

SOUTHERN FANDOM CONFEDERATION BULLETIN FIVE (August, 1972)

Meade Frierson III, 3705 Woodvale Road, Birmingham, Alabama 35223
D.S.C. Edition

Free!

Published and distributed by Meade Frierson III, 3705 Woodvale Road, Birmingham, Alabama 35223, President of the S.F.C., pursuant to §2 of the Constitution. (Cover and interior illo by Dave Birdsong of Boaz and bacover by Bill Guy, tracing by Penny Frierson)

This organization is to promote fandom in the 10-state South and serve as a clearing house of fanzines, news, bulletins, ads and such for confirmed sf&f fans. Mailing things out is severely impeded by lack of funds, so contribute your dues now or become a patron of an issue by donating more than the dues called for. Co-patronesses of this issue are Pamela L. Caruthers of Memphis, Kay Temple of Decatur and Penny Frierson of Birmingham (who has contributed an abundance of patience).

DUES ARE PAYABLE NOW (\$1 for August 1972-August 1973) which will entitle you to Roster #3 of 700 southern fans (updated by this Bulletin), a copy of the Constitution and by-laws, Bulletin #4 for area organizations and zines not reviewed in this and the future periodic bulletins, with further updating of the Fan Roster, news (including DSC report(s)) and perpetration of other functions of the S.F.C.

NEWS

Cons: The summer began with Triclave in Johnson City (see report elsewhere herein), was followed by Fancon in Norfolk (which has not yet been reported on for us) and of course we are now at Deep South Con

In between these the regular groups have been meeting. NOSFA held its election recently and the new officers are planning a con next year (see the reverse side of this page) in New Orleans. Recently the Mid-South Fantasy Association in Memphis has been staging a membership drive; the very active Carolina Fan Federation has held minicons and has another one coming up in September (10th, see elsewhere).

Locally, we managed the first organized attempt at a meeting of the Alabama fans. At the same time as Fancon we gathered together at our house: George Inzer, south-reknowned publisher of Heavy and sometimes sparring partner to our resident Anachro-nut, Hank Reinhardt, who likewise bestowed his presence upon us. A contingent down from Huntspatch included pulp collector Bob Sampson, Gene Reed (a SFPA member and zine publisher) and Mike Main, whose new fanzine FreeFall is described later on. The Boaz contingent of zine-artist Dave Birdsong and Lane Lambert, editors of the fannish zine, Nexus, had also made a brief visit on Friday to drop off some Firesign Theatre records for taping. James Silver, a local Ellison/Heimlein fan-atic, brought a new fan, Burt McDowell, to meet us. Sam Bennett, whose Bizaare Bazaar is forthcoming, was on hand. Wade Gilbreath and Willard Harrison, both artists associated with the Montevallo (Ala.) S.F. Club's forthcoming, Syzygy, brought some of their wares to display - they will be selling art at DSC as well. (Unfortunately out of town were collector Bill Campbell and reader Frank Love.) We covered the front room with boxes of SF mags, pulps, comics and stuff for sale and trade as well as display items. My MADs got a going-over; artwork was ogled; food consumed; chess and hearts games played; music listened to; talk talked. A very pleasant occasion for us and one to be repeated.

If you are going to worldcon in Los Angeles, get up Sunday morning and vote for D.C. in 1974 (the south's next worldcon)

Looking ahead: 1973 promises to be a big year for Southern fandom. There will be a third Upper South Clave, in Nashville in early June and a new con, a Star Trek Con - is to be held in New Orleans; details to date are as follows:

VUL-CON I

will be held at the Jung Hotel in New Orleans, June 21-24, 1973. GoH has not been selected by press time but Fan GoH is to be Ruth Berman, editor of T-Negative and toastmistress will be Dorothy C. Fontana, script consultant to the TV show. Supporting memberships (convertible to attending by paying the difference) are \$2 and advance attending rates are \$3 before April 1, \$4.50 afterwards and \$5 at the door. Please write Vul-con I, P.O. Box 8087, New Orleans, La. 70124.

Jim Mule' and Lynne Norwood are the moving forces behind this con. They also won elections as Vice-President and President, respectively, of the New Orleans Science Fiction Association.



Special Interest Groups

Cons have tended to be a melting pot offering the fans a chance to lie a lot, play hearts and avoid SF as a topic of discussion; the neo (like me) a chance to learn a lot about what other fans are doing, reading, seeing, pubbing, etc; the comics buff a chance to gab and grab in the huckster rooms from Golden Age to the ish he missed last month; the collector has a chance to trade and acquire Shadow #4, a Jeff Jones original, last year's Modern Horticulture, anything; the student of SF or comics, an opportunity for sercon; the anachronists an opportunity to fight. Nevertheless, it is recognized that a con or two a year may not be enough to satiate the special interests so there are gatherings of local clubs and such as the following:

Anyone interested in the research and re-creation of medievalism should get in touch with the Barony of the Flame, the officially recognized Kentucky Branch of the Society for Creative Anachronism. Interested people should write our Seneschal, Lady Alexis Megaera, Crown Princess of the Middle Kingdom, c/o Jane Peyton, 1126 Larchmont Avenue, Louisville, Ky. 40215; or to our Deputy Seneschal, Maradac Grimalkin, c/o Buddy Goose, 548 Phillips Lane, Louisville, Ky. 40209.

Those folks and Beth Moore indicate that they will be at the DSC as well as Hank Reinhardt of Alabama, Dave Matthews of Georgia, Craig Shukas and Norman Elfer of the New Orleans group, so Anachronists will probably be able to plan for future gatherings at that time.

THE CAROLINA FAN FEDERATION -- headed by Edwin L. Murray, 2540 Chapel Hill Road, Durham N.C. 27707. These folks gather frequently for mini-cons featuring talk, huckstering, old movies, Diplomacy, etc. On July 9 they held it a Durham and drew over 60 (which ain't so mini), number XVI in the series. September 10 is the next one. Write Ed Murray, and for 25¢ get Vertigo 14 from him with recent con reports.

