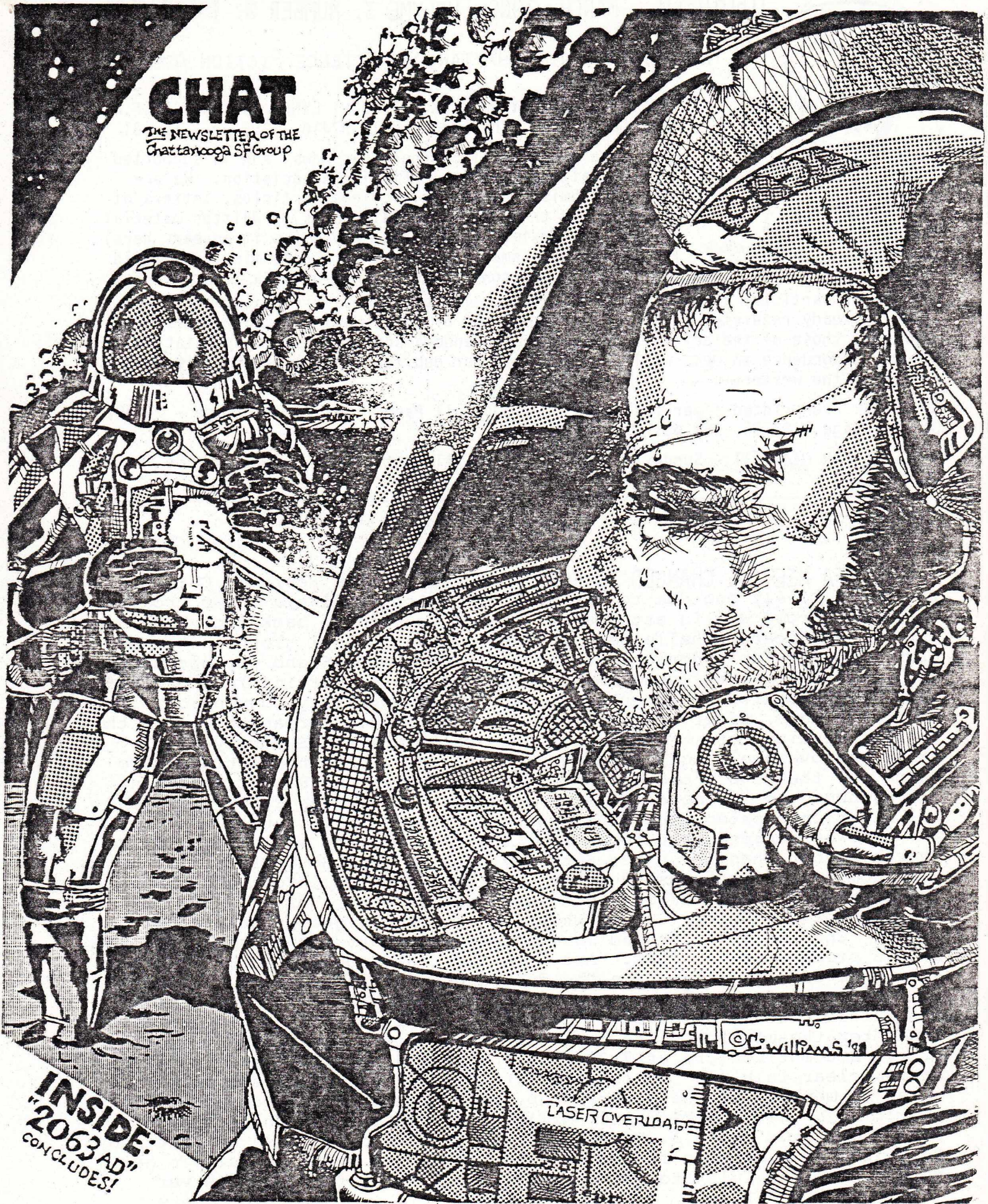


CHAT

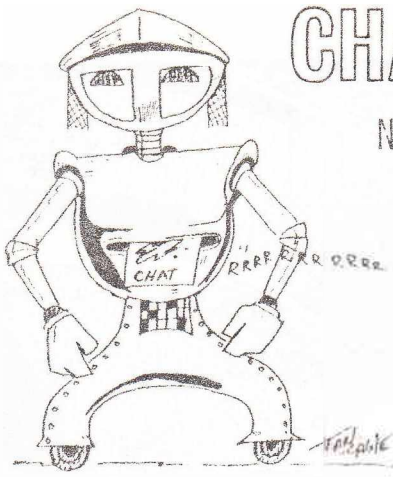
THE NEWSLETTER OF THE
Chattanooga SF Group



INSIDE:
"2063 AD"
CONCLUDES!

LASER OVERLOAD

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CHAT

MARCH, 1980 VOLUME 3, NUMBER 6; ISSUE #30

NEWSZINE OF THE CHATTANOOGA SCIENCE FICTION ASSOC.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY DICK AND NICKI LYNCH for the C.S.F.A.
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CHAT is a newszine of Southern Fan news, and is supported by the Chattanooga Science Fiction Association. We encourage submissions of art, reviews, articles, letters of comment, and the like (especially news). Written material should be a maximum of one page typed (as it appears here). Please include name and address on the submission. While *CHAT* doesn't pay contributors, we provide a forum for fan

writers and artists; a complimentary copy of *CHAT* is given to all contributors who aren't already receiving it. Opinions expressed by contributors do not necessarily represent those of the editors, or of the Chattanooga Science Fiction Association. All correspondence to *CHAT* will be considered for publication unless otherwise specified by the writer.

AD RATES: Pre-printed flyer inclusion - \$7.50; Full Page - \$7.50; Half Page - \$4.00; Quarter Page - \$2.50; 25¢ per Line Equivalent.

DEADLINE FOR *CHAT* #31 - Sunday, March 23, 1980. All articles and LoCs must be in by then.

"The best time for planning a book is while you're doing the dishes." -

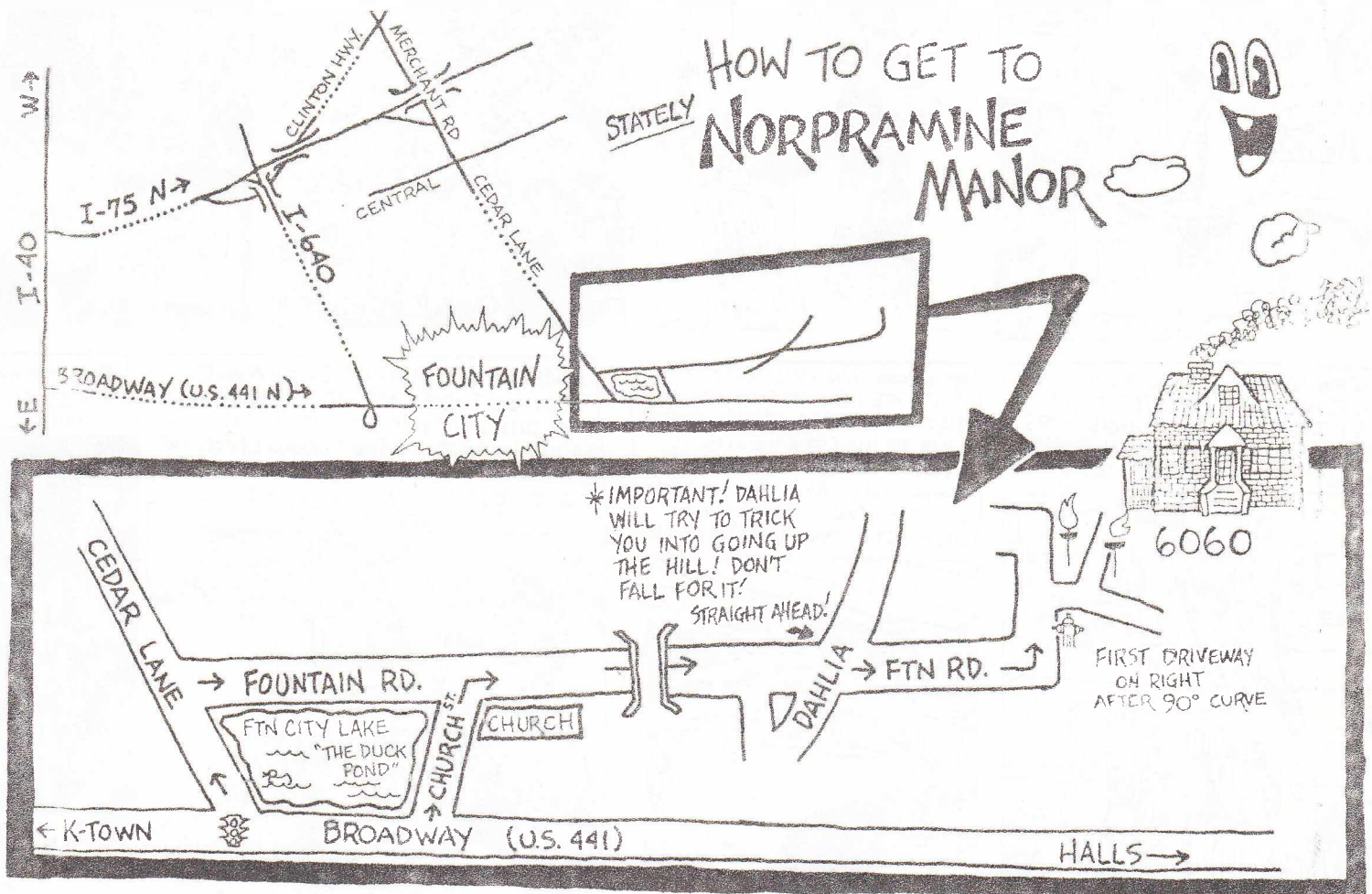
Agatha Christie

MARCH CSFA MEETING CHANGED TO FOURTH SATURDAY. The February CSFA meeting was a lively one due to the auction, which is always a fun program. The usual crowd was in attendance, with Tola Varnell back from Virginia and the Syndicate "challenged" by another high school group in the auction. Convention announcements included Chattacon 6 and the upcoming ABC con (anyone interested should call the Lynchi for info), and flyers were given out for UpperSouthClave and a New York City convention. In other business, after some discussion, a motion to permanently move the regular meeting date of CSFA from the 3rd to the 4th Saturday of the month was overwhelmingly defeated. After that, Hugo nominations were taken for the club's one nominating ballot; then Bob Barger and Vernon Clark announced the meeting March meeting in Knoxville for K-ville and all other interested fans (see separate article this issue).

