

Lunacon 2003



Rowena

CONGRATULATIONS TO SPIDER ROBINSON LUNACON 2003 GUEST OF HONOR

“Spider Robinson is the
Tom Robbins of the
21st Century.”

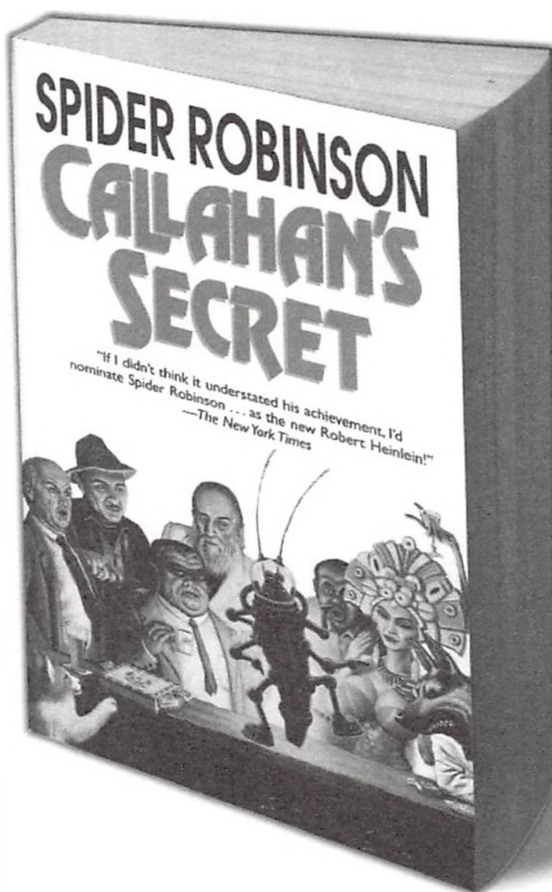
—John Varley

“ROBINSON is the
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—Los Angeles Times

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generate tension without
losing his sense of humor,
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welcomes you to

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Writer Guests of Honor

Spider and Jeanne Robinson

Artist Guest of Honor

Rowena

Fan Guests of Honor

Joni and Todd Dashoff

Mistress of Ceremonies

Susan de Guardiola

Rye Town Hilton

Rye Brook, NY

March 21-23, 2003



Credits and Minutiae

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Table of Contents

Credits and Minutiae	1
Table of Contents	3
Advertisers' Index	3
Lunacon Policies	3
Acknowledgments	3
Message from the Chairman	3
Lunacon 2003 Committee	4
Remembering Walt Cole	
<i>Frank Dietz and Val Ontell</i>	5
Writer GoHs, Spider & Jeanne Robinson:	
<i>Winning the Life Lotto by David Gerrold</i>	7
A Spider Robinson Checklist	9
Callahan's Con (excerpt) <i>by Spider Robinson</i>	11
Artist GoH, Rowena Morrill: On the Road to Where?	
<i>by Paul Barnett (John Grant)</i>	21
The Exotic Imagery of Rowena	23
Fan GoHs, Joni & Todd Dashoff:	
<i>Philly Phan Phenomena by Lew Wolkoff</i>	28
Mistress of Ceremonies, Susan de Guardiola:	
<i>On Stage and Off by Carl Mami</i>	30
Who's Who at Lunacon 2003	32
In the <i>Columbia's</i> Aftermath <i>by Ben Bova</i>	38
Reflections <i>by John Boardman</i>	39
Past Lunacons	40
New York Science Fiction Society	
—the Lunarians, Inc.	C-III

Advertisers' Index

Albacon '03	12
AnimeNext	33
Arisia 2004	35
Balticon 37	2
Buffycon One	8
Charlotte 2005 NASFiC bid	16
Interaction	31
Lunacon 2002 Chair	6
Lunacon 2004	37
Moonlight Rising	18
Noreascon 4	20
Philcon 2003	29
Seattle 2005 NASFiC bid	22
Tor Books	C-II
Torcon 3	10

Lunacon Policies

Weapons: NO WEAPONS OF ANY KIND ARE PERMITTED. People with weapons will not be registered, and anyone found to be carrying a weapon during the convention will have his or her membership revoked without compensation. The use of a weapon as part of a Masquerade presentation must be approved by the Masquerade Director prior to the event. (Okay, *some* weapons are permitted. If you receive permission, the weapon must be carried to and from the Masquerade peace-bonded and in a safe and non-threatening manner.) The Lunacon 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 that the Committee determines to be dangerous. This includes toy weapons of **all** types. The Committee reserves the right to amend this definition of a weapon, and the right to impound weapons for the duration of the convention. Actions or 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**.

Smoking: All function rooms at Lunacon 2003 are **non-smoking!!** The ashtrays are for stubbing them out.

Drinking Age: Please remember that the legal drinking age in New York State is **21**. The Hotel Staff 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 to which all convention members are invited, and may be publicized. A "closed" party is not advertised, except by word-of-mouth, is generally invitational in nature, and is run behind closed doors.) **Please note:** All parties **must** be in designated party areas. Parties held in other areas will be closed down.

Convention Badges: You **MUST** wear your Lunacon badge to all convention activities, and produce it if asked.

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

We ask you please to remember to use discretion and always be considerate of your fellow attendees and other hotel guests throughout the Convention. Thank you.

Acknowledgments

Lunacon 2003 would like to thank the following for helping make this year's convention possible: our illustrious Guests of Honor, the staff of The Rye Town Hilton, Team Arisia, the publishers and others who have so generously supported our Book Exhibit/Raffle and Auction (benefitting the Lunarians' Donald A. and Elsie B. Wollheim Memorial Scholarship Fund), the many contributors to this Souvenir Program Book, Pat LoBrutto at Tor Books, Baker Johnson, Inc., Mapleton Printing and Offset, **Dean Friedman** and band (making their second Concert appearance at Lunacon), our fellow Committee members and hard-working Volunteers (and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts), Mindy Helfant (for her efforts in setting up the Committee), our determined predecessors (whose efforts got us this far), and you, our attendees (the reason we do it).

Message From the Chairman

I'm happy to see my friends here. Hope you're all having a great time. I've done this before. It was harder this time. A *lot* harder. Have you hugged your Chairman today?

Lunacon 2003 Committee

CHAIRMAN: Paul Birnbaum

ANIME: Diane Sodher

Assistant: Brian Price

Staff: Ronnie Katz, Liz Hopkins, Albert Mar

FILMS: Skip Morris

Staff: Carsten Turner, Colette Fozard,

Mike Olsham

ART SHOW: Andrea C. Senchy

Assistants: Bonnie Atwood, Ted Atwood

Construction Crew: Ted Atwood, Tom Endrey, Rich Ferree, James LaBarre, John LaBarre, Alycia Mellgren (and whoever's around Thursday evening and Friday morning).

Auctioneer: Elliot Kay Shorter

and The Incredible Floating East Coast Art

Show Crew: Jim Belfiore, Anton Chernoff,

Joni Brill Dashoff, Gay Ellen Dennett,

Christina DePaulis, Tom Endrey,

AllisonFeldhusen, George Flynn, Hal Haag,

Johnna Klukas, Jennie Kraus,

Winton Matthews, Sally Mayer,

Lynn Perkins, Karen Purcell, Jim Reynolds,

Harold Stein (and anyone else we can

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Barbara Dannenfelser, Kevin Nelson,

Frank Martinez, Renny Stern, Gene Stern,

Tim DiMicelli, Gary Diamond

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LARP: Rhonda Farmer (LAIRE)

Assistant: Linda Robertello

HOTEL LIAISON: Peter Cassidy

Assistants: Tony Baruffi, Al DiDonato

INTERNET ROOM: Scott Drummond

Equipment: Raj Goel, Sharon Goel

Staff: Michael Wendel

LOGISTICS: Preston Saul

Assistants: Victor Erosa, Alan Saul

Truck Driver: Robert Rosenberg

Staff: Robert L. Moran, Matthew McMillian

Gopher: Jaime Saul

BOOK EXHIBIT: Lucy Schmeidler

CHILD CARE: Winona Whyte-Schwier

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Con Suite: Kathleen Morrison

Assistant: Lee Gilliland

Apprentice: Ellen Weinfeld

Staff: Chris Amshey, Arielle

Food Services Logistics: Andrew Kaplan

(Man With Truck), Michelle Weinfeld

Green Room: Jean Elizabeth Krevor

Assistant: Leslie McBain (the Mad Caterer)

Morning Person: Arwen Rosenbaum

Staff Den:

Staff Den Goddess: Naomi Moslow

Staff Den Queen: Judy Heom

Staff: Michael Moslow

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Mickey Levin, Tom Powers, Dan Procopio,

Michael McConnell, Barbara Higgens,

Pete Radatti, John Vanible Jr.,

Rick Kovalcik

MAILROOM: Dom Corrado

MASQUERADE: Carl Mami

Assistant: Dora Buck

Staff: Heather Buck

Judges: Elaine Mami, Ricky Dick,

Karen Dick, Stephanie Carrigg Regan

Green Room: Byron Connell, Tina Connell

MEMBER SERVICES: Alan Rachlin

NEWSLETTER: Lew Wolkoff

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Assistant Monkey: Susan Palinosky

Gridlocked Monkey: Leigh Grossman

Datamining Monkey: Beverly Erickson

All-Purpose Monkeys: Vincent "elfman"

Collins, Ed "Mightywombat" Hickox,

Shadesong, Nightstalker

Children's Programming: Sue-Rae Rosenfeld

Assistants: Frank Balazs, Tamarah Balazs,

Cathy Cooper, Miranda Cooper

Rocky Horror Picture Show: Shaina Salisbury

DEALERS' ROOM: Devra Langsam

Assistants: Mary Otten, Mitch Botwin,

Elan Litt

RADIO ROOM: Jim Freund

Assistants: Max Schmid, Scott Drummond

FILK: Selena Frederick

REGENCY DANCE: John Hertz

PUBLICATIONS:

Flyer: Paul Birnbaum

Progress Report Editor: Mary Rozza
Progress Report Copy: The Fan Behind the Curtain

Program Book Editor: Mark L. Blackman
Program Book Ad Sales: Mark L. Blackman

Pocket Program: Paul Birnbaum

PUBLICITY: Gary Blog

REGISTRATION: Susan Kahn

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and the Reglets: Tyler Ferree, Ruth Ferree, Edwin Grace, Eleanor Grace

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Corresponding: Dom Corrado

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STAFFING: Wanda Diaz

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TECH DIRECTOR: Marlowe Weissman

Staff: Paul Kraus

Boston Truck Run: Linda Nee

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42: Roadkill, *00:* Kira Morrow

TREASURY: Gary c Tesser

Assistants: Thom Anderson, Tim Marion

WEBMISTRESS: Sharon Sbarsky

Web Consultant: Seth Breidbart

All-purpose, General Function Apprentice: Roadkill

Remembering Walt Cole (1931-2002)

Walter R. Cole was involved with the Lunarians since the Club's third meeting, way back in January 1957. He served innumerable terms as Lunarians Secretary, as well as on three decades of Lunacon Committees. In 1986 he was voted to Honorary Membership in the New York Science Fiction Society—the Lunarians, Inc. He was Fan Guest of Honor at Lunacon '94. Walt died in December 2002 at the age of 71.

Walt was active in Fandom for more than 50 years. Prior to joining Lunarians, he headed the Centaurian League. In addition, he compiled the 1964 volume A Checklist of Science Fiction Anthologies (with an introduction by Theodore Sturgeon), the first such reference tool in the field. His other interests included astronomy and photography.

Walt Cole was a good friend of mine well before a small number of us formed The Lunarians as a New York fan group.

During the early years, gatherings started with dinner together, followed by a meeting, then conversation and card-playing which sometimes lasted until dawn. Walt was a regular at the monthly meetings, as an active member and officer of the club, for decades.

One of our first objectives was to hold an annual convention for fans with several authors and artists invited to speak. At that time a regional sf convention in New York consisted of a Sunday afternoon conference at a Manhattan meeting hall, with Walt Cole welcoming each fan attending as head of registration.

Walt continued as one of the staff who were

instrumental in building Lunacon into the 3-day convention that it is today. — Frank Dietz

For many years after I joined the Lunarians, there was only one club secretary: Walt Cole. He, along with Art Saha, was the club memory. If you needed to know something about the club's history, you went to Walt.

Through an interesting coincidence, I was able to keep in touch with Walt over the years. Thanks to his employer's (H. W. Wilson) 800 number, I could, as a librarian/customer, ask for Walt's help and "catch up" at the same time. I was truly sorry not to see him when Ron and I returned to Lunacon as Fan GoHs in 2002. — Val Ontell

Frank Dietz and Val Ontell represent two "generations" of Lunarians. They both were past Society officers and past Lunacon Chairs.

I would like to thank everyone who stood by me the last two years and helped me get through a serious illness, an operation and medical complications.

With your assistance, I got to see Lunacon 2002 become a reality.

**Dom Corrado
Lunacon 2002 Chair**

Spider and Jeanne Robinson: Winning the Life Lotto

by David Gerrold

In 1984, the Worldcon landed in Los Angeles – well, actually Anaheim, across the street from Disneyland. (You want to know why Los Angeles wins so many Worldcon bids? I'll tell you why Los Angeles wins so many Worldcon bids. It has nothing to do with the fact that they have a long-experienced committee who know how to run a convention like a finely-tuned machine. No. It's because they always put the convention in the Anaheim convention center, across the street from Disneyland.)

