



CHOICE CUTS

ASFICON 2 ALMOST HERE ASFO MEETING RAIDED

ASFICON 2 is almost here, and if you haven't made your plans for the convention yet, it's time to do so. GoH Robert Silverberg will be accompanied by fan GoH Joe D Siclari and MC Michael Bishop, and numerous other pros will attend, including George Alec Effinger, Somtow Sucharitkul, Jerry Page, Sharon Webb, Hank Reinhardt, John M. Ford, Mike & Carol Resnick, Brad Linaweaver, Bob Maurus, Jack Massa, Doug Chaffee, and more. Membership is now \$12, which it will remain through con-time; some hotel rooms are still available, but we'd recommend calling the Northlake Hilton in Tucker GA if you haven't made a reservation yet. The October 23-25 convention will include a costume contest, a video room, a film program, panels, readings, autograph sessions, a meet-the-pros party, and more Southern fans in one place than you've seen in a long, long time. Banquet tickets are available for \$12; the meal will feature a pot-roast main course, for the few who were unable to eat last year's hamsteak. Registration will open at 3:00 Friday afternoon, and from that time on, something will be happen every minute of the con! One-day memberships are available for \$6 a day, although the con will be worth staying for the entire time. Additional information can be gotten by calling Chairman Rich Howell at 493-1797.

The Atlanta in '86 Worldcon Bid Committee has announced that the first Bid Progress Report will be mailed out in January or February of 1982; in the interim, supporting memberships are available for \$3 basic or \$5 deluxe from *Worldcon Atlanta Bid*, Box 10094, Atlanta GA 30319.

Halfacon '82, February 12-14 at the Roman Inn in Rome, GA (site of the most recent ABCcon), is a relaxicon scheduled by Iris Brown and Randy Satterfield, co-chairmen. Memberships are available for \$5 now, \$7 at the door, from Iris Brown, 404 Elliott Drive, Rome GA 30161. The highlight of the convention will be the Celko Roast, scheduled for the Saturday of the convention--but there will be much in the way of activity-programming, including a hearts tourney, a trivia quiz, a panel or three, and much, much more.

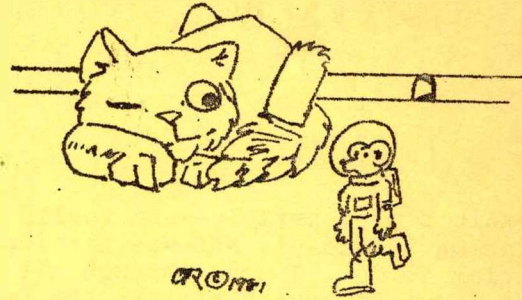
Nicki Lynch and Janis Johnson have announced that they will chair the 1982 ABCcon, to be held in Chattanooga sometime during the summer of 1982. As more information becomes available on the exact date and location, you can expect to find it here in *Atarantes*.

After the dual-club-hassles mentioned in the last issue of *Atarantes*, Chattanooga fandom seems to have totally split--and *neither* club has retained its status as the UTC sf club. A hearing resulted in both clubs losing their UTC Student Center meeting sites because neither had a sufficiently large student membership to qualify as a student club, according to Mike Rogers. Both CSFA, the original club that had met at the UTC site for years (except for occasional meetings elsewhere), and CSFC, the new club, had asked to meet at the site, and in October, CSFC secured the site for that meeting, while CSFA ended up meeting in the lobby the next week. There have been no announcements about new meeting sites as of yet. In a related side-note, *Strange Punch* has been retired as the clubzine of CSFA, with Nicki Lynch doing a new clubzine/newsletter. A.J. Bridget will remain editor of the CSFC zine, but the club has put stringent editorial restrictions on what she may include in the zine, according to Tim Bolgeo.



Atarantes #52 is the October, 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 indeed, it's a Para Graphics Publication!

MEETING



OCTOBER'S PROGRAM will be a costuming workshop conducted by Marilyn White. Since this is our Halloween-month meeting, and since ASFiCon's costume contest is only a week away, we're urging as many people as are interested to come in costume and be prepared to talk about how the costumes were made, designed, etc.

FOR ASFiCON 2 COMMITTEE MEMBERS, there will be a committee meeting at 6:30 pm Saturday, October 17, 1981; the club meeting itself will be at 8:00 that same Saturday evening, and we want to see everyone there.

NOVEMBER'S PROGRAM will be a slide presentation covering all the various conventions we've had recently (and, we hope, ASFiCon 2 in particular); as always, there will also be the usual socializing and general fun. That's 11/21.

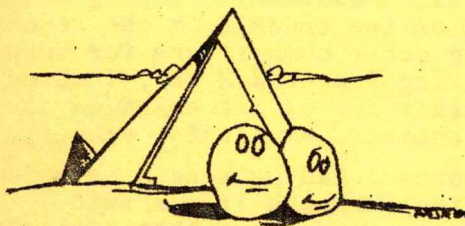
DECEMBER'S PROGRAM will be our annual club Christmas party, and Program Director Dann Littlejohn plans to have some preliminary discussion of that party at the October meeting, so any suggestions or ideas you have should be presented to him then.

The meeting is at the Peachtree Bank Community Room, 4525 Chamblee Dunwoody Rd., just north of the interstate.

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 $\frac{1}{4}$ 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.

The most recent ASFO meeting was also one of the most unusual meetings in the history of the group: rather than getting the key to the bank meeting room when the ASFOs dropped by to pick up the key, they were given the key to the bank. As George Orentlicher stuck his head inside to see if there was perhaps an entrance to the meeting room inside the bank, he obviously set off the silent alarm, for a security guard and an Atlanta Police Department car arrived within moments of one another. Reports were filed, Damon Hill tried to snap a shot as a souvenir, the policeman tried to confiscate the film, a report was filed on Damon, and all was finally straightened out--except for the fact that the group still had no way of getting into the meeting room. The meeting was finally held at The Grove on Myrtle Street, not too far from the original meeting site. All those who claim not to be in charge of ASFO say that such problems are not expected in the future, and they're probably right--bank-employee mixups like this are, thankfully, very, very rare.

Iris Brown has won the election for Official Editor of *Myriad*, and her first mailing will #93, with a deadline of October 31st. If you are interested in joining this fine apa, write to Iris at 404 Elliott Dr., Rome GA 30161.



Deb Hammer Johnson, ASFiC intrepid and former secretary-treasurer, has relocated in Knoxville while working on her M.A. in Library Sciences. Deb's current address is Apt Y-20, 3700 Sutherland Ave., Knoxville TN 37919. Deb asks that folks write her and keep her up-to-date with Atlanta happenings. Meanwhile, Cletis Burnett, former Atlantan and long-time ASFiC member, has moved to Mesa, Arizona, where he's working as a doctor at the Alma Road Chiropractic Center. He asks ASFiC folks to contact him at 2740 Alma School Road Suite #7, Mesa AZ 85202 and let him know what's happening with ASFiC. And in the final installment of our series on moving ASFiC members, Charlie Moody has reportedly left Atlanta for California, a move he had been hoping to make for quite a while now. No address is currently available.

of Dragons at Kings...

BY
ANDREW J. OFFUTT

Jean Corbin's mini-article--and really nice illustration indeed--in #50 was particularly interesting to me. I went through all that business about "dragons" back in the fall of 1979 when I began work on a Lost World novel that would be not only scientifically plausible, but scientifically created.

Making the (blue-green algae) terraformed planet seeded with DNA-enhanced bioengineered eggs and embryos the project of a ridiculously rich and rather cracked Arab became the means, for some reason. He needed "eyes" on the planet he considered his--or His, since over the centuries he came to confuse himself more and more with God, spelled Allah. For those eyes, a mobile spy and courier for the "Living God," I chose a really big pterodactyl, scientifically enhanced. A sort of *Pterodactylis Rex*. It seemed to me that the *rukḥ* (our "roc") of the heroic fantasies we know as the Arabian Nights was probably based on a pteranodon. (Because someone found a skeleton or a piece of it in the sands?)

My "monster aflight, aerodynamically unsound and biologically improbable; a zoological bastard" became *Malik Rukḥ*, in its masters tongue: King Dragon. Eventually that became the title of the novel Ace published a year later; now a year ago. Meanwhile, I did a hell of a lot of digging.

Once I had watched, as a kid on a Kentucky farm, a bigole ugly buzzard run and launch itself off the lip of what we called a "hol-ler" and blocked with cedar trees--a wash-out gully. It swooped away. Pretty clever, I thought--meanwhile sneering at its ungainliness. (Probably because I wished I could fly as it did, gainly or un--.) Another time I watched one spend two or three minutes getting itself up onto a rock fence, so it could jump off. It did--right into a clump of buckbushes. Torn between wanting to kill that ugly abomination as an offense against my nascent sense of aesthetics and wanting to help it out, I did neither. It flopped its way out. Tried to take off, failed--because it was stuffed up to here with its meal of miscarried piglets--and damned if it didn't start flop-clambering up onto that rock fence again! 200 years old, slave-built, unmortared and stable as your house, mossy and keeping hogs where we wanted them...serving as a launching pad for Kentucky's version of a vulture! (Seems to me I wondered about its seeming intelligence or "intelligence," but that may be an apoc-



ryphal "memory.") She or he made it that time, flop-flapping, sideslipping--and then catching an air current and swooping all raggedy-winged up into a haughty locust tree. There it remained longer than I hung about--presumably with its tongue hanging out!

