

Lunacon 2008



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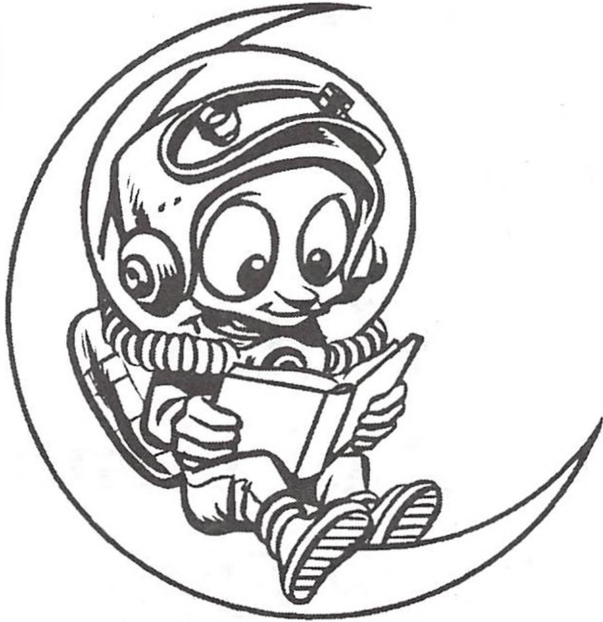


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LUNACON 2008



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HILTON RYE TOWN

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Jacqueline Carey

AUTHOR OF THE *KUSHIEL* TRILOGY

ARTIST GUEST OF HONOR

Johnna Y. Klukas

FAN GUEST OF HONOR

Joe D. Siclari

SPECIAL GUEST

Winston A. Howlett

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Message from the Chair

I would like to welcome everyone to Lunacon 2008, the 51st annual science fiction and fantasy convention of the New York Science Fiction Society – the Lunarians, Inc. We are back at the Hilton Rye Town (aka the Escher Hilton) again after celebrating our 50th anniversary as a convention here last year. 2008 marks my twentieth Lunacon, and I serve as Con Chair as well as President of the Society this year. I promise you a weekend of the best Programming, Art Show, Dealers' Room, Gaming and Masquerade possible. We have a lot to offer you this year. To insure that you have an enjoyable time, please reacquaint yourselves with our Lunacon policies published in this volume. If you have any questions, feel free to ask anyone wearing a Staff T-Shirt or ribbon. If they can't answer your question, they will direct you to someone who can. Of course, you can always ask me too; I am quite easy to spot even in a crowd.

— Dom Corrado

Lunacon Policies

In order to maintain an enjoyable environment for all convention attendees, we have the following policies in force: **Please note that our weapons policy has been amended and therefore we ask you to read it carefully or we will have to amend it back.**

¶ Weapons

Weapons may be included as **part of a hall costume** with the following restrictions:

- No replicas of any current or historical firearm are permitted (a phaser is acceptable, a space marine's assault rifle is not). Working bows are, unfortunately, included with the above.
- All edged weapons must be peace-bound and incapable of being drawn. We will have security staff to assist with enforcement of this.
- Staves, canes and non-working replicas (boffer or cardboard swords, etc.), while not needing to be peace-bound per se, nonetheless must adhere to the same behavioral guidelines as any edged weapon (see below).
- **Weapons may not be drawn in any public area of the convention!**
- Weapons may not be worn in such a way as to create a hazard to other attendees or fixtures of the convention (e.g. scabbards that extend far enough to be a trip hazard to passersby).
- The aforementioned rules apply to costumes included as part of the Masquerade competition. Anyone considering wearing a weapon as part of a hall costume is warned that any violation of the above rules is grounds for immediate expulsion from the convention with no refund. **When in doubt, ASK!**

¶ Drinking Age

The legal drinking age in the state of New York is **21**. Convention security and hotel staff will be enforcing this.

¶ Parties

- All parties **MUST** be held only in the designated party wing. Any parties in other areas will be closed down.
- Please note that alcoholic beverages may not be served at open parties. Open parties serving alcohol will be closed down.
- Parties **MUST** register with convention services, regardless of whether they are open or closed.
- Parties posting flyers or other advertisements around the convention will be treated as open parties and subject to the alcohol restriction.

¶ Smoking

This is a **non-smoking** hotel. If someone has the need to smoke, he or she must go **outside**.

¶ Convention Badges

Yes, you **do** need your "stinkin' badges"! You must be able to produce a badge to enter any convention activities or when requested to do so.

Lost Badges

If your badge is lost, check with Registration or Member Services to see if it has been turned in. A fee of \$5 will be charged if the badge has to be replaced. A second badge replacement costs \$10. We will not issue a third replacement.

Photography

There is **NO FLASH PHOTOGRAPHY** at Lunacon

Acknowledgments

Lunacon 2007 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 and Team Arisia,

the publishers and others who have made generous donations to the Book Exhibit/Raffle and Auction (benefiting the Donald A. & Elsie B. Wollheim Memorial Scholarship Fund), the contributors to this Program Book, our Program Participants, the Committee and Volunteers (and their tolerant families) without whom this convention could never succeed, our predecessors (who managed to get us this far despite ourselves), Yuri and the ever-helpful folks at Adegi Printing & Graphics (for our Progress Report, this Program Book and badges), the writers, artists, filmmakers and actors who first gave us the sense of wonder of SF and Fantasy, and last, but not least, the terrific fans, for whom we put ourselves through all this to give them the best convention we possibly can.



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Jacqueline Carey: The Rose Tattoo

by Susan Wright

I first saw *Kushiel's Dart* (2001) in the Barnes & Noble on West 72nd Street in New York City. Like thousands of other readers, I saw a table display piled high with the paperback and was drawn to the cover image of the tattoo of a rose on Phèdre's back. Reading the cover blurb gave me a shock, that instant recognition that writers try so hard to make with readers.

As I read *Kushiel's Dart*, I knew Jacqueline Carey was onto something new. The story is a dark epic of fantasy and romance, with a cheerfully upbeat masochist as the heroine. The characters and plot ring true, as if Jacqueline had discovered a long extinct society in the heart of Europe—*Terre D'Ange*.

Especially striking is the character of Phèdre. Jacqueline agrees: "From the first inkling, Phèdre's character was what it was, unapologetically masochistic. I had to think long and hard about whether or not this was worth doing, and whether I could pull it off in a way that wasn't sensational or exploitative. Ultimately, what appealed to me was the idea of inverting the subtext of violent eroticism that's prevalent in popular culture and putting it in the foreground, as well as subverting all the 'heroine as victim' tropes in the genre. At that point, I didn't have anything to lose, so I just went for it."

Jacqueline twisted the traditional subtext of sadomasochism within the fantasy genre. Instead of a "naughty covert element," she wanted it to be frank, open and positive. She delved into the concept of will and volition, and how these issues of power can play out between individuals on a broad basis.

That's why I admire Jacqueline's work, not only both from the perspective of a reader and writer, but as a BDSM activist. You can't find many positive representations of people who express their sexuality in nontraditional ways. Because of these stereotypes and associations with violence, a great deal of persecution occurs against people who engage in BDSM, dominance and submission, fetishes, cross-dressing, and other sexual variations practiced by consenting adults. Surveys have found 30% of alt sex practitioners experience some form of discrimination in their job or child custody, while another 35% have experienced violence or harassment because of their sexual preferences. Part of this is because we are quite visible as a group, with our tattoos, piercings, leather jackets, locked collars...

So it's fitting that Phèdre's tattoo of a rose with blood-tipped thorns has become the iconic symbol for the Kushiel series. Jacqueline rightly conveys that Phèdre's tattoo is a badge of honor, something she earns and proves herself by. Jacqueline elevates sex workers to the elite of her Terre d'Ange society, backed by the nation's patron saint who proclaims "Love as thy wilt." In Jacqueline's novels, people who love in different ways are revered, not hurt because of it.

Kushiel's Dart was Jacqueline's first published novel. Before that, she had published some stories and essays, as well as a nonfiction coffee-table "angelology" called *Angels: Celestial Spirits in Legend & Art* (1997). In her first round of queries looking for an agent, Jacqueline found Todd Keithley, at what was then the Jane Dystel Literary Agency. Keithley fell in love with her book. With his encouragement, she began working on the second volume, which would be called *Kushiel's Chosen* (2002).

Keithley sent *Kushiel's Dart* out to editors. When there was interest from a number of publishers, he called an auction. At least one editor got cold feet and dropped out due to the book's provocative nature (she recently told Jacqueline she's been kicking herself ever since). Then Tor made a pre-emptive bid for the whole Kushiel trilogy.

Despite the explosive start, the book was held in production limbo for nearly three years. The issue of packaging and marketing was critical. Tor had to decide how they were going to sell a fantasy novel with a heroine who is an "anguissette" and enjoys a god-given pleasure from pain. Tor editor Claire Eddy also took a tremendous amount of time and care in a line edit of the manuscript to bring down the word count.

“To their credit, they never shied away from the content or asked me to make compromises,” says Jacqueline. “I think it was more a matter of figuring out how to appeal to readers of epic fantasy AND romance AND dark eroticism. This was before the explosion of paranormal romance, so there wasn’t much of a model.”

Sales on the hardcover copy of Kushiel’s Dart were good, and the mass market release sold even better, creating word-of-mouth buzz. The third book in the series, *Kushiel’s Avatar* (2003) capped off the successful trilogy, making the New York Times Bestseller List for three weeks in a row, peaking at #23.

Instead of continuing on with another Kushiel series, Jacqueline next published her Sundering duology, *Banewrecker* and *Godslayer*. These epic fantasies tell the story of a rebellion among seven gods, and features a uniquely memorable dragon. “After almost 3,000 pages in Terre d’Ange, I needed a break; and, too, I couldn’t have gone straight from Phèdre’s head to Imriel’s without creative whiplash,” says Jacqueline. “I needed to do something completely different. I hope it says that I’m a writer who’s not afraid to tackle big ideas and fresh challenges.”

But difficulties arose when Jacqueline returned to the world of Terre d’Ange. She wanted the hero of the next three Kushiel books to be Imriel, the son of Phèdre’s nemesis Melisande. Tor had taken a great risk on the original series, and had been very supportive of her vision. But they feared her readership would be reluctant to embrace a male protagonist and lobbied hard for a change.

“I felt strongly about the creative direction I wanted to take in the second trilogy and I wanted to work with an editor who was as excited as I was by the idea,” says Jacqueline. “So I made the tough choice and found a great new home at what was then Warner Books, now Grand Central. But I’m on good terms with everyone at Tor and remain proud of my association with them.”

Tor has benefited, having reprinted the first three titles due to the new influx of readers gained by the second trilogy that features Imriel. *Kushiel’s Scion* and *Kushiel’s Justice* have been published in hardcover, with *Scion* in paperback. *Kushiel’s Mercy* will come out in June 2008.

The Imriel series focuses on the other half of the sadomasochism coin—the sadist. Imriel is conflicted about his heritage from his traitorous mother and his natural sexual response to the masochism of Phèdre, his foster-mother. In this series, Imriel’s comfort with his own sexuality grows as he learns to express his desires responsibly, finding true love in Princess Sidonie who embraces his darker impulses.

“*Kushiel’s Mercy* wraps up Imriel’s story and brings closure to the overall arc of the six volumes.” When asked if there were any new D’Angeline books in the future, Jacqueline adds, “I’ve begun work on a new trilogy set in the D’Angeline milieu, taking place several generations after the conclusion of *Mercy*.”

Jacqueline did a great deal of research on sadomasochism to understand the psychology behind the desire to do BDSM, which was necessary because she is not a member of the subculture. Yet she certainly succeeded in capturing the spirit of BDSM. She sheds a kind and gentle light on sexual desires that many people don’t speak of, creating characters that embrace the totality of themselves and are thereby empowered to overcome great obstacles in their lives.

That’s why Jacqueline’s fans are unusually devoted to her, because they feel she has spoken the truth that exists inside of them. You can see their tribute written on their skin; Jacqueline’s website contains over a hundred of images of fans who have had Phèdre’s rose tattooed on their own bodies.

It’s a legacy that any writer would be proud to claim.

Jacqueline is currently living near Saugatuck, Michigan with her long-time partner, Julie Abel. Her agent is Jane Dystel at Dystel & Goderich Agency. Jacqueline’s website is www.jacquelinecarey.com

Susan Wright has published over 25 nonfiction books and novels, including her latest paranormal romance series To Serve and Submit and A Pound of Flesh. Susan founded the National Coalition for Sexual Freedom and currently serves as spokesperson. www.susanwright.info.

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salutes

Jacqueline Carey
Guest of Honor
LUNACON 2008



Watch for *Kushiel's Mercy*.
Coming June 2008, *New York Times* bestselling author Jacqueline Carey
delivers the final adventure in the Imriel Trilogy.

Also available from Jacqueline Carey:

Kushiel's Scion

"This is heroic fantasy at its finest." —*Publishers Weekly* (starred review)

Kushiel's Justice

"Another stunner....[This book] hooks the reader but good."
—*Booklist* (starred review)


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Kushiel's Mercy

(forthcoming June 2008)

CHAPTER SEVEN

Life continued apace.

Swift, too damnably swift. The bright blaze of autumn's foliage flared and dimmed. Leaves turned brown and dry, loosed their moorings. In the mornings, the garden where I practiced the Cassiline discipline, telling the hours, sparkled with hoarfrost. The members of Sidonie's guard watching me huddled in woolen cloaks.

It was the one time of day I always had a pair of her guards in attendance; the one time of day I was otherwise alone and isolated. It had been Claude de Monluc's idea, not mine, and Sidonie swore she hadn't asked it of him. If there were any complaints among the guards, I never heard them. I was glad of their presence.

There hadn't been any threats, but there was an lingering uneasiness beneath the truce. During the nights, it was easy to forget. During the days, there were reminders.

One came in the form of a ridiculous suit pushed all the way from the provincial court of Namarre to the Palace Court. I held among the estates of my inheritance the duchy of Barthelme, located in the province of Namarre. The seneschal had reported the suit to me – some incident of a vassal lord, the Baron Le Blanc, claiming I had violated an obscure clause in his charter of tenure that granted him a tithing exemption on Muscat grapes.

As it happened, it was true. The Duc de Barthelme who had signed the charter some three hundred years ago had been possessed of a surpassing fondness for Muscat wine and had waived the customary tithe in favor of an annual keg of the barony's finest. Generations later, an enterprising successor to the duchy had managed to evade the clause in favor of a monetary tithe, and the clause had eventually been forgotten altogether until Jean Le Blanc uncovered it.

According to my seneschal, the matter had been settled in the provincial court. The bailiff's ruling had been favorable to Le Blanc. The records were surveyed assiduously, and Barthelme was assessed a fine for a hundred and eleven years' worth of illegally gathered tithes.

The incident stuck in my mind because it had been a sizeable sum, and when I'd told Sidonie, she'd laughed and said it was a good thing she wasn't in love with me for my wealth. I'd given it no more thought to it until Sidonie brought it up again.

"You remember your old friend Baron le Blanc?" she said one evening. "He's back."

I stared at her. "The fellow with the Muscat? Whatever for?"

We were dining in her chambers. Sidonie shrugged, spearing a piece of roasted capon. "Lost revenues on a hundred and eleven years' of tithes."

"It was a stupid clause," I said.

"It was," she agreed. "But that's not the point. The Namarrese bailiff ruled that since the Barons of Le Blanc collected revenues on a hundred and eleven years' worth of their finest Muscat in lieu of tithing it, he's no right to complain. Not unless he's prepared to deliver a hundred and eleven kegs of Muscat to you. Now he's demanding a hearing *Ex Solium*."

Any D'Angeline peer who felt themselves wronged by their regional judiciary had a right to demand a hearing from the throne. It was an old law, but one seldom used for frivolous matters.

I raised my brows. "Is Ysandre going to hear it?"

Sidonie shook her head. "I don't know how it passed through the Court of Assizes, but it did. He's hired a persuasive advocate. Even so, they decided it wasn't worth Mother's time, so it landed on my plate. I'm to take the hearing as a representative of the throne."

"A suit brought against me as the Duc de Barthelme," I observed.

"Mm-hmm." She tapped her fork idly against the rim of her plate. "Passing odd, is it not?"

"It is," I agreed. "Will you hear it?"

"Gods, no!" she said fervently. "No, I'm not about to walk into that trap. I pleaded lover's bias in the matter, and threw it back to the Court of Assizes. Let the Chancellor make of it what he will. If Le Blanc persists, his silver-tongued advocate can pitch his suit to my mother and find out how well she enjoys having her time wasted."

I frowned. "It is odd, though."

"Yes," Sidonie said. "It is."

Baron Jean Le Blanc never did get his hearing and his suit was withdrawn for reasons that were never made clear. Still, rumor circulated in its wake. My detractors whispered that it was proof that I was exerting undue influence over Sidonie.

It troubled her; and me, too, although mostly for her sake. In many ways, we were still coming to know one another as adults. If I'd learned nothing else about Sidonie, I knew for a surety that she had a keen sense of justice and a determined adherence to the rule of law, instilled in her by both parents, amplified by her own sensibilities.

As much as I loathed to mark the passage of time, I was almost glad when the autumn days turned to winter, shortening, and the Longest Night drew nigh.

It was a time of license and sheer revelry, and although it had its roots in a tradition older than the coming of Blessed Elua, it was one D'Angelines had adopted wholeheartedly.

It was sacred.

It was joyous, too.

For me, it held a special significance. Three years ago, on the Longest Night, I had kissed Sidonie for the first time. It had all begun in earnest that night. I still shuddered at the memory of her gold-masked face lifting toward mine, our lips meeting. My Sun Princess. The next year, the next Longest Night, I'd passed in Alba. I'd knelt in the snow, keeping Elua's vigil. That was the night Dorelei had finally surmised to whom my heart belonged. The following year... that, I'd passed in Vralia, hunting Berlik. I'd no idea when it had fallen, not for sure. It might have been the night I killed him, or it might have fallen afterward.

This would be our first time together, truly together.

"Night and Day," Favrielle *nó* Eglantine pronounced. "I see no other choice."

"No?" Sidonie asked mildly. "After all, I've already—"

The couturiere's eyes narrowed. "None." Snapping her fingers, she uttered an order to one of her assistant. "Bring the fabric."

It was gorgeous beyond all expectation. One bolt was black velvet, a black so dense it seemed to absorb light. The other was silk. It was a pale gold hue, almost white, like the radiance of the sun at high noon; but to describe it thus does it no justice. It flowed like liquid sunlight, shimmering with its own inner brilliance. Favrielle handled it with reverence.

"I discovered this in the stores of Eglantine House when I was fourteen," she said. "No one ever dared use it. When I first had my own salon, I nearly begged myself to buy it." She smiled wryly. "And then I never dared use it."

"It's beautiful," I said sincerely.

Favrielle held up a length. "It is the *essence* of daylight itself." She sniffed. "Not some tawdry cloth-of-gold." She shot a challenging glance at Sidonie, who hid a smile.

"It's remarkable," Sidonie said. "Truly."

"I thought, mayhap, one day Joscelin Verreuil would consent to attend the Queen's *fête* with Phèdre instead of keeping Elua's vigil," Favrielle mused. "I would have done it for them. But you'll do, the two of you."

I kissed her cheek. "Thank you, Favrielle."

She glowered at me. "Go away now."

The days grew short; the nights grew long. In the salon of Favrielle *nó* Eglantine, seamstresses sewed feverishly. Our costumes took shape.

Night and day.

Our fittings were held separately. I didn't see Sidonie's costume until the Longest Night. Mine was exquisitely simple; breeches and a doublet of unadorned black velvet, flat and fathomless. One of Favrielle's endlessly patient assistants spent hours brushing my hair and tying hundreds of tiny crystal beads into it. When she was done, it fell over my shoulders like a cloak of the night sky itself.

"Perfection," she said, tying my mask in place. It was a simple domino of muted silver, a crescent moon rising like horns on my brow.

When at last I saw Sidonie, it took my breath away. I'd dressed in my own quarters. Her guards came to fetch me that we might enter the ballroom together. All I could do was stare at her.

It was simple, too; and subtle, infinitely more subtle than the Sun Princess costume. The pale silk glowed with soft luminosity, unadorned, clinging to the curves of her body in a way that made my mouth go dry. She wore long gloves of the same white-gold fabric, but her creamy shoulders and the length of her back were bare. Her golden hair was coiled in an artful coronet, a radiating sunburst affixed to the back of her head. Behind the softly gilded domino, her eyes looked like pools of night.

"Do you like it?" Sidonie asked.

"You look so beautiful it hurts," I said truthfully.

She smiled. "So do you."

It should have been a perfect night.

It wasn't.

For a long time, it promised to be. There was a little hush when Sidonie and I made our entrance, but it passed. This was the Longest Night, a time for joy and revelry. We had a good many friends and supporters amid the throng, and even Ysandre managed to greet us with considerable aplomb. Phèdre was there, of course, escorted by Ti-Philippe.

"Elua!" she breathed. "So *that's* what Favrielle's been hiding."

I laughed. "She said she would have used it for you and Joscelin if he'd ever consented to attend."

"No." Phèdre shook her head. "No, it's perfect for you. Both of you." She kissed me lightly, smiled at Sidonie. "You look splendid together."

We drank *joie*, danced and mingled with friends, sat at the laden table and dined together. As the hour of midnight drew nigh, the usual sense of anticipation mounted. There were no surprises this year. The horologist called the hour, and the great hall was plunged into darkness. The Winter Queen hobbled out of her false crag, leaning on a blackthorn staff. The Sun Prince entered in his chariot to a drumroll and resounding cheers, pointing his spear at her and restoring her to youth. The oil-soaked wicks were lit, light returning in a sudden blaze.

Sidonie released her breath in a sigh. "I never tire of the spectacle."

"Neither do I." I touched her cheek. "You *are* my sunlight, Sidonie. The sun in my sky and the moon in my heavens. All that's bright and good in my life." I smiled. "And a little bit that's dark, too."

"You're uncommonly sentimental," she observed.

"I'm uncommonly happy." I spread my arms. "And a little bit drunk."

