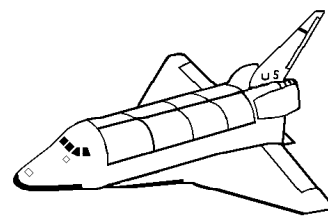


The



SHUTTLE
March 2006

*The Next NASFA Meeting will be 18 March
2006 at the Regular Time and Location*

Concom Meeting 16 March, 7:30P, at Sam Smith's Place

🔔 Oyez, Oyez 🔔

The next **Con+Stellation concom meeting** is **7:30P Thursday 16 March** (two days before the club meeting) at Sam Smith's apartment. Call Sam at 883-4493 if you need directions.

The next **NASFA meeting** will be **Saturday 18 March 2006** at the **regular time and location**.

The **March program** will be a short indy movie — *Wayfarer I* from Lighthouse Art Production — with a discussion following.

The **March after-the-meeting meeting** will be at Nancy Cucci and Ray Pietruszka's house — sort of a make-up party for the weather-related cancellation last month.

February Minutes (Not)

Due to inclement weather, the February meeting was canceled. So (you guessed it) there are no minutes.

NASFA Calendar

MARCH

- 02 BD: Ronnie Lajoie.
- 03-05 Starfleet Region 2 Summit — Birmingham AL.
- 08 BD: Bill Payne.

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Deadline for the April 2006 issue of *The NASFA Shuttle* is Friday, 31 March 2006.

SF Gets Razzed

The 26th annual Golden Raspberry Awards (Razzies) were given out Saturday 4 March 2006 — the day before “those other film awards.” As usual some of the more dismal genre efforts of the year did pretty “well” in the Razzies, though this year they were put partly in the shade by non-genre multiple award winner *Dirty Love* (Worst Picture, Worst Actress, Worst Director, Worst Screenplay).

Still, four genre films did pull off, um, wins — each in one category. *Bewitched* took the Worst Screen Couple award (for Will Ferrell and Nicole Kidman) while *Son Of The Mask* was crowned as the Worst Remake or Sequel. Both supporting acting categories went to genre films. The Worst Supporting Actor selection was Hayden Christensen for his work in *Star Wars, Episode III: Revenge of the Sith* — or, as the Razzies put it, *Star Wars III: No Sith, He’s Supposed to be Darth Vader*. Worst Supporting Actress was deservedly won by Paris Hilton for *House Of Wax* (or, if you prefer, *House of Whacks*).

Awards News Roundup

SKYLARK AWARD

David Hartwell was awarded this year’s Skylark Award on Saturday 18 February 2006. The Edward E. Smith Memorial Award for Imaginative Fiction (the Skylark) is presented annually by NESFA (New England Science Fiction Association). It honors a person, who in the opinion of the membership, has contributed significantly to science fiction, both through work in the field and by exemplifying the personal qualities which made the late “Doc” Smith well-loved by those who knew him.

TIPTREE AWARD

Geoff Ryman’s *Air* (St. Martins, Gollancz) has been announced as the winner of this year’s James Tiptree, Jr. Award, given to “science fiction or fantasy that expands or explores our understanding of gender.” The award will be presented at WisCon <www.wiscon.info>, which will be held in Madison WI, 26–29 May 2006. The award includes a cash prize of \$1000. The 2005 short list of other worthy works cited by the judges will be posted on the Tiptree Award web site <www.tiptree.org>. This year’s judges were Liz Henry, Nike Bourke, Matt Ruff, Georgie Schnobrich, and Hiromi Goto.

LOCUS AWARDS WEEKEND

Locus magazine will present their annual genre awards at a gala weekend to be held 16–18 June 2006 at the SF Museum (SFM) in Seattle WA during the Science Fiction Awards Weekend, in conjunction with the SF Hall of Fame Induction Ceremony. Planned events include:

- Friday evening cocktail reception at the SFM (in conjunction with SFWA)
- Saturday brunch at the Courtyard Marriott with Connie Willis, Neil Gaiman, et al.
- Guided tours (Saturday) and panels (Sunday) at the SFM
- 5P Saturday Locus Award Ceremony at the SFM (TM Connie Willis, Special Guest Neil Gaiman)

The \$25 Locus Awards tickets also include a cocktail hour before the SFM’s Hall of Fame Induction Ceremony on Saturday evening, but admission to the HoF Induction itself is available only from the SFM itself (see <www.sfhomeworld.org>).

