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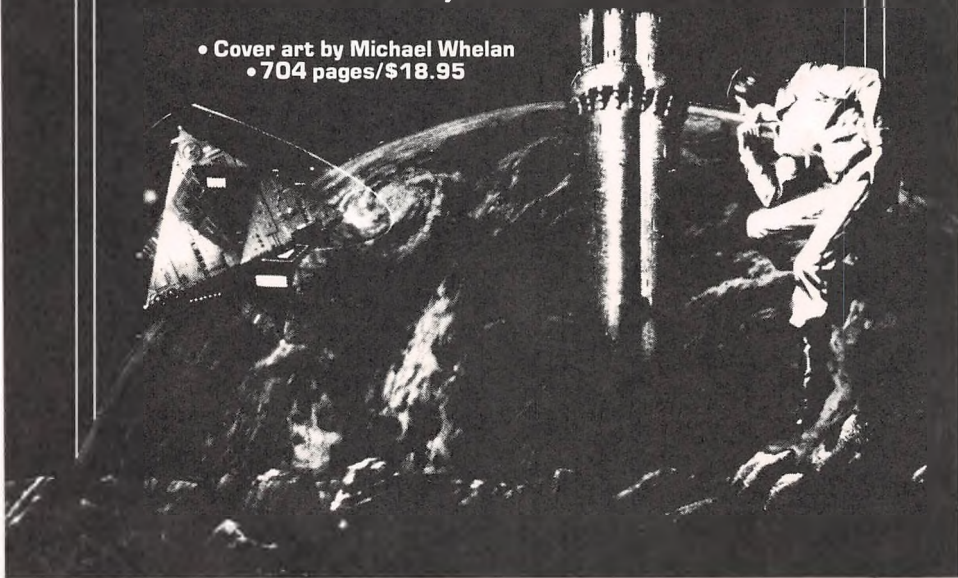
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Writer Guest of Honor **Gordon R. Dickson**

Artist Guest of Honor **Don Maitz**

Fan Guest of Honor **Curt. Clemmer, D.I.**

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Lunacon '85 Weapon Policy is very simple. No Weapons Allowed. NYC laws are quite strict and so are we. As of the printing of this Program Book alcoholic beverages may not be served to anyone under 19 years of age. Proof can and will be asked for accordingly.

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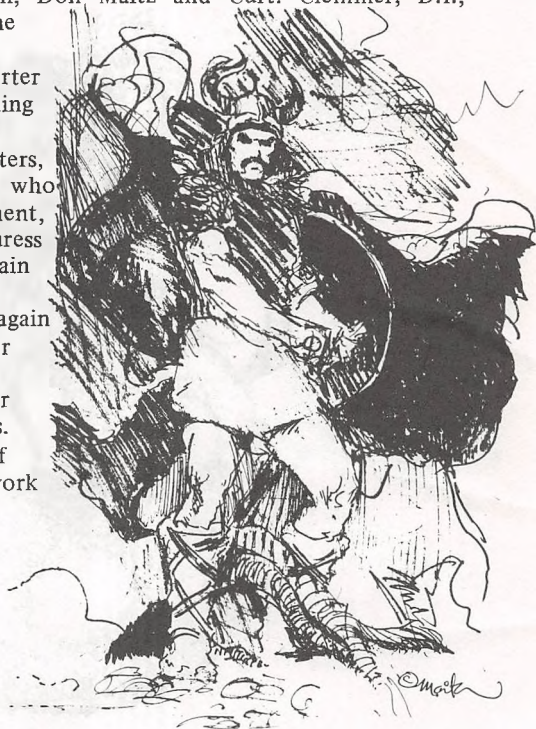
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Photos courtesy of A. Porter, SF Chronicle

