



Lunacon²

Warner Aspect
Salutes
Alan Dean Foster
Guest of Honor
LUNACON 2002



Author Photo: Rosa Hilmoc

Watch for *The Mocking Program*
Coming August 2002, bestselling author Alan Dean Foster
returns to science fiction with this high-tech police
procedural set in a gritty, near-future Los Angeles.

Also available from Alan Dean Foster:

The Dig™

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The Journeys of the Catechist Trilogy:

Carnivores of Light and Darkness

Into the Thinking Kingdoms

A Triumph of Souls



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The New York Science Fiction Society—The Lunarians, Inc. presents:

Lunacon

Writer Guest of Honor:

Alan Dean Foster

2002

Artist Guest of Honor:

James Gurney

Fan Guests of Honor:

Ron & Val Ontell

Special Guest:


Peter Hamilton

Toastmistress

Roberta Rogow

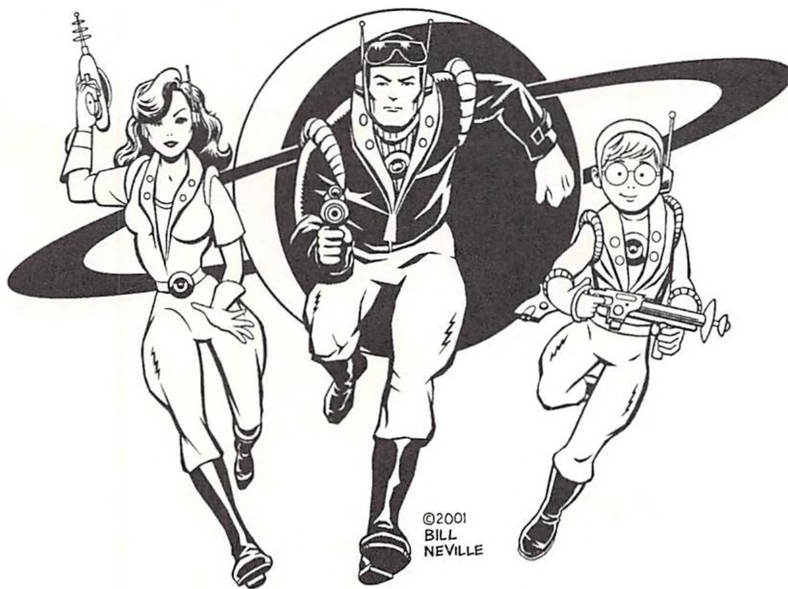
March 15 -17, 2002

Rye Town Hilton, Rye Brook, NY



Noreascon 4
The 62nd World Science Fiction Convention

September 2-6, 2004
Boston, Massachusetts, USA



Pro Guests of Honor:

**Terry
Pratchett**

**William
Tenn**

Fan Guests of Honor:

**Jack
Speer**

**Peter
Weston**

Noreascon 4

FACILITIES

Hynes Convention Center
Sheraton Boston Hotel
Boston Marriott Copley Place

MEMBERSHIP RATES (Through Aug. 1, 2002)

Attending membership:	\$ 120
Supporting membership:	\$ 35
Upgrade existing supporting membership to attending:	\$ 85
Child's admission:	\$ 85
(12 & under as of Sept. 6, 2004; Child's admission does not include publications or voting rights.)	

Installment plan available; write installments@mcfi.org

QUESTIONS

To volunteer, write to volunteers@mcfi.org

For information about registration, contact prereg@mcfi.org

To advertise in progress reports, email progress@mcfi.org

For general questions, ask info@mcfi.org

ADDRESSES

Noreascon Four/MCFI
P.O. Box 1010
Framingham, MA 01701-1010
United States of America

Fax: +1 617.776.3243

Web page:
<http://www.noreascon.org>

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A Worldcon comes to Toronto once in a generation
Do not miss your chance to attend

TORCON3

61st World Science Fiction Convention
August 28 - September 1, 2003

Metro Toronto Convention Centre
Royal York Hotel, Crowne Plaza Hotel, Renaissance Toronto Hotel at Sky Dome



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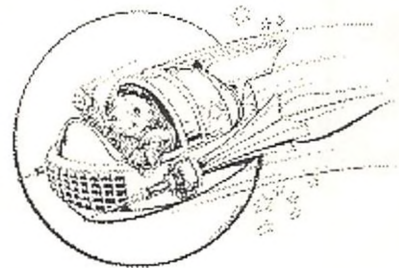
Mike Glycer (fan)

Spider Robinson (Toastmaster)

GoHst of Honour: Robert Bloch, the spirit of Toronto Worldcons

TORCON 3 Membership Rates

Rates Effective:	Currency	
	\$C	\$US
January 1, 2002		
Supporting	\$60	\$40
Attending	\$220	\$145
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we can shanghai!

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KANSAS CITY IN 2006

A BID FOR THE 64TH

WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION

AUGUST 31-SEPTEMBER 4, 2006

✦ In 1976, Kansas City hosted the 34th World Science Fiction Convention. A generation of new fans emerged from that experience and spread throughout the midwest, founding clubs and starting conventions, many of which are still in existence. We look forward to the opportunity to provide a similar transformative experience to the youth of today and tomorrow, 30 years after the original.

✦ Overland Park (one of the many suburbs that make up the greater Kansas City area) is constructing a state-of-the-art convention center that will provide more than enough function space for a WorldCon's needs. Phase One (currently running a month ahead of schedule) will be finished this fall, and Phase Two, which will double the size of the Convention Center, will be completed in 2005. Phase One includes 237,000 square feet of total space, including a 60,000 square foot exhibit hall, a multi-purpose facility with stage that seats 2500 and meeting rooms that can be configured as needed. The attached Sheraton hotel offers a 12,000 square foot ballroom and 13,000 square feet of meeting room space. There is also a 25,000 square foot courtyard between the hotel and convention center for outdoor demonstrations, and 225 covered and 1200 surface parking spaces, in addition to the hotel parking. All parking, both at the convention center and the hotels, will be free. You can watch the progress from our website, www.midamericon.org. There will be over 1100 rooms connected to or immediately adjacent to the convention center, with a total of over 5,000 rooms within a 10 minute drive. The committee, hotels, convention center, convention and visitors bureau, and the City of Overland Park are working together to coordinate shuttle service between the hotels, the convention and nearby shopping and dining areas.

✦ Our Bid Committee consists of fans both from the midwest and throughout the country with experience working local and regional conventions, as well as WorldCons. Our local group hosted the Nebula Weekend in 1997 (which went over so well we've been asked to do it again in 2002). Our annual convention, ConQueST (now in its fourth decade), is renowned as one of the finest (and most fun) cons in the midwest. And members of our committee are also part of the group hosting the 2003 World Horror Convention in Kansas City.

✦ Kansas City is in the heart of America; it's a major transportation hub with easy travel connections and a modern, spacious airport. You'll be amazed at how little you'll have to pay for hotel rooms and fine dining in our fair city. The convention center is located directly adjacent to a major interstate and is easily accessible from any direction.

✦ Kansas City is famous for its jazz, blues, fine dining, barbecue and its park-like, scenic beauty. There are also many attractions awaiting your discovery, including the Kansas City Zoo, the Harry S Truman Library and Museum, the Nelson-Atkins Museum (with a major expansion to be completed in 2005), the Kemper Museum of Contemporary Art, several riverboat casinos, the world-renowned Country Club Plaza shopping district and much more, all within thirty minutes of the convention center.

The Bid Committee believes we can make Labor Day weekend 2006 one of the most memorable in WorldCon history. We invite you to join us in the effort by presupposing our bid at one of the four levels explicated at right. The benefits listed will be received if you vote and we win. We thank you for your support, and look forward to seeing you in 2006.

Service Mark notice: "World Science Fiction Society," "WSFS," "World Science Fiction Convention," "NASFiC," "Hugo" and "WorldCon" are registered service marks of the World Science Fiction Society, an unincorporated literary society.

Jazz Dragon Logo by Rachael Mayo.

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supporting membership
1/2 credit for conversion

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Yardbird: \$50 US
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*For Up to Date Information
on All Aspects
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www.midamericon.org*

Questions? Comments? Just want
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Policies and Acknowledgements

Weapons:

No Weapons Of Any Kind Are Permitted.

People with weapons will not be registered. Anyone found to be carrying a weapon during the convention will have his/her membership revoked without compensation. The use of a weapon as part *must be approved by the Masquerade Director prior to the event.* Going to and from the Masquerade, they must be carried in an opaque carrying case, e. g. : a paper bag.

The Convention Committee defines a weapon as anything that is classified as a weapon under New York State law, any object designed to cause bodily harm, or any replica of such object, and any other object the Committee determines to be dangerous. This includes toy weapons of **all** types. The Committee reserves the right to amend this definition of a weapon, depending upon each individual situation and the associated behavior. We also reserve the right to impound weapons for the duration of the convention. Actions or behavior which interfere with the enjoyment of the convention by other attendees will also result in revocation of membership

without compensation. Please, if in doubt, **ask us.**

Costumes:

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

Smoking

All function rooms of *Lunacon 2002* are non-smoking!!

Drinking Age

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

Convention Badges:

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

Please Note:

Most Convention activities will be closing at 3 am so that we can all get some much needed rest.

Acknowledgements

We would like to express our appreciation and thanks to the following people and organizations without whose assistance Lunacon 2002 would not have been possible: our Guests of Honor, the Rye Town Hilton, the many contributors to this book, named and unnamed, the publishers and others who have generously supported our Book Exhibit and Raffle (and the Lunarian's Donald and Elsie Wollheim Scholarship Fund), Brainlink International for assistance with the Internet Room, our fellow Committee members (and the people who live them), our illustrious predecessors (for giving us something to live up to, or down, as the case may be), and a special thank you to our hardworking Volunteer Staff.

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Writer Guest of Honor:



What do you get when you cross George Lucas with Lowell Thomas and then throw in a little Steven Spielberg, a smattering of Walt Disney and just a touch of Eric Frank Russell and funnel it all through George Plimpton's Professional Amateur?

But I digress...

Alan Dean Foster is a member of a rare breed of writers who came to prominence in what publishing historians will one day refer to as the glory days of bestselling paperback originals. Not content to being just a maestro of science fiction with novels set in his Commonwealth Universe (featuring such memorable characters as Pip and Flinx) climbing up the bestsellers list, Alan also mastered the fantasy series with his memorable Spellsinger series (four New York Times bestselling volumes in paperback), the contemporary fantasy thriller (Into the Out Of), the science fiction romp (Glory Lane and Codgerspace), the science fiction western mystery (Cyber Way), the fantasy western (Mad Amos Malone) and the historical adventure (Maori) ... and these are only his original works.

Alan also has several other distinctive credits to his credits including two "Firsts" and a "Most". In addition to being the "first" New York Times bestselling paperback original novelization author (under the 'uncredited' moniker of producer/writer/director George Lucas whose screenplay he novelized), he was also the first bestselling "Star Wars" spinoff

author (Splinter of the Mind's Eye), and also the author with the most number of New York Times bestselling movie novelizations including such films as the first three Alien films, Outland, Clash of the Titans, Starman, Alien Nation and the Last Starfighter. In a time when novelizations were a dime a dozen, Alan's were recognized as the cream of the crop with just the right amount of screenplay recapitulation balanced by his own creative

Alan Dean Foster

embellishment and innovation.

Obviously some one with so many written word accomplishments and with such a prolific output is obviously a shut-in, a anti-social misfit, and the personification of geekdom ... NOT!

Alan is a world traveler/globe trotter but not in any stodgy sort of Robin Leech lifestyles of the

Rich, Famous, and Boring sort of way. Sure Alan likes museums and galleries and fine foods, but he also adores diving with sharks (the water dwelling sort, not the Hollywood/Park Avenue variety), hiking with headhunters, jaunting through jungles, and romping in rainforests.

If National Geographic can get there, Alan is usually not far behind.

And I haven't even mentioned his other hobbies like art and book collecting, appreciating the works of Carl Barks and Erich Wolfgang Korngold, his home in Arizona that was built out of bricks saved from a turn of the century bordello, his lovely wife JoAnn, or any other number of fascinating tidbits that bundled together could make none or ten well rounded individuals, let alone a single renaissance man like Alan Dean Foster.

...and above all else he is also a really nice guy.

