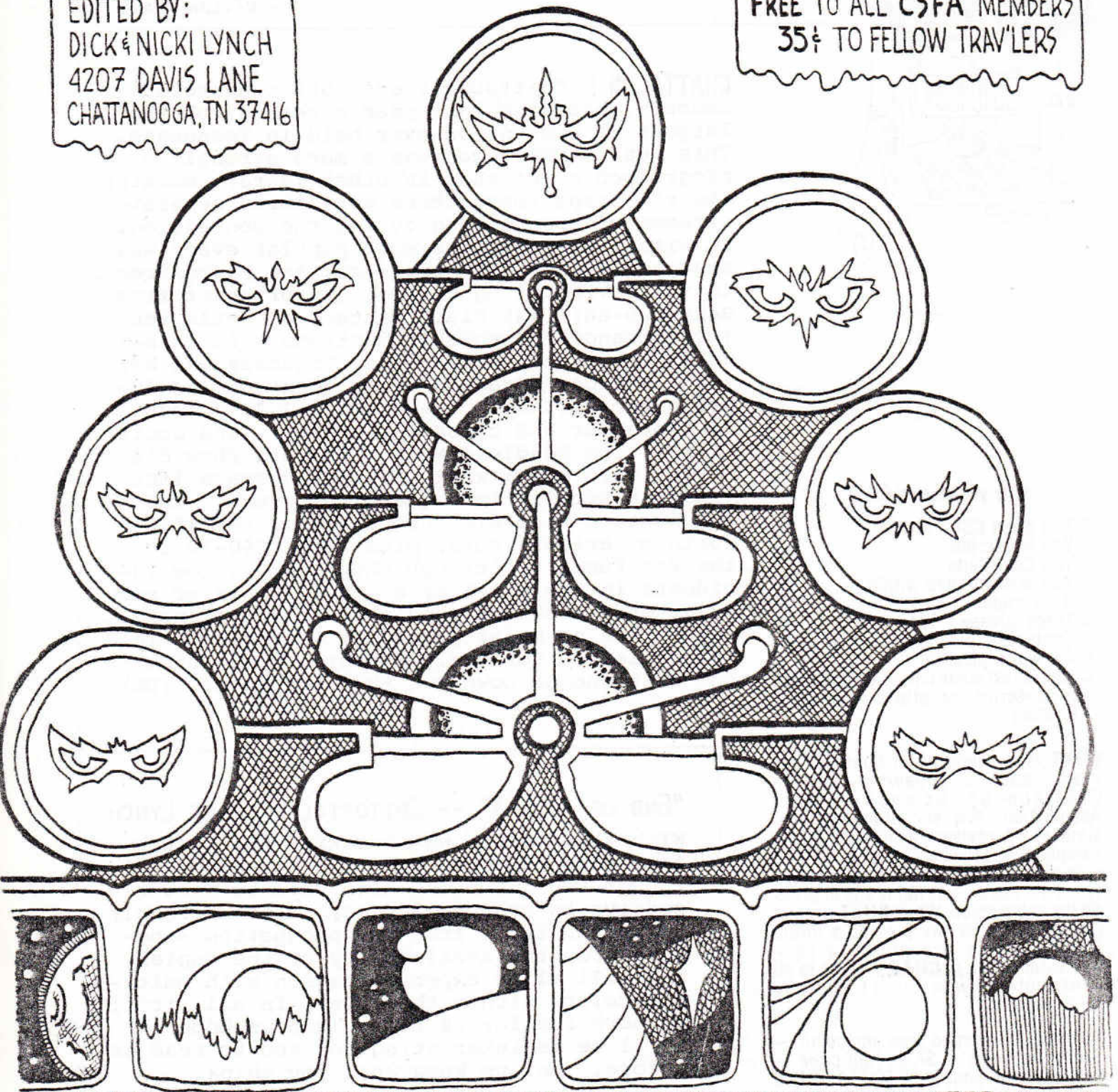


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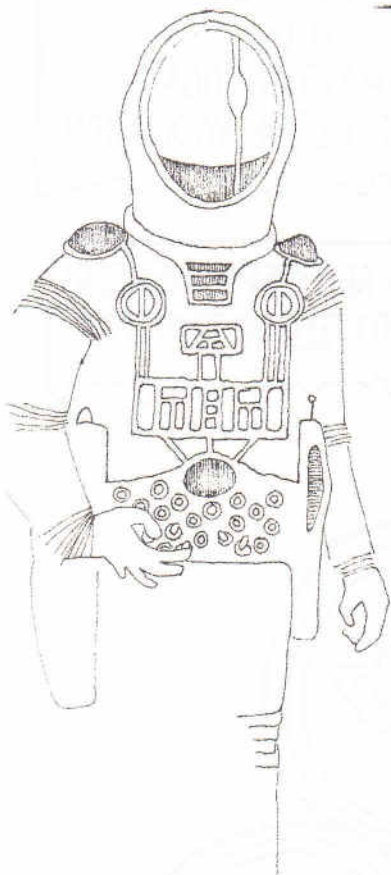
MONTHLY ZINE
of the
CHATTANOOGA
SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

EDITED BY:
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4207 DAVIS LANE
CHATTANOOGA, TN 37416

FREE TO ALL CSFA MEMBERS
35¢ TO FELLOW TRAV'ERS



REB79 with appropriate acknowledgement
to Jim Starlin for the eyes



opinions expressed by contributors to *CHAT* do not necessarily represent those of the editors, or of the Chattanooga Science Fiction Association. All correspondence to *CHAT* will be considered for publication unless otherwise specified by the writer.

"Committee - A group of men who keep minutes and waste hours."
- Milton Berle

Why you receive *CHAT*:

- ☐ You are a CSFA member.
- ☐ You Subscribe.
- ☐ You Contribute.
- ☐ You're mentioned within.
- ☐ It's a trade.
- ☐ Trade, please?
- ☐ Contribute, please?
- ☐ Art work, please?
- ☐ This is *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 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; 25c per line equivalent.

CHATTACON ! Chattacon 5 drew 529 registered members, breaking last year's record for the largest SF convention ever held in Tennessee. This year's Chattacon was a more strongly programmed event than in other years; counting the videotape room, there were three separate streams of programming during the convention. As with last year, the most popular event was the masquerade. Winners were: 1st Place/Presentation-David Daring and co. (Opportunist from Bear-own-ah); 1st Place/Fantasy - Ronald Lee (Dr. Strange); Honorable Mentions - Al Rainwater (Shy Koalanoid), Danny Treadway and Walter Alexander (Granson of Aragorn and The Average Party Wizard), LaDona and J.J. Johnson (A protector and colonial warrior), and Scott Filler (The Headless Man). The Art Show did better than ever; what was enough space last year was totally inadequate this year. The Art Auction also did the best ever -- \$1535 worth of art was sold, plus about \$60-70 for the Fan Funds. Although there were a few incidents in the hotel by a small number of rowdy attendees that caused a few bad feelings, there were no major problems; Chattacon 6 is being planned for early January, 1981, back at the Chattanooga Downtown Sheraton Hotel. (DL)

"END OF AN ERA" -- EDITORIAL BY DICK LYNCH

With this issue, we're making the switch from photocopy reproduction to mimeo. Although the resulting zine will be more expensive to produce and may suffer slightly in repro, it'll free the production schedule from the availability of the copier, and will allow experimentation with multiple colors within the zine. In all, it'll be more fun for us to do, and we hope it'll be as interesting for you to read as before. Let us know what you think.

