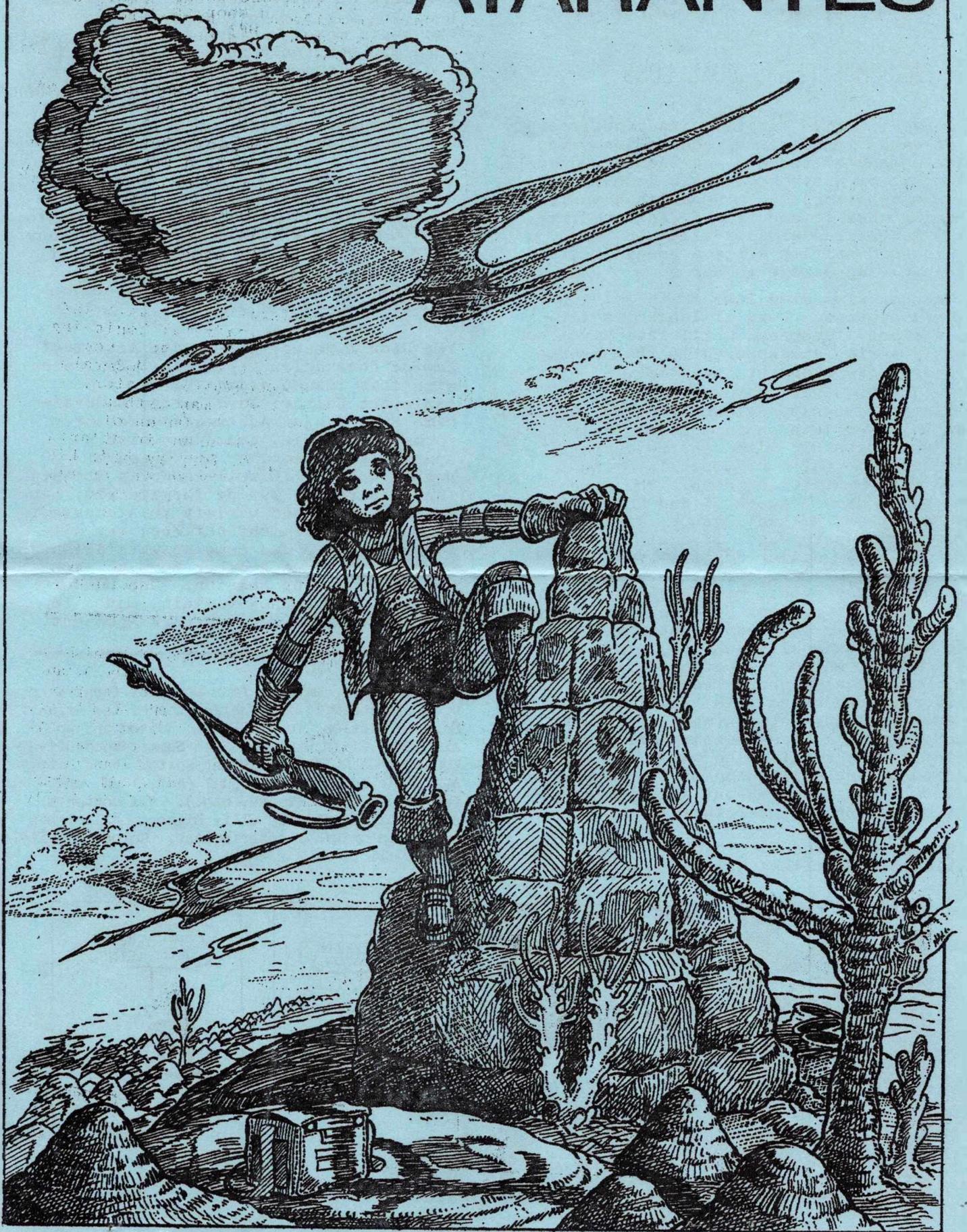


# ATARANTES



# CHOICE CUTS

## FANDOM SUFFERS DUAL LOSS

Janie Lamb, active Tennessee fan, chairperson of early Tennessee sf conventions, and active member of the SFC and the NSF, died last month of a stroke. Irvin Koch reports that she was attending a Republican party gathering when it occurred. Janie had recently reappeared at Knoxville's Satyricon, in good spirits after a round of bad luck involving damage to her home.

Lou Tabakow also died last month, of Lou Gehrig's disease. Word of Tabakow's illness was not widespread until late March or early April, and apparently the disease was fairly far along by that time.

The Emory University Science Fiction Symposium held May 16th on campus, was only marginally successful, although the university was willing to put more money into the school's science fiction club. The symposium, which drew between 50 and 60 people, feature authors Michael Bishop, Jack Williamson, and Jerry Page, in addition to films and a one-dealer dealers' room. A goodly number of ASFiC members turned out for the one-day event, making up about 20% of the total attendees. The relatively tiny number of people who turned out for the events was occasionally awkward, since the function room was designed for 5 times that many, but the atmosphere was casual enough to allow attendees to talk individually with the authors. Guy Coburn (who, along with Ginger Kaderabek, was in charge of organizing the event) admitted he was a bit disappointed by the small size of the crowd, but still felt optimistic about another such event occurring in the future.

ASFiCon 2 is slated for October 23-25, 1981 at Atlanta's Northlake Hilton, and John M.

Ford, Sharon Webb, and George Alec Effinger have all announced their intentions to attend the convention. Memberships are \$10 each from ASFiCon, 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw GA 30144; dealers' tables are becoming a bit more scarce, and any dealer who wants more than one table is urged to send \$20 per table as soon as possible. The hotel is asking that a room reservation be accompanied by a one night's deposit, and reservation cards are available upon request, as well as being printed on the back side of the convention flyer.

Brad Linaweaver, author of "Der Krapp" in these pages, made his third appearance on the radio program "The King of Schlock" (WRFG) on May 27 for a special two hour show on Godzilla and Gamera. Now, if only WRFG had sufficient power to reach more than two miles in each direction from the broadcast tower...

*The Didn't-We-Do-This-Before Assistant Editor Coronation Department:* Beginning with this issue, *Atarantes* has a new Assistant Editor: Ward Batty, Moderate Name Fan, *TruJan Adventures* creator, format-type whiz, and a man with a special affection for the Queen of Hearts. Wardo is well-known in Atlanta fandom already, ~~but we forgive him~~; his skills should add variety to *Atarantes*. Oh, the issues might not look any different, but we can come up with all-new ways to drive each other bozo at each month's paste-up session. Deb Hammer Johnson, now a Knox-villain, moves to the position of Foreign Correspondent.

