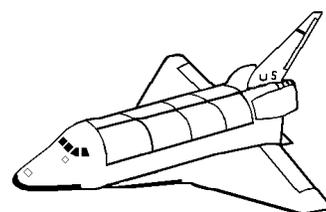


The



SHUTTLE December 2001

*The Next NASFA Meeting is 15 December
2001 at the Regular Time and Location
DSC ConCom at Sam Smith's Place 7P, 13 December 2001*

🔔 Oyez, Oyez 🔔

The next NASFA meeting will be **15 December 2001** at the **regular time** (6P) and the **regular location**. Call BookMark at 256-881-3910 if you need directions. Elections for NASFA's 2002 officers will be held at this meeting. Also, we would like to set up any exceptions to the regular third-Saturday date for all 2002 NASFA meetings. Please come prepared with a list of potential conflicting conventions, etc.

PROGRAM

The **December program** will be "Random Acts of Giving." Everyone is encourage to donate one or more trinkets or small gifts to be awarded at random to participants. The items will be numbered then lots will be drawn to determine the winners. Exchanges may be made between willing participants. SF themed items are encouraged but not required. Gag gifts are welcome.

ATMM AND NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY

The December after-the-meeting meeting will be a Christmas Party at Nancy Cucci and Ray Pietruszka's house. Ray and Nancy will also host the NASFA New Year's Eve party. Bring your favorite drink and a dish to share to each of these events.

DEEPSOUTHCON CONCOM MEETINGS

The next DSC convention committee meeting will be at Sam Smith's place Thursday 13 December 2001 at 7P. This will not be an eating-meeting.

Sam also says that, for the time being, he's planning on having these meetings regularly on the Thursday before each monthly NASFA club meeting. Stay tuned each month for confirmation.

NASFA Calendar

DECEMBER

- 07-09 Smofcon 19 — York UK.
- 12 BD: Toni Weisskopf.
- 13 DeepSouthCon 40 ConCom meeting — 7P at Sam Smith's place. Not an eating-meeting.
- 15 Bill of Rights Day.
- 15* NASFA Meeting — 6P Business, 7P Program, at BookMark. ATMM: Christmas Party at Nancy Cucci and Ray Pietruszka's house.
- 17 BD: Robin Ray.
- 19 BD: Harry Warner, Jr.
- 25 Christmas Day.
- 26 BD: Michael R. Stone.
- 31 New Year's Eve Party at Ray Pietruszka and Nancy Cucci's house.

JANUARY 2002

- 01 New Year's Day.
- 03 BD: Jim Kennedy.
- 03 BD: Karen Hopkins.
- 05 BD: Debbie Mitchell.
- 06 BD: Rich Garber.
- 07 BD: Douglas E. Lampert.
- 11-13 GAFilk 2002 — Atlanta GA.
- 17 DeepSouthCon 40 ConCom meeting (tentative).
- 18-20 JonesCon 2002 — Gainesville FL.
- 19* NASFA Meeting — 6P Business, 7P Program, at
(continued on page 2)

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Deadline for the January 2002 issue of *The NASFA Shuttle* is Friday, 4 January 2002.

reprint of a 1971 *GHL* appreciation of Poul Anderson, here serving as an obituary. As usual, though, my favorite part of the zine was the feature least connected with *sf* (and most personal) where Guy discusses one of his cases in the public defender's office.

ConNotations, Volume 11, Issue 5, October/November 2001, Stephanie L. Bannon, Central Arizona Speculative Fiction Society, P. O. Box 62613, Phoenix AZ 85082; <Editors@casfs.org> — This newszine had 20 newsprint pages of *SF* media news, reviews, extensive con reports, and club listings. Beware of spoilers for some TV show plot lines.

De Profundis 346, October 2001, Marty Cantor, c/o The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, 11513 Burbank Boulevard, North Hollywood CA 91601; <www.lasfs.org> — This issue had four blue pages with black ink and small type of club happenings and a glowing review of *Plokta*.

