



CHOICE CUTS

ATLANTA FAN DAVE MINCH DIES. DEEPSOUTHCON XIX & '86 BID NEWS...

Dave Minch died on September 2, 1981, of diabetic complications. Dave, a charter member of ASFiC, a member of the ASFiCon I and ASFiCon II committee, a charter member of ASFO, and a fan active in apas and as a fanzine letterwriter, was thirty years old at the time of his death. Dave's untimely demise occurred at Worldcon, and a funeral was held in North Carolina on Monday, September 7th. In addition to his fanish work, Dave was the sole proprietor of several businesses of his own, and was active in computer fields, particularly program design and computer marketing. He was well known to Atlanta fans, and he will be missed by those who knew him.

The 1981 Hugo Awards were presented in Denver during the Worldcon, and the winners were: *Best Novel* - *Snow Queen*; *Best Novella* - *"Lost Dorsai,"* Gordon Dickson; *Best Novellette* - *"The Cloak and the Staff,"* Gordon R. Dickson; *Best Short Story* - *"Grotto of the Dancing Deer,"* Clifford D. Simak; *Best Non-Fiction Book* - *Cosmos*; *Best Editor* - Ed Ferman; *Best Dramatic Presentation* - *The Empire Strikes Back*; *Best Artist* - Michael Whelan; *Best Fan Artist* - Victoria Poyser; *Best Fan Writer* - Susan Wood; *Best Fanzine* - *Locus*; *John W. Campbell Award* - Somtow Sucharitkul. In the site selection voting for the 1983 Worldcon, Baltimore won and will host the convention.

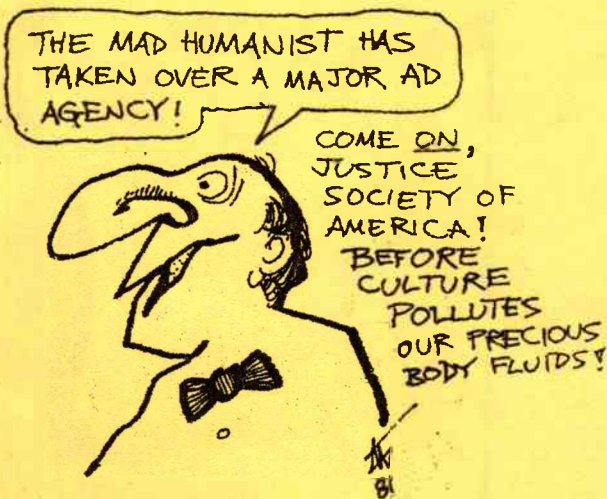
The Atlanta in '86 worldcon bid was formally unveiled in Birmingham at the DeepSouthcon and in Denver at the Worldcon. At both cons, the traditional Atlanta peach daiquiri was served; Ward Batty reports that the Denver party went through well over 400 daiquiris during the party, which ran into the wee wee hours of the morning. Presupporting membership rates have been set at \$3 for a basic presupporting membership rate, \$5 for a presupporting membership rate that includes the mailing of all bid progress reports. For more information or presupporting memberships, write to: Atlanta in '86, PO Box 10094, Atlanta GA 30319.

The DeepSouthCon was held in Birmingham over the August 28-30 weekend; attendance was down from last year, with the Birmingham convention finalizing at 322 attendees.

The con itself, chaired by Jim Gilpatrick in spite of his recent move to New Jersey, was an overwhelming success, with no glitches and many surprises. Guest of Honor Bob Shaw was very visible, and his sparkling wit and good humor pleased all who met him; Jerry Page and Hank Reinhardt, in their roles as MC and Fan Goll, were the usual southern bon vivants we have come to expect from this dy-

namic duo, and both were willing to take another pie in the face during the "Ducelling Egos" contest (although Lon Atkins, who also took a pie in the face, was a bit less willing). The Hearts tournament, an extremely complicated arrangement involving 32 entrants, was won by Lon Atkins. The trivia contest was won by Stuart Herring. A highlight of the convention was the post-masquerade performance of the Birmingham rock group The Mortals, one of the most talented Southern bands to come along in the past five years; the group, performing cover versions and material written by group leader Don Tinsley, had a huge crowd on its feet and dancing by the end of their first set, and few people sat at all during the second set. Alas, the smaller attendance resulted in a minor financial loss--approximately \$200, according to a member of the committee.

At the convention, Steven Carlberg presented the first annual Southpaw Awards, an apa achievement award. *Best Artist*: (1) Charlie Williams (2) Wade Gilbreath (3) Alan Hutchinson. *Best Writer*: (1) Lon Atkins (2) (a four-way tie) Cliff Biggers, Steven Carlberg, Mike Glycer, Guy Lillian. *Best Humorist*: (1) Alan Hutchinson (2) Ward Batty (3) Lon Atkins. *Achievement*: Guy H. Lillian III. *Best Apa*: (1) SFPA (2) Myriad (3) none. The distribution of ballots for this year's award was limited to DeepSouthCon for logistical reasons, Steven said, but in future years ballots will be distributed throughout fandom.



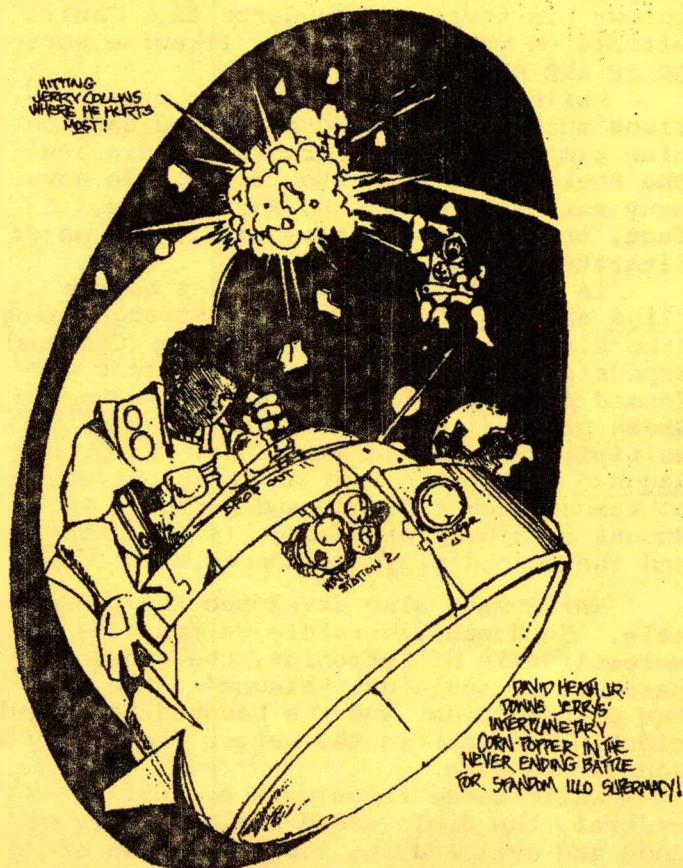
Atarantes #51 (IV, iii) is the September, 1981 issue of the Atlanta Science Fiction Club fanzine. Produced by editor Cliff Biggers, 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw GA 30144 and assistant editor Ward Batty, 944 Austin Ave., Atlanta GA 30307. Contents of this zine are copyright (c) 1981 by Cliff Biggers; all rights revert to contributors. Subs are 12/\$6, or 50 ¢ a single copy; also available for The Usual. Yes indeedy, it's a Para Graphics Publication!

Also at the DSC, the Rebel and the Phoenix Awards for Fannish and Professional Achievement were presented. The Rebel went to Chattanooga fans Dick and Nicki Lynch; the Phoenix went to Alabama professional author Mary Elizabeth Counselman.