Tickets for the Locus Awards can be purchased online at <<https://www.locusmag.com/About/LocusAwardsAd.html>>, or by phone at 510-339-9198, or by check sent to Locus Publications, P. O. Box 13305, Oakland CA 94611.

A limited number of rooms have been blocked at a \$129.00 rate (single/double) at the Courtyard Marriott. For hotel reservations, call 1-800-321-2211 and ask for the “Hall of Fame/Locus Awards” room rate.

SPECTRUM AWARDS

Winners and runners-up of the 13th annual Spectrum competition for fantastic art were announced 3 March 2006 in Kansas City MO. Judges included Brom (artist), Bruce Jensen (artist), Christopher Klein (artist/art director *National Geographic*), Heidi MacDonald (journalist), Stephan Martiniere (artist), and Meg Walsh (artist). Winners receive a Spectrum Award sculpted by Joseph DeVito on a base sculpted by Tom Banwell, with either a gold or silver engraved plate bearing the recipient’s name. The winners are:

Grandmaster Jeffrey Jones
Advertising “Prometheus,”
Donato Giancola (for *Asimov’s*)
2nd place “Die SF,”
Andrew Jones (for <ConceptArt.org>)
Book Jon Foster, Cover of *The Demon and the City* by Liz Williams
2nd place Michael Deas, Cover of
Earthbound by Richard Matheson
Comics *Doomed #4*, Jeremy Geddes
2nd place *The Devil’s Rejects*, David Hartman
Dimensional “Under Autumn’s Tentacled Spell,”
Tim Bruckner
2nd place “Moodius Centaurus,” Andrew Sinclair
Editorial “Antarctic Megalosaur,” William Stout
2nd place “Revenge of the Geisha,” Yuko Shimizu
Institutional “Warriors of Khorne,” Cos Koniotis
2nd place “Jade Sea Walker II,” Daniel Dociu
Unpublished “Carnivore Pond,” William Carman
2nd place “Burning Man,” August Hall

Nebula Awards Final Ballot

The final ballot for the 2005 Nebula Awards Report was announced 24 February 2006. The Nebula Awards are voted on by members of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America, Inc. Several items have been added since the earlier announcement of the preliminary ballot.

Award winners will be announced at the Nebula Awards Banquet to be held at the Tempe Mission Palms Hotel in Tempe AZ on Saturday 6 May 2006.

NOVELS

Air, Geoff Ryman (St. Martin’s Press, September 2004)
Camouflage, Joe Haldeman (*Analog*, serialized March–May 2004; also Ace, August 2004)
Going Postal, Terry Pratchett (HarperCollins, October 2004)
Jonathan Strange and Mr Norrell, Susanna Clarke (Bloomsbury, September 2004)
Polaris, Jack McDevitt (Ace, November 2004)
Orphans of Chaos, John C. Wright (Tor, November 2005)

NOVELLAS

“Clay’s Pride,” Bud Sparhawk (*Analog*, July/August 2004)
“Identity Theft,” Robert J. Sawyer (*Down These Dark Spaceways*, Mike Resnick, ed., Science Fiction Book Club, May

2005)

“Left of the Dial,” Paul Witcover (SCI FICTION, September 2004)

“Magic for Beginners,” Kelly Link (*Magic for Beginners*, Small Beer Press, July 2005; also *F&SF*, September 2005)

“The Tribes of Bela,” Albert Cowdrey (*F&SF*, August 2004)

NOVELETTES

“The Faery Handbag,” Kelly Link (*The Faery Reel: Tales From the Twilight Realm*, Ellen Datlow and Terri Windling, eds., Viking Press, August 2004)

