

LUNACON



TOR BOOKS

CONGRATULATES

HARRY
HARRISON

GUEST OF HONOR

LUNACON '88



Lunacon 1988

*March 11-13, 1988 Westchester
Marriott Hotel*

Harry Harrison

Writer Guest of Honor

N. Taylor Blanchard

Artist Guest of Honor

Pat Mueller

Fan Guest of Honor

Wilson Tucker

Toast Master

Acknowledgements

The committee would like to thank Judy Stern and the staff of the Westchester Marriott Hotel, Josephine Sachter, Paretzky Storage and Alan Zimmerman for Mimeo. The editor thanks all the contributors to this program book, with special thanks to Jane Jewell for the use of her photographs. The chairman wishes to thank his committee, assistants, and the staff without whom this convention would not be possible. He would also like to acknowledge the membership without whom it would not have been necessary.

Weapons Policy

No. None. Weapons are absolutely prohibited. People with weapons will not be registered. Weapons are defined as anything that is classified as a weapon by law, anything that is intended to represent a weapon in any way. This includes toy weapons of all types.

Masquerade exception: If a weapon is a necessary part of your costume, it may be worn in the Masquerade only. Going to and from the masquerade, it may be carried in an opaque carrying case (a paper bag is sufficient).

We are sorry for the strictness of this policy, but past incidents require that we do so.

Front Cover: "Death's Mistress" by N. Taylor Blanchard.

Rear Cover: "Broken Wings" by N. Taylor Blanchard.

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Chairman's Message

Welcome to Lunacon! We hope you enjoy the convention, and have a good time in beautiful downtown Tarrytown.

Those of you who are attending your first convention should find plenty of things to enjoy, including our Art Show, Dealer's Room, and of course the programming.

If you have any questions about the convention feel free to ask someone wearing a committee ribbon.

