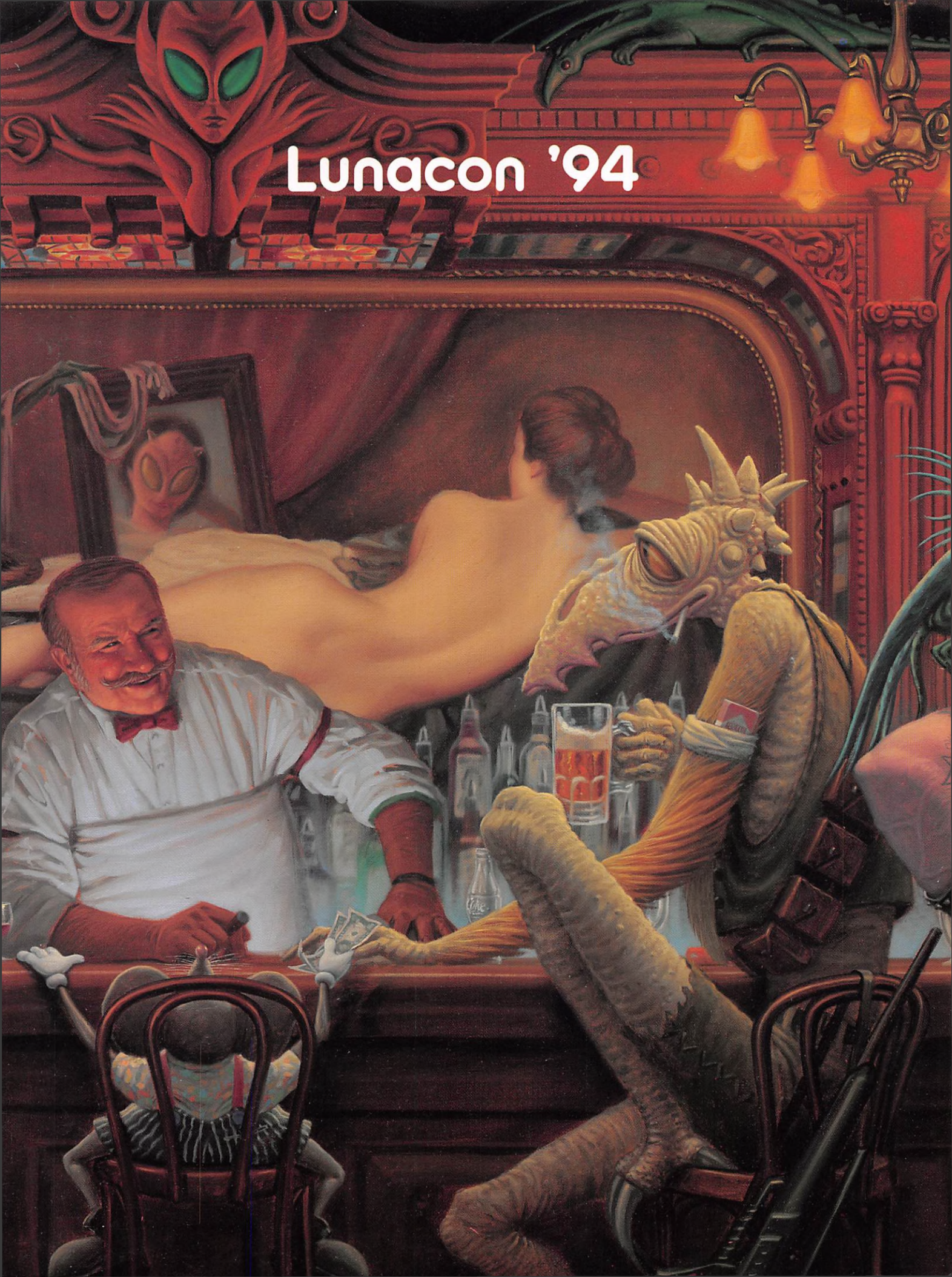


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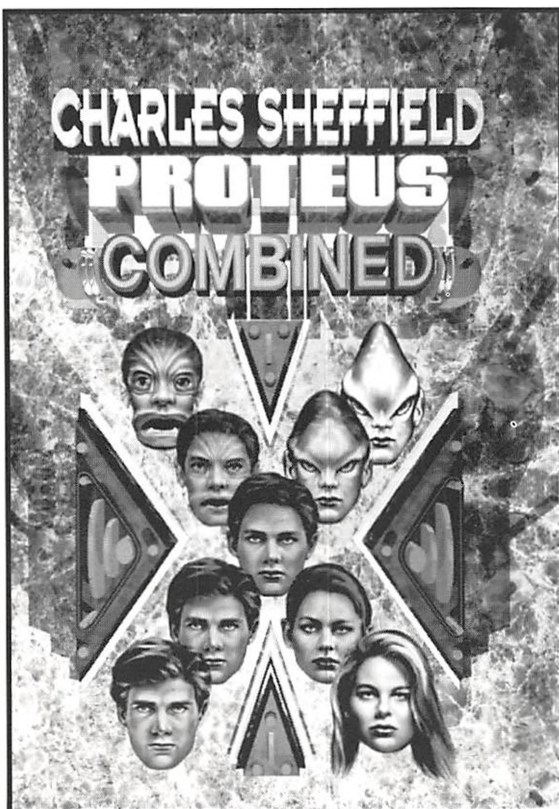
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We regret the severity of the above items, but past incidents have indicated the need for these policies. Please remember to use discretion and be considerate of other hotel guests. Thank you.

## Acknowledgements

We would like to express our thanks and appreciation to those people and organizations without whose assistance *Lunacon '94* would not be possible: the Rye Town Hilton, Our Honored Guests, all the contributors to this book – named and unnamed, certain office machinery that (as usual) insisted upon its anonymity, Lee Thalblum, Larry St. Clair, Sondra Lehman, Irv Kershen, the publishers and others who have so generously supported our Book Exhibit and Raffle (and the *Lunarians'* Donald A. Wollheim Memorial Scholarship Fund), numerous pets for allowing their owners to do this work, and our fellow Committee members.

And a Special Thank You to all our volunteer staff.

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He blinked. The pasture clicked into close focus. The blue light was real. Not much brighter than the fog, it flitted from corpse to corpse like a butterfly among flowers.

The thing was closer now, moving through the log fence like a ghost. The sound in his mind grew louder, the tap-tap-tap more authoritative now, hail more than sleet. Gordon was afraid that he would freeze where he sat and that the duty officer would find him at lunchtime, arms and legs encased in ice, mouth open like the gassed dead in a last, airless shriek.

Gordon's thumb finally found the bulge at his little finger, finally steadied a bit. He backed up a few feet to move the light into the kill box. Out of the corner of his vision he could see the robot fingers mimic his hand's firing position. The steel hand, too, was trembling.

An explosion of light and sound. In the chaos something scraped his cheeks, nicked the bridge of his nose.

"Don't fire!" Colonel Pelham was shouting. "For God's sake, don't fire!"—Excerpted from *Cold Allies*

"A brilliant, fragmented vision of a desperate near-future..."—*Locus*

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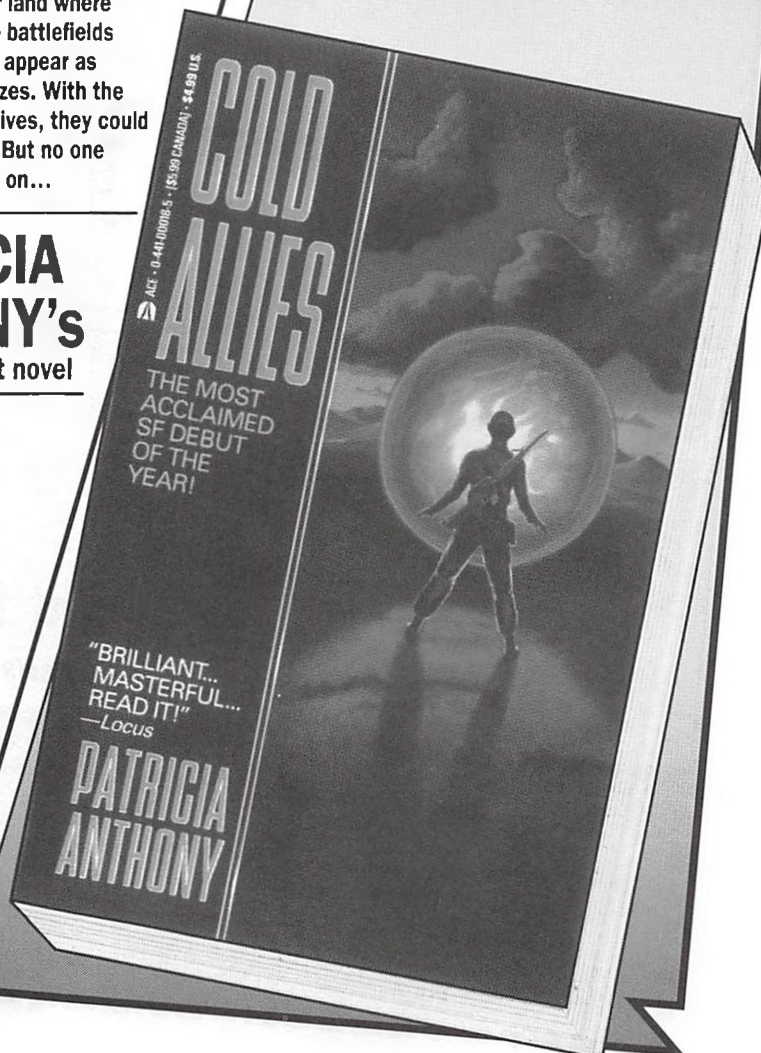
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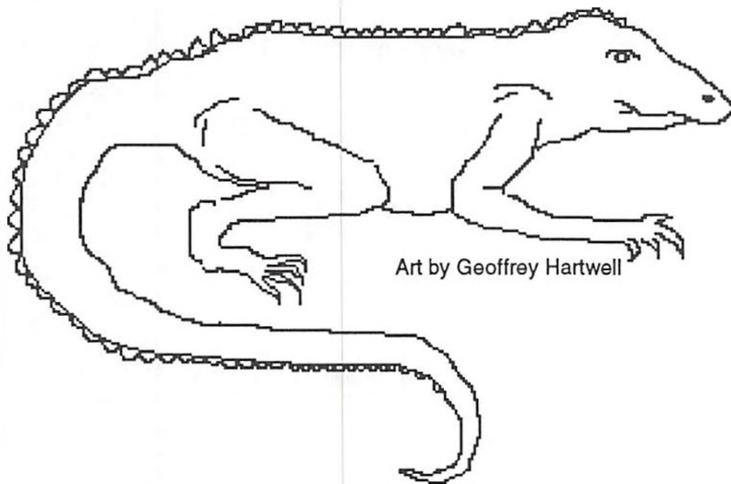
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# Vonda N. McIntyre: The Real Story

by Eileen Gunn



You people attending *Lunacon* probably think you know a lot about Vonda N. McIntyre, right? That's why you invited her to be Guest of Honor, right?

Well, you're wrong. Maybe you know *some* things about her. Maybe you know her books, for instance. Maybe you know her unassailable generosity and strength of spirit. Maybe you even know her middle name. (I will not reveal it here, but it distinguishes her from her mother.)

But do you know her lost novel *Droomslang*, her secret persona Ygor, her clandestine taste for country music? Do you know that she used to stable her horse where Microsoft sits right now? You don't? Then you do not know everything about Vonda N. McIntyre. Come closer, and I will tell you more things of which others are unaware.

Very few people, for instance, know that Vonda keeps a large personal menagerie of wild snakes, tame wolves, and cloned dinosaurs, plus a huge mole named Philby that sleeps on the hassock in her office, and a wolverine named Ursula, of which she is inordinately fond. In addition, Vonda has created an urban-wildlife rescue area, with crocuses, on the parking strip in front of her house. It attracts and nurtures native Seattle wildlife, such as raccoons, possums, wombats, slugs, grunge bands, and bald eagles.

She also controls a vast woodland empire, where she's building a stately pleasure-dome out of recycled popsicle sticks. She personally oversaw the planting of thousands of tiny trees on this preserve, which contains a trout-stream with genuine trout in it. She feeds the trout home-made chocolate-chip cookies, which they take from her hand, emitting chirps of pleasure. From time to time, salmon wend their way upstream to spawn. It's extremely bucolic and picturesque, or will be when the trees get bigger.

