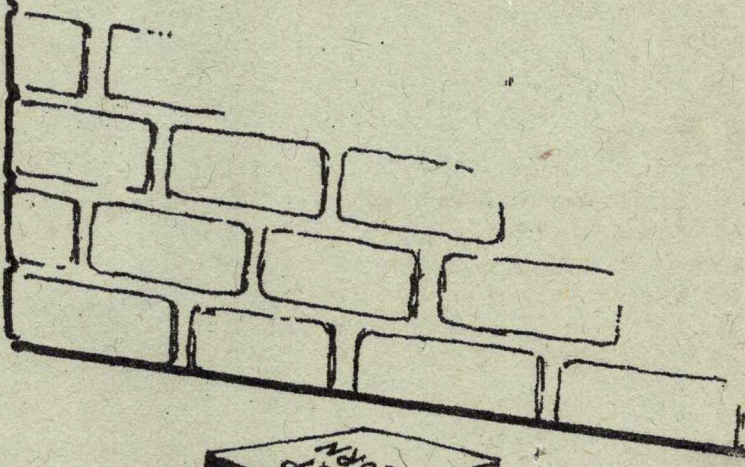
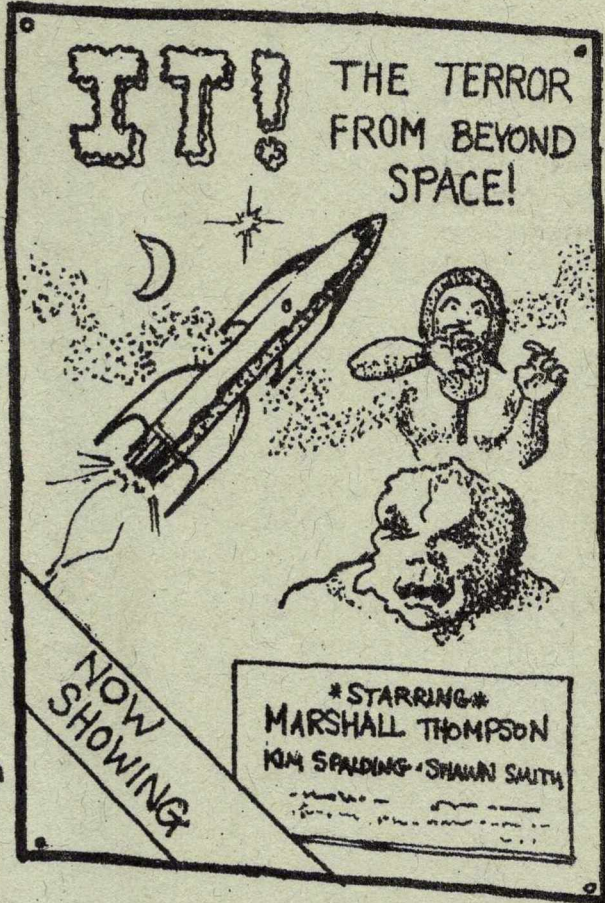
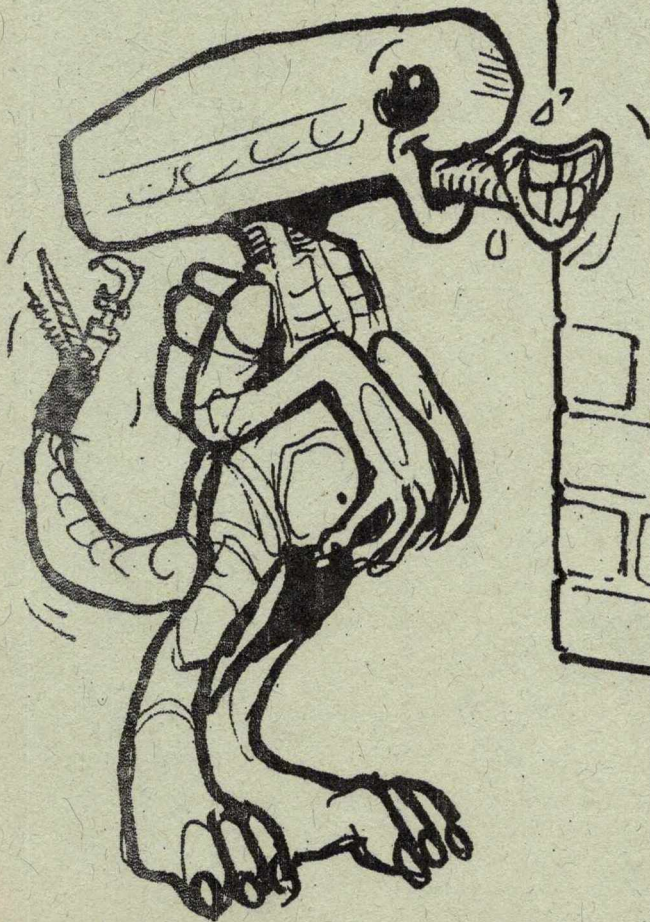


# ATARANTES

DADDY!!



CHUCK BIGG  
JERRY COLLINS



# ATARANTES

## THE HOTSY TOSY ZINE

October 30-November 1, 1981, will be the dates for ASFiCON 2, the second annual Atlanta Science Fiction Convention. The convention, scheduled to be held at the Northlake Hilton (the site of the first ASFiCON this past August), will feature the same variety of programming and activities as before, plus a special Masquerade Saturday night--Halloween.

This year's guests have been announced, also. Professional Guest of Honor is Robert Silverberg, esteemed author and editor; Fan Guest of Honor is Joe D. Siclari, faneditor and publisher of Harry Warner, Jr.'s fan history, A WEALTH OF FABLE; and Master of Ceremonies is Michael Bishop, returning in the capacity he filled so well this past year.

Memberships are available for \$8 until March 31, 1981; \$10 from then until September 30, 1981; and \$12 from October 1st through the convention itself. Dealers' tables are available for \$20 each (limit 4 tables per dealer); dealer's room is being handled by Avery Davis, 500 Northside Cir Apt HH-11, Atlanta GA 30309. Hotel rates and banquet rates are not available at present, but will be announced as soon as the convention committee knows. Mail memberships to ASFiCON 2, 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw, GA 30144.

In other convention news, Spider and Jeannie Robinson have had to bow out as Guests of Honor at next June's MidSouthCon, according to convention chairman Andy Purcell. It seems there was a conflict with another convention they had committed themselves to--a dance convention/presentation of some sort--and this made attendance at the Chattanooga MidSouthCon impossible. As soon as a new Guest of Honor is known, it will be announced.

