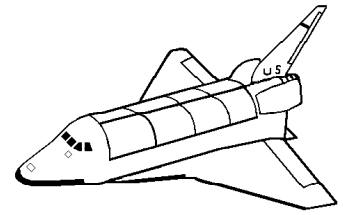


The



SHUTTLE

Our 20th Year of Publication! November 2000

The NASFA Meeting will be 18 November 2000 at the Regular Time and Location

Oyez, Oyez

The next NASFA meeting will be 18 November 2000 at the regular time (6P) and the regular location (room 130 of the Madison City Municipal Building).

It's election time — come to the November meeting prepared to nominate and be nominated. Or prepared to dodge a nomination.

The November program is still in flux at press time. The November after-the-meeting-meeting will be at Mike Kennedy's house.

October Minutes

by Samuel A. Smith, Unglued

The October meeting of the North Alabama Science Fiction Association was called to order on Saturday, October 21, 2000 in Room 130 in the Madison City Municipal Building at 6:20P by Vice-President Mike Kennedy, subbing once again for the overworking President Anita Eisenberg.

OLD BUSINESS

Still no ad hoc committee meeting to clean up the Shuttle mailing list. Scheduling attempts are in progress.

NEW BUSINESS

Mike Cothran recommends Wil McCarthy's Bloom.

CONVENTION BUSINESS

Saved for the program (Con†Stellation post-mortem).

DSC 40 BUSINESS

Still looking for volunteers.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Mike Cothran found a \$5 bill — can anybody identify it? Mike Cothran (also) recommends Jack McDevitt's Moonfall. Many Al Gore jokes were made during the synopsis.

Our own Marie McCormack will be doing a "Celebrity Book Reading" on Wednesday, November 15th at the Airport Road location of Books-A-Million.

The meeting was adjourned at 6:31P. The program was the annual Con†Stellation post-mortem. The After-The-Meeting Meeting was held at Robin Ray's home.

NASFA Calendar

NOVEMBER

- 07 Election Day.
10-12 Tropicon 19 — Hollywood Beach FL.
11 Veteran's Day.
11 Remembrance Day (Canada).
17-19 Exoticon — New Orleans LA.
18* NASFA Meeting — 6P Business, 7P Program, at the Madison City Municipal Building. ATMM at Mike Kennedy's house.
22 BD: Nancy Renee Peters.
23 Thanksgiving Day.
23 BD: Michael D. Kennedy.
23 BD: Wilson "Bob" Tucker.
24-26 Concat 12 — Knoxville TN.
29 BD: Howard Camp.
30 BD: Richard Gilliam.

(continued on page 2)

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Deadline for the December 2000 issue of The NASFA Shuttle is Friday, 1 December 2000.

World Fantasy Awards

The 2000 World Fantasy Awards (for works published in 1999) were presented Sunday October 29 during a banquet at the World Fantasy Convention in Corpus Christi TX. Judges for this year's awards were Suzi Baker, W. Paul Ganley, Tim Holman, Marvin Kaye, and Melissa Scott. The winners were:

LIFE ACHIEVEMENT

Michael Moorcock

LIFE ACHIEVEMENT

Marion Zimmer Bradley

BEST NOVEL

Thraxas, Martin Scott (Orbit)

BEST NOVELLA (tie)

"The Transformation of Martin Lake," Jeff VanderMeer (*Palace Corbie* 8)

"Sky Eyes," Laurel Winter (*F&SF* March 1999)

BEST SHORT FICTION

"The Chop Girl," Ian R. MacLeod (*Asimov's* December 1999)