You are all aware, I am sure, that Vonda is a superb cook, specializing in certain Seattle delicacies: coffee, chocolate decadence with raspberry sauce, and the occasional geoduck sushi for fiber. But not many of you know that she prepares an excellent hot-and-sour soup. It's true, and if it were more widely known, she would undoubtedly have gained an unsought three-star rating in the Guide Michelin, and the crocuses on her parking strip would be overrun with BMWs. So we'll let this be our little secret, won't we? And you might

keep mum about the chocolate decadence, too, while you're at it – there'll be all the more for those of us in the know.

This weekend you will witness Vonda's ability to make an elegant personal fashion statement: suede boots, silk shirts, the restrained use of gemlike color. I will disclose here the darker side of her fashion sense: the stuffed effigy of a beaver (*Castor canadensis*) named Roscoe that she dressed for Westercon last summer. Roscoe, bedecked with velvet, satin, gold spraypaint, brass chains, and iridescent glow-in-the-dark fishing lures, like some sasquatchian Infant of Prague, may foreshadow an in-your-face, go-for-broke rebellion on Vonda's part against her accustomed wardrobe. Or he may not.

Many people writing about Vonda would mention how responsible she is, how loyal to her friends, how helpful to those in need. Such talk makes her seem much older than she is, and gives the impression that she's part sheepdog and part boy-scout, which she isn't. But I would like to add here that Vonda can be a very forgiving person. How do I know this? Well, one lovely June evening, I lured her to a railway siding where the Survival Research Laboratories seated her amongst tall strangers, then assaulted her with noise and drenched her in crickets and rocket fuel. She forgave me for that. She may even, some day, forgive me for this biography.

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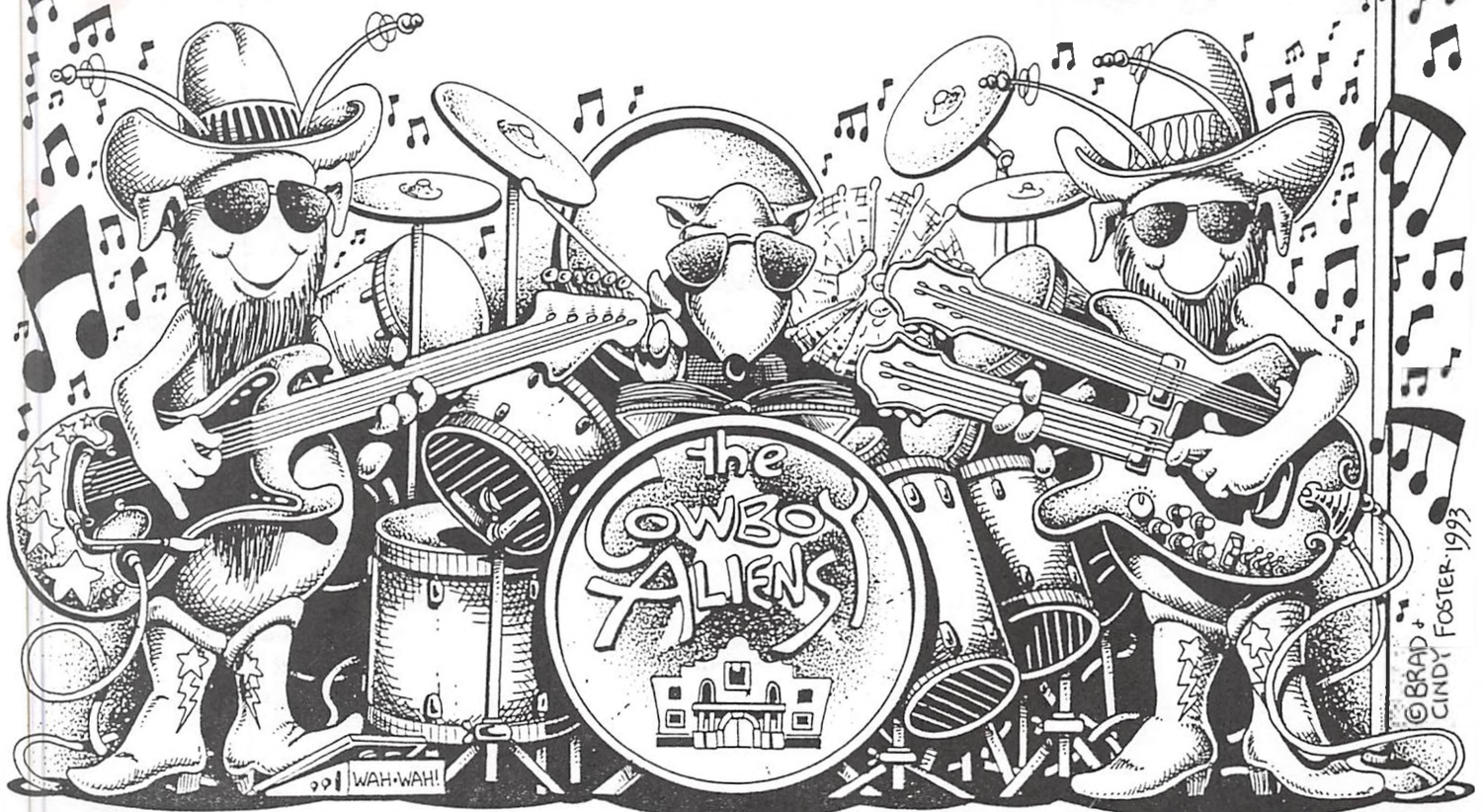
Music, parties, chili, and good times -- that's what we've been bringing you for the last couple of years and what you'll get when you come to San Antonio. It'll be time to vote soon, so don't forget Al and Mo, the Cowboy Aliens, and their friends, Tank and Bev. And like we've said all along, "Thanks for your support."

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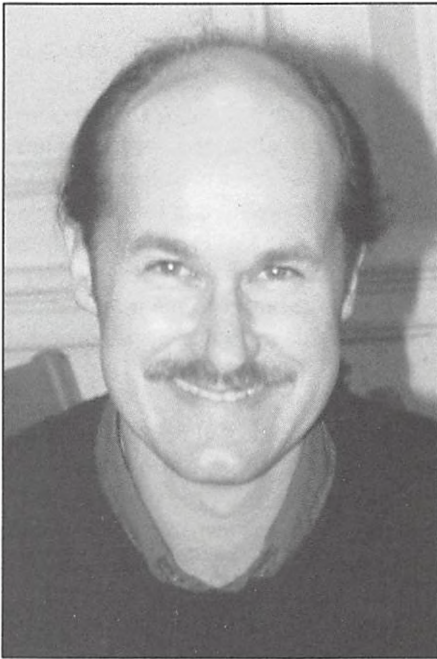
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# James Warhola: A Profile

By Paul Chadwick

James Warhola's many SF and fantasy paperback cover paintings are distinctive for both their ambitiousness and assured oil painting technique. From moody, mysterious scenes to the wildly complex and whimsical covers that have become his main stock in trade, Warhola brings his exceptional training and dedication to his craft.

Born in 1955, Warhola grew up in Pittsburgh with three brothers and sisters. Perhaps because his uncle was a successful artist, his parents encouraged his early enthusiasm for art, and from fifth grade on, he attended Saturday art classes at the Carnegie Museum. Warhola suspects their supportiveness might have waned had they learned their teenaged son was drawing nude models. But he kept his life drawings tucked safely away and eventually became accomplished enough to win an art scholarship to Carnegie-Mellon University.



During his youth, Warhola was a comics fan. His interest was shared by schoolmate Bill G. Wilson, who published one of the most handsome comics fanzines of the early seventies, *The Collector* – where some of Warhola's earliest published artwork appeared. Together with Wilson, Warhola would take the long bus trip to New York to attend Phil Seuling's comics conventions. The paintings exhibited there, particularly those of Frank Frazetta, deeply impressed him. He especially remembers being struck by a room full of Jeff Jones' cover paintings – "large, brushy, beautifully designed pictures," in Warhola's words. "It was then that I started to realize that more than comics, I wanted to do figurative oil painting."

Still, Warhola was cautious enough to take instruction in graphic and industrial design, as well as illustration, when he earned his scholarship to Carnegie-Mellon University. Graduating in 1977, he took to New York a mixed, somewhat unfocused portfolio.

He found work doing typographic design, package design, even toy displays, but always kept working on his painting skills. An exhibition at the Art Students League of paintings by students of Robert Shultz and Jack Faragasso prompted him to take classes from both men. They (along with Michael Aviano, Warhola's later and probably most influential teacher) taught the Frank Reilly method, a highly systematic approach to realistic drawing and painting.

Frank Reilly had studied with Golden Age illustrator Dean Cornwell, the legendary anatomist George Bridgeman, and the revered painter Frank Vincent Dumond. Drawing from their knowledge (including, via Cornwell, the Howard Pyle tradition), Reilly developed a teaching curriculum that, amid the experimental ferment of modernism, preserved and championed the craft of realistic painting. Something of a legend himself in the illustration community, Reilly's classes at the Art Students League, and later at his own school, were always filled to capacity. Probably the most familiar of Reilly's students is hyper-realist James Bama, known for his *Doc Savage* paperback covers.

Warhola's teachers had also been Reilly's students, and they passed on the method as Reilly had taught it. An important part of the method was a highly controlled palette, each hue laid out in numbered mixtures going from light to dark. "This allowed for very specific criticism," says Warhola. The instructor could point to an area in your painting and tell you the tones should be 6, 7 and 8 rather than 4, 5 and 6." Also stressed was constructive drawing of the figure, systematically adding basic shapes (large to small) onto the line of action.

This training gave Warhola a formidable foundation on which to build his career.

---

Even his earliest published paintings (in 1980) show solid control of drawing, tonality and focus. These were for *Questar*, a magazine published by his old friend Bill Wilson. Soon afterwards, Warhola painted his first paperback cover for *The Book of Philip José Farmer*. Depicting Farmer himself surrounded by his characters as he types, the painting so charmed Farmer's wife that she bought it as a gift for the writer.

Numerous covers followed, for books by Spider Robinson, Ben Bova, Keith Laumer, Ron Goulart (*Suicide, Inc.* sports an absolute gem, featuring three animal-derived alien muggers confronting the viewer) and many others. Ace Books tapped Warhola to do an elegant series of vertically-cropped paintings for a number of Heinlein reissues, including *Stranger in a Strange Land*, *Starship Troopers*, and *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress*. Warhola's exquisite rendering of the jeweled, sculpted head featured in William Gibson's *Neuromancer* appeared on the Ace Special Edition of that book.

But Warhola's forte is the complicated scene filled with figures and props that tells a story – frequently with a humorous slant. Examples of this can be found on the covers of Spider Robinson's books about Callahan's Crosstime Saloon, *Callahan's Secret* being a particularly handsome specimen. A gloriously cluttered sorcerer's lair is featured on the cover of *The Luck of Rulian Kru* by Paula Volsky. Roger Zelazny's *Unicorn Variations* features another barroom scene, this time with a chess-playing man cheerfully putting his opponent's king in check. His opponent is a black unicorn, and comical ogres and gryphons surround them, smoking and guzzling beers as they try to second-guess the players. Warhola's covers for the Arabian Nights inspired series *Arabesques*, edited by Susan Schwartz, also employ this intricate, lighthearted approach.

In recent years, Warhola has brought this approach to a number of children's books, starting in 1988 with *The Pumpkinville Mystery* by Bruce Cole. A spurious explanation of the origin of Jack-O-Lanterns, the tale gives Warhola the freedom to push his academic drawing and painting skills into the realm of caricature. Warhola executed these illustrations in watercolor, as well as those for the books that followed: *Jack and the Beanstalk* (retold by Susan Pearson) and *Well, I Never!* (by the same author), a tall tale of a day on the farm when pigs float, sheep are bound into bales and the world goes mad, though not in a serious way. Later this year a Warhola-illustrated version of Rodgers and Hammerstein's *My Favorite Things* will be published.

When asked if this specialization in humor came about through chance or intent, Warhola indicated the latter. "It's what I like the most. When I show my samples these days, that's the direction I weight my portfolio." This has led him to one long-standing mecca for humorous illustrators: *Mad* magazine. His cover spoofing movie heroes and their monstrous knives featured Rambo's and Crocodile Dundee's knives (with representations of their heads on the hilts) standing at their points, flanking a dinner fork topped with a likeness of Alfred E. Newman. (Before leaving the subject of where Warhola's work has been published, mention must be made of the strangest case: the May 5, 1987 edition of the *National Examiner*, a supermarket tabloid. For some reason, sandwiched between "Marriage Secrets of Jim & Tammy Baker" and "Your Pet Can Help Predict the Future" was "Simply Fantastic," a review of an exhibition of fantasy art at the Delaware Art Museum. Paintings of Warhola and Don Maitz were reproduced in glowing praise. To this day, Warhola professes bafflement about the whole affair.)

