

·CONCAT 3·

# DEEPSOUTHCON

# 29



# The Deep South Con 29 ConCat III Committee

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Art Show and Dealer's Room Security provided by the Klingon ship *Prang*.

## Acknowledgments

The staff and committee of DSC 29/ConCat III would like to show appreciation regarding the following:

Cover Art ~ DECADENCE ~ by Doug Chaffee

Badge Art & Cover Lettering by David Deitrick

ConCat logo by Debbie Hughes

To Liberty Con for the Art Show & Masquerade setup equipment

To Chattacon for the mailing labels

T-Shirt and Logo Design by Logan Asbury

Recycled Paper Donated By Quality Press

**Special thanks to JJ's mother, Dorothy A. Johnson, for allowing her home to be ConCat Central and for donating the phone costs.**

# **Deep South Con 29 in conjunction with ConCat III**

Guest of Honor  
**Charles L. Grant**

Artist Guest of Honor  
**Doug Chaffee**

Fan Guest of Honor  
**Khen Moore**

Toastmaster  
**Andrew J. Offutt**

Special Guests  
**Mercedes Lackey & Larry Dixon**

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# Deep South Con Rules

## ATTENDEES 17 YEARS OLD OR YOUNGER

All attendees of this convention who are 17 years of age or younger must be accompanied by a LEGAL GUARDIAN. A Legal Guardian is a person 21 years of age or older who is willing to take financial and legal responsibility for the minor. The person acting as the Legal Guardian will be required to sign for each minor for whom he/she is responsible.

## BADGES

You must wear your badge at all times at the convention. Badges must be worn in plain sight and above the waist.

## DRINKING AGE

To get a drinking badge, you must produce a VALID PICTURE ID to prove that you are at least 21 years of age. Minors caught drinking at Deep South Con will be thrown out of the convention. Also, WE WILL CONTACT YOUR PARENTS! The legal drinking age in Tennessee is 21, and the Knoxville Police take great pleasure in enforcing it.

## EJECTION FROM THE CONVENTION

If you are ejected from the Deep South Con because of violations of the rules of this convention or Tennessee State Law, your attendance fees will not be refunded.

## WEAPONS POLICY

All weapons and replicas of weapons must be "Peace Bonded" by one of our security staff before it can be worn with your costume or normal wearing apparel. "Assassination or Lazer Tag" type games are STRICTLY PROHIBITED at Deep South Con. This weapons policy will be strictly enforced! Fans, please help us enforce these rules so that weapons will always be a part of Deep South Con.

## POSTING BILLS INFO

**POST NO BILLS!!!** Easels will be provided to post party announcements and other flyers. This hotel policy will be enforced by Deep South Con Security.

EXTRA



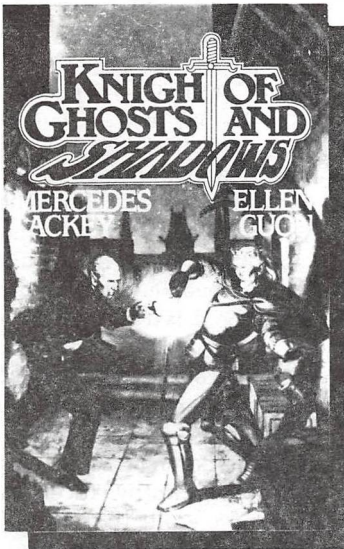
# BAEN BOOKS

EXTRA



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## SECRET RULERS OF AMERICA REVEALED BY BAEN IN JULY



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### ELVES IN L.A.

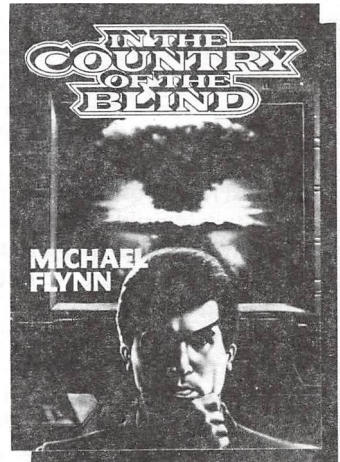
It would explain alot, wouldn't it? Half a millennia ago, when the elves were driven from Europe they came to--where else? Southern California. Happy at first, they fell on hard times after one of their number tried to force

the rest to be his vassals. Now it's up to one poor human to save them if he can. A knight in shining armor he's not, but he's their last hope, their *KNIGHT OF GHOSTS AND SHADOWS*...

### SECRET SOCIETY RULES HISTORY--PSYCHOHISTORY WORKS!!!

What if there really were a secret conspiracy running things behind the scenes... and they were incompetent? History would have it that the 18th-century invention of a mechanical computer, the Babbage machine, was a failure. The history books lie.

Hugo-nominee Michael Flynn tells the story of the secret society that manipulates history through predictions made with their working model of the Babbage machine. Initially benign, now they are applying their knowledge to install themselves as the secret rulers of the world. Can they do it? Even though their methods are imperfect, unless they are stopped their success is assured. *IN THE COUNTRY OF THE BLIND*, the one-eyed man is King...



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# Grant, Fenn, Lake, Marsh, Who?

by Nancy Oberst Soesbee

When you read the last page you're left with chill bumps, and then when you close that book and the contents come back to haunt your dreams, you've read a good book.

The guest of honor of Deep South Con 29/ConCat III writes that kind of a good book. Charles L. Grant describes his current works as dark fantasy, but not all of his books are so easily cataloged. He's written science-fiction, leaving that behind a decade ago, and he's written within many other genres, including adventure stories for young adults and horror spoofs. After receiving the usual rejects from publishers that so many writers get in the mail, Grant's first sale was a short story about twenty-three years ago. "1968, I sold my first story, "The House of Evil" in F&SF. It was a spoof of a horror story", Grant said.

After a number of stories were rejected, why did a horror spoof sell? "It beats me . . . why this one sold, I had no idea. I started our writing science-fiction. My first three books were science-fiction." That was a while ago--"I haven't written science-fiction in over a decade"-- and another profession ago.

His fertile imagination, which seems to have a lot of dark corners, has peopled the streets of many small towns, including Oxrun Station and Ashford. From a small town himself, he set eight novel and four collections of four novelettes in Oxrun Station, one of those dark corners in his mind. He's written another series of novels set in Ashford. One of the Ashford books aimed at young adults has just been sold and should be on book store shelves in '92. Grant is working on Raven, which he said, "May or may not be supernatural. Is it, or isn't it, or doesn't it matter?" Asked which of his works is his favorite, he said, "I have no idea. That's something I leave to other people." He added there isn't a publisher in the business that knows why a particular book is a best seller. . . . Nobody knows." What scares him? That's one he answers with no hesitation: "People. People, probably because they are so unpredictable. Life is scary." For Grant's works, "Monsters are not all that important; people are more important. . . . "There are all kinds of different horror books. The things that are frightening are the things that are personal." Some may consider some of Grant's works to be horror, but he doesn't. To me, it's all dark fantasy. Dark fantasy is dark; it's grim." Grant's wife, novelist Kathy Ptacek, "Is writing Dirty horror. She's more gory than I am, and much more erotic than I am." Besides writing, Ptacek is also the publisher of market guide for writers. Pause one moment for this commercial: The Gila Queen's Guide to Markets. Twenty bucks a year, cheap," he said.