The 1982 DeepSouthCon bid was won by Atlanta, in a squeaker 83-59 vote. The Atlanta guests are Karl Edward Wagner, Guest of Honor; Lon Atkins, Fan Guest of Honor; and Kelly Freas, Master of Ceremonies. The convention is being held again at the Atlanta Northlake Hilton, the site of the 1980 DSC/ASFiCon I and this year's ASFiCon 2, October 23-25. The 1982 DSC will be held over the June 11-13 weekend; memberships are \$8 at present, and a dual DSC-ASFiCon 2 membership is available through the end of September for \$16. For more information on the 1982 DeepSouthCon or on this year's ASFiCon, write to 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw GA 30144. Please include a SASE.

Famous floating fan Siven Carlberg has become an Atlantan, as has Chattanooga fan Mike Rogers; the two are sharing an address at 2429-D Old Stone Mountain Road, Chamblee GA 30341 (457-7110), and both seem eager to join in the Atlanta fannish life. The appearance of two SFPAns in Atlanta so suddenly has led Guy Lillian to worry that Atlanta is trying to become the SFPA city; as a result, Guy is furiously taking employment exams here in Atlanta so he can move this way when SFPA does.

The X-Men Chronicles, a new publication from Fantaco, is available, and features a page of work by ASFiC members Ward Batty and Jerry Collins.



Chattanooga fandom seems to have undergone a split, with Tim & Linda Bolgeo, Bill & A.J. Bridget, and Tola Varnell resigning from the Chattanooga Science Fiction Association and starting their own Chattanooga Science Fiction Club, sending meeting notices only to a select few of the CSFA's clubzine mailing list (along with A.J.'s final issue of the CSFA clubzine). The meeting dates don't conflict, but it appears that there will be relatively little overlap in attendees from one club to the next. This split seems to highlight a growing rift in Chattanooga fandom;

MEETING

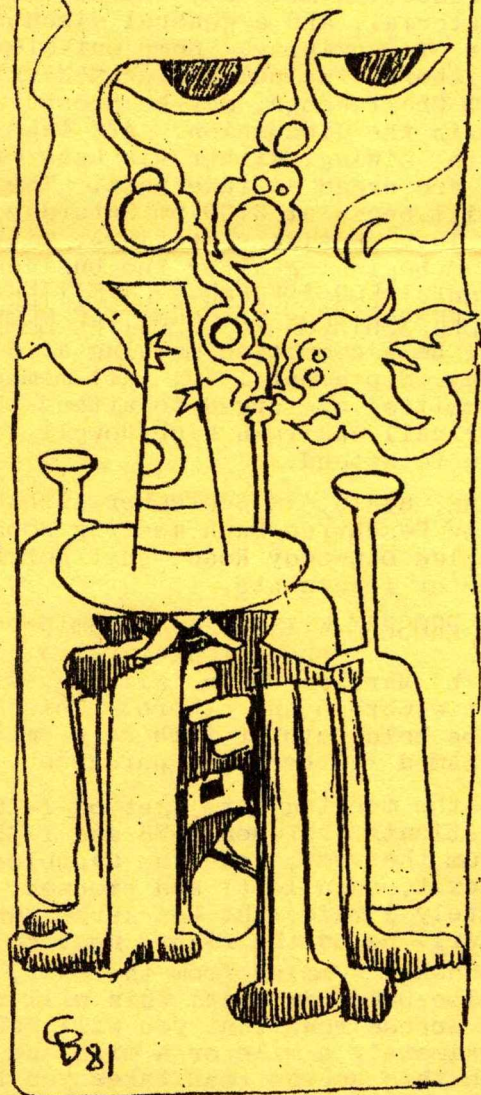
SEPTEMBER'S PROGRAM will be a fanzine forum, with all those who have produced a zine or are interested in producing a zine taking part in a discussion of zine production methods, layout, design, getting material, and a general discussion of the art of fanzining. Some out-of-town zine publishers, including Dick & Nicki Lynch from Chattanooga, may be present to take part in the discussion. All fans interested in zining, either via apas or fanzines, are urged to take part. The meeting will begin at 8:00 pm Saturday, September 19th (business meeting), with the program beginning after the business meeting ends. FOR ASFiCON 2 COMMITTEE MEMBERS AND DEEPSOUTHCON 20 COMMITTEE MEMBERS, there will be a committee meeting at 6:30 pm Saturday, September 19th. All members of the committee are urged to attend the meeting or call chairman Rich Howell if you are unable to attend.

The meeting, again, is September 19th at 8 pm at the Peachtree Bank meeting Room, 4525 Chamblee Dunwoody Road, just north of the perimeter interstate.

OCTOBER'S PROGRAM will be a costuming workshop (tentatively), to be conducted by Marilyn White, with assistance from Jeannie Corbin and others. This meeting will be held October 17th at 8 pm at the site named in the above paragraph.

To get to the meeting site, get on I-285 north of Atlanta, between I-75 and I-85. Coming from the west, take the Chamblee-Dunwoody exit, turn left, and proceed approximately 1/4 mile; the Peachtree Bank Building will be on the right, next to a Steak 'n Shake. Coming from the east, take the Chamblee-Dunwoody exit; this will put you on an access road that you will take for approximately a mile or a mile and a half; when this access road takes you to Chamblee-Dunwoody Road, turn right, proceed approximately a quarter of a mile, and the bank will be on your right. Parking is available in the rear of the building, and the entrance to the meeting room is also in the back.

Horror and the Supernatural



john whatley

I. THE EARLY BEGINNINGS

The true horror story, H. P. Lovecraft wrote, "has something more than secret murder, bloody bones, or a sheeted form clanking chains according to rule. A certain atmosphere of breathless and unexplainable dread of outer, unknown forces must be present; and there must be a hint, expressed with a seriousness and portentousness becoming its subject, of that most terrible conception of the human brain--a malign and particular suspension or defeat of those fixed laws of Nature which are our only safeguard against the assaults of chaos and the daemons of unplumbed space."

Surprisingly, a lot of people have the idea that the "horror story" or "tale of terror" burst upon the scene quite recently. Such tales are not only old within Western culture, but also ancient within the world.

Since this author is more attuned to the horror-fantasy side of ASFiC than the S-F side--witness last year's Lovecraft panel--this series will act as an introduction to the horror genre in hopes of enticing others to the cause.

ANCIENT BEGINNINGS

The roots of the horror genre go back to the very early days of civilization itself. A basically agrarian society faced many daily hazards in raising crops, hunting food, driving off predators, etc. Thus, it was quite easy to perceive of these hazards as gods.

The existing tales of early gods all show powerful beings which have penchants for the horrible: Marduk creates the world from a corpse; Cronos commit cannibalism with his children; Osiris is chopped into many pieces and spread over the earth; Zeus throws his terrible thunderbolts. Their effects on mere humans were likewise worse.

GREEK AND ROMAN LITERATURE

While we have few dramatic presentations surviving from Egyptian and Babylonian times (Gilgamesh from Babylonia and The Book of the Dead from Egypt), we have many surviving Greek and Roman texts. In fact, the Greeks established all the major literate forms.

In such familiar epic tales as The Iliad and The Odyssey we have strange beings (the Sirens) and horrific tales (Cyclops). Espousing Aristotle's later idea that performed drama should be a catharsis (Poetics) Greek plays (i.e., Aeschylus' Oresteia with multiple murders and hauntings, Euripides' Bacchae with the horror of religious ecstasy) contained much escapism and horror. The Romans continued with Virgil's epic Aeneid and the morbid plays of Seneca.

The Romans also developed the prose tale. In Roman literature we find the werewolf tale of Petronius, the gruesome passages in Apuleius, Phlegon's tale of the corpse-bride, and the haunted house (with clanking chains) in the letter from Pliny the Younger to Sura.

While these tales were basically neutral, the Bible added the dichotomy of good and evil and its representation of ultimate Evil in the Devil--Satan, the

fallen angel. Here we also find such minor terror tales as the Book of Enoch, the Witch of Endor, the Claviculae of Solomon, and the Book of Revelation.

