

GOOD LORD, DALE!!!
HOW DID YOU STOP THOSE
ALIENS FROM ATTACKING?

IT WAS EASY, FLASH! I
GAVE THEM OUR YEAR'S RATION
OF

CHAT



CHAT



(NEWSZINE of the)
Chattanooga Science Fiction Association
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Free to CSFA MEMBERS
35¢ FOR FELLOW TRAVELERS

JUNE, 1979

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"When I get a little money, I buy books; and if any is left, I buy food and clothes."
- Desiderius Erasmus (1465-1536)

NEXT CSFA MEETING JUNE 16 AT 1ST TENN BANK....The CSFA met on May 26 at the usual summer spot, the meeting room of the First Tennessee Bank. We had been hoping for visitors from out-of-town, but none showed up for the meeting. Due to the mild weather, the crowd was lighter than usual. The book discussion, *Time Storm* by Gordon Dickson, was led by Colin Wright. Then Uncle Tim (Tim Bolgeo) took the podium and held the Uncle Tim's Heinlein Trivia Quiz. Entered in the contest were AJ Barker-Bridget, Dick Lynch, Norman Michal, Bill Hedrick, and Colin Wright (who dropped out early). The competition was fierce, but Dick Lynch had the most points at the end, and was awarded the prize of a first edition of Wilson Tucker's *The Lincoln Hunters*, signed by the author.

In a bit of business, the August meeting, which will be a recruitment meeting, was discussed. Current plans are to meet at the Jay Cee Towers at our usual meeting time, and have a short discussion of fandom in Chattanooga and a film. Money for refreshments, renting the meeting room and film will be taken from the club treasury. In other club business, it was decided that club dues would be \$1 per meeting per household, effective for the June through December meetings. Also, the next club auction will be in September.

The after the meeting eating was held at Sambos, where we decided that the First CSFA Putt-Putt Invitational Classic ~~and Heinlein Trivia Quiz~~ will be held the second weekend in July. All persons interested in SF or Fantasy are invited to participate. Prizes will be awarded for the lowest and second lowest scores. Watch *CHAT* for more details.

The next CSFA meeting will be June 16 at 7:30 PM in the First Tennessee Bank at the corner of Brainerd and Germantown Rds. The book to be discussed will be *The Shockwave Rider* by John Brunner, and will be led by Jack Hawkins. The program will be a short seminar on fan publishing, so bring your questions. There will not be a one-shot done at this meeting. The book for July will be *The Texas-Israeli War* by Howard Waldrop (discussion led by R.M. Shelton). The book for August (which may be moved to Sept.) will be *A War of Shadows* by Jack L.
cont. on page 3

Why you receive *CHAT*:

- ☒ CSFA member
- ☒ Subscriber
- ☒ Contributor
- ☒ Mentioned within
- ☒ Trade
- ☒ Trade, please?
- ☒ Contribute, please?
- ☒ Art work, please?
- ☒ Last issue unless you write us, re-subscribe, or attend next CSFA meeting.

CHAT is a newszine of Southern fan news, and is supported by the Chattanooga Science Fiction Association. We encourage submissions of art, reviews, articles, letters of comment, and the like. Written material should be a maximum of one page and typed. Please include name and address on the submission. While *CHAT* doesn't pay contributors, we provide a forum for fan writers and artists; a complimentary copy of *CHAT* is given to all contributors who aren't already receiving it.

Ad rates: Pre-printed flyer inclusion - \$7.50; Full page - \$7.50; Half page - \$4.00; Quarter page - \$2.50; 25¢ per line equivalent.

Chalker (discussion led by AJ Barker-Bridget). To get to the bank building: out-of-towners from Knoxville, Cleveland, Atlanta should take I-24 west to Belvoir Ave. exit, then North Terrace (parallels interstate) to Germantown Rd. From Nashville, take Germantown Rd. exit (just past ridge cut). Go NORTH on Germantown to first traffic light (the one at the interstate doesn't count) and turn right. The bank is on the right, one building past the intersection. For questions: Mike Rogers (266-0298) or Rich Morehouse (755-4275). (NWL)

N3F STORY CONTEST RESULTS....The winning entries in last year's National Fantasy Fan Federation story contest were announced on May 19 at Kubla Khan in Nashville, by story judge Wilson Tucker. First place went to "A Christmas Kapora" by Rick Reichman of Nashville, TN, the second place story was "Deadly Things" by Robert Sampson of Huntsville, AL, third place was "Sedna's Fingers" by Steven Antell of Brooklyn, NY, and Honorable Mention went to "Dalkane's Bane" by Dale Hammel of Richmond, BC. N3F President Irvin Koch announced that this year's story contest judge will be Jack Chalker. (DL)

Stephen Donaldson	Cynthia Felice
James Hogan	Barry Longyear
Elizabeth Lynn	Charles Sheffield
	<i>cont. on page 6</i>

"AFTERMATH--MAY 23, 2063AD:

--A DAY THAT WOULD LIVE IN INFAMY--
UNKNOWN ASSAILANTS DELIVERED A
WEAPON OF UNKNOWN DESIGN INTO THE
COURTYARD OF THE TERRAN UNION
CATHEDRAL --

-- AND DOWNTOWN SALT-LAKE CITY
WAS REPLACED BY A SMOKING CRATER
WREATHED BY RADIATION HAZE AND
LIGHTNING DISCHARGES!

