



DON'T TELL ME...
... IT'S THE
ROC OF
GIBRALTAR

GIBRALTAR

AWARDS

The Nebula Award nominees have been announced, and the actual awards will be given out at the Awards Banquet on April 26th. The nominees are: NOVEL: THE FOUNDAINS OF PARADISE, Arthur Clarke; THE ROAD TO CORLAY, Richard Cowper; ON WINGS OF SONG, Thomas Disch; JEM, Frederik Pohl; TITAN, John Varley; JUNIPER TIME, Kate Wilhelm. NOVELLA: The Tale of Gorgik, Samuel R. Delany; Enemy Mine, Barry Longyear; Mars Masked, Frederik Pohl; The Battle of the Abaco Reef, Hilbert Schenck; Fireship, John Vinge; The Story Writer, Richard Wilson. NOVELETTE: The Ways of Love, Poul Anderson; Camps, Jack Dann; The Pathways of Desire, Ursula K. LeGuin; Sandkings, George R.R. Martin; The Angel of Death, Michael Shea; Options, John Varley. SHORT STORY: Vernalfest Morning, Michael Bishop; giants, Edward Bryant; Unaccompanied Sonata, Orson Scott Card; Red as Blood, Tanith Lee; The Way of the Cross and Dragon, George R.R. Martin; The Extraordinary Voyages of Amelie Bertrand, Joanna Russ.

The Balrog nominees have been released; typically, the awards don't even manage to cover one calendar year, since at least one 1978 novel is nominated, and as a result of such abominable supervising, the awards seem a little silly. Even so, it's worth noting that several ASFICON attendees and guests have received nominations. Heavy Metal, the magazine edited by Goh Ted White, has been nominated for Best Professional Publication. Michael Bishop, Gerald Page, and Karl Edward Wagner were all nominated for Outstanding Professional Achievement; HEROIC FANTASY ed. by Gerald Page and Hank Reinhardt has received a nomination for BEST COLLECTION/ANTHOLOGY. I'll admit, however, that I'm taken aback to see George R.R. Martin's "Sandkings" competing with Heinlein's "All You Zombies" for best short fiction...

ABC NEWS

ABCcon was held at the Ranch House in Birmingham over the April 12-13 weekend; attendance was 42, with a hefty representation by a dozen Atlantans, and the convention/party was an enjoyable experience for all. The hotel was, to be kind, "quaint"--it was worth noting that their "Superior Motel" sign had not only been taken down, it seemed to be covered with the Fungus of the Ages. Basically an overgrown party, the ABCcon lived up to its partycon reputation. The one solid item to come out of the con is the announcement that the ABC genzine, ABCEDARIAN, is planned for late summer-early fall release, and it will serve as a showcase for the finest that Southern fandom has to offer. ASFIC members may contact editor-in-chief Dick Lynch or co-editors Cliff Biggers or Wade Gilbreath for more information.

FAN NEWS

FAN PLUS editor David Pettus announces that FAN PLUS has folded under economic pressures after only one issue's release; the loss of such a fine zine will be felt in the South, since David had hoped to make FP a showcase for Southern fandom. // Southern fan artist Charlie Williams has been hired to illustrate a C. J. Cherryh story in the Dutch sf anthology ORBIT. // Chattanooga fans Dick and Nicki Lynch have been chosen to head the Fan Room at Noreascon. Mike Glyer has been named as the daily newszine editor for the upcoming Worldcon. // Eve Ackerman (2220 NW 14th Ave., Gainesville, FL 32605) is trying to organize a charter flight to Boston from the Atlanta DSC (in a few days later); contact her if you're interested in such a thing. // Birmingham is firming up its 1981 DSC bid, and they are seriously considering the Plaza Hotel in downtown Birmingham as their con site. // Chattanooga will be held over the January 16-18 1981 weekend. // Uppersouthclav Ten drew 114 people to Bowling Green, KY, for a relaxicon, and all were reported to have had a fine time; the con will break even when one of its former organizers pays the committee about \$40 in membership money he has kept. // Knoxville fandom has organized itself, with Charlie Williams as president, Vernon Clark as Vice Pres, and Claudia Peck newsletter editor; Rusty Burke agreed to be club secretary, but no treasurer was selected. // Tuscaloosa fandom is organizing itself, via the formation of the Tuscaloosa SF and Fantasy Club, otherwise known as SAM? Officers are unknown as I type this, but I do know that Chanda Fehler, 37 Beverly Hgts, Tuscaloosa AL 35404 can give more information about this. // Joe Siclari has had to raise the price on A WEALTH OF FABLE, Harry Warner Jr.'s history of sf fandom in the 50s, to \$10 for all three volumes. Write Joe at 4599 NW 5th Avenue, Boca Raton FL 33431 for more information. // ASFICON UPDATE: R. A. Lafferty and Jack Massa have been added to the list of authors who will be attending ASFICON over the August 22-24 weekend; write to ASFICON, 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw GA for more information.

atarantes

The 34th issue of ATARANTES is produced by Cliff Biggers, 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw GA 30144 for the Atlanta Science Fiction Club (ASFIC). Available free to members, \$3.50/12 to subscribers, or for The Usual. All contents copyright 1980 by Cliff Biggers, and rights revert to the contributors--Brad, you still there? Artwork and columns of a faanish bent are particularly needed, and this editor will be most grateful for that sort of material. The worst thing about a colophon is trying to make it balance out with the column to the left...

