supposed to like cats.*

Well, Kris does get that one right. The house is *crawling* with them, and calls to mind an image from a bad Hammer film about the writer so intent on her work that she forgets to feed the cats, who decide to become cannibalistic...

So, you see, Kris fails to meet nearly all of the expected criteria for being a *real* writer. You will have to decide for yourself if she knows what she's doing, or if it's all a carefully cultivated act.

But no matter what, you'll want to get to know her anyway – she is a really, truly special lady.

love,

Kevin J. Anderson

---

## Kristine Kathryn Rusch

by Nina Kiriki  
Hoffman

▶ have known Kristine Kathryn Rusch almost six years, and in that time she has transformed herself as radically as a caterpillar does while changing into a winged creature.

Kris has been able to read since age three and she has known for almost that long that she would be a writer.

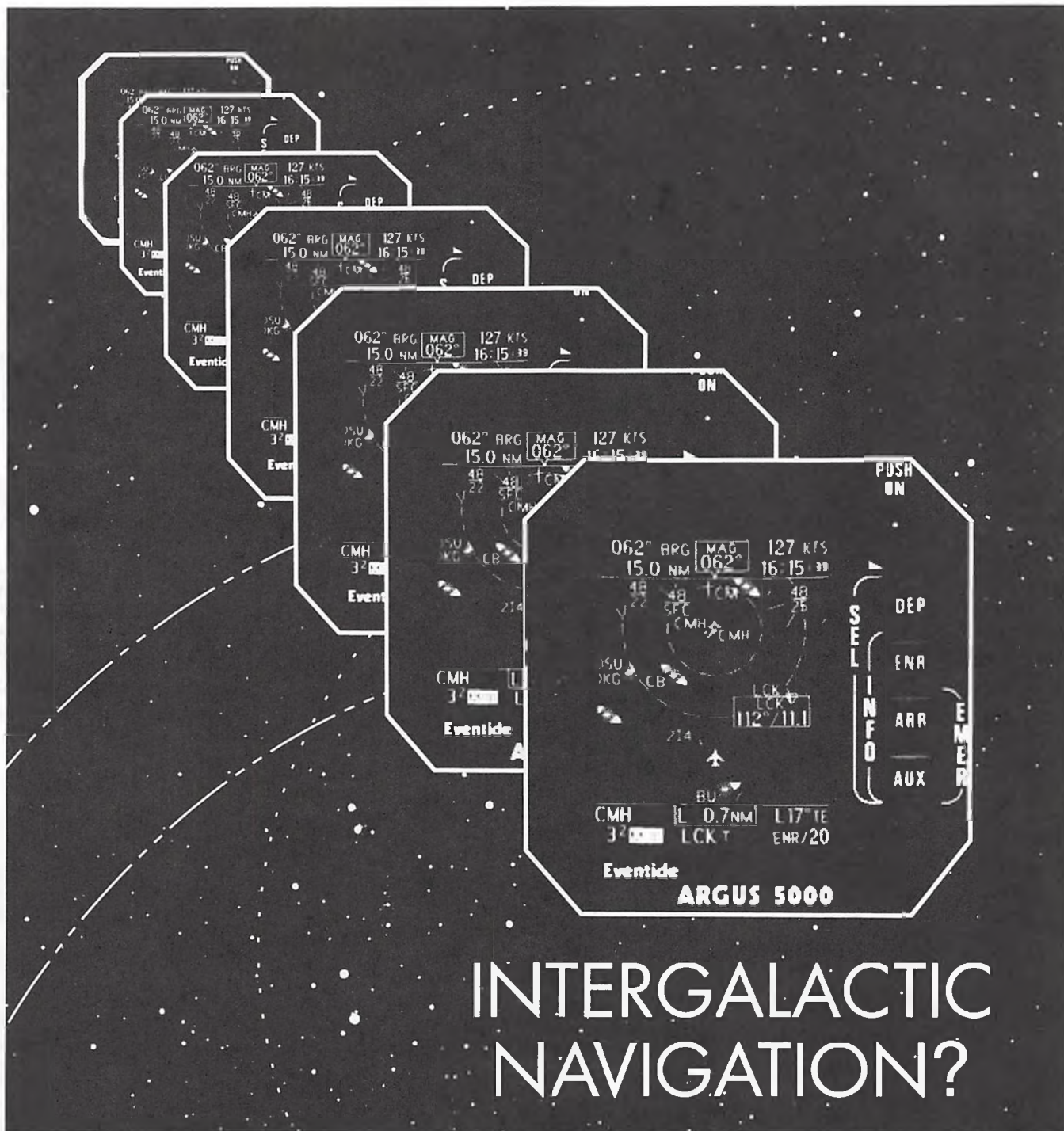
When I first met Kris, she had a short pixie haircut and glasses that eclipsed half her face. She was making money writing nonfiction, selling articles to magazines. As a photographer, I had the opportunity to watch Kris work. She was writing a feature about Powell's Bookstore in Portland, Oregon for *Publishers Weekly*. I followed her around, snapping pictures as she interviewed managers and employees. In the quest for the perfect quote, she was always alert to the way people used language.

Soon after that, Kris decided to abandon a steady income as a non-fiction writer and plunge into the less reliable and less lucrative waters of fiction.

With determination, talent and discipline, she has worked at her craft, seizing some opportunities and creating others. She brings to her fiction the same skilled ear for language and eye for human behavior she used in her non-fiction career, and adds the wisdom of a survivor's heart.

I believe she felt wings beating inside her long before they sprouted.





