

# LUNACON 1998



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presents:

# L U N A C O N 1 9 9 8

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Artist Guest of Honor:

**DONATO GIANCOLA**

Fan Guests of Honor:

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# Chairman's Statement

*Greetings!*

*On behalf of all the Lunarians and Lunacon '98 staff, I want to welcome all of you to Lunacon '98.*

*This year, in addition to our panels on art, writing and science, we are introducing something new. Our sponsoring organization, The New York Science Fiction Society, the Lunarians, Inc. has established a new award: The Sam Moskowitz Memorial Award for the best non fiction contribution to the genre. I have also dedicated this Lunacon to Sam's memory.*

*Sam Moskowitz dedicated his career to science fiction. He edited numerous books, wrote introductions, and accumulated a reference collection of science fiction books, magazines and art that is probably second to none. Due to medical problems, Sam was unable to participate as a speaker, but nothing stopped him from contributing his expertise when requested. He was a fan first, and a professional writer second. For those of us who were privileged to know him, he will be sorely missed. Younger fans who never met him will benefit by reading his past works, and in that way, get to know and appreciate him, and in turn, develop a greater enjoyment of science fiction.*

*Enjoy yourselves at Lunacon '98. This is a special time for all of us to socialize and share ideas that makes fandom such a unique celebration of life. Come to our Meet the Pros and Meet the Fans parties. Stop in the Con Suite for a snack and if you wish, volunteer for an hour or two.*

*Let the games begin!  
My best wishes to you all.  
Eileen Madison  
Chair for Lunacon '98..*

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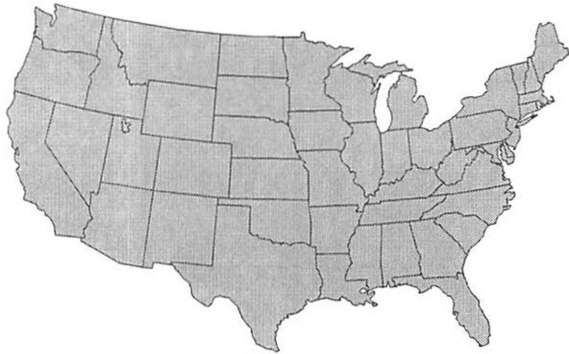
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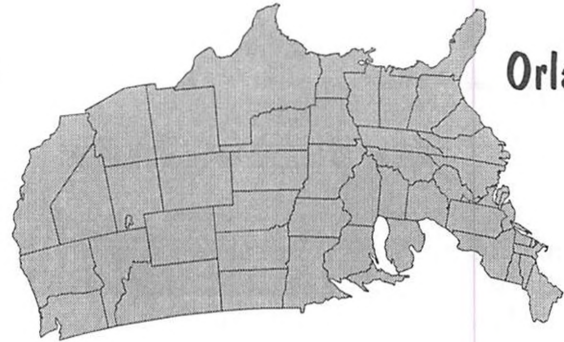
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# Lunacon Policies

## 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 a costume **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, e.g. 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, 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 of *Lunacon '98* are non-smoking!! There will be a smoking room adjacent to the main con suite area.

## Drinking Age:

Please remember that New York State's legal drinking age is **21**. The Hotel will be enforcing this law. Alcohol may not be served at **open** parties, and you will be asked to close down if it is. An open party is one that is open to all convention members and is advertised openly at the convention. A closed party is not advertised, is invitational in nature, and runs behind closed doors. **Please note:** All parties **must** be in designated party areas. Parties held in other areas will be closed down.

## Convention Badges:

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

## Please Note:

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

## Acknowledgements

We would like to express our appreciation and thanks to the following people and organizations without whose assistance Lunacon '98 would not have been possible: our Guests of Honor, the Rye Town Hilton, the many contributors to this book, named and unnamed, Mapleton Printing and Offset, Science Press, Irv Kershner, Al Bartholomew, Sondra Lehman, the publishers and others who have generously supported our Book Exhibit and Raffle (and the Lunarian's Donald A. and Elsie B. Woll-

heim Scholarship Fund), Interport for assistance with the Internet Room, certain office machines that (understandably) insisted on anonymity, our fellow Committee members (and the people who live them), our illustrious predecessors (for giving us something to live up to, or down, as the case may be), and special thanks to our hard-working Volunteer Staff, and to Jean Krevor, for services above and beyond the call of duty.

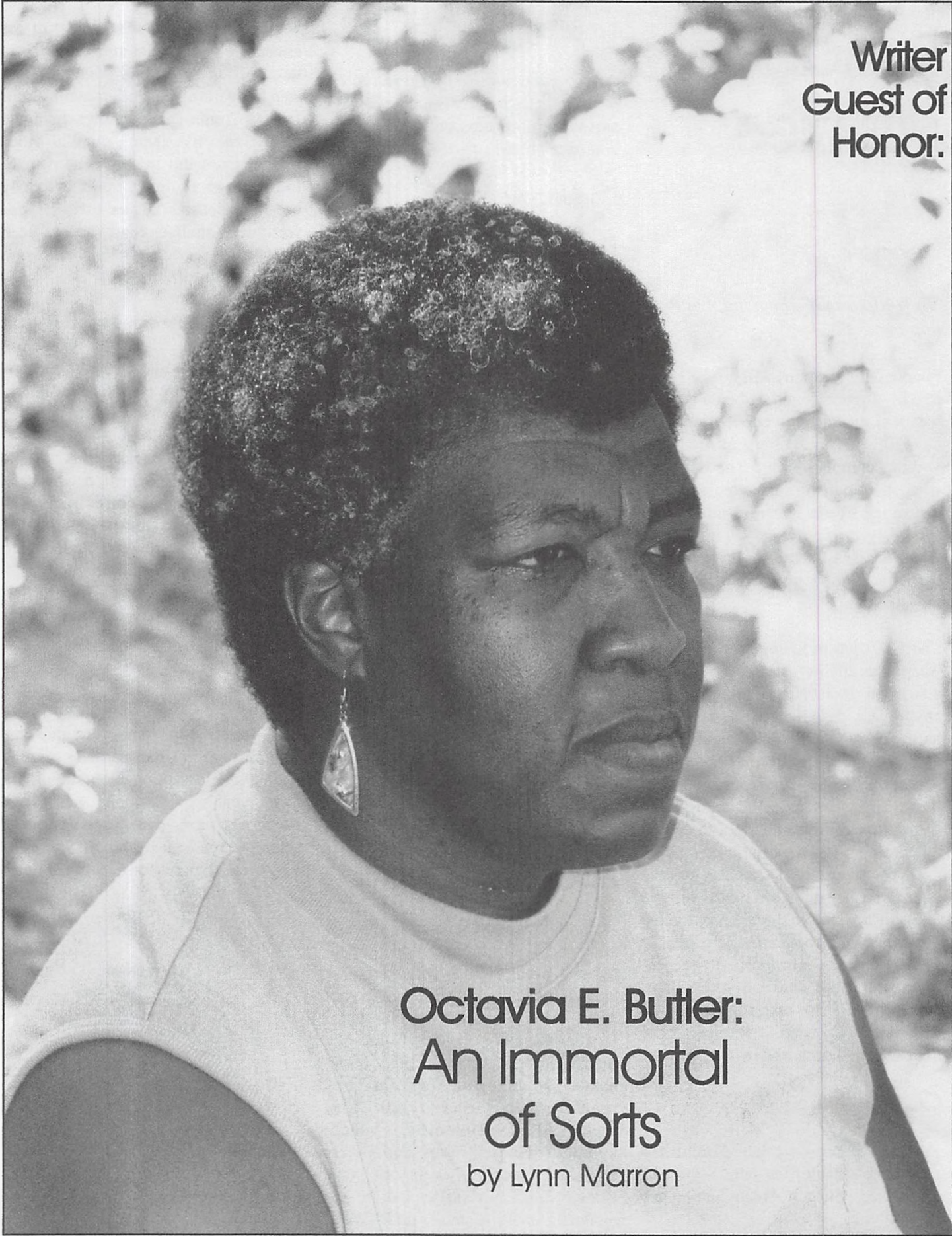
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## Errata:

Due to an editorial oversight, last year's Lunacon Chairman was omitted from the Convention Committee list. Last year's Chairman was John William Upton, and deserves proper acknowledgement for his efforts. The editor apologizes for the unfortunate lapse.



A black and white portrait of Octavia E. Butler, a Black woman with short, dark, curly hair. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, turtleneck sweater and a large, teardrop-shaped earring. She is looking slightly to the right of the frame with a thoughtful expression. The background is a soft-focus outdoor scene with many small, light-colored flowers.

Writer  
Guest of  
Honor:

Octavia E. Butler:  
An Immortal  
of Sorts

by Lynn Marron

The last time Octavia Butler came East, I took her sight seeing in New York City. We hit Wall Street, the Cloisters, the South Street Seaport and number of fancy vegetarian restaurants. The thing she most liked was the medieval crypt at the Cloisters. Someone getting her thrills out of a bunch of tombs, that's about par for my friends.

Over the years I have known her, Octavia has grown from a tall, sweet, slightly strange human being into a Nebula and multi-Hugo award winning writer. I've always marveled at her unique ability to study mankind, chronicle its eccentricities, track its suicidal hierarchies and still envision a noble future. Her eerie brand of extraordinary cynicism mixed with an overwhelming optimism for humanity has also won her one of the famed MacArthur fellowships.

Octavia and I met years ago at a Clarion Writer's Workshop. We had a number of things in common: we were both only children, who had lost a father at an early age; we both longed to be professional writers; we both were social misfits, who wound up incredible day dreamers.

Most of the workshopers at Clarion had talent; certainly all of us had expectations of success; because of our estrangement from "normal" society, some of us had radically alien viewpoints of humanity; and many of us have a persistence that any psychiatrist would class as dangerously obsessive. In Octavia Estelle Butler all these ingredients precipitated into a critical mass that has produced such significant series as the "Patternists".

After six weeks of intensive Clarion SF workshoping, we went our ways, but Octavia and I stayed in touch. She's lives in California. I live in Connecticut. Connecting us is the umbilical-cord phone line (Yes, Octavia Butler and I actually paid for that dividend you got on your telephone stock).

We only see each every few years, yet both us delight in Lemon Ice Cream, British Mysteries series and endless speculations on what toilet this world will finally be flushed down. While incessantly talking on the phone, I've learned that at 21, over her mother's objections, Octavia moved out on her own. While mentally crafting short stories, she worked in factories, food processing and warehouses. There were times when she could only afford to eat potatoes, baked, boiled or fried. Still, even with her work being rejected, she kept writing.