She laughed and caught my hand. "Dance with me."

Catching sight of us returning to the dance floor, one of the musicians grinned and gestured to his fellows. They switched smoothly into a slow, romantic melody. As we danced, I thought about all the Longest Nights I had known. I thought about the fact that a year ago, I'd been in Vralia. I thought about all the times I had danced with Sidonie. The first time, it had been on the Longest Night, too. That was when we'd bickered and I'd given her my oath on impulse.

It seemed impossible, now, remembering how formal and careful we had been with one another. Sidonie had held me at a distance. I'd scarce touched her. Later, after we'd become lovers, we'd struggled to recapture that sense of cool formality. At the fête for her seventeenth birthday, we'd tripped over one another's feet, absurdly awkward in our efforts to disguise how well our bodies knew one another, how well we moved together. It made me laugh aloud to remember it.

"What's funny?" Sidonie asked.

"Nothing." I whirled her. "Only that I love you."

She smiled. "Oh, that. 'Tis enough to make the gods laugh."

Now, it was the Longest Night, and it was a simple, blessed pleasure to hold her in my arms with no barriers between us; no mistrust, no awkwardness, no pretense. The music swooped and swirled in long, poignant arcs. We danced effortlessly. Tomorrow, the world of politics and its burdens would be awaiting us. Tonight, there was only music and *joie*.

And us.

The song ended, and another began. We stood without moving; night and day, reflecting one another. Sidonie gazed up at me. "The lover showers kisses on the face of the beloved," she quoted softly from the *Trois Milles Joies*.

"Like petals falling in a summer rain," I finished, kissing her.

"*Whore!*"

The epithet was harsh and shocking. A violin screeched to a halt. A very drunken lord costumed as Tiberian emperor staggered onto the dance floor, his purple-edged robes disheveled, a laurel wreath askew on his dark hair.

"Whore!" he repeated, spitting the word at Sidonie. "You robbed me for his sake. Everyone knows."

Sidonie's guards were trying to push through the throng, but everyone on the dance floor was pressed tight around us, eagerly watching the spectacle. I edged my body in front of her. "Who in the hell *are* you, man?"

"Your *neighbor*," he spat. "Your *vassal*, my greedy, treasonous, pandering liege!" He waved a flask, his tone turning bitterly sardonic. "Care for a swig of Muscat?"

"Jean Le Blanc?" I asked.

"Everyone knows!" He pointed at Sidonie, swaying. "You. You wouldn't even hear my suit. Everyone knows. Walking around all day, looking like butter wouldn't melt in your mouth. Spreading your legs for that traitor-spawn, rutting like an animal all night. Your guards talk. They laugh. Everyone knows."

"That is a cursed lie!" Claude de Monluc squeezed through the crowd, his hand on his sword-hilt, his face flushed with fury. "Your guards don't talk, my lady," he said to Sidonie. "And they certainly don't laugh."

Jean Le Blanc sneered. "Don't deny the rutting, do you?"

"No one denies the rutting, my lord." Sidonie's voice was cool and remarkably calm. "That's why I refused to hear your suit. Apparently your advocate chose not to waste my mother's time with it." She studied him. "Did someone suggest otherwise to you?"

He looked away, uncertain.

I followed his gaze and saw Barquiel L'Envers grinning. He caught my eye and gave me a mocking salute. "Oh, Elua and his Companions have mercy on me!" I said in disgust. "Is this what you've been reduced to, L'Envers?"

"He said..." Le Blanc swayed. "His advocate said..."

"Listen to me, you thrice-cursed idiot." I grabbed a handful of his white robe and shook him. "He put you up to this, didn't he? Pushing your suit after it had been settled fairly. Lending you his advocate. Why?" I tightened my grip. "More of my damned mother's legacy?"

Le Blanc had turned pale, but he found a measure of his dignity. "It's not old history. Not to some of us. I fought at Troyes-le-Mont, but I couldn't protect my own family." His mouth worked. "My wife... my wife was raped. Many times. She killed herself."

I let go of him. "I'm sorry."

"No, you're *not!*" he said in anguish. "Dancing and laughing and kissing—"

"And rutting," Sidonie murmured.

His hands tightened into fists. "Don't," I said to her. "My lord, believe me, I'm sorrier than you know, but we have no quarrel here. You were urged to bring a foolish suit and misled about its outcome." I pointed at L'Envers. "He took your grief and turned it to his own purposes for what amounts to little more than a childish prank. So tell me, my lord, where your anger lies."

"I don't know," he mumbled.

"You're drunk," Claude de Monluc said crisply. "Drunk, and a disgrace to the Court. Her highness has acted correctly in all legal matters, which is all that need concern you. You may apologize and leave."

"I can't." Le Blanc glanced at Sidonie. "I just... can't."

He left, though; miserable and stumbling, a pathetic figure. No one accompanied him, least of all his patron L'Envers. I felt sick at heart.

"Uncle." Queen Ysandre's voice sliced through the crowd, filled with rare fury. Her guards cleared the throng. Glittering in wintry white, her mask discarded, she confronted L'Envers. "You go too far," she said grimly. "Urging that poor man to profane the Longest Night."

"Ysandre..." he said in a placating tone, gesturing at Sidonie and me. "They flaunt—"

"*I don't care!*" Color rioted on her cheekbones. "They're in love. I don't like it, you don't like it. No one likes it, except mayhap the Night Court and folk too young to remember. But Name of Elua! It's the Longest Night, and I *will* have peace in my Court. Since you've broken it, you may take your leave."

If it was a contest of wills, L'Envers lost. He bowed stiffly and departed.

"Thank you," Sidonie said quietly to her mother.

"Don't." Ysandre rounded on her. "Just..." She drew a sharp breath, her violet gaze settling on me. "Find her," she said simply. "I'm willing to place resources at your disposal once you do. Whatever it takes to bring Melisande Shahrizai to justice, I will provide. Bribery, diplomacy, force of arms. Only *find her*, Imriel."

"I will," I promised.

Biography: Jacqueline Carey

New York Times bestseller Jacqueline Carey is the author of the critically acclaimed *Kushiel's Legacy* series of historical fantasy novels and *The Sundering* epic fantasy duology. An avid reader, she began writing fiction as a hobby in high school. After receiving B.A. degrees in psychology and English literature from Lake Forest College, she took part in a work exchange program and spent six months working in a bookstore in London. While living abroad, the desire to write professionally emerged as a driving passion. Upon returning she embarked in earnest on a writing career, which came to fruition a decade later. During this time she worked at the art center of an area college, gaining a strong background in the visual arts. Jacqueline enjoys doing research on a wide variety of arcane topics, and an affinity for travel has taken her from Finland to Egypt to date. She currently lives in west Michigan, where she is a member of the oldest Mardi Gras krewe in the state. Although often asked by inquiring fans, she does not, in fact, have any tattoos.

Jacqueline Carey is represented by Dystel & Goderich Literary Management. Further information is available at her official author's site, www.jacquelinecarey.com.

Bibliography

Novels:

Kushiel's Dart (Tor Books, June 2001)

Kushiel's Chosen (Tor Books, April 2002)

Kushiel's Avatar (Tor Books, April 2003)

Banewrecker: The Sundering, Vol. One (Tor Books, November 2004)

Godslayer: The Sundering, Vol. Two (Tor Books, August 2005)

Kushiel's Scion (Grand Central Publishing, June 2006)

Kushiel's Justice (Grand Central Publishing, June 2007)

Kushiel's Mercy (Grand Central Publishing, forthcoming June 2008)

Nonfiction:

Angels: Celestial Spirits in Art and Legend (Metrobooks, November 1997)

Lamidi Olonade Fakeye: a retrospective, editor and essayist; Holland, MI: Hope College (September 1996). Distributed by the University of Washington Press.

Short Stories:

"jazznight," *I-94: a collection of southwest michigan authors* (3 a.m. publishing, Fall 1998)

"The Isle of Women," *Emerald Magic: Great Tales of Irish Fantasy* (Tor Books, February 2004)

"In the Matter of Fallen Angels," *Elemental: The Tsunami Relief Anthology* (Tor Books, May 2006)

Awards & Honors

2001 Locus Award, Best First Novel (*Kushiel's Dart*)

2001 Romantic Times Reviewers' Choice Award, Best Fantasy Novel (*Kushiel's Dart*)

Barnes & Noble, Top Ten Science Fiction & Fantasy of 2001 (*Kushiel's Dart*)

Amazon.com Editors, Top Ten Fantasy of 2001 (*Kushiel's Dart*)

Borders, Top Ten Fantasy of 2002 (*Kushiel's Chosen*)

Amazon.com Editors, Top Ten Fantasy of 2003 (*Kushiel's Avatar*)

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Googling Joe Siclari

by Mark L. Olson

When Lunacon asked me to write a piece on Joe Siclari, I figured that it would be easy – I’ve known Joe for twenty years or so, after all – but it wasn’t: I knew a lot of facts, but I lacked a good way to assemble them. I suppose I could have written something chronological, but that’s boring. When I find myself stuck for information and there is no obvious place to look for it, I resort to Google.

So I googled on “Joe Siclari”, and here’s what I found:

The Fanac Fan History Project

Joe Siclari, Chairman Fanac Fan History Project. -- Jack Weaver, Webmaster Fanac Fan History Project. The intent of this site is to provide a central

...
fanac.org/ - 1k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

After MagiCon, Joe turned FANAC, the fannish organization which sponsored Magicon, into a group devoted to preserving fannish history. Since then FANAC has sponsored FanHistoriCons, supported the fan funds TAFF and DUFF with donations, collected fan historical materials which are displayed at most Worldcons, run tables at regionals and Worldcons to collect and scan photos and fanzines, and run the fanac.org website, a fabulous collection of fannish photos and scanned fanzines.

(You can help: Drop by fanac.org and help identify photos. Volunteer to scan fanzines. Offer your own photos for the site. Fan history is fun!)

Joe Siclari, FN&

[Fan Gallery] Fan Gallery Contents: Joe Siclari, FN. Joe Siclari, FN [high-res photo]. New York NY ...

www.scifiinc.net/scifiinc/gallery/bio/Siclari_Joe.htm - 4k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

The Fan Portrait Gallery was set up to give people a chance to see what n/o/t/o/r/i/o/u/s/ well-known fans look like, and of course Joe is there. If you’re at Worldcon, take a look at it. (You may have trouble recognizing Joe – he was a lot younger then.)

Lunacon.org » Joe Siclari

Joe Siclari has been a fan since 1965, having started as an SF reader almost a decade earlier with Murray Leinster’s Forgotten Planet. ...

www.lunacon.org/joe-siclari/ - 16k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

This seems to be something about someone named “Siclari” being GoH at Lunacon this year. Must be a coincidence – it’s a common enough name...

Amazon.com: Joe Siclari: Books

Online shopping for Subjects from a great selection of Books; Nonfiction, Literature & Fiction, Professional & Technical, Science, Children’s Books, ...

...
www.amazon.com/s?ie=UTF8&search-type=ss&index=books&field-author=Joe%20Siclari&page=1 - 116k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

In 2006, Joe co-edited (along with Mike Resnick) a collection of thirty Worldcon Guest of Honor speeches, ranging from Frank R. Paul's speech at the first Worldcon in 1939 right up to Christopher Priest's speech in 2005. It's a fantastic collection and an opportunity to hear in their own words what some of the greats of the field thought. It got a much-deserved Hugo nomination in 2006.

[The Illustration Exchange - The Collection of Joe Siclari and Edie...](#)

Home > Illustration Exchange Galleries > The Collection of Joe Siclari and Edie Stern. The Collection of Joe Siclari and Edie Stern ...
www.munchkinpress.com/cpg149/thumbnails.php?album=26 - 56k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

Joe and his wife Edie have collected sf art for years, but after Joe helped me organize the Science Fiction Art Retrospective at Noreascon 4, he got bit by the bug and has since become a devoted collector. The Illustration Exchange is a fannish website where fifty or so collectors (including Joe) have posted photos of their collections – it's a visual treat!

[The New York State Geological Survey – Tectonic Subsidence Survey](#)

Subsidence risk sites in Northern Westchester County

www.nysgs.ny.us/subsidence/westchester/sites_of_concern/siclari - 210k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

This is an interesting web page summarizing a 2006 report by the NY State Geological Survey of sites in NY that are tectonically unstable or otherwise at risk. Most of them are well-known faults, but one section is devoted to areas which appear to have become unstable in recent times. There's a location in northern Westchester – coincidentally very near Joe's house – which seems to be showing up in gravitometer studies as subsiding due to an unusual mass concentration.

The NYSGS report doesn't go farther, but I imagine this must be Joe's very extensive fannish collection which fills endless ranks of filing cabinets and leaves his basement looking a bit like the warehouse in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* – but without the crates. Still, this is cause for concern: *Is Joe's fannish collecting habit imperiling Westchester?*

[DUFF 2005: JOE SICLARI WINS DUFF 2005!](#)

Former worldcon chairman JOE SICLARI has added a new line to his fannish resume -- 2005 North American to the Australian National SF Convention,

...
duff2005.blogspot.com/2005/04/joe-siclari-wins-duff-2005.html - 12k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

Every two years, the Down Under Fan Fund elects an American fan to travel to Australia or New Zealand as sort of a fannish ambassador (in alternate years, a fan travels the other way). Joe was elected in 2005 and spent four weeks touring Australia and meeting fans. His trip report will be out RSN.

[Archive Site: Fan, Fanzine and FanHistoriCon Program](#)

Jerry Weist Joe Siclari Jane Frank Rusty Hevelin Fan Art Jam Fri 12:00 noon CC2 Exhibit Demo Sue Mason Brad W. Foster Teddy Harvia Alexis Gilliland So You ...

www.dpsinfo.com/2001/fan.html - 13k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

Joe has been instrumental in organizing FanHistoriCon, a gathering devoted to fan history. FanHistoriCon is sometimes a stand-alone convention, and sometimes attached to another con, but it always provides a fascinating look at how our fannish culture go to where it is.

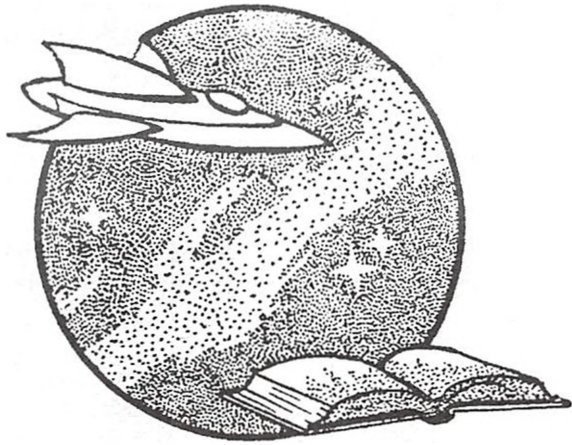
[Tropicon](#)

1985, Robert Bloch, none, Joe Siclari, Fort Lauderdale. V. 1986, Gardner Dozois, none ... 1991, Andre Norton, none, Joe Siclari Gerry Adair, Dania

...
sfefs.org/tropicon.html - 34k - [Cached](#) - [Similar pages](#)

While Joe is a New Yorker by birth, he lived in Florida (fifty miles north of Miami) for twenty years, and was a mainstay of that area's regional convention, Tropicon. I've been to a number of Tropicons and always enjoyed them: good fans, good fun, interesting guests, and lovely January weather!

Not a bad resume! (And it doesn't even mention his work on SunCon where he was briefly half the division heads, his passion for growing tropical fruit trees, his fannish *Fanhistorica*, or his interest in old radio plays.)



The Fan History Project

By Joe Siclari

Did Robert Heinlein only write for money like he said? What famous S-F names were thrown out of the first big convention? Which writer learned how to write S-F in tabloid journalism?

“The **FANAC Fan History Project** is dedicated to preserving our S-F and fannish heritage and making it available to all those who are interested.” That doesn’t sound very exciting, does it?

Is S-F fandom boring to you? Probably not or you wouldn’t be reading this. Fandom grew from a few kids talking about scientifiction and science and space in the late 1920s. They corresponded with people they discovered in magazines, wrote and published articles, argued with each other, got together in clubs, and eventually started a convention. That’s pretty much what we do now, although it’s a lot easier to find science fictional stuff these days.

What famous astronaut commandeered a jet to get to a convention? Can you name one of our writers who has had a sex change operation?

Some of the things that happened in the intervening 80 years are worth noting. Legendary writers, like E. E. Smith and Robert Bloch, became S-F fans. S-F fans like the abc’s (Asimov, Bradbury, and Clarke), became legendary writers. Fans edit and publish books. Fans run some of the largest volunteer conventions in the world. Fans make movies. Fans have published over 1,000,000 (yes, one million) fanzines.

What are the Seven Ages of a Fan? What S-F writers were on a government panel to figure out how to repulse an alien invasion?

They all thought this science fiction hobby was important enough to put a lot of effort into it. Many even thought science fiction would help us prepare for the future. It was fun for the people of the time -- as it is to us now. The goal of the **Fan History Project** is to let today’s fans find out what the famous, the infamous and the everyday fan did and thought back in the day.

Who owned the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Railroad? Did you know that over 100 genre writers have written pornography?

Most of the answers to these and other questions are on the **Fan History Project** website, <http://fanac.org>. The **Fan History Project** website has over 13,000 pages of information including about 1,000 complete fanzines, 3,800 photos with captions, bibliographies, fancylopedias, references and a lot more about S-F fandom. We’ll get the rest of the answers on there as more volunteers take part. If you would like to help, contact me at jsiclari@gmail.com

The **Fan History Project** was started in 1994 with funding from F.A.N.A.C., Inc., the sponsoring organization of **MagiCon**, the 50th World Science Fiction Convention in Orlando, Florida in 1992. F.A.N.A.C., Inc. is a volunteer run, IRS recognized 501(c)(3) non-profit organization.

The **Fan History Project** website is the place to find the who, what, where and when of all the things in fandom. It is even the place where you can find many of the stories behind the people behind the stories we all love.

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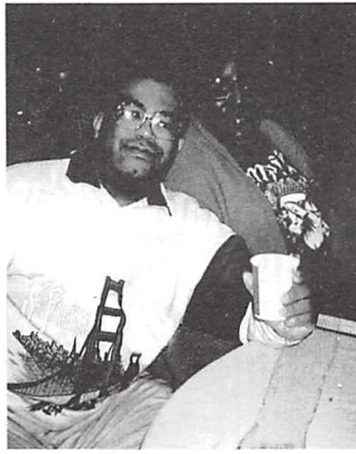
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by Orson Scott Card



Winston Howlett: An Appreciation

by Juanita Nesbitt

I first met Winston Howlett at MediaWestCon in Lansing, Michigan in the 1980s, at a Dungeons & Dragons game. I would call myself an ardent roleplayer; I would call Winston a passionate *actor*. Every year, he would be called on to perform in at least one of the one-shot plays at that convention, and would almost always have a costume in their masquerade competition, usually with a very bizarre presentation.

Winston likes to combine his love of science fiction writing with costuming. For Chicon IV (World Science Fiction Con in Chicago, 1991), he asked me to portray an African Life Goddess character that he had created for *Wulfston's Oddysey*, his second professional novel. We did not win a prize that day, but that did not deter him from his dream of becoming a Worldcon Master Costumer. He 'infected' me with the same dream, and we have been costuming partners ever since.

Along this Creativity Road, he had founded the Hall Costume Competition at Capricon in Chicago, and co-founded and named The Chicago MOB, the Chicagoland Chapter of the International Costumers' Guild.

I found myself in an awkward position when he handed me copies of his first two novels, both set in Jean Lorrh's *Savage Empire* universe. "What if I don't like these?" I asked myself. "How will I tell him?" I soon found that I had nothing to worry about – both books were not only readable, but also enjoyable. His passion for fiction writing soon excited me as well, and I eventually found myself looking forward to seeing my name next to his on the cover of the novel *Allegiance*.

In the late 1980's, he had joined a fledgling science fiction club in Chicago called The Galactic League. The League has a literary magazine called *AlterNations*, and he had been its first and only art editor until early 2007, when he gave up the position to become the founder and editor of *Mulimi*, the club's second fanzine.

What else can I say about an artist whose creative juices have him exploding in many directions at the same time? Besides writing short stories and novels, creating costumes and competitions, we are now producing music albums and podcasts as well. I would shout "Somebody stop this man!" but the ride has been too much fun!

Winston Howlett Bibliography

Short Stories:

"Two of a Kind" – *Galaxy Magazine*, Vol. 39, No. 8, December 1978

"Dare and Double Dare"; "No Such Thing As a Werewolf" – *Wolf-Stone Magazine* #1, Spring, 1989

Novels:

Flight to the Savage Empire (with Jean Lorrh), Signet Books, 1986

Wulfston's Odyssey (with Jean Lorrh), Signet Books, 1987

Savage Empire: Prophecies (with Jean Lorrh), BenBella Books, 2004 (novel reprint)

Honor's Endgame (with D.W.Becker, Elizabeth Holtz, Gwen Patton and F.J.Smedley) Revolution Earth Press, 2007

Allegiance (with Juanita Nesbitt), Mpingo Press, 2008

Hunters (with Juanita Nesbitt & Kevin Spencer), Mpingo Press, 2008 (forthcoming)

Music:

Shuttlecraft – *Fanzine* (Music and Poetry for blind Trek Fans) Tape album, 1977

Ne-Bantu – *File 709* (Galactic League Music) CD album, 2007

BIOGRAPHY

Winston Howlett was born in 1951 in New York City, New York. Born into a family of educators, he was encouraged to explore his storytelling skills at a very young age. In the 1960's, he attended Christopher Columbus High School, where he and Dominick Corrado became friends. In the early 1970's he and Dominick were Gene Roddenberry's bodyguards at the first-ever STAR TREK Convention, held in New York City, and the two have been heavily involved in Fandom ever since.

