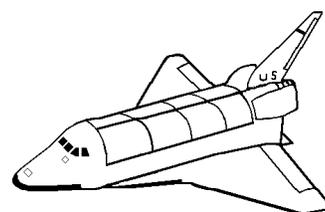


The



SHUTTLE
July 2001

*The Next NASFA Meeting is 21 July 2001
at the Regular Time and Location*

*Con†Stellation ConCom Meeting
19 July 2001 at Robin Ray's House*

🔔 Oyez, Oyez 🔔

The next **NASFA meeting** will be **21 July 2001** 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 **July meeting** will be a report by Patrick Molloy and Naomi Fisher on their DUFF trip.

Both the **July and August After-The-Meeting Meetings** will be pool parties at Russell McNutt's house — 902 Drake Avenue SE. Bring your swimsuits, munchies, and a party attitude. Call Russell at 256-650-3195 if you need directions.

Con†Stellation ConCom

The next Con†Stellation XX con committee meeting will be on Thursday 19 July 2001 at Robin Ray's house — 111 Wingfield Drive in Madison. Call her at 256-464-9818 if you need directions.

This is an eating meeting, with the food theme being "tall food." Eating starts at 6:30P with the meeting proper afterwards.

Call Russell at 256-650-3195 if you need directions.

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Deadline for the August 2001 issue of *The NASFA Shuttle* is Friday, 3 August 2001.

The five parts of "Death Comes To Time" can be accessed in an audio-only format or an "enhanced" format which includes non-animated "storyboard" drawings accompanying the audio. There have been no plans announced to release "Death Comes To Time" in any other format.

Movie Review

by David K. Robinson

A. I. Artificial Intelligence, directed by Steven Spielberg

I recently saw the movie *A. I.* by Steven Spielberg — his latest sf movie. It is set in the near future in the 21st century and tells the story of an android played by Haley Joel Osment. He is adopted by a young married couple whose son is very ill. I won't spoil the plot for you reading this because I suspect many of you have not seen it.

Anyway, *A. I.* is a story of romance and adventure. It is basically two different stories and the first half is good but the second half is a strange tale. Go see it. I would give this movie three stars out of four.

Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame Announces Awards

The latest group of inductees into the Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame were honored at an awards dinner at the University of Kansas on Friday 6 July 2001. This year's entries are Alfred Bester, Fritz Leiber, Jack Vance, and Ursula K. Le Guin. At the same ceremony, winners of the John W. Campbell Memorial Award and Theodore Sturgeon Memorial Award were announced. The Campbell award (for the best science fiction novel of 2000) went to Poul Anderson for *Genesis*. The Sturgeon award (for the best short science fiction of 2000) went to Ian McDonald for "**Tendeléo's Story**."

Locus Awards Announced

The 2001 Locus Awards were presented Friday 6 July at Westercon in Portland OR. The awards are voted on by readers of *Locus*. And the winners were:

SF Novel *The Telling*, Ursula K. Le Guin (Harcourt)
 Fantasy Novel *A Storm of Swords*,
 George R. R. Martin (Voyager; Bantam Spectra)
 First Novel *Mars Crossing*, Geoffrey A. Landis (Tor)
 Novella "**Radiant Green Star**,"
 Lucius Shepard (*Asimov's* August 2000)
 Novelette "**The Birthday of the World**,"
 Ursula K. Le Guin (*F&SF* June 2000)
 Short Story "**The Missing Mass**,"
 Larry Niven (*Analog* December 2000)
 Anthology *The Year's Best Science Fiction:
 Seventeenth Annual Collection*,
 Gardner Dozois, ed. (St. Martin's)
 Collection *Tales of Old Earth*,
 Michael Swanwick (North Atlantic/Tachyon)

Non-Fiction *On Writing*, Stephen King (Scribner)
 Art Book *Spectrum 7: The Best in
 Contemporary Fantastic Art*,
 Cathy Fenner and Arnie Fenner, eds. (Underwood)
 Book Publisher/Imprint **Tor**
 Magazine *Asimov's*
 Editor **Gardner Dozois**
 Artist **Bob Eggleton**

Seiun Awards Nominations

Finalists have been announced for this year's Seiun Awards (sometimes called "the Japanese Hugos"). Nominees in the Foreign categories are for works first published in Japanese translation during 2000. Winners in all categories will be announced at the Japan SF Convention, 18–19 August 2001, in Chiba. The Foreign categories will be re-presented during the Hugo Award ceremony at this year's Worldcon in Philadelphia.