“Flat Diane,” Daniel Abraham (*F&SF*, October/November 2004)

“Men are Trouble,” James Patrick Kelly (*Asimov’s*, June 2004)

“Nirvana High,” Eileen Gunn and Leslie What (*Stable Strategies and Others*, Tachyon Press, September 2004)

“The People of Sand and Slag,” Paolo Bacigalupi (*F&SF*, February 2004)

SHORT STORIES

“Born-Again,” K. D. Wentworth (*F&SF*, May 2005)

“The End of the World as We Know It,” Dale Bailey (*F&SF*, October/November 2004)

“I Live With You,” Carol Emshwiller (*F&SF*, March 2005)

“My Mother, Dancing,” Nancy Kress (*Asimov’s*, June 2004)

“Singing My Sister Down,” Margo Lanagan (*Black Juice*, Eos, March 2005)

“Still Life With Boobs,” Anne Harris (*Talebones*, Summer 2005)

“There’s a Hole in the City,” Richard Bowes (SCI FICTION, June 2005)

SCRIPTS

Act of Contrition/You Can’t Go Home Again, Carla Robinson, Bradley Thompson, and David Weddle (*Battlestar Galactica*, 28 January and 4 February 2005 [two part episode])
Serenity, Joss Whedon (Universal Pictures, September 2005)

ANDRE NORTON AWARD

The Amethyst Road, Louise Spiegler (Clarion Books, September 2005)

Siberia, Ann Halam (Wendy Lamb Books, June 2005)

Stormwitch, Susan Vaught (Bloomsbury, January 2005)

Valiant: A Modern Tale of Faerie, Holly Black (Simon & Schuster, June 2005)

Interview with the Maiar: Rendezvous With Vasa

No Need for a Ring — Chapter 3
by PieEyedDragon

Arien, the Maia, guided the sun up over the edge of the world and began her daily trip. Looking ahead, she became alarmed. *Something* was in her way!

The ship of Eärendil — bow pointing directly toward her — she would have recognized even without the Silmaril’s glow. Eärendil was oddly busy on board. He seemed to be running in circles around the deck. Arien then noted that the damaged ship was slowly turning in the opposite direction. Eärendil then threw a loop of rope over the bow and worked it back amidships. He then went over the starboard rail and climbed along the rope until he crossed the keel and came back up the port side, and across the deck.

This capering was repeated until she saw that he was causing the vessel to roll over onto its side, exposing more of the after deck.

There was something... *odd*... there. Shaped like a small dragon, it had a four-part spirit. The spirits were tightly joined together in a shape that looked a great deal like the gigantic sea-turtle: Fastitocalon!

Eärendil was pulling at one wing, trying to stretch and spread it out in the light. Curiouser and curiouser. Arien reached outward in mind to touch the... female?... dragon-thing.

Arien: Sister... sisters... and brothers... what is the matter with you?

Gon: Weak — like a dying fire.

Eyed: Stale and frosty enough to build icicles.

Pie: Glacial as a frozen lake.

Dra: Brittle as shale.

Arien: There is Life in me; and Fire... Come... Warm yourself — by my fire.

Slowly, the dragon-wings began to stretch outward; absorbing more and more of the welcome heat.

Eärendil — heavily sunburned already — stayed now in the shadow of the wings. He hoped that his crew would revive soon enough to move them aside before he and the ship were burned to ashes.

— O — O — O —

Thunderbird: Reporting for duty, Captain.

Eärendil: Hurry, hurry! Raise sails!

Thunderbird: Sails ready, Captain.

Eärendil: *Wings Over the Worlds!*

The force fans blossom anew upon their new matrix, even more quickly than before. Thunderbird adjusts the extended wings until the whole of the ship is shadowed from the burning rays of Vasa.

The solar flux was concentrated in a narrow range, from infrared to ultraviolet. There was absolutely no hard radiation nor even a solar wind of charged particles. Angling the augmented wings to reflect the energies, Thunderbird causes the ship to tack sharply to one side; crossing between the artificial sunlet and the planet too-close below.