After establishing himself in New York City for a decade or so, Warhola moved upstate to Rhinebeck, a quaint Hudson Valley town that is also home to SF illustrators Jim Gurney and Brad Teare. He attends the life drawing sessions held at Berni Wrightson's studio in nearby Woodstock, and participates in the loose, lively

---

social scene of fantasy illustrators and comic artists that thrives in the area.

Warhola is also a seasoned world traveller. He has travelled several times to Eastern Europe and Southeast Asia, the most recent trip with Seattle painter (and fellow Aviano student) Paul Mullaly. In addition to photographs, Warhola makes sketches during his travels, braving the curious onlookers that inevitably gather, though they frequently ignore American concepts of acceptable personal space.

It might seem ironic that Warhola embraces the classic value of academic painting after his famous uncle (who shortened his name to Warhol) achieved such eminence while ignoring them. But it's not quite so simple. "Uncle Andy collected Maxfield Parrish, Pre-Raphaelite and Early American paintings with genuine appreciation. I think that rather than disdaining good draughtsmanship and painting, he just recognized he wasn't cut out for that sort of work; he decided to become a conceptual artist. In fact, abstract expressionists couldn't stand him because he turned his back on *their* aesthetics and made paintings that actually *depicted* things – soup cans, movie stars and so on."

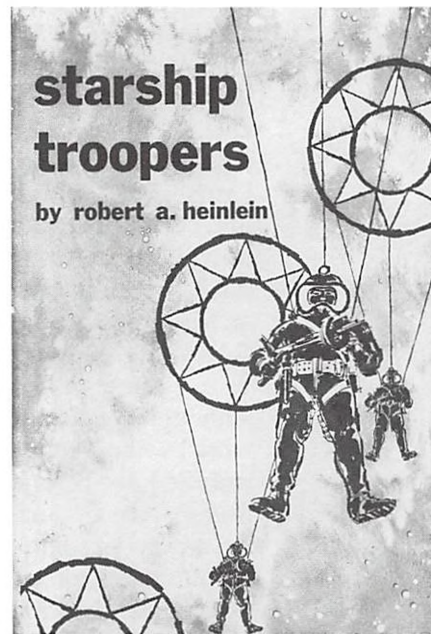
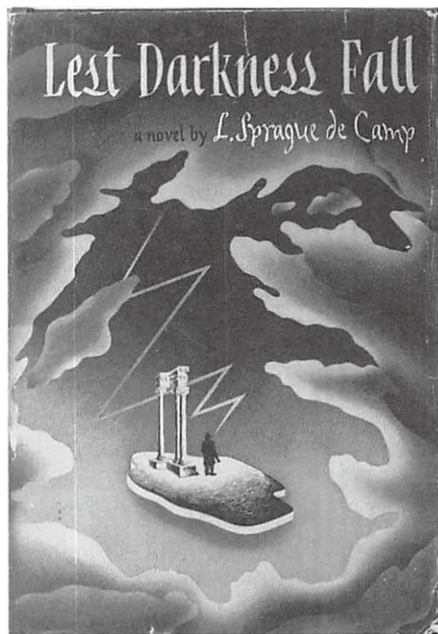
Although Warhola was on good terms with his uncle, and remembers being put to work by him a couple of times at an early age (even Warhola's grandmother was recruited; she became adept at signing Warhol's name), he never became part of the Factory "scene," and was, obviously, drawn in a completely different direction artistically. Academic painters like Gerome, Bougereau and Alma-Tadema are among his influences, along with Sargent and illustrators like Howard Pyle and N.C. Wyeth. One painter with whom Warhola shares striking similarities is Joseph Wright of Derby. This 18th Century English artist is probably most famous for his painting depicting a candlelit demonstration of a vacuum – onlookers reacting as a bird dies in a glass vessel that has been evacuated of air. An acute awareness of light, and a highly polished rendering approach to an abundance of detail characterize his style. "Wright is one of my heroes," admits Warhola.

Recent enthusiasms include Dutch artists like Vermeer, early Rembrandt, Teggren, even Breughel. Another recent discovery is Karl Spitzwig, an 18th century realist who is in some ways a forerunner of Norman Rockwell in his humorous mode. And Warhola gushes when speaking of the recent Van Dyke show at the National Gallery in Washington, D.C. "You know how you can get the feeling looking at a Sargent that he was showing off just how few strokes he needed to capture a face or figure – well, Van Dyke has that, plus a quality of refinement that just makes the paintings *glow*. The lighting, the flesh tones, the subtle modulations are just exquisite."

With the exception of the showily facile brushwork, these plaudits could be justly applied to Warhola's work itself. An artist's artist, he continues to bring the strengths of classically rigorous training to his often whimsical personal visions. As one of the leading artists in the field, Warhola is a big part of the reason that SF and fantasy illustration is at a high point of craft and creativity today.



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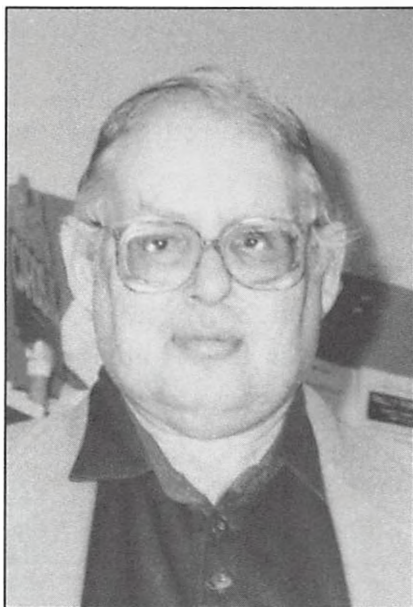
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# Walter R. Cole

by Sam Moskowitz



His greatest achievement of Walter R. Cole's science fiction activities was his compilation and issuance of *A Checklist of Science Fiction Anthologies* in 1964, thirty years ago. Up to that time there had never been such a reference tool even though over 299 narrowly defined science fiction anthologies had been published containing nearly 2700 stories or entries. He had been working on the idea for 10 years before that date, but officially presented the concept in his article "On Science Fiction Anthologies" which was featured in the Spring 1957 issue of *The Science Fiction World*. That publication was part of the promotional plans of Gnome Press, one of the leading fantasy specialty firms of that era and received wide distribution. In reviewing the book Robert Silverberg in the May 1965 issue of *Amazing Stories* said of it: "Cole has indexed and cross indexed just about every science fiction anthology ever published...There is a list of anthologies alphabetically by title and another one alphabetically by editors; the stories included are alphabetically arranged and also are grouped by their authors. Most remarkably Cole has tracked down the original magazine appearance of each story... this is a majestic volume, thick and sturdy, that will stand for a long time among the best bibliographical reference works the field has produced."

P. Schuyler Miller in the August 1965 *Analog* gave it the leading review as the book-of-the-month in his "Reference Library" and said of it: "Right at the front of my useful list of reference books."

The three decades since Cole published his work have seen anthologies proliferate to the point where his pioneering effort can no longer make a claim to completeness, but for its time it was a wonder both in content and physical makeup. Many will still want to read the introduction that Theodore Sturgeon proudly wrote for it.

Walter Cole was born in Brooklyn, April 19, 1931 and has resided in that borough of New York City all of his life. His family name was originally Kohl but was changed Cole to simplify matters.

His interest in science fiction was kindled by his fascination with astronomy. He was a member of the Junior Astronomy Club and The Eastern Telescope Makers Association. His earliest contributions to science fiction fan magazines underscored that interest, he contributed to Franklin Dietz's fan magazine *Science, Fantasy and Science Fiction* two well-written articles "The Hale Telescope," dealing with the 200-inch lens at Mt. Palomar in the October 1948 issue and "A Great Astronomer" reviewing the life and achievement of George Ellery Hale, its inspirator in the January 1949 issue.

In 1949, he became interested in photography and formed *The Science Fiction Photo Bureau*, supplying copies of photos taken at science fiction conventions and meetings. His biggest coup in this direction was when he accompanied Franklin Dietz to Hugo Gernsback's offices and took photos while Dietz interviewed "the father of science fiction." An account of this appeared in the October 1949 issue of *Science, Fantasy and Science Fiction*.

Cole was not present at the formative meeting of the *Lunarians* held at the home of Belle and Franklin Dietz in November 1956, but he was a regular member by 1958 rarely missing these fraternal sessions with Robert Silverberg, Hans Santesson, Sam Moskowitz, and Henry Morrison regularly in attendance at which was regularly served an elaborate meal for one dollar. He assisted on the preparation of the first *Lunacon* May 12, 1957 featuring a panel on Ray Cummings participated in by Lester del Rey, Sam Moskowitz and Thos. S. Gardner. In keeping with the club tradition blueberry muffins and coffee were served at the affair.

---

In 1957, David Kyle and his fiancée Ruth Landis organized a group flight to the London World Science Fiction Convention of that year. Following the convention there was a surplus from the flight fund which members of the *Lunarians* alleged the Kyle's (then married) had mismanaged. Walt Cole launched a fan magazine titled *Cole Fax* with the issue of Summer 1958 in which he wrote a lengthy article titled "To Thine Own Self be True" which set off law suits and counter law suits on the dispensation of the flight fund surplus. In the same issue Cole published a science fiction farce in collaboration with Ed Kay and Paul Renaud titled "The Story of Dr. Z."

Cole early displayed his bibliographical abilities when he devoted most of the Spring 1959 *Cole Fax* to a bibliography of the works of Robert Silverberg with a biographical sketch. Already a very prolific young author, the Silverberg compilation was a substantial task for the year in which it appeared.

During the Fifties and the Sixties Cole was also a participating member of the *New York Science Fiction Society* and the New York Science Fiction Circle, both groups being very active in holding meeting and conferences.

The *Lunacons* outlasted them all, with Cole frequently serving as Secretary for the club and for the annual enlarged conventions, and always available as a working member of the group as well as an attendee.

He could also be found at the major World Science Fiction Conventions during the Fifties and the Sixties, and continued to build his collection of science fiction which he had began even before entering fandom in the forties. In a few years Cole will be celebrating 50 years as an involved member of science fiction fandom and well deserves his designation as Fan Guest of Honor of the 1994 *Lunacon*.

---

## ***Bibliography*** **– Vonda N.** **McIntyre**

### *Novels:*

The Exile Waiting, 1975  
Dreamsnake, 1978  
Star Trek: The Entropy Effect, 1981  
Star Trek: The Wrath of Khan, 1982  
Superluminal, 1983  
Star Trek III: The Search for Spock, 1984  
Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home, 1986  
Star Trek: Enterprise: The First Adventure, 1986  
Barbary, 1986  
Starfarers, 1989  
Transition, 1991  
Metaphase, 1992

### *Short Story Collection:*

Fireflood and Other Stories, 1979

### *Editor:*

Aurora: Beyond Equality (edited with Susan Janice Anderson), 1976

### *Forthcoming books:*

Nautilus, a novel, in October 1994  
A *Star Wars* novel in early 1995



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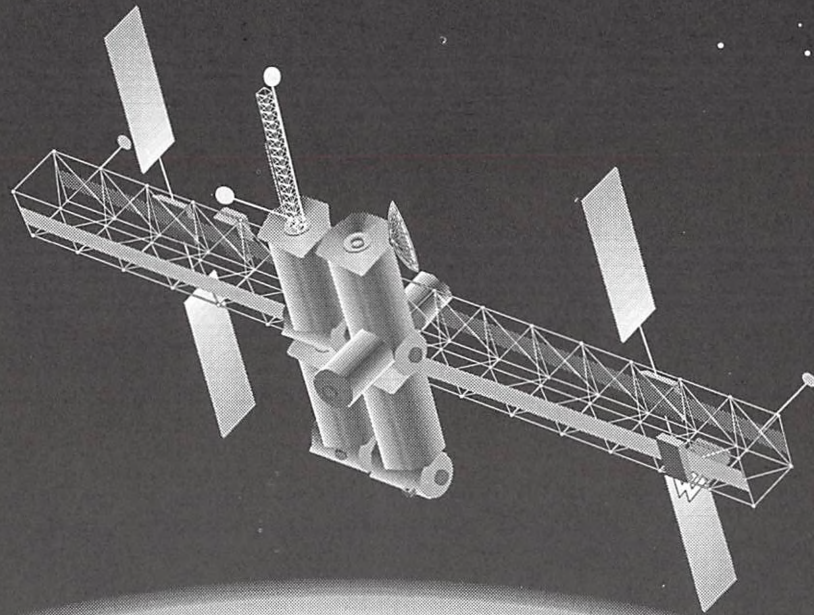
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# Dean Friedman:

## A Personal Biography

**M**ultimedia artist/producer Dean Friedman has been engaged in multimedia audio and video productions for the past 15 years, achieving numerous commercial and artistic successes in a broad range of media including television, film, recording and publishing, as a producer, director, writer, programmer, animator and musician.