FOREIGN NOVEL

All Tomorrow's Parties, by William Gibson
Barrayar, by Lois McMaster Bujold
Darwin's Radio, by Greg Bear
Ender's Shadow, by Orson Scott Card
Frameshift, by Robert J. Sawyer
The Light of Other Days, by Arthur C. Clarke and Stephen Baxter
The Moon and the Sun, by Vonda N. McIntyre
The Positronic Man, by Isaac Asimov and Robert Silverberg
Simulacron-3, by Daniel R. Galouye

FOREIGN SHORT STORY

"**An Explanation for the Disappearance of the Moon**," by John Sladek
 "...for a single yesterday," by George R. R. Martin
 "**The Hundred Light-Year Diary**," by Greg Egan
 "**The Little Magic Shop**," by Bruce Sterling
 "**Oceanic**," by Greg Egan
 "**Orphans of the Helix**," by Dan Simmons
 "**The Saliva Tree**," by Brian W. Aldiss
 "**A Separate War**," by Joe Haldeman
 "**The Sharks of Pentreath**," by Michael G. Coney

HOMer Awards Nominations

The final ballot has been released for the eleventh annual HOMer Awards. Results of the final vote (by the Science Fiction and Fantasy Literature and Media Forums on CompuServe) may already be available by the time you read this issue.

NOVEL

Calculating God, by Robert Sawyer (Tor)
Jumping Off the Planet, by David Gerrold (Tor)
The Sky Road, by Ken MacLeod (Tor)

NOVELLA

"**Heart of Glass**," by William Barton (*Asimov's* January 2000)
 "**Radiant Green Star**," by Lucius Shepard (*Asimov's* August 2000)
 "**A Roll of the Dice**," by Catherine Asaro (*Analog* July/August

2000)

“The Ultimate Earth,” by Jack Williamson (*Analog* December 2000)

NOVELETTE

“Agape Among the Robots,” by Allen Steele (*Analog* May 2000)

“Black Smoker,” by Kage Baker (*Asimov’s* January 2000)

“Chromosome Circus,” by Amy Sterling Casil (*F&SF* January 2000)

“Feel the Zaz,” by James Patrick Kelly (*Asimov’s* June 2000)

“Redchapel,” by Mike Resnick (*Asimov’s* December 2000)

“The Taranth Stone,” by Ron Collins (*Analog* October 2000)

SHORT STORY

“Different Kinds of Darkness,” by David Langford (*F&SF* January 2000)

“The Elephants of Neptune,” by Mike Resnick (*Asimov’s* May 2000)

“The Fantasy Writer’s Assistant,” by Jeffrey Ford (*F&SF* February 2000)

“Flyby Aliens,” by Nick DiChario (*Galaxy Online* July 2000)

“Kaddish for the Last Survivor,” by Michael A. Burstein (*Analog* November 2000)

“Moon Dogs,” by Michael Swanwick (*Moon Dogs* NESFA Press; *Asimov’s* March 2000)

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

Chicken Run

Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon

Frank Herbert’s Dune (SciFi Channel)

X-Men

No Need For A Visitor!

Part 4 of No Need for a Dragon
by PieEyedDragon

The shrine has been uncharacteristically crowded, lately. Tenchi’s house, picked up by Princess Ayeka’s ship, is now here. Someone said something about “Wizard of Oz” but I don’t know who that is. That younger princess reminds me of Tenchi’s late mother. Two policewomen, the blonde one is such a simple innocent: she eats the offerings left at the shrine. She must think she is King David. Ryo-Oki, the cabbit, just enjoys life; and carrots by the hundredweight!

Ryoko and Ayeka are always fighting over Tenchi; they act like sisters sometimes.

Ayeka is a problem for my draconic nature: a mature, very royal *princess* of the... ah... “Old Maid” variety. The scent of her makes me so... *hungry*! But she is now a “local” and my contract forbids such a variation on my diet! Ryoko’s mother, Washuu. There is something *very* unusual about her. Aside from her genius intellect, and massive ego; the “twelve-year-old-looking” redhead is over three times *my* age, at *least*. She makes my wings itch. There was a time when *Powers* walked the earth. I think those times have come back again. She treats the others like experiments. I’d better make sure she never gets *me*! I’ve got this nagging suspicion that she only *pretends* to not see me. She carries around a little pocket of some other dimension, out of which pop her keyboard and other strange little devices. *And* her little “cheering squad” are there: two little imps in Washuu’s image, chanting and cheering when times get rough. Not logical at all: it may all be “misdirection.” My master seems to know something about her, but won’t tell.