It was decided that for March, the club meeting would be held the fourth rather than the third Saturday, due to UpperSouthClave. No books were nominated or discussed as the meeting launched into the auction. Some items were bid on hot-and-heavy, such as copies of *Weird Tales* and a poster of Tim Curry (autographed), while others gained only a few cents. Charlie Williams had several pieces of art for auction, including a piece done for CSFA. Art from the Chattacon 5 Program Book was auctioned off as well. When the dust and smoke had cleared, the auction had netted the club more than one hundred thirty dollars. After a spirited discussion of local eateries, the club went out for a meeting-after-the-meeting. The next CSFA meeting will be MARCH 22 at the U.T.C. Student Center, at 7:30 PM. The program is scheduled to be an anti-nuclear talk (as the companion to January's pro-nuclear talk) given by members of the Sierra Club. The book to be discussed will be *A Canticle for Leibowitz* by Walter Miller (led by Colin Wright). For April, *Image of the Beast* by P. J. Farmer will be discussed. Please contact Andy Purcell at the meeting if you need any or all of these books. To get to U.T.C., take I-124 to the 4th St. exit (last before Tenn. River

continued on page 6

KNOXVILLE FANDOM MAKES KAKA. On Saturday evening, March 29, the far-flung legions of Knoxville Science Fiction and Fantasy fandom are encouraged to attend a meeting of the Konfederated Anarchy of the Knoxville Area (KAKA) at Norpramine Manor, the home of Rusty Burke (see map below for directions). Charlie Williams writes that "we are not meeting to establish a political hierarchy; rather, we are pooling our talent, enthusiasm, and ego to lay the groundwork for a regular feature publication we'll all have a hand in." Besides BYOB, everyone is asked to bring any art, columns, articles, etc. they have on hand for contribution. Anyone interested is welcome; Charlie tells us that "if you don't contribute, you won't have a voice in the publication we're planning, and you'll be stuck with the same old KAKA." For more info, contact Charlie at 615-689-4485, Vernon Clark at 615-584-7993, Rusty Burke at 615-688-8268, or East Tennessee Comics at 615-588-2902. (DL/CW)



DAVID TABOR NEW CHATTACON CHAIRMAN. The officers and department heads for Chattacon 6 were voted in at the February 23 Chattacon committee meeting. Elected were: David Tabor - Chairman; Tim Bolgeo - Alternate (Vice) Chairman; Nancy Tabor - Secretary; Dick Lynch - Treasurer. Also, The new department heads are: Nicki Lynch - Publicity; Janet Caruth - Programming; Ron Shelton - ConSuite; Andy Purcell - Hucksters; Norm Michal - Art Show; Bill Hedrick - Films/Video; Irvin Koch - Security/Services; Colin Wright - Program Book; Rich Morehouse - Game Room; Nancy Tabor - Registration. The con board still has two openings; anyone interested in applying for one of the vacancies should send a letter stating his or her interest to the Chattacon committee (P.O. Box 21173, Chattanooga, TN 37421) before March 15, to be considered. (IMK/DL)



2063AD CONCLUSION - PART ONE

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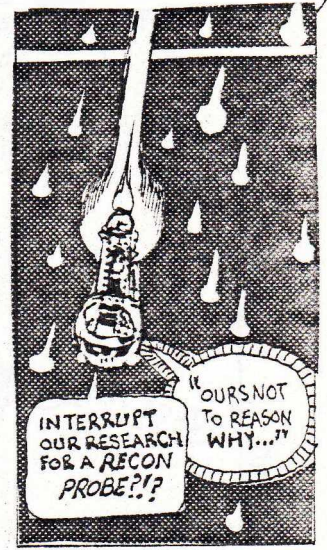
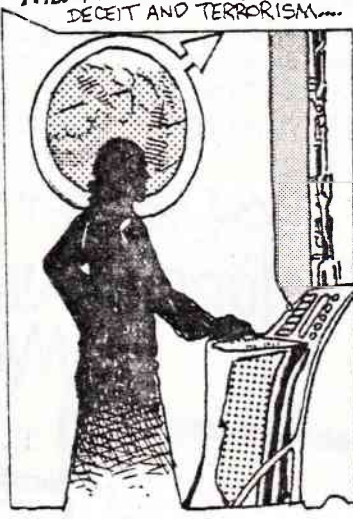
SYNOPSIS: NOT DRAWN TO SCALE

BY THE MIDDLE OF THE CENTURY, THE GROWING INDEPENDENCE OF EARTH'S FLOURISHING INTERPLANETARY COLONIES HAD LED TO MISTRUST AND ANIMOSITY...

THE AMBITIOUS RULERS OF **INDEPENDENT MARS** HAD USED THE REMOTENESS OF THE **GNOSTIC RESEARCH FOUNDATION** ON FAROFF **PLUTO** TO LAY THE BLAME ON THEM FOR MARTIAN ACTS OF DECEIT AND TERRORISM...

THE ALLEGED "PIRATES" OF PLUTO HAD **NOTHING** TO DO WITH **CRISIS** AFTER **CRISIS** WHICH **INFLAMED** THE TERRAN UNION...

"CENTRAL" CONTACTED A SCIENTIFIC TEAM WHICH "HAPPENED" TO BE NEAR PLUTO, EVEN AS FRATRICIDAL **THREATS** WERE BROADCAST ALL OVER THE INNER SYSTEM.

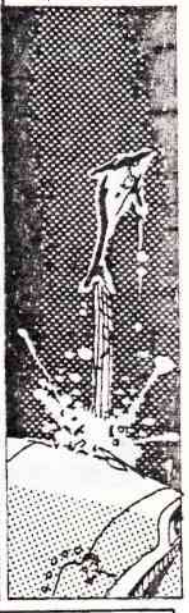


UPON ARRIVING AT PLUTO, THE INVESTIGATORS WERE IMMEDIATELY ARRESTED BY THE "GNOSTICS". HARMLESS ASTRONOMERS, BROTHER BOB AND HIS CREW WERE ONLY ANGRY THAT CERTAIN EXPERIMENTS WERE DELAYED...

THE NONHUMAN MEMBER OF OUR TEAM WAS FRED THE DOLPHIN, WHO WAS EQUIPPED WITH A SPECIAL RADIO LINK TO HIS COMRADES. HE REMAINED HIDDEN IN THEIR SHIP'S PROPELLANT TANK, STUDYING THE SITUATION (AND NEARBY SPACE) WITH CETACEAN **RADAR VISION**.

MEANWHILE, HAL AND MAGGIE MANAGED TO EVADE THEIR CAPTORS... AND DISCOVER THE **DUPPLICITY** OF THE MARTIAN COLONY. WHILE THE WRATH OF THE TERRAN UNION AND JOVIAN AXIS WAS AIMED AT INNOCENT PLUTO, **INDEPENDENT MARS** COULD SEIZE ALL THE INNER PLANETS!

FRED ESCAPED BY ELECTRIC CATAPULT...



...ON HIS WAY TO THE SECRET RADIO-TELESCOPE **PROJECT CYCLOPS**, WHERE A CREW OF HUMANOID SPACE-REFUGEES WERE LOOKING FOR THEIR FORGOTTEN HOMELAND, WITH "GNOSTIC" HELP...

BUT **CYCLOPS** HAD ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF SOMETHING ELSE, SOMETHING TOTALLY UNEXPECTED--THE "ARCHONS." FRED HAD SENSED THEIR ARRIVAL AND PLANNED TO **MEET THEM FIRST...**

... AND **DID!**

CONCLUDED

"WHEN I FIRST SENSED THE INVADERS ARRIVING AT SOL SYSTEM, I WAS RESOLVED TO OFFER MYSELF AS A TERRESTRIAL REPRESENTATIVE IN THE HOPE OF MEDIATING IN THE WAR..."

"IT DIDN'T QUITE WORK OUT THAT WAY..."

"THEIR 'SHIP' ENGULFED ME AS I DREW NEAR, AND, HELD IN STASIS INSIDE, I FELT STRANGE SENSES AND PROBES, TOUCHING..."

"-VOICES? ...THANK GOD THEY'RE CIVILIZED!"

"WE CAN RELAX NOW..."

"SCREE! CAN YOU HEAR ME?"

"YOU SPEAK FOR THIS CIVILIZATION..."

AFFIRMATIVE. I AND THE OTHER SWIMMERS ARE THE DECISION-MAKERS. THE WALKERS ARE TOOL-MAKERS, AND THEREBY IMPLEMENT OUR WILL.

THE WALKERS, THREATENED BY YOUR ARRIVAL, ARE WARRING AMONG THEMSELVES!

YOU SEE, SOME WALKERS ARE IMMIGRANTS FROM ANOTHER STAR, AND---

CIVILIZED, EH? THEY'LL BE MORE "THREATENED" WHEN OUR COLLEAGUES ARRIVE...

OUR COLLEAGUES FORCED US FROM OUR HOLDINGS. WE CAME TO YOU FOR SUCCOR.

YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TIL AFTER THE WAR. WHEN THINGS QUIET DOWN...

"COLLEAGUES"?!?

YOUR MIND REVEALS THAT YOU HAVE INCORRECTLY IDENTIFIED THEM AS VERY DISTANT OBJECTS RECEDING AT NEARLY LIGHTSPEED...

THE QUASARS!?

--THEY ARE DECELERATING INTO THIS SYSTEM; THEIR DRIVE PRODUCES A GRAVITY GRADIENT THAT WARPS LOCAL SPACE-TIME.

SO IT IS AN INVASION!

EMPHATICALLY NEGATIVE!

AND YOU, IN THE MEANTIME...

I WANT TO BE IN A POSITION TO GREET YOUR COLLEAGUES WHEN THEY ARRIVE. I WANT TO ENSURE THAT A RATIONAL, THINKING-BEING IS THERE TO REASSURE THEM...

YOU MIGHT CONSULT WITH THE THREE WALKERS WHO EVEN NOW ARE ARRIVING... THEY ARE MY, ER, ESCORT... HAL, MAGGIE, AND BOB.

THEY CAN ALSO TELL YOU WHAT TO EXPECT FROM OUR SYSTEM WHEN HOSTILITIES CEASE. OF COURSE, YOU'LL NEED TO CONTACT THE DOLPHIN CONGRESS...