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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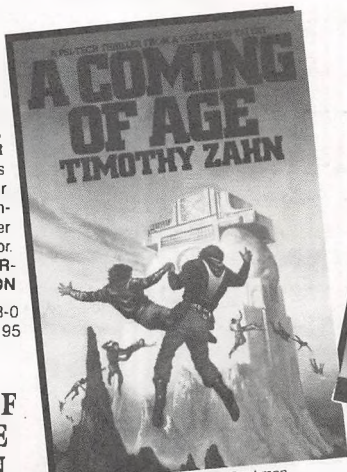
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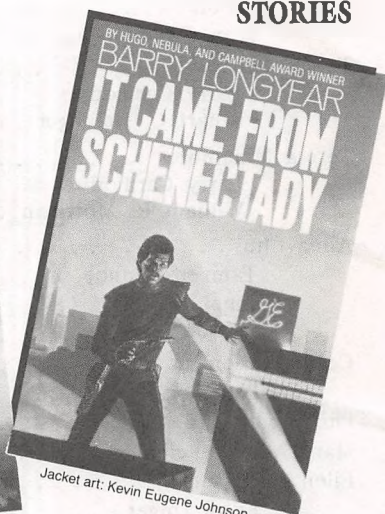
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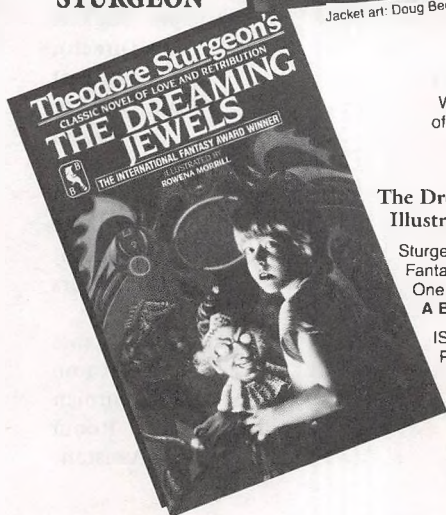
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WELCOME

Welcome to Lunacon '85. This is the twenty-eighth convention given by The New York Science Fiction Society - The Lunarians, Inc. I hope that you will enjoy this Science Fiction Convention, which is being brought to you by a very hard working group of people.

When I accepted the honor of being the Benevolent Dictator of the 1985 Lunacon, life in the New York area was much simpler. In the past year, all the aspects of convention throwing have managed to get a little more complicated and a little more expensive. This all served to make me and my committee a little more nervous, but in the end everything appears to be going well, and I hope you like the results.

I first off want to take this opportunity to thank and praise my committee. It has been a pleasure working with all of them. Then I want to thank and praise my guests of honor, Gordon Dickson, Don Maitz and Curt Clemmer. These gentlemen have been cooperative, caring and supportive throughout this entire year.

In recent years there has been a great deal of growth and branching-out in the Science Fiction Community. Lunacon has historically been a literary convention and the primary emphasis will be on the literature in the field. However, we have tried to touch on all the aspects of the field within the limitations given us by space and economics. I hope that each of the members of Lunacon '85 enjoy themselves and feel satisfied with our programming and activities.

For the second year in a row, we are celebrating a St. Patrick's Day Lunacon. I took this to be an omen and decided to give special emphasis throughout the convention to Celts and Celtic influence in Science Fiction and Fantasy literature, art, movies, etc.

Since the Celtic culture is a fun-loving culture, parties are the order of the day and night. I hope that there are enough parties to tire out even the heartiest in this association of bon vivants.

"Sla'inte! Lunacon '85"

Teresa Miñambres

Your Benevolent Dictator

Shai Dorsai!

Congratulations

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Photo by Rick Hawes

INTRODUCING GORDON R. DICKSON

by Poul Anderson

Having been asked to supply an appreciation of Gordon R. Dickson, I was sorely tempted to follow a famous precedent, write, "I appreciate Gordon R. Dickson," and let it go at that. After all, we've been doing this sort of number on each other for quite a few years now, since it's well known that we are old friends and occasional collaborators. What new things can there be to say?

Maybe none. However, some truths are worth repeating. Besides, the chances are that some of you aren't as familiar with the man or his work as you should be, and therefore may find a bit of an introduction helpful.

Please don't let that phrase "should be" scare you off. It does sound pretty dull. You should brush your teeth twice a day; you should know the difference between the preterit and the past imperfect—that kind of stuff. But of course it isn't what I mean at all. I'm just advising you, in the same spirit as I'd tell you, "When abroad, you should visit Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen" for your pleasure, or, "When making long-range investments, you should include precious metals" for your profit. Everybody who does know Gordy and his writings will agree that there is a lot to enjoy and a lot to gain.

Some of my happiest memories involve him. They go back (good Lord!) a third of a century or more, to Minneapolis and a gang of friends. For Gordy and me, that was often a precarious existence; writers are seldom affluent at the beginnings of their careers. We didn't let it get too much in the way of having fun. Long bull sessions, wild parties, football and softball and chess games, travels, compositions of literary lunacies just for the hell of it, composition of ballads which you can still hear sung at science fiction gatherings, mutual helpfulness in trouble—from things like these grow lifelong bonds. Eventually I moved away while Gordy stayed put, but we've gotten together every now and then, at each other's homes or at places elsewhere, and every time it has been as if no time whatsoever had passed.

