

ATARANTES 53



CHOICE CUTS

ASFICON 2 DRAWS 500 PEOPLE

WORLD FANTASY WINNERS NAMED

The 1982 ASFiCon 2 was held over the October 23-25 weekend with more than 500 in attendance, including the 461 paid members, the committee, and the guests and professional attendees. One-day memberships accounted for almost 100 of the total attendees, and the one-day policy was accordingly judged to be a genuine success.

GoH Robert Silverberg arrived Friday evening, and was a very visible and accessible guest for the entire convention. He took part in panels, readings, and delivered a GoH speech at Saturday evening's banquet, a small affair with 70 in attendance. Fan GoH JoeD Siclari made the trip to Atlanta in spite of a sick baby, and spent a great deal of the con talking with people about fanzines, fandom, and the Atlanta Worldcon bid, the subject of his Saturday night speech at the banquet. Both JoeD and Robert Silverberg spoke overwhelmingly in favor of the Atlanta bid, which brought much applause. MC Michael Bishop arrived with his family Saturday morning and was involved in several panels, readings, etc.

The Saturday night costume contest was an overwhelming success, even though announcer Brad Linaweaver was nearly lynched after a few bad puns and wretched jokes. Costume contest director Sue Phillips will be doing the contest for next year's con as well.

Programming was widely varied, with at least two different things going on at the con 24 hours a day, and 3 or 4 tracks of programming occurring during the afternoons. The videogame room was a constant place of activity during the convention, with fans dropping many, many quarters in the games.

Barring a minor misunderstanding that nearly resulted in the closing of the con suite during the banquet due to no consuite baby-sitters (to watch the beer and make sure it stays in the hands of those old enough to drink it), the con suite remained open and stocked for the entire con--and generally it was a site of many interesting talks with pro writers and artists, highlighted by Friday night's "meet-the-pros" party in the con suite.

The art show met only modest success sales-wise, with the vast majority of the work being displayed fan-art. The dealers'

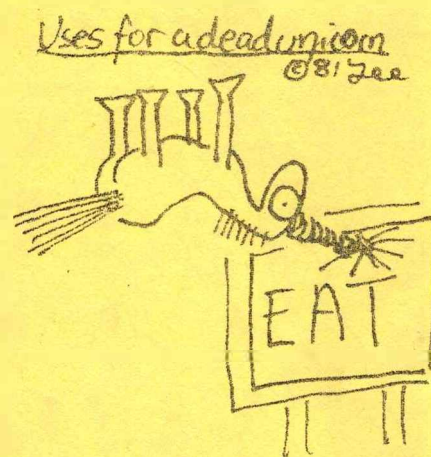
room fared better, with most dealers reporting above-average sales for the duration of the con (after a slow Friday afternoon).

The only major problem-incident of the convention came Saturday night, when someone attempted to start a fire on the 4th floor. At least six different starts were found on a picture frame that was, luckily, mounted on a concrete wall. Despite diligent searches by chairman Rich Howell and Operations Director Randy Satterfield, the would-be arsonist was never found.

Breaking with the recent trend in Southern conventions, ASFiCon 2 broke even for the year. The committee is very, very optimistic about the upcoming DeepSouthCon next June 11-13, 1982.

Incidents

Incidentally, one of the most successful events of the con was the impromptu dance held on the 5th floor Saturday night. At one point or another, over 50 people took advantage of Birminghamian Nancy Brown's tape deck and pogoed themselves sick; this was duly noted for planning next year's con (see "The Danceman Cometh" elsewhere in this issue of ATARANTES).



Use #1
A tack for billboards

Atarantes #53 is the October 1981 issue of the Atlanta Science Fiction Club fanzine. Produced by Cliff Biggers, 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw GA 30144 and Ward Batty 944 Austin Ave, Atlanta GA 30307. Contents copyright (c) 1981 by Para Graphics; all rights revert to contributors. Subs are \$6/12 or 50¢ a single copy, or the Usual. For reviewing, send copies of your zines to both Ward and Cliff, please--we really don't live together and read these things!

On another front, the 20th Annual DeepSouthCon has announced its committee:
Programming: Rich Howell, Iris Brown, Mike Rogers, Brad Linaweaver, Avery Davis, Janet Lyons. **Operations:** Randy Satterfield, Cliff Biggers, Rick Albertson, Avery Davis. **Registration:** Angela Howell, Susan Biggers, Sue Phillips. **Masquerade:** Sue Phillips, Marilyn White, Betsy Focke. **Art Show:** Avery Davis. **Films:** Larry Hanson. **Secretary:** Iris Brown. **Con Suite:** Ron Zukowski. **Legal:** John Whatley. **Publicity:** Ward Batty, Cliff Biggers, Rick Albertson, John Whatley, Rich Howell. **Video Program:** Mike Weber. **Games:** Steven Carlberg. **Dealers' Room:** Larry Mason.

The DSC Committee is seriously considering abandoning the con banquet, since most Southern cons have experienced problems selling sufficient banquet tickets; the only alternative to abandoning the banquet is to fail to admit anyone but banquet-attendees to the GoH speeches—a decision that the committee finds unfair.

For more information on the DSC, or to buy a membership, contact 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw GA 30144. Memberships are \$8 until the end of the year.

The World Fantasy Awards winners have been announced at the Oakland, California World Fantasy Convention. **Special Award in Publishing:** Pat Cadigan/Arnie Fenner for *Shayol*, Donald A. Wollheim, DAW Books. **Best Artist:** Michael Whelan. **Best Collection or Anthology:** *Dark Forces*, ed. by Kirby McCauley. **Best Short Fiction:** "The Ugly Chickens," Howard Waldrop. **Best Novel:** *The Shadow of the Torturer*, Gene Wolfe. Next year's World Fantasy Convention will be held in New Haven, Connecticut.

Chattacon is coming up January 15-17, 1982 at the Read House. GoH will be Larry Niven MC will be Bob Tucker, and Special Guest will be Sharon Webb. Memberships are \$10 until the end of this month, banquet tickets are \$13 and must be purchased to attend the featured entertainment and GoH speeches at the banquet. Write Chattacon, PO Box 921, Hixson, TN 37343.

No bidders for the 1983 DeepSouthCon have been announced yet; however, rumor has it that Knoxville fandom is seriously considering mounting a 1983 DSC bid, if arrangements can be made with a hotel.

