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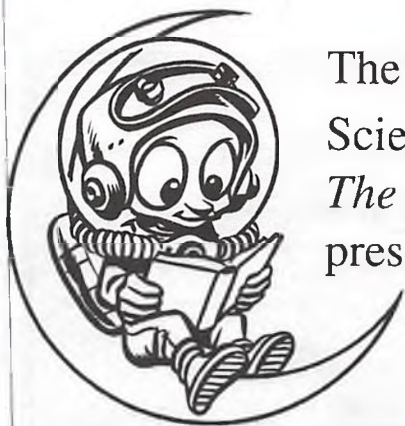
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March 17 - 19

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Artist Guest of Honor

Stephen F. Hickman

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Mike Glyer

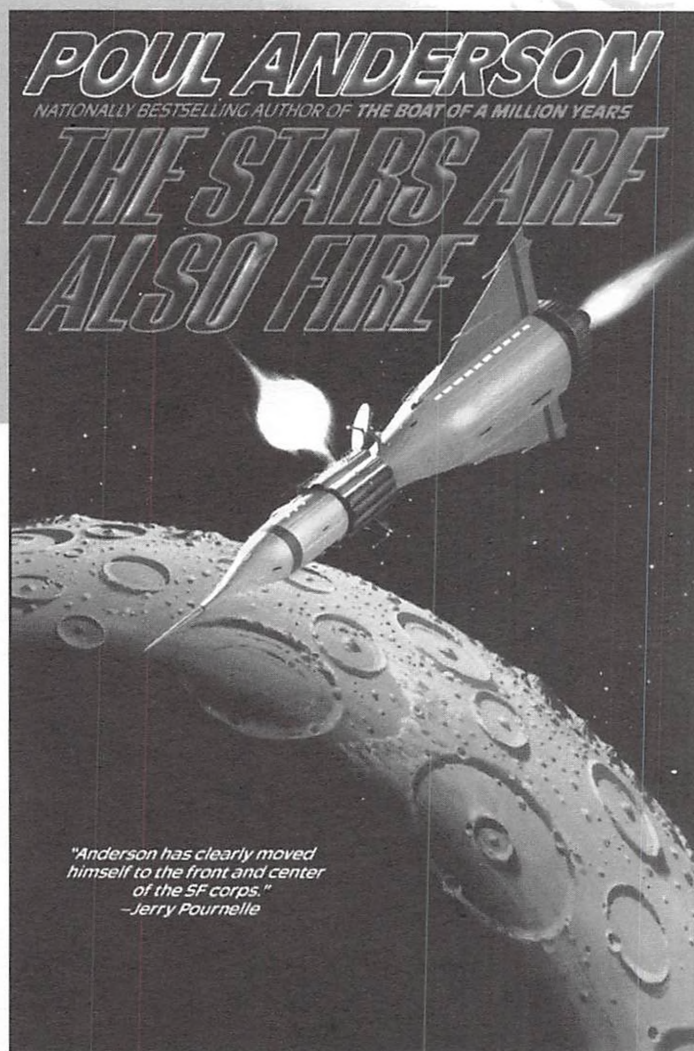
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TOR SF

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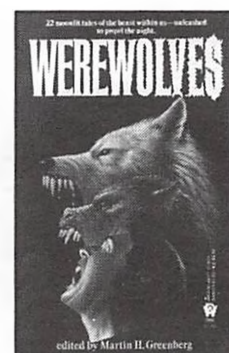
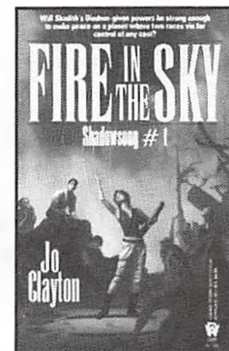
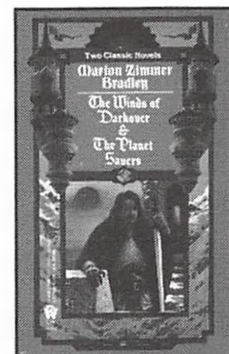
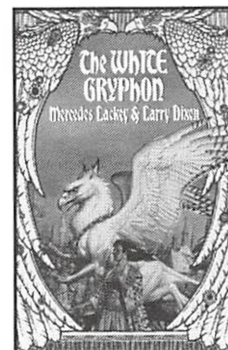
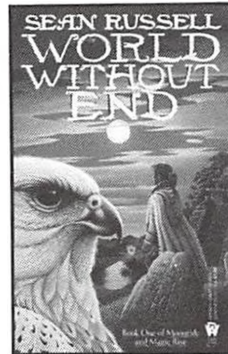
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Message from the Chair

Welcome to Lunacon '95, the 38th annual convention sponsored by the New York Science Fiction Society - the Lunarians, Inc. New York is both the center of the science fiction publishing and art industry and, historically, the heart of science fiction fandom, so it's only natural that as New York's premier sf fan group, our convention has always been committed to bringing you the most exceptional the field has to offer. This is especially true this year, as Lunacon '95 presents as Guests of Honor Hugo winners Poul Anderson (also a winner of the Nebula Award), Stephen Hickman, and Mike Glyer. We're also delighted to have as our Featured Filker Graham Leathers. We have tried to reflect both the tradition and the diversity of the SF community, from hard sf to space opera to fantasy, from fanzines to filking, from science to cyberspace, from media to masquerade, and from gaming to good fun.

On a personal note, Lunacon '95 marks my 25th anniversary in Fandom. I can think of no better way to celebrate than with all of you. Thanks.

*Mark L. Blackman, Chair
Lunacon '95*

We would like to express our appreciation and thanks to the following people and organizations without whose assistance Lunacon '95 would not have been possible: our Guests of Honor, the Rye Town Hilton, the many contributors to this book, named and unnamed, Mapleton Printing and Offset, Science Press, Irv Kershen, Jeff Hicks, Sondra Lehman, the publishers and others who have generously supported our Book Exhibit and Raffle (and the Lunarian's Donald A. Wollheim Scholarship Fund), Panix and Net Access for assistance with the Internet Room, Alan Zimmerman of SF, Mysteries & More Bookstore, certain office machines that (understandably) insisted on anonymity, our fellow Committee members (and the people who love them), our illustrious predecessors (for giving us something to live up to, or down, as the case may be), and a special thank you to our hardworking Volunteer Staff.

Weapons: NO WEAPONS OF ANY KIND ARE PERMITTED. People with weapons will not be registered. Anyone found to be carrying a weapon during the convention will have his/her membership revoked without compensation. The use of a weapon as part of the Masquerade *must be approved by the Masquerade Director prior to the event.* Going to and from the Masquerade, they must be carried in an opaque carrying case (example: a paper bag).

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

Costumes: Please cover any revealing costumes in the public areas of the hotel - the Bar, Lobby/Reception Areas and the Restaurants.

Smoking: All function rooms at *Lunacon '95* are non-smoking!!

Drinking Age: Please remember that New York State's legal drinking age is **21**. The Hotel will be enforcing this law. Alcohol may not be served at **open** parties, and you will be asked to close down if it is. An open party is one that is open to all convention members and is advertised openly at the convention. A closed party is not advertised, is invitational in nature, and runs behind closed doors. **Please note:** All parties *must* be in designated party areas. Parties held in other areas will be closed down.

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

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

We regret the severity of 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.

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"Frederik Pohl shows why he's still a star.... [*Mars Plus* is] A worthy addition to the growing body of speculation about the settlement of Mars."

—Chicago Sun-Times

"This fast paced sequel to Pohl's *Man Plus* is thoroughly engaging, helped along by witty dialogue and a handful of intriguing (no pun intended) characters."

—Science Fiction Chronicle

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—Paul McCauley, *Interzone*

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Poul Anderson

An Appreciation by Dennis McCunney

Take any of the arts, and you encounter people who define them. Frank Lloyd Wright in architecture, Beethoven in music, Picasso in painting: you could list as many names as you could recall, and each would refer to someone who had shaped the field in which they worked, and given it new boundaries and definitions that other artists could follow.

One such name in science fiction is Poul Anderson. Poul has helped to define the subset of the genre known as "hard" SF, in a career that spans over 40 years. In the process, he has garnered seven Hugo Awards, four Nebula Awards, a Galdalf Award of Grandmaster for lifetime achievements, and a host of lesser accolades. His skill does not begin or end at hard SF, and he has turned his hand to softer SF, fantasy, humor, and things outside of the genre proper such as translations and mysteries and mainstream fiction.

Poul was born in Pennsylvania in 1926 to Scandanavian parents. The family moved in his early years to southeast Texas, where his brother John was born. In 1937, Poul's father died, and the family spent time first in Europe, and then Washington, DC, before moving to Minnesota to farm. The attempt to become farmers was not successful, but Poul was able to attend the University of Minnesota, where he majored in Physics and graduated with honors.