I've had the opportunity of editing some of his books (including recently his mainstream thriller Primal Shadows) which is only surpassed in terms of pure enjoyment by just

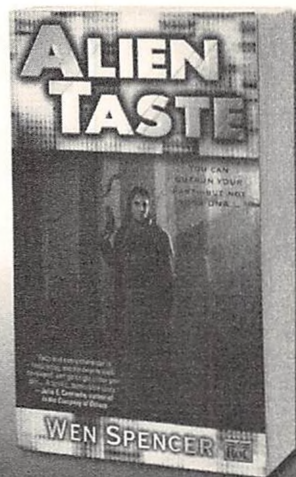
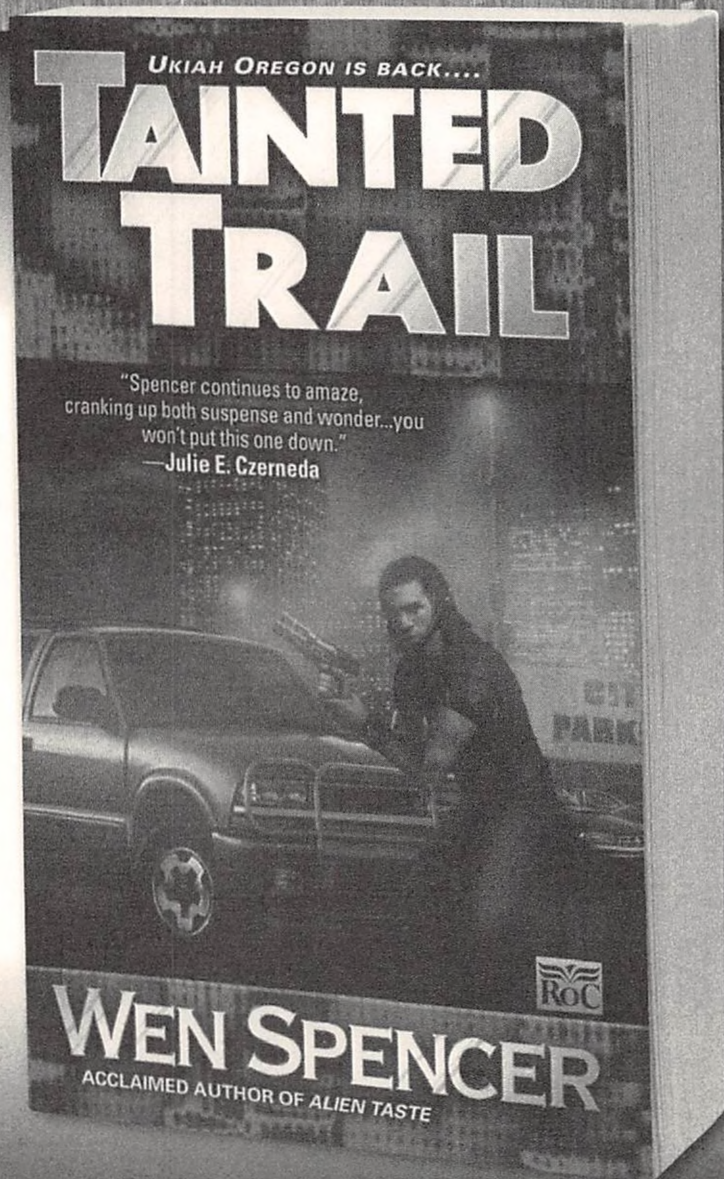
spending time with him, shooting the breeze on different subjects, and basically hanging out and having a good time.

Alan's more than a bestselling author, he's a cool guy, my friend, and your guest of honor.

(And as you've probably already guessed, he is also the answer to the digressive question poised at the beginning of this piece).

Brian Thomsen is a former editor for

New from Acclaimed Author
WEN SPENCER
The Riveting Sequel to *Alien Taste*



Available wherever books are sold.

Alan Dean Foster:

Born in New York City in 1946, Foster was raised in Los Angeles. After receiving a Bachelor's Degree in Political Science and a Master of Fine Arts in Cinema from UCLA (1968, 1969) he spent two years as a copywriter for a small Studio City, Calif. advertising and public relations firm.

His writing career began when August Derleth bought a long Lovecraftian letter of Foster's in 1968 and much to Foster's surprise, published it as a short story in Derleth's bi-annual magazine *The Arkham Collector*. Sales of short fiction to other magazines followed. His first attempt at a novel, *The Tar-Aiyem Krang*, was bought by Betty Ballantine and published by Ballantine Books in 1972. It incorporates a number of suggestions from famed SF editor John W. Campbell.

Since then, Foster's sometimes humorous, occasionally poignant, but always entertaining short fiction has appeared in all the major SF magazines as well as in original anthologies and several "Best of the Year" compendiums. Five collections of his short form work have been published.

Foster's work to date includes excursions into hard science-fiction, fantasy, horror, detective, western, historical, and contemporary fiction. He has also written numerous non-fiction articles on film, science, and scuba diving, as well as having produced the novel versions of many films, including such well-known productions as *Star*

Wars, the first three *Alien* films, and *Alien Nation*. Other works include scripts for talking records, radio, computer games, and the story for the first *Star Trek* movie. In addition to publication in English, his work has appeared and won awards throughout the world. His novel *Cyber Way* won the Southwest Book Award for Fiction in 1990, the first work of science-fiction ever to do so.

Though restricted (for now) to the exploration of one world, Foster's love of the far-away and exotic has led him to travel extensively. After graduating from college he lived for a summer with the family of a Tahitian policeman and camped out in French Polynesia. He and his wife JoAnn Oxley, of Moran, Texas, have traveled to Europe and throughout Asia and the Pacific in addition to exploring the back roads of Tanzania and Kenya. Foster has camped out in the "Green Hell" region of the Southeastern Peruvian jungle, photographing army ants and pan-frying piranha (lots of small bones; tastes a lot like trout); has ridden forty-foot whale sharks in the remote waters off Western Australia, and was one of three people on the first commercial air flight into Northern Australia's Bungle Bungle National Park. He has rappelled into New Mexico's fabled Lechugilla Cave, white-water rafted the length of the Zambezi's Batoka Gorge, driven solo the length and breadth of Namibia, crossed the Andes by car, sifted the sands of unexplored archeological sites in Peru, gone swimming with giant otters in Brazil, and surveyed remote Papua New

Guinea and West Papua both above and below the water. His filmed footage of Great White Sharks feeding off South Australia has appeared on both American television and the BBC.

Besides traveling he enjoys listening to both classical music and heavy metal. Other pastimes include basketball, hiking, body surfing, scuba diving, collecting animation on video, and weightlifting. He studied karate with Aaron and Chuck Norris before Norris decided to give up teaching for acting. He has taught screenwriting, literature, and film history at UCLA and Los Angeles City College as well as having lectured at universities and conferences around the country and in Europe. A member of the Science-Fiction Writers of America, the Author's Guild of America, and the Writer's Guild of America, west, he also spent two years serving on the Planning and Zoning Commission of his home town of Prescott, Arizona. Foster's correspondence and manuscripts are in the Special Collection of the Hayden Library of Arizona State University, Tempe, Arizona.

The Fosters reside in Prescott in a house built of brick salvaged from a turn-of-the-century miners' brothel, along with assorted dogs, cats, fish, several hundred houseplants, visiting javelina, porcupines, eagles, red-tailed hawks, skunks, coyotes, bobcats, and the ensorceled chair of the nefarious Dr. John Dec. He is presently at work on several new novels and media projects.



The Smiling Ones

by Alan
Dean Foster

There are some things in life you never forget. Your first date. Your first love. If you are an artist or writer, your first sale. Your first home of your own.

Your first Great White Shark.

Science-fiction writers have been inventing inimical creatures since Frankenstein. In the course of twenty years I've concocted one or two myself. While researching the impossible for your fiction you inevitably come across the extreme examples of what our one planet has produced, of which *Carcharodon carcharias* rests right near the top.

Carcharodon is not the largest predator in the sea. That honor belongs to the

sperm whale, *Physeter catodon*.

Next comes the orca or "killer" whale. But sperm whales are easy-going giants, and show business has Shamued the orca into a friendly, squeeking, black and white oversized puppy. Furthermore, there are no confirmed records of a sperm whale or orca deliberately attacking and killing a human being, whereas *Carcharodon* has been known, however mistakenly, to make a meal out of the occasional human swimmer or surfer. The Great White generates an atavistic fear in people no dozen whales come close to equaling.

If a writer intends to invent terrifying aliens and ravening monsters, I reasoned, it would behoove him to take stock of the nearest analog the planet has to offer. Furthermore, while it's easy enough to go to the zoo and observe land-based carnivores, the distance involved, the presence of moats and heavy bars, somehow moderates the intensity of the experience. Not to mention the fact that the lions and tigers and bears, oh my, seem utterly disinterested in their human visitors the great majority of the time.

There is a difference between viewing lions in a zoo and lions in the wild, but even then the lions profess

sleepy disinterest in their observ-ers.

I was told that the Great White tends not to be disinterested in those humans who enter its element. In January of 1991 set off for South Australia to find out.

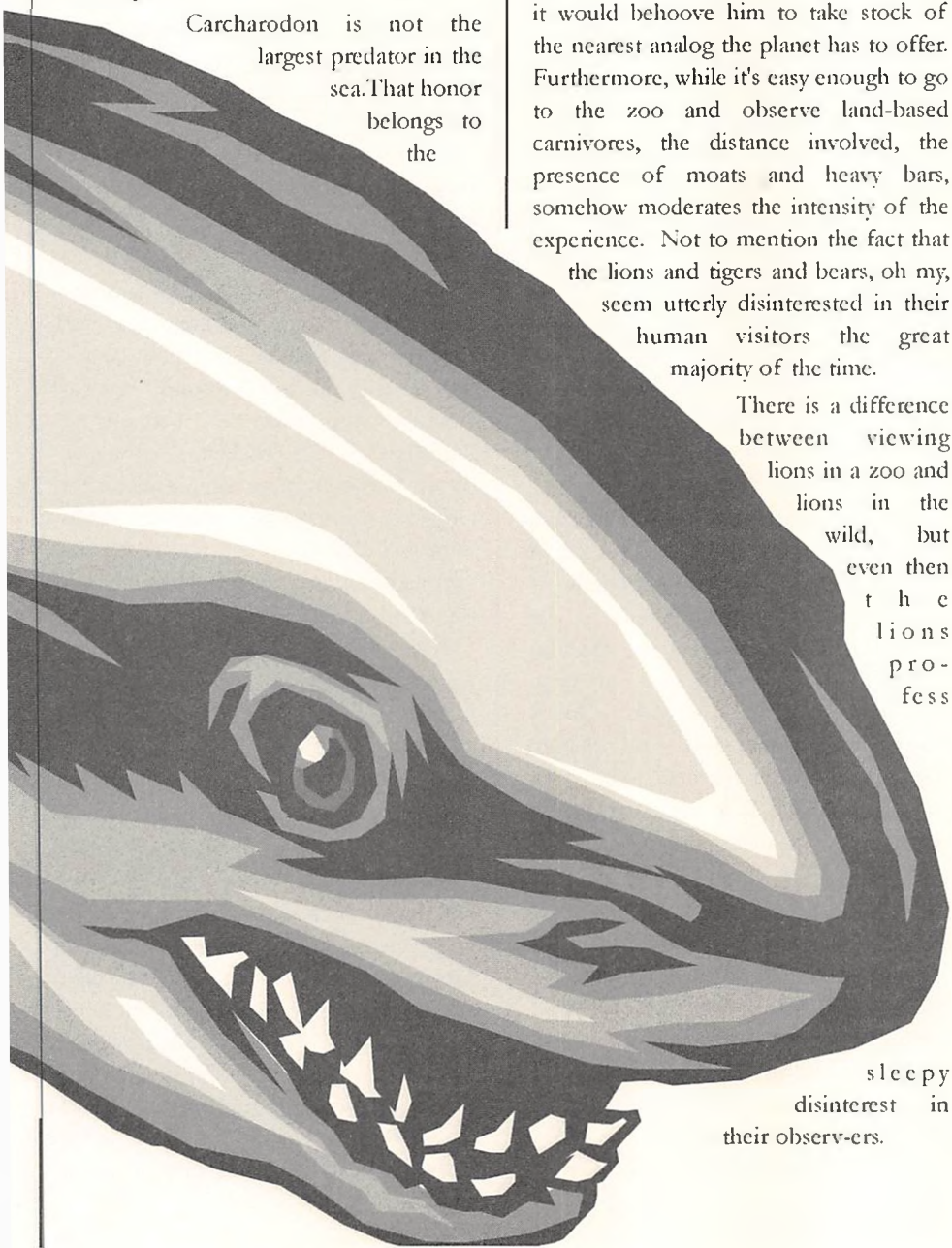
At the hotel in Sydney, my fellow expedition members are beginning to arrive. I look forward to meeting them with more than casual interest, since it is not inconceivable that at some point in the immediate future my continued well-being and/or my life might depend on their skills and good judgment.

