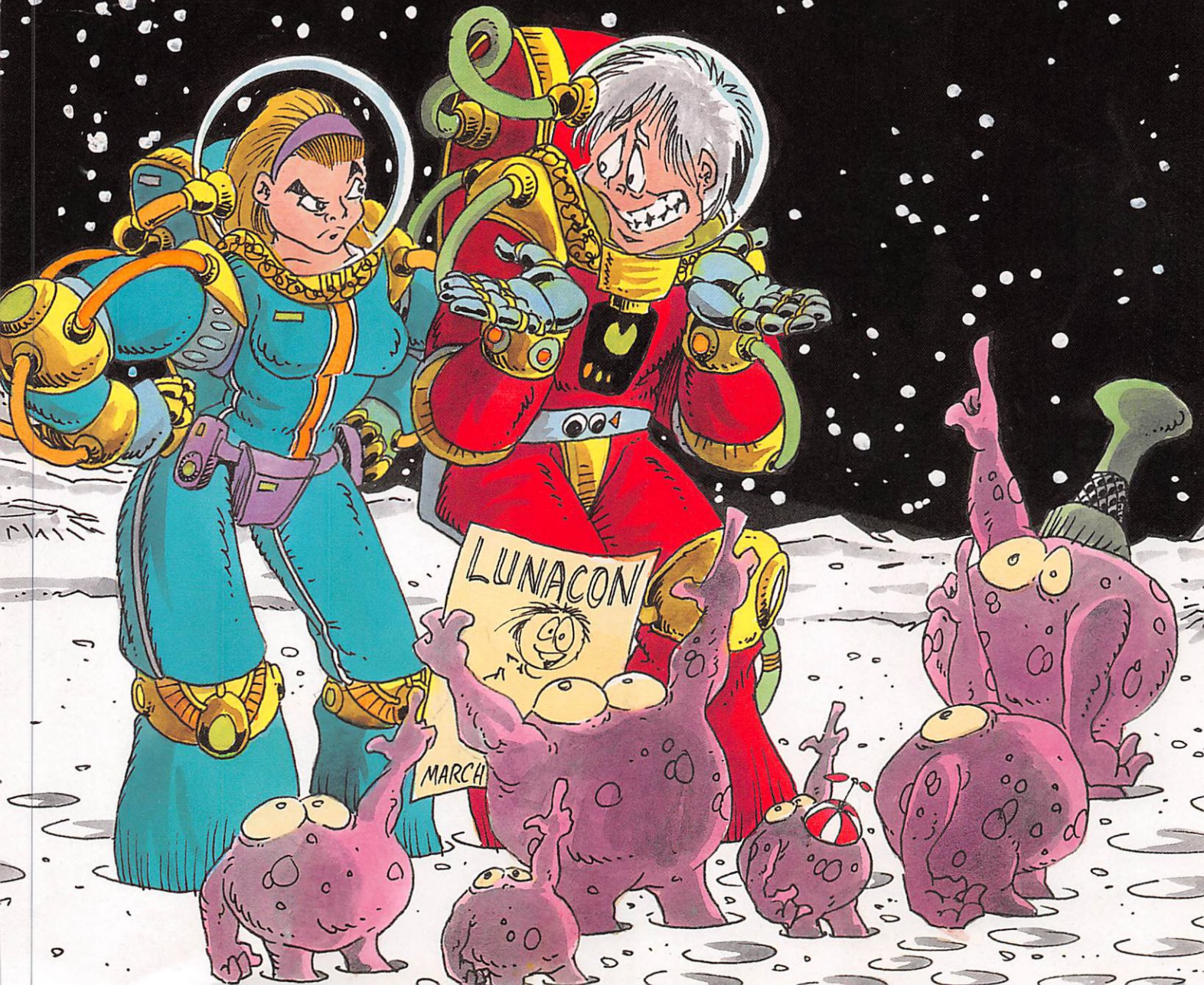
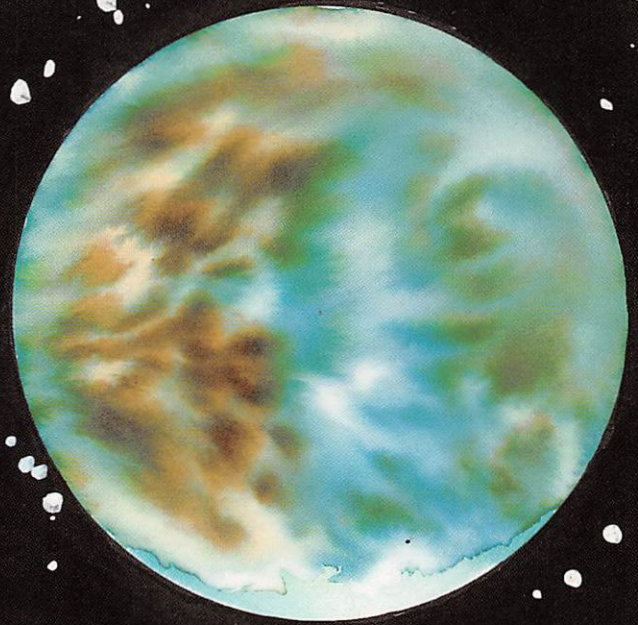


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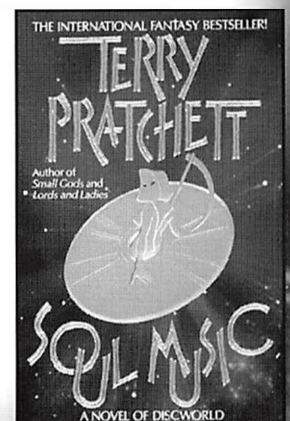
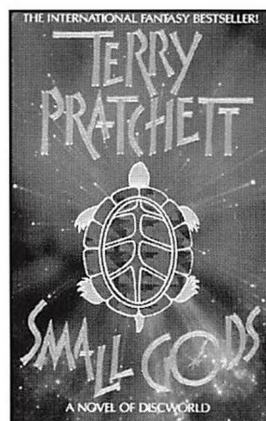
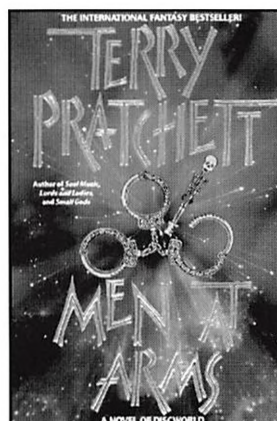
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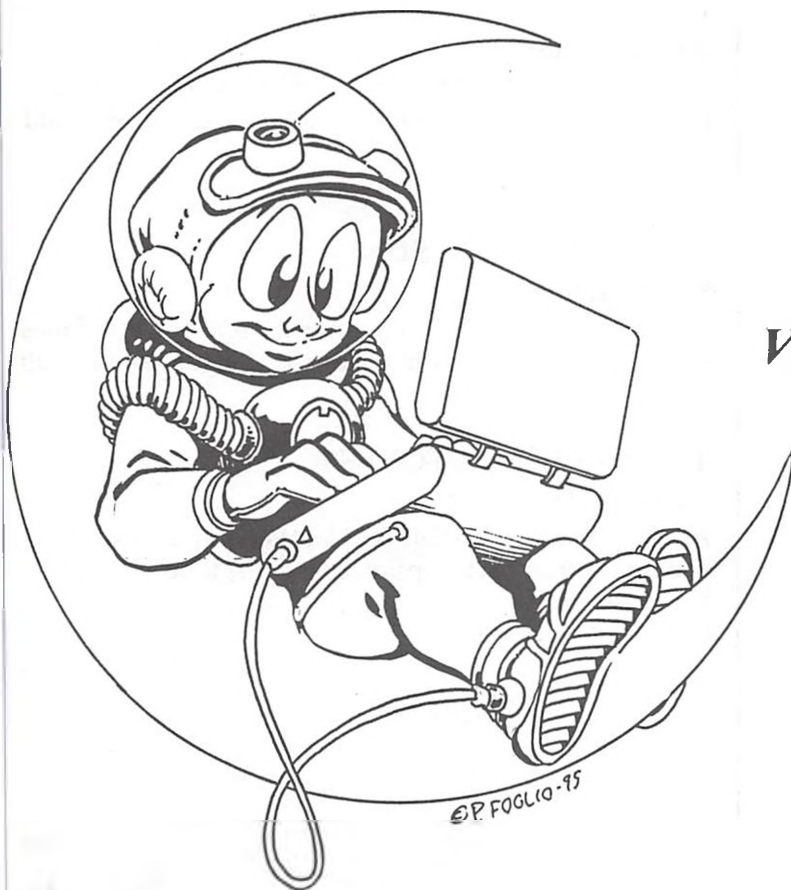
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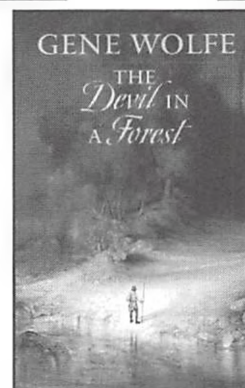
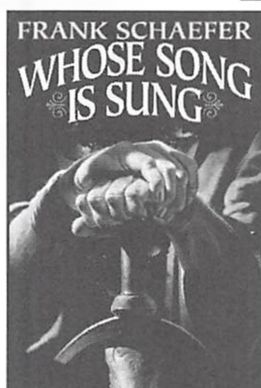
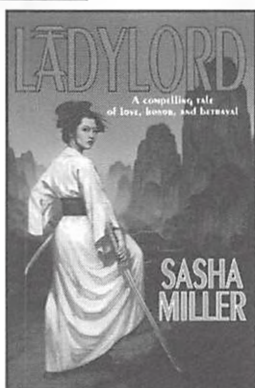
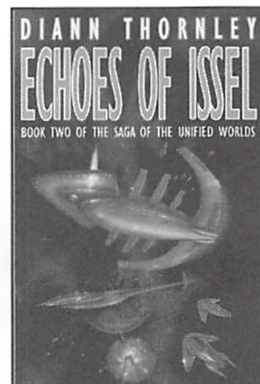
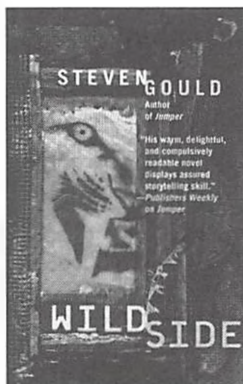
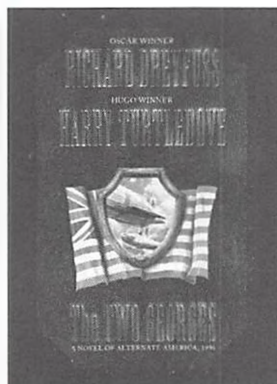
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Message From the Chairdonewitz

Message? Who has time?

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 '96 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 any open party – 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.

Please Note: All Convention activities and all parties will be closing at 3 am so that we can all get some much needed rest.

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 appreciation and thanks to the following people and organizations without whose assistance Lunacon '96 would not have been possible: our Guests of Honor, the Rye Town Hilton, the many contributors to this book, Lissanne Lake, Tom Kidd, Mapleton Printing and Offset, Science Press, Jeff Hicks, Sondra Lehman, Irv Kershen, the publishers and others who have so generously supported our Book Exhibit and Raffle (and the Lunarians' Donald A. Wollheim Memorial Scholarship Fund), Panix, Net Access, David Blumenstein and Michael Israeli for assistance with the Internet Room, Alan Zimmerman of the Science Fiction, Mysteries & More! bookstore, Cthulhu, Brian Burley, certain office machinery that (understandably) insisted on anonymity, our fellow Committee members, and a special thank you to our hardworking Volunteer Staff.

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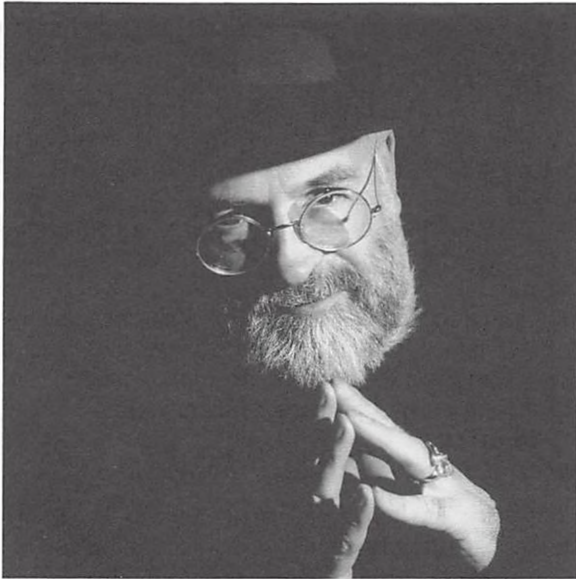
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Terry Pratchett

by Stephen Briggs



You ought to know the following things about Terry Pratchett:

Firstly, he does not have a speech impediment. He is English. That's how we *all* talk!

Secondly, he has a very bad memory for names. That's why he likes conventions, where everyone wears badges!

Thirdly, he really does make mental notes – all the time. About the sound of laughter, possibly yours. About people he's seen, possibly you. You may notice a small grey plastic box about his person. This undoubtedly contains the text of whatever book he's working on right now – and he is always working on a book.

Terry is Britain's best selling fantasy writer. One-fifth of all sf and fantasy sold in the country is written by him. He is one of those lucky writers who have a readership extending well beyond the confines of his genre. His books, which turn up at the rate of two a year, make the top five in the *general* best seller lists as a matter of course – many of them get to number one. He has twice been shortlisted as Author of the Year and his 'young adult' book *Johnny & the Dead* was voted Children's Book of 1993 by the Writers' Guild. In the UK alone, his backlist sales are 100,000 copies a month.

He is best known for his *Discworld* books, which on the surface seem to be a lightweight examination of the clichés of the classic fantasy universe. It is hard to distil the secret of the *Discworld*. The books are funny. The early ones are simply funny, containing everything from subtle wordplay to unashamedly antique jokes. As the series progresses, the

stories become more complex. The humour is still there, but so are a lot of other things, such as loss, love and Death.

The world itself is absurd. A flat planet carried through space on the backs of four huge elephants who themselves stand on the back of a cosmically large turtle. The mechanics of the world don't feature much in the books. After the first two or three they are about people – even if those people are not always human. Or alive.

There are certain themes. There is a certain quiet optimism. If there is a struggle, the good win – but not easily and often at some cost. There is a dislike of coercion of people. There's a frequent theme that what people are doing does not always define what they are. As Granny Weatherwax, the *Discworld's* premier witch, might say: "Where people stand doesn't matter as much as which way they face." These are simple enough messages and they echo the folk and fairy tales at which Terry often takes a fresh and sideways look.