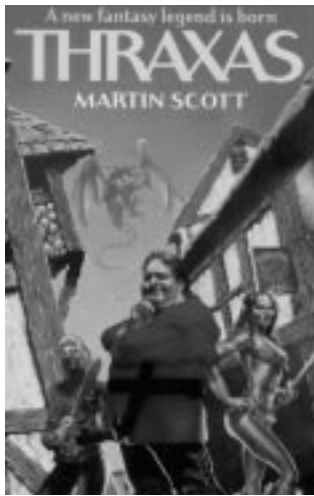
BEST ANTHOLOGY

Silver Birch, Blood Moon, Ellen Datlow and Terri Windling, editors (Avon)

BEST COLLECTION (tie)

Moonlight and Vines, Charles de Lint (Tor)

Reave the Just and Other Tales, Stephen R. Donaldson (Voyager 1998; Bantam Spectra 1999)



BEST ARTIST

Jason Van Hollander

SPECIAL AWARD PROFESSIONAL

Gordon Van Gelder (for editing *F&SF* and at St. Martin's)

SPECIAL AWARD NON-PROFESSIONAL

The British Fantasy Society

NASFA CALENDAR (continued from page 1)

DECEMBER

- 12 BD: Toni Weisskopf.
- 16* NASFA Meeting — 6P Business, 7P Program, at the Madison City Municipal Building. ATMM TBD.
- 17 BD: Robin Ray.
- 19 BD: Harry Warner, Jr.
- 22 Hanukkah.
- 25 Christmas Day.
- 26 BD: Michael R. Stone.
- 26 Kwanzaa begins.
- 26 Boxing Day.
- 31 New Millennium's Eve Party at Mike Kennedy's house.

JANUARY 2001

- 01 New Millennium's Day.
- 03 BD: Jim Kennedy.
- 03 BD: Karen Hopkins.
- 05 BD: Debbie Mitchell.
- 05-07 GAFilk — Atlanta GA.
- 06 BD: Rich Garber.
- 07 BD: Douglas E. Lampert.
- 12-14 Chattacon XXVI — Chattanooga TN.
- 15 BD: Martin Luther King.
- 20* NASFA Meeting — 6P Business, 7P Program, at the Madison City Municipal Building. ATMM TBD.
- 20 Inauguration Day.
- 20 BD: Larry Montgomery.

FEBRUARY 2001

- 02 Groundhog Day.
- 08 BD: Lin Cochran.
- 09 BD: Jack Lundy.
- 10 BD: Marcia Illingworth.
- 11 BD: Jeanna Woosley.
- 12 BD: Abraham Lincoln.
- 14 St. Valentine's Day.
- 17* NASFA Meeting — 6P Business, 7P Program, at the Madison City Municipal Building. ATMM TBD.
- 17 BD: Nancy A. Cucci.
- 19 Presidents' Day.
- 21 BD: Susan Stockell.
- 22 BD: George Washington.
- 25 BD: Nicholas Mitchell.

Oo

The North Alabama Science Fiction Association meets on the third Saturday of each month. (Unless there is a large nearby convention being held that weekend — in which case we usually hold the meeting on the second or fourth weekend.) The regular meeting location is room 130 of the Madison City Municipal Building. The Executive Committee meeting (if scheduled) is held at 5P. The business meeting is held at 6P. The program begins at 7P. Anyone is welcome to attend any of the meetings. There is usually an after-the-meeting meeting with directions available at the program.

The Deflowering of a Con Virgin

My Thoughts and Reflections on Con†Stellation Virgo
by Karen Hopkins

Being a recent member of NASFA and luckily being allowed entrance to the inner sanctum of *con*-dom I had a bringing up that I am glad to have had. I knew almost from the beginning how a convention was put together — and hey, it didn't even scare me off — but I do remember rolling my eyes and gaping in amazement a few times at concom meetings. The con gods and goddesses immediately had me involved in a department (t-shirts) and all the e-mails sent back and forth, so even if I didn't have any *input* in the goings on I did *know* what was going on.

So, getting past all that and in the interest of not taking up the whole issue of the *Shuttle* I'll get on with it. Thanks, Mike, for your patience and calm demeanor as I ramble on a bit — but you're used to that, aren't you?

