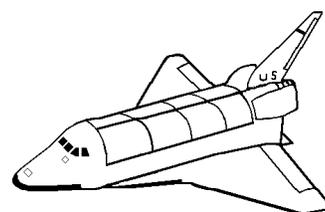


The



SHUTTLE May 2004

*The Next NASFA Meeting is 15 May 2004
at the Regular Time and Location*

*Con†Stellation ConCom Meeting 2P Sunday
6 June 2004 at Mike Kennedy's House*

🔔 Oyez, Oyez 🔔

The next **NASFA meeting** will be **15 May 2004** at the **regular time** (6P) and the **regular location**. Call BookMark at 256-881-3910 if you need directions.

The **May program** will be a trip to the Huntsville Stars versus Greenville Braves baseball game. Start time for the game is 7:05P — the convoy will probably leave from BookMark about 6:45P. Free general admission tickets should be available at the club meeting.

Since the baseball game will last until about 10P there is no formal **after-the-meeting meeting** scheduled. Mike Kennedy says his house will be ready as a backup in case the game is canceled.

The next Con†Stellation XXIII: Delphinus **concom meeting** will be Sunday 6 June 2004 (2P, Mike Kennedy's house). Future concom meetings are tentatively scheduled for the Sunday after the first Saturday each month.

NASFA Calendar

MAY

- 01 BD: Russell McNutt.
- 02 Con†Stellation XXIII ConCom Meeting — Mike Kennedy's house.
- 03 BD: Martha Knowles.
- 07–09 Xanadu 7 — Nashville TN. **Note Date Change.**
- 09 Mothers' Day.
- 14 BD: Debbie Hughes.
- 15* NASFA Meeting — 6P Business at BookMark. Program: Field Trip to Huntsville Stars versus Greenville Braves baseball game.
- 15 Armed Forces Day.
- 16 BD: Linda Bolgeo.
- 19 BD: David O. Miller.
- 20 BD: Mike Glicksohn.

(continued on page 2)

Inside this issue...

Minutes of the April Meeting	2
Convention Review: Xanadu	2
Book Reviews: A Tale of Two Books	4

Movie Review: <i>The American Astronaut</i>	5
Awards Roundup	7
<i>No Need for a Dragon with a Migraine</i> Chapter 14	8
Letters of Comment	8

Deadline for the June 2004 issue of *The NASFA Shuttle* is Friday, 4 June 2004.

some of the guests. Nonetheless they persevered and Xanadu 7 was held 7–9 May 2004 at the Holiday Inn Express in downtown Nashville TN. Invited guests included Author GoH Allen Steele, MC Mary M. Buckner, Artist GoH Melissa Gay, Filk GoHs Bill and Brenda Sutton, and Fan GoH Bill Payne. Others expected to attend included Cherie Priest, Amy Sturgis, and “Dr. Gangrene” (who had to cancel due to a personal conflict).

I’ll admit that part of the reason I decided to go to Xanadu this year was to see how they handled the re-start of the con and to see how that might bode for the Xanadu DeepSouthCon next year. But just as strong a motivation was the desire to go to what promised to be a moderately laid-back sf weekend.

It was around 2P Friday by the time I really got on the road to Nashville and was almost exactly 4P when I pulled up to the hotel. I have vague memories that there may have been a Nashville con in this facility many years ago (probably a Kubla), though it was doubtless under a different name then. In any case, I checked into my room and toted the first batch of material up to my room. I knew that Sam Smith had almost certainly beat me to the con so I tried his room and actually caught him in. Between that phone call and talking to him face-to-face shortly after, we decided that 9:30P Friday would be a good start time for the Con†Stellation party. That would put it after the 8P Opening Ceremony, but before the start of the dance.

Sam loaned me a card table he had brought (and later loaned me an extra ice chest) and I did some of the basic setup for the party. After making another trip to the car to pick up the rest of the party supplies, I set up things as much as possible until just before the party. Somewhere in there Sam put out Con†Stellation flyers on the freebie table. Also somewhere in there I got registered with the con, put out Southern Fandom Confederation flyers, and started putting up announcements about the room party.

The pre-Opening Ceremony programming wasn’t particularly inspiring so I also spent a little down time in my room and watched part of a baseball game. That almost led to trouble. I discovered during the drive up that I had forgotten a couple of things, the only important one being my watch. I mostly only wear a watch at cons, and I wear it there because I need to at least try to be on time to various events. So when I belatedly noticed that it was slightly after 8P I hurriedly put on my shoes and rushed out of the room to try to make it to the Opening Ceremony. I was late — probably about 10 minutes — but arrived just in time to announce the Con†Stellation party. The ceremony was somewhat chaotic, but did manage one surprise. Allen Steele had been given a rather nice bottle of whiskey and used it to engage the whole of the audience and head table — about 40 in all — in a Smooth. He admitted that it was Jack instead of Jim, and that of course Bob Tucker was missing, but it turned out to be a nice little dram. (And don’t worry, Allen made sure no one felt pressured to participate in the actual drinking.) Allen commented on how old we must all be getting when the bottle arrived back at the head table only about 20% depleted.