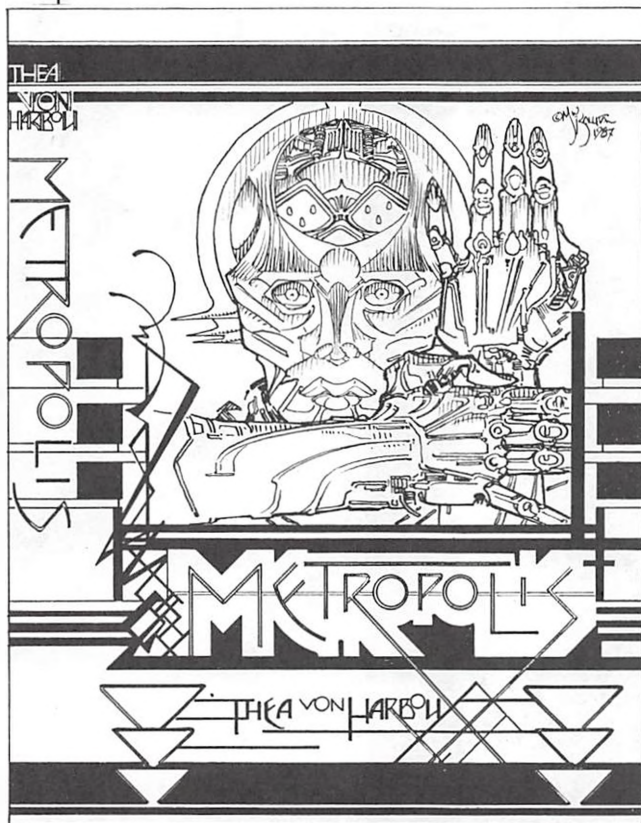
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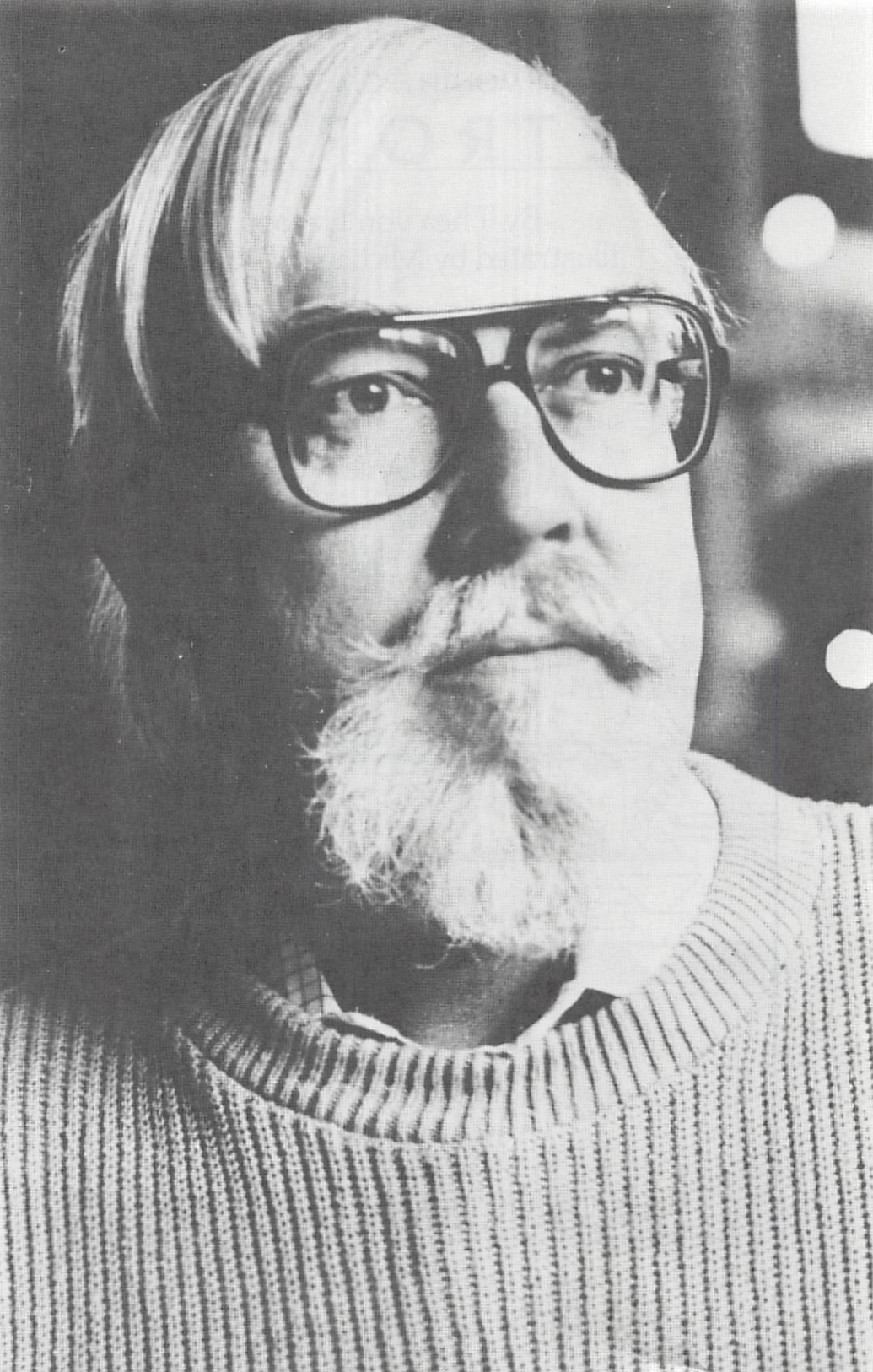
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The Stainless Steel Harrison

by Frederik Pohl

Right after World War II a young fellow named Harry Harrison popped up in New York fandom. Like a vast number of other fans his principal ambition was to become a pro; after all, if what you really care about in the world is science fiction, naturally that's where you want to make your career, as well.

The usual ways fans make that transition is to become professional writers or editors. Those avenues didn't look too promising to young Harry just then. Because the war was just over every possible editorial opening had a long line of aspirants wanting the job -- or wanting their own jobs back, some of them, so the odds were bad. Writing was a different problem, since, although Harry had a lot of bright ideas, he had somehow missed out on the niceties of spelling and punctuation.

That left art.

So Harry began trying to make a living as a professional artist. He did pretty well at it for a while, mostly in comics---he even began writing them as well as doing the art---but illustrating science-fiction magazines wasn't as much fun as he hoped. He still had all these good ideas. Drawing pictures of what some other person had thought of, put into a story, was kind of frustrating, because Harry was pretty sure ideas were often a lot better.