## What's New

A.E. Van Vogt and 20th Century Fox have reached an agreement concerning Van Vogt's contention that ALIEN was based on his short story "Discord in Scarlet." Van Vogt has been paid \$50,000 to dismiss all claims, and he still retains the rights to both the story and the larger work of which it is a part, VOYAGE OF THE SPACE BEAGLE.

Susan Allison, recently with Pocket Books and formerly Jim Baen's assistant at Ace, has taken over Ace Books' science fiction line in the wake of Baen's departure.

PLAYBOY has acquired the rights to run a condensation of Frank Herbert's new Dune novel in the January issue of that magazine. OMNI had also expressed interest in the book, but was outbid.

Hank Stine, editor of Starblaze Books, is now functioning as the editor of Belmont-Tower SF as well. According to Stine, the Belmont-Tower line will be more sf-adventure.

Gene Roddenberry is making noises about STAR TREK returning as a limited series on television once again; he's talking in terms of six to eight two hour episodes per season, with all the original cast back in their roles. If this sounds familiar, it is....

John Varley is preparing a screenplay of his story "Air Raid" for MGM. // Dick Cavett has had some interesting guests of late; Steven King was one of his guests on a two-part show on October 30 and 31; Ray Bradbury was a guest in a two-partner aired November 4 and 5. // The previewing of FLASH GORDON at selected sites across the country met with generally good response, although the reviewing public seems mystified by the choice of QUEEN as the group to do the soundtrack..



ATARANTES #41 (November, 1980) is the latest in a series of monthly ASFiC fanzines produced by Cliff Biggers, 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw GA 30144. Copies free to members of the Atlanta Science Fiction Club; 35¢ or 12/\$3.50 to non-members, or free for The Usual. All material copyright (c) 1980 by Cliff Biggers; rights revert to contributors. Right, Brad?



## Choice Morsels

The Chattanooga Science Fiction Association, CSFA, in a move that might bring about a change in the structure of the club, voted in November to vote in February, after a suitable time for discussion, as to whether or not the club wishes to end its anarchy in favor of a constitution and officers.

For reasons unannounced as of press time, but probably due to a late deadline, the November 8th MYRIAD mailing was eliminated entirely, and there will be no mailing until December 31st, when MYRIAD will resume its regular bi-monthly schedule. OE Rich Howell says an explanation is forthcoming to MYRIAD members.

Guy Lillian has handily won re-election as the Official Editor of SFFA, defeating opponent Bob Jennings in an election that determined, among other things, who got to put out the 100th mailing of the apa.

On a more personal note, ASFiC members John Whatley and Jeannie Corbin have filed for divorce under amicable terms; likewise, Deb Hammer Johnson and Roger Johnson have also filed for divorce, again under amicable terms. And in ASFiC-member-news of a different slant, Deb Hammer Johnson and Laura Bulman have both sold their used bookstores.

Randy Satterfield, ASFiC member and book entrepreneur, announces that his World of Words in Kennesaw is open for business, and carries a large stock of both new and used sf. Randy offers a 10% discount to all ASFiC members.

On the officer-election front: in addition to the officers positions and candidates announced on the second page of the minutes (page 10), Ron Zukowski is running for secretary/treasurer next year and Sue Phillips (incumbent) is running for Vice President. This makes our official slate of announced candidates as follows: PRESIDENT: Angela Howell VICE PRESIDENT: Sue Phillips, Cliff Biggers SECRETARY-TREASURER: Iris Brown, Ron Zukowski PROGRAM DIRECTOR: Dann Littlejohn. Any dues-paid member of ASFiC as of this November meeting is eligible to run for any office of the club, in case you're still mulling it over.

ABOUT THE COVER: Last month's cover-round-robin session produced several fine cover drawings, but this joint effort of Jerry Collins, Cliff Biggers, and Wade Gilbreath is by far the most whimsical of them all. The original will be auctioned off at our next ASFiC auction. It's hoped by the editor that more cover draw-offs will be forthcoming.

## Meeting

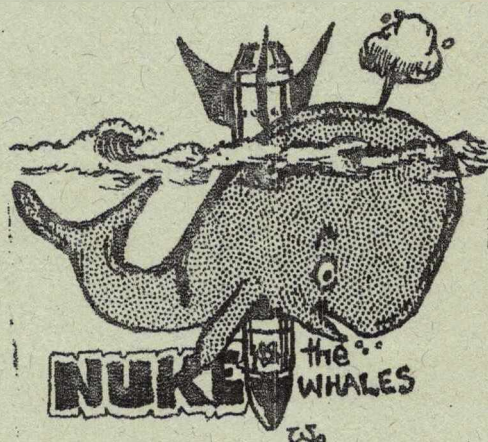
The November meeting will be held Saturday, November 15, at 8 pm at the Peachtree Bank Community Room at 4525 Chamblee-Dunwoody Road. The program is mentioned in the block below. To get to the meeting, take I-285 north of Atlanta. If you're coming from the west, take the Chamblee-Dunwoody exit, turn 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. You'll find the bank about a tenth of a mile up the road, on the right. This will be our regular meeting place for the next year, so encourage all your friends to show up for a meeting!

### NOVEMBER PROGRAMMING - Dann Littlejohn

November. A final burst of color and motion before that monotone stillness creeps in to overtake little corners of earth. Warm gentle breezes turn into cold, icy fingers, and send us scurrying for the warmth and comfort of a rosy fire. Plump armchair, glass of warm wine, and, most of all, a good book to color our imagination until spring is reborn.

Books are the subject of this month's program. Many members have been expressing an interest in the works of H.P. Lovecraft, so it is fitting that we begin the winter month's desolate chill with a discussion of the writings of HPL and the Cthulhu Mythos in general. The discussion will be led by John Whatley, Brad Linaweaver, and Cliff Biggers, and it's expected that everyone will join in and add a little to this discussion of a popular science fantasy/horror author.

In addition, Avery Davis hopes to have his slides of ASFiCON available for viewing, in case you forgot what the con was like. Be there!





# FILMS

XANADU. Reviewed by Bill Ritch.

When I first heard of the film over six months ago it was touted as a big-budget musical like they did in the fifties. I was sure they would probably ruin it and make it more normal and dull, like has happened with some other 70s movies. No one told me, however, that it was going to be a fantasy.