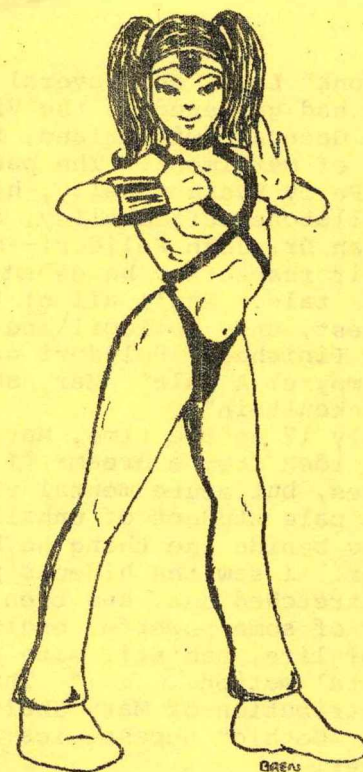
Wade Gilbreath, Birmingham fanartist and writer, has relocated closer to his classes at UAB; he can now be reached at 1329 15 Av. So, Apt 4, Birmingham AL 35205.

MEETING

NOVEMBER MEETING The scheduled program for November is a slide show/con report on DSC, Worldcon, and ASFiCon conducted by Avery Davis. **FOR DEEPSOUTHCON COMMITTEE MEMBERS**, there will be a meeting at 6:30 before the 8:00 ASFiC meeting. The date for the meeting is Saturday, November 21st, 1981, beginning at 8:00.

DECEMBER'S PROGRAM will be our annual Christmas party; Dann Littlejohn has information on the party that he will present at the November meeting.

The meetings are located at the Peachtree Bank Community Room, 4525 Chamblee Dunwoody Rd., just north of the interstate. To get there, 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 $\frac{1}{4}$ mile; the Peachtree Bank Building will be on your right, next to a Steak'n'Shake. Coming from the east, take the Chamblee-Dunwoody exit, follow the access road, then turn right on Chamblee-Dunwoody. Proceed approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, and the bank will be on your right. Parking is available in the back of the bank building, and the entrance to the meeting room is in back as well.



Horror and the Supernatural



john
whatley

"Monk" Lewis and several of his friends had gathered at the Villa Diocleti in Geneva, Switzerland, for an evening of merriment. The party--Lord Byron, Percy Bysshe Shelly, his wife Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, and Byron's physician Dr. John Polidori--decided to try their respective hands at writing a horror tale. While all of them began in earnest, only Polidori and Mrs. Shelley finished. Polidori gave us "The Vampyre: A Tale"; Mary Shelley gave us "Frankenstein".

Only 17 at the time, Mary Shelley got her idea from a dream: "I saw--with shut eyes, but acute mental vision--I saw the pale student of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together. I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out, and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life, and stir with an uneasy, half vital motion. . . ." Thus we have the contribution of Mary Shelly to the growing "Gothic" necessities: the mad scientist.

For those of you unfamiliar (somehow) with this tale, Lovecraft described it as telling "of the artificial human being molded from charnel fragments by Victor Frankenstein, a young Swiss medical student. Created by its designer 'in the mad pride of intellectuality,' the monster possesses full intelligence but owns a hideously loathsome form. It is rejected by mankind, becomes embittered, and at length begins the successive murder of all whom Frankenstein loves best, friends and family. It demands that Frankenstein create a wife for it; and when the student finally refuses in horror lest the world be populated with such monsters, it departs with a hideous threat 'to be with him on his wedding night.' Upon that night the bride is strangled, and from that time on Frankenstein hunts down the monster, even unto the wastes of the Arctic. In the end, whilst seeking shelter on the ship of the man who tells the story, Frankenstein himself is killed by the shocking object of his search and creation of his presumptuous pride." Not at all like the movie, is it?

Stolidori's tale introduced the prototype vampire: a nobleman, brilliant in person, fascinating to women, and coolly evil. The vampire is Lord Ruthven, a man of "the dead grey eye" who "gazed upon the mirth around him, as if he could not participate therein." The "hero", Aubrey, accompanies Lord Ruthven on a grand tour of Europe, where Ruthven ruins many at the gaming tables, encourages the sleazier set, and seduces women. Aubrey tires of this and leaves, heading for Athens. There he meets Ianthe, who tells him all about vampires. One day Aubrey finds her dead, "upon her neck and breast was blood, and upon her throat were the marks of teeth having opened the vein". When he comes out of shock, there is Lord Ruthven, and Aubrey rejoins him on tour. When they are attacked by bandits, Ruthven is killed. Before dying, however, he swears Aubrey to secrecy of a year and a day and begs him to leave him in such position that the moon will shine on him. When Aubrey returns to England, there is Ruthven alive again, and trying to seduce Aubrey's sister. Poor Aubrey freaks out and, on his deathbed, tells of Ruthven's true nature. It is too late, and his sister has been claimed. Despite Lovecraft's claim that the story had "some excellent passages of stark fright, including a terrible nocturnal experience in a shunned Grecian wood", the story is tedious. Leonard Wolf claims that "except for its place as the first vampire tale in English, 'The Vampyre' would deserve oblivion."

Varney, the Vampire, an 868-page, double-columned novel, is gore personified. In this overlong novel, Varney is staked, drowned, hanged, shot--all without any effect provided his last request is obeyed: "When I die, would you mind rolling me over to that corner where the moon is shining, please." Of course. A little moonlight and he's himself again: "[A] strange feeling crept over me that I should like--what? Blood!--raw blood, reeking and hot, bubbling and juicy, from the veins of some gasping victim." By the time Varney throws himself into Vesuvius, you are ready to throw the author in, too. The author is, of course, Thomas Presket Prest, who brought out this gore-filled tome in 1853.

Getting away from vampires, 1820 produced Charles Robert Maturin's Melmoth, the Wanderer. Lovecraft described the tale "of an Irish gentleman who, in the seventeenth century, obtained a preternaturally extended life from the Devil at the price of his soul. If he can persuade another to take the bargain off his hands, and assume his existing state, he can be saved; but this he can never manage to effect, no matter how assiduously he haunts those whom despair has made reckless and frantic." If you would like to indulge in late Gothic horror at its best, this 4-volume work should give

you more than enough: Melmoth has 150 years of extra life, and we have tales for all of them. A shipwrecked Spaniard, Alonzo de Moncada, tells of the Inquisition and his horrible escape. He also tells of stacks of manuscripts he found which told of Melmoth's escapades, including his "horrible marriage to [Immalee] by the corpse of a dead anchorite at midnight in the ruined chapel of a shunned and abhorred monastery." Melmoth finally returns home to await his fate, and gets Moncada and our hero John out of the room with the promise they not enter the room, "no matter what sounds they may hear in the night." "Clayey footprints lead out a rear door to a cliff overlooking the sea, and near the edge of the precipice is a track indicating the forcible dragging of some heavy body. The Wanderer's scarf is found on a crag some distance below the brink, but nothing further is ever seen or heard of him." Professor Edith Birkhead called Maturin "the greatest as well as the last of the Goths."