Fan Enterprise: While Glen Brock and Joe Celko are engaged in various (nefarious?) activities in Atlanta, only locals usually visit their establishments so there is no real purpose served in this small mailing of announcing anything concerning them; however, a mail-order business has been established by fans in New Orleans and this is for them:

Lovecraft's Follies, a bad play by James Scheville----\$2.00

Master of Villany: The Biography of Sax Rohmer, by C.

Van Ash and Elizabeth Rohmer, 312pp plus photos, com-

prehensive chronology and biblio, paper-----\$4.00

cloth -----\$10.00

Tarzan Alive, by Philip Jose' Farmer, cloth----- 5.95

Please include 25% postage on orders less than \$4. La. residents must include 3% sales tax. Order from PDA Enterprises, Dept. F-35, Box 8010, New Orleans, La. 70182

Not to plug fan enterprise and ignore the pro:

Kelly Freas -our resident pro artist and Good Sport - has those poster sets for NASA promotion at \$7.50, really beautiful jobs, and his folio (limited to 500 copies) of interior artwork from the Astounding issues of the 1950s, called THE ASTOUNDING FIFTIES. This sells for \$12.95 and is available directly from Mr. Freas at DSC or Rt. 4, Box 4056A, Virginia Beach, Virginia 23457.

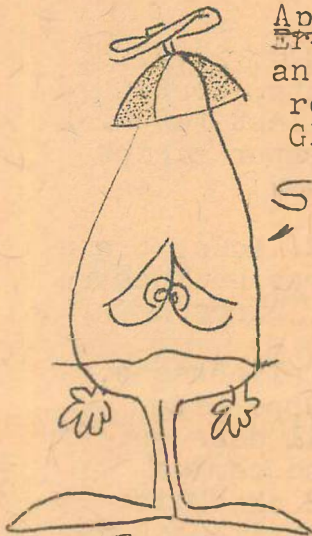
The South's first Prozine is out. Eternity #1, \$1 from Stephen Gregg P.O. Box 193, Sandy Springs; S.C. 29677 or sub 4/\$3.50. Fiction by Andy Offutt, Barry Malzberg, Joseph Green, and others; poetry by Roger Zelazny, Scott Edelstein, &c; articles by Philip K. Dick and Danny O'Neil; good art. Recommended.

The south also claims editor residence of Witchcraft & Sorcery (Jerry Page in Atlanta) although it is available from Fantasy Publishing Co., 1855 W. Main Street, Alhambra Calif 91801. 60¢ or 6/\$3. This is the successor title to Coven 13 and the last macabre prozine published. #8 features 2 novelets, one by "Carlton Grindle" and one by Emil Petaja, one short story, an unpubbed Hannes Bok for completists, column by E. Hoffman Price, good art and photos of the Count Dracula Society banquet from April. This deserves support.

Another southern first to be announced this issue is the first underground comic to be published in our area. It is all by New Orleans fan, Dany Frolich, and is pubbed there by a new u/g publisher, Big Muddy. I have copies for sale at the cover price of 50¢: Trivial Annoyances.

Last but not least, modesty doesn't prevent my mentioning of HPL once more. \$3 at DSC or \$3.50 (new, ever increasing price) for one of the last 100 or so of the print run of 1000. 144 pages, 24 articles, 20 short stories and 120 illustrations - all about and relating to H.P. Lovecraft and the Cthulhu Mythos. (the \$3.50 is for insured mailing). Write Meade Frierson, Box 9032, Birmingham, Alabama 35213.

To regular members the next pages will be of special interest. For others the regular page will contain area publications. SFCB Bulletin 4 (except for changes of address) is still to be consulted with regard to publications and area organizations. Dues-paying members for 1972-73 are entitled to copies of SFCB 4 if you have missed these or misplaced them.



Apa in Formation: Tim Marion reports that the Robert Ervin Howard United Press Association (REHUPA) will be an apa for fans of the work of Robert E. Howard with a revolving OEShip. So far the members are Tim Marion, Glenn Lord and Joanne Burger. If you are a REH fan and want to join, write to Tim Marion at 614-72nd St., Newport News, Virginia. Another apa which Tim is starting is Apa-56: If you were born in or after 1956 and want to join, send \$2 to Tim and he will notify you how many copies to make of your Apa-56 zine.

SIGH!

SOUTHERN FANDOM PRESS ALLIANCE - approaching its 50th mailing, the southern apa has about 22 members and an equal number on the waitlist. Mailings of members' zines is every two months and the last 2 have averaged well over 400 pages! Inquiries to Don Markstein, 7919 St. Charles Ave #3, New Orleans, La.

Some/regular publications from the Southern members (less expatriates) are Ned Brooks' New Port News, Gary Brown's Oblio, Norman Elfer's Southern Comfort, Our Own Huitloxopetl, Gremlin's zines, Hughes' Pan, Cecil Hutto's Xiphophorus, George Inzer's Heavy, Irvin Koch's Maybe, Guy Lillian's Spiritus Mundi, Don Markstein's The Sphere and Don Walsh's SFWA is a 4 letter Word. [which is as good a way as any to lead into...

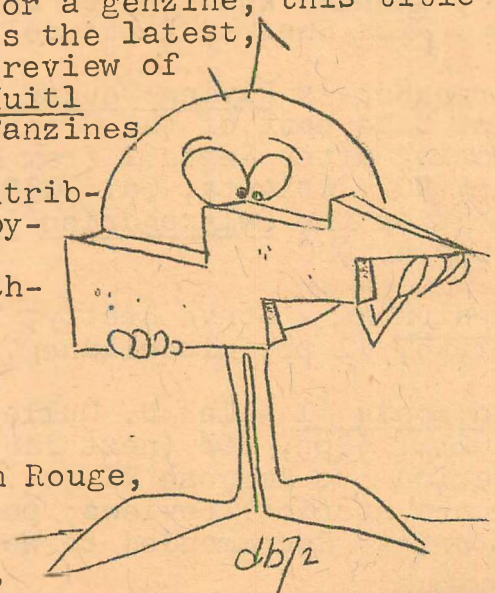
AREA PUBLICATIONS

Maybe: from Irvin Koch, c/o 835 Chattanooga Bank Bldg, Chattanooga, Tenn. 37402; #18 was 20 pp with lettercol, information on the great Star Trek revival, apollo launch report and forthcoming books from DAW (most out now) and Andre Norton. #19 was 16 pp, mainly letters and comment. and #20 is 26pp, letters, reviews, comment. 3/\$1 or contribution or trade.