And what a fantasy. Olivia Newton-John plays a muse, one of the nine daughters of Zeus (played in the film as the voice of Wilfred Hyde-White). To be precise, she is Terpsichore, the muse of lyric poetry and dancing (the perfect muse for a musical). This is just perfect for ONJ and her fans. When I first saw her on tv six years ago, I was struck with how ethereal and un-human she seemed; at that time she was very stiff and wooden while singing, rather like a china doll. If Olivia Newton-John had any flaws then, it was that she didn't know how to move.

The film GREASE had one saving grace: it taught ONJ how to move and how to act. XANADU shows she really can act. The film begins with the hero, Sonny Malone (Michael Beck), trying to paint. In disgust he tears up one of his unfinished works and scatters the pieces to the wind. As in MARY POPPINS, the camera follows the pieces of paper as they travel to a painting in chalk on a wall in an alley; it is the nine muses. As the paper settles, ending the invocation, the muses come alive, stepping one by one from the chalk painting. One of the nice touches is that as they come out of the painting they are real humans, but are surrounded by an intense animated aura, signifying their godhood. The Electric Light Orchestra song, "I'm Alive," which orchestrates this awakening, is very appropriate. After they're all free of the painting, they go their separate ways to inspire artists all over the world.

As the muses zip across the world in a twinkling of an eye, I am reminded by the special effects of some of the work of Mike Jittlov. ONJ, off to inspire XANADU, winds up in Los Angeles on roller skates in the park. She skates up to Sonny, kisses him, and skates off, turning into a zzzip of light as Sonny watches. This catches his attention, to be sure.

The plot is very simple; just the old story of boy meets goddess. Sonny is a frustrated artist stuck working for a record company that makes large-scale reproductions of album jackets. Gabe Kelly, as Danny McGuire, is a frustrated musician working as a building contractor, making more money than he knows what to do with. ONJ, as I have mentioned, is a muse sent to inspire Malone and McGuire to open XANADU, an art-deco music/dance club of the dream world.

What makes this movie is the music and the visuals. Most musicals play with the thin border between fantasy and reality,

but XANADU quite often gives up the reality altogether. The film has a sensawonder. There are all too few films that do. The production numbers are spectacular, and completely divorced from reality. I have to tell you about one number.

The film is filled with bizarre digitised wipes and cuts. There is a lot of animation on the real characters to enhance speed effects. And then, there is this production number. Part way through the song "Suddenly" ONJ and Michael Beck come very close to each other and become cartoons. Then they dissolve into a beam of light and pop out of a rose. They pass through a stream of water and are fish, then birds, and back to animated humans again. The animation was full animation; the scene looks like it was taken from FANTASIA. Not only is the animation that good, the actual character drawing, by Don Bluth productions, was done in the Disney style--it was impressive.

XANADU is a film experience. It should be seen more than once; there are all too few musicals like this any more. If only there were a theatre playing it on a screen that it deserves...

SOMEWHERE IN TIME. Reviewed by Mary Aileen Buss.

SOMEWHERE IN TIME is an old-fashioned love story with a difference: the young man and woman are from different times. The basic story is that a successful young playwright is captivated by the portrait of a famous actress and travels back in time nearly 70 years to meet her. This plot, although deceptively simple, is very well crafted and flows smoothly from beginning to end. Everything hangs together logically and nothing is either unnecessary or unexplained. The film has a soothing, dreamlike quality well suited to a fantasy of this nature. It moves slowly and deliberately; scene changes are accomplished by means of long dissolves, one picture fading gradually into the next. The music, too, is quiet and gentle, helping create the mood of the film.

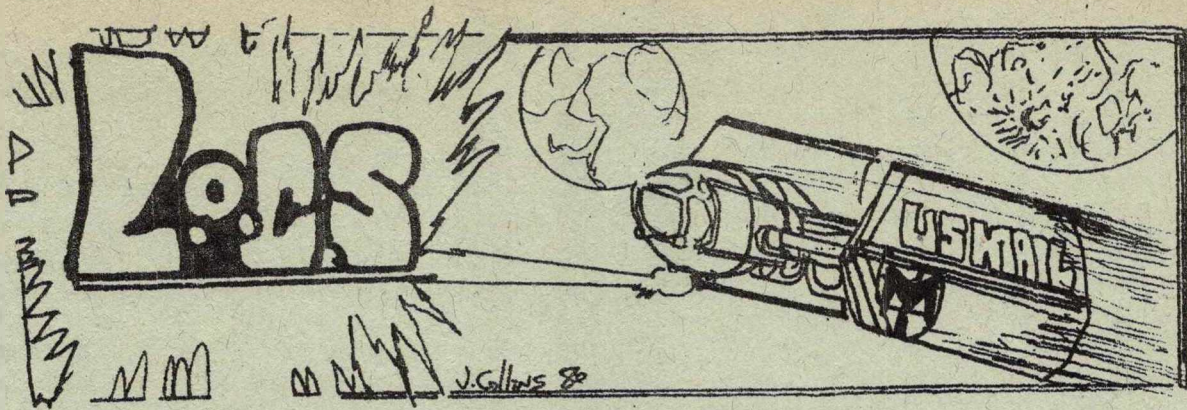
SOMEWHERE IN TIME also raises some interesting philosophical questions; one of these is the nature of fate. The hero, Richard Collier, is unable to keep events from taking their course, because to do so would be to alter his own past. Are we, perhaps, doomed to live out our lives as pawns in someone else's history? Another is the nature of time travel. Can it be achieved by hypnotizing oneself into believing that one is in the past, as this film suggests? And finally, there is the question of circularity. There is a certain watch that Collier gives Elise McKenna, the actress, which she keeps all her life until she, as an old woman, gives it in turn to the young Collier before he travels back in time. This watch, therefore, never had an independent existence; it is doomed to repeat forever this closed circle. Who made the watch? Where did the materials for it come from?

For all of these reasons, SOMEWHERE IN TIME is an excellent film, very thought-provoking and most enjoyable. I would rate it among the best films of the year.

\*\*\*

Blank space is far more controversial to an editor than anything anyone might write.....





Avery Davis  
500 Northside Dr. Apt HH-11  
Atlanta, GA 30309

I would like to say a few words to those others as "mundanes", and if IASFM becomes the main influence on sf, with its mundane stories, what do we become as fans?