CALABANS and THRANK sue phillips.....

How many people do you know who read? I mean, read like in books, not just newspapers.

A lot of people have been doing this kind of column lately and I don't know if I have anything really new to say or not, but I'm going to say it anyway.

I read. I read a lot. I read so much that sometimes I get confused, don't know what to read next. Like right now, I have a whole pile of Philip Wylie books sitting on the table staring at me and I have a couple of SFBC books waiting to be read, etc. I don't know where to start.

But at least I know that sooner or later I'm going to read them. At least I'm among that so-small percentage of people who read. I like to think that makes me more educated or somewhat better than some of my fellows. Maybe it does.

I'll tell you a story. I taught myself to read when I was four years old, a little picture book called "The Fly Went By." It had a lot of rhyming words in it and I was really proud of myself. My relatives were, too; my mother took me to my aunt's and she grabbed a book of Edgar Allen Poe's stuff, opened it and asked me to read it. I'm told I mispronounced some words but I read it.

All my life, reading has been a fact of life, something we all did. Then one of my best friends told me she didn't like to read; that nearly floored me. I mean, I got a lot of enjoyment out of reading anything and everything. It had never occurred to me before that some people not only don't read, but go out of their way not to.

Reading brought me more enjoyment than just a good book; through reading, I met fandom. And when I first started, I figured that all fans started out by reading. They may stop or cut down when their fanac goes up, but in the beginning, there was the words.

I've gotten used to fans not reading. That seems normal, at least for some fans. But regular people...

The more I think about it, the more I'm convinced that the reading public is what makes this country go and that scares me. I always thought that reading broadened your viewpoints, gave you both sides of a question, yet some of the people in power right now seem pretty narrow-minded.

Anyway, the level of living in this world is going down and, like some other people who've written on this subject, I think that it can be traced in part to non-reading, with or without the advent of television. I'm aware that some people simply don't know how to read (and that's a shame), but I'm more bothered by those who can but don't.

I have no answers for making the rest of the world readers, nor am I even positive that they should be. I guess I don't understand why people don't read. Maybe that's one of the few prejudices I have. I don't try to be that way, but people who don't read get to me; it literally astonishes me if I mention a book, for instance a best-seller that millions of people have read, and the person I'm talking to doesn't know what I'm talking about.

I don't understand. I really don't.



View and Review

SATURN III

Reviewed by Daniel Taylor

I've spent a great deal of time that would have been better spent somewhere else, trying to think just what it was about SATURN 3 that let me down. Special effects? Not really--there were no really spectacular effects, but what there was was well enough done. Sets? No...it looked about what I would expect a hydroponics station carved into the moon of Saturn to look like, except for the unexplained liquid under the grillwork catwalks in the corridors. And I could believe in the robot, Hector--listen, at least he wasn't cute and beeping. He most resembles a chrome, headless Frankenstein monster.

So what was it? Acting? Getting warmer, but not there yet. Kirk, Farrah, and Harvey did the best they could with... what... they... had...; That's it--the script! None of these relative people have any motivation--I can't sympathize with them. Why are Kirk and Farrah (Their names are Adam and Alex?) alone, manning this agricultural station? Why does Harvey Keitel (acting oddly like a robot himself) kill to be the one to ferry Hector to Saturn 3? Why wouldn't anyone design a "demi-god series" robot? (Who turns out to be the only sympathetic character in the bunch.) At least they didn't try to pretend that Adam and Alex spent all that time alone up there tending the hydroponics--how refreshing for SF movie characters to have sex lives. (From all indications, they seem to be about 7.5 on the Richter scale.) And why is Harvey Keitel's best pick up line "You have a nice body. May I use it?" Oh, well, at least there's no danger of a sequel. (Or is there? Just when you thought it was safe to go back to Saturn...)

