

CHAT

NEWSZINE OF THE CHATTANOOGA SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY DICK AND NICKI LYNCH
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FREE TO C.S.F.A. MEMBERS; 25¢ FOR FELLOW TRAVELERS
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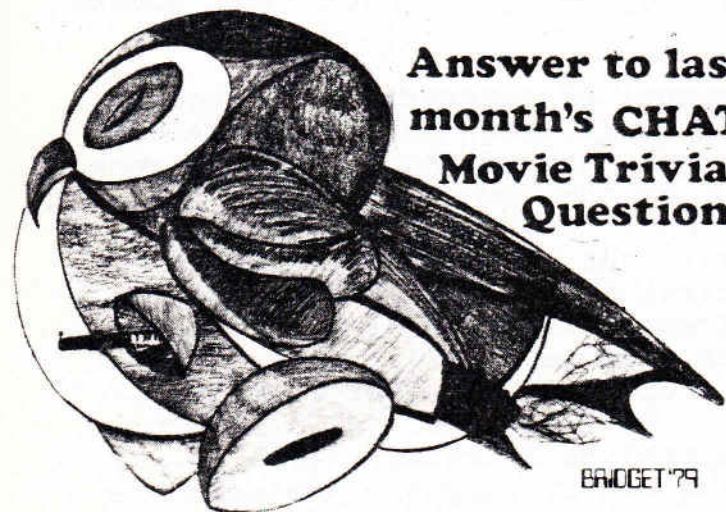
"Few have greater riches than the joy that comes to us in visions, in dreams which nobody can take away." - Euripides (414 - 12 BC)

NEXT CSFA MEETING FEB. 17 - READING FEATURED....The Chattanooga SF Association met on January 20 at U.T.C. for books and ~~very~~ discussion. This past month's meeting featured an auction for members to get rid of unwanted items and a trivia quiz on several Andre Norton books. The book discussion, Lucifer's Hammer by Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle, was a bit more interesting than the usual discussion. The auction was a great deal of fun, with things like hardback books, graffiti sheets from Chattacon, an issue of Playboy, and several pieces of art being sold. The most expensive piece was an original drawing of Alan Dean Foster by Charlie Williams and signed by Foster, which went for \$15. Some of the liveliest bidding was on one of the graffiti sheets. A group of high school members formed 'The Syndicate' to pool their money and buy the sheet. The major opposition was Mike Rogers. Both were digging deep into their pockets as the bidding climbed by pennies with each bid. In the end the Syndicate won, aided by donations from spectators. A total of \$35 was raised by the auction. (How about getting a good film for a night, gang? If we have the dough...) Uncle Tim's trivia quiz had four contestants in a slow quiz that ended with Fem Fan Tola Varnell taking the top prize of a signed edition of Dark Star, by Alan Dean Foster. In club business, Irvin Koch brought to the club's attention that the Atlanta and Birmingham clubs have reciprocal membership agreements, and we should think about joining in. So the club voted to allow members of either the Atlanta and/or Birmingham club to attend our club meeting without paying dues. And any member of our club will be able to attend either club meeting without paying dues. The Atlanta club meets every third Saturday, as we do, but the Birmingham club meets every second Saturday of the month. (The Birmingham club address was in last month's CHAT.) Next month's CSFA meeting will be at 7:30 PM on Saturday, February 17, in the Lookout Mtn. room of the U.T.C. Student Center. The book for next month is The Winds of Limbo by Michael Moorcock, and discussion will be led by Ken Scott. Ken will also be doing the program section of the meeting by treating us to a couple readings. As they will be of a sophisticated



I just love this guy Norton. He writes great sci-fi!

Answer to last month's CHAT Movie Trivial Question:



BRIDGET '79

The Millenium Budgie

nature, BE ADVISED. The books to read in coming months are: Retief's War by Keith Laumer (March) and Time Storm by Gordon Dickson (April). Also in the months to come, please be thinking up possible programs for club meetings. The suggestions I have heard are: showing a film (rather than a video tape), having a costume workshop, another trivia quiz (note that 'Uncle Rick' will have a quiz on Asimov's Foundation Trilogy at the April meeting), another auction, discussion of fan publications, etc. These and other suggestions will be brought up at the next meeting, so be

(cont. on page 2)

CSFA MEETING (cont.).... ready! To get to U.T.C., take I-124 to the 4th St. exit (last exit before Tennessee River bridge). Go on 4th St. for about 8/10 mile to Mabel St., and turn right on Mabel. Go 2 blocks (bearing right) and turn left onto Vine St. (which is 1-way). Go 2½ blocks. The Student Center is on the left side; look for its sign. The meeting room is on the ground floor, near the information desk. For questions, call Rich Morehouse (755-4275). (NWL)

CSFA TREASURER'S REPORT....As of December 1, balance (from last report) was \$185.47. Dues from the December meeting were \$17; expenditures for newszine mailing was \$4.25, leaving a Jan. 1 balance of \$198.22. January income was \$2.24 interest income, \$24 dues, and \$38.32 from the auction; expenditures were \$1 for newszine mailing, \$2 for trivia quiz prize, and \$3 for Foster sketch. The current balance is \$256.78. (RM/ajb)

