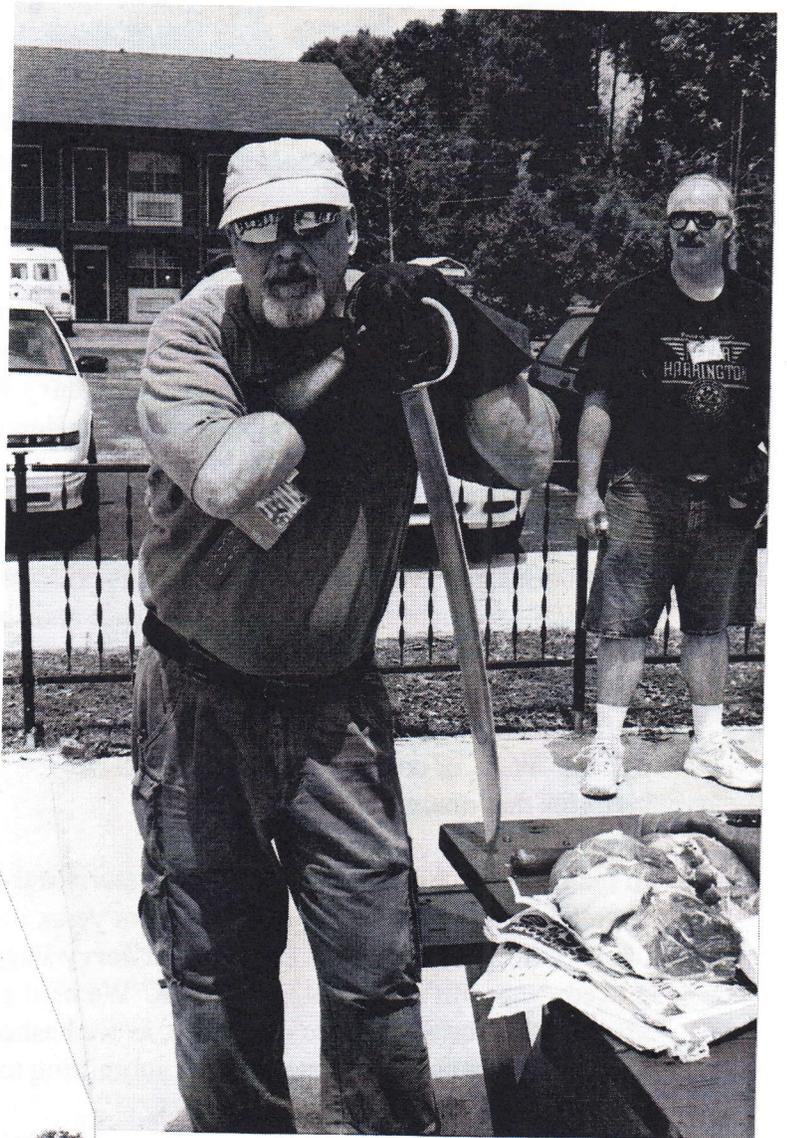


OLD IRON BUTT IS BACK!



(And so is Vulcan ...)

A DSC '03 report in words & pictures
for SFPA 235 by
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An alternate title for this report on the 2003 DeepSouthCon might be **My Two Cents' Worth**. These are the two cents. They represent the high point of the convention. One of those pennies, you see, belonged to **Ruth Judkowitz**, returning to the convention that loves her so well.

The second of these coins – can't say which – is probably the equivalent, to me, of a 1909 SVDB, which, collectors in our midst will remember, is the most valuable Lincoln penny ever struck. For it came out of the pocket of **J. Henry Reinhardt** – winnings, my breth- and sistren [sic], in the convention's only game of Blood Hearts.