BRAVE NEW WORLD

Reviewed by Susan Biggers

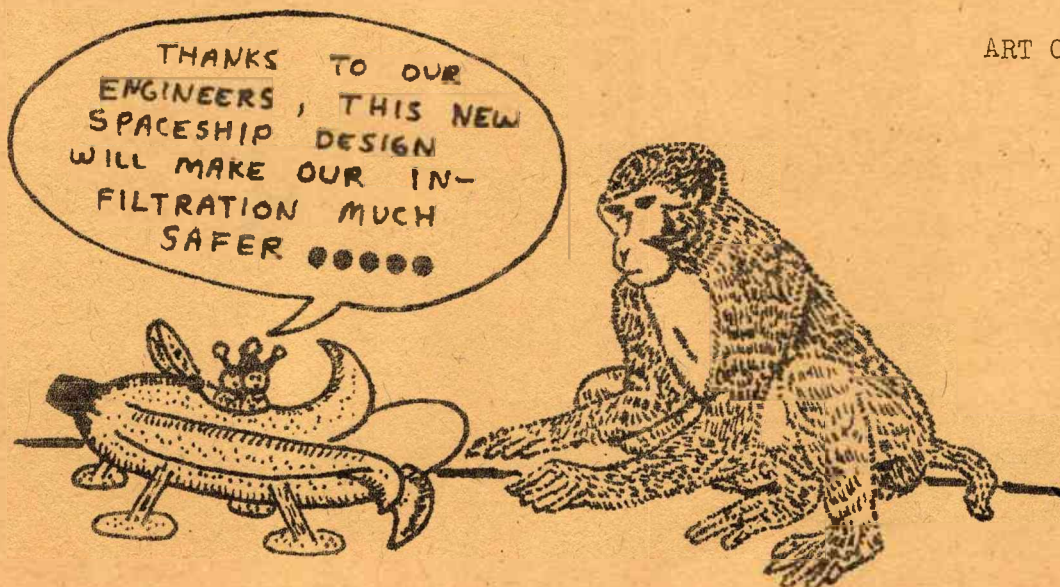
After tantalizing the viewer with reports that this show was to be released in late '78, then in early '79, then in late '79, BRAVE NEW WORLD was aired on NBC March 7--and it was obvious why the network was so uncomfortable showing the film any earlier. For all the hooplah over the production, irregardless of the National Education Association recommendation, BRAVE NEW WORLD was a disappointing, facetious, irresponsible adaptation of a dreary little book by Aldous Huxley, and it downplayed so many important points and added so many unnecessary touches that it should have been retitled.

Thomas Grambell takes Linda with him to the Savage Land. Thomas loses Linda, who happens to be pregnant with his baby in a world where no civilized people ever get pregnant and where babies are decanted, not born. Meanwhile, Bernard Marx is born, a bit unusual-looking due to a bit of alcohol inadvertently added to his embryonic fluids. Bernard matures, goes to this Savage Land, and meets Linda and her son, named John Savage. He's brought back as an embarrassment to Thomas, who transfers to Iceland... then the film centers on John and his unhappiness in this world where to be sexually inactive is abnormal, to be monogamous is a deviation.

Whoever directed the film seems to have told the actors (including Keir Dullea, who is usually impressive) either not to act or to be inane in their roles. The film comes across as a parody, not a serious work, and is, all in all, three hours of wasted effort. I should have watched the Bond film...

ART CREDITS:

Jerry Collins - p. 3
David Derrick - cover,
p. 4
Wade Gilbreath - p. 7
Arthur Hlavaty - p. 2, 6
Charlie Williams - p. 10



DER KRAPP

brad linaweaver

This month I think it would be fun to give out some special awards for outstanding moments in Monogram's Lugosi films. It may be presumptuous of me, but I've taken it on myself to dub these awards the Atarantes Assignations for Meretricious Moments in the Movies. Here goes!

BOWERY AT MIDNIGHT: To this film goes the recognition--for what it's worth--of Lugosi's best work at Monogram. True, much of the plot was lifted from a British film Lugosi made that was quite good (**THE HUMAN MONSTER**). But to even steal with any competence is an achievement for this outfit. Besides, there are numerous silly touches in **BOWERY** that only Monogram could pull off.

By day, a mild-mannered college professor, Bela Lugosi is transmuted at night into a hideous incarnation of... Bela Lugosi! (Actually he turns nasty in the daytime too, but not during class hours.) Little does his wife suspect that he is a crime lord using a Bowery mission for the poor to cover for his crimes. To the public, he is a philanthropist, teaching and helping and reaching and clutching.... Well, how are they to know? (His cover in **THM** is running an institute for the blind.)

Little does Lugosi know that a drunken old bum he keeps in the cellar to dispose of bodies is in reality... a mad scientist! This wild-eyed derelict is animating the corpses Lugosi sends him and turning them into an army of zombies. (He is supposed to be burying them in the basement, but his hobby got in the way.) The hero of this movie learns the terrible truth by being turned into a zombie himself. Remember that detail for later!