Then he made the crucial discovery. A writer didn't really have to be a great speller or typist. There was a short-cut available. All he had to do was marry somebody who had all these skills and let her do the typing for him!

And from that moment Harry's career began to take off.

Now it's forty years -- and any number of books and stories -- later, and Harry Harrison is one of the Grand Old Figures of science fiction. He's learned about spelling and punctuation now, and he's learned a lot more, as well. He's roamed the world -- I've run into him myself in places like Italy and Brazil, England and the U.S.S.R. -- and finally settled down, with his good wife, Joan, just outside of Dublin, Ireland. There he lives as lord of the manor in a great house on a hill . . . but that's not all Harry Harrison is lord of. He is one of the major figures in the great world of science fiction; single-handedly he put on some of the first big international meetings of science-fiction writers, editors, artists and others, which ultimately evolved into the international association of science-fiction professionals, World SF. (Of which Harry was the first President.) He helped establish the prestigious John W. Campbell international awards; he has edited anthologies and served a term as a literary critic; he has taught science fiction . . . and, most of all, he has written science fiction, so much of it and so great, from the "Stainless Steel Rat" series to West of Eden and its sequel, that no science-fiction library is complete without a healthy proportion of Harrisons.

He is also a hell of a lot of fun at a party -- and, for all these reasons and a lot more, a great choice as Guest of Honor!



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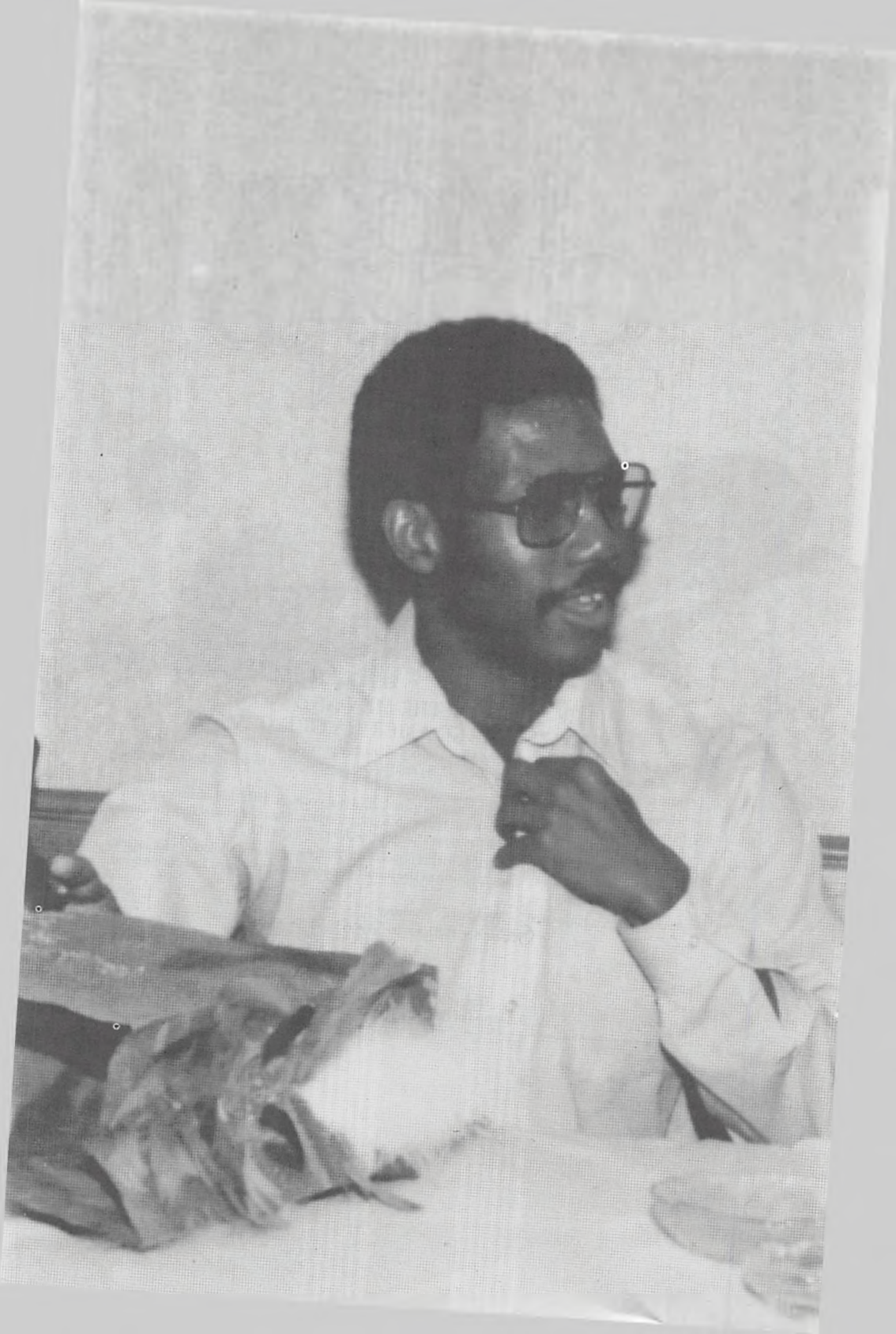
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N. Taylor Blanchard

