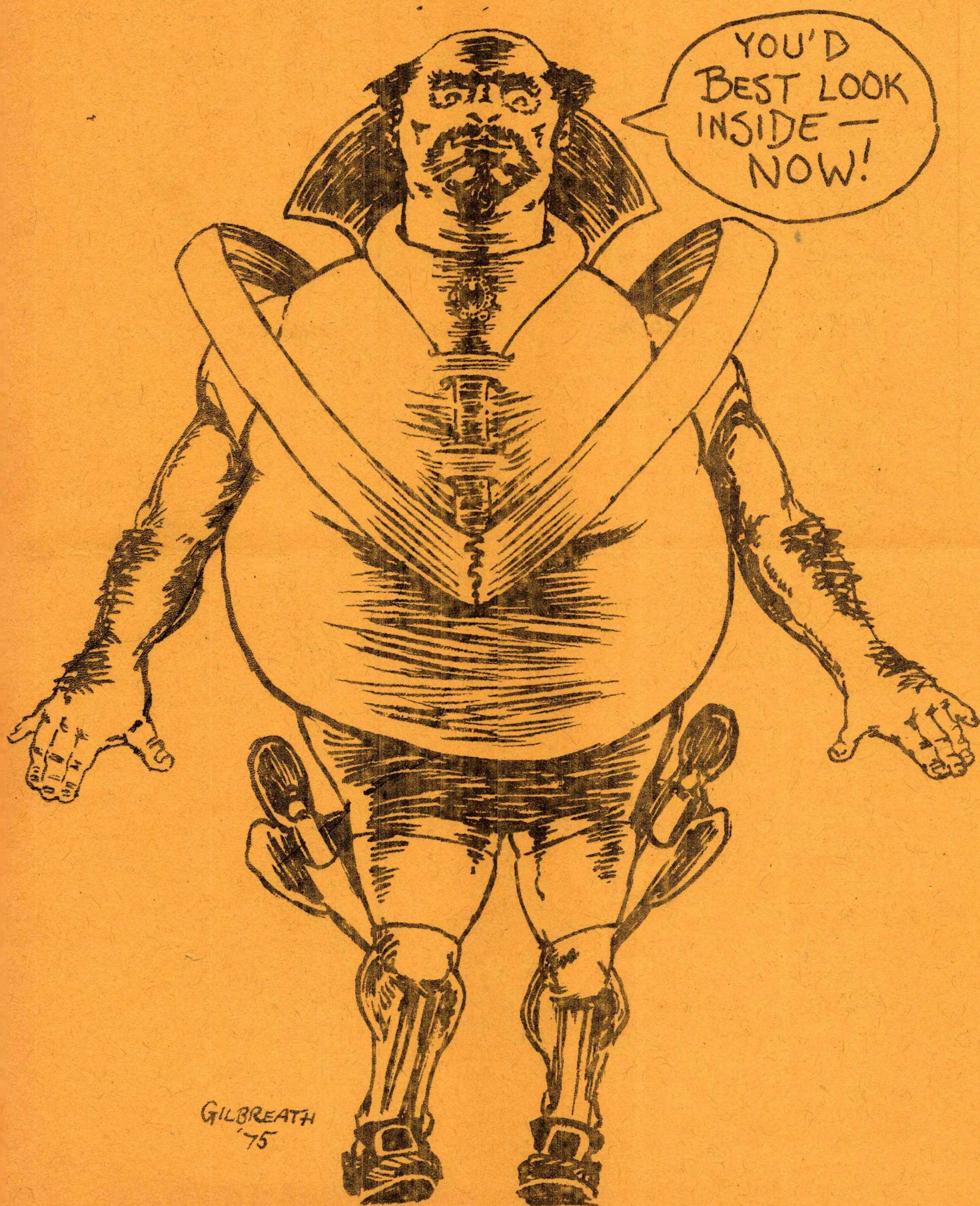


ATARANTES



Choice Morsels

The legendary science fiction library of Forrest J. Ackerman has been donated to the city of Los Angeles; the story picked up national radio newsplay, and it seems that the ABC News reporter in question managed to present all the information without once referring to "sci-fi". The news report said that Ackerman would continue to maintain the library and add to it until his death, but a later report implied there was a definite timetable for transfer of the library to public facilities. In a related note, the Perry Rhodan series, an interest of Ackerman's that continue to live on after the Ace paperback series was discontinued, has finally died. #137 is the final PR to be released in the United States.

The new slate of officers of the Birmingham Science Fiction Club are: Jim Gilpatrick, President; Charlotte Proctor, Vice President; and Beth Pointer, Secretary/Treasurer. Former Prez Wade Gilbreath and former Sec/Treas David Wood, now Old and Tired Fen, have recently purchased adjoining rockers on the front porch of the Birmingham FIAWOL Rest Home, where they continue to talk about the good old days and the time Meade Frierson almost made it to a meeting.

Jack Williamson and Brian Aldiss have recently completed a trip to the People's Republic of China; according to SF CHRONICLE, the writers did contact several Chinese science fiction writers. Their ventures also took them to Yugoslavia, where the third conference of World SF will be held.

The Science Fiction Writers of America have returned to their old format of having a jury oversee the Nebula Awards. This year's jury is made up of: Orson Scott Card (Chairman, Michael Bishop (MC of ASFiCon), Terry Carr, David Hartwell, Richard Lupoff, Joan D. Vinge, and Donald A. Wollheim. The jury may, at their option, add another work to the list of five final

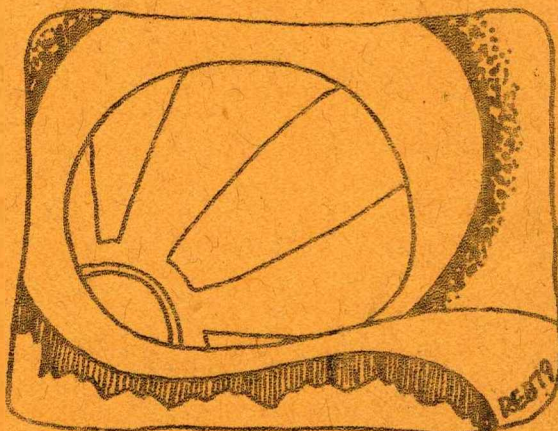
choices after the ballots are counted. This system had been abandoned in recent years; it's thought that this might indicate a desire of the Nebula committee and the SFWA to bestow merit on little-recognized works that nonetheless are high in quality, as well as an effort to offset the feeling that the Nebulas are becoming more a matter of popularity and less a record of quality. The Awards will be given out in Los Angeles on April 26th.