The last person to be discussed for this month is the man Lovecraft described as one who "perceived the essential impersonality of the real artist; and knew that the function of creative fiction is merely to express and interpret events and sensations as they are, regardless of how they tend or what they prove--good or evil, attractive or repulsive, stimulating or depressing, with the author always acting as a vivid and detached chronicler rather than as a teacher, sympathizer, or vendor of opinion. . . . [T]o him we owe the modern horror-story in its final and perfected state."

And who is this "most illustrious and unfortunate fellow-countryman" Lovecraft described? Edgar Allan Poe.

Poe, raised to become a rich Southern gentleman, was disinherited and spent most of his life scratching out a living as a writer. Pseudo-psychologists, knowing as much about Freudian logistics as writing, have tried to make Poe guilty of all sorts of crimes which he then foisted on his heroes. Poe literary agent, Griswold, got even for a slight Poe had given him earlier by blackening Poe's name; it would take a century to clear it! But the real Edgar Allan Poe was somewhere in between. One of his more gruesome tales, in which a man digs up his lover's coffin and removes all her teeth, was written on a bet; Poe won. "The Premature Burial" has a cure-all contained therein: The narrator should give up reading "bugaboo tales--such as this." Thus Poe, tongue firmly planted in cheek, like most horror writers, can be shown for what he is--a master short-story composer.

In his short essay, "The Philosophy of Composition", Poe sets forth his version of the story. Followed until today, the rules set down in the 1830's are still valid today.

Next time, we'll investigate the lure of the Vampire, beginning with "Carmilla".

The Dance Man Cometh

NANCY BROWN

Wade Gilbreath and I almost became mortal enemies at B'hamacon 2.

He wanted to have a dance after the masquerade with a live band, The Mortals, and I didn't. But after days, weeks, and months of pressure, I finally gave in.

"Alright, Wade! But you're going to be in charge of it," I told him. "I'm not going to have any part in it."

Despite Wade's last minute arrangements and a lack of publicity during the con, the dance turned out to be a surprising success. I didn't think fans liked to dance, and I wondered then if this wasn't a fluke.

Three months later, Bill and I were on our way to ASFiCon 2. I was looking forward to blowing off a little steam that had built up from all the work pressures of the week. I even brought my portable stereo, a supply of disco tapes, and my earphones for our one-day stand in Atlanta.

I knew I was headed for trouble when I got carded at the Briarcliff Package Store. I took it in stride and even thanked the clerk for the compliment.

Thirty minutes later I was sipping Henry McKenna and coke and listening to the tamer versions of my tapes.

From this point on, I have no clear recollection of my actions. The following is based on reports from my more clear-headed colleagues.

Somehow I ended up in the con suite with Wade, Julie Wall, Cliff Biggers, my stereo, tapes, coke, and a quickly diminishing supply of Henry. I remember a wild feeling building up inside, a strange impulse to move.

Remarkably, Wade had the same feeling and put it into words.

"I want to dance," he said.

Cliff, Julie, Wade, and I gathered up my paraphernalia and made our way into Wade's room.

It was there that I did the unthinkable. I put a disco tape into the player and turned up the volume.

The ghods didn't throw any lightning bolts. I wasn't immediately struck deaf and dumb.

"Let me teach you a few steps, Wade."

I didn't realize it then, but I had just created a monster: "The Dancing Bear."

Unfortunately for me, even Dancing Bears have to take a break from disco fever. But I wasn't ready to stop. I looked for another victim, someone who would succumb to the hypnotic 4/4 beat.

It wasn't easy, but Wade and I managed to capture the reluctant Cliff. In a few short minutes, we turned the mild-mannered *Atarantes* editor into "Danceman," fandom's answer to John Travolta.

Half an hour later, we took our act to the con suite. It wasn't long before the place was hopping (sometimes literally) to the sounds of Donna Summer and the Commodores.

We infected Steven Carlberg and Andy Purcell with our mania and had to move to a larger room. Even Hank Reinhardt caught the fever. He quickly recovered his sanity after he aggravated an old "war" injury while trying to do the "pogo."

Others seen in the Judicial Suite, the Studio 54 of ASFiCon 2, were Randy Satterfield, Iris Brown, Nicki Lynch, and Claudia Peck--and even Susan Biggers was persuaded to shake her booty.

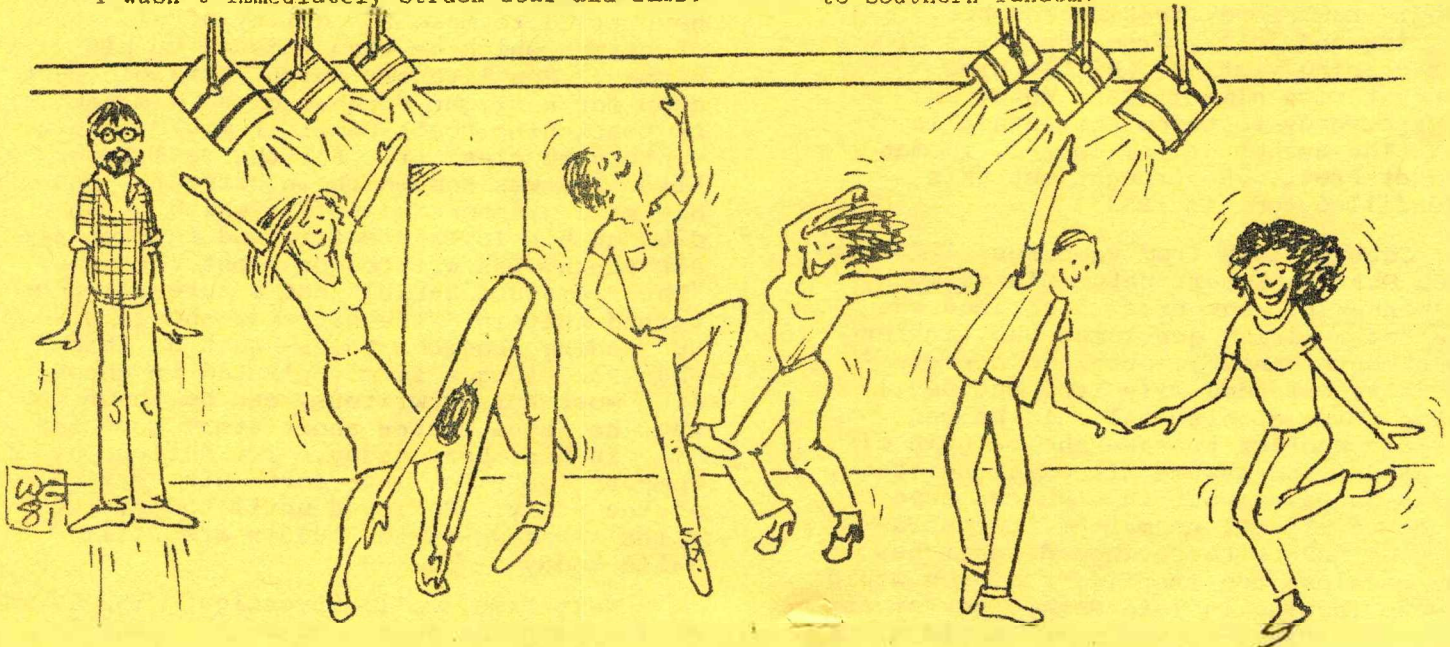
By then it was 3:30. I had run out of Henry McKenna and was beginning to feel sobriety returning. Bill and I had missed our deadline for returning home and I knew one of us would be crashing soon, so I decided to get a room.