First to arrive is Brent Mills, youthful scion of a major family photography company out of Chattanooga, Tennessee. Brent is cheerful and friendly, like an overgrown boy scout with money. His room looks like a bombed-out Kodak depot, with more photographic bells, whistles, and geegaws than I imagine could exist in the feverish dreams of any would-be Ansel Adams.

Next in is Dr. Michael Fritsch of Indianapolis. Mike is quiet, charming, and possessed of the slightly far-off look of one for whom work is never ended. He has in fact brought with him work to do on his second medical book, so I would have someone to talk writing with if not for the fact that half the contents are probably in Latin and far beyond my layman's ken. Considering that he is not far past thirty, I am much impressed with his accomplishments.

Carl Roessler materializes. One of the world's great underwater photographers, he is a peripatetic, athletic fifty-seven year old with the energy and enthusiasm of a man doing exactly what he wants in life. He has the demeanor and face of a mischievous imp and the skin color of a cosseted Irishman. The Aussie sun will fry him, and he knows it. Despite the very real risk, he regularly visits equatorial climes in search of new dive sites and better pictures. Such is the dedication of the wizened photographer.

Greg Sindmack is an obstetrician from Riverside, California. If he cares for the newborns he delivers with the same intensity as he does his camera equipment, then expectant mothers



under his supervision have nothing to concern themselves with. He also cusses more than any physician I've ever encountered.

While Greg and I worry about our camera equipment on the flight over to Adelaide, Carl, Mike, and Brent travel with no such concerns because they utilize "hard" photography luggage that would stop a Patriot missile.

In Adelaide we pick up Sebastian. Just "Sebastian". "S" is an English artist of unfamiliar reputation and intense iconoclasm. He questions everyone but speaks little of himself while affecting the look of an outtake from the TV cartoon show BEETLEJUICE. It turns out that he has only just learned to dive, and this is to be his second diving trip. We eye one another and shrug. It's his life.

Port Lincoln, alias Tunarama City (after the annual Tuna celebration held there every year, a sort of rural piscine Mardi Gras) is a bucolic little town of some 12,000 souls, situated an hour's flight from Adelaide across the vast Spencer Gulf. Beyond Port Lincoln lie only small towns and the vast Nullarbor Plain; a perfectly flat, featureless nothingness that makes the American Great Plains look like Switzerland and runs all the way to the shores of the Indian Ocean. We are met at its tiny airport by Rodney Fox and his son Andrew.

On December 8, 1963, while competing in the Australian spearfishing championships, Rodney Fox was nearly bitten in half by a Great White Shark. Every rib on the left side of his body was crushed, his clavicle was pierced clean through by one tooth, and it took 452 stitches to close up the great wound. There was so little blood left in his body when he arrived at the hospital that had five more minutes elapsed before transfusions were begun, his veins would have collapsed.

Since that time Fox has made the study of the Great White his life's work. In the years since he has guided scientists and researchers, game specialists and professional photographers on yearly expeditions to study the most elusive and mesmerizing carnivore in the sea.

He'll even take along the odd, driven writer.

Rodney turns out to be a large, soft-spoken chap with a quick smile, thinning hair, and a perpetual twinkle in his eye. He looks like the elf Kris Kringle would have to keep putting on administrative leave. Having done this many times before, he and Carl immediately begin swapping howdy-dos and jokes. Son Andrew is much quieter, almost shy, and bigger, with the build of an incipient powerlifter.

Also along is Jack Bellamy, who it turns out constitutes one-half of the ship's crew. The blue-collar half. The one who does the dirty work. He is tall, limber, and bears a perfectly logical if uncanny resemblance to a certain mythical sailor inordinately fond of spinach, only he has no pipe clenched between his teeth. His strine (Aussie dialect) is thicker than a koala's.

Port Lincoln harbor is home to a number of pleasure craft and several working fishing boats. Since the Japanese, Koreans, and Taiwanese have joined the locals in depleting the tuna, these boats have turned to catching other fish and shrimp. Abalone and crayfish (or crays; a kind of slipper lobster) are also profitably taken.

Our boat, the NENAD, is a working shrimper, identical to the craft you see in oversized photos decorating the walls of every Red Lobster restaurant in the country. The exceptions are the two shark cages mounted atop an open platform above the rear deck. One is aluminum, the other steel. Each is about six feet square by seven tall, with twin cylindrical metal float tanks welded to the top and a camera port encircling the entire cage at shoulder level. The unbarred opening is at least a foot wide. Everyone's gaze goes immediately and unspokenly to the place where the bars ain't. The gap looks bigger than I imagined.

Meeting us in Port Lincoln are the Reiths, Klaus and Renate, professional photographers and multi-media show producers from Stuttgart. They are in their late thirties and charming. They also present a problem because they have

brought with them, undeclared beforehand to Carl or Rodney, their five-year old daughter.

Carl and Rodney caucus, then ask our opinion. We eye one another uneasily. What to do is really not for us to say. I mumble something about adequate insurance. Someone makes the inevitable unseemly joke about five-year olds being just the right size for shark bait.

The Reiths have traveled farther and spent more than anyone else to participate in this expedition. Everyone swallows their concerns as we begin to load the boat.

Out of the depths of the NENAD erupts a Yugoslavian hobbit named Mateo Ricov. Our swarthy, ebullient Captain looks exactly like one of the Greek resistance fighters from THE GUNS OF NAVARRONE. I peer past him, but Anthony Quinn and Gregory Peck are nowhere to be seen. Mateo is everywhere, loudly and enthusiastically attending to details.

Also appearing is Silvy Slausen, our cook. Silvy is in her early twenties, attractive and friendly. She is to be the only woman on board a small boat for eight days with twelve men. I admire her immediately. The bachelors among us admire her even more, until everyone is indirectly but in no uncertain terms informed that she is the fiancee of the very large and perhaps not altogether too shy Andrew Fox.

After much picture taking the NENAD's powerful diesels are fired up and we head out to sea.

A pounding, rolling all-day journey deposits us approximately a hundred miles from the mainland in the lee of the small, isolated, and uninhabited North Neptune islands. Once clear of Port Lincoln we sight not a single other craft, not even on radar. We are out in the Great Australian Bight, and the next substantial body of land due south of our position is Antarctica. It is windy, overcast, and cold, most unusual for this part of the world in mid-January. Small consolation to those who've traveled halfway around the world in expectation of clear skies and hot sun.

The NENAD is no pleasure cruiser. Despite the stabilizers added for the benefit of us landlubbers she bobs and stumbles like Lee Marvin's horse from CAT BALLOU. Dr. Fritsch is instantly seasick, and will sadly remain so for the majority of the voyage. He spends a great deal of time in his bunk, stomaching (if one may visualize) his situation in stoic silence. Others suffer to greater or lesser degree, and there is ample sympathy all around. Renate Reith endures in German, which the bi-li Fritsch translates for the rest of us.

Silvy extracts gourmet meals from hidden closets and drawers, which the non-suffers wolf down with varying degrees of enthusiasm. A huge cooler designed to hold ice for the regular shrimp catch burgeons with iced sodas and beer. As the only teetotaler aboard, the others are delighted by my non-liquid tastes. Alas, there is nothing for which to trade my grog ration. Har.

The North Neptune Islands consist of two small, craggy granitic islets. Like most of the islands in the Bight they are barren and seldom visited. The larger of the two provides some shelter for our rocking craft as well as a safe haven for various seabirds, low scrub, and hundreds of barking, moaning, wheezing, bellowing New Zealand fur seals. It is the calving season and the great arc of boulder-strewn shoreline is a rocky rookery filled with squalling pups the size of poodles.

We go ashore to photograph and observe, able to approach the protected animals to within touching distance, though the pups will nip at your fingers if you're not careful. They are utterly charming little critters, and also the reason the NENAD is anchored in their nursery.

Pinnipeds are the Great White's favorite prey, and the younger and less experienced they are, the easier they are to catch.

Back aboard, Rodney, Jack Bellamy, and Andrew are dishing out the chum. The chum, or lure, is a special recipe of Rodney's own devising, consisting of blood, fish oil, and fish parts. I expect the gory concoction to reek, but oddly it

hardly smells at all. Possibly a side benefit of the cool weather. Ladled or hosed overboard, it is carried out to the open sea by the current. The reaction a shark has to crossing a chum line approximates that of a twelve-year old mouthing an electric fence. It garners immediate attention.

But Great Whites are solitary, suspicious, uncommon creatures. The expedition literature repeatedly warned that we might not encounter any at all. In 1990 six of the expedition's allotted eight days elapsed before a single shark put in an appearance, and only two sharks were seen altogether. This is more common than not.

We settle down to wait. The literature and Carl's admonitions have prepared us. We have books, games, equipment to see to. We have each of us brought along a carefully layered veneer of patience. We are quite prepared to wait.

Exactly one hour and forty-five minutes after dropping anchor, Captain Ricov sings out "shark!"

There follows a scramble in tight quarters the likes of which I have not experienced since I was in the army and it was announced that the mess hall was serving steak for dinner. Everyone tumbles...no, flies...to the NENAD's stern.

In the dark green-black water astern, two fins. The mind registers, evaluates, then corrects. No. One fin, one tail. Same fish. We stare entranced as though a vision from the Cretaceous has magically appeared before us. We are not far wrong.

Moving with effortless, leisurely sweeps of its huge tail, the Great White glides casually through the chum and passes indifferently within a yard of the stern. As it does so it rolls onto its left side to eye us. That pupilless jet-black eye is like nothing else I have seen in nature. For the first time we see a hint of teeth, a flash of pure white enamel, triangular in shape. The shark sweeps away and we find we are all holding our breath.

It comes back and starts to circle the boat. It is a youngster, perhaps nine feet long.

Bait fish are put out, half tunas or mackerels on the ends of thin lines to which are attached ordinary colored balloons to keep the bait from sinking. The bright balloons are an incongruous sight, bobbing on the surface of a glassy and suddenly threatening sea.

Rodney informs us that the shark must take the bait or it will quickly lose interest and swim off. We wait and stare. Time passes; too much time.

A fin cuts close, inspects, returns. A pointed nose momentarily cleaves the water slightly and the bait vanishes, the line sliced through as easily as by a scissors. Andrew hauls in the cut line, balloon still attached.

An hour later a second shark appears and takes a bait. Carl is ecstatic, disbelieving. Two sharks the first day, almost within time of anchoring! Unbelievable. Rodney turns to us and smiles.

"Anyone for a swim?"

This is what I have come eight thousand miles for. This is why I've read science-fiction since I was ten years old. The great shark is Van Vogt and Heinlein and Clarke become real. It is not fiction, not words on paper. It has mass, and color, and designs of its own.

I am already in my wetsuit. Because the cages float on the surface we will be working in only eight feet of water. In a full wetsuit that means forty pounds of lead on the weight belt around my waist or else I'll float to the top of the cage and bob there helpless as an unpowered blimp. Between the weights and the tank on my bank I feel as agile as a ruptured hippo. I lurch toward the stern, staggering like Khari, the Mummy.

The top door of the cage gapes invitingly. I step over the stern, hanging onto the gunwale very tightly, and pivot laboriously. I am standing on the eighteen-inch wide diving platform fashioned of inch-diameter steel pipes and the cool water laps over my feet and booties. The stern goes down, the cage goes up, and vice versa, with disconcerting irregularity. If I mistime my jump I could bust something against the cage—or miss it altogether. I look around, my peripheral vision severely

constrained by my mask. Where are the sharks? Are they watching me? Am I their fiction made real?

No time for anthropomorphosing. Others crowd on the deck above, anxious and awaiting their turn. I am the first and I am holding up the procession. What the devil am I doing here? The hell with it. I step off.

Instant jacuzzi. Bubbles surround me, obscuring my vision. My feet slam into the bottom of the cage. My regulator is working fine and I hope I am not breathing too fast. I move clear of the opening and grasp the webwork of the cage, digging my toes into the grillwork in order to steady myself. My head swivels wildly.

No need. It is right there, coasting like a heavy bomber in slow motion, half obscured by the poor visibility and dark water. I hear another diver enter the cage behind me but I don't turn to look in his direction or check his condition. I am fascinated beyond words, an awkward position for a writer.

The shark turns and angles in for a look at this new bait. Coming straight at you a Great White Shark affects the most unexpected and perverse smile, sort of a cross between Bela Lugosi and the Cheshire Cat. Porpoises possess a natural smile too. This is different. Carcharodon at the top of the food chain and he knows it.