"SO HERE I AM, IN POLAR ORBIT OF SOL, BUILT INTO AN IMMORTAL CYBORG BODY... WAITING FOR THE NEXT WAVE OF IMMIGRATION FROM WHATEVER CONFLICT RAGES AMONG THE BANKED STARS OF THE CORE..."

"SKREEE!"

WHAT'RE YOU...

UH, WAIT A MINUTE!

YOU CHOSE THIS DESTINY, FRED--!!

I ASK THIS NOT FOR MYSELF, OF COURSE...

WELL, THAT'S NOT EXACTLY...

WE'LL PUT YOU WHERE YOU'LL DO THE MOST GOOD...!!

WE WILL EQUIP YOU FOR THE EXPEDITION, THEN WE'LL TRY TO CALM THE JEALOUSY AND AMBITION SUNWARD...!

"THE INVADERS LOOKED UPON MY SOUL AND SAW THE LOVE AND ENVY I HAD FOR HAL AND MAGGIE AND ALL WALKERS... WE ALL GET OUR WISHES, SORT OF..."

THE END

*EPISODE 1

UPCOMING REGIONAL CONVENTIONS

UPPERSOUTHCLAVE 10, Box U122, College Heights Station, Bowling Green, KY 42101.
(Please note CoA) March 14-16, 1980 at the Red Carpet Inn in Bowling Green
KY. It will be a relax-a-con. GoH: P.L. Carruthers; Special Feature:
"Cliff Hanging"--Roast of Cliff Amos. Memberships: \$7

COASTCON '80, Box 6025, Biloxi, MS 39532. March 14-16, 1980. Write for info. At-
tending- C.J. Cherryh, George Effinger. \$10 memberships.

KUBLA KHANATE, c/o Ken Moore, 647 Devon Dr., Nashville, TN 37220. May 2-4, 1980 at
the Quality Inn in Nashville. Nashville has a quality con and shouldn't
be missed. GoH: Stephen King; MC: Andrew J. Offutt; Attending-many pros
and pro artists. \$7.50 memberhsips and \$10 at the door.

MIDSOUTHCON '80, c/o Andy Purcell, Rt. 1, Box 322-A, Leoma, TN 38468 (send SASE).
June 20-22, 1980 at the Sheraton Inn in Huntsville, AL. This is one of the
new Southern cons. GoH: Fred Pohl; M.C.: Kelly Freas; Fan GoH: Bob Tucker.
\$8 memberships until June 1, and \$10 after and at the door.

MYSTICON, P.O. Box 12294, Roanoke, VA 24024. July 4-6, 1980 at the Sheraton Red
Lion Inn in Blacksburg, VA. This new con is by the Nelson Bond Society.
GoH: Gordon Dickson. Memberships are \$7.

RIVERCON 5, P.O. Box 8251, Louisville, KY 40208 Aug. 1-3, 1980 at the Galt House
in Louisville, KY. Hotel rates are \$37 for single-double-trip 1e-and-
quad. Rivercon is back after holding NorthAmericon in Louisville last year.
GoH: Roger Zelazny; Fan GoH: Lou Tabakow; Toastmaster: Vincent DiFate; also
attending- many other pros. Memberships are \$7.50 until July 15, \$10 after.

ASFICON!, 6045 Summit Wood Dr., Kennesaw, GA 30144. Aug. 22-24, 1980 at the North-
lake Hilton in Atlanta, GA. As this is the DSC (Deep SouthCon), it is not
to be missed! GoH: Ted White; Fan GoH: Mike Glyer; Attending-should at-
tract many pros and artists, as usual. \$10 memberships.

NOREASCON II, Box 46, MIT P.O., Cambridge, MA 02139. The World SF con. Aug. 29-
Sept. 1, 1980, at the Sheraton Boston, Boston, MA. GoH: Damon Knight and
Kate Wilhelm; Fan GoH: Bruce Pelz; Toastmaster: Rober Silverberg; attending;
More pros and artists than can be counted at this time. All the excitement
that a World SF Con can have. \$8 supporting membership; write for the at-
tending rates.

CHATTACON 6, P.O. Box 21173, Chattanooga, TN 37412. Jan. 16-18, 1981, at the Sher-
aton Downtown Hotel in Chattanooga, TN. Yes, we're going to do it again,
folks, and you are all invited to make it a success! GoH: Jack Chalker;
M.C.: Forrest Ackerman; Special Guest: Wilson "Bob" Tucker and there will
be more pros attending-to be announced. Memberships are \$7 through Nov. 30;
\$10 after that and at the door.

CSFA MEETING (cont.)

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: Mike Rogers/266-0298. (NWL)

NEW FANZINES ANNOUNCED. *The Silver Eel* #2 is planning to see publication in time for Kubla Khan. The lead article will be "Raising Kane", an appreciation of Karl Wagner's Kane by Robert Asprin, with a cover by Rick Collum, lots of Charlie Williams and Rusty Burke art and an article on Pict remains in Scotland by a Scottish civil engineer. Future submissions for fantasy subjects would be appreciated. One planned future issue of TSE is devoted to Zelazny's Amber series. For further information, write to Bob Barger, P.O. Box 8, Evensville, TN 37332.

Fan Plus, a new SF quarterly which acts as a forum for Southern science fiction fandom, has published its first issue. The first issue contains material by Micheal Bishop, Bob Tucker, Greg Benford, Meade Frierson, Dick & Nicki Lynch and an interview with Fred Pohl conducted by the editor, David Pettus. There are also plenty of book reviews and art from Southern artists. *Fan Plus* is two dollars an issue or five issues for six dollars, with the first issue free. Write the editor David Pettus at: Rt. #2, Box 274-B, Loretto, TN 38469. (NWL)

ONE LINERS. The Huntsville bid for the 1981 DeepSouthCon has been dropped, according to Andy Purcell, due to lack of a suitable con hotel. // The Rivercon committee informs us that a fire in the apartment of Chairman Cliff Amos destroyed some of the checks received plus other records. If you sent payment before February 25, you should contact them to see if they have record of your payment. // Harlan Ellison will be in Memphis on March 14-16, for Southwestern at Memphis' Symposium Dilemma series; according to *Mempish*, the theme of the Symposium is "Technology on Trial". For more info, contact The Dilemma Office, Southwestern at Memphis, Box 723, 2000 N. Parkway, Memphis, TN 38112. // CSFA has elected Dick Lynch as representative to the ABC inter-club organization that seems to be having a difficult time getting off the ground. // N3F Story Contest winners: 1st - David Travis ("The Mongoose of Fat"); 2nd - Peter Silverman, Philadelphia, PA ("Teddy Bear's Picnic"); 3rd - Jack Paterson, Roanoke, VA ("Yan Genesis"); Hon. Mention - David Travis ("The Talent"). Awards were announced at Chattacon 5; prizes were \$25/2 yr. N3F/1 yr. N3F membership. // Besides the conventions listed on page 6, Chattanooga ComiCon '80 will be a one-day affair on Saturday, March 29, at the East Ridge Sheraton. Guests will be Marvel artist Butch Guice and Price Guide author Robert Overstreet. Memberships are \$1.00 and Dealers Tables \$15.00. Contact Dave Gomien (2707 Rio Grande Dr., Chattanooga, TN 37421) for more info. // CSFA members Dick and Nicki Lynch are starting a part time art agent business, for fan artists who want their work displayed at conventions and elsewhere. Contact us at the CHAT address for more details. (DL)



C.S.F.A TREASURER'S REPORT. The balance as of the end of January was \$157.40. Expenditures were \$20.25 for CHAT #29. Income was \$23.00 from dues and \$131.00 from the auction. The new balance is \$291.15. (CWr)

MEDIA REVIEWS

BY KEN SCOTT

Hello, I'm back. Miss me? Yes, I know I've got a lot of catching up to do. First, though, I would like to make a quick rebuttal to a couple of letters that appeared in the previous issue of CHAT. A. I didn't say one bad thing about Alan Dean Foster. I simply pointed out a (to me) suspicious coincidence. B. I am perfectly aware of the fact that Roddenberry wrote the novelization. I haven't read it either. C. A solar system sized intelligent cloud isn't good, it's just big. And big isn't always better. D. Man melded with machine isn't new either. (Remember *The Six Million Dollar Man*?) And neither is an entity raised to godlike heights. It's been done hundreds of times on Marvel comics. E. What I want from *Star Trek* is something that makes my mind do flip-flops.

Onward and upward. Ursula K. LeGuin's *The Lathe of Heaven* played on PBS early in January, and it was truly a fine, fine effort. It is quite refreshing to see a science fiction effort in the visual media that doesn't rely so heavily on special effects. (Not that I mind spaceships and ray-guns, but still, Glen Larson, take note!) There were some effects, and some very good ones, too, but it's nice to see a story revolve around people and concepts instead of eye-candy. The story itself is a very interesting one. George Orr's dreams change reality. He seeks a cure from a dream therapist. The therapist abuses George's power, and attempts to change things for the better. Only George's dreams don't change things in the expected manner. There are definite results but not always positive ones. The story raises a couple of interesting questions: If dreams are reality and reality dreams, what happens when someone else dreams? Or the dreamer dies?

Disney Studio's *The Black Hole* is very interesting if only for one reason. There are times when you can actually forget that you're watching a Walt Disney movie. Quite an achievement for them. It's a nice movie with some good effects (the black hole animation is particularly nice) even though they continue to mistake a "hole" for a hole. The cast all performed well, even thought Maximillian Schell at times seemed more like a mad Jewish scientist rather than a mad German scientist. Left unresolved however, is how they managed to breathe in what seemed to be the airless space surrounding the probe ship as they were escaping? Also, just what the hell happened when they went "through the hole"? Whatever it was, it was allegorical as hell! The sight of Reinhart's body inside Maximillian's casing standing above a flaming chasm reminded me of Dante's *Inferno*, with Satan

at the Center of Hell and Judas at his mouth. Only which one was Satan and which was Judas?

The Martian Chronicles. And on commercial television yet. I haven't read the Chronicles (*gasp*) so I can't comment on the worth of the translation from print to phosphor-dot, but I can state that it was a well done and entertaining program. I suppose that it is the first video venture that has a real concern for the respect and preservation of an alien culture, especially one that is dead or dying. (Yes, I know about *Star Trek*'s Prime Directive, but that is a case of an established policy, not First Contact.) The cast was quite credible, especially Fritz Weaver as Father Peregrine, Jon Finch as the Martian caught by Peregrine's fantasy of Christ (I will explain the Cosmic Significance of that bit of casting next month when I have more space and time) and Bernadette Peters played the preening self-infatuated bitch to the hilt! There was an awful lot of shuttling back and forth to Earth towards the end and it left me with the question of whether Rock Hudson and his family (and Darrin McGavin and the guy up in the hills with the robots) are the only people left on Mars. And that includes the native. However, it was a good show, and should indicate that you can achieve a degree of quality in SF on Television.

