

# SOUTH ON PEACHTREE

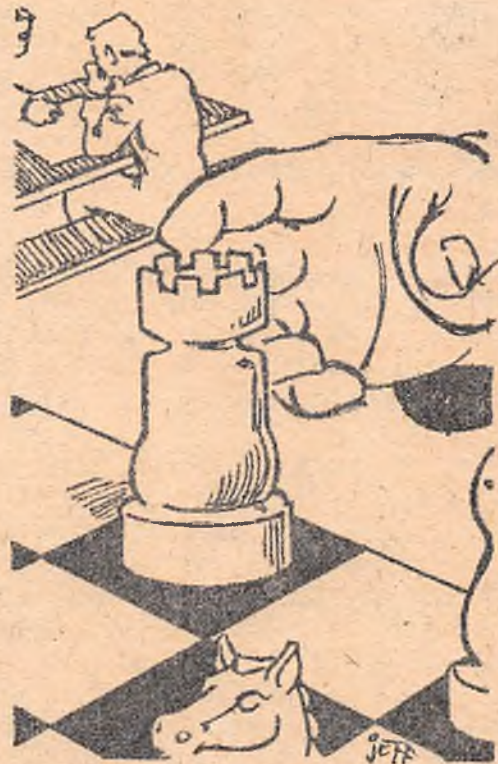


(brought to you by ATLANTA IN '86)

*South on Peachtree #1* (January, 1983) is produced and distributed by Worldcon Atlanta, Inc., P.O. Box 10094, Atlanta, GA 30319. Ignore the address on the envelope. Its purpose is to promote Atlanta's bid for the 1986 World Science Fiction Convention. The editors are Mike Rogers and Sue Phillips. The printing is by Dan Taylor and his Magic Roneo, and the electrostencilling is by Dick and Nicki Lynch. We welcome your comments and questions about the bid and this zine; letters should be addressed to our P.O. Box number above. See page 28 for information about pre-supporting memberships. All unsigned material is by the editors. *South on Peachtree #1* is a Purple Pussycat Press Production and also Full Court Press #24. Copyright © 1983 by Worldcon Atlanta, Inc.

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## Editorials

Welcome to the first issue of an experiment. *South on Peachtree* will be a different kind of bidzine. Like a "progress report", it will contain information about the Atlanta in '86 bid and a certain amount of shameless promo material. But we also want to write about conventions in general. None of the members of our committee would be interested in working for the bid if we didn't enjoy going to cons. And the majority of convention writing I see these days is devoted to personal anecdotes that tell us much more about the writer than the convention(s) he attended. That's fine as far as it goes; we merely wish to help correct the imbalance.

The main purpose of the zine, though, is to promote our Worldcon bid. Fandom has waited far too long for a worldcon staged with Southern hospitality. It's time to correct that. Atlanta is the Belle of Dixie, a vibrant jewel that offers big-city sophistication combined with a pleasant lifestyle that's hard to beat, as Rand McNally affirmed when its *Places Rated Almanac* named Atlanta the most livable city in the U.S. Our city's convention facilities are consistently praised by convention organizers all around the country. We enjoy the possession of one of the world's best airports and an extensive network of flights into and out of the city, making it easy to reach from almost anywhere in the U.S. and from places like London and Frankfurt. I've lived in Atlanta for over a year now, and the optimism and excitement I feel here would be hard to match anywhere else.

Of course, worldcon bids are not won and lost by cities alone. In this era of monster worldcons, the right facilities are vitally important. Our Executive Committee will shortly make its decision on which hotels and/or convention centers we will use. We currently have two proposals under consideration, and will announce our decision as soon as it's official. In the meantime, I can tell you that Atlanta has enough quality hotel space (both sleeping and function) to handle a worldcon of any size.

The third side of the bid triangle is the bidding committee itself. Our names are listed later in the zine, and one of the regular features of this fanzine will be profiles of the various committee members. The final judgment rests with the voters. I feel confident we can run a quality Worldcon. I wouldn't have joined the bid if I thought otherwise.

One of the most vital functions of *South on Peachtree* will be to provide a forum for feedback from you. We want to hear from you. We want you to ask us questions. This zine will have a lettercolumn, and we'll try to print as many letters as possible, along with the answers to your questions. This is the best way to insure that the Atlanta worldcon will offer the features you want from us. Write to us at this address: *South on Peachtree*, Atlanta in '86, P.O. Box 10094, Atlanta, GA 30319. As with any fanzine, we will be gratefully receptive to contributions of artwork, articles about the convention experience, and the like. We can't promise to publish your material, but we'll be glad to get it.

The members of the bid committee have various reasons for wanting this bid to succeed. Mine deal mainly with a certain phenomenon. A West Coast fanzine fan recently wrote in a loc to another fanzine that Southern fandom had very few connections with fandom elsewhere in the U.S. He labeled us "an alternate fandom". I do not agree with that assessment at all. We do have a strong sense of community down here, and I consider that a valuable asset. But just as the South has joined the

rest of the country, Southern fandom has joined our fannish brethren everywhere. I'm glad to see it, and I want to encourage it as much as I can. My own fanzine, *Harmonic Dissonance*, works to encourage contacts between Southern fandom and other fans. A Southern worldcon would be the best thing that ever happened to Southern fandom. It would end all the old stories about our isolation and disinterest in fannish happenings elsewhere.

I realize the above arguments by themselves are hardly sufficient for anyone to cast his or her vote for Atlanta. I'm not asking you to vote on those grounds. Look at our committee and our city. Make up your own mind. I think enough of you will choose our bid to give us the worldcon. We'll win it the old-fashioned way... we'll e-e-a-r-r-n it.

For now, though, enjoy our zine. And let us hear from you.

*Mike Rogers*

Why am I doing this? The facetious would say because I'm crazy. They would be partly right. The altruists would say because I want the worldcon to be in Atlanta since we haven't had one before. They also would be partially correct.

I am the assistant editor of *South on Peachtree* because it is one way I can help spread the word to people outside of the South that we're ready down here to host a worldcon. I think it's about time; fandom in this area is finally of an age where we can seriously think about bidding for a convention the size of a worldcon... and seriously think about winning one.

I "grew up" in fandom in the midwest. Fans there have a different way of doing things. They seem to be more intense, more business-like about having their fun. When I moved South I discovered that fans here are more easy-going, more carefree. This has given rise to a misconception about us in other parts of the country. We're isolationist. We're strange. No, we're just different.

Fortunately, or unfortunately (depending on the way you look at it), this attitude is changing. We continue to be, in my opinion, easy-going and carefree, but we are also looking outward. The area has contacts in many parts of the world; we are definitely not rural. We take our time and do our best to get things right. We're getting more business-like.

I have a very personal reason I am doing this as well. I want to run a worldcon masquerade. This will be my job if we win the bid and right now, I am pursuing the business of finding out how to do this the best way it can be done. Up until three years ago, I had watched masquerades but had never worked on one. Now, I have entered three, won one, and worked in some capacity on almost ten.

Our committee is trying to learn all it can about worldcons. About worldcons and the people who attend them. That's one reason for *South on Peachtree*. This zine will attempt to let you know what we think but it is also to be a forum for what you think. Please, don't be silent out there. Let us know what you like and don't like about worldcons. It's necessary for us to know. Besides, we all like to get mail.

We worked hard on this zine. I hope it shows.

*Sue Phillips*

## Meet the Bidcom: PENNY FRIERSON

What are the functions of a Worldcon bid chairman? Most of all, this person should be a good salesman. He or she should also be a good administrator, able to delegate work and match the work with the person most likely to do it well (this is especially true for a volunteer organization). And the chairman must be able to work with everyone involved with the bid.

Penny Frierson fills the bill admirably on all counts. Those of you who have met Penny know her ability to talk almost anyone into almost anything. (And if you haven't met her, shame on you! You must correct this oversight as soon as possible.) Administrative ability: well, anyone who can preside over three sons, a husband, assorted dogs and cats, three video recorders, a Sousaphone and an outdoor Christmas tree can surely keep track of a bid committee. To top it off, Penny and her husband Meade have the respect and trust of all Southern fans. She is the logical choice to be co-Chairman of Atlanta in '86.



Penny entered fandom in 1970. Her first convention was the DeepSouthCon of that year; she remembers that it all seemed strange at first, but it didn't take her long to fit in. Through the years, she has been a member of SPPA and the Birmingham SF Club; she worked with Meade on *HPL* (their tribute to H.P. Lovecraft) and *SF on Radio*; and she was chairman of DSC '77 and treasurer of DSC '81. Outside fandom, she has worked for the Birmingham Symphony Association and the Birmingham Music Club.

Chairman Penny is an avid reader of SF and supernatural fantasy. Among her favorite authors are Frank Herbert, Arthur C. Clarke, Joe Haldeman, and Fritz Leiber. But if you press her, she will admit that her favorite is probably Gene Wolfe, a writer who Penny feels is one of the most literate in the field. Fanzine editors should feel free to send her their zines--she enjoys reading them.

