

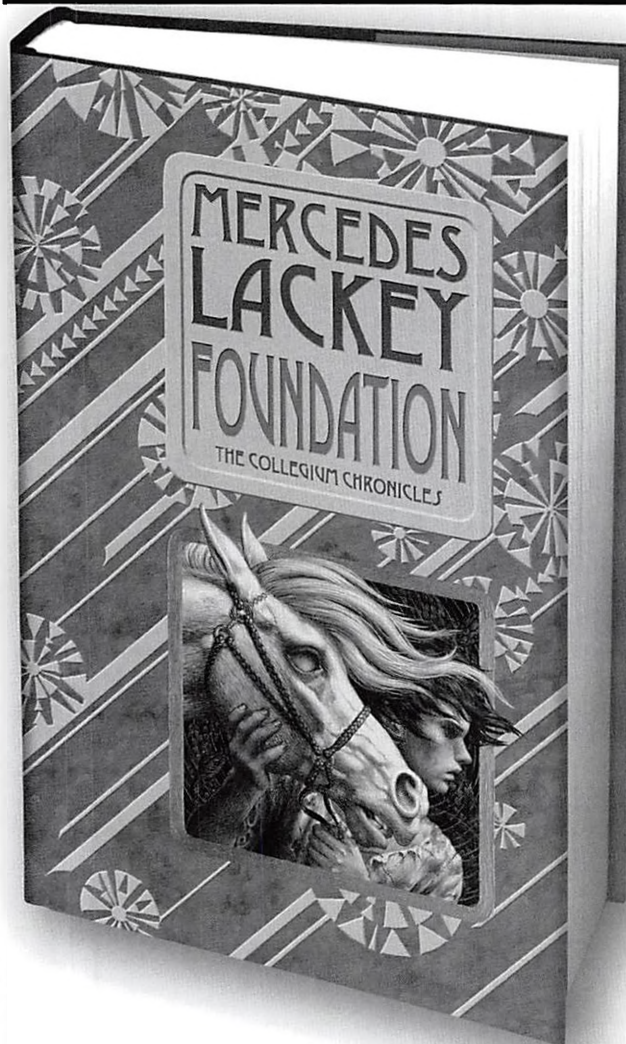
LUNACÓN

2009



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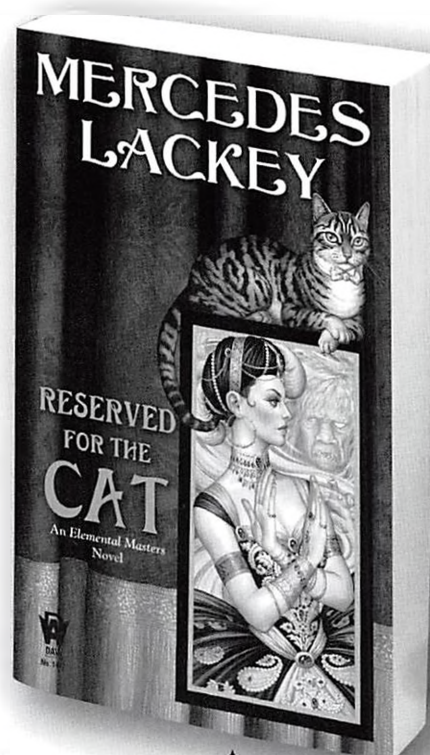
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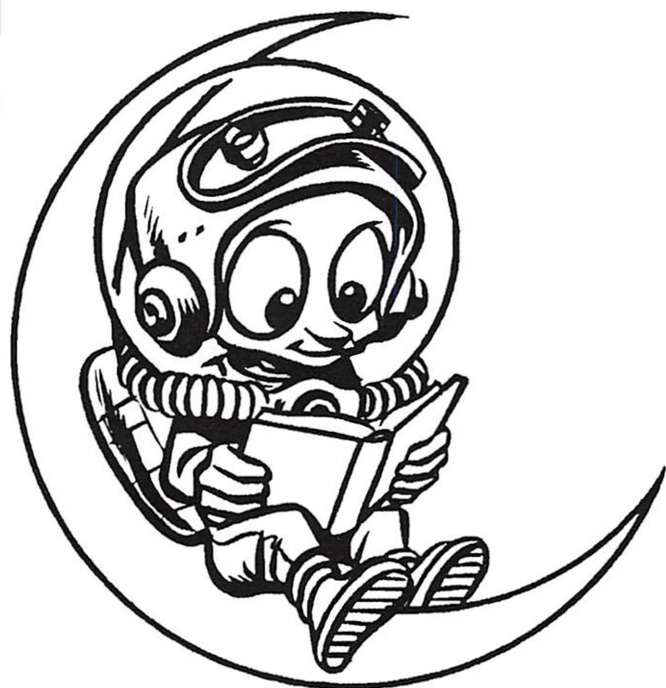
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LUNACON 2009



Author Guest of Honor:

Dave Freer

Artist Guest of Honor:

Larry Dixon

Special Guest:

Mercedes Lackey

Toastmaster:

Eric Flint

Fan Guest of Honor:

Leigh Grossman

Cover art by Larry Dixon

Front Cover – “Shadow of the Lion” cover

Back Cover – “And Words Less Than Kind” cover

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Welcome Message From The Chair

Welcome to Lunacon 2009. I know a lot, if not most of you reading this, will be reading it after the con. Understandable; who wants to waste time reading a message from the Chair when there is so much to do?

Whether you are reading this at con or after, you will have noticed some changes at Lunacon 2009. Some of the old guard are stepping away after long and productive service at Lunacon. We salute their hard efforts and tireless, selfless commitment to the community we call Lunacon. Not that we still do not expect to see their faces at Lunacon, but they will be taking a less active role – that of actually being able to enjoy attending – instead of working – the convention! I personally fully expect them to keep me on my toes. New people have stepped up to help run Lunacon – some from other conventions, some home grown. We are always looking for motivated and talented individuals to help run Lunacon.

With new blood, comes new ways of looking at things. Some examples: we moved the Con Suite from the Presidential Suite on the fourth floor to the Governors' Suite on the seventh floor in the Westchester Wing to be closer to the center of the con. To cut down on noise complaints, it was decided to make the fifth through the eighth floors the Party/Noise floors. The bonus is now all of the parties will be in a smaller, more compact area; making finding and visiting them all easier and more enjoyable.

If you liked the changes, or even if you didn't, please let me and the next Chair know by emailing chair@lunacon.org. Other changes may be coming in years to come. Some thought up by us, some by the changes in the hotel. The Rye Town Hilton is undergoing a multiyear renovation and things are changing; requiring us to change. Like all things, Lunacon must change with the times and circumstances.

To the Staff – Thank you for all your hard work and dedication to Lunacon, I know I was not the best Chair but I tried my best. With your help we make Lunacon what it is and has been for 52 years now. An especially big Thank You to everyone attending Lunacon 2009. You are the ones who make it all possible!

Sincerely,

MrShirt
Lunacon 2009 Chair

Welcome Message From The President

On behalf of the Board of Directors of the New York Science Fiction Society-the Lunarians, Inc., I welcome you to Lunacon 2009, our 52nd annual convention. We would like to thank our con chair, Mr. Shirt, and his Committee for putting together a wonderful convention. We hope that you have an enjoyable weekend here at the "Escher" Hilton, your favorite place for Lunacon. Enjoy the various activities and presentations. If you have any questions, feel free to ask anyone wearing a Committee or Staff ribbon. Your question will be answered or you will be directed to someone who can answer it.

Dom Corrado
President

Lunacon would like to thank The Association of Science Fiction and Fantasy Artists (ASFA) for their generous donation to help fund the Artists' Reception.

Lunacon 2009, the 52nd Lunacon;
<http://www.lunacon.org>

Cover art (front & back): Larry Dixon

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POLICIES & INFORMATION

Photography

There is NO FLASH PHOTOGRAPHY at Lunacon.

Smoking

Smoking is only allowed outside and in hotel rooms that are designated smoking rooms. All function areas of Lunacon 2009 are non-smoking.

Weapons Policy

We want everyone to have a safe and enjoyable time at Lunacon, so please be sure to follow the rules listed below. Failure to adhere to them could result in you being asked to surrender your badge and leave the convention without a refund.

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

1. Use good judgment. Even if it complies with the remaining rules, if it is unsafe or would reduce the enjoyment of others, please don't do it.
2. No projectile weapons. If it projects a solid, liquid, gas, or energy with enough force to annoy, it is a projectile weapon.
3. 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.
4. All edged weapons must be peace-bound and incapable of being drawn. We will have security staff to assist with enforcement of this.
5. 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).
6. **Weapons may not be drawn in any public area of the convention!**
7. 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).
8. We define weapons to include real weapons, facsimile weapons, anything actually used as a weapon, and anything an otherwise ignorant being would surmise is a weapon.

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!**

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.

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.

YOU might be the match to save a life.

A person looking for a stem cell match may find **1** potential donor in a pool of 20,000, 1,000,000,

or more . . .

Many people do not consider donating because they may not know they can help, but also because they have misconceptions about the donation process. The drive is a great venue for getting your questions answered.

Register as a bone marrow donor with the New York Blood Center

Saturday March 21 > at Lunacon healemru.com

HOURS OF OPERATION

Registration

Friday 3 p.m. – 10 p.m.
 Saturday 9 a.m. – 6 p.m.
 Sunday 9 a.m. – Noon

Con Suite

Friday 4 p.m. – 2 a.m.
The Con Suite will close at 8 p.m. and will reopen at 9 p.m., hosted by Arisia.
 Saturday 9 a.m. – 2 a.m.
 Sunday 9 a.m. – 2 a.m.

Blood Drive

Saturday 11 a.m. – 4:30 p.m.

Dealers' Room

Friday 5 p.m. – 8 p.m.
 Saturday 10 a.m. – 6 p.m.
 Sunday 10 a.m. – 3 p.m.

Art Show

Friday 7 p.m. – 9:30 p.m.
 Saturday 10 a.m. – 9 p.m.
 Sunday 9 a.m. – 11 a.m.
 Close for auction 11:00 a.m.
 Auction & Book Raffle
 Noon – 2 p.m.
 Sales & check-out
 1 p.m. – 4 p.m.
 (or as soon as the auction closes)

Member Services

Friday 3 p.m. – 7 p.m.
 Saturday 9 a.m. – 6 p.m.
 Sunday 9 a.m. – 3 p.m.

Masquerade Registration

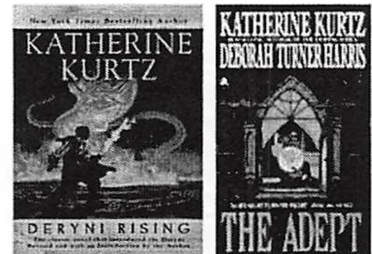
Saturday 10 a.m. – 6 p.m.

Volunteers

Friday 5 p.m. – 9 p.m.
 Saturday 10 a.m. – 7 p.m.
 Sunday 10 a.m. – 3 p.m.

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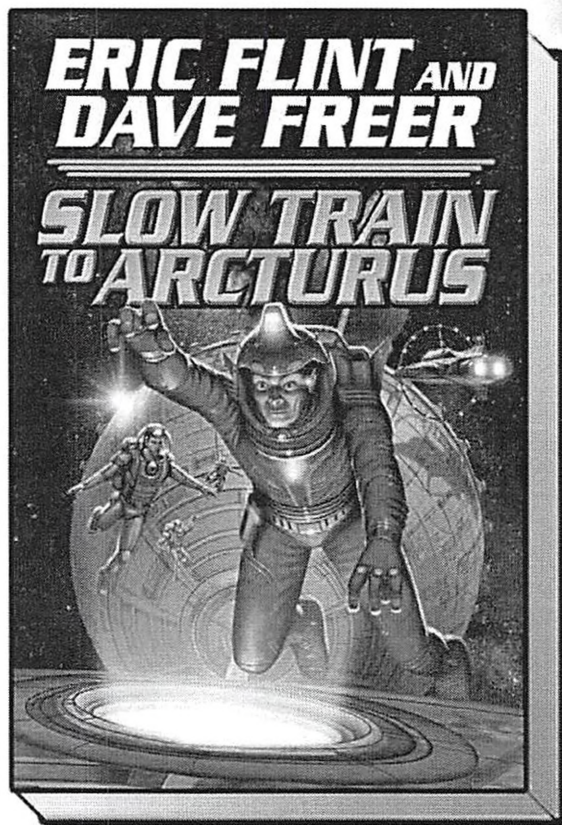
Author of the Deryni series and co-author of the Adept series

Artist Guest of Honor Alan Welch

Music Guest of Honor Kathy Mar

Costume contests, gaming, Klingon Karaoke, Rocky Horror by F5, charity auction, paranormal, zombie walk, discussion panels with some fascinating authors, dealers room, computer games, filking, 501st Stormtroopers, Charlotte Fan Force, Stargate Operations, SCA, Special Performances by Geek Comedy Tour & The Akashic Mysteries and more...

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Make Tracks to the Stars!

"[T]he sharpest moments in this giddy entertainment are those where [Flint and Freer] blithely skewer human mores."

—*Publishers Weekly on Rats, Bats & Vats*

O Ye civilized of Earth: send forth your outcasts, your primitive throwbacks, your religious fundamentalists, your sexual separatists—and heck, you can even toss in your totalitarian crackpots in the bargain. Pack them all in sealed habitats, rocket them into space, and pronounce good riddance to those lunatics, oddballs and losers!

But if you happen to be an alien explorer stranded on that ship and looking to find a way home? Well then, your one chance lies in seeking out the true iconoclasts in a sea of nutcase societies—for verily, it is only the absolutely original and terminally weird who shall inherit the stars!

New York Times best-seller Eric Flint and Dave Freer deliver an adventure through the eeriest alien realm of all—human culture at its most extreme!

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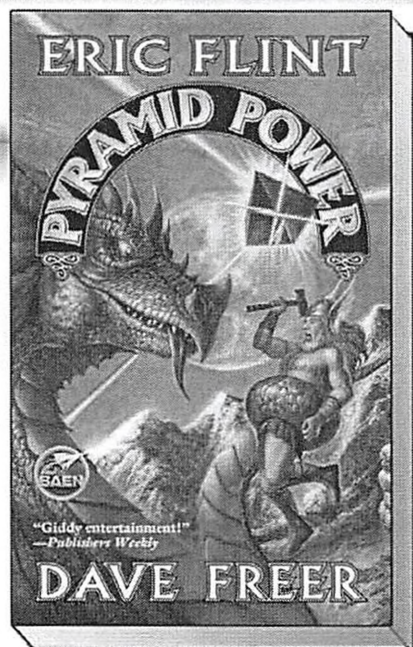


Alien Ragnarok!

"[A] charmingly picaresque journey."
—*Publishers Weekly on Pyramid Scheme*

A mysterious pyramid appears in Chicago, oozing fantastic creatures and sucking humans into our own mythological past. Now when a team sent to capture an AWOL government official gets into deep trouble with a certain one-eyed Norse god, mythologist Jerry Lukacs must risk bringing on Ragnarok itself to save human mythology from alien domination!

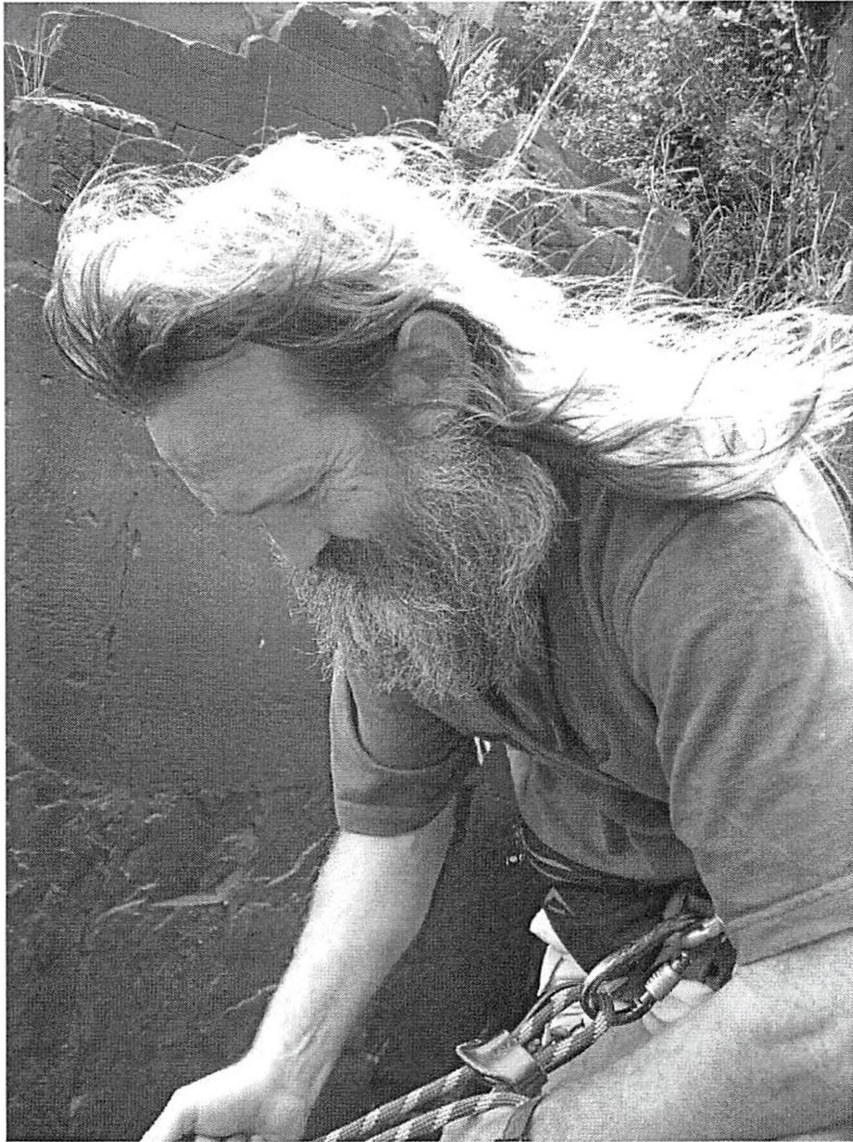
The rollicking sequel to Eric Flint and Dave Freer's action-packed romp, *Pyramid Scheme*.



1-4165-5596-X 480pp \$7.99/9.50

DAVE FREER – GUEST OF HONOR

7



The Ascent Of Writer

by
Sarah A. Hoyt

I first met Dave Freer five years ago via email. I was working on a project – which I still must finish – with Eric Flint, and Eric said “Let’s get my friend Dave in South Africa to help us brainstorm. The man has the weirdest ideas. Sometimes I fear for his sanity.”

