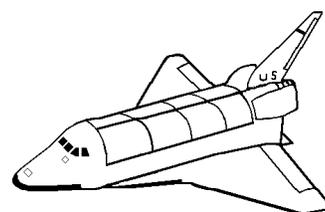


The



SHUTTLE June 2002

*The Next NASFA Meeting is 22 June 2002
DeepSouthCon 40 in Huntsville 14–16 June 2002 at the Hilton*

DSC 40 is Upon Us

DeepSouthCon 40/FanHistoricon 12 will be held at the Hilton in downtown Huntsville AL 14–16 June 2002. Headliners include GoH Allen Steele, AGoH Vincent Di Fate, FGoHs Nicki and Rich Lynch, and TM Connie Willis. There is a long and stellar list of pros and fans also expected to attend, that list can be seen on the web site at <www.con-stellation.org/dsc40>. You can also get further info by calling Sam at 256-883-4493 (no collect calls please) or by emailing <dsc40@constellation.org>.

Your \$40 membership fee can be sent to DSC40/FHC12 P. O. Box 4857, Huntsville AL 35815-4857.

Committee members should be aware that the final con committee meeting will be held at the hotel on the Thursday evening (13 June) before the con. There will be lots of move-in and setup details to take care of as well as last minute info. Stay tuned to “radio DSC” for further details.

🔔 Oyez, Oyez 🔔

The next **NASFA meeting** will be **22 June 2002**. Note that this is a week later than normal, due to DeepSouthCon 40/FanHistoricon 12. The meeting will be at the **regular time** (6P) and the **regular location**. Call BookMark at 256-881-3910 if you need directions.

The **June program** will a convention postmortem plus a group discussion on “Why I got interested in science fiction and fandom.” The **after-the-meeting meeting** will be at Mike Kennedy’s house — 7907 Charlotte Drive SW in Huntsville. Call him at 256-883-5922 for directions.

Inside this issue...

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Deadline for the July 2002 issue of *The NASFA Shuttle* is Friday, 5 July 2002.

Lambda Awards Announced

The 14th Annual Lambda Literary Awards were presented the evening of 2 May 2002 at a gala ceremony in New York's Tribeca area. The awards are presented by the non-profit Lambda Literary Foundation, the only national organization dedicated to the recognition and promotion of gay- and lesbian-friendly literature. Awards were presented in 20 juried categories (as well as some special awards). In the Science Fiction/Fantasy category the award went to Lisa A. Barnett and Melissa Scott for *Point of Dreams* (Tor Books, February 2001, ISBN 0312867824; trade paperback, December 2001, ISBN 0312875894).

More information about the Lambda Awards can be found at <www.lambdalit.org/events/LLA/Press.htm> or by contacting Jane Troxell, 202-682-0952. More info about the Lambda Literary Foundation can be found at <www.lambdalit.org> or by writing P. O. Box 73910, Washington DC 20056-3910.

Mythopoeic Awards Noms

The Mythopoeic Awards are selected and presented by The Mythopoeic Society, a non-profit international literary and educational organization for the study, discussion, and enjoyment of fantasy and mythic literature, especially the works of J. R. R. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis, and Charles Williams. Members of the Mythopoeic Society include scholars, writers, and readers of mythic and fantasy literature. Winners will be announced at the banquet during Mythcon XXXIII, to be held in Boulder CO 26–29 July 2002.

More information can be found on the web at <www.mythsoc.org/awards.html> or by contacting the awards administrator: Eleanor M. Farrell, P. O. Box 320486, San Francisco CA 94132-0486, <emfarrell@earthlink.net>. The nominees are:

Mythopoeic Fantasy Award, Adult Literature

Lois McMaster Bujold, *The Curse of Chalion* (Morrow/Avon)
Neil Gaiman, *American Gods* (William Morrow)
Sarah A. Hoyt, *Ill Met by Moonlight* (Ace)
Ursula K. Le Guin, *The Other Wind* (Harcourt Brace)
Tim Powers, *Declare* (William Morrow)