CATHOLIC CHURCH

When the Catholic Church slowly began to convert the northern European peoples, it found the populace, while outwardly Catholic, to be secretly pagan. Superimposing religious holidays and ritual over ~~pagan festivals~~ (i.e., Christmas and Easter) ~~had added "Purification" to such~~, But the greatest influence of the Church was in denouncing ancient fertility rites (i.e., Walpurgisnacht and Halloween) as "devil worship". This thus left a basic "outer, unknown force" loose in the world, an enemy for the Church.

The evil of paganism was dealt with in the form of "morality plays" sponsored by the Church. In these plays Good and Evil and sinful choices were portrayed as real personages. Circa 1500 the powerful but anonymous Everyman was produced. In this play the hero confronts Death only to realize how little of Life he takes to the grave.

While outwardly critical towards the old sagas, the Church preserved those that showed "Christian" ideas. Thus we still have such tales as Beowulf and Chanson de Roland with their horrors. But it was not until the 12th and 13th Centuries and the Fourth Lateran Council that this knowledge was accessed to begin a renaissance in literature.

The medieval idea of chivalry led to new compositions. Such tales as Malory's Morte d'Arthur contain horror, supernatural beings, and murder. Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight has a knight, while be-headed, calmly picking up his head and helmet and walking off. Even in such later writers as Chaucer and The Canter-

bury Tales we find deal with Death, murders, intervention of the gods, etc.

As plays became more mundane and less Church-influenced, horror and the supernatural invaded more and more. Before Christopher Marlowe's Dr. Faustus the characters onstage had merely discussed the action occurring offstage. Now the action was onstage. The hero confronts the Devil himself--and loses--in this forerunner of all deals-with-the-Devil in literature.

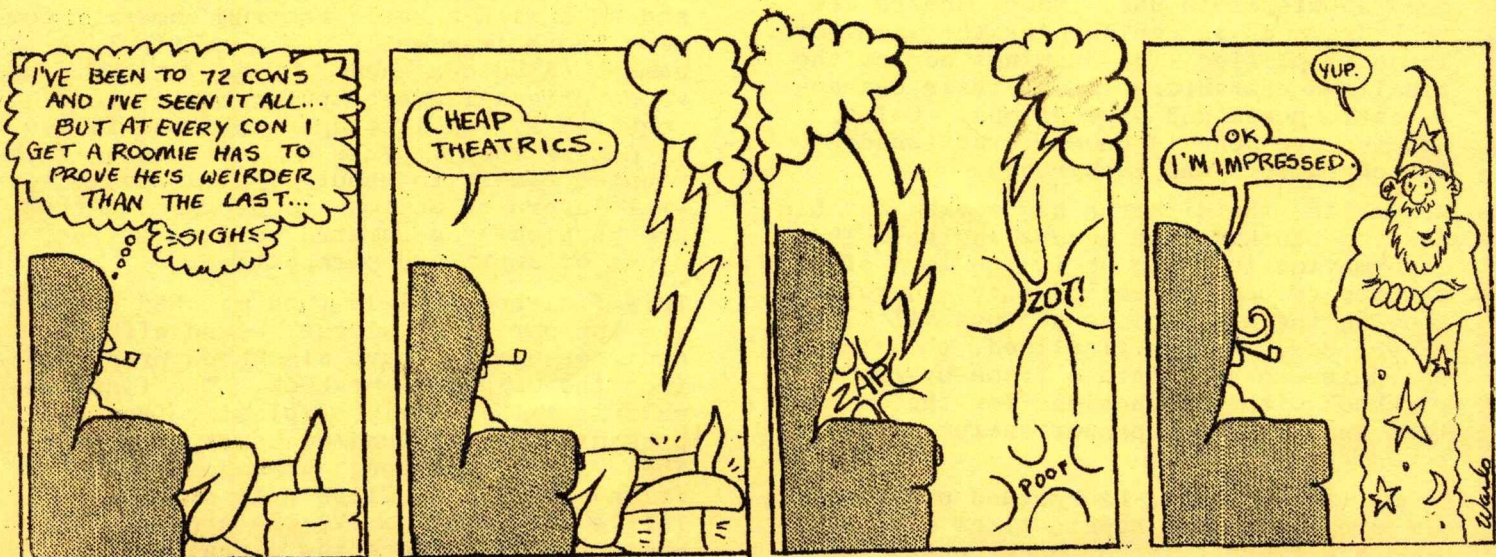
THE 1600'S

By the end of the 16th Century we find the greatest of the English playwrights, William Shakespeare, dabbling in horror and the supernatural. His Titus Andronicus contains a rape, several murders, cannibalism, and mutilation. In later plays ghosts walk the floors (Hamlet and Julius Caesar), witches prophesize (MacBeth), and adverse futures are portended (Julius Caesar, MacBeth, Romeo and Juliet)--all reminiscent of Seneca.

The renaissance had occurred. The old Middle Eastern tales were mixing with Greek and Roman forms. Teutonic legends were being revived. Feudalism was ending and the power of the Church was challenged.

In 1642, however, the Puritan Parliament in England banned all plays. Far from encouraging religion, however, this act actually fostered studies of unreligious subjects from the Continent. Its counter-reaction after the English Civil War produced literature that by far eclipsed the decadence the Puritans sought to reverse. This act, however, had not affected the Continent, where Germanic and Slavonic tales were in vogue.

Next time we'll see how the resident of England's Strawberry Hill, himself born in the year of England's last witchcraft trial, revived Middle Eastern, Greek, Roman, Teutonic, and Slavonic modes in THE GOTHIC STORY.



A balding hunter with a speech impediment joins a five-foot sarcastic rabbit in a manic parody of classical opera. A savage Amazon riding a reptilian bird spreads death to a heavy-metal soundtrack. Lasers flash and transporters shimmer as Earth's heroes save the galaxy once again.

Such implausible visions are seen regularly by millions. The laws of reality are bent or ignored. The most extreme sweeps of humor, romance, violence, and fantasy are made visible to all. How can this be true? Through the magic of animated drawings, the unreal is made real and the unshowable is shown.

However, only a few of those who see animation at work everywhere from blue jeans commercials to their favorite exploitation flick are aware of how much work goes into what they see. The final image that appears on the film is the last link in a complex chain that includes character studies, model sheets, continuity sketches, layouts, background paintings, animation drawings, color drawings, and even live action films. A single project may involve dozens of artists and hordes of editors, technicians, and coffee delivery personnel. All of this is in addition to the writing, directing, producing, and packaging that would have to be done on a live-action film.

To illustrate how this complex and time-consuming process works, let's put together a hypothetical scene from a hypothetical sf story. Two hardbitten asteroid miners are drinking in a spacer's dive on Pinna IV. Miner #1 (let's call him Cliph) accused Miner #2 (might as well call him Whard) of trying to pick his pocket. Whard denies the charge and offers to rearrange Cliph's facial features. Cliph, in return, draws a laser knife and removes Whard's ear. The gendarmes arrive and both men are carted off to the local gaol.

The first step in animating this sequence is to prepare character studies. Artists produce sketches of various possible Cliphs and Whards, and the director "casts" which ones he wishes to use. Model sheets are then drawn up as guides for the animators. These simplified line drawings depict the finalized characters in all their characteristic poses and expressions. Color studies are done to choose exact shades for characters and background.

Meanwhile, the director has worked out his desired blocking and camera angles. This information is drawn up in the form of a storyboard, a sequence of single drawings showing the key actions and overall flow of the scene. When finalized, the storyboard is expanded into a frame-by-frame workbook with instructions for the animators and notes for proper cueing of the soundtrack.

Using the workbook, background paintings are prepared. Our hypothetical dive will need a different set of backgrounds for every camera angle. If a complex traveling

MOVING PICTURES

OR

WHO SAYS ART HAS TO IMITATE LIFE?