"THE GOVERNOR OF THE
WESTERN UNION HAD ONE ORDER--

FIND THE
ONES
RESPONSIBLE
AND--
"ZZZT!"

GODAMIGHTY!

RENO TOWERS, ARE YOU GETTING
GOOD PICTURES OF THE CRATER?
IT'S GONE! THE ACROPOLIS--EVERYTHING!

ONLY ONE MODERN ESPIONAGE AGENT WAS
ANYWHERE NEAR THE ORBIT OF PLUTO--
HAL NOËL.

HAL! WILL YOU AND
FRED GET IN HERE?

OH, COME ON, MAGGIE,
WE JUST GOT STARTED!

IT'S OKAY, HAL--!

IT'S A NEUTRINOGRAM
FROM ARES FOR YOU --

I PICKED IT UP, TOO.
WANNA KNOW WHERE WE'RE
ORDERED TO NEXT, 007?

CONTINUED

epic two
2063AD on the
Mars

AT THE CO-OP

by

Perry A. Chapdelaine, Sr.

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Sometimes I'm lucky enough to travel and visit Sci-fi friends. Recently, to Chattanooga, Bill Bridget, A. J. Barker, Irvin Koch, ye olde editors and others. And then on to Bowling Green and then Louisville to stay with Fran Bray and Dan Caldwell, also a short visit with the Louisville Sci-fi group where Donna Gilbert did not kill me for Chat sayings; and then on to Lexington, to stay with Dori Isaacs (who is still true to Shelby Bush III, so far as I know) and back to Bowling Green.

One of the most delightful Sci-fi groups is located in Bowling Green, Kentucky, at Western Kentucky University, and environs. I understand that Ken Moore munchie-hungers to return there.

Yours truly, on invite, spoke there April 7, 1979 after abstracting a payment promise of one scotch, a flopping place, and one pretty girl.

Their faculty advisor, Dr. Al Fennelly, brilliant, talented, empathetic, was everything that most faculty advisors are not, and a Sci-fi nut besides, like the rest of us. He kindly opened his hearth and home for my brief stay.

There were also Rickey Sheppard, Patrick Molloy, James Woosley, Mark Cook, Debra Hussey, Raymond Suiter, Gary Suiter, Rebecca Suiter, Gary Robe, and some others whose names were never caught, but all most gracious, most kind, most talented.

I often write this column months in advance, and by the time it's read, the news can seem stale, or at least not quite so exciting. I'd rather push emotional buttons, of course, and get responses stirred, but I'm fearful of the fierce Lynchs and their editorial scissors, so I stay at a very sedate pace merely passing along factual knowledge gained with large-denomination greenies and sterling-salted sweat . . . and it appears from responses to date that no one really gives a damn!

Which brings me to my speech at Bowling Green April 7, 1979, since you didn't come to hear it:

After covering who I was, where I was published, and van Vogt's book, *The Battle of Forever* published by us, and also some experiences with The John W.

Campbell Letters, I finally got into My Pet Sci-fi Peeves.

My first pet peeve is porn in fanzines, huckster rooms, lectures at Sci-fi conventions and so on.

As everyone should know from the size of my family, and other remarkable attributes, I have nothing at all against sex, *per se*. You should also know that I firmly believe the world will end when sex is no more — or at least the Human world!

So what am I against? And why?

Well, in the first place, pornography is not science fiction. It is pornography, *the titillation of purient senses in a manner which strives to cross from organ to organ without disturbing thought processes in-between*.

It is neither science nor fictional literature, but simply pornography, a separate genre.

If in writing a story the subject and concept of sex is called for, and it has some purpose other than titillation, it's appropriate, I'm not against it, and may even be for it, and it may even be science fiction. But that also is not pornography!

Those who want to see how sex can be great literature should read *Boccaccio*, *Rabelais*, or *Chaucer*, where it is not pornographic, but clever humor, fine writing, not pornography.

No matter how liberal we may want ourselves to behave with thoughts about porn, society will not permit us to display the stuff before youngsters. *I don't want to attend conventions or meetings where youngsters cannot freely associate with us*. They are not only lovely people themselves, but the future of our kind and, remarkably, they take but a few years to grow into others just like ourselves, with our same hang-ups.

Those who want porn in Sci-fi should get their organs examined, both the one inside their heads and the one below. Better and perhaps more practical, they should set up their own pornography meetings and conventions, letting us know by flyer well in advance so we can stay away — and so can the youngsters.

