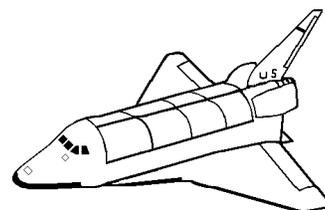


The



SHUTTLE
November 2004

*The Next NASFA Meeting will be 20 November
2004 at the Regular Time and Location*

🔔 Oyez, Oyez 🔔

The next **NASFA meeting** will be **20 November 2004** at the **regular time** and **location**.

The **November program** will be the more-or-less-annual NASFA Auction. Be sure to bring items to donate for the auction *and* money to spend.

The **November after-the-meeting meeting** will be at Marie McCormack and Mike Cothran's house.

Ray Pietruszka and Nancy Cucci have volunteered to host both the NASFA Christmas Party (after the December meeting) and the New Year's Eve party.

NASFA Calendar

NOVEMBER

- 02 Election Day.
- 11 Veterans' Day.
- 11 Remembrance Day (Canada).
- 12-14 Mace — High Point NC.
- 13-14 CoastCon Jr. XIII — Biloxi MS. **NOTE:** Changes seem to be in the wind for this convention, so check for updated information before making plans.
- 20* NASFA Meeting — 6P Business, 7P Program, at
(continued on page 2)

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Deadline for the December 2004 issue of *The NASFA Shuttle* is Friday, 3 December 2004.

- Novella** “**A Crowd of Bone,**” Greer Gilman
(*Trampoline: An Anthology*, Small Beer Press)
- Short Fiction** “**Don Ysidro,**” Bruce Holland Rogers
(*Polyphony 3*, Wheatland)
- Anthology** *Strange Tales*, Rosalie Parker, ed.
(Tartarus Press)
- Collection** *Bibliomancy*, Elizabeth Hand
(PS Publishing)
- Artist (tie)** **Donato Giancola** and
Jason Van Hollander
- Special Award, Professional** **Peter Crowther**
(for PS Publishing)
- Special Award, Non-Professional** **Ray Russell**
and **Rosalie Parker** (for Tartarus Press)

Mini Movie Review

by David K. Robinson

Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow; PG; Starring Gwyneth Paltrow, Jude Law, Giovanni Ribisi, Michael Gambon, Ling Bai, Angelina Jolie, et al.; Written and Directed by Kerry Conran; Produced by Aurelio De Laurentiis, Raffaella De Laurentiis, Bill Haber, Jon Avnet, Sadie Frost, Jude Law, Marsha Oglesby, et al.; Distributed by Paramount Pictures; 107 minutes

I recently saw for the first time the movie *Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow*! It is a 1930's type sf adventure movie. If I told you the plot it would spoil it for you since I suspect many of you are planning or will plan to see it. It was a wonderful movie! It had a good plot. It was well acted and was a good movie! Go cancel your evening plans and go see this movie, you won't regret it! Unless you are a mundane and/or dead, see this movie! Grade 3.5 out of 4 stars.

Do You Hear What I Hear?

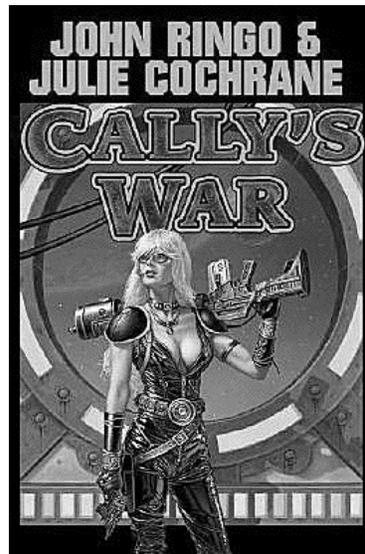
by Kevin Pulliam

Cally's War, by John Ringo and Julie Cochrane, Baen Books, October 2004, hardback, ISBN: 0-7434-8845-8, 320 pages, \$25.00

Newcomer Julie Cochrane and veteran John “Body Count” Ringo, team up in this first installment of a new story line in Ringo's Legacy of the Aldenata series.

I had the pleasure a few months ago to hear Julie read from one of the best scenes in the book. This was a double pleasure because the scene was delightful on so many levels and also because it gave me a voice inside my head to hear when I read the entire book on my own. Some books have no voice, for some any voice will do (The Authors being the best), but Julie and John surprised me even more by delivering that rare book that had its own voice. I began on page one, hearing Julie Cochrane narrating, but somewhere in the first couple of chapters it changed. Cally started telling her own story and the book came alive with the mature voice of a woman who's been there, done that, got the t-shirt, and used it last week as a rag to wash the car. Okay, enough about the voices in my head.

