



# HATTACONIX



**Chattanooga Tennessee Jan. 13-15 1984**

Follow them to their destiny!

## Robert Adams' HORSECLANS series

In the far-future, war-torn land once known as the United States of America, the scattered tribal remnants of the Horseclans are slowly reuniting under the leadership of Lord Milo, the Undying One, a twentieth-century mutant gifted with immortality.


Follow the Horseclans as their forces gather to fulfil their destiny—in Robert Adams' rousing, adventure-filled saga in the sword-swinging tradition of Conan.

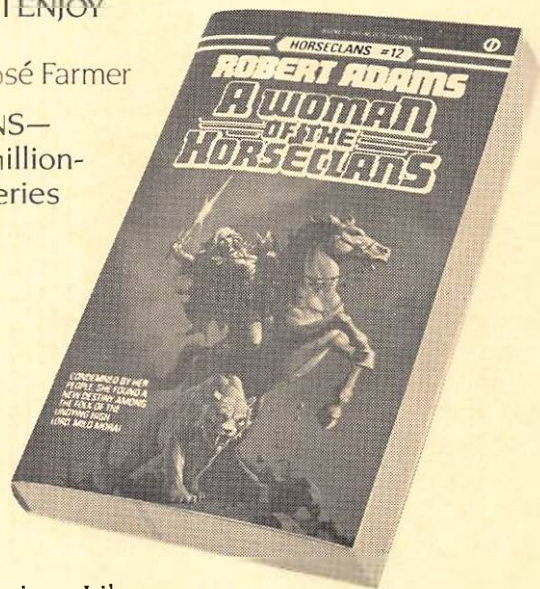
"THIS IS A SERIES I ENJOY  
VERY MUCH."

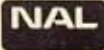
—Philip José Farmer

#12 in HORSECLANS—  
Robert Adams' 1-million-  
copy bestselling series

0-451-12575-4/\$2.50  
(\$2.95 in Canada)

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SCIENCE FICTION



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# CHATTACON IX

## PROGRAM BOOK

Editor -- John Trieber

Editorial Assistants -- Lesley Hudgins, Colin Wright,  
and Tim Bolgeo

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## PRO GUESTS

<u>Guests of Honor</u>	Robert Adams
<u>Special Guest</u>	Bob Asprin
<u>Master of Ceremonies</u>	Bob Tucker
<u>Special Guest Editor</u>	Jerry Page
<u>Special Artist Guest</u>	Linda Leach
<u>PLUS Attending Pros:</u>	
Lynne Abbey	Perry Chapdelaine
John M. Ford	Charlie Grant
Robert Jordan	Brad Linaweaver
Harriet Macdougall	John M. Roberts
John Steakley	Sharon Webb

Timothy Zahn

## THE CONVENTION COMMITTEE

Chairman	Richard T. Bolgeo
Vice Chairman	Robert L. Zielke
Treasurer	Robin Cuzzort
Secretary	Ron Hogue
Publicity	Kirk D. Thompson
Chief Registrar	Linda L. Bolgeo
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Program Book	John Trieber
Games	Rich Morehouse
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Video	Bill Headrick
Art	Eric Strotheide
Programming	James Shepherd, John Trieber
Hucksters	Lee Miller

# MISCELLANEOUS

## PEACE BONDING

All weapons or models of weapons must be kept in a belt, scabbard, or holster at all times. The only exceptions will be in designated areas at designated times (such as the masquerade).

Anyone violating the rules shall have the weapon confiscated and returned at the end of the convention, 12 Noon on Sunday, at the registration desk. Anyone violating the rules and not willing to give up their weapon will be ejected from the con.

NO ASSASSINATION GAMES WILL BE ALLOWED! Anyone caught playing such games will be ejected from the convention.

## BANQUET

Again this year Chattacon's banquet will be the Read House Southern Hospitality style buffet dinner on Saturday night. It will feature Robert Adams' Guest of Honor speech plus other exciting programming. Attendance to the speeches and after dinner entertainment will be restricted to holders of banquet tickets.

This year's buffet will consist of Roast Sirloin of Beef, Country Fried Chicken, Green Bean Almondine, Assorted Salads, Fruit Cobbler, Chocolate Mousse, and the Read House's famous Carrot Cake. We are proud to announce that the price of the banquet tickets will be the same as last year (\$13) and the banquet will again be the all-you-can-eat style. Table wine will be available. Banquet tickets may be purchased at the Registration Desk.

# ROBERT ADAMS

by Robin Cussort

Robert Adams and Chattacon share an interesting relationship. When Robert first attended Chattacon, our chairman didn't know who he was. Still, Robert was afforded the great service that we extend to all of our professional guests. Upon discovering that this quality of service was our standard, Robert has made Chattacon a regular affair.

At Chattacon 7, due to circumstances beyond his control, Robert missed the banquet. Therefore, when he made it to the banquet at Chattacon 8, we all considered it a success. Robert also graces our panels with his intelligence and well-defined opinions.

As author of the Horseclans series (12 so far) from Signet Books, Robert is the favorite author of many fans. His Castaways in Time is a favorite of many readers as well, and its sequel, The Seven Magical Jewels of Ireland, should be available soon.

Robert was very helpful to the Chattacon contingent at the Worldcon in Baltimore this year. He threw a party for us our first night there. He also opened his door to us another night and introduced us to a number of people.

