



Lunacon '83

MARCH 18-20, 1983
SHERATON HGTS. HOTEL
Hasbrouck Height, NJ

Author Guest Of Honor:

Anne McCaffrey

Artist Guest Of Honor:

Barbi Johnson

Fan Guests Of Honor:

Don & Elsie Wollheim

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We would like to thank the following people without whose assistance this convention would not have been possible: The Sheraton Heights Hotel, Margaret Kearns, Sam Clark, our Honored Guests, Anne McCaffrey, Barbi Johnson, and Don and Elsie Wollheim, our Guest Speakers, Luna Publications, and Minuteman Press of Hicksville. We would also like to thank the various publishers who contributed so generously to our Book and Magazine Exhibit.

Our special thanks go to our hard-working Staff and Assistants without whose help this convention would be impossible.

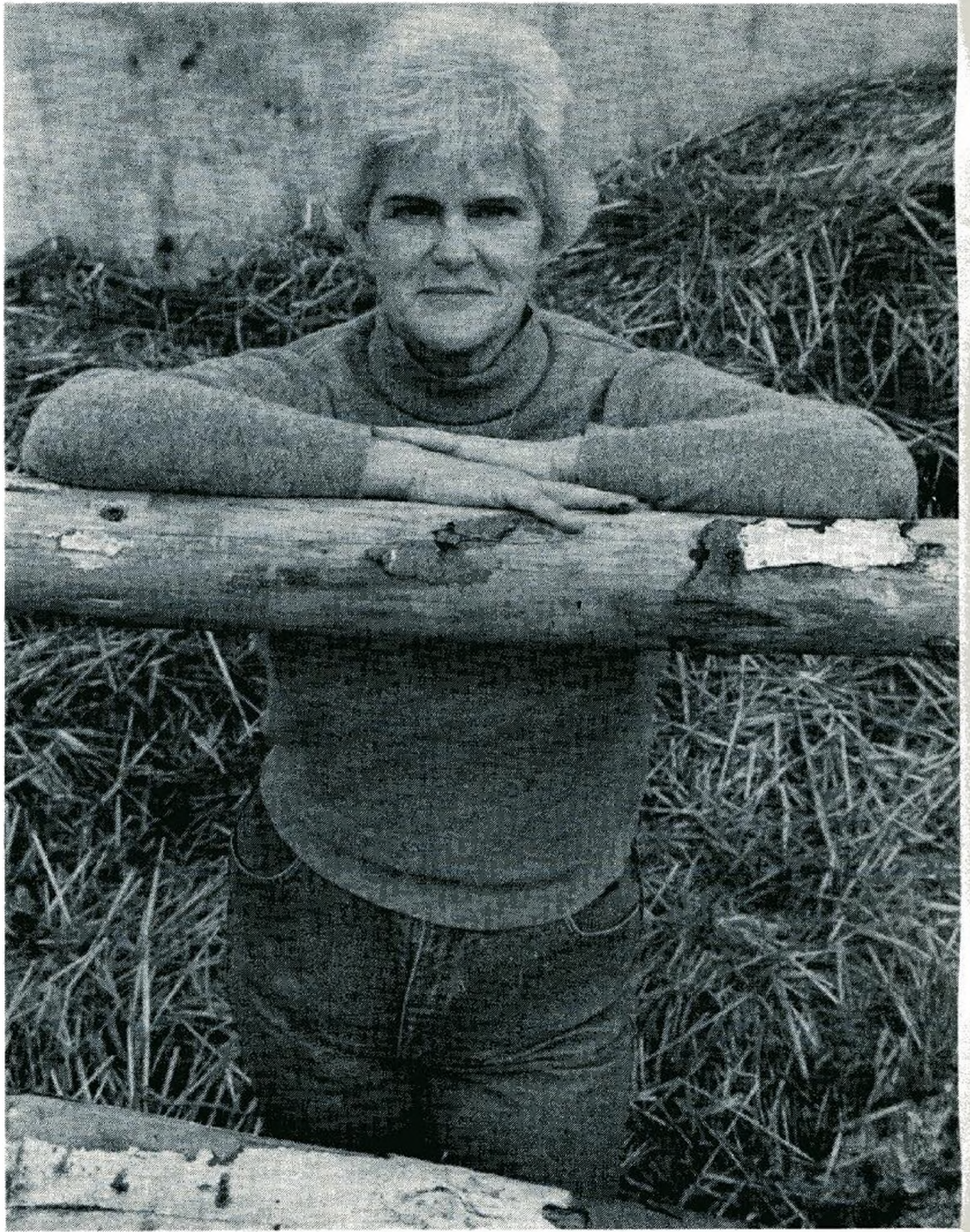
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LUNACON '83

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ANNE McCAFFREY—BIOGRAPHY

Born on April 1st, Anne McCaffrey has tried to live up to her auspicious natal day. Her first novel was created in Latin class and might have brought her instant fame, as well as an A, had she written in that ancient language. Chastened by her teacher, she turned to the stage and became a character actress, appearing in the first successful summer music circus in Lambertsville, New Jersey. She studied voice for nine years and, during that time, became intensely interested in the stage direction of opera and operetta, ending that phase of her experience with the stage direction of the American premiere of Carl Orff's *Ludus de Nato Infante Mirificus*, in which she also played a witch.

By the time the three children of her marriage were comfortably at school most of the day, she had already achieved enough success with short stories to devote full time to writing. Her first novel, *Restoree*, was written as a protest against the absurd and unrealistic portrayals of women in the SF novels of the 50's. It is, however, in the handling of broader themes and the worlds of her imagination—particularly the two series (*The Ship Who Sang* and the six books of the Dragonriders of Pern)—that Ms McCaffrey's talents as a storyteller are best displayed.

Between her frequent appearances in the States, the British Isles, Australia, and New Zealand as a lecturer and guest of honor at SF conventions, Ms McCaffrey lives in a ranch-style bungalow in the hills of Wicklow County, Ireland. There she indulges her fascination with horses in a small private stable.