I didn't think about that until I started putting together *King Dragon*. Then it came back. Buzzards run-flop-waddle-stagger to take flight, but they'd rather jump off something when they can. (And yes, they have been known to eat so much that they couldn't get off the ground. One eats all one can when it's available, trying to get there ahead of the truck from the rendering plant, among other competitors for corpses!) I'll bet *King Dragon* did too, I mused. I'll bet at least two of the theories about the things are correct, or nearly, usually, sometimes...

So--once I had my King Dragon jump off a clifftop. Maybe it was twice. Another time it seems to me that I showed him galumphing along, buzzard-like, to get himself airborne--exactly the way I think of those really big aircraft lined up, roaring to get their courage up on the Atlanta runway, then running to beat hell down the runway to hurl themselves, rattling, aloft. Ah, did it again!--and every tense hand in the rear of the plane snaps a lighter or a match.

Jean Corbin's information about higher temperature yielding a denser atmosphere back in Earth's adolescence is not something I remember having found in all my researches--which yielded 40,000 words of notes for that one novel, which probably still contains some errors. It's an interesting theory, almost elegant, and if I didn't find it, I wish I had. (Boyhood is easier to remember than 1979, dammit!) Now I do, and I appreciate it. On the other hand--maybe I'd not have used it in KD. Poor sick old al-Bah'ram did, after all, pretty much create my Lost World, and it is hardly the same as the strictly-hokey ones we've all loved for so long...or the real thing, in our distant past, where David Innes didn't live.

THE F OSCILLATING N

WARD BATTY & CLIFF BIGGERS

Greetings! After a two-month hiatus, we're back; with the month off, we have a couple of interesting fanzines to review, and a lot more to cover in the next installment or two. There seemed to be a recent boom of zines, for whatever reason. Of special interest was the new issue of *Holier Than Thou* that featured a Mike Glyer review of our review of Mike Rogers' *Harmonic Dissonance* from *Atarantes* #49.

Ward attended Denvention and was really struck by how the fan-room and fanzine fandom is being de-emphasized at many cons, specifically Worldcons. I'm not sure that it isn't a case of fandom growing faster in other areas, thereby overshadowing fanzines; then again, perhaps the number of faneditors is dwindling, as many have charged.

One last thought before launching into the reviews. Both of us have been toying with the idea of a rating system. Unlike the standard one-to-five scale, with one bad and five great, we want to go in the opposite direction: we'll give a one-to-five staple-rating system, with one staple being excellent (to be placed in a corner for easy reading) and five staples being wretched (four staples, one in each corner, and a fifth right in the center of the zine to insure that you don't waste any time at all on it). Oh well, it was a thought--and since we get to write this installment before we get any input, we'll initiate the system this time around...

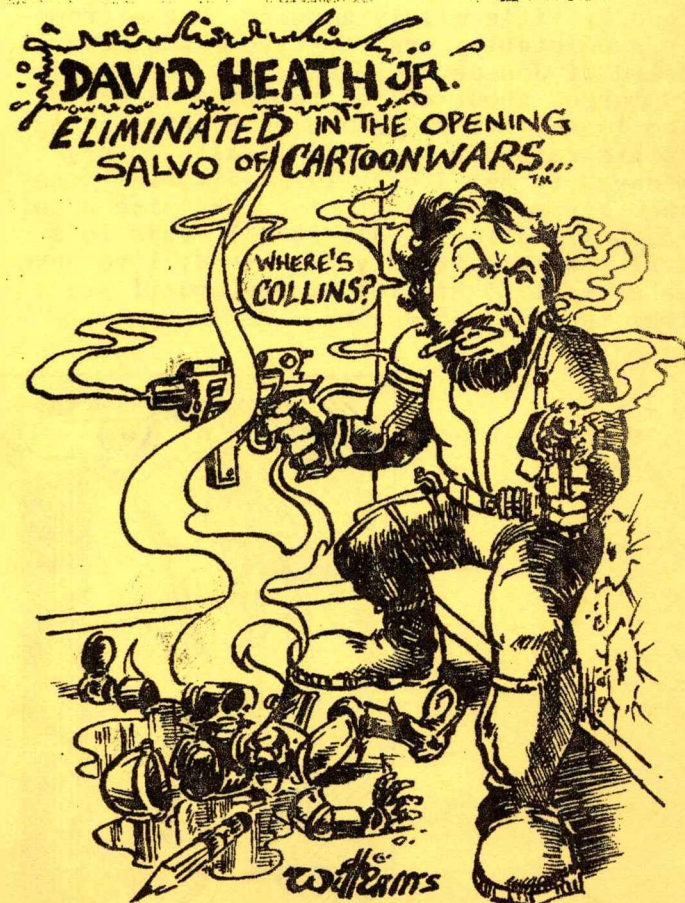
Hard Knox #1. Published by the Knoxville Science Fantasy Federation (4314 Hayes Av, Knoxville TN 37912. Xerox, 12 pp, \$1.)

Ward Batty: The South certainly seems to be producing its share of clubzines. *Atarantes*, *kChat*, *Strange Punch*, *Anvil*, and now from KSFF this project. Most of the Knoxville fans are artists, so editors Deb Hammer-Johnson and Charlie Williams (two names that should be familiar to our readers) have relied heavily on the local talent. The result is one of the most beautifully and professionally packaged fanzines that I've seen, with some very lightweight material in terms of the written content. The xerox (or Kodak copier) they used is top-notch; you can feel the toner as you run your hand across the cover. All the art has reproduced wonderfully, from the Mark Maxwell cover to the

airbrushed back cover. The type was done on a cotton fabric ribbon, however, and when it's reduced, some of the letters tend to blob up--but that's the zine's only physical flaw. The disadvantage to this package is the exorbitant price to both the editors and the buyers. Since very issue costs them 65¢ plus postage, they may be hard-pressed to go for freebies for locs or liberal trade policies.

As I mentioned before, the writing is all very light-weight; it's relaxed, too "laid back." It reads more like a loose limited-circulation apazine than most fanzines. There's an editorial, a report on Knoxville fandom, a detailed report on the wedding of Bob Barger and Sandy Paris, and a zine and book review. The result is a very fast read that leaves me wondering what's the purpose of the zine. I'm glad to see the KSFF people producing a zine, but there is certainly plenty of talent up there to exploit, and the zine needs much more editorial focus. For a first issue, I'll give it three staples.

Cliff: This is where I feel that cost-effectiveness becomes a factor in fanzine recommendation; I have trouble recommending a zine that costs the readers 6¢ or so a page. I found the contents entirely too lightweight for a zine of this slickness--I feel that appearance and message must complement one another, and when one goes far beyond the other in quality, it seems



to make the weaker element seem all the more weak. Well over half this zine is fine artwork, but the text seems a bit superficial and a little lifeless. I hope the first issue's appearance is a good sign for the layout and design of the zine in the future, but at the same time I hope it isn't a representation of the zine's textual content in times to come. I'd give it three and a half staples.

Holier Than Thou #11 (Marty Cantor, 5263 Riverton Ave. Apt #1, No. Hollywood CA 91601: mimeo, 70 pages, \$1.50)

Cliff: This is a zine that's much more of what I want a fanzine to be. Textually, it's strong (a bit uneven, perhaps but you can't expect even quality from a zine that's 70 pages long--too much of what a reader calls quality is subjective, and there's bound to be some disagreement between editor and reader in a 70-page zine) and visually, it's as impressive as I ask for from a text-oriented fanzine. Cantor has a tendency to use very bad artwork and hackneyed visual gags from time to time, but I can live with this, since I'm primarily a word-fan, and the words here are most interesting. Mike Glycer does an unusual review of *Harmonic Dissonance* that reviews Ward's and my review of the zine far more than it reviews the zine itself, in which he raises many interesting questions that, unfortunately, I don't think HD managed to fully investigate. Kevin Smith's "How To Write Like Joseph Nicholas" is an example of the material I'm not as fond of; it's mildly amusing, but extremely predictable, even for those who haven't heard of Joseph Nicholas. The lettercol is large, about 40% of the zine, and a bit too loose, but there are many interesting points raised here. And finally, Marty manages to get a very firm editorial presence across, and that gives the zine a solid, unified feel. All in all, this is a zine I wholeheartedly recommend; I've have to give it 2½ staples, maybe two if you like fannish commentary.