Cally has some problems. Someone she thought was dead isn't; some people she thought could be trusted, can't; and



there are some things even the top agent of a super secret organization aren't allowed to know. Cally is an interesting character who was changed by her childhood growing up on Papa O'Neal's Farm during the Posleen invasion; scarred by a career of dirty work for the Bane-Sidhe; and maybe even mentally unbalanced after an entire lifetime on the run, hiding out, or pretending to be someone else. It all adds up to a woman on the edge, trying to settle a score decades old.

For those of you familiar with John Ringo's Aldenata series, I'll give this a 3.5 out of 5. Buy it. You'll like it (and you'll learn some more background info on the Bane-Sidhe). For those of you unfamiliar, I'll give it a middle of the road rating of 2.5, most people should not start reading in the Aldenata series with this book, but if you like strong independent women characters who have real problems, and bad days just like everyone else, you'll like it. I liked it, and I'll read it again.

A Tale of Two Books

Is This a Sequel I See Before Me?

by Doug Lampert

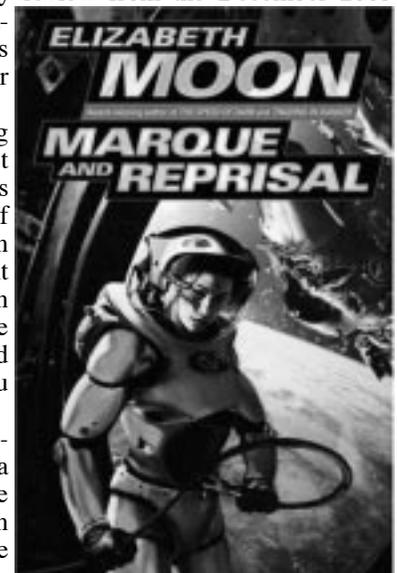
Marque and Reprisal, by Elizabeth Moon, Del Ray, 28 September 2004, hardback, ISBN 0345447581, 336 pages, \$24.95

Going Postal, by Terry Pratchett, HarperCollins, 1 October 2004, hardback, ISBN: 0060013133, 384 pages, \$24.95

Well at least one of them is a sequel, and the other is in an established series. *Marque and Reprisal* is the sequel to *Trading in Danger* (see my review from the December 2003 *Shuttle*) and will probably not read well unless you have read the earlier book.

I am not writing reviews of books I don't like, so you can take it as given that I liked both of these. Any criticisms in what follows represent the worst problems I can find in the books, since my saying they're good is unlikely to help you decide to buy them.

Marque and Reprisal looks to me like a straightforward space opera, although Moon may take it somewhere



else in time she hasn't yet. The story is definitely not over and the book suffers from some middle-bookitis. (Middle bookitis, the second book of a trilogy often suffers since it needs to pick up from the first and set up for the third. Typically the first and last books are both stronger. This explains a lot about Robert Jordan if you think about it...)

If you go back to my review of *Trading in Danger* you will find that I complain that either the heroine is missing something important back on her home planet, or that the story's background is inconsistent. In *Marque and Reprisal* it becomes increasingly clear that our heroine was missing something important back home, that at least some of her relatives noticed that there was something wrong going on, and that none of these people were reacting quickly enough or noticing enough. Unfortunately for our heroine, prior to any of her relatives back home dealing with the problems those problems deal with them. Most of her family is dead (including all the members who do not have public reputations as f*ck ups), interstellar communications is largely cut off, her credit has been ruined, and her home government appears uninterested in aiding one of its biggest companies against mass scale murder and piracy. At least by the end of this book she has finally figured out why so many people in the first book reacted to traders from her home planet as untrustworthy near pirates. Maybe eventually she will even get home and solve some of the problems there and elsewhere. Much of the plot of this book does turn on one massive coincidence, but less than one really massive coincidence in two books of space opera probably violates some sort of rule.

Going Postal appears to be a "standalone" within Pratchett's Discworld series. It is a fantasy with peripheral involvement of characters from other books. Familiarity with the series as a whole will help. I think the book would also work as the first book you read in the series, but probably not well, it is dependent on the established background, much of which will probably feel implausibly contrived if you don't realize how many of the details were established well in advance. It is not really a sequel in the normal sense in that it does not follow any of the characters from earlier books, or deal with problems left over from earlier books. Instead this is just another story in the same universe. Old characters appear when it makes sense for them to appear but the main action is around all new characters and situations.

Terry Pratchett's books have occasionally made mention of the old post office, and of the fact that it is effectively defunct. In *Going Postal* the Patrician has decided to restart the post, largely out of annoyance with the management of the Clacks Company's misuse of its monopoly on communications. For reasons that become increasingly clear throughout the book he chooses a convicted conman as the new postmaster. Like most of Pratchett this book has a message buried inside; the major theme of this one is that freedom includes the freedom to take the consequences. I found this one preachier and less funny than most Pratchett. On the other hand the story was better than average even for Pratchett. If you like Pratchett



you will probably like this one, if you don't it is probably because you have not read Pratchett, you could start here, with *Guards! Guards!*, or with something else (recommendations on request). My niece Rachel likes them so they also work for 12 year olds.

