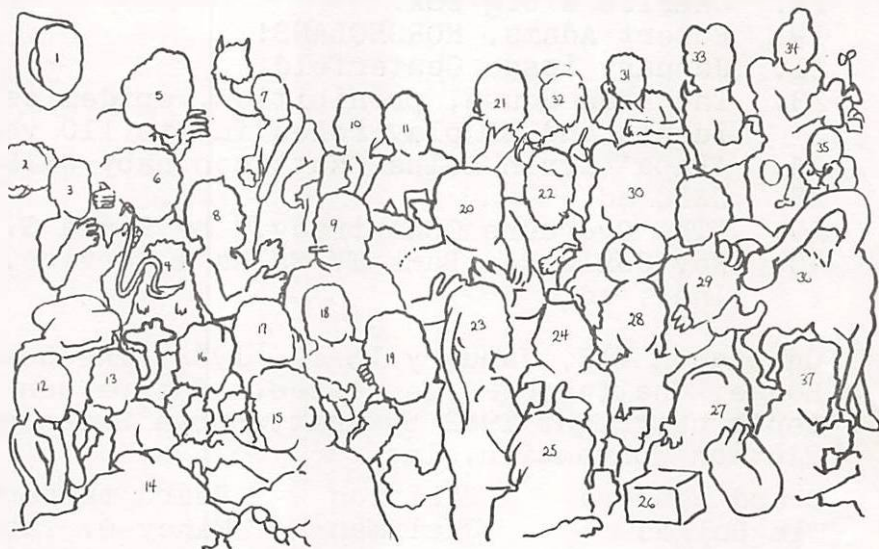


chattacon 7



The cover of Chattacon VII's Program Book is best described by a letter I received from the artist, Charlie Williams, "The art features all the principal characters from Larry Niven's Known Space series. All of 'em, with supporting characters and landmarks in the background. Can you stand it? I don't know whether to work from models or taxidermy." Limited-edition prints will be available at the con which Joint Venture will have in two editions of larger prints than the program book size.



Cover art contest!

Last year a poor creature came to me when I was then the registrar and was excited about winning a prize for being the 500th member. Well, someone made that contest up, and I still feel like a worm for not having something for that poor guy.

However, this is a real contest. In Charlie's cover art there are 37 named characters. Only Charlie and I have a key to the answer. On the freebie table there will be copies of a diagram of the art. Give a list of the character and his corresponding number to the registrar, Linda Bolgeo, or to me before Registration closes at 5:00 Saturday. The winner will be announced at the banquet; a prize will be given, whether it is nice or tacky is part of the suspense!

Nancy O. Tabor

Contents

1. Cover art contest!
3. Program; Gamescience ad.
7. Larry Niven, Guest of honor VII.
9. Larry Niven, Bibliography.
11. Wilson Tucker, "History is bunk," why Bob Tucker (uhm) lies.
13. Wilson Tucker, Bibliography.
15. Sharon Webb, Special guest.
16. Sharon Webb, Bibliography.
18. Charlie's big box.
19. Robert Adams, HORSECLANS!
21. January issue Centerfold
23. The Read House, prohibition, epidemics, presidents and SF play roles in its 110 year history.
25. 'Papa' Irvin helps Chattacon baby walk.
28. CSFC ad.
29. "The Overcure Conspiracy," by Paula S. Jordan.
40. Roy Cox's Red Bank TV Sales & Service, Inc., ad.

Chattacon VII, January 15-17, 1982, The Read House, Chattanooga, Tennessee. Entire contents copyright 1982 by Chattanooga Science Fiction Convention, Inc.

Board members	Position	Board members	Position
Tim Bolgeo	Chairman	Nancy O. Tabor	Program Book
Norman Michal	Vice-Chair.	Bill Bridget	Art Show
Bill Zielke	Secretary-Treasurer	Richard Morehouse	Game Room
		Bill Hedrick	Video Room
Linda Bolgeo	Registrar	Irvin Koch	Hucksters
David Tabor	Programmer	Stuart Lamb	Consuite
Tola Varnell	Security	Bob Faircloth	Consuite
		Lee Miller	Consuite

A.J. Barker Bridget 1st alternate publicity
And a whole bunch of people who accepted degrading positions of alternates: Bob Barger, Sandy Paris Barger, Mark Abell, Robert Zielke, Kent Camp, Ken Cobb and Bob Bolgeo.

Artist credits

Charlie Williams --- covers, pages 7-9, 14, 18, 21, 22.
Bob Barger --- page 28.
Linda Leach --- page 27.
Dottie Pruenok --- page 20.

THE PROGRAM

Uh, some things do overlap; well, that's just to make it difficult to decide what to do.

Video hours and programming lists will be posted on the doors of the Gold and West rooms.

Remember, there is a dry and a wet 24 hour con suite for your convenience.

Friday

12:00 Huckster rooms set-up begins, 3rd floor.

3:00 Registration opens, 2nd floor, Sun Room.

4:00 Video opens, Gold Room and West Room.

4:30 Game room opens, Parlor A.

6:00 Art Show opens, Continental Room.


Huckster rooms open, 3rd floor.

Apple II room opens, 2nd floor.

Apple II room games include: Space Invaders, Apple Galaxian, Snoogle (Pac Man), and various text type games.

Game and tournament schedules are listed on the doors of their respective rooms, as well as the tournament times posted in the program.

Hearts tournament, 1st round Fri. 6:00 pm, Game room. 2nd round Sat. 10:00 am, semi-final Sat. 3:00 pm, final Sun. 10:00 am.

GAMESCIENCE[®] dice,
the official dice of
Chattacon 

- 7:00 Opening Ceremonies, moderated by Bob Tucker who introduces pros who have arrived, Silver Ball Room.
- 7:30 Preview of Jerry Page's "Series of Experiments in Parapsychology," which will be performed in the Silver Ball Room during the closed banquet, Silver Ball Room.
- 8:00 Autograph session, Larry Niven and Robert Adams, Silver Ball Room.
- 8:15 Autograph session, Bob Tucker and Sharon Webb, Parlor B.
- 8:30 Reading, Bob Tucker, author of RESURRECTION DAYS, Silver Ball Room.
- 8:45 Reading, Sharon Webb, author of EARTHCHILD IN EMBERS (working title) coming in fall 1982, Parlor B.
- 9:15 "Science Fiction Mystery Stories," Larry Niven, Bob Tucker and Jerry Page.
- 9:15 Atlanta Worldcon Committee gives a preview of the 1986 Worldcon Bid, Silver Ball Room.
- 10:00 Registration closes.
- Art show closes.
- Hucksters close.
- Apple II room closes.
- Whenever Game room closes.
Video hours posted, closes if everyone falls asleep.
- Saturday Game room still open.
- 10:00 Registration opens.
- Art show opens.
- Huckster rooms open.
- Apple II room opens.
- Hearts tournament, second round.

