

ATLANTA IN '86



"I SEE A WORLD CON IN YOUR FUTURE."

WORLD CON ATLANTA, INC./ATLANTA IN '86 P. O. BOX 10094, ATLANTA, GA. 30319

WELCOME

ConTents

to Satyricon II, the twenty-first annual DeepSouthCon! This is a very special occasion, a coming-of-age party for Southern Fandom, and our committee and staff, fans from all over the South, have worked long and hard to make it a memorable one. We've got a great lineup of guests, notable not only for their considerable achievements but for their friendliness and openness to fans, as well (if you fail to meet and chat with any of them, you've only yourself to blame). We've got an exciting program of events, films, and video shows, as well as the traditional trappings of the DSC--masquerade, Hearts tournament, art show and auction, huckster room, con suite stocked with beer and soft drinks, games room. We've got a Welcoming Dance on Friday night, featuring one of Knoxville's hottest bands, the Dig-bees. There should be a room party or two going most of the night. And we expect a large group of fans from all over the place. In short, if you can't have a good time here, see a doctor--you may be dead!

Well, what are you waiting for? Get on with it!

--VERNON CLARK, *Chairman*
Satyricon II/DSC XXI



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Editor's Page

Welcome to Satyricon II/DSC XXI and to the Program Book. Every effort has been made to make this Book not only useful to you as you try to decide what to do and where to go during the convention, but to make it something you'll want to take home with you and treasure. And thanks to the efforts of the con staff and the generosity of our guests, we think we've succeeded on both counts.

In the middle of the Book you'll find the easy-reference Program Schedule, an overview of what's going on at any given time in the Main, Alternate, Video, and Film Programming Rooms. The schedule of films was not set by press time, so we've left space for you to write this in. More complete descriptions of each program item will be found in the separate programming sections which immediately precede or follow the Program Schedule. A floor plan of the convention area is on page 32. For those of you who wish to venture forth and sample Knoxville's culinary delights, our resident gourmand, Uncle Thrills, has prepared a Guide to Grub which can be found beginning on page 60.

Our special section devoted to our guests leads off with Associate Editor David Pettus' article on STEPHEN KING, based on a previously unpublished interview with Steve a couple years back, and includes contributions from KARL EDWARD WAGNER, CHELSEA QUINN YARBRO, CHARLES L. GRANT, DENNIS ETCHISON, GERALD W. PAGE, SHARON WEBB, and others. An interesting switcheroo was pulled on a few of these folks, as we asked them to write about the person who, unbeknownst to them, was in turn writing about them. We think you'll enjoy these articles as much as we do. We'd like to especially thank John Mayer, our cover artist, for offering us a glimpse into the hitherto-hidden past of Knoxville's favorite son, KARL WAGNER.

The Book's *piece de resistance* begins on page 42. STEPHEN KING has been kind enough to allow us to give you an advance peek at his new novel, Pet Sematary! Unlike most excerpts from novels, "The Return of Timmy Baterman" is a complete story in itself, and

it's a good'un! As if we needed any other excuse than the name Stephen King on the title page, this excerpt has decided us to be first in line for the new book when it comes out this fall!

Rounding out the book are a guide to amateur press associations, a look at the history of the DSC, and listings of past winners of the Rebel, Phoenix, and Southpaw awards and the Hearts Championship of the Universe.

All in all, we think it's a helluva package, a reference that won't lose its utility after the con is over. And we're proud to have been able to bring it to you.

And now, if I may be allowed to step out of the editorial we for a moment, I'd like to especially thank Associate Editor David Pettus, for assistance in soliciting contributions; Con Chairman Vernon Clark, for too many helpful actions to itemize; and all the contributors, professionals and fans, who took the time to send material, often on short notice. Heartfelt thanks to all, and I hope you enjoy!

--RUSTY BURKE, Editor

Art

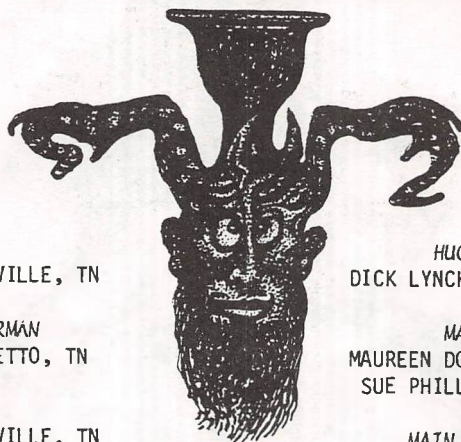
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OF COURSE I DON'T
BELIEVE IN WEREWOLVES!
WHY DO YOU ASK?



The Southern Fandom Confederation (SFC) was organized in 1969, at the seventh DSC right here in Knoxville, to be the means to "improve communications between science fiction and fantasy (sf&f) fans" in the South (originally defined as Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia--Arkansas was added in 1976). The next year, at DSC VIII in Atlanta, Meade Frierson III was elected President of the SFC, a position he has held ever since. For a dozen years, Meade has provided invaluable service to Southern Fandom, publishing two SFC Handbooks (in 1977 and 1980) and numerous Bulletins which have served as the major references to fan activity in the South. Under Meade's guidance, the SFC has grown and prospered. Anyone who has been to a convention during this period has more than likely met Meade, holding forth in the con suite, readily identifiable by his much-decorated denim jacket or dark blue blazer, both proudly sporting the SFC patch. For BNFs and neos alike, he has served as the source of news and referrals. Under Meade, the SFC has become perhaps the best and most important regional organization in fandom.

This year, for the first time in the history of the SFC, Meade Frierson III will not be a candidate for President at the traditional DSC Sunday noon SFC meeting. He has served long and well, and now wishes to devote his time to other interests.

Southern Fandom owes Meade a debt of gratitude that simply cannot be adequately expressed. However, the DSC XXI committee would like to make one small step in that direction.

FOR HIS DEDICATED SERVICE AS PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN FANDOM CONFEDERATION; FOR HIS HERCULEAN LABORS IN FACILITATING COMMUNICATION AMONG SOUTHERN FANS; FOR HIS PATIENCE AND GOOD HUMOR; AND FOR HIS UNSWERVING DEDICATION TO THE CAUSE: IT IS TO

MEADE FRIERSON III

THAT THIS PROGRAM BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY,
AND LOVINGLY, DEDICATED.

Thank you, Meade, from the heart.



**THE
TIMELESS
LOVECRAFT**

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STEPHEN KING

by David Pettus

Stephen King began his professional writing career in 1974 with a novel titled Carrie. He has made a real reputation for himself since then as the most popular writer of horror fiction alive today. There are over forty million copies of his books in print currently.

Steve is a big man in more ways than one: he is six feet, three inches tall and weighs around two hundred pounds. He has jet-black hair, blue eyes, and a distinctive smile. He likes beer--lots of beer--and good conversation. He has a wonderful sense of humor. I met Steve for the first time in 1980, at the Kubla Khan in Nashville. For all of his popularity then as a best-selling writer, Steve seemed very modest and unsure as to what the excitement was all about. I participated in a press-conference-style interview with him at that time and I was especially impressed with his laid-back manner and attitude. Ask him about writing and he'll tell you:

"Writing to me is a job. Like being a plumber or a scientist or a truck driver or anything else. It's what I do to make money. And that's why I'm not sure why you're here, because there is nothing I can say except what Joe the Bartender would tell you about life and God and everything else."

Steve has a down-to-earth attitude when it comes to writing, and he says that he is no stylist, though he can respond to stylistic writing techniques when the spirit moves him. And despite everything he says, I think the really big difference between Stephen King and plumbers and truck drivers and bartenders is that Stephen King writes wonderful books and sells the film rights for big bucks. Furthermore, he does it writing horror.

Steve is thirty-five years old. He grew up reading the horror comics and watching scary movies. He has even written a book about all that stuff, titled Danse Macabre. More than most of us, Steve King has absorbed horror. He has been influenced by the masters--both writers and movie makers--and now he is a master in his own right.

"I had a strict religious upbringing, and it influenced some of my interest in horror--just the images of hell and all that. But later on, when I started to read horror, I embraced Lovecraft. And Lovecraft is okay. But then Richard Matheson came along, and he was doing horror in the suburbs--he was saying that something could happen on your street, next door, and wouldn't necessarily have to happen in a haunted house. And later on William Peter Blatty comes along with The Exorcist and does what Matheson was doing much better all along, but for some reason ends up with a best-seller on his hands and a popular film.

"But the real break for me, as far as Lovecraft is concerned, came when I realized that Lovecraft wasn't talking about God. Rather, he is dealing with a pantheon of demons with no opposing force! There is no sense of 'good' as a real 'force', something that can move the world, and we know that it can. We see that happen. And people seem to feel that horror fiction glamorizes evil--that there isn't any way that the good guy can win. And one of the things that I like to do in my books is illustrate that good people can win. And that good people can draw upon what I call the 'force of white'. It isn't just God, it's beyond God. A force for goodness."

You don't have to be a book critic to see that Steve is preoccupied with the concepts of good and evil. His books are permeated with the clash between good and evil, and the effects that good and evil have on ordinary men, women, and children. It's one thing to be influenced by a specific literary tradition. It's another thing altogether to take that tradition one step farther, and so create a new literary standard. Steve has certainly done that with the horror genre. Horror is in vogue! For the first time ever, readers with a special interest in dark fantasy can stand proud. I think the current popularity of horror is largely the result of Steve's influence. But you'll never get him to admit it. He doesn't feel responsible:

"One of the reasons I'm successful is because I happened to be at the right place at the right time. When I was a kid, writing horror stuff in grade school and then in high school, I used to just say to myself, 'Jesus, I wish I'd been born in the thirties and forties', because I idolized Robert Bloch, Frank Belknap Long, Manly Wade Wellman, and the list goes on and on. And I knew that those guys had a market. A place to sell the stuff that they wrote. So what if it was only a penny a word? In 1931 an apartment in New York City cost sixty-five dollars a month. Two bedroom! And I used to say that, 'If I'd lived in those days I could pound that typewriter and I could turn out five or six or seven stories a month and I could live on it.' But I grew up in the sixties. Everyone wanted to be a computer scientist--and the big ticket to movie sales was the technological stuff. This resurgence of interest in horror has just kind of come along and picked me up. But I didn't go to horror--horror just came to where I was."

Responsible or not, Steve has been keeping the fire hot. Every year he offers us another best-selling book, and another good excuse to keep reading horror. I think Steve has been an inspiration to many up-and-coming writers who specialize in horror fiction. He has also had quite an impact

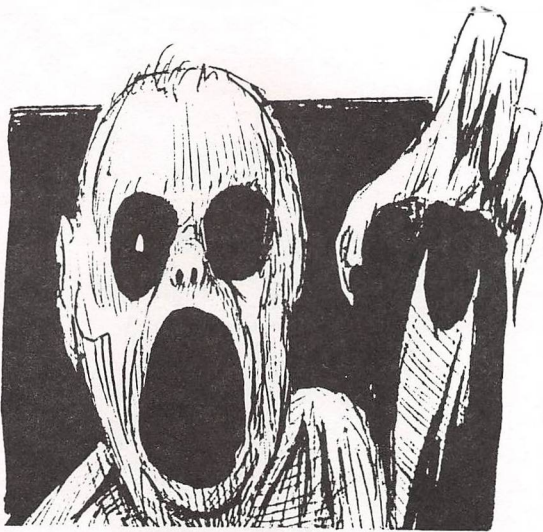
upon film. Carrie, The Shining, and Salem's Lot have been adapted to the cinema. The Dead Zone, Firestarter, and Cujo went into production last year. Steve is writing the screenplay for The Stand (my favorite book) also. There is a definite visual slant to Steve's fiction, and I think one reason his books are so popular with everyone is that reading a Stephen King book is a lot like going to the movies. Much of Steve's financial success stems from that fact:

"I think it comes from growing up with the films. I think that everybody who is my age, say up to about thirty-five years of age...they know the image long before they know the word. Now, some writers have a better visual sense than others. Hemingway certainly had it. Your visual sense has nothing to do with how well you write but it has a lot to do with how well your work sells to movies, because movie people don't read a book and say, 'Gee! This is a fantastic story! I can't wait to put it on the screen!' They don't care about the story.

"Primarily, they have some idea of plot, but even that is kind of a vague thing. What they see is the image; they say, 'We can do this--we can show the car going over the cliff--we can show the vampire in a school bus full of kids' or whatever it happens to be. And that's why they buy. And that's why they buy my books. The pictures. The pictures are easier to see for them."

Last year a film titled Creepshow was released. Steve wrote the screenplay, and also had a starring role in the movie. He collaborated with his good friend George





Romero to produce this motion picture. Romero is most famous for Night of the Living Dead, a horror movie classic. More than anything else, Creepshow is a film tribute to the old EC comics. You'll get a chance to see Creepshow here at DeepSouthCon XXI. Also, be sure to check out the Huckster Room while you're here and keep an eye out for books like The Dark Tower: The Gunslinger by Steve and Fear Itself: The Horror Fiction of Stephen King edited by Tim Underwood and Chuck Miller. The Dark Tower is comprised of inter-related tales infrequently published in The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction. Together, these make for some of Steve's best writing and the book is lavishly illustrated by Michael Whelan. Donald M. Grant is the publisher. Fear Itself contains insightful critical essays about Steve King written by, among others, some people you can meet here at DeepSouthCon XXI: Charles L. Grant, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, and Peter Straub. For all of Steve's popularity, Fear Itself is the first critical anthology to come along which puts an emphasis upon his fiction. It's about time, and we have Underwood/Miller Press to thank for it. I mention both of these books because they are produced by specialty publishers who print only limited editions. You won't find these on the shelf at your local bookstore. They are very special volumes indeed.

Books that you can find on the shelf at your local bookstore include Different Sea-

sons, which has been available for a year in hardcover and which will appear in paperback soon. People who have read the book now know that Steve writes more than horror. Sometimes he slips into the mainstream a bit. Back in 1980 I asked him if he was changing directions in his writing:

"That's not for me to say. If a writer knows that he is changing directions then that presupposes that he has a blueprint or a gameplan that he is following, and that he can say, 'Well, I'm doing this now and next I'll do that, and I'll bend it here and there and this and that'. But I think that you have to write what really turns you on--God gives you only so many ideas that are worth writing down--when you get one, you play around with it, and if it stays alive over a period of months or years then you write about it. And it has nothing to do with whether it's straight-out horror, or something that's a little bit softer, or something that's totally mainstream. You just do it.

"In about two years I'm doing a collection, a book called Different Seasons, which is comprised of some novellas that have never been published before--they run one-hundred to one-hundred-twenty-five pages each--and they're mainstream-type stories. But the thing is, I wrote them because I had to write them. I really wanted to. But when you write a story that's one-hundred-twenty pages long and it isn't science fiction or horror, then there is no market for it anyway. You're writing it because you feel that you have to, and you know damn well that it will be put away in the drawer when you're finished with it because nobody wants to buy a mainstream story unless it's a novel, or a short story for The New Yorker or something like that. So I'm very happy about the book.

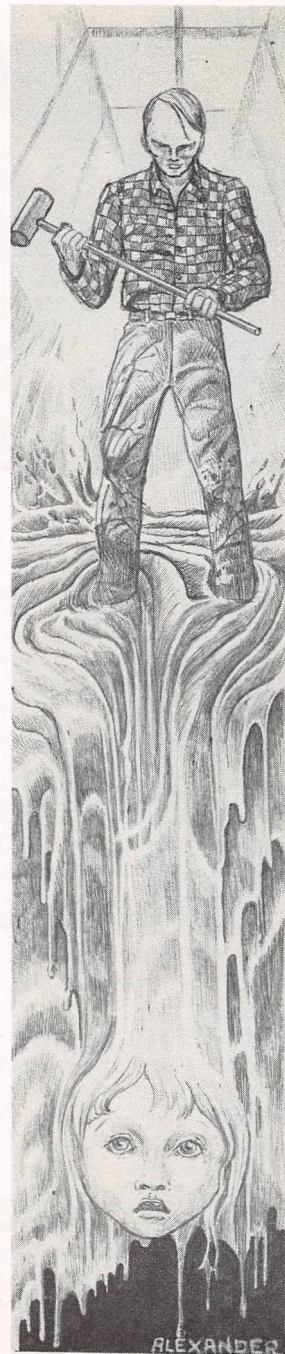
"I don't have any big 'plan'. And I doubt that after I'm dead and gone people are going to read me. But if they do, they'll probably be high school and college teachers who'll say, 'Well, this is what King is doing here, and this is what King is doing there'. But writers don't know where they're going.

They just write. I can say that there are certain things that interest me from book to book, and they don't change-- good and evil and how they confront one another and things like that.

"I ask, 'What do people do?' What happens when somebody that you know disappears, and all your friends that know that individual suddenly say, 'Who? What?' How do you react to that? That's what I want to know, and that doesn't change either. But as far as what direction I'm going, that's for someone with a graduate degree to decide."

Just this spring Viking Press released Steve's latest novel, Christine, about a haunted car and, as always, ordinary people in the clutches of good and evil. Steve must write in his sleep! Sometime in the near future we can expect to see yet another collection of fine short fiction titled Night Moves, which will be a companion volume to an already-published collection of short stories called Night Shift. And then there are finished novels like The Cannibals and Pet Sematary, which have yet to be published, and a graphic novel with art by Berni Wrightson called Cycle of the Werewolf (Steve also worked with Wrightson to produce the illustrated book version of Creepshow), and a book titled Talisman, which Steve and Peter Straub worked together on. I've seen the opening segment of a work-in-progress titled The Plant, and for a long time now he's been kicking around the idea of writing a sequel to Salem's Lot. I'm all for that! When he finds the time, Steve is working on a book titled It. He says that It is his best book yet. He refers to It as his magnum opus. Need I say more?

Steve is no glory hound. Writing is a solitary craft and Steve tends toward the solitary lifestyle. He attends only two conventions per year, and so it is indeed an honor to have him here with us in Knoxville as our Guest of Honor for the twenty-first annual DeepSouthCon!



The Killer's Creator

KARL WAGNER:

Some Biographical Notes

by John F. Mayer

THE STANDARD BIOGRAPHY goes something like this: Born and raised in Knoxville, where he dabbled in esoterica while attending the University of Tennessee. Medical school at the University of North Carolina. Makes his home in Chapel Hill with his wife, Barbara. Author of three novels--Darkness Weaves (1970), Bloodstone (1975), and Dark Crusade (1976)--and two short-story collections--Death Angel's Shadow (1973) and Night Winds (1977)--featuring the immortal wanderer Kane, and a recently published collection of short horror fiction, In A Lonely Place, all available in paperback from Warner Books. Also wrote novels featuring Robert E. Howard's characters Conan (The Road of Kings) and Bran Mak Morn (Legion From The Shadows). Editor of DAW Books' Year's Best Horror series from Vol. VIII, and of the Authorized Conan series from Berkeley Books (of which unfortunately only three have seen print--Red Nails, People of the Black Circle, and The Hour of the Dragon). Partner in the award-winning Carcosa publishing venture.

Recently, our editorial offices were visited by a mysterious figure bearing a remarkable resemblance to Jack Nicholson, with the body of, and speaking in the husky voice of, a trained athlete. His manner was diffident, yet we detected an underlying strength of purpose which lent authority to his words.

"I understand you are the editor of the DeepSouthCon Program Book," he ventured.

We replied in the affirmative.

"And I understand Karl Edward Wagner is to be a guest at that convention," he further essayed.

We complimented his perspicacity.

"I thought perhaps you would be interested in bringing to light the truth about Karl Wagner. I have with me a manuscript which tells, for the first time, the real story of those years which have lain shrouded in darkness, those years which Karl has deliberately attempted to conceal from the public."

And who was our visitor, we asked, to shed light on a question which has baffled the most ardent researchers?

"I grew up with Karl Wagner. We were... friends."