In the mid-1970's, Winston discovered science fiction fan magazines ("fanzines") and created his own literary 'zine "PROBE" in 1975 for STAR TREK Fandom. The second issue contained his first piece of TREK Fiction, "Last Skimmer to Jericho", an Uhura story that was very wellreceived, reprinted in several other magazines, and eventually expanded into "The Goddess Uhura", a PROBE Special Issue that became a bestseller in Trekkdom. PROBE eventually grew to a readership in forty-eight states and seven foreign countries, including Australia, Holland and South Africa. He was also a staff writer on three other fanzines, and the creator/producer of the studio group Shuttlecraft, which recorded an album of music and poetry for blind STAR TREK fans. All this drew the attention of Jean Lorrh (well known for her own fanzine novels and stories), who offered Winston a chance to collaborate with her on a novel in her Savage Empire series of paperback novels. Two published novels came out of this partnership, plus WOLFSTONE, a oneshot fanzine for Savage Empire readers.

He moved to Chicago, Illinois in 1980. In 1989, he joined The Galactic League, a science fiction roleplaying club that offered him a new direction in fanzine and professional writing; the novels Honor's Endgame and Allegiance are set in the Galactic League universe, and at least three more GL novels are planned.

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CHAPTER ONE: THE ATTACK

August 8, 326 (Ne-Bantu Calendar):

The silence that alerted him was inside his head. It was as if he had suddenly gone deaf for a moment, and then Captain Jkaba Kenyatta's warrior instincts caused him to 'hear' the invasion alarms a full two seconds before they actually sounded. Thus, he was already moving through the corridors of Carrier-Station *Sunlord's* recreation level while his startled comrades were still reacting. Then, he was the leader in a foot race to reach the patrol ships. The two-kilometer-long station began to vibrate as its long-dormant engines were awakened by the alarms and placed themselves on Standby, waiting for tactical commands. He reached the drop shaft and jumped into the point-zero-two gravity column, fighting down the queasiness in his stomach caused by the sudden loss of weight. *Four levels*, he reminded himself, *eight seconds...*

****Sixty-three ships have appeared,**** the security computer announced through his subcomm, the communicator implanted in Kenyatta's jaw, ****less than one million kilometers from Ne-Bantu. Type: non-League. They are on an approach vector.****

"An ATTACK vector, you mean," he muttered to himself as he flexed his knees and softly landed on the flight deck. *Only an enemy – a desperate enemy – would do something so dangerous as come out of hyperspatial warp inside the maelstrom of tiny rocks and stray asteroids that populate a star system.* Artificial gravity increased back to one point zero as he moved out of the landing circle, running yet feeling sluggish, the booted feet of the next pilot hitting the deck just a few seconds behind him.

The control computers aboard the four patrol ships were already activating all relevant systems. The primary engines of each of the three-hundred-meter-long Simbas growled like the lions for which the vessels were named.

The deck vibrations softened as the *Sunlord's* inertial dampeners came online. An intercept course had been calculated, was about to be implemented. With the enemy ships less than a half million kilometers from the station (and, more importantly, less than a million from Ne-Bantu), the first missile launches on those sixty-three targets were probably just seconds away.

At the top of the ramp was the Ready Room, fifteen square meters, its overhead lights coming on as the control computer noted Kenyatta's arrival. He stepped inside the yellow rim labeled *Kenyatta* and planted his boots on the light gray foot outlines in the black circle. The three other pilots were not long in joining him in their own black circles as he called out his name and rank to the *Baraka's* main computer and steadied himself. The *Sunlord* slowly began its sublight move into the enemy's path. His yellow rim became a rippling black cylinder that rose up out of the deck to the height of his neck. He stretched out his arms from his sides as the cylinder shrank inward, sensing the flesh of his hands and covering them like tight elastic gloves, then surrounding his clothing and covering them in a loose, comfortable fit.

"What do you think?" Lt. Rabo Kabeca threw into the air as his circle rose about him. "The O.T.F.?"

"Almost certainly," Lt. Upendo Mataka replied, stretching out his arms. "How long have we been waiting for this shoe to drop?"

"Too long," Lt. Kamilah Rundi commented, setting herself and licking her lips like a lioness anticipating a fat meal. "Right, Jkaba?"

Kenyatta's comment was a noncommittal grunt as the yellow rim became the collar of his flight suit, reducing to the exact size needed to match his helmet, which was sitting on a shelf behind a self-opening panel in the wall just to his left. He pulled on his helmet and felt it adhere to the flight suit collar with a magnetic "clack", then seal with a soft hiss. Instantly, his hearing was enhanced, though the blaring alarms were softened.

The stern ramp began to rise, signifying that the *Baraka's* bridge crew had entered from the bow ramp and were taking their places. The forward door slid aside as the four pilots hurried into the fighter launch bay, a place of "efficient chaos": small spider-like robot servitors skittering around under four large, silver-gray vessels. Kenyatta had once heard the fighters called "flattened hourglasses with tapered noses", an unflattering description he found difficult to ignore, especially when these Chatazii-designed warcraft hung from their launch rails with their bellies just a few meters above the deck, long 'cockpit tongues' all but touching the floor.

Ndoki Bakongo, the tall, rotund bay supervisor who all but lived aboard the *Baraka* greeted them with a grim smile. “Not a drill?” he asked sarcastically.

“Not this time,” Kenyatta replied as he slapped his fighter’s rumbling belly for luck, then moved under her bow and sat in the chair on the tongue’s tip. Activated by his weight, the pressurizer nozzle came out of the chair’s right side, sensor-located the connection in the side of the pressure suit and inserted itself. The suit filled with air as Kenyatta stretched out his arms. The harness straps came out of the chair’s shoulders and sides, met at the center of his chest and locked together automatically. Then the tongue lifted him up onto the fighter’s cockpit and sealed the under-hatch.

Yes, perhaps this was indeed the long-dreaded return of the (Old) Terran Federation. It had been over three hundred years since ten thousand Africans had left Earth, to start the New Bantu Nation colony. After the first year of success after planetfall, another ten thousand Africans (and a few Non-Africans) had found their way to The New Beginning. A generation or so later, Terra’s over-bloated consortium fell apart under the weight of its political in-fighting, weakened by the poison of its deep-seeded bigotry towards the ‘non-human’ member-races. Its totalitarian regime had never forgiven its colonies (especially Ne-Bantu, Caprica and Avatar) for breaking away and joining a new political organization – The Galactic League, now a forum of a hundred worlds and still growing...

“All stations, report!” Col. Matasta ordered from the bridge, and Kenyatta replied by rote as readout screens came to life all around him, his helmet’s sensors now linked to the fighter’s computer. He was tempted to turn on the Speak command, but remembered how talkative the computer was during the last combat practice. Better to trust the sensors and his battle-honed wits. His thoughts turned to his parents, sister and grandmother, wondering if he would ever see them again. *Pre-battle jitters*. He closed his eyes and prayed, forcing mind and body to unite and settle in as he and his ‘wings and claws’ became one.

“ Simbas!” Launch Control transmitted. “Twenty-seven warships sighted, no fighter escorts in evidence! Enemy ships Khaa’rain! Repeat, KHAA’RAIN!”

Kenyatta’s jaw dropped as his eyes sprang open. “...What?!” Kamilah’s voice blared across the inter-fighter channel. “That makes no sense! Why would the Khaa’rain Empire violate a border treaty that they wanted with us? Why, their trade emissary is on Ne-Bantu right now, in his embassy in the High North, a literal stone’s throw from Crown Prince Jua’s private estate!”

“Is he?” Upendo countered. “There’s been no mention of him or any of his entourage in the news for several days, now, as far as I’ve heard. That could mean they’ve been behaving themselves, or that they’re hiding, or that they slipped away and left their ship in orbit as a decoy!”

“What does any of that matter?” Rabo asked. “Remember your Terran war history? That country called ... uh ... Japan! Their council representative was in North America, making a speech about peace with the Americans, while his country’s warriors were making a sneak attack on the American warship yards. This could be a repeat of history, so to speak!”

“But this doesn’t sound right!” Kamilah insisted. “An unprovoked, sneak attack violates the most basic rules of Khaa’rain ethics –”

“Hey, listen to The Expert!” Rabo chided.

An angry sigh from Kamilah. “All I’m saying is that –”

“Launch Pattern Brama!” Control ordered. “Launch!”

Jkaba’s tactical monitor was linked to the patrol ship’s vid system, enabling him to see the opening of the carrier’s huge bay doors. The carrier deck’s artificial gravity lowered to point-zero-one, and the *Baraka*’s internal gravity compensated at the same rate. It was the third ship to smoothly lift off and quickly slide through the *Sunlord*’s force field.

Into Hell. The patrol vessels got their shields up just before being slammed by several Khaa’rain disrupter cannon. The four-hundred-meter enemy ships resembled winged silver dragons – Khaa’rain warships, all right...but models that were at least a generation old, though still packing plenty of firepower.

“Fighters, Launch Pattern Brama holding! Launch!”

The *Baraka*'s underside had to be angled away from the enemy in order for the fighters to have a chance of surviving the first ten seconds of combat. Kenyatta's fighter was first down the launch rails, the slam of triple gravity a welcome sensation, confirmation that this was The Moment. The pain behind his eyes eased, but the blood-and-burnt-copper taste in his mouth did not. Only the end of battle or Death would do that. Mother Space snatched him to her bosom as his fighter's shields leaped up, fending off a minor cannon burst.

The Khaa'rain ships were already passing out of the *Sunlord*'s defensive sphere, shaking off the last of the carrier-station's laser cannon bursts. Good news, bad news, Kenyatta thought. Perhaps, when this is over, my flight group will have a home to which we can return.

But first, Ne-Bantu would have to survive today. A surprise attack by the Khaa'rain Empire probably meant that the entire Galactic League was now at war. How many other League worlds were under attack at this moment? How many had already fallen?

The eastern hemisphere was now coming into view, freighter ships and smaller private craft hastily leaving orbit, running for their lives. The four patrol ships and sixteen fighters leaped after the other dragons, some of which were launching torpedoes at both the northern and southern continents. The tactical network selected a dragon for him and locked on to its rear deflector grid; he gritted his teeth as the retro-engines slowed him and he fired both laser cannon.

Khaa'rain shields collapsed when the third salvo hit. Kenyatta spun his fighter around and jumped away from the much larger enemy craft, just before its rear cannon could lock onto him. He retroed again, spun again and was soon back into the fight, attacking the same ship from another angle. Kamilah Rundi was doing the same, her cannon taking large gouges out of the dragon's rear. Kenyatta added his firepower to the assault, the invader soon erupting from stern to bow.

Rundi let out a triumphant war-whoop over the commlink as the two fighters went hunting another target. "Almost too easy!" she exulted. "I thought the Khaa'rain would make a better enemy, Jkaba!"

"So did I," he muttered. But something on Ne-Bantu's surface caught his attention. He squinted and his helmet's computerized visor quickly enlarged the spot his left eye was focused on: the center of Su-Kenya, the southern continent, bathed in flames. The torpedoes had hit the Chatazii base, he discerned, before the felinoids could get most of their patrol ships launched. Only a handful of them were clearing the atmosphere, joining the fight

And weren't there rumors about the Chatazii king being down there on a visit...?

As the enlargement faded, he pulled his mind back to the greater problem around him: Khaa'rain cannon fire lashing out at his fighter's deflector screens, two other fighters ahead of him taking damage. His visor darkened, protecting his vision against the flashes while outlining his target. Take this, you honorless scum! His cannon and Kamilah's lanced at the dragon's flank and speared it clean through, hardware and space-suited bodies erupting out both sides.

"Jkaba," Kamilah called to him as they veered away, "what kind of attack pattern are they forming?"

Now, most of the surviving Khaa'rain ships were stationary, forming a sphere around a particular vessel, one of their own. Explosions were blossoming everywhere, two of the Simbas taking fatal damage.

"Not attack," he replied. "Defense. That ship in the center must be..." His voice trailed off as an instinct drew his vision past the sphere, down to Kanchi, the northern continent. He squinted. Johara, the heart of Ne-Bantu, was burning! Illogically, Kenyatta tried to will his enhanced vision to greater strength, to find one particular neighborhood, one particular house. And there was an eye in the firestorm –

"What did you see?" Kamilah asked him as they jumped back into the battle. "Has the royal palace been destroyed?"

"No...In fact, it's just about the only part of Johara that's untouched," he said. "They may be after the king and queen!"

* * * * *

Tarn Shaan, Khaa'rain Representative to the Galactic League, looked at the vidscreen in disbelief. The citizen's channels of the Ne-Bantu intelsat network were available to anyone on the planet, even visiting dignitaries. The minute the attack alarms in the territory had sounded, he had switched from the trade information station to the images of what was going on in space: images of a Khaa'rain battle fleet approaching Ne-Bantu on an attack vector.

“Tarn!” Keshra Shaan, approaching at full run. “Tarn!” His younger brother’s voice was strident with rarely-displayed emotion, the anger that Tarn also felt, amplified by confusion. “Tarn!”

“I see it,” he said as Keshra burst in, favoring him with a momentary glance. “Computer:Channel Twelve.”

The screen changed to an intelsat orbiting Ne-Bantu’s second moon, where Khaa’rain battleships were in direct conflict with Ne-Bantu and Chatazii patrol ships and fighters. Closeups of the Khaa’rain ships provided answers... and a lot more questions. “Those ships are ancient!” Keshra declared.

“Not that old. Remember, I commanded one in my younger days. But you’re right: these were replaced more than a decade ago.”

“But who bought them?” Keshra demanded. “Who’s flying them?”

“Good questions, my brother. Very good questions.” The ships moved off the screen, leaving blackness and a sprinkle of stars. In the several seconds before a new intelsat picture would replace the old one, Tarn found himself staring at his own reflection on the black viewer – staring at a stranger. The young soldier and mercenary he had once been was not in that reflection. He had lost count of all the times he had responded to battle alarms and was soon leaping into one kind of skirmish or another.

But now a battle involving Khaa’rain warships was going on overhead, and only a tired, reluctant trade merchant was staring back at him from the mirror-like screen. All his misgivings about taking this ‘test case’ assignment sprang up in him again, rooted in two failures. The Empire’s war with the Terran Federation a hundred years ago was the first, too many of its battles foolishly fought in Galactic League space. The League’s intercession had been inevitable (and secretly welcomed – the economic and military infrastructures of both the Empire and the Federation had almost collapsed). A Khaa’rain border treaty with the Galactic League had been necessary; it provided time for a succession of Kung emperors to rebuild the Khaa’rain military, expand The Empire in other directions – and consider new strategies for dealing with this multi-headed entity that had dared to draw a line that The Empire still will not cross.

The second failure was three years ago: Emperor Dar Kung approaching the League with a proposal for a true peace treaty, a mutual non-aggression pact? There has never been any such thing in Khaa’rain history! The Stormhaven Conference had been a monumental disaster, of course. Too much politics and mistrust on both sides. The Emperor had been foolish to even try...

“The League will blame us!” Keshra said, moving to the office’s communications console. “We have to talk to Prince Mfalme.”

“Yes, but calmly, Keshra. The prince trusts me, or I wouldn’t be doing business with him. I will explain it –”

The comscreen was a blizzard, the audio a hissing waterfall.

“Jammed!” Keshra turned to Tarn. “By whom? Prince Mfalme? His father’s security people?”

This was not the time for debate. Prince Mfalme’s private residence was literally just across the road, a tacit confirmation of their working relationship, which all other League trade groups were watching with an anxious eye. Tarn Shaan strode out of his office to the house’s front reception desk, his brother two steps behind him. There, Khaa’rain Security people were arming themselves with combat rifles and awaiting his instructions. The Ne-Bantu cultural liaison and household staff were off to one side, clearly terrified, but remaining silent.

Obviously, they too had seen a vidscreen reception from the intelsats.

He had once overheard a Human describe his impression of a Khaa’rain to another Human: “A lot like us, only more intense.” Tarn had bristled at the comparison; there were certain similarities, he conceded, but his people had none of the softness and other weaknesses of these Terran-stock. For example, unlike the Khaa’rain, none of these Human ‘helpers’ knew how to fight. But Jua Mfalme had apparently selected them with care: they would not leave the house without a Khaa’rain dismissal. Or certainty of imminent death.

Tarn took a shield rifle as he informed all of them of the jammed comm system. “Our most apparent option is to go over to the residence of Prince Mfalme and compare notes about this crisis —”

Warning! the house computer called out. *Armed beings approaching and surrounding the residence!*

“Tactical screen!” Tarn ordered, stepping behind the reception desk and looking at the security viewer. The picture was a green-and-white overhead display of the dwelling. Five beings were indeed surrounding the place, and moving quickly. Two of them were charging the

front door, which had no defense screens. “Visual!” he requested...and was surprised to see tall, broad-shouldered cat-beings – Chatazii. Well-armed and in civilian leathers. Mercenaries? Freebooters?

“Defense positions!” Keshra snapped, activating his weapon.

The opaque plasteel front door resisted the first three assault blasts, giving the unarmed beings inside just enough time to get out of the way before the fourth blast caused it to explode inward. The screens on the shield rifles protected the defenders, who immediately started returning fire.

Then there was another sound. Or, rather, a cacophony of sounds – rifle shots from outside, from far more weapons than the five attackers could have. This was followed by screeches of pain and rage as two felinoids fell at the smoke-shrouded threshold, mere steps from their deadly goal, quickly descending into frustrated unconsciousness.

“Trade Councilor Shaan!” a familiar voice called from beyond the smoke obscuring the doorway. “Request permission to enter!”

Jua Mfalme. Like all League highborn, he insisted on giving the Khaa’rain titles that the Khaa’rain neither wanted nor needed. (“Trade Councilor” indeed!) But Tarn Shaan was glad to hear Mfalme’s voice, even more than the welcome sound of hostilities suddenly ceasing, all around the trade embassy’s exterior. The Khaa’rain found himself having to raise his voice

above the astonished joy of the Ne-Bantans behind him. “Permission granted, Prince Mfalme!”

Four Ne-Bantans in gray, unpainted battle armor entered first, rifles aimed in all directions, until they determined that there was no threat inside the foyer. Then they became a screen, as the elegantly-dressed Prince Mfalme entered and had to be protected from the small swarm of grateful Humans. He acknowledged their babbled gratitude with patient smiles, all the time moving past them toward the Khaa’rain, no personal weapon in evidence. Tarn Shaan handed his rifle to his brother just before he and Mfalme grasped each other’s forearms in greeting.

“My apologies for our tardiness,” Mfalme stated, somewhat competently in the Khaa’rain language. “My guards are not yet used to donning their new battle suits. Minor delays.”

“No apology necessary, Prince Mfalme,” Tarn stated. He indicated the felinoids with a glance. “Assassins?”

Mfalme nodded. “Without a doubt. The moment I saw the transmissions, I ...felt that you might ... appreciate some help from us.” Tarn heard his brother stifle a surprised reaction, and not because of Mfalme’s careful choice of words. “Well, it was obvious that someone would attempt to prevent you from defending Khaa’rain honor. The attacking ships are C-Class Silver Dragons, are they not? Decommissioned, stripped of weapons and sold to concerns outside the Empire about fifteen years ago. Correct?”

* * * * *

A simple description of the Ne-Bantu Royal Palace could be ‘a golden pyramid with four small wings.’ Twenty-four stories of gold-tinted plasteel cover the outside, with a four-storey inverted-pyramid landing pad on each side, the horizontal surfaces two stories below the beacon-crowned top. The moment the invasion alarms had sounded, the palace’s automatic defenses had activated.

But most ironic of all was the fact that most beings inside the palace were not faring much better.

“The palace has been breached three times on the throne room level,” Sgt. Utamu Singata interpreted from the holomap, set to float above her so that the fifteen royal wives around her could also see. White dots for security personnel, red dots for invaders, green ones for innocents. “Gunther-shift, of course,” she added. A defense against multiple Gunther-shifts in a place as large as the palace would require more energy than all of Johara could generate. And the Mu-Vela Queen had been forced to leave orbit before Escape Plan Ceta (mass evacuation by Gunther-Shift) could be implemented. One day, perhaps, force fields would be able to guard an area against inter-dimensional transit, but that kind of shield technology had not yet been invented. “The first group Shifted outside the throne room – “

“Maliki?!” one of his wives squeaked in fear.

“The king is not there. Princess,” Utamu assured them. “When the alarms sounded, the throne room was immediately evacuated, if the king and queen were even there in the first place.” Which they weren’t, she reminded herself.

Where are they, Father? she wondered. Undoubtedly, you are with them...

“... the second group has taken the junction less than three hundred meters from this room,” she continued for the wives, “and the third group is heading in this direction.”

“They’re wearing Khaa’rain armor,” Lt. Amati announced over the palace security’s subcomm channel. “They’re augmented with shield guns as good as our own, and we’re not armored!”

“Some of us are armored, Lieutenant!” Cpl. Adanna Essa cut in. “We’ve eliminated the anchor group from behind, and we’re headed your way!”

And then the fourth member of the enemy strike group stepped ahead of the protective wedge formed by the other three, and swept the area with a scanner.

“Lt. Amati,” Singata cut in, “I need support in the sitting room on Level Seventeen! Please order Cpl. Essa’s defense group here!”

Princess Tacuma tried to stay calm as she asked, “You think the enemy is trying to reach us, Sergeant? They want us as hostages?”

She switched back to the holo-map. “Yes, I believe so, Princess. That attack group is definitely approaching this area.” And since the king and queen are away, that leaves you women as the best targets.

Singata holstered her shield gun and loosened the belt, the first step in taking off her uniform ...

* * * * *

Confinement. Moonfang hated the way the combat armor restricted movement, echoed the sound of every breath. The suit’s cooling system was efficient, but only heightened her resentment of having to need it. Oh, to be naked and free again, after finally reaching this legendary place –

Alert! Her helmet sensors chorused. Magna-grenade activated. By the time the words appeared on the inside of her visor, it was already darkening. She was stepping back and kneeling, and her three squad-fellows were scrambling forward, pushing their rifle shields to maximum. The two explosions were dim flashes and distant thunderclaps, the concussions rolling around and past them like river water around large stones. The images of the defenders facing them flickered on her visor in sharp relief. She didn’t need to point; her squad-fellows could see them just as clearly. Shots were exchanged, and the results were the same: the shield technology of the so-called Royal Elite failed them, and they were splattered against the corner wall like swatted insects.

