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50

Huntsville

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"LUNAR PARTY"

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA JUNE 15-17, 2012

Professional guest of honor

LOIS McMASTER BUJOLD

Artist guest of honor

HOWARD TAYLER

Toastmaster

TRAVIS “DOC” TAYLOR

Fan guests of honor

DAVID HULAN chairman, DSC I

LARRY MONTGOMERY

chairman, DSC II

Special Media guest of honor

DR. DEMENTO

The DeepSouthCon 50 Program Book is © 2012 by **The Moon Princesses:**

Julie Wall, Toni Weisskopf & Linda Zielke

P.O. Box 610430, Birmingham AL 35261-0430

Edited by **Guy H. Lillian III** and **Rose-Marie Lillian**

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The *Moon Princesses* SPEAK!

Welcome to DSC 50 Huntsville: Lunar Party!

Julie will tell you it's all Toni's fault. Toni will tell you it's all Julie's fault. Linda is 100% sure it's not her fault. Actually, thinking about it, we're inclined to blame Guy Lillian.

For the Moon Princess theme itself, you can blame a prom decoration catalogue, in which years ago we found absolutely awesome space and stars wallpaper. From the wallpaper came a party theme—and the **Cirque de la Lune was born. We really don't need much of an excuse to throw a party. Linda was, naturally, dubbed Princess Moon Shine (since she and husband Bill have been known to brew their own from time to time), Toni Princess Moon Beams (for her propensity for Beam's Choice bourbon—for which we can definitely blame Bob Tucker), and Julie Princess Moon Rocks, because she rocks (not for a propensity for rock cocaine, which she does not, in fact, have).**

For years we went happily along, over decorating hotel rooms across the South, serving really quite **good cheese to the masses, without a care, or bid, in the world. Such a time was Fred Grimm's DSC in Nashville in 2009. Then came the crack-of-dawn DSC vote, which also went along fine, until Guy Lillian pointed out that no one was bidding for the historic 50th, and wasn't that a shame.**

We Moon Princesses are not known for our vast abundance of shame, so we went merrily on our way **home, little knowing Guy's power of suggestion would work its way into our sadly sober brains. Julie and Toni were riding home together, and by the time we hit the Alabama/Tennessee border rest stop (yes, the one with the rocket), we had a theme, possible guests to invite, and the core of a bid and con committee. As Toni pumped gas, Julie made cell phone calls, and by the time we hit Bham it was done. Well, most of it.**

Then came the next three years of bid parties, organization, Toni's epic quest for the perfect program, and Guy's epic quest for the most perfect program book ever. To say nothing of the epic quest for a hotel contract. But let's keep this G rated.

We chose to bid for a DSC to be held in Huntsville because the first DSC was held there in 1963, and **we think it's only fitting that it came full circle for number 50. Our fan guests represent the chairs of the first two DSCs, in fact. Now, we are bringing you a traditional DSC (with perhaps a new twist or two) that has an emphasis on Southern hospitality and the science in science fiction. And, thanks to our media Guest of Honor, Dr. Demento, and our filk liaison, Danny Birt, an awesome funny filk program as well.**

We should note that Huntsville already has a fine annual convention in Con*Stellation, hosted by NASFA, and we have raided their committee liberally. This, however, is a one-time, independent con, with a committee drawing from all over the South. We have dragged out of retirement a large number of former DSC chairs & Rebel winners to serve on said committee.

We want to thank all of the people who donated time, money and resources to making this convention happen. And we hope all the attendees will get to appreciate the very best of Southern fandom as we got to experience it for all the many years we have been involved.

You've flown us to the Moon—party on!

--Princess Moon Rocks, Princess Moon Beams, Princess Moon Shine

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If this book missed or miscredited anyone, please alert the editor at GHLIII@yahoo.com, and a correction will be published in *The Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin*. Special thanks to Hank Davis, Janice Gelb and Laura Haywood-Cory, proofreaders supreme.



LOIS MCMASTER BUJOLD: AUTHOR GUEST OF HONOR

Laura Haywood-Cory

My long affair with the books of Lois McMaster Bujold

I don't remember when I first picked up a Lois McMaster Bujold book, but I do clearly remember which one it was: *Borders of Infinity*, a collection of Vorkosiverse novellas aimed squarely at me and people like me, us poor beknighted souls who had not yet discovered the manic charisma of one Miles Vorkosigan. It's a collection of stories—"The Mountains of Mourning," "Labyrinth," and "Borders of Infinity"—meant to introduce someone to the series, and because it was priced at \$1.99, I was happy to take a gamble on an author I hadn't read before. It went on my to-be-read stack and eventually I got around to it. Once I started reading it, I couldn't put it down.

As soon as I'd finished it, I promptly went out and bought everything of Bujold's that I could get my hands on, and lobbied the SF convention I volunteered for to bring her in as the writer GOH, which we did in 2002, the year I was con chair. I didn't have any hardcovers for her to sign, but she was kind enough to autograph my Barrayaran Imperial Military Academy t-shirt (size XXS, of course). As much as I loved her books, it was a pleasure to discover that she was a delightful and engaging convention guest, as well.

Fast-forward a few years, wherein I had added Bujold's name to the short list of names I automatically checked the bookshelves for whenever I found myself in a bookstore.

I was working for a small press that was about to relocate to California. Looking through some editorial help wanted ads, the one for Baen Books leapt out at me, so as soon as humanly possible, a resume zipped through the ether, and shortly thereafter, I had an interview. As a last question, Toni asked me who some of my favorite authors were. I named David Weber, Katherine Kurtz, Guy Gavriel Kay, and Lois McMaster Bujold. Toni got an evil grin on her face, reached into a box, and pulled out, fresh off the presses, a copy of *Miles in Love*, an omnibus edition containing the novels *Komarr*, and *A Civil Campaign*, and the novella "Winterfair Gifts."

The benevolent force that blots out some of our more embarrassing moments kindly keeps me from remembering what sort of distinctly unprofessional noise of surprise and happiness I no doubt made, and I was grinning from ear to ear as I clutched the book on the walk to my car. If it wouldn't have been so unseemly, I would have sat in the car, still parked in Baen's driveway, and

read "Winterfair Gifts" right then and there. As it was, I don't think I even so much as kicked off my heels once I got home before settling in to read.

Once my dream job became a reality, those grinning ear-to-ear moments are what make me feel like a cat who's landed in a bed of catnip, and Mrs. Bujold is one of the finest purveyors of catnip around.

For this program book, she graciously consented to an interview. I would like to thank her for taking the time to answer my questions, and now, on to the catnip, *errr*, I mean, interview.

DSC: As this DeepSouthCon 50 program book goes to press, we know that you've turned in a new Vorkosiverse book, focused on Miles's cousin Ivan; I think we can even say the title: *Captain Vorpatril's Alliance*. What did you enjoy most about writing this book?

LMB: We can even say its publication date: November 6th. And its mode — romantic comedy with added caper. Cover art by Dave Seeley, too, who also did the nicely sophisticated cover for *Cryoburn*.

I most enjoyed writing the beginning and the end. The middle, always a swamp for me anyway, was unusually disrupted with an array of mundane medical issues, now resolved, but they did add an extra year to the process. (Time not ill-spent, in the final analysis.) This was of course very frustrating, but I think the final book is a much better one than it would have been had I merely tried to bull through.

I quite enjoyed being inside Ivan's head, and seeing his particular view of his world, not to mention his reactions to it, which are not the same as his cousin Miles's. And I enjoyed the new point-of-view character, Tej, as well, although as is usual when introducing a new voice in a long-running series, she's starting from behind in character development, and has to work pretty hard to catch up. I hope folks will think she succeeds. She certainly developed her own center-of-gravity, and, rather like Ivan himself, soon declined to be budged off of it.

I also enjoyed that it wasn't a war story. There *are* other subjects, you know...

DSC: Can you share some of the references that you used while re-searching this book?

LMB: The one reference book I could mention — and invaluable it was, and highly recommendable, too — would be a huge honking spoiler, so I think that discussion had better wait a while. Ask me next year.

DSC: Have you encountered any misconceptions that people have about your various novels and series?



LMB: Oh, lots. Spoiled for choice, here.

One common complaint is that people have found my covers misleading. “I passed up her books for years in the bookstores because I thought they weren’t for me,” typically. (Often followed by, “And then I read one, and now I have them all and reread them frequently!”) I think this problem is partly intrinsic and unavoidable; I write fairly complex books, and the cover can only convey one idea. Also, I sometimes vary my books wildly within a series as to subject, tone, and theme, so the “series look” -- which both publishers and readers favor to guide them to what they want -- that was right for Book #1 may be very wrong for Books #2 and #3, etc.

DSC: On a related note, what's the biggest thing that people *think* they know about Miles Vorkosigan (or Aral, Cordelia, Mark, or Ivan) that just isn't so?

LMB: You . . . are asking me what other people, who are not me, think. Wouldn't it would be more useful to ask *them*?

That said, yes, I do know bits . . . well, quite a lot, really . . . six . . . of backstory that have not made it onto the printed page, or at least haven't done so yet. Point-of-view turns out to be very useful for hiding information -- there are lots of things, for example, that Miles does not know about his parents, or that various characters do not know about each other (or about their world), that could only be revealed by switching to another viewpoint or viewpoints. (Although remember, any notions I may have at the moment that are not written and published are malleable, and can change as needed for some future story.)

Single-viewpoint has a very unifying effect on any story, which can be very useful, but there is always the hazard that the reader may mistake the character's world-view for some objective truth -- or, worse, for the writer's viewpoint. Granted, a lot of writers a lot of the time (and most any writers some of the time) do use characters for mouthpieces for things they think need to be said.

DSC: As someone who grew up reading and writing science fiction, do you think of attending SF conventions as business or pleasure, or a mix?

LMB: Business, but as my friend the accountant put it, “The IRS doesn't say you can't enjoy your work!”

DSC: When you sold your first few novels, did you ever imagine having the large, active fan base that you have now? Or was it a surprise?

LMB: I certainly hoped for success, however fuzzily I imagined it back in the 1980s. (I knew very little about publishing as a business when I started out, and only knew a few other writers, most of them struggling to break in as I was.) If I pictured fan activity back then, it was as the idea of a bit of fan mail trickling in, which indeed I soon had.

I also, of course, knew about and attended SF cons, which I'd first discovered back in my college days, but they, too, were limited in scope and time, and there were far fewer of them within my reach.

The Internet has opened a floodgate of communication and feedback between writer and reader, which has been a very mixed blessing. It's heady and intoxicating, but risks hangovers from overindulgence. And one quickly finds that all that fan snailmail was self-selected to be biased favorably -- very few people went to the trouble of creating a physical letter to an author who weren't very excited about the book in question. The Net gives a much wider, and possibly more realistic, sampling of reader reaction, which sometimes delivers an *ouch* instead of the hoped-for treat. I

believe there are whole psychological studies on the bizarre effects of intermittent arbitrary reward/**punishment on selected mammals, which writers certainly are. If one doesn't want to end up like the rat quivering in the corner of the cage, or running in circles biting its cage-mates at random, one must figure out some healthy way to filter all this.**

But the Net is like a con-in-a-box, running 24/7 *all the time*. So possibly the most unexpected **thing I've discovered about modern fannish contact is that I really need to ration it, or I'll spend all my time (and even more limited energy) cultivating social e-interactions and none writing, like, actual books.**

That said, the idea that in the 21st Century there would be large groups of my readers in Moscow (Russia, not Idaho) getting together for fully costumed Vorkosiverse LARP weekends would have blown my mind, back in 1986. (There are pictures on the Internet, somewhere.)

DSC: When you've finished a novel and sent it off to the publisher, do you have a sense that it will be an award winner, or that it will land on bestseller lists?

LMB: None whatsoever. I can sort of tell which books seem to me to have more emotional depth, or **at least longer page counts, but I can never predict what kind of response any year's offering will receive. (Although "extremely varied" is always a safe bet.) So you can imagine I watch for those early reader-reaction returns with all the focused yet floundering obsession of a political pundit with more air time to fill than news to fill it with.**

DSC: Do you prefer to write SF, or fantasy, or do you see a sharp divide between the two?

LMB: **I like both modes, when I am in different moods. I don't see a very sharp divide between the two -- I think it's a continuum. The far ends are both very distinct, but there is a large fuzzy boundary in the middle.**

DSC: What cultural value do you see in writing/reading/storytelling/etc.?

LMB: **I don't feel I speak for "the culture." (Who are these culture-people, anyway? Have we ever met them?) I know what the value is to me — varied and huge, giving me everything from delight, to knowledge, to access to friends and colleagues, a desirable identity through valued work, escape from pain, and a steady income. Not bad, for something so intangible as making and selling dream-by-number kits.**

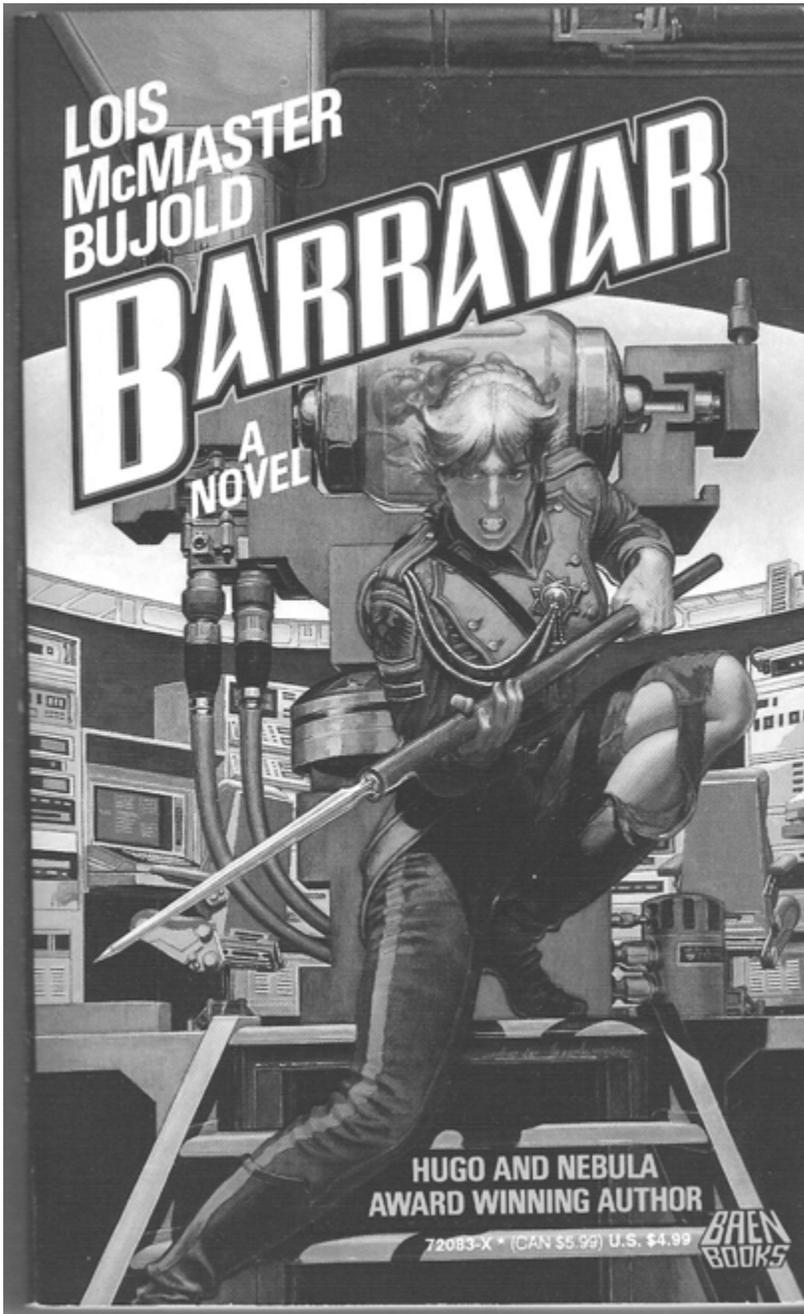
I just read an interesting book, however — *Strong Imagination: Madness, Creativity and Human Nature* (2001) by Daniel Nettle, which among other things recounts the current sociobiological evolutionary theory that the large human brain and its many less-obviously-practical tricks was a **product of sexual selection in human social groups. So storytelling is rather like the peacock's tail, in that view. Very convincing, really.**

Although if anyone wants any further reproductive services from me, they're going to have to clone me. So I don't quite see how the theory holds up, in my case.

DSC: What do you like to read in your free time?

LMB: Free time?

That aside, the occasional well-written pop sci (like the one quoted above) and/or history, and wherever else my mood takes me — I tend to go on kicks of exploration. The two most recent outings were romances, and manga/anime. Mostly outside the F&SF genre — **I'm way behind on my genre**



reading, or, as my son once put it, dubiously watching me struggle with my computer versus the Internet, “Mom, if you’re not on the train, you’re never going to catch it.”

DSC: What projects are you working on now?

LMB: Nothing I’m really ready to talk about yet. I am not actually slacking — for one thing, I seem to have nearly a full-time job as my own secretary, bookkeeper, and publicity manager, plus all the everyday life-maintenance chores — but nothing has slotted in solidly as of the time of this writing.

One of the effects — **and I’m not yet sure if it’s an advantage or a disadvantage** — of having arrived at a more comfortable place financially is the opportunity to make more writing experiments instead of just going for what looks like it will sell best in the marketplace. But not finishing things bears its own **dissatisfactions, so I don’t know** where that notion goes. And I seem to have a rather single-track mind. Once a work reaches some critical mass, varying from project to project, it demands its own completion regardless of outside forces.

DSC: Thank you for answering these, and for the many years of enjoyable stories.

To keep up with Lois McMaster Bujold online:

The Bujold Nexus: <http://www.dendarii.com/>

The "Miles to Go" forum on Baen's Bar (free registration required): <http://bar.baen.com/>

On MySpace: <http://www.myspace.com/loismcmasterbujold>

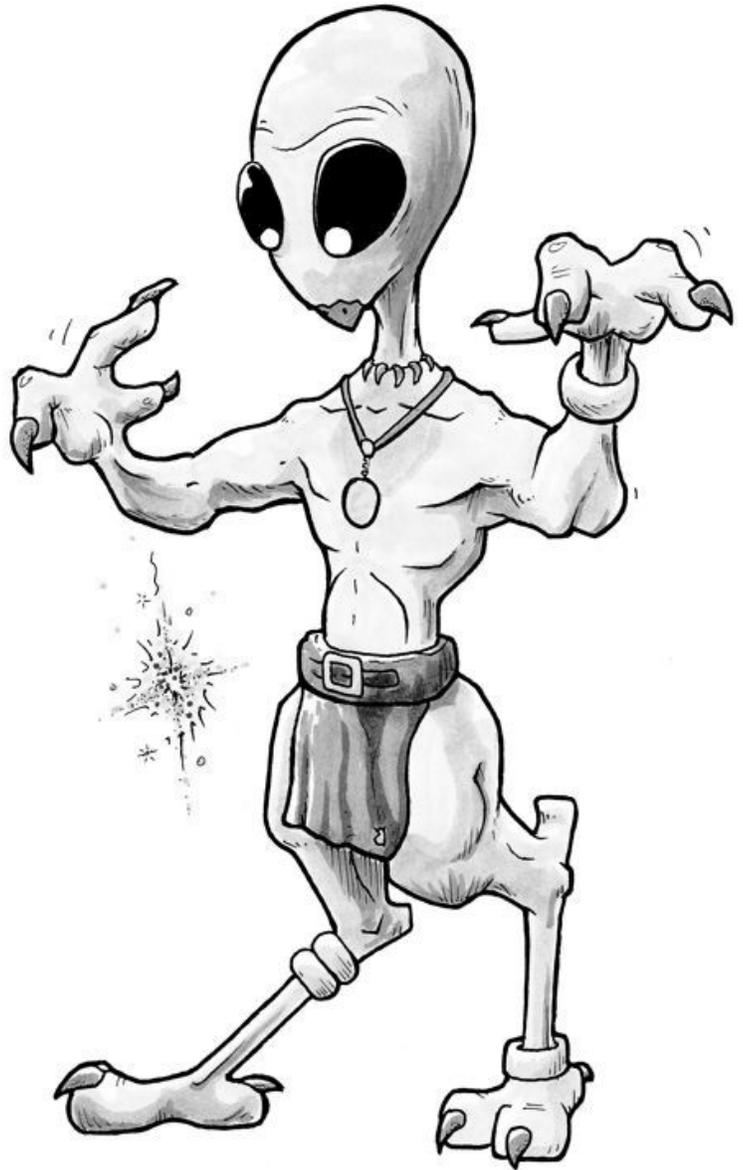
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Fueled entirely by Zupas salads, raw fish, and exotic cheeses, Howard Tayler writes and illustrates the webcomic *Schlock Mercenary*. He somehow makes a living by doing this well enough to support his lovely wife Sandra and a bunch of children, yet he still has money left over to blow on Warmachine minis and extremely ornate combat boots.

Schlock Mercenary is the saga of a talking blob and a bunch of “military contractors” in the 31st century. Howard started *Schlock* back in 2000 and has managed to update the comic every single day since. That’s devotion. If you ever get up, turn your computer on, and discover that *Schlock* hasn’t updated, head for the hills, my friends, because the apocalypse is at hand.

Schlock’s fan base grew until Howard was able to quit his day job as a computer guy to just concentrate on cartooning. Apparently some people must like *Schlock* because it has won the Web Cartoonists’ Choice Award (WCCA) for Outstanding Science Fiction Comic, and for Best Cameo, and keeps getting nominated for Hugo awards for Best Graphic Story.

Speaking of Hugo awards, Howard also has a bunch of Hugo pins for his



HOWARD TAYLER: ARTIST GUEST OF HONOR

Larry Correia



multiple nominations for Best Supporting Work for his podcast for aspiring authors, *Writing Excuses*: “Fifteen minutes long because you’re in a hurry, and we’re not that smart.” Along with Brandon Sanderson, Dan Wells, Mary Robinette Kowal, and Jordan Sanderson, *Writing Excuses* has also been nominated for Podcast awards and won a Parsec Award.

That sure is a lot of awards. I’m pretty sure Howard hasn’t been nominated for either the Nobel Peace Prize or Motor Trend Car of the Year yet, but don’t quote me on that.

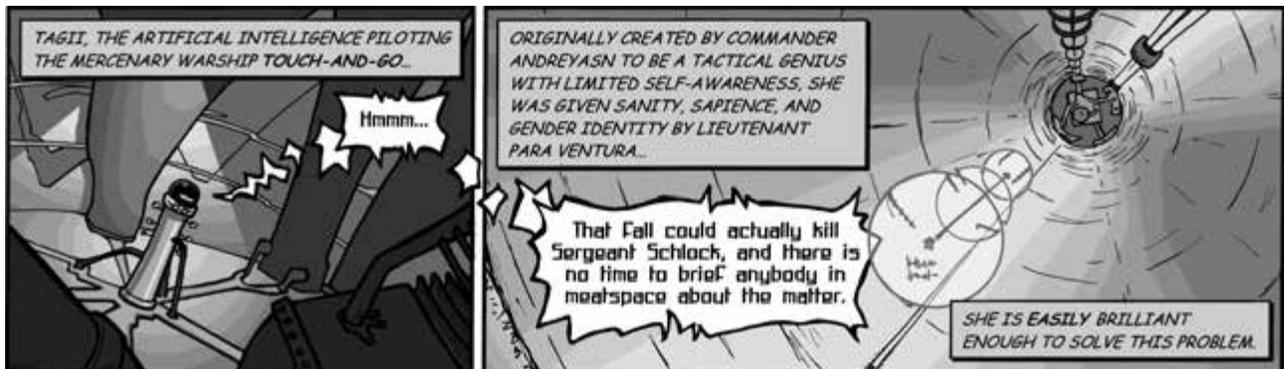
Then, to cement his geek-cred forever, Howard illustrated *XDM: X-Treme Dungeon Mastery*, for Tracy Hickman. But having a super popular, really awesome, decade-spanning web-comic, illustrating for the guy that invented Dragonlance, and having a podcast that helps

thousands of people get past their writer’s block wasn’t enough for Howard. Oh no. (Friggin’ overachiever.) John Ringo had to base the main character of his epic sci-fi Troy Rising series on him too. Tyler Vernon is a computer geek turned web cartoonist that saves the galaxy with attitude and maple syrup.

Despite all that, Howard is still a humble guy. You should totally go bug him. Shake his hand, but not too hard, because that is his drawing hand, i.e., The Money Maker.

(Larry Correia is a novelist with Baen Books who lives in Utah, the same state as Howard Tayler, which is apparently enough of a connection to get him to write this bio. That’s the two of them above. Howard up front, Larry lurking in back.)

SCHLOCK MERCENARY



is epic space opera told four panels at a time. The strips shown here are from April 7-9 of 2012, and can be found in full color (along with the rest of the serial) at schlockmercenary.com.

SERGEANT SCHLOCK HAS Poured HIMSELF INTO AN EMERGENCY EXOSUIT AND JUMPED INTO A 6200-METER-DEEP EXCAVATION.



No problem. My stuff might break, but I'll be fine.

LOCAL ACCELERATION IS NINE-POINT-ONE-ONE-FOUR METERS PER SECOND.

THIS EXOSUIT HAS NO FLIGHT SYSTEM.

THIRTY-SIX-POINT-NINE SECONDS AFTER JUMPING, THE SERGEANT WILL HIT STATION IMO'S ROOF AT TWELVE HUNDRED & TEN KILOMETERS PER HOUR.

THIS EXOSUIT DOES HAVE A NICE CALCULATOR IN IT.

SAID CALCULATOR HAS HELPFULLY VOLUNTEERED THIS INFORMATION.



I'm going to put such a hole in the world.

U.D.R. node 11,421 is closest.



THE NODE IN QUESTION IS JUST SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE...

SERGEANT SCHLOCK HAS RATHER FOOLISHLY PLACED HIMSELF IN A POTENTIALLY FATAL PREDICAMENT.



HE IS ALSO JUST SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE...



My plasgun IS in here with me. This might hurt a little, but I need a rocket right about now...

Clear the barrel, position it under my center of mass, engage chassis coupling for optimal thrust...



Pull the trigger and think happy thoughts...




BOOM

UNFORTUNATELY, TWO "SMART ENOUGH'S" OFTEN MAKE ONE "STUPID."

I need to work harder on those happy thoughts...



SERGEANT SCHLOCK HAS BEEN FALLING FOR TWENTY-SEVEN-POINT-SEVEN SECONDS, AND IS DROPPING AT TWO-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-TWO METERS PER SECOND.

THE BOTTOM OF THIS HOLE IS TWENTY-SEVEN HUNDRED METERS (AND JUST NINE SECONDS) AWAY.



FORTUNATELY, HIS PLASGUN IS PROVIDING THIRTY-TWO METERS PER SECOND OF ACCELERATION.

SUBTRACT LOCAL GRAVITY, AND HE'S BREAKING HIS FALL BY JUST OVER TWENTY-TWO METERS PER SECOND FOR EACH SECOND OF THRUST.

YEEE-HAH!



IF HIS PLASGUN HAD ATMOSPHERE WITH WHICH TO RECHARGE, HE WOULD NOT NEED TO WORRY ABOUT IMPACT.

Well, crap.



Oooooommmth

HE ALSO WOULDN'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THE VACUUM.

DR. DEMENTO: MEDIA GUEST OF HONOR

When I was 14, I sent Dr. Demento a tape with three songs on it. I pray he has permanently lost that tape as those songs were atrocious and should never see the light of day. But he took the time to respond with a letter which contained some useful and constructive criticism of the work. I was encouraged, and a few more tapes later and a few more correspondences with the good Doctor and I had a song aired on his show. That was back in 1990 and I've been hooked ever since.

If he hadn't taken the time to encourage me and point me in the right direction, I probably would **have given up before I ever really got started. Then there would have been no "Cellular Degeneration," or "Platform Wars," or The FuMP. I owe everything I've done musically to Dr. Demento.**
Thanks, Doc!
— *Tom Rockwell*

Even though I started college in the fall of 1992, my real college education began in April of 1995, **when somebody tipped me off that in my college town of Kansas City, Missouri, "The Dr. Demento Show" could be heard on KY102 FM every Sunday night at midnight. I became an** immediate religious listener, recording the show on 120-minute cassettes every week, and then making archive and best-of mix tapes from those cassettes so I could learn from and enjoy the show all week long. Having only heard his compilation records and tapes before then, I only knew about the tip of the iceberg of the historic pantheon of dementia. Soon my mind was engulfed in a glorious typhoon of 100 years of recorded audio comedy history. Before long, I learned that Stan Freberg did so much more than a couple of *Dragnet* spoofs, **that Tom Lehrer went way beyond "Silent E" and "L-Y" from *The Electric Company***, and insert here a ton of similar statements about Spike Jones, Allan Sherman, and the list goes on and on and on.

I began sending him my comedy songs made on a \$30 dual-cassette karaoke machine I bought at Walgreens shortly after I started listening to his show. Dr. Demento wrote me a letter back with each submission — the most encouraging of rejection letters — saying he loved my lyrics and ideas, but that I needed to record in a professional studio if I wanted to get on the air. I followed the Doctor's prescription, and put out my first studio album in the fall of 1996, "Fanboys 'N Da Hood." The good Doctor played my hip-hop tribute to *Star Trek*, "What's Up Spock?", on October 20, 1996 (Episode #96-42, which you can hear at drdemento.com). The following year, my Cypress Hill parody about Pinky and the Brain, "Insane and the Brain," became my first hit on his show.

I kept at it as the years went by, making friends with other Dr. Demento fans who were like-minded comedy music makers via conventions and the Internet. In 2002, with assistance from Devo Spice, my Run DMC parody/*Spider-Man* tribute "Peter Parker" was the #1 most requested song on Dr. Demento's Funny 25. Then, my Eminem parody/*Lord of the Rings* tribute, "Stealing Like a

Hobbit," was the #1 song of 2003. At Dragon*Con 2004, Dr. Demento introduced me **at his live show by announcing that I was "The Dr. Demento Show's most requested act of the 21st Century."** I could never have imagined when I bought that \$30 karaoke machine at Walgreens that it could have possibly led to a moment in my life like that.

More Demento-and-convention-assisted comedy musician friendships formed, and in 2007, Rob Balder started the Funny Music Project (theFuMP.com), along with Devo Spice, Worm Quartet, Tom Smith, myself, and Raymond & Scum. The FuMP has since grown to encompass over three dozen acts from across the U.S. and one group from the U.K.. Dr. Demento plays tracks from the FuMP very regularly, giving us a plug whenever he does. And so the symbiotic relationship between audio comedy music content creators and the DJs who play and promote those artists' websites continues. It's the circle of life, Simba. About a half to two-thirds of the songs that were on Dr. Demento's Funny 25 countdowns in recent years have been tracks that were originally posted at theFuMP.com.

Right about now, some of you are going to call me out on this essay being more about me and the FuMP than it is about Barret Hansen. Well that's the thing. Without Dr. Demento, there would be no Luke Ski and there would be no FuMP. Dr. Demento has inspired generations of people of every age to grab a guitar, banjo, keyboard, kazoo, or 808 Beat machine and record their own comedy songs to play for their family and friends, and to send in recordings of those songs to his show. Dr. Demento listens to every song that is sent to him, and if he likes them, he will play them on his show. Comedian Tim Cavanaugh (of "99 Dead Baboons" fame) once called it the most **fair thing in the history of radio. I ditto that statement, but I end it with the word "Internet."** Because "The Dr. Demento Show" has been around for forty plus years, there are many more artists, musicians, and comedians in the world than there would have been without it, and that is a truckload of epic frakking win in this bacon-lover's opinion.

I have a family. It's a big family made up of casual fans and performing friends, Internet DJs and podcasters, cubicle jockeys and starving artists, all of whom have one thing in common, our gigantic love for the niche genre of comedy music. I've seen life-long friendships, partnerships, marriages, and children born from this family, some of which involved me. It's all-encompassing, and it has brought so much joy and meaning to my life and the lives of all my loved ones. It's like the Force, but instead of it being made out of midichlorians it's made out of Fish Heads. It's the reason dozens of us are all willing to fly to random cities across the country two or three times a year just to hang out for a weekend at a con so we can put on shows and have more fun than the FCC would like us to have.

All of this exists because of Dr. Demento and his show. And I am eternally grateful for it.
Thanks, Barry.

— Luke Ski



DAVID HULAN: FAN GUEST OF HONOR

Dave Locke

Stop. I see you there, flipping through the pages of this program book before you toss it in your suitcase. Later, at home, you'll shovel it into a drawer along with any other items you picked up at this DSC. Later still you'll wonder if you should file this somewhere and it will cross your mind that maybe there's an item or two you should read before you do that and then subsequently never look at it again. By then it will be too late. The person this essay is introducing you to will be at home and wondering what to do with *his* copy of the program book.

This David Hulan character is someone I want to introduce you to because he's a *Fan Guest of Honor* at this DeepSouthCon 50. He was at the first one, too, in 1963. In fact, he and his first wife Kathy organized it and held it in their Huntsville home. He called it the *MidSouthCon*, and retroactively at the second DSC in 1964, Larry Montgomery re-titled it as the first DeepSouthCon. I don't know as anyone told David they re-titled his convention, but if you have read this before encountering him during this DSC you might mention it to him... Well, if he did know it's possible he could have forgotten.

David also won the second Rebel award at DSC4, which he attended with Kathy and which coincidentally was the second DSC held in Huntsville. David and Kathy split in 1967. In 1974 he married Marcia and, by the time DSC50 rolls around they'll have been happily married for 38 years. Marcia and David attended DSC15 in Birmingham in 1977, so this DSC50 will be only his fourth DSC, even though at the time he didn't know it would be called that when he was attending and hosting his first one. Be sure to tell him. Or tell Marcia, because she plans to be there too and can pass this along to him.

I'm sure you've heard of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, or SFPA. That first DSC convention was an outgrowth of the apa SFPA. David was a charter member of SFPA and was its OE (Official Editor) for its second and fifth years. He rewrote the apa's constitution which still stands though it's been amended a few times by fans who like to tinker. During his first SFPA OEship he brashly recruited its first northern member (me). David is the one ultimately responsible for my having twice been a member of SFPA, and for seven years in two incarnations in Apanage, the **children's fantasy apa which has been a large part of his fan activity. So much history.**

That wasn't how I first encountered him, though. I met David on paper in April of 1961 which is when each of us decided to get into fandom. A fellow named Clay Hamlin decided to introduce us, probably considering that we were both young troublemakers, or perhaps because we were both named Dave, though he decided he preferred being called David, which I attributed to an effort to promote clarity when someone addressed one of us. Well, it was either that or admit that for some unknown reason people would occasionally confuse us or our writing styles, and of course I was as offended by that as he was.

I was 17 and he was 24 back in the Long Ago days of April 1961. After a metric ton of correspondence, phone calls, audio recordings, writing for each other's fanzines and even coediting one, we actually met in August of 1968. That's when my first wife and not quite one-year-old son and I moved to southern California where, coincidentally, he was then living. Most everyone in fandom knows the experience of finally meeting an unmet correspondent. In my case, the one I remember most fondly involved David Hulan opening his home in California to two people plus child whom he had never met when they moved from upstate New York to the Los Angeles area. David had

agreed to put us up in his large apartment until we could get on our feet. And that's what happened. Perhaps that isn't an "only in fandom" circumstance, but it's the type of thing I've not encountered or heard of elsewhere.

From there he introduced me to the local fandom, and to many who remain my friends today or at least don't harbor too much ill-will for his having done that. We went on to continue generating a pretty good little fanzine called *Pelf* which for much of its lifetime was a genzine. It was the 70s in the LA area and it was a fine social scene, and from there starting in the 1980s we were forward-booted to both living in other states and mostly keeping in touch via apas plus an occasional exchange of email, plus an occasional road-trip visit.

David was active in LASFS (the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society) in the 1963-1969 era, serving as Director twice and Treasurer two or three times. He was also active in the Petard Society which ran from the mid sixties until some-time in the 1980s. In 1970 he was Treasurer of Westercon, the West Coast regional SF convention, and Chairman of Westercon XXV in '72 (dragging me and mutual friends into the convention committee).