Deciding her tiny, depressing apartment was not conducive to being a professional, Octavia regularly took the bus to "her office" -- the Main branch of the Los Angeles public library. There she laboriously turned out a first novel in longhand. Her first three novels were all extensions of fantasies she entertained herself with as a child. Fortunately, from *Kindred* (her fourth novel) on she was able to make her living as a professional writer.

Octavia is an incredibly strange mixture. Totally disciplined with her writing and engagements, yet frequently giving in to an all consuming passion for pizza. She is a sympathetic listener, yet cruel enough to send her overweight friends pounds of specialty *See's* chocolates. A born Baptist, who has reasoned herself into atheism, Octavia still has faith in the capacity for human good. In spite of not being a joiner by nature, she has served her community in tasks ranging from the neighborhood watch to teaching for the Literacy Volunteers. And although she cherishes the years of her childhood spent on her grandmother's chicken ranch in San Bernardino County, California, Octavia is appalled at animal cruelty and has become a strict vegetarian. (Mercifully, I've never known her try to impose her principles on those of us sitting beside her scarfing down barbecue ribs.)

## A brief conversation with Octavia E. Butler

### Who is Octavia E. Butler?

### Where is she headed?

### Where has she been?

*Who am I? I'm a 49-year-old writer who can remember being a 10-year-old writer and who expects someday to be an 80-year-old writer. I'm also comfortably asocial--a hermit living in a city--a pessimist if I'm not careful; a student, endlessly curious; a feminist; an African-American; a former Baptist; and an oil-and-water combination of ambition, laziness, insecurity, certainty, and drive.*

### What have you written?

*Novels, short stories, and essays. I've had 10 novels published so far. These are: PATTERNMASTER, MIND OF MY MIND, SURVIVOR, KINDRED, WILD SEED, CLAY'S ARK, DAWN, ADULTHOOD RITES, IMAGO, and PARABLE OF THE SOWER. The first five were published originally by Doubleday. WILD SEED, MIND OF MY MIND, and PATTERNMASTER have been reprinted by Warner which will also soon reprint CLAY'S ARK (12/96) KINDRED has been reprinted by Beacon Press. DAWN, ADULTHOOD RITES, IMAGO, and PARABLE OF THE SOWER are available from Warner. PARABLE was first published by Four Walls Eight Windows. In late 1995, Four Walls published my short story collection, BLOODCHILD AND OTHER STORIES. One story in this collection, "Speech Sounds," won a Hugo award as best short story of 1984. The title story, "Bloodchild," won both the 1985 Hugo and the 1984 Nebula awards as best novelette. And speaking of awards, in the summer of 1995, I received a MacArthur Fellowship from the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation.*

### What were your educational preparations for a writing career?

*I graduated from Pasadena City College in 1968 (Pasadena, California is my home town), then attended California State University, Los Angeles. I also took a few extension classes at UCLA. But the most valuable help I received with my writing came from two workshops. The first was the Open Door Program of the Screen Writers' Guild of America, West (1969-70) and the second was the Clarion Science Fiction Writers' Workshop (1970).*

As Octavia and I both progressed in our careers, we would be on the phone tirelessly deriding the faithlessness of boyfriends, the lousy compensation for artists in this culture and the calories in Chocolate Haagen-Dazs. A phone conversation with Octavia is a marvelous, educational, sometimes exasperating experience. For an hour and half, it will range from sweet-potato pie recipes to hot arguments over the ramifications of the latest DNA discovery. The last time Octavia Butler came East, I took her sight seeing in New York City. We hit Wall Street, the Cloisters, the South Street Seaport and a number of fancy vegetarian restaurants. The thing she most liked was the medieval crypt at the Cloisters. Someone getting her thrills out of a bunch of tombs, that's about par for my friends.

A phone conversation with Octavia is a marvelous, educational, sometimes exasperating experience. For an hour and half, it will range from sweet-potato pie recipes to hot arguments over the ramifications of the latest DNA discovery.

I soon learned that when Octavia calls I must have a short reference library in arm's reach: at least one solid dictionary, an almanac, a science dictionary, maybe something on animal taxonomy and a detailed timeline. Now, when one of us calls, I just instinctively log on to the Internet, so I can back up my statements as we can begin by arguing the extent of global warming.

Although we have diverged politically over the years, she's a fun person to talk with. She won't argue for argument's sake. On any topic Octavia chooses, she is usually passionate, and debates with a verbal sophistication that is formidable. It does get a little frustrating to have to defend every nuance of a position, yet I've learned quite a bit. And on very rare occa-

sions, I have even heard a few pages being turned on the other end of the line, a pause, then that deep voice saying, (usually with a touch of surprise), "I think you're right."

Although always bemoaning the negative effects to her writing schedule, Octavia is replenished by travel. For *Kindred's* slavery sequences she visited Maryland to do research and also toured an early American plantation in Georgetown. I've strongly suspected that her wish to visit Machu Picchu came before the idea for the *Xenogenesis* books, but supposedly for them she journeyed to South America. (Along with a reverence for the rain forests, she discovered that no insect protection really works for her.) In her travels, Octavia has explored some of the Soviet Union, England and most of the U.S. This week, I've promised to give her a tour of Stamford, Connecticut (well, there's the Dairy Queen...). But for years Octavia has had a wish to visit Antarctica, and she is a person whose wishes generally become actions. I can't wait to read what will come out of that trip to the land of ice and isolation!

The writer who made a livelihood of peering into the future has only bought a computer within the last few years. Even with it sitting in her home office for nearly a year, Octavia continued writing on her manual typewriter, begrudging the computer the time to learn and work out its bugs.

However, the current book is now being finished on that computer, but at this time Octavia still is resisting the Internet. "I know myself; surfing will take up too much time." Still, she was considering an Internet connection. Not on the office computer, but maybe through one of those web TV connections in the living room. Like all non-writing life events she will effectively quarantine the Internet, so it will not interfere (but what

telephone bills we could save using Net Meeting!).

My favorite character of Octavia's books is Anyanwu from the "Patternist" series, the ageless African woman, who shepherds generations of her very mysteriously gifted children, protecting them, as she helps them grow. Anyanwu is tiny and immortal, Octavia is tall and very human, but in my mind, they share quite a bit in common. I was delighted to hear that Octavia is finishing up the long awaited next "Parable" Book.

Actually, in the last few years, she has phoned to say she was scheduled to finish it several times, but each time, there was another call, where she would say "No. I know my writing. This is not good enough." Then to the despair of us all, she would restart the whole book over again. Fortunately, for those of us who like a great read, this time she knows *Parable of the Talents* is good enough!

*Lynn Marron is a Nebula Award nominee who has written SF and fantasy and comics. She currently writes computer manuals and does computer training, which may be stranger than any fiction she has written. She lives in Stamford, Connecticut, treasures her friendship with Octavia Butler, and keeps the long distance carriers profitable maintaining that friendship.*



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A black and white portrait of Donato Giancola, a man with a full beard and dark hair, wearing a white button-down shirt. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a subtle smile. The background is a dark, solid color.

**Artist  
Guest of  
Honor:**

**Donato  
Giancola:  
A Man of the  
Renaissance**  
by Steve Ellis

When I first met Donato Giancola I thought to myself, "I've got some competition!" I was a freshman at Syracuse University in 1989 when I attended my first meeting of Comics Plus, the comic book club.

Donato was also new to the group, as he had just transferred into painting from electrical engineering in Vermont. When everyone shared their sketchbooks and I saw Donato's sketchbook, I was blown away. Already present in his work was an understanding of compositional structure and an impressive comprehension of light and form.

I was still more impressed when I learned that Donato was relatively new to art, having considered the field seriously for only a couple years previous. Present in even this early work was the drive, discipline and talent to become the successful painter he is. I have watched him develop, in tandem with myself, from an art student at Syracuse University into an accomplished artist at the top of his field. Over the years, I've watched as he pored over old, dusty library texts and visited museums seeking out techniques from the great masters.

I would visit Donato in his studio and talk to him about his newest influence as he applied one more thin glaze of oil onto his most recent piece. This striving toward creative perfection has persisted from college into his professional career and has been instrumental in his rocketing success.

As a fantasy and science fiction painter, Donato is a kind of oddball. Traditionally, artists of the genre cite Frazetta and Boris as major influences, both of whom are regarded as contemporary masters of fantasy. While respecting these and other artists, Donato draws inspiration primarily from the much older masters of representational and abstract art. As he has said to me

over many a pizza and Coke, "Why not build on the successes of the past?"

The past Donato looks to includes Hans Membling, a brilliant painter of the Northern Renaissance tradition who emphasized an intricate patterning of detail, symbolism and saturated color in his realistic paintings. The iconic structure and carefully selected imagery in the paintings of this period act as the major driving force in Donato's art. Islamic art, elaborate and complex in its abstract two-dimensional structure, has also served as an inspiration to his design and composition. The observant viewer can also see such influences as Jan Vermeer, one of the Dutch Masters renowned for his subtle use of light, William Bougereau, to whom Donato attributes his understanding of skin tones and textures, and Caravaggio, who helped bring domestic subject matter into the limelight of high-art narrative picture making.

When Donato needs to express an emotion through a figure, he will do so with a subtle yet loaded gesture – a smirk, or a gentle turn of the hip that gives his characters life and dimensionality. His work is grounded in an artistic legacy of realism and simple beauty which makes even his most fantastic creatures convincingly real.

The more recent past which has strongly influenced Donato's creations can be found in the movie theaters and comic-book stores. Donato's imagination (as well as the imaginations of most of his generation) was captured by *Star Wars*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *Alien*, and *E.T.*, among others.

Like many of us in the field, he learned to draw from the best of comic book illustrators (for example, John Byrne in *Fantastic Four*, Sal

Buscema in *Conan the Barbarian*, and Walt Simonson in *Thor*) and spent hours drawing his own characters, which were often inspired by his role-playing in *Dungeons and Dragons* and the literature of J.R.R. Tolkien.

But what really brings Donato's painting to life is his love of science. He has often spoken to me, voice full of wonder, of being awakened to watch astronauts land on the moon when he was a child and of the eerily beautiful northern lights (*aurora borealis*) visible from northern Vermont, where he grew up. He strives to bring a scientifically accurate observation to his art. Donato credits direct observation of nature, for example the reflection on a chrome ball or the glow of flesh in front of a fire, as his biggest tool in creating the seeming otherworldliness of his paintings.

Donato is an artist's artist. When he approaches a painting, he is just as interested in whether the finished painting stands up as its own object than he is in the reproduced image. When you see an original Donato, the textures and luminosity of the paint and the strength of the overall composition come through, characteristics that are often lost when a piece is photographed and printed on paper. His techniques are masterful in their execution, and his devotion to his work is unparalleled. His draftsmanship is executed with the utmost attention and love for fine rendering and painstaking detail.