His latest Fenn work "Kind of spoof on science-fiction and horror, Kent Montan a and the Reasonably Invisible Man." Under pseudonym Felicia Andrews, Grant "used to write romance way back when." Whatever happened to the historical romances? Well, he wasn't as hungry anymore, so he bumped off Felicia. About six or seven years ago. "We pulled the plug on her iron lung."

After a time of big books publishers putting out zillion of books, glutting the stores' shelves, the recession hit, and this recession is hurting writers, too. Publishers "is in the worst recession in twenty years," said Grant/ During this lean time, the book publishers "insist on best sellers," And selling books becomes even more difficult, even for established authors such as Grant. Between the 80s glut of books diminishing sales of individuals and the recession of the early 90s making publishers demand best sellers. You just hope you can survive it," According to Grant. He survived more that two decades in several markets, and you can be sure his latest Raven, which he hoped to have finished by Deep South Con will be another one of his solid works.

# Charles L. Grant:

## The Man Behind the Name(s) by Wendy Webb

He's a master of fine cuisine, particularly that of French influences, and grows the biggest roses in the state with the help of expired blood obtained from a local lab. He has been known to squirt A positive or O negative, it makes little difference, around the base of a hungry plant under the light of a midnight moon. That is, when he's not playing the cathedral pipe organ that occupies the bulk of his Victorian mansion.

In the buff. The man, not the organ, so to speak. Or the mansion. Oops.

Sorry wrong man.

Not that Charlie Grant isn't as colorful. He is. And while he has been known to make a scene about escargot in fine restaurants, writes about blood under a midnight moon in some of his dozens of novels and countless short fiction, and may or may not have a thing about roses, I can't and won't, speculate about his degree of dress while working at his computer. Special Note: My car will be idling through the duration of the convention. You never know. Trying to pin Charles L. Grant down as a man behind the name(s) is not a simple matter. Some of his closest friends include Lionel Fenn, Timothy Boggs, Geoffrey Marsh, and the late Felicia Andrews. Sybil and Eve should have so much diversity.

But I digress.

He's a man of cultured tastes. Daffy Duck paraphernalia plasters his office like a bad pediatrics clinic, while Willie and Reba croon train-mother-prison-love-lost-pickup-truck songs in the background. Don't let me get started on pickup trucks.

When he's not working, he dotes over his exhaustive bad horror movie collection, starches his blue jeans, polishes his faux alligator boots, and plots revenge on innocents like Mike Dillson and helpless Southern belles.

Not that he doesn't flex his muscles in other ways. He does. There's not much to do in Newton, New Jersey, but tone a slack Northern body into Arnold Schwarzenegger through the use of mail order torture equipment. That is, until he saw the new spokesperson and just exactly what parts would be toned up. Having no desire to look like Racquel Welch and using three week book deadlines as an excuse, he gave up body building for Bloody Mary's. No pain, no gain.

But there's another side to him as well. The one that nurtures and encourages new and established writers. The Charles L. Grant that nudges the seed of creativity into a story and turns the hopeful writer into professional. He is a leader in the field, a trusted teacher, a mentor with a loving sparkle in his eyes. A friend. It doesn't get much better than that.

Maybe I can turn off the car now.

The South loves him and has accepted him as one of our own. He has made his mark here. Whatever his name, we notice when he's not around.

And somewhere in Nashville is an eighty-year-old waitress carrying a tuna sandwich and a glass of milk on a small, round tray. She has noticed his absence and mumbles under her breath, "Where's my baby love?"

He never calls; he never writes. Sorry, old joke.

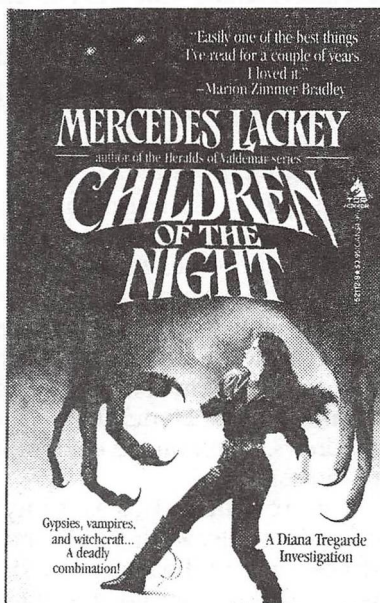
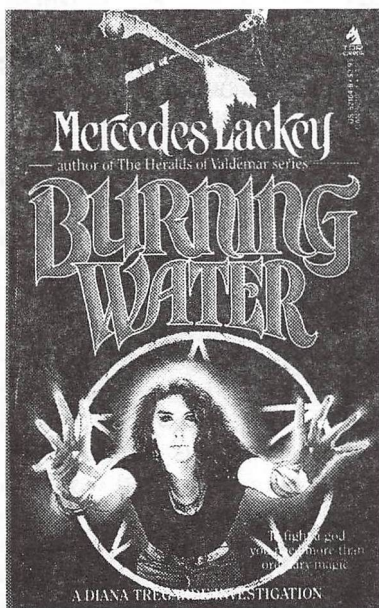
I wonder if she listens to Willie and Reba.

I hear she wears a Daffy Duck pin over her name tag.

# MERCEDES LACKEY

## CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT

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## BURNING WATER

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**ELVENBANE** with **ANDRE NORTON** and **JINX HIGH**  
*are coming in October 1991*



**TOR 1991 • Our 10th Anniversary Year**



# Special Guests: Mercedes Lackey and Larry Dixon

By Janet D. Hoffman

Mercedes Lackey was the guest of honor at ConCat I, and we are proud to have her back in Knoxville, along with Larry Dixon. Misty, as she is known to her fans and friends, is a long time fan who first made a name in fandom writing and singing folk songs. She has also been a member of the Society for Creative Anachronism, as well as a science fiction costuming group, and various fan clubs, including the Friends of Darkover.

Misty always wanted to be a professional writer, but knowing that writers don't make any money, she took her college degree in biology. She soon found that B. Sci.'s don't make any money either, and went through a variety of jobs, eventually ending up as a programmer for American Airlines. The growing popularity of her books enabled her to quit her mundane job last October and write full time.

Her friends Marion Zimmer Bradley and C.J. Cherryh encouraged her to begin writing in her spare time. Her best known books are the HERALDS OF VALDEMAR series, and the DIANA TREGARDE INVESTIGATIONS. She has written a book with Andre Norton (a dream come true!) to be released in November called THE ELVENBANE, and has collaborated with several other writers, including Ellen Guon and Larry Dixon.

