

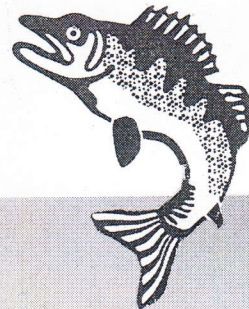
# Beach Blanketed

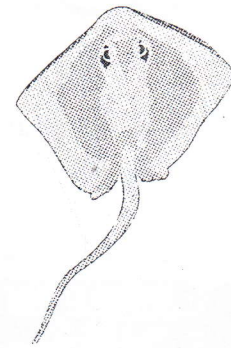
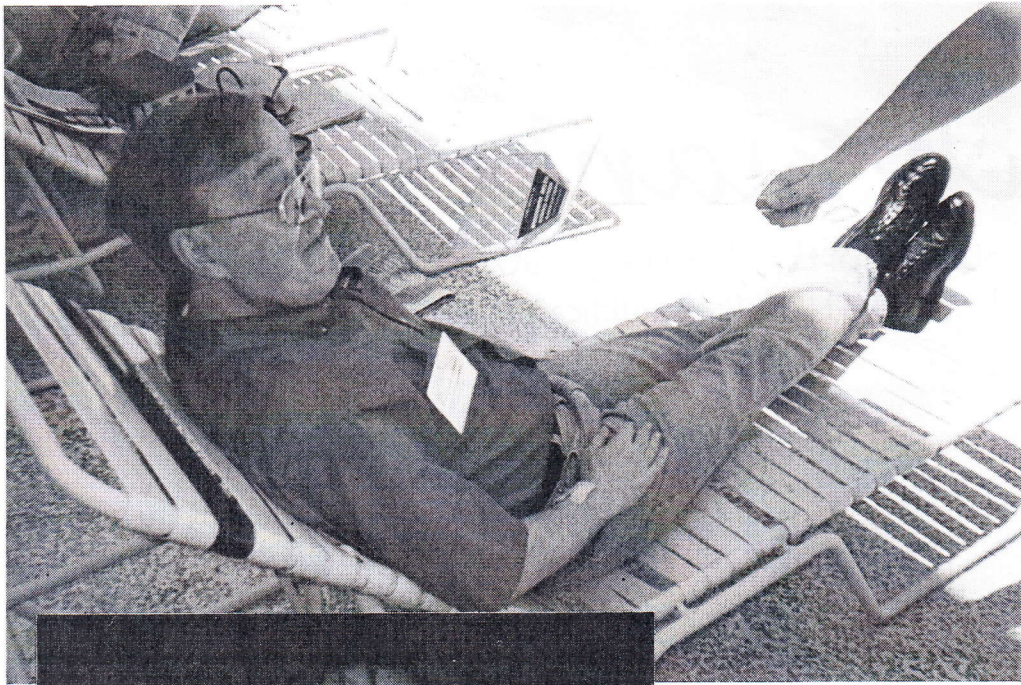
A Photo-zine of the 2000 DeepSouthCon  
for SFPA 216 by Guy Lillian III \* GHLIII Press Publication #894 \* June 7, 2000



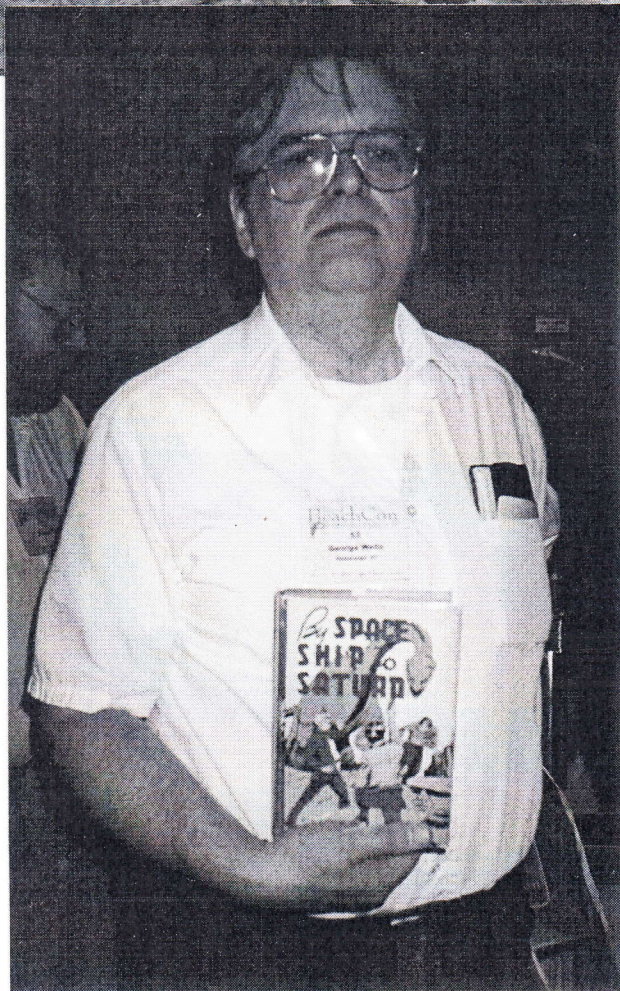
*Where DSC rates* is made clear by the host hotel on Jekyll Island, Georgia! The Christian Women of Triumph were cool, but the Howe/Huddle Wedding was a bore!