That particular year, Spider and Jeanne Robinson made the pilgrimage down from Canada, secretly sneaking past the INS and the FBI who remain convinced to this

day that the identities of Spider and Jeanne Robinson are just bizarre cover stories and that, in reality, these two remarkable individuals are really the Silver Spider and Moon Moth, sneaking out at night, wearing nothing but cape and tights, and fighting a never-ending battle against terminal stupidity. (This can't possibly be true. As far as I

know, neither Spider nor Jeanne have ever been near Washington, DC.) Never mind, I've said too much already. (If I die under mysterious circumstances, you'll know whom to blame.)

John Varley also attended that Worldcon. Neither he, nor Spider nor Jeanne, had ever been to Disneyland; so of course a pilgrimage to the Magic Kingdom was mandatory. A group of six or eight or ten of us schlepped ourselves over to that place that is often advertised as "the happiest place on Earth" (but couldn't possibly be, because there's no place where you get to dump lawyers, agents, and television producers into molten lava. But I digress again.)

Once inside the gates, we were given strict instructions to have a good time or else.... ("Or else what, kind sir?" "Or else, we'll make you do it all again. Especially the Small World ride.") Properly chastened, Spider and Jeanne put on two of their very best smiles and we headed off to our first adventure – where else? – Adventureland. Our first ride was the Jungle Boat Cruise.

For those three of you who have never been to Disneyland or Disney World, and who have never been on the Jungle Boat Cruise, this is a simulated schlep through the great wild rivers of the world: the Nile, the Amazon, the East River. While you glide

past various plastic replicas of threatened and endangered species, the pilot of the boat sails through a monolog of terminally frightful bad gags and extremely painful puns. Yes, this was the reason why we dragged Spider Robinson to the Jungle Boat ride. Not for the ride, but to watch his face.

When the boat finally returned to the embarkation

dock, when we finally climbed gratefully back up onto the aged wooden planks, Spider's eyes were bright and shining. He looked at me and gasped, "They do that all day long?"

"Of course," I replied, with as straight a face as I can manage, which isn't very. "They've been seduced by the dock side of the farce."

Spider blinked. "How did you do that?"

"It's easy. The shortest distance between two puns is a straight line."



Photo by Greg McKinnon

I don't remember much after that. I do remember that it took two people to pry Spider's fingers from my throat. (And several more trying to pull them off, so Spider could honor Heinlein's credo and finish what he started.) It was worth it – the only time in my life I've ever been able to deliver a double whammy of such incredible awfulness. (In Spider's defense, of course, it's well known that the perfect pun must result in the death of the perpetrator. He was only trying to give me my due. Personally, I think a good pun is its own reward. Its beauty is to be found in the "oy" of the beholder.)

None of that tells you anything substantial about Spider and Jeanne, of course, except that they have remarkably poor taste in friends.

On the plus side, Spider and Jeanne have two of the best smiles in science fiction. Indeed, if this were their only virtue, it would be sufficient. So many of the rest of us look like the guest of honor at a hanging, one has to suspect that Spider and Jeanne have not yet heard the terrible news – either that, or they're giggling because they know they've won the lottery and they're not telling.

I suspect the latter – that they've won the lotto. Not the one with money, the much more important lotto. The life lotto. The sweepstakes of destiny – you know, the one where you start out naked, wet, cold, and hungry, and the first person you meet slaps you on the

ass – but you pull the handle anyway, and if three bars come up, and if you pull the queen of hearts to fill an ace-high inside straight flush, and if the wheel stops on the double zero, if the dice come up boxcars, and if all this happens at the stroke of midnight on a leap year, during a total eclipse of the sun, you end up with the perfect life-partner. Like Spider and Jeanne. That's why they're always smiling. They can't stop smiling. They won the life lotto.

See, there's the thing about Spider and Jeanne. It's easy to talk about the obvious accomplishments, the dancing, the writing, the singing, the marvelous offspring, all the awards, all that stuff. Anybody can write a list. It's easy to acknowledge that Jeanne is a marvelously talented woman, insightful and wise in a way that fills me with awe and admiration. (And it doesn't hurt any that she's also beautiful, but I'm told that it's politically incorrect to say so.)

It's just as easy to point out that Spider is one of the few writers to pick up the mantle of Theodore Sturgeon and write stories that are as deliciously ironic and satiric as they are joyous and uplifting. (Do you know how big a compliment that is?!) Spider makes writing look so easy and so much fun that I admit to being filled with a dark, brooding, mean-spirited envy every time I read one of his books. Geez! How does he do that?

But talking about all the stuff they've done is to ignore the folks who are doing the doing. That's talking about the shadows, not the light.

Here are two remarkable human beings who share a wonderful life together. They are passionate and privileged and happy to a degree that if you ever have one of those dark nights of the human soul, one of those "dancing around the prickly pear at three o'clock in the morning" T. S. Eliot moments, all you have to do is re-member that there are people like Spider and Jeanne on the planet. Spider and Jeanne are the proof that it's possible.

It's *this* simple – Spider and Jeanne are the tangible evidence that human beings are essentially divine creatures, and that when we sing and dance and tell tall tales, when we make our own magic, when we commit ourselves enthusiastically, then we are all capable of enormous good. Isn't that a wonderful thing to know?

Novelist and television writer David Gerrold is a nine-time Hugo and Nebula Award nominee famous around the world. The Martian Child, released in 2002, received enthusiastic reviews.

b u f f y c o n
It's not the Hellmouth, but it's close ONE

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A Spider Robinson Checklist

(North America; as of January 2003)

Fiction

CALLAHAN'S PLACE BOOKS

- *Callahan's Crosstime Saloon* [Ace paperback 1977, Tor Jan. 2000]
- *Time Travelers Strictly Cash* [Ace pb '81]
- *Callahan's Secret* [Ace pb '86]
(all 3 above books collected in the omnibus:)
- *The Callahan Chronicles* [Tor hc/trade pb Sept. '97]
(which previously appeared as:)
- *Callahan and Company* [Phantasia Press hc '90]
(out of print)
- *Off the Wall at Callahan's* (sampler) [Tor trade pb Feb. '94]

LADY SALLY'S HOUSE BOOKS

- *Callahan's Lady* [Ace hardcover '89/pb '90]
- *Lady Slings the Booze* [Ace hc '92/pb '93]
- *Kill the Editor* (first half of *LStB*, above) [Axolotl hc/pb '91] (out of print)

MARY'S PLACE BOOKS

- *The Callahan Touch* [Ace hc '93, pb Dec. '94]
- *Callahan's Legacy* [Tor hc Oct. '96, Pb Sept. '97]

THE PLACE BOOKS

- *Callahan's Key* [Bantam hc July '00, pb June '01]
- *Callahan's Con* [Tor hc, scheduled for Aug. '03]

DEATHKILLER BOOKS

- *Lifthouse* [Baen/Easton lb Apr. '97] (sequel to *Deathkiller*, below)
- *Deathkiller* [Baen May '96] (compilation of *Time Pressure* and *Mindkiller*, below)
- *Time Pressure* [Ace hc/pb '87/'88] (prequel to *Mindkiller*, below)
- *Mindkiller* [Holt hc '82; Berkley pb '83]

Journalism

- Comment (Op-Ed) column, "The Crazy Years," *The Globe and Mail* (Canada's national newspaper), '96-'99
- Technology column, "Past Imperfect, Future Tense," *The Globe and Mail*, throughout '99
- Comment column, "Future Tense," *The Globe and Mail*, since '99

Games

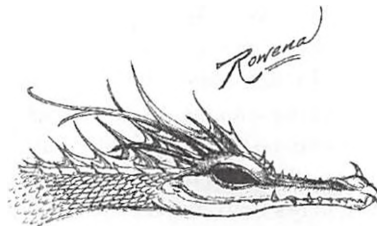
- *Callahan's Crosstime Saloon* CD-ROM computer game, adapted by Josh Mandel, Legend '97
- *Callahan's Crosstime Saloon* role-playing game, adapted by Chris McCubbin and Steve Jackson; Steve Jackson Games

OTHER BOOKS

- *God Is An Iron* (collection) [Five Star Press hc '02, pb '03] (Spider Robinson's favorite short works)
- *The Free Lunch* [Tor hc Aug. '01/pb Aug. '02]
- *By Any Other Name* (collection) [Baen pb, Feb. '01]
- *User Friendly* (collection) [Baen pb Feb. '98]
- *Night Of Power* [Baen hc '85; Berkley pb '86; bibliobytes.com (online) '95]
- *Melancholy Elephants* (collection) [Penguin/Tor pb '84/'85] (out of print)
- *The Best Of All Possible Worlds* (anthology) [Ace pb '80] (out of print)
- *Antinomy* (collection) [Dell pb '80] (out of print)
- *Telempath* [Berkley hc/pb '76/'77; Tor pb '88; Baen pb July '01]
- *Copyright Violation* (novelette) [Pulphouse hc/pb 90] (out of print)

STARDANCE BOOKS

- *Stardance* [with Jeanne Robinson, Baen pb '92; Easton leatherbound '92]
- *Starseed* [w. Jeanne Robinson; Ace hc/pb '91/'92; Easton lb '92]
- *Starmind* [w. Jeanne Robinson; Ace hc June '95, pb Feb. '96; Easton lb '95; Baen May '01]
- *The Star Dancers* [w. Jeanne Robinson; Baen pb Sept '97] (*Stardance* and *Starseed* in a single pb)



Internet

- Spider Robinson's official website at www.spiderrobinson.com
- newsgroup alt.callahans (currently rated in top 1% of USENET by size; 61,000+ members)
- #callahansIRC live chatline; Callahan's Place Forums active on AOL & Delphi, etc.

Music

- *Belaboring the Obvious*, audio CD of the 4 soundtrack songs from the *Callahan's Crosstime Saloon* CD-ROM computer game, recorded by SR with Amos Garrett on lead guitar; plus SR reading the first chapter of *Callahan's Key*; produced by Jeanne Robinson; available at www.spiderrobinson.com

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"Toronto is by official UN statistics the single most multicultural city in the world; it is also statistically the safest city in North America and, by the reckoning of many, the one with the richest literary culture."

Pico Iyer, Harper's Magazine

"Toronto is a wonderful city, and it has been far too long since I've had the chance to spend any time there, see the sights, visit with my friends, and of course sample that world famous Canadian cuisine."

George R.R. Martin

Toronto is a city that holds all the wonders of the world in one clean, safe, friendly place: a theatre scene rivaled only by London and New York, more than 80 cultures from across the globe, attractions that range from high art to rowdy family fun. Many of our most popular attractions are within walking distance of each other. In downtown Toronto, a short stroll is all it takes to travel between thousands of hotel rooms, great sports venues, the CN Tower, major convention centres, endless shopping, top theatre, the waterfront, and inspired cuisine. Beyond the cozy and quirky neighbourhoods of the city are more fabulous attractions, plus countryside, Niagara Falls, a wine region and outdoor adventures, all an easy drive away.

Guests of Honour

George R.R. Martin (pro)

Frank Kelly Freas (artist)

Mike Glycer (fan)

Spider Robinson (toastmaster)

GoHst of Honour

Robert Bloch, the spirit of Toronto Worldcons

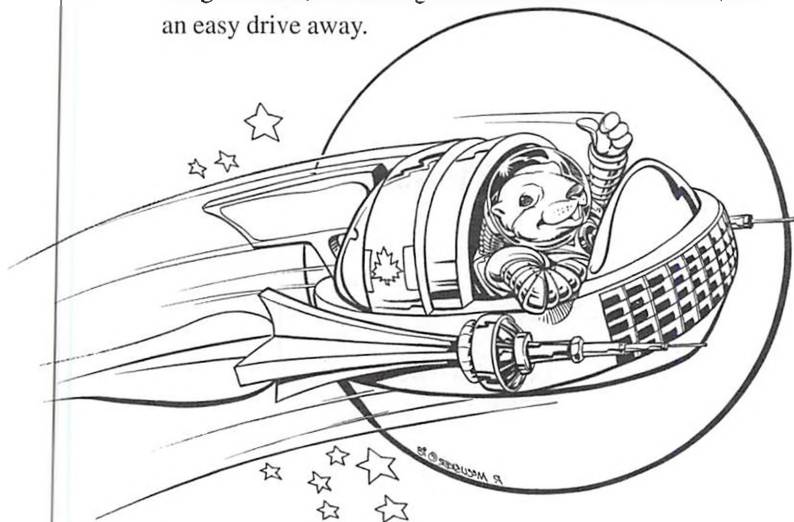
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Callahan's Con (excerpt)

by Spider Robinson

Chapter Seven: Telling the Tale

Of Antonio Donnazio Junior his own mother had once said, "You know how some people don't know shit? Little Tony don't *suspect* shit." (To which his maternal grandfather had replied, "Fuckin A. Littleprick makes his old man look like that Lord Stevie Hawkins. Whaddya mean, who? You know who I mean. Rain Man in a wheelchair.") There had never been the slightest danger of Tony Donuts Junior suddenly needing a tuxedo because he'd been invited to Stockholm, and no one had ever, at least not with sincerity, asked his advice on anything.