*Atarantes* #48, marking four years of fannish service, is the Official Publication of the Atlanta Science Fiction Club (ASFiC). Edited and published by Cliff Biggers, 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw GA 30144; Assistant Editor, Ward Batty. Available \$4/12 or The Usual (art, locs, written pieces, news, trade, etc.). All contents copyright (c) 1981 by Cliff Biggers; all rights revert to original contributors. Colophonically, that's all...

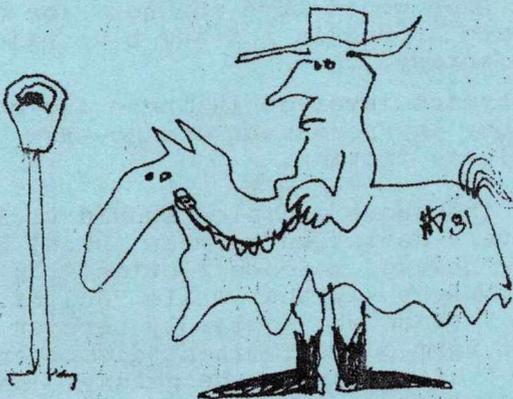


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The tentative date for Attention/ASFiCon, the convention planned by the Atlanta-in-82-DSC bid committee, is June 11-13, 1982. Hotel negotiations for the proposed DSC are underway, and chairman Mike Weber is hoping that 1982 will extend the tradition (begun in 1970) of having the DSC in Atlanta in even-numbered years.

The ABA Convention, held in Atlanta May 23-26, was a book-fan's holiday; 20,000 people attended the convention, which had displays from every major publisher. The highlight of the convention was the DAW Books 10th anniversary party; Ben Bova, David Hartwell, Andy Porter, and other science fiction notables turned out for the celebration of a decade of DAW Books, and Don and Elsie Wollheim seemed ecstatic about the event. While there seems to be a less active push for the sf market nowadays than there has been in years past, a large amount of sf was seen on publisher's lists of upcoming books, and science fiction authors were a significant part of the convention, with Alan Dean Foster, Ben Bova, Roger Zelazny, and horror writer Peter Straub holding autographing events. Jim Davis (Garfield) and Garry Trudeau (Doodles) were also in Atlanta for the convention. Due to an absurd Georgia law making illegal the display of books or magazines that might arouse lust in a minor, however, the ABA will not return to Atlanta in the foreseeable future; repeal of this antiquated form of censorship might encourage them to come back to the city, it was stated in the daily con newsletter.

Ward Batty says that he isn't actually negotiating with an alternative publisher for a book, as was reported in the last issue; he has sold a page to Fantaco Enterprises, and optimistically views this as a move in the right direction (this is the same company that publishes Fred Hembeck's books, for instance). He refuses to respond to the rumors that he is planning to take over an alternative publisher entirely, however, and publish Trufaan Adventures, Bambioids, and Weird Southern Fried Fandom Tales.

URBAN COWBOY CONTEMPLATING  
URBAN HITCHING POST.



Plans for ABCcon are shaping up well, according to chairperson Iris Brown; the convention will be held June 27 & 28 at the Roman Inn on Hwy 411 in Rome, Georgia. Iris plans to have a bit of fancish programming in addition to the usual prolonged party at ABCcons; memberships are \$2 for club members, \$3 for non-members.

## MEETING

JUNE'S PROGRAM will be a presentation of slides of the Space Shuttle launch, followed by a discussion of "L-5, NASA, and the Politicization of Fandom." Also at this meeting will be a vote-selection of a film for the July meeting, organized by Larry Hanson, as well as the usual socializing, hearts-playing, and all-around good fancishness. FOR ASFiCON 2 COMMITTEE MEMBERS, there will be a concommittee meeting at 6:30 pm.

This month's meeting will be held June 20th, with the business meeting beginning at 8:00 and the programming following that business meeting.

JULY'S PROGRAM is scheduled to be the film that we vote that we vote on in June, if Larry Hanson is able to get the film on a one-month notice. We'd like to see a lot of people show up for this meeting, by the way, so talk it up to your friends--ASFiC can always use new members!

The July meeting will be July 18th, at the same site (Peachtree Bank Community Room, 4525 Chamblee-Dunwoody Road).

Remember that, once you have attended your first ASFiC meeting, you have two options for dues: you can pay \$2 each meeting after that (non-voting membership), or you can pay a pro-rated dues amount for the remainder of the calendar year (\$6 for the rest of 1981) (voting membership). If you were a member of ASFiC last year, have been attending this year, and just haven't gotten around to paying dues, your dues are still \$10.

To get to the meeting site, get on I-285 north of Atlanta, between I-75 and I-85. Coming from the west, take the Chamblee-Dunwoody exit, turn left, and proceed approximately 1/4 mile; the Peachtree Bank Building will be on the right, next to a Steak 'n Shake. Coming from the east, take the Chamblee-Dunwoody exit; this will put you on an access road that you will take for approximately a mile or a mile and a half; when this access road takes you to Chamblee-Dunwoody Road, turn right, proceed approximately a quarter of a mile, and the bank will be on your right. Parking is available in the rear of the building, and the entrance to the meeting room is also in the back.

SCI FI  
OR NOT  
SCI FI  
BY RALPH ROBERTS



It seems of late that I am besieged by the term "sci fi." Newspaper articles refer to me as a "sci fi" writer (despite firm explanations to the interviewing reporters that science fiction fans and professionals alike find that label patently disgusting). Even my local book dealer has an offensive habit of vainly trying to end arguments by smugly exclaiming, "Sci Fi shall never die!" while blithely shelving Perry Rhodan and Cap Kennedy paperbacks along side Heinlein, Clarke, Simov, et al (only with some reluctance does he keep the UFO and occult in a separate section). And to top all this off, a few members of the local science fiction club were having trouble comprehending the difference between (shudder) sci fi and true science fiction during a recent meeting. I immediately saw the need for a scholarly definition.

Alas, the very people most needing to understand the difference between true science fiction and the abomination of sci fi tend to see only in stark shades of black and white; the subtle half-tones of reason pass them virtually undetected. So, after some thought, I have determined that the best explanation would be a series of examples. Hopefully, these will forever settle the burning questions of those who would know the dissimilarity of (gag) sci fi and science fiction.

--1--

(a) BEM's (bug-eyed monsters) chasing with lecherous intent after buxom human females clad in transparent space helmets and little else (as in the classic pulp magazines of years gone by)--That's Sci Fi.

(b) The problems that beautiful young Cynthia encounters in her passionate love affair with a multi-tentacled, green-skinned Glarg and prejudices attending such mixed marriages even in twenty-sixth century America--That's science fiction.

--2--

(a) Commander Adama leading a ragtag band of ships across the galaxy in search of a distant planet called "earth" with everybody (fer gawd's sake) wearing helmets fashioned like ancient Egyptian head-dresses--now that's Sci Fi...

