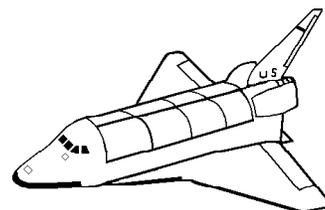


The



SHUTTLE October 2001

*The Next NASFA Meeting is 13 October 2001
at the Regular Time and Location
ConCom Meetings: 11 October at Mike Kennedy's
House and 18 October at the Hotel*

🔔 Oyez, Oyez 🔔

The next NASFA meeting will be **13 October 2001**. Note that this is a week earlier than usual (due to Con†Stellation).

The **October program** will be **“Con†Stellations Remembered,”** an audience-participation retrospective of 20 years of Huntsville conventions. We hope to have a full set of Con†Stellation program books at the meeting but feel free to bring any memorabilia you have.

The location for the October after-the-meeting meeting is still to be determined at press time.

This issue we catch up on LoCs and fanzine reviews held from last month. Due to the September NASFA meeting being the annual picnic, there are no meeting minutes for this month.

Final Con†Stellation XX ConComs Are Here

The two remaining con committee meetings for Con†Stellation XX are set. The final eating-meeting will be 11 October at Mike Kennedy's house (7907 Charlotte Drive in Huntsville). The food theme is “neck food” with dinner at 6:30P and the meeting proper following. Call Mike at 256-883-5922 if you need directions.

The final concom meeting for this year will be 18 October 2001 at the hotel (Thursday before the convention). Plans are also afoot for a dinner with the guests that night — stay tuned for last-minute details.

NASFA Calendar

OCTOBER

- 08 Columbus Day (Observed).
- 12 Columbus Day (Traditional).
- 11 Con†Stellation ConCom meeting — 6:30P at Mike Kennedy's house; food theme “neck food.”
- 13* NASFA Meeting — 6P Business, 7P Program, at BookMark. ATMM TBD. **NOTE change of date due to Con†Stellation.**
- 15 BD: Robert Buelow.
- 18 Con†Stellation ConCom meeting at the hotel. Stay tuned to the grapevine for details on dinner with the con's guests.
- 19–21 Con†Stellation XX: Camelopardalis — Huntsville AL.
- 24 United Nations Day.
- 25 BD: Marie McCormack.
- 26–28 2001: A Necronomicon Odyssey — Tampa FL.
- 27 Gabrielle Mitchell.
- 28 Daylight Saving Time ends.
- 31 Halloween.

NOVEMBER

- 01–04 World Fantasy Convention — Montreal.
- 06 Election Day.
- 09–11 Tropicon 20 — Hollywood FL.
- 11 Veterans' Day (Traditional).
- 12 Veterans' Day (Observed).
- 16–18 Exoticon 4 — Metairie LA.
- 17* NASFA Meeting — 6P Business, 7P Program, at
(continued overleaf)

Inside this issue...

NASFA Receivables	2	Fiction: <i>No Need for a Dragon</i> , Part 7	4
Game Review: <i>Dragonriders, Chronicles of Pern</i>	2	Letters of Comment	4
Movie Review: <i>Smilla's Sense of Snow</i>	3	Worldcon Review	6
Poetry	4	Hugo and Campbell Voting Statistics	8

Deadline for the November 2001 issue of *The NASFA Shuttle* is Friday, 2 November 2001.

camera has not caught up with him. Blind combat in real time belongs in a different game — not this one, this is not the one for testing, displaying, or introducing such a combat system, even inadvertently. This was originally produced for the PC; it had the same problems there from what I heard. Save often or you will regret it.

What can I say about the graphics, you know, the big selling point of these expensive game toys, that photo-realistic you-are-there feeling? *Dragonriders* proves that it is indeed possible for something to both suck and blow simultaneously. Considering the stunningly beautiful graphics the Dreamcast system can and does display with other titles this lack of quality is inexcusable. The icons and avatars are sharp-edged, blocky, and just plain ugly. They all look like they came from some other game, maybe many other games, and don't work well with each other.

I wish I could tell you that the payoff at the end was worth the effort of wading through this monstrosity, unfortunately I can't. The story line simply was not engaging enough to make it worth dealing with all the hassle and aggravation to make it to the end. Don't buy this game. In fact here, I'll give you mine... after I melt it in the microwave. Can you tell I don't like this game? On a scale of 1–10 I would rate this a 2, a terrible 2, after only completing 60% of the game. I don't think there are saving graces in the remainder and I sure don't want to see it get worse than it has.

Conclusion: Read the Pern books and if you want a good video RPG with beautiful graphics buy *Skies of Arcadia* (a freestanding original story unrelated to Pern).

Snow Covers All Sins

A Movie Review
by Mike Kennedy

Smilla's Sense of Snow, 1997, directed by Billie August, written by Peter Høeg (novel) and Ann Biderman, starring Julia Ormond and Gabriel Byrne

Smilla's Sense of Snow, currently available on DVD and VHS, is a perfect example of why science fiction fans often feel that creating or reviewing movies with a science-fictional theme should be left to someone with some knowledge of the genre. Before this project, neither the director nor the writers had been involved in anything closer to science fiction than a couple of episodes of *The Young Indiana Jones Chronicles* directed by Billie August. And it shows.

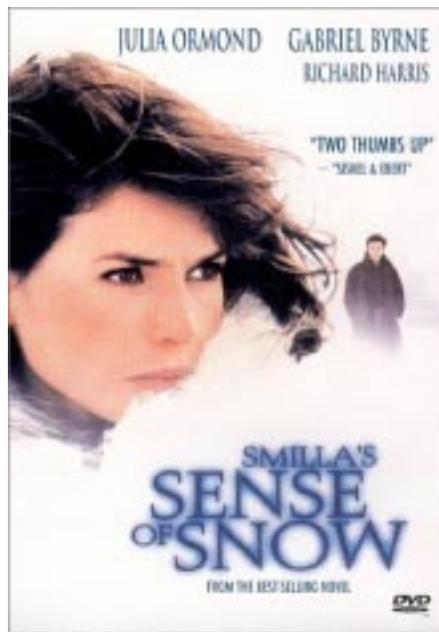
If you read the opening paragraph above and conclude that I disliked the movie you'd be only half right. *Smilla* scans very much like two separate movies. This is *not* in itself a bad thing. The pacing is very nearly flawless as the slow, cerebral, introspective first part of the movie develops into a tense, action-driven thriller. The science-fictional elements come into play — or at least into focus — only in the second half of the movie, though in retrospect they have driven the entire plot. But the maguffin in this tale (details of which I won't reveal here in case you watch the movie) clearly places *Smilla* in the realm of "stupid sf-pet tricks."

