

Atarantes

OFFICIAL
ASFIC
FANZINE



JERRY AND
COLLINS
AND HEATH

CHOICE CUTS

CHATTACON WELCOMES IN SUCCESSFUL 1982 CONVENTION SEASON; DSC BIDDERS: & MORE

Chattacon VII was held at the city's Read House Hotel over the post-blizzard January 15-17 weekend, and the convention drew 565 people despite the wretched weather earlier in the week, making it a success in all respects as far as the committee and attendees are concerned.

The bad weather did take its toll, however; the convention committee had initially expected 750-800 people, according to Irvin Koch, and blames the smaller turnout on the unusually heavy snowfall. As a result of the smaller turnout and reported problems with the hotel's reservations desk, only 214 room-nights were filled, and 300 were needed for all function space to be free. The hotel adjusted for the weather when it came time to figure the final bill, however, and the convention made a profit that Irvin could not estimate, but he described as "substantial, but not massive."

Larry Niven, the Guest of Honor, was used heavily throughout the convention's programming, much to the pleasure of the crowd; overall, however, programming was a bit light. There were many readings, a fully scheduled video room, a games room, computer games, and an art show that Irvin reports drew in over \$2000 in sales. Chattacon still has no film program, something that some fans have noted as the con's only noteworthy weakness.

The hotel itself was very unsuitable for a convention for the most part; the dealers'

room(s) were garishly painted, abominably designed (since they were intended initially to be old sleeping rooms, and had been sealed off for a decade), and made browsing difficult and tedious, and some dealers reported poorer sales as a result. The lack of access from one wing of the hotel to the other on every floor made it difficult for the many fans located in the Motor Lodge wing to travel to the main function area without using a tedious combination of elevators and stairs taking one up, then over, then down, or down, then over, then up.

The Hearts Tournament, superbly supervised by Robert Zielke, was the epitome of a well-run con function; the tourney itself was won by Atlanta's own Ward Batty.

The con suite, utilizing fountain drinks and kegs of beer, was run well throughout the convention, but it seemed to demand a good deal of man-power throughout the weekend.

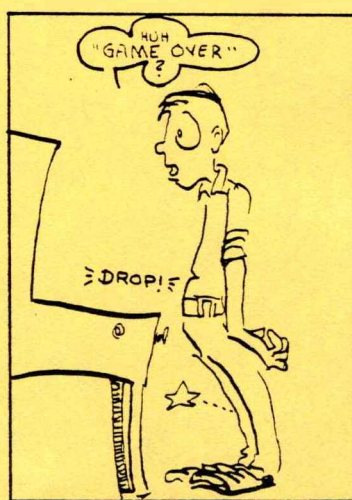
The banquet itself was a success, according to reports from those who attended, and it offered a large crowd of banquet attendees a wide variety of speeches, quips, and entertainment as varied as Jerry Page's magic act. For those who did not attend the banquet, there was an alternative banquet for 35 at the New Peking restaurant.

Irvin has confirmed that there will be some changes with function-space arrangement at next year's convention--specifically a relocation of the dealers' room--but he was unable to give firm details at present.

Atlantides #55 (January, 1982) is the official publication of the Atlanta Science Fiction Club (ASFiC). Edited by Cliff Biggers. 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw GA 30144; co-editor Ward Batty, 944 Austin Avenue, Atlanta GA 30307. All contents copyright (c) 1982 by ParaGraphics; rights revert to contributors. Subscriptions 12/\$6, or available for The Usual. It's yet another Neat Publication Deserving Your Hugo Nomination! Bye folks!

TRUFAN ADVENTURES

Batty & Collins



DSC BID NEWS At Chattacon, Birmingham unveiled the news that it was definitely bidding for the 1983 DeepSouthCon; there were rumors that Chattanooga was also considering a bid for the 1983 DSC, but Chattacon chairman Tim Bolgeo would neither confirm nor deny the rumors when asked.

The Birmingham Science Fiction Club has recently held officers' elections, and Wade Gilbreath reports that the new officers are: Jim Cobb, President; Charlotte Proctor, Vice President; Julie Wall, Secretary; and Ilburden, Treasurer.

Chicon IV reports that hotel reservation cards for this year's Worldcon are being sent out to U.S. members with Progress Reports #3, scheduled for mailing the first week in February. Hugo nomination ballots will also be mailed with this PR, and they are due back in Chicon's hands by March 15, 1982. If you haven't joined yet, send a check or money order for \$50 to Chicon IV, PO Box A3120, Chicago, IL 60690 (\$15 for supporting membership).

Psi Phi, the Emory University club, has announced their Second Annual Emory Science Fiction & Fantasy Symposium, to be held from 10:00 a.m. to 6 p.m. on March 6, 1982. The guests are Frank Kelly Freas (artist & this year's DSC toastmaster), Michael Bishop, Gerald W. (Jerry) Page, and Brad Linaweaver. The admission charge is \$3, and tables are available for dealers. Call (404) 633-9251 or write Psi Phi, Box 21205-Emory, Atlanta GA 30322 for more information.

Late News: While Chattanooga has not announced (or, reportedly, even decided) if it will bid for the DeepSouthCon, I have been informed that Chattanooga has tentatively reserved the hotel for the second-or-third-weekend-in-June-1983 date that "just might become a new 'traditional DSC date.'"

More Fannish Babies: Charlie & Sylvia Williams' offspring is due in early April of this year; according to Charlie, A.J. Bridget has announced that she and Bill are expecting another child in the latter part of 1982. Meanwhile, Jack & Eva Chalker have a new son, David Whitley Chalker, born December 19th, and Jim Frenkel and Joan Vinge have a daughter, Jessica, born also on December 19th.

MEETING

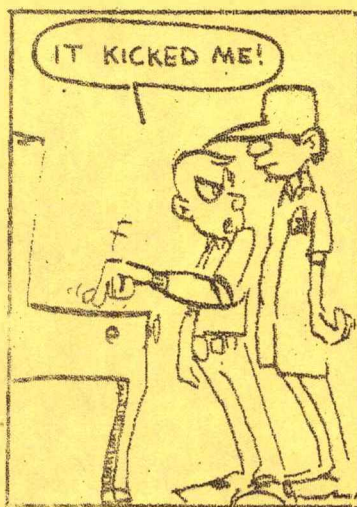
THE JANUARY MEETING will feature a discussion of "The Best and Worst SF (print & film) of 1981," moderated by Program Director Randy Satterfield. The meeting will be held on January 30, 1982, at our usual location (see below).

THE FEBRUARY MEETING is scheduled for February 20th, same location, and will feature an S.C.A. Panel (and possibly an auction for ASFIC).

THE MARCH MEETING will feature the previously-postponed discussion on the works of Piers Anthony, moderated by Cliff Biggers.

THE APRIL MEETING will present a film (to be determined beforehand, but unknown as of yet).