I thought this was, possibly, the strangest recommendation for getting someone on a brainstorming loop, but after I had spent some time caught in the middle of their messages – and getting rather dizzy on the fast-flow of information with old-friend tags and references I didn’t quite get – I understood why Eric had brought Dave in. On the other hand, after Dave and I found ourselves “singing” the theme song of Black Adder at each other on the headings of emails, I realized I had found a long-lost relative by mind if not by blood and that we would be friends forever.

So, who is this person, Dave Freer?

The basics you probably know as well as I do, and if not you should go to his official website and poke around: www.davefreer.com.

DAVE FREER – GUEST OF HONOR

Dave was born in South Africa and claims to be of half Scots, half Yorkshire and half Afrikaans descent. If you have figured out this adds up to three halves, file it away for future reference. It shall all be explained.

He was called up to the South African army and spent time as an army medic while people shot at him. When he came out he became a doctor in dead fish – though he prefers to call it a Phd in Marine Biology – possibly because it's hard to dissect fish while keeping them alive. I know he's worked in fishing boats; in shark study boats – ask him about cuddling sharks, sometime – and in creating artificial habitats for raising fish in. I also know he rock climbs, cooks, dives in caves, swims with sharks and does a hundred other foolhardy things that cause his friends to hold their collective breaths whenever he announces he's going 'on vacation.' What this all boils down to is that if you need to know anything – anything at all – and get Dave on the phone there's a good chance he can answer you.

He doesn't present like that, of course. Or perhaps not of course. The world is so full of know-nothings pretending to be know it alls that finding the reverse comes as a horrible shock. Dave presents himself as "aw shucks, nothing much", from his chosen handle of Dr. Monkey, while everyone else in the Baen Bar was choosing dragons and other high-flung mythical animals, to his insistence that he's just an average guy doing the best he can. It is only when you pierce through the self-deprecating humor, the rather horrible puns and the ever-supportive ear when you're in need that you realize you are speaking to someone whose eager curiosity and insatiable mind consumes fiction and non-fiction indiscriminately, studying both human nature and any facts he stumbles upon with the same undimmed interest. And then you realize where that three half ancestry comes from – because Dave is easily at least one half, possibly twice as large as life.

If you read his books, they present the same way. You start reading them and you think they're nothing much. Easy-reading stuff, the equivalent of easy listening music. He makes them so easy to read – so easy to enjoy – that you think they must be puerile entertainment with not much depth. I think it is this impression – which I know is consciously fostered – that causes people to underestimate his prowess as a writer.

It is only after you put the books down that you realize the situation and the characters stay with you, that you keep wondering what happened to them after the story ended, that you turn in your mind how things might have gone differently. And it is only the second or third time you read one of his books that you realize how much you missed of depth, of emotion, of sheer significance during that first easy read-through.

The same way the man who presents in the rather unassuming way will turn out to be the most loyal of friends, the hardest of workers and the most honorable of debaters, the writer you think of as (just! – as if it weren't a feat on his own) easy to read and entertaining will turn out on second or third reading to be a deep, philosophical and wise writer, one whose work will enrich your life in ways you couldn't have anticipated.

What are you doing still reading this? I'm sure there are Dave Freer books on sale somewhere nearby. Go and buy them and read them. He is both a better writer and a more interesting person than I could ever be. Don't waste your time with me. Go and read him!

DAVE FREER – GUEST OF HONOR

Bibliography

9

The Forlorn, 1999.
The Wizard of Karres (with Eric Flint and Mercedes Lackey), 2004.
Slow Train to Arcturus (with Eric Flint), 2008.

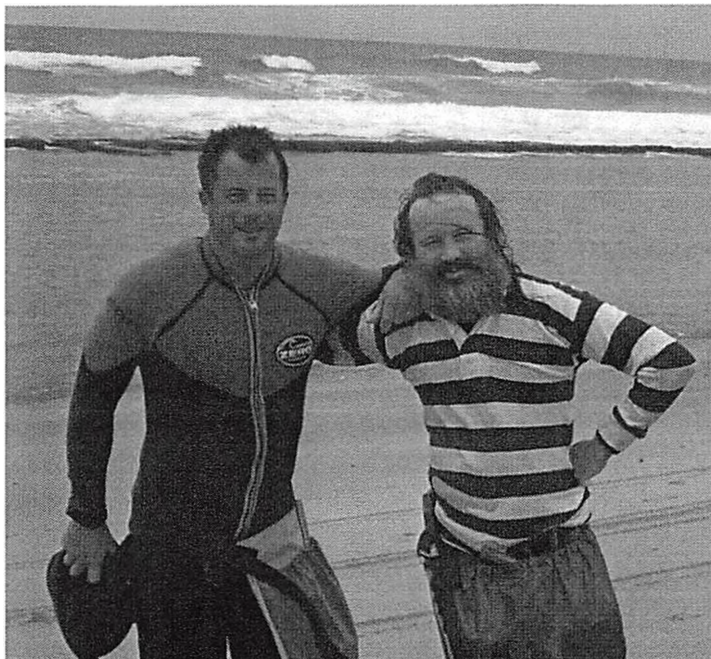
Rats, Bats and Vats series (with Eric Flint):
Rats, Bats and Vats, 2000.
The Rats, the Bats and the Ugly, 2004.

Pyramid series (with Eric Flint):
Pyramid Scheme, 2001.
Pyramid Power, 2007.

Heirs of Alexandria series (with Eric Flint and Mercedes Lackey):
The Shadow of the Lion, 2002.
This Rough Magic, 2003.
A Mankind Witch (solo novel), 2005
Much Fall of Blood [forthcoming: Mar 2010]

Short Fiction
A Lineman for the Country (2004)
Red Fiddler (2005) with Eric Flint
Candy-Blossom (2006)
Fish Story, Episode 1 (2006) with Andrew Dennis and Eric Flint
Fish Story, Episode 2 (2006) with Eric Flint and Andrew Dennis
Fish Story, Episode 3 (2006) with Eric Flint and Andrew Dennis
Fish Story, Episode 4 (2006) with Eric Flint and Andrew Dennis

Fish Story, Episode 5 (2007) with Eric Flint and Andrew Dennis
Crawlspace (2007) with Eric Flint
Fish Story, Episode 6 (2007) with Andrew Dennis and Eric Flint
Thin Ice (2007)
Fish Story, Episode 7: We're Going to Need a Bigger Pub (2007) with Andrew Dennis and Eric Flint
Fish Story, Episode 8: The Yellow Sub . . . (2007) with Eric Flint and Andrew Dennis
Fish Story, Episode Nine: Love at First Bite (2007) with Eric Flint and Andrew Dennis
Jack (2007)
Fish Story, Episode Ten: The A-Team (2007) with Eric Flint and Andrew Dennis
Boys (2007)
Diving Belle? (2008) with Gunnar Dahlin
Fish Story, Episode Eleven, The End of Mankind (2008) with Andrew Dennis and Eric Flint
Regency Sprite (2008)
The Witch's Murder (2008) with Eric Flint
Fish Story, Episode Twelve: Make It More Complicated (2008) with Eric Flint and Andrew Dennis
The War, Me, 17 Million Dollars and a Stripper (2008)
Fish Story, Episode Thirteen, The Plot to End the Universe (2008) with Eric Flint and Andrew Dennis
Fish Story, Episode Fourteen, Punctiphobia: An Inordinate Fear of Spots (2008) with Andrew Dennis and Eric Flint
The Post Gnawreate and the Taxman (2008)
Fish Story, Episode Fifteen: They Came from Beyond (2008) with Eric Flint and Andrew Dennis



Dave and a friend, wet and bedraggled out of the sea.

Dragon's Ring

by
Dave Freer

CHAPTER 1

A few yards in front of Meb, the green headland dropped away to the sea far below the fractured basalt of the cliff. The wind carried the shriek and mew of the gray-backed gulls swooping out from their cliff-nests. That should have been a warning to her.

But Meb was too busy. Dreaming, and lost in her dream.

When the boats came in on the morrow's tide, she'd be working too hard to dream. Along with every other woman in the fishing hamlet, she'd be gilling and gutting fish, as fast as her hands could work. A person had to concentrate when they had a razor-sharp knife in their hand. She still had the scar from learning that lesson. Today... well, today the East wind had kept everyone home, with not as much as a coble out on the bay. A cold mist clung to the water out there, as it did when the wind was in this quarter, hiding reefs and landmarks, muffling the warning sounds of surf.

She sighed. There had to be more to life than fish-guts. She turned the focus of her attention inward again, not sure what had disturbed her. In her mind, she rode a dragon across the sky of Tasmarin. His scales gleamed obsidian...

Being precise by nature she tried to get the details of the dragon right, but it evaded her. Of course, there was no such thing as a black dragon, but the basic shape was the same for all dragons. Their overlord, the dragon Lord Ilarian, flew seldom, but if only he would make a turn over the bay, and land on the fang-rocks across the inlet.

She looked out across the sea, her gaze drifting unseeing across the black ship clawing its way inwards across the bay. Another, and then another, followed it, sliding out of the cloaking sea-mist, long oars raking herringbone patterns on the still water. Meb was not truly aware of their presence. They were not what she was looking for.

And then, to her delight, she saw the dragon spin down from heaven in a tasseled and spiky spiral of shimmer of sable, flaring its wings to land on the rocks across the water from the ships.

Suddenly her mind registered the shrieking gulls... and the ships. Her first thought was that the fleet must be in early -- the gulls were flying off to feast on the scraps. And here she was idling on the cliff-top! She stood up hastily, wiping her hands on her patched skirts.

But... but they hadn't gone to sea today!

A second, incredulous look told her that this was something far worse than being late for the gutting. The gulls might be fooled into believing that all ships were fishing-boats, but Meb wasn't. She knew a galley from a fat-bottomed fishing smack, no matter what her adopted family said about her.

A bare second's hesitation and she lifted her skirts and began to sprint back, frantically screaming "raiders!" and waving her and hauling her skirts up, like some demented running windmill.

The broken basalt of the cliff curved high above the bay. From time to time pieces fell off, down into the hungry waves that ate at its foot. Running along its edge Meb was gasping for breath already. If she'd stopped to think for a moment, she'd have realized that she couldn't both run and yell, but she wasn't thinking, right then. Still doing her best to sprint, she cut as close to the curve of the rotting cliff-top as she dared. She had to get to the village before them.

Too late, Meb realized that she'd dared too much.

A curl of white-hot steam drifted away from Fionn's mouth. His talons dug into the sea-etched
Lunacon 2009

March 20 - 22, 2009

Rye Brook, NY

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Scott Sigler

2008 Compton Crook Award Winner

Mark L. Van Name

2009 Compton Crook Award Winner

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basalt. He twitched, sending a shimmering shiver through his ebony scales. He'd always been a bit wary about the vast surge of salt water. It was even more relentless than dragons.

You had to see the funny side of it, he thought, grinning wryly to himself. He was aware that the force lines of everything from water to earth had been badly twisted and torn here by some adept's bungling magics. That was not surprising. Magic workers usually used mafeic, without understand how -- or what -- they were doing, simply following a rote. He was used to having to adjust objects and tweak forces after their of bungling. But it was the first time he'd actually been a part of the crude tangle. Well, the balances out here near the edge of the world were unstable anyway. There was a seasonal flux, something you got so close to the edge of existence, where matter had been twisted and abused. Still: Yenfar was one of the largest and most stable of the islands. He had not expected it here.

Fionn blinked his huge scarlet eyes, adjusting his vision to the entire spectrum of energies, not just the visible spectra, but all of them. Now he saw the world as a swirling soup of complex patterns, not merely as reflections of light. And the weave here was indeed twisted, dented and torn. Water, sky and earth energies swirled well away from the true shape of their physical being. Chaos and misery! He sighed. A planomancer's work was never done. He'd rather be sitting in the shade, drinking cool wine, with a platter of crispy fried whitebait and baby squid on the side -- which was exactly what he had been doing before the summoning -- than wrestling with this mess. He chuckled. Ah well. It had got him out of paying for the earlier bottles of wine and platters of food rather neatly. Saved him a bit of trouble.

It was odd, though. The summoning had felt like human magic. But there were no human magicians in Tasmarin.

Dragonkind had hunted down and killed all of them.

Falling takes a long, long time, thought Meb. It was either that, or time itself that stretched. The first idea was somehow easier to deal with. Like the scream that came from her mouth, falling to her death seemed to be happening to someone else. Even if she survived the fall, the sea would kill her. The villagers knew perfectly well that it killed men, let alone women. Women didn't even go out on the fishing boats, never mind into the sea. The blue water was full of sharks, rays, whales and merrows. She'd never actually seen one of the merpeople. She had, somehow, a time for regret and to try and imagine what a half-fish half-man really looked like before she hit the water.

It was a lot harder than she'd thought it would be.

Fionn shifted his weight uneasily. There it was again. Just as he'd worked out what would need re-alignment, something plucked and twisted at the water energy lines, changing them. The cliff on the far side of the bay was re-aligning itself, cascading in a shower of rocks and turf into the foam-edged blue. That could not account for this tweak, however. It was more like a great, clumsy hand pulling fatelines, with no care for what it did to water or earth or even fire. He frowned.

Humans!

Fionn paid more attention to humankind -- the lice, as the others put it -- than most Dragons did. They were an unusual interest for a Dragon. But then, he was an unusual Dragon. Unique on this plane, possibly the last of his kind on any plane, anywhere.

That didn't mean that he interfered with human affairs.

It would have been a great deal too much like hard work, for a start.

He paid no attention to the raider-galleys whose keels were crunching onto the shingle. Instead, he reached a long-taloned forepaw into his front-pouch and hauled out a wad of folded parchment. He looked around and grimaced. These rocks were not a good spot. Nowhere flat to lay out the diagrams. He spread his wings, unfolding the joints, extending them. It was a lousy place to launch from, but it was either fly from here or swim. The water looked cold, and might get at the charts. There was much labor in the drawing of

DAVE FREER – DRAGON’S RING

14 them, and didn't feel like doing it again. The way things were finally falling apart on this plane of existence, he didn't think that he'd have enough time to, before the end.

He'd done enough work to get it into this dire state.

He launched. A trailing tip of his vast wings just touched the water. It was, indeed, cold.

Meb found that the water was not only hard, but also icy. The sudden shock of the cold broke the odd unreality of her falling trance. She was going die! DIE!

Eyes wide open, all she could see was trailing bubbles and blue. She thrashed wildly, panic overwhelming thought.

Her head broke through into the air. She gasped for breath, frantically flailing at the water to stay afloat.

A wave hit her in the face, tumbling her.

And then strong, web-fingered hands seized her, dragging her under.

She fought them with all her remaining strength as they hauled her down into the watery darkness.

She was so busy struggling that she took a while to realize that she could breathe. And hear.

"Will you stop all this thrashing about, woman!" said someone irritably. "'tis hard enough swimming with you, without that."

Part of Meb was unwilling to let go of her panic. *This was the sea. You died in the sea.* Another part of her, the odd rational bit that poked fun at the rest of her, that also dreamed dreams that rose along way above fish-guts, said: *'Don't be afraid. Be terrified. And breathe deeply.'*

As usual, the ordinary village Meb listened to the inner voice, after a while. She was stiff with fear, but at least she could breathe... And cough. It was amazing that there still was any sea left out there. She seemed to have swallowed most of it. And now she was dead.

The rational part of her mind said: *'so why are you still breathing?'*

"Sit here. There's a bit of a shelf," said the voice. "I'll need to make a light so that we can inspect the damage."

The 'shelf' was rough with barnacles, narrow and awash. The current plucked at her as she sat on it. But at least she was half above water, on something solid. She tried to dig her fingers into the very rock. The place reeked of drying sea-life: seaweed, dead crabs and a hint of fish.

Then she saw a greenish-white spark glowing in the darkness. It grew into a globe of light of the same color, held in a webbed hand. The hand had rather more fingers than was normal. It was also blue and scaly, like the rest of the merrow it was attached to. He smiled at her. His smile revealed white teeth. They weren't square and blunt like human teeth. No, his teeth were pointed and sharp. He held the light up, looking her over thoughtfully.

"Well, you don't appear to be bleeding too much," he said, sounding a little regretful. "Any other injuries besides those that I can see?"

She stared at him. At his tasseled fins and the toothy smile.

"Shark got your tongue, maybe?" he said, sardonically. "I asked you a question, human wench. Are you all right?"

She coughed.

"I'll take that as a yes, shall I?" said the Merrow.

"What are you doing to me?" asked Meb, weakly. She started to shiver.

"Ah. Now that'd be a question," said the Merrow, with yet another nasty toothy grin. "Saving you from drowning would be my guess. What do you think?"

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LARRY DIXON – ARTIST GUEST OF HONOR

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Larry Dixon is a respected, funny, friendly and completely approachable guy with a diverse and adventurous history. He is a “Player Character,” as he puts it, whose life seems like fiction---but he is completely for real.

Son of a Delta Force career commando and an Oklahoman farmgirl, Larry grew up in many American and European settings, usually haunting the local art museums and hobby stores. At age 9 he saved up his babysitting money and bought his first typewriter, intent upon writing and illustrating his own novels. Northern Italy is where his passions for painting, sculpting and storytelling took root, as well as his interests in state-level diplomacy, early computers and rocketry.

In Junior High, Larry became one of the “Boy Wonder” strategists at the Ft. Bragg Battle Simulations Center, spending his weekends facing off against Army officers on armor-and-batallion sand tables. During this time, he learned Chainmail and D&D from some of the original mimeographed and handwritten manuscripts of the games. He has been a roleplaying games buff since the 1970’s, and has illustrated or helped design many RPGs.

LARRY DIXON – ARTIST GUEST OF HONOR

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Educated at the North Carolina School of the Arts during High School, and then at the Savannah College of Art and Design, his story work became as popular as his artwork. He has been an uncredited co-plotter or co-writer for many popular properties, bringing jovial and energetic approaches to collaborative work. Many cover-credited novels have followed, too, including the ever-popular Gryphon series, the Winds, Storms, SERRATED Edge, and Owl books with the mighty Mercedes (Misty) Lackey. BORN TO RUN has been hailed as a “romp with a conscience,” and THE BLACK GRYPHON has been critically referred to as “A modern classic,” and is in its nineteenth printing.