In seeming contradiction to my last statement, we have *Galactica 1980*. Believe it or else, this is even worse than *Battlestar: Galactica*. It is twenty years later, and everyone that had any chance of making the original series at all interesting--Starbuck, Apollo, Tigh, etc.--are dead. Our hero now is the grown-up Boxey, who now calls himself Troy. Adama is still around, riding heard on the ~~ford~~ *Galactica*, now with a beard (Adama, not the *Galactica*) and playing Moses to the hilt. (Lot of hilts this month!?) The humor (?) element comes from the warriors' unfamiliarity with Earth terms (ho hum). Above all else there is in this "special presentation" to object to, I object to most ADAMANTLY (haha hahahahahaha) to their having lifted wholesale the scene in *The Day the Earth Stood Still* in which Michael Rennie contacts Sam Jaffe by correcting his scientific equation. Sure, they substituted computer video terminals for chalkboards, but really! If the Galacticans want to help their Earth brothers, why don't they turbo-laser Iran?

Well, I guess I've gotten caught up, but be sure to tune in next month when I reveal the Significance of Jon Finch, and in coming months when things are slow in the world of non-print media SF, I'll give a course in comparative literature, featuring *The Lathe of Heaven* and *The Martian Chronicles*.

"ANOTHER FINE MESS"

Let's talk about movies... *The Martian Chronicles* was a lot of fun to watch! It has been many years since I've read Bradbury's classic collection of short stories, all of them having Mars for a common locale, but the six-hour mini-series brought back a lot of fond memories of the book, and some of the interesting characters in it. Even for the viewer who was not familiar with the book it should be obvious that the mini-series was actually comprised of several "short stories", each a story unto itself with different protagonists and varying insights into the secret

REVIEWS BY DAVID PETTUS

life of Martians. Gosh...the book came to life for me. The screenwriting was excellent, though there were differences in the movie and the book, they were not important differences. The producers stayed close to the book. The acting was well excuted, no complaints there. I felt that the special effects were pretty poor in some spots, but this is no fair criticism, for the rest of the film made special effects the least important aspect of the production.

On the other hand, *Galactica 1980* is still trying to astound its audience with pretty colors. *Galactica 1980* was a three-hour special, which

continued on page 11




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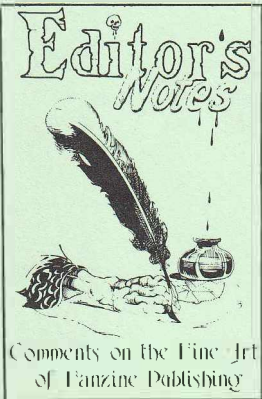


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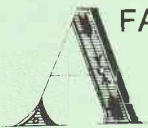
*Michael Roden
982 White Oak Road
Cincinnati, Ohio, 45245*

UNKNOWN PRESS presents:



EDITOR'S NOTES-Comments on the Fine Art of Fanzine Publishing.

A detailed look at the various facets of fanzine production: methods of reproduction, including mimeography and offset printing, layout instructions, and explanations of the different types of fanzines. This illustrated, limited-edition pamphlet contains much never before published information, intended for the fanzine editor and non-editor alike. Included also are addresses of many sf book and magazine publishers and manufacturers of layout-related products. Price: \$2.00



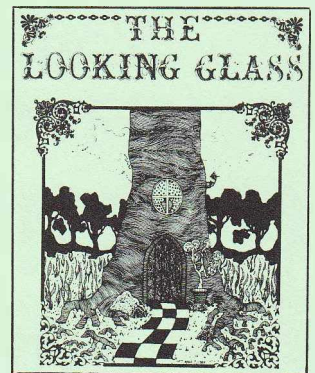
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SHOWCASE: Michael Roden. The first in a series of showcases featuring fandom's most popular artists. A biographical sketch and selection of the artwork of Michael Roden, multi-talented writer, poet, critic, artist, editor, and director of the Stellar Fantasy Society which he founded, is offered in this six-page booklet. Price: \$.75

THE LOOKING GLASS A general interest fanzine, containing news, reviews, and articles in addition to its highly praised layout. Extra copies of issues 11-16 are now available, numbers 11-14 run eight pages, 15 and 16 are eighteen pages long including the Stellar Fantasy Newsletter supplement. Price: \$1.00 each

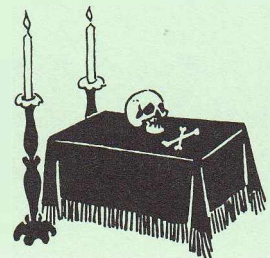


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"ANOTHER FINE MESS" (cont.)

the network decided to air in three one-hour segments on three consecutive Sundays. The only thing dumber that they could have done would be to have broken the film into six half-hour segments and air them every third Sunday, except where Sunday falls upon leap-year day, and in which case a segment would be aired on the following Monday night. I mean, who in hell can stay interested in a *Battlestar: Galactica* episode for three weeks? I have trouble doing it for just one hour! But I have to admit that there has been some improvement...there was none of that "watch out Starbuck!, watch out Apollo!" stuff. And the dagget didn't do anything cute either! To be sure, an improvement of sorts. Looks to me like the producers of *Galactica 1980* are trying to do a spacey version of *The Time Tunnel*. If the series does return, we'll be watching *Galactica* crewmembers hopping across time-lines in an effort to apprehend a wayward crewmember/scientist who might change Earth's history for the worst if he isn't stopped. What a bore.

Let's talk about books!

I just recently finished reading Robert Silverberg's new novel, *Lord Valentine's Castle* (Harper & Row, \$12.50). Its been quite some time since we saw Silverberg between the covers of a book. His last book, *Shadrach in the Furnace* (1976) was a very good book. But then Silverberg dropped out of the field; something to do with unprofessionalism among editors was, I believe, his reason for leaving. But things have changed, there is big money in science fiction now, and Silverberg has returned to get his rightful share of it. *Lord Valentine's Castle* is a fine novel, and worthy of a Silverberg "come-back".

Silverberg builds a world, called Majipoor, peopled with colorful aliens like: the Liiman, squat, hammerheaded creatures with three eyes; the enormous toad-like Hjorts, puffy-faced with very rough skins; the waist high, two headed Vroons; the Su-Suheris, dealers in luxury commodities from other worlds; the warm blooded, reptilian Chayrogs; and the Metamorphs, or Shapeshifters, who first inhabited Majipoor before the coming of humans to their peaceful world. As their names implies, the Metamorphs can change shape at will. They are an interesting group of aliens.

The protagonist is a wandering individual named Valentine, who finds himself on the outskirts of the city called Pidruid without memory of where he has come from or where he is going. There, he meets up with a young fellow named Shanamir, an animal herder, who informs him that the Coronal will soon be coming to Pidruid to make a once in a lifetime appearance. So, with nothing better to do, Valentine travels into the city with Shanamir, in hopes of seeing the Coronal. Majipoor is governed by regional bureaucracies which, in turn, owe allegiance to the Pontifex. Now, the Pontifex just doesn't make personal appearances. Rather, he is an aloof emperor who never leaves the continent of Alkanroel. It is the Coronal, who is the chief executive officer of the realm, that is the more active and politically visible individual. The Pontifex rules via a dynamic Coronal, whose job it is to enforce the laws of the land.

Valentine meets and becomes a member of the juggling troupe of Zalzan Gibor. Gibor's group is comprised of six Skandars, large four-armed creatures, and two humans; a man named

Sleet and a woman named Carabella. Sleet and Carabella train Valentine in the fine art of juggling, and when the Coronal comes to the city Gibor's group performs, along with many other groups, for the royal visitor. Then Valentine begins to have dreams, which seem to indicate that he was once affiliated with royalty, and this greatly disturbs Valentine, for on Majipoor dreams are very important. Dream-interpretation is a central part of Majipoor's theology; through dream-interpretation individuals gain self-understanding and guidance. The dreams persist, and once the troupe leaves Pidruid Valentine visits a dream-speaker, who interprets his dreams and informs him that, indeed, he has "fallen from some place". When other members of the band of jugglers begin to experience similar dreams about Valentine he is forced to consider the possibility that he may, in fact, be the Coronal, somehow trapped in another body, with no memory of his own past.

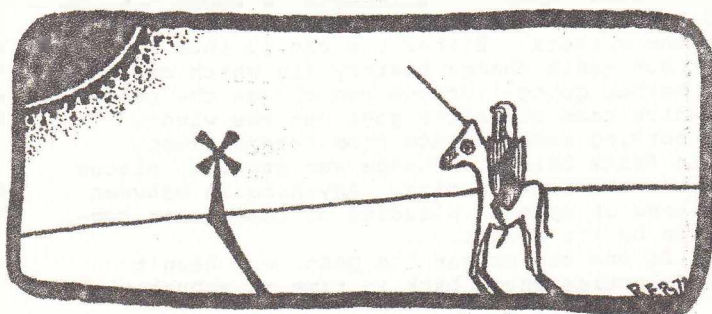
Valentine's quest to regain the throne at Castle Mount makes for good reading! The writing is superb; characterization is excellent. And everything is explained to the reader's satisfaction...except with regard to the means by which Valentine's psychic essence was transferred to another body. That one still has me stumped!! Otherwise, Silverberg's book is a wonderful story that everyone will enjoy. Highly recommended.

Pamela Sargent has a new novel, *Watchstar* (Pocket Books, \$2.25), which is pretty good. Certainly, Sargent is a very popular anthologist, with collections like *Women of Wonder*, *More Women of Wonder*, and *The New Women of Wonder* she has demonstrated that women have their place in science fiction. *Watchstar*, however, is the first worthwhile novel Sargent has written. It is far better than her last book, *The Sudden Star*!