Mythopoeic Fantasy Award, Children's Literature

Peter Dickinson, *The Ropemaker* (Delacorte)
Diane Duane, *The Wizard's Dilemma* (Magic Carpet/Harcourt)
Eva Ibbotson, *Island of the Aunts* (Puffin)
Gail Carson Levine, *The Two Princesses of Bamarre* (Harper-Collins)

Mythopoeic Scholarship Award for Inklings Studies

George Clark and Daniel Timmons, eds., *J. R. R. Tolkien and His Literary Resonances* (Greenwood)
Verlyn Flieger and Carl F. Hostetter, eds., *Tolkien's Legendarium: Essays on the History of Middle-earth* (Greenwood)
Candice Fredrick and Sam McBride, *Women Among the Inklings: Gender, C. S. Lewis, J. R. R. Tolkien, and Charles Williams* (Greenwood)
Don W. King, *C. S. Lewis, Poet: The Legacy of His Poetic Impulse* (Kent State University Press)

Mythopoeic Scholarship Award for Myth and Fantasy Studies

Graham Anderson, *Fairytale in the Ancient World* (Routledge)
Elizabeth Wanning Harries, *Twice Upon a Time: Women Writers and the History of the Fairy Tale* (Princeton)
G. Ronald Murphy, *The Owl, the Raven & the Dove: The Religious Meaning of the Grimms' Magic Fairy Tales* (Oxford University Press)
Christine Poulson, *The Quest for the Grail: Arthurian Legend in British Art 1840–1920* (Manchester University Press, distributed by St. Martin's Press)

Star Trek at the Checkout

reviewed by Jim Woosley

TV Guide: Star Trek 35th Anniversary Tribute (On display until July 22, 2002, \$5.95)

A well done, lovingly detailed, if “good news” overview of the *Star Trek* television franchise (in total, the five series have produced more television episodes than *Gunsmoke*, the longest-running single series on TV), with an honest overview of the movies, the producers, and the fans — plus an excellent advance article on *Star Trek: Nemesis*, the upcoming tenth movie (even number, supposed to be great, right).

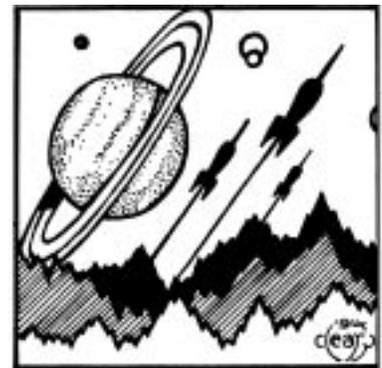
Features include articles about the major characters with the editor's assessment of their best episodes, an interview with current creative team Rick Berman and Brannon Braga (including their reaction to fan criticisms of some of their decisions and, *maybe*, a subtle hint that their so-called “historical revisionism” and the anachronisms of technology may eventually be reconciled through changes in history as a result of the Temporal Cold War and other meddling time travelers), and an excerpt from creator Gene Roddenberry's published statements. A poster of the thirty-five (35!) different covers on their April anniversary issue of the regular magazine is included.

Absolutely the only thing I didn't like was the closing article, “If I Were Captain,” by Craig Kil-

born, a comedian I'd never registered before and hope never to hear of again. (Yes, I have a sense of humor about *Star Trek*; the only MP3 currently on this computer is the incomparable “Banned from Argo.” However, I do insist my humor be funny — well, maybe fannish, and not pathetic).

With a cover date of July, this ditty should still be on the stands if you want to take a look, and I recommend it for everyone who has ever liked and respected *Star Trek*.