After the Opening Ceremony I had another nice surprise when I saw that ex-Huntsvillian Don Cochran was at the con. It turns out that he is back vaguely in this area (Florida) after job-driven exiles in various far-off lands (most recently Texas). I made sure that he knew about the party (which was going to be convenient for him as his room was just down the hall from mine), then wandered upstairs to finish the last-minute prep. Sam Smith and Kerry Gilley dropped by and we chatted while

I opened bags and such. (Sam kindly brought the aforementioned cooler with ice already in it.) Kerry was in town for just a few hours after he had driven down from Kentucky for a tryout to be on Jeopardy. (He made it to the short list, but not to the show.)

The party was ready to open quite early but we waited until almost 9:30 to actually prop open the door. Being the only Friday-evening party at a con with about 100 warm bodies, I expected a moderate crowd and was not disappointed in that regard. People flowed in and out for almost two hours. (The meatballs didn’t last anywhere near the full time, but everything else held out.) I did see a continuation of a trend from the last many years as people seemed somewhat less interested in alcoholic drinks, at least our selection. (Of course, that’s mostly true for the older crowd one sees at a con like this — the 20-something crowd at a lot of other cons is much more hardcore in that respect.) Eventually I may either have to find some way to entice people to drink more or simplify the bar offerings (to prevent the leftover mixers I have now) or even give up entirely on serving our signature frozen daiquiris.

Anyway, the last few people wandered out a bit before 11:30P and I started cleaning up. Some filkers had set up shop down the hall in Don’s room, so before I packed away stuff I wandered down and asked them if they wanted to raid any of the snacks. They took almost all my leftovers (which was fine with me!) and promised to deliver to the con suite anything that they didn’t eat and drink themselves.

Even after being up until 1:30A (party cleanup and catching up on this report), I decided to try to make it to the hotel continental breakfast so I left a wake up call for the unghodly early hour of 8:45A. When the time came, however, there was no way I could drag myself out of bed. As a result I missed not only breakfast but an 11A panel I had planned to attend.

The first order of con “business” Saturday was a visit to the Art Show and Dealers Room, which was combined in the largest function room of the hotel. There were about a half-dozen dealers. Nearly half of the space was Larry Smith’s new books (a large selection of course). There were also lesser amounts of gaming supplies, used books, comics, collectibles, and jewelry. The Art Show had between 20 and 25 4x4 foot panels plus several tables for a print shop and one table of 3-D art. Around a third of the panels were given over to AGoH Melissa Gay. I must say her work is quite impressive. I was attracted in particular to one of her black and whites, but resisted the urge to bid on it because I wasn’t sure where I could hang it. I also liked one of the prints she had for sale in the print shop (though I don’t normally buy prints) and a number of pieces of jewelry among the 3-D art but again resisted jumping in. I told myself I could always come back later. The second largest block of space in the Art Show was taken by Kevin Ward, whose work I’ve always liked. Unfortunately, none of the paintings on display were for sale.

After hanging around for a while, the subject of lunch came up. Having not had a real meal in the better part of 24 hours, it seemed like an excellent idea. Sam and I ended up going to The Spaghetti Factory. The meal was quite pleasant (my fettucini alfredo was good, though it needed perhaps a bit more sauce; Sam commented quite favorably on his meatballs). It turned out that Sam had gone to the 11A panel (“Salute to Bill Payne”) so he caught me up on that. It sounded like the panelists (especially Khen Moore) had a bit of trouble staying on topic (imagine that ;-)) but it also sounded like they succeeded in the main goal of telling stories about Bill. I’m sorry I missed it.

I did make it to the 4P panel entitled “What is the current state of Hard SF?” Though I don’t know that panelists Allen Steele and Mary Buckner — or the audience members — answered that question, the discussion was interesting. Ms Buckner had actually done some research on the novel Nebula and Hugo winners (since 1995). Opinions varied on which of those were hard sf, but clearly a fair number are. Steele explained the two criteria he used to decide whether a story is hard sf. They went something like (1) the story has a significant scientific or technological element that can’t be removed while still telling the same story and (2) the science/technology extrapolates past the current state of the art. He did admit that it is a rather inclusive definition.

After the panel wrapped up, it was back to the Art Show to make up my mind about bidding on the various pieces. I ended up putting in minimum bids on 4 pieces of jewelry, which I won’t describe here. (I’m not entirely sure who will get which piece, but it’s likely that at least one or two of them will eventually go to *Shuttle* readers.) I hung around in the con suite (which was well supplied with good eats from some of the OutsideCon people) for an hour or so until it was nearly time for the art auction. While in the con suite, I watched the end of one movie and a good bit of another one. In fact, there were quite a few people who dropped in for a bite and were also sucked into the movies. This was an interesting contrast to the deserted video rooms. (The con had three of them — one for “mainstream” sf/fantasy, another for “odd and unusual” films, and a third for anime. I never went by the anime room but the others were normally empty or nearly so when I passed by.)