Ms McCaffrey has just completed the seventh Dragonrider novel, *Dragonlady—The Ballad of Moreta's Ride* and hopes to finish *Dinosaur Planet—Survivors* before June. A short novel, *The Coelura*, with illustrations by Kevin Johnson, will be published shortly by Underwood Miller.

Of herself, Ms McCaffrey says: "I'm now a grandmother, my eyes are still green, my hair is silver and the rest still changes without notice."

SHORT STORIES AND NOVELLAS

- Freedom of Race. *Science Fiction +*, Oct. 1953.
- The Lady in the Tower*. *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, Apr. 1959.
- The Ship Who Sang. *F&SF*, Apr. 1961.
- The Ship Who Mourned. *Analog*, March 1966.
- The Ship Who Killed. *Galaxy*, Oct. 1966.
- Weyr Search. *Analog*, Oct. 1967.
- Dragonrider. *Analog* (novella 2 parts), Dec. 1968-Jan. 1969.
- A Meeting of Minds*. *F&SF*, Jan. 1969.
- A Womanly Talent. *Analog*, Feb. 1969.
- The Ship Who Disappeared. *If*, March 1969.
- The Weather on Welladay*. *Galaxy*, March 1969.

Dramatic Mission. *Analog*, June 1969.
 Apple*. *Crime Prevention in the 30th Century*, Walker & Co., 1969.
 Sittik. *Galaxy*, July 1969.
 The Thorns of Barevi*. *The Disappearing Future*, Panther (UK), 1970.
 The Great Canine Chorus*. *Infinity One*, Lancer, 1970.
 Daughter*. *The Many Worlds of S-F*, Dutton, 1971.
 A Proper Santa Claus*. *Demon Kind*, Avon, March 1973.
 A Bridle for Pegasus. *Analog*, July 1973.
 Finder's Keeper*. *Haunt of Horror*, Aug. 1973.
 Dull Drums*. *Future Quest*, Avon, 1973.
 The Rescued Girls of Refuge. *Ten Tomorrows*, Fawcett, Sept. 1973.
 The Smallest Dragonboy*. *Science Fiction Tales*, Rand McNally, Oct. 1973.
 Velvet Fields. *If*, Dec. 1973.
 Rabble-Dowser. *Omega*, Jan. 1974.
 Prelude to A Crystal Song. *Continuum 1*, Berkley, April 1974.
 Killashandra—Crystal Singer, *Continuum 2*, Berkley, Aug. 1974.
 Milekey Mountain, *Continuum 3*, Berkley, Dec. 1974.
 Coda & Finale, *Continuum 4*, Berkley, 1975.
 The Greatest Love, *Future Love*, Bobbs Merrill, Apr. 1977.
 A Horse From a Different Sea*. *Get off the Unicorn*, Del Rey, June 1977.
 Honeymoon*. *Get off the Unicorn*, Del Rey, June 1977.
 Changeling*. *Get off the Unicorn*, Del Rey, June 1977.
 Lady in Waiting. *Cassandra Rising*, Doubleday, 1978.
 The Bones Do Lie. *Last Dangerous Visions*, 1983.
 Habit is an Old Horse. *Visitors' Book*, Poolbeg Press, 1980.
 Cinderella Switch. *Stellar 6*, Del Rey Books, 1980.
 The Coelura. Underwood Miller Ltd., 1983.

* These stories are included in the collection, *Get off the Unicorn*.

the Star Blazers Fan Club

The Star Blazers Fan Club needs your membership. We are a national club devoted to the show, and we are now entering our 3rd year. For more info on the club send a self addressed stamped envelope to: the Star Blazers Fan Club, c/o Michael Pinto 1622 Stevens Avenue, Merrick, New York 11566

Star Blazers: SF Animation at it's Best

BOOKS

- Restoree*. Ballantine, 1967.
Dragonflight # 1. Ballantine, 1968.
Decision at Doona. Ballantine, 1969.
The Ship Who Sang. Ballantine, 1970.
Alchemy & Academe. Doubleday & Co., 1970.
Dragonquest # 2. Ballantine, 1971.
Mark of Merlin. Dell Books, 1971.
Ring of Fear. Dell Books, 1971.
To Ride Pegasus. Ballantine, 1973.
Out of This World Cookbook. Ballantine, 1973.
A Time When. Nesfa Press, 1975.
Kilternan Legacy. Dell Books, 1975.
Dragonsong # A. Atheneum, 1976.
Dragonsinger # B. Atheneum, 1977.
Get off the Unicorn. Ballantine, 1977.
Dinosaur Planet # 1. Futura/Ballantine, 1978.
The White Dragon. Ballantine, 1979.
Dragondrums. Atheneum, 1979.
Crystal Singer. Ballantine, 1981.
The Coelura. Underwood-Miller, 1983.
Dragonlady # 4. Ballantine, 1983 proposed.