As a birds-of-prey rehabilitation specialist, he and his wife Misty have gotten over four hundred hawks, owls, falcons and corbies back into the wild from their home-based facilities in Oklahoma. Additionally, Larry is an accomplished race car driver, storm-spotter, volunteer firefighter, world traveler, aviculturist, show host, occasional movie consultant/special effects man, model maker and internet veteran. His biggest movie contribution thus far---though still very minor, he says---is as the Great Eagles advisor for Peter Jackson’s Lord Of the Rings films.

Larry loves standup comedy; genre movies; subcultures; aikido; storms; design; SF TV; odd cars (he owns many, and a few even run); his hawks, cockatoos and owls; history; comic books; architecture; costume; road trips; woodworking; studio scale and hobby scale modelmaking; International Rally and American LeMans Series racing; dirty jokes; club/trance/electronica, synth, experimental, and ambient music; and just plain making people feel good about themselves.

Additionally, Larry sponsors substance abuse rehab patients and he seems to be the “go to guy” for emotional, relationship, and life-direction advice. He is a survivor of many serious illnesses and refuses to be stopped by his health circumstances. Over the years, his rescue work has led to all sorts of injuries (when a paramedic calls a man “hard to kill,” you know a guy’s been around). He’s licensed as a bodyguard and trained in executive protection & extraction and combat driving. As of this writing, he is also just a few months short of his private investigator license.

Larry’s work is in a dozen languages and millions of copies in print, and he’s been a Guest at over 200 conventions worldwide over the last 25 years. BUT---he’s available for work, don’t be bashful about asking. He isn’t ALWAYS off on some adventure. Be bold!

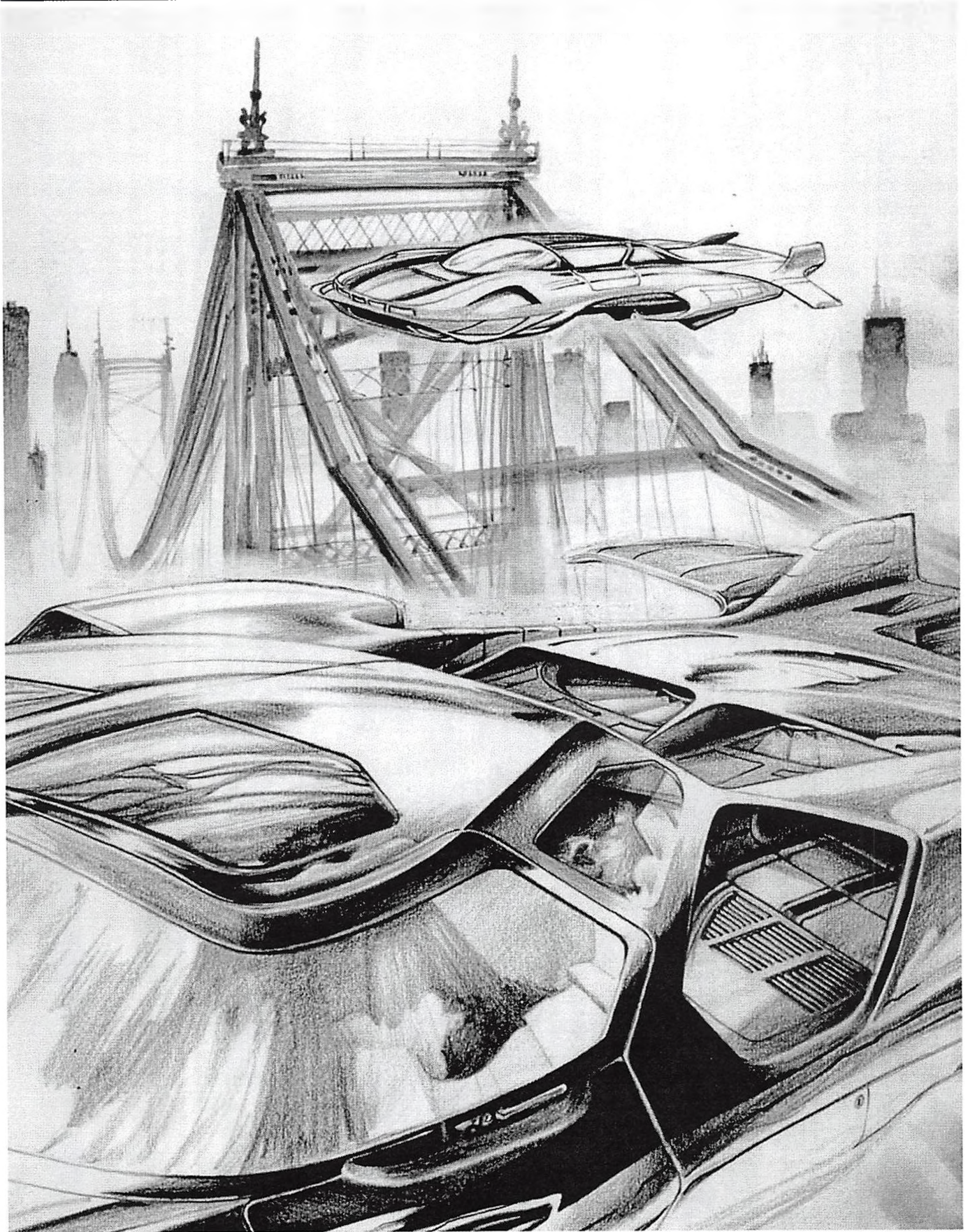
His ongoing, everchanging decades-long romance with Mercedes Lackey is legendary. Larry feels equally comfortable around generals, rock stars, fans, firefighters, victims, cops, media and movie makers because, hey, he’s an Okie. Definitely chat with him or ask questions at panels about approaches to your work---nothing makes him happier than helping someone with their avocations, and bringing more beauty into the world.



Gryphlet

THE ART OF LARRY DIXON

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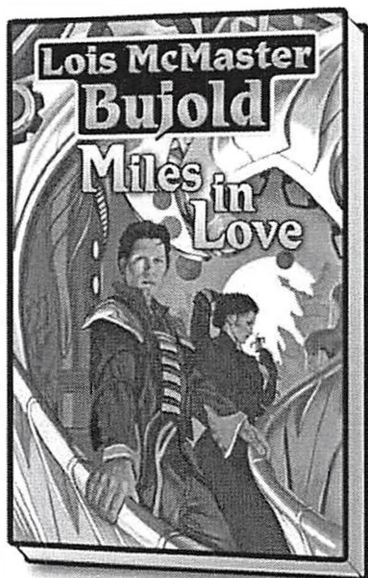
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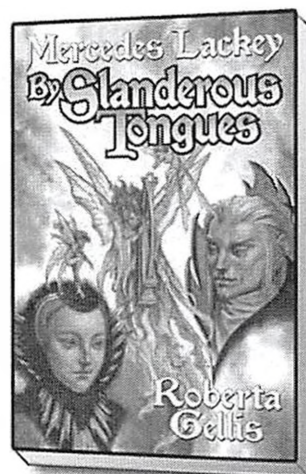
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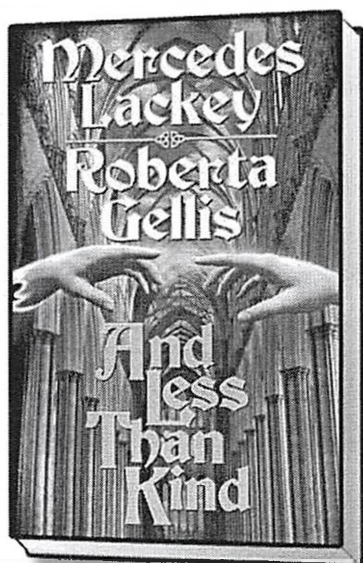
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APRIL 2008



Introduction

by
Michael Z. Williamson

Mercedes Lackey is an interesting lady.

Some of you may know about her background in computer programming. It's the type of background which goes with hard science fiction, which Misty has written, but not so much with the various genres of fantasy she's famous for. She's also written and recorded filk songs in her universes. She creates models of some of her characters from dolls, stitching detailed scale costumes. When not busy with that, she rehabilitates raptors, including a very handsome owl I saw once.

Her fantasy includes historical and mythical themes (Valdemar, Bardic Voices) (well, sort of. They have their own unique flavor that is part high fantasy, part historical, part something. Just read a couple, if you haven't already), old folktales set in the early 20th Century (Elemental Masters), urban fantasy that sometimes includes elves and race cars (The SERRATED Edge), alternate history fantasy (Heirs of Alexandria), pure fairy tales (though with her own twists)(The Black Swan and Firebird) .

That only leaves about...sixty? Seventy other books to enjoy? In several other universes. It would take a dedicated fan at least a couple of weeks to plow through that, assuming some time to sleep.

But she's more than just the author persona. She does rehabilitate raptors. She raises chickens. She filks on occasion (and hopefully some occasion soon). She's a dedicated gamer. She's a volunteer firefighter. She's helpful to friends, and even occasional strangers in need.

MERCEDES LACKEY – SPECIAL GUEST

I stopped by their weird house once (it would be weird even without them) on my way to an Air Force school in Texas. We talked books and art and had burgers and Larry burned some CDs for my 12 hour drive and I saw the birds and the cars--Larry has a few cars, including some rarities. Someday they'll all run. In the meantime, it keeps him off the street...Heck of a two hours, that was. Some of her stories are like that, too; barely time to catch breath between happenings.

We haven't talked much recently. Between writing, "real world," and my deployment overseas, we've swapped little commentary of late. However, a hobby we enjoyed on and off for years was dismantling a variety of conspiracy theories, and there are a lot of them. She joked that if we could only package and sell that stuff...as literature, not fertilizer.

We agree on a few issues, but have widely divergent positions on others, which I've always found to be more educational than talking to people I agree with.

I don't think I'm the only writer who found her graciously helpful with advice while getting started. Her advice and help saved my professional butt on at least two occasions. That's not as exciting as blackjacks in an alley, but it's still backup you can depend on.

Even before that, though, she was an aficionado of my blades. I believe she and Larry and a couple of friends have some of my custom work, which makes me very pleased indeed.

If Valdemar ever came to life, her characters would need swords and knives. I'd happily outfit the lot of them, especially Alberich.

Read her books, but more importantly, meet her in person for a few minutes. You'll be richer for it, and the books even better. Just get there early. There could be a line.

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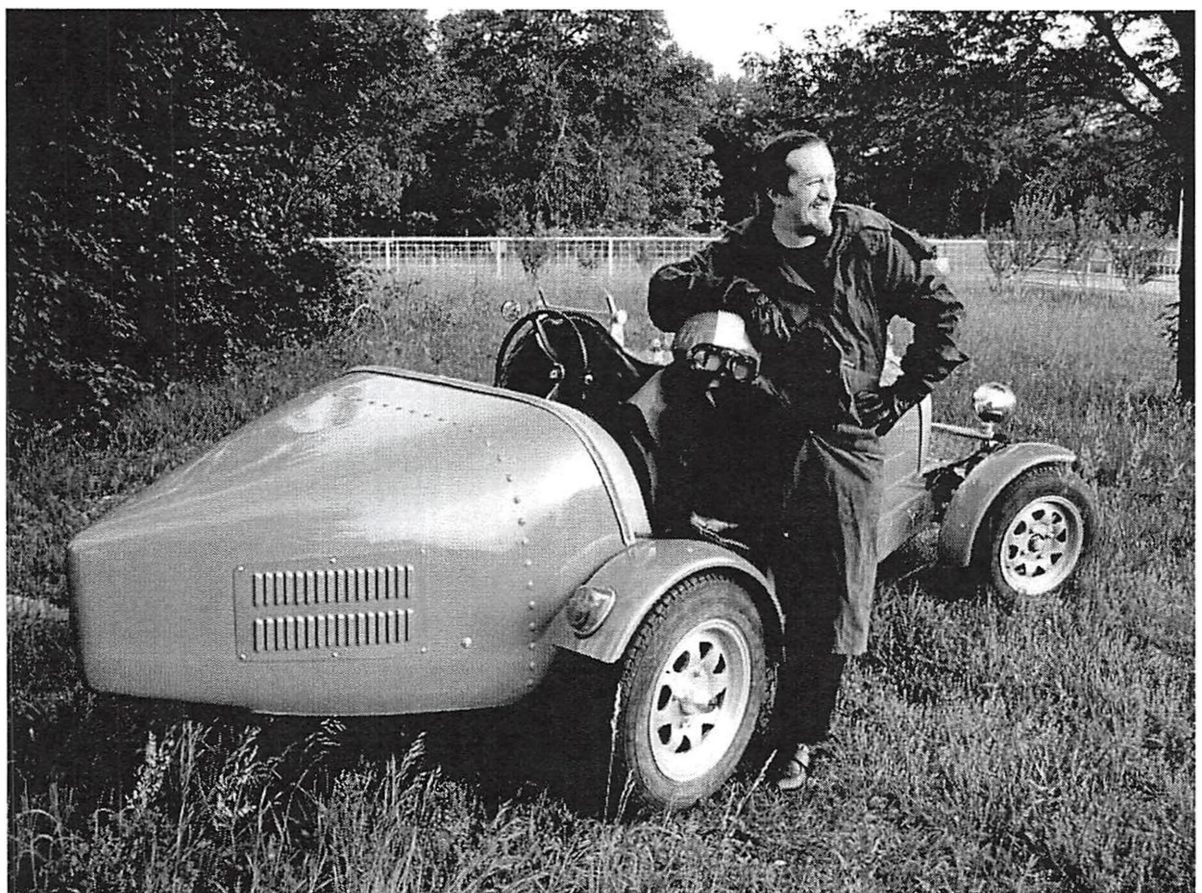
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MERCEDES LACKEY & LARRY DIXON



Gwenhwyfar: The White Spirit

by
Mercedes Lackey

Luck was with them. When the troop eased up towards the Saxon camp, five of the men were still asleep, and the sixth was nodding over his axe, his back warming at the fire. Gwen signaled all of them to leave the rightmost man alive. They nodded and spread out a bit, so as to get a better field of fire. Her shot would be the signal to the other three.

She lined up six arrows point-down into the snow, then put a seventh on the string. Seven. Always her lucky number. She pulled back her arrow, sighted carefully on the lookout, and let fly.

The first missed, lodging in his shoulder. But before he could shout, her second took him in the throat. Her third and fourth went into one of the sleepers, as two more arrows hit the sentry before he could slump to the ground, her fifth and sixth went into the next sleeper, and her seventh into a third. By that time, all of the men but the one she had designated as the one to save were feathered with four to six shafts,

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MERCEDES LACKEY – GWENHWYFAR

all without any of them uttering a sound. The last one woke by being kicked over by Aeron, to find three sword-points at his throat.

He tried to get up and fight anyway. That didn't last long. He was lying down, and although his axe was at his hand, there wasn't much he could do before a vicious slash to his arm opened it up from wrist to elbow. Aeron was the best of them at sword-work; he managed to keep from cutting the man open so badly he would bleed to death before they found anything out from him.

Gwen had stayed well out of his line of sight, letting the men disarm him and tie him up. She had an idea; she didn't much like the results she had been getting from beating information out of prisoners—it tended to be wrong as often as right, and there was no way of knowing which. She'd talked this over with the troop this morning, and they had agreed with her on that point, and agreed to let her try something different.

One of the things in her kit was powdered chalk; she used it to dust her hands with when she was going to attempt a difficult climb, or when she was unsure of her grip on a weapon. While the other two kept the prisoner busy, Aeron came over and helped her dust it all over her face. She held her breath to keep from inhaling any of it, then did the same with her bare hands. Then she took off her cloak, and unbound her hair, and approached the prisoner from behind, naked sword in her white hands.

Owain wrenched him around when she was in place, and forced him to his knees so that he gaped up at the white-faced, white-haired, gray-clad virago glaring down at him.

His eyes registered his shock. She smiled.

"Do you know what I am?" she whispered in Saxon. She had reckoned that whispering would be more impressive than speaking.

His mouth worked for some time before any words came out. "Th-th-th-the White Ghost!" he stammered, sweat starting all over his greasy brow.

She leaned down slightly. "Yes," she breathed. "And I eat men's souls. The bodies I leave for my black chickens."

As if on cue, several ravens, attracted by the red blood soaking into the white snow, and made bold by winter hunger, alighted in the tree branches above her, calling. She did not bother to keep the glee from her face. This could not have been timed better if she had planned it.

His face had been white with pain and fear, but now every vestige of blood drained from it. She leaned forward a little more. "I have feasted upon the spirits of your companions," she said, narrowing her eyes and smiling as if sated. "And I am inclined to let you live—if you tell me what I wish to know."

She straightened, and allowed the smile to slip from her face. “You might as well,” she added. “I will have it from you anyway.”

By the time the man fainted, he had told her everything he knew. Not a great deal, but it was enough. Indeed, this group had been advance scouts to test the borders of Pwyll, moving ahead of the Saxon Army. As she had suspected, they were making a push here, but not only because of the pressure that High King Arthur was putting on the Saxon Kingdoms in the east, but because they hoped to flank him by spring, and when his army rode out again, to cut it off from his lands and supplies.

As her men looted the bodies—and she made a good trade with Owein, to whom the short sword had fallen, her longer blade for the Roman gladius—they discussed this. She glanced over at the unconscious prisoner, belting on the new blade.

“I have an idea in mind,” she said, finally, as the other three debated the merits of trying to haul him back with them, or killing him outright. The men broke off the discussion, which was getting a little heated, and gave her silence. “I’m thinking we should take off his thumb so he’s spoiled as a warrior, and turn him loose to make his way back to his lines.”

They stared at her in utter astonishment. “But—why?” Aeron asked, finally.

But Miceil had the answer already. “He thinks you be a thing uncanny, lady,” the eldest of them said, slowly. “And you be wanting him to take that back with him. That King Lleudd has some terrible spirit bound to his service. Ghost, fae, witch, any or all. It doesn’t matter, the tale will grow in the telling.”

She nodded, and looked to the other two. “What say you?”

Aeron grinned broadly, and spread his hands. “Peder’ll be proud, girl. He’ll wreak more havoc on his own with his tales than we could with a hundred men.”

Owein finally chuckled. “Aye. Aye. I’m for it.”

She wiped the chalk off her face with the fur of her cloak. “Right then. Take the thumb so he can’t use an axe, or any other weapon. I’ll not send another fighter back to them. Cauterize the stump and that wound in his arm, and leave him with food and water enough to get back to his lines. He’ll leave a trail a blind man could follow. Aeron, you and Owein ghost after him, make sure he actually *gets* there, and come back to our lines when you see the Saxon army so we know where they are. Miceil and I will get back to our people and report.”