The art (and charity) auction got off to a very late start. Dan, several of the guests, and several con members had gone to dinner and were MIA when the auction was scheduled to begin. When it finally started (at least 45 minutes late) the art auction itself went quickly. Though they were using a “one bid to auction” system, only 10 pieces made the cut. Four Mary Hanson Roberts pieces sold quickly with no bidding past the bid sheet. The four pieces of jewelry (by Earlynn Collier) went just as quickly to me. Two further Mary Hanson Roberts pieces sold, each with a little bidding. Three further no-bid pieces (representative of some artists who had sold prints but no original art in the show) were brought up but received no bids.

All though the art auction — and for some time after — people trickled in. Once the charity auction started, bidding interest did pick up. Much of that, no doubt, was due to support for Charlie Grant and André Norton who are both undergoing medical problems. Almost everything had at least two interested bidders. Most of the prices remained modest (often topping out around \$20). Possibly the most entertain bidding war had a glass egg go for \$65, making it there in mostly \$1 to \$3 increments. I bid on a number of items but bought two only pieces, both of which I consider bargains. I got a signed first edition (albeit with the dustjacket in rough shape) of *Second Stage Lensman* for \$40 and a tuckerization in the third Coyote book by Allen Steele for \$150. He and many audience members seemed surprised it sold for that much but I’ve seen that sort of thing go for a lot more.

Frank and Millie were throwing a Xerps in 2010 “worldcon bid” party Saturday night, which was well under way by the time the auction finished. I visited them a while but headed out around 10P. Dealer Karen Boyd had indicated she might be coming back to the hotel for the dance and some of us (Randall Pass, Sam, and I) were hoping to corner her for a spades game. By 10:30P we’d all given up on that hope and I headed back to

my room to pack up the room party supplies and catch up on this report. It was a bit after midnight before I got to bed. Again, I was optimistic enough to leave a wake up call early enough to make it to breakfast.

Perhaps surprisingly, I actually *did* get up in time for that. The continental breakfast at the Holiday Inn Express chain, while not likely to make the Michelin guide, is decent enough. Having that available (as we have at Con+Stellation, which is also in an HIE) probably takes some strain off the con suite. After breakfast, I had to finish packing and check out of my hotel room. The only scheduled program item on Sunday was the Closing Ceremony, but I also had plans to settle accounts in the Art Show and perhaps (at last) get in a game of spades.

After breakfast I packed up my personal stuff and took both it and the room party supplies down to my car. That still left me some time to hang around a bit before formally checking out of the hotel and heading to the 11A ceremony. As it happened, Allen Steele was in the hotel lobby and chatted a bit about ideas he’d already had about my tuckerization. It sounded cool, but I won’t hold him to it — after all the book is still very much a work in progress.

The Closing Ceremony was pretty ordinary. Dan was there but vice chair Fred Grimm pretty much ran the show. They announced that they had raised about \$950 in the charity auction. The final headcount was around 135 (though that may not have counted no-show pre-reg) so that’s about \$7 a head, which is not bad at all. There was one very funny moment. When Dan walked in several people commented how he had been interrupted all weekend by cell phone calls. Dan sat down at one end of the head table and a few moments later Allen Steele — who was at the other end of the table — surreptitiously called Dan and told him that he thought he needed to go to the emergency room. Dan is moderately hearing impaired, and was earnestly trying to understand who was calling him with an emergency, totally oblivious to the ruse. Even Dan had a good laugh.

I did finally get in a game of spades — two in fact — in the dealers room, after paying for my Art Show purchases. Sam won the first game fairly handily. I had a good run in the second game but lost by one trick when Karen drew a pat seven on the last hand. Sigh.

Next year Xanadu 8 will be combined with DSC 43; 6–8 May 2005. Guests will include Author GoH Mike Resnick, MC Jack L. Chalker, Artist GoH Darryl Elliott, and Fan GoH Tim “Uncle Timmy” Bolgeo. Xanadu has some way to go to be ready for a DeepSouthCon since there are a number of obligations and expectations involved in that con. Attendance was less this year than they hoped which unfortunately means they likely lost some money. It also looks like they may need a few more members on the staff if attendance grows significantly. Yeah, there are some challenges but the committee did show a lot of good points, including coping nicely with the forced hotel change. I certainly plan to be at the DSC and hope you will too.

A Tale of Two Books

Is This an Anachronism I See Before Me?

by Doug Lampert

There Will be Dragons, by John Ringo, Baen Books, 1 November 2003, hardback, ISBN: 0-7434-7164-4, 544pp, \$25.00

1634: The Galileo Affair, by Andrew Dennis and Eric Flint, Baen Books, 1 April 2004, hardback, ISBN: 0-7434-8815-6, 560pp, \$25.00

Both *Dies the Fire* by S. M. Stirling and *There Will be Dragons* by John Ringo involve a sudden loss of high tech civilization due to super high tech intervention. In both cases there are rules in place that prevent things like high gas pressures so both high powered steam and internal combustion engines will not work. In both cases the book is first in a series by authors with substantial similarities in style. However the initial situations and reasons for the change are rather different which of course will make for differences in the stories. This makes it an obvious job for A Tale of Two Books to do a compare and contrast. Sadly *Dies the Fire* is not out as of this writing and although my emphasis is on anachronisms I do not think I can manage an anachronistic review. Since I have a review copy of *There Will be Dragons* and therefore need to write some sort of review I will make Toni happy by giving her two Baen reviews for one free book. So *There Will be Dragons* and *1632: The Galileo Affair* are the books for this column; both involve substantial intrusions of higher tech into a mostly lower tech milieu.

