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BAEN BOOKS



LUNACON 1987

MARCH 20-22, 1987 WESTCHESTER MARRIOTT HOTEL

JACK WILLIAMSON

WRITER GUEST OF HONOR

DARRELL K. SWEET

ARTIST GUEST OF HONOR

JACK L. CHALKER

FAN GUEST OF HONOR

MIKE RESNICK

TOASTMASTER



Acknowledgements

The committee would like to thank Cecelia Hatlestad for her signs and Vinny Salzillo for the Pro Badges. Furthermore, the editor would like to thank all the authors included in the program book and especially the artists Darrell K. Sweet and Michael Pinto, without whom the book would not have been a reality. Special thanks to Andy Porter and Science Fiction Chronicle for photographs.

NO WEAPONS of any kind will be permitted. New York State laws are very strict and very complicated. Therefore, if it looks like a weapon, it IS a weapon. Violators will have their memberships revoked.

FOR THE MASQUERADE ONLY: Weapons will be permitted in the Masquerade, but will be strictly policed. Peacebonding and a time limit will be established. Please check the Masquerade rules for specific information.

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CHAIRPERSONS LETTER

Welcome to Lunacon '87!

We, your Co-Chairmen, Bill and Lani are certain you are going to enjoy the 30th Anniversary of what we think is the best convention ever. We have terrific guests for you to hear and talk to. There is a full multi-track schedule of panels and readings to attend, and something for everyone.

Lunacon has the usual exhibits and events that you know and enjoy. Such as the Art Show, Dealers Room, Book and Game Exhibits, Radio Room, StarBlazers Room and Films.

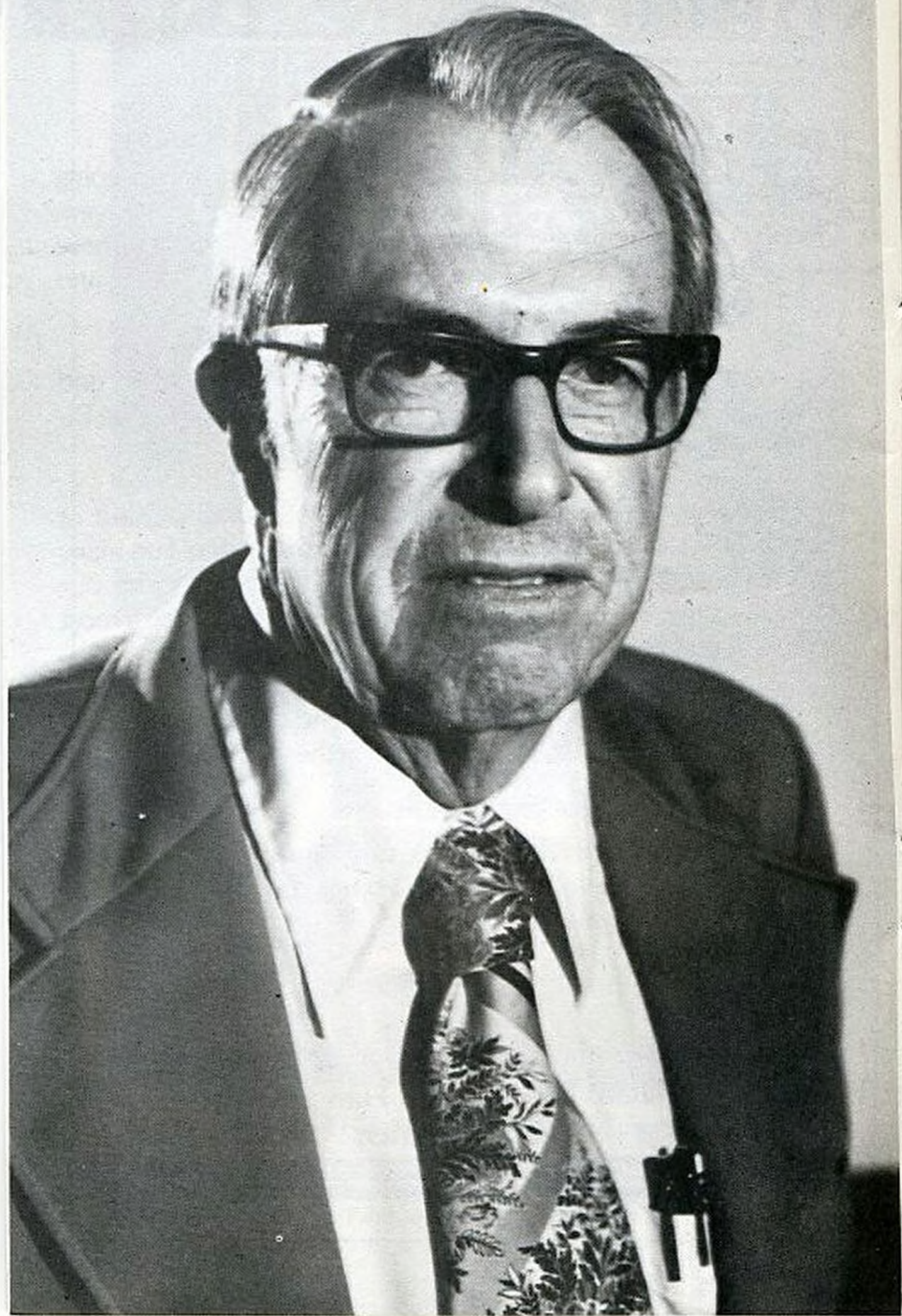
This year we are also having a Roast of our Fan Guest of Honor. Jack L. Chalker, who has been a past member of Lunarians and a Lunacon Chairman, has accepted the honor to be our roastee. Come and enjoy the fun in what we know will be a most memorable event.

At night we have terrific parties to attend. Come up and circulate. Stop in and say hello to us in the Con Suite or the Chairmen's Party.

If you are new to fandom, don't worry—just ask anybody with a ribbon to explain things. All of us who help run these cons love to talk about it.

Have fun, as we will.