Michael Whelan, one of sf's most popular artists, has formed his own company, Glass Onion Graphics, to produce quality reprintings of Whelan artwork and related items. The first selection will be a quality reproduction of the cover for STORMBRINGER; among other things, future releases will include the covers Whelan has done for the Jerry Page-edited YEAR'S BEST HORROR for DAW Books. Information about the company can be gotten by writing to Glass Onion Graphics, 172 Candlewood Lake Road, Brookfield CT 06804.

Cyndi Brummer, former Rome sf fan, charter member of the Rome SF Society, and one-time apahack, has recently given birth to a daughter; the baby was born February 4th, according to Chris Radney, who managed to misreport the event at a con committee meeting because another Cindy had given birth to a son two days prior.

Books

Robert Silverberg's LORD VALENTINE'S CASTLE, the author's first major sf release in five years, is an April release from Harper & Row; advance galley proofs, looking more like a quality trade paperback than galleys, are already in the hands of reviewers. The paperback rights for the book recently sold to Bantam for \$75,000; the first hardcover rights were sold prior to publication at \$127,500. The novel, 447 pages in length, is a massive story of Lord Valentine, who is removed from his body, exiled to the body of a wandering man who joins a juggling troupe, and eventually becomes aware of what has been done to him and just who he is. The novel details his adventures as he strives to regain his former position in life.



AT ARANTES #32 (February 1980) is the monthly publication of the Atlanta Science Fiction Club. Cliff Biggers, editor (6046 Summit Wood Drive, Kenneraw GA 30144). Available for membership in ASFiC, contributions of art, locs, or written material/news, or subscription at the rate of 12/\$3.50. Contents ©Cliff Biggers, all rights revert to creators. Sometimes I hate typing colophons that no one ever reads....

AMAZING and FANTASTIC are making deliberate efforts to switch to all-original material; recent issues of each have had virtually no reprint material, and the editor, Arthur Bernhardt, is trying to convert to new material as soon as possible (and, it seems, this may now be considered a market for writers who had crossed it off their lists previously).

New English Library is publishing the first edition of Heinlein's latest novel, *THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST*, this month; the American edition is due out later this year from Fawcett.

Doubleday Books has purchased the *CHRYSLIS* series, edited by Roy Torgesson, beginning with the eighth volume. The series, begun at Zebra, will be sold in hardcover by Doubleday, and they will handle the sale of paperback rights as well.

In April, Ace will issue a trade paperback edition of Larry Niven's *THE PATCHWORK GIRL*, in the standard illustrated format of most Ace trade pbs. April will also see the Ace release of *DESTINIES V. 2, #2, THE PURPLE PTERODACTYLS* by L. Sprague de Camp, and *THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS*, edited by Spider Robinson.

April will showcase the release of *THE BERKLEY SHOWCASE* at Berkley Books, a new series edited by Victoria Schocher and John Silbersack; *WATCHTOWER* by Elizabeth Lynn; *A JUDGMENT OF DRAGONS* by Phyllis Gottleib; and *NEW VOICES IN SF #3*, edited by George R. R. Martin.

DAW's April releases will include a new novel by Tamith Lee, *SABELLA*; a reissue of *THE MANY WORLDS OF MAGNUS RIDOLPH* by Jack Vance; *A VICTORY FOR KREGEN* by Dray Prescott/Kenneth Bulmer; *THE TERRA DATA* by E. C. Tubbs. Elton Elliot, in *SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW*, reports that DAW has an option on hardcover issues with Signet/NAL, although Wollheim has said he isn't interested in branching into SF hardcovers.

Del Rey will release the paperback edition of *HARPIST IN THE WIND* by Patricia McKillip in April, as well as *THE MONITOR, THE MINOR AND THE SHREE* by Lee Killough and *STILL FIRMS ON FOXFIELD* by Joan Slonczewski.

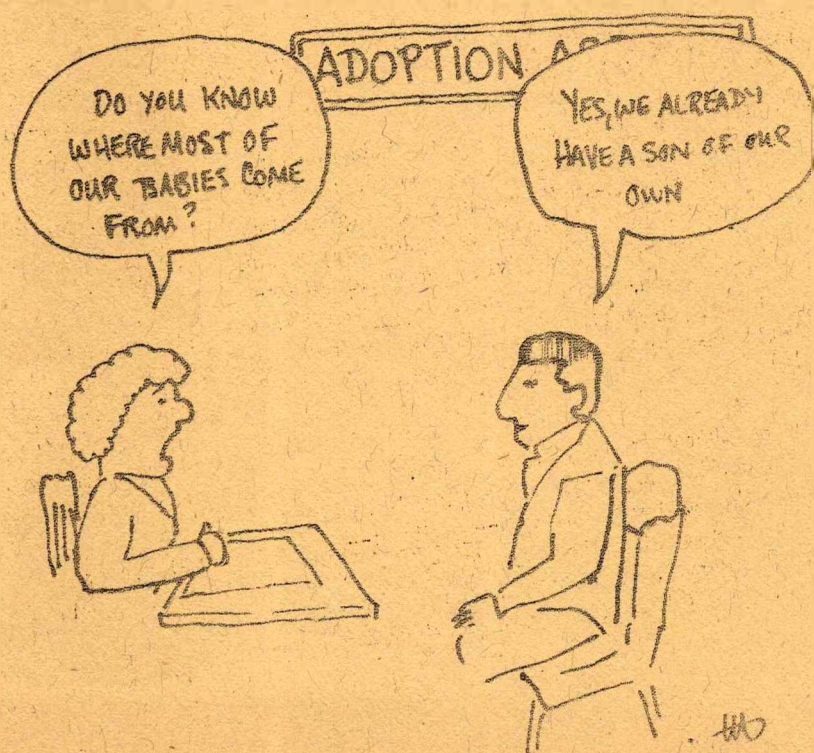
Doubleday has a new Marion Zimmer Bradley novel, *THE HOUSE BETWEEN THE WORLDS*, due in April, as well as *THE MAN WHO LOVED THE MIDNIGHT LADY* by Barry Malzberg and *IN JOY STILL FELT: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ISAAC ASIMOV, 1954-1978* (at \$17.95).