The series has now generated 18 books (er, 19 with the *Companion!*), three graphic novels, two maps, a series of audio tapes, a computer game, gaming figures – oh, and a range of t-shirts, badges and neckwear. Terry also receives requests from amateur drama clubs wishing to stage the *Discworld* in Britain, Australia, Latvia – even the US of A. Indeed, four adaptations are being published in Britain later this year. There is also a Pratchett conference on the Internet and a burgeoning fan club, based in Britain.

Perhaps unusually for a best-selling author, he genuinely does like to meet his readers. He engages in gruelling signing tours, where queues of readers stretch out of the store and around the block and where the sheer numbers of books to be signed mean that he occasionally has to resort to a surgical wrist support to prevent his signing hand from dropping off!

Terry wanders through it all amicably. You'll get a distinct impression that he doesn't take it seriously, which is halfway true. He takes the heart of the books seriously. Everything else is fun.

For someone who is apparently so gregarious he seems very good at keeping his private life private, although it may be that he doesn't have one. He lives in Wiltshire in Southern England. He is married, with one wife (Lyn) and one daughter (Rhianna). He is known to like Jim Steinman, computer games and America, which he thinks is a giant film set put together by the rest of the world to act out its fantasies. ■

Stephen Briggs is the author, with Terry Pratchett, of The Discworld Companion and the Ankh-Morpork & Discworld maps.

The Unseen University Challenge

by David Langford

Fortunately Terry Pratchett is a marvellously re-readable writer ... otherwise I would have died of brain rot while reading (for the umpteenth time) just about everything he's published while compiling the **Discworld** quizbook, *The Unseen University Challenge*. I think the publishers, Gollancz, will poke me quite hard with a sharp stick if I reveal any of the actual questions¹, but here's a sneak preview of the book's introduction. Not the superb introduction by Terry himself, just the miserable preface by unimportant me.

The examination papers of the wizards' college Unseen University, chief centre of occult learning on Terry Pratchett's **Discworld**, are like no others in the multiverse. For example, owing to wizardly perceptions of alternate-dimensioned space, it is necessary to caution candidates to write on no more than three sides of the paper – or fewer than the square root of minus one. Bilocation, clairvoyance and spells of temporal stasis are strictly prohibited in the examination hall.² Advanced questions in magical theory may, if improperly tackled, reduce candidates to small pink lizards. (This may count as a 'fail' mark.) And so on.

Since Unseen University guards its papers closely and our publishers mysteriously object to the transformation of readers into lizards,³ we have had to adjust the scope of this quizbook slightly. A few general notes and tips ... *please read them all before you plunge into the book.*

- It would be madness or at least very, very silly to tackle the following quiz papers without a fair knowledge of Terry Pratchett's works, in particular the **Discworld** series from *The Colour of Magic* (1983) to *Maskerade* (1995). New readers are warned that a few answers may reveal plot points they would rather not know prior to reading the books ... though there shouldn't be anything quite as crude as, 'In *Men at Arms*, it was the butler what done it.'

- It is also useful to know something about the universe in general, since one of the pleasures of **Discworld** is its huge range of buried jokes and sly allusions. Peter Cook's words should be an example to us all: 'I am very interested in the universe. I am specializing in the universe and all that surrounds it.'

- At this point we flick our fingers derisively at certain **Discworld** readers who have never quite grasped that allusion, cross-reference, in-jokes and homage are ancient and much-appreciated literary traditions. After laboriously tracing some connection – for example, that the very name of Unseen University is a tip of the hat to the 'Invisible College' of the Rosicrucians – 'So Terry Pratchett just stole it?' We cannot be having with this attitude. The quiz papers which invite you to spot connections are celebrations of erudite fun, not dark hints of plagiarism. More about this in one of the **Answers** sections.

- The Archchancellor wishes it noted that the **Faculty** names at the heads of the papers⁴ may not all correspond to actual Unseen courses. Some of them may be taught only in Room 3B.

- Candidates should not turn over both sides of the paper at once. Er, that is, you are on your honour not to turn the

pages too fast, since for convenience (hunting around in the back of the book is so fiddly) each **Answers** section is just overleaf from its quiz paper.

- Marks are awarded as indicated in the **Answers** – normally one mark per correctly answered question, but with exceptions to confuse and annoy you. You may adjust your marks retrospectively on the basis that you had it on the tip of your tongue all the time really, provided you feel a tiny bit ashamed for doing so. In particular, be generous to yourself when the answer is a minor character's name: even Terry Pratchett can't remember the names of all the extras on the great stage of **Discworld**. So, for example: 'Er, that wizard guy in *Mort*, tip of my tongue, started with C, kept sitting on pizzas, I know I know this one ...' is an entirely plausible substitute for 'Igneous Cutwell'.

- For occasions when you're completely foxed, we have at colossal expense provided a **Hints** section disguised as the **Faculty of Musicology**⁵ quiz on page (er, um). This can be considered as the equivalent of using magical techniques like scrying to help do an exam paper. Unseen University reckons that anyone skilled enough in magic to do this probably deserves to pass, despite being an irritatingly clever bugger.

- Candidates are warned not to attempt too many questions in any given session. Overdoing it may harm the brain – leaving you to be found in the morning with a gruesomely empty skull, still clutching a book that has dribbled slightly at the binding and seems strangely ... fatter. This is a fearful cliché to be avoided at all costs.

- Omniscience is frowned on. (The Gods are notoriously stropky about demarcation issues.) If you are effortlessly able to answer every single question without even checking references in **Discworld** books, there's likely to be something seriously wrong with the quality of your life.

Now turn over your question papers and begin. ■

¹ 'A wizard's staff has a *what* on the end?'

² And don't think the invigilator can't see that copy of *The Discworld Companion* in your pocket.

³ Because lizards don't buy books.

⁴ E.g. the 'Faculty of Thanatology' paper has questions about that chap who SPEAKS IN HOLLOW CAPITALS, and 'Faculty of Parvorectology' is believed to allude tactfully to dwarfs.

⁵ The explanation of this Faculty title goes: 'The Faculty of Musicology tuition is given by an external lecturer: Ankh-Morpork's noted entrepreneur C.M.O.T. Dibbler, who, though slightly hazy regarding rhythm and melody, knows absolutely everything about being on the fiddle.'

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You'd Better Watch Out

by Terry Pratchett

These are a couple of excerpts from work on progress on a new **Discworld** novel. Death has always been a popular character, and I thought maybe I should give him an extra job ...

It was the night before Hogswatch, and all through the house ...
... one creature stirred. It was a mouse.

And someone had baited a trap. Because it was the festive season they'd used a piece of pork rind. The smell of it had been driving the mouse mad all day but now, with all the family tucked up, it was prepared to risk it.

The mouse didn't know it was a trap. Mice aren't good at passing on information. Young mice aren't taken up to famous trap sites and told "this is where your Uncle Arthur passed away." All it knew was that, hey, here was something to eat. On a wooden board with some wire round it.

A brief scurry later and its jaw has closed on the bacon.

Or, rather, passed through it.

The mouse looked around at what was now lying under the big spring, and thought "Oops..."

Then its gaze went up the black-clad figure that had faded into view by the wainscoting.

"Squeak?" it asked.

SQUEAK, said the Death of Rats.

And that more or less wrapped it up.

The Death of Rats looked around with interest. In the nature of things his very important job tended to take him to brickyards and dark cellars and little dark holes where rats and mice finally found out if there was a Promised Cheese. This was different. This was a large room, and very well furnished.

And decorated, too. Ivy and mistletoe hung in bunches from the bookshelves. Brightly coloured streamers festooned the walls.

The Death of Rats took a leap onto a chair and from there onto the table, on which was a small glass of amber liquid, four turnips and a note written rather awkwardly on pink writing paper.

It read:

Dere Hogfather,

For Hogswatch I would like a drum an a dolly an a teddy bear an a Gharstley Omnian Inquisition Torchure Chamber with Wind-up Rack and Nearly Real Blud You Can Use Agian, you can get it from the toyshoppe in

Short Strete, it is \$5.99p. I have been good an here is a glars of wiskey an a pork pie for you and turnips for Gouger an Tusker an Rooter an Snot Snouter. I hop the chimney is big enough but my friend Willaim says you are your father really.

Yrs. Virginia Prood.

The Death of Rats nibbled a bit of the pork pie because when you are the personification of the death of small rodents you have to behave in certain ways. He also piddled on one of the turnips for the same reason, although only metaphorically, because when you are a small skeleton in a black robe there are also some things you technically cannot do.

He leapt down from the table and pattered over to the tree that stood in a pot in the corner. It was really only a bare branch of oak, but so much holly and mistletoe had been wired onto it that it gleamed in the light of the candles.

There was tinsel on it, and glittering ornaments, and small bags of chocolate money.

The Death of Rats peered at his hugely distorted reflection in a glass ball, and then looked up at the mantelpiece.

He reached it in one jump, and ambled curiously through the cards that had been ranged along it. His grey whiskers twitched at messages like 'Wifhing you Joye and all Goode Cheer at Hogwatchtime and All Through The Yeaere'. A couple of them had pictures of a big jolly fat man carrying a sack. In one of them, he was riding in a sledge drawn by four enormous pigs.

The Death of Rats sniffed at a couple of long stockings that had been hung from the mantelpiece, over the fireplace in which a fire had died down to a few sullen ashes.

He was not a thinker by nature. Rats aren't. But he was aware of a subtle tension in the air, a feeling that here was a scene that was also a stage, a round hole, as it were, waiting for a round peg-

There was a scraping noise. A few lumps of soot thumped into the ashes.

The Grim Squeaker nodded to himself.

The scraping became louder, and was followed by a moment of silence and then a clang as something landed in the ashes and knocked over the poker.

The rat watched with interest as a red-robed figure pulled itself up right and staggered across the hearthrug, rubbing its shin where it had been caught by the toasting fork.

It reached the table and read the note. The Death of Rats thought he heard a groan.

The turnips were pocketed and so, to the Death of Rats' annoyance, was the pork pie. He was pretty sure it was meant to be eaten here, not taken away.

The whisky, however, was downed in one gulp.

The figure turned around and, swaying slightly, approached the mantelpiece. The Death of Rats pulled back slightly behind 'Seafon's Greetings!'

A red-gloved hand took down a stocking. There was some creaking and rustling and it was replaced, looking a lot fatter – the larger box sticking out of the top had, just visible, the words 'Victim Figures Not Included. 3-10 yrs.'

The Death of Rats couldn't see much of the donor of this munificence. The big red hood hid all the face, apart for a long white beard.

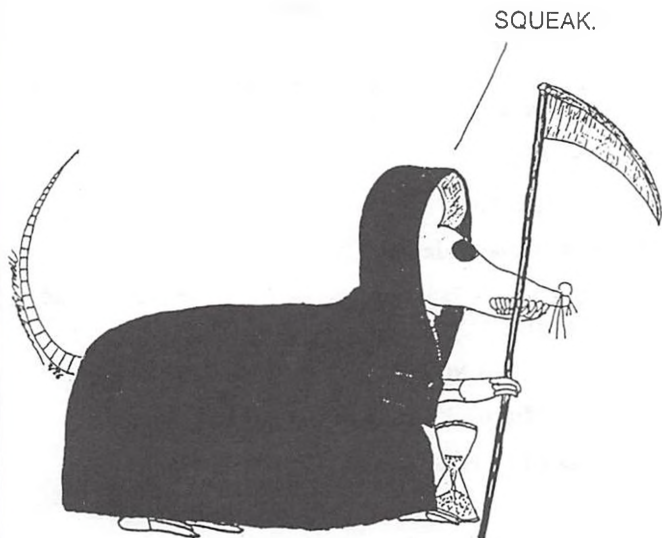
Finally, when the figure finished, it stood back and pulled a list out of its pocket. It held it up to the hood and appeared to be consulting it. It waved its other hand vaguely at the fireplace, the empty whisky glass and the stocking. Then it bend forward, as if reading some tiny print.

AH, YES, it said. ER ... HO. HO. HO.

With that, it ducked down and entered the chimney. There was some scabbling before its boots gained a purchase, and then it was gone.

...

The Death of Rats realised he'd bitten deeply into his scythe's handle in sheer shock.



SQUEAK?

He landed in the ashes and swarmed up the sooty cave of the chimney, emerging so fast that he landed in the snow on the roof.

There was a sledge hovering in the air by the gutter. The figure had already taken a seat behind the piles of sack and had gathered up the reins.

UP, GOUGER! UP, ROOTER! UP, TUSKER! UP, SNOOTER! GIDDYUP!

The four large boars harnessed to the sledge did not move.

WHY DOESN'T THAT WORK? said the red hooded figure in a puzzled, heavy voice.

"Beats me, master," said a voice from somewhere among the sacks.

IT WORKS ON HORSES.

"You could try 'Pig-hooey!'"

PIG-HOOEY! NO ... DOESN'T SEEM TO REACH THEM.

There was some whispering.

REALLY? YOU THINK THAT WOULD WORK?

"It'd work on me if I was a pig, master."

VERY WELL, THEN.

The figure gathered up the reins again.

APPLESAUCE!

The pigs' legs blurred. Silver light flicked across them, exploded outwards, dwindled to a dot – and vanished.

SQUEAK?

The rat skipped across the snow, slid down a drainpipe and landed in the roof of a shed.

There was a raven perched there. It was staring disconsolately at nothing very much.

SQUEAK!

"Look at that, willya?" said the raven rhetorically. It waved a claw at a bird table in the garden below. "Half a bloody coconut, a lump of bacon rind, a handful of peanuts in a bit of wire and they think they're the gods' gift to the nat'ral world. Huh. Do I see eyeballs? Do I see entrails? I think *not*. Most intelligent bird in the temperate latitudes an' I gets the cold shoulder just because I can't hang upside and go twit, twit. Look at robins, now. Stropy little evil buggers, fight like demons, but all they got to do is go bob-bob-bobbing along and they can't move for breadcrumbs. Whereas me myself can recite poems and repeat many hum'rous phrases--"

SQUEAK!

"Yes? What?"

The Death of Rats pointed at the roof and then at the sky and jumped up and down excitedly. The raven swivelled one up upwards.

"Oh, yes. *Him*," he said. "Turns up at this time of year. Tends to be associated distantly with robins, which--"

SQUEAK! SQEE IK IK IK! The Death of Rats pantomimed a figure landing in a grate and walking around a room. SQUEAK EEK IK IK, SQUEAK 'HEEK HEEK HEEK!' IK IK SQUEAK!