Rather than pursue a career as a scientist, Poul opted to become a writer, and Physics' loss became our gain. Poul established an early reputation as a contributor to Astounding Science Fiction during the "Golden Age" when John Campbell was the editor. In those days, he shared the pages of the magazine with other Names like Robert A. Heinlein, Isaac Asimov, and L. Sprague De Camp, producing work that is still read and anthologized today. Campbell, Heinlein, and Asimov are no longer with us, and Astounding became Analog years ago, but Poul is still here, producing work that stands with the best he or anyone else has done.

In 1953, Poul moved to the San Francisco Bay area and married Karen Kruse. Karen began her association with SF as a club fan (WSFA) and an apazine fan (SAPS). She met Poul at the Chicago Worldcon in 1952, and they decided in 1953 to move to California and marry. In 1954, this collaboration produced a daughter, Astrid, who is now married to another well-known SF writer, Greg Bear, with two children.

The Andersons were for many years members of the Berkeley SF group; the Little Men's, Elves, and Gnomes Chowder, Marching, and Science Fiction Society. They served on the 1954 Worldcon and 1956 Westercon committees. Karen's own literary career began in the '50's, with sales of SF and fantasy verse and short stories to Anthony Boucher at Fantasy and Science Fiction and Cele Goldsmith at Fantastic. Along the way, Karen helped to found the Society for Creative Anachronisms, reaching the office of Laurel Queen of Arms. The 1988 Worldcon in New Orleans gave her a lifetime achievement for costuming. She is also an active Savoyard and Sherlockian, and an ardent filker. Her Watson-and-Sullivan filk operetta "Hattie, or St. Simon's Bride" will be produced at the 1995 Baycon in San Jose. She has collaborated on numerous works with Poul, and a collection of her solo work, *THE UNICORN TRADE*, was published by Tor in 1984.

Another of Poul's collaborations was strictly literary. He teamed up with Gordon Dickson to produce a series of stories about the Hokas — intelligent aliens who resemble large sapient teddy bears. The Hokas are introduced to Earth literature and fall in love, deciding to become the characters they read about. This results in a Hoka Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, Hoka British on the watch for the forces of Napoleon, Hoka Space Rangers battling evil in the galaxy...and a host of problems for the resident Earth consul who must attempt to deal with it all. Once in character, you see, a Hoka STAYS in character, no matter what. The results are side-splittingly funny, and the Hoka stories are among the few in

SF that will make you laugh aloud.

Humor is only one of Poul's strengths. The converse of humor is tragedy, and Poul is a deft hand at that, as well. Among his lasting achievements is a series of stories that detail a possible future history of mankind. These fall into two basic settings: stories set in the Polesotechnic League, and stories set in its successor, the Empire.

The Polesotechnic League stories are set in an early, enterprenurial phase of Earth's expansion into the galaxy. They feature several of Poul's most memorable characters, including Nicholas Van Rijn, and his associates David Falkayn, Adzel, and Chee Lan. Van Rijn heads Solar Spice and Liquors, a trading company, and Falkayn, Adzel, and Chee Lan are his top lieutenants, flitting from place to place in their starship, Muddlin' Through, attempting to solve problems for their employer and usually getting into trouble in the process.

Cultures mature, and the League is supplanted by the Empire. This provides Poul the opportunity to introduce another memorable character: Sir Dominic Flandry. Flandry is an intelligence officer for an Empire that is decadent and failing. A new power, the lizard-like Mersians, have arisen, and the Empire is hard-pressed on all fronts. (In typical Anderson fashion, there is a fundamental irony: the League helped to save Mersia centuries ago, when an incipient nova threatened their entire race.) Flandry is under no illusions about his task. He recognises that the Empire is dying of internal rot, and that his efforts are ultimately futile. But he carries on as best he can, doing what is possible to stave off the onset of the Long Night and the final fall into barbarism.

These stories would be a lasting life's work for most writers, but Poul has not stopped there. Another subject Poul explored is time travel, with a series of stories featuring Mance Everard and his associates in the Time Patrol. The Time Patrol is an organisation set up by the Danellians, a far future race that are what humanity might become, to safeguard the chain of events that lead to them. Manse and his colleagues wander through many times and places, doing what they can to insure that history comes out as we know it, rather than as it might have been had certain crucial events taken other terms.

Nor is SF the only form in which Poul has worked. His fantasies fill another shelf, and run the gamut from the humor of *A MIDSUMMER NIGHTS TEMPEST* to the straight re-telling of *HROLF KRAKI'S SAGA*. More recently, Poul has collaborated with Karen on a massive four volume series, "The Kings of Ys". This series borrows from

Roman mythology rather than the prevalent celtic tradition of fantasy, and has been well received.

We've mentioned Poul the author, and Poul the husband and father, and we've touched briefly on Poul the fan. You can't separate the fan from the pro in Poul's case: he has had a long and active involvement in science fiction fandom, which continues to this day. If his club activity has waned, his conventioning has not. Poul has mentioned that he no longer enjoys Worldcons: they are too large, crowded, and hectic. He prefers smaller regional conventions with a more sedate flow, where it is still possible to relax and meet new people. Meeting Poul is a treat in itself. He is a genial fellow with a gift for convivial good fellowship. My first meeting with Poul came years ago at a convention in Baltimore, where he kept a table full of "Great Waller's" (the SF fan term for serious chinese food enthusiasts) enthralled with a recitation of a Scotch dialect poem. We can't say what he might do at Lunacon, but we expect it to be equally entertaining.

We were delighted when Poul accepted our invitation to be the Writer Guest of Honor at Lunacon 1995. After you've had a chance to hear him speak, and possibly meet him yourself, we think you'll be as delighted as we were.



Poul Anderson

A Selected Bibliography

NOVELS:

Brain Wave		1954
The Broken Sword		1954
The Enemy Stars		1959
The High Crusade		1960
Three Hearts and Three Lions		1961
Flandry of Terra		1965
The Corridors of Time		1965
Tau Zero		1970
Hrolf Kraki's Saga		1973
A Midsummer Tempest		1974
People of the Wind		1974
The Dancer from Atlantis		1974
Mirkheim		1977
The Earth Book of Stormgate		1978
The Merman's Children		1978
Orion Shall Rise		1984
The Game of Empire		1985
The King of Ys: Roma Meter	<i>with Karen Anderson</i>	1986
The King of Ys: Gallicenae	<i>with Karen Anderson</i>	1987
The King of Ys: Dahut	<i>with Karen Anderson</i>	1988
The King of Ys: The Dog and the Wolf	<i>with Karen Anderson</i>	
The Boat of a Million Years		1989

HUGO WINNING SHORT FICTION:

"The Longest Voyage"		1964
"The Sharing of the Flesh"		1969
"The Queen of Air and Darkness"	1971 Nebula, 1972 Hugo	
"Goat Song"	1972 Nebula, 1973 Hugo	
"Hunter's Moon"	1978 Nebula, 1979 Hugo	
"The Saturn Game"		1982

Gandalf Award for Grandmaster		1978
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by Fred Lerner

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Other new NESFA Press books available now

Norstrilia by Cordwainer Smith

Norstrilia is the only SF novel by Cordwainer Smith. This novel is the centerpoint of the rich future history that Smith developed in most of his other stories, that of the "Instrumentality of Mankind". Hardbound, 249+xiii acid-free pages, with cover art by John Berkey, \$21.95. *Norstrilia* is intended as the companion volume to *The Rediscovery of Man: The Complete Short Science Fiction of Cordwainer Smith*, which was published by the NESFA Press in 1993, and is now in its third printing (price \$24.95). Between them, these two volumes encompass the sum of Cordwainer Smith's SF work.

Andre Norton: A Primary and Secondary Bibliography

Edited by Roger C. Schlobin & Irene R. Harrison

A complete bibliographic reference to Andre Norton's fiction and non-fiction. Also includes references to critical essays and scholarly works regarding her writings, with cover art by Barbara Tiffany-Eglinton, and a new preface by Andre. Trade paperback, 92+xxvii acid-free pages, \$12.50.

To be released in the spring from the NESFA Press

Ingathering: The Complete People Stories of Zenna Henderson.

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Steve Hickman:

*from T-Shirts to
postage stamps*

by Dennis McCunney

The explosion in popularity of science fiction has resulted in a parallel growth of interest in science fiction art, and provided opportunities for more artists to do SF artwork full time. One such talent is Stephen E. Hickman. Steve describes himself as always wanting to do SF art. Except for one early job working for someone else, he has, as a self-employed freelancer specialising in SF and fantasy.