To be fair, not all critics/reviewers raved over *Smilla* — Leonard Maltin, for instance, refers to the movie as being muddled saying "none of it gels." But, as best I can tell, the general critical opinion at the time was more along the lines of the "two thumbs up" given by Siskel and Ebert. And it's extremely easy to find all manner of gushing reviews on the

web, even four years after the movie's release. Humph, shows what they all know.

Nonetheless there were many redeeming aspects to the movie. The title character of Smilla Jaspersen is played beautifully by Julia Ormond at her most luminous in this dark role. Gabriel Byrne as the secondary (male) lead does at least a workmanlike job. (I think I need another viewing of the movie to make much more of a judgment, but I suspect my appreciation would go up rather than down.) There is also a wonderful performance by Robert Loggia as Smilla's morally ambiguous father Moritz Jaspersen. I even liked Emma Croft's performance as Moritz's shrewish second wife.

The plot begins with the death of Isaiah Christiansen — a young boy who is perhaps the only person Smilla Jaspersen unambiguously loves. The boy, a tenant in the same slightly-run-down apartment building as Smilla, falls to his death while apparently playing in the snow on the roof of the building. The relationship between Isaiah and Smilla is shown primarily in flashbacks, which are artfully interwoven into a large portion of the film. Smilla is driven to find out the truth of the boy's



death, not believing the official conclusion of accidental death. And, of course, she's right.

Now you have to realize in reading this next bit that I'm a southern boy. I don't care much for ice and snow and I live in a city whose residents panic if more than three snowflakes are seen on the same day.

Smilla, half Inuit (on her mother's side) and from Greenland, feels out of place in urban Copen-

hagen, having been brought there after her mother's death. She longs for the open, wild country of her youth — longs for the snow she knows so well. The combination of wonderful cinematography and Ormond's performance managed to convince even me of the beauty of that world. And that took quite some suspension of disbelief on my part.

Notwithstanding all the good aspects, though, this movie fails when the absolutely silly plot device driving the secrets behind Isaiah's death comes to light. Though it would have apparently not been true to the book on which the movie is based, this is one movie that would have benefited greatly by gutting all pseudo-science fictional elements. I can see the reason behind the boy's death being just as "sinister" as the one used here, but far more mundane and far more believable.

If you've made it through this review, you may well be convinced that you should give *Smilla's Sense of Snow* a pass. Hold on to your hats — I'm going to recommend you see it. Yes, the movie ultimately fails. Yes, I was gravely disappointed that the conclusion did not live up to the promises made by much of the movie. But, you know, there are enough good things about this movie to make it worth watching anyway. Just don't bank on it ever being a favorite.

The Town of the Dark Death

by James K. Woosley

Day came slowly on the small town
Where the widows wailed their grief;
Their men all dead, a monster fed,
Its strength beyond belief.
And, through the dark town's waking hours,
A crunch of husband's bones
Came down the hillside loudly
To the families left at home.

It appeared upon a clear, bright night,
Around the Witch's moon.
It first came to the blacksmith's home
And broke into his room.
The town came at his wife's loud shrieks
And saw the monster go —
In hands, the blacksmith's bloody corpse;
From mouth, the blood did flow.

It stood erect, as though a man,
But stooped to loathsome deeds.
It sought for men to satisfy
Its stupid, hungry greed.
It stood as high as churchhouse tower,
With fangs as large as knives,
And wandered 'round the village grim
To seek its fill in lives.

After the blacksmith, carpenter;
Then head of craftsmen's guild.
Its hunger never satisfied,
Its dark greed never filled.
And so, the town's men valiantly
Said that it must be killed;
And came a time they went to barns
Their hoes and scythes to wield.

Thus did they march up darksome hill,
The monster's life to take.
And none returned to tell their tale;
The monster ate their wake.
And now, the bones have stopped their crunch,
And widows mourn their lives.
For after husbands, who is left,
Save children, and their wives?

No Need For Buckshot!

Part 7 of No Need for a Dragon
by PieEyedDragon

I must be dreaming. I heard Mihoshi screaming in pain. Stars are spinning around me. I realize that this last is only apparent. I am the one spinning. I'm in normal space, somewhere. With a few spurts of flame, I kill my rotation and look around.

Then I curl up and, with flaming breath, cauterize the stump where my tail used to be. My wings are shredded and broken, and my hind legs don't work right. Pelvis damage,

probably. I ache all over, even the tail that is gone. I feel sick. I'd like to chew the bark off a dozen big willow trees, or settle for a keg of Aspirin. The Banshee was right. The radiation, coupled with the physical damage *and how it was delivered*, have numbered my remaining days, or hours.

I'm receding from a wormhole terminus. Lots of gamma rays and other radiation are spewing outward from it in this same direction. Larger debris, too. Half-melted asteroid fragments and, closest to me, something like a 55 meter slice down the side of an enormous pineapple.

Gamera's shell.

Something else is crossing my path, close enough to see as it heads toward a different set of stars. Seeing it, I know I've returned to near the planet I started from.

I am dying, but not yet dead; crippled, but not helpless. I mostly close my mouth and blow a careful jet of flame. Sir Isaac Newton will carry me over to the big shell.

Grinning, the singed body of Richard Hatch seems to mock me as it heads for deeper space.

— O — O — O — O —

I grab on to Gamera's shell, and fire a blast to stop all the spinning. That done, I search inside and finally find what I hoped to find.

(Gamera, you bought my life. Now I'll try to pay this debt!)

I look at the planet I'm about to pass. Would pass, if I lack the "firepower." No "earthpower" here to tap. A song line runs through my head from "Rocket Rider's Prayer": "So we pray to great green Mother Earth, and the grim old god of space, and the gods of flight and physics who we summon to this place." I find my center, I plant my claws as best as I can. Holding my mouth "just right," I release the first flames to push me into a different orbit.