I had reached a level of excitement by the time the week of the con was here. Like I said above I had been in on the planning so I knew not exactly what to expect but sorta. I had taken two vacation days from work for this. I knew already that would be needed time.

Thursday night was dinner with the guests. I got home from work that afternoon and decided on my party frock then went off to the hotel in search of the people that I should be hooking up with. I found a few of them and milled around the hotel for a bit before heading for the restaurant. There we found many more laying in wait for the rest of us and the guests — all of whom were coming in at different times and on different flights. The Artist Guest of Honor Kenneth Waters and Master of Ceremonies Eric Flint arrived with Marie McCormack and we sat and ordered drinks. Kenneth and I both ordered crab rangoon and realized our mutual love of those little tidbits. Various chatter from all tables and the usual larger party goings on kept things active. Marie had to leave to pick up the Guests of Honor James D. Macdonald and Debra Doyle so some of us retired to the smoking area of the restaurant. Some of the other people at the dinner left for the evening so when the Guests of Honor got there it was a smaller group at dinner. We all eventually got back to the hotel for last minute checks and balances.

The next morning I grabbed bag and baggage at home and headed back for the hotel and the official opening of the con. I found my table and my t-shirts and went to breakfast, knowing that it might be the last planned meal I had for a bit — and as it turns out, it was. After breakfast it was down to the art show to get the t-shirts and set up next to Sam Smith, the god of registration.

People were already milling around at this point and eagerly watched and oohed and aahed as this year's shirts went up on the racks. As a con virgin, and only hearing stories of what to expect, I eagerly sat at my table and waited for the show to begin. I didn't have to wait long. People whose names and stories I had heard began to register. Registrations and t-shirt sales were pretty brisk most of the afternoon — I enjoyed very much being that close to the heart of the show — and all around me ran various other concom people doing assorted duties and running helter skelter while talking to each other on the radios. Those, I'm told, were a blessing to have and as the con



progressed I could certainly see that.

Before I knew it I was getting my relief pitcher in and I was off to see what I could see. My first stop was the con suite. There I saw various con attendees sprawled on the furniture talking and reminiscing about past cons and speculating on what would happen this weekend. I quickly hooked up with my gods and goddesses and stuck to them like a burr — I figured they wouldn't steer me wrong. Or hopefully they would. The rest of the night is pretty much a blur of going from room to room and laughing and meeting new friends, with many stories to tell and hear. I did make it back to the con suite in time to have some delicious offerings made by the con suite goddess Robin Ray. A awesome food. I proposed to her and am still waiting for an answer.

I turned in pretty early Friday night not knowing exactly how to pace myself. I missed dancing like a virgin but I figured I'd get a chance to do that at some point later on.

Saturday saw me bright and early finding the t-shirts and putting them on the racks for another day of watching and adding to the con attendees wardrobe. I did manage to sneak off to the restaurant for a quick cup of coffee with the powers that were. I sold many a shirt and wrapped up early so I could go be the wife of a mad scientist for the *Newlywed Game* program. By the end of that I ran off with a Klingon. Has that always been a dream of mine? I'm not sure.

I also made it to the art show to find something to bring home with me — and the dealer's room. Both places were happy to take my money and I was happy to give it to them. I saw many pretty things but alas, couldn't have them all. Then it was back to my room to put on the hall costume that took me months to piece together. Pictures of that are in the hands of various friends and one is to be seen on the Con†Stellation website < www.con-stellation.org >. I never really found my virgin but had some volunteers ;-)