Aeron gave the old Roman fist-to-shoulder salute some of the men, particularly those that had served with the High King, still used. It was the first time, however, that anyone had ever given it to *her*, and she felt warm inside. “As you will it, lady. Tis a privilege to serve you.”

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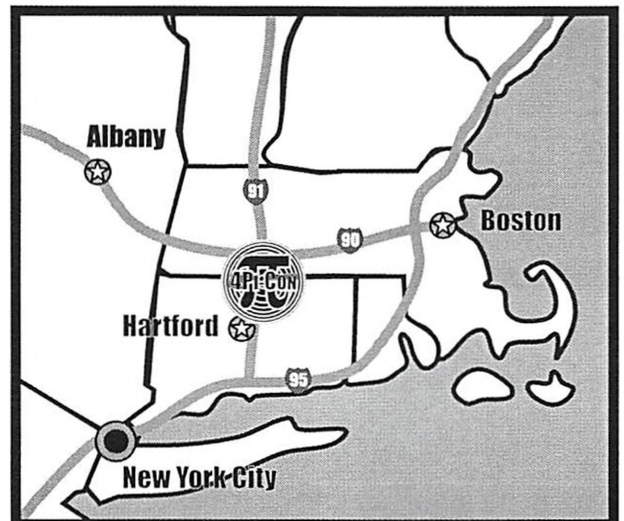
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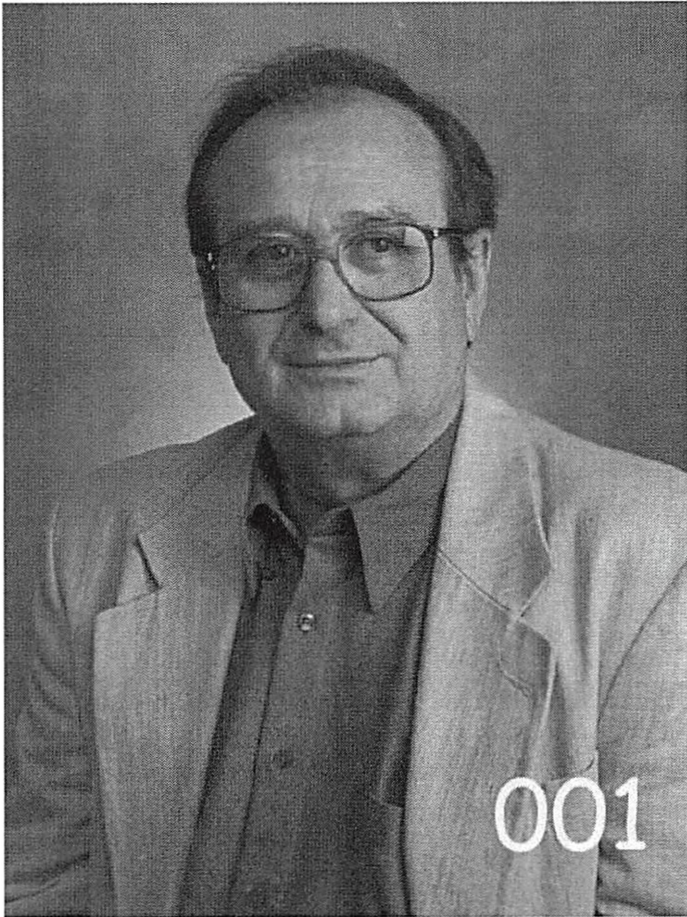
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Toastmaster: Eric Flint

by
David Drake

Eric Flint is a very smart, very opinionated, fellow who has never in my experience allowed the fact that he knows a great deal to prevent him from learning more. His learning curve is as steep as Henry Kuttner's was. When he started out, he was a good writer; today he's one of the very top handful of storytellers in the fantasy and science fiction field.

Eric came from a privileged background--well, from money, which amounts to about the same thing in this country--and got deep enough into Academe (an MA in history from UCLA) to realize that he didn't want any more of it. He was already a Trotskyist (Eric teaches as well as learns. He's taught me that Trotskyite is a Stalinist slur.) He became a labor organizer for the Socialist Workers Party and a blue-collar worker himself.

All that gave Eric broader knowledge than most writers, let alone politicians and philosophers, can claim. Not only does he have hands-on experience as a truck driver and machinist (among other things; ask him about his stint as a Dun and Bradstreet investigator), he's been a backroom political manipulator, a candidate for city council, and the target of a Klan-sponsored mob in Birmingham, Alabama. It comes through in his writing.

My own contact with Eric began when I outlined three novels on a premise from Jim Baen: what would happen if the real Count Belisarius were linked to a supercomputer like Raj Whitehall, the Belisarius analogue I'd created for the General series? Jim sent the outlines to Eric, who immediately called with the first of many questions.

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34 One of Eric's queries by itself would've been enough to endear him to me. I'd had bad experiences with authors who've been tapped to develop an outline of mine but who couldn't do even the most basic research. For the Belisarius Series I invented a cult of the (Hindu) demigod of Mars, Mangala, for the villains to worship. That way the writer (whoever it turned out to be) wouldn't embarrass me with his ignorance of orthodox Hindu practice.

Months into the book, Eric phoned. He'd searched everywhere to find the rituals appropriate to Mangala worship, but he just couldn't find the details. Could I help him?

I did, after I stopped laughing.

The result was at least as much Eric's book as it was mine. He brought his own personality and interests to Belisarius, and his wit infuses the dialogue. Where there were problems with the rough draft of the first book (of what became a six-book series), Eric cleaned up the trouble as soon as I pointed them out. Most important, he didn't make those mistakes the next time. I can't tell you how rare it is to deal with somebody who both listens and learns.

Eric's breakthrough success, the 1632 Series, had nothing to do with me. It started as a project for another publisher, but after an education in how publishing works at houses not run by Jim Baen, it wound up back with Baen Books. (As I said above, Eric learns from experience.) 1632 not only succeeded, it became a genuine publishing phenomenon. The combination of real history and engineering with Eric's exceptional storytelling ability have made the series an obsession for some fans and a bestselling triumph for Eric and Baen.

Eric has used his success not only to extend his own range but also to help others. He mentors younger writers, has edited reissues of the stories of James H Schmitz, Murray Leinster, Christopher Anvil, Keith Laumer and other greats whom he loved as a teenager, and has run Jim Baen's Universe from its inception. JBU is the most determined and intelligent online magazine which I believe the fantasy and science fiction field will ever see.

I'm lucky to know Eric. You folks at Lunacon are lucky to have the chance to meet him.

--Dave Drake

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The Crucible of Empire

by

Eric Flint and K.D. Wentworth

The Crucible of Empire is the sequel to *The Course of Empire* (2003) by Eric Flint and K.D. Wentworth. It has been turned in, but is not yet scheduled for publication (will most likely be published within a year or so).

Chapter 25

Tully bestowed a silent blessing on Caewithe Miller. The quick-witted lieutenant had fired a flare. Finally, they could see clearly.

The first thing he saw were the two enormous Ekhat storming into the chamber. God, he'd forgotten how big the damn things were! It was like facing some sort of mammoth-sized arachnids.

But before Tully even had time to finish gritting his teeth, Mallu and the special unit were already coming forward to face the monsters. Say what you would about the stiff-necked Krant, they were tough as nails. Tully took a moment to bestow another silent blessing, this one on hillbillies of whatever species.

The first to fire an 84mm recoilless rifle was one of the two Jao whom Mallu had added to the team. Urta or Naddo, from that distance he couldn't tell which.

Tully was impressed. With only the sketchiest and most rudimentary training, the Jao managed to hit his target dead on. The head of the second and somewhat smaller Ekhat pretty much came apart. The monster's brain—or whatever did for an equivalent—was destroyed instantly. The Ekhat's six huge limbs splayed out and the monster began a slow cartwheel toward the far distant wall of the chamber, spraying blood and bits of what were presumably brains everywhere.

Hot damn! One down, one to go.

But Mallu shared none of his pleasure. The invective that followed was more colorful than anything Tully had ever heard coming from a Jao. He couldn't even follow most of it.

"—brainless crecheling, Naddo! You'll be lucky if you don't get served up as"—a term Tully didn't know came here; several of them, he thought; probably along the lines of *stinking filthy dog*—"food! Supposed to *capture* them, you idiot!"

But the object of his ire might very well not have heard him at all. Naddo had obviously not taken to heart the warnings he must have gotten from the two human corporals. "Recoilless" was an almost mystically vague term, applied to any sort of projectile weapon used in null gravity. The Jao soldier who'd fired that Deadeye Dick shot to the head was doing his own cartwheel toward the opposite wall. And not a slow one, either.

The other Jao fired. Urta, that would be. He missed the surviving Ekhat altogether and blew one of the nearby little slaves into pieces. And...

Began his own none-too-slow cartwheel toward a distant wall.

"—scrubbing decks till you keem in misery," continued Mallu, "you worthless"—here followed a number of Jao terms Tully was unfamiliar with. Probably the names of animals native to the Krant planet. Filthy, loathsome, disgusting vermin, at a guess.

ERIC FLINT – THE CRUCIBLE OF EMPIRE

Mallu, normally even-tempered, was obviously in a fury. More than anything he'd ever said, it was that which drove home to Tully just how desperately poor his kochan was. The Krant really *needed* whatever spoils value would come from capturing a live Ekhat.

Then Thomas Kelly fired. Mallu's tirade cut off abruptly. The human corporal's shot struck the surviving Ekhat at what amounted to a knee joint. The lower part of the limb was blown off and sent spinning rapidly at the same wall toward which Urta was headed.

Okay. One down, five to go. If they could sever all six of the monster's legs, they could probably take it alive. Whether or not that would lead to any sort of communicable interrogation was another matter. Tully thought that was about as likely as the proverbial snowball in hell. But it wasn't his problem—or the Krants. They'd just been set to the task of catching the critter. Somebody else could try to figure out how to talk to the damn thing.

Unfortunately, the success of Kelly's shot made the rest of it harder. Some of the impact of that shot had been absorbed by the bulk of the Krant's body, of course. And while the huge creature hadn't been sent into the rapid spin of its now-severed leg, it was still sent spinning.

A slow spin, true—but an 84mm goose wasn't really a sharpshooter's weapon. The damn thing was designed to destroy tanks, not shoot apples off spinning little William Tell's head.

Or was William Tell the guy who shot the bow? Or crossbow, whatever it was. Tully couldn't remember the stupid legend, which he didn't believe anyway.

But Dennis Greer's shot, coming right on the heels of that thought, proved him wrong. Or maybe the corporal was just lucky. Tully didn't care. Either way, another lower limb was severed and sent on its merry blood-spewing way.

Greer's 84mm round had blown off the rear leg on the same side as the leg that Kelly had taken off. If they'd been under gravity conditions, the monster would have toppled to the floor and been effectively immobilized. That couldn't happen in null gravity, of course, but the Ekhat was still pretty effectively crippled. Half-stunned, obviously, if nothing else. One of the wretched little slaves leapt to its master's side, trying to stem the bleeding of the front limb. The Ekhat rewarded it by taking off its head with one snap of the immense claws on its surviving front limb. Then, seized the torso and smashed it against the deck.

Why? Maddened by pain, maybe. Or maybe just murderous-maniac bat-crazy Ekhat. Who knew?

Or cared. Not Tully. All he wanted was that thing down and legless. What was most important was that, by sheer good luck, the monster's slam against the deck had largely nullified its spin. As a target, it was almost stationary.

As Kelly promptly demonstrated by firing a shot that took off one of the limbs on the Ekhat's opposite side. Three down, three to go. Of course, inevitably, the impact sent the Ekhat into a slow spin again. It was not a perfect universe.

Belatedly, it occurred to Tully that the problem with such a rough multi-limb amputation was that the monster would just bleed out. But there didn't seem to be much of its hideous-colored ichor coming out of the shredded limbs. Most likely—as was true of human and Jao fighting suits—the Ekhat's suit was designed to cut off blood flow in the event a limb was severed.

Humans and Jao used what amounted to automatic tourniquets for the purpose. The Ekhat being Ekhat, they probably used cauterization. But it didn't matter. Either way, there was a good chance the creature would survive having its six limbs blown off.

Guiltily, Tully realized he'd been so pre-occupied by the fight with the two Ekhat that he'd ignored what else might be happening in the cavern. But, looking around, he relaxed. Miller had



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ERIC FLINT – THE CRUCIBLE OF EMPIRE

taken charge of that fight, and he could see she and her people were mopping up what was left of the Anj without much trouble.

They'd never been much trouble, really. Tully could only see two human casualties. One was obviously dead, the suit ruptured and the body surrounded by a cloud of blood-mist. But from the way the medics were working on the other one of them, Tully didn't think he or she was badly wounded. The Anj, he now realized – these Anj, anyway – had never served the Ekhat as the kind of Janissary soldiers the Jao had been. They were probably just ship-handlers, as inept in a hand-to-hand fight like this as any similar group of human flight engineers would have been.

He had to fight down a completely inappropriate giggle then. He'd had a sudden image of human geeks sallying forth to do combat in ill-fitting spacesuits with pocket protectors.

He was helped in stifling the giggle by the sight of Mallu. Talk about maniacs! The Krant-Captain had launched himself toward the writhing Ekhat with four other Jao.

Was he mad? That pair of claws could cut through Jao battle armor about as easily as it had taken off the head of the slave. The kind of light armor on a spacesuit, anyway.

But there was a method to Mallu's method, Tully realized, once the Jao struck the Ekhat. Between his mass and that of the other four Jao who hit the huge body a split-second later, they drove the Ekhat against a large nearby vehicle of some kind. If it was a vehicle at all, which wasn't clear. The design of the thing had a closer resemblance to a jungle gym than any vehicle Tully could think of.

But that design was perfect for Mallu's purpose. The badly-injured body of the Ekhat, driven into the object by the momentum of five armored Jao warriors, was effectively immobilized. It wasn't spinning any longer, and while a bit of spin had been imparted to the vehicle-cum-jungle-gym, the object was too massive to be moving much.

Kelly and Greer's experience had enabled them to counter the recoil of the "recoilless" rifles, unlike what had happened to Urta and Naddo. They pushed off from nearby supports at the same time they fired the weapons. Kelly had used a deck stanchion, both times; Greer had used the bulk of a large wrecked vehicle. That pretty much counter-acted the recoil. So they were both back already, and got to very close range, just barely out of reach of the remaining limbs.

He fired again. Another knee-equivalent was turned into fleshy ruin and another lower limb was sent flying. Greer fired and the same happened to the limb next to it. The Ekhat's mouth, clearly visible in the helmet, opened in what looked like a screech. Then, with the one clawed limb remaining to it, the Ekhat began smashing at its helmet.

It was trying to suicide, Tully realized. And while that helmet seemed very sturdy, it wouldn't stand up for very long. Not given the insane strength with which the Ekhat was beating itself.

No way to shoot the knee joint, either. Or was it the elbow? Tully neither knew nor cared. Not the way it was waving around now.

Mallu must have reached the same conclusion at the same time. Mallu shouted something in Jao that Tully didn't catch. Then – Jao could be just as crazy as Ekhat, sometimes, he and all four of his soldiers launched themselves at the waving claws.

They caught them – more or less; snagged them, anyway – and for just a moment the limb was immobilized.

Greer had come to literally point-blank range. He couldn't risk aiming at the knees/elbows, because the Jao were close. So he took off the whole limb, right below what amounted to a shoulder.

ERIC FLINT – THE CRUCIBLE OF EMPIRE

A cloud of blood engulfed him. Mallu and the four other Jao, still holding the claws, drifted away. The Ekhat seemed to shrivel, like an insect caught in a flame. Then, its mouth agape in that same screech—what Tully took for a screech, anyway—the monster began beating its head against the object in which it was pinned. *Still* trying to suicide, even with no limbs left.

But “trying” was the operative term, Tully saw. Even a creature as huge and powerful as an Ekhat couldn’t smash open a helmet designed to withstand combat in space, when it only has its torso muscles to work with and lacked any effective leverage.

And not even an immense and maniacally murderous Ekhat could remain conscious for very long, with all six legs severed. It had to be suffering badly from its own version of shock. Tully could see the mouth grow slack and the eyes turn a dimmer shade of red. A few seconds later, the creature was still.

So much for that. Now. How to keep the damn thing from bleeding to death? The Ekhat’s suit had stopped the ichor-flow from the first five severed limbs. But the blast that took off the last limb, coming right at the shoulder, had created too large a wound for the suit’s own resources. Ichor was spewing out, just like it would from a human or Jao arterial wound.

Mallu came up with the answer to that. A temporary solution, anyway. Whether it would keep the thing alive for very long was hard to say.

Lasers hadn’t been of much use when it came to capturing the Ekhat. But they did just fine at cauterizing the monster’s wound. True, any orthopedic and plastic surgeons assigned the task of restoring the Ekhat to its proper shape and vigor afterward would have cursed Tully and his crew. But Tully could live with that burden for... ever and ever and ever.

Miller came up to him. “They’re all dead, sir. The slaves, I mean. Except for” —she pointed at a cluster of soldiers—“three of them over there. When the last Ekhat went down, they were the only ones left. They quit, then. Sorta turned into pumpkins, in fact. Dropped their weapons, curled into little balls and didn’t do anything. I didn’t see any point in killing them, so we’ve got them captured.”

“Good work, lieutenant,” he said, feeling pompous but not knowing what else to say. There were some definite disadvantages to having the hots for a very capable subordinate officer. You were always a little at a loss for words, for which you compensated by acting middle-aged. Middle-aged and dull-witted.

But this was no time to be thinking about Caewithe Miller’s ready smile and bright blue eyes—much less the small but very feminine body that lay hidden somewhere beneath her spacesuit. So Tully sternly told himself, and turned to address the others present.

“Good work, Kelly and Greer. Mallu, my congratulations.”

Could he possibly sound any more middle-aged and dull-witted? He didn’t think so.



