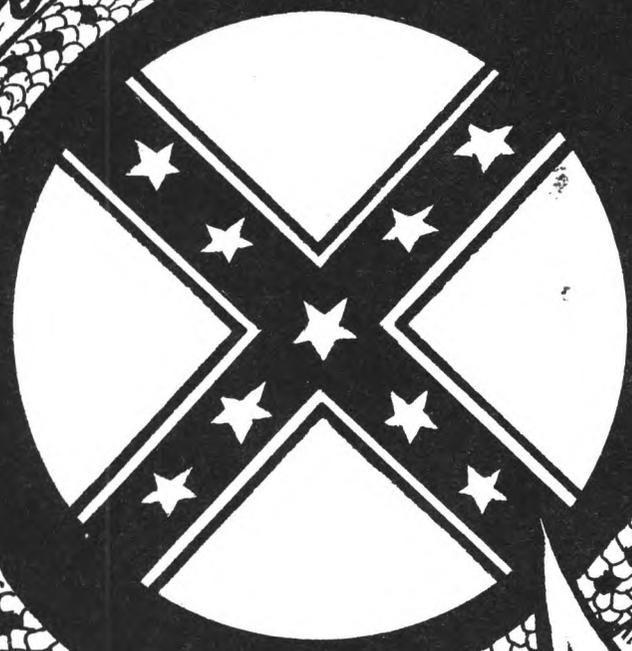


GAIL BENNETT 1983



# 98th ANNUAL CONVENTION





# EDITORIALS

You know, sometimes I think someone upstairs doesn't like us. Fans, I mean. We have lost quite a few good friends and fans lately and that's somehow disturbing.

Larry Propp was the most recent of these. I didn't know Larry as well as some did, but I think I knew him well enough to be sorry that he's gone. Particularly the few times I'd seen him since Chicon, with all that weight taken off his shoulders, he seemed freer and less tense, more like just another fan than a SMOF or mundane lawyer. The last time I saw him was at DSC and he seemed to be having a marvelous time. I don't know if that was his last convention or not but if so, I think it was the best memory to take with him. I will miss Larry Propp and at Constellation, I will raise a glass or two to him and wish him well in Valhalla.

On matters closer to home, Constellation is coming up in a matter of days (shows you how close to the deadline this is running) and I am getting excited as I always do before a Worldcon. I think we are going to do well there; we will have a party suite as usual and be hucking the shirts and memberships, also as usual. We want to have a good time and we want you to have a good time. This zine is part of that good time. Enjoy it!

Susan Phillips

All summer long, I've been watching my Post Office box for issues of *File 770*. I always enjoy reading Glycer's chronicles of today's fandom, and I hope that Mike will soon get the Hugo Award he deserves. But I had one particular item I faunched to see--the results of this year's *File 770* Poll. Issues would arrive and be eagerly scanned, but with no results. Finally, in mid-August, the fateful issue showed up. I went across the street to Wendy's for supper, opened the zine, and read.

I managed to hold in the war whoop until I was safely in the car. Any way Glycer counted the ballots, Atlanta had a comfortable lead in the race. I say "any way" because Glycer felt compelled to report the results two ways, one with and one without the "Official Austin Ballot Stuffing Ballots" went in by supporters of that city in the current NASFiC race. (That has to be one of the cleverest promotional gimmicks I've seen in fandom. I sorta wish we'd thought of it.)

I expressed my thoughts about Larry Propp in the introduction to the eulogies that appear later herein. I'd like to express thanks to Chauntecleer Michael Smith, Joni Stopa, and Jay Kay Klein. Without their efforts, Sue and I would not have had time to put the section together.

Until next time, keep the faith  
and stay fannish.

Mike Rogers

## Meet the Bidcom: JIM GILPATRICK



Dave Ryan

*Gilpatrick as a teenager in Oak Ridge,  
Tennessee*

Our Vice Chairman has been known by many names. In honor of his humor, he was once called Standing Buffalo. His friends dubbed him Cartographer to Lemmings in recognition of his keen sense of direction. And, since his move from the Deep South, he is Speaker to Yankees, otherwise known as Jim Gilpatrick.

Jim is a generally jovial fellow. Though soft spoken, he is possessed of an oratorical skill and style which could be attributed to his interest in theater. This fact could also account for his swift rise in the hierarchy of convention giving.

For his first convention, Jim chose Big Mac, the Worldcon of 1976 in Kansas City. He soon became involved in the running of conventions, particularly Worldcons, performing as Assistant Division Supervisor for Chicon IV and Operations Shift Supervisor for Denvention II. Before all this, though, one has to practice. This Jim did by chairing the 1979 Halfacon and the 1981 DSC, both fine conventions.

He has honed his writing and general communications skills by being Editor of the Birmingham clubzine *Anvil* for a time and by being a member of the apas MYRIAD and THE CULT. He also served as Arbiter for THE CULT. It's sometimes strange to think that he spends so much time communicating; in the real world, he is a computer systems engineer for the biggest communicator of all, the Bell System.

Jim has always been involved with the church, singing in the choir. He is a gentlemen and scholar, so to speak, well versed in many subjects. A masters degree in Electrical Engineering serves him well in making a living.

Gilpatrick's primary role with the committee is to be our primary contact with East Coast fandom. He has hosted bid parties at most of the major East Coast conventions, including Boskone, Lunacon, Philcon, Balticon, and Disclave. He serves with Joe Siclari as our head of Publicity, coordinating the placement and delivery of ads to program books throughout the country. He has recently begun work on an organizational plan for the convention we would put on should we win. Knowing Jim, it will probably be a good one.

I would recommend you talk to Jim if you can find him when he's not busy. He's an interesting fellow. Just don't ask him for directions to our party suite.--sp ■

## by GUY H. LILLIAN, III

*Do you know just how hard it is to write an introduction to an article by Guy Lillian? Biographical comments are superfluous, since he's already written the equivalent of three autobiographies. Compliments are just as unnecessary, and for much the same reason. It's not even worth mentioning his burning passions since without fail, each and every one of them will be mentioned in anything he writes. The kind of person I'm describing is generally called an egomaniac, but Guy doesn't fit that mold. Maybe it's because egomaniacs never notice anything besides themselves; Guy drinks in all of life and revels in its pleasures and sorrows, unlike so many fans whose real lives are painfully dull and dreary and for whom fandom is the blessed escape that makes it all bearable. Guy's lust is evident in his report on the latest Deep South Con, which is adapted (would you believe the original was 11 pages?!) from Spiritus Mundi 76, written for SFPA #114. Guy is now starting law school in Louisiana, and if anyone ever belonged in a courtroom, it's him. We love you, O Son of the Sand!*

Months before the 1983 DeepSouthCon, I *dreamed* about it. It was the oddest dream; Beth and I were part of a tour group visiting the home of the second-string horror writer scheduled to guest at the event. It was a rambling, spooky building in a dark, wooded valley; through the window, over the hill, I glimpsed an enormous castle, gigantic, black-walled, ringed by clouds of dark-winged birds. It dwarfed us all, like the Devil's Tower. "Stephen King's house," we were told. "We're going there next."

I awoke. No doubt the vision had been inspired by the stories about the wrought-iron fence the DSC Guest of Honor had erected about his property, a self-designed edifice covered with metal bats, spiderwebs, and snakes. But now I can't help but wonder if I wasn't poking a psychic eye into the future, imagining the looming vista of Knoxville's Hyatt Regency Hotel...priming myself for DeepSouthCon XXI, the convention I could hardly wait to start.

The mountains, ah yes, the Smoky Mountains, green this trip with new spring, and healthy, I thought, revitalized somehow. Riding in Bill Fletcher's Datsun, I watched the Smokies pass, saw Grandfather Mountain loom, imagined the splotches of cloud shadow as living things crawled onto the slopes to sun. Thursday was a bright day for crossing the hills into Tennessee, and one could almost believe Reagan's lie that the land was getting better.

But politics was far from mind as Knoxville was reached and the Hyatt, on its hillside, rose like a man-made mountain. (What were the other metaphors used on the hotel? A giant Selectric? "They built a dam and then missed the river"?) You could always find people at the Hyatt; the yawning atrium was made for spotting wand'ring companions and shouting greetings. The vaulted lobby was a wonder of camaraderie. And I could tell the moment I entered that this was to be a fated fete: R. A. Lafferty was the first person seen. The

# TALES OF THE DSC

glorious man, ever daunting my concepts of genius, stood with a small crowd of earlybirds, including Karl Wagner; that cross between a bear and an orange, the con's "Surprise(d) Guest". And then who could care about Ray or Karl, for Barbara Wagner radiated before me, and who notices even the finest fellas with Barb about?