By Josepha Sherman

Self-taught artist of fantasy, science fiction, and the bizarre, Taylor Blanchard got off to a good start by spending his formative years in a 200 year old house in New Jersey that was next door to a cemetery. With such a beginning, it's not surprising that he became an avid reader of fantasy and science fiction.

But the young Taylor hadn't the slightest intention of becoming an artist. He really wanted to be a scientist, possibly even an inventor. And though he was fascinated by the world of theatrical illusion, having performed as a stage magician and devised props and lighting for various High School productions, he went on to get his A.B. from Princeton University in Astrophysical Sciences (though not without a nod to science fiction: one paper was entitled, *A Tale of two Universes*), and to co-author two articles in the *Astrophysical Journal*.

But a disillusionment with astrophysics set in, due primarily to the lack of jobs for astrophysics majors. Still in love with the theater, Taylor achieved his M.F.A from New York University in Stage Design, and worked for some time in regional and off-Broadway theaters as a lighting designer.

Unfortunately, the theater business proved to be in even sorrier financial shape than the world of astrophysics. However, while at NYU, Taylor had begun to experiment with painting. And though those early pictures were, as he puts it, "really bad," he continued to practice and improve his technique till he was satisfied that his work was good enough to exhibit. Learning about science fiction conventions, Taylor entered his first

convention art show -- fittingly enough, at Lunacon -- in 1981. He's never, as the saying goes, looked back.

Word quickly spread about this major new talent, first within fandom, then within the professional editorial world. Owning an original Blanchard became a sought-after goal; at the 1985 Boskone he was the top selling artist, while at the 1986 Lastcon, a "feeding frenzy occurred, in which every piece he'd brought was snapped up. Since 1981, he's won several convention art awards, many at various Lunacons.

A casual conversation with a gamer led to Taylor's first illustration assignment: the cover and interior art for a game to be called *Phantasy Conclave*. Unfortunately, the game failed, but the artwork Taylor created for it was spectacular enough to gain him other commissions for games and gaming magazines such as *Fantasy Gamer*. These, in turn, led to a sale of eight paintings on fantastic themes to various fantasy, science fiction, and horror magazines in Germany, and to a non-genre assignment for the mainstream magazine, *American Visions*. Most recently, Taylor has done artwork for the Science Fiction Book Club flyer -- a lovely flat Earth to advertise Terry Pratchett's *The Color of Magic* -- illustrated several stories in *Aboriginal SF*, and painted the cover for the original Houghton Mifflin hardcover edition of Vonda McIntyre's young adult SF novel, *Barbary*.

As an artist, Taylor prefers fantastic subjects, anything from outright fantasy to hard SF (and, with his background, is prepared to defend the accuracy or feasibility of any of his astronomical

art!). He does, however, have two artistic prejudices: "I don't do Cute unless I'm paid a lot of money. I don't do Precious for anyone's money!" His paintings are primarily done in acrylic, using both brush and air brush, basically because of the medium's versatility and rapid drying time, though he's equally at home with black and white work, as anyone who's ever seen any of his chilling monochrome dark fantasies can attest. He does plan to try oils eventually, particularly since he's finally acquired a studio.