- 1:00 WAR OF THE WORLDS, a dramatic reading of the original radio play by Howard Koch who adapted H.G. Wells' novel for CBS's MERCURY THEATRE in 1938, cast includes Larry Niven, Bob Tucker, Sharon Webb, Robert Adams, and Jerry Page, Silver Ball Room.
- 2:30 Art show panel, Charlie Williams and other artists, whatever they want to do, Parlor B.
- 1:15 Reading, Robert Adams, author of THE COMING OF THE HORSECLANS, Parlor B.
- 2:45 "Famous Lies About Fandom," Larry Niven, Bob Tucker, and Jerry Page, Silver Ball Room.
- 1:00 Riverston Rail Retreat, information about the retreat will be available on the Freebie table, expected return will be 3:30.
- 2:00 Debate "Resolved: science fiction is not a legitimate literary form." Bob Tucker and Robert Adams argue for the honor of science fiction, come see who is brave enough to refute them. The audience is very welcome to refute or heckle, Silver Ball Room.
- 3:00 Bob Tucker interviews Larry Niven, Silver Ball Room.
- Hearts tournament semi-final.
- 5:00 Registration closes.
- 6:00 Art show closes.
- Huckster rooms close.
- 7:00 Banquet. Master of Ceremonies Bob Tucker introduces Chattacon's guests, the Read House serves a southern buffet, Jerry Page gives his "Series of Experiments in Parapsychology," and Larry Niven gives his Guest-of-Honor speech, Silver Ball Room; the banquet is closed.
- 9:30 Art auction, Silver Ball Room.

10:00 Apple II room closes.

11:00 Masquerade prejudging, Foyer.

12:00 Masquerade Ball, Silver Ball Room.

Oh, ya, lots of parties.

Sunday Game room still open.

10:00 Huckster rooms open.

Apple II room opens.

Hearts tournament, final round.

12:00 Reading, Larry Niven, author of RINGWORLD, Silver Ball Room.

2:00 Huckster rooms close.

2:30 Video rooms close.

3:00 Game room closes.

IT IS FINISHED.

STUFF THAT HAS TO BE SAID

By becoming a member of Chattacon VII "peacebonding" of any weapons or model weapons is agreed upon. "Peacebonding" is the fixing of weapons or models in scabbards, cases, holsters or displays in a semi-permanent manner. Weapons or models will not be removed from scabbards, cases, holsters or displays except in such areas Chattacon VII designates at the con which would be announced.

These are the grounds for ejection from membership of Chattacon VII by a uniformed guard:

- 1 violation of peacebonding
- 2 fighting involving weapons or model weapons
- 3 violation of any state, city or federal law involving weapons
- 4 undue rowdiness at the con
- 5 drinking alcohol by minors under 19 in Tennessee.

Larry Niven Guest of honor VII

Larry Niven dropped out of college twice; both times science fiction was the cause. He entered the California Institute of Technology in September 1956 and "flunked out" in February 1958. This was "due to having discovered a book store jammed with used science fiction magazines," explained Niven. He received a BA in Mathematics with a Minor in Psychology from Washburn University, Kansas, in June 1962. He completed undergraduate work but finished one year of graduate work in mathematics at UCLA when SF caused him to drop out again. This time instead of reading SF being the root of evil, writing SF was the root.

"The Coldest Place" was his first published story; it appeared in Worlds of If in December 1964. Since that first story, Niven has published stories ranging from 700 unto 250,000 words. He has written primarily fiction but has also done "speculative articles, speeches for high schools and colleges, television scripts," and has "collaborated with various writers," such as Jerry Pournelle and David Gerrold.

Niven, 43, married Marilyn Joyce Wisowaty on September 6, 1969; they live in Tarzana, California. In listing his interests, Niven included SF conventions, but cons came after backpack hiking with the Boy Scouts and sailing. Last, he listed "saving civilization and making a little money" in his interests.

Things like Hugos attest to his ability of "making a lit-money." He received his first Hugo in 1966 for Best Short Story, "Neutron Star." RINGWORLD brought Niven a Hugo and a Nebula award for Best Novel of 1970. RINGWORLD has also been awarded in Australia and Japan. THE BORDERLAND OF SOL, 1975 Hugo winner of Best Novelet, was the latest of his five Hugos. He has also received the "Forrie," the Ditmars, the Lens awards and various Guest-of-Honor plaques; the latest of which is Chattacon VII, 1982.





Bibliography

Larry Niven

- WORLD OF PTAVVS, Ballantine: New York, August 1965; MacDonald Science Fiction: London, 1968.
- A GIFT FROM EARTH, Ballantine: NY, September 1968; serialized in Galaxy February through April 1968 as SLOWBOAT CARGO; MacDonald Science Fiction: London, 1969; Walker Books: USA and Canada, 1970.
- NEUTRON STAR, Ballantine: NY, April 1968; MacDonald Science Fiction: London, 1969.
- THE SHAPE OF SPACE, Ballantine: NY, 1969.
- RINGWORLD, Ballantine: NY, October 1970; Victor Gollancz Ltd.; Holt, Rinehart and Winston: NY, adds "Author's Note," 1977.
- ALL THE MYRIAD WAYS, Ballantine: NY, June 1971.
- THE FLYING SORCERERS, with David Gerrold, Ballantine: NY, wrappers, August 1971.
- THE FLIGHT OF THE HORSE, Ballantine: NY, September 1973.
- PROTECTOR, Ballantine: NY, September 1973; Compton Russell: Tisbury, Wiltshire, 1976.
- INCONSTANT MOON, Victor Gollancz Ltd.: London, hardcover collection of short stories, 1973.
- A HOLE IN SPACE, Ballantine: NY, June 1974.
- THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE, with Jerry Pournelle, Simon and Schuster: NY, 1974.
- TALES OF KNOWN SPACE, Pocket Books: NY, May 1976.

INFERNO, with Jerry Pournelle, Pocket Books: NY, May 1976;
serialized in Galaxy August through October 1975; Allan
Wingate: London, 1977.

A WORLD OUT OF TIME, Holt, Rinehart and Winston: NY, 1976;
Ballantine: NY, 1977.

THE LONG ARM OF GIL HAMILTON, Ballantine: NY, February 1976.

LUCIFER'S HAMMER, with Jerry Pournelle, Playboy Press: Chicago
1977.

THE MAGIC GOES AWAY, Ace Books, NY, 1978.

CONVERGENT SERIES, Ballantine: NY, illustrated, 1979.

THE RINGWORLD ENGINEERS, Holt, Rinehart and Winston: NY, March
1980; serialized in Galileo July 1979 through January
1980; Phantasia Press, limited edition, 500 copies with
inbound signatures, January 1980; Futura Publications
Limited, January 1980; Ballantine: NY, 1981.

THE PATCHWORK GIRL, Ace Books; NY, illustrated, April 1980
and December 1980.

DREAM PARK, with Steven Barnes, Ace Books, April 1981.

OATH OF FEALTY, with Jerry Pournelle, Pocket Books, October
1981.

THE MAGIC MAY RETURN (Anthology, editor: Larry Niven.) Ace
Books, October 1981.

Bibliography

Wilson Tucker

● Science Fiction

- THE CITY IN THE SEA, Rinehart and Co., New York, 1951; Galaxy Novels, NY, 1952.
- THE LONG LOUD SILENCE, Rinehart and Co., NY, 1952; Science Fiction Book Club, NY, 1953; Dell Books, NY, 1954; Lance Books, NY, 1970.
- THE TIME MASTERS, Rinehart and Co., NY, 1953; NAL Signet Book NY, 1954; SF Book Club, NY, 1971; Lancer Books, NY, 1971
- WILD TALENT, Rinehart and Co., NY, 1954; SF Book Club, NY, 1954; Bantam Books, NY, 1955; Avon Books, NY, 1966.
- THE SCIENCE FICTION SUBTREASURY, Rinehart and Co., NY, 1954; Bantam Books, NY, 1955.
- TIME BOMB, Rinehart and Co., NY, 1958; SF Book Club, NY, 1956 Avon Books, NY, 1957.
- THE LINCOLN HUNTERS, Rinehart and Co., NY, 1958; SF Book Club NY, 1958; Ace Books, NY, 1968; Ace Books, NY, 1977.
- TO THE TOMBAUGH STATION, Ace Books, NY, 1960.
- THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN, Ace Books, NY, 1970; Ace Books, NY 1977; Gregg Press, NY, 1979.
- ICE AND IRON, Doubleday and Co., NY, 1974; SF Book Club, NY, 1975; Ballantine Books, NY, 1976.
- RESURRECTION DAYS, Timescape Books, NY, November 1981.
- THE BEST OF WILSON TUCKER, Timescape Books, NY, coming in February 1982.