File 770, Number 140, Mike Glyer, 705 Valley View Avenue, Monrovia CA 91016; <Mglyer@compuserve.com> — [reviewed by Mike Kennedy] The first thing that catches your attention when opening this of *File 770* is a tiny slip of paper noting that 3 pages had been inadvertently omitted when printing the issue and that the contents of those pages will appear in the nextish. How odd. Otherwise, not much else is missing. The centerpiece is a lengthy Worldcon report, but a lively *LoCs* column and all the (fannish) news that's fit to print are also notable.

FOSFAX 204, October 2001, Timothy Lane and Elizabeth Garrott, The Falls of the Ohio Science Fiction and Fantasy Association, P. O. Box 37281, Louisville KY 40233-7281 — This hefty zine had 72 pages packed with essays, articles, reviews and reports, and loads of *LoCs*.

Living Free, Number 122, December 2001, Jim Sturm, Hiller Branch, Box 29, Buffalo NY 14223 — [reviewed by Mike Kennedy] We received an issue of this eclectic little zine, apparently in a subscription drive. The book reviews, essays, *LoCs*, and news articles mostly have a libertarian bent.

Memphen 275, Greg Bridges, The Memphis Science Fiction Association, P. O. Box 820534, Memphis TN 38182-0534; 901-664-6730; <MemphisSF@cs.com> — Tom Foster's artwork covers this loose-leaf collection of six pages of club happenings and an *Enterprise* review.

OASFis Event Horizon Volume 14, Number 1, Issue 171 (October 2001) and 172 (November 2001), Leslie R. Hammes, The Orlando Area Science-Fiction Society, P. O. Box 940992, Maitland, FL 32792-0992; 407-263-5822 — Issue 171 had 10 pages of club happenings and a Worldcon report. Issue 172 was a single sheet.

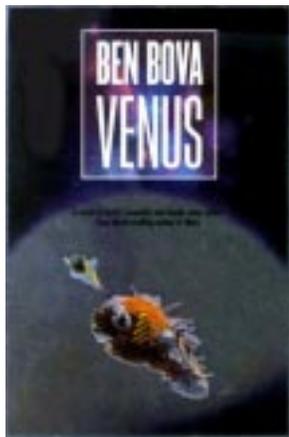
SFSFS Shuttle 145, Fall 2001, Cynthia and Karen War-muth, South Florida Science Fiction Society, P. O. Box 70143, Fort Lauderdale FL 33307-0143; <www.sfsfs.org> — This zine had 18 pages (but page 10 was blank) of club happenings and a Worldcon report by a staff member.

Book Reviews

Venus, by Ben Bova, Tor Books, Hardback, April 2000, 347pp, \$24.95, ISBN: 0-312-87216-X (Mass Market Paperback, Tor Books, May 2001, 416pp, \$7.99 ISBN: 0812579402) — reviewed by David K. Robinson

The latest book by Ben Bova is a real good read. The plot begins in the late 21st century. Protagonist Van Humphries is the son of a tyrannical corporate billionaire whose other son, it turns out, died on Venus. Van is offered 10 billion dollars to go to Venus and find his brother's remains. He accepts the offer and heads toward Venus, but the end of his quest is startling.

The plot is well paced and Dr. Bova, one of *sf*'s best writers, delivers another good novel. The story progresses nicely and stays interesting as it goes forward. If you like hard *sf* then you will like *Venus*. I give it an 8 out of 10. Highly recommended.