We're still working on it. In the meantime, an ARGUS Moving Map Display® shows aircraft pilots everything they need to know. The ARGUS moving map shows the location, speed and direction of your aircraft at all times. ARGUS also shows TCUs, ARSAs and all Special Use Airspace boundaries on its bright, crisp sunlight-readable screen. With the touch of a button, ARGUS also puts vital information on thousands of landing facilities and NAVAIDs right in front of you. ARGUS helps make flying safer because it cuts way down on "heads down" time. With prices starting at just \$2995, there's an ARGUS

Moving Map Display for every aircraft. See why thousands of pilots say ARGUS is (ahem) out of this world. For full information, call us toll free at (800) 446-7878.

# Eventide

the next step

ARGUS is another digital delight from the makers of the Eventide Ultra-Harmonizer®, the professional audio effects "box of a thousand voices".

Eventide, Inc • One Alsan Way, Little Ferry NJ 07643 • 201-641-1200



In July 1992

The BARD'S TALE

# CASTLE of DECEPTION

MERCEDES  
LACKEY

JOSEPHA  
SHERMAN

*Enter the World of the Bard's Tale IV—A Great New Novel  
by Two Fantasy Stars of the First Magnitude*

*A young' bard faces webs of lies and deception in a world where nothing is as it seems—and everything is a trap for the unwary.*

**Praise for Mercedes Lackey:**

"A writer whose work I've loved all along."

—Marion Zimmer Bradley

"She'll keep you up long past your bedtime." —Stephen King

"A brilliant and dedicated author."

—The Midwest Book Review

"An important new voice in fantasy fiction." —Rave Reviews

"Shows a sure touch with the wonder and adventure that characterizes the best fantasy writers."

—Romantic Times

**Praise for Josepha Sherman:**

"Sherman creates a richly detailed novel with all the charm and readability of a fairy tale. Highly recommended."

—Library Journal

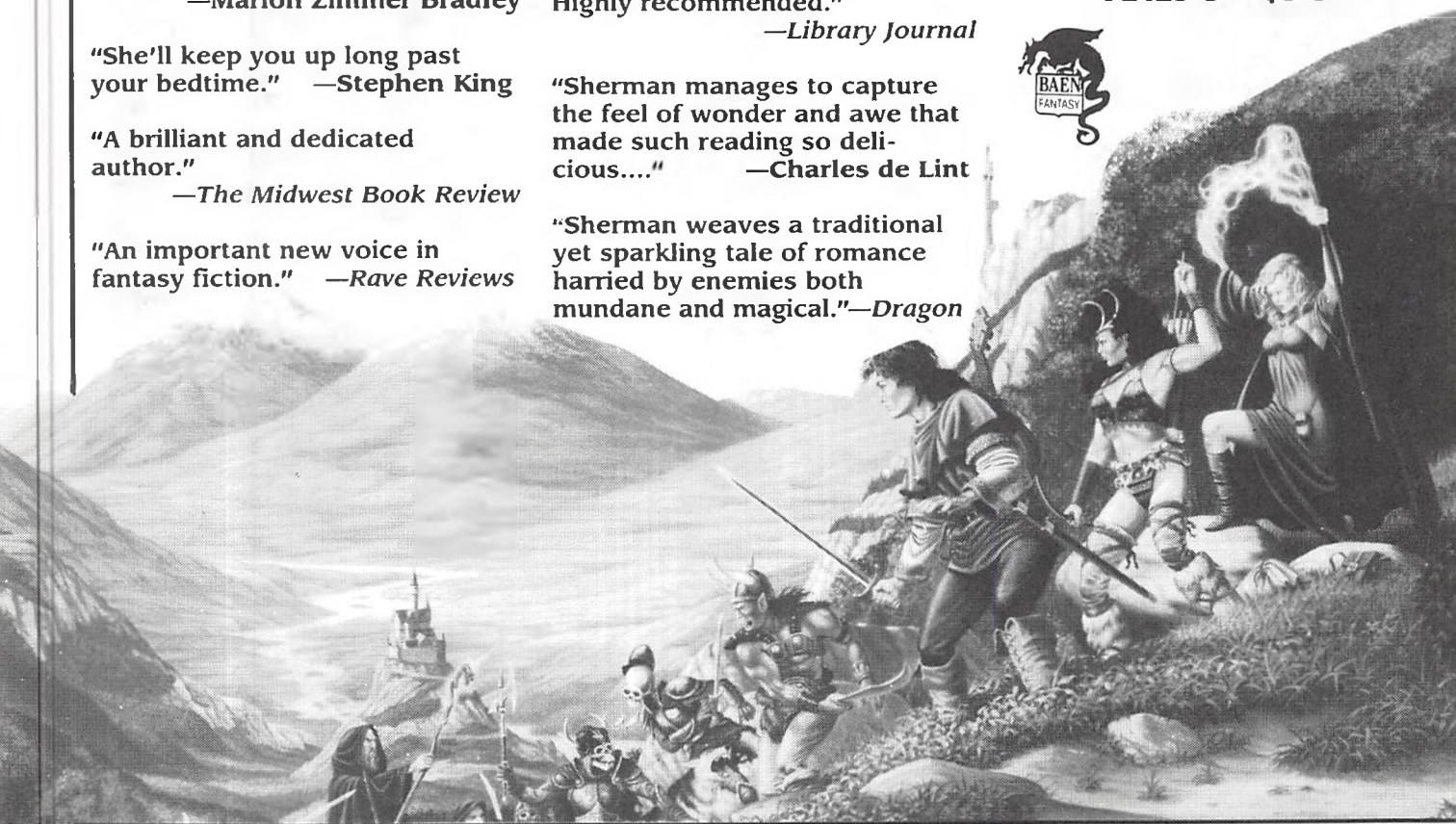
"Sherman manages to capture the feel of wonder and awe that made such reading so delicious...."

—Charles de Lint

"Sherman weaves a traditional yet sparkling tale of romance harried by enemies both mundane and magical."—Dragon

**Publisher's Note:** *Castle of Deception* is set in the same literary universe as the bestselling computer adventure, *The Bard's Tale IV*. While novel and game are independent of each other, we believe familiarity with either will intensify the enjoyment of the other.

