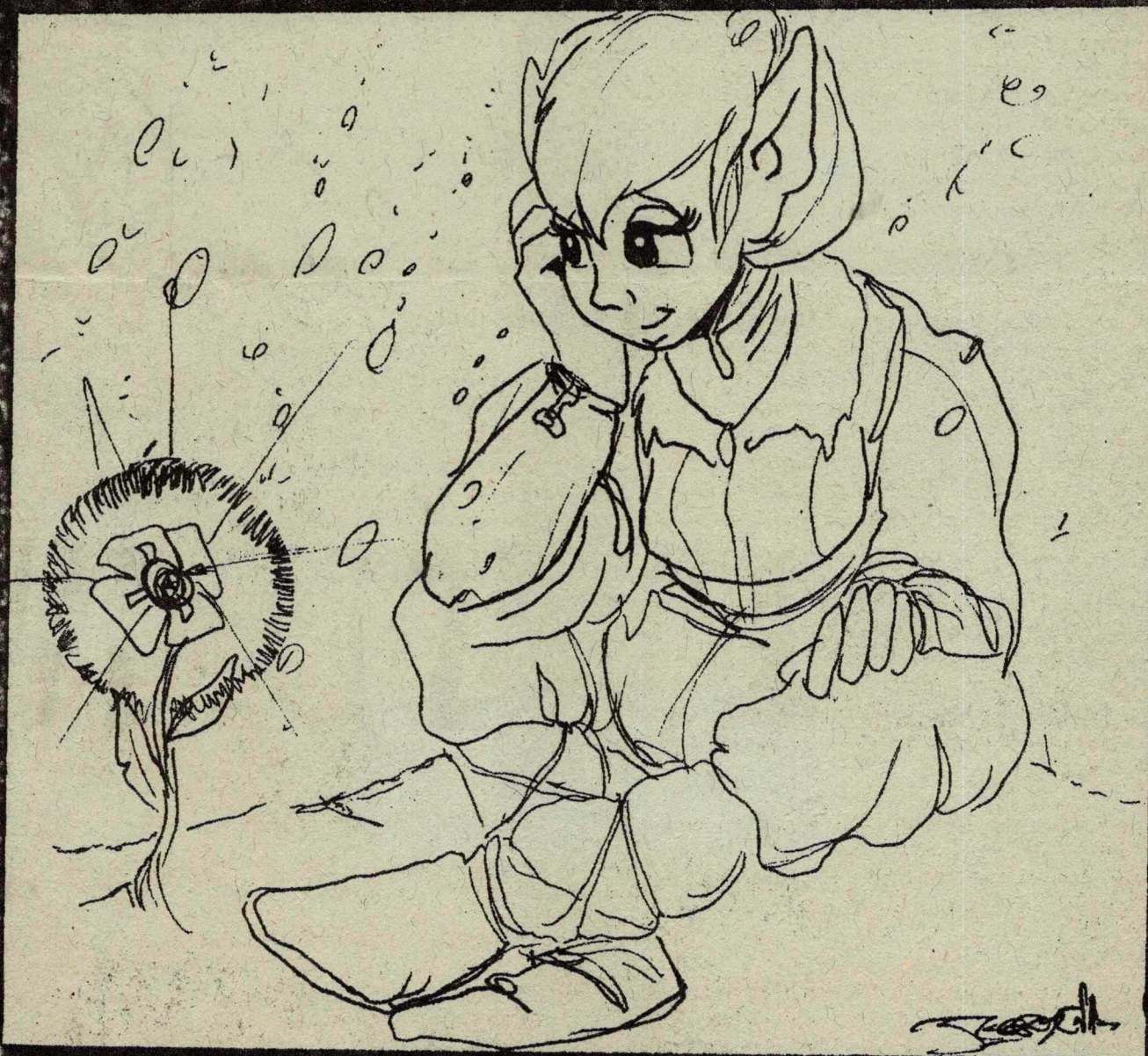


ATARANTES



ASFiCON

ASFiCON, the 1980 DeepSouthCon, became a part of fan-nish history over the August 22-24, 1980 weekend, as it marked the first regularly-occurring science fiction convention in the metro Atlanta area. Total membership for the convention, the 18th annual DSC, was 491, counting professional memberships and paid committee.

Michael Bishop MCed the Banquet Event, a Jerry page roast that was a perfectly-planned, well-rehearsed, entertaining event that demonstrated the brilliant wit and humor of Michael Bishop--a side many people were unaware of. The highlight was Jerry, then Hank Reinhardt, getting a pie in the face--a sight long overdue, some said.

Guest of Honor Ted White gave a reading and a provocative and informative Guest of Honor speech, culminating in an explanation of the circumstances behind his recent departure as editor of HEAVY METAL magazine. White was available throughout the convention for conversation, autographs, and questions. Fan Guest of Honor Mike Glyer gave a witty FGoH speech, took part in numerous smof sessions and hearts hands, and even hosted a MYRIAD party in his room on Friday night.

Sharon Webb, Ralph Roberts, Brad Linaweaver, Grant Carrington, Jack Massa, Ginger Kaderabek, Karl Edward Wagner and others took part in the programming over the weekend.

The art show drew a large amount of fan art--most of the pro work went to Boston for NorEasCon--and the Saturday auction (a slow one) and the Sunday auction (somewhat livelier) drew approximately \$1450. Jeannie Corbin Whatley's art show was one of the most organized and efficient aspects of the convention.

The highlight of efficiency, though, was probably Larry Hanson's film program. Larry constructed a huge CinemaScope screen in the film room, made out of plywood and steel support beams, and it quickly became dubbed "Hanson's Drive-In." The film program was never more than 5 minutes off-schedule, and the 20 hours of film programming offered a variety of material for the con membership.

Dave Minch's games program went smoothly, in spite of some hotel problems that resulted in Dave having to relocate the games room Saturday morning. The winner of the Hearts tourney, a highlight of Southern gaming, was newcomer Guy Coburn.

Mike Weber's video room also ran on schedule and offered a variety of material, from films to shorts to tv features, to entertain those with nowhere else to go. The only complaint on this feature was the lack of chairs in the video room, a problem brought on by the committee's underestimating the draw of

the video program for the duration of the con. Needless to say, this problem will be corrected next year.

The huckster room was filled, since all 42 of the 39 tables were sold before con time, resulting in some hucksters having to sell from their rooms. Avery Davis worked with the huckster room and huckster room security.

The banquet, originally intended for 100, finally ended up with 116 attendees (not counting those who came in for the festivities after the meal was over). Speeches were presented for a variety of cons, including Westercon in '82 (?) and the 1981 ASFiCON.

General programming had to be adjusted due to a few last-minute cancellations due to illness (Lafferty, Giddin/Sky, Counselman, Chapdelaine). After some drifting from schedule Saturday morning due to a delayed start on the trivia quiz (winner: Gly Lillian), programming went relatively smoothly. Sue Phillips, programming director, was unable to attend the convention for most of Friday afternoon and early evening, and Saturday morning, due to problems at work, but she managed to keep programming on track nonetheless.

The huckster room proved that Southern summers make fans thirsty, with the total drink consumption far exceeding all estimates, and surpassing this year's Chattacon in total cases consumed. Rich Howell, in addition to all his other duties as co-chairman, kept the huckster room well stocked as long as the drinks held out (the problem was accentuated by a few room parties that carted off cases of drinks from the con suite Friday night).

Other unmentioned committee in this name-dropping report include Angela Howell, who kept hotel problems to a minimum in her capacity as hotel liaison; Iris Brown, whose efficient registration procedure got the con off to a good start; Susan Biggers, who worked as treasurer and assistant to the registrar; Janet Lyons, hearts tournament director; John Whatley, attorney; general staff Dann Littlejohn and Deb Hammer-Johnson; operations director Vince Lyons; and co-chairmen Cliff Biggers, Rich Howell, and Mike Weber.



ATARANTES #39 is produced by Cliff Biggers, 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw GA 30144 for ASFiC. Free to members, 12/\$3.50 to others, or the usual. All contents copyright 1980 by Cliff Biggers--rights revert to contributors. Locs are appreciated, and Brad likes for you to mention his name in particular. This is the September, 1980 issue. Deadline for ATAR #40 is the Wednesday before the second Saturday in October. And thassall.