The meetings are located at the Peachtree Bank Community Room, 4525 Chamblee-Dunwoody Road, just north of the interstate. Chamblee-Dunwoody Road is located between I-85 and I-75 north of Atlanta; the Peachtree Bank building is approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ mile north of I-285, across from Georgetown shopping center. The entrance to the meeting room is in the back of the bank building



THE OSCILLATING N

EATING SYSTEM: One Staple: a superlative fanzine that a trufan can't live without. Two Staples: an above average fanzine. Three Staples: this one is average, and has material of interest to most fans. Four staples: Below average, and not worth getting unless the editor is a close personal friend of yours—then you might want to make an effort to avoid it, on second thought. Five Staples: this would be a staple in each corner and one in the middle of the zine to ensure its remaining in an unopened state—that should be sufficient commentary on the quality of the zine.

America's Discordian Hero. Arthur Hlavaty, (new address) 819 Markham Avenue, Durham, NC 27701. Available for The Usual.

WARD: This is a hard zine to review. This is Arthur Hlavaty's diaryzine which is apparently given out to friends and other interested parties at his whim. Unless you know Arthur and most of his friends, this is pretty dry stuff; but that's what the zine is intended to be.

This is, short of an apazine, the most intimate and personal type of fanzine around. Arthur sits down at his typewriter every few days and types whatever pops into his head until he quits for the day. It's a public diary, a mass-produced letter. As a zine, it is only as interesting as Arthur's thoughts and perceptions of his life at that point. I'm sure this is of great interest to some people, and I'm glad to see this sort of zine is still around. Fanzines are the ultimate in personal expression, and this one is more personal than most.

As such, all I can do is recommend you write for a copy and see what it does for you. You might want to try something like this yourself; it's a great way to keep folks informed of your doings (as they say here in the south) if you haven't the time to write a lot of letters. Considering what it is, though, I'll leave this one unrated.

CLIFF: After Ted White's recent review of Arthur Hlavaty's writing and the subsequent discussion of same in both *Pong & File 770*, Arthur Hlavaty's writing has become notorious to some, deserving of praise

WARD BATTY & CLIFF BIGGERS

to others. This zine is about as close to *The Essential Hlavaty* as you can get, so those of you who like Arthur will probably wildly enjoy it, and those who dislike his writing will find the zine worthless. I'm pretty fond of Arthur's writing, so I find the zine interesting for the most part—even though I don't care for the sports commentary (thankfully, he runs warnings before he goes into sports commentary) and I find some of the *Heavier Philosophy* a bit exaggerated at times. This is one step beyond Ned Brook's old *It Comes In the Mail*, which listed and reviewed what he got in the mail; this zine not only comments on Arthur's mail, but on what's happening in his life as well.

I recommend the zine, but I don't think you can judge it or rate it according to the production values of the average fanzine. Based on my opinions of Arthur's work, I'd give it two and a half staples.

Cover Vol 3 #2. Jeff Schalles, c/o Dziedzic, Apt 6B, 77 W. 104th St., NYC NY 10025. Available for the usual, except that he will not take money.

WARD: I can't put my finger on it (well, I could, but it would take too



much space), but there seems to be an Olde School of SF Fanzine Pubbing that I'm always glad to see. Cover is a zine from that sort of school; it's editor Jeff Schalles' words to his friends, other faneds, and those who thought he had gafiated. It is, niftily, available for almost anything, so there's little excuse for not receiving it.

There is a lot in this zine to catch you up with what's been happening in Jeff's life since his last zine. But he presents the material in the form of feature articles: "Escape From Pittsburgh" is an example. This is much different from Arthur Hlavaty's approach; one gets very detailed reports on various major events in Jeff's life, as opposed to one piece of long commentary.

This is yet another benefit of doing a zine every couple of years or so--you have ample material to write about. The first benefit, of course, is being able to give it out free, since you will have forgotten how much you lost the last time.

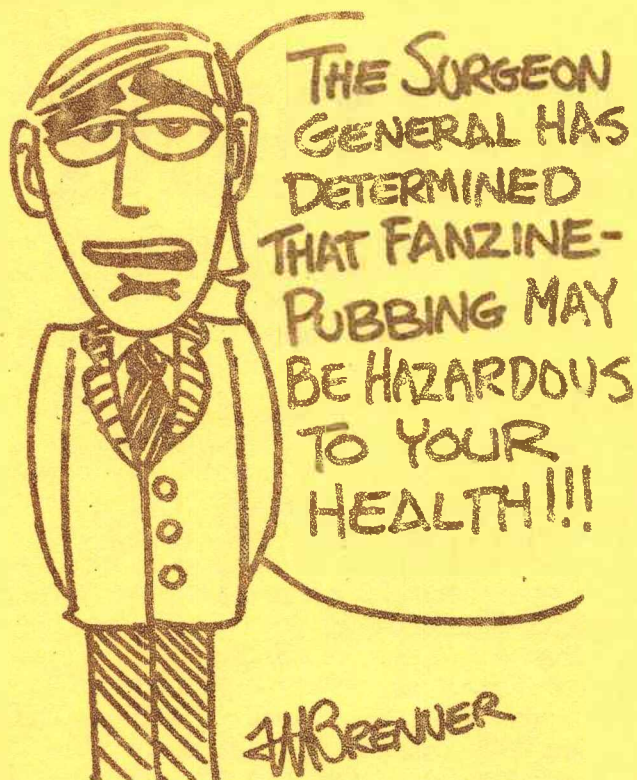
Again, as with *Pong*, I don't know many of the people involved, but the writing is very compelling and pulls the readers into the situation with considerable ease.

The zine is a combination of mimeo on regular stencils and e-stencilled art; most of the art is by Alexis Gilliland, Dan Steffan, and Steve Stiles. there's not a bum illo in the zine (take note, Marty!). I'd recommend this zine especially to someone with limited resources who wants to see how to do a good zine on a reasonably affordable budget. 1½ staples.

CLIFF: I, too, am pretty impressed with the zine; it's much like an apazine with genzine production values, and I like the combination. Jeff gets pretty good results with photos in here, and they add quite a bit to the text. My favorite piece in here was "Interview with a Gafiate" by Jack Hennigan, a wry piece that is well worth reading. I'd agree with Ward's 1½ staple rating on this one.

Maybe#60. Irvin Koch, 2125 Defoors Ferry Road #A4, Atlanta GA 30318. \$1 a copy, available for contributions or selective trades.

CLIFF: Now that Irvin has settled in with a half-sized format for this zine and for *Asfaun*, it's difficult to tell much difference between his two zines. Neither zine does anything much with layout, pre-



ferring to present a cover and a lot of text, typed straight through with few headings, etc. There is a small variety of material in the zine's 12 half-sized pages; a long promo for Chattacon, a few reviews, a plug for a possible fan interview, a couple of letters, a fragment/outline of "Imagin-ese history," and a poem and filksong. Alas, the material is very lackluster and the production values weak--the zine is poorly laid out, slightly awkward in its large amount of hand-lettering, and the ending of the zine, a "filk-song" that is "based" on Paul McCartney's "Let It Be," is an exact copy of the song with only eight words changed, and four of them are two names. This leaves a poor impression at the end of the zine, and there is no strong material to offset it. I'd have to give this one four staples, and that's a shame, because Irvin can do better.