(b) A dog doing Lorne Green-food commercials on TV ("He's eighty years old, that's almost nine years for a dog!")--is science fiction.

--3--

(a) UFO's playing "name that tune" with Richard Dreyfuss is Sci Fi...

(b) A gigantic sentient planetoid landing on Earth, crushing the Rocky Mountains to dust, and inquiring directions as to the best route to Procyon IX--that's science fiction (when he insists on using the restroom while here, that's plot complication.)

--4--

(a) A man who achieves superhuman powers, invulnerability, the ability to fly, and is able to leap tall building just because he leaves his homeworld and comes to Earth--that is Sci Fi...

(b) That a hard-bitten professional reporter like Lois Lane would have the hots for a guy who runs around in red and blue pajamas --that's fantasy...

(c) The physics involved in these two making love without any permanent damage--now that's science fiction.

-----

I believe the above examples should vividly show the vast deviation between (ecch) Sci Fi and our beloved science fiction. In closing, I might say that while "Sci Fi will never die," those who foolishly persist in using that term court imminent dismemberment from trufans across the galaxy. And that's science fact.

Dave Szurek  
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Detroit, MI 48201

I'm not into personality  
cults and am inclined to  
find them distasteful.  
It's been a long time  
since I've been in high

school, and I've never been a groupie.  
(That doesn't mean that there aren't personalities I like and the reverse, but I can't see "woshipping" any of them.) Beyond gut reaction, I'll outline the reasons behind my aversion to this practice. One, it detracts from the concept of equality, but that goes without saying. Two, its emphasis is on outward manifestation rather than on inner being, and I guess it's pretty obvious which aspect of a sentient being I support. Even when we think that a person's outward demeanor accurately reflects his or her internal nature, we're relying strictly on what we can see. This impression might be incorrect, or it might just be limited. The only person who can see further is the one experiencing the life. Artificiality and lack of demonstrativeness aren't necessarily the same thing. The doctrine that individuals exist only (or even chiefly) for the sake of pleasing observers is one I reject. Third, putting a figure on a pedestal is actually a disservice to a person for it throws away the possibility of them being accepted as an equal. Deities may be revered, but approached as a fellow being, they ain't. Falling from a pedestal can be mighty perilous. "Larger than life" is close in proximity to its superficial "polar opposite" (aren't most seeming polar opposites superficial?) "smaller than life" and unfortunately, there's rarely a middle ground to use as a landing strip. Descent from a pedestal is an immediate journey to the bottomless pit. Those in the center (and upper rungs of the center) have a wider variety of options.

Like you and most fans I've met, I'm a confirmed mail freak. I've always been a mail freak, and it isn't inconceivable that I always will be. Yes, I do like science fiction (being a heretic, I also enjoy films, comics, and more than any of these subjects. fanzines), but I've sometimes wondered if my "chief" reason for being in fandom is related to my passion for things postal. If so, I'm not prepared to lose sleep worrying about it. I don't accept the theory that an interest in SF indicates genius.

Nice lettercolumn. Nice discussion on Southern Fandom (but do I think of myself as a "Northern fan?" No, but if I were inundated with that label by external forces, maybe I would) and whether or not fandom should represent a "United Front" to the mundane world. About the latter,

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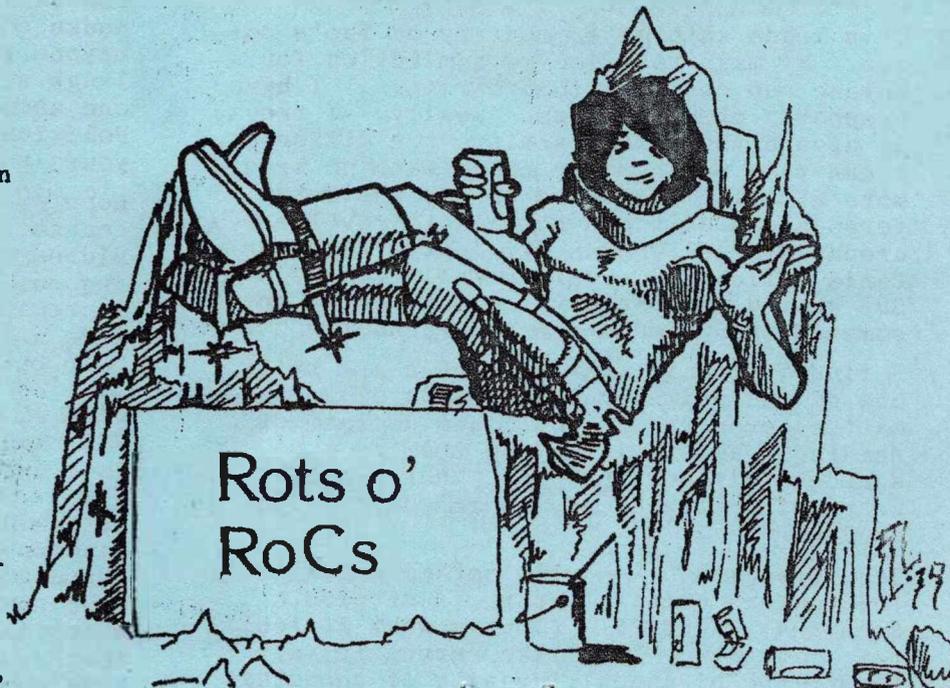
I'll cast a "no" vote. Hey, let's all walk our own paths, okay? Is it necessary to justify our interests in the eyes of outsiders before we can allow ourselves to enjoy them in the privacy of our own heads and in the company of like-minded individuals? I don't think so. Does any genre have to be better or worse than all others in order to be of worth? I see no reason that we should apologize (and isn't that often what "justification" is?) for who we are or what we like, just as I see no reason for others to apologize to us. Maybe what I'm saying sounds like a separatist and isolationist viewpoint--I don't know and frankly I don't care--but I do hope that I've made my outlook clear, for I'm rapidly getting tired of harping on the topic, myself.

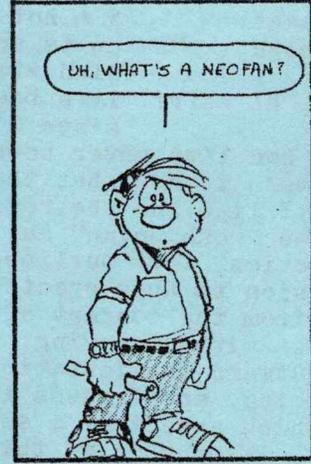
Sure, Southern fan were Southerners before they were fans, but even more to the point, ALL fans were sentient beings before they were fans (I'm not implying that changeover ceases this state). And even after the supposed "transition" has taken place, the matter remains unaltered. Unfortunately, too many fans lose sight of this, perceiving themselves as fans first and human beings second, later, or not at all. This is sad. Nobody is just anything; they may also be this or that...