We were so early we were practically the whole con, but soon other early boids began to flutter down. George H. Wells also lumbered into view. He was recently arrived from a Michigan minicon, and in his semiconsciousness gave me his room number from there. And Deb Hammer-Johnson arrived, filled with pride over her new job and full of plans for new fannish activities. After tossing organizational ideas about for a bit and collating her guidesheet for the con-com members (33 in all), we set out for feed; the con's premiere event, the reception/food burn, was hours away yet. Con fever breaking!

It broke in waves when we returned. The Hyatt bar is an elevated affair resembling, some said, a mushroom; entering, I spotted P. L. Caruthers and Larry Montgomery waving therefrom and ran to join them. Hail the Colorado red-heads! As I was turning to leave after exchanging greets, a voice from down the busy table came forth and nailed me cold.

"My son! Aren't you going to speak to your mother?"

Oh, yes. Quinn. Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, my "spiritual mama". Oh yes. I swept the tiny redhaired woman up from her chair. She looked grand, newly slimmed, a wholly different person from when I'd last seen her (1980). But no less brilliant, no less caring, no less warm, this special and spectacular lady. Quinnie was here! DSC was a guaranteed glory from that moment on, and the convention wouldn't even open till the next day!

Followed the first of my epic DSC conversations with my mentoress. Hearing of my law school fantasies, she demanded a look at my palms. Straining to peer through the hair--ahem--she pronounced my future "fine", but warned of depression.

Shortly afterwards, a tall, rangy, blackhaired, bucktoothed bo in jeans, sneakers, and a T-shirt promoting *Cycle of the Werewolf* bounded up the stairs. He didn't look like \$20,000,000 on the hoof, but then who does? Stephen King joined the ring of writers seated with Quinn. He secured a glass of white wine from the barkeep and soon that unique Yankee accent was darting back and forth in counterpoint with Quinn's musical tones. Ah, they were doing what fans like pros to do...talking shop. (Lillian the eternal neo took snapshots, annoying King into flipping a goodnatured bird. Which I caught on film, too.)

When Steve King attended Kubla Khan Ate he impressed me as a bright, chat-ty guy, a bit shy and a bit cautious, handling fame gingerly, dubious of the crazy fans he'd found himself among, but growing into the Guest of Honor role with verve. He was a much more assured cat at this con, easy in even higher celebrity, open and informed on stage, tolerant beyond belief of the hordes who craved his odd, loopy autograph...Not quite as approachable, maybe, and just as cautious. Nonetheless, King was an unbelievably patient and effective Guest of Honor, and all praise to him.

By 3 p.m. Friday an awesome line was in steady, noisy growth at registration. A glib TV reporter scurried about filming the sci-fi weirdos, and settled on the weirdest of the lot for an interview. My performance was of Peabody quality, naturally, as I explained the nature of fandom, the duties of a Fan GoH, and the social interaction of cons. Undoubtedly it was fear that my visage would cause a new sexual revolution that propelled me to the cutting room floor. Instead their coverage, of course, concentrated on the few costumes and the hucksters, whom they more or less accused of attending for the fast bucks and little more.

This was a busy evening, and I began it on the dais, seated next to Quinn, herself next to King. Kids approached him teasingly: "Are you staying in Room 217?" "Naw," he replied, "there's something wrong with the shower." I crammed a sandwich into my face and dashed to my next appointment, an "OE's Symposium" in the hole-in-the-wall Alternate Programming Room. The idea was for a crew of OE's to regale an audience of neofans with tales of apa hassles and heroics and thereby lure new talent into the hobby. Doomed from the start, our panel didn't *quite* outnumber the attendees.

Escaping the uh-duh panel, I connected with Birmingham photog Frank Love and went to the Main Programming Area for my central responsibility of the day. This was alleged to be an hour devoted to the coming of age of Southern fandom. Having no better plans, I'd decided to flash slides from our magnificent past and let them do my entertaining for me. The slides were fun, actually; the sparse audience thought so, howling at Ned Brooks winning the Rebel (a priceless grin), the Friersons at home (Meade was in the audience), a skinny, full-pated GHIII glowering at the '75 Rivercon/DSC... The night then switched into wand'ring gear... Time and changes, time and changes. Friday ended.

The various nonsenses of Saturday cascaded over one another--can I keep them straight?

A very good horror panel was in progress. All the con's heavyweights were there, King, Quinn, Straub, Wagner, Grant. The final question, put to King, was rather dumb: "What's your idea of the ultimate horror novel?" King giggled and said, "An eternal panel just like this one." Finis to that, cat.

Steve might well have preferred an infinite panel discussion to what came next, a horrendous autograph session straight out of authors' nightmares. The line began with The Other Charlie Williams [A Nashville fan, not our back cover artist--mr.] and went back, around, out, back, out and around--*hundreds* of people, all of whom carried copies of *Cujo* or *Christine* or *Danse Macabre*. Taking my perks as Fan GoH, I got my last few scribbles and fetched a drink for Quinn, who had a respectably onerous line, herself.

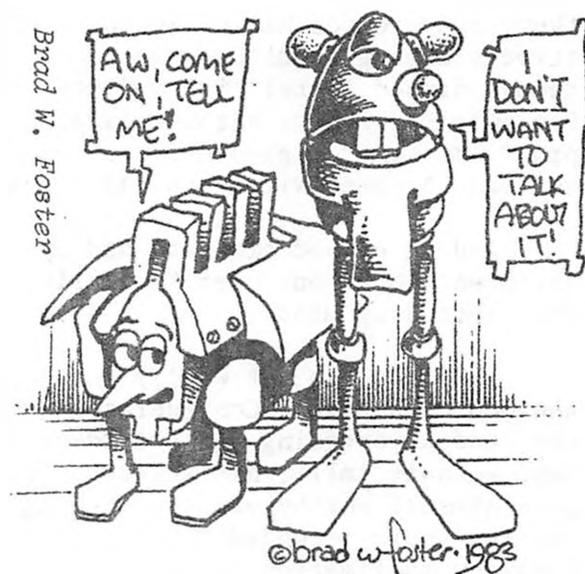
So, the peak of the con was upon us...the awards ceremony.

You know how we egomaniacs are--the lust for glory beats forever, and the denial of glory hurts worse than any nerve pinch. When Vice Chairman David Pettus cornered me just before the ceremony and said I'd been tapped to *present* the Rebel, well, gloom fell like a... What's a good term? Shroud? Sure... *Gloom fell like a shroud*. No Rebel. Wahhh. Poor denied me.

The shadow did not haunt long, forever, for I was seated next to Steve King, and in the minutes that we waited there for the room to fill, we had our only chance during DSC to talk. I called Beth beforehand to introduce her--she hadn't more than glimpsed him beforehand--and chatted with him about Hugos, fan awards, Kubla. To my delight, he was just as disturbed at the slack treatment given *Timescape* last year as I was, considering himself, he said, still as much A Fan as he ever was. Then the room was full and Beauteous Barbara was at the mike (alas, not mike weber).

La Wagner began with a nice intro on the social reasons behind convention-eering. I hope the newcomers to conning--the hundred who showed at DSC hoping to get *Firestarter* autographed--listened, since after all, the final success of DSC '83 will be the repeatees who come to DSC '84. Barb encouraged votes for Atlanta's Worldcon bid, and drew applause. Finally, she praised Steve King's warmth and patience, to which the GoH responded with some of his churce funny faces.

Awards, awards...then Rebel time. Oh yes, the glumness had settled into resignation, but when I rose to present the awards all gloom was gone. Vern Clark, Chairman of the con and a noted proponent of loud Hawaiian shirts, had whispered the winners' names to me and all disappointment vanished. If any delight could match winning a Rebel, presenting one to a pal must be it.



For the first time, two unmarried folk won Rebels in the same year. The first was no surprise; Vern had admired Lynn Hickman for years, and before Clark was even whelped, Lynn was spreading the fannish word in the South. A natural honor, supremely well-deserved. Rusty Hevelin accepted on Lynn's behalf.

The second Rebel was also well-merited. Now, I could have mentioned the 1968 and 1973 DSC's...the 1975 Halfacon...the foundation of NOSFA..several Worldcon bids...but somehow such accomplishments didn't come to mind. Con chairmanships and club foundings are all well and good, but fannish fame comes from intangibles.

"What can you say," I extemporized, "about a person who has always been there to draw people into fandom? What can you say about a guy whose motto is 'I Take Care of My Friends'...and abides by it? What can you say about a person who has terrorized the South for years with the worst fanzine ever put to paper? What can you say about a guy whom you have come close to murdering--and whom you love like a brother? What can you say," I was shouting now, "about a guy who tells you that Billy Carter is as phony as a five-dollar bill? WHAT CAN YOU SAY BUT 'JOHN GUIDRY WE LOVE YOU AND HERE'S YOUR REBEL!?!'"

And the crowd went crazy as John Guidry, creator of *Ignite*, Chairman of two DSC's, mangler of the Queen's English, and best friend to any and all,

motived his famour pear shape towards the stage. He muttered his thanks and withdrew in glory. Ah, perfect.