Someone in a dour mood told me, a few years ago, that I would never be able to reclaim the great DSCs of yore – staying up all night, chasing girls, playing Hearts with Hank – that those conventions had given way to the ominous crush of Time. Well, indeed I no longer chase girls at the DSC. I brought my beloved Rose-Marie and she remembers too well the DSCs when *she* was the girl I chased. Nor can I stay up until 4:30 playing Hearts the way I used to. On Saturday night, I could only last until 2:30. That was long enough. I took poor Maurice for 35 cents and Ruth and the wolflord for *a penny each*. I couldn't have been happier if it had been ten thousand dollars. Well, of course I could have, but! At the great DeepSouthCons of yore, it was the *moral* victories that mattered!

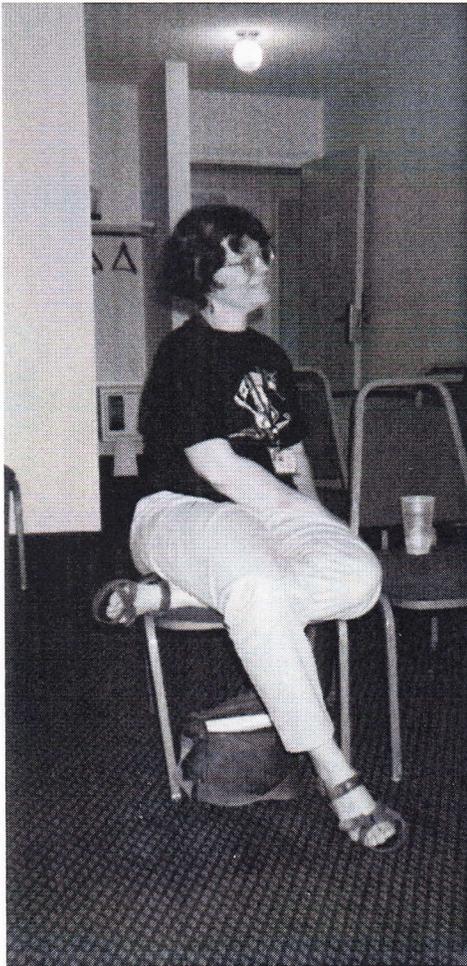
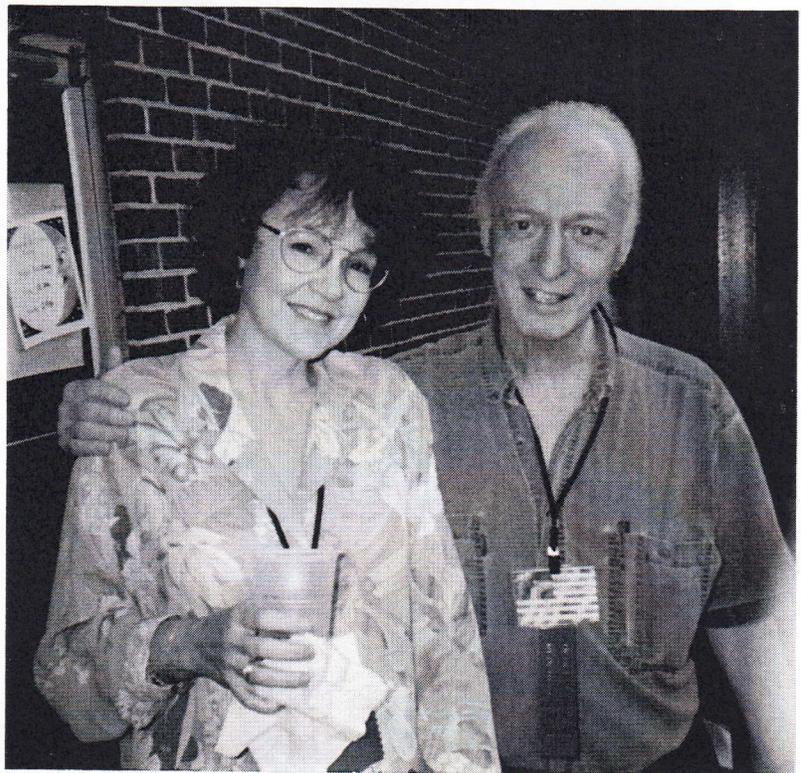
In many ways DSC 2003 represented a return to those golden days of yesteryear. Part of it was the attendance. Faces foreign to DSCs for years resurfaced. I've mentioned Ruth, but **Barb Mott** came, too, and **Hank Davis**. And **Jerry Page**! It has been years since these worthies graced the South's resident convention. We held a SFPArty, and a SFPA meeting, and actually affected the possible future of the apa, as we hashed over the identity of the next SFPA OE. I hope **Sheila Strickland** never regrets submitting to our group arm-twisting.