Huntsville Highlights

a Con Report-Back
by Grant Kruger

On a quiet Thursday in early fall 2004, during the first cold snap of the season, I took a little drive up to Huntsville Alabama. Fortified by a full breakfast and caffeinated drinks, I arrived less than five hours after leaving Jackson Mississippi. The handful of ants that somehow hitched a ride with me nibbled away at my excitement, but in vain. I was on a schedule, and far too excited besides; this weekend I would be a Guest of Honour for the first time.

I was met at my hotel by Mike Kennedy, the chairman of Con†Stellation, Huntsville's largest and longest running annual science fiction convention. Mike is a large man, at least six foot four; redness of hair and beard hint at Scottish fierceness, but cannot hide his friendly open smile. He welcomed me with warm greetings, and the sad news that Esther Friesner, the Master of Ceremonies, had canceled at the last moment due to illness. She had tried to tough things out, but had finally given up after going as far as to check her luggage onto the airplane.

I was delighted to be there. Con†Stellation is named for the constellations and every year they pick a new constellation. This year they had picked Delphinus (The Dolphin) and so dolphin pictures, toys, and jewelry were much in evidence. I will happily confess that I was glad that The Rabbit was only going to be next year (the bunny GoH just sounds too kinky).

Not that the theme mattered. It is a special honour to be asked to be the guest of a con, one that I was still feeling somewhat inadequate to. I was therefore determined to do everything possible to be the best guest that I could. In this vein I brought with me almost sixty buttons that I'd made for the con to sell for their charity. All of them were in the dolphin theme, with the layout done by Mike. The con would be over before I realised that I'd failed to buy one for myself. I also brought odds and ends from South African fandom to highlight my international roots.

The hotel seemed well suited to the con with plenty of open areas across three buildings, and an available restaurant section that the hotel only used for breakfast, filled with couches, tables and chairs. As with any con, the free breakfast was a major plus, and there was even a spare hotel front desk counter in the third building that worked wonderfully as con registration. Restaurants also surrounded the hotel, which is always important at a con.

I checked into my room (paid for by the con) and while showering I wondered if I was the first South African ever to be a fan GoH. It seemed a fair guess; I have never met nor heard of another South African fan involved in con running in North America or Europe, and SA conventions do not have fan GoHs. Refreshed, I joined the other guests and a group of local fans for supper at a local Chinese restaurant.

The Artist GoH was Kinuko Y. Craft, a citizen of Japan, married to an American and living in New England for forty years. Her speciality is highly detailed oil paintings with a feminine feel. It was her first convention of this kind and,

normally working alone all day from home, she seemed overwhelmed by it all. She was the only guest to bring a spouse, though we soon realised how integral a part of things he was, with them really also being business partners. Conversely, the main GoH, the author Lawrence Watt-Evans, was an old hand at GoH duties. He knew what was required of him and enjoyed being the centre of attention. He was the perfect guest, given to socialising and being very approachable. The fan crowd seemed a relaxed and friendly one and this made for a pleasant meal that helped to ease us all into the local scene.

From there we went back to the hotel where I helped a team of fans led by Randy Cleary, to set up the art show. The booths of the art show were constructed almost Tinkertoy style, from easy to assemble interchangeable pieces. The pieces (wood and board) dated back 20 years and were still going strong, and apparently many other cons had copied the concept from C+S. It was a good opportunity to get to know some of the local fans, and also an overly abundant source of sexual puns. Although easy, it took several of us working in unison to get the job done.

Mike Cothran pulled me aside just as we were beginning to stick up the lighting. He and Marie McCormack were our guest liaisons and they took great care of us throughout the weekend. Mike outlined the next day's events, which included a visit to Huntsville's top attraction, the U.S. Space and Rocket Centre. This discussion turned into a social chat with some of the volunteers and I was astounded to learn that, aside from paying for my room, they were going to cover my travel and also give me a per-diem. It seemed a little excessive and I said as much (I'm sure many fans would pay much/all of their own way just for the honour), but I was given no choice ("These are our rules," Mike C said). I intended to spend the cash at the art show, and said as much, but that did not work out for reasons I'll explain later.

I left shortly thereafter to get some sleep, given the 8am start for our day trip. This (too) early departure was to allow enough time to see the huge Space Centre without any conflicts with scheduling through the rest of the day. This was enough to see the GoH pull out ("Sorry, I just not a morning person"). Well neither am I, but I intended to participate in every event going and maximise both my enjoyment and my usefulness.

A buffet breakfast prepared us for the Space and Rocket centre, but did not dull the chill of Friday's cold snap — I had forgotten my sweater at home, safely in the place I'd left it to ensure that I would not forget it. Once the con started I purchased a con sweatshirt, but until then I simply shivered. Fortunately, much of the centre was indoors. It showcased Huntsville's central role in the US space programme, and how Wernher von Braun and his team had initially been developing US missile technology in Huntsville, before the historic decision to initiate a US space program. We were treated to some unique exhibits and even an IMAX show about the international space station.