September issue, ANALOG magazine is now published by Davis Publications, Inc., who also publishes ISAAC ASIMOV'S SF MAGAZINE. ANALOG has long been published by Conde Nast, and it never fit in with any of the other magazines there, so the change to Davis is welcome in that respect. My main qualms are a renewal of those I had when John W. Campbell died: would the magazine maintain the same standards of excellence that it had before? Under Ben Bova and Dr. Stanley Schmidt, ANALOG has maintained continuity with its past, and I have found 90% of the issues to be enjoyable from cover to cover. But now, ANALOG is in close proximity with IASFM, which is an entirely different magazine with different policies and editing. The stories in IASFM just aren't of as high a quality as those in ANALOG (at least in my opinion). For instance, look at the September 1980 issue of IASFM. In it were five stories written about the cover illustration. One of these was so poor, it was almost painful to read. For the most part, the stories are readable and enjoyable, but they are seldom threatening and thought provoking; while ANALOG, following Campbell's policy, looks for controversial subjects (anything to get them thinking). Also, ANALOG serializes novels, which is a practice I appreciate very much, as it stretches my budget for SF reading material, as well as giving capsule summaries of what has happened in previous installments that can be delights in themselves (remember the synopsis that appeared in front of the second installment of Frank Herbert's CHILDREN OF DUNE that summarized in one paragraph the novels that preceded this one?). Basically, I'm concerned that George Scithers may come to have some influence on ANALOG'S editorial policy that would turn the magazine away from Campbell's legacy into a copy of IASFM, leading to an eventual merger of the two magazines. This, I think, would be one of the worst things that could happen to modern sf. Gone would be the controversial editorials and science facts articles, along with the thought-provoking and sometimes disturbing sf stories and novels. Instead, cardboard characters and some amusing little anecdotes would prevail, and only occasionally would a good story appear. This may be politically and legally safe, but it certainly is bland. Or is that mundane? Most fans differentiate themselves from non-fans by referring

On the other hand, maybe the reverse will happen, and ANALOG will influence IASFM to become a more interesting and higher quality magazine. If it can do this, and still have a separate identity, then we will all benefit.

At the very least, I would hope for a continued separation of editorial policy and control between the two magazines, so that they can continue their individual directions and styles, giving the sf readership a wide variety of material to choose from.

((I appreciate your concern, even if I can't agree with it. As far as I'm concerned, ANALOG hasn't been provocative and controversial for over a decade now. Your feelings concerning the current ANALOG changes echo mine of ten years ago, when Campbell died and Bova took his place. Since then, the magazine has never achieved for me the level it seems to have achieved for you. But I do second your hope that it will not become another IASFM; that magazine is undoubtedly the poorest the market has to offer overall, filled with an occasional good story sandwiched between heavy layers of mediocrity.))

Marty Cantor  
5263 Riverton Ave. Apt 1  
No. Hollywood, CA 91601

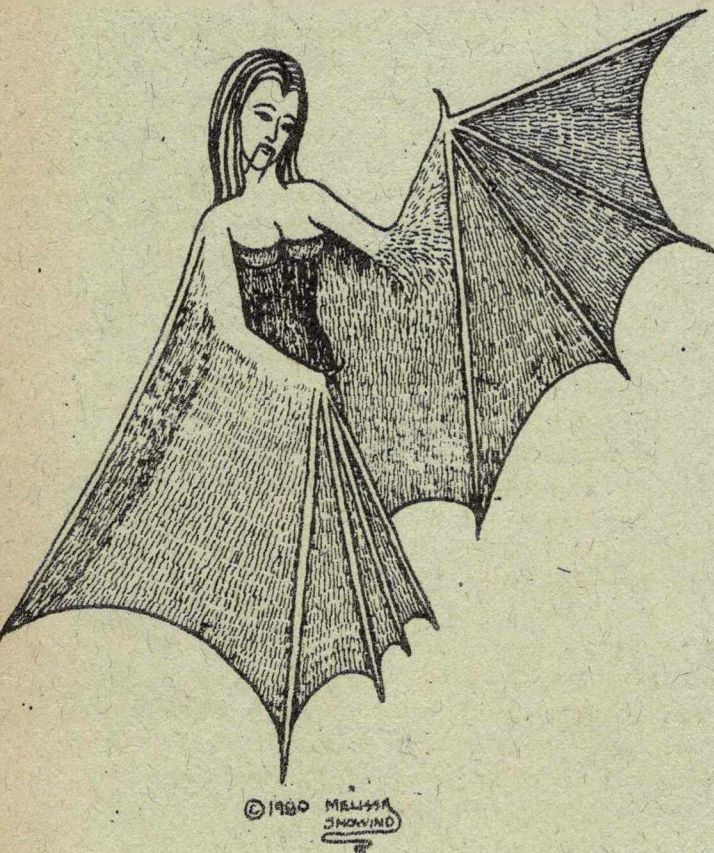
You have my apologies for not locating ATAR 39. Too many things piled up on me at once and I just ran completely out of any time for locating. By the time that I finally got hold of Mike Gunderloy, my co-editor of SHAGGY who was fating, SHAGGY was late. Then I got ill with a bad case of shingles, causing me to miss about 2 weeks of work on written fanac, delaying SHAGGY even more. It also did not help things (things being me getting my fanac current) that I pulled a copp and took over APA-L at about this time. I now have a new co-editor to help me with SHAGGY: Mike Glyer (of whom some of you in Atlanta may have heard). This eases the burden on me somewhat...

I really did miss, though, holding up my end of the conversation in your lettercolumn. Especially considering the fact that I see that I am still misunderstood--apparently I have still not made myself clear on a number of points. (It does not help matters that the only time I have for typing locs is twixt waiting on custom...



Dan S. Taylor "detects a certain geographical bias" in my writing. I make no secret of the fact that I believe that Southern California has the best weather in this country. Sure, the Los Angeles basin is, at times, smoggy. I can live with smog (and consider it more preferable to cold and rain and snow and shit like that there). And it is not always smoggy here; we just had eleven days of the worst smog in ten years--followed by crystal clear days with the temperature almost to 90 degrees. Yes, I love it here--and I make no bones about it. However, there are more than enough people living out here, and I am more than happy that there are people who choose to live elsewhere. I may believe that the weather elsewhere is extremely less than optimal--that does not mean that I believe that the people living in such places are less than optimal. I would certainly not be bemoaning my lack of time and money for attending cons outside of Southern California if I did not want to meet and socialize with fans from other parts of the country and the world. I would certainly not be wanting this if I believed that these fans were not worth knowing. I would certainly not be looting ATAR if I felt Southern fans to be less than the kind of people whom I would like as my friends.

May I suggest to Mr. Taylor that there are some feelings of isolation among some Southern California fans. The only cons in Los Angeles that appeal to trufen are the yearly LOSCONS (this year to be held Thanksgiving weekend) and the (mostly) every other year WESTERCONS. The other cons held out here (and there are many of them) are either commercial Dough Wright things or media cons or one or another stripe. (There is some sort of Fantasy Con activity; however, I am a Science Fiction, not a Fantasy, fan.)