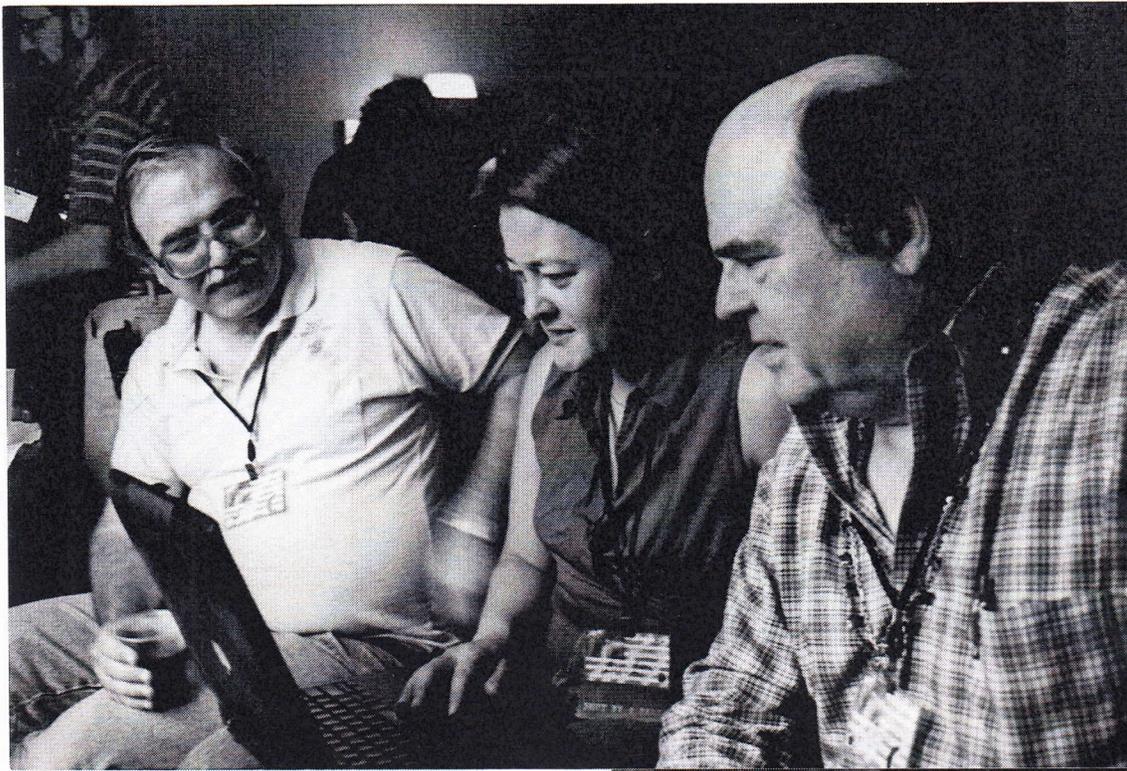
Rosy and I had duties to attend to at the convention in addition to fun. We had tuckerizations to cadge from the pros in attendance & book sales to conduct, all in the name of the Down Under Fan Fund. I scored one success, Steve Stirling, who agreed to write the name and description of the high bidder into one of his books, said privilege to be auctioned off at Torcon. Check out **Spiritus Mundi** this mailing to see how much that brought.

As for Vulcan ... yes, the great old statue is back. Birmingham lies about midway between Nawlins and Chattanooga, and on the way home we stopped off to see the old boy back on his pedestal (recall that he was taken down a couple of years ago for a complete recasting). You may behold his great iron posterior on the previous page. I don't know who the boob is cavorting about in the lower part of the picture, but he should be ashamed of himself.