Meeting

This month's meeting is being held Saturday, February 16th, at 8:00 pm, at the Peachtree Bank at 4525 Chamblee-Dunwoody Road, across from the Georgetown Shopping Center. To get to the meeting place, from the north, take I-75 to I-285; take I-285 East to the Chamblee-Dunwoody exit, turn left, and proceed for a tenth to a quarter of a mile; the bank is on the right. From the South, take the downtown connector to I-85, then travel up I-85 to I-285 West; take 285W to Chamblee-Dunwoody exit, turn right, and the bank is a tenth to a quarter of a mile down the road, on the right. The Georgetown Shopping Center sign is visible from the expressway, and serves as a marker of sorts. The meeting room entrance is in the back of the bank, and there is ample parking to be had.

This month's program is to be a discussion of the science fiction disaster novel; a panel will begin the discussion, but members are urged to be ready to discuss the sub-genre, and/or name books of interest in the disaster-theme. Any members interested in being on a panel should contact the club officers at the meeting and let them know.

A video program has been proposed for March's meeting, and a presentation/seminar on current fanzines is under consideration for April. Present other ideas to officers or to Pat Morrell, Programming Committee Director.



DER KRAPP

commentary by
Brad Linaweaver

Of all the performers who have come to be known as horror actors, Bela Lugosi holds the crown for appearing in lousy movies. Although part of the classy, glossy Universal cycle of the 1930s, he began a downhill slide in the forties that never abated.

It's as if there were two Lugosis. The first was part of the Hollywood Establishment; he was popular, successful, and extravagant. His strange talent--both great and limited--was perfectly suited for such characterizations as Dracula, M. Legendre, his convincingly gruff Ygor, and the suave roles he played against Boris Karloff in films tailored for their complementary talents. For a while he was at the top.

Not as versatile an actor as Karloff, he was nevertheless gifted in one respect: he could project 100% two-dimensional evil in a way no one else has ever approached. Price, Lorne, Lee, Cushing, and quite a few others in the trade of the macabre are better actors but they aren't "touched by Satan" either, as Walt Disney once observed about Lugosi's facial expressions. And no one had a voice like his, easy though it was to mimic.

What happened to Count Dracula in the forties, then? Plenty. But mainly Monogram.

Who can forget those gray, grade Z budget "classics" of the war years? Melodrama stripped bare and bony is the stock in trade of the cheapie in-studio production. Surreal plots could cloak their illogic in a mantle of shadow only so long before even the most dedicated movie goer would not forward not in affirmation, but in slumber. A star could save the day, though, if he provided a strong center around which the various nonsense could orbit. Enter Lugosi on the Monogram lot.

Oh, there were other degradations, to be sure. There was PRC, for instance, in many ways the poor man's Monogram (although Lugosi's horror film for them--Devil Bat--has a charm many Monogram flicks lacked). There was even demotion over at Universal, the real studio that had made Lugosi famous. It wasn't the Hungarian actor's fault if they

miscast him, then held him responsible for the results. They had a penchant for doing both. (He even had to play second fiddle to Lon Chaney, Jr., on occasion--a likeable screen sort but inferior to Lugosi as an actor. It must have made Lugosi see red when Chaney was allowed to play Dracula in a Universal film.)

But Lugosi's bad times reach a kind of apotheosis over at Monogram. He became the embodiment of their goony universe. I mean, he was often the only articulate damned soul caught up in a mumbling hodge-podge of dullness. These are films where the credit sequence can put you to sleep. The canned music has developed a disease. An hour stretches into a seeming eternity.

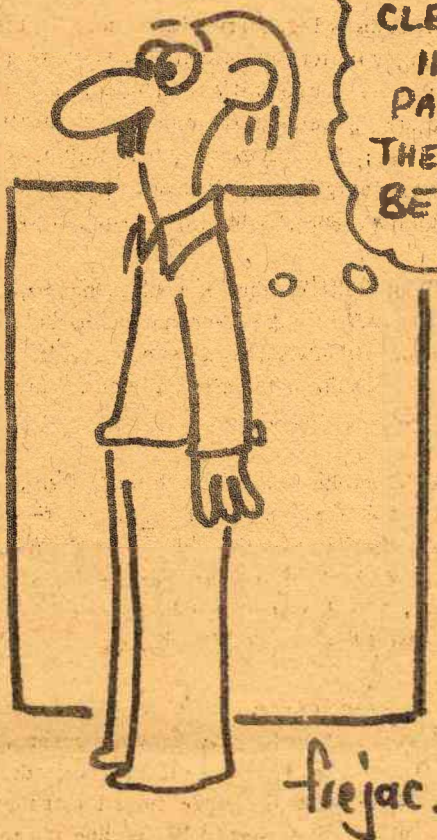
I seem to remember that he spends half these films as a mad scientist in badly lit labs. In THE APE MAN, for instance, he needs spinal fluid. As everyone knows, you have to kill some poor sucker to keep a decent supply of the fluid. Young girls are best, of course, but in a pinch any ne will do. (A young girl's fluid is of higher grade, I guess.) Without it, he reverts to a horrible half-ape, half-man (in fact a little hair stuck on his face and hands, coupled with a bent-over wack). With it, he has temporary relief (how did you do that, Mr. Wizard?) but he still can't shave. So what's the point? Don't ask. Either way, he has to hide in the basement... except when he mugs victims on a dingy street corner with the help of his pet ape. Ugh.