WARD: "When I find myself reading 'zines in trouble, the stapler Cliff Biggers hands to me..." Enough silliness. I find it unfortunate that Irvin has been producing fanzines for so many years without managing to pick up a few basics along the way. The really sad part is that one more bad review probably won't motivate him to produce anything better. So I'll give this one five staples and re-recommend Cover.

KUDZU

Yes, it's that time of year again; the annual meeting of the Secret Masters of Fanzine Fandom has been held, and the new topics for the upcoming year have been announced.

The SMOFFs were very concerned this year that fanzines had let themselves become too bogged down with only a few topics, so it was decided that an eligibility list was needed to make sure responsible fan-editors would see to it that only important issues were discussed in 1982. We were subjected to entirely too many pieces on banning of weapons at Worldcons last year; one more piece on the true meaning of Southern fandom would have done us all in; and who wants to read more detailed articles on the mediafan: threat or menace?

These are the official topics for 1982; the list has been chosen by an unbiased committee, several of whom actually read fanzines in the 1970s, and these are all topics that some of them felt they might be interested in reading about. Then again, they might not...

Primary Topic of 1982: Should fans be allowed to wear clothes at conventions?

Too many people have made distinctions between mediafans, trufans, fakefaans, oscillating fans, ceiling fans, etc., based on what they wear at conventions. Recent proposals to limit costuming were only a drop in the bucket; this method would restore the fannishness to conventions and make them fun again. A serious side-topic to this would be the question of what do we pin the name-badges to now?

Alternate Topics for 1982:

Should Professional Hugos not be given to any professional who has had work appear in a fanzine in that calendar year? (An important issue as more and more pros try to move into fandom and win pro Hugos on the basis of their fanwriting.)

Should we abandon canned drinks or fountain drinks in the con suite and instead offer a 55-gallon drum of coke or beer, along with numerous straw holes and a plentiful supply of straws? (This one should be popular with those who feel that one particular group of fans sucks...)

Should fanzines be perma-bonded instead of stapled? (A serious question concerning the fanzine field, which is accused by many of being more and more unstaple each year...)

Should dues systems be abolished in apas in favor of a lottery system, where the member whose name is drawn pays the cost of the mailing that month? (A related topic would have the cost of the mailing paid by the OE--which would certainly cut down on candidates.)

Should triple-mattes be banned in convention art shows? (Many people worried about the commercialism of unicorns, but how many thought about this form of rampant commercialism that we must control now?)

Is it unfannish to raise the toilet seat when urinating in a dark bathroom? (This is a serious issue among feminist fans even as we speak.)

Should fan-editors abandon the postal system and deliver all fanzines by hand? Or, as an alternative, should be borrow the *Fahrenheit 451* syndrome and require fan-editors to memorize their fanzines and to recite them at conventions?

And now, it's time to get to work. Write those hot letters of comment. First-draft those fiery columns. Schedule those over-attended fan panels. Let's get to work! We only have a year to wear out these topics before the Secret Masters of Fanzine Fandom come up with new ones to keep us all busy!



CLIFF BIGGERS

RAPTURES OF THE DEEP

STEVEN
CARLBERG

In hot pursuit of the ever-elusive Big Buck, your faithful columnist set out last week for a working holiday in Houston, our great sister city of the South. Having successfully arrived in Houston, I am happy to report that I have found remunerative employment at a prestigious downtown law firm, where a few of those famous Texas Dollars will roll into my otherwise empty coffers.

Houston is my old stomping grounds, and it's fun to be back for a few months, indulging in my old familiar pleasures. There are real Mexican restaurants here, for example, with real flour tortillas and real margaritas. There's an excellent art museum with an outstanding collection of Impressionists. There is the simple beauty of Central Standard Time, finally releasing me from the awkward sensation of jet lag I've endured for seven months on the East Coast.

but compared to Houston, Atlanta doesn't always look that bad. In fact, I've compiled a little list of ways in which Atlanta is definitely better than Houston.

(1) Atlanta has twice as many Chinese restaurants as Houston, and most of those I visited were excellent. I have not yet discovered whether that fabulous dish "Sizzling Rice Soup" to which Deb Hammer-Johnson introduced me even exists in Texas.

(2) Houston has no organized fandom. I know the idea of a city twice the size of Atlanta without a science fiction club must seem ludicrous, but here it is. If there's another fanzine fan in town, I've yet to meet him.

(3) Atlanta has the more interesting music scene. Houston's nightspots and *particular* Houston's radio stations are still into country western, recycled jazz, easy listening, and m-o-r heavy metal top 40. They don't have a New Wave station in Houston. Hell, they don't even show American Bandstand on TV.

(4) Houston has incredibly discouraging freeway traffic. At rush hour, I will not even drive in Houston unless there's no possible way to avoid it. How does thirty minutes of stop-and-go traffic grab you? Try I-610 between 4 and 6 p.m. if that's your cup of tea.

(5) Atlanta has better drivers. They aren't in a perpetual hurry like folks in Houston, they don't honk their horns nearly as often, and they don't get in my way out of sheer stupidity or malice when I happen to be in a hurry.

(6) Houston has no resident core of eager game players. I tried for weeks in Houston to organize a Diplomacy-by-phone game without success, yet got one going in Atlanta at virtually the drop of a hat. I also had a steady stream of Hearts, Acquire, and another half-dozen games in Atlanta which simply cannot be duplicated in Houston.

(7) Atlanta's bars and liquor stores stay open a couple of hours later than Houston's. Not that I'm that avid a drinker, but when I do happen to feel like a drink at three in the morning, I don't like legal technicalities to inconvenience me.

With all these important advantages going for Atlanta, it would sure be a lot nicer if the wages-for-dedicated-goof-offs could be upgraded and make it possible for me to live in Atlanta in the style to which I would like to become accustomed. Must every Atlanta paycheck be the same puny percentage of Houston pay? Why not just one company that specializes in paying transferred Texans their old salaries?

I think the only real solution is to commute. Can anybody tell me where to catch that daily jet between Atlanta and Houston? The one that'll accept my MARTA card?



RAIDERS of the LOST LOC

Ruth Minyard Jackson, MS I find that I have a fairly massive stack of *Atarantes* to be locced; between the mess which remains from my having moved in October and the usual Christmas rush, I've done nothing fannish in months. I had wanted to do some locs for *Atar* at least, because I think yours is one of (at least) the best zines I see these days. *Rune* has become very strange (but not my kind of weird), *Anvil* is in a lull after getting reorganized, and *Chat* is gone--but you are holding down the fort very well, thank you!

Artwork: I always look forward to perusing your artwork. Honest, I read artwork--well, at least I don't just look at it, say "pretty," and go on to the "good" stuff. I especially like to examine the fine detail in work by Steven Fox and Charlie Williams.

Horrors! I have symptoms 1-5 of gafia, according to "Kudzu"! I laughed, but you know, you're right--the onset of the illness is unobtrusive. I need to go to a con...

John Whatley's column on "Horror and the Supernatural" has been interesting to me from the start. He's doing a good job--scholarly but interesting. I do hope he intends to discuss my favorite modern vampire, Yarbrow's Sanct-Germaine!