NEXT CSFA MEETING JANUARY 19TH AT U.T.C. The December CSFA meeting was better attended than usual. The program was the Central High branch of CSFA, the Syndicate, showing an amateur film. Titled *The Mr. Mundane Show*, the film bore a striking resemblance to "The Mr. Bill Show" from *Saturday Night Live*. Afterwards, the book discussion of Silverberg's *Up the Line* was led by Ken Scott. Due to holiday activities, only a few members had a session at the hoagie house after the meeting. The next CSFA meeting will be JANUARY 19th at 7:30 PM at the U.T.C. STUDENT CENTER in the LOOKOUT MTN. ROOM. The book for discussion will be Gordon Dickson's *Spacial Delivery*, to be led by Nicki Lynch. The program will be a full one, with a forum on nuclear power by two TVA engineers (who will answer questions) and a forum on planning alien technologies -- bring your favorite non-humanoid species for show-and-tell! The February meeting will feature discussion of Varley's *The Persistence of Vision*, and a perennial club favorite, an auction of all sorts of goodies: pulp magazines, a Wilson Tucker Beam's Choice bottle (empty, natch) signed by the author, a set of NASA color prints from the Voyager-Jupiter missions, another NASA set of color prints of the Space Shuttle in Huntsville, a Charlie Williams sketch of Alan Dean Foster (signed by Foster) from *Chattacon 4*, Bob Tucker's number set from *The Last Whole Earth Bob Tucker Roast*, miscellaneous movie memorabilia, and more. We will also be nominating selections for the 1980 Hugos -- look up your favorites from 1979! If you need the books for discussion at the club meetings, see our book scrounge Andy Purcell at the next meeting. He will have a stack of them. He will also be setting up accounts and taking orders. To get to U.T.C.: Take I-124 to the 4th St. exit (last one before Tenn. River bridge). Go on 4th St. for about 8/10 mile to Mabel St., and turn right on Mabel. Go 2 blocks (bearing right) and turn left onto Vine St. (which is 1-way). Go 2½ blocks. The Student Center is on the left side; look for its sign. The meeting room is on the ground floor, near the information desk. For questions, call Mike Rogers at 266-0298. (NWL)

CSFA TREASURY REPORT. The balance as of the end of November was \$179.59. Expenditures were \$88.19 for the November party (hotel rooms), and \$13.10 for CHAT #27. Income was \$28.10 for dues. The new balance is \$106.40. (Colin Wright)

TROUBLES AT NUTRIACON. Word received from several sources indicates NutriaCon, held Nov. 30 - Dec. 2 in New Orleans, experienced massive problems and suffered a major financial loss. Convention organizers Tom and Dana Longo had to shift hotels just before the convention. The new hotel was unsympathetic toward convention goers, which resulted in the closing of the Con Suite at about midnight Friday, Nov. 30. As the convention was unable to meet its room night commitment with the new hotel, the management confronted the convention with a "pay-up-or-else" ultimatum to the tune of \$900. After passing the hat, they were still considerably short, but GoH Karl Edward Wagner covered the remainder and the con went on. However, at least one invited guest, Bob Tucker, wound up having to pay for his own plane fare to and from New Orleans, and also his hotel room. One of the hucksters who attended reported that the hucksters room shifted location at least once during the convention. The banquet, held at Popeye's Fried Chicken, was reportedly interrupted frequently by mundanes with their children passing through in search of the restrooms adjoining the banquet room. But in spite of all this, there was enough partying to keep people reasonably happy. (DL)

SO WHO STARTED THIS MESS, SUNWARD...

THERE ARE EXTREMISTS IN EVERY SOCIETY, INDEPENDENT MARS CAN CONTROL THE COMMERCE OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM IF THEY CUT OFF THE FLOW OF INDUSTRIAL SUPPLIES FROM THE JOVIAN AXIS TO THE TERRAN UNION...

AND THE PLUTONIAN GHOSTS GET BLAMED, 'CAUSE THEY EMPLOY "SPACE PEOPLE", POTENTIAL ANARCHISTS?

SO THE BEINGS YOU FINALLY DID CONTACT WITH YOUR SECRET PROJECT "CYCLOPS"...

THEY'RE NOT THE RELATIVES OF THE LOST SPACE PEOPLE?

WE THINK THEY HAVE THE POWER TO HAVE MADE THE SPACE PEOPLE ORPHANS IN THE FIRST PLACE.

--AND MY PAL FRED IS ON HIS WAY TO MEET THEM, COURTESY OF YOUR LINEAR ACCELERATOR!

PROJECT CYCLOPS

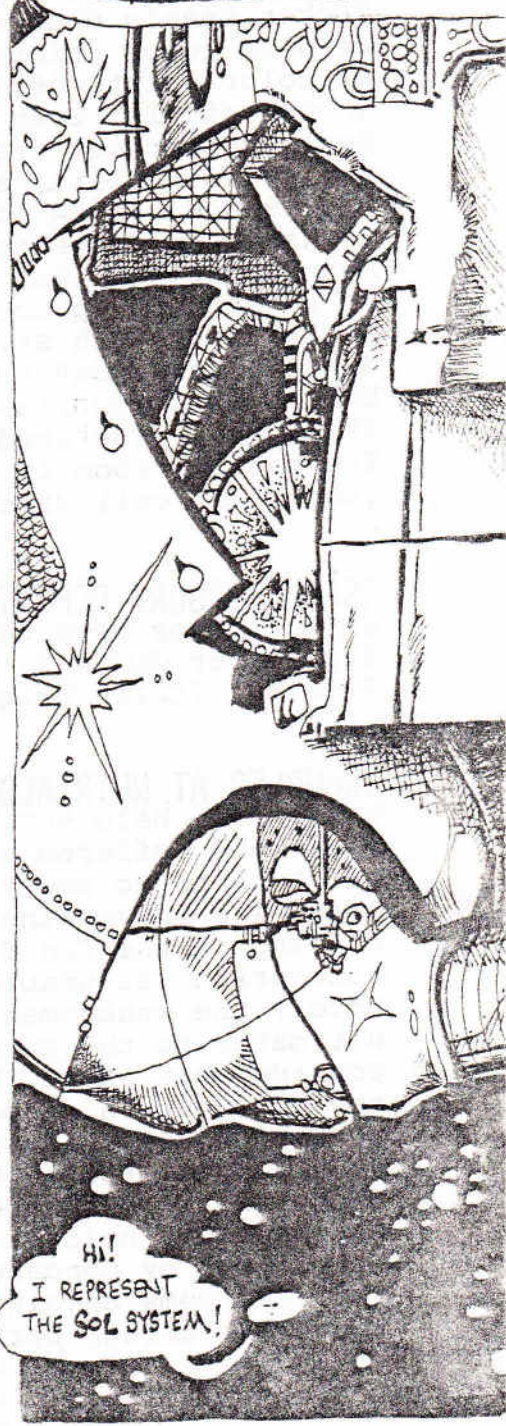
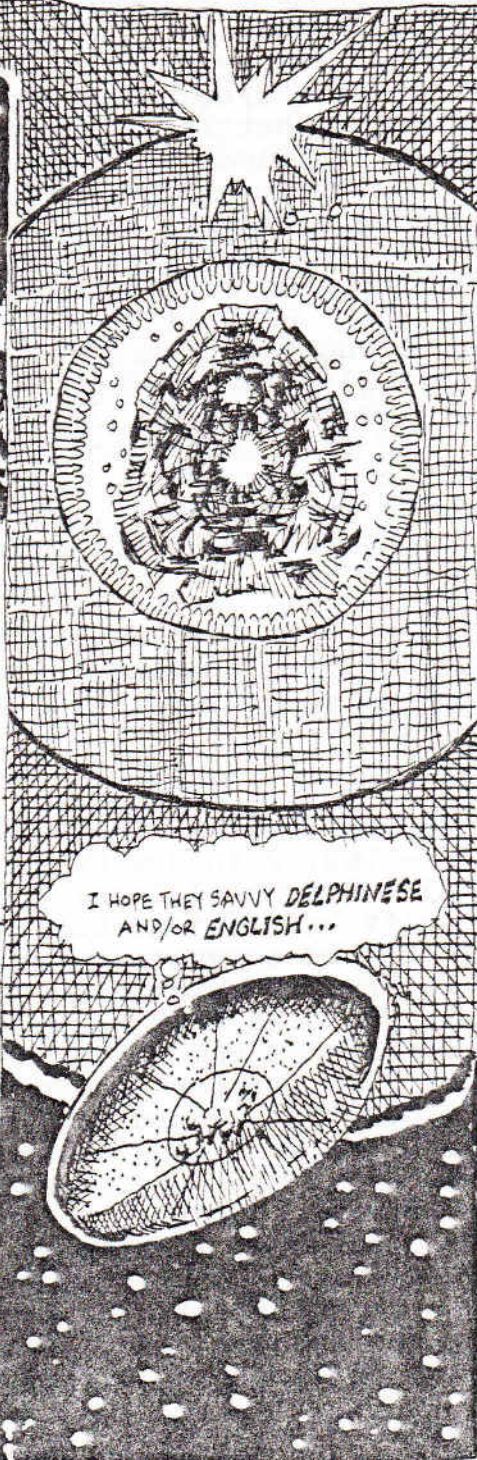


AND, NOT FAR AHEAD...



