

LUNACON 2000



STRANGE ATTRACTION

An Original Anthology

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based on the kinetic sculptures of
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The New York
Science Fiction Society –
the Lunarians, Inc.
Presents:

LUNACON 2000

MARCH 24 - 26, 2000
THE RYE TOWN HILTON
RYE BROOK, NEW YORK

Guest of Honor:

GEORGE ALEC EFFINGER

Artist Guest of Honor:

LISA SNELLINGS

Fan Guest of Honor:

STU SHIFFMAN

Special Guest

BARBARA HAMBLY

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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 **LUNACON 2000** will have his/her membership revoked without compensation. The use of a weapon as part of the Masquerade must be approved by the Masquerade Director prior to the event. To and from the Masquerade, weapons must be carried in an opaque container (for example, a paper bag).

The Convention Committee defines a weapon as anything that is classified as a weapon under New York State law, any object designed to cause bodily harm, or any replica of such object, and any other object the Committee determines to be dangerous. This includes toy weapons of all types. The Committee reserves the right to amend this definition of a weapon, and the right to impound weapons for the duration of the Convention. Actions or behaviour which interfere with the enjoyment of the Convention by other attendees will also result in the revocation of membership without compensation. Please remember, if in doubt, ask us.

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

Smoking: All function rooms at **LUNACON 2000** are non-smoking!

Drinking Age: Please remember that New York State's legal drinking age is 21. The Hotel will be enforcing this law. Alcoholic beverages 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 only. Parties held in other areas will be closed down.

Convention Badges: Please wear your **LUNACON 2000** badge. You will need it to get into all convention activities.

Lost Badges: If you lose your badge, check with Member Services or Registration to see if it has been turned in. If not, a first replacement badge will cost \$5. A second replacement badge will cost \$10. There will be no third replacement badge.

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

We regret the severity of some of these policies, but past incidents have indicated a need for them. Please remember to use discretion and always be considerate of your fellow attendees and other hotel guests. Thank you.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We would like to express our thanks and appreciation to those people and organizations without whose assistance **LUNACON 2000** would not be possible: Our Honored Guests, the Rye Town Hilton, the many contributors to this Souvenir Program Book, the publishers and others who have so generously supported our Book Exhibit and Raffle (and the *Lunarians'* Donald A. & Elsie B. Memorial Scholarship Fund), our fellow Committee members (and the people who love them), Mapleton Printing and Offset, Cadmus Mack Science Press, numerous pets for allowing their owners to do this work, our illustrious predecessors (for giving us something to live up to, or down, as the case may be), and our attendees (without whom this work would not have been necessary ... nor so satisfying).

And a Special Thank You to all our Volunteer Staff.

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WELCOME TO LUNACON 2000!

(MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIR)

*"And I never really sleep anymore
And I always get those dangerous dreams
And I never get a minute of peace
And I gotta wonder what it means*

*Maybe it's nothing and I'm under the weather
Maybe it's just one of those bugs going round
Maybe I'm under a spell and it's magic
Maybe there's a witch doctor with an office in town..."*

I guess Jim Steinman is right, but I doubt he ever tried to chair a convention. At the same time, I should know better, since I have done this twice before. I haven't been sleeping much. I haven't really been getting a minute (or more) of peace. And there have been times when I have wondered what it means.

But, by the time you read this, I won't be wondering what it all means. All the sleepless nights, all the constant busyness, work and aggravation, and all the hard work by the rest of the Committee will have lead to the reason you are all here – **LUNACON 2000**, the last **LUNACON** of this century.

This is the ninth consecutive year that we've been at the Rye Town Hilton and we are constantly learning new things about what has become our "home" and its unique features and layout.

If this is your first visit to the Hilton, make sure you ask about the *trans-dimensional corridor* that connects the 4th and 7th floors of the hotel. It contains six function rooms that you should stop in and look at.

For those of you who have been here before, we've moved a few things around to make better use of the hotel space (we hope). Additionally, we're trying a few new ideas in the program and other areas, in our ongoing effort to make our convention more interesting and enjoyable.

Let us know what you think of our efforts. We want to know what we did right and what we did wrong. You can write to us at our snail mail address, Post Office Box 3566, New York, NY 10008-3566, or our e-mail address, lunacon@lunacon.org, after the convention. You can also speak to myself or any of the other committee members during the convention. This will give you the opportunity to help us with our planning for next year. We look forward to your input.

Thank you for attending. I hope you enjoy your time at **LUNACON 2000!** (And maybe I can get some sleep Tuesday night. At least until next time.)

*"...Oh is this a blessing or is this a curse?
Does it get any better? Can it get any worse?
Will it go on forever or is it over tonight?
Does it come with the darkness? Does it bring out the light?
It's a stairway to heaven or a subway going down to the pits
(Is it some kind of love?)
I don't know what it is but it just won't quit..."*



– Stuart C. Hellinger, Chair

DRAGON CON -2000-



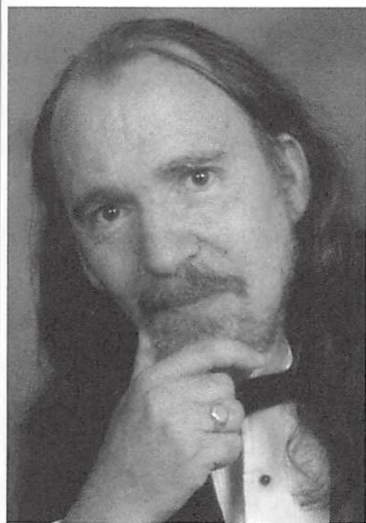
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WHAT EFFINGER MEANS TO ME

BY BARBARA HAMBLY



Photograph courtesy of Barbara Hambly

When first I got to know George Alec Effinger I hadn't read any of his books or stories - he's written so prolifically over the years that there are still things of his I haven't read. Having made his acquaintance, I immediately ran out and got as much of his stuff as I could, and my reaction on reading it was, in nearly every case, HE wrote THAT?

He seemed so nice.

He and I had been in the same room on a number of occasions, including a cattle-call for a cartoon show called *Jayce and the Wheeled Warriors* (which involved giant vines growing between planets), but it wasn't until we were co-guests of honor at a convention in Toronto that we actually got to know one another. At the time he was best-known for the Budayeen mysteries - some of the best science fiction murder mysteries ever written - and for the adventures of Maureen Birnbaum, Barbarian Swords-person, tales that at first glance don't appear to be written by the same person at all. The dissonance between the dark, edgy Cyberpunk and the hilarious incongruities of Maureen's *Eternal Quest* were further complicated as I read more: strange visions of the damned who become devils themselves after Hell is emptied; bizarre reflections on what characters talk about between stories; tales of beatniks going to Mars and science fiction writers exiled to the bodies of 1950s baseball players; sharp-edged caper novels in the Donald Westlake vein and some of the most inspired flights of silliness I've ever encountered in a science fiction novel. (Who else would have his characters solve the problem of having the Moon fall apart as it crashes into the Earth by sending scientists to wrap it in duct tape?) In fact, giant vines growing between planets sounded sort of like something he might have written about, though not, I'm sure, in the fashion that Mattel Toys had in mind.

He seemed so NICE.

And, in fact, George IS nice. But in addition to formidable intelligence and mordant wit, he has, as a writer, one of the widest emotional ranges I've encountered. His dark stuff bleeds darkness; his silly stuff is absolutely God-awful ridiculous... and upon occasion, both ends of the range can be found in the same work. (Read his short story "Posterity" if you want to know what Hell is really like.) The characters he feels to be most autobiographical are the sardonic hustler Marid Audran of *When Gravity Fails* and its sequels, and the hapless Sandor Courane, a not-very-good science fiction writer who ends up getting killed in every story he figures in. Most people, says George (in reply to that perennial question "Where do you get your ideas from?"), get ideas for stories all the time; they just think, "That's weird," and let them float away into the ether or wash down the shower drain. A writer sits down and pursues those ideas.

In George's case, into some pretty weird territory.

In many ways, George is a "science fiction writer" only by courtesy. He writes as much, or more, fantasy than he does science fiction: some of it epic, like Maureen Birnbaum or his first, bizarre quest novels, *What Entropy Means to Me and Heroics*, much of it harking back to the absurdist and surrealist literature that was his first love at Yale. (His sentimental tale of the Little One-Legged Horse was rejected by nearly every s-f magazine editor in the business because it was simply too weird.)

I could go on at length about George's work, without ever getting to the fact that George has been my dear friend for nearly ten years, and my husband for going on fifteen months. I'm not entirely certain what an "appreciation" is supposed to sound like, or what it's supposed to cover: I appreciate the fact that, as a writer, he understands that when I'm sitting staring into space I'm still probably working. I appreciate the fact that, though he doesn't work anywhere near the way I do, he understands what non-writers don't really understand - the way a writer thinks, and the way a writer has to live.

That's been one of the most interesting things about being George's wife - simply the experience of living with another writer.

Mind you, the down-side of living with another writer involves the incorporation of more books than even I owned into the general household, increasing the joint collection to the size of many small-town public libraries. It also involves a second dedicated computer line for his Internet ramblings, and a second person in the household as addicted to the purchase

of odd volumes of this-and-that as I am. On the other hand, what other man would have bought his wife a complete - full-sized - copy of the Oxford English Dictionary for Christmas?

I appreciate George's intelligence, and his kindness. He doesn't always have much money, but when he does, he's been ready to give it - not lend it - to friends of his in need. I appreciate his courage in facing his illness and, even more insidious than illness, his crippling bouts with clinical depression. I appreciate the fact that he was willing to adjust to living with my two dogs, for whose tiny fluffiness he had the usual complete manly contempt. ("They're one step above bunny-slippers," he announced, when I first informed him I owned two Pekineses - he goes every night and makes sure they're snug in their little beds now.)

I appreciate George's silly sense of humor. With whom else can I make jokes based on Plato's dialogues while we drive along Venice Boulevard? I appreciate his technical skill as a writer and editor - for years he taught Science Fiction Writing at the University of New Orleans, and when I was in that city I'd occasionally sit in on his classes, and on the workshops that grew out of them. (At least two published mystery-writers emerged from that workshop, O'Neil deNoux and Laura Rowlands, thanks in part to George's incisive and careful guidance.)

In short, I appreciate George for the man he is. Not always an easy person to live with, but a fun person, and a good person. He's a Civil War buff and a classicist, a collector of antique glass and Barbie dolls, a hermit who goes into mourning with the conclusion of the World Series and counts the days til Spring Training starts; a fan of street-fairs, swap-meets, Disneyland, carnivals, and *The Days of Our Lives*; an aficionado of gourmet restaurants and McDonald's burgers.