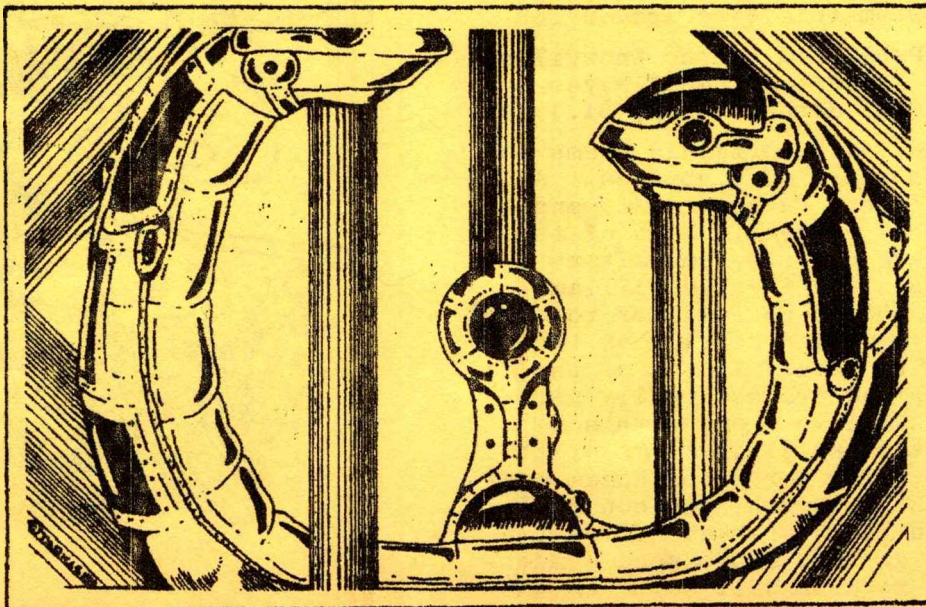
Ward: I don't know if this is the place, but let me add a comment here, inspired by Mike's review. Our review of *Hard Knox* is somewhat negative; we know Charlie and Deb and, because of this, we might have expected more from them. Our *Harmonic Dissonance* review has drawn several responses from people who thought we were too hard on Mike Rogers, the editor. Again, we know Mike; he lives in Atlanta and we are all in SPPA together. We know what he is capable of, so we were a bit disappointed that HD didn't totally live up to what we thought he could do. The "Fakefan Adventure" strip was run because I knew Mike wouldn't be offended or upset--and he wasn't. We don't live in a vacuum, and our reviews are certainly colored by what we know of the zine's producers.

Mike Glycer seemed much more inspired in this HTT by Mike Roger's "Fearful Fan" than we were. He raised several interesting and valid questions (questions that I think, after rereading Mike Rogers' article, were not evident there). Glycer asks, "What do we expect from sf cons, really? Do attendees at cons really behave differently from people not in fandom? And is sf fandom still an atmosphere in which bright, socially unadjusted people grow up, if it ever was?"

Good questions that deserve a good answer. I'm still waiting on that answer.

NEW MEMBERS OF ASFIC

New Members: Mike Rogers, 2429-D Old Stone Mt. Rd., Chamblee, 30341; Mary Ann Hester, 315 Willow Ave., Warner Robins, 31093, Sonya Arundar, 1855 Jan Hill Lane, Atlanta 30329, Ron and Marilea Butler, C-11 Castaways Apt., Warner Robins, 31093, Dee Sharpe, 1992 Mc-Jenkins Dr., Atlanta, GA 30345.



The Gothic novel, according to H.P. Lovecraft, "consisted first of all of the Gothic castle, with its awesome antiquity, vast distances and ramblings, deserted or ruined wings, damp corridors, unwholesome hidden catacombs, and galaxy of ghosts and appalling legends, as a nucleus of suspense and daemonic fright. In addition, it included the tyrannical and malevolent nobleman as villain; the saintly, long-persecuted, and generally insipid heroine who undergoes the major terrors and serves as a point of view and focus for the reader's sympathies; the valorous and immaculate hero, always of high birth but often in humble disguise; the convention of high-sounding foreign names, mostly Italian, for the characters; and the infinite array of stage properties which includes strange lights, damp trap-doors, extinguished lamps, mouldy hidden manuscripts, creaking hinges, shaking arras, and the like."

The first of these novels, The Castle of Otranto, was written in 1764 by Horace Walpole at his recently-built pseudo-Gothic mansion at Strawberry Hill. "I waked one morning . . . from a dream, of which all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head like mine filled with Gothic story) and that on the uppermost banister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening, I sat down and began to write. . . ." Published as a "translation" of the mythical "Onuphrio Muralto," under the pseudonym of "William Marshal, Gent.," Otranto was an instant success, and Walpole acknowledged his authorship in later editions.

Harrison R. Steeves noted that "The Castle of Otranto is today somewhat difficult to take seriously . . . yet it is the ancient head--not fallen into disrepute--of an entire family of stories of its kind, good, bad and indifferent, which includes the work of as reputable authors as Poe, the Bronte sisters, and Stevenson." Lovecraft called Otranto "tedious, artificial, and melodramatic . . . flat, stilted, and altogether devoid of the true cosmic horror which makes real literature."

The story line is simple enough: Manfred, the despotic Prince of Otranto, has overthrown the true line and fears the ancient prophecy "that the Castle and Lordship of Otranto should pass from the present family whenever the real owners should be grown too large to inhabit it." To strengthen his suprious claim, Manfred seeks to marry his son, Conrad, to Princess Isabella of Vincenza, a direct descendant of Alphonso the Good, the true line. When the wedding day arrives, Conrad is found crushed under a gigantic helmet which has fallen from a statue of Alphonso. Manfred then seeks to divorce his wife and marry Isabella. While Isabella is fleeing from Manfred, she meets

Horror and the Supernatural



john whatley

the young peasant Theodore in a subterranean passage, and falls immediately in love. Theodore looks amazingly like Alphonso, but is in love with Manfred's daughter Matilda. Meanwhile, strange things are happening around the castle: giant armor is found all over, a portrait steps from its frame, a statue bleeds, and a skeleton in a cowl is found. The ghost of Alphonso, now grown gigantic [Remember the curse?], destroys the castle and ascends to Heaven. Manfred mistakenly kills his daughter Matilda while trying to stab Isabella, Theodore reveals he is the real heir to Otranto and overthrows Manfred, Manfred and his wife go off to join a monastery and convent respectively, and Theodore finally marries Isabella. Well, it's a beginning, at least.

In 1777 Clara Reeve published The Old English Baron anonymously. She claimed her purpose was to create a "literary offspring" of Otranto, "written upon the same plan [but without the

macabre elements that) instead of attention, excite laughter." This novel is a plagiarized Otranto. Walpole dismissed it as "certainly not [one to] make me laugh; for what makes one doze, seldom makes one merry." Gothic was having its birth pains.

A tale Walpole admired, however, was Sir Bertrand, a fragment published in 1773 by Mrs. Barbauld. A nobleman on a dark and lonely moor, attracted by a tolling bell and distant light, enters a castle wherein lies a dead lady in her coffin. He kisses her, and the ruined castle disappears into a banquet hall, where the now-restored lady gives banquet for Sir Bertrand.

In 1785 the first of the Gothic historical romances appeared, The Recess by Mrs. Sophia Lee, revolving around the twin daughters of Mary, Queen of Scots.

And then came Mrs. Ann Radcliffe. She only published six novels, but they were highly successful and much imitated. Probably the best was The Mysteries of Udolpho (1794). The heroine, Emily de St. Aubert, lives in fear in the castle she shares with her aunt and evil step-uncle Montoni. Mysterious sounds, opened doors, frightful legends, and a "nameless horror" in a niche behind a black veil--after most of the book has been read, discovered to be a wax dummy--operate in quick succession to unnerve the heroine. She flees, but winds up in a chateau filled with fresh horrors. Of course, there is a happy ending; the tale is a beautiful reworking of the standard touches.

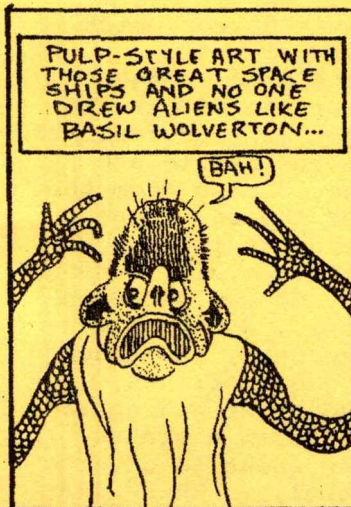
William Beckford ground out a semi-Gothic in Vathek, an Arabian Nights tale of the Middle East. Although it contains all manner of ghouls, demons, and witches the tale is in reality a fantasy. Vathek,

ninth caliph of the Abassides, goes on a pilgrimage of evil through ghoulish and demon-haunted underworlds, seeking ultimate power and glory. Meanwhile, his sorceress mother is in a ruined tower sacrificing humans to his success. This novel was a sensation, and William Beckford gained a seat in Parliament; Mathew Gregory Lewis, however, took it away from him in 1796 with The Monk.

The Monk is extremely heavy and plodding, but it caused a scandal when it came out. Lovecraft described the plot: "The story is one of a Spanish monk, Ambrosio, who from a state of overproud virtue" [in 30 years in the monastery he has never broken a single rule of his order] "is tempted to the very nadir of evil by a fiend in the guise of the maiden Matilda; and who is finally, when awaiting death at the Inquisition's hands, induced to purchase escape at the price of his soul. . . ." Ambrosio is "rescued" by the Devil, taken to a great height, and dropped. It seems that when Ambrosio signed the Devil's agreement, the inquisitors were coming to pardon him, not execute him. Ambrosio's broken body lives on for seven long days; his soul is taken immediately by the Devil.