Those who are so lacking in testosterone that they require additional external stimulus might consider what others seem to do effectively — close their room door quietly, hang out the DO NOT DISTURB SIGN, and amuse themselves or another the best way they can.

But leave the rest of the convention (or meeting place, or fanzine) clean and clear for youngsters!

I'm also peeved about book reviewers, which seems to be the major production for fanzines. Some are good and worth

reading, but mostly they can be reduced into several genre of their own:

The book reviewer who:

- gets personal, takes swipes at personalities, "just in passing."
- uses some mystical substrate upon which to analyze, such as Freud, Jung, or some in-group big name writer-huckster.
- relieves his or her hostilities.
- makes clever side-shots that are really over-used literary cliches.
- are literary types, and who have promoted their set cliches into academic jargon, which are cliches of a higher and more incomprehensible level, obviously adjusted for a smaller in-group.
- reviews out of personal vanity.
- in effect says, *The author didn't write the book I wanted to read!*

Then there's the fanzine editor who advocates freedom of speech, but refuses it in their own fan or clubzine.

Or, what of the dominating club personality who won't permit group participation, as though afraid he'll (or she'll) lose control? Or the converse, the member who refuses to do anything in a club, but enjoys the fruits of others?

Hey, here's a goodie!

The guy (or gal) who whines and cries about not making convention expenses when he's (or she's) the sponsor, but who won't permit club members to participate in decisions . . . but who actually makes a profit? You can usually see him (or her) at most other conventions spending the profit he (or she) did not make!

What about the SFWA Nebula Award? Does it mean anything?

Not hardly. Today, this year, this month, efforts are seriously being made to make it mean something more than the ability of a writer to corner a tiny handful of votes from friends, or luck-out with a small number of votes from anyone. When I first broached this subject years ago, the hullabaloo that came out of some SFWA members was enough, almost, to get me impeached. Jim Blish (a former fine friend) and I corresponded extensively on this subject as well as other SFWA defects. Of course few members remember that it was I who pointed out the undressed king, though today they strive mightily (but ineffectually) to remedy the farce.

If 500 SFWA members are unable to read even a fraction of the total Sci-fi printed annually, and if votes are distributed or tallied by ones and twos across perhaps as many as 3,000 stories, it

cont. on page 6

AT THE CO-OP (cont.)

is no wonder that the winner gets but three to five votes!

This is not to say that the winning story may not be good. But it is to say that the *winning* by the story is entirely meaningless. Many other *good* stories did not win by a margin that is statistically so meaningless that it **border**s on **outright fraud**, and should be investigated by Congress, the Food and Drug Administration, or somebody.

How about compelling the printing of the vote distribution on the inside cover of every book that claims to have won a famous award, such as the Nebula, Hugo or John W. Campbell Award? Especially everytime some publisher uses the trivial fact of winning as a huckster gimmick for us poor consumers!

How about that, gang? *Shall we demand fair trade laws for Sci-fi?*

Another pet peeve is the literary agent who insists on representing only *good literature*, whatever that is. And also agents who will not be a party to exposing people to bad literature.

Since when have we needed protection from Perry Rhodan?

What of the conference for writers where *standards for literature*, are set, usually to propitiate some strong in-group personality? Often these same *standards* are *realism* stories told with lots of scatological words. The great poet Sidney Fryer recently told me that he can write *realism* simply by describing a cockroach that is taking a crap. Where, then, is the *in vitro* value of *realism per se*?

And why can't we permit each person, each writer, each reader, to present and/or hold one's own style, image, entertainment, what have you, . . . their own thing . . . why must we insist on some mythical standard? . . . or some

correct way of doing things that is narrow, ill-defined, arbitrary, capricious, false?

Hey! Here's a real goody! The big name writer who's invited to a conference and then sets up a *writing shop*, teaching for a fee on how to write!

What a shuck!

Sometime follow up on what happens to that religious fervor afterward. How many still write, will write, or want to write enough to maintain the proper loneliness vigil? Just to make it look ok, the money fraudulently earned when creating this temporary religious hysteria often goes to the convention promoter, often the same who cries loudly he (or she) has not made expenses, and also who shouts forevermore.

For what it's worth, any educational psychologist will tell you that it's just not the way complex skills are learned.

Do you like second- or third- from-end-status in the drawing for line-up at the food table during Sci-fi banquets?

Not me.

You don't get the bubbly, nor the food, almost.

Another pet peeve is the starting-out Sci-fi editor or writer who is very friendly on his (or her) way up, but when the top is reached, he (or she) becomes unapproachable, except to big names and big mouths. Such does *not* describe Fred Pohl, John W. Campbell, Isaac Asimov, van Vogt, or Donald A. Wollheim, among others.

Then there are people who've picked on the term Sci-fi as a denigrating term. Why? What's wrong with Sci-fi?

Oh, it sounds bad?