Moonfang rose and hand-signaled her squad to do the same.

“Ha!” Two-Claw, from her left. “Grenades in their own house?! They’re getting desperate!”

Indeed. What a story she would have to tell Mother upon her triumphant return! A cautious advance of thirty steps, and then First Team burst through a curtain of beaded strands into the sitting room, to find sixteen women in finery cowering in the far corner, little more than a battle jump away. No guards. Scanner showed no weapons among them. Pampered royalty, obviously, Moonfang discerned. Can never be far away from their precious floor-to-ceiling mirrors and mounds of floor pillows.

Her three team members took capture positions, forming a crescent with its points aimed at the corner. Raising her visor, she loudly declared, “You are now prisoners of the Thrin-Kah!” in a voice that still sounded strange to her own altered ears. She holstered her shield gun and touched the scanner’s signal transmitter, calling her ship for wide-field retrieval. Now would come the pleas for mercy, the whimpering –

The young Ne-Bantu female nearest to Moonfang snapped her fingers. Just once.

Two things happened simultaneously: all the captives dropped to the floor, covering their eyes with their hands or forearms, and the mirrors behind the quartet exploded into the room. Moonfang’s team members quickly turned in the direction of the threat, but not quickly enough to get the force shields of their rifles facing the enemy. Three armored Royal Elite Guards fired heavy-gauge combat rifles, punching bloody holes in the sides of the Khaa’rain armor.

Fighting panic as she lowered her visor, suppressing the sour taste of defeat suddenly overwhelming victory, she drew and fired at the

nearest guard, through a storm of spraying blood, falling bodies and bouncing shards of mirror glass. Her weapon's beam got under the nearest enemy's rifle shield and hit, dead center. The guard fell backward. The shield on Moonfang's gun held – barely – against the first shots of the two other guards –

She saw a shield gun leap out of the falling guard's left hand. It slid across the floor, past Moonfang, out of her field of vision. She fired directly at the heads of the other two, hoping to at least blind them for just a moment, so that she could turn around –\

The gun slid into the outstretched hand of one of the captives, the young one who had snapped her fingers. She looked up at Moonfang with face full of deadly determination. The weapon aimed –

The deception was now all too clear. (Where is the retrieval?!) About to be caught in a crossfire that no weapon shield could handle, Moonfang backed toward the door, giving herself covering fire as she went. Once past the flailing beads, she turned and ran back down the corridor, headed for the original drop point. Second Plan called for Thrin-Kah evacuation and the destruction of the palace –

She got five bounds down the corridor before a shield gun beam pelted the backs of her armored legs with rapid-fire. Sharp blows stabbed the tendons in each leg, then they stopped working. Pitching forward, she managed to angle around, aiming back at her pursuer as she painfully hit the floor, sliding...

She never fired. Her whole center of existence shifted, the pistol froze in her hand as she stared back up the corridor, at two objects several bounds away:

Her own legs.

* * * * *

Sgt. Singata felt odd as she ran down the hallway, letting the mismatched underskirts and veiling she had borrowed from the king's wives drop off as she went. She was in bra, panties, T-shirt and socks as she leaped over the grisly trophies of her marksmanship and dove on her captive, her left hand yanking away the weapon and batting the scanner out of the other hand with her shield gun. She straddled the torso, her knees pinning the invader's arms to the floor, the muzzle of her own gun pressed against the helmet's visor. She fought to bring her rapid breathing back under control, hoping that she was even more intimidating than she felt, so that her captive would not resist.

"Tactical says the last invasion team is dead!" Cpl. Essa announced, running up behind her, Singata's retrieved uniform in her left hand. Essa's armor was blackened where the beam struck her torso, but she was obviously uninjured (Praise Amman for lazzernite!). "It took ten of ours against the four of them... Is this one still alive?"

"Barely," Singata replied, signaling with a head jerk for her friend to try removing the enemy's helmet.

Essa called for a medical team on her subcomm as she dropped the uniform and moved to comply. "What was it they said when they entered the sitting room? That you were all 'prisoners of the Thrin-ka'? What's the Thrin-ka?"

The helmet would not easily come off, but the visor could be raised...and they stared at a face that had some of the handsome, stoic features of a Khaa'rain warrior, but was losing those features, right before their eyes. The visage was becoming a mass of short brown fur and yellow fangs, bared in a pain-drenched snarl. The tongue stretched itself as far out of the mouth as it could, and the lower jaw opened wide –

Singata used her gun to repeatedly strike at one side of the armored head, then the other, until she was sure that her captive was unconscious.

"Wolfen!" she hissed. "'Thrin-Kah' means Wolfen!"

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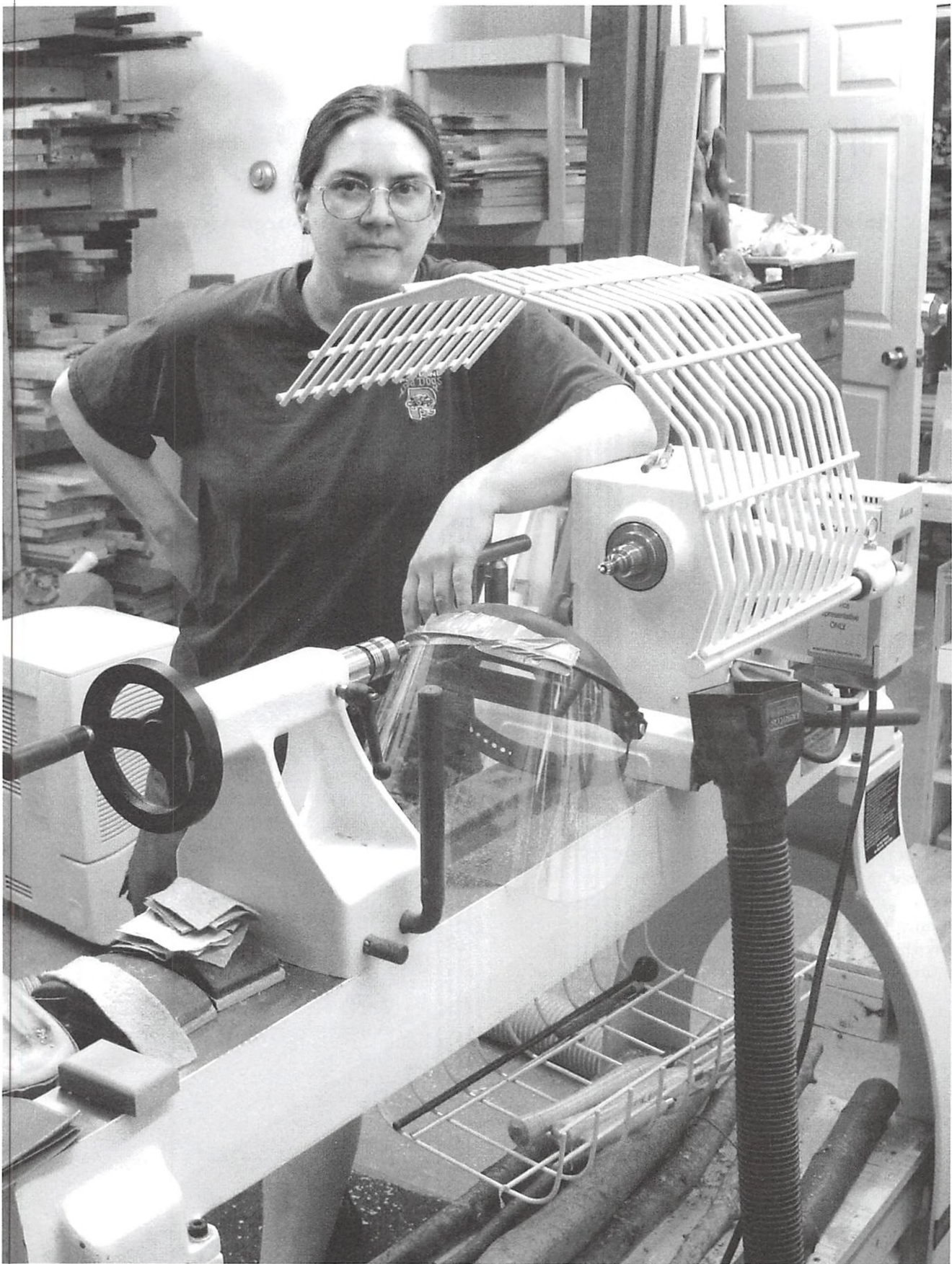


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Johnna Klukas: The Scientist-Artist's Odyssey

by Marianne Plumridge-Eggleton

My friend Johnna Klukas has been on a journey through spatial dynamics for most of her life. She is a scientist at the core, but an artist at heart.

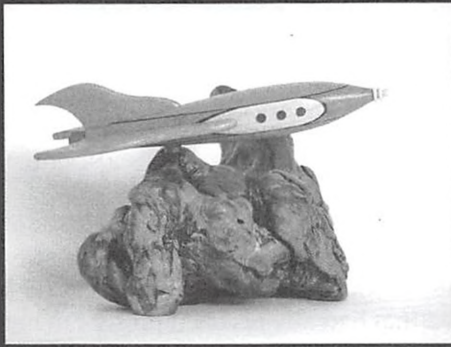
Johnna spent ten years of her adult life as an electrical and software engineer in the highly competitive and stressful field of computer and technical sciences. With her Bachelor's and Master's degrees, it would seem that this career and Johnna were made for each other. To de-stress, she turned to familiar tools and the wood that had always been present in her childhood. To her delight, she found that the mathematical principles that so fascinated her about computers and programming logic had endless parallels in nature, especially wood. "It has its own language," she told me once, "Like any medium. But I seem to understand this one better than anything else I've tried, be it metal, paint, programming language, or clay."

"I love working with wood. I love the sound a sharp blade makes as it cuts a paper-thin shaving from a board or makes a long curlicue on the lathe. I love the way each board has its own characteristics, its own grain and its own smell and its own color. I love the way Nature mimics itself at different scales. In mathematics, this is the idea underlying fractal geometry. In wood, I see it in the way a knot in a piece of cherry (wood) looks like a spiral galaxy, or the way mineral-rich water has moved through the cells of a poplar tree and stains the wood so it looks like billowing clouds, when that tree is felled and cut into boards. I see things in the wood that I feel compelled to draw attention to, or I see things in my mind that only wood can bring to life. I get restless when I haven't been in the workshop for more than a couple of days. I carry a sketchbook with me most of the time, but sketching ideas isn't the same as being around the wood and the tools and seeing how an idea will come to life, and it doesn't do anything for the ideas I get from the wood itself. I can't imagine NOT working with wood."

Although she'd tried a number of other three-dimensional mediums to express her growing creative ideas, Johnna always came back to wood. It's familiarity for a start, but mostly because she could use it to make what she saw in her mind. Johnna always sees things in spatial parameters – all sides, angles, edges, corners, etcetera – inside, and out. So she set up a small workshop in the family room and started to explore possibilities. Her husband swears that she had the only carpeted workshop in the world. It was at this time, that Johnna found a book on making boxes with a simple band saw. Not just any old boxes, but sculptures of grace and imagination that had boxes in them. Suddenly, that was what inspired Johnna, and what she aspired to. She still has the first box she ever made upon riding that initial wave of enthusiasm. By her own description, it's 'ugly', but she'll never part with it. "It reminds me that everything has to start somewhere, and that this was the beginning of my creative odyssey".

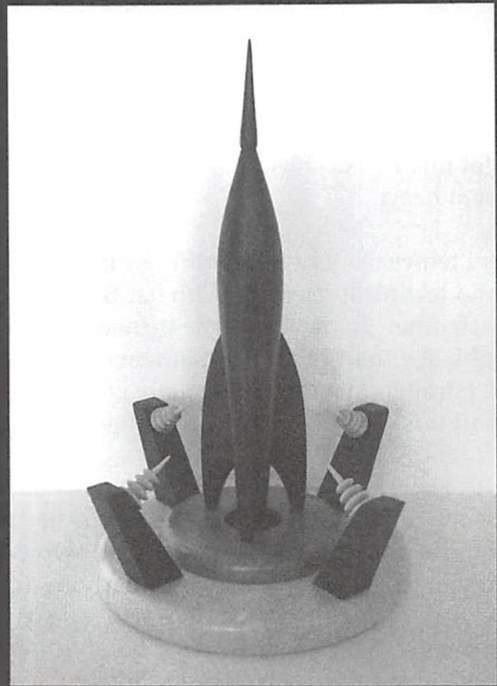
Since that time, Johnna has forsaken her technological career to become a full time, fine arts wood artisan, gaining many awards and accolades along the way. Inspirations are varied and plenty: from her love of classical music and opera, to space travel, and the odd science fiction space movie that owes its qualities more to vision, than credibility. Her intricate, but fully functional creation, the award winning "Hall of the Mountain King" named for the orchestral music by composer, Edvard Grieg, sits comfortably beside any one of her 'pointy rocket ships' or haunting 'asteroid space ships' like "The Long Haul". Everything and anything that Johnna creates, follows an innate theme: soaring vision. Be it 'tomorrow and beyond'; space; the complex mathematics of spatial relationships – music, language, or mechanics; color; the intricacies of nature; or even the clouds in the sky, Johnna has learned to bind it all into wood, tame it, and then set it free.

Johnna, along with her husband and three furry companions, currently splits her time between their house in Massachusetts and her beloved new workshop in Maine. In the ten years that I have known her, Johnna has been a great friend, wise woman, laughing pixie, staunch ally, fearless fellow creative adventurer, and one of the bravest people I've ever met. Her journey continues...



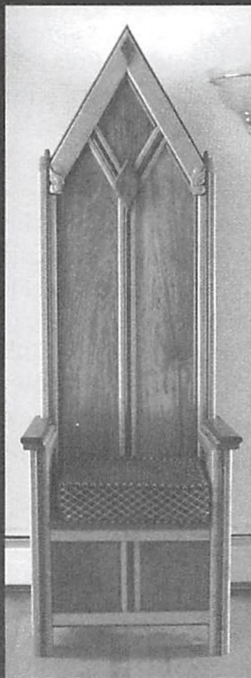
“Whoosh!” (two views, 2007)

by
Johnna Y. Klukas
Manzanita root, mahogany, maple, walnut
Approx. 10” W x 6” H x 6” D



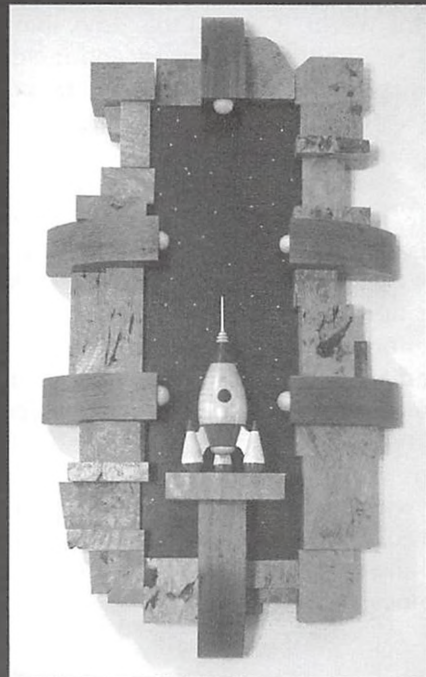
“Invader” (2006)

by
Johnna Y. Klukas
Maple, cherry, walnut, nogal
Approx. 8” W x 12” H x 8” D



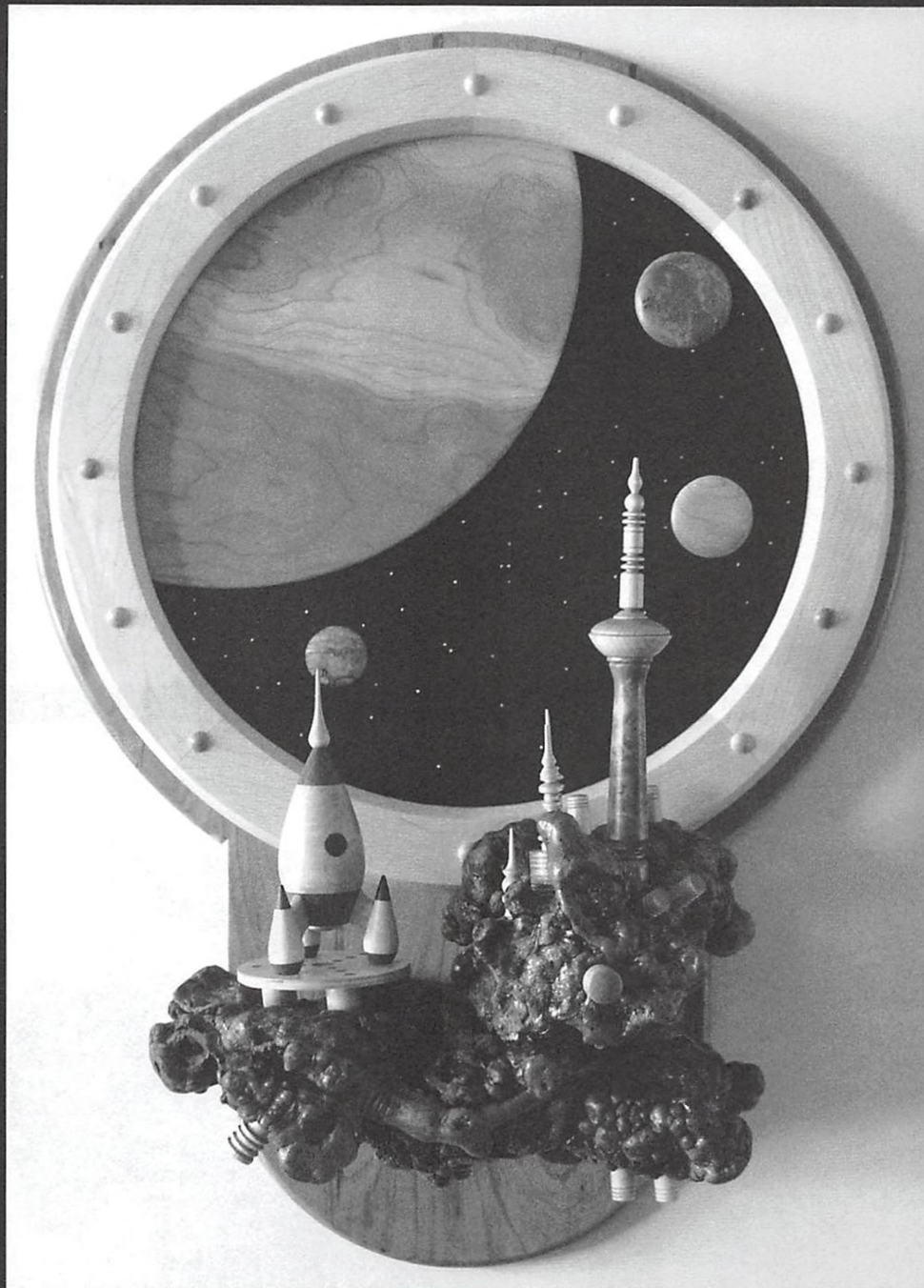
“Knight of Diamonds” (1998)

by Johnna Y. Klukas
(cushion by Jill Eastlake)
Curly maple, butternut, walnut, bronze
Approx. 24” W x 76” H x 18” D



“Artifact” (2007)

by
Johnna Y. Klukas
Walnut, maple burl, birch, maple, padauk, wire
Approx. 16” W x 24” H x 6” D