On Earth, in a far future, babies born defective are immediately killed and disposed of. By "defective" it means that a baby is born a "solitary", lacking an aptitude for telepathy and mind over matter. There is the net of selves, you see, and individuals are telepathically linked to one another via this net and it is not at all customary for individuals to become loners. But Daiya, the protagonist, is slowly becoming one because he does not believe all of the traditional ideology of the elders. Particularly, she does not believe that is is morally acceptable to kill babies just because they lack certain mental powers. When Daiya meets a visitor from the stars in the desert, and discovers that he is a full grown, living, breathing, thinking solitary, she is convinced that, after all, there is a place for solitaires in the universe!

Sargent's writing is still a bit stilted, but she does, at least, tell an interesting story this time. She does some interesting things with the concept of telepathy too. An improvement on novels past, a good story and a good read. Recommended.

See you next month!!



THE LAST ROUND-UP

TV REVIEW BY BRIAN EARL BROWN

The news hit like a sudden spring thunderstorm: *Battlestar Galactica* wasn't dead at all. Apparently someone had forgotten to drive a stake through its heart the first time it was buried. So here it was: all spiffed up with a new cast, new accent on human relations and a new plotline as -- EARTH HAD BEEN FOUND!!

If it's any consolation, the first hour-long episode of *Galactica 1980* was more interesting than the first hour of *The Martian Chronicles*, but on the whole, I liked the old series better; it was more stinal and less patently silly.

The best part of the new series were the promos for the first episode -- Cylons were blasting the hell out of Hollywood, a cathartic experience not seen since 1941. It turned out that that was only a computer simulation of what would happen if the *Galactica* openly contacted Earth. Pity, 'cause I could have dug a real "The War of the Worlds" storyline with Vipers and F-4's flying side by side trying to hold off the Cylons as the *Galactica* tried to upgrade Earth's technology. Dozens of stories immediately suggest themselves given such a plotline.

Instead we got a *Galactica* 30 years older but still marvelously battlefit for all that time. The lumpen hearthrobs of the first season were replaced by new lumpen actors (including a survivor of *Adam-12*!). One of the problems of the old series was that all the characters were so d-u-l-l. We got new actors, but they're still boring. Commander Adama grew a beard but lost his patriarchal status to some whiz kid who glows in the dark. Just as Earth is spotted, the kid, Doctor Z (Who? No, "Z"), casually announces that the Cylons had been following them all along and any contact with Earth would lead to a Cylon attack. Fine time to tell them that, kid! So covert teams are sent down to aid scientists in developing new technologies. To aid them, the teams are given an invisibility device, a handy invention of Doctor Z. One might wonder why a fleet of vipers equipped with this invisibility device doesn't just slip back and wipe out the Cylons, but perhaps that's asking too much of a military command that needs a glow-in-the-dark kid to tell them that the Cylons have been using them as a Judas Goat to find Earth.

Once the contact teams are on Earth, the snow devolves into a *Dukes of Hazzard* mishmash of car chases and idiot plotting. We never do find out just what they wanted to tell the professor they were to contact, and the mission was aborted before anything substantial could be done -- except picking up a stowaway from Earth -- a female reporter after a story (shades of Doctor Who!).

The second episode of *Galactica 1980* sprung a new surprise at us. The *Galactica* people have time travel and seem rather blasé about it. As anyone who's studied the field knows, time travel makes for all sorts of complications and problems -- not for the characters -- but for the writers. Either one can go into the past but can't change history (in which case, why bother going?) or one can change the past, in which case causality goes out the window and nothing remains safe from change except, as in Fritz Leiber's *Change War* stories, places outside the flow of time. Anything in between consists of special pleading or inadequate cognition by the author.

If one can change the past, why hasn't the *Galactica* snuck back in time to ambush the

Cylon fleet stalking them, or returning to defend the human colonies from the original Cylon assaults (as the colonies lacked even one *Battlestar* at the time of their destruction), or even just doubleback on their own timeline and double their strike force. With all time on their side, how could the *Galactica* lose?

Even if one couldn't change the past, it would still allow us one grand epic story in which the *Galactica* hurtles thousands of years into the past to the time and place of the creation of the Cylons to do to them what they did to the humans, only to find that they can't stop the creation of those tin pots and worse, have instilled in them the eradicable hatred of other species that's made them so villainous.

But all we get in the second episode was a renegade Galactian stealing a Viper (which apparently needs no modification to travel in time) going back 35 years to help the Nazis invent the V-2. (Larson, like Von Daniken, apparently believes that we can't do anything without alien help.) The idea is that by encouraging technology then, Earth would be prepared to withstand the Cylons now when they arrive. A fair enough idea, which leaves me to wonder why the Galactians are opposed to it (except for Xavier?) Maybe they realize that helping the Nazis is unAmerican? Whatever the reason, the two boys from the *Galactica* and the girl reporter (hastily approved as a historical consultant) track Xavier into the past and wander through an undistinguished spy story, capture Xavier and blow-up the first V-2 (which doesn't make much sense since Germany continued to use them anyway, and they tended to blow-up on the ground without alien intervention).

On the way back to their ships they pause to free a trainload of Jews headed for the concentration camps. The Galactians are very careful about not killing anyone, apparently for fear of changing history, but never thought about the effort of freeing all those Jews would be. Xavier pulls an escape act and disappears via the ubiquitous invisibility device. But instead of capturing him, the Galactians give up and go home. Fortunately for them, so does Xavier and the third episode concludes where the first began, on Earth in the present.

Xavier now wants to contact the same professor that the *Galactica* contact team wanted to. Why? I don't know. He's talking not advanced technology, but how a suitably knowledgeable person could become ruler of Earth by exploiting the past. What's become of the Cylon menace? Has his time in Nazi Germany warped Xavier's mind? Don't ask me, I didn't write the script. In any case, the last we see of Xavier is him fleeing into the past again and the intrepid trio preparing to pursue. Shades of *The Time Tunnel*!

It's hard to review this three-part serial because it never stays one thing for very long. It gives us time travel but doesn't do anything with it, at least compared to Ellison's "City at the Edge of Forever". I could easily see a series in which the Galactians travel back into time to encourage technology, trailed by Cylons determined to prevent this at any cost (tactical nukes in the Roman Senate?), and trailed by a small cadre of humans determined to preserve the present by stopping both parties. The conflicts inherent in this are phenomenal. But one would have to think about these plots

continued on page 13



THE LAST ROUND-UP (cont.)

to write them and the historical sets would be expensive to build.

"The War of the Worlds" theme is equally full of promise, but no producer is likely to touch such a theme because each episode takes the show further and further from the baseline reality, it would be an evolving universe paralleling ours but distinct from it. The care and feeding of such a universe would tax the mind of an SF author, let alone what passes for Hollywood screen writing.

It's beyond them, just as the original idea for *Galactica* was beyond its produced capabilities. Here is a ragtag band of humans fleeing a merciless enemy and searching for safety and sanctuary. The conflicts within and without are endless. But we never saw the *Galactica* really dealing with the idea of them being outer space "boat people". It was all gunfights. We never saw the *Galactica* civilization working as a civilization. *Battlestar: Galactica* has constantly frittered away its potentiality in mindless superficiality.

At least we can remember that there was a *The Lathe of Heaven*.

THE LATHE OF HEAVEN

I cannot remember when I first encountered Ursula LeGuin. Nor do I recall when or how I came upon *The Lathe of Heaven*. But I do know that it is one of the seminal influences of my remembered past, that it elevated Ursula LeGuin to primacy among my favorite writers. A good deal of my work toward a degree in Religious Studies had been concerned with Taoism, a Chinese philosophy which I found very appealing. (Incidentally, it's pronounced, roughly, "Dowism" - I kind of fancy starting a "Tao Chemical Co." But I'm damned if I can think of what it would produce.) My studies had me convinced that this way of looking at things could be successfully integrated into Western modes of thinking, and much of my later work was toward that end, particularly in looking at the traditions surrounding prophets and others who, in contact with forces beyond our perception, reveal to us entirely new ways of understanding our situation.

And then came *The Lathe of Heaven*. George Orr dreams - and his dreams will change your reality without your ever knowing. His dreams become not false or changed reality, but *reality* - that which is, has always been thus. A well-intentioned Dr. Haber tries to train George's "power" on the world's "problems". The resulting interplay between George's powerful dreams (resting in the sub- or unconscious mind) and Haber's views of "problems" and "solutions" (resting in the conscious mind) makes for an extremely, shall we say, *interesting* story, one that I think you should drop for whatever else you're doing and read. Later, I discovered *Again, Dangerous Visions* and found another story on a related theme, "The Word for World is Forest". These and other stories secured Ursula LeGuin's place at the top of my list.

All of which is to say that, for me, *The Lathe of Heaven* is an important remembered event. So when I read that PBS was going to screen a film version as the pilot for a potential series of SF flicks, I waited with eager apprehension for January 9th.

Pardon me while I rave. It was wonderful! It was great! At last a literate SF film! One of those rare *literate* adaptations of a book to film. If you missed it, call somebody who

TV REVIEW BY RUSTY BURKE

taped it for a screening. It would be worth the money you've paid for most of the movies you've seen combined.

Of course, the movie has its faults; all things do. "Perfection is the mere repudiation of that ineluctable marginal inexactitude which is the mysterious inmost quality of being," as H.G. Wells states in a quotation used in the book. All movies, and all things, are, depending on the viewpoint, flawed in some way. Myself, I'd like to see Heather Lachache developed more in the film. I've heard it said that the aliens were unintelligible. (Having read and re-read the book, I had no difficulty understanding them.) Experienced as a whole, however, this film transcends its flaws and should become a classic of the genre.

The setting is a nebulous near future. The sets, mostly actual office buildings in Dallas, are fantastic. Oil executives go to work in some settings better than any the Hollywood guys have built. The imaginative use to which these ready-made sets are put is among the strong points of *Lathe*.

The acting is splendid. The performance of Kevin Conwry as Dr. Haber is outstanding, and Bruce Davison as the troubled George Orr ("Jorjor" to the aliens) is excellent. Margaret Avery does a good job with Heather Lachache, but is somewhat hampered by the script. This is not to say I did not find the script excellent. As I said before, I found it to be one of those all-too-rare *literate* adaptations to the screen. Ms. LeGuin is listed in the credits as "creative consultant". I will be interested to learn her reaction to the finished product. I thought the script very sensitive, very faithful to the book.

As you can tell, I highly recommend the movie. I do this not only as a Ursula LeGuin fan, but also as a great fan of the science fiction movie who has long lamented the lack of intellectual stimulation in most. *The Lathe of Heaven* is a movie every SF fan must see, and I strongly urge writing to PBS demanding they pursue the idea of an SF series, if their other films are to be as entertaining and thought provoking as this one.

