

## David Levine Wins James White Award

The 2001 James White Award, established to honor Ireland's best-loved sf writer, has been won by David Levine for his short story "Nucleon." Levine will receive a check for \$150 and a trophy. "Nucleon" will appear in the next issue *Interzone*.

Levine's story topped a field of more than 100 entries. The final judging was conducted by Michael Carroll, Ian McDonald, Kim Newman, Mike Resnick and David Pringle.

Levine is enjoying a breakthrough year as an sf writer. He's sold five stories and won two awards in 2001 (the other was second place in a Writers of the Future quarterly competition.)

Levine wrote online, "I am particularly honored by this award because James White was one of my favorite authors, both as a professional SF writer and as a fanzine writer."

The Award was presented at a ceremony in Queens University Belfast by White's daughter Patricia Larkin. White was Honorary President of the University's Science Fiction Society for many years and his granddaughter Sinead is presently a student there.

Levine continued, "I was not able to attend in person, but my old friend Lynne Ann Morse lives in Dublin and very kindly traveled to Belfast to accept the award on my behalf. I also sent an acceptance speech as a computer video file." He said that it was appropriate that as someone who was known for his work in fanzines and who was now moving into fiction writing, it was appropriate he should win an award named in honor of someone who was a fanzine writer before he became a professional. He encouraged the runners up to keep writing and to keep submitting their stories to publications.

Speaking at the ceremony, Michael Carroll said that *Nucleon* stood out from the very start and was the unanimous choice of the judging panel. Peggy White, widow of James White, felt it was a story that White would have loved to read had he been alive.

The James White Award is now accepting entries for the 2002 competition. Full details may be obtained from the Award's Website at <http://www.jameswhiteaward.com>

More photos of this year's ceremony can be found at:

<http://homepage.mac.com/stewart/>

## Dickson Estate

Sales of items from the late Gordon Dickson's estate have helped keep many things in the hands of fans, while generating money to cover unpaid medical expenses.

Joyce Scrivner wrote in her e-zine, "I purchased many books of his I didn't own



James White Award ceremony: (L to R) Michael Carroll, member of the Judging Panel; Patricia Larkin, White's daughter; Lynne Ann Morse, accepting for winner David Levine; Peggy White, widow of James White; and James Bacon, award administrator.

yet.... I also found an original Ken Fletcher/Jim Odbert poster from 1974 for a signing of *The Dragon and The George*, which is framed, and signed by many local fans. (I picked up the original Odbert calligraphy for the "Ballad of Jacques Chertein" and a signed print as well.) I acquired some... odds and ends of other bits both fannish (the Sue Mason plaque for Gordie from Follycon) and not (some small wooden Panda book-marks.)"

Other fans have also purchased items from the sale. It's reassuring to hear that many of his sfnal things are finding homes with people who value them.

Joyce adds, "There is talk about creating a Gordie Dickson scholarship for Clarion and there has been discussion among the local fan groups of contributions to it."

## I'm Back From The Outback

Eric Lindsay and Jean Weber finished their Australian driving odyssey. Here what Eric's says about the last leg of the trip:

"As foreshadowed in my previous letter, we did indeed get to Lake Eyre, down in South Australia. It had lots of water in it, for about the third time in a century. The desert rainfall had been high for the past few years, 13 inches last year, and six inches this year so far, way up on the 2-4 inches that are usual. Lots of bird life. Took a couple of flights over both the north and the south lake.

The lakes are partly in Anna Creek station, the largest cattle station in the world. Since I'm sure Texas fans may wish to point to some of their ranches, I'll mention we drove through more than five cattle stations, each larger than the largest in Texas. Anna Creek was over 30,000 square kilometres, and sold off a chunk twice as large as the largest Texan ranch. We also saw the Maree Man, a five kilometre earth figure on a plateau. The original is unknown, but suspicion falls on US and Australia army maneuvers in the area around 1990.