72125-9 • \$5.99



Distributed by Simon & Schuster, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, Ny 10020



# An Appreciation of Bill and Brenda Sutton

by Michael P. Kube-McDowell

It's late night in con country. You've been to all the parties and had your turn getting stuck on Elevator #2. The Jacuzzi is closed and one of your roomies has put out the DO NOT DISTURB sign. What to do? Here's a suggestion: Open the door of the folk room. Slip inside. Find an empty chair or a spot by the wall and settle in. Be patient with those who are still just trying hard. It'll be worth it. Bill and Brenda Sutton are in town.

Brenda's the soft-voiced balladeer with a gentle touch on her guitar and a quiet warmth (and sometimes a twinkle of mischief) in her eyes. When the mischief is in the ascendant, she can get the room rolling with a funny song, like "Don't Ever Call Me Stupid." But that soft folksinger's voice has a heart of fire with a halo of feeling, and she can hold you captivated with the one while burning you with the other. You won't know how good a songwriter she is until you've heard "Mama's Hands," "This Turn of the Wheel," or her other serious songs.

Bill is rougher trade, the gravel-voiced minstrel who'd be at home in a gold rush saloon, a medieval travelers' inn, or on the middeck of a starship, strumming a mandolin. Stay late enough and you might hear Bill sounding more and more like the late Harry Chapin, and perhaps even hear Harry's "Mail Order Annie" or "Taxi" sung with evident love. But long before then you'll have discovered Bill's own joyful enthusiasm, powerful passions, and wry humor in songs like "Stray Dog Man," "The Pilot's Eyes," and "Bask Ye Samplers."



As good as they are individually, something special happens when they sing together – or to each other. Together, as performers and as people, they become something greater than the sum of its parts. And it's wonderful to see.

I freely confess I have no objectivity: these people are my friends. I've laughed with them until my sides hurt, talked heart-to-heart with them until sunrise, enjoyed their music and their company from Atlanta to Indianapolis to New Orleans to Champaign, Illinois. And Brenda was the first singer to honor me by writing a song, "Rashuri's Prayer," inspired by my novel *Emprise* – and a superb song it is, too.

But I can objectively report that Bill and Brenda seem to affect a lot of other folks the same way. Brenda was a 1990 nominee for the Pegasus Award for Best Writer-Composer. Bill has already collected **two** Pegasus Awards, for Best Male Filker (1986) and Best Techie Song (1989, for "Do It Yourself"). They've been music guests of honor not only all over the U.S., but at cons in Canada and England as well.

And both of them have successfully crossed over from the filk room to the recording studio: Brenda's first tape is *Strangers No More* (DAG, 1989), and Bill has followed up *Past Due* (Off Centaur, 1986, out of print) with *Shake The Dust Off* (DAG, 1989).

Happiest of all, they just keep getting better. Bill and Brenda haven't made their best music yet – and I can hardly wait to hear it when they do. Brenda has begun collecting songs (and Bill's collecting instruments) for a new album of pagan music, a prospect which delights me no end. (Hmm, maybe they'll let a certain tall, bearded sideman sit in on keyboards and viola...)

But I digress. Looking forward to the promise of the future is well and good, but let's not overlook the pleasures of the present. Fandom and filkdom are lucky to have Bill and Brenda Sutton to claim as family – and you're luckier still to have their company and their music to savor this weekend. Go, ye, listen – and enjoy.

# Dust On My Feet

words and music by Bill Sutton ©1988

*Am G F G*  
I was born a travellin' man  
*Am G F G*  
In a family bound by the law to the land.  
*Am G F G*  
For 25 years I grew scars on my hands  
*Am G F G*  
In a world without dreams, sowing seeds, driving teams, but I  
*Am G F G*  
Saw the transports leap for the sky  
*Am G F G*  
Where they kidnapped my soul from the corn and the rye.  
*Am G F G*  
I tore at the chains of my life 'til I cried  
*Am G F G*  
And I ran to the bars, and the crews, and the stars.

CHORUS: *Am Em Am Em*  
I don't know where I'm going, son,  
*Am Em Am Em*  
But it's far away from the things I've done.  
*C G C G*  
I've got time on my hands and dust on my feet.  
*C G C G*  
I've got worlds to find and friends to meet,  
*Am G F G*  
And I can't go down and be Earthbound  
*Am - Em - Am - Em*  
No more.

Paid my dues in freightyard and hold  
Scrubbing decks damp and musty with mildew and mold.  
Long weeks hauling crates in the dark and the cold  
For just 12 hours down on some alien ground, so I  
Spent my pay on stationer whores  
Getting drunk just to blot out the freight lifters' roar  
Dealing cards over men who lay dead on the floor  
'Til the drive and its song drew me back, called me on ...

## CHORUS

Won a ship playing hold 'em and stud.  
Hauled her out of disgrace where she lay in the mud.  
Built her up, made her whole through my sweat and my blood  
And I cheated and lied just to learn how to fly, so I  
Forged a trade in alien stone  
Seeking planets that no miner ever called home  
With wonders Man never was destined to own  
Coming in for a day and then back on my way ...

## CHORUS

But the years have ebbed like the tide  
And the spectre of death takes the seat by my side.  
But I will not have died like my grandfathers died -  
Lying trapped in the dirt of an uncaring Earth. I will  
End my life at the edges of space  
Leaving worlds and tomorrow behind in my place  
All the stars in the spiral will shine in my face  
And when Death hauls me in I will set out again

## CHORUS

# The May Queen

words and music by Brenda Sinclair Sutton  
©April 1991

*Am Em*  
Long and long the sunlight lasts;  
*G Em Am*  
She opens wide the door.  
*G*  
Now the wintertime is past,  
*Em Am*  
Now the moment to stand fast,  
*G*  
Seize the sword within her grasp,  
*Em G Am*  
And rule the land once more.

