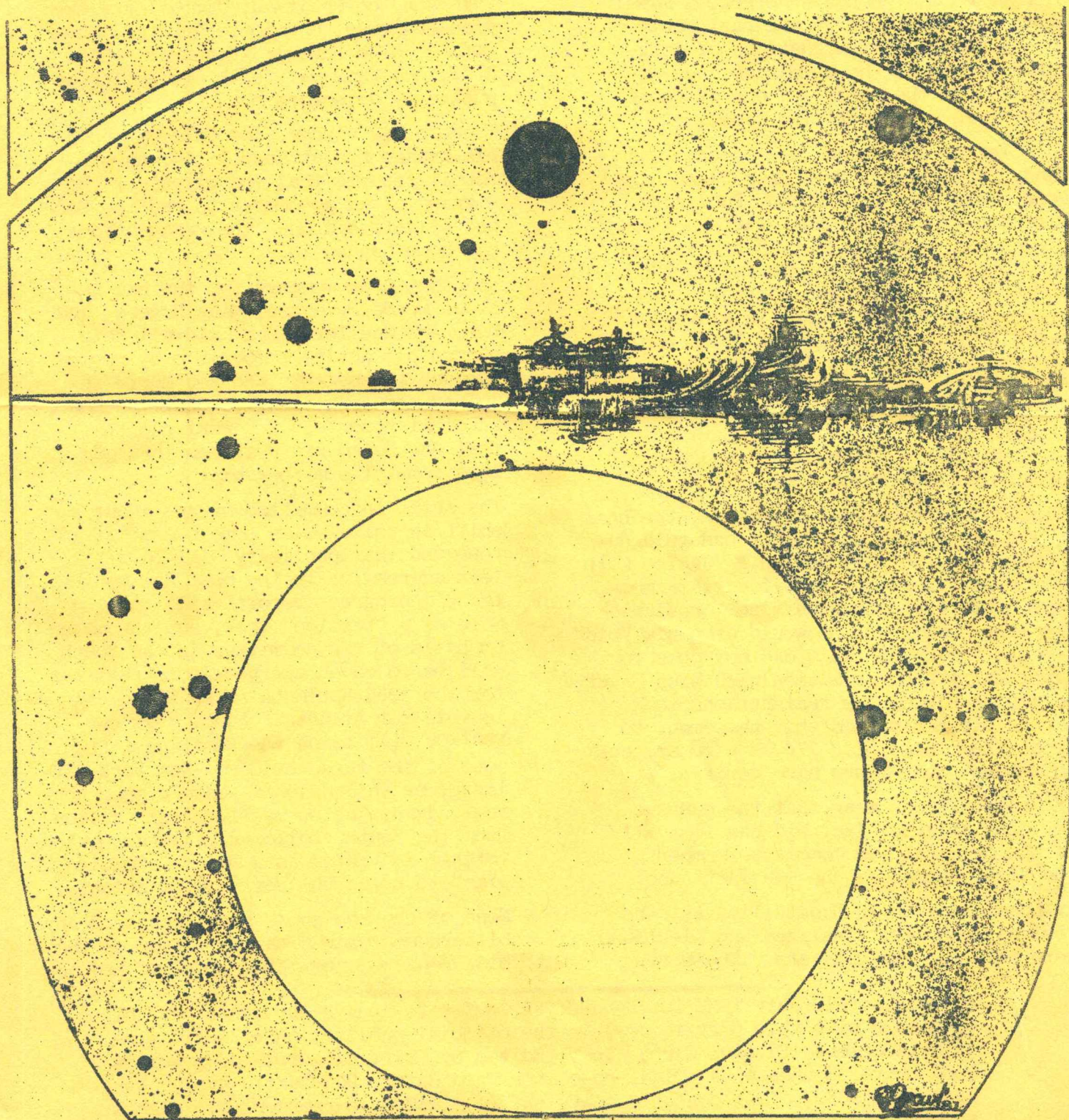


ATTRACTIONS



CHOICE CUTS

WORLDCON BID COMMITTEE CHANGES PERSONNEL; SECOND BID FOLDS

HUNTSVILLE'S CONSTELLATION A SUCCESS; OTHER CONVENTION CHANGES ANNOUNCED; L.A. ADDS NEW TOUCH TO WORLDCON SITE SELECTION; AND MORE!

The Atlanta in '86/Worldcon Atlanta, Inc. bidding committee has undergone a massive change in personnel in the past month, with a number of resignations of long-time members of the committee, new officers, and the demise of one of their most divisive competitive bids.

In a letter dated June 21, co-chairman Randy Satterfield, Treasurer Susan Biggers, Secretary Iris Brown, Publicity Director Ward Batty, Assistant Publicity Director Cliff Biggers, and new invitee Gary Eissner resigned from the Worldcon Atlanta, Inc. bid. The resigning members stated that a change in attitudes had left them unsure if the South could adequately handle the 1986 Worldcon, and the members further stated that the bid itself had been, in many ways, harmful to Atlanta and to the South, particularly in light of the alternative grudge-bid 1986 Atlanta Worldcon bid.

Unknown to the resigning members, the head of the other bid, Joe Celko, had told numerous other people, including Janice Gelb and Penny Frierson, that if certain members of Worldcon Atlanta, Inc., resigned from the committee, he would drop his "bid" for the Worldcon. This did not come to light until a conversation with Mike Glycer notifying him of the resignations took place; Glycer reported this agreement to drop the bid in *File 770* as a rumor, but subsequent statements have verified it.

The resignations mean that the current Worldcon Atlanta, Inc. bid has lost all of the original bid committee members who first announced the bid last June.

At Constellation in Huntsville, AL, the resignations were finalized and elections were held for new officers. Those new

officers are: Ron Zukowski and Penny Frierson, co-chairmen; Jim Gilpatrick, vice-chairman; Charlotte Proctor, Secretary; Rich Howell, Treasurer. Bill Brown and Wade Gilbreath are acting as publicity directors.