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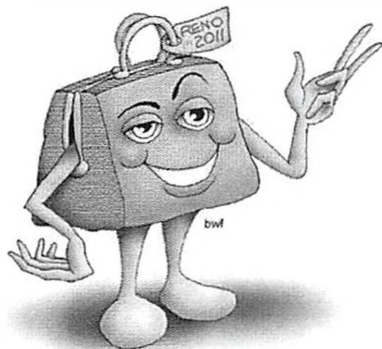
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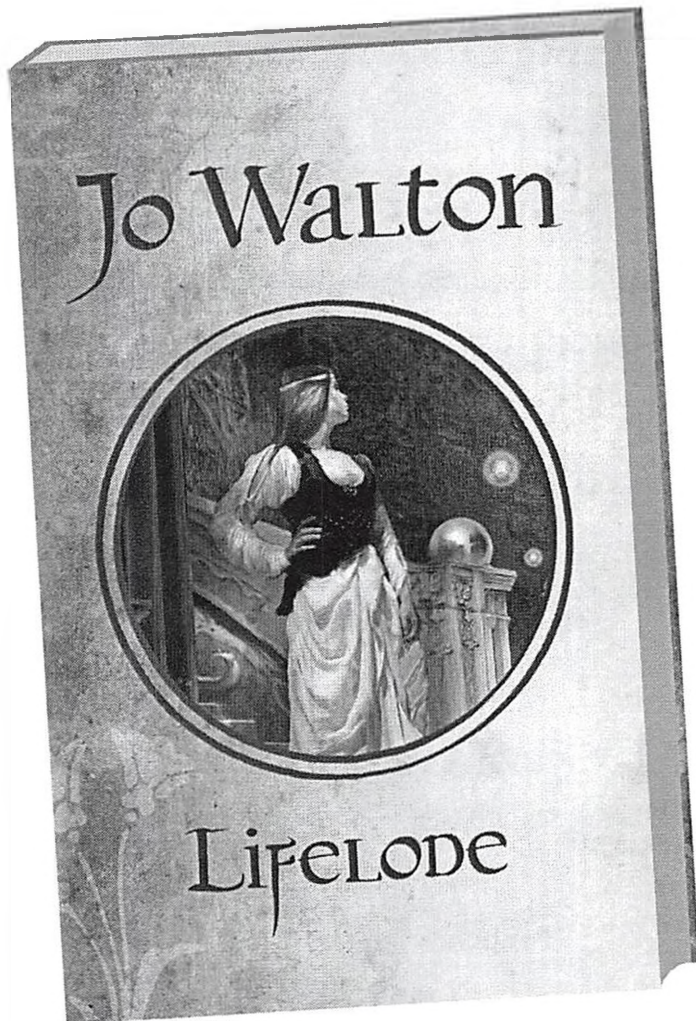
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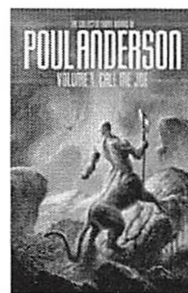
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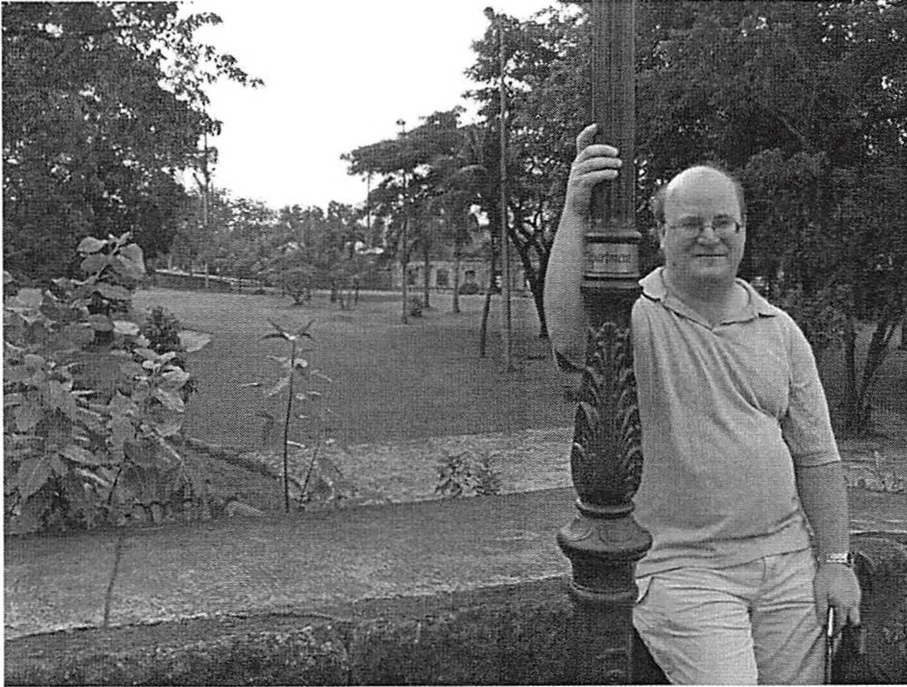
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LEIGH GROSSMAN – FAN GUEST OF HONOR



Leigh Grossman never worked on his entrances. He didn't practice or, generally, plan them. When he had to be somewhere, eventually, he would be there, more or less. We ran Lunacon Programming together for something like 7 years. Which isn't quite accurate but "accurate" would demand me admitting it feels like we did the job for 20. Now, every year we worked together, I got to the hotel first. This is partly because Leigh lives somewhere in the center of a temporal vortex and partly because I'm neurotic. Either way, however, I would, every year, get a call that he was pulling up to the hotel and to find all able bodies to go help unload the truck.

We were Lunacon Programming. We had a truck to unload. Now, it wasn't exactly an 18 wheeler, it was Leigh's pick-up, but the thing ain't small. And we would gather up everyone around and run down there ready to start working! Because without what was in that truck we knew that Lunacon would not happen.

I don't mean the boxes (and boxes and boxes and ... oh look more boxes) of pocket programs or grids. No I mean the tubs full of beer. We're talking enough beer to choke a horse. True story, actually. If you're at the Rye Town and you go out back to the gazebo, walk about 40 paces north of the last stair into the gazebo and start digging. You'll find a horse. A horse that choked on beer. And you thought the hotel kept the gazebo closed because of weather. They're just still mad about the horse.

Now, sure, Leigh throws one the best con parties around. He taught me how to throw a good con party. But the beer isn't just used for that. No, the beer fuels the last few hours of pre-con prep on Thursday night. It lets us make sure that we can work until 2am on Thursday night and not scream. And he makes that happen.

That's a partner. That's Leigh Grossman.

I first met Leigh Grossman by accident. I had just been handed the reigns of Lunacon Programming and quickly realized that there was no way in hell I could pull this off by myself. I talked to a friend and he took me to the SFWA mill&swill and said he knew someone who had a lot of ideas and might be willing to help some. Obviously it was Leigh.

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- "Brother to Dragons, Companion to Owls" (untitled review article), Horror 5 (1995)
"Tomorrow Sucks" (untitled review article), Horror 5 (1995)
"Metal Angel" (untitled review article), Horror 3-4 (1994)
"The Glass Mountain" (untitled review article), Horror 3-4 (1994)
"Lost in Booth Nine" (untitled review article), Horror 3-4 (1994)
"Gun, With Occasional Music" (untitled review article), Horror 3-4 (1994)
"Strong Spirits" (untitled review article), Horror 3-4 (1994)
"Deadweight" (untitled review article), Horror 3-4 (1994)
"Animals" (untitled review article), Horror 2 (1994)
"The Wolf of Winter" (untitled review article), Horror 2 (1994)
"Larque on the Wing" (untitled review article), Horror 2 (1994)
"Better in the Dark" (untitled review article), Horror 2 (1994)
"Deathport" (untitled review article), Horror 1 (January, 1994)
"Alternate Warriors" (untitled review article), Horror 1 (January, 1994)
"The Iron Dragon's Daughter" (untitled review article), Horror 1 (January, 1994)
"The Encyclopedia of Death" (untitled review article), Horror 1 (January, 1994)
"Toward a Multicultural Education" (paper presented at the Seton Hall Conference on Multiculturalism, 1991)

BOOKS EDITED/CO-EDITED:

- Rock & Roll! And the Beat Goes On..., Cousin Bruce with Rich Maloof (2009)
The Flyfishing Encyclopedia, Tom Rosenbauer (2009)
Crusade of Kings, R. Scott Peoples (Wildside Press, June 2008)
Koboldly Where Gnome has Gone Before, Robert Altomare (Wildside Press, June 2008)
The Internet Guide for Families, Lisa Jo Rudy (2002)
What Do You Do with a Drunken Sailor, compiled and annotated by Douglas Morgan (2002)
The Internet Guide for Seniors, Lisa Jo Rudy and Peter Cook (2001)
The History of Windham County, Volume I, Ellen Larned (2000)
The History of Windham County, Volume II, Ellen Larned (2000)
Tiger Cruise, Douglas Morgan (Tor Books, 2000)
The Angel of Death, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (HarperCollins, forthcoming)
More Annotated H. P. Lovecraft, Peter Cannon and S. T. Joshi, annotaters (Dell Books, 1999)
The Soul of an Angel, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (Avon Books, 1999)
The Angry Angel, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (Avon Books, 1998)
The Annotated H. P. Lovecraft, S. T. Joshi, annotater (Dell Books, 1997)
The Essential Frankenstein, Leonard Wolf, annotater (Plume, 1993)
Invader, William F. Wu (Avon Books, 1994)
Emperor, William F. Wu (Avon Books, 1994)
Dictator, William F. Wu (Avon Books, 1994)
Warrior, William F. Wu (Avon Books, 1993)
Marauder, William F. Wu (Avon Books, 1993)
Predator, William F. Wu (Avon Books, 1993)
The Ultimate Witch, anthology (Dell Books, 1993) (associate editor)
The Ultimate Zombie, anthology (Dell Books, 1993) (associate editor)
The Essential Dracula, Leonard Wolf, annotater (Plume, 1992)
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DeFrancoise 08

The Green Lion

by

Leigh Grossman

Discoveries and Concealments

He had most of the daylight hours to himself. Sera told him vaguely that she had daytime duties to perform around the castle and city. As soon as he found himself alone again, Falorn recovered his clothing from the night-table and put it back on.

After buckling on his belt, he nervously checked the contents of the pouches, pouring each one carefully out onto the bed. Nothing had been taken—or even looked at—as far as he could tell. Everything seemed as he had left it, except for his tunic and vest, which someone had cleaned and mended.

The cards glowed exactly as he remembered them, blue and green figures capering within their own stages. He held them carefully for a long time before replacing them in the pouch by his side. Sera had not mentioned the cards since that first time she'd spoken to him, and he hadn't felt like it was his place to bring them up.

He began exploring the room. Remembering Sera's mention of the maid, Falorn carefully tried not to disturb anything, particularly not the books. He looked at them first, however, gazing longingly at the indecipherable gold letters on the bindings until the characters twisted like tinyworms struggling to free themselves from invisible hooks.

He sat in one of the paired armchairs and gazed out the window between them. It looked out onto the Greater Market far below, bustling now even though the festival had ended two days previously. Obviously Sera's chamber stood high up in the Duke's castle, perhaps even in one of the towers. The other two windows overlooked the rear of the city walls. Falorn could see green, rolling hills beyond the walls, covered with forest where they neared the horizon.

He looked at each of the tapestries and wall hangings in turn. On a whim, he looked behind the tapestry on the inside wall, and discovered a small opening with a tiny chamber behind it. The chamber contained only a bench, a small writing table, and an inkpot. It exited by a waist-high door into what he supposed was a tunnel beyond. *I guess the Duke pays a little more attention to Sera than she seems to think.* He replaced the tapestry carefully, trying to leave no sign of any disturbance.

Falorn moved on to the armoire, curious what sort of clothing a Duke's daughter would need. The stench of mothballs, dust, and musty clothes struck him. Only half of the armoire held clothes, and many of those looked old, stained, worn, or badly outgrown. Sera clearly used the rest of the space to store anything she couldn't easily clean without the help of maids. Supporting himself with a hand on the back wall of the armoire, he leaned over to explore the closest pile of Sera's disarranged possessions.

Something felt wrong about the back wall. Falorn couldn't quite figure out why. He ran his hands

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50 along the veneer which covered it. One seam bulged inward slightly; all the others pushed outward. He felt downward along the seam. Nearly at the base of the armoire, in the middle of the largest pile of rags and unmended clothes, he found the catch. When he sprung it, one of the rear panels slid aside, revealing a second hidden chamber.

The little room had no other outlet. Its furnishings clearly belonged to Sera, rather than her father's spies. Try as he might, however, Falorn could make no sense of those possessions. Drab traveling clothes hung on hooks, ranging from peasants' garments to the sort of freeman's garb Falorn now wore. Two saddles sat on a small, plain rug which covered the floor, along with bags of dried meat and cheeses. A crossbow leaned against one corner, along with a quiver of bolts—Falorn counted sixteen. The first of two small chests contained four beautiful, black-hilted knives, exquisitely balanced for fighting or throwing, as well as a vial half-full of a thick blue liquid. Falorn put the vial down quickly and moved on to the second chest, which held five colorful crystal decanters. Falorn closed the chest without examining the contents of the containers. Several pouches sat on a shelf along the back wall. The first bulged with thousands of crowns in silver and gold coins. A second pouch held a handful of small gold bars. Within the third pouch, Falorn found the cards.

Sera owned two of them: the first a pair of blue twins in remarkable shades of azure and cobalt, and the second a voluptuous, crimson-skinned woman reclining seductively on a scarlet chair in a room made up of a thousand shades of red.

Something clicked within the wall. Falorn quickly replaced the cards in their pouch on the shelf. He stepped toward the closet door to get back in the room before Sera, then stopped abruptly. The noise came from inside the wall itself—someone had entered the hidden room behind the tapestry, next to the little space where he hid. Falorn carefully pulled the door of the armoire closed. Stepping back into the secret chamber on tiptoes, Falorn silently slid the back of the armoire into place, sealing himself in darkness.

Floorboards creaked only a few feet away, and a bolt rustled in a disused lock. Falorn heard weapons and armor scraping as several people crawled through the small doorway of the secret chamber behind the tapestry. The wall-hanging rustled as someone pushed it aside to enter Sera's room. A harsh voice spoke from within the secret room; Falorn could easily hear through the thin wall beside him.

"Search everything. Don't be afraid to make a mess of the room. I can buy new furniture—I can buy a new *daughter* if I want one—but I have to have those cards back."

"What if she has them, Lord?" a soldier's voice asked.

"Her brothers will attend to that. I'll have none of you rabble touching her until I know she's got them."

"And if she does?"

"If she does, I'll put her on the Hook myself."

Wood scraped and shuddered as soldiers ransacked Sera's room. Falorn stood motionlessly in the darkness; under his breath he thanked the thousand gods for the impulse that made him put on all his

clothing and take all his possessions before he went exploring. He suspected that any unknown man found in the castle in possession of stolen cards would be put on the duke's Hook, regardless of whose bedroom he occupied.

Falorn heard the thump of books hitting the floor. The wall-hangings tore with shrieking noises like children in pain. One of the searchers began rooting through the armoire itself, tossing out the rubbish and banging a mailed gauntlet on the side and rear looking for secret compartments. The thick wood made a dull knocking sound, leaving the hollow area behind hidden.

Falorn lost track of time long before the searchers ran out of furniture. Through it all the duke continued to stand in the spy-passage, his presence communicated by shuffling boots or the occasional cough.

Eventually, even the duke gave up.

"Enough. She doesn't have them. That girl's not smart enough to put them anywhere you haven't looked."

"Where should we look now, Lord?"

"Go torture some servants. One of them's bound to tell you something. I don't care if you have to kill every servant in the place, I need those cards."

"We'll find them, Lord."

"I know you will. If those cards aren't back in my purse in two days, I'll find another captain of the guard. Remember how you got your position, Doran. Remember how long Hasek lasted on the Hook after he failed me."

"They will be found, Lord, and the thief brought to justice," the guard said. Falorn heard fear in the man's voice.

"See that they are."

The guards left hurriedly, using the door rather than stooping to re-enter the secret passage. The Duke stamped his feet once, and entered the room for the first time. Falorn barely breathed within his hiding place as the Duke walked a circuit of the room, much as Falorn himself had done earlier. The Duke searched more quietly than his soldiers had, slowly checking and rechecking every piece of furniture, probing and tapping the walls with a sword or cane.

Once again, the door opened. Falorn heard two new sets of footsteps, one heavy and one light, and heavy breathing from two mouths.

"Father! What have you done to my room?" Sera shouted hoarsely, her voice ragged as if she'd been crying.

"Only what you deserved, I'm sure," a new voice said. Falorn instantly disliked the rich, deep, young man's voice, which must have belonged to one of Sera's older brothers. "I didn't find the cards, but I still think the little whore stole them."

"Maybe not," said the Duke. "They're not here. I'm having some servants tortured. They'll tell us

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52 the truth.”

“She’ll tell us. Half an hour with the Minister of Pain . . .”

“Son! Watch your tongue.” The Duke sounded genuinely shocked. “Say what you want about your sister among family members, but she is not for commoners to touch.” He paused.

“If you did steal what belongs to me,” he went on, now speaking to Sera, “I’ll tear you on the Hook myself. But no commoner will touch you.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about!” Sera wailed. “I didn’t take anything.”

“Yes you did, you little slut,” her brother said. “You’re nothing but evil. Father should have had you drowned like a kitten when you were born—when you killed Mother. You’re an evil seed in the castle.”

“That’s enough of that, son. Let your mother’s memory lie. I let the girl live then, and I’ll let her live now. Unless she took the cards . . . and the servants will tell us that soon enough. Come with me now. We have work to do.” He stomped his boots on the bare floor, no longer muffled by the rug.

“You had better pray, girl,” he said to Sera as he opened the door. “I’ve been too kind to you, spoiled you out of love for your mother. You killed a fine woman, a better woman than you could ever be.

“If you stole my cards, I’ll feed you to my dogs after I’ve cut you from the Hook. If not, I’ve had enough of your willfulness anyway. You’ll be gone from this house within the month—you know where.”

He strode out of the room. Falorn heard the dull thump of fist on flesh. Sera cried out as her brother struck her twice. Falorn bit his lip to keep quiet. Her brother stomped from the room, slamming the door behind him with a last muttered insult at his sister.

Falorn waited another hour before emerging from the secret chamber, just to be certain the duke and his soldiers would not return. He found Sera slumped against the overturned bookcase, head in her hands. A torn volume sat in her lap. Tapestries and wall hangings littered the floor, along with disarranged heaps of clothing and paper. The floor and walls near the bed wore a dustlike coating of down and feathers from the slashed mattress and pillows. With the covering stripped from in front of it, the entrance to the Duke’s secret passageway stood revealed.

Falorn touched her shoulder gently. Sera looked up, eyes distant for a moment but quickly focusing on him. Purpled skin around one eye revealed where one of her brother’s blows had struck. Blood seeped from a cut on her forehead. He thought she’d been crying, but her eyes looked dry.

“Well, I guess you are healed enough,” she said unexpectedly. “We’re leaving tonight. Now, actually. I assume you found my hiding place?” She looked at him guardedly, and he guessed at the right answer.

“Yes. I hid when I heard them coming through the other passage. I couldn’t see anything in the dark, though.”