William R. Morrison Elan Jane Litt
Co-Chairmen



THE LEGIONNAIRE OF SPACE

BY FREDRICK POHL

I first met Jack Williamson in 1939. I was a lot younger then, while Jack was just about the same age he is now — which is to say, eternal. Jack had come east to see what the first Worldcon of history was going to be like, and I — well, I went to the Worldcon, but I didn't get in that New York Worldcon of 1939 because Willie Sykora threw me out, along with Don Wollheim and Cyril Kornbluth and a bunch of other people who were, really, a lot more fun than most of the ones who were allowed inside. Jack evidently thought so too, because he and a bunch of the other most interesting people there came to our own private Futurian counter-convention in Brooklyn. Dry-land prairie farmer, slow of speech (Don Wollheim or I could get two paragraphs in while Jack was working toward a comma), Jack turned out to have a sharp mind and a quick sense of humor. Well, we all needed that in those days, the pay for even a top science-fiction writer being what it was and the world obviously getting ready to blow itself up. (Don't say nothing changes. At least writers are paid better in 1987, though the rest hasn't improved a whole lot.)

Although Jack Williamson was already one of biggest of Big Name SF Writers then — *The Legion of Space*, *The Legion of Time* and my own personal favorite, *The Stone from the Green Star* — he was still young enough to be caught in the draft for World War II. So was I, and the next time I ran into Jack was at Chanute Field, Illinois, in 1943. I was studying to become a weather observer for the Air Force. Jack had already done that, and had returned to become a forecaster. Then Jack went his way (to the swaying palms of a coral island in the South Pacific) and I went mine (to the olive groves and vineyards of Italy). Well, it wasn't all swaying palms and wine presses. There was a lot of nasty stuff going on — people were getting killed — but we both survived the war and came back to the real world of science fiction.

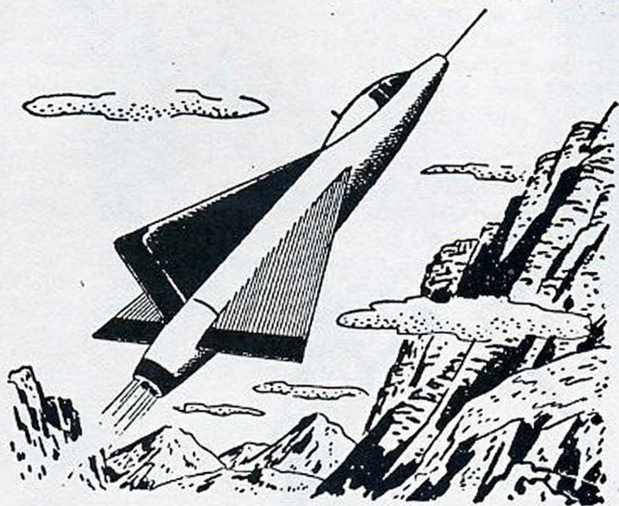
PHOTOS COURTESY OF AUTHOR



When I set up as a literary agent, it was only natural that I should invite Jack to be a client. When I began editing again, it was inevitable that I should be wheedling stories to publish from him. When we both felt the desire for someone to share the hard work of getting stories written, it was no trouble at all to convince ourselves that we ought to collaborate. So one way or another, I've been working with Jack for forty years or so now, and, believe me, you couldn't find a nicer guy.

Jack Williamson isn't *just* a writer. A while after WWII was over he went back to school. He finished the work to his bachelor's degree, decided to stick it out for a master's, found that so congenial he went on to a doctorate. Now he's retired as Distinguished Professor Emeritus John Stewart Williams of the Eastern New Mexico University, with a library named after him and more honors than you can count. (Not even mentioning his science-fiction honors. He is, after all, a certified Grand Master of Science Fiction and has the SFWA's special Nebula trophy to prove it.)

But it's as a writer that we know him best. He's been doing it now for, let's see, well, it must be getting close to sixty years, and he's still a pleasure to read. He's a pleasure to work with, too, as I will gladly testify anywhere, at any time, and a joy to know. Lunacons have had any number of distinguished Guests of Honor, but they've never had one who deserved it more than Jack Williamson, honored writer, respected critic, well loved teacher and my own very dear and long-lasting friend.





DARRELL K. SWEET

BY DARRELL K. SWEET

My career in Science Fiction & Fantasy began soon after the arrival of Judy-Lynn del Rey at Ballantine Books. She knew my work and suggested that I might like to design a fantasy cover. After that first book, I have been hooked ever since.

Born and raised in central New Jersey, I knew at an early age that I wanted to be an artist. Years later, still interested in art, I won a tuition scholarship to Syracuse University, graduating in 1956 with a B.F.A. My majors included Painting, Design and Illustration.

After some work for an advertising agency and a stint in the army, I began illustrating books and magazines in New York City. I have worked for many of the major publishing houses in New York, becoming involved with book cover design during the early 70's. I also create paintings for galleries and have done many private commissions.