— O — O — O —

A dimness falls across Valinor. Those who look upward shudder to see an immense, bat-like dark shape crossing the disc of the sun: still framing the glimmer of the Silmaril.

Mithrandir: Something... *monstrous*... this way comes. If this is the answer to the dragons, it may be very much worse!

— O — O — O —

Eärendil’s charred ship drops lower thru the atmosphere. Thunderbird’s sky-sails are much smaller now, being used in parachute fashion in the upper air to slow the vessel from interplanetary velocity. The oars deploy and the sky-sails retreat. A great *hiss* and steam arises as the keel touches the water’s surface, and the oars continue to propel the ship toward the dock. Eärendil leans across the tiller; feeling more dead than alive.

Thunderbird: Sorry we had such a difficult trip, Captain.

Eärendil: Don’t be! A sailor is expected to have fantastic stories to tell; and this trip has given me plenty! I haven’t had such an adventure in ages! Not since the Battle of Angband, when I killed Ancalagon the Black Dragon... oops!

Thunderbird: (Shrugs) These things do happen. Speaking of things happening, someone seems to be flying this way.

Eärendil: My loving wife. I had barely been home when I

got these sailing orders. It is hard for her.

Thunderbird: You wouldn't be happy to stay ashore always; would you?

Eärendil: Confidentially, no. I am too restless of spirit. I mainly chose immortality for her sake.

Elwing arrives, and throws her arms about her sailor-man. His cries of anguish, and the reddened skin, point out that he has a problem. She hustles him off; promising ointments and cool baths and other... ah... welcoming services.

I start to step onto the quay myself, and realize that the Captain had not given me leave to debark. I was, as sole Crewperson, now in charge of the ship and could not leave without higher permission! Ah, well. There was plenty to see from here. It was after all a whole new world. I settle into a more comfortable circle and rest my chin upon my back.

Patience... I've got patience. There is no hurry. Curious beings of mainly Elven cast stare cautiously at me. I stare back. My great eyes give me much advantage at this game.

I'm becoming quite the center of attention; so I'll offer a little entertainment. The reptiles chanted a song to me when I got my newest name.

"Bask, ye reptiles. Bask in the light!

The day is long and the sky is light!

Bask in the heat of the distant Sun.

Our blood'll get hotter, we'll jump and run!

So bask in the heat of the Sun, boys!

Bask in the heat of the Sun!"

... and so on, in my very deep voice, for many verses. Some of the audience laugh, and clap to the beat. Others bring out musical instruments and improvise variations to the tune.

[Some of the above beings and situations have been suggested by the works of J. R. R. Tolkien. (But you already knew that, didn't you?) Thanks also to Bill Sutton who wrote and sang *Bask Ye Samplers*.]

Letter of Comment

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

11 March 2006

Looks like I bunged up the deadline real good. I've been working day and night on assorted assignments, so life has been on hold while I try to make a living. Here's a late loc on the February *Shuttle*.

I saw an interview on television with the founder of the Razzie Awards, John Wilson, and he said that he got the idea of the Razzies from watching, among other movies, *Xanadu* with Olivia Newton-John and John Travolta. Halle Berry actually attended the Razzies, and accepted her trophy with humour and good grace. She was photographed with an Oscar in one hand, and a Razzie in the other.

Hello, Pie-Eyed... got a chance to take a cruise, hm? I wouldn't use the name Thunderbird near a liquor store, but then, there's usually some demand for your services, no matter where you are. I look forward to more Tolkienesque travels.

Awards... I've put in my nominations for Hugos and Auroras, and the deadline for Aurora nominations is April 17. Let's hope this is in time!

[You know, I *thought* something was missing as I started to put together the various files for this issue of the *Shuttle*, but didn't realize until your email arrived that I didn't have a single LoC. I recall the Halle Berry photo you mention — in fact, I, um, borrowed that pic and ran a small version in last year's Razzie coverage. This year there's no equivalent I know of, sadly enough. -ED]



P. O. Box 4857
Huntsville AL 35815-4857

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

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

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