"Spinal fluid" is a metaphor for all of Monogram's horror product. When Karloff stumbled into a Monogram horror, he even found himself hot after the stuff. (He got to dress up in an ape costume. Are you starting to catch the drift of a major Monogram motif?) One way or another, the mad doctors in these things make do. When they run out of girls and crotchety fellow scientists to murder, there are plenty of winos left to provide required materials.

Winos were a mainstay at Monogram. No I'm not talking about bit part extras. I mean real bums. There may have been a war-time shortage of everything else, but local color was out there in the streets for the taking. Therein lies the genius of Monogram. Lugosi got to rub shoulders with derelicts... and something even worse: those loveable teenage psychopaths known as the Bowery Boys. Duh, dese was real ek-tuhs.

I leave you for now with a picture of Lugosi in this period. In THE CORPSE VANISHES, he is in a very traditional scene--the madman at the pipe organ. You've seen it a dozen times before. But I'll bet you've never seen it this SKWOOSHED. A room that could pass for a perpendicular coffin, it reminds me of a painting by El Greco. Bela was indeed trapped.

NEXT: More Monogram Madness in "Some of These Brains Wouldn't Be Missed."



MAIL CALL

Angela Howell
3006 Whispering Hills Ct.
Chamblee, GA 30341

((Angela has sent along a rather complete listing of places checked regarding meeting rooms;

I will do some summarizing and packing in the first portion of her letter.))

We are unable to meet at the following places: First Federal at Georgetown; Atlanta/Georgia Federal at Peachtree in Buckhead; Chamblee Community Hall. These locations charge a fee: Tucker Community Hall (\$20); Decatur Federal (\$18). Tucker Federal on Buford Highway does not book far in advance, and cannot give us a regular weekend because they have a feeling that as a community service, it's best that keep it open.

Peachtree Bank at Georgetown in Chamblee-Dunwoody (where we met in January and are meeting now) has us booked for the months of February, March, and April. We cannot have May or June, because those months are already booked. We were lucky, because the people who originally booked for January through April cancelled. In March or April, we can try to book for July, August, and September. We are on a probationary period, but Barbara at the bank foresees no problem.

The bank has nothing in the coming months for the first, second, or fourth Saturdays, because they are already booked by other organizations.

It was brought to my attention that the Peachtree Bank Community Room was left in order, but that some cokes were missing. We were not directly accused, but we'll have to be careful; there is a coke machine there and I'm sure we can all afford 30¢ when/if the club-furnished soft drinks run out. It must be stressed that we cannot afford to lose this bank. It's up to each member of the club to keep the room and kitchen clean and not abuse the "free" facility. Also, we are not babysitters.

In conclusion, I suggest and also feel many members will agree that we should not even think of changing our meeting week; it's too hard (and very time consuming) to find places to meet, and it seems that no one wants to help in the search--and we certainly cannot afford to pay for a meeting place on our present budget.

FLASH! MEMO! Good news. I've just spoken with Mr. Philip Sunshine, owner of the Buford-Claiborne Mall, a very nice person. I really put the charm on him, gave him Tucker Federal and the Pizza Inn as references if he has any doubts about us using the room, and dropped a reference to our attorney. Right now, everything looks as if it should work out for us to move into their meeting room after we finish up our three-month stint at Peachtree Bank. I told him we would use it every third Saturday of the month from 7:30 to 10:30 (Scouts have it first and fourth Saturdays). He cannot let us begin using it until he gets a full-time mall manager, but it looks good. This place would be ideal...let's hope it works. It's free, free!!

Deb Hammer-Johnson
2 Tyler St.
Rome, GA 30161

Concerning ABC: there are a number of geographically "loose" folks in the area who could orient either toward one or all of the clubs; it seems that the concept of the ABC group is more a geographical reality than an organizational one. Many of these "other" fans are hungry for what the groups can offer,

and can offer the groups much in return. But where do their affiliations lie?

((Seeing the meeting dates changed so they would be compatible to the idea of hitting all club meetings would be nice, but I think the attitude of the membership proved that we are not in a situation where we can afford to consider such a change at present. And as the meeting showed, the number who are geographically convenient to more than one club and willing/able to attend are very few--in fact, the number who are both willing and able, as our meeting showed, was minute--one.))

I had a hard time doing the minutes this time because I want to see the meeting date changed. The best benefit from aligning meeting dates lies with programming; this is a constant problem all club officers face. I don't see anyone attending three meetings a month in three different states, but if one of the clubs wanted to offer an all-ABC trivia contest, or Big Party, or host a pro like Mike Bishop, it could be done in such a way that any folk interested in other clubs could plan to attend. Right now, the ABC seems to be a minority enjoyment of the Hungry Few in each club who are maniacal about fanatic.

((Yes, I'll agree that different meeting dates would offer an easier system of special programming for those few meetings when we have something special to offer, but this would not solve programming problems, as you imply it might. Also, notice how few members attend B'ham meetings, even though we've never conflicted with them. I'm not against different meeting dates, mind you--I'm one of those who would attend Chattanooga meetings irregularly if our meeting dates didn't conflict--but our membership pointed out at the last meeting that most of them aren't interested in travelling out of town for meetings.))

Now that we seem to have a spot for ASFiC (Peachtree Bank for now, possibly Buford Clairmont mall later), we can turn our discussion to an alignment of meeting dates. Perhaps, under the circumstances, Chattanooga will move to the first or fourth Saturday.

