



# EDITORIAL

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Every year we have the Hugo nominations and awards and every year **Locus** wins. However, every year some real fanzine and fan editor gets nominated (lately it's been Mike Glycer) and loses. The token faneditor or something. We at **Atarantes** think this is grossly unfair. Why should Mike get to lose every year? Why should he get to wear his best suit and get all those free drinks for being a losing nominee (Andy Porter informs us that every Hugo nominee gets free drinks) and have the curious subscribe to **File 770** (Mike says he get about 13 new subscriptions whenever he gets nominated; yes, fans, that's what the nomination is worth: 13 additional subs. We're talking megabucks here!)?

Therefore, we offer you a choice. You can have some other fan lose the Hugo to a zine like **Locus**, or you can vote for **Atarantes** and let two all-new losers move into the annals (notice the two ns there) of Hugo History. Remember, a vote for **Atarantes** guarantees that twice as many editors can lose to **Locus**. And besides, we have so many great uses planned for our Hugos!

There are two of us so we'd (I assume) get two statues. Think of what classy bookends they'd make! We will take great care of them, keeping them covered and protected with our Hugo-winning mimeo, polishing them with twiltone dustrags and giving them all the TLC that can be legally given to any metallic, phallic figure. We could give them a place of honor on our mantle, using them as hatracks for propellor beanies! We could even use them as letter openers for #7 jetpacks!

The nominating deadline has been extended to March 30th by the Chicon Committee, so if you hurry (Your postman is outside now! Hurry, or you'll miss him!), you can still nominate us and **Atarantes**. After all, put a year's worth of **Atar** against a year's worth of any other fannish fanzine and I think you will be surprised at how well **Atar** stacks up. We produced almost 200 pages in the last year and you can compare that with any

fanzine around. We've also been monthly and on schedule for 57 issues now. **Atar** regularly features many of the best writers around and as this issue will illustrate our graphics and art is top notch. So as far as we are concerned **Atar** is as deserving as any zine to lose a Hugo.

Not that we are (or should be) satisfied with being nominated and losing but we'll take what we can get as things now stand it is the best a couple of mimeocrankers can hope for.

Marty Cantor, in the latest issue of **Holier Than Thou**, has a proposal that he intends to make in Chicago over the Worldcon weekend that would change that, however. If Marty's proposal becomes reality, it would separate fanzines from semi-professional zines and give us--and every other real-fanzine publisher--an opportunity at not only a Hugo nomination, but at a Hugo win.

One fan recently said that fanzine writers no longer have any influence. Fanzine fans, according to this fan (who does not publish fanzines) face a problem by writing about it in their fanzines. His implication was that this was their only course of action, and that as a result, nothing ever got done by fanzine fans.

Chicago in 1982 would be a good chance to prove this mode of thinking to be erroneous. If enough fanzine fans show up at the WSFS business meeting, there's a very good chance that the amendment being presented by Marty Cantor and Mike Glicksohn would become the Status Quo instead of the Status Hopeful. Both of us support it wholeheartedly; it does not prevent anyone from receiving an award, but instead creates a new category--Best Semi-Professional Publication--to honor the zines that can't really be considered fanzines any longer. And that leaves the fanzine Hugo for fanzines--a novel concept whose time has come, we feel.

I'd like to think that fanzine fans have some influence. I'd like to think in fact, that they can have a lot of influence. The attitude that fan expressed earlier implied some difference between fanzine and convention

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by Biggers & Batty

# CHOICE CUTS

fans, a feeling the speaker later restated as some sort of a superiority/inferiority status. I'd like to think that wasn't true. I'd much rather think that fanzine fans and convention fans are part of the same group, and that fanzine fans can gain sufficient input to have the Hugo Award in their own field of expertise reflect their feelings.

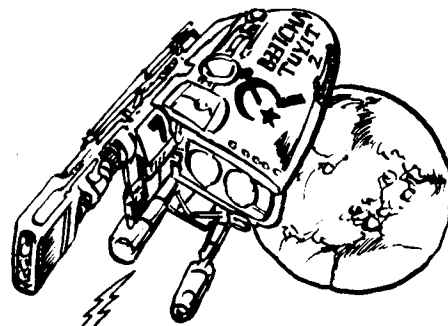
So if you are planning on attending Chicon IV, please plan on attending the business meetings and help make this proposal a reality. Fanzine fans are important and do still have influence. The key here is to find a way to make our voices heard and a good way of starting this is with Chicon. The fan room at Denvention was an embarrassment that was buried in the bowels of the hotel by the concomm. If we put forth the effort, we can voice our feelings on the importance of fanzine fans and the attention we deserve at Worldcons. There is no excuse for a hidden, sterile fan room and minimal fan programming. A responsible, receptive Worldcon committee can be made aware of this and changes can be made.

But only if we are motivated enough to move.

**Atarantes #57** (March 1982) is the official publication of the Atlanta Science Fiction Club. Edited by **Cliff Biggers**, 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw, Georgia 30144; Co-Editor **Ward Batty**, 944 Austin Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia 30307. Associate Editor **John C. Whatley**, P.O.Box 8591, Atlanta, Georgia 30306. All contents copyright (c) 1982 ParaGraphics; all rights revert to contributors. Subscriptions are 12/\$6, or available for The Usual. Please send review copies to both editors for coverage in "The Oscillating Fan". And yes, it's yet another **NP DYHN** (Neat Publication Deserving Your Hugo Nomination)!

**Worldcon Atlanta/Atlanta in 86** announces that **Charlotte Proctor** and **Wade Gilbreath** have joined the bid committee. Furthermore, new addition **Penny Frierson** has moved into the position of co-chairman; she and **Randy Satterfield** are now co-chairing the bid to bring the Worldcon back South in 1986. **Irvin Koch** and **Cliff Amos** have shifted from committee of the whole to supporting committee on the bid. Furthermore, Progress Report One is at the printer's (although some committee members have xeroxes of page proofs to show around) and should be available by the first of April. For further information or for a pre-supporting membership, write Worldcon Atlanta/Atlanta in 86, P.O.Box 10094, Atlanta, Georgia 30319. (\$3 for a basic presupporting membership; \$5 for a deluxe presupporting membership including mailing of all progress reports.)

The **Chicon** committee has announced that Hugo ballot deadline for nominations has been extended to March 30 because of some problems with some of the Progress Report mailings. Remember, you still have time to write **Atarantes** on that ballot! Also, hotel reservation forms for this year's Chicon have been sent out; if you are a member and haven't received your material, write immediately. If you haven't joined yet, send \$15 (supporting) or



DA, COMRADES... THIS IS SERGEI ABOARD  
"BEETCHA TUYIT 2..."

I'VE WORKED OFF THE HANDCUFFS, SO...

WIPKINS



\$50 (attending) to Chicon, P.O.Box A3120, Chicago, IL 60690.

Meanwhile, Baltimore's **ConStellation**: 41st Annual World Science Fiction Convention is progressing well, with GoH John Brunner, Fan GoH Dave Kyle, and Toastmaster Jack Chalker. Memberships are \$10 (supporting) and \$20 (attending) until 6/30/82. For more information, to volunteer, or to get a membership, write ConStellation, P.O.Box 1046, Baltimore, MD 21203.

