

MEMPHIS

Welcome to issue 45 of the official organ of the Mid-South Fantasy Associations official organ. The dues are \$4.00 a yr., the meetings are on the 2nd sunday and last thursday of the month. For more information contact Greg Bridges at 458-1596 or Frank Jordan at 685-1049. This zine is NOT published at a Semibihebdomary rate.

From the ed.

This is my last issue of the Msfa clubzine. With my upcoming move to Nashville, I will be leaving more than Memphis behind. I'll be leaving behind the ashes of my birth into fandom and the group of friends that helped me along the way. Special thanx go to Greg, for bringing me into the uniques sub-culture of humanity known as Science Fiction Fandom, and Nancy Collins who helped me take the first infantile steps by hooking me up with an apa and a con. I thank all the members of the "core group", Frank, Johnnie, Richard, and that defector to Arkansas and marriage, Jeff Hawgu. Good luck to you all and I hoped to see you at cons and on my trips down.

--Rusty

Unfortunately the turn out for the first Library meeting was something short of spectacular. I must take some of the responsibility for that. The last newsletter neglected to mention the date and location of said meeting. I now announce 2 wks. late that all future last-Thrsdy.-of-the-month-meetings will occur at the meeting rooms of the Main Public Library at Peabody & Mc Clean

The next meeting will probably be at Johnnie Anderson's house July 12. For more information give her a call at 274-9401.

Capsule review

~~THE NEW PILL ON THE MARKET~~

TIME TRAVELLERS STRICTLY CASH--Spider Robinson

The second collection of Callahan's bar stories has a few pieces of non-fiction and non CB stories thrown in to add a little variety to the book. The 3 pieces of non-fiction are the weak link in the collection in which he reprints his first book review column, a Heinlein article, and a speech he made as a Fan goh concerning fandom. The mixed bag of short fiction vary from borderline to excellent, exploring such subjects as kiddy lib, what happens (or where goes the soul) in cryogenic preservation, and an excellent O. Henry political science piece about a wirehead. The Jewels however are to be found in the new Callahan stories with my personal favorite being a shaggy dog story aptly entitled "Dog Day Evening". This ends up being the best of the three Robinson collections I've read, and I would recommend it to just about everyone.

FANZINES RECIEVED part the first

Strange Punch #3: SP is the newsletter of the Chattanooga SF Assoc.. It has a rotating editor set up and this particular issue was edited by SFPAN Mike Rogers. It's a nicely printed (if somewhat frillless) zine that announces ABC con II (June 27 & 28) Larry Niven as Chattacons Goh and the Atlanta bid for the 82 DSC. Mike Rogers new zine, HARMONIC DISSONANCE will be ready soon. For more information on this write to him at 233 Barton Ave./Chat, TN 37405.

Strange Punch #4: is brought to you by the other editor, David Martin. It features a great Charlie Williams cover 1 1/2 pages of news a Kubla Khan rep by Nicki Lynch, and a totally non-subtle(?) bid for power by the editor. I can understand him wanting to take over the reigns all by himself but it seems that he could have used a bit more tact and settled it in private with the other editor. This is a nice newszine and I suppose you can get a copy at from Dave Martin/6320 Fairest Dr./Harrison, TN 37341

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FRANK REVIEWS

NECTAR OF HEAVEN by E. C. Tubb, DAW Books 1981

This is the 24th in the Dumarest of Terra series by E.C. Tubb and is as well written as the rest. Tubb has a style that conveys a lot of story in very little space.

How many of you have read any of the Dumarest stories? Raise your hands. 1...2...e....since I can't see them you might as well lower your hands! ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ I was turned onto the Dumarest stories by a friend about 5 years ago and I have read the all except for the first four or five. Dumarest was born on Earth and stowed away on a freighter and has traveled throughout the galaxy living on his wits and his phenomenal physical speed. He acquires a burning desire to return home, but he has traveled so far from Earth that it's a legend and believed only as a myth. One planet where all humanity originated, ridiculous! He is hunted by the Cyclan, which is an organization dedicated to logic and the rule of the galaxy, but he eludes them by luck, skill and the help of others.