(Information from <www.tvguide.com> was also used in this article. A caveat: for their recent “50 Best TV Shows of All Time” issue and special, *ST:TNG* was selected to represent the entire ST franchise, but was only 47th. However, on-line polling places it at 9th, with genre stalwarts *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* (41st by *TV Guide*) at #2, and the *X-Files* (37th by *TV Guide*) at #3).



art by Randy B. Cleary

Undiplomatic Susceptibility

a book review by Jim Woosley

Diplomatic Immunity, by Lois McMaster Bujold, Baen, May 2002,¹ ISBN 0-7434-3533-8

The answer is, “The most anxiously awaited book sequel of 2002.” OK, *maybe* I’ll concede number two; at least until it became obvious that *Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix* would not be a 2002 sequel.²

Diplomatic Immunity is the sequel to the romance/science fiction breakout crossover,³ *A Civil Campaign*, 1999’s 13th outing in Lois McMaster Bujold’s Vorkosigan Saga, featuring the adventures of Aral Vorkosigan, his wife Cordelia, and particularly their genius-errant son, Miles.⁴ Most of you, I’m sure, will remember that, when we left Miles last, he had managed to overcome all manner of fire, including friendly fire and shooting himself in the foot, to become engaged to the — er, engaging — widow, Ekaterin Vorsoisson.

The current novel begins something over a year following Emperor Gregor’s midsummer wedding at the conclusion of *Campaign* and Miles and Ekaterin’s subsequent midwinter wedding.⁵ Locked on Barrayar by his duties as an Imperial Auditor, Miles and Ekaterin have started two children in uterine replicators, and now that his duties are over, are traveling on a belated Galactic honeymoon before the “births.”

Trouble strikes, however, in the form of a terse note from Gregor while they’re on their way home. A Komarran trading fleet, partially owned by the Empress Laisa’s family, has been impounded on Graf Station following a series of incidents, including defections and possible murders of crew members of their Barrayaran military escorts, involving the military escort and the Quaddies who live on the station.⁶ Miles, as Gregor’s most trusted troubleshooter in the region, is called on to review the situation, investigate the murders (if any), determine what damages Barrayar should pay the station (if any), and otherwise defuse the situation. Perforce, Miles and Ekaterin set sail

1. This review also incorporates recent news and information from Sci-Fi Weekly <www.scifi.com/weekly>, the Bujold Nexus <www.dendarii.com>, and Baen Books <www.baen.com>.

2. According to a recent posting on Sci-Fi Weekly, the fifth Harry Potter novel, which has the given title as a working title, has now been delayed until “before June 2003.”

3. *A Civil Campaign* won the Sapphire Award for best SF romance in 1999, and was first runner up for the Hugo.

4. If I’ve somehow managed to make Miles sound like Tom Swift, forgive me.

5. According to the Bujold Nexus, “Winterfair Gifts,” a novella about their wedding proper, is forthcoming in 2003 in the anthology *Irresistible Forces*, edited by Catherine Asaro, to be published by NAL/Roc.

6. OK, you’re probably saying, “Enough with the footnotes.” Still, I think this is the best way to handle this for those who have ample prior knowledge of the Vorkosigan Saga. Graf Station is the setting of the two V.S. books, which do *not* involve the Vorkosigan clan. *Falling Free* tells of the development of the Quaddies, humans genetically engineered for zero gravity by, in part, replacing their legs and feet with a second set of arms and hands, and the Quaddies subsequent emancipation. *Ethan of Athos* tells of Miles former girlfriend, Ellie Quinn, and a secret mission she had on that station.

for Graf Station, working against the two week deadline which will give them time to get home for the scheduled births of the babies.

The situation becomes more complicated when Miles discovers that Graf Station’s portmaster is one Bel Thorne. Long-time readers of the series (back to 1994’s *Mirror Dance* and before) will recognize Bel as the hermaphrodite ship captain of the Dendarii Mercenaries which Miles lead at the time as a covert operations arm of Barrayaran Imperial Security, or ImpSec. Bel was last seen in *Mirror Dance* when Miles fired it for getting him killed.⁷ Bel has, finally, started to build a life for itself in the aftermath of a decade of following Miles and then being fired by him for just cause; and is having second thoughts about having anything to do with Barrayar. Still, old soldier buddies will out, even if one of them is a hyperactive 49” military genius with plastic bones on military retirement and with a new wife, and the other a Betan herm grown soft with easy living and a beloved girlfriend (Nicole, the Quaddie that Bel and Miles rescue in the novella “Labyrinth”). Bel throws her lot in with helping Miles particularly since that’s the best thing she can do to help her current employers as well.