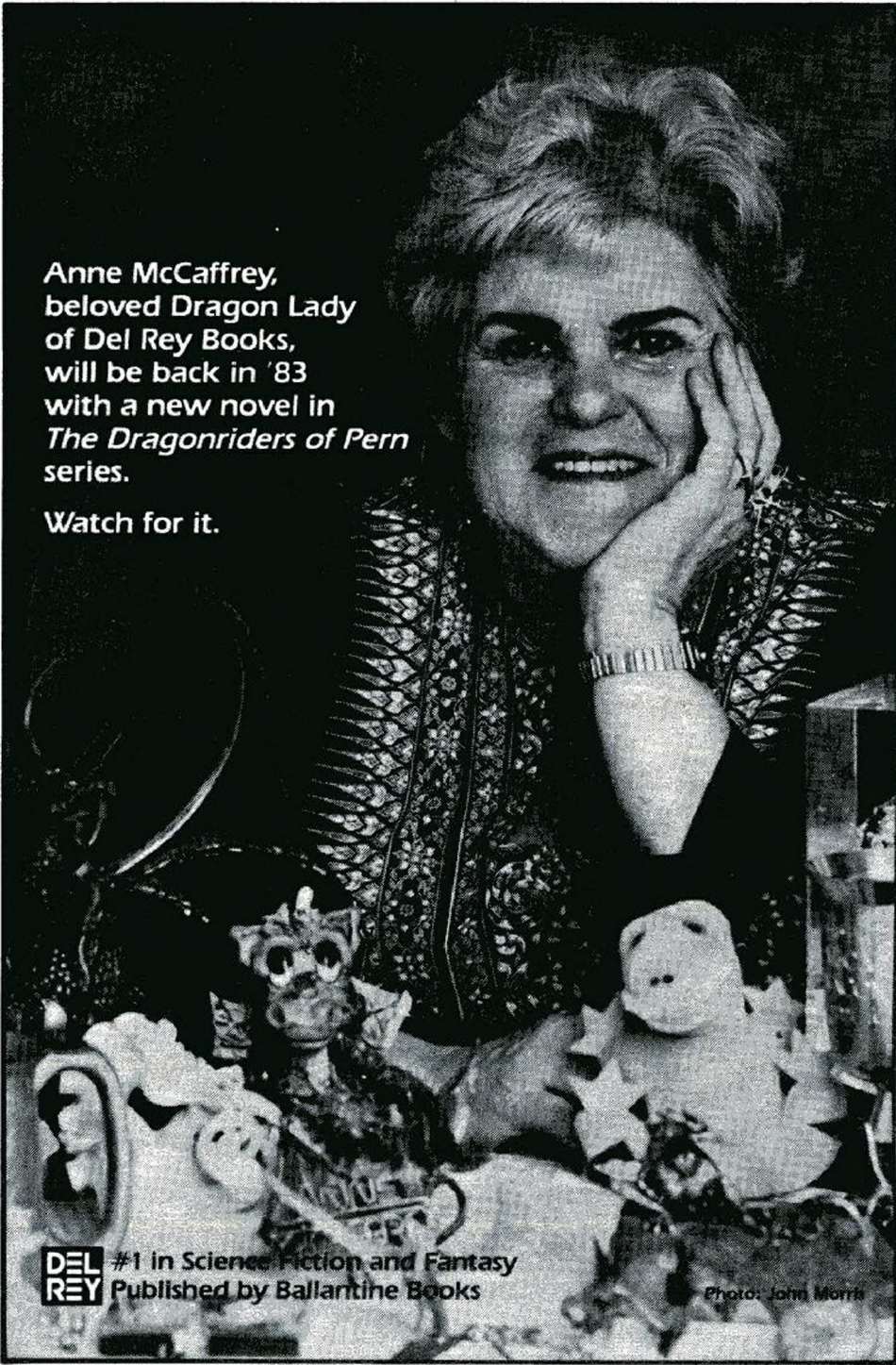
Dragonflight, *Dragonquest*, and *The White Dragon* comprise the Dragonrider Series, published in one volume by the Science Fiction Book Club. The Harper Hall trilogy is *Dragonsong*, *Dragonsinger* and *Dragondrums*. ("A Time When" is contained in *The White Dragon*.) The seventh Dragon novel is *Dragonlady* and is placed historically before either trilogy.

***Welcome Back
to the Sheraton
Home of
LUNACON '83***



The Sheraton Heights

650 TERRACE AVE., HASBROUCK HEIGHTS, N. J. 07604



Anne McCaffrey,
beloved Dragon Lady
of Del Rey Books,
will be back in '83
with a new novel in
The Dragonriders of Pern
series.

Watch for it.

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REY**

#1 in Science Fiction and Fantasy
Published by Ballantine Books

Photo: John Morris

ANNE McCAFFREY THE DRAGON LADY OF SCIENCE FICTION

by David Gerrold

Anne McCaffrey! Anne McCaffrey! I love Anne McCaffrey!

What else is there to say?

Should I tell you how good a writer she is? No, that's already obvious. You need only pick up a McCaffrey novel to discover that for yourself. You don't need me to tell you that Anne McCaffrey is the most skilled Pernographer in science fiction.

There must be hundreds of thousands of dracophiles (Is that really a word? Dracophile? Well, it is now) impatiently waiting for the next volume of Pernese adventures. For my own part, I candidly admit that I haven't been so caught up in an adventure series since I discovered Tarzan. (Even more so. I never read *all* the Tarzan books—but I know I'm going to read all the Dragon books.)

What is truly remarkable about Anne McCaffrey's dragon books—the three adult novels as well as the three juveniles—is that each has been better than its predecessor. There is integrity in the work. In the hands of a lesser author, we would have seen endless formula rehashes . . . *Bride of Dragonflight*, *Son of Dragonflight*, *The Return of the Pink Dragon* (formerly *The Revenge of the Pink Dragon*), *Dragonflight II: The Wrath of Pern*, *Dragondrums Across the Mohawk*, *Dragonlypse Now*, *Dragon Trek III: In Search of Pern*, *D*R*A*G*O*N: The Dragon Strikes Back*, *Dragonspayer* (about a draconian veterinarian), *Dragon's Choice*, *Raiders of the Lost Dragon*, *Dracoblanca* (an alternate title for *The White Dragon*), *The Dragons of Gor*, *Gidget and the Dragon*, *Planet of the Dragons*, *Return to the Planet of the Dragons*, *Escape from the Planet of the Dragons*, *Battle for the Planet of the Dragons*, *Revenge of the Planet of the Dragons II*, and so on. But Anne McCaffrey has (thankfully) resisted the temptation, and in so doing has given us a far more worthwhile body of work. If you are among those who have not yet flown the unfriendly skies of Pern, let me invite you now to run—not walk to the nearest dealer's room where you can treat yourself to one of the best otherworlds in the science fiction genre, six times over.

But let me stop here to caution the unwary who might suspect that Anne McCaffrey is singularly fixated on dragons and other forms of Pernese high life. She is not. Her pantheon of creations also includes singing ships, flying horses, restorees, and three uncommonly intelligent offspring: Todd, Alec and Gigi. (Don't let their good looks and brains fool you, however. Who do you think turned Anne's hair white?)

