



CHATTACON!

Chattacon V was held in Chattanooga's downtown Sheraton Inn over the January 4-6, 1980 weekend; the convention drew an estimated 550 attendees over the three days, garnered front-page publicity in the local newspaper, and was most successful, marred only by acts of vandalism and mischief from high-school-age attendees.

Guest of Honor Joan Vinge was amiable and accessible to fans throughout the weekend, making numerous appearances at various parties, taking part in panels, and presenting some information about her upcoming novel, *THE SNOW QUEEN*, due in February from Quantum Books/Dial Press.

This year's programming also offered a great deal of alternative programming; generally, at least two events were occurring simultaneously, giving fans a choice of professionally-oriented programming or of more fan-ish programming. In addition, the video room ran for the duration of the convention, offering a passive alternative to other activities.

Pros in attendance included Vinge, Wilson Tucker, Grant Carrington, Jerry Page, Jim Frenkel, Forrest Ackerman, Harry Stubbs (Hal Clement), Jack Chalker, Barry Longyear, George Scithers, and more. Linda Sushyager made her first appearance at a Southern convention, and appeared on both professional and fan panels.

The one film on the agenda, *THE LAST DAYS OF MAN ON EARTH*, drew a hefty Friday night crowd, and room parties abounded afterwards; unfortunately, the hotel had not seen fit to block fans and mundanes on separate floors, and party activity was seriously toned down--particularly in the con suite, which had mundanes on either side of it. Tennessee's 19-year-olds-can-drink policy caused some problems, since the deputy sheriff checked on it very carefully--at one point, beer had to be moved out of the con suite entirely because of the number of underage drinkers trying to lay hands on it. Security was tight on the hotel's party Friday night, particularly due to the fire extinguishers having been discharged into the stairwells that afternoon.

Saturday brought, among other things, a fanartists round-robin that produced 5 drawings, one of which--a travesty and an appalling piece of art--brought \$23 at auction. I can be critical, because the damnable piece was built over my pencil sketch.

Saturday's auction was followed by an overlong Tucker Roast. After that came a masquerade noted for the incredibly uncoordinated presentations that accompanied it (the highlights of which were the audience reaction to a Star Trek costume-presentation and an incredible bit of inanity involving a group of people in t-shirts gutturally reciting "Nim!" over and over again). In between masquerade and banquet was an art auction that was marked by rather light bidding--but after a year of 13% inflation, who has extra money for art?

Sunday was the day for the first meeting of the ABC group; it was lightly attended, but those who were there decided that Jim Gilpatrick would be in charge of the first ABCcon to be held in Birmingham in early April; Dick Lynch would edit the ABC fanzine; and Rich Howell would work on the ABC Directory along the lines of his much-praised ASFiCtory, with Deb Hammer-Johnson supplying material for non-Atlanta fans.

After all was over, it was reported by Irvin Koch that Chattacon made \$3000, more or less (information courtesy of Avery Davis); no word on the final disbursement of moneys as of yet. It is assumed that after this rousing success, Chattanooga will continue their Chattacon series next year, although no one is sure if it will be held at the same hotel or not.

Choice Morsels

A coin-toss arranged by Tim Bolgeo and Deb Hammer-Johnson resulted in a decision among the two of them that ASFiC would change its meeting date from the third Saturday to another weekend; whether this will be done or not is undecided, since Atlanta had already agreed to decide this issue via the proposed Putt-Putt tourney (and also due to the fact that finding locations for other weekends would be difficult). This will be discussed at the January meeting.

John C. Whatley is now acting as legal advisor for ASFiCon, and has joined the convention committee. His wife, Jeannie, is on the committee as art-show director.

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ELECTION RESULTS COME AS NO SURPRISE: This year's officers are the same as last year's officers, it seems. That's to be expected, of course, since no one else declared for candidacy, despite the urgings of Cliff Biggers at the October and November meetings. 30 members voted, with write-ins going to such notables as Tom, Dick, Harry, M. Mouse, Jenny, Ben, Mike Weber, Mike Tippens, Rich Howell, Cletis Burnett, Vince Lyons, Ginger Kaderabek, and Noah Ward. The election was required by ASFIC constitution, even though no other candidates had declared--and that takes care of that until next year. (And in case you forgot who last year's officers were, it's Cliff Biggers: President; Sue Phillips: Vice President; Deb Hammer-Johnson: Secretary-Treasurer)

Iris Brown and Michael Wright have announced their engagement; no date has been set for the marriage as of yet, but this informs us that the marriage will probably take place after Iris finishes her courses at CVT. They plan to move to the Atlanta area (good choice).