By the way, I left out one of the most important qualities a bidcom chairman can have: the all-too-rare ability to keep calm and stay cool while 10,001 screaming yellow zonkers rush hither and yon, generating enormous amounts of heat. Penny has a way of looking past all the heat and finding the light in such situations. This attribute undoubtedly comes from her devotion to the world of Pogo.

Penny joined the Atlanta Worldcon bid because, like all of us, she very much wants a Southern Worldcon. She also wants a bid we can be proud of. Knowing Penny, that won't be a problem.

Atlanta in '86 is lucky to have Penny Frierson working with us. Now if we could only find her house....--MR ■

## Meet the Bidcom: RON ZUKOWSKI



For someone who "never figured which was the opposite sex", being a worldcon bid co-chair is something of a quantum leap. For someone who, like many of us, discovered fandom long after he began reading the likes of Simak and Laumer, it might be less of one.

Ron Zukowski is little-known in fandom outside Atlanta and environs. He *was* mistaken once for Jerry Pournelle but Jerry was never taken for Ron. We here know him as a friendly guy with an offbeat, quiet sense of humor. For instance, his dislike of cats creates some good-natured but sometimes strange ribbing of those of us who do.

Ron puts his journalist's talents, learned in college at Georgia State University and the University of Georgia, to work as a member of Myriad, one of the many apas that thrive in fandom. He perpetrates a zine titled *The Orange Mouse* or some variant thereof and you can always find some interesting and well thought out things in there.

In outside life, Ron was once PR man for the Southern Council on Optometry, responsible for setting up 2000- to 3000-person conventions. He is also a programming student for the third time (this time it took) and both of these qualities are assets that he brings to the bid.

Simak and Laumer are still favorites and among films, *The Wrath of Khan* and *Bladerunner* stand out. He does prefer reading to watching, though. He claims to be one of the last fifteen Christian fen in America.

As to why a worldcon in Atlanta, "Why not here?" The weather is good at that time of year and it seemed silly that we hadn't had one. Ron says he went to North-American and began thinking about it there but just didn't know how to go about getting one here. Now, one of his personal goals is to bring the worldcon to Atlanta by hook or crook.

Ron Zukowski is someone you might miss in a crowd, but try not to. He's someone to look out for in the future. Him and his Orange Mouse.--SP ■

Just a little reminder....

*South on Peachtree*

Atlanta in '86

P.O. Box 10094

Atlanta, GA 30319

WE WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU!!

# **"And what did YOU do in the war at the Worldcon, Daddy?"**

**edited by Phillips**

Well, it wasn't a war. As a matter of fact, Chicon IV was one of the best-run worldcons I've attended. Many of those on our bidcom went to Chicago and many of that number worked on the con. These are their impressions.

*Being on staff at a worldcon is fun. Working autographs, you get to see the pros. Our job was to keep fans in the right autograph line and to limit the number of books signed. We also had to cut off the line at the proper time and keep the pros happy. I remember telling Tim Hildebrandt Mike Weber's Dragonslayer pun and having him tell me later that he'd told it at dinner that night.*

*Charlotte Proctor*

I did two jobs. Jim Gilpatrick got me on as HQ Staff. When I arrived at the con, I went straight to HQ (behind the elevators to the left) and was at work as a phone gopher mere seconds later. My job there was answering the phones with a cheery "Chicon IV", taking messages, and beeping people when necessary. You know, it gives you a sense of power to be able to do that. I think I'll always remember announcing to the room that we had a shoe caught in one of the escalators. No foot; just a shoe. It was a bit of comic relief.

I also worked the masquerade. It was a madhouse, but I loved it. I got to see all the costumes up close and learned a few things for use in running my own worldcon masquerade.

*Sue Phillips*

*In the terms of those who serve the god, DATA, anything you can use without knowing everything there is to know about it is transparent. This worldcon's operating gizmos--the committee, seven or eight levels of hierarchy which was satirized in the program book, the 400 gophers, the small but dedicated group trying to keep the infamously story-hungry Chicago press happy, the bean-counters, the beer-getters, the guys who deal with unions, the guys who tell the pros what panels to attend, the people who stand around and look important--all of these were transparent to the attendees.*

*Ron Zukowski*

My main work at the con was at the bid parties. I worked four of our parties, went on two supply runs, cleaned up, made preparations and talked to lots and lots of fen.

*Penny Frierson*

*Most of the people I met while working autographs were really nice about it. We had a limit of three books per person and some people had brought literally bags and bags of books. They'd say "Okay," and go through the line more than once.*

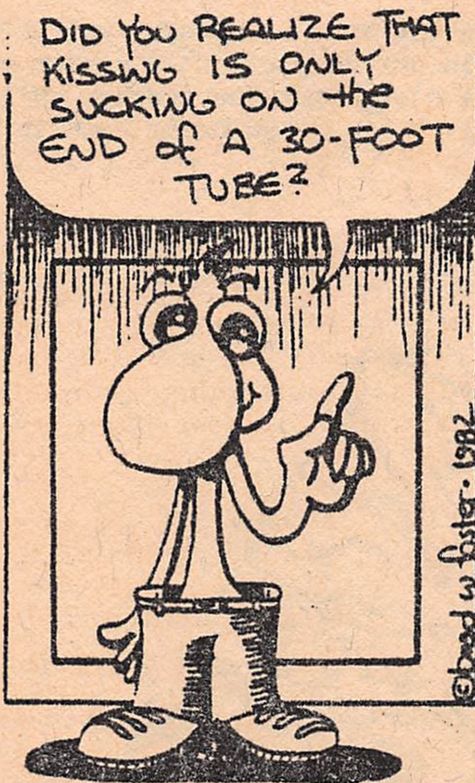
There were a few who'd say "Sure," and appear at the head of the line with huge numbers of books.

While waiting for Marta Randall people kept coming up and mistaking me for her since I was sitting in her spot. When she arrived, I told her this and she said she'd take over for me if I'd do the awards ceremony. I said fine if I could wear her hat. Nopa.

Nicki Lynch

I spent most of my con working. I was assistant exhibits manager which means the art show, hucksters, standing exhibits, con suite and autographs. There was a curtain between the art show and huckster room. You were supposed to go up one flight of escalators and down another to get from one to the other. A sign was posted: "This is not a door unless you are on a medical emergency." Signs like that began popping up all over the con. "This is not a con suite. You may think it is...." "This is not a door. It only looks like one." Like that.

Jim Gilpatrick



And then there was the rest of the con:

The 'Kessel Runs'. The scourge of the con, although probably not as much as some people thought. It caused Passovoy to say that if you don't want the plague, don't kiss the carrier. I had a mild case. No fun.

Sue Phillips

Meeting Peter Toluzzi, the DUFF winner and no, I don't have any baby oil....

Charlotte Proctor

Cleaning the party suite at 6 a.m....

Charlotte Proctor

Opening the suite for a party to start at 9 and have people begin showing up at 7.

Sue Phillips

People on staff getting Ben Yalow ID's.

Jim Gilpatrick

Going from one tower over or under and outside, then up to another.

Ron Zukowski

Spending six hours on my feet working the masquerade (oh, my aching tootsies).

Sue Phillips

Good-natured standing in line to register.

Charlotte Proctor

And for masquerade tickets.

Sue Phillips



*Circling the halls with Linda Riley, Don Cook, and Walt Baris.  
Charlotte Proctor*

*Party hopping solo and the Friendly Texas punch (ouch).  
Sue Phillips*

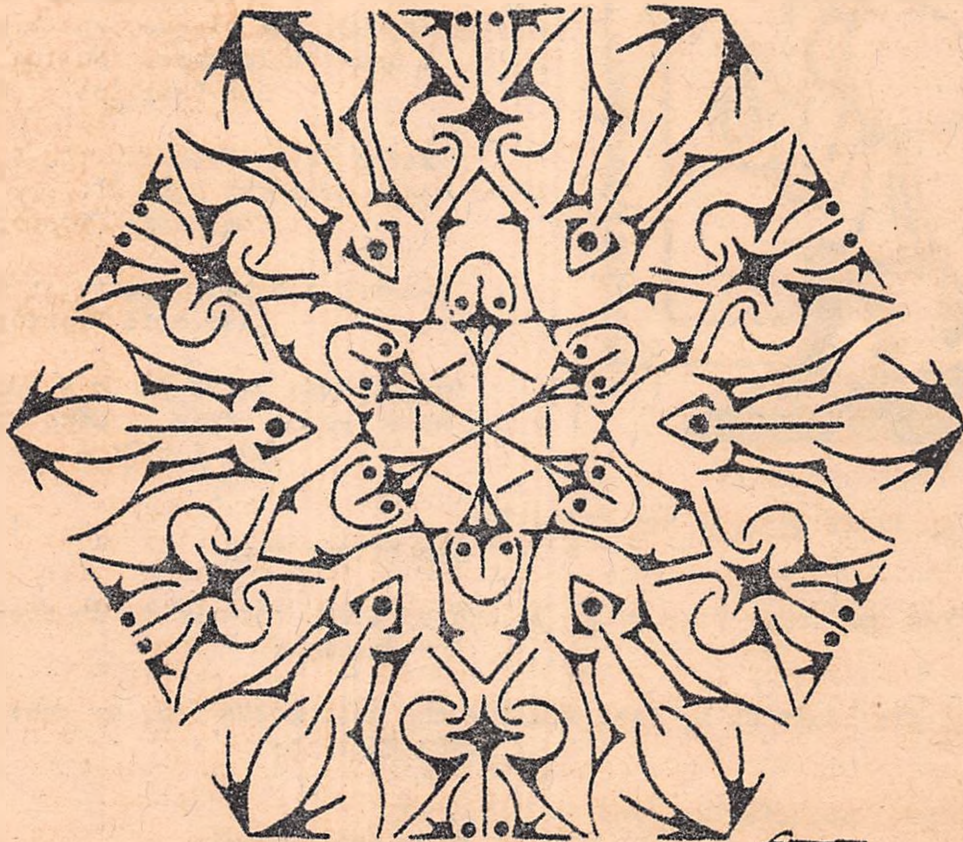
*The long drive home--I never want to see Lafayette, IN or Louisville, KY in the  
dark again.*