The centre is quite extensive and is well worth a full-day visit. My personal favourites were the Apollo cockpit trainer that you could sit in to get the feel of a Command Service module on a mission to the moon, and a nifty exhibit that was designed to give you some idea of the confusing perspectives in weightless space. It was so disorientating that many people exited almost immediately (not me, I kept going back). I also enjoyed getting close to the Saturn V Rocket, lying on the ground in segments, and under the full-sized replica of the shuttle (made with some original pieces). Strangely, their sheer size helps to highlight the massive human achievement that they represent.

I had forgotten to bring my camera and Mike C allowed me to use his personal digital camera. Later I was given a CD with all the shots I'd taken, or that had been taken of me. This was another example of how well we were taken care of. Mike C was also a wealth of information and clearly was a regular at the centre. It was a perfect location for a group of science fiction fans.

We followed this with a trip to a Deli for a light lunch, with desert being Marie turning up to give us far too much per-diem money (they said "fair" but it was considerably more than most companies give their staff). We had enough time to freshen up and take a quick walk around the con — which was now largely up and running — before an intimate supper in the con suite ops room. I used the opportunity to pick up my member badge, destined to become a treasured memento. It was decorated with a string of beads and a dolphin. At the same time I was given a nice con t-shirt as a gift. I was then able to put out flyers for SFSA and Interaction; as well as some buttons for Nipon2007, Interaction, SFSA; and even some fan friendship buttons (I like to promote fannish friendships), most of which were gone by the end of the con.

We then enjoyed supper while the rest of the con watched a presentation on The Saturn V Restoration Project, the con's selected charity. The supper was prepared and served by Craig Goodrick (and his mother Diane) and they were to take wonderful care of me all con long. Mike K joined us and gave us a quick overview of what to expect at opening ceremonies before they fed us coconut-lemon cheesecake (mmm).

So for the first time I sat looking out over the audience at opening ceremonies. There was a good little crowd and they were in fine voice. I could tell that I was going to have fun at this con. Mike got things started, telling everyone that we had lost our Master of Ceremonies and welcoming everyone to the con. He then got things going by introducing me first. Usually one moves from the fan guest, through the artist to the authors, basically the order of importance. For this reason I found it very touching when Mike mentioned how choosing the fan GoH was his greatest personal pleasure as con chair. It just made me feel even more honoured that I already felt, which is saying a lot.

In my short introductory speech I tried to convey how thrilled and humbled I was to be their guest and also to let all know that I was fully available to anyone who wanted to chat. I managed to drop a couple of one-liners in to highlight the fact that I was a barbarian from deepest darkest Africa, as if they could not already tell from my accent and bright South African flag shirt (made in a North-African style).

Mike introduced Kinuko and confessed that he was staggered to discover that this was her first time as artist GoH, given the extremely high quality of her work. It was indeed a surprise. Kinuko spoke briefly about her art and confessed that she was not sure why she was there. She had never been exposed to fandom in any way before, despite the number of book covers she had produced. I later explained a little about how SF cons worked to her, that they were informal affairs run by volunteers for fun, rather than professional for-profit ventures.

Lawrence on the other hand was very comfortable as GoH. He told a story that at first seemed off track, but which he neatly tied back to cons and fandom (we would hear, "I *am* going somewhere with this," many times through the weekend). All the while Mike C was again taking pictures to ensure that I had a shot or two to remember it all by.

This was immediately followed by a panel for Lawrence on plotting for a short attention span, which he had to do alone

without Esther. I stayed and enjoyed Lawrence's stories, and then popped into the second half of the Huntsville science fiction writers' group and cake appreciation, though I missed the cake I think.

I socialised at the con suite for a while, as I would throughout the con, getting to know many of the fans. I met a couple that had driven up from Pensacola to see Lawrence. They were having a wonderful time. As we chatted, in came Lawrence, so their trip was made. I had a copy of the cover of his latest book that he had forgotten on the desk, so I gave it to him. "Oh, I have hordes of them, you keep it," was his reply, so I got him to sign it and give it to the Pensacola fans. It was no matter because I picked up three more signed copies before the end of the con (to give to other cons).

The C+S con suite was better than most, continuously stocked with nice treats and good food. When I asked why they spent so much on food I was told that their con had once had booze, but when that was discontinued they simply reallocated the same funding to food.

I wandered off looking to help with the setup of the chairman's reception. I piled and arranged chairs, and lost my membership badge. Not surprisingly it was later found within one of those stacks of chairs, but it was still embarrassing. This reception was largely just a social function with plenty to eat and drink, and far too much of it was really good. It felt like a really good room party and I was amongst the last to leave.