Choice Morsels

This year's Hugo Award winners, announced at Noreascon in Boston, are NOVEL: *Fountains of Paradise*, Arthur C. Clarke; NOVELLA: "Enemy Mine," Barry Longyear; NOVELETTE: "Sandkings", George R.R. Martin; SHORT STORY: "Way of Cross and Dragon", George R.R. Martin; DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: *Alien*; BEST ARTIST: Michael Whelan; BEST EDITOR: George Scithers; FAN ARTIST: Alexis Gilliland; FAN WRITER: Bob Shaw; FANZINE: *Locus*; John W. Campbell Award: Barry Longyear; Gandalf Award: Ray Bradbury; NON-FICTION BOOK: *SF Encyclopedia*, ed. Peter Nicholls. In site selection, Chicago won the 1982 Worldcon bid by a tremendous margin, and their guest of honor will be A. Bertram Chandler. For information on the 1982 Worldcon, write to Chicon IV, PO Box A3120, Chicago IL 60690. As of now, memberships are \$15 supporting, \$20 attending until the end of the year.

Michael Smith announces the formation of the Friday Food & Film Fellowship, beginning the last Friday in September. The group will meet at the Denny's at Executive Park for a meal, to be followed by a videotape showing of a film and a short or three. The group has reserved a room at Denny's, so there'll be privacy. This month's film will be *BARBARELLA*, to be followed by a variety of other titles, both sf and non-sf. You pay for your own food, and donations for the cost of tape etc., are appreciated, but not required. Corner Michael, or Bill, or Brad, or any combination of the three, for details.

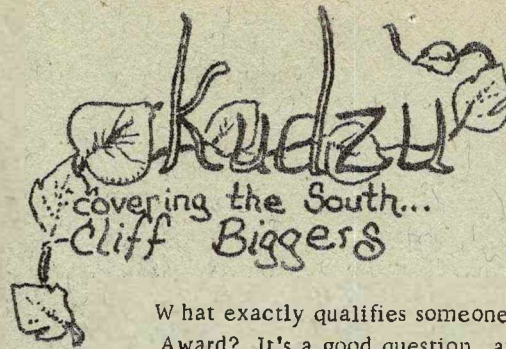
Sharon Webb's novelette "Variation on a Theme from Beethoven" will be on the first novelette. Furthermore, she has sold the sixth in the Bull Run series, "Bitch on the Bull Run", and is making vague noises about a novel.

P.L. Caruthers has been elected Vice-President of the SFC at the Sunday Morning Business Meeting; officers Meade Frierson (Prez) and Susan Biggers (Secretary) were returned to office.

Birmingham will be hosting the 1981 DeepSouthcon, DSC XIX, over the August 28-30 weekend, 1981. Guest of Honor is Jack Vance, MC is Jerry Page, and Fan GoH is Hank Reinhardt. Memberships are \$8 until October 25, then \$10 until August 1st, 1981, to B'hamacon 2, PO BOX 57031, B'ham Alabama 35259.

The 1980 PHOENIX AWARD was given to Piers Anthony; the 1980 REBEL AWARD went to Jerry Page (and yes, that should have been mentioned in the DSC section, but I forgot. You know how it is).

The proposed merger of the Atlanta, Birmingham, and Chattanooga clubs seems to have been abandoned as a concept; it was not presented for discussion at DSC as expected. (See the lettercol for various reactions to the idea.)

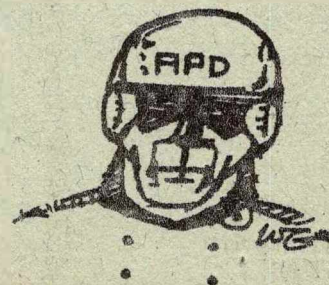


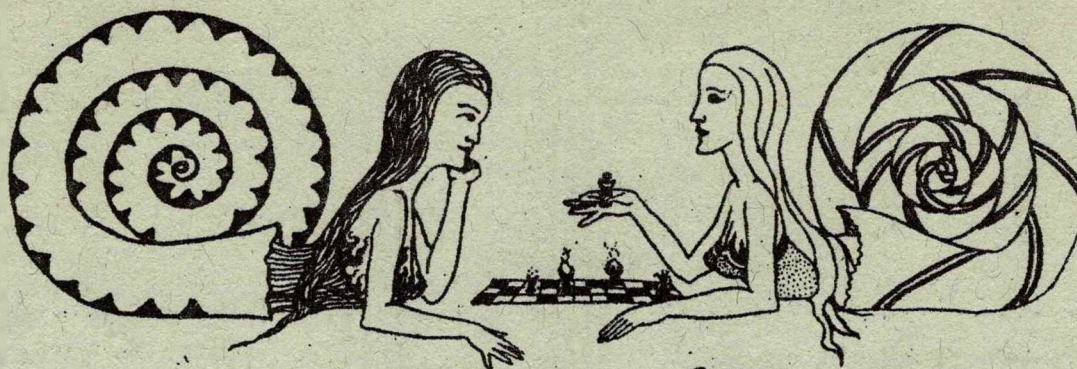
What exactly qualifies someone for a Rebel Award? It's a good question, and one that con committees hosting a DSC are going to have to give serious thought to. It was, at one time, easy to decide who should get the award--in fact, the only difficulty was in choosing the most capable of all the Southern fans who deserved the award. Now, though, there are few people left who have really established themselves in the South as deserving of the honor, and the choice gets more difficult with each year that passes without a tremendous number of people to choose from.

Everyone, I guess, has his own criteria for deciding who deserves this award for outstanding Southern fan accomplishments; one of the criteria I've always considered was duration in fandom. I can think of a good many fans who have been valuable in Southern fandom for three years, or four years, but it's hard to find someone who's been active in fandom for eight or ten years. Unfair or not, I've always seen seven years' activity in fandom as a cut-off point for anyone considered for the award; if they have stuck it out for seven years and they're still active, then they certainly deserve such an award--or consideration thereof. If, after four or five years, they seem likely to last for the full seven (an arbitrary and capricious number, I agree), then I tend to file them away for reference in a year or two.

But, to me, the Rebel is more than a longevity award; before I consider anyone qualified for the award, they have to have proven themselves in all aspects of fandom. They have to have been active in con-giving, they have to have published fanzines, they have to have been active in apas (this is optional, but I wanted to differentiate it from fanzines--there are a lot of fine apahacks I wouldn't consider for Rebel Awards because of their lack of experience with fanzines), they have to have been active in a local club, if such a thing exists--in short, I look for a fan who's done it all, and has not been driven to gaffiation as a result.

That's what went into my consideration, as co-chairman of ASFiCON, of this year's Rebel. And I don't envy future concoms...





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Meeting

The September meeting will be held Saturday, September 20th, at 8 pm, at the Peachtree Bank community room at 4525 Chamblee-Dunwoody Road. Dann Littlejohn gives a run-down on program items on this same page, but let me remind all that we need donations of auction items to raise money for the M&M fund and for SUNCATCHER, the ABC zine.

To get to the meeting, take I-285, north of Atlanta. If you're coming from the west, take the Chamblee-Dunwoody exit, turn left, and you'll find the bank a quarter of a mile up the road, 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; the access road connects with Chamblee-Dunwoody, and you turn right, and you'll find the bank about a tenth of a mile up the road, on the right. Again, this is our regular meeting place for the rest of the year, so encourage all your friends to show up for a meeting!

M&M Fund update from Angela Howell; we took in \$27 in May, \$13.65 from the June auction, \$2.50 from the July meeting, and .75 from the August, for a total of \$43.90. We spent \$11 in June, \$13.28 in July, and \$11 in August, for a total expenditure of \$35.28, leaving us \$8.62. In order to facilitate expenditure records, Angela has decided to pick up club refreshments from here on out (yes, a volunteer!), so talk with her about requests/suggestions!

All right, let's see everyone Saturday, Sept 20th, at 8:00 pm! Be there!

SEPTEMBER SEPTEMBER SEPTEMBER SEPTEMBER SEPTEMBER

by Littlejohnny, brother of Human Torch

If my thoughts seem a little muddled at the moment, bear with me. Things are a bit on the hectic side upstairs. Half of me is quickly pounding this out to meet the deadline, while the other half is engaged in a mad flurry of activity to get the video tape of ASFiCon ready for the meeting. It's been a bitch at times, for Murphy's Law struck much too often during the actual taping, causing some post-production panic here and there. I'm amazed I ended up with usable footage at all. Being cameraman, reporter, con worker, con attendee (sort of), and cursing repairman as the recorder screwed up for the umpteenth time tends to spread the energies a bit thin, even for this Gemini. Blocking out the pain from a sore shoulder while lugging about fifty odd pounds of equipment, and focusing thoughts on how-do-I-compress-three-days-onto-one-hour-of-tape brought the "Space Cadet" plaze to the eyeballs rather quickly. (Which is what some probably took me for during the conversations I remember. All other thought processes were on emergency-only standby for most, if not all, of the con) But for a last minute venture, everything went amazingly well. I hope you enjoy seeing it as much as I had making it.