CHORUS: *Am Em Am*  
Oh, dance, Maiden, dance!  
*G Am*  
Dance, Maiden, dance!  
*F G*  
While the faerie people sing,  
*Em Am*  
Flitting round the maypole ring,  
*F Em*  
May Queen sets about to bring  
*G Am F*  
The world to life with rites of spring  
*Am Em Am*  
So dance, Maiden, dance!  
*G Am*  
Dance, Maiden, dance!

Now at end of Dark Lord's reign  
The Maiden sheds the Crone.  
In restoring sleep she's lain,  
Gaining strength where once was pain  
To be the Mother once again  
And come into her own.

High above, she sights a stag,  
And then she sees Dark Lord.  
He spies the bride where once was hag  
Garbed in gown where once was rag.  
God descends the thorny crag  
To offer and adore.

Dark Lord kneels before the Queen  
And profers her the sword.  
Power runs from white to green.  
Though she now commands the scene,  
Both will raise the sword between  
The Lady and her Lord.



---

# A Selected Bibliography of Samuel R. Delany

## *Novels and Novellas*

- The Jewels of Aptor*, Ace, 1962; expanded edition, Ace, 1968.  
*The Fall of the Towers* (trilogy in one volume), Ace 1970.  
Contains:  
*Captives of the Flame*, Ace, 1963; revised to *Out of the Dead City*, Ace, 1966.  
*The Towers of Toron*, Ace, 1964; revised 1968.  
*City of a Thousand Suns*, Ace, 1965; revised 1969.  
*The Ballad of Beta-2*, Ace Double, 1965.  
*Empire Star*, Ace Double, 1966.  
*Babel-17*, Ace, 1966; Nebula Award Winner  
*The Einstein Intersection*, Ace, 1967; Nebula Award Winner  
*Nova*, Doubleday, 1968; Bantam, 1969  
*The Tides of Lust*, Lancer, 1973  
*The Ballad of Beta-2 and Empire Star*, revised, Ace Double, 1975.  
*Dhalgren*, Bantam, 1975.  
*Triton*, Bantam, 1976.  
*Empire*, Berkley Windhover, 1978; graphic novel, illustrated by Howard Chaykin.  
*Neveryóna*, Bantam, 1983.  
*Stars in My Pocket Like Grains of Sand*, Bantam, 1984.  
*The Splendor and Misery of Bodies, of Cities*, Bantam, in progress; sequel to *Stars in My Pocket*

## *Short Story Collections*

- Driftglass*, Nelson Doubleday; Signet, 1971.  
*Tales of Neveryón*, Bantam, 1979.  
*Distant Stars*, Bantam, 1981.  
*Flight From Neveryón*, Bantam, 1985.  
*The Bridge of Lost Desire*, Arbor House, 1987; St. Martin's, 1988.

## *Essays and Essay Collections*

- "In the Ruins", *Algol*, No. 13, Jan. 1968; revised to "Ruins", 1981.  
"About Five Thousand One Hundred and Seventy-Five Words" (1969),  
**SF: The Other Side of Realism**, ed. Thomas D. Clareson, 1971.  
"Introduction", *Green Lantern & Green Arrow #1*, DC Comics, 1972.  
"Introduction", *Alyx*, Joanna Russ, 1976.  
*The Jewel-Hinged Jaw*, Dragon, Berkley Windhover, 1977  
*The American Shore: Meditations on a Tale of Science Fiction* by Thomas M. Disch-  
"Angouleme", 1977.  
*Heavenly Breakfast: An Essay on the Winter of Love*, Bantam, 1979.  
*Starboard Wine*, Dragon, 1984.  
*The Straits of Messina*, Serconia Press, 1989.  
"On Reading", *Monochrome: The Readercon Anthology*, ed. Bryan Cholfin, 1990.  
*Twilight in the Rue Morgue* (forthcoming)

## *Other Non-Fiction*

- The Motion of Light in Water: Sex and Science Fiction Writing in the East Village, 1957-1965*, Arbor House, 1988; Hugo Award Winner

## *Editing*

- Quark/*, quarterly; 4 issues; co-editor with Marilyn Hacker, 1970-71.  
*The Nebula Winners*, Vol. 13, including "Introduction" and "The Nebula Winners 1965-1977", Harper & Row, 1980; Bantam, 1981.  
Contributing Editor, *The New York Review of Science Fiction*, 1988-

# A Selected Bibliography of Kristine Kathryn Rusch

## Novels

The White Mists of Power, published by NAL/Roc, November 1991.  
The Gallery of His Dreams, a short novel published in limited edition by Axolotl Press.

## Forthcoming

Afterimage, written with Kevin J. Anderson, New American Library, August 1992.  
Heart Readers, New American Library, 1992.  
Aftershock, written with Kevin J. Anderson, New American Library, 1993.  
Acting Alone, Dell, April 1993.  
Traitors, New American Library, 1993.

## Collections

### Forthcoming

Stained Black, audio cassette collection of horror tales, Spine-Tingling Press, 1992.  
Author's Choice Monthly, Pulphouse Publishing, 1992.