After I had gotten settled, I rushed back to the Judicial Suite for some more fun.

I walked into the room. My stereo was going full blast. Wisps of smoke drifted up to the spotlights and the curtains billowed from a gentle breeze through the open doorway.

But no one was there.

Moments passed. I lit a cigarette and walked out onto the balcony. As I stared at the fog-shrouded nighscape of Atlanta, I wondered, "Was it all a dream?" The question still haunts me. Were we passengers on a midnight ride through the Twilight Zone or has the joy of dancing truly come to Southern fandom?



The Amazing Odyssey of

WARD BATTY

BILL-DALE MARCINKO

There is no *Fanhistorica* for comics fandom; no publications can inform the neos of fandom's glorious past there. When such a publication is produced, though, it will no doubt tell of what must be a unique phenomenon in any fandom: the Rise and Fall of Bill-Dale Marcinko and AFTA. I know of no other fan who commanded such an enthusiastic following, in comics or in sf.

Bill-Dale got the idea of doing a fanzine like AFTA (*Ascension from the Ashes*) in 1976. He was running several ads through *The Buyer's Guide* that featured--in addition to comics and records for sale--the ongoing story of the "death" of Bill's brother, Dale. The running gag received as much attention as the items for sale, so Bill-Dale carried the premise into his zine. According to Marcinko, he worked, with some help, for over a year on the zine. The title refers to an ascension of the fannish fanzines that were so prolific in the late 60s and the early 70s. Marcinko took the concept of rejuvenating the fannish fanzine of the 60s to the hilt. His first issue was 96 pages, digest-sized, for 99¢. Bill-Dale had stumbled into an amazing combination: AFTA restated the spirit of the 60s: the desire for change, the great optimism (perhaps naivete?) and honest believe that tomorrow will be better, that this generation has the answers. He mixed this in with the cynicism and sarcasm of the 70s; the Spirit gone bad, Disco, and the "me" decade. It was a powerful combination.

The older fans remembered the fannish fanzines and they enjoyed AFTA as a fun diversion. Those who had only heard of this great wave of zines (including myself) were more impressed. It was clear that AFTA was *our* fanzine, that Bill-Dale wanted to make fandom fun again. Reviews, news, obligatory Jack Kirby interview ("You're a comic book artist, aren't you?" "Yes, I am." End of interview.), political articles ("Kill a Fag for Christ!" an attack on Anita Bryant). Crazy, satirical lines and boxes were thrown in everywhere. The issue culminated with "Why I Love America," Marcinko's thoughts on the 70s. "I am an American. I am content in my apathy. Leave me be. Signed, the promise of the next generation." Pretty pretentious stuff, granted, but Marcinko pulled it off.

After reading it, I--like dozens of others--took typewriter in hand and wrote Marcinko. We started an intense correspondence that apparently Bill-Dale kept with everyone. He was the first fan I ever called long-distance (for 3 hours--ouch!). Everyone tried to support AFTA with ads, donations, sales, etc. We had a cause!

In August 1978, AFTA #2 was released. It was 208 pages for \$1.49, and it ran 2 volumes. This issue featured a new co-editor, Mr. Calvell Spim, "The Raisin King." Running gags about raisins were thrown in all over the issue and a free raisin was included, with instructions on how to grow your own box of raisins. It was an enormous issue: Marcinko apparently just retyped and printed every contribution he received. The result was not unlike an apa mailing of sorts, and the quality of the material varied (although much of it was very good).

The running gag of Bill's "death" was continued, adding Jewish Florida fan Cliff Meth. Cliff was another victim, having been jailed for running over a Nazi in Skokie, IL, with a tank. There was also extensive media coverage on films and tv, plus interviews with 2 comics pros, and with Marcinko himself (conducted by himself: the ultimate in nepotism), plus little cartoons and oddities: "An Apology to Everyone," "Things Often Misaken for a Raisin," and an ad encouraging American to send unwanted leftovers to China where kids love 'em! "Ho Boy! American peas and callots!"

There was an abundance of art from BNF's and pros, notably a Cerebus the Aardvark sketch by Dave Sim and lots of material by Fred Hembeck.

The lettercol featured one of the more interesting mixes of Locs I've seen, including a few humorous hoax letters. Ending the is-



FUNK ROCK
MAKES ME
PUKE!
I LOVE
IT !!

sue was Marcinko's "Yes, I Still Read Comics," another review of our times that was even more poignant of ridiculous than "Why I Love America," depending on your point of view. It again featured disillusionment with the 70s generation. Bill also does an editorial piece dealing with his rejection of drugs, resulting in his being ostracized from friends his otherwise enjoys. The second part is sound advice for the neos and trufans who let fandom dominate their lives: "...if you are looking for a reality you can trust, don't, please don't look for it here. In Comics. In AFTA..."