DAMN!
THEY'RE HERE ALREADY.
I'VE NOT YET COMPOSED
A GREETING...

I HOPE THEY SAVVY DELPHINESE
AND/OR ENGLISH...



Hi!
I REPRESENT
THE SOL SYSTEM!

ONE LINERS. CSFA member Tola Varnell has taken a job in Grundy, Virginia. We'll miss her. // Memphis fan Tom Johnson died on December 7, of a heart attack. He was chairman of the Mid-South Fantasy Association in Memphis, editor of the *Fantasy Film Journal* fanzine, and one of the organizers of Just Imagination, the Memphis SF convention last May. // Noreascon Two, the 1980 WorldCon, has exceeded 2500 registered members. Hugo nomination ballots were included in Progress Report 3, and are due back by March 15. // The North American Committee reminds us that the financial report/planned expenditures published last month in CHAT are only estimated, not final. The official financial report is still upcoming. // CoAs: Janet Caruth, 2231 Brentwood Rd. NW, Cleveland, TN 37311. Deb and Roger Johnson, 2 Tyler Rd., Rome, GA 30161. // CSFA member Dick Lynch will have a technical publication in the February, 1980 issue of the American Chemical Society journal, *Analytical Chemistry*. // The new CSFA Treasurer, effective this month, is Colin Wright. See him about dues and such. // News on Rivercon in Louisville: GoH is Roger Zelazny, Toastmaster is Vicent DiFate, and Fan GoH is Lou Tabakow. It will be August 1-3, at the Galt House (the site of North American past). Memberships are \$7.50 until July 15 from Rivercon, Box 8251, Louisville, Ky 40208. // Satyricon will be held April 3-5, 1981, in Knoxville, and features Anne McCaffrey as GoH (reportedly her only convention appearance in 1981). More info can be had by sending a SASE to P.O. Box 323, Knoxville, TN 37901. // North Georgia SF writer Sharon Webb writes that she has sold a story "The Syncopated Man" to Roy Torgeson for incorporation either in *Chrysalis* or the Doubleday anthology *Kaleidoscope*. // SF writer Steve Vance, from Dalton, GA, couldn't make Chattacon, but writes that he's concluded two novel sales this past year. // Jimmie Doyle, stepfather of CSFA member Mike Rogers, died Christmas Eve at home, of an apparent heart attack. // Jan. 24 & 25, *Dr. Strangelove* will be shown at U.T.C., at 8 PM each night in Grote Hall. Admission is 2.50/\$1.50 for students. // The Denvention II WorldCon committee reports that Suzanne Carnival has been elevated to co-chairmanship; she'll share the post with Don C. Thompson.

IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD TASTE, THE FOLLOWING CARTOON HAS BEEN CENSORED



CHATTACON ODYSSEY

CONVENTION REPORT BY NICKI LYNCH

The hardest part of a convention, for me, is to do the con report afterwards. But it is also the most fun part -- remembering what happened, who was met, and the looking forward to the next con.

Chattacon 5 was held Jan. 4, 5, and 6 in the Sheraton Downtown Hotel here in Chattanooga. The weather was rainy all through the con, but that didn't dampen any spirits.

Thursday night Wilson Tucker, Lou Tabakow, and another friend arrived at our house to spend the night before the con, as has been a tradition since last year.

Friday, we trooped to the hotel, after having one of Shoney's fine breakfasts. I was in charge of the fan programming, that is, the smaller panels held in a small room near this year's fine art show. To make a long story short, the person originally doing programming got a good job that took her quickly away from this area.

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CHATTACON ODYSSEY / NICKI LYNCH (cont.)



Mike Rogers, who did programming last year, and I, who have attended programming, split the job. He was in charge of the main room programming and the banquet while I did the small room (fan) programming and masquerade. About three, Dick and I went to the airport to pick up the GoH, Joan D. Vinge. It was a thrill meeting her and talking with her on the way back to the hotel. Unfortunately, that was to be the only time we got to talk, so I'm glad I got that much. By the time Joan had freshened up, there was a reporter waiting to take her picture. I had been escorting him around to find a good spot and he liked the art show, which was

shaping up to be excellent indeed. So he gathered Joan and Wilson and Jack Chalker, as well as myself in the art show room for a picture. I just wish they had gotten the facts down a bit better.

As the registration desk is THE Best Place to meet people and see who is attending, I dropped by to see if they needed a hand. John Campbell was a fresh recruit, so I sat with him on the pre-registration desk for a while. We welcomed George Scithers, Brian and Sharon Webb, Barry and Jean Longyear, John M. Ford and others to ChattaCon. Charlie Williams and Rusty Burke arrived with art work, about the time Linda Bolgeo came back from a break, so I went along to see about getting their art in. Good thing I did as Norman Michal, running the art show, was running out of tags for the art. Luckily, the mimeo seminar was coming up next door, so I got the machine from our hotel room and brought it to the art show. While the stencil was being prepared, I showed Charlie where the bar was and caught up on all the K-ville gossip while he caught up on the Chattanooga gossip.

I was going to run off the Art Show bid sheets as part of the mimeo seminar, but no one showed up during the half hour I waited. As the Art show was filling up fast, I ran off the bid sheets and brought them in for Norm. After packing the mimeo back to my room with help from Paul Flores, who I know from the SFPA waitlist, I set the room up for Jack Chalker's reading. By then I was faint from hunger and thought I would get a quick snack from the hotel dining room with Charlie, Rusty, and Dick. Well, Dick was at the registration desk and insisted he couldn't leave and would send out for something. So just the three of us embarked into the wilds of the Sheraton Downtown RiverRoom. Little did we know that the food was freshly killed and cleaned and cooked AFTER it was ordered. So after 90 minutes of waiting, mostly for the food but a while for the waitress to take our order, we emerged ready to party. Charlie and Rusty went off with Earl Cagle, who had just arrived from K-ville, to get his work in the art show. About then Tim came by and said it was time to make Strange Punch.

Strange Punch is a traditional liquor mix at Chattacon and Chattacon parties, and who are we to break tradition? We met in David and Nancy Tabor's room with a clean garbage can, gallon jugs of vodka and rum, and several six packs of various colas and fruit soft drinks. The first batch of Strange Punch was made and hauled to the consuite; which by then was filled with people. Earl, Charlie and Rusty were already there with beers in hand, as were Cliff and Susan Biggers, Wade Gilbreath, Deb and Roger Johnson, Sue Phillips, Mike Webber, all with soft drinks in hand. I spent several happy hours catching up on personal and area news before the boom was lowered—an emergency meeting of the Chattacon concomm was being held in the Tabor's room.

When we got there, we were informed that Chattacon had been hit by vandals: two fire extinguishers had been discharged in the stairwells and at least one firecracker had been thrown in a hall. The hotel security man blamed the problems on drunken juveniles who were partaking of the beer in the consuite, and recommended that we "do something about it" or he was going to pick up offenders. So the beer was moved to a separ-

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CHATTACON ODYSSEY / NICKI LYNCH (cont.)

ate suite, and hall parties were told to "cool it". Dick was with the security man patrolling the halls; I dropped back to the con suite to pick up a few people to go with me from floor to floor to ask if anyone had any news as to who was responsible. Several people *had* seen something, so they were directed to the security guard and Dick, but no one was caught. While on my patrol, I ran across a young man without a con badge. When asked, he produced a badge, but there was no star attached to show he was under the legal drinking age of 19. When I asked where the star was, he informed me he had removed it. I unclipped his badge and informed him he was kicked out of the con. Harsh, but people were informed that would happen if we caught minors in the beer or removing their stars.