Robert Runte  
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A very fanish (and very good) issue you have here. All the fanish enthusiasm you and Deb and Sue manage to convey in your respective columns has helped somewhat to offset the defeatist disillusionment I've been getting from my gaffing friends. \*sigh\*

My mind boggles to read Sue's claim to have attended 56 cons in eight years. Here in Edmonton I'm 800 miles from the next near-





est con (Vancouver and/or Seattle) and have attended only six cons in my six years in fandom. I wonder what it must be like to live in the states somewhere close to a bunch of cons and have the money to go to them.

Deb Hammer Johnson  
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Knoxville, TN 37921

I was tickled to see the Heath artwork on the cover as well as the

"Heath vs. Collins" illo inside. Fanartists are an exotic sort to me. Fanwriters are language people, full of puns, hyperbole, and dangling participles. Their visual counterparts are equally perverse in their own way. I've talked with Ward Batty a time or two about how "faanartists" compare with comic fan artist in term of quality and talent. While my familiarity with the latter is scant, I've always enjoyed the personality of zine artwork. To me, the work of Jerry, Wade, or Charlie is an extension of my activities with them. Jerry's artwork is an activity. He is a one man programming item at meetings.

This leads into my commentary on Sue's column. My main reaction is admiration for anyone who can talk to prowriters. I have phobia about writers. Really. I freeze up around them. But artists are different. I can talk to them for hours with no tremors at all. It's hard to say whether a personality cult can be said to revolve around Michael Whelan, Vincent DiFate, or Boris Vallejo. Certainly Kelly Freas. But what a personality! He and Polly are some of the prime shapers in fandom.

I find it ironic that pro-GoH's are still one of the prime considerations of a concommittee, even though most fans declaim sf reading. We still rely on them as our source. Without the pros, there would be no sf. Without sf, there would be no fandom.

Jane Boster  
139 Eastern Hills  
Richmond, KY 40475

I'm not moving, just going in circles. (That's what it feels like currently, at

least; the bi-annual insanity of changing

domiciles...aaarrgh.) Consequently, I haven't time for a really long loc. I did want to mention, though I'm sure everyone has heard by now, that Lou Tabakow died on May 17th. There's not much I can say about it that hasn't already been said by more eloquent spokesmen: how good he was, and kind, and generous, and courageous. Rusty Hevelin gave a very well done eulogy at the funeral. No more; I've finally gotten through most of the unspecified feelings of pure anger over Lou's death, but it's not nearly remote enough for me to be coherent about it. As a final note, the family has requested that in lieu of other gestures, people wishing to express sympathy make a donation to the ALS foundation. (Address: National ALS Foundation, 185 Madison Ave., NYC 10157) (ALS stands for Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis, popularly known as Lou Gehrig's disease, and hereafter, especially in fandom, also known as Lou Tabakow's.)

As usual, *Atarantes* was worth reading. I especially enjoyed (even while wincing) the Kudzu column's "Secret Lines"...I hope everyone laughed. (Let's hope we can still laugh at ourselves.) But you forgot that one about Those OTHER Guys Who Take Fan Politics Sooo Seriously--or was that in your industrial Strength Kit?

Hope everyone enjoys the ABCCon, though of course we wish you all would come up to MidwestCon. (And wish us luck--we're trying out a new hotel this year. After the incredible hassles of the last two cons I've attended (Balticon and Kubla), I can't help but be a little nervous...)

M. Ruth Minyard  
5587 Robinson Rd Exit  
Jackson, MS 39204

I just received *Atar* #47--a good issue, and I enjoyed it. But I'm disturbed

at the Denvention news; it looks like I'll have to bring up same business at our next Chimneyville F & SF Society meeting. Our club sent membership money to the Worldcon specifically for the purpose of voting for the Hugo awards, with the added desire to have copies of the con publications for our

7  
library; well, we learned that they aren't sending PR 1 or 2 to late-joining folks (to my mind, a bit of false advertising; their ads still say "membership entitles you to all con publications"). And now the clubs can't vote for the Awards. I think we'll be writing them a business letter...

I must say I'm glad I had already decided not to attend Denvention; everything I read about and from that group gives me that gut feeling of "Troubled Con"! I can't afford to go to a worldcon and be disappointed, hassled, and annoyed by committee foulups. I'm not a particularly demanding con attendee; but with the high cost of cons these days, I want to be able to enjoy myself at the ones I do attend...

I've been enjoying the debate about Southern fandom in your lettercol and columns...I won't try to contribute, because I think the debate has about run its course. But I do enjoy your lively lettercol.

"Kudzu" was great; I laughed all the way through it. You've a wicked pen, Cliff Biggers, and a good ear. I'll have to remember to pass that article around at the next meeting; we've a few Neofen who wonder what to say at cons.

Keep up the fine work; I'm sure you don't need me to tell you this, but *Atarantes* is really excellent.

Brian Earl Brown  
16711 Burt Rd. #207  
Detroit, MI 48219

Denice mentions seeing in a MOTHER EARTH NEWS that kudzu was edible, which suggests

a cure for that creeping parasite. Maybe if we started a rumor that it was a new and better dope. ((If we did, I can think of a half a dozen fans who could clear out most of the South of its kudzu in a matter of months.))

The bond paper looks and feels nice, but the offsetting is a detraction. Alas, Gestetner's mimeo paper costs so much...

As a northerner who just attended his first Southern convention, I confess to finding several differences that were distinctly "southern." Room parties aren't advertised, nor are door left open to let wanderers in. Unless one was part of the "in" group, one wouldn't know that there were any parties going on. And the principal fans I associated with at Satyricon displayed a group attitude that seemed striking Southern (or all those Burt Reynolds movies have led me astray...)

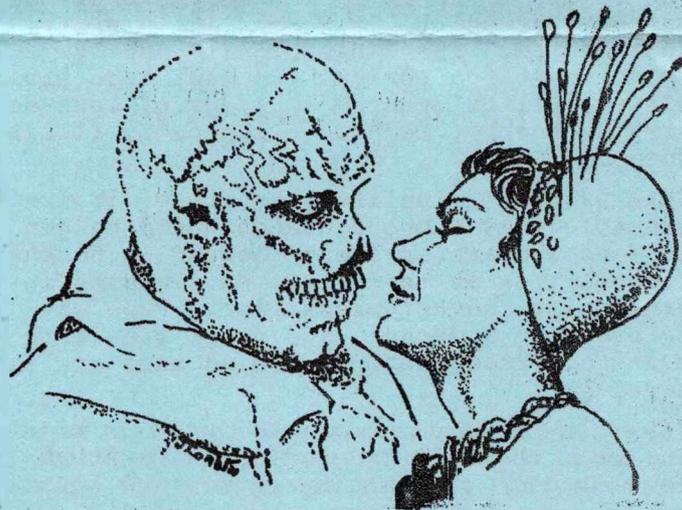
((Ross Pavlac once remarked that Southerners have open parties—you just have to know what door to knock on, and they'll let anyone in. That's pretty much true—but there were very, very few parties at Satyricon, which makes it an atypical convention. Much of what went on behind closed doors at Satyricon wasn't fannish partying, I'd bet—it was sleeping, talking, and a few less legal things. It was a fine convention, but strangely devoid of any large parties that usually mark Southern cons.))