Why does it sound bad? What's in a sound?

The very people who are supposed to be intellectually keen and supposed to

have superior word comprehension abilities are usually the same who go about bad-mouthing the symbol Sci-fi.

What shallow ignorance and hypocrisy!

Consider. One of our own, Forrest J. Ackerman, a fan who made good, invented the term. The news media picked it up. *The term invented by one of our own, we now denigrate!*

Whatinhell do we want!

We want that we should be accepted and also not accepted at the same time? Or do we want to overthrow one of our own and get everyone else to accept a different term from a big-mouthed johnny-come-lately? Or in-group literary type who runs *speculative fiction* conferences under the title of *Science Fiction*? And if we're successful, will the next generation overthrow ours? If so, why? What's it all about?

You say it's because 4E associates with filmmonsters, Perry Rhodan and that *ulk* ilk?

Very well. Then let he (or she) who can accurately spot and identify genuine *science fiction* stories cast the first denigration!

Ah ha! I thought so! Not those who complain about the term Sci-fi!

Then what's it all about? Another in-group thing that gather's together unthinking fans like stupid sheep and leads them over the denigrating precipice?

I think so!

Well, I'm done for now, except to say that my final pet peeve comes from those fine *Bowling green* people who promised me three things and only paid off with two-thirds.

Can you guess which two?

And oh, yes! If any of my pet peeves seem to fit, then wear it damn it! so's we can all see who you are!

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1979 HUGO NOMINEES (cont.)GANDALF: GRANDMASTER OF FANTASY

Ray Bradbury

Ursula K LeGuin

Michael Moorcock

Jack Vance

Roger Zelazny

GANDALF: BOOK LENGTH FANTASY

Courts of Chaos - Roger Zelazny

Gloriana - Michael Moorcock

Saint Camber - Katherine Kurtz

The Stand - Stephen King

The White Dragon - Anne McCaffrey

1979 NEBULA AWARD WINNERS

BEST NOVEL: *Dreamsnake* by Vonda McIntyre

BEST NOVELLA: "The Persistence of Vision" by John Varley

BEST NOVELETTE: "A Glow of Candles, A Unicorn's Eye" by C.L. Grant

BEST SHORT STORY: "Stone" by Edward Bryant

NEXT MONTH IN CHAT: An Interview with Donald A. Wollheim.

JUST IMAGICON PRELIMINARY REPORT....Reports received from attendees of Just Imagicon, held May 25-27, in Memphis, indicate attendance was about 390 as of 3 PM Sunday, May 27. Also, chairman Louis Armour reportedly stated that the convention would finish about \$2100 in the hole, although one day memberships on Sunday, May 27 would offset some of this. Apparently, a large sum of money had to be paid the hotel for convention space. News items generated at the convention: Tulsa, OK may bid for the 1980 DeepSouthCon, as may Huntsville, AL; Nashville is reportedly already in the running. (Tulsa may find it difficult to bid, since OKon '79 in Tulsa is the same weekend as DeepSouthCon in New Orleans). Also, there seems to be some support to have Oklahoma added to the Southern Fandom Confederation. (DL)

ONE-LINERS....North Georgia SF writer Sharon Webb has sold another novelette to *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*. It's called "Variations on a Theme from Beethoven", and takes place in the asteroid belt and on earth. // Louisville fan and North American '79 Chairman Cliff Amos informs us that he will appear on the June 14th *Tomorrow* show on NBC. It's a repeat from several years ago of a program on the occult. // Chattacon 5 update: attending will be Dave Kyle, author and member of the legendary Futurians fan organization of the 1930's. Also, Iowa authors Bob Cornett and Kevin Randle will again attend. // UpperSouthClave 10 will be held March 14-16, 1980 in Bowling Green, KY. Memphis fan P.L. Caruthers is GoH. More info next month. // Stephen King will be GoH at next year's Kubla Khan in Nashville. Andy Offutt will be MC. // Jack Chalker is currently working on *Jaws 3*. It'll be a historical novel, set aboard the U.S.S. Indianapolis at the end of World War II. // Artist Ron Miller will teach several art/illustration courses at Alexandria Community College in Virginia this fall. // Stellafane, the annual Amateur Telescope Makers convention, will be July 28 in Springfield, VT. Featured is the annual Telescope Competition. // Addendum to "The Other Rivercon" report last month: our letter to Ohio Riva-Con at their current mailing address was returned undelivered (actually, it was refused). Everyone is advised to stay away from this one! Go to North American '79 instead. (DL)

FANNISH LEGEND



The origins of *Chat*, the fourth fannish ghod, should be obvious. Ah, but how many forget and pronounce the silent h.