Birmingham's recently - announced Deep-SouthCon bid has been postponed, according to **Charlotte Proctor**; Charlotte reports that some difficulties with hotel negotiations, combined with the recently-announced bid for Knoxville in 1983 convinced the Birmingham club that it would be better to wait until another year to bid for the Birmingham DSC. Taking the place of the DSC, however, is a Birmingham Halfacon scheduled for mid-November (the weekend before Thanksgiving). Membership cost, etc., was unavailable at the present time, but Birmingham plans to offer more information very soon. na3 ✓

Knoxville has definitely announced a DSC bid for 1983, making it the only definite candidate for the convention for that year. Chattanooga, the other often-mentioned candidate, has not yet confirmed its intentions, if there are any, to bid for the DeepSouthCon. **Andy Purcell**, chairman of the Knoxville bid, says the convention will be held at the Hyatt in Knoxville, and more information will be made available at the convention bid party to be held in Atlanta over the DSC weekend. ✓

New additions to the DeepSouthCon: **Stven Carlberg** and **Ward Batty** have announced that, in addition to the usual games in the games room, this year's DSC will offer a videogame tournament in a variety of Atari videogames. If sufficient people are interested, the filk-singing contest held last year will be continued at this year's DSC; furthermore, the convention will definitely follow the Birmingham lead from last year's DeepSouthCon and will offer a Saturday evening dance/concert, with music by the Roger Wilson Band, a local group with fannish connections.

The Emory Science Fiction Symposium, held March 6th at Emory University's White Hall, was a rousing success; attendance figures were not available at the time we left, but the estimate was 100+, and it certainly appeared that those estimates were, if anything, on the modest side. **Kelly Freas**, this year's DeepSouthCon MC, was the special guest of the convention, and he presented a new slide show that offered an intriguing glimpse at Kelly's art. **Michael Bishop** led an impromptu group discussion of science fiction as a visual medium, all of which was inspired by a brief discussion of an upcoming story Mike has written entitled "The Monkey's Bride". Copies of **Blooded on Arachne**, Michael Bishop's first collection from Arkham House, sold out quickly. **Jerry Page** and **Brad Linaweaver** also spoke at the symposium, which was much more like a convention this year, with numerous dealers' tables set up, lots of familiar Southern fannish personnel in attendance, and a packed film room. **Kathy O'Shea** ended up running the symposium after Psi Phi president was called away unexpectedly at the last moment.

**Pat-Oneself-On-The-Back Time:** The results of the **Myriad** egoboo poll are out, and the new President of **Myriad**, for the seventh year, is **Cliff Biggers** (blush). By the way, since there's no mention of it elsewhere, this is newsy enough to deserve mention here: the nifty typesetting this issue is courtesy of ace **Atarantes** supporter (and Associate Editor), **John C. Whatley**, who was gracious enough to go to all this trouble (and some seven hours work) for this issue. Thanks, **John**--we very literally could not have done it without you!

# MEETING

The **March Meeting** will present a panel discussion on the works of Piers Anthony, to be moderated by Cliff Biggers. The date of the March Meeting is **March 20, 1982**. The meeting will begin at 8:00, preceded by a 6:30 ASFiCon/DSC Committee meeting. We will be having an auction this month (bring those contributions) followed by the long-delayed Piers Anthony discussion.

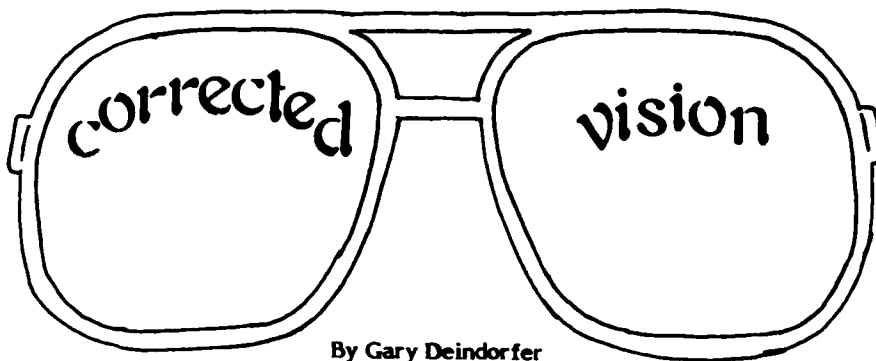
The **April Meeting** will feature a movie via a two-screen video setup. The movie to be shown will be determined at the March meeting. The date of the April Meeting will be **April 17, 1982**, usual location.

The **May Meeting** will feature a discussion of the works of Phillip K. Dick.\* The May Meeting will be held **May 15, 1982**, at 8:00 p.m.

The meetings are held at the **Peachtree Bank Community Room**, 4525 Chamblee-Dunwoody Road, located about 1/4 mile north of I-285, just across from Georgetown Shopping Center. The entrance to the meeting room is in the back of the bank building.

\***Time** and **Newsweek** confirm the death of Philip K. Dick in their latest issues. At the Emory SF Symposium, Michael Bishop reported that Jim Turner had told him of the death of Philip K. Dick on Tuesday, March 2. This is indeed a massive loss to science fiction.





By Gary Deindorfer

At a recent convention, a bunch of us went down the street to the local Goeyburger franchise for breakfast. We pushed together four tables and sat down to our GoeyMcMuffins and McGoey Super Coffee with spoonfuls of shining fresh refined sugar. We discussed the scandals at the parties the long night before, when I began closely observing my friends and acquaintances.

I wasn't scrutinizing them for my own purposes. I have a job as an observer for aspiring writers. I work for an outfit called The Harmless Writers' School. You probably have seen their advertisements on matchbook covers. I work twenty hours a week, observing. The rest of the time I don't observe anybody or anything at all. Best of all, I get to choose my own hours. I like flexibility.

I send in my observations to the School. The School sells them to aspiring writers who use the observations as raw material for their amateurish creations. The Harmless Writers' School is kind of a racket, I'll grant that, but there are a lot of desperate people out there in the world who want to be paid, published writers so bad they can taste it. These people have little or no writing talent but the School never tells them that. Aside from observers, the School also employs plot constructors and character flesher-outers. It even has people who teach the would-be writers grammar and spelling. It's all done by mail.

I sat there munching my Goey McMuffin and thought, "Time to make a little money, and I do mean a little money." I cast my penetrating gaze around at my fellow fans, observing for pay. Eventually I realized that out of the 15 fans gathered around the pushed together table, 13 of them were wearing glasses, including myself. I wrote down this observation on a Harmless Writers' School

form: "A large number of people wearing glasses eating breakfast in a fast food franchise."

I have since realized how many fans wear glasses. Maybe 90% of them. The actual percentage is probably not that high, but for the sake of the premise of this article, I'll pretend it is.

I have since observed (for pay) that groups of fans in public are blithely unaware of all the eyeglasses among them. But nonfans (those "other people") notice this right away. I have observed (for pay) nonfans looking at groups of fans and nudging each other and snickering about "all those four-eyes". Fans don't notice the nonfans noticing the fans' glasses. I don't know why.