Below, **Rose-Marie Donovan** stands tall against the Atlantic wind.

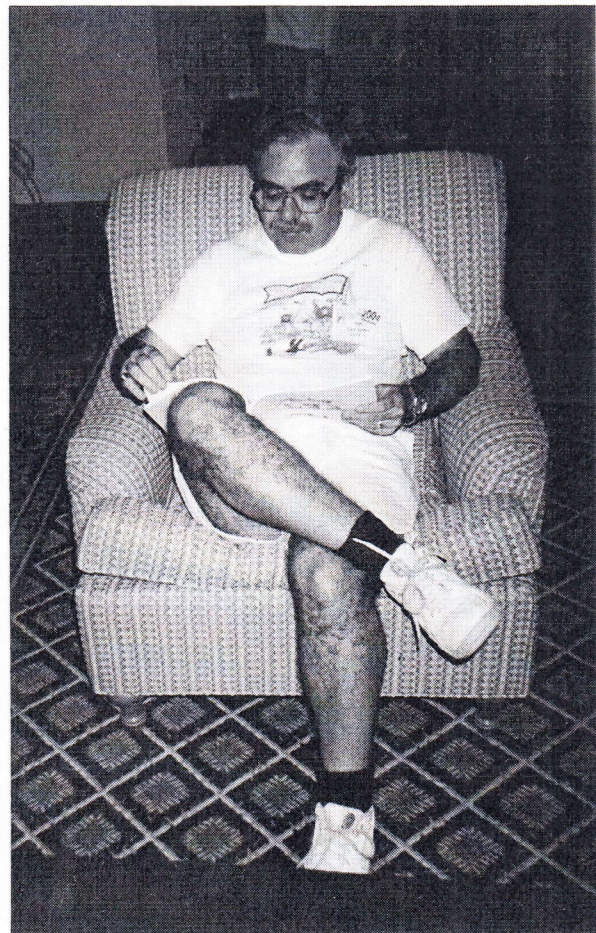




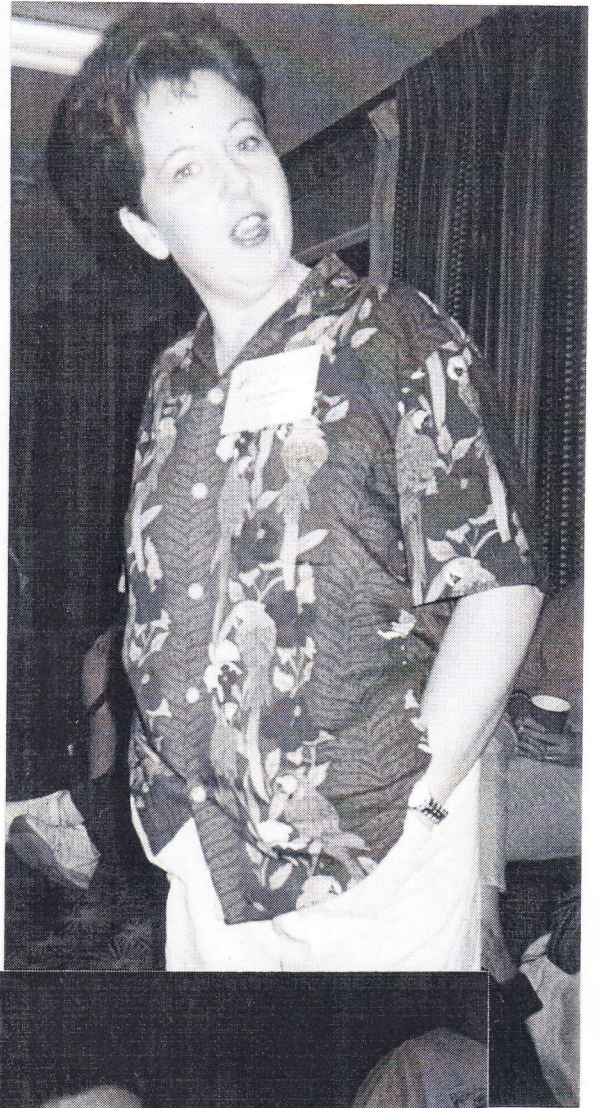
Above, Fan GoH **Larry Montgomery** basks in the springtime air