SOLAR ECLIPSE THIS MONTH....On Monday, Feb. 26, observers will be able to view a partial eclipse of the sun. Although totality will be limited to a narrow path running through Oregon, Idaho, Montana, central Canada, and the Hudson Bay, partiality will be visible throughout the entire North American continent. In the Chattanooga area, maximum coverage of the solar disc will be about 62%, occurring at about 11:50 AM; first contact and last contact will be at about 10:30 AM and 1:10 PM, respectively. For safety, viewers should not observe the sun with the unprotected eye. Safe ways are through no. 14 welders glass, two thicknesses of fully exposed and developed photographic black and white negative, or by projection through a pinhole camera. Unsafe ways are through smoked glass, color negative film, and sunglasses (even the silvered kind). (DL)

CHATTACON SUMMARY....Chattacon 4 had 436 attendees, making it the largest SF convention ever in Tennessee. For those who weren't able to attend, a good review has been published in *Atarantes*, the newszine of the Atlanta Science Fiction Club, available from Cliff Biggers (1029 Franklin Rd., Apt. 3-A, Marietta, GA 30067); enclose 35¢ for the copy. A somewhat different view of Chattacon 4 appears in this issue of CHAT, in the form of an editorial. Art show awards were as follows: 1st overall - Vela Hull; 2nd overall - Teri Stewart; 3rd overall - Helen Struven; honorable mention went to Dexter Dickinson (color) and also Victoria Poyser, Cliff Biggers and Wade Gilbreath (black & white). No one seems to have copied down the Masquerade awards, so how about a letter from someone who remembers? (DL)

CHATTACON 5....Chattacon 5 will be on the weekend of Jan. 4-6, 1980, making it the first SF convention of the 1980's. Location will again be the Downtown Sheraton Hotel in Chattanooga. MC will be Wilson (Bob) Tucker. Membership rates are \$7 through Sept. 30, 1979, and \$10 after that. More guests will be announced later. (DL)

BITS AND PIECES....Kubla Khan, Nashville's annual SF convention, has been moved from April 27-29 to May 18-20 according to chairman Ken Moore.**A.J. Barker announces she will hold a *Thru the Worm Hole* party at Kubla, in her room one of the nights.**Nicki Lynch is the new OE of the *Shadow SFPA*, the APA of waitlisters for the *Southern Fandom Press Association* (the South's best APA). Prospective waitlisters are encouraged to write her.**Andy Andruschak, the OE of the *Fantasy Amateur Press Association* (the first and oldest APA) has recently acquired a set of personalized California license plates (Southerners call them 'tags', Andy) that read: FAPA OE.**North Georgia SF writer Sharon Webb tells us that her next story (appearing in an upcoming issue of *Asimov's SF Magazine*) will have a scenerio of 'Chatlanta'. Watch for it.**CSFA member Mike Rogers will perform his junior piano recital on Thursday, March 22, at 1:40 PM in the auditorium of Cadec Hall on the U.T.C. campus. Admission is free.**NASA's Halley's Comet Rendezvous space probe has been eliminated

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EDITORIAL - A PERSONAL VIEW OF CHATTACon 4

BY NICKI LYNCH

Rumor has it that the weekend of Jan. 5-7, there was a ChattaCon at the Sheraton Downtown here in Chattanooga. Oh, yes, I was there, but I didn't see much, if any, of the convention. I'm on the ConCom. Ah, the light is beginning to dawn! Beer runs at 3 AM and guarding various places and always on the run. But there was a ChattaCon.

ChattaCon started on Thursday night with a small (but smo-o-o-th) pizza party in the hotel room of the Con Chair, Irvin Koch. Almost all the ConCom was there as well as pro writers Wilson (Bob) Tucker and Alan Dean Foster. Also in attendance were several people who were attending ChattaCon and came early. Three of these, Bill Bridget, Clay Norris, and Gloria Nugent, turned out to be a Godsend, as they helped in every way possible and, in some cases, more than some of the ConCom members.

It was an uneven beginning to what would be a great con for the attendees (I heard only good things) and a nightmare for some of the ConCom members. By Thursday night we still did not have the program books and there was some doubt about the weather.

Friday morning was the usual flurry of getting set up. Dick and I loaded up our car and Julie Wilhoit's station wagon with art and the art hangings and set out for the hotel. After arriving, we heard about the first "disaster". It seems that the plan of the con-suite people to have kegs of beer and soda had fallen through. It was discovered by the hotel when the soda man came up to the front desk and wanted to know where to put it. So we were left without beer, but we did have a soda fountain.

While Dick set up the art show, I went off on a beer run. Nancy and David Tabor went, being as they were in charge, and we both stopped by our homes, as it turned out we would be getting a room to spend the night in...the alternate consuite, if it was empty at 2 AM. While we were driving out, it began to snow. While it did not stick, at first, it was pretty.

By the middle of the afternoon the snow had stopped and we added Dick to our merry little band and went out to eat, so we could spell people who wanted to go to dinner.

When we got back, Nancy and Dave left and I began work on the registration desk. By this time the program books had come in minus a page of paid advertising. Shelby Bush, who was in charge of it, was off somewhere getting the page redone. Earlier that morning, the program book had arrived, uncollated and unstapled, so that also had to be quickly done.

I spent about three hours on the registration desk taking money from the large numbers of local people and guests who were staying at the hotel. One gentleman asked me if I thought the bad weather would snow him into the hotel. I had no idea. So he laid down his money and said, "I guess I'll be snowed in for the weekend". As far as I know he had a good convention, as I never saw him again.