If George's work isn't as well-known as it deserves to be, it's partly because for the past ten years, illness has kept him from working much - George has been ill most of his life. Much of his work is out of print; much that deserves to be collected or republished has not yet been. You have to dig a little to find it, as you have to dig a little to find the real George.

Both quests are worth the effort.

GEORGE ALEC EFFINGER - BIBLIOGRAPHY

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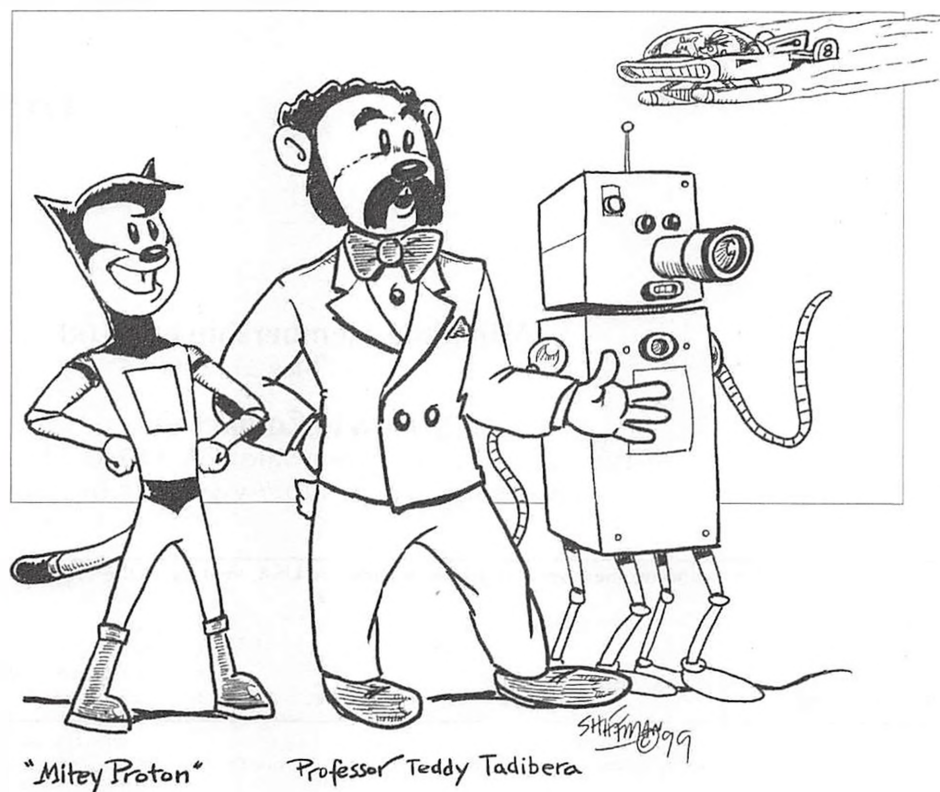
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LISA SNELLINGS: HEEDING THE CALL OF THE DARK VOICES

BY ED KRAMER

Sculpture is a unique medium. Whereas artists routinely create pictures that are forever confined to a two-dimensional plane, it is the sculptor who interprets a subject so that it may exist in true space. And if a picture is worth a thousand words, a sculpture's worth must be tenfold.

I first met Lisa Snellings in 1991, or should I say that her sculptures first met me? Just as I seek to approach writers with whom I long to work based on the quality of their stories, I make contact with artists who may one day illustrate my projects. Lisa was different, however. Her sculptures produced a dark, fantastical effect, rich with creative brilliance.

Lisa's first kinetic sculpture — meaning it actually moved — was a huge carousel; a carnival merry-go-round. But, as might be expected, this was no ordinary carousel. Richly inspired by Ray Bradbury's *Dark Carnival*, Lisa's characters — and the carousel itself — manifested imagery where both the hideous and the beautiful collide. With each successive art exhibit entered, there was another award to be received, more often than not, Best of Show.

A mysterious blonde-haired beauty with piercing blue-green eyes, Lisa gave up her profession as a biologist to answer that call of the darkened voices from within. Her slight features often appear in the jesters and harlequins that frequently propagate her work; though, she is most unaware of this. She is very quiet about the true meanings of her pieces — and rather inclined to allow the beholder to establish his or her own insights. Like a magician who politely declines to reveal a secret; it's far better that we don't really know.

Inspired by the carousel, art enthusiasts Jane and Howard Frank commissioned *Dark Caravan*, a 10-year project where Lisa would add a new ride or attraction annually. The completed work would tour galleries and museums around the county, gaining the initiative (and funding) to actually build Lisa's carnival ... a field of dreams that could well dwarf a baseball stadium.

Lisa was also beginning to make a mark for herself in the literary communities. Author upon author would discover Lisa's secret — her art — and ask to write about it. Neil Gaiman acquired the sculpture "Don't Ask Jack" at Atlanta's World Horror Convention in 1995; it inspired his first story based on Lisa's art (also entitled "Don't Ask Jack").

Her second piece in the series *Crowded After Hours* is a huge kinetic masterpiece of a carnival Ferris wheel, peopled with odd and often haunting individuals. True to its title, the wheel is quite crowded. Aside from those riding in the wheel's cars are those balanced between its spokes, hanging from its supports, and twined in and about its bone-like

frame. Each character is at least a step removed from humanity, some only to a small degree, others to the extent that one must wonder if any part of them was ever human. This midnight wheel became the launching point for *Strange Attraction*, a literary anthology based on her work

Lisa and I produced a video of the wheel "in action" interspersed with her narration in a way to bring the project to those storytellers that could not see the sculpture firsthand. But, by the time of final production, nearly all contributors had met both Lisa and *Crowded After Hours*.

Then something happened. Something quite unexpected.

I asked Lisa to write a little about what inspires her to create. Lisa had never written anything like that before, and asked if could be done in a story. Her first draft indicated that she could not only write, but could easily stand on her own as an author.

A few days later I received a jpeg from Lisa in e-mail. It was a pencil rendering of one of her sculptures. Like her fiction, Lisa had never talked about her illustration — or had never tried to draw. And like the story, her painting was incredible.

What Lisa had accomplished was an unanticipated artistic full-circle. First, Lisa created the sculpture. Then, a well-respected author put Lisa's three-dimensional character into a story based upon his or her vision of her sculpture. Finally, Lisa illustrated stories based



Photograph by Beth Gwinn

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upon her visualization of each author's fiction. It would probably have made M.C. Escher proud.

There is nothing, however, that can match the sensation of being in the presence of Lisa's work firsthand. If you're reading this at **LUNACON**, it means you truly have a unique opportunity. Seek out the Art Show, and if you dare, prepare to be mesmerized by the works of Lisa Snellings. It will bring you back again and again. Some addictions were never meant to be broken.

Ed Kramer is the editor of Strange Attraction.



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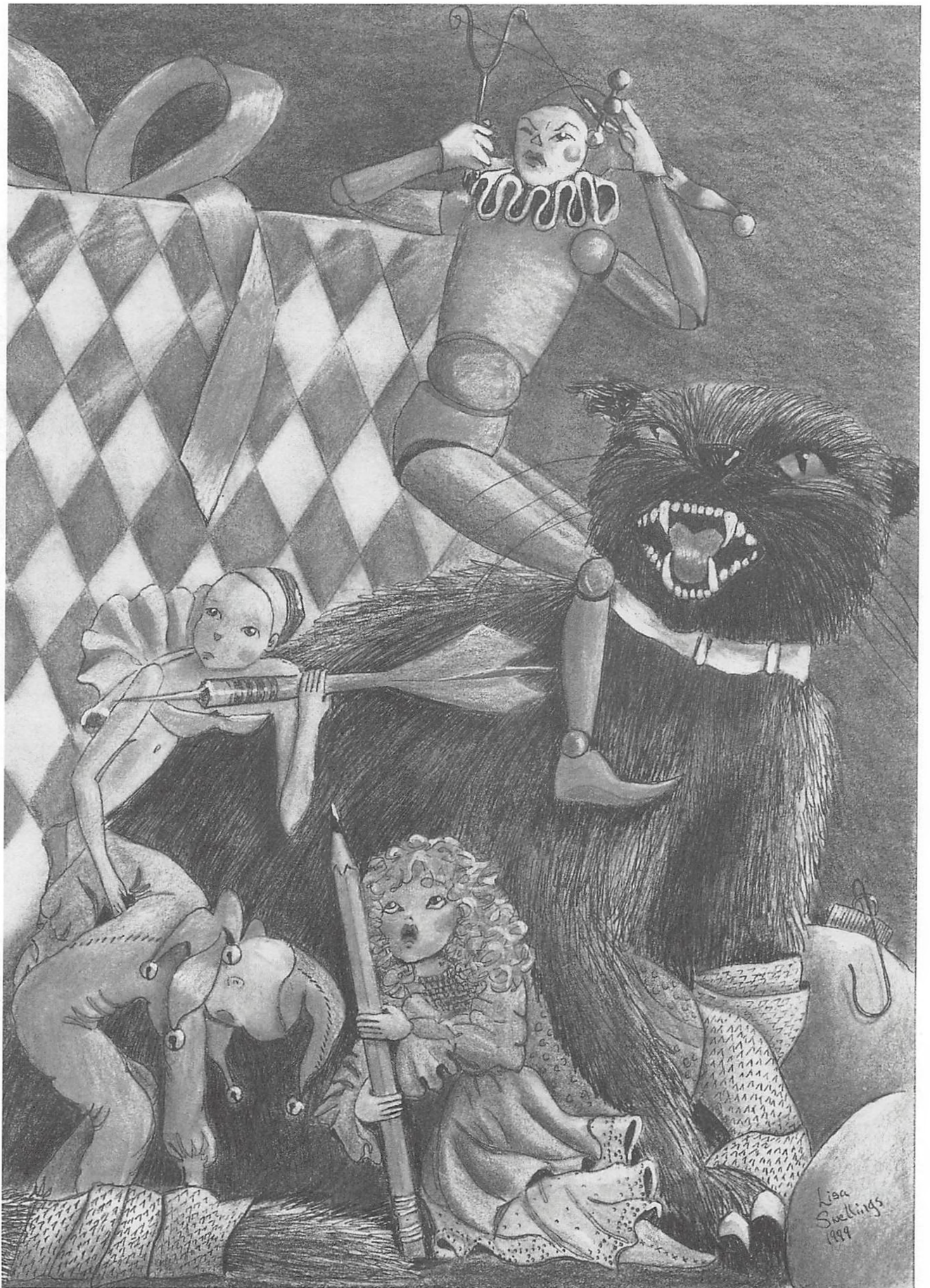
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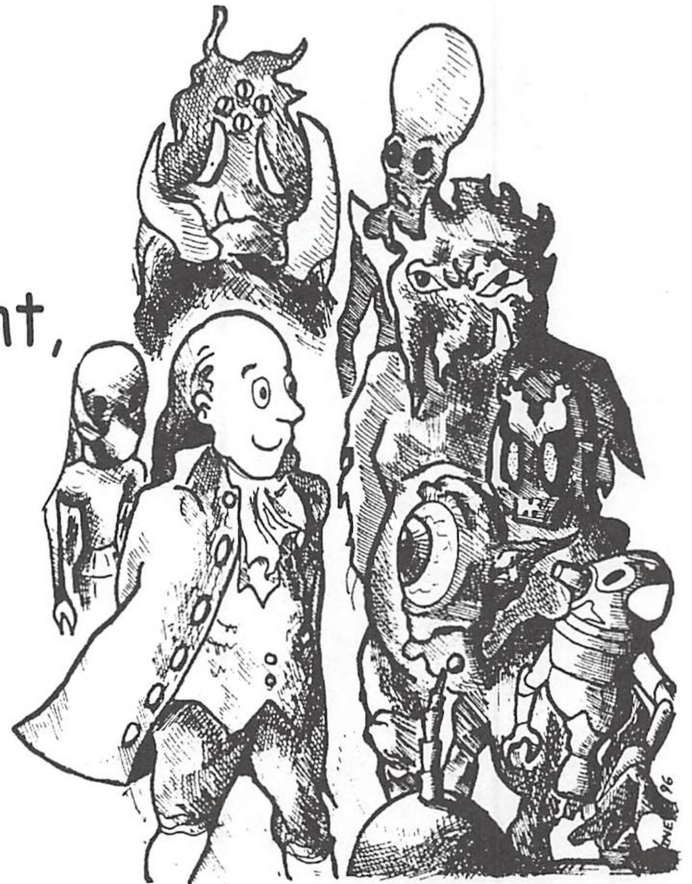
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LIFE WITH STU, THIS GUY I SORTA LOVE