Then there are the few fans who don't wear glasses. I would imagine more than a smidgin of them are dissimulating by wearing contact lenses. For those of you out there with normal vision (all three of you) I will dogmatically generalize that fans with good eyesight are (sorry, David Palter) "media fans", who don't read anyway. If you have good eyesight and are reading this and you're not a media fan (probably not if you're reading **Atarantes**) you're a troublesome exception who endangers the flimsy premise of this article. If you have normal vision and you take offense at this part of the article, I timorously apologize. I will hope that you won't beat me up since I wear glasses. My glasses have been getting me out of fights for years. I hope this state of affairs continues.

Science fiction conventions often share hotels with other convention groups at the same time. Perhaps someday there will be a science fiction convention at the same hotel and the same time as a conventin for optometrists....

The optometrists have never before seen in their entire lives so many people in one place wearing glasses. They walk around with ecstatic grins taking Polaroid photos of the staggering variety of eyeglasses frames worn by the fans. The optometrists are in something analogous to heaven.

"I've never seen so many different kinds of frames in my life, Fred!" Morty the optometrist explains to his colleague. A relic of First Fandom shuffles by in all his octogenarian majesty. Morty rips off the old fossil's glasses and shows them to Fred. "This model frame was discontinued in 1932. Unbelievable!"

The common link of eyeglasses between the two conventioning groups proves to be a powerful one. The fans and the optometrists start hanging out with each other. They go to each other's parties. Some of the fans make a few dollars serving as living exhibits at the lectures and seminars of the optometrists.

One of the less socially acceptable optometrists works in a made-as-you-wait contact lens franchise. These franchises are scattered across the country in the poor neighborhoods of the towns. This shadow optometrist is the only representative of the cheapie contact lens scam who has had the nerve to show up at the convention of his optometric superiors. he gets a bright idea, out of desperation. He makes a long distance collect call to the home office of the bargain contact lens organization. Upon explaining his plan, he gets his idea okayed. he puts up hastily lettered signs all over the hotel that say: "To All SF Fans. Big Surprise. Free Gift. Visit My Booth in the Lobby. Harvey Handhold, Optometrist." Harvey bribes a desk clerk to allow him to set up a booth in the lobby.

The sf fans pack the lobby, lined up at Harvey's booth. The word spreads rapidly that Mr. Handhold is fitting out the fans with free contact lenses if they will from time to time put in a good word for his product.

It takes Harvey a mere 15 minutes per fan to fit him or her out with the budget quality contact lenses. Afterwards they lumber around the hotel, squinting, their eyes watering, bumping into things, each other, hotel employees, and optometrists. By the time the convention has come to a close a couple days later all the fans who used to wear glasses (90% of the attending fans) are wearing their free, marginal quality new contact lenses.

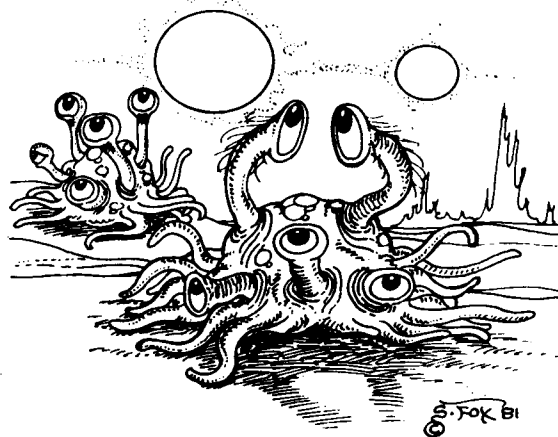
In the next few months, these thousands of fans being to curse their ill-made cheapie contacts. But they get them for free, and they are determined to keep wearing them.

One day a bold minded fan bellows, "I've had enough of these crummy bargain contacts!" He plucks the crude, rather heavy object out of his eyes and flings them to the floor and stamps them underfoot. He puts on his old pair of glasses. He cries, exultant, "I can SEE again!@"

He calls up some of his fellow fans who wear the free contact lenses. He has to. He can't write them a letter. He and they have become incapable of reading and writing by this time. It will take a while for his eyes to regain this ability in full. He attributes a future large phone bill to a newfound sense of idealism. He says to his near blind friends, "Rip out those crummy contacts and put on your glasses again! I did! You won't be sorry!"

This suggestion catches on like a suggestion that has caught on. Soon all of the fans with the cheapie lenses have plucked them out and stamped them underfoot and are wearing their glasses again. Slowly their ability to read and write returns. Letters begin to be written again. Fanzines begin to appear again. Typos abound in both.

The handful of fans who don't wear glasses are moved. They have glasses made up: frames holding windowpane, nonprescription lenses. The normal visioned fans wear these glasses as an act of solidarity with glasses wearing sf fans everywhere. Since the fateful encounter of the optometrists and the fans it has become clear that science fiction fandom is a corrected vision hobby.



# K&DZU

## CLIFF BIGGERS

I'm obviously a video-game fan; if the new Atari console in the living room doesn't give it away, then I'm sure that the glazed look that comes over my countenance when I near a video arcade is a subtle giveaway. And I not with a great deal of interest that videogames are getting more specialized and more sophisticated; any month now, in fact, there'll be a game called **Tron** which is based on a movie about a videogame come to life, which has to be the ultimate in self-aggrandisement.

This specialization is pretty good, however, for those of us who have in the back of our minds some very unique video games. Considering the number of fans who plop those quarters once reserved for sticky-quarter-fanzines into arcade games today, think how much money could be made if video games were designed that catered particularly to fanfannish interests!

First off, one game that we really need in video arcades is **Mimeo!** The object of **Mimeo** is to successfully print a fanzine. You have a joystick-crank that you turn to feed the "pages" through on the videoscreen, and at the same time you're trying to shoot down enemy ink-blobs, seal off invading stencil-tears, and stop the evil Inky Slipsheet! For those who get 1000 sheets through without succumbing to these problems, a new hazard is added: the ringing telephone, which immediately stops all video action, making the player lose valuable playing time to talk on the phone and then to wipe mimeo ink of the white plastic phone displayed on the screen. When you get above 2000 points, the phone call becomes long-distance collect and you must use up twice as much of your time. How much time are you given to "print the fanzine" and win the game? Half as much as you need to do the job, of course.

The next game is **Dealers Room!** Here, you must move your little man from his hotel room, where he must pick up money and leave, to the table at the other end of the maze that contains the complete **Weird Tales** collection that he must buy to win the game. Along the way, he must avoid the figures that are chasing him: one is named Banquet Ticket, one

is named Convention T-Shirt, and the most dangerous one is the Overpriced Dealer, a figure that will move faster than your man can, will pounce upon him, take his money, and give him a thousand copies of the **Generic Science Fiction** title published a few months back--all autographed, of course. If he loses all his money, he must then find the four corners that contain Indignant Fans; once he reaches these corners, he will gain The Strength of Righteous Indignation and will be able to chase down the other three figures and demand his money back.

Yet another game that I'm waiting on is **Club Meeting.** The object of **Club Meeting** is to find the only other member of the club interested in hearing the programming you came to the meeting to hear. The screen is covered with moving figures, all representing club members, and you must find the one wearing the "Sci-Fi Is My Life" button. You must avoid contact with the club members, since each time you cross paths with them, you lose 3 of the 120 seconds you have to find the member you must find to win the game. If you come in contact with the LoudMouthed Fan, you lose 9 seconds, since he talks three times as much as normal fans; there are three of these on the screen at all times. The most dangerous figure, though, is the Fakefan. This figure isn't really a fan of science fiction at all, and if he comes in contact with you, you lose 30 seconds, for he spends that much time telling you how stupid programming is and how the club doesn't need it and what a nerd you are to expect it.