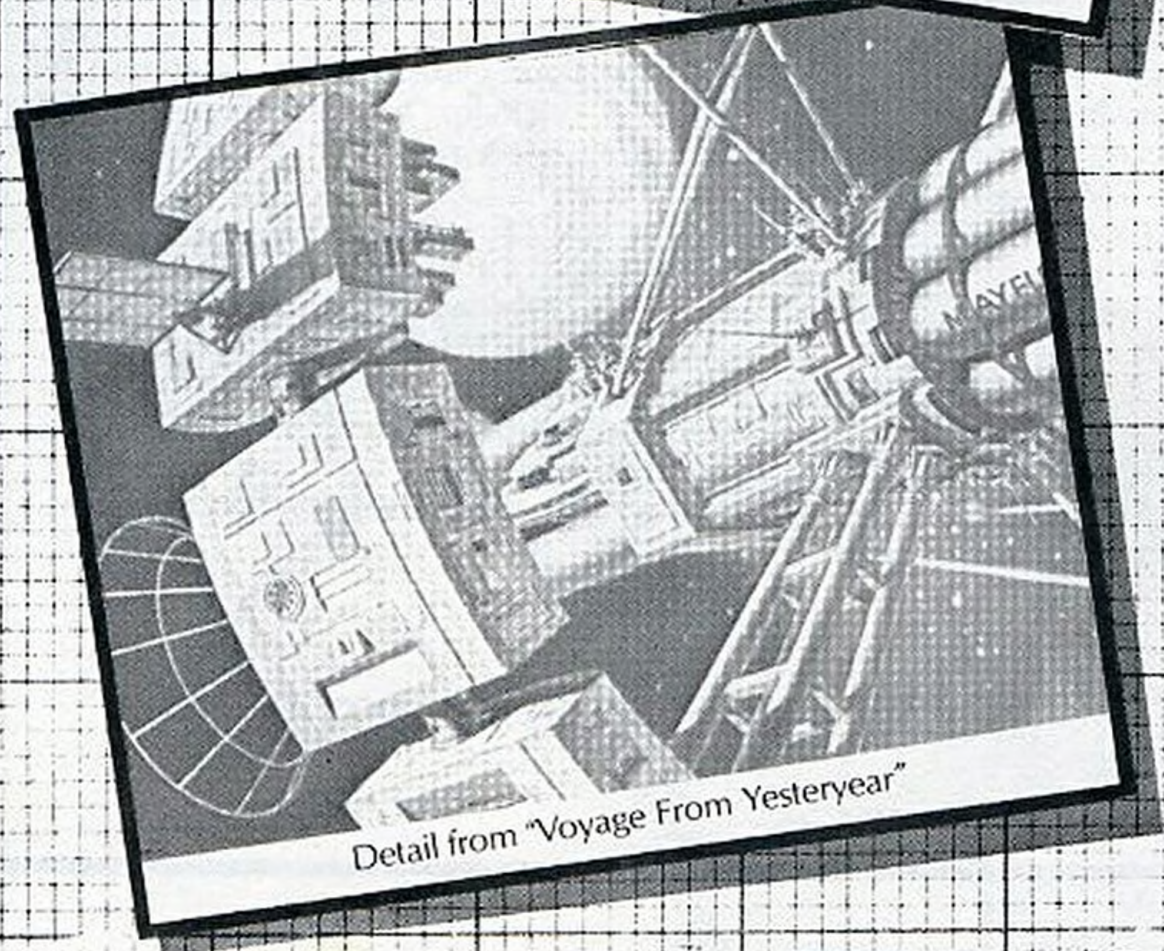
I have done illustrated the work of many well known SF and Fantasy authors. These include Jack Chalker, Peter Beagle, Stephen Donaldson, Philip J. Farmer, Robert Heinlein, Alan Dean Foster, James Hogan, Issac Asimov, Piers Anthony, Lord Dunsany, Frank Herbert, James Blish, Terry Brooks, Patricia A. McKillip, L. Neil Smith, Leigh Brackett, Kathrine Kurtz, J.R.R. Tolkien, Frederick Pohl, Anne McCaffrey, T.V. Bass, Paul Anderson and others.

I now live with my wife, Janet and son, Darrell R. (and afgan hound), in the enjoyable, rural setting north-west of Princeton, New Jersey. Besides participating in civic affairs and coaching a baseball team, I enjoy hunting, fishing, sports and competitive black powder shooting. I build my own flintlock and percussion rifles. I also like to build furniture and listen to classical music, particularly baroque. Combining the two, I am now in the process of rebuilding harpsicord.

My family and I are looking forward to the convention and hope to meet you all at Lunacon.

PHOTO BY ANDY PORTER

SWEET ILLUSTRATION

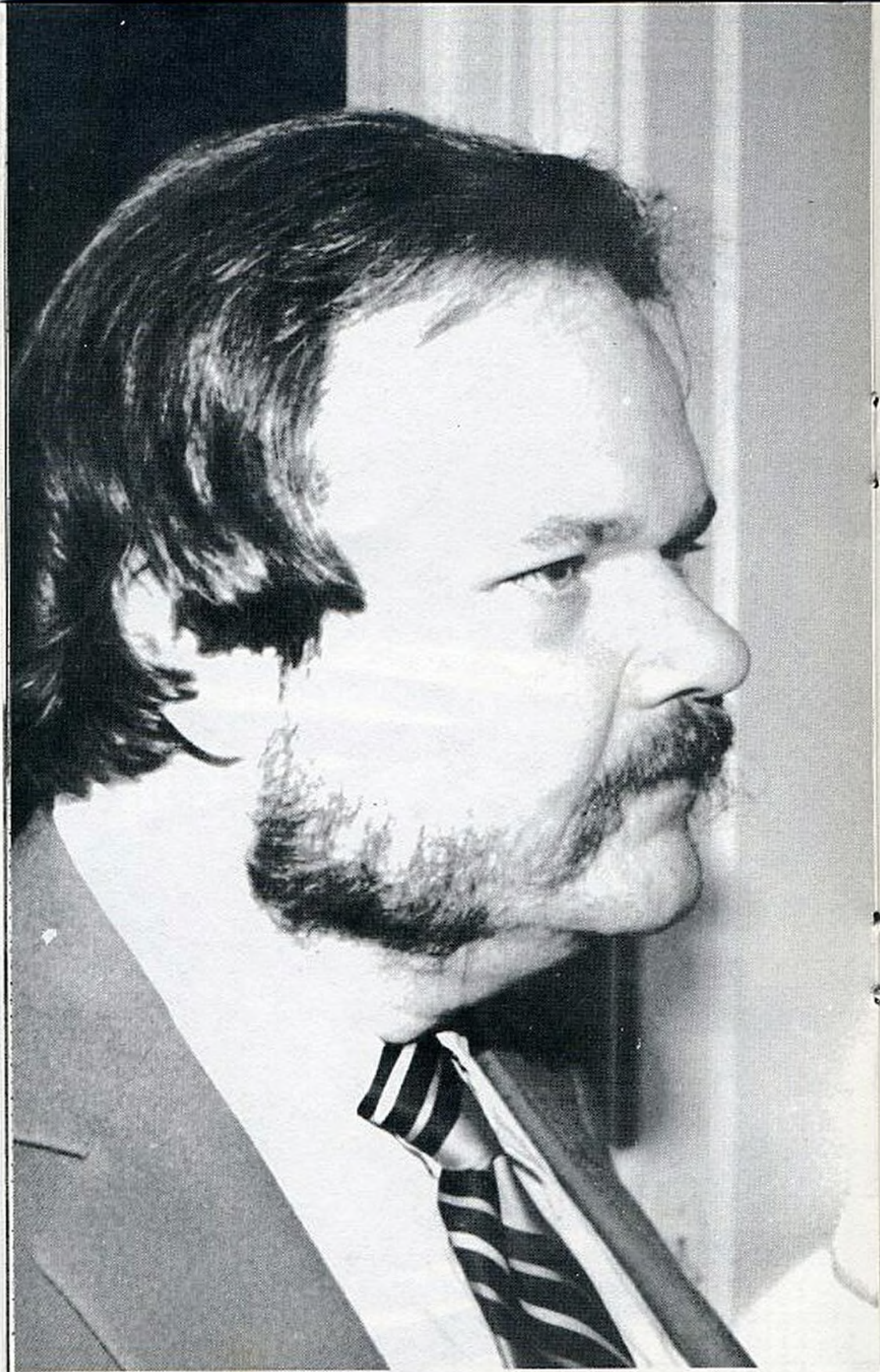




Detail from "Her Majesty's Wizard"



Detail from "The Hobbit"



JACK L. CHALKER

BY MARK OWINGS

What could I say about Jack Chalker? Or what should I say, since what I *could* say . . . I have known this character since we were both sixteen and we are now in advancing decrepitude (but faking it well).