Friedman scored his first commercial success as an artist/producer in the record business with the release of his first hit single "Ariel." He continued that success the following year by earning gold records for his top ten CBS single "Lucky Stars" and the album *Well, Well, Said the Rocking Chair*.



During the 1980's, Friedman's production company, Dean Friedman Productions, Inc., produced music soundtracks for television and film, including music for England's top ten Central TV series *Boon*, the NBC series *Eerie, Indiana* and the cult horror film classic *I Bought A Vampire Motorcycle*.

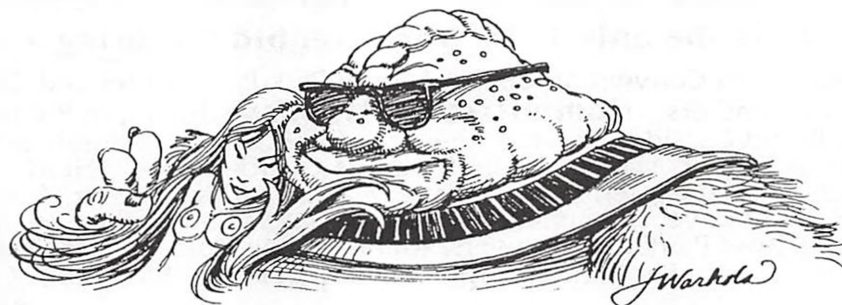
As a result of his ongoing interest in cutting edge technology, Friedman authored the very first consumer guide for music synthesizers, *The Complete Guide to Synthesizers* as well as the best selling *Synthesizer Basics for Music Sales Publishing* (AMSCO) used in high schools and universities around the world.

In the mid 1980's, Friedman's company began producing music videos and instructional video tapes for entertainment companies such as Warner/Chappel and BMG/RCA.

In 1989, Friedman's production company developed the very first virtual reality game show for television, the InVideo game "Eat-a-Bug," which premiered on the Nickelodeon TV show *Total Panic*. "Eat-a-Bug" served as the prototype for Nickelodeon's current hit TV series *Nick Arcade* for which Friedman, directing a team of programmers, created a dozen virtual games.

With the success of "Eat-a-Bug" on national television, Friedman's company began creating InVideo systems for leading children's museums and science museums around the world, including the Brooklyn Children's Museum, the Laredo Children's Museum, the North Carolina Museum of Life and Science, and the Eureka! Children's Museum. Friedman's company has also designed, engineered and produced the world's first visitor accessible musical laser-harp as part of a custom music instrument exhibit called the Music Atrium created for the Eureka! Children's Museum in Halifax, UK.

In May of 1993, Dean Friedman launched a new company, InVideo Systems, Inc., which installed the first coin-operated virtual reality playroom for kids at the Family FunJungle in Perry Hall, MD.



## Chapter 98

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# Biography – Walter Simonson

by Louise Simonson

**W**alter Simonson was born in Knoxville, Tennessee and raised in Maryland, near Washington, DC. He went to the Rhode Island School of Design, where he majored in Illustration.

He moved to New York City in August 1972 and began drawing comic books professionally as a freelance artist.

We met a couple of years later, while he was working on *Manhunter*. *Dr. Fate*, the *Metal Men*, *Batman*, and the *New York Times* best-selling adaptation of the movie *Alien* followed.



As an editor at Marvel, I hired him to write, as well as draw, *Battlestar Galactica*. In 1980, we married. *Star Wars* and the *X-Men/Teen Titans* team-up book soon followed. He then wrote and drew one of Marvel's earliest creator-owned publications, the graphic novel *Star Slammers*.

But, it was *The Mighty Thor* that launched his career as one of comics leading artists/writers. During the three and a half years he chronicled Thor's adventures, among other things, he created Beta Ray Hill and turned Thor into a frog. In November of 1986, at the *III Salon del Comic* in Oviedo, Spain, he was awarded the *1986 Haxtur Prize* as Best Writer for his work on *Thor*. He has since won the *1990 Haxtur* as Best Artist for "The Song of Mjolnir."

We worked on *X-Factor* together for several years and co-wrote *Meltdown*, a tale of Havok and Wolverine, painted by Jon J. Muth and Kent Williams. Walter's next project was the *Fantastic Four*, for which he won the *1991 Haxtur* for Best Cover for FF #337.

In 1992, Frank Miller and he teamed up as writer and artist to produce the four part mini-series, *Robocop vs. The Terminator* for Dark Horse Comics. In 1993, he scripted and drew *Cyberforce #0* for Marc Silvestri at Image Comics.

Walter has written several titles for other artists, including the *Avengers*, *Wolverine – The Jungle Adventure*, and the Topps Comics' adaptation of *Jurassic Park*. Currently available is *Legends of the World's Finest*, a three part *Batman/Superman* story he wrote for artist Dan Brereton.

He is presently writing and drawing a new *Star Slammers* limited series to be published by Malibu Comics in their Bravura line of creator-owned titles.

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# Biography – Louise Simonson

by Walter Simonson

**L**ouise Simonson was born in Atlanta, Georgia in 1946. She grew up in the suburbs of the city, but somehow failed to learn to speak with a proper southern accent. (She claims it's because she was always lousy at accents.)

She moved from Georgia to New York City in the late '60's and found work in the magazine publishing industry. She accepted an editorial job at Warren Publishing, publisher of black and white horror comics including *Creepy*, *Eerie*, and *Vampirella*. Eventually she became the Senior Editor of the line, a position she held for four years.

In 1980, Jim Shooter, then Editor-in-Chief of Marvel Comics, hired her to work for Marvel. During her years as editor there, she guided various titles including the *Uncanny X-Men*, *The New Mutants*, *Conan*, *Star Wars*, *Star Trek*, *Battlestar Galactica*, the *Wolverine* limited series, and *The X-Men vs. the Teen Titans* Marvel/DC crossover.

---

In time, she decided to try her hand at writing and in conjunction with artist June Brigman, created *Power Pack*, which won the *British Eagle Award* as Best New Book of 1983. Its acceptance and publication by Marvel persuaded her to go freelance as a writer and since 1984, she has written for a number of different titles and characters, including *X-Factor*, *The New Mutants*, *Web of Spider-Man*, *Red Sonja*, the *Teen Titans*, and *Batman*.



For the past two years, she has written *Superman: the Man of Steel*, one of the four monthly Superman titles edited by Mike Carlin and published by DC Comics. During that time, the Superman titles have enjoyed some of their greatest recent successes, and together with artist Jon Bogdanove, Weezie's happy to be able to be part of the team that chronicles the continuing adventures of the world's first super-hero!

For Bantam Books, she wrote *Superman: Doomsday and Beyond*, the juvenile novelization of the death and return of Superman. She is currently at work on a Superman picture-book for Little, Brown and Company.

Louise is also writing the adventures of *Steel*, a spin-off character she co-created with Jon during the "Reign of the Supermen" storyline.

And of course, every so often, I get to work with her myself! It's quite a luxury to have one of the best editors in comics look over your shoulder any time you feel you need a little help!

---

## Walter and Louise Simonson

by Judy and Jon Bogdanove

**W**alter and Louise Simonson are not just two of the best creators in comics. They are a growth industry of mentoring young talent, unfailingly generous with their time and attention. They are stones tossed into a stream, from which endless ripples of encouragement flow outward. Two of the busiest professionals in the business, Walter and Louise nonetheless find – no – make the time to share the benefits of their experience with others.

Before getting into comics, we could never have imagined how often during the day – and night the telephone could ring. At Louise and Walter's house, it never stops! But their friendly "hello" is always cheerful – almost never betraying the tightness of a deadline, or the need to race to FedEx.

As a writer, Louise is always sharp and to the point. Her writing is character-driven, with very tight plot mechanics, despite artists who sometimes crowd her for the sake of drawing extended fight scenes. Weezie can pull out all the gory stops in her writing, torture favorite characters with impunity and torment her readers with suspense, then turn around and mother an insecure new writer with her world-class lentil soup, as well as nourishing the tender newcomer's self-esteem with her confidence.

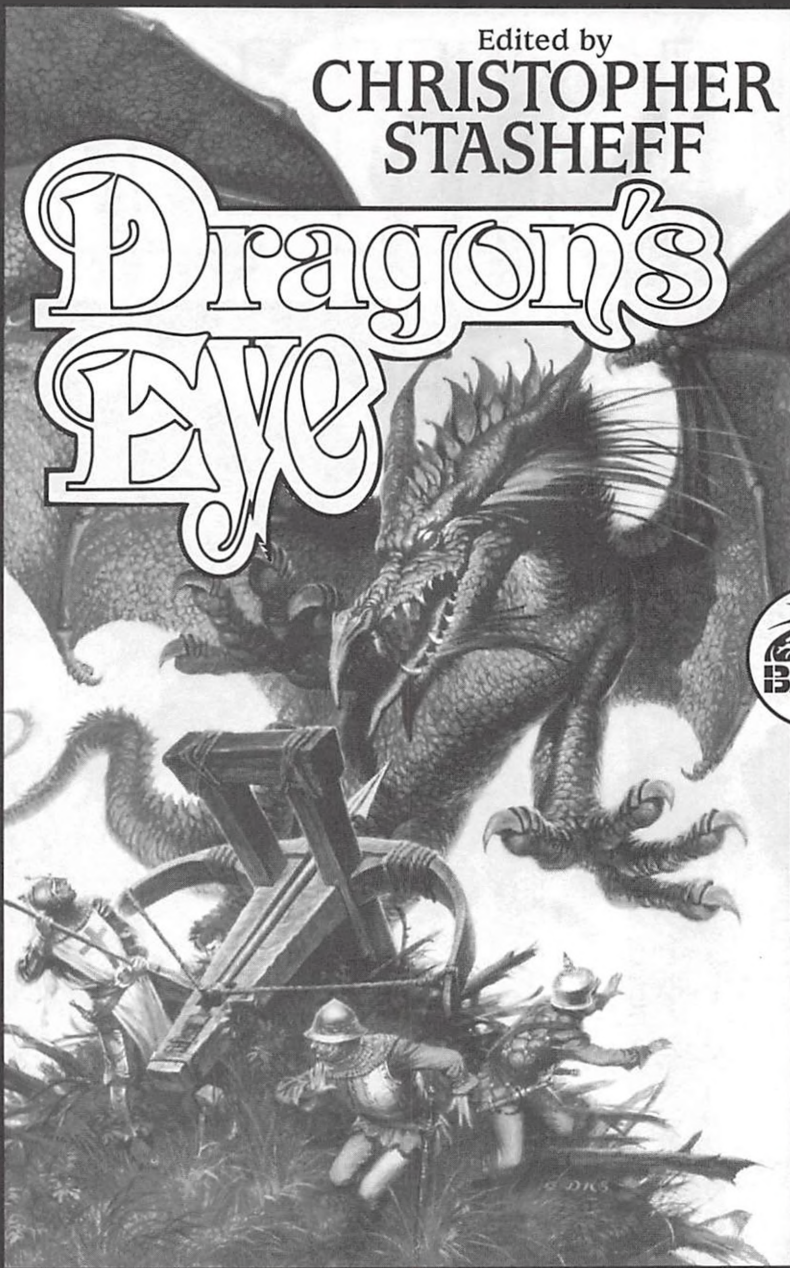
Among the most intellectual and intuitive of artists, Walter has never fallen back on a vocabulary of stock imagery. He is always thinking, learning and stretching his abilities. Hence his work is always on the cutting edge, always fresh. Walter can play video games with utter nonchalance while a deadline looms, then pull off a writing, penciling and inking miracle and make it seem easy. He's a one-man demonstration of how to have a life while being brilliant. And at any convention, you can always locate him by the sound of his laugh, which has been known to carry half a mile.

The list of those who gratefully regard themselves as satellites of these two sunny personalities would read like a "Who's Who" of comics. They would all surely agree there are none better or more loved than Walter and Louise Simonson.

