

**SOUTH ON
PEACHTREE
number 3**



South on Peachtree #3 is the final issue of a fanzine produced and distributed by Worldcon Atlanta, Inc.; 2500 North Atlanta Street, Suite 1986; Smyrna, Georgia 30080. The purpose of the zine is to promote Atlanta's bid for the 1986 World Science Fiction Convention. As before, the editors are Mike Rogers and Sue Phillips. All unsigned material is by the editors. Single issue price: \$2.50. Copies of #2 are still available; issue #1 is out of print. See the advertisement elsewhere in this issue for information on pre-supporting memberships. *South on Peachtree #3* is a Purple Pussycat Production and also Full Court Press #51. All contents except as noted herein are Copyright © 1984 by Worldcon Atlanta, Inc. ATLANTA IN '86!

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KEY TO FRONT COVER

Clockwise from top left — Mike Rogers, Jim Gilpatrick, Don Cook, Edie Stern, Penny Frierson, Irvin Koch, Dan Caldwell (*L*) and Mike Weber (*R*), Avery Davis, Meade Frierson, Joe Siclari; *Interior* — Dick and Nicki Lynch.

ART CREDITS

Page 4, 19 — Olivia Jasen; page 6, 7 — Brad Foster; page 9 — Jeff Wilcox; page 12, 17 — Linda Leach; page 25 — Dave Hicks. Thank you all for making my job easier.

EDITORIAL

Here we are, folks, in the home stretch. I'm a little nervous about how we're actually going to do but, whatever the outcome of the voting in Los Angeles, I'm proud of what we've done so far. This is

the last issue of the bidzine to be published before you cast your vote. I think it is a good example of a fanzine, bid or not, and I hope you enjoy it.

But back to the important issue. Who's going to host the 1986 Worldcon? Obviously, I think it should be Atlanta and I hope you do as well. I urge you to vote, whatever your decision. We want to give you as good a worldcon as we can manage and without your input, whether it be voting or just suggestions for programming, we can't do that.

And now, it's off to L.A. con II to party and lobby and have a good time. I expect to have a really good time there, whether I'm celebrating on Sunday or not (and I'm not exactly sure whether winning will be a cause to celebrate, haha). If you attend, I hope you also have a good time; if not, I say again, please vote. It does count.

Susan Phillips

JOED SICLARI

Manager of Programming
by Brad Linaweaver

Do we really need to spell this one out for you? The title means just what it sounds like. End of explanation.

JoeD has made a major contribution to Atlanta in '86. He took over our ad campaign when we really needed someone to do so, and has produced all of our advertisements in the last year or two. Perhaps more importantly, JoeD was the person many of us called when we didn't know enough about a particular bid-related topic to make an intelligent decision since he had more insider knowledge than almost any of us. In memory of a former President's famous utterance, some of us on the Committee occasionally refer to JoeD as "the moral equivalent of Ben Yalow."

JoeD works for the Fort Lauderdale-Broward County Chamber of Commerce and was recently given the editorship of Fort Lauderdale Magazine. He and his truly beautiful wife Edie Stern seem to have it all. They even go to England occasionally (lucky dogs). It's not hard to begrudge them their success, though. They've earned it.

Brad's article on JoeD is adapted from the 1981 ASFiCon Program Book (Copyright© 1981 by Para Graphics).—mr

There are many unusual spellings of names in fandom. A case in point is Forrest J (no period) Ackerman. This insistence on the omission of a period might seem a little peculiar until one remembers that Forry is dedicated to streamlining the language, and eliminating unnecessary space filler.

The subject of this article spells his name JoeD (no space between the first name and the middle initial D) Siclari. The reason for this is not so much to save space as to make a low-level pun, something that Forry could readily appreciate. JoeD is a fan editor. You simply pronounce the name Joe-ed. Then again, Joe is satisfied to be called Joe, or as his friends call him, Mr. Siclari.

JoeD has been active in fandom for over a decade. He has many credentials, among them the editing of *Fanhistorica* and the publishing of Harry Warner's *A Wealth of Fable* and two collections of Lee Hoffman's *Quandry*. He has been around. He has worked staff at a great number of conventions including a top-level job at Suncon in Miami. In fact, his commitment to hard work at a con is such that he will volunteer to work on almost any convention he attends so he can stay up all hours making sure that things run smoothly.

Besides being a workaholic, Joe has a fannish cross to bear. You see, he's the reason that I'm in

fandom. Now before the readers of this decide to award Joe some special—and lethal—prize at such a revelation, it should be pointed out that it is not entirely Joe's fault. I asked.

How well I remember helping Joe put out the first issue of *unterHelios*, the fanzine that—as the title implies—would publish anything under the sun. Why, in that very first issue is my first science fiction story in print, a piece of quintessential fan fiction. How well I remember that weekend in the summer of 1971, right before Dallascon. Despite being helped by The Great Rich (the late Richard Small, a major comics fan) and myself, JoeD managed to get that first issue out. How well I remember my favorite question from those days: "What do I do next, Joe?"

There were good reasons for that question. Mr. Siclari had gotten me my job with the Florida State University film series—a position from which I proceeded to build a power-mad empire. (We were all doing it back then; it was part of belonging to Tallahassee fandom.) Mr. Siclari also allowed me to drive his car—briefly. It was during the trip to Dallascon, and I managed to scrape the side of the car on part of a bridge while crossing same. The bridge was not in the least bit damaged.

All that is in the past now—those halcyon days of Tallahassee fandom. Joe and I went on to bigger things. Yep, we graduated.

Now that I've begun to sell science fiction professionally, I think I should put some of the blame on Joe. Surely he deserves *some*. He didn't just run that awful story of mine—he *edited* it (as his name says). JoeD is my idea of the perfect fan editor. But then what do I know?

If they'd asked his wife, Edie, to do this write-up, there would have been some objectivity! I mean, uh, er . . . Well, they could always have asked Bill Ritch.

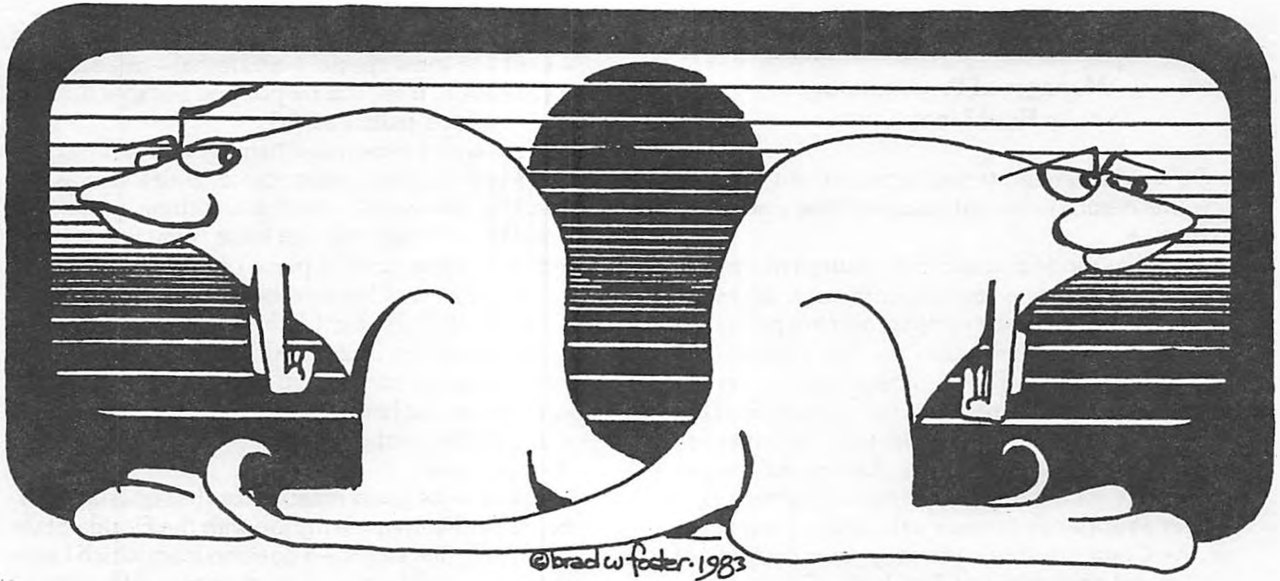
Tallahassee fandom lives after all!

MIKE ROGERS

Manager of Publications and Public Relations
by Irvin M. Koch
Edited by Daniel S. Taylor

Mike Rogers never meant to become a science fiction fan, much less a division manager of a World Science Fiction Convention.