Nectar of Heaven INVOLVES Dumarest in the hunt for Ardeel or pearls of nectar that when taken give rise to dreams of pleasure that seem real. He learns of the pearls from a fellow miner on Polis while he is trying to earn money for a high passage. Dumarest and Vardoon, the other miner leave Polis for Sacaweena where the pearls are to be found. They must first illegally get to the area where the pearls are located and wrest them from the creatures that spawn them, an insect-like creature that hurls lightning bolts for weapons. The resident Cyclan learns of Dumarest's presence on Sacaweena and tries to capture him, but they are prevented by an Owner. Power on Sacaweena is obtained by holding the most land or commodities. The Maximus, or most powerful owner tries to help the Cyclan in obtaining Dumarest but is thwarted by the custom that an owner's land is inviolate. The rest of the story involves the attempts of the maximus to gain more power through wheeling and dealing and thus help the Cyclan. The last few chapters are fast paced and enjoyable reading

--Frank Jordan

DEADLY SILENTS by Lee Killough. A del rey book 1981

This is a murder mystery much in the style of one of her earlier books, The Doppelganger Gambit. The planer is Egar and the inhabitants, the Igerians are natural telepaths. However, quite a number of the Igerians have lost their telepathic ability because they have lived on Earth in a trading consulate. The overwhelming din of uncensored and uncovered thoughts short-circuited & their abilities permanently much as if we stared at the sun for too long and blinded ourselves. The "deaf" Igerians try to reestablish their lives on Egar, but due to the fact that the other Igerians use vocal speech only very rarely and only to emphasize a point, this makes the task difficult if not impossible. Violence soon becomes the only way the 'deaf' can relieve their frustrations. The Egarian government call on volunteers to come from Earth to keep the peace. Steven Kampcalas is the main human character and is one of the few humans who seems to understand what is necessary to maintain the peace. For unlike Earth's system of justice the peacekeepers (they are not police in the strictest meaning of the word) must not try to prove the case for the prosecution but also prove the case for the defense. This attitude of the Igerians sets most of the officers back and makes them realize they will have to adopt a new way of thinking. Steven is the only at first who understands because he has an empathy for the Igerians.

The real crises of the story begins when the Terran peace officers start to die. At first the deaths seem to be accidental, but evidence begins to pile up that points to murder. This suspicion is confirmed when monofilament is used to kill an officer. Monofilament was a favorite tool of criminals on Earth to use against the police. When it shows up on Egar the suspicions turn to some of the disgruntled humans who have not fit in with the Egarian society. The solution to the mystery is convincing and well don by Ms. Killough and the tale is well worth the money spent.

--Frank Jordan

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RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK - A film produced by George Lucas, story by George Lucas and Phillip Kaufman, directed by Steven Spielberg

HOT DAMN! Heroes and heroines and villains, good guys vs. bad guys. This isn't just a movie, it's time-tripping back to the neighborhood theatre where you and I spent almost every Saturday afternoon in a patent little world of blacks and whites.

Entertainment with a capital E and making no excuse for it.

Indiana Jones, archeologist/adventurer/teacher. His task, to save the world. He can do it. He's a Hero. Capital H. Marion Ravenwood, hard-drinking/two-fisted/beautiful daughter of an archeologist. Always managing to get herself into a whole hell of a lot of trouble.

"Indy, HELP!"

He does. He's a Hero.

Belloq, nemesis of XIndy, archeologist/bad guy/Frenchman. He gets his due in the end. You don't fuck with God.

Toht, Nazi agent/pervert/black-leathered Real bad guy. You know from the start he's going to get it.

Add to this fights, flights, chases, escapes, snakes, nasty Nazis and the most treasured and mysterious relic in the history of the world and you have a movie, capital M.

treasured and mysterious relic in the history fo trb world and you have a Movie,with a capital M.

The technical qualities of the film are also excellent. The camera work is beautiful, the shot of the natives when Indy goes for his gun, the editing unobtrusive, and the film is paced like a lightning bolt. The special effects are what we've come to expect from Lucas' Industrial Light and Magic, awe inspiring. From what I've read the film was completed fifteen days ahead of schedule and under budget. Amazing in these days of bloated budgets and directors egos.

Go see it, many times, and don't forget the popcorn.

--Biff Conrad

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Gee, Biff, nice hearing from ya. For 2 Reasons. 1, it's a good piece and two, now I know Nancy isn't dead or you would've mentioned it.