Nevertheless, he'd had an entire night to integrate in his mind both brand new information—*I know somebody who can get younger*—with some of the oldest information his brain retained—*the world is owned by five very very old men*.

Everything he had been doing for the past few weeks, ever since he'd arrived in Key West, had the single purpose of impressing one or more of those very very old men. For although he was not bright enough to have figured it out for himself, he had finally terrorized someone knowledgeable into explaining to him that this was what it would take for him to become a made guy—that no mere capo or even don would or even could make that decision. Pressed, hard, his informant had explained that it wasn't, at least not entirely, because Tony wasn't Sicilian, and it wasn't, at least not entirely, because he was let's face it a potential discipline problem, and it wasn't even that most people found him a little intimidating on a one-to-one basis, or even a one-to-six-heavily-armed basis. What it mostly was, really, was that he was the son of Tony Donuts Senior, who in his own gaudy passage through life had made few even temporary allies and no friends, and not for nothin but it didn't help he even had the same friggin *name* fackhrissake. This was monstrously, manifestly unfair, of course, but there was nothing Tony Junior could do about it except strangle his informant, which was small satisfaction.

Mulling it over for months, he'd seen that the Five Old Men could not be either frightened or reasoned with. They would have to be bribed. But they were used to being bribed by the best, with the most, so it was going to take a pretty big piece of money.

That was what had led to his southward migration. The only plan he'd come up with himself for raising serious money was to double the tax he imposed on each of his personal stable of extortion victims. It was

not a great plan. His standard rates had not been merciful, even by protection racket standards; doubled, they became a burden so crushing that a few of the goats actually dared to balk. During one such renegotiation Tony found himself distracted, and digressed to ask the other party where in the *hell* he'd ever found such a stupid tee-shirt. The shop owner had acquired the memorably obscene garment in question on Duval Street during a recent vacation in Key West, had noticed the obvious signs of Russian mob incursion there, and was well aware of Tony's only frustrated ambition; in desperate hope of shortening his hospital stay, he invented the whole scam on the spot and gave it to Tony. Go down there, roll up the Commies, give their balls and their loot to the old men, and they'll give you a button. It took two or three repetitions, each faster and more concise than the last, for Tony to grasp the nub of the scheme, but when he did he liked it so much that he generously put its inventor out of his misery at once.

On arrival in Key West he quickly learned that Einstein had screwed him. The Russians were well dug in, in numbers that even he had to respect, and their principal racket appeared to be money laundering, about which Tony understood slightly less than nothing. They'd be hard to take, and once taken would constitute a prize he wasn't even sure how to pick up, much less present to the old men.

So he had stalled. First he would lock up the rest of Key West, which anyone could see was a boat race for a man of his talents, and then from that power base he would take on the Russians. So far, the strategy was not working a hell of a lot better than it had for Napoleon or Hitler.

It was just as much aggravation and legwork to lock up Key West as any other city, but once you had it there was far less than usual to steal. Tony slowly learned that Key West was where all the losers in North America ended up, sooner or later. A few days after he had that epiphany, it occurred to him that Key West was where *he* had ended up, and from that time on he tended to be even more impatient and irritable than his nature would have dictated. Not good.

And then along came his lucky break, the unexpected answer to all his problems. Not just a miracle, but *the* miracle: the only thing that the five old men wanted more than money. In the possession of a girl. Who got littler and more defenseless—and more infuriatingly insolent—every time he saw her.

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Tony's impatience escalated to a state not far short of frenzy.



So when he went to Duval Street to get his Jeep back the next morning, he was in no mood to waste any time on the transaction. He had a broad to hunt. And was aware that almost every other male on Duval Street was also hunting a broad, which was bound to obscure his view, and also that there were *thousands* of broads around, maybe half of them blonde, at least this week.

Fortunately for the peace of the commonweal, the staff of the emergency room at the hospital on Stock Island, and himself, the elderly tourist from Wisconsin who had crumpled Tony's bumper yesterday was punctual today. When Tony got out of the cab, which departed without waiting for payment, there the geezer was, and there parked beside him was Tony's Jeep.

Tony walked around the vehicle with a critical eye. From the front bumper to the new rear one, it was visibly in far better condition than it had been yesterday. He grunted in satisfaction. Even the interior looked good: the floors had been swept, the ashtray had been emptied, and a crack in the driver's seat upholstery that had been starting to annoy him was repaired. He turned, leaned back against the vehicle, and said, "Ahright," holding out his hand for the keys.

"Had to pay double to have it ready this fast," the geezer said, greatly relieved by Tony's approval. In a wild spasm of optimism he passed over the receipt along with the keys. "Come to thirteen hundred."

"You got fucked," Tony told him. He climbed into the Jeep, started it up, and drove away without looking, confident that the stream of traffic would let him in.

His plan was to drive a few blocks further, park, and go up to the observation deck of the Holiday Inn LaConcha. It is one of the tallest structures in Key West (the tallest with an elevator), and centrally located: the only way to get a better view of the entire island at once is to rent a helicopter, and helicopters are noisy and don't serve booze. But before he'd driven even half a block, Tony's attention was distracted by something irritatingly not-right about the brake pedal.

He stopped to examine the problem. (Fortunately the driver behind him today was more alert than the geezer had been yesterday, and stopped so far short of rear-ending Tony that even when his own car got rear-ended and punted forward a foot, he was still okay.) The problem turned out to be just what it had seemed to be: a piece of paper, ridiculously taped to the brake.

With difficulty he bent and picked it up. (Another collision occurred, several vehicles back; croquet effect pushed the first car in line to within a few inches of Tony's brand new rear bumper, and the driver began having an anxiety attack.)

It was a photocopy of a delicate hand with Tony's own inimitable signature on it, and its middle finger was extended.

Tony had just two seconds ago inspected the interior of the Jeep, and there had been no paper taped to its brake pedal then. Therefore, the little miracle broad was no more than a couple of hundred yards behind him, laughing at him.

He climbed out of the Jeep just before it was jolted forward a foot by the car immediately behind it, amid a blaring of horns that fell silent when he appeared. Automatically he started to tell the other driver to have the Jeep back here, fixed, by tomorrow, but the man seemed to have fainted. Tony had no time to screw around; he gave the responsibility and keys to the second driver in line—an elderly nun from Fresno—and forgot the Jeep's existence for now.

He could see the geezer from where he stood, sitting now in the front seat of his own car, being berated by his geezette. He had begun to drive away from there, but then the traffic had halted, stopping him halfway out of his parking space. Apparently he was farsighted; before Tony had taken more than a few steps in that direction the old bird saw him, paled, spun the wheel hard left, and stomped on the gas. His car slammed into a gap between two of the vehicles blocking it, and burst through them; the impact helped it complete its U-turn on the narrow street, and then it was dwindling into the distance, bound directly for Wisconsin. The hectoring geezette seemed to be pinned in place by her personal safety device, now: an airbag supporting a gasbag.

Tony Donuts Junior didn't do running. He walked rapidly to the spot where his Jeep had been parked only moments before, planted himself in the empty parking space, and began turning in a slow clockwise circle. He was sure the girl he was looking for would appear.

It didn't turn out well for him.

The first pedestrian he saw was another geezer—no, a coot—this one solidly built, heavily tanned, balding on top, and possessed of a splendid round grey and white beard.

Tony's gaze continued moving clockwise, and five degrees later encountered another stocky coot with a tan and a Kris Kringle beard.

A little to the right of him, a third sanguine Santa in khaki shorts and sandals was gesturing with his pipe at a fourth bronzed Gepetto in a Hawaiian shirt. Tony's gaze slowed but kept moving.

A few people to the right of them, a pair of Japanese tourists were excitedly photographing yet another florid white-bearded senior, this one in slacks and a jacket with lots of pockets and epaulets.

Tony and his gaze stopped rotating, and his pulse climbed. Almost nothing frightened him, and hardly anything made him uneasy—but he had heard terrified drunks in bars read aloud from the *Post* or the *Enquirer* on this very subject more than once, and had seen numerous movies about it, all nearly identical (ironically), and all of them creepy.

Jesus, he thought, they're all the same fuckin' guy—they're whaddyacallit, clunes!

He tried to recall what it was about clunes that was so creepy—were they from space?—but could remember for sure only that there were scientists involved. Tony regarded scientists the same way Conan the Barbarian did wizards. Even strength and balls were no use against them.

Still, these clunes were doing nothing overtly threatening, and nobody else on the street seemed alarmed by them, plus which anyway how much trouble could even half a dozen Xerox copies of an overweight Obi-Wan Kenobi be for a guy like Tony?

The word "copies" reminded him of his *other* science project. Miracle Girl. Who, come to think of it, had been using photocopies to taunt him—was this more of her work? Tony really hated it when people were subtle. More determined than ever to wring the secret of youth from her, so he could then wring her neck in good conscience, he was just about to resume his clockwise scan, when something belatedly registered on him. He backed up dubiously, but no shit. There between Gepetto and Santa, holding Gepetto's hand in fact, was a woman his eye had subtracted the first time because she was the wrong age, race and shape to be Miracle Girl, an Asian in her thirties (he estimated) with no hips and a pleasant smile. Tony was well aware that standards in Key West differed greatly from those of Brooklyn, particularly at the beaches, but he was sure this was the first woman he had seen stark naked on Duval Street in broad daylight.

No, not naked: she was wearing paint. Some talented artist had painted fishnet stockings, a frilly white garter belt, a lacy white cupless bra and tiny white

crotchless panties on her tanned skin. And the high heels had to be real.

By now a certain sense of unreality was beginning to grow upon Tony. He'd seen at once on arrival that nearly everyone in Key West was fucked up somehow, but this was getting excessive. Since he didn't read, tuned out most of what people said to him, and changed the channel if he didn't hear at least small arms fire, there was no way he could have heard of Key West's legendary weeklong Fantasy Fest—Mardi Gras without the ugly parts, Carnival without the dark side—which was about to start that evening, and probably no hope of his understanding that in another few hours, and for the next few nights, the woman he was staring at might seem overdressed for the party. No more could he be expected to have heard of Ernest Hemingway, fathomed the Hemingway-Lookalike Contest held in Key West every April, or appreciated that he was looking at several of that year's finalists, gathered together informally to boggle the Fantasy Fest tourists and promote their own festival. Tony's policy when faced with the weird was to think about something else, so he was just about to return his attention, again, to the search for Miracle Girl, when a car horn went off a couple of feet from his car.



Doesn't matter how tough you are, a car honks right next to you, you're gonna flinch, and Tony *hated* flinching. Plus which he was busy now. He turned to confront the offending vehicle, a van with a heavily-tinted windshield that had pulled halfway into the parking space and clearly wanted him to move so it could finish the job. Tony glared at the unseen driver, and gave him the finger. The horn sounded again, longer this time. Tony swelled himself until his clothes threatened to split like Bruce Banner's when he turned into the Incredible Hulk ("*Eat me!*"), and tried to

recall just where you punched a van of that particular make to kill it.

The engine shut down, doors opened, and four people got out. Tony swelled another increment...then slowly began to deflate. ("*Drink me!*")

He had been in Key West long enough to know it was *the Mecca* for East Coast drag queens, the place where people from Provincetown and Fire Island went to see something really exotic. Tony had never had a problem with queers in his life, any more than with muggers. He even grasped that drag queens weren't necessarily queers, having raped some of both. But these four were striking. For a start, they were *gorgeous*, even by the standards of Key West. In face, body, dress, carriage, makeup and style, they would have passed in daylight not just for women, but bombshells.

If they had not each been very close to Tony's size.

He had seen guys almost his size before—admittedly, not often—and was confident he could take all four at once if it came to it. He'd taken guys *bigger* than him; viciousness was what counted in the end and viciousness was his best thing. He also knew that dropping these clowns could take a good half-hour of hard work in the hot Florida sun, and that to have that long to work, here on the main drag, he'd have to put down at least one or two cops too. And none of this would help him find Miracle Girl. Without a word he turned his back on the quartet and stepped back up onto the sidewalk, deleting clunes and clowns alike from his universe.

Only as the driver was pulling the van into the parking space did it occur to Tony that an outside observer might have misunderstood, and believed that he'd been made to back down. By *broads*...and not even real broads. Miracle Girl had probably observed it, and was laughing at him right now. His shirt split in the back, not vertically but the hard way. He heard the van door slam behind him as the driver got out to rejoin his sisters, and when the inevitable tittering began he turned around again. Of course they weren't looking anywhere near him, and could not stop murmuring and giggling.

The van was parked sloppily, angled in and nearly a yard (Tony believed the only use for the metric system was to confuse juries as to how much drugs you'd been caught holding) from the sidewalk. He walked to the front of the van, studied it, and put his fist through the windshield at its lower right corner. This let him get a good grip on the window post. His right arm swelled, his shirt split all the way from cuff to shoulder under his suit, the van's tires all made sounds

like a moron imitating a motorboat, and the van moved a couple of feet deeper into the parking space and a foot closer to the curb. The drag queens all hit the mute button. Duval Street itself became comparatively quiet for a main, uh, drag.

