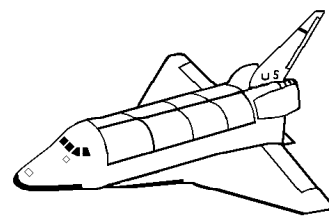


The



# SHUTTLE April 2001

*The Next NASFA Meeting is 14 April 2001  
at the Regular Time and Location*

*DSC ConCom Meeting 18 April at BookMark*

*Con†Stellation ConCom Meeting 19 April at Mike Kennedy's House*

*And Don't Forget the Baseball Game in May*

## Oyez, Oyez

The next **NASFA meeting** will be **14 April 2001**. Note that this is **one week earlier** than normal to allow for Kubla Khan. The meeting will be at the **regular time** (6P) and the **regular location** — BookMark on South Memorial Parkway. Call the store at 256-881-3910 if you need directions.

The **program** at the **April meeting** will be a psychic test. The **After-The-Meeting Meeting** location is to be determined. Volunteers?

## ConCom Meetings Set

The next DeepSouthCon committee meeting will be on Wednesday 18 April at 7:00P at BookMark.

The next Con†Stellation con committee meeting will be at Mike Kennedy's house on Thursday 19 April 2001. The *is* an eating meeting, with the eating starting at 6:30P and the meeting proper afterwards. The food theme is Savannah food. It's up to you to interpret the meaning of Savannah in this case.

## Take Me Out...

NASFA is planning a special event for the **May meeting** — actually the May program. We'll be going to see a minor league baseball game, the Huntsville Stars versus the Birmingham Barons. The game starts at 7:05, so we can carpool from the meeting (leaving a little early) up the Parkway to Joe Davis Stadium.

Program Director Randy Cleary will take care of getting tickets beforehand, so contact him well in advance to tell him how many tickets to get for you. (Feel free to bring a friend!) Get him the money for the tickets ahead of time if possible, or pay him back at the meeting just before the game if you must.

You can get in touch with Randy by phone at 256-461-6395 or by email at <rbcleary@bellsouth.net>.

### Inside this issue...

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**Deadline for the May 2001 issue of *The NASFA Shuttle* is Friday, 4 May 2001.**



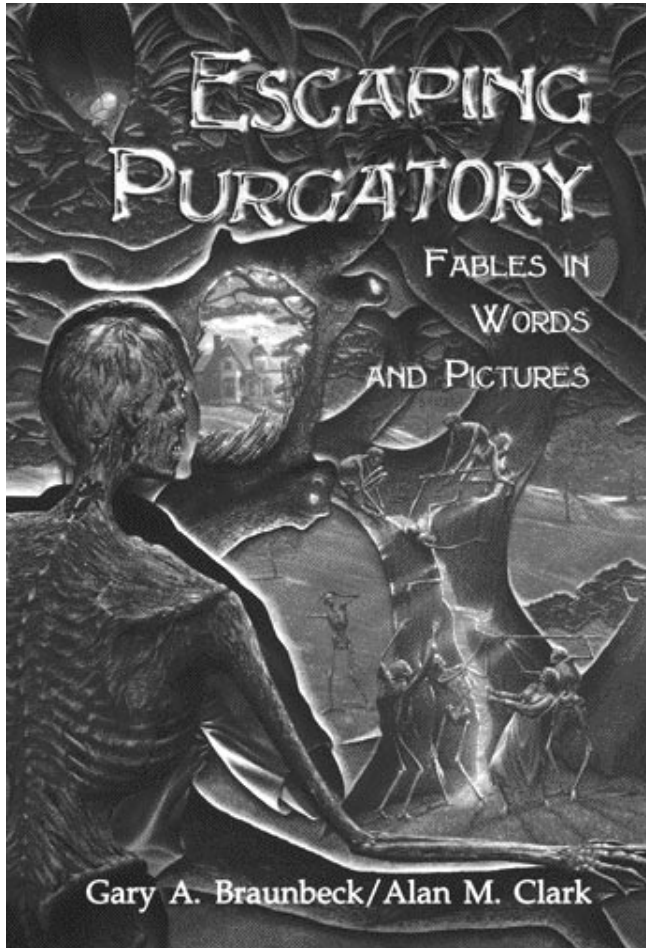
## How Do You Escape?

The *Shuttle* has received word of the latest project from Alan M. Clark's IFD Publishing. Many *Shuttle* readers will remember Alan from his years in Nashville and his wonderful (if sometimes disturbing ;-) art displayed at sf conventions throughout this area. Gamers may know his work from the game adaptation of his book *Pain Doctors of Suture Self General*. Though Alan now lives in Oregon, it's always exciting to hear about new work from him.