True to his pledge, Joe Celko dropped his grudge bid at Huntsville; Angela Howell reports that she witnessed the signing of an agreement to end the second Atlanta bid once the resignations had been handed in.

New committee members for the bid include Meade Frierson, Mike Rogers, and Mary Ann Mueller. Dan Caldwell reinstated his active membership by paying overdue assessments and Ken Moore re-joined the committee, co-chairman Ron Zukowski reports. Zukowski reports that Joe Celko has *not* been invited into committee membership.

The shift in committee brings about a shift in policies in some cases; it is reported that publicity will be a bit less aggressive in the next few months, the bid progress reports will take on more of a "fanzine" look, and the main emphasis of the committee in the South will be to encourage people to register for the 1984 Worldcon so as to be able to vote for Atlanta. Since this convention will be on the West Coast (L.A.), none of the three bidders--New York, Atlanta, or Philadelphia--have a geographical advantage, so massive registration from the South, followed by large-scale voting, is viewed as a major "campaign plan" to bring the Worldcon to Atlanta.

None of the resignees have expressed any bitterness towards the committee or the bid; reported committee problems had no-

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thing to do with the resignation, and the majority of the resigning members will remain a part of the bid in the form of Associate Bid Committee Members--a non-voting, one-time assessment position that would enable them to work on the committee should the desire to at a later date without becoming involved in the political miasma of a Worldcon bid.

The demise of the Celko bid also opens the way for the Southern Fandom Confederation to support the Atlanta in '86 bid as it currently exists; Meade Frierson's acceptance of a committee position invitation seems to indicate that this will be the case. The full support of the SFC is a considerable asset for the bid, and will enable handy and ready communication with the bulk of Southern fandom on a regular basis.

Constellation I: Pleiades was held at the Sheraton Inn in Huntsville, AL over the July 16-18 weekend, and the convention was a success in spite of a slightly smaller turnout than was hoped for.

Approximately 210 people attended the convention to meet Guests Phyllis Eisenstein, Ken and Lou Moore, and Andy Offutt, to attend parties, take part in light programming, and enjoy a semi-relaxicon atmosphere. The facilities were the same as were used for MidSouthCon two years prior, and seemed well-suited for the convention. The con suite continued the fountain-dispenser habit that Chattacon began earlier this year, which proved to be most efficient and convenient. (I will use editorial prerogative to hereby request that one container of Tab be included in the con suite, though...)

The convention was sponsored by NASFA, the North Alabama Science Fiction Association; the committee itself was most well-organized and congenial, and this added a great deal to the fine atmosphere of the convention. While programming was light (and lightly attended), the art show did very well indeed, reportedly auctioning off more than \$2500 in artwork.

The party atmosphere of the convention was a bit slow and sporadic, though; parties never really seemed to establish themselves at the level of most Southern conventions, although Knoxville, Chattanooga, and L & N all hosted fine parties.

A large number of convention members took advantage of the Huntsville location to tour the Space Center facilities there on Sunday morning; the space-center-slant of the city rubbed off on the con as well, with several serious-science presentations and discussions.

The banquet was lightly attended, with only 30 banqueters (although that did not include committee or guests, it is assumed), but was reported to be successful.

The hearts tournament was also lightly attended, with only 16 players signing up. The winner was Jack Bell, with Cliff Biggers coming in second by one point.

The light attendance of an otherwise fine convention seems to accent a problem that has plagued several Southern conventions in the past year or so; virtually ever Southern convention has run under expectations for attendance, beginning with the 1981 DeepSouthCon in Birmingham, and this trend shows no sign of breaking. Furthermore, lighter attendance has been reported at several other conventions outside the South, and it's difficult not to wonder if this is a sign of convention saturation.

FEE, FIE, FOE, FEEK!
I SMELL THE BLOOD
OF A TRICKY GREEK!
BE HE NEAT OR BE HE SLOB
I'LL COOK HIM UP
FOR SHISHKEBOB!



Ward Batty announces that Vaticon, scheduled for the Roman Inn in Rome, GA, will feature the south's first Duplicate Heart Tournament. Special Ghodd Ghuys will be Steve & Binker Hughes, and the convention is set for the 6-8 of October, 1982. For information, write to Ward Batty at 944 Austin Avenue, Atlanta GA 30307.

Herb McCaulla is the head honcho behind Port City Con, to be held in Mobile, AL October 1-3; the guests, both pro and fan, remain unchanged (Jack Williamson and Hank Reinhardt), but the toastmaster is now Andy Offutt, replacing George Alec Effinger who will be unable to attend. For memberships, send \$10 to PO Box 98316, Atlanta GA 30359.

The Knoxville DeepSouthCon, scheduled for June 3-5, 1983, will feature Stephen King as the Guest of Honor, Guy H. Lillian III as Fan GoH, Doug Chaffee as artist GoH, Barbara Wagner as Toastmistress, and Karl Edward Wagner as surprise(d) guest. Registration is \$15 in advance from Satyricon, PO Box 16140-University Station, Knoxville TN 37996. The hotel will be the Hyatt Regency Knoxville. Charlie Williams will be handling the art show, and Dick Lynch will be handling the huckster room.



And since we haven't mentioned it, why not use this space to report that Dee Sharpe is holding another Atlanta Comics Con November 6-7, 1982. Memberships are \$5 to 1992 McJenkins Drive, Atlanta GA 30345, and guests will be Paul Smith, Bob McLeod, and Pat Broderick? Why not mention it indeed, and I think we just did.

A final plug; ASFiCon 4 is set for April 1-3, 1983, at the Northlake Hilton in

Atlanta, and the guests are Greg Benford (pro), Brian Earl Brown (fan), and Doug Chaffee (artist). Memberships are \$12 from 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw GA 30144; for huckster room info, write Larry Mason, 3990 Clairmont Road, Chamblee GA 30341, and for art show information, write Rich Howell (see COA elsewhere in this news section).