In addition to the video, there will be an auction this month, as previously announced. If you got home with that 'now why DID I buy this?' awakening, or if you forgot to get something you really wanted, by all means bring yourself and some items for auction. The more the better your chances. I myself never got around to getting an ASFiCon tee shirt, so that's at the top of my list. Make out YOUR list and bring the green!

Next month, if the stars are with me, we'll have that classic film Metropolis. That robot gets my vote for the sexiest creation yet. A vision of joy for every future-minded red-blooded male! Also, the second annual Horror Trivia Quiz, or a Horror related discussion/panel. Remember that programming is open and flexible. Remember too that this new office is for EVERYONE to submit program ideas/suggestions to. A SF pizza bake-off with an eating contest? A group mural of individual visions of the future, or the building of a giant model of an ASFiC-designed spaceship? Let me know! You guys are full of talent. Admit it to yourself and show your stuff!


I and my other colleagues of the new "FANTASFC FOUR" are here in the offices not as rulers, but as your representatives. This 'big brother' is here to remind you that the programmes are by, of, and for the ASFiCans. If you'd like to see, say, a discussion of a certain author and his/her works, by all means speak up. Announcements of, background info on, and your ideas/feedback of programming is what this space is all about.

Well, time to get back to work on the video tape. See ya next time. FLAME ON !!!!!!!

PROGRAMME SELECT



FIXED



VARIABLE

☐ DISPLAY
 ☐ PRINT

TALK	BOOKS	CONS	COOKOUT	DEBATE	FILKING
BUSINESS	FILMS	HUGOS	L-5	MUSIC	MYSTERY
PIZZA	NASA	PANELS	PARTY	TBA	VTRS

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Doc 90

.....
August ASFIC Minutes and Money Retort 1980 by Deb Hammer Johnson
.....
.....

COA: Michael Tippens, 1357 Benning Place, Apt. 4, Atlanta, Ga. 30307
AND furthermore!: It's Mary AILEEN Buss (not Mary Aleen Buss)! Welcome once again
to a new and typographically alert member!

.....
Money, money, money: We started out at \$233.93, which was promptly boosted into
the stratosphere by \$20.00 influx in dues, bringing the Sept.
balance up to 253.93, but not for long. Cliff's cut of \$30.00 for ATARANTES reduced
the sum of \$223.93, and that's purty good.
.....

Aug. 16, 1980: 8:07:13 (to be inexact)--The meeting jumped to a start and the first
item up bor blabs was the election of the
new PROGRAMMING CO-ORDINATOR. Cliff announced that Pat Norrell had withdrawn due to
conflicts with the third Saturday Meeting time; remaining candidates were RON ZUKOW-
SKI, BRAD LINAWEAVER, BILL RITCH, mike weber (kicking and screaming), DAVE MINCH and
DANN LITTLEJOHN. Dann asked the pertinent question of just what duties were involv-
ed with the job. Deb and Cliff (in unison) repeated that the position was for an of-
ficer who would organize panels, be in charge of audio-visual equipment, arrange
special parties and gatherings, and essentially co-ordinate that portion of the
club meetings that occurs after the business meeting. Deb then tried to coerce the
nominees into making speeches. Brad agreed to disgrace himself if the others would
too.

Dann's platform was a systematic shakedown of club members for ideas and activity.
Brad got in front of the room, and taking a literary stance, pledged monthly readings
of "Countdown for Cindy", which rivals THE CLONES and other classics for atrocities
to the genre. Bill said that he would handle all funds thru his own bank account.
mike's comments (kicking and screaming) are not fit for transcription. Dave said that
he would have to bow out due to conflicts with his computer business. So the stage
was set. The audience hushed. Cliff drew out his NANCY cartoon strip pad. Pens and pa-
per were passed around. Deb cautioned all voting members to sign their sheets so it
could be checked off against a checklist of active, dues paid members.

While ballots were being scrawled, Cliff mentioned that the SUNCATCHER had been de-
layed due to costs, and would be out later in the year. Iris, Sue, and Jeannie men-
tioned that they were still looking for volunteers for the ASFICon jobs that needed
filling. When the ballots were collected, Dann Littlejohn was announced the winner,
with Brad L. the runner up and alternate. Brad promptly celebrated by continuing to
read from "Countdown" and was promptly hauled away away. Bob Jarrell sensed the mo-
ment was ripe and moved that the meeting be closed; Iris seconded it shortly.

.....
After the munchie break, members gathered for a discussion of THE EMPIRE STRIKES
BACK. The hot and heavy dialogue centered on the questions of who (or what) the sec-
ond hope mentioned by Yoda was, the gender of the Wookie and its implications for fu-
ture plot developments, and the question of Vader claiming to be Luke's father. Dis-
cussion also dealt with the scientific plausability of the STAR WARS cosmos, and wh-
ether the movie was truly of HUGO quality.

But the big suprise of the evening just walked right in the door, as if she was a
normal person. Long time absent member, Janice Gelb, was on hand for general insanity
and some joyous con-fever. Oldtimers like Roger and Ben Johnson and Charlie Moody
were also present, lending to the restless and exciting momentum building up for the
con on the following weekend.

FLASH GORDON by Dino DiLaurentiis

A Review by
Dan Taylor

Well...it's good. It's really good.

Never has a movie been adapted from a comic strip as faithfully as FLASH GORDON--and Lorenzo Semple was the last screenwriter I'd have expected capable of it (what with his years on BATMAN and all...).

Visually, the film is pure Alex Raymond--Mongo is instantly recognizable as the art-deco wonderland we all know. Sam Jones, portraying Flash, looks nothing like Buster Crabbe, but a great deal like a Raymond drawing (allowing for modern hairstyle.). Dale Arden (sadly, I cannot recall the actress' name) is perfect--and even that praise falls short of Max von Sydow's definitive Ming the Merciless. Even the seeming mistake of casting Topol (Tevye in FIDDLER ON THE ROOF) as Dr. Zarkoff becomes no less than... well, here's that word again... a definitive performance.

The story, you've probably heard: "Flash" Gordon, football hero, and Dale Arden, travel agent, are on a small private plane, which is hit by a mysterious ray from outer space. The plane crashes, luckily near the workshop of Dr. Hans Zarkov, forcibly retired from NASA because he insisted this very attack would take place. ("Why won't they listen to you, Jor-El?") The three of them depart in Zarkov's backyard spaceship, bound for Mongo, where they are promptly captured. Flash is scheduled for execution, but is saved by Ming's daughter (who takes a fancy to him in a way that the 1930s censors never let them make clear) and hidden on Arboria. Dale is taken to Ming's harem, while Zarkov is "reprogrammed" as an espionage agent. Of course, Zarkov resists, and Dale escapes "unharmd", and the two of them escape Mongo--only to be captured by the Wingmen.

I won't tell everything, but I will say that this is very much a cliffhanger-filled movie, just as the original was.

The weaknesses of the film, while not many, are glaring--some of the blue-screen special effects are sloppily done (leading to semi-transparent spaceships) and the Wingmen look like mere barbarians wearing oddly-shaped shields on their backs. Rarely have I seen wings that looked less like wings than these--they gave the appearance of being cast bronze, not living appendages.