## Short Stories

"Fighting Bob," *Alternate Presidents*, TOR, 1992.  
"Shadows on the Moon," *Newer York*, ed. Lawrence Watt-Evans, NAL, June 1991.  
"Children," *Masques IV*, J.N. Williamson, ed., McClay Publications, Fall 1991.  
"Waltzing on a Dancer's Grave," *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, March 1991.  
"A Little Night Music," *Wee Wisdom*, October 1991.  
"Precious Moments," *Full Spectrum III*, Bantam Books, 1991.  
"Dancers Like Children," *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, September 1991.  
"The Life and Deaths of Rachel Long," *Invitation to Murder*, Ed Gorman, ed., Dark Harvest, 1991.  
"The Gallery of His Dreams," Cover story, *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, September 1991.  
"Change of Face," *Amazing Stories*, May 1991.  
"Thomas and the Wise Men," *Amazing Stories*, September 1991.  
"Children of the Night," *the Ultimate Dracula*, Dell Books, 1991.  
"Heading West," *Tales of Magic Realism*, Crossing Press, 1991.  
"Living The Legend," *Amazing Stories*, November 1990.  
"Inspiration," *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, November 1990.  
"Theme and Variations," *Starshore*, Winter 1990.  
"Self-Preservation," *Obsessions*, Gary Raiser, ed., Dark Harvest, 1990.  
"Story Child," *Aboriginal SF*, September/October 1990.  
"Harvest," *Amazing Stories*, July 1990.  
"Spaceships in the Desert," *Starshore*, Summer 1990.  
"A Time For Every Purpose," *Amazing Stories*, May 1990.  
"Trains," *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, April 1990.  
"Christopher's Crummy Christmas," *Boy's Life*, December 1989.  
"Fast Cars," *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, October 1989.  
"Fugue," *Amazing Stories*, November 1989.  
"Phantom," *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, June 1989.  
"Mate or Die," *Strained Relations*, Alan Bard Newcomer, ed., Hypatia Press, 1989.  
"Looking For Miriam," *Aboriginal SF*, January/February 1989.  
"Stained Black," *Amazing Stories*, November 1988.  
"Repository," *Amazing Stories*, July 1988.  
"Solo For Concert Grand," Cover story, *Aboriginal SF*, January/February 1988.  
"Skin Deep," *Amazing Stories*, January 1988.  
"Sing," Cover Story, *Aboriginal SF*, February/March 1987.  
"Spare The Rat and Spoil The Child," *Rat Tales*, Dean Wesley Smith and Jon Gustafson, eds, Hypatia Press, 1987.

## Editing

The Best of Pulphouse, St. Martin's Press, 1991.  
Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine, Issues 1-11. Issue 12 Forthcoming.  
The SFWA Handbook, edited with Dean Wesley Smith, Pulphouse Publishing, 1990.  
*The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, July, 1991 through present.



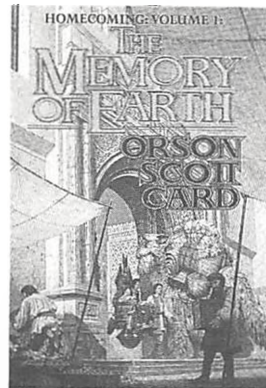
The First book in a brand new series from Orson Scott Card!

## THE MEMORY OF EARTH: HOMECOMING VOLUME 1 ORSON SCOTT CARD

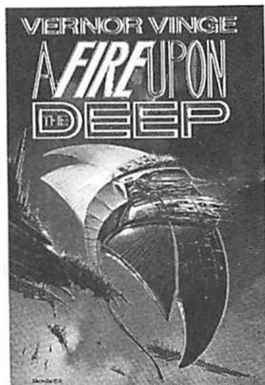
From the man who brought us *Xenocide* and the Nebula and Hugo award winning *Ender's Game* and *Speaker for the Dead*, a new tale—of the planet Harmony and the godlike computer that must seek a young boy's help to save it.

"Above all, Card is a thinker—and this meaty, graceful and thought-provoking sequel to *Ender's Game* and *Speaker for the Dead* stands as a brilliant testimony to his thoughtfulness."

—*Library Journal* on *Xenocide*



93036-4 • \$21.95



## A FIRE UPON THE DEEP VERNOR VINGE

In a future universe where intelligence is governed by an intricate Hierarchy, human scientists uncover an ancient Transendent artifact—and unleash an awesome, world destroying Blight.

"A FIRE UPON THE DEEP evokes marvelously the strangeness of the universe and of the human future as we venture forth into it, in a story that is both exciting and thought-provoking."—Poul Anderson, author of *The Boat of a Million Years*

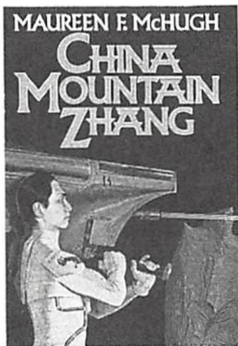
"No summary can do justice to the depth and conviction of Vinge's ideas. The overall concept astonishes, the aliens are developed with memorable skill and insight; the plot twists and turns with unputdownable tension. A masterpiece of universe-building."—*Kirkus Reviews*

05882-0 • \$21.95

## THE CHALCHIUHITE DRAGON KENNETH MORRIS

"Kenneth Morris was an important, innovative fantasist, worthy to rank with MacDonald, Eddison and Tolkein. A newly discovered fantasy by him is an event."—Ursula K. Le Guin

85264-9 • \$18.95



## CHINA MOUNTAIN ZHANG MAUREEN F. MCHUGH

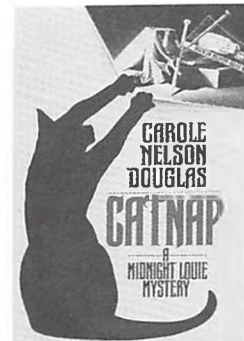
"McHugh writes with a clear, solid voice—distinctive, evocative and occasionally so brilliant that it's hard to believe this is a first novel."—*Locus*

85271-1 • \$19.95

## CATNAP CAROLE NELSON DOUGLAS

The inimitable Carole Nelson Douglas presents: murder (a publisher), catnapping (Baker and Taylor) and two irresistible new detectives (one female, one feline)!