Huitloxopetl - Meade Frierson III, 3705 Woodvale Road, Birmingham, Alabama 35223. Still accumulating material for a genzine; this title remains in SFPA in fractional numbers. 8.2 is the latest, 4 pp of chatter and a 15 page checklist and review of underground comics (replacing the lists in Huitl no. 7 and 8(SFPA version)). Will trade for fanzines or send a No.10 envelope and 16c/ in stamps.

It is no longer necessary to ask that contributing artists cut their own stencil; all copyable drawings solicited, originals returned. Next issue features new fiction by some southern writers just starting out, article on Blows Against the Empire by Kay Temple; and whatever you would care to send in. See old bulletins for description of past issues.

Swamp Gas #1 - Bob Crais, 455 Croydon, Baton Rouge, La. 70806: Bob and Ed Newsom have this free first ish, 7pp, comics oriented. They also will have a hucksters table at DSC probably, for comics and stuff.



DC in 74 / DC in 74 / DC in 74 / DC in 74 / DC in 74 / DC in 74

Area Publications ((continued))

Vertigo - Edwin Murray, 2540 Chapel Hill Road, Durham, N.C. 27707. A newzine for the CFF, more or less comix oriented. 25 cents, contribs, trade, etc. #14 is 12pp mimeo with news, reports on the last few minicons, reviews and very helpful material concerning newspaper strips and where to get paper carrying comic curiosa. Recommended.

Nexus - Lane Lambert, Rt.2, Bruce Road, Boaz, Ala. 35957. LoCs, trade, contribs. 14pp in #7. Lane's a trufan; commentary on Firesign Theatre albums, large lettercol, review of Goose Creek Symphony. Birdsong art.

UnterHelios #2 - Joe D. Siclari, 1607 McCaskill Ave #4, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304. 60 cents or 4/\$2; trades, contribs, LoCs. 60pp. Mike Scott writes about the film War of the Worlds; Rich Small does an equally well-researched historical article on underground comics (which complements rather nicely my own Huitloxopetl 8.2 checklist and review which did not try to reconstruct the history). Linda Bushyager writes on Noreascon in comparison to others; Michael Ogden opines on American horror films; reviews on books and films, lettercol. To me, it was fascinating.

Corr #5 - Perri Corrick, 1308 Spring St., Apt.211, Madison, Wis. 53715. No price listed. Extremely attractive zine, 38pp; Glen Brock's artwork is featured on covers and folio; short fiction, reviews. Recc'd.

Celestial Shadows #9 - Tim Marion, 614-72nd St., Newport News, Va. 23605. 4/\$1, LoC, trade (2 copies, one for pubber, Ned Brooks), contribs. Formerly T.H.U.M.B. Bulletin. TB7 still available at 25¢. This is 32pp and features visit with Kelly Freas, Durham Minicon report, Wilmington minicon report, Disneyworld report, lettercol, reviews by Ned Brooks.

Afan #4 - LoC, art or article, 25¢ from Dave Hulvey, Rt/1, Bdx 198, Harrisonburg, Va. 22801. Long editorial, fiction by Bill Wolfenberger, fannish humor piece by Gary Deindorfer, essays by Eric Lindsay and Nick Shears, lettercol. Recommended.

Greenberg's Flying Saucer Observations - free, Vol.1, No.1- printed, Not the best of the Greenfield pubs which may or may not be forthcoming after Sept. 1 from Barbara and Allen Greenfield, 130 26th St., Apt 807, Atlanta, Ga. 30309. See past bulletins for titles. Did I mention the Owlexandrian Initiate? Allen may be sought out for a free copy at DSC.

Cesium #6 - Steve Beatty, 1662 College Terrace Drive, Murray, Ky. 42071 ditto, 11 pp, miscellaney.

Ambrosia #1 - Alan D. Gullette, 904 Allen Road, Nashville, Tenn. 37214. 52pp, 50¢ (next ish \$1). For fans of weird literature. Dedication to Ambrose Bierce. Verse by Walt Shedlofsky, DeBill; three short stories; reviews; part one of article on astronomy in HPL's stories. Recommended to weird lit fans.

IS #5 - \$1.50 from Tom Collins, 4305 Balcones Drive, Austin Texas 78731. Editorial office: Fan Press, Lakemont, Ga. 30552. a SABSzine for the 100th mailing; a treasure of fanhistory and beautiful printing job as usual. Tom's IS 4 was a \$3 (still available) 84pp offset tribute to August Derleth by more big names than we have space to list. Rare article by Samuel R. Delaney and contrib from R.A. Lafferty in 5.

We reproduce below a well-padded, half-penny a word short story which was published in the rare October-November, 1941 issue of Spectacular Fantasy Magazine under the improbable pseudonym of "Meade & Penny Frierson", a patently penetrable nom de plume for the brilliant-boy-from-Lincolndland-turned-all-golden-brown-and-dewy-eyed-by-the-great-California-sun:

THE MILLION MILE PICNIC
By Meade and Penny Frierson

One moment it was a cool Martian summer with crystal towers ringing gently in the soft breezes and the next it was an inferno, a hades, a hell of burning atoms, of blistered sands tossed skyward and flames and heat and fire. The great silver rocket stood in the sky on legs of red confetti and molten lava, glowing above the timeless sands near the blue-green waters of the Grand Canal. It went down, breathing in the air of Mars with a mighty roar of its engines, down, down, blasting out in filmy wisps the rocks, the stones and the pebbles which moments before had nestled quietly, serenely, on that bank in that year on the great red planet Mars.

Then all was quiet, all was still. The skymetal had come to rest. It relaxed, groaning like Gramps when he returned from the fields at dusk to ease into his overstuffed chair. It sat on the sands of the red planet, at peace, at ease, at rest, like it was home after a long trip, like it belonged there always.

All through the long day, now hot, now cool, the ship sat on the sands and was quiet, at rest, and all through the dark, dark night, while the sands cooled and the night insects came out of hiding and chirped and sang for the ship, the ship sat, at peace, in its new-found harbor.