As to the subject of banning weapons, etc.--I think we should ban curmudgeons and go back to having fun. Problems should be dealt with on an individual basis; true, one person who misuses a "toy" sword could cause great problems, but that is no reason to inconvenience the vast majority of responsible costume fans. At any rate, I suspect the whole thing will blow over whenever one or two very vocal curmudgeons come through with their promise threat to quit playing and stay home.

Lynn Hickman 413 Ottokee St. Wauseon, OH 43567 Last issue had a really nice cover by Steven Fox; I liked all of the artwork, in fact, but missed the usual "True Fan Adventures"

by Ward Batty; hope you haven't run out of ideas. I also enjoyed "Kudzu," but now I'm beginning to wonder about those three printing presses of mine that aren't running. Gafiation couldn't happen to a guy after 40 years of fanning, could it? Enjoyed the rest of the articles, and the letter column was a good one.

Harry Andruschak
PO Box 606
La Canada-Flintridge
California 91011

One thing I do not like is having words put into my mouth that I did not say.

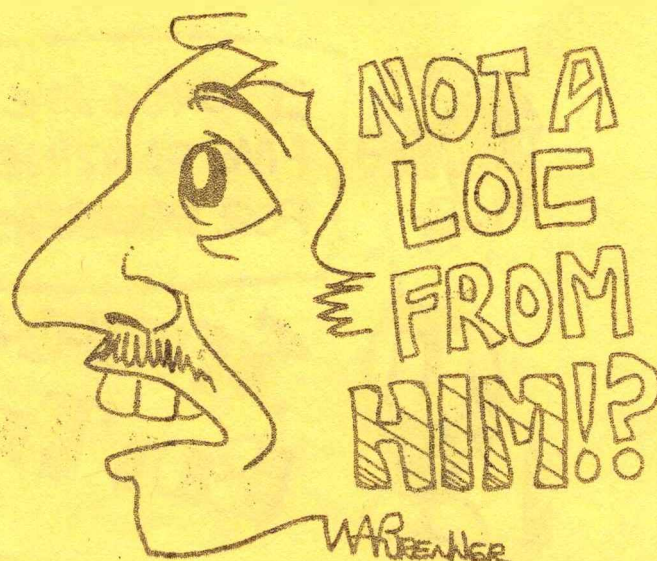
I didn't like it from Bill Bridget, Charles Korbas, Matthew Tepper, or John Thiel. Oddly enough, I don't like it from you.

In "Kudzu", you have me saying that I would like to ban certain people from SF cons. This is an outright lie, and I think you owe me an apology.

I have advocating the banning of weapons... which might discourage some nerds from attending sf cons. The reasons are pragmatic.

Bjo Trimble held Equicon over Easter 1981 weekend. The weapons fans showed up. Vandalism, attacks on hotel guests, not con members. The hotel said not to come back. Filkcon West was cancelled...it moved to the LASFS clubhouse. Bill Crawford's Fantasy Fair was told to go to another hotel, in spite of its contract. Yet another hotel wanted nothing more to do with sf cons. So Bill Crawford went from Sheraton to Amfac. and again the weapons freaks showed up, and etc., and Bill Crawford announced that his sf weekend con would be at a new hotel. Amfac wanted no more sf cons.

You may find this hard to believe, but at SF Weekend the weapons freaks showed up



and Bill Crawford has announced that the 1982 Fantasy Fair will be at a new hotel. LA fandom know had yet another hotel that wanted nothing more to do with sf cons.

Finally, to round out 1981, LASFS held Loscon at the Huntington Sheraton. You may find this straining your sense of wonder, but the weapons freaks showed up and etc...the 1982 Loscon will be held at a new hotel. For some reason (maybe the pregnant woman who was knocked down by a galactic mercenary...a very brave act for such a person) they didn't want to hold the next LosCon.

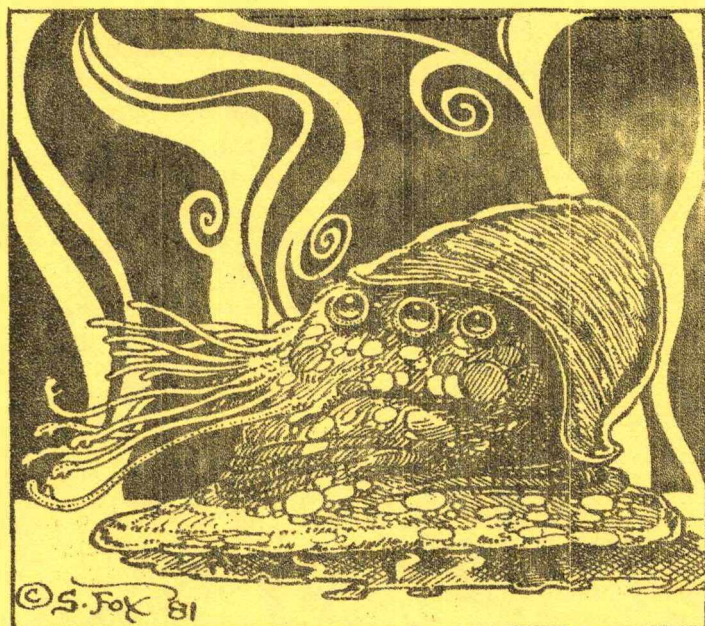
As I write this, the hotel and dates of the 1982 Loscon are not fixed. LA hotels have this strange reluctance to hold sf cons. but Dan Deckert, Chairman of the 1982 Loscon, has announced, in advance, that the policy shall be "No weapons, except as part of a masquerade costume." More and more cons are falling into this line.

I repeat, I have never said anything about banning people. I am very strongly in favor of banning weapons before we run out of hotels who want sf cons--and that is the way they think of them.

But, if you want to make fun of me, put words in my mouth that I never said, ignore the flagrant warnings of what has happened in LA--OK, so repeat history, sucker.

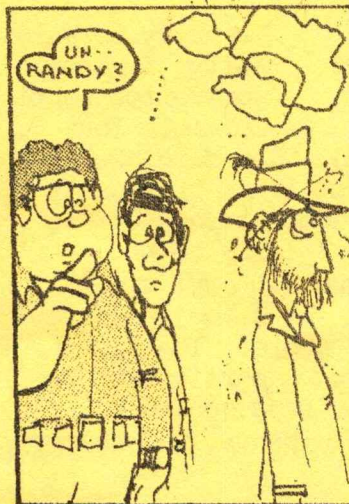
((Harry has developed this tendency

((Commenting on what was said, not what you misread, might help, Harry. In Atarantes #54, "Kudzu" included item (3) in a humorous article on gafiation, the line that one might "Ask Mike Glycer to write up a juicy news item about your friend for File 770, or ask Harry Andruschak to have him banned at Worldcons..." That sentence does not say that you would like to have certain people banned from sf cons, Harry.



It implies that those things which you try to have banned suddenly become items very much in the mainstream of fannish discussion. such as the brouhaha over banning weapons. I am sorry that you have trouble reading what was said, Harry, but you are obviously getting overwrought over something that wasn't stated.