**George Wells** shows **Tom Feller** what he *should* be reading — none of that Arthur N. Scarm stuff!

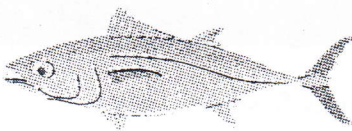
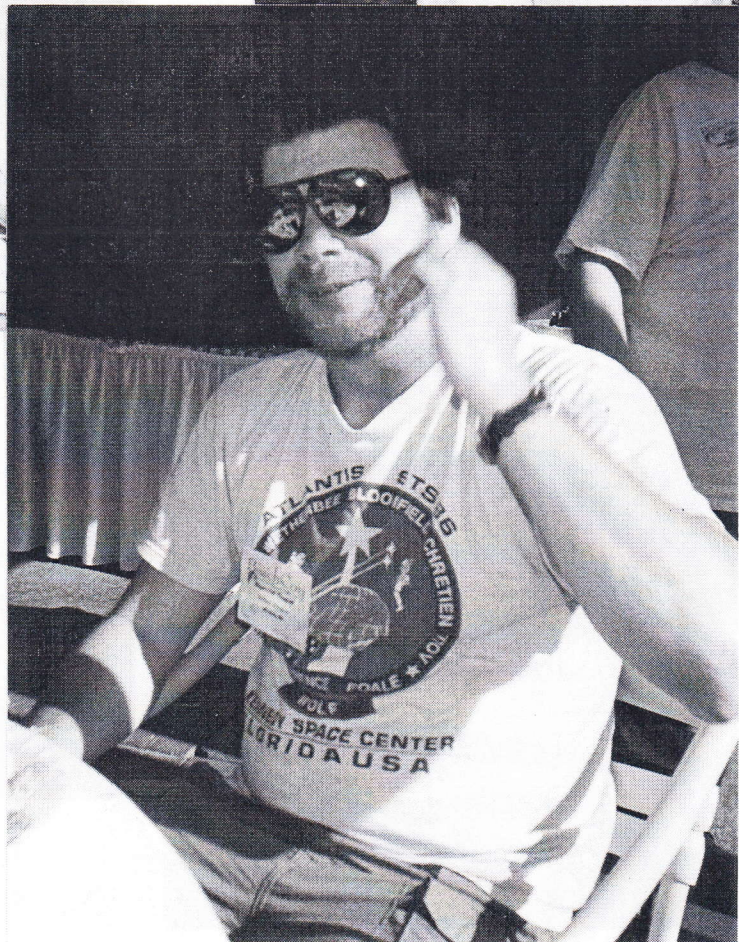