Forever Peace, by Joe Haldeman, Ace Science Fiction, Mass Market Paperback, October 1998, 351pp, \$6.99, ISBN: 0-441-00566-7 — reviewed by Mike Kennedy

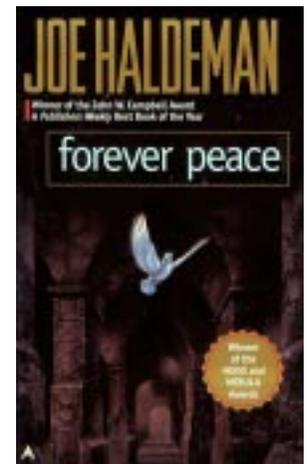
I picked up this bargain at the recent NASFA auction, paying far too little I'm sure. Every time *Forever Peace* is mentioned reviewers feel obliged to point out that it is not a sequel to Haldeman's seminal *The Forever War* (though he later did publish such a sequel, *Forever Free*). I suppose I should mention that, too. Oh wait, I already did.

Unsurprisingly, for Haldeman, much of the plot revolves

around the problem of war and human nature. The protagonist is a draftee part-time operator of a "soldierboy" — a semi-invulnerable remote-operated cyborg warrior. His opponents hail from what nowadays be called third-world countries. I found that reading this novel at this time in history — with a US-led coalition engaged in an open-ended high-tech war against a nebulous and relatively-speaking low-tech enemy — particularly apropos. If you are a Haldeman fan or an aficionado of military *sf*, and if you have not read *Forever Peace*, I recommend you put down this review right now and go buy or borrow a copy and read it. Just don't read the misleading back-cover plot precis first.

Which is not to say this is a perfect book. I found the pacing a little uneven, feeling in particular that the ending was a bit rushed. And the jump from a narrow to a cosmic scope for the plot could certainly have been handled better; possibly even dispensed with (though it would have been a far different novel). But Haldeman is talking about big topics — things like aggression, love, gender, and, yes, peace — while illustrating them by the lives of engaging, individual characters.

The narrative structure of *Forever Peace* is interesting though I suspect some readers would find it irritating. There are no true chapters; the short segments (from less than a page to perhaps a dozen pages) are set apart by layout and typography. In most cases, the viewpoint switches from one chapterlet to



another — from intensely-personal first person to omniscient-narrator third person. This was done smoothly enough that I was at least 20 pages into the book before I noticed that's what Haldeman was doing. The device is used to good effect — in the hands of a lesser author it could well have ruined the book.

I am unabashedly a Haldeman fan so a recommendation from me that you should read *Forever Peace* will no doubt be taken with a grain or three of salt. Nonetheless that's the recommendation you're going to get. Even though it's a 4-year old book (original publication October 1997) it's still readily available in paperback and you can probably scare up a hardback if you try. (I've seen used hardbacks listed for sale for less than new paperbacks, though be careful since some of these are book club editions and that isn't necessarily noted.) Go buy it.

No Need For a Heat Shield!

Part 9 of No Need for a Dragon
by PieEyedDragon

My fires are low, now, but direction is altered. I will need to align my "craft" before reentry, but I can still watch my progress ahead for now. Mihoshi is down there, I feel her.

I keep my eyes on the target, as the planet's surface rolls by, gradually expanding. Small jets of flame, in various directions, provide fine-tuning course corrections.

I finally hear it: a faint, white noise, as I start hitting the thin fringe of the upper atmosphere.

OK, dragon. Time now to rotate "ship" and maybe say a small prayer to John Glenn, the patron saint of questionable heat shields. Don't think about Gus Grissom, but Chuck Yeager. I've got a lot of braking to do before I cross the sound barrier here!

By itself, the shell starts a slow, flat spin, adding stability. I keep very still, movement could still flip me over and that would be that. Twenty gees, and more, push me down. Broken bone edges grind together in my lower back. A huge, ionized trail of "fire" stretches "above" me. The red haze before my eyes is not from this alone. Gamera's dying roar finally finds a voice in the thickening atmosphere. Fire in the sky, plunging downward toward the sea. I curl around the precious object I found in her shell.

— O — O — O —

The period of *max Q* is behind me. I am now falling at terminal velocity (terminal, how appropriate). Though I have no wings, still I must fly. Time for my last solo. I tightly hold the legacy of Gamera to my chest. Taking a deep breath, I kiss the shell and blast away in flame. "Now it's *my* turn to cross thin ice, I'll cross it in a *dance!*" [Lackey/Klover "Philosophy"; R.I.P. Jann: 1955–2001 -P.E.D.] I'm flaming as hard as I can, and starting to sputter-out. The lagoon rushes up toward me.