Around December of 1974, when Mike was living in his hometown of Chattanooga (all unsuspecting of Fate's workings), he was feeling lonely for some people he could talk to — enough so to try to organize a Mensa chapter there. Although the group never got off the ground, Mike was doomed from the start — by the fact that one of Southern fandom's most notorious organizer/recruiters attended the



gatherings. Worse yet, another of his friends loaned Mike some SF books. (Mike's views on SF had been badly warped by the influence of various English Lit teachers, but seeing so many people in Mensa read the stuff got him curious to see what was going on.)

That, in itself, wasn't enough to snare him, but *Chattacon 2* was — that and the many strange and interesting people at the Chattanooga club meetings: Dick and Nicki Lynch; Julia (then) Wilhoit; Terry Lepley, master of sercon. It was a quiet year of literary discussions.

How long could *that* last? When *Chattacon 3* came around, Mike was running programming. Then there was *Chattacon 4* . . . and *5* . . . and many more club meetings . . . plus a few out-of-town cons. Besides Programming, he proved to be the best Treasurer *Chattacon* had ever had. But, he was a full-fledged actifan by now, and it was time to move on.

Part of the move was into fanzine fandom (again, to see what all those other people were up to). First came *Sonatina* (for the Southern Fandom Press Alliance's waiting-list apa, *Shadow-SFPA*), then *Tin Soldier* for the main apa, then the genzine *Harmonic Dissonance*.

Mike had plenty to write about in all those zines, too — the rest of his move mentioned earlier included his having graduated from college with a major in piano, left to wonder what he would do for a living. Then there was the automobile accident that totaled his car and left him to spend many months rebuilding a knee. Even that only slowed him down — but before very much longer he did prove to himself how difficult it was to earn a living in Chattanooga (unless you work for the Tennessee Valley Authority or Combustion Engineering, but that's

another story).

So, he moved to Atlanta and stayed with that notorious fan recruiter (who had made the same move earlier, for much the same reasons) while he searched for a job. So, you see, since Mike types 80 words per minute (which comes in handy doing fanzines), a local bank now pays him reasonable money to process words for them. For some time, he merely paid for his ASFiC dues, gasoline to get him to the meetings, and tickets to the Atlanta Symphony, classical music concerts, and the occasional Braves game.

But, as I said, the man was doomed.

He kept going to cons. He watched the evolution of the Atlanta in '86 bid committee. He got grabbed by yet another notorious fan organizer, Penny Frierson. The bidcom made him head of Publications and Treasurer (though they'll eventually have some mercy and let him out of Treasurer if they win).

He no longer has time to read his favorite straight SF (Vingè, LeGuin, Clarke, Asimov). He moved to within a mile of the con hotels so he won't have to drive it (thanks to the buses). The fact that Symphony Hall is equally convenient is mere coincidence.

He spends long hours on *South on Peachtree* and related projects. He even has to edit biographies of all the Atlanta in '86 directors. (Except this one — and that was the final seal on his doom, that there was no one to write *his* except that now-decrepit old fan who'd met him at that Mensa meeting.)

If you see a medium-sized curly-blond-haired teddy bear passing out press releases at L.A.con or Worldcons thereafter, have pity on him. He never meant to get into any of this, but Mike Rogers was doomed.

MORE PROFILES

We have now introduced you to our bidding and proposed convention Executive Committees. It takes a lot of other people to make a Worldcon bid, and following are short pieces about some of them. It's a level-headed and competent group of people, more than capable of putting on a quality Worldcon.

Back in the Olden Times when most fen looked at the South as a place on the map marked "Here There Be Mundanes," there existed a man known throughout as a Southern fan. His name: **Meade Frierson**.

Meade's best-known contribution was his founding and support of the Southern Fandom Confederation, which provided an information service for fans to contact each other and discover what their fellow fen were doing. There was a Southern fandom before Meade, but it would be much smaller today had it not been for his time and money.

Meade is the kind of person who seizes a passion and goes after it all the way. In addition to his SFC

and real estate transactions. He was a member of SFPA for 15 years before fapatiating due to the hassles of leading a palace revolt at his firm and subsequently carrying half the lawyers to a new firm. It's a story with bizarre twists. Look for Meade pulling his lounge lizard act and ask him about it at L.A.con. He's the guy in the denim jacket with the map of Dixie on the back.—*mr*

Sue Phillips has been an important part of Atlanta fandom since the mid-'70s, which gives her seniority over most of us. (Doesn't it make you feel old, Sue?) In 1976 Sue, her husband Mike Weber, and Larry Mason started an informal group they called The Fannish Inquisition. Today we know it as the Atlanta Science Fiction Club (ASFiC). And wherever you look, no matter what needs to be done, Sue is always in the middle of it.

Worldcon Atlanta is no different. She has performed quite a bit of the back-room grunge work without which no fannish group could survive. Until recently, she kept our pre-supporting member list, and if you don't think that's important, you'd be surprised how few people will take that job voluntarily. She hopes to be in charge of our Masquerade, a job she has come to specialize in after handling it at numerous Southern regionals.

Sue is a member of SFPA, LASFAPA, and Costume Apa, and once belonged to A Woman's Apa. She has also helped me with *South on Peachtree*; such help has eased my load noticeably. Thanks, Sue. I appreciate it.—*mr*

Sometimes gifts just drop in your lap. While working the sales table at ConStellation, an Atlanta fan came up and started telling the writer about her background in business and accounting. Before she knew what hit her, **Barbara Merritt** was dragged kicking and screaming onto the WAI Central Committee to be Assistant Bid Treasurer. (When you're small, you can move fast.)

Barbara is currently assisting the writer in organizing the WAI financial records, a task he did not look forward to in the least. She also provides accounting knowledge to help resolve the occasional "where does this sucker go?" question. Bar-

work, he and Penny produced *HPL*, a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft; he compiled massive collections and indexes for radio dramas and videotapes; and recently he has been learning the joys of computer programming to the point of typing code in his sleep. He uses his programs in his work as an attorney in Birmingham specializing in pension plans



bara has a bright future in Atlanta fandom. *Now stay in my lap, sweetie.*—mr

What can be said about **Ken Moore**? Tall. Khador. Nashville. Old-time fan. And of course, recently he's begun to be known for the (sometimes) purple drink he serves at Nashville parties called "swill".

For twelve years now, Ken has been head honcho of one of the best of the Southern conventions, Kubla Khan. Almost anything can happen at a Nashville convention and a good bit of it can be attributed to Ken. He is a friendly guy, a good par-tier and fan.—sp

Science fiction fandom has always had a place for those of us whose physical abilities aren't quite as good as most people's. **Samanda Jeude** was one of the last survivors of polio. She has a list of allergies a mile long—as Ron Zukowski once said, "Samanda can't set foot in the state of Wisconsin." She has every right to be bitter about life. But she's not. Indeed, she's been almost a mother hen to many of us on the Committee. And when she wants to, she can also play "the walking guilt trip," a role which comes in quite handy when dealing with some people and which we'll have no compunction to use her in should it serve our purposes.

Samanda is married to Don Cook, whom she playfully accuses of tricking her into marrying him. She's from Southern Indiana, attended her first convention at Rivercon 1, and is a founding member of the Filk Foundation as well as being interested in costuming. Sam wishes to coordinate our Handicapped Services area if we win (see article elsewhere in this issue).—mr

Irvin Koch is Southern fandom's data base. The lists of fans he compiled in the '60s formed the backbone of the fledgling Southern Fandom Confederation. If you want to start a convention and need information and figures to help you plan, Irvin can supply more than you could want. He's also a can-do fan. He pounded a lot of pavement to find out what kind of facilities Atlanta possessed to support a Worldcon.