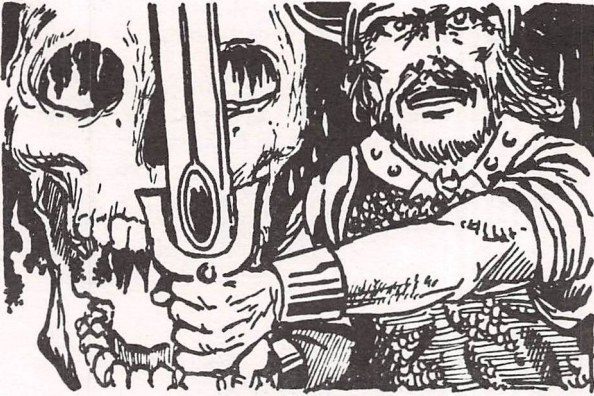
Our visitor abruptly dropped a plain manila envelope on our desk, turned upon his heels, and was gone. With trembling fingers, we undid the clasp and drew forth the following manuscript.



Wagner dreamt that he entered the attic of an old house and saw a gaunt, raw-boned man gazing out the window. When the man turned to him, Wagner thought his coarse features and red hair familiar. "Yes," he responded to Wagner's query, "I would think you might recognize me. I'm Abel."

What sort of person would choose to explore the motivations and emotions of Kane, the man who invented murder, rather than some more heroic figure? What sinister influences in this ill-favored river town--labeled by world traveller John Gunther as "the ugliest city in the United States"--twisted his youthful creative impulses to such a bent?

Do these influences, perhaps, stretch back to the pre-Cherokee Yuchi River Culture, said to have migrated here from Aztec lands and to have practiced human sacrifice? Or to the mysterious caucasoid Melungeons, whose origins have so baffled anthropologists? Or did they originate with the founding ruffians and slatterns described by chronicler James Weir, who passed through in 1798 (see Paul Wellman's Spawn of Evil): "It was said by a gentleman of the neighborhood that 'the Devil is grown so old that it renders him incapable of travelling and he has taken up in Knox-



ville and there hopes to spend the remaining part of his days...as he believes he is among friends.'" Do these unholy currents have a bearing on the recent bizarre events at the Peruvian exhibit at the 1982 World's Fair?

Certainly Wagner's protege, "African Queen" screenwriter and Knoxville native James Agee felt it when he spoke of Darkness "bending close its ragged maw" on Forest Avenue, the setting for Wagner's "Where The Summer Ends".

About the time Agee left Knoxville to join the WPA Writers' Project, Wagner was holding court with the jaded literati of the Knoxville opera scene. He soon abandoned them for the Bohemian vaudevillians and wrestlers who were beginning to draw patrons from the old Lyric Opera House across the street to the Bijou, which still stands on South Gay Street (and which is, bye the bye, the setting for David Madden's national best-seller, *Bijou*). It was probably within this demimonde that Wagner first encountered the hallucinogens that were later to so influence his "acid gothic" style. Fascinated, Wagner journeyed with Ambrose Bierce to Mexico to witness an Aztec peyote ritual. Unfortunately, Bierce disappeared without a trace during this trip and Wagner was forced to continue on alone. He booked a steamer berth to Shanghai, where there is no word for virtue, and thence to the Chinese interior where he encountered many exotic herbs and extracts, new to him but known to the Chinese for ages beyond all memory as shortcuts to the expansion of the mind and as tonics to lengthen

life (Wagner attributes his remarkably youthful vigor to the continued use of some of these). During this sojourn he met and compared notes with the English orientalist Sax Rohmer, author of the Fu Manchu series. They continued to correspond until their falling out over Rohmer's public revelations of the secrets of the Si Fan, shortly before his death of a mysterious oriental poison.

Paradoxically, Wagner's study of esoteric oriental mysteries provoked an interest in the discoveries of western science. He returned to this country and enrolled in medical school at the University of North Carolina. Despite some scandal involving unauthorized experiments, he received his M.D. in psychiatry. While serving his residency he published an important monograph on the Renfield Syndrome or arachnophagia: compulsive spider-eating. Inexplicably, he abandoned his medical career after one year, and began to write unnervingly realistic horror stories, notably the Kane series. (see Wagner's unauthorized autobiography *What The Bobcat Knew*). Already popular in the pulps, Wagner's stories really caught on during the Second World War (Wagner was denied the opportunity to serve because of his age. Toward the end of the conflict he did advance some remarkable proposals that would eventually have provided the U.S. an army of supermen. Unfortunately, he was ignored by the War Department).

Wagner's contemporaries had a high regard for his writing and often confessed their indebtedness to him. Robert E. Howard said, "Wagner's a Texan at heart with a flair for two-fisted action and two-fisted drinking." Clark Ashton Smith remarked, "He draws upon an elder lexicon, scattering esoteric archaisms through the convoluted vagaries of his eldritch prose, arcane words that glitter like jewels in a catafalque." And H.P. Lovecraft confided to a visitor, through the keyhole, "The man's sick."

Wagner's fiction has had a devoted cult following since the forties and is now enjoying renewed popularity. Just recently his works were banned from the libraries of public schools in West Virginia. Let's hope he continues to write for us another 84 years.

Mrs. Peel, You're Needed

by Karl Edward Wagner

If Robert E. Howard could have run into someone like Barbara Mott fifty years ago, chances are he'd still be writing Conan stories today, and generations of fans would have envied him for his wonderful wife--the life of legendary con parties and epic drinking bouts that were still going strong long after Two-Gun Bob had slid under the coffee table and lost interest in further mayhem. Fortunately for me, I did run into someone like Barbara Mott--the original edition, no less--and as a consequence I'm still writing Kane stories and snoring under tables while Barbara holds court over a room full of bleary-eyed fans whose chief hope is that someone will clone about a dozen Barbaras and give them con memberships.

It demands a certain sort of crazy masochism to be married to a writer. I suppose that's why so many writers go through several marriages or remain celibate. I certainly never would have married me. Well, remained good friends, perhaps--but certainly nothing serious. By definition, all writers are crazy--subject to fits of staring off into space, roaming about the house muttering, digging through the refrigerator at all hours in the eternal quest for that forgotten beer behind the stale turkey carcass you've been feeding on for a week and a half.

Worse, writers don't have a respectable job, and they don't keep normal hours; they're either performing the Anvil Chorus on a typewriter while you're trying to sleep in the next room, or snoring placidly in the cold grim hours of the dawn while you get dressed to go earn a living. Barbara, poor creature, thought she was marrying a doctor. A year after our marriage, I left medicine and began to write full time--which meant that Barbara had to get a steady job to pay the bills in between all those two-figure advance checks. I think she was even happier than I was when I decided to quit medicine, but then I've already explained that writers and their spouses are both crazy.

We had it tough. For the first year or two of our marriage, our only bed was a narrow single brass bed in the same room in which I worked. Barbara would sleep on a couch in the living room, until I gave up beating my typewriter for the night. But we were lucky to have a bed, or a typewriter. Before this, I used to have to work 28 hours a day, printing each letter by hand with a broken bit of dirt, pay an editor to take the manuscript, and then we'd huddle together under a sodden newspaper on a bed of nails in the middle of a mud puddle. But you try to tell young writers that today...



Guy Lillian

by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro

I first met Guy 15 (was it really?)(yes it was) years ago at a Littlemen meeting which was discussing that new and controversial tome, Dangerous Visions. He was then a student at Cal and I was still a statistical demographic cartographer who had yet to sell a story. With science fiction as the base, we began one of those conversational friendships that are not uncommon in the field.

What struck me about Guy back then, and continues to impress me, is that Guy truly cares about science fiction. It matters to him that it should be of good quality, that worthwhile writers should be recognized and encouraged and that shlock and shlock merchants be discouraged. This is always refreshing in a field that often opts for the tried-and-true tales instead of the innovative material. Even when we have not agreed, as inevitably we occasionally have not, he is always someone whose opinion I listen to and respect because he is not simply talking off the top of his head or out of some dogmatic preconception: he has his opinions because he has taken the time to think about them.

While he was at Cal, he took a seminar with Lillian Hellman, and listening to him talk about what this meant to him was always fascinating. I recall that when he helped me move, as we carried boxes, he told me what Hellman had said and how that changed his understanding about the work of Philip K. Dick.

Since he returned to the South, Guy has sent me his zines and occasional letters over the years, keeping a most welcome contact going. We have tended to meet at Worldcons, where there is the usual problem of getting an entire year covered in two hours over drinks and a hamburger. I have some fond memories of these times, especially in Phoenix, when he tried to disguise himself with a camera, and Boston when he told me about the woman he wanted to marry -- and did.

I've always enjoyed these hectic and disjointed conversations, and with luck this time we'll have a little less pressure and a little more time to talk; we haven't been able to catch up for a couple of years, and it's about time.

There are those for whom the word "fan" is a euphemism for nerd. And there are those fans who are the best of what that term represents. Certainly the nerds don't become Fan GoHs, a recognition of Guy's continuing concern about and affection for science fiction and the people who are its community.

So, Guy, mon fils spirit, you done good. And your mama is damn proud of you. And if the rest of you are puzzled by that last, ask Guy to explain it to you.



Doug Chaffee

by Charlie Williams

Doug Chaffee doesn't take artistic shortcuts, nosir. There's a deep texture in his paintings; details are lovingly layered on, but never snowpauqued, never crowded, never gaudy. I go up to these pieces and my eye dances across the stage Doug has set, my fingers long to touch his magic, to trace the lines and forms, like reading Braille. Standing before a Chaffee original, I grin with appreciation for a major craftsman in his prime.

I know a little about art, and I feel marginally qualified to serve as Doug's biographer in the brief space available here. Of course, Doug's background is well-known: SF art in the '60s for Amazing, Fantastic, If, Galaxy...conceptualizing industrial projects and vehicles for IBM, US Steel, NASA, and the USAF...illustrations for Newsweek, US News & World Report, National Geographic (where I first saw his work in Carl Sagan's 1967 article on Mars)...and his convention artshow displays throughout the country. He looks more like an engineer than an artist, especially when he's standing proudly beside a painting of some sleek aircraft or of the cyclopean ramparts of some super-city. His spaceships are built of fictionite, but they're the real future, not some imagined fantasy: you can feel it in the authority of his vision, the sureness of his tones. And Doug's illustrations of the fantastic and the supernatural are all classic in their execution and startling in their complexity.

A lot of really excellent artists are displaying their works at conventions and selling lovely prints at dealer's tables, but very few pros will hang around with fans (and/or semi-pros), answer professional questions, give advice, and offer encouragement. Three years ago I introduced myself to Doug at an artshow (our work hung side-by-side). Timorously, I asked him to look at my stuff,

and for half an hour he explained to me what I'd intended to do and how I'd almost succeeded. I examined his remarks and found them honest and accurate. His advice to this would-be artist continued: "Find out what you do best, what you enjoy doing, and what your audience (especially clients) wants. When you find that, nail it down. You don't have to be better than everybody else, just unlike anybody else." He again appraised one of my 'paintings' with a discerning glance. "You know," he said, "You oughta do more of your cartoons, and fewer pieces like, well, this." And he was right, of course. So I don't paint pretentious scenes in Doug Chaffee's style, anymore; I draw cartoons in the Charlie Williams style. Why should I compete with Doug? Could anybody?

I invite artists attending this convention to seek out Doug...he's the leprechaun with the goatee and slide show. Show him your work, and listen carefully to his candid response. Most important--study his work, line by line, and consider the patience (and the little tiny brushes) such professionalism requires. Doug's craft, like his good-natured approachability, comes from the heart.



I Remember Mama

A Memoir of DSC's Special Guest,
CHELSEA QUINN YARBRO
by her adoring son,
Guy H. Lillian III

Whenever I tell someone that Quinn Yarbro is my spiritual mother, I get one of those looks. You know, the type folks reserve for Scientologists or those who claim Vulcan descendancy. But spare me your bemusement for now, for I speak truth. Chelsea Quinn Yarbro is my (spiritual) mother.

What madness is this? you likely ask. What possible maternal connection could the brilliant and gifted Ms. Yarbro, author of the fabulous St. Germain series, have with the worthless clod Lillian? Furthermore, considering that Quinn is youthful and vibrant, and I am a decaying wreck, surely only the most depraved of fiends could have taken part in such a paternity!

Well, if I named Harlan Ellison in that regard, would matters make more sense?

Yes, when you hear Quinn's name, no doubt the dashing figure of her most famous creation comes to mind: Saint Germain, heart-(and throat-) throbbing hero of five vampiric romances, Hotel Transylvania, The Palace, Blood Games, Tempting Fate, and Path of the Eclipse. Perhaps one of her other novels is in your thoughts: False Dawn, or Time of the Fourth Horseman, or Dead and Buried. Perhaps her love of opera has been brought to your attention, or you have read her mysteries, or know of her service to the Science Fiction Writers of America as secretary. Perhaps you think of the San Francisco Bay area, where she makes her home. All these the name "Quinn Yarbro" brings forth to many people.

Here, though, her name brings a memory to life: Harlan Ellison, hunched behind a pipe half as large and half as hot as he was, roaring at the darkness in a Little Men meet-

ing in 1968 ... the darkness as manifested in the stubborn perceptions of a fan group utterly incapable of understanding the aesthetic purposes behind Dangerous Visions. The mood was fast turning rancid, as Harlan's explanations of editorial experimentation fell on Old Wave ears ... until two sympathetic voices were raised. One belonged to a lovely young lady whose intelligent commentary earned her a spontaneous marriage proposal from the delighted author. The other came from a scrawny college kid whose flustered question about a possible Joycean antecedent to DV led Ellison to promise "When I marry her, I'll adopt you!"

The lady was Quinn, the college kid, me. We really had nothing to say about it, but Harlan had spoken and it was so. Spiritual mother, meet spiritual son.

For the next several years, Quinn Yarbro was my guardian angel as I stumbled over the deadly shoals of science fiction fandom. Though a more obnoxious neofan than most, I still had Quinn's patient restraint on my newcomer's enthusiasm, and through her the calming touch of my first fannish responsibilities. 'Twas Quinn who enlisted Tom Whitmore (Fan GoH at this year's Westercon) and myself into the Fellowship of the Foot at the 1969 worldcon, where, in helping her with the St. Louiscon Press Room, I gained close contact with incandescent lights of our genre: Leiber, Lafferty, McCaffrey, Bradley, Farmer, and so on. Quinn it was who appointed me Official Photographer at the 1970 and '71 SFWA Nebula (or "hubble-bubble") Banquets. The chance to capture on celluloid such people as Theodore Sturgeon, Ursula LeGuin, and Samuel R. Delany receiving the accolades of their peers was something to be grateful for indeed.

But I reserve my major gratitude towards Quinn Yarbro for a completely intangible gift given during that crucial time, and ever since. She was, and remains, that rarest and best of beings, a tolerant friend, who showed by example that exuberance, intelligence, and sensibility could actually exist in the real world. She was a trusting friend, whose faith that a gibbering child might someday become a worthy person demonstrated itself in numberless acts of patience and kind correction. And in the years since those early Berkeley days, she has been a constant friend,

always available for advice, or an opinion, or commiseration, or just talk. And now she has come to DeepSouthCon to join her spiritual son as a guest at the South's premier convention. These are her gifts of self, gifts which have perhaps little to do with the writing we all know, but which have everything to do with Chelsea Quinn Yarbro the human being.

R.A. Lafferty, greatest of men, once wrote a poem about Quinn:

A brat with tricky slanted wit,
And flaky prose for fish to rise to.
I love her yet a little bit,
But I don't know why the other guys do.

Well, Ray, I know why the other Guys do.

Through Quinn Yarbro I learned much of the excellent possibilities life can hold, when I was young and needed to know. Every time I see her now I learn the same lesson anew. No spiritual mother could have done her son better.



On Being Asked To Write About C.L. Grant

© 1981, 1983 by Dennis Etchison

The first thing I had to learn in order to survive as a writer was to eat shit. Unsalted.

How the matter of becoming a writer in the first place is beyond me. For some it is a life's obsession, a calling that will not be denied. I know writers who pop out of bed early enough to pass for members of the real world, who whistle or sing, even sing in the shower, who rub their hands together eagerly over coffee and then go to their typewriters as naturally as breathing, foregoing newspapers and mail and the sun outside their doors; whose fingers flex impatiently over the white hum of their keyboards, begin without hesitation and then dance, actually dance through a flurry of pages before Genie Francis can finish her makeup for GENERAL HOSPITAL; whose friends are trained not to call until late, whose wives and lovers, husbands and boyfriends cheerfully thrive on the justness of their lot; whose bills are dispatched with the scrawling of a note; whose mailmen treat them as respected friends. In short: born writers, inspirations to us all. Ray Bradbury is one. William F. Nolan is another. So, I believe, is Stephen King. I may call myself friend to each, but there the comparison grinds to a halt.

There are others of us for whom a battle is fought daily, the prize of which is survival and the price of which is something close to sanity. In other words, what you get is a living. What you give is a life.

As I say, how we fall into it is a mystery. For some of us the hook was the mixed blessing of early reward, which we could not have known would be so difficult to regain

as adults; had we guessed what lay ahead, perhaps we could have taken jobs and been content as patrons of the arts. For some it was the only possibility which seemed to pay off, the one love of many which granted us an outlet; like electricity, our natural energy followed the path of least resistance. For others it was an image kept next to our hearts, carried faithfully through service in another place, remembered longingly late at night, until the backwork was done and the time came at last to summon our desire forth into the larger world. For all of us it was rigorous and maddening work, more demanding of our spirits than we feel comfortable admitting. It still is; we still are; so it goes. But we have made our beds, etc., and for our part what lies before us now cannot quite be called unexpected, not after so long; not anymore.

I myself was born in the Year of the Steel Penny, Charles L. Grant a few months earlier. Given a different geography, we might have been classmates. In my sixth grade class there were three of us who play played at writing. Each week we turned in new short stories, often pastiches or copies of our favorite authors. I went on to junior high and the school newspaper; what happened to Mike and Ricky I never knew. What happened to Charlie in New Jersey is lost to me, too, but what he made of his beginnings is a matter of proud record.

He attended college at Trinity, graduating in History, a degree which would later serve him well through a series of successful historical novels which do not deserve to be hidden under a pseudonym; I urge you to seek them out. As himself he became visible in Fantasy & Science Fiction in the sixties, as did I, but soon he had outstripped me by several laps, with more novels than I could keep up with and more stories than I could have written. Though they are all memorable, three of the latter stand out particularly in my mind--"Hear Me Now, My Sweet Abbey Rose" and "Caesar, Now Be Still," both of which I made a special point of commending to my fellow World Fantasy Award judges in 1979, and the famous "A Crowd of Shadows," for which he won a Nebula in 1976. "A Glow of Candles, a Unicorn's Eye" was awarded another Nebula for Best Novelette, and the total nominations he has received by

now for Hugos, Nebulas and Howards should tell you a great deal about the man's value to a field notorious for its infighting and competitiveness.

I know Charlie Grant, too, as an editor of fierce integrity. Indeed the standards for his World Fantasy Award-winning Shadows are so stringent that I have made the grade only once out of five volumes (so you see, favors and back-slapping have nothing to do with this). His several pages of suggestions for that story showed him to be someone who reads the spaces between words, digging for the essence of style inseparable from form, which places him as an editor in a rarefied class. As a reprint editor, too, he seeks only the best, and his Nightmares, Horrors and Terrors deserve special places on your shelf, prime examples of how anthologies can be sifted and measured to perfection.

I tell you again, I do not know how it is done. Both of us have lived through the same years of frustration, of necessary jobs to keep the wolf from the door, and if the truth be told, I'm sure it was rougher for him. He taught English, History, and Drama for nine years in New Jersey, for instance, a fate I would rather pump gas than have to face. (I did, in fact.) He wrote five novels to each one of mine, with no guarantee of acceptance, a protean effort which my soul shudders to consider. He suffered the same copyediting wars, butchered field hospital extractions by editors born to pull teeth. He passed through the fire of the Vietnam era, a withering experience for the most courageous of my generation; how his spirit survived in the role of MP is a miracle beyond my ken. That he has prevailed as an artist through the gauntlet of this life, his humanity intact no matter what was dished up--that he had the strength to eat it, so to speak, unsalted and raw, and then to spit it back in their faces, digested, with a smile --leaves me to wonder at my own uncertain resolve.

How he did, I suppose is his own trade secret. I give up; so be it. It is fitting, I guess, that the mystery remains with him.