Wade Gilbreath has passed editorship of ANVIL, the Birmingham clubzine, to Jim Gilpatrick, who will take over with the ninth issue; Wade edited ANVIL for a year and a quarter, acting as President at the same time, and he has decided to take a rest from his official duties. Wade was not intending to run for President of the Birmingham club at Press time; the only announced candidate was Jim Gilpatrick.

In his second mailing as Official Editor, Rich Howell has managed to lead the apa MYRIAD to a full roster and a six person waitlist. The current eighty-third mailing is approximately 320 pages long, the second 300-plus page mailing in a row, and it seems to support the contention that MYRIAD is taking over the helm as the major Southern apa. Rich urges people to join the waitlist now, while it's short; write him at 3006 Whispering Hills Ct., Chamblee GA 30341.

In a shifting of duties, Angela Howell has taken on the job of corresponding secretary for ASFICon, in addition to her duties as hotel liaison.

Books

According to SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE, GALILEO's purchase of GALAXY is definite, and the Boston-based GALILEO intends to continue GALAXY, geared towards a largely younger market than GALILEO. The first issue under the new editor--Floyd Kemske--will be available in March.

Philip Jose Farmer has completed the final volume of the Riverworld series, and has turned it in to Berkley Books. The 175,000 word novel will receive major publicity from Berkley, and the company is being most secretive about

the contents of the book.

Pocket Books continues their deluge of Star Trek-related material, with two new large-sized offerings: a series of blueprints of the new updated Enterprise and assorted Star Trek spacecraft, and STAR TREK SPACEFLIGHT CHRONOLOGY, by Stan and Fred Goldstein, with illustrations by Rich Sternbach. The latter volume traces the development of spaceflight from the pioneering days of the 20th century to the beginning of the 23rd century. In related news, the STAR TREK film is continuing to do quite well; it is reported to have earned back over \$85 million in five weeks.

Don Glut has completed the novelization of THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK for Ballantine/Del Rey Books, due out in May to accompany the release of the Star Wars sequel. Glut has also been signed to a ten-book contract for Starblaze by editor Hank Stine; the series is entitled THE NEW ADVENTURES OF FRANKENSTEIN.

The Bantam Gallery, a project begun to offer posters, prints, and cards of outstanding Bantam paperback covers, has been sold to Universe Books; no new cards will be printed from Bantam covers.

John Brunner fans will be glad to hear that Del Rey Books will offer a new Brunner title, THE INFINITIVE OF GO, in February of 1980. Other February releases include TO WALK THE NIGHT by William Sloane, THE NEW ATOMS BOMB-SHELL by Robert Browne, THE FOUNTAINS OF PARADISE BY Arthur C. Clarke, and THE REAVERS OF SKAITH By Leigh Brackett.



If this works out, I'll have a column for ATARANTES. The tough part was selecting a theme. Without one, I'd just ramble around fannish topics without ever getting anywhere (not that I promise that where we will "get to" will mean that much.)

I'm going to make two assumptions. First, that everyone who enjoys SFantasy films prefers the finest examples of the genre, always in search of works that can bear the title of classic. No trouble there (except for the disagreements over what really is great). The second assumption, however, is where I might go astray. I also like--nay, love--bad examples, you see. One is never bored at either extreme of the quality scale, the sublime or the insipid. Truly dull movies are the ones that occupy the region known as mediocrity. Dumb is not dull.

There is nothing inherently entertaining about failure, of course. It is the context that makes the difference. Recognizing the disparity between high aspirations and low realizations is where wry amusement may be found. So this will be a column about science fiction, fantasy, and horror films that fail so miserably that they are entertaining in spite of themselves.

Having actually been involved with some dubious film projects myself, I feel qualified to discuss low-budget productions from the personal side. While having seen every genre-related film that's come my way in the capacity of the movie theatre manager, haunter of midnight shows, Late Show TV addict, revival house groupie, and employee of a campus film series, I'll make observations from some level of expertise (or insanity, if you like).