On the night of the Chattacon party, Robert made an appearance even though the elevators were out and we were on the 15th floor. Such dedication was greatly appreciated and still is.

Robert is an outgoing man with many experiences. Therefore he is an excellent storyteller; whenever you're around Robert when he is telling a story, listen up. You'll be entertained.



# CHATTACON 10

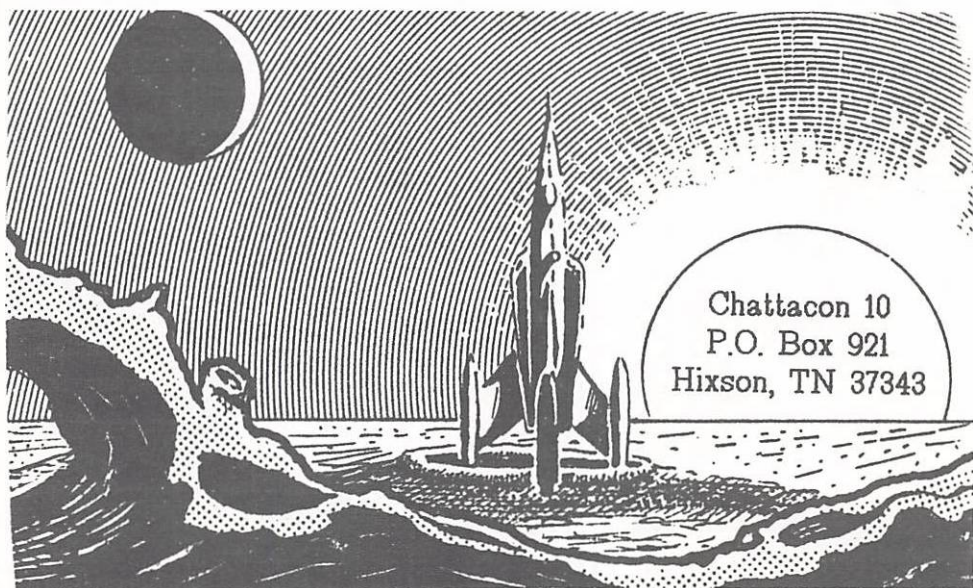
JANUARY 18-20, 1985

Guest of Honor  
C.J. Cherryh

Special Guest  
Timothy Zahn

Master of Ceremonies  
Wilson [Bob] Tucker

Fan Guest of Honor  
???





# BOB ASPRIN

## A MULTI-METAMORPHOSIS

by Walter Baric

Long Live Yang the Nauseating. Uh, make that all hail the Commandammit. Oops...may Yang and the CD rest in piece—long live the Xerox accountant/comptroller, the fencing instructor, the martial arts aficionado, the fan. Wait, hot off the presses (meaning it occurred in the past two years or more) is the new change.

May I introduce Robert Lynn Asprin, the fantasy/science fiction writer and humorist straight from the gardens of Ann Arbor, Michigan. A fan for many years, his writing and editing for the Myth series and Thieves World anthologies have moved him into the ranks of the pro authors. There are quite a few multi-faceted people around, but very few have had such intense reflections off the different facets. This man does not come across as low-key. And yet he often is.

A militarist would say that Bob's strategy in life is to get things done, but his tactic is usually humorous entertainment. Whether the object is pointing out possible revisions in the SCA, supplying Dorsai Irregulars security to conventions, writing on life and personal relationships, or planting a garden or just beating a computer game, he likes to get things done in a humorous manner. His wit is sharp enough that you may walk away going 'ouch,' but you'll usually be smiling.

Most thinkers, whether writers, academics or Silicon Valley whiz-kids, tend to be sensitive and a bit introverted. Many work from seclusion, and even those at sf conventions need plenty of 'recluse' time. Bob appears not to, but only because he uses humor partially as a shield to protect his feelings, and in part to give a good, acceptable 'taste' to the medicine of reality and responsibility he prescribes in his talk, actions and writing.

This current facet of Bob Asprin seems to be a rather stable, on-going one. The newest Myth book has just come out, and Asha and Shovee are already adventuring on in his mind, both as part of the continuing saga and possible short story collections concerning what happened

during some of the characters side-trips. The fifth Thieves World anthology recently hit the top of the Locus paperback list and number six in in the assembly process, with the co-editing assistance of Lynn Abbey—his spouse since Chicon. If you like the books, try the board game, or the role-playing game, or the miniatures or the... (no, Bob, I don't think the world's ready for fantasy figure kitchen magnets). Other works are in progress, but there is one you'll probably not see a sequel to, and that's Tambu. Although not as popular as most of his other work, this was semi-autobiographical and gives some insight into a few of Bob's thoughts and actions. However (publishers) make him an offer.

In case I've given you the idea that he is fun to be around, but a bit intense, you got it right. Bob is an entertainer, but not often with the idea in mind of just entertaining. If writing is an art, then Bob is both a serious and cartoon artist. If you take the time to look into the "painting of life" as he sees it, you'll walk away thinking-- and usually smiling.



# BOB TUCKER

by Rusty Hevelin

Bob Tucker (my son, the writer) needs no introduction to regulars at Chattacon, but since I have been asked to give you newcomers some background on this hired target, here it is, yours to keep or kill. He originally came to us as a very young man in the year of the quiet sun. Born of an unnatural act, he came from the planetoid which is circled by the interstellar way station en route to the Tombaugh Station.