Donato's work ethic and creativity are an inspiration to those around him. I am honored to call him friend as well as colleague.

*Steve Ellis is a comics artist living in Brooklyn. He met Donato in college in Vermont in 1989, and has been a friend and admirer ever since.*

# Donato Giancola:

## Book covers and other credits

- The Time Machine* by H.G. Wells (Walmart, '93)  
*A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (Walmart, '93)  
*Journey to the Center of the Earth* by Jules Verne (Walmart, '93)  
*Christmas Forever* ed. by David G. Hartwell (Tor, Nov '93)  
*A Two-Edged Sword* by Thomas K. Martin (Ace, Jan '94)  
*The Voyage* by David Drake (Tor, Jan '94)  
*Throne of Isis* by Judith Tarr (Tor/Forge, Apr '94)  
*Burial* by Graham Masterton (Tor, May '94)  
*Galactic MI: The Citadel* by Kevin Randle (Ace, May '94)  
*Shadows Fall* by Simon Green (Penguin/Roc, '94)  
*20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* by Jules Verne (Walmart, '94)  
*Billy Budd* by Herman Melville (Walmart, '94)  
*Lovelock* by Orson Scott Card & Kathryn H. Kidd (Tor, Jul '94)  
*Beneath the Web* by Lynn Abbey (Ace, Aug '94)  
*Revenge of the Ravengers* video game packaging  
 (Absolute Entertainment, '95)  
*Otherness* by David Brin (Bantam Spectra, Sep '94)  
*A Matter of Honor* by Thomas K. Martin (Ace, Oct '94)  
*Siduri's Net* by P. K. McAllister (Penguin/Roc, Nov '94)  
*The Dragons of the Rhine* by Diana L. Paxson  
 (Morrow AvoNova, Jan '95)  
*Red Planet Run* by Dana Stabenow (Ace, Jan '95)  
*Deathstalker* by Simon R. Green (Penguin/Roc, Feb '95)  
*The Road Home* by Joel Rosenberg (Penguin/Roc, Feb '95)  
*The Eagle's Daughter* by Judith Tarr (Tor/Forge, Apr '95)  
*The Incredible Shrinking Man* by Richard Matheson  
 (Tor, Apr '95)  
*Maia's Veil* by P. K. McAllister (Penguin/Roc, Jun '95)  
*Pasquale's Angel* by Paul J. McAuley  
 (Morrow AvoNova, Jun '95)  
*Pillar of Fire* by Judith Tarr (Tor/Forge, Jun '95)  
*Lethe* by Tricia Sullivan (Bantam Spectra, Jul '95)  
*Cyberpunk 2.0.2.0.: The Ravengers* by Stephen Billias  
 (Warner Aspect, Aug '95)  
*Orion Among the Stars* by Ben Bova (Tor, Aug '95)  
*King Arthur* (Walmart, '95)  
*Sir Pellias* (Walmart, '95)  
*Tiger Burning Bright* by Marion Zimmer Bradley, Andre Norton  
 & Mercedes Lackey (Morrow AvoNova, Sep '95)  
*This Side of Judgement* by J. R. Dunn (Penguin/Roc, Nov '95)  
*The Caverns of Socrates* by Dennis L. McKiernan  
 (Penguin/Roc, Dec '95)  
*The Jigsaw Woman* by Kim Antieau (Penguin/Roc, Mar '96)  
*Orion's Dagger* by P. K. McAllister (Penguin/Roc, Mar '96)  
*Cyberpunk 2.0.2.0.: Holo Men* by Stephen Billias  
 (Warner Aspect, Apr '96)
- Eggheads* by Emily Devenport (Penguin/Roc, Apr '96)  
*Five Worlds #1: Exile* by Al Sarrantonio (Penguin/Roc, Jun '96)  
*Reclamation* by Sarah Zettel (Warner Aspect, Jun '96)  
*Deathstalker Rebellion* by Simon R. Green (Penguin/Roc, Jul '96)  
*MiddleEarth: The Wizards* (2 pieces)  
 (Iron Crown Enterprises, '95)  
*The Dragonstone* by Dennis L. McKiernan  
 (Penguin/Roc, Nov '96)  
*Tek Money* by William Shatner (Ace/Putnam, Dec '95)  
*Protector* by Larry Niven (Ballantine Del Rey, Jun '96)  
*Ringworld* by Larry Niven (Ballantine Del Rey, Jun '96)  
*The Ringworld Engineers* by Larry Niven  
 (Ballantine Del Rey, Jun '96)  
*The Widowmaker* by Mike Resnick (Bantam Spectra, Aug '96)  
*Mother of Winter* by Barbara Hambly  
 (Ballantine Del Rey, Oct '96)  
*Tek Kill* by William Shatner (Ace/Putnam, Oct '96)  
*The Sacred Seven* by Amy Stout (AvoNova, Dec '96)  
*With Full Honors* by Donald E. McQuinn  
 (Ballantine Del Rey, Jan '97)  
*Fool's War* (by (Warner Books)  
*Middle-Earth: The Dragons* (12 pieces) (Iron Crown Enterprises)  
*Sosumi: Magic* (4 pieces) (Wizards of the Coast)  
*Dry Water* by (AvoNova)  
*Kronos Condition* by Emily Devenport (Penguin/Roc)  
*Middle-Earth: Dark Minions* (5 pieces) (Iron Crown Enterprises)  
*Magic: 5th Edition* (7 pieces) (Wizards of the Coast)  
*Magic: Visions* (2 pieces) (Wizards of the Coast)  
*Journey* by Al Sarrantonio (Penguin/Roc)  
*Gaia Websters* by Kim Antieau (Penguin/Roc)  
*Time of the Dark* by Barbara Hambly (Ballantine)  
*Walls of Air* by Barbara Hambly (Ballantine)  
*Armies of Daylight* by Barbara Hambly (Ballantine)  
*King Arthur & Merlin* knife handle designs (Franklin Mint)  
*Gates of Vensunor* by (AvoNova)  
*Magic: Harvey* (2, Dragon & Knight) (Wizards of the Coast)  
*Batgirl* toy packaging (DC Comics)  
*Dragon* Mug sketches (Franklin Mint)  
*Stratego* Board Game complete packaging (Milton-Bradley)  
*Magic: 1998 Calender* (Black Dragon) (Wizards of the Coast)  
*Magic: Weatherlight* (2 pieces) (Wizards of the Coast)  
*Middle-Earth: Lidless Eye* (6 pieces) (Iron Crown Enterprises)  
*3001* by Arthur C. Clark (Playboy, March '97)  
*Deathstalker III: War* by Simon Green (Penguin/Roc, '97)  
*Widowmaker Reborn* by Mike Resnick (Bantam, '97)



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# Positive Obsession

by Octavia E. Butler

**M**y mother read me bed-time stories until I was six years old. It was a sneak attack on her part. As soon as I really got to like the stories, she said, "Here's the book. Now you read." She didn't know what she was setting us both up for.

-2-

"I think," my mother said to me one day when I was ten, "that everyone has something that they can do better than they can do anything else. It's up to them to find out what that something is."

We were in the kitchen by the stove. She was pressing my hair while I sat bent over someone's cast-off notebook, writing. I had decided to write down some of the stories I'd been telling myself over the years. When I didn't have stories to read, I learned to make them up. Now I was learning to write them down.

-3-

I was shy, afraid of most people, most situations. I didn't stop to ask myself how things could hurt me, or even whether they could hurt me. I was just afraid.

I crept into my first bookstore full of vague fears. I had managed to save about five dollars, mostly in change. It was 1957. Five dollars was a lot of money for a ten-year-old. The public library had been my second home since I was six, and I owned a number of hand-me-down books. But now I wanted a new book--one I had chosen, one I could keep.

"Can kids come in here!" I asked the woman at the cash register once I was inside. I meant could Black kids come in. My mother, born in rural Louisiana and raised amid strict racial segregation, had

warned me that I might not be welcome everywhere, even in California.

The cashier glanced at me. "Of course you can come in, she said. Then, as though it were an afterthought, she smiled. I relaxed.

The first book I bought described the characteristics of different breeds of horses. The second described stars and planets, asteroids, moons and comets.

-4-

My aunt and I were in her kitchen, talking. She was cooking something that smelled good, and I was sitting at her table, watching. Luxury. At home, my mother would have had me helping.

"I want to be a writer when I grow up," I said.

"Do you!" my aunt asked. "Well, that's nice, but you'll have to get a job, too."

"Writing will be my job," I said.

"You can write any time. It's a nice hobby. But you'll have to earn a living."

"As a writer"

"Don't be silly."

"I mean it."

"Honey... Negroes can't be writers."

"Why not?"

"They just can't."

"Yes, they can, too!"

I was most adamant when I didn't know what I was talking about. In all my thirteen years, I had never read a printed word that I knew to have been written by a Black person. My aunt was a grown woman. She knew more than I did. What if she were right!

-5-

Shyness is shit.

It isn't cute or feminine or appealing. It's torment, and it's shit.

I spent a lot of my childhood and

saying, "Speak up! We can't hear you.

I memorized required reports and poems for school, then cried my way out of having to recite. Some teachers condemned me for not studying. Some forgave me for not being very bright. Only a few saw my shyness.

"She's so backward," some of my relatives said.

"She's so nice and quiet," tactful friends of my mother said.

I believed I was ugly and stupid, clumsy, and socially hopeless. I also thought that everyone would notice these faults if I drew attention to myself. I wanted to disappear.

Instead, I grew to be six feet tall. Boys in particular seemed to assume that I had done this growing deliberately and that I should be ridiculed for it as often as possible.

I hid out in a big pink notebook--one that would hold a whole ream of paper. I made myself a universe in it. There I could be a magic horse, a Martian, a telepath. There I could be anywhere but here, any time but now, with any people but these.

## -6-

My mother did day work. She had a habit of bringing home any books her employers threw out. She had been permitted only three years of school. Then she had been put to work. Oldest daughter. She believed passionately in books and education. She wanted me to have what she had been denied.

She wasn't sure which books I might be able to use, so she brought whatever she found in the trash. I had books yellow with age, books without covers, books written in, crayoned in, spilled on, cut, torn, even partly burned. I stacked them in wooden crates and second-hand bookcases and read them when I was ready for them. Some were years too advanced for me when I got them, but I grew into them.

## -7-

An obsession, according to my old Random House dictionary, is 'the domination of one's thoughts or feelings by a persistent idea, image, desire, etc.' Obsession can be a useful tool if it's positive obsession. Using it is like aiming carefully in archery.