The last game, of course, is **Convention Bid.** The object here is to successfully win the bid for a convention by surviving until the end of the game. Your man may move only within a very limited field, and must use his weapons only defensively to shoot down the Enemy Accusations that fly at him from all areas of the screen. There are thirty Nasty Rumors, which can be shot down with one blast; then come the Scurrilous Lies, which must be hit twice before they will die; most dangerous of all are the five No-Hotel-Contracts, which have to be shot five times repeatedly within fifteen seconds before they will disappear from the screen.

I keep dropping by the arcade; I figure those games should be coming in any time now. You might even look for them at your arcade; the truck that delivers them is really east to spot. It's the one with a big propeller beanie mounted on the cab, and the FIAWOL license plates.



# Minutes & Megabucks

The February 20th meeting of the Atlanta Science Fiction Club began at approximately 8:10 p.m., as President Angela Howell greeted the visiting SCAers (who later participated in the evening's programming), all other visitors and regular members. Angela soon got down to the business at hand, which meant emphasizing that dues were due and should be paid as soon as possible. She also asked that folks help pitch in with the clean-up after the meeting so that everyone could get out a little quicker.

This year's DSC Chairman Mike Weber mentioned that information was available to anyone interested. Flyers for the con, which will be held June 11-13, were available on the head table.

Angela then asked if there was any interest among members of ASFiC in buying a supporting membership for the club for the Atlanta Worldcon bid. An overwhelming majority of the members voted in favor of this, making ASFiC an official supporter of the bid.

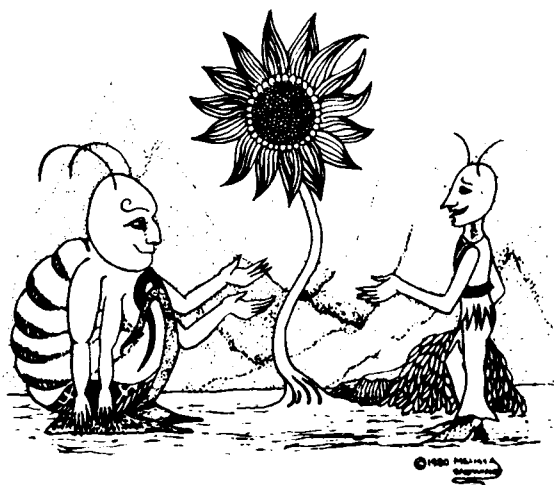
Following that, John Whatley moved that the meeting be adjourned. The first to second that proposal was Rich Howell, and the motion to adjourn was passed at 8:20 p.m.

## Treasury:

Beginning balance		\$347.51	
Expenses:			
Atarantes #56	29.56		
Drinks	7.00		
Supporting membership			
Atlanta in '86	<u>5.00</u>	<u>41.56</u>	
		305.95	
Income:			
Dues		<u>102.00</u>	
		\$407.95	

These members are currently dues paid:

Ward Batty	Steve Hughes
Cliff Biggers	Kathleen Kaufmann
Susan Biggers	Scotty Matthews
Calvin Bobbitt	Larry Mason
Phyllis Boros	Sue Phillips
Iris Brown	Bill Ritch
Sue Brundige	Mike Rogers
Laura Bulman	Randy Satterfield
Marilea Butler	Dee Sharpe
Ron Butler	Sheryl Sinnan
Joe Celko	Angie Sweeten
Don Cook	Ed Sweeten
Marion Crowder	Jim Tate
Avery Davis	Dan Taylor
Sara Fensterer	Laura Taylor
Stephanie Hall	John Ulrich
Gail Higgins	Mike Weber
Damon Hill	John Whatley
Angela Howell	Jeff Williams
Rich Howell	Ron Zukowski
Binker Hughes	



Between issues of *Atarantes*, we watch a lot of TV. So much, in fact, that we occasionally forget about the issues of *Atarantes*. Alas, such are the hazards of living in a technological wonderland with videorecorders, video monitors, scrambled-signal cable TV, and other gadgets designed to make a Silver-Reed 225C ball-element typewriter seem as old-fashioned and dull as a pine cone.

Now, though, we've found something better than watching TV; we utilize it as a tool to beat one another with as often as possible. No, we're not into throwing televisions at one another; we are, however, into Atari video games, a new facet in Atlanta fandom that is slowly but surely guaranteeing that we never leave our respective abodes again. With this in mind, we've set out to review as many of the games as possible, starting here and now. We haven't played every game yet and some deserve more mention than others, so we will touch on a dozen or so that we've agreed (or agreed to disagree) upon.

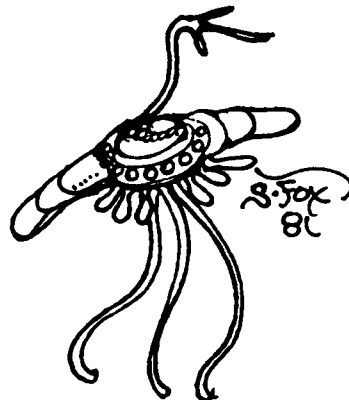


What makes a good home video game is very often not the same things that make the arcade versions worthwhile. Figuring that one pays between 20 and 30 dollars for a video game, you should get between 80 and 110 plays out of the game. At that rate you are paying 25¢ a game, which is about the best price you can get unless you join the two of us for video happy hour at the Kennesaw Wizard's Pinball Arcade--which I really don't recommend unless two hours of *Starcastle* and *Berzerk* is your idea of a great afternoon.

The really great home video game, of course, is the game that is still challenging after 100 or 150 plays. That's the game that"

a real investment, not a whimsical budget-blower. Alas, as you might expect, there aren't that many that really qualify as high-quality games in that respect--and I certainly wish there were.

Before we get too deeply into the review, let's mention one thing that we must know as a basis for any review--Atari is not the only manufacturer for games for Atari consoles. I can think of at least four--Atari,



ActiVision, Sears, and Apollo--that make their own games, none of which are available from the other company. Well, that's not exactly true with Sears, but they do make a few games that are Sears-only, like *Stellar Track*. On the proportional average, ActiVision is the company that both of us find more likely to offer challenging, enjoyable games.

We'll be working on a one-to-four ZAP! system, with a sip for those measurements inbetween zaps. A \*bleep\* is a no-score game--stay away from it if you can help it.

Let's start off on the high end; Ward and I will begin with those games that we really enjoy. And what better place to begin than...

**Othello.** I think we both agree that this is the best game offered. This has to be Atari's best game currently, at any rate, and one that makes your enthusiasm grow with each game played. Not only that, but you can actually win on the first level pretty soon after you start playing, giving you enough self-confidence to challenge the computer on the second level, and to lose dismally on the third level. Neither of us have ever played the real game, but we can both see that the video

# HOME VIDEO REVIEW

game, which changes the color tiles for you, is much easier than the board game--and if you play the board by itself when no one else is around, the game is much more dull than the video version. **Rating:** 4 ZAPS and a zip.