As stated, in *There Will be Dragons* there is a loss of technology due to what, from the viewpoint of most characters, may as well be changes in natural law. The problems are in fact a result of a civil war in a super-advanced future civilization, and while there is some interaction between the high tech civil war and the events in the book the emphasis is on the low technology side of events. Ringo spends almost no time on the immediate survival problems after the disaster; his emphasis is longer term. Ringo solves the “why doesn’t everyone starve to death” problem by stating that almost everyone is super healthy to start with, that much of Earth has been allowed to return to a “natural” state making for plentiful game, and that some gene-engineered very high yield crops are available. All of these seem reasonable given the available technology, although given the almost complete lack of government in the high tech civilization I do wonder why everyone had been willing to go along with the reduced human footprint on Earth. And even with all the advantages Ringo gives his future humans I would have expected short-term problems far more severe than he presents.

On the other hand, given the resources available I would have expected the survivors to rebuild to a much higher tech level much faster. What, none of the re-enactors out of over a billion people have any stand-alone generators that can be powered by low powered steam, or older atmospheric steam engines that do not use high pressure at all, or by hydropower, or by animals? Only the bad guys think of using advanced poisons on darts or insects, and they only use it in one place. With arbitrarily advanced bio-engineering no one can make a targeted plague? Given that not everyone is reduced to negligible tech and that the restrictions on explosives are fairly limited in scope, even in the short period of this book I would have expected ordinary people to be building some quite good workarounds.

But in fact, Ringo is not telling the story of how people cope with his disaster, he is telling a coming-of-age story for several of the characters, and a war story where he gets to mix non-gunpowder based armies and tactics as he likes (modified Roman legions with Longbows). He does it rather well, but all in all this is just another John Ringo book. I had expected to wait for the paperback, and while I do not regret the time I spent

reading it, I was not overwhelmed.

Contrast this with *1634: The Galileo Affair* by Eric Flint and Andrew Dennis, the fourth book in the 1632 sequence. You should probably have read *1632* and *Ring of Fire* to follow the events in *The Galileo Affair*, but I suspect you could skip *1633* and still be fine. Again we are dealing with loss of technology in various ways. In the case of the 1632 books, it’s due to the town of Grantville being translated into the past. So, everything still works, if someone can build or maintain it. Story is still the main focus in the 1632 books, but a lot of thought went into what could be done, and what people would do to try to work-around the problems. *There Will be Dragons* has as it’s climax a battle; *1634: The Galileo Affair* hardly involves any fighting at all (there is still a war going on, but it is offstage for a book centered on a diplomatic mission to a neutral power), and in fact, the “men of action” are mostly either fools, dupes, or villains. The real problems in this book are more likely to be dealt with by insider trading than by guns. Previous 1632 books have tended to have an anti-Catholic bias since the major villains are all Catholics. In this book the church is shown as largely consisting of men doing the best they can and quite realistically as the major patron of science and the arts even this far into the reformation and counter-reformation.

1634: The Galileo Affair has a substantial advantage in complexity that is possible given that the background is all already established, but even with that aside Flint and Dennis seem to be telling a much more complicated story in a much more “real” world. The books are almost identical in length, yet when I finished reading and got ready to write this I thought that *1634* was about twice as long until I compared page counts and sizes. All in all I think that Eric has given us another solid example of how to tell a complicated story without bogging down.

All American Movie

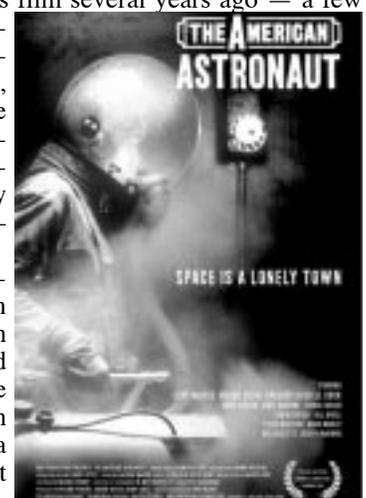
a Movie Review

by Mike Kennedy

The American Astronaut, Unrated, Starring Cory McAbee, Rocco Sisto, Greg Russell Cook, Joshua Taylor, et al., Written and Directed by Cory McAbee, Produced by Robert Lurie, William Perkins, Joshua Taylor, and Michael Krantz, Distributed by Artistic License, 91 minutes

I first heard about this film several years ago — a few months after it’s 2001 release — and was immediately attracted to it. I mean, what could possibly be wrong with an indie, musical, dark-comedy, science-fiction western? Especially one that’s shot in black-and-white?