● Mystery and Adventure Novels

THE CHINESE DOLL, Rinehart and Co., NY, 1946; Detective Book Club, NY, 1947; Dell Books, NY, 1949.

TO KEEP OR KILL, Rinehart and Co., NY, 1947; Lion Books, NY, 1950; Lion Books, NY, 1956.

THE DOVE, Rinehart and Co., NY, 1948.

THE STALKING MAN, Rinehart and Co., NY, 1949; Detective Book Club, NY, 1949; Mercury Novels, NY, 1950.

RED HERRING, Rinehart and Co., NY, 1951.

THE MAN IN MY GRAVE, Rinehart and Co., NY, 1956; Detective Book Club, NY, 1956.

THE HIRED TARGET, Ace Books, NY, 1957.

LAST STOP, Doubleday and Co., NY, 1963.

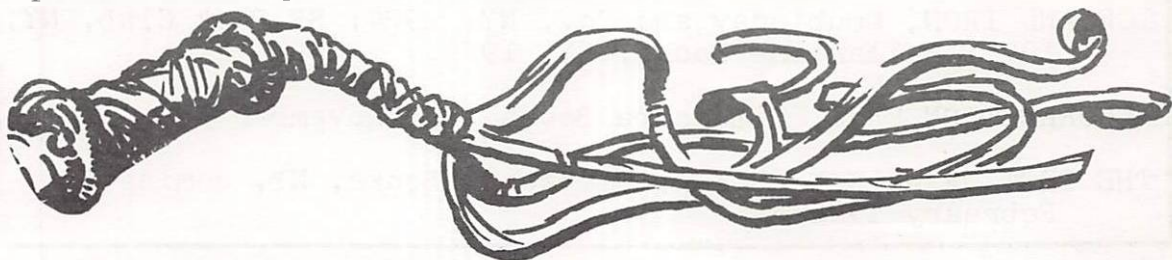
A PROCESSION OF THE DAMNED, Doubleday and Co., NY, 1965; Lancer Books, NY, 1971.

THE WARLOCK, Doubleday and Co., NY, 1967; Avon Books, NY, 1969.

THIS WITCH, Doubleday and Co., NY, 1971.

● And

A bunch of short stories, novelettes, and articles published professionally and in fanzines since 1932.



Like Larry Niven, Sharon Webb puts science fiction conventions relatively low on her list of interests. However, she does place being an inveterate reader high above anything like Boy Scouts. Although she is a sf writer, Webb is human; she is a registered nurse.

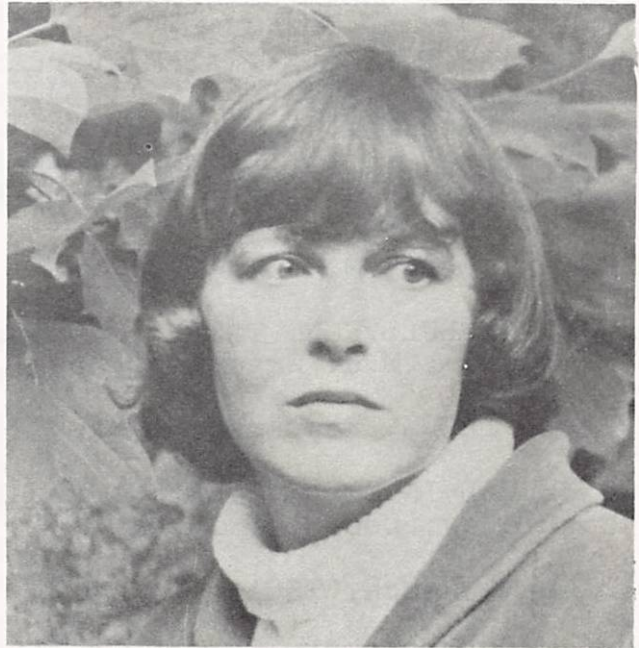
Webb, a native Floridian, majored in speech and English at Florida Southern College (English majors are fine people). Along the way, she married Bryan Webb and has three daughters, Wendy, Jerri and Tracey.

While living in Miami, Florida, she began writing. She wrote articles, features, and mystery stories; she enjoys good ghost stories. She moved to Blairsville, Georgia, in 1973. It's a good thing she came to Georgia because she hates heat, "I would rather die than sweat."

She nursed until 1979. Since then she has been a full time writer. She said she "wants to write the Great American Novel--sf or otherwise." She would probably settle "to win a Hugo." At the very least she will aspire "to drop dead before my brain wears out, and to write until that day."

Sharon Webb

Special guest



Bibliography

Sharon Webb

● Short stories

HITCH ON THE BULL RUN, IASFM*, June 1979.

ITCH ON THE BULL RUN, IASFM, August 1979; Space Mail, Isaac Asimov, M.H. Greenberg, eds., Fawcett, June 1980; Isaac Asimov's SF Treasury. I. Asimov, M.H. Greenberg, J.Olander, eds., Bonanza, spring 1981.

SHARING TIME IN THE GALLERY, IASFM, November 1979.

MISS NOTTORTHY AND THE ALIENS, Other Worlds I, Roy Torgeson, ed., Zebra Books, December 1979.

SWITCH ON THE BULL RUN, IASFM, January 1980; Isaac Asimov's Near Futures and Far (Vol. 5), G. Scithers, I. Asimov, eds. Dial, December 1981; Space Mail II, Isaac Asimov, M.H. Greenberg, eds., Fawcett, fall 1981; Isaac Asimov's SF Anthology (Vol. 5) G. Scithers ed., Davis, January 1982.

TRANSFERENCE, IASFM, July 1980.

NICHE ON THE BULL RUN, IASFM, September 1980; Space Mail II, I. Asimov, M.H. Greenberg, eds., Fawcett, fall 1981.

RARE BIRD, IASFM, September 1980.

THE CATHEDRAL IN DYING TIME, Chrysalis 8, Roy Torgeson, ed. Doubleday, December 1980.

SAND, IASFM, March, 1981.

TWITCH ON THE BULL RUN, IASFM, April 1981.

BRIDGES, IASFM, May 1981.

BITCH ON THE BULL RUN, IASFM, June 1981.

RELIQUARY FOR AN OLD SOUL, IASFM, September 1981.

OUR MAN IN VULNERABLE, IASFM, October 1981.

THE SYNCOPATED MAN, QUEST/STAR, not scheduled.

SHADOWS FROM A SMALL TEMPLATE, IASFM, n/s.

THRESHOLD, Galileo, n/s.

● Novelettes

VARIATION ON A THEME FROM BEETHOVEN, IASFM, February 1980;
1981 Annual World's Best SF, Donald A. Wollheim, ed.,
DAW Books.**

THE DUST OF CREEDS OUTWORN, IASFM, February 1981.

● Novella

EARTHCHILD RISING, IASFM, July 1981.

● Novels

EARTHCHILD IN EMBERS (working title), Atheneum, first of tri-
logy, fall 1982.

EARTH SONG (working title) Atheneum, n/s.

RAM SONG (working title), Atheneum, optioned.

Charlie's big box

Nancy O. Tabor

KOOTCHY-KOO!