Miles’s attempts to seek the truth of what happened meets the expected array of complications: outraged Quaddies, defensive military commanders, worried Komarran traders, and Barrayaran storm troopers who want out of gaol and off Graf Station as quickly as their ships can thread the wormhole. The key points which are established are that one of the security personnel from one of the Komarran trading ships has disappeared; that a few quarts of what apparently was his blood had been spilled near the airlock where his ship was docked; that the situation was made worse when the military commander attempted to withdraw his personnel by force from the Station; and that most Barrayarans should be locked up until they learn the grace to mingle with intergalactic high society. Things are getting more murky, until the unexpected happens; someone lets loose with a high-power rivet gun at Miles, Bel, and one of the passengers traveling with the fleet. Someone is evidently willing to kill to prevent Miles from completing his investigation. The question becomes, was Miles the intended victim or a bystander in an attempt on Bel, or on the passenger, Dubauer.

With an attempted murderer to locate, the pace picks up quickly. A connection to the Cetagandans, Barrayar’s historical enemy, is discovered and what, if anything, do events at Graf Station have to do with Cetagandan saber-rattling closer to home which suddenly blossoms into incipient war and the recall of the Barrayaran military escort, just as the attempted murderer is identified and questioned?

While I don’t normally like to issue spoilers, this is a mild one. **SPOILER ALERT.** I was mildly disappointed as Miles began to catch up with the motivations of all the players, and concluded by process of elimination that all of this chaos was the result of the actions of a single insane individual, with obscure, almost unfathomable motivations, who had managed access to a store of arcane future biological weapons. (What became of the classic trilogy of motive, method, and opportunity? Miles had to work his solution from a tottering stool with only two legs and the motivations of everyone except the miscreant.) Then I stopped, and thought back a few months into recent history, and became chagrined and somewhat ashamed of myself. **END SPOILER ALERT.**

7. I know. I know. OK, read the book and tell me how *you* would describe it.

8. As if whatever has befallen isn’t pace enough.

Still, while this novel is undisputedly a page turner — with the advantage of having read the first five chapters (posted at <www.baen.com>) four or five times prior to the actual release of the novel, I was able to finish the book within the evening after purchasing it, and Jeanna read it in three nights — I don't think that it lives up to the exalted standards of Hugo finalist *A Civil Campaign* or Hugo winners *Mirror Dance* and *Barrayar*. There are, for example, fewer quotable lines that are understandable outside the context of the series,⁹ unlike, for example, Count Vorkosigan's timeless soliloquy on honor in *Campaign*. However, it is not my intent to condemn with faint praise — it is still a great novel, and it does end with the birth of Aral and Helen Vorkosigan, ready to start a new generation of adventures. (Do Miles and Ekaterin make it back on time or even survive their adventures? I hope you pick up a copy of the hardback and find the answers to that yourself — I've used my spoiler limit up already.)

If *Mirror Dance* is Bujold's *MacBeth*, and *A Civil Campaign* is her *Comedy of Errors* (or, perhaps, *Taming of the Shrew*, though I do not think that epithet applies to Ekaterin), then *Diplomatic Immunity*, subtitled *A Comedy of Terrors*, is perhaps one of her lesser tragedies (alas, I myself lack sufficient familiarity with the Bard's lesser plays to select an appropriate comparison). But as I think back on her ability to deliver forever-memorable lines,¹⁰ I begin to believe that, a century from now, Lois may be recognized as the Shakespeare of the early Space Age.^{11,12}

9. My favorite line, a comment by Miles at the very end of the novel, is not fully comprehensible without an exposition of background that requires a knowledge of events both in this novel and in the earlier novel *Cetaganda*. And at that, while the quip is characteristically Miles, I have very precise reasons for partially disagreeing with it but to understand my reasons, you have to have read *Shards of Honor* and *Barrayar*.