Eve Ackerman seems pleased to see us



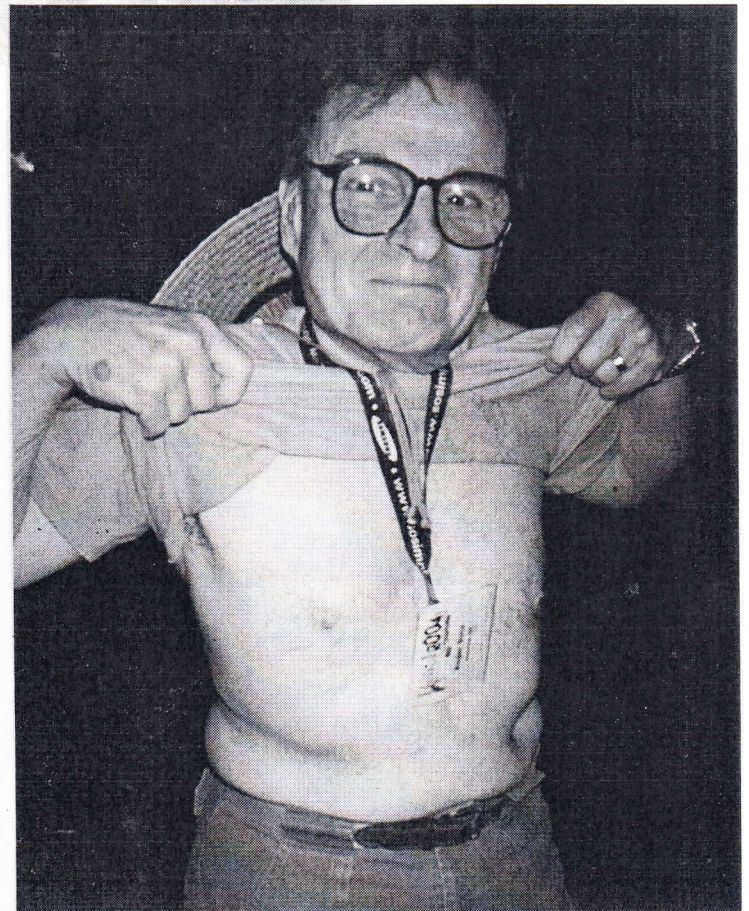
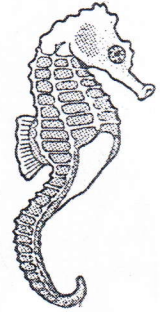
Fearless OE Toni Weisskopf propounds poolside