His first notoriety in SF fandom came from picking fights in his fanzine **MIRAGE** (does anyone remember an issue? All of 25 people must remember that it got on the final Hugo ballot one year.) to draw attention, which seems superfluous, since the fanzine itself deserved attention for being the only place, at that time, to discuss what semi-literates today call "dark fantasy", and we just called fantasy. He got contributions from some of the best dead authors ever. I am still waiting for an issue that will reprint "The Flying Cows of Biloxi", by Bidwell Benson. It's only about 10 years late, so there's still hope. Both **MIRAGE's** content and flashy elegance could stand imitation today.

He was the first president of the old Baltimore Science Fiction Society (1963-68) and emulated Scrooge McDuck in keeping the club treasury held tight until years after the group reorganized. (We finally got the money out of him though. The total balance of treasury he controlled was less than the monthly rent we now pay.)

Jack ran the early Balticons, until the fatal error of inviting a guest of honor who treated 20 people to dinner at the convention's expense. He was involved (centrally in the first) in all four of the Baltimore worldcon bids. He told me, years later, that had we won that first bid, we didn't know enough to run a worldcon properly. That's all right, Jack; neither did the people who were the winners.

What should I say about Jack Chalker? One must walk a fine line here between being overly formal and having him strangle me. He is a flowing fountain (just try to put a cork in it) of arcane lore about fannish history and practices, some of which are even true.

Unfortunately, Jack Chalker is a living fossil. Umpteen years ago, when he and I were in high school (and Jack was merely middle-aged) the definition of "fan" that we were all walking around with was somebody who read science fiction and fantasy, collected the stuff, and actually tried to *improve* the genre, and also, someone who tried to improve the collective knowledge of it. Unfortunately, we seem to have fallen from that state, many of us.

It seems odd to describe book publishing as a fannish activity, but that's really what specialty publishing amounts to. Back twenty-some years ago, Jack and I wrote a small book trackig these publishers, then he went into it seriously for a while and is now talking about them indefinitely for "Fantasy Review".

But I have faith that he will find himself someday.

PHOTO BY ANDY PORTER

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SCIENCE FICTION MUSIC

BY IRA STOLLER

There was a time when the most important person in a movie theatre was the piano player. Even before the technique of adding sound to film (which gave us talking pictures) had been developed, exhibitors recognized the importance of music as a connective tissue for movies. The piano player told early movie goers when they were coming to an exciting part, a tender part, a happy part, a sad part, etc. of the story.

This is still true today. However, we certainly have more than just a piano player to guide us thru a film. Some of the musical themes that have been written for the movies have taken a life of their own, and are at least as familiar, and sometimes more so, than the film itself. Getting the right composer is at least as important to the producer as getting the right script, screen writer, director, etc.

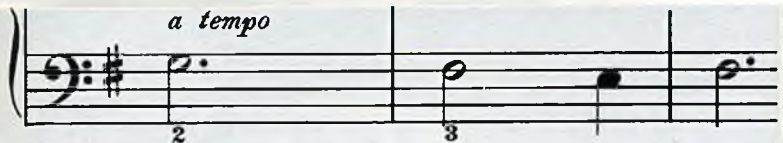
Perhaps the best acknowledgment of the importance of good film music came from Steven Spielberg in his 1981 liner notes for the **Raiders of the Lost Ark** album:

"Not too long ago, in a country not so far away, adventurer archaeologist Indiana Jones, embarked on an historically significant search for the Lost Ark of the Covenant. Joining him on this supernatural treasure hunt was the London Symphony Orchestra under the baton of composer John Williams. Were it not for the many crucial bursts of dramatic symphonic accompaniment, Indiana Jones would surely have perished in a forbidding temple in South America or in the oppressive silence of the great Sahara desert.

Nevertheless, Jones did not perish, but listened carefully to the **RAIDERS** score. Its sharp rhythms told him when to run. Its slicing strings told him when to duck. Its several integrated themes told adventurer Jones when to kiss the heroine or smash the enemy. All things considered, Jones listened...and lived. John Williams saves yet another life and lives our picture, **RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK**, a new refreshing life of its own. Thanks, John."

Science fiction film music has taken on such a life of its own, we even have the extreme case of a wonderful electronic score by Larry Fast and his group "Synergy" for the picture, **The Jupiter Menace**.





The album jacket has some wonderful stills from the movie. What makes this extreme? Well, it seems that we have a film score without a film; to the best of my knowledge, **The Jupiter Menace** has never been released!

Ok, would you like to hear about an opposite extreme? While it isn't strictly science fiction, **The Right Stuff** is close enough to be included in this article. Its brilliant score won an academy award for composer Bill Conti. How many of you have listened to the sound track album? What? No hands raised? Can you guess why nobody's heard it? Right! It's never been released! Imagine that! An academy award winning score, and you can't run right out and buy the album.

Just recently an absolutely brilliant symphonic suite from **The Right Stuff** has become available, and is included on the Saturday program in the **sound-track room**. If you don't want to spend too much time just listening to music, if you only want to come in to listen to one score, make it this one. See if you can spot the sonic boom in the music as Chuck Yeager breaks the sound barrier for the first time. Can you hear his triumphant shout? Can you hear our struggle to get into space? It's all right there in the music. Even if you are not a film music buff, this one you'll like!

By the way, Bill Conti also wrote the music for **Rocky**. See if you can spot a phrase of the "winning" theme from **Rocky**; it's hidden in **The Right Stuff**.

I'll be happy to answer any questions or comments you have about the Soundtrack Room, or science fiction film music in general. See you in the Sound Track Room!

NESFA,
And Its Loyal Red Sox Fans,
Congratulates
the Lunarians,
And Its Loyal Mets Fans
For Proving Lost in Space
WRONG!