Personally, I don't see the point of color-coding name badges so neos can find the pros easier. Cons aren't for neos to glorify

pros. Cons are where fans get together with other fans of science fiction. Some of those fans also happen to write it, but they are for all that still fans. Color-coding name badges makes for an artificial distinction between equal fans, making some more equal than others. Besides, if you don't know who the pros are before the convention, what would you have to talk to them about? One needs a common ground to interesting conversation.

Your comments in "Kudzu" about how regions don't know what are Hot Issues in other regions is certainly on the mark, and it suggests that what a fannish newszine needs are regional correspondents to inform them what is hot and what is not in their corner of fandom. What I liked about the fanzine *DNQ* was that, while it didn't have this sort of regional coverage, it did attempt to report the mood of fandom rather than just a list of clubs, cons, and such.

I hope you aren't getting burned out with *Atar* like the Lynches did with *Chat*. It's hard to appreciate how good and enjoyable a monthly fanzine is until one folds. Fannish communication is, today, much too slow. ((At one point, I was beginning to feel the dreaded fanzine burnout—but that's where an assistant editor comes in. With Ward around, putting together an issue is too much fun for me to suffer that burnout for a good while.))



Guy H. Ullian III  
102 S. Mendenhall #13  
Greensboro, NC

*Atar* #47 is a very, very entertaining zine...for some reason the Southern newszines are a much better read than those from elsewhere. It's our regional identity & personality blooming through.

Sorry you weren't at Kubla Khan, even though it wasn't a particularly successful con. The hotel facility was gorgeous, but the staff was terrified of us and correspondingly rude and arrogant. Nevertheless, Kubla was a good chance to party...

Tim Bolgeo of Chattanooga was campaigning for that city's 1982 DSC bid; I take it that he hasn't announced the run officially yet,



but it was certainly no secret. Bolgeo is a nice enough fellow, but I fear that he'll have no luck--not only did the present Chattanooga power structure put the screws to Dick Lynch, one of the South's more outstanding actifans, but Atlanta is bidding. Mike Weber will put on a strong bid, I trust, & bolstered by the friendships all of you have accrued--well, no contest.

Your comments on the Rebel Award were interesting, although I don't think any recent winner "toted his own horn" at conventions. At Kubla, I tossed out the idea that the selection of the Rebel winner could be improved. The question in reply was "how?", and it stumped me. The major distinction the DSC retains in the con boom in the South is the Rebel Award, and one of the virtues of the DSC being a rotating con won by bidding is that this allows a number of different voices to speak on who in the South deserves the honor. It seems like a pretty just system. The danger in it--and it is by no means too serious--is that a deserving winner will be ignored in favor of less deserving people, because a concom is ill-informed.

This problem is unlikely to arise; it isn't probable that a DeepSouthCon could be won by fans who are so inexperienced in Southern fan politics as to neglect outstanding individuals. Nevertheless, Jerry Page was ignored for a decade, and other fans with years of accomplishment behind them are ignored yet.

((I see the primary problem with the Rebels as being one of absolutely NO existing qualifications for nomination; a glad-hander or partygoer can win a Rebel for that and nothing else, and that's not a very good reason for winning an award.))

Randy Satterfield  
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Marietta, GA 30067

What's all this "pass it on" nonsense I've been seeing in fanzines everywhere? Seems

like every time I open a zine these days, there's this little corner turned up with "pass it on" beside it. Must be some new cult financed by a bunch of weirdos--they're everywhere these days...

One thing I'm definitely not going to talk about is "Southern Fandom: Is It or Isn't It?" What more could possibly be said about it? A better question might be "why is it?" Not that that is an especially new question either, but it would seem to have a wider range of possibilities for deep philosophical discussions. One topic might be "Did science fiction give rise to fandom or did fandom give rise to fandom?" (And let's hear no snickers from those mind-in-the-gutter people) Another topic might be "Should pseudo-philosophical discussions be allowed in a fanzine?"

I'm still trying to recover from the ABA convention. It was an experience; now I have to have an escort whenever I go into a store to make sure I don't get into any trouble. I just can't understand why they want me to give them money for things--no one asked for money at the ABA. Must have something to do with the CIA... At the ABA, they were trying so hard for so long to give me free things that I'm not used to the idea of paying for them any more...

Marty Cantor

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No. Hollywood, CA 91601

Cliff, old bean,  
you certainly know  
how to hit a person where he is

the most vulnerable. I mean, I got home this evening and discovered *Atar* in the mailbox, and I am the person with less time for reading and loccing than most people. Unfortunately for your plan to drive me to distraction, this was an evening when I had to do my laundry, so I was able to read the zine whilst the machines were going around and around. Unfortunately for me, though, *Atar* has something in it that no other fanzine has--somehow or other I find that I just have to loc almost every issue. So now, if you will excuse me, I'll light up a cigar and commence loccing.

Starting with something written about me by Arthur Hlavaty (and hellow there, Arthur--fancy meeting you here). Arthur says that if you wanted to be really nasty you could offer to fly me to ASFIC. As Arthur does not elucidate on that statement it is quite possible that many of your readers will be confused by it. You see, I am absolutely

pass it on



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scared to death of flying. In fact, I get visibly upset when I get any higher off the ground than a stepladder. However, it is quite possible that I have some sort of death-wish or something of the sort--I have just purchased an aeroplane ticket for going to Denvention. Speaking of self-fulfilling prophecies, I just might be so scared on the aeroplane that my shaking might cause the plane to shake itself to pieces in midair--and then I would be! Anyway, if you do offer to fly me down there, I just might take you up on it. Even if you had to pour me off the aeroplane afterwards.

You, sir, are perpetuating a vile canard when you accuse me of running letters en masse without editing them. HTT's long lettercols have elicited this response before--and it is completely untrue. Whilst I have never kept an exact count on this, I believe that I print only a slight bit more than half of the words in the letters I receive. And when you are getting locs from such fine locers as Hlavaty, Glicksohn, Warner, Holdom, Schweitzer, Nicholas, D'Amassa, and many, many others, it is indeed difficult to cut down these letters--but I do it. It is the rare letter that is ever printed in toto--I may have printed a complete letter a half dozen times in the ten issues of HTT that I have produced. Several times, in fact, I have excised out parts of fine letters and edited them into articles--with some of the remaining parts being used as locs and the rest not being used at all. It takes a bit of editing to do that. No sir, I do quite a bit of editing of the HTT lettercol. I consider the lettercol of the zine to be its heart and soul (to use a cliché) and I spend a lot of time and care on it. HT is a fanzine whose contributors can use it to interact with both the editor and each other.