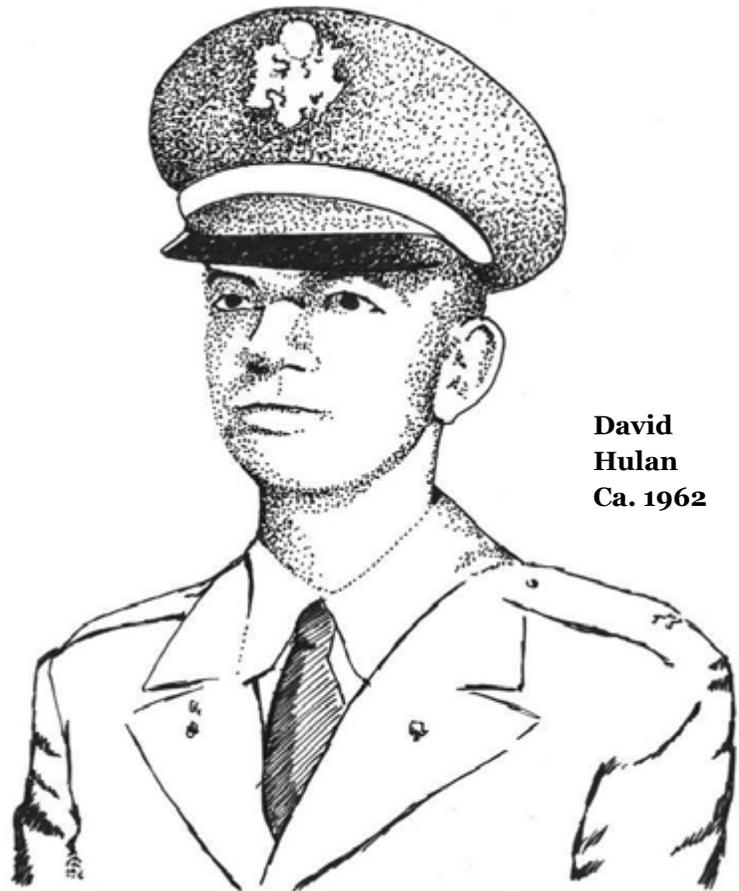
David has apa experience besides SFPA, in spades. I'll mention just a few. He was OE of SAPS in '67 and Vice-president of FAPA in '73. He became OE of Apanage in November 1978 with mailing 50 and continued through mailing 100; then took over again with mailing 201 and is in the process of putting together mailing 250 as I write this, so this is his 101st mailing as OE (and Apanage is an apa that averages over 200 pages a bi-monthly mailing). He has belonged to a bunch of apas, though the longest-term and still active one other than Apanage is FLAP (Fannish Little Amateur Press), which he's been a member of for all 163 mailings so far since 1980.

He has published many many fanzines, including *Pelf* (which at times was either a genzine, apazine, perszine, or one-shot) which he coedited with me and which saw 14 issues from 4/62 through 11/79, and other noteworthy zines including *Auslander* (coedited with Ed Cox), *Loki*, and (my favorite) *Early English*.

He's had one book professionally published, *The Glass Cat of Oz*, in 1995, and also wrote serials for *The Emerald City Mirror*, the newsletter of an Oz club run by Books of Wonder in New York, for which he actually got paid \$75 for 2000 words per installment, and did that for about seven years.

Mundanelly, he spent his career as an optical engineer, the last 23 years at a unit that was part of Perkin-Elmer for the first ten or so and then was sold to Optical Corporation of America, from which he retired in 1996 (OCA was then bought by Corning Glass in 1997). No kids by choice with his wife and soulmate Marcia, but his daughter with Kathy, Rachel, is very dear to both of them. Rachel is married to Ron Striewig and David has a delightful grandson, Grant Striewig, who's currently 10 years old and also very dear to the both of them.

So, okay, I did not want you to bypass reading this introduction either altogether or until you



**David
Hulan
Ca. 1962**



get home. If you didn't know David Hulan you now have a slightly more than glancing idea about his background and can see why he would be a good *Fan Guest of Honor* at DeepSouthCon 50. Without him having created DSC1 (even though yada yada yada about the con's title, and don't forget to tell him about that) we'd be in an alternate universe and this DSC50 wouldn't be happening. He started the ball rolling.

I'm sure Guy Lillian has a photo of David in here somewhere. If you keep your eyes open, you're almost certain to see David and Marcia at DSC50. The thing to do is go right on up to them and say howdy and, of course, tell him how they renamed his convention several decades ago. To soften the blow, you might consider offering to buy a drink for each of them. Or perhaps a couple of drinks because, after all, they're great people to talk with. Imagine that: besides being excellent fanwriters (and David is an excellent fanpubber, too; let's not forget that), they talk well too! What more can you anticipate at a SF

convention than intelligent people who can also speak well?

Well, here are two. Introduce yourselves. You'll be glad you did.

(Dave Locke and David Hulan are old friends.)



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LARRY MONTGOMERY: FAN GUEST OF HONOR

Guy Lillian

Larry Montgomery is a great man, and a great friend.

Of course I knew about him before I met him; no student of Southern fandom — as I was — could *not* know his name nor be aware of his accomplishments. He was one of modern regional fandom's founders. He put on the second DeepSouthCon and named the convention. He created the Rebel Award. He was a great early member of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance and a pal of Al Andrews. When I called his folks in Anniston in 1981, and the Colorado radio station where he was a DJ, I knew all these things. But there were things I could not know.

For one thing, I could not know that *he knew me*. When I introduced myself during that call as “Guy Lillian,” he rejoined “*The third, no doubt.*” My teenaged epistles to Julius Schwartz's comics lettercols paid off! For another, I couldn't believe the generosity and kindness of the guy: when — as he writes — I told him about the fast-approaching 100th mailing of SFPA, he *volunteered* to lend me the first 20 mailings — which I had never read — and called his father back in Anniston to see that I got them. Finally, I could never have guessed that he was, in the vernacular, a sweetheart. That we learned at B'hamacon II that summer, when he showed up . . . and was home. We learned that not only is Larry a great man, he is indeed a great friend.

In the next few pages you'll find Larry's story of the first DeepSouthCons. But it's later events that I must mention first: that 19th DSC, where he met P.L. Caruthers, a legendary Southern fan in her own right who became P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery, and the 23rd DSC, when lucky me got to present Larry and P.L. with their Rebels. “What goes around comes around,” Larry observed, remembering the first Rebel, the one he handed to Al Andrews 20 years before. Though it wasn't at a DSC, there was the phone call he gave me two years earlier after my first marriage had gone south, a message not just of comfort, but of faith that I'd get through the horror and come out whole. And there was the phone call I got from Larry at the last Toronto worldcon, telling me that P.L. had passed away — a call that left me feeling like someone had torn out a piece of my heart.

Yeah, Larry is a man of fannish accomplishment and a man of tremendous character. He's friendly, understanding, thoroughly decent, seventy times over a good and trustworthy companion. His health has kept him away from active fanac in the past several years, and he is desperately missed, so how wonderful to find him here, on the 50th occasion of the convention he named, being saluted by the fandom he helped establish, in the region that he loved and loves: a great man, and my friend.

When Larry Montgomery came to that 19th DeepSouthCon, he observed later, “I walked in the door, and I was home.” Welcome home, Larry.



DeepSouthCon

How it Began

Larry J. Montgomery

Welcome all to the 50th anniversary of my inability to go to Dave Hulan's house for a week-end of fannish conviviality. Sociologists write that the older we get, the faster time seems to pass. That's very true in my case. The past half-century seems to have zipped by all too quickly!



The word DEEPSOUTHCON has a special meaning for me and a lot of other Southern fans. Organized Southern fandom as we know it began with the formation of the Southern Fandom Group in 1960, a National Fantasy Fan Federation clone which lasted only a couple of years. Before it gave up the ghost, it spawned the premiere Southern apa, the Southern Fandom Press Alliance (SFPA), now well into its 51st year. It was the rallying point for the emerging Southern fan; SFPA members visited each other frequently. **It was in SFPA's first year that charter member Dave Hulan urged the formation of an annual Southern Science Fiction convention.**

It seems like only yesterday Dick Ambrose sat down beside me in our high school and asked **if I was going to be able to make Hulan's fan** gathering in Huntsville that weekend. I wanted to say YES! But my reply was an unfortunate no. So I missed the first of what we call DeepSouth-Cons.

Let's flash to the summer of 1964. Dave Hulan had moved to California. I was between my freshman and sophomore years at Jacksonville State University. I was as active as one could be for a fan of that time and place. I was

corresponding with 30 or so fans from across the U.S. I was in three apas. I was visiting everyone I knew who lived close by. But I had never been to a science fiction convention and wanted to attend one in the worst way!

Working my way through college precluded the financial means to travel to regional cons outside the South. That summer I hit on the idea of bringing the con to me. I would host my *own* convention: a Southern fan convention. As SFPA was my main fannish focus, I invited them. I checked with Janie Lamb in Tennessee to invite the N3F membership and sent out invites to as many Southern fans as I was aware.

Editorial note: This article originally appeared in the program book for the 25th DeepSouthCon here in Huntsville. Edited and amended very slightly, it is reprinted with the permission of its author and Pat Molloy, chairman of that event.

I pondered a name for my con. AlaCon? DixieCon? But certainly *not* MidSouthCon. Dave Hulan might have considered Huntsville as “midsouth” the spring before, but I didn’t. Alabama, the Heart of Dixie, was nothing if not *Deep* South. DeepSouthCon it would be.

The South needed an annual fan gathering. I figured I could keep such an event going for the foreseeable future. I thought back and unofficially made **Dave’s fan gathering the “First,” so my DSC was numbered “Two.”**

In spite of my feeble attempts at organization, fans from five states enjoyed the hospitality of two rooms of the Vann Thomas Motel in Anniston, Alabama in August, 1964. The attendees were few in number but the enjoyment factor was high. There was no beer **because Calhoun County was “dry” at that time.** We drank Cokes.



I delighted in my first con, urging the creation of a oneshot fanzine called *Conglomeration*, snapping a few photos, rapping comics with Rick Norwood, trading a scarce hardbound *Lord of the Rings* volume for a silver dagger with the brilliant teenager from Virginia, William (we called him Bill) Gibson, barely realizing just how special was the warmth of wit of the late Lee Jacobs. LeeJ (his nickname) was a West Coast BNF (big name fan), and never let on that “real” cons have beer in addition to Cokes. Dick Ambrose and high school friends Terri Ange and John Hall were in and out.

But most of all, the convention was special because of Al Andrews. My convention began with driving to Birmingham to transport Al to Anniston. Cramped in the front seat of my black VW Bug, he never uttered a word of discomfort, but I knew this great man, who suffered from muscular dystrophy, was in constant pain. LeeJ should have blamed Al for the Cokes.

That weekend, so long ago and just yesterday, is a blur of taking turns at my typewriter, working on an atrocious round-robin fan fiction. Strangely, William Gibson (yes, later the author of *Neuromancer* and the creator of cyberpunk) didn’t help with the writing, but did contribute hilarious cartoons.

The weekend was over all too quickly. On the way back to Birmingham as I drove him home, **Al smiled that wonderful smile of his and joked that he could die happy now... he had finally been to a science fiction convention.** As we drove I told Al that with better planning and a year to work on it, Anniston could have a bigger and better DSC the next summer.

Nearly a year later, several weeks before the DSC which would *really* qualify as a convention as we now know them, I thought about my good friend Al Andrews, a friend who was wasting away from muscular dystrophy, slowly but surely dying. Al was very ill in the months preceding the third DSC, held in Birmingham. With that in mind, I made a few phone calls wrote a few letters and received nothing but positive feedback for an annual Southern Fan Award with Al as its first recipient. His peer group agreed that Alfred McCoy Andrews was a truly special man and had done as much as anyone to bind together the few and scattered Southern fans. Thus the Rebel Award was born.

The first night of DSC III was a bit disorganized. In spite of a year’s planning, my scheme for having SF movies to show fell through. Twenty or so fans showed up that weekend. We had a panel or two Saturday night, highlighted by the presentation of Al’s Rebel. Lots of fannish goodwill was shared and the seeds which would result in DSC lasting fifty years were sown.

Lon Atkins' group from Chapel Hill, North Carolina won the vote to hold the next DSC. He would move to Huntsville soon after, returning the con to the Rocket City once again. Lon put on an even more organized and better-attended con. Hearts were played at the convention for the first time — tradition in the making — and Dave Hulan received the well-deserved second presentation of the Rebel.

The winds of change which blew like a tornado through the decade of the '60s carried me away to a draft-motivated enlistment in the U.S. Air Force in 1967. I maintained my membership in SFPA until 1970, but I slowly lost contact with Southern fandom and then gafiated. But fans who had attended those first four DSCs carried on the tradition. The convention moved from city to city around the South, binding Southern fandom together. The Phoenix Award for professional achievement joined the Rebel as a DSC award and **Meade Frierson III founded the Southern Fandom Confederation as the decade of the '70s dawned.** Fan elites sprang up in major cities. Southern fandom was alive and well and thriving in early 1981.

1981 ... the 100th mailing of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance was approaching. Then Official Editor Guy Lillian was attempting to contact some of the early members, and phoned me one Sunday afternoon while I was on my radio job in Colorado Springs. Eleven years had elapsed. SFPA still lived! DeepSouthCons were still being held! Southern Fandom was alive — and remembered its past! I was delighted and made plans to attend DSC XXIX in Birmingham.

I checked into the DSC hotel late Thursday night. Next morning I checked at the front desk: old friend Lon Atkins was indeed registered. I called his room and we agreed to meet in the lobby. We hugged each other after all the years, and he introduced me to the lovely red-haired lady beside him. Her name was Pamela Lynn (P.L.) Caruthers. The three of us adjourned to the bar for Lon and me to get reacquainted. Four months later, P.L. became my wife.

P.L. and I flew back from Colorado Springs for the next several DSCs and then moved back to Alabama. It was with much pride that I accepted a Rebel here in Huntsville. P.L. also received a Rebel for her own separate and distinct contributions to Southern Fandom. As you can see, DeepSouthCon is *very* special to me for very many reasons.

I expect to be nodding off in the con suite when I reach the ripe old age of 90, regaling neos with the tale of the first Hank Reinhardt Awakening Ceremony and the story of how Jerry Page picked up the reins after Lon and I moved away and held DSC V in Atlanta.

And so it goes, tradition. That's what DSCs are all about, handing down the history, beliefs, legends and customs from generation to generation of fans through word-of-mouth and practice as long as fandom shall continue in the South. DeepSouthCon — long may it reign!

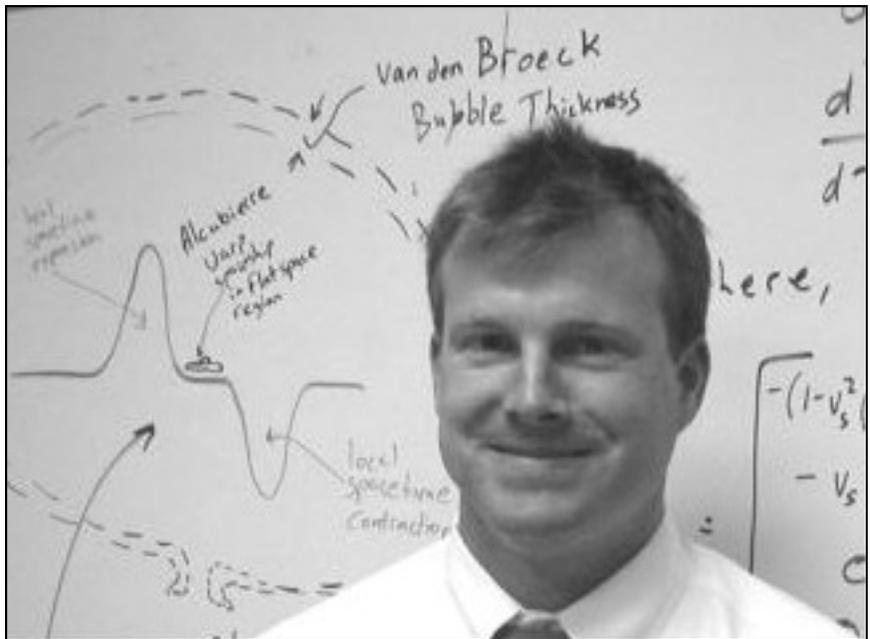
— *Larry Montgomery*



TRAVIS “DOC” TAYLOR: TOASTMASTER

Les Johnson

Travis “Doc” Taylor is the kind of guy that makes other men green with envy. He’s smart (with at least two Ph.D.’s and two Master’s Degrees – he’s not content with the normal one of each), holds a way cool job with the Department of Defense where he gets to blow things up with high energy lasers, writes best-selling science fiction novels, has his own television show (*Rocket City Rednecks*), is handsome (as I am told by my female friends), has a gorgeous wife and two kids. Oh, yeah, he’s also an amateur astronomer, mountain bikes, studies karate, has been in a rock band, has a great sense of humor and can bench-press a thousand pounds while simultaneously explaining the nature of dark matter in the universe! (Okay, that last one is an exaggeration – all the rest are true!)



I first met Travis about a decade ago when he was working for a company that was doing work for me at NASA. We were researching advanced space propulsion technologies and it wasn’t long until Travis improved on a type of solar sail called the “Hoop Sail” and began suggesting all sorts of technical improvements in just about every other propulsion system we were working on – solar sails, tethers, ion propulsion, aerocapture, and even nuclear fission. He even applied for a job in the office I was managing – I didn’t select him for the job. This was probably a good thing, given how his career has accelerated since that time.

Time passed and the next thing I knew Travis was writing science fiction and showing up at science fiction conventions alongside the likes of John Ringo, Eric Flint and David Weber. He immediately had a following – the men raved about his writing and the women, well, they raved about Travis! I finally broke down and read some of his stuff. I was impressed. He could tell an exciting story *and* keep the technical aspects firmly based in real science and engineering. Now I understood why people started calling him “Doc,” which is cool, and he adopted it. (For those of you

youngsters out there, Google “The Lensman Saga” by E.E. “Doc” Smith and you will understand also...)

While Travis and I were writing *Back to the Moon* for Baen, he was busily working on a “secret project” that he used his DoD credentials to keep out of sight until it was announced publicly by The National Geographic Channel. The *Rocket City Rednecks* series was born with Travis as the central character. Travis has a Southern accent, but given his credentials he is definitely *not* a “redneck,” at least in the pejorative sense. He's got his own definition, though. Despite this apparent incongruity, the show was a resounding success and we are anxiously awaiting its next season.



Yes, that's Travis riding on a rocket scooter with Jay Leno.

RAVENAR



The **Ravenar** dance troupe has performed traditional, science fiction and fantasy-themed shows at Worldcon, NASFiC, and regional conventions and dance shows throughout Texas and the Midwest. Ravenar's current members include Asrai (author Linda Donahue), Samirah (author Julia Mandala) (co-authors of the *Four Redheads of the Apocalypse* series, with Rhonda Eudaly and Dusty Rainbolt (Yard Dog Press, www.yarddogpress.com), along with the lovely and talented dancers Amora and Suzette. In keeping with DSC 50's theme, the troupe will perform their Lunar Party show at the con — a short version at Opening Ceremonies and the full show on Saturday. They hope to see you there!

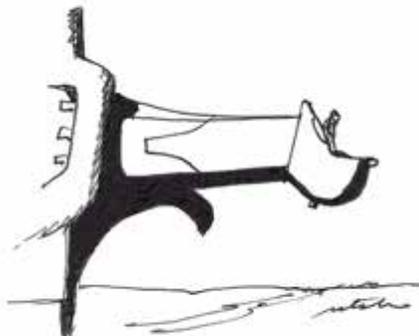
DeepSouthCon Retrospective (by Tim Miller)

	Title	Date	Location	Guest(s)	Members	Con Chair(s)	Awards	
							Rebel	Phoenix
1	MidSouthCon	July 1963	Huntsville, AL		5	David Hulan		
2		August 21-23, 1964	Anniston, AL		6	Larry Montgomery		
3		August 6-8, 1965	Birmingham, AL		19	Al Andrews, Larry Montgomery	Al Andrews	
4		August 26-28, 1966	Huntsville, AL		20	Lon Atkins	David Hulan	
5		1967	Atlanta, GA		25	Jerry Page		
6		August 23-25, 1968	New Orleans, LA	Daniel Galouye	72	Don Marstein, Rick Norwood		
7		August 22-24, 1969	Knoxville, TN	Rachel Maddux	35	Janie Lamb		
8	Agacon '70	August 14-16, 1970	Atlanta, GA	Sam Moskowitz, Richard C Meredith	130	Glen Brock	Irvin Koch	Richard C. Meredith
9	Pelicon	August 26-30, 1971	New Orleans LA	Poul Anderson, Fred Patten	105	John Guidry, Rick Norwood	Janie Lamb	R.A. Lafferty
10	Atlanticon	August 25-27, 1972	Atlanta, GA	Hal Clement, Kelly Freas	162	Joe Celko, Steve Hughes		
11		August 23-26, 1973	New Orleans LA	Joseph L. Green, Joe Celko	175	John Guidry, Don Markstein	Hank Reinhardt	Thomas Burnett Swann
12	AgaCon '74	August 23-25, 1974	Atlanta, GA		178	Joe Celko, Sam Gastfriend	Ken Moore	George Alec Effinger
13	RiverCon I	August 25-17, 1975	Louisville, KY	Phillip Jose Farmer, Andrew J. Offutt	545	Cliff Amos	Meade Frierson, III	André Norton
14		August 27-29, 1976	Atlanta, GA	L. Sprague de Camp, Kelly Freas	162	Binker Hughes	Ned Brooks	Manly Wade Wellman
15	B'hamacon	August 26-28, 1977	Birmingham, AL	Michael Bishop, Hank Reinhardt, Charles & Dena Brown	340	Penny Frierson	Cliff Biggers, Susan Biggers	Michael Bishop
16		June 20-22, 1978	Atlanta, GA	Jack Williamson, Kelly Freas	731	Richard Garrison	Don Markstein	Karl Edward Wagner
17	GumboCon	July 20-22, 1979	New Orleans, LA	R.A. Lafferty	420	Justin Winston	Cliff Amos	Jo Clayton
18	ASFIcon	August 22-24, 1980	Atlanta, GA	Ted White, Michael Bishop, Mike Glyer	514	Cliff Biggers	Jerry Page	Piers Anthony
19	B'hamacon II	August 28-30, 1981	Birmingham, AL	Bob Shaw, Jerry Page	342	Jim Gilpatrick	Dick Lynch Nicki Lynch	Mary Elizabeth Counselman
20	ASFIcon II	June 11-13, 1982	Atlanta, GA	Karl Edward Wagner, Kelly Freas, Lon Atkins	323	Mike Weber	Lon Atkins	Kelly Freas
21	Satyricon II	June 3-5, 1983	Knoxville, TN	Stephen King, Barbara Wagner, Guy H. Lillian III	804	Vernon Clark	John Guidry, Lynn Hickman	Doug Chaffee, Joe Haldeman
22		June 21-24, 1984	Chattanooga, TN	Joan D. Vinge, Karl Edward Wagner, Jerry Page	742	Irvin Koch	Guy H. Lillian III	David Drake

	Title	Date	Location	Guest(s)	Members	Con Chair(s)	Awards	
							Rebel	Phoenix
23		June 21-23, 1985	Huntsville, AL	Marion Zimmer Bradley, Algis Gudrys, Barclay Shaw, Bob Sampson	822	Mary Axford, Richard Gilliam	Larry Montgomery, P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery	Sharon Webb
24	L&N DSC	Sept 26-28, 1986	Louisville, KY	David Hartwell, Sornrow Suchartikul, Ann Layman, Alex Schomburg	570	Sue Francis, Ken Moore	John A.R. Hollis	Andrew J. Offutt
25		June 11-14, 1987	Huntsville, AL	Robert Block, Hugh B. Cave, Ramsey Campbell, Phil Foglio	729	Richard Gilliam, Patrick Molloy	Lee Hoffman, Penny Frierson	Orson Scott Card, Hugh B. Cave
26	Phoenixcon III	June 10-12, 1988	Atlanta, GA	Gregory Benford, Kelly Freas, Joe Haideman, The Cosmic Legion	648	Bill Sutton	Sue Phillips, Mike Weber	Gerald W. Page
27	MidsouthCon 8	June 9-11, 1989	Memphis, TN	Orson Scott Card, G. Patrick Molloy, Mary Hanson Roberts, Bill Sutton	533	Richard Moore	Steven Carlberg, Maurine Dorris	Robert Adams
28		June 7-10, 1990	Chattanooga, TN	Bob ShawForrest J. Ackerman, Bryan Webb, Darrell K. Sweet, Raymond Feist		Ken Cobb	Charlotte Proctor	Wilson "Bob" Tucker
29	ConCat III	June 7-9, 1991	Knoxville, TN	Charles Grant, Doug Chaffee, Andrew J. Offutt, Ken Moore, Mercedes Lackey, Larry Dixon		Chloie Airoidi, Mandy Pack	Samanda B. Jude	Charles Grant
30	Phoenixcon	May 1-3, 1992	Suwanee, GA	Joe Lansdale, Alan Clark, Charlies Grant, Marilyn Teague		Mike Reaser	Steve & Sue Francis	Brad Lineweaver, Brad Strickland
31	Conjuration	June 4-6, 1993	Louisville, KY	Emma Bull, Will Shetterly, Dawn Wilson, Genny Dazzo, Andrew J. Offutt	361	Jack Heazlitt, Jennifer Wilson	G. Patrick Molloy	Terry Bisson
32	B'hamacon III	August 26-28, 1994	Birmingham, AL	Lois McMaster Bujold, Mike Resnick, Bob Shaw, Debbie Hughes, Mark Maxwell	~425	Julie Wall	Don Cook, Bob Shaw	Toni Weisskopf
33	KublaKhan 23 ParthekHan	May 11-14, 1995	Nashville, TN	ElsiWollheim, Larry Elmore, Steve & Sue Francis, Andrew J. Offutt	261	Ken Moore	J.R. "Mad Dog" Madden	Darell Richardson

	Title	Date	Location	Guest(s)	Members	Con Chair(s)	Awards	
							Rebel	Phoenix
34	Beachcon	April 26-28, 1996	Jekyll Island, GA	Harry Turtledove, Peggy Ranson, Joe Siclari, Edie Stern, Jack C. Haldeman, Barbara Deleplace	237	Bill Francis	Gary & Corlis Robe	Jack C. Haldeman, II
35	ChimneyCon 3	June 6-8, 1997	Jackson, MS	J.R. Madden, Michael Scott, Hanther, James P. Hogan	~200	Tom Feller	Teddy Harvia	James P. Hogan
36	B'hamacon IV	June 12-14, 1998	Birmingham, AL	Michael Bishop, David & Lori Dietrick, Buck & Juanita Coulson, Wilson "Bob" Tucker	340	Julie Wall, Gary Rowan	Tom Feller, Wilson "Bob" Tucker	David Weber
37	Crescent City Con XVI	August 5-7, 1999	New Orleans, LA	Mike Resnick, Steve Jackson, Toni Weisskopf, Tom Kidd, George Alec Effinger, Barbara Hambly, Algis Budrys		Robert Neagle	Tim "Uncle Timmy" Bolgeo	Danny Frolich
38	Son of Beachcon	May 19-21, 2000	Jekyll Island, GA	Jack McDevitt, Ron Walotsky, P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery, Larry Montgomery, Jack Haldeman, Allen Steele	201	Bill Francis	Lynn Harris, Toni Weisskopf	Jack McDevitt
39	Tenacity 1	May 4-6, 2001	Birmingham, AL	Catherine Asaro, Sharon Green, Larry Elmore, Ned Brooks, Dr. Lawrence J. DeLucas, Lanie Weatherly & Crew Hardy	310	Paulette Baker	Robert Neagle, Sam Smith	Sharon Green
40		June 14-16, 2002	Huntsville, AL	Allen Steele, Connie Willis, Vincent Di Fate, Nicky & Rich Lynch	382	Sam Smith	Julie Wall	Allen Steele
41	LibertyCon 16	July 25-27, 2003	Chattanooga, TN	S.M. Stirling, Darrell K. Sweet, John Ringo, Darryl Elliott	~437	Tim Bolgeo	Mike Kennedy	Rick Shelley (Posthumous), Larry Elmore
42	MidSouthCon	March 26-28, 2004	Memphis, TN	David Brin, Todd Lockwood, David Williams, Dragon Dronte, Cullen Johnson, Michael Sheard	1039	Dana Bridges, Greg Bridges	Cal Coger (Posthumous), Sue Thom	Dr. Gregory Benford

	Title	Date	Location	Guest(s)	Members	Con Chair(s)	Awards	
							Rebel	Phoenix
43	Xanadu 8	April 8-10, 2005	Nashville, TN	Mike Resnick, Connie Willis, Darryl Elliott, Timothy "Uncle Timmy" Bolgeo	168	Dan Caldwell	Naomi Fisher	Jack L. Chalker (Posthumous)
44	Trinoc*con 7	July 21-23, 2006	Raleigh, NC	David Drake, John Kessel, David G. Hartwell, Patrick Meadows, Barry N. Malzberg	~514	Mike Moon	Dan Caldwell	John Kessel
45	OutsideCon 20	Sept 7-9, 2007	Dickson, TN	Clifton E. Gibbs, Christina Barber, Brenna Walters	~120	Robert W. Embler	Bill Payne, "Dutch" Stacy, Micky Kilgore	Tom Deitz
46	StellarCon 32	March 14-16, 2008	High Point, NC	Toni Weisskopf, Monte Moore, Steve Long, Cheralyn Lambeth	625	Mike Monaghan	Kelly Lockhard	Jim Baen (Posthumous)
47	Hypericon 5	June 5-7, 2009	Nashville, TN	Brian Keene, Steven Gilberts, Bob Embler, Kathy Mar, Glen Cook, Jonathan Mayberry	~300	Fred Grimm	Randy Cleary	Robert "Rick" McCammon
48	ConCarolinas	June 4-6, 2010	Charlotte, NC	Jerry Pournelle, Tom Fleming, Bill Sutton, Brenda Sutton	~1300	Ron McClung	Albin Johnson	Jerry Pournelle
49	FenCon VIII	Sept 23-26, 2011	Addison (Dallas), TX	Gail Carriger, Joe Bethancourt, Steven H. Silver, Vincent Di Fate, Les Johnson, Bradley Denton, Stephan Martiniere, Lou Anders		Julie Barrett	Brad W. Foster	Selina Rosen
50	Lunar Party	June 15-17, 2012	Huntsville, AL	Lois McMaster Bujold, Howard Taylor, Larry Montgomery, David Hulan, Dr. Demento		Julie Wall	?	?



DSC By-Laws

(as amended at the DSC meeting at FenCon/DSC49 on 25 September 2011)

Section 1. Paragraph 1. The DeepSouthCon is an unincorporated literary society whose functions are to choose the locations and committees of the annual DeepSouth Science Fiction Convention (hereinafter referred to as the DSC); to attend the DSC; and to perform such other activities as may be necessary or incidental to these purposes.

Section 1. Paragraph 2. The membership of DSC shall consist of (A) anyone paying the membership fee established by the current DSC committee, or (B) anyone upon whom the current DSC committee confers a complimentary membership. Only members attending the DSC will have voting privileges and each person shall have one vote. Absentee and proxy votes are not allowed. An optional class of non-voting supporting membership may be established by the current DSC committee for persons who wish to receive DSC publications but cannot attend the convention and participate in the business meeting.

Section 1. Paragraph 3. No part of DSC's net earnings shall be paid to its members, officers, or other private persons except in furtherance of the DSC's purposes. The DSC shall not attempt to influence legislation or any political campaign for public office. Should the DSC dissolve, its assets shall be distributed by the current DSC committee or the appropriate court having jurisdiction exclusive for charitable purposes.

Section 1. Paragraph 4. A DeepSouthCon committee may present such awards as it deems appropriate. The traditional awards given out by the DSC are the Rebel Award for fannish activity and the Phoenix Award for professional science fiction and fantasy activity. Should a DSC choose to award the Rebel and/or Phoenix, the following guidelines shall be followed:

a. The Rebel award is given to one or more science fiction fans who have, at some point, resided in the south (as defined in section 2, paragraph 2) or whose fannish activities have contributed to southern fandom in a positive way.

b. The Phoenix award is given to one or more science fiction or fantasy professionals who have, at some point, resided in the south; whose professional work reflects on the south in a positive way; or who have demonstrated friendship with Southern fandom through support of regional fan activities.

c. Either award may be given posthumously.

d. Rebel and Phoenix awards are considered lifetime achievement awards, therefore no individual shall be given the same award a second time. However, a past winner of either award may also win the other award, as long as they meet the criteria outlined in subparagraphs (a) and (b).

Section 2. Paragraph 1. The voting membership of DSC shall choose the location and committee of the DSC to be held in the calendar year two years after the current DSC. Voting shall be by ballot cast at the current DSC. Counting of all votes shall be the responsibility of the DSC committee, using the preferential ballot system as it is used in site selection voting for the World Science Fiction Convention.

Section 2. Paragraph 2. A committee shall be listed on the ballot if it submits to the current DSC, by 6:00 PM on Friday of the current DSC, the following: a list of committee officers, a contract or letter of agreement with a facility adequate to hold the DSC, and a statement that the committee agrees to abide by these rules. A committee may bid any site in the states of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia.

Section 3. Paragraph 1. Any proposal to amend this constitution shall require two-thirds vote of all the votes cast on the question at the DSC meeting held at two successive DSCs.

Section 3. Paragraph 2. DSC meetings shall be held at advertised times at each DSC. The current DSC committee shall provide the Presiding officer for each meeting. Meetings shall be conducted in accordance with Robert's Rules of Order, Newly Revised, and any Standing Rules the meeting shall adopt.

Section 3. Paragraph 3. The DSC By-Laws shall be published in the program book of each DSC. Any amendments eligible for ratification at the DSC shall also be published in the program book.



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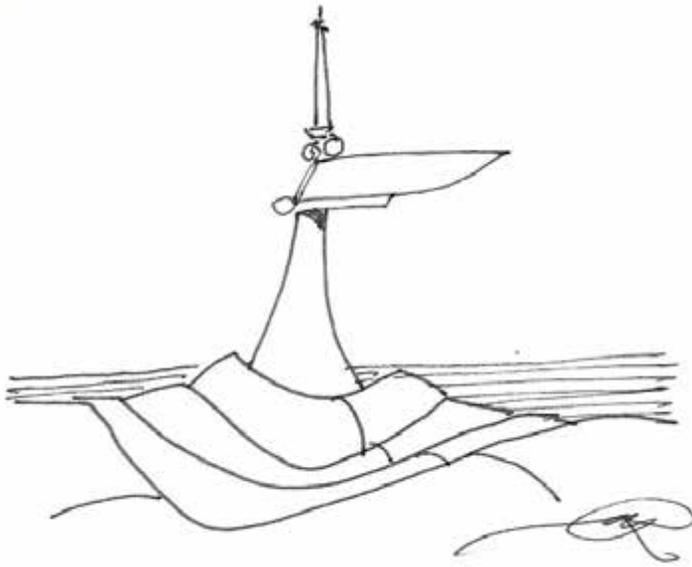
*A la Recherche des
Deep South Cons
Perdu*

Reminiscences of the past 50 years of Southern
conventioning

What follows is the history of 49 different conventions – and each has its own story. But those 49 histories are *one* history, too – a heritage, a set of traditions, and, most of all, a community. Begun by five (or six) kids reading pulps in a garage, DSC has become the heartbeat of probably the most distinctive and long-lasting regional group in all of science fiction: *Southern fandom*. More than any other institution or event – and there are many – DeepSouthCon has held us together.

Elsewhere in this program book you'll find accounts of some of the aforementioned traditions – specifically, the Hearts Championship of the Universe and the World's Worst SF Novel Contest. In the pages that follow, we'll be concentrating on

DSC's most valued tradition – its unique tribute to the people who made Southern science fiction and its fandom happen: the **Phoenix** and **Rebel** Awards.



The Phoenix is DSC's gesture to science fiction professionals hailing from the region – writers and artists and editors. The Rebel is Southern fandom's fan award to that person or those persons who have brought credit to the region through their fanac (or "fan activity," if you're new to this).