In any event, then, the message is this: it can be done, and with grace, charm and style.

That is, at least if your name is Charlie Grant.

Peter Straub

by Carl McKissock

Peter Straub, who grew up in the Midwest, graduated from the University of Wisconsin with a Bachelor's degree in English, got a Master's in Contemporary Literature from Columbia, then took a job teaching English. After a while: "By my third year of teaching, I was getting tired, and thought that I had to get out, or I would be a very alcoholic kind of 'Mr. Chips' by the time I was forty! So we moved to Ireland and I did work on a Ph.D. I was going to write this thesis on D.H. Lawrence and it turned into a labyrinthine, unmanageable mess! So, I wrote a novel instead...The first company I sent the novel to accepted it..."

The novel, Marriages, was not a genre novel, although "It did have two ghosts in it...which strikes me as prophetic." Marriages did not exactly sell like ice water in Hell, so...

"I went to Carol Smith, the person who became my agent, and I said, 'What can I do?' And she said, 'Well, Peter, why don't you make some money for a change and get yourself out of the pit? Write a gothic.' And I said 'What is a gothic?'...So anyhow, I went away and thought up the idea for Julia."

Julia was published in 1975. The rest, as they say, is history.

If You Could See Me Now (1977), Ghost Story (1979), and Shadowland (1981) established Peter Straub as one of the modern masters of the horror field. They also made him enough money that he can do some serious not-looking-back.

Stephen King, in his Danse Macabre, had this to say about Peter Straub and Ghost Story: "...what distinguishes Ghost Story and makes it such a success is that with this book, Straub seems to have grasped exactly--consciously--what the gothic romance is all about, and how it relates to the rest of literature."

Film versions of Julia and Ghost Story have been made, but neither seems to sit very well with Straub. The praise he has for both of them is, with a few exceptions for the visuals and some of the acting, very faint indeed.

Just released is Straub's latest book, Floating Dragon, and sometime late in 1983 The Talisman, a joint effort of Straub and Stephen King, should hit the bookstores.

This is not the place, since there are definite limitations on length, to go into the sort of depth required to do justice to Straub's work. But, in an effort to convince those of you who have not read his work that you are missing something you should not be, I will mention two or three things that make his work appeal to me.

The first is what one reviewer called "richness, in terms of plot, mood, and emotions" in the novels. Straub's style is head and shoulders above most writers today.

"It struck me, at one point, that I really like making the kind of complicated structures that are really loaded with scenic descriptions which carry some kind of emotional freight. I don't know why, but for some reason I get a real bang out of writing these paragraphs...what occurs in these paragraphs should have a bearing on the story, or at least on the emotional underpinnings of the story. This kind of passage will probably foreshadow something. One thing I like in a book is when the parts seem to all relate; when one thing early on in the book is echoed in another thing later in the book. Even words and speech patterns are repeated later. Little images might be repeated later. So the whole book is interconnected. I find that very moving when I read a book, so I like to try to do that when I write.

"I think the real secret is...to have characters as real as you can make them in a setting that's as real as you can make it, and to have people feeling emotions that people feel instead of invented..."

Present also in Straub's work is the notion that the past is never really gone, but, because it is the past which shapes our action and surroundings in the present, in some way reaches through time to the now. And evil, it seems, has a greater half-life and a longer reach than good.

Not that Straub feels evil is all-powerful: "Well, it's very powerful. In fact, I always have trouble thinking of how human beings can win over it, since it seems to me that if you posit some really single-minded, malevolent, supernatural evil against human beings, then the human beings have to work

awfully hard to defeat it. But I think that most writing teaches that human beings can overcome it, just by being very human, you know, by expressing the generous, good and decent sides of their natures. I use these words because I mean to imply that it needn't be especially high-minded. I'm talking about very ordinary aspects of human character."

Reality, too, in Straub's novels is not quite a solid thing. It shifts. "I wanted ...to have characters put in a situation where, a great deal of the time, they could not be sure what was real and what wasn't." The truth, in all of his books, is not lying about on the surface for the characters to stumble over. Reality is oftentimes peeled like an onion before the final truth emerges. Usually at the very end of the book. I always discover the idea about halfway through, and I discover the real secret of the novel only a short time before the characters do! I discover that everything has led up to it, and I should have seen it earlier, because it's certainly been there, but it only hits me when I've been working on a novel for about a year."

In response to the standard Do-you-think-horror-fiction-is-a-closed-field question, Straub said: "There are a few conventional themes, or movements, that crop up again and again in horror books...and in bad horror novels, these things are foremost... The richness in the field comes in the way these things are handled. The more that I try to work with this kind of material, the more I discover what can be done with it, and the more 'internal chambers' I discover in it. So I've begun to think that there isn't anything that can't be done with novels of this kind. As long as you have enough imagination, you can push this extremely peculiar material in almost any direction you want to go. I think it's a bottomless pit; actually a bottomless well in which you could swim down and find new things for as long as you continue to write. At least I hope so!"

No more so than do we, Mr. Straub!

Quotations used in this article are from the excellent "An Interview with Peter Straub" by Paul Gagne, in Vol. 1, No. 1 (Feb 1982) of American Fantasy.

Dennis Etchison

by Charles L. Grant

In 1982, in New Haven, Connecticut, Dennis Etchison received the World Fantasy Award for his piece, "The Dark Country", this soon after winning the British Fantasy Award for the same story. It was the first time he'd won, and it was about goddamn time!

Before the ceremony, however, and knowing full well we were both (yet again) up in the same category and figuring we would both (yet again) lose, he expressed an oft-spoken wish that we--all the nominees--could share the glory equally and not have to compete for it. He also said that it didn't matter if he won or not because we're all friends here, and friends don't mind if other friends walk off with all the trophies.

A nice sentiment, and coming from someone else I'd probably nod, mutter something kindly, and walk off shaking my head. After all, I like to be recognized, especially by those who care about the field in which I work. And while it's indeed an honor in itself just to be nominated, to be singled out above all others is even better, and the hell with chopping the Lovecraft statuette up a dozen ways and passing it out like so many potato chips.

The difference here is: Dennis Etchison said it. And he meant it. There was no false humility, no scuffing of the toe on the carpet, no "aw shucks" about it--he meant it, he believed it, and that, my friends, is what Dennis is all about.

There are two things, you see, that you should remember about this man:

First, he cares about his genre, and its distinguished lineage. I have seen him turn red with anger about the hackwork he's seen, heard him speak passionately for hours about the nonsense some folks (writers and publishers) pass off as Dark Fantasy and actually seem proud of it (after all, it's only a reader and all we want is their money so who cares?).

But for Dennis, it's more than a matter of personal survival; it's a matter of (to use again a word much maligned these days) honor.

Dennis (and most of the rest of us) believes that a writer has an inviolate contract with his readers--he must produce the best work he can at the time of its writing; anything less is rank cheating, a farce, an abdication of an obligation assumed the instant a writer puts words on paper.

Second, then, he cares about his own work in the discharge of that obligation, in the completion of that contract. He is, and I can prove it, a sonofabitch to work with. To get him to change a single word, a single comma, is like trying to get a publisher to issue an honest and complete royalty statement. He'll listen to reason, but lord! it's hard work. Yet it isn't ego, nor is it the grandstand play of the artiste. It is, quite simply, his emphatic determination to give his readers the very best he is capable of because the reader deserves no less.

If he does well, it's his doing.

If he falls on his face, he has no one to blame but himself.

Now, I'm not claiming he's a saint, nor do I claim he has achieved perfection every time he finishes a story. Like all of us, he has his bad days; like all of us, he weeps when he cannot say what he wants in the way he wants to say it.

But there isn't a doubt in my mind that when Dennis Etchison is at the top of his form, there isn't a single writer out there who can beat him. Not one. Anywhere. Period.

And I am most singularly pleased to be able to call him my friend.

Sharon Webb: Earthchild in Clover

by Gerald W. Page

Sharon Webb was born in Tampa, Florida, but currently lives in Blairsville, Georgia; and shoehorned into that geographic parenthesis is an amazingly varied career. It includes humorous short fiction, serious fiction of many lengths up to novels, some non-fiction, verse, nursing, housewifery (mastery of which art alone dazzles my slov-

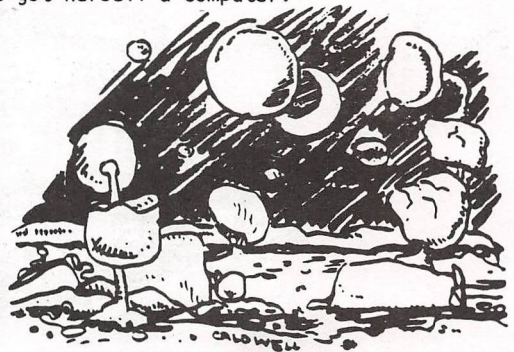
ely imagination), music, computery and word-processing, convention going, and being a mother to three daughters (Wendy, Jerri and Tracey) and a husband (Bryan). The daughters take after their mother and are well-nigh goddesses. Wendy reads minds, you know.

Does Sharon read minds? I suspect so. At least it would explain her seemingly supernatural ability to satisfy the hopes of even the most taciturn editor. Any other explanation is just too fantastic to consider.

Her current major project is a trilogy, but this one is good: witness its antecedents. It grew from the seedling novelet "Variations on a Theme from Beethoven," which readers of Wollheim's 1981 World's Best SF will have delightful reason to recall. Atheneum has published the first two volumes, Earthchild and Earth Song, and Sharon is hard at work on the final one, to be called, at her eventual whim, Ramsong or Ram Song. She reports that a portion of this novel has been rewritten by her computer, without any known human intervention. Bantam intends to issue Earthchild in paperback this October.

Sharon is the author of RN, a non-fiction work on nursing; the creator of Terra Tarkington and the Bull Run stories, which ran in Asimov's; plays guitar and (perhaps) banjo; writes a puzzle column for Imago; is an official of the Science Fiction Writers of America and a Secret Master of Prodom who can be observed smopping at conventions throughout the southeast.

Those who have never spoken with Sharon will find, upon conquering their shyness, that she is a warm and friendly lady with far more charm than seems likely in anyone who writes science fiction. Say hello to her and ask her a question. May I suggest you ask her about the stuffed calico rhinoceros she used to sit upon when she wrote, before she got herself a computer?



David Drake

by Bob Barger

Having been asked to write a brief introduction to David Drake and his work for this Program Book, I find myself in the unenviable position of not knowing where to begin.

Where to start?

Should I mention first Mr. Drake's historical accuracy in both his stories set in the days of the Roman Legions, and of the real Arthurian era of his novel, The Dragon Lord? Or should I deal first with the unique and offbeat twists of magic and the supernatural to be found in all his fantasy work? I could just as easily start off with a discussion of his "hard" science fiction (of which he has written quite a bit), but I won't do that because his Hammer's Slammers has seen numerous printings and is already considered a classic in the field of "military sf", quite fit to stand alongside the other classics of the genre such as Starship Troopers, The Mote In God's Eye, Dorsai, and The Forever War.

When it comes right down to it, I could really begin in just about any of the sub-genres of fantasy and science fiction and have quite a bit to say about the work of David Drake. He is just as perceptive and convincing when he writes about a Time Safari to bag a dinosaur as he is when he writes about the defection of a Russian scientist engaged in particle beam research.

This is truly astonishing when one realizes that, while David Drake has been writing for a number of years, he has only recently begun to do so full time. And if his latest novel, Skyripper, is any indication, we may--as is the case with some of the other

authors present at this convention--very well see his name on the bestseller lists in years to come.

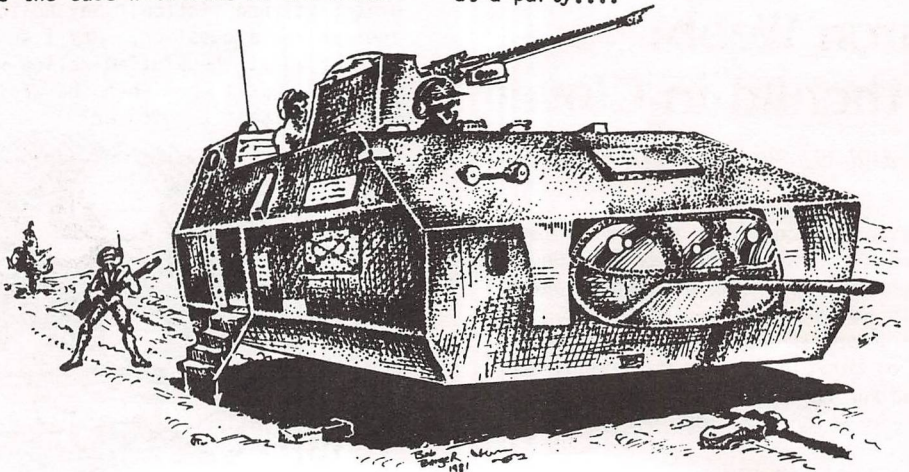
Do yourself a favor: run out and buy two copies of all David Drake's books. One you can keep for your collection and the other you can read and, in later years, sell for big bucks to some neo who, at this very moment, is probably toddling around in diapers.

Within the limits of length the editor of this Program Book has given me, this is about all I can say about David Drake's work. Now for the man himself....

First of all, I've never met him. Our editor is justifiably pleased to hear this, for it is now obvious I can really say very little about David Drake The Man, and will thus not be in danger of exceeding the word-count given me. But I will say this much: one of, if not the, major motivation for my attending this convention is the hope of finally meeting Mr. Drake. I have had, over a handful of years, occasional correspondence with him, and he has gone out of his way to be helpful and offer assistance, without thought of reimbursement for his time, or even credit for his assistance.

I have great respect and admiration for the work of David Drake, but I have even greater respect and admiration, if that's possible, for David Drake himself.

And, in addition to all the qualities listed above, he's from the same town as, and a friend of, Karl Edward Wagner--so one knows he's just got to be a great man to have at a party....



Himself: R.A. Lafferty

by Guy H. Lillian III

To those who deny that Raphael Aloysius Lafferty, Special Guest at DSC XXI, is capable of miracles, we offer the following proofs:

1) It is many hours past midnight at the 1977 World Science Fiction Convention in Miami. A beautiful young lady approaches the grand R.A. and wails, "Alas! My friends and I hoped to visit the beach at sunrise and watch the sun come up over the sea. But the newspaper says that the sunrise will not happen for another two hours and we do not think we can last that long."

"Can you make it another 45 minutes?" asks Ray.

"Perhaps," says the bemused lady.

"Then go to the beach," advises the Lafferty, "and look to the east."

The lady and her friends go to the beach, and gaze out to the east. Where the sun comes up, in 45 minutes.

(This really happened, though not exactly as we tell it.)

2) Lafferty's fiction. It is quite likely the most unique, and uniquely gifted, work the genre of science fiction holds. Consisting of multitudinous novels and short stories, it is writing blasted with blarney, suffused with history, electrified by humor and passion. No one who has ever read Past Master, his 1969 Hugo nominee, could possibly be unaffected by it. Likewise, no one who has submerged himself into the labyrinthine plotting and brain-boggling characters of Fourth Mansion or The Devil Is Dead will ever see life quite the same again. (Was that a mermaid swimming by just now? Impossible; mermaids avoid fresh-water rivers.) The person who reads Space Chantey or "Eurema's Dam" (his Hugo-winning short story) without laughter is dead already; call the coroner. And the creature who reads "Ride A Tin Can" without tears, or "Snuffles" without shudders, or "Slow Tuesday Night" without hyperventilating deserves that name only: "creature", for it is not human.

We have here among us a worker of wonders, a splendiferous madman of searing sanity and stratospheric genius. We have no idea if R.A. Lafferty, Special Guest, has a miracle planned for this convention...but keep watching, and we're sure you'll think you've seen one!

Jerry Page

by Sharon Webb

Just when you think you have Jerry Page figured out, he turns another shade of chameleon. There's his name, for instance: Jerry? or is it Gerald? (Gerald W., if you're feeling formal.)

Jerry is the long-time sf fan, banquet speaker and entertainer--a fan since his tender youth when he wrote an unabashed letter of admiration to Arthur C. Clarke who introduced him to the world of sf conventions. Now in his "callow adolescence," Jerry is the guy who's not above taking an occasional pie in the face for the fans' entertainment and enlightenment. But don't laugh--he might just make you disappear. Jerry is an amateur magician, you see.

But it was Gerald who undertook the serious study of magic with Slydini....

Jerry reads minds.

Gerald W. debunks psychics....

So there's Jerry the fan. Then there's Gerald W. Page, the editor. Gerald W. is the guy who edited Witchcraft and Sorcery Magazine in 1970-71 and who coedited the anthology Heroic Fantasy with Hank Reinhardt.

Is that the same Gerald W. Page who doesn't believe in ESP and hocus pocus? you ask. Or are we talking about the Gerald W. Page who uses a mean magic wand? Or do we mean that gentle guy who edited those blood-curdling Years Best Horror Stories?

Well...you see the problem....

Then there's Jerry/Gerald the writer. The by-line reads Gerald W. Page. It has snuggled next to his co-authors Robert E. Howard and Michael Bishop and it has stood alone in remarkably well-crafted and sensitive stories--stories with the staying power of his first sale, the 1963 Analog piece "The Happy Man" which is currently being adapted as a radio play.

It was Gerald W. Page, not Jerry, who wrote "Grater's World" in the May issue of Analog and "Song of the Armadillo" for an upcoming Mike Shayne Mystery Magazine.

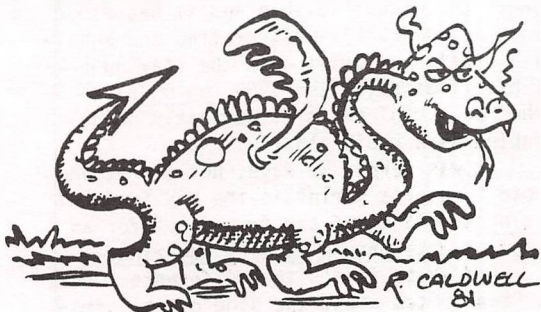
And maybe that's the difference: Gerald W. Page writes about the song of the armadillo--and Jerry listens....

Whitley Strieber

Whitley Strieber strikes me as an unassuming sort of fellow, quiet and soft spoken, who enjoys scaring people to death. He is the author of Wolfen and The Hunger, and a forthcoming novel titled Black Magic. Of course, Wolfen and The Hunger were made into popular movies, and Whitley participated in writing treatments and screenplays and, in general, learned the ropes of movie making by watching movie makers work. What better way to learn? Now that Whitley has the hang of it, he plans to produce a film on his own--a motion picture adaptation of his next book. Whitley is uniquely qualified to discuss the process by which books become movies, and he'll share his knowledge and experience warmly and openly. He is friendly, accessible and understanding, and he is a very special guest at DSC XXI.

Brad Linaweaver

Not often is a writer's second published sale nominated for a Nebula Award, but Brad Linaweaver's "Moon of Ice", from Amazing, accomplished just that. His first sale was "The Competitor," published in the July 1980 Fantastic, and his most recent sale was to an upcoming anthology edited by Andre Norton and Robert Adams. Brad is also quite an authority on horror movies, especially bad horror movies, which were the subject of his entertaining "Der Krapp" columns in the late, much-lamented Atarantes. The former actifan from Tallahassee has made his home in Atlanta for about four years now, where he continues to pursue both his myriad fannish interests and his promising professional career.



Alan Ryan

Alan Ryan began his professional writing career in 1978. His fiction has appeared in a variety of magazines, including The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction and Twilight Zone magazine. You can also find his work within the pages of popular anthologies like Chrysalis, Shadows, New Dimensions and The Year's Best Horror Stories. He is the editor of one major original anthology, titled Perpetual Light, which contains 175 thousand words of speculative fiction dealing with the religious experience. Also, he is the author of The Kill, a horror novel. Later this year you'll see another horror novel titled Dead White on the stands, and next year Alan will be doing a book titled Cast A Cold Eye. Alan writes reviews and commentary for The New York Times Book Review, The Los Angeles Times Book Review, and The Washington Post Book World as well. He's a really busy guy--but you know how it is. He takes time out to attend conventions and have a good time--not necessarily in that order--and we're very pleased to have him here at DeepSouthCon XXI.