[Detective Mihoshi's Log: Kagato is up to something. He pretended to leave, but he's been building some machines on this, the other side of the island. He's been plugged into this one, now, for some time; and he's smiling. I've been keeping surveillance on him now for several weeks. I thought he had found me. It felt like something hit my back a little while ago, but there was nothing there. I still feel a little sick. I'll get my backbone scanned, later. I may have a pinched nerve.

Some of Kagato's machinery looks like a space-warp generator I saw in a wrecked hypership about two years ago.

Galaxy Police Detective Mihoshi, on stakeout, signing off.]

Letters of Comment

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

Michael D. Glicksohn
<mglick@interlog.com>

16 August 2001

We have just returned from a summer vacation in England (land of my birth and home to many relatives and friends who make a visit there financially feasible by providing places to stay) and among the mail that arrived while we were away is the latest issue of the *Shuttle*. As always, I appreciate your keeping this particular piece of mostly deadwood on the mailing list.

For future reference, people wishing to escape North American summer heatwaves might consider a trip to England. I'm told that it didn't rain here even once during our three

weeks away and that the high temperature hovered around the 38 degree mark. (That's *not* Fahrenheit, of course.) But it was cold and wet in England and we had to buy sweaters to be even remotely comfortable. An air conditioner would probably be cheaper but nowhere near as much fun!

Sixty grand for a vintage Corvette? Sounds like a steal. Sadly, I'm a buck short so I'll have to pass... (The second half of our recent holiday was spent with Paul Skelton — probably fandom's best and most under-appreciated fanwriter of the last twenty years — and his wife Cas. One night we stayed at a B&B in the village of Skelton and wandered across a most impressive mansion entitled Skelton Hall. At breakfast the next morning, our host told us that Skelton Hall was up for sale at one and a half million pounds. And a man sitting at the next table said "Darn, I'm a pound short!" I thought that was pretty quick thinking for early in the morning.)

That Harry Warner is one devious letterhack! Knowing that I still peruse the *Shuttle* even if I don't often respond to it he deliberately inserted an error into his recent loc, just to spur me into replying to the issue. Okay, Harry, despite being almost a decade away from being your closest rival, I'll bite: a PiEyedDragon would, of course, have three normal eyes and one that is one seventh as large, not one third as large.

Hope all goes well for all of you.

[For those who don't want to do the math, 38°C is a fraction over 100°F — or in lay terms hotter than blazes. As a counter example I'd mention that the last time I was in London (quite some years ago now) they had just come out of a weeks-long period nearly that hot. I was glad the heat wave had broken since few of the public buildings (including the hotel I was in) have air conditioning. Um, on that's Corvette you do know that \$60K US, not \$60K Canadian, yes? To me it wouldn't matter — I'd be more than a few dollars short either way. -ED]

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

T. K. F. Weisskopf 23 August 2001
<tweisskopf@mindspring.com>

Just wanted to drop you a note to say I appreciate getting the *Shuttle* and KUTGW. And because I *loved* Jim Woosley's article updating Heinlein's predictions, "Pandora's Box Revisited." Even the footnote on tensors was helpful!

[Thanks for the note Toni. Coming from you I'm sure Jim will be particularly appreciative of the compliment on his article. We'll see you at Con+Stellation Toni! -ED]

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

Sheryl Birkhead 27 August 2001
25509 Jonnie Court
Gaithersburg MD 20882

Ah, so Randy has a house — now to furnish it! How about a fannish white elephant (dragon?) party — so everyone brings some household item/furniture... at least it would be eclectic.

I hadn't realized the Hugo voting problem(s) had been quite that extensive — Florida revisited?

Memphen — wondered what happened to them — heard from them regularly for a bit and sent material... then it sorta stopped. Nice to know they had Foster (Tom that is) covers!

Saw *very* short clip for both the *LOTR* and *Harry Potter* movies, not enough to see much. Someone said she'd see a *full*

clip at the theater. Hope you have a Worldcon report nextish!

[Randy seems to be of the "I want to decorate my way" school of thought, but the white elephant/dragon party is an interesting idea nonetheless. There's a long (almost 3-minute) *Lord of the Rings* trailer available on the web, though I had to download the latest version of QuickTime to view it. (And even then, my 2-year-old laptop doesn't seem to have enough horsepower to display it full screen.) You can find the trailer at <www.apple.com/trailers/newline/fellowship_of_the_ring/>. There are also trailers for *Harry Potter* on the web of course. -ED]

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

Harry Warner, Jr. 5 September 2001
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown MD 21740

Permit me to test how much I retain of my one-time typing ability with the August issue of the *Shuttle*. Pushing down keys and the temperature in this house have been incompatible for many weeks.

Perhaps the Swedish censorship of *A. I.* goes too far. But I can't help wishing that a modified censorship system something like the old Hays Office existed to curb the excesses of today's movie and television industries. Why should I be forced to close my eyes and turn off the sound every time teams are changing sides in a baseball telecast because I can't endure the barrage of violence, brutality, and inhumanities that are flashed on the screen during this commercial time to try to persuade subhumans in the audience to watch the latest movie or television series? Can't authorities realize that the television industry exists by persuading the public to patronize the products advertised on the tube, and inevitably the public will be persuaded to imitate the behavior they see during the non-commercial parts of the programming?

I look forward to your worldcon coverage but I must warn you that you have no chance of becoming the first fanzine with a con report to reach me. I was startled to find a con report in the local newspaper over the weekend, a quite long news story and a large photograph of a huckster. I don't know if this AP feature was sent all over the nation or just regionally for the general area of Philadelphia. Unfortunately, the reporter was obsessed with the growing numbers of females in fandom and wrote little about the con itself.

Apparently Pat Brooks wasn't the only person disappointed by the remake of *Planet of the Apes*. I've read that its gross was quite disappointing after a good opening week, as if those who went to see it had spread the word that it isn't a great film.

Jim Woosley's study of the Heinlein predictions vs. reality is intensely interesting. Maybe it can be reprinted some day in a publication that reaches the areas of sercon fandom that would miss it otherwise. Of course, Heinlein wasn't alone in failing to attain a high score of successfully predicting the future. Humans are too irrational to behave as logic seems to demand. Occasionally a science fiction writer will make a lucky guess, like the novel published before World War Two that correctly predicted Rudolf Hess's flight to England or Jonathan Swift's announcement that Mars had two moons.