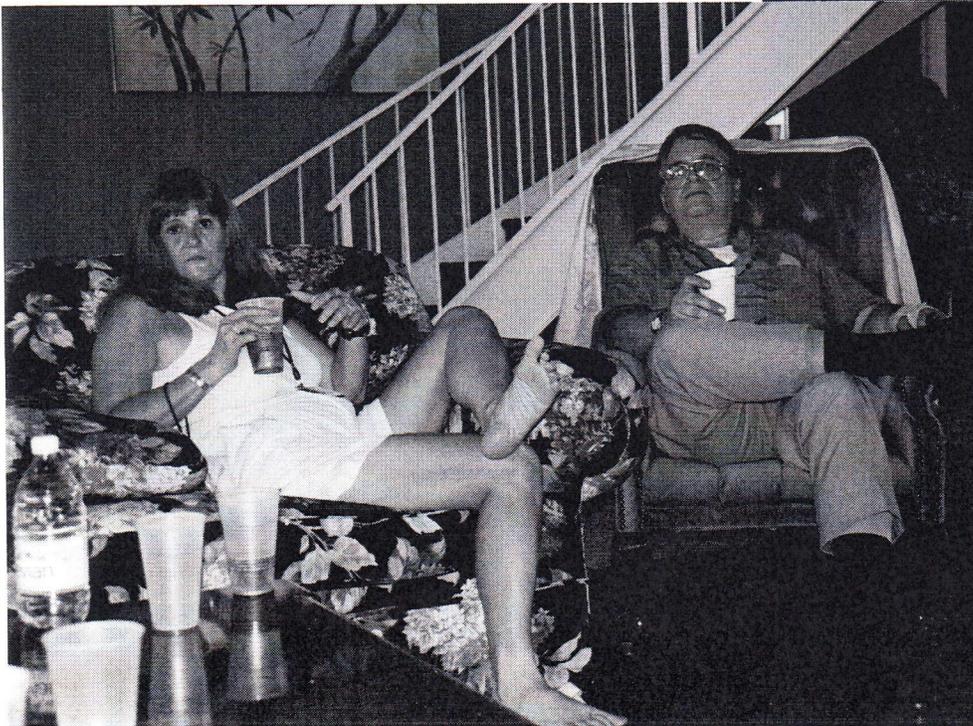
DSC will be in Memphis next year (in early March) and in April of 2005, in Nashville. I like the cities but hate the dates. A week after the con, I was at CrescentCityCon here in New Orleans, encouraging our local fandom to take on DSC again, in 2006. Will my proselytizing bear fruit? Stay tuned.

The 2003 DeepSouthCon was held at a small hotel outside of Chattanooga, with iffy function space and lousy air conditioning – but *excellent* vibes and *great* results. Here's *la belle* Rosy with Jerry Page, Sheila Strickland, who volunteered to run for OE if needed at our SFPArty. and the Robe lads, Twistering the night away.