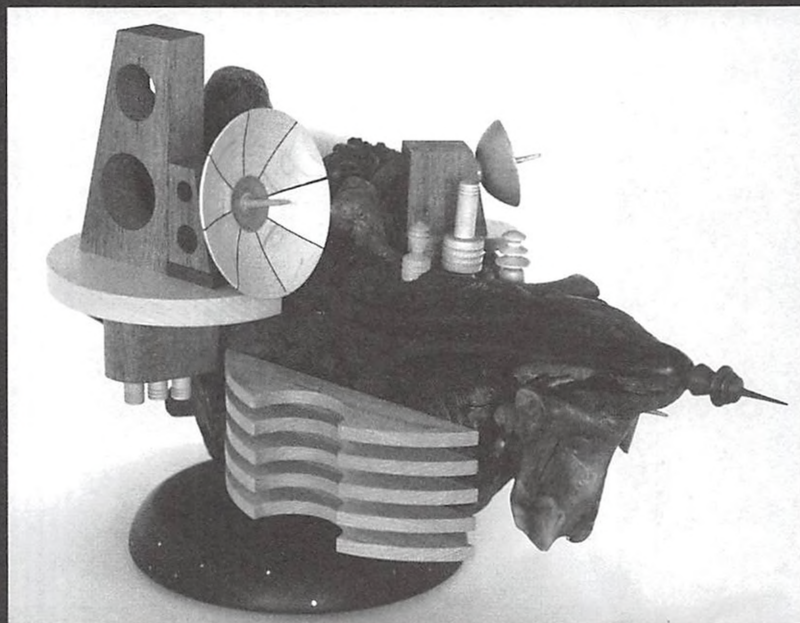
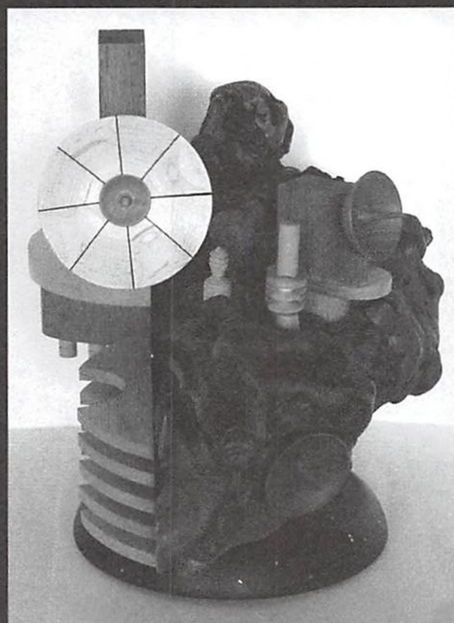
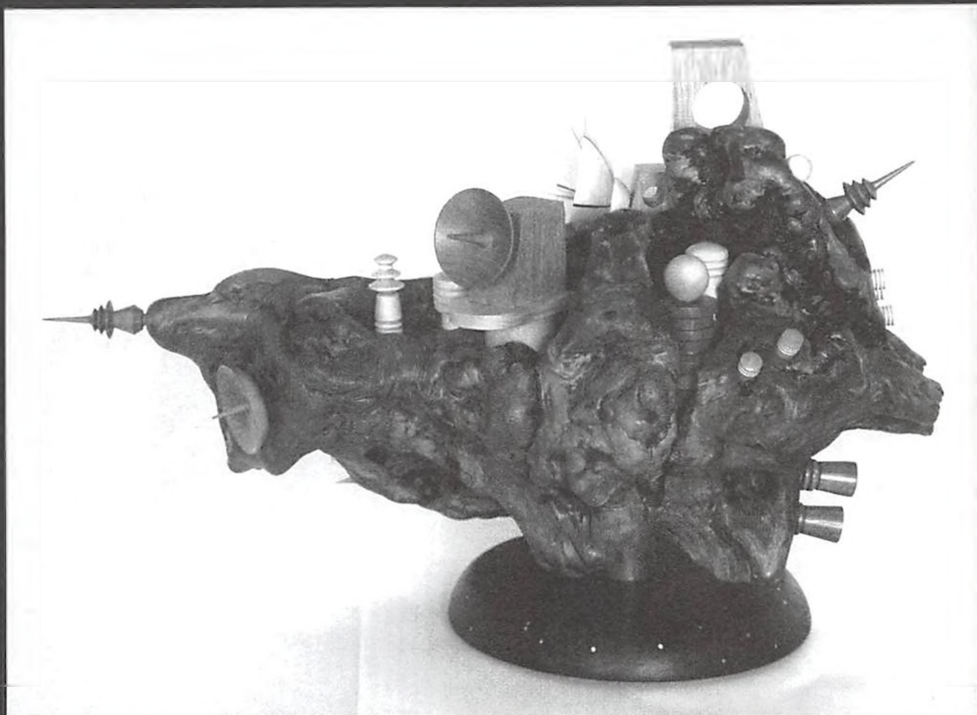
“Asteroid Mining Colony” (2006)

by

Johnna Y. Klukas

Cherry, maple, manzanita root, maple burl, bubinga, wire

Approx. 22” W x 32” H x 10” D



“Long Haul” (2006)

by

Johnna Y. Klukas

Walnut, manzanita root, mahogany, padauk, maple, wire

Approx. 15” W x 12” H x 10” D



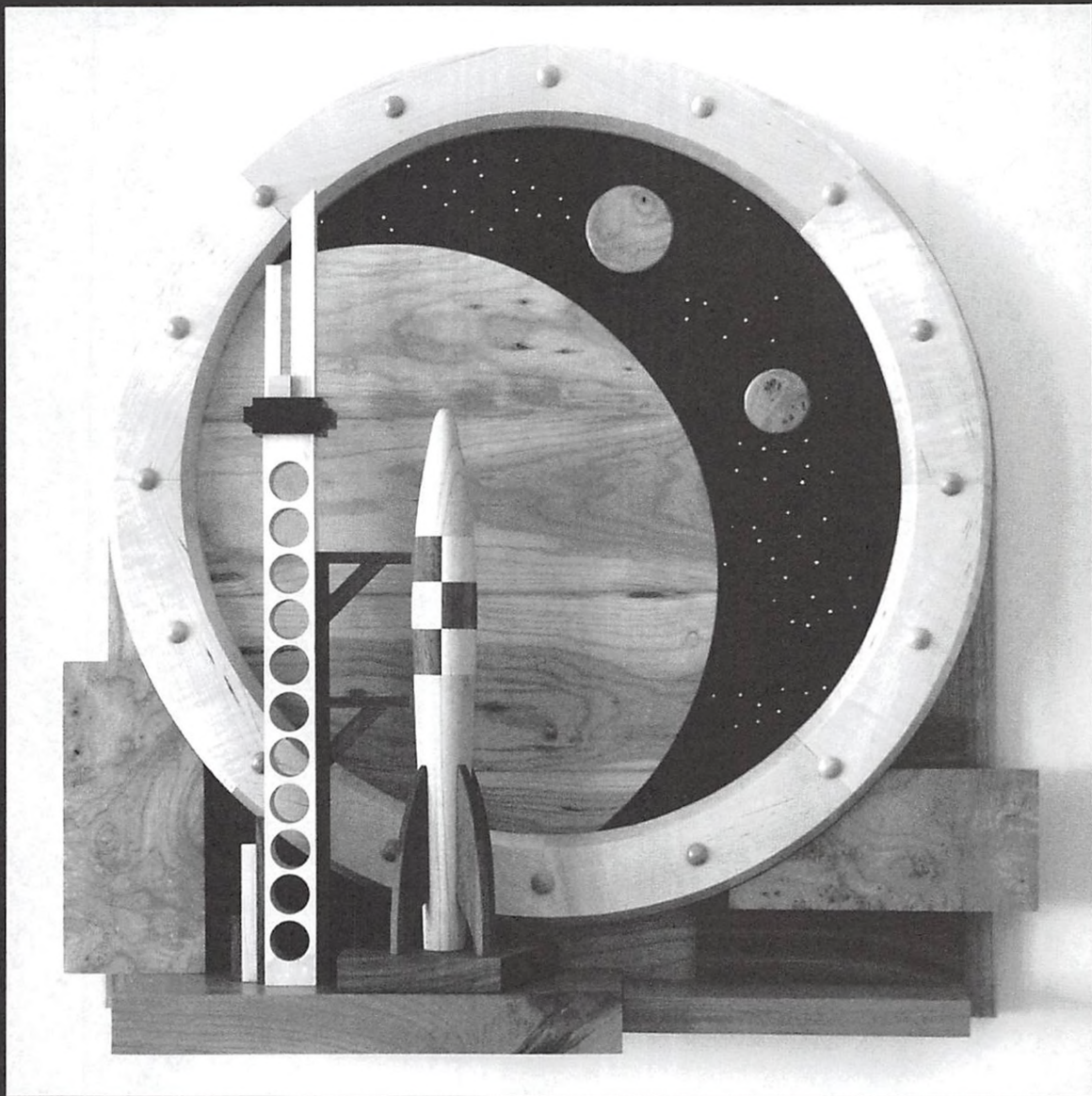
“Neo-Gothic for the Modern Castle” (2002)

by

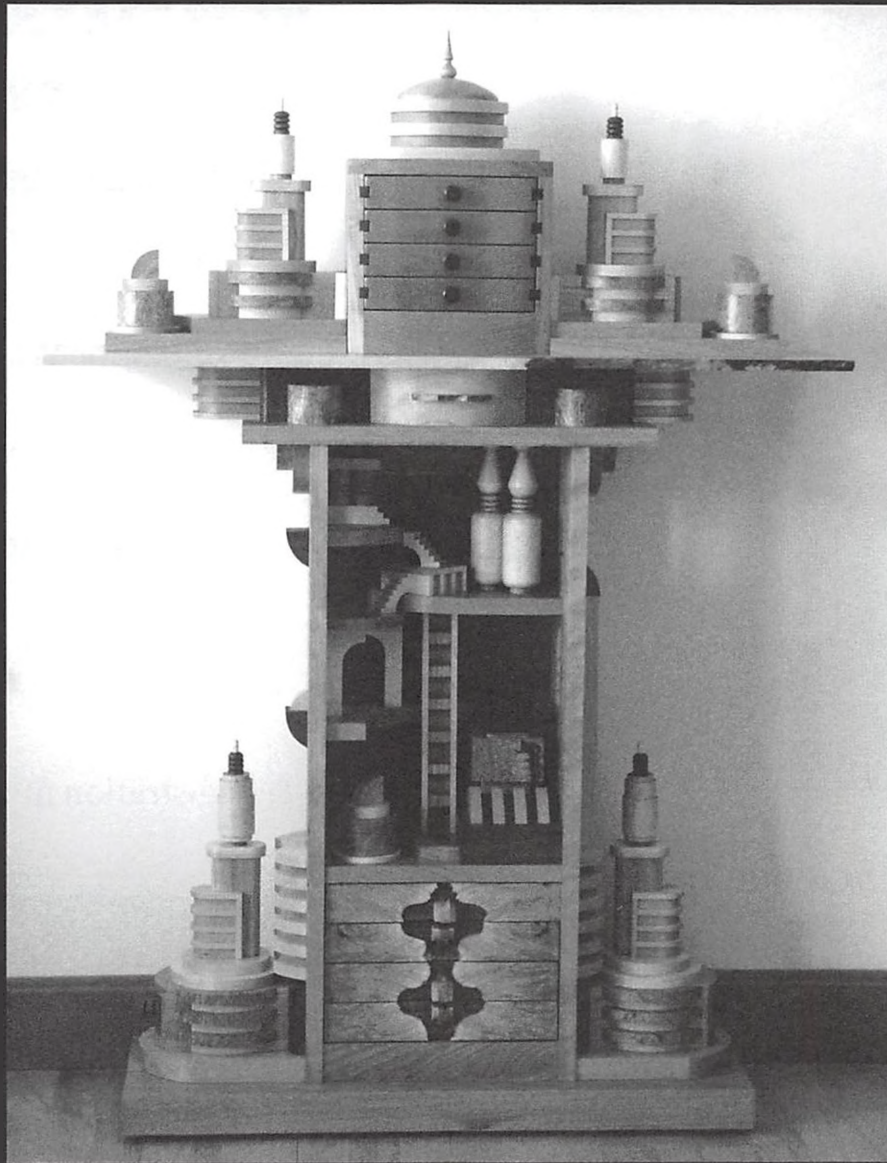
Johnna Y. Klukas

Red oak, butternut, wenge

Approx. 24” W x 60” H x 21” D



“Remembering the Future” (2005)
by
Johnna Y. Klukas
Cherry, walnut, maple, maple burl, padauk, wire
Approx. 24” W x 24” H x 6” D



“The Wood Wife’s House” (2005)

by

Johnna Y. Klukas

Cherry, walnut, maple, maple burl, ancient kauri,

Intel Pentium 90 with heat sink

Approx. 32” W x 48” H x 10” D



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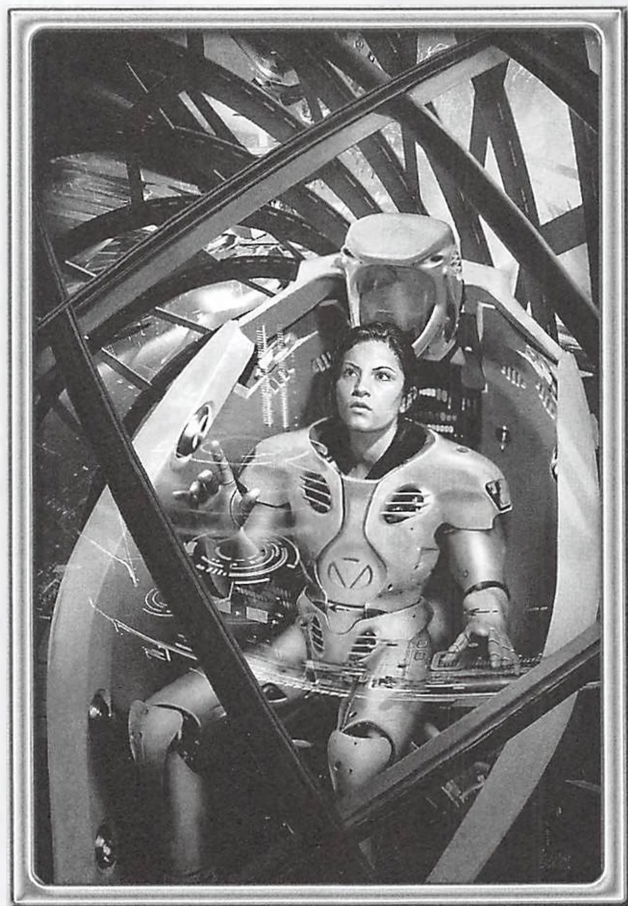
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"The Dark Crusade" and "Victory Conditions" © Dave Seeley.
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Who's Who on Program

Danielle Ackley-McPhail has worked both sides of the publishing industry for over a decade. She has used her talent and her passion for writing to expand her knowledge of the rich mythology of her Celtic heritage and to make her mark in the world of fantasy. Her upcoming novel, *Tomorrow's Memories*, the sequel to *Yesterday's Dreams*, will be released by Mundania Press in June 2007.

John Joseph Adams is the editor of the anthologies *WASTELANDS: STORIES OF THE APOCALYPSE* (Night Shade Books, January 2008), *SEEDS OF CHANGE* (Prime Books, Summer 2008), and *NO MORE ROOM IN HELL: STORIES OF THE LIVING DEAD* (Night Shade Books, October 2008). He is also the assistant editor at *THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION*, and a freelance writer.

Brad Aiken is Medical Director for Rehabilitation at Baptist Hospital in Miami. Author of numerous science articles, SF short stories and books, he is also a recipient of the Navy Science Award, NASA Research Award, Army Science Award and Air Force Physics Award. Info on his latest book, the nanomedicine thriller *Mind Fields*, and award winning short stories can be found at bradaiken.com.

Pauline Alama's first fantasy novel, *THE EYE OF NIGHT*, was a finalist for the Compton Crook Award, and her second novel, *THE GHOST-BEARERS*, is in progress. A former medieval scholar, Pauline was thrown out of the academy for her controversial theory of the Klingon origin of *Beowulf*.

Alma Alexander is a Pacific Northwest novelist, the author of "The Hidden Queen"/"Changer of Days" duology and the internationally acclaimed "The Secrets of Jin Shei". The first book in her new YA trilogy, "Worldweavers: Gift of the Unmage", has just been released.

Leslie Ann Alpert has been a fan since X-1, though not necessarily fannish until she discovered fandom a few decades later.

Ellen Asher edited the Science Fiction Book Club for over 34 years, thus fulfilling her life's ambition of breaking John Campbell's record. She is now happily retired, which means she's busier than ever but without all the pressure. She has both a Skylark Award and a World Fantasy Award, of which she is inordinately proud; if she receives any more awards she will probably become unbearable.

Lisa Ashton is a Master Division costumer currently living in Maryland. Most recently she presented "Mary Gothins-Perfectly Evil", and "Got Sushi?" in 2007, as well as performing at *Castle Blood*. Other pursuits include hunting, beading, cleaning house, and trying to get bills paid, in between working full-time as a Physician Assistant, currently in research.

Eric Avedissian is a writer, standup comic, award-winning journalist and game designer currently working with Double G Press on *The Ravaged Earth Society*, a Pulp RPG for Pinnacle Entertainment Group's *Savage Worlds* roleplaying system.

Marleen S. Barr, a scholar who has won the Science Fiction Research Association Pilgrim Award for lifetime achievement in science fiction scholarship, is an expert on feminist science fiction and the author of the humorous campus science fiction novel *Oy Pioneer!* She is currently co-editing (with James Gunn) an anthology called *Reading Science Fiction*.

Jill Bauman has been an illustrator over 29 years. She has produced hundreds of covers for horror, mystery, fantasy/science fiction and been nominated for the World Fantasy award 5 times, and the Chesley award several times. Her art has been exhibited at the Delaware Art Museum, the Moore College of Art, Science Fiction Museum of Seattle, NY Art Students League and the NY Illustrators Society.

Alan F. Beck, Artist, Science Fiction, Fantasy and Surrealistic Illustrator. Award winning artist participating in art shows across the country, producing paintings, magazine illustrations and book covers. Visit www.alanfbeck.com for more information.

Jim Belfiore, a Certified Innovation Master, is the Director of Innovation Practices for Invention Machine, and is the husband of this year's AGoH, Johnna Y. Klukas. He leads break-through ideation at many of the Fortune 500's top product research and development labs. Jim has been active in the SF community for over 20 years, and can be found online at his blog, *Thirty Minutes from Andromeda*.

Joseph Bellofatto, Jr. is an artist/illustrator residing with his wife and children between Baltimore, MD. and Washington, D.C. His published works include the covers and interiors for DNA Publications, Quiet Vision Publications, Dwell Records, Chameleon Eclectic Entertainment, Indie Press Revolution and has finished two plus years of research and work in collaboration with fighting historians.

Mark Blackman has been in Fandom for over 35 years, active in apas and on con and bid committees. He has been the Lunarians Secretary for 10 years and is a past Chair of Lunacon. A short story about his character Baruch Rogers, Space Rabbi was published in

the U.S. and Israel, and two plays broadcast on radio.

N. Taylor Blanchard received a degree in Astrophysical Sciences from Princeton University in 1977 and an MFA in stage design from NYU in 1980. Since 1984 his work has appeared on books, magazines, games, and CDs in the US, Germany, and Italy.

Marilyn "Mattie" Brahen enjoys writing, art and music, singing and playing guitar, performing her own and others' songs. Her first novel, CLAIMING HER, well-reviewed by Publisher's Weekly, was published by Wildside Press, and she is working on a sequel. Mattie's stories, and SF-related non-fiction have also appeared in magazines and books in America and England.

Patricia Bray reads omnivorously and aspires to write in each of the genres she enjoys. The award-winning author of DEVLIN'S LUCK, her most recent title is THE SEA CHANGE, the second installment in the Chronicles of Josan. To find out more about Patricia and her writing, visit her website at www.patriciabray.com.

Seth Breidbart. After helping build the ARPANET, Seth Breidbart went on to earn a Ph.D. in computer science. He currently works off Wall Street and is interested in networking and encryption.

Steve Brinich is a regular member of the Conterpoint (East coast filk con in the Washington DC area) concon; chaired the convention in 2001. Also active in local gaming fandom, running demo games with Steve Jackson Games' Men In Black.

Phil Brucato. Known best for Deliria: Faerie Tales for a New Millennium, Mage: The Ascension and his column in newWitch magazine, "Satyrblade" also writes for Disinformation Press, Talisman Studios, White Wolf and other publishers. "To write," he says, "is to tell the truth." Passion and playfulness define Phil's work, and he's happy to discuss those subjects, and more, over a good drink or two.

Nuance Bryant has spent the last several months juggling programming for Lunacon, writing a LARP for Intercon, and starting her first year in Clark's English MA program. She's also fairly insane; there's a lively debate over which came first. In her spare time (HA!) she enjoys reading, writing, gaming, and using the Force for evil. She hates writing about herself in the third person.

Shaughn Bryant is a scientist and avid reader, fan, and gamer. He has written and run some LARPS and innumerable tabletop RPGs. His travels through time and space have served to both unhinge his mind and hone his game writing skills. Many a peaceful world has fallen to his mad quest for immortality. In 2007 he celebrated the 10 year anniversary of his "Care Bears: Call of Cthulhu" RPG.

Ginjer Buchanan originally began her career as a social worker in the early '70s. She then moved from Pittsburgh to New York. In 1984, she switched careers and became an editor at Ace Books. Her current title is Editor-in-Chief, Ace/Roc Books.

Carole Bugge is the author of five published novels, three novellas, and a dozen or so short stories. Her play Strings, about quantum physics, was presented in December of 2006 in New York City and starred Keir Dullea of "2001: A Space Odyssey." John Simon called it "the most absorbing play in New York." She is the winner of the Chronogram Literary Fiction Award, the Jerry Jazz Musician Fiction Award

Mary Aileen Buss is a librarian, quilter, teddy bear artist, and long-time fan.

S.C. Butler, a former bond trader, has published the first two books in his Stoneways fantasy trilogy, Reiffen's Choice and Queen Ferris, with Tor Books, and has just finished the third.

Paul Calhoun is an aspiring fantasy novelist with three books in series and various stages of writing/editing. He's currently studying electrical engineering on the assumption that he won't make any money writing. He hopes to be disproved.

Barbara Campbell wrote her first novel—Cherokee the Wild Pinto—at age 9, preparing the final manuscript on her Tom Thumb typewriter. She abandoned a career in educational administration to become an actress and later began writing for musical theatre. She is the author of the Trickster's Game trilogy – Heartwood, Bloodstone, and Foxfire – published by DAW Books.

Jacqueline Carey is the bestselling author of the critically acclaimed Kushiel's Legacy series of historical fantasy novels and The Sundering epic fantasy duology. Jacqueline enjoys doing research on a wide variety of arcane topics, and an affinity for travel has taken her from Finland to Egypt to date. She currently lives in west Michigan. She does not, in fact, have any tattoos.

Christopher Carson is a child of the post-Apollo generation, & the destruction of CHALLENGER is one of his earliest distinct memories. Raised among engineers & exposed to SF from an early age, he has always recognized the importance of space development, & desired to go into space himself. Dissatisfaction has led to action, & he is now devoting his efforts to the opening of the heavens.

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Jeanne Cavelos was senior editor at Bantam Doubleday Dell, winning the World Fantasy Award. She has written *The Passing of the Techno-Mages* trilogy, edited *The Many Faces of Van Helsing* anthology, and is director of the Odyssey Writing Workshop.

Christopher M. Cevasco is editor/publisher of *Paradox: The Magazine of Historical and Speculative Fiction*. His own stories and poetry have appeared or are forthcoming in *The Leading Edge*, *Dark Wisdom*, Allen K's *Inhuman* and *Lovecraft's Weird Mysteries* among several other venues. Chris is a 2006 graduate of the Clarion writers' workshop and a 2007 graduate of the Taos Toolbox writers' workshop.

James Chambers is the author of more than 30 published short stories, including the collection *The Midnight Hour*. He has written the comic books *Leonard Nimoy's Primortals* and *Shadow House*. His website is www.jameschambersonline.com.

Dr. Amy Chused is a board certified internist and a graduate student in Medical Informatics as well as an avid reader of SF&F and, more recently, fanfic. Her current passions are electronic medical records, computerized provider order entry, and clinical alerts, but she's always happy to geek about computers, medicine, or good books.