Of course, we did not remain identical with our youthful selves. Gordy stayed the same gentle, delightfully witty person, but he developed new capabilities. One among them, which has earned him a lot of amiable twitting, was a gourmet taste in food and drink. Well, why not? I've scarcely ever dined better than at the same table as him. Another talent, enhanced over the years, is musical; he's a fine guitarist and singer. Still another is the businesslike way he handles his professional affairs. Some of these activities cost a fair amount, but the popularity of his books is, deservedly, such that he can afford it.

Congratulations to guest of honor
GORDON R. DICKSON

—author of THE CHILDE CYCLE—

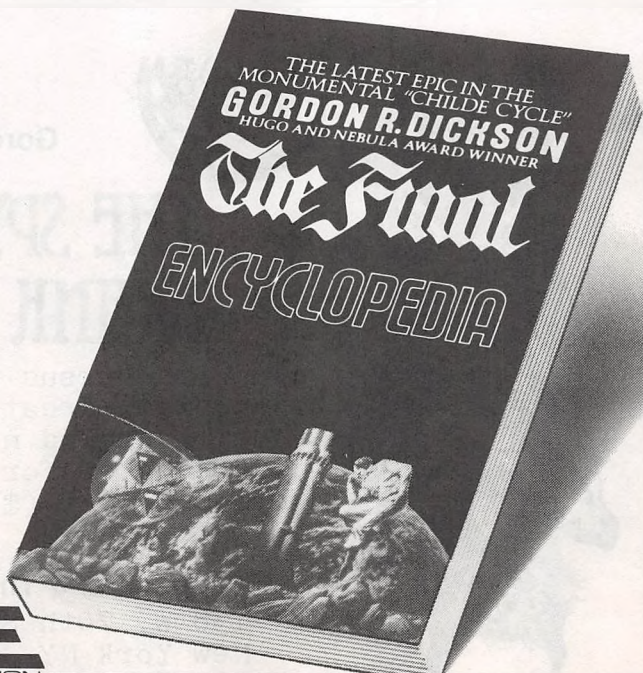
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This brings me to the most important development in him, at least as far as his public is concerned. From the first, he was a very good writer, but he wasn't content with that. He aimed high, and when he'd made the target, he aimed higher yet. His ever-increasing skill he has employed to communicate his ever-growing experience and understanding of life. Science fiction and fantasy deal with the real world, the same as any other types of literature; they simply have their own idioms in which the authors express themselves. The quality of this expression—what the writer actually *knows*, and how well he or she gets it across to readers—varies from individual to individual. Gordon R. Dickson's quality is of the highest.

Again I'm in danger of making him seem boring, and again that is the exact opposite of my intention. Like Gordy himself, his works are a joy to encounter. A number of them are humorous, twice welcome in a field where humor is generally in somewhat short supply. The rest are earnest, occasionally even somber—but never, never dull. Gordy always tells an exciting story. To take only the best-known example, his "Childe" cycle sets forth an entire philosophy; but it's also colorful and entertaining throughout, to the point of having evoked a cult of Dorsai Irregulars and a whole bunch of songs.

In short, if you haven't met either Gordy or his work, you've been missing something. Here's your chance to fill the first gap, or, if you've already done that, to renew the pleasure of his company. The books are there to fill the second gap, and to remain your faithful companions for years of re-reading. Enjoy, enjoy!



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JAMES

By Gordon R. Dickson

"James gave the huffle of a snail in danger. . . ."
(from "Four Friends," a poem by A. A. Milne)

James huffed.

He paused, his horns searching the air. Something was coming toward him along the brick he himself was traversing. For a moment he tensed, then his trained perception recognised that the one approaching was another snail. James glowed with pleasure and hurried to meet him.

"I'm James," he said, joyfully touching horns. "And you?"

"Egbert," replied the other. "Honored to make your acquaintance, James."

"Honored to make yours," replied James; and then, avidly, as all snails do, he asked, "What's new?"

"The word," said the other. "The word is being passed."

"No!" said James.

"Absolutely," confirmed Egbert. "It's Homo Sapiens, of course; you might have expected it." He sighed.

"H. Sapiens?" asked James. "Why, I wouldn't have thought it of them. They seemed like such large harmless creatures, for all their rushing around. I've just been observing one—"

"They may look harmless," interrupted Egbert, sternly, "but the mischief's in them. And we can't tolerate it, of course. After coming halfway across the Galaxy to try and get away from *Them*, you know."

"True," agreed James. He added, a trifle wistfully, "Sometimes I think we should have crushed *Them* the last time they overran the planet we were on. If not the previous time. Or the time before that."