And, whilst I am on the subject of editing, I must mention the fact that, after writing my last loc to ATAR I had second thoughts about some of my nastiness and annoyance at the Denvention conglom--so I called you and told you that I may have reacted too strongly and I would not mind if you cut out those portions or toned them down a bit (not, though, that I did not mean what I had written). Well, you did not cut or soften. ((Not so, Marty, not so! I have your letter here, and I assure you that I did cut a good bit of your vitriol, by simply rephrasing it slightly. I feel that I kept your anger, but managed to strengthen its impact by dropping words such as "shithead" that you have used in the original. If you wish, I can send you the original to see that I specifically cut words that you mentioned over the phone, but--as I said--I did not cut anything that would affect the mood of your writing, or its message.))...

In a comment to Buck Coulson you say, "I see most Southern zines as being akin to the better aspects of British or some Canadian fanzines--a lot of casual tradition, a slight in-group feeling (but not too much)..." Are we reading the same zines? Most of the better fanzines from wherever have a distinctly strong feeling of in-groupishness. In this country the premier example of this is *Xenolith* (I nominated it for a Hugo), a zine so in-groupish as to be almost dense--and masterfully written and edited. All of the English fanzines are in-groupish (and very insular). And I see nothing wrong in this... By their very nature, though, I eliminate clubzines (or most clubzines) from this discussion as most clubzines have to be somewhat insular if they are to serve their club. And, speaking of insular, I dare say that it is possible that many of your readers are completely at sea over what it is that we are talking. All I can say is that they should make inquiries and acquire some addresses--there are many fascinating zines out there.

I would like to comment a little bit about Deb Hammer Johnson's article. Hers is the first account that I have read about how it might be to enter fandom when one is already adult. S'funny--I discovered fandom just before my fortieth birthday, yet I have never talked with anybody before about what the difference might be 'twixt fans who enter fandom as adults and those who enter as teenagers. It is obvious that there should be some sort of differences. In my case, though, I did not go through things as described by Deb. Of course, my entry into fandom was through LASFS, which is a very atypical way of entering fandom. Couple that with a peculiar, nay, warped outlook on things and one could easily expect that I would not react like other people. Without going into all of the details, I will merely say that my outlook made me an oldtime fan almost immediately. Neohood is merely a state of mind, anyway, and I have never been bothered with neo outlooks on anything that I have gone into.



# KADZU - covers the south

- BY CLIFF BIGGERS

An event was held in Atlanta recently that was the culmination of a three year's wait for Susan and myself: it was the year that the ABA returned to Atlanta!

The ABA is the American Bookseller's Association Convention, and it's a booklover's delight. We went as assistants to Randy Satterfield, ASFIC member, sf-bookstore owner, and bon vivant, and came back with an assortment of merchandise including, but not limited to, books, flower seeds, kool-aid, beef jerky, Perrier, jelly beans, canvas bags, bookshelves, and zebra banks.

Furthermore, all this stuff was being given away. Not sold, but given, free of charge, to everyone in the convention (except Ward Batty, but that's a different tale...). Those of us who talk fast and think quick came away with the best stuff, but no one walked out of the convention empty-handed.

The idea of things being given away prompted me to envision, along with the assistance of the aforementioned Randy and Ward and compatriot Susan, who always takes my ideas even further than I had considered, what might happen if such bizarre, out-of-the-ordinary thinking was directed at sf fandom. Here are a few of the things we came up with that we'd like to see:

- 1) A worldcon that required all members to carry weapons at all times, and would not allow them to be holstered. If one registered at the convention without a weapon, he would be required to purchase one from the convention before he could buy a membership.
- 2) A dealer's room that gave free samples, and where autographed books were sold at a lower price because they were written in (that already happens with Lin Carter, among others, but we envisioned Real Authors).

- 2) A Hugo ballot that selected *Amazing* as the best fanzine, and justified placing it in that category because the average issue makes less profit than *Locus*.
- 4) An art show that allowed nothing but unicorn drawings to be displayed, because humanoids are mundane and commercial, and non-sf artists have already illustrated them.
- 4) A "Best Glad-Hander" fan Hugo, so people might be nominated in the category they really excel in, instead of being nominated in bizarre categories like "Best Fan Artist" and "Best Fan Writer."
- 5) A fan feud judged like a debate and limited to 250 words from each side, with the loser having to wallow naked in SpeedoPrint mimeo ink, extra greasy, color optional.
- 5) A hotel that would block all fans on the same floors,..except for us, of course. Then, while everyone else discovers how loud his friends can really be while he's trying to catch some sleep, we can snooze in peace and say rude things about the color of his eyes the next morning.
- 6) A filk sing that required all singers and players to get within horseshoe-close distance of the right note three tries out of ten before allowing them to perform.
- 7) A "World's Smallest Apa Mailing," with all members submitting one-page zines on microfiche (got that one, Guy?).
- 8) A convention that outlawed the use of the word "party" as a verb, with offenders required to wear a mood ring, carry a Mr. Microphone, and ask everyone they meet "what's your sign?" (Or, if they choose, punctuate every conversation by loudly saying "smooth"; it's a fair substitute.)
- 9) A con banquet-and-speeches combination that required that the MC's introduction be no longer than the GoH's speech (boy, can I think of a con or two where I'd like to see that one...)
- 10) A corflu attachment for a Selectric to take the place of the white correction ribbon and allow you to automatically correct typos.

CONT'D. ON P. 14

# MINUTES & MONEY

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IRIS BROWN, SEC-TREAS

Moneywise, May was a very good month. We offer the following as evidence:

Income:	Expenses:	May	\$504.00
Auction 55.35	ABCCon 20.00		+100.35
Dues 45.00	Drinks 10.32		- 84.32
100.35	Atar 54.00		\$520.03
	84.32		

The Atlanta Science Fiction Club Meeting of May 16 began more or less at 8:10 p.m. Our Prez, Angela Howell brought the meeting to order and started off the evening by welcoming all the new faces and old die-hards. She pointed out that the meeting should be brief, in hopes of working in both the planned for auction and Piers Anthony discussion.