BY ANDI SHECHTER

Let me tell you what it's like living with Stu Shiffman, or as he's often known among his super-hero buddies, Art Boy.

You can never be sure who you're going to meet in the living room; there's any number of animals - otters, cows, ferrets, bunnies (lots of bunnies), but mostly any combination thereof, especially if combined with human form (more on that later). There's also, at any given time, Sherlock Holmes, Doctor Watson and possible villains hanging out in Stu's chair, or on his ottoman. Then there's the occasional dead body (more on that too).

Years ago, when Stu and I were, shall we say, first seeing each other, Teresa Nielsen Hayden said to me one night "if you're ever out at dinner where they have those paper placemats, see if you can just put a pencil in Stu's hand. By the end of dinner, you'll have the whole population on a city." No joke - she was right. They're everywhere...and no two are alike (cue spooky music).

Stu of course won the Hugo Award for Best Fan Artist in 1990, just as we were on our way to Seattle after living in the Boston area (and I mean area - we had lots of different addresses). Stu wasn't at the Hague to accept his Hugo (which sits proudly on our mantelpiece) (note to people who win Hugos - always rent a house with a fireplace, you'll need the mantle), but Moshe Feder called us mid-Saturday. Stu, in his smooth, calm way was on the phone saying "Oh. Hi, Moshe". I, on the other hand, was jumping all over the room yelling "you won! you won!" See, I knew Moshe would not call Stu all the way from the Netherlands to say "you lost". It had been about 13 years of nominations and attending the really swell Hugo Losers' parties and there we were - making room in a suitcase for a large silver-colored rocket (which suitcase we left behind in Somerville, but never mind that now).

So the Hugo finally went to Stu who had been illustrating fanzines for years and years and years. And then he went wild. Although it took us way to long to get on-line, since that time Stu's artwork has been seen on websites, magazine covers and still in fanzines. The nature of the fanzines has changed a bit; always a Sherlock Holmes fan, Stu's gotten heavily into Sherlockian illustrations. His logo for the internet mailing list, Hounds of the Internet, is classic funny animal Shiffman. His developing interest in P.G. Wodehouse and the not-surprising discovery of Wodehouse fandom led to his developing the website for the 1999 convention. He developed our home website and when I commented on how impressive that was, he said "well, I did have that training." Right, he'd taken a one hour class.

His fanzine connections aren't gone. The amazing alternate history of Spontoon Island, a wonderful zine of funny animal work put out by Ken Fletcher can be counted on to have Shiffman work - usually some combination of funny animals, Jeeves and Wooster, Holmes and Watson, Monty Python, and a wide range of obscure funny references (ok, I might have made some of those up, but you believed it, didn't you?) In Stu's work with the Sherlockian gangs, he's not only helped to write "West End Story" (oh, god), but his artwork and cartoons have appeared in numerous Holmesian works published in the US, Europe and Japan. When we traveled to New Orleans back in 1995, we were welcomed at dinner by a lively bunch of Sherlockian geologists who meet every year at their annual convention. His recent Sherlockian and historical mystery t-shirt designs are selling out every time he prints new ones.

Get to the murders, you say. Stu has been providing cover art for MURDEROUS INTENT magazine, a quarterly mystery publication. In an attempt to keep the scenes seasonal (not always easy) he's produced fabulously odd and funny scenes illustrating "poisoning pigeons in the park" (thanks, Tom Lehrer!), the infamous chili cookoff, and the strange scene of the cartoonist killed while drawing Murray, the famous gorilla (well, he's famous to us).

In 1999, Stu started working for CollectingChannel.com. He writes about toys and collectibles. It's led to a lot of changes: he works at home for one, but the major change is that now, all those things that we had cluttering up every shelf, like that Garibaldi figure I couldn't resist on sale at We Be Toys, is considered "research". (Oh, did I mention the Bearbylon 5 bears? No? Heh-heh.) Research can justify any number of purchases of things



Caricature by Ken Fletcher

- gosh, that soft toy could be an article next week! that Wallace and Gromit clock is a collectible - let's just check it out! Oh, we can justify anything.

Stu and I truly connected at a **LUNACON** (cue mushy music) in 1988. Something like eight months later we moved in together and then moved to Seattle in 1990 (Stu, me, the books, the Hugo (eventually), the albums, the toys) where we've been every since. (Go ahead, ask us about the WTO!) He's a great cook, exceptionally funny and witty, knows tons about music and history and, oh, yeah, is a judge for the Sidewise Awards, the alternate history awards. You know, he's really rather busy these days.

It's wonderfully fitting that Stu is the fan Guest of Honor for the 2000 **LUNACON**. Stu is a New York native, and no matter where we live, New York is always home.

ADVENTURE OF THE MARTIAN HEGIRA:

FRAGMENTS FROM
THE BARSOOMIAN
REMINISCENCES OF
SHERLOCK HOLMES
AS EDITED BY
STU SHIFFMAN, FWA,
(MEMBER: FANOCLASTS,
SOUND OF THE
BASKERVILLES, HOUNDS
OF THE INTERNET,
SCOWRERS & MOLLY
MAGUIRES)

"Someday I will die the real death from which there is no resurrection."

- John Carter of Mars

"I know, my dear Watson, that you share my love of all that is bizarre and outside the conventions and humdrum routine of everyday life." -

"The Red-Headed League"

I. Introduction:

Recent archaeological research in the middens of southern California, particularly in the region of Tarzana, have revealed a thoroughly oxidized steel lockbox bearing the initials "ERB". Inside were a variety of surviving artifacts and fragments of documents including a Confederate(1) army belt buckle inscribed to "John Carter of Virginia," various invoices for uncommon radio-wave equipment attributed to a Jason Gridley, an ebony statue of a curious robust hominid(2) carved in the style of the Waziri(3) people of Africa, some India ink sketches of odd beasts with too many legs, and accompanying partial texts. In amongst these, and other items of specialist interest, were the accompanying fragments of narrative. Internal evidence points to the writing of the noted London consulting detective(4) of the 1880's-1890's, as redacted by his biographer, since the text does show signs of that sensational style adopted by the good doctor.

II. The Fragments:

Fragment A. (This is the longest section of unbroken text, and seems to be the first in sequence, going by internal evidence.) Those who had read the account that my friend Dr. Watson has entitled "The Final Problem"(5) were undoubtedly as surprised as my friend by my return to London three years after my supposed death in battle with my foe Professor Moriarty, the Napoleon of Crime. In Watson's words as recorded in "The Adventure of the Empty House", I looked "even thinner and keener than of old, but there was a dead-white tinge in his aquiline face which told me that his life recently had not been a healthy one"(6). Alas, even upon my return I kept certain singular facts from my dear friend - facts for which he and the world we know are not yet ready. Who but a bedlamite would have contemplated that otherworldly intelligences(7) would be observing our poor terrestrial globe in this last decade of the 19th century?

It came about in this way. Moriarty and I had tottered at the brink of Reichenbach Falls, locked in an embrace that could only end in death. I had used my knowledge of what Watson misrecorded as baritsu, the Japanese system of wrestling (more properly "bartitsu," an European adaptation by E. W. Barton-Williams of the ancient disciplines of Nippon), to slip from his grasp while he plunged over the edge into the fearsome abyss below us.

I told Watson that I had been unharmed in this struggle. Alas, I wish that it had been so. My injuries from the battle were greater than I had thought. The shock of it all had delayed my properly perceiving it. I had grasped hold of the late Professor's stick (yet another of Von Herder's sinister air-guns fashioned in a true "shooting-stick") and tried to make off up the mountain face. Alas! the sum of my injuries and the attempts by the unseen lieutenant of the professor's to administer the coup de grace caused my fall down onto an until then concealed ledge above and out of sight of the spot where Moriarty and I had fought.

Something is broken inside, I thought: broken ribs at least, and perhaps other internal damage. I imagined again that I could still hear Moriarty's scream as he plunged into the awful cataract, until his body smashed on the rocks below. This time I imagined that I heard his laughter.

I laid there a long time until the coming of dusk. I seemed to see myself from outside my body. The rising of the crimson star of Mars caught my eye. Planet of the god of war! It seemed the very embodiment of the battle I had waged here, and suddenly I wished myself there. A sad fantasy and my own. I lost myself to the void.

I awoke on a russet-colored hill beneath a rippling night sky. I examined myself and to my astonishment seemed to be in perfect health, indeed the best that I had felt since I first turned at University to the experimental use of the seven-percent solution of cocaine as a palliative for my nervous condition. My garments seemed rather the worse for wear, but I clung to them as protection against the bitter chill of an alien dawn. For so I discovered, for I glimpsed the twin shapes of the hurtling moons of the world I was to know as Barsoom(8)!

