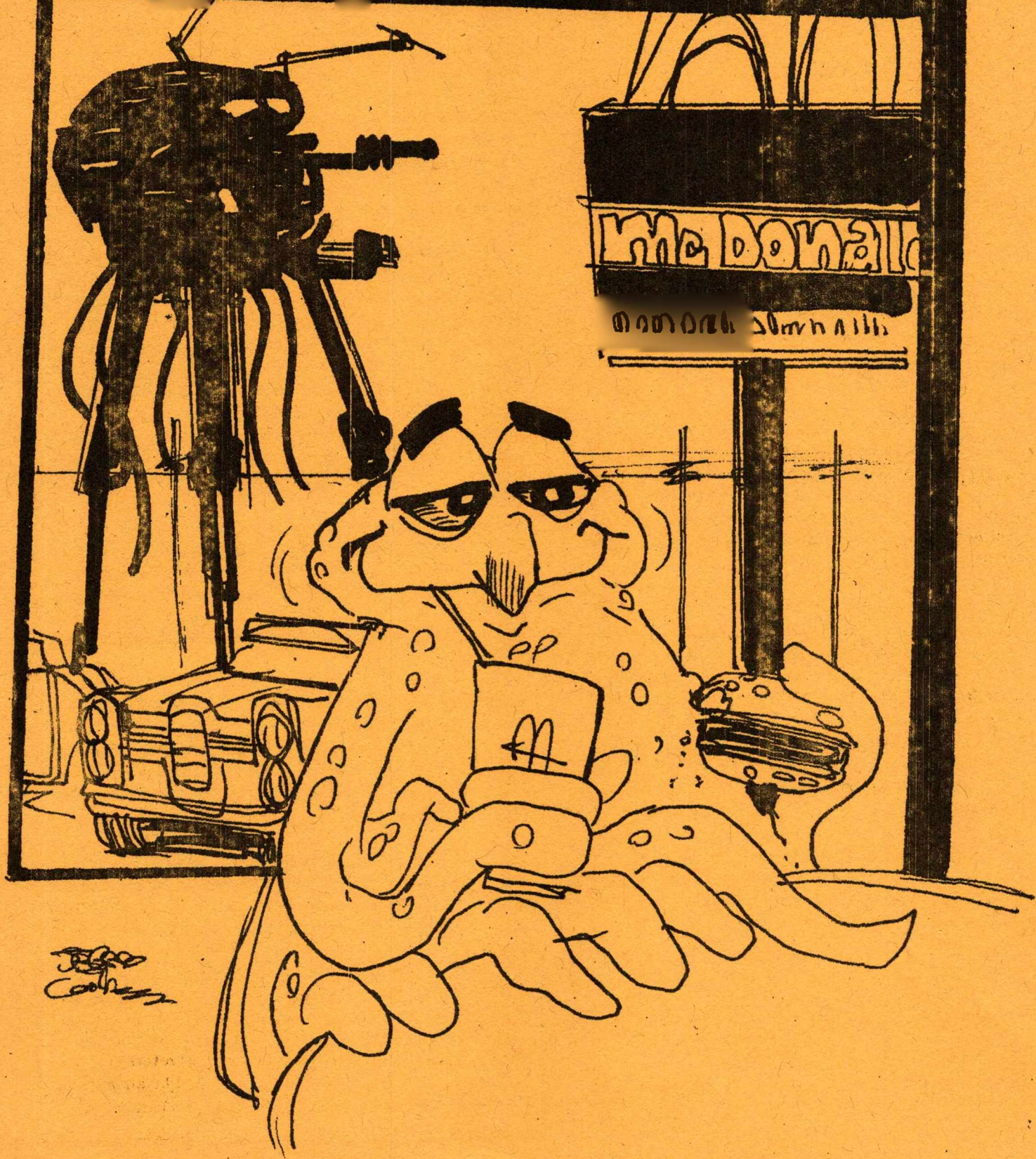


# ESTARANTES





# FANNEWS

The date for ASFiCon is rapidly approaching, and the August 22-24 convention weekend promises to offer even more than previously mentioned. Dave Minch, in charge of the games at the convention, has arranged to have a Dungeons and Dragons tournament in addition to the traditional Southern Hearts tournament. There will also be other games-playing at the convention, and a possible program item relating to role-playing games.

There will be an L-5 Society program Friday evening, with possibly a special guest from the L-5 Society conducting the program.

Northlake Mall Cinemas, a scant quarter-mile walk from the convention hotel, has arranged to offer a selection of films of interest to science fiction fans at its Midnight Movies presentation. Admission is \$1.94, and the cinema manager is hoping to offer at least one 3-D science fiction film in his triple-selection.

There are still some banquet tickets available for \$10 from ASFiCon, 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw Georgia 30144. People who intend to come but have not bought memberships are encouraged to do so; people without hotel reservations are encouraged to mail in registration cards to the hotel in advance of the convention to assure them of getting the room type they want.

In other convention news, Andy Purcell has announced that his MidSouthCon is being moved from this past June's Huntsville location to the Downtown Sheraton in Chattanooga, the site of Chatacon. This will be the regular home of MidSouthCon from now on. The convention, being held on the first weekend in June, will feature Spider Robinson as pro guest of honor. Memberships are \$8 until the end of the year, \$10 until the week before the convention, and \$12 at the door. Mail memberships or requests for information to Andy Purcell, Rt. 1 Box 322-A, Leoma Tennessee 38468.

Rivercon, held over the August 1-3 weekend, drew 747 members to Louisville's Galt House. No con report is available yet, but this may well be the largest Southern regional convention ever held.

Vince and Janet Lyons will be returning to their home in Augusta as you read this, after a summer-long trip to Colorado for Vince to practice his soldiering. According to Janet, one of the highlights of the trip was the discovery of a Gestefax and a Gestetner, just perfect for doing apazines; unfortunately, she was unable to put either machine in her pocketbook or suitcase on the way home.

The FAAn Award Results were announced at Autoclave IV, July 26th. Best Fan Editor: JEANNE GOMOLL & JANICE BOGSTAD. Best Fan Writers: DAVE LANGFORD. Best Serious Artist: JOAN HANKE-WOODS. Best Humorous Artist: ALEXIS GILLILAND. Best Single Issue: SCIENTIFRICTION 11 (yay, Glyer!). Best LoC Writer: HARRY WARNER, Jr. The incoming committee is Gary Farber, Mike Glicksohn, Jeanne Gomoll, Lee Pelton, Peter Roberts, Stu Shiffman, Mike Glyer, Dave Langford, and Bruce Pelz.

Convention-hotel problems seem to have been The Topic of late; first, MidSouthCon's hotel, the Sheraton Inn, did not block sufficient rooms for the convention and many guests found themselves without a Friday night room in Huntsville (a problem that will not occur in Chattanooga next year). Meanwhile, at Westercon, Mike Glyer reports that the hotel had a lot of stayovers from an NEA convention, and California law prohibits removing a guest from a room unless his bill is in arrears. Mike reports that, at first, the hotel didn't even have a room for him, and he was director of programming!