"But what a labor it would have been," protested Egbert. "Of course all they had were primitive material weapons: space warps, disintegrators and the like. But there were so many of *Them*—thousands of planetary systems all populated up to the plimsoll mark. What a weary task to ztitz hard enough to exterminate them all. And how easy, comparatively, to ztitz just enough to protect ourselves."

Copyright 1970, by Gordon R. Dickson. Reprinted by permission of the author. "James" first appeared in the May 1955 issue of *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*.

"Ah, yes," sighed James. "Of course we are by nature sensible and wary of overexertion. Well, I suppose we're better off here after all, even with Homo Sapiens dashing back and forth as if his shell was on fire. Who would ever have thought a life form could become so active? And what is it, by the way, that they've finally done?"

"Well," said Egbert darkly, "brace yourself. It's almost unbelievable, but since it comes through the grapevine, it must be true. The official word just filtered up from the valley of the Euphrates, or the Nile, or someplace around there. One of them—" he spaced the words slowly and impressively "—one—of—them has actually just invented a wheel!"

"No!" cried James, stunned.

"That's the word," insisted Egbert. "I don't blame you for being surprised. I had trouble believing it myself when it was told to me just the month before last."

"That explains it!" cried James. "I thought I'd been seeing things with wheels around; but naturally I couldn't believe my senses on the basis of purely empirical evidence. An old friend of mine was crushed by one the other day. His name was Charlie. You didn't know him, by any chance?"

"No," replied Egbert. "I never knew a Charlie." They brooded in silence for a second.

"He was a Good Snail," said James, at last, bestowing the words of highest tribute upon his deceased friend. His mind swung back to the implications of the news he had just heard. "But this—" he stammered, "—this is terrible!"

"Of course it is," brooded Egbert, darkly. "You know what's bound to happen now, don't you? They'll be settling down, making pottery. First thing you know they'll build pyramids, discover gunpowder. Why, before we can turn around they'll be splitting the atom, and you know what happens then!"

"Spaceflight . . ." breathed James, horrified.

"Exactly!" replied Egbert grimly. "And the minute they get a ship outside the atmosphere, it'll register on *Their* separation-index. And you know what *They*'ll do when *They* find out."

"Poor H. Sapiens!" quavered James.

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CONAN

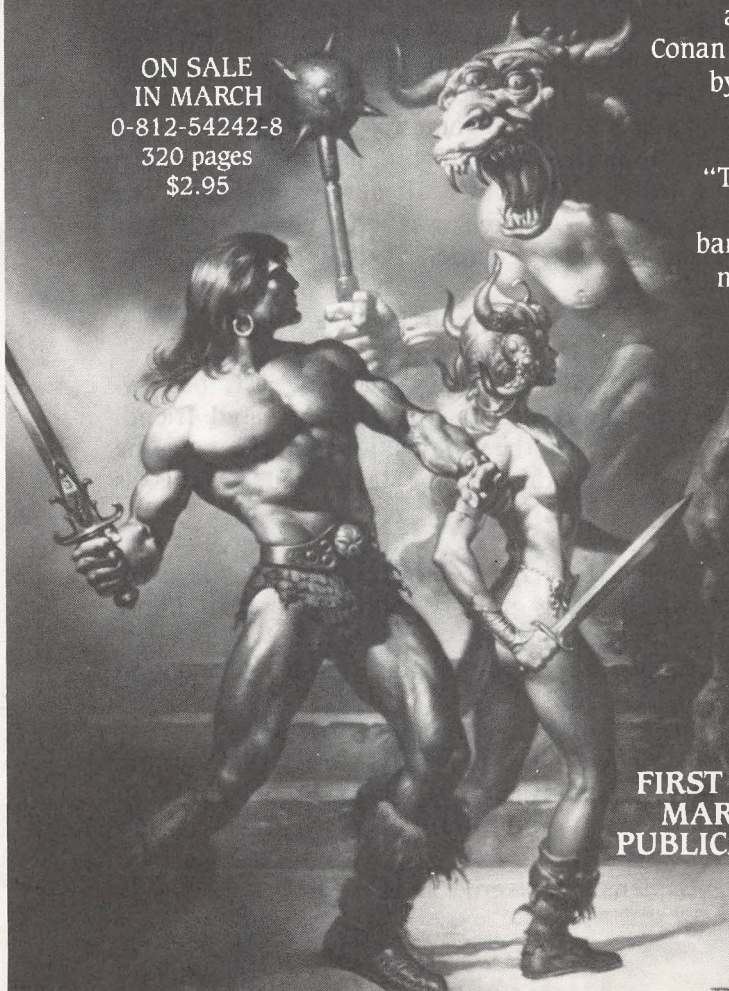
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“Yes,” said Egbert. “And poor us. The minute a ship gets outside the Earth’s atmosphere, it won’t be more than three days, local time, before *They* notice it and have a fleet here englobing the planet. Which means we have only the limited time remaining between now and the launching of the first space rocket to take defensive measures. And that time gets shorter by the century. Why, for all we know—at the mad pace these humans move—one of them may be experimenting with a potter’s wheel even now.”