*Charlotte Proctor*

*I didn't see anything on the drive back. I call it the long sleep.  
Sue Phillips*

To close, I use the words of Ron Zukowski:

In simple terms, this was one hell of a good convention. It brought you together with more than 4000 other souls who like SF, laid out an incredible number of programs for you to observe, enabled you to lose more sleep than the average college freshman, enabled you to drink more than a 9th century Viking, and broke even in the process. What more could you want? ■



*Quivy*

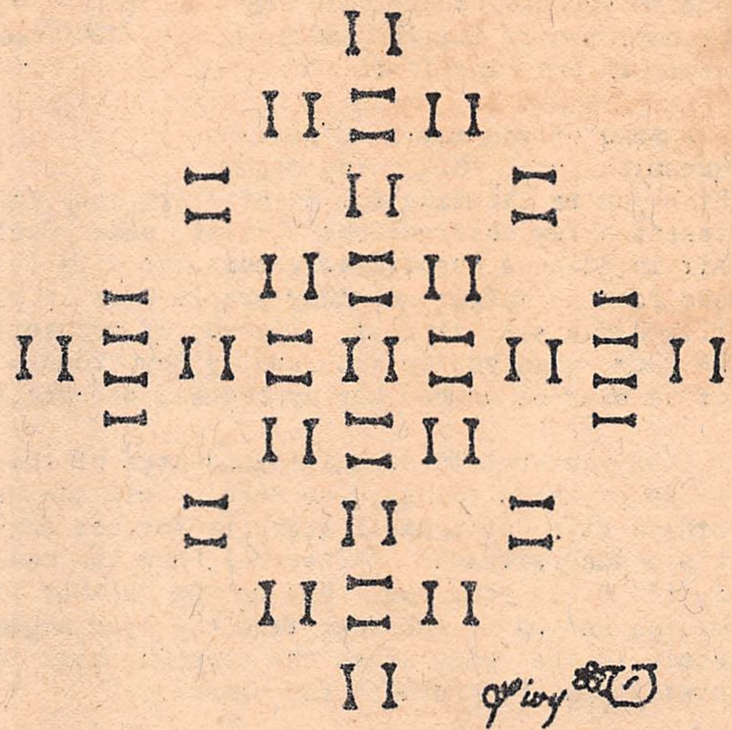
# THE POOR FAN'S GUIDE TO CON-GOING

by DAN CALDWELL

Editor's note--South on Peachtree presents the following article as a public service to all fans who'd like to go to more cons but can't figure out how to afford it. When I thought about the most qualified person to write this piece, I knew who I wanted. Dan Caldwell is the most qualified person I know to expound on the topic. Every con I go to, he's there. And as the article proves, he can stretch a dollar.

Dan is a familiar face to worldcon regulars. He's worked on art shows for a number of Southern conventions. He's also a member of the Atlanta in '86 bid. In mundane life, Dan programs computers for the State of Tennessee in Nashville.---MR

How often do we hear the lament from a neofan? "But I can't afford to go to cons. They cost too much money." Balderdash! Any fan who wants to go to conventions badly enough can do so. I was unemployed for almost all of 1981. During that time, I went to 16 conventions, five of them on consecutive weekends. And I wasn't drawing on savings to do it. I can't guarantee you'll be as lucky, but if you follow the techniques I'll describe, you can go to a lot of conventions for a small amount of money.

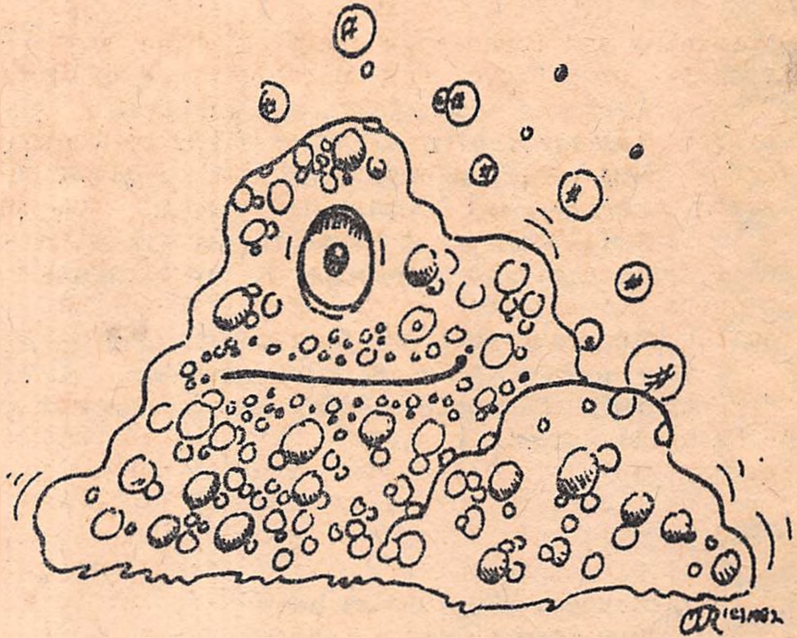


Before you can do anything else, you have to get to the con. The way to do this is to carpool, preferably cramming as many people as possible into the most fuel-efficient car available. I once rode to a con in a Volkswagen with four other people. Of course, I wouldn't recommend this for long trips.

Another way to carpool is to use a large car or a van. The idea here is to get a large number of people into the vehicle and cut the per-person cost to a bearable level. I'm reminded of the time I went to the Washington worldcon. I was riding in the back and using the time to catch a nap. Suddenly, I awoke to the sound of a wreck in progress. My imagination ran wild. The van lurched sickeningly to the right. I braced myself. Then I realized the van would probably roll and a 200 lb. man would shortly be on top of me. Let me tell you, there's no feeling like the one I felt then.

Fortunately, such incidents are rare. If you exercise some caution about who will be driving on the trip, the risks won't be any greater than normal. Besides, the more people the merrier...and the cheaper.

The same reasoning applies to the next major expense--your room. The filthy rich fen get a room by themselves. If you're like most of us, you're not rich. So you set up the "sardine can". In other words, you put as many people into a hotel room as you have space for. My personal record for the most people in one room is 15.



Some of you may be a bit squeamish about this. You might think you're cheating the hotel. I'm not going to tell you to do it. But I will present a few observations. First, some hotels don't mind dense-packing. Fantasy Fair in Atlanta negotiated a contract with its hotel to provide for one standard room rate no matter how many people were in the room. NorthAmerican '79 in Louisville had a similar deal. Second, if you tell the maid not to bother cleaning up the room, then you're not causing any trouble for them by doing it. Third, I have yet to hear of anyone having trouble because they were packing a room.

If you want to do this, take heed of these ideas I've heard of. "Not that I'd do any of these things," he said. Tell the maid not to bother cleaning up the room. Perhaps give her a small gratuity for her consideration. Don't ask for more towels! It's a dead giveaway. After all, how can two people go through 15 towels in one night? Bring your own. Put up the "Do Not Disturb" sign to discourage early-morning knocks on the door from the head housekeeper. If you don't have too many people in the room, stash the sleeping bags in the closet and hope the maid doesn't investigate its contents too closely.

Others don't mind the moral aspects but may feel that this arrangement doesn't afford enough privacy for their tastes. I've got news for y'all--if you're going on the cheap, you have to forget about privacy. This is the basic tradeoff you make. Less privacy = less money out of your pocket. If you're the type of person who simply cannot stand dormitory-style quarters, then I hope you have a rich uncle.

I'm used to it by now. I want to go to cons badly enough that I'm willing to put up with the inconvenience. Why, I even owe Ken Moore about \$50 on sardine can space from last year. If you want to be there, you'll get used to it too.