*Escaping Purgatory — Fables in Words and Pictures* by Gary A. Braunbeck and Alan M. Clark consists of thematically linked short stories and novellas illustrated by approximately 28 pieces of art (several in color). The theme is how we each form, and escape from, our own private hells. The illustrations are by Clark with text by both Braunbeck and Clark.

*Escaping Purgatory* is available in a signed, numbered hardcover edition (limited to 500 copies) for \$45 plus \$5 shipping and handling (for any size order — non-US orders higher). You can get further information about *Escaping Purgatory* plus lots of other books and artwork at IFD's web site <<http://www.ifdpublishing.com>>.

The book can be purchased on line (using the PayPal system), by fax (credit cards only, 541-461-3686), or by mail (check, money order, or credit card). IFD's address is: IFD Publishing, P. O. Box 40776, Eugene OR 97404. They can also be contacted by phone at 541-461-3272 or by email at <[contact@ifdpublishing.com](mailto:contact@ifdpublishing.com)>.



## What Do You Think?

by Mike Kennedy, editor

Harlan Ellison recently received a \$3,600 settlement in a lawsuit he had filed against a fan who had uploaded several of Ellison's short stories to a newsgroup. Ellison has also reportedly targeted AOL and RemarQ, a Usenet subscription service, for providing access to the pirated work. Additionally he has founded Kick Internet Piracy, a fund intended to help defray his legal fees (reportedly over \$40,000 so far).

There is little doubt that Ellison's objection to the unauthorized posting of his copyrighted work is on reasonably sound legal ground, though the law may be less clear regarding service providers like AOL. However, a number of writers, publishers, and the like take other stances; either seeing this type of online access as inconsequential or even positive (as a form of publicity). At the same time authors and publishers often don't see eye-to-eye between themselves on various forms of electronic publishing rights.

All in all this is a very unsettled area. We would like to invite *Shuttle* readers to express their opinions on Ellison's campaign in specific and the whole area of online and electronic publishing rights in general. So, write us a letter of comment or, if you're moved to pontificate at more length, an essay.

## SF Film "Wins" (Dis)Honors

In a recent ceremony (held the day before the Academy Awards) the 21<sup>st</sup> Annual Golden Raspberry ("Razzie") Awards were announced and the big winner (um, loser?) was sf film *Battlefield Earth*, capturing the prize (?) in seven of the nine categories. This feat left *BE* tied with the previous record holder, *Showgirls*.

*Battlefield Earth* took the trophy in the following categories: Worst Picture (awarded to the producers), Worst Actor (John Travolta), Worst Screen Couple (John Travolta and Anyone Sharing the Screen with Him), Worst Supporting Actor (Barry Pepper), Worst Supporting Actress (Kelly Preston), Worst Director (Roger Christian), and Worst Screenplay (Corey Mandell and J. D. Shapiro). Other "winners" were Madonna (in *The Next Best Thing*) for Worst Actress and *Book of Shadows/Blair Witch 2* for Worst Remake or Sequel.

Razzie recipients are selected by a mail-in ballot of members of the Golden Raspberry Award Foundation. Further information about the Razzies and the Foundation (including membership info) can be found on line at <[www.razzies.com](http://www.razzies.com)>.

### Quiz Key:

20. 19. 18. 17. 16. 15. 14. 13. 12. 11. 10. 9. 8. 7. 6. 5. 4. 3. 2. 1.  
G. E. O. D. J. T. M. H. A. Q. R. N.P.I. C.S.B.K.F.L.  
c. d. b. a. f. g. s. r. l. t. i. p.j. o.n.q.m.e.k.h.

# First and Last Lines

a quiz by Jim Woosley

Rules: For the books and short stories below, separately match the first line and the last line to the title and author. The first line and last line represent the first and last sentences of fiction within the work, excluding chapter or section titles, salutations, and any preface or postscript. I have generally, but not universally, restricted myself to Hugo winners (particularly for short fiction) and well-known works by authors who have been Guests of Honor at Huntsville conventions. This is based on a quiz run by Burnett Toskey in the Spectator Amateur Press Society when I was a member back in the 80's.