**Tennis.** We were both taken with this one from the start and continue to play it a couple of time a week, at least. This is an ActiVision game and is a good example of what makes many ActiVision games so good; their imagination. Unlike Pong, you've two little guys running and playing their little electronic hearts out. The nicest touch in the ball's shadow which given you that third dimension and allows you to better judge when to hit the ball for the best results. **Rating:** 4 ZAPS.

**Hockey.** This one is also by ActiVision (the same guy who designed Tennis created this one) but Cliff and I are split on it. I play this more than any other game right now and Cliff disliked it after a couple of plays. Lack of coordination, I guess. You've two players (a goalie and forward) and can only move one at a time depending which end of the ice the puck's at. The computer version is much easier to beat than the tennis, but this is still a very enjoyable game. **Rating:** Ward gives it 3 ZAPS and a zip; Cliff gives it 2 ZAPS.

**Missile Command.** I didn't think this game could be transformed into a home game very well, but I was wrong; when I (Cliff) bought the game, I was entranced by the challenge of it right away. The single-base



makes it a bit different from the arcade game, along with the fact that the missiles can--and often do--hit ground between cities. It's a challenge to get above 40,000 or so. I'd give it

a solid 4 ZAPS; Ward finds it a little monotonous and gives it 2 ZAPS.

**Combat.** If you have an Atari game, you know this is the cartridge that you get as a freebie when you buy the console. I can see why, too; it's a pretty challenging game, and



it's one that you can have fun with no matter how long you've had the game. The Ricochet Tank game is a favorite for both of us, as well as the one with guided missiles. It's a good introduction to videogames, but all in all, it's only a 3 ZAP game for each of us.

**Adventure.** This is another one that I enjoy, but Ward isn't familiar with it, so he can't offer any review of the game. It's much simpler than the original version I played on Steve & Bunker Hughes' TRS-80, but it's a good game that takes you through dungeons and past dragons in a search for various keys, swords, and other items. Warning: you lose things in the wall a great deal if you aren't careful. I'd give it 3 ZAPS.

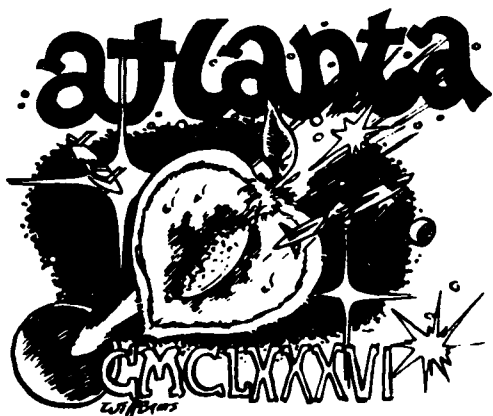
**Surround.** This is one I (Ward) bought without playing and have enjoyed very much. It is so rare that something this simple can be entertaining, but it reinforces the notion that the components that make a good home and arcade game can be very different. Essentially, there are two squares that draw lines in a playing field; you try to surround and trap your opponent into touching a line or the outside wall before he does the same to you. You can play against the computer or a friend. I mostly play my father as Cliff wasn't impressed enough with it to buy his own game. **Rating:** 3 ZAPS.

**Video Chess.** How long ago was it that it was said man could never make a computer

that could play chess? And here we have one on one of the most basic (four chip) computer systems around. Anyway, you have to go to the three-minute-between-computer-moves level before it is challenging and then it can get pretty boring. The biggest drawback is that there is no provision for two people to play each other. **Rating:** 2 ZAPS and a zip.

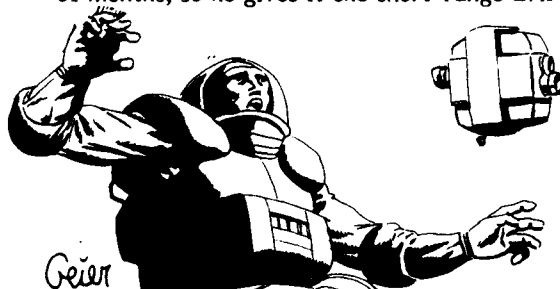
**Kaboom.** This game sounds remarkably simple: you're trying to catch bombs as quickly as a little man in a striped prison suit can drop them. You have buckets of water and you must catch them in order. It's slow on the first few levels, but it gets extremely challenging (and addictive, insofar as Cliff is concerned) after the third or fourth level. For Cliff, it's a 2 ZAP game, but Ward feels it isn't worth hooking up the paddles, and he gives it a zip.

**Asteroid.** Yes, this only proves that if you take a remarkably dull and repetitive arcade game, you can work on it, adapt it, and end up with a remarkably dull home game as well. I think I've played this one three or four times and really enjoyed it; after that, both Ward and I agree that it's only slightly more fun than moving the controls around while the television is turned off. We both agree that this is a 1 ZAP game. Atari doesn't seem to realize that adding 187,000 variations to a dull game will not make it any less dull.



**Superman.** Ward seems to enjoy this game moderately, but for me, it's a total washout. The graphics are wretched, the

object of the game doesn't even hold my interest while I'm playing it, and it's even duller to watch. The object is to change into Superman, capture criminals, avoid Kryptonite, and put a demolished bridge back together. I'd rather demolish the cartridge and see how long it takes Superman to reassemble that. I give this one a \*bleep\*; Ward found it to be a cute premise, and he enjoyed it the first few times, but he since has boxed it away and hasn't played it in a couple of months, so he gives it one short-range ZAP.



Other games in the \*bleep\* to 1 ZAP category would include Atari's **Street Racer** and **Air Sea Battle** and ActiVision's **Laser Blast** and **Skiing** (their only duds that we've encountered so far). These games aren't worth the power it takes to run the TV after the first few plays.

In summary, the Atari system is well worth having as a fund diversion; it's not as good as Intellivision from Mattel is in terms of graphics, but the variety it offers, along with the much lower price tag, makes it a superb investment. There are drawbacks, of course; the game will definitely encourage you to spend even more time in front of the screen, and it's not something you'll want to leave sitting around if you don't like company dropping by and then staying for quite awhile. But on the other hand you're guaranteed something that is more entertaining than much of what is on the tube and is always available. If you have a video recorder, a fun trick is to tape a game and really screw up your friends when they think they're controlling their man. Play the side that loses and see if they ever admit that they had no control. We may do this again as we get new games; after all, we are certainly researching these articles enough.

# ATAR- THE EMPIRE LOCS BACK ANTES

Harry Warner, Jr.  
423 Summit Avenue  
Hagerstown, MD 21740

The new issue of Atarantes (#55) is full of egoboo for me. Mighty subterranean forces are apparently at work to make my birthday a special occasion in fandom. The Chalkers have a son born on December 19. Jim Frenkel and Joan Vinge have a daughter born on the same day. The Atlanta Science Fiction Club stages a particularly festive Christmas meeting and when is it conducted? December 19, once again. The nicest thing about this sudden attention to my birthday in fandom is the way it fills a gap which has been created in my mundane life. My birth occurred such an enormous number of years ago that hardly anyone in Hagerstown remembers by now my birthday. Even my one and only local cousin forgot to send me a birthday card for the most recent natal anniversary.