"Been overdoing the Hogswatch cheer, have you? Been rootling around in the brandy butter?"

SQUEAK?

The raven's eyes revolved.

"Look, Death's *Death*. It's a full time job, right? It's not as though you can run, like, a window cleaning round on the side or nip around after work to cutting people's lawns--"

SQUEAK!

"Oh, please yourself."

The raven crouched a little to allow the tiny figure to hop onto its back, and then lumbered into the air.

"Of course, they can go mental," it said, as it swooped over the moonlit garden. "Look at Old Man Trouble, for one--"

SQUEAK.

"Oh, I'm not suggesting--"

• • •

The sledge soared onwards through time and space.

I'M FINDING THE BEARD A BIT OF A TRIAL, said Death.

"Got to have the beard," said a voice from among the sacks.

AND GOING DOWN THE CHIMNEY? WHERE'S THE SENSE IN THAT? I CAN JUST WALK THROUGH THE WALLS.

"Walking in through the walls is not right, neither," said the voice from the sacks.

I'VE NEVER HAD ANY COMPLAINTS, ALBERT.

A head thrust itself out from the sacks. It appeared to belong to the oldest, most unpleasant pixy in the universe. The fact that it was underneath a jolly little green hat with a bell on it did not, on the whole, do anything to improve matters.

It waved a crabbed hand containing a thick wad of letters, many of them on pastel coloured paper, often with bunnies and teddy bears on it, and written mostly in crayon.

"You reckon these little buggers'd be writing to someone who walked through walls?" it said. "And the 'Ho, Ho, Ho' could use some work, if you don't mind me saying so."

Ho. Ho. Ho.

"No, no, *no!*" said Albert. "You got to put a bit of life in it, sir. It's got to be a big fat laugh. You got to ... you got to sound like you're pissing brandy and crapping plum pudding, sir, excuse my Klatchian."

REALLY? HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS?

"I was young once, sir. Hung up my stocking like a good boy every year. For to get it filled with toys. Mind you, in those days

basically it was sausages and black puddings. But you always got a pink sugar piglet in the toe. It wasn't a good Hogswatch unless you'd eaten so much you were sick as a pig, sir."

Death looked at the sacks.

It was a strange but demonstrable fact that the sacks of toys carried by the Hogfather always appeared to have sticking out of the top, no matter what their contents, a teddy bear, a toy soldier in the kind of colourful uniform that would stand out in a disco, a drum and a red-and-white candy cane. The actual contents always seemed to be something a bit garish and costing \$5.99.

Death had investigated one or two. There had been a Real Agatean Ninja, for example, with Fearsome Death Grip, and a Captain Carrot One Man Night Watch with a complete wardrobe of toy weapons, each of which cost as much as the original wooden doll in the first place.

Mind you, the stuff for the girls was just as depressing. It seemed to be nearly all horses. Most of them were grinning. Horses, in Death's experience, shouldn't grin.

He sighed again.

Then there was this business of deciding who'd been naughty or nice. He'd never had to think about that sort of thing before. Naughty or nice, it was ultimately all the same.

The pigs pulled up alongside another chimney.

"Here we are, here we are," said Albert. "James Riddle, aged eight. Down you go, sir."

Death looked panicky.

HOW WILL I BE ABLE TO DETERMINE IF HE'S BEEN NAUGHTY OR NICE?

"Did you check the List?"

YES. TWICE. ARE YOU SURE THAT'S ENOUGH?

"Definitely."

COULDN'T REALLY MAKE HEAD OR TAIL OF IT, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH. HOW CAN I TELL IF HE'S BEEN NICE, FOR EXAMPLE?

"Oh, well ... I don't know ... has he hung his clothes up, that sort of thing..."

AND IF HE HAS BEEN GOOD I MAY GIVE HIM THIS KLATCHIAN WAR CHARIOT WITH REAL SPINNING SWORD BLADES?

"That's right."

AND IF HE'S BAD?

Albert scratched his head.

"When I was a lad, you got a bag of bones. Good for soup, of course."

OH DEAR. AND NOW?

Albert held a package up to his ear and rustled it.

"Sounds like socks."

SOCKS.

"Could be a woolly vest."

OH DEAR, said Death. ■

Terry Pratchett – Bibliography

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The cessation of noting the US editions in the early '90s was caused by sheer depression at the way they were being produced. Everything up to *Lords and Ladies* has been published (although the publisher seems to think it's about a football team) and from *Small Gods* onwards they have been published by HarperCollins, although not in the order they were written and published in the UK.

The Truckers trilogy was published in the States under an imprint intended for seven-year-olds and promptly disappeared from view while hogging the UK children's list for two years. *Only You Can Save Mankind* and *Johnny and the Dead*, children's books again, haven't been published in the States having been declared 'too difficult' for American children. Yep, they were best sellers in the UK too. So keep buying those imports, folks.

– Terry Pratchett



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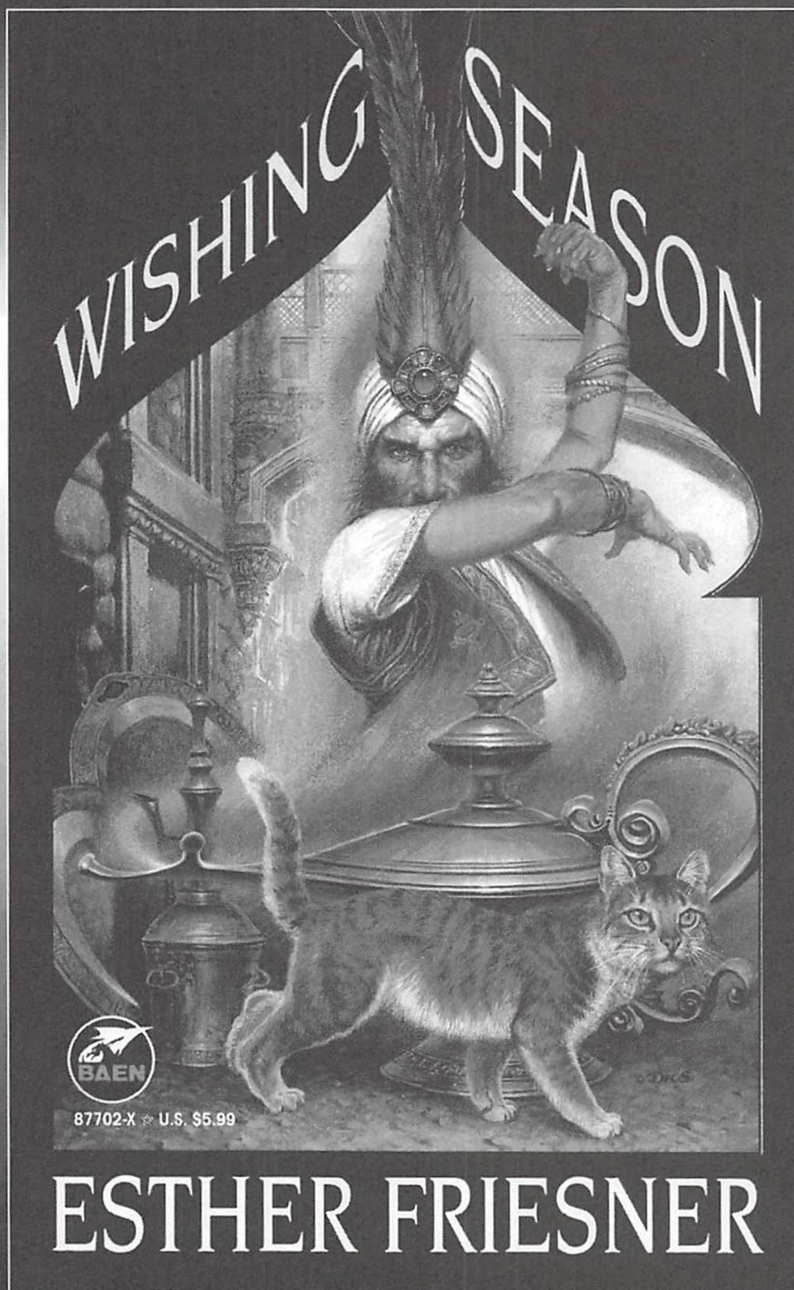
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—Sally Estes, *Booklist*

Esther Friesner

As perpetrated by Harry Turtledove

The rhetoric wars were heating up again, and the other side wheeled out the big guns. Fearsome, horrifying, terrible, overwrought, repetitive, redundant adjectives crashed in. They uninhibitedly, promiscuously, cold-bloodedly, demoniacally fired off their heaviest adverbs. Verbs roared, hammered, pounded, thundered, boomed, danced a buck-and-wing. Nouns: explosions, fire, smoke, mirrors, bushwah.

Me? All I had was a Mac Plus and an obsolescent word processing program. I dove for the nearest bunker.

Tough, grizzled Sergeant Concom had got there ahead of me. He looked at me with pity in his bloodshot eyes. "I hafta send you out again, kid," he said. "I hate to do it, but I got no choice."

"No, Sarge!" I grabbed his arm. "No! You don't know what it's like out there."

"Yeah, I do," he told me. "I been there before, remember." Smoke curled up from the cigarette that hung from the corner of his mouth. "You gotta take on the Friesner appreciation."

I'd known it was going to be tough. Up till that moment, I hadn't known how tough. The world reeled around me. "My God, Sarge! You don't know what you're asking."

Sergeant Concom was implacable. "Somebody's gonna do it, and it's gonna be you."

"Have mercy, Sarge! It's a suicide mission, nothing else but."

"Yeah?" he said, unimpressed. "Give me three good reasons why."

"She's younger than I am!"

"So? A lot of people are, these days."

"She's better-looking than I am!"

He didn't repeat himself. Small mercies.

I was in big trouble. I hit him with my best shot. "She's ... she's funnier than I am!"

No mercy there, none at all. "Over the top you go, kid."

And over the top I went.

And if that isn't sufficiently over the top, I don't know where to go from there. Esther Friesner, be it remembered, is one of the co-founders of the Cyberprep movement, which somehow didn't quite succeed in educating the science-fiction community on the multifarious virtues of pink and green. She is the lady



who has given the word "*Cheeble!*" to an unready world. (Well, the hamster part of the world is going "What took you so long, fergawdsakes?") but the rest of us are laggards, laggards – what can I tell you?)

She is the lady who is going to kill me, in color, in stereo, with Dolby noise reduction (to stop the neighbors from complaining), if I go on any longer about how funny she is.

When somebody who is sobersided tries to do comedy, the common result is a fireball the FAA comes to investigate. When somebody who is funny (and Esther *is* – don't let anybody, especially her, tell you otherwise) gets serious, what happens, surprisingly often and in her case very definitely, is damn fine serious work. Her recent novel *The*

Psalms of Herod, which was chosen to launch White Wolf's Borealis line of original fiction, is a serious, even a somber, examination of women's roles in society. Her short story, "Death and the Librarian" (on this year's preliminary Nebula ballot), is just what its title says it is, and beautifully written. Also on this year's preliminary Nebula ballot is "Jesus at the Bat," which is a big-league story about a Little League team.

As far as I can see, the only people with more range than Esther are O'Keefe and Merritt, and they don't write.

And she doesn't just write. She edits, too. Not only does she come up with titles like *Alien Pregnant by Elvis* and *Chicks in Chainmail*, she gets the stories she wants for them. For the latter, she was rash enough to want a story from me. Only problem was, I had not an idea in my head or concealed anywhere else about my person. When she called up to ~~broccoli~~ the wonder about this, I explained my predicament. Within five minutes on the phone with her, I found an idea (turned out I'd left it under the phone, and the call dislodged it), she came up with a killer title, and a week later I had a story.

My biggest complaint about her, in fact, is that I live on the Left Coast and she lives on the Right Coast, which, because it puts her so far from me, becomes the Wrong Coast as far as I'm concerned. That means my family and I don't get to see her and her family don't get to see her and her family nearly so often as I'd like if I had my druthers. Telephone and e-mail are all very well, but I'm sorry, you can't do pizza and beer electronically yet. Nobody has come up with a good virtual anchovy, and an impatient world wonders why.

On the other hand, I'm not sure that, even with virtual anchovies, the world would be ready for what came of her Anne Elizabeth and my Alison putting their heads together every day. Whatever they did, though, I suspect her son Michael could fix it. If he couldn't fix it, we'd all be in big trouble. Mm, no, maybe not even then, because odds are her husband Walter (a.k.a. W.J.) could.

Any which way, Esther is a dear friend, a splendid writer, and as fine a person as you'd ever want to meet. And since you're lucky enough to have the chance to meet her at Lunacon this year, you don't need to take my word for it. Go up and say hello. You'll be glad you did. ■



We're Looking For A Few Good Fen...

Little Loonie Wants You!

Formed in November 1956, the *New York Science Fiction Society - the Lunarians, Inc.*, a non-profit educational organization, is one of the New York Metropolitan area's oldest and largest science fiction and fantasy clubs, and the sponsoring organization of Lunacon. The first Lunacon was held in May 1957, and one has been held every year since (with the exception of 1964), making Lunacon '96 our 39th annual convention, an achievement few other groups can claim. The Lunarians has a long and rich tradition in New York Fandom.

Past members of the Society have included Sam Moskowitz, David A. Kyle (two of our founding members), Art Saha, Charles N. Brown, Donald A. Wollheim, Jack L. Chalker and Andrew I. Porter. The Society's emblem of a spaceman reading a book while sitting in a crescent moon, also used in connection with Lunacon, is known affectionately as "Little Loonie". The current version was drawn by Wally Wood, after designs by Christine Haycock Moskowitz and David A. Kyle.

In addition to Lunacon, the Lunarians hold monthly meetings on the third Saturday evening or, sometimes, Sunday afternoon of the month. Some of our meetings feature special programming, such as readings by guest writers or editors and slide presentations by guest artists. There are two special gatherings during the year: our annual Holiday party in December and our Summer Picnic in August, which have become fixtures on the New York fannish scene.

The Lunarians have established a scholarship fund for the purpose of helping beginning writers from the New York Metropolitan area attend either the Clarion or Clarion West Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers' Workshops. The **Donald A. Wollheim Memorial Scholarship Fund**, so far, has been able to provide partial scholarships to a dozen aspiring writers. Additionally, the Lunarians established the **Isaac Asimov Memorial Award** as an everlasting tribute to Dr. Asimov's lifelong contribution to the fields of Science Fiction and Science Fact. The Award is presented at Lunacon to honor those who have contributed significantly to increasing the public's knowledge and understanding of science through his or her writings, and who exemplify the personal qualities which made the late Dr. Asimov so admired and well-loved. Recipients include Hal Clement and Frederik Pohl.