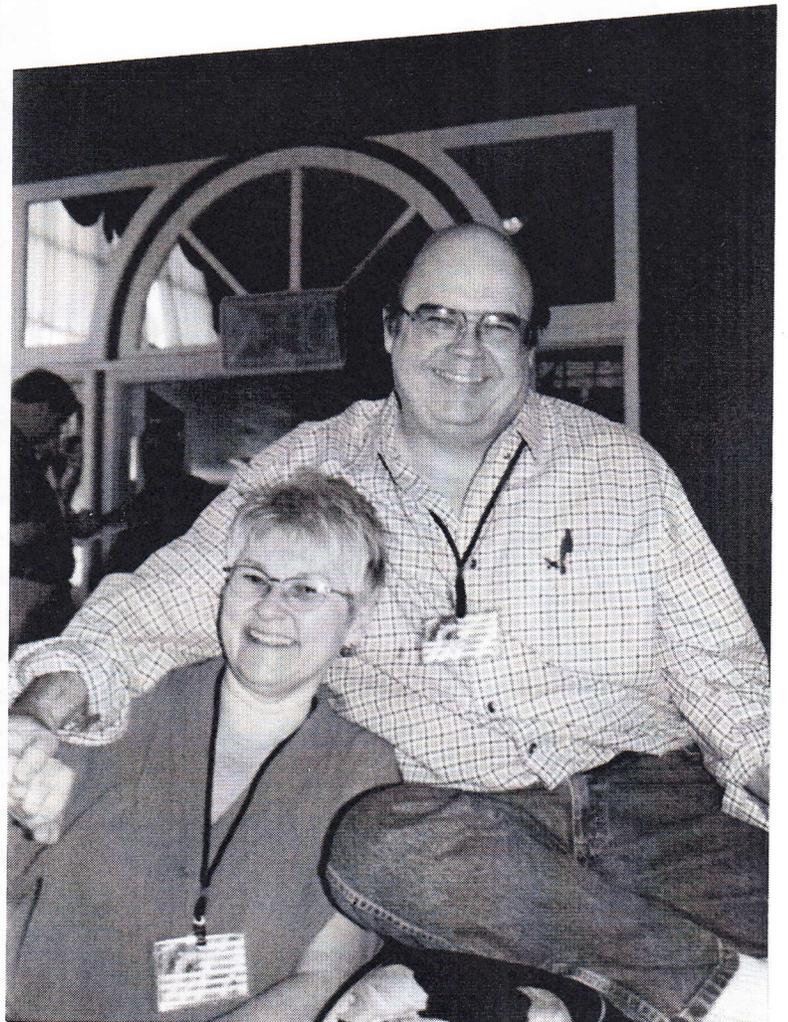
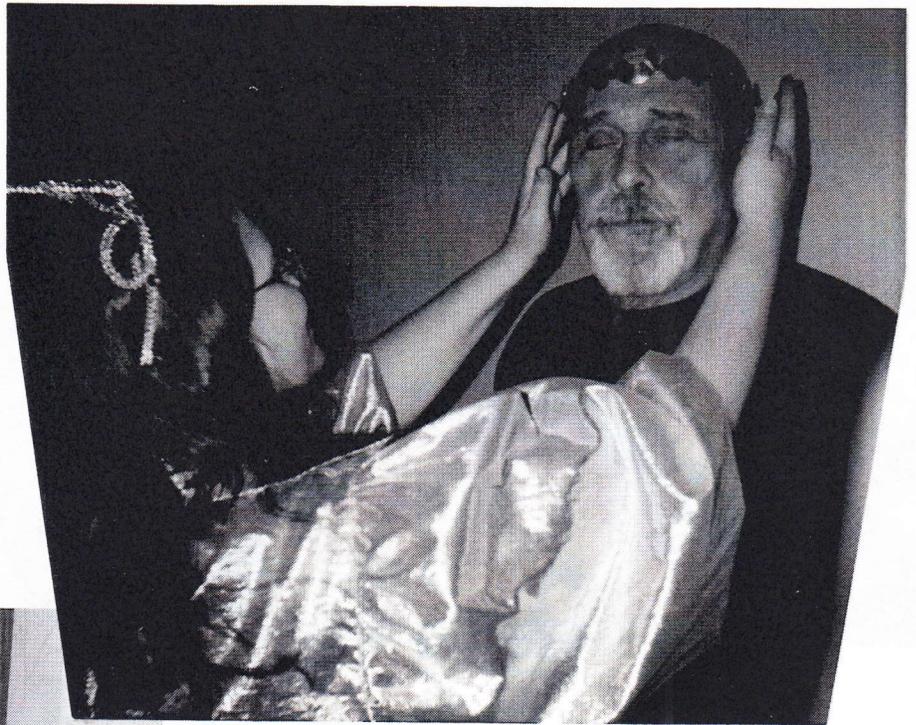