"We expected to have to drive via Bourke and Broken Hill, the long way around. However the roads had dried out, so we went on the dirt roads down the Strzelecki Track, up the Oodnadatta Track, and came back via the Birdsville Track. Saved thousands of kilometres of driving, and several weeks. Almost 2000 km without getting off the dirt, and 1860 kms as the longest distance between fuel stops (I admit our long range fuel tanks are fairly extreme).

"We got back so early that we took another trip a few weeks later, which was why we didn't hear of the terrorist attack on the USA until several days after it happened. Being out of touch isn't always a good idea."

## Moon Flag Contest

The Moon Society is launching a contest to design a flag for the people of the moon.



Everybody is welcome and encouraged to participate, and kids in grades K-12 are eligible to win things. The home page for the Moon Society's Lunar Flag Design Contest is at:

<http://www.moonsociety.org/flag/>

"It will be interesting to see if anyone thinks of the brass cannon with the bar sinister," kidded Greg Bennett.

The National Space Grant Foundation will announce the project to all the heads of the state space grant consortia. Bennett adds, "I expect we'll have a lot of fun with it. And if all goes well, kids just might learn something!"

### **Pluto Has Gas**

When last heard from, space advocate Tim Kyger was rounding up people to fax letters to Senator Barbara Mikulski (D-MD) asking her to fund a Pluto flyby mission. Tim ex-

plained, "Pluto is the only planet in the Solar System that has yet to be visited by Man (*don't* please give me any grief about whether or not Pluto is a planet, or whether or not a visit by a robotic spacecraft constitutes a visit by "Man" <grin>)."

It's not just that Tim feels we've neglected our celestial neighbor by failing to send the welcome wagon. There are urgent scientific reasons:

"Due to the eccentricity of Pluto's orbit, it has an atmosphere for only a part of its orbit, when it is closer to the Sun. For most of its orbit, its atmosphere is frozen out on its surface. Closer to the Sun, as it is now, its atmosphere outgases into existence as ices melt, with the freezing out of its atmosphere occurring again as Pluto recedes outward from the Sun again in its highly elliptical orbit. It would be a great scientific boon to observe its atmosphere. In a few years that

won't be possible – at least until another several hundred years have again passed. In other words, if we want to see Pluto with an atmosphere, the time to look is *now*."

Even if mailed first class, a flyby mission will take up to 12 years to reach Pluto. Tim explains:

"Mission flight time depends upon the mass of the launched spacecraft, the power of the launch vehicle, and whether or not the mission can use a Jupiter gravity assist – and indeed, which assist opportunity is used). Under current planning, a flight launched in either 2004 or 2006 would be able to use a Jupiter assist; after that, Jupiter and Pluto will not be aligned in a way to avail a Jupiter swingby. This also assumes the spacecraft in question to be one in the mass range of the Pluto Kuiper Express-type of spacecraft, which is a general design that elements of NASA have been pursuing for almost 15 years now. The cost of a Pluto flyby mission would be roughly \$500 million, which designs and builds the spacecraft, pays for the launch, and for the decade or more of mission operations through

Pluto encounter. (That's the cost of a single Shuttle mission, by the way...)"

Tim's e-mail came out around Labor Day, just after the House and Senate had passed NASA appropriations. Only the Senate included money for Pluto and Tim wanted to get the attention of the conference committee so that the Pluto funding stayed in when it reconciled the two bills. Stay tuned....

### **Feghoot Wants YOU!**

Dave Clark of ConJose, the 2002 Worldcon, writes, "In order to properly pay homage to our Imaginary Guest of Honor, Ferdinand Feghoot, and raise his image in the public's consciousness, we are looking for people who can write new Feghoots for our publications and web page. What we need are two sorts of Feghoots:

"(1) The standard Feghoot, featuring the exploits of our GoH, to be printed in our

publications and web page before the convention. The standard Feghoot is a shaggy dog story, approx. 200-400 words long, ending in a wretched pun. (This is for one-time publication. There are no plans to collect these Feghoots after the convention. The copyright will read "Copyright 2001 by (your name here) and Fred Flaxman, with permission from the Reginald Bretnor Literary Estate." The estate of Bretnor -- Feghoot's creator -- is under the care of Fred Flaxman.)