So do you.

The nine-foot shark looks about twice as big under water as he does from the safety of the deck. Teeth gleam in the darkness, each one sharp as a two-sided razor and serrated like a steak knife. No other shark, no other living creature has teeth like this. You can describe but not amplify upon them. A newspaper ad for a special shark exhibit at the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History did it best: "Come see the first Cusinart". There is nothing flip, nothing frilly about the Great White. It is not gaudy, not brightly colored. It does not choose to advertise. Unlike science-fiction writers, Nature sees no need to elaborate, no justification for meretricious adjectives. Unlike fictional monsters, Carcharodon is all business.

The shark gently bumps the cage with its nose and turns away, weightlessly gliding past. I reach out and touch it as it swims by. "It's perfectly safe to touch them," Rodney has told us without a hint of a smile. "Just wait for the mouth to go past". The skin feels exactly like that of a porpoise; smooth and hard, like the head of a rubber mallet. Not rough at all. I start to stretch to try and grab the tail, then remember the other shark and quickly draw my hand back into the cage.

For two days we dive and watch and photograph. The weather is uncooperative, the seas rough. One night I stand watch alone on the stern deck as millions of foot-long cream-white squid dart and shoot through the water around the boat, attracted by its spotlights. The sharks are out there too, making regular passes astern, the eeriness of their presence magnified by the silence and the darkness and the void overhead. I am transported as if to another world.

On the third day it starts to get crowded.

By the end of the fourth day there are six Great White Sharks circling the NENAD, feeding and snapping, biting at the cages, the divers within, the boat, the baits. The inch-thick ropes that tether the cages to the boat are repeatedly bitten through, severed as cleanly as if by a headsman's axe. The sharks nudge the cages, they bite at them, they slam into them, all in vain attempts to get at the tasty bipedal morsels hovering within. Rodney avows as how these are the most aggressive Great Whites he's ever seen. We are too ecstatic to be sensibly apprehensive.

Sebastian, our novice, stays in the center of the cage and clings resolutely to the roof, as far away from the sharks as possible. Meanwhile we obtain the most incredible still and video footage of sharks feeding and attacking. The sharks are uncannily silent in their approach. I sit on the floor of the cage to check my camera, only to be told later by Klaus Reith that as I am doing so, a two-thousand pound fourteen-foot Great White is gnawing frantically at the bars not a foot from the back of my head.

I never heard it, and I never saw it. Stealth shark. Did Tyrannosaurus lie in wait to ambush its prey?

That's how they operate. A Great White Shark is to a seal as a battleship is to a PT boat. Infinitely more powerful but not nearly as agile. So they sneak up silently on their quarry from behind and below. Which is why surfers are so often attacked. From below, a surfer in a wetsuit lying atop a surfboard looks very much like a floating seal.

The Great White bites and then retreats and circles, waiting for its flailing victim to bleed to death (many seals and sea lions have sharp claws). Only then does it move in and feed. That's what saved Rodney Fox that December day in 1963. The shark bit him and backed off, waiting for his life to seep away. His wetsuit held his guts together.

You think of these things when you're in the water with half a dozen Great Whites, the largest of which Rodney estimates to be over fifteen feet and twenty-five hundred pounds. The largest he's ever seen in nearly thirty years of diving with them was over eighteen feet, when he was assisting on the filming of the live-action shark sequence for JAWS.

A fifteen-foot Great White is much, much bigger than the cage. When open to its fullest extent while taking the bait its jaws make a small cavern about three feet in diameter. You can see right down its throat, past the gills. It looks like a railroad tunnel, black at the far end.

Carl joins me immediately a Great White slams into the cage after him, jamming its snout through the camera port. With astonishing presence of mind born of a lifetime spent in the sea, Carl whirls at this most disorienting moment of a dive and gives the shark a couple of friendly whacks on the nose with his open palms. I am watching from the other side of the cage, slightly aghast. As promised, the opening is too small for the shark to open its mouth. Tail churning the water to foam, it backs out. Carl smiles around his regulator, eyes twinkling with delight.

Later. I have taken a break and am about to return to the cage. It's old stuff now to a veteran like myself. But there

are three divers in the cage and it's difficult for all of them to crowd to one side to allow me ingress. I wait while Mateo prods someone repeatedly with a boat gaff to get them to move over. The sea is rough.

I cannot wait on the diving platform forever. I jump.

A tremendous pain shoots through my side, as though I've just tried a run against the LA Rams defensive line. I sink to the bottom of the cage, gasping in surprise and discomfort. My side is numb, then as the shock of the initial impact begins to wear off the pain returns. Misjudging my entry, I have slammed my left side into the inch-thick center roof support bar of the cage. The bar is designed to withstand the impact of two-ton sharks without crumpling. It does not yield an iota to me.

I stand and feel of my side. The touch makes the pain no worse. I should climb back out, but cannot bring myself to do it. If something is seriously wrong I might not be allowed another dive. With this stupidity ruling my actions I become aware that my mask is flooding. I remember my diving training. Keep calm; panic is the most dangerous threat in the water.

Laboriously I clear my mask. It fills afresh. I do this three, four times. Finally I yank off my wetsuit hood and shove angrily at my hair. This time the mask clears and stays tight. I am losing heat through my exposed head but don't care. At least I can see.

I spend more time checking myself and my camera. Meanwhile the other divers are exiting the cage. It's lunchtime, I know, and I'm hungry too, but I'm damned if I'm going to get out before seeing anything. I ready my camera and myself. The sharks are everywhere.

I suddenly realize that I am alone in the water.

The other cage bobs in the current nearby, empty. I spin in my own cage. Empty. Suddenly and utterly unexpectedly, everything changes.

I am alone.

The stern of the NENAD is twenty

feet away. For the first time it seems like half a mile. The sea bottom is invisible, ninety feet below. And all around, circling effortlessly, are the Great Whites.

I know nothing can go wrong. I know that they can't bite through the bars or break into the cage. I know I have plenty of air and can open the roof at any time to signal for help. Unless everyone is inside eating lunch (no, surely not!). My calm and rational reassurances do nothing to alter the emotional change of balance. It is all different now, all different.

It is strange and wonderful, this ancient atavistic fear. It must be what the solo cro-magnon hunter felt huddling within his temporary cave listening to the sabertooths and dire wolves howling outside. Difficult to describe. A heightened sense of awareness, attempts to see every which way at once. I am exalted. I am fearful. I am very much alive.

I take pictures like mad, swinging my videocamera in all directions. I have the whole cage to myself, no other divers to concern myself with. I move freely as the sharks bite the cage, bump it, try to nibble off my toes. I am the food and we both know it, but it doesn't matter. They are grand and beautiful as they sweep by, majestic in their power and strength. And for twenty-five minutes, they are all mine.

I am taping one biting the cage when I hear a distinct, sharp snap, like a branch breaking. A bright white object appears, tumbling through the water as the shark slips off the side of the cage. A tooth. I queried Carl about this earlier. "No one's ever gotten a tooth," he told me. "I nearly did once, grabbed at it three times, and had to watch it spin through the floor of the cage. Wanted to cry."

You can't grab things underwater. The faster you clutch, the more water you push in front of your hand and the further away goes the object you're trying to grab. My thoughts race madly: let go of the camera, let it go! But the camera has my best footage so far within, and is buoyant enough in its EWA plastic-bag housing to slam into

the roof and burst if I let it drift away.

With my free hand I flail at the tooth. Like a jitterbugging imp it dances maddeningly around my fingertips, well out of contact. I try to force myself to reach more slowly. No matter. The current is pushing it along. It spins rapidly downward, like a runaway child's top, laughing at me all the way. I take another futile swipe.

The tooth strikes the bottom support bar...and balances there, between grillwork floor and Outside.

Not breathing I extend my thumb and forefinger. The cage rocks in the current. My hand seems alien, an artificial and clumsy tool, a crane fit only for moving boulders. My fingers close around the tooth and tighten. I do not care if I cut myself.

I have it.

I hold it up and wonder at it. About an inch long, a small side tooth. There the serrated edges, there the sharp point. Bits of white flesh hang from the root and there is blood on the left side. Great White Shark flesh. Great White Shark blood. I don't know whether to laugh or shout, both difficult to do on scuba. Where to sequester it safely? I unzip one bootie and slide the tooth inside, then zip it back up. I can feel it against my ankle, hard and unyielding and still sharp.

Outside, several hundred similar teeth are cruising back and forth. Mine will not be missed. I resume shooting.

Aboard, my fellow divers share envy and delight in my tooth. It looks smaller on the boat, but what it represents to me grows larger by the minute. When I remove my wetsuit I am in so much pain I cannot climb into my bunk. I have to lever myself in. Turning over is agony. I do not sleep well, nor do I return to the water for the balance of the expedition.

It does not matter. I have had my half hour alone with the masters of the oceans. I have my memories...and the tooth. And in all that time, I suddenly realize I did not once think of how it might relate to or what it might do for my writing.

I also have a hairline fracture of one or more ribs, and somehow that doesn't matter either.

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The Little Bits That Count
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Special Guest of Honor:

Peter F.

Hamilton

Peter F. Hamilton – Britain's Finest

by John Meaney

Hold onto your hats – we, the Brits, are coming! And in the vanguard rides Peter F. Hamilton, leading the Newest Wave of SF: a movement which began with Peter and Steve Baxter and Iain Banks in the '90s, and is continuing in the 21st century.

Remember that little matter of ill-designed voting cards in Florida? And whether it should be President Gore in the Oval Office right now? And that email you might have been spammed with: the one that said Britain's decided to revoke the treaty signed after the War of Independence, and that there's no need to worry, we're coming back to look after you...

Well, don't take down the flintlocks from over the fireplace. Not on our account, please.

This is a *friendly* task force, coming to visit.

And Peter's an ideal ambassador: modest, quiet, and a writer of fine novels, as I hope you already know. His epic *Night's Dawn* trilogy – well, it was a trilogy in Britain, with the smallest volume coming in at over a thousand pages – spans vast expanses of space and time, with verve and courage and a spirit of

adventure. Damn, I'm glad that's back. Spiced up with nanotech, of course. And Peter brings in tropes from wherever he damn well pleases, from mating spaceships to a creeping interplanetary dread which might have come from the mind of Stephen King.

None of that dreary British pessimism, the world-weary ennui which once pervaded our science fiction. Brit SF is back, it's kick-ass good and here to stay. Cheers, Mr Hamilton!

He looks awfully young to be an icon, don't you think?

In person, he's softly spoken but approachable. He and his other (better?) half, the beautiful Kate, occasionally throw legendary parties. Deep in the midst of rural, near-mythical Rutland, in a beautiful cottage by an idyllic village... suddenly, a horde of SF-lit weirdos descends, and the terrified mundanes bolt their doors.

What dark secrets of his can I reveal?

None, I'm afraid. (I'll take that money in used notes, Peter. Thanks. With non-sequential serial numbers, if that's okay with you.) I don't even know what the middle initial stands for, though I'm game for some colorful

guesses if you are.

No, Peter's a straightforward guy. Something like Chuck Norris, as seen by the martial arts world and in Hollyweird: he's decent and honest by reputation, and when you get to meet him... he really is like that.

As for the boldness in his writing, well, it's not just armchair adventure: last year, Peter trekked up Mt Kilimanjaro. As one does. This outgoing sensibility's reflected, I think, in the strong sense of place which defines his novels' offworld locations. If they feel earthlike, it's because humanity's blasted the local environment to make it that way.

There's something wholesome about that. Clean, laddish (I'm not sure I can translate that into American: near-jock-ethic with the occasional spillover into drunken violence, maybe) fun. Yet not simplistic. Given that 21st century Brit-culture is defined by sex, drugs and mobile phones, Peter simultaneously nails down the zeitgeist and re-establishes old-fashioned solid values. (That's a compliment, by the way.)

His first novel, *Mindstar Rising*, was published (in Britain) in '93. Greg Mandel, psi-boosted

Mindstar veteran, immediately became a popular hero, featured in two sequels. But it was *The Reality Dysfunction* which established Peter firmly among the highest echelons, and he's there for good.

And yes, the *Night's Dawn* sequence really is a trilogy in its British editions. If there's one thing to say about Mr Hamilton, he's good value for money. ("I'll have ten pounds weight of your best science fiction, please, shopkeeper...") Hence the sense of awe which sometimes falls when he's around conventions. And the sense of fiendish glee when Locus reports his handing in the latest massive MS to a fearful editor...