As the convention draws closer, the following people are confirmed as taking part in the Jerry Page Roast: Hank Reinhardt, Jack Massa, Rich Garrison, Ginger Kaderabek, Karl Edward Wagner, Michael Bishop, (MC), Grant Carrington, and Sam Gastfriend. A search has been underway to find people to help defend long-time Atlanta fan Jerry Page, but it has been fruitless thus far.

Birmingham remains the only bidder for the DeepSouthCon '81; chairman Jim Gilpatrick refuses to be smug and self-assured, however, and promises bid parties and a smear campaign against all opposition. Smear flyers will be distributed at the DSC this month with blanks for you to fill in the name of your favorite rumored DSC-opponent.

Dick Lynch has proposed a merger of the Atlanta, Chattanooga, and Birmingham clubs into a Big Club that would meet one month in one city, one in the next, and one in the third city, then rotate again. Dick asks for discussion time at DSC on this.

A TARANTES #38 is produced by Cliff Biggers, 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw Georgia 30144 for the Atlanta Science Fiction Club. Free to members, available at 12/\$3.50, 35¢ each, or The Usual to non-ASFiC members. Contents are copyright (c) 1980 by Cliff Biggers, all rights revert to the contributors, who can give their rights to Brad Linaweaver for all I care. This is the August, 1980 issue of ATARANTES.





## Choice Morsels

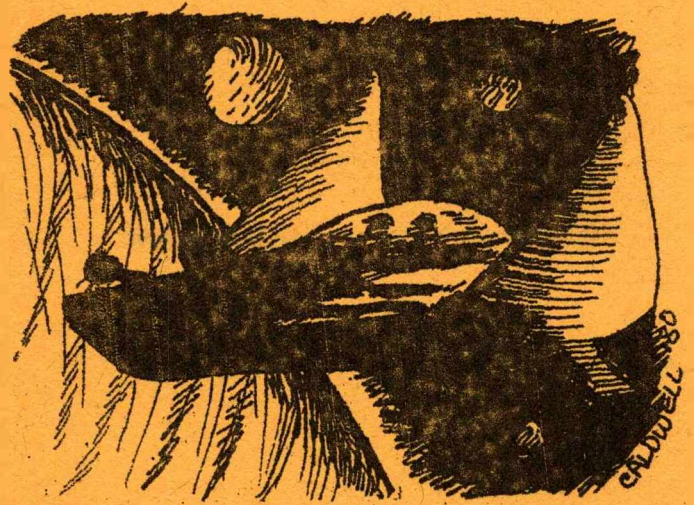
Fantastic Magazine, a twenty-eight-year old survivor of the sf/fantasy magazine massacre of the late fifties and early sixties, has folded. More specifically, it is being merged with its parent magazine, AMAZING, which will increase from the present quarterly circulation schedule to a bi-monthly schedule after the merger (thereby giving us 75% as many issues as we had when there were two separate titles). Dipping sales are partly responsible, as are distribution habits that seem to make it difficult for the two magazines to find a regular market. AMAZING and FANTASTIC reached their modern pinnacles under editor Ted White, and have just recently moved back to original material after a return to all reprint material under its new owner/editors.

Frank Herbert has sold SANDWORMS OF DUNE, plus another novel and options on future books, for a sum reported to be as high as \$750,000. Dune fans will also be glad to hear that the Dino DeLaurentiis production of DUNE is progressing well, although no release date has been set.

Stephen Goldin and Kathleen Sky (attendees at ASFiConI) are writing a book dealing with the business side of sf, and will be presenting a panel on the same topic at ASFiCon. Goldin has also sold two novels, AND MAKE NOT YOUR MASTER and A WORLD CALLED SOLITUDE, to Fawcett and Doubleday, respectively; lastly, he reports that Harlequin's plan to market science fiction is continuing with a new juvenile line to be test-marketed; if it does well, an initial 24 books will be ordered, with Goldin as series creator but other authors doing some of the writing.

**RANDOM PUBLISHING NOTES:** I know we've all heard it so many times before, but THE LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS is reported by Elton Elliott as being a late 1981 release. That makes it only a bit less than a decade late... // L. Sprague de Camp, whose HPLovecraft biography was an object of controversy for years, is at work on a biography of Robert E. Howard. The rumors that Lin Carter will write a series of adventure novels based on the biography are believed to be untrue... // David Gerrold has written another Star Trek novel, GALACTIC WHIRLPOOL, to be published from Bantam in October, along with a new Logan novel by William F. Nolan, LOGAN'S SEARCH. // Larry Niven will edit an anthology set in the fantasy world he created in THE MAGIC GOES AWAY, with stories by Poul Anderson, Bob Asprin, Roger Zelazny, Bob Shaw, and others. // George Zebrowski has sold another novel to Harper & Row, FREE SPACE. // Grant Carrington's first novel for Doubleday, TIME'S FOOL, is due out in January of 81. // Piers Anthony has been hospitalized for a lymph infection of some sorts--ironically, the other author who had been in the same hos-

pital was Dean Koontz, who shared kind words with Piers Anthony in the pages of Dick Geis' publications, I believe it was. (yes, that's sarcasm) // Berkley Books has publicly stated that while the Phantasia Press edition of THE MAGIC LABYRINTH, an expensive limited edition, was intended to be a first edition, but advance copies of the Berkley edition were actually shipped before the Phantasia Press. You decide which one you want to call a first...

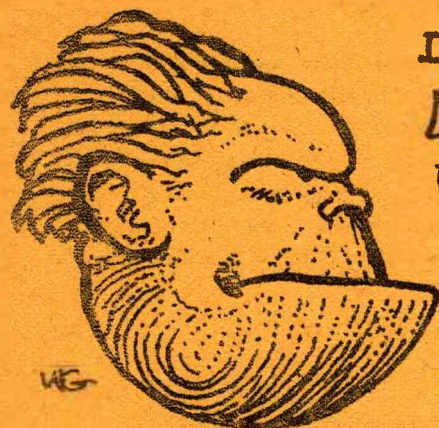


## Meeting

The August meeting of ASFiC is being held at the Peachtree Bank community room on Chamblee-Dunwoody Road. The meeting will be held Saturday, August 16th, at 8:00 pm, and a Program Director will be elected from the list of candidates found in the minutes of this-here ATARANTES. Following the hopefully-brief election, we will have a discussion of THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK and, probably, the entire George Lucas STAR WARS saga. Members who haven't seen the film yet and wish to avoid having Secrets Spoiled should bring ear-plugs or plan to inhabit the refreshment room. Also, donations of auction items are asked for for a special auction to benefit the Atlanta-Birmingham-Chattanooga zine, SUNCATCHER.