I took archery in high school because it wasn't a team sport. I liked some of the team sports, but in archery you did well or badly according to your own efforts. No one else to blame. I wanted to see what I could do. I learned to aim high. Aim above the target. Aim just *there!* Relax. Let go. If you aimed right, you hit the bull's-eye. I saw positive obsession as a way of aiming yourself, your life, at your chosen target. Decide what you want. Aim high. Go for it.

I wanted to sell a story. Before I knew how to type, I wanted to sell a story.

I pecked my stories out two fingers on the Remington portable typewriter my mother had bought me. I had begged for it when I was ten, and she had bought it.

"You'll spoil that child!" one of her friends told her. "What does she need with a typewriter at her age! It will soon be sitting in the closet with dust on it. All that money wasted!"

I asked my science teacher, Mr. Pfaff, to type one of my stories for me--type it the way it was supposed to be with no holes erased into the paper and no strike-overs. He did. He even corrected my terrible spelling and punctuation. To this day I'm amazed and grateful.

## -8-

I had no idea how to submit a story for publication. I blundered through unhelpful library books on writing. Then I found a discarded copy of *The Writer*, a magazine I had never heard of. That copy sent me

back to the library to look for more, and for other writers' magazines to see what I could learn from them. In very little time I'd found out how to submit a story, and my story was in the mail. A few weeks later I got my first rejection slip.

When I was older, I decided that getting a rejection slip was like being told your child was ugly. You got mad and didn't believe a word of it. Besides, look at all the really ugly literary children out there in the world being published and doing fine!

## -9-

I spent my teens and much of my twenties collecting printed rejections. Early on, my mother lost \$61.20--a reading fee charged by a so-called agent to look at one of my unpublished stories. No one had told us that agents weren't supposed to get any money up front, weren't supposed to be paid until they sold your work. Then they were to take ten percent of whatever the work earned. Ignorance is expensive. That \$61.20 was more money back than my mother paid for a month's rent.

## -10-

I badgered friends and acquaintances into reading my work, and they seemed to like it. Teachers read it and said kindly, unhelpful things. But there were no creative writing classes at my high school, and no useful criticism. At college (in California at that time, junior college was almost free), I took classes taught by an elderly woman who wrote children's stories. She was polite about the science fiction and fantasy that I kept handing in, but she finally asked in exasperation, "Can't you write anything normal?"

A schoolwide contest was held. All submissions had to be made anonymously. My short story won first prize. I was an eighteen-year-old

freshman, and I won in spite of competition from older, more experienced people. Beautiful. The \$15.00 prize was the first money my writing earned me.

## -11-

After college I did office work for a while, then factory and warehouse work. My size and strength were advantages in factories and warehouses. And no one expected me to smile and pretend I was having a good time.

I got up at two or three in the morning and wrote. Then I went to work. I hated it, and I have no gift for suffering in silence. I muttered and complained and quit jobs and found new ones and collected more rejection slips. One day in disgust I threw them all away. Why keep such useless, painful things!

## -12-

There seems to be an unwritten rule, hurtful and at odds with the realities of American culture. It says you aren't supposed to wonder whether as a Black person, a Black woman, you really might be inferior--not quite bright enough, not quite quick enough, not quite good enough to do the things you want to do. Though, of course, you do wonder. You're supposed to know you're as good as anyone. And if you don't know, you aren't supposed to admit it. If anyone near you admits it, you're supposed to reassure them quickly so they'll shut up. That sort of talk is embarrassing. Act tough and confident and don't talk about your doubts. If you never deal with them, you may never get rid of them, but no matter. Fake everyone out. Even yourself.

I couldn't fake myself out. I didn't talk much about my doubts. I wasn't fishing for hasty reassurances. But I did a lot of thinking the same

things over and over.

Who was I anyway! Why should anyone pay attention to what I had to say! Did I have anything to say! I was writing science fiction and fantasy, for God's sake. At that time nearly all professional science-fiction writers were white men. As much as I loved science fiction and fantasy, what was I doing!

Well, whatever it was, I couldn't stop. Positive obsession is about not being able to stop just because you're afraid and full of doubts. Positive obsession is dangerous. It's about not being able to stop at all.

## -13-

I was twenty-three when, finally, I sold my first two short stories. I sold both to writer-editors who were teaching at Clarion, a science-fiction writers' workshop that I was attending. One story was eventually published. The other wasn't. I didn't sell another word for five years. Then, finally, I sold my first novel. Thank God no one told me selling would take so long--not that I would have believed it. I've sold eight novels since then. Last Christmas, I paid off the mortgage on my mother's house.

## -14-

So, then, I write science fiction and fantasy for a living. As far as I know I'm still the only Black woman who does this. When I began to do a little public speaking, one of the questions I heard most often was, "What good is science fiction to Black people!" I was usually asked this by a Black person. I gave bits and pieces of answers that didn't satisfy me and that probably didn't satisfy my questioners. I resented the question. Why should I have to justify my profession to anyone!

But the answer to that was obvious. There was exactly one other

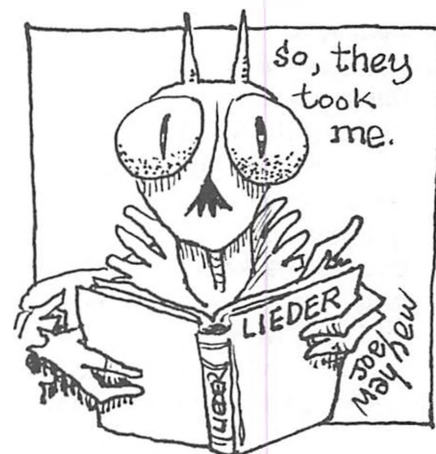
Black science-fiction writer working successfully when I sold my first novel: Samuel R. Delany, Jr. Now there are four of us. Delany, Steven Barnes, Charles R. Saunders, and me. So few. Why! Lack of interest! Lack of confidence! A young Black woman once said to me, "I always wanted to write science fiction, but I didn't think there were any Black women doing it." Doubts show themselves in all sorts of ways. But still I'm asked, what good is science fiction to Black people!

What good is any form of literature to Black people!

What good is science fiction's thinking about the present, the future, and the past! What good is its tendency to warn or to consider alternative ways of thinking and doing! What good is its examination of the possible effects of science and technology, or social organization and political direction! At its best, science fiction stimulates imagination and creativity. It gets reader and writer off the beaten track, off the narrow, narrow footpath of what "everyone" is saying, doing, thinking--whoever "everyone" happens to be this year.

And what good is all this to Black people?

*Positive Obsession originally appeared in Essence magazine in 1989, and was reprinted in her collection "Bloodchild and other stories", published by Seven Stories Press in 1995.*



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August 1998

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Rates are payable in U.S. dollars as checks, money orders, traveler's checks, Access, American Express, MasterCard, or Visa. Please don't send cash.

# Donato Giancola: A portfolio

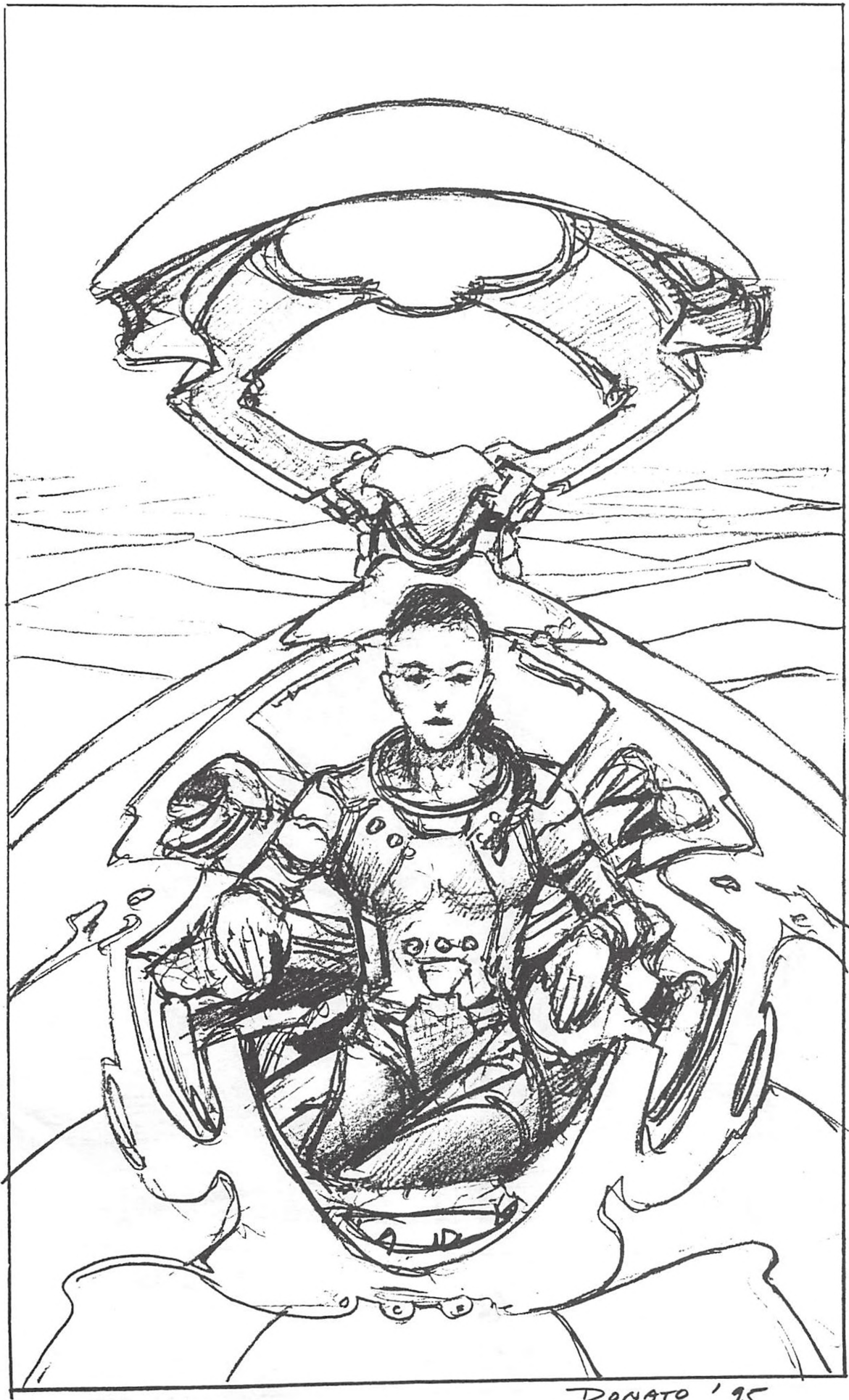
*Donato works in stages, starting with thumbnail sketches to capture ideas. He proceeds through a series of more detailed rough drawings to refine the chosen concept. The final detailed preliminary drawing is done in the size he will paint, then mounted on the board and painted over. Donato refers to the process as almost "painting by numbers".*