His latest, *Fallen Dragon*, is almost restrained. Only in the

sense, mind you, of being a standalone novel, as far as I can tell. But the powerful storytelling is there, along with a fine conclusion which I, as a reader, did not quite expect.

What more can I say?

I'm positive you'll have a great Lunacon. Thanks for deciding to invite him. Please send him back when you've, er, finished with him. (Did that come out right?) Just so long as he can still write. Embrace the still-new century: read Peter's books, and buy him a drink.

More seriously: New Yorkers know better than anyone that Fate can take devastating turns. Let's not be simplistic and equate energetic SF with world peace. But storytelling is at the

heart of humanity – it always has been – and we should do everything we can to embrace that long perspective, that vision of a diverse future for humanity in all its forms. And in the present, let's enter a positive and joyful mental state, a celebration of the real magic which surrounds us, and savor the moment.

Have a nice time with Peter.

And bless you all.

John Meaney has various facets: well known in Britain as the author of the award-winning/nominated To Hold Infinity and Paradox, and the forthcoming Context; as an IT consultant who teaches Java and OO technologies; and, making a guest appearance, as an alien-blasting star-trooper on page 247 (in the UK edition) of Peter F. Hamilton's latest excellent book, Fallen Dragon. Fame at last!

A PETER F. HAMILTON Bibliography

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The Confederation Universe

By Peter F. Hamilton

Why? The most frequently asked question of them all. Why did you write the Night's Dawn?

Personally I think it's the polite way of asking: what the hell were you thinking of?

The Reality Dysfunction comes out as 1221 pages in paperback form, about the most uncommercial length you can write. The Neutronium Alchemist is 1259 pages. As I write this, the week before publication of *The Naked God* in hardback, Macmillan doesn't even know if it's possible to fit *The Naked God* into a single paperback, it's roughly 20% larger than *Neutronium Alchemist*. That comes to about 1.2 million words to get through. There are dozens of characters for the reader to keep track of by the time you do reach the end of *The Naked God*, and that's just principal characters. Different worlds and habitats to remember, histories... It's unashamed Space Opera. Worse, it has 'horror elements' erupting into the story.

In hindsight, it wasn't a good idea to write it at all. Good thing authors know so little about the practicalities of publishing.

Okay, so why did I write it. The simple answer is, I had an idea. That's the second most frequently asked question, for all SF authors, where do you get your wacky ideas from. We can't answer, of course, ideas don't have an origin, at least not in my brain. Though I do favour Eric Brown's theory that there's actually a little old lady in Leeds who runs a postal order service for SF writers, send her a fiver and she'll send you an idea. Trouble is, Eric never gives anyone her address.

So- I had the idea. The possessed coming back. After that it's a simple process of extrapolation. Why do they come back? There's a line in the trilogy about devil worshipers praying for centuries for Lucifer to appear, and nothing much seems to have happened. So in this case there has to be another factor introduced, an alien factor. The Ly-cilph were born.

Next, with the basic premise established, the exponential curve of possession sweeping across entire populations, I had to decide what kind of society would stand a chance against such an incursion. It didn't take a lot of thought before I settled on the traditional vast interstellar civilisation that

seems to be the defining qualification of Space Opera. Besides, I've always had a very soft spot for the genre. I started reading EE Doc Smith's *Lensman* series when I was thirteen. It's the perfect age to be swept away by starships armed with planetbuster weapons, really black-hearted villains, heroic space pilots, and the Galactic Patrol. To the point at which I absolutely refuse to read the Doc today, I'm way too cynical these days, I'll just stay with the memories of good times.

As well as nostalgia, the galaxy-wide civilisation of humans equipped with super-technology, is the perfect widescreen broadband spectacle to let an author's imagination loose in. There are few limits in such a field. Those I found come from my own memory and feeling. The 'old' style space operas tended to be fairly black and white affairs, a straight fight between good and evil. They also tended to concentrate on the hero and villain at the expense of everyone else. Fine back in the time *Lensman* was written, but the genre as a whole has moved on a bit since then. I wanted to tell the story in a way which illustrated what happens to the archetype little man, by which I mean what happens to society as

a whole after such a gigantic physical and spiritual conflict. This is the notion which was the start of my downfall.

The example I always give is The Battle Of Britain. A conflict which saw the warrior heroes of both countries battling it out for supremacy in the most sophisticated technology of the era. There is a fantastic story, full of heroism and struggle and sacrifice. All very well, but there were hundreds of thousands of people who lived underneath the dogfights in the sky, whose lives were going to undergo monumental change because of the conflict (whoever won). Ultimately what happens to them i.e. society as a whole, is more interesting.

It's the reason I shaped the political structure of the Confederation the way I did. At a point near the end of Naked God, I describe the Confederation as a vast middle class estate. In other words, very comfortable for the majority. So comfortable in fact, that its stability is guaranteed. However there's a very fine dividing line between stable and stagnant. Which is where the example of Norfolk comes in. Norfolk is the Confederation in extremis, where the whole social structure is rigid, yet there's little movement for change, so little that any call for change is regarded as revolution. The reason for this is the majority being content with its circumstances, or rather believing it is. The only way a society as large and entrenched as the

Confederation can change is when change is forced upon it by an outside agency. Only in those circumstances will the old barriers break down, allowing the Kulu Kingdom to ally with the Edenists. If it survives its encounter with the possessed, and the truth of souls, the Confederation will emerge changed. There could be no other outcome.

In this case, the principal heroes and villains have their roles to play, but it is the result of those roles, the influence exerted on everyone else which is the important factor. Which is where the Skibbows, and others come in. The Skibbow family was originally intended just to show the effects of the outbreak of possession on an ordinary group of people. Then the classic author problem of characters taking over occurred. I couldn't kill off Gerald, what was happening to him was just too interesting. It happened a lot of times, to a lot of people. My original chapter notes had Louise travelling to Earth all by herself. That would have meant Genevieve being taken by the possessed way back at the start of Neutronium Alchemist. For all she's an obnoxious brat, twelve year old girls don't deserve that, so Louise got lumbered for the duration.

Which brings us to the characters, the last piece of the puzzle to be completed. With the theme decided, the stage set, you then need people to illustrate the story. Joshua, I simply couldn't

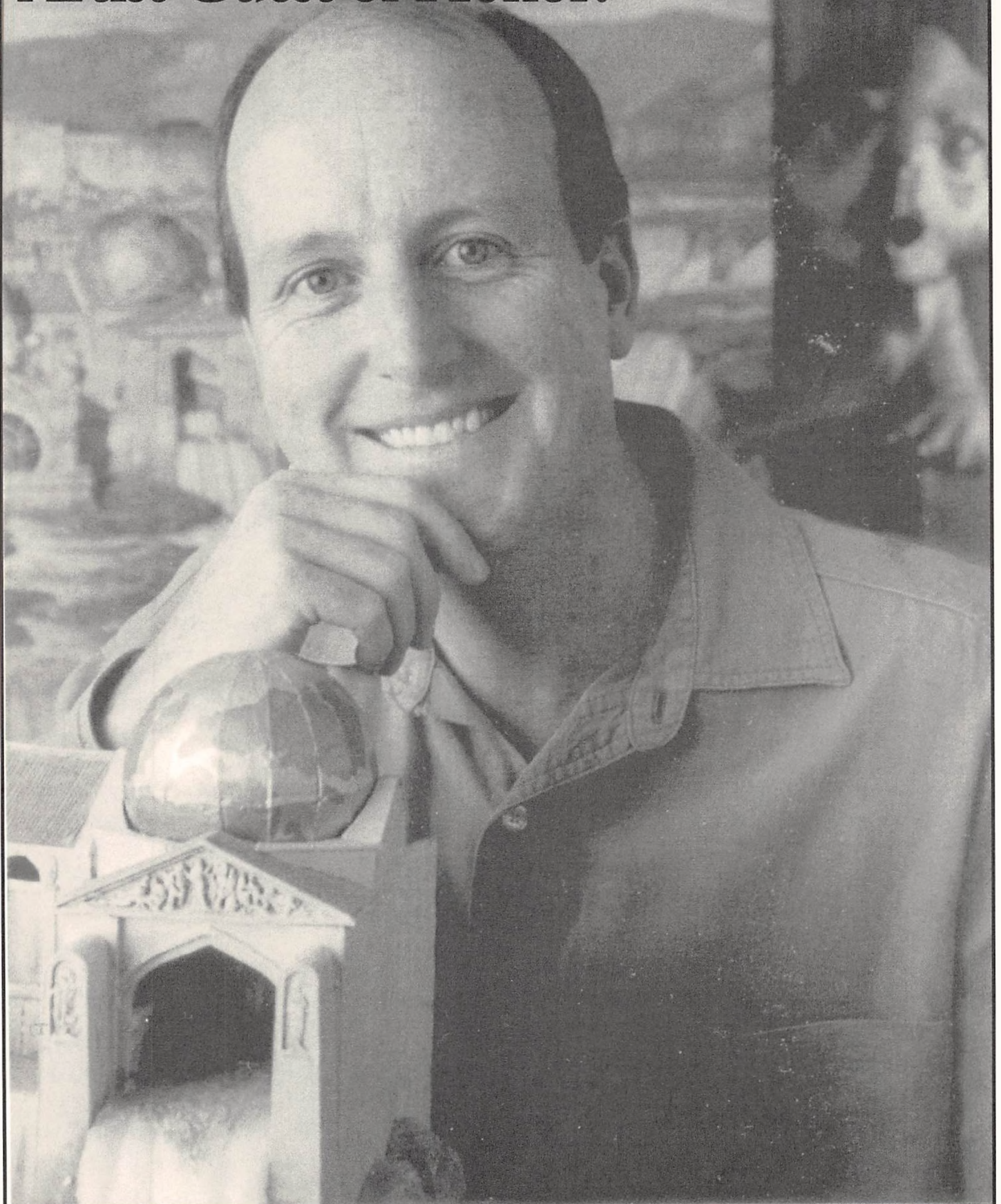
resist. A Starship Captain in capital letters, young, handsome, rich, lucky, adored by girls, talented. What a prat. The trilogy was very nearly called Joshua's Progress rather than Night's Dawn. He has to grow up, to learn to take responsibility - a painful process for any of us. As to his surname, Bob Calvert was the lead singer of Hawkwind when I went to see them back in the 70's (giving my age away here), and I've never seen anyone with a stage presence quite like him, before or since.

Quinn, well he was just plain fun to write. Someone without a single redeeming feature, and all because he believes his world-view is not only right, but the only possible one.

My favourite character has to be Louise. The simple reason is the way she grows up; starting as a not quite air-head who wants to rebel but doesn't know how or against what. Someone who has a mind open enough to take in what she sees on her travels. Not by any means the epitome of goodness to oppose Quinn, but definitely decent.

I became very fond of them all. After six and a half years it was a tremendous relief to finish the trilogy. But at the same time, it was like waving goodbye to friends you've met on holiday and had a good time with, knowing that you probably won't see them again. At least not for quite a while.

Artist Guest of Honor:



The Maybe-Was and Possibly-Is:

A few words on the art of James Gurney

by Alan D. Foster

I had never heard of James Gurney back in 1987 when my humorous SF novel *GLORY LANE* was published by Ace Books. I had never seen any of his art. But I remember distinctly the sound of my jaw dropping (a barely audible, low-octave [click](#)) upon opening the padded envelope containing the first author's copies and first setting eyes on the book's cover. It looked like something Hieronymus Bosch might have done if he had been able to channel Robin Williams. A painting of the Victorian Orientalist School rendered for 21st century sensibilities.

Never mind that it captures the spirit of the book. Never mind that it's the pure incarnation of science-fiction delightfulness. It's a tale that can stand all by itself. Forget the book. You can spend a

good, thoroughly enjoyable ten minutes just "reading" the cover. Those who know Jim primarily from his realistic dinosaurs (for the likes of National Geographic and the U.S. Post Office) and *DINOTOPIA* should look it up.

I don't know what part of the cover is my favorite. The glowering, intimidating interstellar Customs & Immigration agents who look like the spawn of porcine centaurs and Beaky Buzzard, the solemn procession of exceedingly nattily-attired insects parading bottom front, the Alien-type alien with the monocle, or the jewelry-snatching purple orangutan in the turban.