Our first announcement of the evening came from the president herself, as she told of the long awaited Italian feast that she and Rich will host the 4th of July Saturday. It's to be a combined ASFic and MYRIAD get-together, with everyone welcome to come. Dues paid club members get in for free, and non-members pay \$3 to help defray the costs of the shindig. Hot dogs and hamburgers will be available, as well as lots of Italian goodies. Members were advised to let Angela know if they were coming, so she'd know how many to plan for. In replay to her question, Binker Hughes was assured there would be plenty of room for a softball game between the classicists and the new-wavers. Everyone is urged to go and have a good time.

Our continuing saga of dues was mentioned by Angela, who pointed out that Sec/Treas. Iris was quite willing to take everyone's and anyone's money.

More announcements were then made, these by Cliff on behalf of Brad Linaweaver. It seems that the article Brad and Avery are to have in AMAZING SF has been bumped back from September to November. Also mentioned was Brad's next topic for his radio talk "King of Schlock": "What if Godzilla undertook a job in journalism?" (Answer supplied: "He'd work for the Washington Post!")

ABC Con 2, the gathering/relaxicon for all Atlanta, Birmingham, and Chattanooga club members, was also mentioned. Cliff Biggers, the man in charge of the con's programming, announced that there would be a Hearts tournament held, with the final round being a three-handed round. It was pointed out that these folks would not be playing with a full deck.

Cliff also announced the reasons why club member Ward Batty was not present. Seems he had a conflict, since he was singing with the Atlanta Symphony, but he had told others previously that he had hopes to at least making it to the pizza place for the usual after the meeting gathering, tux or no tux. Sympathy was solicited for Ward, whose car had self-destructed on the way to Kubla. According to those relaying the message, Iris Brown no longer has the ugliest car in fandom, now that Ward has acquired a Dart, believed to be purple, but no one has seen it is quite sure about that..

To even things out, Angela announced that, contrary to popular belief, Dann Littlejohn did make to to the meeting, and would be with us much more often, since his conflicts of interest had been resolved. He'll be programming like crazy to make up for lost time, so give him your ideas and suggestions for club programming.

As an afterthought, it was pointed out that we would be having our regular July meeting, even though we'd be having a party/gathering for the 4th of July. The traditional "Throw Deb Hammer Johnson in the pool" activities will have to be curtailed this year, due to the fact that Angela and ich have no pool, but they told us quickly that donations were welcome. Following this, it was pointed out that some thoughtful person had donated some M & Ms to the M & M Fund. Thanks lots.

Kathy O'Shea, President of the Druid Hills SF Club, announced that the group was putting out a fanzine, and also that they are desperate for material. It was also said that Bill Ritch would pay .1¢/word, but you had better check with him before you anything real soon. If you do have something, and would like to contribute, see Kathy at the next club meeting.

It was at 8:20 p.m. that Bob Jarrell made his tradition motion to adjourn, which was promptly seconded by Terry Kane. According to the minutes, the "nays" got it, but the minutes stop ther anyway, aside from the announcement that the auction would start after a ten-minute break.

Following the meeting, an auction was held to raise money for the ailing M & M fund. One of the highlights of the auction was the intense bidding for the honor (?) of having oneself featured in a TRUFAN ADVENTURE, to be drawn and written by ASFic's very own Jerry Collins and Ward Batty. Due to perserverence and, no doubt, cash to spare, Randy Satterfield, SF specialty shop owner, will be featured in a soon-to-be seen ADVENTURE of his very own!

The auction succeeded in raising \$53.35 dollars for the M&M Fund, making it possible to provide goodies for ASFicers to

munch on for many more meetings. Thanks go to everyone who donated items and who donated \$\$\$ to a worthy cause.

## PIKNIK

Angela Howell has announced that the ASFiC picnic will be held at the Howell's house at 4155 Morgan Road, Tucker GA 30084 on July 4, 1981, from 2 pm until whenever. Angela asks that members who plan to attend call her ahead of time and let her know--the number is 493-1797. There is no charge for ASFiC members--for non-members or those who pay by the meeting, the charge is \$3. Angela and Rich will supply the main items on the menu, but she hopes that everyone who can will bring something. For those who aren't sure how to get to the Howell's house, a map will be available at the meeting on June 20th.

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### Welcome to these new members:

Anna Collins-Clifford 321-A Carruth Dr. Marietta, GA 30060	Sara Fensterer 450 Medlock Rd J5 Decatur, GA 30030
--	--

Angie Adams P.O.Box 313 Kennesaw, GA 30144	Eddie Sweeten 2150 Kennesaw Due W. Kennesaw, GA 30144
--	---

Angie and Eddie actually joined in April, not last month, but their addresses were overlooked last month.

### And a hearty welcome to these visitors:

Phil P.O.Box 36181 Ga. Tech Atlanta, GA 30332	Tim Scott P.O.Box 22312 Emory University Atlanta, GA 30322
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## ROTS O' ROCS, CONT'D FROM P. 9

Owen C. Ogletree  
345 Brannan Rd. Box 426  
McDonough, GA 30253

I have been chairman of the Atlanta Star Trek Society ever since its

birth a couple of years ago. Every once in a while I would hear this or that about someone named Cliff Biggers and his wonderful Atlanta science fiction organization. Recently I've corresponded with Cliff and a desire has been expressed to let our two clubs begin to get to know each other a little better; we do have members in common with both groups.

The ASTS is an informal fan organization devoted to the furthering of Star Trek fandom, philosophy, and activity in the Atlanta area. We print a bi-monthly newsletter and an annual fanzine publication. Our next meeting will be held June 20 from 10:00 to 4:00 pm in the Dunwoody public library. Activities will feature showings of videotapes of several old SF TV classics and movies (including some animated Star Trek episodes.) The event will be free and open to the public.

I would especially hope that we might get together at the upcoming ASFiCon. If you have any questions, or anyone in the club does, they can write me at the address above. We all wish you the best of luck and success in the future. (After all, the "future" is what we are both here for, isn't it?)

## ART CREDITS

Cover, Steven Fox; Page 2, Ward Batty & Jerry Collins; Page 3, Alexis Gilliland; Page 4, Alan White; Page 5, Alan White; Page 6, Ward Batty & Jerry Collins; Page 7, Jean Corbin; Page 8, Cindy T. Riley; Page 9, Melissa Snowind; Page 10, Jerry Collins; Page 12, Ward Batty & Jerry Collins; Page 13, Wade Gilbreath; Page 14, Melissa Snowind. All titleheads by Wardo & CB.

If you don't already own a well-thumbed copy (there is no other kind), rush out and buy *The Golden Turkey Awards* by Harry and Michael Medved (A Perigee Book, \$6.95) as I heartily recommend this survey of cinematic clunkers. Anyone who likes "Der Krapp" will love this book.

One of the brothers, Harry, served his apprenticeship with an earlier book, *The Fifty Worst Films of All Time*. Although involved with the first effort, Michael has waited until now to 'fess up. Seems he had pretensions for being a serious writer (uh oh) and didn't want his name associated with anything embarrassing. After the phenomenal success of *50 Worst*, he is more than happy to be along for the ride this time.