— O — O — O —

(Most of the players have already been "voted off" of the Island. Officially, only Tenchi's father, Princess Sasami, and Ken-Oki the "other" cabbit, remain.)

"Meow?" The cabbit says, looking up and over. Noboyuki Masaki follows his gaze to a point of light that is growing brighter, and closer; streaming a fiery trail.

Noboyuki: Uh oh! Looks like Mihoshi is making another of her standard landings!

Sasami: What? That's not a ship!

Noboyuki: Get down! Sasami! (and throws his own body

across the little princess and the cabbit, as the shock wave races toward them, knocking down trees).

The meteorite divides. The larger portion plunges down and strikes the ocean edge-on, driving deep into the sand, and raising a large wave. The smaller portion, slowing down in retro-fire, hits the humped-up waters nearly as hard. The wave climbs the beach, but only two inches deep when it laps over Noboyuki.

Noboyuki is out cold. Something snatched up by the blast hit his head. Sasami pushes him off and rolls him over. No bleeding. She goes to look for a soft bandage.

Tossed-up by the waters, a whale-sized object stirs in the surf. Rear limbs now useless, and clutching something with one foreleg, it drags itself with the other leg up to the higher sands. Near the tree-line, it begins to scratch-out a deep hole, and then places something therein, pushing the sand back over. Blowing a little flame to warm the "nest," the crippled dragon settles in to wait. He is so very tired.

"If a *good landing* is any landing you can walk away from, this definitely did not qualify!"

No Need For A Baby Shower!

Part 10 of No Need for a Dragon
by PieEyedDragon

Days pass. It's getting harder to keep the birds away. The little crabs are piling up: they take one nibble and then keel over.

No tail nor wings left to swat with, and I have no motion nor feeling below my mid-back. The "baked fish" smell I started with here is now less pleasant.

Faithfully, I wait. The debt must be paid.

I finally hear small sounds in the sand between my forelegs. I smile and carefully uncover the object I had buried: the ovoid that was wedged inside Gamera's shell.

The surface flexes a few times, then a small beak begins to gnaw and push it's way out into the world.

The tiny eyes look up at mine. I feel the beginning of mind touch, as our roles are reversed after so many thousands of years. She is hungry! I start pumping-up my remaining fires to give her a good first meal. The little turtle and I don't look anything alike.

Happy Birthday, Mom! Welcome back!

I blow gentle flames toward her, and she drinks them in; more and more.

"My son, you have serious injuries."

"Yes, the banshee came and sang the warning. My death is certain."

"I didn't think anything *could* kill you this soon."

"Magical creatures, and even artifacts, often have a weakness related to their origins."

(We look across the water. The tide is low. Waves are breaking now against her old shell.) "That which created me had power to destroy me. There is the weapon. It was yourself."

"I did not tell you, but I also was warned."

"Really?"

"Yes. I did die, but with your help I now live again."

"What is this leading to?"

"I made you. I can make you, again; in time. If certain conditions can be met."

"I understand."

"What would you like your new body to look like?"

We discuss organics. Finally, she crawls down to the pile of crabs and starts chewing. She needs mass as well as energy.

— O — O — O —

(Knowing that my soul must fragment before joining to empower a new body, I consider my options. No need to risk losing millenia of memories, either. I reach back and pull some of my shattered wing parts around and consider them. I select a long segment of bone (hollow, of course) and go to work. I rub off the residue of skin and dry flesh and polish it most carefully. I bring up my magic and start charging the bone for the task it must play in my re-creation. It will have to carry, and transmit, a considerable load. Actually, more than one kind of load.)

— O — O — O —

Now an uncertain visitor comes down the beach. I speak to her.