Now, concerning your comments on my ABC proposals. Feedback so far indicates an agreement with your wishes for the ABC as a concept rather than a megaclub. I still feel the first step toward anything is going to be an alignment of weekends. ((Yes, it'll help, but our joint efforts so far have worked with conflicting schedules, too...)) The existence of rules, separate representatives, and a "kitty" is good because it is hellacious to get folks within one club to do anything sometimes, let alone members of three clubs. ((You don't detail--how will this process be expedited. I can agree with you that a separate budget would help, but again, we've managed our limited activities thus far without it.)) I'm trying to get a listing of each club's members to include in the ABC Directory, and have so far written twice to each club's officers and gotten no response. I'm paying for the printing

cost myself, but it will run about as much as an average ATAR or mimeo CHAT to produce. If I asked each club to contribute some money, it would take months. ((I'd guesstimate it'd take only one month, in order for the clubs to meet and allocate funds.)) The same problem lies with an ABCzine, or a regular ABC suite at cons, or somesuch.

My lust for SF clubs is legendary with some. To me, a good ASFiC meeting is better than a con, where there are often too many people; a zine, unless it's a clubzine; or a good book or film. There are problems in running a good, healthy group that all of us face: I've gotten insights in talking to the Lynches, Jim G., Wade, David Wood, Mike Rogers, and many others, and I think that we can only help rather than hinder each other.

I wind up saying that I've modified my concepts, but still feel a need for some sort of agreed-upon, useful, and useable mutuality to ABC. Otherwise, as a concept, we're not much different from the Easter Bunny or Santa Claus, which may be nice to believe in but not much else.

((But Deb, ABC already exists in a definite form, and you continue to imply that it doesn't. ABC is an inter-club agreement, not a separate organization, and the name specifically designates that. You overlook the fact that ABC is real, it has done things already, and it will continue to do so. None of that is true for the Easter Bunny or Santa Claus.))

ATAR #31 was a skimpy ish, but it had enough good moments to win its place in ATAR history. David's cover was interesting in concept, and the top logo was nicely designed. I don't know what there is about the zine, but a lot of the covers have demons on them, or some sort of fire around the logo. Wade's "ponders" are as cute as can be. Brad Linaweaver's debut held promise of things-to-come. Any man who can win praise from Harlan Ellison for a clear and intelligent style is a welcome contributor; I only wish he'd picked a more formidable title than "Der Krapp." But who am I to complain, since I'm infamous for my bathroom (not toilet or anal) complex.

Does Dan realize he is the second most frequent published loccer in ATAR? Dan is welcome anytime in ASFiC, and it's a pity he can't attend more often. Aside remark about columns: I don't do them for ATAR because I already take up too much room, but I still wonder why someone gets going hard for an issue or two, then disappears. I hope Brad sticks in here, but where are "Shortwave" and "Calaban & Thrank"? In my loc, you include my profanity: I don't understand why the hell you editors seem so goddamned arbitrary about things like that. People might think I'm not ladylike. Roger replies (concerning the Peter Gunn-vs.-Avengers controversy not raging in these pages) that Peter Gunn's superiority is due to the vintage cars rather than anything as common as a suave and sexy gal like Emma Peel. He also likes the violence, and feels we need more of it on television today so Ben can grow up and not be surprised at the Ways of the World. And now, I give up writing this, because my hand is virtually dead. Ah, the pains of a locsmith.

STAR TREK: THE MOTION PICTURE

Review

by

John

Ulrich

The late 1970s proved to be a very fruitful time for science fiction and fantasy movies. The incredible success of STAR WARS ushered in a two and a half year period in which the American movie-going public was treated to a succession of SF and fantasy flicks, a few excellent, a number mediocre, and more than a few awful: the above mentioned STAR WARS has to be the most overrated motion picture in the history of science fiction, in fact. Yes, the special effects were spectacular and visually gorgeous, but since I am no longer thirteen years old their effect didn't linger especially long. CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND was a dreadful disappointment, a preposterous hodgepodge of mystic ufology and pseudo religious nonsense. ALIEN was a gut wrenching, gummiack filled throwback to the worst monster flicks of the 1950s, a manipulative horror story set in outer space by a directors (Ridley Scott) whose career has consisted mostly of shooting TV commercials. Only SUPERMAN stands out in my mind as really outstanding--perhaps because it concerned itself (albeit superficially at times) with people rather than gadgetry, was it able to hold my rapt attention.

So it was with a mixture of curiosity, anticipation, and incredulity that I strolled into the Northlake Cinema early on Saturday afternoon a few weeks ago to view STAR TREK: THE MOTION PICTURE. I was curious because I wondered how the recent glut of sf movies with large special effects budgets would affect a Star Trek movie, since the show itself relied relatively little on visual effects for impact and plot construction. My feeling of anticipation arose from the fact that I enjoy the series (yes, that's right, friends: I think STAR TREK was a damned good sf series, one of the finest ever on-tv, and I'll talk more about that later) and its reruns, and was rather looking forward to seeing the crew of the Enterprise reunited again. I was amazed that the whole thing was taking place, frankly--who would have believed, in 1967, that a weekday night television show would attract a large and incredibly vociferous group of mostly young fans whose activities on behalf of the defunct show would result in its rebirth as a movie?

So what was my reaction to STAR TREK: THE MOTION PICTURE? I was... disappointed... but not that disappointed.

If you haven't seen it yet, do so soon. It's worth three or four bucks, easy. I'm not going to get involved in a long discussion of the plot, special effects, or characterization. I assume that most of you are quite familiar with the cast of STAR TREK. But nonetheless the movie was a letdown--or at least it was for me. And it was a letdown because it aped the special-effects-laden motion pictures of the past

three years instead of giving us a more adult and unified vision of the STAR TREK universe which Gene Roddenberry conceived some years ago.

So let's take a look (a very quick but incisive look) at STAR TREK before we continue. And, by the way, if you're one of those SF fans who possesses the kneejerk response of most of fandom, that is "I-hate-STAR-TREK-because-trekkies-are-twerpy-adolescent-creeps," read no further. If you can put aside your prejudices and look at the show itself (not the movement it engendered) objectively, then you will derive a little insight from what I have to say.