It is a strange terrain we will set out to map. What we see will be slightly out of focus, or bathed in shadows, or overlit to the point of the ethereal. Sounds will grate on our senses--too loud, too fuzzy, seeming to be deliberately indistinct even as they crawl through the ear into the brain. We will stumble down dark corridors...and if we fall against the faded walls, they will threaten to topple upon us. Tinker-toy technologies will be stomped into plastic shrapnel by giant, rubberoid monstrosities as sinister as last year's muppets. Rocket ships will dangle precariously from wires. Mad scientists will overact grotesquely so that we will be able to ignore the bland, monotone performances of the supporting cast.

Science will always be demonic. Looking at the heroes who are threatened, you won't mind.

All hail Monogram, Tcho, PRC, Azteca, Embassy, etc.; all hail cut-rate space invaders, giant bugs, endless Nazi survivals, slow zombies, spastic apes, and unfunny (and unnecessary) comic relief. Rear-screen projections will flicker in abundance. Voices will boom in echo chambers. Jacob's ladders will sputter and zap.

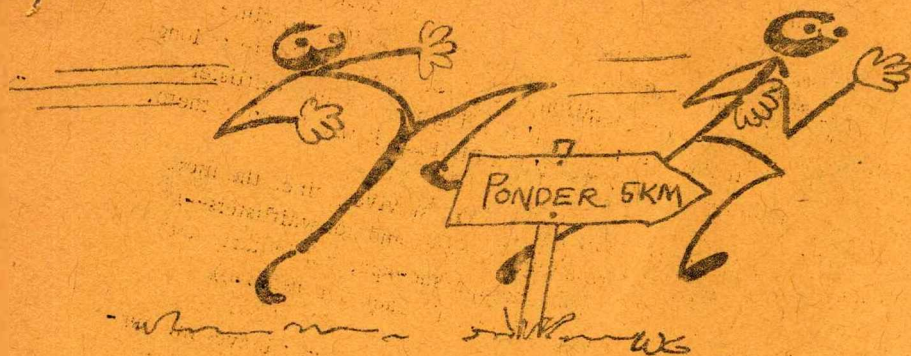
Man, we're going to be up to our eyeballs in crap!

It's a promise.

COMING NEXT: Bela Lugosi Trapped in Monogram's Closet!

DER
KRAPP

commentary by
Brad Linaweaver



"MEANINGS TO PONDER"



Daniel S. Taylor Again I am forced back to my typewriter
550 Boulevard SE by my continued inability to attend
Atlanta GA 30342 meetings. The SCA can come to demand a great deal of one's spare time if one is not careful. And, of course, this being Christmas, between group get-togethers and household parties, there is no way I can come to either the December meeting or the Christmas party, whatever weekend it finally descends upon. Therefore, let this be my fondest Christmas wish to all,

Eagerly I await December 7 and the STAR TREK movie. I have successfully resisted the temptation to read the novelization despite the fact that it stares my wife in the face every day. I even bought the Marvel Comics Adaptation, which I have also refrained from reading, thanks to the example of a friend who unwisely read THE ILLUSTRATED ALIEN before having seen the movie, and thus spoiled it for himself. However, I have seen the coming attractions previews, and I have seen the television spots--and I can hardly wait. I'm hooked, I admit it--they've got my four bucks already.

((I'm also eager to see the film, although I have missed every opportunity to do so up until the present date--January 13--and it's already hit \$1.50 matinee theaters now. I did read the adaptation, though--but I must be Perverse, because I read THE ILLUSTRATED ALIEN before seeing the film and enjoyed the movie even more as a result. Ah, well. Also, next issue of ATARANTES should bring us John Ulrich's commentary on the film from the viewpoint of one who enjoyed the series and doesn't mind admitting it. Should be interesting--and it should make for particularly active Hugo politicking among the fans who will push for ALIEN and those who will promote STAR TREK.))

It finally struck me that I've written three letters to a fanzine without once commenting on the zine itself. About time, I suppose?

While cleaning up my bedroom the other day, I found a box of old papers. Nestled among them was ATARANTES #2. What a historic find. Four pages, half-sized format...no art, no letters...not much of anything, except promise. And now look at it. Thirty issues later, we have a classy zine on our hands. Thanks, of course, to talented artists like Wade Gilbreath and Bob Maurus, letterhacks like "ahem"

that is, columnists like...oh, well, his heart's in the right place, but his foot's in his mouth. Kepp wading, I may reach my point eventually. Thanks mostly to an editor who knows what it is to produce a quality fanzine, who keeps hammering at talented-but-lazy people to WRITE!

Cliff--thank you. I'll be sending my dues money via a friend--keep me on the mailing list.