Then there's the back of the wrap-around cover, with its licentious batrachian escorting his (literal) angel, or the pair of blue-water, blue-collar laborers toting the

book's UPC symbol as if it were a pane of glass, or the mechanical triceratopsian city transport vehicle burdened with its load of tourists. And let's not forget the spine. Yea and verily, His Right Brushmaster Sir Gurney managed to make actual art of ye olde simple paperback book spine, up whose constricted artistic venue clambers what looks like a bearded blue extraterrestrial hillbilly wearing nothing but a stovepipe hat, the book's title, and a wizened smirk. Below the title a distant otherworldly cousin of the Cookie Monster rides and plays a unicycle tuba afflicted with gastritis. Hiding behind the price box at the bottom of the spine is a furtive furry enjoying what appears to be a triple-strength super-lime ice cream cone. Only, the ice-cream cone is architecturally rendered to suit an alien aesthetic. As a final fillip, said dessert also appears behind the price of the

Gurney

book.

Exhausted and exhilarated from perusing this paperback panorama, my first reaction was a touch of the sense of wonder that SF is all about. My second reaction was....

Why?

Why go to all the trouble? I mean, this is cover art for a three dollar and fifty cent (how de times dey do change) original paperback! Why put more effort and imagination and sheer design work into a single cover than most SF artists do into six? It took years for me to figure out the answers, and they go to the heart of what James Gurney does and what kind of an artist he is.

First, Jim Gurney has imagination to burn. But more than that, he has the skill to make it real. Take a look at any of the DINOTOPIA books. Now take out all the dinosaurs. Next, take away the people. What's left? Beautifully rendered landscapes. Carefully delineated functional vehicles. Architecturally sound buildings (and by architecturally sound I mean structures people could actually live in, not the kind of overblown Hollywoodish backgrounds that fill up so many renderings of fantasy cities). Jim is simply incapable of drawing something just to occupy blank space on a canvas. It has to be functional. Functional not just as art, but as reality. If Jim Gurney paints an alien watch, you can bet your sweet cheap Casio he's spent time figuring out how it might work, what its innards might look like, who made it, what kind of manufacturing

process was employed, what it should cost, and where it comes from. Not to mention whether the face should sport digits, or something utterly alien.

Who gives a toot? Well, I've always felt that attention to such detail was one of the things that separated honest, well-thought-out SF from casual crap. It's not enough to show an alien monkey feeding on an alien banana. The best SF illustrators (and the best SF writers) will take the time, within the context of the story, to inform the read why the monkey is eating that particular banana, at that time of day, and why he's not munching on the purple fruit hanging nearby instead.

Back to GLORY LANE. The legs of the walking brain are equipped with shock absorbers. Didn't need to paint those. The one-eyed red-ear alien wears jewelry. Doesn't have to. One of the UPC card-carriers has barnacles on his tongue. Don't have to be there. Details, details, details, that when combined add up to that oh-so-rare integral component of the best SF: making the unbelievable believable. It's what I treasure most about Jim's art. It even helps to explain why his cover art for my novel QUOZL was censored. Yes, I declare before all and sundry, censored! In this overly litigious society of ours, even the art of science-fiction occasionally falls under the hideous purview of the legal weevils (you can ask Jim about this one).

Like most Really Good Artists, Jim just can't render a bad painting. Hell, he can't even render a bad sketch. I know, because when he and his charming wife Jeanette and

their rambunctious offspring Dan and Franklin visited my wife JoAnn and I at our home in Arizona a number of years ago, I had the opportunity to watch Jim work in his sketchbook as we convoyed the four of them around the land of sere vistas and red, red rocks.

One after the other, Jim would dash off quick but beautifully rendered drawings of plants and critters and buildings and buttes, each and every one of them offerings that would be eagerly sought after if offered for sale at con art shows. Observing him at work, I was reminded of the great sketchbooks compiled by the artists who traveled the American West before him. In his sketchings I saw Church and Bierstadt, Moran and Remington and Russell, more than I did Freas or Schomberg or Emsh.

Not for Jim a camera to capture sights and memories. For that matter, I wonder if the Gurney family manse is still absent a television set. Upon learning of this dearth many years ago, I momentarily felt for the Gurney boys. But then I envisioned them sitting in elementary school, and upon being asked what their father did for a living, Dan or Franklin replying ingeniously....

"My Dad's a camera!"

And so Jim is. Fortunately for the rest of us, he chooses to spend his time and effort rendering shots of fantastic things that never were, and astounding sights that just might be. He shows no sign of slowing down.

I hope he doesn't.

End

Background:

Born June 14, 1958 in Glendale, California. Raised in Palo Alto, the youngest of five children of Joanna Mackay and Robert Gurney (a mechanical engineer). Majored in Anthropology at the University of California at Berkeley, B.A. in 1979 with Phi Beta Kappa honors. Studied illustration at the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, where he met his wife Jeanette, also an artist. In 1984 they moved to the Hudson Valley of New York State, where they live with their two sons Dan and Franklin.

Early Work

Animation background painter for the film **Fire and Ice** (1983), produced by *Ralph Bakshi* and *Frank Frazetta*. Freelance illustrator for over 70 science fiction and fantasy paperback book covers, 1982-1991, including **Glory Lane** by *Alan Dean Foster* and **On Stranger Tides** by *Tim Powers*.

National Geographic Artwork

Sept.	1985	Humboldt
Sept.	1985	Jason
Aug.	1986	Ulysses
April	1986	Central America Map
June	1987	Eskimos
July	1987	Soybeans
June	1988	Etruscans
May	1988	Wool
Oct.	1988	Moche, Peru
Feb.	1989	Attic Scene
Nov.	1990	Kingdom of Kush
Dec.	1997	Patagonian Dinosaurs

U.S. Postage Stamp Art

Settling of Ohio, Northwest Territory, 1788,
postal card, issued 1988.

The World of Dinosaurs,
commemorative pane of 15 stamps, issued 1997.

Books by James Gurney

The Artist's Guide to Sketching, (with Thomas Kinkade).
Watson-Guipill Publications, 1982.

Dinotopia: A Land Apart from Time,

Turner Publishing, Atlanta, 1992.

Dinotopia: The World Beneath, *Turner, 1995.*
The World of Dinosaurs, *GW Press, 1998*

Awards

Abby Award Nomination, *American Booksellers.*
Chesley Award, *Association of Fantasy Artists.*
Hugo Award, *World Science Fiction Convention.*
Colorado Children's Book Award, 1994.
World Fantasy Award, *World Fantasy Assoc.*
Silver Medal, *Society of Illustrators, New York.*
Gold Award, *Spectrum Annual of Fantasy Art.*

Exhibits

- 1984 Visions of Other Worlds,
Cleveland Museum of Natural History.
- 1986 Fantastic Art,
Delaware Art Museum.
- 1987 Paperback Art,
Society of Illustrators, N.Y.
- 1990 Into the Future,
Park Avenue Atrium.
- 1994 DreamWeavers,
Words & Pictures Museum
- 1994 *Tiffany Windows, Fifth Avenue, N.Y.*
- 1993-1997 Dinotopia Exhibitions:
L.A. County Museum of Natural History,
Cleveland, Buffalo, Albuquerque, Richmond, Three Rivers
- 1997 Children's Storybook Art,
Saint Louis
- 1997 Designing Dinosaurs,
Bruce Museum, CT.

Articles about Dinotopia

"Prehistoric Pals: In James Gurney's New Illustrated Fantasy, Dinosaurs are Man's Best Friends,"
People, December 14, 1992.

"Living with Dinosaurs: Inside the Mind of a Man Who Makes Fantasy Seem Real,"
Life, Oct. 1992.

"Dinosaur Tale Let's Kids' Imagination Roam,"
USA Today, November 18, 1992.

"Dinotopia: The Magical World of James Gurney,"
Smithsonian, September 1995 cover feature.

Reviews

A fabulous fantasy a la Robert Louis Stevenson. As a shipwrecked 19th Century scientist and his son traverse the exotic island of Dinotopia, they find an amazing culture where humans and dinosaurs live together. First rate. *Entertainment Weekly*

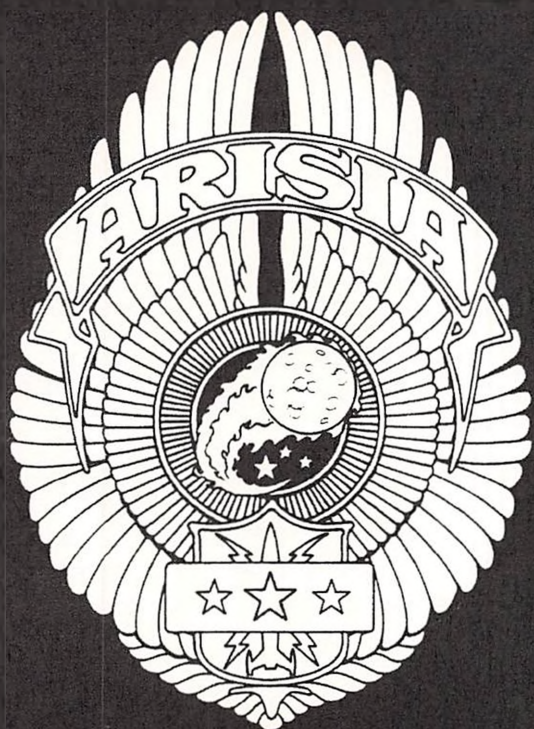


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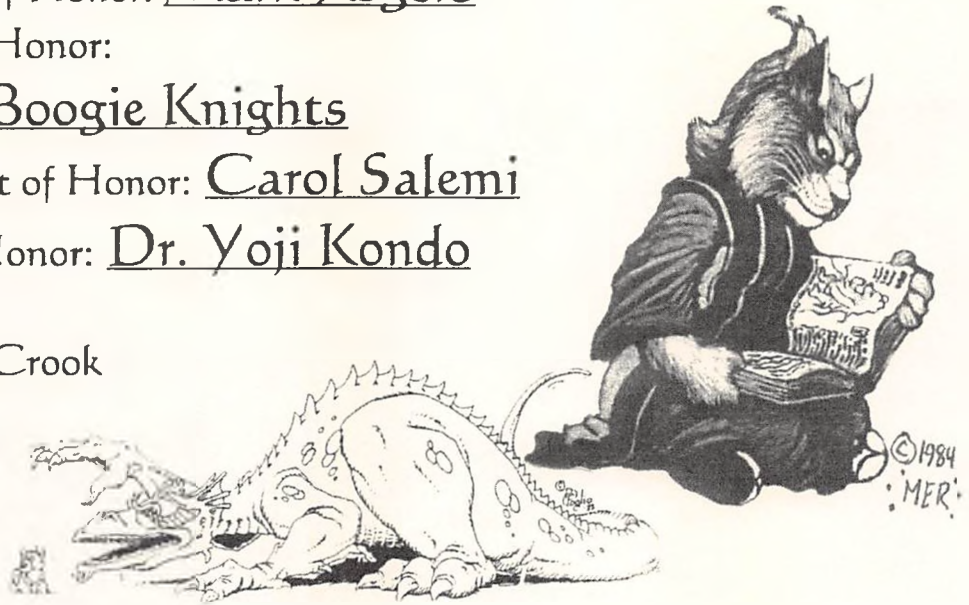
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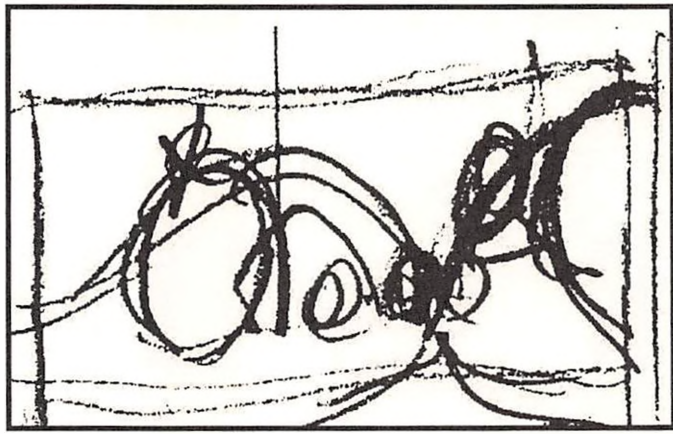
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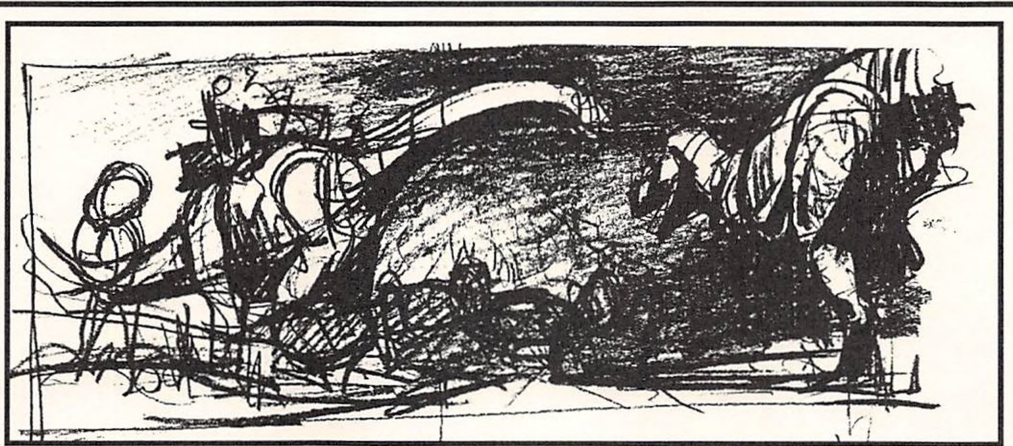