Irvin has been in fandom over 20 years and has participated in almost every facet of it. He started *Chattacon* in Chattanooga, has published over 50 issues of *Maybe* and innumerable apazines, worked as Manager of Special Events for Northamericon '79 in Louisville, is Chairman of this year's Deep South Con in Chattanooga, and has attended and worked on a gaggle of Worldcons. In mundane life,

Irvin works for the U.S. Army as an industrial engineer at Fort McPherson in Atlanta.—mr

Sue Abramovitz, a/k/a Sue Who, is the Washington Bureau of the Committee. She, too, is a computer person (yes, we have a lot of them) and represents us with honor in that area of the country. She is friendly and talented to boot, having won Most Beautiful in the Novice category at the Constellation masquerade. She's a mean tickler and never let her anywhere near your shoelaces.—sp

mike weber's first convention was Tricon, the World Convention of 1966, held in Cleveland. This puts him squarely among those on our Committee with the longest tenure in fandom. Nowadays, his main fannish interest is video although he reads and does apa work as well. Known as a Secret Master of Video, this ties in well with his mundane occupation as an electronics technician.

mike probably remembers why he types his name in lower case but hardly anyone else does. (The writer is his wife and she doesn't recall.) If you're interested in this or in most any other subject, start up a conversation. You might learn something you hadn't known before and even if you don't, you'll get to know an interesting fellow.—sp

Liz Schwarzin first entered fandom while living in Louisville and her first convention was Rivercon 1 in 1975, so she qualifies as a Southern fan in our book. You have to understand that we're a lot more lenient about these matters than one might think. The spirit is much more important than the technicalities. And Liz is definitely one of our more spirited members.

Liz has been throwing parties for us on the West Coast for the past year or so. Considering the importance of bid parties in the bidding process, Liz's role has assumed importance. She was the co-founder of *Shadow-SFPA* and is currently a member of *SPFA*. Liz will be working in the Green Room at L.A.con II.

All computer programmers end up in California (or so it seems) and it is no surprise she moved there, where she plies her trade for a subsidiary of Citicorp. Southern California is a long way from Indiana where Liz grew up. But wherever the road next takes her, we hope it is smooth and wide for her.—mr

People have described **Joe Celko** in many ways. The best way is to say that he is bald and holds a firm spot among Southern dirty old men. Joe is a

general computer software person in mundane life whose resume would probably fill a three-inch binder. He is the only man known to have ever really used the line, "What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?" Joe was Chairman of the 1974 Deep South Con and has influenced the course of our bid.—sp

Worldcon committees—and bid committees—are known to have a variety of occupations among their members. Ours is no exception. Why, we even have a resident travel agent, **Sue Brundige**, who is currently engaged in making arrangements for a lot of us to travel to Los Angeles. Sue is a small, energetic person whose main fannish activity right now aside from her Worldcon work is running the fledgling Atlanta Dr. Who club. Although she is originally from Massachusetts, she is a real Southern fan now.—sp

Deb Hammer-Johnson has returned to her native East Tennessee, but she was one of the leading lights of Atlanta fandom in the early '80s and still stays in contact with us. Deb combines irrepressible optimism with an amazing catholicity of interests and loads of gumption (the writer considered using the term "guts", but preferred to remain among the living and chose the other term).

Deb has owned and managed a used bookstore and served as Editing Official of *Shadow-SFPA*. She is currently Official Editor of *Myriad* and Secretary-Treasurer of the Southern Fandom Confederation. She was the instigator of the now-moribund ABC Coalition (an alliance of the Atlanta, Birmingham, and Chattanooga SF Clubs). Deb hopes to work on Worldcon Atlanta, and she's too good a talent to bypass. She currently uses her Master's in Library Science in her work in the Legal Division of the Tennessee Valley Authority in Knoxville, Tennessee.—mr

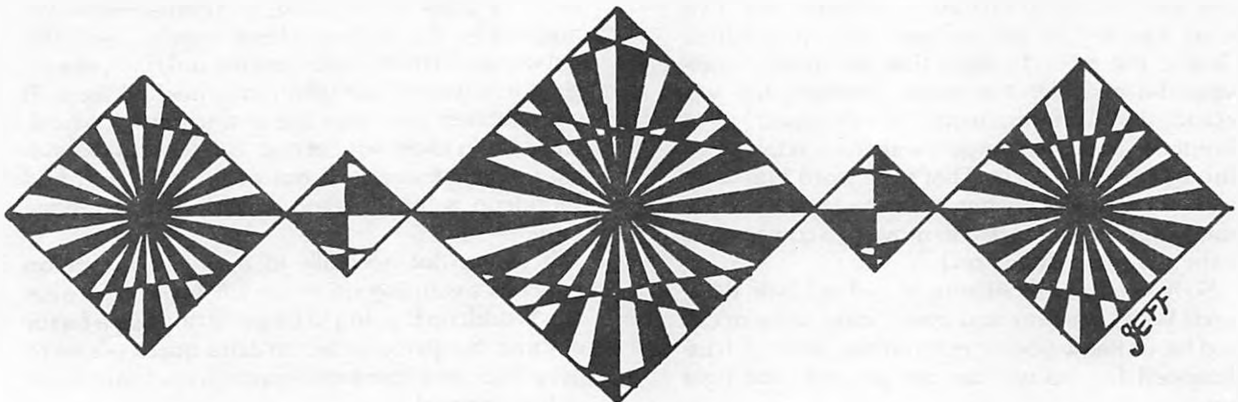
"Mama" **Maurine Dorris** is from Nashville. She got her name while working as Head Gopher at Kubla Khans. She is also known as a costumer and behind the scenes masquerader. A woman of unfailingly cheery disposition, Maurine has helped out on a number of Southern conventions, and she and the writer are the ones people turn to in these parts when they want a masquerade run.—sp

Dick and Nicki Lynch occupy a special place in the writer's heart. They were among the first fans he met during the infancy of the Chattanooga fandom, and the three have been involved in many of the same projects through the years.

Dick and Nicki have worked on numerous conventions (Dick was Chariman of Chattacon), including the Fan Room at Noreascon 2. They've attended too many conventions to keep track of. They published *Chat*, and it became a magnet for area writers and artists while chronicling the Chattanooga fan scene. They published the daily newszine at Northamericon '79 in Louisville. Both are very active in apas (Nicki has been Official Editor of *SAPS* and *Shadow-SFPA*.) They were recognized for their outstanding work with a Rebel Award in 1981.

The Lynchi came South from upstate New York when he was sent to Choo-Choo City by Dupont. They were involved with a campus radio station, but as Dick once put it, "The money's better in engineering." He is now a chemical engineer working primarily with pollution control systems for the Tennessee Valley Authority. Both have returned to school for degrees in the computer field.

Like it says in the movie—in a cold world you need your friends to keep you warm. So please forgive this lapse from editorial objectivity, but they're my friends and I love 'em.—mr



A WORLDCON FOR THE HANDICAPPED FAN

by Samanda b Jeude

It's now time to begin looking at how the Atlanta committee would run a Worldcon. We'll deal with that in more detail later in this issue, but here's an hors d'oeuvre to whet your appetite. Samanda Jeude came to Atlanta from Evansville, Indiana on the hairy arm of Don Cook, and she is quite competent to tell the rest of us what we need to do to make life easier for some of our attendees. It should be noted that at this early point, nothing is set in concrete; but here are Sam's ideas, presented for your consideration.—mr

If your bones are adamantine, skip by this.

I'm very serious. Most fen look at the section on Special Services, or Handicapped Services, or Extra Services, and skip to the next paragraph after reading the words "Disabled/Handicapped Fans . . ." For the vast majority, that's fine; they never suffer for their quick dismissal.

But a few fans—say, one in two hundred—trip and fall, and . . . ; or slip and fall, and . . . ; or some jerk with autophobic tendencies piles into the innocent fan's car, and . . . ; or mother/dad/husband/wife/kids decide that a camping trip would be *just marvelous*, only the poor, innocent fan is the one who falls into the ravine, and . . .

You're at Worldcon with a broken limb and no real knowledge of what to do next.

Being luckier than the above-mentioned poor, innocent fan, I don't have to worry about falling and breaking something. Polio at age eight and a tired doctor chiselling bone off my spinal column (making just one *teeny* mistake) have given me that most useful of all information, How to Attend Worldcon in a Wheelchair. Having been blessed with this knowledge, and having attended worldcons since Kansas City, I have a pretty good idea of what to expect from hotels (very little) and worldcon committees (varies).

I didn't see another handicapped fan at Kansas City, and I don't remember seeing anyone in a wheelchair before Iguanacon (where I was one of two), where I also saw a few sight-impaired fen. Looking back, I find this hard to believe, because Iggy was not well prepared for disabled fen. Two years ago, at Chicago, we were over a hundred. Clearly, the more facilities that are made handicapped-accessible, the more disabled fen will attend. (I'm using the word "handicapped" as in "limited in ability to compete with the less talented" throughout this article. That's the word I grew up with—in the 1950's, when polio made a *lot* of folks handicapped—and I had to move to a cow town to learn any other definition.)