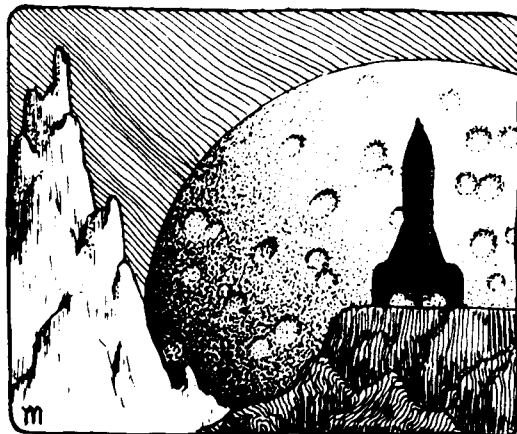
Kudzu was amusing again. You deserve more praise than you seem to be receiving for your ingenuity in thinking up some such gentle satirical barrage at fandom and its foibles every time you produce an Atarantes. Some of the topics which you propose for discussion in 1982 are no more outre than the subjects of several genuine controversies in fandom during the past year or two. You realize, I suppose, that Bob Tucker beat you to the matter of getting staples out of periodicals almost fifty years ago with his Society for the Prevention of Wire Staples in Science Fiction Magazines. I hope I have the official name correct. It's been a long time since I last wrote it or saw it in print.

Maybe Stven Carlberg doesn't like television, but he might have added to his list of Atlanta's merits the existence of Ted Turner's superstation. It is an increasing blessing to a fan in Hagerstown, even if Houston fans don't appreciate it. The local

cable company had been making it available only in the early morning hours while the local public broadcasting station was off the air, but it will become available here on a 24-hour basis in a month or so when the cable puts another halfdozen channels into service and meanwhile, I've discovered that it's run most of the time on channel 67 even though the cable company hasn't officially announced its availability there. The superstation comes in very handy in two ways: it offers uncut or only slightly cut many movies which are hopelessly mutilated when run on the Washington and Baltimore stations visible here, and it augments a great deal in the summer my intake of major league baseball. Unfortunately, I can't videotape it until the cable company makes converters available. My television set is cable-ready but my VCR isn't.

Maybe part of the answer to John Whatley's question of why vampires were usually noble in the older fiction is the tendency for fiction in the old days to have aristocracy prominent among its characters. Besides, noble lineage usually implied wealth until the income tax and inheritance tax messed things up, and a vampire's special needs are most conveniently supplied if he can afford a large home in the country, servants, and those coaches that always seem to carry patches of fog along with them as they roll through vampire movies.

I hope Brad Linaweaver reconsiders his threat to discontinue Der Krapp. There's no real correlation between the amount of



pleasure readers get from a fanzine item and the amount of space they devote to that item in their locs. Few of us have seen The Brain Leeches so we can't disagree with the columnist's judgments, as we could if he were writing about a prominent fan or recent paperback novel, and right there vanishes a major inspiration for loc contents. Brad writes too well to inspire loc complaints about his grammar or syntax or spelling, thus some more potential reaction is negated. It's much the same problem that art work chronically suffers: most loc writers have engrams against typing simply "I liked suchandsuch" and if a column or an illustration is simply very good without crating controversy or inspiring memories it's not going to be written about.

Bob Jennings  
RFD 2, Whiting Road  
Dudley, MA 01570

Well, the tape player is loaded with a six hour reel of hard core regi music, and there's the latest issue of Atarantes on hand, so I might as well make up for my long oversight and send off a letter of comment. I appreciate your sending me copies of the fanzine. I've been so busy these past four or so months I haven't had a chance to do much of any fanac. I hope to correct that in the near and immediate future.

It must be nice to be in an area where so much fan activity is going on. Cons all over the place, and more planned. In this part of the world there is very little to hold fans together besides the mail service. Our annual New England science fiction convention, Boskon, will be held in a week or so, however I doubt that I'll be going, first because as I recall the long range forecast is for a blizzard that week, and also because of the steep admission price (\$18.00). If it were going to be a decent/special con or I could meet some old friends/correspondents there, I might even try despite the problems, but as it is I'd just as soon keep the store open that day and try to make some money.

Fanzine reviews were a little disappointing this time 'round, first because so few titles were covered, and second because you guys seem to be sliding off your original concept to provide two separate but definite opinions on fanzines and to lay it on the line in all cases.

In this column I witness Wardo sputtering and he-hawing around the Hlavaty production as tho he was afraid if he really made his true feelings public he might be lynched by the trufans who disagreed with him. I've never seen America's Discordian Hero, but I would certainly have appreciated a more definite comment on the quality of the fanzine, and the style of the writing that either you or Ward provided. So far as poor Irvin's Latest, I also have to quip with you that format is the determining factor in the quality of a fanzine. I know you guys didn't come right out and say that, but the implication is strong thruout that had the fanzine been presented with wide margins, illos, space breaks, headers etc etc, that it might have been a decent effort. I don't doubt, as you noted, that the material was lackluster and trivial, but I've seen a lot of good zines with abominable layout, and I'm sure you have also.

This of course brings up the old question, how can fanzines, a highly selective communication medium, possibly be reviewed even within the very broad confines of their individual appeal. I tend to favor the system now being used by a lot of the fantasy gamers and their publications, wherein a fanzine is reviewed on several levels, of which layout and total appearance gets one rating, ideas, originality, thought, effort whatever, gets another rating, and finally a rating for the ability of the writers to write well and the editor to edit his material well. This is fairly complex I will admit, but I think in the case of stf fanzines a separate line or so on the layout/art/general appearance of the publication in addition to the usual comments about its content and idea variants would be very helpful.



Actually Brad Linaweaver is quite correct in pointing out that his column *Der Krapp* (or, *Adventures of the Brain Leeches*) has not received the comment it deserves. (Although perhaps he is taking the matter too seriously.) Let me say, then, that in fact I have been interested in his lurid tales of low budget movie production. While not quite as dramatic as Harlan Ellison's titanic struggles with the movie and TV industry, your experiences nonetheless give valuable insight into the area of the movie world's marginal (or lunatic) fringe. In the current episode I was particularly struck by the fact that zombie eyes were simulated by painting the eyelids white, and filming at a distance with eyes closed. That practice strikes me as being potentially hazardous, since most paints are capable of causing eye irritation or worse, if used in such close proximity to the eye. However, I would imagine that a wise choice of paint was made, otherwise you would certainly have found the ensuing medical complaints to be worthy of mention in your chronicle. (Unless, of course, they were deliberately suppressed, to conceal your role in the infamous blind brain-leeches zombie scandal....)

Incidentally, does this have any connection to the fact that the members of the JDL death squad which attacked Bill-Dale Marcinko were reported by some observers to have white eyelids? And what about those leeches found in his bathtub? Is it true that your movie was actually made in El Salvador with the aid of Fidel Castro? Did Ronald Reagan play a cameo role?

I hope the next installment of *Der Krapp* will address some of these questions.

Kudzu this round was pretty funny, but alas, it isn't the sort of thing to inspire additional comment.

This talk about banning weapons at cons is pretty boring stuff. Let me just ask, has anybody ever been able to document a case of someone being hurt by a weapons carrying person at a science fiction convention? I'm the first to admit that a lot of the SCA people can be real assholes, but that's entirely apart from the weapons issue. Are we talking about obnoxious people, or people doing terrible things with weapons?

I thought Gary Deindorfer made some especially good comments re-stf mind sets against people only slightly different from themselves.