see also page 9

CORRECTIONS FROM LAST MONTH....In our "Three New Conventions Announced" news item, we reported that FilkCon I would be held in Little Rock, AR; although the mailing address is Little Rock, the con itself will be in the Chicago area. From "One Liners", we reported Gordon Dickson as being GoH for OKon '80 in Tulsa; actually Alan Dean Foster will be GoH and Dickson MC. And there are a couple of corrections from "The Other Rivercon" report: As stated last month, the Hayworths did in fact pass out convention flyers at Rivercon 4 without joining the convention; however, these were OrangeCon and TropiCon flyers -- the Ohio RivaCon Flyers did not appear until a couple months later. Also, misspelled in that report was the name of Jamie Fish, Rivercon's legal representative, and Stouffers, the projected Ohio RiverCon hotel. (DL)

CSFA TREASURER'S REPORT....The balance on March 17th was \$274.83. Income for April was \$2.95 interest, \$12.00 dues, and \$99.50 from the club auction; expenditures were \$6.75 for CHAT #19 and \$27 for artists commission. Income for May was \$15 dues; expenditures were \$7.50 for the trivia contest prize and \$7.25 for CHAT #20. The new balance is \$355.78. (RM)

EDITORIAL

"VIEWS AND NEWS"

BY NICKI LYNCH

The function of a newspaper and a newszine is twofold - to report the news and to give views on various subjects of interest to the readers. Like a newspaper, we publish letters from you, the reader, and try to put forth a dialogue by doing this. But we can't publish your view if we don't have it.

I was at a meeting several months ago, when a club member came up and started talking about an article he had read in *CHAT*. He had a different view of a subject than I did, and we talked a while about it. He wanted to know why we hadn't put forth his view. "Because you didn't write it for us", I replied.

And that is the point of this article. It is not important that anyone agrees with what is written in *CHAT*; what is important is your point of view, if you have one on a subject. But don't expect us to do the work for you. We can't and won't. We might not get it right anyway.

"But I can't write!", I hear you cry. Well, you can write a letter, can't you? If you wish to send or give us a letter, why don't you? *CHAT* is sent out, usually, two weeks before the meeting. This should be ample time for you to read it over and put together a letter of comment (LoC) or a commentary article. Or maybe you just have an idea. Discussing it is good, and maybe you can find a person of like opinion to express it in writing for both of you.

What if you do write an article? Well, discuss it with us. We can edit just so much. If it is poorly written and we have enough time, we can suggest ways of improving it. We want *CHAT* to be literate, not sloppy and hard to read. It is good training to write down ideas and work on communicating them in a clear and concise manner. You can't do it if you don't try.

Writing skill is what literature and particularly science fiction is all about. We wouldn't be able to travel to distant galaxies and into the deepest human emotion if the writer who was acting as our travel agent was poor at communicating. Without that communication there is no interest, no story, no imagination. The world's greatest story teller will be unknown if he/she cannot communicate with the audience.

Communication is what writing is all about, and *CHAT* is part of that. If more people try to communicate, then more people will be reached; it is that simple.

So try it. You may like it.

"IRREGULARITY"

COMMENTARY BY KEN SCOTT

You may be wondering about the title of this column. Y'see, the Lynchi have asked me to do a column for *CHAT*. But, I have some reservation about being able to meet deadlines and about maintaining the quality of my writing. Thus, *Irregularity*. It might also refer to the content of this dreck. Now that that's over with:

What can we say about Superman? About the comic book character, not a whole lot; his character has been established by over 40 years of ink and color, and no one is allowed to screw around with it. But what about the guy in the movie? Ahhh -- here is someone whose legend has just begun, we can sift around in his brain and learn more about him. And that's what I intend to do here.

First of all, who is Superman, or more importantly, who does he think he is? Though we were never to know about how much of his origins the Kents told him, we can assume that young Kal thought of himself as merely a different human. It is not difficult for him, for he learned being human in the same way we all learn to be human -- by the process of socialization. He was raised by a mid-western couple who knew nothing else.

However, when he reaches his majority, he is confronted by the simulacrum of his natural father and informed of his true origins. He knows now that he is not just a "different" Ter-ran human but a totally different species altogether, a Kryptonian. Yet, this all is slightly unreal to him even after having learned of his differences and how to use them. He still believes that he is just a "slightly better" human.

But by the end of the movie, he *knows* that he is Different. Catching cat burglars and carrying pleasure cruisers across the city is one thing, but stopping earthquakes and rivers and breaking the time barrier could only be accomplished by a special being. He is now no longer a better human but a Kryptonian, now and forever.

cont. on page 9

"IRREGULARITY" (cont.)

It bears noticing that having accomplished his Super-deeds, Kal-El does not reappear as Clark Kent. He is no longer a human who masquerades as a Superman; it is firmly established that it is Superman who is the real person and Clark Kent the masquerade.

The next movie may be interesting when Clark Kent is no longer a slightly better human pretending to be an average human, but a Kryptonian pretending to be human.

That's all for this time. Next time: who knows what, who knows when..