Anyway, just because we have several writers living in the area (some of whom are active in fandom) in no way lessens our feelings of isolation. (That is, for those of us who notice the isolation. Many LASFS members are strictly local fans who find their fanac satisfied by the weekly LASFS meetings.) That about which we feel isolated is our long distance from other fans--having writers in our area does not assuage that feeling. Fans in all parts of the South live much closer to fans in most other parts of the country than do Southern Californians and other West Coast fans. Just look at a map to see what I mean. The fans who seem to live the closest to each other (and do a lot of visiting back and forth) seem to be those fans in the Northeast and the Midwest. Actually, fans everywhere seem to believe that they (and their area) are (is) isolated from the rest of fandom.

Dan requests that I drop the quotation marks around "Southern". Just where does he suggest I use those quotation marks? I do, after all, have a quota on quotation marks, and I am required to use a certain number of them per year.

Cliff, you gave a good answer to Dan Taylor as to why he should care about the FAAn Awards. With the Hugo fanzine awards being dominated by the semi-prozines, the FAAn awards are the only game in town re: recognition for trufen fanzines. They are peer-group awards. I am concerned that too few people vote in the FAAn awards--I would be just as concerned if too many people voted in them (considering the fact that most fanzines have print runs no larger than 200-300 --and the FAAn awards will work only if those voting have seen a goodly percentage of the fanzines.)

I was going to put in a plug here for HOLIER THAN THOU (there are a few copies left of #8); however, you probably do not have any room left for a plug. ((You're right, so I won't even give you space to mention your fine, entertaining zine that offers a variety of opinion, commentary, and wit, lotsa art, and comes out ahead of schedule.))

Deb Hammer Johnson says, "Southern fandom is more homogenous than any other section of the country..." If that be true, I will have to say that Southern California fandom is pasteurized, and New York City fandom is raw. I will desist from milking that pun any further. ((Good--you've already used the cream of the crop, and anything else would merely be churning them out, so we should quite before ice cream.))

((I still feel that Southern California fandom has a tremendous fan-population density, and is, in effect, one of three or four real centers of fandom in the country. Southern fandom is far more widespread, less numerous, and less aware of one another until recently.))

Deb Hammer Johnson  
3990 Clairmont Road  
Chamblee, GA 30341

ATAR #40 was a fine issue; I was very impressed with Tarkas' cover, and I hope you can use more of his art in the future. Also, I agree wholeheartedly with what Mike Rogers says about the



Rebel Award, although I can also understand why you feel the way you do. Most of all, I feel there needs to be some criteria for the presentation of the award.

Kudos go to all your loccists; I'm awfully fond of that Deb Hammer Johnson person. But that secretary/treasurer has got to go; she's way off the deepend.

I'm looking forward to not being an officer any more, so that I can feel proper in doing some columns for ATARANTES. I have several ideas for the type of thing I'd like to see in the zine, column-wise, and am looking forward to the chance to try them out.

Dave Minch  
3146 Smokecreek Ct.  
Atlanta, GA 30345

I also was interested by the list of Rebel qualifications you gave in ATAR. I simultaneously believe that you were both too restrictive in the list

and too easy. I'll explain; if you leave the qualification simply at activity in all phases of fannish activity (cons, clubs, and zines), I'm eligible for the Rebel. I have a long history in all three, though my major activities were outside Southern fandom, i.e., before I came to Atlanta. I was a founding member of StLStF and I was one of the members who met at the first ASFiC (nee Fannish Inquisition) meeting. I've served as an officer of clubs outside Atlanta. I was an editor of THE OUTSIDER, the clubzine published for general distribution by StLStF in the mid 70's. I was a member of the organizing committee for the first Archon and, as I've related elsewhere, it was my vote that turned the issue. I honestly don't think I deserve the Rebel for this. I don't expect to win one during my lifetime, either.

Limiting those qualifications to activities in southern fandom could create some interesting questions--what's "southern"? What about someone who is active before coming South? Where do we mark the start of eligibility. That's minor, though. A better problem is this: where do you find people who meet the qualifications? I can't think of many...

Who gets the next one? I know, the B'ham committee gets to name their choice, but I mean that we may be running short of people to take the award under your list of eligibility requirements...

((You echo the point I was making: there aren't sufficient candidates for the Rebel Award for it to automatically become an expected thing for someone to get the Rebel in the future. We are rapidly reaching the point where "No Award" is going to occur far more frequently than a named Rebel winner, as far as I'm concerned, and the fact that that won't happen is evidence that the standards either vary or are being lowered to include Ghoud Guys who don't really do anything in particular, but will probably get the award nevertheless. While this isn't a carefully researched decision, I will say that after five minutes of rumination, I can come up with only three people who deserve the award at present who haven't received



it already. Three. And I only foresee one or two more candidates forthcoming in the near future.

Furthermore, I don't want anyone to think that I was saying that outstanding achievement in fanzines, clubs, and cons automatically qualified one for a Rebel; what I said was that it automatically qualified one for consideration for a Rebel. There are several people who have been involved in all three, but haven't excelled in any of them, and I fear that mere involvement is not sufficient for Rebel consideration. I fear also that the award will become relatively trivial unless some valid--and difficult--standards are set for it.))

Steven Fox  
5646 Pemberton St.  
Philadelphia, PA 19143

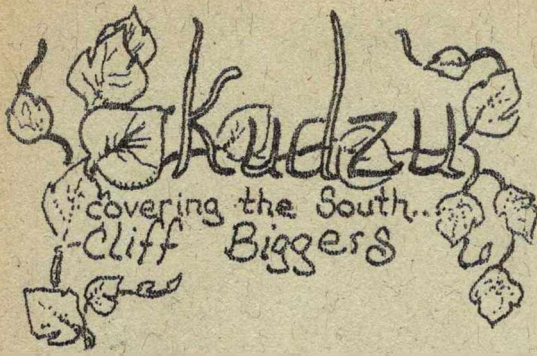
My feeling is that Southern fandom deserves its spot in fandom as a whole, and it shouldn't be ignored. In fact, I'm eager to contribute to SUNCATCHER and see more of Southern fandom.

The con report by Pat Morell was done well. I have yet to attend a relaxicon. I may never, since I like to see and participate in the programming events at any con. I like conversation, but I also like con goings on.