*The drawings on the next few pages show the development of the painting on our cover, done for Emily Devenport's novel Eggheads, published in 1996 by Roc Books.*



A

EGG HEADS  
PENGUIN/ROC



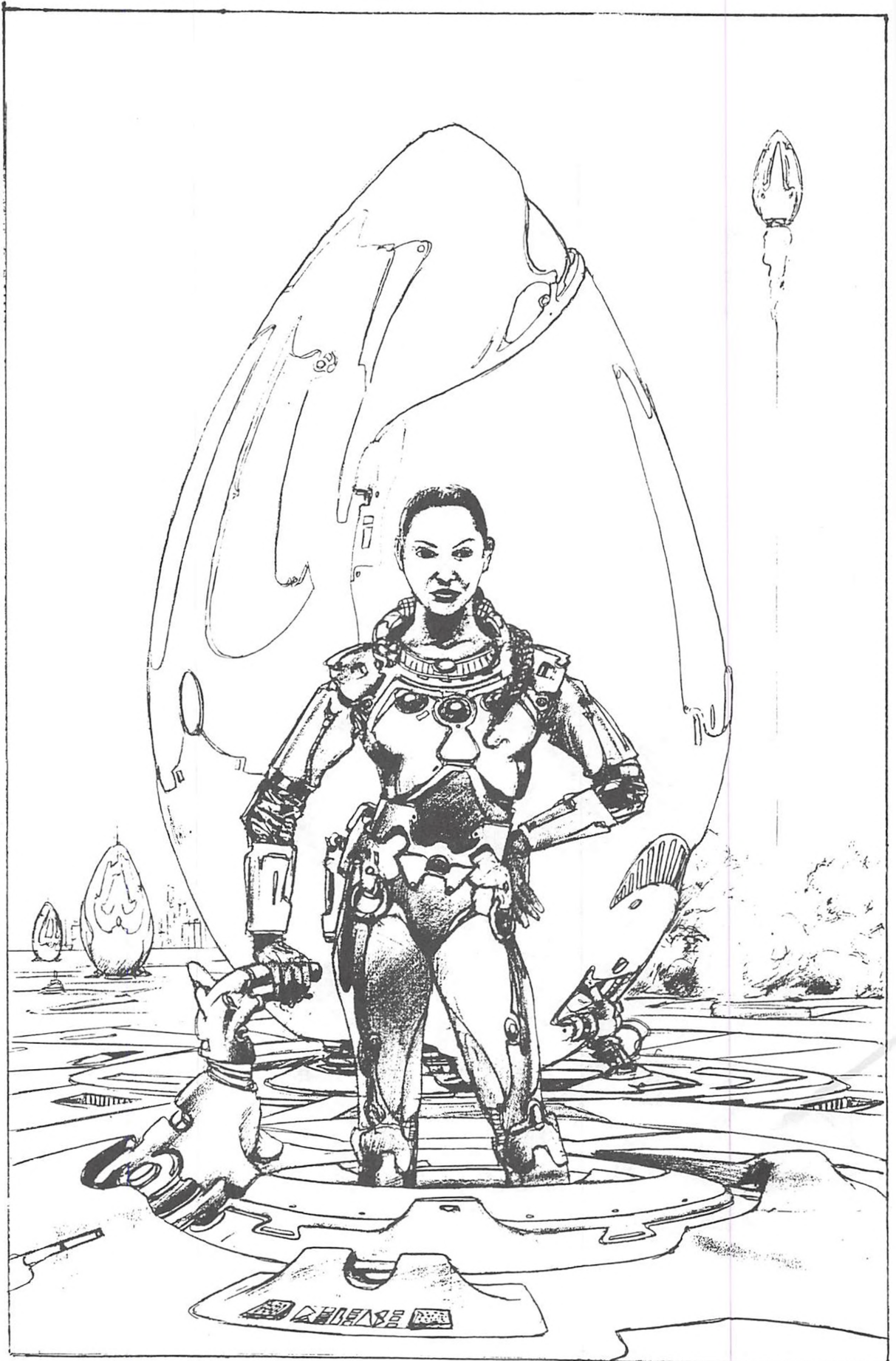
'AN SITTING IN HER HATCH OF THE 'EGG'  
'SAND DUNES OF THE PLANET 'STORM' LEAD TO THE HORIZON'

DONATO '95

Final Sketch

Egg Heads

Baron/roc

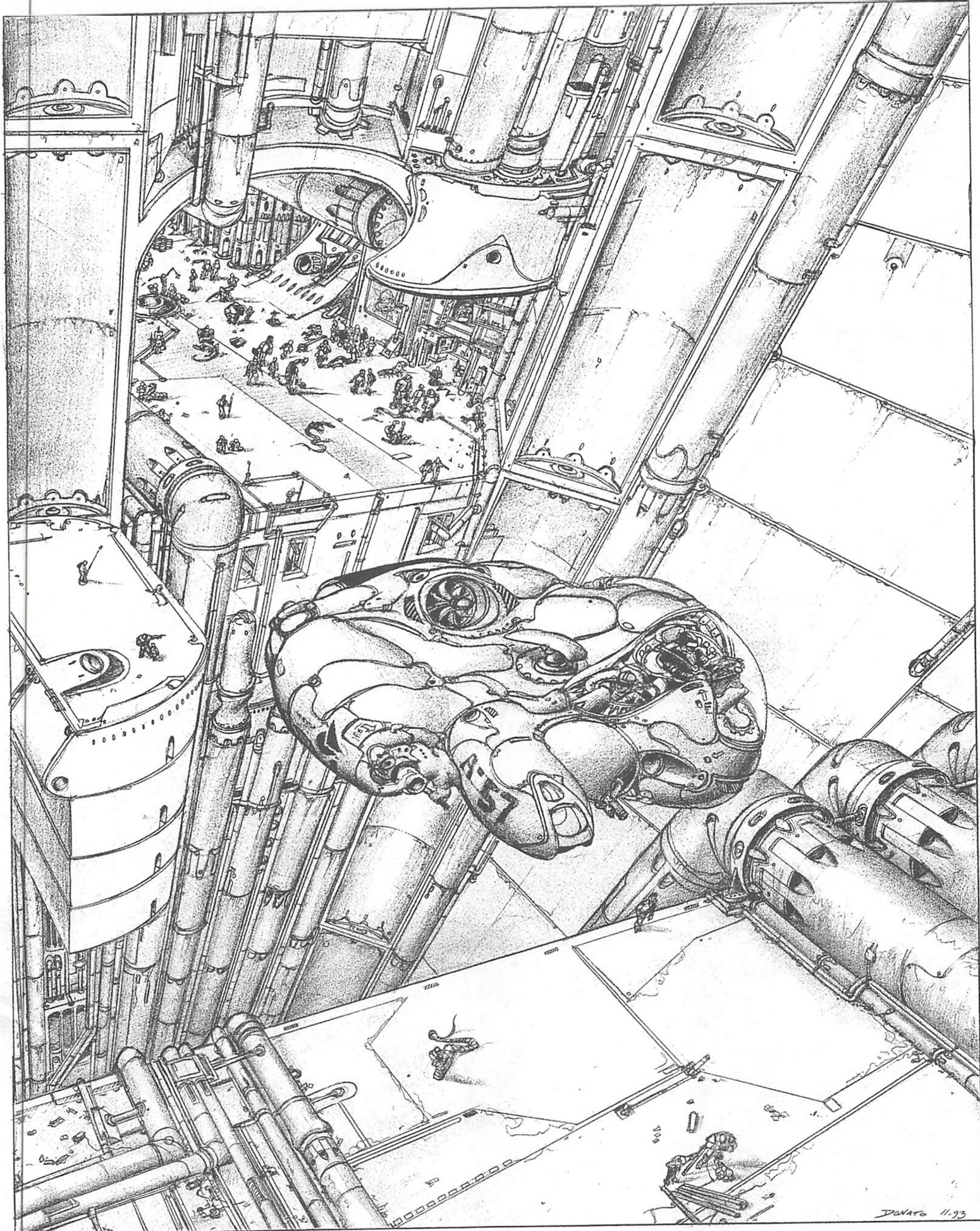


EGG HEADS

DQUATO

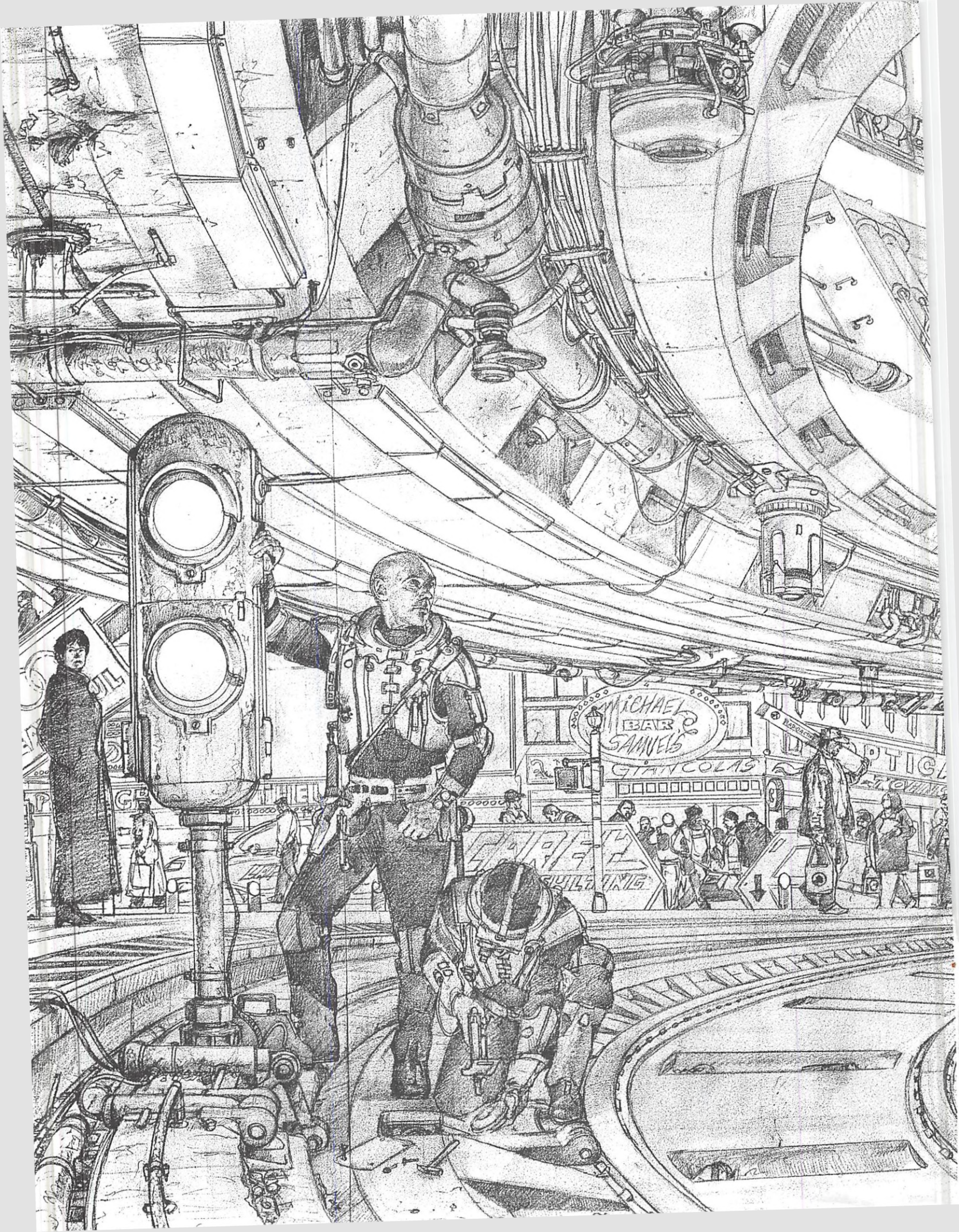
DQUATO 6.11.05





DUNATO 11.93

CONCEPT DESIGN : MINING SHAFT W/ SECURITY VEHICLE.