In the midst of the evening came the masquerade. I had whined and finagled my way to a judgeship, along with John M. Ford, Doug Chaffee, beloved Yarbrow, and MC Charles Grant. I won't go into much detail here, except to pass along some advice: when a costume is so bad as to be embarrassing, focus your gaze *beyond* the masquerader. That way they *think* you're paying attention. There's no way to unfocus your ears, though, so the witless songs and stupid skits simply have to be endured. But hey...why am I griping? This was a good masquerade, with an outstandingly funny Rod Serling from Jim Brooks and a *great--Best of Show--Zod and Superman* duo. We gave Bill Bowlus the Most Authentic Award for his chain mail, although his guts for wearing it on the streets during Mardi Gras was certainly a point in his favor. Laura Modine, though draped in relative modesty, won a "3/4 of the Judges' Male Chauvinist Pig Award", with my enthused approval; "you do *not* do your spiritual mother proud, my son," sighed Quinnie. Well, she retaliated with a sexist award of her own to some twitchy teenage type. Hmpph!

And so a good time was had by all. Saturday died, up in the con suite, while we looked out over Knoxville, watching fog glut the city even as inner fog glutted my mind.

Said fog was not wholly puffed away when Sunday noontime came, and with it the Southern Fandom Confederation meeting. Eventually, the meeting got underway, and as outgoing SFC President Meade Frierson looked on with a satisfied, done-with-it smile, his successor was chosen, some twit who had the gall to imagine himself worthy of even shining Meade's shoes. I forget who nominated me, but Ken Moore seconded and good Larry Montgomery moved that I be named SFC Prexy by acclimation, a gesture for which I'm most grateful. It was done.

With that out of the way, the selection of the 1984 site could begin. The once-unbelievable happened: *Irvin Koch won*. In fact, Chattanooga, TN won going away, by some 50 votes. To judge from the squeals of delight, the popping champagne corks, and the wide margin, this was a popular win.

The excitement of the meeting gave way to the unhappy chore of leavetaking. I sat for a mad bit with Quinn, Straub, and Jeff Conner in the lounge, listening to them discuss fans, wines, and other professional concerns. (And watched Yannick Noah win the French Open with one eye.) Then my spiritual mama was off for Berkeley, off for home, leaving a last good wish, a last declaration of faith, which I shall carry in my heart.

A final tour around the atrium, a final bye-bye to the fans there assembled, and we were over at Roach Acres, glomming pizza, SFC-smoffing with Deb Hammer-Johnson, sharing worries with Annie Hebert and Justin Winston, both of whom protested that my cynicism was false and New Orleans did *so* have a heart. We'll see.

And then the trees and the leaves and the mountains, a great DSC finished behind. A Quinn-tessential Southern convention: a celebration of its folk, you, me, all of us. Good show, Vernski. Let us know when we can come back. ■

## Meet the Bidcom: CHARLOTTE PROCTOR



Kelly Freas

Is there anyone in fandom who doesn't like Charlotte Proctor? (Raise your hands--it gives Reinhardt's sword a better target.) I thought not. To know Charlotte is to love her. But she's no shrinking grandmotherly type who never gets anything done. To give just one example, Charlotte found the bid an Atlanta lawyer from Birmingham. That takes some doing, folks.

Charlotte entered fandom in 1976 on the coattails, Valerie. Charlotte had been an avid SF reader since the "Golden Age" of science fiction in the 1950's. Being an unadventurous soul, it never occurred to her that she, too, could attend the SF cons she read about in *If*, *Analog*, etc. But when Valerie began to read about cons, she begged Charlotte to take her to one. Eventually, Kubla Khan 4 was scheduled in Nashville and Charlotte decided to take Valerie to the con in conjunction with a visit to Grandma. Valerie loved it...but Charlotte was hooked!

The Proctor family was active in the SCA then also, and their household was filled with strange people who came and went, stayed the night, played D&D, and otherwise annoyed the neighbors. The SCA finally moved fighter practice to a park and the D&D'ers went to college, but strange people like Guy Lillian, the aforementioned Mr. Reinhardt, Peter Toluzzi, and sometimes the whole Birmingham SF Club still come and go.

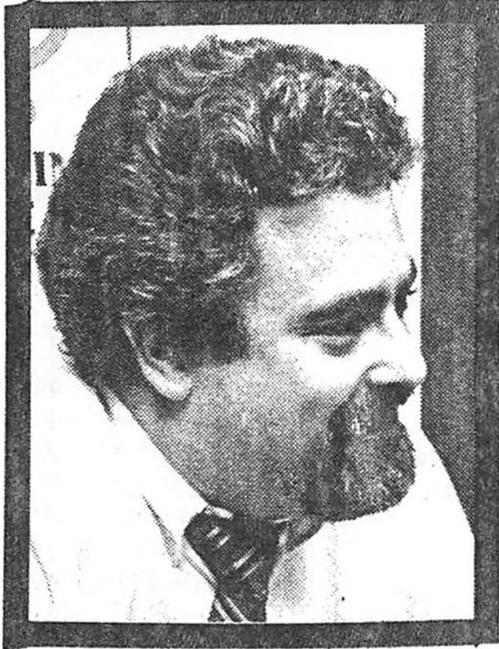
After the Birmingham club was formed in 1978, Charlotte was content to sit in the back of the room and heckle for six whole months. But since that time she's been Vice President, President, and President-in-Charge-of-Vice, the last position putting her in charge of Birmingham Feelie Fandom. She's had a hand in B'Hamacon I (DSC 15) in 1977, the Hilton-on-the-Hill Halfacon, ABC Con I at the Ranch House Motel, B'Hamacon II (DSC 19) in 1981, and was Chairman of the 1982 BoShCon I (BobShawCon). At present, Charlotte edits the clubzine *Anvil*, which has a circulation of 180 including 20 copies to four foreign countries.

If you ever meet Charlotte, ask her about her husband, the newspaper columnist. Ask her about Birmingham Feelie Fandom. Ask her about running for DUFF in the most recent election. But talk to her. You'll soon enough notice the qualities that inspire those immortal words Guy Lillian intones whenever he mentions the name Charlotte Proctor:

"STAND, GENTLEMEN!"

--mr, with "a little help" from cp ■

Jay Kay Klein



# LARRY PROPP

as remembered  
by his friends

*Editor's note: Like much of fandom, I was shocked to hear that Larry Propp had passed away. I had just met him this year, and had only seen him at a couple of cons. But I was impressed with the little I did see. He seemed to be a man who truly enjoyed life. Larry supported Atlanta, and we felt it appropriate to present these last words from a couple of people who knew him better than we did.--mr*

## BY YALE EDEIKEN

I lost a friend. His name was Larry Propp.

Most of you only knew Larry as a fan. Larry found fandom in the late 1960's; St. Louiscon was his first worldcon. Shortly after that he started a small convention, Pecon, in his hometown of Peoria. He was one of the founders of Windycon, Chicago's regional convention, and was Chairman of three of them. He also served on the board of directors for ISFiC, the group that sponsored worldcons as a committee member of Discon II and MidAmericon. He was one of the main organizers of the Chicago in 1982 bid and was Co-Chairman of Chicon IV. That, of course, was his personal triumph.

There was also another person known as Lawrence W. Propp. That person graduated from the University of Michigan and went on to law school at the University of Illinois. He worked with the Legal Aid Society of Central Illinois for several years before going into private practice. Larry was an active member of the ACLU, serving on their state board of directors and representing many of their clients in central Illinois. He was a good lawyer.

That is the public record. As a person I remember Larry for what he liked. He liked pipes, especially big misshapen ones. He liked classical music and jazz and Gilbert and Sullivan and the Muppets. He loved movies or theater of any kind. He liked good food. He liked gyros even though he had to

go to Chicago to get them. He enjoyed baking bread. He played bridge well. Like most of us he was addicted to reading and had large collections of both science fiction and mysteries. He liked Emma Lathen and Dick Francis and John D. MacDonald. He didn't like cats although my cat, Pest, liked him. He loved old radio shows, especially *Suspense*, *Escape*, *The Jack Benny Show*, *Amos 'n Andy*, *The Goon Show*, *Dimension X*, and *I Love a Mystery*. Although he will be remembered for the conventions he chaired, his favorite convention position was auctioneer. He enjoyed being "on", getting up in front of an audience and entertaining. Most of all he liked people.

Most importantly, I remember Larry as friend. He was a good friend and a strong one. We had disagreements, often because our ideas of fandom and conventions were sometimes very different, but the disagreements never seemed to permanently change our basic relationship. Whenever we grew apart, it was Larry who would push for friendship. Larry consistently refused to abandon our personal tie and who would make sure that a telephone call or visit would spark a reconciliation.

I am sorry that more of you did not know Larry better. I will miss him.