((I tend to agree; I like con goings-on as well. I do enjoy relaxicons that (a) bill themselves as such well in advance--truth in advertising and all that--and (b) charge accordingly. I dislike and resent large-con prices on relaxicons. Having run both a pair of relaxicons and co-run a DeepSouthCon, I have some idea of con budgeting, and know that there's no relaxicon that should ask \$8 or \$10 of its members. Ultimately, a relaxicon becomes simply a party for those either near enough or affluent enough to attend--a party where the attendees pay their own way. If everyone gets involved in the communal spirit of such a thing, it can be most successful.))

WE NEED more locs, folks! Surely there's something you can come up with an outrageous comment on, something you can add to ATAR #42! Don't keep it to yourself--write it!





Why are there so few print fans in Southern fandom in comparison with the large number of convention-going fans? What is it that encourages fans to spend time and money going to conventions, but discourages them from getting involved in fanzines, apazines, and fanpublishing to as large a degree as seems to be the norm elsewhere?

This is why Southern fandom has a problem receiving the recognition it deserves, I'd think; Southern cons tend to attract only Southerners, with a handful of exceptions, and the fanzine field here, while of high quality generally, is of such small quantity that it's mostly overlooked by those outside the South.

In 1975, I began publishing FUTURE RETROSPECTIVE, the fanzine that Susan and I still publish, albeit far more irregularly than I feel I should admit. At the time, there were no more than a half-dozen other fanzines coming from the area located east of the Mississippi and south of the Mason-Dixon line--and I'm being generous even there, because I can't think of more than two or three.

There are a large number of clubzines being produced nowadays; with a few exceptions, however, most of these are skimpy productions of two pages or so offering little more than club news and meeting information. CHAT, ATARANTES, and ANVIL seem to be the only regular clubzines that offer a variety of material besides club info, con reports, and the occasional review--and even these three offer a large quantity of this material, the kind of material that is often used as filler rather than as a genuine feature of interest. ((I'm fully of the schobl that book reviews, if used, shouldn't be isolated little things, but should be included with enough other review material to give the reader a good idea of the writer/editor's taste--as in FR. And con reports are enjoyable in moderation--large numbers of them tend to destroy my appetite for them entirely for a while.))

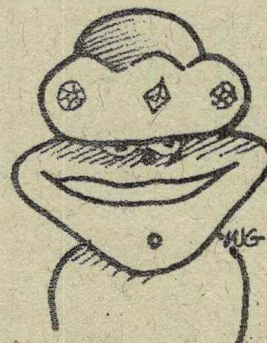
FR, I might note, seems to have inspired a couple of people to use its format as a stepping-stone for their own zines; Barry Hunter began his WHAT THE POSTMAN BROUGHT, inspired partly by Ned Brooks' IT COMES IN THE MAIL; later, this zine changed to BARYON, and began following the same review and letters format we used in the early FRs (later on, we added columns, commentary, and the like, which was not picked up on by BARYON). BARYON wasn't an imitation of FR, but it took its inspiration and format there.

The South had quite a few reviewzines for a while; Keith Justice had his more fancy SF BOOKLOG, there were the aforementioned zines, and even Rich Howell's first issue of SIRIUSNEES had an emphasis on reviews. It's easy to see why; reviews communicate something about both book and reviewer, they're easy for the audience to relate to, and they establish quick reader feedback generally. Alas, reviewzines are a bit of a limited product, since most readers get tired of reading reviews after the fifth or sixth review of the same books in the different reviewzines. This was the reason for the large amount of non-review material in the more recent FRs; at the time I produced them, I felt like my product would not be read unless it offered something the other zines of its type did not.

Oddly, the South has had all too few personalzines. Deb Hammer Johnson did her NEW MOTHER DEMENTIA, but it was not a typical personalzine--it seems to function more as a fan/nonfan contact interface than as a fannish personalzine. Don Markstein used to publish TANDSTIKKERZEITUNG, which was probably one of the finest Southern personalzines produced--but it ran all too few issues before it disappeared entirely. And, outside of that, there's been very little.

We have quite a heritage of fine zines; QUANDRY, Lee Hoffman's fine zine, came from here; COSMAG/SF DIGEST, a fine zine of the 50s, was an Atlanta publication; Jerry Page's LORE can't be overlooked; nor can Steve and Binker Hughes' PAN. Meade Frierson's superlative HPL has to be considered a highlight of the Southern zine field, as was NOLAZINE under Don Markstein's direction. But none of these are currently available, and there isn't much coming in to replace them.

Ironacally, the South has very, very few crudzines to its name; what does come from the area is usually quite good. Unfortunately, there's all too little coming from the area today, and I would like to see that changed. FR is changing, becoming more what I would like to read from someone else and less the Big Fanzine it was on its way to becoming (size is a negative factor, it seems, because it makes you want to supress yourself in page count with each issue). But it would be nice to see far, far more in the way of Southern fanzines, and far less talk of maybezines.



I DON'T HAVE  
ANYTHING TO DO  
WITH SF, BUT,  
FRANKLY, WADE'S  
RUN OUT OF  
IDEAS, AND I'M  
GLAD TO BE  
ALIVE...



.....  
The Atlanta Science Affliction Club's Minutes and Financial Assessment by DHJ  
.....

New Folk from October: (Accidentally left out lasttime) HERE THEY ARE!!!!

Derek Ziglar  
1723 Ridgewood Dr.  
Atlanta, Ga. 30307

Gary Eissner  
3947 Valley Drive NE  
Apt. 218  
Atlanta, Ga. 30340

Halloween Special  
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

October 1980  
Asficanus Dementia  
.....

Special Halloween  
.....

The Halloween Special started at 6 p.m. as members started to trickle in and do their own bizarre things. Dapper Dann Littlejohn, Our Man with the Programs, set up subdued lighting and started his tape mood music consisting of selections from Pink Floyd, the Dark Shadows teevee show, various Hollywood horror and sf Soundtracks. Angela Howell set up the eats over two tables, and Rich Howell and Larry Mason assembled their paper-back huckster wares in the rear of the room. John Spencer's expertise with makeup make Dann Littlejohn green with envy, and together with Scotty Matthews, the three of them offered their talents to makeup the faces of members. During the evening, Deb Hammer Johnson, Jim Gilpatrick (disguised as a University of Tennessee Hunter Hills Student), Ben Johnson, Joe Celko and others all recieved appropriate decorations; best of show was Derek Ziglar (??) who spent the evening as the Tin Woodman.

Bhamacon '81 reps Wade Gilbreath and Gentleman Jim Gilpatrick hawked memberships and distributed info on the next DSC. Jeannie Corbin debuted her new limited edition portfolios, with some special prints in color on a request basis. An artist's jam, led by Jerry Collins, Wade G., Cliff, Jeannie Corbin, and other interested folk turned out some covers for ANVIL and ATARANTES: ASFIC zinefolk were also able to pick up assorted illos for their respective zines from the flowing fingertips of the artists.