What is not commonly known about Anne McCaffrey are the quieter contributions she has made to the science fiction community. In this particular subculture, where a generation is only two years long, and an oldtimer is anyone who can remember the last three Worldcons, a person's contributions can be quickly forgotten. To be remembered, you either have to be very good or very bad.

Anne McCaffrey is one of the good guys. (Don't let the black cape fool you.)

During the last few years of the fiery sixties, Anne McCaffrey was the Science Fiction Writers of America. Yes, I know—there were people who served as President and Vice President and Official Holder of the Leash, all the glamorous jobs—but there was also Anne McCaffrey, the Secretary-Treasurer. (At that time, Secretary and Treasurer were one office. That was before the Surgeon General's report on the consequences of prolonged science fictional activity. This includes fandom.) And Anne McCaffrey *was* the organization. She handled the Nebula balloting and the SFWA Forum and the membership list and the finances of the organization as well. She handled internal communications, external communications, relationships with publishers, and held the hands of numerous small furry creatures who were in the process of transforming from mild-mannered neophyte to gaudy, day-glo pro.

In fact, when she finally did retire, it took seven people to replace her. That SFWA exists as a successful organization today ("success" means that it's big enough to have internecine warfare) can be attributed to the continuing tradition of commitment and intention that Anne McCaffrey initiated with her dedicated organizational midwifery.

Furing this same period, she also had three other full-time jobs, taking care of home, family, and C*A*R*E*E*R. (There is no truth at all to the story that her evening studies of ballet, opera and brain surgery suffered mightily during this period. Anyone who has heard Anne sing knows that she graduated Magma Come Loudly.) In actual fact, the only of Anne's activities that did suffer during that time was the . . . uh, housework. At least, that's the way Anne tells it.

For some reason, during the late sixties, it was considered *unusual* for a woman to be an author. One fudgy dowager-type once asked Anne how she found time to write after she finished her housecleaning. Anne said something to the effect that it was the other way around. Who has time for housework after all that writing?

But, even after you acknowledge all of the above, there is still a quality of *humanity* to Anne McCaffrey that makes her one of the special people on this planet. She is warm and caring, she is loving and compassionate, she is fiery and whimsical, she is exciting and imaginative. She is fun to be around.

And more than that. . .

Anne McCaffrey is a power source in the universe. When you are around her, you feel *empowered*. You begin to feel that you *can* win—that you can succeed after all! It doesn't matter what your dream is. Anne makes you feel that you can achieve it. She makes you feel good about yourself. She does that in person. She does that in her writing.

There is a quality about the great science fiction writers—a quality of *expertise*. One suspects that the author writes not so much from imagination as from personal experience. One cannot imagine Anne

McCaffrey sitting at a typewriter, laboriously putting words onto paper. It just doesn't work. But you can imagine Anne riding gloriously on the back of a soaring, fire-breathing, bright gold dragon, high across the thread-streaked skies of Pern, her white hair streaming in the wind, waving a sword and warbling something that sounds like Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries* as she goes! That's a lot more real!

That's Anne McCaffrey!

So, hail to thee, Dragon Lady! Hail to thee!



ON ANNE McCAFFREY

by Isaac Asimov

- *Anne McCaffrey outsang me a dozen times without ever telling me she was operatically-trained.
- *Anne McCaffrey is the sexiest white-haired lady who ever lived.
- *I haven't seen Anne for over ten years and my life has been filled with one particularly empty spot as a result.

Long Island now has an SF club!

The Long Island Science Fiction Society is Long Island's science fiction and fantasy club. We hold meetings, put out a monthly newsletter (L.I. Fan), and this Summer we will run a one day convention on June 4th called *Shorcon*.

For info send a self addressed stamped envelope to:

Long Island Science Fiction Society

· 18 Hallock Rd. P.O. Box 246, E. Quogue NY 11942

BARBI JOHNSON—AN APPRECIATION

by Lew Wolkoff

They asked me for an appreciation of Barbi Johnson. Okay, I appreciate Barbi Johnson.

Beyond that, it's hard to write this piece.

Barbi's been a friend—and a valued one—since we first met about five years ago at a meeting of SPIFS (That's Southcentral Pennsylvania Imaginative Fiction Society). She's like Brekke, a character in the Pern novels whom she dressed as for the Brighton Worldcon masquerade. One of those quiet, unnoticed, utterly depended-upon people without whom things—and people—would be much more likely to fall apart. A lady, yes, but a strong lady. Of course, with a son like the ubiquitous Ned (look it up, Ned!), she has to be a strong lady.

As for her background as a fan, well, she's been reading SF since—oops, let her say since when. She's corresponded with a number of well-known writers and artists. She was a founder of the previously-mentioned SPIFS and a mainstay of ArtKane until it died in the fun and games that followed Three Mile Island.

Barbi is also an artist. Surprise! What you may not know is that she's a multi-media artist. She made personalized Three Mile Island T-shirts after that disaster. She's exhibited dolls and art at both fannish and mundane art shows. Her masquerade costumes have included a life-sized macrame skeleton and a truly remarkable fire lizard. She designs maps and fan-oriented birth announcements. Two years ago, she did her first book (cover and interior illustrations for Andre Norton's *Forerunner*).

Like I said, I appreciate Barbi Johnson. Look at her work or, if you get a chance, talk to her, and you will too.



BARBI JOHNSON—BIOGRAPHY

by Elyse S. Rosenstein

Barbi took her first steps into science fiction at age 6 when she began reading Edgar Rice Burroughs. Her fascination for art lead her to make it her life's work. She attended the Philadelphia College of Art where she studied drawing, painting, design, and illustration, as well as other aspects of the craft. Her first published piece of art appeared in *Yandro* in 1958.