Larry Dixon is an artist from North Carolina, now living Tulsa, Oklahoma. He has drawn, painted, illustrated, and carved for various gaming publications and comics. Creating fantasy is his way of dealing with reality; he believes that science fiction, fantasy, and adventure games can help people prepare for real life. His fantasy art is securely rooted in the reality of anatomy, centers of balance, and feather designs; after all, "a dragon won't model for you."

Larry is also known for his wildlife art and bird studies, and his work with S.O.A.R. (Save Our American Raptors). This year he rehabilitated a falcon in his studio, which was recently released to the wild. Larry also likes to talk about (and draw) fast cars and rock and roll.

Misty and Larry met at a science fiction convention, and kept running into each other on the con circuit. After a few months of bouncing ideas off each other long distance, Larry mover to Tulsa, where they established HIGH FLIGHT, a fantasy think-tank. Last December they were married in Las Vegas (how decadent can you get?!), and have been collaborating on books and art and attending science fiction cons together. Misty and Larry have been wonderful guests at a number of cons across the Deep South, and are very accessible and easy to talk to. We are proud to have them as our Guests of Honor at Deep South Con.

# **Toastmaster**

## **Andrew J. Offutt:**

### **A Bibliography**

#### **Novels**

Evil is Live Spelled Backward \* The Castle Keeps \* Messenger of Zhuvastou \* Operation: Super Ms. \* The Galactic Rejects \* Ardor on Aros \* The Great 24-Hour THING \* Chieftain of Andor \* The Genetic Bomb \* My Lord Barbarian \* Demon in the Mirror \* The Eyes of Sarsis \* Web of the Spider \* Conan and the Sorcerer \* Conan the Mercenary \* (Conan) The Sword of Skelos \* The Iron Lords \* Shadows out of Hell \* The Lady of the Snowmist \* King Dragon \* Rails Across the Galaxy \* Shadowspawn \* Deathknight \* Sword of the Gael \* The Undying Wizard \* Sign of the Moonbow \* The Mists of Doom \* When Death Birds Fly \* The Tower of Death

#### **The "Spaceway" Series as John Cleve**

Of Alien Bondage \* Corundum's \* Escape from Macho \* Satana Enslaved \* Master of Misfit \* Plunder \* The Manhuntress Under Twin Suns \* In Quest of Qalara \* The Yoke of Shen \* Star Silver \* The Iceworld Connection \* Jonuta Rising \* Assignment: Hellhole \* Starship Sapphire \* The Planet Murderer \* The Carnadyne Horde \* Race Across the Stars \* King of the Slavers

#### **Short Fiction and Articles**

And Gone Tomorrow \* Blacksword \* Mandroid (with R.E. Margroff and Piers Anthony) \* The Forgotten Gods of Earth \* Population Implosion \* Swordsmen of the Stars (with R.E. Margroff) \* The Defendant Earth \* The Book (with R.E. Margroff) \* Ask a Silly Question \* Symbiote \* My Country, Right or Wrong \* Sareva, In Memorium \* For Value Received \* Final Solution \* Meanwhile, We Eliminate \* The Black Sorcerer of the Black Castle \* Tribute (with R.E. Margroff) \* Gone With The Gods \* Enchante' \* Bladesman of Serazene \* Nekht Semerkeht (with R.E. Howard) \* On the Beach (a tale of Jarik) \* Inn at the World's End (with Richard K. Lyon) \* The Whispering Mirror (with Richard K. Lyon) \* Demon on my Stomach (with Richard K. Lyon) \* Blowfly

# Khen Moore: A Retrospective

by Carl Pearson

Aviation Day, 1942: A squalling newborn fan, Khen looks eagerly around the delivery room, searching for a book to read, an airplane to identify or, at last resort, the latest edition of Jane's Military Aircraft to study. Noting the cheerful music being piped through the room, he cries, "What, no Mahler?!", attempting a retreat to the Warm Place.

Late Summer, 1962: Barely out of his teens, Khen and fellow Nashville fan Dan Caldwell take a Greyhound Bus to Chicago, to attend the 20th World Science Fiction Convention, Chicon III. Upon their return to the Nashville depot, Ken kisses the ground, vowing never to take another bus until (and after) his dying day.

Fall, 1971: Fellow Nashville fan John A.R. Hollis spots a flier for a science fiction convention to be held in Champaign-Urbana, Illinois, a mere five hour drive from home (six with food and pee breaks). This starts a yearly trek which has not been interrupted to this day, as well as a friendship with Kentucky writer John Cleeve, a good guy despite his taste for bourbon as opposed to scotch.

Late Spring, 1973: Khen who has by now fannishly changed his name, has what is arguably his most brilliant idea to date: Why travel to someone else's town for an SF convention, when he can get other folks to come to where he lives?! Thus is born Kubla Khan, with first Guest of Honor Frederick Pohl.

Kubla '75: Deciding it is time for artists to have more appreciation, Khen begins crafting his first Frank R. Paul award. Given to the Artist GoH at the banquet, this is not your average plaque: a model of the planet Saturn, some 8 inches in diameter; larger with the accompanying rings. It is one of the best looking awards anywhere, each one hand built at least several hours before the start of the banquet. Unfortunately, with the modern advent of compact discs and the demise of turntables, the award will either become much smaller, or the rings will have to be painted in an antique museum.

ChiCon IV, '82: Proudly wearing his badge from ChiCon III, Khen strolls the hotel in his usual hall costume (T-shirt and ragged cutoffs) when he spies a half-open door. Looking inside, he sees a party in progress: several distinguished older men, dressed in proper evening attire, enjoying their drinks and conversation. Khen sees a sign proclaiming this to be a party for people who had attended ChiCon III, so he immediately bellies up to the munchie table after getting a drink. A few minutes later one of the gentlemen approaches Khen and asks if he knows what this party is for. "MMrumphh," Khen replies, trying to swallow the funny looking stuff on the cracker he just ate. The gentlemen tells Khen, that this party is only for ChiCon III attendees. Still swallowing, Khen points to his badge, nearly (but not quite) spilling his drink.

OKon, '85: For a fan GoH appearance, Khen travels all the way to the land of Oral Roberts, for their annual convention (Tulsa's, Not Oral's). There he is handed a button which proclaims "I'm a Swill Guy" and the Legend of the Clean Wastebasket travels to yet another part of the globe.

Atlanta in '86: Khen pulls off an artistic Coup de' Gras at the WorldCon, by arranging a retrospective of science fiction art from the early days of Jack Gaughn, Chelsey Bonestell, and Kelly Freas all the way to recent masters such as Mark Maxwell, Doug Chaffee, and Kelly Freas. Unfortunately, it is several years before some of the paintings are returned. "They just looked so good hanging in the den," a much chagrined Khen is reputed to have said.

Kubla, '88: A Jesus Elvis Weekend. Truly a black time in fandom. Consult the Bird for details, and an explanation of why Kubla is no longer held at the Rodeway Hotel across from Nashville's airport.