Charlie Williams said all he wanted in the program book about him was a little box saying the program book was decorated by him rather than "filling a page with random egoizing." Well, someone who placed 8th in last year's Hugo nominations for best fanartist gets a big box.

Williams has always been an artist, but has worked exclusively as a professional cartoonist for the last five years. He has received two awards from the National College Extension Association for teaching cartooning through the UT correspondence school--this class is also available as 20 half-hour television segments.

His first con was Chattacon V, where he spent the entire Saturday in the huckster room, but said he went to his first REAL con in 1979 at NorthAmericon. He was a regular contributor to CHAT, Dick and Nicki Lynch's zine. He said, "Submissions throughout fandom were accepted by every major fanzine and apa, and I came to rely on convention artshow sales as a regular source of cigarette money."

This spring Williams' illustrations will accompany C.J. Cherryh's "Cassandra" in ORBIT from Rotterdam, Holland, his second professional sale.

Williams' work can be found in the fannish press in several apas: SAPS, REHUPA, and SFPA. He coedits Knoxville's HARD KNOX; with fellow Knoxville artists he occasionally produces satire zines such as FUNNY ANIMAL PAIN COMIX, as well as t-shirts and the original art seen in the artshow or Joint Venture's huckster table.

Besides being a fine artist, I think Charlie Williams is good people because he has one dog, two cats and one expecting Sylvia.

Robert Adams was born in Danville, Virginia, and reared on a tobacco farm in Pittsylvania County, Virginia. When his father was invalided from service in 1945, the family moved to Richmond, Virginia.

After his own service during the Korean War period, Adams first returned to school, then went into business and married his first wife.

He was recalled into the US Army during the Berlin Crisis of 1961-62, divorced his first wife shortly thereafter and did not return to his home until 1965.

Adams began to write on a full time basis in 1969. His first HORSECLANS book was sold in 1974 and released in June 1975. To date, eight novels and one novelette of the top-selling HORSECLANS series have been published; in addition, the initial volume of a new series, CASTAWAYS IN TIME was released in 1980.

Adams is presently divorced from a second wife and he resides with his elderly mother, two Melanese cats and an elderly Labrador Retriever in Seminole County, Florida.

When he is not writing or researching his next book, not traveling to or from conventions, autographings or speaking engagements, Adams enjoys hunting, fishing, horseback riding, pistol shooting and gourmet cookery. He formerly was active with the Society for Creative Anachronism, but has been inactive (on medical advice) since he suffered an embolism in the summer of 1980.

Bibliography

THE COMING OF THE HORSECLANS, Pinnacle Books, June 1975;
Signet Books, revised and lengthened by the author,
July 1982.

WORDS OF THE HORSECLANS, Pinnacle Books, January 1977;
Signet Books, revised by the author, August 1981.

REVENGE OF THE HORSECLANS, Pinnacle Books, November 1977;
Signet Books, revised by the author, March 1982.

CAT OF SILVERY HUE, Signet Books, write-in nominee for Hugo,
now in 5th printing, August 1979.





THE JANUARY CENTERFOLD

Irvin Koch wouldn't stand still for the centerfold and Robert Zielke is not a board member, he just got caught arm wrestling with Bill.

The CHATTACON-7

CONVENTION COMMITTEE



THE SAVAGE MOUNTAINS, Signet Books, write-in nominee for 7th World Fantasy, now in 5th printing, January 1980.

THE PATRIMONY, Signet Books, now in 4th printing, April 1980.

THE HORSECLANS ODYSSEY, Signet Books, April 1981.

THE HUNTER, Amazing Stories Magazine, novelette, 13,000 words, July 1981.

THE DEATH OF A LEGEND, Signet Books, November 1981.

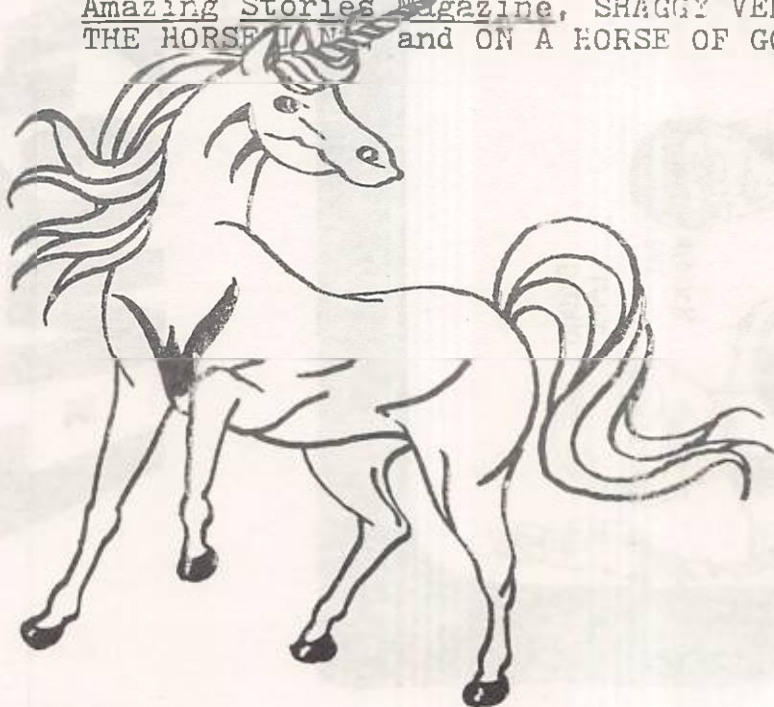
CASTAWAYS IN TIME, Donning Starblaze Editions, April 1980; Signet Books, revised by the author, April 1982.

THE WITCH GODDESS, Signet Books, an excerpt from this book will appear in the summer 1982 number of Amazing Stories Magazine, October 1982.

BILI THE AXE, Signet Books, Spring 1983.

THE SEVEN MAGICAL JEWELS OF IRELAND, Signet Books, sequel to CASTAWAYS IN TIME), Summer 1983.

Three additional novelettes already completed and sold to Amazing Stories Magazine, SHAGGY VENGEANCE, A WOMAN OF THE HORSECLANS, and ON A HORSE OF GOLD.



THE READ HOUSE,

Prohibition, epidemics, presidents and SF play roles in its 110 year history.

Scores of celebrities, including five presidents and one prime minister, have enjoyed their stays at the hotel which is hosting Chattacon VII, but journalist and critic H.L. Mencken had an unpleasant experience which conventioners need not worry about this weekend. Mencken was covering the famed Scopes monkey trial in Dayton, Tennessee, about 60 miles from there with the Baltimore Sun, and one hot day he came to Chattanooga hoping to find an alcoholic drink at the Read House, which already had a rich history and widespread reputation.

But it was during Prohibition, and the Read House management refused to pour a drink for the thirsty, acid-tongued Mencken. He was furious and noted the incident in his memoirs, blasting the innkeepers for their "backwardness."

Among the celebrities who have had more pleasant encounters with this Chattanooga landmark are President Ronald Reagan and former Presidents Richard Nixon, William McKinley, Rutherford B. Hayes, Andrew Johnson and British Prime Minister Winston Churchill. The Read House also hosted Jefferson Davis before he became president of the Confederacy. Here he unburdened himself of a speech urging Tennessee to secede from the Union and according to eyewitness reports almost clashed with hotel owner Thomas Crutchfield, Jr. "The two men stood glaring at each other. . .and aroused in the hotel were men of opinion as antagonistic as those of the principals in this dangerous drama," says an account of the incident. "The click of pistols being brought to a cock sounded like the spasmodic ticking of a clock."