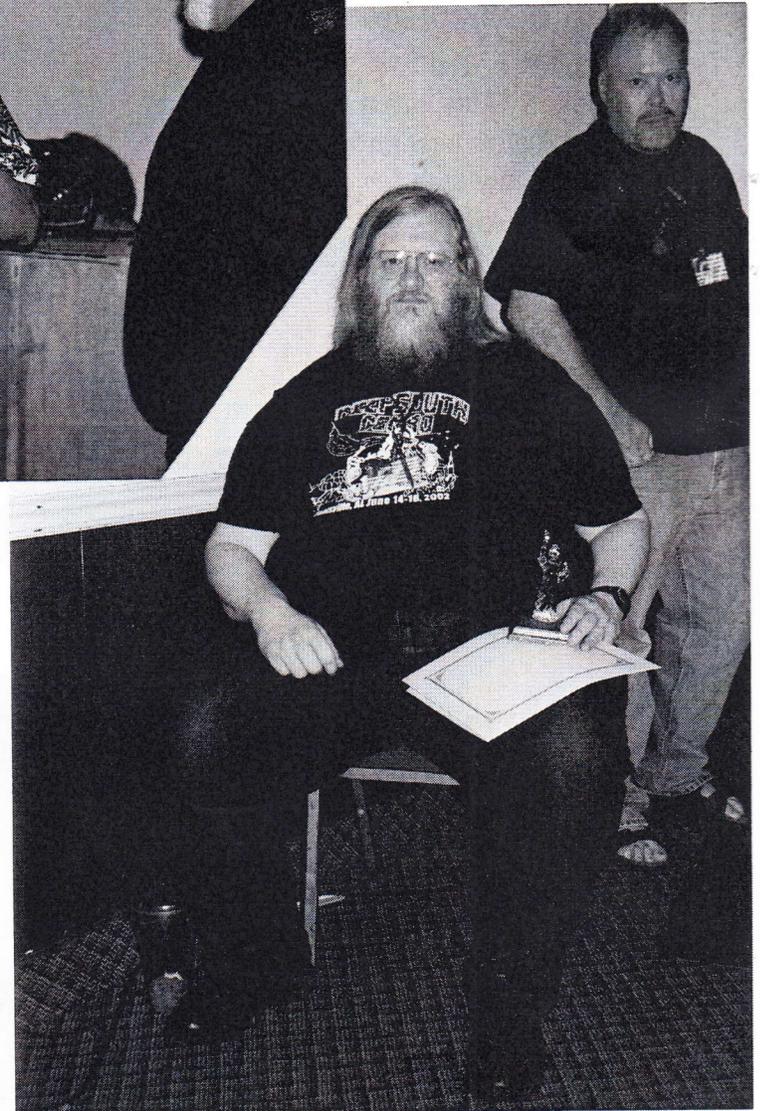


Above, **Tom Feller**, **Naomi Fisher** and I regard a laptop screen. Was this the DSC oneshot? Right, **Rosy** is interviewed by **Chaz Boston-Baden** for L.A.'s Fan Gallery, and below, **Annie Winston** shows her sole as she chats with **George Wells**. We almost lost Annie and husband **Justin** on their way home from the con; their auto hydroplaned into a ditch, totalling itself but – thank heaven – sparing them. Don't scare us like that, Annie!