It's easy to become a member of the Lunarians. There are several categories of membership: **Subscribing Membership**, currently \$10 per year, entitles you to receive all our mailings and notices, including minutes of the most recent meeting. **General Membership** and **Regular Membership** allow fuller participation in Lunarians meetings, events and activities. If you're interested in learning more about becoming a member of the Lunarians, attending one of our meetings, or any of our other activities, you're invited to write to us at: *New York Science Fiction Society - the Lunarians, Inc.*, PO Box 3566, New York, NY 10008-3566. ■

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The Strange Case of Ludwig the Unspeakable

by *Esther M. Friesner*

He was called the prince of sleuths, the acolyte of deduction, the advocate of reasoned observation. He called himself simply a consulting detective. I called him friend. I prided myself that he – the most solitary of men – was pleased to call me friend in return. Much ink has been spilled in fruitless speculation as to the true nature of our relationship. I do not waste my time fretting over the idle matter of gossips. His was a mind of such clear and far-reaching brilliance that even were the rumors true touching his peculiar nature, I should still have sought out his company, no matter if it meant that my own good name would be tainted with accusations of the vice many term unnameable.

Let truth be told, now and for all time: Yes, he was. He *was* a hamster breeder.

I can not number the times our goodhearted and long-suffering landlady lodged her genteel complaints about the clutter of cages, the smell, the constant racket of two score and more of the infernal beasts as they took their midnight exercise upon the ingenious stationary wheels he crafted for them with his own hands from heavy gauge wire. I can not recall the hours he spent sitting there in his favorite chair, chin in hand, sunk in rapt contemplation as they burrowed into their beds of woodshavings, or lapped water from their dishes, or crammed their cheek-pouches to obscene proportions with their allotments of grain and greenstuff.

When I questioned him as to this fascination, which I, from the height of my medical degree, deemed an unhealthy obsession, he merely smiled. "They fill the empty hours when my mind craves distraction and employment, yet none comes," was all he would say. And then, in afterthought: "Which pastime would you prefer I follow? The hamster or the needle?"

I privately decided that my friend was once again gliding near the brink of madness brought on by excessive ratiocination and made a mental note to keep my service revolver and its ammunition well concealed and secured.

Thus it was that matters stood upon that fateful night, a time of terror that I fear I shall never forget, not though the world end. It was November, a gusty, wet day had given way to an equally gusty, wet evening. The clip-clop of horses drawing hansom cabs in the street below was almost entirely obliterated by the howling of the wind at our windows. As for us, we were snug enough. Our landlady had sent up the boots to see to laying a proper fire which roared and crackled most cheerily in the grate.

It being after dark, my friend's small charges were up and about their business. Your hamster is a nocturnal animal and is most active between the hours of dusk and dawn. Already several of our current furry residents were setting in motion those ghastly wheels whose squeaking and creaking resisted all my assays of lubrication and were enough to drive a sane man mad.

As usual, my friend had turned his chair so that he might have both the benefit of the fire and the entertainment of observing his peculiar pets. "Look at them, old friend," he said softly. "Children of the night. What music–"

Here his musings were interrupted by a loud banging at our door. Before either one of us might bid the caller enter, a man of most singular appearance burst in upon us, followed by our landlady in an agitated state entirely alien to her usual air of serene domesticity.

"I tried to stop him, gentlemen!" she exclaimed, making an ineffectual grab for the man's somber black sleeve. He eluded her with a nimbleness not wholly human. "He fairly assaulted the front door until I answered, but when I told him you had retired for the night, he shouldered his way past and scampered up the stairs quicker than a–"

My friend silenced her with a peremptory wave of his hand. "If this gentleman feels so pressed by his affairs that he violates the social niceties, the least we can do is hear him out." He motioned the fellow to take a seat.

"Hmph! Well. Suit yourself." Our landlady folded her arms across her well-furnished bosom and swept from the room, leaving behind her an almost palpable cloud of silent disapproval.

My friend ignored our landlady's exit, giving all his attention to our unexpected caller. The man in question had chosen to remain standing, despite my friend's unspoken invitation to be seated. He was a small fellow – not much more than an inch taller than our diminutive landlady – and whippet-slim. His hair and well-trimmed beard were almost of the same midnight hue as his suit of plain black broadcloth, the latter tastefully cut and fitted by a master tailor's hand, and he presented himself to us coatless and hatless, despite the weather.

All this my friend took in at a glance before remarking, "You are a shapeshifter, I perceive."

At these words, our caller's legs appeared to buckle under him. He uttered a little gasp and clawed to support himself against the very chair whose services he had so lately declined. "Amazing, sir!" he cried. "How did you know–?" He spoke with a slight accent which I was at a loss to place.

My friend dismissed the man's astonishment as commonplace. "The weather outside is frightful," he said. "Yet you come here untouched by wind or rain, your clothing dry, your hair in place. This despite the fact that you have only this evening debarked from the steamer M_____ and have come all the way here from the docks without so much as the shelter of an umbrella."

"How could you possibly–?" our caller began.

"I read the shipping news avidly. The good ship M_____ is the only vessel newly come to port."

"But how could you know that I debarked from her?"

My friend pointed to the steamship ticket protruding from the man's pocket. "You *might* have made it simpler for me by having the vessel's name tattooed on your forehead," he remarked. Our visitor managed a sheepish smile.

Here I felt bound to interject, "I'm afraid your explanation for this gentleman's seeming immunity to the elements could also be simpler. Might he not merely have bespoken the services of a hansom cab?"

The look of scorn which I received soon put paid to my stab at amateur deduction. "Observe his shoes! They are perfectly clean and dry. To escape the puddles of a Baker Street gutter is almost credible, but to have avoided soiling – nay, even *dampening* one's shoes in the effluvia of the London docks demands that this fellow be either a levitator or a lycanthrope. Since it is a fact amply attested by the scientific community that levitation is a physical impossibility, only one possible conclusion remains."

Before I might pursue the matter further, my friend returned his attention to our caller. "Perhaps it would be best were we to hear the full story from his own lips," he said. With a brief, cool smile he inclined his head in the gentleman's direction and added, "Will it please you to be seated, or do you feel sufficiently recuperated to state your business standing? The latter is, I believe, the custom among the plantation gentry of M _____."

Our uninvited guest betrayed another access of surprise, albeit this time he managed to maintain control of his legs. "How do you know I come from M _____?" he demanded.

My friend shrugged off this reaction as if he had done no greater thing than shortchange the costermonger. "A trifle. A parlor trick of which any man might be capable, should he make the little effort it takes to study every dialect, patois, creole, pidgin, and idiosyncratic vocal pattern within the bounds of the Empire. It is nothing."

Our caller composed himself before proceeding: "Be that as it may, you are correct, sir. I do indeed hail from M _____ – from the plantation society itself, born and bred. I am Konrad von Riistaaf, at your service." Here he executed a crisp, shallow bow. "If we speak our business while standing, it is due to the prudent habit of avoiding those pieces of furniture most attractive to our local vipers. They like to curl up on the cushions and blend in with the upholstery. Often we are not able to locate the houseboy whose job it is to sit down first; thus we prefer to conduct our affairs afoot."

"And those affairs would be—?" My friend arched an eyebrow, his hawklike glance riveted upon our caller.

"Death, sir," said von Riistaaf. "Death hideous, death singular, death that menaces the very heart and soul of this Empire." Outside, the wind chose to fling a barrage of hail against the windowpanes while at the same time thunder cracked over our heads.

My friend took a deep pull at his pipe, although he had neglected to light it. Exhaling air as if it were the familiar reek of smoke he regarded our caller with a flinty eye and said, "Get out."

"What, sir?" Von Riistaaf pressed a hand to his chest.

"You heard me: I said *get out*. I am not in the habit of squandering my time on liars, no matter what shape they assume."

"You dare—!" The little man's face grew even paler, if that were possible, and the veins at his temples throbbed in an alarming manner. I began to cast about for the whereabouts of my doctor's bag, certain that the fellow was about to fall victim to an apoplexy. My old friend had that effect on a lot of people.

For his part, he remained unruffled. "Calm yourself," he told von Riistaaf. "Your tidings and your indignation at being called out are an old, old story for me, even if your mode of presentation is almost unique. If I had a shilling for every jack-a-dandy who urged his case upon me by hinting at assassinations, I would be the richer for it."

"But this threat touches the Crown, the Throne, the—!"

"—very heart and soul of the Empire," my friend concluded for him. "So you have already said. So they all say. I am not so green as I am cabbage-looking. If you want my help, tell me something new. Good evening."

Our guest ignored the dismissal. Instead he cast his eyes toward the windows. They were thickly curtained, for the chill outside was heavy and, like all wise Londoners, we had elected to keep it at bay through every means at our disposal. "I will go," said von Riistaaf. "But before I do, I would ask your momentary indulgence. You are, I trust, a man of your word?"

"I am."

"Then bear with me in this: I have in my breast pocket a notebook written in my own hand and in the hands of my ancestors. I will give it to you – to you alone! No one else may be present when I allow you to see it."

Here I raised my voice in protest, but my friend stilled me. "Do not fear that this person intends me any harm by demanding so solitary an interview," he said. "I can look after my own welfare." He returned his attention to von Riistaaf. "I shall do as you ask. And then?"

"Then, once you hold the notebook, I charge you to open the curtains and pay close heed to what transpires. When you have seen—" he paused "—what you must see, then open it and read. Read as you have never read before!" He was shivering, though whether with passion, fear, or simple chill I could not determine.

"Such fervor, sir?" My friend maintained his Olympian calm. "And such melodrama. One would mistake you for an aspiring author of penny dreadfuls and myself for a reluctant editor." He shrugged. "And afterwards?"

"Afterwards, draw the curtains once more and – and if it is your pleasure, we shall talk."

"Very well. It shall be as you say."

I felt any number of further objections rising in my throat, but they perished unuttered. I knew they would fall on deaf ears. My friend was clearly resolved as to his course of action. He extended his hand to von Riistaaf who shook it, then placed in it the notebook of which he had spoken. The

pair of them then eyed me meaningly until I retreated from the room, shutting the door behind me.

Alone in the corridor, I reached into the capacious pocket of my dressing gown and withdrew a stethoscope. (It being my practice to carry such an instrument upon my person at all times, ever since the unfortunate incident of Lady M _____, whose name I conceal for reasons touching the reputation of one of the oldest noble families in Ireland.) Adjusting the earpieces of the implement comfortably, I placed the trumpet to the door.

Even with the aid of the instrument, it was not easy to hear all of what was going on on the far side of the thick oak. However, of this I am certain: I heard the clatter of brass rings as my friend no doubt opened the curtains, per von Riistaaf's request; I heard an intake of breath so deep and dramatic that it hardly wanted the use of the stethoscope to perceive it; I heard my friend's murmured, "Dear God!" and the sound of a body falling heavily into a chair, last of all I heard that same chair give up its freight as my friend must have pulled himself upright once more. His footsteps staggered across the room and there was a second clatter of brass curtain rings. Then there was silence.

I stood for some time dumbstruck, staring at the closed door in an agony of indecision. What had transpired in that room? Ought I intervene, or at the very least fetch aid? I can not begin to describe my relief when I heard my friend's voice – strong, but somewhat shaken – calling my name. I entered the room. All seemed innocuous enough: Our caller stood by the hearth, a furtive look in his eyes; my friend sat in his favorite chair, his nose in the notebook, sporadic tremors running over his fine hands. He greeted my return with a penetrating look and a short, sharp bark of humorless laughter.

"What would you say, old man, were I to tell you that ghosts truly walk, that witches do fly on broomsticks, that cats steal the breath of sleeping babies?" he asked.

"I would say you were a superstitious fool," I replied evenly.

"Exactly!" He snapped the notebook shut. "And yet here, in this very room, I have just seen irrefutable evidence of a similar phenomenon. *Seen* it, I say!"

"What phenomenon is this?" I asked.

"The Curse of the von Riistaaf's," our caller said miserably, although I had not been addressing him.

"Curse?" my friend echoed, springing to his feet. He crossed to join von Riistaaf by the fire and patted his shoulder. "No, no, my good sir, no curse! Knowledge is never a curse."

"It is kind of you to say so," the little man responded. "Particularly in view of the fact that I did make up the part about the Empire itself being in danger."

"Pish-tush, think no more of it. Almost everyone who comes seeking my aid drops dark hints about the Empire imperiled. Perhaps they think it will persuade me to lower my fees."

"Would it?" Von Riistaaf sounded hopeful.

"No."

"Oh." He was crestfallen, but perked up in short order to add, "On the other hand, I was not making up the part about death hideous, death singular."

"Most singular," my friend concurred cheerfully.

I readily confessed myself bewildered. Fortunately, an explanation was forthcoming. Never had I seen my friend so effusive, save when in the throes of solving some especially challenging case. He gestured freely with the notebook which von Riistaaf had as yet declined to reclaim.

"I am not surprised that you know nothing of the Curse of the von Riistaaf's," he said to me as he strode back and forth across the room. "The farther one ventures from the East Indies, the swifter its notoriety diminishes. Most of those who have heard of it – myself included – believe it to be legend. I first came across mention of it while pursuing the study of metamorphic phenomena more common to residents of the Balkans, namely lycanthropy and its adjuncts."

"Indeed," I said. "You have already named this man lycanthrope. That's werewolves, isn't it?"

"Do not demean the Curse of the von Riistaaf's by associating it with such folderol." My friend motioned for me to sit, then tossed the notebook into my lap. "Read there; read and you shall see that the Curse of the von Riistaaf's is nothing so mundane as simple lycanthropy."

I sat with the notebook untouched. "Then what is it?"

My friend planted his hands on either arm of my chair and thrust his face an inch from my own. "It is *knowledge*," he



hissed. "The pure, untrammled power which comes from knowledge." He pushed himself upright and paced the floor before me. "The common werewolf is his curse's victim, little more. But the von Riistaafis are not their curse's victim, but its master."

"I fail to see—" I began.

"My family has made a study of lycanthropy," von Riistaafi said. "There really is not that much else to do with one's spare time in the East Indies, and we have been there for centuries. Father to son, we have handed down our observations and conclusions in that notebook." He pointed to the object still lying in my lap. "It is that very book which we call the Curse of the von Riistaafis."