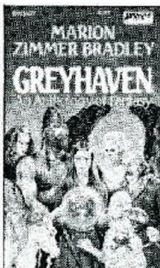
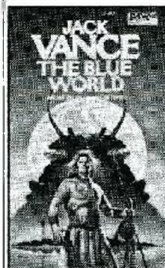
Since 1960, Barbi has been working as a free lance illustrator, specializing in fantasy and science fiction subjects. Her most recent assignments included the cover and interior illustrations for *Forerunner* by Andre Norton (Gregg Press edition), and *The Colors of Space* by Marion Zimmer Bradley. She has also done the end covers for Norton's *Witch World* novels. In addition, Barbi is a contributing artist in the *I Hate Unicorns* book. Her professional experience includes doll and toy designs, soft sculpture and costuming, as well as mold-making, sewing and needlework.

Barbi has won numerous awards for her art work, including The Lewis Carroll Award for Children's Fantasy. She has won awards for her Tolkien illustrations as well as for the costumes she has designed for various Worldcon masquerade competitions.

At present, Barbi lives with her son, Ned, in New Cumberland, PA. Her future career objectives include working in films on the design and fabrication of characters, animals, and aliens, in the same vein as those found in *Dark Crystal*.



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DAW^{sf}
BOOKS

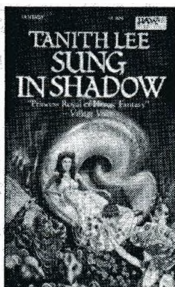
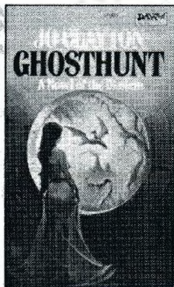
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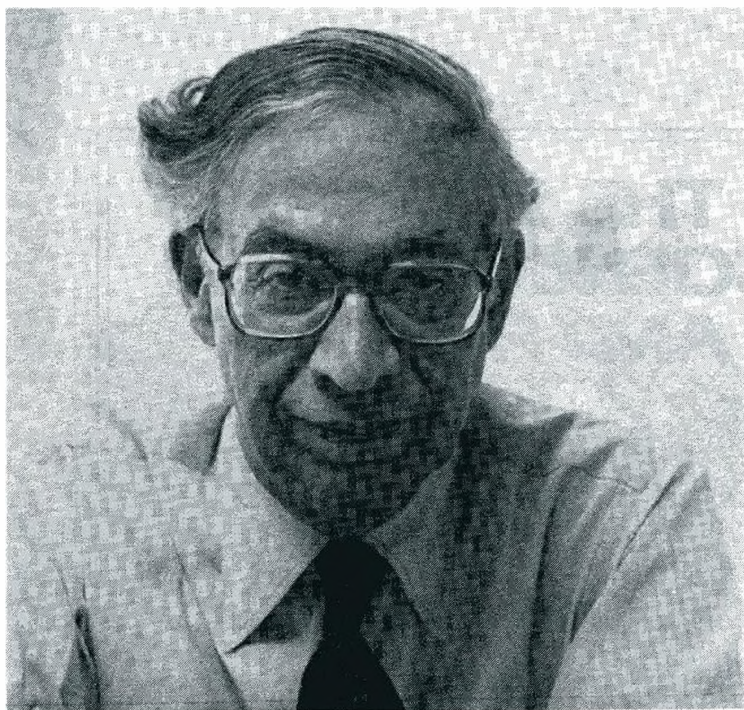
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DONALD AND ELSIE WOLLHEIM

by Robert A.W. Lowndes

Donald A. Wollheim was the first "name" fan that I ever met; that was in 1936, and it was through him that I attended my first meeting at a fan club. There I met Fred Pohl, John B. Michel, and others who would later be known as Futurians. But from that moment, my impossible dream was somehow to get to live in New York where I could join in fan activities with those instant friends. I already had something of a name myself, because my letters had appeared frequently in the science fiction magazines.

But it wasn't until the end of 1939 that the dream came true, and I was sharing an apartment with Don, Dick Wilson, and Chet Cohen. And I was a professional in the sense that such income as I had came from the science fiction agency I inherited from Fred Pohl, when he became an editor.

The story I want to tell you comes from those Ivory Tower days, some months before there was any indication that either Don or I—let alone both of us—would become professional editors.

Elsie Balter was a friend-of-a-friend of Fred Pohl's first wife, Doris Baumgardt. Elsie was fascinated by the Futurians, and any



intelligent girl who found us fascinating was positively welcome. (In fact, we didn't always insist on the intelligence.) Elsie had a job; she lived with her parents, and she had a car which she named Theodore. It was Spring 1940, and we wanted to go to the Chicago World Science Fiction Convention; we'd been excluded from the 1939 convention in New York, but the fans running Chicon I wouldn't allow that to happen again. The question was, considering how little money we had above rent and food, how were we ever going to get to Chicago?

And there sprang up among us a great idea: Why not invite Elsie to come to the Convention with us, driving us out to Chicago in Theodore? Elsie thought it was a great idea, too, and a really different way to spend her vacation. So the day came; we rolled away from Brooklyn in Theodore, Don in the front seat with Elsie, John Michel and I in the back seat.

Some time around noon, we came to a sharp division in the road and Elsie started to turn left. Don and John chorused, "No—no—right!" They'd both seen a sign that was less visible to Elsie. So she made a very sharp turn, which did get us over to the right road—but the turn was a trifle too sharp; the next instant, Theodore was flat on his left side.

As soon as he felt the car tipping over, Donald reached out and turned off the ignition. That cool-headed gesture very probably saved our lives, and it certainly saved Theodore. In no time at all,

friendly hands were helping us out of the car, and then several men got together and heaved and we were back upon four wheels again. None of us was hurt. The Good Samaritans felt sure that the car would run and that we'd be able to make it to a garage—and they were right. As soon as Elsie turned on the ignition, the motor started up again as if nothing had happened.

