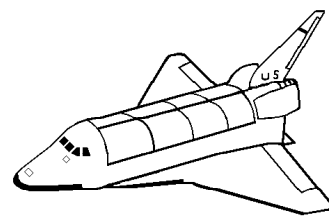


The



SHUTTLE
October 2002

*The Next NASFA Meeting will be 26 October
2002 at the Regular Time and Location*

🔔 Oyez, Oyez 🔔

The next **NASFA meeting** will be on **26 October 2002**. Note that this is **one week later** than the usual date (due to Con†Stellation), but will be at the **regular time** (6P) and the **regular location**. Call BookMark at 256-881-3910 if you need directions.

The **October program** will be a Con†Stellation XXI postmortem (“The Good, The Bad, and the Ugly” — mostly good we hope :-).

We need an **after-the-meeting meeting** volunteer for October! We also need donations for the more-or-less annual NASFA auction in November.

Worldcon News

CONJOSÉ UPDATE

While official numbers are still not available, estimated ConJosé attendance is now thought to be around 5500. This is noticeably more than previously reported, and brings this year’s Worldcon attendance roughly in line with U. S. Worldcons from the past several years.

TORCON 3 RATES TO INCREASE

As of 1 January 2003 the attending membership rate for Torcon 3, next year’s Worldcon, will increase to \$185 or Cdn\$275. The rate for conversion from supporting to attending
(continued on page 2)

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Deadline for the November 2002 issue of *The NASFA Shuttle* is Friday, 1 November 2002.

Collection **Paul Finch**, *Aftershocks*
Artist **Jim Burns**
Small Press **Peter Crowther**, for P.S. Publishing
Karl Edward Wagner
Award (Special Award) **No Award**

GRAND PRIX DE L'IMAGINAIRE AWARDS

Results of the Grand Prix de l'Imaginaire 2003 have been announced and will be presented at Utopiales 2002 <www.utopiales.org>, the 3rd International Festival of Science-Fiction in Nantes France, to be held 30 October–3 November 2002. Announced winners include **Jamil Nasir** for *Tower of Dreams* (Translated Novel), **Graham Joyce** for “Leningrad Nights” (Translated Short Story), and **Michel Pagel** for *Le Roi d’Aout* (French-language Novel). Previous results of this award are listed at <www.quarante-deux.org/prix_litteraires_sf/laureats/imaginaire.html>.

SUNBURST AWARD

The 2002 Sunburst Award, for best novel-length Canadian fantastic literature of the year, was announced Thursday 26 September 2002, at the Winnipeg International Writers Festival. The award, which includes a cash prize of Cdn\$1,000 and a “sunburst” medal, went to **Margaret Sweatman** <www.margaretsweatman.com> for *When Alice Lay Down with Peter* (Alfred A. Knopf Canada). Further information, including a list of nominees, can be found on the web at <www.sunburstaward.org>.

RHYSLING AWARDS

The 2002 Rhysling Awards, for works of sf and fantasy poetry, have been announced. The award is sponsored by the Science Fiction Poetry Association <dm.net/~bejay/sfpa.htm>. This year’s winners are:

Long Poem **“How To Make A Human,”**
by Lawrence Schimel
Short Poem **“We Die As Angels,”**
by William John Watkins

SCIFIDIMENSIONS EXTENDS DEADLINE

Scifidimensions <www.scifidimensions.com> has extended its deadline for participation in the first Southeastern Science Fiction Achievement Awards, designed to honor achievement in sf, fantasy, and horror works by authors born or living in the U. S. South, to 1 November 2002. There is a \$7 nomination fee to support the award. An incomplete list of eligible authors and works is available at <www.scifidimensions.com/sesfa/sesfa.htm>.

Archon Review

by Mary Ortworth

On October 4–6, Nancy Cucci and I attended the annual Archon in the St Louis area. While it is undoubtedly the premier sf convention in St Louis, it is actually held on the east side of the Mississippi River in Collinsville IL. Collinsville, as any master of trivia will know, is the home of the giant catsup bottle (really it is, I can show you pictures). Nancy would be glad to regale you with my reaction to seeing it, but don’t believe her. She’s just out of sorts because I woke her up.

We arrived at the hotel about 11P Thursday. Of course the people at the 800 number got the reservation wrong, even though I called back to check. They got it right on the phone, just not in the system. After unloading our stuff in our room, it was back down to the lobby to chat with friends old and new. After helping Kim and Dave (friends of mine from my St Louis

days) unload, and grabbing an umbrella from the car since it was starting to rain, it was time to call it a night.