Perhaps one of the best examples of Taylor's professionalism is that cover painting for *Barbary*. Notice the pains he's taken to make a futuristic subject believable. Take a good look at that elegant alien spaceship in the background; it's as lovely as any vessel out of Faerie, but at the same time, it looks thoroughly spaceworthy. Stop to study the cat staring out at the viewer; this is definitely a living, breathing feline. But, most of all, consider the two heroines in their little space craft. Notice the subtle differences in their complexions, due not so much to racial backgrounds as to the fact that one girl has been exposed to genuine sunlight most of her life, while the other knows only the world of the space station. A small detail, perhaps, but it adds so much. In short, the man is an Artist.

He's also a hard-core chocoholic, and a helluva nice guy.



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by someone who's likely
to suffer bodily harm
the next time she sees him

Bill Bower

*always thought I should
do some
writing
(especially haiku)
(but subjects like bubblegum
and falling leaves
and three-year-old subway tokens
never struck me as significant enough)
besides, zen pennies are silly.*

---excerpt from "Ambitchion" by Pat

Mueller [1978]

...there is a certain sense of relief at having been asked to do this, that almost excuses having been given less than a week in which to complete it: I was beginning to think that I would never be asked to 'appreciate' anyone other than Mike Glicksohn. Even I can only recycle short jokes to a limit.

But the fact that I was asked to write about one of fandom's Special Ones, and one of my favorite people, makes it not a task, but a pleasure.

Pat Mueller was sucked into fandom in the mid-seventies, while a student in East Lansing, Michigan. Neither Pat, nor Fandom, has been the same since.

I first met Pat almost exactly ten years ago; mid-April 1978 to be exact. (...even though I had almost met her four times previously; but she can explain that!) At the time she was living in a slanshack in East Lansing ("Annie Hall"), that was inhabited by as incongruous a group of fans as one was likely to encounter anywhere: Hi ...Patrick ...Ken ...Annie-Laurie ...Stuart ...!

Even then Pat had produced several fanzines... even if one of her title choices did go slightly awry...

You can ask her about that. You can ask her also about the time when, as several fans were about to venture into a Toronto sportsjock bar and Glicksohn expressed some concern about her well-being, she calmly assured him that she could take care of herself. "I am a member of the Women's APA, you know," she stated directly.

You can ask Pat how to differentiate the gender of crystal goblets... and you can ask her about my life-expectancy after she reads this... But you should probably not ask her about cats and smalltown police stations.

Pat left Michigan, spent several years in Arizona, and settled in Texas... (Why Texas, I don't know; not with at least 47 other States better suited to human habitation...)

I suppose, although she will disagree, that Pat's major contribution to fandom, to date, has not been her writings of her fanzines...but rather that she has probably done more to help more conventions 'go well' than any of us are ever likely to know.

It is my considered opinion that, without her, the 1978 Worldcon (Iguanacon) would not have "worked"; it did. The night before the 1985 NASFiC, with her house full to the brim with the makings of a 2000 person convention--and with the Official Committee all 'out to dinner'...it was Pat who took the phone calls, directed the volunteers...and ran the errands. And last year she drove from Texas to Ohio (with

Edd Vick and some-guy-from-El Paso-who-eats-a-lot-of-my-food) to lend aid and encouragement to my own version of Corflu.

Pat tends to get overinvolved in these things, often to the detriment of her health. So...should she happen to ask if "there's anything she can do to help" at Lunacon...just say "No." Firmly. Persistently...

But there is hope that Pat will eventually give up this nonsense of "just helping" at every con she attends...and get back to the genuine roots of fandom...

The last several years she has edited a fanzine titled *The Texas SF Inquirer*. It's not as good as a Real Pat Mueller Fanzine would be, but it's still better than 90% of the assemblings of stapled pages that come into my mailbox. Apparently a few other people thought so, since it was nominated for a Hugo last year...

(My fanzines used to get nominated for Hugos... several times, actually. But the very last nomination was just before I met Pat. Strictly coincidence, I'm sure.)

Those of you who are about to meet Pat Mueller for the first time are in for a treat. She is delightful, warm ...and totally unassuming. And I'll bet that you soon discover just why there is a large contingent of Midwestern fans who'd love to have her move back this way... (And look at it this way: she'd be closer to Eastcoast cons, too.)

What the hell. She can bring Mr. Pat along...