But, alas—poor Theodore! The windshield was gone; all the windows were gone, and the entire frame was sprung. But Elsie wouldn't hear of limping to a garage or turning back. "We're going to Chicago!" she insisted. The next day it rained and we all got free showers, depending upon how the wind was blowing. But we made it to Chicago on time, had a wonderful time, and on the way back stopped at a garage in Waterloo, Indiana, where Theodore received a new body. We had left New York with a four-door car; we returned with a two-door one, which we decided should be called Theodora—both the car and the driver had shown themselves to be magnificent troupers.

I've wondered since then whether it was during that trip that Elsie decided that Donald was the man for her. If not, I'm sure the germ was planted then; it wasn't many years later, that Donald agreed and they were married. Theirs was the only Futurian marriage that really lasted, and Don and Elsie are topmost among the few Futurians left who have maintained the spirit of fandom while making valuable contributions to science fiction as professionals.

Golden Anniversary Worldcon

write to

NEW YORK in 1989

ROBERT E. SACKS

4861 BROADWAY 5-V
NEW YORK NEW YORK 10034



NEW YORK
1939 - 1989

WHAT KIND OF FAN GoH IS THIS?

by Braxton Wells

A lot of real honest 1980s fans are going to ask in surprise, bewilderment, and perhaps a little anger, "Don Wollheim, as *fan* GoH! What do they think they're pulling? This guy is a pro, a publisher, one of the faceless ones who produce books, but a faaan is something different."

Well, yes, a fan is something different. And so is the original, one and only, DAW. Because back some fifty years ago, that same DAW was according to some a leader of fandom and according to others the terror of fandom. How come? Let's see what we can tell about this character in a few words.

First of all, if you are attending a convention, any con, this con, it's his work. DAW invented conventions, back in 1936. And he invented Worldcons back in 1938. Then, again, if you belong to

a fan APA, again it was his work. He invented the F.A.P.A. and was its first president. That was in the Thirties, too.

Ever use the spelling "Ghod"? or "Ghu." Every time you do, you're paying tribute to—yes, DAW again. He and his friends invented GhuGhuism, and he became Ghu and spelled it with an h. The faith is fhorghotten—but the "gh" lives on and on. He still possesses the only existing copy of that rarest of demoniacal vholumes, the Gholy Ghible. When is some dedicated fan publisher going to bring this damnable work to its waiting public?

DAW is so mixed into any history of fandom back before 1946 that you cannot extricate him from any of it. Mastermind of the Futurians, the man who put the word "science fiction" into the dictionary (yes!). And voted Fan Number One for five years in succession since 1937—the first and only one to oust the Great Forrie from that position.

Don, the DAW, has done just about everything any fan can do ... except two things. He's never been a Fan Guest of Honor at a con, and he's never been Pro Guest of Honor at a Worldcon. Lunacon achieves the first honor for him now. It's up to the rest of the fan world to see about the other honor. Maybe in a couple more decades, DAW says. He'll wait ...

FROM STARSHIPS TO CYBORGS TO EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS—WHAT'S POSSIBLE,
WHAT'S PROBABLE, AND WHAT THE FUTURE MAY REALLY HOLD

THE SCIENCE IN SCIENCE FICTION

PETER NICHOLLS

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RESEARCH PROJECT

by Hal Clement

Some decades ago, when the dinosaurs (of science fiction) were the dominant form of life and civilization had not yet appeared, there was a tendency to believe that everything was known. The world was a savage place. The letter columns of science fiction magazines were bloody arenas where a writer who had uttered a scientific blooper was likely to find lions gnawing on his or her shredded remnants or, at best, gladiators battling over the degree of rightness of some offending sentence. It was a matter of pride for the primitive warrior to find an error in a story, and cry his discovery, like the victory call of the bull ape, to every quarter of the jungle.

In those days it was not realized what a vital role writers play in the development of human intelligence—as I said, there was no civilization yet. Some people even thought that scientific knowledge was acquired entirely through observation and experiment. It was not realized, except among a gifted few, that facts were not noticed and experiments were never designed until *after* imagination had produced ideas. Human beings as a species seem unable to notice, or at least unable to remember, things which conflict with their beliefs (read Duane Gish's version of the second law of thermodynamics, remembering that he has a doctorate in biochemistry, if you doubt this).

Gradually, however, culture began to mature. In the 1960s the Great Bird of the Galaxy brought the benefits of imagination to the general population through the medium of television, and gradually the primitive warrior realized that there was a better way to demonstrate his power than by brutal attack. If a story or an episode were to be regarded as truthful, factual reporting, regardless of its apparent conflicts with reality, it could become a real challenge. The scientific task of thinking through the implications of a set of observations or a body of theory could be applied; dismissing something with the suggestion that the author was talking nonsense became a cop-out. The better imaginations began to demonstrate their power by showing how there might be inhabited planets around stars like Rigel or Mira, or planets with chlorine-rich atmospheres, or silicon based life, or intelligent beings the size of a tetanus germ, in spite of the various conservative objections to such notions. Humanity was becoming civilized, and the dinosaurs were dwindling in numbers.

The Bird was followed by the Dragons. These form a brand new challenge, by another of our mightier imaginations. Anne McCaffrey, to be serious for a moment, was not deeply concerned about physical, chemical, and astronomical implications when she set up, in full accordance with the precepts of the story-teller's art, a situation in which people faced a new and original sort of problem, equipped with a new and original set of tools. Since there was supposed to be a story, the problem had to be difficult and the tools had to have their limitations; and she had to keep both of these well in mind. It is up to the literary critic to decide how well she succeeded; I can only say I never expect to do as well. From the viewpoint of this particular jungle savage, the problem is to fit the events as reported by Anne into what I think I know about the universe.

So far, the project is barely started, partly because I'm only about halfway through the Dragon books (as of this writing) and partly because the project is certainly not going to be a brief or casual one, if standards are to be kept up.