Scoring: Check the key on page 3 of this issue (you may

## Titles and Authors

1. "Emergence," by David R. Palmer
2. "Melancholy Elephants," by Spider Robinson
3. "The Borderland of Sol," by Larry Niven
4. *A Civil Campaign*, by Lois McMaster Bujold
5. *The Short, Victorious War*, by David Weber
6. *Burning Water*, by Mercedes Lackey
7. *Code of the Lifemaker*, by James P. Hogan
8. *Cyborg*, by Martin Caidin
9. *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*, by J. K. Rowling
10. *Out of the House of Life*, by Chelsea Quinn Yarbo
11. *Spacehounds of IPC*, by E. E. Doc Smith
12. *Starship Troopers*, by Robert A. Heinlein
13. *Sympathy for the Devil*, by Holly Lisle
14. *Tactics of Mistake*, by Gordon R. Dickson
15. *The Caves of Steel*, by Isaac Asimov
16. *The Guns of the South*, by Harry Turtledove
17. *The Hammer of God*, by Arthur C. Clarke
18. *Too Many Magicians*, by Randall Garrett
19. *Wizards Bane*, by Rick Cook.
20. *X-Men*, by Kristine Katherine Rusch and Dean Wesley Smith

## First Lines

- A. I always get the shakes before a drop.
- B. The big groundcar jerked to a stop centimeters from the vehicle ahead of it, and Armsman Pym, driving, swore under his breath.
- C. Lupe sobbed harshly, her voice muffled, as if smothered by the darkness all around her.
- D. It was the size of a small house, weighed nine thousand tons, and was moving at fifty thousand kilometers per hour.
- E. It was a fine Mid-Summer's morning, and Moira the hedge witch was out gathering herbs.
- F. She sat zazen, concentrating on not concentrating, until it was time to prepare for the appointment.
- G. The hard, cold rain pounded out of the sky, soaking clothes, changing the dirt to slippery mud, beating the life out of everyone it touched.
- H. Lucifer — Puissant Lord of Evil, Utmost Originator of All Things Foul, Master of the Netherworlds, Purveyor of Anguish — glanced up from his newspaper to stare thoughtfully over the miles of open office space that made up the central nervous system of Hell.

need a mirror) and score 2 points for each first *or* last line correctly matched to title from memory. Score a bonus point (for a total of 5) if you match both the first *and* last line correctly from memory. If you can't do it from memory, you can still score 1 point if you have the book in your personal collection and look up either a first *or* last line — 2 points if you look up both. Combinations are possible: e.g., 3 points if you match a first line correctly from memory but look up the last line.

75–100 points ..... Too busy reading to SMOF  
50–74 points ..... FIAWOL  
25–49 points ..... To busy SMOFing to read  
0–24 points ..... FIJAGDH

- I. Had English-speaking humans existed they would probably have translated the spacecraft's designation as searcher.
- J. I have delayed replying to your letter of the 4<sup>th</sup> until the time arrived for the execution of the attempt on New Berne.
- K. Three months on Jinx, marooned.
- L. Nothing to do? Nowhere to go? Time hangs heavy?
- M. The young lieutenant-colonel was drunk, apparently, and determined to rush upon disaster.
- N. Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much.
- O. Commander Lord Ashley, Special Agent for His Majesty's Imperial Naval Intelligence Corps, stood in the doorway of a cheap, rented room in a lower middle-class section of town near the Imperial Naval Docks in Cherboung.
- P. Lonely Mountain took the first harsh whisper of naked sun.
- Q. A narrow football of steel, the Inter-Planetary Vessel Arcturus stood upright in her berth in the dock like an egg in its cup.
- R. So you have arrived at Cairo; your description of the pyramids brings back many memories, though my nostalgia has faded in the last three thousand years.
- S. Hereditary President Sidney Harris watched the long cortege wind out of sight along the Promenade of the People, then turned his back upon it.
- T. Lije Bailey had just reached his desk when he became aware of R. Sammy watching him expectantly.

## Last Lines

- a. There was still plenty of time for it to change its mind again.
- b. In the golden tracery work surrounding the shield were the lions of England and the lilies of France.
- c. His old friend was left studying the board. And wondering what he had done wrong.
- d. He moved amazingly quiet for one so large.
- e. He does like puzzles.
- f. Despite the happy nature of the interruption, the letter to the British minister remained to be written.
- g. Bailey, suddenly smiling, took R. Daneel's elbow, and they walked out of the door, arm in arm.
- h. Awfully big world waiting out there. For me.
- i. All the rest of it, the four thousand years, the learning, the

fortunes and friends won and lost, the blood that is life itself, is meaningless without loving you, and that will sustain me through all the years to come, through our separations, and through the true death itself.