And within the ship the crew stirred and grew restless and they looked to their Captain, John Black; and their captain looked back at them, gently. "They are just kids," thought their captain John Black, "kids on a great adventure, on a raft in the Mississippi with the taste of mom's apple pie in their mouths and milk and doughnuts on the kitchen table when they come home." And the captain looked out at the planet Mars and thought, "We are here. In this year 1957 the spaceship Beautiful Ohio has come to Mars." And his fists clenched and his fists relaxed and he looked through the porthole, looked out over the red sands of Mars where his ship had come, and he thought of all the fallen Christmas snows that ever were or ever would be and the thought was sweet like old wine, dandelion wine that Gramps doled out in thimbles while the Yule log burned.

And the men, the men of the crew stared out the portholes, pressed noses flat against the glass like it was a candy counter in front of licorice twists, lemon drops and chocolate bunnies. They stared at the sands in the slow, warm time of early morning like they had stared at the midway at the State Fair with cotton candy stuck in their hair, the taste of lime sherbert melting in their mouths.

"Mars," they thought, each thought and all thought, "Mars!" The captain, John Black, turned to his mate, Jim White, and said, "Well..."

"Yes, captain?" said Jim White, anxiously like a 12-year old with a new Vikings helmet turning to his football coach on the bench in a red-leafed autumn afternoon.

"Well," said Captain John Black, slowly, gently, savoring the word and the meaning of the word and all that stood behind the word. "Mars," he breathed at last.

"Yes, captain, Mars," whispered Jim White, the mate, in awe, just perceiving, just glimpsing the meaning of it all.

"We're on Mars," repeated Captain John Black and he felt sick and he did not feel sick.

"Is it time," asked Jim White, sweating like a horse, a pony, a cow, a shaggy dog, "Is it time...to leave the ship?"

The captain winced and he did not wince. There was a long, long moment and the crew stood frozen like icicles and the captain stood frozen and Jim White stood frozen. For a long, long moment no one breathed, no one thought, there, on Mars, in the year 1957. There was a smell in the air of dry confetti and fresh scraped pumpkins and old sneakers left in the basement until spring.

"Men," said the captain, looking at them from the bridge, down below him, all the men, men of earth, all children here on Mars across the long, long voids of space. Men from Maumee, Ohio, men from Brooklyn, men from the green hills of Tennessee and men from the cold territory of Alaska. All here on Mars, all waiting for him to speak.

"Men," said the captain, looking at them, "It is time to go out and claim this world in the name of Earth."

And the men looked at each other. Brown, the navigator, looked at Green, the radio operator, and Green, the radio operator, looked at Gray, the helmsman, and Gray, the helmsman, looked at Silver, the quick one. And they all looked at the captain, their eyes filled with questions, questions which welled out like tears, like raindrops in a summer afternoon.

"Men," said the captain, assuringly, quietly, firmly, the taste of orange marmelade on buttered toast in Granma's kitchen thick on his tongue. "We're going out!"

"Out...", cried Green and Gray and Brown. "...there!", cried Silver and White and Red, the cabin boy, and Blue, the yellow dog who had come along as mascot.

And they crowded near the airlock, chattering like boys at a swimminghole, shoving and pushing and teasing in their excitement. And the captain saw they were brave and ready and it was good.

The airlock opened wide and sucked the earth smells out onto the planet which had never known fresh mown hay, chicken noodle soup or burnt almonds. Out went the smells of earth to mingle with the soft Martian breezes, incredibly old and wise, and out went the men of earth.

Captain John Black looked down into the waters of the Martian canal, old, old waters, and he thought of home. Jim White, the mate, handed him the flag and the captain pushed the flag down, down into the hot Martian sands, which shifted easily and let the flagpole pass down to rest.

They saluted the flag and turned toward the captain who was studying the blue, blue sky of this world looking for earth as he thought of home.

"Lord," thought Captain John Black, there on Mars in the year 1957 with hismen, "Lord, I'd like some lemonade." But he was on Mars and far from lemonade and the sweet, rich things of earth, far, far from his childhood.

"Look," said Green, and Brown said, "Look," pointing down the winding blue-green canal, down toward the hazy mists out of which the proud ancient Blue Mountains rose against the sky. And they were all saying, "Look, look!"

The sandcars whirled on cats feet, gently wafting above the shimmering sands of Mars. One, two, no, three of them quietly moving like tiny fish out of the mists toward the men of earth who stood waiting, tasting the moment, looking at each other and waiting.

"Men," said Captain Black, his hand reaching for his holster, touching the weapon he had brought with him all the way to the planet Mars. "Men," he almost choked on the words and the meaning behind the words and his heart went heavy, thud, like a basketball had been thrown when he wasn't looking and knocked the air out of his chest, thud, "Be ready," he said.

The men all looked at him, then looked back at the three sandcars which grew closer in the still afternoon and they touched their weapons and waited.

The sandcars stopped and settled gently down to the cooling sands and lay quiet like goldfish resting at the bottom of the bowl.

"Men," cautioned Captain John Black, his brown eyes squinting at the sandcars, waiting, "Be ready." And the men said, "Yes, captain."

And then there were strange men on the sand, stepping from the sandcars, two from each, bronze of limb and gold of eye with voices that tinkled and chimed like the crystal bells in the tall towers. And they looked at the earthmen across the short, short distance between them and they smiled and waved their arms.

"Why," exclaimed Jim White, the mate, looking at them and then at the captain, John Black, "Why, they seem...friendly."

And the earthmen nodded yes and looked at the strange ones and each gave up a murmur, an exhalation, a sigh, and they waited by the blue-green waters of the canal.

Carefully, the golden-eyed ones unloaded from the sandcars strangely woven baskets and handwrought casks and placed them gently on the sands and went back to the cars and brought forth gaily colored balls and large furred umbrellas and lengths of dyed cloth and they spread the cloth on the sands and unfolded the umbrellas and pushed them deep into the yielding soil and uncovered the baskets.

Then one tall man walked one step, two steps toward the earthmen and raised his delicately tapered hand and smiled.

The men of earth stared at their captain and back at the beckoning figure, and they saw another man take a colored ball and toss it high, high into the cool air and they watched it down, down into the hands of yet another and they heard the high tinkle and chime of laughter like ice in a glass of fresh made lemonade.