THE ORACLE OF CENTRAL PARK

BY BARRY N. MALZBERG

So on this Sunday morning to which I am referring, a beamish if cloudy morning in the inimitable and unimitated style of New York City back in those halycon days of 1981, I am sitting in the basement of the world famous Pierre Hotel on Central Park West, just me and Carol Resnick and Sid Althus and Sid Althus' companion and someone else who was just in town on a visit and Carol Resnick's accompanist as well as a couple of other people whom which I cannot recall, my memory not being of the most expert, and at this breakfast meeting they are looking at me and I am looking at them over tea and crumpet like things and it is at this moment, not one instant sooner that I say, "Hey, listen to this."

They look at me without distaste but with not much fascination either, 1981 being as you may recall the first year of the present Administration and this beamish day in March being in the earliest days of the cycle; we are not too alert then as we had to become later and so I must say again, "Listen to this, now," and make, this second time around, certain vigorous gestures at a manuscript which I am holding in the very claw that has until most recently been holding a crumpet. "You see this manuscript?" I say. They look at me with cloudy, early Administration eyes. "This is the manuscript of a novel called **The Soul Eater** by Michael D. Resnick which and who will be published by the powerful New American Library, subsidiary of the Los Angeles Times Corporation somewhat later this year," I declaim positively, noticing how interestingly feral certain persons can appear when they are only marginally interested in what issues from your mandible. "This is a great novel the author has fetched unto me," I say in explicatory, codicil-like terms, "and I have read it with much pleasure and privilege and I now wish to make an announcement, a prediction that is to say."

I wish to say that at these orations a hush falls over the crumpet-laden table at the Hotel Pierre but this is not exactly so. It is true that Sid Althus gives one sigh of a mordant sighlike character and that Carol Resnick's accompanist raised his hands in a silencing gesture. "Let us hear this announcement," the accompanist says. "Leave this man speak."

I nod at this accompanist, a large gentleman with blunt but affectionate, strident but kindly, long but compact features in a helpful gesture of accord and say, "Thank you and not to take up too much of your time this is my prediction: THE SOUL EATER is a New American Library forthcoming novel seeding much greatness and by the end of the decade, just

PHOTO BY RICK HAWES

two or hopefully *three* Administrations down the line, its splendid author, Michael D. Resnick, will be recognized as the greatest science fiction writer ever to emerge from this decade," I say repeating myself. "What do you think of that?"

"I think that is a very good prediction," Carol Resnick's blunt but sensitive accompanist said, "and for this we should all give thanks."

I turn to receive thanks but the table in the wake of a sudden paucity of crumpets seems to be breaking up. Some avoid my eyes while others, nameless, seek to flee them. "It is true," I say, "you know that it is true."

"Don't worry about them," Carol Resnick's strident but understated accompanist says to me as all but we stride away. "What do they know? I appreciate your tokens of honor and I can only hope to be worthy —"

But at this feared explosion of sentiment I too flee. The check is about to arrive and like the Administration, at its presence I dare not tarry. But best is best even *after* the payment's due. I say, hopefully.

MIKE RESNICK

BY JACK L. CHALKER

Aside from the fact that Mike Resnick and I are both chronologically overweight, middle-aged, balding SF writers with booming voices and egos the size of the expanding universe who came from poor big city beginnings and made lots of money and both of us were active in fandom from young ages (he in Chicago, me in Baltimore/Washington) we have little in common, so it's always a surprise when they ask me to write a bio of Mike—this is the second one this year and it's only March. Mike, we have got to stop meeting like this.

Now, I started out in the fanzines but Mike started out in the tabloids, editing a precursor to *The National Enquirer* out of Chicago. This explains his interest in SF and fantasy. After you've written your ninth story under the headline **WOMAN RAPED BY ALIENS BEARS CHILD WITH THREE HEADS** you go to SF for reality training. Along the way he managed to con the lovely and otherwise intelligent Carol into marrying him and bearing him a daughter.

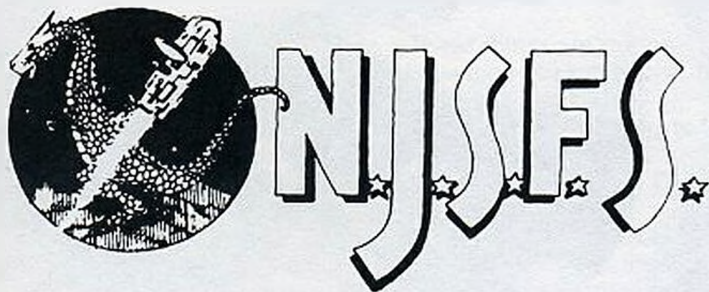
They discovered fandom when they finally decided to find out what that noisy crowd meeting down the block from them was doing and discovered Chicago's SF club. They became active in club fandom (organization, not the hit on the head type), and Masquerade Fandom where they consistently won awards for their elaborate costumes at World SF Conventions.

After years of writing and editing such material he realized that he was killing himself with the pace and not exactly attaining security or immortality and so he took some of his accumulated writing money and

went to the dogs. The Briarwood Kennel in Cincinnati is one of those super pooch pamper palaces that includes music and better stalls than most con's hotel rooms and is alleged to be the second largest kennel in the country. In spite of the hopes of some that the author of such classic SF as *The Goddess of Ganymede* might now abandon fiction for the success of dogdom, he instead turned back to writing, this time in a new incarnation.

The old Resnick had always been the cynical, "Write anything if you get paid" type, but the new, affluent Resnick was to be a Serious Writer with Literary Pretensions. In spite of that, he's actually managed to write some pretty good books, including *Soul Eater*, *Santiago*, and, most recently, *Stalking the Unicorn*. At first, success and fame and big sales eluded him, but since all else had failed he took my advice and is now on his way to fame, fortune, and possible best-seller status. If he keeps taking my advice he may become a major force in the field; if he starts ignoring me, well, then these bios I'm asked to write on him will at least preserve him as a footnote in my bibliography.

He is an approachable, conversational guy who'll talk for hours so long as you stick to one of his favorite subjects (himself or horse racing — he has a wall of videotapes of every horse race ever televised). Now he's getting to roast me here at Lunacon, but, don't worry. I have matches, too.