((As to the issue of banning weapons, one you have raised in these pages before, let me point out that you never stated that the hotels refused to host the cons because of problems with weapons. The only specific problem you mentioned was one of a "galactic mercenary" knocking down a pregnant woman. Was it intentional? Inadvertant? Even more importantly, how would removing this person's weapon prevent him from knocking down a woman? Did he thrash her with a blaster, pummeling her to the ground? You don't even offer evidence that the aforementioned vandalism at Equicon was caused by people with weapons--and would banning the weapons have prevented



men from carrying out any sort of vandal-
ous actions? Think these things through,
Harry: banning things tends to make people
want to "smuggle" them in to prove that it
can be done, and you don't state a single
action caused by a weapon: everything you
mention was brought about by people, and
could have (and probably would have) oc-
curred had the weapons not been there. If
you want to ban weapons, offer statistics
that show that the weapons have caused
problems at cons, then offer support to
prove that banning those weapons would
prevent those problems.))



David Palter
1811 Tamarind Av. Apt 22
Hollywood CA 90028

In reply to Ward
Batty, I guess
you're too subtle
for me. Your

actual intent in the Bill-Dale Marcinko ar-
ticle, if it was not what I had previously
surmised, escapes me. I do not agree that
"one would have, obviously, had to have
been a participant to quote the victim."
I was not a participant yet I too was able
to repeat that supposed quote. The fact is
that one would have to be a participant to
quote *first hand*; second hand quotes are
easily made by non-participants, and there

was nothing in your article to suggest that
the anonymous Florida fan was quoting first
hand rather than second hand. Obviously.
Actually, it should now be obvious that you
are in fact secretly a member of both the
JDL and the PLO, both of which groups you
are triple-crossing, and this article is
actually part of a plot so Machiavellian
that only Frank Herbert could ever compre-
hend it (see his forthcoming novel, *The
JDL of Dune*).

Gary Deindorfer
447 Bellevue Ave #9-B
Trenton NJ 08618

Gafia is a prob-
lem in the case of
some people, and
a blessing in the

case of other people. Should permanent
gafia be distinguished from on-again, off-
again gafia? There are more than a few
fans who gafiate for a while and then re-
turn to the fold. Some of them do this
many times over. This would seem to be a
lower-grade gafia from the gafia of the per-
son who gets sf fandom out of his system
for once and for all and has nothing to do
with it again.

I only get confused about which brain hemis-
phere is rational and which is intuitive when
I try to think about it, as here. But I be-
lieve in most people the right lobe is the
intuitive one and the left lobe is the rati-
onal one. I am sure, though, that they are
not differentiated awfully sharply. Perhaps
the most important factor is the degree of
communication between the two hemispheres.

Earphone experiment: take a favorite piece
of music. Listen to it with the right
phone feeding into left, rational lobe;
left phone feeding into right, intuitive
lobe. Then play the song over, reversing
the earphones on your head. The right
phone, now on the left ear, will feed to
your right, intuitive lobe, and vice versa.
You should hear the same song in two great-
ly different ways. I should mention that
the right ear feeds into the left lobe, left
ear into right lobe. I have tried this
with different pieces of music, trying to
hear some deep difference; I'm not sure
whether I have or whether it was my im-
agination. Since my imagination is lodged
in my brain, maybe it was my imagination.

Pong is one of the best fanzines going now-
adays, but it does get cliquish at times.
Yet I think the editors have said they'll
send an issue to anyone who asks for it.
I hope no one thinks \$5 is necessary.

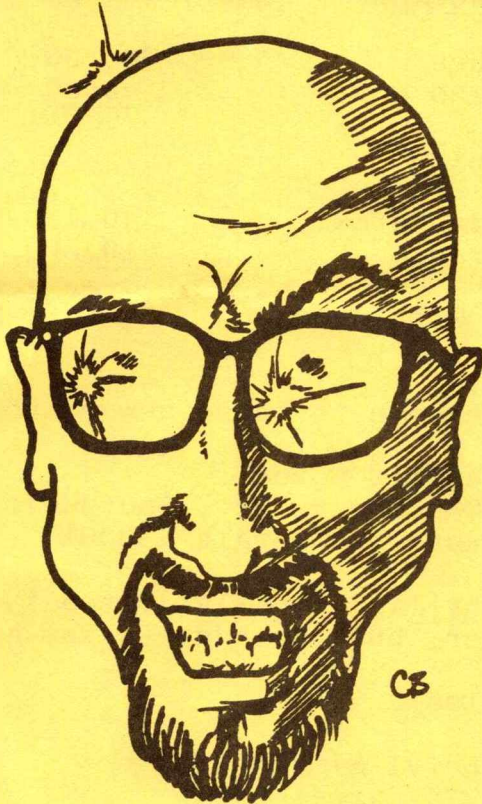
Maybe David Palter is right that the term
"media fan" is inappropriate (and David
seems to be a Very Serious Fellow). It's

HALFACON '82

IS TWICE THE FUN!

FEB 12-14 1982

Featuring
The Celko Roast!



Dealers Tables
\$7 each

Following the traditions of Halfacon created at the original Atlanta Halfacon in 1973, this year's Halfacon will be a relaxicon of the highest caliber; in addition to the usual Halfacon trappings, we will be offering a unique event: The Celko Roast! This event will highlight a relaxicon filled with parties, smoffing, and fannishness!

This year's Halfacon will be held in Rome, Georgia (the site of the 1974 Halfacon) in the Roman Inn on Highway 411. Singles are \$28, doubles are \$34. Don't miss it!



\$5 advance
\$7 at door

404 Elliott Drive
Rome GA 30161

CHRISTMAS PARTY AND TREASURER'S REPORT

presented by Iris Brown

The last gathering of members of the Atlanta Science Fiction Club happened December 19, 1981. The usual business meeting was dispensed with, so that folks could better enjoy the spirit (all sorts of spirits) of the season.

In addition to the usual snacks and munchies and soft drinks, folks brought a wide assortment of home-baked and store-bought goodies. Surely the highlight of the evening, foodwise, was the seemingly endless supply of shrimp provided by Gary Eissner, who admitted it comes in handy sometimes, being the partner in a seafood distributorship. The few who did not contribute food of some sort ((shows where Atlanta fandom's priorities are)) were requested to donate a couple of \$\$ toward the cause.

Lest you think all our time was spent in eating, rest assured that other amusements were available. Sue Phillips and Mike Weber had brought their magic keyboard-of-the-many-voices, and Mike Rogers, resident classical pianist, provided Christmas carols. This did not daunt or distract those who had settled in front of the boob tube, the better to play video games (TV kindly provided by Mike Rogers, game by Cliff Biggers).

Those who preferred games of a less technological variety gathered together in groups of four and passed much time with decks of cards playing that old Southern favorite, Hearts.

After much talking, eating and playing, the results of the ASFiC elections were made public to the members. Sue Phillips won the job of Vice President, Randy Satterfield became Programming Director and incumbents Prez Angela Howell and Secretary-Treasurer Iris Brown were re-elected.

At the close of the evening, gifts were distributed to those who had brought presents and wished to participate. Following the clean-up, a few hardy souls meet for the usual after-the-meeting meeting at Pizza Inn, but far more dragged their weary selves home.