STAR TREK came to light in 1966; it was an SF first for tv in that it took the entire universe for its stage. Most sf of the mid sixties was rather dismal stuff--VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, MY FAVORITE MARTIAN, LOST IN SPACE, IT'S ABOUT TIME, etc. Only THE OUTER LIMITS, THE TWILIGHT ZONE (both of which were off the air by around 1965) and the brilliant THE PRISONER offered the sf fan any really substantial fare on the tube. ST, unlike the common sf show of the period, didn't rely on terror or fear to sustain its viewer interest. The universe in which Roddenberry created was intelligently conceived and, in many ways, paid homage to sf concepts which were very prominent in the literature. There were many crudities about the show, of course, and most of these negative aspects of the show came to prominence in the second and third seasons. For instance, the show relied very heavily on action scenes, something which the movie wisely ignores. There were certain conceptual similarities in the plots of many shows, particularly as the seasons wore on--remember the parallel development law of somesuch which was thrown in whenever the Enterprise found a planet similar to Earth in historical development? Women were basically treated poorly in the series, although there were some strong and competent females.

TREK TOONS by Earl Cagle



But when STAR TREK was good, it was quite good, and I think that most of the bad things about the show were not a result of any intrinsic flaw in the concept of the show itself, but rather in the restrictive and stultifying nature of network TV. TREK offered scripts by the likes of Ellison, Bloch, Matheson, Sohl, Spinrad, Sturgeon, and other sf writers (I doubt if you saw those names on the credits of any episodes of BATTLESTAR GALACTICA). Some of the episodes were classics, i. e., "The City on the Edge of Forever," "The Menagerie," and others. Those of you who are relatively new to sf fandom will be surprised to learn that STAR TREK was received with jubilation by sf fans of the sixties. Two of the shows were awarded Hugoes, in fact ("City On the Edge of Forever" and "Menagerie") and a total of eight received nominations.

I guess I can sum up my feelings about the show by saying that, whenever I watched it, even at its worst and most infantile moments, I thought I was viewing a production by people who loved the sf genre and were trying to do intelligent homage to sf literature. GALACTICA, SPACE 1999, LOGAN'S RUN--all were clumsily produced (at least conceptually), and all were light years behind STAR TREK in ideas and story development.

So keep what I've said in mind when you go to see STAR TREK. It's an old, misunderstood friend in the sf community--and I'm convinced that the tremendous, almost unbelievable success of the show in syndication helped to spark the current boom of sf movies (and perhaps sfbooks--but that's another argument, for another time). Without STAR TREK there would have been no STAR WARS, CLOSE ENCOUNTERS, ALIEN, SUPERMAN, BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY, or BATTLESTAR GALACTICA. Unfortunately, the STAR TREK film's worst failing is its reliance on special effects to further the plot. But it is a good film, more enjoyable than STAR WARS or CLOSE ENCOUNTERS. I hope there is a sequel. There's sure to be an audience.

MINICON REPORT

(or a not-so-mini report on a conixMini-con)

done by Michael Smith

Atlanta Minicon '80 was fun. A minimally publicized event with no "names" on sight, it was a well-attended (the movie and huckster rooms were often full even beyond comfortable capacity) "good vibes" small con.

An interesting mix and scheduling of movie fare led to frequent turnover of the one movie room, occupants presenting little or no audible grumbling as to the lack of space even during the overflow STAR TREK offerings.

Speaking of which, STfandom was much in evidence not only with pack-em-in-sit-on-the-floor attendance at the Trek showings but also with a well-personed table just joust-

side the entrance to the huckster's room doing a brisk business in Atlanta Star Trek Organization memberships (yours truly joined, mea culpa... mea culpa...) While flyers for future Atlanta, Charlotte, and Baton Rouge events were prominently displayed, a certain late-summer local con was noticeably absent (nasty, nasty! Bite my tongue...)

My favorites on the movie bill were: SPACE PATROL - an unintentionally hilarious '50s television episode with lots of visible wires and space opera cliches; PANIC IN THE YEAR ZERO - a fine after the bomb piece, well written and thought out with a subliminal shocker ending and an excellent portrayal by Ray Milland; my old favorite domestic agit-prop film--REEFER MADNESS; and a DR. WHO movie featuring Peter Cushing as a semi-doddering, grandfatherly version of our most famous time lord.

Speaking of Who in, a tardis-ly late mention of the unannounced but much enjoyed and well-attended continuous video cassette showings of the Tom (best Rasputin ever) Baker TV WHO's by Bill Ritch in a guest's room, the showings of which led to the initiating of a local branch of Who-fandom (ALLAH BE PRAISED!) with a mailing list of approximately thirty.

Other ASFIC local celebs spotted (some also striped) in attendance included Avery Davis, Brad Linaweaver, Joe Celko, and your unhumble, unobedient, and occasionally unobservant unservant.

((Migosh--two committee members in attendance, and you mention to those of us who didn't attend what flyers weren't there?

Seriously, your comments underscore a situation not peculiar to Atlanta, but particularly noticeable here: there is a strong division between the various fandoms of Atlanta, with comics, sf, SCA, Trek, and other fandoms (fanda?) having their own organizations that have very little interchange with one another. I can't say I wasn't aware of the minicon, having been told about it when we visited the hotel the week before the minicon was held and overhearing hotel management conversation about it; aside from that casual mention, though, I knew nothing at all of it.

It would be nice to see a little more exchange of information among the various groups in Atlanta; while there may indeed be a large number of sf fans interested in nothing else, or comics fans who care none whatsoever about the other clubs, I imagine there's enough interested membership in each organization to make it worthwhile to keep one another up to date on activities, conventions, etc.

And finally, it's worth mentioning that the success of the minicon has reportedly urged Steve Leaf to consider a major comics convention here in Atlanta over the summer. Those interested might contact Steve at the Book Nook for more information.))

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Toastmaster:
Michael Bishop

ALSO ATTENDING: George Alec Effinger O Grant Carrington O Karl Edward Wagner O Perry
Chapdelaine O Sharon Webb O Gerald W. Page O Hank Reinhardt O Mary Elizabeth Counsel-
man O PLUS Jerry Page Roast O Hearts Tournay O Video Room and Film Program O & More!

Our con hotel, the beautiful **Northlake Hilton**, is easily accessible from I-85, I-285,

and has room rates as follows: **\$35** - single or double; **\$40** - triple or quad.