Fragment B. (A short fragment, with no explanation how the narrator knows the name of his new world.)



The green behemoth charged me, and my first leap to avoid his attack sent me a man's height into the thin Martian air. This six-limbed chimera was armed with a double-handed battle-axe and a long heavy sword. Using my knowledge of single-stick and fencing and my somewhat rusty experience as a cricket-player, I wound up and pitched a stone against the wicket of his unprotected head and then prepared my walking stick in a defensive posture.

Imprimis, I was no longer on the planet of my birth. Secundus, through a seemingly fantastic mechanism I had been translated to the planet Mars or a reasonable facsimile. Tertius, it seemed that I was "reborn" with a clean slate of health and vitality in the brave new world of Barsoom.

Fragment C. (Contact with the citizens of the Red Martian city-states. "Carter" is presumably the putative "uncle" of Edgar Rice Burroughs whose adventures on the fantastical world of Barsoom are detailed in *A Princess of Mars*, etc. as recounted by "Carter" to ERB.(9))

They call me "Shar Holo" here.

On the habitual undress of the Red Martians: "How unlike the home-life of our own dear Queen!" The Barsoomian Reds seem to have no such tapu about nakedness as suffered by Europeans. Certainly there is no sense of sin or shame attached to their social interaction with undraped bodies. Ah, the benefits of pagan ignorance! There is no self-consciousness in the demeanor of a certain gracious lady of Helium, the princess Dejah Thoris. My fellow terrestrial "displacee," Captain Carter, seems to have adapted admirably and is totally assimilated to the fashion mode of Barsoom.

Fragment D. (An explanation of the narrator's transposition to the new world?)

...The matter-transmittance device(10) developed by the Red Martian dottore Maro Tyas in the service of Tsurah, the Dowager Jeddara of Phundahl. Only Ras Thavas, that master-mind unfettered by conscience, is deemed a scientist of greater note in the Red city-states. The question still lingers, why was this device focused on the alpine range of Europe rather than the loftier Himalayan? Was I the intended object, or yet another? Could Professor Moriarty have been in communication with the Red savant by some interplanetary telegraphy?

Fragment E. (Something from the Martian casebook. Adventure of the Heliumite Heiress)

The criminal Master-Mind of Mars, Ras Thavas, had kidnapped Tara, daughter of John

Carter and Dejah Thoris of Helium. Never put your trust in a man who plays Jetan(11); they show a certain devious turn of mind and are quite unreliable.

"The game is afoot!" I cried to Carter. The sound echoed in the palace of the jeddack. How I wished for the comfortable and reliable presence of my Boswell with his service pistol in his pocket! Watson had proved his value as a partner in many an adventure, even in such small things as his ability to be a sounding-board of my ideas without the distortions to which others are prey. Carter was more a man of action than of reflection.

I buckled on my harness and sword and we prepared to go. "Quickly, to the flyer field!"

Fragment F. (Something else from the Martian casebook.)

...what Watson might have entitled "The Adventure of the Giant Ulsio of Zodanga."(12)

It had been a wearing day in the palace of the Jeddack of Jeddacks. A diplomatic reception for an envoy for another of the Red statelets had dragged on for hours and not even the gracious presence of Dejah Thoris, Princess of Helium, and Lady Thuvia could make the function pleasurable. I yearned for some case to test my faculties, for I stagnate without a challenge.

The Green warrior Tars Tarkas and I had walked back to the private apartments. The Greens in general do not have great skill as conversationalists, dependent as they are on their powers of mind-speech between themselves. Yet Tars Tarkas is that great wonder for a Green, one who matches his great courage and warrior prowess with a personal philosophical turn of mind. We were discussing the ethical and civil responsibilities incumbent on any member of a community, when we were approached by a Red male of the scholarly class.

"Sir," said he, "are you the the Jasoomian Shar Holo known to be a consulting philosopher of social and criminal puzzles?"

"That is correct. I see that you are a physician and natural scientist: Is there some difficulty about which you wish to consult with me?"

"How did you ... ah, so what they say is true! You are in fact a wizard among men. I am Mor Tamols of Zodanga, a healer and natural philosopher. Can we adjourn to your private chamber to discuss this special matter?" He gave a look at Tars Tarkas that spoke volumes.

"Indeed," I said, "but you may be free to speak in front of the warrior Tars Tarkas. He has the confidence of John Carter himself!"

We adjourned to my private chamber, and made ourselves comfortable after I had lit the brazier.

"Shar Holo, I am healer-in-chief to the princely family of Zodanga. Do you know of Zodanga, sir?"

"I have a visitor's knowledge," I replied, "and some experience in dealing with the Dowager Jeddara and Xaxa, the current jeddara."

"There is a cadet line of the ruling family, barred from the ascension to the throne for an ancestor's misdeeds millenia ago. The most recent leader of this line, Lord Jals, was yet still a man of wealth and influence in the state of Zodanga, only second to the princely house itself. There had been some rumors of a coup d'etat(13) favorable to some commercial interests planned, to place Lord Jals on the throne. But Lord Jals was found outside the city, dead in the saddle of his favorite thoat(14) and without a mark upon him. What is strangest is what was found beside them, tracks the size of a zitidar's(15) —"

"Shar Holo, they were the footprints of a gigantic ulsio..."

1 The Historical Times Illustrated Encyclopedia of the Civil War (Harper & Row, 1986) There is an entry for a "Captain John Carter" of the Confederate Army born in Georgia, but it is questionable whether this the same person as the protagonist in the tales recorded by ERB. Could "John Carter of Virginia" be yet another mask, such as Dr. Watson used to disguise the true identities of the notables in his records?

2 The Encyclopedia of Evolution, edited by Richard Milner (Facts on File, 1990) See entries on: Ape Language Controversy; Australopithecus Robusti; Cryptozoology; Deduction; Divine Beneficence, Idea of; Gigantopithecus; Tarzan of the Apes; Feral Children; and (The) Lost World.

3 "The Arms of Tarzan" by Philip Jose Farmer, Burroughs Bulletin #22 (Summer 1971) In the course of establishing the hereditary arms of the Lord of the Jungle, Farmer links the protagonists of common histories related by ERB to those of other cycles including the Canon. See also Farmer's Tarzan Alive for connections to figures from the Canon like John Clayton and the Holderness/Greyminister/Greystoke connection.

4 The Complete Sherlock Holmes, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (Doubleday) see also Oxford Sherlock Holmes(Oxford University Press).

5 Ibid

6 Ibid

7 War of the Worlds, H.G. Wells. See also The Space Machine, by Christopher Priest; and Sherlock Holmes' War of the Worlds, by Manly Wade Wellman & Wade Wellman.

8 Barsoom: Edgar Rice Burroughs and The Martian Vision, Richard A. Lupoff (Mirage Press, 1976). See also page 62: "There was plenty of room for adventure on Mars, Captain Carter was having a rollicking good time for himself. Everything he might wish for was available: love, danger, glory, action. There was the comfort of the familiar every time another adventure began (faint echoes are heard of a flat at 221B Baker Street, London) paired with the excitement of a new and exotic setting every time John Carter or one of Burroughs' alternate Martian heroes set out on a new exploit. "'Come Burroughs, the game's afoot!' one hears a ghostly suggestion of a voice, so faint as to make one wonder whether it's there at all. "It is."

9 A Princess of Mars, Edgar Rice Burroughs (McClurg, 1917)

10 "Martian Manhunter," various hands (DC-National Comics, 1950's-present) for a parallel case in reverse, bringing a giant green shape-shifting "Martian" lawman to Earth. See also "Adam Strange," (same publisher) for something similar on the John Carter/Buck Rogers scale.

11 Jetan is the Barsoomian form of chess. Burroughs recounts Carter's tale of a game played with humans, in the manner of the French kings.

12 The ulsio is a large rat-like creature of unusual size and fierceness with all the charm of a wolverine on a bad hair day. It is one of the two true mammal species of Barsoom (the egg-bearing humans of all colors are the other). See Burroughs, above.

13 One presumes this term is used in substitute for some similar one in the Barsoomian tongue.

14 A riding animal.

15 A mammoth-sized beast of burden, used in caravan transport of goods.

BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR STU SHIFFMAN

Professional Publication

Current work for CollectingChannel.com (part of ChannelSpace Entertainment, Inc.), constituting writing articles on antique, vintage and modern toys and collectibles. Since August 1999.

Cover artist and internal artwork for *Murderous Intent* quarterly magazine , 1996 - present

Cover artwork for P.I.E.S. publications (mystery chapbook publications edited by Gary Warren Niebuhr) Milwaukee, WI, 1997

Writer/ Cartoonist and Creator, "Saks & Violet", a seven-installment back-up series in *Captain Confederacy* (SteelDragon Press, published by Will Shetterly & Emma Bull). Comedic alternate history graphic story, both text & art. 1987 - 1988.

Editorial and Artists Consultant: *Sherlock Holmes in Time and Space*, Edited by Martin H. Greenberg, Isaac Asimov, et al. (Bluejay Books) 1984.

Fan Activity & Publications — It's rather difficult to track all the fan publications of cartoons, articles, APA zines, Sherlockian material etc. but here is an overview.

Website design for Stu & Andi's Roscoe Page (<http://members.home.net/roscoe10>)

Website design October 1999 The Wodehouse Society "Gone to Texas" convention in Houston (<http://members.home.net/roscoe10.wodtex.html>), 1997 mystery convention site for Seattle Left Coast Crime mystery con and upcoming mystery convention site.

Logo for *Hounds of the Internet* discussion group.

Cartoons & "Wister & Cheebles" adventure for Ken Fletcher's *Spontoon Island* funny animal zine, 1997-present.

Pocket Program Head, 1997 Left Coast Crime (western regional mystery conference) in Seattle. Scheduled, published and edited publication of pocket program, containing program information, restaurant guide, etc.

Publications Co-Head, 1994 Bouchercon (World Mystery Convention) in Seattle. Scheduled, published and edited publication of progress reports, pocket program and souvenir program book, designed souvenir lapel pin (Space Needle dagger) and imprint for totebag, designed awards — you know the drill. At the same time, I was working on Potlatch in Seattle, a sercon literary SF con, designing the t-shirt, illustrations for publications, preparing a program item.

Amazing Tales of Andi, edited 40th birthday zine for Andi Shechter, March 1993.

Folkal Point, edited one issue of zine devoted to folk music, 1992.

Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator... To the Enchanted Convention by Walt Willis & James White, edited by Geri Sullivan. Cover and interior illustrations, 1991.