I stood up rather quickly, causing the notebook to drop to the floor. My friend stooped to retrieve it and made a sound of disgust in my general direction. "Thus did they burn the great library of Alexandria! My dear, ignorant fellow, the notebook cannot harm you. It is only when knowledge is misapplied that it becomes a peril rather than a benefit to mankind."

"Indeed," our guest said darkly, and began to recount his tale. To be brief, the circumstances were these: As his family's firstborn son and heir, Konrad was likewise the custodian of the Curse of the von Riistaafis. This book held all that any man might ever want to know upon the subject of lycanthropy.

"—including all that any man need do to assume a bestial shape at will," he concluded.

"Well!" I said, nervously adjusting my lapels. "That's not so bad. Just because there's a bottle of Prussic acid in the pantry doesn't mean one needs to pour it into the teapot, eh?" "On the contrary, my dear sir," Konrad responded morosely. "It is likewise incumbent upon each guardian of the book to voluntarily apply its precepts to himself. Thus we have impressed upon us, by personal experience, the full measure of our responsibility."

"The knowledge in that book is irreplaceable," my friend said. "Therefore it must be preserved. It is likewise extremely dangerous; therefore it must be kept from the world."

"You have no choice in the matter?" I asked von Riistaafi, appalled.

"I can choose the moment of my metamorphosis," he replied. "I can also choose the frequency with which I shift shape. In this I differ from the common or garden lycanthropes, who in the main have a tendency to run to wolves every month, willy-nilly. I am not *compelled* to change monthly — I can take it or leave it alone — although I am unable to initiate the change without exposure to the full moon. I can also call off the whole business whenever I like. When I have had enough of it, I return to my original form."

"You control the time of your transformation, yes." My friend held up one thin, admonishing finger. "But not the *form* of it. Or so you told me not ten minutes ago, before your demonstration."

"A harmless oversight," I said quickly, eager to hear the rest of von Riistaafi's story.

My friend gave me a hard stare. "In my work, no oversight is harmless."

"I intended to speak of that aspect of the Curse in due course, sir." Von Riistaafi managed an apologetic smile and resumed.

He recounted that while he was the firstborn of his house, he was by no means an only child. He had a younger brother, born of their mother's body mere minutes after Konrad first drew breath. This twin, Ludwig, bore Konrad a frightful grudge. His shallow soul resented that caprice of birth which had made him Konrad's equal in all things save worldly honors and possessions. Being of a sly nature, Ludwig carefully concealed the envious worm that gnawed his vitals, biding his time until he might annihilate his brother, body and soul.

That opportunity came at last when Konrad fell in love. The object of the elder von Riistaafi twin's affections was a fair British rose, Miss M_____. They met while she was visiting her own brother, whose inherent vices had compelled the family to urge upon him a discreet withdrawal from London society. (Indeed, this same libertine became the source of Konrad's present difficulty.) That by-courtesy gentleman was, like the von Riistaafis, a planter, and it was during a fete at his home that Konrad met Miss M_____ and fell in love. Lucky man, the lady returned his sentiments, and after notifying her father by wire, they agreed on a wedding date.

Of course the nuptials must take place in England. To that end, as soon as his betrothed departed the island, von Riistaafi booked passage for himself on the next steamer. It would not look proper were they to share the same vessel before the banns were read.

Alas, little did he know of his brother's twisted nature, nor of the depths of malice to which the unspeakable Ludwig would sink in order to carry out his scheme of revenge. Upon the very eve of Konrad's departure, as he strolled unsuspecting in the gardens, he was struck from behind and left to measure his full length upon the earth, unconscious.

He came to his senses in a low place, a dockside resort of ill repute. The first thing he saw was the leering face of a brawny Lascar seaman with seven fingers and but a single eye. Konrad thought he faced imminent death, until his captor assured him that his life was safe enough. The rogue gave him a letter from Ludwig, written in the fiend's own hand. In this letter, Ludwig informed Konrad that he had taken his twin's original passage on the ship, already departed. Then, prefaced with the taunt that Konrad was powerless to stop him, he outlined his entire plan.

Konrad read it, and the enormity of all his sibling intended caused him to fall to the floor in a dead faint. He recovered to find the Lascar fled, but the letter left behind. It had been no dream.

"No dream," Konrad repeated, "but a horrible reality. For in that letter my unnatural brother informed me that over the course of the years he had made it his business to creep into my apartments and privily copy out the complete text of the Curse of the von Riistaafis. His original intention was to use that forbidden knowledge to transform himself into one of the more vicious predators native to our homeland and some fine night tear my throat out while I slept."

"At least the fellow seems to know himself," my friend murmured. "How many of us can say the same?"

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"What do you mean by that?" I demanded.

"It is all right there in the Curse, if you would only trouble yourself to read it," my friend said, his voice as chill as his demeanor. He always became a little cranky when my acuity failed to equal his own. Frankly I was getting sick and tired of it.

"When a man who is master of the Curse transforms himself, he can not control what he becomes. The shape he assumes is determined for him by his nature, his spiritual affinities, his— He groped for the right words. "Dare I say his very *soul*?"

"It is so." Our guest bowed his head. "Therefore it would be entirely fitting if Ludwig became some bloodthirsty creature."

"You don't know exactly what sort of animal he becomes?" I asked.

"I have never seen him transform; I can only guess." He shuddered. "His letter went on to say that after killing me, he would then leave certain signs meant to lead our local constabulary to believe that my corpse was his—"

"—and thus attain the full enjoyment of your hereditary estates," my friend concluded, resuming his seat.

"Precisely, sir." Konrad sighed. "You can see that he has already taken possession of the signet ring which has been the mark of the von RiistaafI heir time out of mind." He extended his left index finger, where the striking pallor of a band of skin proclaimed the theft.

"Done while you were unconscious, no doubt," my friend opined. "But why did he let you live? Why did he not complete his purpose when he had the chance?"

Von RiistaafI shook his head over his brother's evil.

"The letter explained that too. News of my incipient nuptials changed his plans. It made him realize that he desired my pain more than my property. With that in mind, he stole certain papers from my fiancée's brother."

"Doubtless using the Curse to abet him," my friend said.

"Vermin enjoy greater liberties than men in matters of unlawful entry."

"To be sure, to be sure," I responded automatically. I was impatient to learn more of Ludwig's plot and sometimes pretended to agree with my friend just to make him stop pontificating. "Do go on," I told Konrad.

"The papers he stole were certain letters from my fiancée's father, Lord M_____. They described in detail how that good man had paid off a number of persons with whom his son had indulged his baser passions. They also detailed those passions. With color illustrations."

"Say no more!" I cried, blushing hotly. "Egad, why didn't the young fool keep such things around the house? Why didn't he burn them all to ashes?"

"Some men flee their past transgressions," my friend intoned. "Others have them framed and hung over the mantle."

"Framed, yes, mantle, lovely metaphor, beautifully realized," I said hastily, never taking my eyes from Konrad.

"So your brother took the letters and—?"

"He wrote that he was taking them to England. He said that he would leave them on the desk of Lord M_____'s employer. That man is a government minister, and a person of unimpeachably high morals."

"*Mirabile dictu*," my friend mumbled.

"He does not suspect that Lord M_____'s son is a reprobate, but once he reads those letters he will know! Naturally he will demand that Lord M_____ tender his resignation. This revelation will destroy the good name of my betrothed and all her family."

"Yes? Yes?" I urged.

"Here," said my friend, passing me his pocket kerchief. "You are drooling."

"Though Ludwig will enter the minister's office in bestial form, undetected, he means to leave as a man. Worse: As me! He will contrive to be seen as he leaves the premises, muttering darkly. He will make it an especial point to accost some innocent bystander so that the signet ring of the von RiistaafI may be noted."

"All of which will lead your fiancée to the mistaken belief that you are the man responsible for blackening her family's reputation and ruining her father's career," my friend concluded. "She will break with you utterly."

"She will," Konrad concurred. "And without her love, there will be but one path open to me: My life will be forfeit by my own hand. Thus Ludwig ultimately shall have my property as well."

"You're not very strong, for a lycanthrope," I felt bound to remark.

"Had I been stronger, no doubt I would metamorphose into a beast whose innate powers would be more than sufficient to deal with my accursed brother," he replied. "But such is not my nature."

"My dear fellow, my heart bleeds for you," I said. "But how can we help you? Your brother arrived in England well before you. How do we know he has not carried out his plan already?"

"That was in the letter as well," said von RiistaafI.

"What a surprise," my friend commented.

"My brother said that he would take no action until the day he knew I had arrived in England. Like you, he reads the shipping news, he knows I am here, and this very night he will strike! He wants to *see* me suffer."

"Then why didn't you stay home?" I asked. "That would have served him nicely."

"And what of my beloved? Waiting for word from me, waiting for me to arrive in England, to have the banns read over us, to be joined in holy wedlock, waiting, waiting, waiting—" He sighed. "Until at last her poor heart must break with waiting. You see, gentlemen, I would lose her either way, all thanks to my unspeakable brother Ludwig."

"That *rat*!" I pronounced indignantly.

"Precisely!" My friend was now out of his chair, his stride devouring the carpet. "Haste, von RiistaafI!" he cried. "We

have not a moment to lose. We must thwart your brother's plans at once." He had his cape and hat on and was on the point of instructing me to load and bring my service revolver when von Riistaaf spoke up.

"My good sir, what do you intend?"

"Intend?" my friend repeated. "Why, to reach Lord M_____ with word of Ludwig's fiendish plot before—"

"And be charged with rank lunacy? Where is our proof?"

"Didn't you save your brother's incriminating letter?"

"The only thing that will prove to Lord M_____ is that I have a twin brother who is a maniac. He will forbid the marriage, fearing the contagion of madness in my blood."

"Why should he assume that Ludwig is mad?" my friend asked. "Vindictive and nasty, yes, but mad?"

"All that talk of shapeshifting to gain entrance to the minister's office?" Konrad countered. "Do you expect a British peer to give it any credence? You yourself required visible proof of my powers even though you had already identified me for a shapeshifter."

My friend scowled. He disliked being gainsaid. "Then you must give Lord M_____ the same proof you gave me."

Konrad shook his head emphatically. "When his lordship accepted the fact that his only child would be marrying outside the Church of England, it was a major concession on his part. Do you think he will welcome a lycanthrope into the family when he almost spurned a Calvinist?"

My friend sank back into his chair, his fingers steeped in an attitude of thought. "There is apparently only one solution remaining to us."

I had seen him get that look in his eye before this. I knew it well, and I didn't like it.

"Look, old man," I put in, "I still think that if we go straight to Lord M_____ and tell him—"

"Take this the right way," my friend said to me softly. "Get out."

I stood as one thunderstruck. He arose from his place and repeated the injunction, adding, "There are some things which even the eyes of utmost loyalty may not behold and remain unchanged." For an instant he clasped me to his bosom, then said in a voice choked with emotion, "I would not for the world imperil our friendship. Therefore, for your own good I tell you: *Go!*"

What could I say? What could I do but obey? With a heavy heart I withdrew from the room. As I closed the door behind me I heard my friend call after me, "And don't bother eavesdropping with your stethoscope! I relieved you of it when I embraced you." I patted my pockets and discovered the truth of this as the bolt on the other side of the door slid home.

I belabored the panelling for a time, to no avail. I pressed my unaided ear to the closed portal, only to be thwarted by the thickness of the wood. I thought I could make out the sound of two voices – logical enough – but

I could not distinguish their words. They rose and fell, at length settling into the cadences of a chant. Then I believed I heard a clatter, as of curtain rings being pulled to one side and then—

—and then I heard my friend utter a shriek so hideous, so blood-curdling that something within me snapped. A man possessed, I invaded the kitchen, helped myself to the kindling ax, and applied it to our door with an enthusiasm I did not know I owned. "Hold on, old man!" I shouted as the wood chips flew. "I'm coming! Stay right where you are!"

Words of encouragement uttered in vain: The door shattered, but the room beyond was empty. Moreover, the uncurtained windows were securely latched from the inside.

If my friend had left the premises in company with Konrad von Riistaaf, he had done so in a shape not his own.

I resolved to await their return. I was prepared to remain vigilant for as long as might be required, although in my heart-of-hearts I never expected them to return at all. Thus torn between patience and despair, I collapsed into my chair, one hand flung over my eyes, the other cradling a fortifying glass of brandy which I had had the foresight to pour myself.

Time passed. The level of brandy in the decanter fell even as the early morning sun began its climb of the heavens. Breakfast would arrive momentarily, along with our landlady. I did not relish the thought of her reaction when she saw the splintered door. I had some more brandy to aid the creative processes. I was on the point of rehearsing the explanation I would give her, when through that same demolished portal stepped – Ah, what luck! – my friend.

"Well," he remarked drily. "I see you have not been idle in my absence."

I hastened forward and clutched his hands in my own. They were cold and trembling, with a pink flush quite different from their customary pallor. He disengaged them from my grasp and passed them nervously over his nose and mouth in a most disturbing manner. One might almost say he was *grooming* himself thus. His face was haggard, and bore the marks of numerous cuts and bruises. Some of the former looked as if they had been dealt with a chisel, while many of the latter had swollen to obscene proportions, particularly one lump that lay along the righthand side of his face, just above the jawline. When I demanded a full account of the night's business, he merely stared at me out of uncommonly reddened eyes.

"My friend," he said solemnly, "I have seen Hell."

"Yes, yes, I know all that," I replied impatiently. "But what did you *do* there? What has become of the letters? Where is Konrad von Riistaaf? And what of his wicked brother, the unspeakable Ludwig?"

"More than I can tell you without a cup of tea. Burnt. Safe in the arms and the affections of his betrothed. You do *not* want to know." Thus my friend managed to answer my every question while simultaneously leaving me as baffled as before. I attempted to elicit a more cogent response but was prevented by the arrival of our landlady with our breakfast. By the time she had done venting her feelings concerning the door and my mother's moral character, my friend had had his tea.

Setting aside the cup, he raised his weary eyes to the rows of cages where his small pets reposed. The sun being well up, by rights they ought to have been sleeping soundly. Instead, each was alerted, perched upon its hindquarters, forepaws pressed to the bars, expectant eyes fixed *en masse* upon my friend in a manner that flooded me with malaise but did not seem to affect him at all. For a time they remained thus in silent communion.

“Who can know the shape of a man’s soul?” he declaimed at last. “And knowing it, who can control the same?”

Our landlady sighed. “He’s off again. I’ll fetch the icebag.”