"(2) Feghoots for presentation at Con-Jose. The plan is this: at events that feature the Guests of Honor, whenever Ferdinand Feghoot's name is called, someone comes out and delivers a Feghoot that explains why he's not there at the ceremony. We hope to continue this practice throughout the convention at panels and such."

### Medical Updates

**John Foyster** suffered a stroke on September 28. According to Australian fans, the CAT scans did not show damage, meaning the stroke was probably not as severe as it might have been.

**Gay Ellen Dennett** was scheduled for gall bladder surgery after Millennium Philcon. So she found herself at the Boston bid parties busily preparing scads of food her doctor had forbidden her to eat. (The surgery was successful.)

Moshe Feder reports that prior to Millennium Philcon, **Linda Bushyager** was operated on to remove a football-sized ovarian cyst -- benign, fortunately. She was recovering at home and was unable to attend the Worldcon.

### Sidewise Award

The winners of this year's Sidewise Award for Alternate History were announced at MilPhil.

**Best Long Form:** Mary Gentle, *The Book of Ash* (Gollancz, 2000; Avon 1999-2000)

**Best Short Form:** Ted Chiang, "Seventy-Two Letters," *Vanishing Acts*, edited by Ellen Datlow, Tor 2000.

### Le Guin and Marley Share 2001 Endeavour Award

Two of the Northwest's most respected writers will share this year's \$1,000 Endeavour Award. Portland's Ursula K. Le Guin shares the Award for *The Telling*, (Harcourt). Redmond, Washington's Louise Marley is gaining wide recognition for the high quality of her writing and will share the Endeavour for her fifth book, *The Glass Harmonica* (Ace).

The Endeavour Award honors a distinguished science fiction or fantasy book, either a novel or a single-author collection, by a Pacific Northwest writer that was first pub-

lished in the year preceding the award. A total of 28 books were entered for this year's award, which was presented November 9 at OryCon. This is the third time the annual Award has been given -- novelist Greg Bear won it in 1999 and 2000.

"Science fiction and fantasy have always contained a mix of novels and short stories, and we are delighted that two of our finalists are single-author collections of stories," said Endeavour Award chairman James Fiscus. "Our nominees this year covered the full range of our field, including science fiction, space opera, fantasy, and fantasy with a touch of horror. They also included mass market, trade paperback, and hardcover books. We also had three print-on-demand books entered, with one of them becoming a finalist."

The judges for the 2001 Award were Dave Duncan, Elizabeth Hand, and Michael P. Kube-McDowell.

The Endeavour Award represents a collaborative effort by writers and fans of Science Fiction and Fantasy to recognize works of excellence. It is named for the H.M. Bark Endeavour, the ship in which Capt. James Cook explored the Pacific and is sponsored by Oregon Science Fiction Conventions, Inc. (OSFCI), the organization that sponsors OryCon and other Oregon conventions. The corporation also sponsors the Jo Clayton Memorial Medical Fund and the Susan Petrey Clarion Scholarships.

### Smof Stuff Wanted

Chris "The Magician" O'Shea announced online, "I'm looking for volunteers to write up some articles for the SMOF.COM website. Don't worry if you want to remain anonymous or want me to edit and pull the articles together, I'm happy to do that ... the particular articles I'd like to get are:

"(1) How to bid for a worldcon (parties, publications, publicity, bid committees, communication, handling problems, contacting potential guests etc. etc. Plus how to handle getting the vote out and what to do when you've gone to all this effort and you find you've lost (sour grapes are fine, but I may edit them or allow a rebuttal....);

"(2) How to run local conventions;

"(3) How fandom differs in different parts of the US (for the rest of the world the US is one country, but once you are in the good ol' US of A, it becomes very clear that LA fans are different from Boston fans and different from New York fans and from Washington D.C. fans and from Atlanta fans etc. etc.)