The Monk is sexually strong: sex acts; Ambrosio's seduction by Matilda; Ambrosio's rape of his sister; his murder of his mother. But it is mild stuff by today's standards. Its main claim is that it opened the tight Gothic form.

Next time "Monk" Lewis will visit some close friends, one of them the teenage daughter of the utopian economic theorist (and sometime horror writer) William Godwin, in GOTHIC GOODIES.



KUDZU

CLIFF BIGGERS

A friend of mine was recently remarking on the unusual aspects of the time-"honored" tradition of fan-feuding. He admitted to having never understood the tendency of a large number of fans to feud vehemently on paper, then to either act neutral or coolly friendly in person. It bemused him far more than he could explain to me, and he ultimately stated that, given a choice, he'd prefer to punch the offending party than to spend months or years tossing about personal diatribes. Perhaps not the most desirable solution to the problem, but you have to admit that it's virtually as sensible as the present system.

The basic rules to Fan Feud are so simple that anyone can quickly join in and feud like a pro in a matter of months. Just in case you missed them, though, here's the basic format.

First, you simply *must* become adept at subtle literary analysis; once a feud begins, you're at a definite loss if you can't read your opponent's zine and twist every single line he's written into a minimum of one vile insult to your intelligence, parentage, or mimeographic abilities. If you rely merely on what your opponent *says*, you'll find little to comment on--go for what you know he really *meant*.

The enemy of most people who set out to engage in Fan Feuds is fact; when an adept fan-feuder is faced with facts, he (a) ignores them, (b) insults the source, or (c) yells loudly about how his opponent cheats at hearts and serves his guests spirit fluid in a rum bottle. A Feud should never be bogged down in mere truth--if you can't keep it from getting down to that level, you'll never become adept in this arcane fannish skill.

Unlike the real world, the winner of a Fan Feud is not determined by deciding who has the truth, or logic, or a mixture thereof, on his side. Bear that in mind at all times: the winner of a Fan Feud is, according to those who have engaged in them, determined by (a) who has the most people who claim to be his friends when it's all over, or (b) he who can make the most scurrilous claims about his opponent, particularly in places where his opponent is not present. I'm told that running vile epithets through apas where one's opponent

cannot read them is a definite plus; but the diehard Fan Feuder relies heavily on whisper campaigns and unattributed rumor. Bonus points can be earned if you can claim Harry Warner, Mike Glicksohn, or Rusty Hevelin as your source; triple points if you can convince people that those aforementioned fans likewise detest your opponent. Be careful with this technique; however; careless rumors using Joseph Nicholas as your source can hurt your standing in the Feud community.

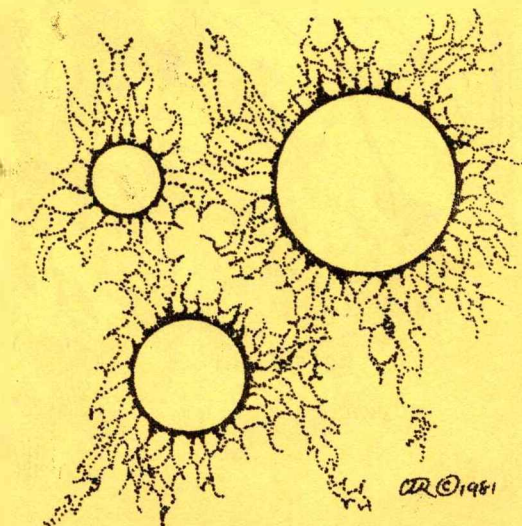
By all means, remember to never acknowledge that your opponent has a sense of humor, any writing ability, or a mother who will claim blood relationship. There can be no humor in a fan feud; if you think your opponent said something funny, refer back to the third paragraph of this column, then reread the funny line--surely you can find *something* there to be offended by.

Ignoring your opponent was considered poor form for a while, because it makes the Feud dull and, ultimately, moribund. If you follow a trend made popular in recent years, though, you can turn this reaction into a plus by spending many pages telling your opponent you're going to ignore him. If you can spend four or more pages ignoring him in this manner, you're bound to score points in the Feud.

Of course, you have to know what your opponent enjoys--certainly you do, because you have to detest it. Try to avoid feuds with fans who like the same cons, authors, or beverages as you do--that'll require either a change in your lifestyle or a great deal of secrecy on your part otherwise.

We've talked about scoring points in Fan Feuding; the one thing to remember, though, is that you have *no idea* who is actually keeping score. Therefore, carry your feud with you everywhere, and make it the major focus of your fannish life--those scorekeepers are damnable hard to spot, and you certainly don't want to miss an opportunity to Win In Fan Feuding.

Or do you?...



TARZAN

OR
"IT DOESN'T MEAN A THING
IF IT AIN'T GOT THAT SWING"

A REVIEW BY
GERALD W. PAGE



Tarzan the Ape Man was first filmed by W.S. Van Dyke in 1932 and starred Johnny Weismuller and Maureen O'Sullivan, who provided a picture of Tarzan and Jane that eclipsed, in the public mind, the one which Edgar Rice Burroughs had created in his novels, none of which, of course, was ever titled *Tarzan the Ape Man*. The story has it that MGM's contract with Burroughs gives them the use of this title from here to eternity, and in 1959 they remade it under the direction of Joseph Newman, and starring Denny Miller and Joanna Barnes. To avoid legal hassles, apparently, the script never actually refers to the Denny Miller character as Tarzan, which didn't placate the audience. Miller and Barnes have proven elsewhere to be talented people, but this movie was bad enough to seriously damage anyone's career. Now there's a new version out, directed and photographed by John Derek and starring His-Wife-Bo-Derek (that appears to be her full name) and Miles O'Keefe. The cognoscenti may have heard much in the popular press to upset them, but they should not be alarmed. This is not a remake of the Weismuller film, but the Miller one.

Let's not, if you'll pardon the way I say it, monkey around. This is a bad movie. Worse, it doesn't realize it's a bad movie. There is little here to amuse, and much that will give a sensitive soul pain. The PR folks were apparently aware of this and they've provided much more publicity for Mrs. Derek's body than for the movie. The trouble is, you can get a better look at it in magazine spreads, such as the recent one in *Playboy*, than you can in the film. Another strong indication that the promoters, at least, know how bad the film is can be found in the fact that a major portion of the promotion, including some of John Derek's own photographs depict Bo Derek in scenes as Jane which do not occur in the movie.

The movie actually starts out with a short-lived show of promise and panache: the producer's company is called Svengali, an obvious to-hell-with-you reference to what some have said about the relationship of the Dereks to one another; and the logo is a Rubens-plump beauty by Frank Frazetta. There's a voice-over by Wilfrid Hyde-White which echoes the opening of *Tarzan of the Apes*, where Burroughs explains how he got the story from someone who had no business telling it. In fact, Hyde-White is telling it to someone named Edgar. The kicker is that Edgar has a thicker British accent than Wilfrid. So much for the first indication that some one might know what he's doing--or care.

A couple of other spots in the movie indicate someone who liked ERB might have written an early draft of the script, but these are quickly spotted by the director and beaten down. A scene where Tarzan, wounded by a snake-bite, comes to very quickly might mean that someone was trying to fin



but below it she's mediocre. Her hips are just too narrow. Also, you can't really pull off nudity in a movie without a great face and her face isn't great. Bo Derek is the sex goddess of the eighties only if sex has fallen on bad times.

Miles O'Keefe. He has one or two scenes that didn't end up on the cutting room floor. Other than that, there isn't much you can say except that it probably isn't his fault.

John Derek is not a great director. A few years ago, he made a film called *Once Before I Die*, which starred Ursula Andress and himself, and it was a pretty good grade-B war movie; predictable in some ways, offbeat in others. The movie was notable for a bravura performance by Richard Jaeckel, and Derek seems to enjoy giving actors their heads; both Richard Harris and John Phillip Law turn in very good jobs here, against overwhelming odds. The main trouble is that no one can figure out when enough is enough in this movie, and that fault may be Derek's responsibility. Harris, for instance, is given a number of speeches that start off with magnificent epigrams and then run simultaneously out of steam and on and on. It is to Harris' credit that he doesn't run out of steam as quickly as most of his speeches, but the impression is one of a fine actor trying to make the most of a bad situation. It's like Martin Landau in the pilot of *Space 1999* in that first half where, amazingly, he force-fed characterization into one of the worst-written roles ever given a human being. Unlike Landau, Harris is not quite defeated by the second half of his film, and that's remarkable; this is much worse than the pilot of *Space 1999*. Of course, in his final scene, where he has to recite yet another overblown speech while impaled on an elephant tusk, his eyes glaze over with the dreamy look of someone who really would rather be doing a guest stint in a Bowery Boys movie.