"A TRUE STORY"

COMMENTARY BY TEDDY HARVIA

THE HISTORY OF THE CARTOON ON PAGE 7:

Saturday last, dhog brought me the mail. I hadn't even heard the postman at the box. I tossed dhog a bheer and he proceeded to pound on the tab with his teeth.

A "Mpls in '73" flyer, a love letter from my girlfriend in France, and a fanzine from Chattanooga-not much I thought as I glanced through the mail. But the last had me wondering. I don't know anyone in Chattanooga, except McPherson Strutts, and he doesn't count.

A hand-marked block on an inside page explained why I had received the fanzine. Its editors wanted art. No problem, I decided.

Suddenly, a shower of bheer suds descended on my head. Dhog had opened his bheer. I glared at him as he happily tried to catch the jet shooting from the can. You'll have to clean up this mess, I told him, but knew that he wouldn't. He never did. A creature as independent as dhog, who insists on opening his own bheers, has no master.

I set the fanzine aside to dry.

Later that day I relaxed with dhog on my feet to read *CHAT* through the bheer stains and teeth marks. Words and comments here and there brought cartoon ideas to mind, but I dismissed them one by one. All in *CHAT* seemed temporal, unlikely to recur in the next issue. I needed a cartoon idea which was outside time.

Why not just send a cartoon from your file, dhog suggested. They would know, I responded. They would think I hadn't even taken the time to read their fanzine.

For two hours I read and reread the issue. I went line by line, word by word, until my mind and body finally fell exhausted into a fitful sleep.

In a dream, the 'h' in the title of the fanzine faded away. It was so obvious, I suddenly realized that the stuff of fannish legends had been staring me in the face all the time.

I leapt awake, rolling dhog off my feet and across the floor. The idea became a scrawled note. Dhog mumbled for another bheer.

The next day, with only slight changes, I inked in the caption. But the accompanying sketch seemed inadequate. Dhog yawned with disinterest at the cat I had drawn.

The sketch lay for three days on my desk. The gulf between conception and execution seemed infinitely wide. I knew eventually I would send off the cartoon, whatever its final form. But I hesitated. The legend seemed to demand time.

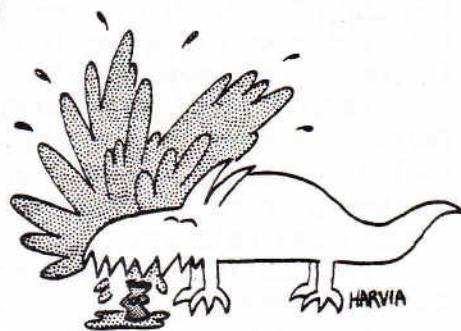
Tuesday afternoon a vision from my past entered my mind. I remembered as a child wondering at the drawing of a saber tooth tiger in the encyclopedia. Suddenly the beast was before me. His scream lifted the hairs on the back of my neck. I was face to face with primal fantasy.

As quickly as it had appeared, it vanished back into prehistory.

I hurriedly tried to sketch its essence.

At home that night I faithfully traced the creature in ink.

When I showed the finished drawing to dhog, his ears shot straight up in the air. And I knew I had captured the legend on paper.



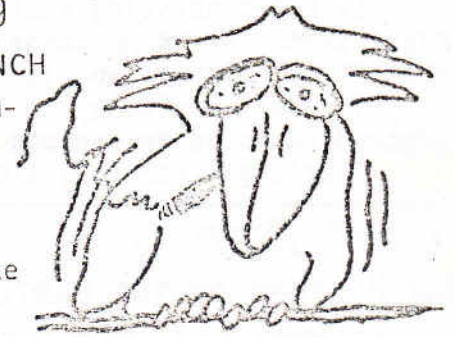
Dhog (*Bheercanus poundus*)

CONVENTION REPORT - KUBLA KHANCEPTION, MAY 16-18, 1979

BY NICKI LYNCH

Friday was a beautiful day to drive from Chattanooga to Nashville, and we made the trip with a purpose. The seventh annual Kubla Khan, Kubla Khanception, chaired by Ken and Lou Moore, was being held.

We arrived at the hotel and were immediately greeted by Fan Guest of Honor Wilson "Bob" Tucker. After a late dinner with Mike Rogers and Rich Morehouse, we wandered up to the con suite and talked a while with Jack Chalker and Eva Chalker Whitley. Later, we drifted down to a hall party and then into a party thrown by people from Western Kentucky University. They publish *The Speculator*, and the latest copy was out for inspection. That party seemed popular, as GoH Frank Robinson and MC Andy Offutt were there for a while. Another popular party was given by the Tulsa, Oklahoma people who run OKon every year. There were marvelous piña coladas as well as friendly company of Mary Robbins and Tom Wallbank.



The Kubla Khandor

The next day began with breakfast in the hotel with Tola Varnell and Atlanta fan Avery Davis. As for the night before, we spent the afternoon talking with people. I got a chance to look over the art show which was crowded but filled with excellent fan and pro art, and the huckster rooms which were also crowded. In a separate room, there was also a display of Michael Whelan's art.