That fan activity has taken many forms – con-giving, fanzine-editing, club-founding, apa-hacking, and sometimes, many suspect, *nerve-wracking*. (I can think of no other rationale for my own Rebel.) Likewise, the awards have never been standardized. The Rebel, for instance, has taken the form of plaques, sculptures of various sorts, a model locomotive (Steve & Sue Francis), a Meerschaum pipe (Cliff Amos), a rebel hat (Guy Lillian), a sword (Tom Feller), a railroad lantern (Pat Molloy), an engraved bowl (John Guidry), a locket (Charlotte Proctor), paintings (Larry Montgomery & P.L. Caruthers) and a photo album (Stven Carlberg). Just imagine what *yours* will look like.

We've tried to mention special moments of each con, but some attributes of the conventions may have been neglected. We suggest that anyone noticing a lapse mention it in the next issue of *The Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin*.

Thanks to all who helped and contributed. When not credited, the text was most likely penned by ...

— Guy Lillian, editor

**DSC 1: MIDSOUTHCON
HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA
JULY 1963
ATTENDANCE: 5 (OR 6)
CHAIR: DAVID HULAN**

When I was asked to do a write-up on the first DeepSouthCon I thought it would be relatively easy; I still have my file of my publications and surely I'd written something about it. Wrong. In retrospect, that's not really surprising; shortly afterward my life took a major turn—ultimately, I think, for the better, but at the time it was a considerable disruption, and fanzine activity was scanty for several months. A few of you know some of the details; the rest of you don't need to. But the upshot is that I'm having to rely on 50-year-old memories, which may or may not be particularly accurate at this stage of things.

Back in 1963 Southern Fandom was a rather small group, widely scattered. I'd visited Al Andrews down in Birmingham and Bob Jennings in Nashville a couple of times each, both being reasonable day trips from Huntsville. Bill Plott from Opelika had visited us a couple or three times, and Joe Staton, who wasn't old enough to drive himself, had persuaded a cousin to drive him down from Milan, Tennessee, once. And that was about it for in-person fannish contact.

So I had the idea of hosting a gathering at my house in Huntsville—if it turned out that more people than could comfortably crash in my house wanted to attend, I figured I could make connections with a motel, but as it turned out my initial guess was correct. (We were all younger then, so sleeping on floors in sleeping bags wasn't considered a real hardship.) I actually called it MidSouthCon, since I thought of Huntsville as being pretty much in the middle of the South—about halfway from Louisville to Mobile north-south, from El Paso to Norfolk east-west—even though Alabama was, and is, considered part of the Deep South. Larry changed the name when he hosted the second annual, but called it DeepSouth-Con 2, and I had no problem with the change, then or ever.

There's one error in the histories of the DSC that I've read; they say that there were five attendees. In fact, there were at least six, possibly seven. I know that Al Lewis from California, Marty Martin from Nashville, Rick Norwood from New Orleans, and Bill Gibson from somewhere in Virginia, were there, plus Kathy and me. It's possible that whoever came up with the number didn't count Kathy, but they should have. I thought Bill Plott was there, too, but I'm not sure enough of that to say definitely one way or the other.

One thing that happened was disconcerting at the time, though in retrospect it's more amusing. Rick and Bill Gibson both arrived on the bus at the downtown Huntsville station (different buses, obviously). One of them called me and I drove in and picked him up (after 50 years I don't remember which). The other one tried to take a taxi, but the driver

had no idea where Pinedale Drive was. (It was part of a new development out near Redstone Arsenal; my house was finished in February of 1963.) So the driver went to the nearby fire station to ask them—and they didn't know where it was, either. So whoever it was called me, and I forget if I went to pick him up or if I gave the cab driver directions. But it doesn't give one a great sense of security to know that the local fire department doesn't know where one's house is located...

I don't remember much in the way of details of what went on—I think just a lot of fannish chit-chat. Certainly there wasn't anything one could call a program; it was just a chance for some people from all over the South to get together with other fans. All of us were what I'd call young today, speaking from the $\frac{3}{4}$ century mark—Al and I believe Marty were a few years older than my 26, Kathy was 20, Rick was I think about 17–18, and Bill I remember was 14.

We did have a “banquet” of sorts—drove over to an excellent barbecue restaurant not too far from our house and put a couple of tables together so we could all fit around it. (I still miss that restaurant—it was still around at the time of DSC 4, and even the one time I had a business trip to Huntsville back around 1972 or so, but the last time I was there it was no longer—that, or I'd forgotten how to get to it.)

— *David Hulan*

There were only three science fiction conventions in the Deep South before the first DeepSouthCon: Southern fandom was still floundering in the primeval ooze. It was therefore fitting the first DSC be held in Huntspatch — known as Huntsville, Alabama, to outsiders, a city of uncompleted streets, no street signs, and two incompatible telephone systems. I spent most of the DSC getting lost.

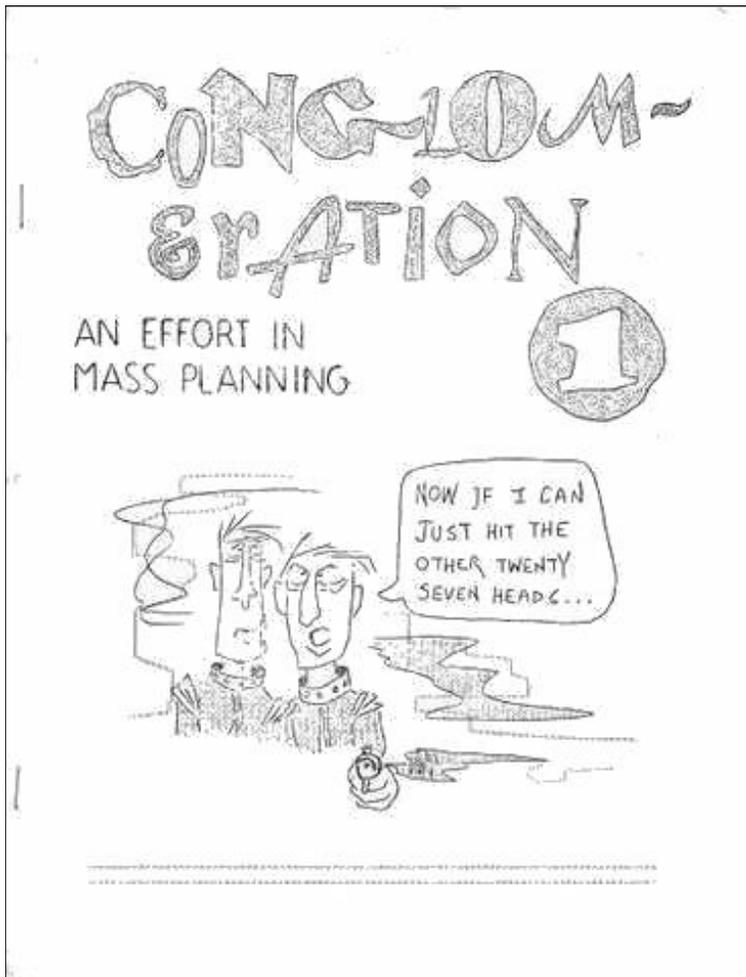
My first stop was in Birmingham, last outpost of civilization. I had planned to visit Al Andrews there, but he wasn't listed in the telephone book. The only helpful thing I could remember was that Al's brother-in-law was a swimming pool contractor. It was eleven o'clock at night, but I dug out the yellow pages, determined to call the home of every swimming pool contractor in the book. I dialed the first number. A mysterious voice answered, “Hello, this is Billy Joe Plott, the Traveling Fan. Who are you?”

There wasn't room for another guest at Al's house, so I talked on the phone for a while and then pushed on to Huntspatch. After several hours of wandering around, I finally located Dave Hulan's house at three in the morning. As I pulled up, Bill Gibson was getting out of a taxi. DSC I was in full swing.

The first DSC was officially called MidSouthCon, changing to the present name with DSC II.

Was the total attendance of the first DSC really five? Did we really spend the entire convention looking at Dave Hulan's two complete sets of *Unknown*? Probably not.

— *Rick Norwood*



**DSC II: DEEP-SOUTHCON
ANNISTON,
ALABAMA
AUGUST 21-23,
1964**

**ATTENDANCE:
6**

**CHAIR:
LARRY
MONTGOMERY**

At the second DSC, the membership had increased enormously: six fans in an Anniston, Alabama, motel room.

It is most memorable for a fabulous fannish one-shot session. Even going back to it today, *Conglomeration* seems like one of the best oneshots ever produced. Larry Montgomery was editor; Bill Gibson (decades before *Neuromancer*) drew the cover, Al Andrews did the cartoons, Larry, Dick Ambrose and I wrote a round-robin story, Lee Jaciobs did the lead article and photos for the back cover.

— Rick Norwood

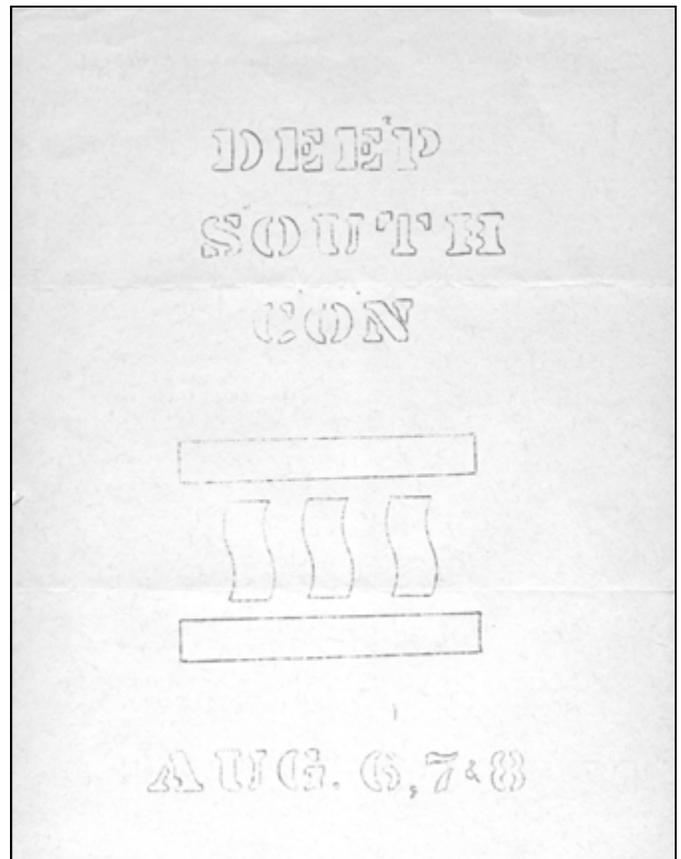




**DSC III
BIRMINGHAM,
ALABAMA
AUGUST 6-8 1965
ATTENDANCE:
19
CHAIR:
LARRY
MONTGOMERY**

DSC 3 was the first with a real program. Nineteen memberships were sold. Larry Montgomery was chairman. Wally Weber showed films of previous Worldcons. Jeff Jones did the cover for the convention's oneshot, *Conglomeration #2*. Hank Reinhardt played with toy soldiers. The thing everyone seems to remember was discovering a caged lion cub in the hotel basement. And **Al Andrews** won the first **Rebel Award**. No one contributed more to the genesis of modern Southern fandom than Al. Instigator and President of the Southern Fandom Group, founding member and first President of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance (SFPA), he was an inspiration to all who met him. Chairman Montgomery created the Rebel Award specifically to honor Al — and there was no better way to found a lasting Southern tradition.

— Rick Norwood & Guy Lillian



Lon Atkins won the rights to DSC IV, hoping to bring DeepSouthCon to Chapel Hill, North Carolina. But he moved before the con date, and so the event was held, again, in Huntsville. No problem. Teenager **Joe Staton**, attending his first con, was still wowed.

In his SFPazine *Florimel*, Joe waxed enthusiastically over the people he met there — people like Lon and Dave Hulan, who won the second Rebel Award for his efforts on behalf of both DeepSouthCon and SFPA. Of Larry Montgomery, he said “I can think of no one I would trust quicker,” and of Hank Reinhardt, “I firmly refuse to believe that Hank is a real person. I had formerly believed that the twisted imagination of Jerry Page had invented him. I still do.” He was annoyed with himself for constantly calling Lee Jacobs “Sir.”

Joe, of course, became a great fan cartoonist — that’s an early drawing of Lon above right, and a much later caricature of Hulan below. Since then, he’s moved on to create *E-Man*, draw for DC Comics, and step into Chester Gould’s artistic shoes on *Dick Tracy*.



DSC IV
HUNTSVILLE,
ALABAMA
1966
ATTENDANCE:
20



**DEEPSOUTHCON
V
ATLANTA, GA
1967
ATTENDANCE: 25
CHAIR:
JERRY PAGE**

Says chairman Page:

“There’s not much to say about DSC V. It was held in Atlanta at the old Dinkler Plaza Hotel, which was also the site of Atlanta’s previous convention, Agacon, in 1956. Twenty-five people attended. I collected a dollar apiece from them and turned over a whopping \$25.00 to the following year’s DSC — in New Orleans — hoping to start a tradition that might keep DSCs financially sound for years to come — maybe even a whole decade.

“Somehow that didn’t catch on, but the DSC seems to have survived anyway.

“At DSC V we had no Guest of Honor, but I did ask Hank Reinhardt to bring a few samples from his weapon collection to talk about. He waxed with the usual Hankish elegance and a good



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Logo by Brad Foster.

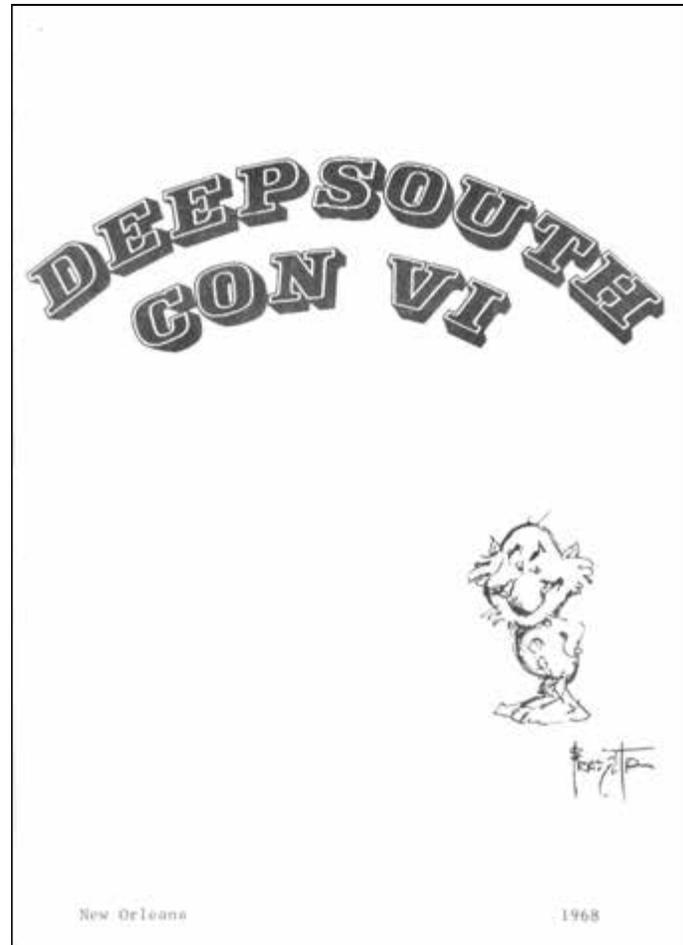
DSC VI
NEW
ORLEANS, LA
AUGUST 23-25
1968
ATTENDANCE:
72

In New Orleans, in 1968, we were determined to put on an even better show than Atlanta. We had the DSC's first Guest of Honor, **Dan Galouye**, author of *Dark Universe*, *Lords of the Psychon*, and *Simulacron-3* — and a great friend to all of New Orleans fandom. The program filled three days, including the institution of what has become a DSC tradition: the trivia contest. There were panel discussions, movies and a banquet. We had 72 members, many of whom actually attended. I was chairman, and for me the weekend remains a blur, but I do remember having fun.

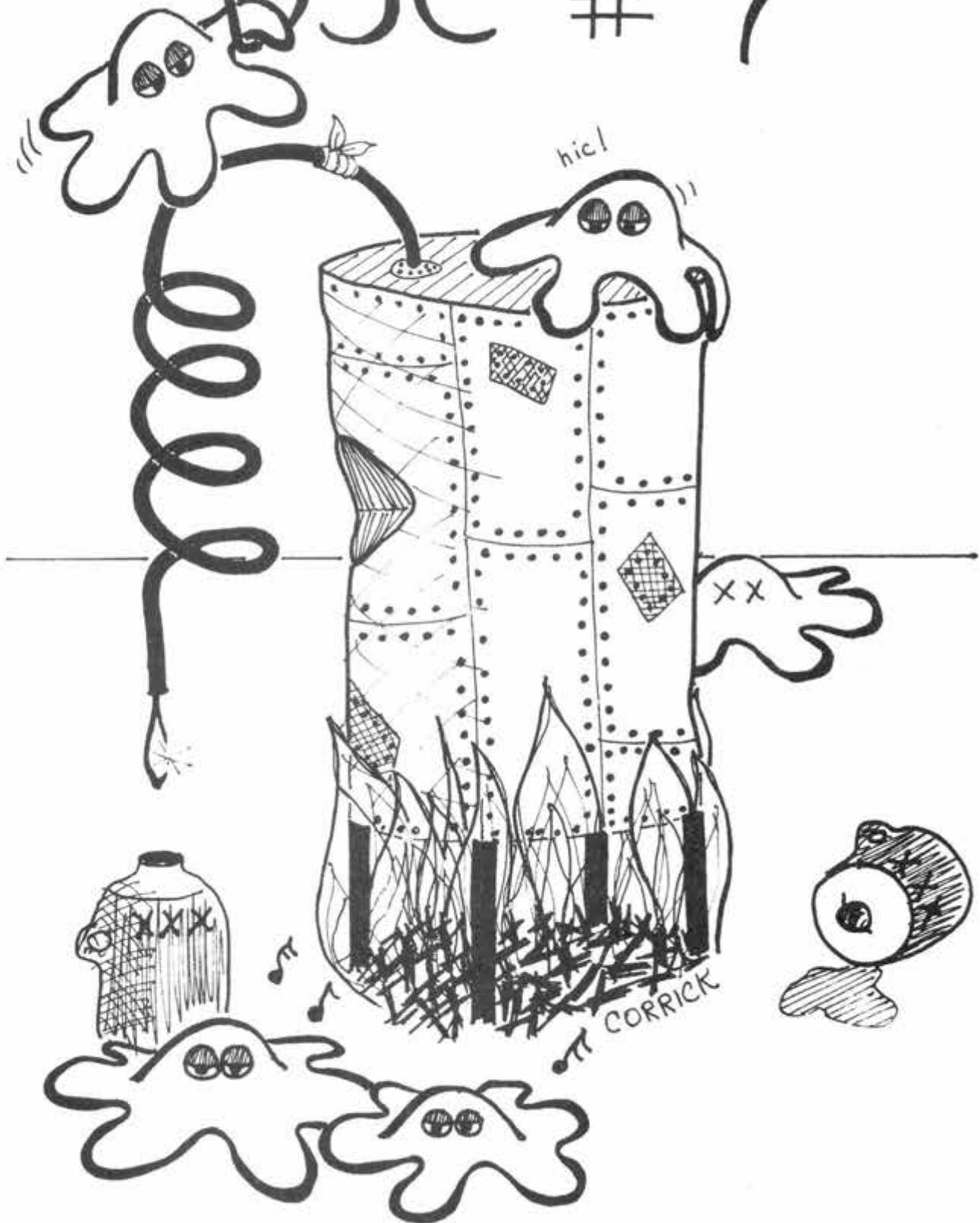
— Rick Norwood

An editorial note: Perhaps knowing, by some psychic means, that the girl of my dreams, Rose-Marie Green (shown here at right, age 13, with Jan Lewis and Rick) was present with her parents, I attempted to go to DeepSouthCon VI — only to find upon contacting the hotel that it had gone on the week before!

— Guy Lillian



DSC # 7



DSC VII
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE
AUGUST 22-24 1969
ATTENDANCE: 35

Janie Lamb had to make her bid to hold DSC VII via a tape recording, but she won easily. Guest of Honor was a lady named Rachel Maddux, who had written one fantasy novel, *The Green Kingdom*. She had had no prior contact with fans or other fantasy writers, but gave an interesting talk at the banquet about the wonders of inventing your own universe and seemed to enjoy herself. Ned Brooks and Ron Bounds dressed up in their Worldcon costumes and Ron, as a Viking, chased a waitress up the stairs. The Southern Fandom Confederation was organized and afterwards we all went out for dinner at Minnie Pearl's Fried Chicken.

— Rick Norwood



A rumor abides to this day concerning an incident at DSC VII involving a tube of red dye and the hotel swimming pool — a rumor which, when repeated at the 1981 Satyricon by the innocent Fan Guest of Honor (Guy Lillian, your humble editor, *me*) earned a shriek from a certain not-so-innocent member of the audience, to wit: "Idiot! This is the hotel!" The story culminated in chairlady Lamb having to call upon her status as a member of the staff of the governor of Tennessee to keep dye-fingered fans from going to jail. As we say, a mere rumor.

PROCESSINGS

**AGACON
70**



**August
14, 15, & 16**

**DSC VIII: AGACON '70
ATLANTA, GEORGIA
AUGUST 14-16 1970
ATTENDANCE: 130**

In 1970 the World Science Fiction Convention was held in Heidelberg, Germany, so chair Glen Brock decided to make DeepSouthCon a kind of alternative to Worldcon. An extensive advertising campaign resulted in an attendance of over a hundred, by far the largest DSC to date. SaM Moscovitz was Guest of Honor and Richard C. Meredith — author of *We All Died at Breakaway Station* — was Master of Ceremonies. Glen gave the Rebel Award to **Irvin Koch**, honcho of Tennessee fandom, and created the Phoenix Award — for distinguished *professional* achievements by a Southerner — to honor **Richard Meredith**.

Meade Frierson was elected President of the Southern Fandom Confederation, with Janie Lamb as Secretary. There was a crowded Art Show/Huckster Room, lots of movies, and a three-day program.



Above, Richard Meredith

Left, Irvin Koch

Joe Green spoke on the future of Apollo and there was an interesting panel of young writers who told about their experiences turning pro.

But most impressive was Hank Reinhardt's display of swordsmanship. In a room fully the size of a ping pong court, jammed with 50 or 60 people, Hank gave a vigorous educational demonstration on the manly art of decapitation — cutting heads off. New Orleans fan Craig Shukas, suffering from oxygen starvation, ran an ad insulting Hank's prowess with sword and playing card, the outcome of which would be seen at DSC IX.

— Rick Norwood



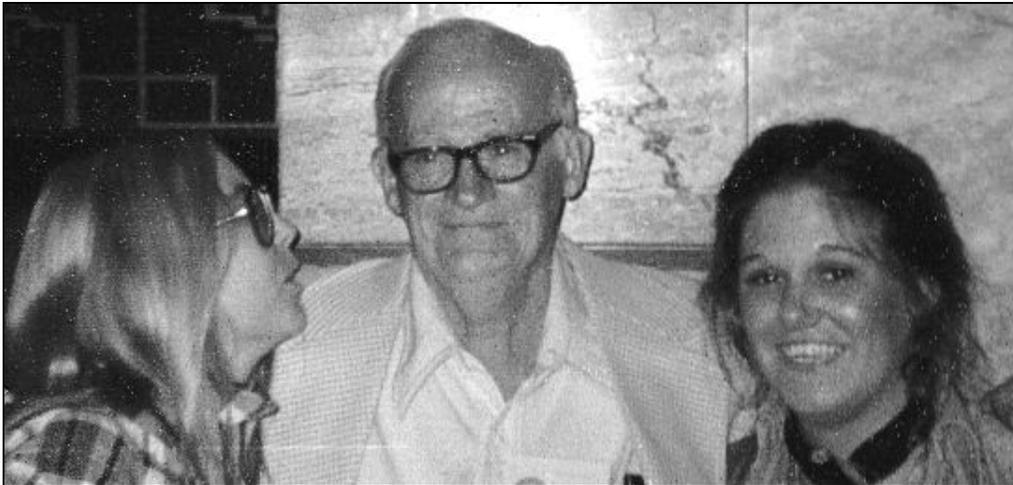
DSC IX: PELICON
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA
AUGUST 26-30 1971
ATTENDANCE: 105

That is indeed the magnificent **Poul Anderson** depicted atop the page preceding, Pro Guest of Honor at the ninth DSC. (**Fred Patten** was Fan Guest.) A founding member of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Poul must have enjoyed the duel resulting from Craig Shukas' challenge below, a highlight of the convention. (Reinhardt won.)





Janie Lamb was a member of the D.A.R. (Daughters of the American Revolution), president of the Knoxville Democratic Women's Club, a volunteer for the local Mobile Meals Program, president of the Heiskell Elementary School PTA, a columnist for her community newspaper, a "gray lady" at the local psychiatric hospital — chair of a Deep-SouthCon and secretary for the fledgling Southern Fandom Confederation. This tremendous joiner and leader was a natural choice for the ninth DSC's Rebel Award.



With the possible exception of city native Daniel F. Galouye, who hosted and mentored members of the New Orleans Science Fiction Association with patience and humor for many years, no science fiction pro ever connected with the City That Care Forgot like **Raphael Aloysius "R.A." Lafferty**. Shown above at the '76 worldcon with Linda Krawecka and Anne Hebert (now Anne Winston), Ray penned novels of hilarity and madness and depth and beauty — *Past Master*, *Fourth Mansions*, *Space Chantey*, *The Devil is Dead*, *Arrive at Easterwine* (partially set in New Orleans). He won his Phoenix Award for a Hugo and Nebula-nominated story, "Continued on Next Rock", and was hailed as Professional Guest of Honor at the 1979 DeepSouthCon, held ... where else? In New Orleans. *Wa-wa-wa-shingay*, Patrick of Tulsa!

AtlantisCon

THE TENTH ANNUAL DEEP SOUTH SCIENCE FICTION CONFERENCE



AtlantisCon

Howell House Hotel
Atlanta, GA
25 thru 27 th August 1972
Co-Chairmen: Steve Hughes & Joe Celko
Secretary-Treasurer: Binker Hughes

**DSC X: ATLANTISCON
ATLANTA, GEORGIA
AUGUST 25-27 1972
ATTENDANCE: 162**

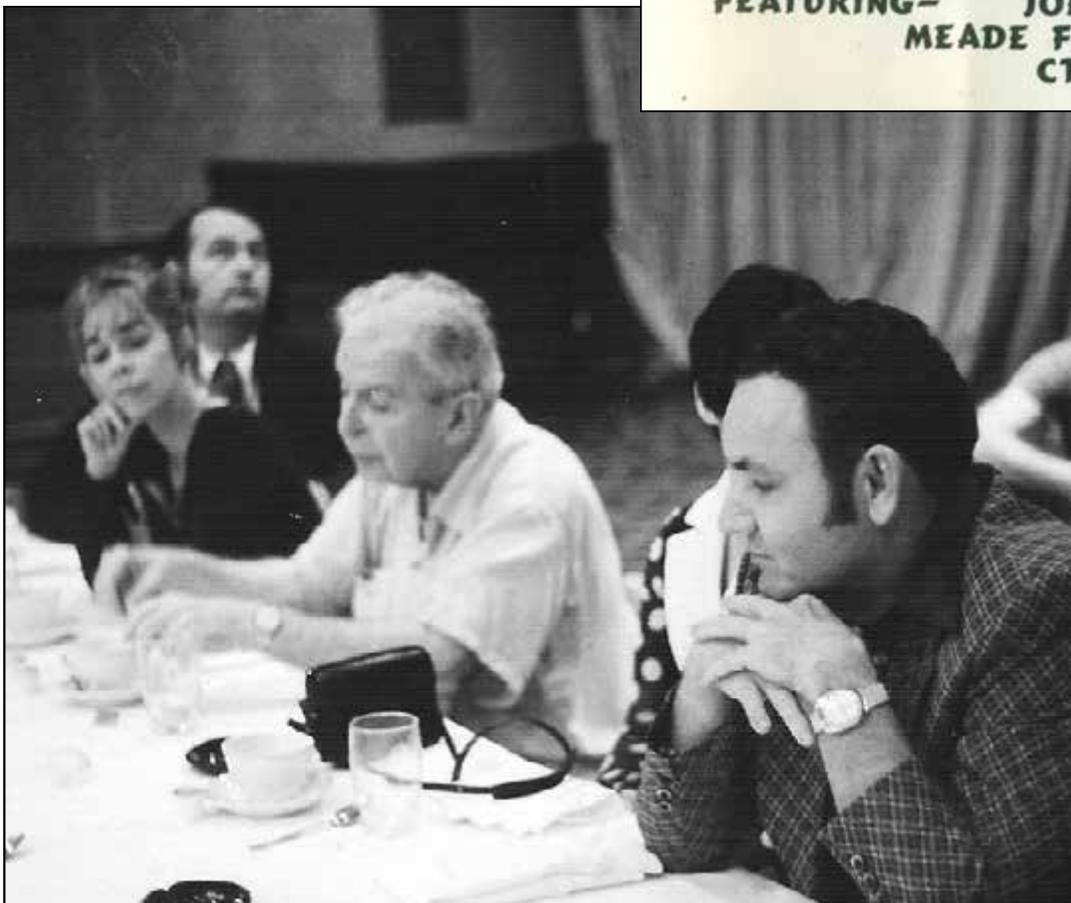
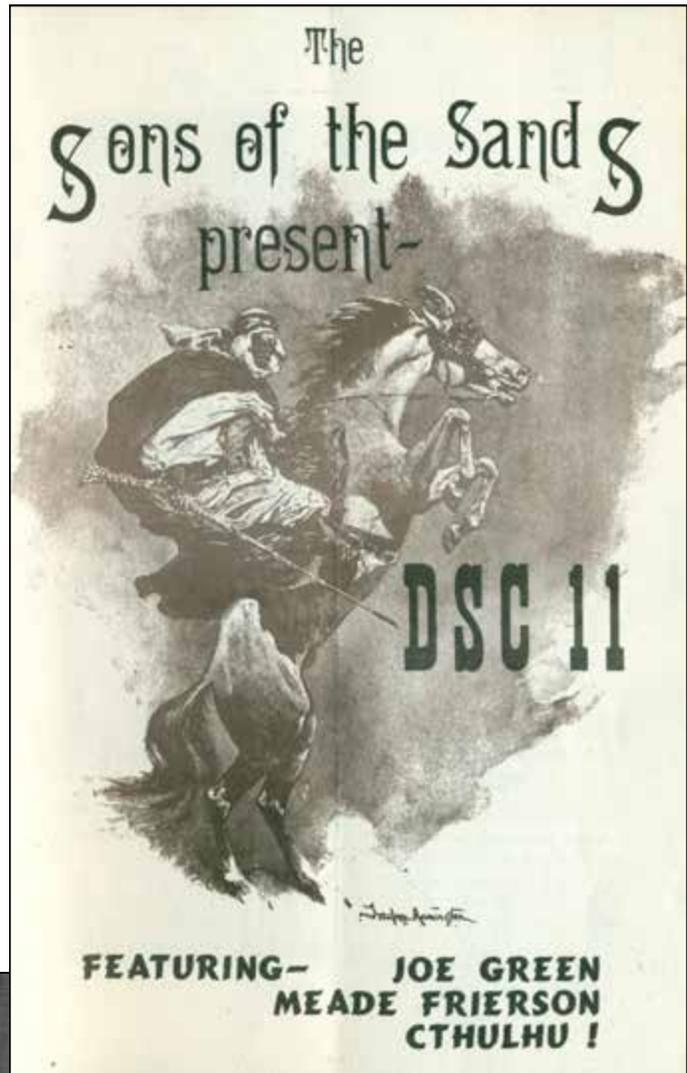


Chairs Steve Hughes, Binker Hughes and Joe Celko didn't hand out any awards at the tenth DeepSouthCon — no one had suggested any winners, they said — but they still hosted one of the pivotal events in Southern fan history.

The Pro Guest of Honor was the great **Hal Clement** (shown here in a photo by Rose-Marie Lillian) but the convention's real importance came from the newcomers to Southern fandom it attracted, many of them experienced comics and SF fans who had never been to a DSC before. More than half of the active roster of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance showed up, for instance, putting faces to names in a spirit that lasts, despite time and turbulence, to this day.

If the rebel community was created in the home of Al Andrews and the garage of David Hulan, it was reborn in Atlantiscon's Commodore Hotel.

**DSC XI
NEW
ORLEANS,
LOUISIANA
AUGUST 23-26
1973
ATTENDANCE:
175**





The brilliant photographer (and New Orleanian) **Clarence Laughlin** showed slides of his fabulous art collection, Pro Guest of Honor **Joseph Green**, NASA writer and novelist (*Conscience Interplanetary*), gave a compelling speech, interrupted by Clarence (to chairman **John Guidry's** dismay), Fan GoH **Meade Frierson** brought his entire family, and chairs Guidry and Don Markstein presented two of the best-deserved awards in the history of Deep-SouthCon. The Rebel went to anachronist **J. Henry "Hank" Reinhardt** (lower left, or could you tell?), one of the founders of Atlanta fandom, SFPA member, Hearts fish (and champion) — *the* Southern fan, here caricatured for the con oneshot by Glen Brock. As for the Phoenix, **Thomas Burnett Swann** copped it, the only SF award the author of *The Day of the Minotaur*, "The Manor of Roses" and a dozen other masterful works of fantasy ever won.



LibertyCon 25

Chattanooga, TN
July 20 - 22, 2012

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Sanderson**

25th Anniversary
Literary Guest:
Timothy Zahn

Co-Artist Guests:
**Don Maitz
Janny Wurts**

25th Anniversary
Artist Guest:
Vincent DiFate

25th Anniversary Science Guest:
Les Johnson

25th Anniversary Co-Special Guests:
Larry Niven & Jerry Pournelle

25th Anniversary Master of Ceremony
Eric Flint

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Art: 'The Tourist' by Theresa Mather



THE 70TH
WORLD SCIENCE
FICTION CONVENTION
AUG. 30-SEPT. 3, 2012
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**DSC XII:
AGAICON '74
ATLANTA,
GEORGIA
AUGUST 23-25
1974
ATTENDANCE:
178**

Perhaps it was forgivable hubris for an Atlanta DSC to borrow a holiday associated with New Orleans and call itself “a science fiction Mardi Gras.” The convention certainly had a unique format: everything — including parties and filkfest and even an SCA banquet — was held in one vast ballroom. Alas, no one could hear themselves over the din, and arguments over which fan activity should take precedence were frequent.