Tony studied his work and frowned. The van was closer to the curb, but its angle was even worse now. He walked to the rear quarter, transvestites scattering out of his way, and saw that to get as good a grip at this end he would have to punch through the wall of the van. He frowned up at the sun, sighed...walked around behind the van, and put it flush against the curb with a single kick. A complexly layered sound issued from inside it, mostly treble but with some bottom as well. "All my goddam *makeup!*" wailed the stricken driver. One of his friends put a hand over his mouth and all three led him hastily away. Aside from his dwindling sobs the only sound to be heard on that part of Duval Street was the clashing music from the nearest dozen establishments, the composite murmur of a dozen air conditioners, and an elderly nun half a block away, swearing colorfully as she tried to pry a crumpled bumper away from the rear wheels of a Jeep with a short tire iron.

Satisfaction carried Tony for several seconds, before it dawned on him that by now his chances of spotting Miracle Girl had plummeted to lower than the neckline on the van's driver. Prioritizing had always been a problem of Tony's; it was why he liked shotguns. There just never seemed to be enough hours in the day to terrorize all the pains in the ass who had it coming; someone was bound to slip through the cracks, and it always seemed to be the biggest pain in the ass.

But Tony Donuts Junior was not the sort of man who gave up on something just because he knew it wasn't going to work. He doggedly resumed his by-now-hopeless clockwise scanning rotation, and got a whole two seconds' look right at her before he felt a sharp tug at his nipple, the right one this time, and realized she had blown past him on a bicycle *again*.

He'd failed to recognize her for those two seconds because he'd been looking for a seventeen-year-old. Today she was no more than thirteen, tops, boobs like apples, hair short like a boy.

Since he had worked out in some detail exactly what he would do if this ever happened again, and reminded himself to remember not to forget, it only took him five or six seconds to work out what to do. No time to hotwire the van, no point jackin other wheels with traffic at a stand-still, too friggin hot to run, the key to eternal power and wealth was disappearing down Duval Street as he watched. Briefly he pictured



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The Right Coast, the Right Weekend

himself in a bicycle race with a kid...and that finally brought his train of thought back to Shining Time Station. He located the nearest Moped—he thought of it as a baby motorcycle—and by the time he reached it nobody was driving it any more. *Now watch, Witch Bitch*, thought Tony (noticing nothing about the sentence), and he bestrode the Moped, and while he was figuring out how to make it go both tires quit. There was no bang, they simply farted themselves dead in harmony.



There was no time for rage; Miracle Girl's lead was increasing with every second. Tony spotted a slightly bigger Moped, presumably stronger, driven by an obvious rich guy who proved his superior intelligence by bringing it to Tony without being told, as soon as he saw Tony's gaze lock on it. As the rich guy handed it over he gave a very quick little pantomime lesson in Moped driving and stepped back. Tony sat cautiously, lifted both feet from the ground. The tires accepted the load, and he kept his balance, but he looked profoundly ridiculous, his knees sticking out to the sides like the booms of a swordfish boat. No matter. Tony would not learn to mind being laughed at until someone tried it. Several bystanders struggled with that very impulse, seeing him now, but they all mastered it. He stared up Duval Street, acquired his target—that was definitely a thirteen-year-old ass, topshunched forward over the handlebars of his Moped as he'd seen bikers do before laying rubber, and twisted the accelerator grip like a knife, as far as it would rotate. The Moped whined like a neurotic chainsaw, and in under five seconds went from zero to ten, where it topped out.

Even the fear of death and the love of life itself could not prevent giggles from breaking out on Duval Street then. One oblivious child frankly whooped, and every third adult seemed to be coughing, rubbing his upper lip, or smoking an imaginary cigarette. Tony glowered down at the Moped, already learning to mind this, and

decided to treat the accelerator like a neck: if you can't twist it any further, twist *hard*. The result was exactly the same: it snapped, spun freely, and the patient stopped screaming, coughed and died.

Everyone lost it now. Even a monster like Tony couldn't kill *everybody*. The Hemingway clones tried hard to laugh loudest, but one of the drag queens topped them.

Tony climbed off the body—it was already leaking and starting to cool—flung it through the windshield of the van, and considered his options. Miracle Girl was still visible in the middle distance, but only just; heavy pedestrian traffic had her stopped, but not for long. Under this remarkable confluence of pressures, provocations and impossible yearnings, Tony Donuts Junior accomplished something painful and for him almost unprecedented. He reasoned.

Miss Thirteen was heading west on Duval. If she kept going straight much longer, she would pedal off a dock into the Gulf of Mexico. If she hung a left, she could go one whole block to Whitehead, where traffic was almost as slow, and then pedal off a dock into the Florida Strait. Those little sidestreets south of Duval were the heart of Tony's new manor, the barnyard of his victim-farm: if she did go that way, he would find her spoor easily.

But if she hung a right, she could go anywhere in Old Town, over fifty square blocks—or keep going past Old Town to anywhere in Key West—or leave the rock altogether and start pedaling for America, a hundred gorgeous miles north.

Tony shrugged off the ruins of his suit jacket—double-breasted, yes; double-backed, no—and shirt, and started running west after her as fast as he could; the first chance he got, he hung a right. Behind him, the laughter faltered for a moment, then resumed. Yeah, he definitely minded being laughed at, now that he'd tried it.



Among the other pedestrians Tony pushed out of his way as he ran were two spacemen, a Chinese Tarzan, Lady Godiva riding on a pig, and a Bahamian butterfly with really gorgeous wings—more Fantasy Fest people jumping the gun, trying out or drying out their costumes in advance. He ignored them, except as impediments in the obstacle course he was running, but they contributed to his growing sense of unreality.

He decided to turn left one block north, onto Simonton. It paralleled Duval for its entire length, and had vastly less traffic; he would be able to run at

nearly full speed. No matter where Miracle Girl made her own right off Duval, Tony would see her cross Simonton from left to right, and adjust his own course. He was fairly confident he could run down a little girl on a bike who didn't know she was being chased.

Despite his concentration, weird pedestrians he passed kept threatening to distract him as he ran—a topless nun, a six-foot white rabbit writing something on a business card with a pen, a midget witch, a little girl who gave him the finger as she rode by on a blue Moped, a famous movie star whose name he could almost remember, some idiot walking a live kangaroo on a leash—but hey, that was just life in Key West, and Tony was focused now, concentrating, eye on the prize, so determined to not miss his quarry crossing the street up ahead that it took him a good half a block to think, *a little girl who gave me the finger as she rode by?* He slammed to a halt in a spray of sidewalk-chips and spun around in time to see the tail end of a blue Moped that had just turned right.

It ain't her, he thought. No way. She just couldn'ta got back here that fast, not even on a fuckin Moped. Forget about it—it would take a miracle for that girl there to be—

—Miracle Girl...

He began to run again, back the way he had just come.

Halfway back to Duval, he saw a blue Moped chained to a parking meter in front of one of the rare shops with a closed door. The place had no windows, no muzak, and apparently no name, unless "AdultXXXXX 21+only" was a name. The air above the Moped's tailpipe shimmered. Tony thundered to a halt, caught his breath, planed sweat from his forehead with the edge of his hand and flung it on the sidewalk, and went inside.

It was *dark* in there, after having been out in the sunshine, and only slightly less dark when he remembered to take off his sunglasses. He stood with his back to the door, blocking the exit, while he waited for his eyes to adjust. It was also massively air-conditioned in there, which Tony hated, especially after exercise; already he could feel a charlie horse threatening in his left calf. The more he made out of his surroundings, the bigger his pupils got, and soon he could see just fine. Tony had been involved in the distribution end of the porn business once or twice, until amateur video killed it—and some of the stuff offered for sale in this chilly little hole in the wall startled him, even shocked him in one or two cases. He made himself ignore it and looked around for the

girl. No sign of her, and nowhere she could be hiding unless she could fit into a video box or hide behind a magazine. The whole place was about the size of a New York kitchen. There was a counter on the right, with an aging hippie behind it, but it didn't look like he even had enough room back there to take advantage of the merchandise without barking his knuckles.

Still, there was nowhere else to go. Tony approached the counter—racks of video tape boxes slid aside to make way for him—and confronted the clerk. Long curly hair, lots of mustache, and a silly little tuft of beard hanging off his chin. He reminded Tony of General Custer—only with grey hair. He was dressed conservatively for a hippie, by Key West standards, but he didn't look scared of Tony so he must be very stoned. Tony put enough menace and volume in his voice to get the guy's attention. "I'm lookin for a blonde, about thirteen, short hair."

Aisle three," said the hippie. "Second row from the top."

Tony closed his eyes, took a deep breath and began counting to ten. At five he forgot he was counting and said, "Not in a movie. For real."

The hippie shook his head. "We don't do live," he said. "Take a left on Duval, go about five blocks—but



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Tony started over from three, having lost his place, and this time got to seven before deciding screw it. Softly, slowly, he said, “About a minute ago. A real live little teenybopper. Blonde hair, yellow outfit. Got off a blue Moped and came in here.”

The hippie opened his mouth.

“If you’re ready to die, right now, keep on bullshittin me.”

The hippie closed his mouth.

“Or keep me waiting five more seconds,” Tony suggested.

The hippie again opened his mouth, and of course Tony could see he was getting ready to lie so Tony naturally got ready to hit him and of course the hippie could see that so he started to duck behind the counter where of course there would be some sort of lame weapon so naturally Tony decided to pound him on the top of his head so hard he’d lose interest in weapons for awhile, and he made his hand into a fist and his arm into a club and raised it high but before he could bring it down a soft high voice behind him, back there in the space where Tony had just personally made certain there were no people and no ways for one to enter or leave, said, “Let it go. I’m afraid he’s not going to take no for an answer.”

Tony stopped and turned around and stared at the thirteen-year-old girl until even he realized that he looked like a parody of the Statue of Liberty and put his arm down at his side.

She wore what looked like the same sunsuit, a lemon yellow sleeveless one-piece affair that ended in shorts, only it looked a lot bigger on her today. The outfit had a belt—no, two belts, only one of which went through the belt loops, what was that about?

“Thank you for your loyalty, Willard,” she went on, “but I won’t have your blood spilled on my behalf. I fear I have far too much of that against my account already.”

“Your call, Ida,” said the hippie. “I think you’re making a mistake.”

“If so, it won’t be the first, will it? I’m *tired*, Willard. Tired of hiding and running and being afraid. Perhaps a...a really strong, brutal man is what I’ve needed all along.”

Tony was not a subtle man; nuance usually pissed him off. But it was dawning on him that, in some way he was not equipped to parse, this kid did *not* sound like a thirteen-year-old trying to sound like a grownup. What she sounded like was a very old lady trying to sound like a kid. Physically she was perfect, looked just like a little kid on the verge of puberty. Verbally, though, she was completely unconvincing.

“You ain’t no little kid,” he accused.

“And you are no fool,” she said. Behind him, Willard the hippie smothered a sneeze, and excused himself.

Tony ignored him. “How old are you? Really?”

She sighed, looked up to the ceiling—then squared her shoulders and looked him in the eye as she answered. “I was born in 1848.”

Tony knew how to solve arithmetic problems: frighten the nearest person into giving you the answer. He frowned ferociously, swelled his shoulders, and asked, “How old does that make you?”

“She’s a hundred and fifty-one,” Willard said behind him.

Tony turned and looked at him. He was pretty good at telling when people were bullshitting him—they tended to be pale and sweaty, and tremble noticeably—and this Willard seemed no more frightened than people usually were when confined in an enclosed space with Tony Donuts Junior. He didn’t even look as if he expected Tony to believe him—that more than anything else made Tony think that the old hippie was telling the truth.

He turned back to Miracle Girl, took a long second look at her eyes, and mentally promoted her to Miracle Woman. No, Miracle Hag.

Ambiguity and Tony were barely nodding acquaintances, but now he experienced a rare mixed reaction. This was certainly good news: the little bitch was even more valuable than he’d realized. Tony had a sudden mental image of one of the Five Old Men, just after Tony explained to him that he would soon be screwing like a teenager again, and picturing that smile made even Tony want to flinch just a bit. He was about to be richer than a CEO. Hell, richer than a CEO’s lawyer.

On the other hand, the only kinds of humans Tony had ever had the slightest difficulty in controlling had been hags and little girls. He could dimly sense that a combination of both was not going to be good for him.

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Rowena Morrill: On the Road to Where?

by Paul Barnett (John Grant)

The first time Rowena came to visit us, she – and her good friend and ours, Doris Vallejo – set a pattern. When they arrived, perhaps an hour late, they explained that the MAPQUEST™ instructions they'd pulled down off the Internet had been hopelessly inaccurate, so that Rowena and Doris had been driving around much of northern New Jersey desperately seeking our house.

It must have been the best part of six months before she came to visit again – we were having a tribe of friends over for a pre-Thanksgiving feast. This time Rowena, again with Doris, was more like two hours late than one, and again it was those vile MAPQUEST™ instructions that were to blame. Once they'd settled and had plates of food in front of them, everyone noticed that they were sort of . . . picking at it. In the end the truth emerged. This time they'd been so long in search of us that finally Rowena had told Doris that she was going to pass out, definitely going to, unless they stopped at the next burger joint so that Rowena could stoke up.

And to think that she's such a slender, aethereal sylph . . .

Neither of them has had ever had anything quite like that sort of difficulty again. Pam and I have often wondered what it was that Rowena and Doris did to annoy the Great Big MAPQUEST™ God in the Sky.