Later Lugosi kills a wino (not his wino, somebody else's) in broad daylight by pushing the poor bastard off a roof. Just thought you'd like to know.

The climax of this movie is the definitive existentialist statement of the studio. Lugosi is tracked to his lair by Monogram cops (who don't behave the same as other cops). The mad scientist/bum called "Doc" opens a trapdoor for Lugosi to make his getaway through a sub-basement. Bela climbs down the ladder into the arms of an army of blood-lusting ghouls. They surround him. He screams. He is only a few yards away from the cops who, looking down at the carnage, observe, "Well, that's the end of him." (Or words to that effect.) These officers of the law treat the Walking Dead as a natural phenomenon, as though Lugosi had fallen into a pool of sharks. The hero is now one of the monsters, his pale hands reaching out for the warmth of living flesh.

Cut to the final scene. The hero is sitting in a bed in a hospital. His girlfriend enters and they make some small talk. He is obviously recovering from a serious illness. They wonder when they will get married. **FADE OUT.**

I know you're saying, "huh??" The heroine is going to marry a living dead ghoul? I figure that some scenes must never have been filmed because of a budget cut. My assumption is that no script-writer could be that dumb. They must have just run out of shooting time and had to tag on an obligatory happy ending. Anyway, we are left with a truly original ending for a horror film.

VOODOO MAN: To this masterpiece goes the dubious distinction of being the dullest of the lot. The competition is admittedly stiff, but I really think that this one deserves the title.

John Carradine and George Zucco are along for the ride and manage to scrape bottom along with everything else in the film. (Carradine has probably made more movies than anyone else in history, so his many turkeys are only part of a much bigger output. Zucco unfortunately found himself mired in trash without a sufficient amount of good stuff to compensate for it. He was to PRC what Lugosi was to Monogram, for instance. My fondest memory of Zucco is his superb performance as Moriarty in the Sherlock Holmes classic, **ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES**. If only his whole career had been like that.)

Lugosi wears a beard, adopts a wooden expression and spends the film muttering occult sounding phrases such as "life unto life." In this case, the zombie master apparently has to speak zombie-like dialogue. (Ironic to think that only a decade earlier he had made the classic film **THE WHITE ZOMBIE**.)

Zucco as a sinister gas station attendant adds a slight bit of amusement to the proceedings. But Carradine is in a particularly bad way as a demented geek-type character who can barely talk. To Carradine falls the task of beating drums during the ceremonies when Lugosi attempts a soul transference (or recharge, or something) from the body of a kidnapped young girl to that of his wife who is in a mystic kind of suspended animation, awaiting the one maiden with whom she can be in perfect rapport. Naturally the ceremonies never work.

Carradine is Lugosi's handyman. He takes each new girl who has been zombie-ized (occupational hazard of a Voodoo Man's profession) down into a cellar where she stands in a little booth and looks like a dummy out of the store window at Sears. His one great line is, "Hmmm, you're a pretty one."

To that, Bela can only say, "Life unto life unto life..."
(continued on page ten, col. one)

LOTS OF

Roger Caldwell ... I understand THE SHINING
1119 Mayflower Rd. may get an X rating for violence.
Kingston, TN 37763 Kubrick has final cut rights so
the studio can do little about it.
And someone recently said that STAR TREK was going
to be released again this summer with some of the ef-
fects edited out. Oh well...

As Peter Seckman said you almost feel like apologizing
for liking ST. I liked it, but I'm not going to apologize
for it, though. True, it has a lot of faults, as Uncle Har-
lan Picked out, in a lucid manner. But I gotta say I
really enjoyed JerryGoldsmith's score, since I've been a
fan of his for many years.

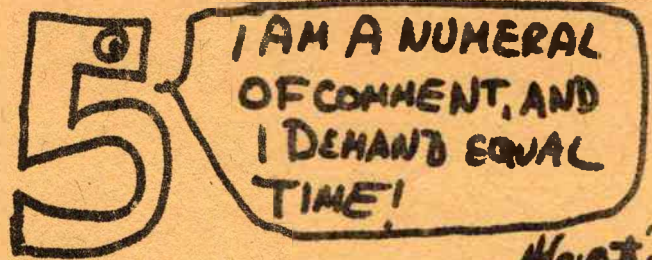
I guess one does have to apologize for liking THE BLACK
HOLE, which does have a lot of bad stuff in it--but I
kinda liked it, the way you like space opera you find in
PLANET STORIES et al. SATURN III, on the other hand,
was a bad film ((seems to be unanimous--see Dan T. ylor's
review of the film in this issue)). The set designs aren't
bad, but didn't anyone tell John Barry when he was writing
the script that it was hackneyed?