DSC, '91: For the 29th Deep South Con, Khen graciously ("You've got scotch there, right?") consents to appear as Fan Guest of Honor. For the occasion he decides to bring his best ragged cut-offs, and a new holy T-shirt. (That's cut up and torn; not in the spiritual sense. Unless of course he spills his drink on it.) There he promises to be a good boy, not to snort at Sue Francis (at least until Sunday afternoon) and to share his scotch with anyone who asks. He also invites everyone to his room "When they hear the roar of the screaming blender," to participate in another adventure of "Name That Swill." A good time is had by all.

# Art Show and Print Shop

Deep South Con presents an Art Show full of wonders to feast your eyes and imagination upon. Many of these works of wonder will be for sale, either by direct sale (immediate purchase) or by a silent or paper auction. YES WE ARE TRYING SOMETHING NEW WITH A SILENT AUCTION!! A silent auction is performed solely on the BID SHEETS. If you see a piece you would like to bid on, simply write your name, badge number, and the dollar amount on the sheet. Then, please come back periodically and check your bid(s). Someone may have overbid you! In that case, write your name, badge number, and a higher bid on the next line. Bidding closes promptly a 8:00 p.m. on Saturday. The highest bidder at this time gets the piece of art. Please remember that you have entered into a contract and are obligated to purchase the(se) item(s). We will reopen on Sunday at 10:00 a.m. for you to pay for and pick up your works of art. Any unsold work will be for sale at the auction price at this time.

A Print Shop is also offered. In this shop, you may directly purchase a print of one or more of your favorite works of science fiction/fantasy art without going through the Art Show's bidding process. The Print Shop is located in the same room as the Art Show and has the same hours.

The Art Show and Print Shop accepts checks and good ol' American cash as means of payment.

## ConSuite

The ConSuite is located in Room 319.

## Banquet

This year's banquet theme is "The Last Days of Pompeii." For \$16.50, you may join us in a spectacular Italian buffet. The convention guests will each speak at the banquet. Reservations may be made at the Registration Desk before the start of the banquet at 6:30 p.m. Saturday evening.

## Also Attending

Walt Baric, Jack Hunter Daves, Tom Deitz, Maureen Dorris, Richard Groller, "Infamous" Tish Groller, Debbie Hughes, Brad Linaweaver, Mark Maxwell, David O. Miller, Joseph Phillips, Blake Powers, David Shockley, Uncle Timmy, The Webb Family, C.S. Williams.

# Doug Chaffee: 20/20 Visionary

## by Mark Maxwell

Think of the artist (Especially the science fiction artist) as tourguide, or travel agent, or better yet, pilot. Pilot of imagination, transporting the mind of the viewer across space and time to fantastic, distant worlds both real and imagined, places and circumstances that once were or might have been, and showing us the true shape of things to come. They take us there in the vehicles of their creations, fueled by imagination and spirit made real through the union of their eyes and hands. They carry us there fast, too. In the blink of an eye . . . at the speed of light.

In the field of high tech art, Doug Chaffee is an ace. His aerospace and science fiction paintings have been featured in publications all over this planet (and perhaps a few others as well). Chaffee has been a key figure in the modern wave of astronomical painters. At the time when barely a handful of artists know what the earth looked like from space, Doug's work had won national awards at the John F. Kennedy Space Center in Washington and had been featured at the Smithsonian Institute's National Air and Space Museum. His works detailing America's Gemini Program are part of N.A.S.M.'s permanent display. Doug was also the first to depict the surface of Mars for National Geographic in an article by a then-unknown young astronomer named Carl Sagan.

The precision and style of Doug's paintings have earned him acclaim in military circles as well. From exhibitions at the prestigious Paris Air Show, to publications such as *Surface Warfare*, *All Hands*, and *U.S. Navy Proceedings*, as well as his status as official artist for the Navy's Trident Submarine program.

Doug Chaffee's interest in technology and the future began early. As a child he found himself inspired by *Skyman* comics and *Flash Gordon*. In later years, science fiction books, magazines, and films, and the works of various illustrators helped point the young artist toward his future. Graduating college with a degree in Art Education, Doug went to work as head of IBM's art department. During the early years of the space race, his realistic style of painting (the technique is largely self-taught) proved popular, and in the early 70's Doug set out on his own as a freelancer. Divers assignments led him to render a variety of subjects, ranging from diesel locomotives, biblical scenes, and auto designs to World's Fair poster and architectural renderings for the government of Saudi Arabia, as well as producing covers for most of the major science fiction books magazines. His clientele for privately commissioned works has been just as diverse, with paintings for many scientists, engineer and writers (including best-selling author Tom Clancy).

Wargamers will recognize his work from *Strategies and Tactics* magazine, in addition to numerous game box and module covers, and his appearance as Artist Guest of Honor at the 1990 World Gaming Convention. Science fiction fans will never forget Doug's breathtaking scene for the 1986 World Science Fiction Convention program book cover illustrating Ray Bradbury's *MARTIAN CHRONICLES*.

Wherever Doug Chaffee's vision takes you this weekend, whether to an exotic alien world, a not to distant future, or straight in history, be assured that you're in the hands of an experienced guide, whose sense of design and color, shadow and light, attention to detail, and genuine love of his subject guarantee an exciting ride.

# illustration plus

Graphic Design

DOUGLAS CHAFFEE  
107 SHAGBARK CIRCLE  
SIMPSONVILLE, SC  
29681 803/862-6822

Special thanks to  
Doug Chaffee  
for the Masquerade  
Award Artwork



© JOHN MAYER

# Dealers Room Hours

## FRIDAY

2:00 ~ 4:00 ..... Dealers Set-up  
4:00 ~ 10:00 ..... Open to Public

## SATURDAY

10:00 ~ 6:00 ..... Open to Public

## SUNDAY

10:00 ~ 2:00 ..... Open to Public

# Art Show Hours

## FRIDAY

2:00 ~ 5:00 ..... Artist Check in  
5:00 ~ 10:00 ..... Open to Public

## SATURDAY

10:00 ~ 8:00 ..... Open to Public

## SUNDAY

10:00 ~ 2:00 ..... Open to Public  
2:00 ~ 4:00 ..... Artist Check out

# SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

## FRIDAY

|                |   |                   |                   |  |
|----------------|---|-------------------|-------------------|--|
| <b>1:00 PM</b> | Registration opens (Checking In and general chaos.)                             |                   |                   |  |
| <b>2:00</b>    | Dealers' room opens to dealers  |                   |                   |  |
|                | <b>Ballroom A</b>   | <b>Ballroom B</b> | <b>Ballroom C</b> |  |
| <b>4:00</b>    | Mutual Admiration Society<br>(Opening Ceremonies) Mayor's Proclamation          |                   |                   |  |
| <b>5:00</b>    | Should I Put My Name On It? A. Offutt/C. Grant & M. Lackey on Writing for Money |                   |                   |  |
| <b>6:00</b>    | Fanzine Writers Face to Face  |                   |                   |  |
| <b>7:00</b>    |   |                   |                   |  |
| <b>8:00</b>    |   |                   |                   | Sweet Decadence<br>dessert reception with guests |
| <b>9:00</b>    | Queen's Own Meeting<br>Lackey Fan Club Meeting                                  |                   |                   | Dance  |
| <b>10:00</b>   | UFOs and Fortean Phenomena<br>Daves/Mayes/Maxwell                               |                   |                   |  |