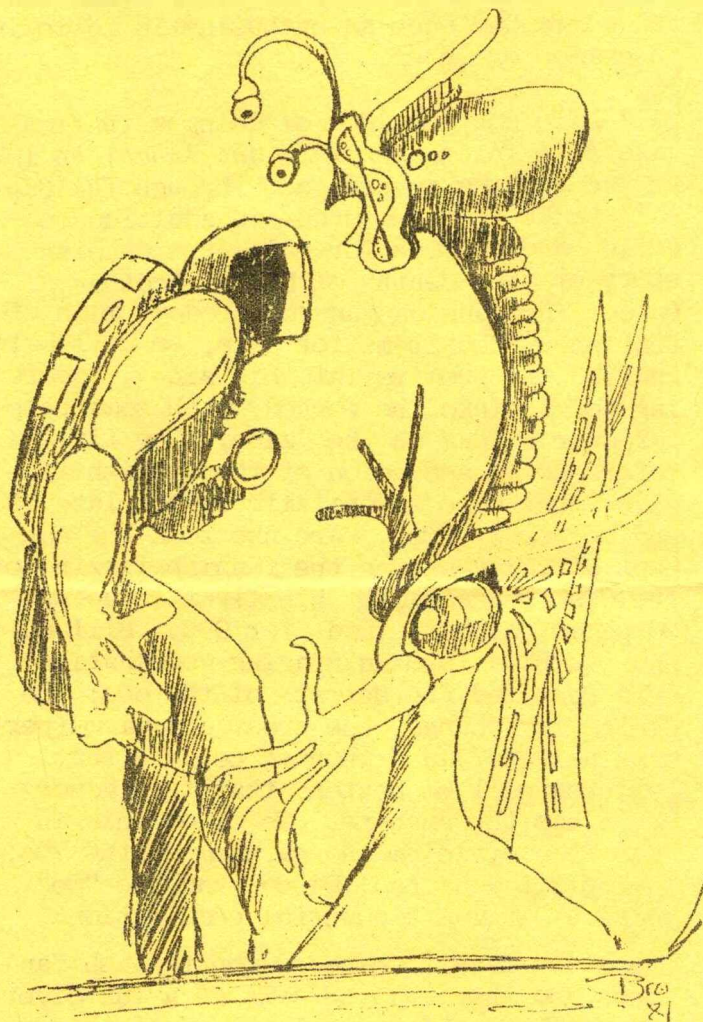
This issue received even a more intensified reaction. Marcinko was forced to cease revealing his phone number because of threatening calls. On the other hand, support for AFTA was stronger than ever, and a second print run of #2 was needed, with distributors carrying the fanzine—but with Marcinko losing about 20¢ an issue on the wholesale copies. A restructuring was in order.

Circumstances delayed the third issue; in July, 1978, a month before the release of AFTA #2, Bill-Dale was attacked by a man who came to his door one evening, claiming to be from the Kubert art school. He offered to do some art to help out AFTA. As they headed out to his car, two guys jumped Bill-Dale and the three beat him up, cracking two ribs. They said they'd be back if he published AFTA #2. Bill-Dale claims to have never found out who attacked him; the Jewish Defense League claimed responsibility. One Florida fan was quoted to remark what a sissy Bill-Dale was, and how he cried for his mother as they were kicking him. Bill-Dale never followed up on these rumors.

In November of 1979 AFTA #3 was released. Bill-Dale had gone to a standard magazine size, with newsprint interiors and a slick cover featuring Steve Martin, and the subtitle was "The Magazine of Temporary Culture." The emphasis was on pop culture, and the print run was 5000. A new co-editor, Mr. Peach, was in charge of the marketing and merchandising of Bill-Dale and AFTA; this was to be the big sell-out issue, and it certainly was that. Equal time was given to tv and films. The fanzine news and listings were eliminated, and a special emphasis was placed on New Wave and Punk records and fandom. The humor had become more sardonic and biting. In

place of fun spilloos and linoos were a series of diary entries which culminated with Marcinko's roommate being found crucified against his dorm wall with his genitals severed and stuffed into his mouth.

The old readers were confused and angry; old readers felt Bill-Dale's vision had strayed from their own. The issue sold well, however, in the rapidly developing New Wave/Punk fandom which swept the country.



I still hear from Marcinko occasionally. I got a chain letter from him late last year; progress reports on AFTA #4 still show up periodically. It appears to be harder to raise money this time. Marcinko promised a full color cover from *Rocky Horror* and a print run of 20,000 for AFTA #4. *sigh* I can't get too enthused. The spirit of those early issues is lost, and I doubt if it could be rekindled even if #4 was his most fan-nish effort yet. But maybe so; AFTA did a lot for print fandom fan, and I'll always be grateful to Bill-Dale for that.

I'm constantly amazed at the number of awards that exist within science fiction and fandom

Fandom is a place that offers a unique opportunity for recognition and egoboo; I imagine that there are more awards in fandom proportionate to active fans than there are awards/recipients in any other substrata of society. If you can't win a major award--a Hugo, a Nebula, a FAAn, a Balrog...ahem...--then you can certainly look to the lesser awards--the many apa-egoboo-polls, the local awards, the Hogus, the *Locus Poll*, etc. It's virtually impossible not to achieve in some field or another in fandom; in fact, one of the most difficult tasks for some is merely finding a way to keep up with all the different awards that are given.

But there are a few awards that have been overlooked; it's time we set right this glaring omission in fannish history by creating a few awards to honor those who aren't usually honored. Here are a few proposals for the overlooked:

The Ellison: named after Harlan's tendency to announce the "sale" of stories before the event actually occurs, this award would be given to the pro/fan who announced more almost-sales, real-soon-now sales, or questionable professional credentials than anyone else. This award should carry a special badge of merit to those who use strange credentials or real-soon-now sales to gain financially via free convention memberships, fanzine subs, etc.

The Gary Steele Memorial Mimeography Award: Named after famed Georgia fan Gary Steele (who turned out a 176-page apazine in two months while still doing pages for other apas at the same time), this award would be given to the fan who had spent more time in the past year in front of his mimeograph, printing furiously, than anyone else. Nominees must have run at least 100 pages, may not have inkless fingernails, and must smell like cornflour to be considered.

The Centerpiece Award: This award must be given to the fan who claims to be crucial in more activities than his competitors. A fan must testify that at least five cons, two fanzines, a club, and four feuds would end without him before he can be considered for this award. Naturally, proof is not required: if he actually *did* all the things he claimed, he would have already won one of those real awards we talked about in the beginning.

The Wells Award: George H. Wells, New York fan who never misses a DeepSouthCon, inspires this award to be given to the fan who travels the farthest to attend conventions. It is suggested that special consideration be given to method of travel: fans who can afford to fly are to be handicapped, and extra points should be given to those who walk or hitchhike or likewise travel with a minimum of expense.