ARIEL CINII (pronounced "SIN-eye") is a native New Yorker who's spent over thirty years as a fan, filker, artist and apa-hack. She's on committee for CONTATA (New York's "floating northeast filk con"), writes for APA-NYU and LiveJournal, has penned over 100 songs and authored two science-fantasy manuscripts now in search of loving publishers. She's into cars, architecture, and language.

Douglas Cohen is the assistant editor at *Realms of Fantasy*. He is a graduate of the Odyssey Fantasy & Science Fiction Writing Workshop, and also Orson Scott Card's Literary Boot Camp. His fiction has appeared in *Interzone Magazine*, and he is currently represented by Jenny Rappaport of the L. Perkins Agency.

Byron Connell, a long-time SF fan, is a historian by training. He likes to help at masquerades and usually can be found in the masquerade green room. He is a member of the Sick Pups, the New Jersey-New York Costumers' Guild. He likes hard SF, alternate history, alternate worlds, mysteries, and fantasy. He was Lunacon's Fan GoH in 2006.

Laurel Cunningham Hill is married to Richard Hill and mom to Zachary. She is celebrating 20 years in costuming and is best known for her Gargoyle and "Nightmare" costumes, and for having the most over-the-top Halloween parties in the Northeast.

Charlene Taylor D'Alessio has been illustrating in the Fantasy and Science Fiction genre for over 25 years. She is known for her exquisite painted Ties, humorous Fantasy paintings of Cats, Dragons, Owls & Hamsters, to name a few, and miniature astronomical pieces. Her latest published piece is "Merlin's Dilemma" published by Sunsout as a 1000 pc. Puzzle. She is also working on illustrations.

Randy M. Dannenfels is author of *The Deceiving Eye: The Art of Richard Hescox*; "A Writer's Halloween Tale" (included in the *Strange Pleasures 3* anthology) and the principal creator of *The Amazing Science Fiction & Horror Trivia Game*.

Barbara Dannenfels has presented the Lunacon Friday Night Quiz Show since 1994. She and Randy are co-creators of *The Amazing Science Fiction and Horror Trivia Game*. Barbara is also well-known in quilting and costuming, having won several awards in both areas.

Kathleen David-Master Puppeteer, Book Editor, Writer, Stage Manager, Costumer, Blogger, Artist, Stage Manager, Playwright, Anime Adaptor (Negima 1-4), Doctor Who Author, Muppet Head, Special FX artist (specializes in blood) Sculptor, Puppetmaker, Trivia Buff, ATC maker, Mac User, Fan (of too many Fandom to list), Incorrigible Punster, Wife to the writer of stuff Peter David and Mother to Caroline.

Susan de Guardiola is best known at conventions for her role as masquerade emcee. She knows nothing about sheep. Susan researches and teaches historic social dance at workshops and events across the country.

Ef Deal's work has appeared in *The Fortean Bureau*, *Eternity Online*, *Flashshots: Daily Genre Fiction*, and *F&SF*. She taught writing workshops for AOL, and currently teaches English and creative writing in South Jersey.

Keith R.A. DeCandido (www.DeCandido.net) has written several billion novels, short stories, eBooks, essays, and comic books in a huge variety of media universes, as well as editing anthologies, playing percussion, and generally making trouble.

Mark Del Franco is the author of *UNSHAPELY THINGS* (Ace 2007) and *UNQUIET DREAMS* (Ace 2008), an urban fantasy mystery series set in an alternate Boston. Mark spent several years in publishing and in the institutional finance field as a proposal writer. He currently lives in Boston and is pursuing a freelance career in both these fields as well as working on various book projects.

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Wendy S. Delmater is the managing editor of Abyss & Apex Magazine of Speculative Fiction (www.abys sandapex.com/aboutus.html) She lives on Long Island.

Bill DeSmedt turned to writing science fiction after several lifetimes of reading the stuff. His first novel, Singularity, won Foreword Magazine's Book of the Year Award for Science Fiction and The Independent Publisher Group's IPPY Prize for Best Science Fiction. The Singularity podcast has gone on to be named an SFFaudio Essential, while Bill has gone on to writing a sequel, entitled Dualism.

Christina Di Donato. Masquerade March 2005:"Best Presentation"(Young Fan Division), March 2006:"Best Presentation" and "Best Young Fan"(Young Fan Division), March 2007:"Best Presentation" and "Best Fabric Painting"(Novice Division). Participant in Swordplay Workshop, in admin., youth participant in NOCTURNE.

Alfonse A. Di Donato Jr. Charter member of New York Medievalists. Specializing in Sword fighting and demos with the "Con" for 12 years. Behind the scene Liason to the hotel and overall go-for for Amin and Programming. One of Dom's many minions (LOL)

Kevin DiVico is one of the founders of Laughing Pan Productions, Fire Ant and DiVico & Associates, Kevin is passionate about a nyriad amount of subjects and has been known to come out of a coma for a cup of coffee and a microphone.

Dan Dos Santos is a science fiction/fantasy illustrator. Drawing from a strong influence of comics, video games and cinema, he creates modern images using traditional mediums. He has worked for almost every major publishing house, and co-hosts a series of educational art demonstrations called 'Art Out Loud'.

John R. Douglas has attended conventions since 1969 (his first was a Lunacon) and has worked in SF publishing since 1978, most recently as a freelancer handling editorial work of all kinds, with a particular interest in ebooks and other new forms of digital publishing. He has appeared on many convention panels and has, or can quickly manufacture, an opinion on almost everything.

Ty Drago is the author of PHOBOS, an SF/Mystery published by Tor in 2003/2004. For the last nine years, he has also served as editor/publisher of ALLEGORY (formerly Peridot Books), a successful e-zine and paying market for SF, fantasy and horror.

Jennifer Dunne is a multi-published author of erotic romance, fantasy, and science fiction. Her latest books are Summon the Masters and Fugitive Lovers. Her obsessions du jour are Vedic astrology, cities of the future, and synchronicity.

Sarah Beth Durst is a writer of children's and young adult fantasy. Her debut novel, INTO THE WILD, came out last June from Penguin Young Readers. It's a fantasy adventure about fairy-tale characters who escaped the fairy tale and what happens when the fairy tale wants its characters back. The sequel, OUT OF THE WILD, is coming out this June. She is very, very excited about all of this.

Bruce Dykes is a network technician. He started reading SF with the Heinlein adaptations in Boy's Life magazine, and has been gaming since the last century.

Bob Eggleton is a nine time Hugo award winning artist who's worked on many bookcovers, several films including JIMMY NEUTRON BOY GENIUS and THE ANT BULLY. He's the author and co-author of several books as well, including DRAGONHEDGE, THE STARDRAGONS (both with John Grant) and the co-illustrator with Cortney Skinner on the upcoming book IF DINOSAURS LIVED IN MY TOWN in 2009

Bill Engfer has been a futurist and an advocate for the human development of space since watched the Apollo moon landing at the age of nine. He has is an advocate member of the Space Fronter Foundation, and a senior associate of the Space Studies Institute. Professionally, he is a data security specialist in the financial community.

Paula Entin is a librarian and quilter with of 20+ years of experience in both, so she's always referring people to new and old books, characters, and ways to look stuff up. Likewise, she also helps people with quilting, knitting and beading questions, as she drags her work everywhere.

Louis Epstein co-founded the National Tolkien League in 1973 and has attended every Lunacon since 1979. He is a reader, infoholic, Internet provider, science buff, occasional writer, and internationally recognized authority on the frontiers of human longevity.

Maria Eskinazi has been in love with science fiction since sitting in a basement in high school in 11th grade and being introduced to Isaac Asimov, Philip Dick, Harlan Ellison and others. This interest has been a focus in life that lead to love of english, history, music and fantasy.



A n t i c i p a t i o n

The 67th World Science Fiction Convention

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The Wombat has been active in SF circles for about 35. He chaired 6 events & working on the 7th: ALBACON 08. He has been a GoH at a number of cons including CONFRANCISCO, the 1993 Worldcon. He participates in, judges & MC's masquerades, a superb auctioneer & gives the best backrubs. He has been published. He has a budding film career & visited Middle-earth. He is a neat guy. Buy him a Pepsi!

Lois Fitzpatrick has been reading tarot cards for more than 25 years. She is currently in charge of the Soothsayers Guild within the East Kingdom of the SCA, a medieval history study and re-creation group.

Mike Flynn is the author of Eifelheim, the forthcoming The January Dancer, and other novels and stories, Mike Flynn has won the Sturgeon, Heinlein, and other awards for his writing and has been a Hugo finalist several times. He is a consultant in statistics and quality management who has worked with clients on five continents.

Sean P. Fodera is a writer and Associate Director of Contracts for a major New York publisher. Sean also teaches a course on Legal Issues in Publishing at City College in New York. Sean lives in Brooklyn, New York with his wife Amy, and his children Christina (a published poet) and Austin.

Sharon Foster was a software engineer for over 20 years before she finally escaped the cubicle and went to work in a library. She started an MLS program in the spring of 2006, and hopes to complete it before her home equity loan runs out.

Ric Frane, horror and pin-up artist, utilizes a multitude of media to create his artwork. Ric has done illustration work, here and abroad, for numerous books, comics, and games. He has been featured in several publications. Ric has received many awards for his art, and his pieces are in many private collections around the world. He lives in Delaware with his wife, Wendy M., where they own a gallery.

Wendy Mitchell Frane is an artist who focuses on images of women. She has also modeled for other artists including her husband, Ric Frane. Together they own a gallery in Wilmington, Delaware.

Jim Freund is the producer and host of 'Hour of the Wolf', a radio program presenting sf/f since 1972. The show is broadcast Saturday mornings between 5 and 7 am on WBA1 (99.5 FM) in New York, or you can listen on your own schedule at www.hourwolf.com

Esther M. Friesner is the author of 35 novels, over 150 short stories, and won the Nebula Award twice. Latest works are TEMPING FATE (Dutton), NOBODY'S PRINCESS (Random House, April 2007), and NOBODY'S PRIZE (April, 2008). She lives in Connecticut.

Donato Giancola is a multi award-winning painter: two Hugos, ten Chesleys, World Fantasy-Best Artist, The Jack Gaughan Award, Gold and Silver Medals from Spectrum. Notable clients include the United Nations, LucasArts, National Geographic, CNN, DC Comics, Scifi Channel, Scholastic, Playboy, SFBC, Tor, DAW, Microsoft and Wizards of the Coast. He currently teaches at the School of Visual Arts.

Alexis Gilliland. My first son was born in 1963, and my first con was Discon I very shortly afterwards, putting me on WSFA's mailing list. Eventually I ran cons, published novels, and drew cartoons, collecting four fan artist Hugos, the Campbell Award for best new writer, the Tucker Award for excellence in SF partying, and the Rotsler award for lifetime merit as a fan artist. Ask me about what I left out.

Lee Gilliland has been in and around and of fandom than she really wants to remember, which she thinks puts her pretty much in the mainstream. She has helped at scores of conventions, most notably with consuites and parties, as well as giving several herself and with her husband Alexis.

Laura Anne Gilman is the author of the 'Retrievers' series from Luna (STAYING DEAD, CURSE THE DARK, BRING IT ON, BURNING BRIDGES and the forthcoming FREE FALL), and more than thirty short stories, including THE RECENT "KidPro" in WIZARDS, INC and "Illuminations" in UNUSUAL SUSPECTS: POWERS OF DETECTION II. She also runs d.y.m.k productions, an editorial services company.

Elizabeth Glover is the secret identity of a superhero with the mutant ability to read maps and navigate. She also excels at corralling writers, getting them to dinner, and making sure no one stiff's on the bill.

Amy Goldschlager has edited science fiction, children's, and craft books for several major publishers. She is currently an editor at Dulcinea Media, founder of the website finding Dulcinea ("the Librarian of the Internet"). She also reviews books for Publishers Weekly and Kirkus.

Ron Goulart has been writing SF for over half a century. He writes mystery novels as well, most recently a series of 6 with Groucho Marx as the detective. He also writes nonfiction about comics and pulps. His new book about comic books, out in Jan '08, is *Good Girl Art*.

Michael Grapin is a photographer of some reputation. In June, 2006, his book: *WARRIOR PRINCESS The Erotic Fantasy Photography of Michael Alan Grapin*, was published by Authorhouse. He is also well known as a collector of original art.

Bob Greenberger is a longtime comic book and publishing professional. Currently he provides editorial services to *Avalanche Comics Entertainment* and *ComicMix.com* among other companies. For more, check out www.bobgreenberger.com.

Pauline Griffin enjoys telling a good tale. By working with characters & situations deeply interesting to her, the research is as rewarding as the writing. This love of story telling, history & the natural world have resulted in 16 novels & 9 short stories, including 2 *Muse Medallion Award* winners, all in the fields of science fiction & fantasy. Home is in Brooklyn, NY, with 5 cats & 3 fish tanks.

Scott Grimando is an award winning illustrator and acclaimed fine artist. He's featured in *Faerie Magazine* and his *Art of the Mythical Woman* series of paintings can be seen on www.theArtoftheMyth.com.

Leigh Grossman (www.swordsmith.com) is the author of twelve published books and teaches science fiction and publishing at the University of Connecticut. His most recent books are fantasy novels *The Green Lion* and *The Golden Thorns*.

Daniel Grotta was the first biographer of J.R.R. Tolkien, and whose book has been in continuous print for over 30 years. He is a former war correspondent, investigative reporter, classic music critic, book editor, travel journalist, and expert on digital cameras.

Lauren Grover has been a professional henna artist since 1993. She's also an avid gamer, reader of way too much fantasy and SF, middle-eastern dance teacher, SCAdian, and mom of two small boys.

Russell J. Handelman, who has written fiction and nonfiction, lives next to a swamp in Connecticut.

Glenn Hauman: The man, the myth, the miracle worker. Writer, editor, colorist, graphic designer, webmaster, tired person. Currently working on *Jon Sable Freelance* and projects that are under NDA at press time, but come up to him and ask if you haven't seen the press coverage, he'll talk your clothes off. Ears. He'll talk your ears off

Brandy Hauman

Peter Heck is the author of the *Mark Twain Mysteries*, and co-author (with Robert Asprin) of the *Phule's Company* humorous SF series. He is a former editor at *Ace* and has been a regular reviewer for *Asimov's* for over ten years. He plays guitar with Colonel Leonard's Irregulars.

Jennifer Heddle is an editor at *Pocket Books/Simon & Schuster*, acquiring media tie-ins, pop culture, and urban fantasy, as well as original teen fiction for *MTV Books*. Prior to that she was an editor at *Roc Books*.

John Hertz was Hugo nominee for Best Fanwriter, 2006. Big Heart Award, 2003. Infected fandom with English Regency ballroom dancing. Moderator of panels, leader of *Art Show* tours, judge of *Masquerades*. Fan Guest of Honor, *Con-Version* (Calgary, '06), *Westercon* (Phoenix, '04), *Lunacon* ('01). Anthologies, *_Dancing and Joking_* ('05), *_West of the Moon_* ('02). Fanzine, *_Vanamonde_*. Drink, Talisker.

Arthur D. Hlavaty, writer/editor/publisher, *Nice Distinctions*. Nominated for Best Fan Writer Hugo, 1980-1991

Merav Hoffman has logged more miles in the last calendar year than ever before, with stops in London, Seattle and Maryland, for concerts with *Lady Mondegreen*, the *Funny Things* and *Seanan McGuire*. When she's not time-zone hopping, you can find Merav running the local filk con, *Contata*, June 20-22 in Parsippany, NJ.

Alexandra Elizabeth Honigsberg writes on the arts, history, and religion. *THE BEST OF DREAMS OF DECADENCE* (Angela Kessler), *STRANGE ATTRACTION* (Lisa Snelling), *ON CRUSADE* (Katherine Kurtz), *BLOOD MUSE* (Esther Friesner), and *THE CROW* (James O'Barr) are her literary homes. She lives in Upper Manhattan, land of forests, fjords, and Unicorns.

Heidi Hooper studied sculpture at VCU and Mass. Art. Her work is in many galleries and at www.HeidiHooper.com. She is the Galleries Coordinator for the *Pocono Arts Council* and one of the founders of *Alliance LARP* (www.AllianceLARP.com)

Georgia Horesh, an honors graduate of SVA in New York, has done work for the gaming industry, advertising agencies, graphics companies, conventions, and much more. Her interests range from comic books to film to anime and really good books. All of these fuel her imagination and help her to create her striking paintings whether of dragons, dwarves or other-worldly creatures.

Saul Jaffe has been involved with fandom on the Internet as long as there has been an Internet. He is best known for being the Moderator of SF-Lovers Digest-one of the Internet's oldest mailing lists.

Bruce Jensen is a science fiction illustrator and artist.

Jane Jewell, once referred to as the gypsy of publishing, began her science fiction career as a reporter and photographer for Locus. She has worked freelance or full-time for almost every science fiction publisher (or at least it seems that way) including Tor, Ace, and Baen. Currently she herds cats as the Executive Director for SFWA, the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America.

Hal Johnson writes Indie Comics Roundup for popcultureshock.com. You can also find him at halifaxslasher.com, or drop by Midtown Comics Times Square.

Angela Jones is a jeweler. Sometimes she eats doughnuts and talks on panels.

Andrea Kail has worked in New York's television industry for nearly 20 years. She is a graduate of the Odyssey Writing Workshop, her movie reviews appear regularly in Paradox Magazine, and her fiction has appeared in Fantasy Magazine and the Writers of the Future Anthology Volume 23.

Marvin Kaye edits H. P. Lovecraft's Magazine of Horror and Sherlock Holmes Mystery Magazine. Author of The Incredible Umbrella series, coauthor of The Masters of Solitude and A Cold Blue Light, he has edited anthologies for the SF Book Club and other publishers. He is artistic director of The Open Book theatre company in Manhattan.

Helen Keier has had a varied career, including advanced training as a research psychologist and statistician. She currently works as an online learning specialist and technical trainer and writer. Co-author of The New Essential Guide to Alien Species from Random House (with Ann Lewis), Helen has also written for several genre and media websites and is a past contributor to The Star Wars Insider

Tom Kidd loves making things and he loves reading science fiction and fantasy. It's hard to imagine that he'd be doing anything other than making that type of art. He's done this type of art for the covers of books, illustrations in books, for magazines, for various design projects including film and entirely for his own entertainment. He has a book titled "Kiddography: The Art and Life of Tom Kidd."

Daniel M. Kimmel is a professional film critic, lecturer and author. He has an essay in "Batman Unauthorized" (Ben Bella) and his newest book, "I'll Have What She's Having" (Ivan R. Dee) will be out in September. He is a fixture at Arisia and Boskone, and teaches film --including a course on SF -- at Suffolk University.

Kim Kindya has worked on Star Trek and Farscape CD-ROMs for Simon & Schuster Interactive. She's published short stories and children's books about the X-Men, Powerpuff Girls, and Looney Tunes, and is a Craftsman-level costumer and Anime fan.

Johnna Klukas is an award-winning artist who was a computer scientist and electrical engineer before turning to art full-time. Along with her husband and dogs, she divides her time between Massachusetts and Maine.

Adam P. Knave is a NY based writer who has traded sleep for deadlines. He writes for thefootnote.com and runs hellblazer.net while also committing acts of fiction. His new short story collection CRAZY LITTLE THINGS is out now.

Lynn Koehler worked at Marvel Comics, Sing Out! NBM (graphic novels), The Village Voice and currently owns her own professional audio sales company. She started doing publicity for cons at the age of 20, including Philcon, The Philadelphia International Star Trek Convention, NY/ACM Siggraph and Empiricon, and put those skills to use professionally.

Karl Kofoed designed, wrote, illustrated, and produced the Galactic Geographic Annual 3003 which is still available at book stores everywhere. His first novel, DEEP ICE, was published in 2004 by BeWrite Books. His second, JOKO (also from BeWrite) won a Dream Realm Award in 2006 for eBook fantasy. Karl and his wife Janet, a popular jewelry designer, live in Drexel Hill, PA.

Janet Kofoed creates unique pieces in silver, gold, and semiprecious stones. The daughter of a military officer and NASA engineer, her work displays the influences of the many countries where she has lived, as well as her love of nature and science. She has been making fine handcrafted jewelry for more than 25 years.

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CONFIRMED FOR 2009 – VERNOR VINGE

Stephen Kohler has been LARPing since the fall of 2006, most of which he has done with Foam Brain Productions. He has since written a LARP and GMed several, and is wondering how it came to this?

Diane Kovalcin is a costumer (competes in the Master Class for both Science Fiction and Historical Masquerades), quilter, and fan fiction writer. She also loves Star Wars - just ask her.

Jean Elizabeth Krevor started out her science-fiction publishing life working at Starlog Press, and branched out to work on many projects for many different publishers over the years. After 9/11, she went back to school and became a paramedic; a career that now takes up most of her time. Still, SF/F is her first love, and she is happy to be back at Lunacon this year.

Ellen Kushner's new novel, *The Privilege of the Sword* (Locus Award; Nebula nom) continues *Swordpoint's* story. Other books: *The Fall of the Kings* (written w/Delia Sherman), *Thomas the Rhymer* (World Fantasy Award) & *The Golden Dreydl*. She hosts NPR's *Sound & Spirit*, has created 2 albums, has been an instructor at Clarion & Odyssey, and co-founded the Interstitial Arts Foundation. She lives in NYC.

Michele Lang writes supernatural tales: the stories of witches, lawyers, goddesses, cops, bankers, demons, and other magical creatures hidden in plain sight. She is an attorney, and in addition to writing fiction, Michele has practiced the unholy craft of litigation in both Connecticut and New York.

Toni Lay has been a costumer since she was a youngster, a Trek fan from the beginning of the original series, and a member of the SCA since 1995. She also enjoys reading Pern books, Harry Potter, alternate histories, and mysteries, and loves watching Britcoms, especially Monty Python and *Vicar of Dibley*.

Scott Lefton has been creating and selling art in wood, metal, glass and leather for over 30 years. About 9 years ago digital photography and Photoshop were added to the list of art media. He works as an engineering consultant and artist and lives in a big old fixer-upper Victorian house with his wife, three children, cat and a lot of machinery.