The Peachtree Bank is at 4525 Chamblee-Dunwoody Rd. To get to the meeting, take the Chamblee-Dunwoody Rd. exit off I-285, north of Atlanta. If you're coming from the west, turn left onto Chamblee-Dunwoody, and proceed for approximately a quarter of a mile--the bank will be on the right. If you're coming from the east, you have to follow the access road for about a mile after you take the exit; this access road connects with Chamblee Dunwoody Rd., and you turn right. Proceed for approximately a quarter of a mile--the bank will be on the right. This will be our regular meeting place for the rest of the year, and hopefully from Now On. Loss of parking, lots of good times, and a warmup for the BSC--be there!!





I'D DO A  
LOG,  
BUT NO ONE  
HAS INVENTED  
THE  
ALPHABET  
YET...

Dan Taylor (This is a combination of two separate letters, the first intended for last ATAR.)  
550 Boulevard SE Nice cover on #36, by Jerry Collins--was  
Atlanta 30312 it intended to be reminiscent of STAR  
BLAZERS? (Anybody know whatever happened to STAR BLAZERS  
by the way?)

As usual, I enjoy the columns. Late, as usual, I would like to  
proved, in the interests of accuracy, Harlan Ellison's book-  
buying statistics, alluded to in Sue's column in #35 (wasn't it?)  
According to HEW, he said, 8% of the country's population buy  
books, and 2% buy more than a single book a year. Let's see,  
in Atlanta that would be, what, around 25,000? I find that,  
although I share few of Ellison's opinions lately, I do share his  
opinion of the 98% who are, for practical purposes, illiterate.

If you want to make the average person look a little better you  
can always allow as to how these figures only reflect book buy-  
ing, not necessarily reflecting those who regularly patronize  
their local library, nor those who buy magazines, nor even  
those who always read their daily paper (although these are prob-  
ably also the people who buy books). But it balances. How  
many of that 2% are students, who are required to buy textbooks  
they will never read? How many of that 2% are devoted Har-  
lequin readers? How many of that 2% are fannish elitists who  
read only science fiction, for example?

All of which becomes the bridge you need between Sue's col-  
umn last time and David Pettus' column this time. Thank  
you, David. You aren't the first person I know who feels that  
way--I do myself--but few have expressed it as well. I could  
add that if you ever find yourself bored with reading, it's prob-  
ably because you spend too much time reading things you know  
in advance you will agree with.

Glad to see the list of films to be shown at ASFiCon in the  
latest ATAR, as well as in the con flyer. I'm even gladder to  
see that it isn't the Same Old Stuff that most Atlanta-based  
conventions seemed to share for a while there. (If I see that  
Nick Adams episode of Outer Limits one more time...)

I find it difficult to take this Ellison/Brillo/Future Cop business  
seriously. Looks like Ellison was trying to take unfair advan-  
tage of unread network executives. I can't believe that Hymie

was enough to gum up the settlement. I mean, as long as Elli-  
son was trying to undermine his own case, why not mention the  
first robot cop, R Daneel Olivaw, from Asimov's CAVES OF STEEL.  
Or, since the predominant theme was that of a robot passing as  
a human, why not go back to the real roots, Eando Binder's Adam  
Link? (Not to mention Marvel Comics' original Human Torch,  
who was really an android... or DC Comics' Robotman--or Robot-  
men, as there were two distinct characters who bore that name,  
both of whom predate Brillo by at least fifteen years.)

Well, it looks like everybody liked THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK.  
I have a question or two to pose--(1) About this "other hope"...  
surely you remember, as Luke deserts Yoda to rescue Han and  
Leia, and Yoda and Obi-wan discuss the situation, as Obi-wan says  
"That boy is our last hope," and Yoda looks heavenward and  
says "No... there is another." Seldom has any single line started  
more controversy than that. I've heard opinions ranging from  
"Here's where they bring in the strong female character they  
promised us" (by the way, why do I only hear this hypothesis  
from women?) to "Well, what else will Han have to occupy his  
time than The Force?" Why do you suppose it is that no one  
mentions Lando in this connection? Fans are willing to believe a  
anything, up to and including Yoda's leaving Dagobah himself  
to face down Vader, rather than consider Lando Calrissian.

(2) "Obi-wan never told you what happened to your father..."  
SPOILER WARNING! SPOILER WARNING! If you haven't seen  
the movie, ignore this paragraph.) For some reason, most peo-  
ple seem to be unwilling to believe this. "Of course, Vader  
lied." No, I think Vader is Skywalker Sr. Luke does have the  
Force with him, you know--I think he can detect such a blatant  
lie as that... unless, of course, it is no lie. As you recall, when  
Vader reaches out mentally to Luke aboard the Falcon, Luke  
answers "Father?" Besides which, realistically speaking, this is  
a rather large red herring, don't you think?

(3) "I... love you." "I know." OH, COME ON! Try that with  
me flyboy, and I'll pull the switch myself.

Harry Warner makes a good point--the schools are 'i to blame  
for a lack of emphasis on reading. Well, maybe that isn't quite  
it--rather, improper presentation of reading. For instance, I  
failed reading in elementary school, not because I couldn't --  
I was reading high school astronomy books at the time--but be-  
cause of what we were forced to read...

As always, I enjoy "Der Krapp." But continued again? No of-  
fense, but that's my biggest problem with this column--just as  
I get into the spirit, the page ends, part II next issue. Say, Brad,  
have you considered a series of articles on Bert I Grodon, the  
alleged talent that wrote, produced, and directed THE AMAZING  
COLOSSAL MAN and ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE?

Nancy Collins I was stunned and inspired by THE EMPIRE  
310 Flint STRIKES BACK. Now that's what I mean  
Jonesboro, AR 72401 by Sensawunda. Too bad all the space  
operas that will follow won't be half as  
fun. Yoda was a real pip and Chewie had more speaking parts.

Southern fandom is pretty isolated. I know some midwestern and



northern fandom members who make regular forays into the Southern cons, but I've only wandered outside SFC territory three or four times. It's kinda like David Brenner's theory concerning Philadelphinas. They get out to the city limits, see New Jersey, get scared and go home.

I get a real kick outta Brad Linaweaver's DER KRAPP column. I am a devotee of the Leonard Pynth-Garnell Bad Sci-Fi Theatre. ROBOT MONSTER, ASTRO ZOMBIES, PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE and other gems of Badness provide me with endless hours of masochistic joy.

Arthur Elavaty  
250 Coligni Ave.

David Pettus must know a different  
sort of fan than I do, if he hangs

New Rochelle, NY 10801 out with people who read sf all the time and nothing else. The people I know are a lot closer to Lee Gold's definition of fan as "someone who no longer reads science fiction and likes to hang out with other people who no longer read science fiction." Me, too, to an extent. There's all this stuff I mean to read Real Soon Now, but first there are apas to do, or zines, or meetings, or cons... I do agree that people who read nothing but sf are bound to be narrow and boring. ((It's popular to speak of fans as people who no longer read sf, but the fact is, at least in my contacts, most fans are still avid readers, and the illusion of nonreading is brought about by the fact that they read a relatively small percentage of the total published sf output, thus they constantly feel "behind" in their sf reading.))