I managed to get off the desk in time to hear Bob Tucker's talk on fan legends. Then I joined in a room party with Tuck and friends which led to seeing a blurry version of The Rocky Horror Show.

Also during the evening I received a T-shirt from three authors from Iowa, and attended their party after the movie. It was a rather boisterous party, and everyone sitting around the drinks table was required to wear a nose mask (a thing which may catch on



"Smo-o-o-o-o-th!"

in fandom, but I would not hold my breath). It was interesting and even the cop who asked us to quiet down was polite about it.

After midnight found me back in the con suite, the alternate one, waiting for a vacuum cleaner to arrive. A popcorn machine had been set up in the con suite and the carpet in that room was wall to wall popcorn by this time. About 1:30 AM the vacuum did arrive and we pitched in, kicking people out of the con suite and cleaning up. I think about three or so we finally got into bed and tried to get to sleep amid the yelling and thumping in the hall. By turning the air conditioner up to high we managed to get some sleep.

Around eight in the morning we were awakened by someone looking for one of the gofers. So we got up. Nancy and Dave later told us that their phone had rung all night, but I never heard it.

Saturday was a day of rushing around and waiting around. The Chattanooga Times sent a reporter to interview Foster and that came off well. Of the three TV stations, Ch. 3 was the only one who came around that I know of, and interviewed Jack Chalker. I happened to catch the job they did and it was bad. They had his name wrong and called him a "sci-fi writer". Blach. I did manage to see a bit of the huckster room and to look around at the art show. Both seemed to be doing well. The huckster room was a bit small, but the 40 tables were well arranged and people seemed to be happy. The art show had just enough room and quite a variety of art. Cliff Biggers brought his collection of fanzines, which were displayed in a small room near the art show. It was a great display and I understand it inspired several young fans to publish.

I did get to see part of Foster's writing workshop, which was mostly a question and answer session. It was not the usual workshop, but then that can one do at a convention? I didn't get to hear any of the readings, but the writers all assured me they had knock out renditions. The author's autograph party did not work out as well as expected, but at least it was tried.

Editorial (cont. from page 3) A Personal View of Chattacon 4

As far as authors go, a fair number of writers attended ChattaCon. Mary Elizabeth Councilman, a well known writer of the 30's and 40's who was published in "Weird Tales" and other pulps attended and had a very good time.

Sheron Webb, a southern writer who will be in Asimov's this spring, and Steve Vance, our local pro, were also present as were Chester Cornett, Robert Charles Cornett, and Kevin Randle from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, who had just sold an SF war novel. They were the ones who gave me the T-shirt and who had the "nose mask" party. Also in attendance was Perry Chapdelaine, of Nashville, and Dave Kyle from Florida.

Again this year we were to have a science speaker and, like the club meetings, the speaker failed to show up. As usual, he had forgotten and made other plans. I sometimes get the feeling they either think we are kidding or would feel uncomfortable with us. They don't know what they are missing.

I also looked in on Foster's GoH speech, but didn't get a chance to hear it. I understand that the speech or the questions after (for some unknown reason) were tapes, since video taper (without our permission, I might add) was used.

The banquet was a successful one. For the first, and not the last, time it was a buffet. As usual names were drawn from the hat to determine the order of tables to get in the food line. For some unknown reason, program person Mike Rogers was at the microphone drawing numbers and confusing everyone. The person in charge of the banquet for the hotel also made a serious mistake in not putting out salad bowls. People were taking two plates and we had to make the announcement that we were being charged by the plate, so only take one, please. Fortunately, it worked out all right. The food was good and plentiful. Of the after dinner speeches, Wilson Tucker's was the best. Tuck had the whole audience rolling in the aisles, as the after dinner speeches turned into a roast of Chairman, Irvin Koch. Also at this time the art awards were given out (see article on the ChattaCon wrap-up) as was the Strange Fan Award that is given out at ChattaCon each year to honor a fan who has worked without recognition for fandom. This year's recipient was Ken Scott. Also there to give out an award was Southern Appalachian Fem Fan Federation president Julia Wilhoit. She awarded the TMSO (Token Male Sex Object) of the Year to Wilson Tucker; the award was in the form of a T-shirt. The award was to be Man of the Year, but the name was changed by the president on her own.

After the banquet was the art auction, which was very profitable for most of the artists and hectic for Dick. ((ed. note: also Nicki and Julie, who were at the sale table)) In the confusion a small \$12 pin that was for sale was lost, and had to eventually paid for by the convention.

After the art auction there was the masquerade, which again I did not see.

There were also movies shown on Friday and Saturday night, but I saw neither.

On Saturday night, Dick and I managed to wonder around to some of the parties. The major one, of course, was the Thru' the Worm Hole party on Friday and Saturday nights, given by registrar AJ Barker. AJ, the editor of this fanzine, served great Pina Colatas.

It was a very quiet, laid back party, and I, for one, needed to unwind.

About 1:30 AM Dick and Irvin went on a beer run. The Tabors had to attend a family funeral in Atlanta and Alt.Con person Tim Bolgeo was at home, so it fell to others to help out.