— O — O — O —

Everyone is gone on vacation, now. I think I’ll go fishing. It’s been a month since I’ve properly fed. Hard to enjoy live salmon when there is a Princess so near my lair.

— O — O — O —

“Urrrp!” I belch a very fishy cloud of gas, and scratch my stomach. Well fed, but not *too* full. Ancient survival habit.

(“Payayto”)

(“Yes, Master?”)

(“Someone has come here to see you.”)

(“I? Who?”)

(“Come and see.”)

I go down to the lake. Someone is standing under the Masaki Tree (Funaho), which is presently silent.

Raising her head as I approach, she speaks not, but begins to sob and wail, swaying like a sapling in the wind.

That’s all they ever say, these Banshees. I wonder how much time I’ve really got left.

— O — O — O —

(“This is rather sad, Payayto. I’ll miss you. I release you from any obligation of staying here. Go where you please, and may only a gentle fate find you.”)

(“Thank you, Mas... kami. It’s already so empty here, with the Masaki’s and their “guests” adventuring off somewhere. I think I’ll send out a mind-scan to find them.”)

mmmmmmmmmmmmmm. There. Some are on a sunny island, participating in a strange game of elimination. The losers being catapulted into space, and getting picked-up by the Toonami starship, *Absolution*. Focusing upward upon *Absolution*, there seems to be trouble. Battle! TOM, the service droid, is sending a distress call!

(“They are under attack. The call to action rings out! Let’s see if there is aught a dragon can do!”)

(“Go, then. And good luck go with you, Friend!”)

Preparing to make a proper theatrical entrance, I snatch up a basket of my favorite condiments. I review the nature of the Universe, as I learned it these past centuries from the Masaki Tree. My Magic reaches out, to open a Wyrmhole. I launch myself into the air, flapping, and boldly exit Japan for unknown regions. With a pickanick basket hanging from my mouth.

A doomed dragon, seeking *Absolution*, with jars of spices!

SARA registers an external wyrmhole opening and closing. A many-limbed figure appears, reptilian, with large basket, maneuvering toward *Absolution’s* forward hull. Closer. Closer.

— O — O — O —

(My normal wings are, of course, no use at all for close maneuvers in outer space. But even space, especially in low Earth orbit, is not quite empty. The light-sail principle comes into usage. I’ve extended magical force-fans along my regular wing-bones and -membranes. Now, my massless wing-sails have an effective area measurable in square miles, lots of them, which I can adjust with ease. Keyed to resist gas and plasma-type particles, larger objects have no interaction with them.

— O — O — O —

Removing several canisters from the basket, the new interloper splashes vegetable-based pastes onto the hull.

SARA reads labels for “Duck Sauce,” “Chinese Mustard,” and “Dandy Inferno Green Habanero flavor enhancer.”

“Size is relative,” muses the creature, admiring the artistic swirls of red, yellow, and green. Stretching local space, the dragon seems to expand a thousand fold, opens his mouth, and swallows the starship!

“Ha! The clerics said such as I could never attain *Absolution*! They won’t be much harmed by this, just transferring

some excess ki. I *am* technically devouring the Princess Ayeka. Hope her essence doesn't taste too "woody"!

Absolution begins powering-up it's hyperdrive engines to ward-off this strange, new "attacker."

(Don't worry, TOM. I'm trying to distract the combatants. You *did* call for help! What you are experiencing is non-lethal. Your engines are not so hot as the Habanero sauce. I absorb the energies and grow stronger, juicing-up.)

Much better. Stronger by the centon. Now, TOM asked for help, lets see who has room for me. Oooohmmmmmm... oooohmmmm focuses the dragon, internalizing his POV. Mihoshi is down. I think there's room for a little "piggybacking" here. Policewoman, prepare to be ridden. PieEye closes his eyes. Whole, Mihoshi opens her eyes, wide as pies, and gauges the distances. Quicker than a snake, she launches herself at Samus. Unaffected by stray blasts, she wraps around the hunter, squeezing with unnatural strength from *elsewhere*. Fabric rips, metals bend, the hunter's arms are going numb. Tighter and tighter, Samus feels like she is being wrestled by the legendary Midgard Serpent, or a starship! Unable to breathe, her disbelieving eyes bulge. Mihoshi has no trouble breathing, but her Capsaicin-charged habanero breath is corroding the hunter's armor and power cables.