Hey folks, you remember that piece on the first page from me? I take it back. No not that part...It's just that it doesn't look like I'll be re-locating after all. Better luck next time, people!

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Gee, I'm a tree?!

Billed as the "perfect plane" the worlds newest form of transportation was a subway sized band rotating in the opposite direction of mother Earth. It was billed as "the perfect plane" by an over-zealous PR man who reasoned thusly:

"If it doesn't need wings or a tailfin, and if it sorta flies it must be the perfect plane."

The newstapes, as usual, jumped on this new "clever" saying. On the maiden voyage happened to be 3 very different men, Carl Sagan (now a senile, 242 yr. old man who claimed he would live "billions and billions of years") John Doe, and an advanced Math professor.

They entered the soundless plane accompanied by only one noise. The endless babblings of a Mr. Sagan about a fictional space probe in some old 2-d film. The instant they ~~xxxx~~ threw the switch the plane made a gasping sound and crashed to the ground. All three of the passengers seemingly materialized on flat land uninjured. That is til the Professor glanced over his shoulder at the twisted behemoth that they had just escaped from and fell to his knees sobbing. John Doe looked at him with a puzzled expression on his face and queried "What's wrong with you?"

"Don't you see?!" replied the professor, "all my lifes teachings have been shattered!"

"How"

The professor lifted his head once more and explained "My specialty was geometry. And, as you can plainly see, we've just bent a perfect plane!"

--Ugh. me

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COA'S

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KUBLA's NINTH KNAMPHONY

May 8-10, 1981

-GREG BRIDGES

As is customary with me with regard to cons I was uncertain of my finances or even of having the weekend off from work. I was not sure that I could make it until the week of con when all came together. Some apprehension my part was felt about staying in the hotel as Lou Moore had phoned some weeks earlier to get me to inform the local Memphen that the Holiday Inn had decided to not accept reservations from con members a few days from the day she called (which policy was contrary to what had been agreed to before). This was almost a month before the Khan itself therefore those going would have to reserve a room then or not at all. This did not portend well for hotel relations, or the con itself.

I was to ride up with Jeff Hogue & Rusty Smith. When we called about hotel reservations we were informed that there were none to be had at HI or anywhere nearby(the hotel itself is near a tourist trap(Opryland) and can make make more off the rubes off the street who attend that sort of thing than they do off cons(fannish or otherwise)). We left with fear of no accomadations but with a naive fannish hope that all would go well. We got there at 6:30p relying on those who had reserved and not shown we inquired and were told that they had a double available for one night only but there might be an opening the next day. On the morrow out luck was with us and we were ensconced for the duration. I prefer to have a room of my own with splits with those less financially stable(that's a joke, son). Rusty already had arrangements with someone from Knoxville and no others were forthcoming altho Rob Pressman did eventually crash with us but only beign able to pay a pittance due to his paupered state.

Having squared those affiars we ventured forth to register for the Khan. Then with my lime green namebadge firmly attached to my chest(fortunately I was wearing a shirt), I then set about observing the facilities and the gathered fen.

The hotel externaly was your basic modern WWIII towering ferro-concrete gun emplacement architecture(sans weaponry). The interior was a bit more interesting modeled along the lines of the Hyatt's, with a six storey opening on the inside enveloping the restaurant, veranda area, registration area, and the indoor pool(with a well attended jacuzzi) & a ping-pong table. Scattered about in this interior area was a number of live trees with lights strung therein, know to one and all as "those Christmas Trees". With all the trees and shrubbery about one tended to forget that there were girders cantilevered six storeys above. I sometimes got this "Silent Running" effect or perhaps L5-ish with the stars spinning outside the louvers.

The first five floors have balconies which look down upon this scene and many a time a fan would be seen just watching as they waited for the elevators. The 2nd floor balcony was favorite as the hucksters and consuites were were on that floor. Another reason for its popularity was that there was no way to go from the first floor to the second(or vice versa) by the stairs without setting off an alarm. One had to take the elevators to go the one flight involved. Of course they broke down as one would expect with the volume of people moving that one flight.