BY EARENDIL

shot is required, we might even film a model with a mobile camera, xerox the frames onto watercolor paper, and paint in the final backgrounds. These final images, organized into separate planes of the overall background, may be traced onto acetate overlays ("cels") or transferred to the plastic sheets by a special color xerox camera originally developed by Disney techs. While our backgrounds are being prepared, master animators do key animation drawings of Whard and Cliph. These key drawings show major actions, important expressions, and so on. The "in-betweens" that make up 24 drawings per second are filled in by secondary animators. If realism is really critical, we may rotoscope the major scenes, a process that involves filming the storyboard in live action and making key drawings from the film itself.

We now have several hundred background cels and some 10,000 animation cels for our short little sequence. These separate drawings, numbered and indexed, are brought together and printed on individual frames of a film. Simple shots can use one animation cel pegged to a single background and shot with a basic rostrum camera. Complex shots frequently use a multi-plane camera (also designed by Disney technicians, whose original pre-computerization model required six skilled operators and filled an entire room). This device uses a track-mounted camera to shoot simultaneously several layers of action and background that are physically separated to give a true sense of depth and perspective.

This finished film is then matched up with the appropriate dialogue, sound effects, and score, which have also been prepared from the original workbook. The final result is a thin strip of plastic that represents several hundred hours of work. When it is run through a projector, our friends Whard and Cliph will sit in that little bar on Pinna IV, the argument will begin, and once more the unreal will become real...

K&DZ&

I HAD HOPED TO MAKE
CONTACT WITH EARTHINGS
MORE EASILY AT THIS
'SCIENCE FICTION
CONVENTION"... BUT
IT APPEARS NO ONE
IS GOING TO TAKE
ME SERIOUSLY...



Turning out the last issue of *Atarantes* last month made me painfully aware of two new corollaries of Murphy's Law: (a) The earlier you put a fanzine into the mail, the slower the Postal Service delivers it, and (b) the xerox machine that worked perfectly for a year will break down the day you have to make exact reductions.

As Ward and I lamented our fate and cursed the Postal Service and Xerox, we realized that ~~THIS COULD MAKE A COLUMN~~ there were other axioms of life out there that were unique to the fannish experience--yes, it seems that fandom has a treasure trove of additions to Murphy's Law.

Here are a few that came to mind right away:

1) You always have one ream less of the same color paper than you need for the fanzine you're printing.

1a) If the zine takes less than a ream, you'll be ten sheets short.

2) No matter how often you change floors at a convention, your room will end up right next to (a) the con suite, or (b) the longest and loudest party at the con.

3) The best illo in your files will (a) not electrostencil, (b) not xerox, or (c) not fit the space you've slotted for it.

4) If a fanzine has a blank page, it will most likely be the page on which your own name appears.

4a) If it isn't that page, it will be the page that features the conclusion of the article you most wanted to read.

5) The con for which you drive six hours to see the guest of honor will have a substitute guest of honor when you get there, and you will dislike all that he has written.

6) Your biggest and best apazine never appears in the egoboo poll mailing.

7) UPS deliveries are on time 999 times out of 1000; the one time they foul up will be with the apazine you had to get in before deadline to save your membership.

8) If five fans agree to meet in the con suite to go out to dinner at a pre-set time, three will never show up, but nine new people will tag along, and there will always be two chairs fewer at the table than your group needs.

9) If you are in charge of doing anything at a convention, don't go out to eat; if you do, your meal will invariably be late just prior to the beginning of the one event you're in charge of.

10) The more expensive the banquet, the better the chance of the meal being not worth it.

11) If you need one book by any given author, every used bookstore will have every book he ever wrote except for the one you need.

11a) Every dealer in a huckster room just sold the book you needed five minutes ago.

11b) Every fan you meet has a duplicate at home of that book.

11c) You will lose the sheet of paper that has the address of the fan who will sell you the book.

12) The greater the number of new people present at a club meeting, the smaller the chance of the scheduled programming coming off correctly.

13) Publicizing the meeting decreases even more the chances of the programming succeeding.

14) Whatever beverages you buy to stock the con suite, it won't be the right kind.

15) Trivia quizzes are always trivial in the wrong way.

I could go on with a few more, but I must end here in an effort to prevent that one additional law's coming true:

16) A column in a fanzine will always be three lines longer than the editor needed.

Gary Deindorfer
447 Bellevue Ave #98
Trenton, NJ 08618

Agreed that clubzines
seem to associate
themselves with con-
notations of stodgi-

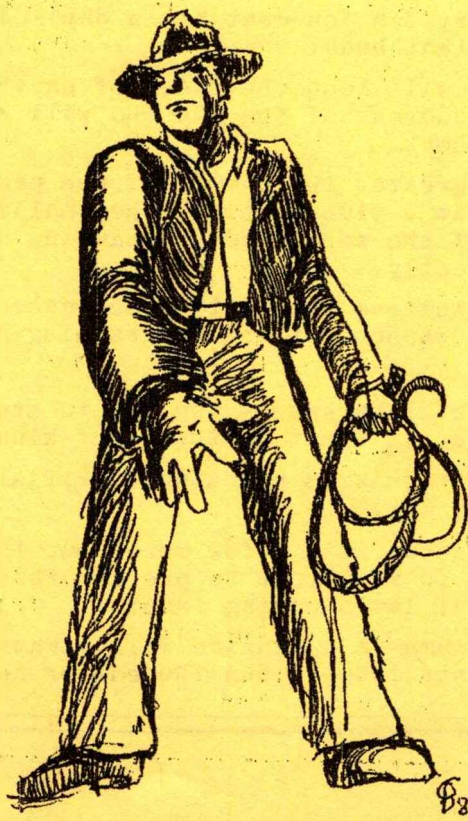
ness and bureaucratism. Perhaps, as you say, this is an attitude that is somewhat incorrect. Your clubzine seems to be a good one, or I wouldn't find myself writing a loc to it so soon. Yet there are items in this issue that don't call for comment on my part...

((I've never found a fanzine that inspired me to comment on every item it presented; I take it as a compliment that you were moved to write at all.))

Fanzine fans, most of them highly print oriented, tend to look down on media fans. Though we shouldn't be doctrinaire. Some of the media fans must be okay people. One? Two? Maybe even three?

I'd like to put the shoe on the other foot for a minute. I have no contact with the media and costume fans. But just as the print oriented fans look down on them, do the media fans look down on the print oriented fans? I can hear them now, talking,

RAIDERS of the LOST LOC



"They're word freaks. They'd rather have their noses buried in a book or one of their stupid fanzines than look at bright, vivid moving pictures in all kindsa colors!"

Print oriented fan sidles up to good looking girl in the costume of a cat woman from outer space. He whispers in her ear, "Hey. want to go up to my room and read a book together?" She bears her claws at him, screeching, "Get away from me, word nurd."

In years to come the media fans will outnumber the fanzine fans more and more, it seems. Will the day come when we word freaks are made to feel unwelcome at cons? Will media fans make fun of us on elevators?

The bind moggles.

I agree with Taral that there doesn't seem to be any need to revive the FAAn awards and haul them up out of the limbo they're in. Since my interest in awards and such is nonexistent, I'll leave it at that.

I know very little about comics. To judge by the illos on the Hembeck pages, his style looks like fun. Or should I say, his approach, which seems to be a meta-approach, commenting on the tacit assumptions people have about the conventions of comics art and scripts, the superheroes, etc.

Ward, your strip this time about the elevator was a surprise for me. I scanned across pp. 22 and 23 and thought that was it; then I turned the page and found that there was more to it. Now I dimly realize that the delayed punchline of the third page strip continuation must have been intentional on your part; I compliment your cleverness.

About Sue Phillips and her column: I think there are two forms of smoffing. At its best, it's a fine faanish activity where people get together in a hotel room and run changes on fannish myths and ingroup jokes. But there is another side of it, when the same thing is done except with a twist: it is taken deadly seriously, a fannish version of political kingmakers gathering in a smoke-filled room to pick the candidate that the convention downstairs will "spontaneously" choose later. Smof smoke filled rooms tend to be marijuanic, politician's smoke-filled rooms tend to be cigaric.