The first hotel on this site was built by Thomas Crutchfield, Sr., in 1847 across the street from a railroad depot. (While the site still houses a hotel, the old depot is gone and Chattanooga, "Choo Choo City," has no passenger rail service).

During the Civil War, the hotel served as a hospital for Union soldiers and, later, as a kitchen for Confederates. It was hosting guests the entire time, as well.

Mrs. R.A. Bishop, who acquired the hotel in 1864, was one of the most infamous of the Read House's proprietors. She

was said to weigh 250 pounds, possessed an extraordinary vocabulary "in the domain of invective" and handled a pistol with expertise.

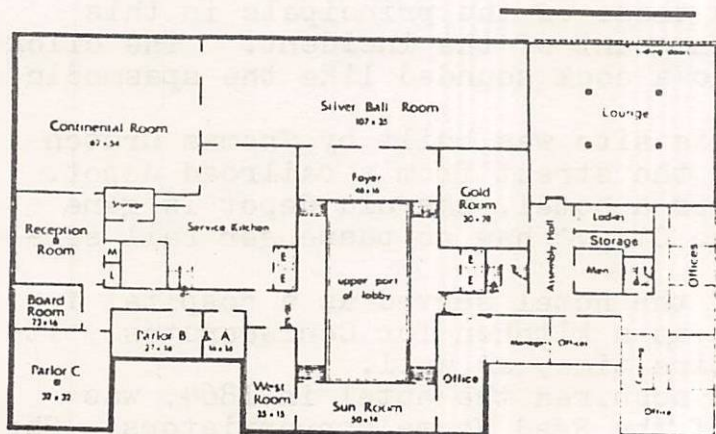
The structure burned to the ground in 1867 and, had it not been for another hotel fire in McMinnville, Tennessee, would probably have given way to an office building. That is how the new building was planned by a group of business men, but John Read, whose hotel had just burned in McMinnville convinced them to build a hotel.

The Read House opened on January 1, 1872, and has never ceased to house visitors. It served as a hospital as well as a hotel during epidemics of cholera in 1873, yellow fever in 1878, and small pox in 1883 and 1885.

The present structure in Revival Georgian architecture dates back to 1926. The cost of building the Read House was 2.5 million dollars, the same amount it is costing today to renovate the hotel. The renovation, which is expected to be completed by February includes redecorating banquet rooms, remodeling the front desk, replacing heating and air conditioning systems, and restoring windows, masonry, and the palm courts ceiling and chandeliers.

A partial list of the luminaries who have stayed at the Read House include John and Ethel Barrymore, Ginger Rogers, Gary Cooper, Jack Dempsey, Roy Rogers, Walter Pigeon, Gene Autry, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Doris Day, Charles Boyer, Charles Laughton, Benny Goodman, Leo Durocher, Betty Davis, Al Capone, Larry Niven, Wilson Tucker, Sharon Webb, Robert Adams, and Jerry Page.

The Read House was included in the National Register of Historic Places in 1977. On January 1, 1982, it marked its 110th year as the Read House.



The Read House

Meeting rooms
floor plan
Mezzanine

'Papa' Irvin helps Chattacon baby walk

In January 1976 Irvin Koch gave birth to his infant Chattacon (Tola Varnell began referring to Chattacon as Irvin's baby). In 1971 Irvin ran a convention in Knoxville called Gnomoclave while he was attending UTK. He hoped to create a rotating event similar to DeepSouthCon. The Upper-SouthClave lasted three years, but the third con grew into Kubla Khan, an annual Nashville organized con.

Pleased with his success in running Gnomoclave and beginning Kubla Khan, Irvin decided to begin a con in Chattanooga, his hometown. Irvin ran the first Chattacon while living in Owensboro, Kentucky. This commuting between his job and Chattanooga started a precedent. Chattacon is in its seventh consecutive year, and for the seventh consecutive year Irvin has lived in another city.

Irvin assured, "There are no problems running a con out of town. I made arrangements through the mail and on weekends."

Chattacon I was what Irvin described as a relaxacon. With his black eyebrows Irvin underlined his words, "There was no programming. No nothing, just a bath tub, huckster room, art show, and films. The con suite was the "big thing." The only real programming was the banquet in a roped-off section of the East Ridge Sheraton dining room. The fan guest of honor was Cliff Amos, a southern SF pusher. Irvin said, "Cliff said a couple of mumbley words for the banquet speech and that was that."

Chattacon I drew 81 guests and Irvin lost \$365.00. "That's good because I had planned to lose \$500.00. Losing money was all right because if it was a continuing thing, I would get it back."

Chattacon I had humble beginnings, but Chattacon II was a little inauspicious too. "We had a problem getting a hotel, we were either too big or too small. We finally got the Admiral Benbow Inn. It was perfect except we had to go outside to go from room to room. We had 113 guests, more than we had planned. Because of a developing blizzard, we had few out-of-town guests. There were Trekkies running all over."

There were weather and hotel problems but Irvin grinned, "I made back \$260.00. And I had a lot of fun."

In 1978 Chattacon had grown from a relaxacon to a big convention with an embryo of the concom. He said, "We were big enough to use the Sheraton Downtown. Our guest-of-honor was

A.E. Van Vogh, author of SLAN. We thought III would double in size but it tripled in size." Irvin smiled so broadly that his black eyes narrowed to slits, "I made my original \$365.00 back. With the rest I printed a fanzine, threw a con party, and turned back in \$119.00 to the future Chattacon IV."

Before Chattacon III Irvin's job had taken him to Atlanta. The time for single-handedly running a three-day con through the mail and commuting on weekends came to an end. Irvin shrugged, "It used to be fun. Still is, but I get hassled too. On the last day of Chattacon III Irvin called a meeting for anyone already working on the con and all those interested in continuing the work. From the nucleus of workers on Chattacon III, Irvin created The Chattacon Convention Committee for posterity. The 16 board members form the Chattanooga Science Fiction Convention Trust, LTD.

Chattacon IV was run similar to a business and was heavily programmed; because the number of guests grew to 438. With more money in the pot more well known pros could be acquired, such as Alan Dean Foster and Jack Chalker.

Irvin has given up running the convention by himself, but he expects to be associated with Chattacon at least through 1982. Once in the long ago, Irvin said he would leave Chattacon in 1981. Things have changed and he will be back in 1982 for Chattacon VIII. Irvin said, "I wanted to see a con done the way I wanted. I got more egoboo than in local clubs and publishing fanzines." With 16 people on the board nobody ever always gets his way of doing things passed, but Irvin still cannot leave his "baby" alone.