*always thought I'd
do something:
important
worthwhile
extravagant of me, eh?*

---excerpt from "Ambitchion" by Pat Mueller [1978]

...wrong, Pat! You have done any number of "important" things over the past decade. And knowing you, and watching you grow over that span has certainly been one of the more "worthwhile" aspects of my life. And I know I'm not unique in that regard.

The Lunarians are giving you an Honor long overdue, and I'm truly sorry I can't be there to watch you jump up'n'down...but I hope you thoroughly enjoy yourself...! You deserve it.



About Wilson Tucker

by Robert Bloch

Over the years a great deal has been written about Wilson Tucker.

Mostly by me.

Some of it was even true.

After all, I've known this man for more than four decades and spent a lot of time in his Company. Together we have attended many conventions and broken a few.

In the past I've divided Tucker's accomplishments as a writer of science fiction and mystery-suspense, Tucker as a personal friend, *bon vivant* and talented toastmaster. Little has been left unsaid on these aspects of his abilities and amiabilities.

But it's Tucker the fan who has left a permanent imprint on the cowflop we call the science fiction world. Both as fanzine editor and writer, he helped establish a high standard of excellence, to say nothing of a low moral tone, which endures to this day.

Tucker's influence has been so pervasive and persuasive that it is impossible to imagine how fandom could have evolved without him. It's like trying to visualize a fanzine that doesn't contain a letter from Harry Warner, Jr., a convention with program events which begin on schedule, or a tongue-tied Isaac Asimov.

Certainly fandom would be the poorer without him. And certainly you, as an attendee of the 1988 Lunacon, are enriched by his presence. By all means enjoy him as your Toastmaster. But don't stop there -- seek him out, introduce yourself, buy him a drink. You will find him wherever the nightingales are singing and a bright Jim Beams.

As the late Joe Cook used to say, don't miss him if you can.

I Have My Vigil

By Harry Harrison

I am a robot.

When I say that, I say everything. And I say nothing. For they built me well on Earth, silver wired, chromed steel, machine turned. They turned out a machine, I, machine, without a soul, of course, which is why I am nothing. I am a machine and I have my duties and my duty is to take care of these three men. Who are now dead.

Just because they are dead does not mean that I can shirk my duty, no indeed. I am a very high class and expensive machine, so I may consider the absurdity of what I do even as I do it. But I do it. Like a switched-on lathe I keep turning whether there is metal in the chuck or no, or a turned-on printing press inking and slamming shut my jaws, knowing not nor caring neither whether there is paper there before.

I am a robot. Cunningly crafted, turned out uniquely, one of a kind, equipped and dispatched on this, the very first star ship, to tend it and care for the heroes of mankind. This is their trip and their glory, and I am, as the human expression goes, just along for the ride. A metal servitor serving and continuing to serve. Although. They. Are. Dead.

I will now tell myself once more what happened. Men are not designed to live in the no-space between the stars. Robots are.

Now I will set the table. I set the table. The first one to look out through the thick glass at the nothing that fills the no-space was Hardesty. I set his place at the table. He looked out, then went to his room and killed himself. I found him too late dead with all of the blood from his large body run out through his severed wrists and onto the cabin floor.

Now I knock on Hardesty's door and open it. He lies on his bunk and does not move. He is very pale. I close his door and go to the table and turn his plate over. He will not be eating this meal.

There are two more places to be set at the table, and as my metal fingers clatter against the plates I, through a very obvious process of association, think of the advantages of having metal fingers. Larson had human fingers of flesh, and he locked them onto Neal's throat after he had looked at no-space, and he kept them there, very securely clamped they must have been, remaining so even after Neal had slipped a dinner knife, this knife in fact, between Larson's fourth and fifth rib on the left-handed side. Neal never did see no-space, not that that made any difference. He did not move

even after I removed, one by one, the fingers of Larson from his throat. He is in his cabin now and dinner is ready, sir, I say, knocking, but there is no answer. I open the door and Neal is on the bunk with his eyes closed so I close the door. My electronic olfactory organs have told me that there is something very strong in the cabin.

One. Turn Neal's plate face down in its place.

Two. Knock on Larson's cabin door.

Three ...

Four ...

Five. Turn Larson's plate face down in its place.

I now clear off the table and I think about it. The ship functions and it has looked at no-space. I function and I have looked at no-space. The men do not function and they have looked at no-space.