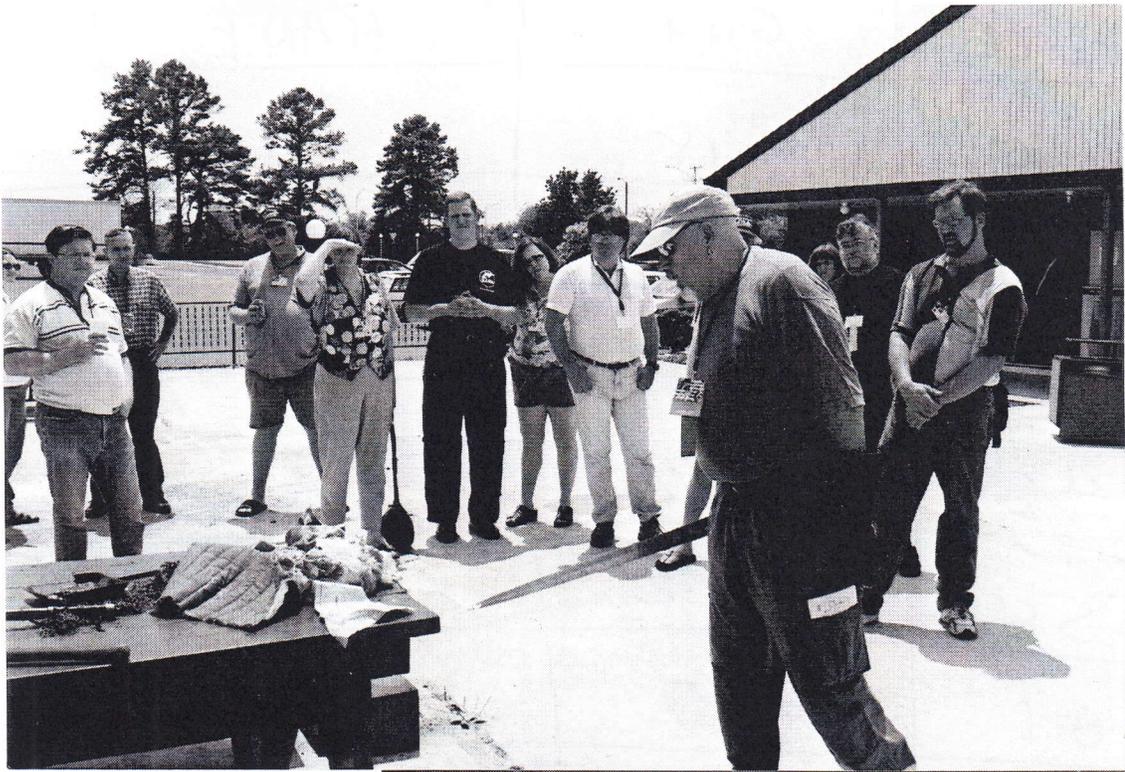
To the right, his Nibs **Hank Reinhardt** is crowned by his lady faire, **Toni**. Below, **Barbara Mott** was a surprise attendee, and an unworthy slob accosts **Ruth Judkowitz**. Having Ruth and Barb show up insured DSC '03's success.