- j. And Steve Austin had found himself.
- k. Yes, Robert.
- l. To the everlasting glory of the Infantry.
- m. They must be rounding up the strays for dinner. Shall we go in, milady?
- n. Now I only wonder who the *next* one is.
- o. It will be far more comfortable there, and I'm sure you'd agree that we all owe ourselves some time to rest and relax a little, eh?
- p. I'm going to have a lot of fun with Dudley this summer...
- q. I trust the two of you will find something to talk about during the voyage, Captain Harrington.
- r. For me, there can be no Heaven until the last of my children is safely home.
- s. Do you think I paid any attention to what you *said*?
- t. Checking in — four hundred forty-six days, fifteen hours, eleven minutes, thirty-eight and seven-tenths seconds plus!

## No Need for a Dragon

Part 1  
by PieEyedDragon

To start with, I got layed. There were many volcanoes. The Norsemen would later call the place "Iceland." A real-estate scam to make prospective immigrants choose "Greenland" instead.

(millennia pass)

I was touring the world, mostly staying over coastlines. From ice, to heat, to ice again. Not knowing just where I was going, but enjoying the trip. Southbound again, along the eastern edge of the big continent, I veer eastward toward a chain of volcanic islands. After a few days, the ocean horizon starts getting bumpy with clouds, tall clouds: a typhoon precursor. I find an inland valley with a lake and tall trees and get ready for the show. It rained for three days, and the lightning was beautiful. The storm breaks up, and the sun sets in splendour; balanced by a perfect triple rainbow.

"This was worth crossing the world to see," I say to myself.

"Most visitors have had shorter trips," agreed a voice.

Eyes/ears/nose/tongue had registered nothing about but small animals and plants, therefore: "Spirit, I haven't been sitting on you, have I?"

"Not really, though I'm spread pretty thin hereabouts."

"No priest?"

"Hoyoshira is getting old. His cousin is moving in next season. Not that we have any trouble, but I could use someone like you, too, for a guardian. Interested?"

"Terms?"

"Don't scare the visitors, don't eat the locals. Stay out of sight, I can help with that."

"Where would I stay? Is there a cave?"

"Yes. It's roomy, if rather damp."

"Roomy caves are not all that common.



## Fiction Series Starts

This month the *Shuttle* is starting a fiction series set in the same universe as the popular comedy anime series *Tenchi Muyo! (No Need For Tenchi)*. The series centers around the (mis)adventures of Tenchi Masaki, a painfully shy high school boy whose curiosity gets him caught up in affairs he doesn't always understand. You can find out more about the series by watching it on the Cartoon Network or by checking out any of a large number of web sites including <[www.unitedanime.com/neelick/](http://www.unitedanime.com/neelick/)>.

Dry ones are even harder to come by. Looks like you have some storm damage."

"A tree is down. No way the priest can move it. Will you?"

"Yes."

"Welcome aboard. I'll let him know you're here."

...and so I stayed in that place for two centuries. Then demons descended from the skies!

## No Need for Ringside Seats!

Part 2 of No Need for a Dragon  
by PieEyedDragon

The thunder was coming closer. Nothing strange about that, but the sky was clear! "Master, that sound is *not* thunder!" I comment, fully alert.

"Something terrible comes this way, Payayto! Spirits are crying out! We must combine our senses!"

Invisible, I climb the rocks above the cave. Planting all four legs firmly, I spread my wings. The earth power rises into my body, the wind speaks to my wings and nose.

Noise, smoke, a clamor as of armies. I see two strange things in the sky. One like a tangle of driftwood roots. The other bristles like a sea urchin. It tastes of Tiger! And Rabbit! And...something else! The other tastes like an ancient oak tree! Thunderbolts, in rapid succession, fly between them. Some, also, strike the land.

("Master...")

("I know, the village is there.")

The combat slowly drifts toward us. Three people are running up the path. One falls. Then another.

("Master...")

("Wait, Payayto. You may range abroad, but my power is here, alone. Plus, there are *rules*! Wait!")

The two things continue to grapple and strike. Now, two human shapes appear with flaming swords, striking at each other with blades and fireballs. Doing little damage, now a few droplets of blood begin their journey down.

The third villager, a girl-child gasping for air, stumbles toward the shrine.

("Wait...")

Blood strikes the lake and the leaves and the rocks.

("The tree-warrior tastes of this land, at least partly. The other is exactly that...*other*! But only a puppet! Some Wizard's tool! It's will..her will, is overmastered!")

The girl-child reaches the shrine, bows deeply, and prays.

The spirit-fires of the inner earth are now unleashed, and add their strength to the kami, and the Guardian!

(“Rise up now, Payayto! You have shown me a dragon’s strength and calm patience! Show me now that ferocity and cunning of your kind! Find your target, and shape your attack!”)