10. One of the most popular features on the Bujold Nexus is the Quote Generator, a random selector which plays back a selection of the more memorable lines from the series. Note limitations on use. I can attest that, were it not for those limitations, one could easily sit at the computer for hours, replaying quote after quote.

11. There have I successfully avoided charges of condemning with faint praise now?

12. Jeanna points out that the comparison of a popular SF writer to Shakespeare may not set well in some quarters. First, I point out that Shakespeare was the best of popular authors of his time; so much so that his work has weathered five centuries to come to us. Second, I invite anyone to read, say, Shakespeare's five most popular plays, and compare them, say, to *Shards of Honor*, *Barrayar*, *Mirror Dance*, *Komarr*, and *A Civil Campaign*, and make their own conclusions.

A Prayer Before the Storm

book reviews by Jim Woosley

A Hymn Before Battle, by John Ringo, Baen, Paperback, 2000, \$7.99, ISBN 0-671-31841-1

Gust Front, by John Ringo, Baen, Paperback, 2001, \$7.99, ISBN 0-7434-3525-7

The answer is, John Ringo.

Hymn and *Gust* represent the first two novels in a multi-

novel story arc (the third novel, *Dance with the Devil*, is recently available in Baen hardcover, but I've not had a chance to read it yet) that adds a number of new twists to the classical alien invasion milieu.

The Posleen, who may owe something to the carnivorous alien centaurs in Heinlein's juvenile *Starman Jones*, are just that: carnivorous alien centaurs, conquering and, if you will, munching (case in point: the Posleen term for all aliens is rendered by Ringo as "thresh," which my dictionary defines as "to separate [as grain from straw] by beating") their way across the space of the galactic federation. A federation controlled by an alien race called the Darhel, and one of which Earth is unaware.

Until the Darhel are forced to call for help to prevent their society from being overrun. Except that, while they are afraid of the Posleen and the rampant destruction of their planets and allies/slaves, they are almost more afraid of what humanity will do when they defeat the Posleen and are left with interstellar travel and galactic weaponry.

Plots within plots emerge as the Darhel contact earth and enlist the governments of earth to provide armies combining the best of galactic weaponry and state of the art terrestrial military systems and training to help them defend their planets in return for help in developing the technologies to defeat the Posleen during their inevitable invasion of earth.

While the viewpoint marches back and forth more rapidly than Tom Clancy's *Red Storm Rising* and a number of his more recent novels, the single most important character is Michael O'Neal, a former military computer technician and SF fan called back early to help in the development of new weaponry based on galactic technologies. He is the principle designer both in terms of technology, and later in terms of tactics, of an armored combat suit which makes the armored suits of *Starship Troopers* look like a kid's toy. He leads the efforts to save the day both in the defense of the alien planet Diess in *Hymn*, and in the defense of Washington DC in the climactic second half of *Gust Front*.

If this were a contemporary military novel, I would say that Ringo was almost as successful in promoting the "Tommy," the mudfoot infantry, as Tom Clancy was in promoting the Navy and Air Force through his early novels. As it is, he comes close, conveying the spirit of the infantry and armored cav as no other author I know including Heinlein, who despite all the complaints about the "militaristic" society of *Troopers* was in fact toning things down for a young readership. Perhaps it helps that these two novels have perhaps five times the word count of *Troopers*. The section of *Gust Front* from the alien landing (over 2 million invaders strong) in Fredericksburg VA (and elsewhere), until the final defense of Washington DC covers 413 pages, 40 hours of combat time strongly emphasizing the battles in Northern Virginia between Richmond and Washington DC and every spare moment of the readers time until the novel is completed. I'll leave it to the reader to read it and find out who is lost, what ground is lost, who or what is changed forever, and how humanity is handling that.