All of which reminiscence is an attempt to cover up the fact that, the first time Rowena came to visit, I was somewhat in awe of her. Paper Tiger were in the process of publishing her book *The Art of Rowena*, (written by Doris), but for various reasons it was a title I hadn't commissioned myself; instead the editor responsible for it was my colleague Liz Dean – another of life's great joys. (Essentially what had happened was that Doris had submitted the proposal to Liz, Liz had fallen head-over-heels in love with the artwork, and so I hadn't the heart to take the project away from her.) Thus not only had I never met Rowena before, the pair of us hadn't even spoken on the phone or e-mailed in the normal way of artist and editor. So here I was, a little upstart Brit, about to meet one of the major figures in the history of fantasy illustration of the past few decades – a living legend, indeed.

Ulp.

I did my homework, of course. Here is what her entry in the Clute/Nicholls *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction* has to say:

ROWENA Professional name of US illustrator Rowena Morrill (1944-); she and Victoria Poyser are among the few women who have had an impact on sf/fantasy art. Her ILLUSTRATION has appeared since the mid-1970s, primarily on paperback covers, more often FANTASY than sf; it is largely fantastical and often symbolic, but quite varied in style and subject matter. She has done several covers for novels by Piers ANTHONY. Her technique is polished and sometimes fastidiously detailed, though her human figures (often based on photo-graphs) perhaps conform too much to a commercially acceptable prettiness, and some of her painting in the HEROIC-FANTASY vein of Boris VALLEJO has been accused of being “degrading to women”. Unusually, she uses a combination of acrylics and oils rather than one or the other, and finishes with a high-gloss glaze. *The Fantastic Art of Rowena* (1983) has color reproductions of 26 of her pieces. She has had a number of HUGO nominations.



I've always felt that this entry somewhat undervalues her, certainly in terms of its aesthetic judgment. There is an entirely different sensitivity to her figure-work than that displayed by Boris. One is almost tempted to fall into cliché and say it's a *feminine* sensitivity – certainly Liz Dean, mentioned above, felt that Rowena's work attracted her as a woman in a way that Boris's never did – but I hardly think that's the whole



story. In *The Art of Rowena*, Doris cites a remark of Rowena's to the effect that the heroines she paints are always in a way *herself* – an idealized version, perhaps, but herself nevertheless, no matter whether or not they look like her (some of them in fact do). This gives them a breath of life, of trueness, that is often absent from the superficially similar figures depicted by her imitators.

It also means that the easy remark about "commercially acceptable prettiness" doesn't really

hold water either: if you look properly at the female characters Rowena portrays you'll find that they are in fact far from always particularly pretty. What they do have is a tremendous vitality: they're very much *themselves*, they're very much *present*. They're not at all just pretty-babe models. It's this vitality – this quality of inner presence – that attracts us to people in real life, transcending any straightforwardly physical considerations. And I'd maintain that it's what attracts us to Rowena's characters.

I'm running out of space here and I haven't yet said a word about Rowena's cats – that's a whole other saga – or about the most important thing of all about her so far as I'm concerned: I've talked about Rowena the artist, but I've not talked about Rowena the friend. Since that day when I was slightly nervous as to what this living legend was going to be like, Rowena has become a very dear friend of Pam and myself. Forget about the fame and all that sort of stuff: we're just overjoyed to have had the good fortune to encounter and get to know such a delightful person, whose friendship we treasure.

You'll know why if you get the chance to meet Rowena at this convention. Lunacon couldn't have chosen a better Artist Guest of Honor.

Paul Barnett also writes as John Grant. His latest John Grant novel is The Far-Enough Window.



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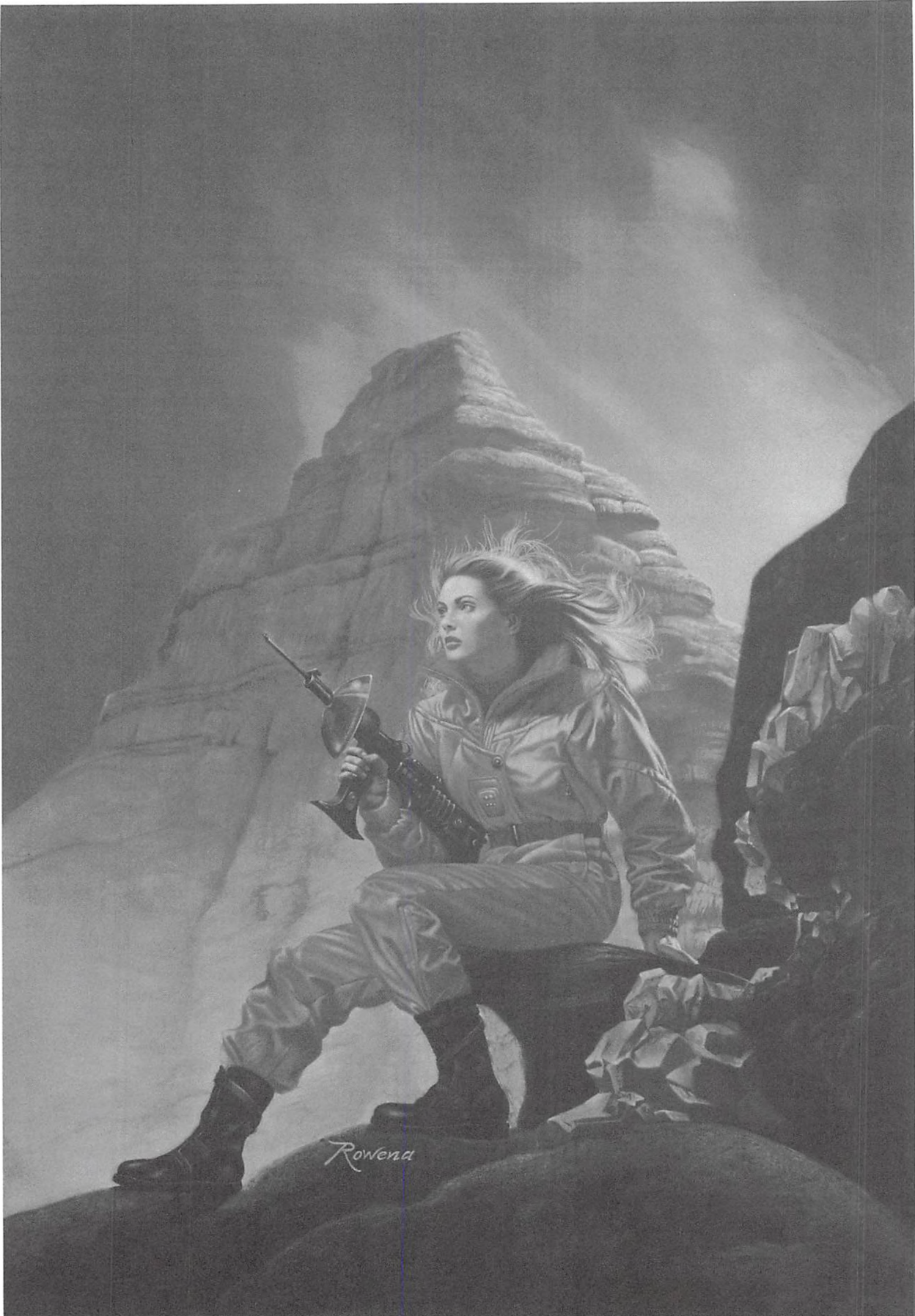
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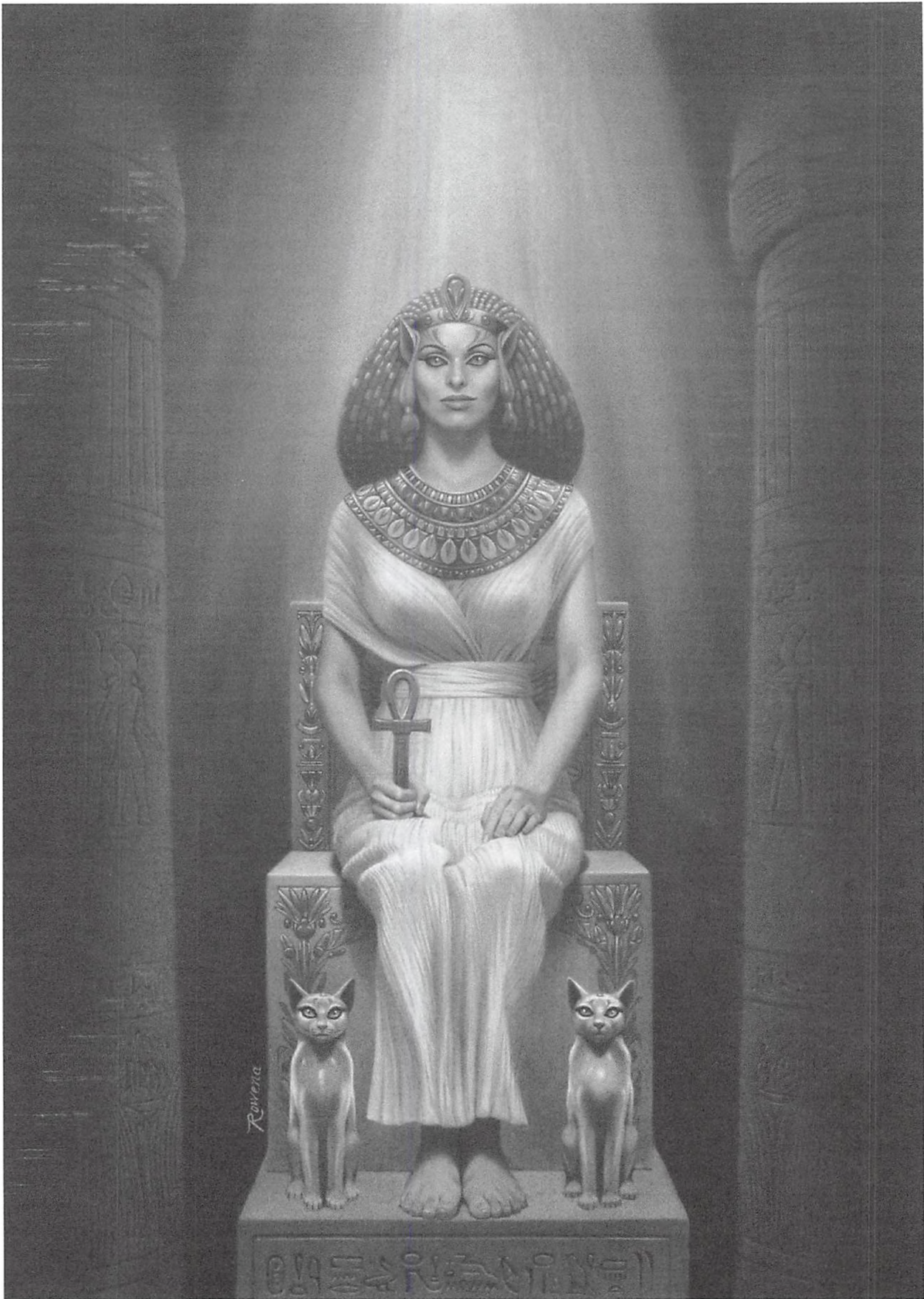
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Joni and Todd Dashoff: Philly Phan Phenomena

by Lew Wolkoff

What can you say about Lunacon's Fan Guests of Honor, Todd Dashoff and Joni Brill Dashoff – and not be sued for libel?

It's not generally known, but Todd Dashoff is of Hobbit stock, although he has chosen a rather unhobbitish way of dealing with his height issues.

Joni comes from a four hundred-year heritage of science fiction. Her maiden name, Brill, indicates that she is a direct descendant of Rabbi Judah Lowe (*Ben Rabbi Yehudah Lowe*), the man who built the Golem to defend the Jews of Prague. There is no truth to the rumors that either of her sons, Jared or Alan, have the Hebrew word "*Emet*" (truth) written on their foreheads.

Both are long time and experienced Philadelphia area science fiction fans, as evidenced by their on-going refusals to be nominated for the board of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society (PSFS).

Of course, that doesn't mean that they aren't willing to do all sorts of weird, odd jobs for Fandom. After all, they're here aren't they?

Todd has run Ops for more Philcons than many of you have probably gone to. And why haven't you gone to more Philcons, anyway?

Joni is firmly established as a member of the East Coast Traveling Art Show Staff. It says so in her t-shirt. She does occasionally come out of the Art Show, but then she sees her shadow and runs back in for another six weeks.

She's also a member of the Lunatic Phrynge, the Philly area costumers' guild. Costumers are those people who not only are dressed even funnier than the rest of us, but who give each other prizes for it.

They've also been known to do similar jobs for any number of other conventions. In fact, they're the sort who probably get twitching when they show up at a con and don't work. For instance, they both are reputed to have been in some way involved with that Worldcon that was held in Philly a couple of years back. Chair and Treasurer, I think it was.

They're also both active in the Association of Science Fiction Artists to the point of being seen in tux and evening gown giving out Chesleys here and there.

They not only share themselves, they share their real estate. Most of the goods and chattels of PSFS are stored in their basement and garage, and it's a rare Philcon meeting that ISN'T held at their house. (As were the great majority of all the meetings for the Philly in 2001 Bid Committee and the Millennium Philcon Committee.)

Despite all this, they vainly hold on to the concept of having a real life. They're active in their synagogue (both boys were Bar Mitzvahed), and Todd is a scout leader, shorts, merit badge patches and all.