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You could eat for the entire worldcon without leaving the CC! On the third floor is an extensive food court, while directly under the Grand Hall is the famous Reading Terminal Market, as well as a Hard Rock Cafe. If you do want to step out, Chinatown with its 50 restaurants (including kosher vegetarian!) is across the street.

Of course, no one should visit Philly without tasting our native cuisine. Soft pretzels, real hoagies, Tastykakes, gellati, Italian water ice - they're all here! Decide for yourself, who's the real "king of cheesesteaks", Pat's or Geno's?

Philadelphia boasts nearly every kind of ethnic food from Vietnamese to Ethiopian (really!), and more than a few world-class stars, including the incredible *Le Bec Fin*, voted best French restaurant in North America.

## GETTING HERE

**Driving-**From I-95 or I-676, it's only 4 blocks of local streets to the CC. Besides the Marriott's garage, there are 9 parking lots within a one-block radius of the Convention Center.

**Flying-**Catch a train at the Philadelphia International Airport and get off right under the Marriott Hotel.

**Train-**Arrive at 30th Street Station and show your Amtrak ticket for a free ride on the local train to the Marriott Hotel.

**Boat-**Take the Carnival Line to the cruise ship dock at historic Penn's Landing.

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Philadelphia is the home of the oldest continuously active SF club in the world - the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, founded in 1935. Most of our committee are long-time members and officers. One of us is a third-generation PSFSan!


PSFS is also the group that runs Philcon, a 2000+ person, regional SF convention held since 1986 in the Adam's Mark Hotel in Philadelphia. All of the Bid Committee have worked at Philcon, and many have been Department Heads and Chairpersons.

Philcon's success and growth, and our long-term contract with the Adam's Mark testifies to our committee's experience and competence.

The Philadelphia regional area is home to many other fan groups and smaller conventions, from filk to gaming to a relaxacon. In 1999 Philly Fandom will host CostumeCon, again with considerable overlap with our Bid Committee.

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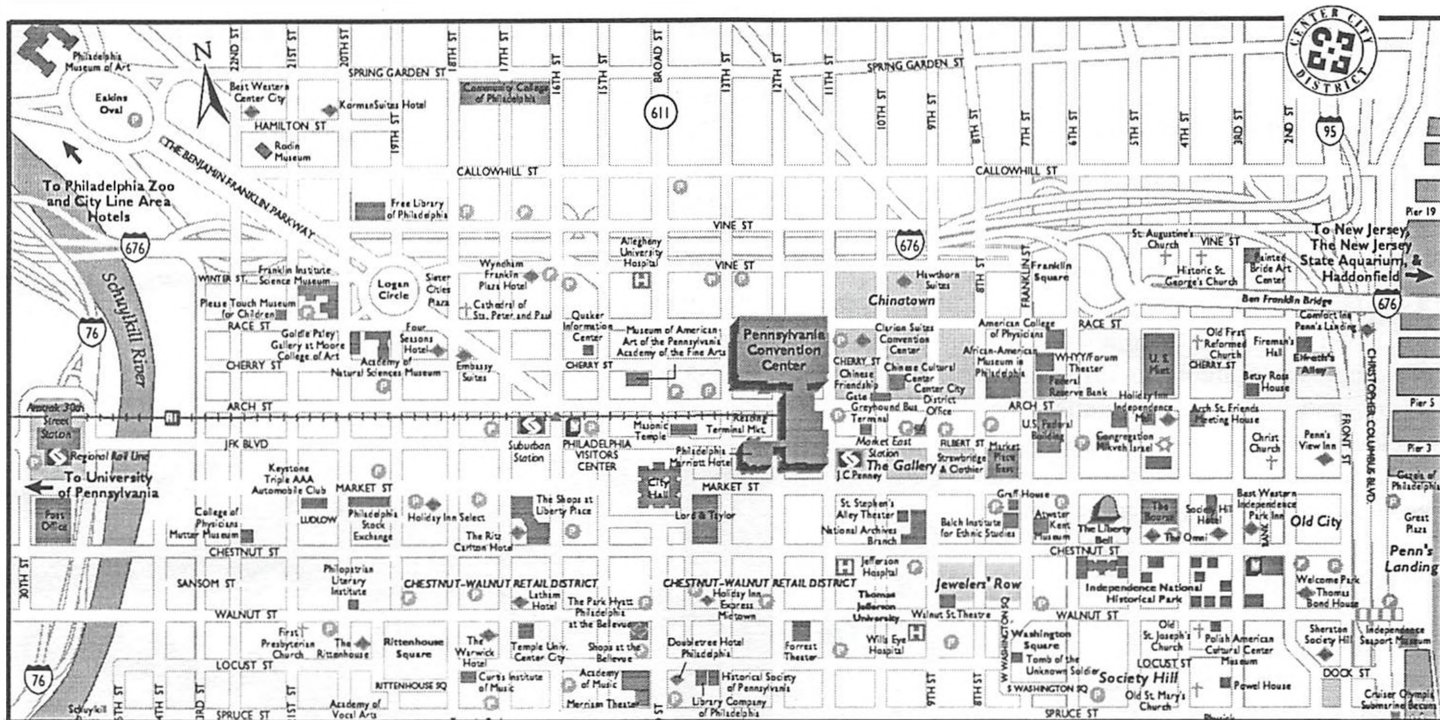
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# Our Fan-Friendly City

Philadelphia is a vibrant, living city - a place where people live, not just work; a place that doesn't close at night. A city of ethnic neighborhoods, outdoor markets, magnificent architecture, museums, theatres, parks, music, dance, sports, nightlife and layer upon layer of history. It's a *real* place - a place that was *grown*, not *built*. And you don't have to pay to get in.

It's also a place where you can leave your car in the garage. All of Center City, with every

conceivable amenity, is within walking distance of the Convention Center. The most historic square mile in the United States is five blocks away. Every attraction in the city is easily reachable by public transit. The downtown visitor loop bus (an all-day ticket is \$3.00) stops at the Marriott. Visitors can tour the city in vehicles ranging from historic trolley cars to horse-drawn carriages, or sightsee on the Delaware River from cruise ships.



## The World Outside the Worldcon

### • Historical District

If not for the events that occurred here, there would be no United States. Independence Hall; The Liberty Bell; Betsy Ross House; and other sites.

### • Waterfront

Penn's Landing Park; Independence Seaport Museum; the tall ships *Gazella* and *Moshulu* (now a floating restaurant); ferry to the NJ State Aquarium.

### • Franklin Institute Science Museum

Planetarium, interactive Futures Center, four-story IMAX Omnimax theatre.

### • Academy of Natural Sciences

One of the nation's finest dinosaur halls (featuring Bob Walters artwork), living butterfly exhibit, dioramas, and special exhibits.

### • Philadelphia Museum of Art

A World-famous art museum, home to Van Gogh's "Sunflowers", other impressionist masterpieces, Medieval gallery, much more.

### • Other Museums

Rodin Museum (the "Thinker" is here); Balch Institute for Ethnic Studies; African-American Historical and Cultural Museum; Mummer's Museum, Norman Rockwell Museum; National Museum of American Jewish History; Mutter Museum (medical oddities); University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology (a magnificent Egyptian collection); and a lot more.

### • The Philadelphia Zoo

America's first zoo, now extensively modernized, with natural-habitat enclosures; and an amazingly beautiful Hummingbird House.

### • Night Life

Eat, drink, dance and party on the river and under the stars at the clubs and restaurants spreading along the Delaware. Visit South Street, a uniquely funky shopping district and home to lots of clubs, bars, and restaurants. Also great used book and record stores. (Open late!)

# Fan Guests of Honor: John and Perdita Boardman

An appreciation by  
Robert Bryan Lipton

Fans do not suffer fools gladly. Given that the fannish definition of 'fool' seems to be anyone who holds an opinion that differs from yours, and The more pointless and irrelevant the subject, the more foolish your opponent, one finds that fandom seems to consist of thousands of individuals with complete contempt for each other.

In the midst of this impossible situation, John and Perdita boardman are paragons of hospitality. They have spent almost half a century hosting gatherings in New York City, helping to run conventions and feeding people whose social skills are often negligible or non-existent.

Perdita Boardman, besides hosting parties in their house in Flatbush, is famed for running some of the best convention suites in fandom. She has also run art shows for Lunacon, produced a line of Miskatonic University sweatshirts, and can giggle without sounding affected. Her bouillabaisse is the highlight of the Lunarians' Christmas party each year -- a party that, almost invariably, takes place at their home.