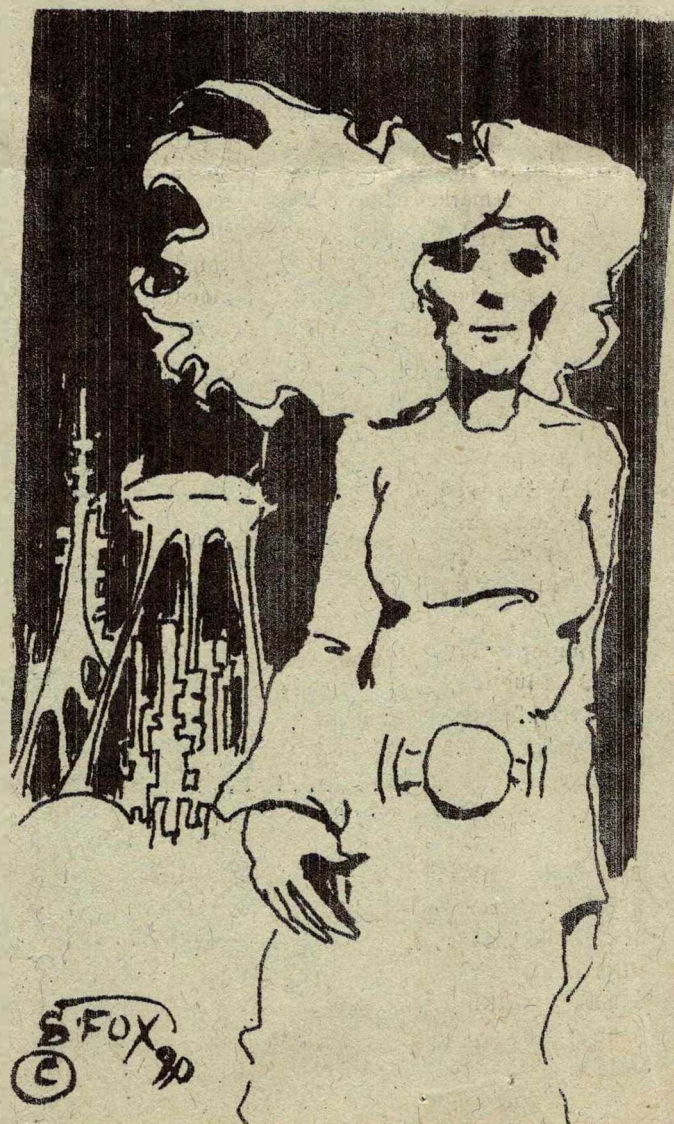
There are precious few giveaways, but from a mock PEOPLE cover featuring Flash Gordon early in the movie, I assume the setting is the present. It doesn't really matter, though, except that Flash and Dale use distinctly 1980 slang (in a telepathy scene, Flash, while being seduced by Ming's daughter, is heard to think, "Wow! This girl really turns me on.") and Flash has the bad taste to begin the movie wearing a t-shirt with his own

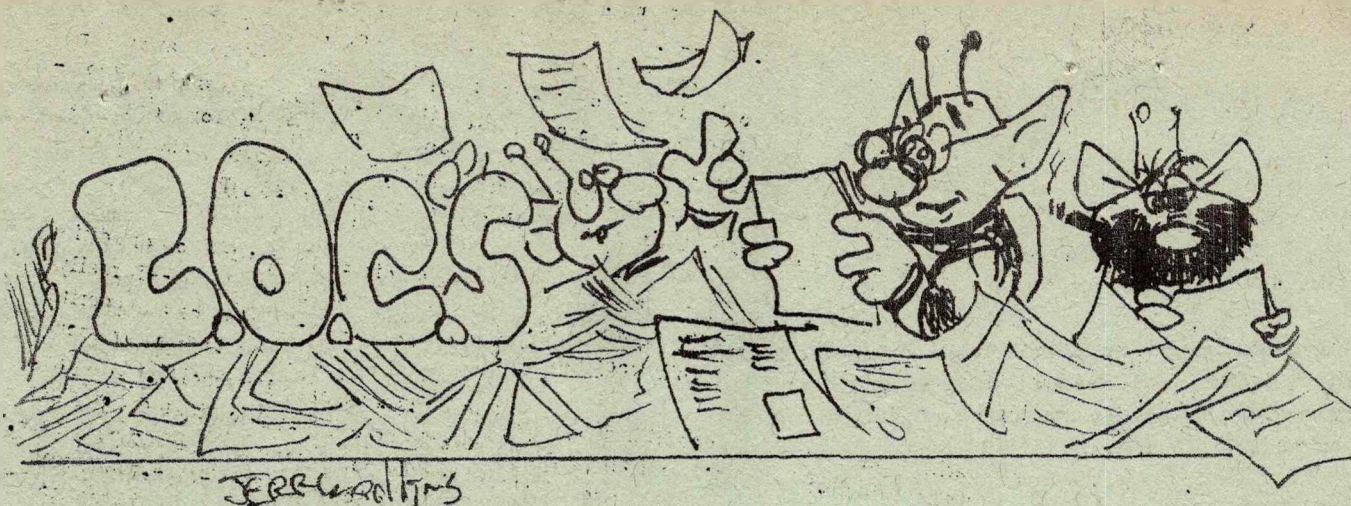
name on it, in Raymond's logo. (From his performance, I can't help thinking he needs it as a reminder--another dumb jock.)

The most jarring element in the film is its musical score--in this era of symphonic scores by Williams and Goldsmith, FLASH GORDON was composed and performed by--get this--Queen. It's not bad, really, it's just a bit odd, and takes getting used to--which will bring me back to see this film again: I didn't get used to it until the final scenes.

Well, diLaurentiis fooled me.. Based on KING KONG and other efforts, I was expecting the worst from FLASH GORDON--and what he gave us was nothing less than an Alex Raymond Sunday page brought to life--perhaps the definitive film version of an American legend.

BUT--after using Raymond drawings in the opening credits, as well as (from appearances) for preproduction sketches and storyboards... why was Alex Raymond not credited in any way? Grr...





Deb Hammer-Johnson • Reading all this connews strikes strange
2 Tyler St. chords in me. I've just floated down
Rome, GA 30161 from the DSC this past week, and still
haven't collected all my thoughts on
the matter. I'm tickled that the B'ham folks got the bid; I've
yet to attend a bad con in Alabama. Also, having Jack Vance
as Guest of Honor is a bon vivant. It's no secret that he's my
Big Favorite sf author. Glad to see MidSouthCon move to Chat-
tanooga; I'm a sucker for almost-local cons in affordable ho-
tels run by dependable people.

I'm not surprised at the FAAn Award winners you announce;
Gilliland is my Big Favorite humor cartoonist. In my inflated
opinion, his work for Geis SFR is what makes the zine readable.
Harry Warner, Jr., is the clearcut and respectable leader for
us all; I've remarked a number of times that he serves as a
sort of model for my own haphazard efforts. Don't know if
much will be accomplished in the feelings about getting a
Southerner on the FAAn Committee, since most of the new com-
mittee are West Coast. Maybe next year.

I have curiosities about the Harlequin Juvenile SF line. My
favorite Heinlein and Silverberg were classified as "juveniles";
think what would happen if the juvenile sf market boom were to
hit other Hallowed Old Authors, like Philip K. Dick, Brian
Aldiss, and Piers Anthony. Fantasy has been the best field for
young people's fiction in the past decade, and I'd like to see
more written in the sf vein.

Iris' review of THE SHINING echoes my own reactions to the
film. If Kubrick had stuck to the spirit of the book, then he'd
truly have "an epic horror film". A recent King convert is my
mother, who has overcome her distaste for horror by diving in-
to THE DEAD ZONE. I'm glad to see the paperback of his
newest book doing so well on the bestseller lists.

Brad continues his descent into the depravities of ROBOT MON-
STER and is creating quite a movement in ASFIC for his brand
of sf. The big buzz-pugz lately has been a showing of PLAN,
NINE in all its glories on a local station. I took a look at the
GOLDEN TURKIES book and saw that all Brad's favorites are in
there right along with "Night of the Lepus", "Attack of the
Mole People," and "The Bees." Definitely not an empty field.

Ron Zukowski
233 Colorado Ave.
Hapeville, GA 30354

Gee, been two years and I never did
a loc to this rag! Actually, I hate
to sit down at this typewriter, and
hate to get up and leave it when I
finish my raft of letters. Right now, with the lack of good sf
movies (there's a terrific space opera playing for six months
everywhere--but then you've already heard all you want to
hear about the EMPIRE CAUGHT LOOKING--by the way,
Vader lied, JR Ewing is Luke's real father, which is why no-
body wanted to tell him) and with my favorite author, Cliff
Simak, having taken CLOSE ENCOUNTERS to the cleaners in
VISITORS (if it's tongue in cheek, and I wonder, then Simak
has pulled off a very interesting satire. I know a man who
could use one of those cars...)