[By now you've seen our September issue with the bulk of our Worldcon coverage — I hope it lived up to any expectations you had even if the newspaper beat us to the punch as the first

to your door. I do not at all share your enthusiasm for reviving the Hays Office, though, Harry. Rather than say more now, I'll appeal to our readers to express their opinions. In reference to Jim Woosley's article, I like your idea of seeing it reprinted elsewhere. As is true for all the items we publish, we retained no rights to the article after publication but I'm sure Jim would be interested if anyone were to approach him in that regard. -ED]

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

Sheryl Birkhead
25509 Jonnie Court
Gaithersburg MD 20882

13 September 2001

Ah, a very hefty issue!

ConGloom... ah yes, the joys of a high speed multi-lane roadway — been there, done that. It *is* very frustrating — you can *see* your proposed destination, you just can't get there from here!

I made it to Philadelphia for a bit under 20 hours. I haven't ridden a train in a long time — the one going up was *very* roomy

and comfortable... the one coming back was not. I actually walked past the Con Suite once — never actually went in (it was closed the next time I went by... now that I knew where it *was*).

I had a few minutes in the Art Show that Monday — as it was being packed up — and got a quick look at some of the entries. I am totally in awe of those top-notch artists... beautiful...

Because I never *did* find any open rooms (fan lounge was also closed when I went by), I managed my chocolate fix by stopping at a candy shop at the train station and buying fudge for the ride back to D.C.

It was interesting to note that, while I had sent my check to convert from supporting to attending back in May, registration still had me as only supporting. So, on Monday morning the question was supporting = \$40, Monday = \$35 — did that mean they owed me \$5? I never tried to sort it out, just took my badge and said thank you.

[Well, I've gone to cons for only a day before, but never to a Worldcon! Quite the whirlwind trip, eh Sheryl? I hope it was worth it. -ED]

The Millennium Philcon 59th World Science Fiction Convention

A Trip Report
by Randy B. Cleary

Wednesday, August 29th, wearing my best (okay only) suit, I arrived an hour early for my flight from Huntsville to Houston to Philadelphia. Continental takes one look at me and transfers me to a U.S. Airways flights leaving immediately to Charlotte and then to Philadelphia. The U.S. Airways check in attendant seems surprised that I have luggage but acquiesced to accept it. I'm the last one on the plane and am going to arrive three hours earlier than planned. The Charlotte airport had some interesting mobiles and rocking chairs. Ironically for an airport, both devices only give the illusion of movement without really going anywhere. However, the flights were uneventful, and I enjoyed a window seat and an empty seat next to me both flights. On the last leg, I was amazed that we flew directly over a nuclear power plant, but upon reflection, I probably received more radiation from the atmospheric flight than I would from visiting a nuclear power station. Once in Philadelphia, I took the train from the airport to the Market East station arriving ass backwards into the city of brotherly love. I asked some bike cops (or Mormon Missionaries, I was not quite sure) for directions to the Hilton Garden Inn. On the way, I stopped by the Convention Center, which was quite impressive, and picked up my registration materials. I also put out flyers for Con+Stellation XX and DeepSouthCon 40. I spotted a Big-Named-Fan that I know and thinking to start up a conversation, asked if they knew if another person had arrived yet. With nary a backward glance, they said they did not know, as they departed my presence with haste. Ah, my first SMOF-snubbing. I had truly arrived at the Worldcon. Bemused, I made my way to the Hilton Garden Inn, which was an overflow hotel, but was actually closer to the Convention Center than the Marriott, the main hotel. The room was quite nice, with two large beds (my planned roommate canceled), a small refrigerator, and a microwave. I changed out of my suit and went to the Marriott to leave messages for some friends as to my where-

abouts. Then I stopped by a Wawwa convenience store on the corner opposite my hotel and bought some foodstuffs to keep in the room for breakfast and lunch. I reviewed the convention scheduled and drifted off to sleep with visions of fannish happenings in my head. Thus ended the first day.

Thursday, August 30th, I ate a light breakfast in the room before heading out. I saw Southern BNFs Tom and Anita Feller on the concourse and learned they were going sight seeing. I asked them to let me know if the Liberty Bell was all that it was cracked up to be. They seemed to be eager to leave soon after that remark for some reason. I went to Kinkos, located conveniently inside the Marriott, and made copies of a Southern Fandom Confederation flyer. I put those flyers out and also left a message on the Voodoo Message Board in the Convention Center for the president of that fine organization. The Voodoo Message Board is a marvel and I retrieved two messages for myself during the convention. The Charlotte 2004 Worldcon bid was campaigning hard and I got a light-up button from them and took a picture of an impressive space alien ambassador they had running (well, walking slowly) around. I went into the Exhibit Hall and found the Association of Science-Fiction and Fantasy Artists (ASFA) Table set up but unmanned. Noticing the volunteer sign-up sheet was totally empty; I immediately sat down and signed up for about 16 hours for the weekend. I wrote out two renewals the shift I was there and snacked on some beef jerky for lunch (as I'm a well-seasoned con attendee and know that sometimes you may not be able to get a real meal). After my shift I went to my first panel, "Getting It Wrong: Science Goofs in Science Fiction," with Hal Clement, Stephen Fisher, Diane Kelly, Jeffrey Kooistra, and Toni Weisskopf. I had thought the "Science Goofs" referred to the panelists but I soon realized that they were talking about Science Fiction that contained scientific inaccuracies. After the panel, I had a quick word with Ms Weisskopf and was