He gave no notice to her going, but proceeded in his speech: “The most civilized of men may house within his very skin the ravening wolf, the cruel tiger, the slinking rat. The rat,” he repeated, shaking his head. “Do you have any idea how *big* those vermin can grow in the tropics? But size is not everything. A small frame may house a large heart, and fierce, merciless, gruesome death may be meted out by the most seemingly humble of vessels.”

“I’ll just go and see if I can be of any help with that icebag,” I said, grinning like an idiot as I attempted to remove myself from the room as quickly as possible. My ruse failed; with remarkable agility he leaped up, seized my arm, and flung me down into the chair opposite his.

“Speak!” cried my friend, levelling one trembling finger in my face. “Tell me that a man need not be damned for deeds done when not fully himself! And yet—” He tottered back to his seat. “And yet, was I not even *more* myself then than now? Who can say? Ah, who can – *ow!*”

In his derangement of grief he had attempted to bury his face in his hands and had suffered for it when he inadvertently struck that large lump in his lower cheek.

I am a man of medicine. There are times when the Hippocratic Oath takes precedence over all things, including any danger to my own person from presumed loonies. I was at his side at once. “Let me have a look at that.”

He tried to fight me, but he was too weak. “Don’t touch me,” he pleaded. “You don’t know where I’ve been.”

“There, there,” I said smartly. “You’ve had a rough night, villains to run to earth, touch of lycanthropy, random glimpses of Hell, all that rot. You’ll be right as rain once we get these swellings down and—”

I paused. The lump in his cheek was ... *moving!*

I pulled away as my friend inserted his forefinger into his mouth and, with the detached air of a diner dislodging a raspberry seed, popped a glittering object out onto the carpet. It was a signet ring. A small tuft of gray fur clung to it.

“Is that—?” I began.

“The signet ring of the von Riistaafel heir.”

“The one Ludwig stole from Konrad?”

“The same.”

“But – but if Ludwig is in custody, why do you have it? And in God’s name, why did you have it in *there?*”

Slowly he met my eyes and in a tone of utmost melancholy replied, “Because Ludwig is not in ... custody.”

“Then where—?”

“We had to transform ourselves,” he declared, ignoring my question. “I told Konrad that it was the only way we could be sure of entering the minister’s house secretly.” His head sagged forward. “I lied. May heaven forgive me, I lied because I wanted to experience firsthand the knowledge contained in the Curse.”

I decided that this was not the time to remind him of how often I’d told him *No one likes a know-it-all*. “How was it, old man?” I asked instead. “I heard you scream. Did it hurt so much?”

“I screamed from shock, not pain,” he said. “In the instant before the transformation occurred, I realized what I was about to become and—” A dry sob convulsed him, but he recovered himself and proceeded:

“We set out at once, but given our diminished size it was almost midnight when we reached the minister’s house. Midnight! Beloved hour of villainy afoot! Evil has no sense of originality. Our timing could not have been better. We surprised Ludwig, in his animal form, the letters in his teeth. My God, he was *huge!* And ugly?”

“How ugly was he?” I asked.

My friend shivered. “Not half so ugly as the hate I saw in those crimson eyes when he recognized his brother. Hate and contempt, for we were paltry creatures in Ludwig’s giant shadow. In that instant I knew that he meant murder, mine as well as Konrad’s. He bared his fangs, whiskers twitching, hairless tail lashing back and forth, muscles coiled. He came at us suddenly. Konrad froze to see the giant rat attack, for his own gentle nature did not allow him to become anything more threatening than a common mouse.”

“But you, old man,” I pressed. “What had *you* become?”

“A demon incarnate,” my friend said sadly. “A beast of such mindless fury that the heat of battle renders it berserk. As Ludwig lunged for Konrad, I sprang!”

“That doesn’t explain why you’ve still got Konrad’s ring.”

“I’m *getting* to that,” my friend snapped. In more pathetic tones he added, “I thank God that I remember almost nothing of the fight itself. I only know that I came to my senses in human form, with a human Konrad staring at me wide-eyed with terror and revulsion. Of Ludwig the unspeakable there was no trace.”

In that moment I understood all: No wonder Konrad had said no word to reclaim his heirloom. Unlike my friend, he knew what had happened during the battle. He no longer wanted the ring: Not after where it had been, not after how it had gotten there.

Shaken by my friend’s story, stirred by his pain, I rose to fix him a digestive. He hadn’t eaten a bite of breakfast, but he was still going to need it.

And from the cages against the wall there arose – faintly at first, then in ever-louder mocking cacaphony – the inexorable creaking, creaking, *creaking* of the wire wheels. ■

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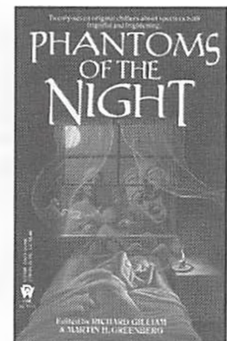
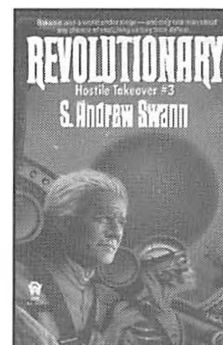
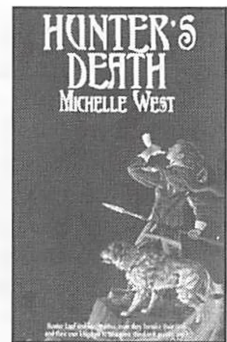
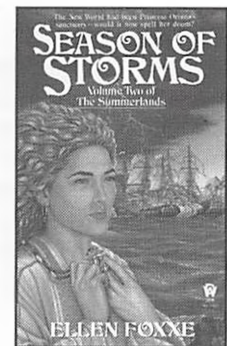
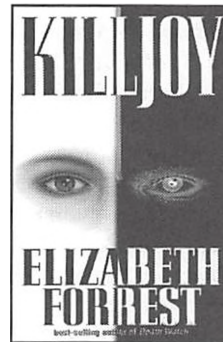
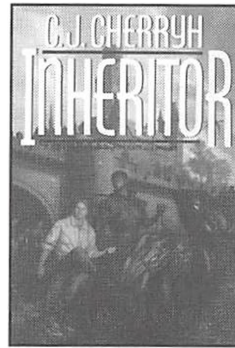
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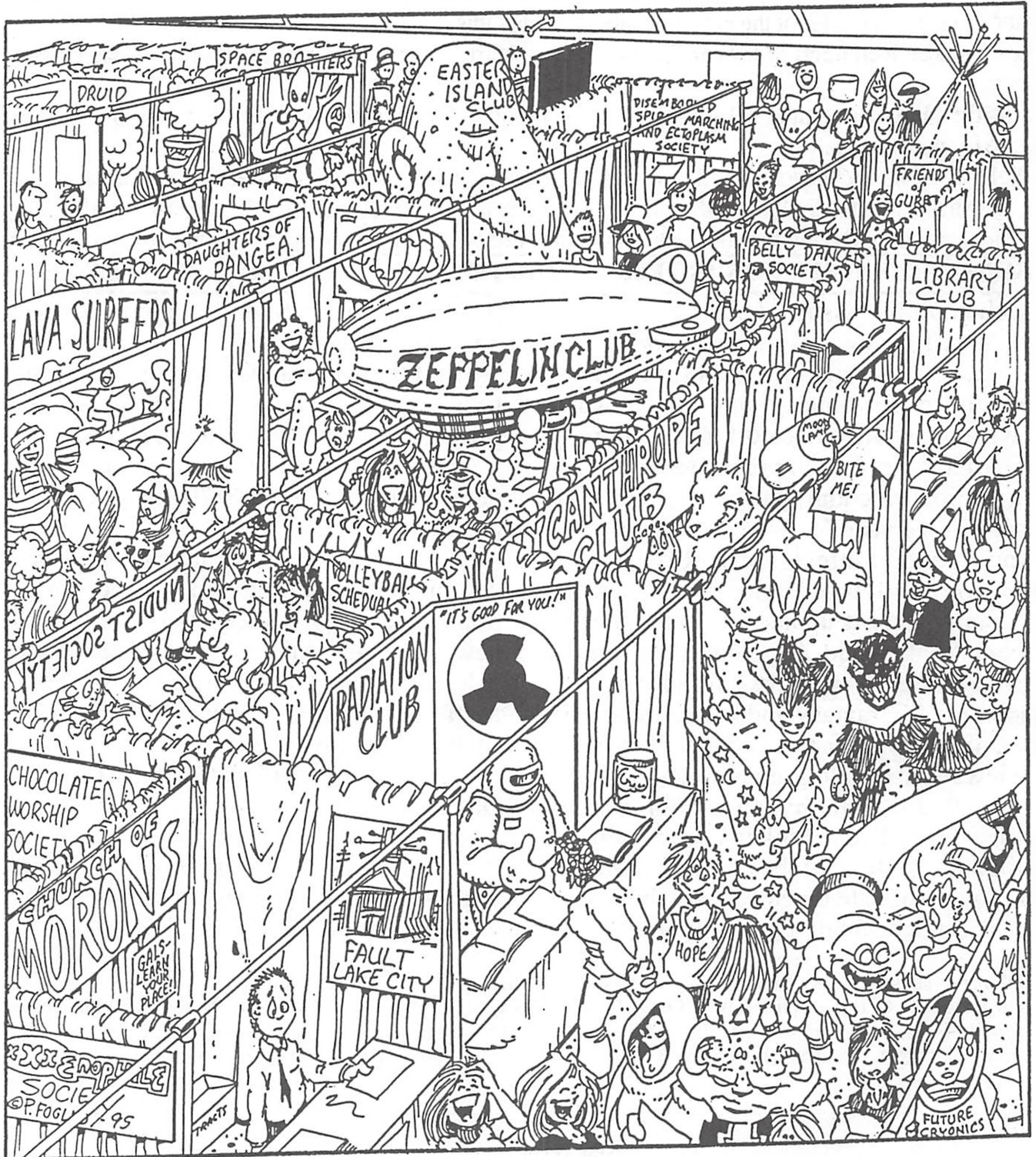
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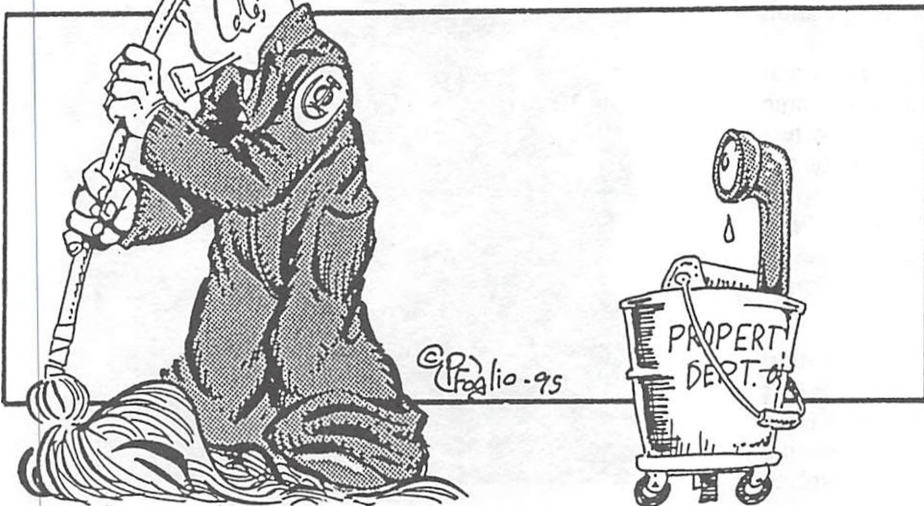
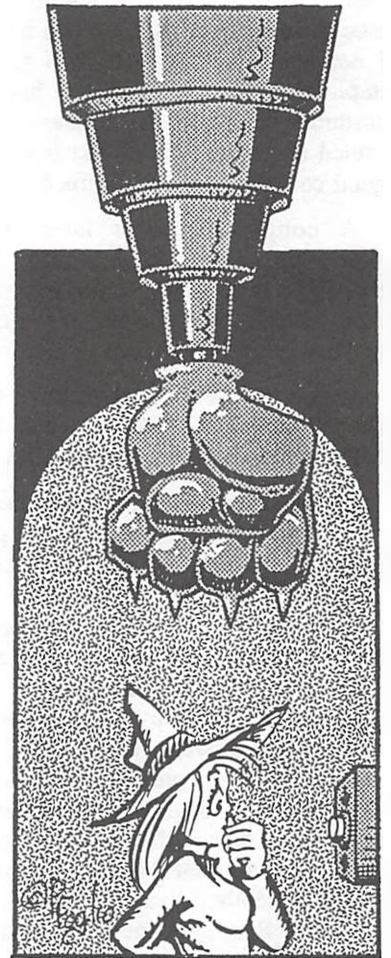
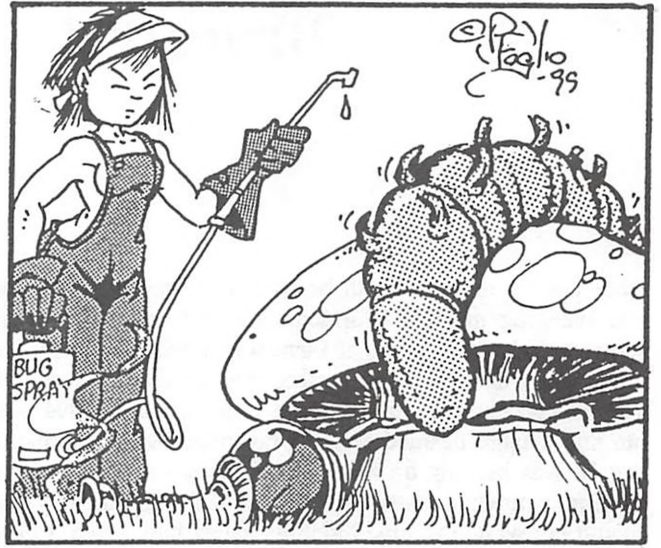
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A Foglio Folio

by





Bruce Pelz: An Appreciation

by Marsha Jones

Once upon a time, 1962 to be precise, I was an eager young neo attending my first Worldcon. I was fascinated by the art show, and decided to see if there was something in my price range that I liked. I found a piece that satisfied both my price and esthetic requirements, and put down a bid. At that point I ran into a large bearded snag in my plans, who informed me that he was bidding on that piece (I think on behalf of a con bidding committee that wanted to use it for its publicity) and I should not waste my time bidding against him. I didn't like his attitude and was unpleasant back, and that seemed to be that.