As an old-time fan, naturally I get involved in smof sessions when I attend a con, though I get to few cons. But I like it to be kept light and fun and delightfully humorous. When it turns sour, then it can get cruel: people not present are torn apart mercielessly, and Machiavellian maneuverings are set into motion.

I must be dreadfully honest and admit that I have entered into the demolition of the personalities and reputations of fans who don't happen to be at the smoffing session. Later, with rue, I have realized that my little friends and acquaintances must do the same thing to me when I'm not present.

Rick Albertson
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Atlanta GA 30306

Enjoyed this
Atar immensely.
It was inspiring.
It was exciting.

It cured headaches, neuralgia, neuritis, and hoof-in-mouth disease. I read it twice even, it was so good. Too bad it's only a clubzine (kaff, kaff)...

Ralph Roberts' generic con proposal seems as thoroughly 80s as one can get. Despite the, ah, inevitability of the multiple "con" puns, he presented a little fast food for thought. Is it possible to reduce the over-competitive and blatant hucksterism found so often in modern conventioners?

As a mean to that end, allow me to suggest the idea of a "non-con." Fans could go through all of the usual pre-con hubris, and then on a predetermined Friday all concerned would report to their closest Holiday Inn. After popping a six-pack and turning on at least one VTR programmed with reruns of Dr. Who and "Bambi Meets Godzilla," each fan would be free to argue over obscure novellas, play hearts, irk the hotel staff, or invent stories to be told later regarding various perverse misadventures, as was their wont. On Monday, they could stumble into work (class, garden club, meeting, chain gang) feeling suitably dissipated and overdrawn, and all without having to drive more than 7 miles or deal with interminable banquet speeches by long-winded guests. This may be the wave of the future--but then again, it may not.

((What you describe, Rick, is basically what ABCcon and, to a degree, Halfacon is: a convention with no programming other than what the con-goers themselves choose to generate. What with the cost of meeting space, transportation, guest rooms, etc., going up more and more, this may well be the only realistic alternative for those who want to run a con as a friendly gathering, not as a business.))

The Fred Hembeck article was quite enjoyable. Fred wins my "person I'd want most on a desert island, after an athletic blonde shimmy dancer" award, especially if he brings his back issues of Dr. Strange.

I respectfully invite Brian Earl Brown, however, to find a good taxidermist. I am amazed at the level of his monocular vision, and his limited value scales. Geis is no good because he's too visible, Poyser because she's not visible enough. Newszines are worthless because they're not jolly enough, and Lord help poor Joan Hanke-Woods for not drawing enough sexy humanoids. In a word, *feh*. This article should have been titled "Brown's Guide to Biases, Prejudices, and Half-baked Viewpoints." Thanks for the tout sheet, but I prefer making well-informed, balanced choices...

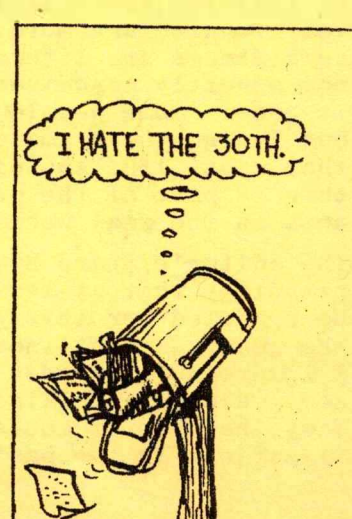
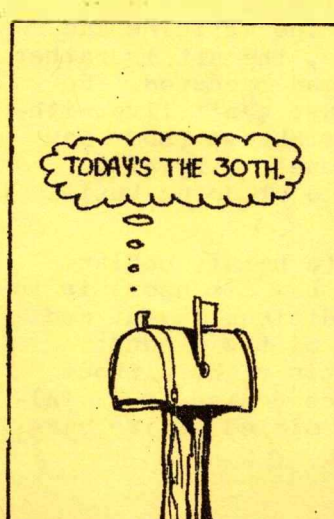
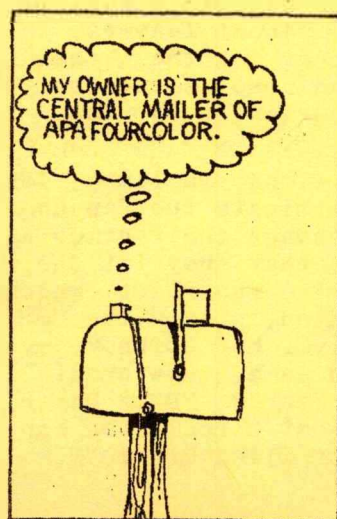
D Potter
19 Broadway Terrace #8
New York, NY 10040

Re #49 and Sue
Phillips' column:
It's so delightful
that anyone thinks

it's good to have a childlike enthusiasm. I admit to having groused over the flaws in *Raiders* (there are a charming assortment of plothes, after all; did that submarine cross the Mediterranean without submerging or what?, but it was great fun. For a couple of hours, one could forget knowing that the hero and heroine weren't going to die, no matter how dire the circumstances. (This is what ruined the serials for me: sooner or later it occurred to me that the game was rigged.) Who cares about factual content? It did, however, bother me that the Nazis weren't nasty enough; I remember the Phantom Empire.

I don't know about not getting "disgustingly dirty" with a xerox; the machine I have the most experience with is the xerox 9200, followed by the Pitney-Bowes, and both of them are capable of smearing fine black dust all over an innocent hand, which is an indication that The Machine Is Not Working (it likes long weekends, too). The Machine also likes pulling that trick (demagnetized print powder, I love it) on the reverse side of a two-sides page--just after you destroy both the originals. After numerous mishaps with the mimeo, I resorted to donning ancient blue jeans and a black t-shirt.

Now, on to #50: It was probably not coinci-



dence that your editorial praising the clubzine appears with Taral's article. That last paragraph is a gratuitous slap (he does go out of his way to be undiplomatic, does he not?), but then there are tiny barbs all the way through (for example, it is just possible that Janus, which was reasonably frequent, had good layout, thought-provoking articles and artwork, and sported a sizeable circulation, was nominated because people thought it was pretty damn good. Of course, it was a clubzine...I continue to be amused by the "feminist bloc vote" conspiracy. There is the old saw about Great Minds Running In Ruts, but we are dealing with fans here. Besides, if the staff of the zine can swing a win, that says something about the size of the voting base). Objectivity is always going to be a problem: the FAAn Award committee was something like the Academie Francaise, without the contagious sense of mission or the "honor conferring responsibility" mystique that sort of thing has to have in the population from which it draws its members, which seems to be at odds with what fandom seems to set as number one priority, i.e., having fun. It isn't as much fun doing a fanzine any more, not that postage rates and inflation haven't hurt. I wish I had constructive suggestions, but...

I parachuted into fandom close enough to my 25th birthday to kick it. There is a certain amount of speculation as to what would have happened had I Found Fandom at age 19, but basically I would have known the same people longer.

Kenneth Smith Well, here's a fine
Box 2002-A LSU postal surprise, a
Baton Rouge, LA 70893 mighty lot of zine
without any forewarn-
ing. Somehow the secrets of longevity have
been bestowed only on the stranger denizens
of the US--kudzu, fire ants, cockroaches,
and special zines.

Phantasmagoria alas is not one, so I note with a jealous gaze the fiftieth issue of *Atarantes*. (My strategy is rather different; you live a lot longer if you only occasionally dip your toe into existence.)

Well, longevity takes its toll. I'm here to tell you that *Atarantes* is just not very fannish any more. The articles and news pieces are literate, the art is rather too expertly conceived and executed. So it goes. Some people just can't live without losing their amateurishness (some say that, just like losing one's virginity, this is part of the price of doing business in the real world).

The editor's Sharp Eye (a pointy ocular pathology that at least has its uses) is to be credited for this judicious layout and the general sightliness of the product. I figure nothing goes this right without some guiding intelligence behind it (a fallacy that has of course misled entire civilizations in the past).