Steven Carlberg Wait a minute, there are some of us
1907 W. Bell out here who liked Dino de Laurentiis
Houston, TX 77019 version of KING KONG! Actually, it
took me a while to figure out that it
was the girl in the Fay Wray role ((Jessica Lange)) whose
character I couldn't stand--not the whole movie. Look-
ing back, I'd have to say I enjoyed it and would be ready
to see it again.

Brad Linaweaver's second "Der Krapp" installment got down
and talked about some of the stuff the first only hinted at.
Interesting. I've never heard Bela Lugosi's downtrend de-
scribed with such loving anguish.

I wonder how Brad would respond to the proposition that there
is no bad film so bad as a bad foreign film.

A lso enjoyed Dan Taylor's long letter about STAR TREK.
As I said at some length in a loc to Nancy Collins' per-
zine RAZED CONSCIOUSNESS (2 15¢ stamps or The U-
sual to PO Box 745, State University AR 72467 not to
slip in a plug or anything), ST send me, quite simply,
into raptures of nostalgic delight. There is any amount
of valid criticism that can be made about that movie,
but it can't alter the fact that I had a wonderful time
finding out just what had happened with those old friends
after all that time. The special effects may not have
been overwhelming, but they were fun; not even the
tour of the Enterprise went too slow for me. My vote
for the Hugo goes to ST without hesitation.



Harst, 80

I liked Sue Phillips' piece on why she goes to conve-
tions. The answer she got, to keep in touch with people
she knows and likes, is so good that she could have ex-
panded her question to "Why do I stay in fandom?" Be-
cause it's a way to enjoy communicating with good
people. This is the kind of faanishness everybody can
use.

Keep ASFIC running--sounds like you folks are having
a fine time! Don't stop! Keep those ATARANTES com-
ing in!

Brian Earl Brown Kind of sorry to see you having
16711 Burt Rd. #207 so much trouble scheduling club
Detroit, MI 48219 meetings so they won't conflict
with Chattanooga and Birming-
ham. It'd be nice to have a real club in Detroit; there
is an old-time club that meets to bowl but doesn't recruit
or hold meetings. There's a club at Wayne State Univ-
ersity that is virtually moribund with about a dozen old
members remaining in touch, but only socially. It'd be
nice to have a club, yes, but I don't have the time, energy,
or personality to go out and try to organize one.

Have you noticed and been depressed by the number of
series DAW is running: Dumarest, Dray Prescott, Jo Clay-
ton's thing, Aldair, and reprints of old van Vogt and Vance
novels, interspersed with dismal fantasies. Are they
going up a blind alley or following what sells best?

((Interesting that you should ask; I had done a column
for David Pettus' FAN PLUS that peripherally touches
on just that observation--but FAN PLUS is no more, so
the column may well see the light of day in the ABC
zine ABCEDARIAN, or in my own FUTURE RETROSPEC-
TIVE, or even in these-here pages sooner or later. But
I have noticed the dilemma you mention--the amount of
sf makes it difficult to approach completism, and the
quality makes it difficult to want to.)

Harry Warner Jr. I enjoyed this ATARANTES and
423 Summit Ave. I was relieved to find that your
Hagerstown, MD 21740 group continues to survive with-
out undue violence, splits,
lawsuits, and the other normal fates of local fan groups.

Chattacon sounds enjoyable, particularly for the fact that
its attendance was not impossibly large. The vandalism
is regrettable but it's probably something that sf cons
must endure regularly, now that the cons attract so many
persons who haven't been reared in the old traditton of

science fiction gatherings and therefore behave as they would at mundane conventions. If it's possible to obtain insurance for cons, fannish con sponsors should seriously consider investing in it in case of a big damage suit.

Brad Linaweaver's new column has suddenly attained a usefulness to me that it wouldn't have possessed a short time ago. During this winter I've been plagued by squirrels damaging both the lead-in wire from my antenna and the wire that goes up to the rotor. Finally I was forced to subscribe to the cable, in the hope that the metal sheath around its wire is more resistant to chewing. Now that I have cable, I can get reliable reception on an independent UHF station in Baltimore that runs many old low-budget movies and I'll be able to see them clearly for the first time.

I was about to insert in this paragraph a few facts about meeting facilities that ASFIC could use in Hagerstown if you continue to have so much difficulty to find a meeting place in the Atlanta vicinity. But better judgment intervened. The faint amusement you might get from such a concept wouldn't be worth the anxiety I would experience if someone in your club decided to take up the challenge and delegated me to arrange for a meeting room in Hagerstown to which the entire club would drive monthly in order to get into the Guinness Book of Fannish Records.

John Ulrich overlooks at least one source of science fiction on television during the 1960s: The Avengers. Many episodes were sf in basic theme, although the script writers didn't put themselves to too much trouble thinking out the source and possibilities of their sf gimmicks. The Man from U.N.C.L.E. might also qualify in many episodes as sf...