What do you do if you don't even have the money for 1/6 or 1/8 of a hotel room? Now we're talking desperate. You look for free crash space. The best place to find it is in the con suite. Unless the con committee has reserved the con suite for its own crash space, you can usually sleep there. In fact, I have never been to a convention where you couldn't. Many is the time I've walked into a con suite early in

the morning and found anywhere from three to a dozen bodies in various states of disrepair, draped over any suitable piece of furniture or else laid out on the floor.

You've heard of Murphy beds? They're the ones that fold up into a closet, taking the unsuspecting sleeper with it. I slept on one in the con suite at a Cham-banacan. The bed was comfortable enough. But the suite was being used by five of the sourest filksingers I have ever heard. I'm a filker myself, so I know. Every-time I drifted off to slumberland, one of the singers would reach for a high note and not quite hit it. You don't sleep through that. Only my tolerance prevented me from shooting them then and there.

Back to the Toronto worldcon--now *that* was an experience! I was traveling with the Nashville crew. We were working on the assumption that when we asked for a single room, we would get a room with two double beds. Most hotels do that. But when we got up there, it turned out that the room was an honest-to-Ghod *single*. It had no bed at all, only a couch that opened out to sleep one not-very-large person. We had 15 people in that room. Until well after midnight, there was a permanent line for the bathroom. You wanted to answer Nature's call or change clothes or take a shower, you waited in line. It was unreal.

I came in that night around 5:30 a.m. As the door opened, a shaft of light pierced the gloom of the room. Every conceivable square inch of floor space was covered with bodies sleeping next to each other in parallel. It looked just like sardines in a can. That's where the term came from. I only saw one possible area where I could lay down: in the path of the door. I knew the next person in would shove the door into me, so I said "forget this" and headed downstairs to the lobby.

I laid down on a couch there and drifted to sleep. A few minutes later, I felt a tap on my shoulder. A security guard stood looking down on my supine form. He said, and I quote, "You may lie there, but your eyes must be open." Honest. Talk about cruel and unusual punishment! If I'd had any makeup, I would have painted open eyes on my eyelids and gone back to sleep, but you never think of such ploys until after it's too late. I somehow managed to stay awake until around 7:30 a.m., but then I absolutely had to have some sleep. By this time, somebody should have gotten up for the day. When I stumbled in, I saw that the first person in the night before had taken the couch. Logically enough, said person was also the first one up the next morning. Relief! I jumped over snoring bodies, got to the couch, and fell asleep before the previous occupant had reached the bathroom.

After transportation and lodging costs, your next major expense is food. Stay away from the hotel restaurant at all costs. The prices are always higher there than anywhere else, since the hotel has a captive audience. Look for the fast-food strip nearest the hotel. If the committee is smart, they will have considered this factor when they picked their site. Eat at McDonald's or White Castle (in the North) or Krystal (in the South). If you have a chance, ask locals for the location of all-you-can-eat restaurants.

Don't go to the banquet. Come in after the meal and sit in the back for the speeches. Likewise, don't go out to a fancy meal. Another possibility is to bring part of your own food. I never wanted to do this. I want food that is at least semi-warm, and I can't stand the thought of peanut butter sandwiches at a con. But if you can hack it, it saves money. A good formula would be one meal in the room and one meal at a restaurant.

Of course, it's always good form to register for the convention. I never pre-register. I always pay at the door. I know, it's usually cheaper to register by mail as early as possible. But I have this jinx--anytime I preregister for a con, I don't get to go and I'm out the registration fee. Sometimes it's a work situation. You get called in at the last minute to fill in for a co-worker who's ill. At other times, you don't know how your finances will be until the day of the con. That happened at the last Roc\*Kon. I planned to go. But when the weekend arrived, I simply didn't have the money to go, at least not without missing bill payments I really needed to make. So by not preregistering, I saved the money I would have spent on it.

Registration fees aren't cheap anymore. Standard rates run anywhere from \$10 to \$20. I can't complain--inflation hits everyone. On the other hand, the difference between the lowest fee and the at-the-door fee isn't more than a few dollars, and it's worth that much to stay loose. To be sure, the concom hates people like me. People who buy at the door make it hard to project income and expenses. But hey, it's my money I'm protecting.

Some of you may be able to handle the cost of the regional cons in your area, but are frightened by the cost of a Worldcon. Huge airfares, \$80-a-night hotel rooms. Well, the same principles apply here. First, you don't fly. This means that unless you can take off enough time to drive, you don't go. You carpool, you put lots of people in one room, you eat at fast-food places or in your room.

You will want to do a few things differently. For crash space, consider working as a gopher for the convention. Most worldcons will have a "gopher hole" covered with mattresses available to anyone who works a certain number of hours for the convention. Not much privacy, but it is a place to sleep. The main difference is in the registration fee. Here, you buy it as soon as it's available. Worldcon committees usually set the at-the-door fee extremely high to discourage walk-ins. The best way to buy is to vote on the site selection for a worldcon. Your voting fee entitles you to at least a supporting membership in the con, and the conversion fee to make it an attending membership is fairly low from the time of the vote until about the first day of the new year. Also consider that if you find you can't go to the con, you can possibly resell the membership to someone else.

Here are some general rules that make sense at any convention. Don't go anywhere near the huckster room or the art auction. Try to become a BNF or a pro and get invited to conventions for free--that's the best way of all if you have the talent and dedication. Set up a fannish business so you can write off convention expenses as tax deductions or even earn money at the conventions. If you do this, make sure to have at least one partner. You'll go crazy if you have to sit behind the huckster table all weekend long.

If you're super clever and have some luck, you can even go to a con for next to nothing. During my string of 16 conventions, I attended three in a row for no expense other than meals. I knew a married couple who drove a gas hog. They wanted me to ride with them to share the gas. Problem was, I couldn't afford the registration. It suddenly dawned on all of us that if they rode in my car, it would be cheaper for them to pay all of the gas bill, my share of the sardine can, and my registration fee than it would for them to go in their car. Maybe you don't know any fen who drive freeway monsters, but with a little creativity, fan can work wonders.

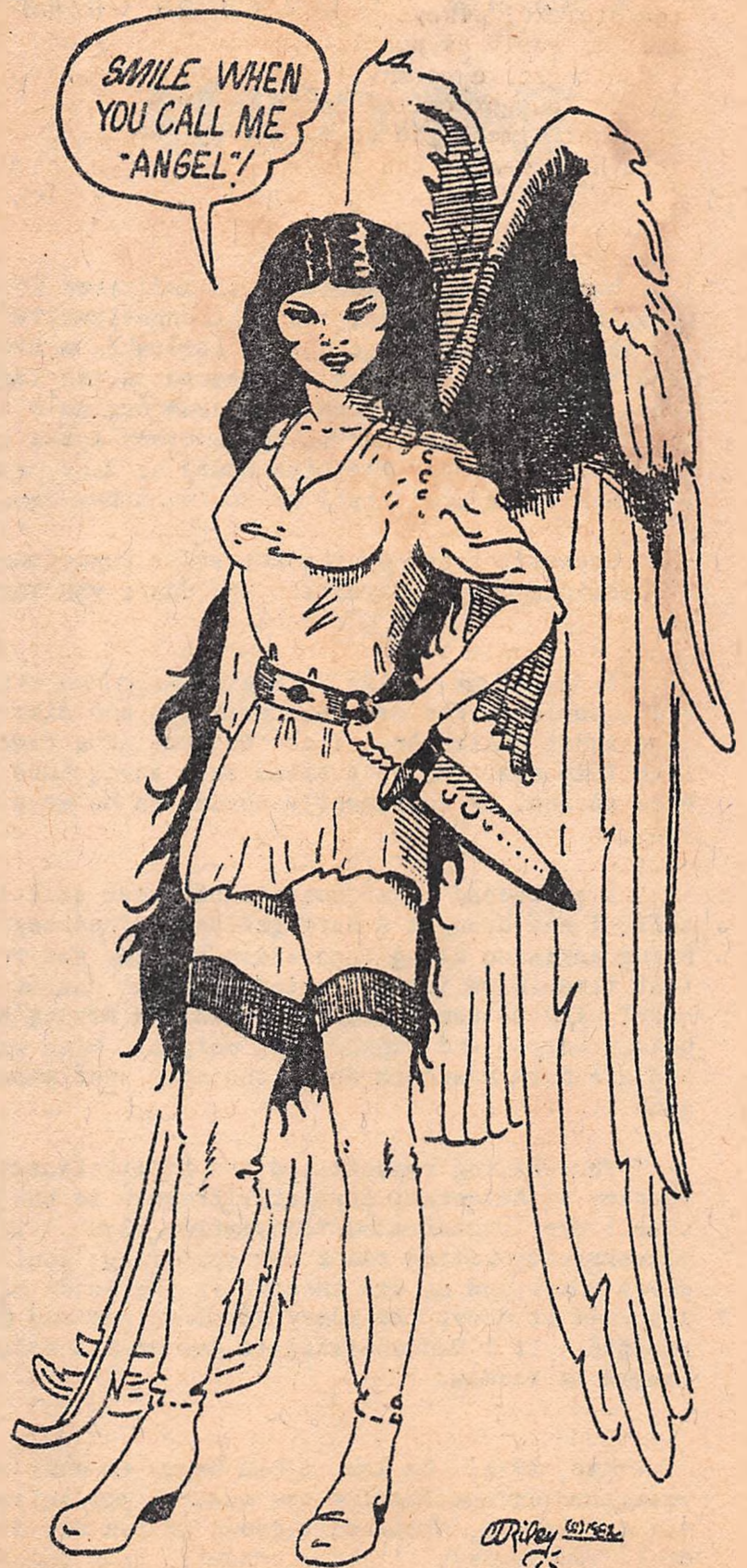
This one only applies to the freaks among us who dress in suit coats. Let's

say you're desperate. The only crash space available is in a closet. Most closets are too small to lie down in. But if you're wearing a suit, put a hanger in the coat and put it on. Sleep like a horse. The weight is off your feet, and your coat will still be in good shape as long as you don't roll around. Strange but true.