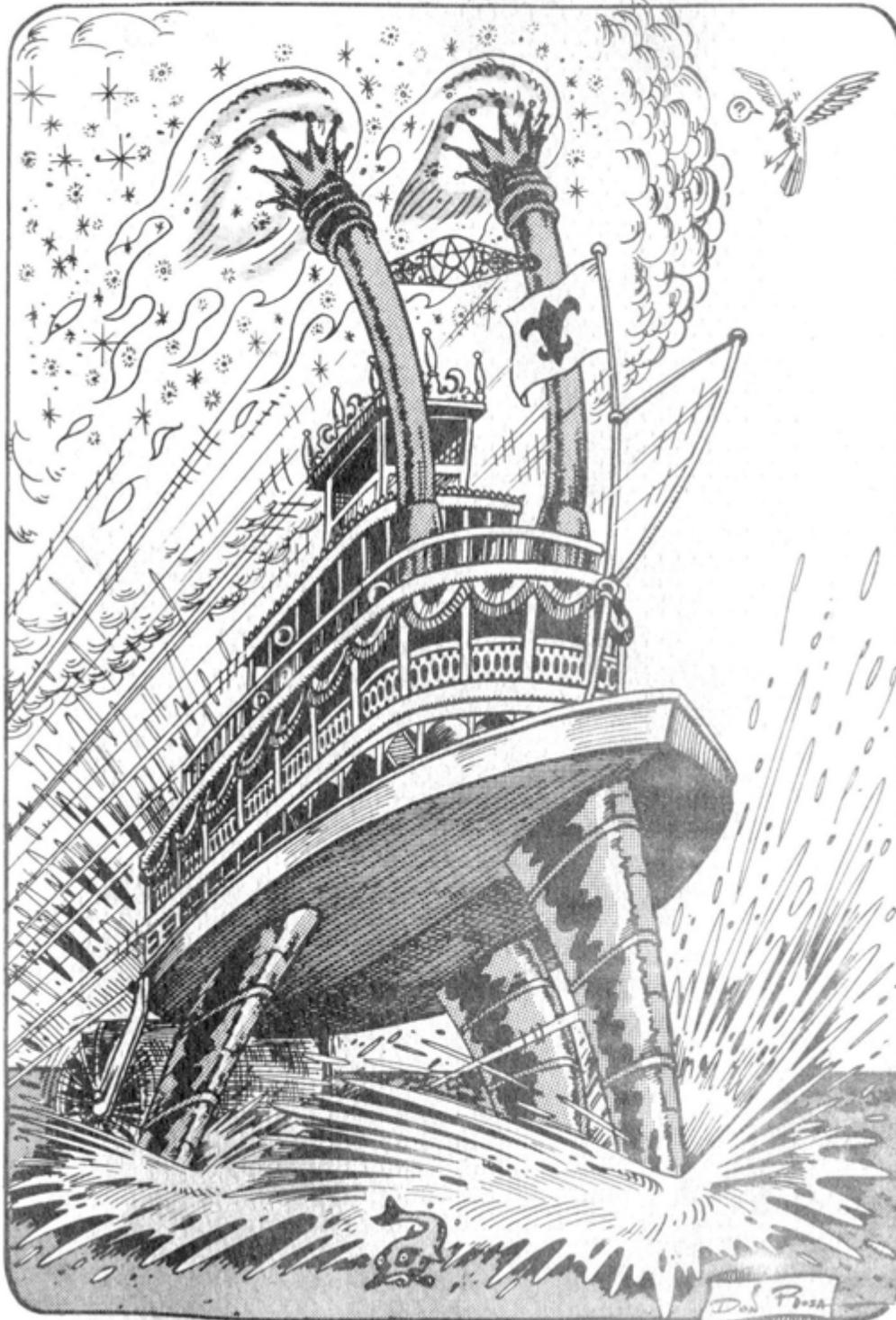


Nevertheless, Agaicon presented righteous awards. The Rebel went to **Ken Moore**, pilot, founder of Kubla Khan, and art collector supreme. For decades Ken — yclept “the Khandor” to those in the know — was a vibrant and joyous force in Southern fandom; it’s no exaggeration to say that he is greatly missed.

To left, chairman Joe Celko presents the Phoenix Award to **George Alec Effinger**, still years from his Hugo-nominated authorship of *When Gravity Fails* (and “Schrödinger’s Kitten” which won both Hugo and Nebula), but with such works as *What Entropy Means to Me* already to his credit. The South — and all of SF — misses George, a great talent and a great guy.

RIVERCON '75

DeepSouthCon XIII





**DSC XIII:
RIVERCON I
LOUISVILLE,
KENTUCKY**

**AUGUST 25-27 1975
ATTENDANCE: 545**

Maybe it was the presence of Muhammed Ali and his entourage in the con hotel, or the showing of Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast*, or the popularity of the Rebel and Phoenix choices (**Meade Frierson** and **Andre Norton**, respectively), or the climactic ride on *The Belle of Louisville* riverboat — but the cries of “Best DSC ever!” at the close of Cliff Amos’ first Rivercon met with little dispute.

Meade was the long-time President of the Southern Fandom Confederation, a valued member of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, a noted collector of ancient SF radio shows, and the editor of the best zine about H. P. Lovecraft ever: *HPL*. His Rebel was thunderously applauded. Alice Mary “Andre” Norton wasn’t at the convention, but her novels — *Galactic Derelict*, *The Stars are Ours*, *The Time Traders*, *Star Born*, *Witch World*, dozens more — belong on every true believer’s bookshelf. Anyone claiming membership in the science fiction community who does not know and cherish her work ... well, let’s just say they have a great discovery ahead of them. And she was a sweet lady, too. (She holds her World Fantasy Award to right.)





DSC XIV
ATLANTA,
GEORGIA
AUGUST 27-29
1976
ATTENDANCE:
162



Ned Brooks, shown next to the symbol of the 1976 DeepSouthCon on the previous page, was a predictable winner of its Rebel Award: chairs Steve Hughes and Binker Hughes had been close with the sage of Newport News for years, and he was years overdue. Likewise, the creator of "Silver John," **Manly Wade Wellman**, was probably the dean of Southern-based fantasy, and it was remarkable that no DSC had honored him with a Phoenix Award before. **Gahan Wilson**, the famed horror cartoonist (lower left), was scheduled to be a Guest at DSC; he could not make it to pick up *his* Phoenix.



The Guest of Honor who did attend the convention, L. Sprague de Camp, gave a fascinating, informative talk on the Atlantis legend, and for the first time a debate arose that would become an essential part of the DSC: what is the worst science fiction novel ever published — *The Clones* by P.T. O'Leary or *Werewolf vs the Vampire Woman* by Arthur N. Scarm? Often voted on but never decided, these two masterworks would compete for the title for decades (as you'll observe later on in this volume).

B'HAMACON



the 15th annual DeepSouthCon
a science fiction & fantasy conference ★

DSC XV
B'HAMACON
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA
AUGUST 26-28 1977
ATTENDANCE: 340



Birmingham DeepSouthCons are always great DSCs, and the first B'hamacon, in 1977, was perhaps the greatest of them all. (Ye editor has a personal reason — name of Rose-Marie — for thinking so.) Among its epic moments was the speech of Guest of Honor **Michael Bishop**, author of *Eyes of Fire*, *Stolen Faces* and *A Little Knowledge*. Later he would win a Nebula for *No Enemy But Time* and rock the SF world with *Brittle Innings* and *Philip K. Dick is Dead, Alas* — among many other astonishing literary works. His tremendous talent was only getting started the night he won B'hamacon's Phoenix Award.

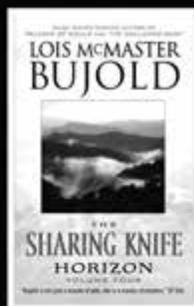
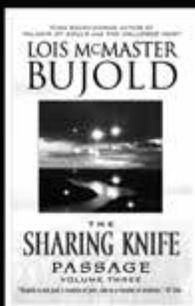
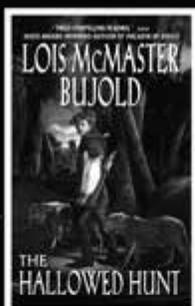
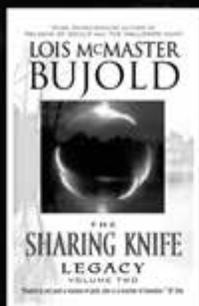
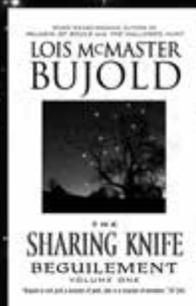


That same evening saw **Cliff and Susan Biggers** named as Rebel Award winners. Long-time editors of *Myriad*, one of the best of Southern amateur press associations, the previous year had seen them bring genzine fandom back to the region with their *Future Retrospective*. Later on, Cliff would found the magnificent comics shop Dr. No's and make history with his *Comic Shop News*.



HarperVoyager Congratulates Guest of Honor Lois McMaster Bujold

DeepSouthCon 50



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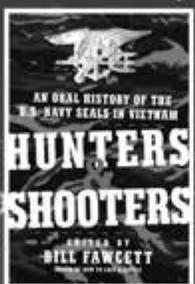
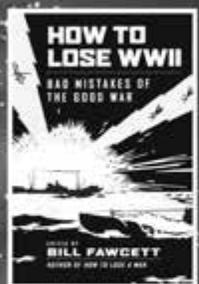
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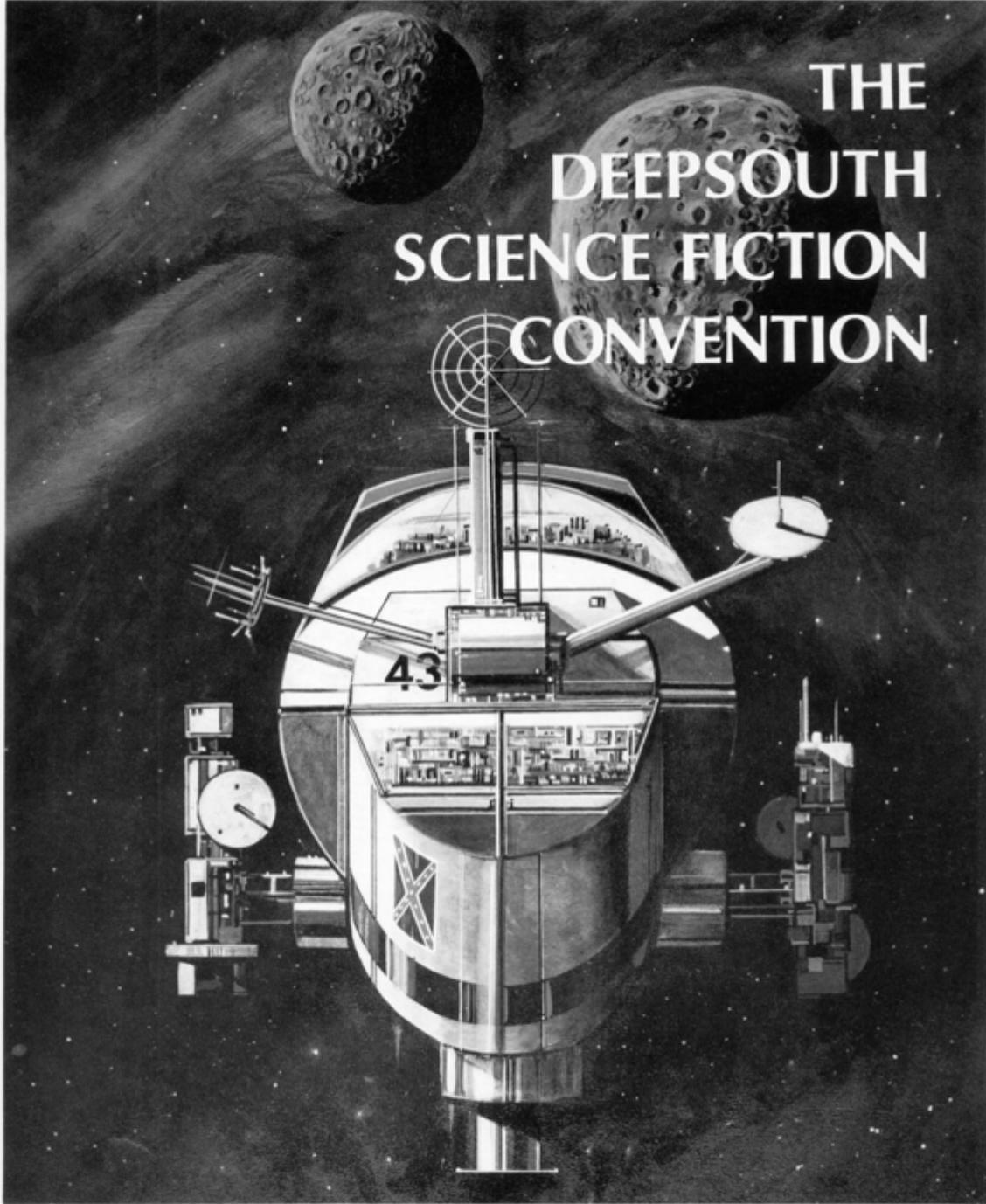


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**THE
DEEPSOUTH
SCIENCE FICTION
CONVENTION**



Atlanta, Georgia

1978

DSC XVI
ATLANTA,
GEORGIA
JUNE 20-22 1978
ATTENDANCE:
731

1978 saw two stalwarts of the Southern cause hailed at the DSC. Chair Rich Garrison had brought in SF giant Jack Williamson as Guest of Honor, and tapped fantasy giant **Karl Edward Wagner** for the Phoenix. KEW's works and personality were familiar to rebel fandom; his Kane volumes (*Bloodstone*, *The Dark Crusade*, *Darkness Weaves*, and more) and other novels are rightly considered sword'n'sorcery masterworks. This tremendous guy was lost to us in 1994.

Don Markstein got his Rebel for his efforts on behalf of New Orleans'DSCs and fanzine fandom, revitalizing the Southern Fandom Press Alliance as its most successful Official Editor, but it was as a comics fan that he achieved lasting fame: his **Toonopedia**, years in the making, is *the* best reference for graphics characters in the world. Don also wrote stories for Disney Comics' foreign markets. He left this mortal coil earlier this year.



*The Sons
of the Sand*

Present



DSC¹⁷1979

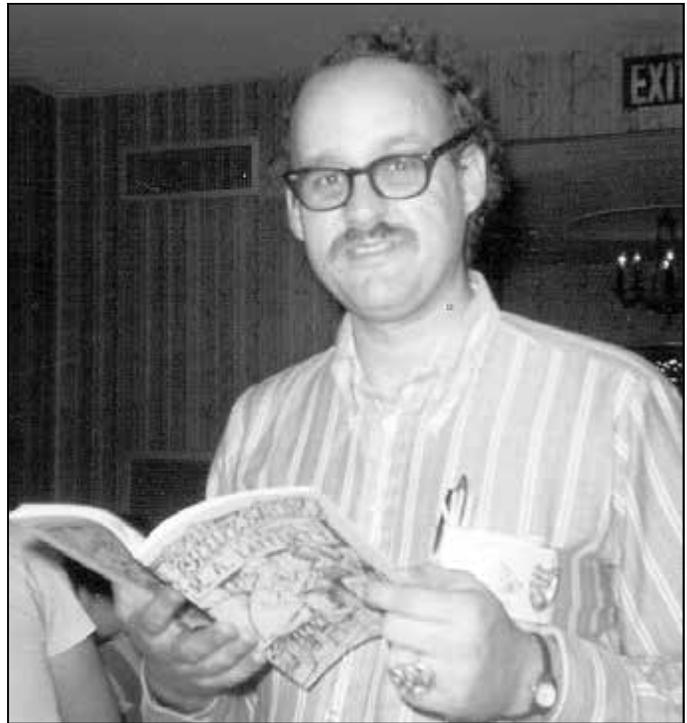
Le PAVILLON

July 20, 21 & 22, 1979

**DSC XVII:
GUMBOCON
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA
JULY 20-22 1979
ATTENDANCE: 420**

Held at the elegant Le Pavillion Hotel in New Orleans, the 17th DeepSouthCon boasted the presence not only of a magnificent Guest of Honor — R.A. Lafferty — but a surprise guest, John Brunner. Among the convention's many pleasures was listening to these two geniuses discuss the field that brought such disparate souls together. Lafferty's Guest of Honor speech, "The Day After the World Ended," is considered one of the most challenging indictments of the modern world ever voiced in science fiction.

Chairman Justin Winston and the rest of the Gumbocon committee took care and pride not only in selecting the Rebel and Phoenix winners but also in selecting their trophies. For **Cliff Amos**, the founder of Rivercon (at DSC 13), a foot-long Meerschaum pipe was specially ordered from Turkey. For Phoenix winner **Jo Clayton**, the committee selected an ornate chalice — that's Elaine Vignes presenting it to Jo at the banquet. Jo's books include the *Diadem* series, the *Skeen* trilogy, two *Shadow* trilogies, and much more. The worlds of science fiction bid farewell to the lovely lady in 1998.



Atlanta
Aug 22-24, 1980

A&F iCon



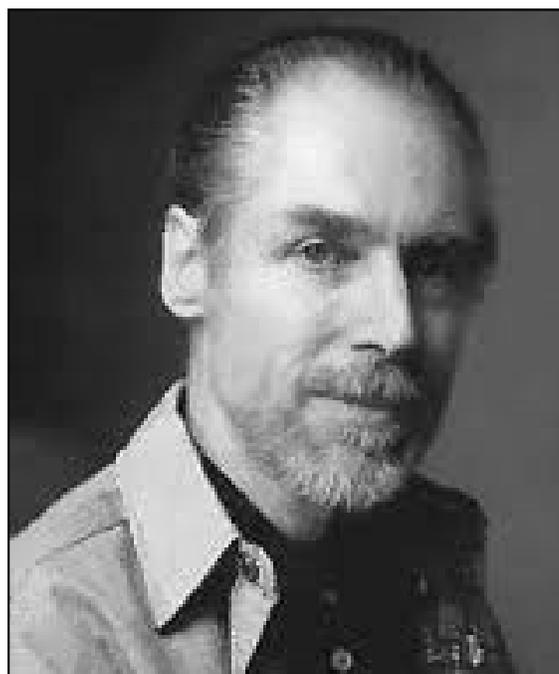
John Collins ©1980

When presenter Mike Weber (who prefers to non-capitalize his name *a la e.e. cummings*) talked about the Rebel winner at the 1980 Worldcon, whispers soon began to flow: "It's Jerry! It's Page!" And how right they were. **Jerry Page** had been around Atlanta fandom since its earliest days in the 1950s. With Hank Reinhardt, Jerry Burge, and other lovers of *Planet Stories*, he had formed the first Atlanta SF society — ASFO, which won the lads the unenviable sobriquet *ASFoles*. The only surprise was that it had taken DSC eighteen conventions to tap him for the honor. Later the awards would come fast and furious — Jerry is one of only two Southerners to have completed the DSC Trifecta, winning Rebel, Phoenix (in 1988) and Rubble. There's no getting rid of the man, either; this is one fella who will be at DSC 50 if he is *anywhere*.

Anyone familiar with con chairman Cliff Biggers' taste in science fiction could not have been surprised by his choice for the Phoenix Award. **Piers Anthony** was born in the United Kingdom — in Oxford, actually — and educated in Vermont, but has lived in Florida for many years, and in fact, owns a tree farm there. Perhaps he does so to compensate nature for the millions of trees he has turned into paper. The prolific author has more than 140 published books to his credit, nearly 40 of them in the *Xanth* series, with the *Apprentice Adept* and *Incarnations of Immortality* series not far behind. His ambitious, evocative *Chthon* was a Hugo and Nebula nominee in 1967. He spent seven years on the book, which, if he did the same for all that followed, would make him 980 years old.



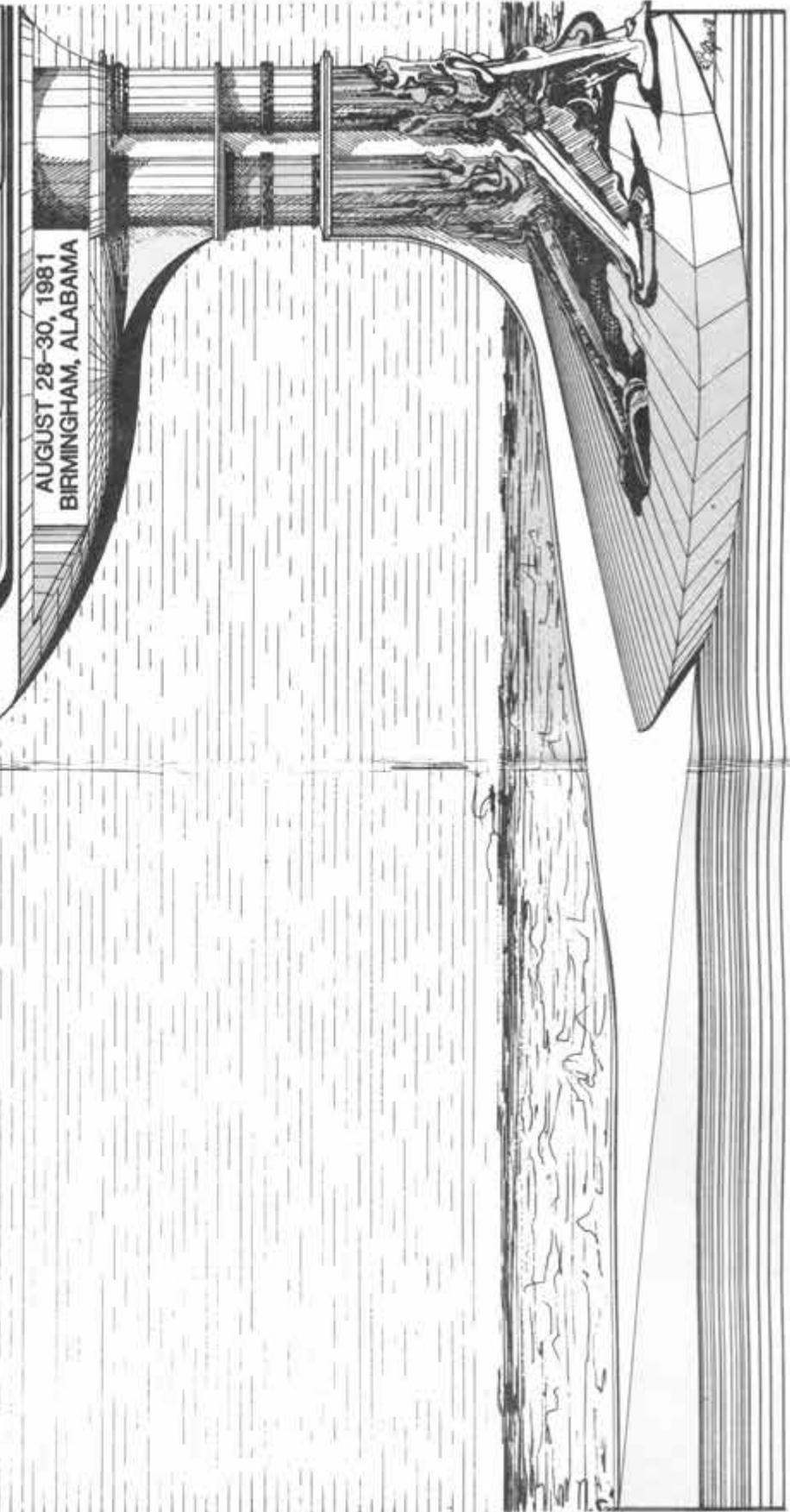
**DSC XVIII:
ASFICON
ATLANTA, GA
AUG. 22-24 1980
ATTENDANCE:
514**





B'hamacon 2

AUGUST 28-30, 1981
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA



**DSC XIX:
B'HAMACON II
BIRMINGHAM,
ALABAMA
AUG. 28-30 1981
ATTENDANCE: 342
CHAIR: JIM
GILPATRICK**

DSC's 19th outing was one of the epic ones. Your editor played Lon Atkins, Hank Reinhardt and Mike Weber in two consecutive Hearts games — and won both, despite two moonshots by Reinhardt. Vern Clark organized a "Food Burn," Barb Mott plastered Lon in the face with a pie, GoH Bob Shaw gave a spectacularly funny Irish-accented speech ("sume bukes"), George Wells led the worst SF novel competition with readings from *Werewolf vs. the Vampire Woman*, the Worldcon bid that would eventually become *Confederation* was announced, Stven Carlberg presented his Southpaw apa awards, and Larry Montgomery — yes, Fan Guest of Honor at this convention — showed up after an absence of 15 years. "I walked in and I was home," said he, on the arm of P.L. Caruthers, who would soon become his wife.

The Rebel Award at this classic convention was also a classic: **Rich and Nicki Lynch**, honored for their news fanzine *Chat* and their stewardship of both the Chattanooga and Knoxville groups. It would not be too long before they began collecting Hugos for their genzine, *Mimosa*. B'hamacon II's Phoenix Award went to **Mary Elizabeth Counselman**, *Weird Tales* writer ("The Three Marked Pennies"), Birmingham *News* reporter, and faculty member at the University of Alabama.





Frank Kelly Freas was both Guest of Honor and Phoenix winner at the 20th DSC, chaired by Mike Weber. Kelly's accomplishments, of course, are innumerable, as are his Hugos for Best Professional Artist. He's shown here sketching a caricature for a lucky fan, one of his passions.



Lon Atkins' Rebel was one of the most overdue in the history of the award. Past DSC chairman, four-term Official Editor of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, and creator of the most impeccable fanzines ever to inspire a neofan, Lon was justly famed as a Hearts player — indeed, Charlie Williams' portrait here was drawn from a photo taken during a moonshot!

**DSC XX:
 ASFICON II
 ATLANTA,
 GEORGIA
 JUNE 11-13 1982
 ATTENDANCE:
 323**

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DEEP SOUTH CON 21

\$10
TEN

SATYRICON



WE **DARE** YOU TO SPEND
 THE WEEKEND OF JUNE 3-5, '89
 WITH
 Stephen King, Karl Wagner,
 Barbara Wagner, Doug Chaffee,
 & GUY H. LILLIAN III !!!

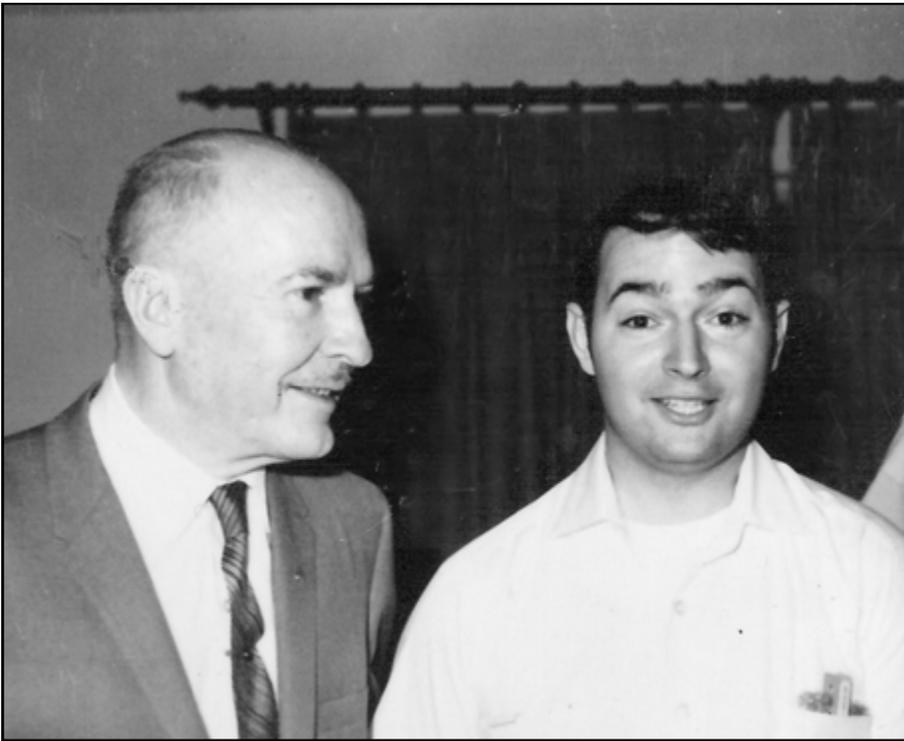
**DSC XXI:
SATYRICON II
KNOXVILLE,
TENNESSEE
JUNE 3-5 1983
ATTENDANCE:
804**

Stephen King's adventures — and *mis*adventures — as Professional Guest of Honor at the 21st DeepSouthCon are, or should be, legendary; a good sport throughout, the poor guy was so beleaguered by autograph seekers that he could barely draw a free breath. (Fan GoH **Guy Lillian III** was hardly so encumbered.)

The largest DSC to date, Satyricon II boasted an incredible guest list of fabulous horror writers — Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, Peter Straub, Whitley Streiber, Karl Edward Wagner, Alan Ryan — and a magnificent set of award winners. Artist GoH **Doug Chaffee** (right) was one Phoenix winner; his work had adorned computer games, book covers, the card game *Magic*, and would, in 1986, decorate the cover of the Worldcon program book. SF and the world lost this friendly, supremely talented fella in 2011.

Lynn Hickman (above right) was one of con chairman Vernon Clark's heroes, so his Rebel Award was absolutely no surprise. Though resident in Ohio, Lynn's "Little Monsters of America" club had fostered SF fandom throughout the South many years before, and when he passed from our ken, a new fannish slogan was born: "Let's do it like Lynn!"

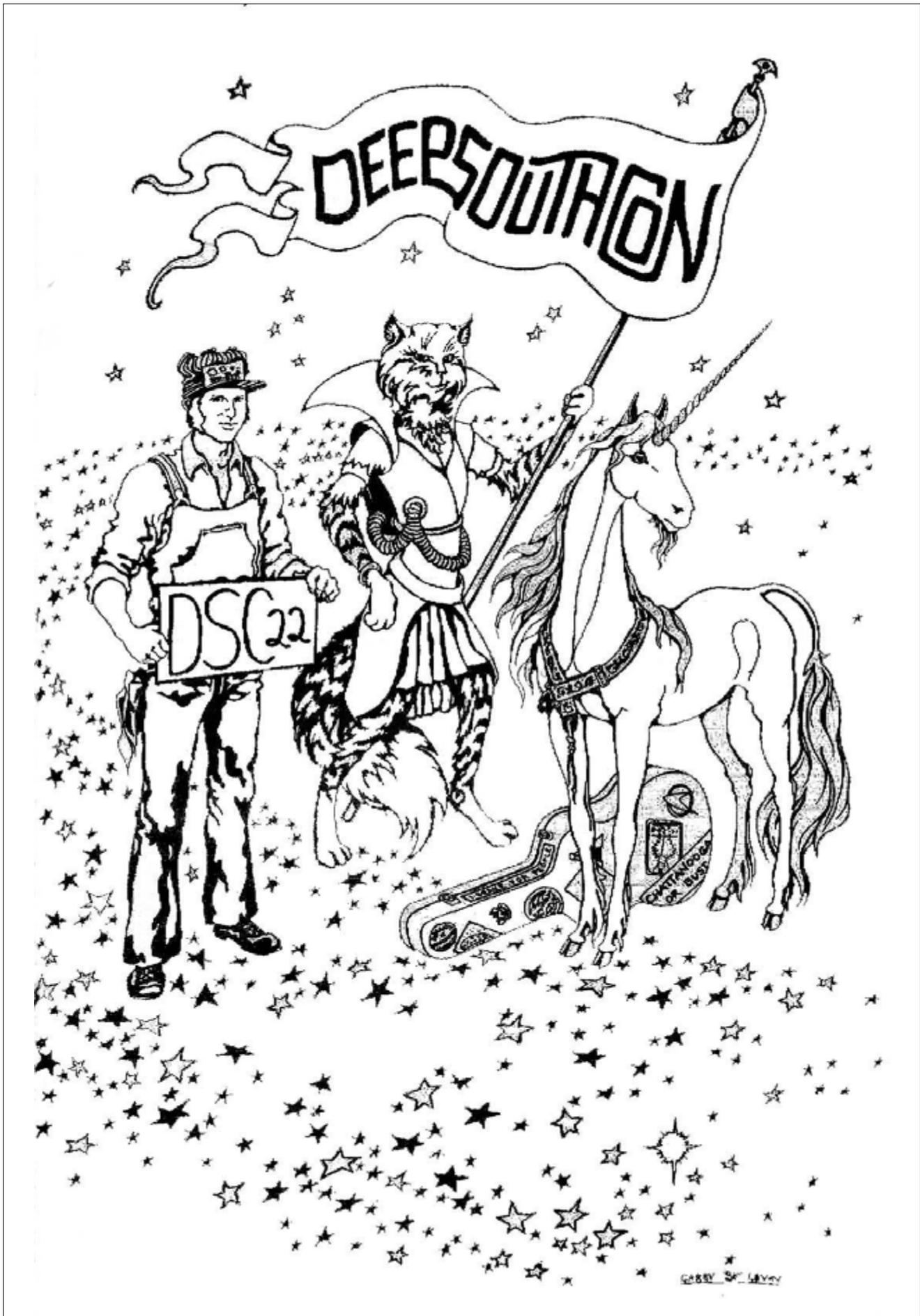




It took a conspiracy among con committee-men, his friends and his family to insure that **John Guidry** would be present to retrieve *his* Rebel, but the intrigue worked, and John, shown to left with **Robert A. Heinlein** at Joe Green's famous Apollo 11 launch party, was in Knoxville to suffer being saluted — for chairing DSCs, helping create the Southern Fandom Confederation, bringing Worldcon fever to the South (he later chaired Nolacon II) — and for his greatest accomplishment, being John.



Not present to receive his Phoenix at this historic DSC, alas, was **Joe Haldeman**, at left with lady Gay. Joe's *The Forever War* and *Forever Peace* won Best Novel Hugos and Nebulas. His "Hemingway Hoax" and "Tricentennial" were among his shorter prize winners, highlights of an astonishing career.





Newly divorced and shell-shocked from a semester of law school, I couldn't have been in worse shape before the 22nd DeepSouthCon. But I should have known that DSC XXII had a surprise in store: Hank Reinhardt kept asking me what I thought of a *neo* winning the Rebel, and Sue Phillips rather anxiously asked me if I'd be at the awards banquet.

(Actually, since chairman Irvin Koch served an *all-pasta* dinner, including soup, I scored a burger in the hotel coffee shop.)

And then there we were in that ballroom with the flocked and mirrored walls of 'Nooga's Read House, and Hank was saying my name, and the gloom of the past year *went away*.

Two great things about my Rebel Award: Theodore Sturgeon was in the room, and Dave Drake won his Phoenix that same night. That's good company.

— Guy Lillian, Rebel winner, DSC XXII



David Drake, the 1984 Phoenix honoree, is the author of *the* finest horror stories set in the Vietnam era, among them "Best of Luck," "The Dancer in the Flames," "Something Had to Be Done" and "Men Like Us." And some of the best military and historic science fiction published, among them novels in the *Hammer's Slammers* and *Crown of the Isles* series — shelf after shelf of great fantasy.

DSC XXII
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE
JUNE 21-23 1984
ATTENDANCE: 742





**DSC XXIII
HUNTSVILLE,
ALABAMA
JUNE 21-23 1985
ATTENDANCE:
822**

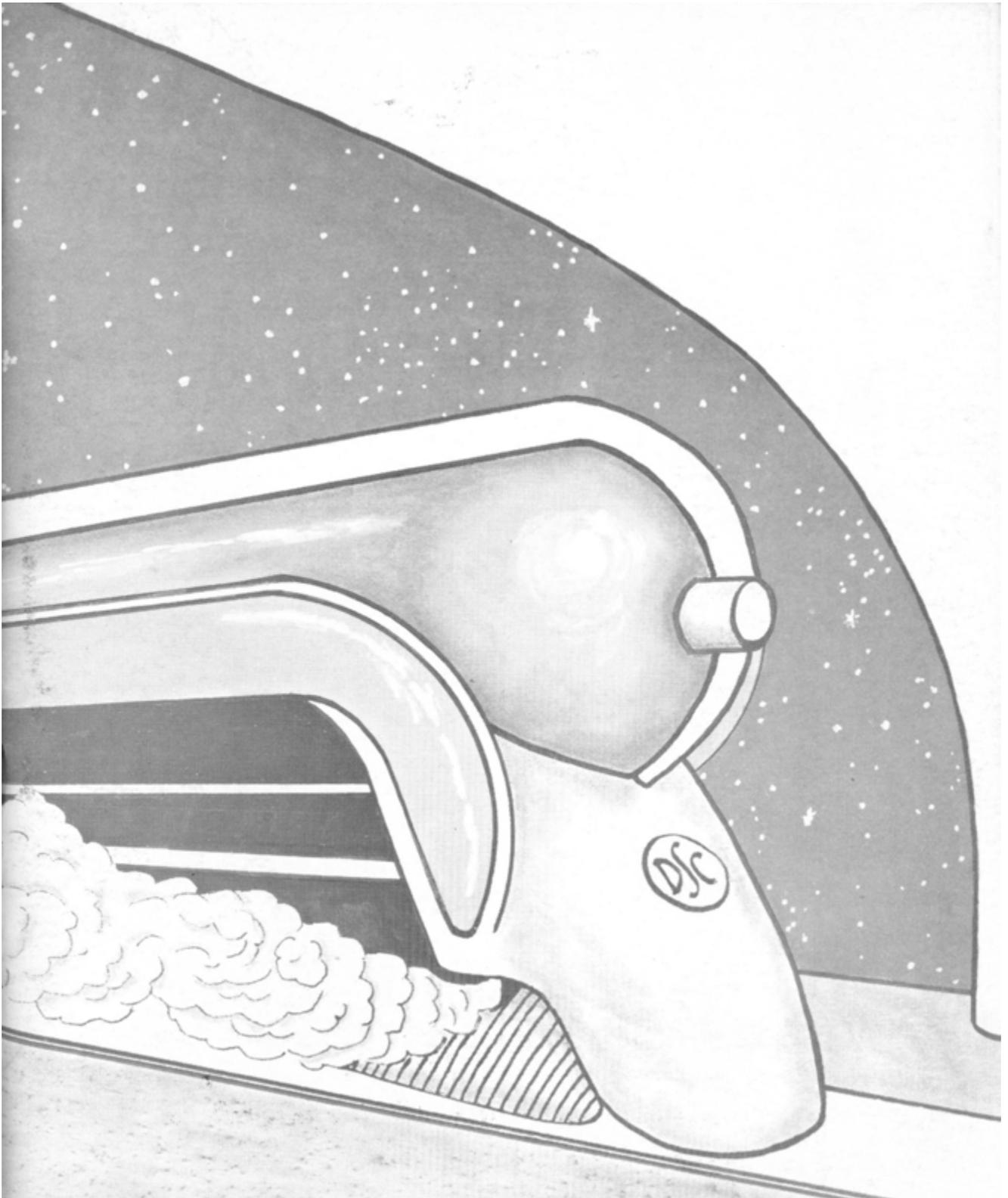
Sharon Webb was a tremendously popular Phoenix winner at the 23rd DSC. A Georgia nurse as well as a science fiction writer, she published *The Adventures of Terra Tarkington* and the Earth Song Trilogy in one role, and the memoir *R.N.* in the other. She was lost to the Earth in 2010.