Little did I know that from such an unpromising beginning would come a friendship that's spanned a lot of years and has gotten me involved in all sorts of unexpected things.

During the year between Chicon III and Discon I, a friend told me that despite my initial impression, Bruce was really a nice person. So, when I ran into him at a room party at Discon, I decided to see if there was more to him than my initial impression. I think the blond hair (done for his masquerade costume) helped in the decision. That year, thanks to him, I started to get an idea of just how far some fans will go for a good costume, and also learned about filking.

A couple of years later, at my first West Coast Worldcon, I started learning about fanzines and apas thanks to him (and strenuously resisted getting involved). And I discovered that he was one of the best tour guides to Disneyland available in fandom.

And a few years further down the road, I started learning about running art shows when I somehow found myself helping him with a Westercon art show.

During these years, I continued to be impressed by the effort and ingenuity that Bruce poured into his costuming efforts. In 1969, he surpassed himself when he came as Gertrude, Countess of Groan (from *Titus Groan*). He hadn't let anyone know what his costume would be and, among the more amusing memories of that evening, were the question "Where's Bruce, I'm sure he said he was coming in costume," uttered by the person who was at that point helping him down from the stage. As the card with his name and costume was passed to them by the announcer (who had been told not to give the name of the contestant, only the character's name) the entire panel of judges cracked up as they found out that the dotty old broad was really Bruce Pelz. And I remember Astrid Anderson firmly stating, "It doesn't look like Bruce, it doesn't sound like Bruce, but I'd know that diction anywhere. It has to be Bruce!"

Bruce has always seemed to have more energy than most people, which accounts for the number of different activities he's been successfully involved in over the years, and he also has a great ability to persuade other people to get involved. I never did figure out quite how he managed to convince me to get involved

in a Los Angeles-based, weekly apa when I was living in New York. After all, I'm not particularly interested in fanzines, and I'm definitely not interested in apas. But somehow, there I was in APA-L for a couple of years.

I remember when Bruce first hatched the idea of The Fantasy Showcase Tarot Deck, with each card to be done by a different artist. At the time he came up with the idea, I'm not sure there were enough good artists in fandom to complete one suit, let alone the whole deck. But Bruce is not only enthusiastic about things, he's long on persistence, and he was confident that sooner or later it would be completed. Which is how, some years later when I was living in England and spending a fair amount of my spare time running art shows at British cons (Bruce's fault - I never would have gotten involved in running art shows if not for his evil influence), I wound up prospecting for British artists for the deck. And, in 1980, when Bruce was Fan GoH at Noreascon II, the completed deck was finally published, a fitting tribute to his energy, enthusiasm, persistence, and ability to talk people into doing things.

This is just my description of Bruce. If you asked three other people about him, you'd probably get descriptions that sounded like they were of three other people. The wide range of his interests and activities means that pretty much everyone who knows him is going to come up with a view of him based on their own interests and how they've interacted with him over the years, and the descriptions will vary accordingly.

So tell me, which Bruce Pelz do you know? ■



Fifteen Seconds of Fame

by Bruce Pelz

It's all very well for those in The Arts, and Entertainment, and Public Service – all those areas where one is very much in the public view for a good fraction of one's activities – to subscribe to the Andy Warhol dictum that everyone gets fifteen minutes of fame in his/her/its life. But the rest of us will probably have to settle for less.

Even here in the Science Fiction microcosm, fame is generally fleeting. See if *you* can name the Guests of Honor at two of the last three Worldcons. Even just the Pro Guests. You *can* look them up, but that's cheating. Those lists in the back of the Worldcon Program Books are for future Worldcon Committees to use when they select *their* Guests, because *they* can't remember who's already been chosen, either! But at least the lists are there, and if you happen to be masochistic enough to be Chair of a Worldcon or some other con long-lived enough to have a History List, you can get on the list. By such means you may be able to extend your Fifteen Seconds a bit. Such jobs are likely to shorten your *lifespan*, but if they lengthen your Fame...

Other than that, well – you can work your fundament off for a con as Head of the Freebling Dept. All the recognition you are likely to get is a brief Thank-You from the Chair during Closing Ceremonies. That's *your* Fifteen Seconds of Fame. It hardly seems fair, does it? Of course, you could foul things up royally in the Freebling Dept. instead. *That* you'll hear about forever – or at least until someone fouls up even worse. Notoriety or Infamy last a lot longer than fame in Fandom. (And in Prodom, for that matter, BTAS ["but that's another story"]...) The problem with these methods of being remembered is that they usually preclude your being asked – or even allowed – to participate in future activities, and so are only workable as Exit Ploys. Timing is everything...

Of course, you can try to extend your Fifteen Seconds by preserving your contributions to fandom in written, spoken, or visual records. Fanzines, videos, photographs – they'll be around a lot longer than fans' memories. (Especially fans' *accurate* memories, BTAS...) Why, we can still look back through old fanzines and see what fans in the 40's thought about WWII, or what fans in the 50's thought about the downhill slide of magazine SF, or what fans in the 60's thought about that new television series, *Star Trek*, or what fans in the 70's thought about computers, or what fans in the 80's thought (if anything)...

You can look at videos of the masquerades from various Worldcons, and trace the popularity of various costume ideas. Did you know that it only took *one year* for the number of "Mr. Spock" costumes at a Worldcon masquerade to go from 11 to a mere 4? You can listen to tapes of filksings at conventions going back for decades – and some of them don't even mention hedgehogs *once*. Dearie, dearie me...

With a record of your activities thus preserved for the future, you will surely be able to extend your Fifteen Seconds of Fame. Surely, sometime in 2004, some researcher can read all about your 1996 contributions to Fandom. Maybe.

There are two problems with the preserved records of Fandom. For one thing, they're preserved in the basements of about a dozen fanhistory collectors and another eight fanzine accumulators. Five of the collectors can actually find individual items in their collections – if you (or they) know what the item is. (You can forget about finding *anything* in the eight accumulations.) So a researcher would have to consult *The Index of Fanzine Articles*. That hasn't been written yet, of course, but a team of four of the collectors is planning to get started on it Real Soon Now.

To be fair, there *are* plans to scan all the fanzines still extant onto a web site, and make them available through a search engine capable of locating key words. I expect it will actually happen, in at least a pilot model, within the next five years. I *do* have doubts about the possibilities of doing an *all-inclusive* project, but I'll wait and see. That brings up the other problem. Let's assume it *is* possible to locate any item in the old records. Now any random ~~snob~~ historical researcher can find out that you had a knock-down, drag-out name-calling brawl with a fan in Tegucigalpa, lasting through several issues of both of your fanzines, over the infelicities of style in Vargo Statton's writing. Or that you proclaimed complete faith, in the early 1980's, that ...umm... a certain anthologist... would actually finish a certain book. Or...

There was an award, in the Spectator Amateur Press Society (SAPS), to the person most notably getting his/her foot stuck in his/her typewriter when there was a stencil in the thing. Sort of a fanzine equivalent of foot-in-mouth. It was called the Johnstone Award, for the SAPS member who most frequently did such a thing. It was twice awarded to Ted Johnstone after it was invented, but few of us who have done fanzines can completely escape eligibility for such an award.

Oh, well – if you're lucky, of the 200 copies of the January 1982 issue of *The Cleveland Vargo Statten Club Bulletin* you printed, the only survivors are copies in five of the eight accumulations and one in the Cleveland Public Library. (The latter is about to be discarded because no one has ever asked for it in 14 years.) If you're *unlucky*, your Significant Other's ex- has just found a copy and is about to upload it to alt.flames.

Maybe 15 Seconds of Fame is enough. Maybe we should take our brief bows and wander off and enjoy ourselves and not waste time wondering why that twit on the follow-spot has forgotten to focus it on *us*.

Fandom is supposed to be fun – if it *isn't* fun for us, we're Doing It Wrong. ■

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Compos'd Heap, CRAPzine, 17 issues, 1958-61
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Rache, N'APAZine, 28 issues, 1960-68
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Menace of the LASFS, Clubzine,
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Kiarrians' Luncheon, LASFAPAZine, 126 issues, 1979-1996
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As far as I'm concerned, my best publications are the long trip reports:

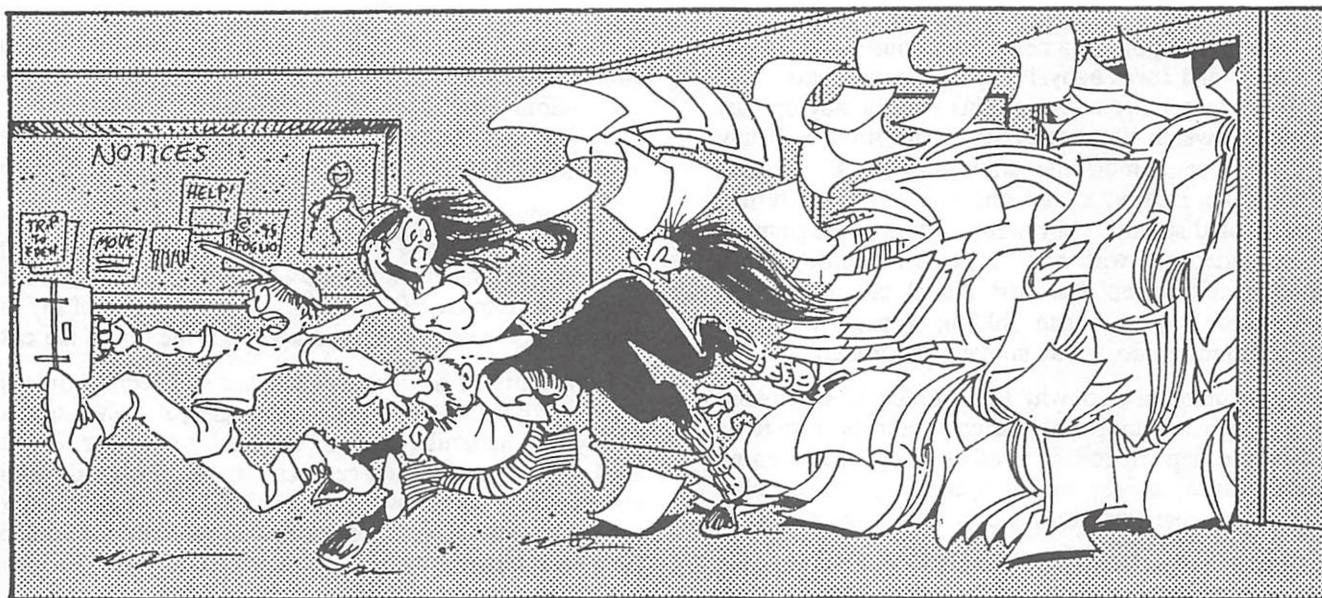
North With the Sun (Alaska cruise, May 1989)
A Caribbean Sea Breeze (Caribbean cruise, Nov. 1989)
So Hawai'i Y'self? (Eclipse over the Big Island, July 1991)
Ozy (& Harriet) Mandias: Travelers in an Antique Land (Egypt, Jan. 1995)

These don't count separately from the main list because in part or in whole they went through some APA or other. The Egypt Report went through FAPA as *Ankus* 42, in its first edition (and without the Report Title), then through LASFAPA in its revised edition (and with the report title). It's still really only one fanzine.

There are probably other fanzines I've done, but this is all I can remember or check on readily. There was one zine I did for APA-F in the 60's, but Dave Van Arnam, who was to run it off and put it into the distribution, never sent me a copy, and I don't even remember the title. Maybe it never got into the APA.

1200+ Fanzines – That's Not Too Many. Or maybe it IS...

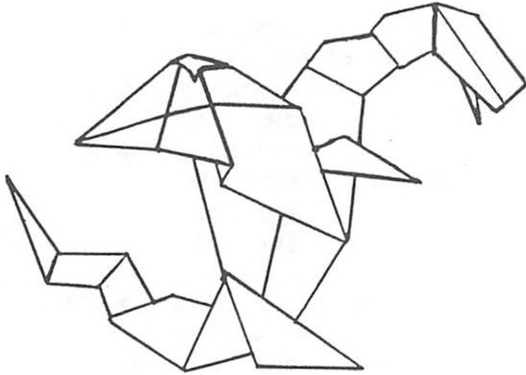
– Bruce Pelz, January 1996



Mark Kennedy: The Paper Dragon

by Tomoko Fuse

Translated and reprinted with permission from *Oru* #7



Mark Kennedy is an American paper folder who specializes in folding dragons and creating accessories from miniaturized versions of the works of other origami artists. The unique origami accessories that are Mark's creations are enjoyable as well as useful for the world of origami.

Mark Kennedy was one of the people who made an impression upon me when I attended my first Friends of Origami Convention in 1990. After puzzling over which class

I should attend of the fifty that were offered each day, I finally decided upon Mark's class, "Paper Dyeing and Insect Folding, Modeled on the Work of the Italian Alfred Giunta." The miniature insect and animal brooches and earrings that were being worn around the convention center attracted the attention of many. Even I owned such a brooch (John Montroll's Stegosaurus); it had been given to me by Mark himself, whom I did not at first recognize.

For Mark, paper folding in the morning with a glass of Pepsi is a daily ritual that seems to be therapeutic, signaling the condition of his nerves and calming them when necessary. Even in a car, waiting at a light, he often folds with his free hand. The origami accessories that accumulated in this manner, he would attach to a "Paper Dragon" card and happily dispense them for free at the conventions he attended in various countries. When he could not attend, an American friend would attend beladen with Kennedy's creations and pass them out. At the Japanese Origami Association Convention, it was Michael Schall who bore the origami accessories, ensuring that at least some Japanese own an example of his work. Origami accessories are popular throughout the world. In Holland and Canada, a small business in these accessories thrives. It seems the times have changed, for even Mark has taken to selling his work. ■

From Impressions on the Art of Origami

by Mark Kennedy

I started Origami in 1960 on the night John F. Kennedy was elected President. I was living outside of Chicago at the time. My parents had gone to a neighbor's house to watch the election returns and I was babysitting my younger sister and brothers. I was to get 10¢ an hour, plus I could stay up past my bedtime and watch all the television that I wanted. To my surprise, the three commercial stations were all running election coverage. Left with only one other option, I turned on the educational station. They were running a program on Origami. It started out with how to make a square from a sheet of notebook paper. The first model taught was the traditional paper cup. I began folding a page from the television program guide. I was hooked on Origami.

My parents sometimes ask why I could remember Origami folds better than my school work. Origami models seem to be logical with one step suggesting another – sort of like going to a familiar place, as you turn one corner you remember where the next corner that you have to turn is located.