The only reason I'm not rushing out to buy the hardcover is because I need a rest before plunging into the maelstrom again. The book is intense but captivating, and told in what my late aunt referred to as a "good humor." (She had just read the first chapter of *Nine Princes in Amber*, probably her only exposure to contemporary SF/fantasy, for what that's worth). Ringo is not afraid to drop in a pun or more than a bit of dark humor to move the story along and keep the reader going. O'Neal's 8-year-old daughter, Cally, provides several of the

brighter moments in *Gust Front* as she fights off a small Posleen attack in northern Georgia alongside O'Neal's mercenary father and a covert action team of Benedictine monks (its a loooong story).

If military SF is your cup of tea, these novels nicely complement the fast-paced shenanigans of Miles Vorkosigan and the captivating world of Lady Honor. I recommend them highly.

Oh. And, by the way, the question is, "Who do you get when you cross Robert Heinlein and Tom Clancy?"

No Need for a Rude Awakening!

Part 17 of No Need for a Dragon!
by PieEyedDragon

The destroyer, awakes.

I slowly rise up toward full consciousness, chuckling at private jokes from my dreams. I open one eye just a little bit and look around. This place has gotten crowded again, already! Small robotic sensor probes drift nearby. Three Juraian cruisers are just now moving slowly away. A carnival ship is in full-blown business. Maybe I should go and claim a percentage. I don't recall signing a modeling contract, either. Over there is that faerie-ship from before. They must be doing business transporting gawkers, busybodies, and scientists. It seems that one familiar scientist *in particular* is on board. My magic charged-up the faerie-folk, and they have passed it on to Washuu's cheering squad. What an excellently *lucky* end-run: a secret pipeline direct to the little red-haired troublemaker. I open both eyes, now. I stretch and start uncoiling.

One of the warships opens fire on me with all weapons maxed-out. Quicker than most of them, I duck down into the wormhole, fuming. Not polite *at all!* I'll give them what I gave Kagato! I begin swaying, singing spell-runes over my second dragonite rock: "Theodore," which starts changing shape.

— O — O — O —

Washuu had obtained ordinary passage to the Greatest Show in the Galaxy on board the *Flame of Erenn*, hastily refitted for passengers. Moreover, she had obtained key samples of the monster from various protruding ship's antennas which had been brushed up against in the earlier encounter. Several quiet alarms were flashing on her keyboard as the dragon starting waking-up. Washuu was recording everything, and...

"*The idiots!*" she screamed, as one vessel started shooting. Scanning revealed nothing but a spewing wormhole, which was starting to oscillate slightly. Pulling up the final images, Washuu enhances them and finally sees it: a tip of a tail disappearing down the hole. And the wormhole itself, slowly weaving back and forth, like a snake.

Just... like... a... snake! Washuu collapses all her gear and summons the dimension tunnel, diving through as soon as it opens.

The wormhole suddenly lunges away at hyper-speed, directly on course for... the Planet Jurai!

— O — O — O —

Washuu hits the floor and heads toward the door out of her lab.

Half a world away, Polly Wiltse is assailed by a sudden dream of terrible prophesy! A fire in Japan that quickly spreads to her North Carolina mountain and beyond, destroying *all!* In

the heart of the fire, a beast. Eleven striving to bind it (two of them are "haints") and falling ever-so-short. They needed something else. A great number of colorful... paper?... birds were fluttering over all.

* * * * *

"Ssooooo I am become *deathhhhh!* Thhhe desstroyer ovfff *worldssss!* I wasss hhhappy to bake *piesss*, and lafff at fffunny squirellsss!"

* * * * *

It killed and killed, but sounded... regretful... at the same time. Polly the Witch called back the vision, and studied it for branches. *There!* From above, bright parallel shimmers flash down past the head of the beast, along it's long neck. Like a musical instrument. The devil's fiddle player was long dead, and the fiddle smashed. The good old banjo picker had gone the way of the blessed mortals. No, neither fit, there weren't four nor five strings, but... six?