We called The Chinese Doll until he was old enough to insist that his name was Hoy Ping Pong. Though this was obviously a red herring of some sort, his wild talent for humor, practical jokes and some other weird practices forced the family and a rather large circle of friends to go along with it. As it was, careful as we all were to stay clear of his most precocious behavior, one of his youthful attempts to develop a time nearly put a man in my grave too soon, though no malice toward anyone was meant.

Fortunately, he found verbal outlets for some of his interests and became a science fiction fan. Before he could go to a dozen or so conventions a year, as you and I do so easily now, Bob sat at home and wrote letters and stilly stories and articles which were printed in sf magazines both amateur and professional. Then he found a few early cons to attend and quickly became renowned as a raconteur and world traveler.

Bob became fascinated with good booze, good cigars and bad women at much too early an age. Because of some of his intentions in this area, he investigated the possibility of becoming a warlock, but failed because at that time he couldn't be serious about anything. He did, however, get involved in a close and enduring relationship with a zombie; some believe this affair may still be going on. There was a falling out with her, though, which brought on a long, loud silence in his usual activities for several years.

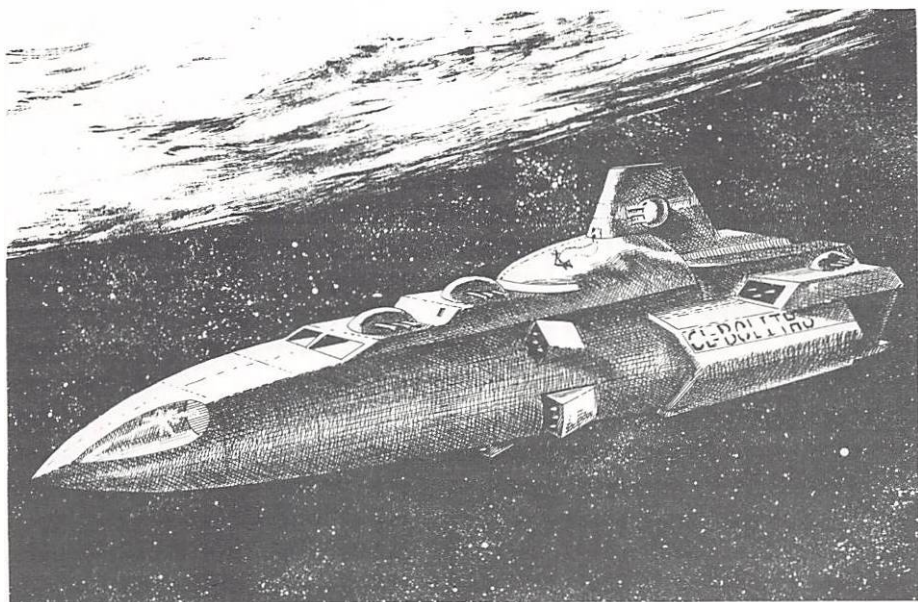
During a brief (very brief) serious period in his life, Tucker edited The Bloomington News Letter so well that it turned into the publisher-sponsored SP News Letter. It was at that time that he joined an effete

literary group called The Lincoln Hunters on his most famous trip, a hazardous journey to the city in the sea.

An incident occurred late on that trip to change him back to his friv-olous earlier life-style, that which we see at conventions today. One host urged him to try spinach-juice "on the rocks." An established booze-hound, Bob was so horrified at the thought that he cried, "Ice and Iron don't mix," and pledged himself forever to Beam's Choice.

He vehemently denies that an arrangement with the time masters has anything to do with his ever-youthful appearance and insists it is due only to the proper application of the above-mentioned cigars, women and liquor. Since the latter is his main interest in life, he leads a procession of the damned through the halls of one convention hotel after another, stopping here and there only to knock out a window to let out cigar smoke, tie a towel on a door-knob, or ritually pass the Beam's Choice among his followers.

Listen for the call of "smo-o-o-oth" and you, as have so many of us before you, may find pleasure in the company of the stalking man and join in hoping that this Chattacon will not be the last stop for him.



# JERRY PAGE

by Robin Cuzzort

Chattacon IX is very pleased to have Jerry Page as our Special Guest Editor. Jerry has been a special friend to Chattacon for several years and we all have enjoyed Jerry's efforts as editor. Jerald Page (Jerry's stage name) impressed us with his magic performance and his beautiful assistant (Wendy Webb) at the banquet of Chattacon VII. Jerry parties with us both here at Chattacon and whenever we meet him on the road at other conventions. Chattacon has adopted some pro's, and some pro's have adopted Chattacon. Jerry belongs to both of these classes and when we speak of Jerry, we are speaking of family. 'Nuff said!

# LINDA LEACH

by John Trieber & Tim Bolgeo

A longtime friend of Chattanooga science fiction, Linda's artistic works have graced many sf publications and program books. As a matter of fact, Linda's artistic triumphs grace the pages of this superlative publication. Besides her artistic talents, Linda is also a huckster, a rare and hardy breed that delights in traveling (in all kinds of weather) across the country selling choice sf items to grateful fans. Linda says that she really does like seeing the country, meeting new friends, and seeing old ones at sf cons. Linda and her husband make their home and studio (Dragonquest) in Plymouth, Michigan.