Someone once asked me if I'd still be sleeping in sardine cans when I was 60 years old. Well, I'm 42 now, and I've been going to cons one way or another for over 20 years. And I'll keep doing it until the nurses won't let me out of my hospital bed. Why? I guess it's that mystical feeling I sometimes get at worldcons. It hits me--these are my people. They're egomaniacal, irascible, and prone to feud at the drop of a hat. But they're my people. When I walked in the door of my first worldcon, I was stunned for a while. But after the shock wore off, I knew I was home. And I'll keep going home until they bury me. You can count on it. ■

## ART CREDITS

Cover, pg. 21--Charlie Williams; pg. 1--Jeff Wilcox; pg. 4--Wade Gilbreath; pg. 5--Jerry Collins; pg. 7, 24, 28--Brad W. Foster; pg. 8, 9--Olivia Jasen; pg. 10, 13, 17, 20--Cindy T. Riley; pg. 15--Roger Caldwell; pg. 18--Taral; pg. 23--Steven Fox; pg. 26--Bernadette Bosky. All layout and transfer lettering work is by Rogers. **DISCLAIMER:** The appearance of an artist in these pages does not imply his/her support of Atlanta in '86. But fellow travelers or otherwise, we thank them for their work. ■



*C. Riley* ©1986

# 14 HEY! WHAT HAPPENED AT THE CON?

by Rogers

While *South on Peachtree* is dedicated to Worldcons in general and the 1986 Atlanta bid in particular, we will occasionally talk about SF conventions in general. And why not? Many of our most memorable moments in fandom, perhaps even our lives, were experienced at cons. Compared to the small amount of our total lives we have given to convention attendance, the number of memorable occurrences which took place at cons is extraordinary. Conventions are a speeded-up version of life; that's part of the attraction. Why else would so many people try to subsist on so little sleep at cons? (And don't tell me you've *never* done it; I won't believe you!)

Here are a few of the memorable experiences I've seen and participated in at conventions over the years. Why don't you send us your favorites?

It was June of 1977. Neofan Mike had attended a con or two, but it was still a new experience for me. Sue Phillips and Mike Weber were throwing a small relaxicon in Atlanta called Attention. It came at a time when I was more shy and introverted than I am now. Hell, I lived in a shell hard enough to protect an astronaut from hard vacuum. I desperately needed to be more open with people, to reach out to them.

I sweltered in a fountain of sweat as I drove down the freeway. Expecting this, I had brought a half-gallon of iced tea to drink along the way. I didn't bring anything along into which to pour the tea. For the first and certainly the last time in my life, I tried to drink out of a half-gallon carton. You think it's easy? Try it sometime. Maybe Julius Erving's hand is big enough to hold a half-gallon carton and support its weight. Mine wasn't. I had to stop at a picnic area and use both hands to drink the tea. But when that magic potion hit my throat, unnh....

Thus having replenished the bodily fluids, I made my way over the northern section of Atlanta's perimeter freeway to the hotel. That evening was the first time I ever experienced "convention high". It was a mystical, wondrous night. The conversation rolled thick and sparkling; soulful mutterings stood next to outrageous humor and no one thought it the least bit odd. It doesn't happen at every con but when it does, the money spent on gas and hotel room is well spent and unregretted. If I had entertained any doubts before, I knew after that night that I belonged in fandom.

May, 1978. By now, I had begun to work on an SF convention myself. It was a young convention looking for ways to publicize itself. At that time, our committee was a friendly, close-knit group of fens who didn't mind doing crazy things. (Okay-- would you believe slightly crazy?) This combination produced one of the most astonishing convention advertisements in my knowledge.

We were at Kubla Khan, Ken Moore's annual bash in Music City, USA. The afternoon before the midnight masquerade, one of our committee members came around to the rest of us asking, "Can I have your button?" The object was--but that would ruin the story.

The narrative cannot continue without a few words about the perpetrator of this stunt. Some of my readers have met Tola Varnell. Those of you who have not (especially those of the masculine gender) have missed one of the more visceral pleasures of life. Think of a Dolly Parton who doesn't need the wig. She attracts attention, to put it mildly. No less an authority on feminine pulchritude than Wilson (Bob) Tucker himself has given her a bit part in one of his recent books.

Have I made my point?



At the time, the committee members for our convention had buttons with blue bunting around them proclaiming our association with our convention. The buttons were assembled and given to Tola. The rest of us pantingly awaited the appointed hour of the masquerade.

The characters strided into their moment in the spotlight. And then came the announcement we of the committee had been waiting to hear. Tola stepped forth onto the risers.

She wore nothing but a bikini with our buttons pinned to the appropriate strategic spots. The audience howled as one. Waves of laughter swept the room as Tola gave the spiel for our convention. She left the stage to a standing

ovation.

I suspect the judges didn't quite know what to do. Like the guy who dresses in a business suit and claims to be Clark Kent, they couldn't award Tola any of the standard prizes. But they also could not pass over her, or they would have been chased from the room as surely as an unpopular South American soccer referee.

Partly since she came from the Chattanooga area, she received a special award--"Girl We'd Most Like to Choo-Choo With". The "Chattacon Billboard Girl" was the talk of the con. Tola got us more and better publicity than we could have garnered with 10,000 room parties.



I wish I could remember billions and billions of memorable program items. But I can't. There are three that do rise above the others. I remember listening to Theodore Sturgeon speak at another Kubla Khan. Most of his remarks were similar to his other writings. But they carried so much more force when he spoke them in his gentle but knowing voice. "Ask the next question", for example. When Mr. Sturgeon says those words, they seem so totally logical that you wonder how anyone could ever fail to understand. And yet there are so many in this world who fail miserably. Perhaps if those people could hear Ted Sturgeon speak, they would understand a little bit more.

Frederik Pohl gave a sensitive speech at NorthAmericon in Louisville. It wasn't pleasant listening. He spoke of the changes in the American lifestyle that were sure to come. He wondered how much longer we would be able to commit such acts as air-conditioning a hotel meeting room to the freezing point on a summertime weekend, as that room was. Many of his warnings had already started to become true. How many of you drive gas guzzlers, for example? Perhaps those of us listening to him did not particularly care to hear those predictions. But we needed to.

One of the funniest exchanges I ever heard took place at a Rivercon. Bob Tucker and Robert Bloch were the guests of honor. One of their duties was to roast each other at the banquet. Tucker started, and he was in fine form that day. By the time he finished his dissection, one would have thought that Mr. Bloch was one of the true villains to ever set foot on the Earth, worthy of no less than being tied to a stake to be pecked to death by vultures. Mr. Bloch then ascended to the podium and looked first at Tucker, then at the audience. With the tone of a hell-fire evangelist, he fairly screamed, "Now that you've heard the case for abortion,"....

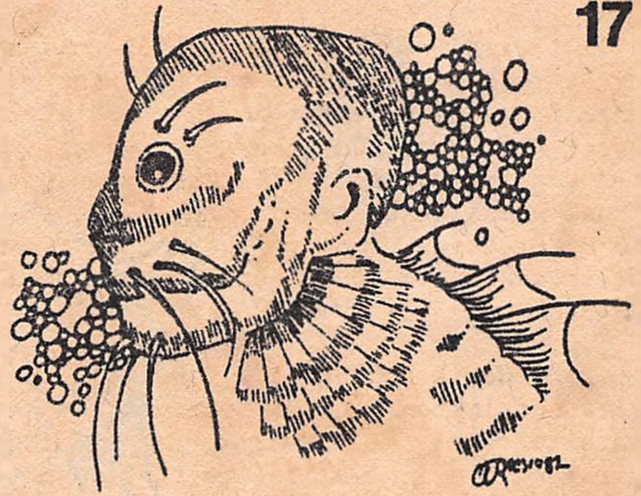
Louisville also provided another good time. The event was NorthAmericon '79. What I remember most vividly was the last night of the con. I'm not adverse to staying up all night, but I won't do it unless I have good reason to. And there was no shortage of reasons that night. The room parties were plentiful, perhaps highlighted by the water balloons various crazed fen were throwing out of a 20th floor balcony (in retrospect, it was rather dangerous; but it was also silly and fun to watch). Sometime around 4 a.m., I ended up sitting by the pool with Cliff Amos, Beth Pointer and Jim Gilpatrick talking about fandom and music and singing old gospel hymns that none of us believed anymore but which still brought a certain peace to the heart. The most appropriate selection we performed was "Shall We Gather At The River?".