I like almost everything about the way ATAR is done...I'm
the only living member of ASFIC who seems to get the thing
on time, all the time, so I have always known where the
meeting was going to be. I also get my copy in good shape.
Since I have never crossed the palm of my mailman, I cannot
ascertain why this occurs. It has become a regular feature of
the meeting to hear new complaints about ATAR's mail de-
livery. ((Yes, it has, and I am just about this--make tiny
gesture--concerned with it. I'm tempted to make an ATAR
MAIL DELIVERY FORM, have members with complaints fill
it out, then end it with "now throw this in the trash, which
is what the ATAR editor will do with it." I'll take respon-
sibility for a lot with ATAR, but once I mail it, a higher--or
lowlier--power has control of it, and I no longer Can Do Any-
thing.))

I wonder about functional illiterates, also. I work with and
around computers, and while a child can use and can program
one, that child has to know how to read and write and mul-
tiply and add and so forth. Since Radio Shack is putting a
hand-held model on the market, and Commodore will have
something similar soon, I hope that this will bring about an
increase in literacy--or an interest in increased literacy.

I don't know any Midwestern fans, even though I have rela-
tives in the midwest who like and read science fiction. They
must be doing something, but what?

I'd like to see ASFiC do more programming, if only so we could qualify for a mention in the Now Here It Is, Come See It section of the Atlanta Fishwrapper. I don't think we need thousands of members like the LA group--of which Mike Glyer of MYRIAD and ASEiCON fame is secretary--but they have, for goodness sake, their own building...

Last comment; is the club getting some kind of deal on ~~Wahk-
Hondas~~ Hondas? I feel out of place in a Toyota, at times, when I come into the lot and find five or six or Bog knows how many of those things in the lot at the bank building. ((I have a piece I did a few years ago, explaining the innate faanishness of Hondas over any other car--maybe if I get an expression of interest in the upcoming locs, I'll run it here. At any rate, Mike and Sue have just added a new Honda station wagon to Atlanta's growing number of faanish Hondas, so get rid of the ~~toy~~ Toyota and get a REAL fan's car.))

Cathy Howard Have to go along with Arthur Hlay-
3600 Parker Ave. aty's letter; since I got involved in
Louisville, KY 40212 fandom about a year ago my reading
 has cut down to a third of what it
 formerly was. My book buying habits refuse to reform so I
have wound up with the common fan status. Books I haven't
gotten around to reading are stacked everywhere. Will also
agree that fans read more than they often think they do. Was
doing a lot of discussion of books at Rivercon with other fans,
and found I'd read about half the titles mentioned. Most of
the others I hadn't felt to be worth the purchase price as I
looked at them in the store.

Oh, dear, Hank Reinhardt's reaction to THE MAGIC LABYRINTH isn't encouraging at all to someone bogged down halfway through THE FABULOUS RIVERBOAT, and hoping to finish the series anyway. I have DARK DESIGN and plan to get ML, but Hank's auction doesn't help dissuade my hesitancy to finish the series. I probably will, and I might follow his lead and dump the mess afterward. ((A new pasttime--Dump the Riverworld auctions! It could catch on!))

Dan Taylor I'm rather tired of hearing that THE
550 Boulevard SE LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS is again
Atlanta, GA 30312 about to be published. What exactly
 is the problem? Ellison must have all
the manuscripts in by now; is he just arguing about paperback
and book club editions again? After all this ballyhoo, if
this thing isn't Hugo Gernsback's Second Coming, Mouth
better be prepared to give up writing altogether and take up
professional slander. ((I've heard that various problems con-
cerned pricing of the book, packaging, and book club edi-
tions--and, of course, the seemingly-perpetual delay in fin-
ishing all the introductions. Does anyone seriously expect
the book to be valuable as anything more than an outdated
oddity when it finally appears? I, for one, don't.))

Tara's letter worries me, though. I think the problem is
more along the lines cited by Marty Cantor--for example, ad-
mittedly I've been out of touch for a few months, but after

all this discussion, I'm still not sure what the FAAn Awards are,
who gives them, by what criteria, and (most importantly) why
I should care. OBVIOUSLY there's some lack of communica-
tion here. 'Course, if I were a BNF, or a SMOF, I might know--
but the power of judgment, lying as it does, relates this to the
same sort of office politics I came into fandom to escape. Sorry
I can't treat the subject with the length it probably deserves--
but I don't know anything about it--and that is pretty much the
problem, isn't it? Me and how many other people?

Not that I wholly agree with Marty--who seems to object to
Southerners on the committee. I don't think anyone is advo-
cating "token" committee members based on geography--but
again, the fact that I don't know diddysquat about this mess
says somebody needs to pay a bit more attention to the South.
If this end is best served by having a Southern fan on the com-
mittee, then do it! Just what is the geographical breakdown?

Wade Gilbreath presented an interesting hypothesis--possible
dispersion, dilution, and eventual destruction of Southern Fan-
dom through interaction with "the outside." To be honest, I
doubt it. Such things will likely take the same pattern they
take in the SCA--when neighboring kingdoms have conflicting
styles, they either get huffy about it and refuse to see each
other, or they agree--~~ts-disagree~~ & continue to communicate,
yet each group preserves its unique flavor.

((The third paragraph of your letter says exactly what I've been
saying--namely, that if the FAAn awards want to be credible,
they have to reach a wide audience of fanzine readers. The
South is overlooked at present, and the suggestions that South-
ern fans should promote it, without any Southerners on the com-
mittee, is in effect saying "do the committee's work for them,
but don't expect any credit for it." But now, to make things
fair, let's hear Marty's side on this one again.))

Marty Cantor You did an interesting job of editing
5263 Riverton Ave. #1 on my LoC in ATAR #38--it really
N Hollywood CA 91601 made me seem more of a hypocrite
 than I am. And that is one reason
that HOLIER THAN THOU has a 20 page lettercol... Anyway,
I'm certain that my loc pointed out that I nominated/voted for
the FAAn committee based on competence that I had perceived.
That meant I nominated/voted for one out-of-my-area person
whom I had met just briefly--Victoria Wayne. My impression
of her competence came through her zines. ((I didn't edit out
any remarks explaining who you picked on the basis of com-
petence, Marty; the only two people you named were Bruce
Pelz and Mike Glyer, Californians both. No one accused you
of being hypocritical--the fact that you know these people are
competent is a fine reason to vote for them. But the fact that
you don't know a lot of competent Southerners who nonethe-
less exist might be a fine reason for districting.)) I believe
that my LoC made it clear that I consider regionalism to be
an outmoded concept (and non-productive to boot.

I do not understand the complaints about "Southern Fandom" being
so far removed (geographically) from the rest of fandom.

- Southern Californians even farther removed geographically from other major centers of fandom than is much of the South((that may be so, but let me point out that Southern California is a major center of fandom in itself, and furthermore, travel from NY to California is far, far cheaper than it is from Atlanta to California, thanks to many coast-to-coast specials--and that helps California cons attract a lot of out-of-area fans, for sure.)). I guess that we do not notice our isolation as much as might otherwise be the case because of the thousands of fans in the area. The LASPS itself has about 140 attendees at the weekly meetings. Another thing: fans around here do not think of themselves as Southern California fans--it is more that we are fans who happen to live in Southern California...Most Southern California fans do not appear to have the same topics of grousing as do many "Southern" fans. We do not spend near as much time talking about "Southern California fandom" as much as "Southern fans" seem to talk about "Southern" fandom.

Incidentally, I have put quotation marks around the word "Southern" because many "Southern" fans are merely migrants from other regions (e.g., Guy Lillian, the Lynches, etc.).

((So what? A Southern fan is basically a fan who lives in the South, is active in fandom, and recognizes the unique regional feel of Southern fandom. That, by the way, is why there is no real "Southern California" fandom; there's no unique feel, no unique point-of-view, no strong camaraderia that unites Southern California fans. You just live in the same area. Most Southern fans are very, very aware of the unique feel of fandom in this area, and are proud of it.))