For example, blaming anything on historical error is also a cop-out; history is too dependent on the human quirks mentioned above—limitations in noticing power and memory—and is therefore intrinsically lacking in the potential precision of science, where at least in principle an opinion can always be rechecked by seeing how it compares with further observation. Hence, the discrepancy between Anne's claim that Rukbat is a "golden G-type star" and the word of twentieth-century catalogs that it is a blue-white B8 or B9n can't fairly be attributed to a history error. Even a slip in identification is a little weak. Besides, it's difficult; only one of the other bright stars in Sagittarius could be described as "golden" and it's a K-type giant. I'll have to give more thought to this; there should be some ingenious and elegant solution—one which doesn't demand that the star change spectral type, and hence luminosity and mass, in a mere few centuries.

The nature of the eccentric, captured "Red Star" and its Thread offer astronomical and chemical problems. Capture of a planet by a star is not impossible, but calls for rather unusual dynamic circumstances. The easiest solution is that Rukbat had a large planetary or very small stellar companion some distance out which, in stealing energy from the passing Red Star, picked up enough itself to escape the system. A whole spectrum of possible masses and original orbits could be worked out.

The Red Star itself must have its own heat source, unless the Thread and its other life (which one assumes must exist, ecology being what it is) did not develop until after the capture—and its two hundred year period means an average distance of more than thirty-four times that of Pern from Rukbat, so its new sun couldn't have supplied heat enough in any case. I am, as I said, about halfway through the second book, and am getting a feeling that Anne is going to solve some of these problems for me.

It appears that the Thread didn't start crossing space until after human colonists arrived on Pern. If the phenomenon had been going on for any great length of time, ecological equilibrium of some sort would have been struck—either Pern's life would have been wiped out by the Thread, or adaptation such as I am just meeting on the Southern Continent would have become planetwide in the ordinary course of evolution. Again, I'll hold off on this one until I see what else Anne has to say.

A real chemical problem is the native Pern life. It is clearly very different from that of Earth; flying creatures of Dragon size under anything like Terrestrial gravity and atmosphere just won't work with Earthly biochemistry. Maybe the native life runs a far higher concentration of ATP so that a much greater rate of energy consumption is possible. This would fit in with the evidence that Pern has a rather high concentration of phosphorus in its crust. It is not, however, enough; the biochemical processes of Pern muscle, even if they get their energy via ATP, would have to be enormously different from Terrestrial ones even if the dragon musculature is a lot more bulgy than it has appeared to be in any of the paintings I have seen (but don't get me into the question of SF illustration). All this, with the tissues apparently mutually edible! (At least, I get the impression that dragons and their riders sometimes eat the same meat.)

The Thread seems to arrive during a period centered on closest approach of the Red Star, which means that its travel is limited in some way by distance but not by other Newtonian criteria—it is not following orbits in any ordinary sense. I have several possible orbits for the Red Star already drawn, and hope to be able to decide among them by the time I finish *The White Dragon*. I thought for a while that the Threads were teleporting Dragon style, but have not reconciled this with the apparent need for enough mental power to visualize the target, nor with the apparently sharply limited temperature tolerance of the Threads.

People who have finished the books may be laughing at the way I am groping so far; maybe I will myself as I get toward the end of the series. I suspect, though, that problems of this general sort will remain unsolved when I get to the bottom of the last page, and that I will be able to show off at cons for some time to come by offering solutions to them. At least, this particular savage warrior has become civilized enough to play the game without cutting throats; and I gladly add the Dragon stories to the list of science fiction achievements which promise real mental exercise. My thanks to a real professional, Anne McCaffrey, who has helped one dinosaur evolve.



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SPOT THE REDFRUIT

by Masterharper Alarin and Scribe Mistress Mera of the Association of Dragon Friends* (mundanely known as Jonathan Feinstein and Cheryl Gloger)

No other subject has generated more curiosity and argument than the poor lonely Redfruit. For years, certainly longer than we've been involved in Pern fandom, fans have been arguing—and occasionally agreeing—on the subject of what foods are mundanely equivalent to those we've read about in books. Some are obvious: herdbeast, orange fruit, water grains, tubers. Others are more obscure, yet do have mundane equivalents—a nonfood example being numbweed, for which we substitute aloc. But for some reason, very few people can agree on Redfruit.

The history of Redfruit is brief. It appears in *Dragonsinger* (pb. p.70), where it is described as a curiously shaped fruit with enough sweet, tangy juice to tempt one to lick that juice from fingers. It also parades its way through *The White Dragon* (hc, p.558), at which point it exhibits a peel that Menolly bites into before squeezing the pulp for juice. Strangely enough, Redfruit also makes an appearance in *Crystal Singer* (pb, pp.277 & 279), where it seems to be rather more easily bitten into.

Now, the question: could this elusive Redfruit really be something from the mundane world? Popular opinions favor apples, plums, and pomegranates as models for Pernese (and so, perhaps, galactic) Redfruit. But apples cannot, usually, be hand-squeezed for juice, nor can they be described as possessing "pulp." Ditto for pomegranates—and don't forget all those nasty little seeds! Plums would have to be rather overripe to be *that* juicy, though they do perhaps come close. Redfruit, more and more, begins to sound like some form of citrus fruit.

Well, well—we don't know of any *red* citrus fruits. However, given the technology that can breed 50-foot dragons from 15-inch fire-lizards, it is entirely possible that the colonists of Pern were in possession of a mutated, red, citrus fruit.

However, can you just imagine biting into a sweet, tangy, citrus *peel*? Shells! Not very *apeeling*!

And so, having exhausted all possibilities that we could think of, we leave you to solve this puzzle yourselves. Which brings us to the ultimate question: Is Redfruit really red?