And Polly remembers a man who once did her a service. He must be 70 now, but still alive else the world was doomed. She sets the dream aside and casts her vision outward. Past Hark Mountain and Sky Notch, she seeks him. Through bustling Asheville and down in thick pines. Her strength is fading as she stretches herself out farther and farther. Listening for the old music, she hears tires and traffic, heavy metal, Cherokee drums. Jets scream overhead, where once the eagles flew. Still nothing. Georgia. Tennessee. Virginia. Surely he is here in the old mountains still, somewhere. Past the cave-lair of Molech, the old false house-front gone and the cave filled-in. Owls hooting in the daytime. A fifty-pound possum looks up from an old porch, like a dog. The old couple shelling dried peas there raise their eyes, too. There is a dusty guitar hanging on the wall, inside.

Ahhhh!

Polly picks up a few things, and exits her long, narrow log house. She never needed to physically leave Yandro Mountain for 120 years. Each bare footstep covers twice the distance of the one before.

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

NASFA Receivables

by Randy B. Cleary
with additional reviews by Mike Kennedy

Here are the latest zines received by NASFA. This column's mood music: U2 and Linkin Park.

ConNotations, Volume 12, Issues 1-2, February/March and April/May, 2002, Stephanie L. Bannon, Central Arizona Speculative Fiction Society, P. O. Box 62613, Phoenix AZ 85082; <Editors@casfs.org> — These SF newszines had 24 pages each of in-depth media news and reviews with convention and club listings. If you are into SF films and TV, then check them out.

DeProfundis, Issues 349-352, January-April, 2002, Marty Cantor, c/o The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, 11513 Burbank Boulevard, North Hollywood CA 91601; <www.lasfs.org> — These four club zines had 10, 8, 10, and 8 pages of LASFS club happenings. If you would like a peek into an active and large SF club and read an excellent regular column on fanzines, then check them out.

File 770, Issue 141, Mike Glycer, 705 Valley View Avenue, Monrovia CA 91016; 626-305-1004; <Mglyer@

compuserve.com> — A gorgeous full color glossy cover of a computer-generated illustration of a flying book carrying a baby accompanied by dragons and 41 pages of all the fannish news that's fit to print including an active letter column. A photograph of local fans Patrick Mallory and Naomi Fisher is in this issue.

Future Times, Volume 5, Number 5, May 2002, Jayne Rogers, c/o The Atlanta Science Fiction Society, P. O. Box 98308, Atlanta GA 30359-2008; <www.asfs.org> — The front cover of this issue was dominated by a nice false-color radar "photograph" of Venus, coded to show the highlands and valleys. In addition to club business, the 8-page zine carried awards news, reviews (including one of *Clockstoppers*), two obits, and an interesting editorial. Well, all of it was interesting except for the corner the post office ripped off in transit. [MDK]

Memphen, Issues 272–277, June–December 2001, Greg Bridges, The Memphis Science Fiction Association, P. O. Box 820534, Memphis TN 38182-0534; 901-664-6730; <MemphisSF@cs.com> — This five issue collection of club zines all have wonderful black and white fan art covers by Tom Foster with about 6 stapled pages of club and fan info.

The National Fantasy Fan, Volume 1, Number 4, March 2002, Jamie G. Stinson, P. O. Box 430314, Big Pine Key FL 33043-0314; <tropicsf@earthlink.net>; <www.simegen.com/fandom/n3f> — This "official organ" of the National Fantasy Fan Federation included 24 pages (plus covers) of N3F news (including a roster with addresses), reviews (lots!) original poetry, and more. [MDK]

OASFIS Event Horizon, Volume 15, Issues 175-177, February April 2002, Leslie R. Hammes, The Orlando Area Science-Fiction Society, P. O. Box 940992, Maitland FL 32792-0992; 407-263-5822 — These four club zines all contained four pages of club happenings.

Science Fiction Chronicle, February 2002, Andrew I. Porter, P. O. Box 022730, Brooklyn NY 11202-0056; 718-643-9011; <SF_Chronicle@compuserve.com>; <www.sfsite.com/sfc> — The SF, Fantasy, and Horrors Monthly Trade Journal consisted of 66 pages with color glossy cover of industry news.

SFSFS Shuttle, Issues 146–147, February/March and April/May 2002, South Florida Science Fiction Society, P. O. Box 70143, Fort Lauderdale FL 33307-0143; <sfsfs.org> — These two club zines contained 10 and 14 pages each of club related doings.

Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin, Volume 7, Number 12, March 2002, Julie Wall, 470 Ridge Road, Birmingham, AL 35206; <jlwall@usa.net>; <www.southernfandom.com>; 205-833-8635 — This penultimate issue of Julie Wall's premiere Southern fanzine had a Sheryl Birkhead cover and 28 pages of con and wedding reports, artwork, listings, and letters.

Letters of Comment

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

Sheryl Birkhead
25509 Jonnie Court
Gaithersburg MD 20882

19 May 2002

Looks as if I did not respond lastish. Please refresh the

memory — I *thought* I sent some fillos but I, rather obviously, did not — did you say you were in the market? (If I didn't send "stuff" I hope I come across the envelope RSN.)

Sounds as if Khubla was a mixed bag.

I take it you know of Bruce Pelz's unexpected death.

Sigh — sad when I look at the FAAN Awards and realize I have no idea about the winners.

PieEyedDragon — space reserved!

Congrats to Lloyd, one of the winners (one of two) I know about.

Anybody contacted the Japan bid? I tried two times, but no (yet) response.

[Yes, I had read of Bruce Pelz's death on the web. I never really knew him, though I had "shared" many Worldcon business meetings with him. I can't swear whether you responded to the previous issue or not — I couldn't find anything from you when I started to put the issue together but it could easily have gotten lost in my house, which is stacked up a lot more than it should be. I always welcome art for the *Shuttle*, Sheryl, preferably things that will scan and print well so I can avoid going back to scissors and tape;-) As for the Japan Worldcon bid, I have not tried to contact them myself. I do know that they responded to one contact at least — taking out an ad in the DeepSouthCon 40 program book after Jim Woosley dropped them a line. -ED]

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Harry Warner, Jr.
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20 May 2002

No obituaries in the May *Shuttle* made it more pleasant to read than usual. At the moment, however, I know two fans' deaths have occurred within the past two weeks so I'm sure you'll make us more somber by writing about at least one of them in the June issue.

It's sad that David Robinson was force to write critically about the new version of *the Time Machine*. I'm sure he is accurate in his opinions of it, because movie remakes are almost always inferior to the original. There are so many Wells novels and short stories that have never been turned into movies and yet Hollywood insists on doing bad imitations of those that were well done in the past.

Your Kubla Khan report makes it obvious that the time has come to proceed with no further delay to construction of The Tucker Hotel. This project will take a while to accomplish, so maybe fandom should aim for the 100th anniversary of the first real fanzines in 2030 for its dedication. Of course, the original concept of a hotel built and run by fans as a convention site came when there were very few cons but the 21st century makes it imperative to have a mobile Tucker Hotel that could be used to host a different convention in far-flung parts of the continent every weekend. So modular construction seems essential. The cars fans drive today are at least double the size of those they used a quarter-century ago, so we may be confident that by 2030 autos will again grow in dimensions by 100% or more, making it easy for a few dozen big names in con fandom to move the Tucker Hotel in sections atop their autos.

I'm slipping or Hugo nominators are askew. I don't recognize the names of two of the fan writer nominees or one of the fan artist nominees. Well, Sheryl got her nomination
(continued on back cover)



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again, one bright spot. But where is John Hertz, whom I consider the finest writer currently appearing regularly in fanzines?

And 226 novels were nominated? Who among us has the time and patience to read four or five novels every week in the year in order to have full knowledge of what novel deserves the honor?

[I've joked on several different occasions with Huntsville fans

that we should buy a hotel of our own — usually when one has closed. In fact, there's a semi-recently closed hotel on the main north-south road through Huntsville right now so we have yet another chance! I have no plans to run any obits in this issue. Our field is big (and old) enough that notable personages die every month. My general rule of thumb, though, it to run an obituary only if the person has some ties to Huntsville fandom. Mind you, that's a flexible concept and it sometimes depends on how things strike me at the moment. -ED]