The DNG Award: This award goes to a fan who excels in the skill of spreading rumors across the country--rumors that are inevitably followed by the phrase "Do Not Quote," even though he's busily informing anyone and everyone of the same rumor.

The AWARD²: What Else? An Award for the individual or group creating the best awards. Only redundant, useless, or trivial awards can qualify, so that rules out at least three awards in sf fandom.

Are you listening, Hogu people? Here are new ideas for some really *fine* awards, yours for the taking. Meanwhile, have any of you heard of the Kudzu Award? It's given to the most outstanding writer of a "Kudzu" column in *Atarantes* in the past year. I have a good idea who the winner might be, but I'll be glad to sell you television rights to the awards ceremony, held in my basement next to the washer/dryer...the award's *genuine kudzu*... it'll be great!...

KUDZU

CLIFF BIGGERS



IRIS BROWN PRESENTS.....

MINUTES & BIG BUCK\$

The Atlanta Science Fiction Club meeting of October 17, 1981 began at approximately 8:12 when President Angela Howell gained everyone's attention by pounding on the table with a Coke bottle. Having won that victory, she then proceeded to welcome all to the meeting, and asked that visitors see Iris Brown after the business meeting so we could get them on our mailing list.

Attempts to dredge up old or new business proved fruitless, but many announcements were forthcoming. Stven Carlberg made an announcement on behalf of Hank Reinhardt, an ancient fannish legend who, along with others, is apparantly starting up a Hearts Tournament Association. Plans include a running Hearts tourney in the Atlanta area, and a \$2 or \$3 entry fee, should the project ever reach that point. The one rule (according to Hank) is that no weapons are allowed at the table, except for Hank's. Those interested were advised to speak with Stven, or Hank, if he turned up at the after-the-meeting pizza gathering.

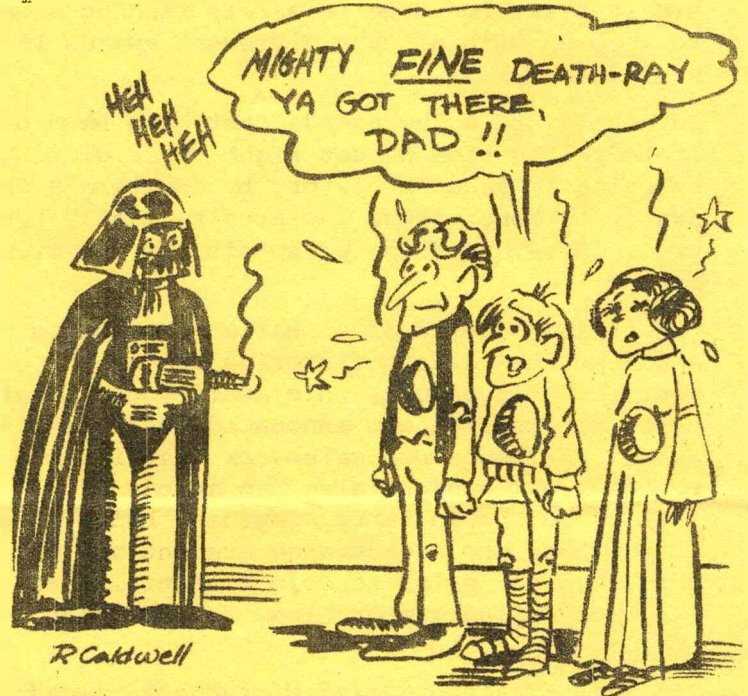
Angela then reminded everyone that ASFiCon would be happening the following Friday, and that volunteers were much needed. Sign-up sheets were provided for those interested in aiding at the convention, and Randy Satterfield was anxious to find more volunteers to help him with security. All were reminded that memberships would be \$12, with one day memberships being \$6 this year.

Angela also reminded everyone that elections for club officers would be coming up this December. Those interested in running for office were advised to put something in writing and give it to Angela or Cliff to make sure they got on the official ASFiC ballot. A November deadline was set. Current president Angela announced that she intended to run for her second term, and encouraged opponents to make themselves known.

Randy Satterfield announced that donations to the Atlanta in 86 auction to be held at ASFiCon were needed, and suggested that services, as well as items, could be donated. Examples were John Whatley's offer to do a tax return for free, or Ward Batty as a houseboy for a week. Ward's credentials were questioned by many.

tempt met with success, and the meeting did end, finally, at 8:24.

Bob Jarrell then moved that the meeting be adjourned, with John Whatley's second following closely; however, no one could be persuaded to vote in favor. A second at-



And welcome to our visitors:

Stephanie Hall
2123A Coosawatte DR NE
Atlanta GA 30319

Claudia Zinno
3096H Buford Hwy
Atlanta GA 30329

Sloan Alston
1219 Virginia Ave NE
Atlanta GA 30306

Myra Holsclaw
2849 Park Ridge Dr.
Atlanta GA 30319

New Members:

John Pike
721-A Grant St NE
Atlanta GA 30315

Ken Spivey
7015 Knollwood Dr.
Morrow, GA 30260

The Treasury Report:

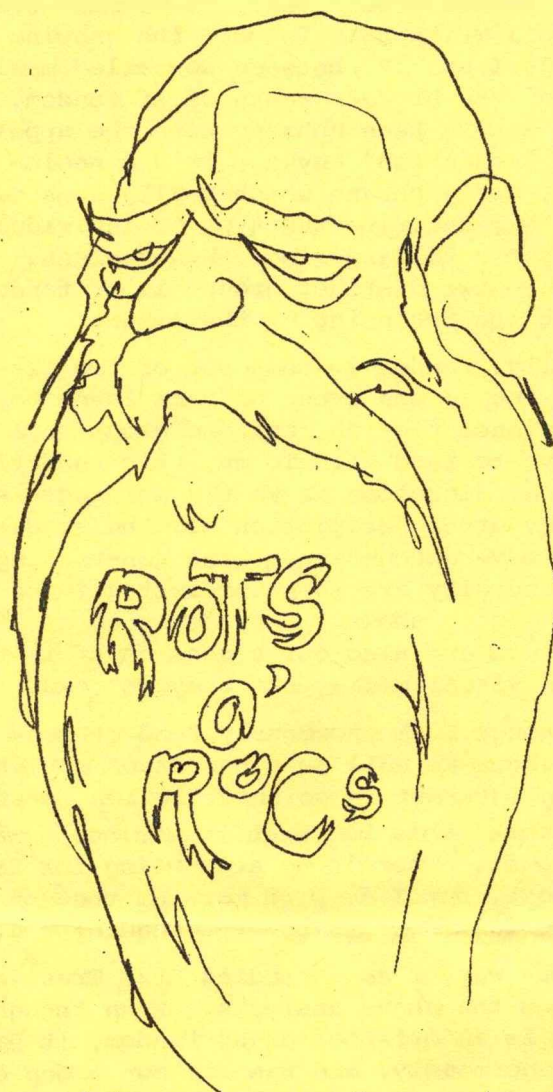
Beginning Balance		\$228.02
Dues	\$8.00	
Donations/M&M Fund	5.00	+ 13.00
		241.02
Atarantes 52	\$38.24	
Drinks/munchies	15.62	- 53.86
New Balance		\$187.16