The art show was suppose to open at 10AM on Sunday, but didn't open until 11 AM after a run out to our place to bring our things from the hotel suite. When we got back, there were artists waiting to be checked out and paid. We worked on that while talking with friends, until 1:30 PM when I insisted that we eat before I faint.

Lunch was eaten with Irvin, Ronnie Shelton (who was also a Godsend), Clay, AJ, Bill, and Dick and myself. It turned out to be a gripe and egoboo session, which we needed. The biggest disappointment of the con, and it was agreed, was the program book. It lacked the art to make it interesting, and lacked any fiction outside of Cliff Amos' view of the "history" of ChattaCon, which was really a history of Irvin's conventions. It was a poor job and too hastily done to be interesting.

We managed to take down the art hangings and get them home with help from Ronnie's truck.

We then looked up Tuck, who was sitting in the con suite with Jack and Eva. Several good hours were spent listening and talking, while I worked on the books. I was too tired and weak to do an accurate accounting, but even then it looked as if we had made money. ((Ed. note: and we did.))



Alan Dean
Foster

(cont. on page 5)

Editorial (cont. from page 4) A Personal View of Chattacon 4

Around six we (Tuck, Dick and I, Janet and Bob and Rich Morehouse) went to dinner at Shoney's and then headed for home. Dick and Tuck spent time talking about Tuck's latest book while I again worked on the books.

Monday morning began early with a phone call. Bob's plane was cancelled because of bad weather father north. So we had Bob another day! Wow! We let him sleep in, while Dick went to work and I ran errands. When I returned, AJ dropped by, Tuck was up and about, so we decided to go out to lunch together. I had also received a call from Dave and so we headed down to the Sheraton, our home away from home, yet again. We helped Dave get the rest of the beer and Kocho-Cola from the consuite and sent Mike Lowry on his way home after he was stranded by his ride.

We had a wonderful meal in Sambo's (Tuck sang "Good Morning" to us) and got home mid-afternoon after some car trouble. Dick arrived at his usual time and we had a pleasant evening of the retelling of fan legends. Dick has the Rusebud story as well as a second-hand version of the Lime Jello story about Joe Haldeman on tape. We also got to talk to one of Bob's friends in Calif. and look thru

the 1944 mailing of FAPA.

Bob left early on Tuesday morning and the con was over.

In summing up, the good things shine through when given a chance. Clay Norris, Gloria Nugent, and Bill Bridget were there when they were needed and helped selflessly and consistently. It was so wonderful having them around. The people who came were wonderful and all had a great time from what I have heard. The con did well despite the confusion with the kegs of drink which got the hotel mad at us (until they added up the business we brought in) and the extras we had to pay for the con suite and program book. We got to talk with Tuck and Chalker, even though Dick got none of his Foster books signed. Having Bob stay the extra day was a plus we never expected.

We also helped the UTC basketball team win a game, for their opposition, the Appalachian State Univer. team, was staying at our hotel. I understand their coach had a hard time getting them away from our parties.

As I look back, the good times shine more bright than the bad, even though I thought I would never recover from the lowness of the depression I went through on Saturday.

Yes, there will be another ChattaCon, in its traditional spot, next year. We will be there and recovered from ChattaCon 4, I hope.

At the Co-op

by
Perry A. Chapdelaine, Sr.

Courtesy of Authors' Co-op Publishing Co.
subsidiary of Authors' Co-op, Inc.

Rt. 1, Box 137

Franklin, Tenn. 37064

Contracts between publishers and writers are, of course, personal instruments touching upon agreements for pay. Most newspapers hire reporters who write for salary, and everything written becomes property of the publisher. A good contract between writer and publisher is one that starts by trading on only the *rights* to publish a certain kind of book (hardcover or softcover) within a specific geographical region, for a specified time period.

I have the intuitive feeling that the *Science Fiction Writers of America (SFWA)* — to which I reluctantly again belong — has done more in the line of analyzing, publicizing, and influencing than any other writers' organization, except for the *Writer's Guild of America* (TV and Movie labor organization).

Know that the *Guild* is a strong union, while *SFWA* is but a loose organization of often bickering writers, a super fandom, so to speak, and without legal clout when compared to a genuine union

or guild. Nonetheless they have worked wonders with publishers of late.

Large publishers can usually afford better terms than small publishers. Sometimes small advances accepted at the front end of a contract lead to big royalties further along (i.e. John Jakes Bi-Centennial series); while more often the writer would prefer big advances at the front end, leaving profit risks to the publisher.

Small Press, unlike *Big Press*, can seldom contract in the same league with *Big Press*, and often it is the size of the advance that predetermines the amount of publicity that will go behind a new title. Thus it is that a writer (or reader) can determine whether or not a title will become a best seller merely by knowing the size of the advance. If very large, then the publisher will put an equally large advertising budget behind it, and most likely the title will go well and often big. The publisher is protecting his investment with more investment, obviously. Ten thousand dollars is not a big advance in mainstream, while in science fiction, until recently, it was considered large.

Besides help from our advisory Board, *Authors' Co-op, Inc.*, being a very, very small press, studied the *SFWA* contracts analyses for long before coming up with the present contract. It attempts to

provide a profit-sharing arrangement in lieu of advance against royalties. Its effect is more like that of a University Press than a commercial press.