During this time I did get to meet and speak all too briefly with Jim Frenkel, who Dick had gone to pick up at the airport before all the ruckus began. (Elevator door opens. Hand shoots out. "Hi Nicki, I'm Jim Frenkel." Arm retreats, doors close. I'm gonna lay off the Strange Punch after this.)

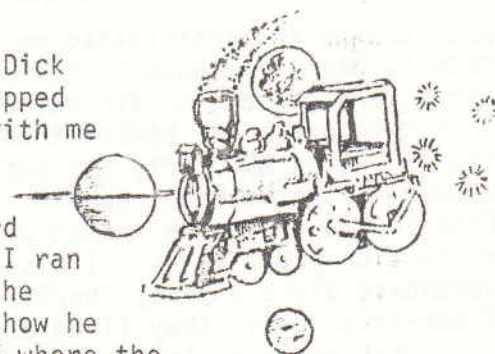
Saturday. We got up mid-morning and dropped down to the hotel dining room for breakfast with Charlie and Rusty. Again, there was a long wait; we did get served, but not in time to check on the fan programming. However, I did check to see that the room had been set up, remembering the long wait the night before. When I looked in on the fanzine editing panel, Deb got a chair for me and I became a panelist, along with Cliff Biggers, Wade Gilbreath, and Shelby Bush III.

That panel ended a few minutes early, so I ran upstairs to collect the easels and pens for the fan artists round robin. As Charlie had been very positive about it, I let him plan how it would go. He, Rusty Burke, Cliff, Wade, and Earl Cagle were on that panel; they talked briefly and then went to (art)work. Each artist was given ten minutes to begin a picture. After that, they moved to a new spot and were given five minutes to work on that drawing. Five interesting drawings were produced and later sold in the art auction, after appropriate titles and word balloons had been added.

Eventually, it was time for The Last Whole Earth Bob Tucker Roast and banquet. As Dick was Chairman this year, we got to sit at the head table with the pros. After the eating, Bob got the spit from his friends Jerry Page, Perry Chapdelaine, Forrest Ackerman (who had a very funny speech invoking many other writers), Lou Tabakow, Hal Clement, Jim Frenkel, Joan Vinge, and roastmaster Jack Chalker. After each roaster had his turn, Tucker held up a number, Olympics-style, rating how good a job they did.

After the roast, I made a quick trip to change to jeans, and dropped by the ABC party on the eighth floor to drop off some Shadow-SFPA zines to Deb. I learned the *real* party, complete with Strange Punch, would be after the masquerade, so I left to see that things were going well. The pre-judging started a bit late, with Linda Bushyager, Eva Whitley, Hal Clement, Forrest Ackerman, and Charlie Williams (who arrived late due to the art auction) as judges. The pre-judging was held in the fan programming room, with the local high school group, the Syndicate, helping with security and crowd control. Other assistance was given by Bernie Willinger. The masquerade went smoothly, even though we had no programming for the time the judges were out of the room to deliberate. Bob filled this time by telling jokes and started an amateur joke session; the crowd was ready when the judges came back in. This year, a lot of costumes were a bit bland, but it was still a good masquerade. A "Dr. Strange" costume won one of the top awards.

As people left to party, I was told there was an ABC meeting in the ABC party room. So I went up and witnessed the Great Coin Toss. Tim Bolgeo had asked that the debate as to who should move their club meeting date - Chattanooga or Atlanta - be settled once and for all, and Cliff agreed. So members of the three clubs gathered for a toss of the coin. Tim represented Chattanooga while Deb represented the Atlanta club. Cliff looked on and Wade tossed the coin; Tim called 'heads', and heads it was!! Once the Atlantans got over the shock, they agreed to bring up the meeting



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CHATTACON ODYSSEY / NICKI LYNCH (cont.)

date change and anticipated no problems from their club. So Tim, David, and I went back to David and Nancy's room to make Strange Punch. This time we couldn't find a large garbage can, so Tim washed out one of the small Sheraton cans and used that. It turned out a bit better than the night before, and definitely stranger. We installed it in the ABC party and settled in to talk. I spent time there talking with many people -- Sharon Webb, John M. Ford, Steve Miller, Ken Moore, and others. Later, Dick showed up and we talked a bit with Linda Bushyager, who had stories of her past convention experiences. I also toured a few other parties with Charlie and Rusty; somewhere along the way Charlie picked up a group of young fen who followed him, Pied Piper-like, until they tired or left him.

Dick and I called it a night after he wore out the talk of most of the people at the party, and I discovered even the filkers had gone to bed. It was almost sunrise and we hoped that the vandalism problems were over. Well, outside of the stink bomb in the elevator and one of the stairwells, and hearing about some strange doings by some underagers, everything did go smoothly.

Sunday is a day of leaving, and this was no exception for Chattacon. We decided that the hotel didn't serve breakfast after 11 and it would be better to go out instead. So we wandered around saying goodbye to various friends. About noon, the ABC Clubs met to talk about what the three clubs could do together; tentative plans were made for a joint club registry, an ABC zine, and a possible party in Birmingham.

Then many of the group trooped off for breakfast at Shoney's.

Sunday afternoon during a concom deadeast dog party, Nancy Tabor was initiated into the Bob Tucker fan club by the legend himself. Expecting a peck, Nancy got a very smooth smooch. In return, Tuck received a red whip for his trophy case. Surprising to Bob, David enjoyed the proceedings.

Chattacon was over. We had Bob as a house guest Sunday and Monday, and we enjoyed his visit immensely.

I guess I should mention the people I remember in different places -- Mike Leibmann, who timed the artist round robin and was very helpful; Paul Flores, who was around to help all the time; Andy Purcell and Janet Caruth, concom members, who sat next to me during the masquerade and had a good word; Irvin Koch, who worked hard and smiled when Linda Bolego said he was cute; Rich Morehouse, who added much to the masquerade as did Colin and Kevin Wright, Ray Waters, Lee Miller and Janis Johnson. We also got good advice from Ken Moore and Steve Miller.

Chattacon 5 was great in the number of pros who attended and added so much to the con, but disappointing in the small few who tried to ruin it for the rest of us. Better to look at the good; it was a fine beginning for the '80's!!!!



MEDIA REVIEWS

BY KEN SCOTT

Sit down and get comfortable; this may take a while.

First off, friends and neighbors, *Star Trek The Motion Picture* was for me a big disappointment, for several reasons, which I will attempt to set down. First of all, the plot seemed lifted from several of the series' episodes. The element of a mutated space probe destroying everything in sight is straight out of the episode "Changeling", which featured the renegade probe Nomad. Not only that, but having the Enterprise enter V'ger's cloudlike exterior to reach its brain comes from at least two of the Saturday morning cartoon episodes (thought I'd forgotten about that, didn't you). In that light, it is

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MEDIA REVIEWS (cont.)

significant to note that Alan Dean Foster, who supplied the film's plot, also adapted those cartoon episodes into his *LOG* books. Foster's muse must be a phosphor-dot screen.

Secondly, the characters. Decker and Ilia were all right, though much was left unexplained about her. Most of the oldtimers, though, seemed more like exaggerations or parodies of their series personae, especially Spock and McCoy.

Third, the effects. They were too uneven to suit me. V'ger and her rampant destruction were handled very well, but the Enterprise and Klingon ships, after ten years on the small screen and especially after ten years of merchandising looked like toys.

I want to be fair, and I want to know why *ST-TMP* didn't work for me. The nearest I can figure is that even though it is a Trekkie's wet dream (to borrow a phrase-thanx AJ) I expected more from the makers of *Star Trek* and *The Day The Earth Stood Still* and *The Andromeda Strain*: better effects; a grander scale; fundamental questions and speculations of the nature of the universe. But it didn't happen. I think that if it weren't *Star Trek*, that if the story had been set with different characters, ships, a completely different milieu, I could have accepted it.