Nancy O. Tabor

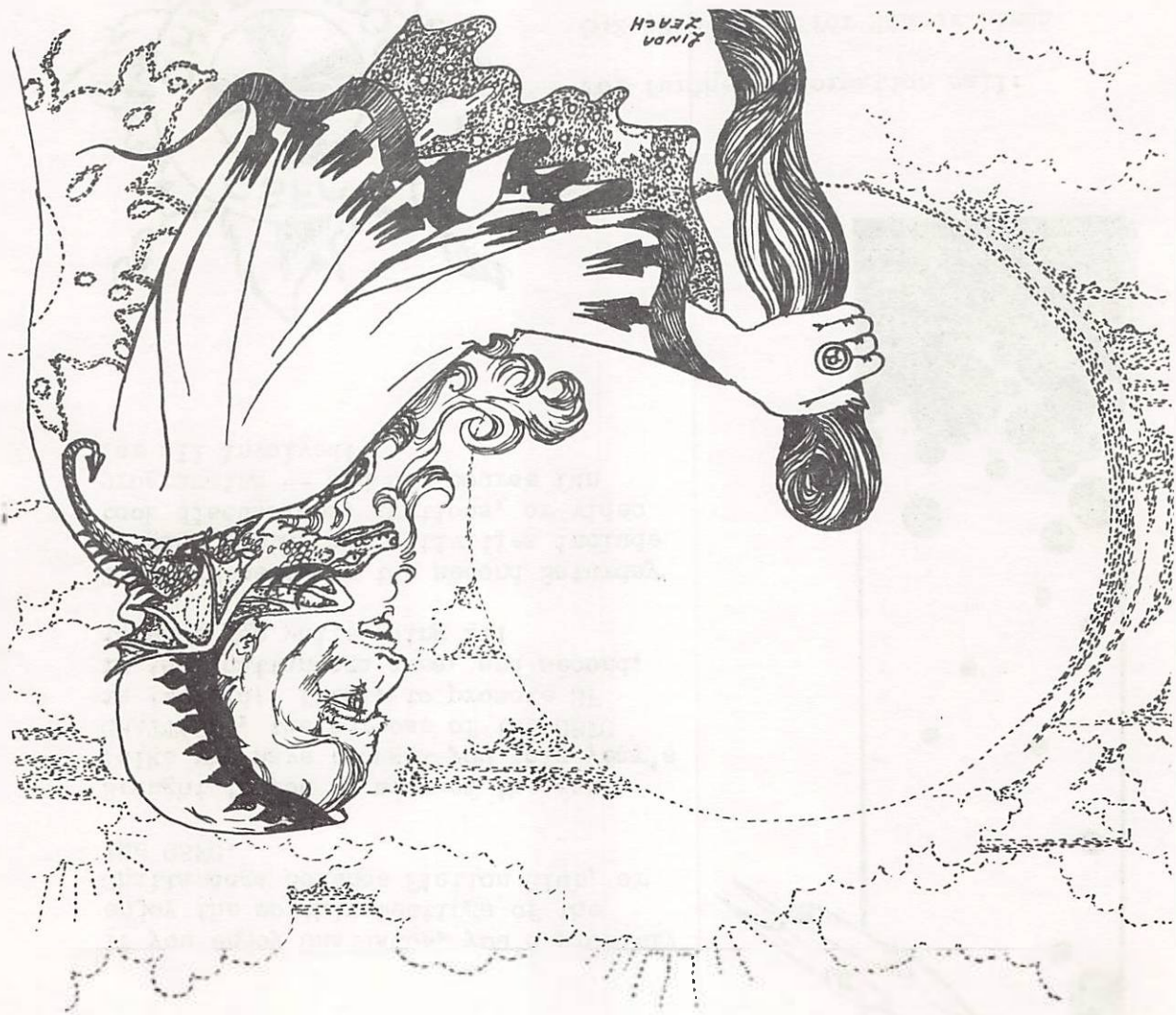
Irvin will punch me in the nose for this article, but it makes up for his face not being in the conboard illustration.

SPEAKING OF BABIES:

Jack & Eva Chalker

ANNOUNCE David Whitley Chalker

A fan is born! David Whitley Chalker came to Earth December 19, 1981; he was first sighted at 4:14 pm. The new creature is reported to be 9 lbs., 4 oz. He is 21 ins. long and has dirty blonde hair and blue eyes. He is possibly related to the chameleon family; he began life with brown hair.

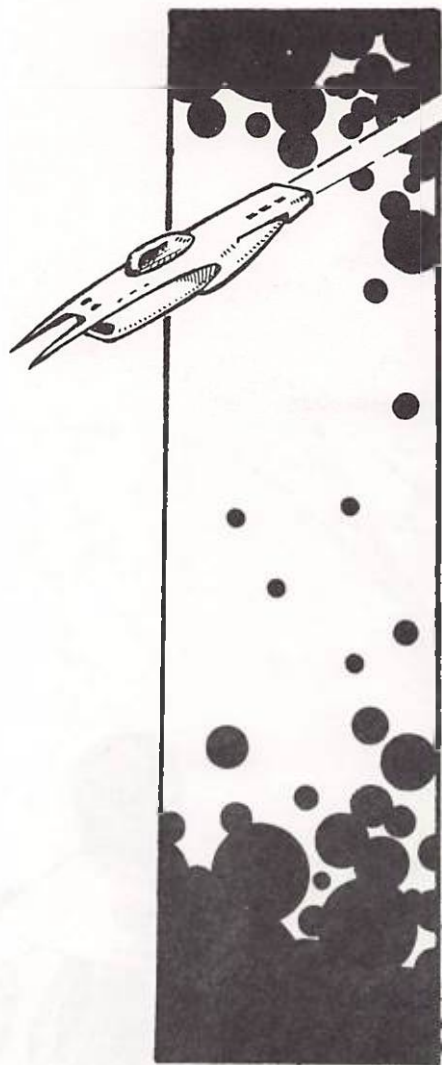


CSFC

If you enjoy CHATTACON, you'd probably enjoy the monthly meetings of the Chattanooga Science Fiction Club, or the CSFC.

Brought to you by many of the same folks who have brought you this year's CHATTACON, the purpose of the CSFC is twofold: first, to promote SF in the Chattanooga area, and second, to have fun while doing it!

The CSFC meets on the second Saturday of each month, and activities include book discussions, auctions, or video programming -- and of course fun for all involved!



For further information call:

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37415

"I am going to the Prescotts', Cassia," she announces, tying the bag to the wheelchair with a faded scarf. The floorboards creak as she pushes herself toward the door.

"Little Jeremy again?" I ask innocently, returning to my vegetables. "You really should stay out of that, Aunt Jana. 'Ama heals all--'"

"All they wish to heal!" she growls, working at her wheels. Then she stops and turns toward me. "Cass, you 'believers' get elaborate hospital treatment for every cough and rash, and those puffed-up hypocrites on the Auxiliary go right into the Medical Center for manicures--"

"Care of the body is the first concern of the blessed!"

--but let a little boy in the tenements get really sick, and where are the white medicopters then? Hm? Do they come for him?"

"He is a child of unbelievers. Ama's healing requires belief."

"He can be helped!" She rolls toward me, counting off symptoms on her fingers. "Painful breathing, soreness in his chest, coughing with a pinkish residue, chills and fever--it's a disease, Cass, pneumonia," she says the word carefully, "serious enough, but curable. With the mold medicines--"

"You actually claim healing power!"

She stares back at me, lips pressed into a hard white line then wheels for the door.

"Heretic!"

She jolts across the threshold.

"I name you heretic, Jana Harrell. . .!" But she is gone, the noise of her wheels rumbling and dying away in the empty hall. The ancient elevator groans. I look to my wristband, performing the ritual Air-Check-Upon-Disruption-of-Doorseals, thinking: yes, this could be the day at last.

I wait, and cut the fish. Chop. CHOP. The backbones crunch and separate. I cut the fish, and wait.

At last the elevator rises and footsteps clatter in the hall. The door opens and--yes--it is June Sheaffer, pulling off her breather and gasping.

"That old woman is dangerous," she tells me, tearing at her breather and inspecting its filters. All clean, I can see from here. She breathes deeply and shudders.

"She's crazy. . .I will testify. Oh, I'm still shaking! Call the Path and I will--"

"You mean 'Priest-Pathologists, 'don't you June? You forget yourself." I take off my apron and go toward her. "Before

I call them, sit, tell me what you saw." She sinks into a stained fold-out, her wide eyes staring.

"It was. . .she was there in the room. . .and s-she. . .