“Indeed,” said James, anxiously, “I could almost swear I’ve noticed signs of pottery culture among our local H. Sapiens. Of course—” he added hastily “—I have no confirmation of the fact in the way of comparative reports from other Snails.”

“True. I too . . .” Egbert lowered his voice. “Let us speak off the record, James. Unscientific as it must be for only two observers to compare notes—tell me: You haven’t seen any evidence of pyramid building here in North America?”

“N-no . . .” answered James cautiously. “I *have* seen some rather odd structures—but no true pyramid.”

“Thank heaven for that,” said Egbert, with a sigh of relief. “Nor have I. Not that our two unofficial observations mean anything, but they represent a straw in the wind, a hope, James, that what you and I have seen mirrors the Big Picture, and that H. Sapiens is still, essentially, a happy herdsman.”

“Still,” said James doubtfully, “if I were to venture a guess on my own—”

“James!” reproved Egbert, shocked. “This is unsnail-like. Put such thoughts from your mind. No, no, rest assured that we have some few thousands of years still in which to contact H. Sapiens if the race is to be taught how to ztitz and so protect itself and its planet from *Them*. Reassure yourself that it is merely a matter of contacting the right individual, one who will believe us and who in turn will be believed by his fellows.”

For a moment silence hung heavy between the two snails.

“Some people,” said James finally, in an apologetic voice, “might call us slow.”

“Oh, no!” cried Egbert, profoundly shocked. “Surely not!”

"And perhaps," continued James, his voice strengthening, "who knows but what we actually may be a bit slow? I want to be fair about this. I *will* be fair about this! Think, Egbert: it has been at least twenty planets, one after the other, which we have seen blown from beneath us, and their native life destroyed by *Them* in spite of all our good intentions about teaching that native life to protect itself by zzitzing."

"But—"

"But me no buts, Egbert! Twenty chances we have had to protect the weak and defenseless. Twenty times—in a row—we have been just a little bit late in giving aid. And I say to you, Egbert, here and now, that if by following our traditional cautious methods we again slip up and see the human race destroyed, then, by all that's holy, we *are* a trifle slow!"

"James," breathed Egbert, shrinking back in awe. "Such energy! Such fire! You are a Snail Transformed!"

And, indeed, James was. Quivering with righteous indignation, he had reared up a full three-quarters of an inch above the surface of the brick and both sets of his horns stuck out rigidly, as if challenging the universe.

continued



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"Egbert," he said fiercely, "the tradition of eons is about to be broken. You have spoken of several thousand years in which to contact H. Sapiens. Know, Egbert, that the far end of this brick touches the sill of a window, that that sill overhangs a desk, and that at that desk sits a man high in the councils of the Five Indian Nations, or the United Nations, or some such important organization. This man I have been observing and I have discovered in him the capability to understand and believe the threat that *They* will pose to his race, if that self-same race continues this mad plunge of progress which has just recently brought forth the invention of the wheel."

"James!" gasped Egbert. "You mean . . . ? You wouldn't . . . ? Not without first submitting a report for the consideration of other snails, the formation of an investigative forum, the collection of an adequate number of blanketing reports, a general referendum—"

"Cease, Egbert!" interrupted James sternly. "I would, and I will. What you and other snails have always refused to recognise is the impermanence of the individual H. Sapiens. They are here today, and—if I may coin a phrase—gone tomorrow." The tone of his voice changed. A note almost of pleading crept into it. "Can't you understand, Egbert, that this is a crisis! We can't afford to waste a thousand years here and a thousand years there just to make the matter official."

"But scientific method—" began Egbert.

"Scientific method, bosh!" retorted James, crudely. Egbert gasped. "What good was scientific method to the life forms of the last twenty planets we've inhabited?"

Egbert was struck dumb. It was a good twenty minutes before he managed to answer.

"Why—" he said at last. "I never thought of that. That's true, it didn't help them much, did it?" He stared at James with wonder and admiration dawning in the little eye at the tip of each of his two major horns. "But James—" he said. "To flout tradition in this fashion—to throw off at one fell swoop the age-welded bonds of ancient custom and established means. Why, James—" he went on, falling, as all Snails do when deeply moved, into iambic pentameter "—this step will sound throughout the halls of time; and through the echoing vault of universe; be duplicated in infinity. So that all future ages, hearing it, and looking back, will wonder how you could. And tell me James, how is it that you can?"