So here you are in Atlanta, in a wheelchair. What next? Well . . . before you leave home, write or call and let us know you've entered the ranks of handicapped fen, so we can get you into the right hotel.

Two of our convention hotels are *terrific*—especially if you're handicapped. The Hilton has 120 Handicapped-Accessibility Rooms (to the layman, that means wider doors, a sink and toilet dropped a few inches, and grab bars by the commode and in the bath), and elevators to every floor. We were lucky enough to talk to the builders of the Marriott Marquis before they had finished their plans for the hotel, and convinced them to make a few changes. Unlike most Portman-designed hotels, which have a minimum of H-A rooms and lots of walking and escalators, the Marquis has 25 H-A rooms and has made design alterations to assure elevators to every level. What this boils down to is: if you're in a wheelchair, or braces, or crutches, you won't have a lot of walking. *Plus* the Marriott and the Hilton are across the street (as in walk out the Hilton lobby and cross the street to the Marquis lobby) from each other.

There are a number of services we're considering, and the first is a special badge for the handicapped fan. Most of us won't need such a designation; everyone can tell I'm handicapped. But there are a few "hidden limits" that might justify a special badge. Like that cheerfully smiling fellow carrying a cane—who would fall down if you took it away. Or that lovely, lovely lady who looks at you so intently as you speak—because she can't "hear" you save through her eyes. You make the designation so that Joe Phan knows to be helpful.

Another possibility is to provide a number of crutches and wheelchairs for those fen who don't have, or think they'll need, such equipment. We may not be able to have a large number available, but we would try to make sure the only people who got them were those who *really* needed them. If you stubbed your little toe and wanted a wheelchair you'd likely not get one. But if you're spending your first weekend out of the cast, and find Worldcon is too grueling—such a deal we have for you!

If you're not normally in a wheelchair or on crutches, a warning: no matter what you do for a living, Worldcon is going to be more tiring by a factor of three. So give yourself an extra quarter-hour to get places, and figure on sleeping a few hours longer than normal.

We could rent special items (like refrigerators for diabetics using old-formula insulin), or buy food for your guide dog (the last thing you need is trying to explain why you've got a case of Alpo in your suitcase). Just let us know far enough in advance to have time to work out arrangements, or figure out an acceptable alternative if we find we can't work out the original.

My personal desire is to have the program set in Braille and large type, and to have a professional reader transcribe the book onto tape. If we can find volunteers, I'd like to have interpreters at the Hugos, Masquerade, and Guest of Honor speeches for the attending deaf fans. Other ideas we're kicking around are a few, special autograph sessions for handicapped fan, so you *don't* have to stand in line for hours for your favorite author; a party room set aside for authors and handicapped fan; and allowing helpers to attend any handicapped-only functions.

The Medical and Handicapped areas plan to work together, too. We'll probably send you a "Tell Us" form; you let us know what your limitations are, what medications (if any) you're taking, what special considerations you might need. We'll be ready to help if something *does* go wrong, before it can go wronger.

Do you have a dietary restriction? (Mushrooms? Pepper? Dairy products? MSG?) Let us know and we'll try to help. If worst comes to worst, we'll do our best to warn you which restaurants' waiters tell the truth, and which ones have to be terrorized into admitting they can't serve you. One other service we'll try to have available will be a listing and map of the nearest drug stores, rental services, etc. along with opening and closing times and telephone numbers.

My motto is: A Worldcon that's as enjoyable for the handicapped fan as it is for every fan!

HOW TO SUCCEED IN FANDOM

"Anonymous"

This curious but nonetheless interesting submission comes from a fan whom a few of the readers might have heard of. He/she requested anonymity so as to be more direct in his/her opinions. Y'all might not like everything in this piece; you might think the writer is full of you-know-what. But if you think so, prove it.—mr

I have been around fandom long enough to notice a few things. It's amazing just how many fans want to be the next Ross Pavlac or Harry Warner. But there's one constant I see almost everywhere I turn—unless someone is a skin-deep fan only, he wants to be a Big Name Fan. With all the more worthwhile things one could go after in life, being a Big Name Fan isn't at the top of my list. But for those who do want it, here are a few pointers to help you on your way.

Come up with a schtick. One of the best examples of this is on the Atlanta committee—Joe Celko. No one could ever mistake that bald head for anyone else. Or if I say "Lan," what do you think of? Coonskin hat, right? And he's not even from Tennessee. You want people to remember you, and a schtick is a lot like a corporate logo—it's something people can recognize instantly as being you.

Learn how to carouse. Notice I didn't say "learn how to drink." The two don't have to go together, though they usually do. Either way, you need to be able to go all hours of the night at parties, laughing, telling funny stories, making people comfortable around you, and generally giving people the impression you're a fun person to be around. Thirty

years ago when the written word was the primary mode of interaction in fandom, this wasn't as important. Nowadays, though, the party has taken over. You've got to learn to be outgoing, or at least be able to fake it.

Learn how to write well. This may sound like a contradiction of the last point, but actually it's another approach to solving the problem. Parties may be more important, but fandom still has a bias in favor of the written word, an aspect I think is a refreshing change from the mundane world's march towards illiteracy. (C.M. Kornbluth was right after all.) It is still possible for the shy person to make a name for himself by writing for or publishing fanzines. The advantage here is that once people meet you, they already know good things about you because you've had a chance to put your ideas and beliefs across without the distractions face-to-face meetings interject. You're not making a first impression in person—you can do it in print instead. There is one important corollary to this point: never fall in love with or make final judgments about a person before you've met them. A good writer can make himself sound much more interesting and likable than he really is when you meet him.

Get involved. It's so basic, yet so many people never realize it. You can't make any kind of impression when no one notices you're there. And they're certainly not going to notice you if you're sitting on the sidelines all the time. Find the group of people you want to run around with and get interested in what they're interested in. Okay, we know you don't feel comfortable being pushy in the mundane world. That's why you're in fandom—because you don't fit in anywhere else. But you're in a group of people who theoretically have more in common with you, so you shouldn't be as afraid of mixing in. Some people think all of society's unwritten rules are null and void in fandom. Not true. Just as in real life, the people who get noticed are the ones who do things to make themselves noticed.

Observe the basic amenities. This is another area that many fans think doesn't apply to them. If they only knew how they looked to others. Or smelled to others. I have seen guys who haven't had a bath in a week come on to a femmefan and wonder why she wasn't interested. You are trying to sell yourself, and yet you present a very sloppy package to the buyers. Any salesman in the world could tell you what you're doing wrong. But no-o-o! That's not fannish. Well in my book, filthy isn't fannish either. If you're a guy and want to wear long hair (just as acceptable in fandom as short), keep it clean. Your Right Guard is your friend. Use it often.

Don't be afraid to dress up. This particular point isn't quite as important as the others, I admit. Fandom is much more tolerant about dress than the real world. John T. Molloy would probably go crazy trying to figure out which fannish dress styles work and which don't. Truly, anything goes. But consider this: what is the one thing you rarely see in fannish circles, and is therefore the most outrageous thing you can wear? Dress clothes. The trick here is to make sure your actions are sufficiently fannish that no one will mistake you for a mundane and totally ignore you. But try combining a business suit with a propellor beanie. It could do wonders.

Keep yourself current. There's absolutely nothing worse than talking about the latest Doug Wright outrage in California when the hot topic is now Assassin games at cons. You don't have to go to a lot of cons to stay on top of things. Reading a few of the more important newszines will do it. You also need to keep up with your local scene. If there are local newszines, they'll do. If not, then there's no substitute for talking to people and listening.

Make sure people know what you're doing. This is much easier in the fanzine world, since you have the perfect vehicle at your fingertips. If you're more into clubs or cons, you have to be more creative. The PR person's motto is "There's no promotion like self-promotion." If you had anything



whatsoever to do with a successful undertaking, make sure your circle of acquaintances knows about it without being obvious. If you want to do it badly enough, you'll find a way.

An awful lot of the preceding will seem cynical to a lot of the readers. So be it. I'm not writing this piece to make friends. I make no judgments about whether one should or should not do the above things. It's entirely up to you. But I do have two last points that probably mean more than anything else I've said.

Do good work, and be dependable about it. PR scams and false fronts may fool people for a while, but in the long run fandom has a way of finding out the phonies in its midst. I've been in the real world long enough to know that when there's a job to do, you look for the people you know who can do it right and on time. The best way to make a name for yourself is to do something better than anyone else around. Quality seeks out quality. Sweat the details. Put your article through a third revision if it needs it. The rewards are worth it.