85217-7 • \$17.95



## STOREYS FROM THE OLD HOTEL GENE WOLFE

"There are few writers in any genre who write top quality; Wolfe is one of the small minority who writes at the top of his form as a matter of course." —*Science Fiction Chronicle*

85208-8 • \$21.95



# Penguin Love

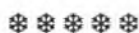
by Kristine  
Kathryn Rusch

She decorated her house in black, white and gray with a touch of orange. (“King penguins have orange markings.” she would say to me as if I had lost appeal by being monotone human male – brown skin, brown eyes, brown hair.) Penguins ran across the pillows on her white sofa. They danced in the paintings on her walls. In the bathroom, penguins stared through her clear shower curtain, and in her bedroom, they decorated the sheets.

“I am not obsessed,” she said the day she bought the tuxedo with the bright orange bow tie. “Penguins are my hobby.”

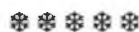
I believed her, I truly did, until that morning in early February when I walked into her house unannounced. All the windows were open and a thin layer of ice covered the water in the bathtub. I found her in the basement, next to the pool, wearing her tuxedo. Two penguins floated in the water. I didn’t get close enough to see if they were breathing.

“Aren’t they wonderful?” she asked.



My family has a history of mental illness – the normal kind. You know what I mean: my great uncle shot his girlfriend for dating another man; my preacher grandfather, in his old age, took to calling everyone “Tim” and saying that God was a hoax, and my mother at the age of seventy-five faked hearing loss so that she would never have to participate in a conversation again. I expected that when I closed the real estate office and retired in ten or fifteen years, I would be allowed my own quirks.

I never expected my daughter to become the family eccentric – at least, not before I had my chance.



Beth hadn’t bought her tuxedo yet when I took her to the first psychiatrist. She liked him. He was a dapper man with black skin and white hair. She convinced him to wear black suits with white shirts and spats.

After she had seen him three times, I asked for a special meeting with him. He sat behind his desk, stuck a pipe in his mouth and crossed his legs. “Your daughter is a thirty-four year-old woman,” he said. “She thinks you are treating her like a child.”

“She fills her house with penguins!”

The smoke from his pipe curled lazily around his head, forming a halo. Through it, I could see his book shelf: **The Psychiatrist as Confessor; Love, Life, and Mental Health in a World of Death.** “Do you have a hobby?” he asked.

“Yes, but – ”

“No ‘buts.’ I’m asking about you.” His voice was soft, soothing. I could imagine myself lying on his couch, telling him about that afternoon with my secretary, Shirley.

“I golf a little, bowl during the winter.”

He nodded sagely. “And I suppose you have bowling shoes, golf shoes, bowling shirts, knickers, a bowling ball, golf clubs, books on ways to improve your swing – ”

“Yes, but – ”



---

“No ‘buts.’ Give it time. Your daughter’s interest in penguins will switch, become something else, perhaps something a little more acceptable.” He smiled and I felt, for the first time, reassured. He stood up and reached his right hand across the table. “I wish all parents took such an interest in their children.”

“She is all I have,” I said.

His eyebrows raised, his pipe stopped slouching against his mouth. “Perhaps you would like to discuss that sometime.”

He made it sound as if I was wrong to love my daughter. I wanted him to understand that I was the normal one, not Beth, but I knew that saying anything like that would seem defensive. “Perhaps,” I said, and let myself out. On the way through the waiting room, I noticed the picture. Someone had framed a *National Geographic* cover and hung it on the wall near the door. The cover showed a rock beach extending for miles. Along the beach stood penguins. The brown fuzzy ones blended into the rock, but the large ones – the black and white king penguins with their webbed feet and orange markings – dominated the picture.

I shuddered and stepped outside.



Even as a child. Beth was strange. She had imaginary friends. Not one, but five. She used to draw them in exquisite detail so that my wife and I would recognize them if they ever appeared. My wife thought it cute – evidence of a vivid imagination. Children had blankets and stuffed animals, Tonka toys and Barbie Dolls. They outgrew each phase. Yet the imaginary friends never left. When she was sixteen, they guarded her bed: five tall long-haired boys, wearing leather and metal spikes on their wrists. I complained once. She laughed and kissed my cheek. “Oh, Daddy,” she said. “You always let appearances deceive you.”



The swimming pool seemed like a sensible move. She worked all day doing graphics design in a tiny office on the edge of town. Since the age of 28, she had a small roll of fat around her thighs, like her mother had at the same age. I thought Beth was going to use the pool to trim up – and she did. Often I would come over after work, more when her mother died, to find Beth in a black and white maillot suit, hair streaked back, beads of water shining on her skin.

“You really should come down and see the pool,” she would say. “My friends like it a lot.”

I had seen the pool the day the contractors had finished installing it. I had no desire to see it again. “I’m sure they do, dear,” I would say, patting her arm, and then we would talk about other things.

Little did I suspect then that the friends had webbed feet and orange bills.



“Our Bethany is different,” my wife used to say. “She is the only person I have ever met who happens to be a real artist.”



The second psychiatrist called me into her office after her first meeting with Beth. The office was in a building I had sold for 1.2 million dollars. The psychiatrist decorated the room with white

---

sectionals and glass tables. As I sat down on the soft canvas couch. I decided that she looked like Snow White – hair black as ebony and skin so pale that it was almost translucent. I had read Snow White to Beth as a child. It was filled with fantasies and a black-and-white motif. Perhaps the problems had started there...

“I think I can only help your daughter by being blunt, Mr. Myers,” she said.

I nodded. Finally, someone who agreed with me and would work with Beth.

“I don’t like what you are doing to Beth.”

My body became rigid, my eyes focused on the psychiatrist’s translucent face.

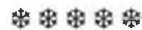
“You sell similar homes to people with similar profiles, expecting them all to furnish the places with mass-produced couches from Sears. You live your life as your parents lived theirs, looking about your little world and proclaiming it good, setting yourself as the arbiter of normality. Your daughter frightens you because she is different.”