*The Golden Turkey Awards* is even funnier than its admirable predecessor. The chapter headings alone make it an irresistible reading experience: The Most Embarrassing Movie Debut of All Time, The Most Ridiculous Monster in Screen History, The Worst Performance by a Popular Singer, The Worst Title..., The Most Brainless Movie..., The Most Badly Bumbled Bee Movie..., The Worst Casting..., The Worst Performance by a Politician, The Worst Two-Headed Transplant Movie Ever Made, The worst Rodent Movie..., The Worst Performance by a Novelist, The Worst Musical Extravaganze in Hollywood History, The Worst Performance by an Actor as Jesus Christ, the Worst Credit Line..., The Most Unerotic Concept in Pornography, The Worst Vegetable Movie..., The Worst Film You Never Saw, and Life Achievement Awards: Worst Director, Worst Actress, Worst Actor, Our Readers Choose the Worst Films, Dishonorable Mention, First Runners Up, The Grant Prize, and the Worst Film Compendium from A (*The Adventurers*) to Z (*Zontar, the Thing From Venus*).

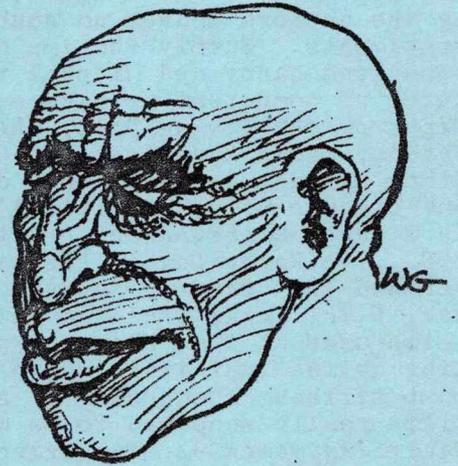
How about that? The chapters are their own best salesmen! How can you stand not to know all the winners?

As a reference work, the book is indispensable. Where else can you learn that Phil Tucker (*Robot Monster*) found a post-production job on Dino de Laurentiis' lamentable remake of *King Kong*? (That exercise in hype, by the way, took the "Greatest Rip-off" kudos.) I knew that this 1976 bomb was an insult to the 1933 classic. (Ray Harryhausen said that if he had seen Dino's version when he was a kid, he would have taken up a career in plumbing instead of going into special effects.) But with this juicy tidbit offered the Medveds, I can now imagine how Dino Kong would have appeared wanering around with a diving helmet on his head!

Another plus is that the authors write well. Take, for instance, this comment on yet another of Burt I. Gordon's excursions into giantism: "You have Le Royal Mess de Bertrand Gordon."

They also know a gem of a quote when they see one, like this producer's comment on

I MAY NOT KNOW  
**DER KRAPP**  
BUT I KNOW WHAT I LIKE...



BY BRAD LINAWEAVER

Scuttlebutt the Duck, star of the masterpiece *Everything's Ducky*: "We want him to be nice and fresh for his many close-ups. He has his own little trailer and a set of tailored wool sweaters..." And then there is this remark from Hollis Alpert in *Saturday Review* on the hideous musical *At Long Last Love* that sums up what it means to deserve a Golden Turkey Award: "It goes beyond failure."

The Medveds wax enthusiastic when explaining how Norman Mailer had his ear bitten by a zealous performer in one of his own art (i.e., home) movies. They love to write about the floundering career of Sonny Tufts and they sparkle on the subject of Jerry Lewis. Their sense of fun prompts them to include a make-believe film to see if readers can find it. (I know, but I ain't tellin'.)

In *Atarantes #36*, I devoted "Der Krapp" to the cinematic vision of Ed Wood. I am pleased to report that the genius who gave us *Glen or Glenda*, *Bride of the Monster*, & *Plan Nine From Outer Space*, is the winner of the Worst Director of All Time. And his immortal *Plan Nine* won Worst Movie despite stiff competition...from his other films. The commentary here is probably the funniest part. (The book also reports the macabre information that no one knows what happened to Ed Wood's body after he died in 1978!)

Despite this glowing paeon to Medved critical acumen, I have some serious quibbles with them. They have misplaced the discriminating faculty somewhere along the line. The objectively bad has proven insufficient to satisfy their sardonic wit, and they have cheated.

Other lapses of judgement occur in the Worst Films List. Amidst the deserving bombs-- from *The Horror at Party Beach* to *Superdad* --some suprisingly adequate films find themselves in bad company. Although these flicks are winners in a reader's poll (stupid democracy strikes again), the commentary by the authors leaves no doubt as to their sentiments. Surely the imp of the perverse possessed Harry and Michael to condemn pictures as competent as *Grease*, *Barbarella*, *Night of the Living Dead*, *The End*, *Flesh Gordon*, *Death Race 200*, *The Green Berets* (they as much as admit they dumped on this one because of its politics!), *Head*, *Lady in a Cage*, *Nickelodeon*, *One Million Years B.C.*, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, *Smoky and the Bandit*, *Soylent Green*, *Zar-doz*, & *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (about which unusual item horror expert Stephen King writes that it is one of "the field's most striking successes"). Are these films really supposed to be worse than *Wrestling Women vs. the Aztec Mummy* (which didn't make it)?

Even more surprising is that the Medveds would describe *Attack of the Killer Tomatoes*, *The Little Shop of Horros*, &

Beware! *The Blob* in terms which fail to appreciate them as comedies! (*Tomatoes* is brought up several times in the book, but only once do they mention that it is a spoof. The other two titles are consistently treated as straight films.) How could the authors fail to understand parodies of bad films done in the same spirit as their book?

Despite these problems, *The Golden Turkey Awards* is still good for an evening of laughs. Nothing better captures the spirit of the very worst than what William "One Shot" Beaudine said on the way to shoot one of his forgettable Monogram pictures: "You mean someone out there is waiting to see this?"

KUDZU, CONT'D FROM P. 10

11) Mimeo ink that came in the exact same color as blue denim, so that I wouldn't end up with blotches on the thigh of my pants after I print.

12) Fan columnists who would realize when they've reached the limit of good ideas and need to call the column to a close...

But what else is there? Surely you can add more to this list; give us some more "what-ifs" so we can ~~still let you add write away~~ ~~follovs~~ make fandom more fun than it has any right to be!

Atarantes #48  
Cliff Biggers, ed.  
6045 Summit Wood Drive  
Kennesaw, GA 30144

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Next meeting June 20, 8 pm  
Peachtree Bank Community Room  
4525 Chamblee-Dunwoody Rd.  
Shuttle Launch Slides + Discussion  
July Meeting: July 18, 8 pm: film  
Same location - attend both!