A Fans' Christmas in Ireland by Walt Willis, Introduction by Nancy Atherton, edited by Tom Whitmore. Cover and interior illustrations, 1991

Raffles, edited by Larry Carmody & Stu Shiffman, 1977-1984. Eight plus issues of fannish fanzine.

Potshard, edited by Stu Shiffman, 1985.

The Big Schlep, by Stu Shiffman. Fan Noir fiction one-shot, 1983

Visitor's Pass, Dave Langford & Stu Shiffman. One-shot done while on TAFF trip, 1981.

Ruin, Number Fifty-thing (sendup of Minn-stf fanzine edited by the late Lee Pelton and Carol Kennedy), produced by Sue-Rae Rosenfeld & Stu Shiffman with D. Potter, Larry Carmody, Bill Wagner & Frank Balazs, 1980.

The Decomposers Songbook, or Rivets Has Risen From the Grave, a science-fiction musical by Sue Anderson & Mark Keller. RISFA Players. Cover and interior illustrations, 1979.

Rivets Redux, a science-fiction musical by Sue Anderson & Mark Keller. RISFA Players. Cover and interior illustrations, 1978.

Flushing in 1980 Bid Prospectus, edited by Stu Shiffman. Promotion for the infamous convention, 1976. This was followed by occasional *What's Going Down?* Flushing in '80 newsheets.

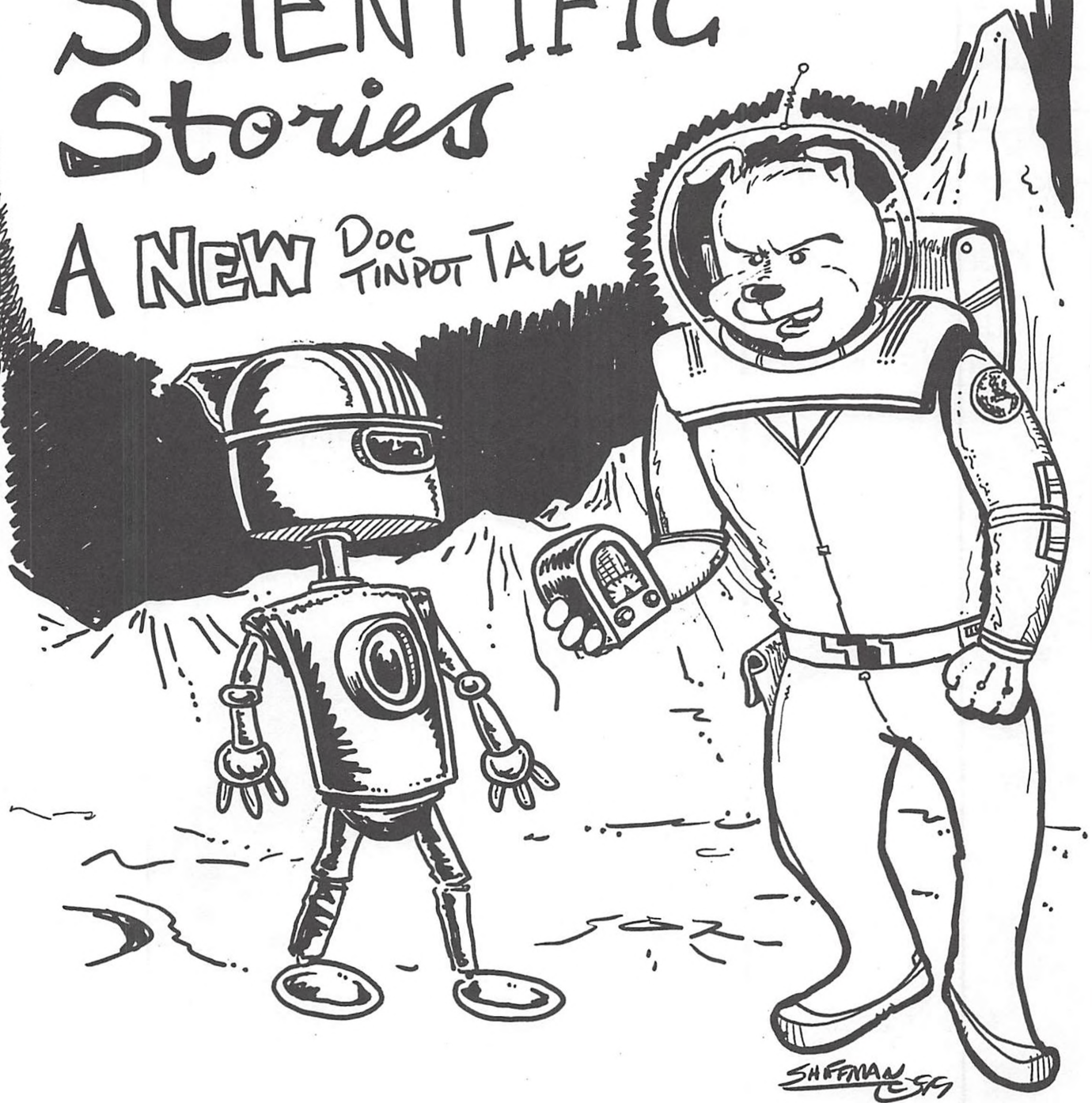
The Mimeo Man, as performed by the Null-A Players, by Moshe Feder, Debbie Notkin & Eli Cohen. Published by Moshe Feder, cover & map by Ross Chamberlain, back cover and interior illustrations by Stu Shiffman, 1975.



NIFTY SCIENTIFIC Stories

MARCH 1935
10¢

A NEW ^{DOC}TINPOT TALE





Sherlock Hamster in THE SIGN of FUR





THE NEW YORK SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY - THE LUNARIANS, INC.

THE "LUNA" IN "LUNACON"

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 *Lunarians* was formed in November 1956. The first **LUNACON** was held in May 1957, and one has been held every year since (with the exception of 1964, due to the World's Fair), making **LUNACON 2000** our 43rd annual convention, an achievement very few other groups can claim.

A WEALTH OF FANNISH HISTORY AND TRADITION

The *Lunarians* has a long and rich tradition in New York Fandom. Over the years, members of the Society have included David Kyle, Sam Moskowitz (two of our founding members), Donald A. Wollheim, Art Saha, Jack L. Chalker, Charles N. Brown, and Andrew I. Porter. The Society's emblem of a spaceman reading a book while sitting in a crescent moon (see above), 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.

MORE THAN JUST LUNACON

In addition to **LUNACON**, the *Lunarians* hold monthly meetings on the third Sunday afternoon or, sometimes, Saturday evening of the month. We're currently meeting in one of the conference rooms at TRS, Inc., 44 East 32nd Street, in the heart of Midtown Manhattan. Some of our meetings feature special programming, such as readings by guest writers or editors and slide presentations by guest artists. There are two special gatherings during the year: our annual Holiday party in December and our Summer Picnic in August, which have become fixtures on the New York fannish scene.

DONALD A. AND ELSIE B. WOLLHEIM MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP

In 1989, the *New York Science Fiction Society - the Lunarians, Inc.* established a scholarship fund for the purpose of helping beginning science fiction and fantasy writers from the New York Metropolitan area attend either the Clarion or Clarion West Science Fiction and Fantasy writers workshops. This scholarship fund has been renamed in memory of the late Donald A. and Elsie B. Wollheim, renowned fans, publishers and members of the *Lunarians*.

The Donald A. and Elsie B. Wollheim Memorial Scholarship Fund, so far, has been able to provide partial scholarships to some twenty aspiring writers, including Graham P. Collins, Alexandra E. Honigsberg, Kevin Helenbein, Pat York, Marjorie Farrell, Lisa Feld and John W. Campbell Award winner Michael A. Burstein.

ISAAC ASIMOV MEMORIAL AWARD

Additionally, in 1992, 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 (or the winner 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 Isaac Asimov by Kelly Freas struck on a medallion which is embeded in a lucite pyramid on a dark wooden base. This design was heartily approved by Janet Jeppson Asimov.

Recipients of this Award to date include Hal Clement, Frederik Pohl, Ben Bova, Stephen Hawking, Stephen Jay Gould and Michio Kaku.

SAM MOSKOWITZ MEMORIAL AWARD

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. The first recipient of this Award was Vincent Di Fate's *Infinite Worlds: The Fantastic Vision of Science Fiction Art*.

HOW TO JOIN

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 of what we're doing, including minutes of the most recent meeting. **General Membership** and **Regular Membership** allow fuller participation in *Lunarians* meetings, events and activities.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

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.*, Post Office Box 3566, New York, NY 10008-3566 ... or e-mail us at lunacon@lunacon.org. Also, you may visit our website at www.lunacon.org.

BARBARA HAMBLY: DOGS WITHOUT NOSES AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVES THEM

BY MEL GILDEN



Photo Credit: Kinky / © Stephen Jacobson

If you met Barbara Hambly some years ago, you might not recognize her now. She's slimmed down considerably, and on her it looks good. Yes, when she recently pulled the sword from the stoneground bread, she was declared wiseass queen of the loyal order of star babes. She remains a card carrying calorie counter. (Try saying that fast three times.)

I've known Barbara fat, and I've known her thin, but one thing hasn't changed — her ability to churn out the prose: high quality fantasy, Star Trek novels full of inside jokes (hint: what famous logging mogul was also the father of a certain pointy-eared first officer?), letters to friends. Most of those words were certainly adjectives, as anybody who's read one of her books knows. But they're really good adjectives. For example, let's take a look at a single sentence from a novel that will be out one of these days. I quote:

"Niter and mosses gleamed on the walls; here and there he could see places in the darkness where the very fabric of the universe seemed to thin, showing through the more dreadful blackness that lay beyond; the air was filled with strange smells, trace elements and gasses, curls of mist, twinges of static and sound."

Scribble, scribble, scribble, eh, Ms. Hambly?

That guy really ought to get some new fabric. I'd quibble and say that static is a sound, but aside from that, Victor Hugo or Bulwer-Lytton could not have written a better description of Barbara Hambly's kitchen.

But the ability to write classic prose is not Barbara's only talent. She also has the incredible ability to laugh like Margaret Hamilton (remember the Wicked Witch of the West?) and to love small, tribble-like animals — Pekineses. She has two of them, both charming little guys, but without a nose between them.

She also can discuss Star Trek, Dr. Who, the Beatles, medieval history, and her next book but two. And she will. Just try to stop her.

Barbara is a close personal friend of mine. We've shared Italian food, and she's snapped my suspenders many times. If you're lucky, she'll do the same for you.

INTERVIEW WITH STARHAWK OF WRYNDE

by J. Rafferty Jones

"Barbara Hambly?" said Starhawk, former mercenary and current heroine of Hambly's *Sun Wolf and Starhawk* series. "Sure I know Barbara Hambly. And if you talk to her, let her know that I was not real pleased about getting a brain concussion in chapter two and going through nearly the entire latest book of the series with a headache."