John Whatley's article on vampires seems a little bit too much surface gloss and very little real research this time round. I don't know what sort of depth he is striving for in his columns, but he gives the impression that *Dracula* was one of the very earliest vampire stories. In fact this is not true at all, it is merely one of the longest and most popular in a long string of vampire thrillers that caught the imagination of the reading public. Perhaps the earliest vampire tale of literary merit was Lord Byron's short story, which did quite a lot to set the "noble birth" syndrome that John mentions here. ((Since I'm setting this, I'll also answer here. Editor Biggers cut my vampire article in two, so what you read was part two. In part one I had discussed the early vampire tales, including the tale you refer to as having been written by "Lord Byron"; in fact, it was written by Byron's doctor, John Polidori.)) I think this "noble birth" crap actually got started because for many years (generations actually) in England especially it was considered ridiculous to write about common people or people who were not substantial and worthwhile. Since the people who bought the books would presumably have the wealth and education to read them, and the poor starving bastards living on pennies around the large cities or working themselves to an early grave on the farms in the country couldn't even afford to buy books, much less read the things, this might have made sense from a strictly commercial point of view. However, it also means that for sub-classes of literature, such as the weird and vampire tales, the protagonists and villains were almost always people of good birth and breeding. Even in the penny dreadfuls, supposedly aimed at the lower class (but most often read by the middle class, and especially by young people), the heroes were often of good background and with money, that all important factor.

*Der Krapp* was kinda boring this time round. I hope he picks things up a bit, or perhaps as you editorially imply, a new column might be found to take the place. This is getting pretty old hat now.

Roberts' column was pretty basic. People who want to write science fiction should basically spend a lot of time at their typewriter and a lot less reading advice in zine columns, I would think.

All in all, a pretty decent issue this round. I enjoyed most of the artwork, and, of

course, loved Trufan Adventures. I'll try to be more prompt with my comments on future issues.

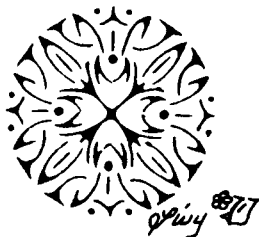
D Potter  
19 Broadway Terrace #B  
New York, NY 10040

Enjoyed Der Krapp. Snapping turtles, indeed. Brain Leeches sounds like a perfect drive-in movie, where one can shriek with laughter without upsetting the snoggers in the back row. It reminds me very little of the afternoon spent crouched over a hot moviola with Pete F., editing straight-faced perfectly normal actions into weirdness (and then there was the soundtrack). (Pete is not only not a fan, he was last seen becoming a parole officer.) Then again, the Maciste movies are marvelously cheesy in the SFX department. And there was a movie (title obliterated) seen under the influence which may or may not have come from Firebird International (lots of red glow).

Whatley's column tracing the horror genre to (eventually) the present is, in these two installments, spare and concise. Good stuff.

Gafia? Is that what's going around lately? I thought it was the flu. And poverty. And a simple dearth of ideas (this makes a difference?).

The weapons controversy: Banning weapons except for the masquerade seems to be a reasonable compromise--and some localities and hotels are insisting on it. This year's Disclave flyer mentions a drawn sword in an elevator--which is plain and unmitigated stupidity. We do need to protect ourselves from the stupid. (And before the watergun brigades come after me: I have hung out with Marklanders and people who lived in the Amber universe and various folk connected with SCA. How dare turkeys who don't know how to use, when to use, where to use or display a weapon besmirch legitimate people knowledgeable and skilled--it's enough to cause one to take up a horsewhip--which gives me an idea....)



David Palter  
1811 Tamarind Avenue #22  
Hollywood, CA 90028

Thank you for **Atarantes** #55, another enjoyable issue (fascinating cover illo).

The fact that Gary Deindorfer finds me to be a Very Serious Fellow strikes me as a very serious matter. My image in fandom probably needs reworking. I'll talk to my PR consultants about this. Perhaps a modest advertising campaign in selected fanzines would be effective. I haven't come up with a good slogan, though. Somehow "David Palter is not serious!" seems to lack something, a certain je-ne-sais-quoi that enables a good slogan to impinge on people's consciousness against their own better judgment.

Harry Andruschak's letter and your reply were both quite interesting. It does seem to be true, as you say, that Harry failed to make a case for the assertion that the practice of allowing people to come to conventions with weapons (fake or real) is causing serious problems with the hotels at which the Cons are occurring. One the other ahnd, I think he does succeed at least in pointing out that a serious problem with hotels does exist. (I don't personally take it seriously, of course, but the problem does seem to be substantial for those who organize, and to a lesser extent, those who attend Cons.) I also recall that just as the fans are in many cases causing problems for hotels (by reason of vandalism, terrorising other guests of the hotel, etc.) it is also true that many Cons have suffered from assorted mistreatment by the hotels which hosted them. Clearly there are offenses being committed by both sides of the conflict.

Banning weapons does seem to be an ineffectual solution to this continuing problem. The only thorough solution that comes to mind is for fans to band together and form a vast financial conglomerate which can then buy up some hotels (or even have hotels constructed to order, if necessary) which can then be used for conventions with no fear of any problems occurring with the hotel management. It may be that the project would prove to be too expensive for the resources which are available, however I am convinced that withk a determined effort, at least one hotel can be acquired by fandom.

Cliff, you have truly outdone yourself with the latest installment of KUDZU. What can I say, you are a brilliant humorist. (I'll bet nobody ever accuses you of being a serious person!)



# PIAWOL



By Brad Linaweaver  
(self interview)

Q: How long have you wanted to be a science fiction writer?

A: Since I first discovered the genre, I guess. Even in elementary school I remember that the comics, books, magazines, movies and TV were not enough for me. I wanted to create my own material! In fifth and sixth grade, for instance, I was writing SF plays to be put on as class projects in the school auditorium, and that incidentally netted me some extra credit. One that I remember fairly well was a sequel to Conan Doyle's The Lost World. For the big climax I had an erupting volcano. This we accomplished with a cardboard cut-out leaning against a chair on the stage. One of the kids crouched behind it with a handful of paperwads painted a bright red. At the crucial moment, I started flashing the lights on and off, as another kid provided a sound effect from a record and the volcano spewed forth its load of waste paper.

Q: Could we bring it a little more up to date?

A: Well, a date that made an impression on me was the publication of my first letter in a pro-zine back when I was in high school. It appeared in the December 1969 issue of Analog. Then there was....

Q: All this nostalgia has its place, I'm sure, but you're not really answering the question. When did you become a professional?

A: You're a rude interviewer if you won't let me ramble, but now that you ask, let me see. After several years of fanzine writing and college newspaper stuff, I started making regular sales of articles and occasional fiction in 1975.

Q: This is when you broke into science fiction?

A: Not exactly. I was selling film and book reviews (often of SF subjects), political articles to conservative, libertarian, and counter-culture periodicals, fantasy vignettes to various obscure markets, and doing Sunday supplement type material. None of that really counts, you know. I did five years of this before breaking into a real SF publication with the sale of "The Competitor" to the July 1980 Fantastic.

Q: Didn't that magazine go out of business a few issues later?

A: Pure coincidence! The guy was already dead when I got there, officer.... It didn't jinx my relationship with Ultimate Publishing Company because I placed three pieces with its sister publication, Amazing.