*This article originally appeared in The Cult--mr .*

## BY JONI STOPA

The first time we met Larry was at the 1970 Minicon. He and Don Blyly had a room next to the con suite and a flyer on their door which proclaimed "Illini Con, Peoria, Illinois". Being older and wiser in the ways of fandom, we waited for one of the perpetrators to open the door. Larry showed up first. We convinced him of the wisdom of our ways, and he finally agreed to make it "Pecon" for science fiction nuts. We naturally left it to him to explain to Blyly.

Since the room was open at that point, we started to party. There were a few fans arguing in a corner, but the rest of us were on the beds. It wasn't until the fans on the bed next to the wall tried to lean against it that the fun started. The minute their backs touched the wall, the bed flew towards us. Being good neighbors, we stretched out our legs and pushed it back. Neither bed was attached to the wall, so we spent quite a bit of time shoving each other around. Silliness, yes, but a lot of fun. We later saw a writeup in *Locus* claiming it was the high point of the con.

This was probably the Larry I knew best, the one who could be silly, fan-nish, funny, and a good person to be with. At the first Windycon, there were quite a few movies the convention had acquired for free. I insisted that *Gene Autry and the Phantom Empire* be shown as part of the all-night movies. It is at best a very silly movie, but it was even silliar when Larry gave the legal explanations of why all these dumb events took place. He was on, and didn't care if the rest of the audience knew who was making all the jokes or not.

But if Larry could make jokes, he could take one at his own expense very well. At one party at my house, my daughter and Bob Tucker wrote a play called "Superplopp vs. Dietman". She had noticed that Larry had been gaining weight,

and wanted to embarrass him into losing it. Their general idea was that Diet Man was terrorizing Peoria by forcing chubby people to drink diet soda and eat low calorie foods. Larry Propp, a successful young lawyer-about-town, was called by the police commissioner to stop Diet Man. Larry hung up the phone and said, "This job calls for Super Plopp!" The boy playing the part walked backstage and called for his body girdle, at which point the butler handed him an amorphous something. He returned to the stage, after divesting himself of the pillows he was wearing, as a thin, muscular Super Plopp. The gimmick was the body girdle which compressed fat into pure muscle. The show got quite a few laughs, and Larry was laughing the hardest. At the end of the production, after curtain calls, the kids came out and invited Larry up to the stage. They presented him with that amorphous something, a body girdle made out of leather scraps and just his size. He put it on to model it, and wore it for quite a long time that evening.

Most people seemed to know Larry the Lawyer, or Larry the SMOF, but very seldom Larry the fan. Once Chicon was over he began to be Larry the Fan. He was relaxing and enjoying the company of other fans. He even decided to try what I have always enjoyed most, fanzine fandom. He finally joined an apa. I remember that at Midwestcon he came over to me to tell me that Chicon would be doing something for "my" group, the fanzine fans. They would award DUFF \$250 as soon as Peter Toluzzi published his report and another \$250 to TAFF when Kev Smith published his report. He said this in such a way that he seemed very, very happy about it. I think he saw a side of fanac that he had never seen before, and I think he liked what he saw.

A lot of us are going to miss him very much! ■

## FROM THE ATLANTA IN '86 BOUTIQUE!

Since issue #1, we've added a new item to our collection of Atlanta in '86 memorabilia and firmed up the prices on a couple of others.

First off, the \$3 pre-supporting memberships have been discontinued. All Atlanta in '86 pre-supporting memberships are now \$5. At the same time, all existing \$3 PSM's were upgraded to \$5 status, meaning that all pre-supporting members will now receive all benefits thereof, including all issues of *South on Peachtree* and other mailings, special functions for pre-supporters at Worldcons, and of course \$5 off your membership for Worldcon '86 if we win.

The Atlanta in '86 T-shirts went into a second printing a few months ago, and a fine assortment of colors and sizes remain. The shirts are \$5 if bought in person, \$6 if mailed. Single copies of *South on Peachtree* for those not getting it for free are \$2.50. The freebies go to committee members, pre-supporting members, and various fanzine publishers selected by the Editors. Obviously, the best deal is to pay \$5 for the PSM, but it's your money.

Our new item is Atlanta in '86 buttons, perfect for wearing proudly at cons and other fannish events. They carry the round Atlanta in '86 logo you see on the front cover of this issue. The price--only \$1. Get yours now, either at our ConStellation party suite or by mail at P.O. Box 10094, Atlanta, GA 30319.

# An Atlanta Glossary

by Ron Zukowski

*EDITOR'S NOTE: I am your typical Atlantan--I moved in from elsewhere. One fact about our Co-Chairman that didn't make it into his biography in South on Peachtree #1 is that he is the only native Atlantan on our bid committee. The Editors have thus prevailed upon the Orange Mouse to put away his CP/M board long enough to provide us with this short summary of Atlanta's landmarks, the kind you'll see or use when you come to the 1986 Worldcon in Atlanta. Okay, Ron, you can go back to reading your printer protocols now.--mr*

The plane stopped here, so this must be Atlanta and I have to get off now. Where am I?

A good question. When cities get over a certain size, they begin to get confusing. Atlanta is no exception. In addition, local residents have their own "shortmouth" for referring to points of interest or importance that visitors take two weeks to catch onto. Here is a sample from the proposed site of the 1986 Worldcon.

**HARTSFIELD.** This is the name of the airport, more correctly given as William B. Hartsfield International Airport. By the time you arrive here to attend the convention, it will be the busiest. At the moment it is tied with the airport you used--if you flew--to get to Chicon IV, O'Hare International. It is south of the city, about ten miles from our major facilities, the Hilton and the Hyatt Regency. You can get to them by cab or hotel shuttle service, or by using a special MARTA bus that goes from the airport to downtown. William Hartsfield was the longest-serving mayor the city ever had, and is considered the father of the city's air transport industry because he pushed hard for U.S. Air Mail routes back in the 1930's.

**FIVE POINTS.** This is the "center" of the city, about six blocks south of our major facilities. The money talks and the people walk down here. This thriving commercial area once consisted of three buildings: a train station, a general store such as you see on reruns of old Western movies, and a tavern. There have been a few changes.

**PEACHTREE STREET.** *The main street.* The subway system runs under it, the buses run on it, and *South on Peachtree* is named for it. One point of confusion is that the street divides just north of the Hyatt, becoming Peachtree Street (the eastern branch) and West Peachtree Street (not surprisingly, the western branch). It runs north-south for almost 20 miles. All of WORLDCON ATLANTA's major facilities are located within two blocks of it.

BUCKHEAD. This area is on Peachtree Street about five miles north of the major facilities with some of the flashiest nightspots and most expensive restaurants in Atlanta.

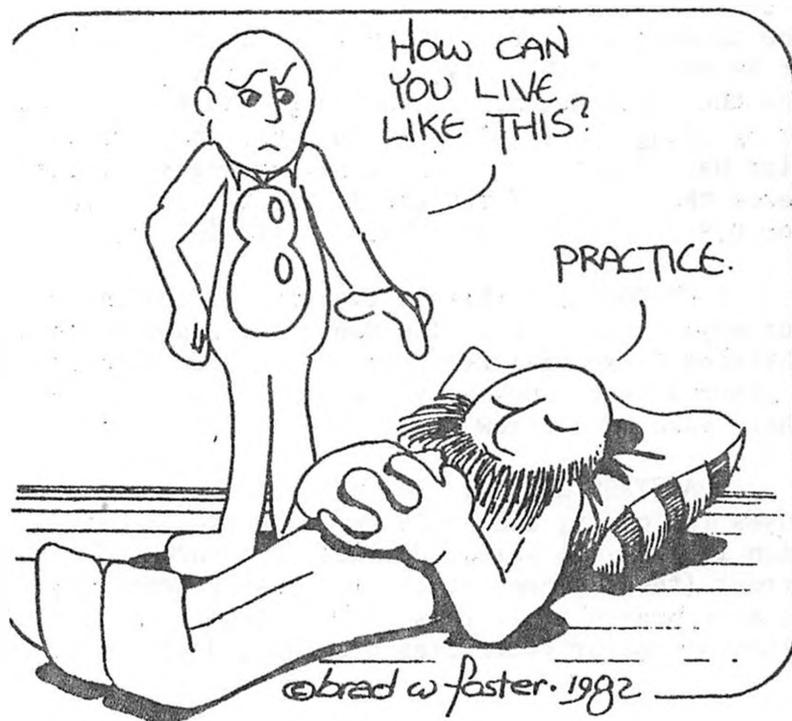
MARTA, like NORAD and BART, is an acronym. It stands for Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority. The buses run on time, as do the rail lines (they're not really subways, because the same train can be elevated, at grade, and underground during different parts of the same thirty-mile trip). MARTA is one of the few things I am *glad* my tax money pays for. One station is located within a five-minute walk of all our major facilities. "Which one?", you may ask. But of course--one of the ones on Peachtree Street, the Peachtree Center Station.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY--Invented in Atlanta in 1886 (and no, we're not bidding for 1986 because it's their 100th anniversary). An enormous office complex on North Avenue, some three miles from our major facilities, provides the space for the company's international headquarters.