She looked a little relieved.

“I’ll be back in a few minutes,” she told him. “I have a few things I need to get before we go.”

"You're going back out there? After what they . . ." he stopped when he saw the look that started to cross her face. "Why?" he asked instead.

"Because I'm not an innkeeper's son who can just pick up and go. I have a life here, and people I care about and who have helped me that I'm never going to see again. I want to say goodbye to them. Is that all right with you?"

"I was just worried. . . ."

"Don't be. You heard my father. He and my brothers will be busy torturing servants all night, and no one else in this place can touch me. I can take care of myself without your worry, thank you."

"Should I hide in the passage while you're gone?" he asked, suspecting now how she was going to answer.

"No! . . . I mean yes, I mean . . . wait a minute." An odd expression crossed her face, and then Sera rushed to the half-ruined armoire and nearly flung herself into the darkened passage, closing it behind her. Moments later she emerged again, wearing a relieved look and a set of traveling clothes not unlike Falorn's own. She noticed Falorn's scowl.

"Look, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to insult your background. I've just been through a lot today. I'm feeling a little short-tempered." She pleaded with her eyes, the blackened one nearly swollen shut.

"It's all right," Falorn said tiredly. "I owe you a lot for rescuing me. I guess I'm just scared that there are all these people running around trying to kill me, and I have no idea why except that it has something to do with these cards that you won't tell me anything about." He hadn't meant to say so much, but the words came out anyway.

"I know I haven't told you everything, but you've been hurt, and I didn't have time. I'll tell you more once we're on the road. We're going to be partners, right?" She reached out for his hand, and he extended it, reluctantly.

"Partners?"

"Of course. You didn't think I was just going to keep things secret forever, did you? It just isn't safe to talk about them here. And believe me, I do want you to travel with me, and I do need your help. Not just because I saved your life and nursed you back to health, either." She squeezed his hand before releasing it.

"Things are going to be fine, you'll see," she said. "Wait in the secret room with the door shut; I lit a lantern for you in there, so you'll be able to see. I'll be back as quickly as I can."

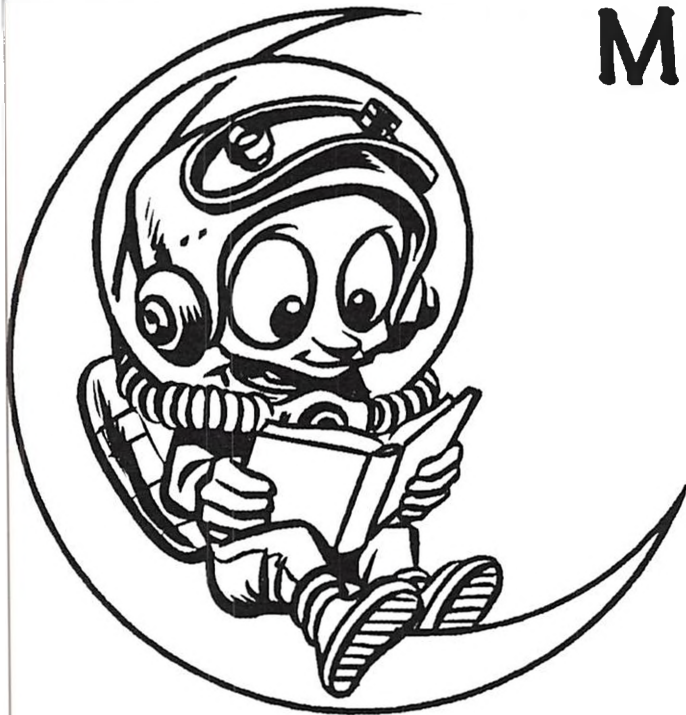
She blew a kiss to him as she turned to the door. Falorn still felt a little confused, but he could do little except wait for her to come back and explain her plan. He walked back to the armoire, looking sadly at the ruined books on the floor before entering the secret room and sealing it behind him.

A flickering candle-lantern provided dim illumination as he sat and waited for Sera to return. As he expected, the pouch of cards no longer sat on the shelf, although the money and jewelry remained. The vial of blue fluid had disappeared from the chest of black-handled knives as well.

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MrShirt

MrShirt aka Michael E. McConnell is the current Lunacon 2009 Chair and acting Lunarians' Treasurer. The first convention he attended was the 1998 Worldcon "BucConeer." He started volunteering at the next year's NASFiC "Conucopia" and has not looked back since. He has been either a volunteer, staff, department head, or division head at every WorldCon since. He was president of PSFS and for 8 months chair of Philcon till a parting of ways, if you want he can rant about it to you. He got married 3 months before Lunacon just to add staff and make his life more interesting.

Danielle Ackley-McPhail

Award-winning author and editor Danielle Ackley-McPhail has worked both sides of the publishing industry for fifteen years. Her works include the urban fantasies, *Yesterday's Dreams*, its sequel, *Tomorrow's Memories* (Mundania Press), and the upcoming novella, *The Halfling's Court: A Bad-Ass Faerie Tale*, the anthologies, *Bad-Ass Faeries*, and *Just Plain Bad* (Marietta Publishing), which she co-edited.

Pauline Alama

Pauline Alama's first fantasy novel, *THE EYE OF NIGHT*, was a finalist for the Compton Crook Award. She is trying to publish her second novel, *THE GHOST-BEARERS*, while working on a third fantasy novel. A former medieval scholar, Pauline was thrown out of the academy for her controversial theory of the Klingon origin of Beowulf. Her latest stories appear in *WITCH HIGH* (DAW 2008) and *AbyssandApex.com*

Alma Alexander

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". "Cybermage", the third and concluding book in her YA *Worldweavers* trilogy, has just been released.

Leslie Ann Alpert

A fan since the radio days of "X-1" but not fannish until discovering fandom semi-accidentally several decades later.

Dennis Anfuso

Dennis Anfuso's latest Oz book "The Astonishing Tale of the Gump of Oz" (244 pages and about 90 b/w illustrations and 2 colour plates in the hardcover edition) was released this year to rave reviews in the trade journals and mainstream press. His next offering in the Oz series, a 50 page graphic novel "A Promise Kept in Oz" was released last month.

Linda Anfuso

Linda Anfuso is the author of "In the Eye of the Beholder" published in Marion Zimmer Bradley's "Snows of Darkover," as well as various other short stories in magazines. She has also worked on STNG and Deep Space Nine at Paramount in set design and property buying.

Ellen Asher

Ellen Asher edited the Science Fiction Book Club for over 34 years, thus fulfilling her life's ambition of breaking John Campbell's record of continuous tenure in a single SF job. She is now happily retired, which means she can start to catch up on all the books that were waiting for her to have time to read them. Unfortunately, she keeps buying more, so the To Be Read pile has gotten no smaller.

Lisa Ashton

Lisa Ashton is a Master Division costumer currently living in Maryland. Most recently she presented "Smoke & Mirrors" in 2008, a Snow Queen in "The Elder Days", as well as performing at Castle Blood. Other pursuits include hunting, beading, cleaning house, and trying to get bills paid, in between working as a Physician Assistant currently in human research, and the ER.

Marleen Barr

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!* Her most recent book is *Reading Science Fiction* (co-edited with James Gunn and Matthew Candelaria).

Alan F. Beck

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.

Joseph Bellofatto

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 historian and

PROGRAM PARTICIPANTS

Marilyn "Mattie" Brahen

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 and SF Chronicle, was published by Wildside Press, and its sequel, REFORMING HELL, will appear in 2009. Mattie's stories and non-fiction have also appeared in magazines and books in America and England.

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.

Peter V. Brett

Raised on a steady diet of fantasy novels, comic books, and Dungeons & Dragons, debut author Peter V. Brett's first novel, The Warded Man (2009; Del Rey Books) has already made waves in the UK (as The Painted Man, Voyager Books) as a bestseller and one of Amazon UK's 10 Best Science Fiction and Fantasy Novels of 2008. He lives in Brooklyn with his wife Danielle, their daughter Cassandra, and an evil cat named Jinx.

Steve Brinich

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

Nuance Bryant

Nuance Bryant is working on her thesis to get her Master's Degree in English from Clark University. She is also getting used to the notion that everything in the house actually belongs to her kittens. 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

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.

Ginjer Buchanan

In the early '70s, Ginjer Buchanan, then a social worker, 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.

Dora Buck

No Biography Given

Carole Bugge

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 recent winner of the Chronogram Literary Fiction Award, the Jerry Jazz Musician Fiction Award. Her upcoming thriller, *Silent Screams*, will appear under the pen name C.E. Lawrence.

Mary Aileen Buss

Librarian, fiber artist, and long-time fan.

Sam Butler

A former bond trader, S. C. Butler has published the first two books in his Stoneways fantasy trilogy, Reiffen's Choice and Queen Ferris, with Tor Books. The third, The Magicians' Daughter, is due out this April.

Paul Calhoun

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

Barbara Campbell

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.

Yvonne Carts-Powell

Yvonne is a science writer, SF and fantasy fan, and a long-time con-goer. Berkeley Press recently published her book, "The Science of Heroes".

Christopher Cevasco

Christopher M. Cevasco is editor/publisher of Paradox: The Magazine of Historical & Speculative Fiction. His stories and poems have appeared or are forthcoming in Black Static, The Leading Edge, A Field Guide to Surreal Botany, Allen K's Inhuman, Star*Line and Lovecraft's Weird Mysteries, among several other venues. Chris is a graduate of Clarion (2006) and Taos Toolbox (2007).

PROGRAM PARTICIPANTS

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James Chambers

James Chambers is the author of numerous published short stories and comic books, including several issues of Leonard Nimoy's *Primortals*. His most recent stories have appeared in *Bad-Ass Faeries 2* and *Breach the Hull*. Dark Regions Press will publish his first short story collection, *Resurrection House*, this spring. His website is www.jameschambersonline.com.

Amy Chused

Dr. Amy Chused is a board certified internist with a Master's in Medical Informatics as well as an avid reader of SF&F and 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

ARIEL CINII {it's pronounced "SIN-eye", but she'll answer to "Abby"} has been part of fandom for over 30 years as a filksinger, artist and apa-hack. She's been on committee for CONTATA, New York City's version of The Floating Northeast Filk Con, writes as Sodyera on LiveJournal, contributes to APA-NYU and now seeks representation for her science-fantasy novels.

Neil Clarke

Neil is the owner of Wyrmpublishing (wyrmpublishing.com) and publisher of *Clarkesworld Magazine* (www.clarkesworldmagazine.com).

Byron P. Connell

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.

Tina Connell

Tina has attended Lunacons since the early 80's. She and her husband collect both books and SF art. (The books have taken over the house, and there aren't enough walls for the art.) She is also involved in the costuming aspect of fandom, usually behind the scene at the Green Room Repair Table. Her costumes have appeared at three WorldCons and two CostumeCons.

Dani Cox

No Biography Given

Laurel Cunningham Hill

Laurel Cunningham Hill is married to Richard Hill and mom to Zachary. She is a wife, mom, housekeeper, gardener, repairman, pet wrangler, teacher, driver, nurse, shrink, chef, mechanic, plumber, pool cleaner, shopper, artist, costumer, party planner, best friend, and the one who's always there to give a hug or a back scratch.

Charlene D'Alessio

Charlene Taylor D'Alessio has been illustrating in the Fantasy and Science Fiction genre for 30 years. She is known for her exquisite *Painted Ties*, *Humorous Fantasy Illus. of Cats, Dragons, Owls & Hamsters*, to name a few, and miniature Astronomical pieces. Her latest published piece is "Magic Cat Spells" published by Sunsout as a 1000 pc. Puzzle. She is currently illustrating a Children's Book.

Michael D'Ambrosio

Michael, a Philadelphia area resident, is the author of the exciting adventure trilogy *Fractured Time* (*Fractured Time*, *Twisted Fate* and *Dark Horizon*). He recently signed an agreement with du Jour Entertainment for the *Fractured Time* screenplay and his new *Space Frontiers* series beginning with *The Eye of Icarus* from Helm Publishing, will be released in March of '08. See www.fracturedtime.com for more.

Bianca D'Arc

Bianca D'Arc was a biochemist, then got graduate degrees in library science and law while studying at Juilliard and generally going in many directions at once. She writes paranormal, futuristic, sci fi and fantasy romance and is probably best known for the dragons that live under her desk and make her write their stories.

Joni Dashoff

No Biography Given

Todd Dashoff

No Biography Given

Kathleen O'Shea David

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), Incurable Punster, Wife to the writer of stuff Peter David and Mother to Caroline.

PROGRAM PARTICIPANTS

Susan de Guardiola

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 and blogs at Capering & Kickery (dance history, www.kickery.com) and Rixosous (www.rixosous.com).

Keith DeCandido

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

Mark Del Franco is the author of the Connor Grey urban fantasy mystery series set in an alternate Boston from Ace Books that includes UNSHAPELY THINGS (2007), UNQUIET DREAMS (2008) and UNFALLEN DEAD (2009). August 2009 will bring SKIN DEEP, an urban fantasy thriller set in Washington featuring druidess Laura Blackstone. He currently lives in Boston and works as a freelance writer and author.

Wendy S. Delmater

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

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, and Dom's favorite niece!

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 scenes Liaison to the hotel and overall go-for for Amine and Programming. One of Dom's many minions (LOL)

Lucienne Diver

Lucienne Diver is a literary agent with sixteen years of experience in fantasy, sf, romance and mystery/suspense. Her New York Times bestselling authors include Marjorie M. Liu, Rachel Caine and Susan Krinard. In addition, her own novel, VAMPED, will debut in May 2009 from Flux. Websites: www.knightagency.net and www.lucienneiver.com.

John Douglas

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.

Rosemary Edghill

ROSEMARY EDGHILL, aka ELUKI BES SHAHAR, has been writing since 1987, including "The Rough Guide To The Escher Hilton" (THE CLOAK OF NIGHT AND SHADOWS). She has written with the best of the best, including Marion Zimmer Bradley, Andre Norton, and Lunacon GoH Mercedes Lackey ("Bedlam's Bard" and upcoming "Shadow Grail"). She still doesn't have time for any hobbies, but now she has a blog.

Bob Eggleton

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.

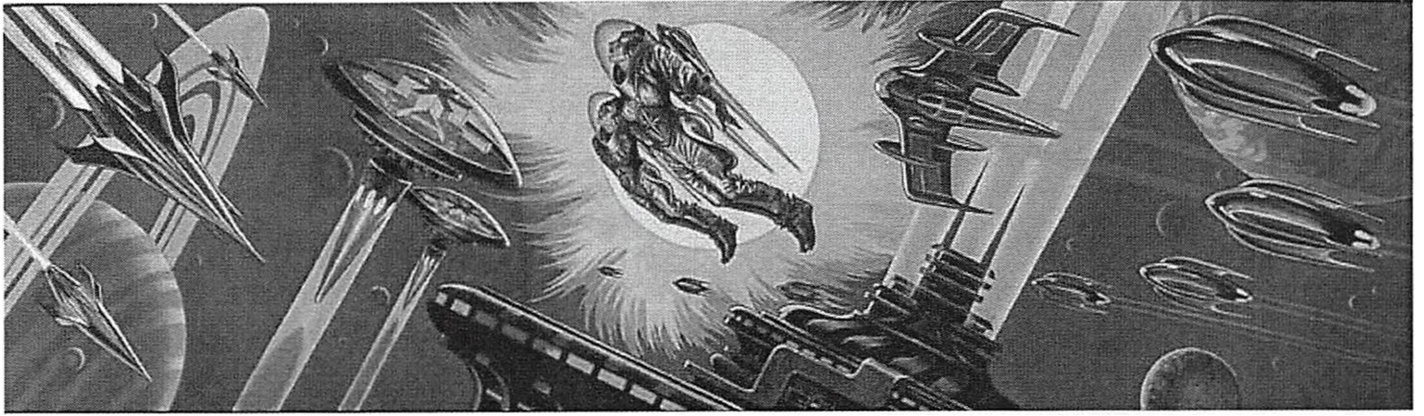
Bill Engfer

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 Frontier Foundation, and a senior associate of the Space Studies Institute. Professionally, he is a systems engineer and data security specialist with the Environmental Protection Agency.

Paula Entin

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.

art by Stephen Hickman



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PROGRAM PARTICIPANTS

Louis Epstein

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

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 the English language, history, music science fiction and fantasy.

jan howard finder

The Wombat, aka jan howard finder, has been reading SF for more than 60 years & active in SF circles for more than 35. He chaired 7 events. He has been a GoH at a number of cons including CONFRANCISCO, the 1993 Worldcon. He participates in, judged & MC's masquerades, a superb auctioneer & gives the best backrubs. He has been published & has published. He has diverse interests, a budding film career & visited **Middle-earth**. He is a neat guy. Buy him a Pepsi!

Lois Fitzpatrick

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

Author of *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

Sean P. Fodera is a writer and Associate Director of Contracts for a major New York publisher. He 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 (a budding illustrator).

Sharon Foster

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.

Jay Franco

Jay Franco's experience on the editorial side of things spans back close to 15 years. He started as a college intern at Marvel Comics, then wound up at John Wiley & Sons for almost two years. The next ten years were spent working under Ellen Asher as one of the editors of the Science Fiction Book Club where he acquired graphic novels, media tie-in books, and *Forgotten Realms & Dragonlance* titles.

Ric Frane

Horror and pin-up artist, Ric Frane 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, where they own a gallery

Wendy Frane

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.

Gary Frank

I am the author of 2 supernatural novels: *Forever Will You Suffer* (2006) and *Institutional Memory* (2008), both from Medallion Press. I'm also the co-editor of the Garden State Horror Writers anthology, *Dark Territory*, and I'm an associate editor at *Space & Time Magazine*.

Carl Frederick

Carl Frederick is a theoretical physicist specializing in quantum measurement theory and relativity theory. He also since 2003, has sold over 25 short stories to *Analog* magazine as well as a few each to *Baen's Universe* and *Asimov's*. He's an epee fencer and plays the bagpipes.

Jim Freund

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 WBAI (99.5 FM) in New York, or you can listen on your own schedule at hourwolf.com. He is also Producer and Curator of the NY Review of SF Readings, held monthly at NY's South St. Seaport Museum.

Esther Friesner

Esther M. Friesner is the author of 35 novels, nearly 200 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.

Charles Gannon

Distinguished Prof. (English, St. Bonaventure) & Fulbright Sr. Specialist (England, Scotland, Czech Rep, Slovakia, Netherlands). Novellas in Analog & War World series. Upcoming fiction: "To Spec" & "Recidivism" in So It Begins (military SF antho). Book "Rumors of War & Infernal Machines" won 2006 ALA Outstanding Book Award. Degrees: Brown, Syracuse, Fordham. Scriptwriter/producer 8 years in NYC.