In keeping with my duties to socialise I revisited the con suite and then moved along to the party scene, to finish out my evening at the Baen Barfly party. The hosts were friendly and there were many fun conversations, which all kept me up really late. Unusually, it was a smoking party, so the next morning my allergies made my head feel like it was stuffed with cotton wool. I had enough time to shower and grab a quick breakfast before my first panel, titled: Does Worldcon Matter? I dressed in my urban Zulu patchwork outfit for the day, one that gets a lot of stares.

Mike Kennedy moderated the panel and we were joined by Randy Cleary, a DragonCon regular. On the surface we seemed to be on the verge of a D*C versus Worldcon debate, but in the end we all agreed that Worldcon matters and that there is nothing else like it. This was one of the best-attended local con panels I've ever been to on the subject of Worldcons. The discussion became interactive at times and, going by the interest, we may have a few new Worldcon attendees from the region at a future date. I was pleased to note that most of the audience had already been to a Worldcon.

I then spent some time and money in the dealer's room before enjoying the Art Show Docent Tour. Kinuko had never done one of these before and felt uncomfortable talking about the work of other artists. Once it got going though, she provided honest assessments of the work and I found myself mostly in agreement with her. She was probably more honest than most would have been, but as a writers group regular I am a big believer in constructive criticism. After the show I ended up in a group discussion with her again and I was stunned to realise that she did not want her work to outlast her. The conversation became quite philosophical, and the next thing we knew someone had to fetch us because we were 5 minutes late for the Guest of Honour Ceremony.

So we arrived a little late, very apologetic, the red of my face matching the bright colours of my outfit. Mike K took over the MC role and again introduced me first. I knew to keep my speech short to allow for the pros to have more time to speak, as was appropriate. During the weekend I had heard "Our little

con" a few times so I used part of my speech to highlight the fact that Huntsville fandom was doing very well, being highly organised with several well-run cons. I reminded them that many bigger cities were not doing half as well, with nearby Birmingham and my current home of Jackson Mississippi serving as great examples. I also pointed out that the best DeepSouthCon I'd ever been to had been right there.

Mostly I highlighted the fact that I had grown up in fandom, though we never called it fandom, and that I nevertheless felt right at home with fans from all over the world, no matter the setting — C+S included of course. I ended by again making myself available to all for questions or discussions, and by thanking everyone for the special honour given to me.

Kinuko discussed the solitary life of an artist and how overwhelming a con could be by comparison. It was an interesting insight into the creative life. Lawrence spoke freely as always, and inevitably we again heard, "I am going somewhere with this story." Once again he tied things up nicely. It was a fun occasion and unforgettable for me. Just to make sure we felt honoured they gave us all lovely silver trays with our names engraved on them. They really went out of their way to make us feel special.

We were then taken out to supper — where one of the waiters was a fellow South African — before returning to freshen up and attend the art auction. The auctioneer was "Uncle Timmy" Bolgeo who is a very well known Southern fan, and who will be fan guest at the next DeepSouthCon. Auctions are his thing and it was a lot of fun. I had wanted to spend some of that excessive per-diem here, but the items I had decided to bid on turned out to have fans that really *really* wanted them. In particular I liked the black and white artwork done for the convention's dolphin theme.

One piece was the design for the Avise La Fin theme, where Mike K invited everyone to join his clan (Scottish blood), whose crest, like that of the con, included a dolphin. Of course he wanted it too and it really would have been rude of me to bid for it. The same applied to the piece I really wanted, which as the original artwork for the main logo. Two people bid furiously against each other and, though I was more than willing to go higher than either, I started to think that it would be really bad manners to bid the per-diem (and ironically I likely would have bid higher without it). Plenty of confusion inside my little head, and in the end I'm glad because my current plan is to put the cash to one side and use it to make sure that I have enough money to go back next year, after the Glasgow Worldcon. Who knows, I might even throw a party (but what theme?).

In any event, I did not need to feel bad, as I had given to the charity in other ways. Included in the auction was a pack from SFSA, with all South African goodies in it. There was a beautiful desk calendar, a beaded handmade key-ring (SA flag), a hand-carved pen, a lion bookmark, two old copies of Probe (our fanzine), a year's membership of SFSA (including several Probes in the mail with nice SA stamps) and two SA tourism posters. This earned a nice bid and, combined with the buttons I'd made, raised almost \$100 for their charity.

After the auction Lawrence and I were off to judge the Masquerade with Julie Cochrane (co-author with John Ringo of the book *Cally's War*). This is a duty that many dislike or find uncomfortable, and for the life of me I don't understand why. It's loads of fun and I loved getting a different perspective of everything. It just added another privilege to the whole experience for me, though I was glad to have Lawrence with us, as he was an old hand at it all. The event was also very well

organised and run by Amanda (aka Manda) Freeman. We had been given a prep folder the day before. We were able to reward all entries because their levels of commitment more than warranted it. While we were judging Mike K came around offering us Scottish Whiskey, enabling fun rumours about drunken judges. We even caught part of the half-time show, a fun word game.