Paul Levinson wrote *The Silk Code*, *Borrowed Tides*, *The Consciousness Plague*, *The Pixel Eye*, *The Plot to Save Socrates*, and over 25 SF short stories, many nominated for awards.

Paula Lieberman is a former Air Force pilot, and longtime filker and fan.

Andre Lieven has been involved with SF and fandom for <cough,cough> years and has attended, participated at, and worked on, over 275 conventions from relaxicons to Worldcons. His primary related interests are hard sf, history and alternate histories.

N.E. Lilly is the editor of *SpaceWesterns.com*. When he isn't indulging his love of the Space Western sub-genre, he's developing websites for Science Fiction professionals and organizations through *GreenTentacles*. His current work includes *LawrenceMSchoen.com*, and *ParanormalRestrainingOrders.com*, as well as websites for *Philcon 2002* through *Philcon 2006* and the *Browncoat Ball 2007*.

Sandra Lira, sculptor, is best known for her figurative and equine works in bronze and resin and her science fiction and fantasy-inspired art. Her work has appeared at the National Sculpture Society's Park Avenue Atrium Gallery and the Society of Illustrators Spectrum. She has received a Chesley award for work which has also appeared in print in the book "The Chesley Awards for Science Fiction and Fantasy Art: A Retrospective". Her work has also appeared in vols. 5, 8 and 9 of "SPECTRUM - The Best in Contemporary Fantastic Art".

Peter Liverakos received his MBA in Finance from NYU/Stern, put in two years on Wall Street, and then moved to financial planning and analysis for Fortune 100 companies. He's currently at Pinnacle Foods Corp.

Perrienne Lurie is a long-time fan who has worked on local, regional and Worldcons and local sf clubs in various capacities. In her day job as a public health physician she works on infectious disease epidemiology.

Jeff Lyman is a 2004 graduate of the Odyssey writing program. He has stories appearing in "Blood and Devotion" and "Sails and Sorcery" from *Fantast Enterprises*, a story in "No Longer Dreams" from *Lite Circle Press*, and stories in "Bad Ass Fairies" and "Breach the Hull" from *Marietta Publishing*.

Jonathan Maberry is an author and writing teacher, and is the Bram Stoker Award-winning author of *GHOST ROAD BLUES*, *DEAD MAN'S SONG*, *BAD MOON RISING*, *THE CRYPTOPEDIA*, *VAMPIRE UNIVERSE*, and *ZOMBIE CSU*.

David Mack is the bestselling author of many tie-in novels, including *Reap the Whirlwind* and *Road of Bones*. He also co-wrote two episodes of *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*. His *Star Trek Destiny* trilogy will be released in October-December 2008, and he just sold his

first original novel, *The Calling*, to Simon & Schuster.

Racheline Maltese writes about SF/F for Gather.com and IllusionTV, and is the author of *THE BOOK OF HARRY POTTER TRIFLES, TRIVIAS & PARTICULARITIES* (Sterling & Ross). Her fiction and poetry has been published in a range of magazines and anthologies, and she is currently working on a novel. Additionally, she is a SAG actor with a strong interest in the link between performance and writing.

Elaine Mami is running Lunacon 2008's Masquerade.

Kevin J. Maroney is the Kitchen Staff Supervisor of The New York Review of Science Fiction. He has worked in comics, gaming (board and computer), and science fiction, which explains how he now supervises electronic trading for a stock firm. In his spare time, he accumulates.

Melissa Marr grew up believing in the supernatural. After teaching college lit for a decade, she applied her folklore fixation to writing. Her first novel, *Wicked Lovely*, co-released in the US and UK in 07 (HarperCollins). It debuted as a NY Times Bestseller. *Ink Exchange*, the second novel, releases in April 08. Currently, Melissa writes full time, roams regularly, and still believes in faeries.

Diane Mathieson: Fiber Artist. Crocheted Dragons, Quilted Dragons, Fantasy themed quilts. I teach crochet, knitting & quilting to beginners and others. Some uses of which are embellishment to clothing or costumes. 3-D fiber art to sit around your home, on your shoulder, or head.

Dennis McCunney is a long time fan, and a former President of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, former Chair of Philcon, and former Chair of Lunacon, as well as working in a variety of other convention positions on the East Coast.

Gary McGath is clerk of MASSFILC, editor of the Filk Book Index, and an occasional editor of filk books.

Victoria McManus is a writer, reviewer, and archaic fan of Dr. Who.

Virginia G. McMorrow is the author of the Tuldamor Trilogy (*Mage Confusion*, *Mage Resolution*, and *Mage Evolution*) published by ArcheBooks, along with *Firewing's Journey* and *Firewing's Shadow*, young adult fantasies. Book 3, *Firewing's Hunt*, will be published in 2008.

Mike McPhail was born into a military / engineering family, lifelong dream was to join NASA and become a mission specialist; to that end, he attended the Academy of Aeronautics in New York, as well as enlisting in the Air National Guard. While working towards his goal, a sudden illness brought a halt to his dreams.

Larry Nelson, LORDLNYC, is a long time member of the leather/queer/poly communities as well as a queer/kinky/poly rights activist. He attended his first Lunacon in '84. He would go on to help run the gaming from 91-03. In '06 he started to go to Arisia. In '07 he put his long time activism to good use and started doing panels at both Conventions. He lives in Jamaica Queens with his cat Bustopher.

Liz Nickrenz is a graduate student at the University of Chicago. She is currently conducting dissertation research on Asperger's Syndrome and other autism spectrum disorders, looking particularly at how these conditions are defined in various communities.

Joe Niedbala is an artist and jack-of-all-trades who currently works for Sands Creative Group, a Boston area design firm, as head of their large format printing services. Previously, was manager of a vintage clothing store, and before that had experience providing scenic and prop work to the film, television, and stage industries. He is currently working to overcome his addiction to book and DVD purchasing.

Movie Mike Olshan presents The Vintage Film Room: real 16mm film features, TV shows, cartoons and shorts, including some of the great Mad Scientists, cheesy serial chapters, Star Trek episodes and more.

Mark Olson is a long-time SF fan who discovered SF long before he discovered fandom. He's chaired several conventions including a Worldcon and worked on numerous others. He's edited a dozen books and reviewed SF for *Aboriginal SF* magazine. Professionally, he's a VP of Software Development, who trained as a chemist and really wanted to be an astronomer.

Margaret Organ-Kean paints watercolors on commission as well as for herself, and works as a free-lance/contract technical illustrator. She lives in West Seattle. In her spare time, she enjoys reading fantasy and science fiction, walking in the neighborhood, and playing with Lucy and Kaja, her cats.

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Type	Until 6/1/08	Until 10/1/08	At Philcon 2008
Adult	\$45	\$50	\$60
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Child under 7*	Free	Free	Free

\$5-per-person discount for groups of 10 or more, registered together

*No children under the age of 16 will be admitted except in the company of their parent or adult guardian, and a waiver of the conference's responsibility will be required of this parent or legal adult guardian. In all cases, proper ID will be required to register.

Terri Osborne began transitioning from years of fanfic writing to professional work through Star Trek with 2003's critically-acclaimed "Three Sides to Every Story" in Deep Space Nine: Prophecy and Change and "'Q'uary" in New Frontier: No Limits.

Kim Paffenroth is a professor of religious studies at Iona College who also has an interest in horror and SF. My examination of Romero's zombie films, *Gospel of the Living Dead: George Romero's Visions of Hell on Earth* (Baylor, 2006), won the 2006 Bram Stoker Award. Since then I have published my own horror fiction, including my first novel, *Dying to Live* (Permuted Press, 2007).

Joshua Palmatier is a writer with a PhD in mathematics. He was born in PA but currently resides in NY and has written three novels: *The Skewed Throne*, *The Cracked Throne*, and *The Vacant Throne*, all part of the *Throne of Amenkor* series. Check out his website at www.joshuapalmatier.com.

Crystal Paul lives in Springfield, VA. The course of her life was irrevocably set in 1966, the year she discovered both Star Trek and *A Wrinkle in Time*. She has been an active fan and filker for over 30 years.

Dr. Charles Pellegrino is Lunacon's Mad Scientist in Residence. He runs with a pack of scientists who are, like him, polymathic - which explains why he works almost simultaneously in deep ocean biology, nuclear propulsion, and forensic archaeology. In his spare time, he teaches his children how to scare Stephen King.

Misty Pendragon is a fan fiction writer, and will always be a Buffaholic, and has been attending cons for many years, doing programming, speaking as the fangirl's voice among the pros. Favorite quote, "I am fangirl, hear me roar!!!!"

KT Pinto was born in Brooklyn, NY, where children are raised with strong opinions and city attitudes. She spent most of her young life with her nose in a book and started writing when she was 12, trying sci fi, teen and adult romance, erotica and fantasy, until she found her niche in horror.

Marianne Plumridge is an Australian artist/writer who lives in RI, with her husband, artist/illustrator Bob Eggleton. While still painting, Marianne has just enjoyed a foray into children's fiction. Her first picture book - "If Dinosaurs Lived in My Town" - is due from Sterling Publishing in 2009. Bob, of course, is illustrating it...with some help from the digital fingers of Cortney Skinner.

Andrew Porter is a three-time Hugo winner and the 1990 World SF Convention Fan Guest of Honor. He was editor/publisher of *Algol/Starship* and *Science Fiction Chronicle*; he has also worked for *The Magazine Of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, *Lancer Books*, and numerous trade mags.

Lenny J. Provenzano grew up with the Space Program and in an airline family. An individual space advocate even before he knew what that meant, he later joined organizations to better educate the public. An avid photographer and filker, he is also working on art show entries.

Laura Quish is a student at Clark University where she studies communication and culture. She loves to make yarn on her spinning wheel, dye fibers, sew, and be generally crafty. Her hobbies include RPG tabletop gaming, reading, Teh Internets, and various tolerable television shows. Laura is currently planning her wedding, preparing for graduation, and buying a house.

Eric S. Raymond is a long-time SF fan and one of the ringleaders of the open-source and Linux community

Daniel R. Robichaud lives in central Massachusetts. By day, he works as a research engineer at the University of Massachusetts Medical School. Evenings find him penning stories. Nearly forty of his stories and poems have found their way into publication. Daniel is also the editor in chief of www.HorrorReader.com, a site dedicated to reviewing dark fiction in all its forms.

Roberta Rogow is a long-time SF fan, filker, costumer, and fanzine writer. She has written mystery novels and short stories, as well as *Science Fiction* and *Humorous Horror*. For the last four years she has run the *Filk Track* program at Lunacon.

Aaron Rosenberg has been writing RPGs since 1994 and has written for most of the major publishers. He won a 2001 Origins Award for *Gamemastering Secrets*. Aaron has also written novels for *Exalted*, *Star Trek SCE*, *StarCraft*, *WarCraft*, and *Warhammer*.

Robert Rosenberg has been a computer programmer for over 40 years, is a member of the Lunarians, a long time Animé fan, and does DeskTop Publishing and Web Design. At conventions, he sheds his mundane identity to turn into his Fan Persona of HAL9001 (named in honor of the original Sentient Computer from the 2001 *Book and Movie Series*).

Steven Rosenhaus is a singer/songwriter and member of the Don't Quit Your Day Job Players from 1997-2000. He performs on DQYDJP's "Blues Spoken Here" CD and his own "A Man Like Me." He is also "Dr. Steven Rosenhaus" composer/conductor, whose music *The NY Times* called "clever, deftly constructed and likable". He is co-author (w/Allen Cohen) of "Writing Musical Theater"

(Palgrave Macmillan).

Chuck Rothman. Author of the long forgotten novel Staroamer's Fate and with short stories in Realms of Fantasy, Asimov's, F&SF, Strange Horizons, and upcoming in Baen's Universe. He is a reviewer for Tangent and lives in Schenectady with his wife Susan, where he helps run the Albacon SF con.

Kathy Sands, co-owner & manager of Tales from the White Hart for nearly 2 decades, continues to attend too many cons & deal at most of them. Most of her fannish time in and out of cons in recent years has been occupied by filk and media fanfiction.

Peggy Rae Sapienza's father, Jack McKnight, machined the first Hugo Award Rockets in 1953. She chaired the 56th Worldcon, Buccaneer, held in Baltimore in 1998 and is the North American Agent for Nippon 2007, the 65th Worldcon to be held in Yokohama, Japan August 30th through September 3rd 2007.

Sharon Sbarsky is a fan, conrunner and webmistress far and wide.

Lawrence M. Schoen holds a Ph.D. in cognitive psychology, taught college for 10 years, and currently works as the compliance officer for a mental health & addiction services medical center. He's also one of the world's foremost authorities on the Klingon language. Somewhere in there, he manages to find time to write science fiction too, and recently started Paper Golem, a speculative fiction small press.

Meredith Schwartz is best known for chairing the first and last Buffycon. Meredith's stories, Double Time and Override, appeared in Reflection's Edge, www.reflectionseidge.com. She also edited an e-anthology of homoerotic urban fantasy, Alleys and Doorways, for Torquere Press.

Darrell Schweitzer is the author of The Mask of the Sorcerer, 2 other novels, & many short stories. He is a book reviewer, critic, interviewer, & has been co-editor of WEIRD TALES for 20 years. His anthology THE SECRET HISTORY OF VAMPIRES appeared from DAW in 2007.

Dave Seeley is a science fiction and fantasy artist living in Boston with his wife and son. He trained in fine art and architecture, and began making commercial images in the mid 90's. His work now graces book jackets, packaging, video games, and advertisements. You can see his work in Fantasy Art Masters: The Best in Fantasy and SF Art Worldwide - ISBN: 0007137478, SPECTRUM: The Best in Contest

Delia Sherman is a writer of historical and fairy-tale based fantasy for adults and young readers. Her fiction has appeared in many anthologies and magazines, most recently F&SF and SALON FANTASTIQUE. Her latest book for young readers is CHANGELING.

Josepha Sherman is a fantasy novelist, folklorist, and editor. Most current titles include Star Trek: Vulcan's Soul with Susan Schwartz, the reprint of the Unicorn Queen books, and Mythology for Storytellers. Sherman also owns Sherman Editorial Services (www.ses-ny.com), is a fan of the NY Mets (next year!) and enjoys life.

Susan Schwartz, a renegade medievalist and financial services marketer, is the author/editor of 30 books and more than 70 pieces of short fiction. Nominated for major awards, she is published in nine languages. She has worked for more than 20 years on Wall Street and has her M.A. and Ph.D. in English from Harvard and her B.A. from Mount Holyoke. She is also a dedicated SF art collector.

Jane T. Sibley, Ph.D. is a longtime presenter at Lunacon, as well as at many Pagan gatherings, SCA events, and science fiction conventions. She is a specialist in Scandinavian folklore, mythology, and runes, and is the author of "Norse Mythology...According to Uncle Einar"

Joe Siclari has been a fan since the mid-60's. He published over 100 fanzines, started S-F clubs & conventions, chaired MagiCon, the 1992 Worldcon and worked on 100's of conventions. Joe's current main interest is fan history. His Worldcon Guest of Honor Speeches was a 2007 Hugo Nominee. He is Chairman of the FANAC Fan History Project which puts fanhistorical material on the internet <http://fanac.org/>

Hildy Silverman is the publisher and editor-in-chief of Space and Time Magazine. Her short stories and articles have appeared in several magazines and newsletters.

Michael Silvestri

David Sklar writes in the spaces between the impossible magic of legend, the inscrutable magic of dreams, and the breathtaking everyday magic of the world in which we live. His works range from poetry in Paterson Literary Review to parting shots in Knights of

the Dinner Table. His novel *Shadow of the Antlered Bird* is upcoming from Drollerie Press.

Lois Spangler, an avid gamer and geek, has been making stuff up for nearly 30 years, and intends to continue doing so. Preferably for a profit. Or at least fame.

Wen Spencer, 2003 John Campbell winner, lives in the Boston area with her husband, son and two cats. Her newest book, *ENDLESS BLUE*, is out in hardcover from Baen Books.

Bob Stacy attended Clarion at MSU back when typewriters roamed the earth. He writes fiction and songs, and sings and plays right-handed guitar in Clashing Headstocks.

Paul Stevens is an Associate Editor with Tor Books. He acquires a wide range of books including science fiction and fantasy. Some of his recent books are *A Nameless Witch* and *The Automatic Detective* by A. Lee Martinez and *Ragamuffin* by Tobias S. Buckell.

Raven Stormbringer is a professional makeup FX artist props master and wardrobe/ costumer specializing in old age and xenobiological makeup. He primarily works on commercials but also works with theatre and film. Raven also offers custom and stock makeup and appliances through his company; Raven Design Associates. Some of his work can be found at http://myspace.com/raven_fx

Ian Randal Strock is the editor of *SFScope.com*, a freelance editor, a freelance author, and a sometime artist. Previously, he published *Artemis Magazine*, and before that, was the associate editor of *Analog* and *Asimov's*. His writing in *Analog* won two AnLabs, and sometimes appears on ianrandalstrock.livejournal.com.

Karen Sullivan specializes in the analysis of science fiction and fantasy's impact on pop culture (and vice-versa). A resident of New Jersey, she earned her BA in English from Rowan University of New Jersey and MAED from the University of Phoenix.

Lisa Sullivan

Patrick Thomas is the author of over 75 published short stories & fifteen books including seven in the popular fantasy humor series *MURPHY'S LORE*, including *NIGHTCAPS*, *TALES FROM BULFINCHE'S PUB*, *FOOLS' DAY*, *THROUGH THE DRINKING GLASS*, *SHADOW OF THE WOLF*, *REDEMPTION ROAD*, *BARTENDER OF THE GODS*, & the upcoming *EMPTY GRAVES*.

Michael A. Ventrella is one of the founders of *NERO* (www.NeroHQ.com). and *Animato!* Magazine. His first novel, *Arch Enemies*, will be published this year. In his spare time, he is a lawyer.

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 2005 chaired - he hopes - his last convention: Capclave. He also has a small press (www.oldearthbooks.com)

Jeff Warner is: President Emeritus of the Science Fiction Forum, a co-founder of I-Con and Albacon, a guerilla panelist at Noreascon4, Jedi Master to Pi-Con, a published writer, and has been everything from gofer to guest at SFConventions since 1976. Despite all this and a discussion slot at SMOFcon25, he denies repeated allegations of SMOFdom.

Chris Weil, relatively new to the LARP GMing scene, has been gaming for years - starting on his bedroom floor with AD&D 2e, moving up to DMing various tabletop games, and finally to LARPing. Since joining Foam Brain Productions, Chris has GMed for several LARPs - Long Ago and Far Away, Michael Clambino's Fundraiser and Operation: Atlantis fill his credit sheet at this point.

David Weingart is a father, fan, filker, sometimes costumer, programmer, occasional SMOF and liable to pick up any guitar lying around and start noodling.

Diane Weinstein has had years of experience as an assistant editor and an art director with *WEIRD TALES* magazine, and as an editorial assistant at Wildside Press. She is currently the art editor for *SPACE AND TIME* magazine.

Michelle Wexelblat; Mother, Wife, Friend, Social Worker, Poly spokes-person, Writer, Counselor, Mystic, Lady of Perspective, and Comforting One. She has her MSW degree from Boston University School of Social Work, her BA in psychology from Queens College, CUNY, and though has many stories and poems written is as yet unpublished (if you wish to help change that, just ask).

Andrew Wheeler was Senior Editor of the SF Book Club until the great purge of 2007, and now works in an obscure, boring corner of publishing unrelated to SF. He was a judge for the 2005 World Fantasy Awards, but intensive medication and therapy have almost completely cured his symptoms. He reviews comics at www.ComicMix.com and many other things at his personal blog,



The Return of Bruce!
 Bruce says: Fardels This!

Spaceships? We don't need no stinkin' Spaceships! We use Dragons!

ALBACON 2008

The Universe's Best Science Fiction Convention

10 to 12 October 2008
 [Columbus Day Weekend]

The Crowne Plaza*
 Albany, NY, USA

Literary Guest of Honor: **Anne & Todd McCaffrey**

[Anne's appearance conditional upon her health]

Artist Guest of Honor: **TBA**

Fan Guest of Honor: **Gary S. Blog**

Special Guest: **Travis Tea**

1632 panels with Eric Flint et al.

Star Trek New Voyages panel with crew, plus the webisodes

Plus:

Rebecca Angel

James Cawley [Cpt. J. T. Kirk]

D. Cameron Calkins

Susan Hanniford Crowley

Debra Doyle

Eric Flint

J.A. Fludde

Walter H. Hunt

Peter Huston

Geoffrey Landis

James D. Macdonald

Virginia McMorro

Clayton L. McNally

Melissa Mead

Sharon Lee

Steve Miller

Joshua Palmatier

Roberta Rogow

Pamala Sargent

Jennifer Schwabach

David Sklar

Ryk E. Spoor

Kathleen Spoor

David Stephenson

Mary Turzillo

George Zebrowski

[And more to come!]

Bruce and I
 are going *back*
 to Albacon

[*Depending on how and when you book your room, you may get chocolate chip cookies!]



You are a
 funny looking
 dragon

Memberships: \$35 to 31 Mar 08; \$45 to 10 SEP 08; \$60 at door

One-day memberships: Friday \$25, Saturday \$30, Sunday, \$25

ALBACON, P.O. Box 2085, Albany, NY 12220-0085, USA

<http://www.albacon.org>

Presented by LASTSFA, Inc., a 501(c)(3) nonprofit corporation

David J. Williams was born in Hertfordshire, England, and lives in Washington D.C. His first novel, *THE MIRRORED HEAVENS*, has been described as “John Le Carre on SF crack,” and will be published by Bantam Spectra in May of this year. Learn more at www.autumnrain2110.com.

Alex Wittenberg (also known in some circles as Simon DelMonte) is a long-time member of comic book fandom, an avid filker, and an unrepentant Trekkie. This is his tenth Lunacon.

Lew Wolkoff attended his first convention, Lunacon, in 1968. Yes, that WAS 40 years ago. He’s been active in fandom ever since, and he’s the editor of the newsletter you’ll be reading at this year’s Lunacon. His day job is as a planner/analyst for the PA Department of Health. He also does Jewish historical/sociologic research in the SCA.