We are proud to have THE HYATT REGENCY ATLANTA as one of our major facilities. With 1,350 rooms, it's located on Peachtree Street. It's the one with the flying saucer on the top. It was built in 1966. At the time, the saucer was the major feature of Atlanta's skyline. Now you have to know where to look just to find the thing. The saucer does not take off; it simply revolves.

THE ATLANTA HILTON AND TOWERS is another of our major facilities, with 1,250 rooms, 120 of which are designed for the handicapped. You'll find it on Courtland Street, two blocks east of Peachtree. It was built in 1971, and has a 40,000 sq. ft. exhibit hall.

THE DOWNTOWN CONNECTOR--The conjunction of two major highways, I-75 and I-85. When driving to Atlanta from the north, follow either 75 or 85 to the Connector into the downtown business district. Leave the highway at the Courtland Street exit, and you will see the Hilton on your left. Coming into the city from the south, follow 75 or 85 to the Connector into downtown and get off on the International Boulevard exit. Turn right on Piedmont to get to the Hilton, continue west on International to Peachtree to get to the Hyatt.



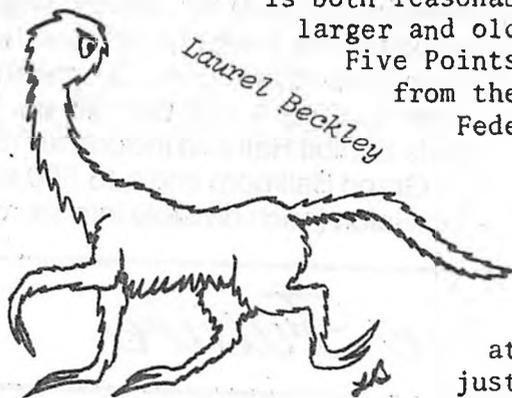
Brad W. Foster

SIX FLAGS OVER GEORGIA is a large and complex amusement park located twenty minutes west of downtown on I-20. Six Flags can exhaust anyone over 25 in fifteen minutes.

STONE MOUNTAIN STATE PARK--The main feature of this park is the enormous hunk of granite upon which a sculptor carved a "Portrait in Stone" of three Confederate heroes. It's the site of many outdoor events such as balloon races and Highland Games. To get there, drive thirty minutes east out of Atlanta on U.S. 78.

THE VARSITY has very little to do with football, except that it is near Georgia Tech and students from that institution eat there. We know it as the gonzo-heaven of greasy spoons. It's also called the world's largest drive-in, but many places make that claim. Take MARTA's North Line to the North Avenue station and walk two blocks west. If you have a car and try to use it to go there, you will miss most of the convention waiting for a parking place. The Ford GT40 Mk IV in the parking lot is real.

RICH'S and DAVISON'S are two large and well-appointed department stores. Davison's is closer, and it has a restaurant which is both reasonably priced and reasonably good. Rich's is both larger and older, has an entrance directly into the MARTA Five Points Station which means that it is seven blocks from the main convention hotels, and is part of the Federated Department Stores chain.



THE CYCLORAMA. Atlanta is one of the few cities of America to have been captured by an enemy army and razed to the ground. Not the most illustrious moment in our history, but an exciting one. While not inaccurate, the scenes in *Gone With the Wind* do not do justice to the siege, which is depicted in one of the most unusual paintings around, a circular diorama complete with carefully crafted figures that add three-dimensionality. If you want to feel like Enoch Wallace, the Civil War veteran in Simak's *Way Station*, spend two hours down here. To get to it, go to Grant Park (not named for Ulysses, by the way). Access is by MARTA, car or on foot if three mile hikes turn you on. Confederate money is not required.

ATLANTA-FULTON COUNTY STADIUM was built in 1964-65 with no firm commitment that any major league team would use it. If the Stadium is ever renamed, it won't be for Henry Aaron, but for Ivan Allen, Jr., the Atlanta mayor who had the foresight to make the Stadium a reality. Atlanta Stadium is the home of America's Team, the Atlanta Braves, and the Atlanta Falcons of the NFL. It also holds concerts and the yearly motocross that helps make the Stadium's infield the worst in the National League. The best way to get there is by the MARTA Stadium Shuttle which runs from downtown to the Stadium. If you're coming by car from the south, you'll pass by it on the way in.

These are just a few randomly-selected areas and/or items that make Atlanta interesting. Our upcoming hotel and city booklet will highlight even more places and give you comprehensive directions from the hotels, highways, and the Airport to these places. ■

# THE BEST

## THE ATLANTA HILTON— A World Class Hotel

Atlanta has some of the best hotels and convention facilities in the world. And ATLANTA IN '86 has reserved the best of them for the 1986 Worldcon.

The 1,250 rooms of the Atlanta Hilton set high standards for roominess and quality of accommodations. And to give you sustenance between convention parties, you have restaurants which knowledgeable Atlantans seek out for their fine food: Nikolai's Roof, the Cafe de la Paix, and Trader Vic's.

Convention space at the Atlanta Hilton is unequalled in its flexibility with over 100,000 sq. ft. in 45 function rooms. Rooms range in size from 500 sq. ft. to the 41,000 sq. ft. Galleria Exhibit Hall and include an 18,000 sq. ft. Grand Ballroom and a 15,500 sq. ft. Grand Salon (each divisible into six rooms).

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## *Atlanta: City of the Future*

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Atlanta is a city with a penchant for looking to the future. In Atlanta big ideas get turned into reality. Today, Atlanta boasts the world's tallest hotel and the world's largest airport. Tomorrow, anything is possible.

Atlanta has been acclaimed as the best place to live in the United States. It is also a great place to visit. Atlanta is one of the most popular meeting places in the country. It is also one of the lowest priced.

You can't find an easier place to reach than Atlanta if you come by auto, train or bus. And it's even easier to reach the world's largest airport. Atlanta's Hartsfield International Airport is the busiest connecting hub in the world. In-town transportation is easy too, by car, taxi, bus or MARTA rapid rail, the newest in the nation.

Atlanta's many dining establishments range from "down home" to "haute," and there are a number of restaurants located in especially atmospheric settings such as an authentic antebellum (pre-Civil War) home, a former slave cabin, a Victorian mansion and a converted church. Cuisines cover British, Continental, Chinese, French, German, Greek, Indian, Italian, Japanese, Korean, Mexican, Russian, Scandinavian and Vietnamese. But don't neglect the region's own unique dishes such as Southern fried chicken, country ham and red-eye gravy, grits, turnip greens, pot likker, corn bread, black-eyed peas, squash souffle, green beans and fatback, barbecue and Brunswick stew.

Nearby places you might want to visit include Stone Mountain Park, Six Flags Over Georgia, Callaway Gardens, Kennesaw Mountain National Battlefield, the fabulous Fox Theatre, the Gone With The Wind Museum, or even the Big Shanty Museum, home of the steam locomotive "GENERAL," the star of Buster Keaton's great silent comedy film.

ATLANTA HAS IT ALL!