"(4) Anything else that you think would be good on the SMOF.COM website. (I've left it without any updates for too long and I'm trying to bring it back up to date and add new stuff so people come back and find use-

ful stuff there!) In particular if there were/are any forms (membership, masquerade, party booking etc.) that might be useful to pass on to other conventions, operations handbooks, advice on handling Fire Marshals etc. then they would all be greatly appreciated." Contact O'Shea through: [www.smof.com](http://www.smof.com),

### Elephant Express

Only five years after L.A.con III members voted the award, SCIFI has delivered the *Animal Farm* Retro-Hugo, to the agent for the George Orwell Estate.

Bruce Pelz explains, "This was the first opportunity we had to bring the Hugo over and deliver it. We didn't want to ship it -- a previous shipment of a Hugo into the UK resulted in the recipient having to fight HM Customs to get out of VAT and god knows what other taxes. Since there was no reason to think the Estate wanted the thing enough to go through *that*, the personal delivery route was the simplest, if not particularly timely."

### Changes of Address

Chris M. Barkley, 110 Bavarian Drive Apt. E, Middletown, OH 45044-5448

Ron & Linda Bushyager, 4025 Mitra Ct., Las Vegas, NV 89103-0162

Grant Canfield, 7 Flemings Court, Sausalito, CA 94965

Francis Hamit, E-mail: [francishamit@earthlink.net](mailto:francishamit@earthlink.net)

Rick Katze, E-mail: [rickkatze@directvinternet.com](mailto:rickkatze@directvinternet.com)

Chris Nelson, P. O. Box 1571, Apia, Samoa  
Pat Porter, 16024 NE 26th Street, Bellevue WA 98008

Keith Stokes, E-mail: [sfreader@sff.net](mailto:sfreader@sff.net)

Leigh Strother-Vien, E-mail:

[leighsv@earthlink.net](mailto:leighsv@earthlink.net)

Amy Thomson and Edd Vick, 1505 SW Alaska St., Seattle, WA 98106

### No Longer Homeless

Pat and Roger Sims e-mailed their friends this update about their move to Florida: "[In August] we signed a contract on a house in Orlando; ...the house inspection went well, so it now looks as if we will no longer have to pitch a tent for us and the cats in Dick Spelman's back yard! With no problems, we should close on September 24 (the same as here), the movers come on the 26th and we should be in Orlando on the 28th or 29th... The new address is 7030 Villa Estelle Drive, Orlando, FL."