((Blush, blush...I thank you for the kind remarks, and I'm sure you can imagine that this sort of a letter actually helps make those last-minute "where's-that-column?" phone calls worthwhile.))

Deb Hammer Johnson I'm still not coherent enough to do
2 Tyler Road a decent loc, but the deadline is
Rome, GA 30161 upon me, and I want to avoid the
dubious distinction of fucking up
my perfect loccking record. I really need to furnish you with an all-purpose loc that can be used in case I'm in a car wreck or something and lose out on time.

The only thing that puzzles me about Bob Maurus' cover is that the back of the belt looks like a buckle, which usually goes in the front of the belt, and the fellow's head is turned round the other way. The buckle is interesting in that it focuses the entire picture on the gunfight. All in all, it makes for a storytelling scenario and one of the finest covers I've seen on ATAR. Someday, I'm going to go back and rank the things, doing a personal history of my views of the ins-and-outs of ATAR. If my memory serves me correctly, it's the last of the recent batch of covers donated by Bob, and I hope he decides to do us some more.

((You're right--and I second the request for more. We've gotten more response on Bob Maurus' covers than on any other we've run in ATAR.))

Now, I have several proposals that I'd like some feedback on towards the organization of the proposed ABC.

(1) The organizations should be kept separate. This will hopefully keep any messy or violent club politics from messing up any group co-ordinated activities.

(2) It should have some sort of rules or guidelines. Granted, all the clubs are basically fun and social clubs, and half of the action will be geared towards parties and mini-

cons, but if anything else is to be done, we ought to have some guidelines. For example, what if any other city-groups (like Knoxville or Huntsville) want to join, and do we incorporate, and what if another sf group in the three cities shows up... and so forth. I don't see it as a dictatorial organization and it should exist for the greater good and all that rot, but it should be something more than the urges of clubaholics for bigger and better clubs.

(3) It should be financially independent. This is a touchy thing with me. Hypothetically, our annual budget is about twice that of the other clubs, but this last year, we spent it to the penny. If we're going to do anything on the large scale, we should have some money in the "kitty" and procedures to get more.

(4) There should be some representatives from each group. This is a point that I've touched on before: These reps could be officers, but don't have to be. Each group could select/appoint those who will get together and do the coordinating. The "meetings" could be held three or four times a year at the mini-cons or parties, abide by the ABC rules mentioned in pt. 2, and have their decisions answerable to the club that is affected. I think that one reason that ASFiC has grown and weathered the past three years is that it takes itself seriously at heart, and has constitutional means to redress any severe problems.

(5) There could be an intra-group zine, perhaps on a rotating basis. It could publish run-downs on members, like the ASFiCtory, handle arguments about club matters, and generally address itself to the spirit of a large-scale fan community. Projects like the calendar that FOSFAX puts out would be nice.

Overall, I see the idea as having tremendous potential. If we start off on the right foot (or left foot--I don't want to discriminate against people of your neural persuasion), we can avoid getting bogged down in bickering and asininity.

((I don't wholly agree with your concepts. First and foremost, I think you see ABC as a separate club, rather than a loose union of three clubs. I mainly question the financial independence, since I don't see it as necessary and I think it would create, in effect, another club. I do agree with a need for a few policies, but I don't foresee a need for a great body of rules. As for representatives, I see the officers of the clubs as the official representatives of each club, although every member of each club is, in effect, a representative. I'm not certain that an all-new club is needed, really, and I'm definitely uncomfortable with a club financially separate from its member clubs.

((As far as publications are concerned, the fanzine and the directory idea was discussed and approved in Chattanooga before you or I began drafting our thoughts on this, as was the convention-and-meeting concept. But in all cases, I am more fond of financial assistance from the member clubs, by way of special auctions, grants, etc. As to ASFiC spending all of its budget--that's generally true for most all clubs of our size. Our aim is to spend all of our budget, which is

how we determine the expenditures of parties, meetings, etc. With a smaller budget, we'd have less expensive (and expansive) parties, that's all.))

Your note about SHADOW-SFPA got me a kick in the butt by Guy, who accused me of something less than absolute loyalty to the regeneration of SFPA. I won't let it die as long as I'm at the helm; since I'm trying to get some waitlister to take the job now that I'm a Big Kid, it will be up to them.

((I remain surprised that SHADOW survives, since the most active members are actual members and not waitlisters--I see no *raison d'être* for the apa/sub-apa, particularly with the shrinking of SFPA of late. To each her own...))