Derek--John, that is--is a better photographer than he is a director. He has a good eye for composition and an excellent color sense. Here, most plainly, can be seen the failings that plague him as both a director and cameraman. He lacks imagination and originality. One of his favorite shots is to catch the reflection of the sun off water directly in the lens of his camera, and to station his subject (i.e., whichever woman he's photographing) directly in the line of the reflection. It's a striking enough shot, but I don't think he's ever done a photo spread in any men's magazine that doesn't have at least one of those, and he certainly does not avoid it in the movie. His idea of an action scene is to slow down the film so Tarzan looks like something out of *Kung Fu* or *The Six Million Dollar Man*. That's been done, I'm afraid, and to death. It looks silly. Come to think of it, it looks right at home, too.

a way to show the book-Tarzan's fast and often-mentioned recuperative powers and his talent for coming totally and instantly awake like an animal, but the incident follows one of the sillier scenes in the movie (i.e., a scene which provides Ms. Derek with dialogue) and it comes off clumsy and amateurish, with no one caring to make a point out of it.

The big sales pitch of the movie has been Bo Derek. She has an attractive face, but to be quite honest, it's not a very interesting one. It's as bland as a styrofoam cup. Her acting is terrible. It consists of opening her eyes unnaturally wide and pretending to bite her nails. I know she's pretending because (a) her nails are long and expertly manicured throughout the entire safari that makes up the main part of this movie; and (b) she does it unconvincingly. The ending where natives strip her and paint her nude body in white paint (this scene, by the way, has been called racist and I'm not particularly moved to argue with that idea) is silly enough as it stands, but the worse thing about it is Bo Derek's mewling whiney delivery of the lines she's given for this sequence, most of which are, "Oh, they're painting me." Alfred Hitchcock said that a good actor is one who does nothing well, but if he saw the interpretation Ms. Derek gives to that concept, I'm sure he'd take it back.

I forgot to mention her body. It's a nice body, but to be quite honest, I've seen better. She's nicely built above the waist,

Darrell Schweitzer
113 Deepdale Road
Strafford, PA 19087

Taral's article on
the FAAns and Brian
Earl Brown's piece
on the fan Hugos

are particularly timely now that the results of the Hugos are in...I think it is clear that the only way to win a Fan Hugo for fanzine or fan writer is not to qualify. That is, you should publish or write for a professional magazine. Just think, it's almost a decade since a fanzine won a Hugo, and *Energumen's* 1973 win was kind of a throwback even then. This year there actually was a fanzine on the ballot, *Warhoon* #25, but in the nonfiction book category.

Those who have suggested that fandom is better off without awards for fanac already have their wish--the Hugos are not an award for fanac. This is not to belittle the people who have won, but I don't think that Dick Geis would have gotten so many fanwriter Hugos had he not written a column for *Galaxy*, nor would Susan Wood if she hadn't done her contributions for *Amazing & Starship*.

I think the solution is simply to acknowledge reality. Convention attendance has far outstripped fanzine fandom, so that the fanzine fans present are never more than a small majority, except at a few specialized cons like Midwestcon. The Hugos have outgrown fandom; fandom can no longer control them...

Therefore the thing to do is:

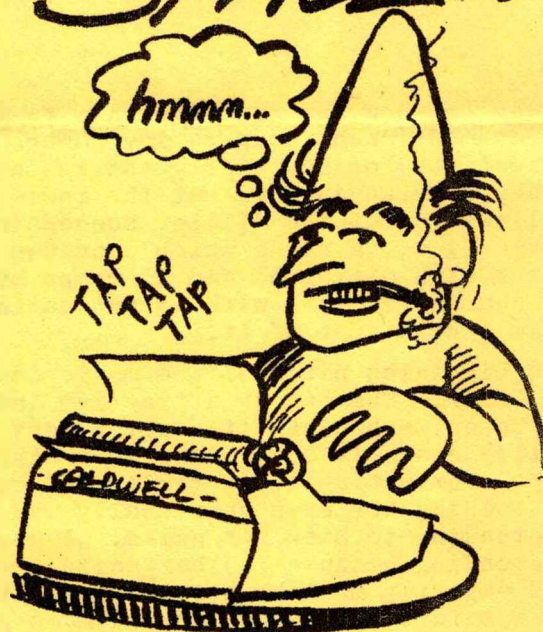
- 1) Eliminate the fan artist Hugo entirely.
(Maybe ASFA could give their own.)
- 2) Change "Best Fanwriter" to "Best Feature Writer." This would include all prozine columnists, or anybody who contributes nonfiction to the prozines.
- 3) Change "Best Fanzine" to "Best Magazine About Science Fiction." This would throw *SFR*, *Locus*, & *Starship* into the same category as *Starlog* & *Cinefantastique*, but as long as voters remained fiction-oriented rather than film-oriented, they'd have a chance.

As for an actual award for fanzines and other fanac, I don't know what can be done. The FAAns were a good idea, but to tell the truth, I never voted for them because by the time they were started I was well into my professional career, and I didn't have the time to read enough fanzines. The rules were such that only superactive fans could vote properly. Even though I get more fanzines than most people, there are still fan artists, writers, and even fanzines of major importance that I am not familiar with.

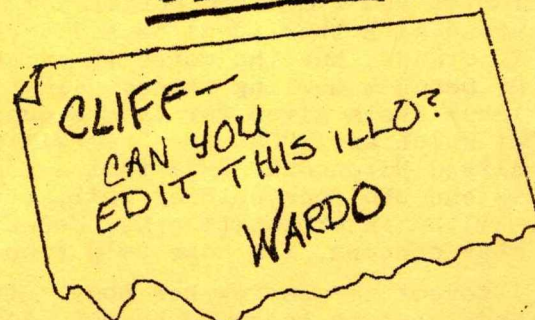
It might be possible to run a faannish award on the lines of a World Fantasy Award, having both judges and a popular vote. Possibly people could run for the judge position, or else someone could just appoint themselves to administer the award and hope they have some sort of constituency. Judges would be longtime, still active fanzine fans.

RAIDERS of the LOST LOC

BEWARE!! FAN-EDS from SPACE!!!



THEY'LL EDIT YOU TO DEATH!!



Brad Linaweaver is probably doing himself an injustice by referring to himself as a semi-professional writer. The term carries inherent value judgements, implying "not quite as good as a professional." It reminds me of "semi-prozines" which publish awful fiction and pay a quarter of a cent a word for it...There are really only two kinds of writer, those who are worth reading and those who are not. In terms of output and money made, there are full-time writers and part-time writers. I would say that since Brad is selling stories, but not making his living at it, he is a part-time professional. Most of the writers in this field are. All the ones who do not sell novels regularly are.

Brian Earl Brown Well, I owe an apology 16711 Burt Rd #207 to Steven Fox for things Detroit, MI 48219 I said in my "Hugo Tout Sheet" a couple of issues back. At the time I wrote it, Steve's work consisted of well-crafted fillos. Since then, Steve has made a considerable breakthrough in his work, producing drawings like the cover to *Afar* #48 that imply a whole story to it. Steve is breaking into the circle of Hugo quality artists!

The worst thing that could happen to Southern fandom is to become puffed up about itself. What's distinctive about Southern fandom from what I can see is its casual community feel. There is a distinct community out there who talks to each other, listens to each other's talk, and doesn't worry about trying to impress shibboleths from elsewhere.

((What you've just said is, to me, the key problem that Southern fandom faces; it sees itself as so good that it automatically assumes its apas are better, its writers are better, its artists are better, and so on. This is where I fear Southern fandom might take itself *too* pompously. I'm aware of the tremendous amount of quality here, but I'm also aware that excessive bragging and undue pride in that quality can be a detriment by encouraging people to rest on their laurels and admire one another.))

I should mention, Cliff, that your "Kudzu"s are becoming great little capsules of fan-nish humor and commentary.

The cover for #50 was a lovely cover for a truly monumental issue. I've decided that Charlie Williams is almost the only fannish quality/fine-art artist in fandom today, based on the fact that no one else works for fanzines who can rival him in skill or conception and amount of output.

I take my hat off to Lon Atkins' "Mystic Flapjack." One of the few pieces of faan fiction I've ever read that was worth reading.

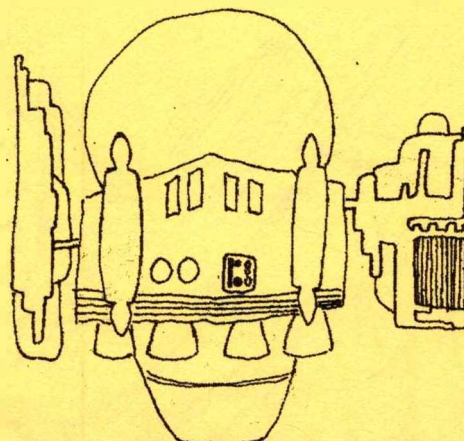
"A Sticky Silver Bheer Can With Feet of Clay" helps the uncredited drawing to make sense (is it Taral's? It's not very good, so I can see why it's uncredited.) ((Oops; it's uncredited because it's a title-head that Ward and I dreamed up and tried to exe-

cute; unfortunately, the idea surpassed our ability to pull it off on short notice.))

Harry Warner The new issue of your 423 Summit Ave. zine brought me the Hagerstown, MD 21740 first news of Denver; obviously, you worked fast to produce a fanzine with worldcon news on one page and get it in the mails so quickly that you scooped all the other newszines.