The work you are probably familiar with is Steve's current covers for Baen Books. These are in a hard-edged futuristic style, appropriate for the topics, such as the cover for the Anne McCaffrey-Elizabeth Moon collaboration, SASSINAK, and the covers for the Larry Niven inspired "Man-Kzin Wars" series. But trust Steve to have more tricks up his artistic sleeve than that. Steve has at least three different styles, and works in a variety of areas. Aside from painting and illustration, he has done set design for motion pictures and videos, and design work used in interior decoration, logotypes, and puzzles.

Steve Hickman was born in Washington D. C. in April, 1949. He decided he wanted to be an SF artist in the 8th grade in 1963, when he saw a Frank Frazetta cover for an Ace Books publication of Edgar Rice Burrough's "The Lost Continent". He credits a good deal of his knowledge of art and technique, not to college, but to Fletcher Proctor, an art teacher at Hammond High School in northern Virginia. Steve did study art at the Richmond Professional Institute, but considers most of that useless. "They basically taught us how to do abstract art", was how he describes the experience. One thing did come from that, however. His roommate for two years at Richmond Professional was Mike Kaluta, who has gone on to wide recognition in the comics industry as one of the leading artists.

"Mike and I would stay up all night together and draw", he said, "and there is no question that we had a tremendous influence on each other. We approached things from such different perspectives, and had such different styles, that it worked really well!"

Steve did have a brief regular job. For a period of about 6 months in 1969, he was a Display Assistant at Woodward & Lothrop, a Virginia based department store chain. "I guess you could call it an art job", said Steve, but it wasn't what he wanted to do, and he soon quit to go freelance. His first major break was work in 1970, designing T-Shirts for the Shirt Explosion, a concern in Lanham, Maryland that is still in business and doing quite well. "The Shirt Explosion was a major creative force in the T-Shirt business", he said. "The artistic center at that time was in California, but they'd heard of us out there. I know one guy who moved to California and got a good job at one of the West Coast shirt outfits on the basis of having been at the Shirt Explosion". Steve did work for them for three or four years, and gradually branched out into book covers and illustrations.

His first book cover sale was to Ace in 1975, for the late Thomas Burnett Swann's "The Lady of the Bees". "They bought it from my portfolio" he said, "and it had originally been done as a painting for H. Rider Haggard's "She", so if you're wondering why the cover looks a bit out of place for the book... I never even got to read the complete manuscript!" By 1976, Steve was a full time book and magazine illustrator, branching out into other areas. "I did a set of Tolkien prints for Christopher Enterprises. They are STILL being bootlegged!" Since then, his work has appeared in books from Ace, Baen Enterprises, Ballantine, Berkley, Dell, Jove and Tor. He has also done magazine covers for D.C. Comics, Marvel Comics Group, Warren Publishing, and Phage Press. To date, he has created approximately 175 covers. His work in various media has also been exhibited at several galleries, and at the Orlando Science Center, the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum, and the Society of Illustrators.

More recently, he added another major milestone to his career. He was selected as the illustrator for a series of Space fantasy stamps that the U.S. Post Office was planning to issue. "My work was recommended by several people, including Leo Battaglia, the Art Editor for the Smithsonian Air and Space Magazine, and Mike Whelan. Phil Jordan, who was the Design Coordinator on the project, said he wanted to see me and my work." John Berkey, known for his high-tech spacecraft covers, and Atilla Heja, a protoge of Berkey's, were also invited to submit work.

The Post Office wanted to do stamps on three themes: space colonies, space travel in general, and nostalgia. "When I saw the last category, I knew that was what I wanted to do" said Steve, who is a fan of 1950's grade B SF movies and old Republic serials like "Rocky Jones, Space Ranger". Berkey and Heja both submitted outstanding work (and Heja's will be used in a forthcoming stamp set), but the committee who made the selection chose Steve for the project. "It's funny", he said. "The space enthusiasts are the largest segment of the stamp collecting community, and there was no middle ground: they either loved my work or they despised it." A lot of people apparently loved it: the stamps sold over seven and a half million copies, and what was supposed to be a two-month sales period extended well over a year. The assignment was a prestige item, and added valuable depth to his portfolio. The fact that the stamps proved his work SELLS didn't hurt either. Steve received additional recognition from the SF fan community, when the 1994 Worldcon in Winnipeg voted him a Hugo Award for the series.

These days, Steve lives in Red Hook, New York, a community upstate on the Hudson River, with his wife Vicki and their seven year old daughter Zara. Steve met Vicki in northern Virginia 19 years ago, and they've been married for 14 years. Vicki is a self-employed professional as well, doing typesetting for some local publishers. He is at work on an assortment of projects, including a series of prints for the Greenwich Workshop, and a line of trading cards for Comic Images. "I work primarily in oils and acrylics", he said. "I do the serious stuff in oils. The SF work is usually done in acrylics. I find it easier to paint things like machinery in that medium." But Steve is not content to stick with just one thing. "I am always looking for new techniques and new approaches", he said. "I'm not one of those painters who can just do the same thing time after time, changing an element here and there. If I do that, I'll lose the enthusiasm and interest that makes it worth doing."

One such additional area is sculpture. "I'm a sculptor as well" Steve says, and I've done some things, like busts of Sherlock Holmes and Professor Moriarty. And I did a Cthulu Mythos sculpture, a painting of which became a cover for another Ace book." Steve wouldn't mind doing more such pieces, if he can get commissions that will pay enough to make it worth the investment of time. With luck, he may have a piece or two to exhibit at Lunacon.

Another additional area is writing. "I did the first book of a proposed trilogy, called "The Lemurian Stone", which was published by Ace in 1988. I have the second book plotted out, and it's far better

planned than the first one and should be a much better book. It's just a matter of firing up the word processor and getting it written."

Given Steve's busy schedule these days, it may be a while. With a burgeoning professional career, and the responsibilities of a husband and father, we're amazed Steve was able to take the time to join us at Lunacon. Say hello to him if you get the chance, and observe a hard-working artist in a rare moment of rest. He's a great guy, and you'll appreciate the man as much as the art.

**Photo by
Christine Valada**



Stephen F. Hickman

Selected Works

BOOKS IN WHICH ART IS INCLUDED:

Space Art Poster Book
Tomorrow and Beyond
Sorcerors
The Fantasy Art of Stephen Hickman

PRINTS FOR SALE AND IN CIRCULATION:

To Reign in Hell (Glimmer Graphics)
Jhereg (Glimmer Graphics)
Lemurian Princess (Hickman Illustration)
Fantasy Girl (Hickman Illustration)
Black Rider (Hickman Illustration)

GALLERY EXHIBITIONS:

Art Space, Raliegh, NC	1990
Delaware Art Museum, Newark, DE	1986, 1988
New Britain Museum of Art, New Britain, CT	1979
Olympia & York, New York City, NY	1991
Orlando Science Center, Orlando, FL	1991
Smithsonian Air and Space Museum, Washington, DC	1992
Society of Illustrators, New York City, NY	1983, 1987
Veerhoff Gallery, Washington, DC	1987

BOOKS WRITTEN:

The Lemurian Stone, Ace Books	1988
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The New York Review of Science Fiction

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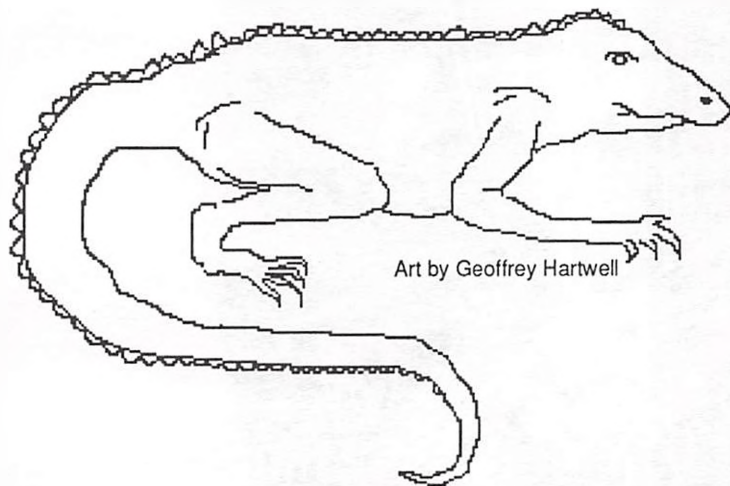
—Peter Nicholls, *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*

"The magazine produces a wide range of features, some of them shrewd, insightful, and informed, some of them overintellectualized to the point of opaqueness."

—Gardner Dozois, *The Year's Best Science Fiction: Ninth Annual Collection*

"Don't expect lots of books to be covered."

—Don D'Amassa, *Science Fiction Chronicle*



Art by Geoffrey Hartwell

"The New York Review of Science Fiction produced 12 issues in 1989, and all of them contained worthwhile and occasionally provocative criticism. . . . If they can maintain for another year, this might develop into one of the most important critical organs in the field."