Membership Rates:

\$10.00 from January 1, 1980

Banquet Rates To Be Announced

Huckster Tables: \$25.00 first table (includes one free membership)

\$15.00 each additional table

ART SHOW INFO:

Jeannie C. Whatley
PO Box 8591
Atlanta GA 30306
(send SASE)

WRITE TO:

ASFiCon
6045 Summit Wood Drive
Kennesaw, GA 30144

HUCKSTER ROOM INFO:

Avery Davis
PO Box 30361
Atlanta, GA 30332
(send SASE)

One Saturday Evening in the Life of the Atlanta Science Fiction Club Jan., 1980

Treasurer's Report: The only check written in January was for \$9.24 to Cliff Biggers for the cost of ATARANTES 31, minus the cost of his and Susan's memberships for 1980. Similarly, the cost of food and eats was deducted from Mike and Susan Phillip's memberships, the cost of ice from Larry Mason's, and one ream of paper from Deb Hammer Johnson's. Otherwise, total dues income at the first meeting of the year was \$105.23. Good Show!!!!

In case you're wondering, an explanation of our dues system: Dues for all '79 and '80 members are \$10.00 per year. A prospective member may attend their first meeting free, but is expected to pay dues starting at their second. Beginning in April, dues for new members are scaled down \$1 each month through December, where the cost is simply one buck to attend the last meeting of the year. We do not like to strong arm people, but believe that if you take advantage of our meetings that you should contribute your dues as soon as possible. The prospectus is greatly appreciated.

NEW YORK: A round of applause for--

Ken and Steve Gonnell (who were accidentally left
3320 Trent Court out in the Jan. sec/treas
Decatur, Ga. 30033 report...sorry!)

Laura McHenry
2628 North Exp.
Apt. M17
Atlanta, Ga. 30345

CCA: Jim and Lynn Gonnell, P.O. Box 693, Pine Lake, Ga. 30072 (mail)
624 El Prado Ct., Stone Mt., Ga. 30083 (home)

The meeting spot was moved from Tucker Federal Bldg. on Buford to the Peachtree Bank at the last moment, due to flooding of the Tucker facilities. The Site Selection Committee did some fast phone calling, and we wound up with the Peachtree Bank only a few miles away. The biz meeting was slow in starting, as the officers felt we should hold up the show for stragglers caught in the site switch. The facilities at Peachtree were comfortably subterranean, with ample room for swinging each other about and lots of comfortable seating; the only problem with room arrangement is that the officers are squeezed behind a table at the front of the room, and it's difficult to feel comfortable with 35-40 pairs of anxious eyes staring away at the Unholy Three...

Anyway (snapping out of the trance) the meeting leapt off at 8:16, with Cliff controlling the noise level to the point where he could cleverly slip in a word edgewise. First point of business was a discussion of the infamous Bolger/Hammer-Johnson coin toss that had occurred at CHATTAUGUE several weeks previous. This was to decide which group, ASFIC or CSFA, would move their meeting date from the third to fourth weekend. The original purpose behind this proposal was to align meeting dates so that members from each of the groups could attend each others' meetings, and to facilitate new directions in programming. A Putt-Putt tournament was voted on at the November meeting as a means to decide the issue, and there was some discussion about why the original plan had been usurped.

Angela Howell, head and chief dialer of the Site Selection Committee, said that she was under the impression that she was attempting to schedule us on the Third Saturday, and that if we moved our meeting date, it might interfere with getting a permanent meeting spot. George Shackelford stated that he liked the Peachtree facilities, and that we should try to remain in that spot; Angela replied that we'd only gotten usage of the spot because someone had cancelled out, but that she would look into it on Monday morning. The topic was batted about, with the overall group consensus being that we shouldn't decide on a weekend switch until we had a permanent meeting spot.

This raised the question about just what the ABC was, and how it coincided with the best

Interests of ASFIC. Michael Smith first put this fuzziness into words, and everyone jumped in with their nickel's worth. Dave Minch said that this would be a good issue for our representative to the proposed ABC Supercommittee to work on; Deb H-J and Cliff both (in a rare moment of simultaneous agreement) both replied that the Supercommittee was merely a proposal. Cliff further stated that the ABC was not a separate group or megagroup, in his opinion, but an alliance of the Atlanta, Birmingham, and Chattanooga clubs for the enhancement of fannish socializing between the three. Deb added that there wouldn't be much socializing if the meeting dates weren't aligned. Quick-on-the-spot Iris Brown proposed that we might be able to have several meetings held on the fourth weekend if something was planned, and keep the regular date on the third. Chris Radney suggested we have the Bham group arbitrate the matter, and maybe do a hands-up on Jim Gilpatrick's walking stick. Angela added that the cost of gas and travel would make frequent travel between the clubs difficult. Brad Linaweaver reminded everyone of the fact that the fourth Saturday would effectively cancel out our 12th meeting of the year, since it would be too close to Christmas vacation. Avery Davis suggested we look into the possibility of keeping the third week, but changing the meeting day from Saturday to Thursday or Friday; this suggestion was immediately "nayed" by the congregation, and Cliff reminded everyone that ASFIC used to be held on Thursday, in days gone by, and that the attendance had been low and desperate, especially the tired Rosefolk who worked until six and had to rush into the meetings and then rush home and collapse from tiredness.

Eventually, in the best tradition of ASFIC, we decided to table the ultimate decision to a later date, when our meeting spot was stationary, and we could look into the viability of rescheduling weekends. Deb H-J volunteered to write the Chattanooga group, and present the snags in the plans, perhaps inviting one of the CSFA to attend the next meeting and represent their group.