John, who in his professional life

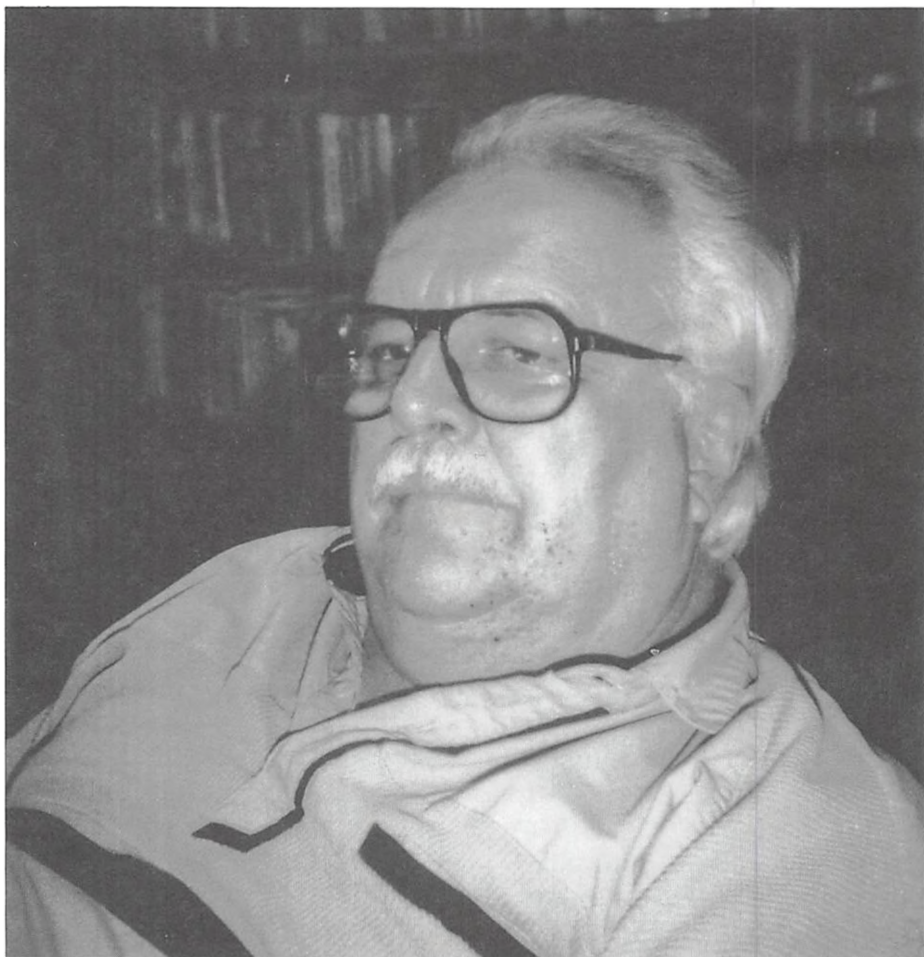
is a professor of Physics, History and sometimes English at Brooklyn College, has produced close to two thousand fanzines.

**Graustark**, which he has published like clock-work since 1963, is the first, oldest and most reliable Diplomacy 'zine around. John's politics, which I think can best be described as Roosevelt liberalism, are always on view in his writings. He mercilessly lampoons warmongers, greedheads and intolerant fanatics with a mixture of savagery and careful research that is a wonder to behold. People who know him only through his writings often expect, on meeting him, to find someone with the social grace of a starved Doberman Pinscher. When they meet, instead, an intelligent, kindly individual, they change their options -- although, frequently, only until his next diatribe.

I don't want you to think I believe the Boardmans perfect. John is given to horrendous puns and the telling of some stories several thousand times. Perdita speaks with a Kansan accent so thick that, for years, I thought she had a speech impediment.

For decades, the Boardmans have been Honorary Lunarians, which has granted them the privilege of doing more service to New York fandom with few words of thanks. This year they are Lunacon's Fannish Guests of Honor. Considering how often we have been their guests, it is but a token return of their hospitality.

*Robert Bryan Lipton is a New York fan, book collector, gamer, connoisseur of fine coffee, and a long time friend of the Boardmans.*



# Growing Up

## Fannish:

A memoir by  
Karina Wright

I am a second-generation fan. That doesn't sound all that impressive when you consider the fact that you now see dozens upon dozens of small children attending conventions with their parents. But, 35 years ago, when I was the same age as the current crop of children, I was only one of a handful. There were maybe a dozen of us across the country, introduced to the convention world by our parents - the founding figures of science fiction fandom, as we know it today. My parents were John and Perdita Boardman.

They brought me up in a strange and wonderful world. One of my earliest memories was being tossed, like a ball, between John and Eliot Shorter in the halls of Columbia University. I remember bearing messages between John and Sprague deCamp. It was an extremely long time before I associated my mom's friend Harry with Hal Clement, the writer.

Our house (the first apartment in Park Slope, and later, their well-known Victorian house) was always filled with fans of some type or another. Their parties were legendary. For years they co-hosted Lunarians. After Lunarians, they played host to First Saturday. Guests are always made to feel welcome and are always well fed. My mother's Bouillabaisse and baklava are legendary. I remember staying behind many times at the annual Christmas and Hanukkah Caroling party, to help her get the food

(and hot cider) ready for the fannish carolers that John would lead through the streets of Brooklyn.

Our house was also always filled with gamers. They came either to play or to help John collate Graustark, the very first Postal Diplomacy 'zine. John was the inventor of Postal Diplomacy, which was the pre-cursor to the *entire* gaming phenomenon of today. Graustark is still going strong today.

Together with other fans, John and Perdita helped found the East Coast branch of the Society for Creative Anachronism. I remember the first event, almost 30 years ago, where a few hardy costumed revelers were drenched in a summer storm. For years, they were also a second home to the Maryland Medieval Mercenary Militia.

My mother was always right there to help haul and set up art show equipment at conventions up and down the east coast. The con suite parties that she planned and ran for Lunacon and others were right up there with the best in fandom anywhere.

My parents always treated me like I had a mind (and, sometimes, I wondered at that assumption). When I was no more than ten, John and I would read Shakespeare aloud, he taking all the men's roles and I the women's. They would always recommend a book to me if they thought I would like it, regardless of the age of intended reader. All in all, it was a pretty good childhood and prepared me to be the contented femfan that I am today.

*Karina Wright runs a web site design business from her home, and is currently raising third generation fen of her own.*



# The Funny Papers

Cartoons by Alexis Gilliland and Joe Mayhew

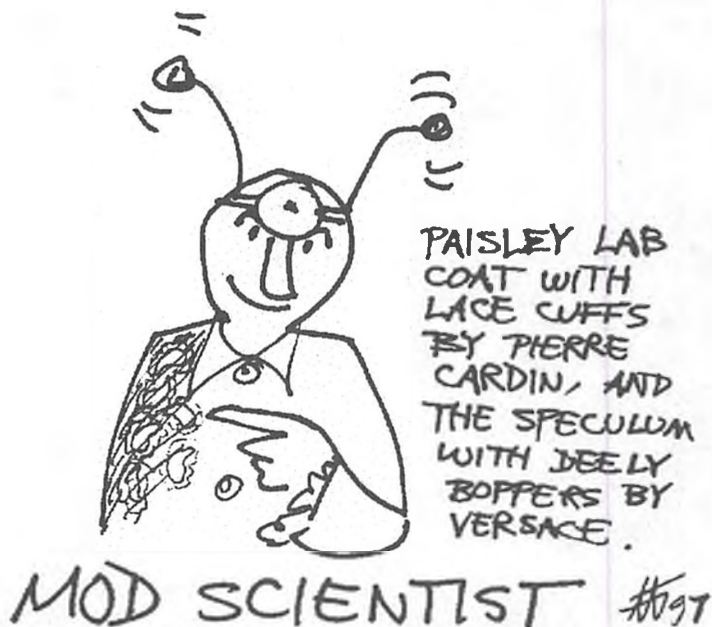
Science fiction fandom has long produced first rate cartoonists, whose work has graced fanzines and a variety of other publications.

Prominent examples include British fan Arthur Thomsen (*Atom*), the late William Rotsler, Stu Shiffman, Steve Stiles, Ken Fletcher, and the two gentlemen we feature here: Alexis Gilliland and Joe Mayhew.

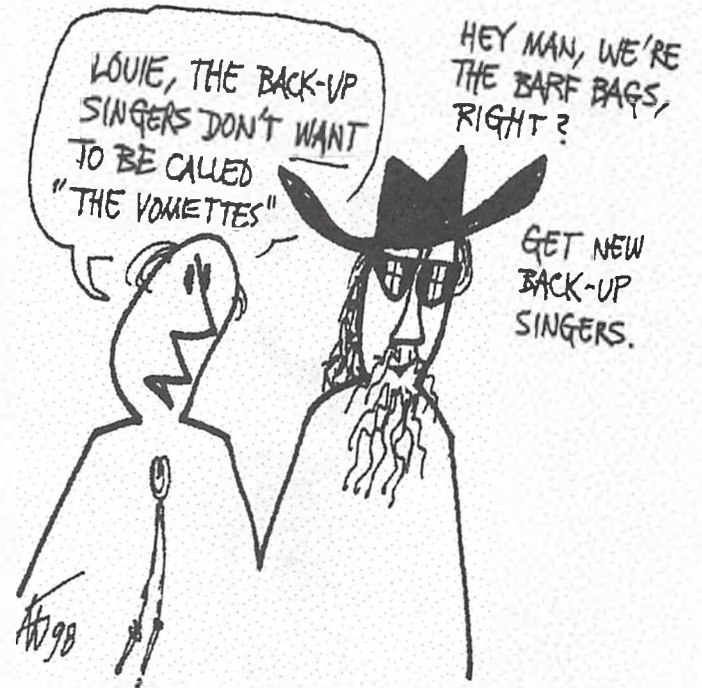
Alexis and Joe both hail from the Washington, DC area, and both are former government employees, which may be reflected in their work. Both are also very, very funny.

Alexis writes as well as draws, with 10 novels to his credit. Joe carves marvelously crafted canes and walking sticks, and his cartoons set the tone for the upcoming *Bucconeer* worldcon, whose "Pie-rats of Fenzance" theme Joe so aptly captured.

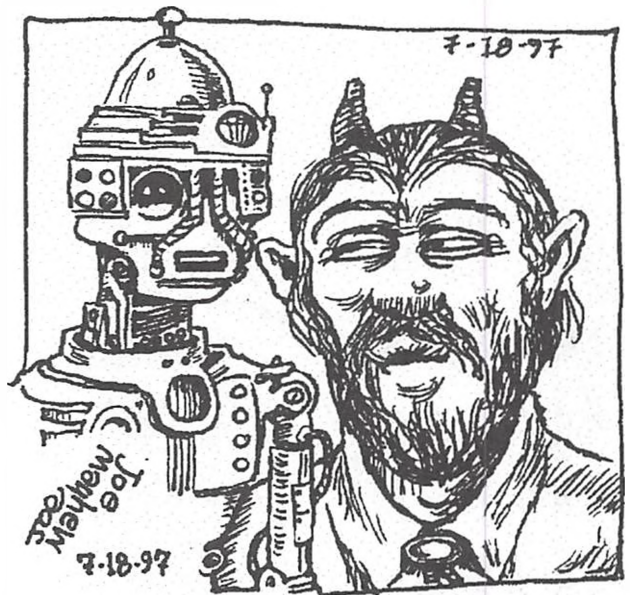
Both are also warm and generous, and responded instantly to our requests to showcase their work. If you see them at *Lunacon*, make their acquaintance, and brighten your day.