drafted to help out with a party of hers on Sunday, truly an honor and a privilege. Next, I saw "Space Technology: A Look into the Next Quarter Century" with Greg Bear, Jordin Kare, and Allen Steele. It seemed to turn into more of a politics and business of space discussion than of technology. Most agreed that if the cost per pound of launch could be reduced to \$100, then the business of space would be wide open. Next, I attended "Opening Ceremonies," which seemed more like a first time dress rehearsal than a real presentation (which made it quite fannish, in other words). Esther Friesner made a dramatic entrance on the arms of two scantily-clad men. Afterwards, I met some fan friends to eat dinner at the nearby Maggiano's Italian Restaurant. One can order large portions there but I would advise against it. I got the regular size order of their delicious Angel Hair Pasta with Shrimp, and was unable to finish it. If you know how I eat, this is quite impressive. I ended up donating the leftovers to a starving volunteer at the ASFA table. Next, I caught the end of "Pictionary" with Bob Eggleton and Teddy Harvia. They were both quite entertaining with their quick-draw wit. Then I went back to help out with the ASFA table and took a quick peek in the Art Show at Donato Giancola's awesome and large *Lord of the Rings* inspired paintings. Next, I caught the last half of "Beyond Men in Tights: Comics without Superheroes" which at that point consisted of just the panelists and the audience listing comics they liked and suggested others to try. Then I hooked up with some fan friends and we hit all the parties that we could find, eating, drinking, and schmoozing into the wee hours. Bid parties rule!

Friday, August 31st, I started the day at the ASFA Table and then made the "Baen Books Traveling Slide Show" with Toni Weisskopf. It was as entertaining as always. Then I changed back into my best (and only) suit and attended lunch at a fine restaurant called "Le Bec Fin" which, I think, is French for "The Back Fin." Somehow, I had wrangled an invitation to lunch with some quality people. The Arctic Char and six deserts that I had sure left my lunch of beef jerky the day before in the dust. One of the attendees graciously picked up the tab on the condition that the others pay for the cab back. I then suggested that we walk back. Noticing that my head was still on my shoulders, I realized that my comment had been taken for humor. Glad to be alive, I paid for the cab, and came out way ahead on the deal. Fine food, excellent company, and genteel atmosphere made it quite an enjoyable experience. It was rumored that Naomi Fisher had attended the night before and had eleven deserts, but I don't like to spread rumors, so Naomi can clarify this if she wishes. After changing into more fannish togs, I attended the "Barclay Shaw Slide Show" which was an entertaining high tech multi-media presentation by Mr. Shaw. I could tell you about his DARPA work but then I would have to kill you. Next I made it to the packed "Jeff Walkers Trailer Park Film Presentation." Fortunately, some friends had saved me a good seat to watch the presentations. I look forward to seeing the CGI films *Ice Age* and *Monsters, Inc.* as their trailers were very entertaining. Next, I attended the "Chesley Awards Ceremonies." Much ado was made about the technical production this year (as apparently the previous Worldcon had not provided adequate assistance in this area). Unfortunately, a few of the winners were at DragonCon this year instead. From 7 until 9:30, I got my only real in-depth look at the Art Show during the Artist Reception after the Chesleys. It was awesome. I literally got intoxicated looking at all the excellent work until I became numbed. It was really too much to take in at one time. Afterwards, I went up to the incredibly well stocked and delicious ASFA Suite, largely run by the tireless

Morganna. Belly Dancers entertained the crowd there. Next, I hit all the open parties, which were fairly crowded and well worth the maze of interconnected hallways one had to traverse to get to them. I also dropped off a collection of my clip art at the Fanzine Lounge, which was always well occupied if a bit insular whenever I stopped by. I only had to step over one sleeping homeless person on the way back to my hotel that night.

Saturday, September 1st, I slept in and then had breakfast in the room again. My first panel was the "Stephen Youll Guest Artist Slide Show." I learned that he has a twin, who is also an artist but still lives in England. I wonder what he looks like? Next, I attended the "ASFA Meeting" (which was perversely scheduled opposite Michael Whelan's Slide Show for some reason). The first ASFA Web Site Awards were presented before the official meeting. A few of the officers were at the limit of their terms but are running for other offices so hopefully their expertise and experience will remain on the board to the benefit of the ASFA members. Next I had a quick lunch of a Wawwa sub-sandwich warmed in my room's microwave. It was not quite "Le Bec Fin" but it was edible. I then helped staff the ASFA table and made some signs for the ASFA Charity Auction. Next, I attended "A Three Year Survey: A Slide Show" by Donato Giancola. It was awesome, plus he gave out some tear sheets of his work. Donato talked about how he likes to put the characters he paints into meaningful and realistic environments. Later, I stopped by the ASFA Suite for a quick nibble before catching "The Art of Horror: Artists and Horror" with Bob Eggleton, Jane Frank, Charles Lang, and Michael Whelan. This was a very thoughtful panel of goateed artists and Jane Frank, where the morality, ethics, and place of horror in art and society in general was discussed and debated. Then it was back to help out at the ASFA Table. Then I went to the Masquerade and found a seat in the back quarter of the room. The front half seemed reserved for guests, staff, and VIPs. They had televised overflow viewing in another room. The masquerade was pretty good and near the level of the Baltimore Worldcon that I attended. The large video screens in the room really helped those of us not near the stage. There were only a few technical glitches and only a few no shows. The presenter was very dead pan and dry though. Afterwards, the photo opportunities were catch as catch can. I got some haphazard pictures of the contestants and of a few hall costumes. Compared to a DragonCon, Worldcon had very few hall costumes. Then I walked up to hit the parties. The SFWA and Tor parties were overflowing into the halls. I thought about dashing into these fabled parties but was afraid of being caught and punished by their bouncers. Anyway, the ASFA Suite had the best food. I saw some friends briefly. I decided to call it a fairly early night. I stopped by the dance and gaming on the way back to my hotel. They had attendees but they were not really crowded. I also stopped by the Con Suite, which was surprisingly nice with lots of munchies and drinks.