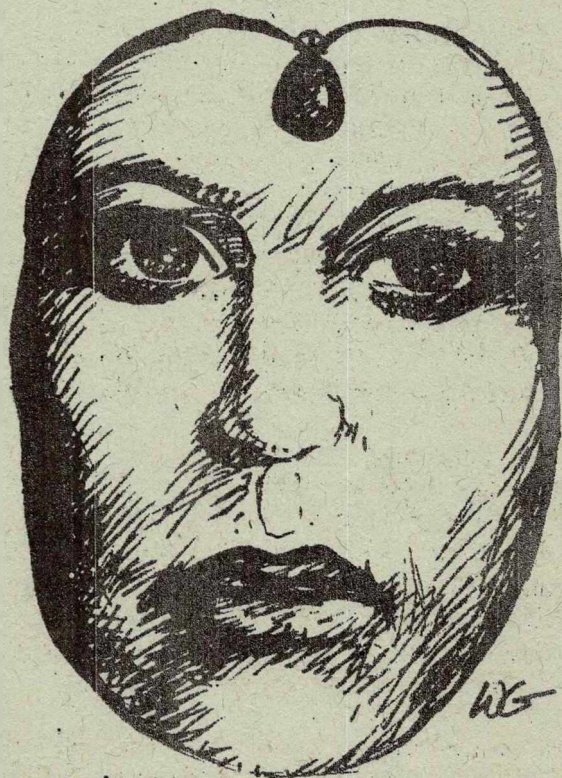
If Southerners would forget about the fact that they are "Southerners" and, instead, concentrate on fanac and fun, I do believe that they would get more out of their fanac. Goodness knows, our self-identification as fans gives us more in common with each other than our geographical locations give us things in common with our next door neighbors. ((Ah, but geographical similarity, cultural sharings, and fandom give us far more in common than just fandom. By the way, the final paragraph seems to imply that, if Southern fans would stop asking for national recognition, for people to pay attention to zines not produced by California or NYC-area fans, for instance, they'd be happy. It sounds a lot like a "stay where you are and don't bother us" type argument, which I'm sure isn't what you meant. Nonetheless, you're debating general and vague terms like "happy" when the issue was simply recognition for superior achievement. Waxing philosophic is fine, but it still doesn't change the fact that the make-up of the FAAn Awards committee is mostly regional, the results come from certain regions (and eliciting votes at a single con like Autoclave certainly doesn't help produce unweighted results), and there's a tendency to dismiss a lot of smaller Southern zines, particularly those produced by Southern clubs, as simply "clubzines," when the clubzine is a thriving and lively form for the most part in the South. The unfair review of ANVIL in the latest RUNE, for instance, shows that the reviewer either didn't even read the zine or didn't give a damn that he/she was making a biased and stereotyped (and untrue) judgment that ANVIL would be of

little interest to non-club members because it was just a clubzine. Actually, it's a genzine paid for by a club. And as a result of that sort of prejudice, fine material appearing in ANVIL and other zines will not get its due recognition until someone encourages recognition of Southern zines. And ultimately, your argument against separation brings us to the final decision that fandom is a form of separation, a mental regionalism, and should be willingly abolished.))

Brian Earl Brown
16711 Burt Rd. #207
Detroit, MI 48219

I agree that a lot of fine artists in the south are being ignored because they give most of their work to clubzines, but I don't think that they are ignored because fans disdain clubzines. Rather I think the reason fewer people know about Charlie Williams or Jerry Collins is that they are "splashing the field". Steven Fox is much better known throughout fandom because he's made an effort to be published in as many different fanzines as possible.

I suppose there are "right" fanzines to hit, but none of them reject fan artists because of their locale. ((Nonetheless, the award isn't necessarily going to the best artist, but more to the best artist whose work appeared in certain fanzines, which is extremely unfair to those who don't feel any desire to send work to those sources. In other words, the entire thing becomes not a recognition of achievement, but a political elitism.)) It seems to me that the problem is mostly that of southern fans sticking too much to themselves. I say this not to be rude but to explain why the FAAn awards seem so cliquish. To most other fans, the South seems to be just a wasteland...



Arthur Hlavaty
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New Rochelle NY 10801

I suspect that one of the biggest problems keeping participation in the FAAn Awards down was the two-ballot system, which will apparently come to an end next year. There was less than 6 weeks between the time finalists were announced and the voting deadline. That meant that a faneditor who wanted to get ballots out had to do a zine almost immediately upon receipt of the announcement of the finalists. . . And if we are switching over to a one-ballot system, I'd like to endorse Patrick Nielson Hayden's suggestion that there be scrolls or somesuch awarded to the top 5 or so finishers, rather than having A Winner in each category. This would promote a vision of fandom as a group where perceived excellence is rewarded, not a competitive field where it is important to be first rather than second. For another, it would recognize the diversity of fandom. If I were faced with a choice for best fan writer among, let us say, Dave Lock, Ed Zdrojewski, Avedon Carol, Jeff Grimshaw, and Dave Langford, I wouldn't know how to begin choosing because these are obviously such different writers that one can only choose which type of writing one prefers. Finally, the multiple-winner approach would make it reasonable to broaden the voting base. If voters were faced with the awesome task of picking THE BEST in each category, then perhaps the voting should be restricted to that "tiny group of people who know almost everything about fmg," of which Taral speaks. Incidentally, I have no idea who these Happy Few are (other than Taral himself, of course). I know I'm not one of them. . .

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, MD 21740

This issue gives me the first word I've heard about the end of FANTASTIC. You list it as 28 years old; am I hopelessly confused, or was it a sort of direct descendant of FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, the companion magazine to AMAZING that Ziff-Davis began in the late 1930s or early 1940s? Finding the first issue of FANTASTIC ADV. was a big moment for me, back in the era when I could get excited about prozines. Not only was it a new prozine, but it was also the first large-size prozine since AMAZING and WONDER had shrunk from their original quarto dimension, and to top everything else, it had Paul covers or back covers or something. ((Actually, for a while, FA and FANTASTIC were published by Ziff-Davis, but that lasted less than a year. Soon after the publication of the first FANTASTIC, FA merged with the magazine, so your impression is virtually correct.))

I hope this dissension of opinion over whether the fans in the South should be insular or should engulf the rest of fandom doesn't become too bitter. Did you know that the celebrated Lee Hoffman was, to the best of my knowledge, the first fan to plug regularly and publicly her status as a southern fan? She was active when there was a lot of tape recorder correspondence going on, and she invariably began a tape letter with a few bars of a recording of Dixie.

THE SHINING strikes me as a novel that couldn't have been properly translated as a whole to the screen. The climax alone takes well over an hour for a fast reader to get through in the novel and to put it intact on the silver screen would take

more time all by itself than the average film requires in toto. On the other hand, if Hollywood has botched the characterization as Iris Brown indicates, that's legitimate reason to gripe about the film.

The cover is quite good. I gather this customer has not created any particular sensation in this particular branch of McDonald's since nobody has clustered around or fled in terror. That isn't surprising, when I think about the appearance of some individuals who patronize the branch in the local mall. Fine job, Jerry Collins.

Sally Cook
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Atlanta GA 30324

I know I haven't attended any meetings lately, contributed any illos, or written any locs. But I figure having four major operations and a baby in the past two years ought to rate pretty high in the excuse dept. I'm still in bed recovering from my latest surgery. It'll be another month or so before I'm up and about again so I surely do appreciate my mailbox.

I love Deb's reports--it's almost as good as attending the meetings. Brad Linaweaver's DER KRAPP is attention-grabbing and entertaining. Bill Ritch's views on EMPIRE and sf historicity were intelligent and insightful. I wish he'd do a regular column. The illos are great, as usual, but special mention should be made of your and Wade's cover on ATAR #37; doped up cross-eyed at the hospital, I studied it a lot since my eyes couldn't focus on your itty-bitsy type. The cover on #38 is hilarious; Jerry Colling ought to be a pro cartoonist if he isn't already. Ditto for Charlie Williams and his excellent work. Wondefful Wade has simply established such a consistent standard of excellence that he's in danger of being taken for granted. Can't say as much for Roger Caldwell, since he seems to have some crudeness of layout in his work. By the way, Sue Phillips' columns work best when she has a definite direction and a solid point to make; sometimes she rambles, and it's hard to follow.

Iris Brown
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Wade Gilbreath's loc in the last ATAR started me to thinking seriously about "Southern Fandom" and the various goals for that nebulous organization that certain people are currently promoting. Though I don't actually disagree with Wade per se, I tend to look at matters differently. I don't see that exporting, or pushing/pulling Southern Fandom into national fandom's mainstream is necessarily a Bad Thing. What I don't like is the implication (as Jim Gilpatrick sees it) that we have any duty or obligation to go further and further to more and more cons in order to "prove" that Southern fandom does indeed exist. We don't need to go outside of the South to justify our existence. The idea of a big ABC genzine strikes me as being based on a similar idea; that is, if the ABC groups are loosely organized they need to do something to justify the situation. ((I can see your point, but I look on the ABC zine as an opportunity to pool efforts, not necessarily something done to show the world what's here. I don't see SUNCATCHER as the raison d'etre for ABC, though, and I feel that anyone who does see it that way is sorely misguided.))

continued on page 14

CON REPS

ASFICON--from the inside looking out--by Angela Howell

Out of all the conventions I've participated in or attended, A SFICON was the most enjoyable. Why? A feeling of accomplishment, perhaps. A year ago, I wasn't sure what to expect, and my enthusiasm was low. Then, I got involved in one capacity after another. Time flew by--April, May, June, July--and suddenly it was August, con month. The con was three weeks away, then two, then one, then days. The hotel was calling me every day, unless I called them first. Cliff, Rich, and Mike were having conferences, dividing duties, handling problems. And the phone was ringing constantly, thanks to a hotel that gave out my number first when people asked the hotel how to get con info.