One vivid sight from the con was right after the costume maskeraid. All those who were at the maskeraid on the first floor wanted to get to the bheer on the second floor. Pronto. It had been a long night. So of course they packed the elevators. One fellow that had been in costume of some sort of post war mercenary with a very effective junkheap weapon something like an excrescent laser rifle. I had expected some problems to develope with the elevators and that crowd so I waited a bit and sure enough as I got on the elevator the alarms were sounding.

As I got off on the second floor I noticed the stock of that laser rifle issuing forth from the door of the elevator accross from mine like some demented robotic appendage as the costumer attempted to pry the doors apart, since the elevator almost made it to the second floor.

Back to Friday evening - gathered around the ping-pong table were a number of people watching Meade Frierson III, Southern Fandom Confederation Prez, battling it out with Guy Lillian III, OE of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, in what must of been the first of a number of southern-style ghoddminton games I watched them play later.

I encountered Jeff Hogue again in conversation with Michael Sinclair of Louisville, Sinclair with his Socratic baseball cap and Jeff in his standard lumberjack outfit (later changed to his shocking pink flannel shirt (which is all you notice when he wears it)). I rather enjoyed Michael's droll witticisms throughout the con which in his clear resonant voice was to be heard at most of events later on. After introductions, he and Jeff wandered off trading philosophic in-jokes. Moving on to the second floor, I observed the scene from above, then I went thro the consuites and hucksters rooms.

The consuites were a set of three adjoining rooms. The first bathtub was of a non-alcoholic nature. I did not become anymore familiar with this site. The second bathroom was to be used as Ghod had meant it to be used. Outside this in the second suite seemed to be the beginnig of what turned out to be the cons eternal cardgame.

Ah, but in the tertiary room was the Sacred Bheer Tub with votaries gathered bowing appropriately with a slight cold shake of the Sacred Bhrew. The most apparent Mhaintainer of the Shrine of the wHolely Bhrew throughout the con was one Grant Leroy Loyd, a large joyful black fellow whose exuberant devotion to his Dhuties and good spirits was always amusing. All of us participated at one time or another in the Stocking of the Sacred Bheer Tub. I at one time helped the grey-kepi-ed Cliff Amos of Louisville in this Devotion with the Stocking of the Choors, a popular product of the Shrine.

With Bhrew in hand, I then ambled thro the suites (you would think my feet would have gotten sticky) listening to conversations and observing the people. I soon shifted to the Hucksters rooms to peruse their wares.

Hucksters rooms now seem to consist mainly of comics dealers trying to edge into SF, media knickknackery, and those catering to the new fad of paperback collecting for the pure joy of seeing them lined up there on the shelf ("Read them? Heavens, no. It might break the spine"). The knickknackers were not in attendance as far as I could tell, most all the space seeming to be devoted to comic & paperback collectors, so I didn't dawdle long. I did buy a few things from Andy Purcell of Leoma, TN (& MidSouthCon) who can always be counted on to have a good table of new hardbacks & paperbacks, hot off the presses, and a fair selection of new and back issues of semi-pro zines. Andy was on crutches from an auto accident that totaled his custom book carrying pickup and put a pin in his hip. Rusty Hevlin had flyers up offering pulps for sale & etc. up in his room. I then hunted his room down where he had these on display plus a number of other fan & pro press items. I purchased booklet of artwork depicting the fauna of Australia all done by fan artists. The proceeds going to the Down Under Fan Fund (DUFF).

I then went back to my room and showered then realizing that I had thereby missed a program item that I really did want to see, Ray Jones Slide Presentation. Ray is the slim fellow you always see at Southern cons with that odd prosthetic device (he's become almost physically attached to) which the rest of us know as a camera. One always is barely aware that he is taking a photo at just the right moment with the least possible fuss so I had thought it would have been

worthwhile to see.

Shortly after I found a group gathered in the lobby Dal&Greta Coger, Gerald Page, Bryan&Sharon Webb. I stopped to talk to the Cogers and the Webbs. They told me about the CULT, a letter apa, trying to interest me in joining. I may yet. Perry Chapdelaine sat down with us telling us all about the forthcoming John Campbell Letters he is editing and says there may be some L. Ron Hubbard Letters in the offing which should be interesting as Hubbard is a real character.