Darwin Garrison

Darwin A. Garrison resides in the wastelands of Indiana where he spends his days hunting the wily saber-toothed prairie gopher to supplement his family's meager diet of instant ramen noodles and Kit Kat bars. Frequently observed near video retailers stocking anime titles and bookstores with notable science fiction and manga sections, he cannot be easily identified because he looks just like any o

Donato Giancola

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

Alexis Gilliland

My first son was born in 1963, my and 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

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. She is now working as webmaster for her husband's new cartoon site.

Laura Anne Gilman

Laura Anne Gilman is the author of the 'Retrievers' series from Luna (STAYING DEAD, CURSE THE DARK, BRING IT ON, BURNING BRIDGES, FREE FALL and the forthcoming BLOOD FROM STONE), and THE VINEART WAR (October 2009, from Pocket), plus more than thirty short stories, most recently "Illuminations" in UNUSUAL SUSPECTS. She also runs d.y.m.k productions, an editorial services company.

Rye Brook, NY

Elizabeth Glover

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 stiffs on the bill.

Amy Goldschlager

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

John Grant

John Grant is the author of about 70 books, both fiction and nonfiction, and the winner of two Hugos, the World Fantasy Award and several other awards. Under real name Paul Barnett he ran the imprint Paper Tiger for some years. Recent books include the nonfiction Corrupted Science, the novella The City in These Pages, and the novels The Dragons of Manhattan and Leaving Fortusa.

Bob Greenberger

Bob Greenberger is a longtime comic book and publishing professional. Currently he is writing and editing a variety of project with Iron Man: Femme Fatales and Batman Vault due out this summer. For more, check out www.bobgreenberger.com.

Katrina Grossberg

I have been spinning with both a spinning wheel and a drop spindle for the past 12 years, learning about the many different facets of fiber processing, and I've been knitting and crocheting since I was 9. I'm always willing to learn new ideas and techniques. I love to show off my skills and help others learn new ones.

Russell J. Handelman

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

Glenn Hauman

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.

Stacey Helton McConnell

Originally from San Diego, where she worked on several cons in Southern California, she moved to Pennsylvania after marrying an East Coast fan and is now working on various cons on the East Coast. She has done Publications for Conzilla (Westercon 59 in San Diego, 2006) and Conjecture (2007) in San Diego, as well as running Programming (2006) and Chairing Conjecture 2008.

March 20 - 22, 2009

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LUNACON 52

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have a Next Generation,
why can't we?***

PROGRAM PARTICIPANTS

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John Hertz

Hugo nominee for Best Fanwriter '06-'07. Big Heart Award, '03. Infected fandom with English Regency ballroom dancing. Moderator of panels, leader of Art Show tours. Sent to '07 Worldcon by one-time fund HANA (Hertz Across to Nippon Alliance). Lunacon Fan Guest of Honor '01. Collections, Dancing & Joking ('05), West of the Moon ('02). Fanzine, Vanamonde. Drink, Talisker.

Richard Hill

No Biography Given

Merav Hoffman

Merav Hoffman is a busy New York area fan. In her daily life she works as a Product Manager, but at night she organizes conventions and housefiks, edits manuscripts, writes music, crochets unusual blankets, and manages the inter-continental ballistic band, Lady Mondegreen (<http://www.ladymondegreen.com>). You can see Merav and her musical partner in crime Batya Wittenberg, performing locally as the Funny Things, coming soon to a filk schedule near you.

Alexandra Honigsberg

Alexandra Elizabeth Honigsberg writes on the arts, history, and religion. RAVENS IN THE LIBRARY (Phil Brucato/Sandra Buskirk), 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

Heidi Hooper studied sculpture at Virginia Commonwealth University and Mass. Art. Her work is in many galleries, including A Mano Gallery in New Hope, PA, where she is known for her whimsical dryer lint pieces. Her web page is www.HeidiHooper.com. She is one of the founders of Alliance LARP (www.AllianceLARP.com)

Daniel Hoyt

Daniel M. Hoyt's short fiction has appeared in leading publications since his first story in Analog, most recently in Something Magic This Way Comes, Transhuman and Space Pirates, with upcoming stories in Witch Way to the Mall and Strip Mauled. When not writing short stories, editing anthologies or working on a novel, Dan makes his living as a rocket scientist. Catch up with Dan at danielmhoyt.com

Robert Hoyt

Robert Hoyt is a professional member of SFWA, with a novel currently under consideration by a major publishing house. He has been writing since the age of twelve, and is assisted by his plethora of cats.

Sarah Hoyt

Sarah A. Hoyt was born in Porto, Portugal and currently lives in Colorado where she spends her time writing and raising boys and cats. She publishes with Baen Books (Draw One In The Dark, Gentleman takes a chance and -- upcoming -- DarkShip Thieves), Bantam Spectra (Heart of Light, Soul of Fire, Heart and Soul), and Berkley (The musketeer mysteries and -- upcoming -- Dipped, stripped, and Dead)

Grace Hsu

No Biography Given

Bobby Huber

No Biography Given

Roger Ingraham

Director Roger Ingraham, at 20 years old, shot his first full-length film, "Moonshine," for a budget of \$9200. In 2006 it had it's world-premiere at the Sundance Film Festival, making Ingraham the youngest feature director in the festival's history.

Saul Jaffe

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.

Hal Johnson

Hal writes about comic books and science fiction in various places. You can also find him at halifaxslasher.com, or drop by Midtown Comics Times Square.

Angela Jones-Parker

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

Michael Kabongo

Michael Kabongo is a literary agent educated in history and psychology, which explains his years in sales. His sense of humor is his Achilles heel, and it pains others nearly as greatly. He's is the Guest of Honor's agent, and might one day be yours too. He can be found on Facebook, Livejournal and his agency website www.OnyxHawke.com.

Robert Katz

Dr. Robert I. Katz is Professor of Clinical Anesthesiology and Vice Chairman for Administration at SUNY, Stony Brook. His first science fiction novel, Edward Maret, was published in 2001. Surgical Risk and The Anatomy Lesson, the first two books of the Kurtz and Barent Mystery series followed in 2002 and 2004. Seizure, the third Kurtz and Barent mystery, will be released February 1, 2009.

PROGRAM PARTICIPANTS

Marvin Kaye

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

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

Tom 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 does this type of art for book covers, inside books, magazines, design projects including film and entirely for his own entertainment. A book of his art "Kiddography: The Art and Life of Tom Kidd" is available.

Daniel Kimmel

Daniel M. Kimmel is a professional film critic, lecturer and author. He has an essay in "Batman Unauthorized" (Ben Bella) and his newest book is "I'll Have What She's Having" (Ivan R. Dee). He is also a regular contributor to the Internet Review of Science Fiction (www.irosf.com). He is a fixture at Arisia and Boskone, and teaches film --including a course on SF -- at Suffolk University.

Kim Kindya

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.

Karl Kofoed

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.

Laura Kovalcin

Laura Kovalcin costumes at the Journeyman Level in Science Fiction/Fantasy masquerades. She is a big Star Wars / fantasy / anime fan, and also enjoys drawing and watching Anime.

Mary Robinette Kowal

Mary Robinette Kowal is the 2008 recipient of the Campbell Award for Best New Writer. Her short fiction has appeared in Strange Horizons, Cosmos and Asimov's (forthcoming). Mary, a professional puppeteer and voice actor, lives in NYC with her husband Rob and nine manual typewriters. For more information about her fiction or puppetry visit www.maryrobinettekowal.com

Lawrence Kramer

Larry Kramer is completing his PhD at Rutgers Univ. researching neurotransmitter receptor trafficking. Prior to this he worked in I/T for a number of years. Larry has been an avid reader of SF since 8 years old and attended the Star Trek conventions at the Commodore Hotel in NYC and Worldcons in the 70s. More recently he has attended and worked at several regional cons and Worldcons.

Tom Kratman

Before Tom began writing he served in the military forces and practiced law. After retiring in 2006, he moved to Virginia and now writes full time for Baen. His books published to date include A State of Disobedience and Watch on the Rhine (with John Ringo). Also in 2007, Yellow Eyes (with John), A Desert Called Peace and a sequel just on the horizon, Carnifex.

Jean Elizabeth Krevor

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.

Michele Lang

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. Her books include the novel NETHERWOOD, a speculative romance for Dorchester's SHOMI line. He

Toni Lay

Toni Lay is a member of the New Jersey-New York Costumers Guild (aka The Sick Pups), and the Society for Creative Anachronism, which gives her plenty of opportunity to costume. Toni was Historical Masquerade Director for Costume Cons 16 and 22. Her other fannish interests include Star Trek, Stargate, Doctor Who, Torchwood, Britcoms, alternate history novels, and Harry Potter.

Neal Levin

Neal Levin is a game designer and writer from the abysmal state of New Jersey. Born and raised in central NJ, he currently resides there with his wife (and fellow writer) Tina and two furry children. Having lived there most of his life, he turned towards fantasy to cover the reality of life there. In 2001 he founded Dark Quest Games and learned to pour his brain directly to paper with some attempt

Paul Levinson

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.

Pat Lewis

Pat Morrissey Lewis has illustrated more than fifty books, magazines, and trading cards. Her work is exhibited nationally. Pat, who lives in the Northeast, is also a martial artist.

Steve Lewis

Steve Lewis attended North Bennet Street School in Boston, MA where he was in the jeweler program. Steve makes custom fantasy jewelry, knives and does hand engraving. He owns and operates Foxfire Studio Inc. in Dover, NH

Nathan Lilly

N.E. Lilly is the editor of *SpaceWesterns.com*, *Thaumatrope*, and *Everyday Weirdness*. When he isn't reading slush, he's developing websites for Science Fiction professionals and organizations through *GreenTentacles*. His current work includes *timwburke.com* and *Thaumatrope: The Twittering ezine*.

Peter Liverakos

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

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

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*, stories in "Breach the Hull" and "So It Begins" from Marietta Publishing. Additionally he has coedited the anthologies "No Longer Dreams" from Lite Circle Press, and "Bad Ass Fairies" and "Bad Ass Fairies II" from Marietta Publishing with Danielle Ackley-McPhail.

Racheline Maltese

Racheline is an SF/F columnist and critic, and wrote *THE BOOK OF HARRY POTTER TRIFLES, TRIVIAS & PARTICULARITIES*. Her fiction and poetry has been published in a range of magazines and anthologies, and she is currently working on a novel. Recently she voiced *Desire and Delirium* from Neil Gaiman's *The Sandman* in a NYC performance to benefit the CBLDF.

Gail Martin

Gail Martin is the author of the *Chronicles of the Necromancer* fantasy series (*The Summoner*, *The Blood King*, *Dark Haven* and *Dark Lady's Chosen* (2010)). She discovered her passion for science fiction, fantasy and ghost stories in elementary school. The very first story she ever wrote—at age five—was about a vampire.

Diane Mathieson

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. (I'll come back later and edit this.)

David Mattingly

David Mattingly has produced over 500 covers for most major publishers of science fiction and fantasy, including Baen, Bantam, DAW, Del Rey, Dell, Marvel, Omni, Playboy, Signet, and Tor.

Dennis McCunney

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. He is also New York Editor for *MobileRead.com*, a web site devoted to electronic books and the technology behind them.

Chris McMahan

Chris McMahan's Fantasy novel, *The Calvanni*, was published in Australia in 2006. Winner of the One Book, Many Brisbanes competition, his short work has recently appeared in *Daikaiju 2* and *Fantastical Journeys to Brisbane*. *The Eyes of Erebus*, from *Daikaiju 2*, was short-listed for the Aurealis Award in SF. His short *Within Twilight* was short-listed for the 2002 Aurealis Award in SF and horror categories.

PROGRAM PARTICIPANTS

Mike McPhail

Author Mike McPhail is the winner of the 2007 Dream Realm Award for Best Anthology, as editor and cover artist for the Military Science Fiction anthology "Breach the Hull" produced by Marietta Publishing; his current work is "So It Begins". He is a member of Military Writers Society of America (MWSA), and the creator of the Alliance Archives series and the Martial Role-Playing Game.

Edmund Meskys

Reading SF from 1950 after discovering it on radio, Ed Meskys has been an active fan 50 years. His fanzine NIEKAS received a Hugo once, and was nominated two other times. He is currently doing a free e-fanzine, The View From Entropy Hall.

Movie Mike

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.

Jim Minz

Jim Minz is an editor with Baen Books.

Ahlen Moin

Ahlen resides in Delaware by way of Philly. He collects comics avidly and has been a SF fan since watching Buck Rogers reruns as a small child. A variety of artists like Magritte and David Mack influenced Ahlen. Ahlen's SF art envisions a relationship (yet to come) between a colonized Mars and a future Earth.

Joe Niedbala

Joe 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

James Owen

No Biography Given

Kim Paffenroth

Kim Paffenroth is a professor of religious studies at Iona College who also has an interest in horror and SF. His 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 he has been writing his own horror fiction, including his novels, *Dying to Live* (Permuted Press, 2007), and *Dying to Live: Life Sentence* (Permuted Press, 2008).

Joshua Palmatier

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

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.

Kate Paulk

Kate Paulk pretends to be a mild mannered software quality analyst by day and allows her true evil author nature through for the short time between finishing with the day job and falling over. She lives in semi-rural Pennsylvania with her husband, two bossy cats, and her imagination. The latter is the hardest to live with.

Misty Pendragon

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!!!!"

Dan Persons

Dan Persons makes his happy return to the Lunacon program after a downright bummer of a 2008. A video journalist and the founder of the production boutique Upstart Company NYC, his reviews and interviews can be found on the Web at [Cinefantastique Online](http://CinefantastiqueOnline.com) ([Cinefantastiqueonline.com](http://CinefantastiqueOnline.com)), [Air America Media](http://AirAmericaMedia.com) (airamerica.com), and [Current TV](http://CurrentTV.com) (current.com).

John Pierard

John Pierard has been a working illustrator since 1979. His credits include work in *Asimov's SF* magazine, various book covers, as well as over 30 children's and young adult fiction and SF titles. He is currently adapting short stories into comics form.

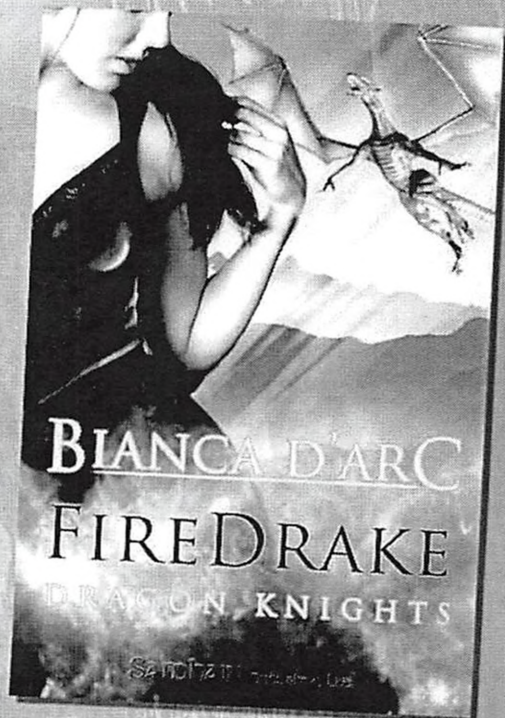
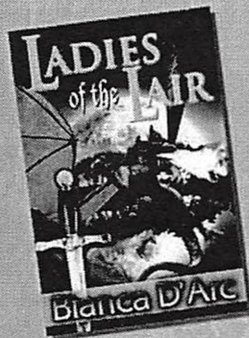
KT Pinto

KT Pinto couldn't stand where her family had moved once they left Brooklyn, so she started killing people. Once she ran out of room for the bodies, she decided she had to find another outlet for her frustration. That's when she started writing...To find out more, go to ktpinto.com or to her livejournal at <http://ktpinto.livejournal.com/>



Dragon Knights

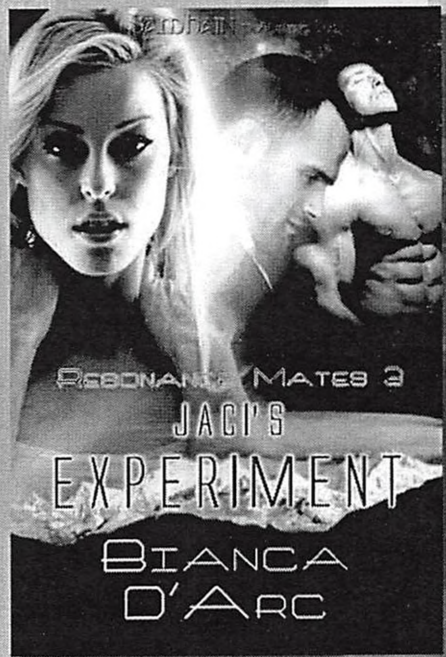
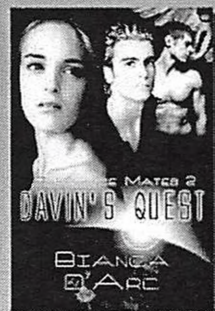
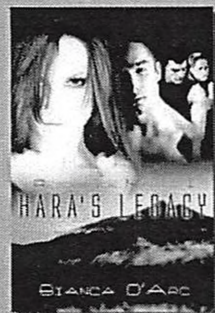
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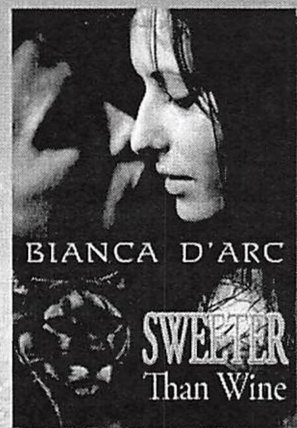
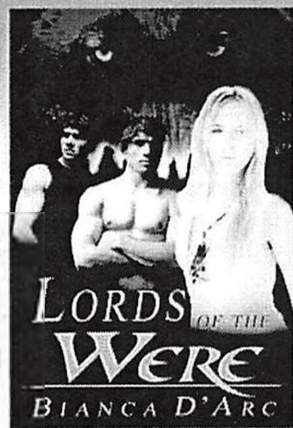
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PROGRAM PARTICIPANTS

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Marianne Plumridge

Marianne Plumridge is an Australian artist/writer who lives in RI, with her husband, artist/illustrator Bob Eggleton. While still painting, Marianne is also a published writer of SF and mystery fiction, as well as dabbling in writing for children.