I explode upward from the rocks. Still invisible, I shrink to the size of a dragon-fly and speed toward the fighters. Dodging thunderbolts, fireballs, and blades, I circle the fighters three times, then the Tree, and the Tiger. The warriors are still evenly matched, but the Tiger is beginning to climb the Tree, forcing it down toward our lake! I sense some kind of mind-connection between the Demon-woman and the Tiger. *There* is my target. Now for the proper weapons!

I return to my former stance, full-size, upon the rocks.

(“Well?”)

(“The target comes into range, and the proper weapons are: echoes, and the lake! Give me the echoes!”)

(“Done!”)

I take a full breath, drawing up also more earth-power. I send the power back out and down, down to the lake. I rise up on my hind legs, tightening those claws. My forelimbs flex in a fighting stance. Down below, the lake ripples flow together and move like great muscles under a smooth hide.

The Tiger drives the Tree into the lake with a splash. I raise my forelimbs, and the lake water, all of it, divides, and rises high in two mighty columns. The waters curve over as I drop back down. My forelimbs strike the ground. Half a lake crashes upon the Tiger from the East, and then the other half strikes

from the West! The Tiger, and the Tree, are driven down into the mud.

As I strike, *I roar!* And the lake, mountains and forest also *roar!* A solid, sudden blast of crushing sound strikes the rattled Tiger-thing with momentary confusion, which sends its confusion to the Demon-woman, who turns her head. The warrior strikes deep! Locked together, they both fall.

One!

Shedding invisibility, I spring upward to catch the falling fighters. And so Yosho rides upon a dragon!

(“Well struck! Payayto!”)

(“Master! The Tree is stuck fast to the lake bottom. It grips the Tiger, which yet struggles for freedom. Now for the true power of your place! Cover them with, *peace!*”)

(“My *specialty!* Oh wise one!”)

Two!

Ryo-Okī struggles to withdraw from Funaho. Ryoko is silent! Panic! The cold waters seem suddenly warm and oh, so comforting. Sensations of warm sunshine on rocks. Sweet-smelling flowers and grasses. A full stomach! The bad man never lets us run and play, anymore. No one strokes my fur! Wait...a gentle touch!

(“Ryoko?”)

(“Time to rest, Ryo-Okī. We shall sleep a while.”)

The waters are quite muddy, but the waves are subsiding. Only ripples, now, from the gentle breeze. The surviving fish grow calmer. The little scavengers start on the dead.

The third gem is now firmly implanted in the wooden sword.



art by Randy B. Cleary

# Letters of Comment

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

Tom Feller  
TomFeller@aol.com

16 March 2001

Thanks for sending the zines.

I read the first three books of the Harry Potter [series] shortly after last year's Hugo nominations were announced. I don't think I did it in eleven days, like Jim Woosley however. I started the fourth one during a business trip. When I arrived at the airport for the flight home, I found that my flight was canceled. After I rebooked on a later one, I decided it was [...] a good night to read a 700 page novel. Fortunately, I was overly pessimistic. I had only read 300 pages by the time my flight touched down in Nashville.

Anita just got home so that's all for now.

[Good to hear from you, Tom. I don't do much air travel anymore, but when I used to travel a good bit on business I never found I could concentrate enough during the actual travel to enjoy reading fiction. If I was going to be gone more than overnight, though, I would often take a book along or pick one up on the trip for reading at the hotel. -ED]

POC-POC-POC-POC-POC-POC-POC-POC-POC-POC

Sheryl Birkhead  
25509 Jonnie Court  
Gaithersburg MD 20882

22 March 2001

Hi — I'm seeing Randy Cleary's artwork in more and more zines — way to go! Before I bought the old LC I took two evening courses, one for PC and one for Mac (also using the drawing software I later purchased) but now I just *need* to get things working! I bought the HP printer suggested — then was told it was the wrong one — that no one should have suggested it. Long story — they paid for a \$99 adapter. Sigh.

Someone from Philly finally sent me a bibliography so I've started trying *simple* little illos solely on computer. (Uh, after my first four hour stint I found out the hard way that even *save* is different... I didn't.) So far I could have done it all by hand a *lot* faster — now to actually try to *print* — after I recreate what I "forgot" to save. Agh — I haven't nominated yet...

Ah, a new Haldeman.

[I think one reason that Randy appears in a lot of zines is he makes it very easy to access his work in electronic form. He already has good scans of a lot of his work on his personal web site and I often download an appropriate piece (like the one on the facing page) from there. Glad to hear you're getting back to your own artwork. -ED]



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Huntsville AL 35815-4857

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