SPECIAL REVIEW SECTION

"THE IRON LAW OF BUREAUCRACY"

- BY ALEXIS GILLILAND

LOOMPANICS UNLIMITED; P.O. BOX 264; MASON, MI 48854. \$4.95.

Reviewed by Nicki & Dick Lynch

The Iron Law of Bureaucracy, the first published collection of Alexis Gilliland's cartoons, is a fine, funny book and a delight to read. All of the cartoons originally appeared in fanzines or semi-prozines such as *The Diagonal Relationship* and *Science Fiction Review*; each has a ring of truth and humor for an often humorless maze of rules, regulations, and bureaucrats.

Gilliland himself is a perennial Hugo and FAAn Award nominee, and this book shows why. *The Iron Law of Bureaucracy* is for Gilliland fans, everyone who likes great cartoons, and those just looking for a good laugh. Recommended.



from *The Iron Law of Bureaucracy*

JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF KENTUCKY

BY BARNEY NEUFELD

Five months of teaching the Choctaws in Mississippi (a whole nother story for another time) was quite enough to convince me that I like neither the job nor the geography. So, as June turned the corner of the year, I made plans and preparations to return North to Cleveland, Ohio. There was no rush intrinsic in this journey, and what had been a long seventeen hour plummet down the interstates in December became a leisurely four-day trek through the region.

I started out late one Monday afternoon, stopping for the evening in Birmingham. Tuesday was a brilliantly clear day, quite comfortable for driving, and around 4 PM I started seeing signs announcing the advent of Cave City, KY. Though it was a bit early, I decided to stop for the night. I, also, decided to explore Mammoth Cave before proceeding on the next day, a somewhat unusual decision in light of the fact that I have always been marginally claustrophobic.

The next morning, I headed for the park's Visitor's Center to check out the Cave tours. There are several to choose among, from a stroll among the stalactites (the Frozen Niagara Tour), through one whose name I can't recall that requires real spelunking skill and experience. The tours vary in length of time, distance, and sights covered, and there is something for everyone. There is even a tour available for people confined to wheelchairs. My choice was the Historic Tour which covered about 2 miles in 2½ hours. They warned us to take a jacket, as the Cave would be chilly; while not as cold as a Cleveland winter, 54°F was a bit nippy after the 80-90+ temperatures I'd been driving through.

The tour began, logically enough, at the Cave's Natural Entrance "discovered" by an explorer named Houchin in 1799. (Legend conflicts here: some say he was chasing a wounded bear which tried to take refuge in the Cave; others that he stumbled into it running from

that bear.) Being tall, I was leery of the roof, but to my surprise found the entrance quite spacious and comfortable. Our first stop was The Rotunda. The feature of this point is the remains of a saltpeter mine, one of many in Cave Country, operated during the War of 1812. (After that war, it once again proved more economical to import the saltpeter, which is a principle ingredient of gunpowder.) In those days, they had no metal pipes to carry water for the leaching process which separated the saltpeter from the ordinary dirt. So they made pipes for this purpose by hollowing out wooden logs, which were then strung together. Some of these pipes still remain.

About 800 feet further into the Cave is a large alcove which was our next stop. From about 1830 through 1940, this area was often used as a Methodist Church. A natural ridge on the left (as you face the chamber) placed the preacher nicely above the congregation (with a ledge behind him for the lanterns) while a similar ridge on the right provided space for the choir.

At this stop, tours like ours receive a practical demonstration of the limitations of light. Today, electric lines have been inobtrusively run through the Cave, and lights have been carefully placed to provide a soft but perfectly adequate illumination. For purposes of this "lesson", these lights were turned off. (So that the change would not be frighteningly abrupt, we were asked to close and cover our eyes. When we opened them, it was to the Cave's natural state -- a complete lack of light.) If you have never been in a perfect darkness, there is no way I can really explain the sensation. I knew there was a person at less than arm's length on any side of me. Yet, there was no sensation of any other presense. Until our guide started talking. A disembodied voice coming out of complete blackness is eerie. Fortunately, this did not

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TO THE CENTER OF KENTUCKY (cont.)

last long, as our guide lit a candle to show us how the earliest explorers did it. The candle illuminated a minuscule area around him. When he held it at his waist, we could not see the hat he was wearing. But the light was welcome.

From the candle, he lit a primitive lantern -- the next small step up. This provided a large enough circle of light to see our guide's entire body, even when held above his head. According to him, these were the principle light source used to first explore most of the 200 miles of Cave trails known today. These lanterns explain the sooty appearance of many of the Cave's walls and ceilings. They smoke copiously, and their use has left carbon deposits on all available surfaces.

If the worshipers or explorers wanted a brighter and/or more far-reaching source of light, however, they had one other choice. They could make "torches" out of cotton swatches soaked in kerosine and with the aid of a suitably long stick pitch them ahead to light their way. In the pitchblack Church, the fiery arc of the guide's toss is an impressive sight indeed.

On past the Church, we stopped at a natural outcropping of rock known as Booth's Amphitheatre. In 1876, the story goes, Edwin Booth (the Shakespearean actor) was on tour of the Cave. When his group came to this natural podium, the other members persuaded him to perform. Climbing the rock, he delivered Hamlet's most famous soliloquy, which is now played to the air from a concealed tape. (The guide knew neither who made the recording nor where.)

In a curve of the tunnel about half-a-mile into the tour, is a room which houses several small cases holding various Indian artifacts found in the Cave explorations. Just beyond this is a 5-ton rock called the Giant's Coffin,

possibly for its uncanny resemblance to that funereal object. (To me, it was most reminiscent of a set of dentures, but that does not make a good story.) This area is rich in gypsum, and while no one really knows why the Indians used this mineral, it is known that they mined the Caves extensively for it. One explanation for the Coffin's name is that explores found under it the perfectly preserved body of one such Indian.

Of the many pits which punctuate various areas of the Cave, the deepest is the Bottomless Pit, 105 feet down, which we crossed. From there, we enter Fat Man's Misery and Tall Man's agony. These are a stretch of the trail which is very winding and lowering for probably 500 feet. The guide told us that anyone weighing more than 240 pounds is discouraged from attempting this passage. It narrows in place to about a foot wide and there are spots where the ceiling may be as low as four feet. Great Relief Hall is just that after this. It is a large room, equipped with restrooms, and provides the pleasure of standing straight up in "open" space.

After a brief rest, we descended to River Hall (which is sometimes under the Echo River), 300 feet below the surface and the lowest point on our tour. From there, we started our upward climb over 138 steps (the last 90+ on a steel tower, straight up) which takes us to a and through the Mammoth Dome, 192 feet high. Then, it's a short walk back to the entrance and a retread of our original path to the starting point. (Dates and measurements in this report were drawn from a descriptive brochure available at the Visitor's Center.)

A quick lunch later, I was on the road once more. Traffic was light, mostly trucks, and I reached Cincinnati, Ohio, just in time for dinner (with relatives). The last leg of my trip occurred under the first overcast skies I'd seen in days, but five hours later, I pulled into home tired but satisfied.

Letters of Comment

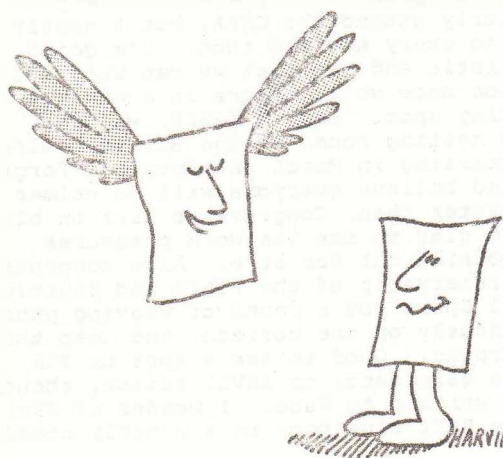
Edited by Nicki Lynch

Deb Hammer Johnson
2 Tyler St.
Rome, GA 30161

(CHAT 28) The switch
to mimeo wasn't tragic.
If I didn't know other-
wise, I'd have taken it

in stride and barely noticed the difference. One of my thoughts was that Arthur Hlavaty would lament the demise of a photocopied zine, and laughed when I saw his letter in CHAT 29. I'm glad that the troubles with Chattanooga worked out smoothly. One whiplash was that ASFICon scurried to incorporate. We'd discussed this possibility for several months, and after your January fannish fete, we decided to hop to it and take the plunge. As a side benefit, ASFIC is also incorporating, and I am now a corporation officer. I'm glad you're sticking with the same Sheraton, as it is a comfortable hotel. Going to a con in the same place year after year, produces a strange sense of timeless continuity. Several times during the weekend, I had to remember which year it was. *Strange* I was tickled to see my name several times in your con report, and only regret that I haven't had the wherewithall to do a lengthy report on my own. I enjoyed myself tremendously, and it was quite a treat to have my family spend a day with me and get to meet my fannish friends. My mom only regretted that she couldn't spend the whole weekend there, and wants to attend several more cons this year.

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Yes, the most thrilling moment in my career as a pre-printed flyer inclusion came when she slipped me between the sheets of her fanzine.

DHJ LoC (cont.)

The juxtaposition of Ken and David's review columns was quite interesting. In the past, I have enjoyed the approach to multi-pointed reviews that CHAT had had. I echo Ken's enthusiasm for the Chaykin/Moorcock collaboration, and feel that they are well suited for each other. Once again, I listened to David's column as well as read it. I like the vigor and personality of his style, and find his viewpoint as interesting (if not moreso) than some of the works he reviews.

The LoCs are quite meaty in this ish. Lan is always fun to read, while Brian makes me envious because his approach is organized and substantial.

Can't wrap up things on this section without a treatment of the art. Rusty's ornamental cover is personal and symbolic. I'm reminded of some of the "storyless" undergrounds that used to come out where the art told its own tale. I have always liked the ornamental aspect of REB's work, and would compare it to my own, except that it's a million times more interesting than my mere squiggles. Charlie's strip unwinds its way to the end, and I'm going to go back and do a review of the entire strip when you print the last sections. Charlie was one of the star attractions of Chattanooga, and I'm glad that his work sold well and he is finally coming into his own as both a personality and first rate illustrator on the fannish scene.