As the last surviving member, it's my pleasure to present this award to myself.

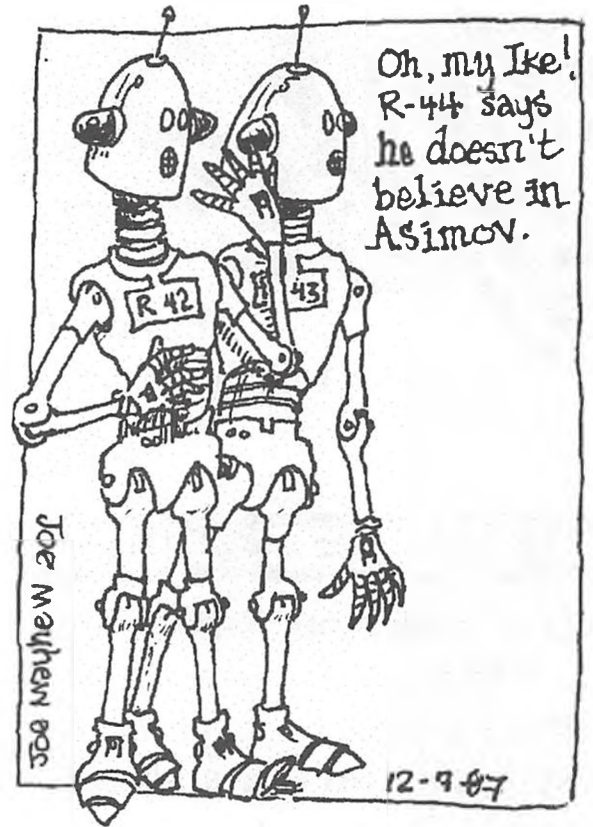


So, you want to buy my immortal program?

They eat virgins... He'll starve.



I never thought I'd ever miss the Earth. Oh well, I still have lots of missiles.



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<b>Harlan Ellison</b>	<i>Edgeworks</i>
<b>Tracy Hickman</b>	<i>Starshield</i>
<b>James P. Hogan</b>	<i>Giants Series</i>
<b>Larry Niven</b>	<i>Ringworld</i>
<b>Jerry Pournelle</b>	<i>Janissaries</i>
<b>Margaret Weis</b>	<i>DragonLance</i>

## COMICS AND ART

<b>Peter David</b>	<i>The Hulk</i>
<b>Roger Dean</b>	<i>Magnetic Storm</i>
<b>Joseph M. Linsner</b>	<i>Dawn</i>
<b>Terry Moore</b>	<i>Strangers in Paradise</i>
<b>James O'Barr</b>	<i>The Crow</i>
<b>Matt Wagner</b>	<i>Grendel</i>
<b>Robt. Williams</b>	<i>Popular Art Icon</i>
<b>Bernie Wrightson</b>	<i>Batman / Aliens</i>

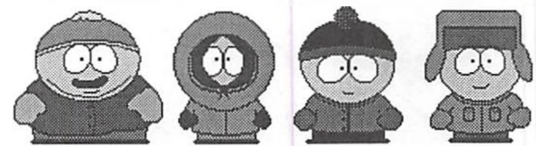
## FILM & TELEVISION

<b>Jeff Conaway</b>	<i>Babylon 5</i>
<b>Robin Curtis</b>	<i>Star Trek</i>
<b>Jonathan Harris</b>	<i>Lost in Space</i>
<b>Ray Harryhausen</b>	<i>Master of F/X</i>
<b>Richard Hatch</b>	<i>Battlestar Galactica</i>
<b>Lloyd Kaufman</b>	<i>Troma Films</i>
<b>Kevin Smith</b>	<i>Chasing Amy</i>
<b>Patricia Tallman</b>	<i>Babylon 5</i>



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# The New York Science Fiction Society The Lunarians, Inc.

by Mark L. Blackman

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, making Lunacon '98 our 39th annual convention, an achievement few other groups can claim. The Lunarians has a long and rich tradition in New York Fandom.

Members of the Society have included David Kyle, Sam Moskowitz (two of our founding members), Donald A. Wollheim, Art Saha, Charles N. Brown, Jack L. Chalker and Andrew 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 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 features 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, Frederik Pohl, Ben Bova and Stephen Hawking.

In 1997, in memory of the legendary fan, fan historian and editor, the Society created the Sam Moskowitz Memorial Award for best non-fiction contribution to the genre published in the previous year.

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.

## The Isaac Asimov Memorial Award

by Mark L. Blackman,  
Administrator

The Isaac Asimov Memorial Award was established in 1992 by the New York Science Fiction Society - The Lunarians, Inc.

The Award, an everlasting tribute to Dr. Asimov's lifelong contribution to the fields of Science Fiction and Science Fact, is presented (or announced) 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.

The Award features a portrait of Dr. Asimov by Kelly Freas on a medalion which is embedded in a lucite pyramid on a dark wooden base. The design was heartily approved by Janet Jeppson Asimov.

Recipients of this Award to date are Hal Clement, Frederik Pohl, Ben Bova and Dr. Stephen Hawking. The recipient of the Award for 1997 will be announced at Lunacon '98.

# Past Lunacaons

Year	Date	Guests of Honor	Attendance
1957	May 12		65
1958	April 13	Frank R. Paul	85
1959	April 12	Lester Del Rey	80
1960	April 10	Ed Emsh	75
1961	April 9	Willy Ley	105
1962	April 29	Frederik Pohl	105
1963	April 21	Judith Merrill	115
1964	<b>No Lunacon</b>	New York World's Fair	
1965	April 24	Hal Clement	135
1966	April 16 - 17	Isaac Asimov	235
1967	April 29 - 30	James Blish	275
1968	April 20 - 21	Donald A. Wollheim	410
1969	April 12 - 13	Robert A. W. Lowndes	585
1970	April 11 - 12	Larry T. Shaw	735
1971	April 16 - 18	<b>Editor:</b> John W. Campbell <b>Fan:</b> Howard DeVore	900
1972	March 31 - April 2	Theodore Sturgeon	1,200
1973	April 20 - 22	Harlan Ellison	1,600
1974	April 12 - 14	Forrest J. Ackerman	1,400
1975	April 18 - 20	Brian Aldiss	1,100
1976	April 9 - 11	Amazing/Fantastic Magazines	1,000
1977	April 8 - 10	L. Sprague & Catherine de Camp	900
1978	February 24 - 26	<b>Writer:</b> Robert Bloch <b>Special Guest:</b> Dr. Rosalyn S. Yalow	850
1979	March 30 - April 1	<b>Writer:</b> Ron Gouart <b>Artist:</b> Gahan Wilson	650
1980	March 14 - 16	<b>Writer:</b> Larry Niven <b>Artist:</b> Vincent Di Fate	750
1981	March 20 - 22	<b>Writer:</b> James White <b>Artist:</b> Jack Gaughan	875
1982	March 19 - 21	<b>Writer:</b> Fred Saberhagen <b>Artist:</b> John Schoenherr <b>Fan:</b> Steve Stiles	1,100
1983	March 18 - 20	<b>Writer:</b> Anne McCaffrey <b>Artist:</b> Barbi Johnson <b>Fan:</b> Don & Elsie Wollheim	1,500
1984	March 16 - 18	<b>Writer:</b> Terry Carr <b>Artist:</b> Tom Kidd <b>Fan:</b> Cy Chauvin	1,400
1985	March 15 - 17	<b>Writer:</b> Gordon R. Dickson <b>Artist:</b> Don Maitz <b>Fan:</b> Curt Clemmer, D.I.	800
1986	March 7 - 9	<b>Writer:</b> Marta Randall <b>Artist:</b> Dawn Wilson <b>Fan:</b> Art Saha	1,100
		<b>Special Guest:</b> Madeline L'Engle	
1987	March 20 - 22	<b>Writer:</b> Jack Williamson <b>Artist:</b> Darrell Sweet <b>Fan:</b> Jack Chalker	1,200
		<b>Toastmaster:</b> Mike Resnick	
1988	March 11 - 13	<b>Writer:</b> Harry Harrison <b>Artist:</b> N. Taylor Blanchard <b>Fan:</b> Pat Mueller	1,250
		<b>Toastmaster:</b> Wilson Tucker	
1989	March 10 - 12	<b>Writer:</b> Roger Zelazny <b>Artist:</b> Ron Walotsky <b>Fan:</b> David Kyle	1,450
		<b>Editor:</b> David Hartwell	
1990	March 16 - 18	<b>Writer:</b> Katherine Kurtz <b>Artist:</b> Tom Canty <b>Publisher:</b> Tom Doherty	1,500
1991	March 8 - 10	<b>Writer:</b> John Brunner <b>Artist:</b> Frank Kelly Freas <b>Fan:</b> Harry Stubbs	1,300
		<b>Publishers:</b> Ian and Betty Ballantine <b>Science:</b> Prof. Gerald Feinberg	
1992	March 20 - 22	<b>Writer:</b> Samuel R. Delany <b>Artist:</b> Paul Lehr <b>Fan:</b> Jon Singer	1,350
		<b>Special Guest:</b> Kristin Katherine Rusch <b>Featured Filkers:</b> Bill & Brenda Sutton	
1993	March 19 - 21	<b>Writer:</b> Orson Scott Card <b>Artist:</b> Barclay Shaw <b>Fan:</b> Alexis Gilliland	1,250
		<b>Publishing:</b> Richard Curtis	
1994	March 18 - 20	<b>Writer:</b> Vonda N. McIntyre <b>Artist:</b> James Warhola <b>Fan:</b> Walter R. Cole	1,200
		<b>Special Musical Guest:</b> Dean Friedman <b>Featured Filker:</b> Peter Grubbs	
		<b>Comic Industry Guests:</b> Walt & Louise Simonsen	
1995	March 17 - 19	<b>Writer:</b> Poul Anderson <b>Artist:</b> Stephen Hickman <b>Fan:</b> Mike Glycer	1,300
		<b>Featured Filker:</b> Graham Leathers	
1996	March 15 - 17	<b>Writers:</b> Terry Pratchett and Esther Friesner <b>Visual Humor Guest:</b> Phil Foglio	
		<b>Fan:</b> Bruce Pelz	
1997	March 7 - 9	<b>Writer:</b> C. J. Cherryh <b>Artist:</b> David A. Cherry <b>Fan:</b> Michael J. Walsh	1,300
		<b>Media Guest:</b> Michael O'Hare	
1998	March 20 - 22	<b>Writer:</b> Octavia E. Butler <b>Artist:</b> Donato Giancola <b>Fan:</b> John & Perdita Boardman	?????

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