You have my sympathy for your gradual defection from new science fiction. It happens to the best of us, though, mostly for the reasons you ascribe to, full acquaintance with the best of the past and satiety with the repetitive elements in the new stuff. I've been giving most of my fiction reading to detective and mystery stories for quite a few months. Now there's a field where you really need lots of time to catch up on the best of the past; most of the Big Name Pros in that field have turned out 2 to 3 times as much as the best sf writers.

Your illustrations are good with a special bit of praise due David Derrick's front cover on the January issue. I took that cover personally: that's just how I pictured the radio repair man whom I entrusted with my Hallicrafters after it started to run hot and give off an odor; he apparently turned it on and let it run to see what would happen, and almost everything did.

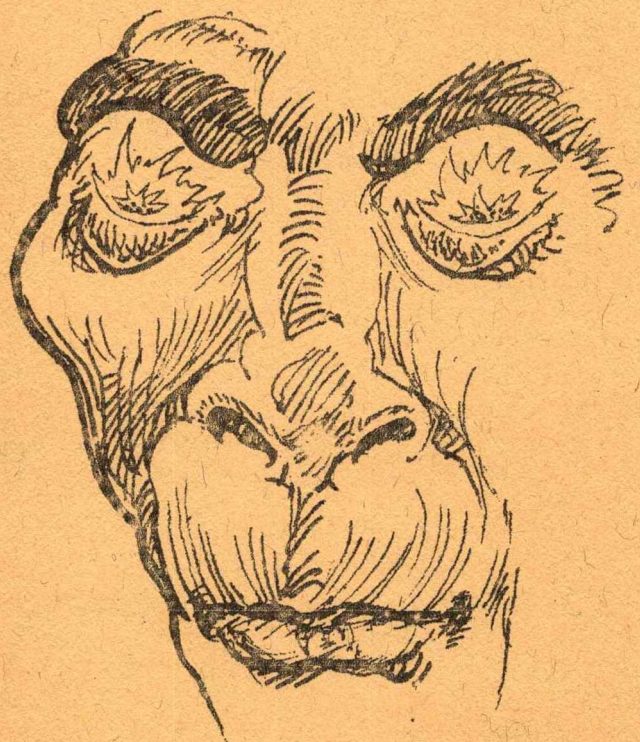
((I, too, have turned to mystery reading, in addition to weird fiction and engrossing non-fiction, but I still try to squeeze in a couple of sf novels a week. Sometimes it's almost a chore...))

David Parson's cover was a different flavor for ATAR covers. The inscription reminds me of a MYRAAD cover Wade Gilbreath did a while back called "Titan or bust", where a spaceshited girl was waiting for a ride on an asteroid. The highlight of the inner illos goes to your "shudder" letters of comment; it's one of the funniest things I've ever seen you do. Warped to the core, you are. The Debut Artiste this, Rich Howell, gets two points for cleverness and another two for Achievements in Illustrated Pundum.

I don't see that Mike Wright and Iris Brown's wedding date (Oct. 18) should conflict with the meeting, as long as they hold the reception at Pizza Inn on Buford Highway.

Getting to the pillars of society...er, columnists this, Brad continues to weave his love affair with grade "z" films through the pages of ATAR. I look forward to his treatment of other actors of the "sci-fi" sub-genre that is a distant cousin to our austere area of science fiction. Getting back to Sue's column--she does an interesting treatment of the fan "ethos" at cons. Problems aside, I don't think I have ever been to a con that I didn't take home some good memories from. They have their highs and lows--in essence, they're endurance contests that sometimes get the best of a body...the anonymous con quote at the end of the article reminds me of something Mike Glycer once said...wonder if he's the author...((nope))

WAHF: Joe D. Siclari, David Pettus, David Derrick, Jerry Collins (whose program ideas will be discussed at this month's meeting--thanks, Jerry!), Charlie Williams, and Arthur Hlavaty.



The Official Shamey-Shamey List of Folks who haven't coughed up 1980 dues yet:

Cletis Burnett, Larry Cail, Joe Celko, Don Cook, Sally Cook, Ed Garner, Jim Gosnell, Lynn Gosnell, Ken Gosnell, Steve Gosnell, Larry Hanson, Damon Hill, Beth Harlin, Angela Howell, Rich Howell, Mark Hyde, Vince Lyons, Janet Lyons, Dave Minch, Jerry Page, R. Anthony Pearcey, Chris Radney, Hank Reinhardt (notice correct spelling this time), Steve Stewart, Mike Tippens, John Ulrich (who only half belongs here since he paid \$5 toward 1980 dues), Tony Valle, and Don Windham.