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A Steve Hickman Portfolio





Escape into the Old Forest



STEPHEN HICKMAN © '90

An Elf-lord in the Twilight

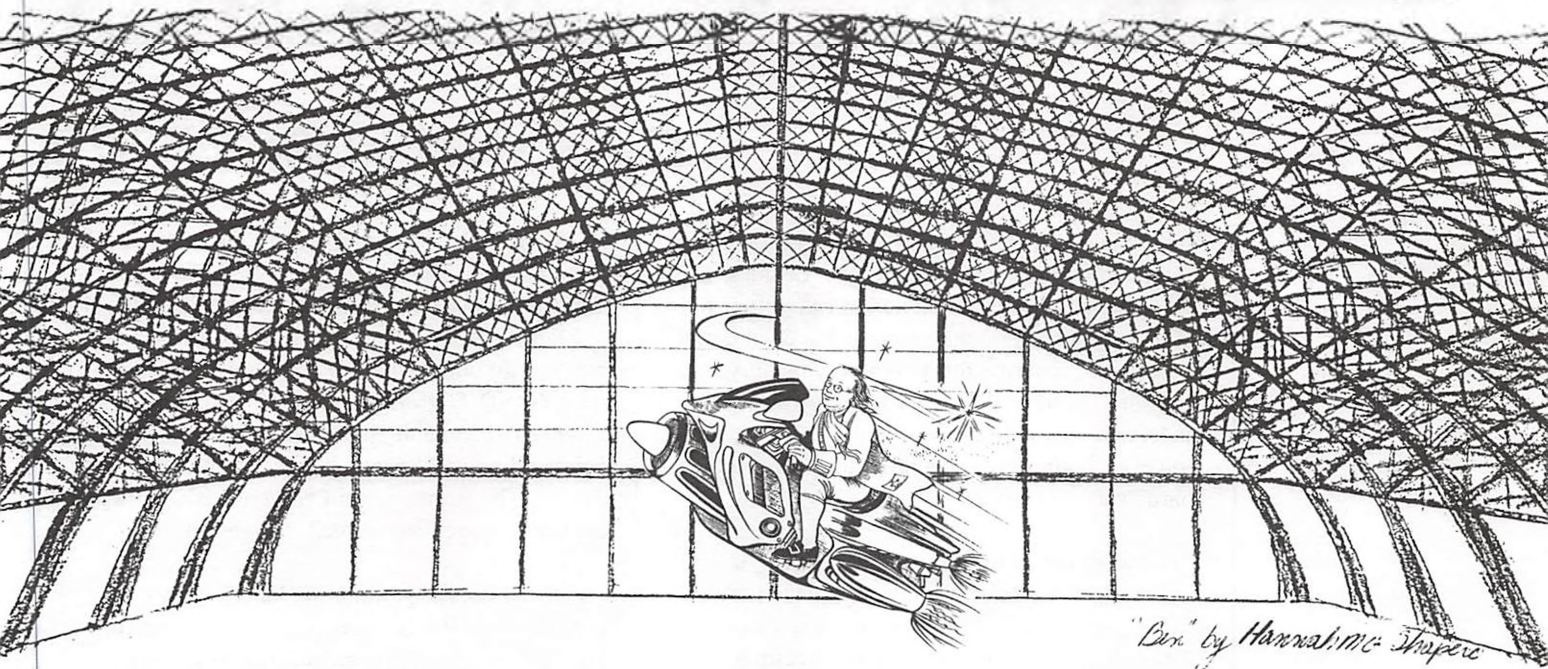


STEPHEN HICKMAN ©'90

The Shield-maiden



2001: The Millennium PhilconSM



"I guess he *can* fly that thing in here."

Have you ever been to a Worldcon with an exhibition hall big enough to park zeppelins or fly a rocket cycle in? You will. (If Philadelphia wins the 2001 Worldcon.) The A-B-C exhibit hall in the Pennsylvania Convention Center in Philadelphia is 840 feet long. In fact, the Convention Center is large enough to hold two Worldcons simultaneously.

Additional Facts

- Larger than Boston and Baltimore combined.
- 1,200 guest room Marriott Hotel in the convention center complex.
- 5,530 hotel rooms within walking distance of the convention center.
- Adjacent to Chinatown restaurants.
- More food at the Historic Reading Terminal Market within the convention center complex.
- Direct connection to rail, bus and subway transportation. Rail connection to the airport.

Comparison to Competition

(sizes in square feet)

Exhibit Halls

<u>Philadelphia Pa.C.C.</u>	<u>Boston Hynes C.C.</u>
A-B-C 320,000	A-B 82,000
D 115,000	C-D 74,000
Marriott 36,000	

Theatre Seating

Grand Hall 55,000	Auditorium 37,000
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Meeting Rooms

84 rooms <u>170,000</u>	41 rooms <u>96,000</u>
Total Space 696,000 289,000

Memberships

Pre-Supporting	\$10.00
<u>Pre-Opposing</u>	<u>17.76</u>
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2001: The Millennium PhilconSM

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On Hard Science Fiction

by Poul Anderson

Not being a critic, I do not presume to tell other writers how to run their own shops. Besides, these days what is called science fiction has gotten so broad and so eclectic that nobody can even define it, let alone prescribe for it — a very healthy state of affairs. I enjoy all kinds when they are well made, and attempt many of them myself. However, I admit to a special fondness for the “hard” sort.

The word refers to stories solidly based on real science or, sometimes, technology. Much of the plot springs directly from this, and any factual information expressed or implied is accurate. At least, that’s the ideal. Being human, writers can fail, and perhaps nothing one hundred percent correct has ever been written. But we, the practitioners of the form, try our best.

Some devotees lament that it’s in danger of extinction. Actually, it has always been rare. Jules Verne, who to my mind is not only the father of it but one of the two fountainheads of all modern science fiction, fudged more often than not. For instance, his space cannon in *FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON* would have squashed his travelers flat; *JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH* embodies a concept that geologists in his own time knew is wrong; and while he described the submarine of *20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA* in great and loving detail, he cleverly avoided specifying what it used for a powerplant. The other fountainhead, H. G. Wells, was frankly cavalier about his science, being interested in the social and human implications of ideas rather than the ideas themselves — although he did occasionally produce hard stuff, e.g., “The Land Ironclads.”

Most of the “science” and “technology” in subsequent works, including Hugo Gernsback’s much touted *RALPH 124C41+*, has likewise consisted of armwaving and gobbledegook. Mind you, this is not in itself bad. It may well be required for the story, and the story may well be a fine one. To give a single example, Clifford Simak’s *CITY* is full of things like psionic powers and creatures from a parallel universe, yet it is a jewel.

Stanley Weinbaum and Robert Heinlein were outstanding among later writers who grounded numer-

ous of their tales, if not all, firmly in scientific and engineering knowledge. It’s not their fault that Mars turned out to be different from the setting of “A Martian Oddysey” or that it hasn’t proven necessary to go out to Pluto to do cryonic research as in *BEYOND THIS HORIZON*. Conceptual obsolescence is inevitable, just as fictionally portrayed social and political developments have never come to pass. The stories remain good as ever, in large part because they are so well thought out.

As for armwaving, our best “hard” writers continue to do it when they must. For instance, Hal Clement usually postulates faster-than-light travel, in order to get his characters to wonderfully imagined planets in reasonable time, and Larry Niven required a stronger building material for his Ringworld than physical chemists believe is possible. Well, it would be presumptuous of us to suppose we’ve already learned everything important about the universe. Maybe it has yet undiscovered aspects that will enable us to do things current scientific opinion insists we never can. And indeed these days the frontiers of relativity theory and quantum mechanics have gotten almighty weird.

What makes a story hard science fiction is the integral part played in it by scientific fact, which the writer knows and respects. There are no mistakes due to ignorance or carelessness. The consequences of any assumptions are explored thoroughly, rigorously, and joyfully. Often, they become the story, although of course it can and should meet traditional literary standards. (When it doesn’t, quite, we’re willing to forgive because of the pleasure we get from the ideas.) “Scientific fact” covers far more than physics, chemistry, geology, astronomy, and biology, vast and fascinating though those disciplines are. It includes mathematics, paleobiology, archeology, historiography, anthropology, psychology, sociology, linguistics, economics, and on and on. Just glance through an issue of *SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN* or *SCIENCE NEWS*.

In short, hard science fiction addresses itself directly to reality, which is infinitely richer than the unaided imagination. Therefore, while statistically a small part of our field, it is the core, essential to the vitality and growth of the whole.

5...4...3...2...1...

BLAST OFF!