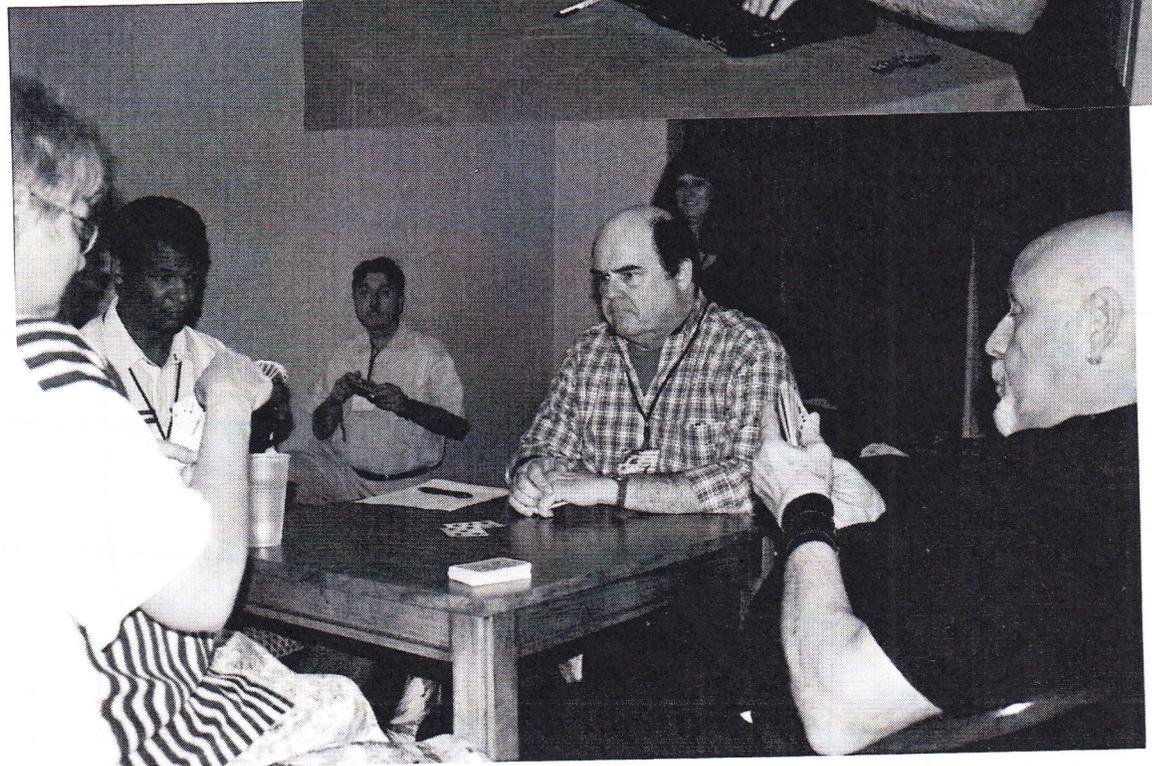
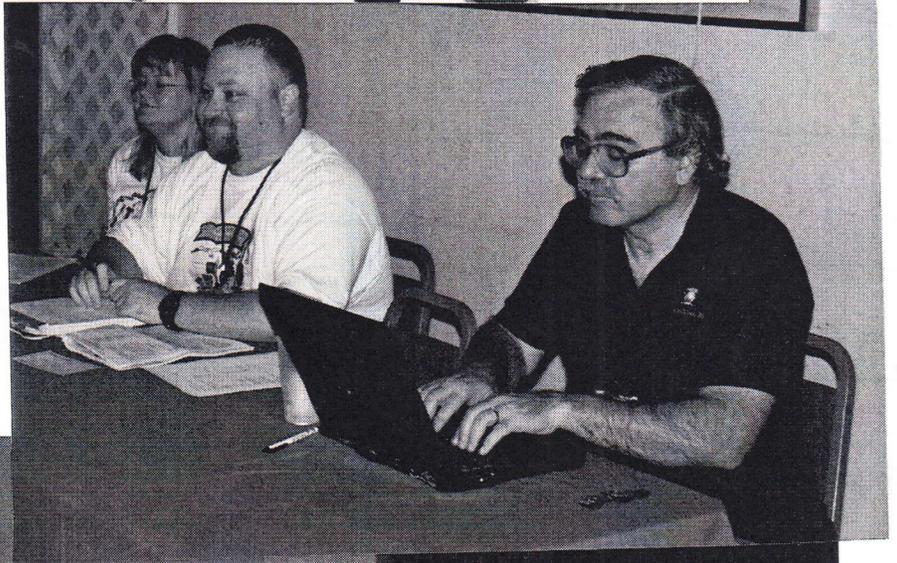


Essential to any DeepSouthCon are our awards, and Chairman Tim Bolgeo selected well. **Larry Elmore** won the Phoenix; it fell to Rose-Marie to tell him about it the next week, at CrescentCityCon. **Jerry Page**, shown here with **Gary Robe** and presenter **Hank**, was victim of the Rubble.

Con*stellation honcho **Mike Kennedy** was a deserving winner of the Rebel, and Atlanta's **Elayna** won the unofficial Vern Clark Memorial SYT award. Her snake came in second.



Above, **Hank** demonstrates how to hack up a perfectly good roast with a sword and an axe. Right, **Julie Wall, Randy Cleary** and **Tom Feller** at the SFC meeting where all were re-elected. Finally, **GHLIII** transfixes his opponents with his lethal gaze in *The Game*. Come, DSC '04!



	MAURICE	GUY	HANK	PAUL
L	4	18	1	3
R	4	22	20	6
A	26	22	23	7
H	43	22	28	11
L	54	22	29	25
R	61	27	30	38
A	61	27	54	40
H	64	33	69	42
L	64	33	43	42
R	68	33	63	44
A	68	47	71	48
H	75	47	72	66
L	75	70	72	69
R	75	82	73	83
A	96	82	78	83
H	117	82	83	83