Once again: All 1980 members owe \$10 regardless of when they cough up the dough. Beginning this month, we will stare rudely at all nonpaying attendees, and starting in May, we will have to strong arm diehard attendees who haven't contributed toward club finances. Your \$10 pays for drinks at meetings, ATARANTES (our excellent clubzine), and any club parties or "adventures" (such as the '80 DSC bid). Folks who wish to keep abreast of club activities and receive ATARANTES can become Associate Members; these are NON-ATTENDING members. We appreciate the support of members and other interested folks. Thank you!!! End of Lecture.

MARCH balance was \$105.16 (as I'm sure you all remember). I dished out \$35.79 to Moneybags Biggers for ATAR #33 and the beverages consumed at the March meeting. I also slapped \$3.02 on Larry Mason for ice and cups. This left us with a pitiful amount of \$66.35 until \$65.00 was paid in dues and \$44.20 taken in the auction. We're now riding high at \$175.55 and hope to stay there.

Twice again: Yet another message from your Ever Caring Sec/Treas...I type these pages verbatim and hand them to Cliff to be e-stencilled for ATARANTES. Therefore, all typos and misinformation should be drawn to my attention since Our Humble Editor has nothing to do with this mess. Please bring any errors or misinformation to my attention, and I'll do my best to repent. Since I also keep addresses of clubmembers, please bring any changes of address or telephone numbers to my attention so we can keep track of you.

coa: Ed and Ida McNeil

P.O. Box 5521

Atlanta, Ga. 30307 (mail)

1379 Fernwood Cir. NE

Atlanta, Ga. 30319 (home) Tel: 233-4558

correction: Paul Flores. 3551 Victory Dr., Apt. 302-D, Columbus, Ga. 31903 (Tel: 687-6833)

coa: Janet and Vince Lyons

304 4th St.

Augusta, Ga. 30901

new folks: Vikki Stroop

P.O. Box 205

Jacksonville, Ala.

36265

Carleen Smith

p.o. Box 66

Greenville, Ga.

30222

Howdy to Both!!!!

Another minor retraction: Tom Piddock, mentioned in connection with Lance Dreesen last ATAR, is a native of Marietta, NOT Athens. I beg pardon for this minor miscarriage of geography.

One balmy Atlantan Eve in March, 1980, the finest of Atlanta fandom assembled at the Peachtree Bank for another meeting of ASFIC. Sue Phillips, vice officer, was absent, so Sgt.-at-Arms, Rich Howell, overfilled in for her. He sat at the table with the other SF Savants, Cliff Biggers and Deb Hammer Johnson, puffing away on his cigarette, practicing looking suave and delicately decadent. At 8:08, the meeting got underway. The Site Selection Committee reported that we would be meeting at the same location in April, and at the Tucker Federal Building on Buford Highway thereafter unless something came up. Members were advised to go on a diet in order to fit the cramped but cozy quarters.

The next bit of semi-permanent Old Biz was the weekend meeting switch with the CSFA. Cliff reported that CSFA has (almost) unanimously voted to keep their meeting on the third weekend. However, in March they would have a meeting on the fourth weekend to keep from coinciding with UpperSouth Clave and Coastcon. Any interested Atlantans could then attend a Chattanooga meeting and check out the club. In lieu of us getting a permanent meeting spot for either third or fourth weekend, the club decided to table whole idea until we could work something out with our own stability.

Prez Biggers also brought down the whip on dues holdouts. He announced that a "shamey shamey" list would be printed in the April Atarantes to remind folks who had forgotten. Another mention was made of the ABCcon set for the weekend after Easter. Since the ABC clubs are fitting the bill, only \$1 per person will be charged. Carpooling via the club was urged. Terry Kane suggested the club should check into a train going to BHAM, and Cliff agreed that this was a good idea and that he would look forward to any report from Mr. Kane.

The ASFICon update was short but sweet. As of that evening, there were 71 pre-registrants with 38 room reservations accounted for. 14 dealer's tables were already reserved, and the club was enjoying healthy financial status. Some jocular members made guffaws at getting narcs to man the dealer tables. Cliff said that the national con listing had us confused with other Southern cons, and listed us as having Boris Vallejo and Bob Silverberg as headliners. No mention was made of Ted White, our pro-GOH, and Dave Minch suggested we should trade him with Noreascon, just to keep things moving around.

A bit of new biz came when idea for programming were solicited. Members were asked to see Pat Morrell, chair or ASFIC Programming, during the interim with suggestions.

The announcements were the highlight of the meeting. Avery Davis and Damon Hill did a dramatic presentation (with pictures) of Avery's latest wreck on the way to Datclave. Avery suggested we make a Demolition Derby an ABC event, and that reps from the three clubs could race around 285 at 4 a.m. to decide issues. Vince immediately suggested we make Avery our rep, since his latest exploit topped the Davis/Lyons Honeymoon wreck that was a Thrill of '79.