Sunday, September 2nd, I overslept as I had set my alarm for P.M. instead of A.M. so I dashed to get ready. I stopped to pick up tons of flyers from the flyer boards. My pet peeve is people putting out the same flyer in multiple spots. Stop doing that! I got to the ASFA Table just a little late for my shift. Then I decided to grab a quick lunch in the Hilton Garden Inn restaurant, where I finally got a real Philly Cheese Steak. Stan Schmidt was also having lunch there with some other people. I played it cool and pretended I did not know there were Writers and Editors in my mist. I then returned to man the ASFA Table once more where I passed the time doodling on a sketch. Next, I attended the ASFA Charity Auction after making a mad dash

to get a bidder number from the Art Show staff. This auction was up in the air for a while as the Art Show at first did not want any part of it but finally acquiesced to allow it to go on for thirty minutes before the Art Auction (which was running a little late anyway). I picked up a nice print, *Fish Salad* by Sergey Payarkov. Then I went to dinner at Allen's Grill in the Marriott with the fine folks of *FOSFAX*. They had a nice buffet where I ate too much. Surprisingly, the conversation seemed to be mostly about politics, history, and books. Then I dashed off to shower and shave before returning to help Toni with her After the Hugos Baen Party. My contributions mostly consisted of blowing up Baen-labeled balloons and getting ice. The party was well stocked with Baen Books, tear sheets, chocolate, and booze. This was quite a fannish nirvana; especially once all the BNPs started to arrive after the Hugos. Fortunately, the Hugo Presentations were televised and we were able to watch them as we set up for the party. Stricken speechless by the presence of many of my literary and artistic heroes, I grabbed some hotel stationary and pen and doodled some stick figure cartoons that hopefully will never see the light of day. They did generate some polite chuckles and outright groans and pleas for me to seek professional help though. Being compared to Rotsler by Gay Haldeman honored me, even though Bob Eggleton did complain that I made his Hugo too phallic in one cartoon (or was it the other way around). Occasionally one of the many balloons would get tossed up to the stucco ceiling, which would usually result in quite a large bang that would shock the crowd into silence for microseconds at a time, not to mention spraying my spittle over that august assemblage. I went out to the other parties and returned at one point with a Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster, a particularly strong bluish drink with dry ice in its drink stem to make it bubble and smoke ominously. After sampling mine, Joe Haldeman went on a quest to get his own. At the other parties, I offered congratulations/condolences to the 2004 Worldcon winners/losers. I actually did good to not eat anything at the parties that night. I did take some yummy white chocolate from the Baen party but a friend wrestled that away from me later that night and selflessly threw herself on it. I also contributed to a Worldcon One-Shot Zine on Tom Feller's lap top computer at the Baen party and later liberated a bound galley proof and C-Print from the gracious Toni. Later in the wee hours, I walked back to my hotel escorting someone who recognized me as that guy who drew those painful cartoons. Oh, the infamy.

Monday, September 3rd, I had a nice four-hour nap to start the day off. Then I hit the 10th Floor Grill Breakfast Buffet in the hotel, which was quite good and fattening. Then I was off to the familiar ASFA Table for my shift, arriving early, which was good as some interested people also showed up early. Afterwards, I finally got to go through the Dealers Room for the first time. There were lots of book dealers, and dealers of most other fannish interests except for weapons. I bought the latest *Writers of the Future* anthology, an *Analog* subscription, and a Convention T-Shirt. In the Convention Store, an Art Show Staff member recognized me and informed me that I had left my license there when I applied for a bidder number. I had not even noticed! This would have really been a problem when I tried to get on the plane the next day. I went straight to Operations and retrieved it. Fortunately, I did not have to show any I.D. Then I attended the last half of "Marvel Comics: Present and Future" with Bob Greenberger. I learned of several upcoming comic-related movie projects either in production or development. Afterwards, I ran through the Fan Exhibits area and took some pictures of the neat costumes from previous years. A bit hungry from missing lunch, I stopped by the Con

Suite, which was putting on the Dead Dog and was able to get some pretty good munchies (snack meats and cheese) to hold me over until dinner. Then I attended the "Closing Ceremonies" which went much smoother than the opening ones. The gavel was successfully handed over to ConJosé. The con was over! However, my day was not. I went out to a local Mall looking for a mailer for my print so it would not be crushed on the way back home. I had to settle for a roll of gift-wrapping paper, as I could not find any mailing tubes. Then I went to the ASFA Suite to see if they needed any help. They did not, but I was invited to dinner in China Town with several of the ASFA board and members. We went in search of a fabled restaurant that proved elusive so we just settled for the nearest equivalent. It turned out to still be a fine choice and we all shared in several fine seafood dishes and good company. I chatted with the friendly ASFA folks for a while but left when they decided to hit the hotel hot tub. I had to pack for my flights back to Huntsville.

Tuesday, September 4th, I took the train from Philadelphia to the airport and caught my Continental flight to Houston. One again, I got a window seat and an empty seat next to me. We just beat some stormy weather coming into Houston. Unfortunately the connecting flight to Huntsville was canceled. After dashing around the airport, I was able to reschedule a flight on Delta to Atlanta and then to Huntsville. The three hours I had gained at the start of the trip were now lost at the end. During my wait in Houston, I had some chili and one of the strongest Margaritas I've ever enjoyed. Unfortunately, I came down with a cold that day, which only added to the enjoyment of the canceled flight. Upon finally arriving in Huntsville, I discovered that my luggage was delayed and would be on the last Continental flight of the day. The cap of the day was the failure of my car to start. Fortunately, I was able to get it jump started, and was able to drive home and later return for my luggage which arrived after midnight. Despite the return trip, overall, I enjoyed this Worldcon. Philadelphia is a nice and vibrant city (if a little smelly). I got to make some new friends and spend some quality time with old ones. I got to see some interesting things and attend some enjoyable events. To really feel like a part of Fandom (with a capital "F"), one really must attend a Worldcon every so often. However, it was a bit expensive in travel and lodging for me. Next year, I'll be returning to DragonCon, a totally different type of convention but much cheaper and enjoyable in its own unique ways also. Hopefully in a few years, I'll not have to choose between them.