Chicon IV is rapidly approaching fruition; the fifth Progress Report (a small issue with last-minute critical information) will be out very soon, and all the material for the Pocket Program has gone to press. In spite of many reports that Chicon's attendance figures are lower than they have budgeted for, Chicon has pointed out that they have more registrants as of July 1st than Noreascon had at the same time, and the committee is very optimistic about convention attendance. The membership rate has now escalated to \$75 attending; if you want to join and haven't so far, you need to send the money to PO Box A3120, Chicago IL 60690.

Los Angeles has broken with the traditional policy of selling supporting and attending memberships and allowing you to convert the former to the latter by paying the difference. L.A. will sell attending memberships and corresponding memberships, and the corresponding memberships are non-transferable. L.A. is requiring a \$20 voting fee if you have a Worldcon membership in Chicon and wish to vote in the site selection for 1984; this \$20 will get the voter a full attending membership if L.A. wins. Afterwards, the price for attending memberships escalates to \$30, and corresponding memberships remain \$20--so there is no cash advantage to waiting until later to pay. Do it now! But remember--you must be a member of Chicon IV to vote in the site selection.

On the Move (CoAs)

Ron & Marilea Butler, 631 American BLVD,
Warner Robins, GA 31093
Rick Albertson, 210 Melrose Ave., Decatur
GA 30031
Steven Carlberg, 329 St. Joseph, Lafayette
LA 70504
Calvin K. Bobbitt, 2947 Main St. #4,
East Point, GA 30344
David Heath Jr., 1525 Pine Ave Apt 4,
Long Beach, CA 90813
Rich & Angela Howell, 959-A Waverly Court,
Norcross, GA 30071

ATARANTES

SURVEYS FANDOM!

"Hey, Ward, how long have you been in fandom in one way or another?"

"About six years or so; how about you, Cliff?"

"My first involvement with any sort of fandom came in 1965, with comics fandom, and I moved into a peripheral contact with sf and fantasy fandom a year later, so I've been birding around in fandom for about seventeen years now."

"So I guess you're a BNF in Southern fandom, right?"

"Not really; I've been around for a long time, but all that proves is that I'm really hard to discourage."

And so the conversation went, albeit in a more roundabout way. Like war wounds and battle stories, duration in fandom is a tale that fans often turn to in any discussion, and that is usually followed by a discussion of BNFdom, neodom, fannish power, etc.

Which led us to wonder--exactly what are these abstracts like power and BNFdom, and even more importantly, how do other fans perceive them?

We're both curious by nature, so we determined that the only way to find out what the fannish perception of power and standing was would be to ask the fans.

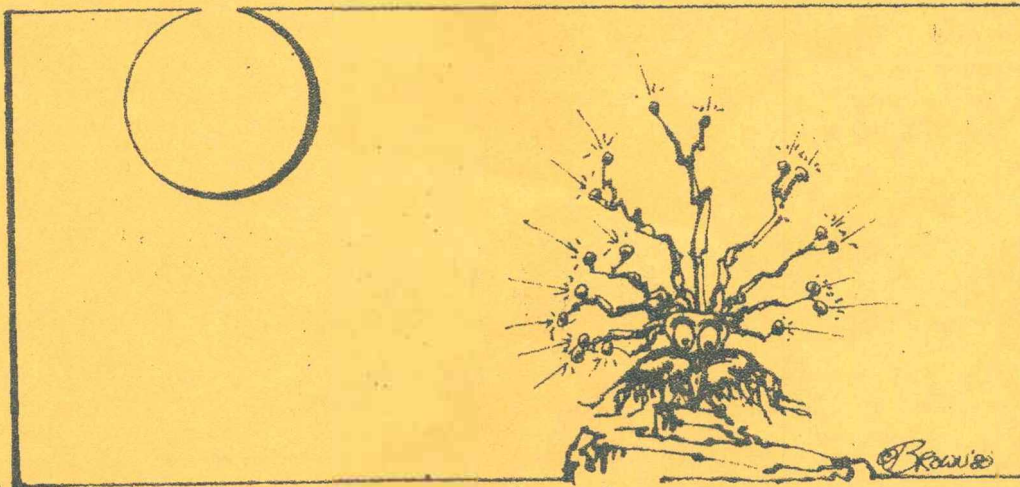
Thereby, we came up with the *Atarantes*

survey. The survey itself is simple: we want you to answer the questions as honestly and completely as possible to capture your thoughts on the matter. Don't feel any need to identify yourself if you don't want to. We're concerned with answers, not personalities. In fact, we will *not* publish names unless you specifically request that your identity be made public.

Now, the questions.

- (1) What do you expect from fandom?
- (2) Is there any sort of power in fandom? If so, tell us what sort of power (or power structure) there is..
- (3) How important is power in your enjoyment of fandom?
- (4) How important is standing or status in fandom (BNF, neo, etc.)?
- (5) If you could change one thing in fandom (aside from feuding), what would you alter?

Now, we're going to sit back and wait on answers. Please take part in this if you have any thoughts at all on the matter; we'll get a much better view of fannish attitudes if a variety of fans share those attitudes with us. You can include your answers with your locs to *Atarantes*, you can mail them separately, or you can phone Ward Batty or Cliff Biggers with your responses. Whatever--just *respond!*



Last time I promised a look at "Mythos Writers", that strange breed who contributed to and carried on Lovecraft's "Cthulhu Mythos". Because of the number of writers this includes, this article will be broken into two parts, to run this month and next, and also will briefly discuss only the major contributors.

The "Three Musketeers" of **Weird Tales** in the 1930's were Lovecraft (see last installment), **Clark Ashton Smith** (Lovecraft's "Klarkash-Ton"), and **Robert E. Howard**.

Smith was born in Long Valley, CA, January 13, 1893. He wanted to become a poet and based his early poetry on Poe. In fact, his first few sales to **Weird Tales** were poetry. Leaving school at age 14, Smith continued his education by reading encyclopaediae and dictionaries, which gave him the extraordinary vocabulary he used so extravagantly.

Of his horror tales, Smith noted that "I believe I added about as much to the Cthulhu Mythos as I borrowed . . . Tsathoggua and the Book of Eibon were my creations."