Jeff Schalles
9117 Eton Road
Silver Spring, MD 20901

Several things
about your 50th
issue caught my
attention. It's

one of the better issues of a fanzine I've received lately ~~even if it is a clubzine~~. You have several artists I've never run across anywhere before. In fact, they are all new to me except for Glen Brock. I don't even recall how far back I ran into Glen's work, or where, but it is more artistically rendered than a lot of the fan art we see. Charlie Williams cover is certainly an outstanding example of 50th issue efforts (I'm thinking of the 50th issues of *Rune*, *Vandro*, *Locus*, and stuff like that). Jean Corbin's dragon on page 27 is certainly well executed and designed, for dragon work. I have trouble dealing with unicorns and dragons any more. I discovered fandom and fanart in 1968, and immediately began drawing unicorns and dragons like crazy. They were awful...Ward Batty draws a fairly pleasing little strip, and it's about some of my favorite themes: elevators, wise-ass neos, and Hope and Crosby pictures.

Also catching my interest is your Atlanta in 1986 bid. I've been to Atlanta and enjoyed myself tremendously. It is unfortunate that friends of mine are running a competing bid, and I've already taken a pre-supporting stand with them. I need to see more from you people, but based on the city alone, a refreshing change from all the places I've been lately, I could switch my interests over.

What really took the words right out of my mouth, though, were Taral's and Brian Brown's articles on fans and their awards. One of the things that caused me to quit Boy Scouts after 4 years or so was the Senior Patrol Leader elections. Every year a SPL would be voted on by all the scouts in the troop. This, in fact, was the only thing we had a voice in, the rest of the time things were pretty much dictated by the adults. Anyway, the theory was that the SPL was to be the most seasoned, capable leader and camper in the troop. This was not the result, of course: it was a popularity contest. A whole lot of us quit one year and just went camping together on our own after that. It was much more fun. Without leaders, we were able to acquire beer for the weekends, which we all know is an absolute necessity for camping. More important than pizza
~~or pizza~~.

I say leave the FAAns alone, in limbo, for the time being, and eliminate the Fan Hugos completely. Or else change their names and descriptions enough so that they fit their function. Like "Favorite Fanartist" which could be anyone, talented, productive, or untalented, unproductive, but somehow, mysteriously, a household name. How about "Best Huckster of the Year"? "Best Darth Vader Costume"? "Highest Circulation Fanzine"? "Best Editor of Alien Critic"?

The best writing of the issue is "Kudzu," and "Mystical Flapjack" is right up there also. Both little slices of life, and for once the location isn't Brooklyn, Manhattan, Minneapolis, Queens, LA, The Bronx, or Kensington, MD. Both drew me in with descriptions of surroundings I was easily able to imagine (I'd like to see one of these non-drivers from New York, who somehow conned the MVA into giving them a drivers' license, negotiating the crumbling asphalt east of Bessmer, which I assume is a steel town, with the fear of red pick-up trucks plastering their noses to the windshield) and both told a story.

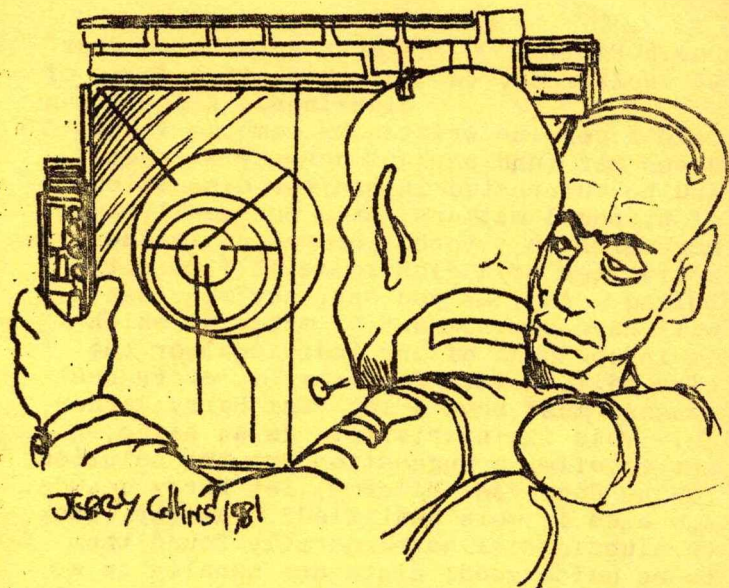
Harry Warner, Jr. The only thing wrong
423 Summit Ave. with this splendid
Hagerstown MD 21740 50th issue is that
it contained too much

material demanding comments to be covered in a two-page loc. But there's hardly a weak page in it from any other standpoint. I keep wondering how long fans will be able to afford big fanzines and thinking that this thick one may be the last of its breed. If that should really come true with this issue of *Atarantes* in the starring role, you will have established a fine valedictory for the kind of fanzines that appeared when materials and postage were reasonable.

I can understand your annoyance with the use of "clubzine" in a context that makes it sound demeaning. But remember, there have been quite a few clubzines in recent years that meant much more to local fans than to outsiders who got them. Long stories meant to be humorous with club members as characters, mysterious references to ingroup traditions or jokes, narratives of club meetings which aren't comprehensible to anyone who didn't attend, and poor spelling or grammar have been flaws as far as outside readers are concerned. Most of the clubzines that I receive today are excellent ones.

Taral makes one trivial error of fact when he lists Dick Geis as the first repeat winner of a Hugo for fan writing. I won in both 1968 and 1971, four years before Geis took his second. It's harder to prove what I suspect to be an error of judgment. Fanzines have indisputably slackened off in numbers in the past few years, but I don't consider the present crop of them as inferior to those of a decade ago as Taral believes, and I suspect his judgment may be influenced by the fact that he was less experienced in fandom in the early 70s and more easily impressed by fanzines. If there are fanzines in the early 1990s, someone will undoubtedly write an article bemoaning the fact that they aren't even close to the high standard established around 1980 when there were such fine things as *Pong* and *Atarantes* to gladden the hearts of fans.

I hope the FAAn awards can be salvaged. If changes are to be made, I'd like to see both nominating and voting restricted in each category to those who can prove ac-



tivity in that category within the past year. It's much more difficult to organize bloc voting if that's the arrangement. I would also like to see more emphasis placed in publicity on the fact that the FAAn awards were never intended to be a mass participation program. In recent years there has been too much bemoaning the low number of individuals nominating and voting, but this I think is the whole point of the awards. There aren't that many people active nowadays in fanzine fandom, and if the awards are to have any meaning as a peer competition, a small turnout is inevitable.

((My main complaint with the awards was that, if there was a small turnout, it was compensated for by a big push for voting at Autoclave or another regional; if a large number of your votes come in at one regional, then your results are going to be far less representative than they would have been had ballots come from far and wide.))

Your piece on Candler's Drugs was evocative of similar establishments which most readers should recall. Most locally owned drug stores are gone now, a few having moved to the suburbs, the rest closing down because of competition from cutrate chain pharmacies...

Glen Brock's memories of the DSCs are fascinating. They prove all over again how fast events move in fandom; only ten years between turnouts of a few dozen fans for cons and today's enormous crowds, and concern at the beginning of the 1970s over comic fans which today has shifted to media fans.

I must agree with Eva Whitley about the advantages of watching movies at home. It's not just the jerks in the theaters that annoy me, it's today's theaters themselves which leave me with a gnawing fear that I'm sitting in the path of a large transport plane which will be taxiing out of this hangar any moment now. Incidentally, I've finally acquired a VCR, and am hopeful of building a backlog of favorite movies as soon as I can find a source of tape at sane prices in this area.