After the masquerade I helped with teardown, carrying everything (chairs, poles, etc.) until I realised how heavy the pieces of the stage were. I had promised my doctor that there would be no heavy lifting with this rotator cuff injury of mine, so I had to beg off. My arm twinged from the lifting I'd already done, so I know I did the right thing. On the other hand I still felt like an utter bastard as I watched another fan struggle under its weight. Maybe I just need therapy.

I was then hustled back into the con suite for some lemon pie, once they realised that I'd not received a special treat intended for me. It more than made up for things and I was to put on a pound or two over the weekend. The rest of the evening I wandered around being social. During one chat with Mike K I told him about a wonderful coincidence, that SFSA were having a convention on the same weekend in Johannesburg, South Africa. "We should have set up a live web link!" he said, and it was so obvious an idea that I wanted to kick myself for not thinking of it. I think that I'll suggest this for Worldcon programming, on a global scale, and will also keep it in mind for future cons that I attend. A live linkup between two fan groups across the world from each other is an idea whose time should have come long ago.

I made a stop at a pyjama party and reading, a fun themed mixed reading session, and spent some time there listening to Southern SF. I wrapped up the evening as all fan guests are supposed to do by spending the rest of the evening socialising by meeting new friends in the lobby, con suite, and parties. I ended my evening at the Moon Princess party, and I even wore a crown for much of that time. I got to meet two of the three princesses, Julie Wall and Baen editor Toni Weiskopf. It was a nice party with a fun theme, and it saw me get to bed far too late again. At least this beer-hater got to have some alcoholic cider, which had always been my beer alternative in South Africa.

After a rushed breakfast I sat down for the roundtable. This was a fun event where con members could chat with the pros. The setting was informal and designed for fluid movements, and really was a large circle of chairs. It worked out wonderfully well and Lawrence once again showed how capable he was in any social setting. After that I said a bunch of goodbyes and then had to check out. The con had negotiated a 2 pm checkout time, which I was most grateful for. After dithering for quite some time, indulging in several more conversations, I finally limped out of there just before 4 pm. It meant that I missed a con favourite of mine, the dead dog party — appropriately called the dead dolphin party at this year's Con†Stellation.

I had to leave in order to get home at a reasonable hour, with work the next day. I wished that I'd been able to get the Monday off so that I could prolong this unforgettable weekend, which had sped by all too quickly. I made good time and was home just after half-past eight. I wore my Con†Stellation sweatshirt for the ride home, enfolding me with the warmth and memories of this very special experience.

EPILOGUE

Con†Stellation is a well-run, fun convention in the true traditions of fandom. The fans are a lovely group and the

concom are the usual special breed. They ran the best-stocked con suite I've ever seen and card players will find, um, spades of games and a large tournament to get involved in. This is the group that started the roaming Southern con DeepSouthCon and their members are deeply involved in Southern fandom (Randy Cleary is the current President and Bulletin Editor of the Southern Fandom Confederation). All of this coupled with their magnificent space centre, make it easy for me to highly recommend a trip to this convention.

Here are some links on the subject

The con website: <http://www.con-stellation.org/>

The Space Museum website: <http://www.spacecamp.com/museum/>

The Saturn V restoration project: <http://www.spacecamp.com/saturnv/>

This review online with photos at <http://members.aol.com/scifisa/perssfc.htm>

No Need For a Homewrecker!

No Need for Doctor Drake (aka The Lizard of Oz) —
Chapter 1
by PieEyedDragon

Ozma: Where is he? Where is the P.E.D.?

Images flicker in the Magic Picture. An overview of the Land of Oz gives way to the border between Munchkinland and the Deadly Desert.

High, and far, something moves across the desert sky. The image zooms-in to reveal a charred and blistered dragon; struggling to maintain controlled flight. It was descending westward toward Munchkinland.

— O — O — O —

Frankly, I was surprised to still be alive.

The atmosphere seems unusually murky, and smells pre-industrial. I extend my tail fully, flaring the ridges for stability. Balance now tells me which way is "down." My wings, especially, hurt; so I manifest my magical wing extensions just enough to keep steady. Since my eyes don't give me any altitude information, I fall back on echo location. Drawing in a deep breath; I bark out a sharp "Boom!" I repeat this at intervals until I begin to hear the sound reflecting back from below. The air is thicker, here: smelling of grasslands, corn, and oats.

When my "sonar" indicates a height of less than 50 feet, I drop all four legs and cup my wing extensions to slow me down. My hind legs make contact with vegetation, and then tilled ground. My forelegs meet the same, then a picket fence, flowers, and... my face crashes through a glass window.

Who left this house in the way?

I come to rest, surrounded by sawdust, dust, wasp nests, and fragments of rotten timbers and rusty roofing.

At least, no one was living here. I pass out.

— O — O — O —

The Wizard: What *is* it about Center Munch? Dorothy's house landed on the Witch of the East. Now, this dragon lands on the house. There must be a tram line there from Kansas... one way.