# *Fannish Perspectives on the WTC Attack*

## *Fans Wonder If Friends Are Safe*

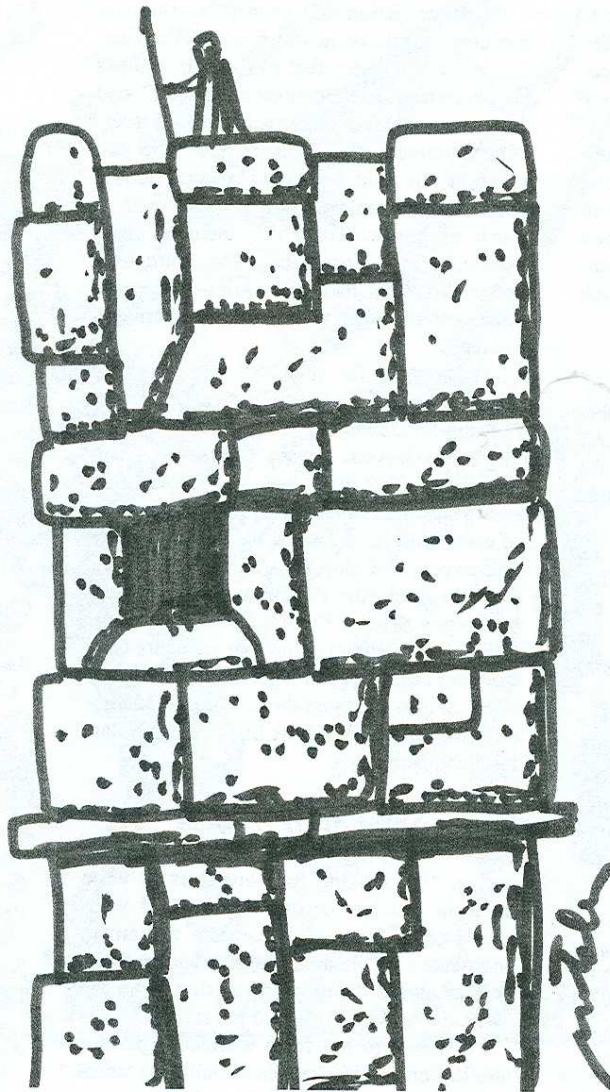
by Mike Glycer

Diana awakened to the radio alarm and told me the news reports about a plane crashing into the World Trade Center. My answer -- "You're kidding," -- was not really disbelief, only a way of resisting the dreadful images that came to mind. We soon learned the truth was even worse than we imagined. And the attacks were on cities where we knew dozens of people: were they safe?

We were in Northern California at an offsite campus of APU that lacked a TV set, but had given every student and teacher a laptop computer and wireless Internet connections. Under the conditions, a computer was a better tool for finding out what I was anxious to know. New York fans immediately began an e-mail "roll call," and someone created a web page to list names of those who'd been in touch. In the DC area, Rich Lynch reported seeing the smoke of the Pentagon from his office across the river. Fortunately, no fans in either location were killed or injured. And none were aboard the hijacked planes.

The tragedy did directly touch the family of Ellen Caswell, formerly active in DC-area clubs in the 1980s and early 1990s. Her brother, William Caswell, was one of the workers killed when the American Airlines jet hit the Pentagon.

This profoundly criminal act has rocked the entire country, and the effects will be felt for years to come. In the following columns, Ed Green remembers the moment of the attack, then Tim Marion shares his experiences living in Manhattan in the days following the attack, and probing his personal frustration about whether justice will be done.



## *September 11* by Ed Green

Life is always about perceptions. Every day colors your view of the world you knew before, and what you've learned.

September 11, 2001 certainly was no different.

I'd fumbled the snooze button on my clock radio, shutting down the alarm in hopes that the 6-minute lull would translate into some deep restful sleep. But the LA radio station went to a news bulletin. Sleep-fogged, my brain still caught the basic story. A plane had crashed into one of the two towers of the

World Trade Center. "Wow!" I thought, "That's just like the time the US Army bomber crashed into the Empire State Building in the 40s." I crawled out of bed and shambled into the living room, clicking on the TV. After making a cup of tea, I sat down intending to watch a few minutes.

They were showing the tower that had been hit. I was impressed with how much smoke was pouring out of the building. And here my first perception came to life. Amazing how a small plane could cause all that damage and smoke. Of course it was a small plane. One of those 4-passenger prop jobs. Someone with only a couple of dozen hours of solo stick time. Yeah, they could really screw up and slam into a big building.

But I'd forgotten the time I'd walked through the lobby of the WTC North Tower, the sense of weight, of imposing mass, the ever so slight fear of being under something that couldn't possibly stand up. Forgotten the size of the thing. That was critical. Had I remembered the true size of the building, I would have known that no small plane could have possibly started such a large fire and done so much damage.

Twenty years in the military, six working with a trained bomb sniffing police dog, five pushing papers with an Artillery Battalion and just over eight as an

Intelligence Analyst, I learned things about explosions and their effects on people and things. When I saw the explosion, the sky covering sheets and walls of flame spurting out from the building, old facts and training suddenly fought for first place in my thoughts. There was information missing. This wasn't right. An accident rarely goes this badly unless it's a military jet with weapons.

About then the voices of the TV anchors settled into understandable words, instead of noises competing with my own thoughts.

"My God, that was another jet!"

"It just flew into the second tower!"

"Rewind the video, rewind the video!"

Another jet? What? I didn't see it. NBC had the lower quarter of the screen covered with advertising. On the far right of the screen was the Channel 4 logo. There was another

jet? Huh?

"Hurry -- rewind it."

"Did you see it -- oh my God!"

"Its still burning -- get that video on!"