Also at the con was Arnold Schwarzenegger's agent, who responded with horror to someone's suggestion for Ahh-nold's next film, about a robot who comes back in time to help a woman who is very sick: *Terminators of Endearment*. They missed a bet.

"Fish-heads, fish-heads, roly-poly fish-heads, / fish-heads, fish-heads, eat'em up YUM!" To the dulcet tones made famous by Dr. Demento, DSC XXIII unrolled in the city of the convention's birth. As you can probably guess, chairs Mary Axford and Richard Gilliam put on a good time for all.

As is often the case, the awards ceremony was for many the highlight of the event. No one could blame **Larry Montgomery** and **Pamela Lynn "P.L." Caruthers-Montgomery** if they found it so — because they won their Rebels there. For Larry, it was "what goes around comes around" — remember, he *created* the award! For P.L., a successful SFC Presidency to her credit, it was simply justice.







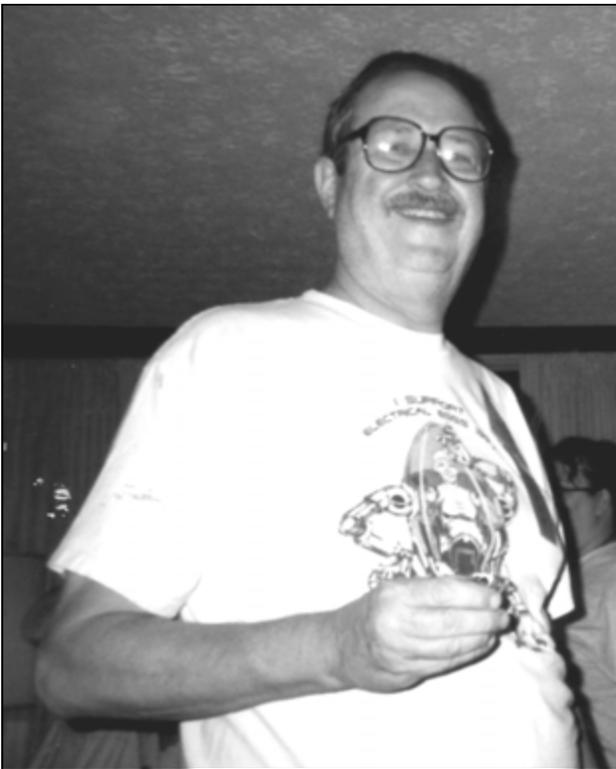
**DSC XXIV:
L&N DSC
LOUISVILLE,
KENTUCKY
SEPTEMBER
26-28 1986**

ATTENDANCE: 570

The L&N (Louisville and Nashville) Deep-SouthCon had the ill fortune to fall a mere three weeks after the conclusion of the largest and most important SF convention ever held in the South: Confederation, the worldcon. So although its attendance was more than respectable, some Southern fans just couldn't be there — and missed out on a great show. Such was always expected of chairs Sue Francis and Ken Moore.

Andrew J. Offutt took the Phoenix Award home from the convention; though his oeuvre includes Conan novels, the *Thieves' World* and *War of the Gods on Earth* series, many novels under pseudonym and the editing of five *Swords Against Darkness* anthologies. He is widely acclaimed as one of SF's foremost toastmasters, and his wife Jodie — to whom he has been married since forever, at least — is one of the South's classiest class acts.

Joining the ranks of Rebel winners at DSC XXIV was **John A.R. Hollis**, among the founder and senior members of fandom in the region. As a committee member said at the time, "No one else would do!"



DEEP SOUTH COM 25





Phoenix winners **Hugh B. Cave** (top) and **Orson Scott Card** (below). Cave was an astonishing guest at DSC XXV, reflecting an astonishing life and career. His books on voodoo — including the novel *The Cross on the Drum* — are classics. North Carolina's Card is the Hugo and Nebula-winning creator of *Ender's Game* and its sequels, and is the only writer to have won both awards two years in a row.



DSC XXV
HUNTSVILLE,
ALABAMA
JUNE 11-14 1987
ATTENDANCE: 729

The year was 1987, and convention banquets were becoming less and less common, but we still wanted to do one, in part because it lowered the amount we had to pay the hotel for the meeting space. We had arranged a Saturday afternoon buffet banquet, with tickets costing \$15. We scheduled it for that time to keep the cost to members as low as possible, and we priced the tickets so that we would make a small surplus if we sold out the banquet.

So imagine our surprise when we see advertisements around the hotel for their new summertime "Hot Nights and Cool Jazz" event: live music and all-you-can-eat bar-beque ribs poolside for \$5. So most fans, faced with the choice of paying \$15 for a mid-afternoon banquet ticket or \$5 for BBQ by the pool, naturally chose the cheaper alternative. I lost count of the number of people who thanked me, thinking the convention had arranged the poolside feast. Needless to say, we lost money. But, just to make sure they didn't make any money off the food by serving it in the restaurant, hotel liaison Nelda Kennedy, bless her, insisted that all the food we had paid for that went uneaten was taken to a local homeless shelter.

On the other hand, the hotel almost messed over the convention in another way, but it turned out well in the end. A few weeks before the convention, we came to find that the hotel had rented out the main programming room to another group on Sunday, despite our contract clearly stating that we had all the space reserved.

So suddenly, we found ourselves without a room to hold the main track of programming on Sunday, which consisted of the SFC annual meeting, the DSC Site Selection meeting, and Orson Scott Card's Secular Humanist Revival. The first two we probably could have squeezed into a side meeting room, but the last item was hugely popular, and would probably draw most of the attendees at the convention.

The solution the hotel offered us seemed crazy at first - they would set up a tent outside in the parking lot. But soon we realized what that meant: a Secular Humanist TENT Revival! Despite the warm setting (this was mid-June), it was a hit. Someone on the committee even managed to acquire paper funeral-home fans for the occasion. Mr. Card had been doing the Secular Humanist Revival for time at southern conventions, and it had become wildly popular, but since it was becoming so well known, he decided to retire the routine after DSC25.

I felt like he really went out in style.

— *Pat Molloy, DSC XXV chairman*

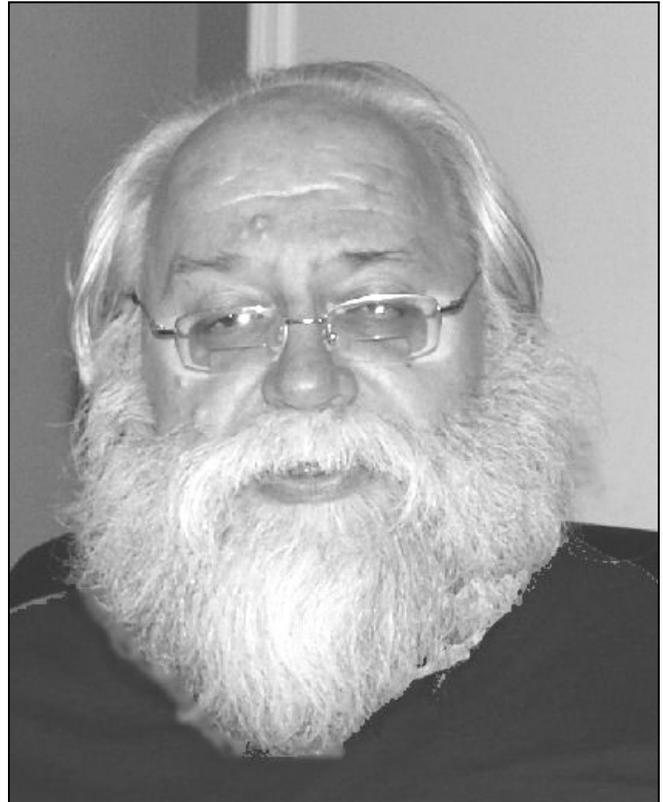


Penny Frierson, top, chair of a successful DSC and of the terrific Atlanta worldcon, Confederation, joined legendary fanzine fan **Lee Hoffman**, below, as a Rebel winner at DeepSouthCon XXV. DSC's Silver Anniversary was a spectacular event, to be sure.



DSC XXVI: PHOENIXCON III
ATLANTA, GEORGIA
JUNE 10-12 1988
ATTENDANCE: 648

Great the celebration at the 1988 DeepSouthCon when three local stalwarts won the convention's approbation through its Rebel and Phoenix Awards. **mike weber** (right) and **Sue Phillips** (lower right), apa stars and con-givers, were hailed for their fannish contribution to Southern fandom, while **Gerald W. Page**, whose fan work had been honored at DSC XVIII, was tapped for the Phoenix for his writing and editing skills on *The Year's Best Horror Stories* and the classic anthology *Heroic Fantasy*. He was the first to win both. (That's Barb Mott with Jerry below.)





**DSC XXVII:
MIDSOUTHCON 8
MEMPHIS,
TENNESSEE
JUNE 9-11 1989
ATTENDANCE: 533**

As you have seen, DSC began its existence as MidSouthCon. In 1989 (and again in 2004) it assumed that name again, riding along with Memphis' annual con. A splendid time was had by all.

Winning Rebels were **Stven Carlberg**, musician, con-giver and founder of the amateur press association Myriad, and **Maureen Dorris**, driving force behind Ken Moore's Kubla Khan and one of the South's premiere costumers. Maureen, alas, had to learn about her award by phone. Also absent was Phoenix honoree **Robert Adams**, whose work not only includes his famous *Horseclans* series but also *Castaways in Time* and a series in collaboration with Andre Norton.



DeepSouth Con 27





JUNE 7-10, 1990 CHATTANOOGA, TN

Chattacon: The Summer Games



DSC XXVIII
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE
JUNE 7-10 1990

DSC 28 featured a spectacular guest list, headed by Bob Shaw and Forrest J Ackerman, who gave a phenomenally funny speech. Rebel winner **Charlotte Proctor** received a beautiful locket to mark her award, appropriate for *the* grand lady of the fannish South.

Or as the lady says herself: "I have a hard time saying 'thank you,' accepting praise or compliments. But I'll tell you now that I always felt that I got a lot more from fandom than I ever put into it.

"On that fateful day in 1975 when Valerie and I checked out a little con called Kubla Khan, I knew I had found My People. True story: Valerie and I read SF books and magazines, and Jerry brought new issues home every month from the newsstand downtown. We read in the Letters section about conventions. All these letters were written by men. They talked about authors and artists, all men. Valerie wanted us to go to the convention in Nashville the weekend we were visiting Grandma Gladys in nearby Smyrna. I said I was sorry, but that we couldn't. She asked Why Not? And I couldn't think of a reason Why Not. So we went. She liked it, but I was Hooked!

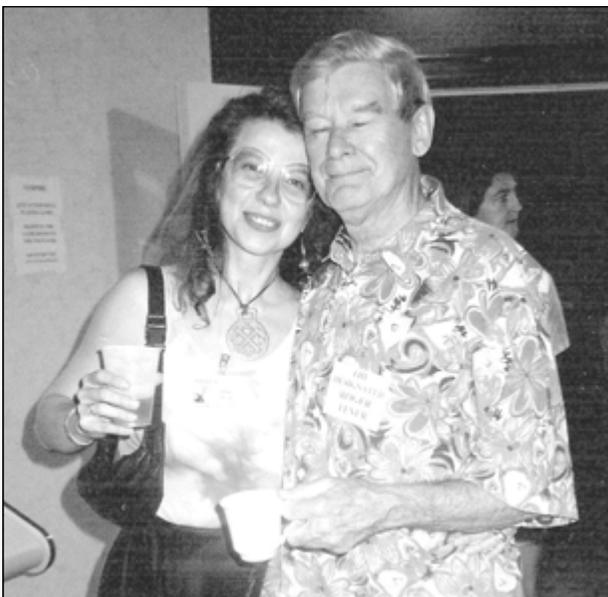
"The first few years I just sort of observed, but in the 1980s became more active in our local SF club, B'ham SF Club, running conventions, and lest we forget, editing and publishing the late lamented Hugo-nominated clubzine *Anvil*. I went to Australia, did you know? On my own nickel. I attended Aussiecon II in 1985 and stayed afterward for a month, in fannish homes and in Slan Shacks. I would never have gone to Australia if it had not been for fandom.

"Years of hard work on the bid for the 1986 Worldcon in Atlanta, and later going to Baltimore and Chicago to work on the staff there, helped all of us in Southern Fandom make ConFederation a huge success — one of the high points of my life.

"Some of my best fannish friends gave me a Rebel at the Chattacon DSC, and I was embarrassed. They gave me a Rebel in the form of a sterling silver locket, engraved with my initials on the front and "Rebel Award 1990" on the back. It is the prettiest Rebel around. I wear it at every Deep South Con I attend, and I'm wearing it now.

"Thank you."

— *Charlotte Proctor, Rebel winner, DSC XXVIII*



Charlotte couldn't have asked for better company in the 1990 DSC's hierarchy of award winners. **Wilson "Bob" Tucker**, author of *Year of the Quiet Sun* and *The Long, Loud Silence* and so much more, received a Phoenix to go with his earlier Rebel. Here he poses with an appreciative Barb Mott.

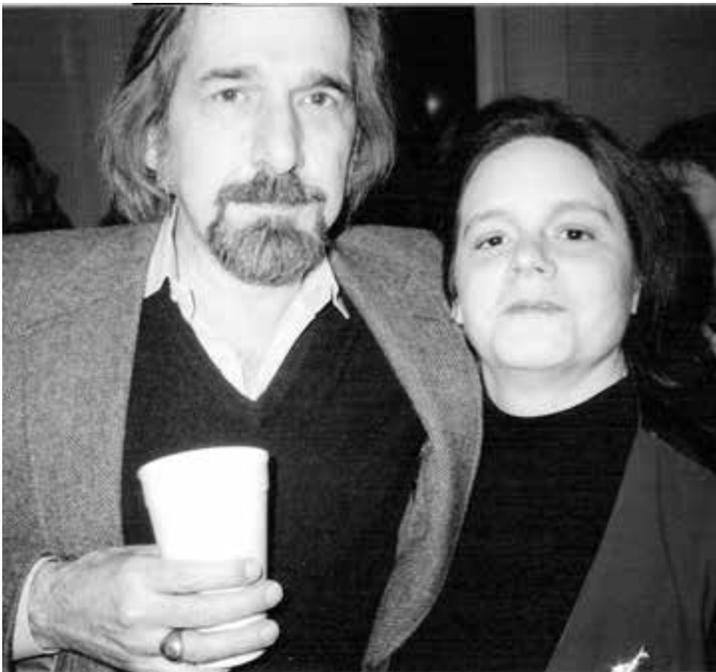
·CONCAT 3·
DEEPSOUTHCON
29





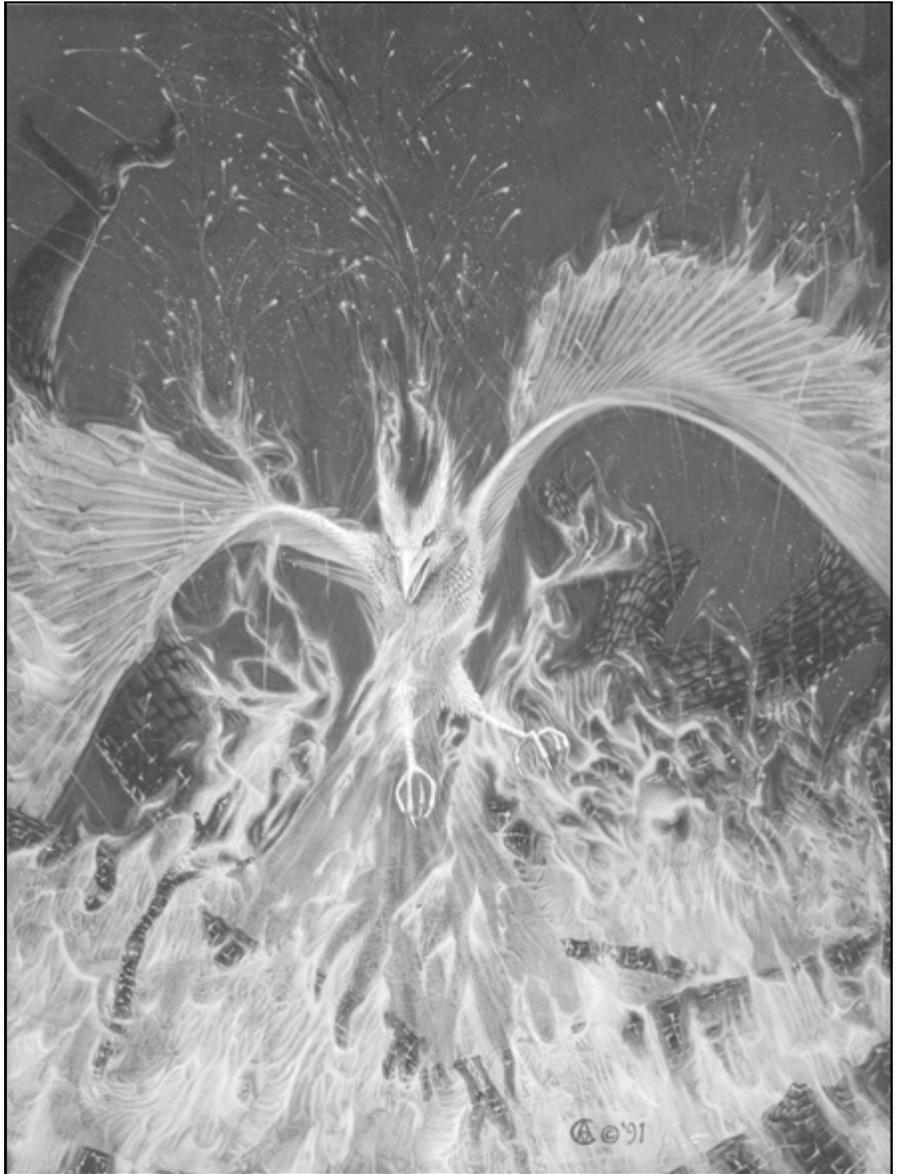
Chair Chloe Airoidi hosted a fun DeepSouthCon in Knoxville, featuring a terrific guest list: Charles Grant, Doug Chaffee, Andy Offutt, Ken Moore, Mercedes Lackey and Larry Dixon.

Samanda Jeude won a richly deserved Rebel for her work with Electrical Eggs, an organization founded in 1988 to assist the disabled at science fiction events. Later, First Fandom would honor this terrific lady with its Big Heart Award for the same efforts. Here Sam talks with Charlotte Proctor.



Winning the Phoenix at the 29th DSC was **Charles L. Grant**, a perennial favorite among Knoxville-illians for his toastmastering and among horror fans everywhere for his superb and prolific writing. Among Charlie's novels are *The Dark Cry of the Moon*, *The Long Night of the Grave*, *Something Stirs* — and many, many more, under his own name and several pseudonyms. Grant also edited the well-received *Shadows* anthologies, which featured works by Ramsey Campbell, Stephen King and R.A. Lafferty among many others. The genre and our fandom lost this wonderful gent — shown here with Janet Hopkins — in 2006.

**DSC XXIX:
CONCAT 3
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE
JUNE 7-9. 1991**





**DSC XXX:
PHOENIXCON
SUWANEE,
GEORGIA
MAY 1-3 1992**



Hard by the practice field for the Atlanta Falcons, DSC 30 was a bright and breezy affair highlighted by the awards presentations. The Rubble to Ned Brooks will be dealt with elsewhere, but here we cheer the Phoenix Awards to “**the Brads**” — **Linaweaver** and **Strickland**. Linaweaver (top) likes to relate how he owns a small brass cannon owned by Robert A. Heinlein. His works include the award-winning *Moon of Ice*, *Sliders* (based on the TV series) and several novels based on *Battlestar: Galactica* co-written with actor Richard Hatch. Brad Strickland (left) has written 60+ novels, including collaborations with John Bellairs and Thomas E. Fuller.

Rebel winners **Steve and Sue Francis** — shown ogling their trophy a page back — have been long noted for their tireless efforts on behalf of Louisville’s Rivercon and the city’s worldcon bid. In 2009 Sue marked her *300th* SF convention, and in 2006 both were delights as DUFF delegates to the Australian National Convention in Perth.

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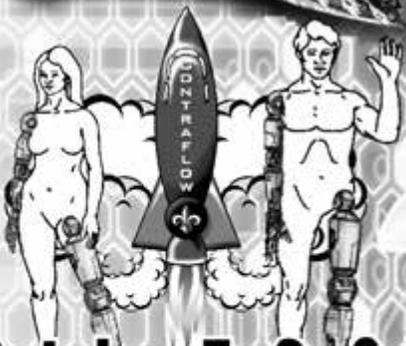
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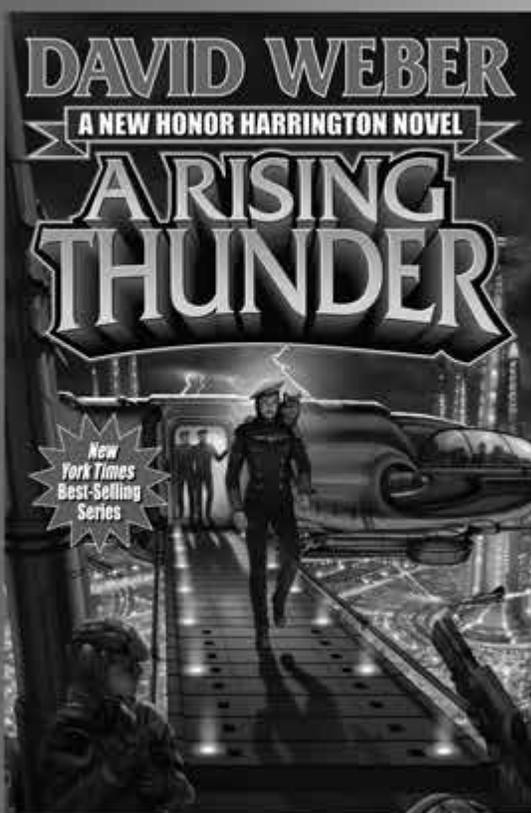
Conjuration



JUNE 4, 5 AND 6, 1993 · LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Pat Molloy not only chaired DeepSouthCons in Huntsville, he edited KAPA, the “friendly little apa” allegedly based in Kentucky. Known as a railroad nut without peer, his trophy was appropriate: a mounted railroad lantern. **Terry Bisson’s** Phoenix Award was more delicate, perhaps — a glass sculpture of a (surprise!!) Phoenix — but no less appreciated. Terry is the author of many fine SF works, the most famous being “Bears Discover Fire,” which won the Hugo, the Nebula — everything but the Heisman Trophy! He receives his award below from the convention’s radiantly beautiful chair, **Jenny Wilson**.





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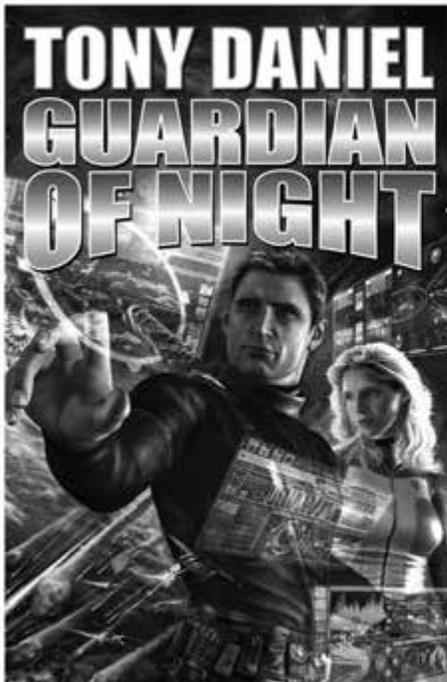
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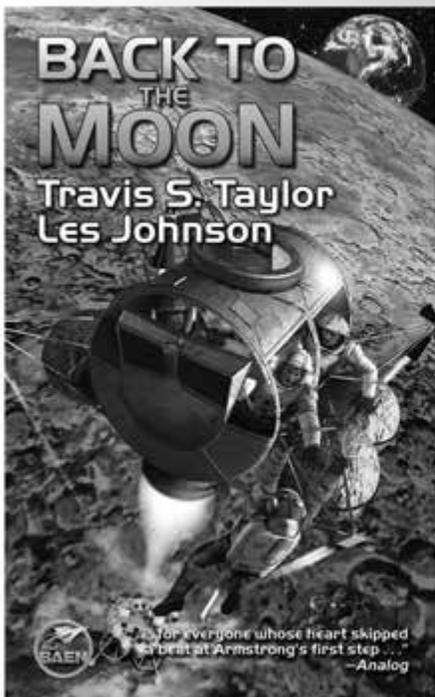
978-1-4391-3430-6 / \$7.99

P.G. Wodehouse meets space opera, as Ensign Thomas Loche Kinago, a crumb from the upper crust, is given his first command. Can he bumble his way through, and perhaps even save the galaxy in the process?



978-1-4516-3802-8 / \$13.00

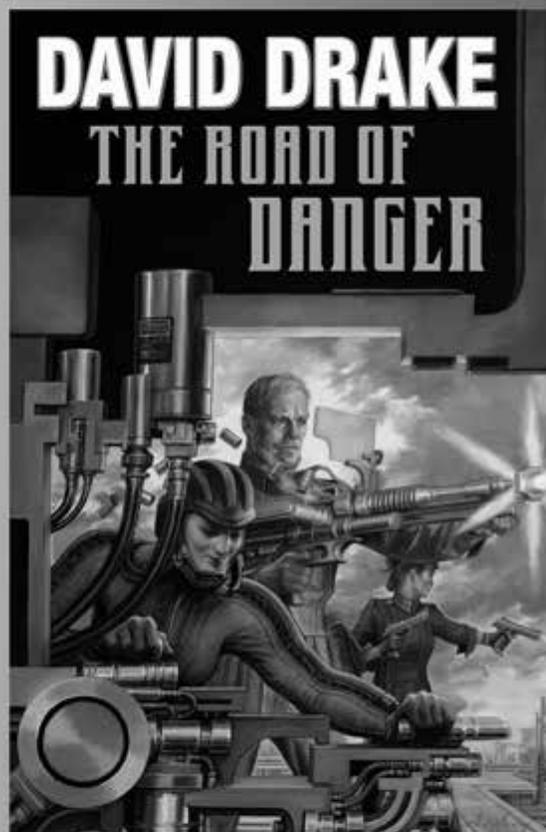
Invasion, defection—and a last stand to save Earth. A dissident alien commander and his human allies. Captain Jim Coalbridge and Lieutenant Commander Griff Leher, are the courageous and very mortal heroes who must face down the forces of a tyrannical star empire.



978-1-4516-3773-1 / \$7.99

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978-1-4516-3515-8 / \$25.00

The space race is back on. While NASA stages a fiftieth anniversary return to the Moon, a gritty private company puts together its own moonshot, complete with space tourists in tow. Across the globe, the Chinese are determined to arrive first this time. But something goes horribly wrong on the lunar surface. Now the the astronauts themselves, must put aside the squabbles of others and take fate into their own hands.

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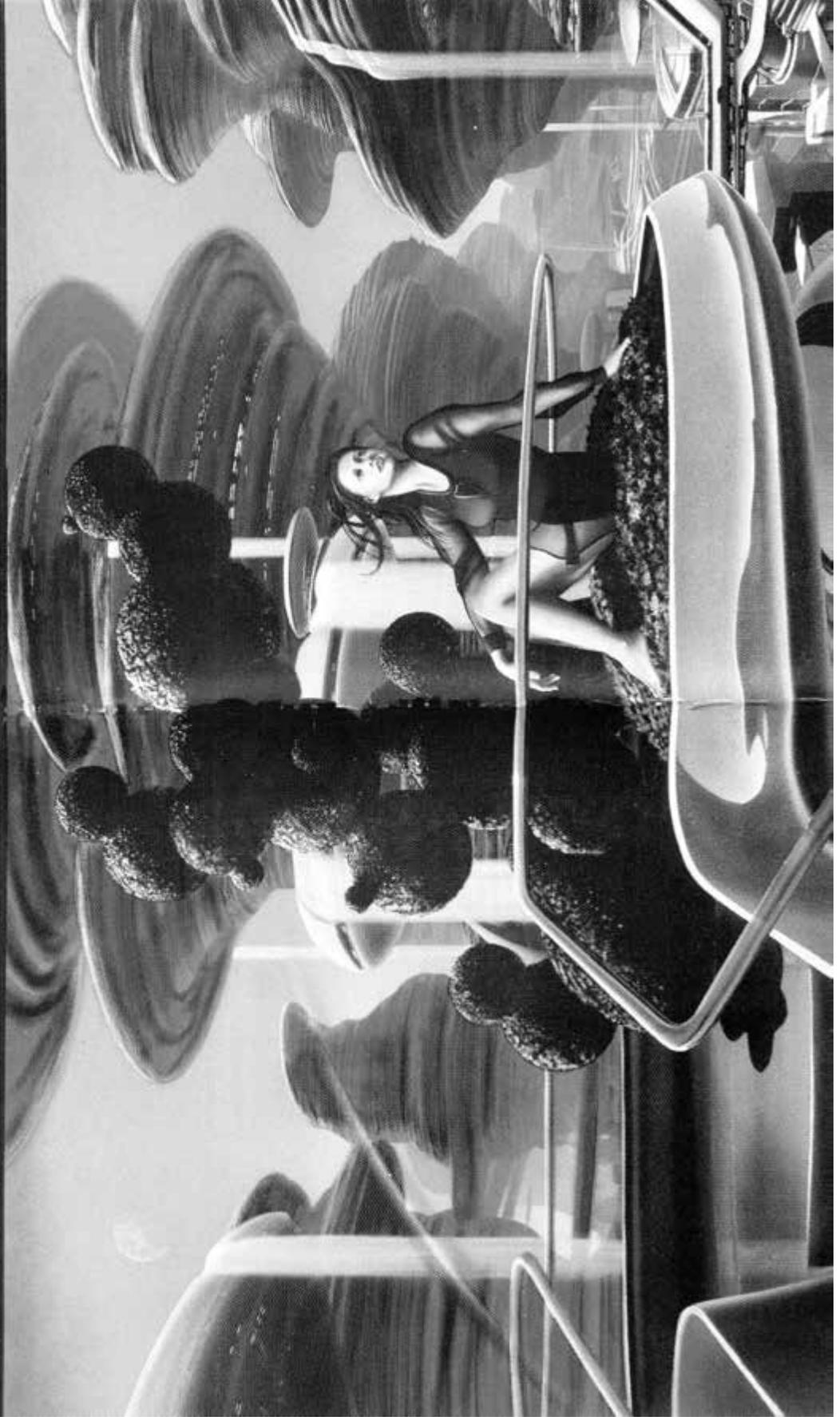
DSC 32

Birmingham, Alabama

August 26-28

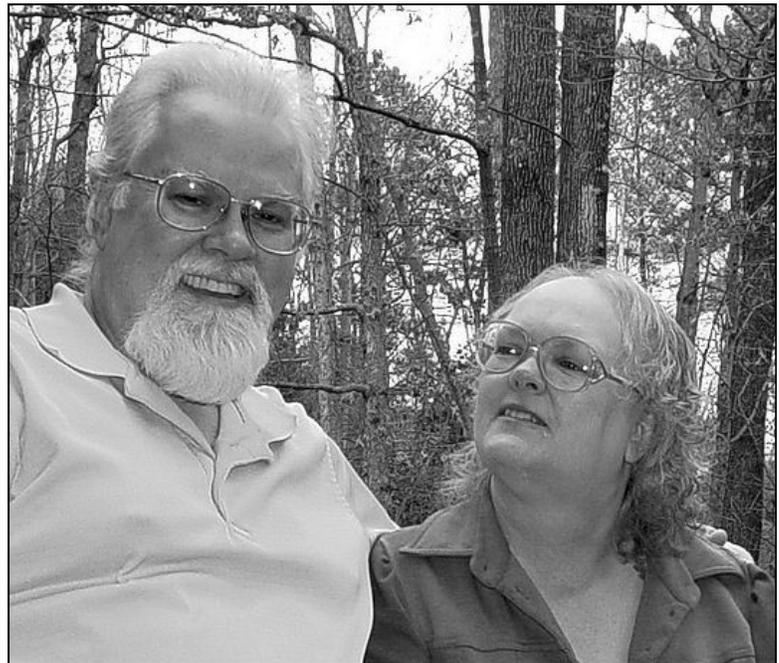
1994

B'HAMACON 3



Like all B'hamacons, 1994's was epic — and it had much in common with this year's event. For one, Julie Wall — not yet a Moon Princess — was chair, and **Lois McMaster Bujold**, already a Hugoed author, was Guest of Honor. Alas, DSC 50 can't bring **Bob Shaw** back as a guest, but he will always be remembered for his charming, funny stories — and for the Rebel he won that year. **Don Cook** — shown below with Samanda Jeude — was also cheered. Says Julie, "We gave the Rebel to Don Cook for contributions to Southern Fandom and to Bob Shaw because he was Bob Shaw. Birmingham had more or less introduced him to Southern Fandom and by ghod we were proud!"

The Phoenix and the Rubble Awards were linked in 1994. **Toni Weisskopf** won the former for her outstanding editing work on Baen Books. As **T.K.F. Weisskopf** she was "honored" (heh heh) with the Rubble, in presenter Gary Robe's words, "so she wouldn't get a swelled head." At which point Toni tried to introduce Gary to the red glass pyramid Phoenix trophy — or vice versa — in a rather personal way. Fortunately, as Julie says, "no blood was shed."





“The Future’s So Bright...”