John M. Ford

John M. Ford is a very active young man, and this promises to be an active year for him. To his other published novels, Web of Angels and Princes of the Air, Time-scape will add The Dragon Waiting in November. His Star Trek novel, Final Reflection, should also be out later this year. To his long list of published short fiction, which includes the popular "Alternatives" series in Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine, will be added an Omni story, probably in September. As if this sort of schedule were not enough, John is working on a Civil War book (working title: Fire In The Corn); is an active dungeonmaster and designer of gaming modules; and a spokesman for Kar-Tel Records. We're very pleased that John was willing to make time in his active schedule to attend the DSC.

Programming

We believe we've got one of the most exciting guest lineups in DeepSouthCon history for this little coming-of-age shindig, and our Programming reflects this wealth of talent. We have two program tracks, as well as fantastic Film and Video Programs (which are described elsewhere).

For convenience' sake, we've labelled these tracks "Main" and "Alternate" programming. This is not intended to imply that either track is "better" than the other: we think they're both pretty darn exciting. The labels are just to help you figure out where the heck things are happening! The "Main" Program Room is the huge Kentucky/Georgia area of the Regency Ballroom, downstairs between the Dealers' Room and the Film Room. The "Alternate" Program Room is the Alvin York room, one of the Plaza Rooms located off the hallway behind the hotel's front desk, on the lobby level.

And remember, this programming schedule is by no means "closed". This is your con: if you want to arrange for use of a program room during a time in which it is vacant, see a member of our Programming staff.

Here's what we have lined up for you so far:

FRIDAY, JUNE 3

- 7:00 pm MAIN ROOM
WELCOME, INTRODUCTIONS, AND ANNOUNCEMENTS: Convention chairman Vern Clark welcomes everyone to the convention, and introduces attending guests and professionals.
- 8:00 pm MAIN ROOM
ILLUSTRATION, SUCCESS, AND THE GOOD LIFE: Slide presentation by Artist GoH Doug Chaffee. Doug talks about illustration as a career and demonstrates the mechanics of illustrating.
- 8:00 pm ALTERNATE ROOM
O.E. SYMPOSIUM: Guy Lillian,

Steven Carlberg, Cliff Biggers, Iris Brown, David Schlosser, Nicki Lynch, and Dennis Dolbear talk about APAs (amateur press associations) and their Official Editors.

- 9:00 pm MAIN ROOM
READINGS & COLLABORATIONS: Stephen King and Peter Straub talk about their new book, Talisman.
- 10:00 pm MAIN ROOM
SOUTHERN FANDOM COMES OF AGE!: Guy Lillian and fannish friends celebrate Southern fandom's birthday, and prove once and for all that fact is stranger than fiction.
- 10:00 pm ALTERNATE ROOM
BREAKING INTO THE BIG TIME!: James Corrick, John Steakly, and other up-and-coming professionals talk about the trials and tribulations (and thrill!) of breaking into print. Brad Linaweaver moderates the discussion.
- 11:00 pm MAIN ROOM
WELCOMING DANCE featuring the sound of the Digbees!

SATYRDAY, JUNE 4

- 10:30 am MAIN ROOM
INTERVIEW WITH STEPHEN KING: Our GoH answers questions from the floor and talks about his career as a best-selling writer. Charles L. Grant moderates.
- 12:00 noon FILM ROOM
CREEPSHOW: with introduction and comments by Stephen King.
- 1:00 pm MAIN ROOM
HIGH INTENSITY: Slide presentation by Doug Chaffee. Autobiographical discussion with a special emphasis upon technology, science fiction and the future.
- 1:00 pm ALTERNATE ROOM
VAMPIRES! WEREWOLVES! GHOSTS! A horror panel discussion in which Stephen King, Peter Straub, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, Karl Edward Wagner, Charles L. Grant, David Drake, Dennis Etchison, Alan Ryan and Whitley Strieber try to answer

the sixty-four dollar question:
Why is horror so popular? David
Pettus moderates.

1:00 pm ALTERNATE ROOM
HEARTS PANEL DISCUSSION: Secret
Masters of Fandom (SMOFs) Guy
Lillian, Stven Carlberg, Ward
Batty, Cliff Biggers, Hank Rein-
hardt, and Lon Atkins explain
why Hearts is the most fannish
card game on planet Earth.

3:30 pm MAIN ROOM
AUTOGRAPH SESSION: Get your
favorite books signed by your
favorite writers! Please limit
yourself to four books per
writer.

4:00 pm ALTERNATE ROOM
ARTISTS PANEL: Doug Chaffee and
Bob Maurus talk about art from
two different perspectives.
Truly, beauty is in the eye of
the beholder.

5:00 pm ALTERNATE ROOM
BOOKS INTO MOVIES: Whitley Strie-
ber talks about books, screen-
plays, and films, and the process
via which books become films.

7:30 pm MAIN ROOM
AWARDS CEREMONY AND GUEST OF
HONOR SPEECH: Another Southern
tradition--the prestigious Rebel
and Phoenix Awards are presented,
and then Stephen King adds class
to the occasion with his Guest
of Honor speech.

9:00 pm MAIN ROOM
ART AUCTION: This is your big
chance to take home some of the
fine artwork displayed in the
Art Show. Bring lots of money
and bid!

11:00 pm FILM ROOM
MASQUERADE PRE-JUDGING: Judges
and contestants only.

12:00 mdnt MAIN ROOM
MASQUERADE: See the costumes and
meet some of the characters from
your favorite books and movies!
During the judges' break, enter-
tainment will be provided by
filk singer Julia Ecklar, who
performs a song based on
Firestarter.

SUNDAY, JUNE 5

10:00 am ALTERNATE ROOM
REGIONAL SFWA MEETING: Unofficial
South Central meeting of the
Science Fiction Writers of Ameri-
ca. All members and prospective
members are encouraged to attend.
Affiliate membership requires
publication of only one story in
a professional market (15,000+
circulation). Active membership
requires publication of three
stories or one novel profession-
ally. Newly-elected South Cen-
tral SFWA director Sharon Webb
is in charge.

11:00 am MAIN ROOM
HEROIC FANTASY AND CULTS OF
READERSHIP: Karl Edward Wagner,
David Drake, Gerald W. Page, and
John M. Ford discuss the popular-
ity of heroic fantasy. Vernon
Clark moderates.

11:00 am ALTERNATE ROOM
READINGS: Dennis Etchison and
Whitley Strieber

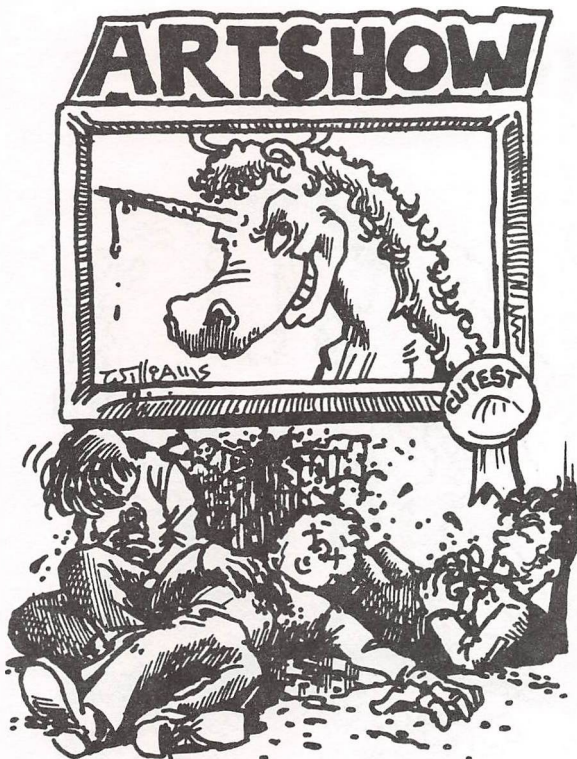
12:00 noon MAIN ROOM
EDITORS, AGENTS, WRITERS AND
PUBLISHERS: Charles L. Grant,
Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, Dennis
Etchison, Gerald W. Page, John
M. Ford, and Alan Ryan tell all.
Sharon Webb moderates.

12:00 noon ALTERNATE ROOM
READINGS: Karl Edward Wagner and
David Drake.

12:00 noon FILM ROOM
SOUTHERN FANDOM CONFEDERATION
MEETING: Election of officers
and selection of site of 1984
DeepSouthCon.

1:00 pm MAIN ROOM
FANDOM AND THE BETTER HALF:
Barbara Wagner and friends dis-
cuss important contributions
made by women and changing atti-
tudes about women in the profes-
sional world of science fiction
and fantasy.

1:00 pm ALTERNATE ROOM
READINGS: Charles L. Grant and
Alan Ryan.



We in Knoxville are proud of our artistic community, and we have a strong commitment to the arts. Our Art Show staff, artists and art lovers all, have worked very hard to bring you an excellent show. We ask that you take a few moments to visit the Art Show, in the William Blount Room (by the elevators at the north end of the lobby). While there, please observe the following courtesies:

- *No food. *No smoking.
- *No drinks. *No cameras.

PLEASE: If you are interested in acquiring a particular piece of artwork (and we believe you will find many you'll want), PLACE A BID by writing your name, registration number (from your namebadge), and amount bid on the bidsheet (which will be prominently displayed either on or by the artwork). THIS IS IMPORTANT! NO ART WILL BE ENTERED INTO THE AUCTION WITHOUT PRIOR BIDS! For many (even most) items, the auction will be the only time they are available for sale, so those bids are extremely important. Unless you place a bid before the closing of

the Art Show at 6:00 p.m. Saturday, you may not get a chance to buy that piece you want! If you have any questions, please feel free to ask one of the Art Show staff, who will be present at all times the Show is open.

AUCTION: The Art Auction will take place in the Georgia/Kentucky (Main Programming) Room immediately following the speeches/awards ceremony Saturday night.

NOTE: Some artwork may be available for sale on Sunday. Check with the Art Show for further information.

Dealers' Room

Our Dealers' Room (often referred to by fans as the "Huckster Room") is located in the Mississippi Room, just off the John Sevier Lobby on the Ballroom Level. No matter what your interests, you'll probably find lots of gems here to separate you and your money. New and old books, magazines, comics, movie posters, trading cards, art prints and posters, movie and television memorabilia, jewelry, stationery--literally thousands of items, many hard to find outside the larger cities or mail catalogs.

As a point of courtesy, and for the safety of people and merchandise in the Dealers' Room, we ask you to observe the following restrictions:

- * No eating, drinking, or smoking.
- * Please do not wear weaponry (knives, swords, blasters, etc.) nor carry same, sheathed or unsheathed. Loose, flowing capes or clothing can also be a problem. Please remember that, especially at peak times, this area can become very crowded. Weapons and loose clothing have been known to cause injuries and to knock displayed items from tables.
- * Please do not block aisles. Make an effort to leave room for people to get by.

DEALERS: Please observe the hotel's policy against displaying items on the walls.

Awards



Originated in 1965 (DSC III) by Larry Montgomery to honor outstanding contributions to Southern Fandom, the Rebel Award has been presented annually since 1973. The recipient is selected by the awarding concom.

Previous winners are:

1965--Al Andrews
1966--Dave Hulan
1970--Irvin Koch
1971--Janie Lamb
1973--Hank Reinhardt
1974--Ken Moore
1975--Meade Frierson III
1976--Ned Brooks
1977--Cliff & Susan Biggers
1978--Don Markstein
1979--Cliff Amos
1980--Jerry Page
1981--Dick & Nicki Lynch
1982--Lon Atkins



Originated in 1970 (DSC VIII) by Glen Brock to honor outstanding Southern professionals, the Phoenix Award, too, has been presented annually since 1973, and the recipient is selected by the awarding concom.

Previous winners are:

1970--Richard C. Meredith
1971--R.A. Lafferty
1973--Thomas Burnett Swann
1974--George Alec Effinger
1975--Andre Norton
1976--Manly Wade Wellman & Gahan Wilson
1977--Michael Bishop
1978--Karl Edward Wagner
1979--Jo Clayton
1980--Piers Anthony
1981--Mary Elizabeth Counselman
1982--Kelly Freas



The Southpaw.

Originated in 1981 (DSC XIX) by Stven Carlberg to "honor and heap egoboo upon the fans whose talent and efforts entertain us thanks to their participation in fandoms apas" (amateur press associations). Recipients in five categories are selected by voting. Anyone who has participated in an apa during the year preceding the award is eligible to vote. Deadline for ballots is midnight on the opening day of the DSC. (Ballots should be available at the convention registration desk.) Previous winners of the awards are ineligible in the categories in which they won (except for Best APA).

Previous winners are:

1981--Best Writer: Lon Atkins
 Best Artist: Charlie Williams
 Best Humorist: Alan Hutchinson
 Achievement in
 APA Administration: Guy Lillian
 Best APA: SFPA

1982--Best Writer: Guy Lillian
 Best Artist: Alan Hutchinson
 Best Humorist: Lon Atkins
 Achievement in
 APA Administration: Nicki Lynch
 Best APA: SFPA



No science fiction & fantasy convention would be complete without a Masquerade, and the DSC's is usually one of the best. This year's Masquerade Staff, co-chaired by Maureen Dorris and Sue Phillips, is one of the most experienced and enthusiastic ever assembled, and the Masquerade itself promises to be a great one! You can expect to see some really spectacular costumes.

All persons interested in competing in the Masquerade contest must submit registration forms either to Masquerade staff or to the Registration Desk NO LATER THAN 6:00 PM SATURDAY. These forms are available at the Registration Desk. No one will be allowed on stage without proper registration. No late entries.

The following rules will be in force:

- * No unsheathed weapons, except on stage (where due care must be taken).
- * No firearms.
- * No flame.
- * Presentations limited to 1 minute.
- * No special lighting or sound. Stage lighting and hotel sound system only. (You know how they are.)

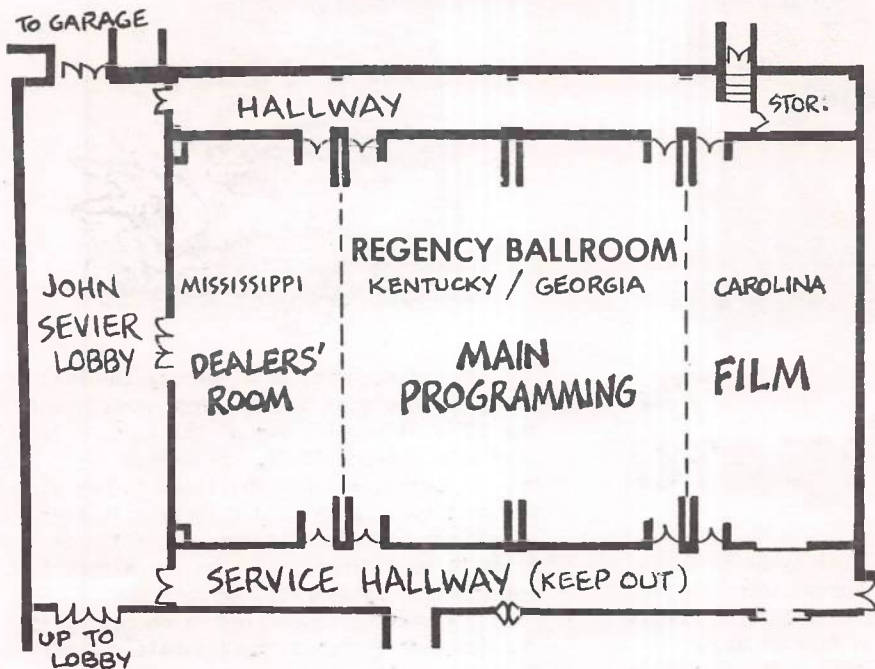
Awards will be presented for Best Of Show, Most Humorous, Most Authentic, Most Beautiful, and Judges' Choice.

Masquerade Pre-Judging will take place in the Carolina (Film) Room at 11:00 PM SATURDAY.

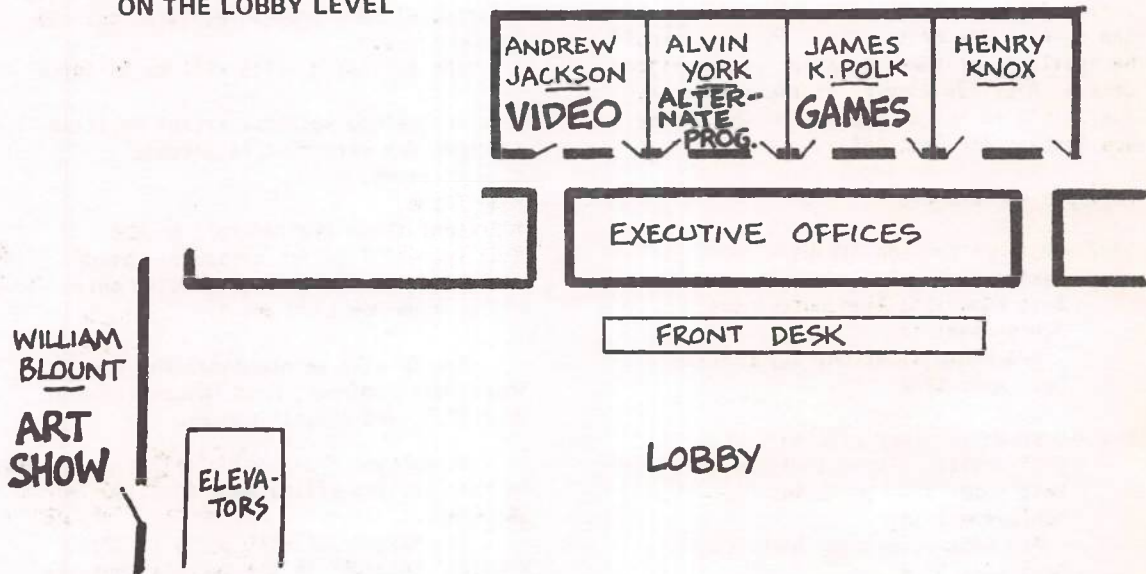
The Masquerade will begin at 12:00 MIDNIGHT SATURDAY in the Georgia/Kentucky (Main Programming) Room.

HYATT FLOOR PLAN

ON THE BALLROOM LEVEL



ON THE LOBBY LEVEL





PROGRAM

This Program Schedule has been prepared to give you an overall view of the programming events at Satyricon. The format necessarily prevents detailed descriptions of these program items. You will find more complete descriptions in the individual sections of the Program Book for Programming and Video Program. The Film Program had not been set by press time, so this column has been left open so that you may write them in. You will find descriptions of the films to be shown in the Film Program section of this Book. As always, changes may be made in the program schedule during the convention. Such changes will be noted in the daily newszine.