Many conworkers have a special fantasy. Specifically, it is our deepest desire to bring our favorite author to our convention as GoH. My wish was fulfilled when Chattacon invited Joan D. Vinge to be GoH in 1980.

I can't say I was solely responsible for wrangling the invitation. But nonetheless, I was overjoyed when the arrangements were confirmed. At the time, Joan was just starting to be recognized by the fannish world, and I wanted to bring her in partly to help increase that recognition. Of course, I also wanted to get a chance to meet her in person.

It was utterly delightful. What a trip it was to hear her talk about herself and her work! And she was quite approachable in person as well. I wish that weekend could have continued forever. Joan now has two Hugo awards to her name (for "Eyes of Amber" and *The Snow Queen*), and they are richly deserved.

Of all the conventions I have attended, I never enjoyed one more than Satyricon '81 in Knoxville, TN. By this time, my interests had changed somewhat. I had joined probably the best apa in existence today (in my opinion), the Southern Fandom Press Alliance. Highlighting the con was the collation of the 100th mailing of the apa. All of the members had been pointing to this mailing and saving up their best work for it. It promised to be a humdinger.



I arrived Friday night after driving up from work. By then, most of the zines for the mailing had arrived. After retrieving my zine from the car, I went to the room set aside for the collation. I walked in, saw the room, and nearly fainted.

People, I don't know if SF fandom has ever seen so many zines in one place and one time before in its history. My zine was about the 70th to arrive. Already, the pagecount was well over the 1,000 mark. Members of the apa had come to Knoxville from as far away as Massachusetts and Arizona to attend. The good vibes started early and never quit. We had done Something Special, and we damn well knew it.

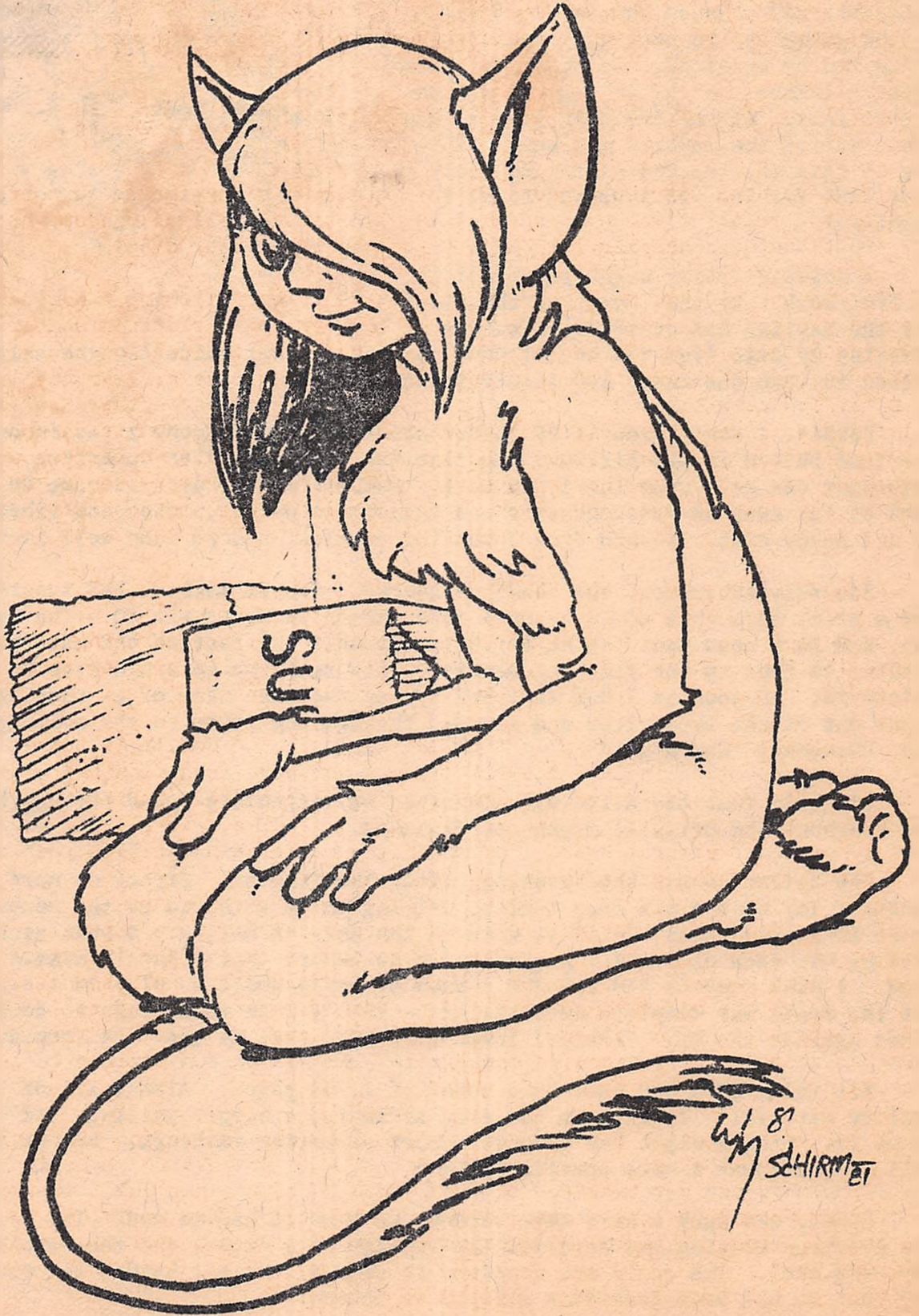
Saturday afternoon, the deadline neared. Concom members had scoured Knoxville for a print shop that would be open late enough to print the OO. The OE, Guy Lillian, was in a near panic as he tried to assemble the last of the material. I got drafted to type up the waitlist section. Guy realized he would have to finish at the printer's. As soon as I had finished typing the last name of my section, he tore the paper out of the typewriter and stormed through the lobby to the waiting car, shouting, "Gangway! Hot Organ!"

I'm told that the drive was conducted at incredible speed through heavy traffic. But somehow, the Official Organ was finished.

The collation was that evening, after the banquet. Eighty or more stacks of fanzines lay on the six long tables, waiting to be gathered by the members. We all spoke in hushed tones, as if we were in the Holy of Holies. I went around the room, reading off each title as I picked it up to insure that I hadn't missed anyone's zine. I wish someone had brought a tape of organ music to play in the background. But the spell was complete nevertheless. Back I went to my room to double-check the zines against the OO. Finally, I was satisfied that my copy was complete.

All told, SFPA 100 came to a total of 1,748 pages. Almost all of it was high-quality material. If any apa has ever assembled a bigger mailing, I'd like to hear about it. Others might say they were part of better mailings. But no one can ever tell me there was a more special mailing.

Sunday was such a hard day, because we knew it had to end. The thunderstorm of the previous evening had heralded the passage of a front, and the weather was clear, dry, and cool. One could see forever, it seemed. We all headed for our homes, knowing that we had been granted a glimpse of heaven. ■



# WE NEED YOUR VOTE!

## And here is how you do it.

If we've done our job properly, you are now an enthusiastic supporter of Atlanta in '86. You're all fired up and eager to help us show all of fandom what we already know--that Southern hospitality can't be beaten by anybody else!

To win the bid, we need your vote. Consider the following. Worldcon sites are selected two years in advance by a vote of the current Worldcon's membership. That means the members of the 1984 worldcon, LA Con II, will decide on the site of the 1986 Worldcon. Our competitors in the site selection race are two highly competent and motivated committees working to bring the convention to either New York City or Philadelphia. Both these cities have well-organized fan communities and considerable support from many fans all around the world. Many of their supporters attend the Worldcon every year, and they always vote. In 1981 at Denver, the 6,300 members of Denvention II cast over 1,400 votes in the election that picked Baltimore as the site of the 1983 worldcon.

**WITHOUT VOTES, WE CANNOT BRING THE WORLDCON TO ATLANTA!**

By voting, you can be an important part of our effort to bring the Worldcon to Atlanta in 1986. The World SF Society constitution spells out how to vote. Here is what to do:

1. Purchase a membership in the 1984 Worldcon, LA Con II, which will be held Aug. 30-Sept. 3, 1984 in Los Angeles. You do not have to attend the convention to be a member. LA Con is selling corresponding memberships that entitle you to vote in the site selection election, vote for the Hugos, and receive all the convention progress reports and program books. An attending membership entitles you to all of these things plus the right to attend the convention.