Some of his horror tales are "The Gorgon", a Medusa tale set in London; "The Hunters from Beyond", a tale of a sculptor who uses other-dimensional models a la "Pickman's Model"; "The Supernumerary Corpse" about a corpse and its doppelgaenger; "The Last Incantation", about a mage who calls up his childhood sweetheart only to find his memory had failed badly; and "The Seed from the Sepulchre" in which a plant grows from the brain of one person into the brain of another. Chilling stuff!

Howard was born in Peaster, Texas, on January 22, 1906. He was a sickly, shy child. After taking a body-building course, however, he became the image of his fantasy heroes. He decided to become a writer at age 15, but did not see print until 1925 with "Spear and Fang", a caveman tale.

In 1927 the tale "The Lost Race", a story of conflict between Kelts and Picts, was printed. Then he invented his own Atlantis and peopled it with his heroes. Although the

barbarian Kull was one of his best creations, Howard is best remembered for Conan the Barbarian.

Frank Belknap Long was born in New York on April 27, 1903. He is also a biographer of Lovecraft, Dreamer on the Night Side (1975).

Long was the first inductee into the Mythos with publication of the first non-Lovecraft Cthulhu story, "The Hounds of Tindalos" in 1929. In "Hounds" an author and journalist, Halpin Chalmers, experiments with the drug Liao, which allows him to perceive other dimensions. Then appeared "The Man With a Thousand Legs" and "The Space-Eaters". This latter tale is about Lovecraft: A writer named Howard and the narrator succeed in banishing other-dimensional beings who feed on human brains. In "The Man from Nowhere" the hero is a being from another dimension. Long even wrote a Cthulhu novel, The Horror from the Hills, which was published in 1963. In it an archaeological student calls forth a being from another dimension, Chaugnar Faugn. (Cthulhu ph'tagn?)

Henry Kuttner was born in Los Angeles April 7, 1915. His early sales were to **Weird Tales**, including "The Graveyard Rats", one of the most horrific tales in English. His best Mythos tale is "The Salem Horror". He branched into other fields of writing, notably fantasy and adventure, later being called "one of the most versatile imitators in fantasy fiction", and finally stayed with sf after his marriage to C. L. Moore in 1940.

Hugh B. Cave was born July 11, 1910, in Chester, Cheshire, England. After emigrating to America at 5 and finishing college, Cave began selling horror tales, his first, "Corpse on the Grating", in 1930. Another, "The Corpse-Maker", tells of an escaped criminal who eventually tortures every member of the jury who convicted him. Murgunstrumm and Others (1977) includes his three vampire tales, "Stragella", "The Brotherhood of Blood" and "Murgunstrumm". His novel, The Nebulon

HORROR & THE SUPERNATURAL

JOHN WHATLEY

Horror, centers on a small Florida town where possession runs rampant.

Manly Wade Wellman was born in Kamundongo, Portuguese West Africa (Angola), on May 21, 1903, to a family of writers. In 1927 he sold "Back to the Beast", a reversed-evolution tale, to **Weird Tales**.

Wellman has been a prolific writer. He wrote a series about the occult investigator, Judge Pursuivant, beginning with the werewolf serial The Hairy Ones Shall Dance. He wrote about a psychic detective, John Thunstone, and the strange race of Shonokins. His major Mythos contribution was "The Terrible Parchment", a story of the Necronomicon.

Donald Wandrei and **August Derleth** should not be unfamiliar names to Lovecraft aficionados. Wandrei was born in 1908 and his first tale was "The Red Brain" in **Weird Tales** in 1927. Derleth was born in Sauk City, Wisconsin, on February 24, 1909, and sold his first tale, "Bat's Belfry", at age 17. Although he wrote straightforward horror tales, Derleth was later influenced by Lovecraft. At Lovecraft's death, Derleth collected Lovecraft's tales into a book. Finding no one

interested in publishing it, Wandrei and Derleth founded Arkham House.

Wandrei wrote such tales as "The Eye and the Finger", about a man haunted by a living eyeball. "A Scientist Divides" describes the story: a scientist constantly divides into smaller versions. But his best post-Lovecraft contribution is The Web of Easter Island, wherein the hero Graham finds an ancient anthropomorphic horror on Easter Island. (Cthulhu strikes again?)

Derleth's tales consist of "The Lost Path" wherein a boy is carried off by the being that inhabits a garden path behind his house; a faceless monster exists in "The Lonesome Place"; and Derleth also gave us Mr. George and Other Odd Persons. His The Mask of Cthulhu is an entire volume of Mythos tales. Derleth also completed many of the fragments Lovecraft left behind.

Wandrei's interest in Arkham House waned after the war, but Derleth's continued. According to one author, "without Derleth, horror fiction in the twentieth century would have suffered immeasurably."

(NEXT TIME: More Mythos Writers, beginning with a transitional writer, **Robert Bloch**.)

MEETING



The July Meeting will have featured programming dealing with games of interest to fans; it will concern as wide a variety of games as Randy Satterfield, Programming Director, can find people to represent. The ASFIC meeting will begin at 8:00. Prior to the meeting, there will be an ASFIC officer's meeting at 5:30, an ASFICon 4 meeting at 6:30, and a meeting of ASFWG, headed by Charles Craig, at 7:00. With this busy schedule, it is important that each group begin its meeting on time, so all people are urged to be prompt. Remember, this meeting was moved to July 31 to avoid convention conflict.

The August Meeting will be August 21st, beginning at 8 pm, and the featured programming will be a panel discussion on "Attending (and surviving) conventions." It will offer a number of

different views on why people attend, what they look for in a con, etc.

The September Meeting will feature a look at Atlanta's special-interest, sf, and fantasy clubs that co-exist with ASFIC, and will (Randy hopes) feature representatives from a number of the clubs. Randy says that there will also be a gala club auction in September to raise money for the Christmas and New Years meetings/parties.