TIME	MAIN PROGRAM ROOM	VIDEO PROGRAM ROOM	ALTERNATIVE PROG. ROOM	FILM PROGRAM ROOM
FRIDAY, JUNE 3				
3:00 pm		BATTLESTAR GALACTICA		
:15				
:30				
:45				
4:00 pm				
:15				
:30				
:45				
5:00 pm				
:15				
:30		MUPPET SHOW		
:45				
6:00 pm		STAR TREK		
:15				
:30				
:45				
7:00 pm	WELCOME, INTRODUCTION OF GUESTS, ANNOUNCEMENTS	TWILIGHT ZONE		
:15				
:30				
:45				
8:00 pm	ILLUSTRATION, SUCCESS & THE GOOD LIFE	Stephen King Movie SALEM'S LOT	O.E. SYMPOSIUM	
:15				
:30	--Chaffee			
:45				
9:00 pm	READINGS & COLLABORATIONS			
:15				
:30	--King & Straub			
:45				
10:00 pm	SOUTHERN FANDOM COMES OF AGE	HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS	HEARTS TOURN. MTG. BREAKING INTO THE BIG TIME	
:15				
:30	--Lillian et al			
:45				

TIME	MAIN PROGRAM ROOM	VIDEO PROGRAM ROOM	ALTERNATIVE PROG. ROOM	FILM PROGRAM ROOM
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FRIDAY, JUNE 3

11:00 pm	WELCOMING DANCE			
:15	--The Digbees			
:30				
:45				
12:00 mdnt		<i>Midnight Movie</i>		
:15		PLAN NINE FROM		
:30		OUTER SPACE		
:45				
1:00 am				
:15				
:30				
:45				
2:00 am		<i>All Night Movies</i>		
		FORBIDDEN PLANET		
		LATHE OF HEAVEN		
		DR. STRANGELOVE		
		DARK STAR		

SATYRDAY, JUNE 4

10:00 am		STAR BLAZERS		
:15				
:30	INTERVIEW WITH			
:45	STEPHEN KING			
11:00 am				
:15				
:30				
:45				
12:00 noon		CAPTAIN HARLOCK		CREEPSHOW
:15				--King
:30				
:45				
1:00 pm	HIGH INTENSITY	DOCTOR WHO	HEARTS PANEL	
:15	--Chaffee			
:30				
:45				
2:00 pm	VAMPIRES! WERE-			
:15	WOLVES! GHOSTS!			
:30	--King, Straub,			
:45	Yarbro, et al			
3:00 pm		SAPPHIRE & STEEL		
:15				
:30	AUTOGRAPH SESSION			
:45				
4:00 pm			ARTISTS PANEL	
:15				
:30				
:45				
5:00 pm		BLAKE'S SEVEN	BOOKS INTO MOVIES	

SATYRDAY, JUNE 4

5:15 pm			
:30			
:45			
6:00 pm			
:15			
:30			
:45			
7:00 pm		MADHOUSE OF	
:15		DR. FEAR	
:30	AWARDS CEREMONY,		
:45	GOH SPEECHES		
8:00 pm		Stephen King Movie	
:15		CARRIE	
:30			
:45			
9:00 pm	ART AUCTION		
:15			
:30			
:45			
10:00 pm		FIVE MILLION YEARS	
:15		TO EARTH	
:30			
:45			
11:00 pm			MASQUERADE
:15			PRE-JUDGING
:30			
:45			
12:00 mdnt	MASQUERADE	Midnight Movie	
:15		DOC SAVAGE	
:30			
:45			
1:00 am			
:15			
:30			
:45			
2:00 am		All Night Movies	
		THIS ISLAND EARTH	
		DR. STRANGE	
		COLOSSUS: THE FORBIN	
		PROJECT	
		DESTINATION MOON	

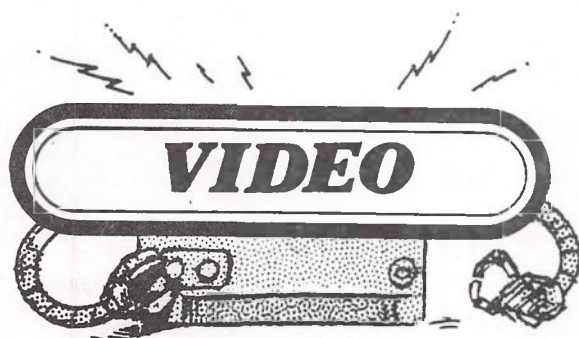
SUNDAY, JUNE 5

10:00 am		J-MEN FOREVER!	SFWA MEETING
:15			
:30			
:45			
11:00 am	HEROIC FANTASY &		READINGS:
:15	CULTS OF READER-		--Etchison
:30	SHIP	SPACE ADVENTURE	--Strieber
:45	--Wagner et al	COBRA	

TIME	MAIN PROGRAM ROOM	VIDEO PROGRAM ROOM	ALTERNATIVE PROG. ROOM	FILM PROGRAM ROOM
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SUNDAY, JUNE 5

12:00 noon	EDITORS, AGENTS,	THE HITCH HIKER'S	READINGS:	
:15	WRITERS & PUBLISHERS	GUIDE TO THE	--Wagner	
:30	--Grant, Yarbro,	GALAXY	--Drake	
:45	et al			
1:00 pm	FANDOM & THE BETTER		READINGS:	
:15	HALF		--Grant	
:30			--Ryan	
:45				
2:00 pm	-----OFFICIAL END OF CONVENTION. Y'ALL COME BACK NOW!-----			



Our Video Programming, featuring a large screen television, will be running continuously during the convention weekend in the Andrew Johnson Room, located in the Plaza area behind the hotel's front desk. The following schedule was correct as of press time: please check with the Video Program staff for possible revisions.

FRIDAY, JUNE 3

3:00 pm	BATTLESTAR GALACTICA: "Saga Of A Star World"
5:30 pm	THE MUPPET SHOW: " <u>Pigs In Space</u> meets Star Wars"
6:00 pm	STAR TREK: "Balance of Terror"
7:00 pm	THE TWILIGHT ZONE: "One More Pallbearer"; "Judgement Night"
8:00 pm	STEPHEN KING MOVIE SALEM'S LOT
10:00 pm	HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS
12:00	MIDNIGHT MOVIE PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE

SATURDAY, JUNE 4

2:00 am	ALL NIGHT MOVIES FORBIDDEN PLANET THE LATHE OF HEAVEN DR. STRANGELOVE DARK STAR
10:00 am	STAR BLAZERS: "Flight To Iskandar"
12 noon	CAPTAIN HARLOCK
1:00 pm	DOCTOR WHO: "Carnival of Monsters"
3:00 pm	SAPPHIRE AND STEEL: "The Time Study Group"
5:00 pm	BLAKE'S SEVEN: "Orac"; "Redemption"
7:00 pm	THE MADHOUSE OF DR. FEAR
8:00 pm	STEPHEN KING MOVIE CARRIE
10:00 pm	FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH
12:00	MIDNIGHT MOVIE DOC SAVAGE, THE MAN OF BRONZE

SUNDAY, JUNE 5

2:00 am	ALL NIGHT MOVIES THIS ISLAND EARTH DR. STRANGE COLOSSUS: THE FORBIN PROJECT DESTINATION MOON
10:00 am	J-MEN, FOREVER!
11:30 am	SPACE ADVENTURE COBRA
12 noon	THE HITCH HIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY
3:00 pm	Video Program ends

The Video Program staff, and the Satyricon committee, wish to express our thanks to Sue Brundige and Laura Wilson for their help in obtaining material.

Film Program

Welcome Kiddies--

The Satyricon Film Vault is holding a special viewing chair for you and yours. We plan to bring you films of both science fiction and horror. Stephen King will also add to the festivities with a print of his latest film venture, CREEPSHOW!

In the tradition of CREEPSHOW, The Film Vault will show a number of movie anthologies some of you will remember, like THE ILLUSTRATED MAN and TALES OF TERROR. And then there are selections like SPIRITS OF THE DEAD and DEAD OF NIGHT, which are not well-known but are critically honored. There are other surprises in store to make this Film Vault a unique addition to Satyricon. So don't waste a minute--check out the film list outside the Film Room for times of each showing. Have fun and beware--the next film you see may be your last!

NOTES ON THE FILMS

by

Nancy A. Collins & John Guidry

THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (Universal, 1935)

The famous sequel to the successful FRANKENSTEIN, directed by James Whale and starring Boris Karloff as The Monster and Elsa Lanchester as the blushing Bride. This is a classic example of a sequel being as good as, if not better than, the original.

COLOSSUS: THE FORBIN PROJECT (Universal, 1970)

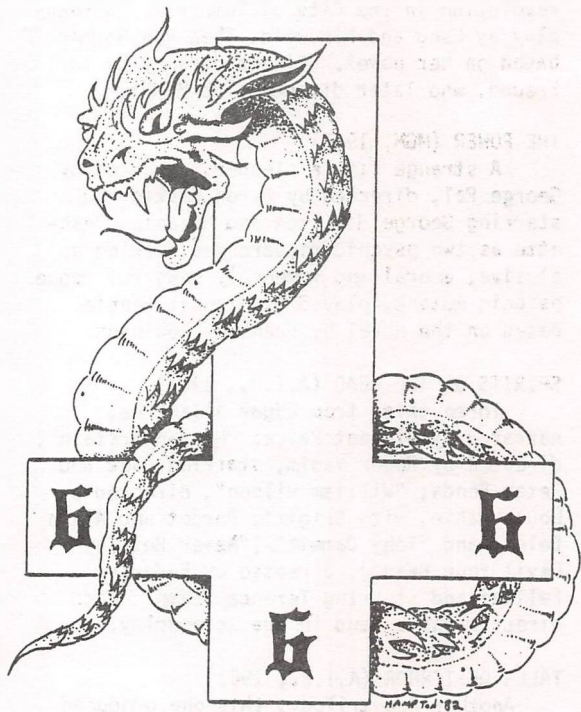
The story of a super computer that gains sentience and decides that Mankind needs a guiding "hand". Directed by Joseph Sargent. Screenplay by James Bridges from the novel by D.F. Jones.

CREEPSHOW (Warner Bros., 1982)

A loving tribute to the great EC horror comics of the 1950s, by two distinguished fans: Stephen King and George Romero. Our Guest of Honor wrote the screenplay and made his acting debut in the sequence titled "The Lonesome Death of Jordy Verrill". He's been kind enough to bring along a print of the film, and he'll make some introductory comments for us.

THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL (20th CENTURY FOX, 1951)

One of the great sf films of the 50s, starring Michael Rennie as the visitor from beyond and Knoxville native Patricia Neal as the Earth woman who befriends him. Directed by Robert Wise. Klaatu is no doubt the spiritual forebear of the "We're Not Here To Kill You" school of friendly aliens (E.T., CLOSE ENCOUNTERS).



Special thanks to MIKE JAWORSKI for his invaluable assistance in securing films for the convention.

THE DEAD OF NIGHT (Universal, 1946)

One of the first films to use the anthology format successfully, with segments directed by Cavalcanti, Dearden, Hammer, and Chrichton. This British production stars Michael Redgrave in the infamous ventriloquist's dummy sequence which served as the inspiration for the film, *MAGIC*.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAN (Warner-7 Arts, 1968)

Rod Steiger plays the title role and other characters in three stories adapted from Ray Bradbury's award-winning book. Claire Bloom co-stars in this film directed by Jack Smight. Stories adapted are "The Veldt", "The Long Rains", and "The Last Night of the World".

METROPOLIS (UFA, 1926)

Fritz Lang's classic silent movie about the attempt of the evil genius Rotwang to create a robotrix capable of instigating revolution in the City of Tomorrow. Screenplay by Lang and his wife, Thea von Harbou, based on her novel. Cinematography by Karl Freund, who later directed *THE MUMMY*.

THE POWER (MGM, 1968)

A strange little sleeper, produced by George Pal, directed by Byron Haskin and starring George Hamilton and Suzanne Pleshette as two psychic researchers seeking an elusive, amoral and immensely powerful rogue psionic mutant, played by Michael Rennie. Based on the novel by Frank M. Robinson.

SPIRITS OF THE DEAD (A.I.P., 1967)

Three tales from Edgar Allan Poe, narrated by Vincent Price: "Metzengerstein", directed by Roger Vadim, starring Jane and Peter Fonda; "William Wilson", directed by Louis Malle, with Brigitte Bardot and Alain Delon; and "Toby Dammit" ("Never Bet The Devil Your Head"), directed by Federico Fellini and starring Terence Stamp. Each director had a hand in the screenplay.

TALES OF TERROR (A.I.P., 1961)

Another Poe trilogy, this one produced and directed by Roger Corman, featuring Vincent Price in all three tales. "Morella" seems more an adaptation of "Ligeia" than of the story after which it's titled; "The Black Cat" is an interesting fusion of the title story and "The Cask of Amontillado", with

Peter Lorre as Montessoro; and "The Mysterious Case of M. Valdemar" features Basil Rathbone and Deborah Paget. All three tales were adapted for the screen by Richard Matheson.

THE TIME MACHINE (MGM, 1960)

George Pal's acclaimed adaptation of H.G. Wells' classic novel about a Victorian time traveller (Rod Taylor) who travels from 1930 to the year 802,701, encountering along the way the peaceful Eloi (Yvette Mimieux among them) and the cannibalistic Morlocks.

TWICE-TOLD TALES (United Artists, 1963)

Another anthology film, this one based on three stories from Nathaniel Hawthorne's collection. Directed by Sidney Salkow. "Heidegger's Experiment", with Vincent Price and Sebastian Cabot; "Rappacini's Daughter"; and "The House of the Seven Gables", with Beverly Garland and Richard Denning. If you weren't aware that Nathaniel Hawthorne could spin a great supernatural yarn, check this.


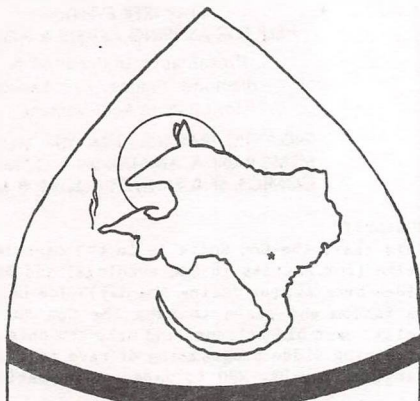


What's the South most justifiably famous for? Hospitality, of course. And that fine tradition is evident in our 9th floor Hospitality Suite (or "con suite"). It's a place to meet folks and chat (sooner or later, just about everybody passes through the Con Suite), smof, or just put your feet up and relax for a few minutes before wandering back out into the hurly-burly. Got a question? Want to find out where the room parties are gonna be? Chances are you can find out here. Got a thirst? We've got Coca-Cola products, Lowenbrau Dark and Miller Lite beer on tap, and a couple other brands, as well. The Con Suite is open 24 hours a day.

So y'all come on in, grab a drink, and set a spell. We're glad to have ya!

AUSTIN IN '85

Tired of wrinkled, soggy science fiction conventions?
Cons that can't remove coffee stains from your delicate draperies?
Cons that mash rather than mince vegetables?



NASFiC
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\$2.00 pre-supporting membership.

CHILI	BEERS	PEPPERS	WINE	BEER	GF'S
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Hearts

Way, way back in the dim, dark days when Hank Reinhardt and Lon Atkins were merely old, and when the entire membership of a convention could be seated around a cardtable, they often amused themselves by playing a friendly game of Hearts. Hank's impressive array of weaponry generally gave him something of a psychological edge in these games, but proved useless against Lon, who had no psychology to be affected. As the annual DSC Hearts contest has grown from one game involving four players to a round-robin affair involving dozens, much has changed. We no longer see the camaraderie and exciting knife- and gun-play of those early contests. But one thing has not changed: the winner of the DSC Hearts Tournament is still the Hearts Champion of the Universe. A complete list of past Champions has thus far eluded our researchers, but following is the "best guess" of one former Champ:

1966 (DSC IV)	LON ATKINS
1971 (DSC IX)	HANK REINHARDT
1972 (DSC X)	DAVE DALIA
1976 (DSC XIV)	HANK REINHARDT
1977 (DSC XV)	LON ATKINS
1978 (DSC XVI)	GUY LILLIAN
1979 (DSC XVII)	JANET LYONS
1980 (DSC XVIII)	GUY COBURN
1981 (DSC XIX)	LON ATKINS
1982 (DSC XX)	BILL ZIELKE

Corrections and additions to this list are solicited by the Editor.

Those wishing to add their name to this list are urged to attend a short meeting at 9:45 p.m. Friday for sign-up, explanation of rules, and announcement of first-round pairings. This meeting will be in the Alternate Programming Room.

Maybe this will be your year to Shoot the Moon....

THE ATLANTA FANTASY FAIR



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A Non-profit Convention that brings together fans of all forms of fantasy! In our ninth year, with three thousand members from 32 states and around the world!

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SPECIAL CLUB AND FAMILY RATES

Most of our activities will take place in the spacious facilities of the Omni Hotel Convention Center. For large events, like the Costume Contest, we will also use the fantastic 2,000 seat theater of the World Congress Center. Located just steps away, it has great acoustics, plush seats, and excellent sound & lighting systems.

**50 HOURS OF CLASSIC SCIENCE FICTION
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AMATEUR FILM FESTIVAL

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STAR TREK EVENTS

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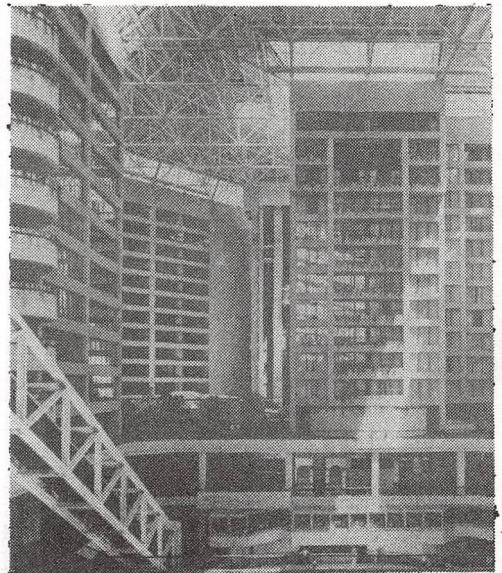
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**GIGANTIC TRADING AREA WITH MOVIE
MEMORABILIA, ANIMATION & COMIC ART,
COMICS, SF & FANTASY BOOKS, & MORE!**

CON SUITE

This year, the Con Suite is in the capable hands of Joe Celko (for parties in the evenings) and Bill Ritch (for video programming during the day). Joe Celko is a legend in fandom and plans to make the Con Suite a place to relax, meet old friends, and make new ones. Bill Ritch is arranging video programming of rare television classics ranging from DR. WHO to Japanese animation!

The Omni Hotel is part of a futuristic, climate-controlled, mini-city (pictured below) which has dozens of shops, restaurants, and theaters! Though the hotel is one of the country's finest, rated four stars by Mobile Travel Guide, special rates for advance members are just \$44 per night for 1-4 people! Less than half the usual rate!



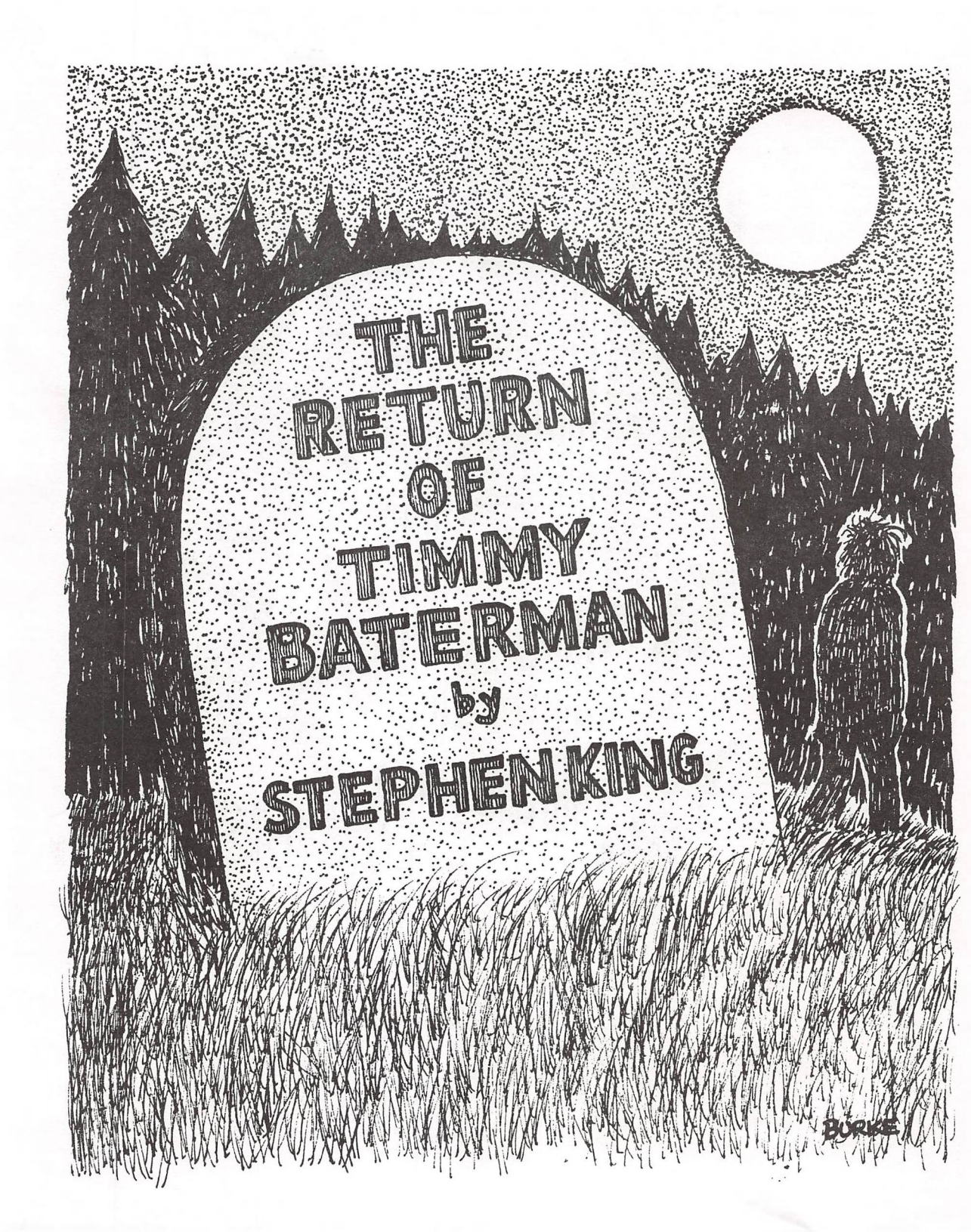
Plan now to attend the big TENTH ANNIVERSARY Atlanta Fantasy Fair, on August 3-5, 1984! Guests already include ROBERT BLOCH, LARRY NIVEN, and MIKE JITTLOV, with many more to come!