University Presses take only those manuscripts which theoretically are turned down by commercial interests. For example, one time SF writer Charles Fontenay had his *Epistle to the Babylonians* published by University of Tennessee Press under a contract that required pay-back of investment before he earned royalties. It almost made the complete pay-back before being discontinued, which is great, considering the lack of distribution built into a University Press. Similarly, from time to time, L. Sprague de Camp has queried about University Presses.

Authors' Co-op Publishing Co's. contract is too new to brag on as yet, and may in the long run be unworkable, but it does attempt to give the author a bigger share of profit, if any, and also contracts with the artist in similar manner, which is unusual, and also permits venture capitalists to join with writers and authors in producing the book, also for return of capital before profits as well as for half of corporation profit.

Photo-composition courtesy of AC Typesetting Services, subsidiary of Authors' Co-op, Inc.

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FOR SALE: Capehart stereo record player. One speaker wire frayed but otherwise OK. \$45. Contact Ken Scott at (615)-629-4590, or at the next CSFA meeting.

ADVERTISE it in CHAT. Our classified rate is 15¢ per printed line; \$9 for a full page ad.

A. J.'s Corner by A. J. Barker

Pretty Baby and I were going to clean up the fanroom today, but.... That is to say, I was going to straighten out the books and zines, while Pretty was going to catch trools. The apartment is infested with them.

Shelby Bush had a troll, who lived in his apartment in Crossville and ate APA mailings, but trools are a different species altogether.

For the uneducated, a trool is a mutinous gremlin that infests the living quarters of fan editors and publishers. They are ugly little creatures that make their nests out of zines, usually using the APA with the closest deadline on the deepest layer. Their favorite things are: Letters of Comment (LoC's on bagels with cream cheese), unused checks, and lime jello.* They are very prolific little bidders and are usually transported into an unsuspecting home on old fanzines. (*They like to drink Kocho-Cola.)

They infested the Lynches house several months ago, about the time Bill Bridget started bringing down his old fanzines and giving them to us. The longer you are into zining the more likely you are to have trools. I'm not too sure whether they came in on the zines Bill brought or were just attracted by the odor once they got here. Probably the latter, because trools hate to fly.

I realized my apartment was infested right after ChattaCon 4. I had suspected it before, but while I was gone those three days and Pretty was not inside to keep them under control, they took over. They were so bad that they not only got into the fanroom, the livingroom, & the bedroom, but really messed up my kitchen.

Nicki is very lucky to have Speaker-to-Cats and Blue Eyes both visiting her almost every day. They have kept her trool population down pretty well and restrained them from a complete takeover during the ChattaCon 4 mess.

Cats are the best trool control know in fandom, which explains why so many fans have cats. Silly and CallicoCat may have to come to visit for a few days or I may have to resort to the ultimate weapon---my Mother.

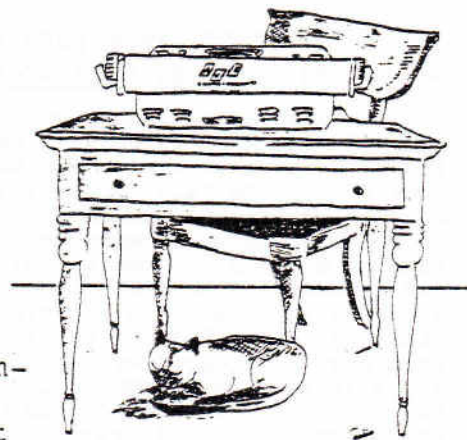
There is only one thing in the world that a trool fears worse than cats, that's a fanzine editor's mother. It scares him so badly, he finds a mouse hole and will hide there for weeks. He will clear out his nest and cover up his trail so he cannot be tracked down and exterminated. (All trools are male, reproducing by mimeography.)

As I said before, Pretty and I were going to clean up the fanroom, but my column is now 8 days late, so I must do somethings for it. Bill and I were discussing what I have been considering writing about this month, yesterday over the phone. I put forth several ideas, but he wasn't too thrilled about them. He thought I should discuss the Joan Vinge book I'm reading or do my *Superman* review (Ed. note: Her *Superman: the Movie* review is in this issue of CHAT.), something SF oriented. He asked if Dick hadn't set up guidelines as to what my columns were to be about. Dick says my column should be about one page. If I run over a page, that's OK, but content is up to me and as long as I'm interesting and entertaining (and ~~happy~~ clean).

This column contains no ChattaCon 4 report, because reports are to be done when a person's finished with the con. So far it looks as if it will be at least another week for me. Nicki has done a conreport which I may borrow for my APAs and such. I can't do a conreport anyway, I'm not sure what all those people who filed pass me were really doing. I got to the consuite about twice (Friday morning and Sunday afternoon) and to the Huckster room afternoon on Sunday. Our parties (the WORM HOLE parties) were great.

I got a little upset about the TMSO award though only because I'm tired

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AJ's Corner (cont.)....of being right about people all the time. True, that was the first and last TMSO award, not for the reasons floating around, but because no one will ever be so perfect as Tucker.

BITS AND PIECES (cont.)....from funding for the 1979-80 fiscal year.**The Southern Appalachian Fem Fan Federation has disbanded.**Next month's CHAT will feature full page cover art by Wade Gilbreath. As we may do this again in the future, we would like your comments!

SPECIAL REVIEW SECTION

TWO VIEWS OF THE MOVIE SUPERMAN

Wow!! What a movie! I finally get to review something really classy. SUPERMAN, no matter what that turkey Gene Shalet said, is terrific. Even the credits are breathtaking. I felt like I was back in Standefer's Pharmacy going into a trance reading comics when I was ten years old.