“This obsession with penguins – ”

“Is rather creative, I think.” She set down a tiny statue that she had been holding in her left hand. It was black and white with a touch of orange. I could see the arch of the back, the curve of the beak. “Have you any questions for me?”

I had a thousand, but she would think them too normal, too middle-class. And I could stare at the penguin on the desk no longer.

“Thank you for your time.” I said, and stood up.



The first penguin appeared as a sketch on Bethany’s dorm room wall. I asked about it one Thursday night when my wife and I arrived to take Beth out for her weekly dinner.

“It’s a prototype for my design class,” she said. At my blank gaze, she smiled. “You know, Daddy, a model.”

I didn’t know, but I thought it wouldn’t matter. Design classes would go the way of Barbie dolls once she met Mr. Right. Then she would be an even better wife and mother than her own mother was.

But Mr. Right never showed up. And the penguins stayed.



I thought of all of this as I stood in that frigid house, watching the penguins make little eddies in the pale blue water. Bethany sat on a chaise lounge, her tuxedo draped along the side, holding a glass of wine. My hands were shaking. How does a man commit his own daughter, admit to his friends and family that he was a failure as a loving father? A loving father would have thrown out the invisible friends, insisted on a home economics major, brought nice, suitable, available boys to those weekly dinners so many years ago.

“It’s cold in here, honey,” I said.

“Want some wine, Daddy?” she asked. “I’m celebrating.”

---

The room smelled of chlorine and wet polyester. The creatures in the pool made little clicking sounds with their bills. I could see nothing to celebrate.

“What’s the occasion?”

“The contract with Mattel. They’re buying the patent on the penguins and they’ve offered me a job. \$50,000 to start. I’ll have to relocate, but it’s only about thirty miles away – ”

I walked around her to the plastic table, picked up the wine bottle, and poured myself a glass. The wine was white and rich. I gulped the contents and felt the alcohol tingle against the back of my throat.

“Daddy?” she asked.

I set the glass down. “What do they want with live penguins?”

She laughed, that same laugh she had used at the age of 16 when I criticized her imaginary friends. “They’re not alive. Watch.” She picked up a small television remote control and pressed a button. One of the penguins bobbed along the surface, waddled up the side stairs and onto the tile. When he was out of the water, he shook himself off, spraying me and Bethany with icy droplets. Then she took her hand away from the remote, and the penguin froze in place.

“Look at him,” she said.

I approached the creature cautiously. I had read, in Beth’s books, that penguins were well over three feet tall, but this little fellow barely reached my knees. “Does it bite?” I asked.

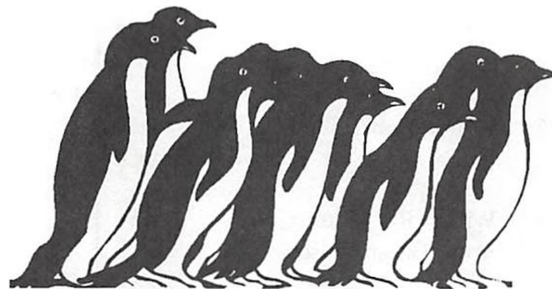
“Daddy, he’s a machine.”

I stepped around him. Sure enough. the eyes were glass, the fur fake and waterproof. Along the side, I saw seams. “This is why you were interested in penguins?”

She smiled. “I always said they were my hobby, Dad.”

I nodded, reassessing. Penguins as a hobby. Penguins as a toy. Beth was still a little odd, but she was working her way back to normal all on her own, well before it became time for me to choose my own eccentricities.

“I’m proud of you, honey,” I said.





## Past Lunacons

Year	Date	Guest(s) of Honor	Attendance	Year	Date	Guest(s) of Honor	Attendance
1957	May 12		65	1981	March 20-22	Writer: James White Artist: Jack Gaughan	875
1958	April 13	Frank R. Paul	85	1982	March 19-21	Writer: Fred Saberhagen Artist: John Schoenherr Fan: Steve Stiles	1,100
1959	April 12	Lester Del Rey	80	1983	March 18-20	Writer: Anne McCaffrey Artist: Barbi Johnson Fan: Don & Elsie Wollheim	1,500
1960	April 10	Ed Emsch	75	1984	March 16-18	Writer: Terry Carr Artist: Tom Kidd Fan: Cy Chauvin	1,400
1961	April 9	Willy Ley	105	1985	March 15-17	Writer: Gordon R. Dickson Artist: Don Maitz Fan: Curt Clemmer, D.I.	800
1962	April 29	Frederik Pohl	105	1986	March 7-9	Writer: Marta Randall Artist: Dawn Wilson Fan: Art Saha Special Guest: Madeline L'Engle	1,100
1963	April 21	Judith Merrill	115	1987	March 20-22	Writer: Jack Williamson Artist: Darrell Sweet Fan: Jack Chalker Toastrmaster: Mike Resnick	1,200
1964	NO LUNACON - NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR			1988	March 11-13	Writer: Harry Harrison Artist: N. Taylor Blanchard Fan: Pat Mueller Toastrmaster: Wilson Tucker	1,250
1965	April 24	Hal Clement	135	1989	March 10-12	Writer: Roger Zelazny Artist: Ron Walotsky Fan: David Kyle Editor: David Hartwell	1,450
1966	April 16-17	Isaac Asimov	235	1990	March 16-18	Writer: Katherine Kurtz Artist: Thomas Canty Publisher: Tom Doherty	1,500
1967	April 29-30	James Blish	275	1991	March 8-10	Writer: John Brunner Artist: Frank Kelly Freas Fan: Harry Stubbs Publishers: Ian & Betty Ballantine Science: Prof. Gerald Feinberg	1,350
1968	April 20-21	Donald A. Wollheim	410	1992	March 20-22	Writer: Samuel R. Delany Artist: Paul Lehr Fan: Jon Singer Special Guest: Kristine Kathryn Rusch Featured Filkers: Bill & Brenda Sutton	????
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	1,200				
1973	April 20-22	Harlan Ellison	1,600				
1974	April 12-14	Forrest J. Ackerman	1,400				
1975	April 18-20	Brian Aldiss	1,100				
1976	April 9-11	Amazing/Fantastic Magazines	1,000				
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 Di Fate	750				

# New from DAW Books!

## PHOENIX FIRE by Elizabeth Forrest

As the legendary Phoenix awoke, so, too, did an ancient Chinese demon—and Los Angeles was destined to become the final battleground in their millenia-old war. And as earthquake and fire start to take their toll on the mortal world, four desperate people begin to suspect the terror that is about to engulf mankind.