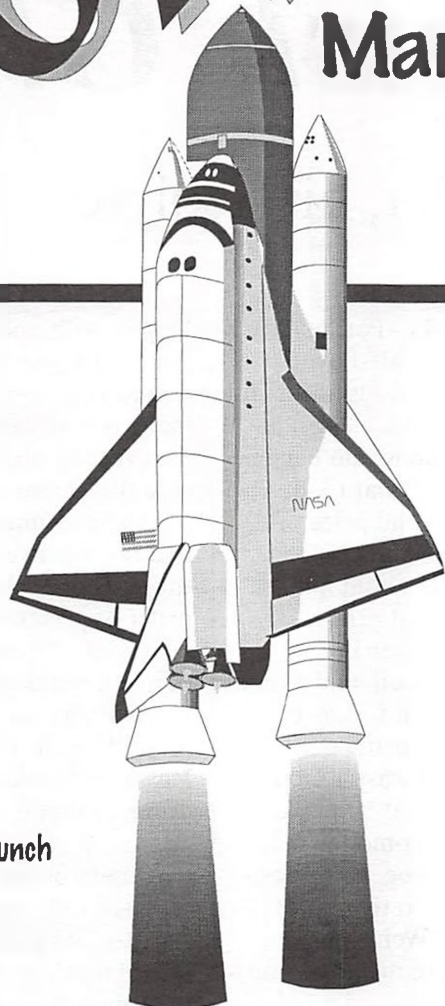
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I-CON XIV

March 31-April 2, 1995

**Stony Brook
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Siddig El Fadil

"Garak" on ST:DS9
Andrew Robinson

"Garibaldi" on Babylon 5
Jerry Doyle

"Dr. Who" Companion
Sophie Aldred

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Mike Glycer *Fannish Ghod*

by Craig Miller, his acolyte

Gods aren't born overnight. Particularly not fannish Ghods. They're created over time. A long, painstaking, laborious, difficult, excruciating, harrowing, intricate, elaborate, trying road lies before any who would become such a being. But at the end of that road, ah, at the end, there is a prize beyond price. A prize that-- ah, but I'm getting ahead of myself. Let me tell you a little about a man who is one of the winners of that prize.

Mike Glycer grew up in greater Los Angeles, attended school, did well, and ended up at the University of Southern California, where he majored in history. Fortunately, he got good grades here, too, and wasn't forced to repeat any of it. It was here at USC that Mike had the fortune to meet someone who would someday be a Fannish Legend (a position up there on the shelf just to the left of Fannish Ghod), Elliot "Elst" Weinstein. Together, the two would create magic er... mischief ummm... stuff.

I don't remember if Mike and Elliot began attending the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (LASFS) before or after this, but in 1972, at the World Science Fiction Convention in Los Angeles, these two changed the course of Fan History and came to everybody's attention.

In those days, Worldcons still held banquets at which the Hugos were given out. I know they still do occasionally, but for the last decade or two, most haven't. And even when they did, if you didn't want to eat you could always come in and stand at the back of the room and listen to the speechifying and award-handing-out. But Mike and Elliot were upset at the high cost for that year's banquet. \$8.00. Highway robbery. So the two of them came up with the idea, publicized, coordinated, and held the first annual Ranquet at a nearby McDonalds.

Ranquets have their own awards, the

Hogus, with open nominations and balloting. And much like the Hugos, a complicated system of vote counting is used. The Hugos make use of the so-called "Australian Ballot". You vote in order of preference and after counting, eliminating, and endless redistributing and recounting, the judges announce who had the most votes. The Hogus instead use the so-called "Austrian Ballot". You vote in order of preference and the judges announce who won. Please note the subtle differences. A much more efficient system.

Is it any wonder that Mike earns his living as an Appeals Officer for the Internal Revenue Service, the part of our Federal government that is second only to the Postal Service in efficiency and fair and honorable treatment of our citizenry? (What is an Appeals Officer, you ask? Well, after an IRS Auditor has gone over your records and determined that you owe the government a bucket of money, you have the right to appeal that decision. Your case then goes to an Appeals Officer whose job it is to look over the records and say "Gee, I'm not sure that bucket's big enough.")

But Mike isn't a company man. He doesn't take pleasure in pulling the wings off of flies. He doesn't take his work home with him and let it influence his daily life. That on December 31st of last year he married Diana Pavlac has nothing to do with the fact that, in the eyes of the IRS, December 31st is the same as having been married on January 1st and lets them file joint returns for the year. Don't be silly. They did it because it was the first Saturday Diana had off as a professor for Christmas break.

But, again, I'm ahead of my story. After graduating from USC, Mike attended Bowling Green University, where he got a Masters Degree in Popular Culture. It was scanning the classifieds for ads seeking full-time

Historians or Popular Culturians (okay, what would you call them?) that he found solace in a patriotic career serving his fellow citizens.

Mike's been active in fanzine fandom for much of his fannish career. He published many issues of two genzines, Prehensile and Scienti-Friction, as well as being a co-editor with me on a newszine I published in the mid-70s, SFinctor, the fannish news release. But his real fame and notoriety came when he began publishing File 770. For 107 issues now, his wry voice has been the source of all news fannish. A voice that's been rewarded with three Hugos for Best Fanzine and three more for Best Fan Writer since 1984. Not as many as he should have won but enough to let him know we like what he's doing. And he's still young. He'll win more. (If you guys all vote the right way, no one'll get hurt...)

His time in the fanzine trenches hasn't been all beer and skittles, of course. There's been a feud or two, of course. But even Ted White describes their exchanges as only heated correspondence. Nothing serious. All in all, Glycer's a pretty agreeable guy. I only know of one occasion that Mike's been viciously attacked. And that was by an a la crudo pizza that leapt off the table in a Kamikaze-like raid. Ask Mike, he'll tell you all about it.

Mike's also been involved with science fic-

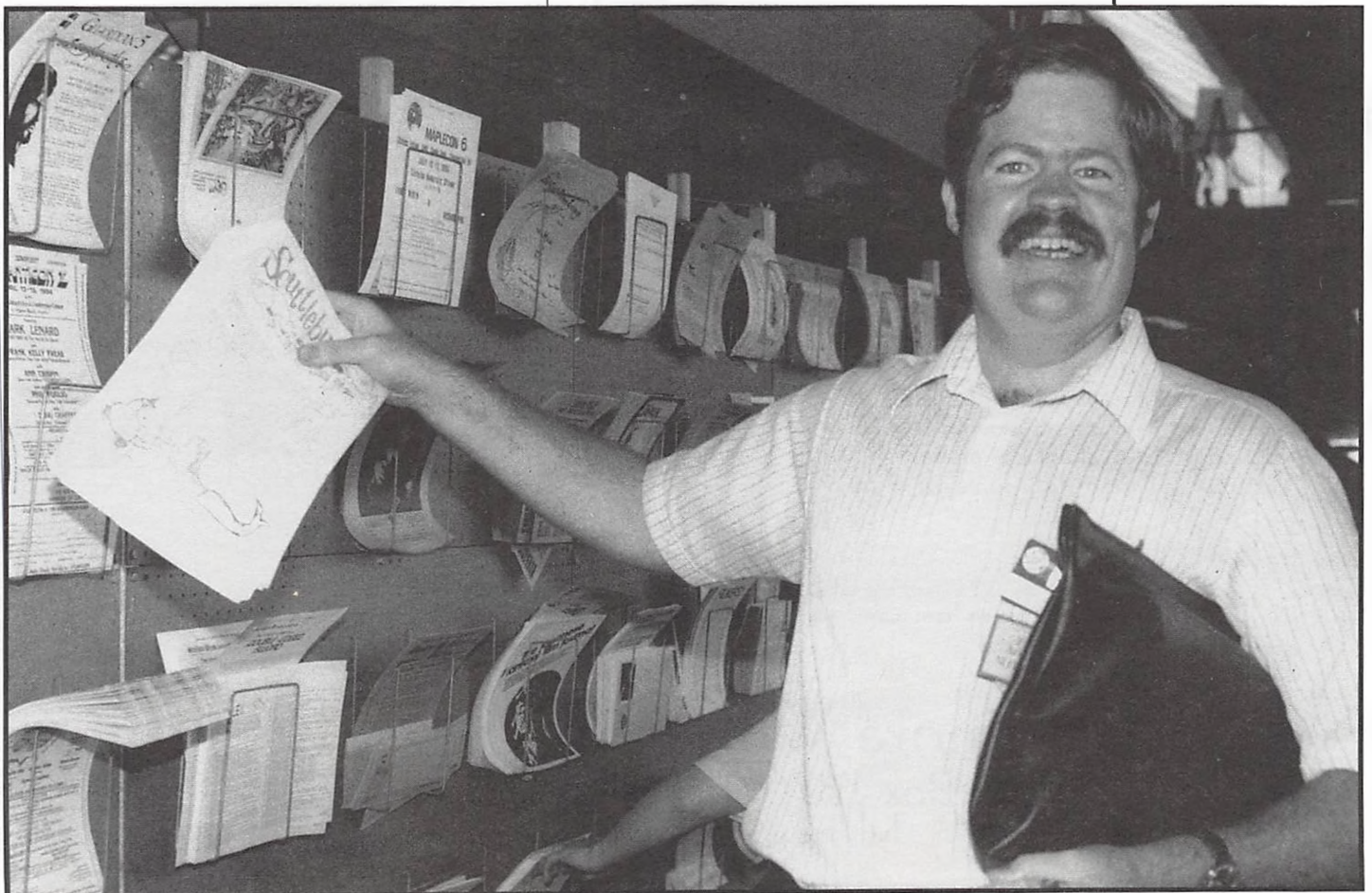
tion clubs, having served on the Board of Directors for LASFS for I don't know how long. It's been several years since I last served and Mike's still there, acting as the club's eminece greis and eyes on the world.