James bowed his horns in graceful acknowledgment of the question.

"I am," he replied simply, "what you might possibly characterize as a humanitarian."

"Ah," said Egbert softly, "so that's it."

"Yes," answered James. "And now—my duty calls. Farewell, Egbert."

"Farewell!" choked Egbert, almost too overcome to speak. They broke contact; and James began to turn around. "Farewell, oh *brave* and *gallant* spirit!"

Resolutely, James completed his turn and began his march. Inside the window, at the desk, a heavy balding man with tired eyes straightened his glasses and began to read a report stamped **TOP SECRET** and headed **PARTICULARS OF FORTHCOMING FLIGHT OF UN SPACE ROCKET X-1**. He read steadily into the report as the sun crept across the sky.

After a while he stopped temporarily to rub his eyes. As he did, he caught sight of a snail which had just crawled across the sill from outside the window. It stood balanced on the edge. It was James, of course, and for a long second they looked at each other. Then the man turned back to the report.

James paused to catch his breath. The trip had been all of eleven inches and he had come at top speed.

Finally he collected himself and turned toward the man. The H. Sapiens' head was bent over a sheaf of paper; but whatever engrossed him there would be small potatoes to what James was about to hit him with. James took a deep breath.

"Huffle," he said. "Huffle. *Huffle! Huffle, huffle, huffle huffle . . .*"

"James gave the huffle of a snail in danger— And nobody heard him at all."

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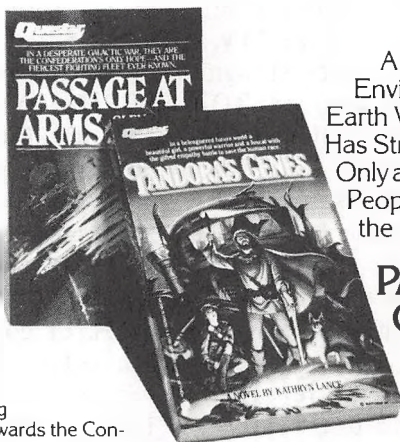
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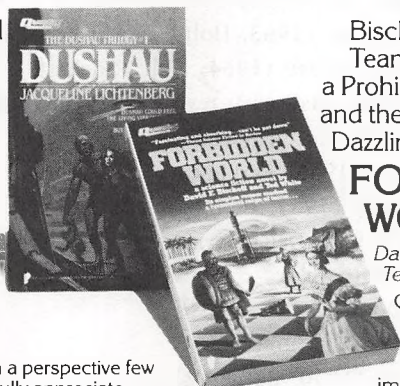
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continued

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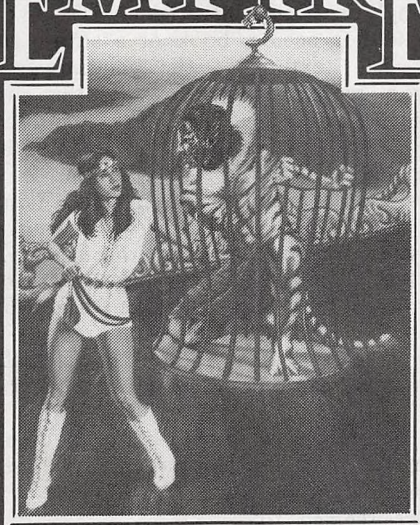
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INTRODUCTION TO DON MAITZ

by Ron Walotsky

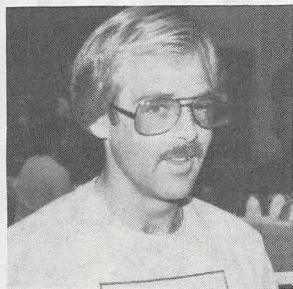
O.K., O.K., one letter, two phone calls, deadline today, I'll sit and write this introduction for Don Maitz, I hate to write, maybe a picture? No, alright, here it goes; I used to look to Don's paintings for quite a few years before we met.

I was in the field for about 10 years before I started going to conventions, and you never really meet other artists, but you know their work. You spend a lot of time in drugstores looking at paperback covers. I'd see Don's work all over the place, his style was out of the early days of illustration; I mean the feelings and look of the old master illustrators, Arthur Rackham, N.C. Wyeth.

I said to myself, "Hey, this guy can paint, he must have been painting for 20 or 30 years to get that good." Then I met Don for the first time at the 1980 Boston worldcon. What a shock! I was expecting some old guy, and here is this young, good-looking incredibly talented man. How depressing! Especially his original art work, with the paintings so beautiful they did not need a book or a story. They stood on their own as paintings. The texture of the paintings was wonderful; you cannot see that from reproductions. How did this guy make such great paintings so early in his career?