Q: And this success with Ultimate Publishing constitutes your sole claim to professionalism in SF to date?

A: If you want to put it that way, but I am finally being considered seriously at some of the other places and my first novel is underway.

Q: What is your biggest splash in SF so far?

A: That's easy. It has to be my novella, "Moon of Ice", receiving the cover treatment on the March 1982 issue of Amazing, complete with a superb Steve Fabian illustration. Yes, this is a great issue with which to begin a subscription to Amazing! Why, for a paltry \$9.00, a dollar less than yearly ASFIC dues, one can receive a year's worth of this challenging publication. And that address is Box 642, Scottsdale, Arizona, 85252, but, alas, it does not include Samsonite luggage or a trip to Hawaii. Just ask for the March iss....

Q: Excuse the interruption of the advertisement, but I can't help but notice that although the title of your story made the cover, your name didn't. Why do you think that is?

A: Um, er, that's nothing new. The two times I received covers on New Guard magazine, my name was somehow absent. The titles make it! In the case of Amazing, they had the far more commercial name of Harlan Ellison to splash on the cover and draw the attention. If any beautiful fem-fans are confused by that as to the authorship of "Moon of Ice", I simply raise my voice and ask them to take off their clothes.

Q: That sounds like a cheap shot. Ellison's name was on the cover for his story, but the illustration went with yours. Do you think your name will be on the cover of Amazing eventually?

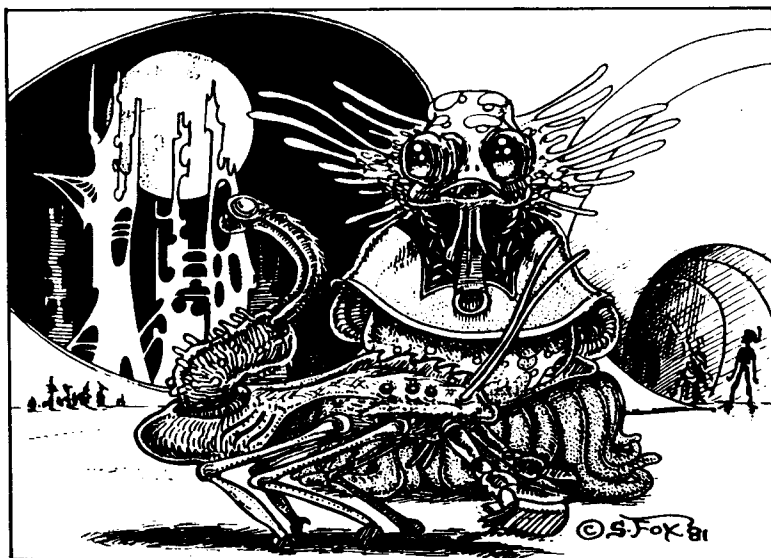
A: Maybe when they use the short story they are holding for later publication, "Clutter". Of course, I never expected them to use my name prominently on the Space Shuttle article, but all that turned out to be academic anyway. (Which tale was told in a previous "Piawol".)

Q: Have you any advice for fans who would like to break into the SF magazines?

A: They'd do well to pay attention to the series Ralph Roberts has been running in Atarantes. There are a few things I'd like to add to what Ralph has been saying. In Atar #55, his reading list was good but incomplete; titles I recommend include Notes to a Science Fiction Writer by Ben Bova, Turning Points: Essays on the Art of Science Fiction edited by Damon Knight, Zen and the Art of Writing by Ray Bradbury, and The Language of the Night by Ursula K. Le Guin.

## Art Credits:

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Bob Maurus..cover, 11, 13, 20	
Melissa Snowind.....	9
Tara.....	4
Alan White.....	11
Charlie Williams.....	3,12
Joan Hanke Wood.....	19



# HORROR & THE SUPERNATURAL

After our sojourn into vampires the last two issues, we turn to the late 1800's and early 1900's, what is commonly called the Victorian era and early Edwardian era, although why we in America should measure our times by English standards is a bit unusual.

Ambrose Bierce (1842-1913(?)) was an American writer whose dark sense of humor showed in everything he wrote. Most famous for the short collection, **The Devil's Dictionary**, Bierce fought in the Civil War Between the States and populated many of his stories with wartime experiences ("An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge", for example). As Lovecraft noted, "virtually all of Bierce's tales are tales of horror; and whilst many of them treat only of the physical and psychological horrors within Nature, a substantial proportion admit the malignly supernatural and form a leading element in America's fund of weird literature."

Bierce liked to subtitle his tales with sentences such as: "One does not always eat what is on the table" (describing a body laid out for a coroner's inquest) or "A man though naked may be in rags" (referring to a frightfully mangled corpse). You get the picture.

But in tales such as "The Damned Thing" with its strange but invisible creature roaming the quiet fields day and night and "The Spook House" in which a whole family disappears into a "strange subterranean room lit by an

unaccountable greenish light and having an iron door which cannot be opened from within", Bierce's directness and absence of atmospheric themes can scare you for a night.

F. Marion Crawford, whose "For the Blood Is the Life" was mentioned last time, wrote other terror tales. **The Dead Smile** concerns the banshee in Ireland; frightening! But he is best known, through anthologies, for the work "The Upper Berth", in which a suicide-haunted stateroom is inundated with saltwater aromas, a mysteriously opening porthole, and a struggle with....what? Highly recommended.

Oscar Wilde wrote **Picture of Dorian Gray**. For those of you unfamiliar with this tale, a rake has his portrait painted, a portrait that ages instead of him. As the years and excesses grow, the rake remains young while the picture ages and becomes more horrible. Finally, the demented hero commits a murder, and, attempting to destroy the picture to cover his crime (according to his now-insane mind), stabs it. When the servants enter the room they find lying on the floor "a dead man, in evening dress, with a knife in his heart. He was withered, wrinkled, and loathsome of visage. It was not until they had examined the rings that they recognised who he was."

William Hope Hodgson wrote a terror trilogy, **The Boats of the Glen Carrig**, **The House on the Borderland**, and **The Ghost Pirates**, in the early 1900's.



This center volume, published in 1908, tells "of a lonely and evilly regarded house in Ireland which forms a focus for hideous otherworld forces and sustains a siege of blasphemous hybrid anomalies from a hidden abyss below." Those are Lovecraft's words; they'll be remembered next time.

Algernon Blackwood was a master of the art. Lovecraft described his work as "some of the finest spectral literature of this or any age." What some authors, such as Bierce, could accomplish with directness, Blackwood achieved with finesse. His stories are all atmospheric, but the atmosphere is constantly horrific. His two best tales are "The Willows", with its haunted Danube island, and "The Wendigo", with its forest demon leaving its unusual footprints about. There is also "The Camp of the Dog", one of the better werewolf tales in fiction.

The final author to be discussed this month is Arthur Machen. His best-known tale is "The Great God Pan" in which Helen Vaughan, the only child of the title character and a woman on

whom an experimental brain operation has been made, is finally put to death after metamorphosing through various sexes and transmutations. Another is "The White People", in which a little girl leaves behind an account of her initiation into a witch cult. In the end, she commits suicide; why and what is found next to her, is the secret of the story.

NEXT MONTH: H. P. Lovecraft and the Cthulhu Mythos genre. Don't miss it if you can!

JOHN C. WHATLEY VI

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