The meetings are located at the Peachtree Bank Community Room, 4525 Chamblee-Dunwoody Road, just north of the interstate (I-285, that is). Chamblee-Dunwoody Road is located between I-85 and I-75 north of Atlanta; the Peachtree Bank building is approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ mile north of I-285, across from the Georgetown Shopping Center.

KUDZU



CLIFF BIGGERS

A great many people operate on the theory that a faneditor simply must publish a crudzine before he can turn out a quality fanzine. This is a theory that doesn't carry over into the real world, thankfully; surgeons don't have to botch a few double-bypass operations before they can be expected to perform a decent job (and if you have proof to the contrary, please don't let me know, alright?). But since this is the accepted fannish norm, what better favor can we do than to offer you a few words of advice on how to make that crudzine as bad as possible, so as to get it all out of your system and enable you to turn out a decent zine all the sooner.

Fans are very, very visual people, which means that they expect a fanzine to have artwork. The average crudzine editor is

just starting out, so he has no access to quality fan-artists--and he doesn't need it! Remember, faneditors are in this crudzine business to establish a unique reputation for lack-of-quality, so feel free to do all the art yourself! This is particularly applicable if you've never drawn. Popular subjects for crudzine art include loving tributes to Star Trek and Star Wars characters, "take me to your leader" cartoons, cute unicorns, bodily excretions, the rings of Saturn, and naked women with breasts reminiscent of Jupiter (and you can guess what's reminiscent of Uranus). If you really want to capture the crudzine spirit, don't pencil your art out first--do it directly on stencil or master.

Always remember, crudzine editors are to concern themselves with the message, and not to worry about the medium. Typos are a vital element of crudzine fandom, and should not be worried about. In fact, one of the best crudzine techniques is to put "oh, a typo" in parentheses after every error. Xing out typos is a nice touch, too, particularly if you have a line and a half or more that you want to omit.

Filksongs--ah yes, there's no better way to get that crudzine reputation going than with bad filksongs. You can always try to write a filksong based on a very common song, and change as few words as possible. Remember how dull all that rhyme and rhythm stuff was in tenth grade literature? Forget about it now, and just go with the flow of the filksong. If you simply must have rhyme, though, the best thing to do is to make each line rhyme with Lando Calrissian.

What crudzine would be complete without a statement concerning your involvement in fandom? These ponderously long essays are even more apropos for a crudzine if you can brag about having never read an sf novel, and tell how you only entered fandom because you liked the people you met in line before your thirty seventh viewing of *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*. Add to that reputation by mentioning that your favorite sf magazine is *Starlog*.

Reproduction is very important to a crudzine; remember, the object is to have the

audience read the zine, but to make it just difficult enough that they regret having gone through the trouble. Bad thermal ditto masters are perfect for this, but if you don't have ditto equipment, consider making a return to the glorious days of hectograph. By all means stay away from xerox unless you can arrange to have the toner removed first--it can be fun to see how many impressions you can get from toner residue inside the machine, and that unreadable quality will add to the in-group atmosphere your readers will want to share.

A good crudzine editor is no editor at all when it comes to locs, etc.; remember that it's up to you to include every inane comment and useless bit of fluff that anyone ever put on paper and mailed to you. This particularly applies to any complimentary remarks about your zine. Never omit them; you want to be sure that your readership knows that *someone* thinks the zine is good. The crudzine motto is "*never reject!*"

Reviews? Of course! Be careful here, though; it's actually possible to inadvertently do good reviews, so abide by these rules: (1) spend as much space as possible describing, in intricate detail, the full plot of the film or--if you've read one--book, and be sure to give away any twists or surprises. (2) Incorporate all your opinion into one sweeping generalization like "the best thing since sliced bread" or "Steven Spielberg keeps making the same movie over and over again." (3) No one can do a good crudzine review in less than four pages--we're going for bulk here!

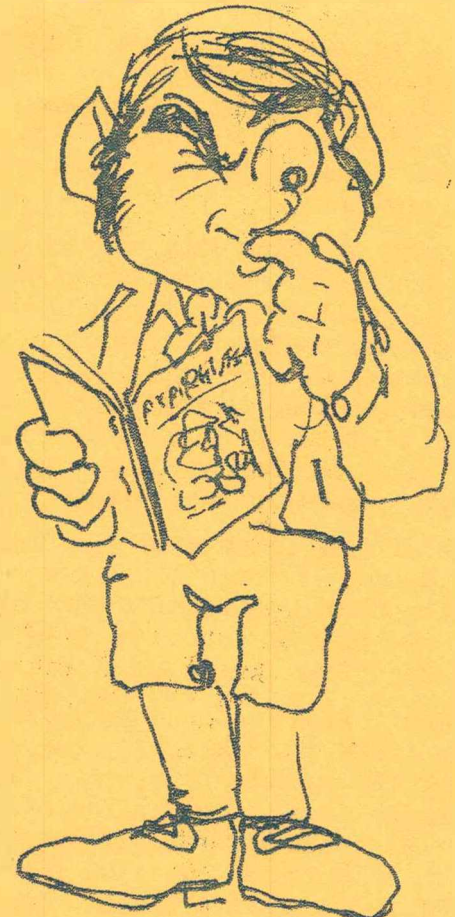
Con reports are fine for crudzine, but these, too, require that you tread carefully the line between good con reporting and crudzine work. Never identify anyone by anything more than a first name in a con report, particularly if the subject is an unknown fan. If it's a pro, write about him like he's your best friend. Be sure, too, to include a complete description of every meal that you ate, a plot summary of every film you saw, a detailed description of any Dungeons and Dragons games that you played, and several paragraphs telling how drunk you got. Avoid details and facts about the con itself--it's over now, so why bother? The readers want to know every detail of *your* life that weekend, remember?

Fiction is a marvelous thing for crudzines. The best fiction in a crudzine will always

include characters named Kirk and Spock, or stories with main characters named Adam and Eve, or really ugly BEMs. You can't just include any fiction you run across, however; there's a chance you might find something good. Instead, use only that fiction that has a long track records of rejections (even better if it's fanzine rejections). Want to go even further? Illustrate it!