The news that Baltimore won the 1983 Worldcon forces me to examine closely my retirement plans. One thing I want to do after retirement is get rid of all obligations ever to be at any particular place at a certain time again, after four decades of enduring such necessity almost daily because of work. On the other hand, if I don't join the 1983 Worldcon and make tentative plans to attend, I'll have no peace for the next 23 months, no let-up in the unending barrage of questions on the topic of why I won't go to a Worldcon that is only 70 miles or so from Hagerstown. Further complicating things is the fact that the worldcon will pretty much coincide with the 50th anniversary of my first discover of prozines; I'm sure that happened in the late summer of 1933, judging by the dates on the magazines I bought.

You probably guessed that a lochack has his own specialized manifestations of Murphy's Law. For instance: if I finally write a long loc about the last three issues of a fanzine which I've been neglecting, another new issue will arrive the day after I mail the loc. After I've written each loc, sealed it in its envelope, and have carried the fanzine commented on upstairs for storage, I'll drop the zne and it will land on the floor in such a position that I'll see a paragraph I particularly wanted to comment on and forgot. Once or twice a year I'll write something in a loc I'm proud of because it differs from almost all my locs by being original and well-expressed; invariably, the issue I've written about proves to be the last issue of that fanzine so the paragraph or two doesn't see print anywhere,



I appreciate the egoboo inherent in David Paltor's merry proposal that I should decide the winners of the Hugo and FAAn awards. But it is impractical because the house is already becoming intolerably cluttered and I wouldn't have room to display all the rocketships and beerbelly'd FAAns that would go to my choice of winner.

I recall having read somewhere in a fanzine that a veteran worldcon committee member and inner circle organizer contended that a film program was a necessity for large cons for logistical reasons: without a room showing movies to take a substantial quantity of people out of the remainder of the hotel's facilities, the other facilities would be terribly crowded throughout a con.

((I would assume that's a very shrewd analysis of the need for film programs, and I'm surprised that Harry Andruschak didn't think of it himself; I think it's naive to assume that film-fans would not come to a Worldcon if there were no films, but that seems to be Harry's belief. I firmly disagree, and suspect that without a film room, a video room, etc., the crowd control problem would quickly reach unmanageable proportions.))

Charlotte Proctor Perhaps I am so defensive of clubzines because I feel so caught up in Anvil. Now that

Jim Cobb and dlburden are in charge, we work very closely together, and I'm aware of the material submitted or promised and of the work that goes into the zine.

We on the concom had a blast at DSC 19, and from our point of view, it was a great con. So it was delightful and gratifying to read that the DSC was termed an "overwhelming success" in your zine. Bob Shaw not only impressed us with his wit and humor, but stunned us with his capacity for booze. I developed a taste for Rebell Yell and soda.

Concerning "Kudzu": Murphys Law #17: when you receive a fanzine, the column you looked forward to isn't there. What happened to Sue Phillips? I always like reading her column.

What does Harry Andruschak mean, "I'll probably vote for the Worldcon that bans the carrying of all weapons..."? Are you referring to Hank Reinhardt's Precious, or Celko's automatic...or the edged weapons carried as part of costumes...or something else? Have you had (or heard of) bad experiences evolving from weapons at cons in the past? If so, I must have missed something, because I've been to lots and lots of cons, and I've never seen any hassles.

((Aside from the incident where an extremely stupid human being drew his toy weapon on a SWAT team, and a vandalism incident with an ax at a recent ACFT, I know of no real problems; most people who are obnoxious with weapons are just as obnoxious without them, and I've never felt threatened. I assume, by the way, that Harry referred to weapons as part of costumes, not to some fans' penchants for travelling armed in real life.))

Cathy Howard
3600 Parker Ave.
Louisville KY 40212

Terrific cover, but what happened to the DeepSouthCon that caused the attend-

ance to drop? ((Good question, and one I'm sure the Birmingham people would like to figure out; I am surprised that the DSC remains one of the few very small major regional conventions; it's really surprising that the DSC has yet to surpass 1000 people. I'm sure many con committees would love to hear the reasons why.))

"Moving Pictures" by earandil was interesting, but the highlight of the issue was you "Kudzu," which was oh so true!

Mike Rogers Kudos on reaching 50 issues! A monthly clubzine is a demanding

mistress. Be glad you're married; otherwise, you'd have to choose between doing a zine or having a social life, because you sure wouldn't have time to do both.

((I don't know; you'd be amazed how many uses there are for that old opening line used by so many IBM Selectric owners: "Want to come



into the typing room and see my balls?"...
ahem...))

I was definitely shocked when I heard of the death of Dave Minch. Fandom is very much a younger set, and you don't often think about death hitting the people you have heard of. It's a sobering thought.

September's ASFic program on fanzines was interesting, but I can think of one change which might have improved it a little. A "Common Problems" session for active fan pubbers where they can shoot the bull about such things might have been very interesting. Anyone interested in doing this later on? ((I certainly am—but then, I rarely pass up an opportunity for fanzine programming.))

Here's another of Murphy's Fannish Laws: whenever the con committee tries to buy airline tickets for the GoH, even a year in advance, they'll find that the price has just gone up. Furthermoe, they will learn two days before the con that the flight has been cancelled. And one law that's particularly appropriate to me is: whichever function room has the piano in it is the room that's in use 24 hours a day.

David Palter
1811 Tamarind Ave #22
Hollywood CA 90028

Your observation that "trivia quizzes are always trivial in the wrong

way" strikes me as especially accurate. Trivia definitely has a role to play in fandom, but it seems to fit in most elegantly when not brought up for its own sake, but because it's seen to be somewhat relevant to something non-trivial which is being discussed.

((I'm a big trivia fan, but I detest trivia built on names of alien races or characters, minor characters from unimportant novels, copyright information, or mechanical information regarding type, page numbers, etc. For some people, this is trivia. I am also definitely not into ship numbers from sf tv shows, quoting exact lines of dialogue from George Lucas or Steven Spielberg films, or naming Hugo nominees from two decades ago.))

I have attended few cons and quite possibly will never attend another (I find it much easier to contact fandom by mail) so my opinion about the conduct of cons may be a bit pointless, but I will inflict it on you anyway: I must agree that cons are better off without a film program. Of course, I live in Hollywood, which in honor of its traditions is superabundantly supplied with movie theaters. It would be only a slight exaggeration to say that anything that's playing anywhere is playing in Hollywood. So, since I can see the movies very easily without going to cons, it seems a waste of a con to go there and not spend the time doing those things that can be done only at cons, i.e., talking to fans, viewing the art show, etc.

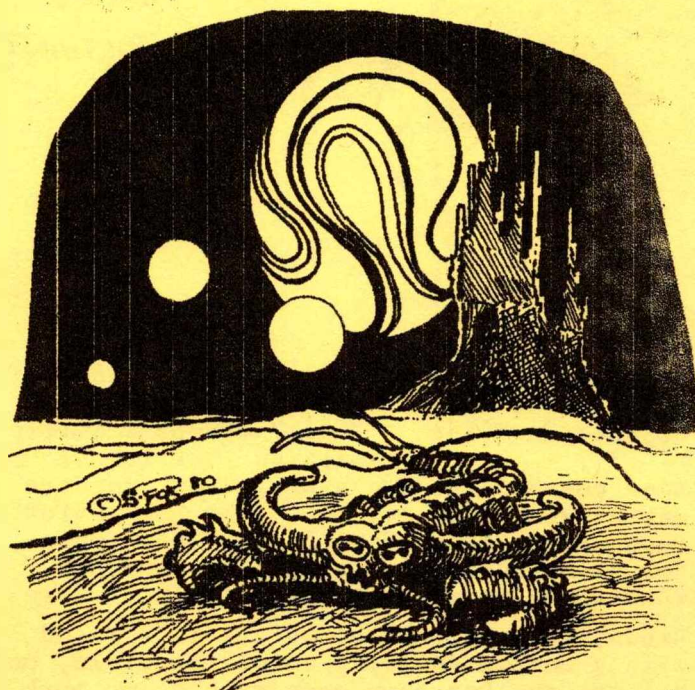
((See my comments to Harry Warner about my opinions on film programs; I think they serve a very important function, namely crowd control.))

Barney Neufield I'm a bit surprised by Minneapolis, MN the vehemence of your remarks about anti-clubzine bias. Maybe it's because I don't feel that clubzines are necessarily an inferior product, I only recognize them as different. I find a majority of clubzines are quite comparable to the more fannish genzines I get.

I must agree with Sue Phillips that there is a difference between reading and imagining. As she further points out, the visual media tend to be restrictive of that second ability. As the media become more important to our society, it's effect on our imagination and creativity will become more pronounced to the detriment of us all, I fear.

Which segues into my comment about Southern fans and media-interest. It is only in reports from Southern fans that I find any real emphasis on the programming or the film program at a con. It was while I was down South that I first became aware of VCR fandom. Southern fans are the only ones I know of who actually provide a formal program at their club meetings (though I admit my experience with clubs is somewhat limited). That is my evidence to support what I said.