Be the kind of person you'd want to know. Don't ask people to care about you when you're not willing to give in return. Fandom is about people. You get out of it what you put into it. If you're a warm, caring person people will notice. I wouldn't have stayed in fandom as long as I have if I hadn't met a lot of my dearest and most important friends through it. Protect yourself from the backstabbers, but when you find the good people don't let go. If you do that, you'll enjoy fandom a long time. I promise.

Atlanta in '86!

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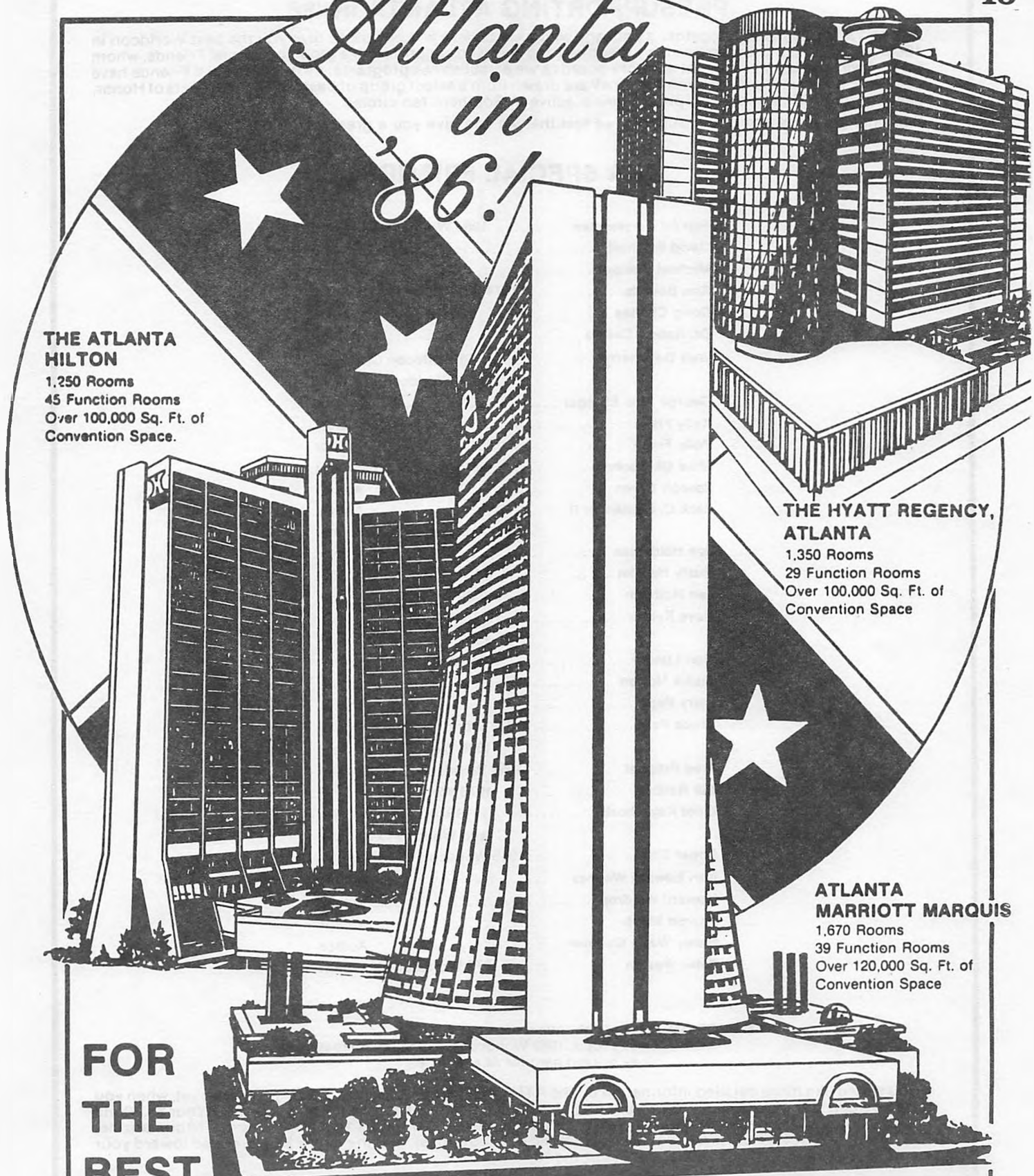
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JOIN SOME OF OUR SPECIAL FRIENDS PRESUPPORTING ATLANTA IN '86

ATLANTA IN '86 has put together a package which we believe will be able to give you the best Worldcon in 1986. As part of our program, we have identified and received support from a group of Special Friends, whom we feel will give us an excellent advisory board as we establish our programs. All of our Special Friends have been very active in the SF community. They are drawn from a select group of past Worldcon Guests of Honor, past Worldcon Chairmen, and professionals active in Southern fan circles.

With this group as part of our support, we feel that we can give you a great worldcon.

OUR SPECIAL FRIENDS:

Forrest J Ackerman	1964 Worldcon Fan GoH
David Bischoff	Author
Michael Bishop	Author
Ron Bounds	1974 Worldcon Co-Chairman
Doug Chaffee	Artist
Dr. Robert Collins	Editor
Walt Daugherty	1946 Worldcon Chairman 1968 Worldcon Fan GoH
George Alec Effinger	Author
Kelly Freas	1982 Worldcon GoH
Polly Freas	Editor
Mike Glicksohn	1975 Worldcon Fan GoH
Joseph Green	Author
Jack C. Haldeman II	Author 1974 Worldcon Co-Chairman
Joe Haldeman	Author
Rusty Hevelin	1981 Worldcon Fan GoH
Lee Hoffman	1982 Worldcon Fan GoH
Dave Kyle	1956 Worldcon Chairman 1983 Worldcon Fan GoH
Don Lundry	1977 Worldcon Chairman
Andre Norton	Author
Jerry Page	Author
Bruce Pelz	1972 Worldcon Co-Chairman 1980 Worldcon Fan GoH
Fred Prophet	1959 Worldcon Co-Chairman
Bill Rotsler	1973 Worldcon Fan GoH
Elliot Kay Shorter	1970 TAFF Delegate and Worldcon Fan GoH
Roger Sims	1959 Worldcon Co-Chairman
Karl Edward Wagner	Author
Howard Waldrop	Author
Sharon Webb	Author
Manly Wade Wellman	Author
Peter Weston	1979 Worldcon Chairman

IN MEMORIAM: Dave Minch, Atlanta fan (1951 - 1981)
Larry Propp, 1982 Worldcon Co-Chairman (1945 - 1983)
They worked hard for Atlanta in '86.

If you would like more detailed information on the ATLANTA IN '86 bid, send a 37¢ SASE. Better yet, 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 conventions, but you will also get a subscription to our fanzine, SOUTH ON PEACHTREE (first two issues averaged over 30 pages), and the entire \$5 is credited toward your membership when we win. Talk about "your money's worth"!

NAME THE WORLDCON!

The Atlanta in '86 Bid Committee would like you to help us select a name for a 1986 Atlanta worldcon. The winner will be announced at LACon II, after Atlanta is selected. The prize for the name selected is FREE transportation to the worldcon from anywhere in North America. Deadline for entries is July 31, 1984. In the case of duplicate entries, the person living closest to Atlanta with the earliest postmark will be the winner. Hint: Don't call it Peachcon.

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Atlanta has been acclaimed as the best place to live in the United States. It is also a great place to visit. One of the most popular meeting places in the country, Atlanta 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. 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. Not only can you dine on cuisines from all over the world, but the region's own specialties are well worth sampling.

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!

THE BEST IN HOTELS

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. In fact, we will probably not need all the function space we already have committed to us. The Atlanta Hilton and the Hyatt Regency have over 200,000 square feet of function space and 2600 sleeping rooms. All function space is easily accessible by wheelchair. With the addition of the Atlanta Marriott Marquis, the spectacular total is now over one-third of a million square feet of function space, 4,270 rooms, and over 20 restaurants and lounges. All of this is within a one-half block radius.

Additionally, 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). Over 200 sleeping rooms in the three main hotels are designed for use by those with physical impairments.

DISCOUNT AIRLINE FARES

For the first time as part of a worldcon bidding package, ATLANTA IN '86 has negotiated an exclusive discount airfare for attendees of the 1986 worldcon in Atlanta. Eastern Airlines has agreed to provide a special 30% discount off regular coach rates. A special 800 number will be provided for reservations. ADDITIONAL benefits under this package are still being arranged.