## SATURDAY

|                 |   |  |  |
|-----------------|---|--|--|
| <b>10:00 AM</b> | Rocky Friday Ninja Chainsaw<br>Trek IV                | Heinlan Wake & Barbeque<br>Discuss Our Hero with Steven Carlberg |  |
| <b>10:30</b>    | SF & Horror Movies<br>Webb/Boykin                     |  | Bryan Webb Fan Club<br>FREE CANDY!!                |
| <b>11:00</b>    | Computers:<br>Technology of Tomorrow for People Today | Fanzines and Fanac<br>Life Outside Cons                          |  |
| <b>11:30</b>    | Radcliffe Cutshaw                                     |  | The SERRated Gryphon<br>Misty Lackey & Larry Dixon |
| <b>12:00</b>    | Why Horror Sells<br>Karl Edward Wagner                | Dear Galactic Answer Being<br>Give Advice to the Stars           | discuss their projects and ideas.                  |
| <b>12:30</b>    | Melissa Singer<br>Sharon Webb (Moderator)             | Kelth Tarply (Moderator)   |  |
| <b>1:00</b>     |   |  | On The Edge of Reality<br>Charles L. Grant         |
| <b>1:30</b>     | Ken Moore Talks About Airplanes, Cons, and Life       | Painting Miniatures  |  |



|                 |   |  |   |
|-----------------|---|--|---|
| <b>2:00</b>     | Your Universe or Mine<br>Collaborative Writing<br>M. Lackey/C. Williams/A. Offutt | Portrait of the Universe<br>David O. Miller  | Fantasy Art in the Real World<br>Doug Chaffee   |
| <b>3:00</b>     |   |  | STAR TREK – The Obligatory Panel<br>with Klingon Ship Prang &<br>Commander Klaa                     |
| <b>3:30</b>     | Do Fans Read?<br>Offutt/Moore/Webb  | Fine Art & Illustration<br>Debbie Hughes & Mark Maxwell  | <b>CLOSED FOR BANQUET SET UP</b>  |
| <b>4:00</b>     |   |  |   |
| <b>4:30</b>     | Condom II<br>Safe Sex at Cons with<br>Janet & Uncle Timmy                         | Horror At Large<br>Charles Grant<br>Karl Edward Wagner<br>Maureen Dorris                                   |   |
| <b>5:00</b>     |   |  |   |
| <b>5:30</b>     | There Must Be 50 Ways<br>to Leave Your Planet<br>Brian Tillotson                  | Comic Art<br>It Is Art & It Isn't Easy   |   |
| <b>6:00</b>     |   |  |   |
| <b>6:30</b>     |   |  | Last Days of Pompeii<br>Italian Banquet   |
| <b>9:30</b>     | Awards and Masquerade   | Phoenix and Rebel Awards will be announced before<br>Raffle drawings will follow Masquerade Presentations. | Masquerade Presentations as well as Art Show Awards.<br>Intermission Entertainment by Scott Miller. |
| <b>11:00</b>    | BLT Dance<br>(Black Tie, Lingerie, or Toga)                                       |  |   |
| <b>SUNDAY</b>   |   |  |   |
| <b>10:00 AM</b> |   |  | Deep South Con 31, 1993<br>Site Selection   |
| <b>10:30</b>    |   |  |   |
| <b>11:00</b>    |   |  | Southern Fandom Confederation<br>Business Meeting<br>P.L. Carruthers– Montgomery, pres.             |
| <b>11:30</b>    |   |  |   |
| <b>12:00</b>    | Costuming Workshop<br>with Sue Thorn  |  | The Human Potential<br>Where Will the Future Take Us?<br>Misty Lackey<br>Rick Groeller/Sharon Webb  |
| <b>12:30</b>    |   |  |   |
| <b>1:00</b>     |   |  | Women In Science Fiction<br>Charles Grant<br>Andrew J. Offutt<br>Larry Dixon                        |
| <b>1:30</b>     |   |  |   |
| <b>2:00</b>     |   |  | Closing Ceremonies  |

# The J.J. Johnson Memorial Scholarship Fund

Time has helped to heal our loss, but we still miss J.J. Johnson — not just a member of the committee, but a dear and trusted friend. The death of someone so unique is always a sad thing, but the “Video God” will live forever in our hearts. We would like to thank Detective Randy York of the Knoxville Police Department for his unflinching efforts to apprehend and convict J.J.’s murderer, as well as his compassion and courtesy toward family and friends. DSC 29 is proud to support the J.J. Johnson III Memorial Scholarship Fund. It is an endowed scholarship for a student in Communications at Knoxville College. Please help us to continue this fund by generously supporting the raffle and kissing booth. So it is written, so shall it be done!

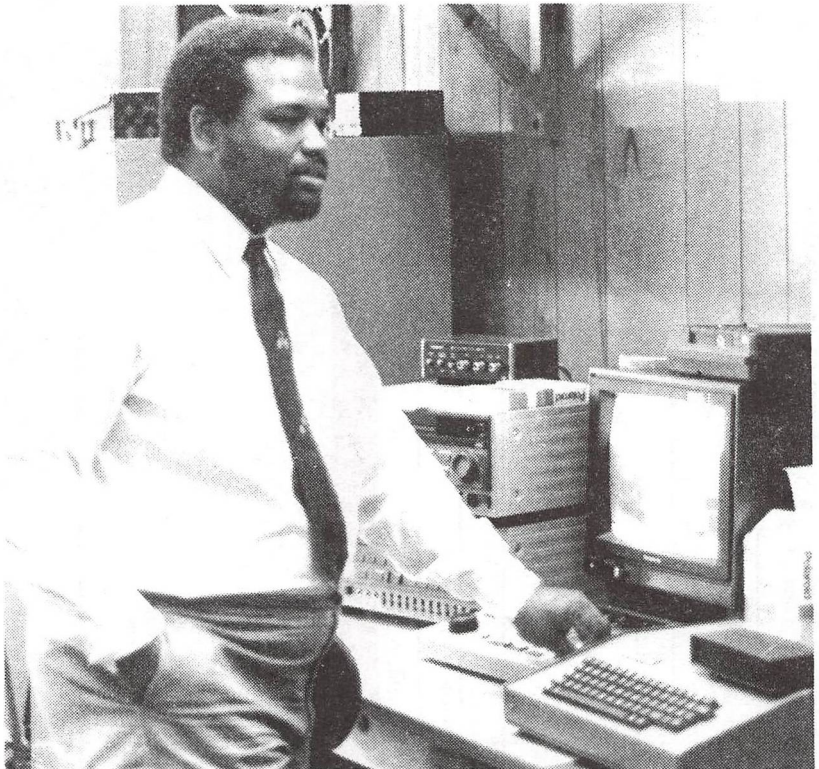


Photo by Vivian C. Watson  
Courtesy of The University of Tennessee Daily Beacon

# J.J. Johnson: Memories of Caring

To me, J.J. will always be The Chocolate Teddy-Bear.