On Friday morning, after a nice complementary breakfast in the hotel restaurant, the usual things happened. There was the obligatory Wal-Mart run to pick up forgotten/missing items, lunch, and sightseeing. Nancy and I spent Friday afternoon at the International Bowling Hall of Fame. We came, we saw, we bowled, we bought souvenirs.

When we got back, we wandered over to registration for badges, Archon 26 collectible pins, and bags’o’stuff. Next we delivered artwork we carried from Huntsville to the art show and got it set up. We went out to dinner at a local bar-b-que restaurant where we met a transplanted St Louisian from Huntsville. Afterward, we searched for interesting panels, but ended up in the animé video room watching *Akira* and some of *Ghost in the Shell*. We left there for the con suite for beer/soda and made the round of the party floor looking for chocolate. We spent quite some time in the DemiCon party, drinking blue margaritas, eating gummy sharks, and learning why Des Moines is such a great city for a convention. We found M&Ms at a party further down the hall and returned to the con suite. for more beer and soda We wandered through the dance a couple of times and then returned to our room, pondering how cold one must get when wearing a chain mail bikini in October.

On Saturday morning, after another wonderful breakfast buffet, we hit the art show. We bid on pieces and chatted with artists hanging their work as well as other patrons wandering through the show. After that, Nancy went to a costuming panel on making tails and I hit the dealer’s room. Costumes, books, comics, games, cds, jewelry, artwork, and collectibles were all to be there to be bought by eager consumers. After shopping till I almost dropped, I dropped in on the room where Nancy’s panel was wrapping up. Nancy was putting the finishing touches on her tail, while I saw Kim just beginning so I sat in on the instructions. We wandered off for lunch and then it was time to cheer on the competitors at the Robowars competition. After two hours of mechanical mayhem, including several umbrella events (IR operated robots don’t do well in direct sun), we headed back to the dealer’s room and more panels.

We returned to our hotel and dressed for the evening festivities and then back to the convention center for the masquerade. The masquerade was wonderful as usual, having been rated among the top three in the country by those in the know. There were 35 entrants, with over 85 participants being judged in workmanship and other categories, like “the best use of vinyl” and “the most fun on the stage.” While awaiting the results we walked over to White Castle for a bite. We made it back in time for the award presentations. Afterwards, we went back for beer and soda and made the party rounds again searching for more M&Ms. There weren’t many parties on Saturday; the few that existed were packed. The dance was big and loud and packed with people. It didn’t end until 5A. We got separated in a toga party that got too crowded to remain in, and Kim and I played cards for awhile. We met up with Dave and Nancy once more around 1A and called it a night.

On Sunday morning, we visited the dealer’s room one last time and then headed for panels. The best panel of the entire convention was a discussion of the costumes from the masquerade with talks on the background and construction techniques by many of the winners. The beauty of the costumes is nothing to the ingenuity of those constructing them, involving things like fiber optics and body molding for masks, formable plastics, and air brushing. One of the most unusual was the guy who got his rottweiler to let him do a body mold of its face to

build a dog mask from. He mentioned that fact like it was easy. Right!

We returned to the art show to pick up our winning-bid items and then I went to help at the charity auction. Several Laurel K. Hamilton items made big splashes and a *Dr. Who* fourth Doctor scarf went for more than I was willing to pay (I have always wanted that scarf). All in all, the charity auction was a big success, raising over \$1400 for a no-kill animal shelter in the area. After that it was lug all of the stuff back to the room and collapse. After dinner we chatted with a group in the lobby and found yet another native St Louisian from Huntsville.

By Monday morning the hotel was mostly back to normal. The sticky floors were finally unsticky, and the tables and chairs were back in the places they stood on Thursday when we first arrived. The equipment was packed up and the remains of the room parties were gone like they never existed.

No Need For An Epi-log!

Part 20 of No Need for a Dragon
by PieEyedDragon

Kiyone: (getting up) "Dragon, you are under arrest!"

Dragon: "Really? What's the charge?"

Kiyone: "Well, interplanetary terrorism for a start."

Dragon: "This party here? I am a born native of this planet. Twice now, in fact. I was here when Tenchi was born. You have no jurisdiction."

Kiyone: "Well, what you did to Jurai!"

Dragon: "And did you not see the data? The Juraians fired at me, all unprovoked. In self defense I've nullified their power. We are at war. Nor is *that* a Police matter."

Kiyone: (uncertainly taking hold) "The pirate ships?"

Dragon: "They shot first. I killed them. Don't *you* shoot pirates? And I rendered aid and assistance to some *they* had captured."

Kiyone: (grasping) "Well, you knocked me down."

Dragon: "You should thank me! A Galaxy Police Officer, conspiring with other aliens to do harm to a rare; nay, a *unique* creature! I *could* file a complaint with GP HQ: 'Conspiracy to commit Genocide'..."