Guest of Honor: C.J. Cherryh

Music Guest of Honor: John Anealio

Artist Guest of Honor: Donato Giancola

Fen Guest of Honor: Teresa Patterson

Science Guest of Honor: Dr. David Hanson

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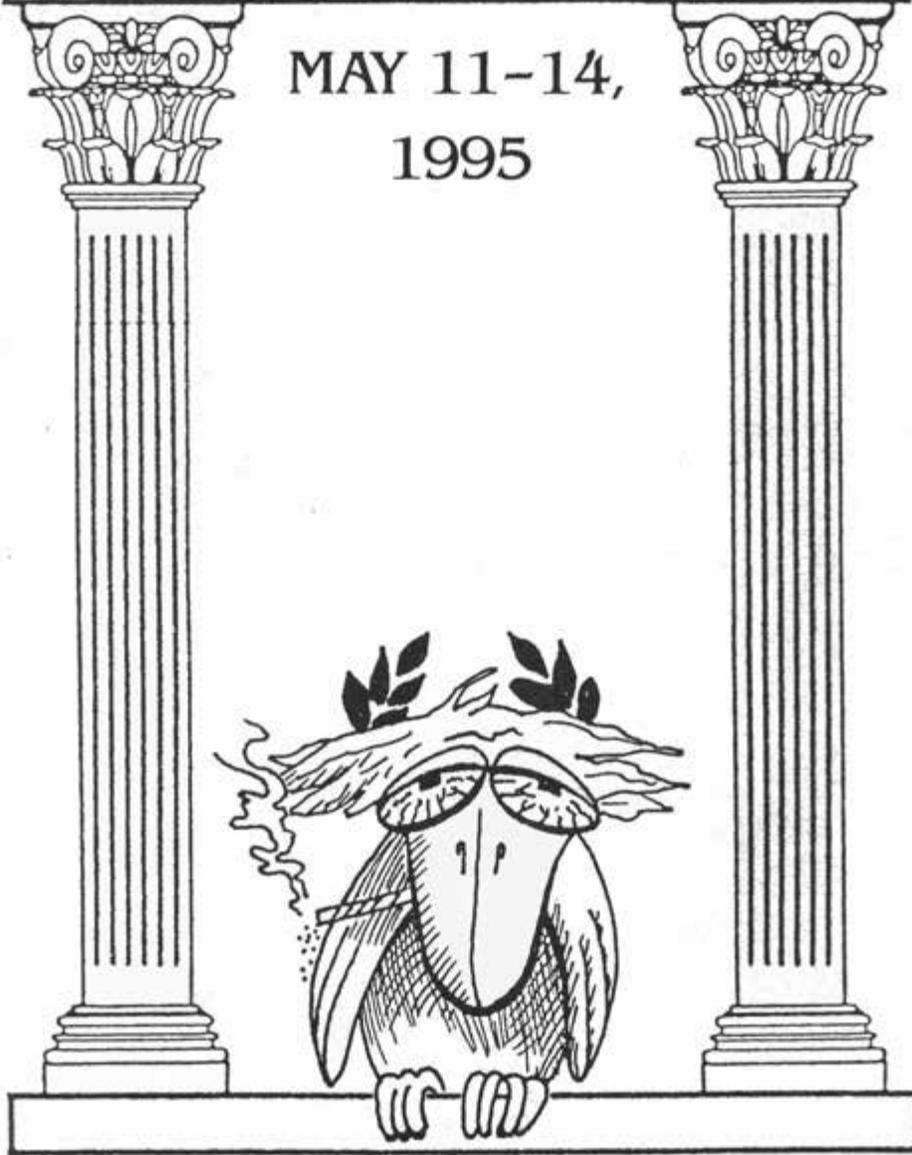


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DEEP SOUTH CON 33

MAY 11-14,
1995





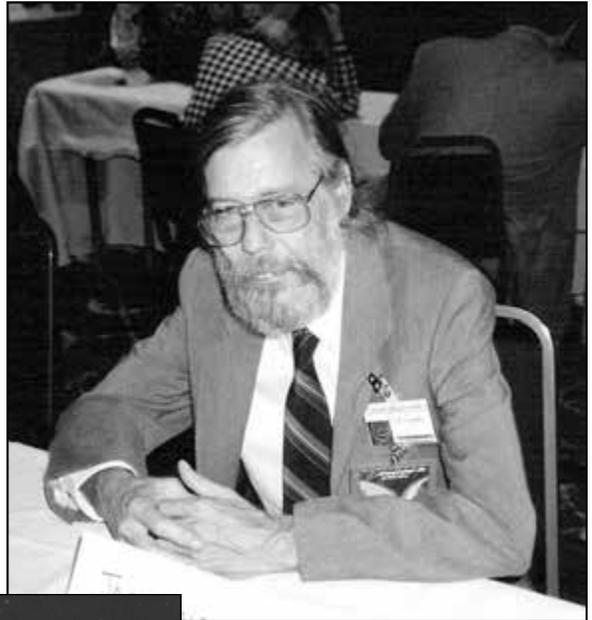
**DSC XXXIII:
KUBLA KHAN 23/
PARTHEKHAN
NASHVILLE,
TENNESSEE
MAY 11-14 1995
ATTENDANCE: 261**

Many times DeepSouthCon had joined with another ongoing convention, and with DSC 33, its era of “piggybacking” on such events began in earnest. Ken Moore’s splendid Kubla Khans had their own traditions, but they meshed rather than clashed with DSC’s. Despite horrendous hotel problems erupting short days before the convention, the event came off well. (Salutes to Susan Stockell, who found the hotel after a frenetic search.) Neither **J.R. Madden**, above, the Rebel winner for his work with Baton Rouge fandom and the Southern Fandom Confederation, nor the great professional **Darrell Richardson** were present, but none disputed their deservedness. Dr. Richardson, shown to right displaying the award named for him, left us in 2006 — but the award and his reputation live on.





**DSC XXXIV:
BEACHCON
JEKYLL ISLAND,
GEORGIA
APRIL 26-28 1996
ATTENDANCE: 237**



Beachcon's award winners: **Jack Haldeman II**, above, author of *High Steel*, won the Phoenix, and **Gary & Corlis Robe**, parents to Kentucky's Concave as well as their sons Nick and Isaac, won Rebels. Corlis' acceptance speech? She flipped her lips and went "bbbbbbbbb . . . "



PROGRAM BOOK

DEEP SOUTH CON



CHIMNEYCON 3



The only DeepSouthCon ever to take place in the state of Mississippi was an enormous success. Chair Tom Feller chose a spiffy hotel (the Cabot-Lodge Millsaps) with a huge central lobby perfect for fannish “pitting” – and perfect recipients for the Phoenix and Rebel.

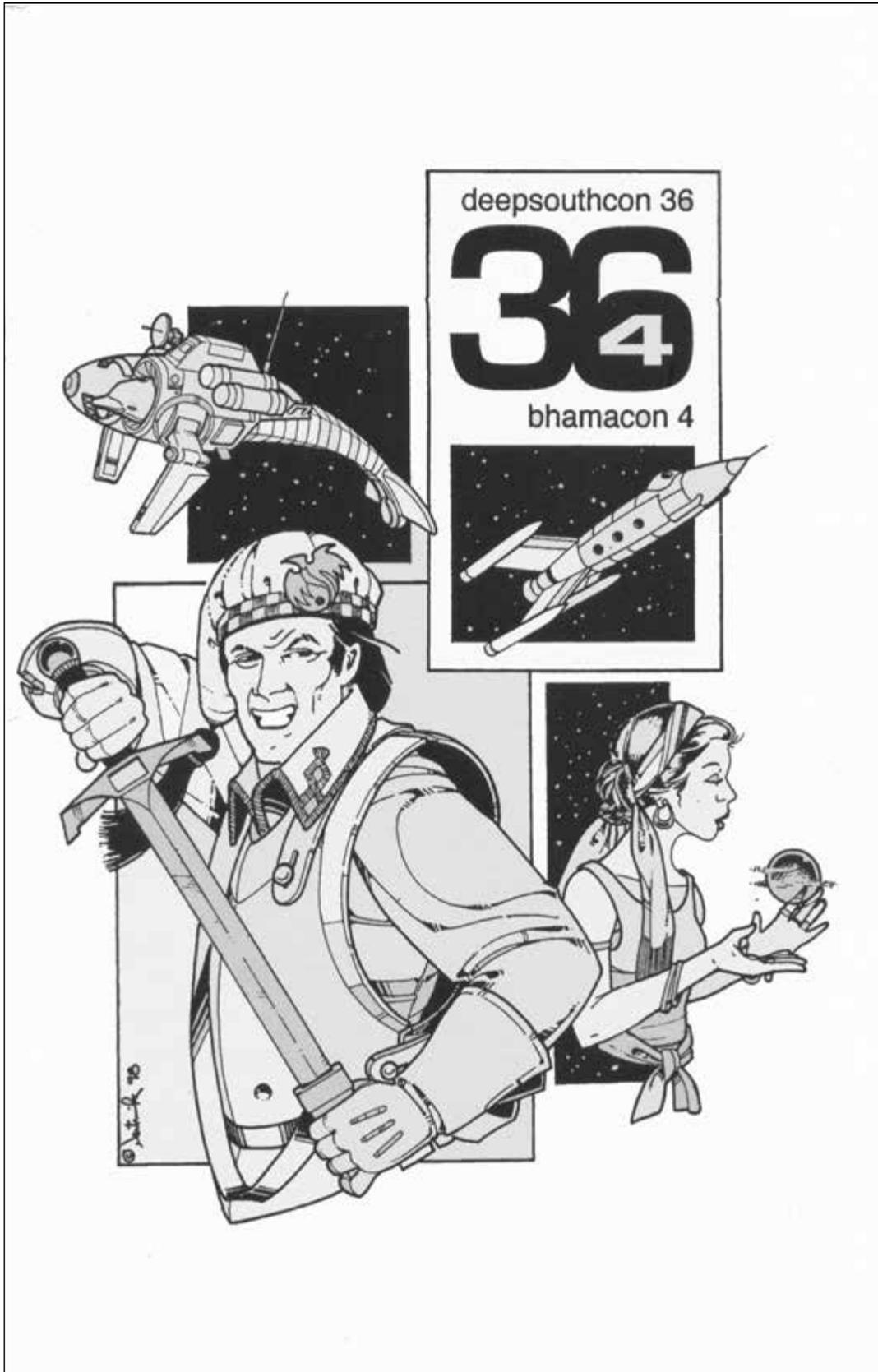
James Hogan, to left, was one of SF’s great raconteurs and most successful authors. His *Giants* series, beginning with the awesome *Inherit the Stars*, would be accomplishment enough, but he had to his credit 25 other novels, several short story collections, and at least three books of essays. We lost this delightful iconoclast and friend in 2010.



Teddy Harvia, a.k.a. **David Thayer**, right, is one of the premiere fan cartoonists of his era, and also one of the wittiest. He drew the cover to Chimneycon’s program book on the previous page. Hugos fill his abode, and DSC 35 added a Rebel to his stash of awards.

DSC 35 also marked the return to fandom of **Hank Reinhardt** after a ten-year absence. So moved was the membership that Hank was given the Rubble Award in, ahh, gratitude.

**DSC XXXV:
CHIMNEYCON 3
JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI
JUNE 6-8 1997**



**DSC XXXVI:
B'HAMACON IV
BIRMINGHAM,
ALABAMA
JUNE 12-14 1998
ATTENDANCE: 340**



Southern Fandom Confederation President **Tom Feller** grabbed the 1998 Rebel at a raucous awards ceremony that saw Rubble founder Gary Robe unwittingly present himself with that year's Rubble! Tom's incredible year included chairing the previous DeepSouthCon and presiding over a successful term as SFC President. His Rebel Award took the form of a cavalry sword, brandished here in a momentary violation of B'hamacon's weapons policy.



Phoenix winner **David Weber** created the Honor Harrington series for Baen Books and is one of that publisher's most prolific and successful authors. His works include 12 books in the Harrington saga (*On Basilisk Station* was the first; *A Rising Thunder* is the latest), the Empire of Man series (beginning with *March Upcountry*), the six-volume Safehold series, and much more. His books are frequent entries on the *New York Times* best seller list.



Wilson "Bob" Tucker had already been honored with the Phoenix Award at the 28th DeepSouth-Con, but hey, this is Bob Tucker we're talking about, creator of Pong, editor of *Le Zombie*, fan Guest of Honor at Worldcons; he was not to be denied a Rebel as well! Here he is with Larry Montgomery, DSC 50 Fan GoH.



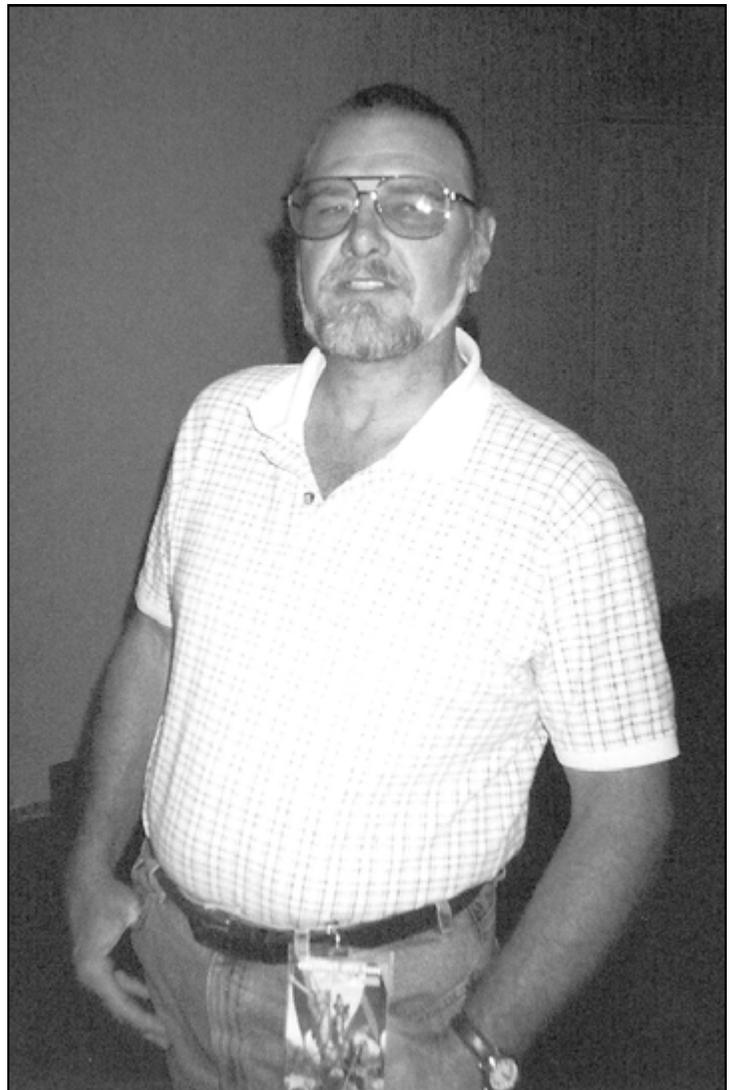
**DSC XXXVII:
CRESCENTCITYCON 14
METAIRIE, LOUISIANA
AUGUST 6-8 1999**



"I won the Rebel at a very low part in my life because I was suffering from heart failure and it wasn't looking to good for me. When I heard that Robert Neagle's DSC had honored me with the Rebel Award, I can tell you that my spirits were immediately lifted and that started my path back to a little health. With the help of friends, a bi-lateral defibrillator pacemaker, and some old fashioned medicine, I am on the mend and looking forward to many more years helping out in fandom. I want to thank Robert Neagle and New Orleans fandom again for their honoring me with the DSC 37 Rebel Award."

—*Tim Bolgeo, DSC XXXVII Rebel winner*

DeepSouthCon returned to the New Orleans area for the first time in 20 years when Robert Neagle made it part of his enormously successful series of CrescentCityCons. Among the memorable highlights was a masquerade contest where contestants had to create their costumes on stage, Robert's famed "Porno Patrol" dance, and the awards ceremony itself, where LibertyCon's "Uncle Timmy" shared the limelight with Phoenix winner **Dany Frolich**, shown to right. Dany got his start in illustration doing drawings for NOSFA, the local club, before graduating to Mardi Gras float design — and practically recreating Carnival in the Crescent City. Also honored that year, Rubble winner **George Wells**, for inflicting *The Clones* and *Werewolf vs. the Vampire Woman* on Southern Fandom through his Worst SF Novel contest.



DeepSouthCon 38 Son of BeachCon





**DSC XXXVIII:
SON OF
BEACHCON
JEKYLL ISLAND,
GEORGIA
MAY 19-21 2000
ATTENDANCE: 201**

DeepSouthCon returned to the seashore for a second Beachcon as the new century loomed, and the beach remained sunny, the crowd remained ecstatic, Allen Steele picked Artist GoH Ron Walotsky's brains to plot a story idea that would eventually win a Hugo nomination — so what if there was only one contestant at the masquerade, Southern Fandom years yet for a Beachcon III.



Lynn Harris (above) was present to pick up her Rebel Award, but **Toni Weisskopf** (right) was not — she'd gone out to dinner and skipped the ceremony. So Toni, who had first shown up at DSC as a 17-year-old kid, dressed in blue jeans a cowboy would have thrown away, had to receive the handsome dolphin sculpture trophy from chair Bill Francis in her room, with but three other fans to witness. Her Rebel made T.K.F. one of two fans (the other is Jerry Page) to win all three DSC awards.



Jack McDevitt followed up the Phoenix he won at DSC 38 with a Nebula for his 2005 novel *Seeker*, part of the Alex Benedict series. His other novels include *Polaris*, *Infinity Beach*, and most recently, *Firebird*. He is *almost* as well known as an essayist on the subject of science fiction — but not quite.

ARCHON 36

St. Louis SF& Fantasy Convention

Po Box 4191 Ballwin, MO 63022

GUEST OF HONOR: ELONKA DUNIN

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TOASTMASTER: JOE HALDEMAN

FILK GoH: VIXY & TONY

GAMING GoH: CRAFTY GAMES

FAN GoH: GUY LILLIAN

MASQUERADE MC: VIC MILAN



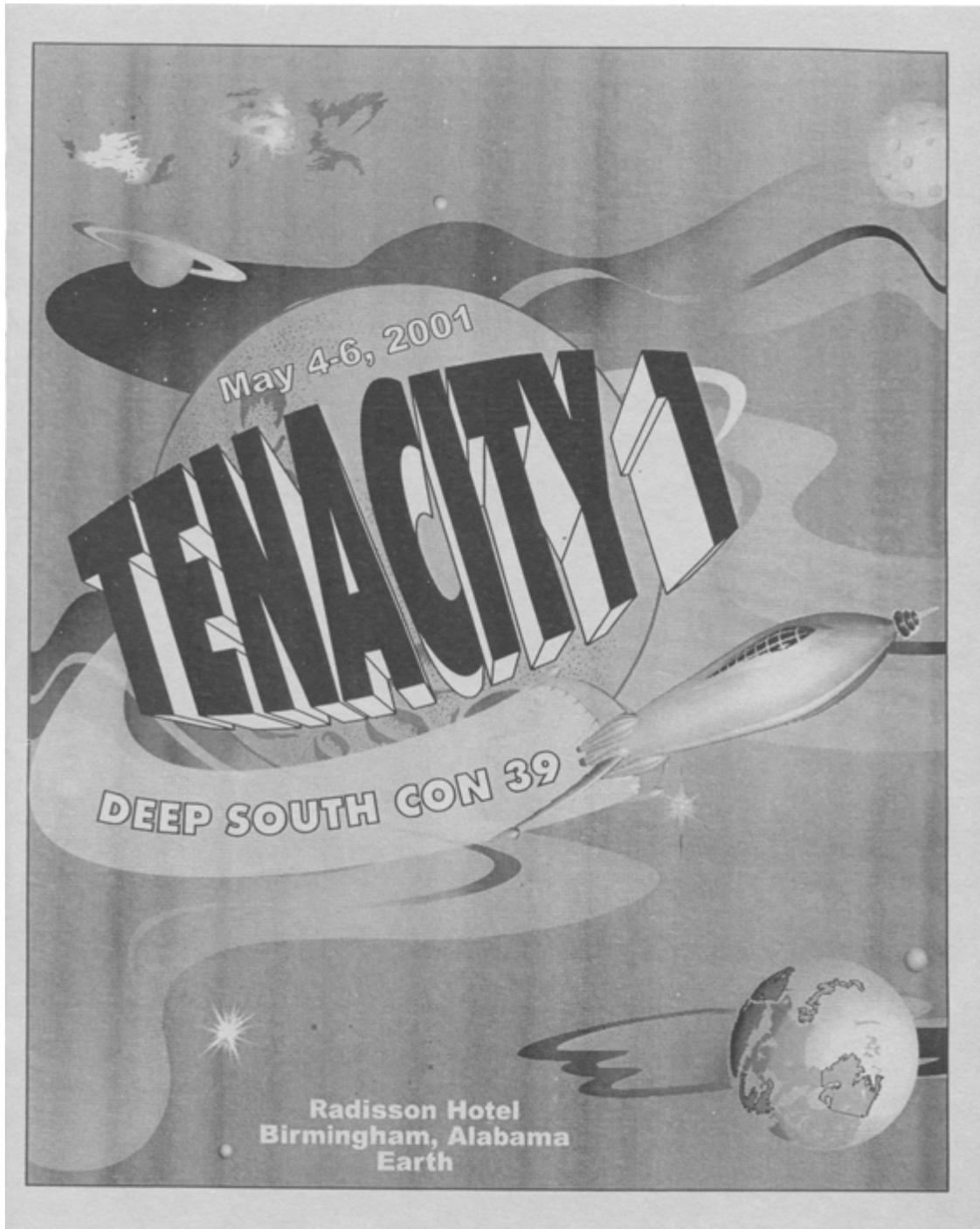
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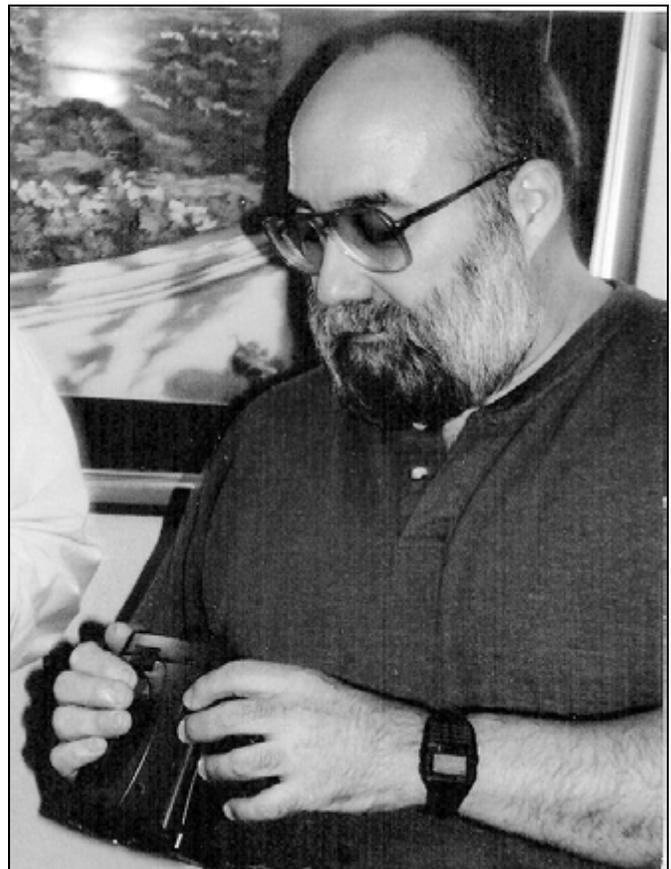
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DSC XXXIX: TENACITY I
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA
MAY 4-6 2001
ATTENDANCE: 310



DeepSouthCon XXXIX provided many happy memories — the wonderful presence of beautiful Catharine Asaro as Guest of Honor . . . kilned Scottish pipers marching through the convention hall . . . Cary Guffey of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (now a Birmingham businessman) making a rare convention appearance . . . and Tom and Paulette Baker’s inspired choices for the Rebel and Phoenix Awards.

Sharon Green’s website offers a rundown of her long and marvelous career — mystery, fantasy, and science fiction novels abounding, among them the *Amazon Warrior* series and the *Terrillian* series, beginning in 1982. The lady (depicted below left) richly merited her Phoenix. The Bakers presented Rebels to two fans who provided inspiration and support for their first-ever convention: **Sam Smith** (right) and **Robert Neagle** (lower right), creator and chair of New Orleans’ exceptional CrescentCityCons. (It was a real trip to watch Robert’s face as he listened to Paulette describe the Rebel winner — and realized she was talking about him.)





Says Moon Princess **Julie Wall**: “I was amazed and honored to get my Rebel at the DSC in Huntsville in 2002. I’m pretty sure that I got it because of my then-recently concluded four-year tenure as SFC President and editor of the *Bulletin*. I’d also like to think that my long-time membership in and presidency of the late Birmingham club had something to do with it. *I was never a neo* was my battle cry back in the day and I think I proved it by chairing BACHCon when I was 18, after turning 16 at my first convention ever. When I returned to B’ham in 1990 after 5 years in Virginia, I organized (if cat herding can be labeled as such) a Jophan Family Reunion or two and chaired a couple of DSCs. This one is the last for me, though. Unless we are able to cryogenically preserve our minds and bodies in the very near future, in which case I volunteer for DSC 100.”



Allen Steele had already won two Hugos — for “The Death of Captain Future” and “Where Angels Fear to Tread” — by the 2002 DeepSouth-Con, where he was Pro Guest of Honor as well as its Phoenix winner. He’s published five novels in the *Coyote* series, plus *Spindrift*, *A King of Infinite Space*, *Galaxy Blues* and several others. He added a third Hugo to his rocket collection last year for “The Emperor of Mars.”

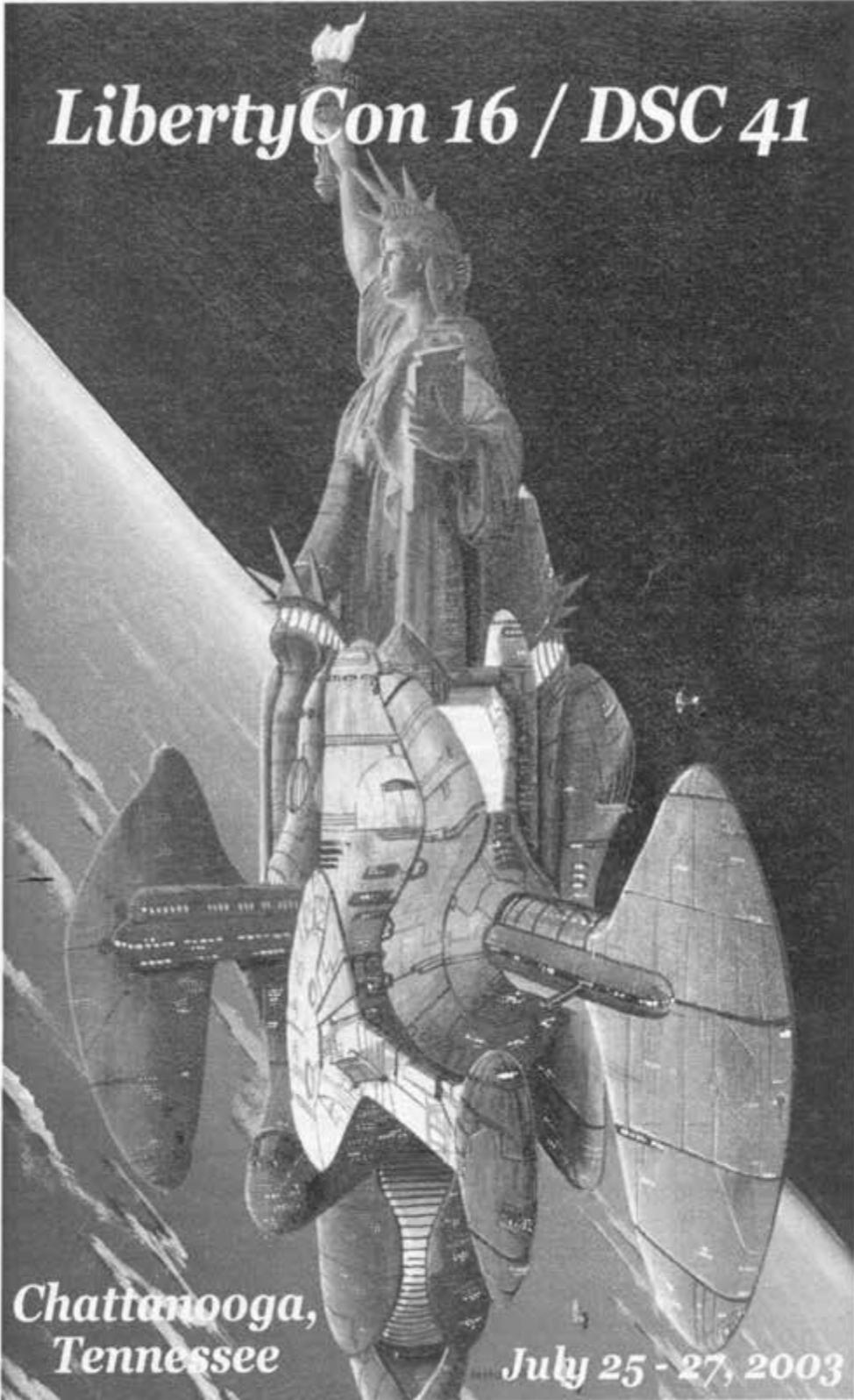
DSC XL
HUNTSVILLE,
ALABAMA
JUNE 14-16 2002
ATTENDANCE: 382

DeepSouthCon 40 & FanHistoricon 12



The Sky is Still Not the Limit

*Huntsville Hilton * Huntsville, Alabama * 14-16 June 2002*



LibertyCon 16 / DSC 41

*Chattanooga,
Tennessee*

July 25 - 27, 2003



The honcho of Con*stellation, Huntsville's annual convention, trufan **Mike Kennedy** (above) also edits *The NASFA Shuttle*, among the best club fanzines in the South. Its strongest suit is listing genre awards, up to and including the Oscars — so his Rebel Award at DSC XLI was more than appropriate!

For long forgotten reasons, Libertycon 16, unlike most of its predecessors and successors, was *not* held in downtown Chattanooga, but in a suburban motel. The usual Libertycon madness still prevailed, including a mock casino for charity. This year also saw an auction to benefit the Down Under Fan Fund. S.M. Stirling and John Ringo were among the guests and as ever, Tim Bolgeo was a jolly host.

DSC XLI: LIBERTYCON 16
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE
JULY 25-27 2003
ATTENDANCE: 437

Con†Stellation XXXI: Perseus

Holiday Inn Express October 12-14, 2012 Huntsville Alabama

Guest of Honor
David B. Coe

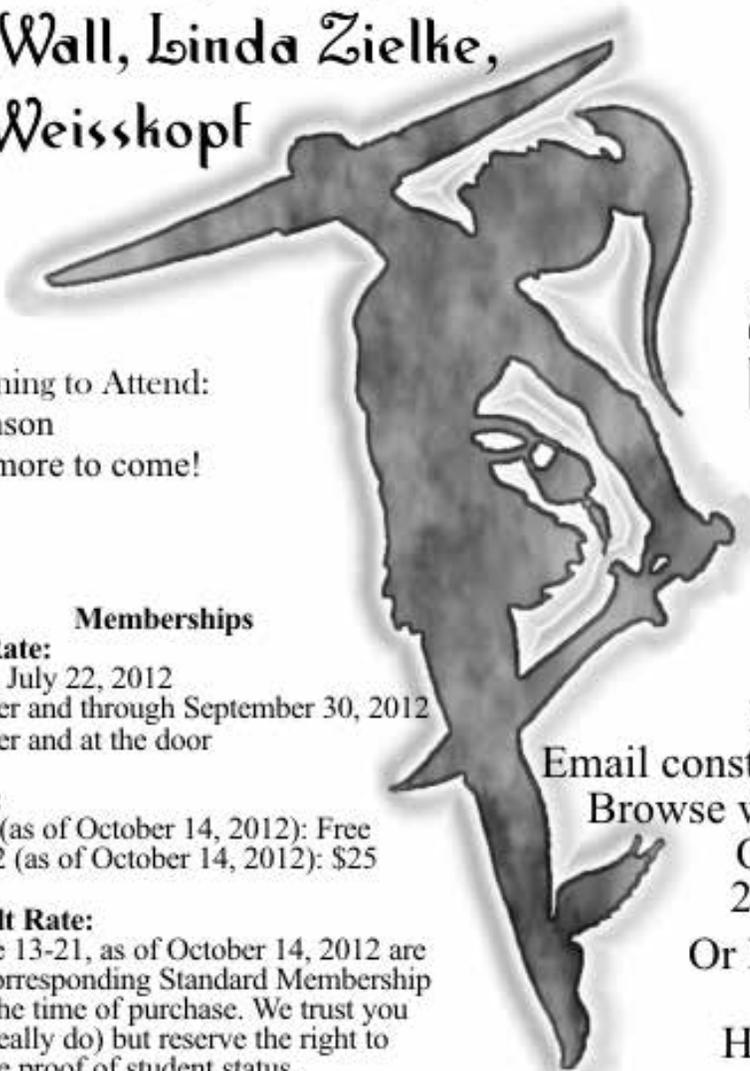
Mistress
of Ceremonies
Stephanie Osborn

Fan Guests of Honor
The Moon Princesses
Julie Wall, Linda Zielke,
Toni Weisskopf

Artist Guest
of Honor
TBA

Also Planing to Attend:
Les Johnson
— and more to come!

Special Guest
D.B. Jackson



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\$45 thereafter and through September 30, 2012
\$50 thereafter and at the door

Child Rate:

Ages 0 to 3 (as of October 14, 2012): Free
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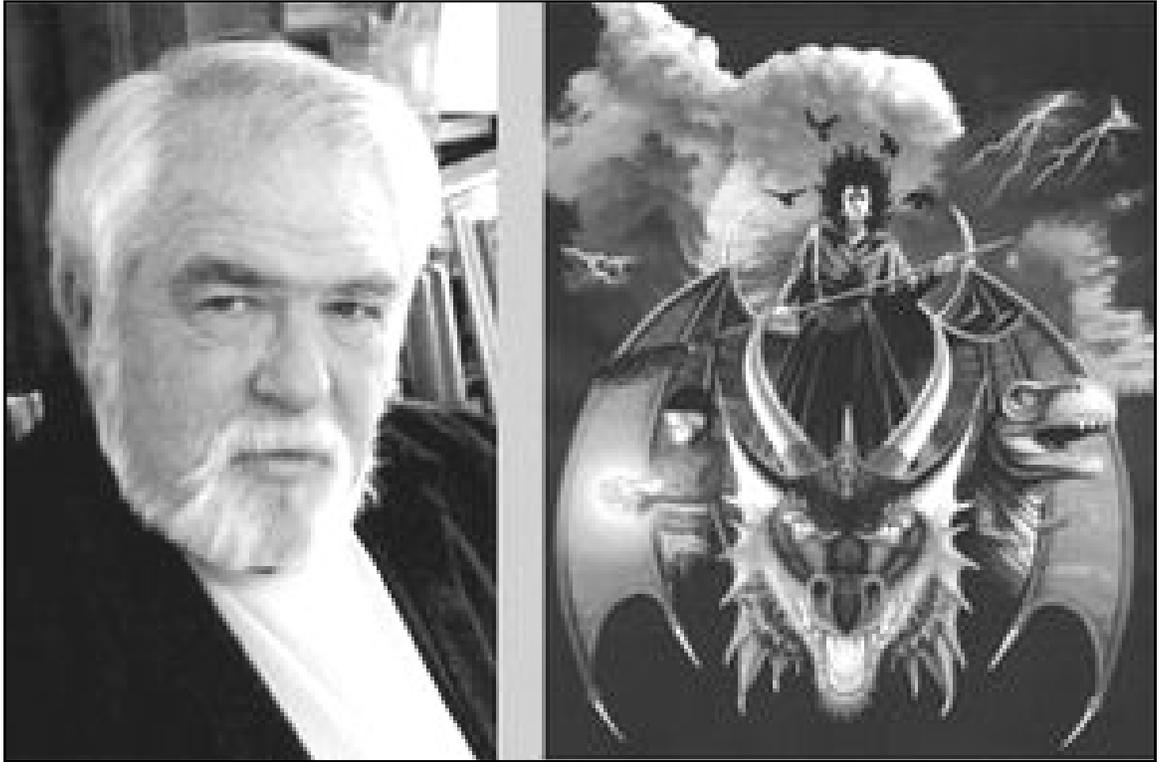
Young Adult Rate:

Students age 13-21, as of October 14, 2012 are \$5 off the corresponding Standard Membership in effect at the time of purchase. We trust you (we really, really do) but reserve the right to request some proof of student status.

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MSPFA Rev 1.0 - 12/21/10 - 05020040



Kentuckian **Larry Elmore**, above, has created art for computer games, book covers, board games, comics — the Phoenix winner has enjoyed, both literally and figuratively, a fantastic career. In addition to illustrating *Dungeons & Dragons*, this energetic freelancer has done covers for the *Dragonlance* series, drawn the comic strip *Snarfquest*, and done work for *Heavy Metal*, *National Lampoon* and DC Comics. And Mattel Toys!