Money matters:

Beginning balance	\$141.91
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Income:

Dues	\$60.00	
Xmas party	5.00	+ 65.00
		<u>206.91</u>

Outgo:

Atarantes	40.13	
Drinks	10.59	- 50.72

New balance	\$156.19
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Welcome to these new members:

Phyllis Boros
2088 Cherry Dr., Southwest
Austell, Georgia 30001

Phyllis actually joined in November, but her address was misplaced.

Also:

Sheryl Simran
2774 Carrie Dr.
Kennesaw, Georgia 30144

Below are dues paid members as of January 1982.

Cliff Biggers	Gail Higgins
Susan Biggers	Larry Mason
Phyllis Boros	Sheryl Simran
Iris Brown	Laura Taylor
Joe Celko	

Horror and the Supernatural

If you ask most people to describe a vampire, one of the characteristics usually given is that a vampire is of noble lineage. Why? If we look to literature, we find Lord Ruthven of Polidori, Sir Francis Varney of Prest, the Countess Karnstein of Le Fanu, and Sir Azzo von Klatka from the German tale. Why are these vampires all nobles?

Of course, there was Vlad the Impaler, also called Dracula. If we are to believe the German tales (which are obviously propaganda), Vlad loved to impale people--especially lawbreakers and enemies. Then there is Chevalier Gilles de Rais, a blood-loving child-killer, who was a field general under St. Joan. According to evidence at his trial, he was responsible for the death of 200 children over a 10-year period. Countess Elizabeth Bathory believed that fresh blood could retard aging. In 1611 authorities raided her castle, discovering many young girls stripped naked and bled to death so that she could literally bathe in fresh blood. For her ritual murder of over 300 local maidens, she was walled up in her castle, with only one small opening for food to be passed in. And then there was the Marquis de Sade and blood as a sexual excitement. Maybe these cases make vampirism "noble", although none of these nobles is known to have become a vampire.

Bram Stoker's **Dracula** was published in 1897 and immediately became a great hit. In fact, it has never been out of print and is a consistent seller. Why? It still contains your typical gothic trappings: powerful villain, mysterious and virtually unknown areas, ruined buildings (Transylvanian castle, Carfax Abbey), the usual chases, the heroine who stands dumbly around while everything happens. The method of composition of the novel--through the writings of the participants--is not even new; in fact, it is absurd, as if someone fearing for his life would take time to

calmly enter those facts in his diary! But Stoker gives us more--the potent sexuality of Count Dracula, another vampire noble.

The novel begins with Jonathan Harker on the way to see Count Dracula. Undeterred by local villagers making the Sign of the Cross whenever he mentions Dracula, or pressing a crucifix on him before he leaves, Harker writes, "However, there is business to be done, and I could allow nothing to interfere with it." His meeting with Count Dracula is the classic meeting. After Harker finally realizes what the Count is, we leave Harker imprisoned in Castle Dracula (from which he somehow escapes unaided) and move to England in letters, journals, newspaper accounts, etc., to meet Mina Murray (Harker's fiancée and the heroine who will stand dumbly around for the remainder of the novel), Lucy Westenra (Dracula's first victim), Dr. John Seward (head of an insane asylum), R. M. Renfield (a patient of Seward's), and other lesser characters. After Dracula "converts" Lucy (who is later staked, of course), murders Renfield, and seduces Mina, the chase is on. Dracula, trapped by Van Helsing, fades away snarling, "My revenge is just begun! (T)ime is on my side." But Dracula is trailed back to Castle Dracula. And how does Dracula finally die? None of the movies have ever shown us. He is not staked; he is not exposed to the sun; he is not burned. Maybe you need to read the novel (again).



john whatley

After this vampire tales came fast and furious. M. R. James, in "An Episode of Cathedral History" (1904), gives a vampire-hinted tale of a strange dweller in a cathedral tomb, some "thing" that has lived there for hundreds of years. In the end, it escapes. Marion Crawford gave us "For the Blood Is the Life" in 1911. An optical illusion causes a visitor to the narrator to see a woman lying on top of a grave. The narrator then tells the tale of a woman killed by robbers who is buried with the treasure. The woman then becomes a vampire, draining the life from the robbery victim's son, who seems powerless to stop her. However, he finds courage, digs up the treasure, and drives a stake through the woman. E. F. Benson's "Mrs. Amsworth" (1923) is an unusual vampire. Returning as a widow from India (where a plague of vampires had supposedly occurred), Mrs. Amworth brings nourishing food to victims of an unusual plague in the village, yet they still die mysteriously. When she is finally exposed as a vampire, she flees and is accidentally run down by a motorcar. Finally, she must be exhumed and staked with a pickax!

Other traditional vampire tales are: Eric, Count Stenbock's "The True Story of a Vampire" (1894); R. S. Breene's "An Irish Vampire" (1905); H. P. Lovecraft's "The Hound" (1924); H. G. Wells' "The Flowering of the Strange Orchid" (1927); A. C. Doyle's "The Adventures of the Sussex Vampire" (1927); Clark Ashton Smith's "A Rendezvous in Averroigne" (1931); Carl Jacobi's "Revelations in Black" (1933); Robert Bloch's "The Cloak" (1939) and "The Bogey Man Will Get You" (1946); D. Scott Moncrieff's "Schloss Wappenburg" (1948); Richard Matheson's "Drink My Blood" (1951) and *I Am Legend* (1954); Frederick Brown's "Blood" (1955); E. E. Smith's "Softly While You're Sleeping" (1961); Niel Straum's "Vanishing Breed" (1970); and Raymond Rudorff's *The Dracula Archives* (1971). After this vampire tales came too numerous to mention.

Next time we will discuss the horror tale in the early Twentieth Century, to include H. P. Lovecraft and the "Cthulhu Mythos".

RAIDERS OF THE LOST LOC, continued from page ten

just another convenient label to try to fit people into a neat little box.

Perhaps the "let's ban what we don't like" attitude is faulty. The non-reading sf fans wandering around the conventions in costumes, brandishing weapons, are no more drolerlike than the earliest fans of written sf back in the late 20s and early 30s.

Think of this, though; we read sf about visitations from alien beings. Much is made about how sf fans would be more suited than most people to make First Contact with aliens because their mental horizons have already been expanded by reading sf. But what happens when these written-word-sf fans run up against people only a little different from them, the so-called media fans? They act as though the media fans are an entirely different species of life. If the written word sf fans are thrown that easily by beings of the same species dressed in costumes and carrying weapons, how the hell would they react to real aliens from space?

Harry Warner, Jr. Your quick guide to
423 Summit Avenue gafia symptoms pro-
Hagerstown, MD 21740 vided me with a good
way to assess my own
circumstances in these first days of the

new year. I find that two of the 7 warning symptoms of gafia are apparent in my case: my mimeo is petrified with crusted ink, and I also emit those blank sates about new fans and new fragments of fan lore...

Stven Carlberg makes one doubtful statement in "Raptures of the Deep." From all I hear about most fans' fondness for alcoholic beverages, I think it would be useless to define "right" by reference to the position of their liver; that organ must have disintegrated or become insignificantly hard to find for the drinking fans.