I remember he was taking paintings out of this big black box, each one more amazing than the previous one. I think it was Carl Lundgren who introduced us. Don seemed rather shy, and didn't appear to listen to what I said. I thought he was a little spaced out. I've known a few other artists who were on their own trip through life, and who were all a little eccentric, but I found out later that it was only because I was standing on the wrong side of Don. He didn't hear what I was saying, as he has a hearing problem in one ear, and, naturally, I was talking to that one. So he was not only a great painter, but a really good guy. Here was this mild mannered man who painted like Superman but looked like Clark Kent.

After that we became close friends. Carl Lundgren, Don Maitz and I started to see each other at conventions all the time. A few were just hazy memories when the three of us got together. We seemed to get pretty wild, then we would all head home to paint and paint 'till the next convention; only to be amazed at Don's new work.





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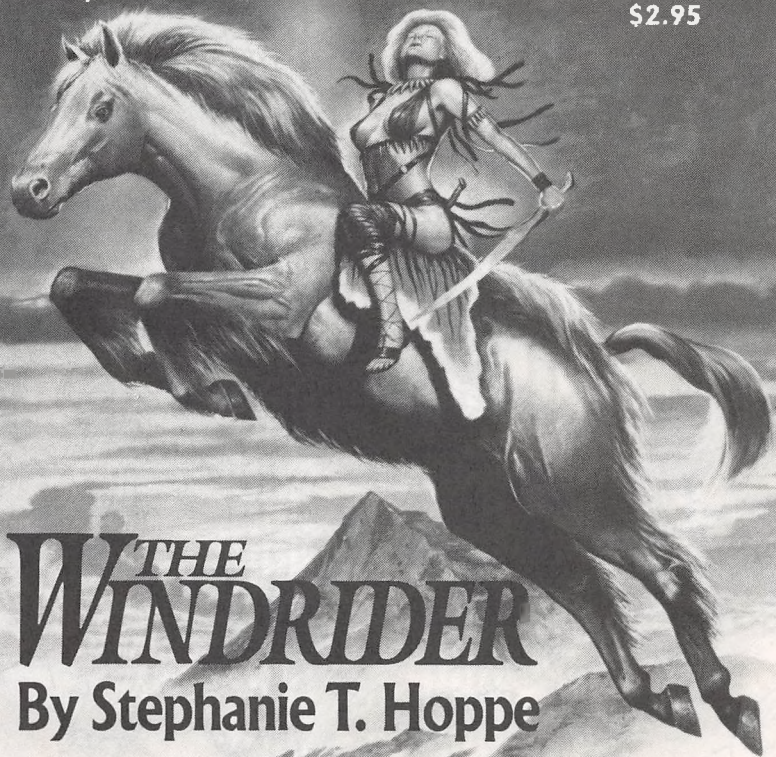
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—MICHAEL BRAUN

CURT. CLEMMER, D.I.: (A)Typical Fan GOH

by Gordon R. Dickson

Among the topics of conversation usually to be heard at conventions in the early days of the late 1940s and the early 1950s were two in particular. One was that SF conventions could probably only last another ten years at the most. The reason advanced was that none of the fans was getting any younger and soon it would be either impossible or impractical for a lot of them to come to cons; and consequently attendance would dwindle and the cons would vanish. It was a cogent thought, even if history did prove it wrong.

A second topic was the question of what fans saw in one another.

"Certainly," everybody said, "all these people here at the con read SF, or at least one or more of the SF authors. But when they get here, they don't sit around for two to four days talking about such stories and their authors. They talk about everything else. Moreover, as you can easily find out by asking them, they have very different occupations, attitudes, social and economic backgrounds and interests that diverge wildly. What do they have in common that brings them to spend a weekend, day and night in each other's company?"

The answer—overlooked entirely at the time, of course—was that what the attendees had in common was that they were all omnivorous readers—the kind that could gulp a book a night and look around for more.

And this was the real key to what they were—they were interested in everything under the sun. Most of them read not merely science fiction, but deeply in many other areas as well. Some were professionals in which others had a ferocious amateur interest—and so on.

In a sense, they were Renaissance people.

They still are, particularly those among them who still qualify as omnivorous readers.

Which is, of course, what Curt is. A typical individual of this breed—which means he is an atypical human being, compared to the sort of convention VIPs that hotels are used to seeing at the other conventions they house.