On August 22, it was up at 7 am, head to the hotel, get things going. We were there before nine, working with Allen of the hotel to set up the hucksters' room. Vince was there, and Cliff. Friendly faces begin to appear, the concomm arrived here and there, and registration suddenly found itself open a little after noon, two hours before we intended to get things open. After minor problems getting in the rooms, things began to settle into a familiar routine, and Susan Biggers, Iris Brown and I pulled 'eight hours' duty at registration. Larry Hanson, meanwhile, built the Hanson Drive-In Theatre in the Congress Ballroom, assembling a mass of wood and steel that looked like nothing so much as a drive-in screen--and it was lovely, the finest screen I've ever seen in use at a con. At last, at 10 pm, we got some food, and about six hours later, some sleep.

Saturday went well. Most of the day, registration occupied my time, at least until time to help arrange final banquet details with the hotel. After a half-hour delay on programming that had the co-chairs running in circles, things got on schedule--until the art auction threw them off again. I'll have to wait to see the videotapes that Dann made to determine what programming was like--aside from the Page Roast, I didn't see any program items. Ah, but the Page Roast--that was the most carefully planned and executed bit of fannish humor that I've ever seen, and the banquet was a great success with a good turnout.

Someone dubbed this the baby con. Jennifer made her debut at the banquet and cheered along with everyone else when Hank got his pie in the face. She enjoyed it as much as we did, in fact. Christopher Lyons was there, Elizabeth McNeill showed up, and Amy Phillips made the trip from B'ham. Ben was there, with Deb; all in all, it was a good turnout by the committee of the 2008 DSC.

The one advantage to working registration was that I got to talk to people, since everyone had to come by registration at

least once--and much more often if they wanted to see the art show and/or the hucksters' room. I got to meet all the guests, all the MYRIAD members I'd never met before (and they were all there but three--boo on Cecil Hutto, D Potter, and Andy Whitehead). I heard nothing but good words on the films and video room and game room, although I never got to see any of them.

Sunday was a relief. It was all almost anticlimactic after a year of preparation. It's a lot like Frankie, our hotel sales rep, said: "This reminds me of a LOVE BOAT episode. Everybody comes in, checks in, enjoys themselves, has their own special escapades and reunions, and three days later they tell of their experiences and the fun they had as they all say goodbye."

In a way, it's not really over: almost everyone will be back next year for the 1981 ASFiCon over the Halloween weekend. And I'm actually looking forward to working with everyone again; I guess traneafanishness is contagious.



IT HAPPENED IN BOSTON? -- a worldcon report -- by Joe Celko

I went to Worldcon in Boston this year; in spite of my personal expense/budget problem and a huge turnout, it was a pretty good con. The horror story for me was the hotel. I stayed at the MidTown, which is across the street from the Sheraton and Prudential Center. The day staff is Spanish-speaking, and a bit hostile. Later, they got to be a lot more hostile.

I found that by coming early, I confused them a bit. They had a \$50 deposit (paid last year) and had just gotten a check for \$150 from me--but since that check hadn't cleared yet, they refused to honor it. Furthermore, my crash-space renter had not paid his \$100 as I expected, so the hotel wants \$250 from me. In advance. In cash. We wind up with my room padlocked the second night I'm there--just to get my attention, you know.

When I talked to the nightshift, they informed me that the room rate I was getting was wrong. It should be \$3 (con rate), but I was being billed \$53. They mark my bill down; day shift restores it to \$53 and padlocks the door, again. Night shift takes a check. Day shift refuses it. I get three different check-out times. *sigh*

I did rotate enough crash space to help with this mess, but it was the worst thing I ever had happen at a con. I stayed on there just to cause as much trouble as I could. I think they won.

Another interesting, and unpublicized, aspect of Boston is that the hotels are locked up at night to prevent people from coming in unless they're registered; it makes a royal pain for potential-crashers. Not to mention crash-space-renters.

The con had an ice cream bar in the hallway to the film area, and it must have paid for itself in two days. For those who liked more substantial food, across the street from Prudential Center you could find lots of cheap quick places. I liked Bulkie because they had a lobster plate for \$3.25. In the mornings, I'd get a can of warm beer, go to a French bakery and buy a loaf of warm bread and a sweet roll, and down it all. It may sound like a horrible diet, but the beer was absorbed by the bread and you feel full, not drunk.

One day I was feeding remnants of my bread to the pigeons. I couldn't resist trying to catch one of the birds--I was successful. After that, the flock wouldn't get close to me, in spite of the fact that, unlike the Ayatollah, I let the hostage go. Maybe I should have eaten him: squab sandwich. Oh, and I did come to an ultimate conclusion: I liked ASFICON's generic BEER as much as the name brands.

The final people count was 5800 attending. I'm sure this is a record. I'm also sure the con was understaffed for this turnout, because they were constantly soliciting volunteers. I'm surprised the whole thing ran so smoothly, with only minor problems like people dropping things off the roof or defending themselves against aggressive hotel security guards.

Met lots of new people, like Liz Zitzow, a local kid who wore a billed cap with lobster claws and tail on it during the early part of the con, and changed over to a rabbit-fur bikini for the costume contest. And Chase (last name forgotten), who had been stuck without cash at one point and came to me, a damsel in distress. Everyone else thought that was funny... John Desmond is a games designer with a small company. He shared a room with me a night or two, and thus had a vested interest in my hotel fights, since that determined where he was sleeping.

Among the old folks I've seen at many a con, Ruth Kaplan was down with a cold, just like the last time I saw her. Cathi Croenfield, a Mensa friend, was there in costume for the first time, and appreciated the flattery, photography, and egoboo. I pounced, but did not score, alas. Gail Higgins went through the dealers' room and autograph sessions like a Neo. Had to buy one of everything, get everyone to sign her program book, etc. It's weird to watch a 30 year old woman behave like a 15 year old girl. I think the only cliché she missed was "I liked your old stuff better" at the autograph sessions. And Amy Waldron was there in costume as the woman warrior on the cover of EPID #3. She won nothing, but I think it deserved "sexiest outfit."

ART CREDITS: cover, Jerry Collins; p. 2, Melissa Snowind; p. 3 (logo) Cliff Diggers; p. 8, Wade Gilbreath; p. 4, Melissa Snowind; p. 5, Steven Fox; p. 7, Jerry Collins; p. 9, Wade Gilbreath; p. 11, Charlie Williams; p. 12, Fred Jackson.

The thing that attracted my attention in the hucksters' room was a tarot deck done by sf and fantasy artists. The deck added new cards, but it was done in confused styles throughout, and often the symbolism of the cards was horrible. Some were cartooned (ATOM and the ten of swords) and some were traditional (Freas and the world). Some were abstract and some were sfnal. I'm not sure I was impressed.

Mike Jittlov, the Wizard of Speed and Time, had to be the big surprise for the con. He had his film clips and a wild sense of the absurd to hold a full crowd toward the end of the con. For instance, when asked how he ran past the train in the "wizard" short done for Disney, he said the train was doing 120 mph, so he simply did 200 mph and it photographed well. He objected at one point to the TV Dr. Strange show not giving credit to Steve Ditko (this was one reason he ultimately didn't work on it), and he seemed most knowledgeable of the media.

The rumors of an Atlanta worldcon bid have reached New York, as I found out in their con bid suite. I had the only corkscrew in the house and was an instant hero (laugh at my Swiss Army Knife now, unbelievers). They noticed my badge and asked me about the Atlanta bid, so I'm sure that the rumor is spreading without Atlanta help nowadays.

About a thousand people stayed behind for the dead dog parties. This got to be a problem, because there was another conference of EEG techs coming in; they didn't like our noise, so they sent their private security guards to break up room parties. We did not get much help from hotel security because (rumor) one of our people broke the arm of the guard that grabbed him from behind at the pool.