Onward and upward, however, to an excellent fantasy film now in viewing distance. Steven Spielberg's *1941* centers on Southern California right after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, and on a Royal Japanese sub which has become separated from the fleet, the crew of which decides they must destroy Hollywood as an act of honor before they can return to Japan. Along the way, Spielberg tips his hat to various films, from his own *Jaws* and *Close Encounters* (the Santa Monica amusement park greatly resembles the mother ship) to *Patton* and *Star Wars* (Santa Monica Boulevard looks a lot like the Death Star trench).

The script is fast and funny, and the cast is terrific. Robert Stack is excellent as the sentimental but no-nonsense general, Warren Oates is the paranoid colonel, Ned Beatty is an equally paranoid home owner, John Belushi is typically maniacal as the paranoid pilot, Christopher Lee is the ultimate Nazi, and Tim Matheson is suitably sex-crazed. The only member of the cast that was mis-used was Dan Aykroyd, and that only in the fact that he wasn't used as much as he should have been. The effects and miniatures were very well done (sometimes you had to look close!). The only problem in the film is the continuity slipped in the scenes of the two guys on the ferris wheel. They keep changing sides. Overall, though, very nice and lots of fun.

For those who can read, do read, and are interested in storytelling, I recommend *The Swords of Heaven, The Flowers of Hell* by Howard Chaykin and Michael Moorcock. It is the third and last novel in the saga of Ereko, the Eternal Champion. Moorcock is, of course, known for the Eternal Champion books as well as his SF novels like *The Final Programme*, *An Alien Heat*, and *The Black Corridor*. Chaykin, long known to comic fans, has only recently been introduced to the SF community by his collaboration with Samuel R. Delaney on the graphic novel *Empire* and the graphic story version of Al Bester's *The Stars My Destination*. Chaykin is one of my own favorites, and I trust that with these works and others, he will become the favorite of others. *Swords* is not readily available in the bookstores, but they can order it for you (\$6.95).

KAOR - Kay Aiy Oh Are.

"ANOTHER FINE MESS"

REVIEWS BY DAVID PETTUS

I just saw the *Star Trek* movie, and the effects were fabulous!! No doubt about it. *Star Trek* was packed with impressive visuals from beginning to end. And if it is visual effects that turns you on, then you'll very much enjoy *Star Trek The Motion Picture*. If you are a Trekkie and can really groove on seeing Kirk, Spock, Bones, and Scotty slap wach other on the back for the first hour of the film, you'll very much enjoy *Star Trek The Motion Picture*. If it blows your mind to see the Enterprise zapping across inter-stellar space once more, then you'll very much enjoy *Star Trek The Motion Picture*. However, if good acting and solid plotting is what turns you on, *Star Trek* may ba a disappointment for you. Once again, the big name stars have suckered us. None of the actors

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ANOTHER FINE MESS (cont.)

appeared to be making a real effort. They actually appeared to be bored with the whole damn affair. William Shatner didn't over-act, for a change, Nimoy did his standard Spock, a bit too standard until the end, DeForest Kelley does a comedy routine that is, perhaps, the high point of the picture from a story standpoint, and James Doohan continues to exclaim, "She won't stand up to another attack, Captain!". For three and a half bucks this is what I get?? Hell, I could watch a *Star Trek* rerun and see better acting! The plot involves the same ol' man-machine relationship that Roddenberry has been talking about for many years now. I remember seeing Roddenberry speak to an auditorium full of fans in Huntsville, AL, three years ago, and at that time he made mention of this idea that man is creating a new life form...machines that can reproduce themselves. And that was a good idea..three years ago. Bit things do change, time goes on, and Roddenberry just sits still, rehashing the same old plots over and over (actually, the story idea was offered by Alan Dean Foster, another highly origianl writer ((that's sarcasm folks!!)). I'll be honest, I did enjoy seeing the crew of the Enterprise again, but everyone was just so complacent that it ruined the movie for me. Toward the end of the picture, Spock decides that there is, after all, a certain virtue in emotion. This means that the inner conflict, emotion vs. logic, that had made Spock so appealing to fans is once and for all iver and done with. It destroys the character of Mr. Spock. Kirk turns out to be a real bastard (something I have long suspected!) who will do anything within his power to regain command of the Enterprise. This sort of falls short of a high and mighty dedication to the Federation and the crew of the Enterprise that Kirk is so well known for among fans. Again, it destroys the character of Captain James T. Kirk. Doctor McCoy is now the humorous relief character who steps onto the Bridge only long enough to pop a one liner and then return to the Sick Bay. Poor ol' Scotty still has to beg Kirk not to overwork the engines, else the starship will be blown to bits. Kind of dull, don't you think? Some things never change. And some things don't need changing. The optimism is still there! At the very end of the film the Enterprise jumps into warp drive and the screen comes alive with the phrase: THE HUMAN ADVENTURE IS JUST BEGINNING! That's great! That is the optomistic attitude that has made *Star Trek* so appealing for fans of all of these years, and I like that. The special effects are verry special indeed!! I can see how they spent forty million bucks on this film. If you haven't seen it yet, go see it. Even if you are not a Trek fan, you'll appreciate the pretty colors! As for the plot, it really doesn't bother me that it is an old SF idea. After all, the cinema has always been ten or twenty years behind the literature, and I strongly suspect that it will always be that way. What bothers me is that Roddenberry seems to be rehashing the same old garbage over and over again. No doubt, twenty years from now, when *Star Trek* once again becomes popular with hundreds of thousands of film buffs (this isn't impossible, you know!), Roddenberry or a member of his family will produce a *Star Trek* motion picture with a plot that revolves about a man-machine relationship. I'm in no hurry to see it.

So let's talk about books.

I'm a real sucker for "first contact" novels. I think that the very best first-contact novel that I have ever read must be *The Mote in God's Eye* by Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle. But there are a number of them worth reading, and Clifford D. Simak's newest novel *The Visitors*, which is serialized in the October through December, 1979 issues of *Analog* is a good one. It will be published by Ballantine/Del Rey Books sometime in the near future.

Lone Pine is a sleepy little town in Minnesota, until aliens land there and begin consuming trees. Simak's visitors are huge black boxlike creatures that move about via gravitational manipulation. A local newspaperman gives the city editor at the Minneapolis *Times* a call and informs him regarding the alien visitors. The city editor quickly dispatches a female reporter to Lone Pine to cover the story. In the meantime, the President of the United States is informed by his Army Chief of Staff that Earth has a new satellite, and when his Press Secretary tells him about the Lone Pine incident he immediately panics. Something must be done to curtail mass panic! But what? There are no guidelines to follow, and so the bureaucracy jumps into action (even more sarcasm folks!). But the people don't panic. In fact, the average American seems to

continued on page 11

ANOTHER FINE MESS (cont.)

feel that the visitors are kind of cute. The Public does not take an overt interest in the aliens, at least not until the aliens begin producing free cars (that do not need gasoline because they operate gravitationally, or roads, because they fly) for everyone. And when the aliens begin manufacturing houses, the public really takes an interest! So the auto industry and the housing industry are undermined overnight, and America's economic way of life is in danger of collapse... at least the Government thinks so. And dirty politics takes a forefront as the means by which to influence the public sentiment.

Simak just hasn't written a real blockbuster since *Way Station*. Though *The Visitors* is no exception, it is a significant book in at least one respect. Simak is trying to say something! *The Visitors* is no "adventure for the hell of it" novel. In *The Visitors*, the media is concerned about the aliens, the government is concerned about the aliens, but the American public is *not* concerned about the aliens. I think that Simak is trying to tell us that, as he sees it, there are two basic factions in America; us and them. The American public and the media-government. And though one is supposed to represent the other, it does not work that way in real life. The government represents the people, and debates people-oriented laws and policies in order to perpetuate itself, and, in fact, appeals to the people to perpetuate itself. But there is no *real* relationship there. In *The Visitors* the Media works toward causing public panic, the government works at postponing public panic, and the public just doesn't give a damn either way. Simak writes about the American public as a victimized collectivity. Victims of the media, and people elected to represent them.