Christopher Reeve is Superman, and he carries the whole production. Besides looking the part, he almost makes me believe that Lois Lane can't tell he's really Clark Kent, mild-mannered reporter for the *Daily Planet*. Margot Kidder as Lois Lane is good, too. She makes Lois seem more a real personality than she was in the comics. In general, I truly enjoyed this movie more than any I've seen since *STAR WARS*....maybe even more.

Now, just a few teensy criticisms so that you won't think I sat through the movie going "Oh, wow!" (I did). Wasn't the planet Krypton just a bit large in comparison to its red giant sun? I know Krypton was supposed to be a large planet with high gravity, but it was pictured almost as big as the star. And Krypton was shown as a barren, cold planet where everyone lived in a kind of underground crystal city, which isn't the way I remember it. Superman was also allowed to change the course of history, which he is supposed to be specifically forbidden to do. I decided, however, that perhaps he was allowed to bring Lois back to life because no one else knew about it, and therefore it didn't alter events too much. But I still would have felt better about it if Clark had tried heart massage or mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. She was only dead a few seconds before he found her. And I wish someone had combed her hair...it looked awful.



"Pink!"

If you're a former or current comics fan, I recommend SUPERMAN; if you're still a nine year old at heart like me, see it at least twice. It's like falling into a comic book for an hour and a half. - Julia Wilhoit.

* * * * *

SUPERMAN - A REVIEW FROM THE PHANTOM ZONE...

The Lynches and I went to see SUPERMAN: The Movie on Sunday after *Chattacon 4*. It's playing across the street from the theatre where *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* is playing. I wish I had gone to *Body Snatchers* again.

Superman comics were great. Great because they weren't real and they didn't try to be. They were comics, a non-reality.

This movie gave me a bad case of psychic itch. When Jor-el and his fellow minions in white argued over cosmic destruction, he sent his only ~~begotten~~ son to Earth. There he knew his son would be more than mere mortal man - able to see through solid objects, hear at great distances, be more intelligent than ordinary men, be stronger and do many strange physical feats that mortal man could not do. In short, he knew his son would be a SUPERMAN. (How did he know all that? "Just smarter than the average bear.")

(cont. on page 8)

SUPERMAN Review (cont.)

When Jor-el's son reaches manhood, he is taken to the ~~temple~~ Fortress of Solitude, which Jor-el has programmed into a miraculous green crystal. (Instant Cathedral -- Just Add Ice Water. Use only as directed.) Here the son is instructed as to his powers, duties, and limitations. I figured any minute Clark Kent, foster son of Jonathan and Martha (sent to them from onhigh), humble farm boy wandering in the wilderness (of the Arctic, not the Sinai) to discover the true purpose of his life, would suddenly have an evil figure trying to tempt him away from his father's path of truth. (Isn't it strange Clark Kent's years between his teens and his 30's would be skipped?) Yet, we are to believe Clark Kent in his teens, unknowing of his past, his heritage, his powers, or his destiny, would disappear into the wilderness to appear years later as a 30ish super fighter for good, justice, and the ~~Christian~~ American way. Instructed by the spirit of his looong dead father (who keeps reminding us of that fact), from another planet (also looong dead). Sorry folks that just don't wash, or maybe it tries to wash too hard (brainwash, that is).



No, this was not the comics, this movie was something else. There are too many triggering devices. Superman has been around longer than most all of us. I grew up with the comic books and the TV serial (in the late '50's and early '60's) and there were too many tie-ins; too many things to say this was my hero come to life. The couple on the train were Kirk Alyn (the movie serial Superman) and Noel Neill (the movie serial and TV Lois Lane). Ma Kent put Cheri's on the table (the only cereal Superboy would eat. I think I got that from Bridget.) When he ran for a place to change, he knew it was a phone booth, the prophets in the comics had so declared, but phone booths have changed. So he ~~performed his miracle~~ changed his clothes in a revolving door. Later his clothes miraculously disappeared when he lept from the open window of the *Daily Planet* skyscraper. (If he had been going fast enough to have burned off his outer clothing, he would have gone through the sidewalk like any missile and the sonic boom following him would have shattered windows for miles in all directions.)

When you go to see *Superman*, and you will, don't go in and be dazzled by the pretty lights, the fantastic music, and the moving pictures. Use your brain. This is not SUPERMAN, not our Superman, nor is he ment to truly be. Who is this Man of Steel, who can change time and history, but allow things to remain the same? (If the dam didn't burst, why and how was Jimmy Olsen many miles away in the desert? Why wasn't he still on the dam? Why did time and physical happenings change in their backward motion? Why didn't Superman just go back in time and rescue Lois from the car before her moment of death instead of changing a great deal of history? If we have a broken Hoover Dam, then we have Jimmy in the desert, if not, then Jimmy is on the dam. Also what happened to the fault lying along the road bed?)

You can scream poor writing, poor editing, poor directing, poor whatever, but I say there is a mothed to this madness. We fans use our minds; our imaginations do not become rusty. We are the world's worst/best SF movie critics, but we have become dulled. We have been lulled into a false sense of security by the bright lights and pretty pictures of *Star Wars* and *CE3K*. Let's not watch the same thing repeatedly until we no longer look at what we are seeing or even thinking about. Let's not become bemused too much in our drunken revelries.