I came up with the nickname partly because he was the same color as the chocolate bunny kids get at Easter (but he was cuddlier than a mere bunny), and partly because he felt warm and welcoming as a teddy bear. It took me a long time to discover there was a living man who combined the best of those two childhood treats: a comfort to hug, a sweet presence that delighted more than just the eyes.

I met J.J. for the first time at Kubla Khan, videotaping the Masquerade. I was so intent on getting my near-blind roommate down off the runway (she had this "dynamite" costume, but she had to leave off her glasses, which she needed). I bumped into J.J.'s camera, knocked it swaying, quickly apologized . . . he just grinned and said, "I'm fine. Are you okay?" Very odd thing, I thought, for him to be more worried about me than his expensive camera . . . but that was J.J.

The next time we met, he was playing B.A. Baracus in a Knight-Rider-Meets-a-Team Masquerade skit; it was the first (and only) time I actually saw J.J. in front of the camera as a performer. I complimented him on his costume, he complimented me on my good taste, and that was the start of something really special.

When Post-Polio Syndrome put me into a 3-wheeler, it was my Fannish family who brought me through the rough spots — and J.J. was one of the first.

"You look great," he said "Good to see ya!" and he gave me one of his patented feel-good hugs. Later, he asked where I got my 3-wheeler, MobieUs. "It looks like the sort of thing my Dad could use. He's not walking well," he explained. "You'd really be doing me a favor if you'd tell me how to get one of those for him." I stopped worrying about losing by mobility; after all, I did have MobieUs.

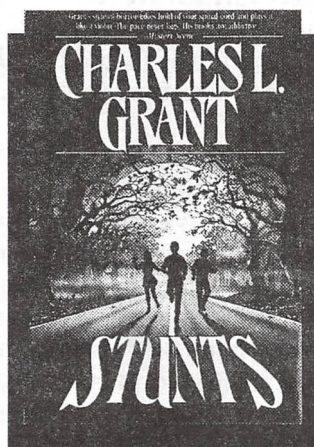
That sums up J.J. in a nutshell: he made me and all of his friends feel as though we were doing him a favor by simply being around, as though our existence was a gift to the man. J.J. made me strive to be a little bit kinder, better, more forgiving and less judgmental, to justify to myself the honor of his respect. Just seeing him at a Con was a reminder that I could give a little more, help a little more, hug a little more.

J.J. was there for his parents when they needed him, was there for his friends when they needed him, too. He was human, he had problems like the rest of us; he simply didn't "inflict" his troubles on his friends unless they asked.

A little over a year ago, we lost the physical body of a very special man. But his legacy of giving, sharing, helping, will go on as long as we remember that there are human teddy bears — and that we were lucky enough to know one.

*Samanda B. Jeudé*

# STUNTS



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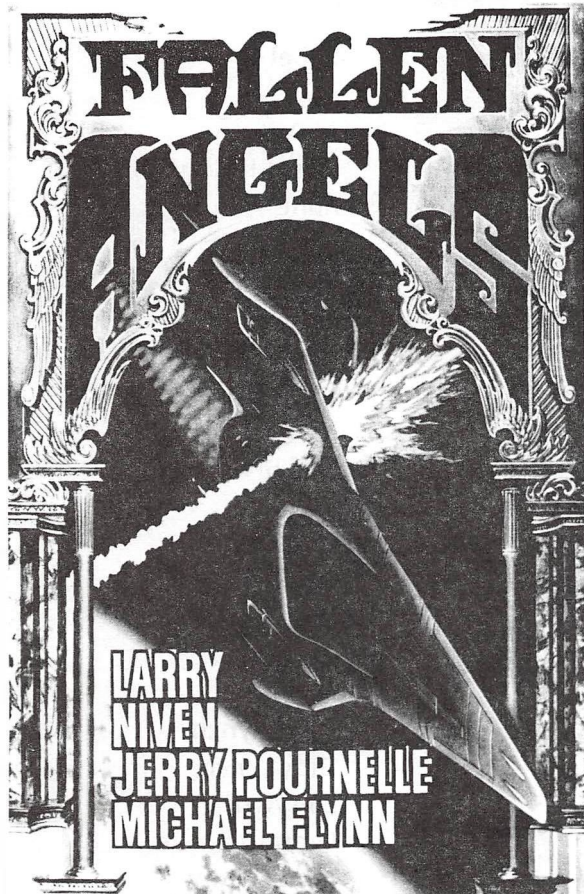
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# Phoenix and Rebel Award Winners

| Year    | Phoenix                            | Rebel  |
|---------|------------------------------------|--|
| 1965    | none                               | Al Andrews                                     |
| 1966    | none                               | David Hulan                                    |
| 1967-69 | none                               | none   |
| 1970    | Richard Meredith                   | Irvin Koch                                     |
| 1971    | R. A. Lafferty                     | Janie Lamb                                     |
| 1972    | none                               | none   |
| 1973    | Thomas Burnette Swann              | Hank Reinhardt                                 |
| 1974    | George Alec Effinger               | Khen Moore                                     |
| 1975    | Andre Norton                       | Meade Frierson III                             |
| 1976    | Manly Wade Wellman<br>Gahan Wilson | Ned Brooks                                     |
| 1977    | Michael Bishop                     | Cliff Biggers<br>Susan Biggers                 |
| 1978    | Karl Edward Wagner                 | Don Markstein                                  |
| 1979    | Jo Clayton                         | Cliff Amos                                     |
| 1980    | Piers Anthony                      | Jerry Page                                     |
| 1981    | Mary Elizabeth Counselman          | Nicki Lynch<br>Dick Lynch                      |
| 1982    | Frank Kelly Freas                  | Lon Atkins                                     |
| 1983    | Doug Chaffee<br>Joe Haldeman       | Lynn Hickman<br>John Guidry                    |
| 1984    | David Drake                        | Guy H. Lillian III                             |
| 1985    | Sharon Webb                        | Larry Montgomery<br>P. L. Caruthers-Montgomery |
| 1986    | Andy Offutt                        | John Hollis                                    |
| 1987    | Orson Scott Card<br>Hugh B. Cave   | Penny Frierson<br>Lee Hoffman                  |
| 1988    | Gerald W. Page                     | Mike Weber<br>Sue Phillips                     |
| 1989    | Robert Adams                       | Maruine Dorris<br>Steve Carlberg               |
| 1990    | Wilson (Bob) Tucker                | Charlotte Proctor                              |

# Deep South Con Bylaws

Section 1, Paragraph 1. The Deep South Con is an unincorporated literary society whose functions are to choose the locations and committees of the annual Deep South Science Fiction Convention (hereinafter referred to as 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 their 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 option of a 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 purpose. The DSC shall not attempt to influence legislation of any political campaign for public office. Should the DSC dissolve, its assets shall be distributed by the current DSC committee or by the appropriate court having jurisdiction, exclusively for charitable purposes.