Scotty Matthews loc shocks me, but not quite for the reasons you might think. One of the organizations I belong to--NYUSFS--got kicked out of its regular meeting place at NYU over a year ago. We've been meeting in a park and/or in a sleazo restaurant ever since. Everyone agrees that it would be a very good idea if someone did something about finding a meeting place. Anyway, I am somewhat croggled to find a fannish group that actually has members who will do something about finding a meeting place. ((Furthermore, the member who locates our meeting spots, Angela Howell, isn't even an officer with an obligation to do such things!))

Sue Phillips: I imagine the variety of fannish approaches to fan writing and its relationship to pro writing go all the way from seeing fanac as nothing but a kind of apprenticeship to having no desire at all to turn pro. Me, I've always seen the sharpening of my ideas and prose skills for an eventual book (nonfiction) as one--of many--motivations for my fan writing but my attitude as to when I will take the next step is a mixture of Martian "waiting is" and fannish "real soon now." On the one hand is the desire to seek a larger audience, to offer my words and ideas to all who might wish them; on the other hand, inertia and the seductive example of HPLovecraft, who did it his way, made no concessions to the marketplace, and eventually became famous, tho he wasn't present in the flesh to reap the benefits.

Fay B. White  
2601 W. 42nd Ave.  
Gary, IN 46408

David Pettus presented a good case for books and reviewers. Some might disagree with his comments on IA's IN JOY STILL FELT. I passed that one by be-

cause one reveiwer said it sounded like Asimov had just copied from his old appointment calendars: "Met Marge at 4:30" or whatever.

Sue Phillips struck a respondent chord in her discourse on writing. Of course one would like to be published! I'm currently enrolled in a beginner's course on the basics of creative writing to "hone the skills" as she says. However, if you can't produce a saleable manuscript, you do begin to wonder if you have the innate ability. As Sue also points out, "but the ability to write, per se, must already be there." You'd even settle for the editors' including your work among the "85% crap" that David Pettus talks about.

I am a latecomer to sf and therefore a neofan. (First, I did what I had to do. Now I'm doing what I want to do.) Then my beloved spouse complained that I was spending all my time "writing that horseshit" instead of doing the housework. I thought the housework was the horseshit. It's a bit of a problem to keep a nine-room house ready for on-the-spot inspection and still find "all that spare time you have for writing during the day"--not the evening, mind you. (It's no wonder women ask to be liberated!) I was so upset I even wrote a poem about it.

I like to be alone all day  
I like my privacy  
No Children or demanding mate  
Is that so wrong of me?  
They married well and moved away  
I quit my job at last  
I stay at home to write and so  
Must do my chores quite fast,  
Though life is on the waning end  
There are some good years left  
And I shall make the most of them  
"Ere time commits its theft.

((Your letter echoes a complaint I've heard from many other fans married to mundane folks--it seems that there is a conflict there more often than not, brought about by the dislike of the spouse for the object of the fan's attentions--and it seems much stronger among female fans with belligerent husbands.))

J. Owen Hanner  
338 Jackson St. Apt 2  
Libertyville IL 60048

Brad Linaweaver and "Der Krapp" was good, I must say. I started thinking about Lugosi describing Lobo as being "as gentle as a kitchen" and I'm of

the mind that it wasn't a mistake in the script or in the delivery. Have you ever stopped and thought about how vicious a kitchen really is? There's alot of potential for death and dismemberment in your typical, up-to-date kitchen. Toasters and ovens and food processors and small radios on top of the refrigerator. I shudder to think of it. I think there's some incredibly well-hidden profundities in BRIDE OF THE MONSTER that even Brad missed.

Tara  
1812-415 Willowdale Ave  
Willowdale Ontario  
M 2n 5B4 Canada

If I reported only about 30 fans involved in the FAAns this year I was probably wrong. By now the number may be up to at least 45...there probably aren't any more fans able



to vote intelligently, so efforts to increase participation are to a large extent futile. The main problem seems to be that I doubt more than half of those voting and nominating belong to the tiny group of people who know almost everything about fnz. The other half are recognizably people whose knowledge would be inadequate for a number of reasons: they read too few zines, all the zines they read are from the Midwest (or the South), they only get filksinging books or think the whole point of fandom is to be a training ground for future pros, they don't belong to any of the cliques that produce the best zines, etc.

It would be hard to say that the FAAn committee is itself responsible for the apathy haunting the awards since, in fact, the committee has never done anything, and the awards have been administered by at most three or four people throughout its history. ... I'm tempted to blame the poor results this year on the lack of frequent, regular zines earlier this year when the nomination forms should have been distributed. Had, say, F770, Wo-Fan, DNQ, ANSIBLE, and several other zines mailed out the ballot, no doubt things wouldn't seem so pathetic. Of course, it would be covering up the real malady by encouraging neos to vote to replace older fans who won't. That's the real problem: getting the fans who have taste and experience to make their choices, both in nominations and in the finals. The FAAns this year are boring. Except where they are outright ludicrous.

... A large number of people vote in the FAAns who are either on the FAAn committee or on the ballot, or are friends of theirs. This is almost unavoidable since the fnz community is almost self-contained, and the number of people voting in the first place is very small. The majority of voters cannot be classified this way; in any plurality vote, however, a consolidated minority can have a major impact on the results, as I've commented before in specific cases. About all that can be done if you think this is the case is to create a consolidated minority of your own... ((and, as you imply, Taral, that's a negative influence on fair and impartial results. No one's asking for group-dominated pre-ordained awards, merely for a more equitable attention to be devoted to otherwise-ignored fans or zines. I do think, though, that your comments show you to be aware of the problem.))

Mike Rogers      Your call for Southern fan legends  
233 Barton Ave.      for use in SUNCATCHER reminds me  
Chattanooga, TN 37405      of the Chattacon Billboard Girl story.

It may have happened only a few years ago, but it's a classic in my book. It was at the Kubla the year Harlan was GoH; one of our concom members, Tola Varnell, thought of a way to promote Chattacon. At the time, the concom members had metal buttons with blue bunting. That Saturday afternoon, we were all asked to turn in our buttons for a short while. That evening, at the masquerade, we saw why Tola had wanted the buttons. She stood on stage giving a Chattacon spiel while wearing nothing but a bikini covered with our badges. The audience roared. That one shtick got more attention for Chattacon than anything we had done before then. The judges voted Tola "Girl We'd Most Like to Choo-Choo With."

There was also a rumor that special care was taken in the placement of one badge... but that's as far as I go on that one.

See? We current-day Southern fans are perfectly capable of creating our own myths. I can see it now; around 1990, some new member of ABC Inc. will look up at my wrinkled face and ask, "What's a Tola story?"

Wade Gilbreath      The best news from ATAR 37 is, of  
4206 Balboa Ave.      course, that Janice Gelb will attend  
Pinson, AL 35126      ASFICON. Now, if we can only talk  
her into staying...