David Palter
No. Hollywood, CA

I must agree with your
editorial in defense of
clubzines. Since I can

read a perzine written by someone I have never met (and perhaps never will meet) and be interested in his/her discussion of personal matters, it's not really any more difficult to be interested in the activities of a club to which I do not belong. And, as you say, any fanzine will have some amount of material which is independent of the individual or the club editing it. For example, every real fanzine must have a loc from Harry Warner, Jr. This is invariable. As an aside, let me offer a suggestion for the solution to the Hugo/FAAn dilemma: let Harry decide. Who else is more qualified?...Anyway, back to clubzines: I have generally found them to be quite good; clubs are usually on a more sound financial base than individuals and that, if nothing else, tends to make the clubzines bigger or more frequent than individual zines.

However, I have been having a little problem with some clubzines lately, which has nothing to do with the fact that they are clubzines. Recently, both Rune and Cu&FuS-

sing have shown inexplicable hostility to sf and fandom. The current Rune has a lengthy article which, with deadly serious intent, denounces fandom as a fascist activity. Cu&FuSsing has been publishing a whole series of articles decrying sf as a terribly inferior form of writing, and the current issue contains a letter from the infamous Eddie Anderson which continues the anti-SF crusade. No rebuttals have been printed, even though I have been sending them in, even if no one else has. Consequently I lost patience with both of these zines and asked to be removed from their mailing lists...

((Fandom has been heavily into negativism and apologies for its own existence recently, as you say; I'm not sure why the trend has surfaced in the two zines you mention, but I find it a bit silly. If one is of the opinion that sf is no good, or that fandom is fascist, why not move on to another hobby? I've never understood this desire to involve oneself in a hobby that one dislikes or holds in contempt, unless there's a saviour concept in there somewhere...))

If I may indulge in a minor factual correction, Jean Corbin mentions in her article about dragons that in an earlier geological time, "the temperature was 14° more than present daytime temperatures, resulting in a denser air mass." Couldn't be; hot air is less dense than colder air. This is graphically demonstrated by hot air balloons, all the time.

((I could be wrong on this, but I think Jeannie was correct, because the higher temperatures resulted in more moisture in the air, creating a more dense atmospheric mass. Tropical atmospheres are always denser than temperate or cool air masses, if I remember correctly, because of the moisture factor. Help me out, Jeannie!))

Chris Estey
600 S. Kent St G #45
Kennewick, WA 99336

Cliff, I agree with you about the insipidness of some people re: sneering at clubzines. I sure wish people would learn it's not what something is, but how or why something is. Anything else is usually a sign of direct prejudice.

"Mystic Flapjack" contained that element so precious that most fiction fails in applying: logic. Persistent and demanding, the story was delicate and alarming.

The interview with Hembeck was a treat. I've been a great fan of his for quite some time--since his first Buyer's Guide strip, I believe. Great to see so many open minds in Atax's editorial office willing to accept more comic-oriented stuff.

Mary Aileen Buss
Rm 319, Anderson Hall
American University
Mass. 6 Nebraska Av. NW
Washington, DC 20016

Cliff, I think you missed the point of my last LoC. Your comment at the end that "were

there no sf, 'fandom' would have never come about but some sort of social organization



or structure would have" is precisely what I had been saying! Also, I am well aware that there are as many enthusiastic adult fans as enthusiastic teenage ones, but there are many more adults in fandom. Many enthusiastic teenagers become cynical adults. I did not, and do not, mean to imply that there is age discrimination in fandom; I was merely pointing out that cynical fans tend to be adults.

((I don't agree with that final point's implication that cynical fans are adults in a greater proportion than they are teen-agers. I think that if you look at it proportionally, there's little difference--but what we have here is a case of our looking at the same facts and expressing two different conclusions by different methods of presentation of those facts.))

The problem with Ralph Roberts' idea of a generic con is that fandom would be unable to leave well enough alone. All the other already established cons would continue to exist, but now there would be one more: Genericon. In five years no one would even remember where the name came from...

((That can be observed as far as Halfacon is concerned; Halfacon was originally conceived as a virtually programless con, as far as I understand it, but it now has virtually all the elements of a large con except for the guests of honor--and a roast virtually replaces that. I'm not complaining about the change, mind you--I like programming and guests--but it is interesting that your point is borne out so readily.))



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SAGUARD

Harry Andruschak
PO Box 606
La Canada Flintridge
California 91011

As for Eva
Chalker Whit-
ley's remarks
that if the
Iggy fans want-

ed an Ohio fan they should have chosen Tabakow: of course Iggy wasn't looking for an Ohio fan, but a fanzine fan--and Bill Bowers was quite active at the time.

Yup, nothing like awards to bring out some arguments. And after all, the GOHship, both pro and fan, is an award of a sort. Just to toss out an idea, why has Ray Bradbury never been a Worldcon guest of honor? He is one of the best known sf writers, with an international following.

So now Atlanta is going to pin the folly? Well, I have four years to decide who to vote for--and I'll probably vote for the Worldcon that bans the carrying of all weapons and abolishes the film program.

I mean--the film program is no longer needed. Back when it was started, most sci-fi films were screened once and never again. A convention was about the only place to see them again. But we have all night tv, cable tv, reruns in selected theatres, and even sf film festivals today. So why bother at a con? All it does is waste function space, take a large chunk out of the budget, and bring in hordes of fringe fans.

((I can't say that I necessarily agree with your judgment about the film program: I think it's an integral part of a convention's programming, and I would not want to see it discontinued. You're being awfully narrow-minded if you assume that there's a distinct break between fringe-fans and reading fans, and you're showing a prejudicial feeling of superiority over film fans that I don't believe you can justify. As you will undoubtedly point out, basing your vote for the Worldcon on your prejudices is certainly your prerogative--but I have a feeling that this is a sort of action you'd like to see carried out at all conventions, not just at Worldcon. And surely you realize that not all films are seen frequently on television or in selected theaters--some are rarely shown except at conventions. Furthermore, it's hard to appreciate the joys of cinema-scope and large screens at a friend's house, watching the tv. I value television a great deal, which is why I have a VCR, but I don't think the availability of films on television should preclude film programs. One of my biggest complaints has been the tendency of some cons to advertise "film program" and then to run all the titles listed on videotape instead.))

Sandy Paris Barger
5204 Dryton Blvd #6
Chattanooga TN 37415

Cliff, I loved
your article on
printing fan-
zines. Bob and

I fought over the zine trying to read it at the same time. Inspired. As far as ditto is concerned: I used to know when we were going to have a test in school--the teacher would come in to class reeking of ditto fluid. I used to love to sniff the printed pages...as for masochism being the reason for Celko doing a fanzine--is that not why everybody does one? The bits about the e-stencillers and twiltone are great, too.

The Deadline for the Next Atarantes is, appropriately enough, October 1st; even if Fred Hoyle did say it was too late, get your locs in then!

MINUTES & MONEY

IRIS BROWN, SEC-TREAS

The Atlanta Science Fiction Club meeting of August 15th began at 8:05 p.m., as President Angela Howell welcomed members and visitors. Visitors were asked to give their names and addresses to the Secretary, Iris, after the business meeting, so that they could receive the next ATARANTES.

Angela then explained that the problem with the air-conditioning, or rather, lack thereof, had been caused by the cleaning crew, which turned it off before they left. A conference with bank officials had solved this and no further problems were anticipated.

Inquiries regarding old business did not produce any old business, but did spark off a round of announcements. Con flyers for various conventions of interest were produced, including ASFiCon II and Chattacon. Representatives of both were present and eager to take membership money from club members. Also on hand were new ASFiC flyers for distribution anywhere and everywhere.

Following this, clubzine editor Cliff Biggers reported on the Post Awful's latest snafu. He and assistant editor Ward Batty had prepared the 50th issue early and had gotten it in the mail on August 7. The hold up was apparently caused by the entire batch of bulk-mailed zines being sent to the bulk mailing center in Birmingham, rather than Atlanta, as they should have been. A show of hands at the meeting indicated that at least a third of the zines had gotten to their destinations, and the odds for everyone else getting them looked good, although the 34 page anniversary issue missed arriving by the club meeting.