"Collect yourself, June. I will wait." I fold down the chair across from her and sit, calmly performing my breather inspection ritual as she struggles for control. A fool--but worth her weight in synthesized DNA.

"Now, June, start at the beginning."

"Yes, Orderly." She begins to smooth the breather filter back into place. "I heard her come off the elevator and roll down to the Prescotts' room. The door opened. I heard voice then footsteps, and the elevator went down to the arcade. Then I went down the hall. The door was open a crack. Unsealed! And there was a little talisman hanging on the doorknob, a healer's cross, red enamel. I pushed the door open, and there she was, sitting in the entrance to little Jeremy's cubicle, talking to him. The room was so bright, Orderly Cassia. . . she'd. . .she'd. . ." She is twisting her breather and sobbing.

"Oh come now, June!"

"She'd opened the windowseals--"

"What--"

"All the layers, nylon, plastics, enzyme matting. . .all pulled aside. . .fluttering. . .the wind. . .!"

"No. . ." I take a deep breath. "Have no fear, June. 'Ama heals.'"

"I know. 'Ama heals.' All the same, I choked, and slapped on my breather--"

"And she--"

--didn't see me. I checked all the rooms, but there was no one else on the floor. The warning light at the elevator had come on. I sealed off the room. It was all I could--"

"What about Jeremy?"

"She was holding him up to breathe more of it! Orderly, I wanted to kill her, to take Life, I swear, but--this is crazy--he did seem a little better, not gasping so much, not so blue at the lips. He still coughed though, and it hurt him. But she gave him drops of something, from one of her bottles, and a few minutes later he stopped! The coughing stopped! I hid outside the cubicle for a long time, and he didn't cough again."

"Hm. And then?"

She stares at the mangled breather in her lap. "She touched his chest all over, then his head, and his wrist--she held his wrist a long time--then his neck. I could almost

feel those fingers at my own throat! Then she leaned over and sniffed his breath, just like a cat! Oh, how have you lived with her this long?"

"For Ama, June, for Ama." It is a self-serving thing to say, but she is impressed. "What then?"

"She opened the black bag and took out a . . . a . . . some 'jerseyite thing or other. . ."

"What did it look like?"

"Like an amulet, in a way. Silver. . . cold looking, Orderly. Round, with two black tubes curving up, and more silver on the ends of the tubes. She hung that thing around her neck--in her ears maybe--and touched his flesh with it, all over his chest and back. . ."

"And after that?"

"She let him lie back again. Then. . . Cass. . . Orderly Cassia. . . she took something else out of her bag. . ."

"Yes?"

". . . A ne. . . a needle. . . huge, with a tube at one end, with numbers on it I think."

"Did the boy see it?"

"She showed it to him, Orderly! He was terrified, but she talked to him, low, I couldn't hear, until he wasn't afraid, until he smiled! Orderly, why wouldn't she let that poor child die in peace?"

"What did she. . ."

"She stabbed him with that needle, Orderly. She stuck it right in his arm! And he didn't even cry out! I think I fainted then, and she must have heard me fall. I woke with her fingers clawing at my breather. I screamed and scrambled away from her, making the sign to ward off illness. That made her angry. Her eyes snapped fire. Then she looked. . . sad, somehow. As if I had defiled a Clinic. . ." June subsides, weeping quietly. "I was so frightened, Orderly Cassia. I left the boy and came right to you. What can we do?"

"Think of Ama, June. Ama heals. Be calm."

"I can't be calm! It's all right for you. She's your aunt. You've lived with her, seen lots of her evil. But she terrifies me. Could she? I know I said I'd help, but I don't want. . ."

"June!" I give it my full authority, and she hears.

"Yes, Orderly-Acolyte." She says it calmly, with the proper dip of the head. Good.

"This thing is soon past, June, and we can forget about it. I will notify the Priest-Pathologists. They will call on you for your testimony. Then they will come for her, and there will be no more danger. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Then go home and wait, June. It won't be long."

"Yes Orderly." The breather goes back on, still intact somehow, and the doorseals suck shut behind her.

I have done it! I have caught her at her tricks, with June as witness! I tap at the terminal, smiling above the winking touchpoints. And smiling I cross to the galley to stir my stew. The false healer is denounced. I will return to the newcity with enhanced authority, perhaps with an internship in the Medical Center itself!

I lift the lid and watch as the vegetables simmer. Something jostles to the top of my mind. The old woman. . .she opened the windowseals to give the boy air. . .deadly, of course within hours. But, the old woman herself. . .Hm. Something out of place. . .I plunge the spoon into the stew and stir. Her garish 'jerseyite shift? The shawl? The black bag? All as usual. The breather? Yes, it was there, gaudy with air charms. But. . .the lid clatters back onto the pot as I twist around to stare at the door. She was right there, angry, leaving for the Prescotts'. And she went out--without assuming the breather! Contempt of Life! Wait. No. It was not quite blasphemy. Indulgence is allowed in inner hallways where the rooms are sealed and filtered. But downstairs, when she opened the seals for the boy, did she neglect the breather there too?

I adjust my own breather with the briefest of invocations and leave the room, pulling on my kitsmock, its pleats rustling stiffly about my knees. I check its sheathed instruments and supply-pockets as the elevator descends, then step out into the red murk of the warning light in the Prescotts' hallway. I open the door, the talisman rattling on the plastic-coated wood, and she is there, in the cubicle with Jeremy. A shape merely, a dark outline in the glare from the open window. My throat contracts, but there is no luxury for weakness now. The heretic has seen me. She turns her breatherless face to look at me. I have won!

"So, little Amite, you are here. No doubt the white snapping hounds of the Path are close behind."

"Near enough, old woman. So, you break seals, and breathe contamination barefaced!" My eyes are adjusting. I can see her bag standing open on the bedside shelf. "But blasphemy is not enough for you! No, you practice barbarism to save unbelievers--heretics, Jana--whom Ama seeks to purge!"

"This boy? A heretic? Look again, Cass. He is barely nine."

"The sins of the parents, heretic, contaminate the children." I glance at the bed. Jeremy is small, a little red-head. "He couldn't live even if Ama's healing were invoked."

"Don't be so sure, Cassia. Look at this." She hands me a card, a biosign chart, something like our print-out at the Clinic. The few symbols I can decipher among the gibberish seem to indicate improvement.

"Mockery too, Jana?" I crush the chart and fling it aside. "Since you cannot destroy the holy work I suppose you must profane it," I gesture toward the open window, "and end your own defeated life as well. Your heresy is proven." I move toward her, but she wheels aside and I find myself standing beside the bed.

"Doesn't a child's life mean anything to you, Cass? You were monitoring two days ago when the Clinic turned him away. Well, look at him now! His breathing is easier, the chest soreness reduced, his bodytemp close to normal." She holds up a vial of liquid, pale straw-colored. "With penicillin, and plenty of fresh air. . ."

Clearly the child is better, sleeping easily, with a thin wash of color in his cheeks.

"A temporary improvement, old woman. But useless. He is an unbeliever. The air alone would kill him in any case." I snatch the bottle from her and return to my post at the cubicle's entrance, juggling it with one hand. "But talk a while more, Jana. The Priest-Pathologists appreciate details."

She follows me a little distance, then stops. There is softness in her look--irksome--as if I were the ailing child.

"Cassia, have you ever seen an air death? Or known anyone who did? The pollution is gone from the air, has been for decades, and the seas are improving--"

"You've no shame at all, have you?" I throw the bottle into her case and snap it shut. "It is Ama who promises purification, a new heaven and a new Earth, but first the heretic--your kind, Jana--the heretics must be purged! I am doing my part!" I set the bag under a table in the front room, out of her reach. Her eyes are on me again when I return.