John Black, the captain, licked his lips, slowly, and his thoughts were troubled.

"Why," said Jim White, the mate, "Why, it's a . . ."

"Picnic!"; shouted Brown and Green and Silver, the quick one, and Gray and Red, the cabin boy, and Blue, the yellow cur, barked. All at once they were running, jumping in the light Martian gravity, kicking up sand, and yelling, all running to the picnic. And the captain looked in wonder and thought of home, thought of the 4th of July when he was a boy and of Labor Day and family reunions, of the seaside cabin Mom and Pop had rented one summer when he was only ten, and John Black started to run, too, and shouted and the golden-eyed ones with their strange speech came to greet them, one and all. And they danced, danced with joy, on the red sands of Mars.

And the men opened the baskets and gave the earthmen strange fruits and they tasted them and tasted fresh apples, tangy oranges and juicy blackberries. And they gave them strange wedges to eat and the men of earth tasted peanut butter with grape jelly, hot dogs with mustard and popcorn with salt, and they gave drink to them and they tasted root beer, lime kool-aid and cola.

John Black, the captain, sighed.

Brown and Green ran laughing to the water's edge and dove in. Blue chased a gaily colored ball and ate scraps from the delicately tapered hands and Red, the cabin boy, tossed a ball and laughed.

But when the twin moons rose above the Blue Mountains there was a sadness. John Black stood up and helped pull the umbrellas from the sandy red soil of Mars. Brown bent over and folded the cloth, shaking out the sand that fell like tiny fireflies in the growing dusk. Green reached out his hand to one and gripped it firmly and smiled with his mouth but not with his eyes for there were tears just beginning. White helped carry baskets back to the sand cars and tuck them carefully away. Gray drained the last from a cask and handed it over to the owner with a smile.

They all stood there for a long, long moment and there was a sadness, a longing. Captain John Black pointed a long finger into the sky, toward the stars and the alien nearest him stepped forth and placed his hands on his own chest and then on the chest of John Black and pointed up to the stars. It was a quiet time.

The men of earth stood and watched as the sandcars moved gently into the soft air and got smaller and smaller like circus balloons with a slow, slow leak. And they looked down at the sand they had kicked, the sand where feet had run, then at the water where they had swum, then at the sky where they must go and they were sad, very sad.

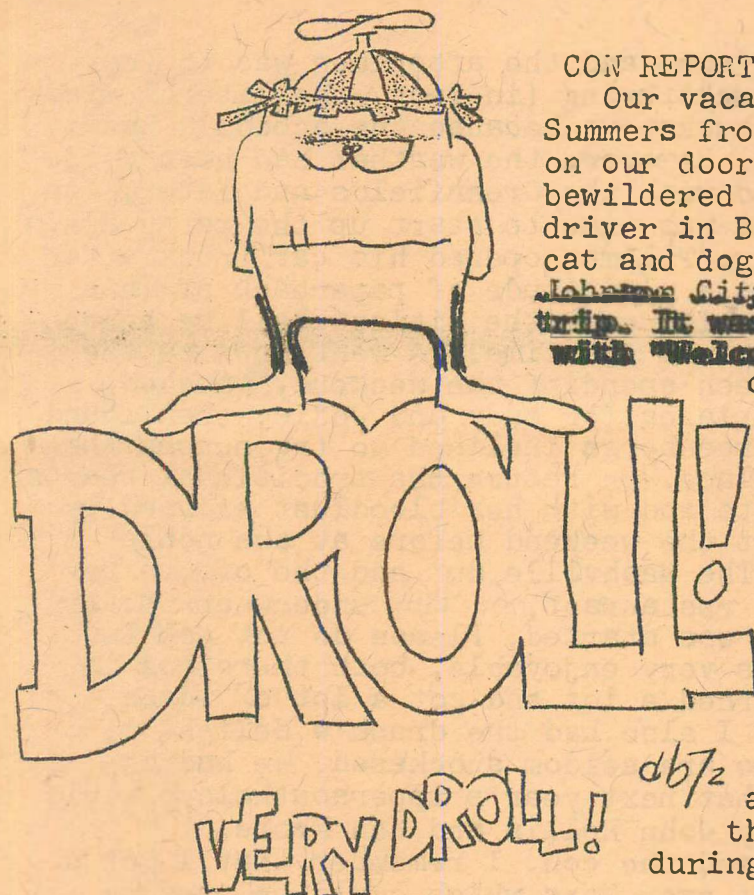
The men walked back to the ship and got in and the captain said, "Blast off" and the men looked at the dials and counters and were quiet and still.

Captain John Black looked at his men and sighed and slowly, very slowly, he said, "Yes. I know." And the men looked at their captain and tried to smile but it was hard and they turned to the controls and dials and counters, to the things that seemed now so strange to them, and they sighed, each sighed and all sighed, and it was time.

And the skything rose into the Martian night, up, up went the rocket, up, up and away from Mars, the red planet, like an arrow, a needle, a dart, up it rose, like a spear, a lance, a javelin until it was gone, gone from Mars and up, up toward Earth.

And on the other side of the Blue Mountains three sandcars whirled on slowly in the Martian night until the lights of the great spaceship basked them with a warm, orange glow and the sandcars stopped and men, dark of limb and yellow of eye, came from the spaceship, the leviathan lying on the Martian sand and took the sandcars into the ship with the empty baskets and casks and the balls and umbrellas. And the men looked at each other and into the clear skies of Mars and it was a quiet time.

The huge spaceship roared a mighty bellow and stirred the sands with its invisible breath. It pushed at the planet with its magnetic drive and the spaceship rose, up, up into the night, like a whale, a shark, a dolphin, up it swam into the inky blackness of space, up, up toward Jupiter.



CON REPORT ON TRICLAVE - June 9-11, 1972

Our vacation began on June 9 when Sean Summers from Columbus, Ga. was deposited on our doorstep. His depositor was the most bewildered and lost (so for 1-3/4 hrs) taxi driver in Bham. We left the children and cat and dogs in caring hands and arrived in Johnston City after an uneventful 7 hrs trip. It was nice to pull into a motel with "Welcome Triclave Sci-Fi" displayed

on U.S. 23 (apparently the sign drew at least one inquiry - an astrophysicist stopped there for lunch to find out about us.