After I donned my horn and tail I dashed off to the masquerade. I didn't enter, I wanted to see how it went first and what everybody else did to entertain the audience. I watched a bit of the pre-judging from the audience seats and was very impressed with the costumes I saw. Then the audience was let in and the actual masquerade began. Like I said, the costumes were wonderful and some people did monologues or something to convey what they were. I was very impressed with The Lady of Mystery — what a voice. I can imagine what she could do with a band backing her up. I don't mean to single any one entrant out and to slight the others but I've always been in awe of people who can sing a cappella. All of the entrants were fabulous and talented costume designers. During the intermission the audience was invited to share personal con stories and I enjoyed hearing those also. The hall costumers were also invited up to show themselves off and there is where I found my virgin — or should I say he found me. (Those pictures are also in the hands of friends.) Then again, I'm having trouble believing in his virginity so I'm still looking. We made quite the couple. Thanks anyway German — and can I borrow those shoes?

Saturday night I still didn't make it to the dance — sorry Marie. I meant to I really did. Next year I'll know to pace



myself better.

Sunday morning found me at breakfast again with the con gods and goddesses, then off to spend the day in the con suite selling shirts and seeing everybody who was still wandering around and pre-registering for next year. Thomas and Elaine



Demon-Bunny sat with me all afternoon and they were quite pleasant company — a bit quiet but can they dance!

People came in throughout the day to say good bye as they were off for points everywhere. Plans were exchanged to meet at other cons and to be back next year for Con†Stellation Camelopardalis.

I played spades until late Sunday night with the few who just don't know when to wrap it up. That's good because I don't always know when either. The big stuff from the con was already packed in the truck by then so we could relax a bit.

Monday morning found us busy making sure everything was packed up and ready to go — but were we? I wanted to stay some more but convoyed out and headed for lunch. A good part of the concom was there along with out of town queen's drones Jeff and Amanda Freeman — and we can't forget Pat's ass (although he might want to).

I had a wonderful time and wanted to do it again the next weekend, but they told me I had to wait until next year <pout, pout>. So until next year, and I'm still looking for my virgin.

Con†Stellation Report 2000

by Carlo R. DeShouten

I arrived early at the hotel, the Sheraton Airport in Huntsville which they used again. I think it was Thursday evening and I helped setting up the art room at the con and also moved some furniture. I met the Master of Ceremonies Eric Flint and he was real nice and he talked about his moving around the countryside. He likes LA and wishes he was there but now lives in Illinois and hates scraping the ice off the windshield in the wintertime. And usually works nights and is not much of a day person. And he was an interesting person to talk to.

The convention started slowly. Not many people showed up until late Friday night. And it wasn't as big as last year. My only disappointment is no video room again — same excuse as last year — and of course no *Rocky Horror Picture Show*. I don't know what's gotten into them. It's ruining tradition.

Mostly I've been up on the sixth floor jamming on my CD boombox and playing guitar and pretending I'm on drugs in the LARP. And I got a few listeners. Mostly they like Guru Guru, the avant guard Circles, Irish folk-metal group Cruachin, King Black Acid, Rush, and of course Hawkwind.

LIVE ACTION ROLE PLAYING

The same people from the Emergency Society were there this year and I was [the] same character [as last year] only this time I nearly turned as a bum. But the gaming got interesting a little later. There was some incident that some kid who didn't know about LARP started shooting people for no reason. Fortunately the situation was under control.

There was a game show hosted by the beautiful German and I was one of the contestants and I nearly became the sole survivor except I didn't know who was on the face of the \$100 savings bond.

The game kept going on until a bunch of eco-terrorists attempted to take over the game show and planned to kill everyone in the room unless their demands were met. Fortunately they were thwarted by a bunch of super heroes and they saved the day.

As for me one morning someone dropped me a huge diamond and I'm rich beyond my wildest dreams. Unfortunately I'm told the FBI is looking for the diamond and I was being framed for stealing it. But there was also seduction by a beautiful woman who wanted the diamond. It ended when the lawyers made a deal with me by giving me lots of cash and so my bar was saved.