DIGBEEES...

THE BAND THAT'S ON THEIR WAY TO BRINGING AMERICA BACK TO LIFE, HAS BROUGHT AUDIENCES TO THEIR FEET WITH A POWERFUL CONCEPT OF ALL ORIGINAL MATERIAL AND A TOTALLY NEW SOUND FOR THE 80'S.

ALTHOUGH THE BAND IS YOUNG, ALL THE MEMBERS HAVE BEEN PLAYING TOGETHER FOR A PERIOD OF THREE YEARS. COLLECTIVELY, THE DIGBEEES HAVE WARMED UP SUCH ACTS AS "X", THE ENGLISH BEAT, JOAN JETT, IGGY POP, ANGEL CITY, AND NUMEROUS L.A. AND NEW YORK BANDS. ONLY NOW, COMING TOGETHER AS THE DIGBEEES, HAS EACH BAND MEMBER FELT SUCH MAGIC AND PERFECT BLENDING OF THEIR MUSICAL TALENTS. THIS YOUNG AND TALENTED FOURSOME NOW FEELS THAT AMERICA IS READY TO LISTEN.



**THE
RETURN
OF
TIMMY
BATERMAN**
by
STEPHEN KING

BURKE

This is actually a segment of my novel Pet Semetary, which Doubleday is doing in the fall. Most excerpts from novels don't make much sense, but I think this one stands pretty much on its own.

The man who tells the story is an old fellow named Jud Crandall, who has lived in the little town of Ludlow, Maine, all his life--some eighty-four years. The man listening is the novel's protagonist, Louis Creed, who has just lost his young son Gage, and who has gradually come to believe that there might--just maybe--be a way to bring his boy back to life. Needless to say, the story of Timmy Baterman is Jud's attempt to dissuade him.

--S.K.

"In those days--back during the war, I mean--the train still stopped in Orrington, and Bill Baterman had a funeral hack there at the loading depot to meet the freight carrying the body of his son Timmy. The coffin was unloaded by four railroad men. I was one of them. There was an army fellow on board from Graves and Registration--they was the Army's wartime version of undertakers, Louis--but he never got off the train. He was sitting drunk in a boxcar that still had twelve coffins in it.

"We put Timmy into the back of a mortuary Cadillac--in those days it still wasn't uncommon to hear such things called 'hurry-up wagons,' because in the old days the major concern, Louis, was to get them into the ground before they rotted. Bill Baterman stood by, his face stony and kinda...I dunno...kinda dry, I guess you'd say. He wept no tears. Huey Garber was driving the train that day, and he said that Army fella had really had a tour for himself. Huey said they'd flown in a whole shitload of those coffins to Limestone in Presque Isle, at which point both the coffins and their keeper entrained for points south.

"The Army fella comes walking up to Huey, and he takes a fifth of rye whiskey out of his uniform blouse, and he says in this soft, drawly Dixie voice, 'Well, Mr. Engineer, you're driving a mystery train today, did you know that?'

"Huey shakes his head.

"'Well, you are. At least, that's what they call a funeral train down in Alabama, which is where I hail from.' Huey says the fella took a list out of his pocket and squinted at it. 'We're going to start by dropping two of those coffins off in Houlton, and then I've got one for Passadumkeag, two for Bangor, one for Derry, one for Ludlow, and so on. I feel like a fugging milkman. You want a drink?'

"Well, Huey declines the drink on the grounds that the Bangor and Aroostook is pretty fussy on the subject of train-drivers with rye on their breaths, and the fella from Graves and Registration don't hold it against Huey anymore than Huey holds the fact of the Army fella's drunkenness against him. They even shook on her, Huey said.

"So off they go, dropping those flag-covered coffins every other stop or two. Eighteen or twenty of 'em in all. Huey said it went on all the way to Boston, and there was weeping and wailing relatives at every stop except Ludlow...and at Ludlow he was treated to the sight of Bill Baterman, who, he said, looked like he was dead inside and just waiting for his soul to stink. When he got off that train he said he woke up that Army fellow and they hit some spots--fifteen or twenty--and Huey got drunker than he had ever been, and went to a whore, which he'd never done in his whole life, and woke up with a set of crabs so big and mean they gave him the shivers, and he said that if that was what they called a mystery train, he never wanted to drive no mystery train again.

"Timmy's body was taken up to the Greenspan Funeral Home on Fern Street--it used to be across from where the New Franklin Laundry stands now--and two days later he was buried in Pleasantview Cemetery with full military honors.

"Well, I tell you, Louis: Missus Baterman was dead ten years then, along with the second child she tried to bring into the world, and that had a lot to do with what happened.

A second child might have helped to ease the pain, don't you think? A second child might have reminded old Bill that there's others that feel the pain and have to be helped through. I guess in that way, you're luckier--having another child and all, I mean. A child and a wife who are both alive and well.

"According to the letter Bill got from the lieutenant in charge of his boy's platoon, Timmy was shot down on the road to Rome on July 15th, 1943. His body was shipped home two days later, and it got to Limestone on the 19th. It was put aboard Huey Garber's mystery train the very next day. Most of the GIs who got killed in Europe were buried in Europe, but all of the boys who went home on that train were special--Timmy had died charging a machine-gun nest, and he had won the Silver Star posthumously.

"Timmy was buried--don't hold me to this, but I think it was July 22nd. It was four or five days later that Marjorie Washburn, who was the mailwoman in those days, saw Timmy walking up the road toward York's Livery Stable. Well, Marjorie damn near drove right off the road, and you can understand why. She went back to the post office, tossed he leather bag with all her undelivered mail in it on George Anderson's desk, and told him she was going home and to bed right then.

"'Margie, are you sick?' George asks. 'You are just as white as a gull's wing.'

"'I've had the fright of my life, and I don't want to talk to you about it,' Margie Washburn says. 'I ain't going to talk to Brian about it, or my Mom, or anybody. When I get up to heaven, if Jesus asks me to talk to Him about it, maybe I will. But I don't believe it.' And out she goes.

"Everybody knew Timmy was dead, there was his 'bituary in the Bangor *Daily News* and the Ellsworth *American* just the week before, picture and all, and half the town turned out for his funeral up to the city. And here Margie sees him, walking up the road--*lurching* up the road, she finally told old George Anderson--only this was twenty years later, and she was dying, and George told me it seemed to him like she wanted to tell somebody what she'd seen. George said it seemed to him like it preyed on her mind, you know.

"Pale, he was, she said, and dressed in an old pair of chino pants and a faded flannel hunting shirt, although it must have been ninety degrees in the shade that day. Margie said all his hair was sticking up in the back like he hadn't put a comb to it in a month or more. 'His eyes were like raisins stuck in bread-dough. I saw a ghost that day, George. That's what scared me so. I never thought I'd see such a thing, but there it was.'

"Well, word got around. Pretty soon some other people saw Timmy, too. Missus Stratton --well, we called her 'Missus,' but so far as anyone knew she could have been single or divorced or grass-widowed; she had a little two-room house down where the Pedersen Road joins the Hancock Road, and she had a lot of jazz records and sometimes she'd be willing to throw you a little party if you had a ten-dollar bill that wasn't working too hard. Well, she saw him from her porch, and she said he walked right up to the edge of the road and stopped there.

"He just stood there, she said, his hands dangling at his sides and his head pushed forward a little bit, so he was leadin with his chin like a boxer who's ready to eat some canvas. And she said she stood there on her porch, heart goin like sixty, too scared to move. Then she said he turned around and it was like watching a drunk man try to do an about-face. One leg went way out and the other foot turned and he just about fell over. She said he looked right at her and all the strength just run out of her hands and she dropped the basket of washing she had, and the clothes fell out and got smutty all over again.

"She said his eyes...she said they looked as dead and dusty as marbles, Louis. But he saw her...and he grinned...and she said he talked to her. Asked her if she still had those records, because he wouldn't mind cutting a rug with her. Maybe that very night. And Missus Stratton went back inside, and she wouldn't come out for most of a week, and by then it was over, anyway.

"Lot of people saw Timmy Baterman. Many of them are dead now--Missus Stratton is, for one, and others have moved on, but there are a few old crocks like me left around who'll tell you...if you ask 'em right.

"They saw him, I tell you, walking back and forth along the Pedersen Road, a mile east of his daddy's house, and a mile west. Back and forth he went, back and forth all day, and for all anyone knew, all night. Shirt untucked, pale face, hair all stuck up in spikes, fly unzipped sometimes, and this look on his face...this *look*..."

Jud paused to light a cigarette, and Louis spoke for the first time.

"Did you ever see him?"

Jud shook the match out and looked at Louis through the haze of drifting blue smoke. And although the story was, of course, utterly mad, there was no lie in Jud's eyes.

"Yeah, I saw him. You know, they have these stories and these movies--I don't know if they're true--about zombies down in Haiti. In the movies they just sort of shamle along, with their dead eyes starin straight ahead, real slow and sort of clumsy. Timmy Baterman was like that, Louis, like a zombie in a movie, but he *wasn't*. There was somethin *more*. There was somethin *goin on* behind his eyes, and sometimes you could see it and sometimes you couldn't see it. *Somethin behind his eyes, Louis*. I don't think that thinkin is what I want to call it. I don't know what in the hell I want to call it.

"It was sly, that was one thing. Like him tellin Missus Stratton he wanted to cut a rug with her. There was somethin *goin on* in there, Louis, but I don't think it was thinkin and I don't think it had much--maybe nothing at all--to do with Timmy Baterman. It was more like a...a radio signal that was comin from somewhere else. You looked at him and you thought, 'If he touches me, I'm gonna scream.' Like that.

"Back and forth he went, up and down the road, and one day after I got home from work--this must have been, oh, I'm going to say it was July 30th or so--here is George Anderson, the postmaster, don't you know, sitting on my back porch, drinking iced tea with Hannibal Benson, who was then our second selectman, and Alan Purinton, who was fire-chief. Norma sat there too, but never said a thing.

"George kept rubbing the stump at the top of his right leg. Lost most of that leg working on the railroad, he did, and the stump used to bother him something fierce on those hot and muggy days. But here he was, misery or not.

"This has gone far enough," George says to me. "I got a mailwoman who won't deliver out on the Pedersen Road, that's one thing. It's starting to raise Cain with the government, and that's something else."

"What do you mean, it's raising Cain with the government?" I asked.

"Hannibal said he'd had a call from the War Department. Some lieutenant named Kinsman whose job it was to sort out malicious mischief from plain old tomfoolery. 'Four or five people have written anonymous letters to the War Department,' Hannibal says, 'and this Lieutenant Kinsman is starting to get a little bit concerned. If it was just one fellow who had written one letter, they'd laugh it off. If it was just one fellow writing a whole bunch of letters, Kinsman says he'd call the State Police up in Derry Barracks and tell em they might have a psychopath with a hate on against the Baterman family in Ludlow. But these letters all came from different people. He said you could tell that by the handwriting, name or no name, and they all say the same crazy thing--that if Timothy Baterman is dead, he makes one hell of a lively corpse walking up and down the Pedersen Road with his bare face hanging out.

"This Kinsman is going to send a fellow out or come himself if this don't settle down," Hannibal finishes up. "They want to know if Timmy's dead, or AWOL, or what, because they don't like to think their records are all at sixes and sevens. Also, they're gonna want to know who was buried in Timmy Baterman's box, if he wasn't."

"And Hannibal mopped his brow with his bandanna.

"Well, you can see what kind of a mess it was, Louis. We sat there most of an hour, drinking iced tea and talking it over. Norma asked us if we wanted sandwiches, but no one did. Christ, that business with Timmy Baterman was like finding a woman with three tits... you know it ain't right, but what the hell do you do about it?"

"We talked it around and talked it around, and finally we decided we had to go out there, to the Baterman place. I'll never forget that night, not if I live to be twice as

old's I am now. It was hot, hotter than the hinges of hell, with the sun going down like a bucket of guts behind the clouds. There was none of us wanted to go, but we had to. Norma knew it before any of us. She got me inside on some pretext or other and said, 'Don't you let them dither around and put this off, Judson. You got to get this taken care of. It's an abomination.'

Jud measured Louis evenly with his eyes.

"That was what she called it, Louis. It was her word. Abomination. And she kind of whispers in my ear, 'If anything happens, Jud, you just run. Never mind these others; they'll have to look out for themselves. You remember me and bust your hump right out of there if anything happens.'

"We drove over in Hannibal Benson's car--that son of a bitch got all the A-coupons he wanted, I don't know how. Nobody said much, but all four of us was smokin like chimblies. We was scared, Louis, just as scared as we could be. But the only one who really said anything was Alan Purinton. He says to George, 'Bill Baterman has been up to dickens in that woods north of Route 15, and I'll put my warrant to that.' Nobody answered, but I remember George noddin his head.

"Well, we got there, and Alan knocked, but nobody answered, so we went around to the back and there the two of them were. Bill Baterman was sitting there on his back stoop with a pitcher of beer and Timmy was at the back of the yard, just staring up at that red, bloody sun as it went down. His whole face was orange with it, like he'd been flayed alive. And Bill...he looked like the devil had gotten him after his seven years of highfalutin. He was floatin in his clothes, and I judged he'd lost forty pounds. His eyes had gone back in their sockets until they were like little animals in a pair of caves...and his mouth kept goin tick-tick-tick on the left side. He looked like someone who has a cancer that is doing right well someplace inside him.

Jud paused, seemed to consider, and then nodded imperceptibly. "Louis, he looked *damned*.

"Timmy looked around at us and grinned. Just seeing him grin made you want to scream. Then he turned and went back to looking at the sun go down. Bill says, 'I didn't hear you boys knock,' which was a bald-faced lie, of course, since Alan laid on that door loud enough to wake the...to wake up a deaf man.

"No one seemed like they was going to say anything, so I says, 'Bill, I heard your boy was killed over in Italy.'

"That was a mistake,' he says, looking right at me.

"Was it?' I says.

"You see him standin right there, don't you?' he says.

"So who do you reckon was in that coffin you had buried out at Pleasantview?' Alan Purinton asks him.

"Be damned if I know,' Bill says, 'and be damned if I care.' He goes to get a cigarette and spills them all over the back porch, then breaks two or three trying to pick them up.

"Probably have to be an exhumation,' Hannibal says. 'You know that, don't you? I had a call from the goddam War Department, Bill. They are going to want to know if they buried some other mother's son under Timmy's name.'

"Well, what in the hell of it?' Bill says in a loud voice. 'That's nothing to me, is it? I got my boy. Timmy come home the other day. He's been shell-shocked or something. He's a little strange now, but he'll come around.'

"Let's quit this, Bill,' I says, and all at once I was pretty mad at him. 'If and when they dig up that Army coffin, they're gonna find it dead empty, unless you went to the trouble of filling it up with rocks after you took your boy out of it, and I don't think you did. I know what happened, Hannibal and George and Alan here know what happened, and you know what happened, too. You been foolin around up in the woods, Bill, and you have caused yourself and the town a lot of trouble.'

"You fellas know your way out, I guess," he says. "I don't have to explain myself to you, or justify myself to you, or nothing. When I got that telegram, the life ran right out of me. I felt her go, just like piss down the inside of my leg. Well, I got my boy back. They had no right to take my boy. He was only seventeen. He was all I had left of his dear mother and it was ill-fuckin'-legal. So fuck the Army, and fuck the War Department, and fuck the United States of America, and fuck you boys, too. I got him back. He'll come around. And that's all I got to say. Now you all just march your boots back where you came from."

"And his mouth is tick-tick-tickin, and there's sweat all over his forehead in big drops, and that's when I saw he was crazy. It would have driven me crazy, too. Living with that... that thing."

Louis was feeling sick to his stomach. He had drunk too much beer too fast. Pretty soon it was all going to come up on him. The heavy, loaded feeling in his stomach told him it would be coming up soon.

"Well, there wasn't much else we could do. We got ready to go. Hannibal says, 'Bill, God help you.'

"Bill says, 'God never helped me. I helped myself.'"

"That was when Timmy walked over to us. He even *walked* wrong, Louis. He walked like an old, old man. He'd put one foot high up and then bring it down and then kind of shuffle and then lift the other one. It was like watchin a crab walk. His hands dangled down by his legs. And when he got close enough you could see red marks across his face on the slant, like pimples or little burns. I reckon that's where the Kraut machine-gun got him. Must have damn near blowed his head off.

"And he stank of the grave. It was a black smell, like everything inside him was just lying there, black and festering and spoilt. I saw Alan Purinton put a hand up to cover his nose and mouth. The stench was just awful. You almost expected to see grave-maggots squirming around in his hair--"

"Stop," Louis said hoarsely. "I've heard enough."

"You ain't," Jud said. He spoke with haggard earnestness. "That's it, you *ain't*. And I can't even make it as bad as it was. Nobody could understand how bad it was unless they was there. He was *dead*, Louis. But he was alive, too. And he...he...he knew things."

"Knew things?"

"Ayuh. He looked at Alan for a long time, kind of grinning--you could see his teeth, anyway--and then he spoke in this low voice, you felt like you had to strain forward to hear it. It sounded like he had gravel down in his tubes. 'Your wife is fucking that man she works with down at the drugstore, Purinton. What do you think of that? She screams when she comes. What do you think of that?'

"Alan, he kind of gasped, and you could see it had hit him. Alan's in a nursing home up in Gardner now, or was the last I heard--he must be pushing ninety. Back when all this happened he was forty or so, and there had been some talk around about his second wife. She was his second cousin, and she had come to live with Alan and Alan's first wife, Lucy, just before the war. Well, Lucy died, and a year and a half later Alan up and married this girl. Laurine, her name was. She was no more than twenty-four when they married. And there *had* been some talk about her, you know. If you were a man, you might have called her ways sort of free and easy and let it go at that. But the women thought she might be loose. And maybe Alan had had a few thoughts in that direction, too, because, he says: 'Shut up! Shut up or I'll knock you down, whatever you are!'

"Shush now, Timmy," Bill says, and he looks worse than ever, you know, like maybe he's going to puke or faint dead away, or do both. 'You shush, Timmy.'

"But Timmy didn't take no notice. He looks around at George Anderson and he says, 'That grandson you set such a store by is just waiting for you to die, old man. The money is all he wants, the money he thinks you got socked away in your lockbox at the Bangor Eastern Bank. That's why he makes up to you, but behind your back he makes fun of you, him and his sister. Old wooden-leg, that's what they call you,' Timmy says, and Louis, his voice--

it *changed*. It got mean. It sounded like the way that grandson of George's would have sounded if...you know, if the things Timmy was saying were true.

"'Old wooden-leg,'" Timmy says, 'and won't they shit when they find out you're poor as a church-mouse because you lost it all in 1938? Won't they shit, George? Won't they just *shit*?'"