Mihoshi slowly unwinds from her unconscious foe. Standing, she emits a roar that loosens the ceiling panels. Her eyes return to normal. "I'm hungry. Why are you all staring at me? Did I miss something?"

There is no mark on her, but her clothing is severely burned and ripped. Three deformed lead slugs drop out of her hair.

PieEye returns to himself. He expands more, vents the *Absolution*, and shrinks. A new wormhole forms and he is gone.

"What was that *thing*?" TOM asks, bustling around with first aid supplies.

"What thing?" Asked Princess Ayeka. Most of the defenders having had no external view of space during the battle. SARA, the ship's AI, says: "I'll show you the video, but you *still* won't believe it!

(after the images are played)

"Ewww! It didn't *spit* us out! It..." Ayeka, and others, shudder.

Washu: I have *got* to get a cell sample! Wonder where he is.

Ryoko: Tenchi, he was your neighbor. He was there before I arrived on Earth, seven centuries ago. The Shrine Guardian.

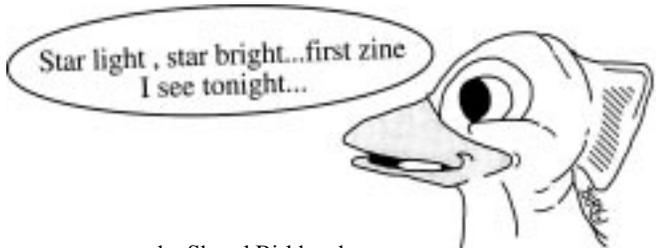
Tenchi: I never saw him! I've never heard of him, but... (old memories and stories surface) I think my mother, did.

Ryoko: The Defender of the Shrine, and instrumental in my defeat by Yosho, my imprisonment, and my resurrection.

Tenchi: I think I have some hard questions to ask Grandpa! But he probably won't answer.

— O — O — O —

(Mihoshi, exhausted, sleeps deeply. Far, far away, a large



art by Sheryl Birkhead

figure munches another chili-pepper pie. Turning his mind back to the glowing orb, he scans recent data from his riding "partner.")

Bimbo, bubble-brain, airhead, lucky dumb blonde. That's what they all think of you, even your friends. They're wrong. The "simple innocent" is camouflage. I felt the massive, background intellect inside that head. Rest, my dear, and thank you.

(Mihoshi sleeps on, contented, snuggling a small toy dragon.)

— O — O — O —

(Kiyone cannot sleep. So often her partner, Mihoshi, has destroyed chances for Kiyone to advance.)

Mihoshi was in my sights. *Did* I shoot at *her*, instead of Samus? What kind of a police officer am I if I *did*. I... just... cannot... remember the details of that fight.

Letters of Comment

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

Sheryl Birkhead
25509 Jonnie Court
Gaithersburg MD 20882

8 June 2001

I've been carting May's issue around and finally dragged it out — sheesh, 6-13-01... how did that happen?

I continue to make progress with the new computer, just not much! I managed to purchase an "old" Apple printer that I can connect to my old computer. With no manual (etc.) it has been a bit of a haul, but I've actually managed to get the printer to print. So, now I have both computers and printers working. Whee! Yeah — now to really learn how!

Any progress on the Randy C. house buying front?

Hmm — so the concern was whether it would be "wise" for Ellison to sue... Depends on what wise means to "you" — likelihood of winning or merely making people aware of an inequity? It would also point toward the necessity of legislation to cover the new technological morass.

Congratulations to the Rebel and Rubble recipients.

Waiting to hear how the ballgame "meeting" went.

Any idea what Scott Bakula has been up to since *Quantum Leap*? His presence alone is enough to get me to watch the show — at least for starters!

Well, this has been paper diving for far too long — need to get it in the mail.

[Ah, so you *are* a multi-computer household now — welcome to the club. Well, *I* think the trip to the ball game was great. The start of the game was delayed quite a while to get the field ready after torrential rains earlier that day, but there was no rain during the game. The Stars (our home team) won, the Famous Chicken was at least mildly amusing (well, not too annoying anyway), there was a grand-slam, and the fireworks after the game were quite spectacular. I would defer to Naomi Fisher in re a culinary review of the ballpark food — but she seemed pleased which is high praise. As for Scott Bakula, the Internet Movie Database (<www.imdb.com>) has almost 30 listings for him between *Quantum Leap* and *Enterprise* — a mixture of television and movie projects. The only really big name that I

art by Randy B. Cleary



noticed in the list was 1999's *American Beauty*, though Bakula was not in one of the more major roles. I think he has done some stage work during that time also but I know little about that. -ED]

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

Sheryl Birkhead
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19 June 2001

Hi — ah, the Roger Rabbit possible fiasco. I really hope you can locate a follow-up since I am curious about how much money is actually involved.