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AN EXCERPT FROM A SHORT STORY

THE COLD GREEN EYES

BY JACK WILLIAMSON

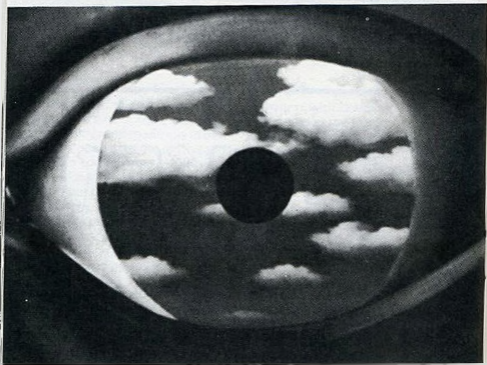


ILLUSTRATION BY RENE MAGRITTE

Staggering with the teakwood chest, he followed her up to narrow attic room. Hot as an oven, it had a choking antiseptic smell. The dismal, purple-flowered wallpaper was faded and water stained. At the tiny window, a discouraged fly hummed feebly.

Aunt Agatha went after it.

"Don't!" Tommy dropped the chest and caught at her swatter. "Please, may I just open the window and let it go?"

"Gracious child! What on earth?"

"Don't you know about flies?" A sudden determination steadied his shy voice. "They, too, have souls. And it is wrong to kill them."

"Honey child, are you insane?"

"All life is akin, through the Cycle of Birth," he told her desperately. "The holy Jains taught me that. As the wheel of life turns, our souls go from one form to another—until each is purged of every karma, so that it can rise to nirvana."

She stood motionless, with the swatter lifted, frozen with astonishment.

"When you kill a fly," he said, "you are loading your own soul with bad karma. Besides, you may be injuring a friend."

"Well, I never!" The swatter fell out of her shocked hand. Tommy picked it up and gave it back to her, politely. "Such wicked heathen foolery! We'll pray, tonight, to help you find the truth."

Tommy shuddered, as she crushed the weary fly.

"Now, unpack your box," she commanded. "I'll have no filthy idols here."

"Please," he protested unhappily. "These things are my own."

The blue eye was relentless, but the brown one began to cry. Tears ran down her smooth face, and her heavy bosom quaked.

"Tommy! How can you be so mulish? When I'm only trying to take your poor dead mother's place, and me such an invalid."

"I'm sorry," he told her. "I hope your health improves. I'll show you everything."

The worn key hung on a string around his neck. He unlocked the chest, but she found no idols. His clothing she took to be laundered, lifting each piece gingerly with two fingers as if it had been steeped in corruption. She sniffed at a fragrant packet of dried herbs, and seized it to be burned.

Finally she bent to peer at the remaining odds and ends — the brushes and paints his mother had given him when she left him with the monks, a few splotched watercolors he had tried to make of the monastery and the mountains and his village friends, the broken watch the mountaineers had found beside his father's body, a thick painted cylinder.

"That?" She pointed at his picture of a shy brown child. "Who's that n----- girl?"

"Mira Bai was not a Negro." He covered the picture quickly with another, to hide it from that cold blue eye. "She lived in my own village. She was my teacher's niece. We used to study together. But her legs were withered and she was never strong. Last year before the rains ended the wheel turned for her."

"What wheel?" Aunt Agatha sniffed. "Do you mean she's dead?"

"The soul never dies," Tommy answered firmly. "It always returns in a new body, until it escapes to nirvana. Mira Bai has a stronger body now, because she was good. I don't know where she is—maybe here in Kansas! Someday I'll find her, with the science of Rishabha."

"You poor little fool!" Aunt Agatha stirred his small treasures with the swatter handle, and jabbed at the painted cylinder. "Now what's that contraption?"

"Just—a book."

Very carefully, he slipped it out of the round wooden case and unrolled a little of the long parchment strip. It was very old, yellowed and cracked and faded. The mild brown eye squinted in a puzzled way at the dim strange characters. He wondered how much the blue one saw.

"That filthy scribbling? That's no book."

"It is older than printing," he told her. "It is written with the secret wisdom of the Thirtankara Rishabha. It tells how souls may be guarded through their transmigrations and helped upward toward nirvana."

"Heathen lies!" She reached for it angrily. "I ought to burn it."

"No!" He hugged it in his skinny arms. "Please don't! Because it is so powerful. I need it to aid my father and mother in their new lives. I need it to know Mira Bai when I find her again. I think you need it too, Aunt Agatha, to purge your own soul of the eight kinds of karma —"

"What?" The brown eye widened with shock and the blue one narrowed angrily. "I'll have you know that I'm a decent Christian, safe in the heart of God. Now put the filthy scrawl away and wash yourself up. I guess that's something your verminous monks forgot to teach you."

"Please! The holy men are very clean."

"Now you're trying to aggravate me, poorly as I am." She snuffed and her brown eye wept again. "I'm going to teach you a respectable religion, and I don't need any nasty foreign scribbings to help me whip the sin out of you!"

She was very sweet about it, and she always cried when she was forced to beat him. The exertion was really too much for her poor heart. She did it only for dear Lizzie's sake, and he ought to realize that the punishment was far more painful to her than to him.

She tried to teach him her religion but Tommy clung to the wisdom of the kind old monks of Mahavira. She tried to wash the East out of him with pounds of harsh yellow soap, until his sunburnt skin had faded to a sickly yellow pallor. She prayed and cried over him for endless hours, while he knelt with numb bare knees on cruel bare floors. She threatened to whip him again, and she did.

She whipped him when he covered up the big sheets of sticky yellow fly paper she put in his room, whipped him when he poured out the shallow dishes of fly poison she kept on the landing. But she seemed too much shaken to strike him, on the sultry afternoon when she found him carefully liberating the flies in the screen wire trap outside the kitchen door — a Kansas summer breeds flies enough.

"You sinful little infidel!?"

Her nerves were all on edge. She had to sit down on the doorstep, resting her poor heart and gasping with her asthma. But her fat pink fingers seemed strong enough, when she caught him by the ear.

She called the hired man to bring a torch dipped in gasoline, and held him so that he had to watch while she burned the flies that were left in the trap. He stood shivering with his own pain, quiet and pale and ill.

"Now come along!" She led him up the stairs, by his twisted ear. "I'll teach you whether flies have souls." Her voice was like a saw when it strikes a nail. "I'm going to lock you up tonight without your supper, but I'll see you in the morning."

She shoved him into the stifling attic room. It was bare and narrow as the monastery cells, with only his hard little cot and his precious teakwood chest. His tears blurred the painted carving on the chest—it was the blue snake of the *deva* Parshva, who had reached nirvana.

She held him by the twisted ear.

"Believe me, Thomas, this hurts me terribly." She snuffled and cleared her throat. "I want you to pray tonight. Beg God to clean up your dirty little soul."

She gave his ear another twist.