We learned right away that Len Collins would be missed due to poor health. (We did briefly visit with Len the next afternoon, which was good) and that Albert Dosser (the famous "others" from last years

Gnomoclave report for SFC), Harry Johnson, George Williams

and others (a different others this year, Al) had set up a con during the last month.

We landed during dinnertime on Friday and checked in, bumping into various congoers here and there and generally killing time until the party began around 8. As nearly as I can recall, by state our little conclave was comprised of: Ala - us; Fla. - CoH Keith Laumer and his daughter, Tony; Ga. - Joe Celko, Allen & Barbara Greenfield; Steve & Binker Hughes, Sean Summers; Ky - andy and Jody offutt and the four offuttspring; La. - Dany and Mary Frolich; Tenn. - Len Collins, James Corrick III, Al Dosser, Joe Hammond, Irvin Koch, Bruce Hillhouse, John Hollis, Harry Johnson, Lawrence Larkey, Ken Moore, John Neal, Glenda Sanders, Ivan Shewmake, and James Tillman; Va. - Ned Brooks, Paul Dellinger (Sat, only) and Kelly Freas' family. There were about five from other regions whom I did not meet.

So the early partygoers were regaled with my wit (yes, I'd started drinking) and HPL (sales were brisk - glad I brought copies). It was with great relief (who said Relief?) that everyone else showed up and I was no longer depended upon for humor. Laumer and offutt were the real wits, anyway. Everyone kind of migrated between the con suite and the Freas' room where preliminary watercolors were on display and for sale from Kelly's recent covers and copies of his poster set and The Astounding Fifties. It was quite an enjoyable party which dissolved circa 2 Ayem.

The morning program got started about 10 with andy offutt's intro of Keith Laumer. Rather than speak from a prepared text, Laumer offered himself for questions from the audience. Numerous facets of his career as a writer were slowly unveiled in this fashion, principally by Paul Dellinger who made a cassette recording of the proceedings. Andy got back into things after an hour and proposed that Kelly Freas join them for a panel discussion of the points most recently touched upon-- the future of the sf magazines and the possibilities of other forms.

Con Report (continued)

There was a break for lunch at noon and the afternoon was to feature a panel around the pool and huckstering (in fact, the literal minded motel ousted the art show and hucksters because the schedule had called for this outdoor activity). However, the weather had been cool and was later rainy and we visited with the Greenfields and later, Len Collins, and finally decided it was time to start up the party again in the later afternoon. Oh yes, Dr. Tillman opened his car trunk after lunch and lo and behold, there was a plentitude of paperback sf (his father's collection) - we were picking over the titles until he announced the price, 10¢, after which it was grabtime. We went down to the pool where the offuttspring had been spending the weekend, watched Dany Frolich make some fancy nameplates for Andy and Jodie; then found Irvin Koch, Dr. Tillman and the Greenbergs inclined to try, across the much travelled highway, a steak place. On return the traditional hearts cardgame was going in the con suite and with her bloodlust aroused by vanquishing the infamous Reinhardt the weekend before at the noble sport, Penny was wont to engage. The Nashville duo and the offuts returned from Long John's (a pirate restaurant, not the underwear factory of the same name) and the evening was started. Please do not ask for details; suffice it to say, it was very enjoyable, both there and in the Freas' rooms as before. I learned a lot and got a lot of ideas from a lot of interesting people; I also had the drunk's delight of getting blotto a few people who are seldom snookered. We had informally decided (as a meeting) that next year's uppersouthclave would be held in Nashville and hosted by John Hollis and Ken Moore.

Sunday closed out the artshow and the con. I remember that I got a Morris Dollens painting of a comet over Mars which could be used to replace the ERB view of Mars by him I have in my planetary art collection and Glenda whom I had to outbid the year before got the second best, one that I admired, too. Sean Summers picked up a Frolich piece; Ned Brooks sold me my last required Lafferty book, Arrive at Easterwine and other people were after Dany's pieces which were not for sale, borrowing them for zine covers or persuading Mary to let the works go for a price. Since Dany was the only HPL contributor there, I asked him to autograph the pieces he had provided for my signature copy of the magazine (he wore out doing this for others as well).

A personal view is that TriClave served its purpose (for me) well-- it had been a long dry spell since worldcon and I missed the stimulation of other fans (more than the occasional visit at our house, that is). Also it is a meeting place for the upper south people who don't always get to other cons. A number of regrettable factors made the turnout lighter than expected and despite the personal contributions of some of us the sponsors lost money on the deal. But Irvin's idea from last year was a good one and this tradition should be continued, if at all feasible.

SUPPLEMENT TO ROSTER #3

(on the reverse you will find changes of address and additions to Roster #3, alphabetically by state - making these changes yourself saves us a lot of money in reprinting the fan roster and takes but a few minutes of your time). Below are addresses which should be deleted

Fla - Craddock, Hale, Koch (see additions under Tenn.)

Kentucky - Castle, Harrod, Lane, Shepherd (by marriage)

Tenn. - Brichetto, Chamberlain, Combs, Cracknell, Dale, Dougherty, Eighner, Forgey, Foster, Gregg, Isaacs (both), JJ Johnson, Jones, Milgore, Koerber, Mannon, Mear, Myers, Newport, Osborn, Pappas, Poe, Riggs, Sams (see additions under Ga.), Scott, Smith, Underwood, Wagoner, Wallace, Wilson, Worsham

SUPPLEMENT TO ROSTER #3 (save this with your roster - if you can't find yours, buy another by paying \$1 1972-73 dues)

Changes of Address:

Alabama - Anderson, Jeffrey S., 417 Holmes Ave. N.E., Hunstville 35801
Inzer; George - forwarding address in Bham is okay

Florida - Clark; Douglas O., 2624 So. Kingshway, Apt. 12, St. Louis Mo
Green, Rosie (now Clark -same as above- congratulations)
Ferguson, Eric III, 55 So. Atlantic #7, Cocoa Beach 32931
Siclari, Joe D., 1607 McCaskill Ave. #4, Tallahassee 32304
Zotti, Pat, 470 E. McNab Road #2, Pompano Beach 33060 (ST)

Georgia - Ruth Dawn Early & J.D. Llewellyn are wed. Congratulations.