The major fault with this book is the end... it doesn't have one! Oh, there are some allusions to world peace. And it is suggested that the aliens might start producing people next, but nothing concrete is offered. Simak could have done quite a lot with this novel, but let it fall flat instead. A damn shame.

One really fine first-contact novel that I'll bet none of you have read is a book titled *Fade-Out* by Patrick Tilley (William Morrow & Co., Inc. 1975). I found it by sheer accident while browsing in the library. I have never seen it reviewed, or heard it mentioned by another reader. Yet, it is one of the best science fiction novels that I have ever read in my lifetime! So it might not be a bad idea to keep an eye peeled to the "mainstream" section at bookstores and libraries. Sometimes there is some good stuff hidden there!

A SCHOLARLY REPORT ON AN ALMOST-LOST ART FORM

BY BOB TUCKER

Reprinted from the *Chattacon 5 Program Book*. Copyright 1980 by Chattacon.

"Lez-ettes" was the name given to the very-short stories which appeared between 1940 and 1968 in a fanzine called *Le Zombie*. That was a time when fandom was very young and had not yet gained a social conscience, and refused to take itself seriously.

The appeal of the stories was that they each consisted of only three chapters, and each chapter contained but one word. (A very few stories contained more than one word per chapter but they were not as popular and as pithy as the single-word chapters.)

Two examples follow:

Chapter One:
Fan

Chapter Two:
Fanne

Chapter Three:
One-Shot

Chapter One:
Jill

Chapter Two:
Pill

Chapter Three:
Nil

continued on page 12

A SCHOLARLY REPORT... (cont.)

The Lez-ettes were the invention of the old Slan Shack gang in Battle Creek, Michigan, and were written by Walt Leibsher, Al Ashley, Jack Wiedenbeck, E.E. Evans, and myself. The rules for writing them were simple: each chapter was to contain only one word, if possible, and the three chapters taken together should tell a coherent story with the third and last chapter being reserved for the climax or culmination. The kind of story a Big Name Editor was likely to buy if he wasn't afraid of being fired.

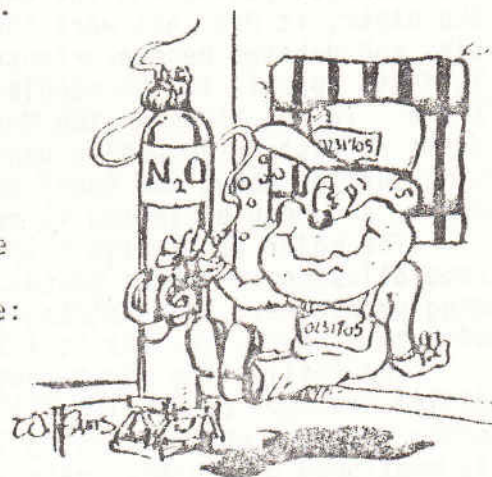
The chapters were to be set out as illustrated in this report, and the desired goal was to be as terse and as clever as possible but to always tell a complete story.

That which follows is a reprinting of the "better" stories taken from the pages of *Le Zombie* during the years mentioned above, and you are invited to contribute to the art form and so prevent it from becoming entirely lost. ((Ed. Note: Send contributions to CHAT; we'll forward them to Tucker.)) Try your fine hand at this exciting kind of fiction. You may win fame and fortune but, unfortunately, you won't become eligible for membership in the Science Fiction Writers of America.

Chapter One:
Prison

Chapter Two:
Nitrous oxide

Chapter Three:
Silicon



Chapter One:
Sun

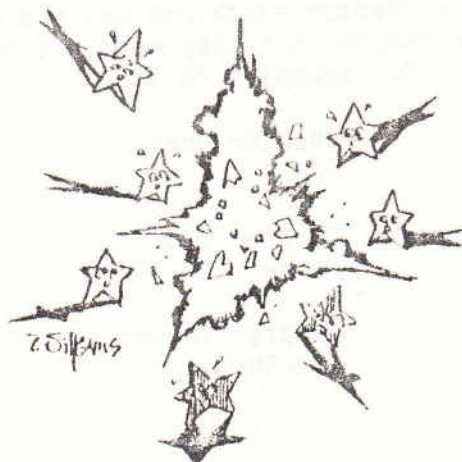
Chapter Two:
None

Chapter Three:
All done

Chapter One:
Constellation

Chapter Two:
Constipation

Chapter Three:
Nova



LETTERS OF COMMENT / ED. BY NICKI LYNCH

Deb Hammer Johnson
2 Tyler Rd.
Rome, GA 30161

((On CHAT 25)) The minutes for the October meeting look very interesting and seem to

give a widespread view of the club's multiple activities. My aim with ASFIC minutes is to give everyone who has anything to contribute a place in print; I feel this encourages more people to speak out and take part in the meeting. I actually get into strange scrapes where people start dictating puns and the like for me to record. Last meeting, they refused to convene and said I had to stay at the meeting spot until next month. Such sadism. But I love 'em all.

Once again, sorry to miss the November bash.

I think the reason I haven't come up with an in depth conreport for NASFIC has been that there was too much going on to do more than sit in one spot and drink up the gestalt.

The SF Views and Reviews is, in essence, close to my upcoming FR ((Future Retrospective)) column where I deal with the viability of sf on television. I missed 'Salem's Lot due to traveling conflicts, but hope to catch it on one of the local VCR folks. There are, indeed, a passel of new sf flicks out that look inviting, and I only hope that our finances allow us to pay the babysitter and ticket costs. The Star Trek is a dead certain must; I owe it to the Eternal Trekkie in me to see what everyone looks like over a decade later.

Interesting section on the history of CSFA and what you felt (note, I put it in past tense!) was a slump. I wonder just what effect the ABC concept of local fandom will have on each group. So far, it seems to concern those who are most active in all three groups, though I suppose as it is talked about more and more at clubs and in clubzines, that it will become known to other members as well. I think it provided for a larger "talent pool" for publishers, artists, and con organizing, as well as new and more bizarre horizons for programming. When we get schedules readjusted, mayhap you can get more Atlanta folk attending.

Enjoyed the book and film reviews. The layouts make each one appealing. I'm getting more and more impressed with David Pettus' writing, and look forward to his forthcoming zine.//I also like the fact that review "unusual" offerings I'm not likely to see elsewhere, like "Vampire". I thought the teevee movie quite good, but hamstrung by the restrictions of no gore and no violence; it is difficult to have a good vampire flick without proper carnage.// Good section of letters. I was tickled to see two letters by me, thought I despair at thinking of typos and grammatical inconsistencies that I perpetrate on editors everywhere.//I'd be a cad to let this finish without lauding Julia's beautiful cover (an unusual pose!), and mentioning that Charlie's strip is coming along nicely. You and Dick will have to print the thing intoto when it's finished. Also good to see a lot of Rusty's illos.

((On CHAT 26)) That was some quote leading off the minutes! Ditto my above comments on the meeting's minutes. Now that I know most of the folks, I can follow the proceedings easier.//75 apas according to Andruschak? There must be a lot of apahacks out there. Since I belong to two an am joining three (joining SAPS will make it three, rather) does that qualify me as an apahack? I have developed this nagging cough (hack*hack*) whenever I type these days.

David Pettus's column has a lot of first class hooks. I shall rise to the occasion and

take the bait with both jaws. The "star system" that we have with commercial films nowadays is pale compared to the dynasties of the "Golden Age"; a star personality comes from sports, television, movies and the literary fields, and is often interchangeable. I, myself, will go to a flick to see the actor (being an Al Pacino fiend, for example) irregardless of the script. I do agree with David's assessment of disaster films where they try to stock as many Name characters into the film as possible. This contributes to the larger-than-life, epochal nature of disaster films as a genre, and also keeps the viewer from getting too close to the actual experience, and lets a horrifying experience be "entertainment". It seems like a contradiction in terms, but then, so is human nature.// One last trivia tidbit: the Meredith Timeliner books are a re-issue of a trilogy that is about a decade old. Also, Richard M. is dead, so I guess there is not much room for improvement (she said, gravely) //I haven't read The Dead Zone, but I find his comments on the latest King offering to be interesting. I wondered if and when the Horror Maestro's steam would give out; perhaps in King's attempts to develop his style (and I believe that the man is a Great Writer), he will climb out on the wring branch from time to time.//Hope David contributes to CHAT from now on.