* *The Association of Dragon Friends (ADF) is a not-for-profit literary and educational organization whose emphasis is upon the literary works of Anne McCaffrey, most notably her world of Pern. For more information on the ADF, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to P.O. Box 22041, Beachwood, OH 44122.*



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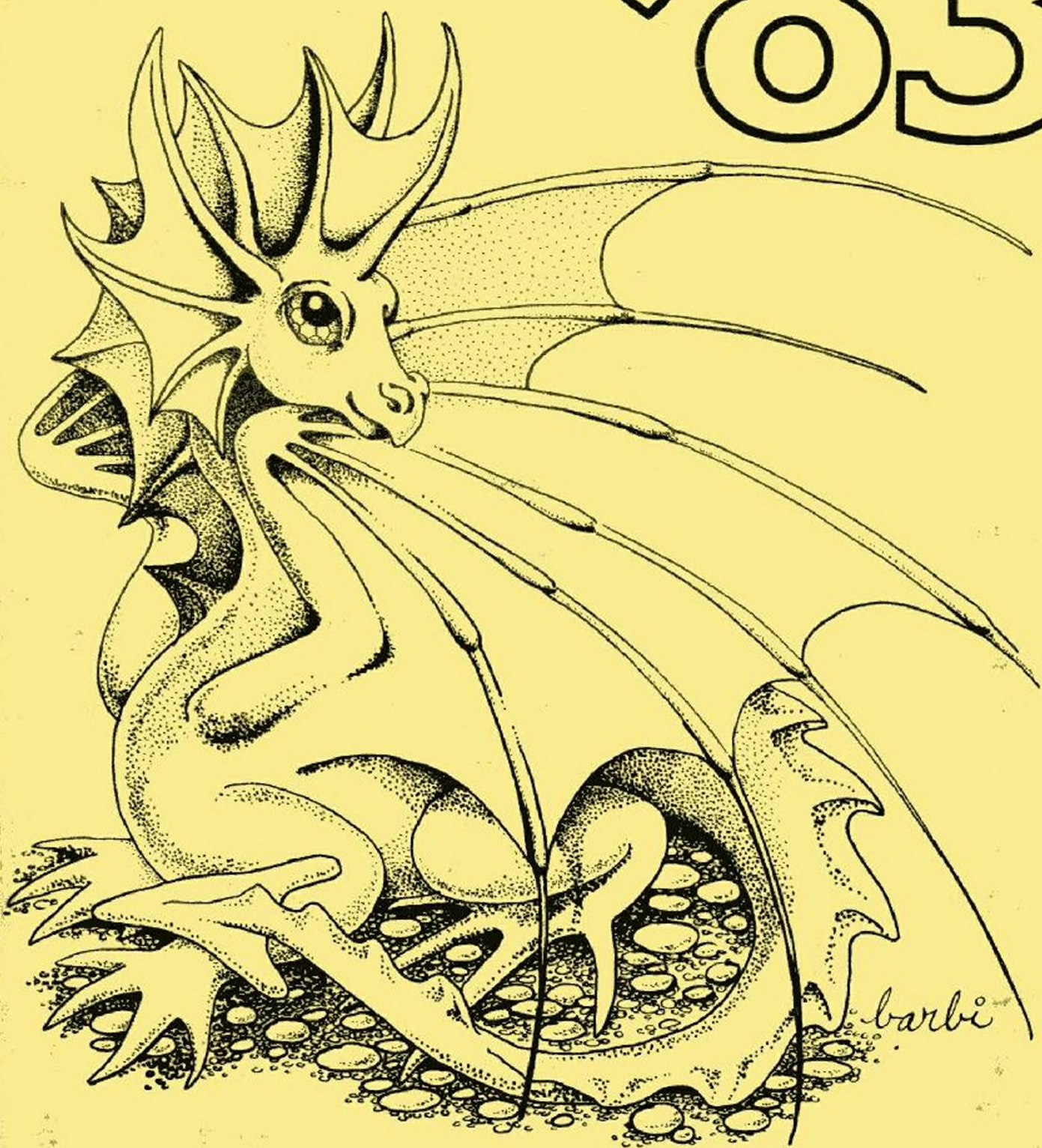
PAST LUNACONS

Year	Date	Guest(s) of Honor	Attendance
1957	May 12	—	65
1958	April 13	Frank R. Paul	85
1959	April 12	Lester del Rey	80
1960	April 10	Ed Emsh	75
1961	April 9	Willy Ley	105
1962	April 29	Frederik Pohl	105
1963	April 21	Judith Merrill	115
1964		NO LUNACON—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 22-12	Larry T. Shaw	735
1971	April 16-18	Pro: John W. Campbell Fan: Howard DeVore	900
1972	March 31- April 2	Theodore Sturgeon	1200
1973	April 20-22	Harlan Ellison	1600
1974	April 12-14	Forrest J Ackerman	1400
1975	April 18-20	Brian Aldiss	1100
1976	April 9-11	<i>Amazing & Fantastic Magazine</i> Eds.	1000
1977	April 8-10	L. Sprague & Catherine C. deCamp	900
1978	February 24-26	Robert Bloch	450
1979	March 30- April 1	Writer: Ron Goulart Artist: Gahan Wilson	650
1980	March 14-16	Writer: Larry Niven Artist: Vincent DiFate	750
1981	March 20-22	Writer: James White Artist: Jack Gaughan	875
1982	March 19-21	Writer: Fred Saberhagen Artist: John Schoenherr Fan: Steve Stiles	1100
1983	March 18-20	Writer: Anne McCaffrey Artist: Barbi Johnson Fan: Don & Elsie Wollheim	?

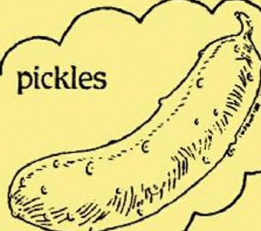
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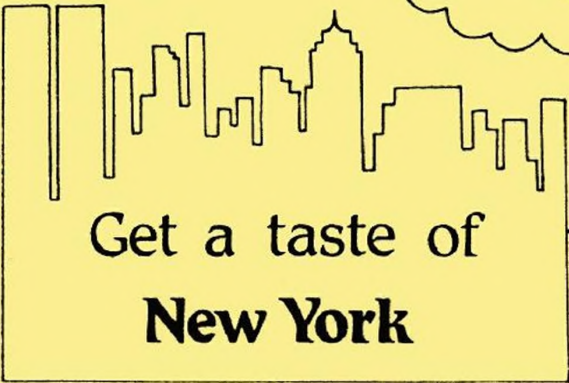
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