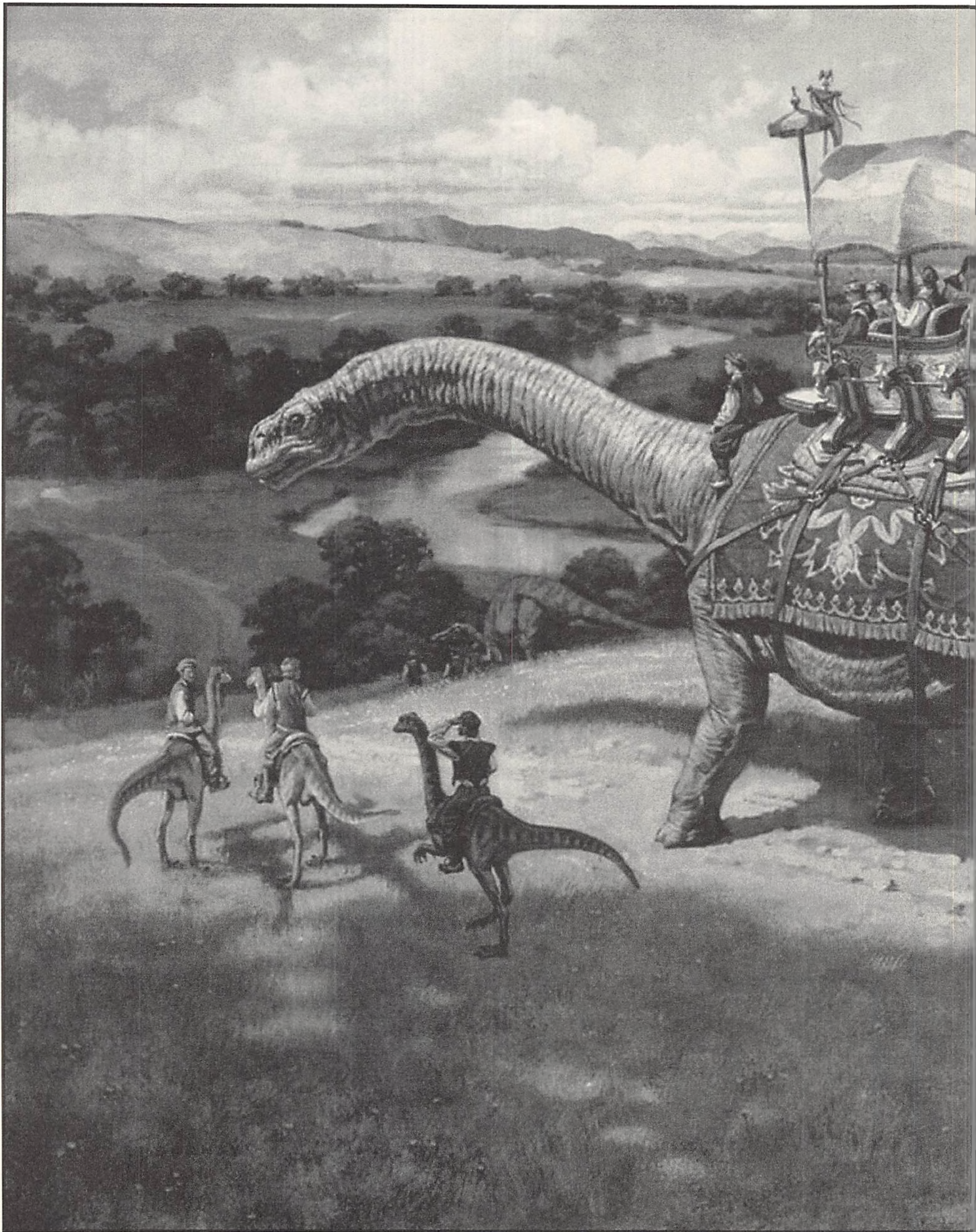
mes Gurney



Like most artists, Jim uses a variety of rough sketches to develop his completed work. These pictures show the development for "Attack on a Convoy" from his book "Dinotopia"

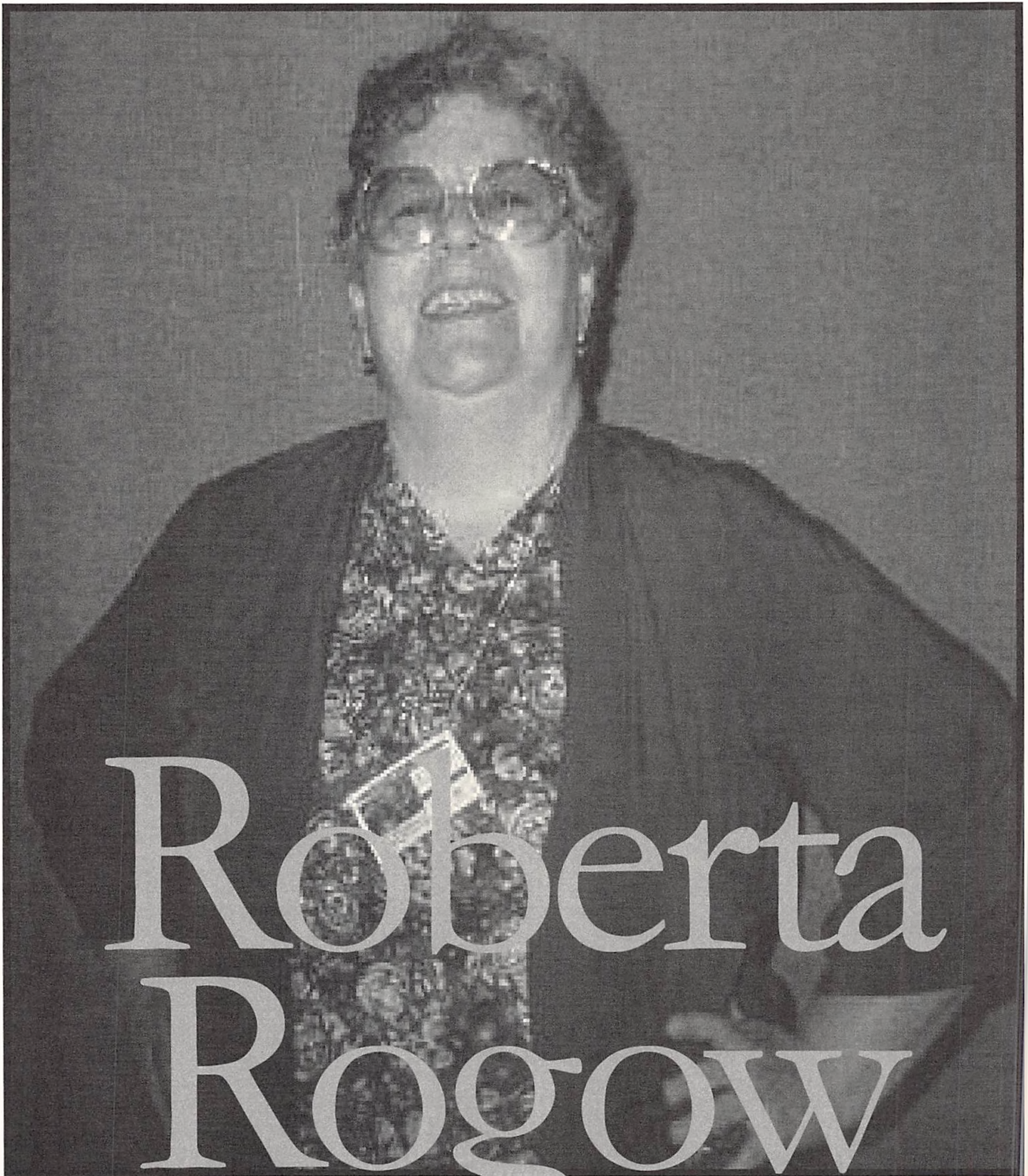








Toastmistress:



An Appreciation

By Devra Langsam

Roberta Rogow says that I introduced her to fandom. I guess that's true, but I don't remember any time when she wasn't around, overflowing with energy, buzzing with ideas, volunteering her skills, and trying new things.

Roberta is the offspring of two ferociously intelligent people. When her parents recently moved to the West Coast, there was talk of a separate moving van for the books. Her daughter Miriam is a published author, and her daughter Louise is a computer whiz, although it's a little too soon to tell about the grandson. . .

Roberta's probably best known as a filker. Seldom seen without her guitar, she cheerfully joins in filks and performs at concerts. She's written songs for most of the media shows and an enormous number of SF titles, many of them set to obscure Ukrainian folk tunes. Her songs are funny, serious, poignant. . . She's published numerous filk books and recorded eight filk tapes, so that others can share her songs.

Roberta's also a costumer. Building on her strengths, many of her costumes have been crocheted or knitted. Perhaps her most memorable was "Art Show", a 'wall' of cloth hanging from her

outstretched arms where she displayed embroidered interpretations of various artists' works. The presentation was accompanied by the melodious strains of Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition."

Roberta's also a publisher. In addition to editing and producing 21 issues of *Beyond... Science Fiction & Fantasy*, a semi-pro SF zine, with her mother, Shirley Winston, she also published 52 issues of *Grip*, a zine showcasing the talents of new and younger fans.

As a librarian, Roberta acquired (or always had) a tidy mind. This desire for order stimulated her two non-fiction projects. The first, **Future Speak**, was a professionally published hardcover dictionary of SF, fannish, and media SF terms. Although aimed mainly at the mundane world, it is amusing for fans to browse through. Her second, gigantic, ten-year project was **Trexindex**, a multi-volume work attempting to list and index all the stories, articles, poems, and artwork included in the Trek fanzines produced between 1966 and 1990. The number of Trekzines involved was incalculable. Since there was at one time a quarterly zine that published nothing but announcements of available Trekzines, this was obviously a labor of love (or insanity).

Roberta's also a fan author. She wrote a series of

stories (later collected in one volume), about Dirty Nellie, an *Enterprise* crewmember who enjoyed (so to speak) a rather bizarre relationship with Captain Kirk . . . ahem.

Roberta's a huckster and a hustler. She'll help run a friend's dealer's table, sell your stuff, and some of her own too. She's got chutzpah—nerve, the willingness to make herself look a little silly if it'll do the job.