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# THE SHAPE OF

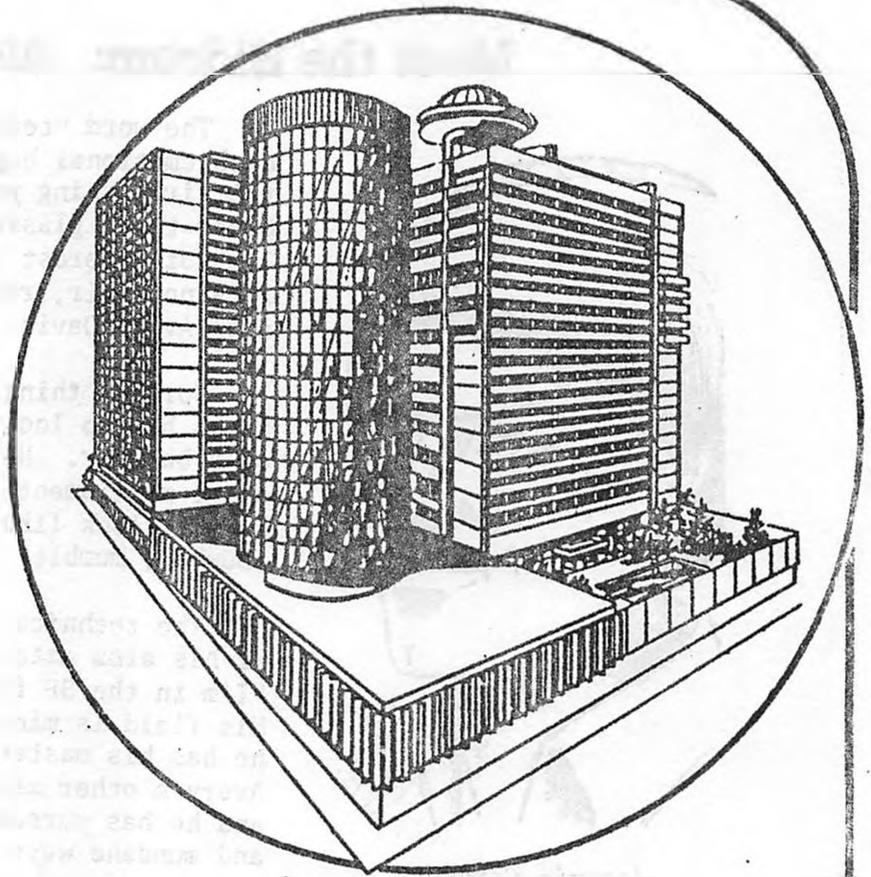
# IN HOTELS

## THE HYATT REGENCY— The Most Talked About Hotel in Twenty Years

The famous 23 story high atrium is the first sight to grab your attention when you enter the Hyatt Regency. This is the first of the modern atrium lobby hotels designed by John Portman. The 1,350 rooms are designed for comfort and each room in the main building has an outer and an inner balcony. The revolving Polaris Cocktail Lounge (41 minute round trip) gives a spectacular view while you have your meal but it is only one of the seven hotel dining places you can try.

Meeting and exhibit space in the Hyatt Regency include 29 function rooms from 400 sq. ft. to 17,500 sq. ft. plus another 50,000 sq. ft. exhibit area. The Hyatt Regency has become a legend to convention-goers from around the world.

In addition, nearby hotels have offered us over 3,000 rooms ranging in style and luxury from the YMCA (2 blocks away) to the Westin Peachtree Plaza (the world's tallest hotel, 1 block away).



## *Atlanta in '86: WorldCon of the Future*

Come and visit us at ConStellation in the ATLANTA suite: look over our bid information, examine our hotels' convention facilities, the city, the committee—all aspects of our bid. Ask questions. Then make your decision: we are confident that you will find ATLANTA the best location for the 1986 WorldCon.

The ATLANTA IN '86 committee includes fans with a broad range of talents and experience who have worked and run conventions from small regionals to full WorldCons. Penny Frierson and Ron Zukowski are co-chairmen, Jim Gilpatrick is assistant chairman, Mike Rogers, treasurer; Charlotte Proctor, secretary. In addition we have Dan Caldwell, Don Cook, Avery Davis, Meade Frierson III, Gail Higgins, Samantha Jeude, Brad Linaweaver, Dick Lynch, Nicki Lynch, Ken Moore, Mary Anne Mueller, Sue Phillips, Joe Siclari, Michael Smith and Mike Weber. Associate committee: Sue Abromavitz, Gail Bennett, Judy Bemis, Suellen Brundige, Jeff Copeland, Paul Cordsmeyer, Maurine Dorris, Patrick J. Gibbs, Deb Hammer-Johnson, Stuart Herring, Bob Hillis, Irvin Koch, Frank Love, Tony Parker, Larry Propp, Linda Riley, Bill Ritch, Liz Schwarzin, Nancy Segar, Larry Smith, Edie Stern, J. Robert Swanson Jr., Dan Taylor, Stephen Whitmore, Warren Williams.



When you have decided that ATLANTA IN '86 is your choice, why not become a presupporting member? Your \$5.00 will not only help us throw a better party for you at ConStellation and at other cons, but you will also get a subscription to our fanzine, **SOUTH ON PEACHTREE** (first issue ran 30 pages), and the entire \$5 is credited toward your membership when we win. Talk about "your money's worth"!

# THINGS TO COME

Send your name, address and \$5 to:  
WORLDCON ATLANTA, Inc. - P.O. Box 10094 - ATLANTA, GA 30319

## Meet the Bidcom: AVERY DAVIS



*Jeannie Corbin*

The word "techie" now carries with it almost as much emotional baggage as "trekkie". Quick--what's the first thing you think of when you hear "techie"? Super-thick glasses? Outdated clothing? Total lack of interest in anything other than techie talk? It's not fair, really. None of those descriptions fits Avery Davis.

For one thing, he doesn't wear glasses. He knows how to look good and never looks like Liberace on a bad day. Not many techies ever bother to learn about parliamentary procedure, either. In fact, I'd kill to look like Avery if it would do any good (mumble, mumble).

The technical background is there. Avery works at his alma mater, Georgia Tech. As he puts it, "I'm in the SF field--I write research proposals." His field is mini- and microcomputer hardware, and he has his masters degree in electrical engineering. Avery's other main outside interest is ham radio, and he has pursued this interest in many fannish and mundane ways.

Avery is a regular at Disclaves and an occasional visitor to other East Coast cons. This came about when he was in a work/study program that had him commuting between Atlanta and Washington in 1975. He was once a member of the Baltimore SF Society and holds a current membership in WSFA (Washington). His first convention was the 1973 Deep South Con, his first Worldcon MidAmerican '76 in Kansas City.

Worldcon regulars may note that Avery often pursues his ham radio interest at Worldcons. In 1977, Ross Pavlac asked him to be chief radio operator at Suncon, and Avery has held that position at several Worldcons since. He'll be working at Constellation in this area as well. He also works radio for the annual Peachtree 10K Road Race; Avery notes that working the race is almost as strenuous as running in it.

Right now, Avery is our Corresponding Secretary. If you write a letter to the bid that requires a response, chances are Avery will be the one to respond. When we have mailings to put out, such as the special Constellation invitations to our pre-supporting members, Avery gets the job. He also maintains a copy of our PSM list on his home computer (a Radio ~~SHACK~~ Shack Color Computer).

Any Worldcon bid involves a lot of preparatory work before anyone outside the initial group hears of the effort. Avery and Irvin Koch did the initial legwork to prove that Atlanta's convention facilities were suitable for a Worldcon. Avery had wanted a Worldcon for Atlanta ever since Big Mac, joining our committee after the 1981 American Booksellers Association convention here.

Avery Davis has the right stuff--sanity, competence, and enthusiasm for whatever he's doing. He's just the kind of person who makes a Worldcon bid work. And he won't bore you with the Tech fight song, either.--mzn

Lee Hoffman  
350 N.W. Harbor Boulevard  
Port Charlotte, Florida 33952

It's tough. I mean making a decision like whether to support New York, Philadelphia or Atlanta for the '86 Worldcon. A damnable hard choice. All three are good locations and all three have fine people on their ConComs.

Of course I could ignore the choice and leave the whole question in the hands of those willing to make it. (The American Way.) But one has to take a stand once in a while and I've decided to take one now.

Why Atlanta? A lot of good reasons, some personal, some fannish--not the least of which is right before me now: *South on Peachtree #1*. The quality, the tone, the content all suggest you've got the right idea. You've got the background, the experience, the smuffing experts, the know-how, the humor, the \*fannishness\* to make it work.

So you've got my support.

Janet Coleman  
Howard Coleman  
411 Ridge Crest  
Richardson, Texas 75080

We're told, by fair-to-middlin' reliable sources, that you folks have a Good Thing going. Would you be good enough

to "pre-join" us to your effort? (Thank goodness you're in Georgia; "pre-joining" is probably illegal in Texas.)

Brad W. Foster  
4109 Pleasant Run  
Irving, Texas 75062

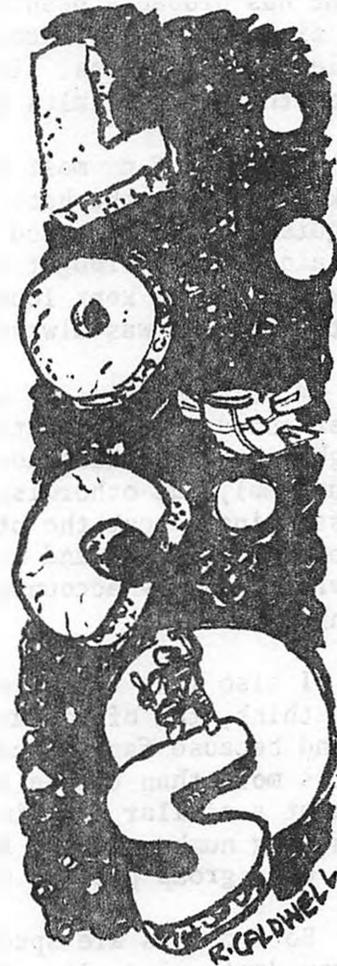
Pleasant surprise to get *South on Peachtree #1*. I was especially surprised when I saw some of my fillos in

it. I couldn't figure out where they came from, but then I checked back and found out they were some I'd sent to Mike for *Harmonic Dissonance*. The mystery is solved!