The panels were popular as usual, but the breakdown of the hotel air conditioning hindered enjoyment.

Due to the problem with the air conditioning, the banquet was held in the hotel's main dining room. After the banquet, the speeches were held in the main ballroom, where huge fans (the mechanical kind) had been set up to cool the room off. Vincent DiFate presented the Frank R. Paul Award to artist Michael Whelan. The N3F short story contest winners were announced by Wilson Tucker, with N3F President Irvin Koch ready to hand out prizes. However, none of the winners were present. Short speeches were given by Offutt, Robinson, and Tucker. Robinson gave a short talk on the future as we wish it would be vs. as it will be, and Tucker talked on the ancient Hebrew origins of Superman. The art auction began shortly after that. While watching the auction progress, I talked with SFPA waitlisters Deb Hammer Johnson and Iris Brown, both from Rome, Georgia.

At midnight, the highlight of the programming was held -- the Masquerade. Again this year, Tola entered as the billboard lady to publicize Chattacon. All contestants won awards; most of them were gag awards, but the top award winners got miniature stuffed replicas of the Kubla Khandor.

After a party in Tuck's room, we went from party to party into the wee hours until exhaustion set in. Kubla is always lightly programmed with emphasis on room parties.

Sunday morning, we ate breakfast with two Roanoke, VA fans who are considering starting a second convention there. We then spent time checking out, picking up art from the art show, and saying good-bye to those leaving. After a last look in the huckster rooms, we headed on to the con suite for the dead dog party.

Around 3 PM, we decided to have lunch and head for home. The drive back was uneventful, but we did follow a storm most of the way.

Kubla was a fun con. There were about 250 people attending with about 15 pros. While it hasn't grown in size, Kubla has been consistent in the quality of pros Ken and Lou bring to meet Southern fen. If you can make Kubla next year, do so. It will be money and time well spent.

LETTERS OF COMMENT

A Couple of Letters on CHAT #19:

Deb Hammer Johnson
508B W. 11th St.
Rome, GA 30161

Once again, Charlie Williams's artwork (is) well worth the (price of the) zine.

I'm currently engaged in a running dispute with a certain local fanart critic as to the ultimate merits of Charlie's work. While I can't express his views, I'll dabble with mine. Even when (Charlie is) treating a serious topic, it

remains, in essence, a cartoon. I suppose what is uppermost in my mind is the fact that most of the early stuff of his (very, very early), were cartoons. Compositionally, they're like a narrative. On the cover ((Ed. Note: "Candalabra", the cover for CHAT #19)), I witnessed a little tale with all sorts of violent ins-and-outs. Charlie, like myself, is a consummate doodler, but while mine is highly abstract and decorative, his is graphic.

I'm rather tickled by P. Chapdelaine's offer

cont. on page 11

LETTERS OF COMMENT (cont.)

from Deb Hammer Johnson

to cowrite for amateurs. No telling what he will turn up. I couldn't tell much about *Star Crash* from Ken's review. I'd like a few more reasons as to why it is so bad, and a bit more fleshing out of its place in the "New SF Film Wave". Bill's review (of *The China Syndrome*) was first rate, dealing with a movie that can be written about. It was interesting to see how the local press (in Oak Ridge) covered Three Mile Island. My own opinion is that there are too many bugs to be ironed out with safety and nuclear waste disposal aspects before I'd see a "proliferation" of plants, as the phrase goes. Best bravo goes to Nicki's teevee reviews. I'm in the midst of all these moral and esthetic debates on whether one can adequately review television, since you have to usually watch several programs in a series, and they cancel them so fast. It's most frustrating.

((My feelings about nuclear power also show concern, but for waste disposal, which still has not been adequately solved, rather than for safety. We live within two hours drive from four plants; one of them is 10 miles away. We don't feel insecure. TMI's nuclear core was completely exposed for almost an hour, and partially exposed for about 10 hours -- yet no melt down. It's an example of a personnel problem, rather than an overall design shortcoming. DL))

Sharon Webb
Rt. 2, Box 350
Blairsville, GA 30512

Thanks for the April issue of CHAT. I enjoyed it; it's newsy and nice. My eyebrows did raise a mite

though at Perry Chapdelaine's remark about the story that was "rather well done...for a female". But all in all, I thought his column was rather well done for a male.

((Fans can meet Sharon at North American '79 in Louisville this Summer, and also at Chattacon 5 here in Chattanooga in January. And look for her stories in Asimov's.))

And now for mail on CHAT #20 --

Harry J. N. Andruschak
6933 N. Rosemead Blvd. #31
San Gabriel, CA 91775

Received CHAT today. I wish I could write you a bright, witty two page Loc.