Mike Smith then leapt in and cleverly turned the course of the meeting to ASFICon. Cliff reported that they had met at the Northlake Hilton earlier that day, and taken a tour of the facilities. A Mini-con was scheduled for the same hotel the following weekend, and we were waiting to see how it turned out before we claimed kinship with it. Sixty-five advance memberships had been sold, and a number of pros--Mike Bishop, Ted White, Ginger Kaderabek, Grant Carrington, Perry Chapdelaine, and George Effinger, as well as Sharon Webb, Hank R. and Jerry P.--had confirmed their attendance. He added that he wasn't sure if we could get the total of 300 room nights that our contract stated, but said that our budget could absorb the additional cost of guest rooms. Mike Weber said that at Attention, the hotel had let the banquet count for a number of room nights, and that a lot of locals would probably take rooms. John Whatley, not present that evening, was our Committee Legal Advisor, and Cliff outlined some of the steps taken towards club and committee incorporation; the legal protection afforded by incorporating beat any present hassles by a mile. Deb added that copies of the concon minutes would be made available to any interested ASFICans for the asking. Angela was on hand with a listing of the concon and their positions, and members pohed and ahhed a bit over the complexity, yet fascination of it all.

Announcements followed, as zbiegniaws had already been exhausted. Avery asked for riders to DATCLAVE, held over the Feb. 29th weekend in Washington D.C., and that they would go in his brand new Mazda GLC. Chris proclaimed that he was an uncle for the second time, and that his new nephew had been born the day before. At 9:06, the meeting was finis, and everyone made a mad dash for the necessary room and eats.

After the break, Deb Hammer Johnson assembled a curious collection of Biggermade buttons before her and presented the First Annual ASFIC Dubious Achievement Awards (the MAYNARDS). She gave a hefty little speech about the group being the sum total of its parts, and that she was giving some sort of recognition to those who had contributed toward making the meetings interesting and successful over the last year. With Sue Phillips to assist, she gave out the following Awards: HONORABLE MENTION--Dave Minch (for contributing so many good Parliamentary Procedure points, MAESTRO AWARD--Cliff Whatz-his-name (for Conducting Meetings), MS. MAESTRO AWARD--Susan Biggers (for Conducting Cliff), BEST SHORT SUBJECT--Iris Brown (who could barely reach the table and had to be lowered her button), HONORARY ABSENTIA--Janice Gelb (our Israeli member), ACHIEVEMENTS IN NAY-GATIVITY--Avery Davis (for always getting a word in), JACK CHALKER AUCTIONEER AWARD--Mike Weber (who insists that Jack uses his style, not the other way around), PADDY

DANCE TEAM--Mike Tippens and Pat Morell (for providing a strange moment under the moon one evening), CITIZEN KANE AWARD--Terry Kane (for Best Neo, in my humble opinion), SANITY CLAUSE--Rich Howell (though several young Gosnells suggested this be changed to "Insanity Clause"), OFFICIAL APPETITE--Larry Mason (for service above and beyond the call of duty), and OUTSTANDING ASFI CONFLICT--Vince Lyons (who let a little thing like Med School stand in the way of being con chair). GREAT EXPECTATIONS--Angela Howell, was given on account of her momentous delivery and previously round tummy. Deb further stated that anyone not getting an award shouldn't feel left out, since most were given for tongue-in-cheek reasons; if the awards are instituted on an annual basis and given out at the December Christmas Party, they can contribute to a nice end-of-the-year wrapup of activities.

After the MAYNARDS had been dispensed, the club began a discussion of the Best and Worst of Science Fiction in 1979. As expected, opinions were varied, but talk clustered around Best and Worst Films, Television, Magazines, and...last but not least...books. The general consensus on films is that ALIEN walks away with top honors, followed by TIME AFTER TIME, STAR TREK TM, with the BLACK HOLE and STAR CRASH recieving the Rear End of the stick. Members competed with all kinds of abuse on the BLACK HOLE, but the best touch came from Rich Howell's reading of Cecil Hutto's review from his MYRIADZINE. Ron Zukowski said that any film with a cute little robot should be banned. With BATTLESTAR GALACTICA relatively dead, criticism of teevee sf was relatively mild; BUCK ROGERS recieved many recommendations as being digestable, and the recent 1980 PBS "Lath of Heaven" was praised by several members. DR. WHO and OUTER LIMITS fans also got their three cents worth in, representing small but classy subgroups in fandom. Reaction to '79 fiction was varied, with the Stephen King fans pushing the DEAD ZONE to stand in first place, even though they got carried away at times. Other recommendations were, as the night shifted along, were for the McPhillip "Riddlemaster" trilogy, Poul Anderson's AVATAR, and Larry Niven's KINGWORLD sequel. The new Heinlein book, NUMBER OF THE BEAST, recieved universal moans and groans about the decadence of the Old Master. Probably the liveliest discussion centered around the magazine field and the existence of OMNI. Detractors deplored its non-fannish, poor fictional nature, whereas defenders said it was a good "popular" magazine and had good graphics. When talk got around to GALILEO, and ISSAC ASIMOV's, Iris Brown told folks to quit cutting Scithers. Avery pleaded that ANALOG, once again, topped the field as being intelligent and readable.

Eventually, the Powers that Be decided it was time to move onward to Pizza, and the members were cleared out, into their cars and over to the Pizza Inn. Susan, Iris, Angela, and other diehards cleaned up the mess, and after making sure everyone had left, Rich Howell turned off the lights and locked up, leaving the four walls of the meeting room staring at themselves.

ART CREDITS: Cover: Wade Gilbreath. Page 2: Rusty Burke. Page 3: Hank Heath. Page 5: Fred Jackson. Page 7: Earl Cagle. Urgent Plea: covers and spot illos are needed; please, please submit today, and be the first to earn this editor's undying gratitude (good for eternity or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first). oOo NEXT ISSUE: Sue Phillips promises another "Calaban & Thrax," and I say we hold her to it. More locs, more on ABC, more from Brad Linaweaver, and a collaborative cover from NorthAmerican. Had best be there!

ATARANTES #32
Cliff Biggers
6045 Summit Wood Dr.
Kennesaw GA 30144

dated material
please rush

more pay for
postmen!

meeting Saturday, Feb 16, 8 pm // Peachtree Bank, 4525 Chamblee-Dunwoody Rd. // be there!