I stayed for Putrid Dog Day, too. Less trouble, but then we did have fewer people. I saw CALIGULA--what a waste of \$6. They dropped the part about him making his horse a Roman senator (we now only send the back half of the horse to the Senate).

All in all, a good worldcon, and the committee deserves some credit for managing everything for the long weekend.

Heh, Heh, YOUR INDICIA IS
SHOWING YOUNG LADY,



NOT TO
MENTION
YOUR
COLOPHON.

Fregac

DER KRAPP

brad linaweaver

There are ~~artist's~~ pretensions in ROBOT MONSTER. For one thing, there is a running motif. Once during the credits, we see a flash of light up in the sky, followed by a descending fireball that, by the alchemy of a quick cut, becomes a salamander that falls on the snout of a sad alligator wearing a dinosaur fin. Later, this is shown when the Great Guidance is on a rampage. Kubrick's bone-into-spaceship is nowhere. (The best part of the movie may be considered that part of the credits that pauses over a display of old pulp magazines. After that, the movie is down-hill.)

By Jove, now that I think about it, there's another motif. The rabbit ears! Every time Ro-Man fiddlez with them we lose our tv picture to the snow furies. Hssss! Patience in the night. I suspect that the bubble machine helps bring back the picture. (I'll bet those bubbles look important in 3D.)

Ro-Man is afforded all the best lines: "You can't escape," and "Your death will be...(insert gesture) indescribable!" His most memorable comment raises the film from the dung heaps of trash to the pinnacle of sub-mediocrity. It's a thematic statement for the film. And before I give you the "word," I'm gonna tell you what it's all about:

Like so many horror movies, ROBOT MONSTER is another variation on the beauty and the beast fable. In the fine tradition of KING KONG, BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, and even PSYCHO, it is a female who reaches the inner well of emotion, a well that even gurgles in the obviously male Ro-Man's burly chest. There is a lovely scene of Ro-Man carrying Mr. Hero's widow (who is attractive, by the way) through the rock quarry to his cave. If you look closely, you can see that she's got a big grin. She's having a grand old time and her pleasue must be contagious because he wants in on a good thing. He tries to make love to her. He wants to know if she can have the same feelings towards him that she had for the handsome--and currently dead--hero. Ro-Man pulls her hand to his side. She doesn't resist overmuch. They actually try to kiss! I saw it! Ever try to kiss a space helmet?

The Great Guidance is hacked that his agent--an all purpose one--"man" army--could have the hots for an Earth girl. Would the progeny be fat and exuding bubbles? The prospect is too much for GG...He gives an ultimatum. Ro-Man for the first time in his life makes a choice, preferring freedom to conformity. We are not surprised when Ro-Man is wiped out for his audacity. GG bombards the traitor with something that looks like farts from the negative zone. GG says that if Ro-Man can live a Hu-Man, he can die a Hu-Man (moon apes always

emphasize the second syllable). Then, just for the hell of it, GG turns on the Q ray thus releasing dinosaurs that "will destroy all life." GG knows what he's talking about: the lizards look tired enough to be dead. A sex scene would have been more interesting.

Yes, we shed a collective tear of empathy when Ro-Man, in pensive closeup, defied his master's direct order to liquidate the girl. He didn't want to kill her, but he suspected the penalty for disobedience. To kill? The theme: "I must...(insert wildly gesturing hand and bobbing head) but I cannot."

A moment so powerful is out of place in an otherwise banal film. We can congratulate the creative minds behind this project on their restraint here. Even though ROBOT MONSTER is of the school that holds the woman responsible for the tough guy monster's mistake, the point wasn't overstated. Of course if I'd directed it, I'd have someone come out at the end and say, "Oh no, it wasn't the girl. It was Great Guidance killed the Ro-Man!"

I won'd keep you in suspense any longer. After we find out that the story was nothing more than the boy's dream, and the cast wanders off, you'll never guess who comes out of the cave after them, arms outreached. It wasn't Lon Chaney, Jr.

In the end
When all was done and said,
Fried monkeys lay dead;
By watching it through
We'd paid our dues
And time it was
For those Monday morning
Test pattern blues.

So ends the FALL OF THE RO-MAN, the first time I did an article about the joy of watching drek. I leave you with a final quote to contemplate as you drive to the next ASFiC meeting; Ro-Man looks to the heavens and asks, "At what point on the graph do 'must' and 'cannot' meet?"

It's interesting to place ROBOT MONSTER in perspective to the 3D cycle of the 50s. Initially some good genre films made use of the process. There were the dynamic Gothic horror qualities of HOUSE OF WAX, with Vincent Price (WB), the memorable impact of Jack Arnold's IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE--based on Ray Bradbury's script "The Meteor"--and the simple effectiveness of THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON (both Universal). Strange little items like THE MAZE (Allied Artists) also received the 3D treatment.

If "Der Krapp" is to single out any releasing outfit for a distinction, it should be Astor Films. Not only did they give the world ROBOT MONSTER in 1953 but bounced back with CAT WOMEN OF THE MOON in 1954, also 3D. The second film is pretty bad but not really in Ro-Man's league. (Both deal with the moon for some reason)

In a future installment I'll give the loving treatment to CAT

(DER KRAPP, contd.)

WOMEN. This raises the question of what "Der Krapp" will do to keep from becoming stale. There is a veritable universe of awful SFantasy film (unfortunate but true). We'll never run out of material to roast, and from time to time bad books will merit a look just for variety's sake.

I pay close attention to the letters column and take requests seriously. Deb Hammer-Johnson has suggested the lesser films of Lionel Atwill as grist for my terrible mill (he was in quite a few good ones but I'll by-pass those and go straight for the you-know-what). Dan Taylor has brought up the subject of Bert I. Gordon (Mr. BIG) and his juvenile excursions into the subject of giantism. I'll certainly get around to both of these in time.

Next month I begin my long-promised examination of Japanese monster movies. Ah, what is the significance of tons and tons of rubber?

NEXT: Toho or not Toho?

((FALL OF THE RO-MAN copyright 1977 by SQUONK))

LETTERS OF COMMENT, contd. from page 10 - - - - -

The special gestalt of Southern fandom may be due to a friendly, casual way in which it began. But it's more a point of view and an approach to fandom than an insulated community formed by geographical barriers. Southern Fandom hasn't been an unchanging institution which we have been careful to preserve. It has changed and probably will continue to do so.

ATARANTES #39
Cliff Biggers
6045 Summit Wood Dr.
Kennesaw, GA 30144

WHY YOU'RE GETTING ATAR

- ☒ ASFiC member
- ☐ Subscriber
- ☒ Contributor
- ☒ Your name's within
- ☐ Trade
- ☐ We'd love to trade
- ☒ please contribute!
- ☐ we need artwork!
- ☐ this is your last ATAR
- ☐ unless you pay dues of \$10,
- ☐ subscribe, or sweettalk
- ☐ me...

ATAR also contained Dick Lynch's proposal that the At-Bham-Chat groups merge and meet one city one month, another city the next, and rotate among three sites thusly. I can hear the shocked exclamations of Atlanta bus-riders already. This idea would merely cause many people to fafiate. A pleasant evening with friends is possible to many who merely have to cross town, but there aren't many who can afford to make a long trip two months out of three. Furthermore, every city has out-of-town members who'd scarcely be able to travel even farther, in most cases, than they have to now. And if distances are a problem in the South, imagine how tough it would be for some Southerners to make regular excursions to out-of-region cons because someone saw it as their duty...

Larry Mason
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Chamblee GA 30341

I'm finally prompted to do a loc by the suggestion of a "Big Club" (SESFA) mentioned in the last ATARANTES.

As one of the co-founders of the Atlanta club, I suppose I have as much of an interest in seeing ASFiC continue as anyone. The idea of merging with the Chattanooga and Birmingham clubs is inot in any way a positive step for ASFiC. It is, and always has been, a local group. The same is true of the other clubs in their respective cities, and each club serves people in each area. One large club meeting in three different locations several hours apart will not be able to attract very many members able to attend meetings on a very regular basis. I think all three cities need to maintain their independence and separate identities. I believe the merger proposal will gain much support from any of the club. Cons are already available for intracity gatherings, in addition to occasional visiting members at club mtgs.



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NEXT ASFiC MEETING
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th
8:00 PM, PEACHTREE BANK
4525 Chamblee-Dunwoody Rd.
(see p. 4 for directions)
Highlights of ASFiCON!!!!