"The Finishing Stroke" was interesting, but it leaves me hungering for a more detailed history of ASFiC; I'm curious to see if you intend to combine your old ASFO files with more detailed records of the last three years in your Mega-opus on THE HISTORY OF SOUTHERN FANDOM (in nine volumes).

Best loc this time around was Given's. Best illo was the one on page...er...the mail call that was featured in an old n'man, if my memory fails me correctly. Barry's column was a nice touch, and if I had that much money to spend on any presents at all, I would probably have spent them on books. My selections worked out pretty good this year, but moving expenses overshadowed anything else in the holidays.

All this talk about Avengers teevee fandom... Roger wants to start a Peter Gunn fandom, since it's his favorite show of the day, and he rushes through supper to catch the strains of the Mancina Theme song. "Who Needs Emma Peel!" he has been quoted as saying.

((I suspect Mike Weber would be more than glad to enumerate the people who need Emma Peel, and I can think of several ASFiCcers who would top the list.))

You are indeed a "jaded sf reader." TCH-TCH. Your particular tastes and emphases on your reading both appeal and enthrall me sometimes. I wonder that someone of your caliber and eccentricities (and I mean that as a compliment) can ever be bored with anything. Let alone sf. Still, I remember Susan's editorial in the last FR where she longs for the days when you could both read all the sf you bought in a single year. As you're aware, most fans--me included--really don't read that much sf.

((I'm still a voracious reader of the stuff, but I'm enjoying it somewhat less, as the old ad used to tell us--mainly because (a) I've read almost all the real classics in the genre, and have to rely on new output solely, and (b) I've seen so many derivations of standard ideas and concepts that I'm not as impressed with them as I once was. That's one reason I read so much more non-sf now than I used to--and the current formula-market doesn't help the sf field at all.))

The Atlanta Science Fiction Club's Minutes and Monetary Considerations

Like a fragile white water lily, the December business meeting of Atlanta's finest science fiction people unfolded in the midst of rampant caloric pollution. Iroz Diggers was seized with an explicable urge, and called everyone to attention at 7:56. Trusty VeePee Sue Phillips was ill and therefore not present at this auspicious moment; Deb HJ, babe in lap, grabbed a con-flyer and started scribbling notes at her usual fast and furious pace.

First point of business was the annual elections. Cliff mentioned that even though there were no opposition candidates, that the constitution obliged us to hold elections in case some behind-the-scenes write-in had been extra ambitious. Iris B. and Susan E. (no relation), were doing the tallies, and reported that the incumbents were clearly in the lead. The New Meeting Site Committee, headed by Angela Howell and Sue P., reported that there were no definite new leads on a meeting spot, and that Tucker Federal was a certainty for the January meeting location unless something developed. Deb pointed out that dues were due next meeting, and that the budget was getting mighty low.

First and Foremost among announcements was the New Year's Eve Party held at the Gonnells' habitat. Jim and Lynn furnished maps, and Cliff pointed out that they were available on the front desk. He also put in a plea/threat for folks to return copies of CHAI, Apa-H, and SAPS flyers that were intended for the Lyrad apa but inadvertently picked up by members. There were several calls for rides to Chattocon, and members were urged to pool resources and go cheaper. Janet and Vince called attention to the remnants of their wedding cake, which they had brought to the gathering in honor of the first Anniversary.

ASFICon recap consisted of the announcement, once again, that Jeannie Corbin Whitley was going to act as Art Show Organizer, and that the decision to incorporate had been postponed until the budget was a bit plumper. At 8:07, the final call for votes was announced, and Iris and Susan closed the polls.

Later that same evening, presents brought by members were exchanged on a one-to-one basis. Iris went nuts over hers, and was ready to bolt from the room. Cliff showed a lot of nerf again this year, and Dann Littlejohn's droid bubblebath made a play for Deb's Tickle deoderant container. Jim Gilpatrick and Beth Pointer, of the Birmingham contingency, were on hand to lend their Good Cheer to the events. Mike Weber, alias Mr. Video, was on hand with some videotapes, which a good many people enjoyed. Sally Cook made a long awaited appearance after her illness, and looked to be in good form. Cakes and special edibles were provided by Iris, Jeannie, and Cliff and Susan; due to Susan's stomach flu, Cliff was unable to make sausage balls this year, and the Annual Sausage Ball Drop was postponed to another occasion. A Hearts game lasted until the wee hours, and reports of the scores can be had from any of the participants. This meeting also marked the largest assembly of the ASFIC SBOFleague--Jennifer Howell, Elizabeth McNeil, and Ben Johnson dominated much of the events in their inimitable manner.