"George, he backed away then, and his wooden leg buckled under him and he fell back on Bill's porch and upset his pitcher of beer, and he was as white as your undershirt, Louis.

"Bill, he gets him back on his feet, somehow, and he's roarin at his boy, 'Timmy, you stop it! You stop it!' But Timmy wouldn't. He said somethin bad about Hannibal, and then he said something bad about me, too, and by then he was...ravin, I'd say. Yeah, he was ravin, all right. Screamin. And we started to back away, and then we started to run, draggin George along the best we could by the arms because he'd gotten the straps and harnesses on that fake leg twisted somehow, and it was all off to one side with the shoe turned around backwards and draggin on the grass.

"The last I seen of Timmy Baterman, he was on the back lawn by the clothesline, his face all red in the settin sun, those marks standin out on his face, his hair all crazy and dusty somehow...and he was laughin and screechin over and over again 'Old wooden-leg! Old wooden-leg! And the cuckold! And the whoremaster! Goodbye, gentlemen! Goodbye! Goodbye!' And then he laughed, but it was screaming, really...something inside him...screaming...and screaming...and screaming."

Jud stopped. His chest moved up and down rapidly.

"Jud," he said. "The thing this Timmy Baterman told you...was it true?"

"It was true," Jud muttered. "Christ! It was true. I used to go to a whore-house in Bangor betimes. Nothing many a man hasn't done, although I s'pose there are plenty that walk the straight and narrow. I just would get the urge--the compulsion, maybe--to sink it into strange flesh now and then. Or pay some woman to do the things a man can't bring himself to ask his wife to do. Men keep their gardens too, Louis. It wasn't a terrible thing, what I done, and all of that has been behind me for the last eight or nine years, and Norma would not have left me if she had known. But something in her would have died forever. Something dear and sweet."

Jud's eyes were red and swollen and bleary; the tears of the old are singularly unlovely, Louis thought. But when he groped across the table for Louis's hand, Louis took it firmly.

"He told us only the bad," he said after a moment. "Only the bad. God knows there is enough of that in any human being's life, isn't there? Two or three days later, Alan Purinton's wife left Ludlow for good, and folks in town who saw her before she got on the train said she was sporting two shiners and had cotton stuffed up her nose. Alan, he would never talk about it. George died in 1950, and if he left anything to that grandson and granddaughter of his, I never heard about it. Hannibal got kicked out of office because of something that was just like what Timmy Baterman accused him of--I won't tell you exactly what it was, you don't need to know, but misappropriation of town funds for his own use comes close enough to cover it, I reckon. There was even talk of trying him on embezzlement charges, but it never came to much. Losing the post was enough punishment for him, anyway; his whole life was playing the big cheese.

"But there was good in those men, too. That's what I mean; that's what folks always find it so hard to remember. It was Hannibal got the fund started for the Eastern General Hospital, right before the war. Alan Purinton was one of the most generous, open-handed men I ever knew. And old George Anderson only wanted to go on running the post office forever.

"It was only the bad *it* wanted to talk about, though. It was only the bad *it* wanted us to remember, because *it* was bad...and because *it* knew we meant danger for it. The Timmy Baterman that went off to fight the war was a nice, ordinary kid, Louis, maybe a little dull, but goodhearted. The thing we saw that night, lookin up into that red sun...that was a monster. Maybe it was a zombie, or a *dybbuk*, or a demon. Maybe there's no name for such a

thing as that, but the Micmacs would have known what it was, name or no."

"What?" Louis said numbly.

"Something that had been touched by the Wendigo," Jud said evenly. He took a deep breath, held it for a moment, let it out, and looked at his watch.

"Welladay. The hour's late, Louis. I've talked nine times as much as I meant to."

"I doubt that," Louis said. "You've been very eloquent. Tell me how it came out."

"There was a fire at the Baterman place two nights later," Jud said. "It burned flat.

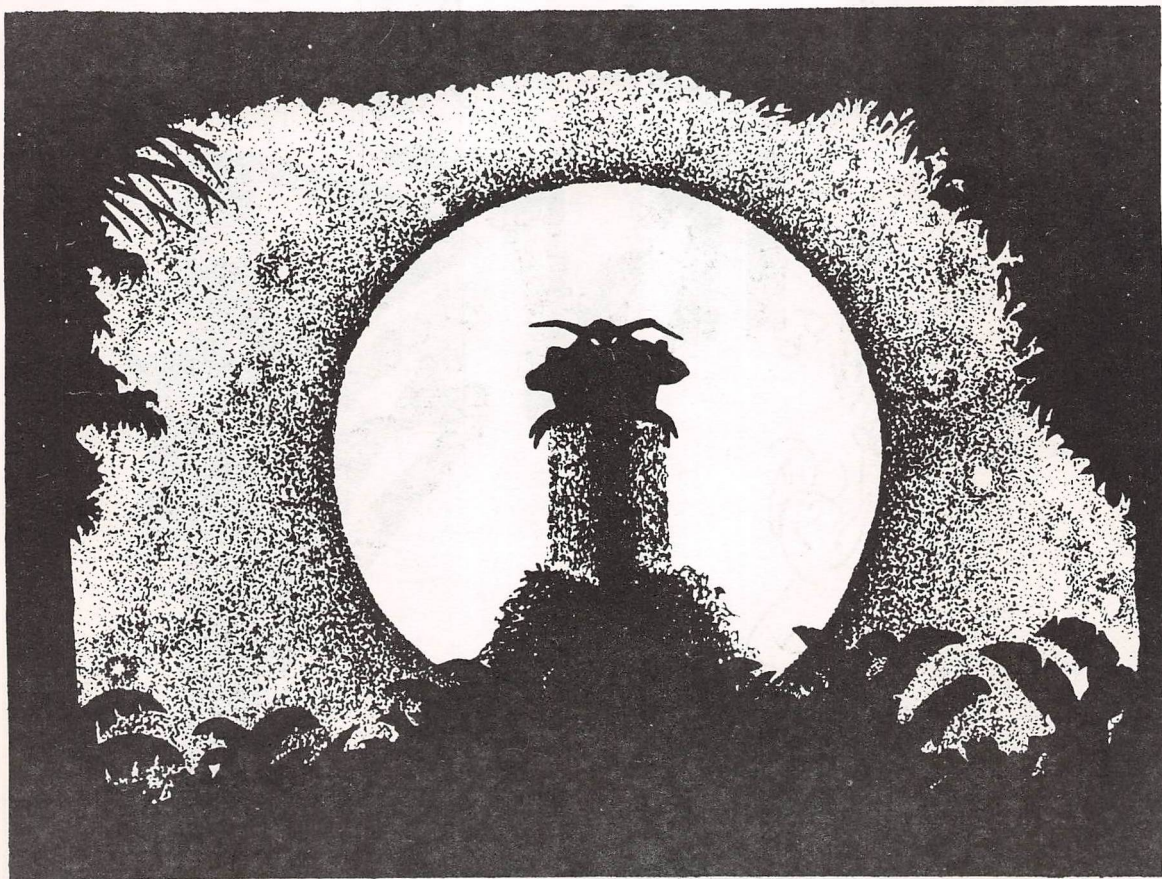
Alan Purinton said there was no doubt about the fire being set. Range-oil had been splashed from one end of that little house to the other. You could smell the reek of it for three days after the fire was out."

"So they both burned up."

"Oh, ayuh, they burned. But they was dead beforehand. Timmy was shot twice in the chest with a pistol Bill Baterman kept handy, an old Colt's. They found it in Bill's hand. What he'd done, or so it looked like, was to kill his boy, lay him on the bed, and then spill out that range-oil. Then he sat down in his easy chair by the radio, flicked a match, and ate the barrel of that Colt .45."

"Jesus," Louis said.

"They were pretty well charred, but the county medical examiner said it looked to him like Timmy Baterman had been dead two or three weeks."



BIRMINGHAM



Riley
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DSCography

by Dennis Dolbear

The thing most intriguing about the DSC, I think, is its origin. Most conventions begin as a sort of outgoing motion--a club or independent group of enterprising fans decides to hold a con for any of a number of purposes--to expand their roster, increase prestige, or just out of masochism.

But the DSC began as a sort of inward motion, out of the desire of the members of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance to meet face-to-face.

Now, you can find out more about SFPA in the "APAs" section of this Book, but the important thing to note here is that because of its regional base, SFPA has always been an organization that has valued face-to-face contact amongst its members, which is unusual in apas. But to make a long story short, the first DSC--although it was originally called MidSouthCon--was essentially a gathering at Dave Hulan's house in Huntsville, Alabama, for members of the organization. Most of the convention was apparently spent looking at Hulan's two complete sets of Unknown, according to Rick Norwood, who did an invaluable history of the early conventions for

the New Orleans Science Fiction Association clubzine, Nolazine.

By the next year, the official title--the DeepSouth Science Fiction Convention--had been adopted for the gathering of fans in an Anniston, Alabama, motel room. Larry Montgomery, a SFPA member who lived in Anniston, had organized the convention. The most notable product of the con--besides lots of good times--was the historic one-shot Conglomeration.

DSC III showed the convention was evolving into something more than a weekend get-together. It had an actual program and was held at the Downtowner Motel in Birmingham, Alabama, in August of 1965. Of course, it wasn't much of a program--a panel discussion and the presentation of the first Rebel Award to Al Andrews--but it was a very important start and the attendance had more than tripled--all the way to 19 people! And at this DSC was started the tradition of the Hank Reinhardt Awakening Ceremony, an event sadly missed in today's somewhat more prosaic fandom.

The 4th DSC was originally awarded to Chapel Hill, North Carolina, but was peremp-



torily moved to Huntsville, mainly because Southern Fandom's Young Man In A Hurry (1965 vintage), Lon Atkins, had moved from the former city to the latter after the award. Dave Hulan got a deserved Rebel Award. Rick doesn't record much about this convention, and I really have no other records available concerning it.

The next DSC was held in Atlanta, and the big jump was made: this was a real convention, hosted by Jerry Page for about 25 attendees. Ordinary convention accoutrements--such as a business meeting, speeches and panel discussions--were present. There was even an impromptu huckster's room, actually a table upon which someone spread out, and eventually sold part of, an EC collection. The main program item was apparently a tour by truck of the local used bookstores.

New Orleans hosted its first DSC in 1968. The con still had a strong SFPA base--the chairmen were both members, and one was soon to be the organization's chief--but it was clear that after an initially systolic character, the DSC now had a distinctly diastolic nature. That is, its horizons were expanding outwards, beyond serving merely as a SFPA *brauklatsch*. Besides, New Orleans had a tradition to uphold: it was the site of the then-only Southern WorldCon, held in 1951. That DSC had its first Guest of Honor, Dan Galouye; a three-day program, including the first trivia contest; two panel discussions and a banquet...as well as a membership of 72. The con was coming up in the world.

The next DSC was staged by the capable (and sorely missed) Janie Lamb, in Knoxville. The GoH was a lady named Rachel Maddux, who had written one fantasy novel, but who reportedly gave an interesting talk about inventing your own universes for fantasy fiction. This DSC had more in common with, say, the 4th and 5th DSCs than with the more elaborate New Orleans affair, although there is no doubt every one of the attendees--the membership was 35--had a great time.

The next DSC was envisioned by Atlanta's Glen Brock as a sort of WorldCon for those unable to attend the real thing, held that year in Heidelberg, Germany. Extensive advertising resulted in 130 memberships and an attendance of over 100. A great deal went on: Sam Moskowitz was GoH, and the DSC had

its first official MC in Richard Meredith, who also received the first Phoenix Award (Irvin Koch got the third Rebel). The SFC elected its first (albeit acting) officers, Meade Frierson as Prez and Janie Lamb as Secretary. The artshow and huckster rooms were crowded, plenty of movie action, and three days worth of programming. What is most important about this DSC is that it was the final important step in the con's evolution. All of the basic elements were present and the ambience created there has not really changed. Variations occur from year to year, of course, according to the whims of each ConCom and the peculiar circumstances of fandom, but each succeeding DSC is pretty much recognizable as resembling AgaCon '70, the eighth DSC.

New Orleans repeated for the ninth DSC. Poul Anderson served as Pro GoH, and Fred Patten served as the DSC's first Fan GoH.



The attendance was over 100 again, and one of the highlights was an Anachronist tournament held in conjunction with the convention.

The 10th DSC came about from a curious circumstance: Stven Carlberg was bidding for Sarasota, Florida, planning to hold the 10th event on the grounds of his college. Joe Celko and Steve Hughes, in a moment of drunken mischief, composed and distributed a wickedly funny hoax bidsheet, which was (and remains) a classic of the kind. Their impunity was rewarded: they got the Con. And they held it in fine style, with an attendance of 162 and all the usual events. As a sidenote: although as stated before the con had outgrown its original purpose, it still was a critical event to SFPA. The chairmen were again members, and a large portion of the apa's roster attended. The spirit created at this con sustained and nurtured the apa for years to come.

The next year the convention was back in New Orleans, this time under the administration of the Sons of the Sand, "one of whom I am which," as Winston Churchill used to say. John Guidry--one of the chairmen--had picked a splendid film program and the room parties, the pride of any DSC, were particularly good. Clarence Laughlin, the world-famous photographer and fantasy art collector, gave a superb talk on the latter subject. Quite a few folks still claim this was the most enjoyable DSC ever.

There are still strong feelings about the next DSC, conceived by Glen Brock but eventually chaired by Sam Gastfriend and Joe Celko, and held in Atlanta as AgaCon '74. It was an attempt to change the format not only of the DSC, but of s.f. conventions in general. This DSC was billed as a "Science Fiction Mardi Gras", and was intended to provide a complete fantasy environment within the walls of the hotel, complete with fantasy costuming, music over the hotel sound system, etc. No GoHs, but "VIP Members", which was an impressive list: Poul Anderson, Joe Green and Thomas Swann, as well as Mary Elizabeth Councilman. Events at this con were supposed to "just happen" spontaneously; a formal program and room parties were discouraged.

Unfortunately, the experiment didn't work, and the fan press, which much prefers a convention failure to a success, had a field day criticizing the convention. My own

attitude is: good try, nothing ventured, etc. Fans were generally apathetic to the concept, which sounds odd until you realize that fans are natural nonconformists: they like to let things "just happen", and to create their own scenes, but prefer to do so as a counterpoint to a more formal program. DSC XII gave them nothing to rebel against, and the results were as expected.

Cliff Amos kicked off the now-famous RiverCons with DSC XIII. A combination of advertising in the con-active Midwest and some special events for comics fans resulted in the phenomenal and then-record attendance of 545 members. The convention was returned to the traditional format--trivia contest, banquet, awards, etc., with the addition of such extras as a Sunday riverboat ride on the Belle of Louisville. By every account a splendid convention.

The most recent seven DSCs cannot adequately be summarized in the remaining space. With the exception of the lightly programmed and banquetless '76 event, most DSCs are much like the one you're attending now. Atlanta has held four of them, including '76 and the hugely-attended 1978 event, which drew a record 731 members to the Riviera Hyatt. New Orleans held the 17th DSC in 1979, the only DSC ever to be held in a truly first-class luxury hotel, the famous Le Pavillion. The convention had its passionate supporters and detractors; one of the features of the con's development has been the increasing difficulty of pleasing everybody. Alabama has once more entered the DSC picture, holding the 15th (1977) and the 19th (1981) conventions. While the '77 event was competently run and enjoyable, the 1981 convention was memorable for its splendid ambience, created and sustained by some fine room parties.

And that brings us to the present. With any luck, SatyriCon II is going to join the roster proudly as one of the finest DSCs, which of course means amongst the best conventions ever.

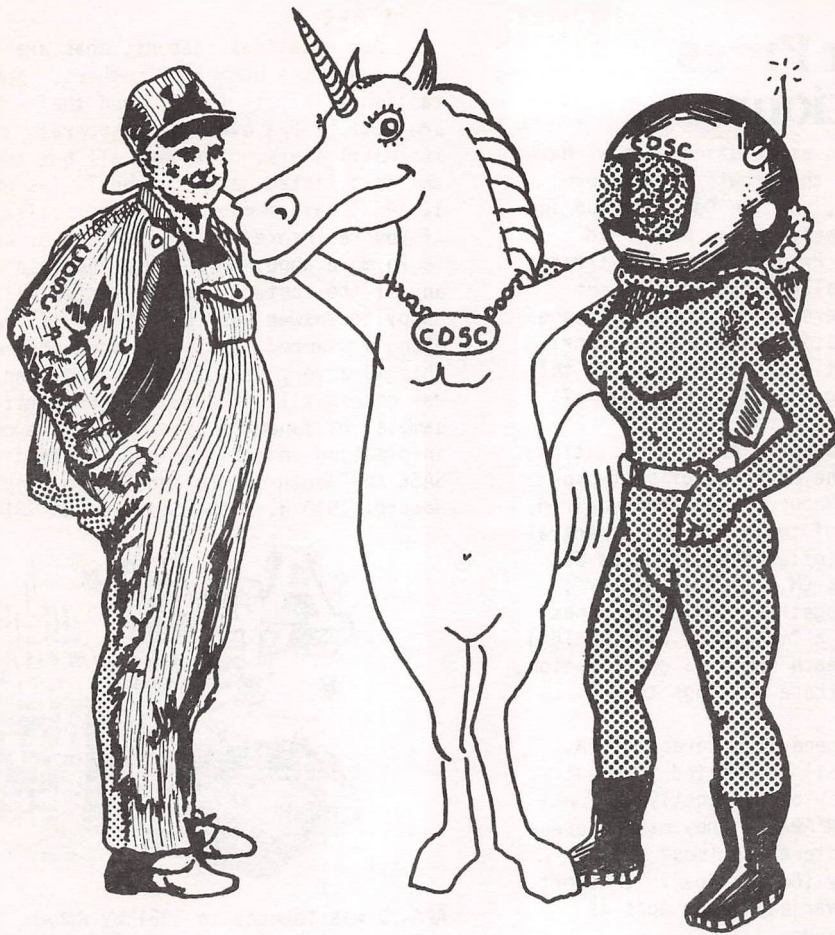
DSC COUNTDOWN

adapted from DSC XX Program Book

DSC I: MidSouthCon
Huntsville, Alabama
Chair: David Hulian

1963
Attendance 5

DSC II	1964	DSC XIII: RiverCon I	1975
Anniston, Alabama	Attendance 6	Louisville, Kentucky	Attendance 545
Chair: Larry Montgomery		Chair: Cliff Amos	
		Pro GoH: Philip Jose Farmer	
		Fan GoH: Buck & Juanita Coulson	
		MC: Andy Offutt	
DSC III	1965	DSC XIV	1976
Birmingham, Alabama	Attendance 19	Atlanta, Georgia	Attendance 175
Chair: Al Andrews & Larry Montgomery		Chair: Binker Hughes	
		GoH: L. Sprague de Camp	
DSC IV	1966	DSC XV: B'hamaCon	1977
Huntsville, Alabama	Attendance 20	Birmingham, Alabama	Attendance ???
Chair: Lon Atkins		Chair: Penny Frierson	
		Pro GoH: Michael Bishop	
		Fan GoH: Charles & Dena Brown	
		MC: Hank Reinhardt	
DSC V	1967	DSC XVI	1978
Atlanta, Georgia	Attendance 25	Atlanta, Georgia	Attendance 731
Chair: Jerry Page		Chair: Rich Garrison	
		GoH: Jack Williamson	
DSC VI	1968	DSC XVII: GumboCon	1979
New Orleans, Louisiana	Attendance 72	New Orleans, Louisiana	Attendance 420
Chair: Rick Norwood & Don Markstein		Chair: Justin Winston	
GoH: Daniel F. Galouye		GoH: R.A. Lafferty	
DSC VII	1969	DSC XVIII: ASFiCon	1980
Knoxville, Tennessee	Attendance 35	Atlanta, Georgia	Attendance 514
Chair: Janie Lamb		Chair: Cliff Biggers	
GoH: Rachel Maddux		Pro GoH: Ted White	
		Fan GoH: Mike Glycer	
		MC: Michael Bishop	
DSC VIII: AgaCon '70	1970	DSC XIX: B'hamaCon II	1981
Atlanta, Georgia	Attendance 130	Birmingham, Alabama	Attendance 342
Chair: Glen Brock		Chair: Jim Gilpatrick	
GoH: Sam Moskowitz		Pro GoH: Bob Shaw	
MC: Richard C. Meredith		Fan GoH: Hank Reinhardt	
DSC IX: PeliCon	1971	MC: Jerry Page	
New Orleans, Louisiana	Attendance 105	DSC XX: ASFiCon III	1982
Chair: Rick Norwood & John Guidry		Atlanta, Georgia	Attendance 323
Pro GoH: Poul Anderson		Chair: mike weber	
Fan GoH: Fred Patten		Pro GoH: Karl Edward Wagner	
		Fan GoH: Lon Atkins	
		MC: Kelly Freas	
DSC X: AtlantisCon	1972	DSC XXI: SatyriCon II	1983
Atlanta, Georgia	Attendance 162	Knoxville, Tennessee	Attendance
Chair: Steve Hughes & Joe Celko		Chair: Vernon Clark	
GoH: Hal Clement		Pro GoH: Stephen King	
MC: Kelly Freas		Fan GoH: Guy Lillian III	
		TM: Barbara Wagner	
DSC XI	1973		
New Orleans, Louisiana	Attendance 175		
Chair: John Guidry			
Pro GoH: Joseph L. Green			
Fan GoH: Meade Frierson III			
MC: Joe Celko			
DSC XII: AgaCon '74	1974		
Atlanta, Georgia	Attendance 178		
Chair: Joe Celko & Sam Gastfriend			



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Programing: Sharon & Bryan Webb
Consuite: Bob Faircloth & Bill Zielke
ArtShow: Mel. Clark, Dan Caldwell, Ken Moore & the Nashville crew
Huxterkoom: Janet Caruth & Richard Stubblefield
Registration: Nancy Harpe & Darlene Giddens
ProgramBook: Roger Caldwell & Eric Jamborsky
Security/Services: Curtis Russell, TBA, SCA, and friends
Video/Films: Dennis Matheson, Wayne Walls, & TBA
Masquerade: Maurine Dorris & Sue Phillips
GameRoomS and ComputerRoom: TBA

Amateur Press Associations

Amateur press associations (apas) have been important to the growth of Southern Fandom in general, and the DeepSouthCon in particular. In fact, as you will read elsewhere in this Program Book, the first DSCs were essentially gatherings of members of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance (SFPA). So Ye Editor thought it appropriate to talk a little bit about apas in this book commemorating the 21st birthday of the DSC.