Machines may travel to the stars; men may not. This is a very important thought, and I must return to Earth and tell the men there about it. Each ship-day after each meal I think this thought again and think how important it is. I have little capacity for original thought; a robot is a machine, and perhaps this is the only original thought I will ever have. Therefore it is an important thought.

I am a very good robot with a very good brain, and perhaps my brain is better made than they knew in the factory. I have had an original thought, and I was not designed for that. I was designed to serve the men on this ship and to speak to them in English, which is a very complex language even for a robot. I English in a German manner do not talk, nor do I, fingers metal, eyes glasses, talk it in the style of the Latin. But I have to know about these things so that I do not do them. Robots are well made.

Watch. With fast feet and long legs I rapidly run to the control column and bash buttons with flickering fingers. I can make words rhyme, though I cannot write a poem. I know there is a difference, although I do not know what the difference is.

I read the readings. We have been to Alpha Centauri in this ship and we now return. I do not know anything about Alpha Centauri. When we reached Alpha Centauri I turned the ship around and started back to Earth. More important than the incredible novelty of stellar exploration is the message I must take to Earth.

Those words about incredible novelty are not my words but the words I heard once spoken by the man Larson. Robots do not say things like that.

Robots do not have souls, for what would a robot soul look like? A neatly and smoothly machined metal canister? And what would be in the can?

Robots do not have thoughts like that.

I must set the table for dinner. Plates here, forks here, spoons here, knives here.

"I've cut my finger! Damn it - it's bleeding all over the cloth ..."

BLEEDING?

BLEEDING!

I am a robot. I have my work to do. I set the table.

There is something red on my metal finger.

It must be ketchup from the bottle.



Sharon has left Templeton's Workshop and is now on her own as:

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A paid, non-political communique of the Party Animal Party.

Starting the year with a bang

The 1988 Spectra list is the most exciting science fiction and fantasy list Bantam has ever published (he said modestly). And the first four months get it off to quite a start.

JANUARY: Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman write incredible epic fantasy sagas. I mean, you could *live* in their *Dragonance Legends* trilogy. Well, now they're publishing with us and their new novel, *Forging the Darksword* begins their *Darksword Trilogy* in grand fashion. Lots of people had wonderful things to say about George Alec Effinger's *When Gravity Falls* when it was published in hardcover. It's now available in paperback and if you haven't read it yet, you're in for a real treat. Speaking of treats, readers were absolutely amazed that a work as accomplished as Robert Charles Wilson's *A Hidden Place* was a first novel. But now his new novel, *Memory Wire* is out and they're realizing that his first book just gave a hint at how extraordinary he was going to be (Orson Scott Card called *Memory Wire* "a profound and beautiful work of art"). Also out this month is *The Rebel Dynasty, Volume Two*, two of F.M. Busby's terrific Hulzein novels (*The Alien Debt* and *Rebel's Seed*) in one book.

FEBRUARY: Ian MacDonald is a one-of-a-kind writer. His short fiction was so distinctive that it garnered him a nomination for the John W. Campbell Award. His first novel, *Desolation Road* is simply brilliant. *Locus* calls it "spectacular," and Philip José Farmer said it was "extraordinary and more than that." Who's to argue? In February, in addition to publishing *Desolation Road*, we've collected lan's stories (including some never before in print) in a volume entitled *Empire Dreams*. The month hardly stops there, though. There's Parke Godwin's gorgeous contemporary fantasy, *A Truce with Time* in hardcover. It's touching, poignant and funny. And there's Warren Norwood's first fantasy novel, *True Jaguar*, which Anne McCaffrey calls "smashing good." And there's the second volume in Roger Zelazny's exciting *Alien Speedway* series, *Pitfall*, written by Thomas Wylde.

JANUARY



FEBRUARY



MARCH: F.M. Busby's been writing power-packed sf novels for years (*Rissa Kerguelen*, *Star Rebel*, *Rebel's Seed* and *The Demu Trilogy*, to name a few). In March, he really stretches out with his most ambitious work to date, *The Breeds of Man*. It's a knockout story about humanity's next step on the evolutionary ladder which Janet Morris calls "a major accomplishment by a writer of real ability." March also marks the publication of the second volume in Jonathan Wylie's *Servants of Ark* fantasy trilogy, *The Center of the Circle*. Responses to the first volume in this series, *The First Named* (which we published in November) have been uniformly enthusiastic. We also have Richard Bowker's cunning novel of psychic detection, *Marlborough Street*, and two Elizabeth Scarborough humorous fantasies (*Bronwyn's Bane* and *The Christening Quest*) in one volume, which we call *Songs from the Seashell Archives, Volume Two* (we published Volume One in October).