# Dragons and Demons Cure the July Doldrums

Edited by  
**CHRISTOPHER STASHEFF**

# Dragon's Eye



## DRAGON'S EYE

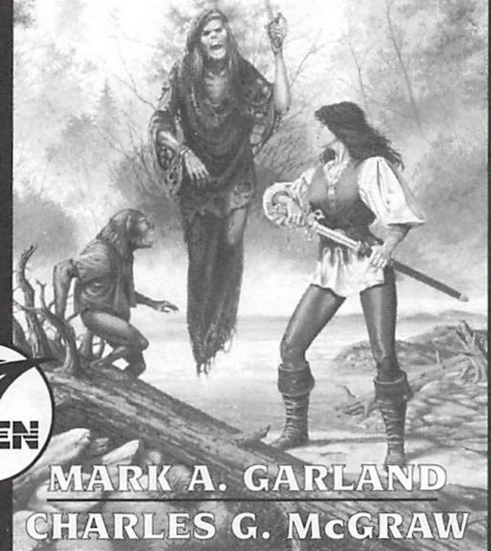
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**Madia:** a princess with a will of her own.

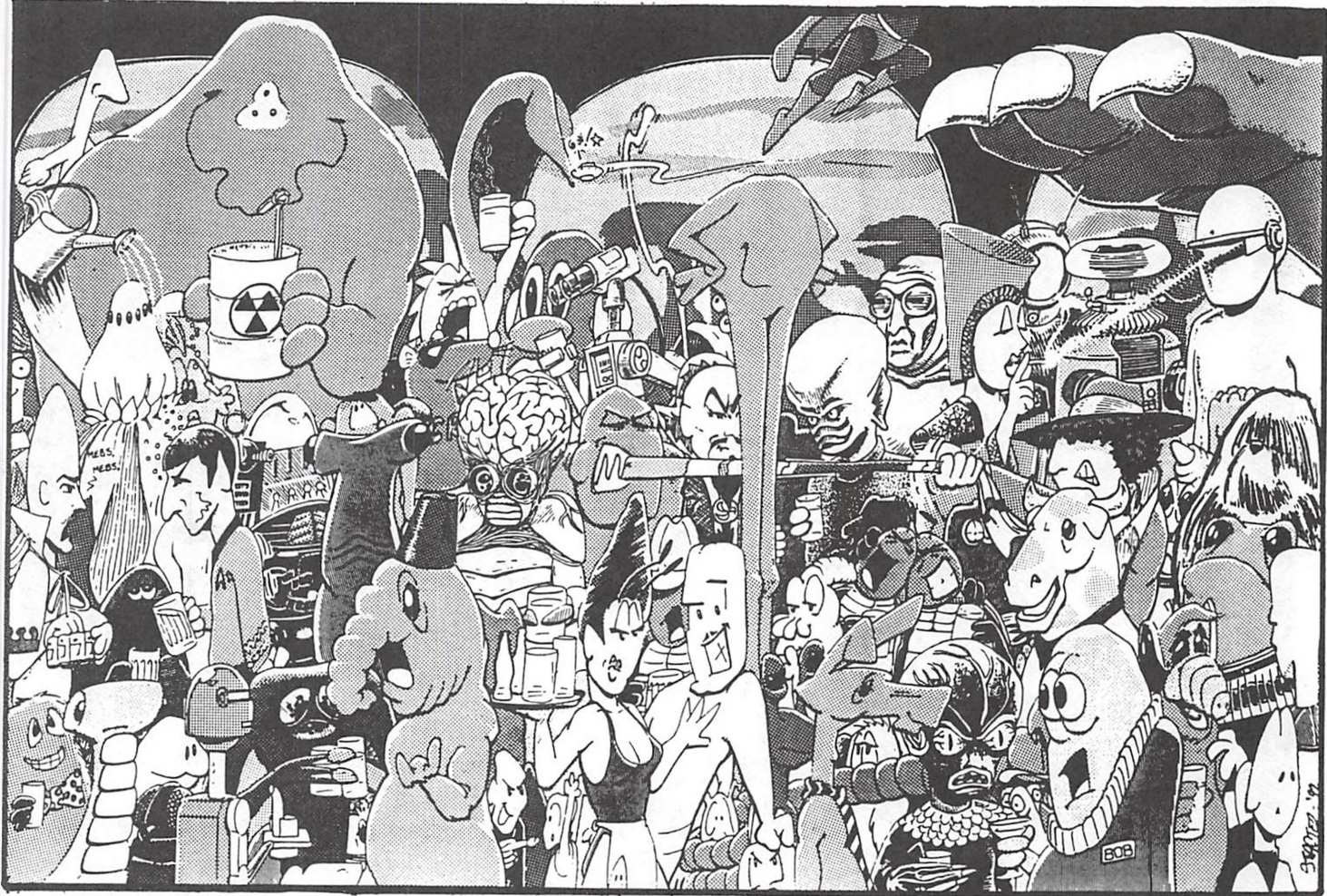
If Frost is to save Madia from a death worse than fate, he and his team must find and seize the *Demon Blade*. Long gone, the blade has recently come to light in the swamplands of the Far North. Alas, it is in the possession of swamp things who are not inclined to let it go; Frost can probably persuade them if he can get there in person, but a demon prince has learned its whereabouts and is on the way, together with his demonic crew....

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## **"I'm too old for this!"**

**An affectionate biography of Pete Grubbs**  
*by Mary Ellen Wessels (who isn't too old for anything yet, thanks very much!)*

**P**ete Grubbs, hmm... I've known Pete for about 5 years... Where to begin? I could tell you he's one of the best guitarists and performers in fandom... nah, you'll find that out soon enough. I could always start off with one of his great stories like "the cow tipping story!" Yeah, but he tells them so much better... Ah Ha! The standard 'born in a little wood cabin' opening! Yeah, that's it!

Pete Grubbs was born in a little wood cabin in Pennsylvania to parents who were poor but kindly dairy farmers. One day Pete saw a magic Fender Strat stuck in a big cowpie. "Hey! That's just what I need!" he said. He pulled the Strat from the pie and suddenly...

You're really not buying this are you? O.K. O.K. I'll be serious.

Pete really does live in Brookville, Pennsylvania, and he really did grow up on his parents' dairy farm. (I know, I've seen the cows!) He lives with Jill Hough. Jill is one of the nicest people you could ever meet and clearly has the patience of a saint. Pete has two children: Jennifer and Joshua.

Pete has worked as a professional actor and musician. These days; however, he spends a lot of time being a student. He's working on his Ph.D. in English Literature. He already *has* a B.A. in English and a B.A. in History, plus a concentration in technical theater!

His favorite author is William Shakespeare (I think they make you say that when you get up to Ph.D. level Lit. classes). His musical influences are pretty diverse though – here's a few: Jimmy Buffet, Jim Croce, James Taylor, Jimmy Buffet, Aaron Copeland, John Palumbo (that's O.K., I had to ask too – he had the bands "Crack the Sky" and "Band of 10,000 Faces"), PDQ Bach, and when he needs "a guitar humility lesson" he listens to either Nate Bucklin or blues artist Robert Johnson. Did I mention Jimmy Buffet?

Pete has two tapes out, *Face the Flame* and *Twist in the Wind*, available through Wail Songs. His next tape *Daydreams and Delusions* is in progress.

Pete discovered fandom when he was a presenter at an academic session for the 1989 Worldcon in Boston. He was looking for things to do and saw "acoustic guitar workshop" listed in the program book. Having misread the time, he showed up an hour late. Fortunately Duane Elms told him about the filking that night. He came. He listened. Finally someone said "Hey, you haven't sung anything!" "Well, what I sing isn't really like what you're singing" he said. "That's O.K."

Boy was it O.K.!

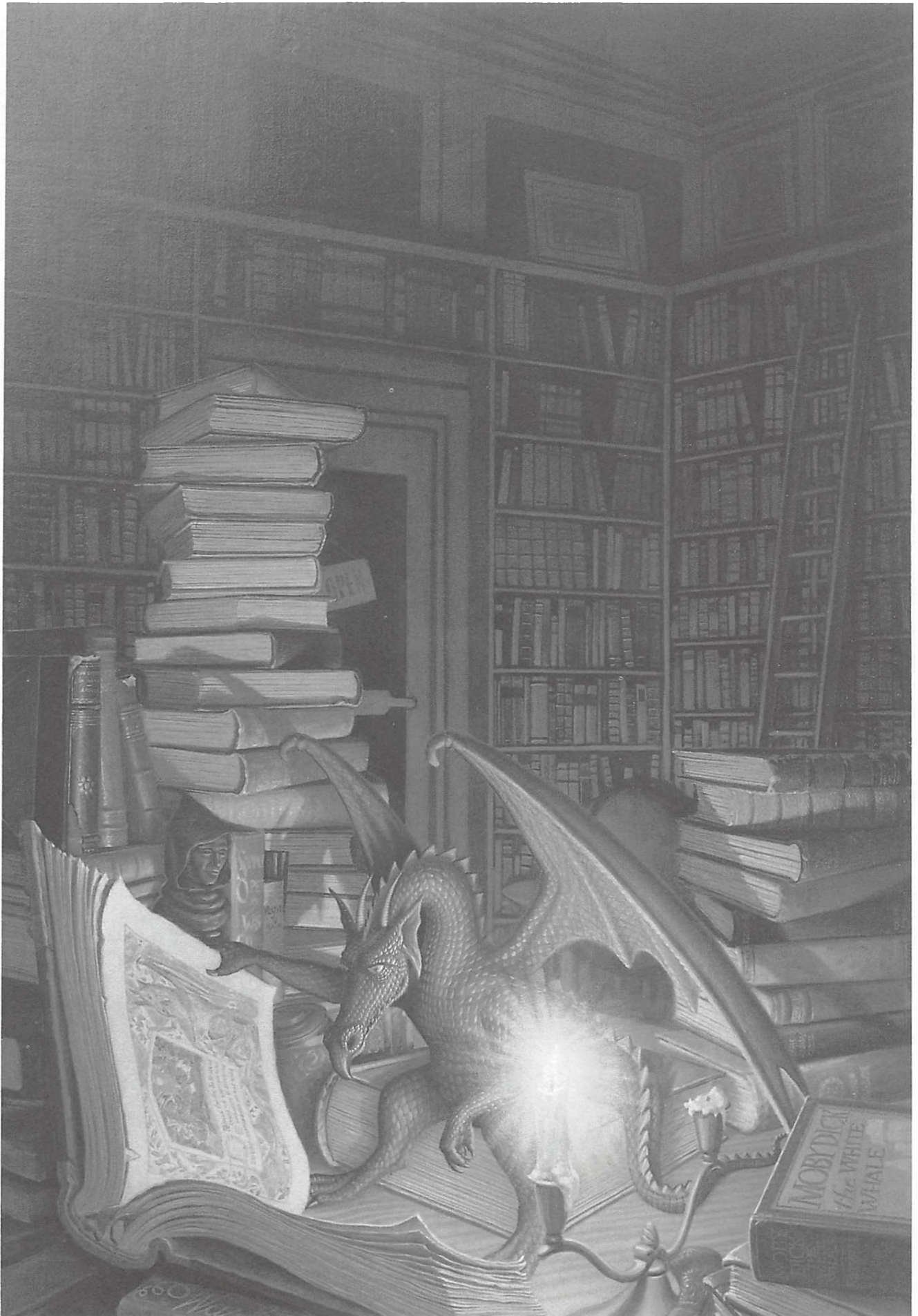
Pete is not only a fine guitarist and performer, he's easy to talk to. Whenever Pete and I talk on the phone, I get off the phone (two hours later) and somehow, no matter how I felt before, I feel good. Usually I'm laughing hysterically. His sense of humor is flexible, he can take it as well as dish it out. (Just ask Tom Smith!) Pete's fun to have at a jam, he can actually direct children's theater (no easy task let me tell you!), and he wears a great hat. (This is important for playing bass, which he does as well as electric and acoustic guitar.)