So what haven't I told you? Todd is a patient man with a dry, warped sense of humor. Joni is exuberant about life to the point that she's currently beta-testing a 26-hour day, so she can get to all the things she wants to do.

They're my friends – or they were until they read this – and I congratulate Lunacon on having the good sense to pick them as this year's Fan GoHs.

Lew Wolkoff has been a member of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society for years. If Todd and Joni haven't exacted revenge for this piece, he can be found in the Lunacon Office, preparing the Newsletter.

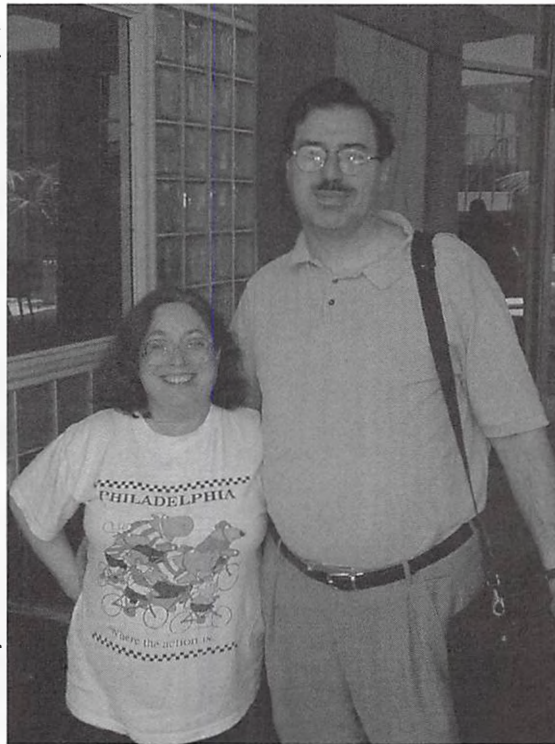


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Susan de Guardiola: On Stage and Off

by Carl Mami

The first time I saw Susan was through the lens of my video camera at a Balticon Masquerade. She was crawling upside-down across the stage as the TV Catwoman in a *Batman* re-creation group. My first thought was “Nice, cute costume, looks good on her, held the stage well, and seemed relaxed.” Later that weekend I was to find out the kid had a brain, and could use it. I was also to find out she was outspoken to the nines. And over the next almost twenty years she has not changed. She is like a fine wine, mellowing without turning into vinegar. Well, maybe a little vinegar. And she won’t shut up . . .

Be careful what you ask her – she’ll probably have some kind of answer, and it may be a long one. Like a dissertation on the ideal proportions of different kinds of soda for a hospitality suite. Her minute-by-minute instructions on how to run the Lunacon Masquerade ran nearly twenty pages.

But I’m getting way ahead of myself.

Over the next few years I would see more and more of her work on stage at local cons, Costume-Cons, and Worldcons. Susan had a way about her; whether as a vamp or as the sweet young thing, she could make a costume come to life. [Carl, I was never ‘sweet’!]

Having worked just about every job in the Masquerade (from den mother to judge)

at cons up to the Worldcon level, in the early ‘90’s Susan took on two big jobs in the costuming community: running the Masquerade at Lunacon and the Costumers’ Suite at Worldcons. Susan hosted the annual five-night party of the Costumers’ Suite for seven years and was “Ringmaster” of the Lunacon Masquerade circus for eight. The Lunacon Masquerade took much of its current shape under Susan’s command.

At Lunacon ‘94 Susan was called upon to fill a sudden vacancy, wearing a second hat as Masquerade M.C.

while still directing it. She held both jobs for several more years.

After an impromptu joke about Dolly, the cloned sheep, Susan and her sheep became a running gag at Arisia and Philcon as well. [Baaaa!] Although she still wishes she’d acquired a more dignified mascot [like a bat!], she finally surrendered to fate with her Evil Bo-Peep costume at Lunacon 2001.

Her conversational style, snappy comebacks and understanding of costume presentations made her popular with audiences and costumers alike. Those talents would not go unnoticed.

When Peggy Kennedy was looking for an M.C. who could match her late husband Pat (one of Fandom’s all-time great emcees), she watched Susan on tape and was on the phone immediately to recruit her for the Masquerade at LoneStarCon 2. Despite a static-generating earbug and a behind-her-back series of sheep hecklers, Susan carried a complex series of costumes along smoothly. [Tlo-kee-ree-kwa-loo-y’all!] If we’re really lucky we’ll see her M.C.-ing more Worldcon masquerades, sheep or no sheep.

Susan grew up in Fandom. At fifteen, she was running a high school science fiction club, successfully conning the administration into

financing trips to Lunacon and other conventions for a dozen or so high school students, known informally as the Ridgewood Lemming Migration. She’s been dragging people into Fandom ever since.

And she’s dragging new people into dancing, too – join her for Regency or Time Travel Balls at various conventions. Susan got hooked on Regency Dancing at her very first Worldcon and has since become a semi-professional historic dance researcher and teacher [Step 1: teach myself Italian...] with gigs across the United States. Her first academic paper will



Photo by Ken Warren

be presented at a conference in England the weekend after Lunacon. It won't be her last.

But don't stop there. She's been involved in all sorts of hobbies, fannish and otherwise, from costuming a musical version of *Lysistrata* to appearing as a vampire-victim or an undead domina trix at the Castle Blood Haunted Attraction, to rebuilding a car engine. Only Susan would christen a personally rebuilt carburetor "Beatrice" after a Shakespearean character or have an engine block painted with gold glitter paint. *[The machine shop thought I'd like it!]*

She collects bad vampire novels and 1970's vampire comics. The worst Dracula poem ever written? She can recite it from memory. With a straight face. And while she won't sing in public, she knows a whole collection of bawdy songs, '80's filk music, Kipling poetry, and Broadway musicals by heart. Her M.C. work with the fannish folk group Clam Chowder at Darkovercon every year *[shameless begging!]* has raised over \$15,000 for Baltimore's Children's Hospital.

Susan claims to be shy with strangers, but no one who gets into a conversation – or an argument – with her would ever believe it. Over the years I have never found anyone as stubborn or opinionated as Susan. We never agree. But as a costumer, Masquerade director, M.C., judge, and all-around lady, there is none finer.

As Lunacon Mistress of Ceremonies, Susan also chose to M.C. the Masquerade, which is a great deal for me as Masquerade director 'cause I know the costumers will be treated right, and the audience will enjoy the show. Stop by on Saturday night and see her at one of the things she does best. Or take the time to talk with her this weekend, and catch her M.C.-ing some of the con's many other events. Just don't mention sheep, okay?

Carl Mami, Masquerade Director for Lunacon 2003, is the current Vice President of the International Costumers' Guild. He was awarded the ICG Lifetime Achievement Award in 1999.



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Who's Who at Lunacon 2003

With her first novel, *Yesterday's Dreams*, **Danielle Ackley-McPhail** explores the rich mythology of her Celtic heritage. She lives in Queens, New York with her husband Mike, mother-in-law Teresa, and four extremely spoiled cats. Currently she is working on *Tomorrow's Memories*, the sequel to *Yesterday's Dreams*.

Pauline J. Alama author of the fantasy novel *The Eye of Night* (Bantam Spectra 2002), won a second-place Sapphire Award for her short story "Raven Wings on the Snow." A medieval scholar turned fund-raiser, she can give you 100 reasons not to go to grad school.

Ellen Asher has, for her sins, been the editor of the Science Fiction Book Club for nearly thirty years. In 2001, she was the recipient of NESFA's Skylark Award, of which she is inordinately proud. She does not own a cat.

From an austere beginning in southern California to various ashrams in the Midwest, **Robert D. Ashton** has provided cons with Acrylic Crystal Art for almost a decade. While at the same time teaching Yoga and Meditation, and guiding Wiccans along their way, he has enjoyed all the SF he can read!!

Randy Asplund has been working as a full time SF and Fantasy illustrator since 1985 and is known best for his artwork on *Magic: the Gathering*® cards, but he has also gained a wide reputation for his work with medieval book illustration techniques. He produces work using authentic medieval materials. Check out his art at: RandyAsplund.com

Paul Birnbaum is the Chairman of Lunacon 2003, was Chairman of Lunacon '94, and is a former and future Lunarians officer. He's been attending conventions since 1978. He reads the stuff.

Gary S. Blog is on the High Council of the Prydonians of Prynceton.

After helping build the ARPANET, **Seth Breidbart** went on to earn a Ph.D. in Computer Science. He currently works off Wall St. (Minneapolis) and is interested in networking and encryption.

Brian Burley invented Fandom in 1962 and found the real thing in 1966. He participated in early Star Trek fandom and the early SCA. Active in Worldcon politics since 1968, he holds the record for being on more losing Worldcon bid committees than any other. He is also a home brewer.

A costumed interpreter skilled with an array of arms and armor, **Eury Cantillo**, Medieval Arms and Armor (Higgins Armory Museum), discusses the history, role, and evolution of armor from ancient times to the court of King Henry VIII, offering hands-on opportunities for the audience to handle and wear armor.

Peter Cassidy has been a Lunacon attendee for over 15 years, is a Craftsman-level costumer, and rabble-rouser of the highest order!

(I am not **Cassandra Claire**, but I play her on the Internet.) Cassie is the author of *The Very Secret Diaries*, a very silly online parody of *Lord of the Rings*, and is working on some short stories and her first novel.

Byron Connell, a long-time SF fan, is a historian by training.

James "Vidicon" Cosby is an essayist and futurist and is working

on a number of novels as time permits. A fan of technology and digital media, he has mostly been published online. Bring him your notebook computer or your handheld device and he will autograph it.

Greg Cox is the author of numerous *Star Trek* and other novels.

Randy M. Dannenfeler is the principal creator of *The Amazing Science Fiction and Horror Trivia Game*. He reviews non-fiction books for the British literary web site, *Infinity Plus*. He recently completed the text for a soon-to-be-released book on the art of Richard Hescocox, from Paper Tiger.

Barbara Dannenfeler is a professional quiltmaker/judge with a special interest in creating wearable art. She began going to conventions with *The Amazing Science Fiction Horror and Trivia Game* in 1994.

Genevieve Dazzo holds a Ph.D. in Theoretical Chemistry and is well-versed in many different scientific disciplines. She is the head of Quality Associates, a company that trains other companies and their employees in a variety of advanced computer and management skills. She has also held senior positions at Software, Pharmaceutical, Telecommunications, and Aerospace companies. She has been active in science fiction fandom in both New York and Los Angeles since the mid-1970s and has worked on many conventions including regionals and Worldcons. She is currently on the Board of the Southern California Institute for Fan Interests (SCIFI) and was on the committee for L.A.con III, the 1996 World Science Fiction Convention, and Conucopia, the 1999 North American Science Fiction Convention.

Keith R. A. DeCandido is the author of dozens of novels, eBooks, short stories, and comic books in the worlds of *Star Trek*, *Farscape*, *Andromeda*, *Buffy*, *Spider-Man*, *Xena*, and more. He is the editor of the forthcoming original novelette anthology *Imagings*.

Alfonse A. DiDonato Jr. is reigning monarch of New York Medievalists. They do active Medieval re-creation, living history, and role play (similar to the LAIRE groups). Their fighting style is "practiced, choreographed, freeform" with live steel. They have done numerous benefits for various schools and organizations and are listed with the Bronx Council on the Arts, as well as registered with the Dutchess County Chamber on the Arts.

Lucienne Diver has been an agent with Spectrum Literary Agency for 10 years, specializing in science fiction, fantasy, mystery and romance.

Tom Doherty is founder, president and publisher of Tor Books. He was Publisher Guest of Honor at Lunacon '90.

Craig Enslin is a Science Fiction/Fantasy Artist specializing in custom illustration.

Louis Epstein is National Tolkien League co-founder (1973) and head of publications; Internet service provider; longtime SF and Fantasy reader and occasional non-pro writer; maintainer of the standard list of the oldest documented humans. Lunacon 2003 is his 25th consecutive Lunacon.

Most recently, **Michael Jan Friedman** stepped out of the science fiction arena and into the wrestling ring to collaborate with Hollywood Hulk Hogan on his "auto" biography. Go figure.

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Esther Friesner is the author of 30 novels and over 100 short stories. A Writer Guest of Honor at Lunacon '96, she has won two Nebula Awards in succession for Best Short Story and received NESFA's Skylark Award. She lives in Connecticut with her husband, two children, two rambunctious cats and a fluctuating population of hamsters.

Christopher J. Garcia is a Published Historian of Computers, Film, Television, Science Fiction, Pro Wrestling, Ska, video games, and Parapsychology. He also makes films with his Artists Group, the Drink Tank. His writings have appeared in Nth Degree, CORE, Gangsters in Concrete, Blood Samples, October Moon and on H2G2 and Fanboyplanet.com. He lives in Sunnyvale, CA with roommates who don't understand him.

Roberta Gellis has been a successful author for several decades and has won many honors for her work. Her most recent fantasy books are *Bull God* and *Thrice Bound*. Currently, she is co-authoring a fantasy series with Mercedes Lackey. The first book, *Scepter'd Isle*, will be published by Baen Books.