If you intend to make your crudzine a regular publication, there's one other vital fact to remember: never, ever believe anything said in a review of your crudzine unless that review has appeared in another crudzine and spends half a page describing in detail every feature of your zine, followed by one sentence describing your zine as "the best thing since sliced bread." Just remember, if you can't keep up (or down) those crudzine standards, there are hundreds of other crudzine editors clamoring to take your place!

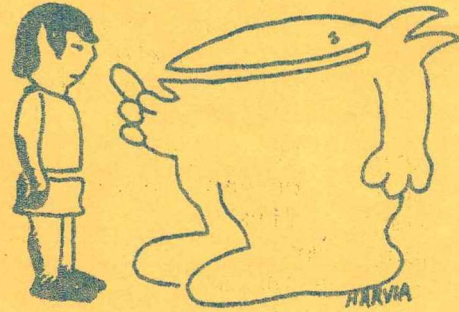
OVER APOX ON
THESE STAPLES!



MASSSED

MEDIANS

gary deindorfer



I love your ears!

Is it true that the term "media fan" is a useless label that should not be applied to living, breathing, vomiting human beings? I'm not sure. We have to call them something, and there are so many of them. Is a media fan a fan of any sf or fantasy form except printed matter? I'm not sure, and anyway comic books are printed matter. I'm confused about the media fan phenomenon, and you probably are too.

One thing we can agree about: whatever you call them, they are filling up sf conventions in great masses, squeezing fans of printed sf into the woodwork. The media fans swarm through the hotel corridors, strut around the lobbies, fill up panel rooms, congest coffee shops and restaurants, brandishing their swords and blasters, swirling their capes. They have the fierce Conan-esque scowls and they have the numbers.

Perhaps we print fans are too elitist, though we protest that we're not. Medians (can I call them that mainly to be annoying?) are anything but that. They'll accept anybody into their rapidly swelling ranks, as long as that person is not a reader of the printed word. The millions of kids who belong to the postverbal mass media generation are *theirs*, not ours.

The elitism of fanzine fans is a serious weakness. It could lead to our imminent extinction. We require that new recruits to our form of fandom be able to read and write. That is too much to expect.

I don't want to sound paranoid (though I generally do, I'm told), but could it be that the medians have spies among the fanzine fans? Could a few of the smarter (or at least less stupid) medians have been laboriously drilled in reading so that they can effortlessly decipher a fanzine article such as this one? Should we start printing fanzines in code? If any

median spies have gotten even some of the gist of this article it is already too late, the enemy has been warned.

Are there quislings among us? Are there print fans, word boys and girls, who secretly pass along information about fanzine fandom to certain medians, selling out the rest of us? Frankly, I suspect every one of you, and I'm not sure about myself.

I wonder where the medians, many of them so young, get the money for their costumes, their weapons, their games, to go to cons, etc. Perhaps tv networks, movie studios, toy manufacturers and the like give the median hordes surreptitious financial support, in the hope that more customers for these companies will be recruited in the medians' ranks.

Maybe not. These are mere speculations. It may be too much to expect that they are correct, or anything other than bricks in the wall of another one of my articles with a shaky premise.

Keep one thing in mind, print fans: the medians are armed, we aren't. (Except for Buck Coulson and a certain *Atarantes* editor living in Kennesaw GA) It is said that the pen is mightier than the sword. Don't count on it in this case. The ground rules have been changed. The word is powerful only for print fans. Medians pay no attention to written words, except perhaps for the mentioned marginally literate spies among us.

We print fans tend to be contemptuous of the toy weapons of the medians. We could be wrong about all of those weapons being toys. Could it be that there is a lone wolf reactionary scientist who is arming the medians with real weapons? Picture a Heinlein sort of cranky old geezer who builds laser and maser weapons in a lab gouged out of the innards of one of the

Rocky Mountains. He sees fans of printed sf as a threat to the military industrial establishment and its propaganda arm, the mass media. Like, because we question authority, see? This far-right genius scientist should be building weapons for the medians, financed by a cartel of Texas oil billionaires. At a nod from On High, those lasters and masers (masquerading as toys) could be aimed at print fans at a convention. True, they'd wipe out a lot of their own kind, but they could be dedicated enough to become kamikazes in the grand cause of also offing a couple hundred pinko print fans. So think twice before you sneer at a median's seemingly harmless toy plastic blaster.

It is becoming dangerous for print fans to attend cons surrounded and greatly outnumbered by medians, many of them hostile medians. We need protection. Perhaps we should try to hire some of the weapons fans as bodyguards. But then, we might come to depend completely on the mercenaries. We would get softer and weaker, our print-glutted eyes growing dimmer daily. Who knows but what those bodyguards might turn on us. Forget the idea. Thank you.

The signs are clear; the last days of fanzine fandom are nigh. Recently, a respected middle-aged woman with a widely read personalzine confided a chilling anecdote to me in a hushed voice. "I was at a convention in California; somehow I wandered into a panel room that I wasn't meant to find. Media fans blocked the hotel corridors nearby to keep away fans of printed sf (such as myself). Maybe they let me though because they mistook my soiled poncho for a costume.

"I stood against a wall at the back of the room and realized that a strange rite was taking place before my eyes. A group of media fans chanted over and over, 'We are the Friends of Trees.' They had a sort of priest who wore a cloak with 'Image Man' emblazoned on it. He announced that fans of printed sf are the enemies of trees, because they read." Her voice trailed into a spasm of nervous coughing.

This subsided, and she continued. "Image Man and his followers began to enact a ceremony. Medians dressed as trees were chopped down by medians dressed as fanzines. Image Man shouted, 'These trees die so that word nurds can read books and magazines and publish fanzines!' I tiptoed out of the panel room, but a girl wrapped in green gauze realized that my poncho was not a

costume, but fanzine editress chic. 'Tree killer!' she screamed. I got out of that room and that con as quickly as possible."