The late **Rick Shelley**, right, was author of six books in the *Virigent Mercenary Corps* series, plus *The Varayan Memoir* and *Seven Towers* series. His Phoenix honored a career that was not only accomplished, but promised even greater things to come.





DEEPSOUTHCON 42
MIDSOUTHCON 22

MARCH 26-28, 2004

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

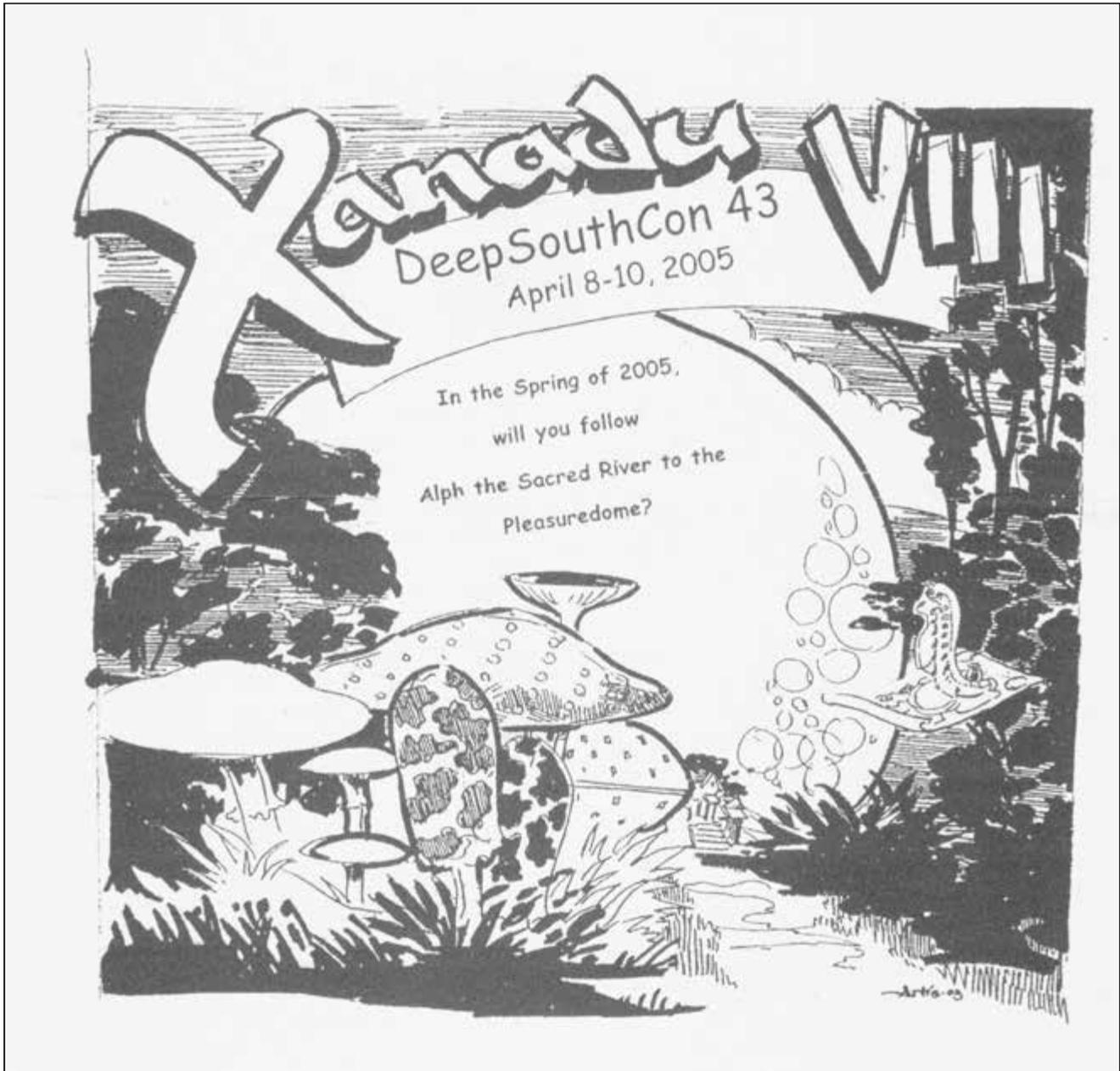
POCKET PROGRAM



Rich with gamers, MidSouthCon 22/DSC 42 was notable for its guests, which included David Brin and Michael Sheard, the personable and witty actor whose resume included a role in *Star Wars*. DUFF winners Guy and Rosy Lillian showed their Australian slide show to an appreciative audience and put on a hurricane-soaked party to boost the Down Under Fan Fund. Chairs Greg and Dana Bridges put on a righteous show.

Rebels went to the late **Dal Cogger** (left) and the very much living **Sue Thorn** (below left), and the Phoenix to Alabama's own **Dr. Gregory Benford**, astrophysicist, TV star and Nebula-winning author of *Timescape* and a raft of other choice SF, including the stunning Galactic Center Saga, *The Martian Race* and *Cosm*. Greg's anecdotes about his good friends Arthur C. Clarke and Stephen Hawking can be found in *Challenger* and other fanzines; he has never forgotten his fannish roots. With luck he'll show at DSC 50!





DSC XLIII: XANADU VIII
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
APRIL 8-10 2005
ATTENDANCE: 168
CHAIR: DAN CALDWELL

Beautiful **Naomi Fisher** came to Xanadu 8 / DSC 43 with her husband Pat Molloy, her daughter Gracie , two Rubble Awards — and left with a Rebel. The award is given to one who has been a great representative for Southern fandom, and Naomi has been that all over the world — attending (with Pat) the Australian National Convention as the 2001 Down Under Fan Fund winners. She is widely regarded as one of the finest and most inventive cooks in fandom; one hopes she'll unleash her culinary genius at DSC 50's oneshot panel!



Jack Chalker was a big-name SF fan before he began selling superb SF novels — among them the Well of Souls series (beginning with the evocatively-titled *Midnight at the Well of Souls*), the Dancing Gods series and a slew of stand-alone novels. His prolificacy was matched by his accessibility and kindness to neofans . A Baltimore native, he was a founder of that city's SF club and active in the great Washington SF organization just down the road. We lost Jack short months before he was acclaimed with DeepSouthCon's Phoenix.

TrinocoN VII • Deep South Con 44

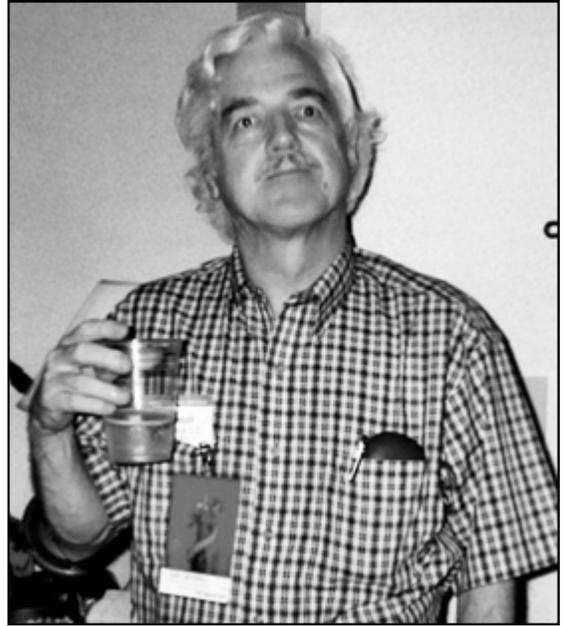


July 21st-23rd, 2006 • Raleigh, North Carolina

**DSC XLIV:
TRINOC*CON 7
RALEIGH,
NORTH CAROLINA
JULY 21-23 2006
ATTENDANCE: 514**

When Lon Atkins had bid for DeepSouthCon IV in 1966, he had hoped to host the event in North Carolina — but it didn't work out. DSC finally made it to the Tar Heel State forty years later, "piggy-backing" on NC's Trinoc*Con. With David Drake and John Kessel as Guests of Honor, it was a successful event, blessed by a Dealers' Room described as "bibliophiles heaven," a terrific Baen Books exhibit and an awesome slideshow by Artist Guest Patrick Meadows, guiding observers through the construction of his elegant program book cover. Other highlights included the Liars' Panel with Gene Wolfe, a small costume contest, and a memorial for the late Jim Baen.

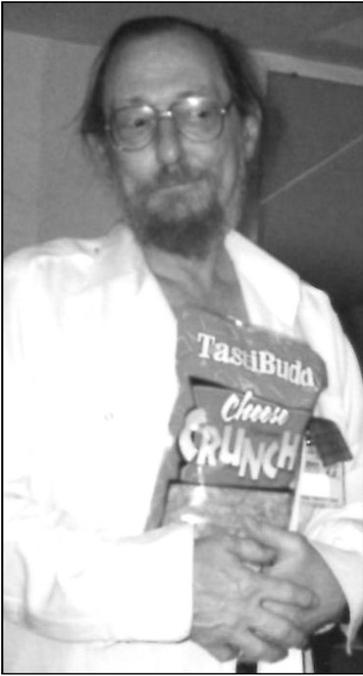
The convention also hosted the first live presentation of the Southeastern Science Fiction Achievement Awards, which went to Michael Bishop and Jack McDevitt. The traditional DSC honors did not go a'begging. The Rubble went to the entire family of Rubble founder Gary Robe (for not showing up). **Dan Caldwell**, above right, won the Rebel for his efforts on behalf of the ongoing Nashville convention, Xanadu, and author **John Kassel**, right, went home with the Phoenix. John has plays, anthologies, novels (including the Nebula nominee *Good News from Outer Space*) and a raft of fine criticism to his credit — as befits a Ph.D.



OutsideCon 20
DeepSouthCon 45



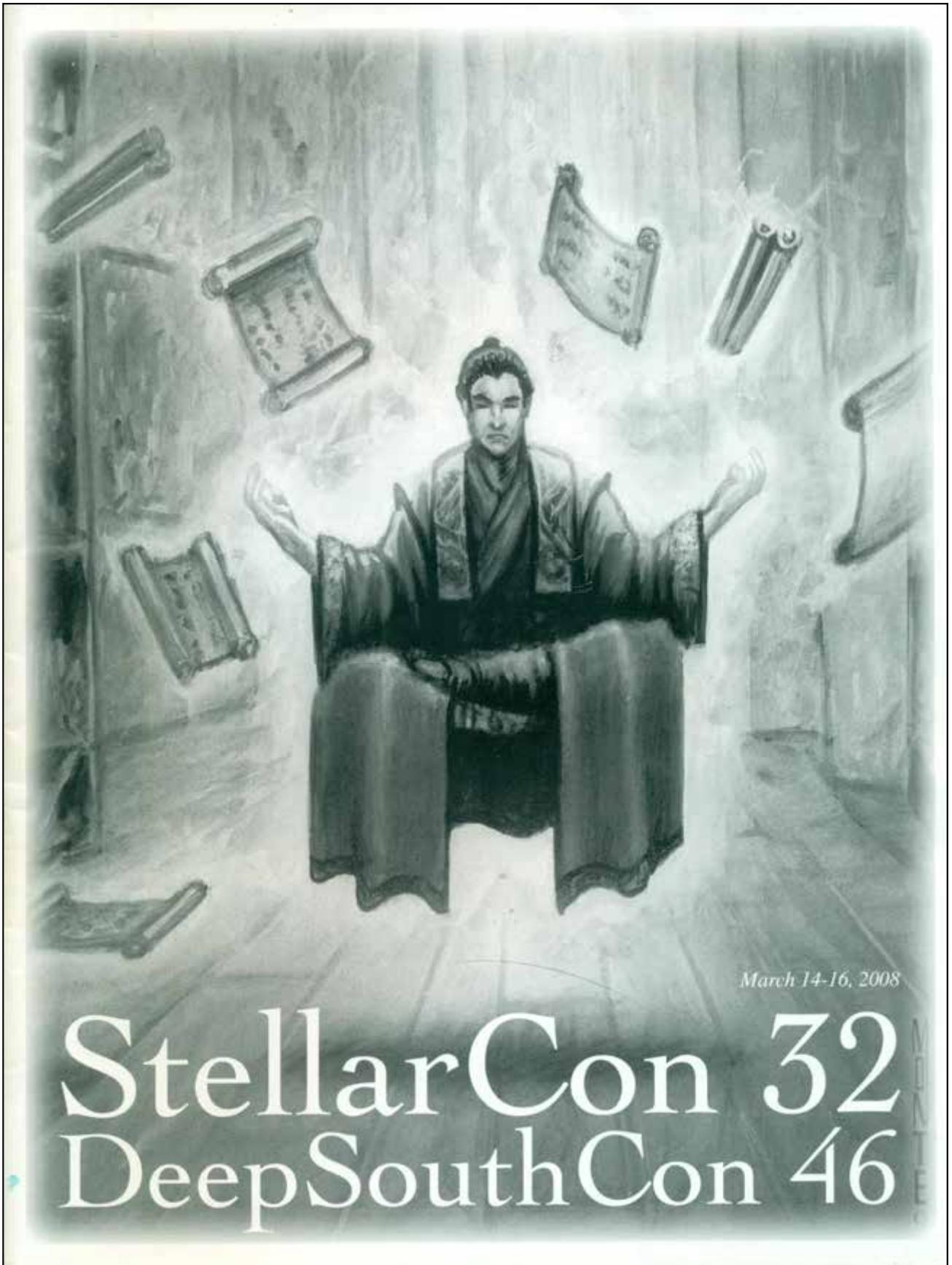
DSC XLV: OUTSIDECON 20
DICKSON, TENNESSEE
SEPTEMBER 7-9 2007
ATTENDANCE: 120



OutsideCon is held in a beautiful park in Dickson, Tennessee, where hardy fans pitch tents or rent cabins (or travel in from nearby hotels). It was horrid luck that it rained the entirety of its DSC weekend, but Janet Hopkins fed attendees a marvelous feast and three fine local fans won Rebels: **Bill Payne** (above left), **Micky Kilgore** and **"Dutch" Stacey** (in stocks, right)

Tom Deitz, the OutsideCon Phoenix winner (shown to right), had degrees in medieval English from the University of Georgia. He wrote nearly twenty novels, including nine volumes in the David Sullivan series (beginning with *Windmaster's Bane* in 1986), the *Soulsmith* trilogy, the four-volume *Tale of Eron*, *The Gryphon King* (1989), *Above the Lower Sky* (1994), and *The Demons in the Green* (1996). He died in 2009.





March 14-16, 2008

StellarCon 32

DeepSouthCon 46

**DSC XLVI:
STELLARCON
32
HIGH POINT,
NORTH
CAROLINA
MARCH 11-16
2008
ATTENDANCE:
625**

I was the vice chair for this one, and found myself all over the place. The awards ceremony was the high point (pun intended) of the convention for me, with Rebel winner **Kelly Lockhart** (lower right) speechless and John Ringo overcome by emotion while presenting the Phoenix to [the late] **Jim Baen** (above). The hearts tournament was a single table, and I didn't sleep nearly enough. It was also James Hogan's final DSC, and he out-partied all of us. He was the last one to leave the last party running on Saturday night, in spite of being five time zones ahead of anyone else there. While I later learned about some of his more controversial views, none of that came up, and he shared some really interesting ideas about the ways we were all more relaxed before cell phones and email.

— *Warren Buff*





& DEEPSOUTHCON 47

JUNE 5-7

NASHVILLE, TN

WWW.HYPERICON.INFO

DSC XLVII: HYPERICON 5
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
JUNE 5-7 2009
ATTENDANCE: 300

I was totally surprised when I received the news that I had won the Rebel Award at **Deep-SouthCon 47 / Hypericon 5** on June 6, 2009, in Nashville, Tennessee. It was a while before I accepted it was not an elaborate practical joke by the Moon Princesses (Julie Wall, Linda Zielke, and Toni Weisskopf). At the time, the news arrived to me by phone text messages from them, soon after I had texted them that I was at the *Coldplay* concert that same evening. Had I suspected or been asked to attend, I would have gone to the award ceremony and then the concert. Upon my return to the convention hotel after the enjoyed concert, the Moon Princesses cloyingly attempted to convince me that I had really won and presented me with the trophy at a room party. Since the trophy was a plain black painted block of wood with a crown attached without any inscriptions anywhere on it, I still had doubts. Con Chair Fred Grimm later confirmed and I was a little more assured. Eventually, I saw it in print on the *1997 Southern Fandom Confederation Handbook & History* web-site **Errata** page, <http://www.smithuel.net/sfchb/hberrata.html>, and then I finally truly accepted that I had indeed won the Rebel Award. Having

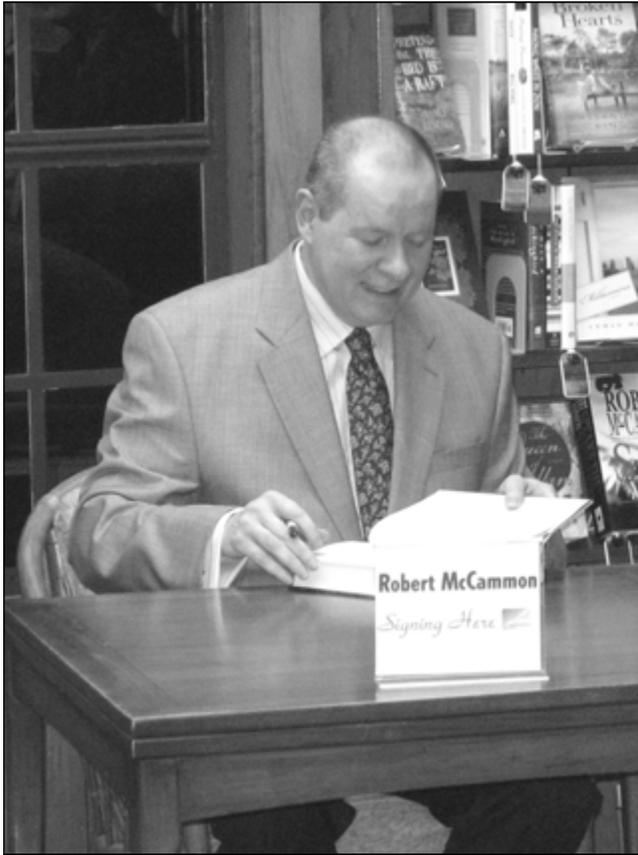


decided long ago that FIAWOL, this was a dear honor and something I will treasure to the end of my days. Having missed my own award ceremony and received a trophy with no distinguishing marks just makes for a humorous anecdote that adds to the tapestry of my fannish history. Thanks again.

— *Randy Cleary*, Rebel winner, 2009

“There was also a pinata, which Toni Weisskopf and Gary Robe struggled mightily to break before using the thin end of the stick to pierce it.”

— *Warren Buff*



The winner of Hyperion's Phoenix was the splendid horror novelist **Robert McCammon**, a multiple winner of the Bram Stoker and World Fantasy Awards for such works as *Swan Song*, *Mystery Walk*, *The Wolf's Hour*, and *Boy's Life*. It's rare for a writer who is not a member of the science fiction community to be so honored, but McCammon's fans know a deserving talent when they read him!

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ISBN 978-1-60619-223-8

ConCarolina's 2010

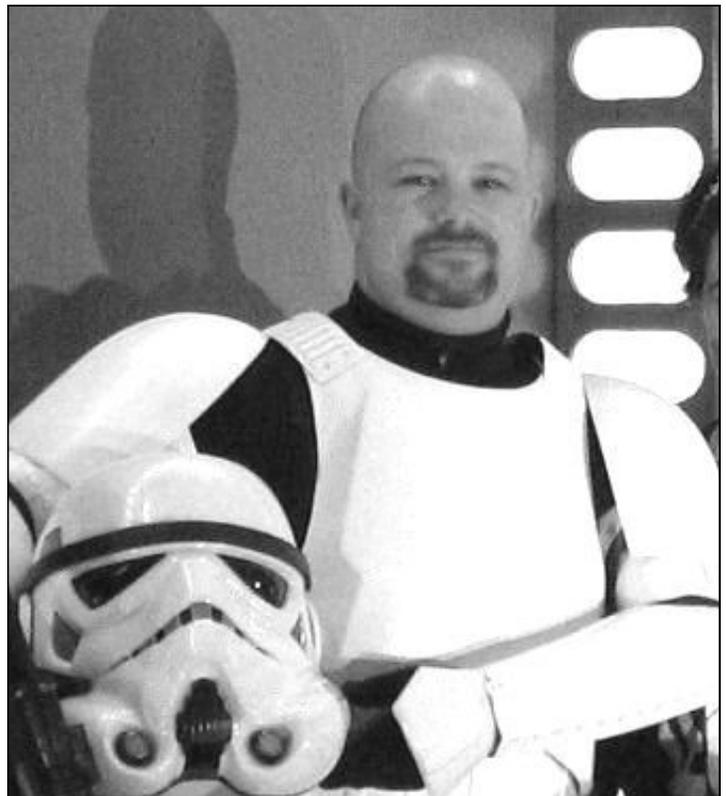
DeepSouthCon 48





Jerry Pournelle is strongly associated with Los Angeles, where he was — and remains — a major player in the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (LASFS) and Larry Niven's most consistent collaborator. Nevertheless, he was born in the South (Shreveport, Louisiana) and spent his early career there, thus justifying his Phoenix award. He has written extensively in the computer field and his fiction includes *The Mote in God's Eye*, *Lucifer's Hammer*, *Oath of Fealty* and *Footfall* (all with Niven), and the Janissaries series.

Rebel winner **Albin Johnson**, a resident of South Carolina, is the co-founder of the 501st Legion, a fannish organization that celebrates the storm troopers of *Star Wars*. Over 5,000 members strong, they've marched in the Tournament of Roses Parade, appeared with Weird Al Yankovic, and raised millions for charity work.



**DSC XLVII: CONCAROLINAS
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA
JUNE 4-6 2010
ATTENDANCE: 1300**



DSC XLVIII: FENCON VIII
DALLAS, TEXAS
SEPTEMBER 23-25 2011



FenCon VII brought the Deep-SouthCon to Texas for the first time, and attendees agreed that seldom had “piggybacking” events worked so well. The FenCon committee *got it* — understood DSC and its traditions — better than most. It also helped that the convention, storied in Steampunk in tribute to its Guest of Honor, Gail Carriger, was loads of fun.

Reinvigorating an old DSC tradition, Southern fans created a raucous convention oneshot, feasted on seafood and Mongolian barbecue (the area thriving with good restaurants), and generally boogied heartily. FenCon VIII did DSC XLIX proud.

FenCon’s awards were also righteous. Winning the Phoenix for distinguished professional accomplishment was Arkansas’ **Selina Rosen**, above left, author, publisher, fencer, gardener. Giving her avocation as “building things from trash,” she is co-owner of Yard Dog Press, and author of *The Bubba Chronicles* — a collection of her short fiction — *Bubbas of the Apocalypse*, *The Boat Man* and *Queen of Denial*, with Hugo-winning artist Don Maitz. Speaking of Hugos, that’s the gorgeous 2011 Science Fiction Achievement Award **Brad Foster** holds to left, one of *seven* the fabulous Dallas fan artist has won — a record. At FenCon VIII, Brad added a Rebel to his stock. On the page after next, behold his self-portrait — as robot!



April 19-21, 2013

Doubletree Hotel, Roswell, Georgia

JORDANCON

"Tar VaCon"

with

Deep South Con 51

and

Artist Guest of Honor

Michael Whelan



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The cover art depicted in the preceding pages was by

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DSC XI -- Frederic Remington

DSC XII -- Greg Dendler

DSC XIII -- Don Rosa

DSC XIV -- B.B. Sams (logo)

DSC XV -- Alan Hutchinson

DSC XVI -- Michael Goodwin

DSC XVIII -- D. Jean Corbin

DSC XX -- Bob Maurus & Mark Bagley

DSC XXI -- Charlie Williams & Fabulo Frenzinni

DSC XXII -- Carey Levin

DSC XXIII -- Dell Harris

DSC XXIV -- Keli Neveshick

DSC XXV -- Phil Foglio

DSC XXVI -- Paul McCall

DSC XXVII -- Mary Hanson-Roberts

DSC XXVIII -- Debbie Hughes

DSC XXIX -- Doug Chaffee

DSC XXX -- Alan M. Clark

DSC XXXI -- Alan M. Clark

DSC XXXII -- Debbie Hughes & Mark Maxwell

DSC XXXIV -- Peggy Ranson

DSC XXXV -- Teddy Harvia

DSC XXXVI -- David & Lori Deitrick

DSC XXXVII -- Tom Kidd

DSC XXXVIII -- Ron Walotsky

DSC XL -- Vincent Di Fate

DSC XLIV -- Patrick Meadows

DSC XLV -- Brenna Walters

DSC XLVI -- Monte Moore

DSC XLVIII -- Ed Beard & Robert Snare

DSC XLIX -- Vincent Di Fate

Please notify GHLIII@yahoo.com of any additions or corrections.

Of course, there are other DeepSouthCon traditions ... even other DeepSouthCon awards! For shameful, shameful example ...

A Phoenix May Fly From the Ashes But Nothing Rises From

The Rubble

(A Brief History of the DSC Rubble Award)

By Gary Robe

In 1985 a group of Kentucky fans bid for and won the right to hold the 1986 DSC in Louisville, KY. That DSC was important for many reasons. For example it was the year in which the ideas of adopting bylaws for the DSC and the two-year advance bid were introduced in the business meeting. What that DSC did not have were certain fans from the Deep South who publicly stated that they would pass up this Yankee DSC for one being held in the Real South. In the aftermath of the 1984 DSC in Louisville, some members of the committee decided that the DSC needed a new award for the fan or entity who had done the most *to* Southern Fandom in the past year. After some deliberation the decision was made to call the new “honor” the Rubble Award.

Of course, since there is no such thing as a totally new idea, the idea for the Rubble ceremony was shamelessly stolen from Elst Weinstein’s *Hogu* anti-Hugo™ Awards traditionally bestowed at a special “ranquet” at the McDonald’s closest to any year’s Worldcon™ venue. The special twist to the *Hogus* is that the winners are determined by bribery. Anyone’s nomination for the *Hogu* must be backed up with cash. If you are the target, you can contribute cash to buy anti-votes. The first Rubble Award was given in Atlanta in 1988. The perpetrators threw a room party on Friday night to collect nominations and the prospective winners were invited to a Ranquet on Saturday afternoon for the vote count. The final decision came down to a tie, between Gary Tesser and Guy H. Lillian III. To break the tie, Guy borrowed a penny from Tesser to tip the scales in his favor. If anyone accuses the Rubble Usual Suspects (not organized enough to be a committee) of malice, please note that the first recipient of the Rubble *wanted* to get it. The Usual Suspects would have been satisfied to let the idea die once Guy had been recognized for his dissing of the Louisville DSC, but no, then next year in Memphis the con chairman expected a Rubble presentation, and after that in Chattanooga, we just couldn’t help but give it to Irv Koch. Once is an occurrence, twice is a coincidence, three times is a tradition, so now we’re stuck with the Rubble Award, like it or not.

So how exactly do The Usual Suspects come up with Rubble recipients? While the first year’s bidding war was great fun, we determined that it was not repeatable. Now the Rubble deliberations are done using Roger Rabbit’s Rules of Order: only if it’s funny. Some years the recipient reveals him/herself in writing. Many of The Usual Suspects are also members of SFPA, so there are thousands of pages of opportunities there for someone to make a fool of themselves in a way that deserves public humiliation. Sometimes the target isn’t even a person. In 1995, The Rubble was given to Gaylord Enterprises, the business entity behind Opryland, because they closed the hotel that had been the home for *Kubla Kahn* and *Xanadu* for years. Sometimes it’s a group effort, like in 2009 when the Rubble went to Chattacon Registration for exceptional efforts in a FUBARed process that was left in place for two years. It can be given for abuse of the DSC itself, like in 2008 when Bob Embler got it for hosting the only DSC in history that had to be suspended for a rain delay. Naomi Fisher got it for being such a great dessert chef that she was willfully adding to the already considerable waistlines of fandom. Last year, Bill Parker got it for winning the Worldcon™ bid for San Antonio in 2013 because now we’ve all got to work on it!

The physical form of the Rubble is normally a tinfoil ashtray, lovingly hand engraved with the **recipient's name and the year of the honor. The award is also accompanied by a Krystal Kids meal** (or a local equivalent if there is no Krystal around). Last year, the only Krystal in the Dallas-Fort Worth area was way on the other side of the metroplex from the site of the DSC. Thankfully, Tim Miller had the foresight to buy the Krystal meal a week in advance and keep it in the con suite refrigerator until the ceremony. So last year, revenge was for certain a dish served cold. Sometimes the award is supplemented by something creative that inspires The Usual Suspects. This extra saved me from bodily injury in 1994 when T. K. F. Weisskopf got The Rubble (for letting it slip in SFPA that she preferred to be referred to professionally as T. K. F. instead of Toni). Just moments earlier, she had won the Phoenix Award, which was an engraved crystal pyramid. The only thing that prevented me from getting a Phoenix-shaped impression in my skull was the inclusion of a Barney Rubble Pez dispenser as part of the award. Never underestimate the power of candy.

The final question you might have is probably “Am I a candidate for the Rubble?” The answer is, yes you are. All it takes is one Supreme Act of Dumbness on the Friday night before the awards ceremony to be in the running. Let it not be said that The Usual Suspects are not immune from their own venom. I got the Rubble twice. The first was in 1999 for having a business trip during the DSC and not being there to defend myself. The second one was an elaborate ploy perpetrated by The Usual Suspects in 2003. The night before, the group decided to give the Rubble to Jerry Page, and I was supposed to make an Oscar-like performance of the presentation by opening and reading the name from a sealed envelope. Of course when I opened it on stage, the name on the card was mine. The other reason that you are at risk is because most of the low-hanging fruit has been picked. The Usual Suspects restrained themselves from making an obvious choice until 2010, **but that year it was finally declared that it was “all Uncle Timmy’s fault.” Frank Kalisz has been** recognized for the infliction of hundreds of gallons of Skip and Go Naked punch on unsuspecting party goers. Ben Yalow has been awarded for being a Damn Yankee that Southern Fandom continues to rely on for convention hotel negotiations. Rosy Lillian has gotten it for transforming Guy from a pompous blowhard to a *lovesick and giddy* pompous blowhard. So you see, no infraction is too small to go unpunished by the watchful eyes of Rubble Usual Suspects.

So you want a full year-by-year list of Rubble recipients? Well, fuggedaboutit! The Rubble is something best forgotten, which I have for many of the targets. Certain memorable presentations do stick out, which I have documented here, but to make an exhaustive list I would need to go back **through 25 years worth of SFPA mailings to dig out the targets for all of the past Rubbles. That’s a stack of mailing envelopes eight feet high, and I ain’t-a gonna do it.** Your best shot is to come to this year’s DSC awards ceremony and see who gets tapped. **Who knows, it might be you!**



So what else makes DeepSouthCon DeepSouthCon? You've heard about the Rebel, the Phoenix and the Rubble — now learn all about

five Decades of Hearts

Pat Gibbs



I've been there for four of those decades and four out of five is better than two out of three and that ain't bad, to borrow from an old song by Meatloaf. I went to DSC in 1976 as my first convention because L. Sprague de Camp was GoH. In later years I went back because of all the fans and Hearts players I met. Some years ago I attempted to compile a list of DSC **Hearts Tournament winners. The result was a very incomplete roster that I'll discuss later.** However, I am fairly confident in asserting that the first DSC Hearts Tournament was in 1966 and Lon Atkins was the winner.

I suspect that 1966 was the beginning of the great rivalry between Lon Atkins and Hank Reinhardt. To give you an idea of the card-playing abilities of these two giants of the early years of "Southern Hearts," two items: first, Lon was a Life Master in duplicate bridge; second, I played a few games with the two of them one night a couple of years before Hank's death in 2007. They were dead even at the end of the evening. It's been said of Lon that you could watch over his shoulder for an entire game and not see a single card misplayed.

I can't give anything resembling a complete history of Hearts in Southern fandom, especially in the space allotted, but I can write about what it's been like for a long-ago neo-fan.

It was hospitable and welcoming. Even though I was totally wrong in thinking I knew

how to play Hearts, I could sit down and play with the best. Hank Reinhardt, Lon Atkins, Ned Brooks, Robert Zielke, Bill Zielke, Ward Batty and Rich Howell, just to name a few. A lot of us are still here and still playing. One (who I miss the most) has gone on to a table on a higher plane. Some have disappeared into that dimension known as real life.

It was always highly competitive. After I smartened up and moved to the South **permanently in 1984, I could play on Friday nights at Hank's place. Those money games** were my tuition in the school of Southern Hearts. Technically we were playing for money, **but it was mostly for ego and bragging rights. At DeepSouthCon's Hearts Championships (of the Known Universe)** it has always been purely for ego. Only occasionally, as will happen in 2012, is a trophy awarded.

For the uninitiated, here are the DSC Hearts rules. I can speak authoritatively because I have been tournament director for most of the past 35 years. Four players sit down to the table and with a cut of the cards choose who deals first, with the remaining **players seated to the dealer's left in descending order. All the cards are dealt out and then** each player passes three cards that he does not want and/or that he wants his fellow player to have. In successive hands the pass is: left, right, across and hold (no pass).

The first card led is by the person to the dealer's left. Hearts may not be led until they have been broken. Hearts are broken when a heart or the queen of spades has been played, which is usually done when a player cannot follow suit and discards a heart or the queen of spades. The exception, which can be a dramatic moment, is when a player leads the queen of spades to the board, usually when he thinks an opponent must play the ace or king of spades. Each heart counts for one point and the queen of spades is thirteen points. The game is over when someone reaches 100 points or more.

Usually a player wants to minimize the number of points he takes. However if a **player takes all 26 points he has "Shot the Moon." He then has the option of going down 26** points or sending his opponents up 26 points each.

There are no partners in Hearts. It is a game for individual play only. Playing as partners is grounds for disqualification in a tournament and banishment (or threats of violence) in **"social" games. That does not rule out temporary alliances when players** strategically try to give points to the low man, the player with the fewest points. There are **limits to this as "table talk" (e.g., "we need to stop his shoot attempt") is strictly prohibited and is likely to result in the same penalty as a renege: 26 points added to the offender's score** with the cards of that hand thrown in.

Organizing DSC Hearts tournaments has often resembled an attempt to herd cats. There are many things to do at a convention besides playing Hearts. In years when we had as many as 16 to 24 players, it would take three rounds to complete. Never did we have all participants willing to sit down to three hours of continuous play. In at least one year, the final game was not completed before the end of the convention.

That is my explanation for the incomplete roster of DSC Hearts Champions. One factoid gleaned from my records is a list of multiple winners of the Hearts Championship of **the Known Universe. They are (in alphabetical order): Lon Atkins ('66, '77, '81), Tim Bolgeo ('04, '10), Pat Gibbs ('88, '91, '06, '09), Guy Lillian ('78, '07), Hank Reinhardt ('71, '76) and Gary Shelton ('97, '99, '02). This may be a partial list as to both the champions and the** number of victories. Please contact me at patgibbs@mindspring.com if you can add any information.

So if anyone asks, "Why do they play Hearts at Southern SF cons?" you can answer, "Because we always have and it's fun." Our fannish forebears started it and I can only hope that future fans will continue in coming decades.

And then again ...

"She Dug Her Teeth Into Sandy's Neck Who Screamed"

DSC's Worst Science Fiction Novel Contest

Louis McMaster Bujold has won four Hugos and a Nebula for her science fiction and fantasy novels. She is universally admired as one of science fiction's best. But never has she penned anything to match the lines I sang to her at the last DeepSouthCon at which she was Guest of Honor.