As a special benefit to our presupporting members, the ATLANTA IN '86 committee will hold a raffle to give FREE AIRLINE TICKETS to the Atlanta Worldcon to some of our presupporters. To be eligible for this drawing, you must be an ATLANTA IN '86 presupporter by August 1, 1984.

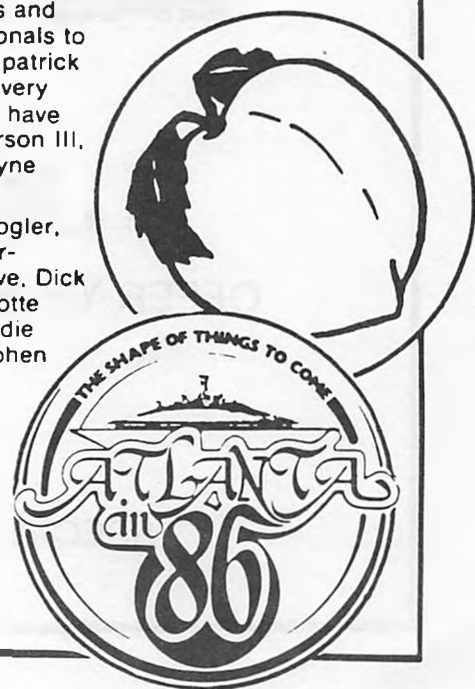
OUR COMMITTEE

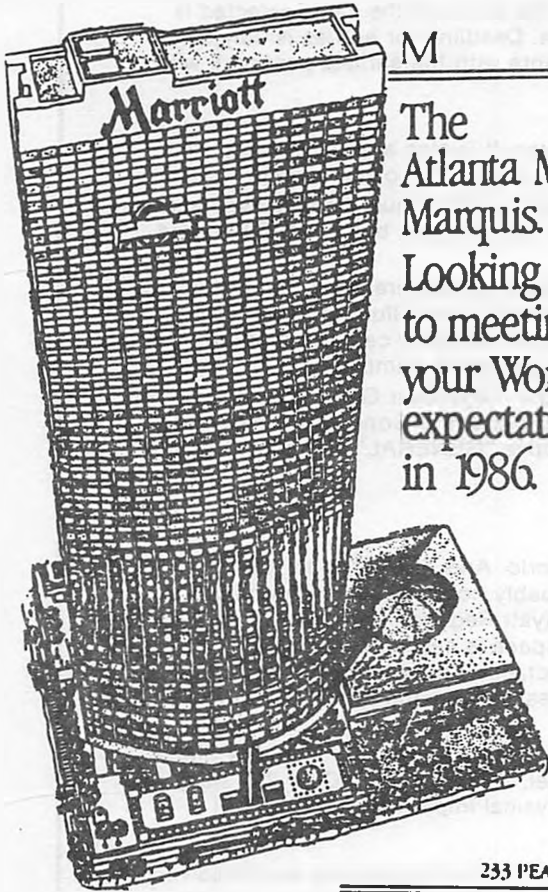
Come and visit us at our parties at many regional conventions. Look over our bid information, examine our hotels' convention facilities, the city, the committee — all aspects of our bid. Ask questions. Then make your decision: we are confident that you will find ATLANTA the best location for the 1986 worldcon.

The ATLANTA IN '86 committee includes fans with a broad range of talents and years of experience who have worked and run conventions from small regionals to full worldcons. Penny Frierson and Ron Zukowski are co-chairmen. Jim Gilpatrick is vice-chairman, Mike Rogers, treasurer; Don Cook, recording secretary; Avery Davis, corresponding secretary; Chauntecleer, Comptroller. In addition we have Sue Abramovitz, Suellen Brundige, Joe Celko, Maureen Dorris, Meade Frierson III, Gail Higgins, Samantha Jeude, Barbara Merritt, Ken Moore, Bruce Pelz, Elayne Pelz, Sue Phillips, and Joe Siclari.

Associate committee: Gail Bennett, Judy Bemis, Dan Caldwell, Carolyn Coogler, Jeff Copeland, Paul Cordsmeyer, Tom Deitz, Patrick J. Gibbs, Deb Hammer-Johnson, Stuart Herring, Bob Hillis, Irvin Koch, Brad Linaweaver, Frank Love, Dick Lynch, Nicki Lynch, Herb McCaulla, Mary Ann Mueller, Tony Parker, Charlotte Proctor, Linda Riley, Bill Ritch, Liz Schwarzin, Nancy Segar, Larry Smith, Edie Stern, J. Robert Swanson Jr., Dan Taylor, Robert Teague, Mike Weber, Stephen Whitmore, and Warren Williams.

If you would like more detailed information on the ATLANTA IN '86 bid, send a 37¢ SASE. Better yet, 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 conventions, but you will also get a subscription to our fanzine, SOUTH ON PEACHTREE (first two issues averaged over 30 pages), and the entire \$5 is credited toward your membership when we win. Talk about "your money's worth"!





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RE: THE ATLANTA WORLDCON MASQUERADE

by Sue Phillips and Maurine Dorris

Masquerades, at both regionals and Worldcons, have always been one of the biggest draws at a convention, if not the biggest. Bearing this in mind, we plan for the Atlanta Worldcon Masquerade to be the best-run event of its kind in history.

We realize this is a sweeping statement but feel confident that we will be able to carry it out. The two of us have been working on and participating in regional masquerades for years now, gathering tips on what does and does not work. Our main concern is not only that it look good to the audience, but that the contestants be comfortable and enjoy it as well.

Our current plans call for entry by mail with a limit of 100 entries. If we do not reach that limit before the convention, the remaining spots will be filled first come, first served at the con itself. L.A.con is trying this system and only time will tell if it really works well, but we feel it will aid in holding down the time spent in costume for the costumers and sitting in one place for the audience.

As far as a hall costume competition goes, there will be some sort of recognition for the best hall

costume. We haven't yet decided what form it will take, though. One suggestion is to have anonymous judges traveling about the convention giving out tokens such as ribbons to those in costumes they feel worthy. Another is to have that happen and then have the hall costume awards given out at intermission at the Masquerade itself. We welcome any suggestions you might have.

Our current plans call for videotaping the festivities using professional-level sound and lighting equipment. There will be a separate photo area with photos being taken after, not before, the masqueraders have their turn on stage.

The Masquerade Department for Worldcon Atlanta plans to be fully set up one year in advance. We don't promise there will be absolutely no mistakes nor any emergencies on site, but we do promise to plan as much as possible to keep these things from happening. To this end, we ask for your help and suggestions. Send them to: Sue Phillips, 2095 Burton Plaza Lane #A-1, Atlanta, Georgia 30319; or Maurine Dorris, 410 North 16th Street, Nashville, Tennessee 37206.



“THIS MEETING IS CALLED TO ORDER”

A Look at our Organization with Emphasis on the Writer's Area by Mike Rogers

As L.A.con II approaches, Atlanta in '86 has begun preparations to run the Worldcon we hope to win. Our top level of organization will be an Executive Committee consisting of two Co-Chairmen; Managers of Administration, Operations, Programming, Special Events, and Publications and Public Relations; and a non-voting Atlanta Liaison (see Don Cook profile elsewhere in this issue). The division heads will run their areas with near-dictatorial powers, while working together with the Co-Chairmen to set policy for and solve problems

affecting the entire convention. We are currently in the process of sorting out which specific functions go in whose areas, but the broad outlines are in place.

Let's take a look at the area I would run, the Publications and Public Relations Division.

The Front Men

It would be my job to manage this division. I contend that P&PR could easily have been placed

under Administration or Operations. The main reason it was set up separately is the amount of money spent on publications. I see myself as having a mandate to produce progress reports, a program book, and other publications we may choose to do at a reasonable price. I fully intend to do this.

Publicity ended up in my area because it didn't seem to fit anywhere else. I consider this job to include press relations, the writing of press releases for the convention, and to be the spokesman for the convention to the "real world" and to a lesser extent fandom at large. Other duties may devolve upon me, but I don't see them at this time.

My personal plan is to be a line manager for the publications side; in other words, I will probably be Editor-in-Chief for the progress reports and the program book. The press relations side is one that I would like to farm out to someone with real world experience in dealing with the media, though I could probably handle it myself if necessary.