There is a saying, "Reality is for people who can't handle Science Fiction", let's always know not to believe what our eyes see and our ears hear. We are experienced in dealing with non-reality and blocking it out. Let's continue to do so, while truly knowing which is which. - A.J. Barker

CHAT encourages submissions of art, reviews, articles, letters of comment, and the like. Written submissions should not be too lengthy -- try to keep them under one page as it appears here; also, make sure your name and address is on the submission. While we cannot pay for submissions, we provide a forum for fan writers and artists, and will give a complimentary issue of CHAT to contributors who aren't already receiving it.

BATTLESTAR:

Impraktica

Commentary by Ken Scott

Battlestar: Galactica has received quite a bit of press lately in CHAT and hopefully this will be the last. I'm not going to rip apart the TV show. No, that would be beneath me to beat a dead horse. I'm going to rip apart the book. 3:G is written ostensibly by Glen Larson and Robert Thurston, the men responsible for the weekly excursions into inanity. The best thing that can be said about the tome is that the book is better than the TV show. But not much. The "science" is still lousy and it isn't very well written, but as with any multimedia project, the book offers a deeper insight to the situations and characters.

Among the interesting sidelights we are granted are such things as: Adama's wife and life before the destruction of the colonies, glimpses into the mind of the Cylon Imperious Leader (Cylons are living beings, by the way), a socialator isn't just a hooker, Boxey isn't Serina's son, and the insect culture on the resort planet was a matriarchy.

Among the sloppier parts of the book is the constant reference to the ships of the human survivors as the "rag tag fleet", the rise of earth slang such as the two colonial warriors being referred to as a Mutt and Jeff combo when no one is supposed to have any knowledge of Earth's culture. But what destroyed any integrity in the book for me was when the Ovion queen says "milleniums" instead of "millenia".

Believe me, it makes a better book than TV show.

LETTERS OF COMMENT

Ben Fulves
P.O. Box 392
Teaneck, NJ 07666

((Concerning an issue of CHAT sent to him by his request to review)) The main problem with CHAT was the

lack of margins. You should try to have at least $\frac{1}{2}$ inch separating your print from the edge of the page. Not only is it hard to read, but sometimes, when the paper is fed wrong, you'll lose half a page to the roller. You should run a classified ad section regularly and encourage people to advertise in it for free. I think you know a little something about dry transfer lettering. Try and vary the number of different typefaces you use in each issue. I think that you should carry an interview an issue, make it a regular section, and ask people to submit interviews. If you are serious about CHAT, I think you should sit down and write out as many ideas for improving it as possible. The way to start a letter column is to write letters until you start getting 4 or 5 letters a day. ((Geez, that's 150 letters a month! That would rival It Comes in the Mail at it's height and CHAT would turn into a mailzine!!! That we could not handle and do not want.)) Give out copies of CHAT to anyone who might be interested, whether they tell you or not. If the fans won't go to you, you go to the fans. Sit down at a meeting with the other members and ask them for ideas, be sure to tell them how important it is. Have mass mailings. Encourage members to submit things to CHAT. But most of all, write letters. It is the only way you will get your name circulating.

((Taking your points in order, this is the first time in a year and a half of publishing CHAT that someone has found us hard to read. Personally, I don't think so, but I'm interested in hearing from others on this. We use narrow margins in order to conserve space, pure and simple. But not at the expense of a finished product. Also, CHAT is reproduced by Xerox (at least for now), not mimeo; therefore no loss of text during repro.

Yes, I am sort of a self-taught expert at the use of transfer lettering, and have a multitude of styles avail-

able for use. But varying the number of typestyles...? Last month's CHAT (as a typical example) had six different styles I used myself, and (depending on how you count them) 10-12 styles total including mine and contributors.

I'd like to carry an interview per issue, but with a monthly zine, this isn't always possible. Contributions from other sources are, of course, more than welcome. And our letter column, after a shaky start, seems to be gathering momentum.

Right now we don't mass mail CHAT, as that gets expensive quick, and the club pays in large part for the zine. And CHAT is not a genzine, reviewzine, or person-zine. It's a clubzine, and is meant mostly for regional fans who might eventually attend a CSFA meeting, and other interested persons. We do hand out to people and mail free copies to contributors (like yourself), limited trades, and subscribers. And we do encourage submissions to CHAT. DL))

Harry 'Andy' Andruschak
6933 N. Rosemead Blvd., #31
San Gabriel, Ca. 91775

((Concerning the Dec. issue of CHAT))