Speaking of columnists, Ken's review of Book Rogers ((in the 25th Century)) could have been meatier. Actually, hur* hur*, it could have been meteor. I like watching the show because it fills an hour with nice bright pickers and lets me see some interesting costumes. The show is done tongue-in-cheek manner, and often has one or two entertaining moments. The only thing that bothers me is that that overweight nurd is supposed to be some sort of sex symbol. Gerard was better off on The Doctors where he was seducing nurses and wearing clothes that weren't tight enough to cause him constriction problems in areas I will be too polite to mention. If they wanted a bod, they should have stuck to Lee Majors.// Much luck to Colin on the Syndicate. Sounds like quite a mob. Ahem.

Good but sparse mess of LoCs. Brian ((Earl Brown)) sent me some copies of Mad Scientist's Digest based, in part, on my Chatlocs. Writing you folks letters pays off in many, many ways. I'm surprised to hear that you've only been active for three-and-a-half years. I started in the spring of '77, and it's been a bumpy ride, but a good one. I don't want to live without it. Good to see David Thayer (alais Harvia and so forth) in word as well as cartoon. That man is everywhere.

((Another long LoC from Deb, who is still Rome's finest!!!!

I never have a problem with people keeping the record open, as we have no formal organization to keep open. I do wish we had a black board or something to aid in trivia contests or start strange comments on, though.

I hope the ABCs (for those who don't know, attend the next meeting the ABCs are the clubs of Atlanta, Birmingham, and Chattanooga who gather together in fellowship and weirdness at cons and club meetings. At ChattaCon, a "formal" ABC meeting was held and group goals were discussed. I believe that the idea first came about when the Birmingham and Atlanta clubs decided to let members of one club attend meetings of the other club for free. Chattanooga joined in the policy and the ABC's were born. I would appreciate a short article by anyone in the ABCs on its formation. It will serve as you put it a "talent pool" in this section of The South.

LoCs: REPLY TO DHJ (cont.)

Like United Texas Fandom, the ABCs have started to have parties at cons and interest people in meeting people and challenges outside one city.

Depending on what kind of vampire movie it is, it should have violence. We just got to see LOVE AT FIRST BITE and that has little violence for a vampire flick. But I agree a serious, scary vampire flick should have sex and violence in it for effect.

It would be nice to print all of Charlie's strip, but I don't see us having the wherewithall in the near future.

Actually, we'll have been in fandom five years at Kubla Khan eight this year. I often get my dates mixed up, but I always remember my first con!! I didn't get into fan writing until I had the idea of doing a club-zine for the CSFA. Then Dick joined in the idea. I joined an apa a bit after that and Dick joined apas this past year. Despite any problems, I also would not want to live without it.

Good hearing from you, Deb!!!!)

----------*-----*-----*-----*

Lynne Holdom
P.O. Box 5
Pompton Lakes, NJ 07442

I remember reading *The Long Loud Silence*. At the time I lived in

Minneapolis but worked in St. Paul and used to take the bus to work and I crossed the river twice a day. Rather scary when you think of rivers as boundaries. Of course the way Minneapolis and St. Paul think of each other, it might be an advantage if no river crossing were allowed.

I liked the article on "The Future of Spaceflight", but am rather depressed by it as I cannot see any immediate future for spaceflight. I wish I could be more optimistic but the space program is the first thing everyone thinks of cutting the budget for. I was absently toying with an idea to suggest (in a practical way) that perhaps the space program could rescue our embassy personnel in Iran, but bogged down when it came to giving the bare minimum of practical detail. It's been eerie the amount of patriotism this has brought out. This is not a notably patriotic area normally but it has been of late.

However, I rather liked *A World Between*. Yes, it's not startlingly new in ideas. It's really quite an old fashioned book in tone and supportive of basic values like tolerance and live and let live. The baddies are those who are manipulative.

My brother took a bunch of young kids to see *Sleeping Beauty* recently (one of them was mine) and remarked that there was a lot more violence in fairy tales than he remembered. I guess people who complain about all that violence in modern works should go back and read Grimm.

I guess that's all. Except you always seem to manage to get all those Harvia illos.**Envy**

((I've always thought of rivers as natural boundaries rather than barriers, but when they determine where a person can live-that is scary!

I have heard that some people feel all the interest in SF movies will bring about a resurgence of an interest in the space program. I hope so. The space program and education seem to be the first things cut back on and the most value for the money, when all the figures are added up.

Fairy tales are indeed violent, but as we all grow up with them, we don't notice it. I was surprised how violent some of the children's stories were when I re-read them as an adult.

Lynne edits *TightBeam*, an NSF publication.))

Brian Earl Brown
1611 Burt Rd. #207
Detroit, MI 48219

Fascinating bit that
"Trouble in Music City".
Sad, also, to see fans
feuding.

I applaud the decision of the North American committee to invest their "excess donations" to something as valuable as a post-con memory book. This is something I'd like to see more worldcons so.

Did you get "2063 AD" out of order? By the by, on the page 4 installment of "2063 AD" we see an accelerating spaceship, people pressed back into acceleration cots and cigarettes smoke that's going up! Shouldn't that smoke be traveling against the axis of acceleration, which is to say, not up the panel but to the left?

Lovely sketch by Charlie on page 5.

Re:William Rotsler. Rotsler's sale of a story to *Heavy Metal* does not bar him from being nominated for any awards for his fan activity. Bob Shaw, who is a pro SF writer, won the fan writer Hugo this year at Seacon, but it was based on his fannish writing (which was extensive and of exceptional fannish and literary quality). Other pros have won fan Hugos, I recall, for their fannish activity. I can see how Hugo nominees often appear to be chosen for reasons not having to do with their fanac and understand the desire to eliminate as many undeserved nominees as possible. But people can maintain pro and fannish lives and shouldn't be barred from one class of Hugos because they happen to be eligible in both classes of award. There is a difference between Tim Kirk getting nominated year after year long after he stopped actively participating in fandom and a Rotsler, who's fanactivity stretches back for decades (without, I believe, even winning an award for his voluminous output of cartoons). Rotsler deserved and earned his Hugo. All of us have "pro" and fannish lives-a life that earns us money and other life that spends it. Some people, like Shaw, or Rotsler, Ted White, etc. happen to write SF to make their money. They fan just like anyone else (accept they don't have as much time as us).

Star Trek the Comic hasn't appeared here. Nor has *Buck Rogers*, while *Star Hawks* was dropped for *Star Wars*, a much duller strip. Oh, well. Wish someone would start up a little weekly newspaper that featured just the SF comic strips.

I'm happy to see that Bob Barger will be doing a series of illos for you. The Dragon in East Tennessee History! Wonderful.

If Pam Dawber is getting \$15,000 per episode, she's getting more money in a week that I earn in a year! It is as David Pettus says, an outrageous imbalance. Hollywood seems to pay everyone outrageous amounts of money, \$5,000 or so, for a TV screenplay, while an SF writer who's put in 2,3, maybe 4 times as much work and effort can't get an advance of half that much.

Pettus errors when he gives Robert Thurston half credit for *Battlestar Galactica*. Thurston wrote only the novelization of the screenplay or reworked Larson's attempt to novelize his screenplay. *BSG* was created solely by Glen Larson, who is solely responsible for it being the turkey it was. Thurston, by the way, seemed to have made a heroic effort to make the novel something decent. He had too much to work against, but he tried.

Not much more to say. Good issue, per usual.

((Yes, in the rush to get CHAT to press (or photocopy machine) "2063 AD" did get out of order. I would assume you are right about the smoke.