The Worldcon registration fee becomes progressively more expensive the longer you wait to buy your membership. The at-the-door rate for the 1982 worldcon, Chicon IV in Chicago, was \$75. Right now, LA Con costs \$20 for a corresponding membership and \$30 for an attending membership. The attending rate goes up to \$40 on May 1, 1985. Write to: LA Con II, P.O. Box 8442, Van Nuys, CA 91409. Note: unlike previous Worldcons, a corresponding membership will *not* be convertible to an attending membership.

2. Pay your voting fee and vote in the 1986 site selection election. About April or May of 1984, all members of LA Con II will get a site selection ballot by mail. You must pay a voting fee for your vote to count, but don't worry: this time, all of your voting fee goes toward a membership in the 1986 worldcon, no matter who wins the election. This is the cheapest way to become a member of the Atlanta Worldcon.

You can mail in your ballot before LA Con, or you can vote in the 1986 site

selection election at any time up to Saturday at LA Con itself; but whenever you decide to vote, you must have a membership in LA Con. You need not actually travel to Los Angeles to cast your vote.

In summary, here is what you can do to help:

- Buy a membership in LA Con II, either corresponding or attending. Write to: LA Con II, P.O. Box 8442, Van Nuys, CA 91409.
- Pay your voting fee and vote for Atlanta in the 1986 site selection election.

With your help, we can bring the Worldcon to Atlanta in 1986. We can make the dream of a Southern worldcon come true. Roscoe willing, we shall. ■



*Spayed Gerbils? Shoot, that's nothing compared to...*

## AUNT PITTYPAT'S WORLD-RENOWNED ATLANTA-STYLE PEACH DAQUIRIS

Atlanta in '86 bid parties have proven to be successful in many different areas, and while our friendly, smiling workers might have had a little bit to do with that, we harbor no illusions. It's those fabulous peach daquiris everyone loves. They're right popular, they are, and we thought some of you might like the recipe for those scrumptious elixirs. Everywhere you serve them, you'll be reminding people about Atlanta in '86 and helping us that much more. Cheers!

### INGREDIENTS

- 2 cups sliced peaches, unsweetened, fresh or frozen
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar
- 1/3 cup frozen limeaid
- 1/4 banana
- 6 oz. light rum (adjust according to budget and/or desired effect)
- Approx. 2 cups ice
- Water if needed
- Regular electric blender

Blend first five ingredients until smooth. If using frozen peaches, put them in last and not all at once, to

save wear on the blender. Change the amounts of water and ice to produce the desired pouring consistency. For a party, make them ahead of time, leaving out the ice and most of the liquid. Freeze or refrigerate in 1 qt. Zip-Loc Bags. ■

## PLUGOLA

The following are a couple of works worthy of your consideration. One is a novel by a Southern writer, the other a fanzine of incredible humor.

*A FAN TYPOLOGY, or "What I See On the Elevators!"*. Written by Beth Lillian, with illos by Charlie Williams. 12 pages, offset. Available for \$1.75 (includes postage) from Guy Lillian, 102 S. Mendenhall #13, Greensboro, NC 27403.

Not a fan alive would fail to recognize the types portrayed in this volume. Beth and Charlie have zinged everyone, but in a way that takes the edge off the sarcasm. I immediately assigned the names of fans I knew to such types as "Jim Q. Milquetoast" and the "Snow Princess". You will too. Get this zine if you have to skip a mortgage payment. The illo to the right is just one example. Let's encourage Beth to continue this pioneering work.

*EARTHCHILD*, by Sharon Webb: Atheneum, 192 pages, \$11.95

This novel raises some intriguing questions. What would happen if the secret to immortality were found and surreptitiously released to the world--but it turns out to work only on children who haven't reached puberty? How would the children react? How would the elders to be left behind feel about the situation? Perhaps more importantly, what would the immortals do when they learned that by accepting eternal life, they had given up their creativity?

Ms. Webb has explored these issues

## fig.5

COSMIC RUGRAT. ♀, age range roughly 7-12, though may extend a year or two on either side. These skimpily clad prepubescent nymphlets (ankle-biters) will, with passage of time, metamorphosize into Fan Groupies, Asteroid Women, or Snow Princesses ((figs. 16, 3, and 10, respectively)). The process thereby, however, is completely mysterious; when questioned, our biologist colleague merely shook his head and muttered darkly. Linguistic and non-verbal communication studies are also incomplete at this time; such declamations as "oh groaty to the max!" or "buggzoid y'know" have yet to be deciphered, as have certain ritual gestures ((see illus.)). Tend to travel in packs.



with sensitivity and a notable understanding of human motivations. Parts of the novel are set in the Tampa, Chattanooga, and Atlanta areas. The book suggests by the unresolved nature of some plot lines that the story will be continued in future books. Let's hope so.--MR ■

# NAMES IN THE KNOW

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Hapeville, GA

JIM GILPATRICK--Vice-Chairman  
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Dan Caldwell  
Nashville, TN

Ken Moore  
Nashville, TN

Joe Celko  
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Avery Davis  
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Sue Phillips  
Atlanta, GA

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Gail Higgins  
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Mike Rogers  
Chamblee, GA

Brad Linaweaver  
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Boca Raton, FL

Dick Lynch  
Chattanooga, TN

Chauntecleer Michael Smith  
Atlanta, GA

Nicki Lynch  
Chattanooga, TN

mike weber  
Atlanta, GA

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Wendy Allen  
Chicago, IL

Thom Anderson  
New York, NY

Richard W. Baird  
Cambridge, MA

Gregory A. Baker  
Richmond Hill, NY

Marie L. Bartlett  
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Allen Beatty  
Ames, IA

Judy Bemis  
Boca Raton, FL

Chris Benitz  
Berkeley, CA

Simba L. Blood  
Minneapolis, MN

Phyllis Boros  
Austell, GA

Jane Boster  
Richmond, KY

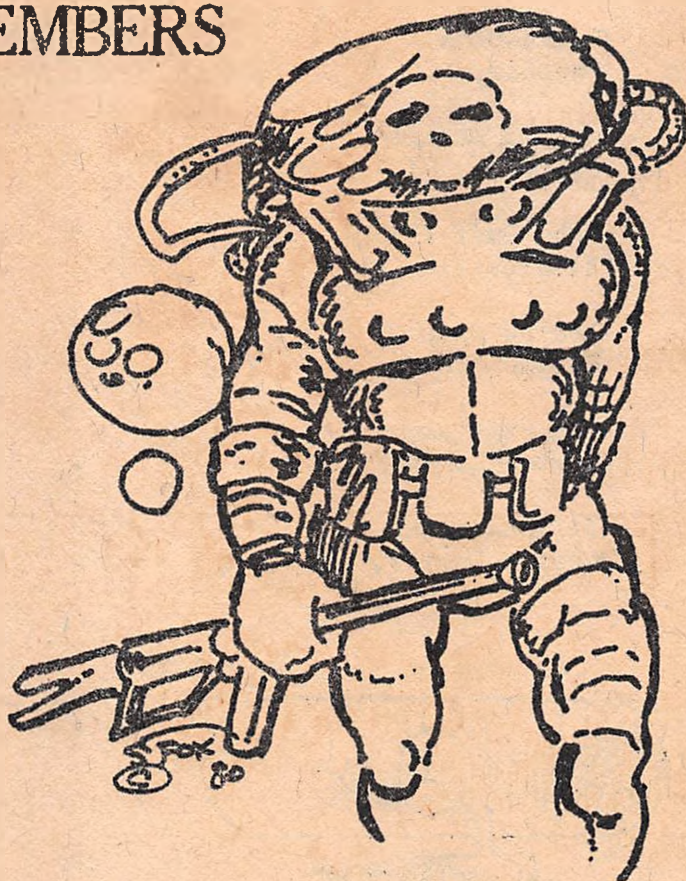
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Nassau, Bahamas

Linda Bushyager  
Prospect Park, PA

Richard Byers  
Lakeland, FL



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N. Miami Beach, FL

Janet Cruickshank  
Chicago, IL



Bruce Dane  
Phoenix, AZ

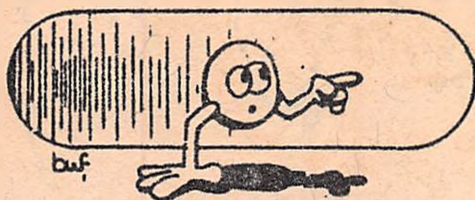
Howard DeVore  
Dearborn, MI

John Duff III  
Albertville, AL

Andrew Dyer  
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Don Eastlake  
Newton Center, MA

Jill Eastlake  
Newton Center, MA



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Colin Fine  
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John C. Finley  
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Kelly Freas  
Virginia Beach, VA

Polly Freas  
Virginia Beach, VA

Frank Gaspenik  
Panorama City, CA

Larry Gelfand  
Newark, DE

Karl Gentili  
Lincolndale, NY

Robert M. Gerber  
Flushing, NY

Jonathan Gleich  
Brooklyn, NY

Robert A. Gobrecht  
Bucyrus, OH

Donna J. Griffin  
Lansing, MI

Jimmy Grimes  
Auburn, AL

John Guidry  
New Orleans, LA

Mary Hagan  
Bloomington, IL

John C. Hall  
Rochester, NY

Dian L. Hardison  
Norfolk, VA

Anna Lynn Harris  
Lexington, KY

John A. Harris  
Lexington, KY

Terry Harris  
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John C. Hartling  
Columbia, TN