***"Oh Queen Queen Queen
Queen Queen Queen Queen***

***"Kong Kong Kong Kong
Kong Kong Kong Kong Kong***

***"When I'm feeling mighty
spunky***

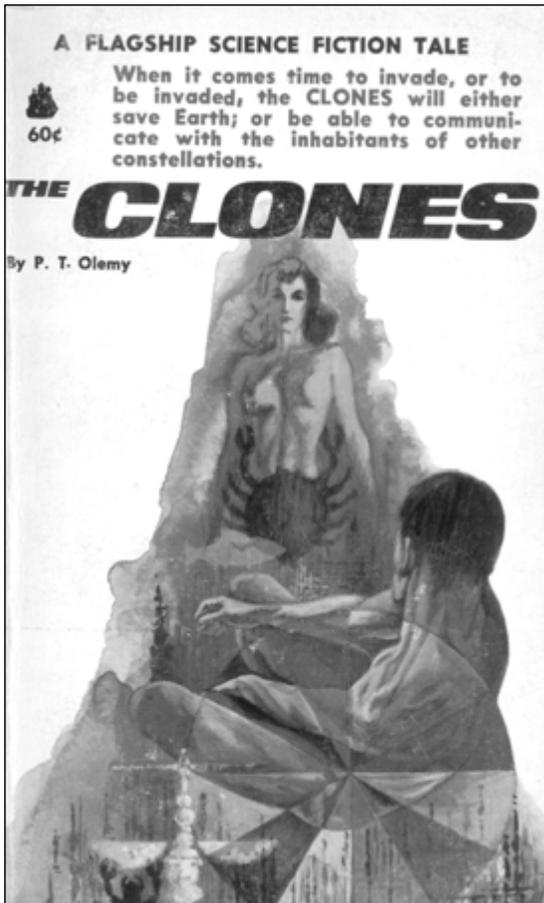
***"I want to do it with my
hunkey monkey!"***

I was not trying to destroy or even offend Ms. Bujold. The fact is that the occasion demanded my recital. For we were in the midst of a DeepSouth-Con tradition, the debate on The Worst Science Fiction Novel in existence, and *Queen Kong* was, and remains, a serious if reprehensible contender.

This particular swathe of DSC madness began in 1976, when Atlanta fan Sam Gastfriend brought a particular book to the con: *The Clones* by P.T. Olemly (get it?), whose other works include *Pink Dolphin* and *He Mathematike Syntaxis* (although another P.T. Olemly might be responsible for the latter). Sam claimed that *The Clones* was the worst science fiction novel ever published, and in succession, and wholly without prompting, two other fans entered, picked up

*Guy Lillian with the aid of
George H. Wells*





the book, and made identical remarks: “This is supposed to be the worst science fiction novel ever published!”

Legendary Southern SFer Hank Reinhardt overheard and was intrigued. He seized *The Clones* and began to scan. After a page or so, he pronounced “*Never* in my decades of learned literary exploration have I *ever* come across a sentence like ‘*You tramp, keep your hands off my clones!*’”

Hank’s words have been quoted widely, but he had misspoken. The actual line is “*You tramp! Stay away from my clones!*” But the deed was done.

Witness to this incident was the equally legendary George H. Wells, then of New York, who had recently begun attending DeepSouthCons. He protested that he knew of a science fiction — or horror, or fantasy — novel much worse than Olemly’s, but that he didn’t have it with him. A challenge was issued: Wells was to tote this other contender to the next year’s DeepSouthCon, where the matter would be presented to the attendees and settled once and for all.

True — as always — to his word, George appeared at the 1977 DSC brandishing his candidate like a broadsword: *The Werewolf vs. the Vampire Woman* by Arthur N. Scarm, a.s.p.c.d.

Scarm (or “Scram” as he’s listed on the title page) was for years a mystery, but research by author Mike Resnick and scholar Dennis Lien turned up what is now known about him. His real name was Leo Guild, author of books on gambling (*What Are the Odds?*) and such tomes as *Street of Hos* and *The Many Loves of Liberace*. (Who here remembers Liberace?) Much like *Queen Kong*, *The Werewolf vs. the Vampire Woman* was an adaptation of a Spanish film starring the great Paul Naschy, although Wells, who tracked down and watched the movie, could perceive no shared plotline between it and the novel. Like the initials behind Scarm’s name, their connection remains unclear.

What *was* clear about *WWvtVW* (as it came to be known) was that novel’s treatment of the English language achieved the level of war crimes.

The book abounds in linguistic horrors. Reading them aloud at the ‘77 contest, Reinhardt was left reeling. “*At dawn the girls swam in a nearby lake while Waldo strengthened his grip by squeezing trees.*” “*She jackknifed into the air, throwing up as she soared.*” (Alan Hutchinson’s visualization of this moment rides the next page.) The untoppable “*She dug her teeth into Sandy’s neck who screamed.*” And my personal favorite, “*Please don’t hurt me, Mr. Werewolf, she begged. I’m only 21 and I have at least 10 good years ahead of me yet!*”



Though *The Clones* won the 1977 audience poll, *WWvtVW* soon became perennial champion. At the 1979 New Orleans DSC, guest judges included John Brunner (who disputed the contest for failing to include works by Lionel Fanthorpe) and **R.A. Lafferty (who simply said “That’s enough.”)** Thanks to devotees’ efforts, Scarm’s masterpiece has achieved a measure of international infamy: **Dave Langford** devoted an entire “Thog’s Masterclass” in his fanzine *Ansible* to quotes from its pages. Rebel winners John Guidry and Ned Brooks joined with George to produce a special hardbound edition, with special illustrations by Alan Hutchinson (one appears below). George recalls a woman asking whom she must sleep with to obtain a hardback *WWvtVW*. When told, “**John Guidry,**” she left. The supremacy in this contest of *The Werewolf vs. the Vampire Woman* seemed set in cement.

But other contenders for the title of World’s Worst SF Novel have occasionally, like floating sewage, bobbed to the surface. John Guidry is said to have found *Queen Kong* in an obscure dealers’ room, to have grabbed a microphone and to have immediately regaled the assemblage with the **Queen Queen Queen Kong Kong Kong** lyrics mentioned earlier. In the film — never released to screen, fortunately — the verses are chanted by bikini-clad beauties, but Wells, who has seen the movie, claims John does it better.

Promoted by a fan named Paul King, Pel Torro’s *Galaxy 666* achieved prominence for sentences such as this: “*They would live like kings for the years that were left until the rapidly overtaking feet of the monster called senility trod them back into the soil from which they had sprung.*”

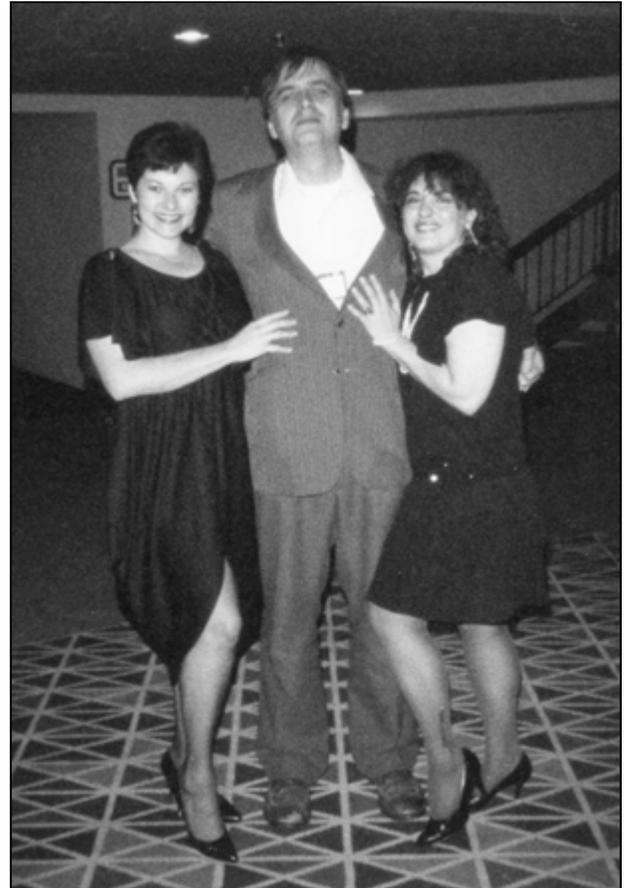
Believe it or not, King once read parts of *Galaxy 666* to Shawna McCarthy and Gardner Dozois. Believe it or **better** not, they **listened**.

And rejoice, John Brunner — Pel Torro was a pseudonym for Lionel Fanthorpe!

So — what is all this **for**? Is some cosmic purpose served by DeepSouthCon’s endless search for the most terrible science fiction prose on the planet?

George Wells won a Rubble Award (see earlier) for bringing these ineffable classics to light. He has the best answer: “People seem to like me and others doing readings from the books,” says he, “and I believe the Koran says ‘Paradise will not be denied he who makes others laugh.’”

Or perhaps the monster called senility has simply captured us all.



George Wells reenacts a scene from *The Werewolf vs. the Vampire Woman* with Ruth Judkowitz and JoAnn Montalbano



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You've read about what makes DeepSouthCon DeepSouthCon. So what makes Huntsville Huntsville? How about its heroes?

BENEDICTION

Scott Hancock

Many things shape a person's life and not the least of these are heroes. Heroes are people who are like the rest of us in most ways but yet somehow still manage to accomplish the extraordinary. They are heroes because they serve to remind us that we can be better than we are.

Heroes teach us to dream, to dream and to try. And so the world advances. We honor our heroes. We write about them. We give them awards. We build statues to them and we go around putting up plaques in places they have been.

We do so in part because they are often dead by the time the full contribution of their efforts is realized, and if they are recognized in their own lifetime, it is still impossible for everyone who would want to personally thank them.

But some of us get to.



This story starts long ago. It was a cold gray morning when we got the news. I was barely in elementary school and on that particular morning was sitting at the kitchen table waiting for my mother to serve breakfast.

The windows were frosted over but the kitchen was warm and pungent with the smells of coffee and cooking. The air was also filled with the somewhat scratchy sounds of an AM station poorly received. Mother was stirring a big pot of oatmeal when the announcer broke in saying he had an important bulletin.

She leaned over and turned up the volume and stood there by the stove with that big spoon in her hand dripping oatmeal, and we listened.

The announcer told us about Sputnik, the world's first man made moon. About how the Russians had launched it into space. I thought it must be something important by just the tone of **urgency in the announcer's voice. Then I looked at Mom and I knew it was important.**

She was crying.

The space race had begun. A new stage was set in the public consciousness and when the spotlight was turned on, it landed square on Doctor Wernher von Braun and his team of 500 German rocket scientists.

The rest is, of course, history, but in its making Dr. von Braun had to fight many battles. Often there were threats to the funding of this effort or that critical program, so Dr. von Braun had not only to be a program leader, but a politician and a salesman as well. He had to learn how to talk to both the politicians and the American people and to sell his dreams to all of them any way he could.

Because of this he was often in the news.

Then, President Kennedy made it the official dream of his administration, and told us that within a decade we would land on the moon. And when he did, a bit of the fire of that dream was lit in everyone, all around the world.

We might have done it without Dr. von Braun ... but I don't think so. He kept chasing his dream and took us along for the ride. I think that even as a child he wanted to travel into space. And maybe to the moon.

Many years after Sputnik, I found myself grown into a young man now working at the Alabama Space and Rocket Center, a museum and shrine to America's space program. Being a guide there, I could work part time and go to college full time. It was my job to share the dream of space travel to all who came. It helped if you already had the dream yourself. I did and before long I found myself assisting in the development of the conversion of a retired carnival ride into a space flight simulator, one that would make a simulated trip to the moon. We would call it The Lunar Odyssey.

We spent months working on the mechanics of the simulator, making extensive modifications to the original carnival ride platform and getting everything working properly.

During this time, contractors with NASA assistance and technical guidance were preparing the special films that would be projected over the audience's head.

The simulator was actually a large centrifuge. It was a large domed circular room with upright couches. The audience participants were to stand with their backs against the couches and be strapped in. Then as the film overhead began playing, showing launch preparation sequences, the pilot would slowly begin rotating the room.

With no reference points, most people never noticed they were now in motion. When the blast-off sequence came, the pilot really poured on the acceleration. Then people noticed. Suddenly they were pinned to their couches by centrifugal force. As the acceleration built up and the weight against the couches increased, the couches would fall back to about a 45 degree angle.

When the film overhead showed stage separation, the pilot would momentarily tap the braking system to send a small jar through the room to underscore the event. As full speed and outer space was reached, the couches would rise up off the floor about 12 to 15 inches, leaving feet suddenly dangling. Weightlessness, of a sort. Then on to the moon, a simulated landing, take-off again and return. Through it all the pilot sat in a raised dais in the center, and less affected by centrifugal forces. All in all the trip took about twenty minutes.

We were within a few days of opening our doors to the public when we got word that we were to report to work the next morning hours earlier than usual. We were to have a visitor, a special visitor.

When I got to work I was told who it was. It was Dr. von Braun.

I was told he had been following the development of our simulator with great interest and that now that it was ready to open, wanted to see it himself.

I was to be his pilot.

With nervous energy we double-checked and triple-checked our equipment as we waited the last few minutes before his arrival.

Then in the company of the museum's Deputy Director, he was at the entrance to our simulator. I greeted them and lead the way back inside.

He moved slowly into the room, and then slowly around in it, his eyes taking in everything **as his escort explained the simulator's basic workings.**

He was a larger man than I had thought he would be, but he moved as if every step hurt. I remember his eyes as being a piercing light gray.

He asked few questions but when he did, it was in a soft quiet voice, and the questions themselves showed he had already inferred a great many things about the simulator just from his

brief look around.

It struck me odd that the impression I got from him was one of great driving strength and at the same time, an odd sense of fragility.

He turned to me and asked me which couch was the best one. I told him that they were all best couches, and that he could pick the one he wanted. He looked around and then jokingly **pointed to my chair, the pilot's chair.**

I told him I would be glad to teach him how to operate the controls but that he would be unable to see the display overhead.

He looked at the single control seat and asked if pilots trained themselves.

I wondered what he meant, and then it struck me. I quickly explained how the Deputy Director had ridden in one of the couches while I piloted and together we had worked out the sequence of events and patter the pilot would use while interfacing with the public, and that subsequently, wearing a safety harness I stood next to the pilot trainees who sat at the controls.

With a thoughtful nod, he turned and began strapping himself into a seat directly behind **the pilot's chair. The Deputy Director too began strapping himself in the upright couch next to Dr. von Braun's** but the Doctor stopped him. He told the Deputy that please, he would like to make this trip solo, that this was his trip alone, if the Deputy didn't mind, that was. The Deputy said he didn't mind at all.

I climbed up into my control seat as the Deputy Director left and the room was sealed.

After confirming through my control console intercom that everything was buttoned up, **in my best "official" voice I told those outside that we were currently in the last stages of liftoff** preparations. This told them I was ready to start the program, and that I'd would soon be putting the room into motion.

I turned to make one last check on my guest. I told him that because the room we were in was a centrifuge, that while it was in motion if he held his head fairly still, he would experience the least discomfort, the least dizziness, but that if he did become dizzy or nauseous just to let me know. With a soft smile he said he knew a little bit about centrifuges, and then he asked me if we were worried that dizziness might be a problem for the general public. I told him we thought not, but that in the future the pilot of the Lunar Odyssey would periodically turn in his chair during the flights to scan the faces of the passengers for signs of discomfort.

He asked me if doing so did not also make the pilot nauseous?

I found myself grinning in response. Yes, I answered, but here, sitting in the center of the room, the effect was less pronounced and with practice one learned to orient entirely by sight, ignoring what the inner ear was telling you. You also had to learn to deal with the physics the spinning brings, I told him.

The physics? he asked me.

I told him how that sitting in the center, the pilot had to learn to how handle himself, that by merely extending your arm out, or tilting your body more to one side or another, you could suddenly experience a pull in that direction that might surprise you if you were not expecting it. I told him that it was like a sailor getting his sea legs. He nodded in understanding.

I was about to turn back to the controls when he raised one hand slightly. "Forgive me for asking, perhaps I shouldn't ask, but I really want to know." He waved his hand about, "You work here at the Center, I was told you write some of the, the demonstrations and lectures given to the public, and you are in here doing this too. What background do you have to do this, and I have to know too, what do you think of the space program?"

I told him I loved the space program, that I always had, that I thought it was one of the finest things mankind had ever done. I told him I thought we belonged in space, and that one of the movies on the space program the Center showed in its theater, had this quote in it about Earth being the cradle of humanity, but that we cannot remain in the cradle forever.

His eyes crinkled up a bit as he broke into a smile, "Ah!" he said, "Tsiolkovsky! I think maybe you are a romantic."

I had to smile again, "But a grounded one," I answered, "and flying the Lunar Odyssey is probably as close as I'll ever come to getting into space." Then I told him I was a long time lover of science fiction and that I'd dreamt of space travel ever since I'd first read Jules Verne as a young boy. As I said that his face lit up, "Jules Verne, oh yes, I too, I too read him, and I too was . . .

affected."

And then I told him, "Dr. von Braun, please understand my support for the space program is more than a romantic dream. My father, a materials engineer, brought us to Huntsville in the early Sixties to work on the space program. He has done a lot of things, but he is proudest of his work in the design, building and testing of the Lunar Roving Vehicle. It my father who insisted the Lunar Rover's wheels be independently powered, and even that the Rover have seat belts."

He was mildly surprised at that. "Who is your father?" he asked.

I told him, but my father's name struck no chord of memory in him, but shaking his head he said he was sorry but that there had been many people working so hard on the program he could not remember them all but that he knew my father had made important contributions.

Then it occurred to me I might know someone he would remember and the words rushed out of me. "My first high school crush, the girl I first fell in love with back then, was the daughter of one of the 500 who came from Germany," I told him. He asked the name of the girl's father, I told him, and his face lit up. "Oh yes, a good man! Hard to work with sometimes, but always for good reasons, always for very good reasons."

Then I told Dr. von Braun that all through high school I'd always kept track of when any programmed rocket engine test firings would occur out on Redstone Arsenal, and that our home back then was located in south Huntsville and sat on the side of a mountain facing West, facing towards Redstone Arsenal's rocket engine test stands, - which were only a few miles away. I told him that for nearly every test that was held, if I could, you would've found me there, sitting in that open window, watching and waiting. I told him that when those great rocket engines fired, I would sit there with tears running down my face as the world shook, my very bones vibrating while that mighty song of power from the engines sang in my veins and danced in my blood. I told him that had I not been a proponent for the space program even before the first time I had tasted that song, I would've been instantly converted.

He pursed his lips then gave me a half smile. "A song of power dancing in the blood, yes, yes it does. Now I know you are a romantic, a dreamer. But we need dreamers. And I know what you mean. More than once I have invited someone to witness a launch, because I knew how it would affect them."

He looked at me for a moment, then he said, "You, you are a young man yet, perhaps one day you will get to go into space. But it is dangerous, you know."

"Maybe, but I would go if I could, even though my wife might not want me to go" I told him.

"You are married? Do you have children?"

"Married yes, but no children yet. We are waiting till I finish college."

I told him how after high school I'd left Huntsville for three years while serving in the Army and doing a tour in Vietnam, and how I'd come back to Huntsville where under the G.I. Bill I'd started college where I first met my spouse.

At the mention of Vietnam his face had grown somber, and he shook his head as if in regret.

I told him that back then, just married, I'd been proud to work part-time at IBM doing space program support work with them while I went to school full time, but that when the Space Center offered me full-time employment, working so close to actual space hardware and history, that I'd jumped at the chance, although doing so was delaying my getting a college degree because I could then only take an occasional night class.

"An education is good, very good, you should get your degree, but children, children are something else again." he said in response. Then he asked, "When you do have children, would you want them to go up into space, become astronauts perhaps?"

"If they want to, yes," I answered. "But I hope that one day leaving Earth will not be so hard, or expensive. I hope one day my children will be able to go to the moon, perhaps only to visit there on vacation, though maybe an expensive one."

His eyes took on a twinkle, "Vacation! Oh, and perhaps they will marry and go there afterwards, would you still call it, a what, a Honeymoon?"

We both laughed softly.

Just then a light flashed on my console as my intercom link to the outside came alive and

we heard a series of worried queries, "Is everything all right in there? Are you having equipment trouble? Why haven't you started?"

I hit the reply button and told them that everything was fine, that we were just going over a few things and we were about to start now.

I turned back to Dr. von Braun once again to see if he was ready. His now dancing gray eyes met mine, there was this odd half-smile of satisfaction or maybe anticipation on his face. He gave a half nod and gave a one-word order – "Go!"

We did.

I cut the room lights and started both the projector and the room spinning.

Everything went perfectly.

I did everything I could think of to enhance the trip. Now, when we had first finished the simulator we found it could spin so fast that it could subject the audience to four-and-a-half times the force of gravity. We knew that this was too rough for the general public and had decided to keep the centrifugal force down to around three times Earth's pull. Sometime later, we were to cut it back even more, and put governors on it just in case. As a comparison, a commercial jet liner in a heavy power take-off reaches about two or two-and-a-half times the force of gravity.

For Dr. von Braun, I pushed it to about four. Several times during the program I would turn to take a look at him.

When he caught me looking, he would give me a thumbs up. After the couches reclined and slid up off the floor on their rails, I still got the thumbs up, though he didn't raise his arm much. Four gravities makes you very very heavy.

At midpoint on the trip I reported a green status over the intercom, and that everything was going fine. A bit later, as our craft was supposedly re-entering the Earth's atmosphere, I began applying the brakes to our craft, right in sequence with the braking effect of re-entry and the fireball of heat which should now be surrounding our craft as was being shown on the screen above us.

And as we slowed, supposedly beginning our final approach to our landing site, I was busy stopping the final motion of the simulator and lining up the doors between our spinning room and the outer rooms. As the narrator's voice on the film welcomed everyone back to Earth and told them they were free to disembark as soon as the lights came up and the hatches were opened, I had just finished the alignment of the doors. Then the narrator thanked everyone for flying with us and wished everyone a safe trip home from the space port.

The music came up in one brief flourish and then faded out. I cut the projector off. For a moment, just for effect, we sat there in the dark and in the quiet. I thought I heard a sigh.

I brought the house lights back up at a controlled rate so as not to hurt eyes, and turned to again observe my guest. He was wiping one eye with the palm of his hand and as he did he

said in a voice so quiet I almost didn't catch it, "... and that's as close as I'll ever come."

Then the lights came up full and the room was filled with the sounds of the heavy metal doors opening and the calls of those waiting outside.

Our guest began freeing himself from the couch's seat belt. As he did so, I jumped down from the controls to assist him, but found when I got to him he was already free. As those outside began to enter, he thanked me for a good trip. He told me it had been one he had wanted to make for a long time. One that a lot of people had wanted to make happen, that a lot of good astronauts would have liked to be the one to fly him to the Moon but that I was the one who had done it.



Then he added that even if the doctors would let him go, he was getting too old for that sort of thing anyway.

He took my hand to shake it, but then oddly, he paused, and for a moment just held my hand in his as those eyes of his searched mine, and then, slowly shaking my hand up and down, as if giving a benediction, still looking me in the eye, he told me that he hoped that perhaps one day my children could really visit the moon for a vacation, if they wanted to.

Then he turned to leave. On a hunch I had brought with me a small pocket camera which I had previously given to our alternate pilot who was now entering the room.

I asked our guest if he would mind a quick picture. He agreed. One very quick picture was taken. Then he was gone. I followed him out. He moved so slowly. Again walking as if it hurt. Later that day I commented to the Space Center's Deputy Director, the person who had done the escorting, about the odd impressions I had received. He took me by the arm and off to one side. He told me that I was to keep secret what I was about to hear, that it was to be kept quiet, that he knew he could trust me and that once he said what he had to say, I had to promise not to tell anyone, or talk to anyone about it.

I agreed.

He took a deep breath and told. Our visitor was ill. He had cancer. Dr. von Braun had found out about it sometime before, but the prognosis was not good. And it was not something that had yet gotten to the press. It was being kept quiet, it was explained to me, because Dr. von Braun had important things to do while he still could get around and he didn't want to be hounded every step of the way by reporters. It had even been uncertain as to whether or not he should experience the simulator, but Dr. von Braun had insisted. Again von Braun had won.

I never talked about it, I never called the press, and never told my friends, but a short time later the story broke. And before I knew it, he had left us.

That's another thing about heroes. Whether or not you want them to, they always leave too soon.

Eventually my time of working at the Space Center came to an end. With degree in hand I would go on to work for the U.S. Army as a logistician, working still with rockets and missiles helping develop, build and field to our troops the Air Defense systems they needed. But one of the last tasks I had at the Space Center was to help receive and put into secure storage all of Dr. von Braun's papers and a great deal of his personal memorabilia. The Space Center would store and house the collection while historians and archivists catalogued everything and made sure it was properly taken care of.

There were a great number of boxes, and one by one we carried them to that special room and carefully set them into place. They were heavy boxes, full of paper and books, but also heavy with the weight of history in them.

As we moved them I found myself replaying again and again that trip to the moon I had piloted for Dr. von Braun, and as I carried in the last few boxes I found myself unexpectedly overwhelmed by emotion.

When we finally turned to shut and lock the door, I wondered if the archivist would even notice those spots on one of the box lids, where my tears had fallen.

The years have flown by. Inside, deep inside, there is a safe place in my heart.

It is where I kept such things that are precious to me. There, caught in time, is my Father's voice saying

- "I'm proud of you son!", and there also is,
- the smell of a high school science project volcano that really worked,
- the warmth and sweetness of a first kiss,
- being handed my first set of car keys,
- **the moment I slipped the wedding ring on my own true love's finger,**
- **my daughter's first smile, and many many other things.**

And in there with them . . . is a soft benediction, delivered with a firm handshake.

Take a look again at the photo of Dr. von Braun's desk. The sharp-eyed among you would have noted the presence of a strange yet familiar object.

YES, IT'S A HUGO

Patrick Molloy

Okay, some background:

Back in 2004, Noreascon 4 exercised their option to award Retro Hugos for the year 1953, since Hugos had not previously been awarded for that year. The winner for Best Related Book was "Conquest of the Moon" by Werhner von Braun, Fred Whipple, and Willy Ley. Unable to contact any descendants, I was asked to accept the award due to my connection with NASA. It was then left to me to find an appropriate home for it. As much as Naomi and I enjoyed having it in our living room after the convention, we decided to contact the U.S. Space & Rocket Center here in Huntsville to see if they would be interested in accepting it, since they are the location of the von Braun archive. They were receptive to the idea, and in fact were at the time preparing a special exhibit on the influence of science fiction on early rocket pioneers. The Hugo made a great centerpiece to the exhibit, and even got some local press coverage.

After the exhibit had run its course, the Hugo disappeared, only to show up on in a small display they had of artifacts from von Braun's office. That exhibit then closed as they went through some major remodeling and expansion of the museum.

Fast forward to late 2011. In anticipation of the 100th anniversary of von Braun's birth, the museum opened an extensive exhibit on his life, both professionally and personally, including his work before, during and after his time with NASA. I finally got a chance to visit the exhibit last weekend, and much to my delight, the Hugo is once again displayed in the re-creation of his office. Of course, it's a bit out of place, since he obviously never received the award when he was alive, but it's pretty cool to see it displayed there amongst all the artifacts of his life. Retro Hugo indeed! It's also satisfying to know I had a role in finding the Hugo a permanent home, and that the museum is continuing to display it, instead of storing it away, never to be seen again. Unfortunately, there is nothing explaining what the Hugo is or what it is for, and it's too far back from the glass to be able to read it without a zoom lens or binoculars, but that's okay.

More information on the exhibit, if you are interested, is here:

<http://www.ussrc.com/mu/travexh>

There you will also find a link to a photo gallery. The one I linked to above is the next-to-last photo on the second page. Unfortunately, the exhibit will be gone by the time of DeepSouthCon 50, but hopefully the Hugo will still be around as part of their smaller, permanent exhibit.



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Mike Kennedy	Senora Sue	Treasurer Emeritus
L.B.	Master of Coin	Bid Video Prop
	Token Cat	

... AND A CAST OF THOUSANDS!

DSC 50 PROGRAM

This is the program as anticipated at press time. Please check the pocket program for any changes.

Throughout the con, various hours: *Art Show, Dealer's Room, Fanzine & Awards Display Room & Hearts Championship of the Universe, Filk Suite, Con Suite.*

FRIDAY June 15, 2012

4-5pm

Main Programming: First Contact: Create and Design Aliens —Travis Taylor, Stephanie Osborn, Howard Tayler, Tedd Roberts (m)

Madison: 50 Years of SF Movies, Faves and Hates —Lou Anders, Charles Summers (m), Guy H. Lillian, Hank Davis, George Wells

Monte Sano: Southern Fandom's First Fans — Jerry Page, David Hulan, Larry Montgomery, Shelby Vick, Greg Benford

5-6pm

Main Programming: Schlock Mercenary vs. Tyler Vernon--the John & Howard Show — John Ringo, Howard Tayler

Madison: Live Action Book Club: **Cordelia's Honor:** Toni Weisskopf, Melanie Ford, Katherine Adams, Stacey Kolomer, Laura Nigg, Julie Wall. All are invited to participate in the discussion.

Monte Sano: Tall Tales of DSCs Past — Steve & Sue Francis, David Hulan, Warren Buff (m), Linda Zielke

6-7pm

Main Programming: Fly Me to the Moon—How Do We Get There, What Do We Do When We're There —Les Johnson, Wm. Ledbetter (m), Chris Berman, G. Patrick Molloy

Madison: Let the Games Begin! — Con Jeopardy! Contestants pulled directly from the audience! — Fritz Fotovich

Monte Sano: Southern Fandom — Location or State of Mind? The Expatriate Southern Fan Experience — Janice Gelb (m), George Wells, David Hulan, Ruth Judkowitz

7:15-8pm

Main Programming: Opening Ceremonies—with the Ravenar Belly Dancers, **Rocket City Rednecks** theme song, welcome from the Moon Princesses, short speeches by all guests of honor, program participants acknowledged, party announcements.

8-9pm

Main Programming: Lois McMaster Bujold reading

Madison: John Picacio Slide Show: George RR Martin's A Song of Ice and Fire Calendar

9pm-10pm

Madison: History of Southern Fandom in a Nutshell—Mike Rogers

Monte Sano: Belly Dancing in a Stefnal Way—Workshop, Linda Donahue, Julia Mandala, Debbie Rowan

9:30-1am

Main Programming: Comic Music Variety Show

10pm-11pm

Madison: Stump the Scientists: Bring your impossible questions for: Molecular Biologist — Lance Larka, Neurochemist —Tedd Roberts, Space Scientist —Les Johnson, Misc. — Travis Taylor (m)

Monte Sano: Hank Reinhardt Memorial World's Worst SF Reading, with George Wells & Guy Lillian—bring your own choices, see if you can top theirs!

SATURDAY June 16, 2012

9-10am

Meet in front of the hotel: Walk with the Pros—Lou Anders & Toni Weiskopf lead a walk around Big Spring Park

Monte Sano: Hard SF for Teachers & Librarians — Scientists, Engineers & Educators Tell All —Tim Bolgeo, Tom Feller (m), Linda Donahue, Liz Phillips

10-11am

Main Programming: Reinhardt Legacy Fight Team Sword & Knife Demonstration

Madison: History of HSV Fandom —Mike Kennedy (m), Sam Smith, Doug Lampert, Mary Oertworth Lampert, Larry Montgomery

Monte Sano: The Hard of Alt. Hist —David Drake, Tony Daniel

11am-12pm

Main Programming: Pyr Books Slide Show —Lou Anders

Madison: Meeting of Art & Science Fiction: Incorporating Hard Science into Art — Howard Tayler, Krista Wohlfeil, Dr. Demento, John Picacio, Sandra Tayler (m)

Monte Sano: Southern Fandom Confederation: What It Is, Why We Care — Warren Buff, Sue Francis, Julie Wall, Tom Feller (m), Judy Bemis, Randy Cleary

12-1pm

Main Programming: Travis Taylor Slide Show

Madison: Live Action One-Shot — with cake by Naomi Fisher! Everyone invited to participate.

Monte Sano: David Drake Reading

1-2pm

Main Programming: Howard Tayler Slide Show

Madison: The Moon is a Harsh Mistress: Hard SF of Robert A. Heinlein — Jim Woosley, Toni Weiskopf (m), Julie Wall, Steve Hughes, Tony Daniel

Monte Sano: An Hour with Larry Montgomery & David Hulan, Curt Phillips (m)

2-3pm

Main Programming: Baen Books Travelling Slide Show—with Prizes!—Toni Weiskopf, Tony Daniel, Laura Haywood-Cory

Madison: Filk Workshop: Have you ever wanted to write a parody song? Some of our music guests will help you do exactly that! — Danny Birt (m), Carla Ulbrich, Steve Goodie

Monte Sano: SF of the '40s & '50s —Jerry Page, Shelby Vick, David Hulan, Curt Phillips (m), Dave Drake, Larry Montgomery

3-4pm

Main Programming: Bio & Other Ethics in SF — Lois McMaster Bujold, Travis Taylor, Tedd Roberts, Lance Larka, Felecia McDuffie (m)

Madison: Bham & Other AL Fandoms & Fanzines —Charlotte Proctor, Linda Zielke, Julie Wall (m), Larry Montgomery, Gary Rowan

Monte Sano: The UAH Willy Ley Collection— UAH librarian Anne Coleman

4-5pm

Main Programming: MilTech--Suit, Tanks, Guns and More —Travis Taylor, Howard Tayler, David Weber, Bart Kemper, John Ringo, Bill Fawcett (m)

Madison: Dr. Demento SF Song Revue—75 minutes

Monte Sano: Hard Fantasy—Lou Anders, Danny Birt (m), Gene Wolfe, Lois McMaster Bujold, Tony Daniel

6-7:30pm

Main Programming: Art & Charity Auction (charity auction to benefit Maker's 256)—Everette Beach, auctioneer

7-8pm

Monte Sano: Ravenar Belly Dance performance

8-8:45pm

Main Programming: Awards Ceremony: Rebel, Phoenix & DSC 50 Short Story award presentations; oh yeah, also the Rubble

8:45-10pm

Main Programming: Dr. Demento's Greatest Hits

10pm-11pm

Monte Sano: Ah-hoo—Werewolves Howl at the Moon—Julia Mandala, Linda Donahue, Jody Lynn Nye (m)

10:30-1am

Main Programming—Logan Awards for Comedy Music, followed by concerts by our musical guests

SUNDAY June 17, 2012

10-11am

Main Programming: Lois McMaster Bujold Q&A — Corlis Robe (m)

Madison: SFC Business Meeting, Warren Buff presides

11am-12pm

Main Programming: Moon v. Mars —Wm. Ledbetter, Travis Taylor, Chris Berman, Greg Benford, Tony Daniel (m)

Madison: DSC 52 bid presentations and vote—all welcome. Julie Wall presides.

12-1pm

Main Programming: Violence for Writers, with Demos of Hard, Sharp, Pointy Things--Whit Williams, Bart Kemper, Toni Weisskopf

Madison: Dying is Easy, Humor is Hard — Jody Lynn Nye, Julia Mandala, Linda Donahue, Danny Birt, Howard Tayler, Bill Fawcett (m)

1-2pm

Main Programming: Chandra Slide Show: The Fascinating Finds and Further Questions They Lead to of the Orbiting X-ray Telescope —Martin Weisskopf, project scientist

Madison: Podcasting vs. Print Fanzine Smackdown: Guy H. Lillian III, Howard Tayler, Sandra Tayler, Curt Phillips (m)

2-3pm

Main Programming: Cirque du So What? — Shoebox, The Great Luke Ski, Devo Spice & Power Salad

Madison: Access to Energy = Access to the Stars — Les Johnson, William Ledbetter, Travis Taylor, Jim Beall, Tony Daniel (m)

3-4pm ish

Main Programming: Closing Ceremonies with all our Guests of Honor & the Moon Princesses, distribution of the Live Action One-Shot.

4:30-4:45pm

Pool Area: Join Travis Taylor, Howard Tayler & Toni Weisskopf for 10-minute Trainer Yoga—Sweat the alcohol from last night out!

Later that Evening: Dead Dog Party in the Con Suite, courtesy of Regina Kirby & Crew—put the alcohol back in!

OUR MUSICAL GUESTS:

Devo Spice, The Great Luke Ski, Danny Birt, Rob Balder, Steve Goodie, Power Salad, Worm Quartet, Nuclear Bubble Wrap, Shoebox, The Boobles.

RAVENAR BELLY DANCERS:

Julia Mandala, Amora, Linda Donahue & Suzanne. (Photo by Stuart Jones.)



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