Hugo/Campbell Voting

Best Novel — 885 ballots counted

first place:

Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire	326	328	344	396	455
Calculating God	168	169	186	218	301
The Sky Road	127	129	160	199	
A Storm of Swords	145	145	155		
Midnight Robber	94	94			
No Award	25				

Apply the No Award test:

619 ballots rank Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire higher than No Award
 91 ballots rank No Award higher than Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire
 Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire is confirmed as winner...

second place:

A Storm of Swords	224	224	238	324
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Calculating God	215	221	249	321
The Sky Road	164	167	208	
Midnight Robber	115	115		
No Award	37			

third place:

Calculating God	279	285	332	
The Sky Road	212	216	279	
Midnight Robber	154	154		
No Award	48			

fourth place:

The Sky Road	293	299		
Midnight Robber	251	255		
No Award	55			

fifth place:

Midnight Robber	432			
No Award	79			

Best Novella — 782 ballots counted

first place:

The Ultimate Earth	218	219	226	241	281	338
A Roll of the Dice	168	168	174	190	232	296
Seventy-Two Letters	125	126	137	160	184	
The Retrieval Artist	103	104	113	131		
Oracle	84	84	100			
Radiant Green Star	57	57				
No Award	27					

Apply the No Award test:

530 ballots rank The Ultimate Earth higher than No Award
58 ballots rank No Award higher than The Ultimate Earth
The Ultimate Earth is confirmed as winner...

second place:

A Roll of the Dice	206	207	224	259	317
The Retrieval Artist	159	160	175	198	266
Seventy-Two Letters	144	146	164	193	
Oracle	113	113	132		
Radiant Green Star	78	78			
No Award	32				

third place:

The Retrieval Artist	242	243	270	323
Seventy-Two Letters	166	168	193	251
Oracle	147	148	175	
Radiant Green Star	93	93		
No Award	32			

fourth place:

Oracle	203	206	264	
Seventy-Two Letters	204	206	257	
Radiant Green Star	139	139		
No Award	43			

fifth place:

Seventy-Two Letters	250	256		
Radiant Green Star	218	220		
No Award	52			

sixth place:

Radiant Green Star	381			
No Award	71			

Best Novelette — 761 ballots counted

first place:

Millennium Babies	184	184	208	249	330
On the Orion Line	160	161	179	218	277
Generation Gap	143	143	160	204	
Agape Among the Robots	127	129	153		
Redchapel	107	107			
No Award	40				

Apply the No Award test:

487 ballots rank Millennium Babies higher than No Award
77 ballots rank No Award higher than Millennium Babies
Millennium Babies is confirmed as winner...

second place:

On the Orion Line	198	199	230	299
Generation Gap	177	178	202	282
Agape Among the Robots	155	158	201	

Redchapel	143	144		
No Award	46			

third place:

Agape Among the Robots	200	207	274	
Generation Gap	221	224	270	
Redchapel	177	178		
No Award	56			

fourth place:

Generation Gap	301	309		
Redchapel	247	252		
No Award	61			

fifth place:

Redchapel	434			
No Award	92			

Best Short Story — 796 ballots counted

first place:

Different Kinds of Darkness	205	209	230	268	336
Kaddish for the Last Survivor	169	170	183	210	271
The Elephants on Neptune	151	151	170	202	
Moon Dogs	116	117	139		
The Gravity Mine	108	108			
No Award	47				

Apply the No Award test:

480 ballots rank Different Kinds of Darkness higher than No Award
61 ballots rank No Award higher than Different Kinds of Darkness
Different Kinds of Darkness is confirmed as winner...

second place:

Kaddish for the Last Survivor	212	215	246	312
Moon Dogs	162	167	214	290
The Elephants on Neptune	177	178	210	
The Gravity Mine	157	158		
No Award	60			

third place:

Moon Dogs	208	214	290	
The Elephants on Neptune	230	234	289	
The Gravity Mine	195	196		
No Award	66			

fourth place:

The Elephants on Neptune	298	307		
The Gravity Mine	278	282		
No Award	72			

fifth place:

The Gravity Mine	473			
No Award	83			

Best Related Book — 700 ballots counted

first place:

Greetings from Earth: The Art of Bob Eggleton	184	185	197	229	280
Robert A. Heinlein: A Reader's Companion	187	187	201	225	273
Concordance to Cordwainer Smith, Third Edition	120	120	129	144	
Terry Pratchett: Guilty of Literature	102	102	109		
Putting It Together: Turning Sow's Ear					
Drafts Into Silk Purse Stories	75	75			
No Award	32				

Apply the No Award test:

433 ballots rank Greetings from Earth: The Art of Bob Eggleton higher than No Award
51 ballots rank No Award higher than Greetings from Earth: The Art of Bob Eggleton
Greetings from Earth: The Art of Bob Eggleton is confirmed as winner...

second place:

Robert A. Heinlein: A Reader's Companion	247	248	272	319
Concordance to Cordwainer Smith, Third Edition	150	152	170	199
Terry Pratchett: Guilty of Literature	117	117	131	
Putting It Together: Turning Sow's Ear				
Drafts Into Silk Purse Stories	100	100		
No Award	35			

third place:

Concordance to Cordwainer Smith, Third Edition	220	224	260
Terry Pratchett: Guilty of Literature Putting It Together: Turning Sow's Ear	174	174	204
Drafts Into Silk Purse Stories	124	125	
No Award	41		

fourth place:

Terry Pratchett: Guilty of Literature Putting It Together: Turning Sow's Ear	254		
Drafts Into Silk Purse Stories	189		
No Award	49		

fifth place:

Putting It Together: Turning Sow's Ear Drafts Into Silk Purse Stories	306		
No Award	69		

Best Dramatic Presentation — 972 ballots counted

first place:

Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon	368	369	388	425	525
Frank Herbert's Dune	201	202	230	267	312
Chicken Run	150	152	163	209	
X-Men	115	116	146		
Frequency	105	106			
No Award	33				

Apply the No Award test:

738 ballots rank Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon higher than No Award
64 ballots rank No Award higher than Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon
Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon is confirmed as winner...

second place:

Chicken Run	267	269	299	398
Frank Herbert's Dune	270	272	314	396
X-Men	187	189	238	
Frequency	140	141		
No Award	37			

third place:

Frank Herbert's Dune	334	337	411
X-Men	253	256	335
Frequency	187	188	
No Award	48		

fourth place:

X-Men	388		
Frequency	283		
No Award	68		

fifth place:

Frequency	489		
No Award	95		

Best Professional Editor — 766 ballots counted

first place:

Gardner Dozois	166	166	184	221	292
Ellen Datlow	153	153	174	216	281
Stanley Schmidt	170	170	186	212	
David G. Hartwell	125	125	145		
Gordon Van Gelder	107	107			
No Award	45				

Apply the No Award test:

466 ballots rank Gardner Dozois higher than No Award
82 ballots rank No Award higher than Gardner Dozois
Gardner Dozois is confirmed as winner...