Bill Ritch makes some good points regarding the deteriorating relationship between the New York critics and the Lucas serial. However, his comparison of the history of sf with STAR WARS is a bit much. Why, it sounds exactly like something I would try out of my own ridiculous sense of humor and the sublime.

I enjoyed Harvia's spot illo heading the loc section. Harvia's simple and appealing style is easy to imitate, but his secret is safe; very few people have an almost perfect sense of picture composition. As to Jerry Collins, I'm torn between my desire to have him take more time on individual pieces and my enjoyment of the fresh, "sketchy" quality of his work.

Maybe you're right. Perhaps Kudzu is a better column title than a zine title. Your thoughts this time add fuel to an argument that raged between Jim Gilpatrick and me the other night after the July BSFC meeting.

In his editorial in ANVIL 11, Jim called for southern con fans to get to more cons outside the area, to let them know southern fandom is alive and well. This parallels your call for more southern participation in the FAAn awards. All this echoes my impression that increasingly, people want to push/pull Southern fandom into the mainstream of national fandom. My question, after much internal debate: Is this a Good Thing? Southern Fandom has perhaps the strongest regional identification of any area of the country. I believe this derives from the fact that we have been rather insulated by geography and, perhaps, preference, from the rest of fandom. We all think the gestalt of Southern fandom is very special; maybe this is why we feel compelled to spread the "word" to the rest of fandom.

My point is that by exporting Southern fandom, we remove the insulation and thereby threaten to destroy the very thing we wish to nurture. All this reasoning may seem somewhat spurious and ill-conceived, but it's a gut feeling I have very strongly. The more we try to get with the rest of fandom, politically and philosophically, the more we lose our self-identity. It's similar to the fear blacks have today of losing their black identity as they move upward into the mainstream of white America...

Cathy Howard      FOSFA met this past Sunday (letter written July 16). The movie, as usual,  
3600 Parker Ave.      was late in arriving. Surprising enough,  
Louisville, KY 40212      it was the one that had been announced:



STAR WARS. Members of the club wanted us to hum the theme song while we waited for the film; no one would. . . It was the first time I'd seen STAR WARS as I seldom go to movies. Didn't like it enough to go see THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK. Now for the final damning statement of my movie tastes. You know the movie Brad Linaweaver is chopping on? ROBOT MONSTER. I liked it. Keep chopping, Brad; I'm always making fun of stuff I like.

I do enjoy ATARANTES. You have a very high grade of artwork. What I like to read most, or at least a lot, is the minutes of the meeting--makes me feel like I've been there. Don't give up the fuzzy paper ((twilton)); it's unique and always manages to arrive here in good shape.

Marty Cantor  
5263 Riverton Ave. #1  
N. Hollywood CA 91601

As editor/publisher of HOLIER THAN THOU and co-editor of SHAGGY I find myself concerned with/about the FAAn Awards. I have both

nominated and voted in the last two FAAn ballots, and am worried about the dramatic decrease in the number of fans who are nominating and voting in the awards. One possible cure for this would be for more faneds to include ballots along with their zines. . .

Which brings me to the topic of the membership of the committee and what is (to me) unwarranted regionalism on your part when you complain that there are no Southern fans on the committee. Succinctly, it is not the area from which faneds originate (or reside) which will determine the quality of the committee. The committee will do better work when it is composed of good people--regardless of where they reside.

((Not true. Oh, certainly good people make a good committee--but take a look at the returns on the ballots and you'll find that most of them come from the California area or the New York/Toronto area; there is no effort on the part of most of the committee to get ballots to Southern fans, to encourage voting from this area, or to publicize the awards in the South. I have voted in the FAAn Awards for several years, and have been one of the few Southerners who have--and this year, I had trouble getting a ballot on time to vote, and had it not been for Taral and Mike Glicksohn, I would n t have received a ballot prior to the deadline. This is where a Southern committee member could help balance things off. As Taral reports in DNQ 31, a large number of ballots were ballots completed at the urging of the committee while at Autoclave, thereby slanting the results to fit the tastes of the people at that convention. I'm not saying that we must have a Southerner nominated in each category--that's up to the nominators. But there could be a more complete representation if we had a less insular committee.))

... Using competence as a requirement, this past ballot I nominated Bruce Pelz and Mike Glyer ((good men, but both are Californians, right out of your back yard, so to speak--and you accuse me of regionalism?)), people whom I know would do a good job if elected... I thought that fans were above such divisive nonsense.

((Nonsense is a fine word to hurl against those you disagree with, Marty, but I feel your letter, combined with the relatively low number of Southerners voting, indicates that more attention needs to be given to this zine-rich part of the country. Would attention have to be given via a committee presence of a Southern fan? No, not necessarily; although I think it would be best, I think it could also be accomplished by a Southern push to nominate. And I'm not urging only the nomination of Southerners--what I am asking is that more Southerners take part in the nominations to eliminate the lackluster ballot of this year and pay more attention to qualifications and ability. I see too many names on the ballot that get there, I feel, because they're good people to be around at cons, old friends, and so on. I'd like to see more recognition of quality.))

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

My only passing comment about Sue's column this time is that she brings up a point I agree with 100% in "right" being a subjective feeling. People will always nitpick about films. I remember the fellow who sat through the 7 hour version of WAR & PEACE twice just to prove to me that one of the corpses wore a wrist watch.

I trust that you got some interesting feedback on your KUDZU column. Which reminds me, kudos to you for devising the title. It deserves a Black Hole! Zines are both a pasttime and a source of tremendous creative outlet for me, and I take their quality very seriously. I'm always something of a nationalistic Southerner; there is something in the Southern world-view and way of life that contributes a flavor to fandom, and I'd like to see it gather momentum.

Interesting to see some of Brad's work from his college days. I burned out on filmwriting during that period. I think I got too obsessed with the fine points of criticism, and lost sight of enjoying schlock for its own sake...

Harry Warner  
423 Summit Ave.  
Hagerston, MD 21740

Destiny is doing its best to link Atlanta and me together this evening. At the very moment when the ASFIC meeting is either in progress or has turned into the meeting after the meeting, I'm writing a loc to ATAR and listening to the Phillies-Braves doubleheader broadcast from Atlanta.

All these reviews of THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK would mean more to me if I'd seen the movie. The best I can do is feel very happy about Bill Ritch's blast at the sell-out of science fiction. But I'm not sure that naturalism is the right thing to call the sort of science fiction the establishment favors. I consider it a reversion to the very earliest type of science fiction, the stories that were parables or propaganda, thinly disguised essays on how the authors felt about (then) present-day situations. I prefer a vigorous, unintellectual space opera to that sort of fiction, which usually reminds me of the little stories that used to appear in the leaflets they gave me in Sunday school when I was about eight years old...



## THE SHINING:

Does Kubrick Really Shine  
With This One?...

Review by Iris Brown

No one can fault a movie maker for departing from the book, since the techniques and media involved are quite different. You can fault a movie-maker for not building up the suspense in what is called a "horror" movie, along with inadequate characterization. All in all, THE SHINING is a terribly disappointing movie.