"I'm sure there were plot reasons for that," I said diplomatically (the former mercenary lieutenant was armed). "Would you mind talking a little bit about how it is to work for her?"

"Not in the least," said Starhawk. We retreated to the coffee and candy machines in the corner of the Characters' Locker Room, and sat rather uncomfortably on the plastic chairs near-by. The coffee was terrible. "I suppose I brought it on myself," she added, rubbing the back of her head. "I could have gone into Romances. They're less rough than action-adventure, but Holy Mother, have you ever tried to have a conversation with some of the men you meet there? And if I'd gone into straight historicals I suppose I'd have gotten killed. Say what you will about dealing with magic, at least it'll take care of injuries in record time and with no requirement for physical therapy afterwards."

I was fascinated, and forgot all about the author whose name had acted as the password to get into the Locker Room in the first place. "You mean you have a choice?"

"Well, more or less," said the Hawk. "At least coming out on the first book you do. I went into fantasy action-adventure because there was a good chance for it to turn into a series - another reason to avoid Romances, by the way, if you need any other reason besides those awful Obligatory Rape Scenes. If your series is popular they don't dare kill you off. Their

publishers won't let them. Not," she added bitterly, "that the pay's any better. Do you realize how small a percentage of the royalties on a book goes to the characters themselves?"

I shook my head. This was all new territory to me.

"It's pitiful. Even people like Sherlock Holmes and Conan don't get that much, though Holmes started investing in real estate right off the bat and after a hundred years the interest does build up. They're the lucky ones, because they're popular enough that when one author dies or quits, their series stays alive and sometimes they can renegotiate. And with a really strong series, secondaries like John Watson and Hikaru Sulu can sometimes get gigs on their own."

She sipped her coffee. "Of course, that's a tricky proposition in itself, because the succeeding authors usually aren't as good as the original. I mean, you should see some of the crap Batman's had to put up with over the years. It's a little frustrating working for Hambly because she's got about five series going, which means my partner and I go a couple years between books, but I suspect that's better than an author who turns 'em out year after year and gets bored. A lot of the P.I.s have told me if they have to lose one more girlfriend to a serial killer, they'll send the author a letterbomb."

"Can they do that?" I asked. Characters don't like to be reminded about virtual vs. actual reality, so I didn't quite know what her reaction would be.

"Sure they can." Starhawk grinned. "See that gal over there?" I looked. She was tall, graceful, Italian-looking with dark curly hair and a strong face, in desultory conversation with a couple of Navajo tribal police. "After she got two boyfriends, a father, a surrogate mother-figure, and a sister all killed off, she paid off the computer-gremlins to crash her author's hard disk. It didn't keep her author from doing terrible things to her, but it least it gave her a couple weeks' break."

"Oh," I said. "Oh, dear." I reconsidered my own adventure series about a stalwart Vietnam vet who opens a detective agency in Miami Beach, when all his friends start getting killed.

"P.I.s have it rougher than we do, anyway," she went on. "They have to get beat up once per novel — it's in the standard contract. Sometimes two or three times. And in a long-running series the author keeps trying to top himself and it can get pretty scary, — just ask Alex Delaware or Dave Robichaux. At least in fantasy you have magic to bail you out. Though they get to drive cars and ride airplanes, which makes up for a lot. Believe me, covering four or five hundred miles of territory on horseback while the author goes on about the scenery and the history of the world for the past two thousand years is something you only want to do once. I don't see how Jean Auel's characters stand it."

"I see," I said. There certainly were a lot of big, tough looking guys over in the Detective Section with band-aids and casts. Holmes wasn't in the locker-room, — I'd been hoping to get a look at him, but, as Starhawk said, he works pretty regularly — but he had a large locker with his name on it, and I noticed coffee-machine also served several varieties of tea.

"Do you pick what author you work for?" I asked.

"Not exactly," said Starhawk, after a few moments' thought. "I work for Hambly because we've got things in common, though not as many as some people think. For one thing, I happen to know she faints at the sight of blood, and talks baby-talk to her dogs. But she's had martial arts training, so she can, thank God, write a fight-scene without sounding ridiculous. And she's got a good grasp of background, so at least I get beat up in interesting places. That's a big complaint with the sword and sorcery crowd — all those damn roadside taverns are the same. And she does remember to write in lunch-breaks, which not all authors do. And she has a sense of humor."

"Is that important?"

"You try slogging through a trilogy of hundred-and-twenty-thousand-word novels in which no one cracks a joke or exhibits the smallest trace of irony."

"I have," I said. I used to do reviews for *Locus*.

"It's worse from the inside."

I believed her. "So on the whole, Hambly's a pretty good author to work for?"

"Pretty much. She's only destroyed a couple of civilizations that I know about — and one was in a Star Trek, so that doesn't really count — and she keeps both the sex and the violence within do-able bounds. I mean, no intercourse on galloping horses or anything. Of course, being the main hero's girlfriend is always a risk. You're just setting yourself up to get killed, kidnapped, or turned into a giant white slug like that English fellow did ... But weirdly enough, I trust her. Most of her characters do, which is unusual in this business. Things may get a little rough at times, but she does try to have happy endings. Believe me, a happy ending is all any character really wants."

BARBARA HAMBLY BIBLIOGRAPHY

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The Silent Tower - 1986

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A Free Man of Color - 1997

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Graveyard Dust - 1999

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Also - The Quirinal Hill Affair (a.k.a. Search the Seven Hills) - 1983

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KNIGHT OF THE DEMON QUEEN

BY BARBARA HAMBLY

Water slopped constantly over their boots as Jenny led the way along the line of the old sea wall; spray soaked their plaids and their sheepskin coats and now and then a great wave would douse them, like a child playing a prank. If any dead had remained in the wrecked boat when it had been driven on the mole, their families had come for them already.

At the far end of the mole, wet and shivering in the heatless sun among the old pillars, Ian raised his arms. Jenny heard nothing of the Call he sent forth again, but she remembered how the dragon Morkeleb had called, extending his thought through the green deeps and the blue deeps, down to the lightless abysses below the sunken isle of Urrate in the south.

Remembered the dark forms rising from blackness, weightless and beautiful as they crossed into the violet zones where the sunlight touched. Remembered the deep slow hooning of their songs.

Those songs reached now into her mind. Touched her, as the singers of the deep, the Calves of the Abyss, rose up to answer the Summons that Ian had sent forth. Endless tales of deeds, and the deeds of ancestors. Songs of lost ships and lost treasure, love and gems alike drowned in the sea. Mudflat and trenches, warm currents and cold: the curious worlds and creatures hidden and unimagined beyond where the sunlight failed.

Hesitant, fumbling, she formed the thought, Squidslayer! as if she were trying to pronounce his name through mutilated lips and tongue. He will not even hear, now that magic is gone.

But his reply came to her, music from the gulfs of the sea. *Dragonfriend.*

They breached, curved slate-dark backs breaking the water in great smooth shining islands, and the steam of their spouts whipped away white on the wind. Tails waved, massive as dark-skinned trees, then slid soundless back into the waves - lan's eyes stretched with awed delight. The water thinned and rolled glossy over the rising backs once more and they breathed again, little puffs this time, not long held. Then they were lying on the surface, a hundred feet from the breakwater, minds and thoughts surrounding the two humans like a slow deep echoing song.

Dragonfriend, slayer of demons, long-long tales of sorrow hurting the soul, and this thy calf?

Calf, agreed Jenny, groping and fumbling to reach to them with her crippled mind.

Motherfriend battleinjured, she heard lan's voice, shaping words clumsily in imitation of what she'd taught him last night. Lying in the deep trench resting, healing with time.

Time, time. The whales passed assent and agreement among them, the music of their thoughts blending with those soft leathery hoons and drones: *Healing time. Good good good good good.*

Their word for time — their concept of it — differed utterly from the cluster of meanings humans used; though not, she realized, as alien as the way dragons thought of time. She was surprised, too, at lan's perception of her winter's progress and pain.

Caradoc.

The image shaped in lan's mind. The gray-haired, square-jawed face of the man who had done this thing to them, strong fingers holding up the jewels into which lan's soul, and Jenny's soul, had been sent, while demons inhabited their bodies. Memory of unbearable pain.

Images rising as if from dream, of the final battle in the deeps near the demon-gate where it lay under Somanthus Isle. Jenny swimming through clouds of steam to pull free the spear of glass that was buried in the dragon Centhwevir's brain, releasing the blue-and-gold star-drake from the demon's thrall. Pinning Caradoc with a harpoon to the underwater cliff. Caradoc - Folcalor - raising the carven staff, the goblin head with a moonstone in its grinning mouth. Scalding steam poured forth from the wizard's mouth to engulf her, burning everything away.

Another image, shocking, of Caradoc's body being picked apart, chewed to pieces by the fish, and the worms, and the crabs of the cold deep. The goblin-headed staff floating down and down into darkness, its moonstone glowing like a furious eye.

It was hard to remember, through all that had happened after, that it was not Caradoc who had done those things, but Folcalor. Folcalor, the demon who had whispered to Caradoc years ago in dreams, seducing him into opening a demon gate. And after that he had been a prisoner, as Jenny had been, and lan, and the other mages, while the demons used their bodies and their magic to enslave the dragons, and attempt to conquer the Realm of Belmarie.

But she felt a great hatred in her heart as she thought of him. Were it not for Caradoc's stupidity and greed, she would have the dragon-power that she had attained from Morkeleb - she would have even the original small powers with which she was born. She would not now be standing, a skinny scarred brown little middle-aged woman, here on the edge of the world, watching her son perform those things which once she herself could have done.

Green light pouring from the wizard's eyes, fire from his mouth.

Seven jewels in a silver bottle.

A goblin-headed staff, with a moonstone set in the goblin's mouth.

Squidslayer drifted nearer to the wall. Jenny saw in the thick dark hide the bright eye, like a little star. The whalemage opened his mouth and let something float out into the choppy waters. A broken stick, gnawed by sea-worms until almost no wood remained. A demon face, eaten away like a leper's. A white jewel still grinning in its mouth.

She knelt on the stones, reached out and took the drifting staff in her hand. He had the sense at least, she thought, to remain silent, while Folcalor sang lovesongs to him, calling to him to lift his own voice in answering music. His body was gone, devoured by fish - it only remained for his soul to join it in death.

Ian held out his hands over the water, to sing his thanks to the whalemages, as Jenny turned towards the shore.

And in that moment, the wet wood of the goblin-headed staff burst into flame in her hand.