And conventions aren't out of this Fannish Ghod's ken, either. He chaired Loscon 3, the LASFS's local convention, back around 1977, the 1978 Westercon, better known as Westercone 31 (with a popular tie-in to the Baskin-Robbins ice cream chain; this Westercon was the mother for all convention ice cream socials), and is chairman of L.A.con III, the 1996 World Science Fiction Convention. And, being a Fannish Ghod, he's not only chaired conventions but served in a myriad of capacities on dozens of local, regional, and world science fiction conventions.

When I asked Mike to look back on his fannish life, to all of his accomplishments, and the long fannish road he's trudged down, he wistfully looked into the fire and said, softly, "I guess I've done just about everything but win the Hugo for Best Novel and edit Analog."

A veritable man mountain of mirth, Mike Glycer is truly a Fannish Ghod. (Oh, and that claptrap about the prize at the end of the road... forget it. The journey is the prize. Haven't you ever read any Chinese philosophy?)

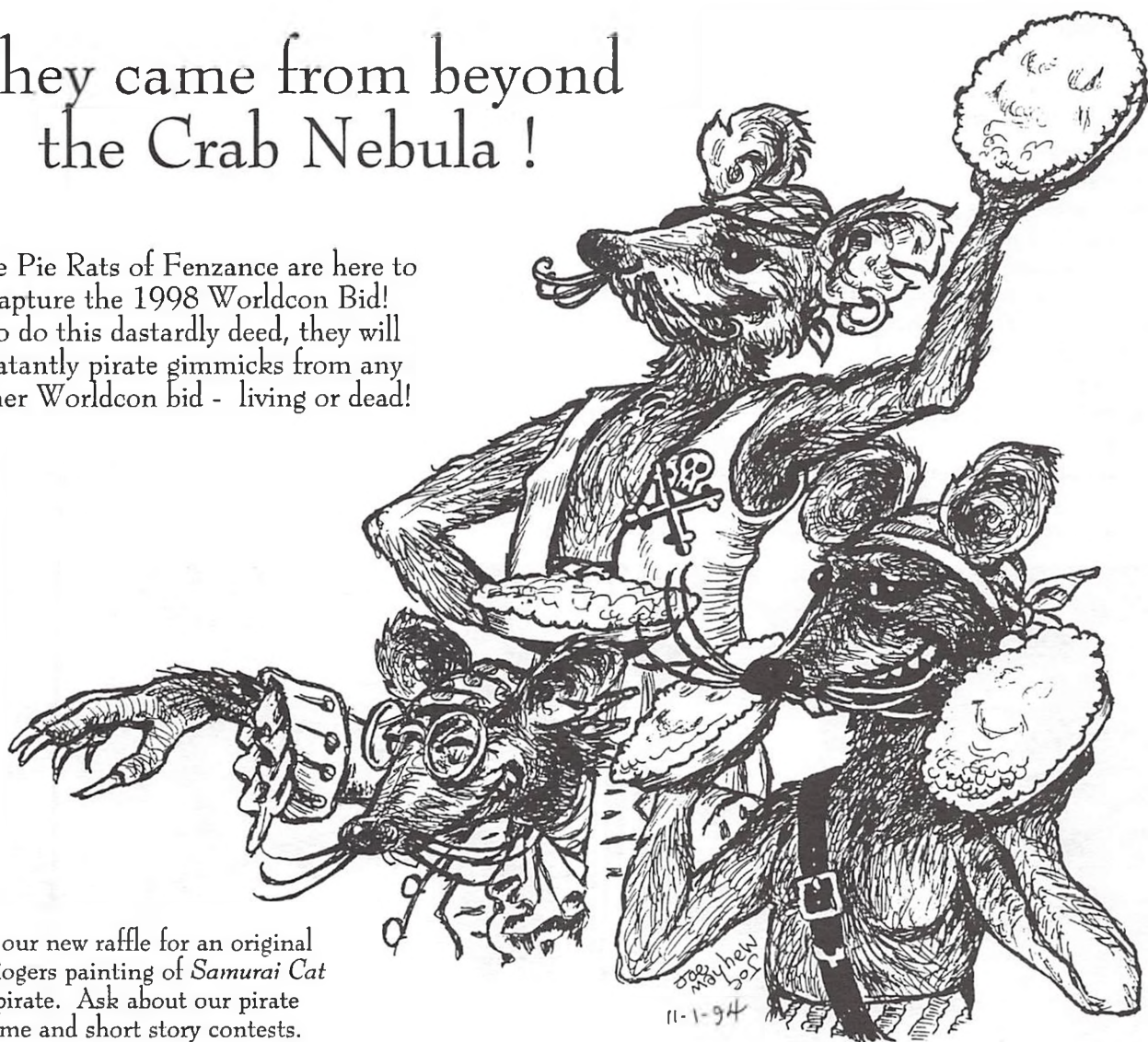
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Notice: The National Guard has taken over the Baltimore Convention Center for the 1998 Labor Day weekend. So we have moved our bid to August 5 - 9, 1998 (Wednesday through Sunday).

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During the 1989 Mythcon nine of went into downtown Vancouver to see Field of Dreams. Fran Skene told us the book's author, W. P. Kinsella, lived in Vancouver. I imagine that with a little misdirection in his youth Kinsella might have found science fiction fandom instead of baseball, with the following result:

FIELD OF BEAM'S

by Mike Glycer

Wilson Tucker lay in his hammock under the elm tree in his Indiana backyard squinting like a surveyor at his brick barbecue through the amber distortion in the bottom of a tumbler of Beam's Choice.

"IF YOU BUILD IT — HE WILL COME," said a voice.

As if it would clear his hearing, Tucker squinted both eyes shut. "Who is it?" he asked petulantly. "Is that you, Bloch?"

"IF YOU BUILD IT — HE WILL COME," repeated the voice.

Tucker relented and opened his eyes. He saw the shimmering vastness of a convention hotel with its sign reading "1997 WORLDCON: ROBERT A. HEINLEIN, GoH." Tucker shouted, "I told you to quit leaving all those bricks on my porch!" The mirage vanished. Instead, he saw Martha Beck and Midge Reitan setting down plates of buns and hamburger patties on the barbecue. "Did you say something, Tuck?" asked Midge. "Uh, I heard a voice tell me, 'If you build it — he will come.' I think it means that if I build the Tucker Hotel, Robert A. Heinlein will get to come back."

Martha told him, "Get up, Bob — all the fans will be arriving soon for your birthday party. And drink some coffee!"

Midge added, "Why should we want Robert A. Heinlein to come back? His last five novels were nothing but sex books occasionally interrupted by a lecture in ballistics."

"Yeah — weren't they great?" agreed Tucker.

At dawn, eight Dorsai Irregulars raised the "Sci-Fic" flag over the roof of the Tucker Hotel like a re-enactment of Iwo Jima, to the applause of assembled mid-western fandom.

"Whew — we got this whole thing up in one night!" Mark Riley twisted the cap off a bottle of beer. "Man, am I thirsty."

"Thanks, boys, I couldn't have done it without you," said Tucker from his hammock. "Just one question. Don't worldcons these days have about 8000 people? How come you built a hotel with no parking?"

"Geez, what a good question. Here — have a Hurricane," answered Michael Sinclair, handing Tucker a red drink in a lantern-shaped glass. "I've seen the LASFS clubhouse. They get 150 people a week and only have four parking spaces. Never been a problem there." "I love LASFS meetings," said Tucker. "I wouldn't trade one night at LASFS for 20 years in the best penitentiary in the world."

A Bloomington sheriff's car wheeled into the driveway. A deputy stepped out hoping someone would tell him why a 10-story convention hotel had sprouted overnight in a residential neighborhood. He wasn't optimistic.

"Didn't this used to be a cornfield?" the deputy asked. Tucker said something about "only crabgrass." "Do you have a permit for this thing?" he asked. That was good — always sound like you believe people are willing to comply with the law.

"Well, at Chicon IV they told us we needed a permit," nodded Ben Yalow, "but we sent M. David Johnson downtown to recite the Northwest Ordinance of 1787 to the fire marshal, and in fact we haven't seen either of them since —" The deputy cut him off. "If you don't buy a \$20,000 zoning variance permit we're going to cite you for harboring an unlawful landscape mutation. Then you'll have to plow this thing under."