The story of the run-in with the medians inspired a vision (then again, it might have been my rereading the Simak interview while smoking my special pipe blend of ground banana peels sprinkled with angel dust).

I see the lobby of next year's worldcon. Thousands of medians swarm. A grossly fat median in a metal suit of some kind stands in the center of the hotel lobby. Their empress, emperor, queen bee—or other. The frailest most delicate medians form a tight little circle. Next, the fat, squat, robust-bodied costumed males and females form a larger circle (many bodies deep). Finally, the armed medians, male and female, link themselves up with the outermost shell, brandishing their swords and blasters. The lobby is filled with a single organism, its cellular units are medians, writhing and pulsing. It is all one mind.

Is it truly a vision of things to come? I really don't know. Think about it, take two asteroids, and call me in the morning.



DER KRAPP

BY BRAD LINAWEAVER

In his story "The Horror at Red Hook," H. P. Lovecraft describes the Fear of Others with characteristically vivid language: "He was conscious...that modern people under lawless conditions tend uncannily to repeat the darkest instinctive patterns of primitive half-ape savagery in their daily life and ritual observances; and he often viewed...the chanting, cursing processions of bleary-eyed and pockmarked young men which wound their way along in the dark small hours of the morning." A typically paranoid passage from the master of the macabre, playing on xenophobia in the reader. At the time I read the story, it held no more impact for me than that.

And yet, I once had an experience that brought that passage back to me. I was at a Florida drive-in with a friend. We had decided to take in a quadruple feature of horror movies. We particularly wanted to see Chris Lee in Hammer's *Rasputin, the Mad Monk*. What we didn't know was that one of the other movies at the drive-in was by no means an ordinary horror film. What we saw was, on one level, a travesty of the tasteless, an incompetent waste of celluloid. On another level, it was a glimpse into the pit—a diabolic monstrosity that even put my libertarian soul to the test regarding censorship of the arts. On that second level, a realm worthy of De Sade, my we felt that very Fear of Others that Lovecraft was so adept in conjuring.

We looked out the window of our car at a line of bleary-eyed and pockmarked young men, wandering zombie-like from the concession stand with dripping red pizza in their hands. We took a good look and then, without a word exchanged between us, we each rolled up the windows even though it was a warm, humid night.

No doubt you are wondering what could possibly inspire that kind of reaction from two such jaded movie-goers. Perhaps you have never seen a film by Herschell Gordon Lewis, then. For what we saw that night was his masterpiece, a candidate for the evildest "entertainment" picture ever released, *The Wizard of Gore*.

I had accidentally seen some of his atrocities before: *Blood Feast* and *Two Thousand Maniacs*. They were certainly bad enough, images of the slaughterhouse without encumbrances of plot or character. Whether you wanted to see a girl's breast turned into dripping hamburger (the former film) or a girl's thumb barbecued and eaten (the latter), these flicks pandered to the basest feelings in humanity. The victims were usually women, the aesthetic was that of a snuff film (albeit with expert effects and very convincing makeup blood on such a low budget), and the purpose to dwell on the carnage for its own sake. These pictures should not properly be called horror or terror films. "gore films" is the best description, and in fact one of them is called *The Gore Gore Girls*.

But there my friend and I sat in the car, watching the usual orgy of bloody dismembering, listening to the mad stage magician who "stars" in the film gloat over how much fun he is having (pulling out a girl's eyeball and popping it between his fingers, sawing a woman in half the messy way, using a piledriver on one screaming lady's torso, and chopping out an assortment of tongues), while the drive-in concession stand has a special on pizza. Can you appreciate my genuine nausea? These dull-eyed rednecks are happily eating as they watch *The Wizard of Gore*! Looking back, it still makes me queasy.

Then we got to the bad part. The magician had a monotone voice. At first we figured he was just a lousy actor. Hardly. The flat delivery of his lines was deliberate—it added to the hypnotic quality of his performance. The screen showed us a close-up of his face as he repeated the same terrifying suggestion: namely that we, the theatre patrons, should turn to the person sitting next to us...and kill that person. And here came the shuffling pizza eaters by the car, and we locked the doors and sat tight. We would have left if we hadn't been waiting for the *Rasputin* film.

One final thing: Herschell Gordon Lewis, the creep behind this shit, is a college educated man with a degree in English. He has a sense of humor. When he was interviewed for McCarthy and Flynn's *Kings of the B's*, he said this about his first gore opus: "*Blood Feast* I've often referred to as a Walt Whitman poem—it's no good, but it's the first of its type." I wish it had flopped. But it was a big smash its opening night in Peoria.