Jenny dropped the burning staff with a cry, sprang back and slipped on the wet stone, fell - and lunged forward on bleeding palms, bleeding knees, trying to grab the brand as it bounced once on the rock and fell into the sea. Behind her Ian said a word she didn't think he knew and flung himself down by the place, grabbing in the water. "Where is it? Can you see?"

A wave smashed on the rocks, dousing them both. Jenny said the same word Ian had and stripped off her plaids, her coat-

"Don't be an idiot, Mother! You'll never find it!"

"If I don't find it I'm sure we'll learn what became of it in short order." Jenny pulled off her heavy skirt, shuddering in the icy wind, and started to yank off her boots. "Folcalor is a sea-wight. He has power through water, and he's been searching for this jewel for weeks, maybe months." Squidslayer swept close to the breakwater, so that Jenny could have put out her hand and touched his side, then upended and dove down close to the massive stones of the wall. Jenny had a confused mental image of huge square blocks of granite, weed-grown and dark; of broken pillars and tumbled masonry all tangled together with the cold red kelps of the northern seas, the broken skeletons of ships and the brown skulls of long-drowned mariners. It lasted only a moment in her mind, then vanished, and the waves crashed again, soaking her; Ian wrapped her in her plaid and said,

"Along there." Another whale showed close to the wall some thirty feet back, then dove. Jenny and Ian hastened along the uneven stones, catching their balance, Jenny shuddering in the flaying wind. She'd have to dive in eventually, she knew. The whales weren't capable of reaching into so small a crevice as some of those among the broken pillars. She only hoped Folcalor hadn't summoned some of the strange creatures she'd seen hovering around the demon gate below the ruin of Somanthus Isle....

Ian cried out.

Turning, Jenny saw a man climb out of the sea.

She didn't think he was one of the fishermen who'd drowned last night. But he hadn't been dead long. The rocks at Eldsbouch were shipeaters, and His Majesty had spoken of a southern vessel that had been driven against them in the storm a week ago. He had been a young man, fair-haired and handsome, with a gold ring in one ear. One eye was intact and the other nearly so.

The eyes had been blue.

"Jenny." The sea-water - or maybe worms - had done something to the vocal chords. "And Ian." He coughed and spit sea-water tinged with rotted black blood. "So this is your idea of rescue? Smash the final refuge of my soul and 'release' me to a 'better world?' I'd have thought better of you, Jenny, after all that was between us."

The swollen eyelid winked. A few brown teeth showed in a grin. "Not to mention you, my boy."

Ian's cold-reddened face flushed with rage and he started to speak, but Jenny raised a hand to touch his shoulder. "It was the demons," she said softly. "The demon in him, and the demons in us."

Something moved in the young sailor's soaked clothing. Drawing his shirt aside, Caradoc pulled a long pinkish worm from his flesh and dropped it into the water off the rocks. "I knew if I waited long enough I'd outsmart them," he said. "Old Folcalor - and Fate. But I need your help, my dear."

"Outsmart them?" said Jenny, shocked. "Folcalor will be on you like a hawk on a...."

"On a piece of carrion?" The dead face grinned. "He thinks. He thought he had me when he sent his little silver devils poking around the rocks for me. He even tried to seduce old Squidslayer, though what you could offer those things except bales of oysters I can't imagine...." He waved a flaccid and crab-nibbled hand at the blue-black shapes lying like sleek islands in the waves. The jewel must, Jenny thought, have settled on the mouth of the corpse, lodged deep in some niche in the rocks of the wall; she remembered how Caradoc had forced the Icerider children to put jewels in their mouths, that their souls would be imprisoned in the crystals' hearts.

"I will say they kept the demons from finding me, until your boy told the whales what to look for. I don't suppose you could have managed to save me, while you were saving all the rest of that gullible rabble."

"You should be the last one," said Jenny thinly, "to scorn the gullible."

"I was not gullible," snapped Caradoc. "Had I not been exhausted - and had my concentration not been broken at a critical moment — I would have been able to keep my wards of protection strong, the first time I summoned Folcalor. It's not a mistake I'll make again. But as I said, I'll need your help. This thing certainly isn't going to last me...." He slapped his chest, which gave squishily beneath the sodden shirt. "I haven't the demons' ability to keep a corpse going for weeks, but I learned a few things, living side-by-side with Folcalor six years. This poor sod didn't have much magic in him, that's for certain. You and your boy can help me get a nice bandit, or some stupid brute of a fisherman whom nobody will miss...."

He broke off when he saw Jenny's look of horrified shock. "Oh, don't stand there with your mouth open, my dear, as if I'd asked you to tup sailors at a penny a time. Though considering all that Amayon had you do...."

"I was Amayon's prisoner and his puppet."

"And you didn't enjoy it? All those tears and screams were genuine?" He must have read the truth in Jenny's disgusted eyes, for he shrugged, and said, "Well, some people don't know how to make the most of their opportunities, I must say." He looked from woman to boy in silence for a time, studying them as he must have studied buyers in the corn-markets of Bel, gauging them. Seeking some clue in their faces, in what he knew of them, for a way to gain their complicity and assent.

"So what can I offer you, then?" he asked at last. "What coin will buy the help I need? This corpse stinks even to me, and I can feel the worms creeping around in my guts this minute, and the crabs burrowing along my backbone. Would you help me for the sake of the memories I have, that Folcalor left in my mind? Images, recollections, spells? The instructions that were given him by Adromelech his master, the Lord of the Hell of the Sea-Wights? The name of the wizard whose body he's taken on now?"

"Do you know it?" When Caradoc spoke the Arch-Demon's name the ghostly form of him rose in Jenny's memories, the being Amayon knew as lord. A figure loved and hated, feared and obsessively adored. Intelligent, like Folcalor, but without Folcalor's sly grossness, without Folcalor's greed for pleasure. Cold, wise, hungry beyond human conception for those things that would feed him or satisfy his pride.

"I might," said the wizard.

"Why is it Folcalor who is seeking you - seeking all the wizards - and not Adromelech?" asked Jenny. "Is he in rebellion? Seeking to rule this world in Adromelech's stead?"

"Jenny, Jenny," sighed Caradoc, "after running in tandem with Amayon, you still don't understand? It's all swallowing and being swallowed to them, you know, torturing and being tortured." Some of the angry pride went out of his voice, and condescension tinged it - the condescension of a man who has always considered himself smarter than others, and seeks to instruct, not for the sake of the pupil, but to make himself seem wise. "They want power, want to absorb and control. They need that dominance, even as they're being eaten themselves."

Jenny shivered, remembering what Amayon remembered: feeling, for a moment, what the demon felt. The unslakable, inflammable hunger to prove himself stronger than others. To have dissolving souls weep in his belly, to play the game of bargaining with them. It was a desire that satisfaction never slaked, only irritated to a craving still more urgent.

“Adromelech tortured Folcalor, in ways we cannot even conceive. Tortured him, and fed off his pain. He does that with all the demons, of course, but Folcalor more than the others because Folcalor was his lover and his deputy. They all love one another, and hate one another, and feed on one another to some degree. They cannot die, and do not forgive. If he could do it Folcalor would devour the Lady of the Burning Mirror, to use the power he would gain from her against his Lord. It’s all revenge.”

He shrugged again. Clouds were moving in to cover the sun and waves broke heavily on the rocks, stinging Jenny’s face with icy spray. Jenny had brought her halberd with her but didn’t think she could cover the dozen feet between herself and Caradoc quickly enough to surprise him, for the rocks were uneven and slippery.

“Is that what Folcalor wants, then?” she asked. “Revenge? How would conquering the south have given him that? Why did he take the souls of wizards and prison them in crystals? Why make us his slaves?”

“Ah, Jenny.” The living dead man smiled patronizingly. “There is slavery and slavery. Did you think you were his slave?”

And she heard in his voice the voice of a merchant who always had some other plan up his sleeve, some information with which to negotiate. She raised her head, alarmed. “You don’t plan still to bargain with him?”

“Me?” He made his face look indignant. “After all he did to me? How could you think so? Look over there.” His gesture was so natural, his voice so convincing, that she did in fact turn her head, following the direction of his hand, and so was unprepared when he bounded across the distance to her and struck her full-strength on the side of the head with the hammer of his fist, hurling her into the choppy sea. Weighted down with the tangle of plaids, Jenny was pulled under, coughing and fighting. She heard Ian cry out, and beyond that only the thud and roar of the ocean on the rocks. Desperate, she slithered free of the heavy cloth and scrambled onto the rocks in time to see the big man pinning Ian face-down on the other side of the sea-wall, holding his head underwater.

With a shrill scream of rage Jenny was on him with the knife she wore always at her belt, but Caradoc twisted out of the way, shoving her back. Ian crawled to his hands and knees, gasping, and Caradoc flung himself off the sea-wall and into the harbor’s calmer waters, vanishing into the bay like a chunk of iron.

Jenny and Ian knelt for a long time on the breakwater’s uneven stones, dripping and shivering and clinging together, but they saw no sign of the blonde head breaking the waves. Squidslayer and two other whalemages glided through the channel into the harbor, to the awe and horror of the folk on-shore, and searched there - King Mick broke one of Old Man Gore’s teeth, keeping the fisherman from putting out at once with his son and a boatful of harpoons. Later Mick and his own sons went out, with their boat and nets, dragging for the body, until darkness and rising wind drove them in.

“I doubt it had the strength to get ashore, you know,” the innkeeper said comfortingly that night, as he brought hot wine to Jenny and Ian by the Great House fire. “It could stand, and talk, yes, but if it was one of those southern sailors... Well, it’d been in the sea for over a week. My boys and I will search the country round about, and destroy the thing, however much of it we find. How long could it last?”

Caradoc might have been lying about the recollections he’d gleaned from close contact with Folcalor’s mind; about the memories that had been left in him, as the memories of how to fashion a demon gate had been left in Ian’s and Jenny’s. She tried to hope so, for the sake of the Winterlands - and for the sake of the world.

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**IN MEMORIAM:
ARTHUR
WILLIAM SAHA
BY JOHN BOARDMAN**

When an old friend and big-name fan passes from the scene in which he has been an active participant and major contributor for over half a century, it ought to be easy to write up memories of him once you are used to the shock of his death. But Art Saha's life, accomplishments, and personal friendships were so wide that it is difficult to find a place to start.

Despite the fact that we were both living in New York City when we met, Art and I had roots in common that went back further. He was born in Minnesota, where I spent much of my childhood. Art was the son of immigrants from Finland, and was completely bilingual. (His linguistic abilities once became very useful when someone from a Finnish university got on the World Wide Web with some uncomplimentary comments on role-playing games and their players, at a time when such games were coming under attack from religious fanatics.)