Tucker watched distant lightning and listened to the rain. He couldn't sleep for worry. How would the hotel stay open long enough for Robert A. Heinlein to come back as Worldcon GoH?

"EASE HIS PAIN," said the voice in a clap of thunder.

"Huh?" Tucker started. "EASE HIS PAIN," repeated the voice. Tucker ventured, "Ease whose pain?" There was no answer. A discouraged Tucker went back to bed only to have his sleep invaded by strange dreams. He woke up needing to talk to somebody about them right away. It would already be morning in England, so he called Dave Langford.

When Langford had heard all about Tucker's dream, he admitted having a strange dream himself. Langford said, "I awoke with a compulsive need to take Greg Pickersgill to a cricket match."

Tucker agreed, "I know how you feel, Dave, I've often felt a compulsive need to take after Greg with a Cricket lighter, and a jar of kerosene, too."

"I don't believe you understood," corrected Dave. "The meaning of your dream is that you must take an angry young writer to a sporting event."

Tucker scoffed. "Why can't I go with a friendly writer? I'll call Mike Resnick — I think he's even got season tickets!"

Cincinnati Reds catcher Joe Oliver popped up for the final out of the fifth inning. "What do you want, Tuck? I'm going for a bag of peanuts," said Resnick. Tucker wasn't hungry: he was waiting excitedly for a sign or omen to explain his dreams. "Suit yourself," said Resnick, heading upstairs.

Tucker looked back at the field. The Diamond Vision scoreboard was running a Geo endorsement. It flashed, "Harlan Ellison. Noted Futurist." Tucker was electrified. Yes, that must be who the voice had in mind. "Ease his pain." When Resnick returned Tucker told him all about his vision. "No question about it, the voice means that if I want the Tucker Hotel to fulfill its destiny, first I have to drive to the West Coast and help Harlan finish Last Dangerous Visions."

"I don't think that's right —" Resnick began. Tucker interrupted, "Now I know people have been down on the project, but they said the same things about the Tucker Hotel until the voice came along —" Resnick finally broke in. "Look, Tuck, I've seen Harlan on the scoreboard myself, six times this home stand. It's not a vision, it's a commercial. I wish I had one for Land Rovers"

Tucker frowned, then asked, "You don't suppose it could have been, maybe, an alternate vision?"

Tucker despondently looked over the Bloomington skyline as he stopped his car at the bottom of the off-ramp. He picked out the Tucker Hotel in the deepening twilight. It twinkled brighter than a Wal-Mart ring. He admired the view until he remembered who'd be getting the electric bill for all those lights. Then he floored the accelerator. Midge and Martha ran out to meet him in the driveway. When Tucker switched the engine off the sounds of a wild party rocked his car. Martha shouted, "It's incredible, come see it, Bob!" Midge pulled him out of the car and took him inside.

Two bellhops were draping a banner across the lobby: "Tucker Hotel Welcomes 1997 Worldcon!" Dozens of guests waiting to register were having their own party line the waiting line. Some of them

appeared familiar, in a weird sort of way.

"Look," said Martha, tugging on his arm. "There's Ted Sturgeon, and Henry Kuttner..." Midge tugged at the other arm. "I see John W. Campbell and Philip K. Dick. Let's say hello."

Philip K. Dick wore a leisure suit. There was a stuffed rattlesnake coiled around the rim of his cowboy hat, fangs exposed and poised to strike. Tucker said, "That hat gives me the willies." Dick said, "I know. If I could see it, I wouldn't wear it...."

Campbell shook Tucker's hand. "We're so glad you finally got your hotel built. Almost everybody came. L. Ron Hubbard wanted to, but he's got another book to finish and can't take the time!"

Martha mentioned, "We've only got one problem. The police are here asking if we have a permit yet, and you know we don't." Tucker looked at the check-in line and smiled. "Don't we have a full house?" Martha answered, "Make 'em pay? Of course not. They're our guests of honor!"

The Bloomington deputy sheriff returned. Tucker backed up a step, and gave an embarrassed cough. "I'm sorry things didn't pan out. I don't have any idea how we're going to pay for the \$20,000 zoning permit." The deputy answered, "Are you kidding, tear this place down? No way! Do you know who's here? That Star Trek guy. And Rod Serling. Superman's here, too!"

Tucker jutted his chin and declared, "A media con, in my hotel? Get me a phone — I'll call the wrecking crane myself!"

Midge calmed him. "Maybe we just need a good lawyer. Call up Robert Sacks, he owes me a favor. I told him he could run our Business Meeting."

"I thought we were supposed to be easing people's pain." "No, this is to make them 'Go the distance'!"

Philip K. Dick advised, "Look — nobody in the new generation reads anymore, but they'll come 2000 miles and pay to see dead people come back to life even if they have no idea who they are!"

The deputy agreed. "They'll bring enough hundred dollar bills to burn up 700 wet mules!"

At that moment a surprised-looking Robert A. Heinlein came up the steps into the lobby. He wandered over to Tucker and spoke quietly. "Can I ask you one thing?" said Heinlein. "Is this Heaven?"

"Nah," said Tucker. "This is the Wimpy Zone."

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Graham Leathers

by Pete Grubbs

Banjo players, in the finest sense of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, are made, not born. I'm writing this biography for Graham Leathers with this in mind. Graham is one of the finest banjo players I've ever had the pleasure to perform with. Actually, Graham is one of the two banjo players I've ever had the pleasure to perform with, and the other guy wasn't nearly as interesting.

But then again, he didn't eat as much pizza. Gray has a smile as infectious as the common cold, with an effect that is not only much more pleasant, but longer lasting. It would be a remarkably unsociable ogre who didn't enjoy his company immediately.

Gray was born in Red Deer, Alberta, Canada, Christmas 1961, at the tender age of 0. Although both of his parents were hoping for something a little less messy for Christmas, they kept him anyway, a decision they would probably have reconsidered if they'd only know how much they'd be paying in pizza bills. (You think I'm exaggerating? Of all the pizza fanatics I've known, only Tom Smith has a comparable passion for the stuff.) Thirty-five years later, he is a resident of Winnipeg and has solved most of the more difficult problems of life in the late 20th Century, but he still seems to have difficulty finding his way to a bed as long as someone wants to hear a tune or join him in a chorus. In the finest filking tradition, Gray will stay in a filk room until he can barely keep his eyes open, continue to play until his fingers are numb and sing until his throat could be entered in the Kentucky Derby.

His interest in performance manifested itself early when he started smoozing for parts in school plays. This led him to a more serious study of theatre that eventually included mime, juggling, and improvisation. His music career started at 17 when he began studying guitar and played all over Winnipeg with a youth music group called "Some thing New!". Now he plays guitar, 5-string bajo, bodhran, and Old Maid with equal facility, but the finger pick he uses are murder on a new deck of cards. His career as a songwriter got going about the same time as he started studying guitar.

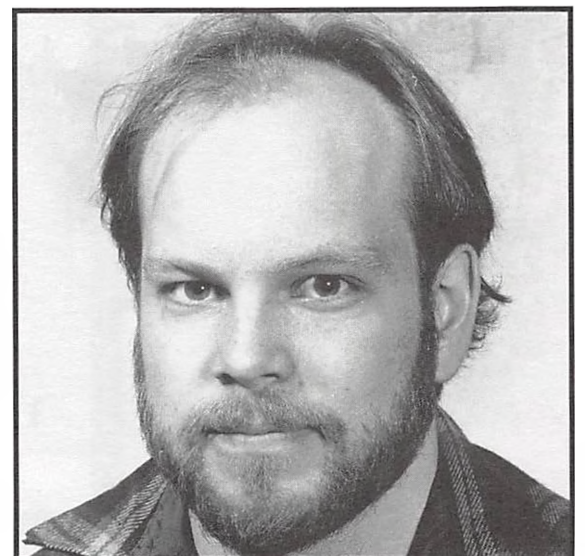
Gray is also no stranger to the recording studio. His work as a recording artist includes a solo

album, *Delusions of Grandeur*, and *Helter Celtic*, an album cut by the Dust Rhinos, a Celtic band he worked with for a time. One of the tracks on this album, *Nantucket Sleighride*, was written by Gray and features himself on lead vocals. It's a damn fine piece of work and worth the price of the album by itself.

When I had the good fortune to perform with Gray in an InstaBand at Worldcon last year, he introduced me to a song by a Canadian group called Three Dead Trolls and a Baggie. We performed that song (I have no idea what the title is, and I don't think Gray does either, but you could ask) as part of our concert, and I'm sure it wouldn't take a lot of badgering to get him to play it for you this weekend. He's also pretty familiar with Stan Rodger's stuff, so don't hesitate to request *The Mary Ellen Carter*. Just be prepared to sing on the choruses. Loud.