A goodtime was had by all. It certainly marks one of ASFIC's most successful and enjoyable meetings ever!!!!

December expenditures: We started off with \$146.19 from November, and took out \$25.00 for the Collingwood Clubhouse rental, \$35.12 for Atarantes 29, \$42.48 to Roger Johnson for the First Round of Eats, \$29.00 to Cliff and Susan for the Second Round, leaving us with the amazing amount of \$11.59 in the 1979 budget. In January of '80, the bank account will be transferred to another bank, and checks for the remainder of party expenses will be delved out afterwards. PAY DUES, PUH-LEASE!!!!

BOOKS, contd. from page 3

In March, Del Rey will issue THRICE UPON A TIME by James P. Hogan; THE LURE OF THE BASILISK by Lawrence Watt-Evans; WAY STATION by Clifford Simak; THE LOVERS by Philip Jose Farmer; FIRE TIME by Poul Anderson; and LIFE-BOAT by James White.

Berkley's March releases include TITAN by John Varley, illustrated by Freff; OCTOBER'S BABY by Glen Cook; MICHAEL AND THE MAGIC MAN by Kathleen Sidney; THE SECOND BOOK OF RE HOWARD, ed. by Glenn Lord; IQ 83 by Arthur Herzog.

DAW Books for March include FIGHTING SLAVE OF GOR by Jonn Norman; ISAAC ASIMOV PRESENTS GREAT SF STORIES #3 (1941); THE WINGED MAN by van Vogt and Hull; ALDAIR, A CROSS THE MISTY SEA by Neal Barrett; THE STAR ROAD by Gordon Dickson.

In February, Del Rey Hardcover will offer BEYOND THE BLUE EVENT HORIZON by Frederik Pohl; in April, SPLIT INFINITY by Piers Anthony; in May, DRAGON'S EGG by Robert Forward; in June, THE WOUNDED LAND by Stephen R. Donaldson.

Ursula LeGuin's new novel, THE BEGINNING PLACE, is due out in February from Harper and Row; the book will also be condensed in an upcoming REDBOOK and will be a Book-of-the-Month Club alternate title.

Pennyfarthing Press has a pair of interesting titles upcoming: THE BEST SF OF THE YEAR: 1929, edited by Richard Lupoff, and COSMOS, a 1930s roundrobin, to be illustrated by Freff. Write to Pennyfarthing Press, 2000 Center St. #1226, Berkeley, CA 94704 for more information.

Reminder: rates for ASFICon are now \$10, get your membership money in right away and help your local convention! // ASFICon, 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw GA 30144. Write for more information.

ART CREDITS. Cover - David Derrick. Page 3. Roger Caldwell. Page 5: Wade Gilbreath.

ATARANTES #31
Cliff Biggers
6045 Summit Wood Dr.
Kennesaw GA 30144

first class
first class

Meeting

The January 1980 meeting will be held on Saturday, January 19th, at 8:00. The site will be the Tucker Federal building on Buford Highway (this building is the same place where we met in November); the address is 5424 Buford Highway, and it's in the downstairs community room. To get to Buford Highway from the north, take I-285 east to the Buford Highway exit; turn left, proceed for approximately a half a mile, and the bank is on the right. From the South, take I-85 to the Shallowford Road exit; take Shallowford to Buford Highway, turn right, and the bank is approximately three quarters of a mile up the road, on the left.

Programming for January is undecided as of press-time, but it will probably consist of Chattahoochee-related programming (a discussion of the convention, perhaps with photos by Avery Davis), a discussion of the proposed ABC club and meeting place changes, and a possible discussion of "The Best and the Worst Book I read in 1979," input by everyone who wants to name a book in each category.

Members are urged to attend this meeting; the building may be a bit small, but let's try to get all the folks we can in there. Also, don't forget that \$10 dues for 1980 are due at this meeting--let's support our club in this, the year of the ASFICon!!

Members are also reminded to bring want lists to give to Michael Tipples, who is in charge of such things; programming suggestions to give to Pat Morrell; and an appetite, for the post-meeting pizza run.

meeting 1/19/80, 8:00 pm // 5424 Buford Hwy, Tucker Federal Bldg. // be there!!