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.

Andrew Zorowitz’s first LARP run was *Mary Celeste*, in 2004. Three times. In nine days. He’s run many games since, both at RPI and cons. The group has many bizarre props, including a “brain in a jar”, which inspired the group’s name. Whether this brain was since used to replace Andrew’s brain, lost in a LARP-related accident, or whether the original brain is still used is, and shall remain, a mystery.

Dom’s Kids

20th Anniversary Tour

“I’m the What ?”

“You’re the Chaperone!!”

**Compliments of
Dom Corrado,
His Kids,
and Their Kids**

PAST LUNACONS (PLUS)

YEAR	DATE	GUEST(S) OF HONOR	ATTENDANCE
1957	May 12	No Guest of Honor	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	Mar 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 & Catherine de Camp	900
1978	Feb 24-26	Writer: Robert Bloch Special Guest: Dr. Rosalyn S. Yalow	450
1979	Mar 30-April 1	Writer: Ron Goulart Artist: Gahan Wilson	650
1980	March 14-16	Writer: Larry Niven Artist: Vincent Di Fate	750
1981	March 20-22	Writer: James White Artist: Jack Gaughan	875
1982	March 19-21	Writer: Fred Saberhagen Artist: John Schoenherr Fan: Steve Stiles	1100
1983	March 18-20	Writer: Anne McCaffrey Artist: Barbi Johnson Fans: Donald & Elsie Wollheim	1500
1984	March 16-18	Writer: Terry Carr Artist: Tom Kidd Fan: Cy Chauvin	1400
1985	March 15-17	Writer: Gordon R. Dickson Artist: Don Maitz Fan: Curt Clemmer, D.I.	800
1986	March 7-9	Writer: Marta Randall Artist: Dawn Wilson Fan: Art Saha	
		Special Guest: Madeline L'Engle	1100
1987	March 20-22	Writer: Jack Williamson Artist: Darrell Sweet Fan: Jack L. Chalker	
		Toastmaster: Mike Resnick	1200
1988	March 11-13	Writer: Harry Harrison Artist: N. Taylor Blanchard	
		Fan: Pat Mueller Toastmaster: Wilson Tucker	1250
1989	March 10-12	Writer: Roger Zelazny Artist: Ron Walotsky Fan: David Kyle	
		Editor: David Hartwell	1450
1990	March 16-18	Writer: Katherine Kurtz Artist: Thomas Canty Publisher: Tom Doherty	1500
1991	March 8-10	Writer: John Brunner Artist: Kelly Freas Fan: Harry Stubbs	
		Publishers: Ian & Betty Ballantine Science: Prof. Gerald Feinberg	1200
1992	March 20-22	Writer: Samuel R. Delany Artist: Paul Lehr Fan: Jon Singer	
		Featured Filkers: Bill & Brenda Sutton Special Guest: Kristine Kathryn Rusch	1350
1993	March 19-21	Writer: Orson Scott Card Artist: Barclay Shaw Fan: Alexis Gilliland	
		Publishing: Richard Curtis	1250
1994	March 18-20	Writer: Vonda N. McIntyre Artist: James Warhola Fan: Walter R. Cole	
		Comics Industry: Walter & Louise Simonson Featured Filker: Peter Grubbs	
		Special Musical Guest: Dean Friedman	1300
1995	March 17-19	Writer: Poul Anderson Artist: Stephen Hickman Fan: Mike Glycer	
		Featured Filker: Graham Leathers	1300
1996	March 15-17	Writers: Terry Pratchett, Esther Friesner Visual Humor: Phil Foglio	
		Fan: Bruce Pelz Special Origami Guest: Mark Kennedy	1300
1997	March 7-9	Writer: C.J. Cherryh Artist: David Cherry Fan: Michael J. Walsh	
		Media: Michael O'Hare	1250
1998	March 20-22	Writer: Octavia E. Butler Artist: Donato Giancola Fans: John & 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	
		Special Guest: Barbara Hambly	1200
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 & Val Ontell	
		Special Guest: Peter F. Hamilton Toastmistress: Roberta Rogow	1050

2003	March 21-23	Writers: Spider & Jeanne Robinson Fans: Joni & Todd Dashoff	Artist: Rowena Mistress of Ceremonies: Susan de Guardiola	1200
2004	March 19-21	Writer: Storm Constantine Special Webtoonist Guest: Pete Abrams	Artist: Michael Whelan Fan: Lucy Schmeidler Costuming: Ricky & Karen Dick	1211
2005	March 18-20	Writer: Michael Swanwick Costumers: Pierre & Sandy Pettinger	Artist: Butch Honeck Fan: Skip Morris	1122
2006	March 17-19	Writer: Jim Butcher Fan: Byron Connell	Artist: David B. Mattingly Costumer: Lisa Ashton	1059
2007	March 16-18	Writer: Christopher Moore Fan: Frank Dietz	Artist: Dave Seeley	1177
2008	March 14-16	Writer: Jacqueline Carey Fan: Joe D. Siclari	Artist: Johnna Y. Klukas Special Guest: Winston A. Howlett	????
2009	March 20-22	Writer: Dave Freer	Fan: Leigh Grossman	????

Lunacons

<u>Year</u>	<u>Location</u>		
1957	West 53 rd St., Rm. 205, NYC	1983	Sheraton Heights Hotel, Hasbrouck Heights, NJ
1958	West 53 rd St., Rm. 205, NYC		
1959	West 53 rd St., Rm. 205, NYC	1984	Sheraton Heights Hotel, Hasbrouck Heights, NJ
1960	West 53 rd St., Rm. 205, NYC		
1961	West 53 rd St., Rm. 205, NYC	1985	Sheraton Inn at LaGuardia, Travelers Inn, East Elmhurst (Queens), NY
1962	Adelphi Hall, NYC		
1963	Adelphi Hall, NYC	1986	Westchester Marriott, Tarrytown, NY
1964	(none)	1987	Westchester Marriott, Tarrytown, NY
1965	Hotel Edison, NYC	1988	Westchester Marriott, Tarrytown, NY
1966	Hotel Edison, NYC	1989	Westchester Marriott, Tarrytown, NY
1967	Hotel Roosevelt, NYC	1990	Westchester Marriott, Tarrytown, NY
1968	Park Sheraton Hotel, NYC	1991	Sheraton Stamford, Stamford, CT
1969	Hotel McAlpin, NYC	1992	Rye Town Hilton, Rye Brook, NY
1970	Hotel McAlpin, NYC	1993	Rye Town Hilton, Rye Brook, NY
1971	Hotel Commodore, NYC	1994	Rye Town Hilton, Rye Brook, NY
1972	Statler-Hilton Hotel, NYC	1995	Rye Town Hilton, Rye Brook, NY
1973	Statler-Hilton Hotel, NYC	1996	Rye Town Hilton, Rye Brook, NY
1974	Statler-Hilton Hotel, NYC	1997	Rye Town Hilton, Rye Brook, NY
1975	Hotel Commodore, NYC	1998	Rye Town Hilton, Rye Brook, NY
1976	Statler-Hilton Hotel, NYC	1999	Rye Town Hilton, Rye Brook, NY
1977	Biltmore Hotel, NYC	2000	Rye Town Hilton, Rye Brook, NY
1978	Sheraton Heights Hotel, Hasbrouck Heights, NJ	2001	Rye Town Hilton, Rye Brook, NY
		2002	Rye Town Hilton, Rye Brook, NY
1979	Sheraton Inn at LaGuardia, East Elmhurst (Queens), NY	2003	Rye Town Hilton, Rye Brook, NY
		2004	Rye Town Hilton, Rye Brook, NY
1980	Sheraton Heights Hotel, Hasbrouck Heights, NJ	2005	Sheraton Meadowlands, East Rutherford, NJ
1981	Sheraton Heights Hotel, Hasbrouck Heights, NJ	2006	Hilton Hasbrouck Heights, Hasbrouck Heights, NJ
1982	Sheraton Heights Hotel, Hasbrouck Heights, NJ	2007	Hilton Rye Town, Rye Brook, NY
		2008	Hilton Rye Town, Rye Brook, NY
		2009	Hilton Rye Town, Rye Brook, NY

In Memoriam

Dr. Robert Adler (inventor)
Lloyd Alexander (author)
John W. Backus (computer scientist)
Maryella Regina Baruffi (fan's parent)
Jean Baudrillard (critic, author)
Ingmar Bergman (filmmaker)
Christopher James "Jamie" Bishop (author's son)
Herman Brix a/k/a Bruce Bennett (actor)
Alice (O'Brien) Borhardt (author)
Buck Brown (cartoonist)
Roscoe Lee Browne (actor)
Donald Camp (fan's parent)
Frank Capra, Jr. (film producer)
J. Lawrence Cassingham (inventor)
Coliseum Books
Odile Speed Crick (spouse, science illustrator)
Don Dailey (fan)
Walter "Walt"/"Doc" Daugherty (fan)
Dr. Pierre-Gilles de Gennes (physicist)
Arnold Drake (comics writer)
Leigh Schall Eddings (author)
Walker Edmiston (voice actor)
Joe Edwards (comics artist)
Roger P. Elwood (editor, publisher)
Dr. Judah Folkman (medical researcher)
Charles L. Fontenay (children's author)
Freddie Francis (cinematographer)
Dr. Kenneth L. Franklin (astronomer)
George MacDonald Fraser (author)
Lisa Freund (fan's parent)
John Gardner (author)
Alice Ghostley (actress)
Gene H. Golub (computer scientist)
Bernard Gordon (screenwriter)
Robert Goulet (singer, actor)
Charles B. Griffith (screenwriter)
Joe Grillot (fan)
Liz Gross (fan)
Peter Haining (author)
David Hammond Shepard (computer scientist)
Curtis Harrington (filmmaker)
Johnny Hart (cartoonist)
Joe Hensley (fan, author)
Don Herbert (science educator)
Doug Hill (author)
Sir Edmund Hillary (explorer)
Dr. James R. Hiller (physicist, inventor)
Lee Hoffman (fan, writer)
Rabbi David M. Honigsberg (fan, writer, musician)
Gareth Hunt (actor)
Bill Idelson (actor, screenwriter)
Robert Jordan (James Oliver Rigney, Jr.) (author)
Colin Kapp (author)
Jay Kennedy (comics editor)
Ken Kennedy (compute scientist)
Michael Klotz (fan)
Richard Knerr (toymaker)
Dr. Arthur Kornberg (biochemist)
Sterling E. Lanier (author)
Dr. Paul Lauterbur (medical inventor)
Heath Ledger (actor)
Madeleine L'Engle (author)
Ira Levin (author)
Eustace A. Lycett (special effects designer)
Dr. Paul B. (PB) MacCready (inventor)
Dr. Alan G. MacDiarmid (chemist)
Dr. Harold Maiman (physicist)
Doug Marlette (cartoonist)
David I. Masson (author)
Lois Maxwell (actress)
Dr. Donald Michie (roboticist)
Dr. Tod Mikuriya (medical researcher)
Dr. Stanley L. Miller (biochemist)
Bill Molendyk (fan)
Jay Monroe (inventor)
Barry Nelson (actor)
Bustapher P. Jones-Colon-Nelson (fan's cat)
Dr. Leslie E. Orgel (biochemist)
Dr. Bohdan Paczynski (astrophysicist)
Petunia (fan's cat)
Bobby "Boris" Pickett (singer)
Charles Nelson Reilly (actor)
Hank Reinhardt (fan, editor)
Ian Richardson (actor)
Dr. George Rieveschl (chemist)
Percy Rodrigues (actor)
Marshall Rogers (comics artist)
Fred Saberhagen (author)
Dr. Herbert Safir (engineer)
Sasha (fan's cat)
Gene Savoy (explorer)
Willis H. Schaefer (tv composer)
Nina Zimet Schneider (science author)
Gordon Scott (actor)
George Sewell (actor)
Shadowdancer (fan's cat)
Sidney Sheldon (screenwriter, author)
Walter (Wally) Shirra, Jr. (astronaut)
Herman Stein (movie composer)
Steven Swires (journalist)
Fred Mustard Stewart (author)
Brig. Gen. Paul Warfield Tibbets Jr. (B-29 pilot)
Tony Tenser (film producer)
Earl Ubell (science journalist)
Rick Urdiales (fan)
Vampira (Maila Nurmi) (actress)\
Marion Van Der Voort (fan)
Randy Van Horne (musician)
Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. (author)
Jack Zander (animator)



The New York Science Fiction Society - *The Lunarians, Inc.*

One of the New York Metropolitan Area's oldest and largest science fiction and fantasy clubs, and the sponsor of Lunacon, the **New York Science Fiction Society - the Lunarians, Inc.** was founded in November 1956 in the Bronx. The Club's name was suggested from "Station Luna", which founding member Frank Dietz was using as the call sign for his recording activities. Originally simply called the Lunarians, within a year, the Club adopted its double-barreled name, the New York Science Fiction Society - the Lunarians. Incorporation as a non-profit educational organization came in 1971.

A lasting legacy of the Lunarians' very first meeting was the proposal to hold a regional gathering to be called "the LunaCon". The first Lunacon took place in May 1957, and one has been held every year since (with the exception of 1964, due to planning difficulties related to the New York World's Fair), making Lunacon 2008 our 51st annual convention, an achievement that very few other science fiction groups have attained.

The Lunarians has a long, rich tradition in New York Fandom. Over the years, members have included such well-known fans and professionals as David Kyle, Sam Moskowitz (two of our founders), Donald A. Wollheim, Art Saha, Robert Silverberg, Jack L. Chalker, Charles N. Brown, Fred Lerner, Ed Meškys, Elliot Shorter, Devra Langsam, John Boardman, Brian Burley, Ben Yalow, Seth Breidbart and Andy Porter. The Society's emblem of a spaceman reading a book while sitting on a crescent moon (see above), also used in connection with Lunacon, is known affectionately as "**Little Loonie**". The current version (above) was drawn by Wally Wood, after designs by Christine Haycock Moskowitz and David Kyle.

In addition to Lunacon, the Lunarians hold meetings throughout the year, usually on Sunday afternoons. Currently, most of our meetings are held in one of the conference rooms at TRS, Inc., 44 East 32nd Street, in the heart of Midtown Manhattan, or, occasionally, in a member's home. Some of our meetings feature special programming, such as readings by writers, talks by editors and slide presentations by artists. Two special gatherings during the year, our annual Holiday party in December and our Summer "Picnic" in August, have become fixtures on the Tri-State fannish scene.

In 1989, the New York Science Fiction Society - the Lunarians, Inc. took an active role in the future of the genre by establishing a scholarship fund to help beginning science fiction and fantasy writers from the New York Metropolitan area attend science fiction and fantasy writers workshops, such as those at Clarion, Clarion West and Odyssey. Named in memory of the renowned fans, publishers and members of the Lunarians, the **Donald A. and Elsie B. Wollheim Memorial Scholarship Fund** so far, has been able to provide partial scholarships to nearly three dozen aspiring writers, including Michael A. Burstein, Pat York, Graham Collins, Alexandra Elizabeth Honigsberg., Jeremy Bloom and Jamie Kress.



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 (at right) is presented or announced 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 (Harry Stubbs) (1993), Frederik Pohl (1994), Dr. Ben Bova (1995), Dr. Stephen Hawking (1996), Dr. Stephen Jay Gould (1997), Dr. Michio Kaku (1998), Dr. Charles Sheffield (1999), Dr. Charles Pellegrino (2000), Sir Arthur C. Clarke (2001), Dr. Yoji Kondo (Eric Kotani) (2002), Dr. Neil deGrasse Tyson (2003), John Noble Wilford (2004), Stephen Baxter (2005), Dr. Gregory Benford (2006) and Dr. Vernor Vinge (2007).

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. **Regular Membership**, currently \$30 per year, allows fuller participation in Lunarians meetings, events and activities. (A third category, **Honorary Membership**, is bestowed in recognition of special service to the Society and/or the genre.)

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., Chrysler Building, 132 East 43rd Street #436, New York, NY 10017, or at LunaconCentral@aol.com. You may also check off the appropriate box on your Lunacon registration form.



Artwork © Johnna Klukas

Lunacon 2008 Program Book Additions

Who's Who on Program

Marleen S. Barr, a scholar who has won the Science Fiction Research Association Pilgrim Award for lifetime achievement in science fiction scholarship, is an expert on feminist science fiction and the author of the humorous campus science fiction novel *Oy Pioneer!* She is currently co-editing (with James Gunn) an anthology called *Reading Science Fiction*.

Alan F. Beck is an award winning science fiction, fantasy and surrealistic artist and illustrator, participating in art shows across the country, and producing paintings, magazine illustrations and book covers. Visit www.alanbeck.com for more information.

Charlene Taylor D'Alessio has been illustrating in the fantasy and science fiction genre for over 25 years. She is known for her exquisite painted ties, humorous fantasy paintings of cats, dragons, owls and hamsters, to name a few, and miniature astronomical pieces. Her latest published piece is "Merlin's Dilemma" published by Sunsout as a 1,000-piece puzzle. She is also working on illustrations.

Bruce Dykes is a network technician. He started reading sf with the Heinlein adaptations in *Boy's Life* magazine, and has been gaming since the last century.

Rosemary Edghill was born long enough ago to have seen Classic *Trek* on its first outing and to remember that she once thought *Spock Must Die!* to be great literature. As she aged, she put aside her fond dreams of taking over for Batman when he retired, and returned to her first love, writing. Her first sf sale (as eluki bes shahar) was the *Hellflower* series.

Paula Entin is a librarian and quilter with of 20+ years of experience in both, so she's always referring people to new and old books, characters, and ways to look stuff up. Likewise, she also helps people with quilting, knitting and beading questions, as she drags her work everywhere.

Lois Fitzpatrick has been reading tarot cards for more than 25 years. She is currently in charge of the Soothsayers Guild within the East Kingdom of the SCA, a medieval history study and re-creation group.

Irene Gallo is a successful art director and is a board member in the Society of Illustrators

Scott Grimando is an award-winning illustrator and acclaimed fine artist. He's featured in *Faerie Magazine* and his *Art of the Mythical Woman* series of paintings can be seen on www.theArtoftheMyth.com.

Glenn Hauman, the man, the myth, the miracle worker, is a writer, editor, colorist, graphic designer, webmaster, tired person. He is currently working on *Jon Sable, Freelance*, and projects that are under NDA at press time, but come up to him and ask if you haven't seen the press coverage, he'll talk your clothes off. Ears. He'll talk your ears off

Brandy Hauman's band, The Ex-Parrots, emerged from the armpit of Long Island, and roared onto the metal scene in 1986 with their debut album, *Gnomic Utterances*. Their latest album, *You're Getting On My Nerves*, boils over with crunchy anthems. With tracks like "My Space, Your Space, We All Space," look for The Ex-Parrots to be a force in the metal landscape for years to come. Rock on!

Merav Hoffman has logged more miles in the last calendar year than ever before, with stops in London, Seattle and Maryland, for concerts with Lady Mondegreen, the Funny Things and Seanan McGuire. When she's not time-zone-hopping, you can find Merav running the local filk con, Contata, June 20-22 in Parsipanny, NJ.

Lynn Koehler worked at Marvel Comics, Sing Out! NBM (graphic novels) and the *Village Voice*, and currently owns her own professional audio sales company. She started doing publicity for cons at the age of 20, including Philcon, the Philadelphia International Star Trek Convention, NY/ACM Siggraph and Empiricon, and put those skills to use professionally.

Paula Lieberman is a former Air Force pilot, and longtime filker and fan.

Elaine Mami is running Lunacon 2008's Masquerade.

Melissa Marr grew up believing in the supernatural. After teaching college lit for a decade, she applied her folklore fixation to writing. Her first novel, *Wicked Lovely*, co-released in the US and UK in 2007 (HarperCollins), debuted as a *New York Times* Bestseller. *Ink Exchange*, her second novel, releases in April 2008. Currently, Melissa writes full-time, roams regularly, and still believes in faeries.

Juanita Nesbitt was drawn into *Star Trek* Fandom at her first Chicago convention in 1975. From there, her interests branched out into science fiction and media fandoms. Going to MediaWestCon in Michigan became her “annual trip to Mecca”, where she met many interesting and creative people, including Winston Howlett. Juanita is also a member of the Camarilla and the SCA.

Crystal Paul lives in Springfield, VA. The course of her life was irrevocably set in 1966, the year she discovered both *Star Trek* and *A Wrinkle in Time*. She has been an active fan and filker for over 30 years.

Daniel R. Robichaud lives in central Massachusetts. By day, he works as a research engineer at the University of Massachusetts Medical School. Evenings find him penning stories. Nearly forty of his stories and poems have found their way into publication. Daniel is also the editor-in-chief of www.HorrorReader.com, a site dedicated to reviewing dark fiction in all its forms.

Peggy Rae Sapienza's father, Jack McKnight, machined the first Hugo Award Rockets in 1953. She chaired the 56th Worldcon, Bucconeer, held in Baltimore in 1998, and was the North American Agent for Nippon 2007, the 65th Worldcon, which was held in Yokohama, Japan in 2007.

Melanie Saunders is a member of Foam Brain Productions, LARPer extraordinaire, and a student at RPI

Delia Sherman is a writer of historical and fairy-tale based fantasy for adults and young readers. Her fiction has appeared in many anthologies and magazines, most recently *F&SF* and *Salon Fantastique*. Her latest book for young readers is *Changeling*.

Mike Silvestri is currently teaching music in a private school. He loves collecting dice, watching *Big Brother*, and playing mages in RPGs.

Lisa Sullivan is a costumer, a Masquerade participant, and fan of British TV.

In Memoriam

Steve Gerber (comics writer)
Frank Hamilton (pulp illustrator)
Dwight Hemion (director/producer)
Dr. Robert Jastrow (space scientist and author)
Janet Kagan (Author)
Dr. Joshua Lederberg (medical researcher)
Barry Morse (actor)
Gregory E. McMullan (fan and filker)
Derek Pickles (fan)
Roy Scheider (actor)
Jinzo Toriumi (anime scriptwriter)