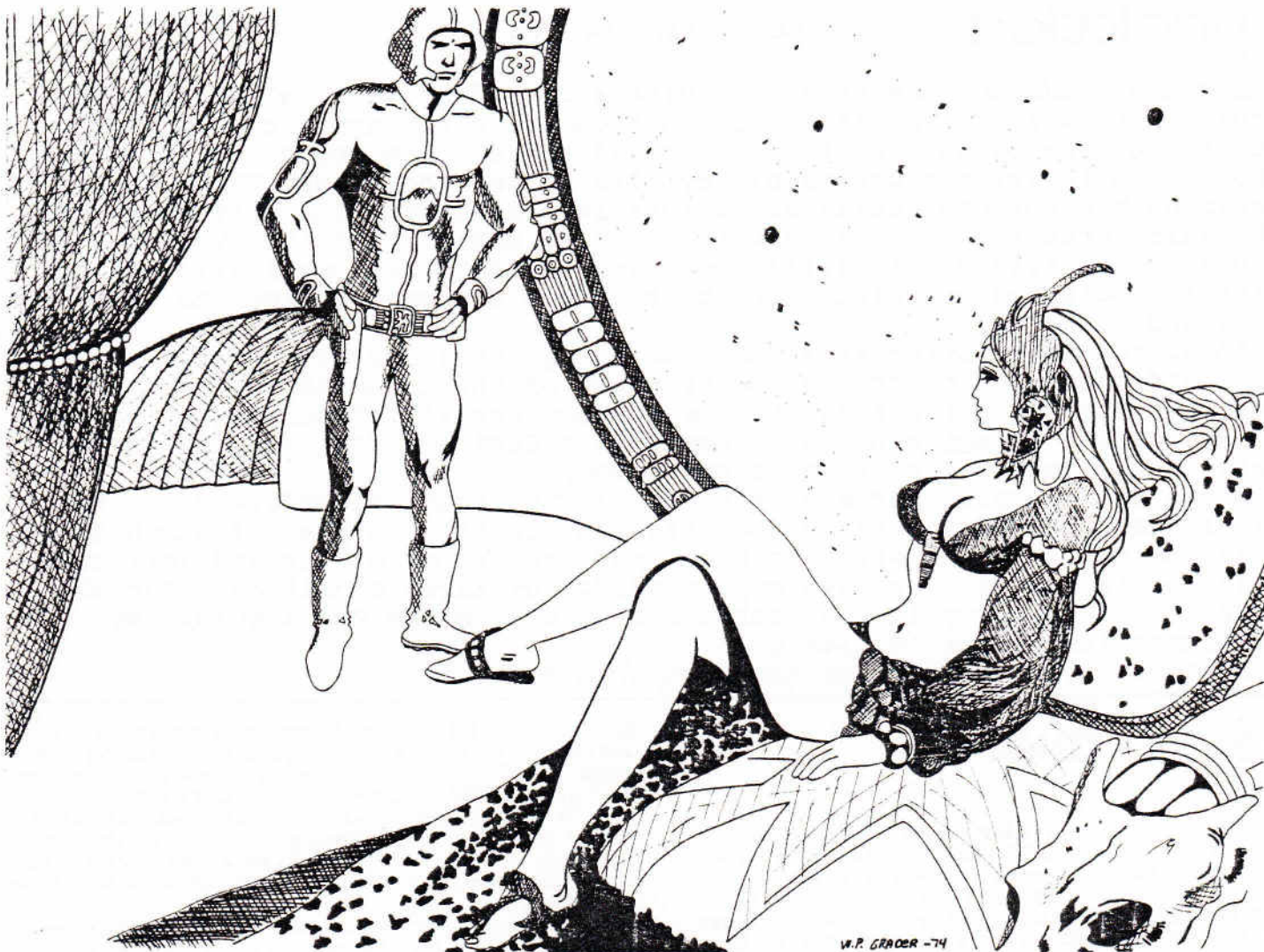
I must disagree with Julia Wilhoit

that the plot of MESSAGE FROM SPACE was stolen from STAR WARS. To my eyes, they were ripping off SPACE:1999 and were $\frac{1}{2}$ -way thru production when STAR WARS hit the screen...and then they decided to rip off STAR WARS. But the legacy of SPACE: 1999 is everywhere, including planets moving around, that super-eagle of the bad guys, and much more.

Oddly enough, I have never seen a single episode of BATTLESTAR G., mostly because the 4 hour Dr. Demento show is on at the same time and I prefer to listen to that very educational program.

About the matter-anti-matter drive of STAR TREK.....a recent issue of SCIENCE NEWS reported that in theory, with the discovery of the two new quarks TRUTH and BEAUTY (or TOP and BOTTOM if you want to be traditional) it is possible to construct stable atoms of such quarks that will be anti-matter to one another, resulting in complete disintegration, yet will not interact with "normal" matter all around you which is made of UP and DOWN quarks.

Of course, the next question being asked is...after UP, DOWN, STRANGE, CHARM, TRUTH, and BEAUTYalong with their respective three neutrinos and three "electrons"....is there a fourth pair??



LETTERS OF COMMENT (cont.)

Wilson Bob Tucker
34 Greenbriar Dr.
Jacksonville, Ill.
62650

Cheers, Good People:
I warmly thank each
and every one of you for
first, inviting me to
ChattaCon, and second, for
giving me a splendid time while I was there. I
truly enjoyed the convention and if you weren't
aware of it at the time, you weren't watching me
or you were asleep. It was a good convention,
one of the best I've attended, and you can be
proud of it. The committee did a very fine job.

I appreciate the courtesies shown me, the
good hospitality, and the nip of Beam's Choice
that you pressed on me every now and then.

ARTIST CREDITS

Shelby Bush III (page 1 - top); Bill
Bridget (page 1 - bottom); Robert
Barger (page 3); Charlie Williams
(page 4); Ken Scott (page 7); Julia
Wilhoit (page 6, page 8, page 10 - bot-
tom), W. P. Grader (page 10 - top).