Cindy T. Riley
Rt 5, Box 483
Pell City, AL 35125

On the matter of the fan Hugos, especially the one for fan artist, it seems that the main item of contention is that the Hugo is given for fanzine output, or rather this is what I've gathered from what I've read in *Atarantes*. Has anybody bothered to read the WSFS constitution? Section 11 defines fan artist for the purpose of the Hugo Awards: "An artist or cartoonist whose work has appeared through publications in magazines of the type defined in Section 9 above or through other public display during the previous calendar year." Italics are mine. As Victoria Poyser pointed out, although perhaps not with this in mind, the Hugo is given with something other than just fanzine artwork in mind as its criteria. An art show is certainly public display, and if the design on a T-shirt is not public display I don't know what is. I've been in fandom a relatively short time and therefore some of my views may be naive, but I will agree that it seems that the same people win the Hugos (Fan Hugos, that is) year after year; also, there are some zines in the Best Fanzine category that do not belong there (I haven't seen them, but I've heard plenty about them.) Has anybody thought about simply limiting the number of Hugos a person can win within a given amount of time? Perhaps only two within a ten-year period (After all, the President is only eligible for one term in office). That way, if a person won a Hugo two years running, it would be eight years before he was eligible for another, and if he was still active in fandom after that length of time then he *deserves* another Hugo. Is there some reason I am overlooking or am unaware of as to why this would not work?...

((I'm sure that many will complain that it is unfair to prevent people who the fans want to vote for from receiving the award for their achievements; I'd like to see this system at least proposed at a WSFS meeting, though, since it's obvious that few are at all satisfied with the present system.))

On Tarzan, when is someone going to do a proper Tarzan movie. I grew up reading ERB and would really like to see a movie that was well-done and based on the book, not on a previous movie. When I heard that they were doing a Tarzan film, I was enthused; when I heard it would be directed by John Derek and would star Bo Derek, I thought, "Oh no!" and time proved me right. Especially when I saw the ads, with no sign of Tarzan--only "Jane" swinging along on a vine...The movie I can remember which came closest to



the real Tarzan was one I saw years ago; in this version, Tarzan was actually a member of nobility and was capable of speaking several languages, something which always impressed me and which I always held against the Weismuller versions of "Me Tarzan, you Jane." I haven't seen this new "Tarzan" movie, and I'm not about to.

John Ulrich

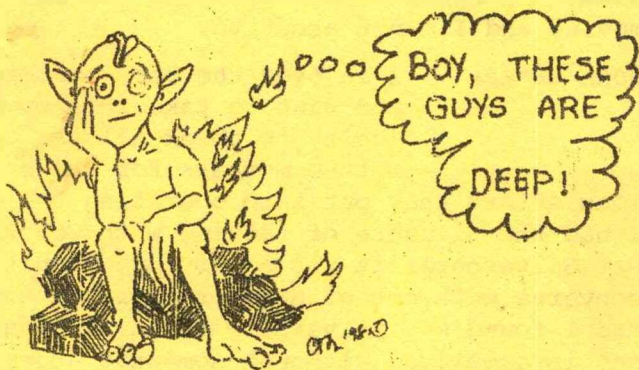
I enjoyed the recent ASFiCon and want to take this opportunity to thank all the committee members for the enormous effort they put into operating the con. I had the pleasure of talking with GoH Robert Silverberg; it was a rare opportunity to converse with one of SF's premiere authors, and I found Mr. Silverberg to be fascinating and informative, although somewhat angry about recent trends in sf. Many of these concerns were echoed in his GoH speech at the banquet. I agree with Silverberg that a tremendous amount of people are reading sf purely for escapist, ephemeral pleasure, although I am not as pessimistic about the broader sf audience.

This concern about the sf audience leads me, albeit somewhat obliquely, to my main concern as I write this letter: the growing rift, as I see it, between so-called media fans and the broader ranks of sf fandom. I have always been unhappy with the appellation "media fan" anyway; it's a neologistic, wordy phrase which really does not accurately describe the type of individual it purports to describe. Nonetheless, there are two distinct groups in sf fandom now, at the beginning of the 1980s.

Basically, fandom is composed of two distinct groups: one group of fans loves to read science fiction, and one group *does not* love to read sf. To me, this reader/nonreader dichotomy is vastly more accurate than any other description of the situation I have encountered. The non-reading fans generally are more interested in sf movies and tv shows. Many devotees of sf literature are also quite fond of sf in the various visual media, but they do read.

Even though I am enormously fond of many sf tv shows as well as a number of movies, my main interest in science fiction is sf literature; this has been true since I was a teenager. There's no accounting for taste, I suppose, but I do wish more of the non-reading fans would catch the reading bug...

(By the way, I am excluding Star Trek fandom from the above analysis. Even though ST fandom is an offshoot of sf fandom, it has grown enormously, and has its own group of mores and internal dynamics. ST fandom is primarily concerned with the adoration of the characters on the show and the actors who portrayed those characters, and is made up of a much higher percentage of women who have no interest in sf literature.)



Randy Satterfield
505 Holt Road
Marietta GA 30067

Working on a con tends to spoil one's enjoyment of it somewhat, although there are other satisfactions involved. I guess it's analogous to the remark I've heard several authors

make, that writing professionally has ruined to some extent their enjoyment of sf. I guess it always helps to view things from a distance; being too close makes you see all the little imperfections that were imperceptible before.

In his speech Joe D Siclari brought up the subject of the South's lack of exposure in the rest of the country; up until now this has been no real problem, as most southern fans couldn't care less how much the rest of the world knows about southern fandom. But it could definitely be a problem now if we want to host a worldcon. The overwhelming majority of site selection votes come from outside the South...for our own sakes, we need to make fandom aware of the South as it is today, not as it was 20 years ago.

The last issue of *Atarantes* was a strong one--my favorite, in fact--and I particularly enjoyed Robert Bloch's spot illo.