"When I come back in the morning, I want you to get down on your bended knees with me and confess to Him that all this rot about flies with souls is only a wicked lie."

"But it's the truth!" He caught his breath, trying not to whimper. "Please, Aunt Agatha, let me read you part of the sacred book—"

"Sacred?" She shook him by the ear. "You filthy little blasphemer! I'm going down now to pray for you. But when I come back in the morning I'm going to open up your box and take away that heathen writing — I declare it's what gives you all these wicked notions. I'm going to burn it in the kitchen stove."

"But—Aunt Agatha!" He shivered with a sharper pain. "Without the secret book, I can't guide anybody toward nirvana. I can't help my father and mother, struggling under their load of karma. I won't even know little Mira Bei, if I should ever find her."

"I'll teach you what you need to know." She let go his tingling ear, to box it sharply. "We'll burn that book in the morning. You'll forget every word it says, or stay in this room till you starve."

She locked the door on him and waddled down the stairs again, weeping for his soul and wheezing with her asthma. She had a good nip of whisky for her heart, and filled herself a nice plate of cold roast chicken and potato salad before she went up to her own room to pray.

For a long time Tommy sat alone on the edge of the hard lumpy cot

with his throbbing head in his hands. Crying was no use; old Chandra Sha had taught him that. He longed for his father and mother, those tanned happy wanderers he could barely remember, but the wheel had turned for them.

Nothing was left, except the sacred parchment. When the ringing in his punished ear had stopped, he bent to unlock the teakwood chest. He unrolled the brittle yellow scroll. His pale lips moved silently, following the faded black-and-scarlet characters.

The book, he felt, was more precious than all Kansas. He had to save it, to help his reborn parents, and to find Mira Bai, and even to aid his aunt—her poor soul was laden, surely, with a perilous burden of karma, but perhaps the science of the book could find her a more fortunate rebirth.

Trembling and afraid, he began to do what the holy men had taught him.

It was the hired girl, next morning, who came up to unlock his room. She was looking for his Aunt Agatha.

"I can't understand it." Her twangy Kansas voice was half hysterical. "I didn't hear a thing, all night long. The outside doors are locked up tight. None of her things are missing. But I've looked high and low. Your sweet little Auntie isn't anywhere."

The boy looked think and pale and drawn. His dark eyes were rimmed with grime, hollowed for want of sleep. He was rolling up the long strip of brittle yellow parchment. Very carefully, he replaced it in the painted case.

"I think you wouldn't know her now." His shy voice was sad. "Because the wheel of her life has turned again. She has entered another cycle."

"I don't know what you mean." The startled girl stared at him. "But I'm afraid something awful has happened to your poor old Auntie. I'm going to phone the sheriff."

Tommy was downstairs in the gloomy front room when the sheriff came, standing in a chair drawn up against the mantel.

"Now don't you worry, little man," the sheriff boomed. "I'm come out to locate old Miz Grimm. Just tell me when you seen her last."

"Here she is, right now," Tommy whispered faintly. "But if you haven't been instructed in the science of transmigration, I don't think you'll know her."

He was leaning over one of the big yellow sheets of adhesive flypaper that Aunt Agatha liked to leave spread at night to catch flies while she slept. He was trying to help a large, blue fly that was hopelessly tangled and droning in its last feeble fury.

"Pore little young-un!" The sheriff clucked sympathetically. "His aunt told me he was full of funny heathen notions!"

He didn't even glance at the dying fly. But Tommy hadn't found it hard to recognize. Its right eye was a furious greenish blue, the left was a tiny bead of wet brown glass.