At the moment, and for some years past, Curt has been Senior Technical Director at the Audio and Television Department of Roosevelt University in Chicago. His wife is Melissa, who first welcomed life with the surname of MacKensie. I will never forget their very Scottish wedding, at which I was best man, and at which we—Curt, I and others of the wedding party—solemnly and traditionally disarmed ourselves before we started down the aisle to the altar. (Not that we gave up our skean dhus, of course. There are some limits.) It was a wedding in which the

newly married couple passed outside again under an arch of what was mainly swords, but included every other shape and style of edged weapons, including some very interesting-looking knives and axes.

So Curt is a Technical Director married to a wife with Scottish antecedents and involved in Scottish elements. He is also a Collector—I capitalize that word to distinguish him as a serious Collector rather than one of those that dabble in such activity—of stamps, books, paintings, sculptures and et cetera.

He has been one of the hardest of workers at many of our own cons, including worldcons such as the recent LACon, Noreascon, Chicon and Iguanacon. For the past dozen years, in fact, he has been busy making conventions work and/or been simply present at them.

Before he came among us he was, like the rest of us, a reader of SF but through a varied life that included nine years as a soldier, stationed at various times in the Far East and South America—specifically Korea (where he was in combat), Japan and Panama. Before and after those times he was involved in too many other things to list here, all very much to his credit and the interest of his listeners if he feels like talking about himself—which I must say, he doesn't do often enough.

A gentleman of attainments, your present, (a)typical Fan GoH. I am honored to be co-Guesting with him here.



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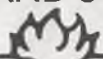
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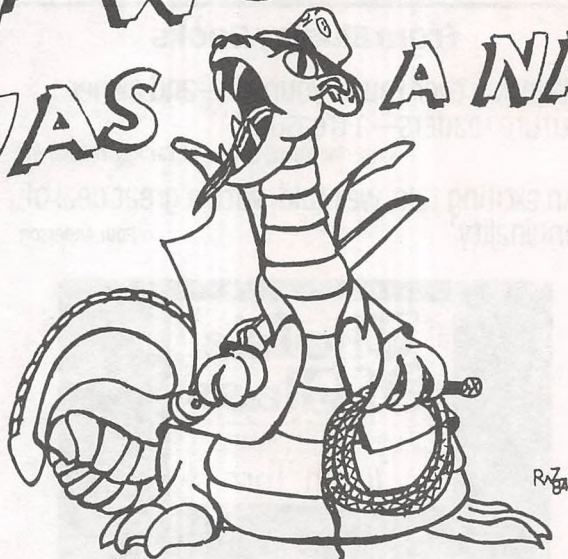
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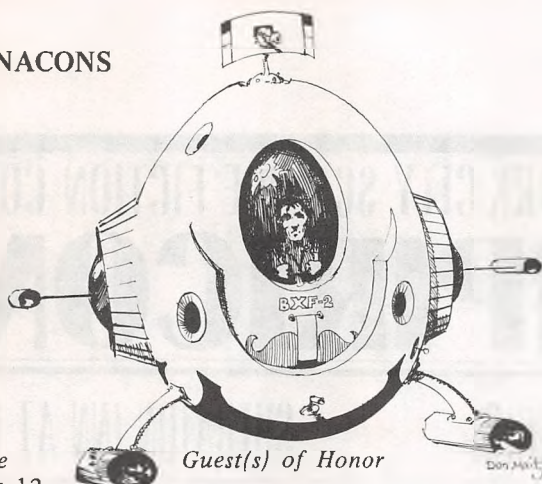


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1958	April 13	Frank R. Paul	85
1959	April 12	Lester del Rey	80
1960	April 10	Ed Emsh	75
1961	April 9	Willy Ley	105
1962	April 29	Frederik Pohl	105
1963	April 21	Judith Merrill	115
1964		NO LUNACON-WORLD'S FAIR	
1965	April 24	Hal Clement	135
1966	April 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 11-12	Pro: Larry T. Shaw Fan: Howard De Vore	735
1971	April 16-18	John W. Campbell	900
1972	March 31-April 2	Theodore Sturgeon	1200
1973	April 20-22	Harlan Ellison	1600
1974	April 12-14	Forrest J Ackerman	1400
1975	April 18-20	Brian Aldiss	1100
1976	April 9-11	Amazing and Fantastic Magazines	1000
1977	April 8-10	L. Sprague and Catherine C. de Camp	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	1100
1983	March 18-20	Writer: Anne McCaffrey Artist: Barbi Johnson Fan: Don & Elsie Wollheim	1500
1984	March 16-18	Writer: Terry Carr Artist: Tom Kidd Fan: Cy Chauvin	1400
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