The American Astronaut <www.americanastronaut.com> has been making the art house and film festival rounds since it’s release at Sundance in January 2001. I had half a chance to catch it when it



played at the Sidewalk Moving Picture Festival <www.sidewalkfest.com> in Birmingham a couple of years ago, but Sidewalk is in late September and between end-of-fiscal-year work commitments and that October's Con†Stellation, I just couldn't get to it. So I was very pleased when I found out that it was going to be shown at the Flying Monkey Arts Center <www.flyingmonkeyarts.org> by the Film Co-Op <www.filmcoop.org>. And as a bonus, The Billy Nayer Show — the band whose music figures prominently in the film — was to play afterwards. Quite a bargain at the low \$5 admission the Film Co-Op charges.

I twisted a few arms of locals to join me at the film, but in the end the only other people from the “local” sf community that made it were Mike Cothran and Pat McAdams, the latter of whom drove down from Nashville for cripes sake! Next time I think you *all* should listen to me when I recommend a movie/experience :-) I did run into other friends from town, and both Mike and Pat also saw people they knew in the crowd of 50–75.

There were two modest disappointments to the evening. First, Mr. McAbee, who is a principle in The Billy Nayer Show, was ill so the band did not make the trip. Second, the film was shown using a DVD and video projector rather than from film. In the first case, I'd have loved to hear the band but it was a Thursday night so I probably would have regretted (all day at work that Friday) being out extra-late. In the second case, I should have probably expected the video projector, and it was a good one so the loss of quality versus film was not onerous even on the largish screen they have at FMAC.

Before I talk more about the film itself, I want to remark that going to a movie at FMAC is something of a nostalgic experience for many people vaguely of my generation. The building is a commercial property — basically a warehouse with a little office space partitioned off. There is a low stage (with the movie screen behind it) on one side of the open space. The chairs are a motley collection, mostly of folding and straight chairs that probably originated as castoffs when members of the Film Co-Op and other FMAC organizations upgraded their home furnishings. There are a few upholstered couches and chairs strewn around in the mix. (I chose one of the latter as my seat for the movie and was very comfortable. For someone of my size that's not a sure thing at even a commercial theater!) Because the throw of the projector is across the short dimension of the space, the chairs are mostly quite close to the screen. Meanwhile, looming in one's peripheral vision are various artworks for sale by other FMAC groups. Plus, the movie was preceded by a short-feature of a sort — a pitch for presidential candidate Dennis Kucinich by one of his local supporters who is a Co-Op member. All in all it had something of a 60's counterculture feel.

As to the movie itself, the basic plot can be summed up quickly and with little chance of hurting your enjoyment upon seeing the film. But hold on to your hat. Samuel Curtis (McAbee) is an interplanetary trader moving rare goods within the solar system. As the movie opens, he is arriving at the Ceres Crossroads Bar to complete the first part of a parlay trade masterminded by the Blueberry Pirate (Taylor). Curtis is dropping off a cat and picking up a Real Live Girl — who will in turn be traded at Jupiter for The Boy Who Actually Saw A Woman's Breast (Cook) — who will in turn be traded at Venus for the remains of Johnny R. — who will be returned to his grateful family on Earth. The reward for all this should set Curtis up for life. However (play a short snippet of sinister music in your head here), Curtis is being pursued by Professor Heiss (Sisto) who has a fixation on him and a peculiarly

homicidal outlook on life.

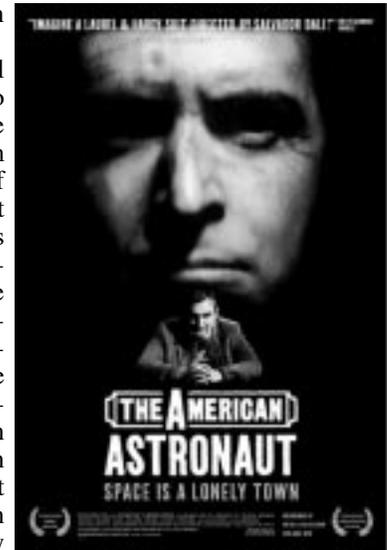
Whew! Of course all does not go according to plan and there are side trips and excursions from the plan. Perhaps one of the first big hints that things are a bit odd in this universe is the hand-lettered sign affixed to the outside door of the airlock at the Ceres Crossroads announcing a dance contest that evening, followed by the realization that there are no women at the bar. It turns out that in most of space women are a rare commodity indeed. Well, Venus is almost entirely women (now you know that Johnny R. died happy — and probably tired). And Earth is presumably still a mix of the sexes (though that's not terribly explicit).

Perhaps the second big hint is when two of the Blueberry Pirate's henchmen (played by Mark Manley and Ned Sublette) break into song in the men's room (I watched their dance to *Hey Boy* with almost slack-jawed amazement) followed by snapping a Polaroid of Curtis on the john and leaving him stranded in the dark. No, I stand corrected, by then there are *already* a half dozen other clues and one is only about 10 minutes into the movie.

Some of the moments in the movie are priceless, others not so much. Some of the “special effects” are incredibly cheesy (surely even a low-low budget film could have done better than *Flash Gordon* for their space ship effects) but others make brilliant use of inexpensive methods (how much did they spend on sand?). The homoerotic overtones of the various relationships (especially the professor's fixation on Curtis) will probably bother some people, to which my response is “grow up.”