Philosophy

What kind of publications should an Atlanta Worldcon put out? The observant reader should be able to deduce some of the answers from the three issues of *South on Peachtree*. I consider myself a fanzine fan. Whenever I get the chance, I still intend to revive my genzine, *Harmonic Dissonance*. On the other hand, it has been pointed out to me that Worldcon publications are not fanzines. They are vehicles to communicate information to the people interested in worldcons and the people coming to same. This causes me a bit of a dilemma. I can see that point. But I would also like to find some way to work in a little bit of fanzine-type material somewhere in our total output. When the Worldcon forgets about fandom, our priorities are not in order.

Here is one possible solution. Perhaps the Worldcon can publish a fanzine. It doesn't have to be anything fancy. And it would have to be edited by someone else, since I wouldn't have time to do it properly. I could envision it as being a showpiece for fanzine fandom, a place for its best work to be seen by a wider audience than it might otherwise get. Or perhaps instead of being an original zine, the Worldcon could publish a "Best Of" anthology. In either case, the best article or two could be published in the progress reports and program book. I do not see this as being something sent automatically to all members of the convention. The print run would probably be in the neighborhood of most current-day fanzines.

As to publicity, the Worldcon really needs very little publicity within SF fandom. It's practically guaranteed monthly listings in the prozines and receives plentiful attention within the fan press. Local publicity is probably a matter best decided by the full Executive Committee. There are so many variables



to consider. If you do a lot of it, you may cause yourself problems with unruly types. On the other hand, should the Worldcon discourage locals from attending by not letting them know about it? Or perhaps the convention might need the money locals could provide, especially in times of recession. It's way too early to decide that one.

Press relations — well, we're not the White House. We have nothing to hide. The main part of this function is that the national and local press should be well informed about the convention, and that reporters covering the convention should be given reasonable access to all public areas of the con along with enough pre-packaged information to make their job easier. Much of this is just plain common sense.

Other

I will make one promise here and now — if we win, we will *not* publish a hardbound program book.

L. A. con seems to have gotten along well with only four progress reports. Unless someone can convince me otherwise, I see no need to go back to five.

If we win, I will be needing workers. The actual production of the main publications will have to be done mostly by locals. The logistics would be horrendous otherwise. (I mean, do we *really* want to enrich the Post Awful any more than necessary with an infinite number of Express Mail packages?) Of course, material for the books would come from any number of sources. Other publications we might do would require people to do them. Press relations always keeps people busy at the convention itself. I can also see a need for someone to be Ad Sales Manager for the progress reports and program book, especially concentrating on sales to publishers and Worldcon bids.

There is much more that could be said about the subject, but this is supposed to be a general bidzine, not a P&PR Division flyer. So let me end this with a call for any comments and/or suggestions. I will appreciate any and all input I receive about the subject. If our convention presents a good public image to the real world and makes information about itself accessible and easy to understand for its attendees, the Publications and Public Relations Division will have done its job.

WHY I AM NOT WRITING AN INFORMAL HISTORY OF SOUTHERN FANDOM

by Jerry Page

Jerry Page is one of the few remaining Atlanta fan who can remember the days before the downtown freeway. If you don't believe it just ask Hank Reinhardt, who can remember the McKinley Administration in vivid detail. Jerry is a historical treasure for Atlanta fandom. Just don't call him that to his face; he has this delusion that he's still a normally functioning human being. When the 1978 DSC was held in Atlanta, Jerry was the logical person to write this non-history. He still is the logical person, so herewith we present this legendary tale which originally appeared in the 1978 Deep South Con Program Book (Copyright © 1978 by Heritage Press, Inc.) — mr

Often, I am asked to write my reminiscences about my years in fandom. These requests are sometimes couched in the same terms and tone with which I imagine one of President Carter's script-hacks might request a few observations on the First Constitutional Congress of Benjamin Franklin — remarks which will, subsequently, be watered down into appropriate homilies that won't offend anyone with an I.Q. smaller than his shoe size. Even more often these requests are couched in other tones, such as those Tom Snyder might use if he had the opportunity to interview a genuine surviving specimen of *Australopithecus robustus*.

We are not amused. We become much less amused, however, if we think about the actual possibility of writing our reminiscences.

To a lot of people reading these words, assuming a lot of people read these words, fandom may be an unfamiliar concept. Fandom is that area of interest adjacent to science fiction, which is pursued by its practitioners as a hobby unrelated to science fiction. Got that? It's fandom that's responsible for conventions, clubs, and fan publications. It began when Hugo Gernsback adopted the practice of printing addresses of letter writers in his *Amazing Stories*, making it possible for readers to write other people who shared their interest in that crazy Buck Rogers stuff. In the extreme late twenties someone or other came up with the idea of mimeographing his letter (the pronoun is probably accurate) and sending copies to a bunch of people. This was the idea that gave rise to the fan magazine, this and the idea of clubs issuing official newsletters.

In the years since there have been thousands of science fiction fan magazines (the number is probably conservative), and the name has been contracted to fanzine. More recently the name has been stolen by people (the noun is certainly debatable) in comic book, Star Trek, and other fandoms to describe their own periodicals. Fanzines (real ones from the SF

field) have been a proving ground for any number of people who eventually became professional writers, artists and editors, such as Harlan Ellison, George Barr, Robert Silverberg, Donald A. Wollheim, Jeff Jones, Ray Bradbury, Hannes Bok, Ted White, James Blish, Damon Knight, Arthur C. Clarke, Terry Carr, Stephen Fabian, Tim Kirk, and Richard Lupoff.

Southern fandom, these days, is a thriving entity with active groups in New Orleans, Memphis, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Birmingham, and Atlanta, among other cities, but there was a time when practically nothing fannish could do much more than wilt below the Mason-Dixon line. I remember it well, which is proof of how it was only yesterday and I would tell you about it, except that I can't, so suppose I tell you why I can't instead.

I discovered science fiction on radio when I and the world were children together. I remember anthology shows like *Dimension X* and *X Minus One* which adapted stories from *Astounding* and *Planet* and *Thrilling Wonder*. I remember a script that combined Bradbury's "The Million Year Picnic" and "There Shall Come Soft Rains" into a dramatic whole that impressed me so deeply that even today I must periodically return to those two stories — the latter one, especially — for a session of reading out loud at which I am still able to experience that sense of wonder I first encountered when I was only eight or nine years old. I also heard adaptations of Heinlein's "The Green Hills of Earth," Fred Brown's incomparable "The Star Mouse," and much, much more, which hooked me, hooked me good. Most of the rest of the SF I discovered for awhile were comics and radio shows such as *Space Patrol* and *Buck Rogers*. After a while I found books by Arthur C. Clarke and Lester del Rey and Raymond F. Jones, which brought the real stuff into my life and here I still am, even unto today, such as it is. I wrote a fan letter to Arthur C. Clarke and he answered with a card (I said this was some time ago) mentioning the

Atlanta Science Fiction Organization, which I'd never heard of. My first meeting was on December 10, 1954.

ASFO had been founded by Ian McCauley, Henry Burwell, Walt Guthrie, and the two men who were to become the best friends I ever had, Jerry Burge and Hank Reinhardt. This was a long time ago, it's true, but at this time Hank Reinhardt had already quit fandom for the first time and I didn't meet him until five years later.

ASFO had been a major fan club, publishing a fanzine called *Cosmag*, and later *ASFO*. They had formed a publishing company called ASFO Press which had published a hardbound edition of Sam Moskowitz's history of fandom, *The Immortal Storm*. The book had started as a club project but became, ultimately, the responsibility of Jerry Burge and Carson Jacks. It was a nice job with lots of photos and a dust jacket by the dean of science fiction illustrators, Frank R. Paul. Arthur C. Clarke had also been a visitor to the club in 1953 and had helped Ian McCauley put out an issue of the fanzine *ASFO*, Clarke's first fanzine editing since the last issue of *Novae Terrae* some ten years earlier. It was girding itself for the first science fiction convention scheduled to be held in the Southeast (excepting only a worldcon held in New Orleans a couple years before), the Agacon.

I'm doing this from memory, checking no records, so I may be wrong, but I think the membership of Agacon was 56. Theodore Cogswell was guest of honor. Agacon was intended to be the first of a series of regional conferences, and the second one was held the following year in Charlotte. But there was no third Southern regional convention. ASFO collapsed because everyone moved away, including myself. I came back and the only fan I found left was Jerry Burge. For years he and I were fandom in Atlanta. We published a fanzine called *Si-Fan*. I met Hank Reinhardt in this period, and also Joe Christoff, a fan from Florida whose job brought him frequently to Atlanta. Joe published a fanzine called *Sphere*.