Hugo-winner Allen Steele brainstormed a story at the seafood buffet



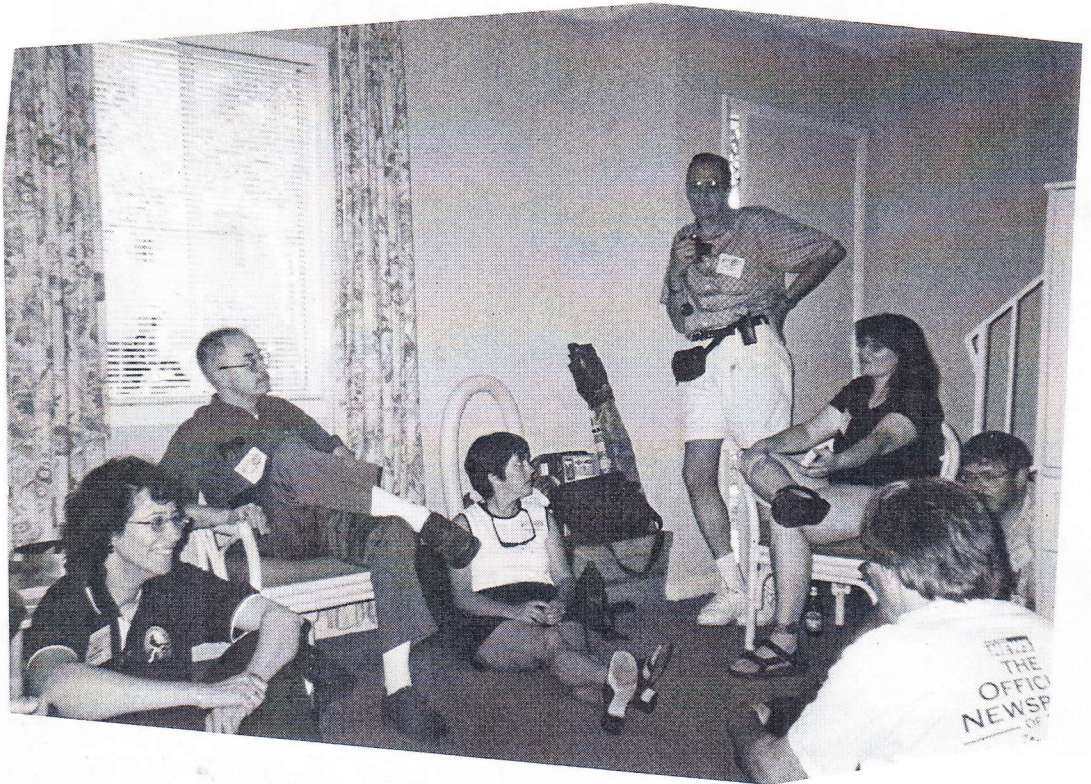
The  
Gary  
Robe  
Page

...  
Right,  
collecting  
shells;  
below,  
saving  
a baby  
shark



**Roger Sims flashes his pecs ...  
and his surgery scar!**

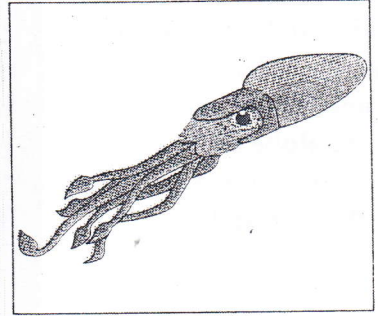
The *SFP*arty brought together Janice Gelb, Ned Brooks, Suzanne & Steve Hughes, Toni, Gary Robe and (back to camera) Jeff Copeland.



Right, Naomi Fisher cheerfully accepts her *second Rubble Award* for fattening up Southern science fictioners. I wanted her husband Pat Molloy to get it for taking Naomi out of circulation!



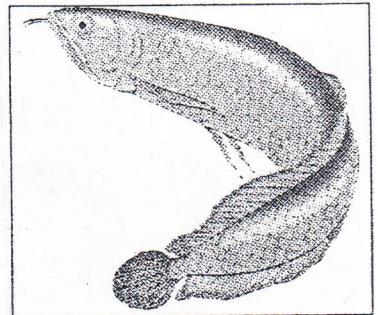
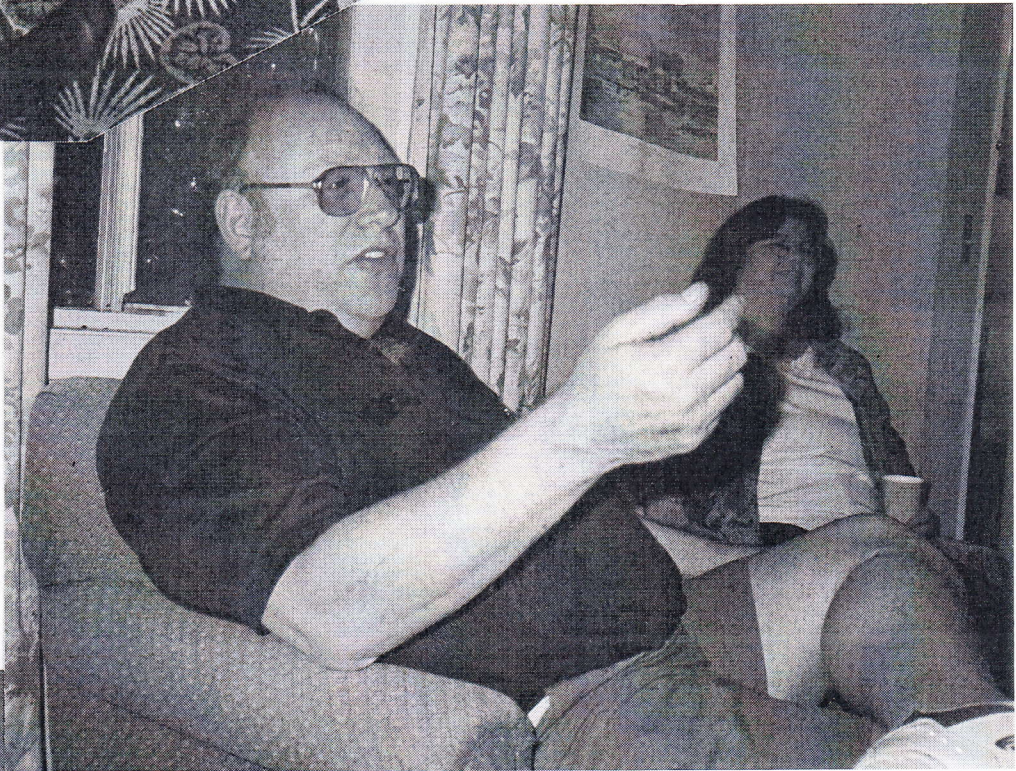
Big man, small laptop:  
Mike Kennedy



**Toe Jam ...**

**Mike Resnick**  
tells another  
great story

**Steve, Rosy, Liz**  
juggle laptops  
for the oneshot





Clockwise from upper left: The Copelands (less JJ) look seasick. Janice Gelb explains implants to GHLIII at the SFParty. Rosy with Artist GoH Ron Walotsky. Finally, Jennifer Wilson returns to DSC.