# A SHORT, BIASED HISTORY OF SOUTHERN FANDOM PIE THROWING

by Carleton Grindle

The gentle art of pie-throwing was introduced to the stalwarts of Southern Science Fiction Fandom in 1980 at the Atlanta Deep South Science Fiction Convention. It was at this convention that Cliff Biggers produced the Jerry Page Roast. A roast, for those who are fortunate enough to never have witnessed one, is an event where people show their affection for an individual by telling the unvarnished truth about him. Realizing that the tradition on sitting meekly by and taking all this did not fit him, Page set about to do something different. He organized a counter-roast.

Enlisting the aid of a number of highly attractive and intelligent young ladies, Page established a cheerleading squad which would give him support while denouncing the foul truths of such knowledgeable participants in the roast as Michael Bishop, Jack Massa and Hank Reinhardt. Further, Page performed a feat of magic to distract the audience during each Roaster's turn. His assistant in the magic was Wendy Webb, who did much more to distract the audience than Page could ever manage.

Page was especially concerned about Hank Reinhardt who knows more Truths about him than any other living human being. So during Hank's speech, Page spent much of the time under the table with Wendy Webb. Hank, of course, was never speechless, but the audience's laughter successfully drowned out his version of the Infamous Editor's Daughter Story.

At the end of the roast, Page introduced the women who had helped him and invited them up to the podium. Now versions differ as to what happened next. Page claims it was his idea, but if asked, Wendy merely smiles knowingly and goes on to another subject. But a certain whooshing sound was heard from the Cheerleader's table just before they came up. Half the audience could not see what had happened and believed the air had escaped

from a balloon Page had used in an earlier magic trick. The other half, however, knew that a pie tin had been filled with whipped cream from a pressurized container.

Moments later, Sue Copenhaver, a voluptuous redhead, distracted Jerry Page as the pie tin was passed to Wendy Webb. And as Page turned around, Wendy let go with the pie. Thus was born a Southern tradition.

Moments later, Meg Fox invited Hank Reinhardt up on the stage and he was also treated to a pie.

Next year in Birmingham, Page and Reinhardt held what was called "Dueling Egos." This was an event where these 'gentlemen' would hold forth in their tiresomely usual manner for a (people hoped) few minutes, after which the winner of the event would receive a pie in the face. Lon Atkins, a person whose reputation in fandom is questionable as that of Page or Reinhardt, was the gleeful moderator of the event. The audience was asked to applaud to show their favorite--the one to receive the pie--and they clearly chose Reinhardt. Atkins removed an envelope from his pocket and announced that the winner was Page. Sue Phillips delivered the pie. But the audience was rowdy, so Reinhardt got one too, from Norma Brooks.

However, the audience was even rowdier than that Atkins hoped. A certain Anonymous Atlanta Fan Often Seen in Company of Sue Phillips, shouted, "What about Lon?"

Among the celebrities seated at Ringside for this event were the Wagners, Karl and Barbara. Karl, like Hank, is a gentleman of the old school--Genghis Khan's. But Barbara is a lady of the School of the Borgias'. She thought the idea of Lon getting a pie in the face was just about the best idea since publishers began paying writers. She leaped up, grabbed the remnants of pie on the edge of the table and let loose at an unsuspecting Lon Atkins. Page and Reinhardt loved it, Lon displayed the instincts of a gentleman, but Karl Wagner started muttering about cages, chains, and divorce. Imagine everyone's surprise when next year's DSC site, Atlanta, announced Karl Wagner as pro guest and Lon Atkins as fan guest.

Although Lon Atkins was rumoured to have prepared a skit for himself and Barbara Wagner, to be called "Pie Throwers of Gor," pies have not been thrown since he got his. One reason for this may be the reluctance of Page

# CHATTACON IX

<u>TIME</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>EVENT</u>
FRIDAY		
5 P.M.	West Room	Reading
5 P.M.	Silver Ball Room	Golden Age of Pandom
6 P.M.	West Room	Reading
6P.M.	Silver Ball Room	An Appreciation of Andre Norton
7 P.M.	West Room	Reading
7 P.M.	Silver Ball Room	The Future in the Past or the Past in the Future
8 P.M.	West Room	Reading
8 P.M.	Siver Ball Room	Where am I?
9 P.M.	Silver Ball Room	Opening Ceremonies
9:30 P.M.- 8 A.M.	West Room	Folk Singing



# PROGRAMMING

## PARTICIPANTS

Robert Jordan  
 Jerry Page  
 Wilson "Bob" Tucker  
 and others  
 John Maddox Roberts  
 Robert Adams  
 Claudia Pell  
 Brad Linaweaver  
 Jerry Page  
 John M. Roberts  
 Robert Adams  
 Robert Jordan  
 John M. Ford

John Steakley

Jerry Page  
 Sharon Webb  
 Timothy Zahn  
 "Bob" Tucker

## DESCRIPTION

to be announced  
 Old timers discuss Fandom's  
 Golden Age. When?  
 Why? Who was responsible?  
 "Project: Ivan the Terrible"

From: "Greater's World"  
 Discussion of how a future  
 or an alternate universe  
 society is designed, i.e.  
 the use of historical models  
 versus extrapolation of  
 present trends.  
 Soon to be published  
 novel: Armor  
 Discussion of story settings,  
 Earth versus other planets,  
 the present versus future  
 or past, alternate histories  
 Welcome by Tim Bolgeo,  
 introductions of special  
 guests, short remarks by  
 Toastmaster, "Bob" Tucker.