Donato Giancola acknowledges the role science fiction and fantasy play as a significant cultural undercurrent and makes personal efforts to contribute to the expansion and appreciation of the genre. His illustrations have won numerous awards, including 7 Chesleys, Silver and Gold Metals from Spectrum, and have appeared on over 180 covers. He was Artist Guest of Honor at Lunacon '98. His new children's book, *Visit My Alien Worlds* is now out. His website is www.donatoart.com.

Laura Anne Gilman: Writer. Editor. Tired Person. As editor, appearing five days a week at Roc Books, as Executive Editor and Head Zookeeper. As writer, appearing in such places as *Realms of Fantasy*, *Frequency*, *Flesh and Blood* and various anthologies (ask her, she'll show you where you can buy them). Visit <http://www.sff.net/people/lauraanne.gilman> for further details.

Elizabeth Glover is an eight-year veteran of the publishing industry and shows every sign of being a lifer, despite her constant denials.

Amy Goldschlager is a freelance editor who lives in NY.

Jennifer Heddle is an editor at Roc Books and creator of the comic book *Cynical Girl*.

John Hertz is probably best known for teaching English Regency ballroom dancing. His fanzine is *Vanamonde*, recent anthology, *West of the Moon*. At cons, he is a panel moderator, Art Show tour leader, and Masquerade judge. His Westercon reviews run in *File 770*. He was Fan Guest of Honor at Lunacon 2001. His favorite non-SF writers, Maimonides, Nabokov, Saigyo, Sayers. His drink, Talisker.

Alexandra Elizabeth Honigsberg writes on the arts, history and spirit. *The Best of Dreams of Decadence* (Angela Kessler), *Strange Attraction* (Esther Friesner) and *The Crow* (James O'Barr) are her literary homes. She lives in Upper Manhattan, land of forests, fjords and Unicorns.

Writer, musician, rabbi—**David M. Honigsberg** is all three, often intertwining his interests in his stories. Visit him at <http://www.sffnet.com/people/d.honigsberg>.

Heidi Hooper has a Bachelor's in Sculpture from Virginia Commonwealth University and Master's in Metalsmithing from the Mass College of Art. Her work has been seen in many galleries across the country and can be viewed on her web page at www.heidihooper.com. She also has won many costuming awards

for her metal armor pieces, including a Best Craftsman award at the Worldcon level. Since a cancerous tumor caused the removal of most of her upper arm a few years ago, she has had to work primarily in soft clays, and her recent work includes dryer lint! Heidi is also one of the founders of the New England Roleplaying Organization (NERO) along with her husband Mike Ventrella.

Saul Jaffe has been in online fandom since the late '70s. Highlights include: Moderator of SF-Lovers Digest since Oct. 1983; SF-Lovers website <<http://www.sflovers.org>>; SMOFS mailing list; and the largest online listing of conventions. And since the mid 80s, been involved with running conventions, including Lunacon. He is Westcon 56's Fan GoH (Seattle, WA, July 2003).

Kim Kindya is currently a CD-ROM producer for Simon and Schuster Interactive, where she's worked on *Star Trek* and *Farscape* products. She has published stories about the *X-Men* and the *Powerpuff Girls*, and written reviews and articles about SF and Fantasy for magazines such as *Publishers Weekly*. Her hobbies include costuming, collecting American and Japanese comics, and chasing down anime.

John Klima is the editor of *Electric Velocipede*. He previously worked for *Analog*, *Asimov's* and Tor Books.

Diane Kovalcin is a Master Costumer in both the Historical and Science Fiction and Fantasy masquerades. While she loves to costume, she is also a big *Star Wars* fan. Among her other hobbies are quilting, painting and travel. She also has two great kids, which are her best works of art to date.

Paul Levinson is the author of *The Silk Code*, *Borrowed Tides* and *The Consciousness Plague*. He has been nominated for the Hugo, Nebula and Theodore Sturgeon Awards. He is a past President of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America.

Many aspects of **Andre Lieven's** interests may be sampled at sf cons. From poli-sci to military and social, history and policy, and technology, not to mention *fun*. So, having Lunacon as a part of his life and travels is a Good Thing™.

David Mack is a writer whose credits include two episodes of *Star Trek: Deep Space 9*, the four-issue *ST:TNG/ST:DS9* crossover mini-series *Divided We Fall* and *The Star Trek Survival Guide*. He also produces and directs short films.

Carl Mami is an ideographer, Vice President and Archivist of the International Costumers Guild, and a recipient of the ICG Lifetime Achievement Award.

Elaine Mami is a master costumer and frequent judge at regional con and Worldcon Masquerades.

Terry A. McGarry has been a street trader in Ireland, a bartender on Wall Street and a Page O.K.'er at *The New Yorker*, and played traditional Irish music at gigs and pubs in the New York area. A professional copy editor and fantasy author, her works include *Illumination* and *The Binder's Road* (due out this month).

Karen Michalson is the author of two fantasy novels, *Enemy Glory* (Tor 2001) and *Hecate's Glory* (Tor 2003). She holds a Ph.D. in English from the University of Massachusetts at Amherst and is currently working on a degree in law. Karen's website is at <http://www.karenmichalson.com>.

Craig Miller has been working in Hollywood since 1977, first doing marketing for motion pictures (including *Star Wars*, *The Empire Strikes Back*, *Splash*, etc.) and, more recently, as a writer

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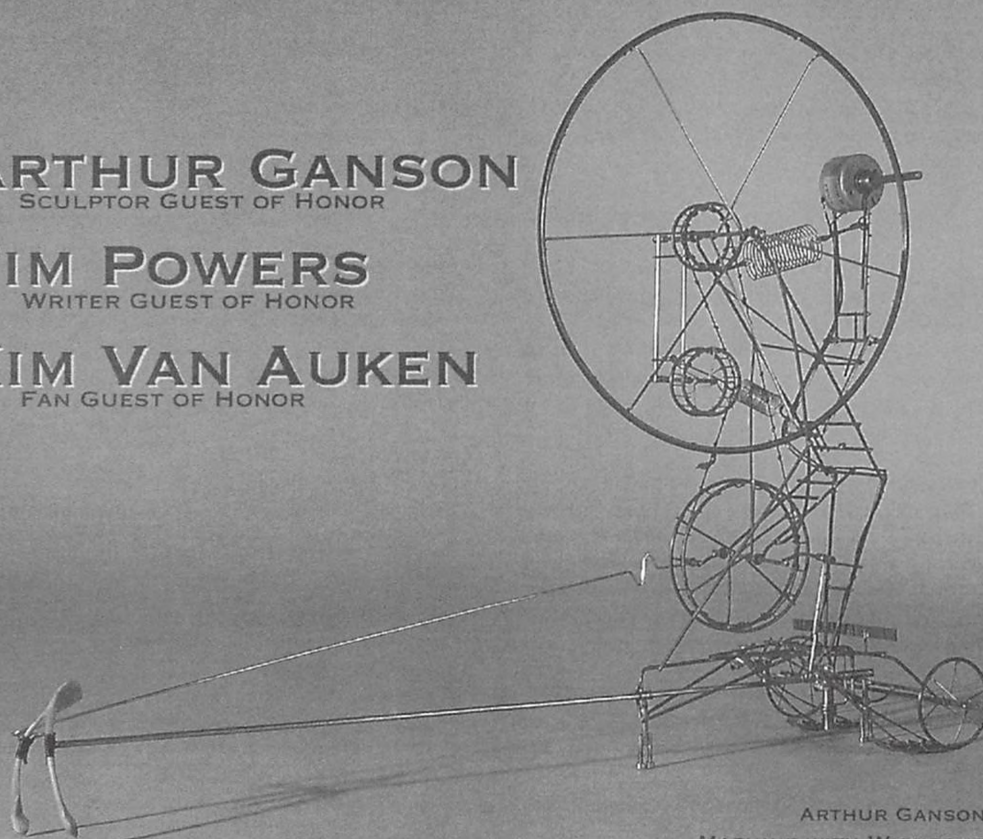
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and producer for television. He has been involved in science fiction fandom since he was 13 years old, including having been chairman of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society and the 1984 World Science Fiction Convention.

Pat Morrissey has been an artist in the science fiction/fantasy field for over 15 years, with a wide list of clients for book covers, magazines, trading cards and science centers.

Mark Olson is a long-time fan who does editing for NESFA Press, book reviewing, con-running, and reading. He likes schlock SF better than schlock fantasy. His love is astronomy and history, his degrees are in chemistry, and he works as a SW development manager.

John Ordovery is *Star Trek* editor at Pocket Books and a *Star Trek* writer for *DS9*.

David Peins teaches High School Electronics and is the founder of Robodyessey Systems, LLC, a manufacturer of mobile robots.

Years of research have proven that **Dan Persons** is in fact a naturally occurring phenomenon. Rare and majestic in flight, he is indigenous to the pages of *Cinefantastique* and *Disney* magazines. His mating call has been likened to the squeal of airbrakes on the uptown number 7 train.

John J. Pierce is a Science Fiction historian, Science Fiction fan, old fart.

Steven Harper Piziks writes the *Silent Empire* series under the pen name Steven Harper. He has also written two SF novels under his name, along with a *Star Trek: Voyager* book. He lives in Ypsilanti, Michigan, where he plays the harp and spends more time on-line than is good for him. His web page is at <http://www.sff.net/people/spiziks>.

Elsbeth Potter's science fiction erotica can be found in *Best Lesbian Erotica 2002* and *2003* and *Tough Girls*. Under her real name, she has written a strategy game tie-in and numerous genre book reviews. She has a Master's degree in Anthropology which she uses mainly for inventing cultures. She lives in Philadelphia.

Lenny J. Provenzano is well known at cons, shooting panels, hall costumes, awards, running Masquerade Fan Photo areas and many other subjects (an estimated 14,000 exposures). He has run Masquerade Fan Photo at regionals and Worldcons. Recent published work includes the Noreascon 4 Progress Reports.

Nerva V. Ramos is a science fiction fan who lives in the Bronx.

Robert A. Rosenberg is a member of the Lunarians and has been involved with computers and the Internet for over 30 years.

Gayle Rudolph, aka Misty Pendragon, is a published Fan fiction writer and writes on www.lidiumonline.com. She is a self proclaimed Buffaholic. Favorite quote: "I am fan girl hear me roar!"

Kate Salter has been reading SF/Fantasy since she was 12. She's been involved with Viable Paradise since VP2, running the con suite for the convention through VP3, attended VP4 as a student and was asked to be a staff member for VP5, 6 and 7. An avid knitter, she's been known to sell yarn out of the trunk of her car at cons.

Alan Saul has been attending Lunacon since 1991. He works for the Department of Health and collects signed first editions.

Jaime Saul has been attending Lunacon since she was two years old.

Preston Saul has worked as Assistant to the Chairman and as Treasurer. He has presented costume on stage, been on previous panels and worked on security.

Steven Sawicki is a writer, screenwriter and reviewer. He has had short stories published in *Plot*, *Read Me* and *Shadowword*. His reviews have appeared in *Absolute Magnitude*, *Pirate Writings*, *Scavengers Newsletter* and *Dreams of Decadence*.

Sharon Sbarsky is Lunacon Webmistress and a con-runner for over 20 years.

Darrell Schweitzer is co-editor of *Weird Tales*, a novelist, a short-story writer and a critic.

Susan Schwartz is a writer, editor, and critic of Fantasy and SF, and a collector of Fantasy and SF art.

Jane T. Sibley is the author of *Norse Mythology... According to Uncle Einar*, huckster of rocks, books and spice blends, artist and independent scholar.

Wen Spencer was a finalist for the John W. Campbell Award last year and is still eligible this year. Her novels *Bitter Water* and *Tinker* will be out in May and November respectively.

Edie Stern has been active in fandom for 25 years. She has been an active clubfan, convention runner, fanzine fan and an enthusiastic filker. A technologist, she holds 29 U.S. patents.

Ian Randal Stroock is a writer, editor, publisher, visionary. His writing has appeared in *Analog* (from which he's won two AnLabs), *Games*, *Absolute Magnitude*, the *Mensa Bulletin* and many others. He edits and publishes *Artemis Magazine*. He's a founder of the Artemis Project: a commercial venture to establish a lunar colony. Start exploring Ian on the web at <http://www.lrcpubs.com>.

Susan Toker is a Software Engineer by day, Costume Wizard-in-training by night.

Shane Tourtellotte is the author of twenty short-stories, appearing most frequently in *Analog*. He was a Campbell Award nominee in 2000 and a Hugo nominee in 2002 for his novelette, "The Return of Spring". He lives in Westfield, New Jersey.

Michael J. Walsh attended his first convention—Disclave—in 1969. He's chaired a few Disclaves since then, a Worldcon (and apparently lived to tell the tale), a Balticon, and in 2003 his second World Fantasy Con. He was Fan GoH at Lunacon '97. He also has a small press www.oldearthbooks.com and works as East Coast sales rep for the Johns Hopkins University Press. For the last few decades he can usually be found in the huckster room behind a table of books. He has never been married to Martha Soukup.

Ben Yalow has been to over 500 cons, and worked on about a third of them, including most of the Worldcons for the last three decades. He's edited four NESFA Press publications, two of which were nominated for the Hugo Award.