ART CREDITS David Heath Jr. & Jerry Collins, cover; Ward Batty & Jerry Collins, p. 2; Ward Batty & Jerry Collins, p. 3; Doug Chaffee, p. 4; Wayne Brenner, p. 5; Steven Fox, p. 6; Wayne Brenner, p. 7; Wayne Brenner, p. 8; Steven Fox, p. 9 Top; Ward Batty & Jerry Collins, p. 9 Bottom; Bill Rotsler, p. 10; Cliff Biggers, p. 11; Steven Fox, p. 13; Charlie Williams, p. 16; Cindy T. Riley, p. 17; Bob Maurus, p. 18.

Looking back at old issues of *Atarantes* (yes, I keep mine), I notice that my last "Der Krapp" dealt with *The Brain Leeches*, an unsung and virtually unseen "film" of 1978. My interest in discussing this cinematic clunker derived from my personal involvement with it.

Well, in *Atarantes* #51, I promised more to come. It's only taken a third of a year, but here at last are my concluding comments on *Leeches la Braine*.

It was fun to do. Not to watch, maybe, but definitely to participate. A wellworn truism has it that you learn about film making by working with competent people in the Art. A cliché every bit as worthy is simply that you learn by fucking up, too. (We weren't just learning the ropes; we couldn't even find the damned things!)

That Fred Olen Ray (producer/director and founder of Firebird International Pictures) was a talented makeup artist could be seen from the start. He does good work, cheaply and quickly. He was also an adequate producer at a PBS TV station. The trouble was that he thought producing and directing a feature film would prove an easily manageable chore. It didn't. We were a long way from expending the time or money typical of the average cheapie creepie. We weren't the bottom of the bucket; we were the barnacles underneath. Fred was a graduate of the Ed Wood school of film-making.

Der Krapp

That I could have written a passable script I do not doubt in the least. I wasn't paid to do it. I was paid to toss off pieces of an idea. Fred thought that he could make up the rest.

The final result gives new meaning to the term hodgepodge.

But certain elements of the stew had a meager flavor; a few laughs floating to the surface in this half-hearted parody. For example, a scene I planned captured the feeling I wanted in *The Brain Leeches*. In it, the redneck sheriff (ably played by Fred) tells the town doctor that he's been saving the corpse of a local fisherman—killed in the credits sequence—for the professional's return. The only problem is that the doctor has been away for an entire week at a medical conference. (The dialogue to follow is not exact, but it's close) "We kept it in your basement, Doc," the lawman tells him. The doctor

is not pleased. Naturally, he suspects that the atmosphere of his home may have become odious...and curses his bad luck to live in a town that cannot afford a morgue (poetic license about the town, of course).

Not to worry. The sheriff continues: "Funny thing, it doesn't smell." Fully aware that no one in town would have tampered with the body, the doctor is intrigued. Down in the basement they examine an oddly preserved body with inexplicable marks about the throat and head.

"I've never seen anything like this in my career," exclaims the doctor.

"We figure he got lost in the swamp," says the sheriff. "Do you think those marks were made by gators, Doc?"

Imagine the stunned surprise of this man of science. "Gators?" he asks incredulously. "Look at this body, the unnatural quality of its skin, those bizarre wounds. You think alligators could do this?" The doctor is almost trembling at the stupidity of the thought.

Pausing to let the revelation sink in, the sheriff scratches his head, then says, "Yeah, I guess you're right. You think maybe it was snapping turtles?"

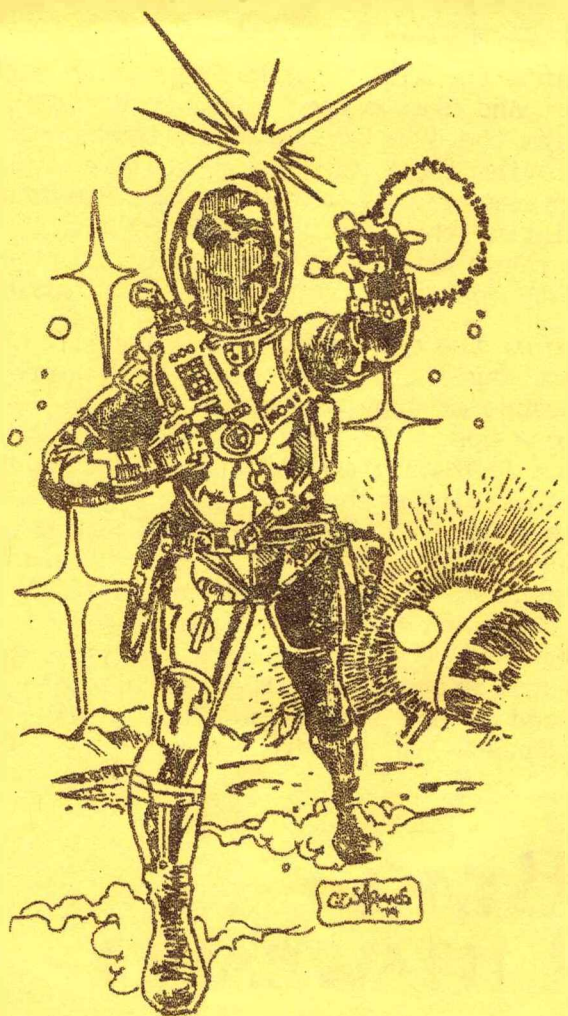
That's the kind of film *The Brain Leeches* is. And that's one of the good parts. It beats the drab long shot of townspeople removing their sunglasses to reveal white-orb zombie eyes (an effect accomplished by painting the closed eyelids of the performers white, counting on the grey quality of the photography to abet the illusion).

One of the most stultifying aspects of watching *The Brain Leeches* is the preponderance of long shots and the rarity of close-ups. The result is monotonous in good PRD/Monogram fashion. I talked Fred into giving me some of the picture's few close-ups, but the motivation may have been more of ego than aesthetics. (A nightclub comedian, Wild Bill Cooksey, had all of his close-ups removed after he pissed off Fred Ray. As Cooksey's alleged relied a lot on facial expressions, the routine being reduced to one long shot—like looking down a tunnel—had a somewhat sobering effect.)

Brad Linaweaver

At the climax of the "story," the hero and heroine have a parting exchange of dialogue before he sacrifices his own life and the community of Pinecastle, Florida, for the salvation of the human race, a small price to pay. Unfortunately, part of the soundtrack had not been recorded, and the performers had since moved on to--one hopes--better things. Not to be undone by mere chance, Fred had an announcer from a local TV station do a voice-over narration. "He tells her that he loves her," intones the narrator, sounding like an ad for an after-shave, over the silently speaking figures on the screen.

The leader of the aliens, a handpuppet with ping-pong eyes, is holed up in a warehouse filled with the alien's atmosphere. (The atmosphere must be breathable to people, though, as zombies are constantly coming in and out, and two unaffected humans--the villainous character I play and the Doc--enter with no ill effects. One of the few effective passages of the film involved shooting several characters at different times with a spotlight on the face as the only illumination. Then Fred edited them together into a conversation that was supposed to take place in the darkened



warehouse. It works!) The hero realizes that if he rams his car--carrying an explosive device a la the big finish of *The Giant Gila Monster*--into the wall of said warehouse, the ensuing reaction with the alien atmosphere will cause a nuclear explosion so that Fred can end the film with a really nice stock shot he had recently acquired of that familiar mushroom cloud.