<u>TIME</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>EVENT</u>
10 P.M.	Celebrity Lounge	Dance
<b>SATURDAY</b>		
9 A.M.	West Room	Breakfast with Pros
10 A.M.	Silver Ball Room	Hacksters' Panel
10:30 A.M.	West Room	Reading
11 A.M.	Silver Ball Room	S.F. & the Media
11:30 A.M.	West Room	The Great Mid-Southeast Trivial Contest
12 Noon	Silver Ball Room	Violence in Fantasy and Science Fiction
12 Noon	Silver Ball Room Foyer	Autograph Session
12:30 P.M.	West Room	Reading
1 P.M.	Silver Ball Room Foyer	Autograph Session
1 P.M.	Silver Ball Room	"Mirror, Mirror"
1:30 P.M.	West Room	Reading
2 P.M.	Silver Ball Room Foyer	Autograph Session

PARTICIPANTS

Anyone who is able  
to show up  
Linda Leach

Perry Chapdelaine, Sr.

Lynne Abbey  
John M. Roberts  
John Steakley  
John Trieber

Robert Adams  
John M. Roberts  
Timothy Zahn  
John Steakley  
Robert Jordan  
Sharon Webb  
John M. Ford  
Lynne Abbey  
Timothy Zahn  
John Steakley  
Jerry Page  
Sharon Webb  
"Bob" Tucker  
Claudia Peck  
The Real Bob Tucker  
Brad Linaweaver  
Wilson "Bob" Tucker  
John M. Roberts

DESCRIPTION

Informal breakfast--  
coffee, doughnuts  
Guest artist, Linda Leach  
and other Chattacon IX  
hucksters explain what they  
do, why they do it and what  
it means to the average fan  
excerpts from the cor-  
respondence of John W.  
Campbell, Jr.  
a discussion of how science  
fiction and fantasy are  
treated by movies and T.V.  
College Bowl trivia contest

Why are crime and warfare  
such prevalent themes in  
the field? How realistic  
are they? How plausible?

to be announced

the "PRO'S" talk back

from "Shadow Quest"

<u>TIME</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>EVENT</u>
2 P.M.	Silver Ball Room	Great, Great Grandson of Son of Wolfpak: Wolfpak #428
2:30 P.M.	West Room	Reading
3 P.M.	Silver Ball Room Foyer	Autograph Session
3 P.M.	Silver Ball Room	Living with a PRO
3:30 P.M.	West Room	Reading
4 P.M.	Silver Ball Room Foyer	Autograph Session
4:30 P.M.	West Room	What is the SPWA?
6 P.M.	Silver Ball Room	Banquet
8:30 P.M.	Silver Ball Room	Art Auction
10 P.M.	Silver Ball Room	Masquerade

## PARTICIPANTS

Robert Adams

Robert Jordan

Robert Asprin

Lynne Abbey

John M. Ford

Robert Adams

Robert Jordan

Robert Asprin

Lynne Abbey

Bethany Roberts

Bryan Webb

Lady Steakley

Sharon Webb

Robert Lynn Asprin

Lynne Abbey

Bob Tucker

Sharon Webb

John M. Ford

M.C.--Charlie Grant

Judges

John M. Ford

Sharon Webb

Maureen Dorris

Bob Tucker &

The Real Bob Tucker

## DESCRIPTION

the trials & tribulations  
of writing a series

to be announced

spouses of PRO writers talk  
about their problems  
(defamed spouses will be in  
audience for rebuttal)

From: "Barth Song" or  
"Glitch on the Bull Run"

explanation of the purposes  
of the SPWA for interested  
parties, especially those  
who wish to attend Southern  
SPWA meeting Sun. morning  
as prospective members  
Closed banquet by ticket  
only. Guests of honor  
speeches. Limit--160  
people including guests.

Pre-judging will be in  
West Room beginning at  
8 P.M.

<u>TIME</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>EVENT</u>
11 P.M. approx.	Silver Ball Room	Pie-Thon
12 Mid.	West Room	Pilk Singing
Sunday 10 A.M.	West Room	Southern SPWA Meeting
10 A.M.	Silver Ball Room	1984: Was Orwell right?
11 A.M.	Silver Ball Room	SP as art: an artist's view
11:30 A.M.	West Room	Reading
12:30 P.M.	West Room	Reading
1:30 P.M.	West Room	Closing Ceremonies

## PARTICIPANTS

M.C.—Jerry Page

### Targets

Tim Bolgeo, Chattacon  
 Mark Paulk, Constellation  
 Ken Moore, Kubla Khan  
 Cliff Amos, Rivercon  
 Mike Weber, Asficon  
 Angela Howell, Istacon

Members & prospective  
 members only

Robert Jordan  
 Linda Leach  
 Brad Linaweaver  
 John Steakley  
 Claudia Peck

Linda Leach

Robert Asprin  
 Robert Adams  
 Bob Tucker  
 and others

## DESCRIPTION

Buy your tickets early and  
 often for your favorite  
 target! Drawing and pie  
 throwing will be held  
 during the judging interval  
 at the masquerade. Tickets  
 available at Registration  
 Desk.

this session concluded at  
 9 A.M. Sunday morning

semi-annual business  
 meeting

How relevant is George  
 Orwell's vision of this  
 year? How badly did he  
 miss the mark? What, if  
 anything can be gained by  
 reading 1984 today?

How well does sf lend  
 itself to visual art?