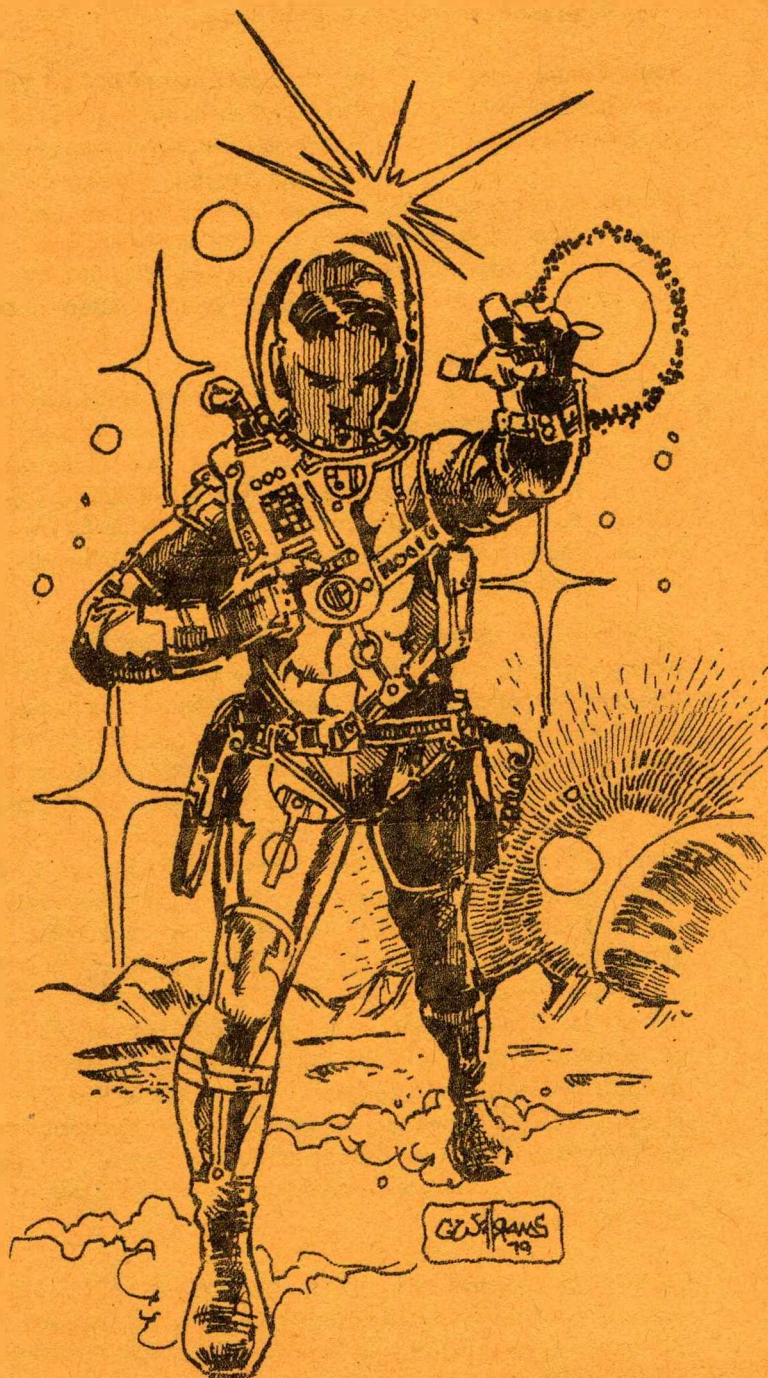
I, like many others, anxiously awaited Kubrick's version of Stephen King's novel, THE SHINING. I thought the book was an excellent example of horror. Simply put, Jack Torrance takes a job as caretaker for the Overlook Hotel during the winter off-season. His wife Wendy and their five-year-old son Danny accompany him. Danny, however, is a powerful psychic and senses the evil force contained in the Overlook. He also knows that the job his father has taken there is a big chance for Jack to put his ailing career as a writer and his uneasy relationship with his wife back together again.

The book is a superb horror story, and builds the tension up as the Hotel, personifying the evil forces at work, seeks to entrap the boy and add his powers to its own. The Hotel works through Jack Torrance's weaknesses; alcoholism and bad-temper. Alas, the film fell short of my expectations.

For one thing, the strong element of the supernatural that King utilizes in the book is minimized in the movie. This shifts it from a traditional "horror" movie to a suspense thriller. The hotel is no longer a supernatural agent of evil, but Jack Torrance becomes just another psycho-killer suffering from a touch of "cabin fever." But it was my understanding that Kubrick intended to make "the ultimate horror movie." Another thing was the suspense (or lack thereof). Kubrick fails to build the sort of tension and excitement that I expect from a horror or suspense-thriller film.

Characterization is another area where this movie fails. Jack Nicholson plays the part of Jack with a sort of manic vitality which is, nevertheless, hard to take seriously. This makes Shelley Duvall as the whining ninny of a wife seem even more lackluster. It's hard to feel sympathy for these people in the movie because they never seem real enough to deserve it.

My favorite part of the movie was also the most disappointing, for I felt it showed what Kubrick could have done with the film. The menacing hedge animals were replaced by a hedge maze. The scene showing Wendy and Danny running along the twists and turns is artfully done. I felt claustrophobic watching it; this apparently carefree scene (which nonetheless gives you the feeling that something is after them) foreshadows the scene in which Jack, armed with an ax, chases his son through the snow-covered maze. In a way it is quite beautiful.





July 17, 1980: A Day in the Life of ASFIC

by Deb Hammer Johnson with Jeannie W.  
Corbin acting as asst. notetaker at  
busy moments

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* People Biz!! \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

New Person: RANDALL D. SATTERFIELD (thank ya'!)  
515 Holt Rd.  
Marietta, Ga. 30067 ph: 971-2946

COAs: Terry Kane  
Box 56351  
Atlanta, Ga. 30343

and in case you missed  
this one last time:

(and Jennifer!)  
Rich and Angela Howell  
4155 Morgan Rd.  
Tucker, Ga. 30084

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* Money Biz!! \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Last month, our budget was high on the hog at \$236.93. Cliff got the ATAR Cut of \$30.00 for the August ATARANTES, bringing the total down to \$206.93. However, at the July meeting, we garnered \$27.00 in dues and the insty-quick Reinhardt/PJ Farmer auction, bolstering the total backup to it's former glory (well, almost) of \$233.93. DUES FOR NEW MEMBERS at AUGUST MEETING are FIVE DOLLARS. Thank you...this has been a prepaid apolitical announcement, hoping to entice some eager and competent person to take over my job next year!!!

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* Show Biz!! \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

BACK AT THE PEACHTREE BANK: Amidst mounds of munchies and the scintillating scent of TAB (courtest of the "m % m" fund), the concom meeting mellowed into a twilight period between con and club. A strange mood was set by Bob Maurus arriving in jogging apparel and the atmosphere formed for an Unusual Meeting. At 8:10:17, the business meeting coagulated in everyone's veins sucking the noise out of the air and extruding it through the Three Officers.