“But why are you taking my picture?”  
“For those lonely nights at sea!”



Above: the abandoned mansions  
on Jekyll Island were cool, and I  
ain't lion.

**Charl Proctor and Larry Montgomery**  
do a crossword puzzle ... in ink!

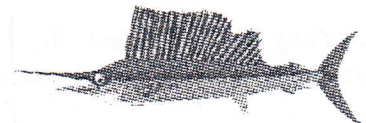






*DSC Finale ...*

Above, the only entry (and therefore Best of Show) in the masquerade! Above left, con chairman **Bill Francis** with one of his unique trophies. Left, **Toni** gets the late word on her Rebel Award! Nothing left to win but the Hugo!



I decided early to savor *every moment* of DeepSouthCon. I wanted to experience the instant and think about *nothing else*. At first, this was to escape the pile of problems I was fleeing in New Orleans. Eventually, though, it was because the DSC experience was just so special.

So as I drove along the long, lonesome interstate to Tallahassee on Thursday night, I made a point of noting the change in the sky the closer the highway went to the sea, how the evening blurred the distinctiveness of the trees in the flanking forest, how the rising full moon resembled a hooded Madonna. When Jekyll Island was accomplished and DSC engaged, I consciously avoided thinking about anything but the moment I was *in, then ...*

Such as drifting off to sleep, poolside, listening to Jeff Copeland and Steve Hughes chatter in the language of experienced computer nerds ...

Such as the warmth of the surf on my toes, and the way it would suck the sand from beneath my feet, heels first ...

Such as being lectured on breast implants by Janice Gelb at the SFPArty, and later falling asleep, and waking to find Liz Copeland's Fifi dancing on my head, as SFPAns brought their soft toys to bear. Bear Bear, in fact.

Such as listening to Allen Steele brainstorm a story with Artist GoH Ron Walotzky, the excitement rising in his voice as his idea blossomed and deepened.

Such as seeing Allie Copeland — wow — and her brother JJ — I strained my arm trying to pick him up. A lesson in life watching Allie and Ned's nephew Joe McCarthy circle and nudge the turf with their toes and giggle, and Jeff's paternal *hmmph* on the sidelines. Hey, man, what can you do? This wheel keep on turnin' ...

Such as being one of the three people privileged to watch Toni Weisskopf's eyes widen, as she realized that she had won the 2000 Rebel Award, completing Southern fandom's first Triple Crown ... She told Hank Reinhardt, on the phone, "You're sleeping with a Rebel winner Tuesday night!" And I shouted, "*Here I come, Hank!*" (Hey, he sleeps with a Rebel winner *every* night.)

You'll find photographs of some of those moments up ahead in this zine. But you'll find only suggestions of what made this DSC truly wonderful. I don't have enough photos of the landscape in these pages, of the wonderful moss-draped avenues served up by other parts of Jekyll Island, of the sea-surgingly majestic of the beach. And though you'll find pictures of the lady, you can't find the long morning walks, the clear revealing talks, the way insecurity faded in the face of caring, as another wonderful chapter opened on a book that began nearly 25 years ago and becomes richer and warmer and finer and deeper as time goes on. The conversation will continue.

My voice sounded so slurry and exhausted when the tape I made of the trip started. By the time Rosy Donovan and I parted, at the interstate on-ramp, it was ringingly clear. Later, when I awoke from a nap to find the weekend over far too soon, it was blunt with grief. Indeed, every moment was savored, like the great Brunswick stew I had in the city the dish is named for. But the bowl was finished, and this meal was done. I resolved to live for the next course.

Last thing on the tape: how the winds had sculpted the clouds to resemble creatures of some fantastic sea, leaping along some fantastic current.