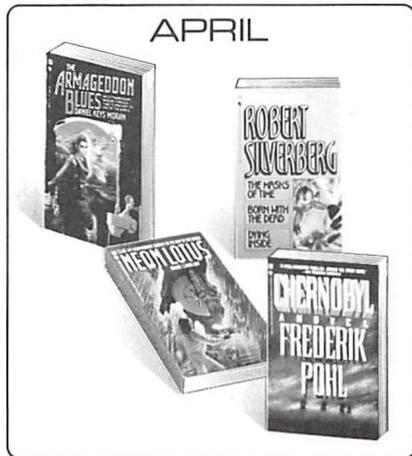
APRIL: A while back, I called Frederik Pohl's *Chernobyl* one of the most important novels of the year. It seems that quite a few people agree with me. Everyone from the *New York Times Book Review* to the *Chicago Sun-Times* to the *San Francisco Chronicle* to the *Los Angeles Times Book Review* has said wonderful things about it and *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* even said it was "arguably the best Frederik Pohl has ever written." This April, it will be available in paperback and, if you haven't read it yet, you'll have a chance to find out what all the fuss is about. There are also two very strong novels by terrific young writers in April. *Neon Lotus* by Mark Laidlaw is a fascinating journey to the roof of the world. And Daniel Keys Moran's *The Armageddon Blues* is a truly gripping tale about a woman who travels 700 years to prevent a nuclear disaster. Also this month is the first one-volume publication of three of Robert Silverberg's finest, *The Masks of Time*, *Born with the Dead* and *Dying Inside*.

There's a lot of great stuff here. And you'll be amazed to hear what's coming in the spring. But that's for another letter...

Enjoy,



Publisher, Bantam Spectra Books



In Memoriam

Alfred Bester



Joseph LoBrutto



Terry Carr



Lin Carter



Richard Delap



Richard Feynman



Randall Garrett

In Memoriam

James Tiptree, Jr. (Alice Sheldon)



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| 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 Emsch | 75 |
| 1961 | April 9 | Willy Ley | 105 |
| 1962 | April 29 | Fredrik Pohl | 105 |
| 1963 | April 21 | Judith Merril | 115 |
| 1964 | | NO LUNACON--NY WORLD'S FAIR | |
| 1965 | April 24 | Hal Clement | 135 |
| 1966 | April 16-17 | Isaac Asimov | 235 |
| 1967 | April 29-30 | James Blish | 275 |
| 1968 | April 20-21 | Donald A. Wollheim | 410 |
| 1969 | April 12-13 | Robert A. W. Lowndes | 585 |
| 1970 | April 11-12 | Larry T. Shaw | 735 |
| 1971 | April 16-18 | 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 Cathrine C. de Camp | 900 |
| 1978 | February 24-26 | Robert Bloch | 450 |
| 1979 | March 30-April 1 | Writer: Ron Goulart Artist: Gahan Wilson | 650 |
| 1980 | March 14-16 | Writer: Larry Niven Artist: Dicient DiFate | 750 |
| 1981 | March 20-22 | Writer: James White Artist: Jack Gaughan | 875 |
| 1982 | March 19-21 | Writer: Fred Saberhagen Artist: John Schoenherr Fan: Steve Stiles | 1100 |
| 1983 | March 18-20 | Writer: Anne McCaffrey Artist: Barbi Johnson Fan: Donald and Elsie Wolheim | 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 | 1100 |
| 1987 | March 20-22 | Special Guest: Madeleine L'Engle Writer: Jack Williamson Artist: Darrell K. Sweet Fan: Jack L. Chalker Toastmaster: Mike Resnick | 1200 |
| 1988 | March 11-13 | Writer: Harry Harrison Artist: N. Taylor Blanchard Fan: Pat Mueller Toastmaster: Wilson Tucker | ? |

PAST LUNACONS