NOT-INDIANA! JONES

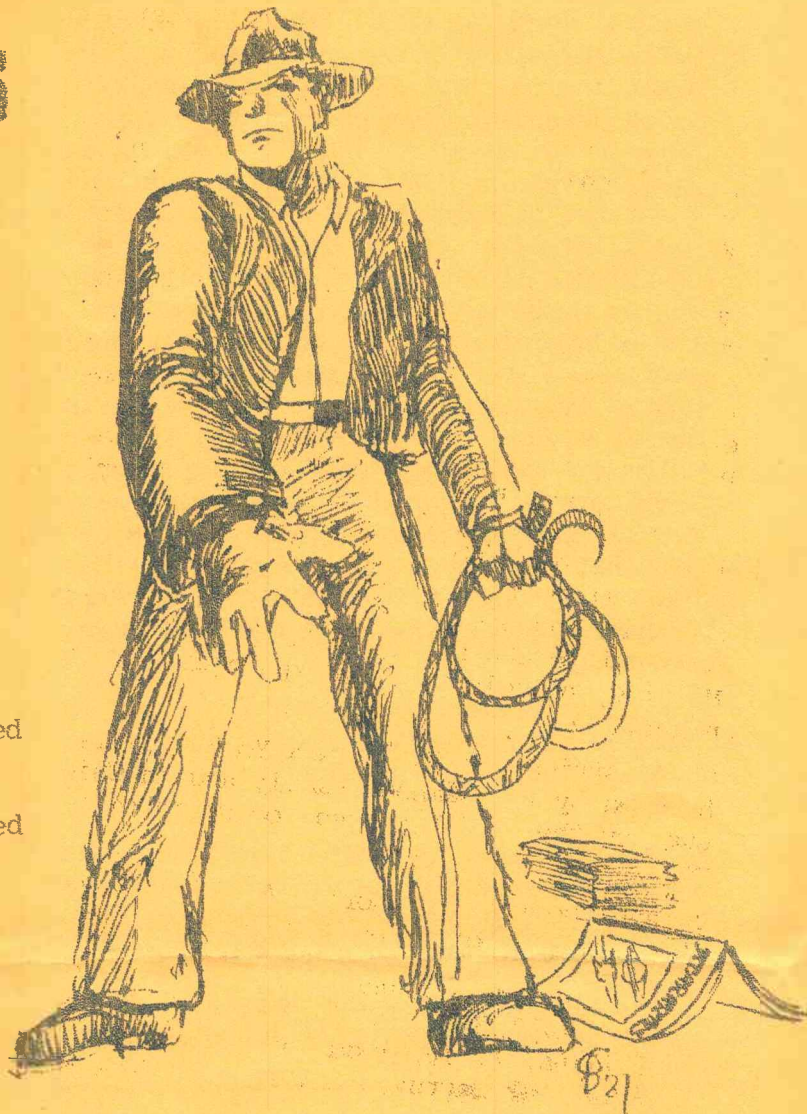
BY RALPH ROBERTS

(Note: Cliff & Ward, I found the attached charred manuscript fragment in the burned-out hulk of a crashed DC-3 cargo plane that ploughed into the mountain I love on last night. I heard the crash and immediately pushed out into the dense fog-enshrouded alpine forest, but arrived too late to save the sole pilot on board (if indeed the bulky shape in the blazing wreck was a body), or to do anything but watch the wreckage burn with white-hot intensity. I cannot be certain of the cargo contained within the holocaust, but it looked much like great bales of mimeographed fanzines! Only by merest chance did a variant breeze waft one badly scorched piece of paper into my hands. Seeing your two familiar names, I quickly pocketed it before the FAA crash inspectors helicoptered in. They suspect sabotage. For six billion dollars in small unmarked bills, I will not send out the hundreds of copies I ran off on my ancient spirit duplicator. Caution: better not let all this fall into your mimeo--inadvertant publishing of this incriminating document would definitely let the cat out of the house, so to speak.)

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(Top part of page too charred to read)... and for that reason this will be the final report. Additionally, my cover of an ex-Colombia-to-Miami drug smuggler won't hold up much longer. I believe some of the Atlanta people are already making inquiries of their Florida contacts. I'll bring this report up north with my last load out of the dirt strip way out in the Georgia piney woods that is their main terminus for clandestine shipments. God, I'm so sick of the smell of mimeo ink!

It took months to worm my way into Batty's and Biggers' confidence. Months of attending ASFiC meetings and pretending an interest in science fiction. I think my habitual garb of brown leather jacket and slouch hat helped me, as did the coiled bullwhip I have carried since childhood. For some reason, though I claimed to hail from New Mexico, they insisted on calling me "Indiana." I know about fans from Indiana, so I kept trying to explain that I was *not* from there.



But the majority of the club members seem to have no concept of the vast amounts of money their editors garner in the smuggling of illicit fanzines to the hordes of northern zine junkies. They think only a few score copies of *Atarantes* are run off each issue. They don't know how Biggers and Batty use the... (here a hole was burned through the paper.)

...bundles, or more precisely, bales of *Atarantes* were stuffed into the surplus DC-3 that they already had secreted on the dirt strip. I made the northern rounds for them--landing on equally remote strips near large northern cities. Hairy flying that, coming in to unfamiliar fields in darkness barely relieved by the furtive beams of car headlights or small bonfires. Equally dangerous doing the exchange, bales of fanzines to underworld types for bulging bags of cash. As detailed in previous reports, the fanzine junkies up there really get off on the Southern zines. The demand is far greater than anything I had imagined. This makes the coke trade pale by comparison.

Even my steel nerves began to fray after several weeks of this clandestine routine. Garlic-breathed gangsters crowding close, demanding to know whether this *Atarantes* had a Jeannie Corbin cover? Were Iris Brown's "Minutes" included? How long was "Kudzu" this month? I would answer their questions as best I could while we shoved bales into the back of their vans to be smuggled into the city for distribution to the pushers who would sell them to the poor yankee 'zine junkies. There was even, so I was told, a particularly depraved type of junkie (the type close to the OD stage) that got off on Linaweaver's column. "Der Krapp" or "Der Klaptrapp," I believe he calls it. Linaweaver, as you recall from previous reports, is the person that the big bosses, Biggers and Batty, have put in charge of the secret airstrip. Meaning, he helps me load the DC-3 each night.

The distribution in the New York area is handled by the Hambono Family and in Chicago by the... (this area too scorched to read)

...and the time is short. As I said above, they suspect me to be an undercover agent

and will do anything to protect their huge fanzine publishing empire. So I'm flying this report to you tonight. I'm sitting on a bale of zines now, finishing this up by the light of my penlight while Linaweaver completes the loading of the DC-3. I just noticed that he places a small black bag under the last stack of *Atarantes* to go into the plane. Not more autographed *Amazings*, I hope.

Must hurry now. Here's how Biggers and Batty make millions publishing fanzines. They... (and the rest was burned off).

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Next week: Not-Indiana! Jones explores the vast underground marble halls of the fanzine kings. See the opulent cavern-offices of Batty and Biggers. Marvel at the olympic-size swimming pool in Ward's office, and see how it makes up into a waterbed for him to devastate every night! Turn the crank on Cliff's solid silver mimeo with its golden stencils. Sail the bottomless subterranean sea of mimeo ink with Not-Indiana! Jones as he fearlessly delves yet deeper into the dark secrets of fanzine publishers!

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