In spite of my repeated encouragement and offers of assistance, Gray has turned his back on the potentially promising career as a street sweeper for the more profitable but less romantic occupation of freelance Doer of Just About Anything and head of a small audio recording company, Real to Reel Productions. He also entertains for children's parties, and has emerged as one of the driving creative forces behind the burgeoning balloon-animal industry.

I would encourage any of you who attend his concert (and it will be one of the best things at the convention, believe me), to ask him for a hands-on demonstration of his most famous creation, the *Porno Puppy*. I have to congratulate Lunacon on maintaining its tradition of bringing in accomplished musicians as guests. Ya'll did yourself proud this year and that's a fact. Since I can't be there to enjoy Graham Leathers' talent and company, I hope you'll do that for me.



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 '95* our 38th 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., 44 East 32nd 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 ten aspiring writers.

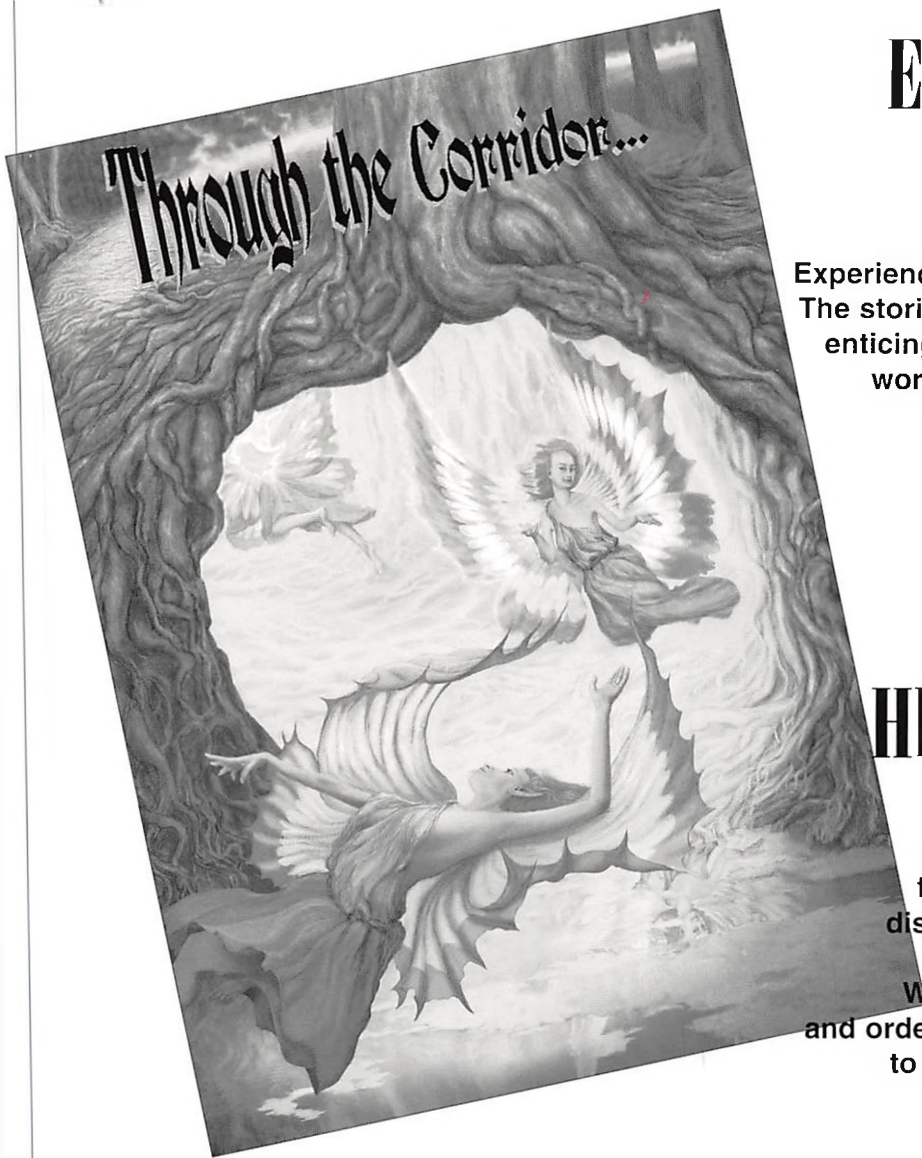
Additionally, in 1992, the *Society* established **The Isaac Asimov Memorial Award** as an everlasting tribute to Dr. Asimov's life-long contributions to the fields of Science Fiction and Science Fact. The Award is presented at *Lunacon*, to honor those who have contributed significantly to increasing the public's knowledge and understanding of science through his or her writings, and who exemplify the personal qualities which made the late Dr. Asimov so admired and well-loved. In 1994, the first ever recipient of this Award was Hal Clement. This year's recipient is Frederik Pohl.

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
1957	May 12		65
1958	April 13	Frank R. Paul	85
1959	April 12	Lester Del Rey	80
1960	April 10	Ed Emsh	75
1961	April 9	Willy Ley	105
1962	April 29	Frederik Pohl	105
1963	April 21	Judith Merril	115
1964	<i>NO LUNACON - NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR</i>		
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	<i>Editor:</i> John W. Campbell <i>Fan:</i> 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	<i>Writer:</i> Robert Bloch <i>Special Guest:</i> Dr. Rosalyn S. Yalow	850
1979	March 30 - April 1	<i>Writer:</i> Ron Goulart <i>Artist:</i> Gahan Wilson	650
1980	March 14 - 16	<i>Writer:</i> Larry Niven <i>Artist:</i> Vincent Di Fate	750
1981	March 20 - 22	<i>Writer:</i> James White <i>Artist:</i> Jack Gaughan	875
1982	March 19 - 21	<i>Writer:</i> Fred Saberhagen <i>Artist:</i> John Schoenherr <i>Fan:</i> Steve Stiles	1,100
1983	March 18 - 20	<i>Writer:</i> Anne McCaffrey <i>Artist:</i> Barbi Johnson <i>Fan:</i> Don & Elsie Wollheim	1,500
1984	March 16 - 18	<i>Writer:</i> Terry Carr <i>Artist:</i> Tom Kidd <i>Fan:</i> Cy Chauvin	1,400
1985	March 15 - 17	<i>Writer:</i> Gordon R. Dickson <i>Artist:</i> Don Maitz <i>Fan:</i> Curt Clemmer, D.I.	800
1986	March 7 - 9	<i>Writer:</i> Marta Randall <i>Artist:</i> Dawn Wilson <i>Fan:</i> Art Saha <i>Special Guest:</i> Madeline L'Engle	1,100
1987	March 20 - 22	<i>Writer:</i> Jack Williamson <i>Artist:</i> Darrell Sweet <i>Fan:</i> Jack Chalker <i>Toastmaster:</i> Mike Resnick	1,200
1988	March 11 - 13	<i>Writer:</i> Harry Harrison <i>Artist:</i> N. Taylor Blanchard <i>Fan:</i> Pat Mueller <i>Toastmaster:</i> Wilson Tucker	1,250
1989	March 10 - 12	<i>Writer:</i> Roger Zelazny <i>Artist:</i> Ron Walotsky <i>Fan:</i> David Kyle <i>Editor:</i> David Hartwell	1,450
1990	March 16 - 18	<i>Writer:</i> Katherine Kurtz <i>Artist:</i> Thomas Canty <i>Publisher:</i> Tom Doherty	1,500
1991	March 8 - 10	<i>Writer:</i> John Brunner <i>Artist:</i> Frank Kelly Freas <i>Fan:</i> Harry Stubbs <i>Publishers:</i> Ian & Betty Ballantine <i>Science:</i> Prof. Gerald Feinberg	1,300
1992	March 20 - 22	<i>Writer:</i> Samuel R. Delany <i>Artist:</i> Paul Lehr <i>Fan:</i> Jon Singer <i>Special Guest:</i> Kristine Kathryn Rusch <i>Featured Filkers:</i> Bill & Brenda Sutton	1,350
1993	March 19 - 21	<i>Author:</i> Orson Scott Card <i>Artist:</i> Barclay Shaw <i>Fan:</i> Alexis Gilliland <i>Publishing:</i> Richard Curtis	1,250
1994	March 18 - 20	<i>Writer:</i> Vonda N. McIntyre <i>Artist:</i> James Warhola <i>Fan:</i> Walter R. Cole <i>Special Musical Guest:</i> Dean Friedman <i>Comics Industry Guests:</i> Walter & Louise Simonson <i>Featured Filker:</i> Peter Grubbs	1,200
1995	March 17 - 19	<i>Writer:</i> Poul Anderson <i>Artist:</i> Stephen Hickman <i>Fan:</i> Mike Glycer <i>Featured Filker:</i> Graham Leathers	????



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