Ozma: It was a National Monument, and a big Tourist Attraction. The Munchkins will be upset. I now have *two* reasons to get there as quickly as possible.

Wizard: A teleportation?

Ozma: No, little wizard. I need to bring the Medicine Man with me. A very large patient is waiting. Go tell the Saw Horse that I need a ride very, very fast. I'll change clothes and be right down.

— O — O — O —

I awake to the sound of cursing.

Ozama: *Dragons! I hate dragons!* Look at my house!

PED: Well, I love you, too; whoever you are. Could you please not shout? Come back in the morning, and we'll see what is what.

Boq: It wasn't your house *yet*, Mr. Ben Loden. The town council was to finish signing the deed tomorrow. And, you still have your bag of gems.

Ozama: I want him *out of there!* Can't someone get rid of this *dragon?*

PED: Why so upset? There wasn't a sound piece of wood in the place. (My foot goes through the remnants of a porch, and presses painfully on the end of a very solid, thin post.) *Ow!* I guess I spoke too soon. (I grasp the post and pull it upward out of the ground. It feels about the size and length of a large shovel handle, with a few straws tied to the upper end.)

Boq: *gasp* That... that looks like... a *broomstick!* Dorothy said she didn't *have* one, so it must be...

Ozama: *Mine! Mine! It's mine and I'll have it!*

Boq: If it belonged to the Witch of the East, it is hazardous material and must be destroyed.

(At this, the broomstick begins vibrating in my hand; and tugging as if it wanted to be far away. I begin to get the idea of what is going on. The dust has been tickling my nose. I encourage the itch.)

PED: Ah... ahh... ahhh... *ahhhh...*

Boq: *Hit the dirt!*(action follows suggestion)

PED: ...*chooo!* (The broomstick takes the full blast of my fiery sneeze, and bursts into a dozen charred embers. My ears tell me all this. I cannot see even my own flame; which means...)

Ozama: My Broomstick! *Nooooo!* (sound of feet running away.)

Boq: *Fire! Fire!* The town hall is burning!

PED: *Oops!* (I stumble away from the shouting, cross a narrow brick road, and bump into a larger building. I start climbing until I reach the top. Some flimsy structure there gives way as I take it's place on the roof.)

Screaming Woman: *The Time Dragon! The Time Dragon is awake! He's destroying the world by fire!*

(More screaming follows. Really, I need a little time myself. I can't do much until I heal most of my serious injuries. The crowd sounds move away. I hear splashing and hissing as buckets of water are thrown against a burning building. I wait.)

— O — O — O —

Woman: Hey, you. What are you doing up there?

PED: Madame, I am waiting.

Woman: Waiting for what?

PED: I'm waiting for many things: for my injuries to heal; for the shouting to die down; to learn what tomorrow may bring — that sort of thing.

Woman: OK, so who are you?

PED: I am forgetting my manners. I am ordinarily known as the Pie Eyed Dragon.

Woman: You look like they kept you in the oven too long.

PED: For such a *rare* creature, I am feeling a bit too Well Done.

Woman: *laughs* Well, I'm the Good Witch of the North;

and I don't tell *my* real name, either. There used to be a cut-out image of the mythical Time Dragon up there, where you are. It's in a pile on the ground here, now.

PED: Who is this "Time Dragon?"

Good Witch: The usual story alleges that he created the Sun and Moon; then went to sleep in an airless chamber. His dreams create all the Land of Oz. When he wakes, he will destroy the world by fire. Is that good enough?

PED: That will do. What was that about a broomstick, and a Wicked Witch of the East?

Good Witch: Well, about ninety years ago the Witch ruled all of Munchkinland. Then, a house fell on her. The house was carried here by a cyclone, all the way from a land called "Kansas." A little girl inside the house survived the trip.

PED: Now, *that* is stretching things.

Good Witch: No, really. She's in the Emerald City now.

PED: A very old woman?

Good Witch: No, still a young girl. People don't age here; or die, ordinarily. She has been very ill for the past year. No one can find a cure, but Princess Ozma has been trying everything. Ozma is the ruler of this land.

PED: Munchkinland?

Good Witch: And Winkieland, and the Quadling and Gillikin countries, and Emerald City: All the Land of Oz.

Boq: Greetings, Good Witch. The fire is out, without much damage. What shall we do about this dragon?

Good Witch: Leave the poor creature alone, or offer help.

Boq: But, he...

Good Witch: It was all an accident. *are you as blind as he is?*

[Some of the above beings and situations have been suggested by the works of L. F. Baum, and that *new* history of the Land: *Wicked.*]

[Herby the Medicine Man first appears in Ruth Plumly Thompson's *The Giant Horse of Oz.*]

Letters of Comment

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

Patrick Molloy
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6 October 2004

I want to compliment you on pulling together an excellent set of articles covering the Worldcon. It's too bad you didn't attend this year — many of those who did seem to agree that Noreascon 4 was one of the finest Worldcons in recent memory.