Kiyone: "No, no; uh, that shouldn't be necessary."

Dragon: "You want a terrorist? When Ayeka first arrived, she fired on this planet. Then she kidnapped Ryoko for past crimes. Crimes for which the statute of limitations had expired, and she knew it! As Crown Princess of Jurai, her actions constitute official Acts of War. Shall I continue?"

Kiyone: "Well, if you insist."

Dragon: "I don't. I'm willing to let it go. Ayeka, Sasami, Tsunami, and probably Washuu are in an 'alien belligerent' status until my war is resolved. If the Masakis give them sanctuary, I will not try to kill them. Though, some of them may try to kill *me* when they wake up. I need a peacemaker, Kiyone. Someone who can convince them to leave me alone. I will declare a 'cease-fire' regarding Jurai. All I ask is a Royal Apology. Then I can remove the planet-buster."

Mihoshi: "Oh! Wonderful! *We'll do it!*" (hugs Kiyone)

Dragon: "No, Mihoshi, just Kiyone. *She* can make peace, if she will."

Kiyone: (seeing a chance for solo recognition) "Yes! *I will!*"

Ayeka: "What do you think you are doing, Kiyone?"

Kiyone: "Princess, I'm saving you from a hot bath, in *cheese sauce!*"

— O — O — O —

Grandpa (to pilgrim): "Well, John. It seems that peace has been given a chance, here."

Pilgrim: "The witch dreamed this: The world dying in fire, unless you got just a little help from an old mountain singer."

Grandpa: "Please accept our hospitality, at least."

John: "I wouldn't mind a hot meal, or bath, or both. I think you already have a house full. I can sleep out among the trees."

Sasami: (offering water glass to John) "Are you thirsty?"

John: "Why yes, little missy. Thank you."

Sasami: "You speak Juraian very well."

John: "It just seems that way. Aren't you Japanese?"

Sasami: (giggling) "No, I'm not."

John: "The friends I rode with gave me a bunch of free passes to the music festival at Mt. Aso. Maybe you all would like to go there?"

— O — O — O —

Kiyone: "So Tsunami escorted the dragon *personally* to remove the bomb."

Ayeka: "And to ensure that *no one* would fire, *this* time!"

Tenchi: "Some of these performers are really good!"

Ryoko: "Anywhere is good, if *you* are there, Tenchi!"

Noboyuki: "After all we've been through, I actually feel quite safe sitting here; inside the caldera of a still-active volcano!"

Mihoshi: "Is Tsunami coming?"

Washuu: "She said we might see her here."

Sasami: "Want some carrot cake, Ryo-Ohki?"

Ryo-Ohki: "Mieeee-oh!"

Grandpa: "Tsunami is here." (gesturing to a spot over the mountain)

As the extra "surprise guest" picked gentle melodies from his silver-strung guitar, many of the people thought they saw Amaterasu Ohmikami herself: dancing in clouds over the highest peak of the volcano.

She was not alone. For a green-gold dragon, perhaps the Sea-King himself, danced with her!

[some of the above characters are property of Frances Wellman, from her late husband: Manly Wade Wellman]

EPI-LOG

Mayland Long answers the knock on his door. A large, scaly figure is there. "You've changed, Pieboy; but you have the same homely face."

"And you, too, have changed, Oolong."

"Come in, if you can get in, and have some tea."

I shrink to a reasonable size, and slither through the door.

— O — O — O —

"... so I get this 'peace treaty' from the King of Jurai. If there's a lawyer on the planet who didn't have his fingers in it, I'd be very surprised. The devil Himself wouldn't know what this *really* says. I need an advisor who knows Kings, and Dragons, and is very comfortable with the written word." I curl my four fingers around a fresh cup of boiling hot tea, and sip. Oolong has excellent tea.

Mr. Long laces his fingers together, five and five. "That leaves me, I suppose. I'll have a look at it. Do you still make those...?"

"Certainly, and even better now. Would you like...?"

"Yes, please," as he starts reading the massive, flowery document. I busy myself in his kitchen.

Three days later, Mr. Long starts quietly laughing.

"I knew it! I'd be selling myself into slavery, right?"

"In a manner of speaking. There *are* aspects of servitude and bondage. This king is looking out for his Kingdom. Since you out-maneuvered his navy *and* his Goddess, he seeks a close, personal alliance. (laughing) It's a marriage contract!"

The floor rises up and hits me in the chin!

"Marriage? To whom?"

"Curiously, no specific bride is named."