"It is true that you have worked for a sounder ecology. When the A.M.A. was finally convinced--"

"You mean Ama."

"No Cass, the American Medical Association--an organization of physicians, originally. They developed city-scale filtering and purging techniques during the Urban Epidemics, and came into power as directors of the environmental police. They forced the change to cleaner technologies. Your anti-septic newcities and the medical techniques which seem like

miracles to me are only part of the result. The air has cleaned itself--"

"Impossible. Ama would have told us."

"Your superiors know, Cassia, but they're no longer the old A.M.A. Neither the ArchSurgeoncy nor that sanitized aristocracy you call a Medical Center Auxiliary can see much gain in letting the masses breathe."

"It is not true."

"Cassia, be sensible. I've been breathing free air for years. Am I dead?"

"You are a liar!"

"Look how Jeremy has improved--in two short days!"

"Treatment at the Medical Center could do as much in hours!"

"Of course. Genetically engineered micro-organisms to fight infection, lung tissue regeneration, but those cures are not available to him--any more than the disease-preventative sacraments and rituals--because his parents dared to oppose the A.M.A. in some trifling way!"

"They are free marriage advocates, opposed to regulated genetic matching."

"I wondered. So, under the loving care of the A.M.A. an innocent child must die, unless I or some other fugitive healer risk life and limb to help him."

"Folk healing, Jana! Witchcures!"

"The charms are camouflage, Cassia. You know that. But the remedies are often very helpful, and the mold medicines--penicillin, streptomycin--are effective drugs. My lab may have seemed barbarous to you--don't look shocked, Cass, I know you snooped--but how much do you actually know about healing? Hm? Computers develop your medicines and treatments. Electronic chrysalises administer them, and do all the patient-care dirty work. You just read the print-outs!"

"I think you've said enough, Jana."

"No, let me finish. My methods may be less ascetic than yours, and slower, but they work! The spore cultures produce potent drugs, which that little processor you saw can purify and test--unattended--in a matter of hours. And no 'unbeliever' has ever turned down my healing for fear of the needle, Cass. It's not as painful as--"

"Quiet, heretic! Barbarian! Surely you must have some decency. . ." I am raving. I strive for control. "Ama will not allow such obscenity to. . .fester. . .in a civilized city!"

"Oh, 'Ama' won't. I see. I suppose you didn't know that my healing is ancient, with an underground of hundreds. . ."

Her eyes flash up at me. "When you were teething I was already a veteran, Cass! And your heavybooted Path never got close to me--till these wheels slowed me, cut me off from the network. . ." She looks down at her breather, fiddling with its border of amulets. "I did hope, Cassia. . .oh, what's the use." Her eyes flame suddenly, and she pounds at the battered wheelchair with both fists. "I couldn't even get a self-propelled one, Cass. Couldn't afford one--even if the A.M.A. had let one slip through their fingers--but it hasn't stopped me!" Her hands cling to the wheels, then slowly drop. "Anyway, I've saved a lot more lives than 'Ama' can take from me now."

"Ama is just, old woman. You commit heresy against Purification, against Life itself. You've condemned yourself--here, today--a dozen times over! If you are ignorant or insane which I doubt, the Priest-Pathologists will detect it, and treat you without prejudice. If not, you will be disposed of as Ama decrees."

"Hm! No doubt what 'Ama' will decree!"

"Jana!"

"What about the boy?"

I look again at his sleeping face. "I suppose his parents could have been charged improperly. I will speak to the Priest-Pathologists."

"I am afraid it's up to you, Cass. He's seen too much. The Path won't let him live."

"Jana, you can't mean. . .that they would murder an innocent child!" The tension has gone from her tired old features. Her eyes are steady, sad. She does believe it. Every word. "Jana, how could you think. . ." Her eyes drop to the breather again. She plays with it idly, loosening one of the charms. I sigh, and draw the sleepcap from my smock.

"We've no more to say, Jana. I'll put this on you now." She shrugs, and sits unflinching as I fit it to her temples. Then her eyes are on me again.

"The boy?"

"He will be cared for." I touch the theta-wave inducer, and her chin sinks into the ragged shawl.

The boy. He is so small among the blankets. His arm, clutching a plastic cat, is no more than bones. I rummage through the covers for his breather and place it on him with the proper invocations. His face is cool, feverless. Maybe there is a chance. . .

"Nurse Jana?" He is awake, clear-eyed.

". . .uh. . .Nurse Jana is taking a rest, child. In her chair. . .see? You just go back to sleep--"

"No! I want Nurse Ja--" I snatch another sleepcap from my smock. He squirms and wriggles as I try to fit it on him.

"Nurse Jana! Mama! Help!"

No wonder all children are sleepcapped at the Clinic!

"Just a moment, child, Jeremy! Just a moment. . ." I grab him about the chest, and evidently some soreness remains. He stiffens, gasping. Oh no, oh child, and I slip the cap on his head. He slumps crookedly against the pillows. I straighten him and pull up the cover. Jeremy, I didn't mean. . .

"Orderly Cassia! Are you all right?"

I wipe my eyes quickly and pick up a sheet of seal fabric from the floor.

"Are they--"

"They are sleeping. Here, help me with the windowseals."

"Yes, Orderly." She edges away from the open window. "I mean, no. The Path are here--"

"Priest-Pathologist, June! How often--"

"Yes, Orderly. We heard the shouting from my room. They sent for you."

"Oh? Good. Here, finish the seals." I shove the fabric into her hands. "Then wait with these two. I am going to talk with the Pathologists."

In the Prescotts' main room I straighten my breather and smooth my kitsmock over the white bodyglove beneath. Then I go, meditating for calmness. At the elevator I pass the Assistant Pathologist, and salute him, hand before breather, as I continue down the hall. I have just reached June's door when her voice cries out behind me. There are sounds of tearing plastic. . .descending screams. . .then glass breaks far below

I am stunned. I turn, start back down the hall. But the Priest-Pathologist is at the door, calling to me. What? What is happening. . .There are struggling sounds. . .something falls, furniture. Why is he holding me? There is a keening 'jerseyite wail. . .Jana!. . .then more glass breaks, and arcade air defense sirens whine for blocks around.

The child. . .No! Jeremy! . . .the child begins to scream. I try to run but the Pathologist is holding me. The screams are muffled now. I struggle with him, almost tripping, and have dragged him half way to the elevator before the whimpering, strangling sounds have stopped.

He lets me go then. He holds me by one shoulder, congratulating me for my victory, admonishing my continued faithfulness to Ama. I turn away from him and walk down the hall to the Prescotts', my breather dangling.

Jana's wheelchair is overturned on the cubicle floor.

There is a small sheetcovered form on the bed. June was a renegade, the Assistant tells me. She freed Jana, and was trying to help her escape. (Through the window? Jana, the cripple?) Both fell to the arcades below. The boy? Air death, he says, inevitable. . .

The eyes above his breather are cold as steel. I look at them, the sounds of struggle still loud in my ears, the free air acrid--no, salt! tangy!--on my tongue.

What have I done?

Ama. . .Jana. . .what have I done?

My throat aches. . .he is looking at me. . .what can I do, he is looking. . .I make the half-formed sob into a cough and grab for my breather, weeping out terrified invocations. I dig into a pocket for anti-contaminents and. . .there's an amulet there, open. . .with ribbons, and a paper inside! Jana! I leave it there and pull out a pellet to chew on, coughing mightily. There is work to be done, and I have so much to learn!



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