What special constraints  
 does it enforce on the  
 artist? What special  
 advantages or freedom  
 does it provide?

to be announced

to be announced

# THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE BLACK SHIRT BRIGADE

by Robin Cussort



1983 was a banner year for the Black Shirt Brigade. For those of you who do not know what the Black Shirt Brigade is, let me inform you. The Black Shirt Brigade is the unofficial name for those people who make Chattanooga work. Look around the convention and you will spot us in our black shirts. We work hard at Chattanooga and party hearty the rest of the year. Our leader is El Duce, Tim Bolgeo. Now on to the events of 1983.

The Black Shirt Brigade started 1983 off by making Chattanooga 8 the most successful con in Chattanooga history. We managed to keep over 700 fans happy even if we did let Bob Tucker slip in the Jacuzzi. He's forgiven us and we



have appointed John Dale Ross the official Chattacon Jacuzzi Lifeguard.

February saw the election of five new board members: Becky Zielke, Robin Cussort, Ron Hogue, Jim Shepherd, and Kirk Thompson. We also all traveled to Robert and Becky Zielke's for our Valentine's Day Party (held 5 days late) and the introduction of several Black Shirts into the game of Making Bacon. For details, ask Becky. She says she and her daughters play it all the time.

The Black Shirt Brigade got the show on the road in March. We took our traveling circus to Huntsville for Constellation II, also lovingly called Chattacon South. Here we proved the Black Shirt reputation is growing. We joined Ken Moore for a Pre-Swirl Testing and found it quite swirl. Rich Morehouse disappeared for about six hours and still won't say where he was. This was also the trip where Uncle Timmy was kidnapped by the crazed Albanian dwarf with the cat-o-nine tails. If you do not know the story, ask him if you get the chance.

At the end of April we took the show on the road again; this time we loaded up the van and went visiting Kubla Khan in Nashville. John Steakley did a reading for us from his soon to be published Armor (great book John). On this trip we also met Robert Jordan. He has a voice that can move walls (but it did not stop the dirty movie party).

In May we partied at Uncle Timmy's. Some of us dubbed this party Cram-a-con I due to the crowding in the little room downstairs. If you missed it, you missed it. Uncle Timmy and Liada Bolgeo were great hosts even if their dog, Bogey, did eat Helen Pieve's shoes. Helen didn't seem to mind and Bogey hasn't eaten any other shoes since.

The Deep South Con in Knoxville in June was the next lucky recipient of our traveling zoo. Kirk Thompson and I boogied all the way up and back to a tape of Weird Al Yankovic. James Tollett was with us but suffered instead of enjoyed. Sorry, James. DSC was where the late night, all night Chattacon party was born. We also met the female Charlie Williams there.

July saw the 6 of us pile into a Malibu and head for Indianapolis and Inconjunction III. We taught those Yankees how to party! We also met Bill and Judy Sutton (from Indianapolis). Great people. Judy was the original creator of Blowgun the Warrior. The creation of the myth of Blowgun was the hardest I've laughed in years. You will hear more about Blowgun in the future.

August was time for Smyrnacon I, the best little no-con in the South. Kirk Thompson, Ron Hogue, and myself brought this great excuse to party together. Simultaneously there was the Atlanta Fantasy Fair. We thought Smyrnacon was better. This was where the Uncle Timmy Wants You poster debuted.

The end of August and the first of September saw some of us in our nation's capital on a learning mission and as a preliminary for the Worldcon in Baltimore where we were joined by several others of the Black Shirt Brigade. We took over the Southern Hospitality Suite for one night and threw a party for about 2000 people (no, not all of them at once but it sure felt like it at times). I think it's fair to say the Black Shirt Brigade made its mark known on the Worldcon.

Later in September, we had our toga party. Toga! Toga! Toga! I won't go into details about that except to say everyone had fun, even those people thrown into the swimming pool.

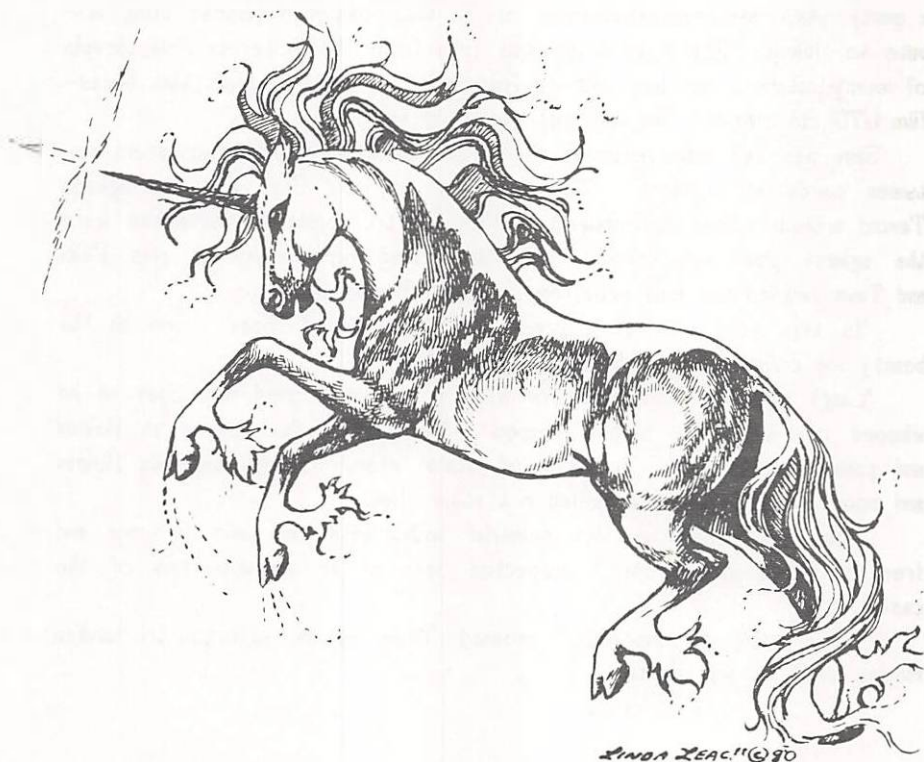
October was when we all rested and recuperated. The world was safe once more.