Since his eyesight precluded any other type of military service, Art, then a student at Hibbing Junior College, enlisted in the U.S. Merchant Marine upon hearing the news of Pearl Harbor, and served in that vital and underappreciated supply service during World War II. After the war, he came to New York City and enrolled in Columbia University, graduating with a major in chemistry. At the same time, he became active in New York City science fiction fandom. He was also a member of the American Chemistry Society, and of Mensa. He was active in the Lunarians for many years, contributing a calm and judicious style of management as president, and became first vice president, then president of First Fandom. In 1974 Art was chair of Lunacon, and in 1986 was Lunacon's Fan Guest of Honor. In addition, in 1983 he was Fan Guest of Honor at Empiricon.

Art's contributions to fandom included the coining of the word "Trekkies" in an article in *TV Guide* in the early 1970s. He also designed the program book for SunCon, the Miami Beach Worldcon, and edited several "Year's Best" science fiction and fantasy anthologies for Don Wollheim at DAW.

My wife Perdita and I first met Art and Taimi Saha during Lunarians meetings in the early 1960s. Our families socialized together frequently due to our shared background and interests, and the fact that our children were nearly the same ages. Heidi Saha is a couple of years younger than Karina, and in 1965 both Taimi and Perdita became mothers for the second time. Matthew Saha and Deirdre were well-behaved children separately, but when together at a meeting or convention, they became a pair of hellions. Heidi today manages an excellent used bookshop in Cooperstown and Matt is an attorney in Manhattan.

After their children grew up, and Art and Taimi separated, Art moved upstate to Cooperstown, with a long visit to his mother in Minnesota when she became too ill to look after herself. We still saw each other at any convention to which he could manage to come. A Lunacon could usually bring him to New York, and we spent much time in the company of other fans of our generation at con parties, bars or restaurants. Usually accompanying us were Ed Meškys, Al Nofi, and Brian Burley.

Art's interests and talents were not limited to science fiction. He was a lifelong supporter of progressive political and economic causes, particularly in opposition to war, racism, and economic injustice. Many members of First Fandom took such positions, for reasons which Fred Pohl explained at great length in his autobiography, *The Way the Future Was*. Most of these causes eventually became either victorious or unfashionable, which is why many fans of the present day look blank when you try to explain them. At one point, Art achieved what is today regarded as a badge of honor - he was cited before the Un-American Activities Committee by a singularly slimy example of the professional political liar, who later was caught in too many contradictions.

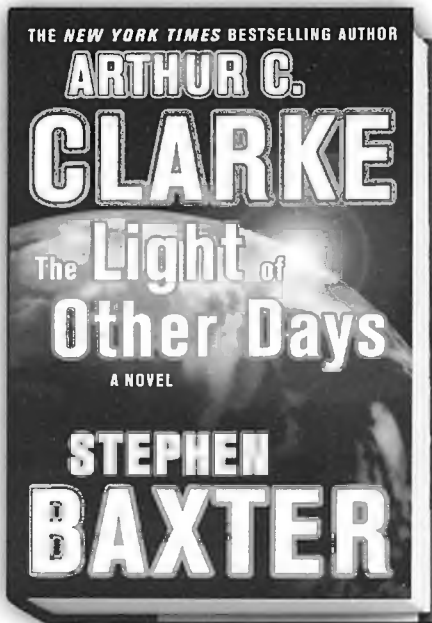
In the 1970s Art had had a bout with non-Hodgkins lymphoma, and when in October 1999 we heard that it had returned and spread, we feared the worst. We went up to see him on the 5th of November. He died on the 19th.

Art Saha lived a full life of accomplishment in many aspects of science fiction, both professional and fannish. He was one of our last links to the years in which fandom took shape, and had been a major influence in its development.

PAST LUNACONS

Year	Date	Guest(s) of Honor	Attendance	Year	Date	Guest(s) of Honor	Attendance
1957	May 12		65	1989	March 10-12	<i>Writer:</i> Roger Zelazny <i>Artist:</i> Ron Walotsky <i>Fan:</i> David Kyle <i>Editor:</i> David Hartwell	1450
1958	April 13	Frank R. Paul	85	1990	March 16-18	<i>Writer:</i> Katherine Kurtz <i>Artist:</i> Thomas Canty <i>Publisher:</i> Tom Doherty	1500
1959	April 12	Lester Del Rey	80	1991	March 8-10	<i>Writer:</i> John Brunner <i>Artist:</i> Kelly Freas <i>Fan:</i> Harry Stubbs <i>Publishers:</i> Ian & Betty Ballantine <i>Science:</i> Prof. Gerald Feinberg	1300
1960	April 10	Ed Emsch	75	1992	March 20-22	<i>Writer:</i> Samuel R. Delany <i>Artist:</i> Paul Lehr <i>Fan:</i> Jon Singer <i>Special Guest:</i> Kristine Kathryn Rusch <i>Featured Filkers:</i> Bill & Brenda Sutton	1350
1961	April 9	Willy Ley	105	1993	March 19-21	<i>Author:</i> Orson Scott Card <i>Artist:</i> Barclay Shaw <i>Fan:</i> Alexis Gilliland <i>Publishing:</i> Richard Curtis	1250
1962	April 29	Frederik Pohl	105	1994	March 18-20	<i>Writer:</i> Vonda N. McIntyre <i>Artist:</i> James Warhola <i>Fan:</i> Walter R. Cole <i>Special Musical Guest:</i> Dean Friedman <i>Comics Industry:</i> Walter & Louise Simonson <i>Featured Filker:</i> Peter Grubbs	1300
1963	April 21	Judith Merrill	115	1995	March 17-19	<i>Writer:</i> Poul Anderson <i>Artist:</i> Stephen Hickman <i>Fan:</i> Mike Glyer <i>Featured Filker:</i> Graham Leathers	1300
1964	No Lunacon (New York World's Fair)			1996	March 15-17	<i>Writers:</i> Terry Pratchett, Esther Friesner <i>Visual Humor:</i> Phil Foglio <i>Fan:</i> Bruce Pelz <i>Special Origami Guest:</i> Mark Kennedy	1300
1965	April 24	Hal Clement	135	1997	March 7-9	<i>Writer:</i> C.J. Cherryh <i>Artist:</i> David Cherry <i>Fan:</i> Michael J. Walsh <i>Media:</i> Michael O'Hare	1250
1966	April 16-17	Isaac Asimov	235	1998	March 20-22	<i>Writer:</i> Octavia Butler <i>Artist:</i> Donato Giancola <i>Fans:</i> John & Perdita Boardman	1250
1967	April 29-30	James Blish	275	1999	March 5-7	<i>GoH:</i> Vernor Vinge <i>Artist:</i> Bob Eggleton <i>Fan:</i> Anthony R. Lewis	1200
1968	April 20-21	Donald A. Wollheim	410	2000	March 24-26	<i>GoH:</i> George Alec Effinger <i>Artist:</i> Lisa Snellings <i>Fan:</i> Stu Shiffman <i>Special Guest:</i> Barbara Hambly	????
1969	April 12-13	Robert A.W. Lowndes	585				
1970	April 11-12	Larry T. Shaw	735				
1971	April 16-18	<i>Editor:</i> John W. Campbell <i>Fan:</i> 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 Magazines</i>	1000				
1977	April 8-10	L. Sprague & Catherine de Camp	900				
1978	February 24-26	<i>Writer:</i> Robert Bloch <i>Special Guest:</i> Dr. Rosalyn S. Yalow	450				
1979	March 30-April 1	<i>Writer:</i> Ron Goulart <i>Artist:</i> Gahan Wilson	650				
1980	March 14-16	<i>Writer:</i> Larry Niven <i>Artist:</i> Vincent Di Fate	750				
1981	March 20-22	<i>Writer:</i> James White <i>Artist:</i> Jack Gaughan	875				
1982	March 19-21	<i>Writer:</i> Fred Saberhagen <i>Artist:</i> John Schoenherr <i>Fan:</i> Steve Stiles	1100				
1983	March 18-20	<i>Writer:</i> Anne McCaffrey <i>Artist:</i> Barbi Johnson <i>Fan:</i> Don & Elsie Wollheim	1500				
1984	March 16-18	<i>Writer:</i> Terry Carr <i>Artist:</i> Tom Kidd <i>Fan:</i> Cy Chauvin	1400				
1985	March 15-17	<i>Writer:</i> Gordon R. Dickson <i>Artist:</i> Don Maitz <i>Fan:</i> Curt Clemmer, D.I.	800				
1986	March 7-9	<i>Writer:</i> Marta Randall <i>Artist:</i> Dawn Wilson <i>Fan:</i> Art Saha <i>Special Guest:</i> Madeline L'Engle	1100				
1987	March 20-22	<i>Writer:</i> Jack Williamson <i>Artist:</i> Darrell Sweet <i>Fan:</i> Jack Chalker <i>Toastmaster:</i> Mike Resnick	1200				
1988	March 11-13	<i>Writer:</i> Harry Harrison <i>Artist:</i> N. Taylor Blanchard <i>Fan:</i> Pat Mueller <i>Toastmaster:</i> Wilson Tucker	1250				

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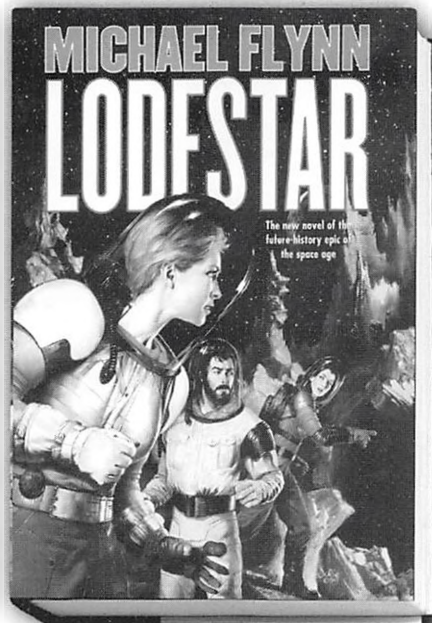
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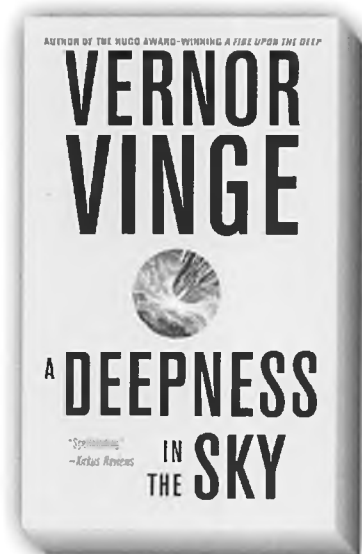
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