Briefly, an amateur press association is a medium for the exchange of self-produced fanzines. Members send the required number of copies of their zine to a central mailing official (often designated as OE, "Official Editor"; CM, "Central Mailer"; etc.), who puts together bundles of zines (generally called a "mailing", abbr. "mlg") with one copy of each member's contribution, then distributes these mailings to the members.

Apas may be general interest (SFPA, Myriad, SAPS, et al) or limited interest (REHUPA). They may be distinctly regional (APA-27) or not (N'APA). They may be open to anyone who's interested (most are) or by invitation only (Golden Apa). In short, there is as much variety among apas as there is within fandom itself.

One difference between most zines done for apas (apazines) and most zines intended for broader, or general, distribution (genzines, clubzines, etc.) is that apazines tend to have a somewhat more personal slant. Members of apas tend to devote a good deal of space to responding to other members' comments in a previous mailing (in what are generally called "mailing comments", or "mc's"), which are naturally of little or no interest to anyone outside the apa's membership. Most apas also require that members' contributions to the mailings be original material, not previously distributed outside the apa. So, while it is not at all unusual for members to contribute fanzines they have produced for a wider readership (such material is often designated a "frank"), this does not usually count toward membership (minimum activity, or "minac") requirements, and so is the exception rather than the rule.

For practical reasons, apas are limited to a specified number of members. Some establish waitlists ("wl") when their rosters are full. SFPA even has a separate apa for its waitlisters. However, all but two of the apas listed below currently (as of May 1, 1983) have membership spots available. If you're interested in joining, or want to learn more about this very enjoyable hobby, any of the contact persons listed will be happy to answer your questions, if you send along a stamped, self-addressed envelope. This is a very selective listing, and in no way covers all, or even a representative sample, of fandom's apas. For more complete information on apas, we suggest sending an SASE to "South of the Moon", c/o Denys Howard, 1013 N. 36th, Seattle, WA 98103.



APA-27 was founded in 1981 by Robert Teague, 1900 Clay Ave., Panama City, FL 32405, who still serves as OE. Originally intended only for Floridians, the apa has opened up 8 of its 20 memberspots to persons outside Florida. General interest. Bimonthly. Minac: 4 pages every other mlg. Dues \$3 (easily one of the cheapest around). This would be a good one for persons just starting out in apazining.

Another state apa is Kentucky's KAPA, started last year by Jane Boster, 110 Purcell Dr., Richmond, Kentucky 40475. An SASE to her should bring you more specific information.

MYRIAD, founded in 1968 by Stven Carlberg, sent forth its 100th mailing in January of this year. Current OE is Iris Brown, 404 Elliott Dr., Rome, GA 30161. Bimonthly. The roster is currently full at 25, and there is a short waitlist, which you may add your name to by sending \$4 to Iris.

N'APA, founded in 1959, is the official apa of the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F). Members of N'APA must also be members of N3F (annual dues \$8). This general interest apa last year changed its frequency to bi-monthly. No dues as such--members must open a "postage account" with OE Tom McGovern, RFD 1 (194 Ashland Ave.), Southbridge, MA 01550. A few of the 30 memberspots are presently open, and you might want to join in time to get in on the 100th mailing, due in September.

REHUPA (Robert E. Howard United Press Association) was founded in 1973 by Tim Marion, as a forum for discussion of the work of noted fantasy author Howard, and related topics. Several of the 36 memberspots are open. OE is Brian Earl Brown, 20101 W. Chicago #201, Detroit, MI 48228. Annual dues are \$8, and minac is 2 pages every other mailing. Ye Editor, a member, wants to give this one an unabashed plugola--if you're interested in heroic fantasy, check it out.

SAPS (Spectator Amateur Press Society) was founded in 1947, making it the second oldest apa in fandom (only the Very Exclusive FAPA is older). This quarterly apa currently has a few openings. The new OE is long-time printfan Art Rapp, 282 Grovania Dr., Bloomsburg, PA 17815.

SFPA (Southern Fandom Press Alliance), founded in 1963 by Bob Jennings, is the apa most closely associated with the DSC. It has recently been enjoying one of the most productive periods in its history. The 100th mlg, in April 1982, was, at 1,748 pages, the largest apa mailing in history. Membership is limited to 35, and there is a quota on non-Southerners. There are currently 46 persons on the waitlist, and those at the bottom may be looking at as much as a three-year wait. There is a \$2 fee to join the wl, with an annual renewal fee of \$1.50, to defray cost of mailing The Southerner, the Official Organ (OO), which all wlers receive. OE is Dennis Dolbear, 217 Betz Ave., Jefferson, LA 70121. Those who join the waitlist may participate in SHADOW-SFPA, an apa-within-an-apa, created to serve as a medium for communication between waitlisters. Shadow EO (Editing Official) is Charlie Williams, 4314 Hayes Ave., Knoxville, TN 37912.

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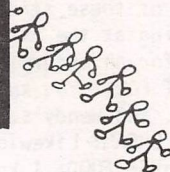
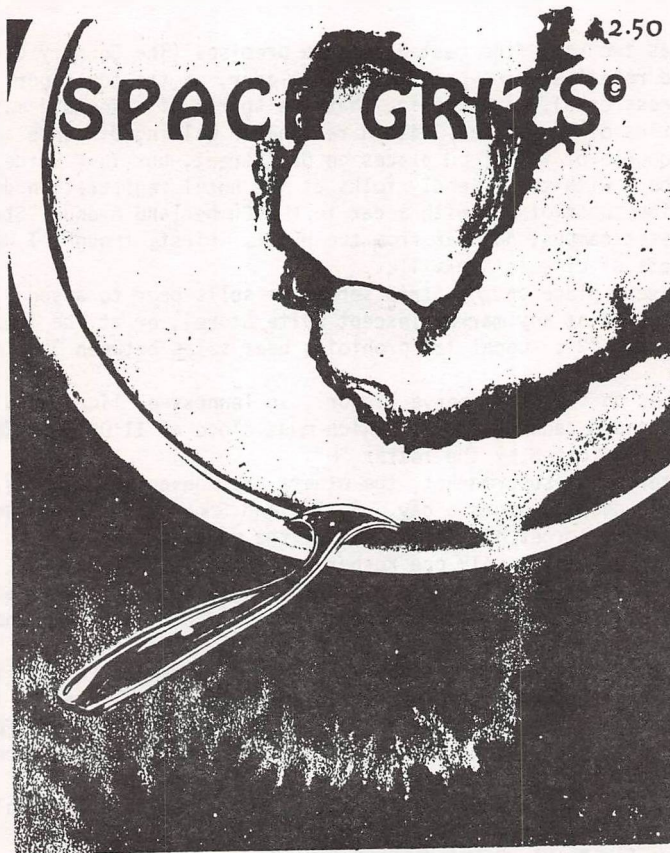
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What, ME Scary?



THEY'VE ESCAPED!! The following contributors and staff members of *SPACE GRITS* #1 are believed to have escaped from its pages and be wandering the halls of the con:

William B. Barfield, "The Delivery"
Emerson Dell, "In the Garden"
D. Wayne Edwin, "The Blue Scarab"
David Friese, "Silver String Guitar"
Earl Goodfellow, "Kitten"
Richard Longfellow, "First Foray"
A. J. Mayhew, Associate Editor
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Thomas Reece, "Peepshow"
Ralph Roberts, "You Can Direct Dial
Most Anywhere"
D. E. Smirl, "Sandeem", Production Mgr.
Bradley Strickland, "A Glitch in Time"
Jay Walters, "Silver String Guitar"
A. D. Wells, First Reader
G. A. West, Art Director

Each of these individuals may be armed with copies of *SPACE GRITS* #1 which he or she will try to sell you at the SPECIAL CON PRICE of just \$2.00 a copy! Beware: They may try to give autographs, whether you want them or not!

Uncle Thrills' Guide To Grub

While the Hyatt has two very fine restaurants on premises (The Country Garden, on the lobby level, is good and relatively inexpensive; The Volador, on the top floor, is pretty posh and has a strict dress code), we recognize that the spirit of adventure may move some of you to explore the wilds of Knoxville. Within reasonable walking distance are some pretty good restaurants and a couple of fast food places on Gay Street, but Your Guide is not very familiar with these. Check with the friendly folks at the hotel registration desk for info on these. I'm gonna guide those of you with a car to the Cumberland Avenue "Strip", over by the University of Tennessee campus, not far from the Hyatt. First, though, I want to familiarize you with a few Facts of Life in Knoxville.

BEER: Virtually every place on the Strip serves or sells beer to anyone 19 or older. Package beer can be purchased at any market (except White Store), or at The Trestle, indicated on the map by the letter "B". Local law prohibits beer sales between 3:00 am and 6:00 am.

LIQUOR: A few places on the strip serve liquor. In Tennessee, liquor may be purchased by the bottle only at licensed package stores, which must close at 11:00 pm. There are two such stores on the Strip, indicated by the letter "L".

MARKETS: White Store is a supermarket, the others are convenience stores. Pantry, Paul's, and Smoky Mtn. are open 24 hours a day. Paul's and Smoky Mtn. serve sandwiches only worth eating if you're in the throes of a 4 am bout of the munchies.

DELIS: In Knoxville, there is only one Kosher deli, Harold's on Gay St. The others are Greek or Lebanese, featuring greasy meat on steamed hoagie buns or pita bread. Uncle Thrills thrives on the stuff, but it's not for the squeamish. "Deli-style" means this kind of sandwich.

PARKING: You can legally park on the side streets off Cumberland, except for 17th St. Watch out for the somewhat confusing system of one-way streets. I've tried to indicate the direction of these streets, but I'm not infallible. Watch the signs. After 4 pm, I recommend parking at the First Tennessee Bank, between #11 and #12 on the map, a good central location for an excursion to the Strip.

FAST FOOD: You know all about Burger King, Kentucky Fried Chicken, Krystal, McDonald's, Pizza Inn, and Wendy's, so I don't feel any particular need to discuss them.

ICE CREAM: Likewise for Baskin-Robbins and Swenson's.

CHINESE FOOD: I know a lot of you like Chinese food, but I'm damned if I know of a decent Chinese restaurant in town. Check with the hotel desk or a local.

NOW, ON WITH THE GUIDE:

ANTONIO'S: Very good Italian food, including pizza.

THE BEST ITALIAN RESTAURANT: May actually live up to its pretentious name. At least, it does make the best New York-style pizza in town, and the lasagna is also very good. Serves liquor and beer.

THE COPPER CELLAR: One of Knoxville's finest restaurants, and the prices reflect it. Dress code.

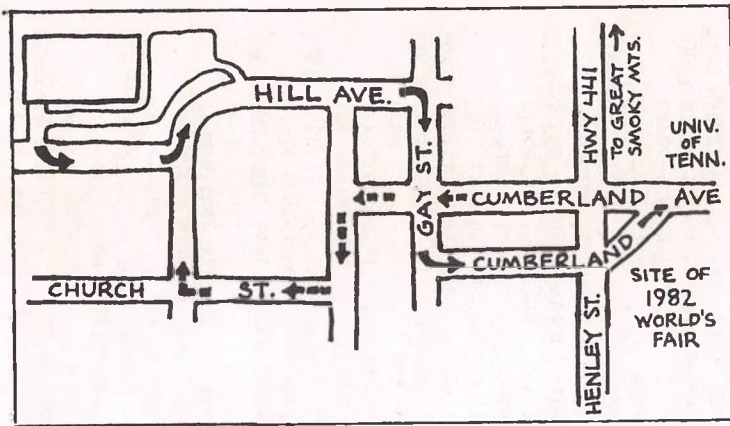
DOMINOE'S PIZZA: Take-out only. The pizza is okay, and with large orders you get free Pepsis. They also deliver.

GOOD TIMES DELI: My favorite of the deli-style sandwich places. Pretty small, so don't expect to take a large group there. Also serves gyros.

HAWKEYE'S: Excellent restaurant and bar, moderately expensive.

MR. GATTI'S PIZZA: My second-favorite pizza palace. Quite good.

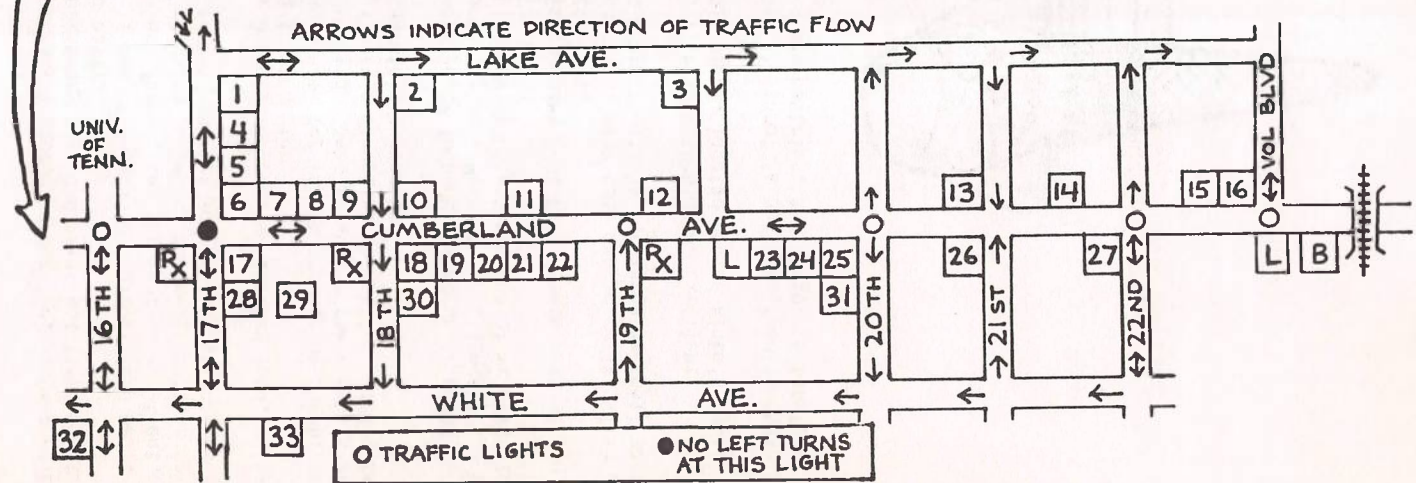
NORTH CHINA RESTAURANT: Not very good Chinese food, served cafeteria-style.



1. CONVENIENT MKT.
2. MR. GATTI'S PIZZA
3. PANTRY MKT.
4. SUB STATION II
5. GOOD TIMES DELI
6. BASKIN-ROBBINS
7. PIZZA INN
8. KRYSTAL
9. McDONALD'S
10. SWENSON'S
11. WENDY'S
12. DOMINO'S PIZZA
13. BURGER KING
14. WHITE STORE
15. OLD COLLEGE INN
16. PAUL'S MKT./DELI
17. TORCH RESTAURANT
18. SAM & ANDY'S TENNESSEAN
19. ROMAN ROOM
20. COPPER CELLAR
21. BEST ITALIAN REST.
22. NORTH CHINA REST.
23. STEAK & EGG KITCHEN
24. ANTONIO'S
25. STEFANO'S PIZZA
 Ave.
 26. KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN
27. SMOKY MTN. MKT/DELI
28. REGAS ON 17TH
29. TACO DELUXE
30. SAM & ANDY'S DELI
31. RUBY TUESDAY
32. RAMSEY'S CAFETERIA
33. HAWKEYE'S

NOTE: NOT DRAWN TO SCALE, NOR ARE ALL STREETS INDICATED. PICK A NAVIGATOR TO PAY ATTENTION!

R_x DRUG STORE **L** PACKAGE LIQUOR **B** PACKAGE BEER



- OLD COLLEGE INN: Cozy, good food, moderately expensive, bar.
- RAMSEY'S CAFETERIA: If you're looking for good home-style food, inexpensive, large portions, this is your place. I used to eat here almost every day, and never got tired of it. It's only open until about 7 or 8 pm, so go early.
- REGAS ON 17TH: The Regas Restaurant, on Gay St., is one of Knoxville's oldest, and best, restaurants. Regas on 17th is smaller and less formal, but the food is excellent, and Charlie & Giesela Regas are affable hosts. Parking is behind the restaurant, accessible from either 17th St. or White Ave., and is free if you get your ticket stamped at the restaurant.
- THE ROMAN ROOM: Part of the Sam & Andy's complex. Decent, inexpensive Italian food, deli-style sandwiches, omelettes, etc. Seating is at booths.
- RUBY TUESDAY: This Knoxville-based chain is making a name for itself around the South, and the restaurant on 20th St. is where it all started. Best known for their exotic burgers, especially the Tuesday Burger, ½ lb of burger served on an English muffin, smothered with a burgundy and mushroom sauce. Moderately expensive.
- SAM & ANDY'S DELI: Take out only.
- SAM & ANDY'S TENNESSEAN: A local institution. Same type of food described under ROMAN ROOM. This side has tables and is suitable for larger groups. Most of the clientele are UT graduate students who consume innumerable pitchers of Lite Beer. One of my favorite places on the Strip. Say hello to Victor for me.
- STEAK & EGG KITCHEN: Probably should have been listed under FAST FOOD, since most of you will recognize it. Notable only for being open 24 hours.
- STEFANO'S PIZZA: My favorite pizza palace. Chicago-style, with some exotic twists, like a pineapple pizza. Fair selection of imported beers. Suitable for large or small parties. Large-screen TV.
- SUB STATION II: Submarine sandwiches served cold, like they should be. Excellent.
- TACO MAKER: Pretty fair tacos and burritos. A small place, located behind Kinko's Copies, so you may not see it from the street.
- THE TORCH: Another local institution. May be closed if school is out. The food is cheap and is only so-so, but they make their own bread and pastries, and these are fabulous.

**DARTHUADER
ICE CREAM
AVAILABLE HERE!**