Vikki Stroop of Alabama, a face familiar at many local and national cons, gave a speech on the Radiant Star Awards that her Jacksonville based group would be giving out on June 27. She was looking for input from the ABC groups, and stressed that the emphasis was on Fan Achievement in the Southern Fandom Confederation area. Categories were for long and short fanfic, drawing, paintings, sculptures/miniatures, etc., with each club member limited to five nominations in any one category. More information would be available through the April ATAR-ANTES, including the Jacksonville address (Interplanetary Voyagers HQ, 810 3rd Ave., Jacksonville, Ala. 36265) for any interested contributors.

Bill Ritch (Mr. "Guess Who" that evening) announced that next meeting would host a Dr. Who video event, with tapes of the teevee episodes provided for the uninitiated. Jelly Beans will also be distributed for sfx. Vince Lyons, father of the incipient "L'il Rufus" announced that Janice was due on May 30, but would have her bounce back by ASFICon time and the Heart's Tournament.

At 8:38, Bob Jarrell, ASFIC's official mover, moved that the meeting be closed. During the interim gab and guzzle session, artwork by Hans Dietrich (pseudonym for a female Canadian artist, I believe) was shown by Damon Hill, and the collections of ALIEN/TREK/STAR WARS humor cartoons were oohed and awed by many members. During the subsequent auction, Larry Mason acted in Sue's place as money runner, and Rich acted as assistant kibitzer to Deb HJ's frantic scribbling.

The auction itself was a strange one. With so many members missing that evening due to conflicts, the pace was a bit slow and quiet. Brad Linaweaver made his debut as ASFIC Auctioneer, and kept the ranks rolling with his commentary on the items. Items included magazines, comix, the usual slew of paperbacks, posters, hardbacks, and fannish paraphanelia. The piece de resistance was the original of the Bob Maurus ATAR cover featuring the space miner's showdown.

(DER KRAPP, cont'd. from page five)

God, I'm boring myself at the typewriter describing this one. Here is a movie that unquestionably fits the title of this column. In the last scene of VOODOO MAN a reporter (or is it a cop?--hard to tell after a while) jokes about the adventure he has just gone through as being a real Bela Lugosi kind of story. Everyone chuckles (except in the audience). The tragedy of what had happened to Lugosi's career lies in the truth of that statement.

Some good moments over a Universal, RKO, and Columbia were not enough to make up for the sort of harm done to Lugosi by becoming identified with stuff like VOODOO MAN.

NEXT: The wrap-up of these awards.

Books

Due to some reasons that are not made public at the moment, Bantam Books is no longer shipping THE SNAIL ON THE SLOPE, a science fiction novel by Boris and Arkady Strugatski; this could be the result of either copyright problems or an outgrowth of Soviet governmental pressures. // GALILEO has followed the announcement last issue of the discontinuation of its newsstand sales with a new announcement that rates of payment have been cut a great deal--in some cases more half. It is assumed that the new pay scale will be representative of the pay scale for GALAXY, also. // Ace Books releases for June include CHANGELING by Roger Zelazny, A STONE IN HEAVEN by Poul Anderson, and ORION'S SWORD ed. by Reginald Bretnor. // DAW releases for June are led by a new Darkover novel, TWO TO CONQUER; other titles include THE LANGUAGES OF PAO by Jack Vance, CROWN OF THE SWORD GOD by Manning Norvil, and ZANTHODON by Lin Carter. // Del Rey Books will issue THE DEATH GOD'S CITADEL by Juanita Coulson and HAN SOLO'S REVENGE by Brian Daley in June. // Avon will release Piers Anthony's THOUSANDSTAR in June. // At long last, THE MAGIC

A TARANTES #34
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first class
dated material
please rush
first class

LABYRINTH by Philip Jose Farmer, the next Riverworld saga, will be released in June by Berkley-Putnam's.

Meeting



Come rain or shine, we'll have a meeting Saturday, April 19th, at 8 pm, at the community room of the Peachtree Bank at 4525 Chamblee-Dunwoody Road, across from Georgetown Shopping Center (same place we've met for the past couple'a months). The program will be a presentation of Dr. Who episodes by Bill Ritch--a rare treat for Atlanta fans, since WTBS has rights to the show and won't run it. Take the Chamblee-Dunwoody Road exit from I-285; proceed to Chamblee-Dunwoody Rd. (if you're coming from the east, you have to travel a bit on the access road), then turn north--the bank is approximately a quarter of a mile above I-285, on the right. There will be some soft drinks provided, but members who want munchies might want to bring them along. We'd love to see lots of members show up for this one--so be sure to be there!!