THE MASQUERADE

Even though I was in it I was the last entry because I forgot who was in it. I was Stone Cold Carlo (related to Stone Cold Steve Austin of the WWF) and I beat up the special guest of all fandom William Shatner. And thus I told the audience how much Shatner is famous and how much I beat him up. And then I complained I didn't get my trophy and I started drinking beer on stage. Then one of the female convention committee members came up on stage and told me I was a disgrace to the convention and told me I was disqualified. And I showed her my authority by sticking my tongue out at her. And then she sicced the boys on me. About four people jumped me, beat me, kicked me. One jumped off from a chair on me and then carried me off the stage. Everyone loved it. I was the best of show and won for Most Humorous Skit.

Then came storytelling which many con goers talked about their con experiences. And some talked about how they met Shatner and all that. (I think I've created a Shatner effect.) And it was fun. [Just in case it isn't obvious to everyone, all that happened in Carlo's masquerade performance was fake/staged. -ED]

After that me, Ken from the art show, and a few others who were nearby did a tribute toast of red wine in honor of Ryan Russell [RIP] who's been conventioning with me for years and we saluted him along with our loved ones.

THE DANCE

The dance came finally and to them it was better than last year. To me it was not. Mostly the songs were classic rock and they should've put more metal and all that. Fortunately me and Dave the Crow did our usual Floor Show and we were terrific and the DJ told us we got to take a beer break. But it was great. I stayed up until 3 am and had three hours worth of sleep and left a tad early after the con. And I had a fair time but I wish the convention would improve a lot.

Letters of Comment

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

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown MD 21740

9 October 2000

I'm very sorry about the delay in sending some comments on the September *Shuttle*. This is only the third loc I've written in the past month, I believe. Illness and various other problems are to blame.

Your Chicon report is the first extended description of that

event I've read. You did a good job conveying something of the atmosphere and major statistics in so few pages, while injecting a lot of human interest into the facts.

If I remember correctly, the total attendance figure is a bit lower than most recent worldcons that have been staged in readily accessible locations in the United States. I believe that a big professionally run convention for media science fiction fans is scheduled the same weekend as the worldcon next year, so there maybe some further cutback in attendance. This would be good, I think, because almost everyone seems to enjoy the lower attendances more than the real monster turnouts.

There were no real surprises for me in the Hugo results. Sadly I note that none of the Hugo winners in the professional categories grew up in fanzine fandom, a sharp contrast to the situation a couple of decades ago when most of the big name pros had done some fanac before starting to sell stuff. However, there isn't a complete washout because Frank Robinson was a fan when very young and now gets rewarded for a non-fiction book.

It would seem to make sense to have the business meeting later in the day. For one thing, some attendees will have started to sober up from the night before and might be more coherent and make better decisions in that condition.

I'm among those who didn't know Robert Sacks or anything about him. But I mourn the loss of someone who was so active in an aspect of fandom that I'm unfamiliar with. I hope to goodness that the Hogu award for "lifetime achievement" given to him was meant as a sincere tribute, not with the malicious intent of almost all the other Hogu winners.

Of course, I also hope that starting Con+Stellation on October 13, a Friday, doesn't do any harm to your event.

[We're always happy to hear from you, Harry, delayed or not. Thanks for the kind words on my Worldcon review — as you no doubt know it's one of the things I like to emphasize each year. On at least one occasion I went to a Worldcon business meeting with a hangover, albeit one induced by an almost total lack of sleep rather than by drink. In that case a couple of more hours before the business meeting would have been welcome in theory, though if I had gotten soundly asleep it might not have worked out in practice. -ED]

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

David K. Robinson
88235 Highway 9, Apt #5
Lineville AL 36266-6944

28 October 20002000

I recently attended Con+Stellation. I though overall it was a nice con. The attendance was about average. It was a bit slower paced than I am used to. I have been attending cons since I was about 14, I am now 33.

Let's start with the guests. I didn't get a chance to mingle with the guests, but that was my fault. I wish I could have but I didn't get around to it.