Iris Brown then announced that she and co-chairman Randy Satterfield had set a definite date for the 1982 Half-a-con. The relaxacon will be held Feb. 12-14 at the Roman Inn in Rome, GA. Memberships in advance are \$5, and \$7 at the door.

Randy followed this up with an announcement regarding security for ASFiCon. He will be in charge of that and anyone who would like to work on that for the con should get in touch with him.

Cliff then pointed out that brand-new ASFiC membership cards were available, and could be gotten from Iris following the business meeting, provided that you were dues-paid. Members were reminded that they could get a 10% discount from Randy at A World of Words, and an under-terminated, but comparable discount from Bob Maurus at cons.

In the interests of accuracy, Mary Aileen Buss reminded members that there was no "North Druid Hills SF Club", but there was and is an active club known as the "Druid Hills SF Club." Correction duly noted here.

Since the announcements had run out, John Whatley made the motion to end the meeting. The motion was promptly seconded by Deb Hammer Johnson and Sue Phillips, more or less simultaneously. The club voted to end the meeting about 30 minutes after the hour.

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New Members

Rick Albertson
960 Greenwood Ave., Apt #6
Atlanta, GA 30306

Betsy Focke
960 Greenwood Ave, Apt #6
Atlanta GA 30306

Jeanne Buss
1779 Ridgewood Drive
Atlanta GA 30307

I MAY NOT KNOW WHAT I LIKE, BUT I LIKE

DER KRAPP

BY BRAD LINAWEAVER



I did one! When ye olde columnist talks about bad films, he knows of what he speaks. Ranking with the worst ever made is a picture I helped to write and even appeared in as an actor: *The Brain Leeches*. Mercifully it never received theatrical release. The movie exists, though. It was the feature attraction at several midnight shows in disreputable southern bars. There is also a dark rumor that it played on TV once. An easy way to document the existence of TBL is to look it up in *Famous Monsters of Filmland* #144 (p. 31). And I still have copies of the pressbook.

How I came to be involved with Firebird International Pictures, the outfit that went into the leech business, is a story in itself. In 1978, I was living in Central Florida, working on a Masters degree at Rollins College. The idea of doing a movie on the side appealed to me. What could be farther from the seriousness of Academe. As an undergraduate at Florida State University, I had been involved with some 16 mm student films (all shorts naturally) as well as having my own radio series. Script-writing holds as much appeal for me as any other kind of scribbling...and I never pass up a chance to act.

So along came Fred Olen Ray and his Firebird Pictures Company in Orlando, Florida, when the movie-making itch was becoming irresistible. He and I hit it off right away: both self-assured egomaniacs, willing to try virtually anything in the plastic arts, whether we were prepared or not. We casually dropped information about How We Corresponded With Important Professionals In the Field--And How They Gave Us Encouragement. I produced some letters I had from Ray Bradbury! He smiled at that. Then he showed me his correspondence with Edward Wood, Jr. He was one of the last people to write to Wood as an admiring fan. There was some talk of them working on a production together. That should have told me something. (An uncharitable soul might suggest that Firebird could have gone ahead with Wood as a posthumous co-producer.)

Fred had professional credentials in the realm of movie make-up. He had worked on a horror film with Peter Cushing and John Carradine that went by a couple of titles: *Death Corps* and *Shock Waves*. He had been involved with the Robert Shaw and Bruce

Dern *Black Sunday*, not the Barbara Steele classic. He had worked with Roddy McDowell.

But make-up alone does not a movie make, as I was soon to learn. Fred had a producer's job at a local PBS tv station, which meant that he had access to equipment. He had also come into some 16 mm sound black and white film stock, enough to produce a feature if we didn't have too many takes. And we both knew plenty of would-be actors willing to work for the experience alone (but first you have to get their signatures on a release!).

The only trouble was the Fred didn't have a story. That is where I came in. I considered the cast and crew, the sort of schedule we would have, and, most important of all, that Fred couldn't afford to pay what I wanted for a shooting script. He was willing to provide what I considered adequate remuneration for a simple treatment, a rough outline of the movie with a few completed scenes, a working title...basically an idea on which to build the project. Fred and a collaborator would do the final shooting script. We made the deal. At this time I was not planning on acting other than in a brief cameo.

I thought the title *The Brain Leeches* had not been used before and was sufficiently exploitative. Later I found out that an old pulp title had beaten us to it. Figuring that the cheapest SF horror flick we could do around the little town of Pinecastle would be a *Zombies Are Invading From Space* on a Real Low Budget thing, I promptly wrecked a flying saucer in a Florida swamp. (The budget was so sparse that not even a cheap model saucer was used. Instead of an action scene, we settled for narrative exposition: "Yep, I seen it!") My notion was for small, leech-like creatures to emerge from the swamp with the ability to crawl into the ear, burrow into the brain, and turn the human host into a B movie zombie. The final take-over would be represented by white contact lenses in the subject's eyes. (The budget struck again with another limitation. Contact lenses are expensive. Since the story required more than one zombie on the screen at a time, the difficulty was surmounted by having everyone who was taken over wear sunglasses! This meant that not even the redneck sheriff could wear sunglasses until

he was taken over as well. The high point occurred with a baby wearing shades.) The leader of the aliens was bigger than the rest--this was accomplished with a pretty unconvincing hand puppet, hence all its scenes had to be rather dark in a film that was dimly lit to begin with.

A local owner of a bar had aspirations to do country singing, so Fred had him do the theme song for *The Brain Leeches*, the ballad known as "Alien Love," available on Startrip Records, an outfit as famous as firebird Interantional. Is there any other sf horror film with a country-western theme song? The singer was also the nominal hero of the saga, the town doctor (shades of Kevin McCarthy).

With a Russ Meyer approach to casting women in the film--"Are the boobs big enough?"--and a Roger Corman approach to doing the script on the spot and shooting fast--"Whadaya mean it's not ready?"--Fred Olen Ray was ready to make the feature. Trouble started right on cue. For one thing, the fella Fred brought into his home to help him prepare the final script did a good job of raiding the refrigerator and sleeping, but in the production of pages he was a bit lax. Then a guy who was to play a major role--the Judas who sells out the human race to the brain leeches--skipped town, and they were short a performer.

Before I knew it, I had agreed to do a major part in the film. The best way to get through something like this was to have the Judas part. Even more astonishing was the

discovery that whole portions of the scri weren't finished yet. As a result, I began writing my dialogue on the set, trying to work out what I could with other unlucky performers. Fred was busy with his camera angles by that point and couldn't be overbothered by the absence of a story. I had to make two speeches in the course of the film,, in addition to the passages of dialogue. One was ready when I did my first day. I had an hour in which to memorize it before we shot the scene in Fred's living room. The other was in front of a live audience in the bar of Paul Jones, the singer. A few hours before the shooting, I realized that they had nothing ready for me to say. Off I went, legal pad in hand, concocting material as fast as I could. A self-proclaimed Las Vegas comedian was supposed to do his routine in front of the audience after I finished..and he kept asking me to help him with the gags. I really didn't think *The Brain Leeches* needed any comic relief. I didn't have any time for him anyway. I was busy preparing my stuff so that I wouldn't look like an idiot. By this point, TBL was "every man for himself

What a project! I've never experienced anything like it. Naturally I assumed that we were doing a parody of bad films at this point. Fred thought so. Unfortunately, not everyone else involved with the film understood this until it was all over.

NEXT: Part Two: Marvel at the cheapest effects possible in "Do You Think Those Marks Were Made by Gators, Doc?"

ART CREDITS: Cover; Bob Maurus. P. 2: Alexis Gilliland. P. 3: David Heath, Jr. P 4: Glen Brock. P. 5: Ward Batty. P. 7: Rusty Burke. P. 8: Glen Brock. P. 9: Ward Batty & Jerry Collins. P. 11: Jerry Collins. P. 12: Charlie Williams. P.13: Melissa Snowind. P. 15. Jerry Collins. We desperately need more spot illos for next issue. Help!!

ATARANTES #51
Cliff Biggers, ed.
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