Section 2, Paragraph 1. The voting membership of the DSC shall choose the location and committee of the DSC to be held in the calendar year two years after 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 at 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; a statement that the committee agrees to abide by these rules. A committee may bid any site in the states of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, and all states both south and east of any of these.

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

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 constitution shall be published in the program book of each DSC. Any amendments for ratification at the DSC shall also be published in the program book.

# Chattacon 17

January 17-19, 1992

at

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**Craig Shaw Gardner**

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Special Guest

**Lawrence Watt-Evans**

Fan Guest of Honor

**Samanda Jeude**

Other Guest of Honor

**Mercedes Lackey**

Prices will be \$18 until November 18, 1991, \$25 until January 1, 1992 and \$30 thereafter and at the door. Additional information may be obtained by writing us at the Chattacon P.O. Box below:

**Chattacon 17**

**P.O. Box 23908**

**Chattanooga, Tennessee 37422**



## **Art Show**

Chattacon's Art Show is well known as one of the best and this year will be no different. A wide and varied assortment of flat and 3D art will be on display by numerous artists. If you are an artist, you can contact us at the P.O. address on the facing page for additional information and art show rules.

## **Consuite**

Our consuite is one of the largest and, we think, the best in fandom. Come on back and enjoy yourself in our consuite!

## **Panels**

We will be expanding our programming considerably this year and need both ideas and volunteers to help. Please contact us with any panel ideas or to volunteer for a panel at the Chattacon P.O. Box.

## **Dealers Room**

Our dealer's room is already almost halfway filled. It promises to be a varied and enjoyable romp through the lands of capitalism. Keep in mind that dealer room tables cannot be bought after Dec 1, 1991.

## **Masque**

Chattacon's masquerade is a gala affair, but it cannot function without you. All of you costumers need to come out and put on a show with us. There are prizes and trophies for winners in all catagories.

## **Live Role Playing**

This year, Chattacon will be trying something new: live role-playing. Irv Koch will be moderating a live role-playing game called Midsummer Night's Cream/Scream. This looks interesting, but there is an additional charge. Contact us for additional details.

## **Program Book**

Chattacon's program book is now accepting advertising for its pages. We will also be looking for cartoons and art for filler material. For additional information, contact the program book editor at the Chattacon address.

## **Help!**

Chattacon is always looking for volunteers, staff, go-phers, etc. We hold monthly meetings in Chattanooga which any and all are welcome to attend. If you ever wanted to participate in the running of one of these conventions, drop us a line and we'll see you get meeting notices.

## ISN'T IT TIME FOR SOME NEW FRIENDS?

You've outgrown Hansel and Gretel, but the world of faery, magic, and dreams still fascinates you. There's a magazine just for you: Marion Zimmer Bradley's *FANTASY* Magazine. Marion handpicks each story to entertain and amuse you. You'll meet wizards and dragons, maids and magical cats, travel to faraway places. Each issue features excellent fiction, beautifully illustrated and handsomely produced on quality paper – a real collectors' item in the making. Two columns are especially for authors, "A Writer Looks at Writing" and "Writers Talk Back".

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DSC 29

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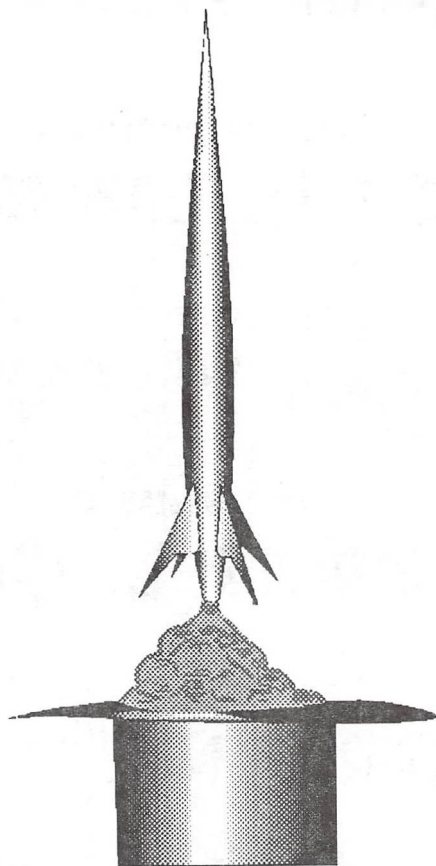
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# Charles L. Grant:

## Tribute to a D\*\*n Yankee by Mike Dillson

What can I say about Charlie Grant that you haven't heard? What kind of dirt could I spew forth that would get Charlie in trouble? I can think of a lot, and maybe we'll get into some of that later, but, for right now, I need to tell you about this guy.

Charlie was born in New Jersey in 1942. The date and place of this occasion tend to change with the telling and retelling of the story and state of inebriation of the teller and the listener, though we all like to think he comes from southern New Jersey. He has moved many times and has lived in a lot of towns that he says he is really glad he moved out of.

Charlie is the son of an Episcopalian priest and was a preacher's kid all the way through school. He even got a nickname out of this that I swore I would never reveal to anyone (Preacher). Because of his family ties to the church, he decided to pursue a career in the ministry. He attended Trinity College with an eventual eye toward entering a seminary. During his junior year, just after receiving his catalog for his father's seminary, he looked at himself in the mirror and said "I can't do this." I can understand this, after looking at Charlie Grant. I just can't picture him as a priest. I told this to my wife and she told me he would make a perfect priest. She said "He drinks, he smokes, and, according to him, he ain't getting any. He's perfect!"

So Charlie decided to pursue a career in education and became a teacher of teen-aged minds. This didn't last long and he was fired. So, in keeping with the old principle, those who can, do, those who can't teach, and those who can't teach, write. Charlie took up writing. He finally found his niche.

He sold his first short story "The House of Evil" to *Fantasy & Science Fiction*. It must have scared people very badly because the government took steps to protect the public. They sent him a letter that started "Greetings" and sent him on a delightful, fun-filled, two year tour of sunny southeast Asia. He was a military policeman with the 127th MPs in Vietnam.

When he got back from Vietnam, he continued to pursue his writing career and has been very successful at it. He has written eight nice books including anthologies under several names. He writes mainstream (sort of) fiction under the name of Geoffrey Marsh, humorous (sort of) fiction under Lionel Fenn, Gothic romance (sort of) as Felicia Andrews (deceased), and some of the creepiest horror I have ever read under his own name. His *Shadows* anthology will soon be complete with an impressive 11 books (not including a best-of book). He is also the creator of the very popular Oxrun Station series. Charlie has several books out. As Lionel Fenn, he has recently released *Kent Montana and the Nearly Invisible Man*. As Geoffrey Marsh, he has released the novelization of *Hudson Hawk*. Under his own name, he has released a book for you adults called *Firemask* and his most recent horror novel is *Stunts*.