The hotel was very nice. I stayed with Jack Lundy and Jim "German" McClelland, two close friends of mine.

The huckster room was about what I was expecting. I wish there could have been more stuff to buy but it was nice. I wish there could have been a video room but I was told that they decided not to have one. The dance was nice. I went Friday night but only two people showed up so it closed early.

Overall I would give Con+Stellation a B+. Nice job. I plan to attend next year.

[David, since your review was fairly short, I decided to run it with the LoCs rather than as a stand-alone article. Thanks for the kind words. My take on the lack of a video room is that it adds several hundred dollars to the cost of running the con and is very poorly attended. By omitting something that very few people use we are able to keep the membership cost down a couple of dollars below what it would otherwise have to be. -ED]

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Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown MD 21740

28 October 2000

I write about the October *Shuttle* amid confused noises and voices. It is the night of Hagerstown's Hallowe'en parade, purportedly the biggest in the East, and sidewalks which are deserted 364 days in a normal year are bearing pedestrians and apparently every privately owned motor vehicle in town has had its muffler removed for the occasion. I'm about a half-mile from the line of march. When I was a boy, I was able to comprehend the possibility of flights to other stars and travel in time but I would never have believed for a moment that I would become old and jaded enough to stay home during this parade.

There must be information somewhere on who holds the record for publishing the books with the most pages between one set of covers. If I haven't forgotten something, the pagiest paperback book I own is the Ackroyd biography of Charles Dickens which tops 1,200 pages (every one of which I've read). My hardcover copy of *Total Baseball* runs to 2,200 pages but it's about ten years old and a new edition was published five years ago which is undoubtedly even plumper.

The detailed statistics on Hugo voting are much appreciated, although I am certain that I could not explain correctly in full detail how the Australian system of ballot counting works in my life depended on that feat. It occurs to me to wonder if some fan or other with some time on his hands will ever try to find similar detailed results on Hugo voting during the years when only the identity of the Hugo winners was made public, not even the order in which the other nominees finished. This was supposed to result from a desire not to injure the delicate egos of pros who came in fourth or fifth in the standings. Undoubtedly some of this information has been destroyed but maybe there are a few years for which the information is still in the hands of this or that worldcon committee member who could be persuaded to give it up for history's sake.

Of course, I'm sorry to read about the passing of Ryan Russell. It's another inexplicable demonstration of the fact that younger fans are dying at a rate much greater than the general population.

[The Halloween parade sounds fun. Parades in general in Huntsville don't seem to be too popular, in part (I suspect) because there's no good place to hold one. The downtown area is a logical choice but parking, public transportation, and viewing locations are far from ideal. -ED]

(continued on back cover)



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

Michael D. Glicksohn
mglick@interlog.com

2 November 2000

The October *Shuttle* arrived this afternoon and since it's been a long time since I've replied to one (and since the deadline is tomorrow!) I figure a few words of thanks are in order. So... Thanks, Thanks, Thanks.

As you know, Toronto won the right to host the 2003 worldcon. I'll look forward to seeing some *Shuttle* readers there and since I don't anticipate working on the actual con itself I should have time to sit in the bar and have a drink with some of you.

And while I'm at it I'd like to recommend Tanya Huff's

very superior space opera *Valor's Choice*. It is not only a fine tale but yours truly appears as a minor character therein. You won't have to look too closely as I'm cleverly disguised as "Sergeant Mike Glicksohn." The fact that the first time I actually appear I'm reaching for a beer and organizing a poker game would tell that Tanya and I are old friends and she knows me pretty well.

Thanks for keeping me on the mailing list despite the silence (induced mostly by the way the Ontario educational system is going down the toilet).

[I'm not sure how many *Shuttle* readers will be at the Toronto con, though I'm certainly planning to be there. This far out I don't know how much time I'll have in the city though I hope to be there at least a few days outside the convention itself. That should give us time for that drink. -ED]