We trekked back to Nashville in November for Dan Caldwell's Xanadu. Again a fun time was had by all the Black Shirts in attendance plus my landlady, Zanny Leach. Zanny had so much fun, she is becoming a regular member of the gang. We're proud to have her, too.

We closed out the year at my house for our 2nd Annual Dirty Dog Christmas Party. You wouldn't believe the gifts we gave each other. Zanny and John Trieber were Santa's elves this year and looked absolutely darling in their costumes. Thanks

guys and sorry about not being in the Santa suit. Next year, for sure.

Well, there you have it, through the year with the Black Shirt Brigade. It's January again and time for us to work again. Then we can go on the road the rest of the year. We'll definitely be at Istacon, Kebra Khan, DSC, Rivercon, the Worldcon in Los Angeles, and Constellation III in Huntsville. Others as the mood strikes us. I hope you enjoyed this review of our year and I apologise for any Black Shirts I have not named but there are so many stories and just so much space. Maybe next year. Try harder. In the meantime, look for us in your town. When the clouds of green smoke roll in, the thunder rolls, and you can hear the whirr of a blender, keep your eyes open. The CHATTACON BLACK SHIRT BRIGADE is on the loose again.



# THE STASIS BEAUTY

by Robin Cussort

A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away there was a planet called Moribund. The sapient species that rules Moribund were of feline descent and called themselves Moricats. Felix del Gato was the Emperor of the Moricats and he led his feline warriors to a great stellar Empire. On the planet Felicity he found a beautiful bride, Tawni, who was Princess of the Felicity Empire before the Moribund Empire conquered them. They were married and ruled their known universe together quite happily.

It came to pass that Felix and Tawni gave birth to a beautiful daughter that they named Helena. At her first birthday, Helena's parents gave her a party which saw representatives of all the conquered planets bring tribute to Helena. There were precious furs from the Asteroid Belt, jewels of every nature from Jem and the Ringworld, and more marvels than Lucas-film LTD can create. The last gift presenter was Spav.

Spav was the representative of the Tavoid planet, a genetic cross between lizards and spiders. Tavoids were ugly and Spav was the ugliest Tavoid around. Spav had brought a thugbush to Helena. Thugbushes were the ugliest plant on Tavoid. All the other representatives plus Felix and Tawni laughed out loud when they saw the Tavoid gift.

"Is that your idea of a present? Look around, Spav. See all the beauty the other systems brought," laughed Felix.

"Laugh you may, but laugh for long you won't," cried out Spav as he whipped out a peculiar shaped weapon. He pointed the weapon at Helena and pulled the trigger. A burst of static energy sizzled towards Helena and soon she was totally enclosed in a stasis field.

"She will remain in this beautiful limbo until one who is pure and free of scorn awakens her," screeched Spav as he stomped out of the castle.

"This can't be happening," moaned Tawni as all efforts to awaken Helena failed, "it just can't!"

Now it came to pass that every Moribund person attempted to awaken Princess Helena. As there were many, many Moribund people, it took centuries for them to all fail. The people of the Moribund Empire thought of little else. The Emperor Felix thought of nothing else. Thus did the once magnificent Moribund Empire wither into ruin.

Inside her stasis field, however, the sleeping Princess grew more beautiful. She slowly developed into the most beautiful woman in the universe. It was as if she was feeding her beauty on the doom of her parents' empire. And still she was in stasis.

Soon a new empire began arising in the galaxy. It was led by the handsome android, Matthew Starwalker. His growing empire soon swept over the Moribund Empire.

His great warships brought Matthew Starwalker to Moribund to extract tribute or retribution from the fallen Moribund. Upon grounding at Castle Felix, he immediately spotted the beautiful Helena in her stasis field and advanced toward them.

"Please, Sir Matthew, overlook our disreputable castle. We haven't had the desire to maintain it since our dear Helena—" started Felix pleadingly.

"Quiet, sir. With such a beauty as this young lady sleeping here, this is the most beautiful castle I have ever seen. This is the most beautiful planet. Oh, if she were mine," said Matthew as he leaned through the stasis field and kissed Helena.

Helena immediately opened her eyes and smiled at Matthew. Off in the distance, birds sang.

Thus did Matthew and Helena live, happy everafter and ruled their universe together. It was good and good for all.

Well, good for all but one. Matthew sought out Spav and sent him on a mission to see if there were any life forms at the center of a supernova. It is said that Spav's screams may still be heard in that galaxy whenever a star goes supernova.