Kentucky - Cliff & Vary Amos, 1450 So. 3rd St., Louisville 40208
Gonderman, Gary, 215 W. St. Catherine St., Louisville 40203
Kaufman, Keith, 1079 Eastern Parkway, Louisville 40217
Moss, Ralph, 1232 Garvin Place #1, Louisville 40203
Turner, Marian, 1420 Phyllis Ave., Louisville 40215
Young, Jack C., 4208 Hillbrook Drive, Louisville 40220

La. - Bruce, Bill, 7365 Ruston Drive, Baker, La. 70714
Frolich; Dany & Mary, 1933 JoAnn Place, New Orleans 70114
Lillian, Guy III, #3 Driftwood Blvd., Kenner 70062 (forward)

Miss. Parker, Dr. Wayne, Box 3891, State College 39762

N.C. Dixon, Buzz, c/o 905 Weston, Raleigh 27610 (in military?)
Ferrell, Eddie, Rt. 7, Box 524-C, Charlotte 28213
Hoffman, Steve & Mary, 2211 Rada Drive, Durham, 27703
Whiteside, Scott, 715 No. Blount St., Raleigh 27603

S.C. Terra Incognita

Tenn. - Chesney, Landen, 210 High St., Chattanooga 37403
Harris; James W., 3422 Mayflower Ave., Memphis 38122
Multog, Raleigh, P.O. Box 674, McMinnville 37110

ADDITIONS TO ROSTER

Alabama - Confer, Bill, 326 E. Glen Ave., Auburn 36830 (comics)
Love; Frank A., 1217 Chester St., Birmingham 35226
Main, Mike, 9207 Navios Drive S.E., Huntsville 35803

Florida - Ellis, John, 735 Raseland Drive, West Palm Beach 33405
Johnson, John D., P.O. Box 50961, Jacksonville Beach 32250
Van Arnam, Dave, 809 Arlington Ave. No, St. Pete 33701

Georgia - Ahlstrom, Sven, Box 2335, Rome 30161
Collins, Tom, Orion Magazine, Lakemont, 30552
Hopper, Janice, 25 Hollis St., Forsyth 31029
Sams, BB, C203//600 Northern Ave., Clarkston 30021 (art)

Kentucky - Amos, Ken, 7005 Bedford Lane, Louisville 40222
Arnold; Pat, 9210 Trenta Lane, Fern Breek 40291
Beatty, Steve, 1662 College Terrace Drive, Murray 42071
Blevens, George R., 2819 W. Market St., Louisville 40212

Louisiana - Carlberg, Stven, 3900 Graustark #302, Houston, Texas 77006

Tennessee - Crow, Frank, 3171 Glengary Cove, Memphis 38128
Garland, Juergen, 1447 Highlands Way, Hixson 37343
Hillhouse, Bruce, 802 E. Main #35, Murfreesboro 37130
Koch, Irvin, c/o 835 Chattanooga Bank Bldg, Chatta 37402

Virginia - Gibson, Tag, 1341 Gabriel Drive, Norfolk 23502
Drake, Tom, 1612 Abingdon Drive #202, Alexandria 22310
Marion, Timothy C., 614-72nd St, Newport News 23605
Merrill, Lee, 19105 Perry St., Triangle 22172
Weston, Ronald, 5107 S. 10th St. #3, Arlington 22204

Miscellaneous stuff:

More COAS: George Inzer, 809 Kewadin Village, Mt. Pleasant Mich 48858
Paul Harwitz, 801 Onslow Street, Durham N.C. 27705
Cecil Hutto, 2500 Oliver Rd, #C, Monroe, La. 71201
Curtis Meadow (La.) is lost
Earl Johnson Jr., 343-53rd Ave. No., Nashville, Tenn. 37209

Financial report as of August 17, 1972 (pubdate): Balance Forward
from fiscal 1971-72 --- \$36.00

THE ONLY 1972-73 members paid to date are: Ala: Bill Campbell, George
Inzer, Frank Love, Burt McDowell, Kay Temple, Meade & Penny Frierson

Fla - L'shaya Salkind

Ga. - Janice Hopper

Ky. - Beth Moore; James William Taylor

N.C. - Paul Harwitz, Mary Schaub, Betty Stinson

Tenn. - Irvin Koch, Pamela L. Caruthers

Va. - Tag Gibson

Treasury stands at: \$54.00 (Temple's \$1 was in the \$36.00) Keep that
money comin' in, folks! two years in the red is enough!

AREA ZINES (continued):

NOSFAN 21 (July, 1972) -16pp, Eds Peter Bezbak, 504 Ridgewood Drive,
Metairie, La. 70001; Mng.Ed. Dennis Dolbear, 217 Betz Ave., N.O., La.
70121. This is official newzine of N.O.S.F.A. featuring meetings and
news of area interest. Inquire of either for back issues, subs, etc.

Free Fall #1 (Mike Main, 9207 Navios Drive SE, Huntsville, Ala. 35803)
50¢, 26 pp, has strip, Roy Thomas article (on, not by), Star Trek
material including interview with James Blish, interview with Mark
Evanier, Dr. Doom article.

Free Fall #2 (same as above)- less artwork but more articles. Inter-
esting, particularly the Superman analysis.

Oxytotic VI (Michael T. Shoemaker, 2123 N. Early St., Alexandria,
Va. 22302), 35pp, ditto, 20¢ or trade, LoC, etc. Interesting comment
on current high school scene; pre-Hugo Hugos chosen by ye editor;
lettercol; book reviews.

Despite opinions to the contrary in New Orleans, I still recommend
all southerners subscribed to Locus, a bi-weekly newspaper covering
the science fiction field, to quote their colophon or whatever. It is
12/\$3 from Charlie Brown, 3400 Ulloa St., San Francisco, Calif 94116.

This newsletter reviews fanzines, books, gets the market news on
whose buying sf, publishes artwork, keeps up with forthcoming stuff
(TV, movies, magazine contents for next several issues, paperbacks &
book club selections, etc). Really great coverage for the devotee of
sf reading and/or collecting.