Long about 8:05, the Bretheren and Cistern gathered for the Business Meeting. It promised to be Short and Sweet, but was full of supprises. First item was the delayed ASFICon Financial Report, presented by Prez Biggers. He said that it had been held up pending the switchover to the Peachtree Bank (site of the present meeting room). The club had made a substantial profit, with \$150 going to the Treasury, and \$100 going to the M&M fund. The rest was being used to cushion ASFICon II, scheduled for Halloween Weekend in 1981. Cliff stressed that all old concom folk were invited back, and that any new folk interested in helping should contact him soon. He also made a pitch for the officer elections held at the December meeting. All positions are open to any dues paid member, and interested candidates are to contact Cliff B. before the last meeting of the year.

The first batch of announcements came from the Bham visitors, who gave a focussed intro on their DSC. Memberships are now set at \$8, going up to \$10 by August 1st of '81, and turning into \$12 at the door. Avery gave a short invite of all members to his 25th birthday party, held the following Sunday at his Mom's residence. Interested members were to see him for directions. A few sould cackled that his insurance rates wouldn't go down regardless. Mike Smith said that the "4F" (Friday Food and Film Fellowship) had scheduled a special Halloween showing of "Revenge of Frankenstein" and "Attack of the Killer Tomatoes" at Denny's the following Friday; a party at Alan Greenfield's was set for an after get-together gathering.

At this point, a discussion of the persistent Atlanta '86 Worldcon Discussion ensued. Dave Minch spoke for the small group, including Charlie Moody and Mike Smith, who had done



some preliminary legwork with the prospective hotels. Mike Smith stated that no other major conventions were scheduled for the Labor Day Weekend of '86, and that the major hotels were competing to offer good rates. Joe Celko guesstimated that the attendance at a Worldcon by that year could be expected to exceed 8000, with a minimum of 2500 block rooms needed to house that many fans.

In counterpoint, Cliff emphasized that a massive amount of legwork was necessary to even get a bid formed, and that the Chicago Committee had a budget of \$7000. Concom workers had to pledge six years of hardwork ahead of time, and that no one with experience in running a major regional con in the South had pledged their support to an Atlanta bid. He said that the entire bid had the atmosphere of a parody about it. Further discussion was tabled for the nonce, and Avery invited interested folk to gather at his birthday party Sunday for further discussion. At 5:34:28, the meeting ground to a halt, and everyone drifted back to the food, TAB, and frivolity.

After a suitable interval to setup the screen and projector, Dann showed Fritz Lang's Metropolis, a silent film with a music score that is alledged to be Forrey Akerman's favorite sf film of all time. The print was in excellent shape, and a majority of members sat in enthralled before the exploits of Rotwang and Maria, grandmother of C#PO. At the end of the film, the members had had enough, and promptly went to pizzas.

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YET ANOTHER FRACTURED \$\$\$\$ REPORT: At this moment in time, I don't have my checkbook or a copy of the last ATAR with the balance listed. I do have a listing of all the authorized expenditures in the last month, so any compulsive mathematicians among you can take last month's balance, subtract \$10 in cash from a deposit for the last ATAR, followed by a \$25 check for the same Clifford Biggers, editor emeritus, and \$20 to Dann Littlejohn for the club flyers and a reel-to-reel recording of the Jerry Page Roast, AND \*\$7.49\* to Deb for some more 9-hole Gestetner Stencils so you can have legible sect-retary reports for a change. I bid you adieu!!!!

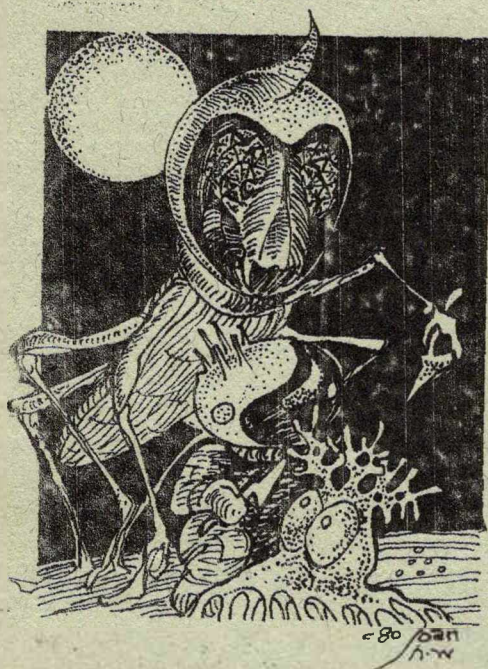
.....

New Membership Rates for the rest of 1980 are TWO DOLLARS, provided that you have had your first free intro meeting. Then it's just \$1 payable in December. However, folks who pay in December will be ineligible to vote or run for office.

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#### ART CREDITS

Cover: Cliff Biggers, Jerry Collins, Wade Gilbreath  
 Page 2: (logo) Wade Gilbreath (illo) Steven Fox  
 Page 3: Charlie Williams  
 Page 5: Jerry Collins  
 Page 6: Melissa Snowind  
 Page 7: Julie Scott  
 Page 8: Wade Gilbreath  
 Page 10: Joan Hanke-Woods



FORTHCOMING: What is the big cover swap-off? Well, it all began when Wade Gilbreath did this lovely cover for an issue of ATARANTES, and Jim Gilpatrick fiendishly raided the Gilbreath House in Pinson, departing with the cover and using it on an ANVIL. But vengeance is sweet, and we have, at long last, a way to wreak our revenge on the dastardly Standing Buffalo. Gilpatrick will never be the same, and neither will Brian Earl Brown! To what do I refer? It's a secret--but keep your eyes out for upcoming issues of ANVIL, ATARANTES, and CHAT to get some idea of the plot...



# DER KRAPP

## brad linaweaver

((Astute readers will recall that, last issue, Brad found himself transported to Monster Island, along with Forry Ackerman, by a mysterious Oriental chap--and rest assured it was no accident.)) He has been greeted by several of the island's esteemed inhabitants, including Ghidrah and Son of Godzilla. SoG is just making his approach to our intrepid journalist...))

"Duh, hi yuh," he said, sounding exactly as he did in GODZILLA'S REVENGE--a demented voice uncomfortably similar to Walt Disney's Goofy. "Uh, as toastmaster of dis here con, I extend yuh welcome. Wanna work on uh committee?" Opening his maw, he emitted another smoke ring; he never did learn to use his fiery radioactive spray like his dad.