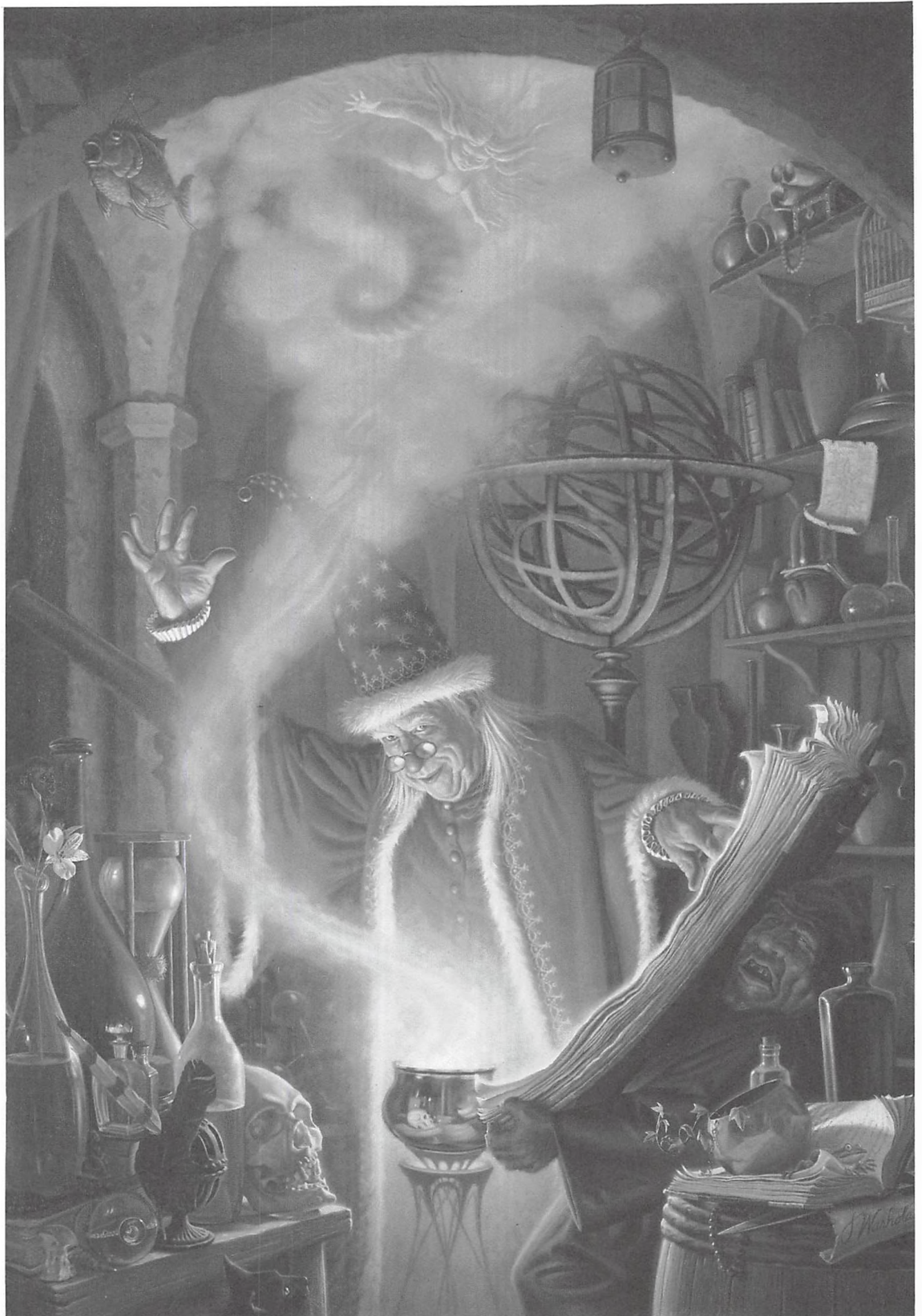
Well, I guess you can learn more about Pete by cornering him at the filk or in the consuite. But one last thing – If he tries to tell you about how he had to sleep on a bed of nails, and eat cold gruel, and walk uphill (both ways) to the filkroom when I invited him out to ConFusion, don't believe him.

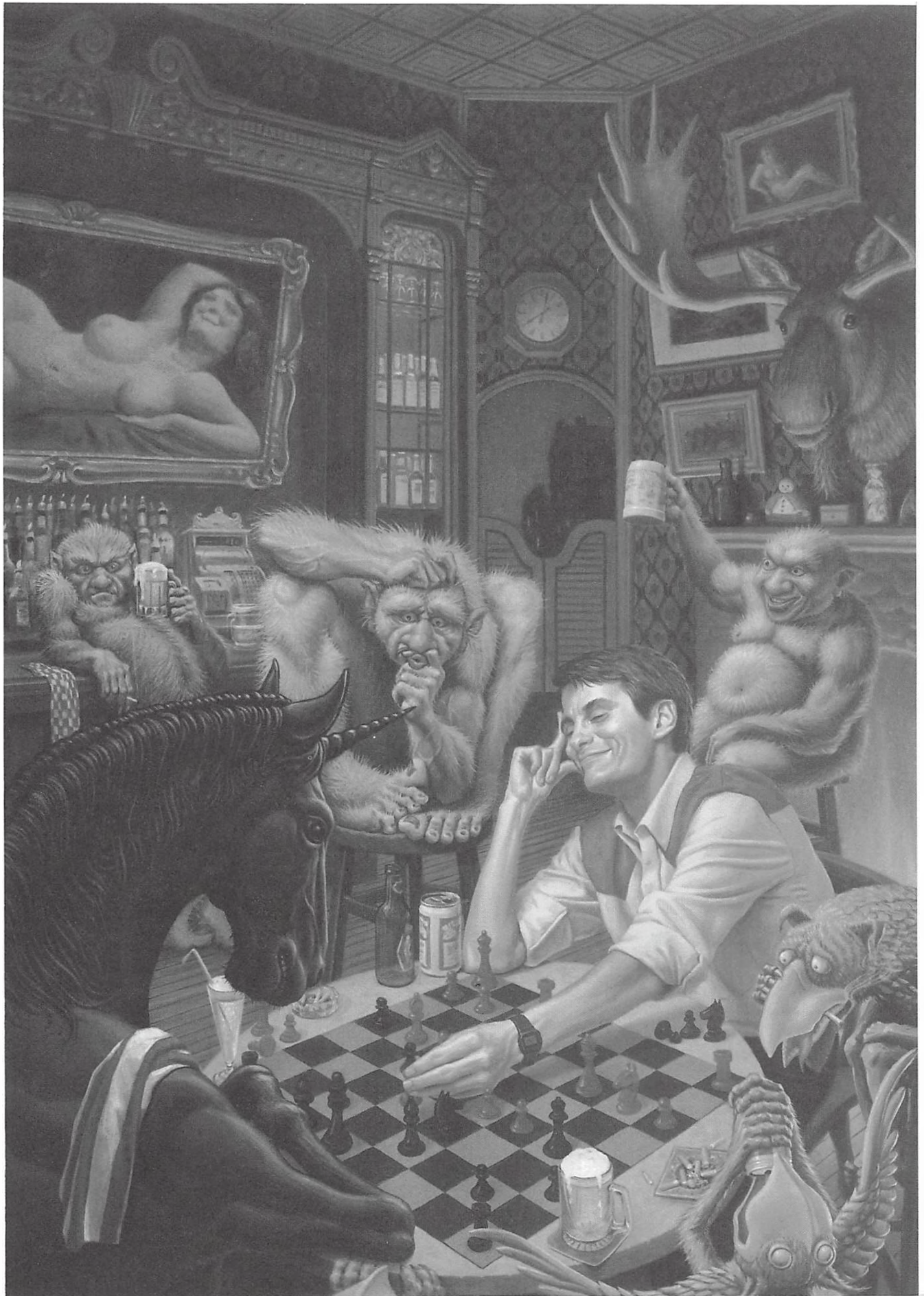
(Incidentally — he isn't too old for anything yet either!)

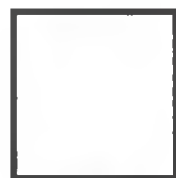
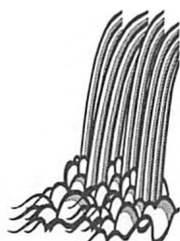
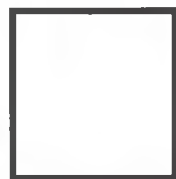
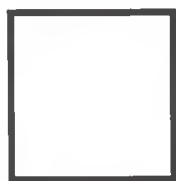
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# Nautilus

## Excerpt from Chapter 2

by Vonda N. McIntyre

J.D. wished the Four Worlds' enclosed ship had windows, ports, or open spaces. Only the ornaments tucked into the spongy surface of the ship's tunnels provided any variation in the wrinkled gray-green walls. Whenever she tried to pause to look at one of the tiny dioramas, Quickercatcher urged her onward.

The quartet took her along twisting, narrowing branch passageways until she was thoroughly lost. Finally they reached an offshoot that dead-ended in a large, oblong pouch.

Terraces, ledges, and fissures furrowed the inner wall. Fabric rumbled over some of the surfaces; bare stone formed others. In the indirect light, the glow of green and purple velvet set off the gleam of faceted garnet, chalcedony, and obsidian. Here, too, figures and decorations had been tucked into the wall covering.

J.D. drifted past a ledge covered with frilly red lace. She brushed her hand across it. It possessed the delicate irregularity and complexity of a living thing. She thought it might be vegetation: a succulent, or a fungus? Suddenly she remembered Europa's caution, not to touch anyone without permission or invitation. She snatched back her hand and glanced at Quickercatcher, but her host showed no alarm.

How am I supposed to tell what's an "anyone" and what's an "anything"? J.D. wondered. For all I know that red stuff could be the intelligent equivalent of lichen.

Late unlatched himself from Sharphearer's back and fluttered like a sea creature, coming to rest against the red lace. The spines along the edges of his body extended and dipped gracefully into the foliage, securing him like pins. As he moved forward, the spines withdrew, advanced, and plunged, like narrow oars. From beneath him came a soft crunching noise. Bare swaths of stone, the width of Late's mouth, cut through other expanses of the red lace. Late was grazing on the vegetation that grew on the stone.

The alien equivalent of lichen, J.D. said to herself. But not intelligent. I think. I hope. I guess I got away with screwing up, this time.

Over J.D.'s head, Quickercatcher slid sinuously into a nook in the wall and nestled into the soft loose material that filled it.

"Come here with us," Quickercatcher said.

"We'll rest and talk," Longestlooker said.

"J.D., do you want water plain?" Sharphearer asked. "Or water with simple sugars? Would you like ethyl alcohol? Europa likes the alcohol, she says it kicks."

"I don't doubt it," J.D. said, amused, tempted to try it just to see if Europa really did drink absolute alcohol. "Just water for now, Sharphearer, thank you." She was touched that they had gone to the trouble of preparing refreshments compatible with her biochemistry.

Interesting that both the alien species she had met had offered her intoxicants. She had enjoyed Nemo's decorative food. Her mouth still watered when she remembered its evanescent taste, its delicate high.

She acknowledged the inconsistency of using Nemo's intoxicant, while preferring not to drink alcohol.

---

Quickercatcher wriggled around in the zero-gravity nest, making a place for J.D. She slid into the folds. It was like getting into a bed made with sheets of warm velvet. With all her clothes on. She brushed her fingertips against the fabric, turning the nap from soft leaf green to bright emerald. She smoothed it back to leaf green.

Quickercatcher nudged her arm with a friendly push. Longestlooker slid in on J.D.'s other side, and Fasterdigger dove between them, with a slick flip to reappear head first. Sharphearer joined them, balancing a spherical bowl between hands and nape and shoulder blades. She also batted a water-filled globule through the air with quick touches of her nose and knees, as if it were a soccer ball.

Sharphearer tapped the globule toward J.D. J.D. caught it out of the air. It yielded between her fingers. Water crawled and bumped inside it.

J.D. touched a lump on its side. A long flexible spout extruded. She sipped the cool liquid. Like the guest water, it tasted pure and flat.

Sharphearer raised the bowl, ducked her head beneath it, brought it forward and down to her chest, and offered it to the other members of the quartet. Dark granules of coarse sand and fine gravel filled it. Here and there, against the side of the transparent bowl, the gravel spun in small vortexes.

J.D. watched, fascinated, as Longestlooker reached out of the nest and past her front shoulders, slid the globe's cap aside, thrust one hand inside before sand could float from the opening, and sifted through the globe's contents. Her hand produced a cascade of rapid peeping noises from the globe.

"Ah, got one." With a dexterous reverse of the routine, Longestlooker snatched a bright rounded shape from the globe, covered the opening, and passed the bowl to Fasterdigger, who repeated the procedure.

"What is it?" J.D. asked. "Can I look at it more closely?"

Longestlooker showed J.D. the fluttering handful. A creature like a baby bird translated through a funhouse mirror struggled between two thumbs. Several delicate webbed feet grew out of its fuzzy, iridescent red feathers. They beat against the air, against Longestlooker's fingers, scrabbling for sand to swim through. The creature's four-pronged beak opened and closed rapidly, and its chirping rose in pitch. Its bright blue eyes blinked.