NYC **one 2**

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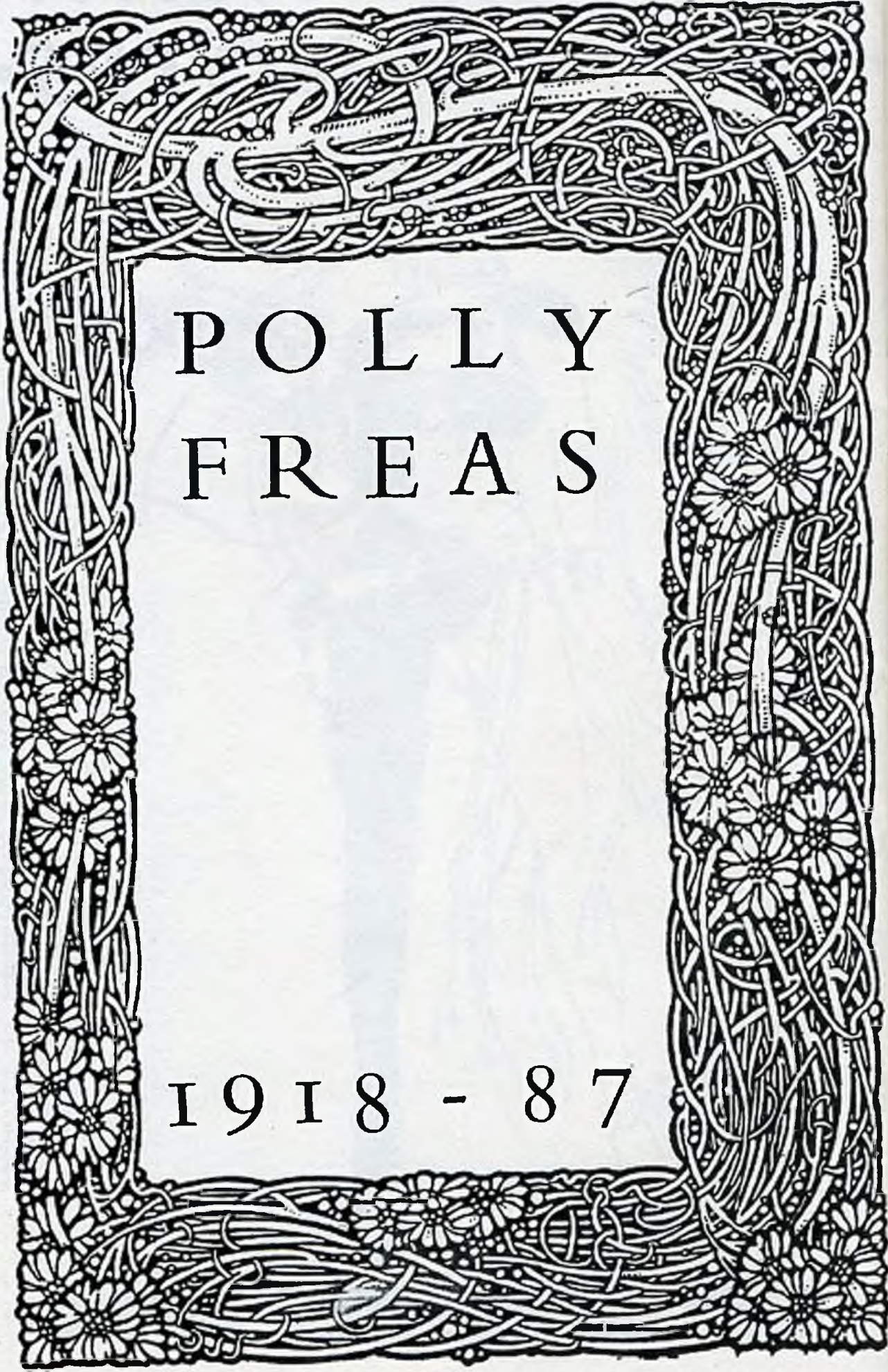
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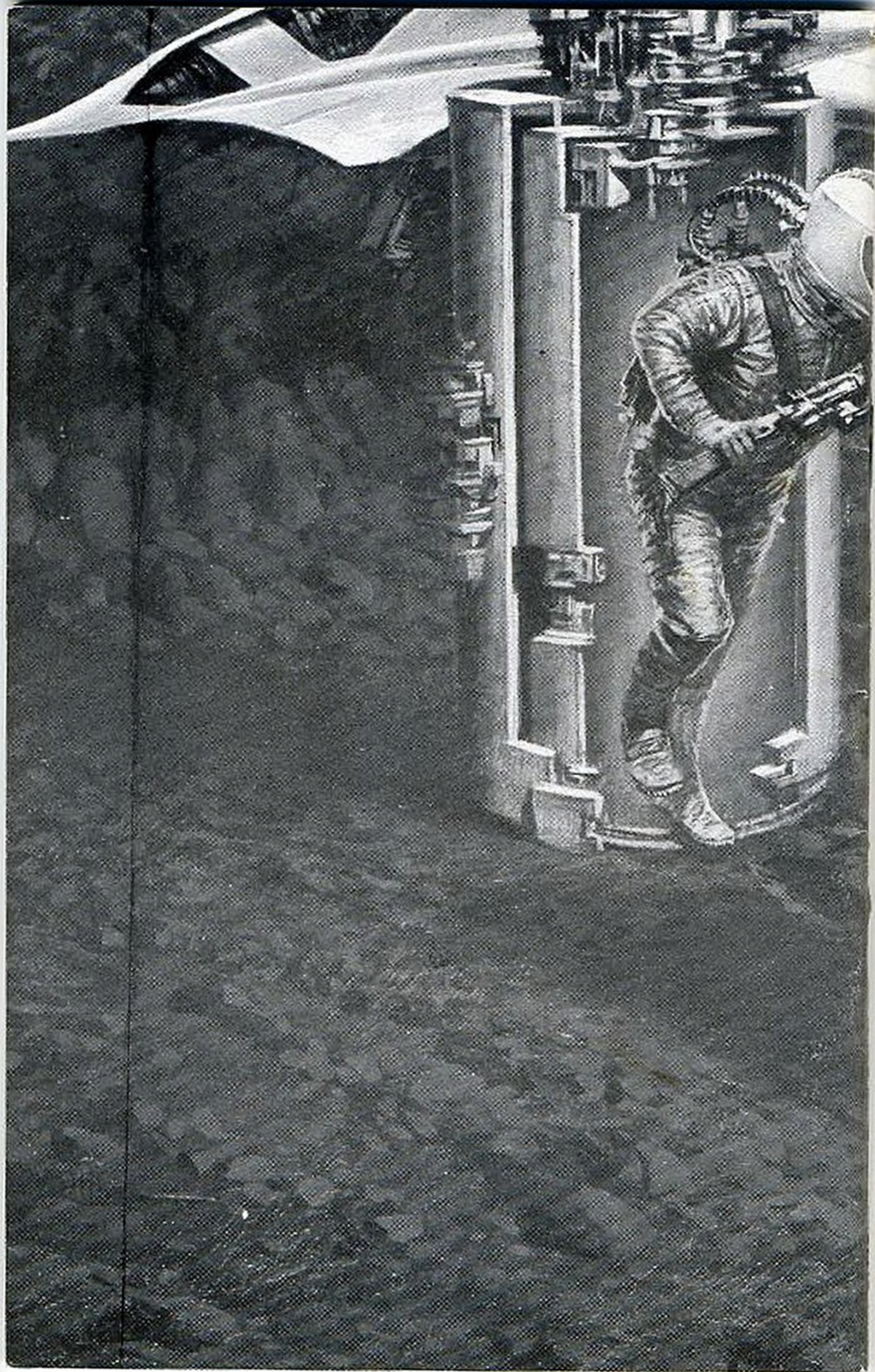
NOTES





POLLY
FREAS

1918 - 87



PAST LUNACONS

Year	Date	Guest(s) of Honor	Attendance
1957	May 12	—	65
1958	April 13	Frank R. Paul	85
1959	April 12	Lester del Rey	80
1960	April 10	Ed Emsh	75
1961	April 9	Willy Ley	105
1962	April 29	Frederick Pohl	105
1963	April 21	Judith Merril	115
1964		NO LUNACON -- WORLDCON	
1965	April 24	Hal Clement	135
1966	April 16-17	Issac Asimov	235
1967	April 29-30	James Blish	275
1968	April 20-21	Donald A. Wollheim	410
1969	April 12-13	Robert A. W. Lowndes	585
1970	April 11-12	Larry T. Shaw	735
1971	April 16-18	Pro: John W. Campbell Fan: Howard De Vore	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: Caban 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 and Elsie Wollheim	1500
1984	March 16-18	Writer: Terry Carr Artist: Tom Kidd Fan: Cy Chauvin	1400
1985	March 15-17	Writer: Gordon R. Dickson Artist: Don Maitz Fan: Curt Clemmer, D.I.	800
1986	March 7-9	Writer: Marta Randall Artist: Dawn Wilson Fan: Art Saha Special Guest: Madeleine L'Engle	1100
1987	March 20-22	Writer: Jack Williamson Artist: Darrell K. Sweet Fan: Jack L. Chalker Toastmaster: Mike Resnick	?