In the end, *The American Astronaut* is something that can really only be experienced for one's self. Whether or not you like it will depend in large part on your taste in movies (and music, the soundtrack rocks!). If you're the type who doesn't get *at all* why anyone would like “midnight movies” and your idea of a great piece of music leans solely to classical or country or easy listening then you probably won't like *The American Astronaut*. Which isn't to say you shouldn't *see* the movie. If you can relax a bit then I can almost guarantee the experience won't hurt you. If you *do* get any of the above, then you definitely should start scouting around for a way to see this film.

Unfortunately, *The American Astronaut* isn't available commercially on DVD or VHS yet. That means most of you will have to go out of your way a bit to find it. As I was writing this review, I noticed on their web site that Huntsville's Film Co-Op has scheduled another showing, 10P Saturday 22 May at FMAC. The rest of you will have to watch for appearances at film festivals near you, for movie play dates at art house cinemas, and even for shows in towns to which you might be traveling. Hey, maybe it might even show up at a con. And sooner or later I expect it'll be available for purchase on DVD. When that happens, you can come over to my house and watch my copy.



Awards Roundup

Here's the latest roundup of awards news from the science fiction/fantasy/horror field.

CORRECTION TO RETRO HUGO NOMS

Noreascon Four has posted an amended listing of the nominees for the 2004 Retrospective Hugo Awards for work done in 1953 on its web site at <www.noreascon.org/hugos/nominees.html>. In the novella category, "Daughters of Earth" by Judith Merrill had been dropped because it was actually published in 1952. The story "**Three Hearts and Three Lions**" by Poul Anderson has been added to the list. This story is the novella-length version of this work; it was originally published in *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, September and October 1953. A full press release is available at <www.noreascon.org/pubs/press-release19.html>.

NEBULA AWARDS WINNERS

Winners of the 2003 Nebula Awards were announced at a banquet Saturday evening 17 April 2004 during the Nebula Awards Weekend in Seattle WA. The winners are:

Novel *The Speed of Dark*, Elizabeth Moon (Ballantine)
 Novella *Coraline*, Neil Gaiman (HarperCollins)
 Novelette "**The Empire of Ice Cream**,"
 Jeffrey Ford (*Sci Fiction*, 26 February 2003)
 Short Story "What I Didn't See,"
 Karen Joy Fowler (*Sci Fiction* 10 July 2002)
 Script *The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers*,
 Fran Walsh, Philippa Boyens, Stephen Sinclair,
 and Peter Jackson (New Line Cinema;
 based on the novel by J. R. R. Tolkien)

Other awards, as previously announced, were presented. The Damon Knight Memorial Grand Master Award was given to **Robert Silverberg**, and Service to SFWA Awards were presented to **Ann Crispin** and **Michael Capobianco**.

2004 DITMAR AWARDS

The winners for the 2004 Australian Science Fiction Awards (aka the Ditmar Awards) were announced Sunday 25 April during a ceremony held at Conflux, the 43rd Australian National Science Fiction Convention. These awards recognize excellence by Australians in science fiction, fantasy, and horror.

Ditmar Professional Categories

Novel *The Etched City*, Kirsten Bishop
 Novella "**La Sentinelle**," Lucy Sussex
 Short Story "**Room for Improvement**," Trudi Canavan
 Collected Work (tie) *Agog! Terrific Tales*,
 Catriona Sparks, and *Forever Shores*,
 Peter McNamara and Margaret Winch
 Best Artwork *Agog! Terrific Tales*, Catriona Sparks

Ditmar Fannish Categories

Fan Writer **Bruce Gillespie**
 Fan Artist **Les Petersen**
 Fan Production *Elsewhere Launch*, CSFG
 Fanzine *The Australian SF Bullshead*,
 Edwina Harvey and Edwin Scribner

Ditmar Special Award Categories

The William Atheling Jr. Award **Bruce Gillespie**
 Best New Talent **Kirsten Bishop**

JAMES WHITE AWARD

The James White Award is a short story competition open to non-professional writers and is decided by an international panel of judges made up of professional authors and editors. The award was instituted to honor the memory of one of

Ireland's most successful science fiction authors, James White.

This year's winner is **Deirdre Ruane** for "Lost Things Saved in Boxes." More information about the award can be found at <www.jameswhiteaward.com/2003winner.html>. Next year's award ceremony will take place at Interaction, the 2005 World Science Fiction convention, in Glasgow, Scotland.

ANALOG AND ASIMOV'S AWARDS

During the recent Nebula Awards Weekend, winners of the reader's polls for both *Analog* and *Asimov's* were announced.