((The majority of the clubzines I receive contain statements of formal programs for their club meetings, Barney, so I'm not sure it's a primarily Southern phenomenon. As to only Southern fanzines emphasizing films and programs in con reports—take a look at an issue of *Science Fiction Chronicle* or *Locus* and you'll find just as much emphasis on films and programming as you do in any Southern zine, and perhaps more. I think you're confusing the personal "I did so-and-so" con report with a more objective, news-oriented report on a convention.))



Robert Bloch
2111 Sunset Crest Dr.
Los Angeles, CA 90046

If all clubzines were as entertaining as Atarantes, no one would possibly have any reason for complaint. Many thanks! By the way, you say you are in desperate need of more spot illos. Here is one for you.



Lynn Hickman
I Lost His Address
I really enjoy the dual fanzine review format you and Ward are using; I like getting two opinions of each zine.

I'll have to go back and see Raiders of the Lost Ark after reading Sue's comments. I'm all for her on opinions and sense of wonder. I've had many people ask me if I were going back into my second childhood when they see me rereading the Doc Savage stories and see my magazine and toy collection...

Your lettercol was good; I won't go into the many intriguing points raised there, but I will say that in this stage of fandom, many children are growing up into fandom rather than coming into it as adults. I know I've taken my children to conventions since they were all tiny little ones.



ALL RIGHT,
GUIDO,
SPILL IT.
WHO KILLED
SCIENCE FICTION?

Wanda Poyser
509 S. Sawyer
Olympia WA 98501

This loc on Brian Earl Brown's "Hugo Tout Sheet" may be a little belated, but I feel

some response is necessary. Your readers may be wondering why I won the fan-artist Hugo, given Brian Earl Brown's poor opinion of my work and performance, and his ranking of me as fifth in a field of five.

Brown, as publisher of WoFan, is a faned with a comprehensive view of the field, but he just may not have seen much of my work. Many of my drawings have been published in con program books and progress reports (14

covers and about 40 interior illos). The cons were fairly scattered--Washington, Idaho, Utah, Texas, Tennessee, England, and Australia--so even an ardent con-goer would have seen few of the publications.

I've also done a fair amount of work for fanzines (17 covers and 65 interiors for 30 separate zines), but given the nature of the field, he may have received trade copies of only a few.

I agree with his point that awards should go to active fans, because they bring "more enjoyment to fandom than inactive fans." I'm not sure how you'd rank the "enjoyment factor" of the following, but they indicate at least some degree of fanac: I've exhibited work at about 70 cons, designed T-shirts for seven cons (including Noreascon II), sales of which have netted the cons around \$4000; and have donated artwork the auctions which raised over \$500 for TAFF, DUFF, and the Barker to Boston Fund.

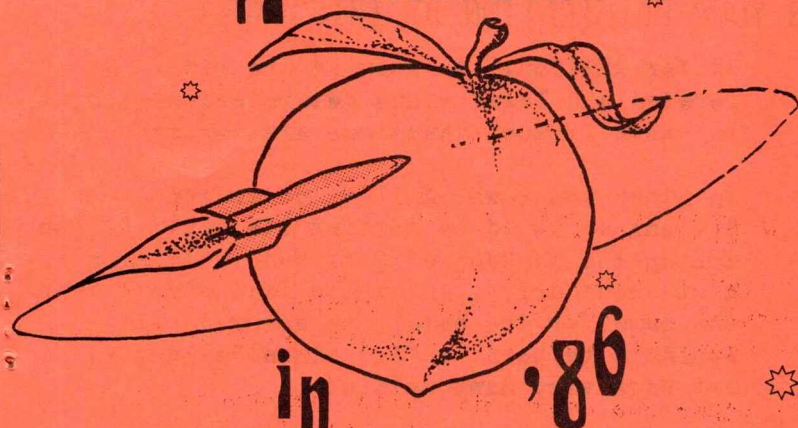
Fanartists contribute more to fandom than just fillos for mimeozines, and most Hugo nominees could cite activities similar to the above. Fanartists organize and exhibit in artshows, design con publicity and publications, appear on panels, conduct workshops and artjams, and even publish fanzines. The Hugo, rightly I believe, recognizes the diversity. Despite the continuing flap over the fan-category Hugos, voting the fanartist awards strictly on the basis of fanzine output is a bit myopic.

Brian Earl Brown
16711 Burt Rd.
Detroit MI 48219
The gentleman who said that my "Hugo Tout Sheet" was merely my opinions and prejudices

missed the fact that all opinion is bias. Budrys is no more "right" than Jophan when he writes his reviews, because its all rationalized opinion. I have my opinion of Poyser. Some portion of the Hugo population has another. One would have thought that winning the Hugo, something few people, least of all me, have a chance of winning, would have been enough satisfaction. That Poyser can give exact counts of the number of covers and illustrations is...interesting. She's probably the only fanartist Hugo winner who could. Overall I'm disappointed that there wasn't more response to my article. I'd have thought there would be a few more people offended by it.

((I don't think your totally fair to Victoria when you say that "winning a Hugo (should have been)... enough satisfaction." It's only natural that a person would want to respond in defense of her work; and while your opinions are no more valid than any other person's, there are many who will not realize that and will take your opinions as an editor and publisher with more weight than they would take the opinions of another fan-writer. Victoria raises interesting points about the nature of the fan-artist Hugo--perhaps these awards are no longer aimed for fanzine artists at all. More and more artists are aiming their work primarily at the art-show field.))

ATLANTA



Bid Committee

Randy Satterfield, Jim Gilpatrick, Cliff Amos, Ward Batty, Cliff Biggers, Susan Biggers, Iris Brown, Dan Caldwell, Avery Davis, Angela Howell, Rich Howell, Irvin Koch, Sue Phillips, Mike Weber, John Whatley, Marilyn White, Ron Zukowski.

Since the New Orleans worldcon, over three decades ago, there has been talk of another Southern world science fiction convention; now the South has its chance again! The Atlanta in 86 Bid Committee is prepared to bring the worldcon back to the South--specifically, to the largest, fastest-growing metropolitan area in the South, a city that has established itself as a major convention center for conventions with more attendees than some small European countries have citizens.

The Bid Committee is not merely local; instead, it encompasses some of the most experienced convention people in the South, including people who have chaired and/or worked on a number of DeepSouthCons, Rivercons, ASFiCons, Chattacons, Kubla Khans, B'hamacons, Satyricons, the Atlanta Comics and Fantasy Fair, and the 1979 NASFIC, NorthAmericon. It is assuredly a Southern bid, with committee members chosen on the basis of experience and enthusiasm, not merely on geographical proximity.

Atlanta itself is a city prepared for a worldcon-sized con; in a one-block area around the con's main hotel, the Atlanta Hilton, Atlanta can offer more than 4500 hotel rooms. The Hilton itself can offer at least 1000 rooms to the Atlanta in 86 convention, should we win the bid. The exhibit hall offers 41,000 square feet of exhibit space; the enormous ballrooms are organized to make elevator use minimal, with escalators and stairs connecting all the function and activity floors. Three blocks away is the Atlanta Civic Center, well equipped for events the size of the Hugo presentations. With inexpensive shuttle bus access from the airport direct to the Hilton (it's the shuttle bus's first stop!) and the strategic location that makes getting to the Hilton easy, travel convenience is no problem.

Be sure to drop by our bid parties at the convention, meet the members of the bid committee, and ask us about the Atlanta in 86 Bid. Furthermore, give us your support, either verbally or with a pre-supporting membership--\$3 for a basic pre-supporting membership, \$5 to include direct mailing of progress reports as they are released. Donate items to the bid committee to raise money at various auctions held at sf conventions to assist in financing the bid! But above all, support the bid: Atlanta in 86--Pass It On!

PO BOX 10094 ATLANTA GA 30319

MINUTES & MONEY -- PRESENTED FOR YOUR EDIFICATION BY IRIS BROWN, S/T

The last meeting of the Atlanta Science Fiction Club was held September 19, and began at approximately 8:00, as President Angela Howell welcomed members and visitors to the meeting. In attendance were Dick and Nicki Lynch of Chattanooga, as well as many new faces from out of town and the Atlanta area.

A call for old business brought merely silence, but new business brought out a suggestion from Don Cook that the club offer as a programming item a formal presentation of the Atlanta in '86 bid as a discussion item for the club. Cliff Biggers pointed out that as we already had a tentative program for October, we could consider the suggestion for the meeting after, which also would be after ASFiCon, where a similar item will be offered.

Seeing as how cons had already been mentioned, the announcement that Atlanta had won the bid for the 1982 DSC, to be held June 11-12-13, at the Northlake Hilton, also site of the '81 ASFiCon (Oct. 23-25). Club members were encouraged to see Susan Biggers for memberships in either con. Flyers were available to all interested folks.

Angela Howell told the members that we had lost Dave Minch, who passed away at Worldeen, and that she had sent a sympathy card to his parents. She suggested a collection be made for all interested in contributing to a donation to be made in his memory to the Diabetes Association, since Dave suffered from diabetes. We were then told by Gail Higgins that Dave's parents had requested that any donations be made to the Bishop Flaget High School, in Chillicothe, Ohio, which the club agreed to do.

Brad Linaweaver then mentioned that a memorial service would be held the next day at the Minch's home at 2 pm. He had copies of a map available for anyone who wished to attend.