(CHAT 29) Now I turn my talents to the freshest zine. The outstanding feature of this ish was the massive and provocative LoC section (my prejudice shows), and I feel a trifle ashamed that my contrib was so haggard and lackadaisical. *Sigh* I'm taking efforts to "clean up my act" and be a bit more concise in my writing. In my efforts to cover everything, I come out in a warmed over mc-style that doesn't always fit CHAT.

As I said in my previous letter, the meeting dates between the Chattanooga and Atlanta groups haven't been aligned yet. There is no way I could regularly attend the CSFA, but I dearly would like to every now and then. I'm going to be optimistic and say that we can work out the situation once we're secure in a new permanent meeting spot. Last I heard, we had secured the meeting rooms of the Buford-Clairmont Mall starting in March and April (I forget exactly), and believe everyone will be calmer about the matter then. Congrats to Dick on his patents; I'm glad to see the work pressures finally smoothing out for sure. Also congrats on your secretaryship of the Fibre and Shuttle Guild. I'll spare you a round of weaving puns, looming ominously on the horizon, and keep this LoC from warping. Good to see a spot on Jim Gilpatrick's ascendancy to ANVIL editor, though I will miss writing to Wade. I wonder if Jim will put the BSFC zine back on a monthly schedule.

I, too, enjoyed *The Lathe of Heaven*, but feel it had some of the haziness of the book. I'm rather dense about such matter as Tao and dreaming separate realities, but I just couldn't come to grips with the ambiguity of the last third of the show. Bruce Davidson was excellent and had the right mixture of vulnerability and determination that makes his character so interesting. The best aspect of the show was the fabulous way that it adapted as a written work; this fascinates me, as I find it a difficult job for any SF screenplay writer. *The Martian Chronicles* suffered from the nature of Bradbury's prose. RB's style is what gives his stories

their mood and appeal, and the camerawork simply wasn't up to it. Richard Matheson told it in segments, a la *The Twilight Zone* or *Outer Limits* days, and spread over three nights, it lost the sense of continuity that *The Lathe of Heaven* had. I also enjoyed Dave's book reviews, and am in the middle of Vonda McIntyre's *Astera* right now.

I see that Bob Barger is continuing with his *The History of Dragons in East Tennessee*. The approach is witty and very original. Having spent so much time as a non-tourist in Gatlinburg, I enjoy someone poking fun at the Smokies; it also clears up the true story behind those weird scaly "bears" with horns in their nose that I see from time to time up there. REB's spot illos were super, especially the one on pg. 6 at the bottom of Dave's column. Teddy's stamplicker is quite apropos, and I'm reminded of his *Mad Scientist Digest* [[Brian Earl Brown's zine-ed.]] illo about the contents' page with an identity crisis. The fellow is weird. Randy Mohr's cover is somewhat Gilbreathian in content; I almost missed the smiley face among the alien general's badges.

((Chattanooga is also finally incorporated. For some reason, it took two years. Good that you could get it done so soon.

I find going to a con in the same facilities can give me *deja vu*. Glad to hear that your family had a good time at Chattanooga.

If you like the multi-pointed reviews in CHAT, you'll love this month's grab bag of goodies.

If there is any doubt that Chattanooga will change its meeting date, let me ease it. There was a vote taken at the February meeting and we **WILL NOT MOVE OUR MEETING DATE**. The motion to move was soundly defeated. Only one person voted yes; everyone else voted not to move the date. Hope ASF&C can find a suitable meeting place and that we can see your shining face at a CSFA meeting!

OK, let's not shuttle the jokes back and forth about the Weaving Guild. It's better left alone.

Rusty has really developed as an artist and fan since we met him. I think this is reflected in the work he does here and his presence at cons. I also agree that Charlie is growing in recognition as an artist and personality. I expected it would; there is a great potential there!

Good to hear from Rome's Finest))



Barney Neufeld Thanks for the
2726 Girard Ave.S. #B-1 CHATs (yes, two; this
Minneapolis, MN 55408 LoC covers 28 and 29).
Mimeo is more expen-
sive than photocopy? You must have a strange
pricing system down there.

Your Nutriacon report is disturbing. Having to suddenly shift hotels is never a Good Thing for a con. It almost always ends up a raw deal. However, this does illustrate one beautiful thing about the SF community. Fans and pros will go to some extraordinary lengths to save a con. Messrs. Wagner and Tucker are to be applauded for their substantial action. It is one more example of the kind of selfless action that makes fandom such a wonderful place to be. This situation does no good for the reputation and future health of the con, to be sure. But, it certainly reflects quite highly upon fandom as a whole.

Sorry to hear of the death of Tom Johnson. I didn't know him, but Just Imagicon was one of the few cons I attended last year. It was a most pleasant convention, despite its having a few problems, and would be high on my return-to list were I able to plan such activities at the moment.

Nicki's Chattacon report makes me envious. I did so want to be there. I gather you have had problems with minors drinking before. That star on the badge system sounds like a good idea and an effective way to handle the identification question. .. Perhaps some investigation should be undertaken into the feasibility (financially and otherwise) of getting a certain number of badges with the stars preprinted in a prominent position. This would eliminate the possibility of their being removed. And I do not think the punishment too harsh. Once a stance or threat is challenged, it must be carried through if it is to retain effectiveness and credibility. ...

About the only complaint I have with Dave Pettus' column is his disparagement of Alan Dean Foster. True, if all you have seen are his adaptations, Mr. Foster appears in none-to-bright a light. This is a fault of the medium, however. One cannot "adapt" too freely if it to be a successful exercise. But, read some of his other works before you judge him. He writes a ripping good yarn most of the time.

Deb Johnson's LoC throws a whole new light on disaster films. Doesn't make them any better

in my eyes, but it's an interesting supposition.

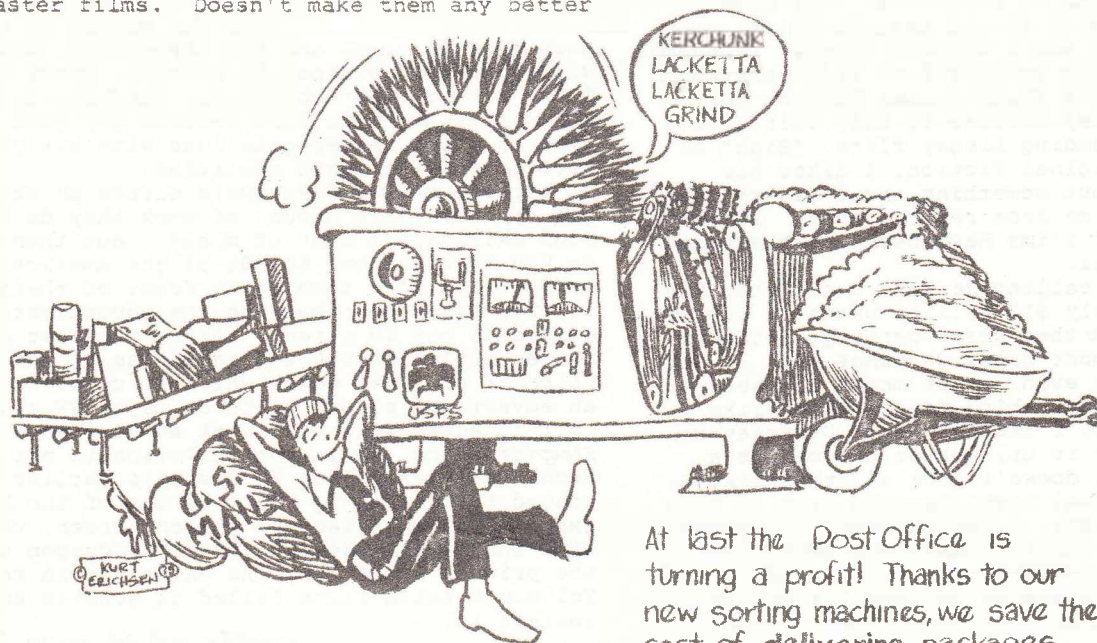
The entire question of violence in the media is one I have a lot of trouble with. Certainly our fairy tales are violent. They stem from harsh and violent times, which they were in part attempting to explain. And there is violence in every human's nature. (Pacifists notwithstanding.) Which is why I cannot understand all the foofara over violence in books, movies, and especially TV. We need such outlets for that violence in our nature. ... Rather the violence within us should be acknowledged and controlled. One method of such control is to channel it through books, movies, TV shows, etc. Having characters we can involve with, these venues give us the opportunity to vicariously experience the violence out society says is unacceptable.

(On 29) Dave Pettus is right about *The Lathe of Heaven*. It was an excellent production. It's been long enough since I read the book for me to forget details, but this was no problem here. There was no major departures that I could detect, and nothing of significance was left out. In fact, the movie was so tight that I barely noticed the time going by.

Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for *The Martian Chronicles*. A somewhat more ambitious project, *Chronicles* was rather uneven. The second segment was by far the best: tight, well-paced, and thoroughly engrossing. The first and third segments dragged a bit, and the third had some of the most raucous background muzak I've ever heard. It almost totally ruined that segment for me. I was most impressed, however, by the sandboat sequence. Though the model-use was obvious in the distance shots of the chase scene, the close-up scenes were extraordinarily beautiful. I would definitely watch this again.

Both these films bode well for the future of SF on television, if this direction is vigorously pursued. With the notable exception of *Star Trek*, SF has not been successful in a continuous series format (and not only for the reason of the inflexibility of producers). The advent of the mini-series is a great boon to us because SF fits the short stretch very well. I have heard no figures, but I hope these two shows proved successful enough that we will begin to see more like them in the future.

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At last the Post Office is turning a profit! Thanks to our new sorting machines, we save the cost of delivering packages.

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VC LoC (cont.)

I was not satisfied with *Star Trek- The Motion Picture*. They ripped the guts out of some of the most effective TV shows in the series and tried to clone it all into a grand ST epic. All they got were some epic costs for gratuitous SFX.

Chattacon was a really fine con with a great bunch of people in attendance. I'd like to praise the entire con committee and all who helped out for doing such a fine job. And it was especially nice sitting down to dinner with you, Nicki, Saturday along with Charlie Williams and Jack Chalker. I hope you enjoyed that Rubber-burger.

Jan. CHAT is most impressive, what with Rusty Burke's fine cover illo. More from him, please! And Fred (the Keep on Trucking) Dolphin is now about to make contact. HEHEHEHE HEHEHE! Wait till you see the final episode- it pays to live in K-town sometimes.

Excellent report on Chattacon 5. Detailed and you seemed to attend just about everything. How do you manage it, Nicki?