Nick Pollotta

Nick Pollotta has written 53 novels in a variety of genres (and under a wide assortment of pseudonyms). He is best known for: "Illegal Aliens" (w/Phil Foglio), "That Darn Squid God!" (w/James Clay), "Bureau 13", and "Damned Nation".

Andrew Porter

Three-time Hugo winner, 1990 World SF Convention Fan Guest of Honor Andrew Porter 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.

James Prego

Dr. Prego practices in NY and is a Biology professor. At conventions he discusses xenobiology, health in space, life extension, fusions of biology and technology, medicine in sci-fi, and natural healing in future worlds. He talks on fan-related and culture panels. He has given talks, written articles, and spoken on radio shows, discussing numerous health topics. Visit www.doctorprego.com

Crystal Pretzman

No Biography Given

Lenny J. Provenzano

I grew up with the Space Program and in an airline family. An individual space advocate (before I knew what that meant), I later joined organizations to better educate the public. An avid photographer and filker, I am also working on art show entries.

Kathryn Richards

Kat is a scientist (virologist, to be more specific) and writer living in Leeds, UK. She earned her PhD in Biomedical Sciences last spring. She writes science fiction and fantasy short stories, as well as erotica under a pen name.

Roberta Rogow

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 five years she has run the *Filk Track* program at *Lunacon*.

Aaron Rosenberg

Aaron Rosenberg has written a dozen novels, including *Star Trek*, *StarCraft*, *WarCraft*, and *Warhammer*. He has also written over a dozen educational books and more than fifty roleplaying games. Aaron has won an *Origins Award* and a *Gold ENnie* for his roleplaying work, and a *PsiPhi Award* for his *Star Trek* fiction. His day jobs have included art direction, script editing, submissions reading, and desktop publishing.

Jenifer Rosenberg

Jenifer escaped the corporate world six years ago and is now able to devote more time to blogging, gaming, reading mysteries, cooking, crafting, fandom, and being a mom. She has been involved in all aspects of the gaming industry, from booth-babe to writer to playtester, and first started gaming over 20 years ago. Jenifer also maintains an online shop to sell her handmade jewelry and crafts.

Robert Rosenberg

Robert Rosenberg has been a computer programmer for over 40 years, is a member of the *Lunarians*, a long time *Anime* 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*).

James Daniel Ross

A native of Cincinnati, Ohio, James has been an actor, computer tech support operator, historic infotainment tour guide, armed self defense retailer, automotive petrol attendant, youth entertainment stock replacement specialist, mass market Italian chef, low priority courier, monthly printed media retailer, automotive industry miscellaneous task facilitator, and ditch digger. The *Radiation Angels*:

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*, *Space and Time*, and *Baen's Universe*. His reviews have appeared in *Tangent* and in the *New York Review of Science Fiction* and lives in *Schenectady* with his wife Susan, where he helps run the *Albacon SF con*. His daughter Lisa is in the *Peace Corps* in *Namibia*.

Carol Salemi

No Biography Given

Kathy Sands

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

PROGRAM PARTICIPANTS

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Steven Sawicki

Steve Sawicki has had fiction published in the anthology *Future Washington* as well as in *Absolute Magnitude*, *Realities Escape*, *Transversions*, *Read Me*, *Shadowsword*, and in *Eternity* online. Non-fiction includes review columns in *Chronicle* and *SFRevu*. He has also written screenplays and teleplays.

Sharon Sbarsky

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

Eddie Schneider

No Biography Given

Micah Schneider

Micah holds the distinction of being one of three certified people to hold incredible cosmic power while living in someone's basement. He is currently on staff for Arisia, a co-founder of Pi-Con, a current board member of the Western MA Power Exchange, and an alumni member of the *Come Again Players*. In his free time, Micah enjoys being polyamorous as often as possible.

Lawrence M. Schoen

Lawrence holds a Ph.D. in cognitive psychology, was a college professor for 10 years, and currently works as the compliance officer for a mental health & addiction services medical center. He's one of the world's foremost authorities on the Klingon language. In 2007 he was nominated for the Campbell Award for Best New Writer. He also runs *Paper Golem*, a speculative fiction small press.

Meredith Schwartz

Meredith's latest obsession is screenwriting *Accidental Heroes*, a TV show about RPGers turned superheroes which can be seen at www.staytunedtv.net. Her stories appeared in *Strange Horizons*, *Reflection's Edge* and Torquere Press anthology *Sleeping Beauty Indeed*. She also reviews SF for *Publishers Weekly* and *Library Journal*, and edited *Alleys and Doorways*, a homoerotic urban fantasy anthology which r

Darrell Schweitzer

Darrell Schweitzer is the author of *The Mask of the Sorcerer*, 2 other novels, & many short stories. He is a book reviewer, critic, interviewer, & was co-editor of *WEIRD TALES* for 19 years. His anthology *THE SECRET HISTORY OF VAMPIRES* appeared from DAW in 2007. Most recently PS Publishing has published his novella *LIVING WITH THE DEAD*.

Steven Sciamè

No Biography Given

Josepha Sherman

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

Susan Shwartz

Susan Shwartz is author/editor of 30 books and more than 70 pieces of short fiction in nine languages. A Wall Street veteran, she earned her M.A. and Ph.D. in English from Harvard and her B.A. from Mount Holyoke. She collects SF art and loves opera.

Jane T. Sibley

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."

David Silverman

David Silverman is the National Spokesperson for American Atheists. In fact, Dave had the distinction of being "the guy in the Elizabeth Dole Ad" during this past election, which painted her opponent as "Godless." Mr. Silverman interviewed Douglas Adams, published posthumously in the *Salmon of Doubt*, and he is also the blogmeister at the NoGodBlog.com.

Hildy Silverman

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

Charlie Spickler

Charlie is a Brooklyn based indie filmmaker. In 2008 Charlie produced & directed the TV pilot "Accidental Heroes" which is being shopped to various cable networks and can be seen in webisode format on www.staytunedtv.net. Charlie is in development on a feature film called "Art of the Matter" to be shot in June 2009. Charlie is a partner in C Squared Pictures. www.csquaredpictures.com

Harold Stein

Harold can likely be found in either the art show on staff or recording in the film room. <http://www.floatingfilm.com>

PROGRAM PARTICIPANTS

Raven Stormbringer

Raven Stormbringer is a professional makeup FX artist props master and wardrobe/costumer specializing in old age and xeno-biological 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 also <http://ravenefx.com>.

Ian Randal Strock

Ian Randal Strock is the editor of SFScope.com and a freelance editor and author. Previously, he published Artemis Magazine, and before that, was the associate editor of Analog and Asimov's. His writing in Analog won two AnLabs. He blogs at <http://ianrandalstrock.livejournal.com>. His first book, the nonfiction "Presidential Book of Lists," was published by Random House/Villard in October 2008.

Karen Sullivan

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

No Biography Given

Patrick Thomas

Patrick Thomas is the author of 80+ short stories & 15 books, including EMPTY GRAVES, the 8th book in the popular MURPHY'S LORE series. THE MYSTIC INVESTIGATORS OF PATRICK THOMAS & FAIRY WITH A GUN will be out in 2009. He co-edited the HEAR THEM ROAR & NEW BLOOD anthologies, has novellas in GO NOT GENTLY & FLESH & IRON & writes the satirical advice column DEAR CTHULHU. Drop by www.patthomas.net

Sue Toker

Sue Toker is a costumer who must compete in the Master class due to sheer dumb luck, an artist, a movie going junky, and a reading addict-but who here isn't.

Shane Tourtellotte

Shane Tourtellotte is a short story writer, most often appearing in Analog, and was the editor of "Hal's Worlds", a tribute volume for Hal Clement. He has been nominated for both the Campbell and the Hugo awards. He was a longtime contributor at the "Grudge Match" website, and now co-creates MP3 riffs on "Star Trek" movies and episodes to satiate his humorous urges.

Gordon Van Gelder

Gordon Van Gelder is the editor and publisher of The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction.

Michael A. Ventrella

Michael A. Ventrella is one of the founders of modern American live action fantasy roleplaying and currently runs the Alliance LARP (AllianceLARP.com) In the 80s, he founded Animato! Magazine. His first high fantasy novel, "Arch Enemies," was recently published by Double Dragon. His web page is www.MichaelAVentrella.com. In his spare time, he is a lawyer.

Constance Wagner

Constance Wagner, currently at work on a book on Frodo as sacrificial hero, has spoken on "things Rings" at DragonCon 2008, A Long Expected Party 2008 in Kentucky, and various national and international academic conferences on popular culture. A writer and editor, she is also Writing Program Director at Saint Peter's College in Jersey City, New Jersey.

Michael Walsh

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

Jeff Warner is: a President Emeritus of the Science Fiction Forum, a co-founder of I-Con and Albacon, a guerilla panelist at Noreascon4, unsolicited advisor to 4Pi-Con, Program Operations at Arisia, an occasionally published writer, and has been everything from gofer to guest at cons since 1976. Despite all this he denies repeated allegations of SMOFdom.

Elisabeth Waters

Elisabeth Waters sold her first short story in 1980 to Marion Zimmer Bradley for THE KEEPER'S PRICE, the first of the Darkover anthologies. She then went on to sell short stories to a variety of anthologies. Her first novel, a fantasy called CHANGING FATE, was awarded the 1989 Gryphon Award. She is now working on a sequel to it, in addition to her short story writing and anthology editing.

David Weingart

Father, fan, filker, sometimes costumer, programmer, occasional SMOF and liable to pick up any guitar lying around and start noodling. Much of the past year has been spent living in Switzerland.

Diane Weinstein

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.

PROGRAM PARTICIPANTS

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Andrew Wheeler

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, and is currently a judge for the 2009 Eisner Awards. He reviews comics at www.ComicMix.com, as well as writing about and reviewing many things at his personal blog, antickmusings.blogspot.com.

Nightwing Whitehead

Nightwing Whitehead started learning about clothing at the knee of her stepmother, eventually earning a Bachelor of Science in Fashion Design at Philadelphia University. She has worked for several theaters, and has her own business designing and creating what she calls costumes for life... suits, evening gowns, and casual wear.

Darlene Wilson

No Biography Given

Alex Wittenberg

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 eleventh Lunacon.

Batya Wittenberg

No Biography Given

Ben Yalow

Ben Yalow has been to over 600 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.

Shara Zoll

Shara Zoll is a Project Director for the SCI FI Channel.

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IN MEMORIAM

Forrest J Ackerman (Famous Monster of Fandom)
Edie Adams (singer/actress)
Lino Aldani (Italian sf author)
Amanda Allen (fan/costumer)
John Alvin (artist)
Robert Lynn Asprin (sf author)
Karol P. Barrick (fan)
Bebe Barron (composer)
Barrington J. Bayley (sf author)
Hans Beck (Playmobil inventor)
Joe Beedell (fan)
John Berkey (sf artist)
Algis Budrys (sf author)
Danton Burroughs (ERB's grandson)
Johnny Byrne (scriptwriter)
George Carlin (comedian)
Julius Carry (actor)
Edd Cartier (sf artist)
James Cawthorn (artist)
Ben Chapman (actor)
George C. Chesbro (sf author)
Ewan Chrystal (UK fan)
Sir Arthur C. Clarke (Hugo & Nebula winning sf author)
Alexander Courage (composer)
Hazel Court (actress)
Jack Cover (Taser inventor)
Oliver Crawford (scriptwriter)
Michael Crichton (author/director)
John Daly (director)
Don S. Davis (actor)
Dr. Michael DeBakey (heart surgery pioneer)
Thomas Disch (sf author)
Robert DoQui (actor)
Will Elder (cartoonist)
Philip Jose Farmer (sf author)
Nina Foch (actress)
Susanna Foster (actress)
Leo Frankowski (sf author)
Beverly Garland (actress)
Steve Gerber (comic book scripiter)
Sarah Goldwasser (fan's grandmother)
Stuart Gordon (British sf author)
Robbie Greenberger (fan)
Gary Gygax (D&D co-developer)
Earle Hagen (composer)
Frank Hamilton (artist)
Larry Harmon (Bozo the Clown)
Paul Harvey (commentator)

Isaac Hayes (singer/songwriter/"Chef")
Neal Hefti ("Batman" composer)
Dwight Hemion (TV director/producer)
Charlton Heston (actor)
Pat Hingle (actor)
Edward D. Hoch (prolific mystery author)
Albert Hoffman (LSD synthesizer)
Cheryl Holdridge (Mouseketeer)
Michael Horner (computer scientist)
Sandy Howard (producer)
Betty James (Slinky's mom)
Robert Jastrow (NASA scientist)
Ollie Johnston (Disney animator)
Robert H. Justman (producer)
Janet Kagan (sf author)
Jack Kamen (artist)
Edward S. Kessel (fan)
James Killus (sf author)
Eartha Kitt (singer/actress - "Catwoman")
David Knapp (fan's father)
Alfred A. Knopf, Jr. (publisher)
Rob Knox (actor)
Dr. William Kolff (artificial organ pioneer)
Harvey Korman (actor)
Louise Kraf (fan's mother)
Irving Richard Krevor (fan's grandfather)
Don LaFontaine (voiceover artist)
John Phillip Law (actor)
Joshua Lederberg (Nobelist in medicine)
John Leonard (critic)
Milton Lesser (sf author)
Edward Lorenz ("Chaos Theory")
Kermit Love (Muppet designer)
George Low (astronaut)
Richard K. Lyon (sf author)
Jeff MacKay (actor)
Anthony Mami (fan's father)
Lois Mangan (fan)
Kim Manners (producer/director)
Bob May (inside "Robot")
Patrick McGoohan ("The Prisoner")
Gregory McMullan (fan & filker)
Bill Melendez (Peanuts animator)
Ricardo Montalban ("Khan")
Jim Mooney (comic book artist)
Barry Morse (actor)
Sir John Mortimer (Rumpole's creator)

Chris Moskowitz (fan/early Lunarian)
Ernest Muir (Howdy Doody producer)
Jack Narz (game show host)
Lois Nettleton (actress)
Paul Newman (actor)
Kilmeny Niland (fan's mother)
Opus (penguin)
Bettie Page (model)
Michael Pate (actor)
Dr. Randy Pausch (last lecturer)
Joseph Pevney (director)
Derek Pickles (fan)
Beverly Pines (fan's mother)
George W. Proctor (sf author/artist)
Ida Reinhart (fan's aunt)
Brad Renfro (actor)
Shirley Jean Rickert (Our Gang actress)
Majel Barrett Roddenberry (actress/producer)
Margarita Rodriguez-Ralat (fan's mother, grandmother & great-grandmother)
Leonard Rosenman (composer)
Arthur A. Ross (scriptwriter)
Roy Scheider (actor)
Charles Schner (producer)
Nate Senchy (fan's nephew)
Ken Slater (fan)
Socks (former White House cat)
Harry Spalding (screenwriter)
Jack Speer (First Fandom member)
Ray Steckler (director)
Dave Stevens (comic book artist)
Ira Stoller (fan)
Levi Stubbs (singer/alien plant)
Suzanne Tees (costumer)
Brian M. Thomson (sf author)
Jinzo Toriumi (Anime scripiter)
Michael Turner (Witchblade & Fathom creator)
Dale Wasserman (playwright)
Jonathan Weaver (Bx. Sci Alumnus)
James Whitmore (actor)
Christopher Wicking (screenwriter)
Richard Widmark (actor)
Don Wilder (Crock co-creator)
Joan Winston (fan extraordinaire)
Stan Winston (SFX genius)
Bernie Zuber (fanzine editor/author)

THE NEW YORK SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY—THE LUNARIANS, INC.

The New York Science Fiction Society-the Lunarians, Inc., is the sponsoring group behind Lunacon. It is one of the New York Metropolitan area's oldest science fiction and fantasy clubs. A non-profit educational organization, the Lunarians was founded in November 1956 in the Bronx. Its name is derived from "Station Luna," a call sign used on recorded works by founding member Frank Dietz. The first Lunacon took place in May 1957 and has continued to be held as a yearly event (except in 1964, due to the New York World's Fair). Lunacon 2009 marks our 52th annual convention, an accomplishment few other groups have attained.

With a long and rich tradition in SF fandom, the Lunarians have had many well-known members over the years. Among them have been Donald A. Wollheim, Art Saha, Jack L. Chalker, Charles N. Brown, Elliot Shorter, John and Perdita Boardman, Andrew Porter, Seth Breidbart, Devra Langsam, Brian Burley, Ira Donewitz and Ben Yalow. We can also count Sam Moskowitz and David Kyle among our founding members. The Society's emblem known as "Little Loonie" depicts a spaceman sitting in a crescent moon reading a book. Based after designs by Christine Haycock Moskowitz and David Kyle, the current version was drawn by Wally Wood. It is also used in connection with Lunacon.

The New York Science Fiction Society-the Lunarians, Inc., in keeping with our educational purpose, has taken an active role in the future of the genre. In 1989, a scholarship fund was established by the Society whose sole purpose is to help beginning writers in science fiction and fantasy from the greater New York Metropolitan area attend both of the Clarion workshops (and now Odyssey). The scholarship fund was later renamed in memory of the late Donald A. and Elsie B. Wollheim, renowned fans, publishers and Society members. The Donald A. and Elsie B. Wollheim Memorial Scholarship Fund has been able to provide partial scholarships to over three dozen aspiring writers since its inception.

Following this, in 1992, the Society continued its educational goals with the establishment of the Isaac Asimov Memorial Award, which serves as an everlasting tribute to his contributions to the fields of science fiction and science fact. Presented usually on an annual basis at Lunacon, the award honors 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 to date have been Hal Clement, Frederick Pohl, Ben Bova, Stephen Hawking, Stephen Jay Gould, Michio Kaku, Charles Sheffield, Charles Pellegrino, Arthur C. Clarke, Yoji Kondo (Eric Kotani), Neil deGrasse Tyson, Gregory Benford and Vernor Vinge. The award will not be presented this year as changes are being made to its voting procedures.

In 1997, to honor the 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 was Vincent Di Fate for his book, "Infinite Worlds: The Fantastic Vision of Science Fiction Art".

The New York Science Fiction Society-the Lunarians, Inc. is currently concentrating its efforts on Lunacon as the club aspect of the Society goes through some structural modifications. Anyone interested in helping us with the convention can get further information at the Volunteers Desk or in the Lunacon Office. For further information, you can write us at: New York Science Fiction Society-the Lunarians, Inc., PO Box 432, Throggs Neck Station, Bronx, NY 10465 or at info@lunacon.org.