AnLab (Analog) Winners

Novella "**Walk in Silence**,"
 Catherine Asaro (*Analog* April 2003)
 Novelette "**Tiny Berries**,"
 Richard A. Lovett (*Analog* September 2003)
 Short Story "**Lavender in Love**,"
 Brian Plante (*Analog* February 2003)
 Fact Article "**If a Tree Falls... or, The Secret
 History of Global Environmental Catastrophe**,"
 Catherine H. Shaffer (*Analog* December 2003)
 Cover **David A. Hardy** for the December issue
Asimov's Readers' Award Winners
 Novella "**Ariel**," Lucius Shepard
 (*Asimov's* October/November 2003)
 Novelette "**The Bellman**,"
 John Varley (*Asimov's* June 2003)
 Short Story "**Coyote at the End of History**,"
 Michael Swanwick (*Asimov's* October/November 2003)
 Poem "**Alternate History**,"
 Maureen McHugh (*Asimov's* August 2003)
 Cover Artist **Jim Burns**

2003 BSFA AWARD WINNERS

The winners of the British Science Fiction Awards were announced Sunday 11 April 2004 at Concourse, the 2004 British National Science Fiction Convention in Blackpool, UK. Award winners are selected by a vote of BSFA members and members of the convention. The winners are:

Novel *Felaheen*, Jon Courtenay Grimwood
 Short Fiction "**The Wolves in the Walls**,"
 Neil Gaiman and Dave McKean
 Artwork Cover of *The true knowledge of
 Ken MacLeod*, Colin Odell
 Non-Fiction *Reading Science Fiction*,
 Farah Mendlesohn

2003 IHG AWARDS

The International Horror Guild Awards, now in their tenth year, were presented at the World Horror Convention on Saturday 10 April 2004 in Phoenix AZ. The awards recognize outstanding achievement in the horror and dark fantasy fields. The awards are juried, but based on public recommendations. Judges for this year were Edward Bryant, Stefan R. Dziemianowicz, Bill Sheehan, and Hank Wagner. In addition to the annual awards **Stephen King** and **Everett F. Bleiler** were named Living Legends. **Jack Cady** was recognized with a posthumous Special Award. This year's winners are:

Novel *lostboy lostgirl*, Peter Straub (Random House)
 First Novel *Jinn*, Matthew B. J. Delaney (St. Martin's)
 Collection (tie) *The Two Sams: Ghost Stories*,
 Glen Hirshberg (Carroll & Graf), and
More Tomorrow & Other Stories,
 Michael Marshall Smith (Earthling Publications)
 Anthology *The Dark: New Ghost Stories*,
 Ellen Datlow, ed. (Tor)

Long Fiction *Louisiana Breakdown*,
Lucius Shepard (Golden Gryphon)

Medium Fiction “**Dancing Men**,”
Glen Hirshberg (*The Dark*)

Short Fiction “**With Acknowledgments to Sun Tzu**,”
Brian Hodge (*The Third Alternative* #33)

Periodical *All Hallows: The Journal of the
Ghost Story Society* (The Ghost Story Society)

Illustrated Narrative *The Goon*, Issues 1–4,
words and art by Eric Powell (Dark Horse)

Nonfiction *The Devil in the White City:
Murder, Magic, and Madness at the Fair
That Changed America*, Erik Larson (Crown)

Art **Caniglia**

Film *Spider*, directed by David Cronenberg,
screenplay by Patrick McGrath, based on his novel

Television *Carnivale*,
created by Daniel Knauf (Home Box Office)

No Need For A Reminder!

No Need for a Dragon with a Migraine — Chapter 14
by PieEyedDragon

Gamera: *Attend me, boy!*

Dragon: What can I do for you?

Gamera: *You can start by telling me what you think you
are doing here. Have you forgotten our purpose?*

Dragon: No, I have not.

Gamera: *You appear to have forgotten *your* purpose!

*Who are you!**

Dragon: I am... the Pie-Eyed Dragon... now King of
Jotunheim.

Gamera: *Elves called you that, laughing, when your
infant legs landed you face-first into that basket of pastries! I
ask again: *Who are you!**

Dragon: I am... Gamera-B.

Gamera: *What is *my* purpose!*

Dragon: First, the destruction of the Gyaos creatures.
Second, the protection of mankind. This knowledge you gave
to me.

Gamera: *Yes, and for what purpose did I create you?*

Dragon: You must sleep, for centuries at a time. You were
given a limited power of creation, to replace yourself, or for
whatever reason you decided was strategic to carry out your
Directive. I am he-who-watches-while-you-sleep. I intelli-
gently use my senses to scour the world for traces of the Gyaos.
Finding any active, I send the thought-signal to begin your
waking process and, if necessary, I fight a delaying skirmish.
In this contingency, I am expendable. Otherwise, I carry a
backup copy of your Directive and Knowledge. Should I
survive your destruction, I must create you again. My own
DNA is yours, with many gene sequences enzymatically
blocked or enhanced. Being asexual, like you, I must create an
egg with unblocked DNA, which would recreate a destroyed
you.

Gamera: *Good so far. But why are you not out there,
scanning?*

Dragon: My senses have continued to grow, and I need not
fly such close patterns anymore. For much of the past six
millennia, I have crossed and recrossed the world, leaving a
thread of magic wherever I go. This web was completed before
I accepted a temporary position in Japan and I remotely

monitor the entire planet for signs of Gyaos activity. It was also
becoming increasingly difficult to move about in Man’s world.
Now, I have done as you have done, and delegated much of the
search to others.

Gamera: *What others?*

Dragon: The Elves and Fairies are beholden to me. They
are scouring the Earth and Seas with senses equal or greater
than mine. They are examining every rock and mudball, inside
and out, from the highest mountain to the deepest ocean abyss.