Fasterdigger pulled another birdlet out of the bowl. As Quickercatcher slipped one hand into the globe, Fasterdigger freed the creature he had caught. It tumbled in the air like a feathered ping-pong ball.

"Is it a pet?" J.D. asked.

Fasterdigger snapped it out of the air with one bite.

"It's food," Fasterdigger said, crunching it.

A few bits of shiny red down spun in faint air currents. Sharphearer plucked the puffy feathers out of zero g and twisted them into her shoulder fur.

"You shouldn't eat them," Quickercatcher said to J.D. "You'd have difficulty digesting them. Our biochemistry is similar to yours, but we use a different set of amino acids."



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J.D. felt queasy. She hoped she would not find herself committing bushushiro. Throwing up during dinner would not impress her hosts. Though the birdlet was hardly as strange as the food she had eaten while visiting Nemo, she had no wish to sample it.

Why is that? she wondered. I didn't have any trouble eating a live animal that looked like an insect. Why should I balk at a live chick?

"It burrows," Longestlooker said.

"In the sand back home," Quickercatcher said, pulling one out of the globe. Frantic peeping ended, mid-crescendo, with Quickercatcher's contented crunch.

"This kind is a delicacy," said Sharphearer.

"What do you call them?"

Longestlooker trilled and clicked. J.D. tried to mimic the sound.

"Sometimes we haven't time to dig for fresh food, out here on the ship," Longestlooker said.

"Then we have to eat preserved stuff," Quickercatcher said with distaste.

Sharphearer's lips drew back, revealing sharp teeth. "As I'll have to do," she said, "if my siblings don't hold the grower for me."

"You eat this one," Longestlooker said to Sharphearer fondly. "I'll get another." Longestlooker fed a birdlet to Sharphearer, who plucked it delicately and coyly from Longestlooker's fingers and munched it, blithely heedless of the peeping cries.

The shrill sound was beginning to get on J.D.'s nerves.

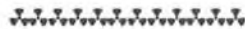
The Largerfarthings ate with their mouths open. A birdlet's foot, its webs clutching at the air, floated away. Sharphearer snapped it up and swallowed it.

Sharphearer joined her siblings in the nest, curving around behind J.D., resting her head on Quickercatcher's shoulder, curling her tail around Longestlooker's throat.

The quartet passed the gravel-filled sphere back and forth, one holding the grower while another reached in, sifted through the contents, and plucked out a snack, sometimes eating it, sometimes feeding it to one of the others, sometimes letting it free and biting it out of the air.

J.D. breathed deeply and slowly until her stomach felt more settled.

Maybe it's those little blue eyes, she thought.



On board the *Chi*, Victoria floated against her couch, loosely secured by her safety straps. Several holographic images hovered in the center of the observers' circle. In the most prominent, J.D. rested with the quartet in their nest. One of her LTMs had clambered onto the wall of the chamber to transmit the scene.

Victoria sighed with relief when J.D. handed Longestlooker the birdlet. The LTM gave an all too detailed image of the little creature.

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Victoria grimaced. "It's like biting the head off your Easter chick."

Her partner Satoshi chuckled. "I thought J.D. might eat one," he said.

"She wouldn't be so foolish!" Europa said. The elegant, exquisite alien human frowned. "Would she?" In zero g, her hair's silver-dressed black curls bobbed softly in random directions, like loose springs.

"Probably not," Victoria said. "But J.D. isn't as predictable as you might think."

"If she ate it, would it hurt her?" Satoshi asked.

"It would upset her stomach rather badly."

"She handled the question of the algorithm well," Androgeos said.

"Hmm." Victoria was noncommittal.

"I thought you *wanted* us to give you the algorithm," Satoshi said.

In the holographic projection, J.D. and the quartet rested together in companionable silence. J.D. dozed with her head against Quickercatcher's shoulder.

"I want you to give it to us," Androgeos said. "Not to give it away freely. Europa and I know how to distribute it so it will benefit Civilization – and Earth."

"I've told you I'd consider it," Victoria said. "But I'd rather not discuss it right now."

In the holographic image, Sharphearer idly untwisted several beads and bangles from her fur, tucked them into a fold of the wall, regarded them critically, and changed the position of the bangle imperceptibly. She added one of the bits of scarlet down, traced a small figure-eight of agreement with her nose, then folded her hands beneath her chin, snuggled into the nest, and closed her eyes.

"What's Sharphearer doing?" Satoshi asked.

"Hm?" Europa said.

Instead of watching the holographic projection, Europa was staring through the transparent wall of the observers' chamber. Androgeos was watching the auxiliary projection from the LTM in the connecting corridor, where nothing at all had happened since J.D. left.

"There, on the wall."

"I didn't notice," Europa said.

Satoshi closed his eyes to go into a momentary communications fugue. In response, the LTM observing J.D. turned its attention more closely to Sharphearer's creation. The image zoomed.

"Don't!" Androgeos said.

The zoom stopped.

"Why not?"

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"It's... private," Androgeos said. "It wouldn't mean anything to you."

"Is it a religious ceremony?" Victoria asked.

"The Largerfarthings have no religion," Europa said. "I've tried to explain religion to them. They don't understand it."

"It is a ritual," Androgeos said. "But it's one you don't have, so I can't explain it."

"Will Sharphearer be upset if J.D. asks her about it?" Victoria said, concerned. "She might, eh? Why didn't you warn her?"

"I... didn't think of it," Europa said. "It's very private and I'm accustomed to not noticing it."

"Is J.D. in any danger?" Zev asked. The diver ran his webbed hand nervously through his white-blond hair.

"Certainly not!" Androgeos said. "The Largerfarthings wouldn't hurt anyone – at least they wouldn't hurt a guest."

"A breach of etiquette won't be a fatal error," Europa said. She sighed. "Ah, Victoria, I've waited so long, prepared so long, for these encounters, but everything that's happened has been unpredictable. You have left me... off balance."

"We'd've liked things to go more smoothly, too," Victoria said. She could not bring herself to apologize to Europa – the alien humans owed Victoria an apology or two themselves – but she did feel a pang of sympathy.

Victoria stretched in her couch, arching her back, pressing her shoulders and heels against her couch and her hips against the safety strap, trying to achieve some feeling of resistance in zero g.

She was impatient to meet the Four Worlds representatives herself. She hoped J.D. would invite them to *Starfarer* when their nap ended.

A faint shadow fell across Victoria's face. She glanced up.

Beyond the circle of observers' couches, Stephen Thomas floated free near the ceiling of the chamber. Notably, and uncharacteristically, quiet, Victoria's second partner drifted against a backdrop of space and stars. His body and arms and legs were relaxed into the partly flexed position most natural to weightlessness. Starlight turned his delicate gold pelt into a translucent shining outline, and glowed amber through the new webs between his fingers. He had braided his blond hair roughly at the back of his head; escaped tendrils floated around his face. He wore running shorts and a loose silk t-shirt. Heavier clothes had become uncomfortable for him, since he started to grow fur.

His skin's getting so dark, Victoria thought. He's darker than I am, now. And redder. Mahogany, like Zev. What a pretty color... he's more beautiful than ever. I'm glad his eyes are still blue. I think I wouldn't mind, too much, if his hair changed, but Stephen Thomas without those sapphire eyes... that would be hard to bear.

The changing virus had transformed him from an ordinary human being – Not so ordinary, Victoria thought fondly – into a diver. All the divers she had ever seen had dark skin, fair hair, and dark eyes. That was Zev's coloring. Zev said some divers had dark hair and a few had blue eyes. He had no idea whether Stephen Thomas's

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eyes would turn brown, but he thought it would be good if they did. Divers lived in the sea – Zev’s family had allied itself with a pod of orcas in Puget Sound – and dark eyes were less sensitive to bright light reflecting from the water.

It’s Zev’s fault Stephen Thomas is changing, Victoria thought with a tinge of bitterness. I’m angry at him for not knowing the details of how the changes happen, for putting Stephen Thomas through so much uncertainty and confusion.

A few days ago, Victoria and Satoshi and Stephen Thomas had gone skinny-dipping. Remembering what happened still upset her. Stephen Thomas had discovered, with an unpleasant shock, that his genitals were changing, that his body was changing to enclose his penis and his scrotum. It had never occurred to Zev to tell him, to warn him, because Zev had not known that ordinary male humans were so different from male divers.

Victoria had not seen Stephen Thomas naked since. They had not made love. They had not even slept together. For several nights, he had stayed away from the house he shared with Victoria and Satoshi. Victoria did not even know where he had gone.

Satoshi thought Stephen Thomas planned to leave them, but Victoria would not believe it. Their younger partner, moody under the best circumstances, wanted time to himself while he was under so much stress. Victoria wished she could help him, but all she could do was acquiesce to his desire to be left alone.

Feral’s death hit him hard, she thought. But maybe he’s getting over it. He doesn’t look as sad as he did. He’ll come home soon.

She gazed at Stephen Thomas as he hovered over her head, outlined by the multicolored tapestry of stars. In a moment of the strange vertigo of zero g, Victoria saw herself falling toward Stephen Thomas, saw him falling toward her –

She blinked to make her eyes refocus.

Across from her, Zev occupied J.D.’s couch. He gazed intently at the transmission from J.D.

No one in the alien contact department would sit in a colleague’s regular place, Victoria thought, startled by an observation she had not made before. Maybe we’re getting inflexible.

But Zev was not a member of the alien contact department. He should not even be on board the *Chi*, but Victoria did not have the heart to tell him to stay behind on *Starfarer*. He was J.D.’s friend, her lover. He had left his family for the first time in his life to be with her. He missed her desperately when they were apart, and J.D. missed him.

Victoria understood how Zev felt. She missed J.D., too. Their dawn excursion to the beach, several days ago, was the most fun Victoria had had in too long.

“Victoria!”

Europa’s voice cut through Victoria’s distraction. The alien human frowned at her from her place in an auxiliary couch between J.D.’s place and Stephen Thomas’s.

“What is it?” Victoria spoke sharply, too, her sympathy cut away by Europa’s imperious manner.

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And admit it, Victoria said to herself. You shouldn't be daydreaming about your family, or about J.D., during humanity's first real meeting with Civilization. J.D. might need your advice, or even your backup.

The Minoan frowned briefly, then shrugged. "It isn't important," she said, her tone implying that it was important but that she did not care to repeat the question. Satoshi glanced quizzically across at Europa.

The frown-lines between the alien human's graceful black eyebrows smoothed from her ageless face. Victoria kept expecting to see evidence that Europa was thirty-seven hundred years old, but found neither deterioration nor infirmity. Europa presented herself as a mature woman of exceptional beauty, with flawless red-brown skin and perfectly arranged black hair dressed with metallic silver threads. Who does her hair? Victoria wondered. Have she and Androgeos spent every Saturday night for four millennia refreshing each other's curls and ringlets?

"How long will you live?" Victoria asked abruptly.

Europa, bemused, started to reply.

"That's rather a personal question, don't you think?" Androgeos said, always ready to be offended or irritated at the modern humans who had so badly disappointed him.

"That's what we're here for, Andro," Satoshi said, in his usual reasonable and matter-of-fact way. "Asking questions is our job."

"Getting Earth accepted into Civilization ought to take precedence," Androgeos said. "If you behave with gratuitous rudeness, that will never happen."

"I think J.D. is doing quite well at being accepted," Victoria said. "Half an hour with the weasel people –"

"The Largerfarthings!" Andro said.

"– and she's in bed with them."

"They're taking a nap," Europa said. "They are crepuscular beings. Their rhythms are different from ours. Don't read more into what's happening than is warranted."

"You must have spent a fair amount of time with them, over the years," Victoria said. "With the Largerfarthings."

"With the quartet, yes, but not on their planet. It's difficult to live on a world where you can't eat the natural food, you can't comfortably breathe the air, speaking the language makes your throat sore –"

"Wait," Victoria said. "Back up. Can't breathe the air? J.D. isn't having any trouble."

Europa made a hissing, rasping sound that made Victoria jump.

"The Four Worlds representatives, I meant to say," Europa said in English instead of the Largerfarthings' language, "have changed themselves to breathe an atmosphere that can sustain humans. Largerfarther's atmosphere has more trace gases. J.D. would find breathing it unpleasant."

"And the Smallerfarthings?" Satoshi asked.

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"Their air's quite toxic to us. I visited their world only twice. You can always smell the chemicals, even when the air in your quarters is safe. Largerneerer's air is pure and sweet... but the world has no land to speak of."