second place:

Ellen Datlow	201	201	237	316
Stanley Schmidt	212	212	232	284
David G. Hartwell	152	152	181	
Gordon Van Gelder	123	123		
No Award	45			

third place:

Stanley Schmidt	251	251	292
David G. Hartwell	214	214	280
Gordon Van Gelder	174	174	
No Award	48		

fourth place:

David G. Hartwell	296		
Gordon Van Gelder	232		
No Award	56		

fifth place:

Gordon Van Gelder	426		
No Award	66		

Best Professional Artist — 783 ballots counted

first place:

Bob Eggleton	193	194	230	270	364
Frank Kelly Freas	232	232	245	275	318
Michael Whelan	130	130	151	187	
Donato Giancola	110	110	128		
Jim Burns	101	101			
No Award	17				

Apply the No Award test:

563 ballots rank Bob Eggleton higher than No Award
31 ballots rank No Award higher than Bob Eggleton
Bob Eggleton is confirmed as winner...

second place:

Frank Kelly Freas	281	281	302	375
Michael Whelan	181	181	210	292
Jim Burns	136	137	197	
Donato Giancola	131	131		
No Award	19			

third place:

Michael Whelan	283	285	339
Jim Burns	182	183	262
Donato Giancola	165	165	
No Award	23		

fourth place:

Jim Burns	281		
Donato Giancola	218		
No Award	31		

fifth place:

Donato Giancola	397		
No Award	37		

Best Semiprozine — 731 ballots counted

first place:

Locus	256	256	268	284	360
Science Fiction Chronicle	141	141	155	184	238
Interzone	99	101	126	167	
New York Review of Science Fiction	109	110	117		
Speculations	78	78			
No Award	48				

Apply the No Award test:

500 ballots rank Locus higher than No Award
87 ballots rank No Award higher than Locus
Locus is confirmed as winner...

second place:

Science Fiction Chronicle	201	201	222	267
Interzone	142	144	177	235
New York Review of Science Fiction	147	148	158	
Speculations	94	94		
No Award	53			

third place:

Interzone	198	202	251
New York Review of Science Fiction	195	197	224
Speculations	117	117	
No Award	61		

fourth place:

New York Review of Science Fiction	299		
Speculations	159		
No Award	66		

fifth place:

Speculations	335		
No Award	75		

Best Fanzine — 514 ballots counted

<i>first place:</i>					
File 770	120	129	147	148	206
Plokta	88	105	123	124	147
Mimosa	86	94	120	120	
No Award	99	100	102		
Stet	64	74			
Challenger	57				

Apply the No Award test:
294 ballots rank File 770 higher than No Award
116 ballots rank No Award higher than File 770
File 770 is confirmed as winner...

<i>second place:</i>					
Mimosa	122	143	181	181	
Plokta	97	118	146	149	
No Award	102	103	107		
Stet	76	88			
Challenger	71				

<i>third place:</i>					
Plokta	114	155	159		
Challenger	120	153	155		
No Award	106	111			
Stet	96				

<i>fourth place:</i>					
Challenger	154	156			
Stet	137	140			
No Award	107				

<i>fifth place:</i>					
Stet	237				
No Award	114				

Best Fan Writer — 557 ballots counted

<i>first place:</i>					
Dave Langford	128	148	162	164	217
Evelyn C. Leeper	88	102	130	131	163
Mike Glyer	106	114	125	125	
No Award	102	102	103		
Steven H Silver	71	77			
Bob Devney	62				

Apply the No Award test:
310 ballots rank Dave Langford higher than No Award
132 ballots rank No Award higher than Dave Langford
Dave Langford is confirmed as winner...

<i>second place:</i>					
Mike Glyer	147	173	190	194	
Evelyn C. Leeper	113	133	170	172	
No Award	105	107	109		
Steven H Silver	81	91			
Bob Devney	73				

<i>third place:</i>					
Evelyn C. Leeper	155	202	213		
Steven H Silver	105	134	136		
No Award	116	126			
Bob Devney	103				

<i>fourth place:</i>					
Steven H Silver	162	166			
Bob Devney	138	146			
No Award	126				

<i>fifth place:</i>					
Bob Devney	231				
No Award	131				

Best Fan Artist — 501 ballots counted

<i>first place:</i>					
Teddy Harvia	108	117	134	134	177
Brad Foster	108	123	132	132	170
Sue Mason	87	92	111	111	
No Award	105	105	105		
Sheryl Birkhead	51	56			
Taral Wayne	42				

Apply the No Award test:
291 ballots rank Teddy Harvia higher than No Award
116 ballots rank No Award higher than Teddy Harvia
Teddy Harvia is confirmed as winner...

<i>second place:</i>					
Brad Foster	151	175	201	201	
Sue Mason	99	110	136	136	
No Award	108	108	108		
Sheryl Birkhead	57	66			
Taral Wayne	56				

<i>third place:</i>					
Sue Mason	142	167	168		
Sheryl Birkhead	93	122	123		
No Award	112	112			
Taral Wayne	78				

<i>fourth place:</i>					
Sheryl Birkhead	153	228			
No Award	114	116			
Taral Wayne	113				

<i>fifth place:</i>					
Taral Wayne	224				
No Award	120				

John W. Campbell — 561 ballots counted

<i>first place:</i>					
Kristine Smith	181	191	198	201	257
Jo Walton	109	123	127	128	151
Thomas Harlan	84	95	113	113	
No Award	67	69	74		
Douglas Smith	61	65			
James L. Cambias	59				

Apply the No Award test:
315 ballots rank Kristine Smith higher than No Award
88 ballots rank No Award higher than Kristine Smith
Kristine Smith is confirmed as winner...

<i>second place:</i>					
Jo Walton	153	171	172	183	
Thomas Harlan	120	135	137	178	
Douglas Smith	87	95	96		
No Award	71	73			
James L. Cambias	67				

<i>third place:</i>					
Thomas Harlan	160	162	197		
Douglas Smith	104	106	123		
James L. Cambias	96	98			
No Award	76				

<i>fourth place:</i>					
Douglas Smith	157	161			
James L. Cambias	126	130			
No Award	86				

<i>fifth place:</i>					
James L. Cambias	220				
No Award	91				



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