Charlie's accomplishments have not gone unnoticed by the industry. He has won two Nebula Awards: one for the novelette "A Glow of the Candles, A Unicorn's Eye" and for the short story "A Crowd of Shadows." He has won three World Fantasy Awards — one for his *Shadows* anthology, the second for his novella. Confess the Seasons, and the third for his collection, *Nightmare Seasons*. In 1987, he was awarded the British Fantasy Society's Special Award for Lifetime Achievement. He's had more nominations than Atlanta has Peachtree, which only goes to prove it's not only his wife and his agent who love him.

Charlie is also one of the founders of the Horror Writers of America, an organization of writers dedicated to the genre and currently serves this austere body as its president and CEO.

Now, for the good stuff. Charlie has some unusual tastes for a Yankee. He likes country music for one. He doesn't seem to think we have any good country music stations down here in the south, so he travels everywhere he goes with a portable CD player and his collection of C&W. Unfortunately, he is a writer, not an electrician and thought he could run his portable CD player with his portable computer power supply. After he put the fire out, started a city wide search for another CD player before he began experiencing Hank William, Jr. withdrawal. Charlie is a closet redneck. He found out that owning a pickup truck is dangerous in New Jersey, so he owns the only Thunderbird in the county with a rifle rack in the rear window.

Charlie's family life is really great. It took him a while to find the woman he was really after, but he finally found her in the person of his lovely wife, Kat. His children are great and Charlie likes to try and do as much as possible with them. In fact, on one beautiful spring day, he decided to play catch with his son. Several hours and pounds of plaster later, he decided that maybe he was getting too old for this and limped south to recover.

I guess the place that Charlie really out-does himself is at the annual meetings of the CCEC (Chattacon Cultural and Educational Committee) Every year in Chattanooga, we take the guests of Chattanooga out to dinner. Each year, my wife and I take Charlie Grant, Wendy Webb, Lee Sessoms, Holly Hina and some of our pro guests out to a really swank restaurant called The Narrow Bridge. They expect us each year, but I think they forget what kind of people we are. Every year, we watch the restaurant fill up around us and then watch as we drive people away with our table conversation. This conversation ranges from such things as road-kill identification and preparation, cooking food on an exhaust manifold of a truck and other equally obnoxious subjects.

All in all, I have to say that Charlie is one of those people that would give you the shirt off his back to help. He is a delightful man and a pleasure to talk to. If you want to talk to him, you will probably find him roaming the halls in search of a party or in the hotel bar. I suggest you seek him out and find him. Oh, and by the way Charlie, penguins (I told him I wouldn't).

Charlie is my kind of people and is one of those Damnyankees that I am proud to call my friend.

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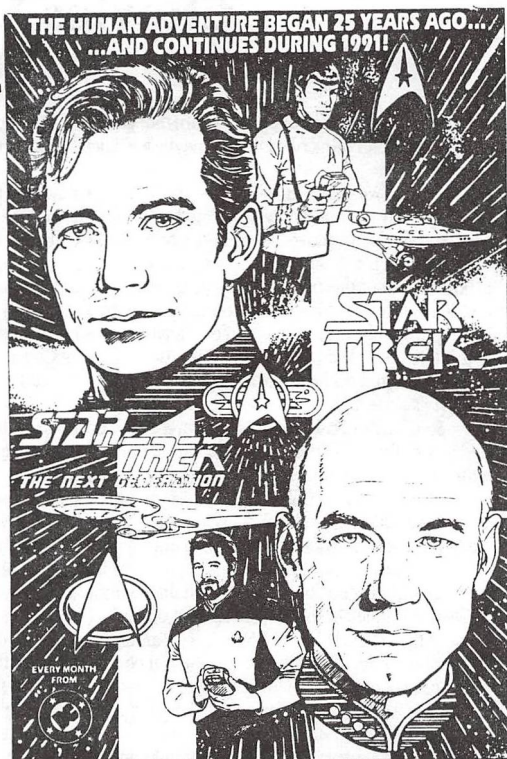
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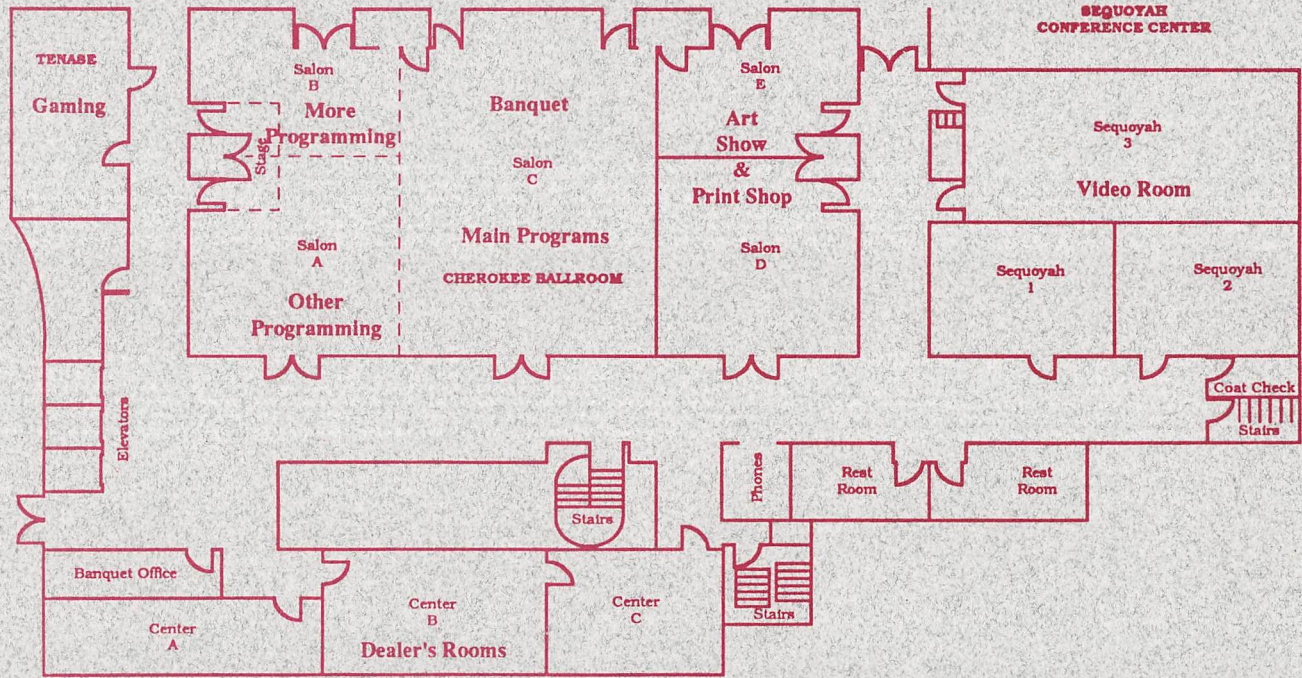
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