"Greetings, Princess Sasami of Jurai. I have seen you since you arrived at the shrine, though you never saw me."

"Who are you?"

"I am, or was, the official guardian of the Masaki Shrine. When the police droids came for you, "Katsuhito" led you up to the shrine before he turned to attack. Coming there for aid placed you under the protection of the guardian. Me. "Katsuhito"

defeated them easily, as I expected. Had they overmastered him, the resident priest, I would have pounded them to pieces, for I was there behind him."

"But why are you here and not there?"

"A spirit came and gave notice of my impending death. The kami whom I have served these centuries, released me to find my fate. And so I have wandered the worlds for a time."

"What is that little turtle that can absorb flames?"

"Reborn today, she is my mother. As Ryo-Oki was destroyed and reborn, so also my mother. We fell together from the sky; I, and the egg of her new self, and the shell of the old. You can see part of it out yonder: a reef that waves are piling sand against."

"The meteorite? Noboyuki thought it was Mihoshi about to crash-land her spaceship, again."

"Mihoshi is on this island. My death is drawing near, now that I have seen to the needs of Mother. Please go and find Mihoshi, and bring her here. There is a gift I would bestow upon her, while I can."

Sasami departs. Mother finishes off the crabs and crawls up to my head, and then onto it. I raise her up and we slowly scan the surroundings, looking hard at the remnant of the old Gamera just offshore. Mom is already starting to grow. Soon, she will swim out and start chewing on the old shell, and fish and shellfish. She has a lot of growing to do.

Letters of Comment

LOC-LOC-LOC-LOC-LOC-LOC-LOC-LOC-LOC-LOC

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown MD 21740

17 November 2001

I don't know how you and Rick Helmich do it. For the third time in the past four months, the new issue of your *Shuttle* and his *DASFAX*, the Denver clubzine, arrived here on the same day. Maybe you both know someone in the postal system.

You were fortunate in your timing of the recent Con†Stellation. Just think of the chaos in congoing fandom that would have resulted if it had begun or ended the other day when some idiot's odd behavior resulted in the shutdown of an airport. (For that matter, it would have been worse for fandom if the events of September 11 had occurred ten days [earlier] while the worldcon was in progress in Philadelphia.) I'm not surprised that attendance at your con was down a little this year, in view of what has happened in air travel this year. I confess I don't know who John Ringo is but obviously most fans do. The only Ringo I have ever been familiar with was the one about whom a old folk song was popular: "O Ringo is the one with the drums, / The others all play with 'im, / Which shows how far a boy can go / Without a sense of rhythm."

I certainly hope you can publish the article by Jim Woosley on Dr. Smith. The only book written about him, to my knowledge, has been out of print so long that it would be almost impossible to find a copy for any fan who wanted information about his life and creativity.

Most professional conventions can charge enormous registration fees because almost all of their attendees will be attending on expense accounts, sponsored by organizations or businesses or whatever. There can't be many persons who go to science fiction conventions with all expenses paid, although I believe some professionals are able to charge of their expenses to income tax deductions.

[Yes, I know someone in the postal system, but I doubt he could have a lot of influence on when the *Shuttle* reaches you, much less when a Denver zine makes it to your door. Air travel actually has little effect on Con†Stellation, or other local/regional cons for that matter. In a typical year, no one other than some of our headliner guests would fly in. RE the proposed Doc Smith article, I most certainly will publish it if Jim ever offers it to me. My understanding is that it is currently a bunch of notes and not a finished essay. You are correct, of course, that the expenses of people attending professional conventions are usually paid by their employer. That, however, begs the question of why the employers are willing to pay sizable attendance fees and high hotel rates. The answer is, in large part, that there is a perceived value in having a more educated (or just more motivated) employee. -ED]

WAHF-WAHF-WAHF-WAHF-WAHF-WAHF-WAHF-WAHF

We received a postcard from Sheryl Birkhead which is lost somewhere inside my house. For all I know, there were other LoCs received, too, which are lost. Sigh.



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