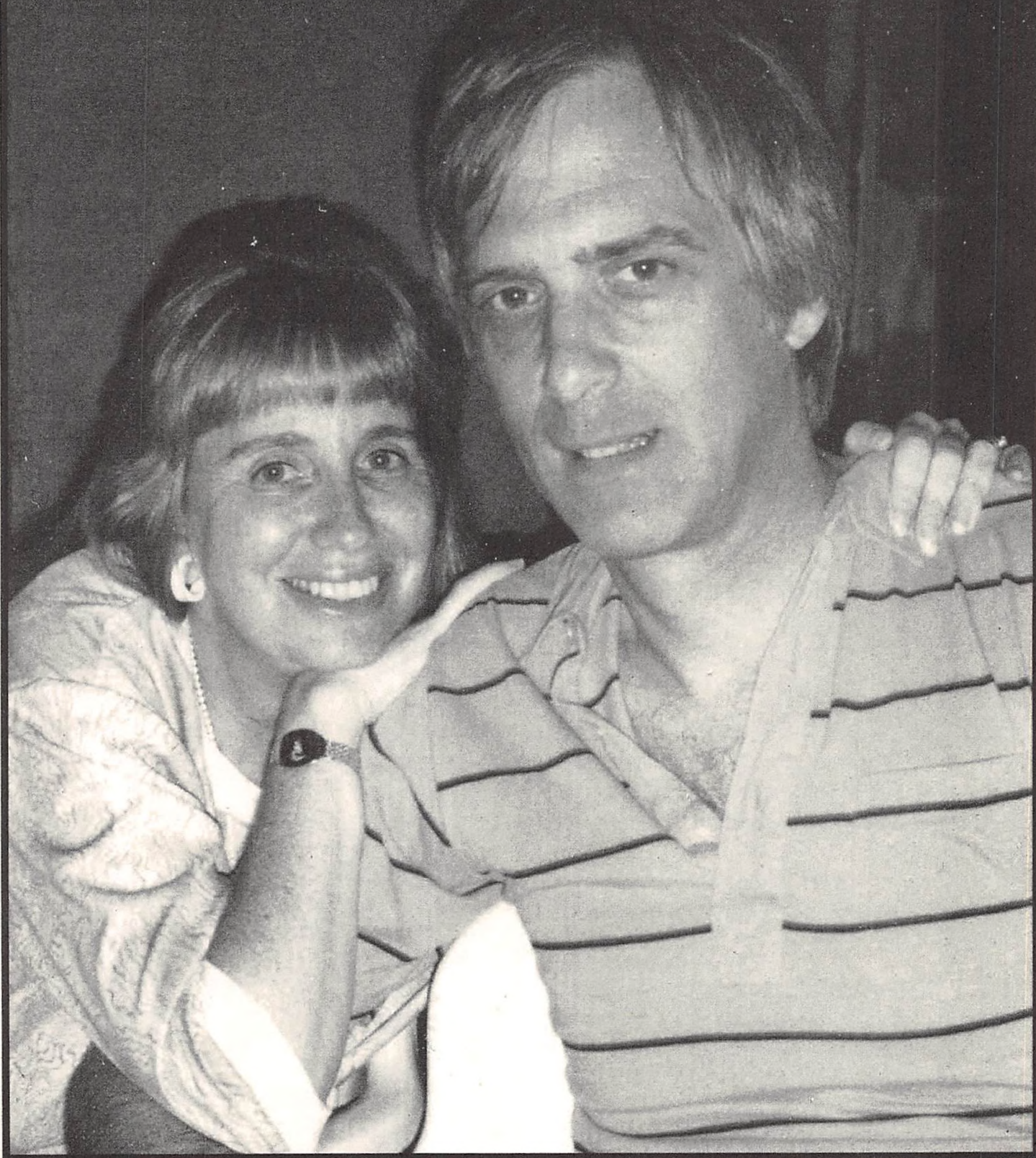
And Roberta's a pro author. Her first novel, **The Problem of the Missing Miss**, involving Professor Charles Lutwidge Dodgson—Lewis Carroll to you—and a very young Dr. Arthur Doyle, received a starred review in *Publisher's Weekly*, a very rare honor indeed. Her subsequent three novels have also been well received, and have sold well, too. In fact, her books have been translated into German and Japanese.

And, besides all these things, Roberta's funny. She's got an eye for people's little foibles, and a humorous way of describing them.

And she's a good friend. How could I ever have not known her?

Devra Langsam is a Children's Librarian; the proprietor of Poison Pen Press, a dealer specializing in children's books and costuming; a fan writer and publisher; and has been running Lunacon's Dealer's Room for as long as we can remember.

*Fan Guests
of Honor:*



Ron & Val Ontell

What to say about Ron and Val Ontell? I met Val first. She was Val Sussman then, and she was working on one of the big New York City Star Trek Conventions. I no longer recall the exact circumstances of the meeting. Though she lived in Queens and I in the Bronx, we soon became good friends, and remained thus though she moved to New Jersey and California, and I to Brooklyn and Seattle. We always saw each other at Lunarian meetings and other fannish gatherings. Val is a tireless worker, and a perfectionist. She's run programming for Lunacon, chaired two Lunacons, and worked on several Worldcons.

Ron's first effort for Lunarians (and Lunacon) was to database the membership list. The list had been kept on index cards and filled two huge drawers. Back in the days of Apple II, Ron created the database and forced--er, encouraged us to do the data entry.

They say opposites attract, and in the case of Ron and Val, it is certainly true. Ron and Val became a team, then a couple, then a married couple. Between them, they made Lunacon theirs and extended their influence beyond. (Val was a high school librarian, and she encouraged her students in all things science fiction. In fact, it was through one of her students that this year's chair of Lunacon first became involved in

fandom!) Ron was a travel agent (part of a family business), and he used his connections to bring guests to Lunacon from far and wide.

In 1990, Val and Ron headed West. To California, to be precise. To San Diego, to be more precise. Now homeowners, they filled their home with wall-to-wall bookcases handcrafted by Ron. Once settled, they joined California fandom, becoming two of the founders of Con-Dor.

And if that didn't keep them busy enough, for the 1996 L.A. Worldcon, they took a page from Lunacon and ran the Westercon Book Exhibit. In 1998, Val (after having chaired the successful bid) was Guest Liaison and Ron ran registration for Westercon 51. And together, they ran some fannish tours. In 1995, for Intersection, the Worldcon in Glasgow, Scotland, they set up a 12-day tour of Ireland. They reprised their effort in 1999 for Aussicon III, the Worldcon in Melbourne, Australia, both pre- and post-convention.

And now they've come full circle. I'm sorry I won't be able to attend Lunacon this year, but I'll be there in spirit. If you run into either of them, say "hi" for me!

Linda Deneroff was the chairperson of Lunacon '81. She's been friends with Val and Ron for nearly 30 years and knows where the bodies are buried.

A brief biography of Val & Ron

Val and Ron Ontell came relatively late to Science Fiction fandom (both were in their late twenties) but this did not stop them each from plunging right in.

Val entered fandom via the Star Trek Committeecons of the 1970's. She became a Lunarian in 1977, serving as a member of the Executive Board from 1986 to 1989. She also served as Lunacon chair in 1986 and 1989. Ron joined Lunarians in 1980 and served as President from 1987 to 1989. In 1999, the club made both of them honorary life members.

Over the years, they have contributed their time, talents, and energy to a variety of local and regional conventions and Worldcons. Among the many positions they have filled (either individually or together) are house manager, Program Ops and registration director, programming head, Guest and GOH Liaison, volunteer and logistics coordinator, and book exhibit director (including for Lunacon). The Book Exhibit they created for the 1998 Worldcon in Los Angeles was the most successful ever run.

Leaving New York in 1990 did not mean they left fandom behind. They are currently on the committees of Comic-Con International and Con-Dor (both in San Diego, where they now live) and continue their work at other cons. Val also chaired San Diego's successful bid that resulted in that city hosting the 1998 Westercon.

Fandom has meant a lot in their "non-fannish" lives as well. In fact, without fandom, they would not be together. They met at a Lunarians meeting in 1979 and fandom was well represented at their 1988 wedding. In fact, their best man, Ron's brother Marty, during his toast welcomed all the guests to "Val and Ron Con" in recognition of their convention connections. Many of the friendships they have maintained over the years began via New York and San Diego fandom.

Val and Ron do have lives outside of fandom. Val was a school librarian at the Peter Rouget Intermediate School 88 in Brooklyn and the Bronx High School of Science when she lived on the East Coast and is currently at San Diego Mesa College. Ron, who in the past has been a computer programmer/analyst and travel agent (he was an official travel agent for the 1987 and 1988 Worldcons), is currently a student at Mesa College aiming toward the certificates needed to become a Microsoft Certified Systems Engineer. Both have always loved to travel and have combined that love (and Ron's experience) to run three highly successful fan tours in 1987 to Britain, 1995 to Ireland, and 1999 to Australia in conjunction with those years' Worldcons.

Val insists that you can take the woman out of New York but you can't take New York out of the woman. Ron, a native of New Jersey, agrees. We are pleased to welcome them back.

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Past Lunacons

Year	Date	Guests of Honor	Attendance
1957	May 12		65
1958	April 13	Frank R. Paul	85
1959	April 12	Lester Del Rey	80
1960	April 10	Ed Emsch	75
1961	April 9	Willy Ley	105
1962	April 29	Frederik Pohl	105
1963	April 21	Judith Merril	115
1964	No Lunacon	New York World's Fair	
1965	April 24	Hal Clement	135
1966	April 16 - 17	Isaac Asimov	235
1967	April 29 - 30	James Blish	275
1968	April 20 - 21	Donald A. Wollheim	410
1969	April 12 - 13	Robert A. W. Lowndes	585
1970	April 11 - 12	Larry T. Shaw	735
1971	April 16 - 18	Editor: John W. Campbell Fan: Howard DeVore	900
1972	March 31 - April 2	Theodore Sturgeon	1,200
1973	April 20 - 22	Harlan Ellison	1,600
1974	April 12 - 14	Forrest J. Ackerman	1,400
1975	April 18 - 20	Brian Aldiss	1,100
1976	April 9 - 11	Amazing/Fantastic Magazines	1,000
1977	April 8 - 10	L. Sprague & Catherine de Camp	900
1978	February 24 - 26	Writer: Robert Bloch Special Guest: Dr. Rosalyn S. Yalow	850
1979	March 30 - April 1	Writer: Ron Goulart Artist: Gahan Wilson	650
1980	March 14 - 16	Writer: Larry Niven Artist: Vincent Di Fate	750
1981	March 20 - 22	Writer: James White Artist: Jack Gaughan	875
1982	March 19 - 21	Writer: Fred Saberhagen Artist: John Schoenherr Fan: Steve Stiles	1,100
1983	March 18 - 20	Writer: Anne McCaffrey Artist: Barbi Johnson Fan: Don & Elsie Wollheim	1,500
1984	March 16 - 18	Writer: Terry Carr Artist: Tom Kidd Fan: Cy Chauvin	1,400
1985	March 15 - 17	Writer: Gordon R. Dickson Artist: Don Maitz Fan: Curt Clemmer, D.I.	800
1986	March 7 - 9	Writer: Marta Randall Artist: Dawn Wilson Fan: Art Saha	1,100
		Special Guest: Madeline L'Engle	
1987	March 20 - 22	Writer: Jack Williamson Artist: Darrell Sweet Fan: Jack Chalker	1,200
		Toastmaster: Mike Resnick	
1988	March 11 - 13	Writer: Harry Harrison Artist: N. Taylor Blanchard Fan: Pat Mueller	1,250
		Toastmaster: Wilson Tucker	
1989	March 10 - 12	Writer: Roger Zelazny Artist: Ron Walotsky Fan: David Kyle	1,450
		Editor: David Hartwell	
1990	March 16 - 18	Writer: Katherine Kurtz Artist: Tom Canty Publisher: Tom Doherty	1,500
1991	March 8 - 10	Writer: John Brunner Artist: Frank Kelly Freas Fan: Harry Stubbs	1,300
		Publishers: Ian and Betty Ballantine Science: Prof. Gerald Feinberg	
1992	March 20 - 22	Writer: Samuel R. Delany Artist: Paul Lehr Fan: Jon Singer	1,350
		Special Guest: Kristin Katherine Rusch Featured Filkers: Bill & Brenda Sutton	
1993	March 19 - 21	Writer: Orson Scott Card Artist: Barclay Shaw Fan: Alexis Gilliland	1,250
		Publishing: Richard Curtis	
1994	March 18 - 20	Writer: Vonda N. McIntyre Artist: James Warhola Fan: Walter R. Cole	1,300
		Special Musical Guest: Dean Friedman Comic Industry Guests: Walt & Louise Simonsen	
		Featured Filker: Peter Grubbs	
1995	March 17 - 19	Writer: Poul Anderson Artist: Stephen Hickman Fan: Mike Glycer	1,300
		Featured Filker: Graham Leathers	
1996	March 15-17	Writers: Terry Pratchett and Esther Friesner Visual Humor Guest: Phil Foglio	1,300
		Fan: Bruce Pelz	
1997	March 7 - 9	Writer: C. J. Cheney Artist: David A. Cherry Fan: Michael J. Walsh	1,250
		Media Guest: Michael O'Hare	
1998	March 20 - 22	Writer: Octavia E. Butler Artist: Donato Giancola Fan: John & Perdita Boardman	1,250
1999	March 24 - 26	Writer: Vernor Vinge Artist: Bob Eggleton Fan: Stu Shiffman	1,200
2000	March 5 - 7	Writer: George Alec Effinger Artist: Lisa Snellings Fan: Jon Singer	1,400
		Special Guest: Barbara Hambly	
2001	March 23 - 25	Writer: Charles Sheffield Artist: Jody Lee Fan: John Hertz	1,200
2002	March 15 - 17	Writer: Alan Dean Foster Artist: James Gurney Fan: Ron and Val Ontell	???
		Special Guest: Peter F. Hamilton Toastmistress: Roberta Rogow	

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The Reality Dysfunction, Part 2: Expansion



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