After I started going to Science Fiction Conventions in the late 1970's, I started folding again. I would fold and give

away primarily Bob Neale's Dragon, Pat Crawford's Unicorn and John Montroll's Pegasus. These would be slipped into the name badges and worn all weekend. I would leave other models around at the various parties in the hotels where the conventions were held. Friends would track me down by the trail of Origami models. The models were sometimes referred to as "Mark Kennedy droppings" as I would leave a big trail.

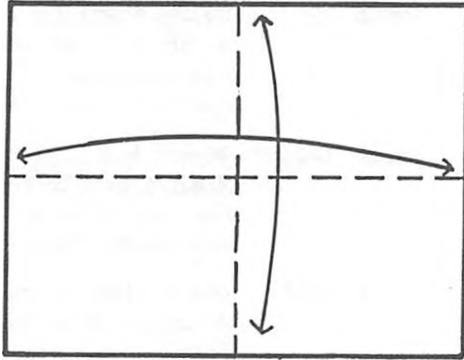
I met my wife, Arlene, at an Origami Convention. We used Origami Center Pieces for our wedding reception, a toothpick holder folded out of large paper to hold a glass and flowers (Diagrams from an NOA magazine). I folded two of my paper dragons, one with flowers and a veil for the top of the cake.

I am more of an Origami teacher and technician than a creative folder. I am a jack-of-all trades; I do not specialize in any one particular style of Origami, but rather I try them all. I will do animals and geometrics, one piece and modular, regular kami paper, wet fold wallpaper, foil and notebook paper. I have created a few models. Mostly my creations have been inspired by other models such as my Paper Dragon which is based on Robert Neale's Dragon. ■

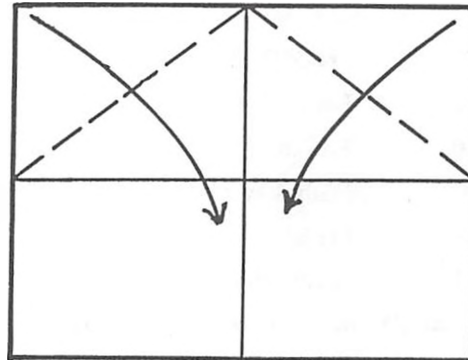
Reeve's Floater

Created by Mark W. Kennedy

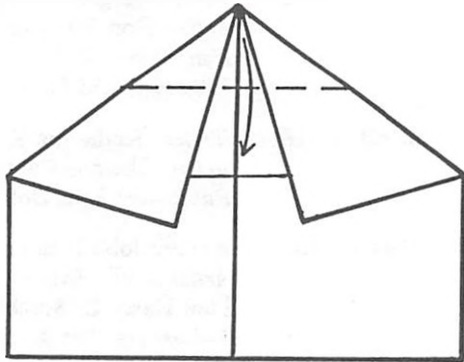
Inspired by Kasahara and Morris



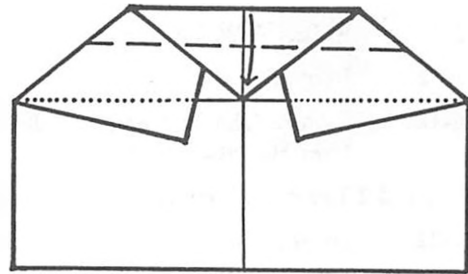
1. Start with a sheet of typing or notebook paper. Book fold and unfold in both directions.



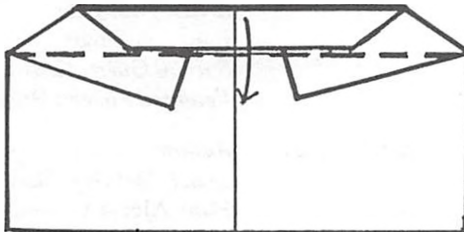
2. Valley fold down the top corners from the center point of the long side to the center point of the short sides.



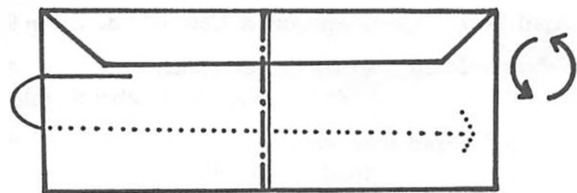
3. Valley fold down the top point to the center point.



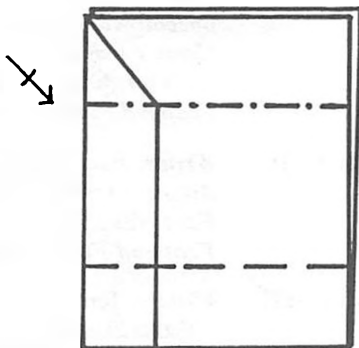
4. Valley fold down the top folded edge to the horizontal center line.



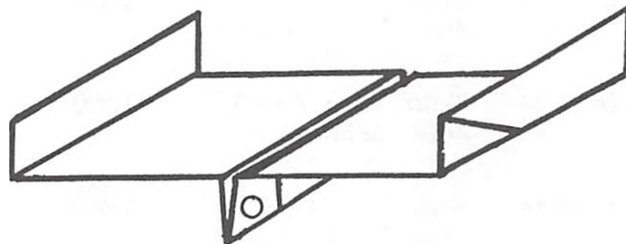
5. Valley fold down the top along the horizontal center line.



6. Mountain fold the model in half along the vertical center line and rotate the model.



7. Valley fold the wings down. Mountain fold the wing tips up. Repeat behind.



8. Hold where indicated and throw straight out and gently. The plane will work best if thrown from a height.

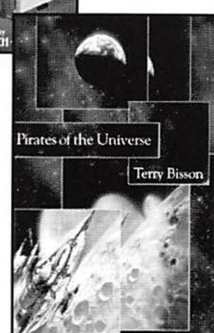
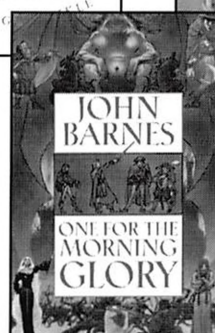
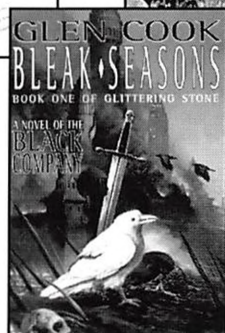
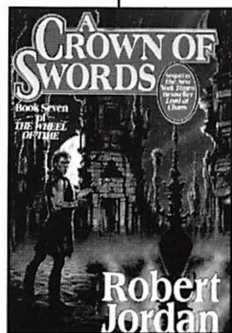
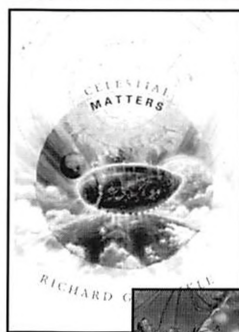
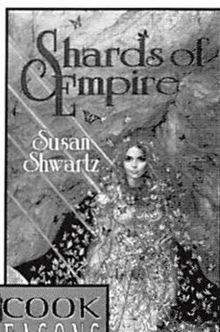
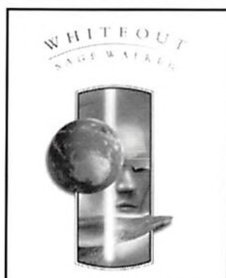


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Past Lunacons

Year	Date	Guest(s) of Honor	Attendance	Year	Date	Guest(s) of Honor	Attendance
1957	May 12		65	1986	March 7-9	Writer: Marta Randall Artist: Dawn Wilson Fan: Art Saha Special Guest: Madeline L'Engle	1,100
1958	April 13	Frank R. Paul	85				
1959	April 12	Lester Del Rey	80				
1960	April 10	Ed Emsch	75	1987	March 20-22	Writer: Jack Williamson Artist: Darrell Sweet Fan: Jack Chalker Toastmaster: Mike Resnick	1,200
1961	April 9	Willy Ley	105				
1962	April 29	Frederik Pohl	105				
1963	April 21	Judith Merrill	115	1988	March 11-13	Writer: Harry Harrison Artist: N. Taylor Blanchard Fan: Pat Mueller Toastmaster: Wilson Tucker	1,250
1964	NO LUNACON (NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR)						
1965	April 24	Hal Clement	135				
1966	April 16-17	Isaac Asimov	235	1989	March 10-12	Writer: Roger Zelazny Artist: Ron Walotsky Fan: David Kyle Editor: David Hartwell	1,450
1967	April 29-30	James Blish	275				
1968	April 20-21	Donald A. Wollheim	410				
1969	April 12-13	Robert A.W. Lowndes	585	1990	March 16-18	Writer: Katherine Kurtz Artist: Thomas Canty Publisher: Tom Doherty	1,500
1970	April 11-12	Larry T. Shaw	735				
1971	April 16-18	Editor: John W. Campbell, Jr. Fan: Howard DeVore	900	1991	March 8-10	Writer: John Brunner Artist: Kelly Freas Fan: Harry C. Stubbs Publishers: Ian & Betty Ballantine Science: Prof. Gerald Feinberg	1,300
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	1992	March 20-22	Writer: Samuel R. Delany Artist: Paul Lehr Fan: Jon Singer Special Guest: Kristine Kathryn Rusch Featured Filkers: Bill & Brenda Sutton	1,350
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	1993	March 19-21	Author: Orson Scott Card Artist: Barclay Shaw Fan: Alexis Gilliland Publishing: Richard Curtis	1,250
1979	March 30-April 1	Writer: Ron Goulart Artist: Gahan Wilson	650				
1980	March 14-16	Writer: Larry Niven Artist: Vincent Di Fate	750	1994	March 18-20	Writer: Vonda N. McIntyre Artist: James Warhola Fan: Walter R. Cole Special Musical Guest: Dean Friedman Comics Industry Guests: Walter & Louise Simonson Featured Filker: Peter Grubbs	1,200
1981	March 20-22	Writer: James White Artist: Jack Gaughan	875				
1982	March 19-21	Writer: Fred Saberhagen Artist: John Schoenherr Fan: Steve Stiles	1,110	1995	March 17-19	Writer: Poul Anderson Artist: Stephen Hickman Fan: Mike Glycer Featured Filker: Graham Leathers	1,200
1983	March 18-20	Writer: Anne McCaffrey Artist: Barbi Johnson Fan: Don & Elsie Wollheim	1,500				
1984	March 16-18	Writer: Terry Carr Artist: Tom Kidd Fan: Cy Chauvin	1,400	1996	March 15-17	Writers: Terry Pratchett, Esther Friesner, "Queen of Hamsters" Visual Humor: Phil Foglio Fan: Bruce Pelz Special Origami Guest: Mark Kennedy	????
1985	March 15-17	Writer: Gordon R. Dickson Artist: Don Maitz Fan: Curt Clemmer, D.I.	800				

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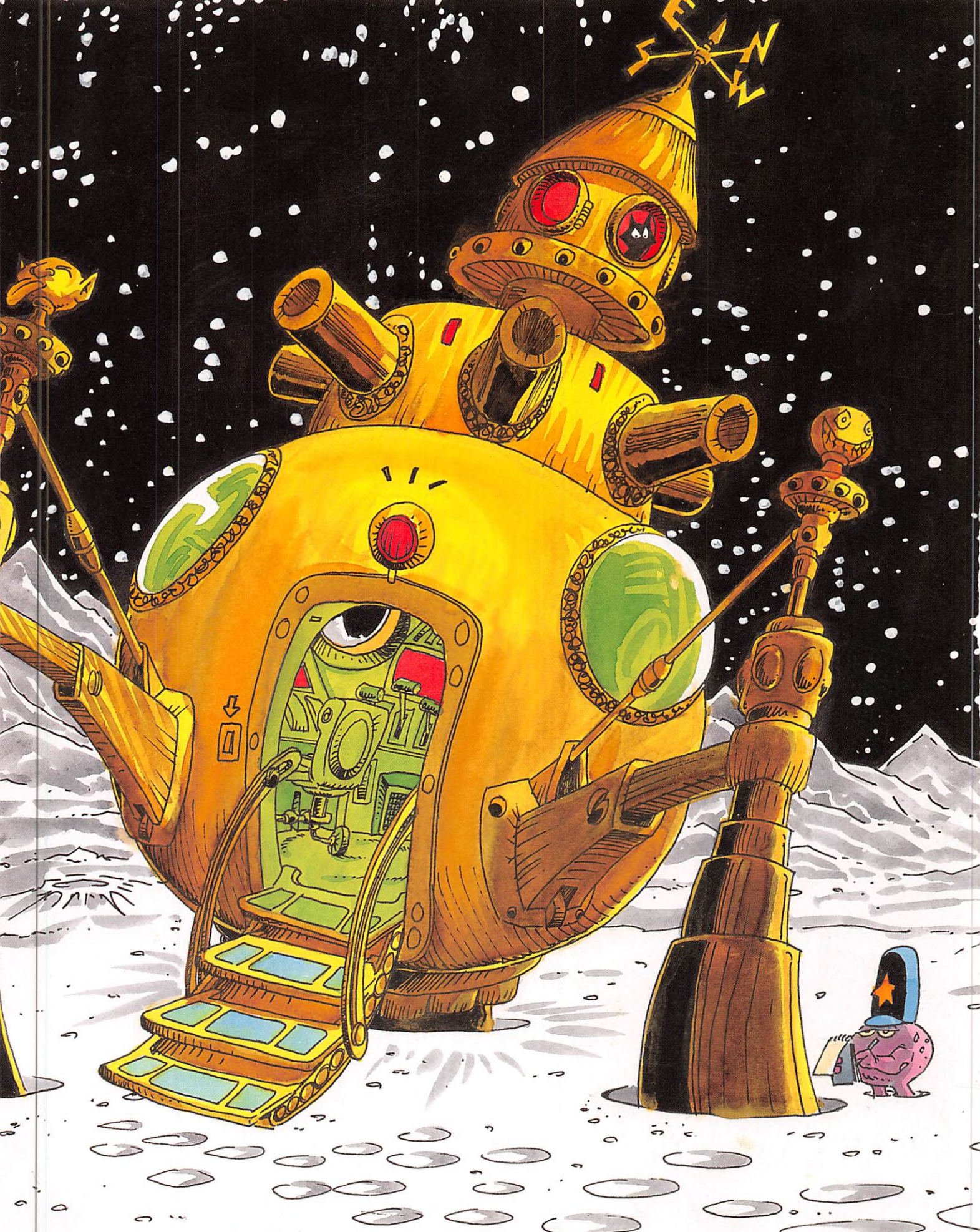
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