Lots of useful suggestions in Caldwell's piece. Unfortunately, after four years of dormitory hell in college, I'm one of those people who must have some privacy. Just don't have the true-fan soul, I guess. Like the idea of turning pro to get to cons for free--now *that* is really getting into it.

I want to see the size of the staples that were used to put together that 1,748 page apa! Or maybe bolts would be a better term?!

The first rule of fanzine editing is never throw away artwork. The second rule is never be bashful about reusing art when publishing for a different audience. As to the size of the staples, SFPA is one of the few apas that is not bound together; thus that problem was avoided. A couple of the zines in that mailing were over 100 pages, and it wasn't easy to bind those suckers together. A few fence posts would have come in handy.--mr



Roger Caldwell

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

The first issue of *South on Peachtree* provided me with a lot of very entertaining reading and it caused me to think that it should serve its intended purpose very well among the recipients who are bolder and more mobile than I am.

Dan Caldwell's article was particularly splendid. Everything he wrote about has probably been mentioned in some fanzine here and there. But this is the first time I've encountered such a complete roundup of how to save money while attending cons. It should teach others how to attend cons more frequently on the income limits that plague most fans.

Several of my most embarrassing moments at Worldcons have involved my walking through the hotel lobby with a small package which I'd tried vainly to disguise but which ended up looking like the very thing it was, a paper bag containing food brought in from outside for clandestine consumption in my room. I always kept looking behind me on the way to my room for the house detective but he was always able to keep out of my sight.

Mike's memories of con highlights were also very fine reading. I've never experienced that convention high in my life (the emotion I feel is invariably fright when I realize how many fans possessed of so much energy are milling around me), but otherwise I can empathize with these anecdotes. One of the worst things about the proliferation of cons is that so much fan history is never written down and is therefore lost. Fans no longer feel the compulsion to write lengthy accounts of every con, the way they did when cons were rare things.

I also like the brief biographies and sketches of two bidcom members. Just think, two of you at least will be known to fans in the 21st century and beyond because fanzine collections will contain a few copies of these pages. That's more than can be said for hundreds of fans in the past who came and went without a similar page in a fanzine, and now are only vague memories of the dwindling number of old fans who met them long ago and perhaps an unidentified face on a group picture or two in photo albums.

Both covers are spectacular and the interior art work is splendid. Now, if you don't mind, I'm going to stop typing and sit and brood for a while about how far advanced into second childhood or galloping senility I'll be by the time the 1986 Worldcon begins.

*And Zukowski thinks he's getting old! As always, you've given us a thoughtful, well-written look at the things we don't always think about. I hope you'll make it to Atlanta if we win. I'd like to sit you down in a corner with a small group of like-minded fen and just listen to you tell us what it was really like. You'd be welcome.--mlr*

*The WAHF section should go here, I suppose. It would if I could get all the letters in one place. I'll leave it by saying that Sue and I were very gratified by the positive reception for the first issue. No editor publishes anything unless he wants it to be read and noticed, and I'm no better than anyone else in that regard. Thanks to all who wrote or commented otherwise.--mlr* ■

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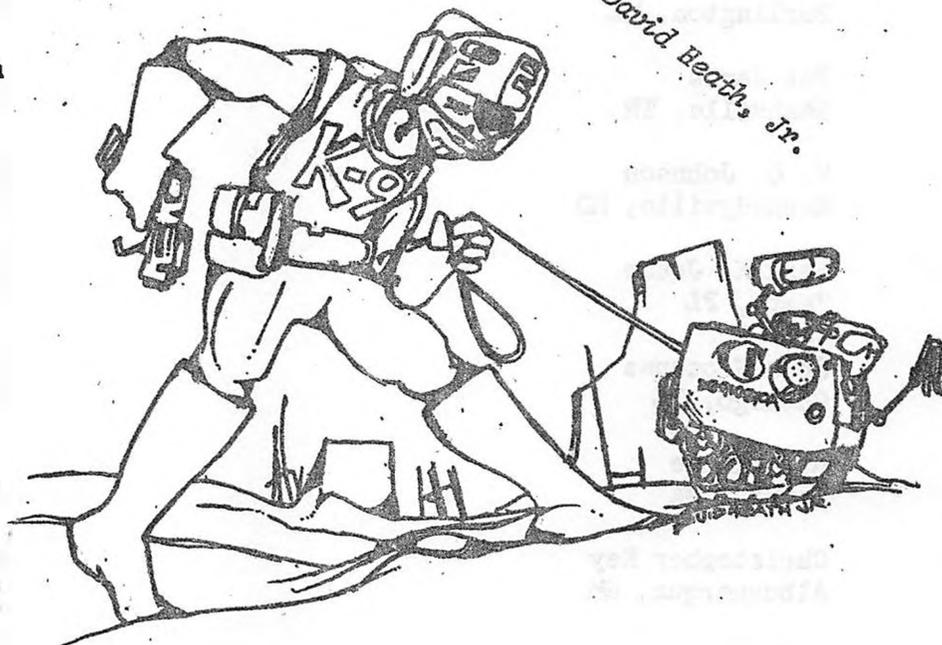
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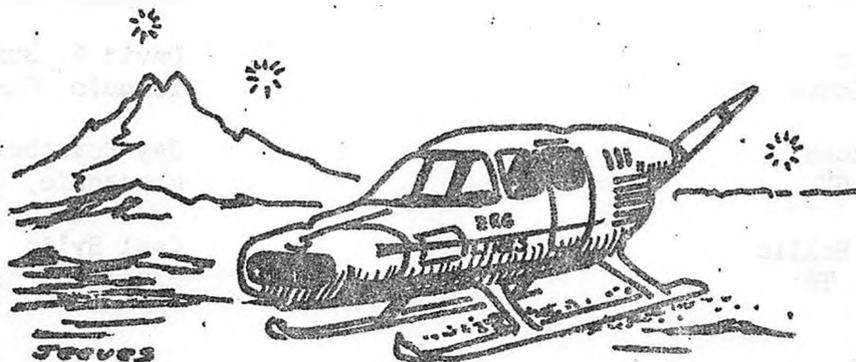
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Barry L. Newton  
Sandy Springs, MD