But to be honest, I am very depressed. Word has come thru that the Space Shuttle program has yet another delay. Among other things, the first launch is delayed until February, delivery of the second Orbiter is set back six months, and the third and fourth Orbiters are delayed 8 to 15 months. The fifth Orbiter is cancelled.

It is the delay of that second Orbiter that is causing me depression and caused several high-level managers at JPL to drop their loads. You see, one of the first missions of that Orbiter was the launch of the Galileo mission to Jupiter in January of '82. Now we have to fight to get the mission re-assigned to the first Orbiter.

If we don't, that is the end of the Galileo mission for 7 years... we won't have another good launch window until 1989.

It looks as if you can scrub the Halley Comet Mission...lack of funds.

((Em. Congress has approved funding for Galileo, and in light of the Voyager successes, you would think that Galileo would go to near the top of the list for Orbiter 1 if #2 is overly delayed. I'm sad to see the comet mission go - it's also the first flight of the ion drive vehicle NASA is developing, isn't it? At any rate, let's hope that the next Congress will return what this Congress chopped.))

Cliff Biggers
6045 Summit Wood Dr.
Kennesaw, GA 30144

CHAT arrived today, and I wanted to dash off a letter before I forgot about it. Good issue, quite satisfactory, and I appreciate receiving it.

I guess you're aware that Joe Celko's DSC history in LAN'S LANTERN was a bit inaccurate; I've sent Lan a letter concerning the errors, and I'm hoping he'll get a chance to publish that. Joe told me at the last meeting he had assumed Lan would note errors and sent it back so Joe could revise it; since Lan isn't an expert on Southern fandom, I don't know how that could be, but whatever...

Congratulations to A.J. and Bill; it's nice to see weddings are contagious somewhere besides here in Atlanta. Now, when will Chattanooga fen start adding to the ranks via babies? Atlanta seems to have a strange fertility rite, because we've got babies coming out of our ears (oh, that's not where they come out? Hmm...).

Good cover, and my congrats to Charlie; he works best in solid black backgrounds (next to little background at all, that is), and his work really stands out. Also found the strip enjoyable, albeit packed--Charlie puts more per square inch than anyone this side of Derek Carter.

Fan Hugos are hard things to understand; they're voted on by so many fans who've had only marginal experience with fanzines that I see no way for people like Wade Gilbreath, Victoria Poyser, or Charlie Williams to get nominated. Right now, I tend to favor the fan Hugos a bit more, although they seem equally cliqueish, although it's a different (and more favorable) clique. (More favorable to me, anyway.)

I still don't see *The China Syndrome* being a memorable film, one people will think of years from now. In fact, I think the film has probably become a very forgettable period piece, one that won't survive that long at all.

Andy Andruschak's NAPALM sounds like an apa filled with heated discussion, burning issues, and matchless prose...what made me do that?...

((The thing about fan hugos is that 1) people and magazines that are obviously professional get nominated, such as LOCUS and C. N. Brown. 2) The same names get on the ballot each year irregardless whether they did quality (or any!) work that year. And there also seems to be block voting for some of the nominees -- whether or not that's bad, I don't know. Certainly there are fanartists like Williams, Poyser, Gilbreath, Harvia, and others that are as good as or better than some of the nominees. Perhaps after more exposure, others will think so too.))

Arthur D. Hlavaty
250 Coligni Ave.
New Rochelle, NY 10801

I suspect that Shelby Bush's idea of sending zines, reviews, suggestions, etc. to the net-

works wouldn't work. Executives think like generals (if "think" is the right word): they know how to win the last war. Ever since *Star Trek* fandom conned them into thinking there were millions of viewers who didn't want the show cancelled, they've probably decided to ignore anything that comes in from those sci-fi people, and they probably suspect that any letters which are literate and rational cannot represent too much of the viewing public.

((You're probably right. People like Glen Larson have no idea what science fiction is all about or how best to present it visually: he makes spaceships look like jet fighters so that 'the midwest can relate to them' (my paraphrase). His plots are westerns and war stories with new costumes. His story logic and science is so screwed up that grade school children can see through it. And then, with all the bad reviews and press (from noted national journalists and media critics, yet!), he makes another turkey like Buck Rogers. I, personally have sent reviews to movie studios -- they have never answered, and quality remains poor, generally. DL))

LETTERS OF COMMENT (cont.)

We also heard from: Shelby Bush III, David Thayer, Vernon Clark, Charlie Williams, Perry Chapdelaine, Brian Earl Brown, M. Ruth Minyard, Robert Mack Hester.

LATE BREAKING NEWS: KNOXVILLE SF CLUB FIRST MEETING REPORT....Vernon Clark (6216 Janmer Lane, Knoxville, TN 37919) reports that about 10 active and vocal fans attended the first newly-reformed Knoxville SF Club meeting on May 11. The meeting consisted mainly of organizational aspects, plus a sercon discussion on science fiction and fantasy. The next meeting will be in late June or early July. Interested Knoxville area fans should contact Vernon for details. (DL)



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