First item up was a distribution of the ASFIC Bylaws that are often referred to but seen by few. Deb Hammer Johnson provided copies for members present, and broke into a sometimes schizoid dialogue about the need to streamline the club's original structure. She proposed three amendments. First and foremost was the institution of a new office--that of Programming Co-Ordinator. She explained that this was needed to take some of the workload off the officers, and to streamline the Programming from meeting-to-meeting. This office would be under the same bylaws as that of the President, VeePee, and Sec/Treas, but have a different set of duties. Discussion on the matter took two sides--those who saw the office as necessary and a good, workable idea, and those who desired a less beaucratic approach to running the club. Dave Minch headed the former School of Thought, and suggested that this officer's duties include: 1) getting all audio-visual equipment ready for use, 2) selecting panels and committees to handle programming, 3) co-ordinating club funds for speakers, movies, or whatever, and 4) handling all special events, such as parties and picnics. Mike Smith spoke for those who wanted a simpler club, and he cited Parkinson's Law against seeking this Easy Out solution to a continuing club problem. Cliff responded that the club had grown by leaps and bounds since '77, and that the division of duties as originally seen in the Kaderabek Constitution were no longer feasible. Deb also mentioned that she, Cliff and Sue were not running for their respective positions next year, and that she wanted things to be more comfortable for the new Lineup, thus avoiding Officer Burnout, the dread disease of fannish organizations.

The club finally voted by over a two-thirds majority to create the new office. Nominations for Programming were taken as follows: Ron Zukowski, Pat Morrell, Brad Linaweaver, Bill Ritch (who??), Mike Weber, and Dave Minch. Cliff offered to let anyone pull out of the elections provided they could get a letter submitted to him and postmarked within 12 hours. As this was Saturday, and since the Post Awful is asleep on Sunday, his offer was not taken up.



Elections for the position will be held at the August meeting, when all those nominated will be in attendance. If that wasn't enough, Dauntless Deb, her mind muddled by a week of the Republican Convention on teevee, brought up two more amendments. The second concerned the new "m % m" fund; in streamlining the '77 Constitution, a question as to the nature of the fund arose. As a committee, it was under the jurisdiction of the President. Since it involved club funds, it was also under the responsibilities outlined by the sec/treas's duties in the bylaws. A quick compromise was reached by making it a committee under the President and in conjunction with the office of sec/treas. The last amendment was passed quicker than Deb could utter the thing--an updating of the Bylaws will be done on an annual basis by the sec/treas and distributed at the December election/Christmas party meeting.

Signup sheets for ASFICon were passed around. Club members were urged to do their duty for Ghod, ASFIC, and Southern Fandom by volunteering their talents for the August effort. Chris announced that the change in his grad school plans meant that he wouldn't be able to attend the DSC, and that his position as Head of Security was now open...

...on that note, Hank Reinhardt and his Keepers from the Home entered the room. Hank then sat on the sides of the meeting, practicing an innocent and innocuous look, but folks knew he was up to something...

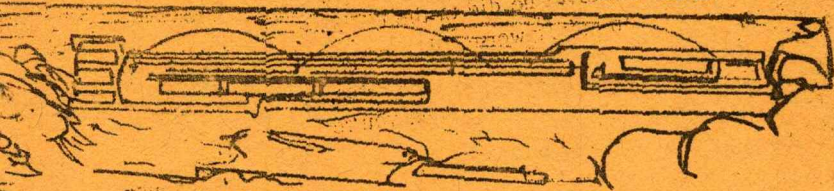
Dann Littlejohn then came forward with his design for the club flyer, based on a computerlike design that drew "OOhs" and "AAhs" from appreciative club members. The flyer will be finished and ready to distribute by the DSC; Cliff put in a pitch for members to spread these at all appropriate Atlanta spots when they were ready.

The floor was then open for announcements. Avery put in a pitch for Eve Akerman's charter flight to NOREASCON, and urged all interested club members to contact Eve via Avery. Bill Ritch said that the P.O. had continued to devour his ATAR, and other members joined in woeful tales of ripped and torn clubzines. Then Hank made his move. This is the man who brought you "The Clones" and "Vampire vs. the Werewolf", and he reported that he had found someone who topped these two Crass Classics--PJ Farmer. After reading the "Magic Labyrinth", the new RIVERBOAT novel, Hank was seized with an urge to rid his home of any and all Farmer books, so he had brought them to the meeting to auction them off for club money. The selection was a good one, including several hardbacks, most of the "World of Tiers" series, and all of the RIVERWORLD novels. The bidding was, well, interesting. Sam Gostfriend made a fake bid of \$8, but anyone hearing this had instant amnesia. The books finally went to Vicki Stroop, our Alabama member, who picked them up for the fair price of \$6.50. At 8:40 or 8:50, depending on how close you want me to follow the thirty minute stricture, the meeting was gracefully laid to rest.

After a brief break, Ron Zukowski started off the July programming panel on Clifford Simak. His manner was relaxed and instructive, taking both a bibliographical and biographical approach to the man who SHOULD have been the '78 DSC pro GOH (except that he became ill). Ron's discussion centered around how Simak managed to be a star of the Campbell era yet write stories that went against the grain; his theme is that of the triumph of the human ability to solve most any problem, with or without the aid of technological deus ex machina. The panel took a number of directions, exploring the strengths and weaknesses of Simak's work and style, comparing it to that of contemporaries like Asimov, Heinlein, and Williamson. All in all, it was an interesting evening's work, proving that the club has in depth knowledge and understanding of the genre that can seldom be matched.



# DER KRAPP brad linaweaver



(Last time I introduced Ro-Man, the star of ROBOT MONSTER. This memorable character--an ape suit with a diving helmet head--had just put through a call to his boss on the moon, The Great Guidance. We resume.)

The Great Guidance, by the way, is the same costume sans antennae. The faceplate has been glazed over. He has a weapon called the Z ray, I think; no, wait, it must be a C ray because old GG (everyone's hashish dream of the deity) often refers to his calcinator death ray. Whenever he turns on the C ray we get to watch old newsreel footage of World War II (as near as I can tell). GG tries to con us; he would have us believe we're seeing how he destroyed human civilization. He's also got a Q ray that lets us enjoy stock shots of lizards masquerading as dinosaurs. (This flick has something for every kind of cinemagic fan.) The whole glorious concoction is in 3D, making no impression on the 2D TV viewers who don't know that the almost watchable stock shots were originally in 2D. Does this mean that during its theatrical run the interesting shots stood out from the rest of the film by not standing out?

The Great Guidance runs the show. Despite all his importance, he remains nothing more than a straight man for Ro-Man. He's a foil. He's stuck on the moon with his rays. He's a grouch.