LoCs: REPLY TO BEB (cont.)

Re:Rotsler-I share your view while Dick sees it as an either/or situation. I think it would be interesting to see some one be nominated in both pro and fan categories for their work. I wonder if it has ever happened? Anyone?

Star Hawks was, and probably still is, running in the local evening paper, while Star Trek and Star Wars runs in the morning paper.

We're also happy that Bob started a series on the neglected subject of The Dragon in East Tennessee History!

How do you know how much work is put into a screenplay and why wouldn't the person deserve the money? I would think that he/she would get more as part of an aggravation fee, if nothing else, if the stories I've heard are true.

Good hearing from you.))

----------*-----*-----*-----*

George "Lan" Laskowski, Jr. ((On CHAT #26))
47 Valley Way Congratula-
Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013 tions, Nicki, on
becoming the OE
of SAPS. As I have heard, Meade ((Frierson))
did a fine job as OE while he was at the helm.
After seeing the terrific job you've done with
CHAT, I know you'll do well with SAPS.

Concerning the new anthology, *The Quality of Tomorrow*, which Terry Carr will be editing, is there an address to which one might send stories?

Althought I am not as enthusiastic as Ken Scott about *Time After Time*, I am also not as unimpressed as Brian Earl Brown. The future-shock sequences were well done; I wish that they had done a few more of them. Then again, more would not have advanced the plot. There was a good opportunity for the writers to explore, in a movie, some of the complexities of time travel: can history be changed? Is time immutable? What would have happened if Wells had read that he indeed had married a woman named Amy Robinson? Unfortunately, the writers ignored such questions, and concentrated on other things. I felt that there was a good balance between the humor and suspense. The effects were only fair, but the concept, and its handling, were more than adequate. A Hugo nominee, for sure, but I'd put my money on *Alien* (right now--haven't seen *Star Trek* movie yet, or *The Black Hole*--those could change my mind!).

I have heard that in some instances SMOF=fugghead. In Dick's case, I doubt that could ever be true!

((On CHAT #27)) Some interesting things in CHAT this time. It sounds as though Perry Chapdelaine is experiencing something called "sour grapes" or the old "if you don't play by my rules, I'll take my football and go home" schtick. In my short fannish existence, there have been several changes within one of the fan groups I have been associated with, yet it still survives and I am still connected with it. Anyway, I hope things work out for the best. It appears that someone will be hurt, but let's hope it's the least number of people.

I am glad to hear that the NORTHAMERICAN committee will be putting together a post-con publication. I've yet to receive the one promised by MIDAMERICON and my program book from IGUANACON. Knowing some of the people on the NAC Concom, I am more confident about getting this one.

You could add that CONCLAVE IV in Romulus, MI, held on the weekend of Nov. 2-4, was the most successful ever, with attendance close to 400, and a total of about 35-40 professional

writers and editors. A.E. van Vogt was the Pro GoH and Mary Mueller the Fan GoH. The Drunken Spacewoman Pool Party was a success both nights.

David Pettus brings out a good point about the discrepancy of earnings between actors and workers. Those who work and manufacture a product which is used by millions is paid a fraction of what an actor or actress makes. I could also bring up the enormous salaries of sports figures as well. Yes, there are some injustices in the world; they are difficult to right.

David also talks about the *Star Trek* novels that have been and are being published. Jim Meadows has written an article for my fanzine, *LAN'S LANTERN*, about the ST novels that had been published up until last summer. It is a very good overview, and he agrees with David about the Blish novel, *Spock Must Die*, being the best. LL will come out---well, eventually. I also agree with the comment on Alan Dean Foster's ability to make the people and situations more believable in his adaptations of the Cartoon series, than Blish did with the regular series.

One last comment, the book *Wheels Within Wheels* by F. Paul Wilson portrays a philosophy of government known as Libertarianism. He makes it sound as if it could almost work. Another writer did that in a short story; I believe it was Poul Anderson, but I am not sure, and I can't remember the name of the story. A spaceship lands on a planet which is run in the philosophy of a Libertarian, and the crew and leaders are told to MYOB, which is at first thought to mean "My Obligation", but later is found out to be an acronym for "Mind Your Own Business". Payment for everything is on "obs", i.e. "obligations"; you do something for someone, and they "owe you one". It's a very well-thought-out story.

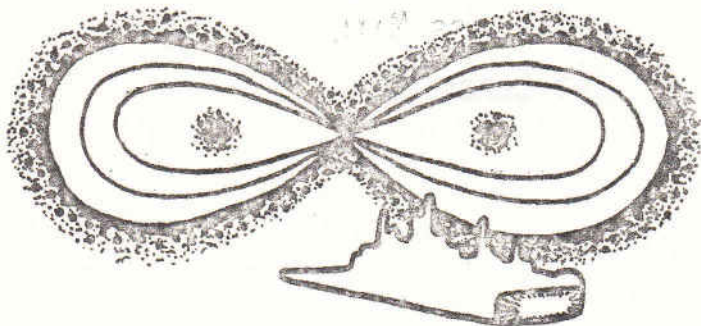
((Thank you for your confidence!))

Always glad to hear about the different cons and about a past ChattaCon GoH, Van Vogt. Is the Drunken Spacewoman Pool Party a tradition like ChattaCon's Strange Punch?

Actually, MOST people in the acting profession are unable to support themselves in it and it is only in the last 20 years that people in sports have been getting large money contracts. The money paid to personalities, the people who make high salaries, is a small part of what is being made off them by their bosses. It is all a matter of how much a person's time is worth and how much they are able to get paid for it.

I'll look for that short story (surely someone out there knows the title and author!) as it sounds very interesting.

Lan's zine *LAN'S LANTERN* should be coming out shortly and it is always good reading!))



Harry "Andy" Andruschak
6933 N. Rosemead Blvd., #3
San Gabriel, CA 91775

About Martin's
column: Just for
starters, no one
ever considered

using Solar Sail for interstellar travel by
the pressure of the Sun alone. It always as-
sumes laser cannon.

Concerning "Ionic propulsion", whatever the
hell that is. It might take ten years to
build up to light speed, he says? Einstein
says nothing can get up to light speed. I'll
believe Einstein.

As for that crack about the Theory of Rel-
ativity being only a theory, not a proven
fact....well, to date no facts contradict
Einstein's theory as married to Quantum Theory.
Not one. We here at JPL are always refining
measurements of the delay of radio signals from
our spacecrafts as they pass thru the gravity
well of the Sun. Closer and closer agreement
with Einstein all the time.

The general plan for launching Bussard ram-
jets is not to ignite stored hydrogen, but a
launch into the Sun's gravity well where the

solar wind is very rich. Laser cannon can
help here, too. Of course, all cannon must
be on the far side of the moon, since they
would make far too tempting a weapon if it
were possible to aim them at Earth. By the
way, the solar wind is just not protons, as
is implied. Light does have an effect ((Ein-
stein again)), and so do the rest of the solar
wind, which is actually a plasma.

And why no mention of the mass driver, an-
other good accelerator that can also be used
in conjunction with Solar Sail, Solar Electric,
and Bussard methods??

Where, in fact, has Martin been the last
couple of years?

((I think he's been in high school, at least that's where
he is now. We never said it was Science Fact, just
Commentary. One must start somewhere in discussing
future space travel and his article seemed like a good
place to start a dialogue. Your points have been
echoed in person by various people who received CHAT,
as well.))

We also heard from: Taral; Owen K. Laurion; David Thayer

Artist credits: Rusty Burke - cover, pages 2, 8, 15; Charlie Williams - pages 4 (2063
AD part 11), 7, 12 (all); Julia Wilhoit - page 6; Kurt Erichsen - page 5

Next Month in CHAT: The conclusion of Charlie Williams' serial "2063 AD".

NEXT CSFA MEETING: SATURDAY, JAN. 19; 7:30 PM, U.T.C. STUDENT CENTER
PROGRAM: NUCLEAR POWER & ALIEN TECHNOLOGY FORUMS. SEE YOU THERE?

CHAT
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