In another announcement, Randy Satterfield announced that an auction to raise money would be held, and that items to be auctioned off were need-

ed for ASFiCon. As soon as the bid is incorporated and legal status determined, it will be known if such donations are tax deductible.

In other con news, Bill Ritch announced that Tallahassee would be holding its first SF Con during the weekend of Oct. 9-11. It's only a six-hour drive, and while Bill didn't have the name for the hotel, he assured us it wouldn't be hard to find since Tallahassee did not have very many hotels.

Angela requested that all new folks give Iris their names and addresses, in order that they might receive the next Atarantes. Clubzine editor Cliff Biggers announced his policy regarding this, stating that he sends out 3 free copies to visitors, but after that, if you haven't joined or contributed, your name would be left off the mailing list.

Iris Brown then announced that Half-a-Con flyers would be ready sometime real soon now, and that a definite item of programming would be the Joe Celko roast.

Michael Tippens announced that former member Charlie Moody was moving from Atlanta, and that a combination going-away party/birthday party would be held the next day. All interested could get further information from Michael.

It was then mentioned to members that buying both ASFiCon and DSC memberships would entitle them to a \$2 discount. Mike Weber also mentioned that pre-supporting Atlanta in '86 memberships were available in two varieties: from \$3 you could expect to get a card only, though it will be a nice card; for \$5 you get not only a card, but will also receive the progress reports, due to go out twice a year. Ward Batty was ready and willing to take anyone's money.

Following that, Bob Jarrell was allowed to make the traditional motion to adjourn, which was quickly seconded and passed.

Beginning balance		\$265.31
Donation	\$30.00	
Dues	<u>24.00</u>	+ <u>54.00</u>
Drinks/M&M	\$17.37	
Atarantes 51	43.92	
Donation	<u>30.00</u>	- <u>91.29</u>
New Balance		\$228.02

I announced that the next PIAWOL was going to be "The SF Odyssey of Michael Shaara" before I realized that I'd want to do a bit of a Worldcon report along about now. Little did I know that the two would neatly coincide by Shaara turning up at the Hugo Awards, his first public appearance in the world of sf since he left it two decades ago. Furthermore, his surprise appearance could not have come at a better time to be covered in this article.

Two questions the reader is surely asking himself at this point: who is Mike Shaara, and what does he have to do with me (else why am I writing yet another PIAWOL)? Herewith the answers:

After spending years planting the seeds, and tending the fields, I can scarcely believe what happened to me in the brief period of two weeks. The trip to Denver (for both the tenth annual convention of the Libertarian Party and the thirty-ninth Worldcon) turned out to be more important than I had dared hope. At last my garden has begun to flourish, bringing forth weird blooms. Yet I might not have made the serious commitment to The Life of the Writer had it not been for Michael Shaara.

As a kid I made the decision to become a writer because of reading Ray Bradbury--his musical prose and riveting imagery spoke to both the childhood self and the developing adult. The desire he implanted in me remained in the face of grueling pressures to choose a more reasonable line of endeavor.

Only three other writers have produced a body of work that for whatever reasons contributed to my fiction writing obsession: the disparate company of Harlan Ellison, H.P. Lovecraft, and Ayn Rand! Bradbury always remains at the core of the fire, though.

The desire was still burning when I enrolled in an English class at Florida State University. I had what could only be called undergrad's luck. The instructor's name was Michael Shaara. He would give me the final push that I needed--encouragement at the most important time--by virtue of who he was.

Like many English profs, Shaara was an admirer of Hemingway. There the commonplace ended. Imagine my surprise on the first day of class when he started talking about his involvement with the greatest sf editor of them all, John W. Campbell Jr.! Suddenly I was no longer just another student in just another class; I was a fan

meeting someone who had sold his first piece of professional fiction to *Astounding* in 1951, a short story entitled, "All the Way Back." Soon I would learn that Shaara had continued to sell sf throughout the fifties. A typical response to him in the period came with H.L. Gold saying that someone like Shaara could discover new paths. But the path that he found led him out of sf altogether, with mainstream writing in the likes of *Playboy* & *Saturday Evening Post*.

When he was teaching creative writing at FSU in the early 70s, he was polishing the manuscript of a civil war novel, *The Killer Angels*. Because of a health problem (a heart condition) he had reached a point where he couldn't take the pressure of a full teaching load and his writing career simultaneously. Fortunately he opted for the writing. I was in one of the last classes he taught.

What Shaara did for me was simply this: he told me that I had what it takes. He was the first pro to do so.

Bill Ritch and I were FSU undergrads together. We became friends with Mike. In 1974, he showed us a manuscript for an sf novel, *The Herald of the Lightning*, his first dabbling in the field in many years. '74 was quite a year: *The Killer Angels* had been published by McKay. (The next year I would sell a book review of TKA. It was my first professional sale to something with national distribution--subscription style. A few months after the review appeared in *New Guard*, the book would win a well-deserved Pulitzer. This happy state of affairs probably contributed to my five year relationship with that publication of the Young Americans for Freedom.) Mike gave Bill and me an interview about *The Herald of the Lightning*. He also reminisced about the 50s.

We have held that interview for six years. That's how long it took for Shaara to find a publisher for the manuscript. The scene now shifts to 1981, with *The Herald* available from McGraw Hill.

I took a copy of the book and the interview with me out to Denver, thoughts of peddling a manuscript dancing through my head. There were other things on my mind as well: the 39th Worldcon was a personal bonanza.

First of all, I appeared on two panels: "The Resurgence of Amazing," moderated by editor Elinor Mavor, and "Libertarianism in Science Fiction," moderated by writer L. Neil Smith. At last I was being noticed at a Worldcon!



MY GOAL IS TO
BECOME THE
HARRIDAN OF
FANDOM...
ANY OBJECTIONS?

PIAWOL

BRAD LINAWEAVER

Andy Porter had mentioned the sale of "Moon of Ice" in the September issue of *SF Chronicle*. (I've recently learned from Mavor that they have scheduled my novella for the issue to be out at the end of December or early January, rather than later next year. I'm also getting a Steve Fabian cover. Hot damn!) I spent a third of the con in the SFWA suite, shamelessly politicking and incidentally partying...and taking full advantage of that free bar.

The Shaara interview that Bill and I had been figuratively carrying around for years was finally timely. Mavor asked to see it with enthusiasm. It would be a scoop of sorts--Pulitzer prize winner returns to sf, although his book is being promoted as mainstream when it's promoted at all. (Cliff Biggers had been offered the interview for *Suncatcher* as an example of "unknown southern prodom" shortly before the novel was published. Editor Biggers graciously returned the piece for commercial possibilities once the novel was out. News flash: I just signed the contract for selling the interview.) The manuscript of the interview left my hands on Sunday morning. Sunday night we had the Hugos.

When Ed Bryant told the audience that Michael Shaara was going to announce the winner for best short story (Cliff Simak as it turned out), Bill and I came the closest

we ever have to experiencing the reality of telepathy. Talk about synchornicity! A girl later told me that I had sucked up all the lucky coincidences in Denver.

After the ceremonies were completed, and Bryant had jokingly suggested that Joan Vinge take the gigantic Hugo prop on stage instead of the little one, I wandered over to see Mike. Are you going to believe how it was he came to be there? After leaving Tallahassee for good (he'd been through a divorce) he had moved to--of all places--Boulder, Colorado. It was the old proximity factor.

Guess who asked Mike and his lady friend to attend the Hugo loser's party and the goings-on in the SFWA suite? You get one guess.

It was great seeing him again and learning that he is being considered for a prize by the Nobel committee. Talk of the town. They noticed Mike. They certainly did.

As for me, there is little else I can say. Mike was complimentary regarding my stuff. I'm feeling as though I've received another grade of "A". I'm feeling good, folks. The 39th Worldcon was both a walk down memory lane and a blueprint of how the writing life works. I was attuned to both.

Oh yes indeed. I'm having fun. It's all part of PIAWOL.

ART CREDITS: Cover, Linda Leach; P. 2, Wade Gilbreath; P.3, col 1, David Heath Jr.; P.3, col 2, Cindy Riley; P.4, Jerry Collins; P.5, Charlie Williams; P.6, "Tarkas" Hoar; P.7, Jerry Collins; P. 8, Ward Batty; P.9, Cindy Riley; P.10, Jim Kuzee; P.11, Charlie Williams; P.12, Roger Caldwell, P.13, Rusty Burke; P.14, Cindy Riley; P.15, Steven Fox; P.16, Wade Gilbreath; P.18, Cliff Biggers; P.19, Wade Gilbreath; P.20, Victoria Poyser.

ATARANTES #52
Cliff Biggers, editor
6045 Summit Wood Drive
Kennesaw GA 30144
October 1981 issue

DATED MATTER--DO NOT DELAY!!

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
PERMIT NO. 298
MARIETTA, GA



Next ASFiC Meeting Saturday, October 17th, 8 pm
Peachtree Bank Community Room, 4525 Chamblee-Dunwoody Rd.
Costuming Workshop / Socializing / Fun For All!
November Meeting November 21, 8 p.m., same site
Slide show on various cons --November meeting