Is Randy C. buying a specific house, or just a house? My brother just told me that his younger daughter is moving to Nashville... that she has had *enough* (Chicago) of Northerners and wants back to the South. What I find interesting is that (art history/photography degree) she has no prospective job — just is *going to move*. Ah, such freedom! In the meantime, her sister — at the Space Center — will be starting an MBA program in St. Louis — so one goes North and the other goes South.

Shrek is really on my list to see. I don't actually buy many movies, but I just may buy this one.

Whew — from the lists of awards it appears to be about time for an independent pub which carries all the various presentations. Yeah, except they aren't all given at the same time!

My thanks to Harry for the kind words on my first Hugo nomination.

P. E. D.— The line I liked the best — “Boy, if you catch him, who will be the more surprised?”

The Lynches had a copy of *X-Men* so I've seen that and *Frequency* — still a few more to go.

Do you happen to know if the Hugo nominations in the “shorter” categories will again be available on line? (If so, where? I keep checking the Philcon site to see if there is any hint...)

If you can't use the enclosed [art] please ship 'em back — or send them to someone who can use them.

[As you seem to have anticipated, Philly did get around to adding on-line links to many of the nominated works/persons — including at present excerpts of three of the five novels. The links can be found at <<http://www.netaxs.com/~phil2001/hugos/press-release.html>>. I haven't been able to locate anything new about Gary Wolf's lawsuit against Disney. I did locate a web site maintained by Wolf himself at <<http://www.ziplink.net/~garywolf/>>, but the

subject matter is limited to the restored 1959 Corvette he wants to sell. (It can be yours for a mere \$60,000.) I don't have the full story on Randy's house search, though I understand it did not go completely smoothly. Hopefully all's well that ends well as he has moved in to the new house. Turns out it's only a few blocks from my brother's house! -ED]

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

Harry Warner, Jr.
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4 July 2001

There's more reading matter than usual in the June *Shuttle*, although that isn't the reason for this late loc. A ten-day heat wave left me incapable of thinking, much less typing.

The May Minutes caused me to wonder once again about computers. I learned that the one web site had 461 hits in a month, and another had 98 hits. But on the radio I'm all the time being advised to visit this or that web site. My problem is what causes a peaceful activity like a visit to turn into a violent hit.

No particular comments occur as a result of the informative con reports. But I feel a certain amount of awe from the long lists of award nominees for certain types of fiction

like the Stoker and Sidewise and so on. Isn't there a danger that pretty soon there won't be enough books published in a year to meet the need for enough nominations? It must already be something like the way a National Basketball Association or National Hockey League team must be extraordinarily bad to avoid qualifying for the playoffs at the end of the season.

Are you sure the PieEyedDragon's name isn't typoed in this issue? He demonstrates in his communications such a phenomenal ability to detect the subtlest aspects of anime that it occurs to me that the name is really PiEyedDragon because he has three extremely good complete eyes and another about one-third their size to help with the most difficult aspects of these films.

I imagine that the Disney people have suddenly changed their mental image of the Big Bad Wolf as a result of the litigation that Gary K. has brought against the corporation.

[I'll leave it up to others (Sam, care to speak up?) to defend the terminology associated with web sites. I wouldn't worry too much about running out of good fiction for many of the award categories in the near future. Fashions in fiction do, of course, change, so it's possible that some of the specialized categories will fade away. If they do, though, one has to believe that new categories will rise in their place and new awards will be invented for them. -ED]



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The NASFA Shuttle is the newsletter of the North Alabama Science Fiction Association, Inc. This is the July 2001 edition (Volume 21, Number 7). NASFA Officers for 2001: President Mary Ortwerth; Vice President Mike Kennedy; Secretary Sam Smith; Treasurer Ray Pietruszka; Program Director Randy Cleary; Publicity Director Karen Hopkins. *Shuttle* Editor Mike Kennedy.

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Huntsville AL 35815-4857 — OFFICIAL ADDRESS

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NASFA Dues = \$15/year (Family rates available) Subscription only = \$10/year Single copy = \$1.50 each.