In the sixties another group of fans coalesced in the Atlanta area. Not a club, a group. We met on weekends at one or the other person's house or apartment and indulged in genuine fannish activity such as swapping lies or playing cards. The group included Jerry Burge, Hank Reinhardt, Dave Tribble, Bill Pettit, and a fellow named Lon Atkins who commuted from some arcane location in Alabama called Huntspatch. There were also a couple of young artists who dropped in from time to time, Jeff Jones and George Puckett. And, especially, a sometime California fan named Lee Jacobs.

The group had no official status, no officers, no structure. No feuds or clashes I can remember. Our personalities meshed and we genuinely liked each other. Subsequently a lot of legends sprang up about

this group and many of them are true, especially the ones about Hank Reinhardt and Lon Atkins. I can still recall one day when Hank brought a couple of young fans he had just met: George Puckett and Jeff Jones. We spent the afternoon looking at Jeff's art. Hell, it's ten years later and more, and I still look at Jeff's art every chance I get and think myself damned lucky just to be in the same world with it.

It was at these sessions of Atlanta fandom that cut-throat Hearts became the official card game of Southern fandom, ranking as a tradition alongside bad puns and Hank Reinhardt stories. It started because it was the only card game I knew how to play proficiently (and not too proficiently at that). The major Hearts players in Southern fandom in the sixties were Reinhardt and Atkins (as they are today) and Pettit and Jacobs. Lee Jacobs was good at almost any game. I can remember one winter night when Charles Wells was in town and invited us over to his parents' for a session playing Diplomacy. We played one game straight through, which was believed to be a first at that time. It ended a bit past four o'clock. Lee was ferociously good at it, conniving and sneaky: both those most-admired fannish traits in one Renaissance man.

In 1967 that brief golden age melted like a fog in sunlight when people began to drift away. Bill Pettit and Lon Atkins left. Hank Reinhardt moved to Birmingham. Lee Jacobs was wont to spend only a few months in any one place. He was a technical writer for Lockheed and would work only until he had enough money to take off to Europe for a bit, then he would return and go back to work for Lockheed, either in California or Georgia, and they would always hire him back. That last time he went back to Los Angeles where he had a heart attack and we never saw him again, but we never forgot him, either.

In 1967, Jeff Jones decided to move, too. His wife was pregnant and they talked the future over and knew that unless they made the move to New York now, they might never have the courage to risk everything on an attempt at a professional career for Jeff. He quit school, rented a U-Haul trailer, and bought what looked like seventeen square miles of bright red plastic to wrap his books in. It was January and the baby was due in July. I went over to help them pack and we stuffed everything in that U-Haul. The books never did get wrapped in the plastic, but after everything else was in, we wedged the stuff into the cracks. We had visions of some poor befuddled burglar trying to ransack that trailer, opening the door and being swamped in thousands of yards of red bloomworm plastic.

Later on a new fan group sprang up in Atlanta, ASFO II, centered around the leadership and personalities of such as Allen and Barbara Greenfield, Joe Celko, Glen Brock, John Ulrich, and others. The

(See Page 27.)

Atlanta in '86 Central Committee

SUE ABRAMOVITZ, Columbia, MD
 JOE CELKO, Atlanta, GA
 DON COOK, Smyrna, GA
 AVERY DAVIS, Atlanta, GA
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Deep South Cons continued and were passed mainly between Atlanta and New Orleans, with occasional side stops in such places as Birmingham, Louisville, and Montgomery. Al Andrews, one of the founders and geniuses behind the old Southern Fan Group and the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, died and his loss was felt throughout Southern fandom with the same degree of personal remorse that marked Lee Jacobs' death.

Meade Frierson came into fandom and single-handedly refurbished and revitalized the old Southern Fan Group, in principle if not in actuality, with his Southern Fandom Confederation. It was an incredible display on his part of competency and decency, two of the rarer commodities in fandom, as in the real world. A new Atlanta SF Club sprang up under the leadership of such sterling as Cliff and Susan Biggers, Richard Garrison, Ginger Kaderabek, Larry Mason, Sue Phillips, Larry Hanson, Mike Weber, and others.

Not too long ago it was not only possible to know every fan in the South, it was possible to count them on your fingers. Today there isn't even room to list the names of those who deserve to be listed in an article of the sort I'm not writing. The pros, for example, such as Michael Bishop, Andre Norton, Grant Carrington, and R.A. Lafferty. Artists such as Bob Maurus, Wade Gilbreath, Alan Hutchinson, Sally Cook, and so on. Or the current flock of movers and shakers like Ken and Lou Moore, Irvin Koch, Don Markstein, John Guidry, Guy Lillian, and

so on. I've lost track.

There was a time back before I was in fandom (listen, children, and Uncle Gort will tell you what the dinosaurs were like), when the axis of world fandom was between Belfast, Northern Ireland, with Walt Willis and Bob Shaw, and Savannah, Georgia, with Lee Hoffman and Charles Wells (may his tribe increase within reasonable boundaries as set by the ZPG people), and that was a long time ago, even by my standard which is pre-metric and some say pre-clock. Today there's too much fandom for any axis to rest between two cities, or even two regions. Fandom was always spread out, but these days it's spread a lot thicker (and interpret that anyway you like).

So maybe now you see why I can't really do an article on Southern fandom. It's a job I leave to people like Don Markstein or Meade Frierson or Irving Wallace or Jane Goodall. I'm not competent or foolish enough.

But if you should find me in some darkened corner, and care to hear some of the inside stuff, such as the story about the time Hank Reinhardt attended a costume party as a *Planet Stories* Martian and was mistaken for the Jolly Green Giant; or how Hank once changed Billy Pettit's beer into water (Hank was always backward about working miracles); or the time Hank admitted to me that Lon Atkins was the best card player he had ever seen; or how Hank's daughters Cathy and Dana keep him in line — well, ply me with the traditional fannish bribes of root bheer, egoboo, and young ladies, and I might tell you. The root bheer and egoboo are optional.

A LAST WORD OR TWO FROM THE EDITOR

My involvement with Atlanta in '86 started on a rainy Saturday afternoon during the 1982 DSC here. The Worldcon bid had lined up a tour of a couple of the possible facilities. At that early stage, though, things weren't always as organized as they might have been, and I found myself in a group with Penny Frierson and Ron Zukowski. Period. We spent the majority of the afternoon talking about Worldcons in general and the Atlanta bid in particular. I really don't know if they were working on me that afternoon or not, but whatever the intent I was convinced. Shortly thereafter, I signed up.

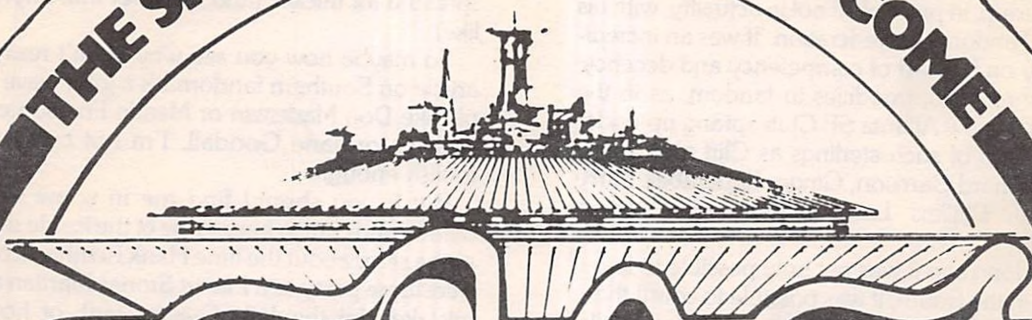
It's been a wild ride at times. Does anyone remember the general disdain that greeted the thought of an Atlanta bid in the beginning? I sure do. No one talks like that nowadays, I notice. Win or lose, we've achieved a great deal. And I like our chances of winning.

Atlanta in '86 has seemed at times a ravenous monster, devouring every spare minute available to me. At such moments, I've wondered what I was doing spending so much time and energy on a project that doesn't bring money into the house, but instead consumes it. But then I think about the distant cons I've gotten to because of the bid, and that the bid gave me a social life in a city full of newcomers who have to make their way as best they can. The regrets go away.

There's not much more we can say that hasn't been said already. We hope you vote for us. Come to our parties in Los Angeles. And no matter what else, hey — thanks for the ride.

Mike Rogers

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME



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