(I envision, somewhere in space, a shrewish princess screaming "*Absolutely not! Are you crazy!* Some things I will *not* do for *duty!*")

"Didn't some cultures permit a person to marry a tree, so that a younger sibling could get hitched 'second'?"

"When their custom decreed marriages strictly in birth order, yes."

"Queen Misaki is behind this! If they want heirs, in any event, they'll probably have to call in 'The Great Washuu!'."

I think about this. "No, I can't do this. There would be a fancy Royal Wedding with all the trimmings. (slyly) And just what would my mother wear?"

Oolong manages to contain his laughter, for five long seconds. It was a terrible strain.

[Mr. Long was most respectfully "borrowed" from R. A. MacAvoy]

End of the Dragon's Tale

Letters of Comment

EMOC-EMOC-EMOC-EMOC-EMOC-EMOC-EMOC

Jack McDevitt 19 September 2002
<cryptic@gate.net>
<www.sfwa.org/members/mcdevitt>

The time travel novel that Harry Warner writes about in the current *Shuttle* is indeed by Jack Finney. The title is *Time and Again*. It was published in 1970, and it had the same effect on me that it had on Harry. As close as I've seen to depicting what a time travel experience might really be like.

[Thanks for the info! A quick web search turned up both trade paperback (illustrated) and audiobook formats of *Time and Again* for sale. There are also two fairly recent movies by that name, but they don't appear to be related — or at least Finney isn't credited if they are. -ED]

EMOC-EMOC-EMOC-EMOC-EMOC-EMOC-EMOC

Lloyd Penney 26 September 2002
<penneys@netcom.ca>
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Etobicoke ON
Canada M9C 2B2

I've grabbed a copy of the September *Shuttle* off the website, and while I have the time, here's a letter of comment.

I hope you'll pass on comments about the visit with André Norton. I can only imagine how old she is now, but I do remember seeing her from a distance at a Worldcon, can't remember which one now, sometime in the late 80s.

I'd like to add to the Calendar that Yvonne shares a birthday with Harry Warner, Jr., namely December 19. I will say that the letter L meant a large number to the Romans, as it does to Yvonne this year, and to celebrate that birthday, Yvonne and I and lots of friends will be celebrating her birthday early, on October 5. Well, here, it's warmer than December 19...

It's been quite a while since I attended a relaxicon... probably the last one was the last Midwestcon I attended. Yvonne and I worked on a series of relaxicons in the late 80s called Opuscon, and of course, very penguinish they were, too. Our attendance was never very good... we got the feeling sometimes that local fandom never quite got the idea of going to a convention to relax.

Thanks for all the awards news... this coverage would rival *Locus*. I hope I was able to add something of substance with all the nominated listed with the winners. As Harry Warner says in a letter, there are so many awards, it makes you wonder if any big names in the field are completely trophyless? Pat Sims for the Big Heart Award... well deserved.

Just lately, there's been some research into the brain's structure connected to near-death experiences. What the purpose of those experiences are, I don't know, but there now seems to be a particular part of the brain that generates those images. Perhaps we've developed that part to match the images we expect to see in our belief of the soul rising from the body upon death.

I did like *Star Wars* Episodes 1 and 2, and I eagerly await 3. However, I was absolutely gonzo over 4, 5, and 6, and I think it was because I was 18, 21, and 24 respectively. I was the right age. If I'd been 18 and 21 when 1 and 2 were released, my reaction might have been the same. However, I am in my crotchety early 40s now (what will I be like when I hit my 60s? (shudder)), and I am a lot harder to please SFwise.

Sheryl, *Somewhere in Time* was made for theatrical release, and that's where we first saw it. Yvonne and I loved it, in spite of the engineering students in the front row, laughing their heads off at it. For the last number of years, I had thought that Richard Matheson has been incapacitated by Alzheimer's, and was not aware of the fact that so many of his books had been made into movies over the last few years. I am happy to report that I'm wrong on this; Matheson was a recent guest on an on-line discussion sponsored by <SciFi.com>, and he seemed fairly lucid. He admitted he didn't like what the movie makers did with *What Dreams May Come*, but seemed satisfied with others, like *A Stir of Echoes*.

Oops, gotta go. Many thanks, and I'll look for more next month.

[The visit with Ms Norton was delightful. She has quite a research library gathered and seems to know it all quite well. She sat in a rolling chair and conducted a tour of the whole thing. Several people had brought books to sign (including a box, several tote bags, and a full suitcase!) and she seemed delighted to sign them all, making a lot of people happy. As you may be aware, writers are encouraged to make use of the facilities there — they can even stay in residence while doing their research. I appreciate your comments on our coverage. The Worldcon issue is the one issue I always try to go all out for — though I overdid it more than usual this year. —ED]



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