Brian Earl Brown
16711 Burt Rd.

I don't usually care for Linda Leach's artwork, but her cover

for *Atarantes* #52 has an interesting concept and fills the page nicely. While I'm on artwork, I cracked up when I saw Charlie Williams' "David Heath eliminated in cartoon war" illo. I have a weakness for faanish humor and art, and this is both.

"The Oscillating Fan" was interesting; I'm glad you went into detail about why you're harsh on some zines and not on others. The length you devote to each review is good; fandom needs more 200-400 word reviews of zines, since it gives more meat. The staple system is quite novel, by the way.

Rather than banning weapons at conventions like Andruschak suggests, why not ban costumes at conventions? We don't really need a masquerade to have a good time at a con, and think of all the media fans who'll stay away because all they come to a con for is to dress up as their favorite characters.

Of course I wasn't entirely fair to Victoria Poyser, but if she felt so concerned about my criticism, she could have written before the worldcon as easily as after. By writing after the worldcon, one can't help but suspect that she is using her new-found prestige to crush nuisances like myself.

David Palter
1811 Tamarind Ave #22
Hollywood CA 90028

I particularly liked your article on fan feuding, Cliff.

There have been times when I have had running arguments in fandom which threatened to blossom into genuine feuds; however, when I see that happening,

I very rapidly close off further discussion along those lines. I never mind arguing with people, but only so long as no ill feeling results. I am highly opinionated, and consequently often interest some correspondents while offending others. A number of nasty conflicts have resulted, but I always resolve them one way or another... I suspect that one day things will go too far and I'll have to withdraw from fandom completely. Some people I know relish feuding as the most delicious of all fannish activities; I regard it, however, as the antithesis of true fandom.

Marty Cantor
5263 Riverton Ave #1
No Hollywood, CA 91601

Now see here, Cliff:
I do not agree with
everything that you
said about that is-

sue. Such as your disparagement of some of the artwork, calling it "bad art." Now see here, Cliff, I do not pub "bad art" in HTT. Putrid art, yes. Art on subjects in bad taste yes. Iconoclastic art, yes. Humorous art, yes. Just because I am fond of the drawings of Arthur Hlavaty and Darrell Schweitzer is no reason to say that I use "very bad artwork" and "hackneyed visual gags"--Joan Hanke-Woods and Alexis Gilliland, two of my regular contributors, are some of fandom's finest artists...

((Bear in mind that I never named either of the artists you just mentioned, Marty--also, you realize that running good artists does not preclude the fact that you could also be running bad art from bad artists. If you wish, however, I'll merely call it "putrid" from now on.

It is my conception of a worldcon that it should at least try to offer something to those interested in any aspect of fandom. Smaller cons may specialize if they like, but the worldcon is for all fans. Well, Denver almost totally ignored fanzine fandom. The fanzine room was originally set up in the annex to the con center, 6 blocks away from the Hilton. When I found this out I threw a tantrum--the next day Don Thompson had gotten the room moved to the Hilton. Also annoying, there was not one panel on fanzines. Among my criteria for worldcon site selection are a committee with active fanzine fans on it. Having active fanzine fans on a committee means that it will feature fanzine rooms, fanzine panels, and other such things. I talked with Ward about this at the con, and I must say that I agree with him that fanzine fandom seems to be too de-emphasized.

Cliff, I'm sorry to see your fan-feud article in *Atar*--I wish that you had sent it to me for HTT.



I disagree with Darrell's contention that "Hugos have outgrown fandom; fandom can no longer control them." Enough fanzine folk showed up at the WSFS business meeting that a pernicious amendment to the WSFS constitution was soundly defeated. What is needed for fanzine fans to control the fanzine Hugo is for the proper words to be put into the WSFS constitution--and this is done by fanzine fans showing up at the business meetings at Chicago and Baltimore to vote in what we want.

In looking at the list of members of the Atlanta in '86 bidding committee I see the names of fanzine fans. This predisposes me to seriously consider the bid. To this I must add that no sane person would ever voluntarily go to New York City for any reason whatsoever...

Harry Andruschak
PO Box 606
La Canada Flintridge
California 91011

I am, of course, interested in the Atlanta in 86 Worldcon Bid. But before I

join, I am going to wait until we get a few policy decisions up front. In particular, what to do about the crowding of worldcons with fringe fans. So I'll sit on the sidelines for a moment.

((You're using very emotional language in your reaction to "fringe fans"; while I can understand that you don't feel that non-literature sf fans don't belong at a worldcon, I'm unwilling personally to support any attempt to bar certain people from attending a con. What are you considering a reasonable method of "controlling" the problem?))

I have not seen the Tarzan film, and reviews like Gerald Page's sort of make me think that when I get an opportunity to see the film at a convention, I won't. I wish we could somehow have a series that went back to the original idea of Tarzan..

Cathy Howard
3600 Parker Ave.
Louisville, KY 40212

I really enjoyed the
article by Andrew
J. Offutt; I like
finding out how

authors get their ideas, and this is a
good piece for that sort of information.

"The Oscillating Fan" by Ward Batty and
Cliff Biggers is good reading. The staple
rating system is unique and practical.

On the fan-feuding talked about in "Kudzu,"
some people who indulge in it regard it
as a hobby. I've met more than one fan
who seems to enjoy how nasty a putdown they
can lay on a person. ((A good observation;
I remember people in the second and third
grade who used to think a "cute" way of
dealing with others was to insult them;
it's amazing that some adults still are in
that stage.))

Didn't realize until I read Harry Warner's
letter that you did scoop everyone with
the news of Baltimore winning the bid.
I was the first kid on my block to know!

Films are also a social activity at cons.
I amle fan will politely ask if I mind if
he sits next to me while I'm sitting a-
lone watching the movies. We get better
acquainted during reel changes and pro-
jector breakdowns.

I'm delighted to read Lynn Hickman's state-
ment that he has a toy collection as an
adult. I flip my co-workers out at work
by listening to fairy stories on the PBS.
It's one reason I like fandom so well: no
one tells you to act your age...

Atarantes has the best quality (possibly
quantity also) of illos I've seen in a
zine. Keep up the good work!

ART CREDITS: Cover, Doug Chaffee. Page 2, Bob Lee. Page 3, Brenda
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November 1981
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Next ASFic Meeting Saturday, November 21, 8 pm
Peachtree Bank Community Room, 4525 Chamblee-Dunwoody Rd.
Con Report/Slide Show / Socializing / Fun For All!
December meeting/Christmas Party December 21, same site
Be there for both! Elections in December!