It might interest your readers to know that the Retro Hugo I accepted for *Conquest of the Moon* will find a permanent home in the von Braun collection at the U.S. Space & Rocket Center here in Huntsville. There may even be a press release and a small ceremony of some sort to mark the occasion. I'll let you know what the arrangements are, if you think NASFA members might be interested.

[Thanks for the kind words about the Worldcon issue, Patrick. I'm sorry I overlooked your email in my rush to put the October issue of the *Shuttle* to bed before Con†Stellation. I note from info available elsewhere that the Hugo is currently part of a special exhibit at the Space & Rocket Center showing "science fiction's influence on the careers of von Braun and others in the

early days of rocketry” that will run through May of next year. (And also that it will be placed in the permanent exhibit of von Braun’s office after that.) [Readers may wish to know that the photo below (taken by Naomi) is of Patrick putting the Hugo in it’s current emplacement.] And by the way, I know I’ve sent private congratulations but in case some of our readers haven’t heard the good news I’d like to take this occasion to congratulate both Naomi and you on the birth of your daughter Grace Keiko Eloise Molloy. Best wishes for the future of your happy family! -ED]

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

Sheryl Birkhead
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21 October 2004

(Shhh — quiet — at a continuing ed meeting. True, this is a break, but...)

Question for David — DragonCon — I’m assuming the program items did *not* (yes-no?) lean to the fannish? Just curious.

Sky Captain — yup, on my list and I’ve already been told to enjoy it and not worry about plot... yeah RSN. (I’m about two years behind, in general, for movies.)

PieEyed — I am presuming that’s *not* Terry *Jeeves* (after all, we know *all* knowledge is found in fan(dom/zines)!) Hard to believe that only a handful of years ago, most of the references would have been obscure!

Well, Lloyd is having a lot of experiences, if nothing else. (Shhh... the lecture is restarting...)

[I don’t know that I’ve ever received a LoC written during a continuing education class before, Sheryl. I think that should score you double fanac points... *Sky Captain* is not a perfect movie (there’s really no such thing of course) but it’s interesting on a number of levels and certainly worth watching. I’m sure PED thanks both you and Lloyd (see below) for the comments on his latest story. The next installment of that story



Photo by Naomi Fisher

in this issue. -ED]

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

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7 November 2004

I’ve done it again... just missed the deadline. I will try to do better, I will try to write a decent letter... must be close to New Year’s, I’m full of resolutions. Well, I’m full of something, here’s a mini-loc on *NASFA Shuttle* Vol. 24, No. 10, just to make it official.

You may already have the results, but just in case you don’t, here are the Aurora Award winners for this year. They were handed out at Boreal in Montreal last month...

Best Long-Form Work in English/Meilleur livre en anglais*Blind Lake*, Robert Charles Wilson
Meilleur livre en francais/Best Long-Form Work in French*Phaos*, Alain Bergeron
Best Short-Form Work in English/Meilleure nouvelle en anglais “Scream Angel,” Douglas Smith
Meilleure nouvelle en francais/Best Short-Form Work in French «La course de Kathryn,»

Élizabeth Vonarburg

Best Work in English (Other)/Meilleur ouvrage en anglais (autre)**Julie E. Czerneda** for editing *Space Inc.*
Meilleur ouvrage en francais (autre)/Best Work in French (other)*Solaris*, Joel Champetier, red.
Artistic Achievement/Accomplissement artistique

Jean-Pierre Normand

Fan Achievement (Publication)/Accomplissement fanique (publication)*Made in Canada Newsletter*,

Don Bassie, ed. (website)

Fan Achievement (Organizational)/Accomplissement fanique (organisation)**Martin Miller**

Fan Achievement (Other)/Accomplissement fanique (autre)**Eric Layman**

Greetings to PieEyedDragon! I hope you’re over that horrific headache. Please extend our congratulations to your friend (or perhaps relative) Gojira on his star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame, and on his upcoming birthday. Maybe you could spare a few magical scales, and we can wish ourselves off to Dragonland...

Just got back from a small but energetic party, so that’s why I’m writing this in the wee hours. Many thanks for the zine, and that’s all for me, over and out. See you next time.

[Thanks for the update on the Prix Aurora, Lloyd. I could have gone searching on the web but it’s nice when a correspondent drops things into my lap :-)] I hadn’t heard about Godzilla/Gojira getting his (its?) own Walk of Fame star. I hope the ceremony (to be held 29 November as I now understand it) won’t get too hectic — I mean all that running and screaming and lip-syncing can get tiring after a while. -ED]

WAHF-WAHF-WAHF-WAHF-WAHF-WAHF-WAHF

We also heard from Mike Glicksohn who sent both thanks for receiving the *Shuttle* and some dollars (US!) to help assure he’ll continue to get it.



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