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Lexington, MA

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Rusty Hevelin  
Dayton, OH

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Riverview, FL

Chip Hitchcock  
Somerville, MA

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Edward Meskys  
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Steve Metzger  
Chicago, IL

Kathyann Meyer  
Chicago, IL

---

\* Why do I get the unmistakable feeling that this name just might be a "nom de plume"?  
Back to elementary school for me, I suppose.--MR

Ruth Ann Meyer  
Chicago, IL

John Mitchell  
Evanston, IL

Charles C. Mohapel, Jr.  
Ottawa, Ontario

David Moore  
Cheektowaga, NY

Diane Moore  
Cheektowaga, NY

Richard Morgan  
Tulsa, OK

Skip Morris  
Needham, MA

Pamela Ann Murphy  
Portland, OR

William E. Neal, Jr.  
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Barry L. Newton  
Sandy Springs, MD

Judith L. Newton  
Sandy Springs, MD

Avery Nugent  
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Mark L. Olson  
Waltham, MA

Marc Ortlieb  
Marden, S. Australia

Glen Oswald  
Brandon, FL

Julanne Owings  
Baltimore, MD

Tony E. Parker  
Boca Raton, FL

Laura Paskmon  
Philadelphia, PA

Mark Pauk  
Huntsville, AL

Peggy Rae Pavlat  
College Park, MD

Jim Phillips  
Birmingham, AL

Dawn Plaskon  
Palo Alto, CA



Stephen D. Poe  
Ft. Worth, TX

Doyle Pope  
Archer, FL

M. Marsha Price  
Ft. Valley, GA

Fred Prophet  
Detroit, MI

John Quarterman  
Austin, TX

Loyal F. Ramsey  
Howard, PA

Jeffery Rebholz  
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Phil Reed  
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Joe Rico  
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S. Hadley, MA

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Sperhawk Ryder  
Minneapolis, MN

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Tulsa, OK

Susan Satterfield  
Tulsa, OK

David Shea  
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Jane Sibley  
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Pat Sims  
Detroit, MI

Joni Stopa  
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Erwin Strauss  
Fairfax, VA

Christian Striker  
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Glenn Valentine  
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Pat Vandenburg  
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Mary Wallbank  
Tulsa, OK

Elst Weinstein  
St. Louis, MO

Marye Wexford  
Dallas, TX

James White  
St. Louis, MO

Eva Chalker Whitley  
Manchester, MD

Betty Williams  
Miami, FL

Dewi Williams  
Boulder, CO

J. Wilson  
Winston-Salem, NC

Ken L. Wong  
Burnaby, E.C.

Janice Yeager  
Richmond, VA

Joel D. Zakem  
Newport, NY

J. Barry Zeiger  
Baltimore, MD

Bill Zielke  
Harrison, TN

## "the pitchman cometh"

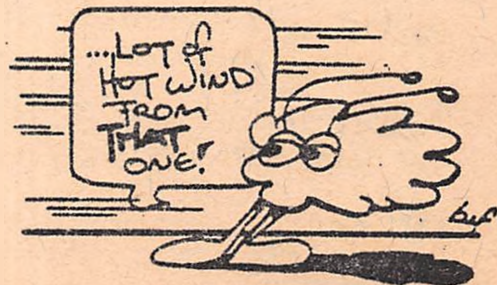
Okay, kiddies. Party's over. We've had our fun and games in this fanzine, but now it's time for some serious business. Like money. The big moolah. Bread. Blood.

Money is the lifeblood of a Worldcon bid. You can have all the talented, industrious workers you want, but without money, you're gonna lose and lose big. Those program book ads and peach daquiri supplies don't descend from heaven. They cost. And the more money we have to work with, the more ads we can buy and the more party supplies we can serve.

The best way you can help us bring the Worldcon to Dixie is to buy a pre-supporting membership. We have two kinds available. The \$3 membership counts toward your membership in the 1986 Atlanta Worldcon if we win. You'll also receive those mailings and publications we can afford to send you. Now if you don't care for that uncertainty, we also have the \$5 membership. It counts against your membership fee for 1986, same as the \$3 membership (that is, you get \$5 taken off the cost). *AND* you get all of our mailings and publications, no matter what. If we don't have the cash on hand to deliver the zines, a committee member will hitchhike to your home town and personally deliver your package. How can you lose?

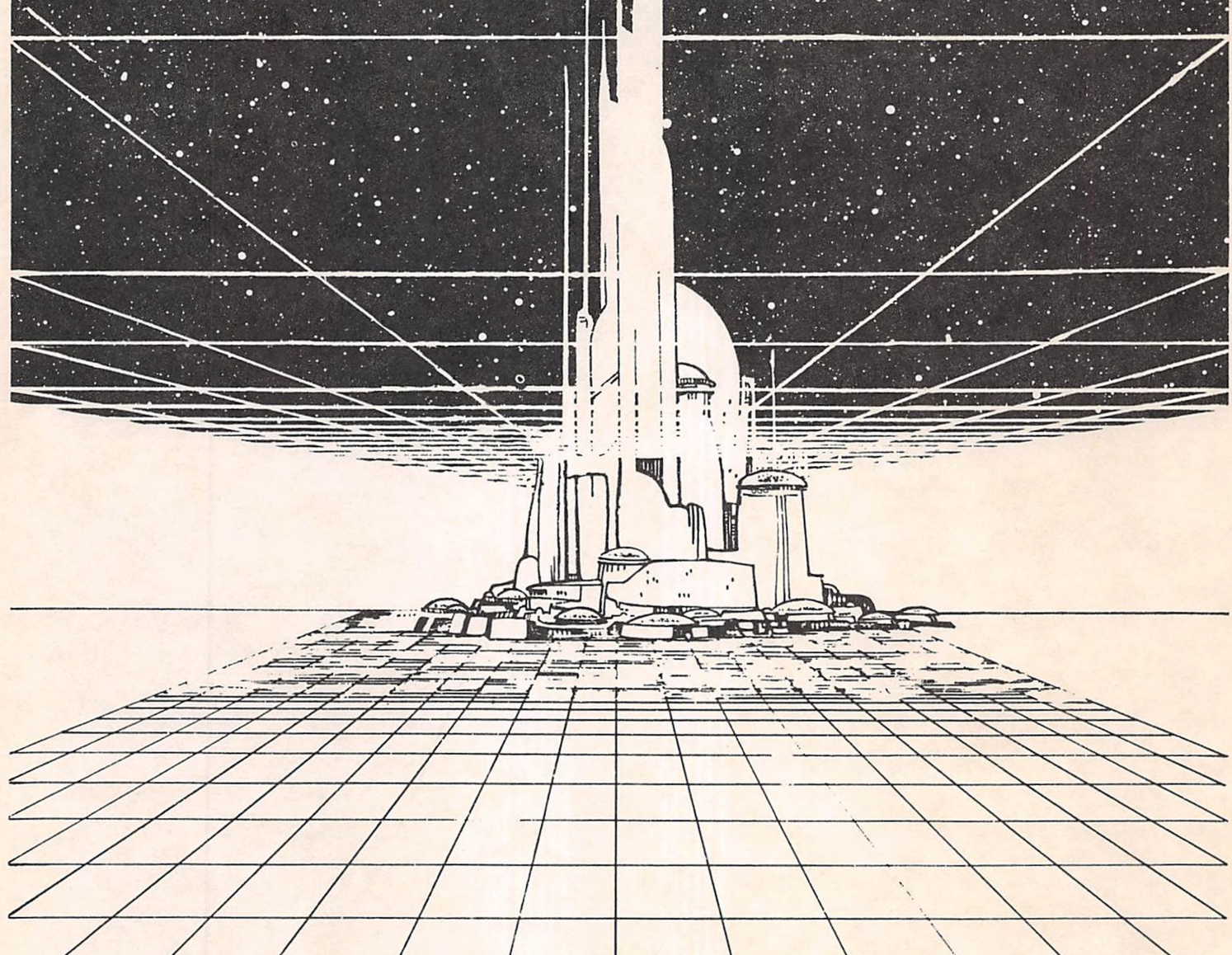
Well, you can lose this way--if we don't win the bid, you're out your \$3 or \$5. Think of it this way--it's all the more incentive to get out there and work for us. Protect your investment! Win one for the Gipper! *SA/ADY of FIGHT!*

If you want a more tangible investment, consider a T-shirt from the Atlanta in '86 boutique. These snazzy threads will cost you \$5, and worth every penny. Colors are beige, gray, and blue. Sizes are S, M, L, and XL. Not all sizes are available in all colors, so give us 2nd and 3rd choices for colors. Send your order for T-shirts or pre-supporting memberships to the Atlanta in '86 P.O. Box. ■





**THE SHAPE OF THINGS  
TO COME.**



**ATLANTA IN '86**