The Cogers went off to bed since it was late. I then thought it might be a good time to hit the Bowling Green Party which I had heard earlier was a very packed open party put on the people that bring you UppperSouthClave. Apparently every one else heard the same thing and decided to forego the pleasure of a stifling packed room party as it wasn't when I go there. AS it turned out I was the only one non-Bowling Greenish present I soon discerned but since I had poured myself a drink I figured I best finish my drink to maintain courtesy. I listened a bit. It would appear that they also you the term Chairbeing for their leader. And I thought it original with me. Well at least I am still an Arteriotomist.

Their party was packed for only about 45 minutes according to them as every one showed up at the same time. Theirs was the only announced open party Friday, so all showed at the appointed time, got their drink and then fled the crowds. The parties Saturday nite were very sparsely attended on the whole, to an extent because the Auction and Maskeraid ran so late.

Next morning I was up late and usual I missed the donuts but not the Khoffee. The Khoffee was quite good but apparently the brewing apparatus was too much for the circuit breakers as they had been thrown out and the lights were out when I got to the Khansuite. This was soon remedied and evidence of donuts was detected - boxes, etc. I have often wondered whether a concomm couldn't get away with just putting out the detritus of donuts and just telling everyone that showed they were already gone. Some perverse sort might just try it - The Donuts that Were Gone Before They Got There.

It was then that I found out that Stephen King and 4ej Ackerman were not in attendance, two people that I had wanted to see. I didn't figure out who Charle L Grant was till after the banquet when I sidled in to observe the Awards Ceremonies. He's an amusing fellow with a beard who was able to maintain that sort of patter in his role as Pro GOH. I always admire anyone that can keep up a humorous (radius, ulnarus?) vein in public speaking (not at all like going for the jugular) Andy Cffutt is another example and he too was up there on the dias as Toastmaster (he is also this year's Imagicon Pro Guest). When the award became to seem interminable I left to get a bheer, and check out Nancy Collins Imagicon Party which was just starting. A few were already there. Nancy had done her bit for retaliation to the hotel having already burned a fist sized hole in the top of the TV in some obscure pagan ritual with Ed Zd of Chicago. The less said about that the better.

Since all seemed well in hand by now altho the various fumes were more than I wished to endure I departed to return to the Awards. They were still awarding so in the process of which the maskeraiders waited outside in the lobby area and elsewhere. These costumed and often armed individuals it seems were more than the mundane rubes could stomach. One WWIII radiation victim/mutant was very effective. The rubes then went to the Management who then apparently threatened the concomm. The auction was then truncated much to Dan Caldwell's consternation (he was supposed to be running the thing). The maskeraid then ran its course, with some TV station ostentatiously taping the goings on.

At about the same time they ran the con members out of the Hotel lunge(the hotel staff did that is). Anyone with a green badge was asked get out. The offended fen trooped out, took off their namebadges and marched right back in. Personally I think some of the black fans missed a good chance at at a good civil rights violation suite.

I will admit that I did see some of the mundanes checking out of the hotel after midnight complaining of all those "crazy people" who they were afraid of. I saw it happen or I wouldn't have believe it myself. Incredible.

All in all the con was pleasant in spite of the sundry efforts of the hotel staff. Their execrable performance has insured that next year the Khan will be elsewhere, altho still near the Nashville Tourist Trap(Opryland). I suspect they will again have problems with the sort of people that are attracted to that sort thing. ☹

FANZINES received&available at Meetings

Atarantes#48(Atlanta)
The Looking Glass W/S 1981
Jinnia Clan Journal #51
Rhubarb 1981/1
New Canadian Fandom
Holier Than Thou
Space Write Now
Anvil#15(Birmingham)
Scottische 81(scotland)
Diagonal Relationship 16
DASFax Vol.13#3(Denver)
File 770
De Profundis 124(LASFS)
Neology
BRSFL 13(Baton Rouge)

DAN HENDERSON SELLS NOVEL

Memphis' SF short Story writer Dan Henderson(he also writes for the Commercial Appeal Sunday Supplement - Midsouth - which is how he really makes his living) has sold a 70,000 word novel to Jim Baen of Dougherty & Associates. It is tentatively titled PARADISE. Publication Spring 1982. Dan gave a reading from it in a works in progress invitation by the Memphis State SF club. ((geb))

MEMPHEN needs artwork, reviews, conreps, LOCs, ~~pages~~, and workers. So unite & procreate. Then send us the results of the union of your minds(or what have you).

TUSTY SMITH
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