"You didn't answer my question," Victoria said.

"How long will I live? I have no idea."

"How long *can* you live?"

"I suppose I'm immortal. Effectively. I don't age. Repair enzymes – " She implied Civilization's knowledge of human biochemistry with a gesture.

"Are you immune to illness?"

"Yes. I'm susceptible to accidents... but even there I have considerable resilience."

"You don't have much to worry about."

"I've been told," Europa said, "that you die when you get bored." She smiled at Victoria; her large, dark eyes shone with delight and amusement. "So far, I'm not the least afflicted by boredom."

"If everybody lives forever, where do all the people go?"

"What people?"

"People's offspring. Immortality – the result would be a permanent accelerating population explosion."

"There's no one answer to your question – it's the wrong question. Everybody *doesn't* live forever. The Largerfarthings seldom use immortality. They prefer a full life, a shorter life, in a family of at least three generations."

"A shorter life of four thousand years!"

"Not at all – where did you get that idea?"

"They rescued you from the eruption of Thera."

"Their people. Their ancestors." She smiled. "Ah, I understand what you thought. Longestlooker and her siblings aren't my mentors. Quite the contrary. I'm their mentor."

"They prepared themselves to meet us," Satoshi said. "But they couldn't be sure we'd arrive during their lifetimes."

"That is true," Europa said. "They are young, relatively speaking. They'll age, and die, at about the same rate as a healthy human being. There's no one system that all worlds follow. Not for longevity, not for *anything*. I keep telling you that. Each species controls its own destiny."

"Within the rules of the cosmic string."

"Yes. But it's *because* of the string that each species can make its own decisions."

"There must be some kind of consensus – "

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“Why? Even the Four Worlds, who have been in communication for millennia, all approach the question differently. You’ll find examples – successful and unsuccessful – that may help you solve your problems. But Civilization gives perfect answers to very few questions.”

She stroked the curl of liquid silver in her hair, twining it around one finger. Victoria turned her attention to J.D.’s transmission, but Stephen Thomas, floating overhead, distracted her. He pushed a stray lock of his hair behind one ear. It slipped free and drifted in front of his eyes. He dragged his fingers through his hair to loose the untidy braid, and twisted the strands into a sloppy knot.

Zev fidgeted in the couch; Satoshi studied the image of the Nearer worlds, transmitted from *Starfarer’s* observatory: Larger nearer, Orchestra’s ocean-covered planet, and Smaller nearer.

Satoshi had immediately pointed Smaller nearer out to his colleagues as the strangest planet in the system, the strangest planet of any system they had visited.

Stephen Thomas kicked off from the ceiling and brushed past Victoria, returning to his place in the observers’ circle. Without thinking, she reached toward him, longing to caress his long leg with her fingertips, eager to smooth the gold pelt on his dark thigh. Before she touched him, she snatched back her hand.

How strange, Victoria thought. Stephen Thomas never distracts me when things are going well in our family. When I know that I can touch him, and have him respond with a smile or a kiss or a caress – then I can concentrate on other things. But now, when he’s so distant, when I don’t know what he’s feeling or what he’s thinking, or whether he’s in pain, when I’m afraid that if I touch him, he’ll withdraw, it’s all I can do to keep my attention on my work. Or my hands to myself.

She squeezed her eyes shut and tensed her arms and legs and back; she clenched her fists.

The family *has* to take second place, just for now, she told herself. For all of us.

She said to herself, I *can’t* make my partners take third place. What am I going to do, so I don’t hurt J.D.?

She felt pulled in all directions by the whirlpool of events.

Damn! she thought. Stephen Thomas didn’t *have* to decide to go through with the changes. But even if he’d stayed the same, he’d still be mourning Feral. If I’ve let my family fall to third in my attention, Stephen Thomas has let it fall to fourth or fifth.

A quarter of the way around the observers’ circle, Satoshi gazed through the images and watched Stephen Thomas. His strong square face was grave. He was taking the changes in their younger partner very hard. Victoria found Stephen Thomas even sexier than before, if that was possible. The differences excited her. But Satoshi...

Satoshi dropped his gaze, then stared deliberately at his hologram of the eerie dark disk of Smaller nearer.

He’ll get used to what’s happened, Victoria told herself. Won’t he?

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# Behind Lunacon... Beyond Lunacon



The *New York Science Fiction Society – the Lunarians, Inc.*, a recognized non-profit educational organization, is the sponsoring organization of *Lunacon* and is one of the New York Metropolitan Area's oldest and largest science fiction and fantasy clubs. 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 '94* our 37th annual convention, a feat very few other groups can claim.

The *Lunarians* has a long and rich tradition in New York Fandom. Over the years, members of the Society have included many well known people – including Dave Kyle, Sam Moskowitz (two of our founding members), Donald A. Wollheim, Art Saha, Charles N. Brown, Jack L. Chalker, and Andy Porter. The Society's logo of a spaceman reading a book while sitting in a crescent moon (see above), is often used in conjunction with *Lunacon*, and is known affectionately as "Little Loonie". The current version was drawn by Wally Wood, after original designs created by Christine Haycock Moskowitz and Dave Kyle.

In addition to *Lunacon*, the *Lunarians* hold monthly meetings, usually on the third Saturday evening or, occasionally, Sunday afternoon of the month. We're currently meeting in one of the comfortable meeting rooms at TRS, Inc., 7 East 30th Street, in the heart of Midtown Manhattan. At some of our meetings, we feature special programming, such as readings/discussions by guest writers or editors or slide presentations and discussions by guest artists. There are two special meetings during the year: our Holiday party in December and our Summer Picnic in August, which have become fixtures on the New York fannish scene.

In 1989, the *Society* 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 was renamed in 1991 in memory of the late Donald A. Wollheim, legendary fan, writer, editor, publisher and Honorary Member of the *Lunarians*. The **Donald A. Wollheim Memorial Scholarship Fund**, so far, has been able to provide partial scholarships to nine aspiring writers.

Additionally, in 1992, the *Society* established **The Isaac Asimov Memorial Award** as an everlasting tribute to Dr. Asimov's life-long contributions to the fields of Science Fiction and Science Fact. The Award will be presented at *Lunacon*, starting in 1994, 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 earned the late Dr. Asimov so admired and well-loved. The first ever recipient of this Award is Hal Clement.

It's easy to become a member, because there are several categories of memberships. *Subscribing Membership*, currently \$10.00 per year which 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.

If you're interested in learning more about becoming a member, attending one of our meetings, or any of our other activities, please write to: *New York Science Fiction Society – the Lunarians, Inc.*, Post Office Box 3566, New York, NY 10008-3566.

# Past Lunacons

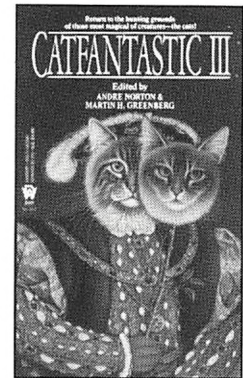
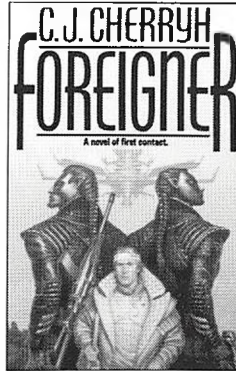
Year	Date	Guest(s) of Honor	Attendance	Year	Date	Guest(s) of Honor	Attendance
1957	May 12		65	1983	March 18-20	Writer: Anne McCaffrey Artist: Barbi Johnson Fan: Don & Elsie Wollheim	1,500
1958	April 13	Frank R. Paul	85	1984	March 16-18	Writer: Terry Carr Artist: Tom Kidd Fan: Cy Chauvin	1,400
1959	April 12	Lester Del Rey	80	1985	March 15-17	Writer: Gordon R. Dickson Artist: Don Maitz Fan: Curt Clemmer, D.I.	800
1960	April 10	Ed Emsch	75	1986	March 7-9	Writer: Marta Randall Artist: Dawn Wilson Fan: Art Saha Special Guest: Madeline L'Engle	1,100
1961	April 9	Willy Ley	105	1987	March 20-22	Writer: Jack Williamson Artist: Darrell Sweet Fan: Jack Chalker Toastmaster: Mike Resnick	1,200
1962	April 29	Frederik Pohl	105	1988	March 11-13	Writer: Harry Harrison Artist: N. Taylor Blanchard Fan: Pat Mueller Toastmaster: Wilson Tucker	1,250
1963	April 21	Judith Merrill	115	1989	March 10-12	Writer: Roger Zelazny Artist: Ron Walotsky Fan: David Kyle Editor: David Hartwell	1,450
1964	NO LUNACON — NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR			1990	March 16-18	Writer: Katherine Kurtz Artist: Thomas Canty Publisher: Tom Doherty	1,500
1965	April 24	Hal Clement	135	1991	March 8-10	Writer: John Brunner Artist: Frank Kelly Freas Fan: Harry Stubbs Publishers: Ian & Betty Ballantine Science: Prof. Gerald Feinberg	1,300
1966	April 16-17	Isaac Asimov	235	1992	March 20-22	Writer: Samuel R. Delany Artist: Paul Lehr Fan: Jon Singer Special Guest: Kristine Kathryn Rusch Featured Filkers: Bill & Brenda Sutton	1,350
1967	April 29-30	James Blish	275	1993	March 19-21	Author: Orson Scott Card Artist: Barclay Shaw Fan: Alexis Gilliland Publishing: Richard Curtis	1,250
1968	April 20-21	Donald A. Wollheim	410	1994	March 18-20	Writer: Vonda N. McIntyre Artist: James Warhola Fan: Walter R. Cole Special Musical Guest: Dean Friedman Comics Industry Guests: Walter & Louise Simonson Featured Filker: Peter Grubbs	???
1969	April 12-13	Robert A.W. Lowndes	585				
1970	April 11-12	Larry T. Shaw	735				
1971	April 1-18	Editor: John W. Campbell Fan: Howard DeVore	900				
1972	March 31-April 2	Theodore Sturgeon	1,200				
1973	April 20-22	Harlan Ellison	1,600				
1974	April 12-14	Forrest J. Ackerman	1,400				
1975	April 18-20	Brian Aldiss	1,100				
1976	April 9-11	<i>Amazing/Fantastic Magazines</i>	1,000				
1977	April 8-10	L. Sprague & Catherine de Camp	900				
1978	February 24-26	Writer: Robert Bloch Special Guest: Dr. Rosalyn S. Yalow	450				
1979	March 30-April 1	Writer: Ron Goulart Artist: Gahan Wilson	650				
1980	March 14-16	Writer: Larry Niven Artist: Vincent Di Fate	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	1,100				

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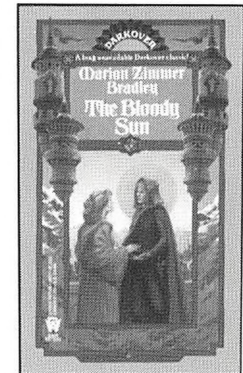
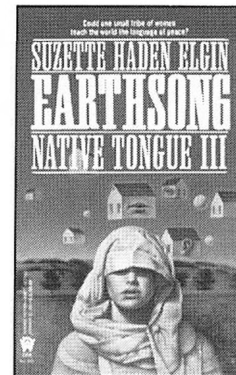
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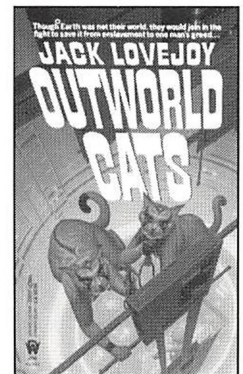
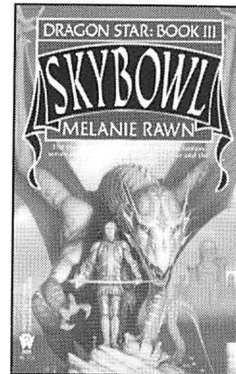
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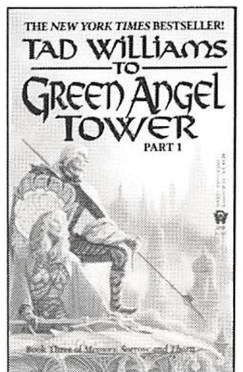
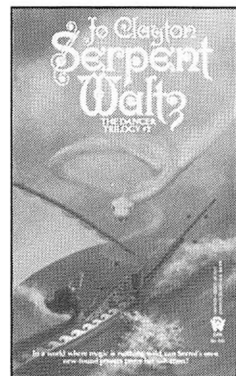
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