The hero dies. The mushroom cloud fades into the end credits rolling over a swamp as Paul Jones and Sugar Lee sing "There Could Be Heaven on Earth."

Firebird International Pictures went on to better things, hiring old serial veterans like Buster Crabbe and Kirk Alyn for a week-end's work so that the new pictures could boast star attractions. The only difficulty with this approach was the most of the minuscule budget would be spent hiring the star, and the necessity would remain of raising more money to finish the film. Many an unfinished project awaits the final bank-rolling.

The outfit certainly deserves coverage in a column of this kind, what with working titles like *Bride of Bigfoot*, *Beach Blanket Bloodbath*, *Bigfoot meets the Martians*, and *It Fell From the Sky*. The best title for a Firebird International Picture never got off the ground, however. Mark Stanfill, who played one of the zombies in *The Brain Leeches*, was so affected by the experience that he suggested an obvious title for a sequel: *All This and Brain Leeches Too*. Alas, it was never made. I could have had a big comeback. "I could'a been a contenda-dah!"

There are some who feel that "Der Krapp" has run its course. The suggestion is that this column is stuck in a rut and is just not funny any more. As for the subject matter, it's easy to point out that I have only scratched the surface. Already on "The King of Schlock" (an Atlanta radio program on WTPG) I have gone into material not yet discussed in these pages: Azteca wrestling monster movies, blood and gore a-bominations, beach blanket horrors from real studios, Italian musclemen bombs, lost worlds that should have stayed lost, terrible outer space adventures on a 10¢ budget, and a host of virtually forgotten films. As to how many yuks I can extract from them, that is a different matter.

I intend to continue the research into awful cinema and do a book on the topic eventually. But I will stop "Der Krapp" in *Atarantes* unless I receive some kind of feedback from the readers. The coin of the realm for fanzine writing is the loc, and witty comments from letter writers in the early stages of "Der Krapp" inspired me to keep going. I don't care whether the response is pro or con, just so there is response. As the commentary on "Der Krapp" has dropped to zero for the last few installments, I see no reason to persevere.

WRITING S.F.

Other Forms of Self-Torture

BY RALPH ROBERTS

How can I describe that glorious golden glow when, in the height of creativity, your story plot comes together and the words flow from your fingertips effortlessly and your characters stroll across the page larger than life? No sniffer of coke ever experienced such a high. How can I show you the exhilaration of seeing your story published in national magazines, of knowing your words are preserved in the Library of Congress? Such feelings leave smokers of hashish gasping in a far lower paradise.

Yes, writing is fun. But it's not easy. And the writing of sf is even "less-easy." To achieve those feelings mentioned above takes a lot of commitment, endless lonely hours of brain-breaking work, a real passion for the written word. You must provide those little pieces of your soul... But I can offer a few suggestions on the preparation for writing sf that will make your road a trifle less rocky.

READ A LOT OF BOOKS

Sure, this sounds obvious but it is important. Science fiction more than anything else is a literature of ideas. You must read what's been done to see how other writers presented their views of the future, to understand the internal logic and consistency that made their outwardly outrageous assumptions become an entertaining and thought-provoking story.

It's not enough to simply state that humanity travels from star to star in faster-than-light craft and are engaged in a great and fearsome struggle with aliens for control of the few systems with habitable planets. This premise must be presented in such a manner that the reader finds such an outlandish concept probable and suspends his creditibility while reading your story. He must be able, during this one brief period at least, to believe in the universe that you have created on paper. This is the responsibility of the writer.

But don't copy the ideas and style of others. Develop your own. Do it any way you like as long as you tell a story.

Another important reason for reading both classic and modern day sf is to learn the conventional short-cuts generally accepted by the reader. Take our faster-than-light drive again; there's usually no need to explain how it works unless that happens to

be what the story's about. No, the regular reader will accept that your hero travels from Regulus to Epsilon Eridani in 2 weeks. Same as writing a contemporary story in which the protagonist takes a taxi; you don't go into great detail about the internal combustion engine.

KNOW WHAT'S BEING DONE

Again, I stress that sf is the literature of ideas. To be more specific, *New Ideas*. The only way to have a reasonable assurance that your work is both new and saleable is to read the major magazines in the field along with the new book releases. While books are sometimes released a year or more after the author completes the accepted manuscript, magazines are only months or weeks old. They ride the wavefront of new thought in sf.

Alas, our genre can be somewhat topical. For example, you may have just discovered that black holes exist. You might have avidly devoured several books on the subject and came up with one heck of a story on black holes...but it won't sell. The idea is so old Hollywood has already made a movie about it (and the premises of sf movies are usually 10 to 15 years out of date). The only way to sell something so old is to have a very unique twist incorporated. Again, you'll have to be familiar with the magazines to see if anybody beat you to it.



The sf magazines to watch are *Analog*, *Asimov's*, *F&SF*, and to an increasingly greater extent, *Amazing*. Read also the other prozines that publish sf and the many well-crafted semiprozines like *Pandora* and *Owlflight* that showcase newer writers. Doing all this will save you must wasted effort and decrease your number of rejections.

Also important is to know who's doing what, to find new markets as they happen. Anyone who writes sf needs to subscribe to either *Locus* or *Science Fiction Chronicle*, and preferably both. These monthly newszines will keep you appraised of markets and happenings in the publishing world.

Believe me, you have to do this to be a successful writer. I found out the hard way.

KNOW HOW TO DO IT

Knowing the actual mechanics of writing is important too; although, if you don't comprehend the "what" and "when" detailed in the preceding two sections, it won't do you much good.

To me, the single most important point a beginning writer needs to know is what is and isn't a story. Learn what comprises a beginning, middle and end. Plot your

stories. A non-plotted story will not sell and I have the rejection slips to prove it. The book that helped me the most is Barry Longyear's *Science Fiction Writer's Workshop*. He gives the "nuts and bolts" of the actual writing process in a clear, lucid, enjoyable manner.

I think you'll find these mechanical elements the easiest part of writing sf. They come with practice.

A WRITER IS ONE WHO WRITES

And that's what'll help you become an sf writer. But it won't make you one--only you can do that. You're the one who must sit there alone and put words on that blank sheet of paper. However, the satisfaction felt by a published writer is a wondrous thing and it can be a familiar feeling to you, too!

RECOMMENDED BOOKS

Science Fiction Writer's Workshop, Barry Longyear, Owlswick Press. *The Craft of Science Fiction*, Reginald Bretnor, Harper & Row. *Writing and Selling Science Fiction*, C.L. Grant, Writer's Digest Books. *The Science Fiction Handbook (Revised)*, L. Sprague & Catherine de Camp, Owlswick Press.

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Peachtree Bank Community Room
4525 Chamblee-Dunwoody Road
February Meeting Date: February 20th
DON'T MISS A MEETING!!