"Congratulations on being toastmaster, Tadzilla," said Forry, using a term he had obviously coined.

"Why are you toastmaster?" I asked, without much diplomacy.

"'Cause I'm duh only one who can talk," he replied candidly. "Duh others just roar an' screech an' belch, yuh know."

Son of Godzilla led; we followed. As we traversed the length of the beach, we came upon the spectacle of a particularly unconvincing monster bellowing and crying its eyes out, if wooden disks with smears of paint on them can be called eyes. "What the hell is that?" I asked.

"Yog," answered Godzilla's son. I could barely restrain myself from laughing out loud at this so-called monster that had the appearance of being constructed out of second-hand pillows. It was vaguely octopoid, and every now and then its limp tentacles would move slightly.

"Why is it so unhappy?" I asked.

"Would you believe it is a relative of the Mock Turtle?" asked Forry.

Son of Godzilla had none of the aesthete in him, and barked ahead with an explanation: "After starring in YOG, MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE for Toho, it got delusions of grandeur and applied for admission in duh exclusive Cthulhu Mythos. It thought that since its name is duh first part of Yog-Sothoth, it would have an edge with duh judges. If anything, dat made duh pantheon even less sympathetic. It was rejected quickly."

"Nyafllathotep be praised," I muttered under my breath.

We followed the Son of Godzilla to the hotel and were a bit disappointed at the accommodations: it was a cave. At least

there was a lot of room, unlike the crowded parties back in Boston. Forry immediately started collecting stuff: bits of bone, teeth, pages of old scripts (yes, they really use them), toy tanks that had seen their day... and even pieces of rusty metal that once belonged to the zippers on old monster suits.

I needed a drink. My strongest desire at the moment was to be back at the SFWA party, which had virtually bought out an entire liquor store. I'm talking about crates of booze. Some folks may think these are closed parties, but after a few of those crates are open, a general looseness prevails in the atmosphere here.

Then it struck me: I must be having the DT's. Maybe I was still at the SFWA party, gibbering at my hallucinations. I shook my head. "Phantoms begone!" I cried out.

That's when Godzilla made his appearance. Followed by another Godzilla. And another. The gargantuan heads were on a level with the cave. We were high, let me tell you.

Sonny pointed at the nearest head and said that was pop's latest incarnation. It was unbearably cute looking, like a kid's toy. The large plastic eyeballs were positioned so that they were almost crossed. By contract, in the background was the head of the first Godzilla, the features now dim with age and corruption. It had an almost sinister aspect. It looked like a monster.

"Why did they change Godzilla over the years?" I asked his son.

Son laughed. "How can yuh look at me and den ask dat question?" He had a point. "Godzilla's duh good guy now. He's frien' tuh children everywhere, an overgrown Lassie... wid scales. Uh few Monster Island conventions ago, duh awards banquet had a dish made out of duh surplus population of Tokyo. Nowadays duh food consists of udder ingredients: broiled helicopter, tank casserole..."

"Good news for us," said Forry, smiling. "Especially since Godzilla is beside himself."

"What do they give awards for?" I asked.

"You'll find out," said Tadzilla.

"A film starring Kay Kyser, Boris Karloss, Peter Lorre, Bela Lugosi..." listed Forry.

Unfortunately (depending on how you look at it) I never did find out. A miniature volcano chose that moment to erupt and our guide (remember him?) decided we would have to skip the main programming events. As we rushed through a hail of red paper wads and other unspecial effects, I wondered what the Birbbers were doing for amusement.

Son of Godzilla yelled goodbye: "Duh, too bad yuh have tuh miss duh dead dinosaur parties. Maybe next time, huh?"

"Don't call us; we'll call you!" I shouted back.



.....

"A shame," our guide was saying as he bade us adieu back at the hotel. "They even went to the trouble to reconstruct Mecha-Godzilla for the con. You know, the giant robot version of Godzilla?"

"Who's 'they'?" I asked.

"The only team with the experience and skill: Mattell. Be seeing you... at another con."

"Not if I can help it," I said. "I am a free man."

He frowned. "Since you are such a poor sport, I have decided to punish you." He pointed a small, cheap-looking plastic gun at Forry and pulled the trigger. Ackerman immediately fell asleep.

"What have you done?" I asked.

"Erased his memory of this affair. You will be the only one to remember. After all, you are the writer of 'Der Krapp.'"

"You inscrutable fiend," I began, but he was gone--leaving me feeling foolish and eminently scrutable.

That's when I was overcome by the unearthly compulsion to find a typewriter and commit this episode to paper. From bad

to worse? Be glad I'm not a poet, or it would be from bad to verse. Aargghhh, the spirit of Forry has remained behind....

NEXT: A return to movies when I'll look at Toho for reel.

.....

The deadline for the next issue of ATARANTES will be December 10th; please have all material in to me by then. Remember, all candidates for election may present a brief campaign statement if they wish (I already have one from Ron Zukowski, for instance).

I'm interested in columnists who can deal with sf-related subjects well in 600-900 word installments. I'd also like to see a few lighter fannish-humor pieces--something we've had all too little of in ATARANTES of late (with the exception of Brad's bizarre "Der Krapp" these past two issues). Contact me if you're interested; I fear our film emphasis is becoming overly dominant, and it needs to be balanced by some good sf-related material--and please, not book reviews, since I use those elsewhere.

OFFICIAL CANDIDATES: These people have announced as of November 3, 1980: PRESIDENT- Angela Howell. VICE PRESIDENT - Cliff Biggers. SECRETARY TREASURER - Iris Brown and Ron Zukowski. PROGRAM DIRECTOR - Dann Littlejohn. Those of you who groched about the lack of choice on last year's ballot might consider getting off your duffs and announcing your candidacy; any dues-paid member may run for any post.

ATARANTES #41  
November 1980  
Cliff Biggers, ed.  
6045 Summit Wood Dr.  
Kennesaw, GA 30144

#### WHY YOU'RE GETTING ATAR

\_\_\_ASFic member  
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\_\_\_art, news, loc, etc.  
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\_\_\_club meeting  
\_\_\_This is your last ATAR  
\_\_\_unless you ay dues,  
\_\_\_subscribe, or sweet-  
\_\_\_talk me

NEXT MEETING OF ASFIC  
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15th, 8 pm  
PEACHTREE BANK MEETING ROOM  
4525 CHAMBLISS DUNWOODY ROAD  
HPL DISCUSSION & MORE; BE THERE!