Gamera: *Are they having any success?*

Dragon: Seventeen dormant Gyaos nests have so far been
located, plus three false ones that were booby-trapped. They
are researching old spells for the most effective means of
destroying them.

Gamera: *This sounds most satisfying.*

Dragon: There are some places the fairy-kind cannot
approach too closely. A second tier of search is about to begin.

Gamera: *Tell me about it.*

Dragon: These giants had put together a company of
weapons-grade wizards. They are currently unemployed, but I
shall give them employment. For purposes of locating things
that do not wish to be found, I have a uniquely appropriate tool
to place at their disposal. A tool that I cannot use as efficiently
as they.

Gamera: *What tool is that?*

(The dragon concentrates his attention within himself,
then leans forward and coughs until a spherical object rolls out
onto the snow. He picks it up and displays it to the Great
Turtle.)

Gamera: *What is this, and where did it come from?*

Dragon: That, Mother, is *another* story!

— O — O — O —

(Thunder and lightning are crashing around the ice pal-
ace.)

Dragon: Is Thor out there horsing around?

Druid: No, Lord. Lady Atali has arrived and been in-
formed of her father’s death. She is formally mourning, before
making an appearance here.

Dragon: I do hope she makes a thorough job of purging. If
she reconciles her status and accepts my rule, I may designate
her my heir-apparent. Is there any progress with opening
Naglfar?

Druid: Still locked, and ages ago my raging father killed
the mad Brownie who keyed the voice lock. They never liked
each other.

Dragon: I shall still try to find another who may have heard
the key.

Letters of Comment

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

Sheryl Birkhead
25509 Jonnie Court
Gaithersburg MD 20882

28 April 2004 (I think)

((I’m standing in the back of the back room at an auction
house — the first of Harry’s auctions — *not* supposed to be any
books/jewelry/records but there *are not* any zines. Wish I knew
more about the book values but I’d only go for sentimental. I’m
hoping to get some of the miscellaneous desktop “stuff” — will
see if I can wait that long.))

Yeouch — just reading about large cons is daunting (for me only — I do appreciate reading about them!).

Congrats to all the Hugo nominees — have a great trip to Noreascon 4.

[I went to a few commercial auctions many years ago and still get mailings from the auction company, mostly for estate sales. Every once in a while I'm tempted but I haven't been to one in so long I can't see why they keep me on their mailing list. Anyway, I hope you got at least a keepsake or two. -ED]

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

Lloyd Penney
<penneys@allstream.net>
1706-24 Eva Road
Etobicoke ON
Canada M9C 2B2

9 May 2004

Got the April *Shuttle*, but life hasn't allowed me to get around to it. A new job takes four hours out of my day by simply commuting to and from it, and trying to get life back to normal hasn't helped any. At least it's a weekend, I'm way past the deadline, and here's a loc anyway...

CostumeCon was held in Toronto one year... Yvonne was a costumer some years ago, and we participated in several

Worldcon masquerades in the 1980s. When CostumeCon arrived here, we volunteered our services to the committee, but we were ignored. So, the con came, and went, and we have heard very little about it since. What little we heard said it was a disaster... we were among many who volunteered, who were ignored, and who did not come as a result.

My letter... yes, I found work, but not the job I listed in my last letter. I left the publication fulfillment company, and now work for a printing company in Markham, just north of Toronto. CMI produces all the flyers for Wal Mart in Canada, amongst other clients, and I proofread everything the company produces. Not the most exciting work in the world, but it is paying me more money than I've ever made in my life, and is in direct line with my career path. The commute sucks, but otherwise, I am happy and secure, and I won't be walking a financial tightrope some time, knock on wood.

I will wrap it up here, and say my thanks. When the May issue arrives, I'll try to respond a little quicker. Hey, stranger things have happened... see you then.

[Well, your loc is indeed past the deadline but production of the *Shuttle* is on a very weird schedule this month (because of the Xanadu review) so I had time to slip it in. Sorry to hear about your experience with CostumeCon, but since each one is independently run one would expect that some will be run better than others. -ED]



P. O. Box 4857
Huntsville AL 35815-4857

The NASFA Shuttle is the newsletter of the North Alabama Science Fiction Association, Inc. This is the May 2004 edition (Volume 24, Number 5). NASFA Officers for 2004: President Mary Ortwerth; Vice President Mike Kennedy; Secretary Sam Smith; Treasurer Ray Pietruszka; Program Director Karen Hopkins; Publicity Director Doug Lampert. *Shuttle* Editor Mike Kennedy.

Comments, inquiries, and contributions of writing by email to: nasfa.shuttle@con-stellation.org — EDITORIAL ADDRESS (EMAIL)

Comments, inquiries, and contributions of writing by snailmail to: Mike Kennedy, 7907 Charlotte Drive SW,
Huntsville AL 35802-2841 — EDITORIAL ADDRESS (SNAILMAIL)

Dues (\$), subscriptions (\$), and Official Mail to: NASFA, Inc., P. O. Box 4857,
Huntsville AL 35815-4857 — OFFICIAL ADDRESS

Contents Copyright, © 2004. All rights revert to contributors. All opinions are those of the individual authors and do not reflect club policies other than by coincidence. LoCs subject to edited printing.

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