Check out the next page for news of the forthcoming southern projects
as best I can learn about them to date - - - - -

Projects in the offing:

Gonomy* (Pamela L. Caruthers, 19 South Tucker #7, Memphis, Tenn. 38104) is to be a Star-Trek zine (see SFC Bulletin 4)

Syzygy (Wade Gilbreath, Willard Harrison, Kathie Farnell - see address in Roster #3) will feature interviews such as one with Andre Norton, ST artwork. Still needs contributions.

Huitloxopetl 8 (genzine edition)- Meade Frierson III, 3705 Woodvale Road, Birmingham, Ala. 35223 - this prolific publishers first attempt at a normal sf fanzine (after self-written 100s of pages) with contributions of articles, fiction and artwork from southern contributors. Would like to make this a showcase of southern writing and art. Help.

Diversity #3 (MSFA, c/o Greg Bridges, 3741 Poplar St., Memphis, Tenn 38111. This may be fairly near completion. Inquire if contris are needed.

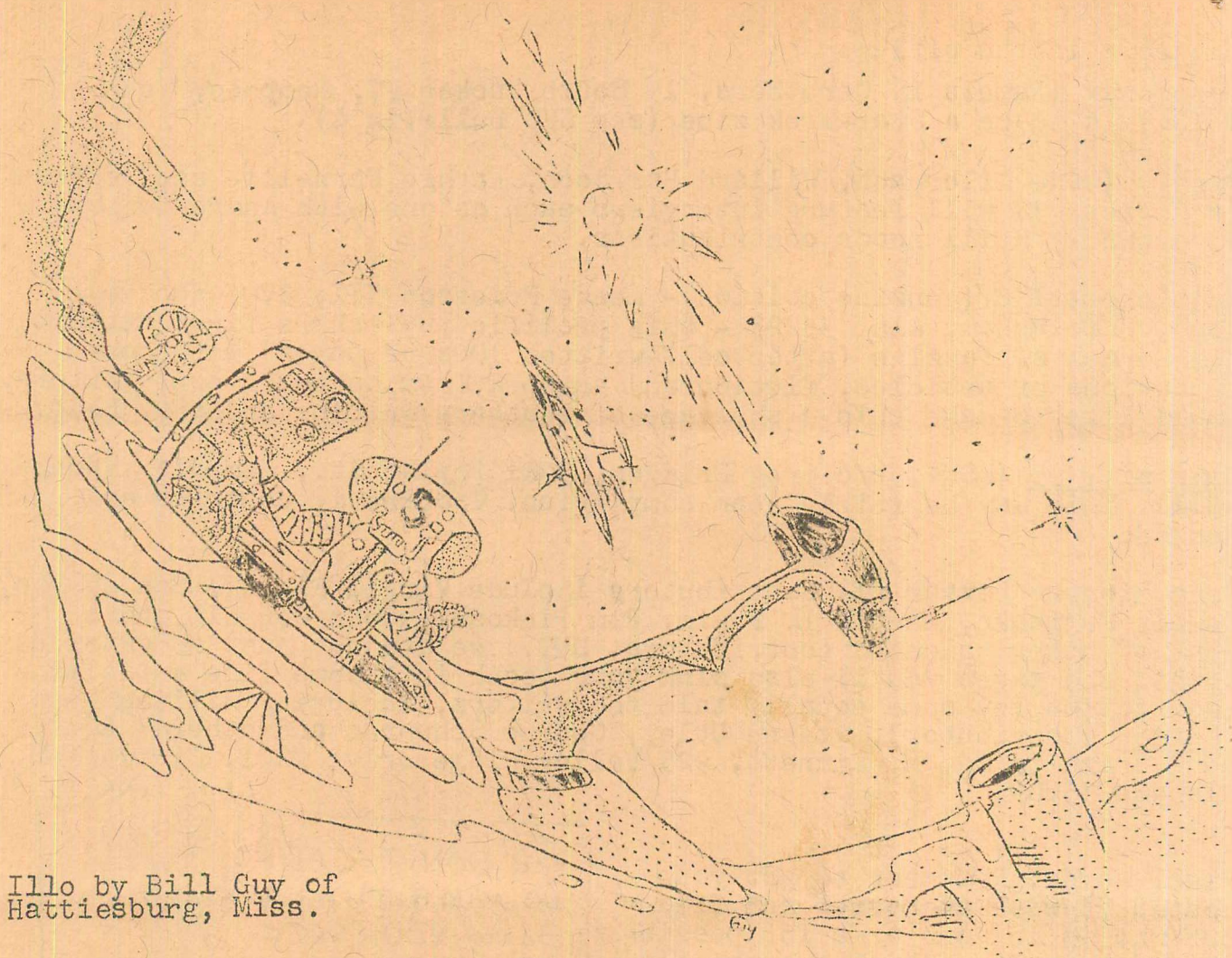
"The Bizarre Bazaar #1. Contributors include Virgil Finlay, Dan Adkins, Dennis Fujitake, Martin L. Freim, Jim Pinkoski, John Cornell and a host of other talented contributors. BUT...we are not just an artzine. Within the pages you'll also sink your teeth into some fine articles and fiction (by some equally talented writers, including William Rupp (Analog contributor), Steven Utley, George Schwartz and others. 40 pp." Write to Sam M. Bennett, 925 Valley Ridge Drive #201, Birmingham Alabama 35209.

Final Words: Remember to get your Roster #3 with addresses and find out who is in your area for possible fan activity. Check out the old Bulletin #4 for club info and more fanzines. Support Your Local Fanzines - they are the enduring facet of fanac, after all. Years from now.. etc.

In the next bulletin if you will be cooperative, we'll feature any fanzines you submit, any activity you care to report on, con reports, corrections of the ever-changing addresses and additions of new fans unearthed at the cons and the long-awaited listing of special interests of people on the Roster who will write us telling of their special interests and also of their ability as writer of fiction and/or article and drawing ability.

Become involved in the new active southern fandom of the 70's; let yourself be heard from today.





Illo by Bill Guy of
Hattiesburg, Miss.

From: Southern Fandom Confederation
c/o Meade Frierson III
3705 Woodvale Road
Birmingham, Alabama 35223

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