((Glad you like the Dec. issue.

Gee, Vernon, advertising is the only cause of price increases? Increased costs of transportation, labor and raw materials has nothing to do with it? Or is it big names that drive up prices? Hit reality!! Next you'll be saying photography film has increased because of hiring some name to advertise them, rather than the increase in the price of silver. How would you explain the increase price of industrial raw materials, which are not advertised -big names or no? I think this "discussion" has reached the point of pointlessness.

Thank you for the praise for Chattacon. The committee is now in the process of planning another great con, under the helm of David Tabor, newly elected chair.

Well, I just do manage, I guess. It also helps that I love to sit at the typer and recount my experiences.))

Harry "Andy" Andruschak Received issue
6933 N. Rosemead Blvd. #31 #29 and thanks.
San Gabriel, CA 91775 I am much too busy
trying to get my

first issue of my genzine *Intermediate Vector*
Bosons out. I bet not 1 fan in 100 knows what
a I.V.B. is!!

Anyhow, I do have one comment to make about Alan Dean Foster and the many snide comments that you and other fanzines publish on his novelizations. ((His address is P.O. Box BCI-11, Big Bear Lake, CA 92315))

First, I regard him as one of the better of today's SF writers as far as his original books go.

Next, there is something to remember about the problems of turning a screen script into a book. First off, due to the time it takes to publish a book, the Author never writes it from the final script, which by the way is not final...it is always being changed during shooting. He works from the preliminary script. And he must rush like hell as it is to make the deadline.

Then there is the fact that most script writers are lousy SF writers, and Alan tries to improve on some parts to make them a shade more believable. Is this a crime?

Oh, yes I have not seen the STAR TREK picture, and probably don't want to since all I heard about it and that VOYAGER SIX makes me want to puke. JPL ought to sue. If ever we got around to building a V-6, it would be a

hell of a lot more sophisticated than the stills I saw of it. We don't do hackwork out here in the San Gabriel Mountains, not from the day of those "very odd Experiments" before World War II.

And of course there are two old pulp cliches I have never believed in. One was the one where a male or group of males lands on a planet of all women and the queen falls in love with the commander and etc. etc. ...

The second is the one about human love, emotions, feelings etc. being better than cold logic, immortality, machine life etc. ...a cheap device to be used by writers who cannot think of anything but cliches. I remember running across this crap in the ending of *Children of the Lens*. ...

Nothing I have heard about ST-TMP makes me want to go and spend my hard earned money watching it. Same goes for *The Black Hole*.

((You haven't been reading CHAT's Lettercol, if you think only negative things have been said about Alan Dean Foster.

You're smart for not going to see *THE BLACK HOLE*.
Good luck on you genzine!))



George "Lan" Laskowski, Jr.
47 Valley Way
Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013

Another fine
issue of CHAT
has passed my
eyes; the repro

is very good--almost had me fooled that you were still using xerox. The art is unusual; Rusty Burke has a strange but interesting style. I like it. I am disappointed in not finding the last installment of Charlie Williams' *2063 A.D.*, so I am anxiously awaiting the March issue of CHAT.

I disagree with David Pettus about the PBS presentation of LeGuin's *The Lathe of Heaven*. It indeed can be criticized, and should be. The ending, that is, the antepenultimate scenes, with all the psychedelic stuff going on, was difficult to make sense of, unless you had read the book. I read the book (some 8 years ago), and I had difficulty working out exactly what had happened. But I do agree with him that this is the best thing that has been presented on TV in the way of real SF. Now if we could get some big movie producers to do something like this.... I say that it should be criticized so that we can have even better SF movies, whether for the television set, or for the movie houses; we get what we ask for, which

continued on page 20

LAN LOC (cont.)

is why so many sci-fi films resemble *Star Wars*.

When David recounted the plot of J.O. Jeppson's novel, *The Last Immortal*, I couldn't help but think of Clifford Simak's *Cosmic Engineers*. I will have to get the book and compare. I will say definitely that they are not alike, but there are some similarities which I will want to examine a bit more closely.

Vernon Clark's review of Spinrad's *The Iron Dream*, sounds as if it's a brand new book from Norman. The original copyright date is, I believe, 1972. So many books that are being printed now are reprints, that it would do everyone well to check copyright dates. In the past couple of years much of Poul Anderson's earlier stuff was reprinted and distributed under different titles. I saved myself some money by not buying those books I already had.

You've a nice long letter column this time. Neat. Eve Chalker Whitley beat me to answering my own question--only by a month or so. Just a couple of weeks ago I came across that information about the "Libertarian" short story--indeed, not by Poul Anderson, but by Eric Frank Russel, "And Then There Were None."

About *Spacial Delivery*, I seem to recall Gordie saying that he was going to revise/expand the original novella which appeared as one side of an Ace double--then again at 123 pages, it is a bit long for a novella. I haven't looked at the newer one myself, so I can't say for sure. *Sigh* Another one to buy, read, and compare. (The other side of that Ace double was called *Delusion World*.)

((Well, wait no more!! As you can see, Charlie even gave us a special cover.
It's good to hear from you!!))

Bob Barger I enjoyed the latest
P.O. Box 8 CHAT, and I suppose
Evansville, TN 37332 it's about time I sent
a LoC. I loved seeing
Brian Earl Brown defend the STAR TREK movie...I
feel kinda the way Brian does, I suppose. I
went knowing the thing would be a "Trekkie wet
dream" as Brian aptly puts it, and with that
in mind, enjoyed it -- though admittedly it was
somewhat embarrassing to see some of the dia-
logue Shatner had to speak. But as Brian says,
it wasn't anything that far removed from the
TV series, it's just that a fairly good dram-
atic scene on TV sometimes tends to become ri-
diculous on the big screen. I loved the opening
scene with the Klingon cruisers and vaguely
Russian music. Perhaps Mike Rogers could pro-
vide an essay in CHAT on the STAR TREK sound-
track?

I think, or was thinking after reading Vern Clark's *Iron Dream* review, that Vern had missed an important point of Spinrad's book. ...so here are my feelings on the book; it is very much an attack on fandom, or certain sects of fandom. In many areas the book compares Hitler's beliefs with those of fandom, and finds little differences. It is this, as is noted in the (rather brilliant I think) afterword, that made Hitler such a popular writer in the SF field. If one is going to read the book (and it is a finely crafted book at that) I would ask that they read the afterword first, as I did, then the book proper and see if they agree.

Speaking of taking over apas for the Southern Cause again, REHUPA (Robert E. Howard United Press Association) is actively welcoming new members. The apa has about 30 or so mem-

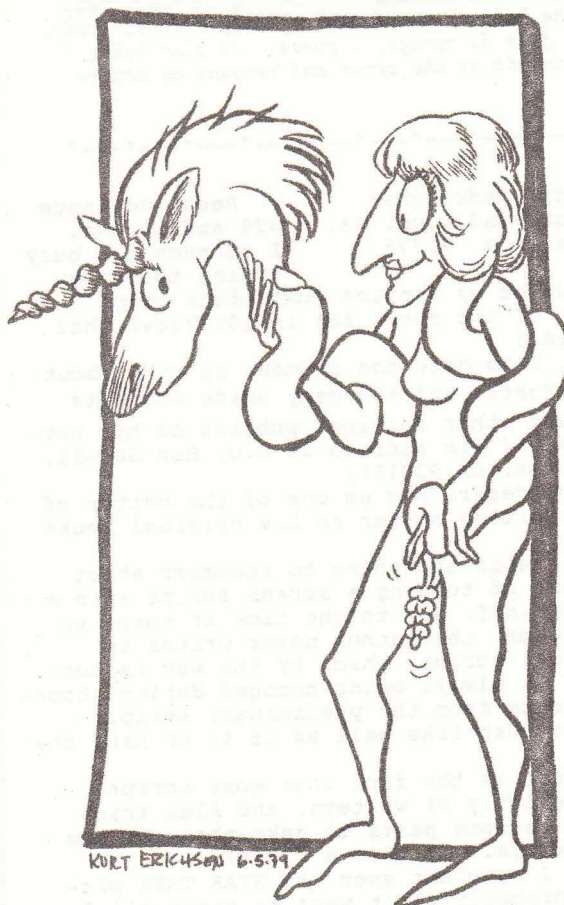
bers now as I recollect...and mailings generally run about 130 to 150 pages. By the title, one easily assumes the apa is devoted to sword and sorcery (ghod! how I hate that name!), but in effect, it is devoted to fantasy in general, with major emphasis of late being heroic fantasy in general and Karl Edward Wagner in particular. ... There's a lot of emphasis on *Weird Tales* type stories in the apa, and with me that's fine because the *Weird Tales* era was one of the Golden Ages of fantasy. ... The OE is Brian Earl Brown.

I see that my Dragon arrived safely. I'll do future pages same size so you won't have to reduce them. I was very pleased with the way the illo came out though. Hand stipple is a pain, but it reproduces well. I'll send another Dragon page soon, I'm researching it now.... I much appreciate Deb Hammer Johnson's comments on the dragon stuff last ish. Egoboo is the fan artist's sole recompense.

((Well, we can ask Mike if he would like to, but I'm not sure that it could be fully appreciated unless one had the soundtrack.

I hope anyone who is interested in joining REHUPA or getting a sample copy writes to Brian Earl Brown. His address is on a LoC in this column. Be advised that sample copies usually cost a buck or so!

Your Dragon series is very well done. Actually, hand stippling is a lost art and we're glad that someone still does it. And it does repro so well! Now, Bob, egoboo is not the fan artist's sole recompense, some fan artists sell illos in regional art shows. But, it's by publication and acclaim that a fan artist becomes known. Keep working, your star is rising!))



KURT ERIKSON 6-5-79

A PASSION FOR UNICORNS

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Sharon Webb, Chris Estey, Irvin Koch, Paul Flores, A.J. Bridget, Charlie Williams, Jerry Collins, Laurel Beckley.

* * * * *

ARTIST CREDITS: Charlie Williams - cover, pages 4, 5 (2063 AD, concluding episodes); Earl Cagle - page 2; Jerry Collins - pages 7, 13; Rusty Burke - pages 3, 11, 19; Kurt Erichsen - pages 17, 20; Chris Estey - page 16; Alexis Gilliland - page 14 (from *The Iron Law of Bureaucracy*, used by permission); Teddy Harvia - page 15

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NEXT CSFA MEETING
SATURDAY, MARCH 22
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