# EATING GUIDE

by Robin Cussort

## Walking Distance

There are two restaurants in the Read House. The Tavern (1) is a sandwich/breakfast bar place and The Green Room (2) is a more formal dining area. Across MLKing Boulevard is The Union Depot (3; in the basement of the Tallan Building) which has sandwiches, spuds, and frozen yogurt during the day and more formal dining at night. Diagonally across MLKing and Chestnut is Jason's (4; in the Downtowner Motel). Across Broad Street from the Read House is a Hardee's (5) and a McDonald's (6). At the corner of Broad and Eighth Street is Figgy's Sandwiches (7).

## Longer Walk Distance

Up past the freeway on MLKing is a Shoney's (14; in the Zayre-Golden Gateway Building) and a Red Food Store (13) with a deli. On Broad between 7th and 8th is Groucho's (12; sandwiches/soup). Four blocks down Chestnut is The Loading Dock (20; in the Sheraton). On Cherry Street between 7th and 8th is Shapiro's Deli (9). On Georgia, between 8th and MLKing is Yesterday's (8; burgers and live music). Also on Georgia between 7th and 6th is The Brass Register (17; burgers, etc.). At 11th and Market is The Pickel Barrel (15; sandwiches). On 10th between Georgia and Lindsay is Glen-Gene Stand and Snack (16; deli). On Vine Street near Houston is the Vine Street Market (18; deli) and David's (19; burgers, pizza). On Cherry at 7th is Krystal (10; burgers, chicken) and the Home Plate Cafeteria (11).

## Driving

Going south on Broad Street, there is a Koch's Bakery, Kentucky Fried Chicken, Central Park (burgers), Wendy's, Dino's Italian and Pizza, Buck's Bar-B-Que, Long John Silvers, Taco Bell, Burger King, The Rib Rack, Krystal, Bojangle's Chicken, Mt. Vernon Restaurant, Pizza Hut, Church's Chicken, El Plato Mexican, and Kay Wong's Golden Palace (Chinese, Korean, Vietnamese). These are about 2-3 miles down Broad Street.

← TO NORTH RIVER

CHERRY BLVD

MARKET ST  
BRIDGE

CHERRY ST

SECOND AVE

LINDAY

MARKET BLVD

4TH ST

5TH ST

VINE ST 18

6TH ST

MCCALLIE AVE

MARKING BLVD

→ TO BRIDGE

DOWNTOWN  
(SEE DOWNTOWN  
LETTING FOR NAMES)

6th St

7th St

8th St

9th St

10th St

11th St

12th St

13th St

14th St

15th St

16th St

17th St

18th St

19th St

20th St

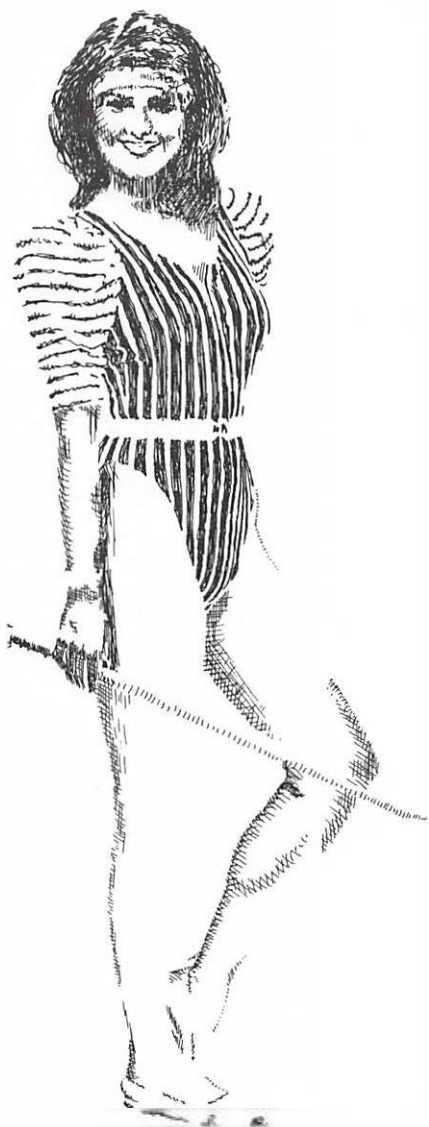
MARKET STREET

MARKET STREET - 24

TO SOUTH BROAD  
(SEE SOUTH BROAD LETTING)

# AUTOGRAPHS

'...the pen is mightier than the sword'





# AUTOGRAPHS

(...continued from page 15)

and Reinhardt to go through this sort of thing again, coupled with the fact that Alonso Atkins stays hidden in California.

However, the proprietors of Chattacon have come up with a new idea that bids fair to revive this tradition. It will involve having convention goers buying chance tickets to throw pies in the face of some of their most dreamed of targets. And the Chattacon people have come up with a way to coerce these targets into participating: the money raised by all all this will go to one of the most worthy causes possible, the St. Jude's Children's Hospital. So here's your chance. And it's not just limited to Jerry Page and Hank Reinhardt but includes a roster of important people as well.

So save your quarters for this one gang. Maybe they'll even use frozen pies.

## CHATSFIC

CHATSFIC is the Chattanooga Science Fiction Club. We meet the 3rd Saturday of every month. We have book discussions, slide presentations, movies, and much more! If PUN and Science Fiction are what you want, we're what you need. For more information contact

Robin Cussort (615) 629 2339  
Tim Bolgeo (615) 842-4363

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10 P.M.  
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Frozen Pina Coladas  
Frozen Screwdrivers

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