Ann Tonsor Zeddies is the author of *Deathgift* and *Sky Road*, and a short story, "To See Heaven in a Wild Flower" in *The Ultimate Silver Surfer*. Under the name of **Toni Anzetti**, she wrote *Typhon's Children* (a Philip K. Dick Award Nominee) and *Riders of Leviathan*. Returning as Ann Tonsor Zeddies, she has written *Steel Helix*, set in the Typhon universe, coming out in March 2003.

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In the *Columbia's* Aftermath

by Ben Bova

The tragic loss of the space shuttle *Columbia* and its crew of seven astronauts brings up immediate questions.

Columbia was the oldest of NASA's fleet of shuttle orbiters. I saw its first landing at Edwards Air Force Base in April 1981. In the ensuing 22 years, *Columbia* has flown 28 missions. It was designed for 50 flights, at least.

It seems certain that NASA's remaining three orbiters will be grounded until a sure answer is found. There's no way the space agency will take a chance on the same thing happening to another shuttle orbiter.

Why do we send people into space if it's so dangerous? Why can't we do what needs to be done entirely with robotic spacecraft?

The short answer is that we can't do everything we want to do with robotic machines, even though unmanned spacecraft have performed beautifully and accomplished much.

The satellites that have produced today's world wide instantaneous communications networks are automated machines. So are the weather satellites that – among other things – track hurricanes so that we can be warned of their approach in time to save ourselves from their destructive force.

Robotic spacecraft have visited every planet in the solar system, except distant-most Pluto. Orbiting astronomical observatories, such as the magnificent Hubble Space Telescope, have no human crews aboard, although they are controlled remotely from the ground.

Who needs people up there? Well, the Hubble did. When first launched its main mirror was not properly shaped. Astronauts had to go up and put an optical corrector onto the telescope, sort of a cosmic set of eyeglasses. Since then, astronauts have repaired and refurbished Hubble, allowing it to perform longer and better than it could have without human repairmen in orbit.

Astronauts are working and living aboard the International Space Station, where they are conducting investigations in fields such as medicine, manufacturing, and how the human body reacts to weightlessness.

Take studies dealing with kidney disease, for example.

Medical researchers need samples of kidney cells for study in the laboratory. But when they culture kidney cells on Earth, the cells form flat, thin sheets instead of the three-dimensional shape they have in the human body. In the weightlessness of zero gravity, cell cultures grow into three-dimensional forms and behave much more as they do in the body.

Zero gravity (or *microgravity*, as the purists call it) offers an ideal environment for studies of cell cultures, and the space station provides a long-term microgravity platform for such studies.

Dozens of robotic spacecraft have been sent to Mars and the other planets. They can do little more than preliminary scouting missions. To truly determine if there was once life on Mars (or if life exists there now) we will need to send teams of human explorers.

For the farther planets, distance presents a problem for the robots. It takes half an hour or more for radio signals to travel from Earth to Jupiter, for example. Controlling robots from Earth will mean there will always be that time lag in messages and commands going back and forth.

Human bases in orbit around those distant worlds may be necessary, if we wish to explore them in any detail.

Closer to Earth, it is possible to build gigantic satellites that will use the unfiltered sunlight in space to generate electricity and beam it back to the ground. Such massive projects will require human engineers, technicians, and construction workers.

Finally, where do we go from here? If we still want to send human explorers and workers into space (and maybe one day, tourists), how do we recover from the *Columbia* tragedy and press ahead?

NASA's shuttles were designed thirty years ago. Even then, their design was the result of a political compromise. That's why the shuttle takes off like a rocket and lands like a glider. Much better designs were possible even in the 1970s, but Washington would not pay for them.

Recently NASA has been considering designing a new spacecraft system that would eventually replace today's shuttle. The thinking was that such a new "bird" would be needed in ten years or so.

It is probably needed now. Instead of building another shuttle orbiter to replace *Columbia* (as NASA did

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	No Lunacon	New York World's Fair	
1965	April 24	Hal Clement	135
1966	April 16-17	Isaac Asimov	235
1967	April 29-30	James Blish	275
1968	April 20-21	Donald A. Wollheim	410
1969	April 12-13	Robert A. W. Lowndes	585
1970	April 11-12	Larry T. Shaw	735
1971	April 16-18	Editor: John W. Campbell Fan: Howard DeVore	900
1972	March 31-April 2	Theodore Sturgeon	1200
1973	April 20-22	Harlan Ellison	1600
1974	April 12-14	Forrest J. Ackerman	1400
1975	April 18-20	Brian Aldiss	1100
1976	April 9-11	<i>Amazing / Fantastic Magazines</i>	1000
1977	April 8-10	L. Sprague and 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 Saberhagan Artist: John Schoenherr Fan: Steve Stiles	1100
1983	March 18-20	Writer: Anne McCaffrey Artist: Barbi Johnson Fans: Don and Elsie Wollheim	1500
1984	March 16-18	Writer: Terry Carr Artist: Tom Kidd Fan: Cy Chauvin	1400
1985	March 15-17	Writer: Gordon R. Dickson Artist: Don Maitz Fan: Curt Clemmer, D. I.	800
1986	March 7-9	Writer: Marta Randall Artist: Dawn Wilson Fan: Art Saha	1100
		Special Guest: Madeline L'Engle	
1987	March 20-22	Writer: Jack Williamson Artist: Darrell Sweet Fan: Jack Chalker	1200
		Toastmaster: Mike Resnick	
1988	March 11-13	Writer: Harry Harrison Artist: N. Taylor Blanchard Fan: Pat Mueller	1250
		Toastmaster: Wilson Tucker	
1989	March 10-12	Writer: Roger Zelazny Artist: Ron Walotsky Fan: David Kyle	1450
		Editor: David Hartwell	
1990	March 16-18	Writer: Katherine Kurtz Artist: Thomas Canty Publisher: Tom Doherty	1500
1991	March 8-10	Writer: John Brunner Artist: Frank Kelly Freas Fan: Harry Stubbs	1200
		Publishers: Ian and Betty Ballantine Science: Prof. Gerald Feinberg	
1992	March 20-22	Writer: Samuel R. Delany Artist: Paul Lehr Fan: Jon Singer	1350
		Special Guest: Kristine Kathryn Rusch Featured Filkers: Bill and Brenda Sutton	
1993	March 19-21	Writer: Orson Scott Card Artist: Barclay Shaw Publishing: Richard Curtis	1250
		Fan: Alexis Gilliland	
1994	March 18-20	Writer: Vonda N. McIntyre Artist: James Warhola Fan: Walter R. Cole	1300
		Special Musical Guest: Dean Friedman	
		Comics Industry Guests: Walter and Louise Simonson Featured Filker: Peter Grubbs	
1995	March 17-19	Writer: Poul Anderson Artist: Stephen Hickman Fan: Mike Glycer	1300
		Featured Filker: Graham Leathers	
1996	March 15-17	Writers: Terry Pratchett, Esther Friesner Visual Humor Guest: Phil Foglio	1300
		Fan: Bruce Pelz Special Origami Guest: Mark Kennedy	
1997	March 7-9	Writer: C. J. Cherryh Artist: David Cherry Fan: Michael J. Walsh	1250
		Media Guest: Michael O'Hare	
1998	March 20-22	Writer: Octavia Butler Artist: Donato Giancola Fans: John and Perdita Boardman	1250
1999	March 5-7	Writer: Vernor Vinge Artist: Bob Eggleton Fan: Anthony R. Lewis	1200
2000	March 24-26	Writer: George Alec Effinger Artist: Lisa Snellings Fan: Stu Shiffman	1200
		Special Guest: Barbara Hambly	
2001	March 23-25	Writer: Charles Sheffield Artist: Jody Lee Fan: John Hertz Special Guest: Nancy Kress	1150
2002	March 15-17	Writer: Alan Dean Foster Artist: James Gurney Fans: Ron and Val Ontell	1050
		Special Guest: Peter F. Hamilton Toastmistress: Roberta Rogow	
2003	March 21-23	Writers: Spider and Jeanne Robinson Artist: Rowena Fans: Joni and Todd Dashoff	?
		Mistress of Ceremonies: Susan de Guardiola	

when the *Challenger* blew up), the space agency should push for a totally new design, based on twenty-first century technology.

In the final analysis, it is we the people who make the final decisions about what our government can and cannot do. We should, in the words of Abraham Lincoln, "highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

We should—we *must*—continue to explore outer space

and learn how to utilize it to the benefit of the human race.

Ben Bova was participating in the U.S. space program two years before the creation of NASA. His latest novel is The Rock Rats. He is a past recipient of the Lunarians' Isaac Asimov Memorial Award. Dr. Bova offers commentary over Florida's WGCU-FM every Tuesday morning. His website address is www.benbova.net. The above excerpt is from an article published in the Naples Daily News (FL), on Feb. 3, 2003.

Reflections

by John Boardman

The tragic loss of the space shuttle *Columbia* and its crew, as they attempted to re-enter the Earth's atmosphere on 1 February, prompts numerous reflections, some of them about the space program and its future, and others about unrelated things. As at the time of the *Challenger* disaster in 1986, voices have been heard urging the restriction of space exploration to unmanned vehicles, or perhaps even its total abandonment.

The space program is a product of the same monkey curiosity that has carried the human species down from the trees, out of the caves, and around the world. Banning this expression of our curiosity would be as futile as banning the expression of our sexual nature. We can cite a long list of people who have died in the effort to explore and to increase our understanding of the universe in which we live: John Cabot, Ferdinand Magellan, Henry Hudson, Sir John Franklin, James Cook, Robert Falcon Scott, Roald Amundsen, Alfred Wegener, and in many of these and other cases their entire crews with them. The loss of seven people on *Columbia* will not deter humanity from further ventures into the unknown.

Nor is the present space program likely to be

abandoned in favor of one which does not use human crews. Machines can answer a great many questions, but only human beings can ask them. Public support for further ventures into space can be much more easily elicited by human beings than by even the most versatile machines and sensors. Ticker tape parades are not given for robots.

There might be a demand for the complete abandonment of space research by the United States. This would be even briefer than a demand for solely unmanned spacecraft. Moreover, such demands and their failure have already been anticipated in science fiction. Science fiction fans and old film buffs may remember H. G. Wells's 1935 film, *Things to Come*. In the last part of this film, the great conflict is between those who favor, and those who oppose, space exploration. Wells characterized this as a struggle, not between the "Haves" and the "Have-Nots," but between the "Doers" and the "Do-Nots." It would be truly ironic if Mars Colony Number One flies the flag of the European Union.

John Boardman is a retired Professor of Physics at Brooklyn College (CUNY), and an Honorary Member of the Lunarians. He was a Fan GoH at Lunacon '98.

The New York Science Fiction Society – the Lunarians, Inc. and Lunacon 2003 remember the crew of the Columbia:

Col. Rick D. Husband, mission commander; Cmdr. William C. McCool, pilot; Lt. Col. Michael P. Anderson, payload commander; Capt. David M. Brown, M.D., Kalpana Chawla, Ph.D. and Cmdr. Laurel Salton Clark, M.D., mission specialists; and Col. Ilan Ramon, payload specialist and Israel's first astronaut.

We honor their mission and continue to keep our eyes turned to Space and the Stars as their legacy and our future.



THE NEW YORK SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY - *The Lunarians, Inc.*

The New York Science Fiction Society – the Lunarians, Inc., a non-profit educational organization, is one of the New York Metropolitan Area's oldest and largest science fiction and fantasy clubs, and the sponsoring organization of **Lunacon**.

The Lunarians was formed in November 1956. The first **Lunacon** was held in May 1957, and one has been held every year since (with the exception of 1964, due to the World's Fair), making Lunacon 2003 our 46th annual convention, an achievement 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 David Kyle, Sam Moskowitz (two of our founding members), Donald A. Wollheim, Art Saha, Jack L. Chalker, Charles N. Brown, and Andrew I. Porter. The Society's emblem of a spaceman reading a book while sitting in a crescent moon (see above), also used in connection with Lunacon, is known affectionately as "**Little Loonie**". The current version was drawn by Wally Wood, after designs by Christine Haycock Moskowitz and David Kyle.

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

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

Additionally, in 1992, the Lunarians established the **Isaac Asimov Memorial Award** as an everlasting tribute to Dr. Asimov's lifelong contribution to the fields of Science Fiction and Science Fact. The Award is presented 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. Recipients of this Award to date are Hal Clement, Frederik Pohl, Ben Bova, Stephen Hawking, Stephen Jay Gould, Michio Kaku, Charles Sheffield, Charles Pellegrino and Sir Arthur C. Clarke.

In 1997, in memory of the legendary fan, fan historian and editor, the Society created the **Sam Moskowitz Memorial Award** for best non-fiction contribution to the genre published in the previous year. The first recipient of this Award was Vincent Di Fate's *Infinite Worlds: The Fantastic Vision of Science Fiction Art*.

It's easy to become a member of the Lunarians. There are several categories of membership: **Subscribing Membership**, currently \$15 per year, entitles you to receive all our mailings and notices of what we're doing, including minutes of the most recent meeting. **General Membership** and **Regular Membership** allow fuller participation in Lunarians meetings, events and activities.

If you're interested in learning more about becoming a member of the Lunarians, attending one of our meetings, or any of our other activities, you're invited to write to us at: New York Science Fiction Society – the Lunarians, Inc., PO Box 3566, New York, NY 10008-3566 or info@lunacon.org. Or visit our website at www.lunacon.org.



Rovena