The Great Guidance is even bad luck, at least in Tallahassee, because the first time we totally lose our picture to the TV snow furies is when he's lecturing us. Let down by the cable system! Hsssss goes the set. Although the picture is temporarily lost, our faith is not. We can't give up without a fight. We pray. It is Sunday, after all. "Oh, Great Guidance," we chant, "bring back the picture."

I must admit I'm tempted to flip channels to a PRC western. I've seen ROBOT MONSTER before. But the others stand firm so I pray some more. We will not extinguish hope... and sure enough the picture comes back. A commercial. Someone must have gotten hold of an A ray, a beam of pure advertising energy that brooks no interference.

After the ad, we get to see a few more minutes of the flick until the Hsssss ray returns us to the snow. We hang in there, hoping we'll be able to see the climax. (The last third of the movie is close enough to the end to be considered a climax.)

The deity is either merciful or wrathful because our wish is granted. My only regret is that none of us had a Z ray. Would have suited the quality of the film, you know?

Meanwhile, back at the cave, Ro-Man keeps going in and out, in and out. His cardboardish moon equipment is arranged neatly at the mouth of the cave. There is a good reason. The director doesn't have to worry about interior lighting. If memory serves, there isn't one interior shot unless you want to count a few feet into the cave. Such a set-up is rather convenient. The hero can gawk at the cardboard, then run for cover behind a rock when Ro-Man emerges to use the Lawrence Welk machine for a message to the moon. After Ro-Man finished hobnobbing with the boss, he wanders back into the darkness. Is it my imagination, or does he step more lively when he returns to the light. Could there be a moon ape potty in the back of the cave? It would explain a lot.

Don't think the ape suit has to carry the entire film on its matted shoulders. It has ample assistance from the script; if there really was one. Our heroes are... well, portrayed. They are the only human survivors in a post C ray world. They survived because the father of the clan is a genius who vaccinated his loved ones and a jut-jawed hero against stock shots. The hero intends to marry a pretty girl; I think she is the daughter of the genius. There's also an old bag who is married to the genius and there are two kids, a little boy and girl. (The latter is my favorite character because at one point she ad-libs a cute question she asks if the grown-up daughter is going to have a date with Ro-Man because a meeting has been arranged. It must be an ad-lib. Anyway, it turns out to be foreshadowing.) Half of the film is spent with these people standing around, dumb-founded, waiting for death. It's a very serious film because death finally comes, and in its wake we see the unravelled spool of human ambition; we see Ro-man's tragic flaw, his moment of humanity, his decline and fall; we see a horde of confused lizards... and the little boy wakes up.

Yes, it was all a dream. Are you ready for the shock ending to the surprise ending? I'll tell you later.

It's a wonder anyone ever gets killed because Ro-Man spends so much time strolling and looking tired and getting chewed out by the Great Guidance. At any rate, the little girl dies first. It begins with the wedding ceremony. The whole gang, excepting Ro-Man and GG, is gathered at the fortress, the front yard of which is protected by those ever-present Jacob's ladders. The hero and the daughter of the genius are tying the knot. The little girl is an onlooker. Hero has a bare chest and Mrs. Hero has a bridal gown. He has a big smile; she has a worried mother--the bag--whose contrite expression may prove she was the only member of the cast who really knew what they were doing. The genius performs the prescribed rites. Then the newly wed couple goes traipsing off into the wilderness for their honeymoon.

Wouldn't you? Why stay in a protected area where that genius is always lecturing you in his faltering manner, when you can



have the privacy of the woods, and Ro-Man? The little girl understands and follows. I think she takes the newlyweds some flowers, or is it a package of contraceptives? Hard to tell. We had some snow back there. (I know what you're thinking--contraceptives?! When the world has almost been depopulated? Well, would you bring a child into a world under the control of GG?)

Onward. The little girl enters stage right with her gift. Mr. and Mrs. Hero accept the gift and tell the little girl to hurry on home, because nasty old Ro-Man may be lurking about. Little girl exits stage left. No one points out that she is going in the wrong direction. There weren't any fancy camera angles or nothin'--they just blew the directions.

Whoaaa! Can it be? Is that Ro-Man approaching? It must be his afternoon stroll. Maybe he will show her the way home. He's just menacing enough to try something like that. The cutting is fast and furious. Here he comes, waddling up the side of a grassy hill. Girl is toddling along. Cut to him. Cut to girl. Cut back to him. Back and forth, round we go. A'wright already! Get on with it. They do.

This sweet, young child knows she has nothing to fear from the big ape. She's been vaccinated. If only she knew that earlier her brother was zapped by the C ray, and when he didn't die it was possible for the superior intellect of Ro-man to figure out that the ray did not kill the kid. Furthermore the boy made matters worse by telling the enemy of all humanity about the vaccination. As a consequence, the villain did some heavy thinking and decided he's have to kill with his bare gloves from

then on. The big mouth bastard must have known remorse because after spilling the beans he did some mugging for the camera and said, "oops!" He obviously didn't tell his sister about it (knew she'd tell the genius and they'd all have to listen to another lecture). Now the girl walks up to that robot monster and says, in a real sweet voice, "You can't hurt me. My daddy won't let you."

It is Ro-Man's finest hour. "We'll see," he gloates with his finest Soupy Sales impersonation, grabbing her. And the monster carries her relaxed little body off screen, leaving the sordid details to our imaginations.

Not that ROBOT MONSTER is in the Val Lewton school of subtlety--the fight scene that pits Ro-Man against Mr. and Mrs. Hero has to be seen to be believed, or disbelieved. Still... I can't help but wonder if there's a scene missing from ROBOT MONSTER. Perhaps Forry Ackerman could launch a campaign to find the still of Ro-man doing whatever he did to the child. Maybe she was drowned, maybe something worse. Her corpse is found by genius and wife, and as far as their mourning goes, its acting is to be preferred. Death be not proud, when you're so awkward.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE (copyright 1977 by Squonk)

ART CREDITS: Cover: Jerry Collins. P. 2: Rusty Burke. P. 3: Roger Caldwell. P. 4: Wade Gilbreath. Charlie Williams, p. 8. P. 11: Jerry Collins. All titleheads done by Cliff Biggers unless someone else takes responsibility.

The deadline for ATARANTES #39 is September 9th; get all those locs in before then! And, by all means, don't miss ASFiCon August 22-24th!

ATARANTES #38

Cliff Biggers

6045 Summit Wood Drive

Kennesaw Georgia 30144

WHY YOU'RE GETTING A WAR

☐ A FIC member  
☐ Subscriber  
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☐ Your name's within  
☐ Trade  
☐ We'd love to trade  
☐ please contribute  
☐ we need artwork  
☐ you're a lodd guy  
☐ This is your last issue of AMR unless you pay dues of \$10 a year, subscribe, or sweettalk me.

NEXT ASFiC MEETING  
S. TULSA, AUG 22-24 1978  
8:00 pm, 1400 N. W. 10th  
4525 Chambliss-Dunwoody Rd.  
(see p. 3 for directions)