The TV image froze. The banners disappeared. The reporter was saying something and a dark outline flew onto the screen from my right hand side. I could see the two huge engines, since the plane was banked onto its port side. It just moved across the screen, from right to left. A brief moment and then it disappeared behind the smoking tower. A pause, quicker than the onset of pain from a match, faster than the tingle of the first hint of true love.

And on the far left side of the building, the flare of hell fires.

"The World Trade Center is under attack!"

That's what one of the talking heads is yelling.

Can't be. That's something you'd see in a really bad movie. This is a lot of things, but it's not a bad movie. If it were, my set would be showing something else. Anything else. The remote is almost broken by my thumbing as I'm slamming through all the channels. Something else. Even a commercial for Monday Night Football. But no, the same two buildings are leaking smoke. Planes don't attack buildings. Aliens from space do. I could believe it was a UFO more easily than what I was watching.

Now, there's just a pillar of smoke rising up, polluting the sky. I should feel something. Some emotion. And I do.

The number of times I've felt it is less than five. That shifting of your soul that always seems to start in your belly and then rush all through you. Electric in speed, warm in an unhealthy way, bringing me as close to those ancestors who lived in caves as I'll ever get. Fear as plain and raw as we ever feel it.

I'd just watched the start of an attack on America. I'd just watched thousands of people die. What the Hell is going on?

There aren't words to describe anything about what we've just seen. For all our growth and civilization, the Human Race is incapable of conveying emotions like these in words.

What would these people have said when Mount Vesuvius exploded above them? How can anything noble and important be said walking through the killing fields of Cambodia?

If professional reporters are reduced to fumbling for the right words, what about someone like me? What about the millions of us who sat and stared at the television? We also are struck mute. But now, I understand the emotions of a lone reporter who one night in Lakehurst, New Jersey watched an airship burn and crash. "Oh the Humanity!" he cried.

Now, I not only understand his emotions, I share them. And his tears.

## Some Thoughts on What's Happening by Tim Marion

**September 15:** There is an unusual hush that has fallen over the streets of the Lower East Side of Manhattan. Gone is the usual roar of the traffic, which normally does not cease even at night. The bridges have been closed, and almost no vehicular traffic has been on the streets. The police are everywhere, establishing checkpoints at 14th and Houston Streets, and surrounding the entire area. The people walk around with a haunted look in their eyes - they try to look and act normal, but you can tell the difference. Everyone looks as though they have stared death in the face and wondered why he didn't take them too, and wonder when their turn will actually come. Smiles are a rare commodity in New York now.

The president was in town today, and the constant whooshing growl of unseen jet engines, high in the sky, caused both me and others to look skyward with a questioning gaze; knowing, even if we did see something coming, we would most likely be unable to avoid it in time. No one knows what to expect or why this is happening. Although it is technically, in terms of its devastation, an act of war, at the same time, the fact that it's an act of terrorism means that it was designed more to frighten and demoralize the American people as opposed to totally destroying us. An act orchestrated by a mad coward with de-

lusions that he will get away with it and that it doesn't matter if he doesn't. Someone who believes he serves God in the form of Allah, but most likely serves Kali (Hindu death goddess) and Mammon (Biblical demon who thrives on suffering). We are facing an enemy whose face remains hidden and who, if his face was not, still could not be negotiated with - this is a human enemy so inimical to our life that we must squash it the same as we would any insect or parasite which threatens us. In order to fight this war, we will have to descend to his level and fight a long, drawn-out war of subterfuge and conspiracies - merely bombing the hell out of deserts or hospitals and schools will accomplish nothing except more misery.

**September 17:** When I came back to work Thursday and Friday nights, I found a huge outpouring of email concern for me from all around the globe --- Dick Jenssen from Australia was telling me that he and Bruce Gillespie's wife had hunted for East Broadway on the map and duly discovered that it was a mite too close to Ground Zero, and had been concerned. Not only that, but eventually Jeff's [e-mail] server came back up and there were two people there who had discovered they could e-mail me that way. Thank you all, you really have no idea. Honestly