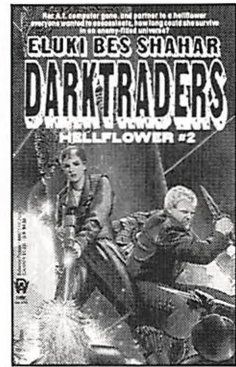
0-88677-515-9 Fantasy/Original \$4.99 (\$5.99 in Canada) Mar. '92



## DARKTRADERS (Hellflower #2) by Eluki bes Shahar

With her former partner Paladin—the death-to-possess Old Federation artificial intelligence—gone, Butterfly had no one to back her up when she discovered that Tiggy—the young hellflower lord she'd sworn to protect—would be one dead hellflower if left alone among his "loving" kinfolk for any length of time....

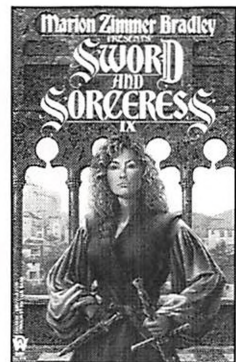
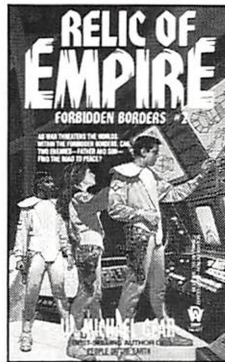
0-88677-507-8 SF/Original \$4.50 (\$5.99 in Canada) Mar. '92



## RELIC OF EMPIRE (Forbidden Borders #2) by W. Michael Gear

The long-dreaded final war between Rega and Sassa, the last surviving empires, has begun. To compel the Lord Commander of the galaxy's top mercenaries to fight for them, the Regans kidnap his second-in-command, the woman he loves—forcing him to choose between her life and the possible end of his universe.

0-88677-492-6 SF/Original \$5.99 (\$6.99 in Canada) Apr. '92



## SWORD AND SORCERESS IX edited by Marion Zimmer Bradley

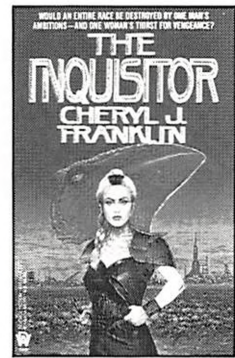
With blades honed and spells brewed, once again, women of power—whether trained in the ways of the warrior or in the deepest secrets of sorcery—rally together to stand against those who seek to conquer and enslave in this all-original anthology of works by fantasy's most visionary writers.

0-88677-509-4 Fantasy/Original \$4.50 (\$5.99 in Canada) Apr. '92

## DRAGON FANTASTIC edited by Rosalind M. Greenberg and Martin H. Greenberg

All-new tales of dragons, the most magical creatures in the realms of fantasy—including: a virtual reality dragon hired to keep burglars at bay... a once-a-century get-together of the winged destroyers who continue to secretly wreak havoc on the human world... and an antique dealer with a history far more incredible than anything he offers for sale....

0-88677-511-6 Fantasy/Original \$4.99 (\$5.99 in Canada) May '92



## THE INQUISITOR by Cheryl J. Franklin

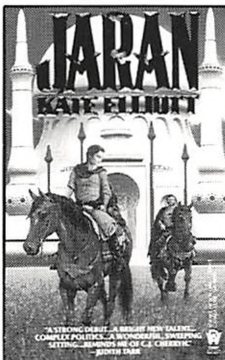
On a far-off planet, the fugitive murderer Birk had built himself a new identity and a new empire. Yet neither his own safeguards nor the unexpected presence of an Inquisitor, the highest judge and enforcer within the Consortium-governed worlds, would keep vengeance from striking. And unless the Inquisitor could halt the vendetta, the entire planet might be destroyed.

0-88677-514-4/ORIGINAL SF/Original \$5.99 (\$6.99 in Canada) May '92

## JARAN by Kate Elliott

Here is the poignant and powerful story of a young woman's coming of age on an alien world, a woman who is both player and pawn in an interstellar game of intrigue and politics, where the prize to be gained may be freedom for humankind from long-standing domination by their alien conquerors.

0-88677-513-2/ORIGINAL SF/Original \$4.99 (\$5.99 in Canada) Jun. '92



## WILDFIRE (Wild Magic #2) by Jo Clayton

Forever separated from home and family, young Faan embarks upon a difficult and daring search to find her true mother—a sorceress who lies bespelled in sleep on a faraway isle. And Faan, not yet fully in command of her own still-growing magical talents, finds herself once again embroiled in the deadly sorcerous battles of the gods and wizards who seek to control her world.

0-88677-514-0 Fantasy/Original \$4.99 (\$5.99 in Canada) Jun. '92



**DAW Books, Inc.**

For our complete Catalog listing hundreds of DAW titles in print, please write:  
Elsie B. Wollheim, DAW Books, Inc.  
375 Hudson Street, New York, NY 10014

Distributed by PENGUIN USA