Judith L. Newton  
Sandy Springs, MD

Avery Nugent  
Louisville, KY

Kathy O'Shea  
Atlanta, GA

Karl Olsen  
Mahwah, NJ

Mark L. Olson  
Waltham, MA

Marc Ostlieb  
South Australia, Australia

Glen Oswald  
Brandon, FL

Joanne Overmeyer  
Panama City, FL

Julanne Owings  
Baltimore, MD

Tony E. Parker  
Boca Raton, FL

Laura Paskmon  
Philadelphia, PA

Mark Paulk  
Huntsville, AL

Becky Peters  
Ft. Lauderdale, FL

Jim Phillips  
Birmingham, AL

Dawn Plaskon  
Palo Alto, CA

Stephen D. Poe  
Fort Worth, TX

Doyle Pope  
Archer, FL

Kennedy Poyser  
New York, NY

M. Marsha Price  
Fort Valley, GA

Fred Prophet  
Detroit, MI

Jon Fryor  
Panama City, FL

John Quarterman  
Austin, TX

Loyal F. Ramsey  
Howard, PA

Jeffery Rebholz  
Huntington Beach, CA

Phil Reed  
Battle Creek, MI

James Reynolds  
Norwalk, CT

Joe Rico  
Taunton, MA

Cindy T. Riley  
Pell City, AL

Sandy Roaden  
Panama City, FL

John Robison  
So. Hadley, MA

Mary Robison,  
So. Hadley, MA

Davied E. Romm  
Minneapolis, MN

Jim Roth  
State College, PA

Sperhawk Ryder  
Minneapolis, MN

Jim Satterfield  
Tulsa, OK

Susan Satterfield  
Tulsa, OK

Ed Saunders  
Panama City, FL

David Schlosser  
Van Nuys, CA

Sharon Sharsky  
Brighton, MA

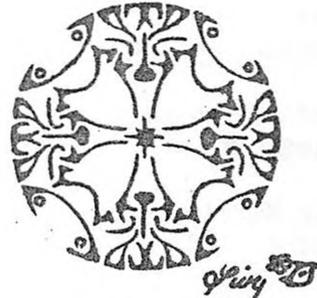
David Shea  
Baltimore, MD

Jim Shepherd  
Chattanooga, TN

Rickey Sheppard  
Bowling Green, KY

Elliot Ray Shorter  
Providence, RI

Mike Shupp  
Los Angeles, CA



*Olivia Jasen*

Jane Sibley  
New Haven, CT

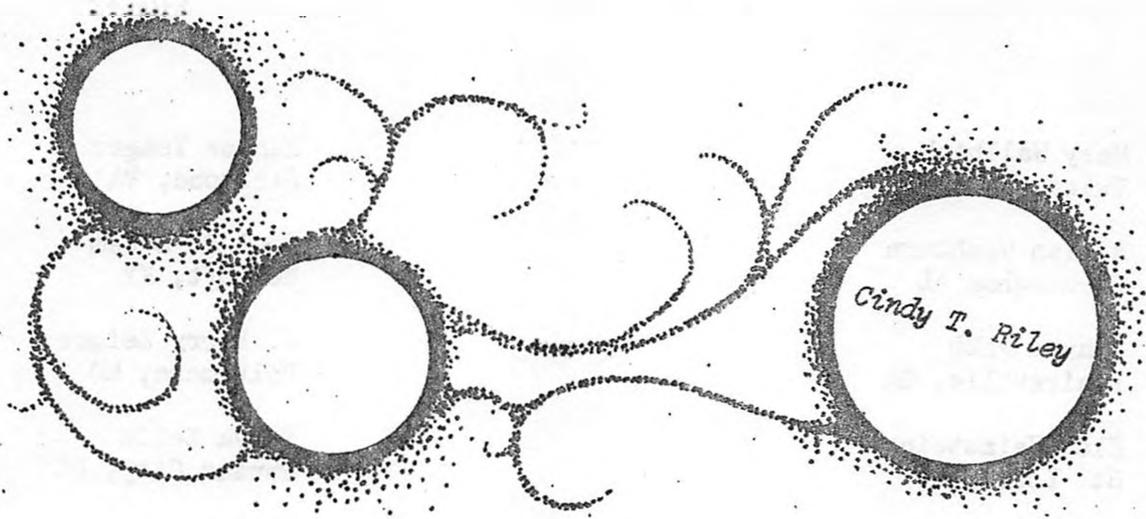
Pat Sims  
Detroit, MI

Roger Sims  
Detroit, MI

Dick Spelman  
Chicago, IL

Bill Spurlock  
Lake Orion, MI

Joni Stopa  
Wilmont, WI



*OTL*

Dan Story  
Ann Arbor, MI

Jan Story  
Ann Arbor, MI

Eriwn Strauss  
Fairfax, VA

Scott Street  
Cincinnati, OH

Christian Striker  
Bucyrus, OH

Curt Stubbs  
Pheenix, AZ

E. G. Sunden IV &  
J M Bledig  
Chicago, IL

Bernice Suominen  
New London, PA

Wilho Suominen  
Norcross, GA

James Sutherland  
Denver, CO

John Syms  
Philadelphia, PA

James Tate  
Mableton, GA

M.A.W.Taylor  
Alberta, Canada

Gerald Tishman  
Jackson Hts, NY

Sam Tomaino  
Point Pleasant Beach, NJ

Nancy Tucker  
Ypsilanti, MI

Glenn Valentine  
Smyrna, TN

Pat Vandenburg  
Brookline, MA

Kenneth Von Gunden  
State College, PA

David Wallace  
Cambridge, MA



Mary Wallbank  
Tulsa, OK

Adrian Washburn  
Birmingham, AL

Sharon Webb  
Blairsville, GA

Elst Weinstein  
St. Louis, MO

Merye Wexford  
Dallas, TX

James White  
St. Louis, MO

Keith Whitehurst  
Panama City, FL

Eva Chalker Whitley  
Manchester, MD

Carolyn Wiggins  
Nashville, TN

Betty Williams  
Miami, FL

Dewi Williams  
Boulder, CO

Ms. J. Wilson  
Winston-Salem, NC

Dave & Caryl Wixon  
Minneapolis, MN

Ken L. Wong  
British Columbia, Canada

Jim Woosley  
Nashville, TN

Abby Wysor  
State College, PA

John Wysor  
State College, PA

Janice Yeager  
Richmond, VA

Joel D. Zaken  
Newport, KY

J. Barry Zeiger  
Baltimore, MD

Sylva Zella  
Panama City, FL

Bill Zielke  
Harrison, TN

David Zoller  
Huntsville, AL

We do not have addresses for  
the following people:

Gay Haldeman

Sabrina Jarema

Leah Zeldes

Chuck Holst

Steve Thornton



Jeff Wilcox



w/PR2

## LATE REPORT FROM OUR INCREDIBLE SNAFU DEPARTMENT

To prevent all those sharp-eyed fans from expending time and energy writing us, we are letting you know, in advance, what corrections to make in your progress report. (The proofreaders were at Chattacon that weekend.)

Rates for attending memberships are \$65 until July 15, 1986. This date also applies to supporting memberships and all preregistration.

Attention 1990 Worldcon bidders: you have until September 1, 1986 to register your (insane) bid with Conspiracy.

And no, you can't buy a trible at the Marriott for \$76.

The rates listed for Art Show hanging fees are incorrect. The correct rates are:

\$ 28 per 4' x 4' panel side (pegboard)  
\$ 14 per 2' x 4' panel side (half panel)  
\$ 7 per 2' x 2' panel side (quarter panel)

And to wrap it all up, the rules for the Campbell Award vanished from the instructions for the Hugo Award nomination ballot which you should have received by now. Jeff Copeland supplies the following definition of the award:

THE JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD FOR BEST NEW WRITER  
(sponsored by Davis Publications): You may nominate any writer whose first professional science fiction or fantasy publication was in calendar year 1984 or 1985. Date of publication is defined in the same way as for the Hugo Award for Best Novel.

That's the news. Good night and have a pleasant tomorrow.



w/PRZ  
If you want to Register at Confederation's  
Dealers Rm. Give your Name and membership  
number to Debbie King

2. If you will have a partner, assistants or family members working with you at your table(s) or booth, please let me know their names and membership numbers before July 15, 1986. The Confederation registration department is going to make all dealer, dealer's helper and dealer's partner membership packages available to me for distribution in the Dealers' Room as you arrive to unload your merchandise. This will save you from having to wait in line at the main registration area. Anyone who is not on the list will be required to pick up their membership at the main registration area in the Marriott Hotel.
3. As you pick up your membership packages you will be required to sign for them. Signing for your membership package will signify the following:
  - a. Receipt of your membership package which includes your badge, program book and all other materials.
  - b. Acknowledgement and agreement to the Atlanta Hilton Hotel's "Hold Harmless Clause" which is stated in full in the next article.
  - c. Acknowledgement and agreement to be liable for and pay any sales taxes levied by state and/or local revenue authorities if so demanded by those authorities. Confederation will not pay these sales taxes for any dealer in the room.
  - d. Acknowledgement and agreement to abide by all convention rules as put forth in any convention publications and to obey any local or state laws while in attendance at Confederation. This provision also includes any federal or other copyright laws.
4. The "Hold Harmless Clause" as set forth by the Atlanta Hilton Hotel is as follows:

**HOLD HARMLESS:** Each and every dealer assumes entire responsibility and hereby agrees to protect, indemnify, defend, and save Facility, Hilton Hotels Corporation, Atlanta Center Ltd., and their employees and agents harmless against all claims, losses, or damages to persons or property, governmental charges or fines and attorney's fees arising out of or caused by the dealer's installation, removal, maintenance, occupancy, or use of the exhibition premises or a part thereof, excluding any such liability caused by the sole negligence of Facility, Hilton Hotels Corporation, Atlanta Center Ltd., or their employees or agents. This provision also applies to Worldcon Atlanta Incorporated and its employees or agents. In addition, the dealer acknowledges that Worldcon Atlanta Inc., Facility, Hilton Hotels Corporation, and Atlanta Center Ltd. do not maintain insurance covering the dealer's property and that it is the sole responsibility of the dealer to obtain business interruption and property damage insurance covering such losses by the dealer.
17. The set up time for dealers will be from 12:00 Noon, Wednesday, August 27, 1986 thru 12:00 Noon, Thursday, August 28, 1986. There will be no customers admitted to the room during these times. If the room set up is completed before 12:00 Noon, Wednesday, the room will be opened to dealers at that time. Late arriving dealers may continue to set up their tables or booth after 12:00 Noon on Thursday providing that they do not block the aisles or interfere with their neighbor's space. The loading dock will remain available during the open hours of the room for late arriving dealers until all have been checked in. The closing hour of the Dealers' Room will be 8:00 PM Wednesday and 6:00 PM each evening thereafter. Dealers arriving after the closing hour of the room will have to wait until 9:00 AM the next morning to unload their merchandise.
18. Membership packages not picked up in the Dealers' Room will be returned each day to the main convention registration area in the Marriott Hotel. Dealers arriving after the Dealers' Room is closed may pick up their packages at the main registration area during its open hours.
19. The Dealers' Room will be opened each day at 9:00 AM for dealers who wish to come in early and set up their tables or booths. Customers will not be admitted until 10:00 AM. Any person who is on our list of dealers, assistants, partners or Dealers' Room staff may enter the room at 9:00 AM. There will be Dealers' Room staff members present in the room during all open hours of the room.